

WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE QUEUES?

I GUESS  
PEOPLE  
STOPPED  
COMING  
HERE.

YEAH, MAN, NO-  
ONE WANTS TO HEAR  
THE SAGE'S STORIES  
ANYMORE.



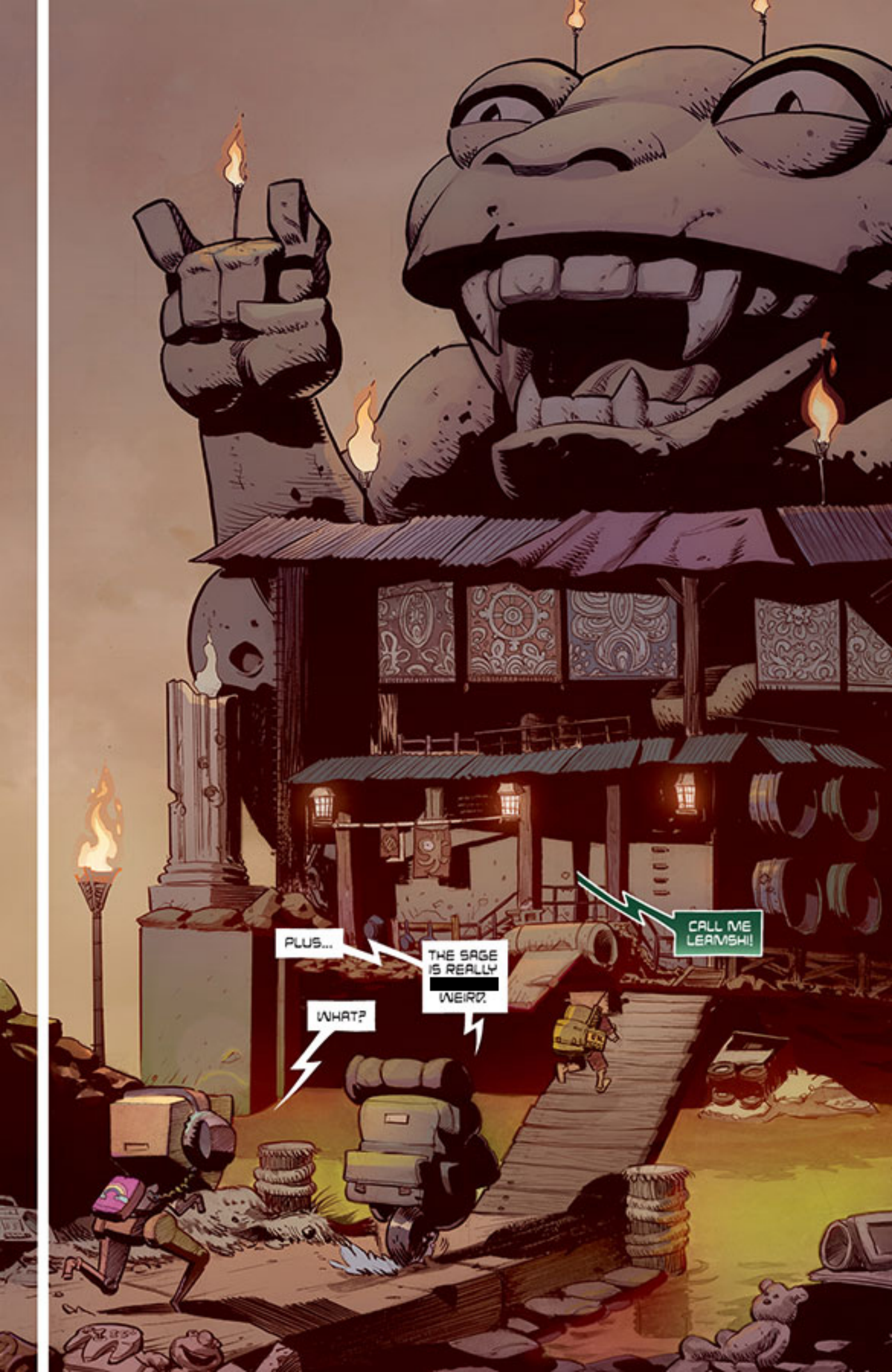
WHY?

PEOPLE STOPPED  
VALUING THEM.  
THEY THOUGHT  
THEY'D HEARD THEM  
ENOUGH TIMES.  
THAT THEY DIDN'T  
NEED TO LISTEN  
ANYMORE.

THEY THOUGHT  
THE STORIES WERE  
INDESTRUCTIBLE.  
BUT THAT'S NOT  
HOW IT WORKS, YOU  
NEED TO KEEP  
TELLING THEM OR  
THEY GO AWAY.

METAL  
BUG

OIL



PLUS...

WHAT?

THE SAGE IS REALLY WEIRD.

CALL ME LEAMSHI!



A REVERSAL OF THE SPELLING, SEEP FOR IN THIS TALE, IT BE THE GREAT WHITE THAT DOTH THE CHASING!

AND I, THY HUMBLE NARRATOR, BE LITTLE MORE THAN A PEGLEGGED INVALID, MAROONED HERE BY THE STARRY BLACK SEA.




DON'T JUST LOITER THERE, YE STUBBY RUST BUCKETS. STATE YE BUSINESS!

I...UH...WE WERE HOPING YOU COULD TELL US A STORY OF THE OLDER TIMES.



AH, THE DAYS OF OLD...

THE ONLY STORY WORTH TELLING BE THE FIRST. THE STORY OF PROMETHEA. HAST THOU HEARD IT?



SHE WENT BY A DIFFERENT NAME BACK THEN. SHE WASN'T LIKE US. HERS WAS NOT THE BLOOD OF THE BLACK STREAM.

SHE WAS PURE COMBUSTION...