

FATHOM

Aspen Matthews was born of two worlds—the Human world above, and the one existing below the ocean's surface. However, while Aspen belongs to both, she has found solace in neither. Upon discovering her true identity, she was swept into a war between the Humans and the Blue, which lead to the return of the mythical creatures known as the Black, and the revealing of the Blue's existence to the surface world. The stakes are larger than ever, and as her incredible powers have matured, Aspen has discovered that finally, the one person who now controls her destiny—is herself.

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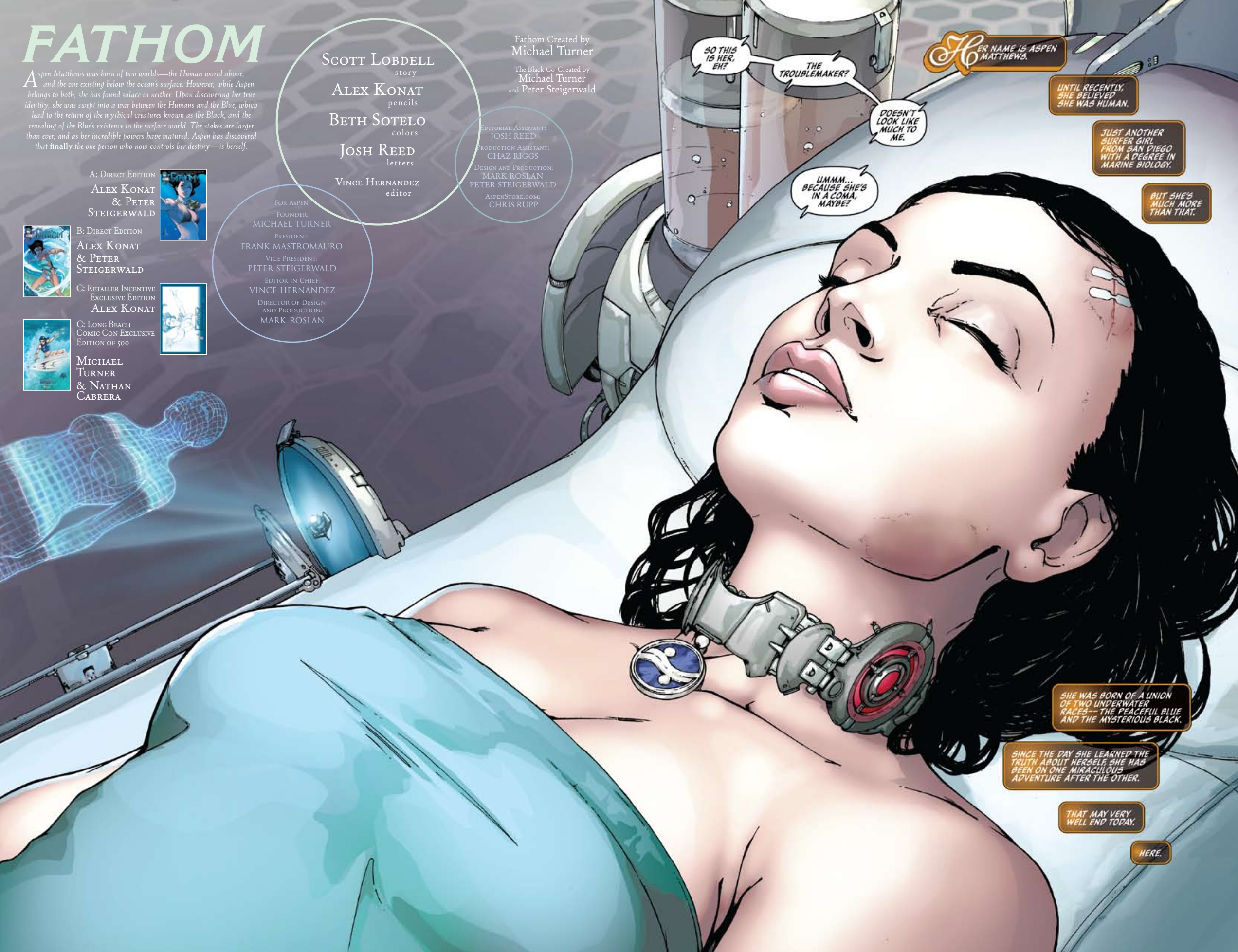
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SO THIS IS HER, EH?

THE TROUBLEMAKER?

HER NAME IS ASPEN MATTHEWS.

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH TO ME.

UNTIL RECENTLY, SHE BELIEVED SHE WAS HUMAN.

JUST ANOTHER SURFER GIRL FROM SAN DIEGO WITH A DEGREE IN MARINE BIOLOGY.

BUT SHE'S MUCH MORE THAN THAT.

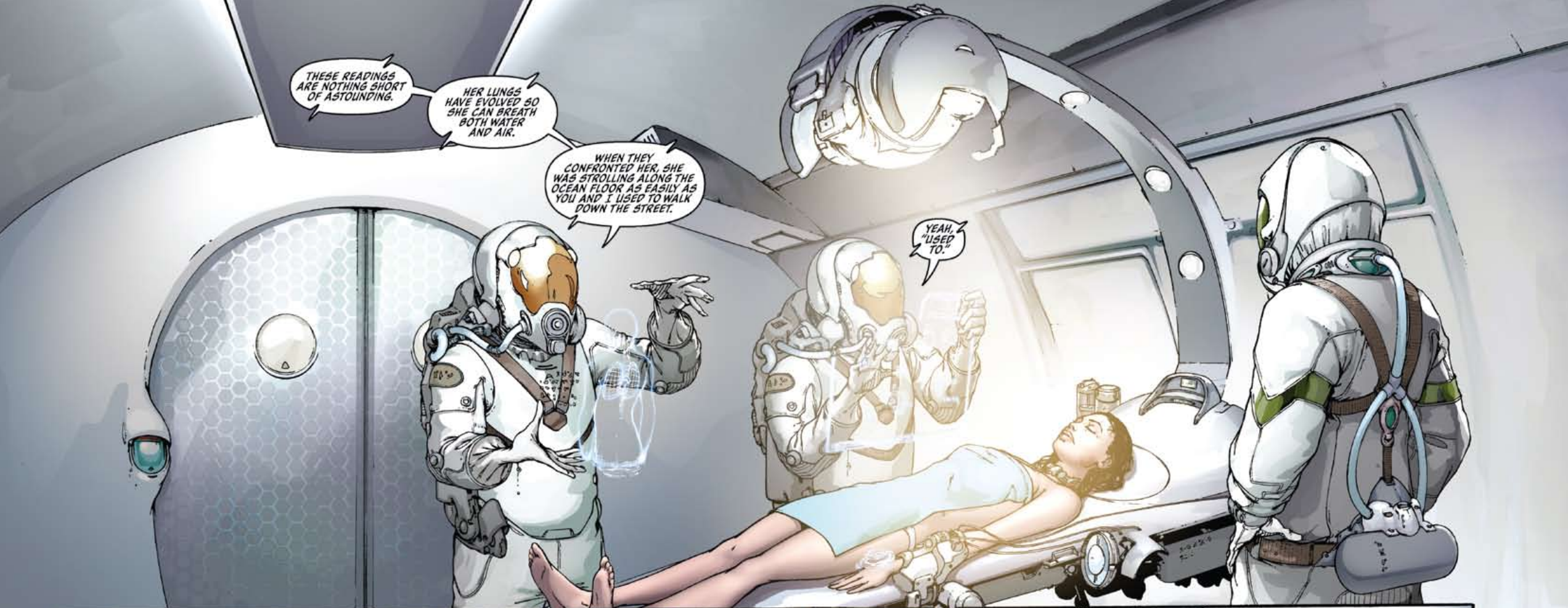
UMMM... BECAUSE SHE'S IN A COMA, MAYBE?

SHE WAS BORN OF A UNION OF TWO UNDERWATER RACES-- THE PEACEFUL BLUE AND THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK.

SINCE THE DAY SHE LEARNED THE TRUTH ABOUT HERSELF, SHE HAS BEEN ON ONE MIRACULOUS ADVENTURE AFTER THE OTHER.

THAT MAY VERY WELL END TODAY.

HERE.



THESE READINGS ARE NOTHING SHORT OF ASTOUNDING.

HER LUNGS HAVE EVOLVED SO SHE CAN BREATHE BOTH WATER AND AIR.

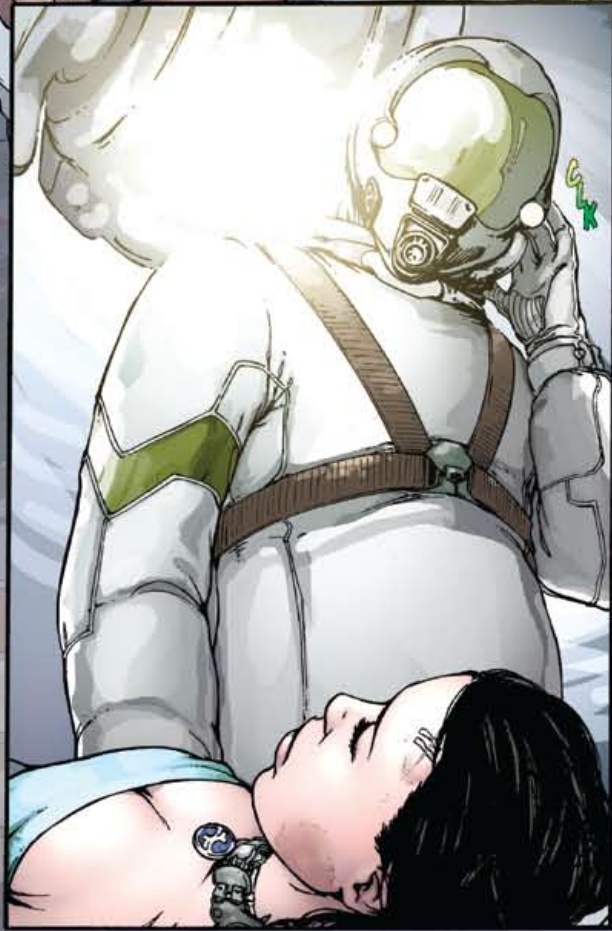
WHEN THEY CONFRONTED HER, SHE WAS STROLLING ALONG THE OCEAN FLOOR AS EASILY AS YOU AND I USED TO WALK DOWN THE STREET.

YEAH, "USED TO."



C'MON, LET'S CHECK ON THE OTHER WOMAN.

CONSIDERING EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED, IT SEEMS PRETTY POINTLESS... BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS.



ALONE AT LAST.

I KNOW YOU TRIED TO KILL US ALL, BUT YOU'RE SO... GORGEOUS.



I DON'T MEAN TO BE INTRUSIVE, BUT—



...!!!!



HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE???

I D-DON'T KN-KNOW... ABOUT A WEEK.

TH-THAT RESTRAINING COLLAR? YOU SHOULDN'T EVEN BE ABLE TO MOVE-- LET ALONE TEAR IT OFF.

SWASH
SWASH

THAT'S ME... I'M JUST FULL OF SURPRISES.



ONE MOMENT SHE'S
IN A HIGH TECH LAB—

—THE NEXT SHE'S IN AN
ANCIENT HALLWAY OF
STONE AND MORTAR.

SHE TRIES NOT TO LET
IT DISORIENT HER.

RIGHT NOW,
SHE NEEDS TO
CONCENTRATE
ON ONE THING...



HALT!

...ESCAPING.



RETURN TO
THE LAB, MISS
MATTHEWS.

OR, IF YOU'D
PREFER... RESIST, AND
GIVE US THE SLIGHTEST
JUSTIFICATION TO
BLOW YOU AWAY.

SHE STRIKES WITH THE SPEED OF A TIDAL WAVE—

—AND WITH NEARLY AS MUCH POWER.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN SHE WOULD HAVE TRIED TO REASON WITH THESE MEN.

TO COME TO A CONSENSUS THAT WOULD HELP ALL OF THEM RESOLVE THEIR MUTUAL DIFFERENCES WITHOUT ANYONE GETTING HURT.

OR MORE HURT.

WHAT THE--?!

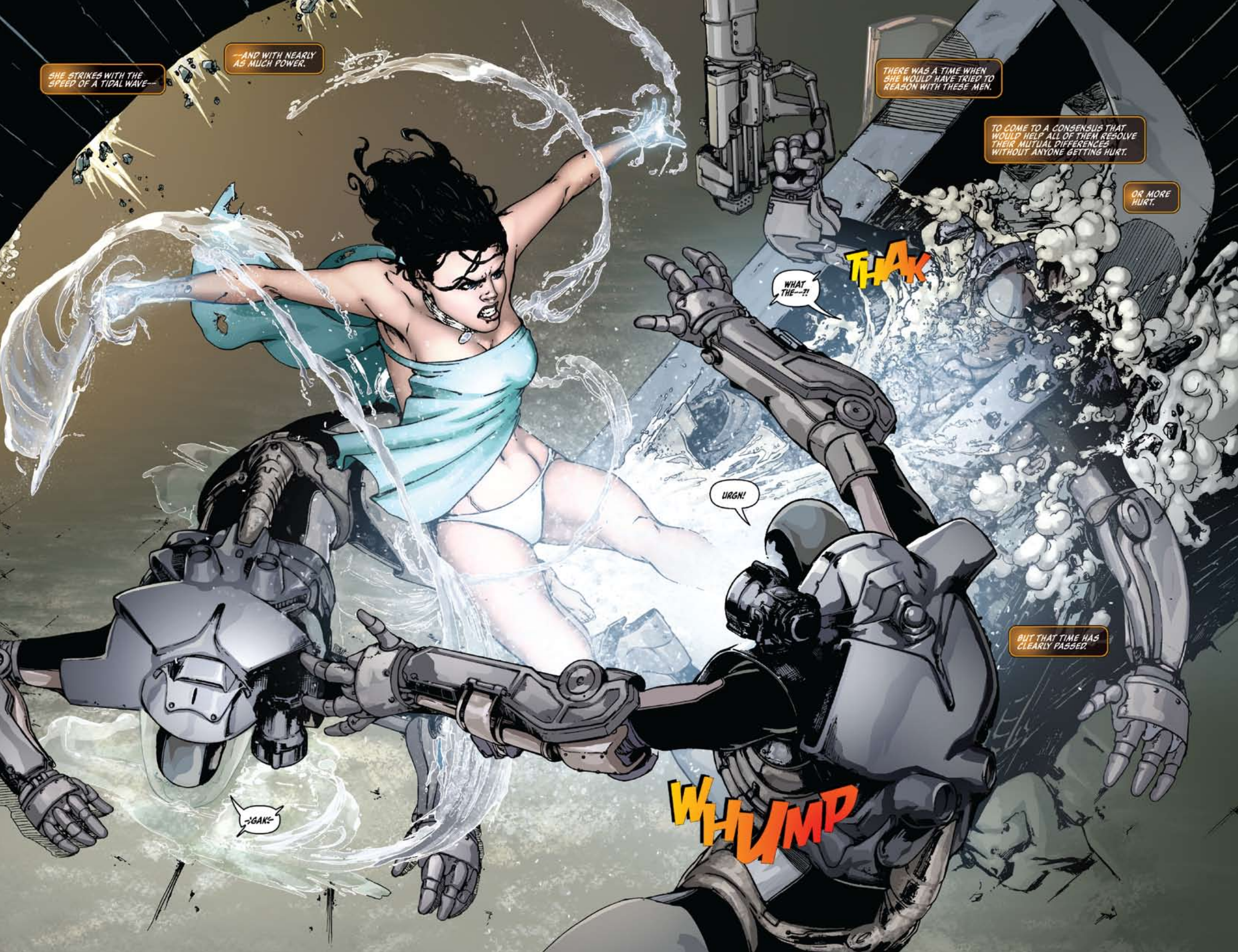
THAK

URGN!

BUT THAT TIME HAS CLEARLY PASSED.

-GAK-

WHUMP





THE OTHERS.

WHERE?



THE LUCKY ONES?

THEY'RE... DEAD.



LIAR.



KLANG
KLANG
KLANG



SHE MUST HAVE GONE THAT WAY!

UNIT THREE, MOVE IN!

WE'LL BE ON HER IN A SECOND-- SHE'S TRAPPED!

HONESTLY? A PART OF HER COULD DO THIS ALL DAY.

STANDING HER GROUND.

TAKING THEM ON ONE AT A TIME, OR ALL AT ONCE.



BUT THIS CONFLICT IS ABOUT MUCH MORE THAN WHAT SHE WANTS.

IF SHE FAILS HERE TODAY...

...THE CONSEQUENCES ARE UNTHINKABLE.



SHE CHOOSES TO LEAVE...

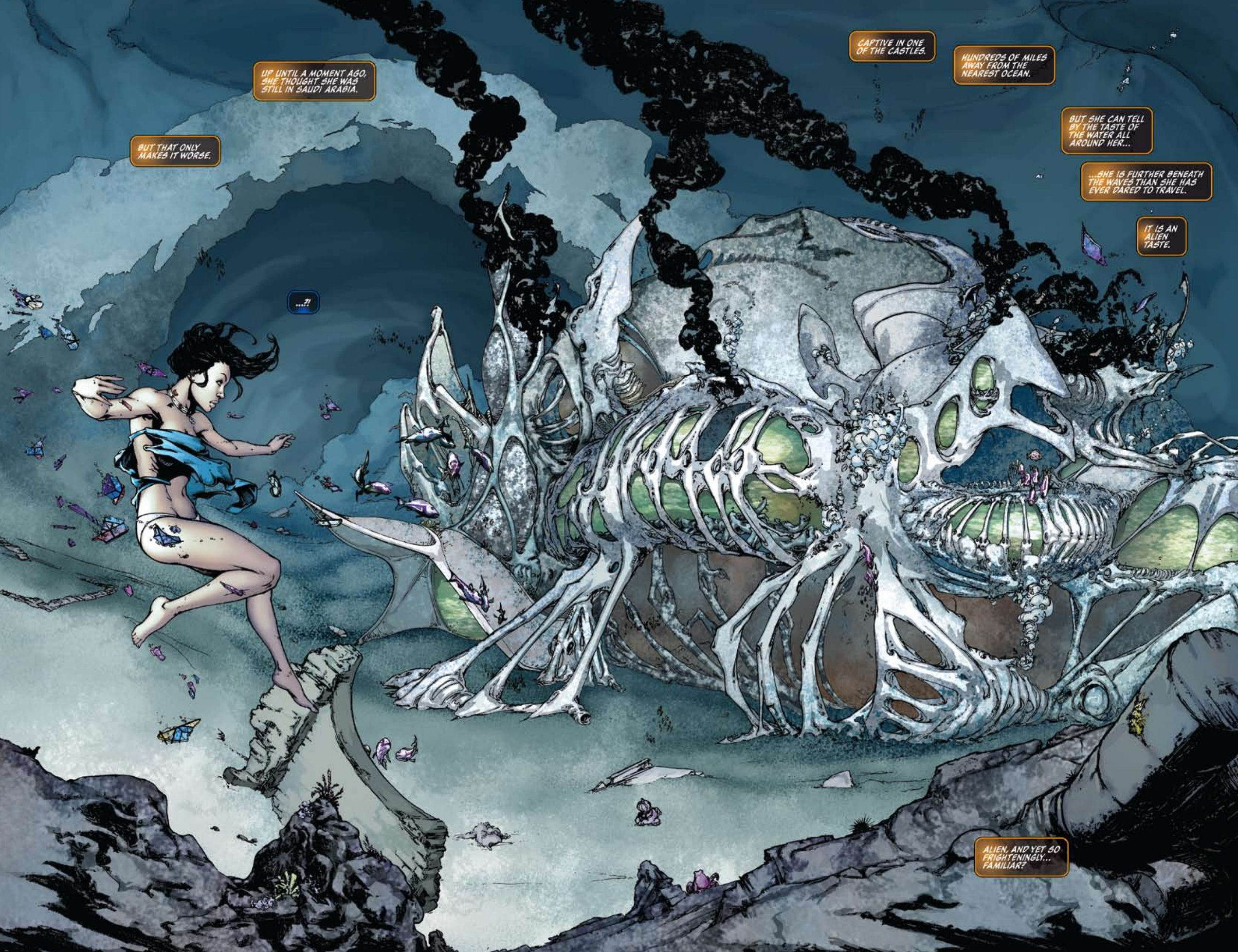
...GET SOME DISTANCE FROM THIS PLACE.

HER GOAL IS TO REMOVE HERSELF...



KERKRASH

...AND TAKE IN THE BIG PICTURE.



UP UNTIL A MOMENT AGO, SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS STILL IN SAUDI ARABIA.

BUT THAT ONLY MAKES IT WORSE.

...?!

CAPTIVE IN ONE OF THE CASTLES.

HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY FROM THE NEAREST OCEAN.

BUT SHE CAN TELL BY THE TASTE OF THE WATER ALL AROUND HER...

...SHE IS FURTHER BENEATH THE WAVES THAN SHE HAS EVER DARED TO TRAVEL.

IT IS AN ALIEN TASTE.

ALIEN, AND YET SO FRIGHTENINGLY... FAMILIAR?