



QUIET NOW. THE SEAS SPEAK.



OF MERA, BORN OF THE PENAL COLONY XEBEL, THE FUTURE-TIDES WHISPER THUS...

...A GREAT QUEEN, SHE. PROUD AND STRONG. A PARTNER TO HER KING. AN IMPERATRIX TO THE DOMAINS OF ATLANTIS. A MOTHER TO KINGS. A--



--WAIT.

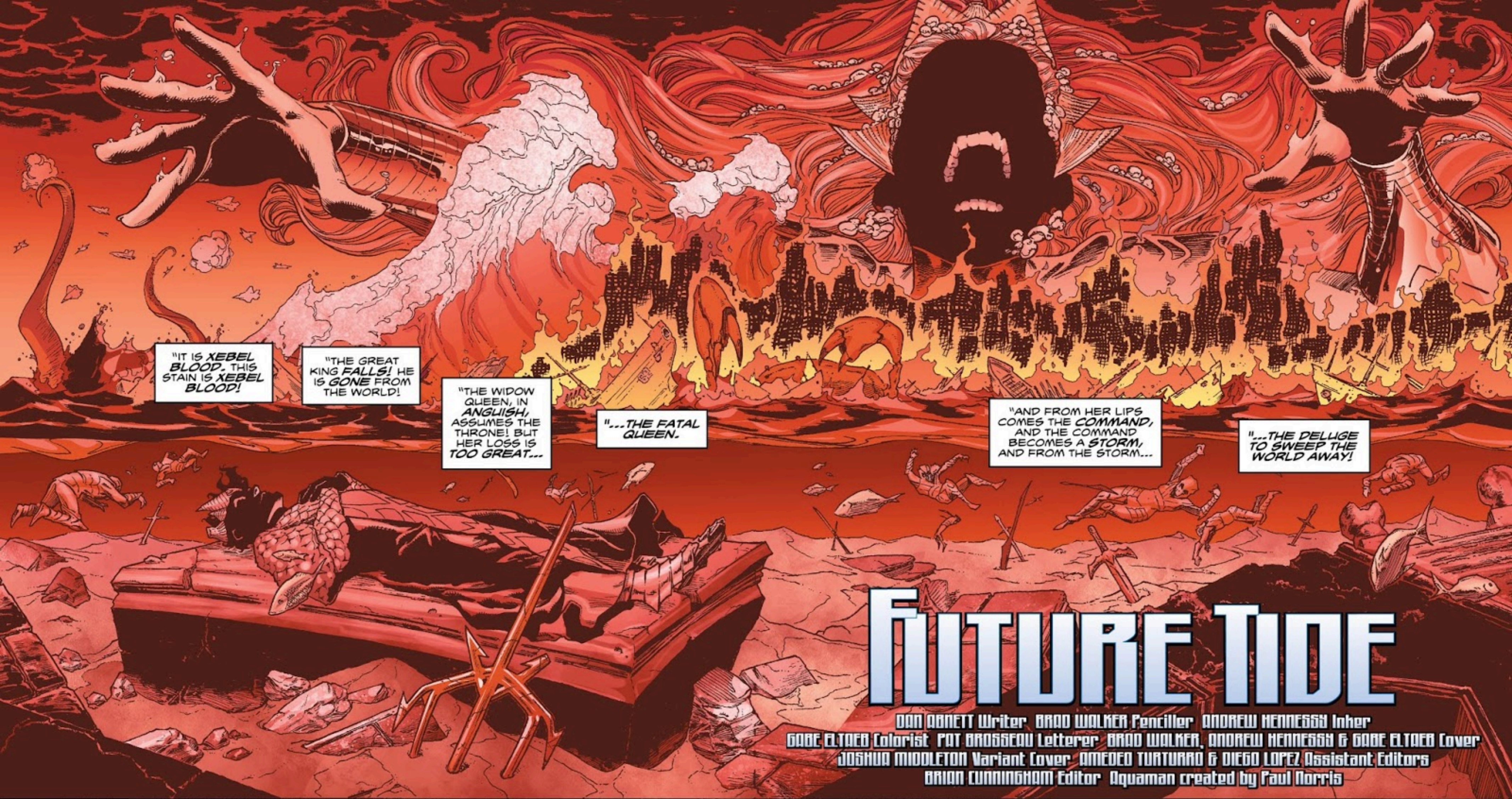
IT GROWS DIM.

WHAT CLOUDS THE WATERS? WHAT SILT HAS STIRRED UP TO--



NO.

NO!



"IT IS XEBEL BLOOD. THIS STAIN IS XEBEL BLOOD!"

"THE GREAT KING FALLS! HE IS GONE FROM THE WORLD!"

"THE WIDOW QUEEN, IN ANGLISH, ASSUMES THE THRONE! BUT HER LOSS IS TOO GREAT..."

"...THE FATAL QUEEN."

"AND FROM HER LIPS COMES THE COMMAND, AND THE COMMAND BECOMES A STORM, AND FROM THE STORM..."

"...THE DELUGE TO SWEEP THE WORLD AWAY!"

FUTURE TIDE

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THE DELUGE! THE DELUGE IS ALL I SEE!

ALL THE WORLD SWEEP AWAY!

THE DELUGE!

CALM YOURSELF, SEER-SISTER NERID.

PLEASE.

OH, MY GOD.

THIS IS NOT WHAT I EXPECTED AT ALL.

THE ORACLE OF THE WIDOWHOOD, ATLANTIS.

THE D-DELUGE!
A-ALL THAT IS,
DROWNED IN
B-BLOOD!

HUSH,
NERID. THE
VISIONS HAVE
FLED NOW.

WHAT
DOES THIS
MEAN? SISTER
BALENE?

YOU KNOW
THE MYTH, LADY
MERA. THE DELUGE. THE
END OF ALL TIMES.

THE SEA IS FULL OF
MYTHS. I HAVE NEVER
HAD PATIENCE WITH
SUPERSTITION AND
OLD LORE...

...BUT I
SAW--

HOW DID
I SEE THAT?
THAT VISION
WAS--

THE CORALS
OF THIS GROTTO ARE
PSYCHONSENSITIVE, LADY.
THEY SHOW US WHAT THE SEAS
KNOW...EVEN THE FUTURE-
TIDES OF DAYS THAT HAVE
NOT YET DAWNED.

ENOUGH WITH THE
GIBBERISH! THE
DELUGE IS A TERROR
CELL OF ATLANTEAN
XENOPHOBES--

--WHO NAMED
THEMSELVES AFTER
THE MYTH, FOR THEY
ARE NARROW IN
UNDERSTANDING.

THEY SEE THE DELUGE
AS A CLEANSING FORCE THAT
WILL WASH AWAY THE KINGDOMS
OF THE SURFACE WORLD.

BUT--

WHEN IT
COMES, THE
DELUGE WILL
SPARE NONE.
IT WILL DROWN
THE DRY
LAND...

...BUT IT
WILL TOPPLE
THE TOWERS
OF ATLANTIS,
TOO.

ALL
BECAUSE OF
THIS...THIS "FATAL
QUEEN"?

AND YOU
THINK THAT'S
ME?



OOOHHHHH...

IN ALL MY YEARS, I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE PROPHECY APPEAR SO POTENTLY.

SISTER ELASMAR--LOOK TO THE SEER. MAKE HER COMFORTABLE.

Y-YES, REVEREND MOTHER.



YOU BELIEVE THIS PROPHECY, REVEREND MOTHER CETEA?

WHY DO YOU THINK WE URGED TO HAVE YOU TESTED?

I THOUGHT BECAUSE YOU WERE CONDESCENDING OLD CRONES WHO DIDN'T THINK A GIRL FROM XEBEL WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO SIT UPON THE THRONE. WHEN YOU SAID "WORTHY"...



CHILD, YOU ARE A FINE WOMAN. WE DO NOT SCORN YOU FOR YOUR HERITAGE.

AND WE WOULD NOT OPPOSE YOUR MARRIAGE TO THE KING BECAUSE YOU COME FROM XEBEL.

BUT YOU WOULD OPPOSE ME.

I'M SORRY. THE VISION WAS ALL TOO CLEAR.



THE KING WILL FALL. HIS QUEEN, IN HER GRIEF, WILL BECOME THE FATAL QUEEN.

AND SHE WILL END THE WORLD.

THE WIDOWHOOD OPPOSES YOUR MATCH WITH ARTHUR BECAUSE WE ARE AFRAID.

NOT INTENTIONALLY. I WOULD NEVER--



...H-HEED THE TIDES! HEED THE HOWLS OF THE H-HOUSE OF LIGHT--

HUSH NOW, SISTER NERID. YOU'RE UPSETTING YOURSELF.

WHAT IS SHE SAYING?

AFTERSHOCKS OF THE VISION, THAT IS ALL.