Once in a world not unlike our own...
There was a house in the middle of the woods. It was a very nice house, with a little more secrets than other houses.

But at a glance, the Hastings family was fairly normal with only the occasional oddity. Things only got crazy when Aggie and her big brother Haymish got rowdy and sometimes, accidentally, broke something.
Yes, Aggie was a perfectly normal college student.

Nothing odd ever happened. That is until she heard strange music from nowhere.
What the hell?

Silence

Cliché

Cliché

Cliché

Cliché
No, seriously, what the hell?

Here goes...

I have so many questions. So you should probably prepare yourself for a long night because we've got some things to figure out.
Like who the hell are you?

How did a giant crack form in my bedroom wall?

Why are you a pinky-peachy color?

What is wrong with your bedroom?

AND WHY IS IT IN MY WINDOW?
First time. I just assumed that my psyche had finally fractured, and I can no longer tell reality from fiction.

Are you okay?

Probablu not.

Uh, I still don't know who or what you are, can we start there?

Oh, sure! I guess that makes sense.

Yeah, that's common decency.

You can call me Dottie, I'm an author!

Nice to meet you, I'm Agatha Hastings.

Well, duh, I know that, Aggie.

How could you possibly know that?

Because I wrote it. Although, I did not see this coming. I love it when a story I'm writing takes me by surprise.

You what?

I wonder if I can enter your world...

Hang on a minute!

Yeah, I'm gunna try.
Please don't

Here I go!
AH! WHAT THE F-!

Ta-da!

Please watch the language, we want to try and keep a PG-13 rating here.

WHAT THE BLANKETY BLANK ARE YOU?

I appreciate the self-censoring. Oh, and I'm human.

Nice try, humans are a myth!

Yeah, well, where I'm from, naiads are a myth.

No, no, no, NO! This is impossible!
Well, either I’ve completely lost
it and I’ve just jumped through
my bedroom window and
plummeted to my death while
talking to a character I’ve
created,
or you’ve completely lost
it and for some reason
are imagining a human
narrator popping into
your life.

Or that’s a totally possible interdimensional crack
in our bedroom wall that has brought us
together for some sort of misadventure involving
fake science and magic-y things

...and...

Oh my gosh where
are my legs?!
You just now noticed that?

Well, I...uh... yeah!

Yeah! Everything is fine!

What was that?

Lugh, my mom. Look, we need to go somewhere else, somewhere with more privacy for all this yelling and freaking out.

Oh, how about the Sanctuary?

How did-

Author, remember?

Whatever, let’s go.
Stay behind me, and try not to make too much noise.

Well I can't exactly stomp around can I?

Oh, haha-

Whoo, watch where you're going shorty!
No way. Sorry about that.

IT'S HAYMISH!

Shh. Did you just shush me?

No, I was, uh, what?

HI HAYMISH I LOVE WRITING YOU, YOU'RE SO PRECIOUS!

You mean, you don't...

Am I supposed to be seeing something?

Aggie are you okay?

Did the twins make you try funky mushrooms?

What? No, I- ugh

You know, I don't think he can see or hear me.
Sorry Haymi, I guess I’m just a bit stressed with school, you know...midterms.

Hold up, Haymi? I did not know about that.

I’m gunna go hang out at the Sanctuary for a bit, call me when dinner is ready?

Yeah, sure thing. Don’t let the twins talk you into anything stupid!