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"AQUAMAN IS  
GONE. THE HOUSE  
OF ATLAN HAS  
TOPPLED. KING  
ARTHUR'S REIGN  
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# Atlantis



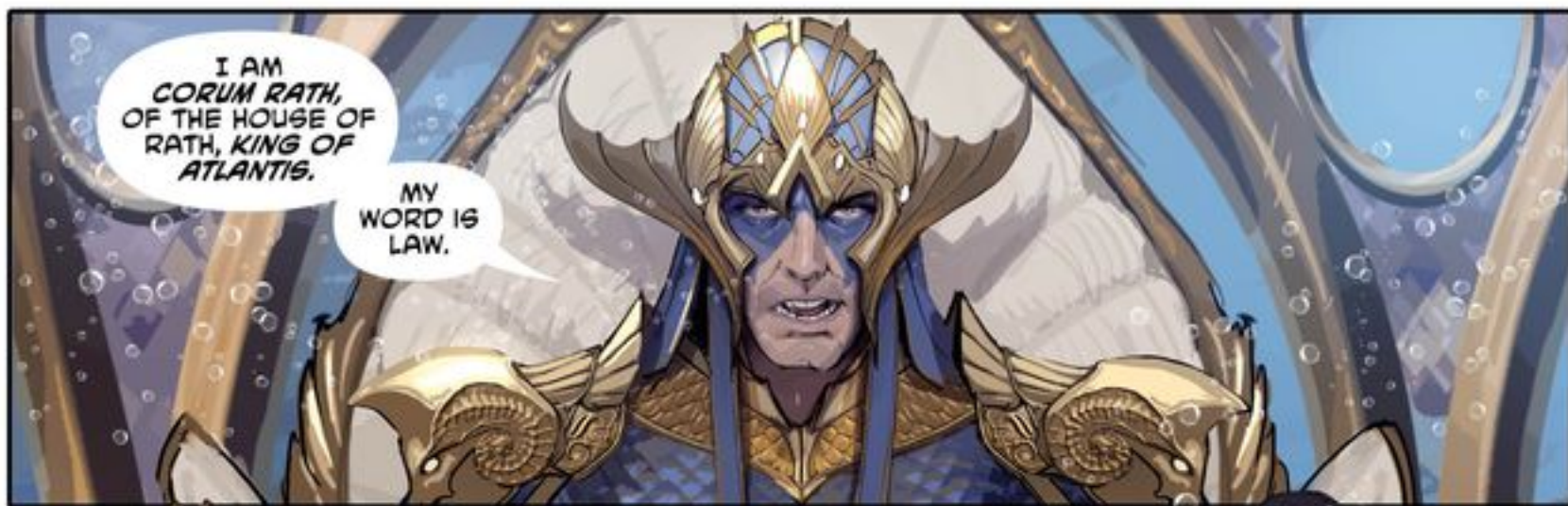


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NOW, ELDER LEOT...WE MUST CLEAN HOUSE AND REBUILD.

GREAT KING, *MANY* CITIZENS FROM THE LOWER TRIDES HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO LABOR IN THE RESTORATION PROGRAM.

THE RECENT CONFLICT WITH THE AMERICANS HAS LEFT--

I DON'T JUST MEAN THE *FABRIC* OF THE CITY, LEOT.

THOSE SYMPATHETIC TO THE OLD KING MUST BE ROOTED OUT, ALONG WITH ALL THOSE WHO ARE NOT *TRUE* ATLANTEANS.

I HEAR TALK OF MUTATION...

A CURSE, MY LORD...



SUCH UNDESIRABLES WILL BE FOUND, LORD KING. THE DRIFT HUNTS FOR THEM SYSTEMATICALLY.

GOOD, URCELL, GOOD.

BUT SEARCH FOR ITEMS OF MAGICAL POWER TOO. MANY OF OUR NOBLE FAMILIES HAVE HEIRLOOMS THEY HAVE NOT DECLARED.

THE *STRENGTH* OF OUR REIGN...THE VERY SECURITY OF ATLANTIS...WILL BE FOUNDED ON THE MAGIC KEPT BY THE *SILENT* SCHOOL.

I WILL NOT HAVE THAT POWER DILUTED BY UNLICENSED TRINKETS.

SIR, THE NINTH TRIDE, IN PARTICULAR, IS A NEST OF UNDESIRABLES. I BELIEVE UNLAWFUL ARTIFACTS ARE COMMON IN THOSE STREETS, TOO.

I KNOW THAT DISTRICT IS ESPECIALLY DEAR TO YOUR HEART--

IT IS WHERE I WAS BORN AND BRED, LEOT. REST ASSURED, I HAVE EYES AND EARS IN THAT ZONE...





...FOR THE  
NINTH TRIDE  
OF ATLANTIS  
IS HOME TO  
ME.


# The Ninth Tride

THE NINTH TRIDE IS SOCIALLY AND LITERALLY THE LOWEST QUARTER OF THE CITY-STATE.

IT STRADDLES, AND FALLS SHEER INTO, THE CARNAC ABYSS THAT SPLITS THE CITY NORTH TO SOUTH, A RELIC OF THE CATASTROPHE THAT SANK ATLANTIS.


HERE THE CITY CLINGS LIKE CORAL TO THE CLIFF WALLS OF THE TRENCH.






THE PEOPLE OF THE NINTH TRIDE REFER TO THEMSELVES AS HADALIN, THE WORD FOR THE ORGANISMS OF THE SUNLESS ZONE THAT LIVE OFF ORGANIC MATTER SINKING FROM ABOVE.

THE NAME BEGAN AS A SLUR, BUT IS NOW WORN WITH PRIDE. THE HADALIN, LIKE THEIR BOTTOM-FEEDER NAMESAKES, TOIL TO KEEP THE SEAS CLEAN.



AND NOW THEY TOIL TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE DONE DURING THE LAST ATTACK ON ATLANTIS.

I WORK TO RAISE STONE AND REBUILD. IT IS HONEST LABOR.



NO ONE TROUBLES ME. I KNOW NO ONE. I HAVE NO FRIENDS. NO ACQUAINTANCES.

NO ONE LOOKS TWICE AT ME. JUST ANOTHER ITINERANT WHO'S COME TO THE NINTH FOR WORK.

I HAD A DREAM OF ATLANTIS ONCE.



THEN I AWOKE, LOOKED UP AND FOUND THE DREAM WAS GONE.