



WELCOME TO  
THE TOWER OF THE  
WIDOWHOOD.

THANK YOU?

ELDER KOAH, WHEN I TOLD YOU I WOULD CONSENT TO A SERIES OF RITUAL TRIALS--

INDEED, MY LADY, TO PROVE YOU ARE WORTHY OF MARRYING INTO THE ATLANTEAN DYNASTY--

YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE TO KEEP HITTING THAT POINT, ELDER.

HUMBLE APOLOGIES.

WHEN I SAID I WOULD CONSENT, THIS IS *NOT* WHAT I EXPECTED.

THE WIDOWHOOD IS THE MOST SACRED ORDER OF ATLANTIS. THE WIDOWS WILL INDUCT YOU INTO THE WISDOM AND TRADITION OF OUR PEOPLE.

REVEREND MOTHER CETEA IS--

--COLD. REVEREND MOTHER CETEA IS COLD. THE DEEP CURRENTS ARE CHILL TODAY AND WE LINGER OUTSIDE.

ARE YOU COMING IN OR NOT, MERA OF XEBEL?



L-LORD KING! YOU RISE E-EARLY THIS DAY!

MY BED'S TOO BIG AND EMPTY, SENESCHAL KAE.

M-MY LORD, F-FOR YOU, I'M SURE A S-SMALLER BED COULD BE PROVIDED--



--AH, YOU MEAN? O-O-OF COURSE.

L-LADY MERA WILL RETURN SOON, MY LORD.

THE WIDHOOD ARE ENLIGHTENED SOULS. THEY W-WILL IMPART GREAT WISDOM TO THE LADY MERA--

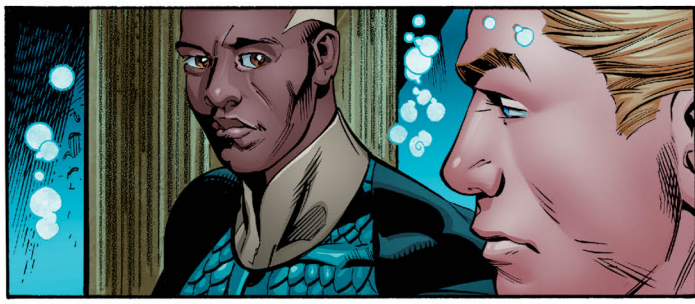
I KNOW, KAE. THE WIDOWS ARE ALL BEREAVED. THEY'VE LOST SONS AND HUSBANDS IN THE SERVICE OF ATLANTIS.

THEY'VE CHOSEN TO SERVE AS THE SPIRITUAL MOTHERS OF THE CITY, SO--



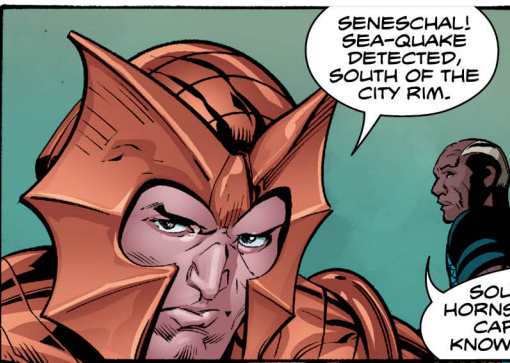
QUITE SO! AND I'M S-SURE THE MONTHS OF S-STUDY WITH THEM WILL--

MONTHS?



YOU'LL WANT TO S-SPEAK WITH ELDER KOAH.

I WANT TO SPEAK WITH ELDER KOAH.



SENESCHAL! SEA-QUAKE DETECTED, SOUTH OF THE CITY RIM.

SOUND THE WARNING HORNS AS A PRECAUTION, CAPTAIN SIRON. YOU KNOW THE P-PROTOCOL.



HOLD ON. THAT TRACK.

IT'S NOT SEISMIC. LOOK AT THE RHYTHM OF IT.

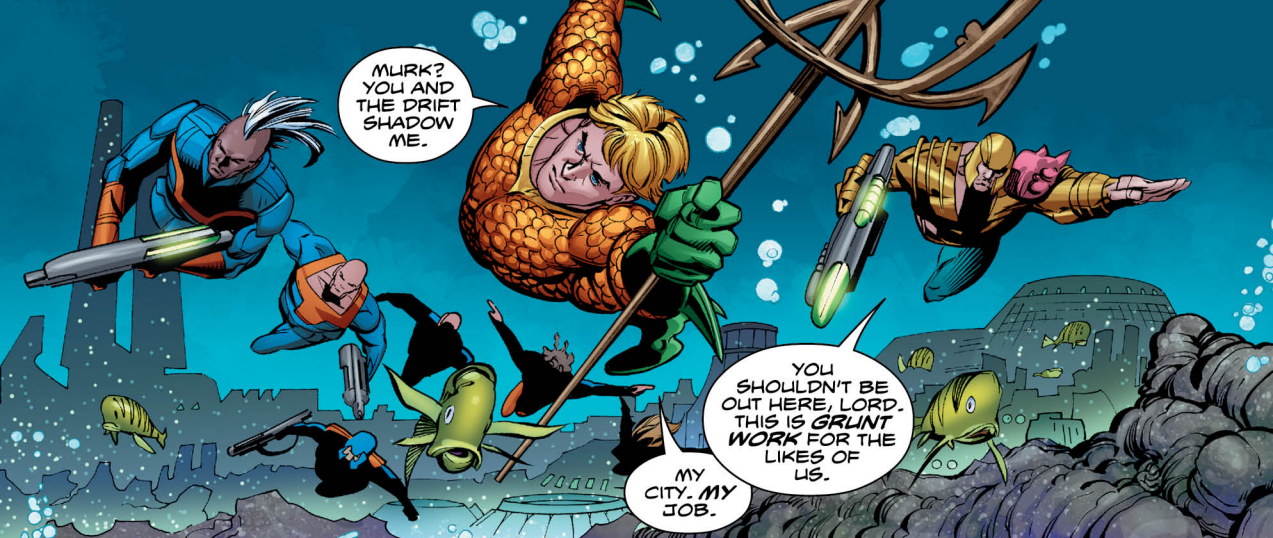
YOU'RE RIGHT, MY LORD. THEY LOOK LIKE...

"...FOOTSTEPS."

THOOOMM  
THOOOMM  
THOOOMM

# UNSTOPPABLE

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MURK?  
YOU AND  
THE DRIFT  
SHADOW  
ME.

YOU  
SHOULDN'T  
BE  
OUT  
HERE,  
LORD.  
THIS  
IS  
GRUNT  
WORK  
FOR  
THE  
LIKES  
OF  
US.

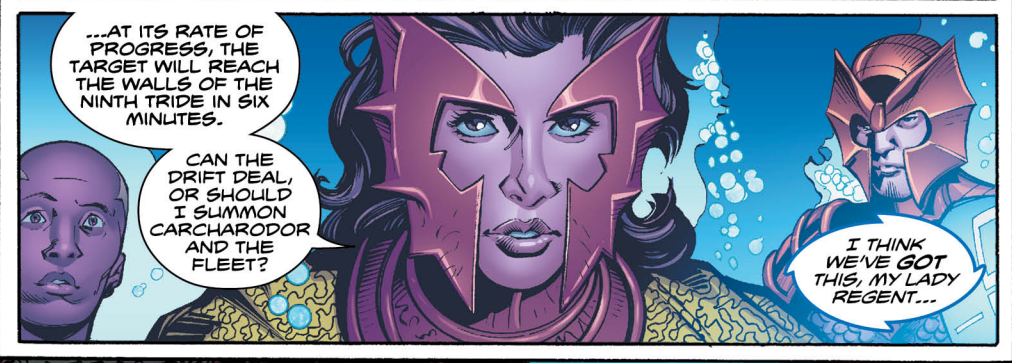
MY  
CITY.  
MY  
JOB.



WAR ROOM?  
WE'RE  
CLOSING  
NOW.

GOT A  
TARGET  
IN  
SIGHT. A  
BIG  
'UN.

MURK,  
THIS  
IS  
TLLA...



...AT ITS  
RATE OF  
PROGRESS,  
THE  
TARGET  
WILL  
REACH  
THE  
WALLS  
OF THE  
NINTH  
TRIDE  
IN SIX  
MINUTES.

CAN THE  
DRIFT  
DEAL,  
OR  
SHOULD  
I  
SUMMON  
CARCHARODOR  
AND  
THE  
FLEET?

I  
THINK  
WE'VE  
GOT  
THIS,  
MY  
LADY  
REGENT...

"...OUR LORD, THE KING, IS GOING IN HIMSELF. I FEEL SORTA SORRY FOR OUR INTRUDER..."

HOLD,  
VISITOR.  
STAY  
YOUR  
PATH  
AND  
TELL  
ME--

WUWUWUWU

