

# CANNON IN THE CLOUDS



**ALTRNA**

DANIEL  
WOOLLEY

ANNE  
GRESHAM

JORGE  
DONIS

*Jose Donis '15*



AHOY!  
MISTRESS  
SELA!

YE HAFTA  
LEAVE TH' LINE  
IN A *SMIDGE*  
LONGER TO GET  
A BITE, YE  
KNOW!



HEY WALLIS!  
I'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR  
AGES AND  
NOTHING'S  
BITING!

PATIENCE,  
LASSIE,  
FISHING NEEDS  
PATIENCE!

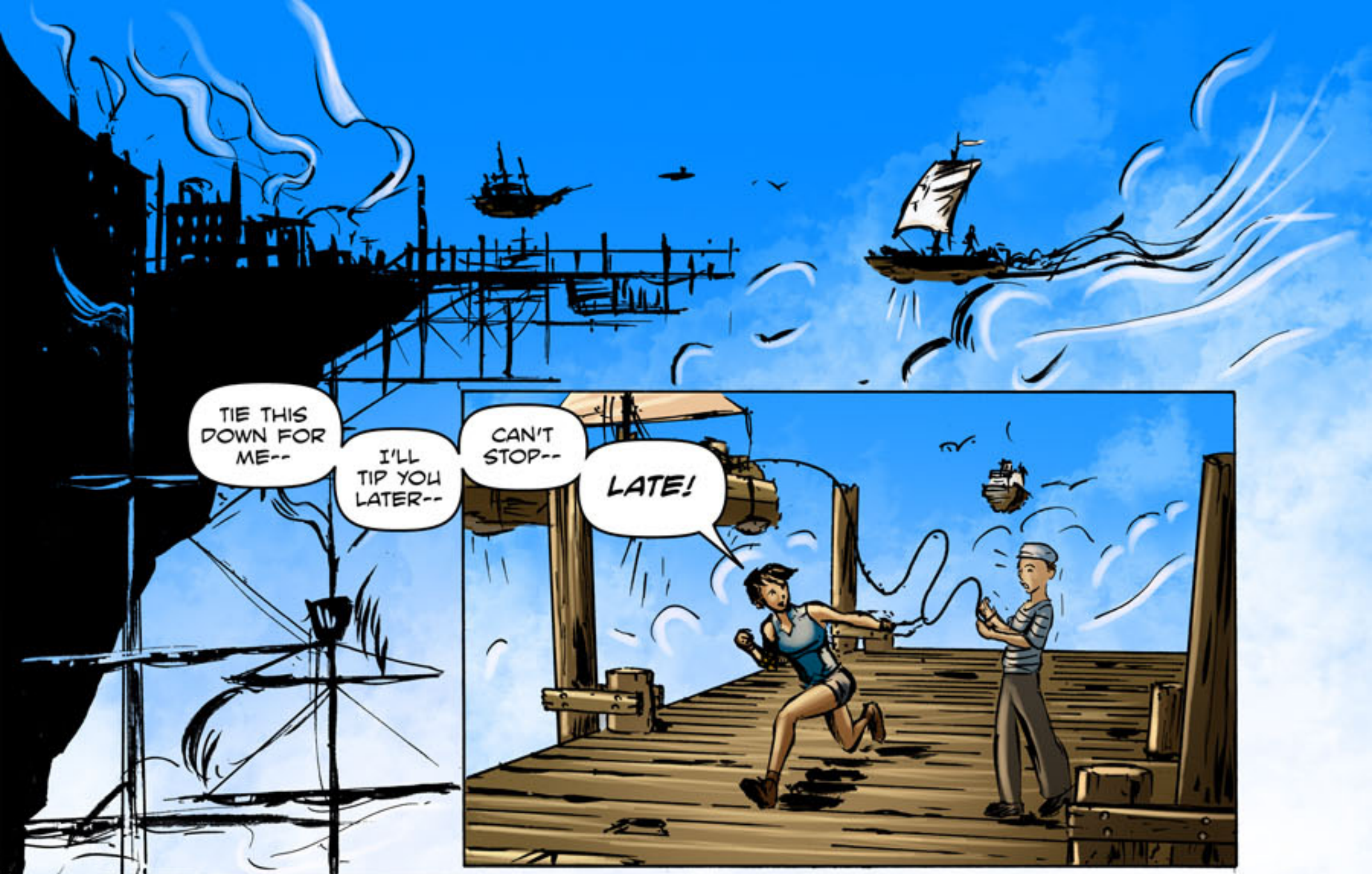
BUT WHY  
ARE YE OUT  
HERE N TH'  
HARBOR?



A SAILOR  
SHOULD KNOW  
HOW TO FISH,  
SO I NEED TO  
LEARN.

INDEED,  
BUT ON A  
MATCH  
DAY?





TIE THIS DOWN FOR ME--

I'LL TIP YOU LATER--

CAN'T STOP--

LATE!



REPENT, THE SKY IS FALLING!



YOU! LITTLE MISS FANCY BLOUSE.

HAVE YOU PREPARED YOURSELF FOR THE FALL?




LOOK, I DON'T HAVE THE TIME...

THAT'S RIGHT!

YOU DON'T HAVE TIME!

THE WORLD'S ENDING.

LOOK HERE!



LONG AGO THE ISLANDS WERE ALL CONNECTED, WRAPPED AROUND A BALL OF ROCK, SEPARATED BY VAST SEAS OF WATER, WITH THE SKIES ONLY ABOVE US.

INSIDE THE ROCK LIVED THE GODS, AND ONE DAY THEY GOT **ANGRY**. THE PEOPLE WERE TOO CLOSE, TOO MANY.

WE MINGLED, WE TALKED, WE FOUGHT, WE CAUSED SO MUCH **NOISE** THE GODS COULDN'T REST.

SO THEY CAST OFF THE ISLANDS FROM THE BALL OF EARTH, AND SENT THEM OUT INTO THE SKY SO THAT THEY COULD SLEEP.

BUT DID WE LEARN, TO STAY QUIET ON OUR OWN LITTLE PARADISES? **NO**. WE BUILT SHIPS, WE MINGLED, AND TALKED, AND FOUGHT A **WAR** TO BIND TOGETHER WHAT THE GODS WANTED **APART**.

NOW THEY ARE ANGRY AGAIN AND WILL PULL ALL THE ISLANDS BACK DOWN TO THE SPHERE OF ROCK TO SILENCE US. **PERMANENTLY**.

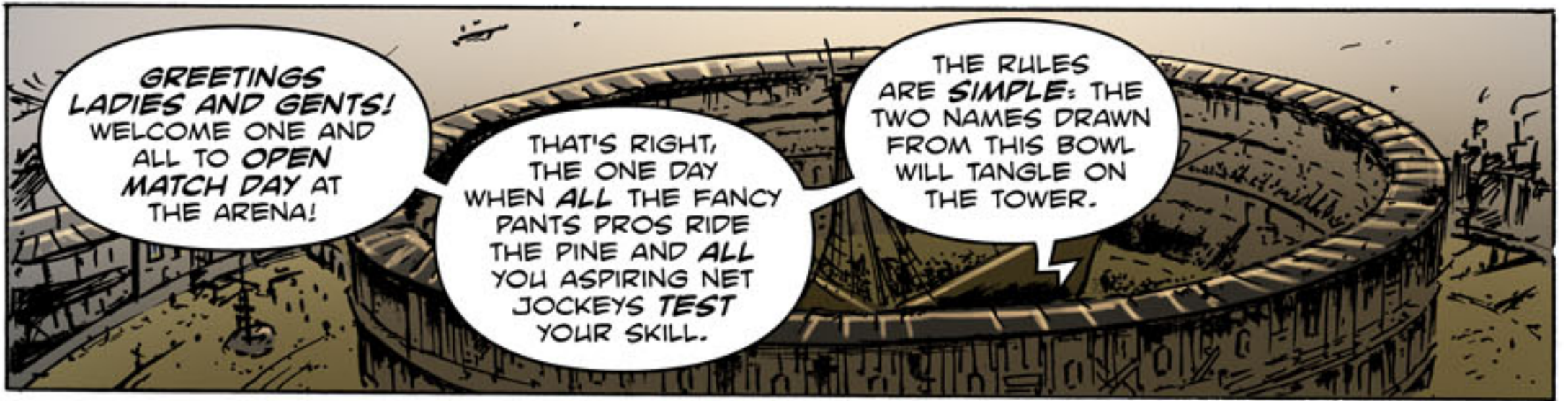
**RIGHT**. I PROMISE I'LL BE AS QUIET AS A CHURCH MOUSE AND I'LL DROP SOME WARM MILK OFF THE ISLAND TO HELP THE, AHEM, "**GODS**" SLEEP...

THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA...

BUT RIGHT NOW --

-- I **REALLY** NEED TO RUN.

SEE THAT THE MILK IS **SCALDING HOT**, IT'LL BE FALLING FOR A **HELL** OF A LONG TIME!



GREETINGS LADIES AND GENTS! WELCOME ONE AND ALL TO OPEN MATCH DAY AT THE ARENA!

THAT'S RIGHT, THE ONE DAY WHEN ALL THE FANCY PANTS PROS RIDE THE PINE AND ALL YOU ASPIRING NET JOCKEYS TEST YOUR SKILL.

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE: THE TWO NAMES DRAWN FROM THIS BOWL WILL TANGLE ON THE TOWER.



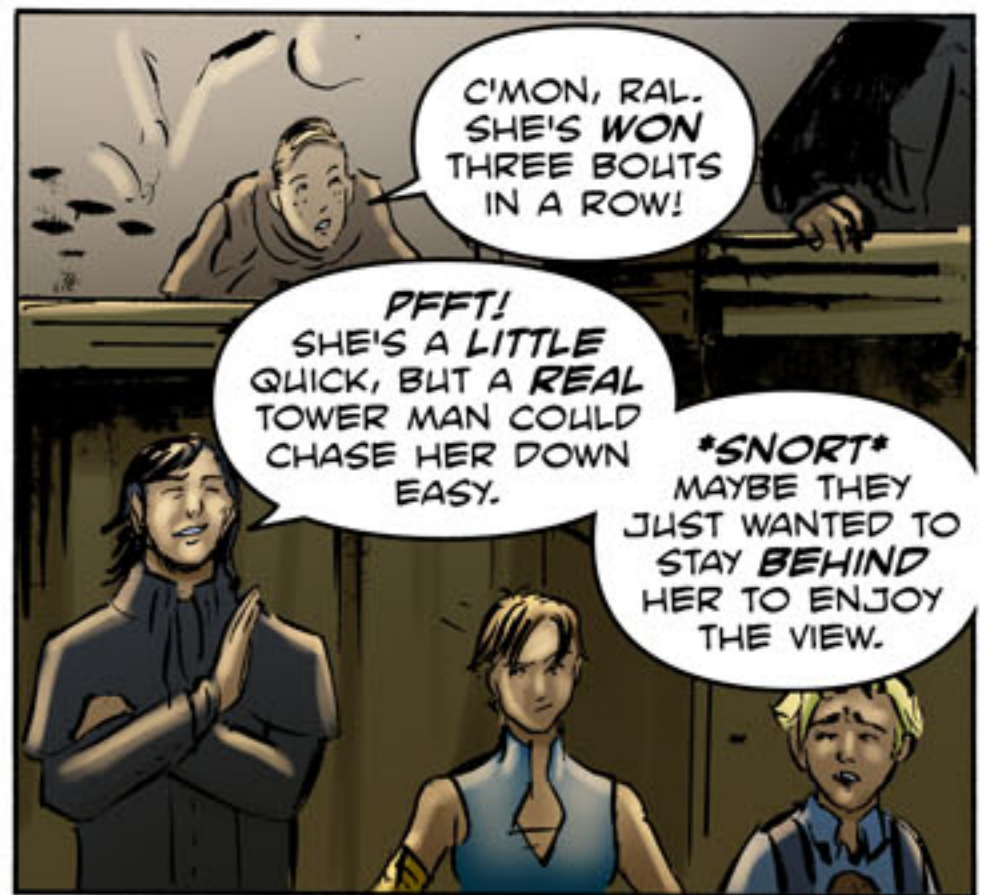
AND TODAY'S FIRST CONTENDERS WILL BE...

SELA WINDBOURNE! THE HIGH CLASS LASS WHO'LL PUT YOU ON YOUR ASS.

AND... MILTON BAKERSON...! WHO... WELL, HE SHOWS UP...

NOW THERE'S A FAIR MATCH!

TWO PEOPLE WHO SHOULD BOTH BE IN THE KITCHEN! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO TO BET ON.



C'MON, RAL. SHE'S WON THREE BOLTS IN A ROW!

PFFT! SHE'S A LITTLE QUICK, BUT A REAL TOWER MAN COULD CHASE HER DOWN EASY.

\*SNORT\* MAYBE THEY JUST WANTED TO STAY BEHIND HER TO ENJOY THE VIEW.



HELL, I BET THAT'S THE ONLY REASON SHE'S SLUMMING IT AROUND HERE ANYWAY, I THINK THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER JUST WANTS TO PUT ON A SHOW.



YOU WANT A SHOW?

YOU AND ME, RIGHT NOW!

LET'S SEE HOW MUCH YOU TALK WHEN YOU'RE EATING MY DUST!

HEH, AND WHY, EXACTLY, SHOULD I WASTE MY TIME?



I'LL BET YOU A WEEK'S ALLOWANCE RIGHT HERE, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

THAT'S MORE MONEY THAN I'D MAKE IN A MONTH!

DEAL. EASIEST MONEY I EVER MADE.