



It wasn't an accident.

I saw something in the stone and I wanted to see more.

But it felt like my own hand was in the way.

As if the stone was asking me what I was willing to trade...

Are you an idiot?

Only an idiot would sacrifice a finger to the stone.

It wasn't on purpose.

I think...



Well, if you're not an idiot, listen.

You need your little finger to work the stone.

The hand grips, the thumb guides. But the little one keeps them steady.

So stop wasting time and go get it regenerated.

...

I can't be the first carver with nine fingers in all of history.

Stubborn!

I'm not being difficult!

I just want it to remind me.



To never be afraid of what I see in the stone.

TWO YEARS LATER



Hey, Nine-Fingers!  
Tell Zita her  
stones are  
waiting.

As is  
my wallet!



I'll tell her  
old Grumpy  
is grumpy  
again!

Haha. Zita's  
certainly taught  
her how to deal  
with you.

You little--!  
I'd better see  
my money by  
sundown, you  
hear me??







Oh yeah, boss. Old Nim really wants us to pick up those milkstones...

The ones he was swindled into buying?



Sureeee. And sly old Nim would totally not swindle you.

I could do it...



Oh c'mon, boss! Modern times need modern eyes--

[REDACTED]



Anyway, Nim's stones, and everything else, will have to wait--

Ninua? Where are you?



I see you're more keen on work than my news.

Sorry, boss. I'm just so bored with this piece. I want to get it done...



Well, sure, stay and work on it then.



Of course, if you want to come with me instead.



I might be able to work faster on this ancient monument they've found in the span...



Nothing fancy, just a mysterious temple built hundreds of years ago.



But, you know, if you change your mind--



Oof!

Zitaaaaaaaa!



Silly girl.

As if I'd leave you to deal with old Nim on your own!