

**A**FTER HER ENCOUNTER WITH THE CANNIBALISTIC "CHURCH OF LUNA," VALENTINE RICHARDS HAD QUIT. GIVEN UP HER PURSUIT OF THE GREATEST STORY OF ALL TIME, READY TO GO HOME TO HER LIFE OF BINGEING ICE CREAM AND STREAMING SERVICES.

BUT THERE WAS JUST ONE MAJOR PROBLEM...

HURRY ALONG, VAL. IF WE'RE CAUGHT, WE COULD FACE GRAVE CONSEQUENCES.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE'D BE SAFE HERE, LUNA.

OH YES...WE ARE...YOU MUST LEARN TO TRUST ME, VAL.

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE OUT TO KILL ME ALSO WANT TO TAKE OUT ANY WHO CARRY MY STORY...

THAT PAINTS A BULL'S-EYE ON YOUR HEAD.

I IMAGINE YOU MUST BE FURIOUS WITH ME.

I'M NOT ANGRY, LUNA. I JUST...I'M JUST READY TO GO HOME.

## CHAPTER FOUR

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AFTER I REGAIN ALL MY MEMORIES AND YOU'RE SAFE, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU'RE PAID IN FULL FOR YOUR SERVICES.

OKAY...SO WHERE ARE WE?

THIS IS...







THE  
UNDERWATER  
PLEASURE  
GARDENS OF  
WOMBA!


IT'S SO  
PEACEFUL THAT  
THE SILENCE  
ITSELF IS  
MUSIC.

IT'S THE KIND  
OF PLACE THAT ONE  
WOULD VENTURE TO  
WHEN THEY WANTED TO  
FIND THEMSELVES.

AFTER EVERY  
CHANGE IN MY LIFE  
I WOULD VISIT TO  
MEDITATE ON WHAT  
NEW LIFE I WOULD  
EMERGE INTO.


BUT I'M  
NOT REALLY  
WELCOMED  
ANYMORE...

...HOWEVER, IF  
I'M EVER TO UNLOCK  
MY OWN MEMORIES  
I MUST KNOW THE  
STORY OF THIS HEAD  
IN MY HANDS...



DID I EVER TELL  
YOU THAT ORSON  
WANTED TO CALL  
THE SLED "RED  
SLED" BUT I TOLD  
HIM THAT WOULD  
GIVE AWAY THE  
TWIST?

WAIT...  
WHAT...?

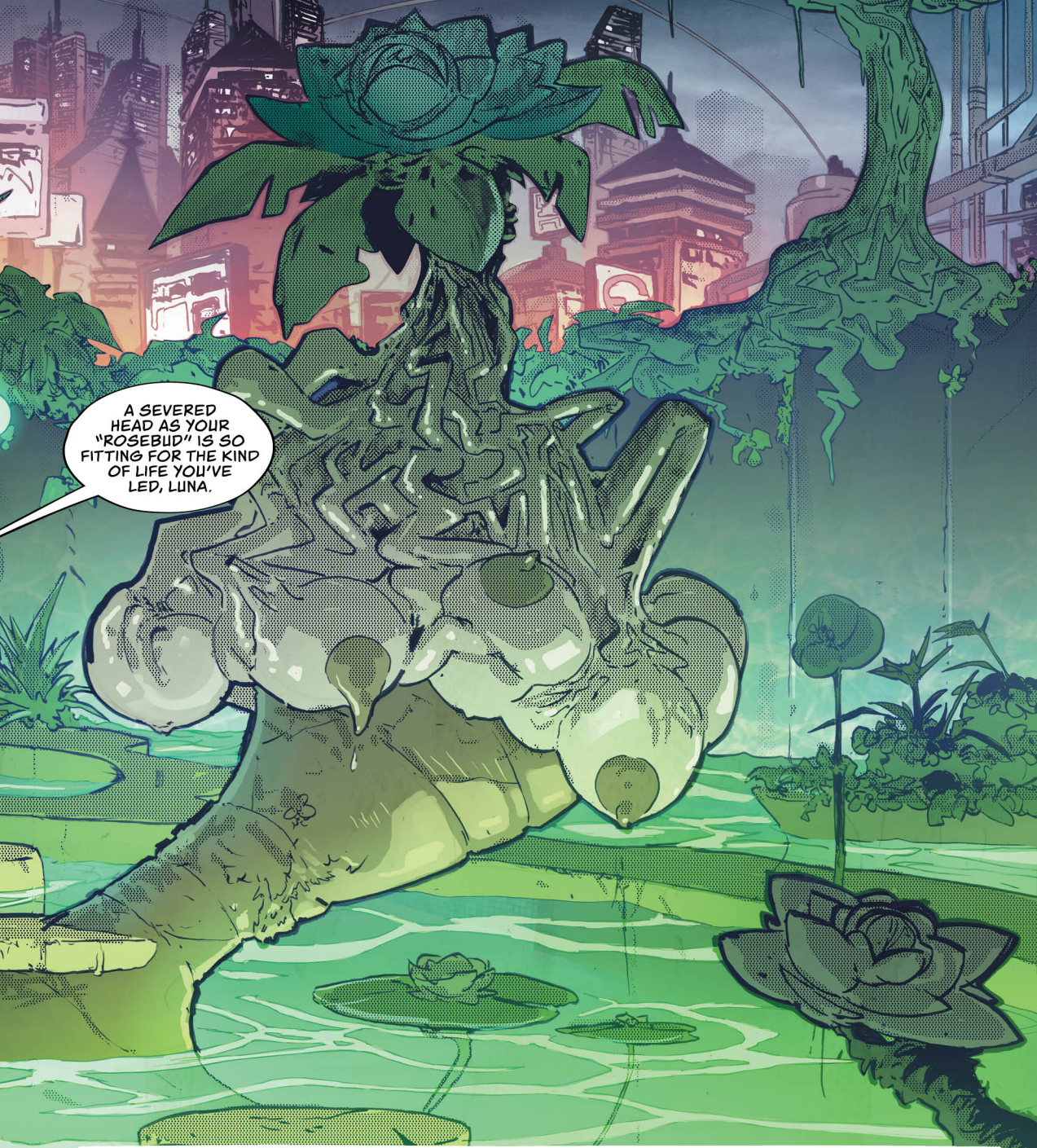


THAT'S MY  
POINT... I CAN'T  
REMEMBER IF I  
TOLD YOU THAT  
STORY OR NOT.

I USED TO PRIDE  
MYSELF ON MY  
MEMORY. THAT I  
MIGHT BE LOSING  
MEMORIES OF MY  
LIFE DISTURBS  
ME.

UM...  
PEOPLE FORGET  
THINGS, LUNA. IT  
HAPPENS.





A SEVERED  
HEAD AS YOUR  
"ROSEBUD" IS SO  
FITTING FOR THE KIND  
OF LIFE YOU'VE  
LED, LUNA.

NOT TO  
ME. NOT MY  
MEMORIES!

WHICH IS  
WHY **WE** ARE  
HERE.

THERE IS A  
SPECIAL ALGAE  
THAT IS INDIGENOUS  
TO THESE WATERS  
THAT, IF INGESTED,  
ALLOWS SOMEONE TO  
**RELIVE** MOMENTS  
OF THEIR LIVES.





"...THE  
SISTERS OF  
COGNITIVE  
CREATION.

"THEY ARE OBSESSED  
WITH **BIRTH**. THESE LOVELY  
UNDERWATER NUNS WORSHIP  
THE VERY IDEA THAT WE MUST  
ALL RETURN TO THE WOMB AT  
SOME POINT IN OUR LIVES TO  
REMINDE US WHO WE ARE...

"AT FIRST GLANCE  
YOU WILL SEE THEM AS  
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL  
CREATURES IN THE WORLD,  
BUT THEY ARE **DEADLY**.



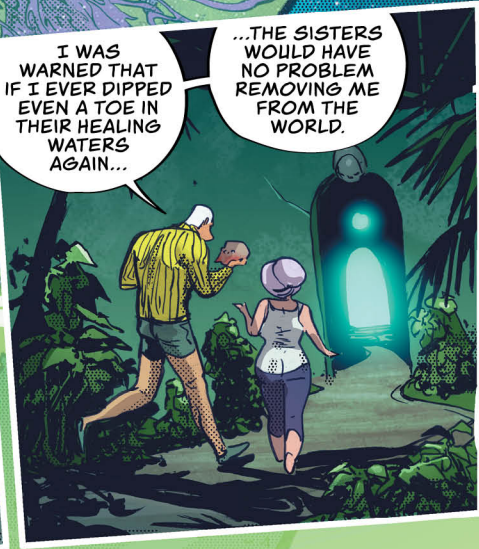
THESE SIRENS  
FORBID ANY FROM  
ENTERING THEIR  
CAVES.

WHAT  
WOULD HAPPEN  
IF THEY KNEW  
YOU WERE  
HERE?

THE SISTERS  
ARE EXPERTS AT  
BRINGING THINGS  
INTO OUR  
WORLD...

I WAS  
WARNED THAT  
IF I EVER DIPPED  
EVEN A TOE IN  
THEIR HEALING  
WATERS  
AGAIN...

...THE SISTERS  
WOULD HAVE  
NO PROBLEM  
REMOVING ME  
FROM THE  
WORLD.





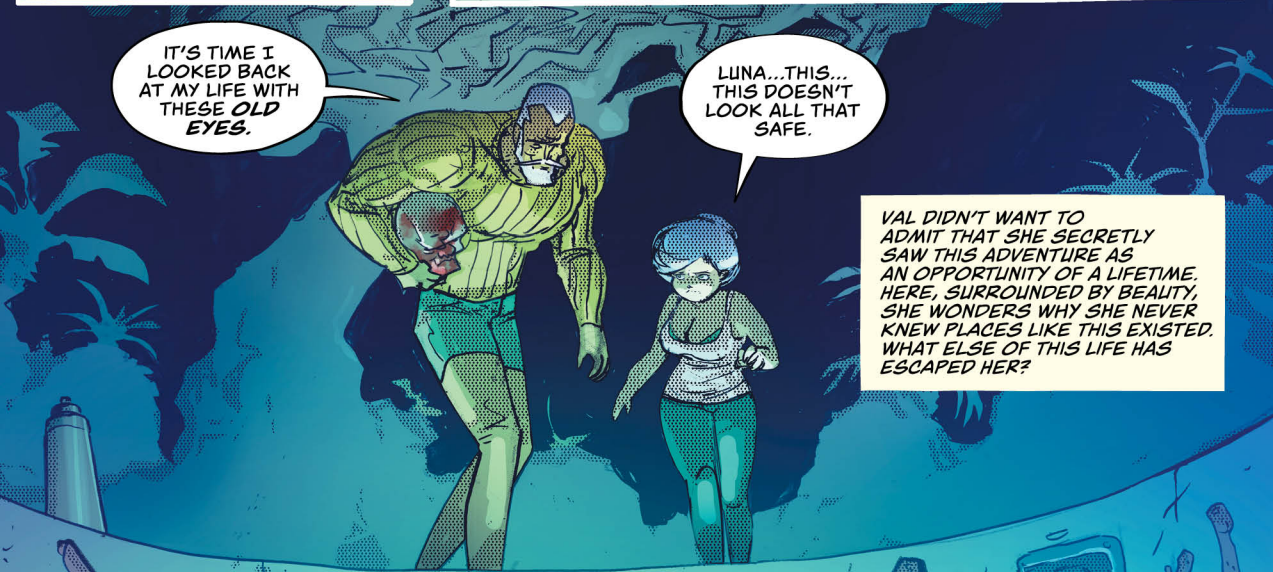


THESE ARE  
THE MEMORY  
WATERS...



I HAVE BEEN  
CONFRONTED  
WITH THE IDEA  
THAT I AM AN  
UNRELIABLE  
NARRATOR IN MY  
OWN LIFE.

MY  
MEMORIES...  
I MYSELF  
QUESTION  
THEM.



IT'S TIME I  
LOOKED BACK  
AT MY LIFE WITH  
THESE OLD  
EYES.

LUNA...THIS...  
THIS DOESN'T  
LOOK ALL THAT  
SAFE.

VAL DIDN'T WANT TO  
ADMIT THAT SHE SECRETLY  
SAW THIS ADVENTURE AS  
AN OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.  
HERE, SURROUNDED BY BEAUTY,  
SHE WONDERS WHY SHE NEVER  
KNEW PLACES LIKE THIS EXISTED.  
WHAT ELSE OF THIS LIFE HAS  
ESCAPED HER?



I MUST  
CONFESS,  
VAL.

I AGAIN  
HAVE TOLD  
YOU A FIB.

I CAN'T  
EAT THE  
ALGAE.

IF ANY  
HUMAN WERE  
TO INGEST IT, IT  
WOULD DRIVE THEM  
MAD AND THEIR  
BRAIN WOULD  
EXPLODE.



THEN...  
HOW?



INSTEAD I  
NEED TO FEEL  
THE RUSH OF  
PSYCHEDELICS  
IN A SAFER  
WAY.