

WHY DO I CONTINUE TO LOOK  
BACKWARDS FOR WHO I AM?



THE PRESENT NEVER  
SEEMS ENTIRELY REAL.



IT'S JUST THIS STRANGE  
PLACE A PAST VERSION OF  
MYSELF IS TRAPPED IN.



EVERYONE I  
LOVE IS GONE.

MY QUEST ITSELF  
IS MEDICINE...

OUR TIME LOST TO  
COLD CURRENTS.



...TO EASE THE PAIN  
OF ACCEPTANCE.

BUT THEY  
ARE GONE.

MY STRUGGLE  
IS FUTILE.

THE CHANGE I FEAR  
HAS ALREADY COME.



NOW IS DENIAL.

NOW IS A  
BRAVE FACE...



...HIDING THE  
DEATH RATTLE  
OF ALL I AM.

WELL, NOW, ME  
PEARS--WHAT I'D  
WASERED TO BE A  
CLEAN SLAUGHTER HAS  
TURNED INTO A  
MOMENTOUS  
CONTEST!

HOW DID  
THEY DO  
IT?!

IO, THE  
WAYWARD  
TRAVELER COME  
SNIFFING IN  
THE WRONG  
PLACE!

LEADER OF  
THESE LOST  
SOULS IS MARIK  
GAINE, THE BLUE-  
BORN SALUSIAN  
POP!

COME NOW,  
YE SCURRY  
MUTTS!





ZEM, THE  
COWARD WHO  
BETRAYED YOUR  
CAPTAIN ROLN  
AND OUR SACRED  
LAW!

ONLY ONE MORE  
POINT TO GO AND  
THESE SLOVENLY  
SLAVE [REDACTED]  
WIN THEIR LIVES  
BACK!

BUT FIRST,  
THEY HAVE TO  
GET PAST  
GROLM'S  
MOTLEY  
DISASTER  
TROOP!

NO MERCY  
FOR THE PIG  
OF SALUS!

ALL MY COIN  
ON GROLM'S!





HO! IO HAS TAKEN THE CUBE!

THE LAD'S THIRST FOR DEATH MUST BE IMMENSE TODAY!



MARK'S WINNING, FATHER.

AGAIN.

YES.

GROHM, THE LONGEVITY OF TADO'S TREACHEROUS BROTHER HAS UPSET OUR DOME'S PRIDE.

NO WORRY. TODAY WE DELIVER NEWS TO MOTHER STEL...



"...THAT HER SON'S HOPE DID NOT SAVE HIM."

GIVE 'EM A PROPER FLOGGIN'!

AYE! BILGE-SUCKING WENCH, TAKE A LONG CAULK!

BLOOD.



QUICKLY, ZEM!

WHILE OUR NEW FRIEND RUSHES, WE MUST CIRCLE THAT MANATOR, BUY HIM AN OPENING.

**BHA!**

OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO GO STRAIGHT AT HIM!





FOOLS PRUSE!  
CLOG THE PRRIN!

WHILE YOU  
DEBATE, WE'VE  
LOST OUR  
ADVANTAGE.

I TAKE NO  
ORDERS FROM  
DELUSIONAL  
ZEALOTS!



NOW SHUT  
YOUR GOB AND  
FOLLOW MY  
LEAD, LITTLE  
PRINCE!

YOU  
BULLHEADED  
FOOL--YOU'LL  
SINK US  
BOTH!



I DIDN'T ASK  
TO BE CHAINED TO A  
SALUSIAN PANDY,  
AND I WILL NOT DIE  
BY YOUR COMMAND!

IT'S NO ACCIDENT  
ROLN SHACKLED ME  
TO YOUR DIM EGO!



EITHER YOU  
FOLLOW ME  
OR YOUR ARM  
DOES!

THAT'S  
EXACTLY  
WHAT ROLN  
WANTS!

IF YOU  
WANT TO STOP  
BEING SLAVE  
TO HIS WILL--





HNUK

--SHUT  
UP AND  
PULL!

GRAGHH--!

SCHUK



HAR! WELL PLAYED,  
MARIK! ALMOST  
BELIEVED YOU REALLY  
HATE ME.

MY MOTHER'S  
ANCESTORS  
WERE FAMOUS  
POLITICIANS.

DECEIT  
RUNS IN MY  
BLOOD.

AND  
NOW, MY  
FRIEND...



"...OUR DUPLICITY HAS  
BOUGHT US AN EDGE."

DON'T  
BELIEVE MY  
EYES!

THAT  
FLOTSAM  
SLAG IS  
DOIN' IT!

GO!  
RUSH IN,  
LO!

PLANK THE  
WANKERS!