

The farm feels so far away from me now, but there are times when I still picture it clearly. There's a quality to the light in the south that just doesn't exist here.

Farming is hard work, no lie. 10 hours a day spent in the flooded algae fields, slowly shuffling back and forth, skimming, churning, harvesting.



It's boring work, too.



Usually:



MAIA!

GET  
OVER  
HERE!





Even in those days farming was highly automated.  
So if anything broke, work came to a standstill.



Circulation pumps were generally  
the culprit that season.

DOWN  
THERE.



YOUR ARM  
SHOULD BE  
SMALL ENOUGH.



A gylek eel had somehow worked its way up  
through the pipes and was constructing its  
webworks in the main intake valve.

SPLSH



The mucus lining was spreading into  
the machinery, slowing everything  
down, gumming up the wheels...



While the fish itself blocked  
fresh water from reaching  
the top terraces.



And there was no way Penny  
would put up with the drop  
in productivity that caused.





