

# WACK MAGIC

BIBLE  
v.3



*Across an endless vista of mystery and wonder,  
two kablooided amigos chase adventure and the unknown.*

Created by Jesse LeDoux & Matt Olsen



Well, now. I'm guessing you saw that front page back there and wondered what this "Wack Magic" was all about. Pull yourself up a stretch of sand and I'll spin a yarn that'll stick to your ribs like a stack of rail yard pancakes.

Maybe you might like a summary of this tale afore you get into it too deep. Just to wet your beak a little. I can surely accommodate that. How's this grab ya?

*An armadillo who explodes into desserts and a cat with a taco head trek across the American Southwest to chase down the swan-riding pixie who cursed them both. Along the way, they're pursued by a sinister pastry chef's trio of henchfiends and uncover even stranger strangers.*

I don't know if you ever spent much time sifting dust in the New Weird West, but this little corner of the world right here is where our chronicle takes place. It's a wild bronco of a tale sprawling across an infinite expanse where mystery and enigma are as common as cacti. It's a literal Land of Enchantment, if you don't mind the wordplay.

Magic abounds in this particular saga. Whether it's the baffling hexes borne by our heroes or the boundless doorways to the unexpected they discover along the way. This is a place where normal took leave a long time ago. You can't necessarily trust what your eyes tell you might be true. Because even if it is, that might change as well. You see, consistency's a tricky thing to hold on to when a supernatural sirocco can whip up a flash flood of faeries, time traps, ghost trains and who knows what else?

At this point, I'm guessing you're wondering if anything's real. Happily, I can respond to that in the affirmative. The friendship shared by the two main characters in this tale is as solid as a rock. And I mean, a real rock. Not one of these things around here that look like a rock but soon as you get close they open their eyes and call you breakfast. No, these amigos are bound by a force no degree of sorcery can sunder. Bold heroes on a righteous quest for redemption. They stand in the face of fear and blow up into desserts.

I reckon now would be as good a time as any to turn the page and meet the aforementioned.



## Taco Cat (a cat)

There's an old saw that goes when life gives you lemons, you make lemonade. Well, that's good advice for someone standing under a lemon tree, but what happens when life gives you a taco head? That there's a cosmic conundrum most of us won't ever have to face. Not so with the feline half of our heroic duo, Tom Casagato. Though, that's a name he doesn't hear much anymore. Folks these days generally take to calling him Taco Cat – on account of his taco head and what with him being a cat and all. Mind you, he didn't always sport that particular noggin. Turn your calendar backwards a few pages and you'd find TC bearing the wholly unbewildering cranial form of the common house cat. That's *felis domis* for any of you Latin scholars out there.

Tom was – and, for that matter, still is I suppose – a devilishly charming rogue. He was born with, let's call it, “the knack”. He never had to study too hard as things just kinda came natural to him and that certainly includes admirers. See, Tom's got a well of charisma that's deeper than the Grand Canyon and more magnetic than the North Pole. People tend to like him right off the bat and feel a great and sorrowful longing come his inevitable departure. He doesn't mean to disappoint but Tom's a fiercely independent guy and not easily tied down. So, he's left more than a few broken hearts in his wake. Make no mistake about it, he genuinely enjoys the company of others. Just as long as that's done entirely on his own terms.

It wouldn't be quite fair to term TC anything as bold as an ego-maniac. By the same stroke, he's no Mother Theresa neither. Given a set of circumstances, he'll do what's best for him. If that happens to help someone else out along the way, so much the better. As far as going out of his way to hurt a body? That's just not in his nature. He's got bigger mountains to climb than to spend the rest of his days dodging grudges.

Tom starts every morning (well past sunrise, it should be noted) with a thirst for adventure. He's got a positively voracious curiosity in him for all manner of discovery, betterment, thrill, or reward just as long as it doesn't mean him getting wet. He's stubborn, too. When TC's got his mind set on a thing, there's not a hope in the high desert that any blockade can stand between him and his goal. More often than's good for him, that drive lands him right in the middle of a mess of trouble with a capital T. Which brings us quite neatly to the matter of his singularly atypical head, how it got that way, and what he plans to do about it.

Seems a while back an old rival of TC swindled him out of his prized roadster in exchange for a dusty harp. When Tom realized that he'd been the victim of dirty pool, he took an angry swipe



at the strings of said harp. In so doing, he unwittingly released a malevolent force of chaos in the form of an adorable pixie what goes by the name of Mimsy. (More on her later.) As in her inexplicable way, she chose to show her appreciation by promptly placing a magical curse quite literally upon Tom's head. Thus, the taco. Well, as Tom paused to assess the reality of his new situation, Mimsy took her harp and hit the blue wind, high and free. And that there, in a nutshell, is the origin of how Tom became Taco Cat.



Now, I expect a lot of folks might get a bit dispirited when confronted with a sudden onset of taco head and I certainly wouldn't fault them for it. But, our Tom's cut from a different cloth altogether. He's got more confidence in him than the sky's got stars and it'd take a heck of a lot more than a silly little thing like a taco head to bring him down. No, siree. This is a cat who's more than capable of both thinking and landing on his feet. Just as soon as he'd had a chance to gaze upon his reflection and see what's what, he'd known exactly how to profit from this tumultuous turn of events. And it wasn't but a few days later that he'd hit the open road in his brand new taco-shaped truck, dishing up some of the best-tasting tacos North of the Rio Grande. With fish being his natural feline specialty. Of course,

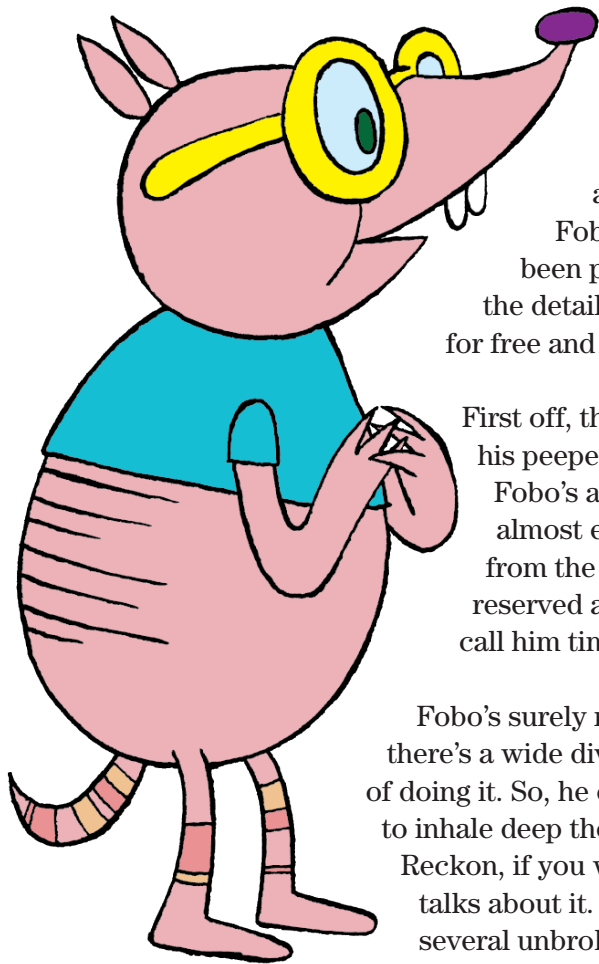
that bizarre head of his attracted more than a few uncertain stares which caused Tom not a speck of worry at all. Turning heads in your direction is the best form of advertising there is. Shake hands, smile, and let the money roll right in.

It's an honest truth that cats in general boast a superior set of reflexes than your average bounder and, in that regard, Taco Cat is no exception. He moves quick as lightning, quiet as a whisper, and never misses his aim. But you can't talk about TC without discussing his agility. Even with both hands full of taco fixin's and two feet otherwise occupied, he can wrap his tail around a knob to fire up the grill. He's got an enviable gift for seeing in the dark and can hear a jackrabbit snoring from two miles away. The latter aided, no doubt, by the taco shell around his ears acting as a makeshift satellite dish. Of course, that also means you can stand directly behind him, fussing up a blue streak, and he'd be none the wiser.

It's not my intention to paint TC as an entirely cool, calm, and collected cucumber. Like any of us, he's got his share of less than admirable qualities. Does he come off as a bit arrogant now and then? That's fair. Does he demonstrate impatience and a lack of focus? Such a thing has been noted, yes. Can he be self-centered, sarcastic, and short-tempered on occasion? Admittedly so. But, I tell ya, ever since he teamed up with this new partner he seems to be pointing his compass in a slightly different direction. Why I've even heard tell of him putting this other feller's interests on an equal footing with his own. Not all the time, mind you, but it's a start. Just who is this upstart of which I speak? Calls himself Fobo and he crashed headlong into TC's world with a twisted tale of his own.



## Fobo (an armadillo)



Should you ever have the occasion to cross paths with an armadillo name of Fobo, odds are you'll find him snoot-deep in a book. His quest for learning is on a par with those fabled knights of old who used to crawl around caves looking for a cup. I tell ya, when it comes to the printed word, Fobo's read just about every piece of prose that's ever been published and managed to keep a hold on most of the details to boot! But an ambition like that doesn't come for free and Fobo paid twofold.

First off, that round the clock reading put a mighty strain on his peepers. Without his one of a kind, heavy-duty spectacles, Fobo's all but blind past the end of his proboscis. Secondly, almost everything Fobo knows of the *outside* world comes from the *inside* of a book. As such, he takes a generally reserved approach to the new and unusual. Maybe you might call him timid, but he's just waiting for more information.

Fobo's surely read enough amateur philosophy to understand there's a wide divide between reading about a thing and the actuality of doing it. So, he does make attempts, courageous in their own way, to inhale deep the endless vista of experiences life has to offer.

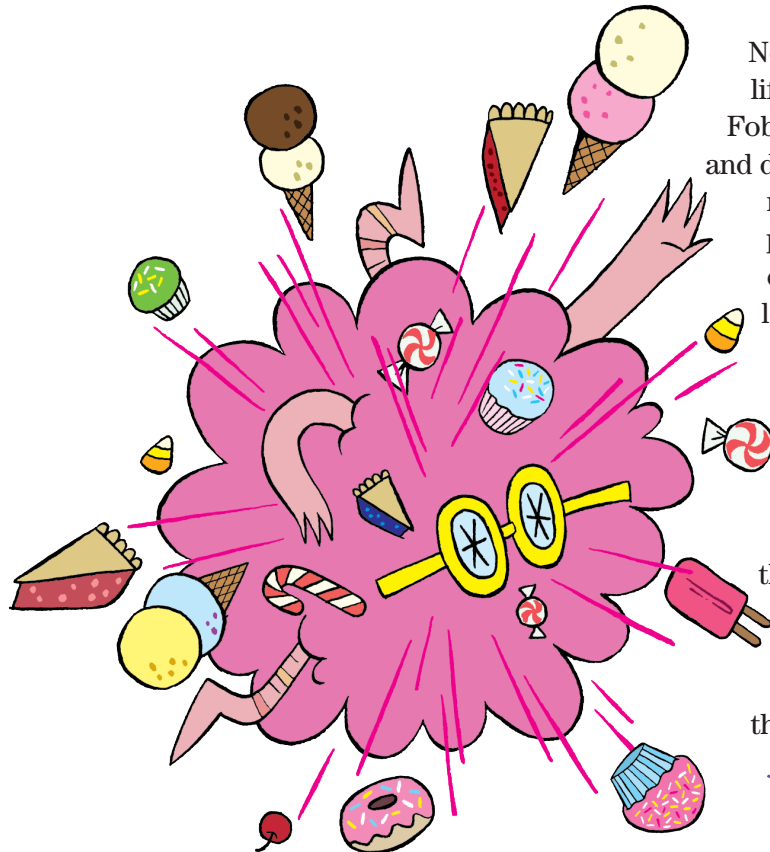
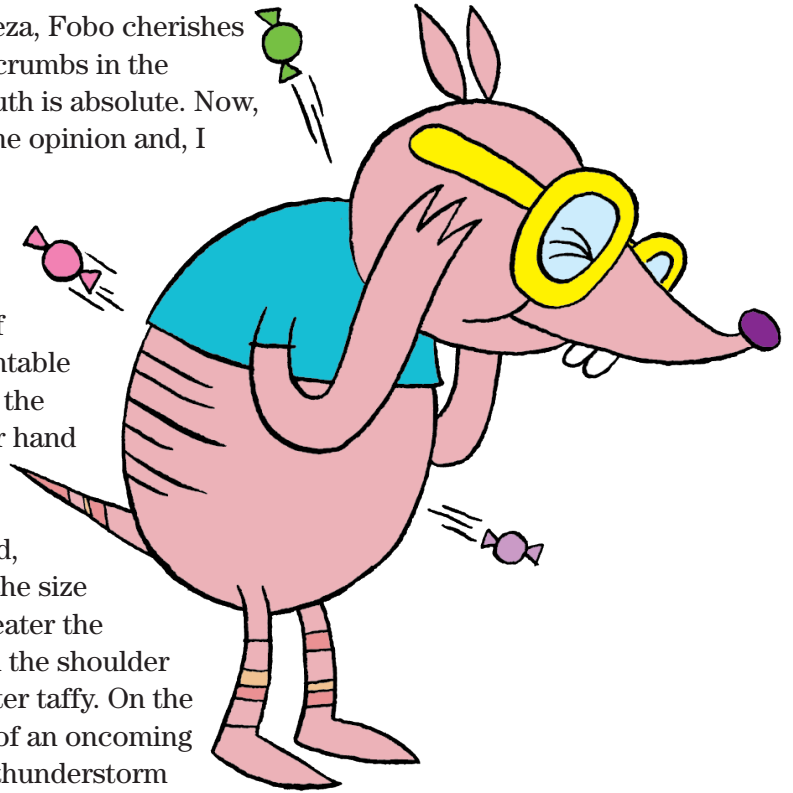
Reckon, if you will, the time Fobo painted a chair. Heck, he still talks about it. Now, this was a project which commenced with several unbroken hours of preliminary research as to the most efficacious method of applying paint to wood. Followed by a few days of color theory, price comparison, and what Fobo termed "a rigorous cost utility-analysis to predict the viability of the finished product." In the end, he definitely did paint that chair and, from what I hear, folks still use it today for its intended purpose.

Now, Fobo's an enthusiastic conversationalist which even I'll admit is just a nicer way of saying he probably talks too much. I guess the curse of knowing everything about everything is that you've always got something to say. Which in and of itself, of course, is not a bad thing. He can be a heap of help if you're looking for answers quick and he'll surely give them to you. Unsolicited, even. See, our Fobo's a bit clumsy when it comes to bumping elbows with the masses and the subtleties of interpersonal relations. Course he didn't get much practice in the sport what with him spending most of his days, nights, and weekends hunkered in a library basement. Most of the signals and shorthands folks employ in social situations have never been written down and tend to change on a dime. So, that specific do-si-do, generally deemed "common sense", continues to elude Fobo's grasp.



Even more than packing facts into his cabeza, Fobo cherishes order. Everything in its right place and no crumbs in the corners. A rule is a rule is a rule and the truth is absolute. Now, the real world doesn't always hold this same opinion and, I suppose, that's where the trouble started.

Not too far back, Fobo found himself face to face with that selfsame spirited spellcaster, Mimsy, and between the two of them, well, they experienced an insurmountable conflict of ideas. Seeing as how she wields the power mystic, Mimsy quickly got the upper hand in that disagreement. When the dust settled, Fobo found himself the recipient of a strange curse: whenever he gets scared, he bursts into desserts. Yeah, that's about the size of it. The more fearsome the shock, the greater the sweet conflagration. An unexpected tap on the shoulder might only bring on a sprinkling of salt water taffy. On the other hand, tie Fobo to the tracks in front of an oncoming train and get yourself ready for an atomic thunderstorm of wedding cakes and baked Alaskas! Sure, under the right circumstances, this could be a welcome development but, for the most part, it's more than a little an embarrassing for the one doing the blowing up.



Needless to say, a thing like that sets one's life on a different course. But if you think Fobo was about to turn on the ol' waterworks and dedicate himself to digging holes, you may as well go hug a cactus. This was a phenomenon of a kind like Fobo had never encountered in the broad scope of his learnin'. Undeniable first-hand proof that magic is real! That's a pretty heavy ton of bricks to hit a guy with any time of the day. Fobo was instantly fired up with an all-powering need to know more. And by more, I mean everything. This young armadillo set forth on a mission to explicate the inexplicable. Bring on your witches, your monsters, your chupacabras and bigfeet! The weirder, the better! Which is exactly how our two amigos first met and began their ridiculous journey into the unknown.

## Fobo & Taco Cat are a team!

Whether you chalk it up to chance, fate, or divine providence, some brand of good fortune was on our heroes' side that day they first shook hands outside a convention center in Bisbee, Arizona. Seeing as how they'd each been hexed by the same Bad Fairy, the duo hitched their wagons and set out on a righteous quest to send Mimsy back to that cosmic hoosegow from which she came. And if anyone's got the mustard to pull off a million-to-one trick like that, I'd lay my money on these two.

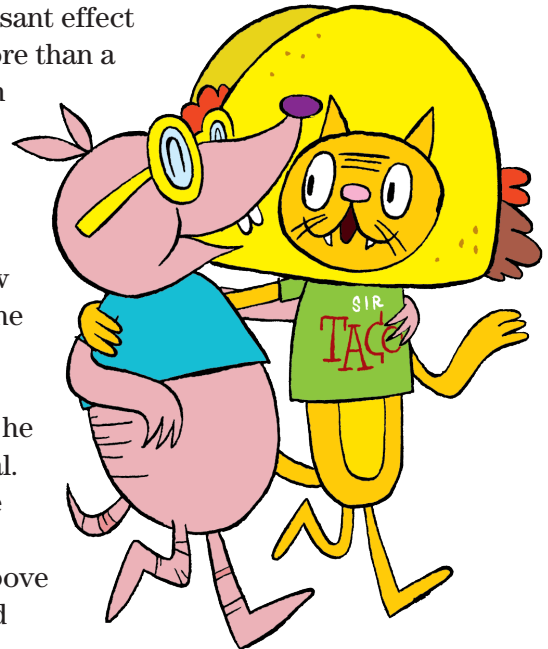
Now, you might rightly say that Fobo and Taco Cat are perfect opposites, but a more generous way of phrasing that same sentiment is that the two are perfect compliments.

- Where Fobo is analytical, circumspect, and anxious, TC is impulsive, bold, and cavalier.
- Where TC is steady, smooth, and sarcastic, Fobo is excitable, expressive, and empathetic.
- Where Fobo explodes into desserts, TC has a taco-head.

Riding shotgun with an extrovert like Taco Cat has the pleasant effect of sharpening Fobo's self-esteem considerably. He's still more than a mite worrisome by birth but knowing that TC's backing him up provides Fobo with a well of comfort. On top of that, Fobo's enviable book-learning is a tremendous boon as their journey regularly puts them up against people, plants, and parts unknown. Fobo's quickdraw recall comes in awful handy there and has even saved their lives on a few occasions. A few victories in your back pocket and a genuine sense of purpose does wonders for one's confidence.

While filling his pockets is no longer TC's primary concern, he maintains a healthy yearning for the accumulation of capital. And since the truck does run on gas, he's not about to leave absolutely any and all money-making opportunities on the table. TC's nobody's fool. If the payout's a beaut, he's not above playing the angles to wrangle Fobo into some uncertain and undeniably dangerous venture.

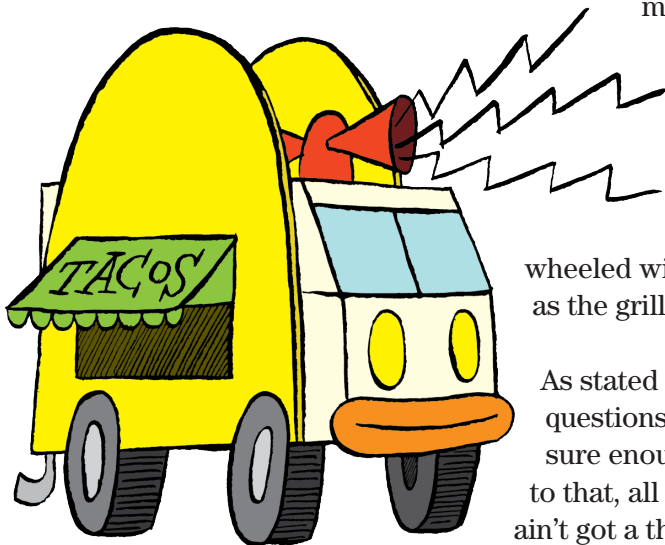
Not to say that TC relishes putting Fobo at risk. Far from it! Taco Cat is very protective of his compadre and will go to mean lengths to keep him from harm – or, more significantly, fear. Since Fobo never won himself a gold star for paying attention to the events happening outside of his brain, that means TC is usually on watch. More or less adopting the role of a big brother, TC has no qualms about taking the lead on such things as conferring with strangers, stepping foot into unknown areas, opening suspicious parcels, and checking the shower for spiders. Mind you, he doesn't absolutely relish that role and does what he can to encourage Fobo to take control of his own destiny. Just as soon as he's ready. Though, TC made it clear as a cowbell that Fobo is never going to drive the truck. So, just knock that notion plum out of your head.



# The Taco Truck

How about that truck, anyhow? Well, more than just a means to pull in a few frogskins along the way, that truck is Fobo and Taco Cat's home on wheels. And don't it cut a pretty picture parked out there against the purple horizon?

What you don't get from that point of view is the vehicle's interior, which is a modern masterpiece of engineering, order, and maximum space efficiency. If you're wondering which



member of our team choreographed that design, I'll give you six guesses and the first five don't count. Yes sir, Fobo performed a real neat bit of know how to be able to fit two bunk beds, a fully operating kitchen, cold storage, traveling library, and a TV in that caboose. Lest you think he'd take offense to Fobo's upheaval of his four-wheeled wigwam, rest assured, Taco Cat don't mind. As long as the grill's hot and the motor runs, the rest is just gravy.

As stated previous, the driver's seat is TC's domain, no questions asked. Pushing rubber across the barren plain is sure enough some kind of poetry and when it comes down to that, all your Willy Wordsworths and Emily Dickensons ain't got a thing on TC. With Taco Cat behind the wheel, I swear that engine revs just a bit happier knowing who's in

charge. He's got speed, control, finesse, and style. Now, on the subject of navigation, that's a different matter. TC never saw the profit in sticking to roads, much less, a map. Still, when you've got a destination in mind, it's best to forge your path toward it. That's Fobo's domain. He's a genuine whiz at calculating the quickest routes, shortcuts, and stopovers. Of course, sticking fast to any type of plan tends to rub TC the wrong way but even he has to admit the kid gets results.

Their expedition to recapture Mimsy pushes our pair through a bevy of big cities, little villas, ghost towns, and natural wonders. All of which provide plenty of detours along the way in search of a quick buck, grand adventure, or just plain fun. Good, clean, and otherwise. True sons of the Western highway, home for these two is wherever they park their truck. That might mean pitching tent in the backyard of a friendly dentist or dangling off the edge of a cliff. Any neighbors are incidental and not always as welcoming as one would prefer.

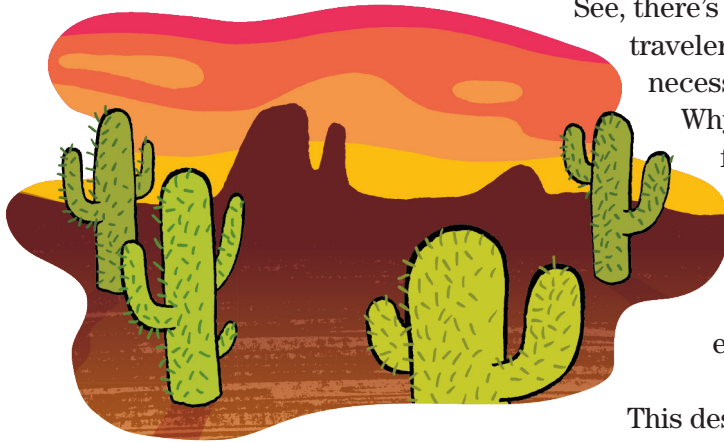
Life on the road's not for every kind of critter. The rootlessness and tight quarters do cause the occasional minor quibble between our caballeros but there's something about the unpredictability and wide range of new experiences that puts Fobo and Taco Cat at their best. They're a highly effective and seamless team. Excepting one thing: they're embedded in the weird world of the dusky desert where the laws of science, nature, and reality can all turn screwy at the drop of a sombrero.



## The Desert...

Like just about everything round these parts, the nickname “Land Of Enchantment” cuts a touch deeper than the surface. As you might have learned in school, we’ve got massive sun-drenched vistas, the world’s stubbornest horticulture, and piles and piles of sand. But what they didn’t teach you is beneath that – as well as in-between, around, over, and intertwined with – an undiscovered supernatural world rubs up against what deep-thinking types call “reality”.

Black holes, interdimensional portals, stone goliaths, fairies (tooth and otherwise), magic spells, and illusions are just the tip of the iceberg, to hogtie an environmentally inappropriate metaphor.



See, there’s no crystal ball able to presage what our travelers may encounter on their journey. Doesn’t necessarily mean that it will be all bad, though.

Why many of the spirits and forces are good friends of mine and can be quite hospitable, assuming you know how to ask the right questions. True, there are others best left alone. And still others... well, there’s just no telling what side they’re on. Or if they even plan to stay that way.

This desert’s also home to a thriving culture of regular non-mystically powered folks. There are plenty of leather-hided weirdoes living on the outskirts, bowing to no master. Sun-worshipping snowbirds scouring the desert floor with their metal detectors. Gold-panners, orchid-painters, souvenir-sellers, card sharps, and choral groups. Large and small communities exist here in much the same way they do anywhere else.

According to the more reliable guides, you can figure most magically-charged areas to be centered around natural points of disturbance in the landscape. Caves, caverns, and pits are almost certainly going to be home to some irregular goon or other. Unusual rock formations are powerful magnets that harness and release psychic energy on their own ineffable whims. Where rivers meet, benevolent spirits gather. Where rivers split, keep your valuables close. Leaving tracks in the sand is an open invitation for ethereal hitchhikers to climb aboard your caravan.

Those are just a pocketful of the governing laws our intrepid adventurers have discovered and even those can’t always be relied on for absolute veracity. Danger is a relative term in this topsy-turvy arid otherworld. Sometimes, the thing you fear the most ends up being your sole savior and, other times, it’s more of a vice versa scenario.

One consistently troublesome member of the desert’s secret family is the infamous pixie, Mimsy.

## Mimsy (a pixie)

As to the question of Mimsy, well, she's an untamed dust devil careening through your campsite and leaving the clean-up to someone else. The wheres and the whys of Mimsy may never be answered to anyone's satisfaction but her methods are as plain as the taco around a cat's face. What mischief lurks in the heart of this harpist? It's a real one-sided type of humor what brings delight to its host and a heap of headache to its victims. Of which, Fobo and Taco Cat are but two.

Sure, Mimsy may look cute as a bug but skin deep don't cover the half of it. When you hear the melodious strum of a harp accompanied by a sweetly-voiced couplet and suddenly find an endless stream of spaghetti extruding from your ears, well, that's when the bloom is off the rose.

Mimsy dispenses her spells freely and without remorse wherever her whim takes her. She's liable to cast a hex out of anything from anger to embarrassment, a stiff neck, or merely on account of being bored. But, primarily, she does it just because it feels good. Ain't a thing gives Mimsy more unbridled joy than seeing the fruits of her fevered imagination come to life before her eyes. While her targets ponder the pickle she's just put them in, Mimsy's doubled over in a wicked fit of giggles. I don't need to tell you that's a mighty disquieting thing to behold.

This wedge of the world what Mimsy calls home is filled with innumerable acts of weirdness and wizardry performed by every stripe of spectral forces, many of them close relations. But Mimsy's what you might call an authentic "one trick pony". She's stuck like glue on a very particular variety of mumbo jumbo: any curse she throws down must be fixed around food. Ice cream vision, bacon mustache, sweet potato sneezes. This is her partiality. What's more, she can't conjure the same curse twice. Meaning, if she's got one Spaghetti Ears already out there, she can't make another without lifting the curse off the other, first.

*That brings up a valuable truth about how sorcery works round these parts. You can't magic on magic. The only way to get un-whammied is by the one that done it to you in the first place and good luck convincing them to do that, amigo.*

Mimsy doesn't set much truck with quiet introspection. She feeds on attention – doesn't matter good or bad – and, as such, harbors a deep need to be around others. To that end, Mimsy keeps



the constant company of her swan, Beansprout. He's a bitter cuss of a bird with a cruel, honking laugh but the plain truth about Beansprout is that at his heart he's a world class coward. Oh, sure, he's brave enough when Mimsy's there to protect him, but alone and in the face of danger, that lavender swan turns a bright shade of yellow chicken.

Now, the one item not yet covered here in regards to Mimsy is what, if anything, can be done to stop her. You may recall mention of Fobo and Taco Cat setting out on a mission to accomplish that very thing. Well, they're not going into that showdown packing petunias. See, Fobo came upon a particular piece of lore in one of those spooky old tomes of the eldritch arts that kinda evens the odds. Turns out, without the harp at hand, Mimsy's about as much of a threat as a toothless tarantula. Her brand of magic only works

when accompanied by the plangent plucking of strings on that enchanted instrument. Close readers may have noted that it was TC's errant strum on said harp that released Mimsy into our world. Well, playing a certain melody on that harp reverses the deed and tosses that pixie back in the stony lonesome. On the surface that seems real handy. But kindly

do remember, it just needs a single strum to her let

loose again. It's like the cowboys tell it: it's a whole lot simpler to let the horses out of the barn than it is to bring 'em back in.

Mimsy's well aware of Fobo and TC's intentions but it doesn't exactly have her tossin' and turnin' in her bedroll. Matter of fact, it's all part and parcel of the game. There's no fun if there's no challenge. So, she relishes toying with our heroes, stringing them along until they think they've got her against the ropes, and then pulling the rug right out from under them. Now,

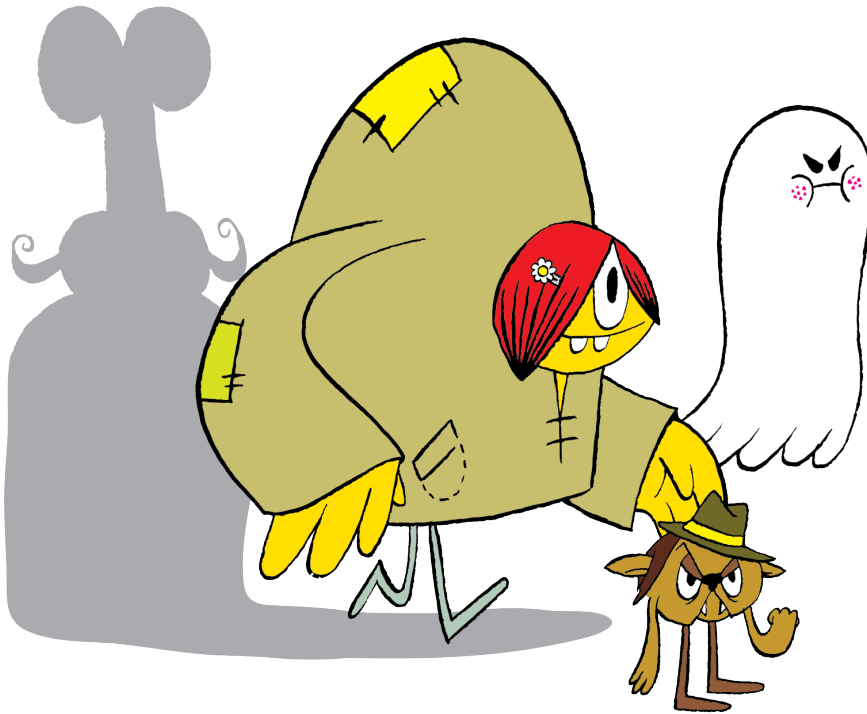
I mixed a mess of metaphors there but it just shows to go ya that all the rules go out the window when you're dealing with this

pernicious trickster. She hits where it hurts and isn't above playing on Taco Cat's feelings of responsibility for (inadvertently) setting her free. Likewise, she takes a hearty helping of glee in tormenting the order-bound Fobo by cooking up chaos with abandon.

So, the course is clear. Our heroes need to get their mitts on the harp, play the right tune upon it, and send Mimsy packing on an involuntary vacation. Now, if that sounds like one of those easier said than done situations, you're right. It's a challenge and a half made even worse by the fact that Fobo and Taco Cat have a mob of monsters in their slipstream with an unfriendly agenda of their own.



## M. Le Crème and his Baddies



### **Monsieur Le Crème (a pastry chef)**

If you're at all like me, when you hear that a feller goes around calling himself Monsieur La Crème, you get a funny kind of feeling deep down in your gut that something ain't quite right there. Well, in the case of this dastardly blackguard you wouldn't be mistaken.

He sires from a long lineage of illustrious and highly respected pastry chefs that made a big name for themselves over there in Paris. I'm talking about the one in France, not Texas. Now, lots of folks love to while away the cold winter nights pondering the nature versus nurture

argument, but whatever the case, this particular son couldn't cook a croissant to save his life. Seems like that family tree must have run out of the good apples right around the time he was born. Now, I'm sure you can imagine the disappointment that rained down on him from his elders. But, lest you sympathize too much with this scoundrel, be aware that instead of trying his hand at some other more promising endeavor, M. La Crème stole the family fortune and embarked on an international spree of blackmail, thievery, intimidation, and malice aforethought. A practice which he maintains to this day right here in our neck of the woods.

There are some things you just never can shake and M. La Crème spends every waking moment trying to prove his family wrong. Well, he figures the best way to do that is to claim the title of World Pastry Champion right out from under them. Of course, he's well aware of his obvious limitations in the realm of the culinary arts and, therefore, has another far more sinister plan in mind. On that very same day that Fobo and Taco Cat met, M. La Crème was present, as well. Once he saw what Fobo can do when properly encouraged and tasted the prize-winning results immediately thereafter, the die was cast.

M. La Crème has his black heart set on kidnapping the innocent armadillo in question and locking him up inside a 24-hour Haunted House for the sole purpose of purloining the resultant treats and passing them off as his own. Now, if that ain't a villain, I don't know what is. To that end, he's rounded up the help of a trio of baddies to track down Fobo and bring him back to his secret lair.

### **Arthur (a were-beast)**

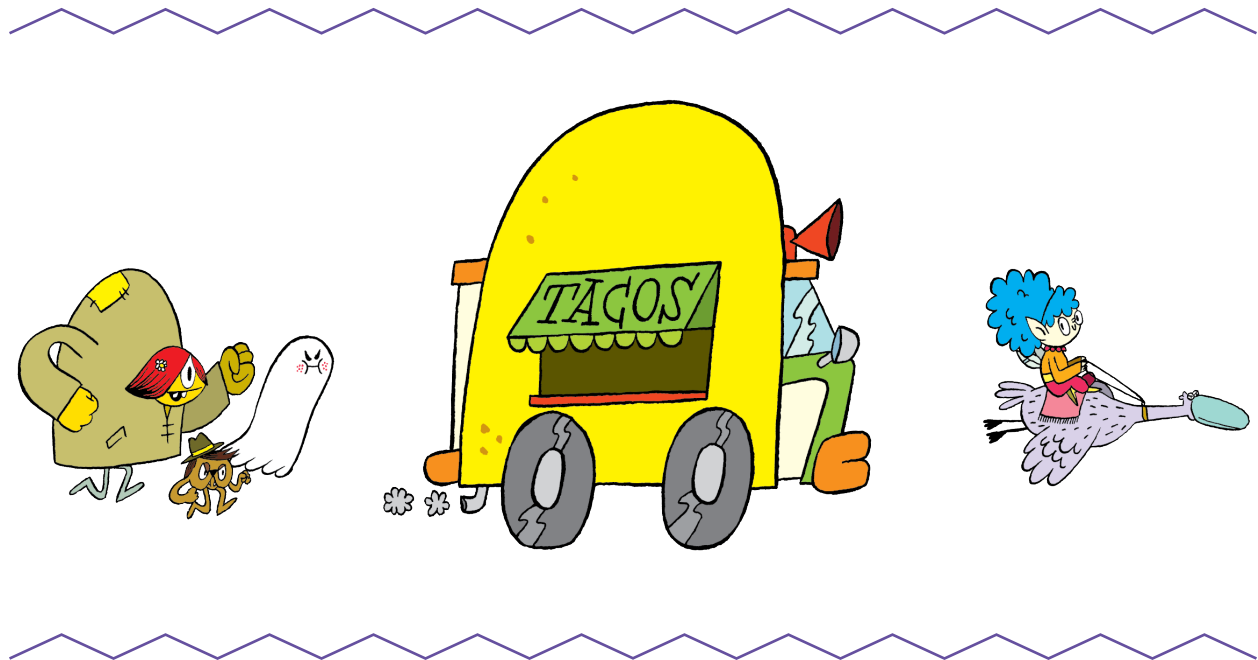
Arthur's a hairy little nugget with a Texas-sized Napoleon complex. Sure, he currently calls M. La Crème "Boss", but he harbors a not-so-secret ambition to fill those boots. As this posse's de facto head honcho, he can be absolutely tyrannical to Moot and Bobby, even if the effect is largely lost on them. He tends to take the trio's failures the most personal, flying into a blinding rage at each and every inevitable humiliation.

### **Bobby Boo aka "The Boo-Man" (a ghost)**

Back in his living years, Bobby was a much-despised and woefully unpopular morning radio disc jockey. When he crossed over to the other side, he brought the full repertoire of annoying impressions and insipid remarks with him. If he weren't so utterly intangible, he'd wind up with a sock in the nose every time he opened his mouth. Still, he can pass through walls and floors which comes in handy in his line of work. Heck, he'd be the perfect spy, if only he'd shut up.

### **Moot (a cyclops)**

Due to her predilection for conversing primarily in grunts, eye-rolls and sighs, Moot might give one the false impression that she's on the dim side of dumb. In fact, she's whip-smart and well-spoken when she wants to be. Paired up with the aforementioned nitwits, though? Well, a thoughtful exchange of words and ideas just isn't worth the effort. Oh, she'll do her part and toss a fallen boulder or rip a steel door right off its hinges, but make no mistake, she's only it for the greenbacks.



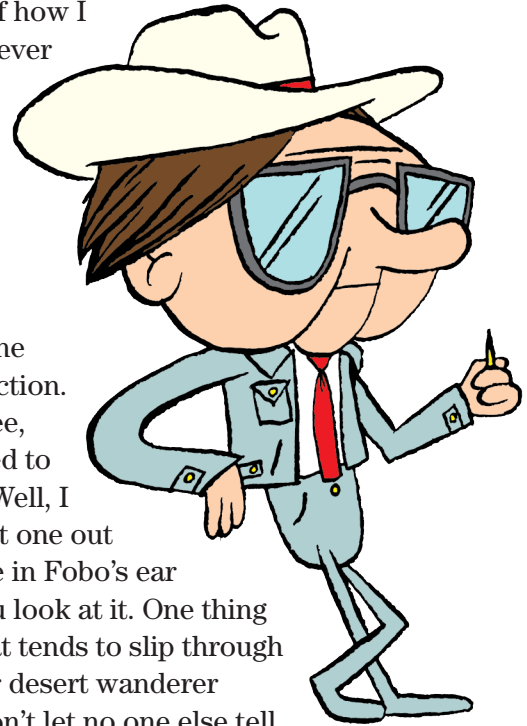


## B.C.

Right around now, I'm sure you're probably asking yourself how I come to know so much about everything. Like most, I've never felt too easy talking about myself and I'm not about to break that habit now. Whether you want to accuse me there of being humble or mysterious, that's between you and the horse you rode in on. My job's telling the story of Fobo and Taco Cat and I reckon that's all I aim to do.

Now, if I'm being completely honest, it's true that I may be guilty of pulling a string here or there but it's only ever in the service of making this tale turn in a more entertaining direction. Was it yours truly that mailed Fobo that bus ticket to Bisbee, Arizona? Set to arrive the very same day Taco Cat happened to be there himself, participating in a county-wide cook-off? Well, I guess I'd have to shrug my shoulders and let you figure that one out for yourself. Likewise, am I the wind that whistled the tune in Fobo's ear that'll ship Mimsy up the river? I suppose it's all in how you look at it. One thing I will tell you for free is that's perception's a fickle fish what tends to slip through all nets. So, to be absolutely plain about it, I'm just another desert wanderer spinning the twilight tango across the infinite riddle and don't let no one else tell you any different.

And if you happen to run across any of the good folks mentioned herein, feel free to tip your hat, wish them well, and tell 'em BC sent ya.



## The Look

Wack Magic is a straight-up C-A-R-T-O-O-N! Embedded in the tradition of rubber hose animation, the characters are able to bend and stretch when necessary for maximum laffs. Anything is possible—and our pals Fobo and Taco Cat will prove it! This isn't to say that they're invincible. Oh, quite the contrary! Taco Cat has a way of getting in over his head, so don't be surprised if his antics end with both him and Fobo on crutches for the rest of the episode. It's a good thing the Taco Truck has a first aid kit! There's enough impossibility to keep the chuckles coming, yet enough danger to make the characters think twice.

The colors are vibrant and the characters have dimension. Meanwhile, the hand-rendered backgrounds capture and embellish the warm colors and settings you can only find in the American Southwest: mesas, plateaus, ghost towns, petroglyphs, cacti, dilapidated fences and more tumbleweed than you can shake a rattlesnake at.

As Fobo and Taco Cat journey across the Southwest expanse, we'll explore their world of both the familiar and fantastic. Small adobe towns, caverns, magnificent rock formations and a whole lot of low creeping brush and bramble are sure to be found. Likewise, there's also a fair share of cosmic clouds, cursed canyons, unexplained "natural" phenomena, portals to alternate dimensions and vanishing cities of gleaming alabaster along their endless drive over desolate highways, pot-hole ridden dirt roads and chaotic back-alleyways. Beyond that rocky, dusty facade is a lush, rich tapestry of strange, ripe for exploring.



# Story Engine




Just as the world of Wack Magic is not absolutely bound by any hard and fast rules, so are the stories we can tell within it. That said, there will certainly be constants throughout. At least within the first season, all the stories will be centered entirely around Fobo and Taco Cat. They are the ambassadors of this topsy-turvy terrain and their discoveries, anxieties, excitement, and flat out fun will be ours as well.

The show is episodic with the sole serial element present in the characters' long-term goals. For Fobo and Taco Cat, that includes staying ahead of M. Le Crème and capturing Mimsy. While either of those things could occur within a single episode, the outcomes may vary. If caught, Mimsy may remain trapped in the otherworldly dimension of her magic harp for several episodes before she escapes again. Additionally, she could get trapped and released several times in the course of one episode. Or, she might evade capture entirely. On the other hand, if either Fobo or Taco Cat is nabbed, they'll be free by the end of the episode. Each episode will begin and close its own independent story with the (primary) characters returning to their default statuses by the episode's end. The first-time viewer will be able to enjoy and relate to the show as much as the most maniacally loyal fan.

This is not to suggest that every story needs to involve one or both of those antagonists. Fobo and Taco Cat love taking extracurricular side trips in their endless trek. Each detour is a chance to expand the world with additional characters, environments, and opportunities for adventure. If the pair should happen to come across other victims of Mimsy's prankish ways, they will always endeavor to be of assistance. For Fobo, the possibility of learning new things or exploring the unknown is a powerful magnet and more than enough to warrant an unscheduled stop. (Especially in instances where Mimsy is inactive and the Baddies have lost their direction.) With TC, he's always willing to pull over and set up shop if he thinks there's a buck in it. Then again, sometimes their journey is interrupted by forces beyond their control, both supernatural and otherwise. Every interaction with the denizens of the desert is a lit fuse leading to an explosion of the weird, the wild, and the wonderful.

The heart of Wack Magic lies in the brotherly relationship between Taco Cat and Fobo. Each of them is improved by knowing the other. These stories are in many ways about overcoming fear and building trust through friendship and teamwork. An independent spirit is an invaluable asset but with the support of family and friends, anything is possible. TC encourages Fobo to be active in the world and experience things first hand. Fobo instills a sense of responsibility in TC and allows him to see himself as part of a greater community. In this respect, Mimsy's curses are arguably the best things that have ever happened to them – a fact recognized on some level by both our heroes, even if they haven't admitted it yet.



# Story Ideas



## ***“A Conventional Beginning”***

While a rare book fair occupies the main hall of the Bisbee Convention Center, the parking lot is home to a semi-prestigious cook-off contest. Taco Cat stands in a row of food trucks, offering samples and charming the event’s judge. A tour bus pulls up and Fobo exits, anxious to attend the book fair but immediately gets lost in the crowd. In his anxiety, he trails butterscotch candies and bumps right into TC. Annoyed, TC sets him straight but notices the candies and suspects he might also have been cursed by Mimsy. Fobo enters the book fair and goes directly to a spooky booth where he finds an ancient tome on magic and the mystic arts, specifically pixies. Nose deep in the book, Fobo blindly wanders through the hall and outside to a sea of chairs in front of the cook-off judges panel. On the stage, TC is very pleased to be awarded an enormous trophy cup for Best In Food Trucks. The next category is Desserts. In the shadows, M. Le Crème waits for his name to be called. (He’s blackmailed any and all competitors, so that he alone remains in the contest.) As the judge begins to announce the winner, Fobo turns a page and sees a drawing of Mimsy. A quick terrified flashback of his initial cursing causes him to explode into a selection of French pastries. One of which lands directly in the judge’s mouth. The judge immediately declares it the Best In Show. M. Le Crème sends his Baddies to capture Fobo, who is on the run. The Baddies turn a corner, only to find TC, alone with his upside-down trophy cup. TC directs the Baddies behind a curtain and, once they’ve disappeared, lifts the trophy to reveal a grateful Fobo hidden underneath. TC relates that he has also been cursed by Mimsy and will help Fobo escape. They make a run for it, but the Baddies are soon at their heels. The enormous trophy cup slows our heroes down, so with deep regret, TC says goodbye to his beloved trophy and rolls it over the Baddies, knocking them over like bowling pins. M. Le Crème witnesses the two make a fast break in the Taco Truck and the adventure begins.

## ***“Upon A Pond”***

Under the hot desert sun, Taco Cat rages at the dead battery in his Taco Truck. Fobo offers him a calming mug of chamomile tea, which Taco Cat angrily tosses into the sagebrush. When Fobo goes to retrieve the mug, he discovers a hidden oasis with a magically sparkling pond. B.C. appears and informs Fobo that this pond operates under a specific set of rules: Your first time in, the pond will give you what you need. The second, what you want. Third, what you neither need nor want. Fobo dives to the bottom and reemerges with a fully charged car battery. He rushes back to TC, hands him the battery, and the engine starts right up. The pond works! TC’s greed kicks in, but like any cat, he can’t stand water. So, he convinces Fobo that what Fobo really wants is a bathysphere so that TC can use the pond without getting wet. Fobo makes it so. Quivering with excitement, TC climbs inside the bathysphere and descends into the pond, eager to claim his reward. He reemerges with what the pond thinks he needs: a mug of chamomile tea. He angrily tosses the mug, which flies into the Taco Truck, knocking the gear shift from P to D. TC pushes Fobo out of the barreling truck’s path and right into the pond. B.C. restates the rule: the third time in, the pond gives you what you don’t need and really, really don’t want. And

so, Fobo rises from below with Mimsy and Beansprout. As Mimsy assails an exploding Fobo, TC realizes that he can't allow Mimsy to use the wishing pond. In spite of his severe distaste for water, TC jumps right in to get what he wants. Everyone watches with bated breath, as TC appears holding a chain, connected to something at the pond's bottom. Mimsy, now aware of the pond's power, makes a graceful dive. But when TC pulls the chain to reveal a bathtub stopper at the other end, the pond drains and Mimsy dives directly into a face full of wishless mud.

### ***“The Eyes Have It”***

Fobo and Taco Cat meet a man who has been cursed by Mimsy to become part potato every time someone says the word “potato” to him. As of yet, it's only affected a few of his fingers and the top of his bald head. Both of which are mostly hidden by a hat and gloves. Our pair promises to help him by convincing the people of his small town to replace the offending word with something more benign. The Potato Man is running for Mayor, though, and doesn't want his embarrassing secret getting into the hands of his opponent. So, Fobo and TC embark on a seemingly inexplicable mission to get people to stop saying “potato”. They mount a street-level campaign using tactics found in one of Fobo's “guerilla marketing” books and the momentum grows. It's working! As the Potato Man's optimism and confidence rises, his campaign prospers which upsets his opponent. The challenger employs the mysterious relationship between the Potato Man and newcomers, Fobo and Taco Cat, to cast aspersions in a public debate. When Taco Cat accuses him of using baseless slander to egg on the crowd, the opponent becomes very nervous and shifty. Fobo notices and tells the opponent that he's putting all his eggs in one basket, at which point the Challenger removes his own hat to show that the top of his bald head is a shiny, white egg. Discovering that they've both been similarly cursed, the two opponents for Mayor announce they're running together as a two-man Mayor. Fobo and Taco Cat immediately begin a new campaign to convince people to not say “egg”.

### ***“Let Me In On The Choke”***

Fobo and Taco Cat cross paths with a young, sad gopher, Becky, who has one major ambition in her life: to be the mascot for her beloved local baseball team, The Mesa City Artichokes. She has the spirit, the moves, and the will. The only problem is that she's too small for the costume and, therefore, can't even be considered for the job. So, she's going to have to abandon her dream and go into the family business: real estate. This hits TC especially hard and he suggests a possibly dangerous alternative. What if they could somehow get Mimsy to cast a spell on Becky that would turn her into a permanent living mascot for the Artichokes? Becky agrees wholeheartedly. Since Mimsy would never willingly do what anyone else wants, Fobo and Taco Cat launch an intricate, jewel heist-like plan. They subtly and subliminally plant suggestions in Mimsy's mind to turn Becky into an artichoke. At a final staged scenario, Mimsy will whammy Becky with the right curse and believe it was her own idea. Our duo successfully manipulates the entire process from the outside and with an unseen hand. When the plan succeeds and Becky becomes a living approximation of an artichoke, Fobo and Taco Cat have to feign disappointment when Becky has no other recourse than to accept a position as the team's official permanent mascot.



### ***“From Curse To Worse”***

Fobo and Taco Cat attend a party thrown by Mimsy for everyone she’s ever cursed. Guests will be able to swap curses according to White Elephant-type rules. Fobo’s curse changes hands many times and he adopts several others but TC can’t get anyone to take on his taco head. Mimsy announces that the final round’s winner will have their curse lifted forever. Second place gets to swap with anyone else. Everyone else keeps whatever they have. TC has a clear shot at first place but notices that poor Fobo (now, cursed to be a bowl of soup) is stuck in last place. TC throws the match so that Fobo comes in second. Moved by his gesture, Fobo decides to use his swap to revert back to his original dessert explosion curse as a demonstration of unity.

### ***“Grand Theft Taco”***

While Fobo and Taco Cat help a sweet elderly woman rake cactus needles in her backyard, their Taco Truck is stolen. They immediately suspect M. Le Crème’s Baddies. TC and Fobo discover the baddies in cheap disguises pretending to run a local hotel. Our amigos play along until they can figure out where the truck is hidden. As TC and Fobo wait upstairs, the baddies argue amongst themselves about the specifics of which plan to deploy. When they finally do attempt to capture our amigos, the plan goes awry and Arthur asks for a do-over. They agree. It fails again and TC suggests they all go back to when the Baddies first stole the truck. The Baddies take Fobo and TC to the hidden truck and ride with them to the old lady’s house. While the Baddies are emptying bags of cactus needles in the old woman’s backyard to prepare for Fobo and TC’s arrival, Fobo and TC make their departure.

### ***“A Colossal Drag”***

Taco Cat loses the Taco Truck in a drag race against The Desert Demon, who locks it up and declares it as his breakfast. Fobo and TC spend a long night initiating a plan to get the truck back. The next morning, as the Demon is on his way to eat their truck, he’s attracted by a movie theater advertising a free screening of a “Fast & Furious” type movie and heads inside. From the projection booth, Fobo & Taco Cat instead screen a propagandistic documentary (made by them) which tells the true story of how the world is being pushed to the edge of destruction by demons eating cars. The Desert Demon leaves the theater in tears, but when Fobo & TC go to retrieve their truck, they find only the chain and lock. Outside the theater, the Demon hands out pamphlets and solicits to get signatures on a petition. He explains that he did the right thing and set the truck free. The Taco Truck, driverless and with a heavy rock pressing down the accelerator, motors across the desert chased by Fobo & Taco Cat, on foot.

### ***“This Episode: Five Stars”***

To get more “RaterGator” (think, Yelp) ratings for their Taco Truck, Fobo & Taco Cat apply to bring their truck to the app’s company headquarters for lunch. On a whim, they anonymously create a page for Mimsy and rate her only one star. She discovers this and, deeply insulted, demands satisfaction from the company’s president. The IT department traces the original poster to one of the food trucks in front of the building, in other words, Fobo & Taco Cat. Terrified, Fobo blasts a never-ending barrage of desserts which prevents Mimsy from getting a clear shot at either of them. Eventually, they’re all utterly exhausted and come to the agreement that the real enemy here is the rating app itself. They create a page for “RaterGator”, give it one star, and watch as the campus crumbles to a pile of dust.

### ***“First Moon On Earth”***

Fobo lifts a rock from the bottom of a crater which causes the moon to be pulled from the sky and sucked into the hole created by the rock’s absence, like a plug in a bathtub. While Taco Cat and Fobo come up with a plan to get the now basketball-sized moon back into space, Mimsy notices it missing and goes to confront them. But she soon becomes mesmerized and greedily wants to keep the lunar gem for herself. She concocts a plan to swap Fobo in place of the moon but when Fobo sticks his head in the hole, he sees a terrifying psychedelic parade. While TC attempts to rescue his exploding friend, Mimsy attempts to abscond with the moon. Fobo’s relentless fear-stream of desserts eventually push him loose and plug the hole behind him. Mimsy attempts to lug the extremely heavy moon home, but by using an underhanded optical illusion our heroes trick her into replacing it in the night sky.

### ***“The Catmadillo Prophecy”***

Our duo are heralded as the living embodiments of an ancient prophecy and elected Mayor (Fobo) and Sheriff (Taco Cat) of a small town. When a dejected Beansprout wanders into town and freely allows himself to be escorted to a jail cell, they learn that he and Mimsy had a bitter falling out. Fobo believes that if they can reunite the two, Mimsy will be so grateful that she’ll lift their curses. TC finds Mimsy and gets her to agree to come talk things over with Beansprout. When they arrive they find a giant Prophecy Day parade marching down Main Street with an uneasy Fobo as its candy-spouting Marshall. Mimsy frees Beansprout from jail, accuses Taco Cat of planning to imprison her, too, and flies above the parade blasting hexes wildly. When the smoke clears, everyone is cursed but they seem to be happy about it. Joyous, even. The citizens explain that this was also part of the prophecy. Fobo and Taco Cat decide this town has suddenly become too weird for them and hit the road.

