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SOME ENCHANTED
EVENTIVE

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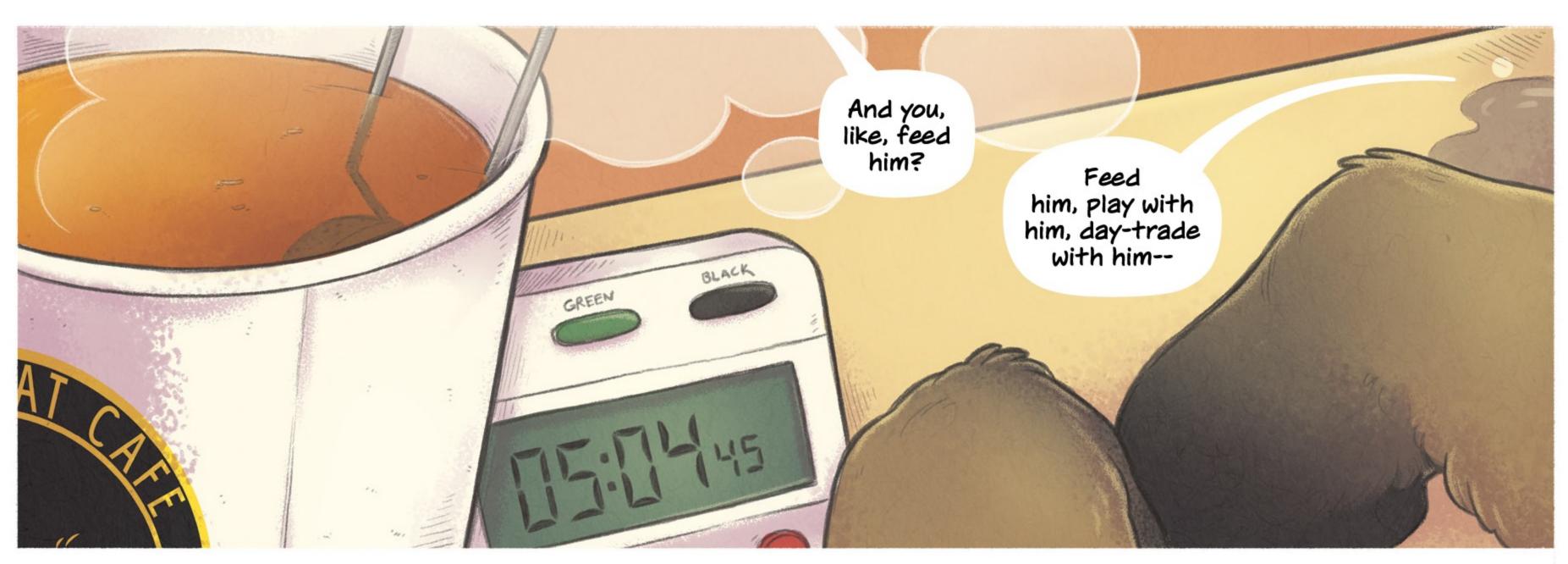




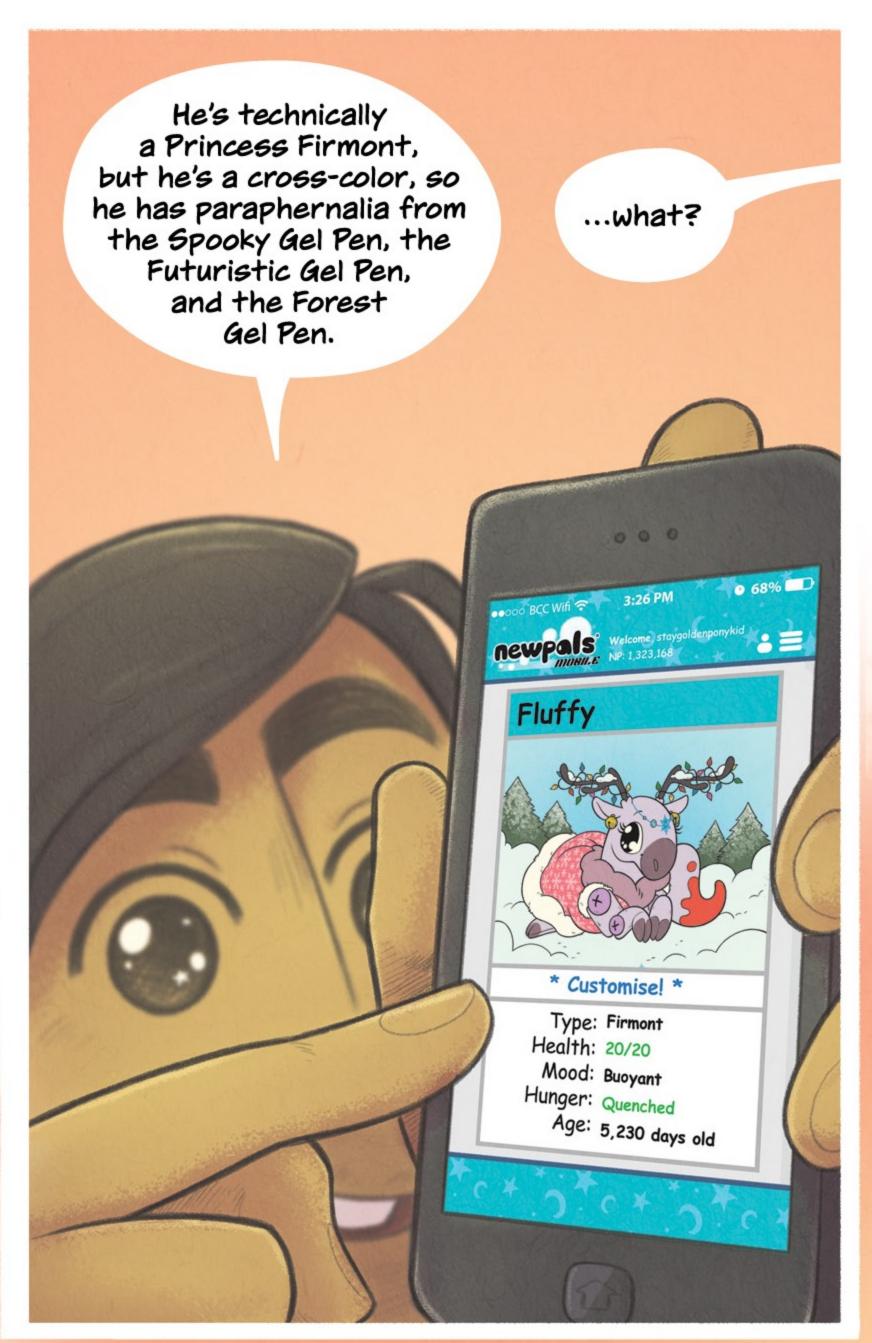














There's just
so much to it! It's an
infinite world and the last
bastion of pleasant anonymity
on the internet! Newpals
is life.









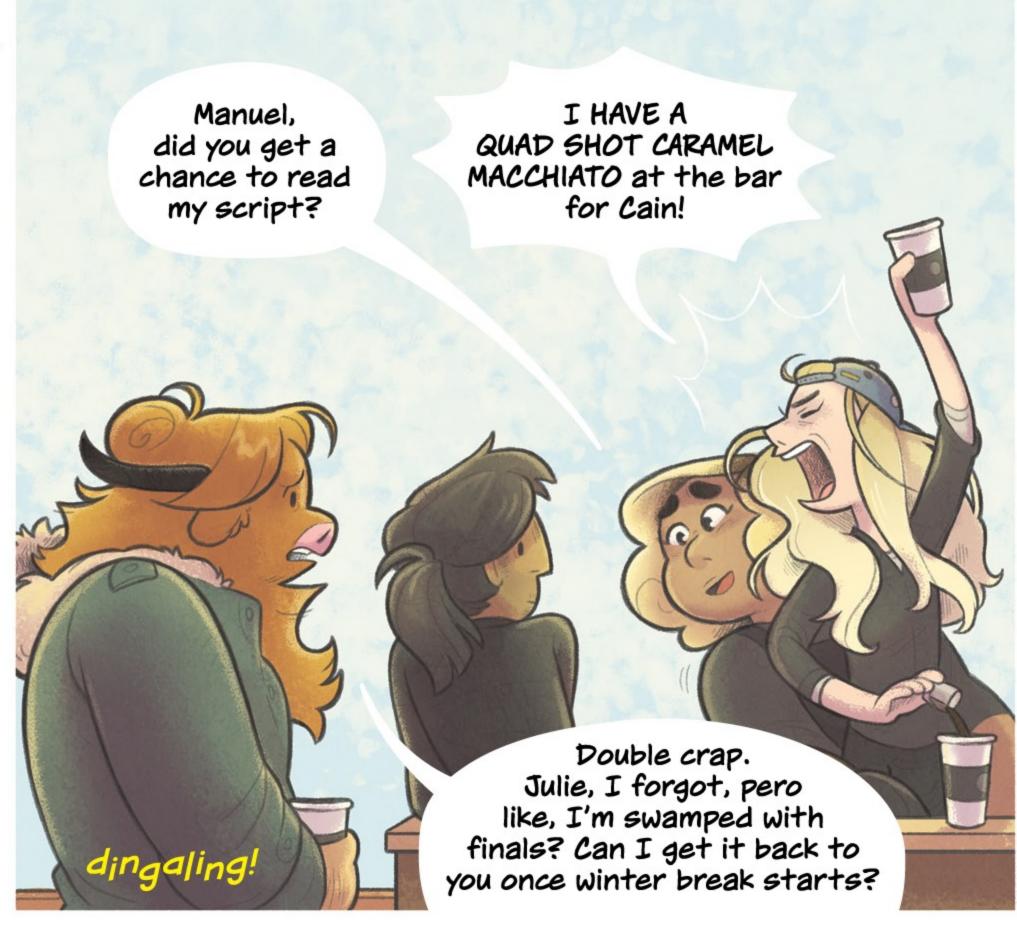


Crap, I'm
sorry, I didn't
mean to hold you
up. I forgot it
was reading
day.

Apology accepted. Chet, can you take out the trash?

Please hear me when I say this: Do not ever apologize for that.







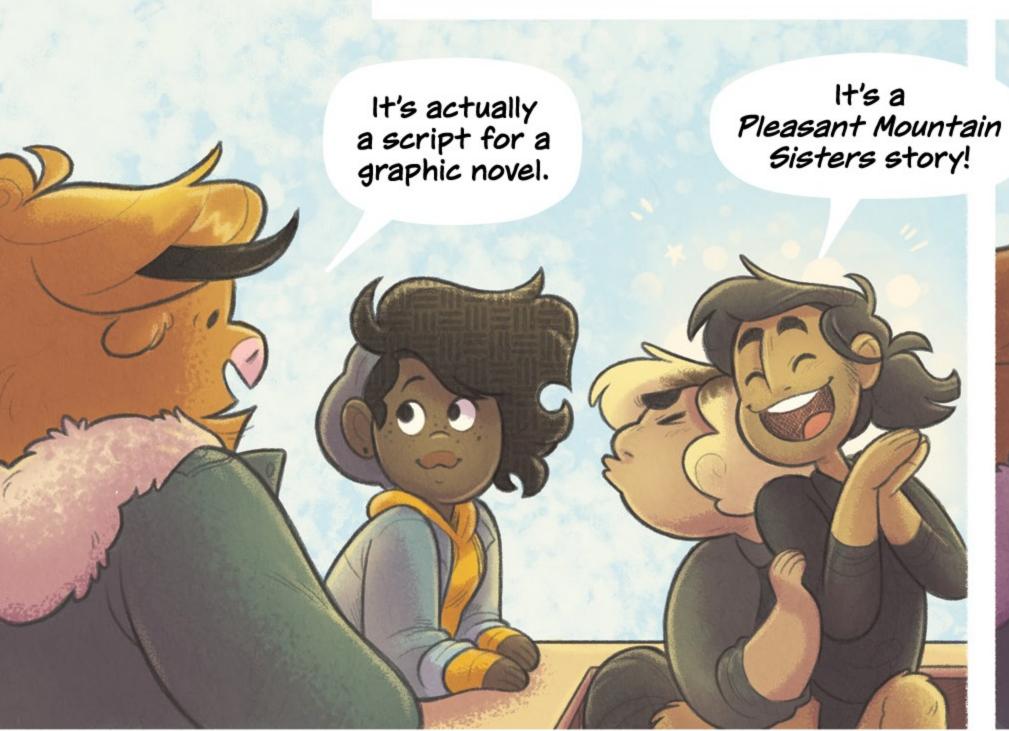




Manuel is gonna read Julie's book, even though she hasn't even let me read it, which is wildly offensive but also completely understandable because I am 100% positive I would be too paralyzed with adoration for her to even continue living my life after reading it.



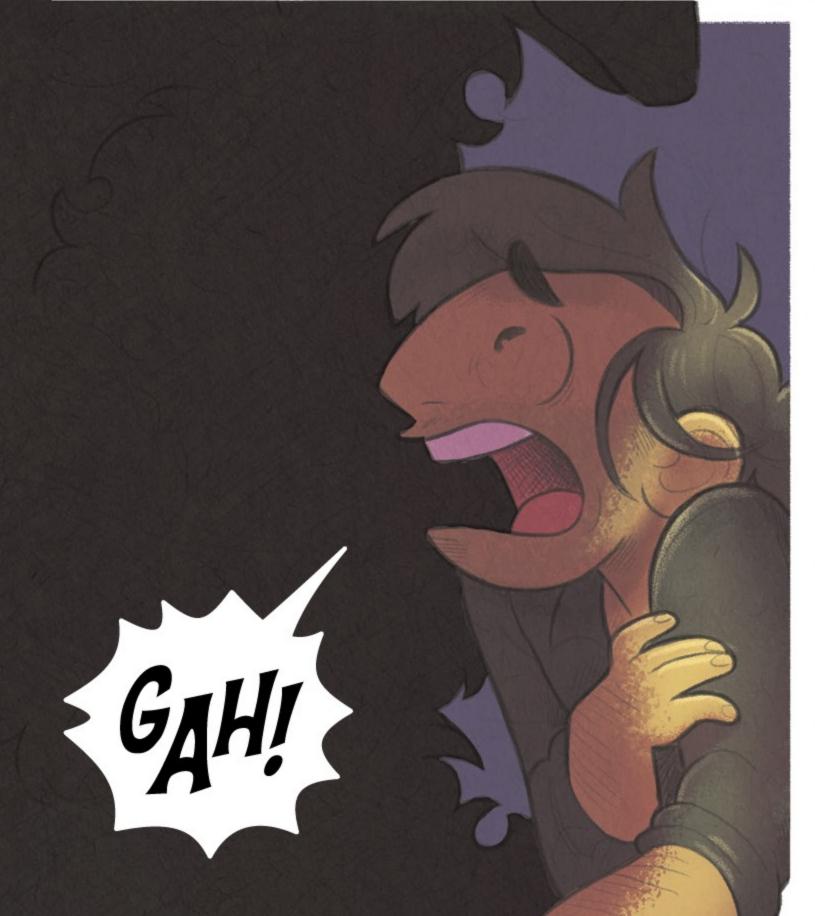




Sisters. They're so Wholesome.

I was always more of a Lemonade Stand Delegation kid myself.

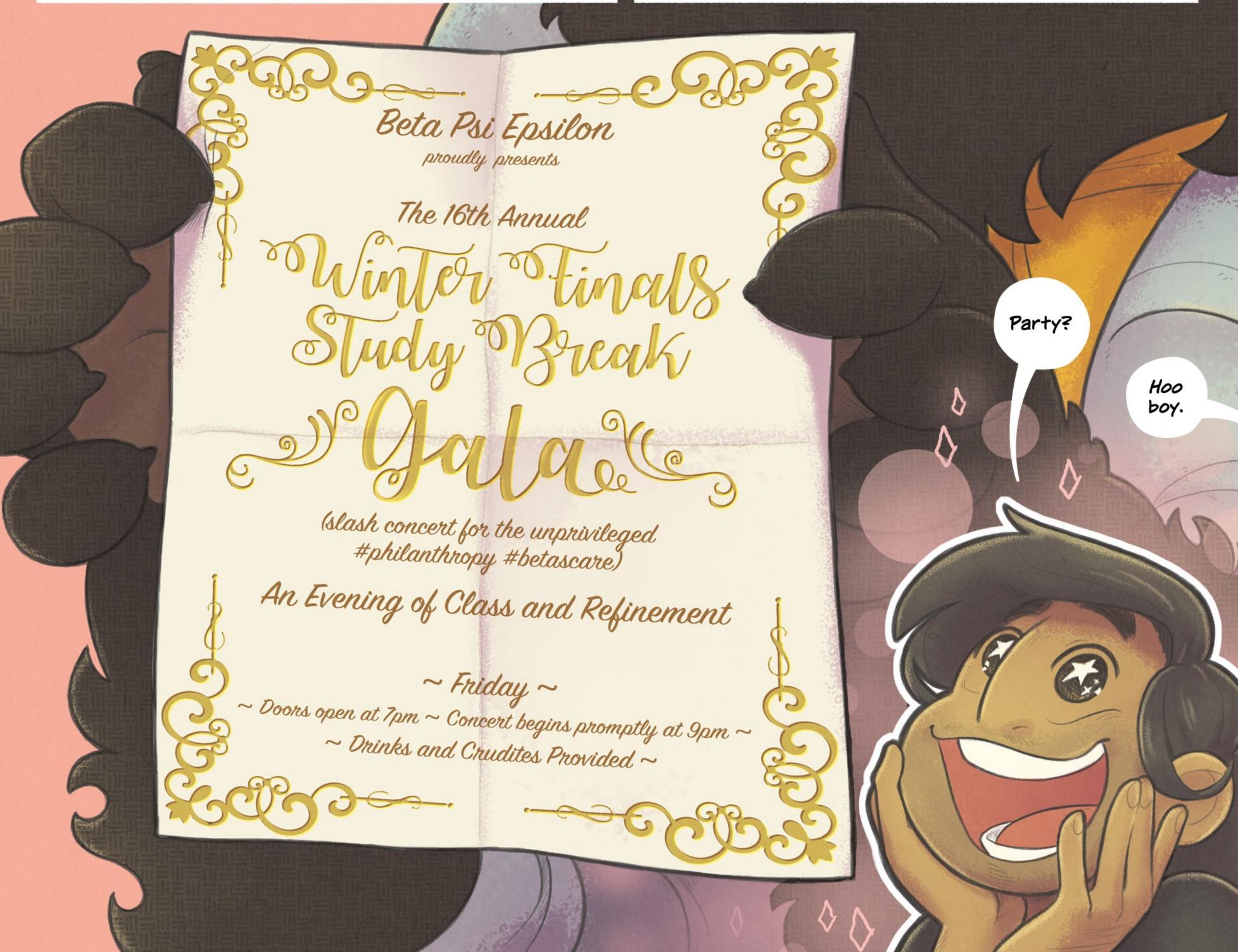
Ugh, I love the Pleasant Mountain





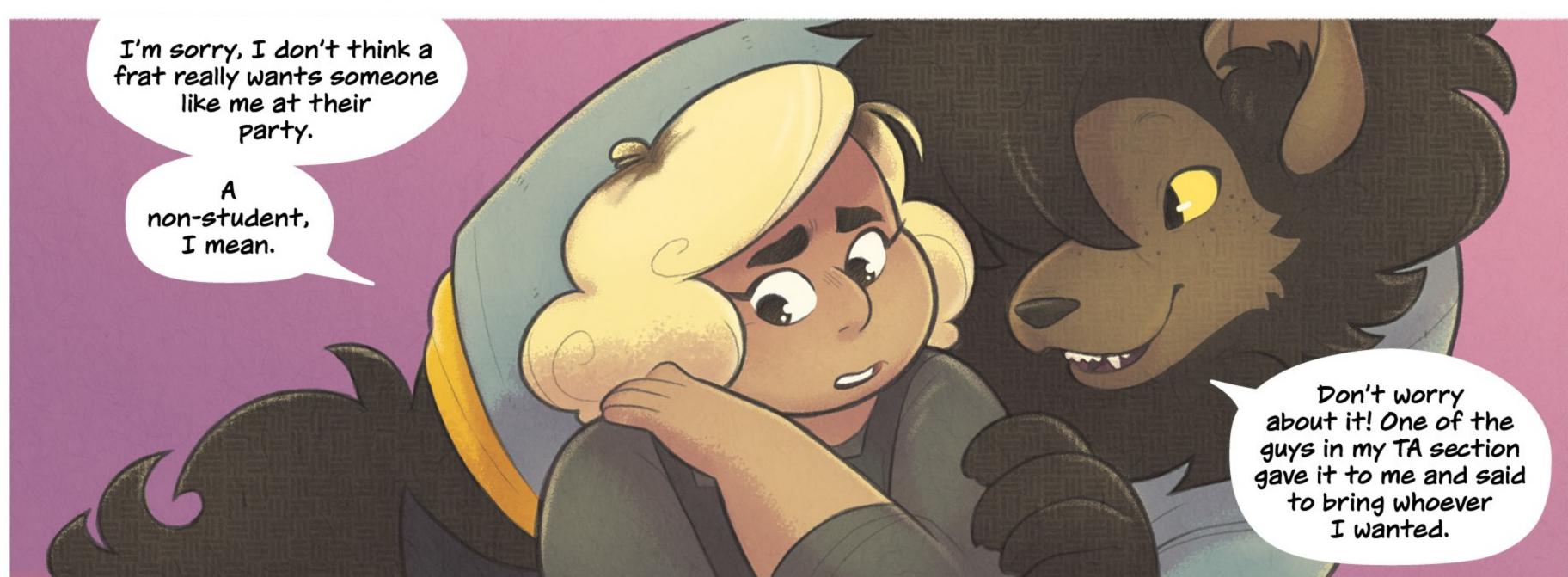








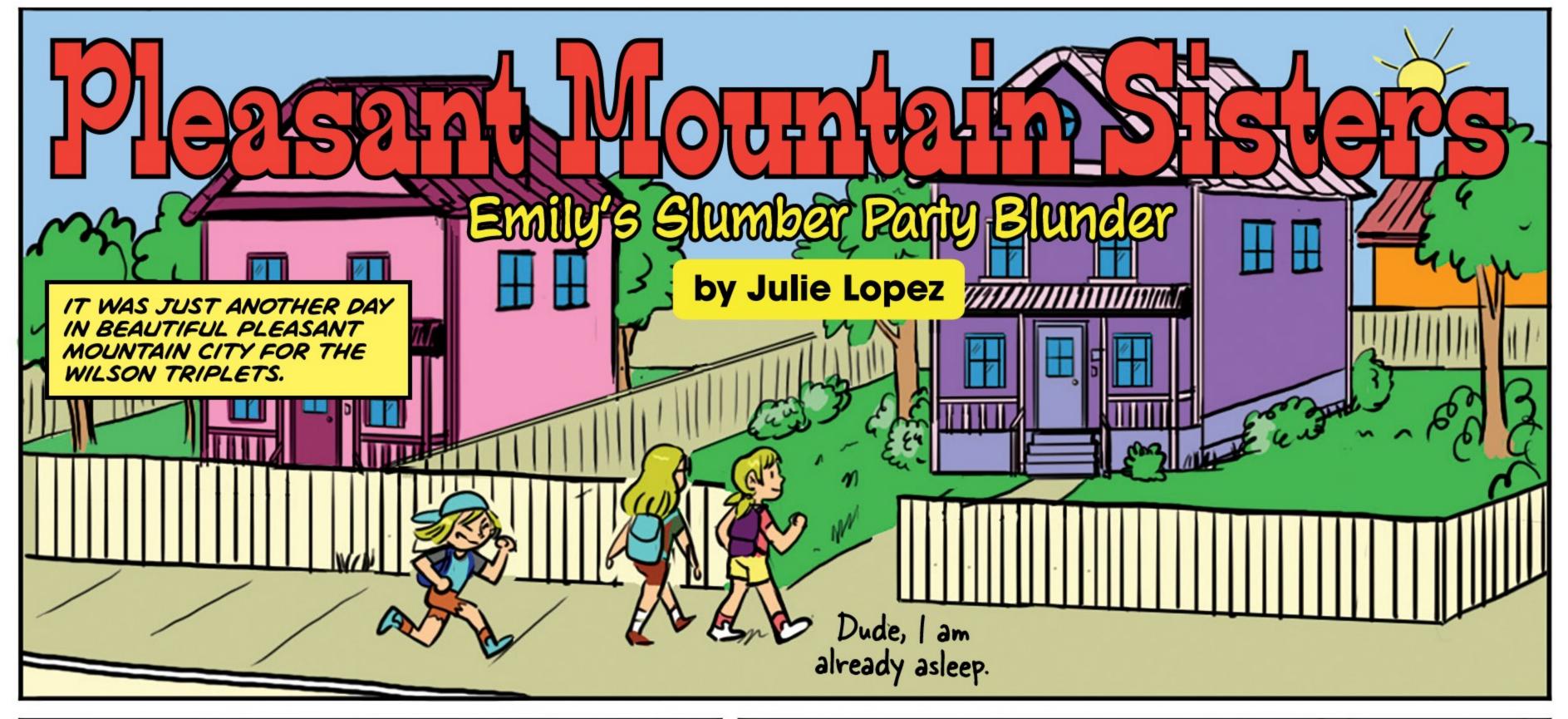


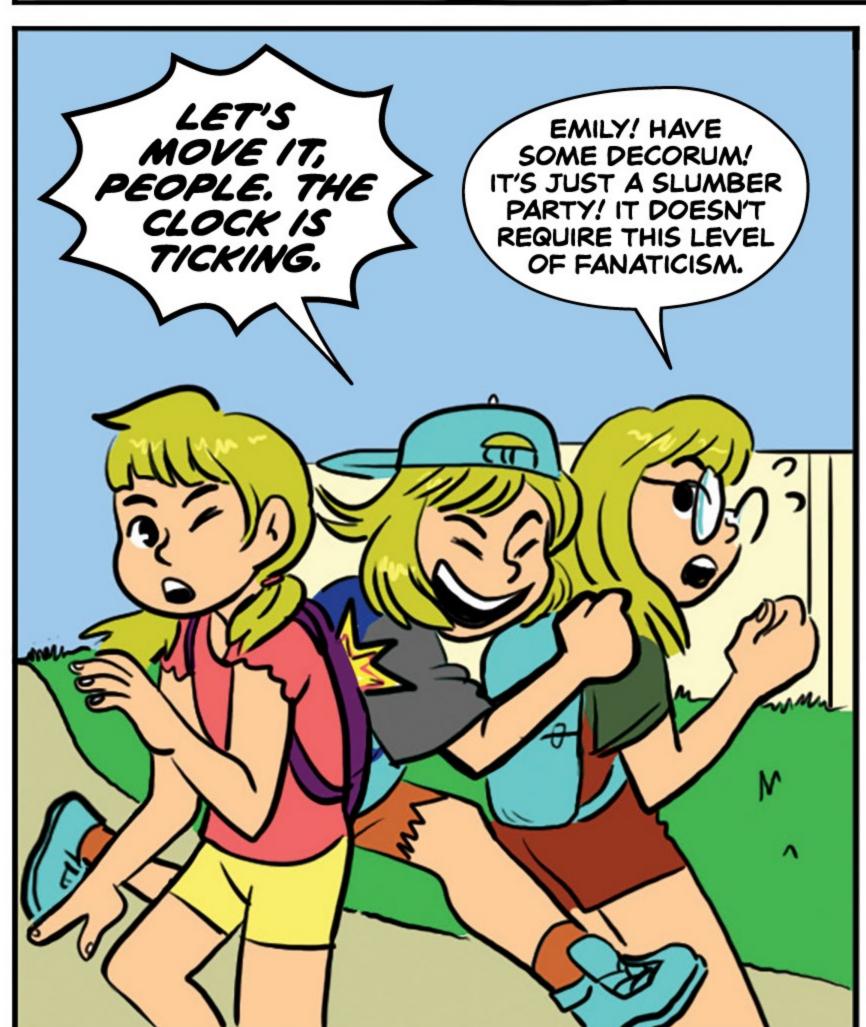


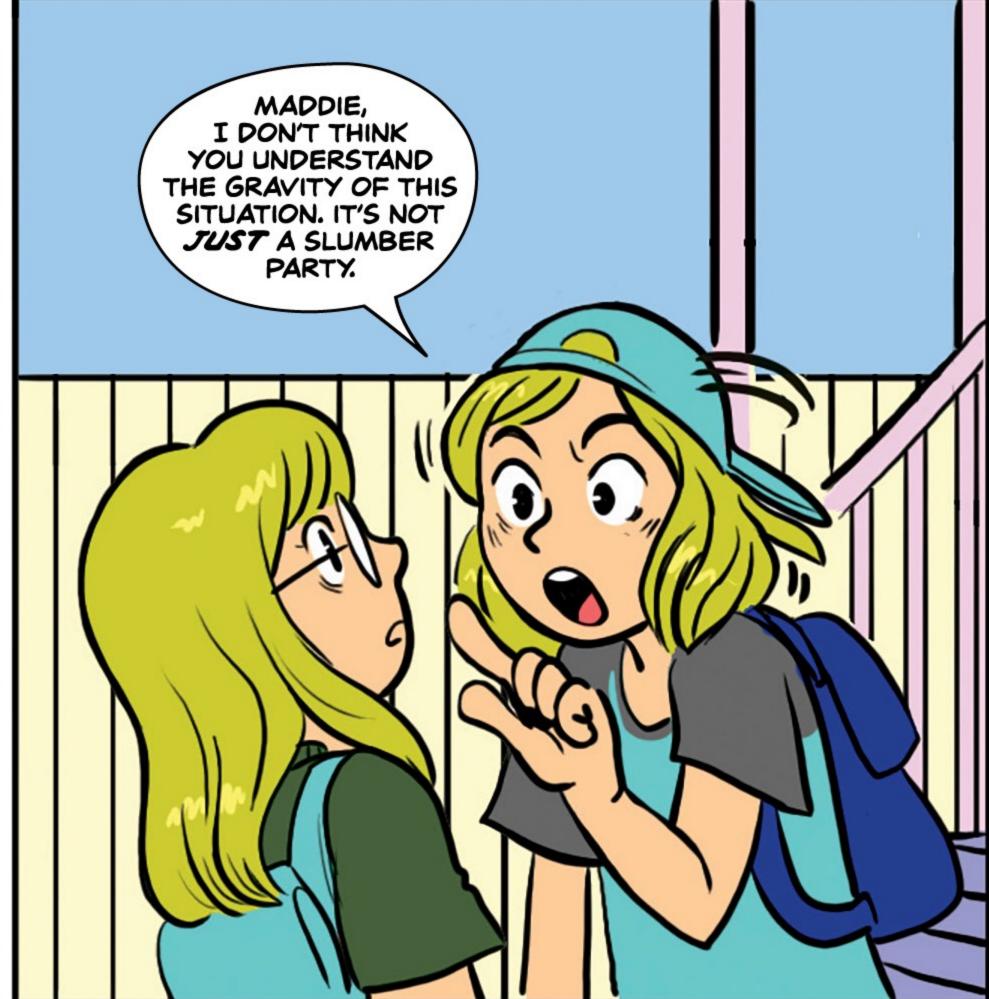


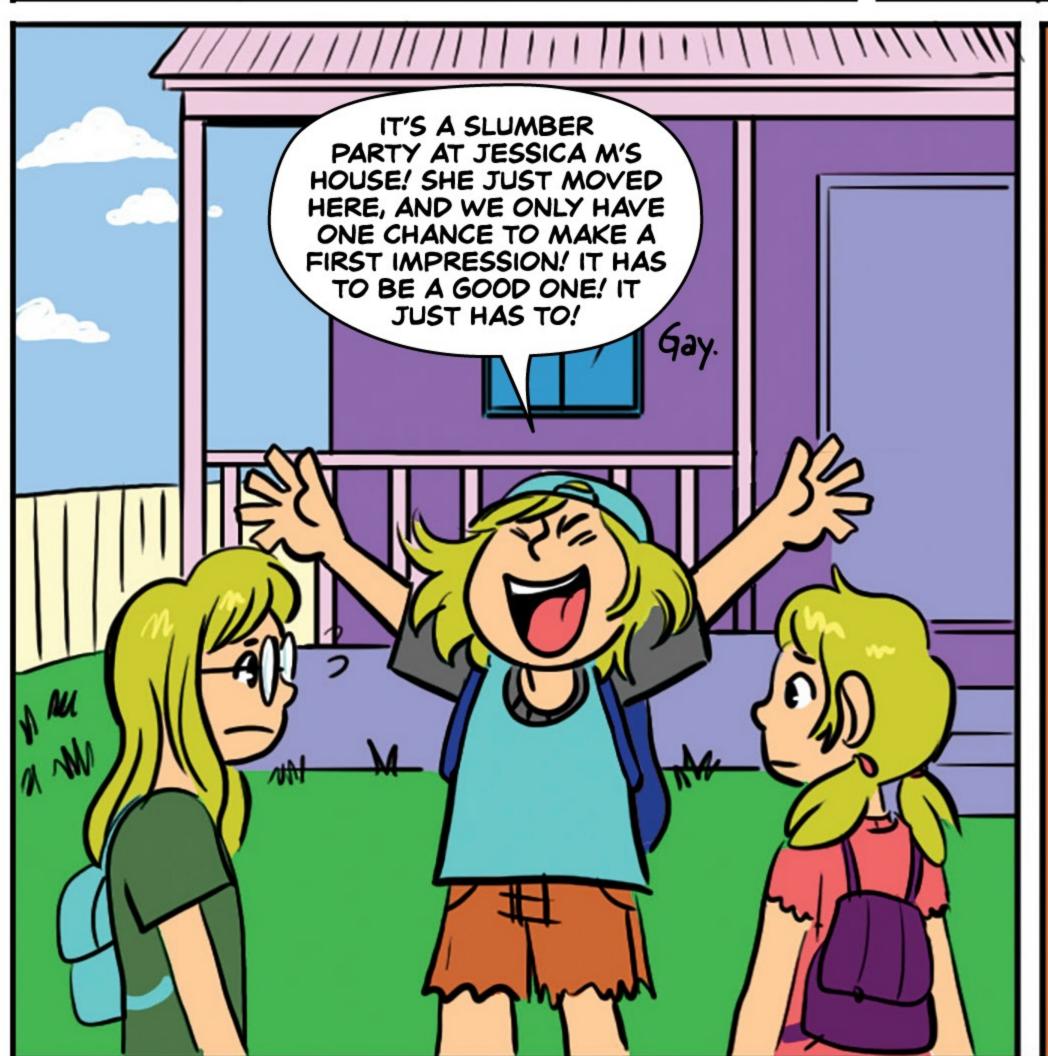




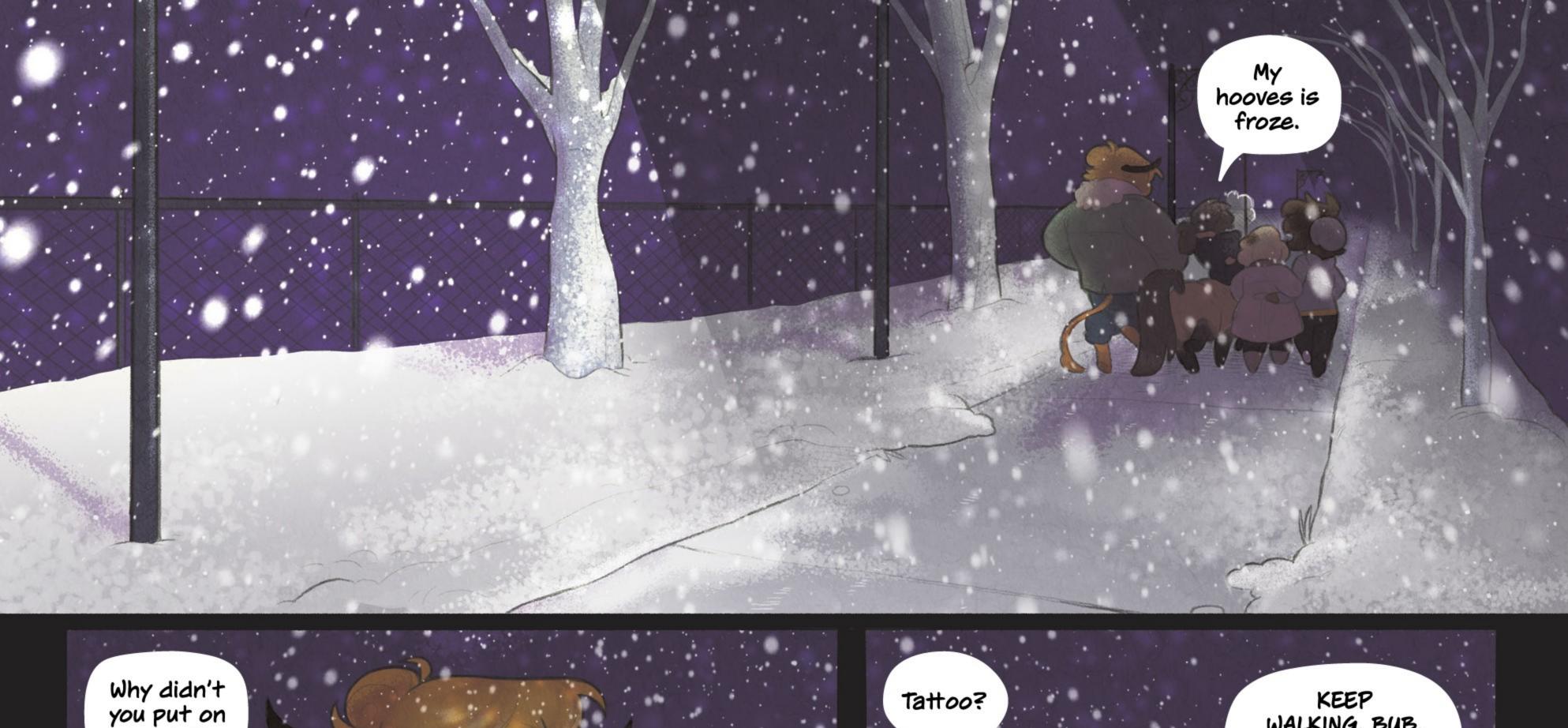












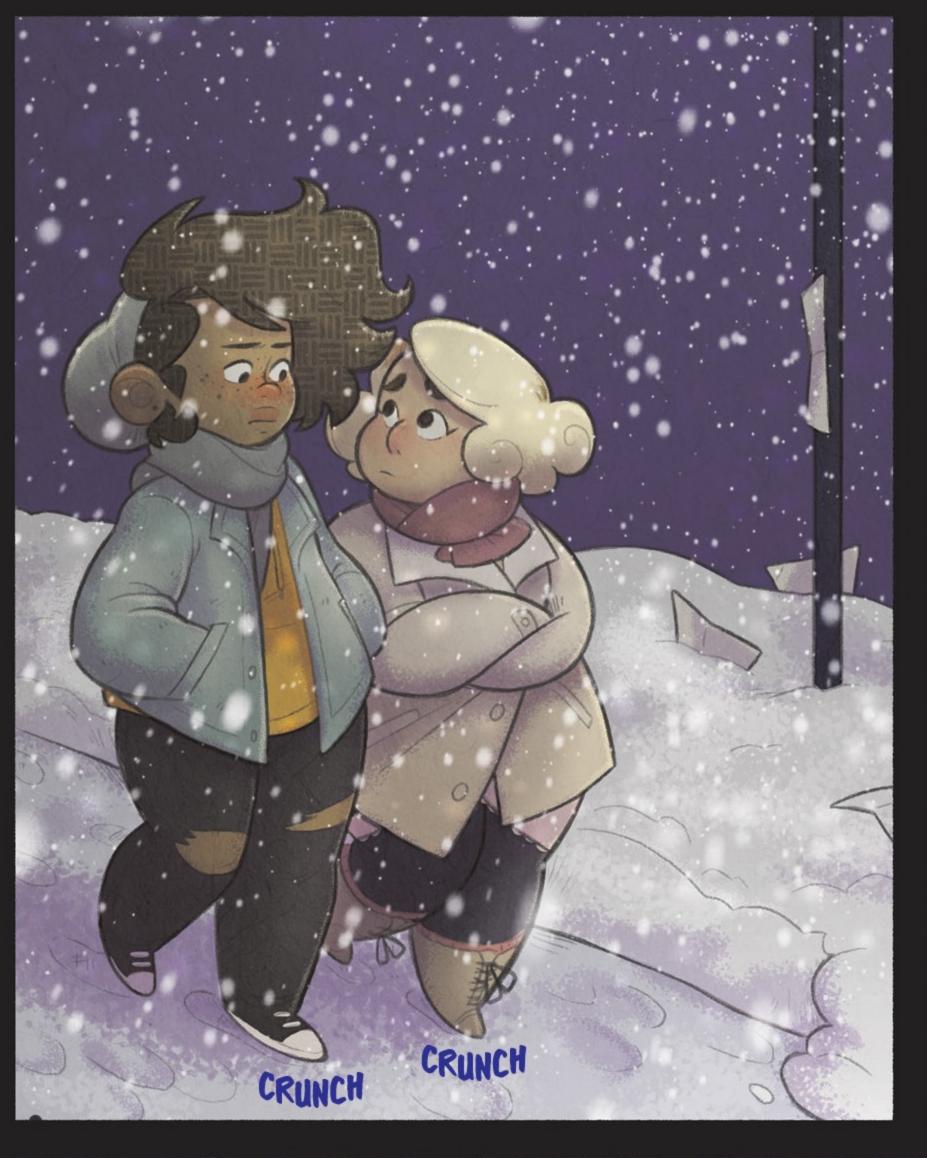




























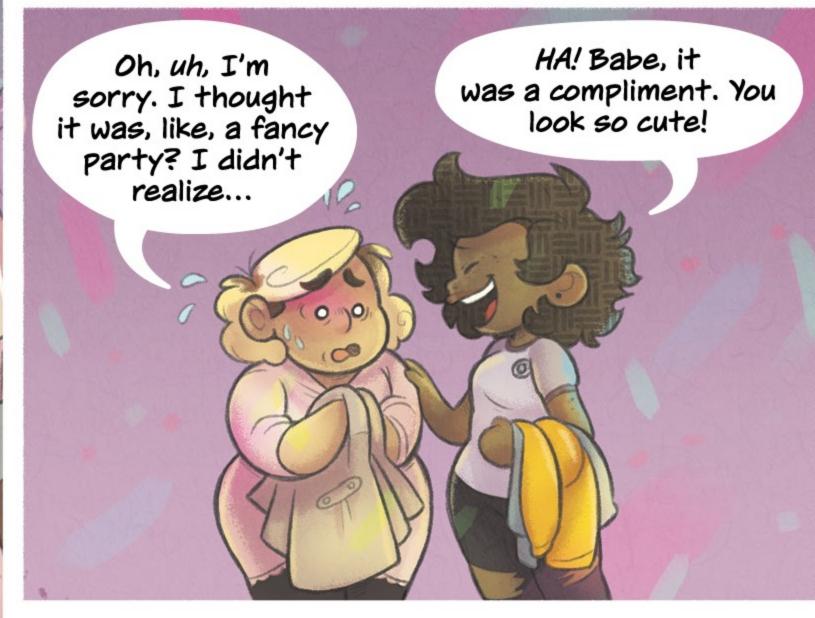


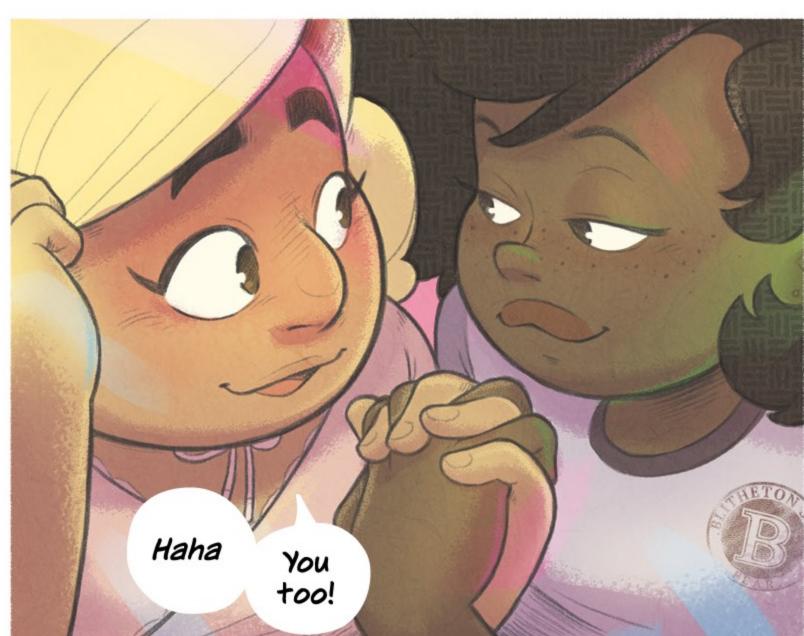








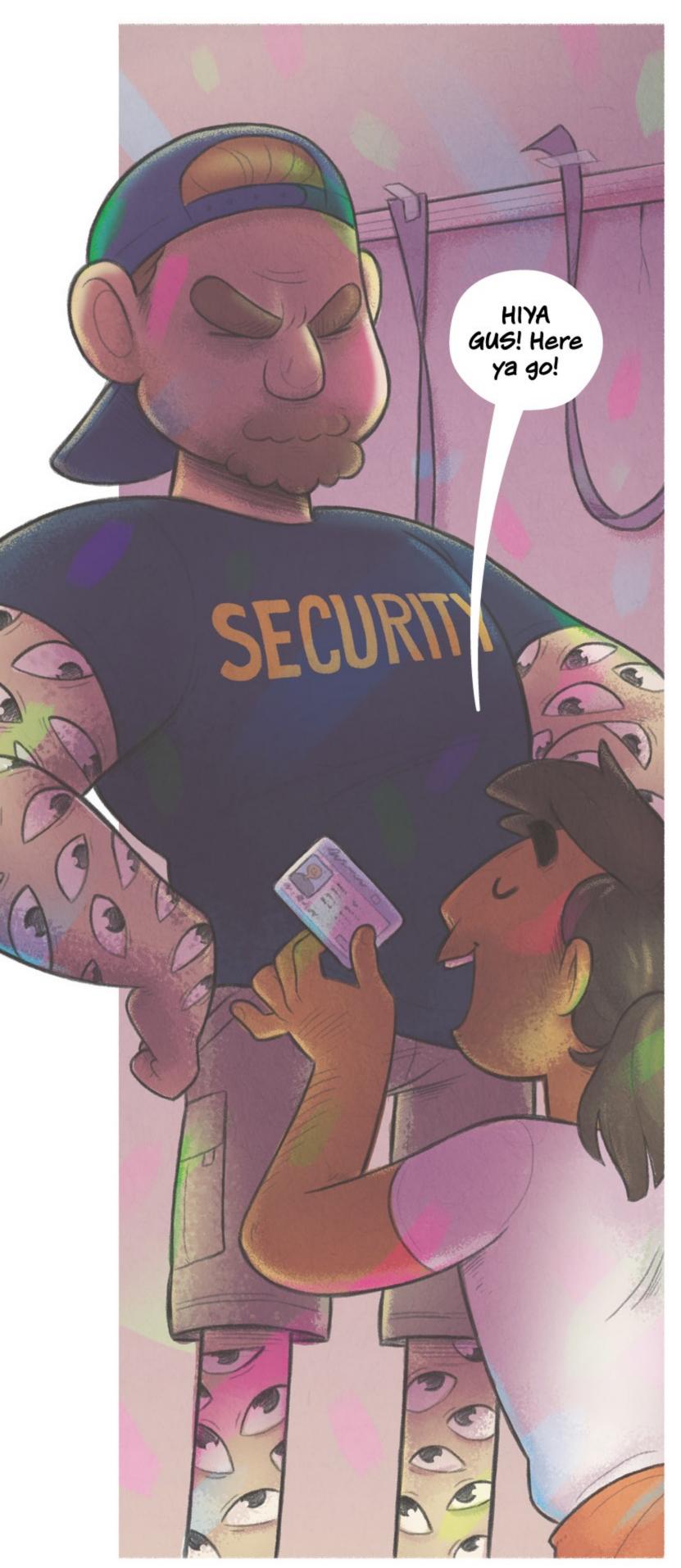




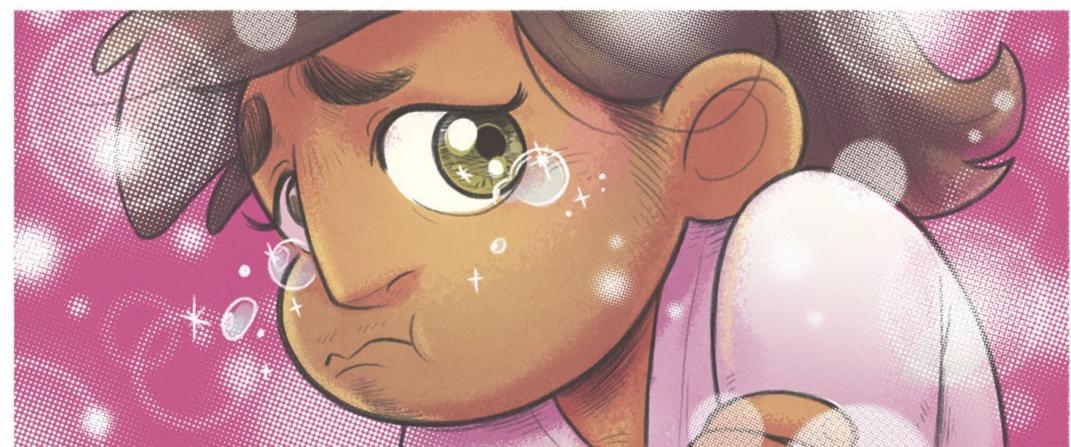








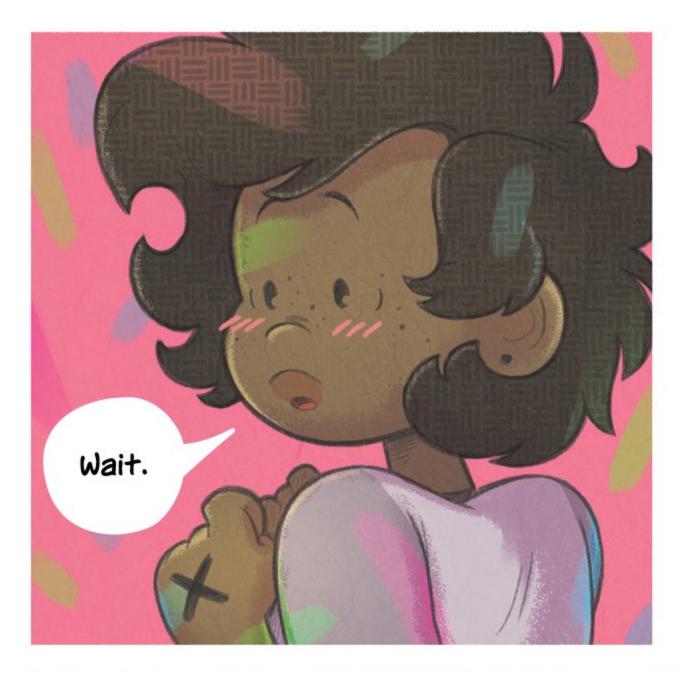


































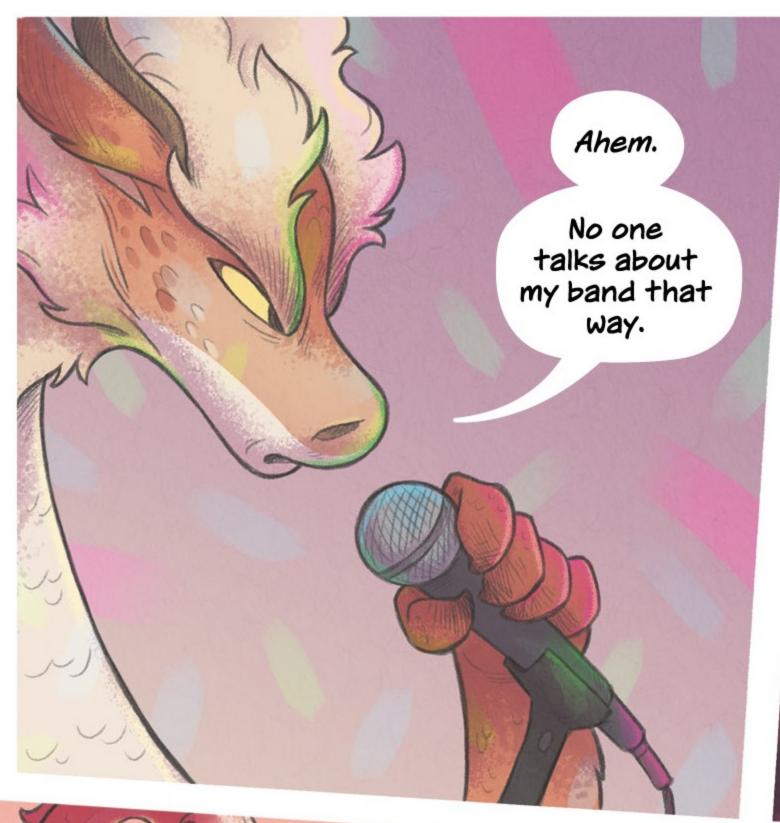












































Dear Know-It-All,

My sister recently moved in with me, and she keeps buying the wrong brand of toilet paper. I've brought it up to her several times, but she insists that they're all the same. She's WRONG. How incredibly wrong is she, on a scale of super wrong to super duper wrong?

- Trying To Get Ply

Dear Trying,

Goooood morning, Meredith here in Horizon Flier 27 along with my pilot Hector bringing you all the latest from the Blitheton area skies. We're looking at another beautiful day with fairly light traffic heading into the city this morning, except for - Hec, can you bring me in closer? Yeah, the red pickup that just merged on. [Transcriber's note: She begins speaking into a megaphone.] STAY IN YOUR LANE, DRIFTY MCDRIFTYPANTS! AND USE A TURN SIGNAL NEXT TIME! I'm sorry, was I supposed to be talking about toilet paper or something? You didn't do a very good job explaining to me what this was supposed to be, and I won't apologize for your incompetence.

Dear Know-It-All,

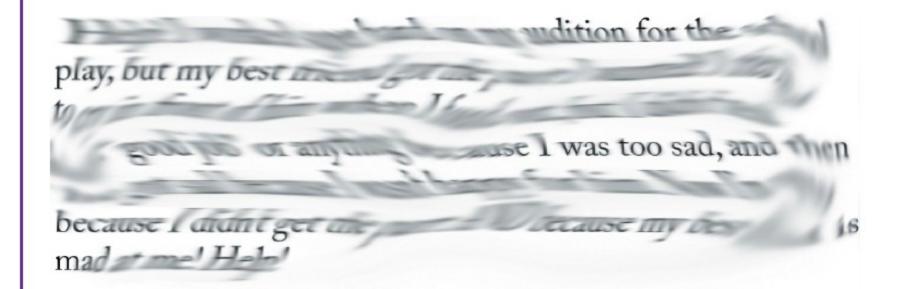
My MIL is upset because I am a WOHM instead of a SAHM. My DH's DXP AP'd my DSD, so of course now nothing I do is good enough, KWIM? HCICHTIAGP? PHM!

- FTM in DFW

Dear FTM,

HEY YOU! YEAH, YOU IN THE CONVERTIBLE! I SAW THAT! YOU WON'T LITERALLY DIE IF SOMEONE MERGES IN FRONT OF YOU! YOU MAY LITERALLY DIE IF I SEE YOU PULL THAT CRAP AGAIN- Excuse me? I'm trying to do my job over here, and if you keep inter- I'M being rude? You come into MY chopper and try to tell ME- Wow, ok, you know what? I've got some advice for you, all right. HEC, DO THE THING.

[Transcriber's note: There is a series of noises. If they were even described to you, your mind would stand still, and the rest of your days would be spent in the moment your heard them, trapped in a chrysalis of that awesome, singular moment over I-47 but never transforming into death's exquisite butterfly.]



- Center Stage

Dear Stage,

Is she dead? No? Good. Let's get going, Hec. We have to get her there before nightfall.

[Editor's note: ??????? What is this? Are you ok? Is... is this still an advice column?]







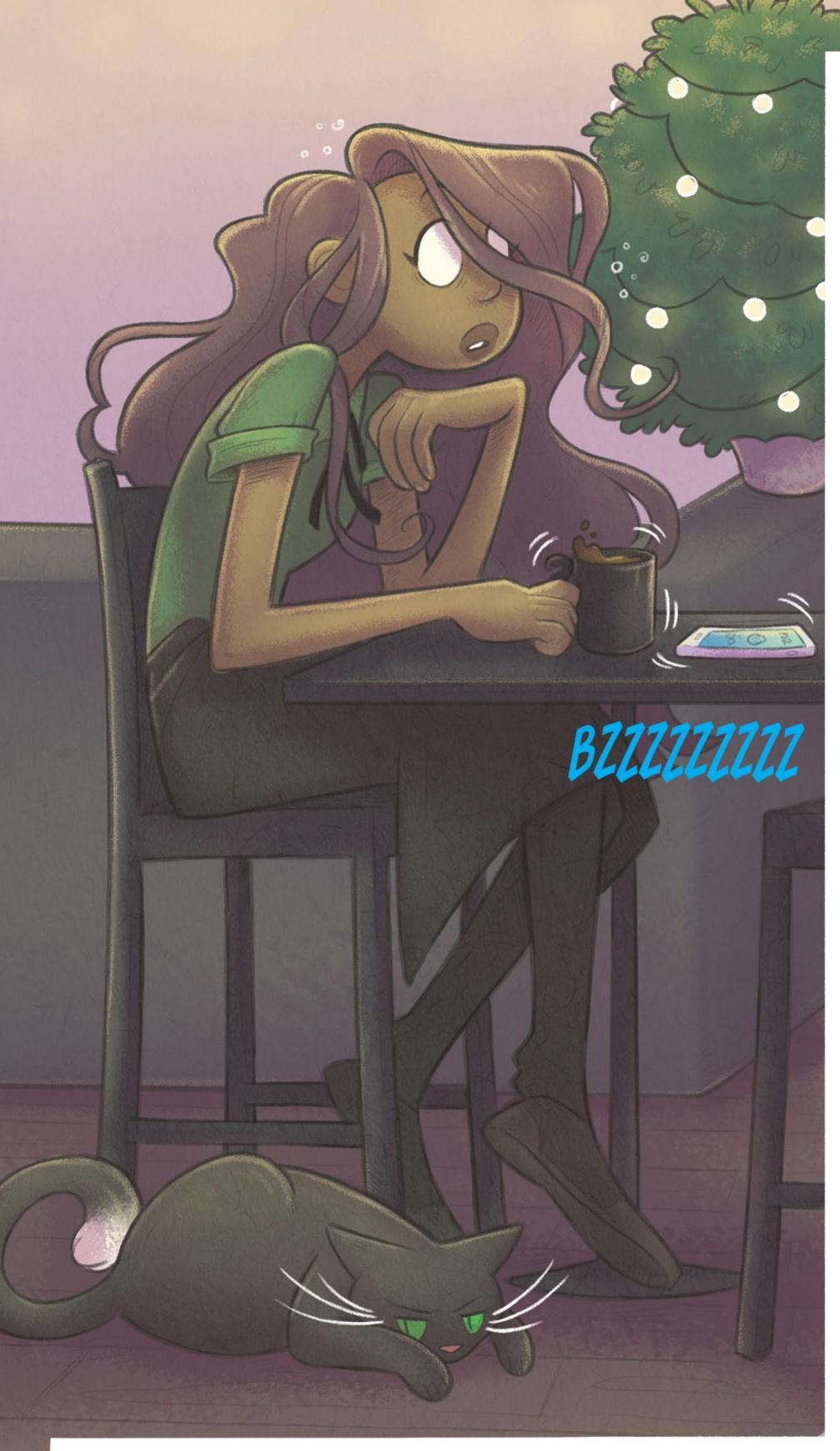


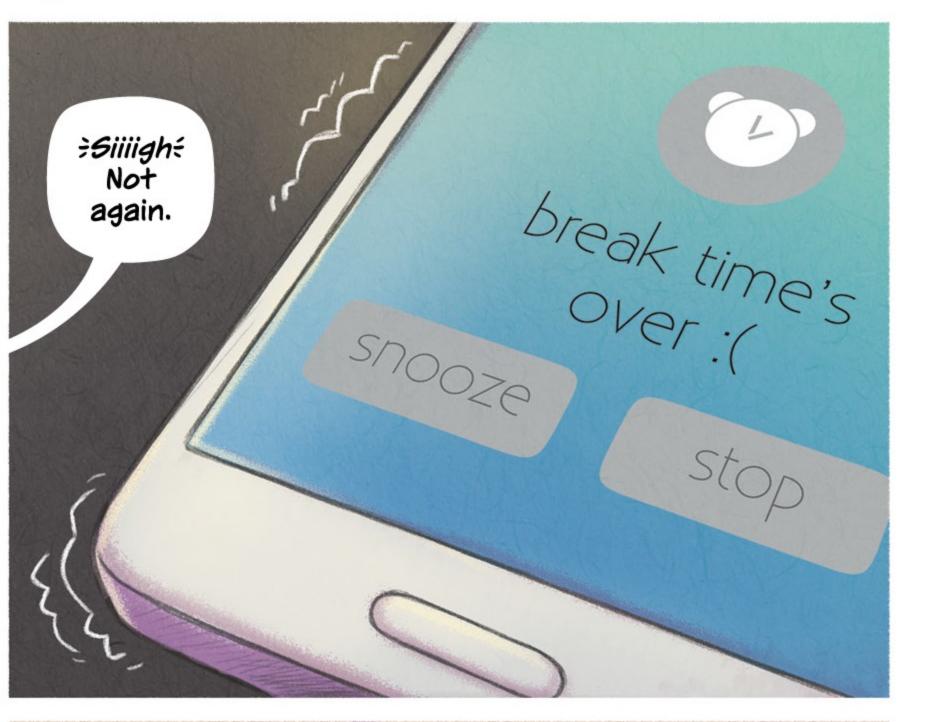


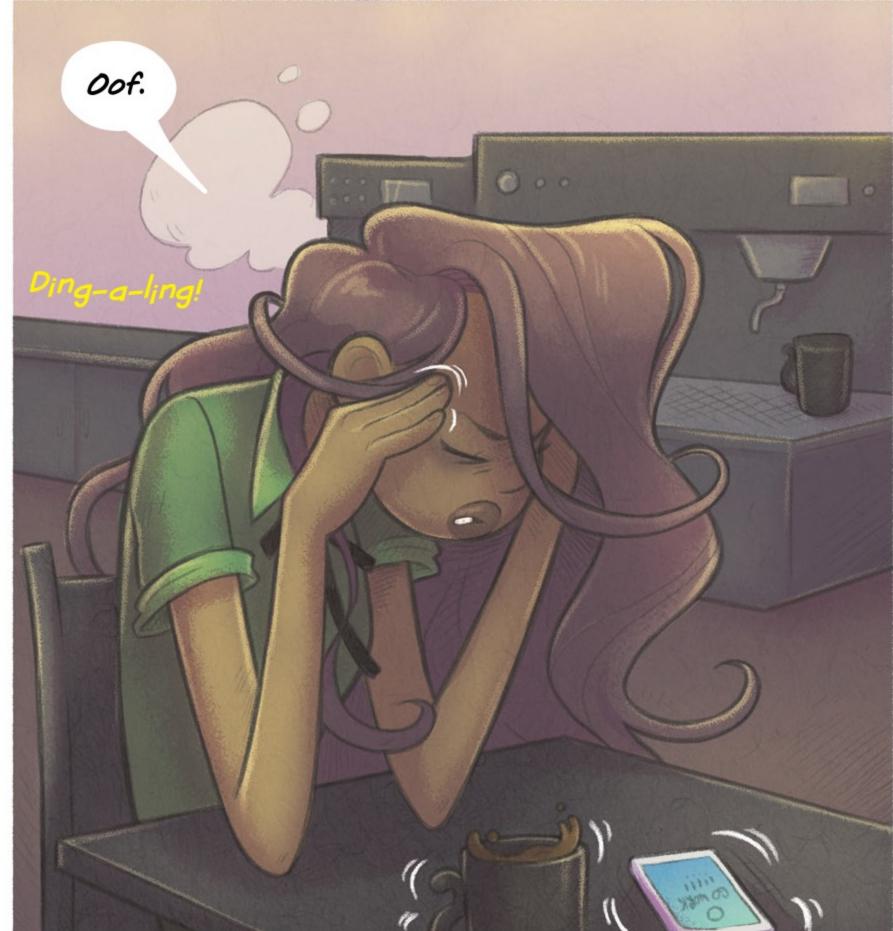










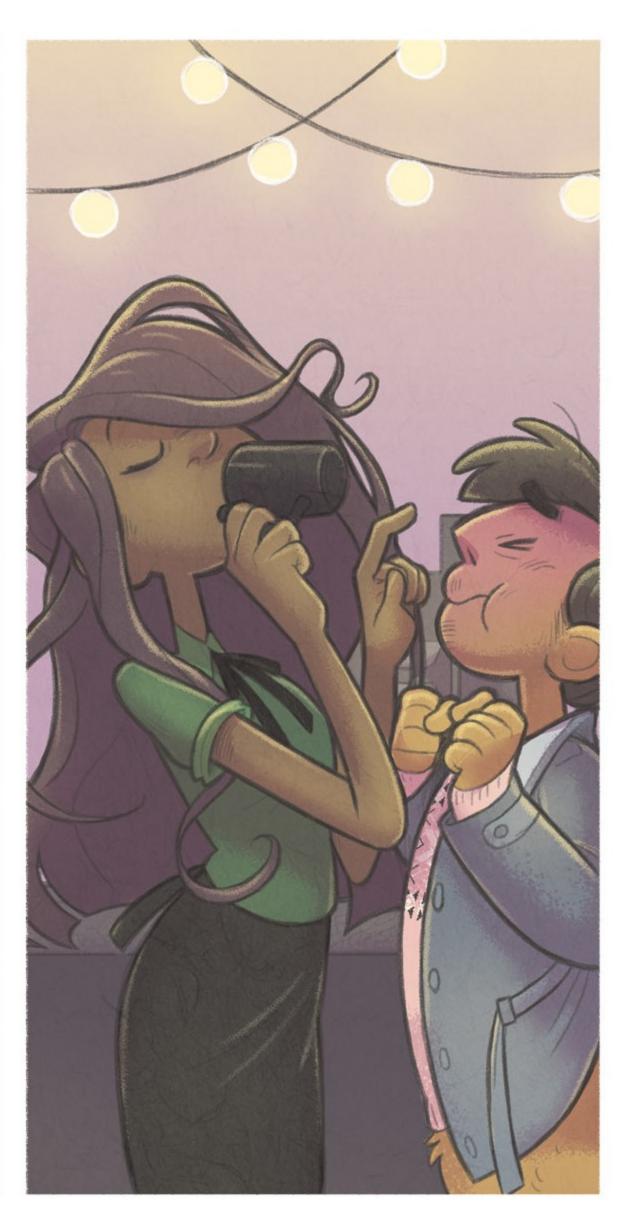


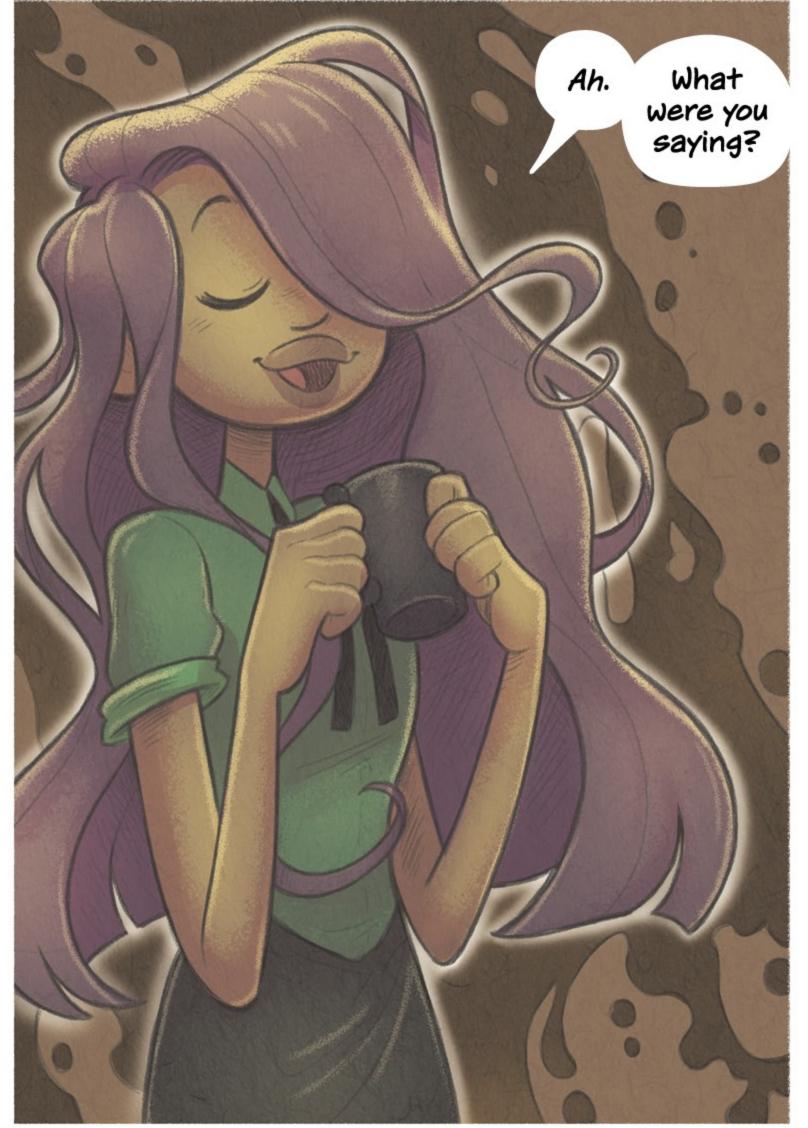


















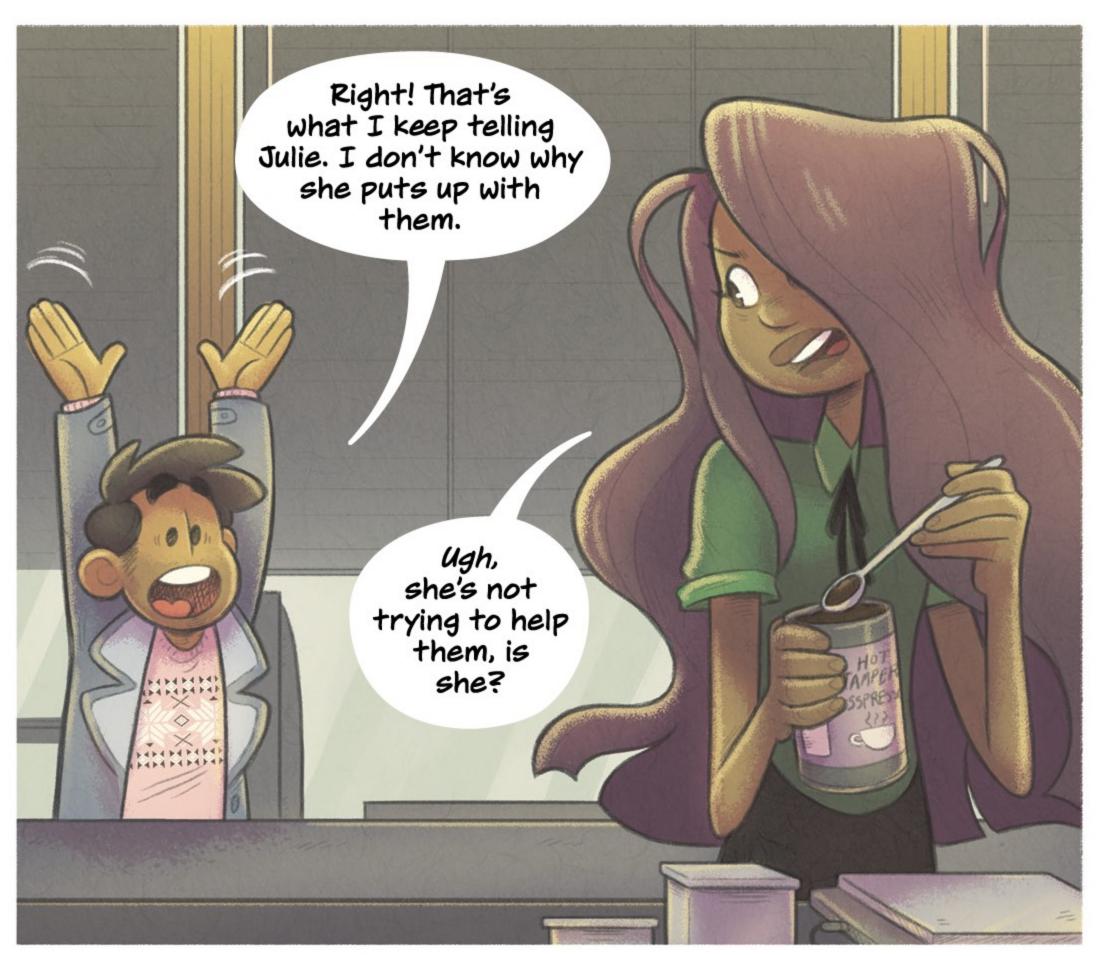












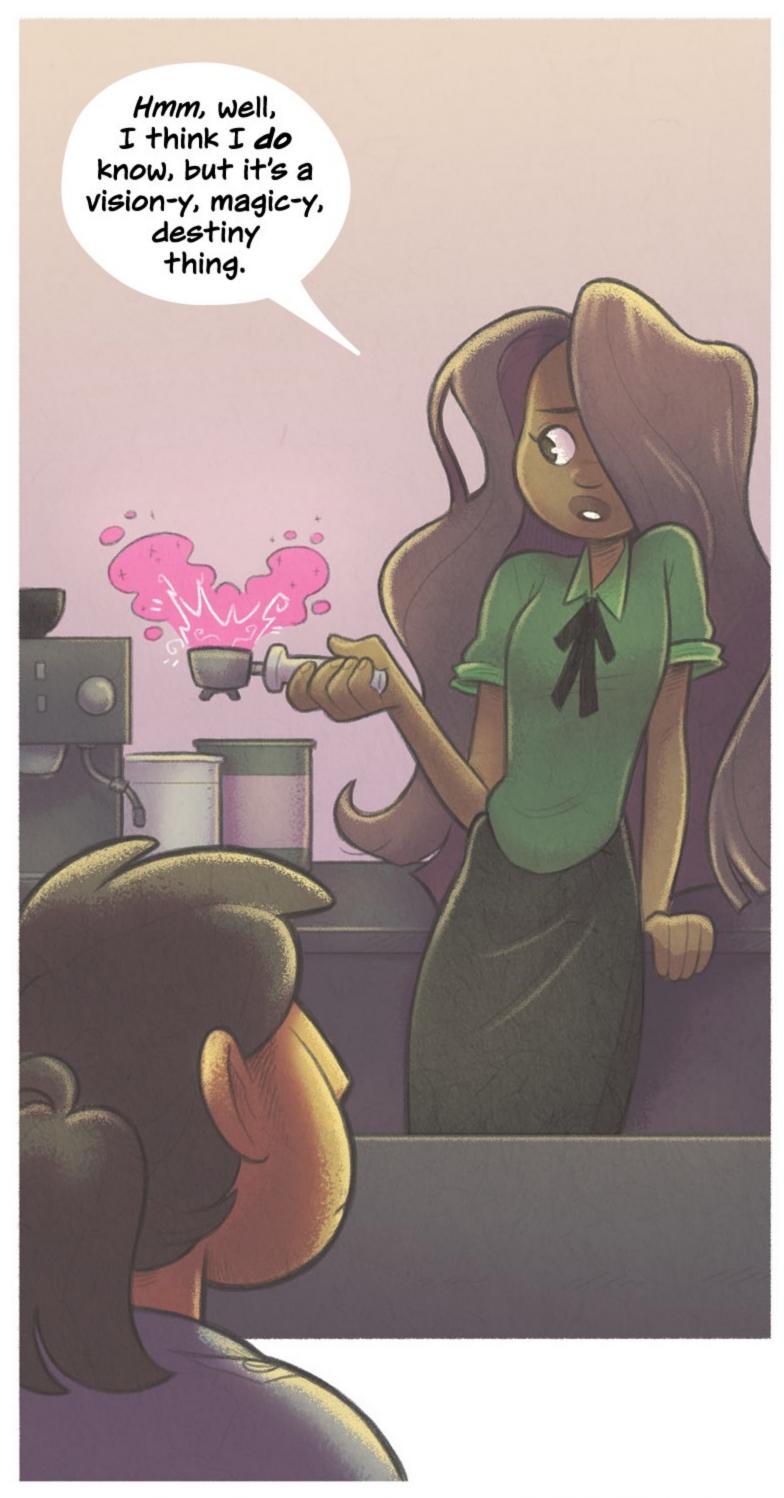






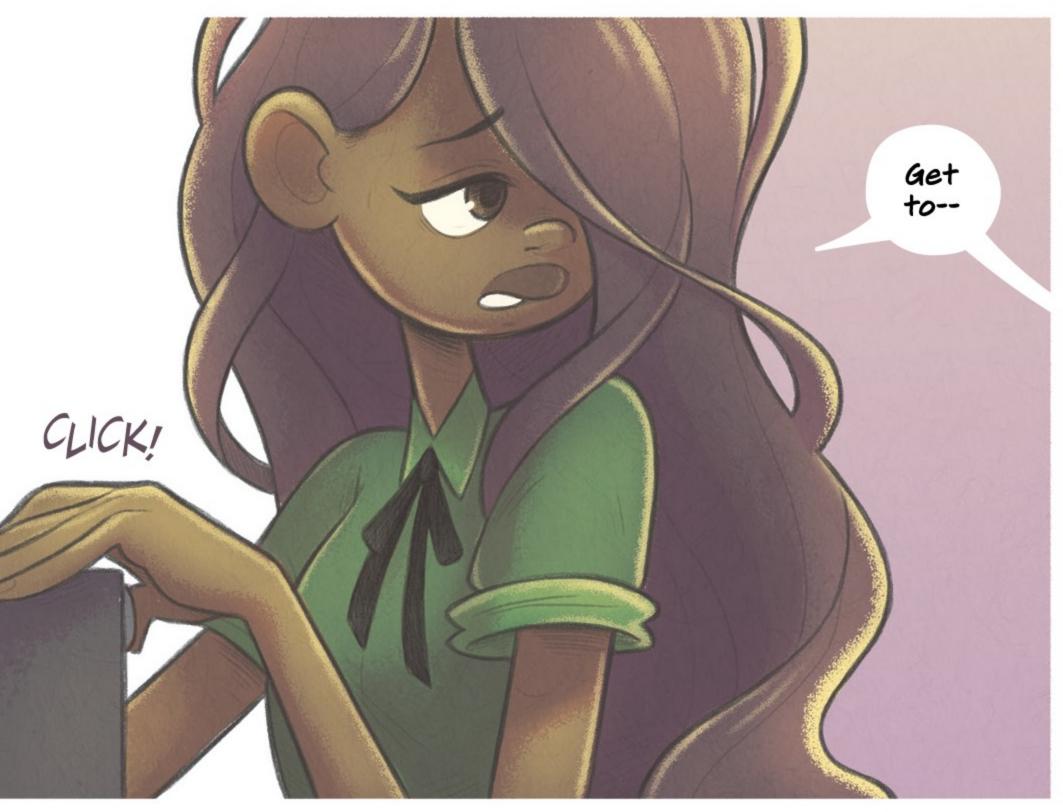




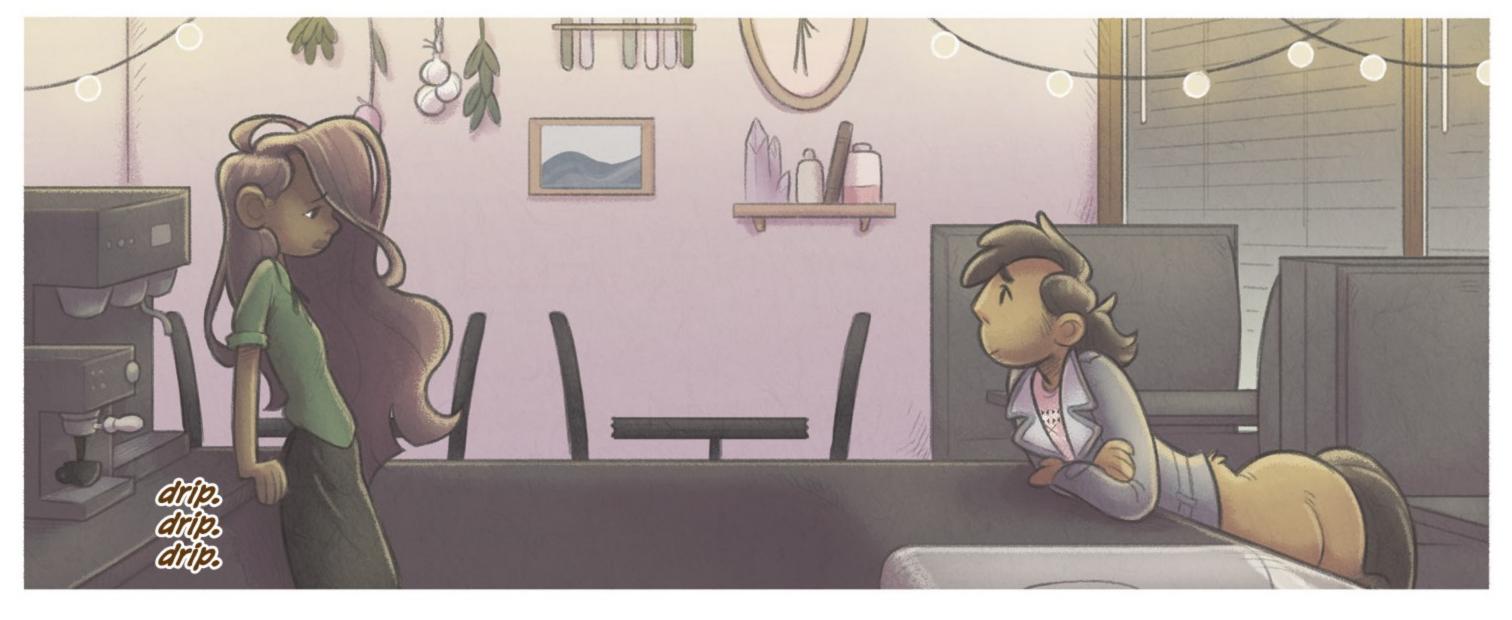


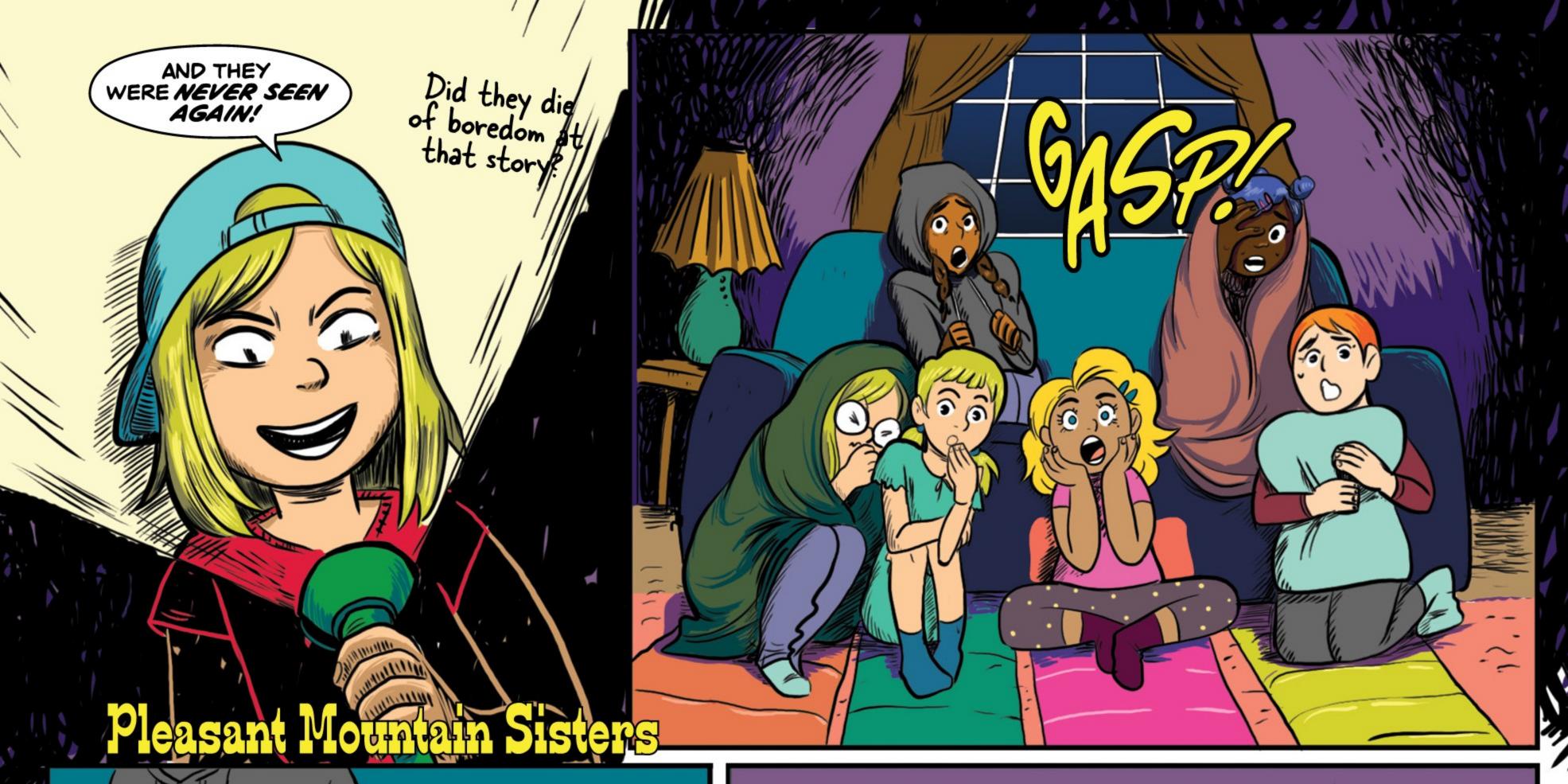








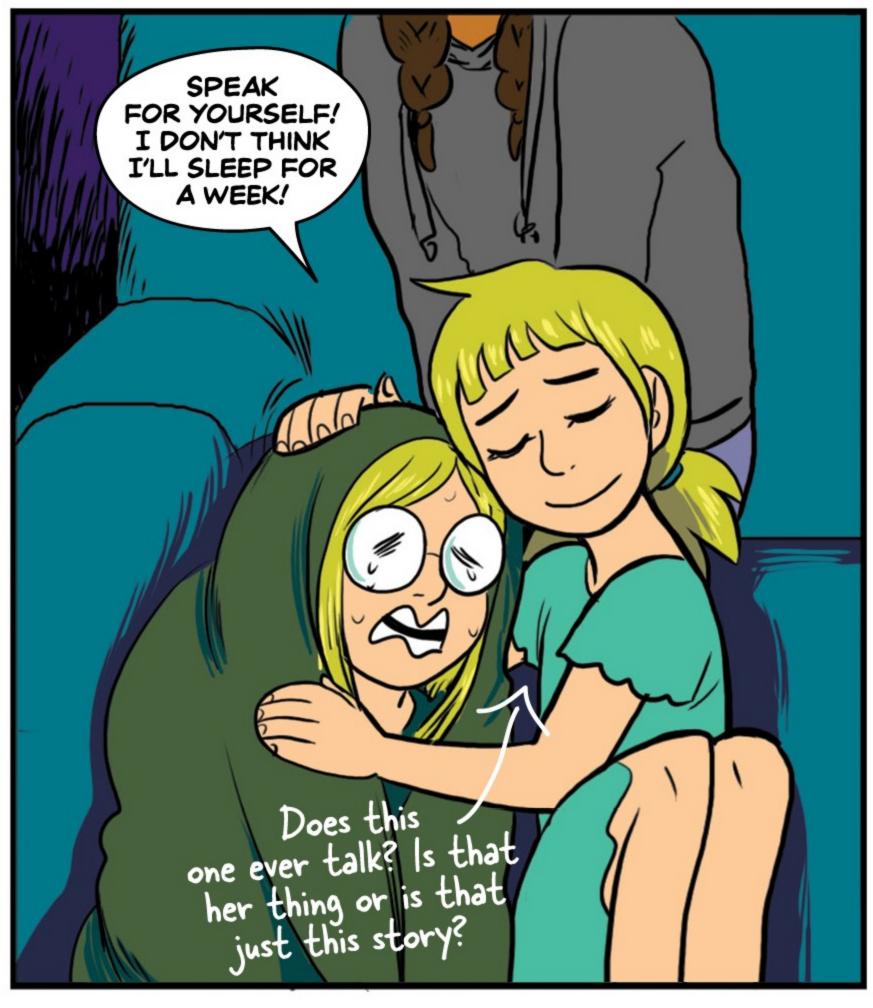






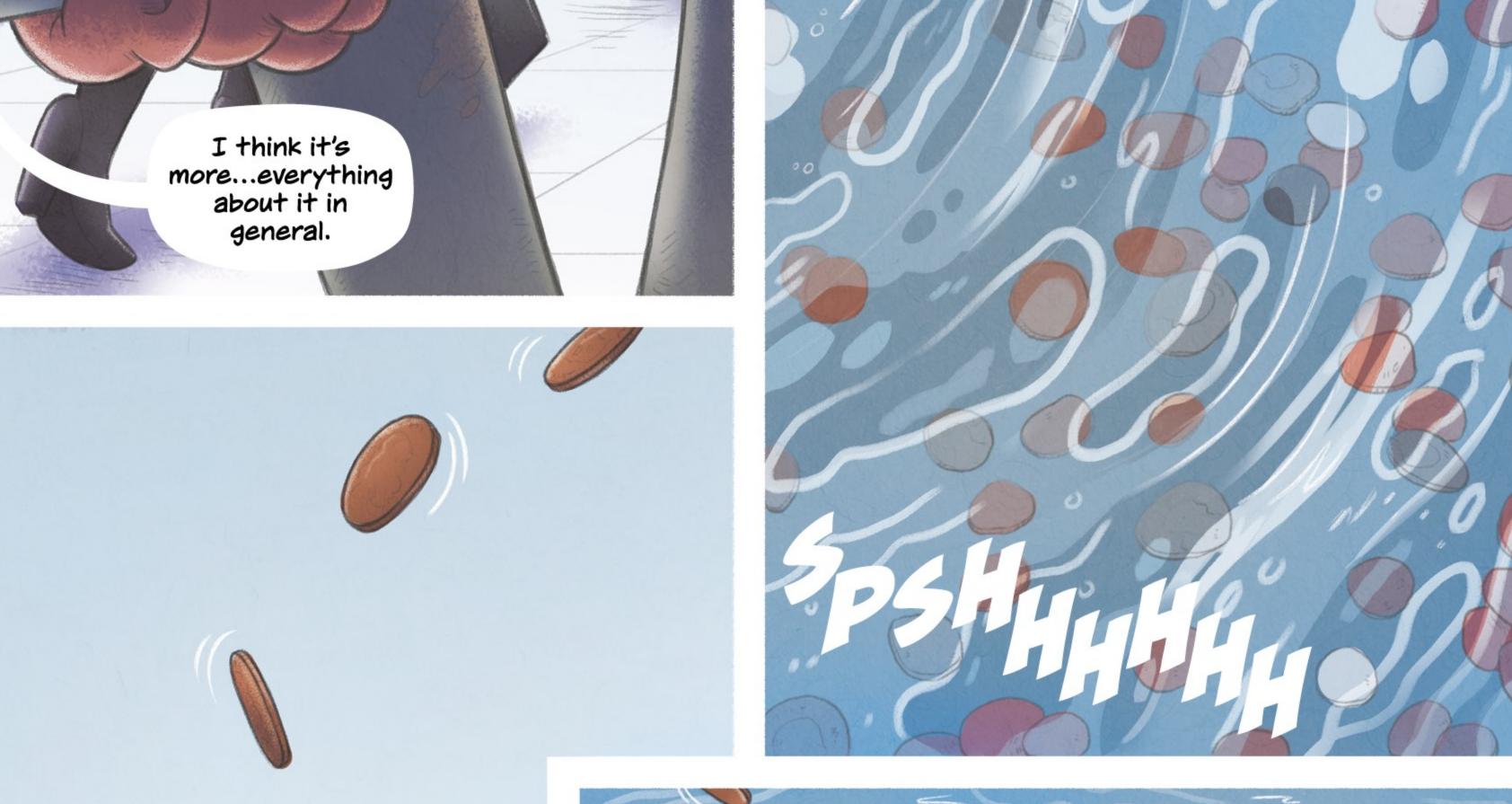


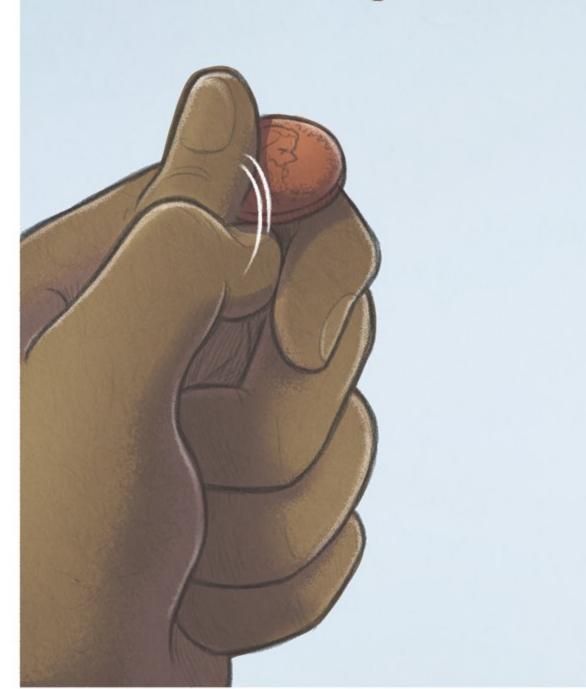


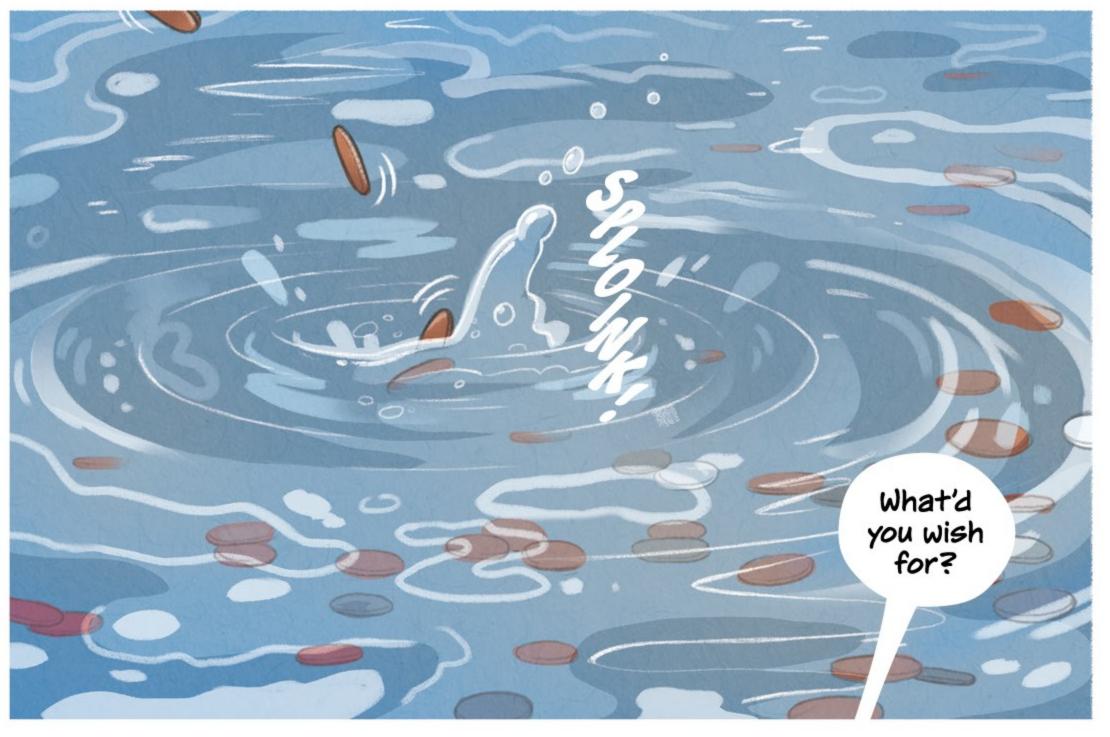












ls it because of all the capitalism?





















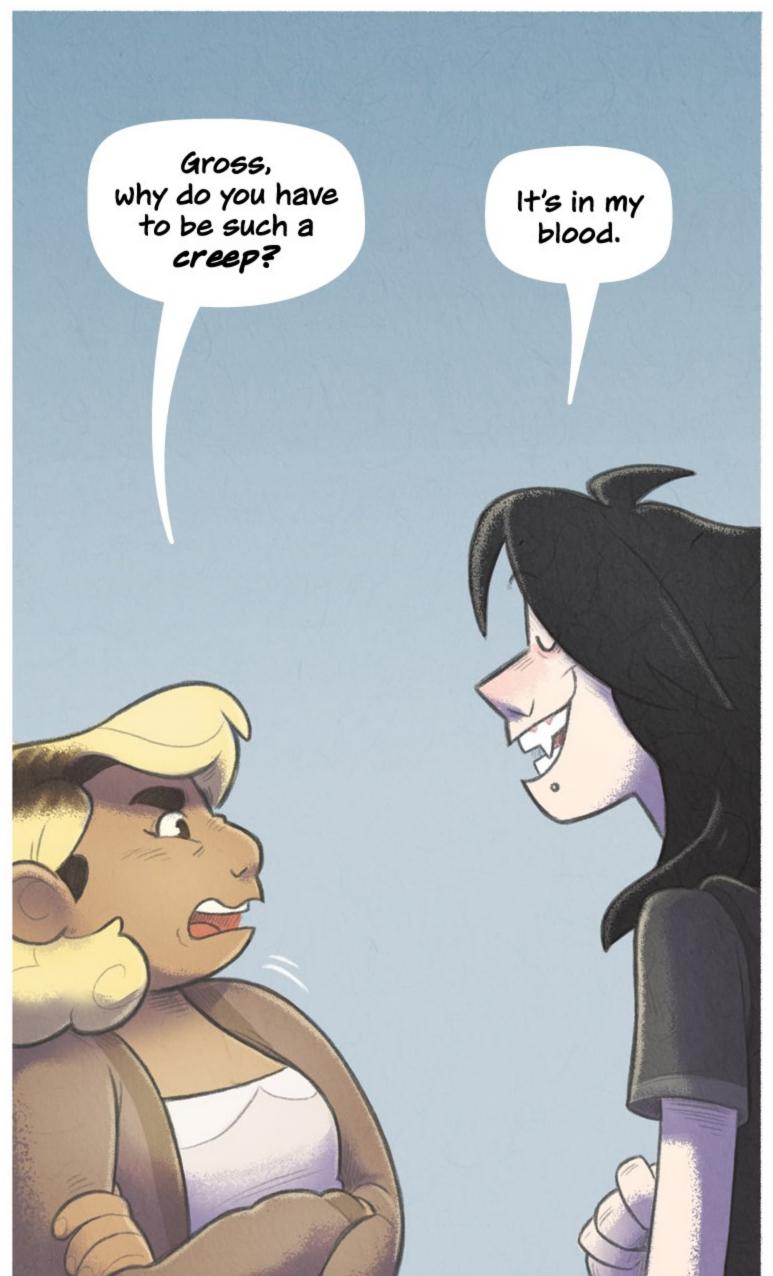


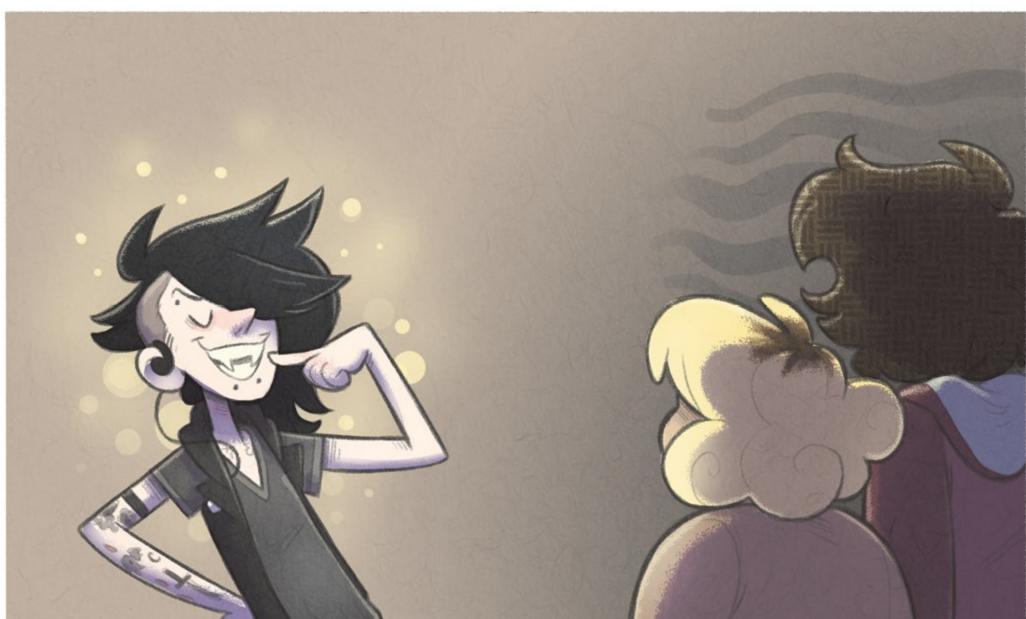




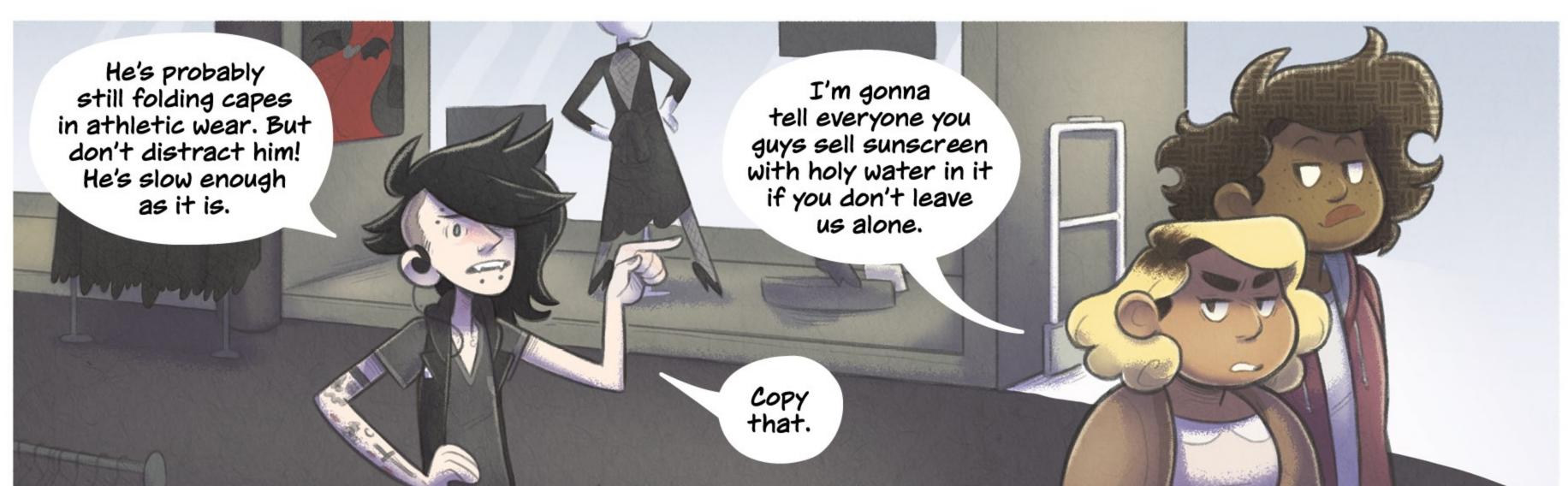






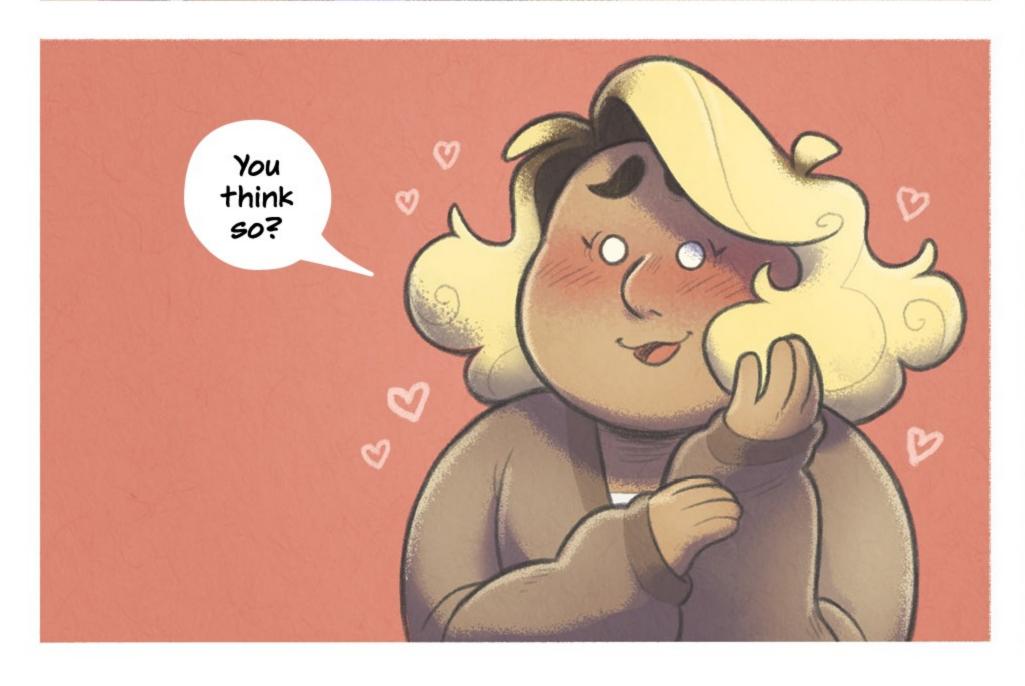




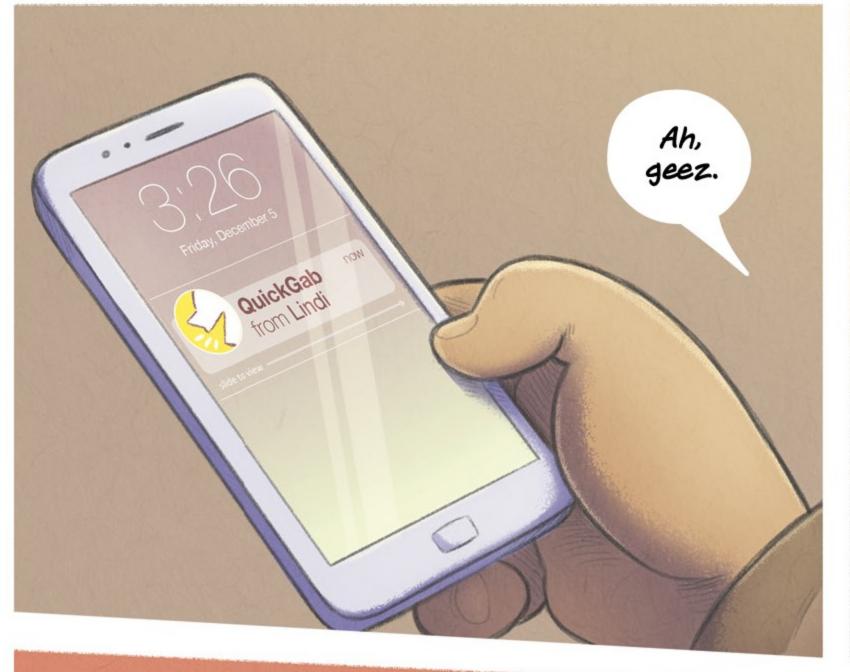
















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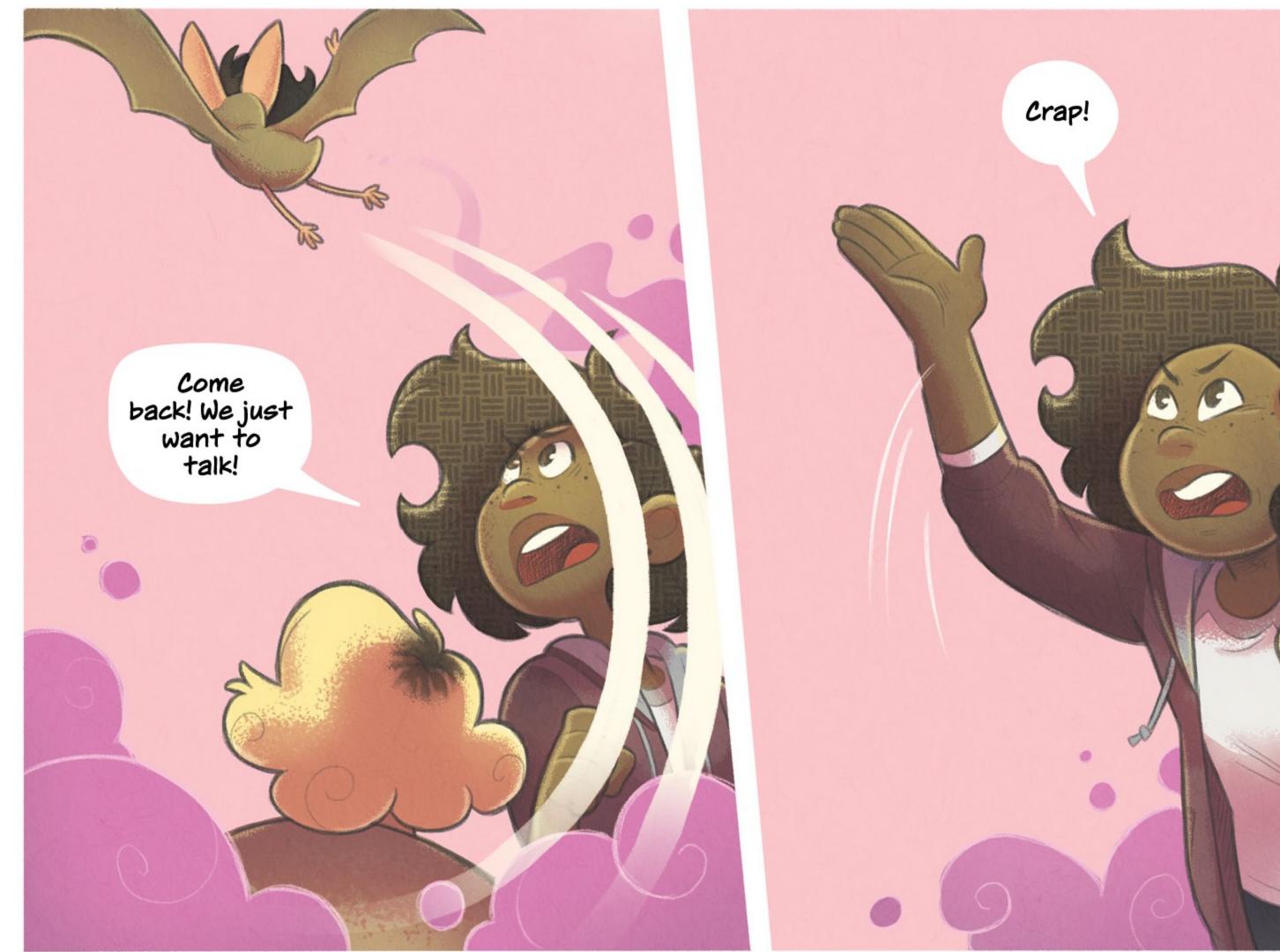
AND TELL HIM HE BETTER HELP US GET OUT OF HERE. Yeah, also
Josh isn't really that
hot, so I'm, like, super ready
to not be trapped with
him anymore?

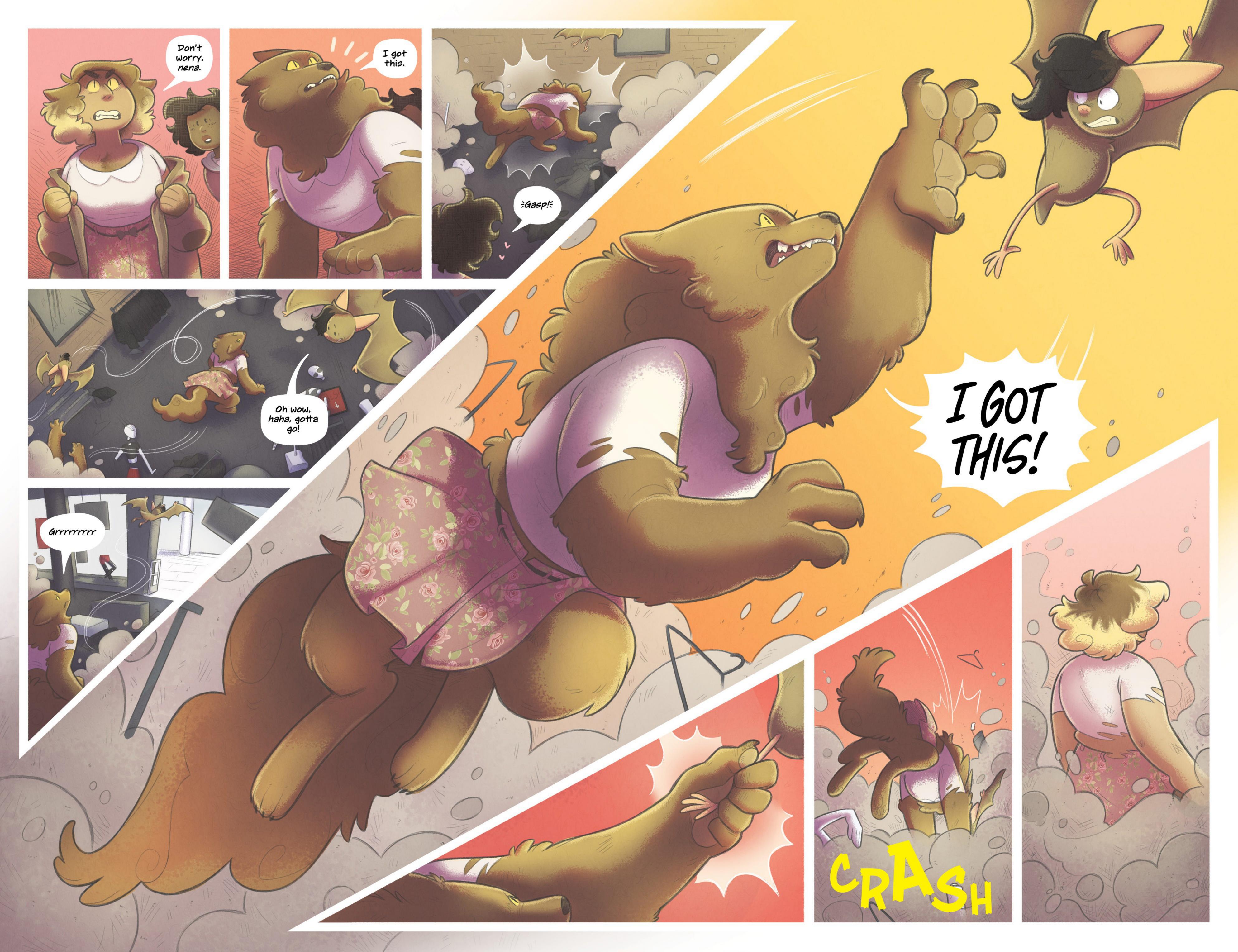




Tell him that
I'll tell everyone
his big secret if he
doesn't play at the
Betas' solstice
party with us.













Dear Know-It-All,

Uh, where am I?

- Grace

Yo Grace,

Ah man, you're so lucky we found you here! This is like, the Outer Styx Beach, brah! It's only the tightest beach this side of Hades. But like, listen: Straight-up, you gotta follow the rules. Like I know we're friends an' everything, but no glass on the beach, no dogs unless they have three heads, and be careful of the wandering wraiths! They seem harmless but trust: They are not, el oh el.

Dear Know-It-All,

Am I dead??

- Also Grace

Yo Grace,

Next question!

Dear Know-It-All,

I have an unusual name, and people are always pronouncing it wrong. I've spent my whole life correcting people, but I'm totally sick of it! I'm proud of my name and am hesitant to change it, but I don't know what else to do.

- Hard To Say

Yo Say,

My buddy Bode, we call him "Bode" because like, his name is an unpronounceable sound that the gods bestowed upon him? So like, we call him Bode! Maybe your friends could like, call you Bode too? Because it seems to work for Bode. Well, I think it does. Bode is a Sphinx so he's like, an enigma or whatever.

Dear Know-It-All,

My sister and I had a blow-out fight over some stupid balloons! I know, right?! We were at a festival, and this guy was handing out free balloons, and my sister took one, and I took five because hello, five balloons are better than one. And then she got all mad because you're only supposed to take one! Who is right? It's me, right?

- Free Spirit

Yo Spirit,

Yo, honestly, HONESTLY, I think you're good. They're FREE balloons, and balloons are d-o-p-e. But like-(NOTE: He blows his lifeguard whistle.) HEY LADY, read the sign. If you're gonna dip an infant, you gotta do the whole thing, don't just hold it by the heel. Yeah, there ya go.

Dear Know-It-All,

What's the secret to a really good sandcastle?

- Sandcastles in the Sand

Yo Sand,

Location, location, location, my dudes. You gotta be wary of three things: Distance from the water, distance from the ferry dock, and distance from the eternally trod path the the wraiths like to take. Despite what you might think, it's actually good to build it close to the water, because that stuff will make ANYTHING invincible, like that baby or your sandcastle. But yeah, stay away from the wraiths and the ferry and you should be good.

Dear Know-It-All,

Ferry? Can I use that to cross the river?

- Grace Again

Yo Grace,

Yeah dude, I can make that happen for you. You got any coin?



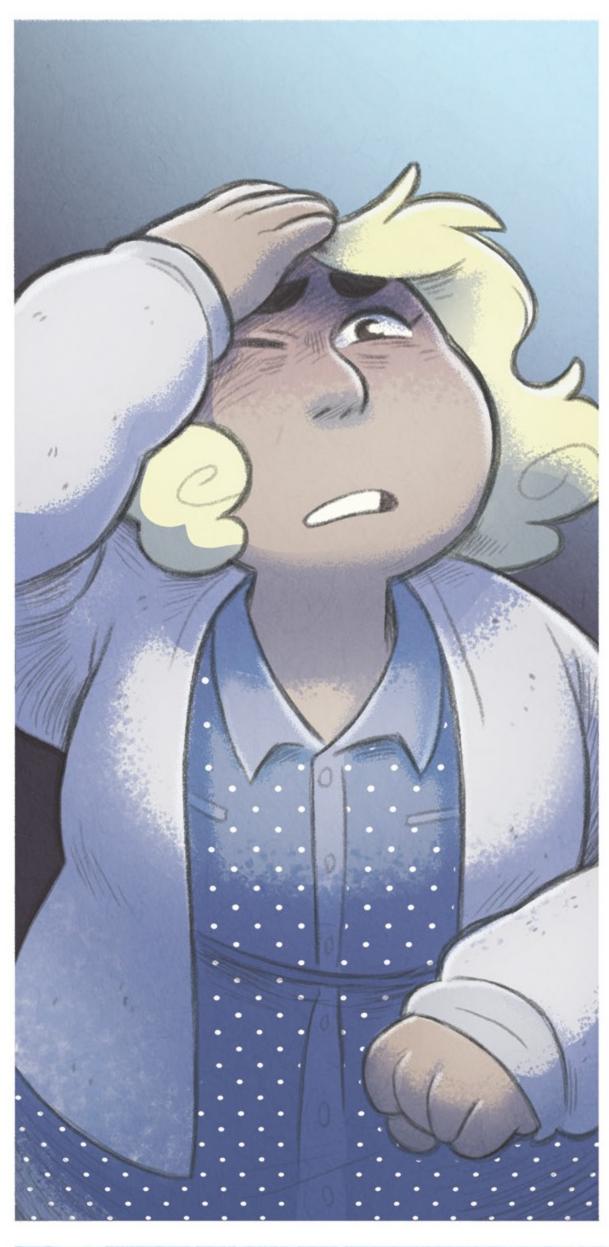






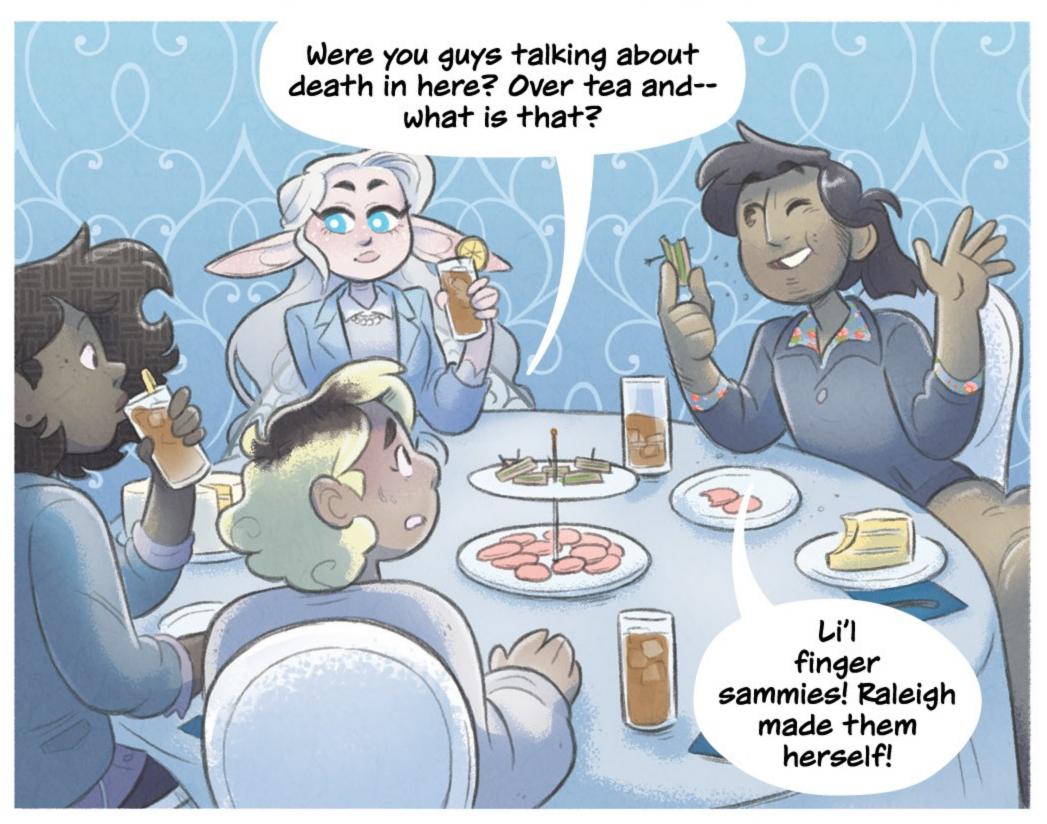




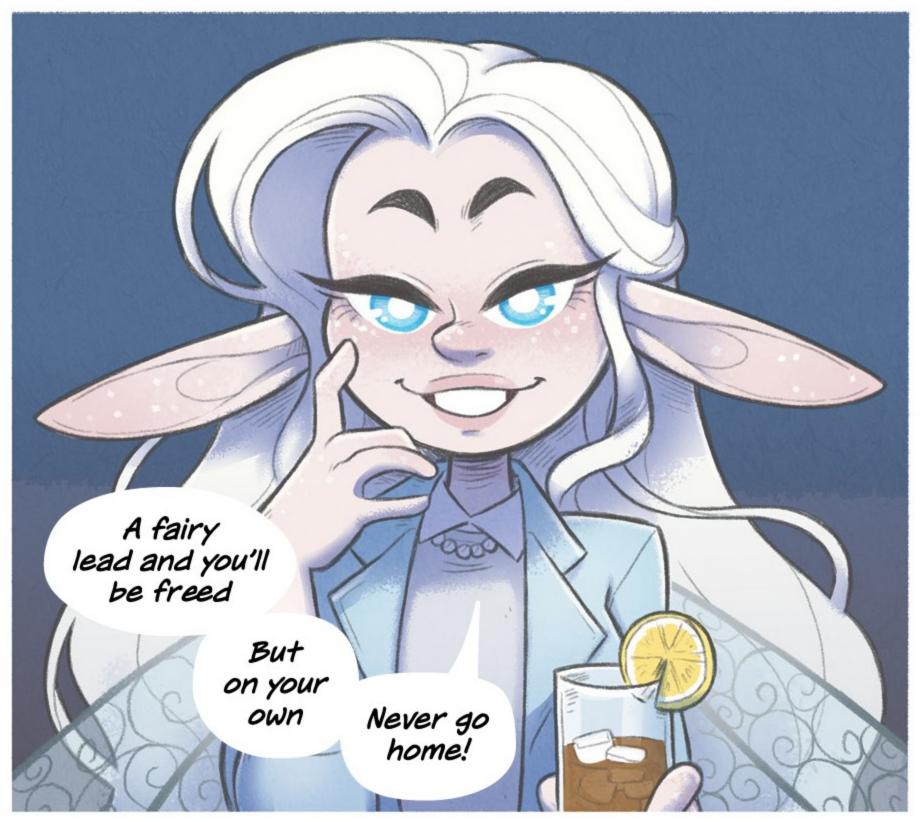










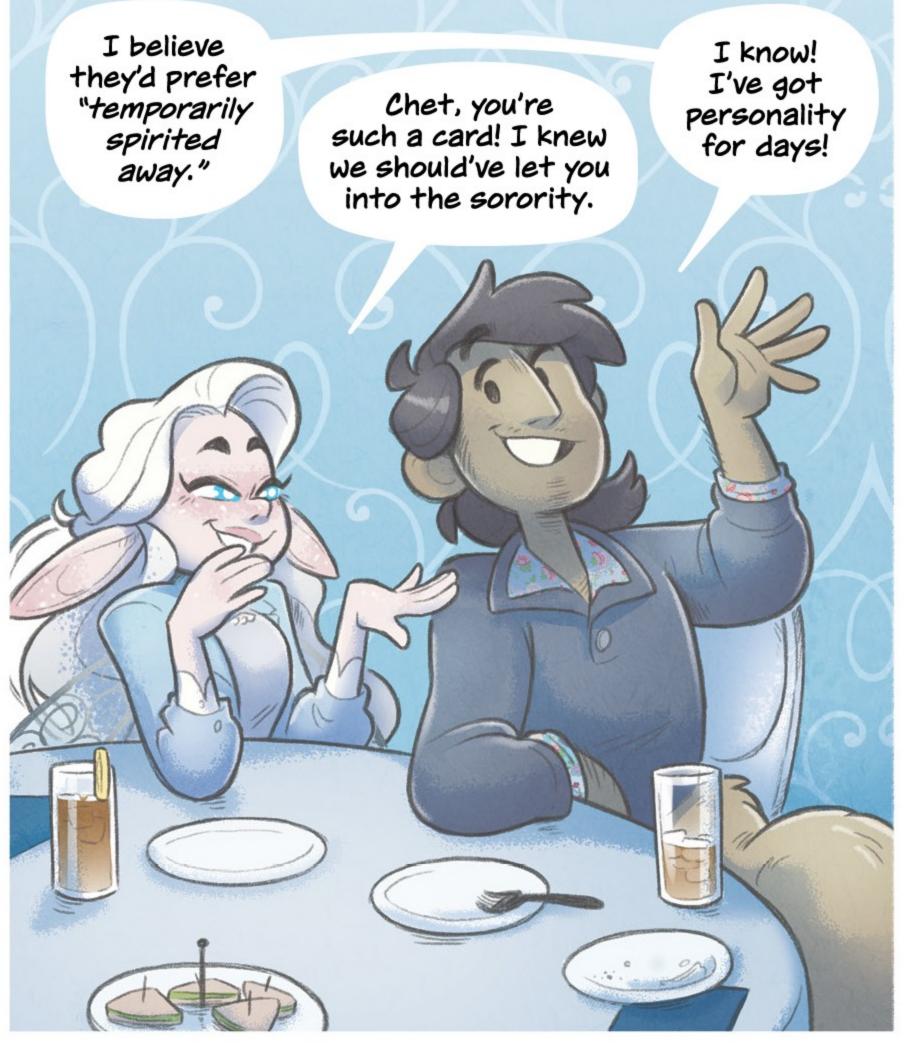








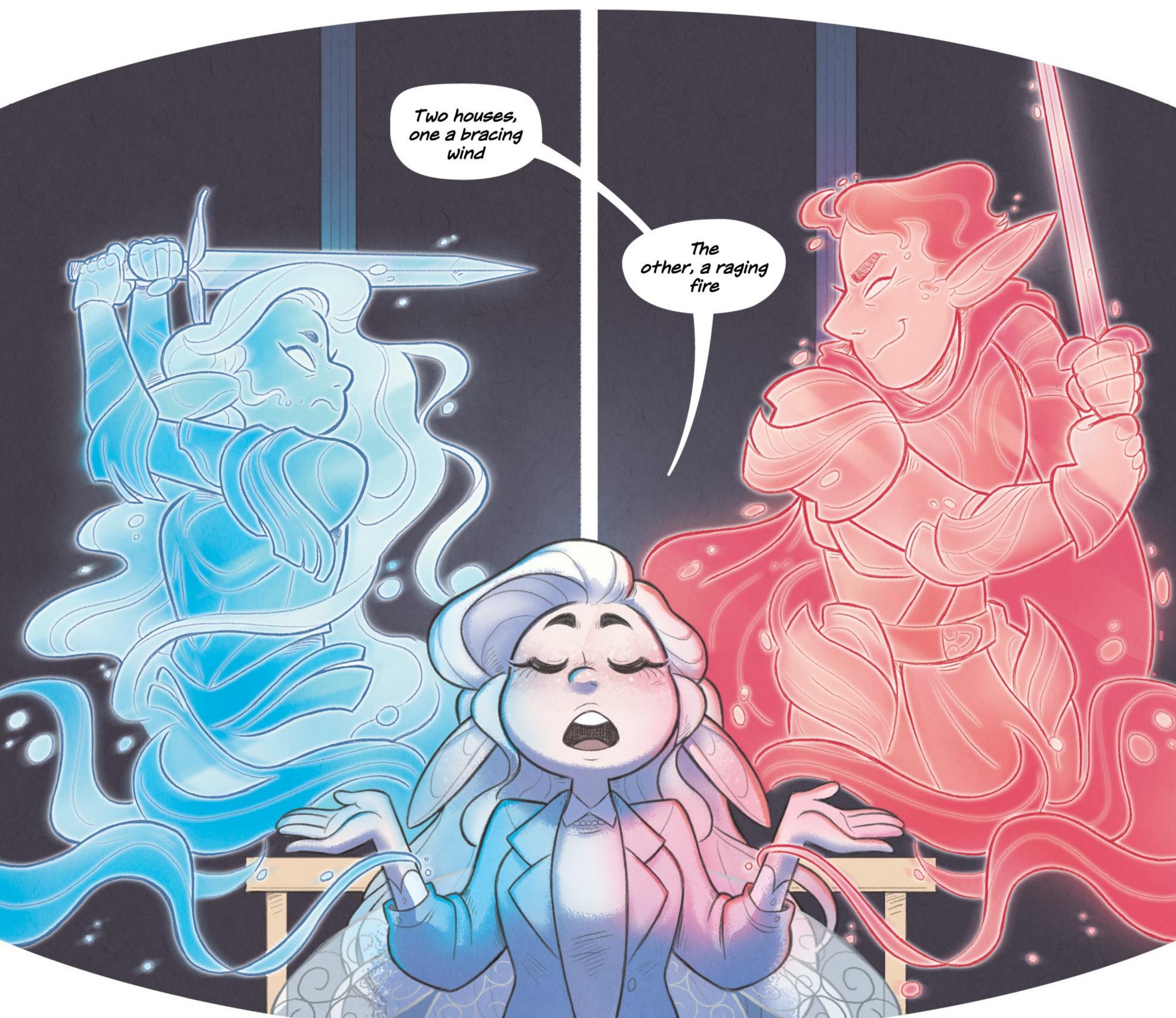






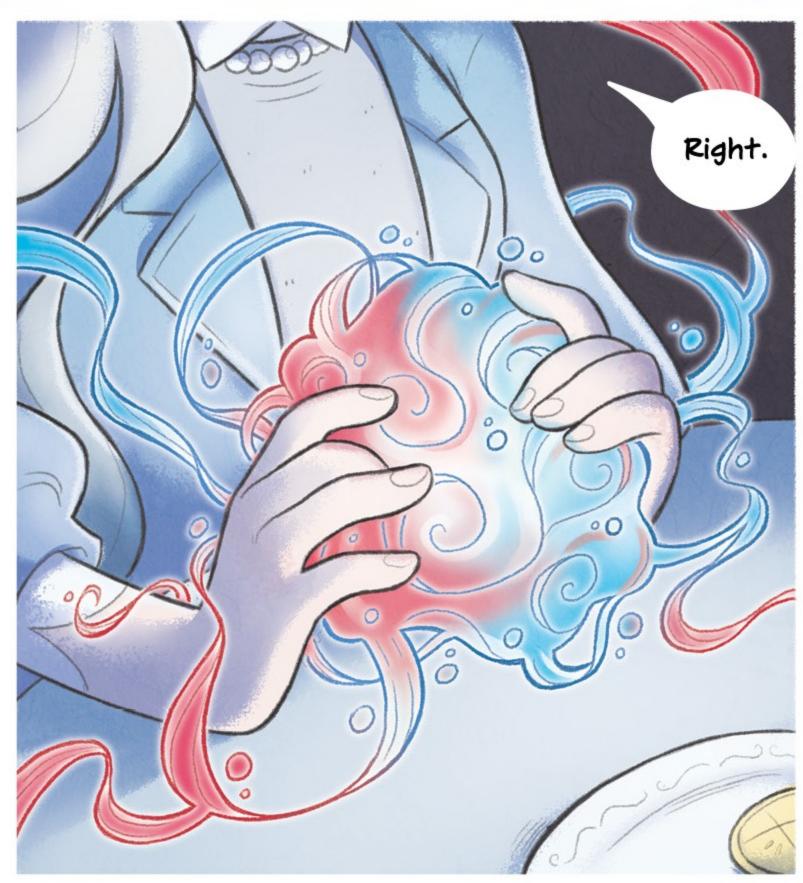








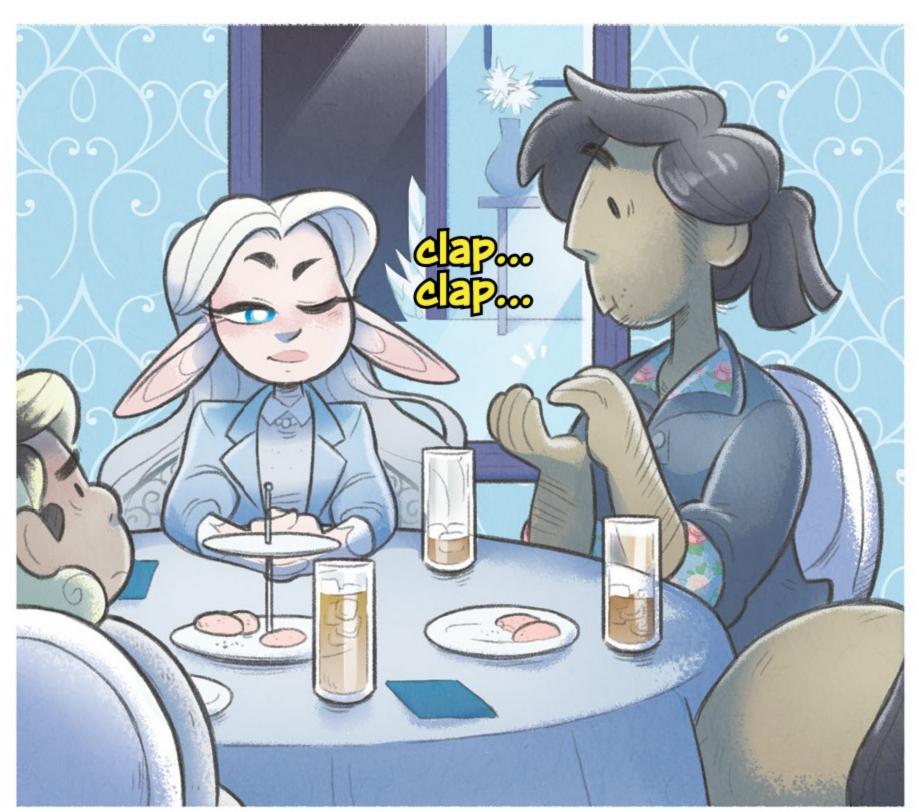


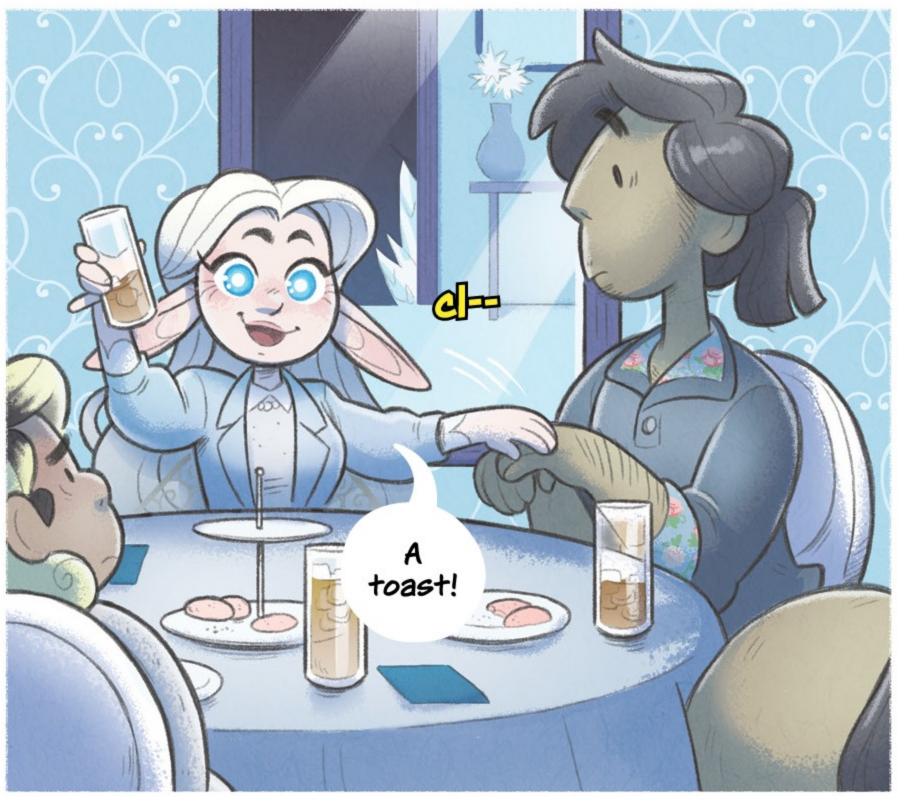








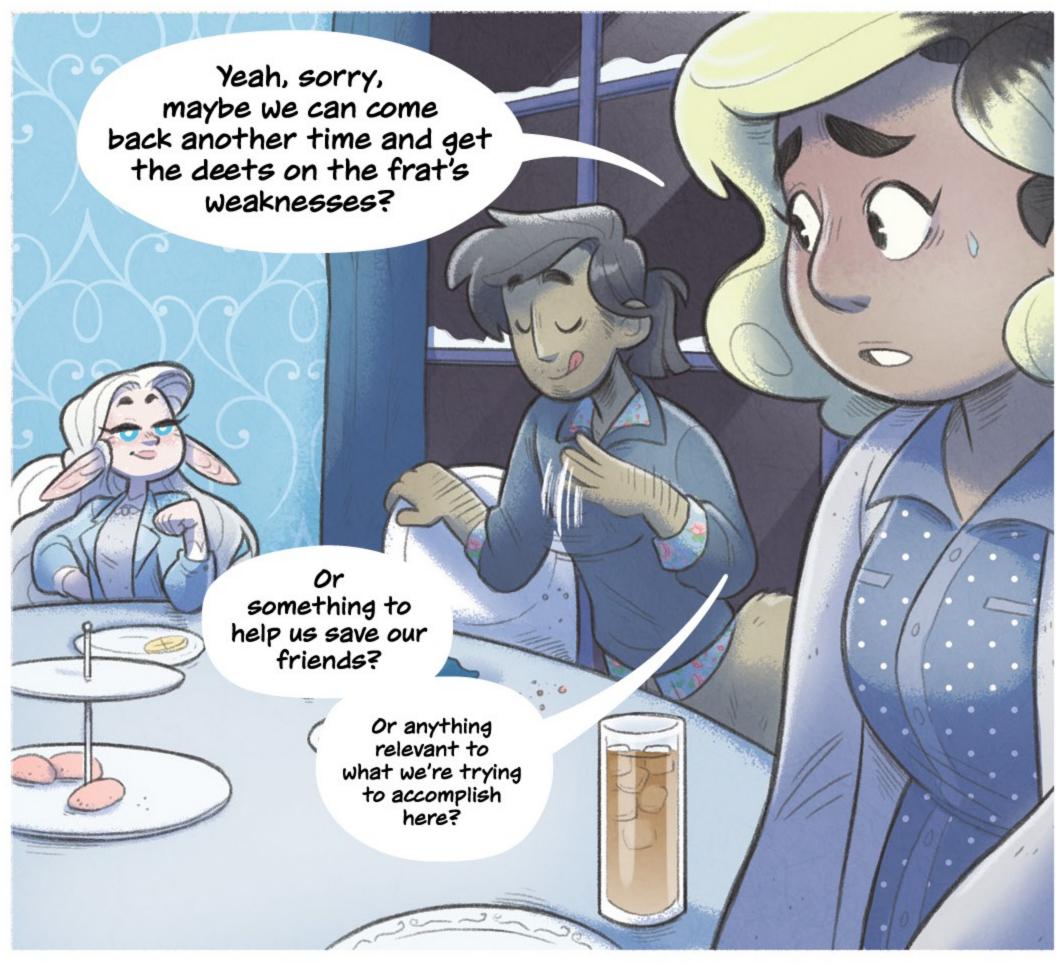




















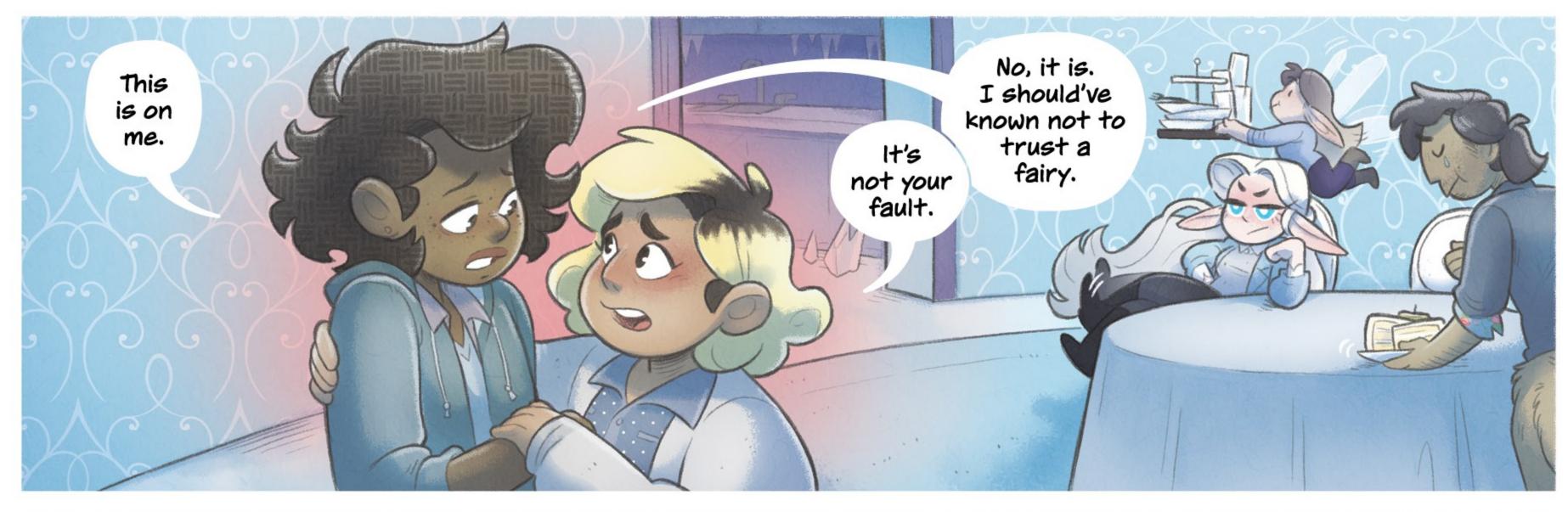


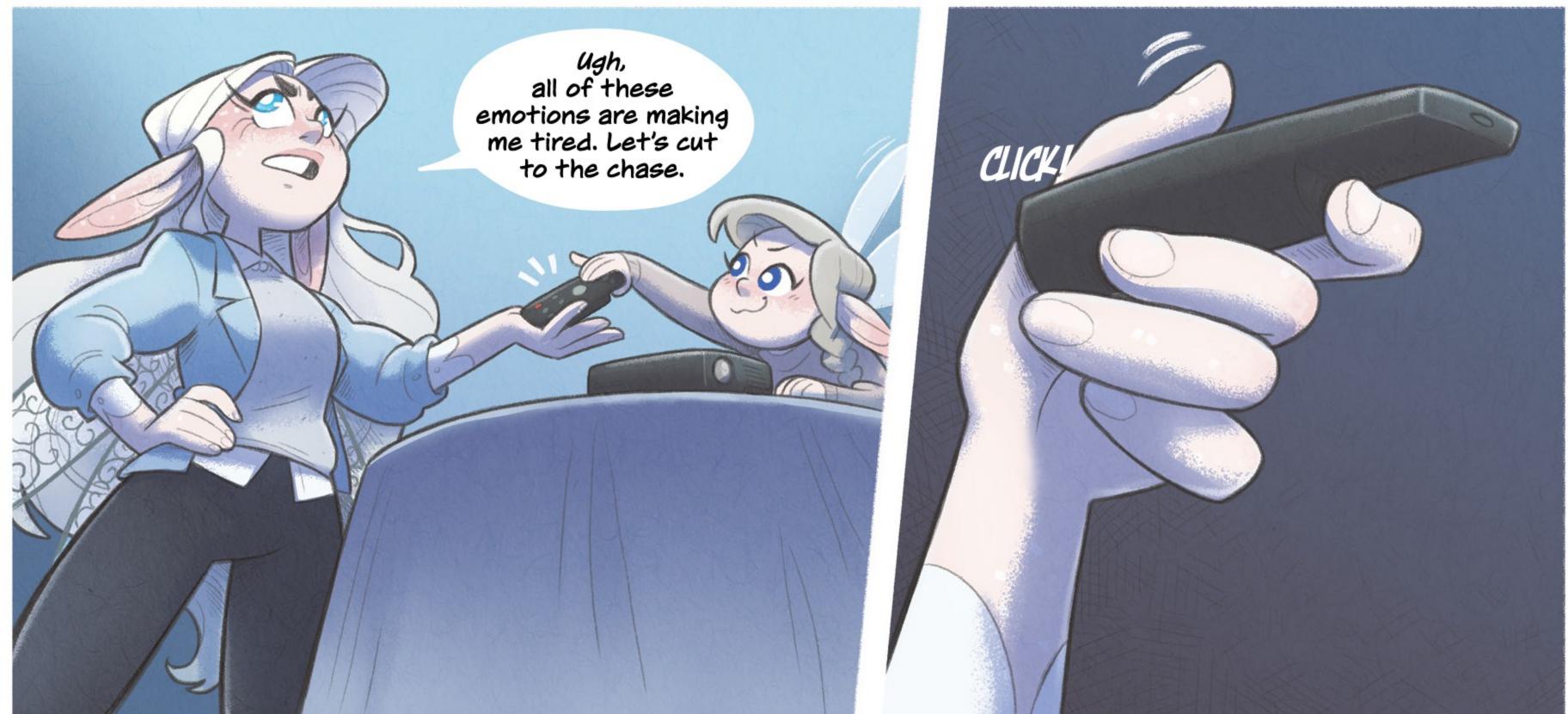












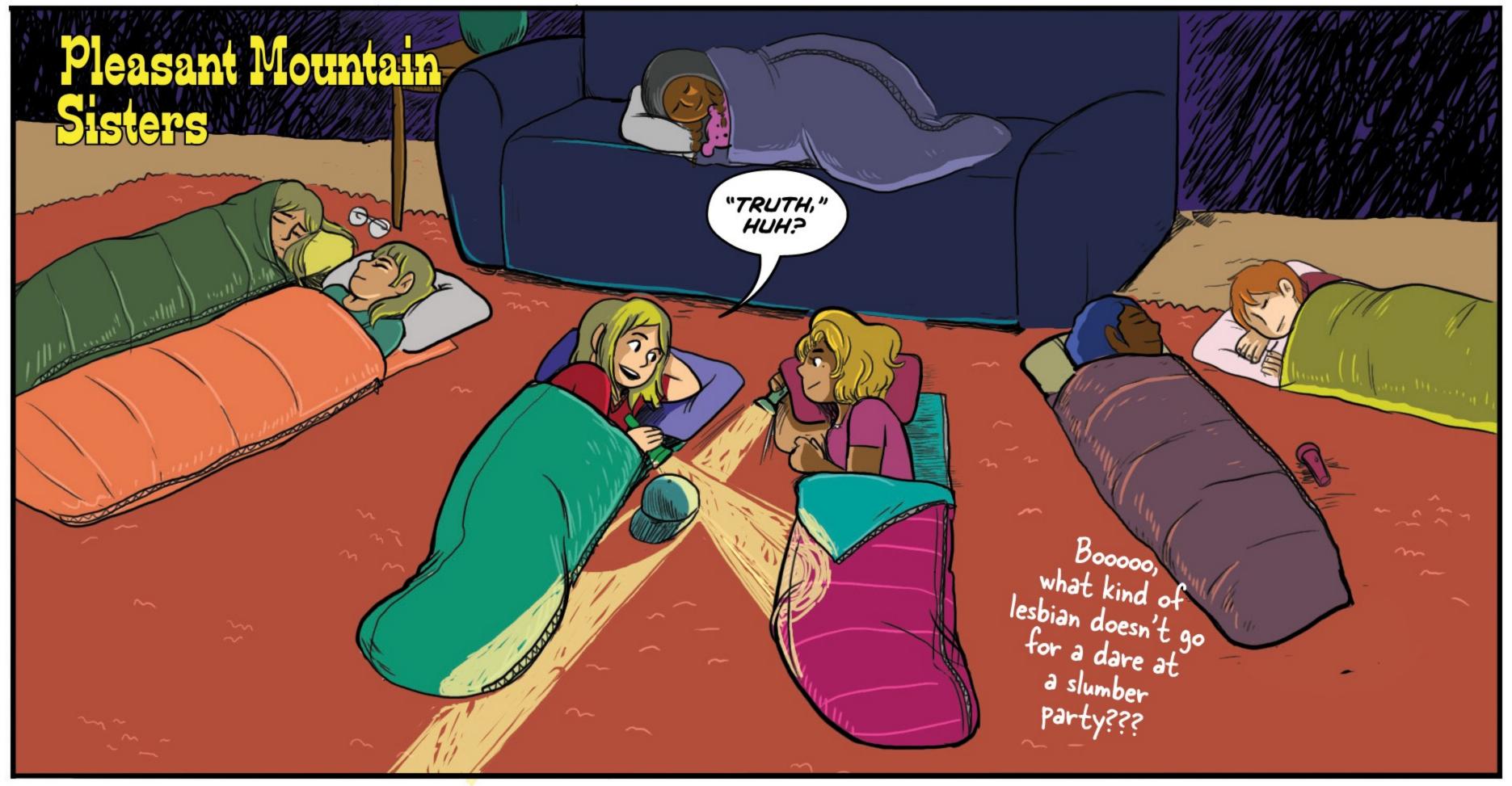


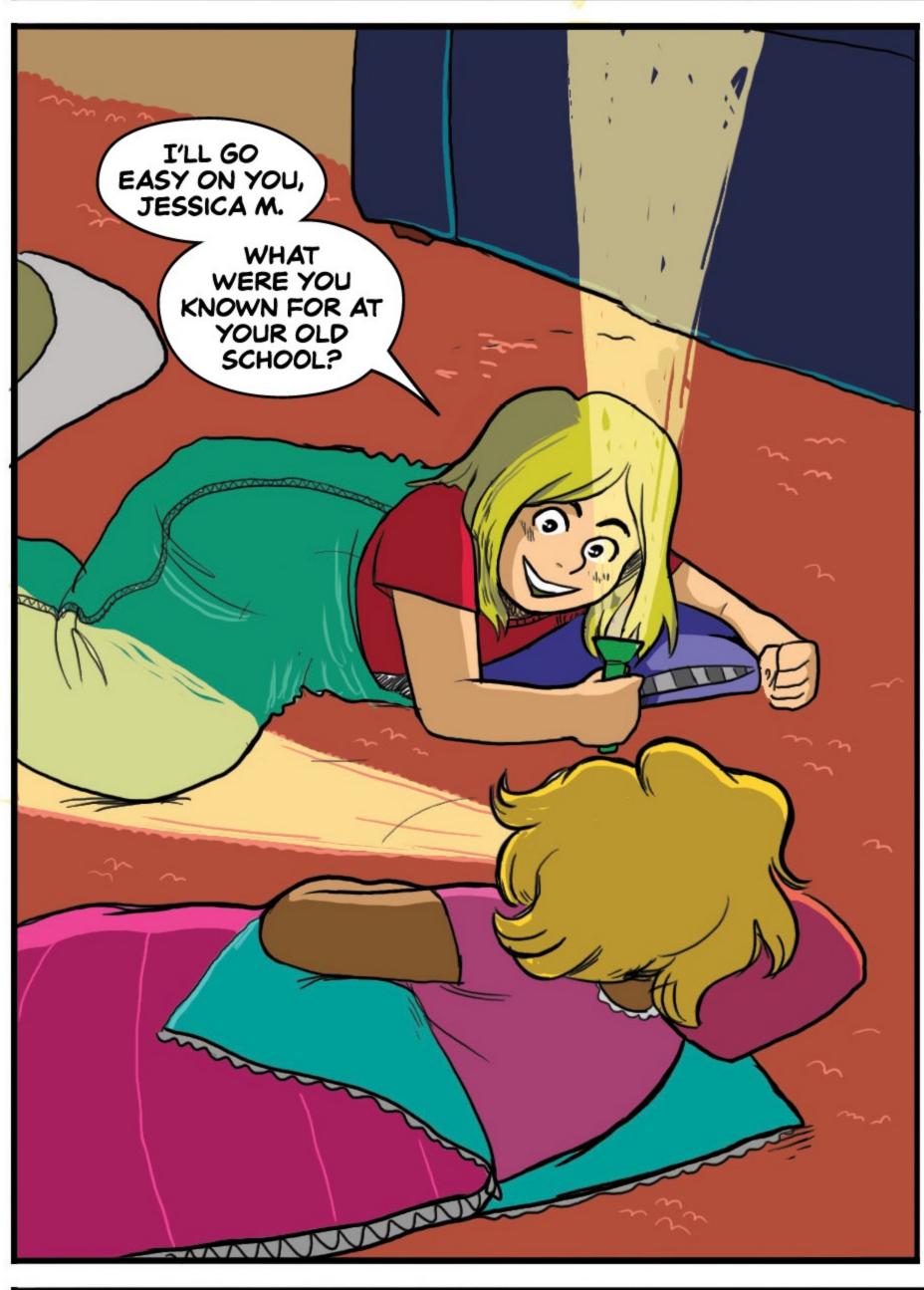






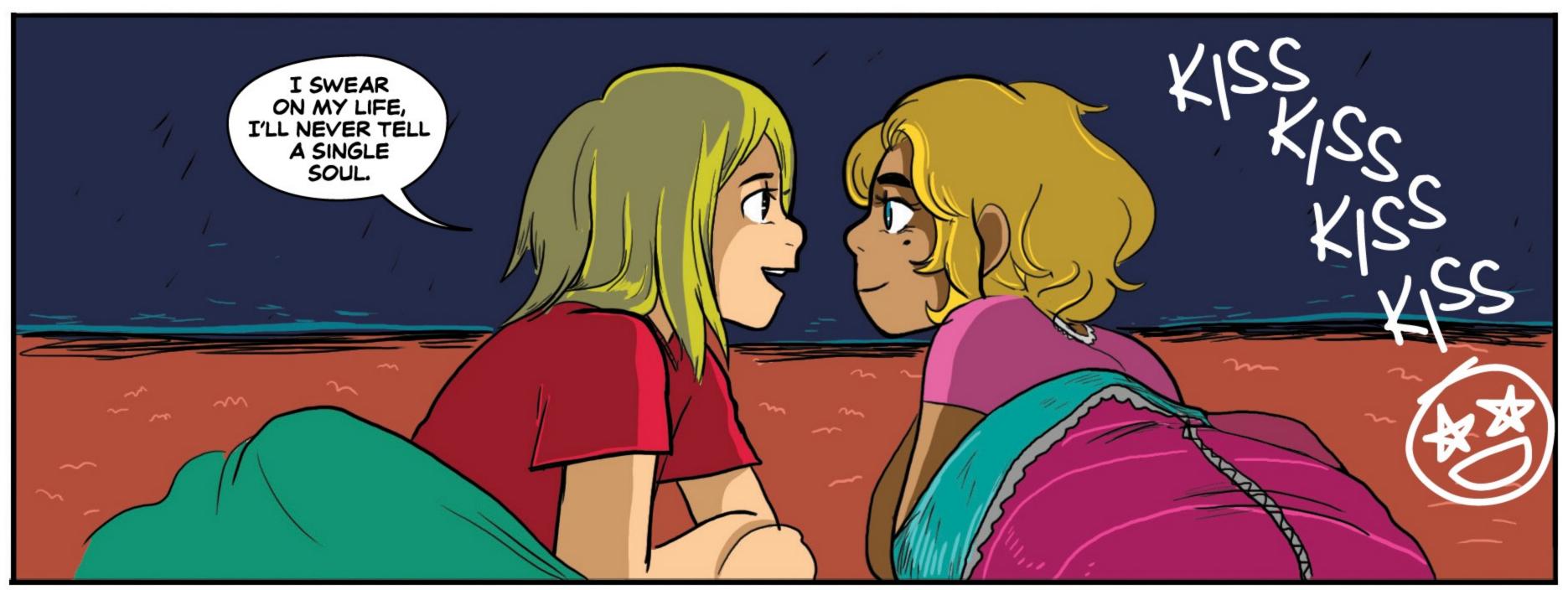




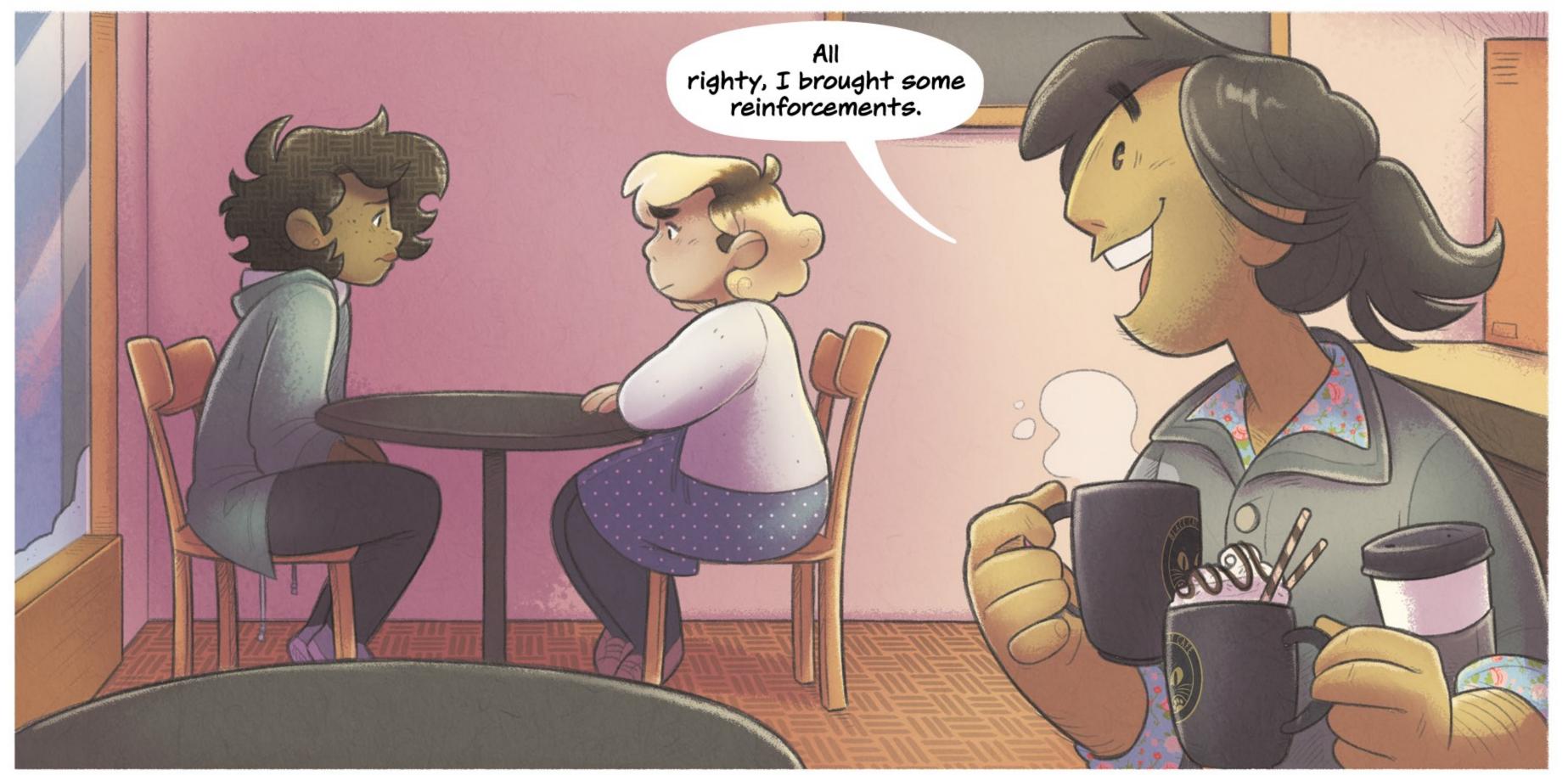






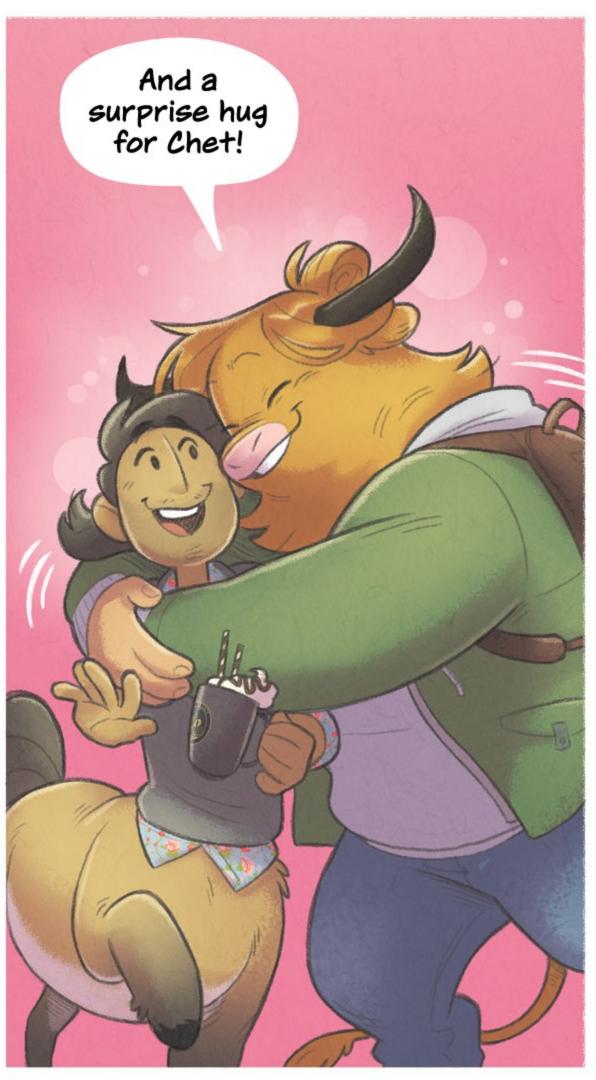


























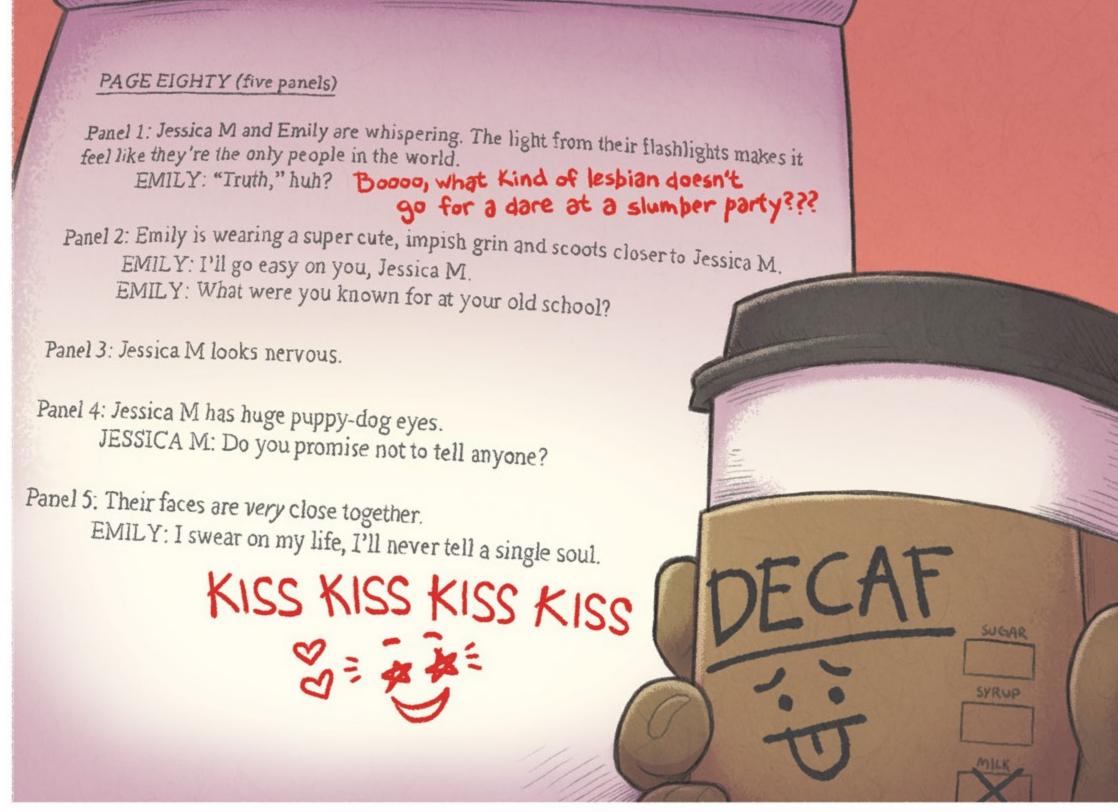
























My boyfriend loves to cook, but sometimes he puts too much onion on things. I try to eat it, but it makes me feel sick! I used to feel indifferent about them, but now I can't stand the sight of them, let alone the taste. How can I gently tell him to cool it on the 'nion?

- Feelin' the Heartburn

Dear Feelin' the Heartburn,

(note: A prolonged silence hangs in the air.)

Dear Know-It-All,

How can I convince my roommate that eating an entire tray of cheese right before bed isn't the best idea?

- Opening A Window

Dear Open A New Window,

(note: McStoneface gazes plaintively into the middle distance for an extended period of time but never betrayed his feelings with so much as an eye twitch)

Dear Know-It-All,

My girlfriend is a mothman, but I really like to wear cashmere. It's so soft! Do you think we can make it work? I really like her, aside from the sweater issue.

- In A Cedar Chest of Emotions

Dear In A Cedar Chest of Emotions,

(note: Calendar pages tear away cinematically as we await McStoneface's reply, and yet: nothing.)

ASKA KMOW-IT-ALL

Each month, we feature advice from a different local celebrity with a unique

This month's Know-It-All is Stoney McStoneface, who is a guard at this terrifying castle in the center of hell. Stoney is not their real name, but because they won't communicate with me at all except to forcefully not allow me into the castle, they'll just have to deal with it. Isn't that right, Stoney? Ow! Hey, watch it.

perspective.

Dear Know-It-All,

I think I've been dead for a while now, and I'd prefer not to be. Any advice on that?

- Take My Death Away

Dear Take My Death Away,

snicker

Dear Know-It-All,

Interesting. Ok, so, there I was, minding my own business, being alive, when in one hell swoop, I was a-dead! This guy gets it, he knows what I'm talking about, where one minute you're breathing oxygen, and the next, you're over here rubbing elbows with hell castle guard Stone Cold Peeved Often. And what's the deal with Styx Ferry food? Hellacious, amirite, Hades! Uh, is this thing on? Anyway, I'm uh, happy to be here, in the greatest city in the afterlife, the underworld!! Happy, I guess, to be an unidentified dying object. Beevis and Butt-dead. Ten Items or Death. Haha, take my life! That's my time, thank you so much, tip your wraith-ress, and have a great night!

- A Little Death Conversation

Dear A Little Death Conversation,

Dear Know-It-All,

What's that over there?

- No over there keep looking

Dear No Over There Keep Looking,

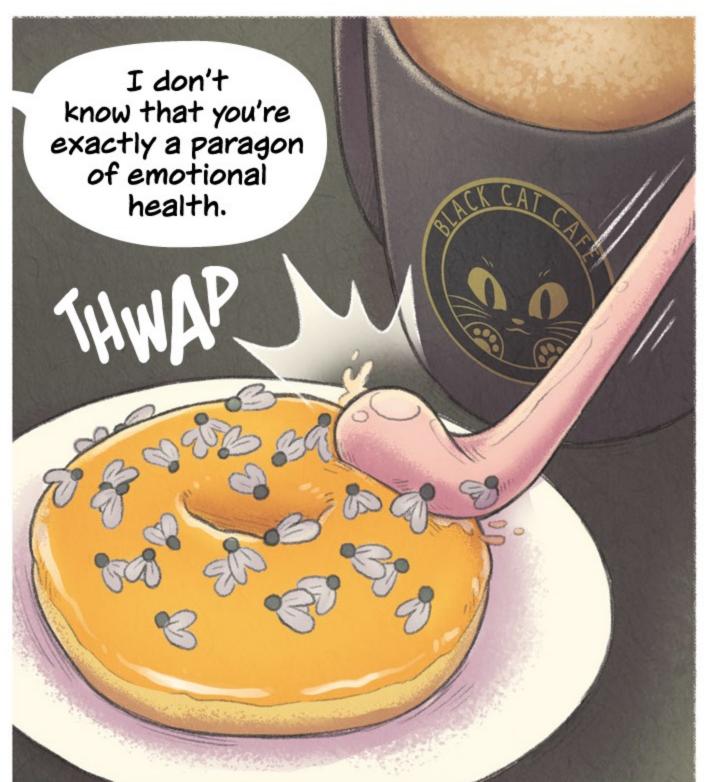
Over wh- hey! Get back here! You can't go in the e!













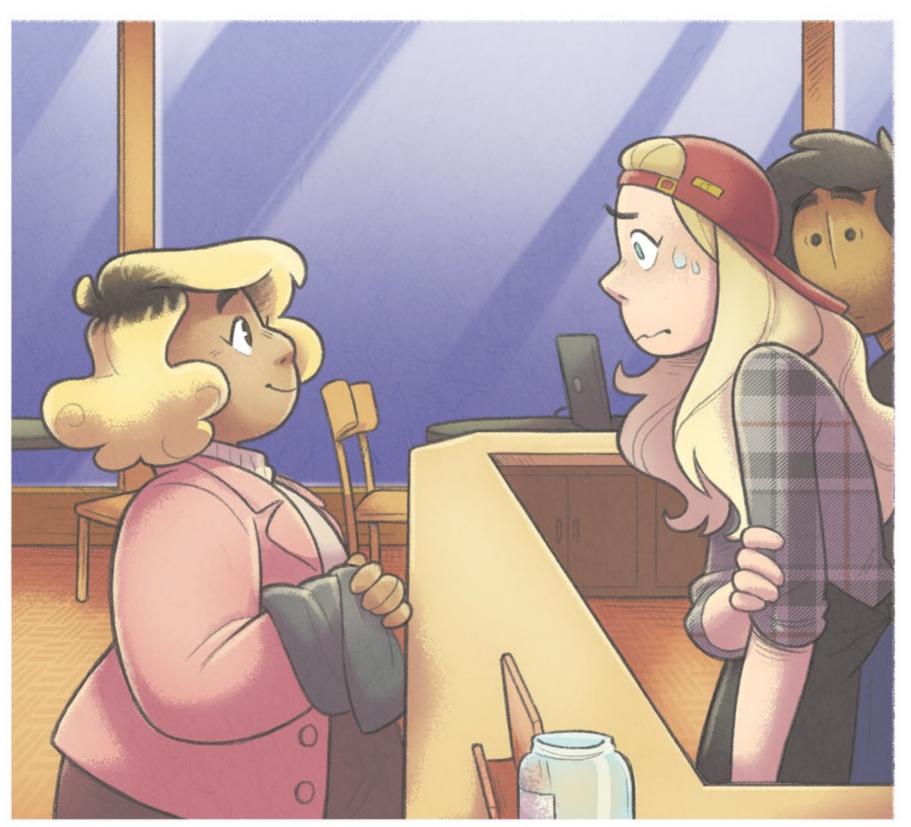








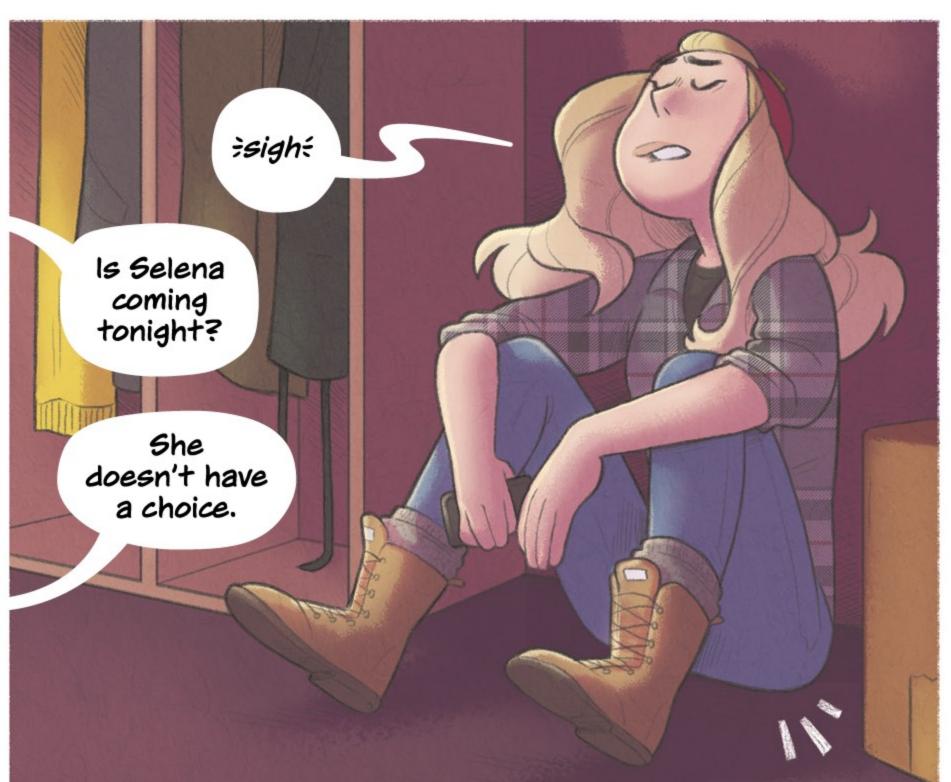


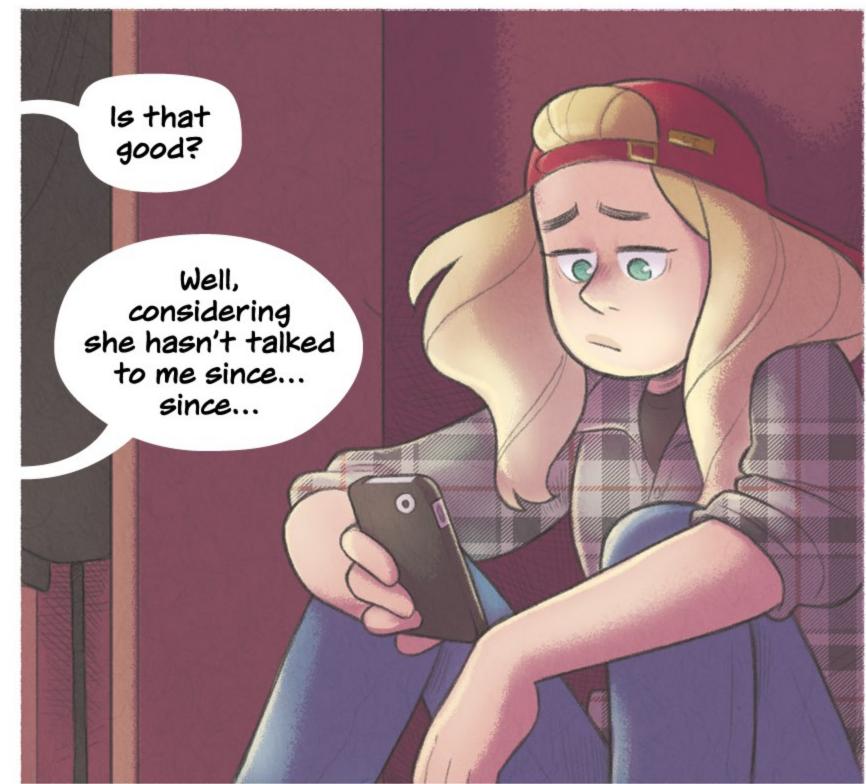


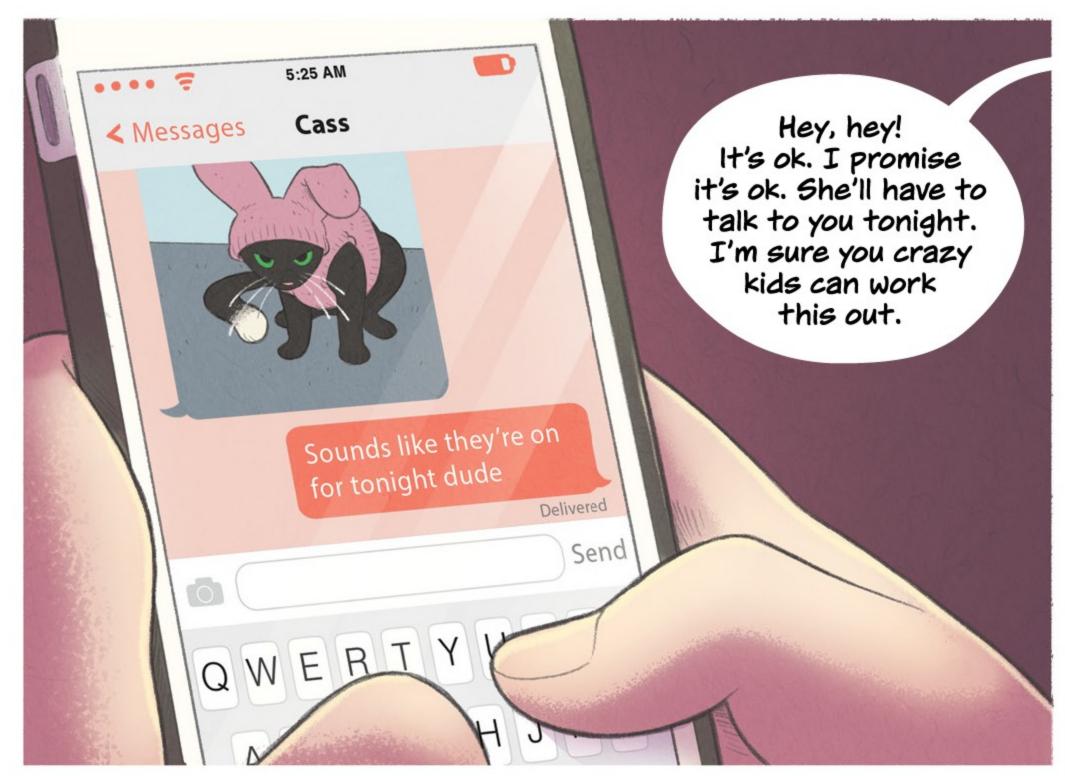


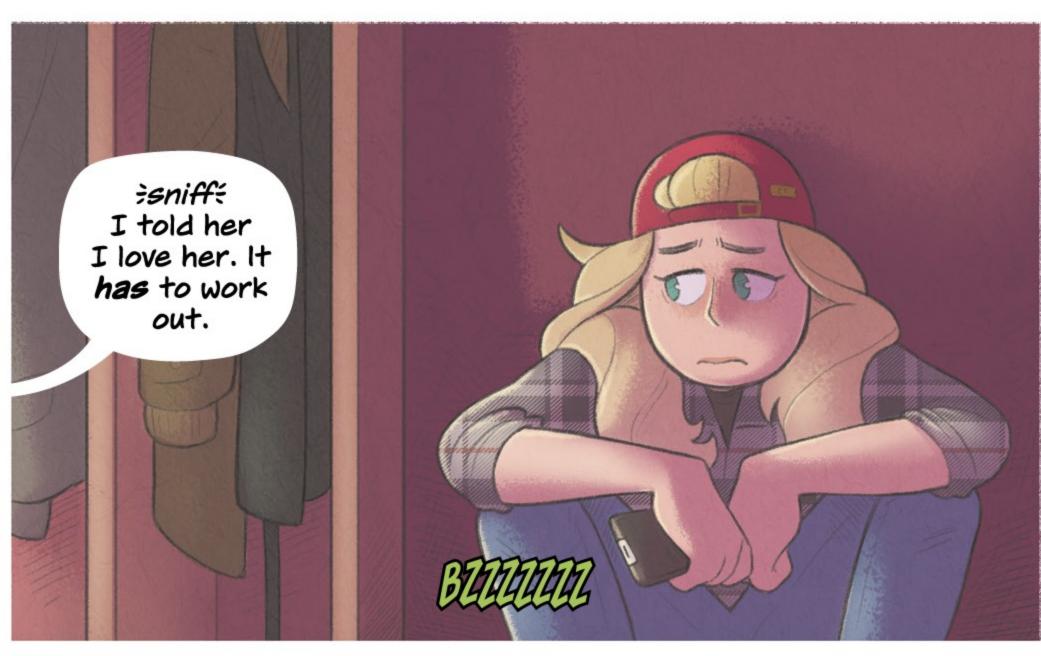


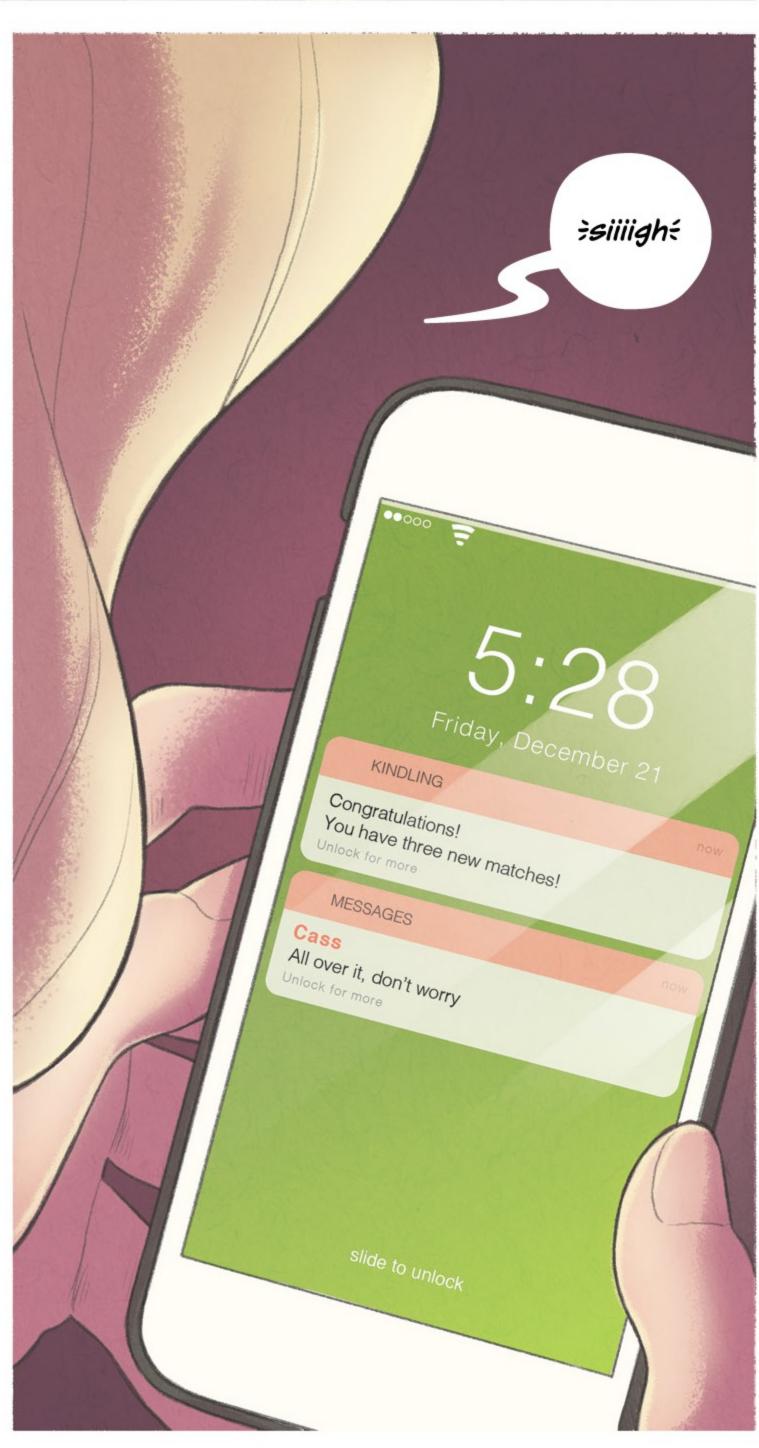








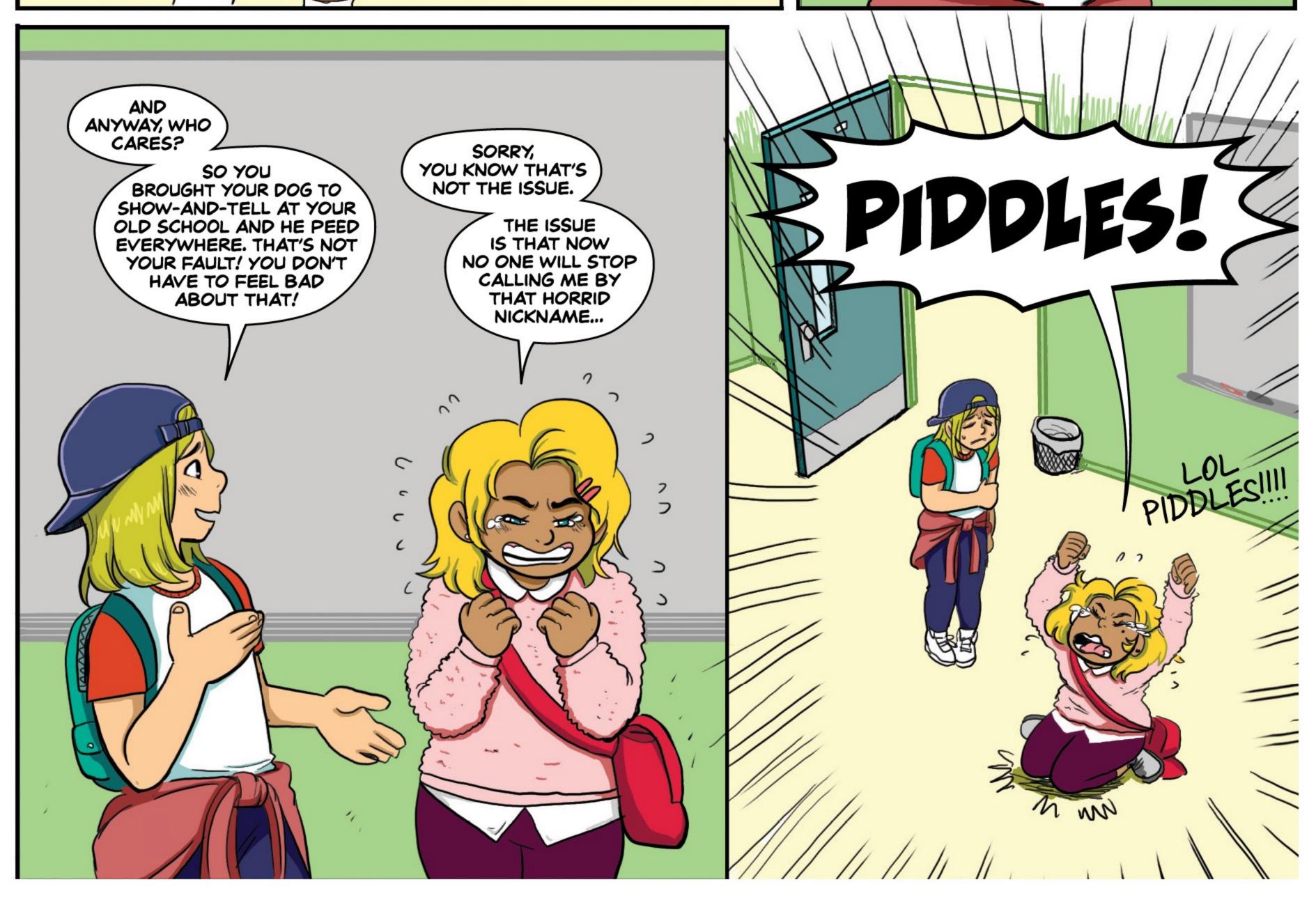




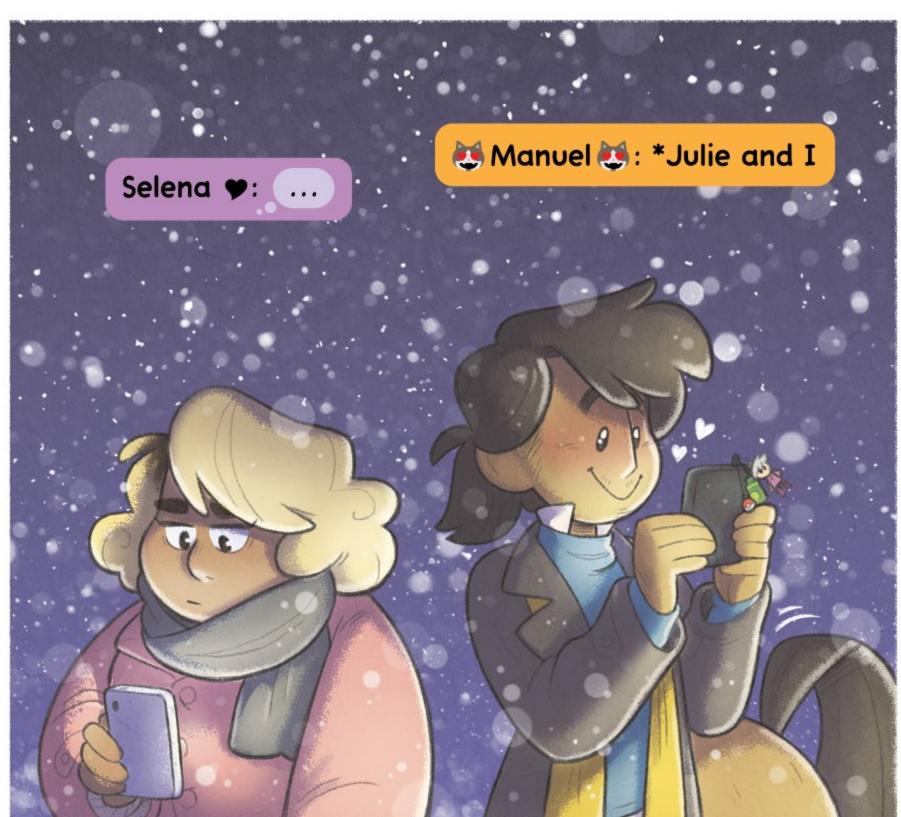






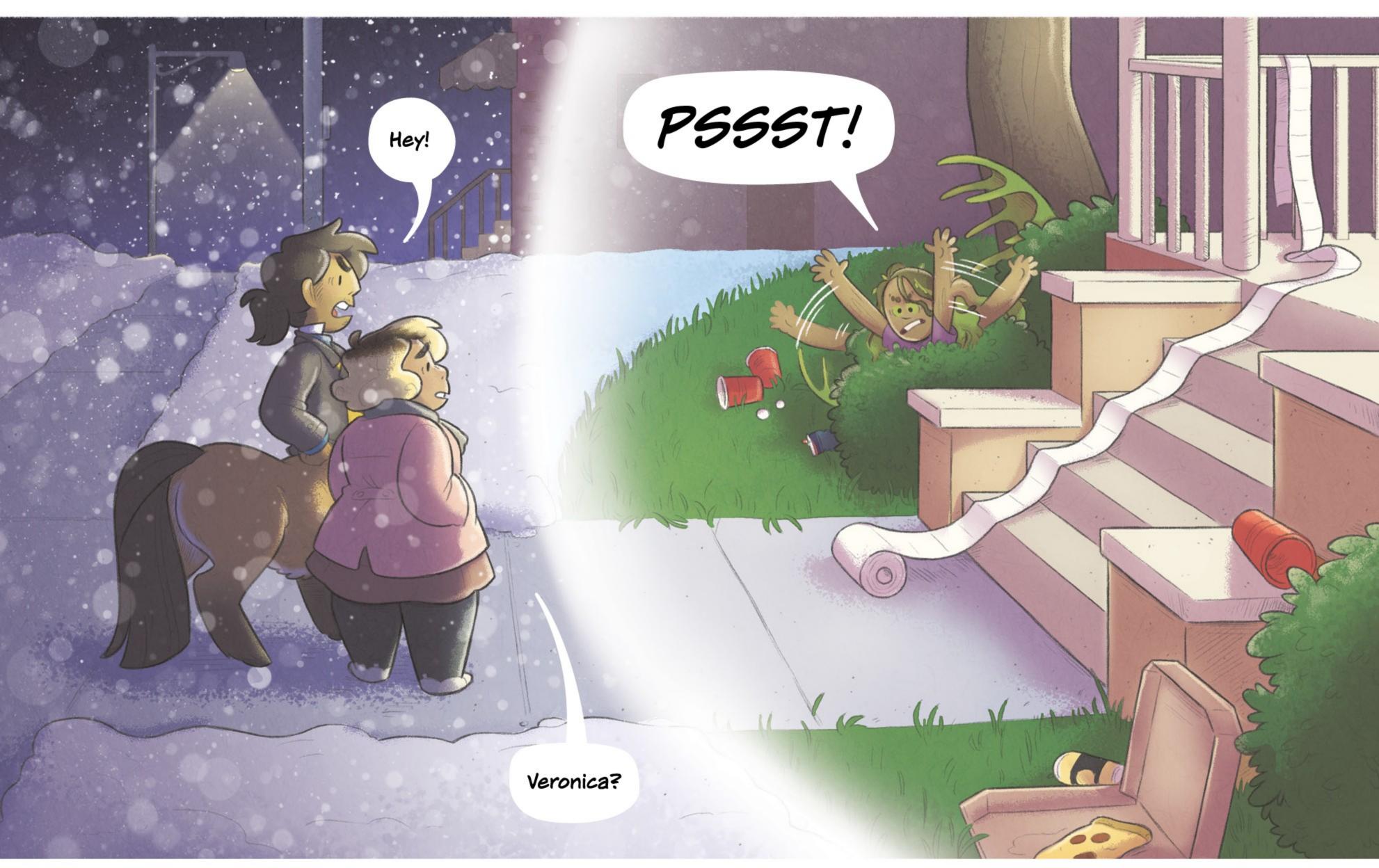






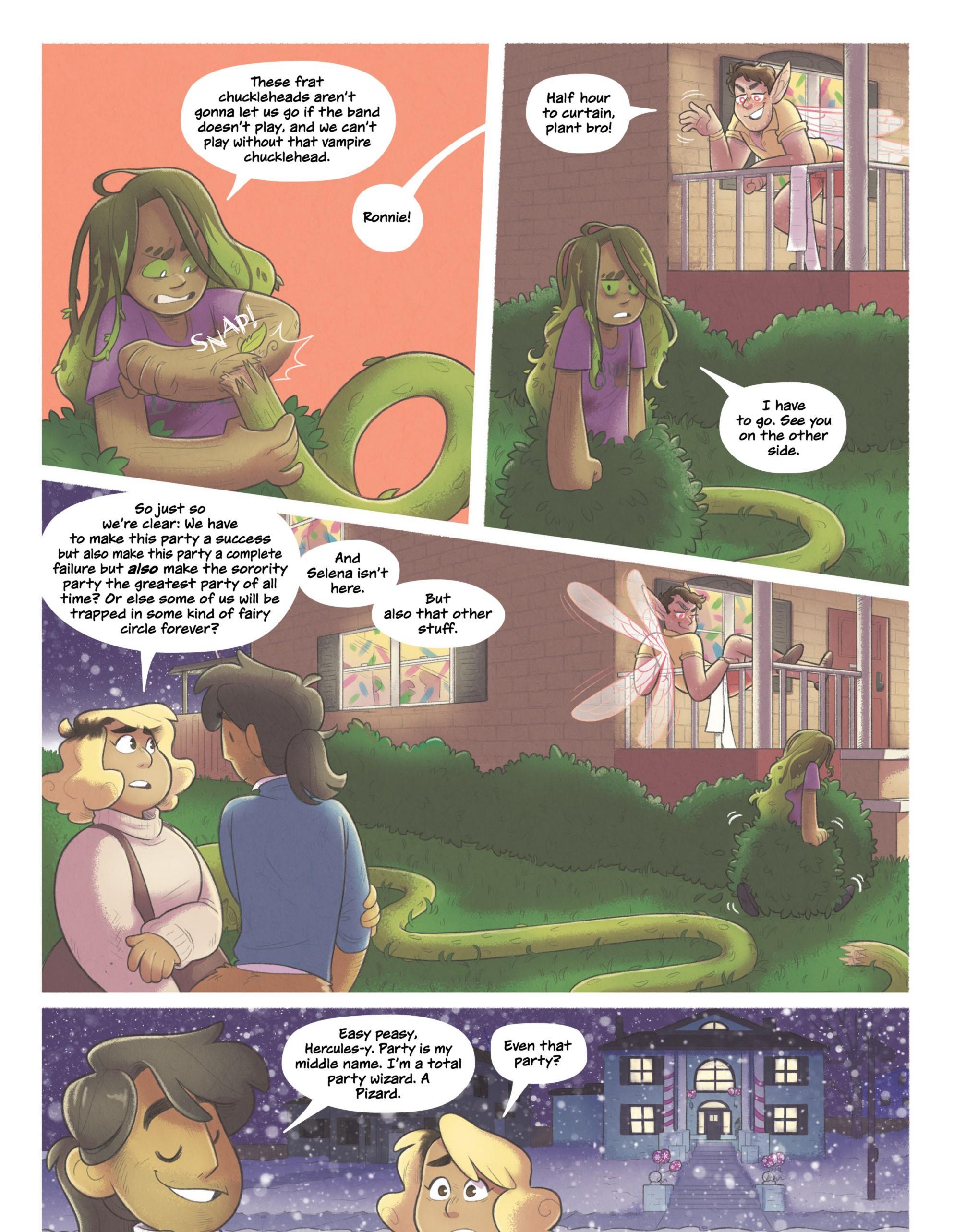






















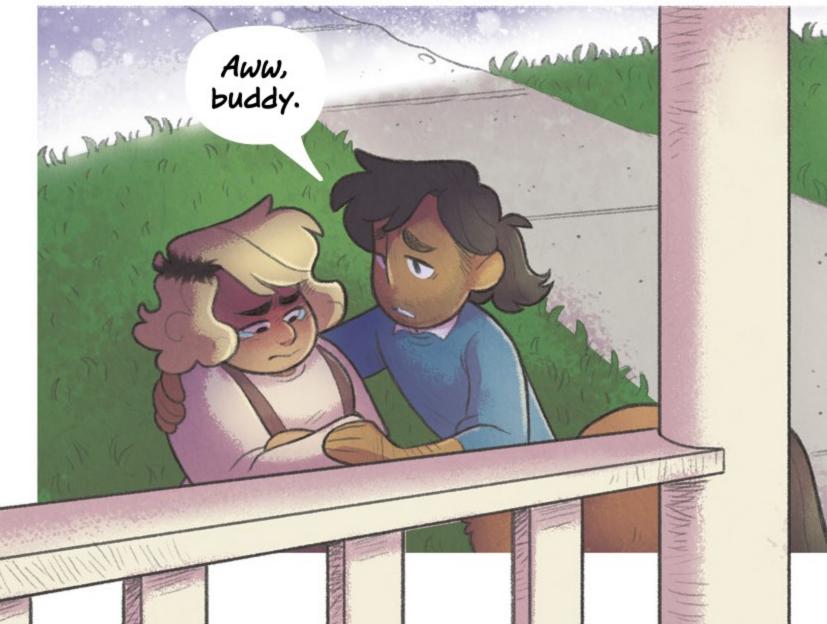




















































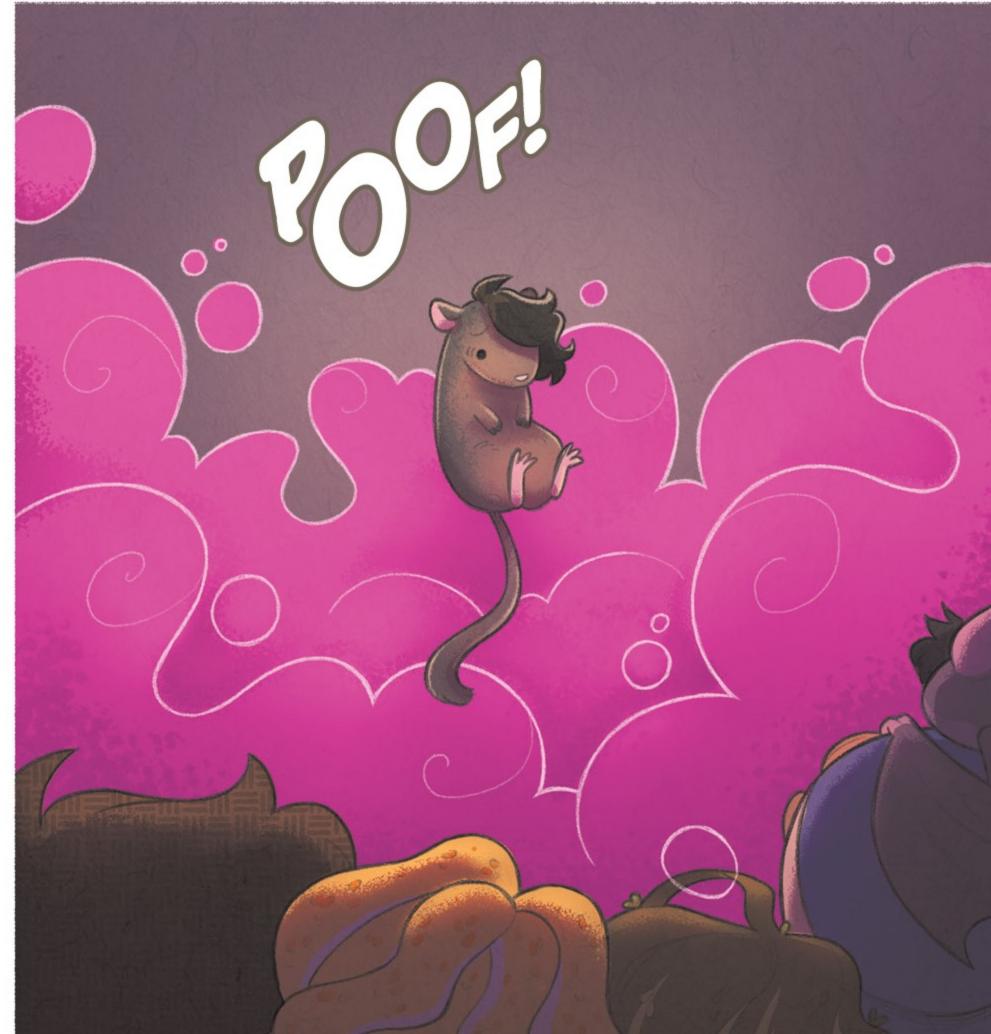


















You don't have to apologize so much. Sorry. I mean! Sor...ry? I'm sorry I flipped out. And then continued flipping out for an extended period of time. So where are we going? Sorr--Maybe we can talk about this later. Unclear... Ok. I'm sorry. I'd like that. But we'll know soon enough.



One of my best friends in the entire universe accused me of being a man-eater, which I find ludicrous and hurtful! Like yes, I did eat my last boyfriend, of course, but I don't think that makes me a man-eater in general. If anything, it makes me a modern woman who wanted to pass on as much of his DNA as possible! That's just good etiquette. My question is, how many men is it acceptable to eat?

- Praying For A New Man-tis

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, once upon a time I eatted a guy and he said no and I eatted that guy all up. Haha!

WHEREAS, um,

THEREFORE, I want to play outside!!!

Dear Know-It-All,

What do you say when you run into someone who knows you but you cannot for the life of you remember who they are or where you know them from?

- Embarrassed in Escondido

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, I went outside yesterday and there was a old lady and she she she, um, she gived me this. (note: The King of the Underworld held up what appeared to be a spool of thread.)

WHEREAS, no it's MINE and it's not for you

THEREFORE, stop! You can't look at it anymore because I said.

Dear Know-It-All,

I can't keep up with all the shows. Every day, there's a new show. I can't watch all the shows. My friends ask if I have seen the show. I have not seen the show. I have never seen the show. I tried to watch all the shows. Too many shows. I can't show. Show.

- Show in Show

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, um, when you, um,

WHEREAS, ok now you hold this (note: He handed me the spool and I saw all of time and space, all of the horrors and wonders of humanity, all of everything.)

THEREFORE, hahaha! You look weird!

Dear Know-It-All,

So how does time work? Ana? Can you tell me?

- Just Curious

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, while some envision time as a straight line or a dimensional cube or a flat circle or a Jeremy Bearimy, it is none of these things,

WHEREAS, time is the air we breathe. Time is a river. Time is a moving, unmoving force. We are awash in time and are always on the brink of being swept away. But you've seen the time spool, so you already understand, in your bones. Your bones know.

THEREFORE, I gotta burp! Buuuuuuuuuurp. Haha, I did a burp!

Dear Know-It-All,

How would you recommend getting out of here? The underworld, I mean?

- An Advice Columnist's Device Ominous

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, we could go outside.

WHEREAS, I WANNA GO OUTSIDE.

THEREFORE, NOW!!!!!!!

The King of the Hell has spoken, long live the king.







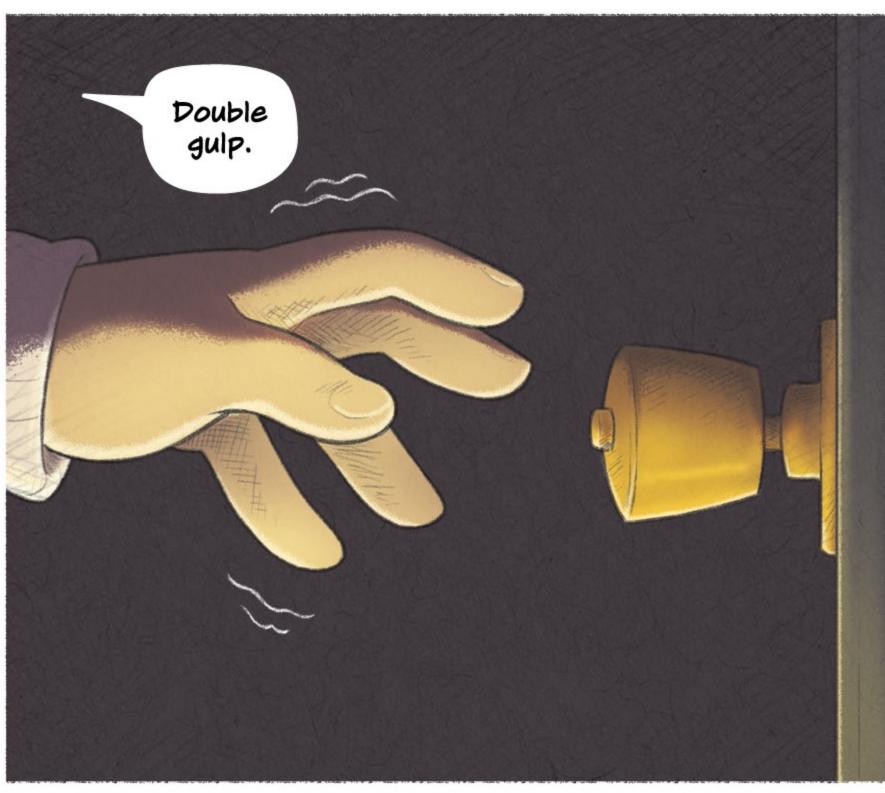






















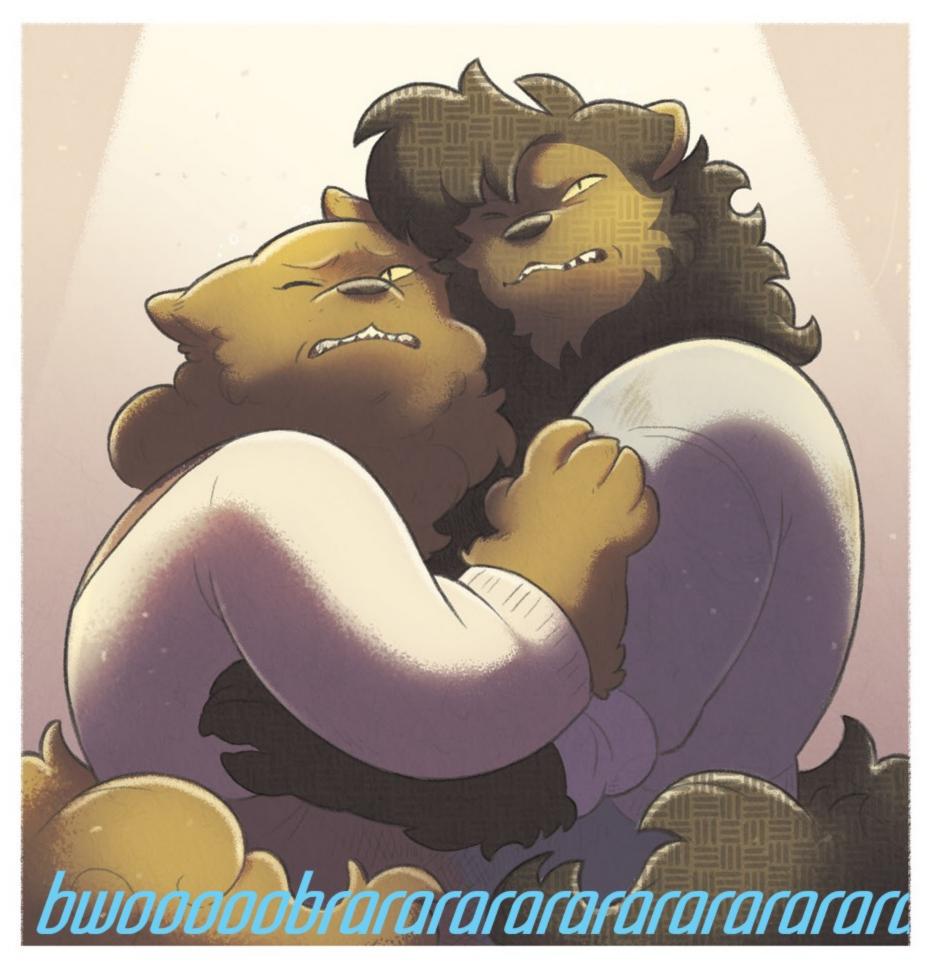






Selena!

Julie!















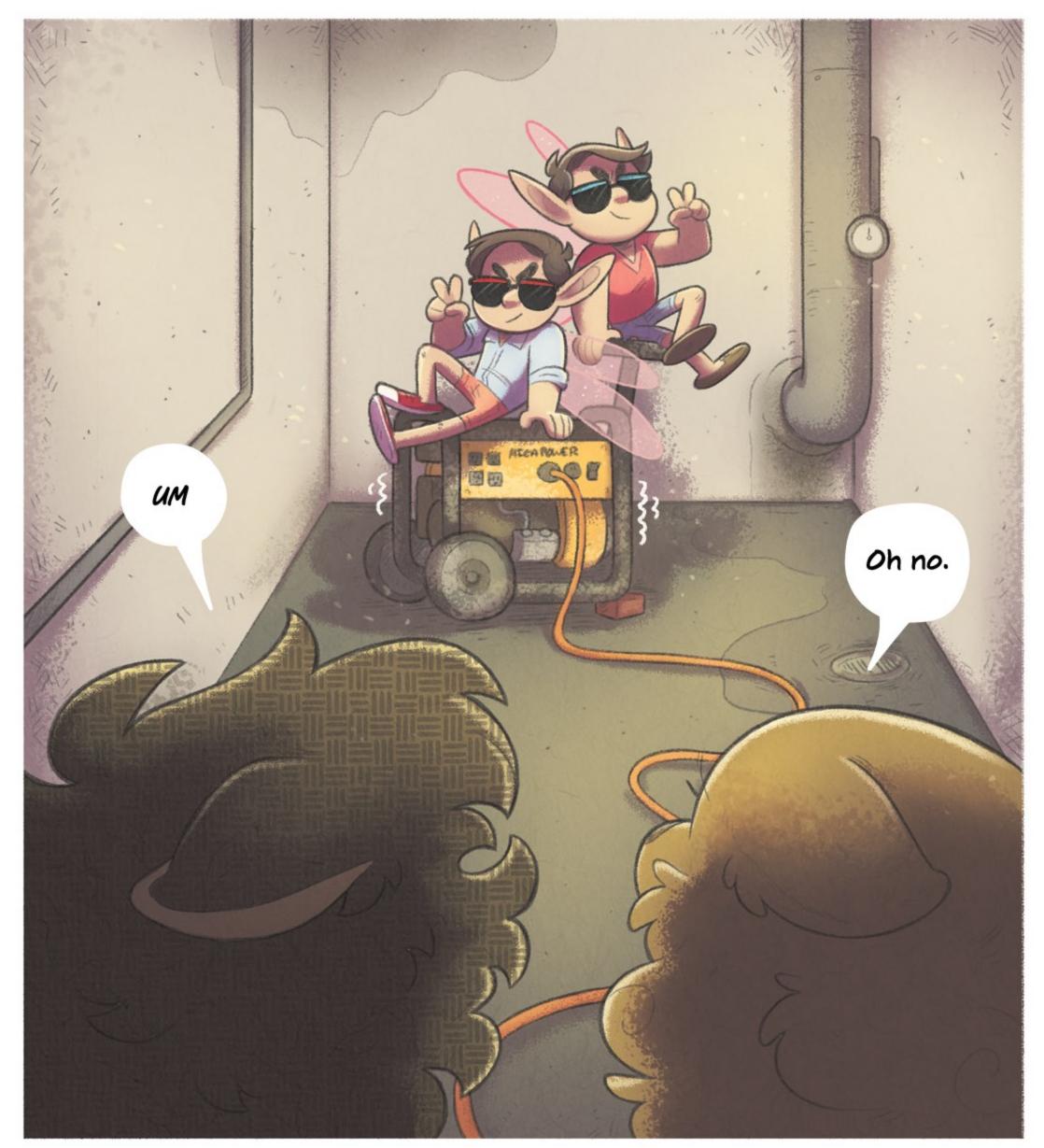






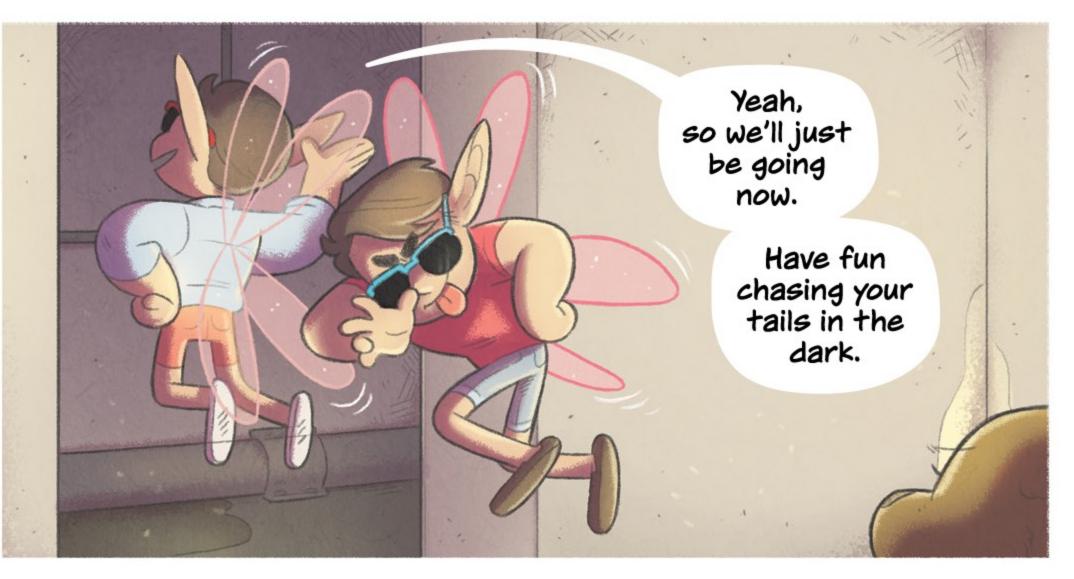




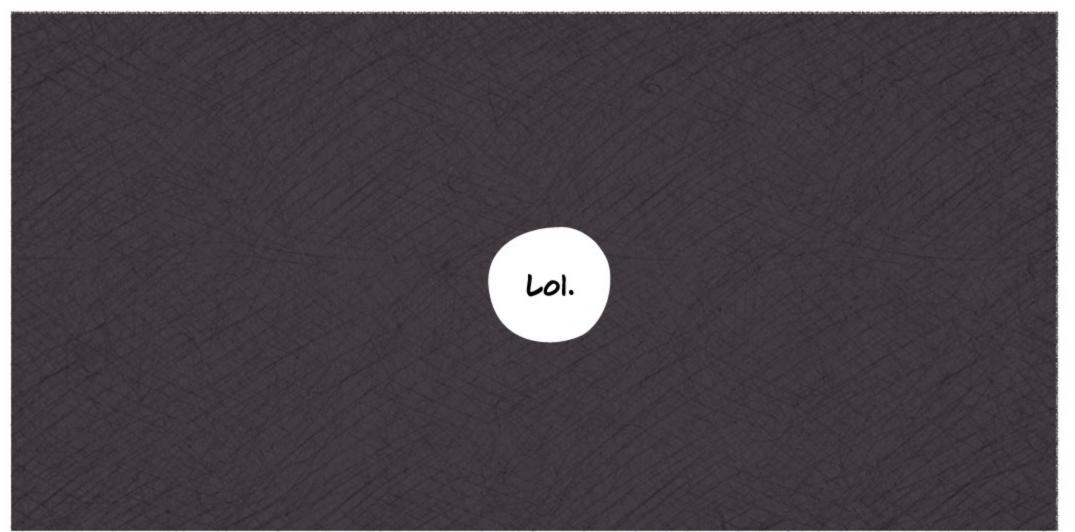


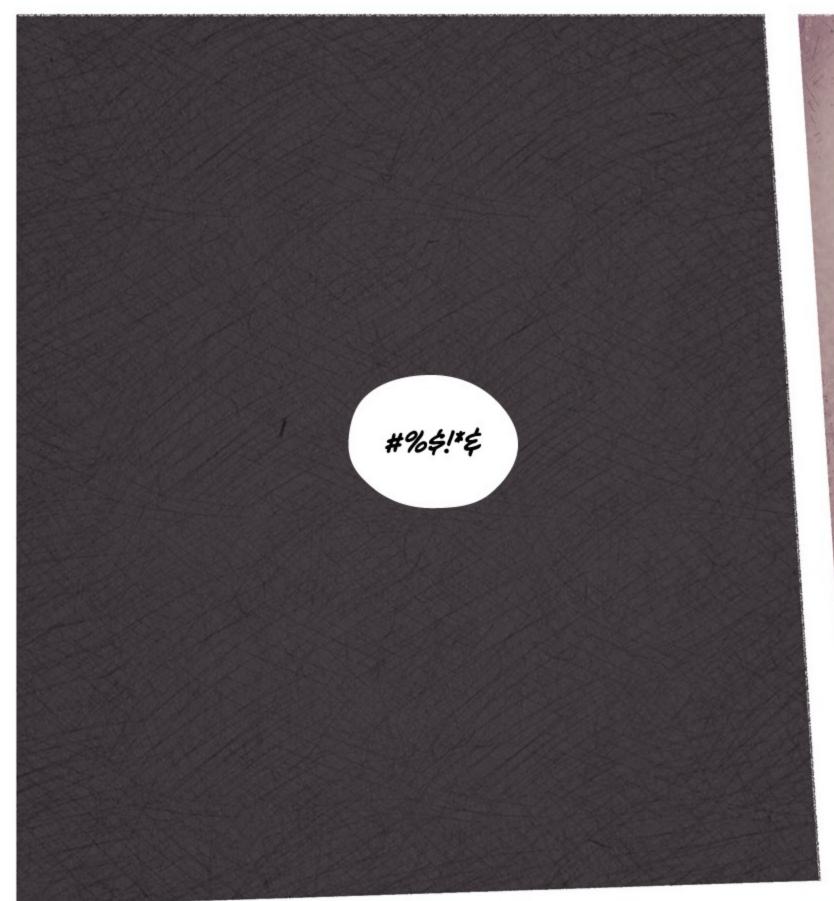
















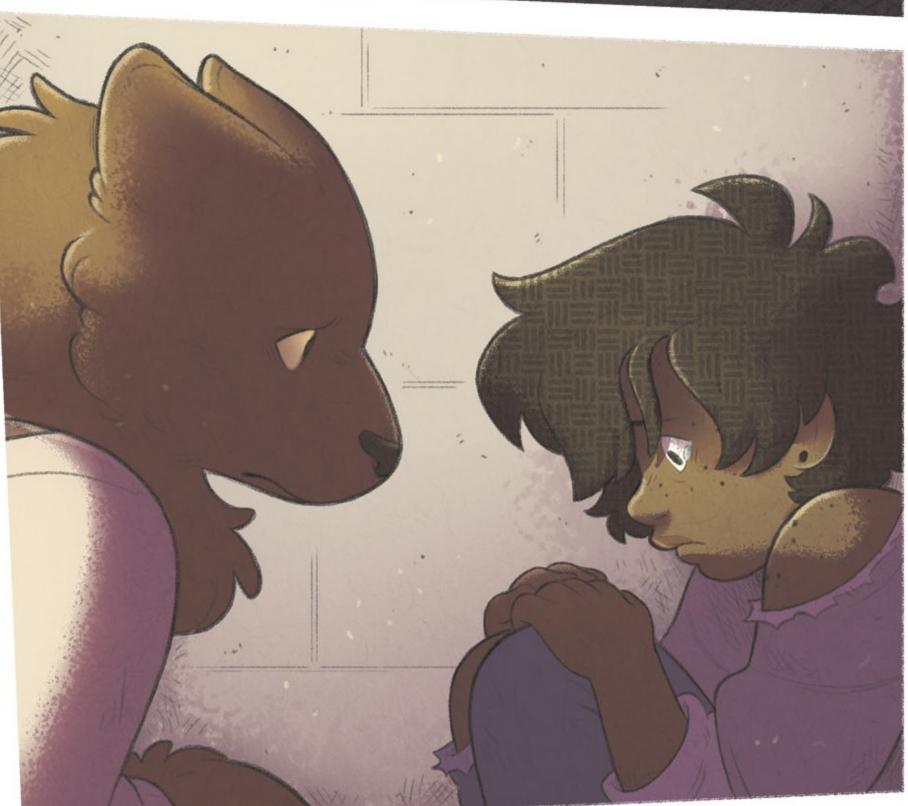














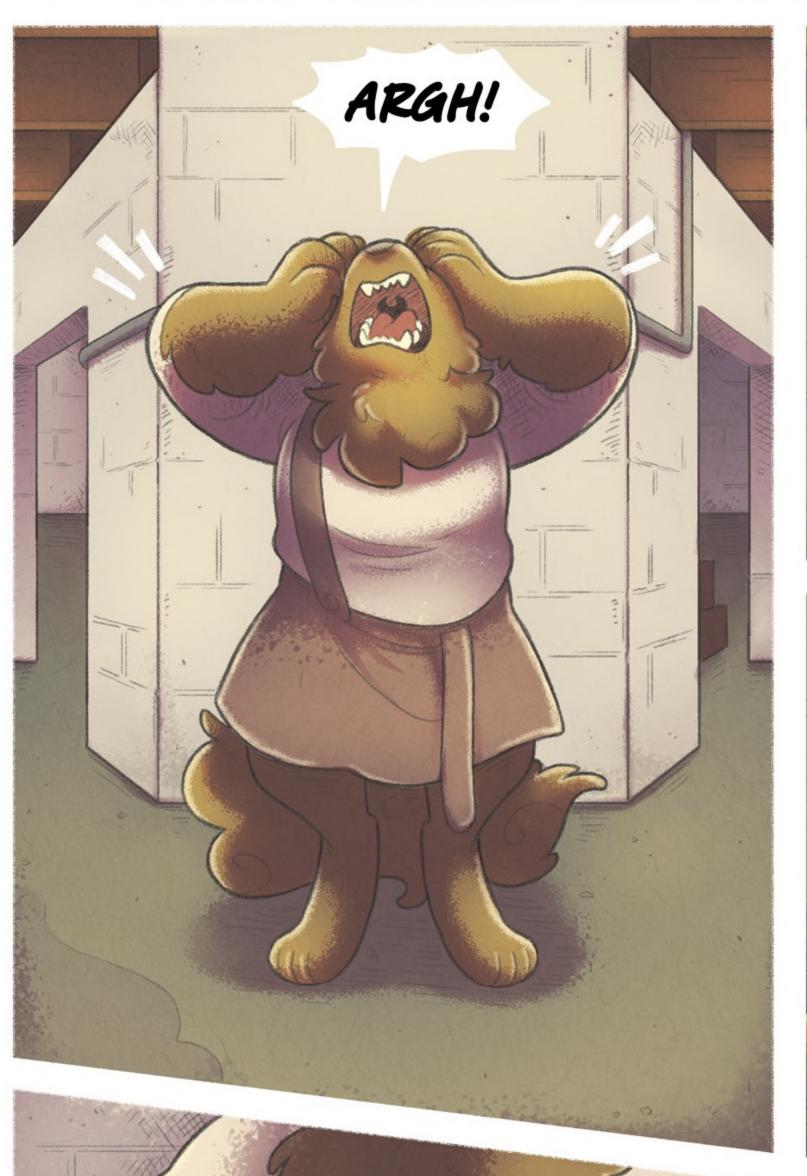








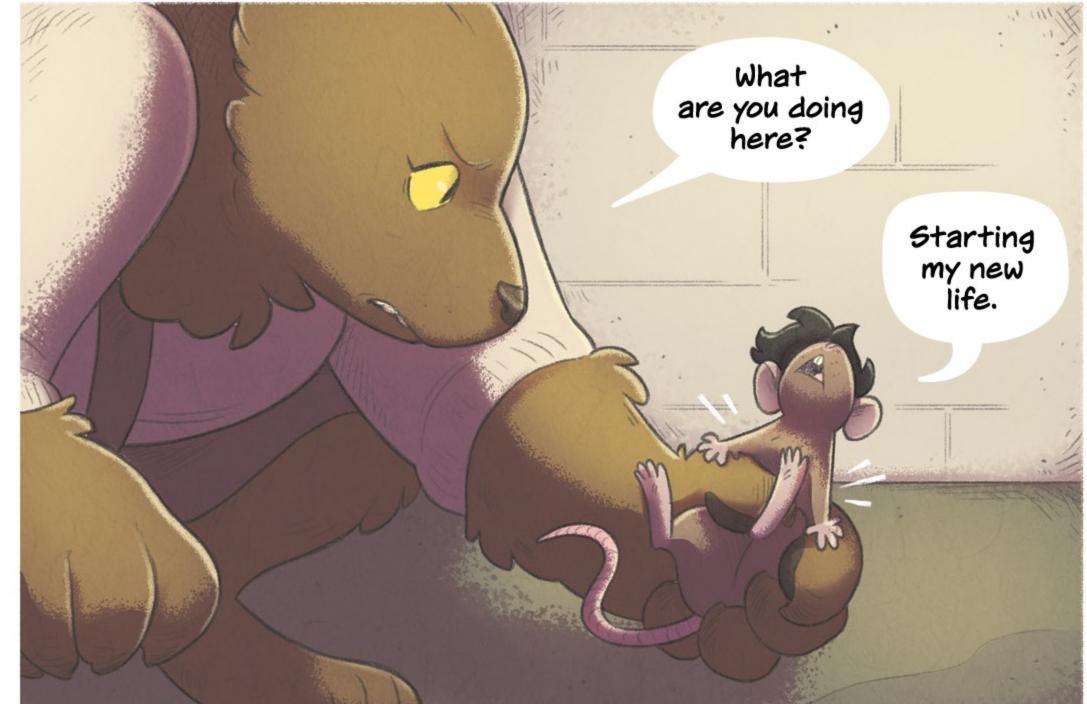




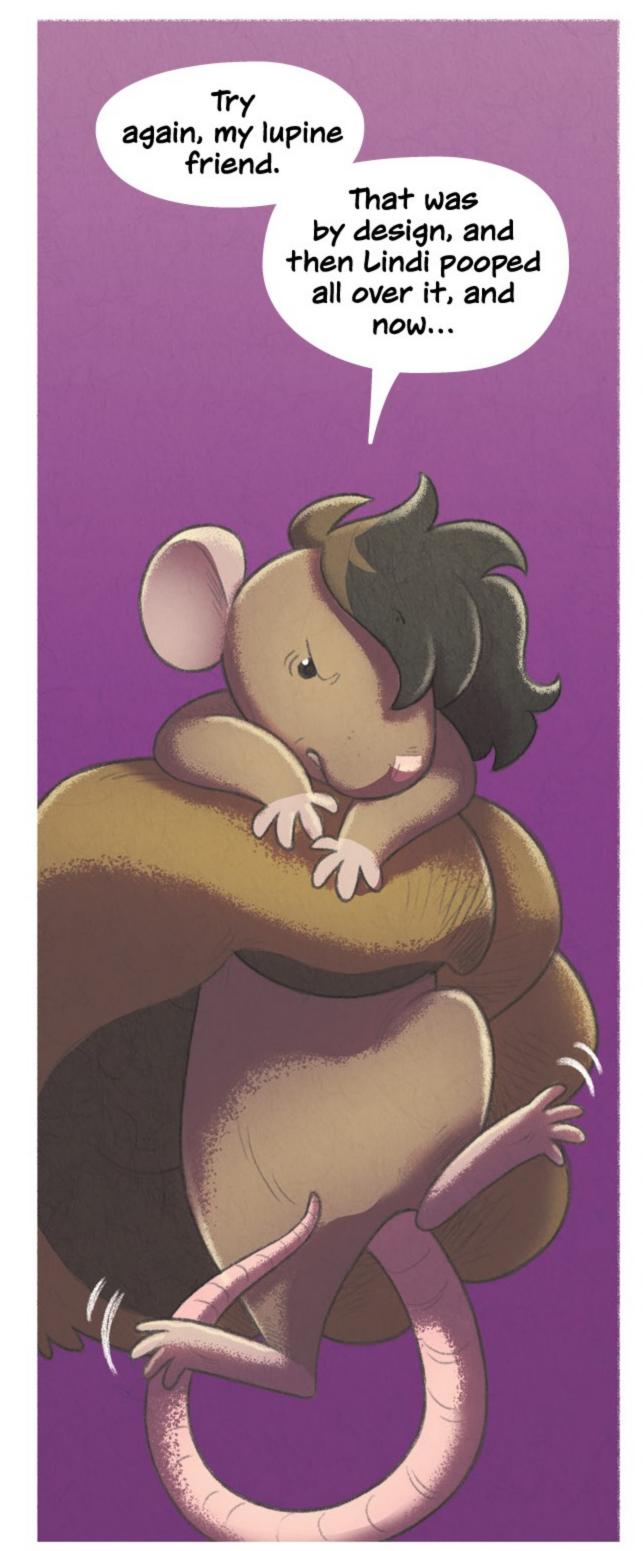






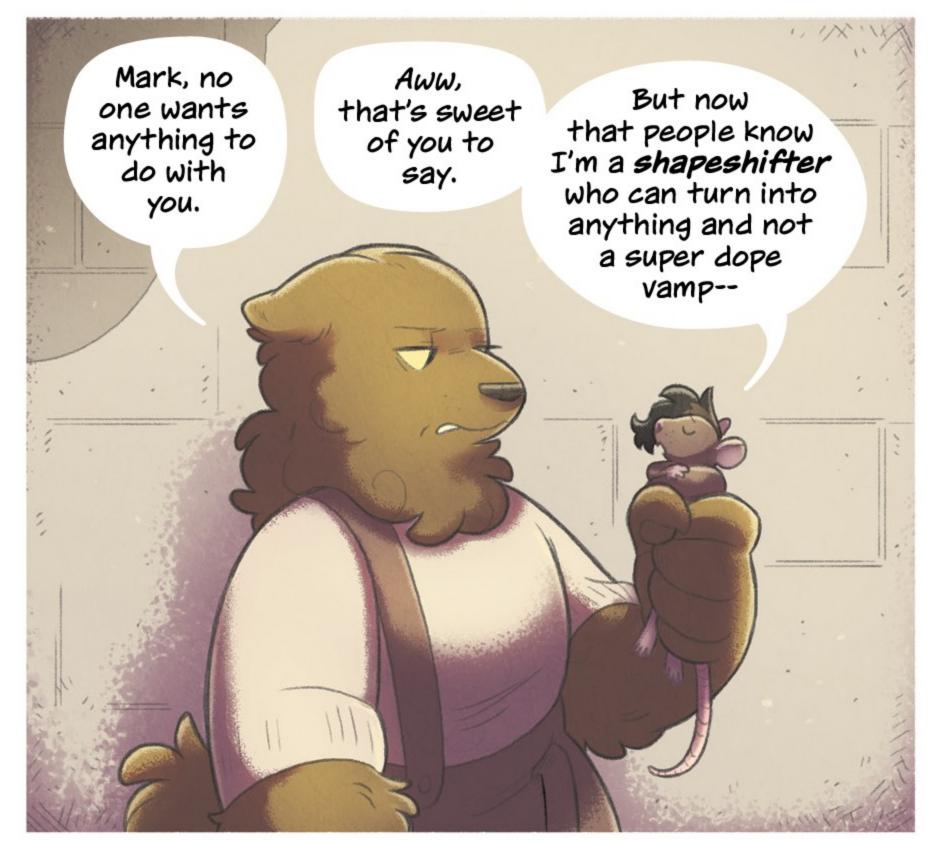




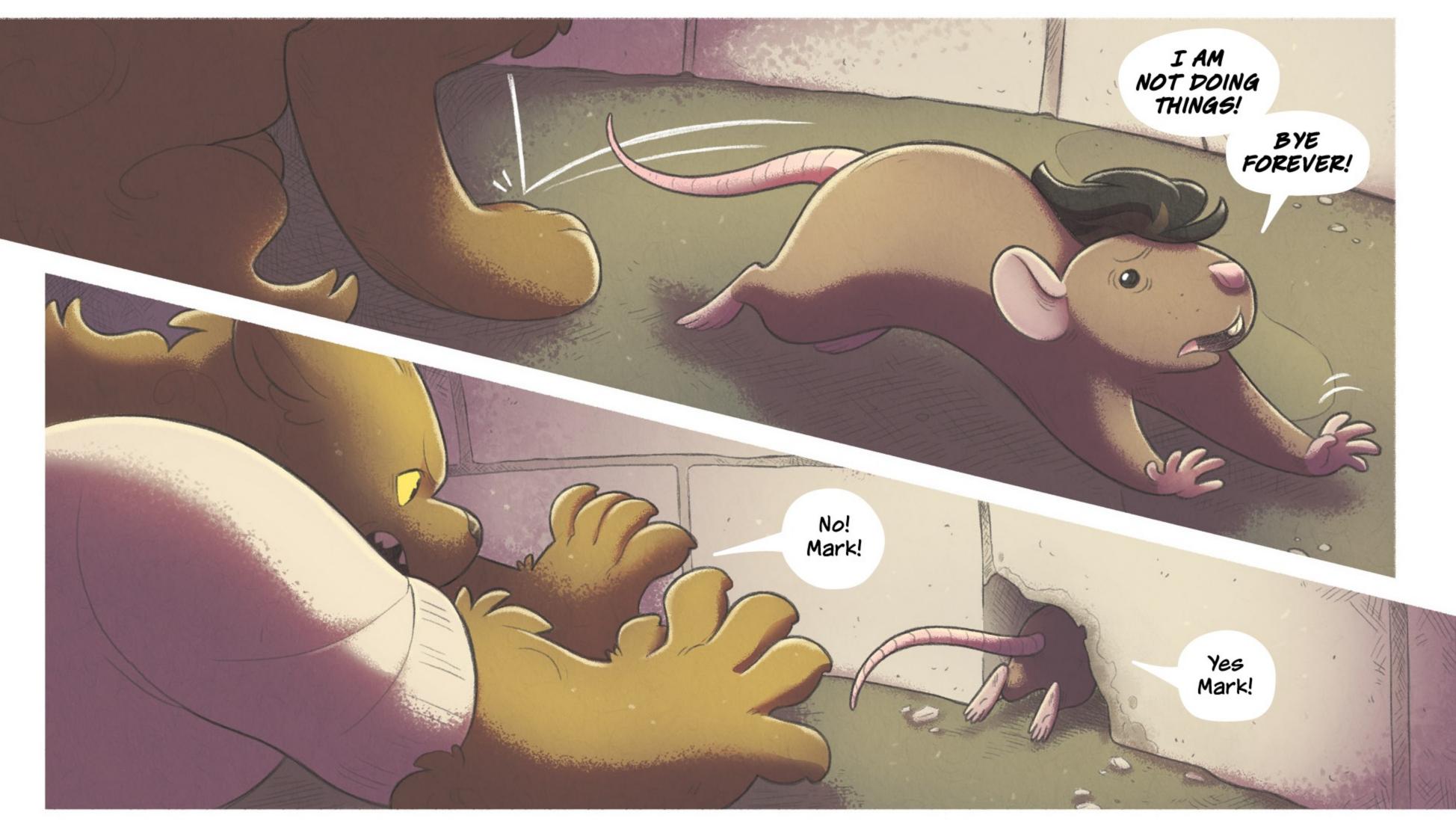












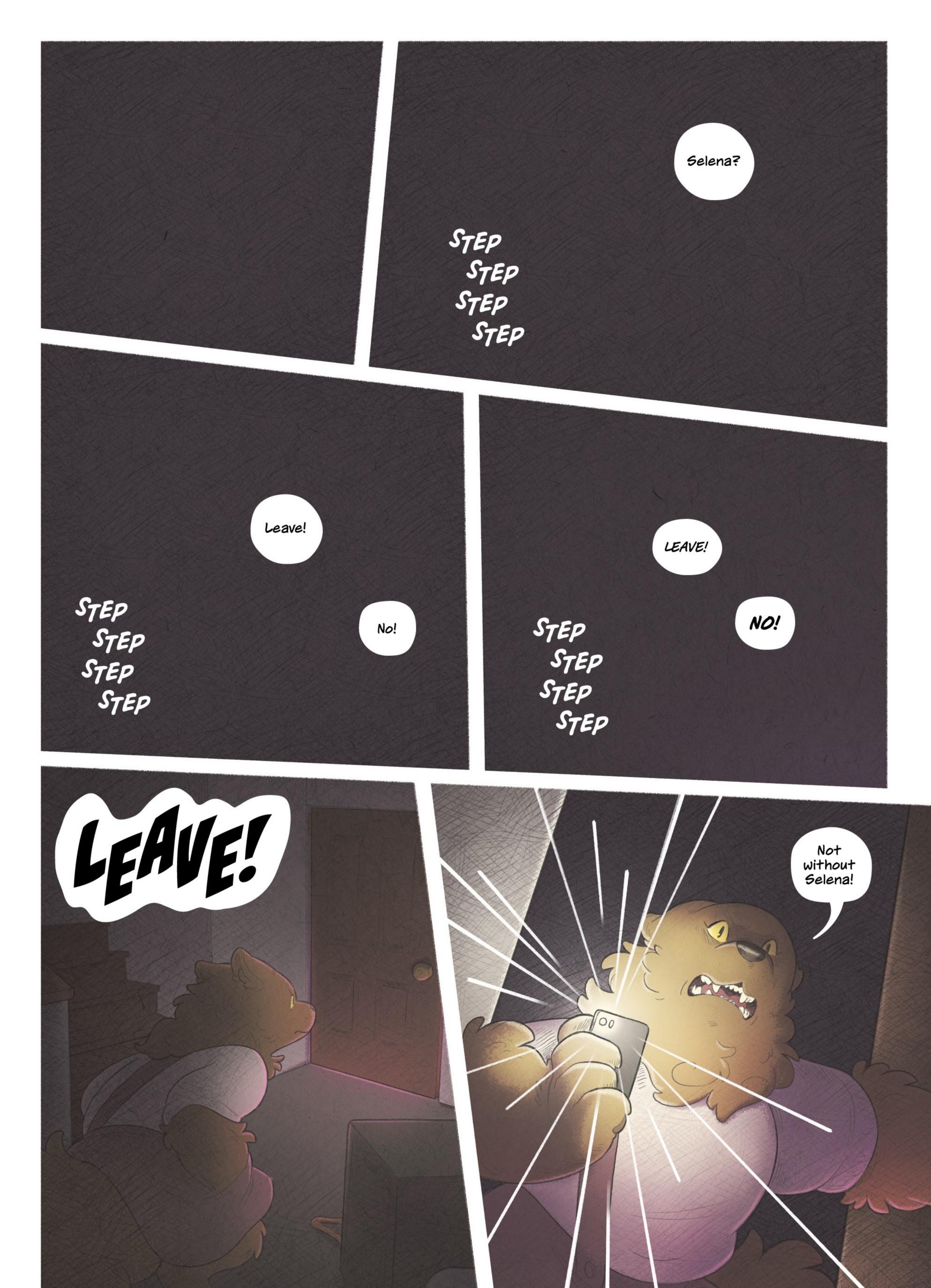


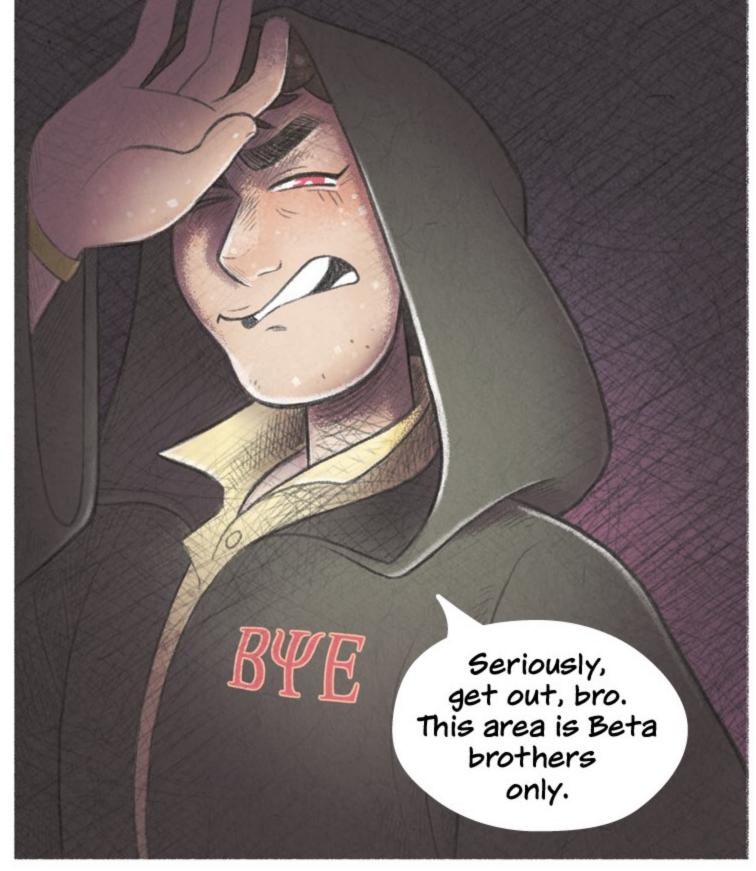




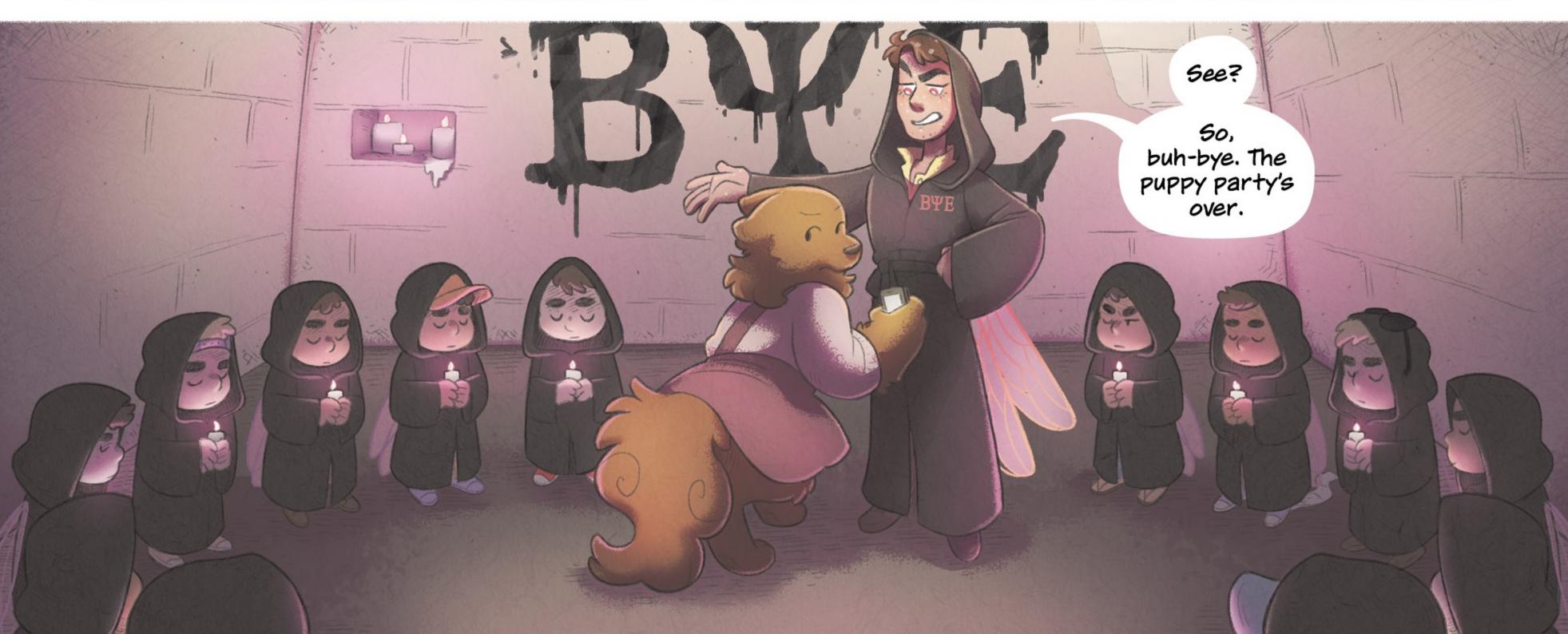






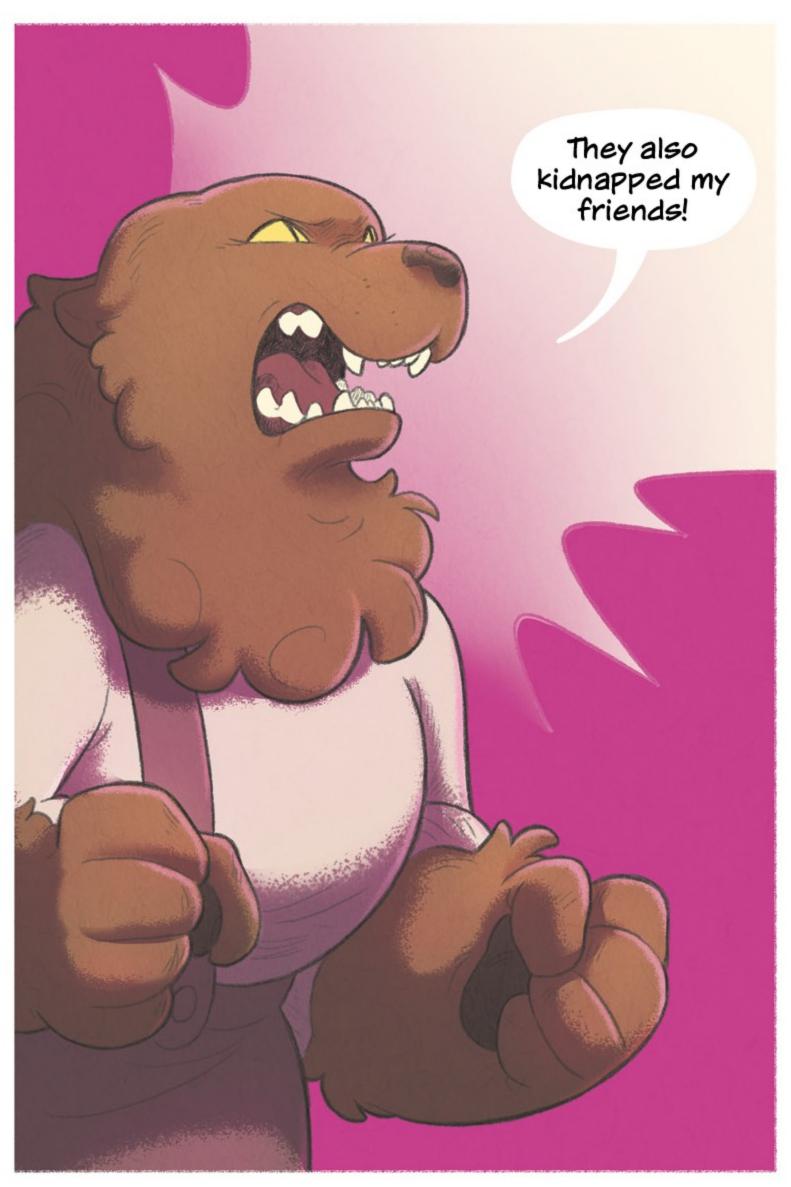


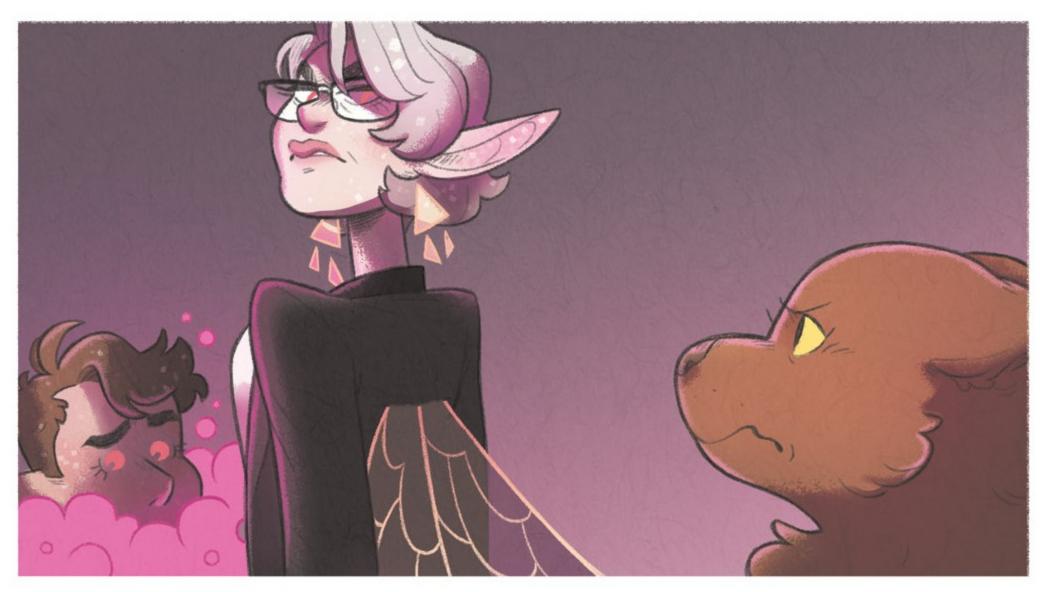




















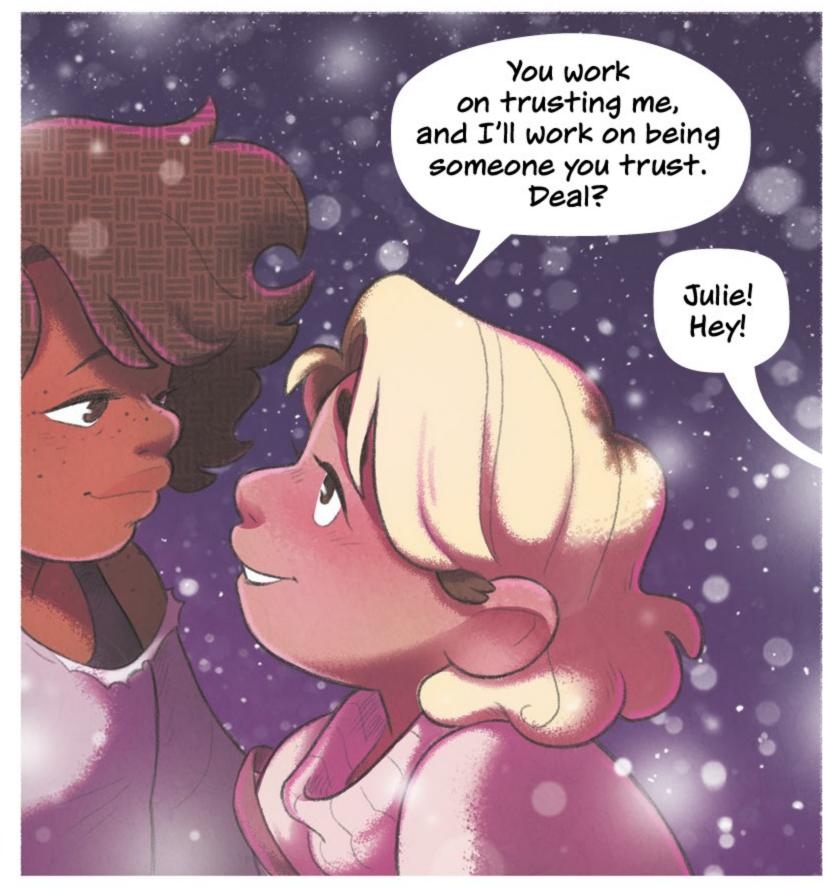








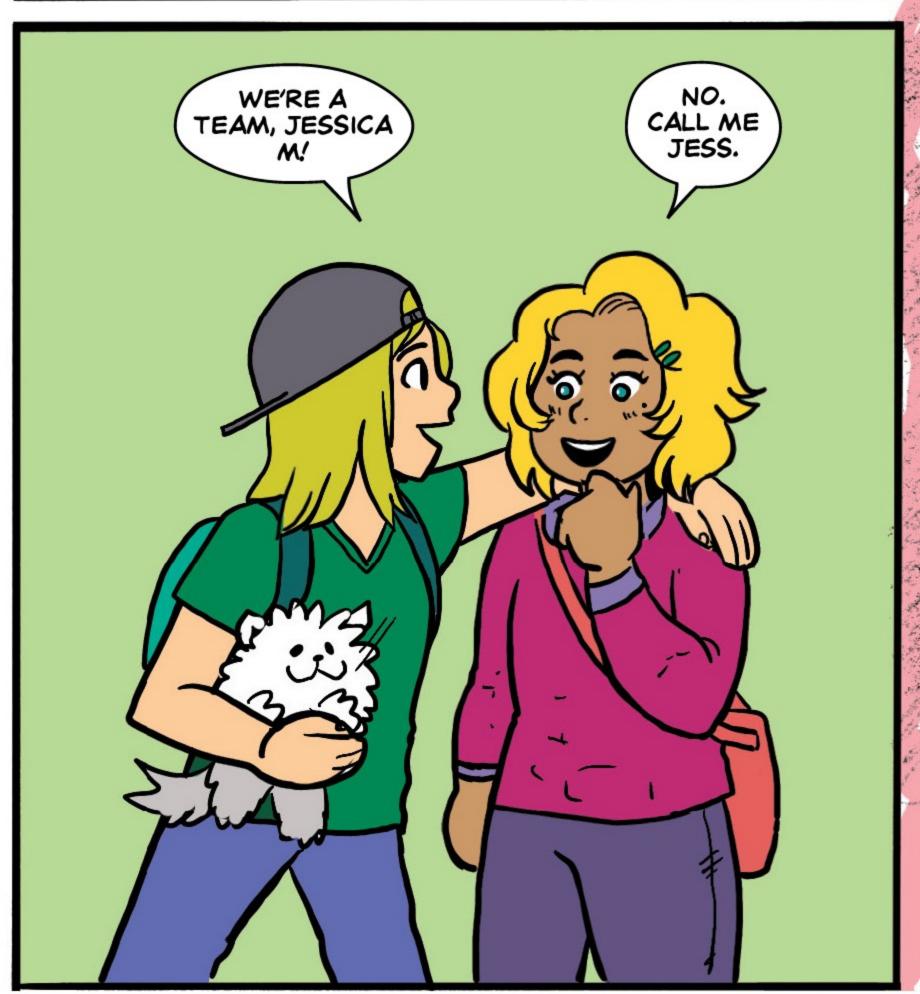














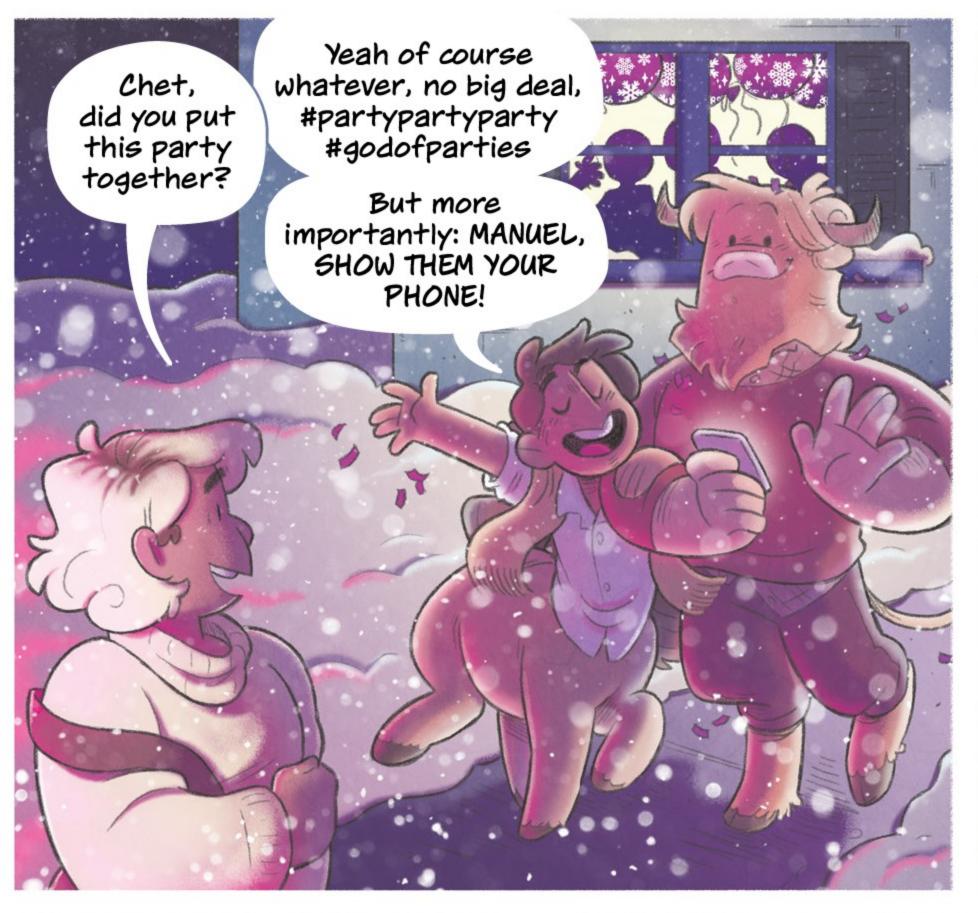


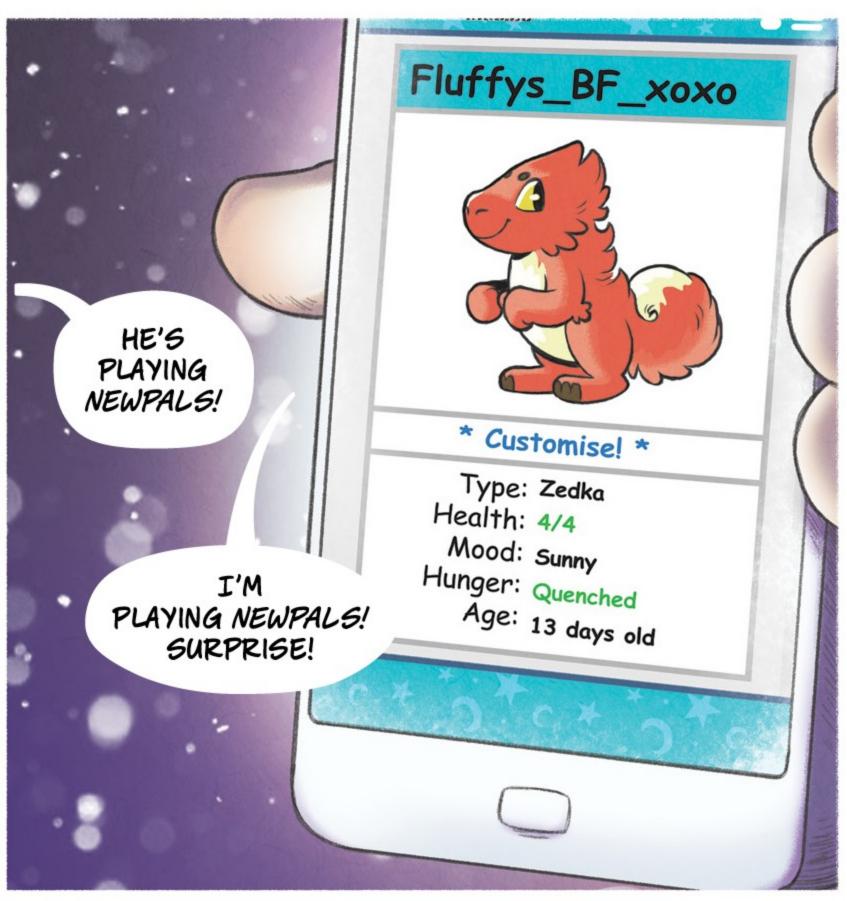




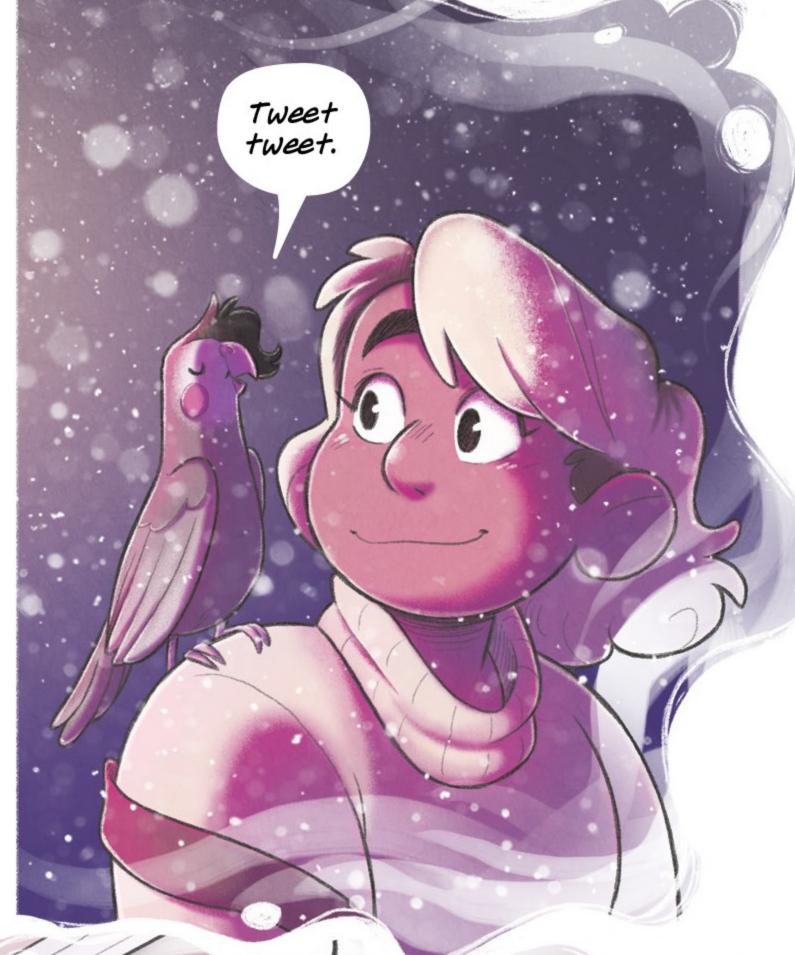


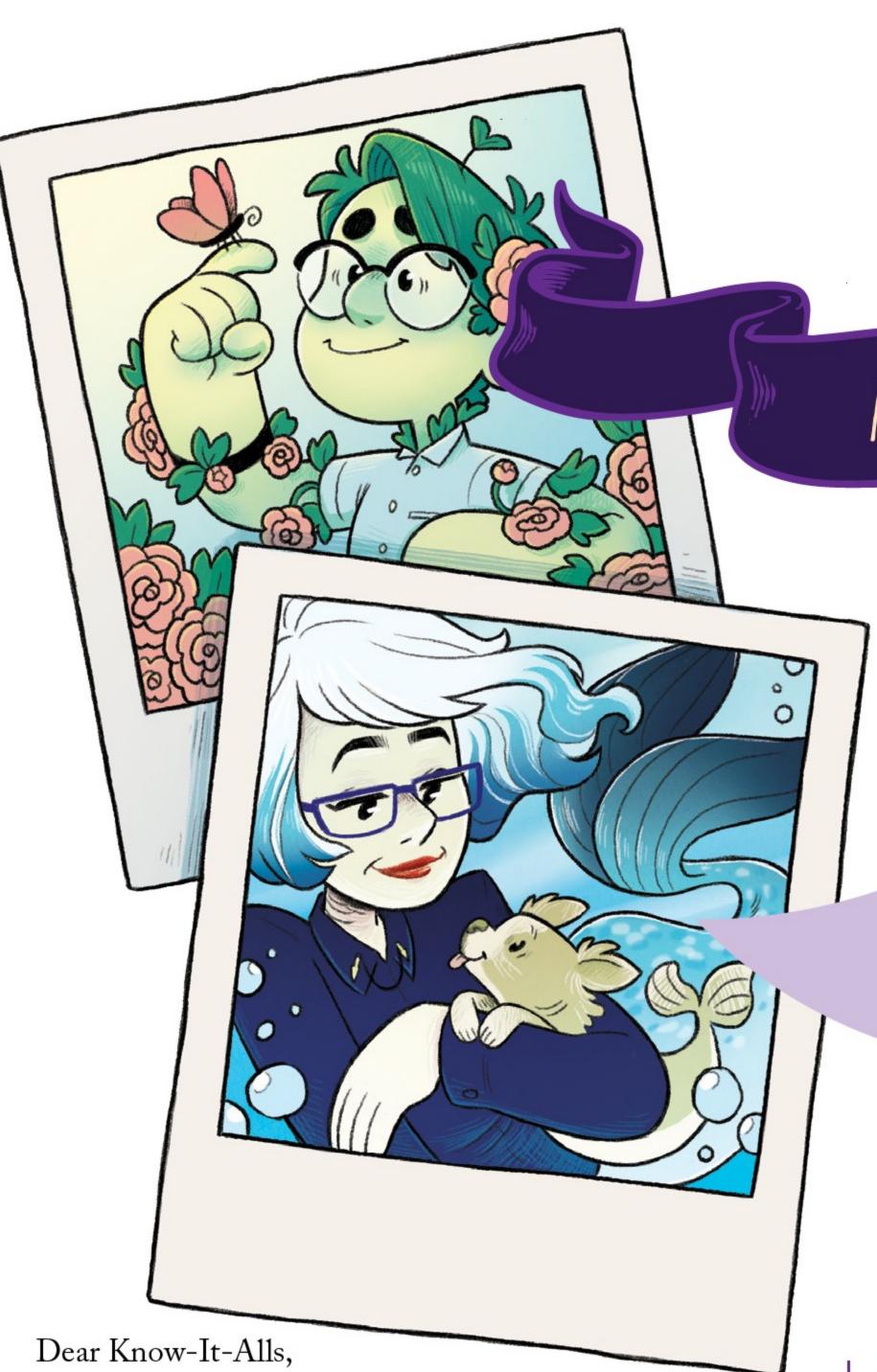












ASKAWWW-IT-ALL

Each month, we feature advice from a different local celebrity with a unique perspective.

This month, we feature two
of my favorite Know-It-Alls,
Moonstruck editor Laurenn
McCubbin and Moonstruck artist
Shae Beagle. Laurenn and Shae are "did you
seriously disappear to the underworld
and then call this meeting just so you
could ask us a bunch of inane
advice column questions."

Help! My boss won't stop criticizing my hilarious t-shirts. How will people know that I'm fluent in sarcasm or that I love bacon or that I love my wife and was born in April if it's not emblazoned across my chest? That's vital information, and a t-shirt is the ideal way to share it. Anyway, how can I work for someone who doesn't think "bazinga" is a classic zinger that belongs on a shirt?

- Keep Calm and Wear Funny Shirts

LAURENN: Grace, how could you go to the underworld without us? You know we've been talking about going there as a team.

SHAE: I don't... I'm not an expert on like, office professionalism or anything, but I don't know-

LAURENN: We could've found a convention to go to! HadesCon, or something! You could've written it off on your taxes! I'm so jealous!

Dear Know-It-Alls,

I really need a haircut, like really really need one, and now it's to the point where I'm afraid a hairdresser will laugh at me. That won't happen, right? Maybe I'll feel better if you reassure me.

- Hairy Henderson

SHAE: Hair is so important! I think that's why haircuts can be so stressful. I know I-

LAURENN: Did you meet any wraiths? What was that like? Was the beach as luxurious as it looks? How was the food on the Styx Ferry, I've heard it's not good.

Dear Know-It-Alls,

I am asexual, but I enjoy going on dates for the emotional connection and sometimes cuddling. Would you be interested in watching a blog series about my adventures called "Asexual in the City"? Just trying to gauge interest.

- Mr. Ace

SHAE: I mean, I'd watch that.

LAURENN: Shae! I can't believe you don't have any questions about hell!

SHAE: ... Was it hot?

Dear Know-It-Alls,

So, uh, I got kidnapped, actually? And I got dumped in hell as some sort of sacrifice, I think? And I saw every corner of the universe across all time. How can I cope with everything I have seen? How can I live my life knowing what I know about fate? Is this what it's like to be Cass??

- Grace

LAURENN: Aww, buddy!! I didn't know, I'm sorry. I think maybe it's time we hang up the advice column for good.

SHAE: Yeah, maybe Laurenn is right. Maybe you can write some recipes or something.











Do you have a favorite Moonstruck character that you'd like to draw for us? We'd love to see it! Email us! teammoonstruck@ gmail.com



Julie and Selena by Charlotte H.



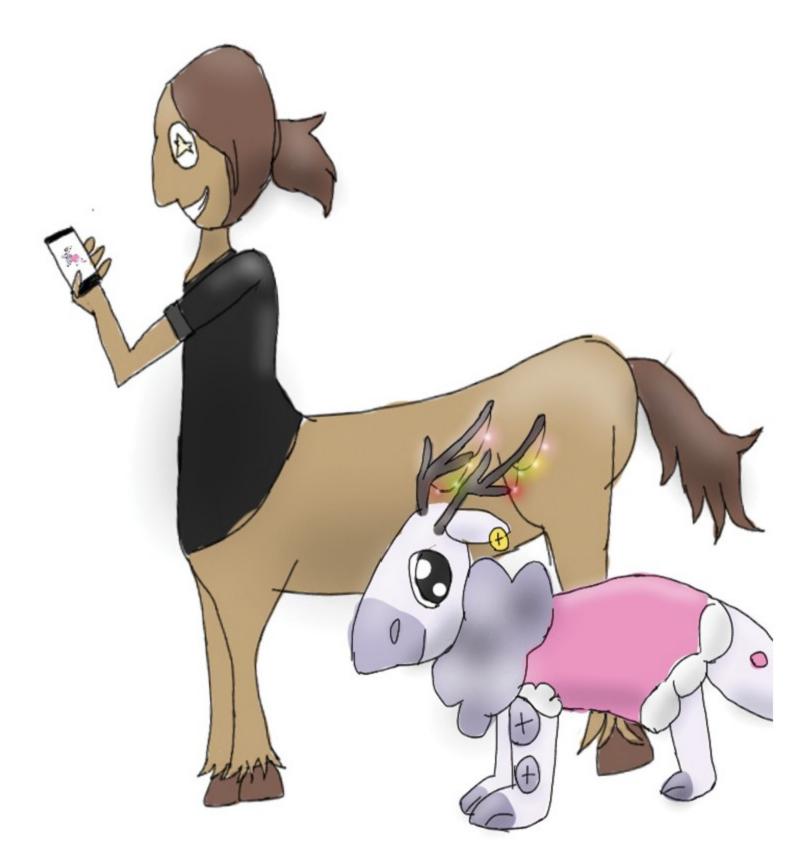
Julie by Skye Nala, starlitskye_618 on Instagram.



Manuel by Kasey Coates.



Julie and Selena by Deck Of Arts on Tumblr.



Chet and Fluffy by Lucy Cr.



Manuel and Chet by @Trisray on Twitter.



Lindi, Mark & Veronica by Rory Kelly.





Chauncey and Mark by Smudge Hummel.



Julie and Mark by Caitlin Quirk.



Enchanted evenings aren't always good ones...

Blitheton is a typical college town full of typical mythical creatures living peacefully alongside humans. (Well, as peacefully as any town full of magic and mystery can be.)

A werewolf in the throes of young love, Julie longs for a normal, human life. But when enchanted drinks turn an otherwise ordinary party into a full-on magical meltdown, Julie's dreams of normality drift further away than ever. With her relationship with her girlfriend seesawing between bliss and misery, will Julie find a way to save her friends AND her love life?

