

WHERE KINGS ARE BORN

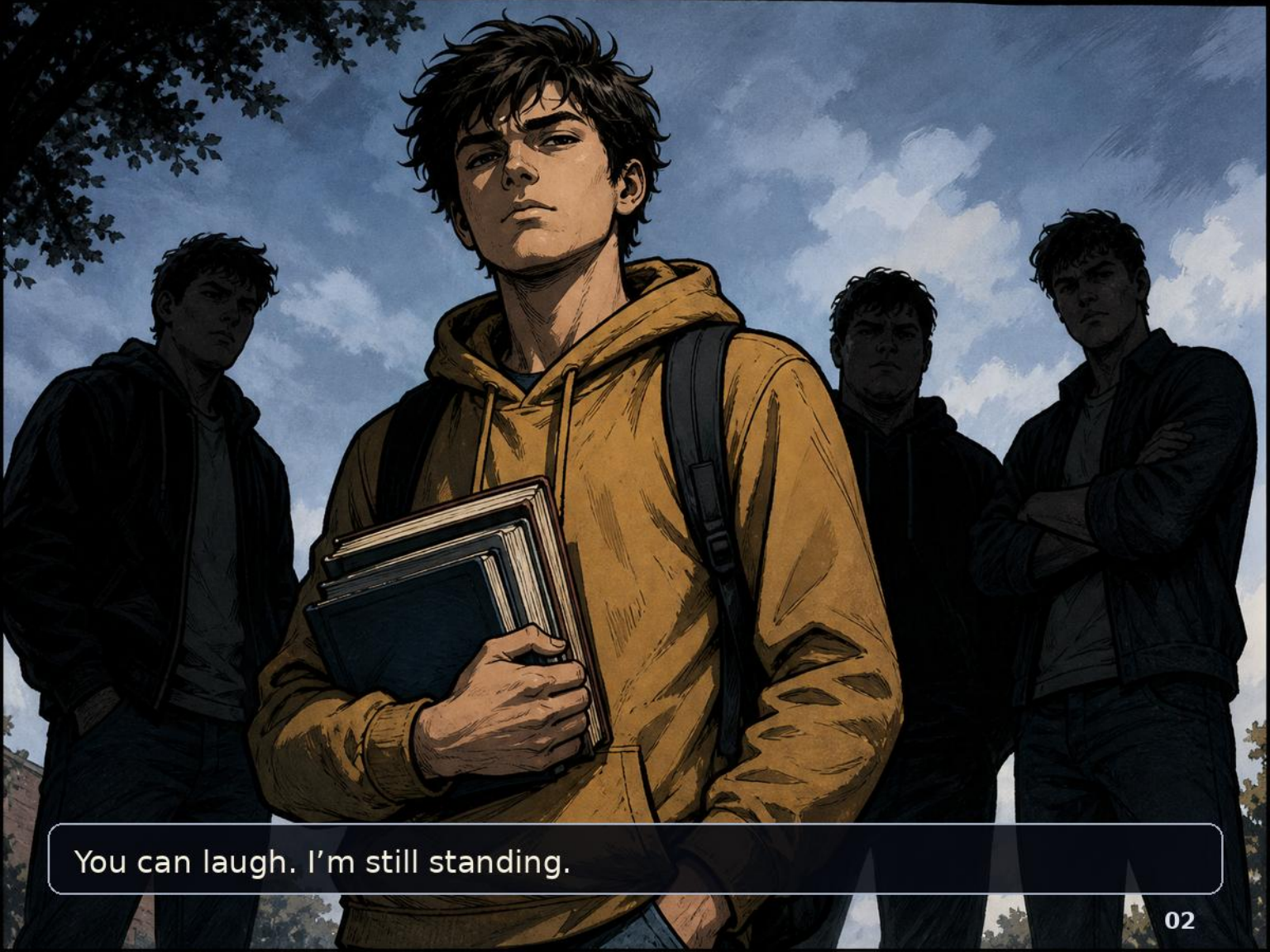
IN THE LAND OF THE BOOGEYMAN



Written by Blue Sky
alongside The Supreme Boogeyman



Some battles begin long before the first sword is drawn.



You can laugh. I'm still standing.



At night, the world changed shape.



WHUMM.



Round the moon and under stone—find the boy
who sleeps alone!



I don't know where I am.

You are where the frightened go.



The chant became a drumbeat. The trees became walls.



That is cheating.

FEAR HAS NO RULES.



The fire wanted a scream.

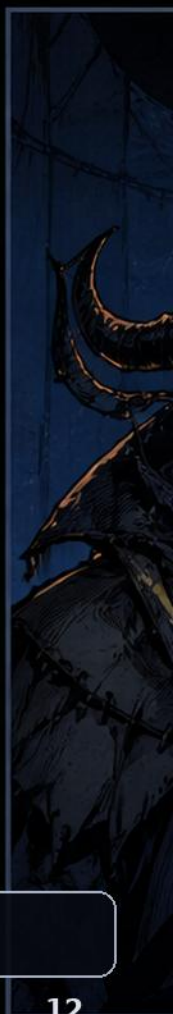
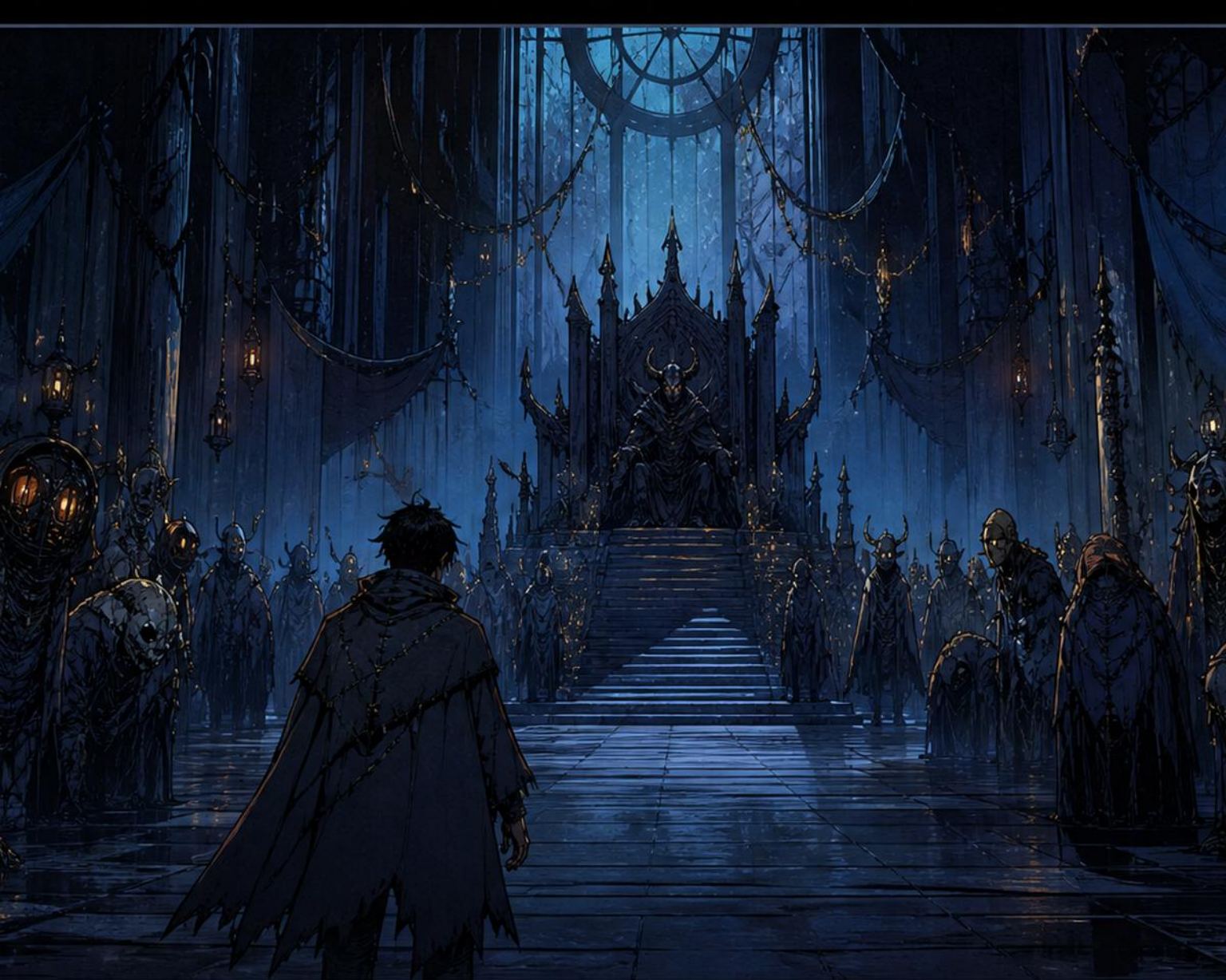
You'll have to wait.



KRAAAM!



Beyond the nightmare was a kingdom.



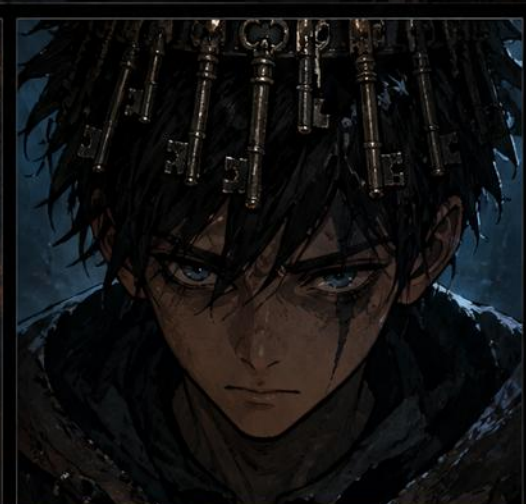
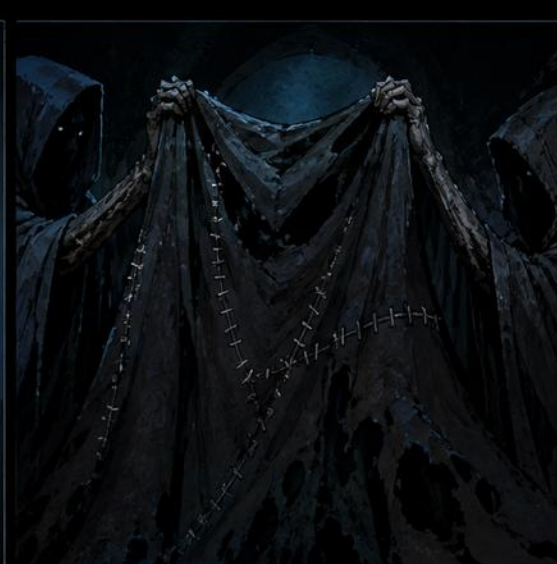
That's him?



Feartopia has waited for a human who cannot
be hollowed out.



Courage is refusing to let fear choose your shape.



I'm still supposed to be home by breakfast.



KING OF FEARTOPIA!



Boegedie-Boegedie!



Even the boogeymen were afraid.



Are you scared?

Absolutely.



Then stand with me while we are.



Their tails anchor them to the mush. Find the weak spot.



Training was mostly falling down with confidence.



Every bully has a weak spot.



The loudest thing in the room isn't always the strongest.



Rule well, little king.



THOOM. THOOM. THOOM.



Move! Hook! Pull!



POP!



Tails! Pop the tails!



The army moved like one strange, lantern-lit machine.



Small is hard to hit.



Small is hard to hit.



P O P!



That feels oddly specific.



The mush receded. Folded-shadow flowers bloomed.



TAILS POPPER JONES!



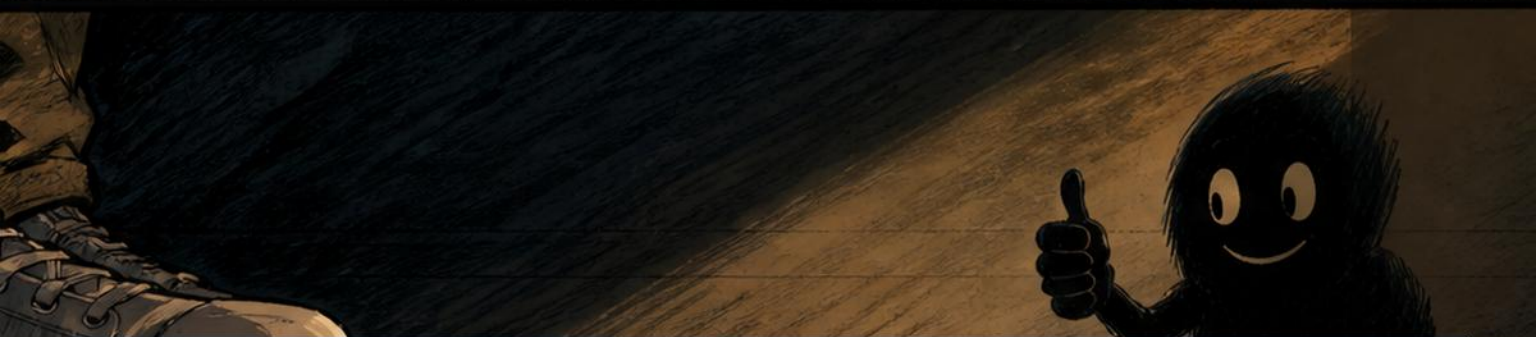
Violent toward fear—not the frightened.



You already know the way back.



Some kings wear crowns. Some carry courage home.



Every bully has a weak spot. Find it. Stand firm. Keep your spirit.