



WIZARD!

I DEMAND AN
EXPLANATION!

HMMM?

LAST NIGHT, I TOOK YOUR
POTION TO MAKE ME
IRRESISTABLY ATTRACTIVE
TO THE OTHER SEX,

AND TODAY - TODAY, I
WAKE UP LIKE THIS!

I FAIL TO SEE THE PROBLEM

LAST NIGHT, I WAS A
MAN!

AH- WELL, AS I TOLD YOU, THIS
ISN'T AN *EXACT* SCIENCE... THERE
WAS BOUND TO BE SOME -UH- SIDE
EFFECTS.

PERHAPS IF YOU WERE TO GET
FULLY UNDRESSED, I COULD SEE
THE FULL -UH- *EXTENT* OF THE
SITUATION



What the Hell,
Genie!

You wished
you could be
more popular

Give it a week
and tell me that you
aren't turning more
heads.

*Give Back Body
Gnome!!!*





HEY BABE, HOW ABOUT YOU COME BACK TO MY PLACE AND I SHOW YOU HOW TO REALLY ENJOY THAT BODY

Jasmin could only sigh.

Everyday, she would get perv'd on by the same guy at the bus stop, and every day she would give him the cold shoulder, or in some cases, straight up tell him to fuck off.

But nothing seemed to work.

Finally, she tried using magic. She used one of her grandmother's spells to swap his head with what she *thought* was a nice elderly lady.

It turns out, she's just as pervy as the body's old occupant.

Maybe she should turn them both into attractive women and let them have each other.



A NEW
HEAD?

I'M SORRY DEAR,
I DON'T THINK WE HAVE
ANY IN STOCK.

IF YOU'D LIKE NEW
TITS, THOUGH, WE ARE
CURRENTLY HAVING A SPECIAL
ON TORSOS.

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF
ONE!

The Body Shop



"Ugggh!", Kevin groaned as he fell back into his couch, "You have NO idea how much this curse SUCKS! I mean... It's bad enough I'm trapped in this body, do I REALLY have to flirt with every guy I see? I don't even LIKE Guys. Damn, I hate that witch. What did she say, That I'd have to have sex with 100 people before I turn back? Julia, I swear, I really got off easy with your curse.

Julia glared at him in silence, cursed to be tiny and mute until she had drunk 100 gallons of beer.



CRAP
CRAP
CRAP!

MOMMY? WHY
AM I YOU?

DON'T
WORRY JIMMY,
I'M GOING TO
FIX THIS.

I JUST WISHED I
COULD BE YOUNG AGAIN,
WHY DID MY SON GET MY
PREGNANT BODY?

MAYBE IF I TOSS ANOTHER
COIN IN---

I COULD
WISH HE WAS A
BOY AGAIN?

---WISH HE
WASN'T
PREGNANT?---

---WISH HE WASN'T
ME?---

OR... I COULD
WISH HE WAS HAPPY
WITH HIS BODY?

--- THAT
HE LOOKED
FORWARD TO GIVING
BIRTH?

---THAT HE
ALWAYS THOUGHT HE
HAD BEEN ME...?

AS ANNABELLE PANICKED, THE DEMON
OF THE WISHING WELL SLOWLY FELT
HIS INFLUENCE OVER HER MIND BEGIN TO
GROW. SOON HE WOULD HAVE BOTH
THEIR SOULS



