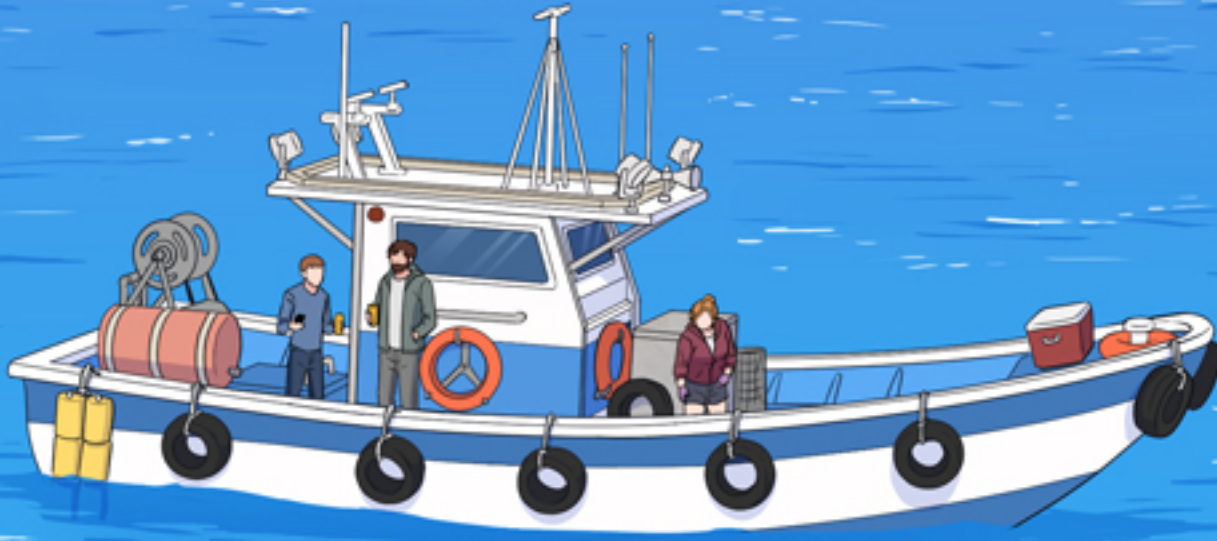


I'M AN ENVIRONMENTAL
SCIENTIST WITH THE STATE.
I LIVE UP BY THE CAPITAL,
BUT KING'S COVE IS MY
HOME TOWN.

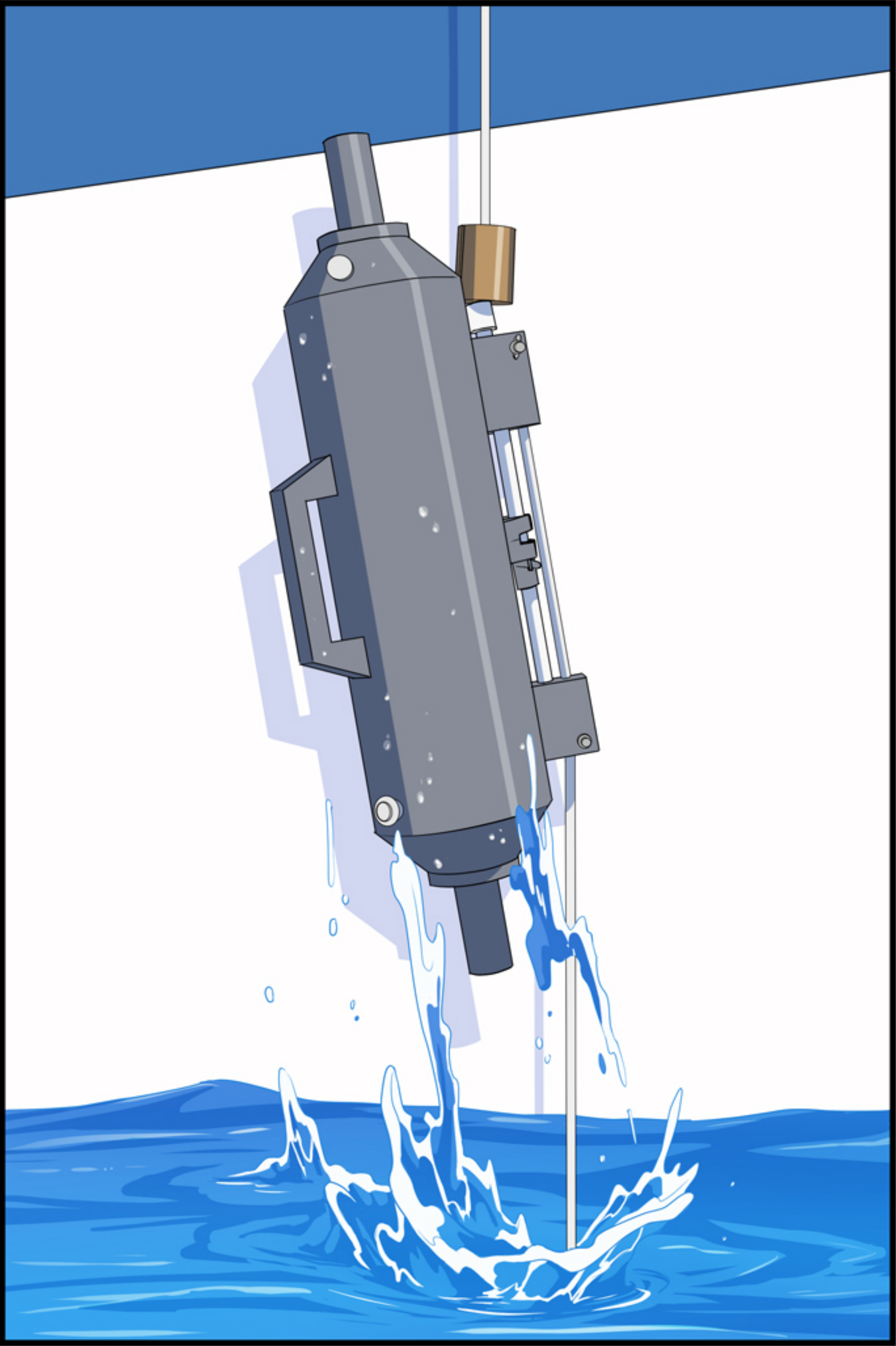


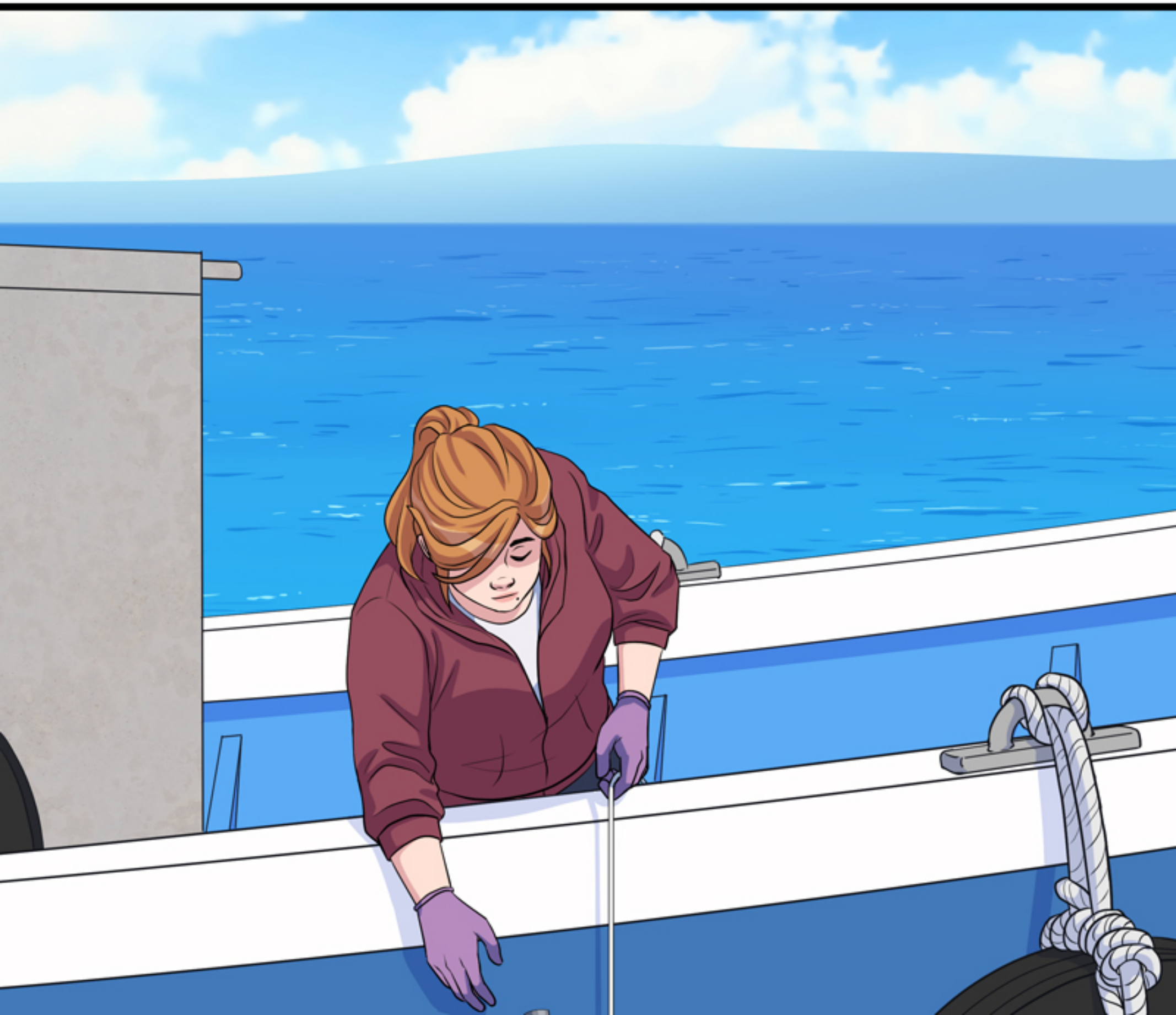
STEVEN AND FRANCIS --
WE WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL
TOGETHER. THEY OWN A FISHING
BOAT AND SAID I COULD HITCH A
RIDE ONTO THE BAY TO COLLECT
WATER SAMPLES.

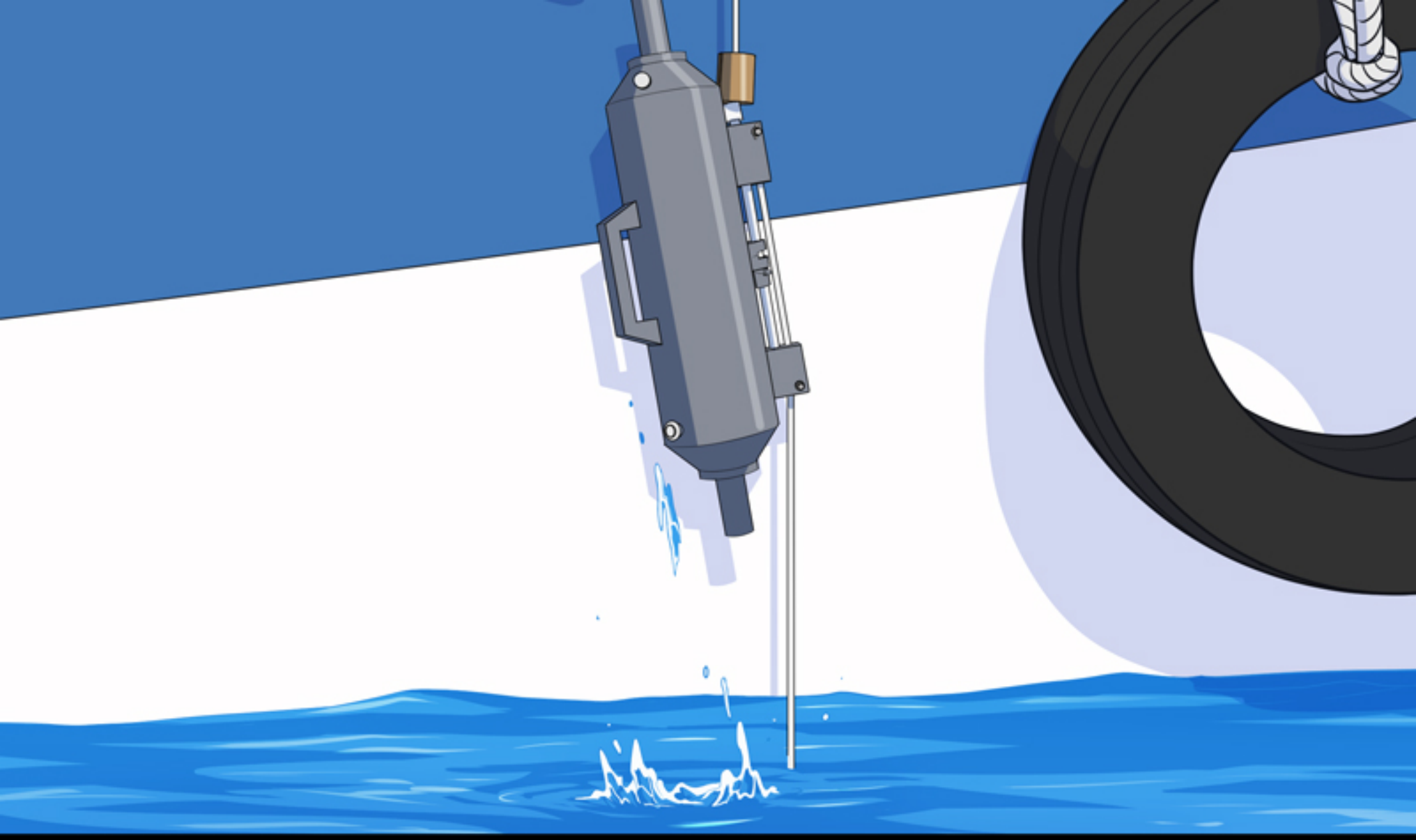




I THOUGHT, SURE,
ONE LESS EXPENSE FORM
TO FILE.









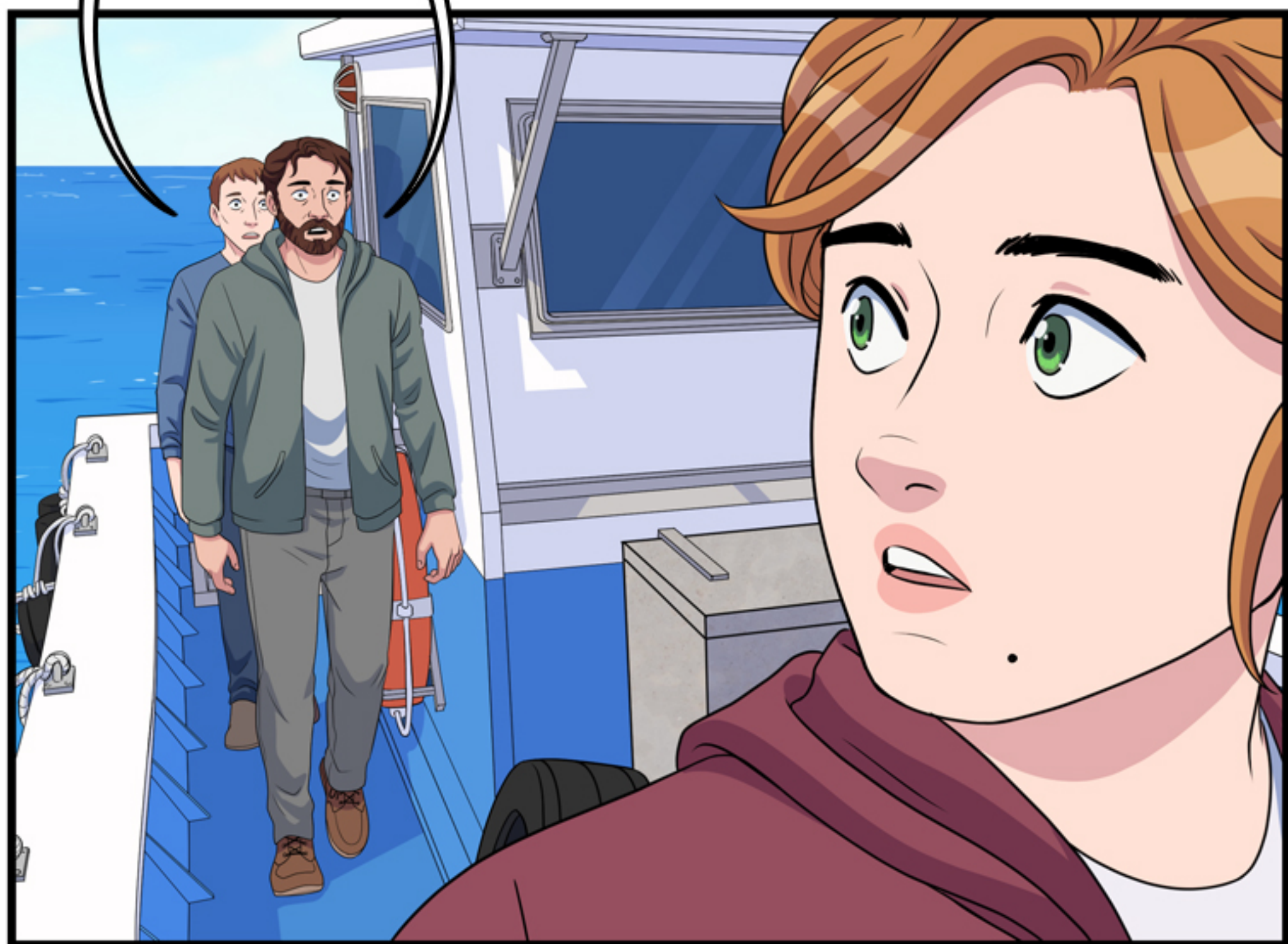
EVERYTHING
WAS GOING FINE
UNTIL...





THE SEA, OUR
ANCIENT MOTHER.

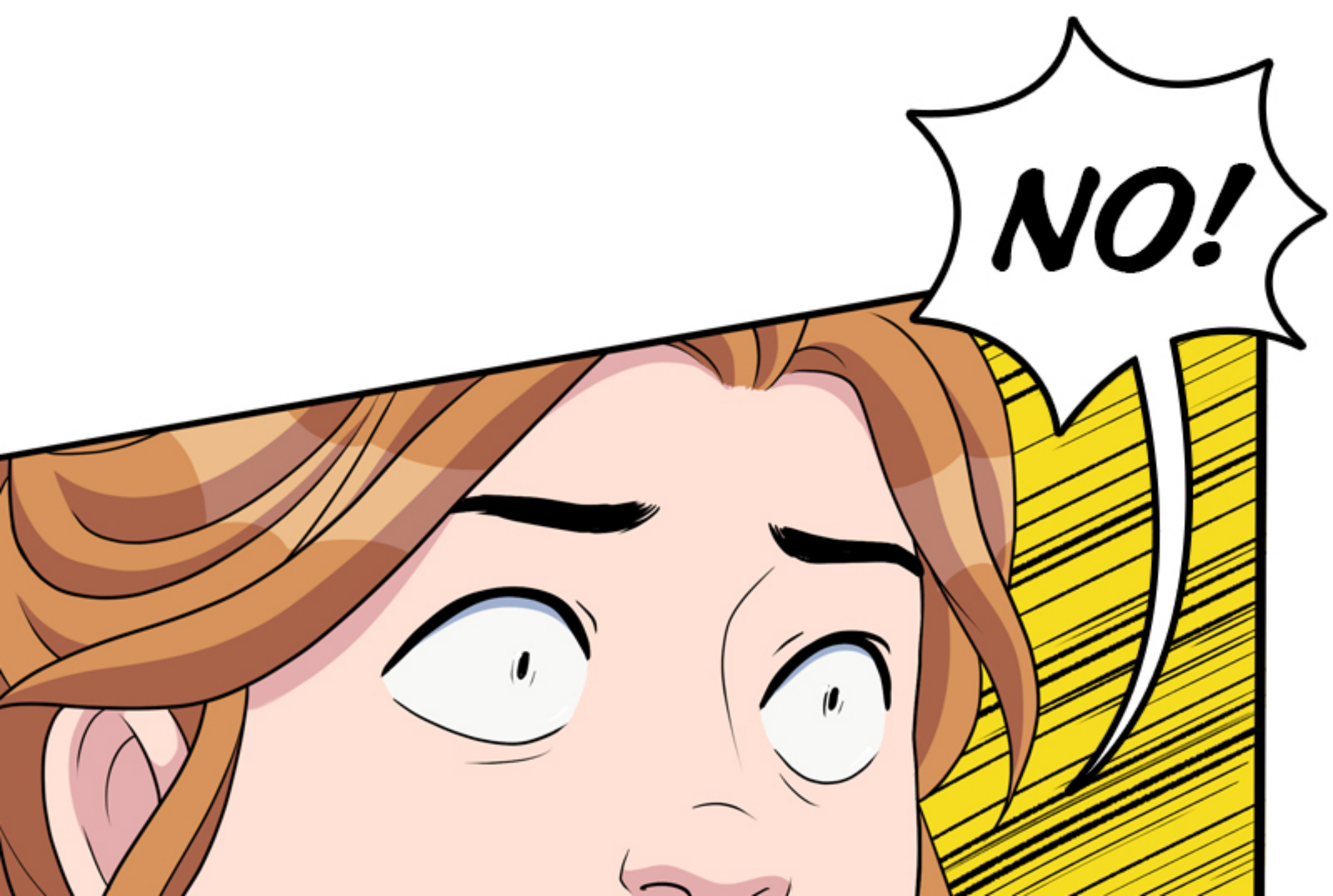
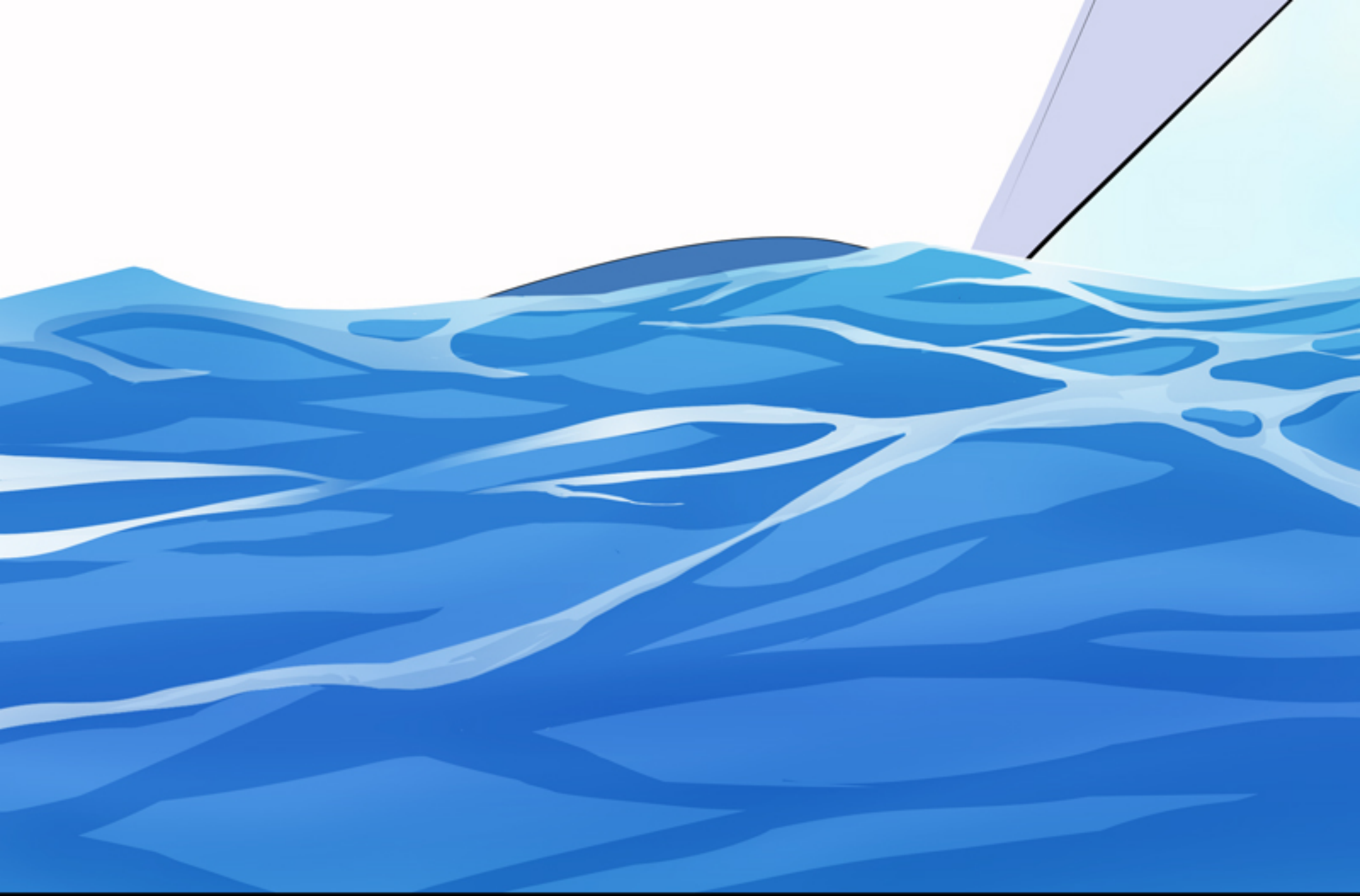
HOW WE LONG TO
RETURN.





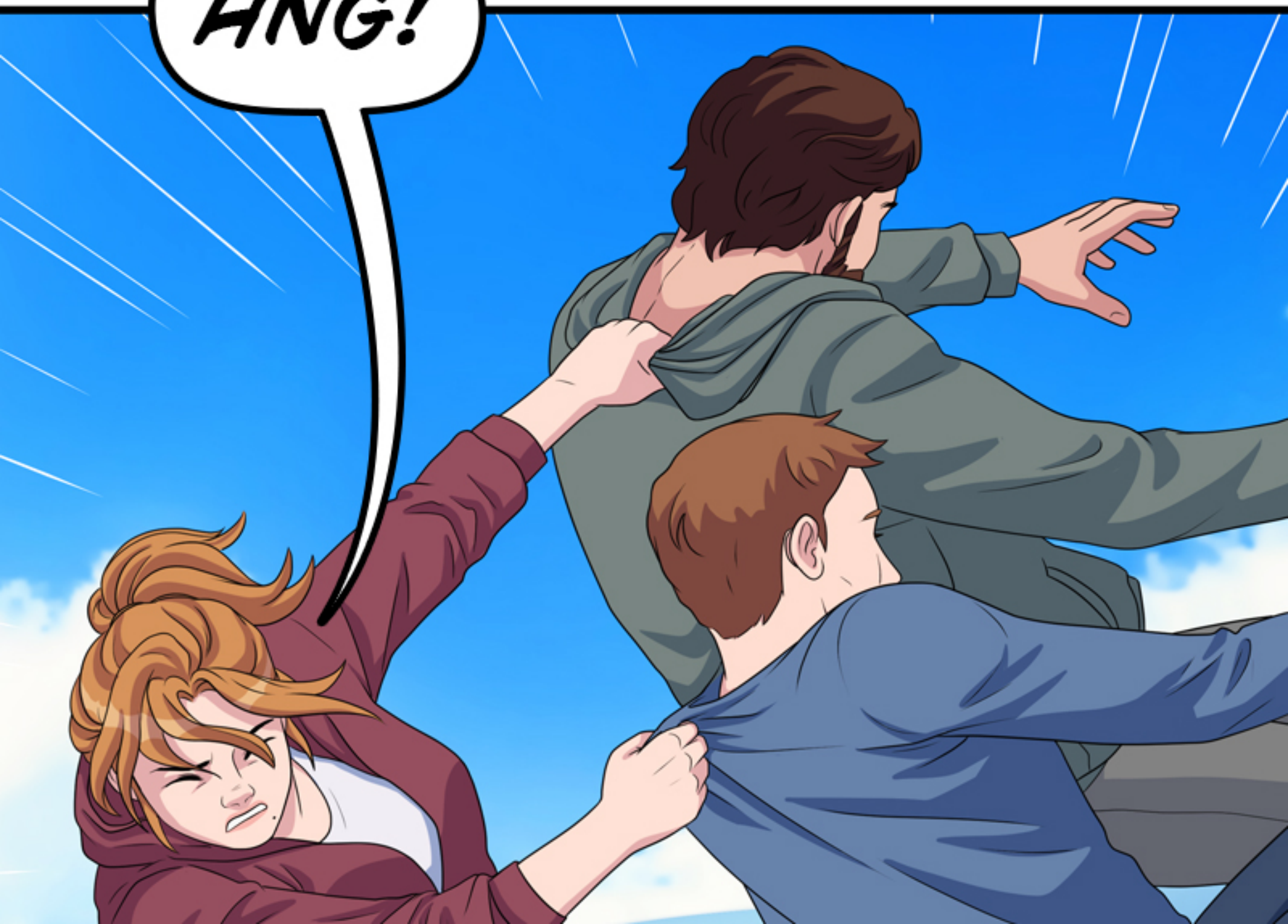
LET US SLIP
BENEATH THE WAVES.
LET US REST ONCE MORE
IN HER TENDER
EMBRACE.

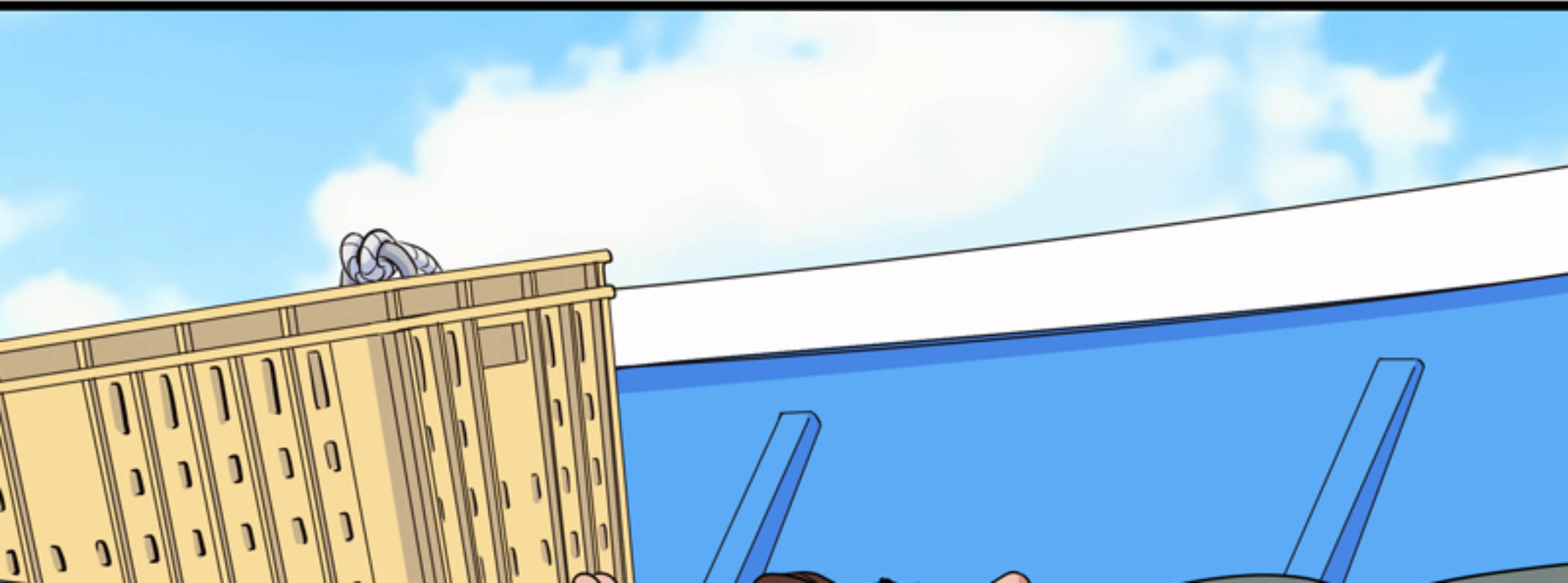






HNG!



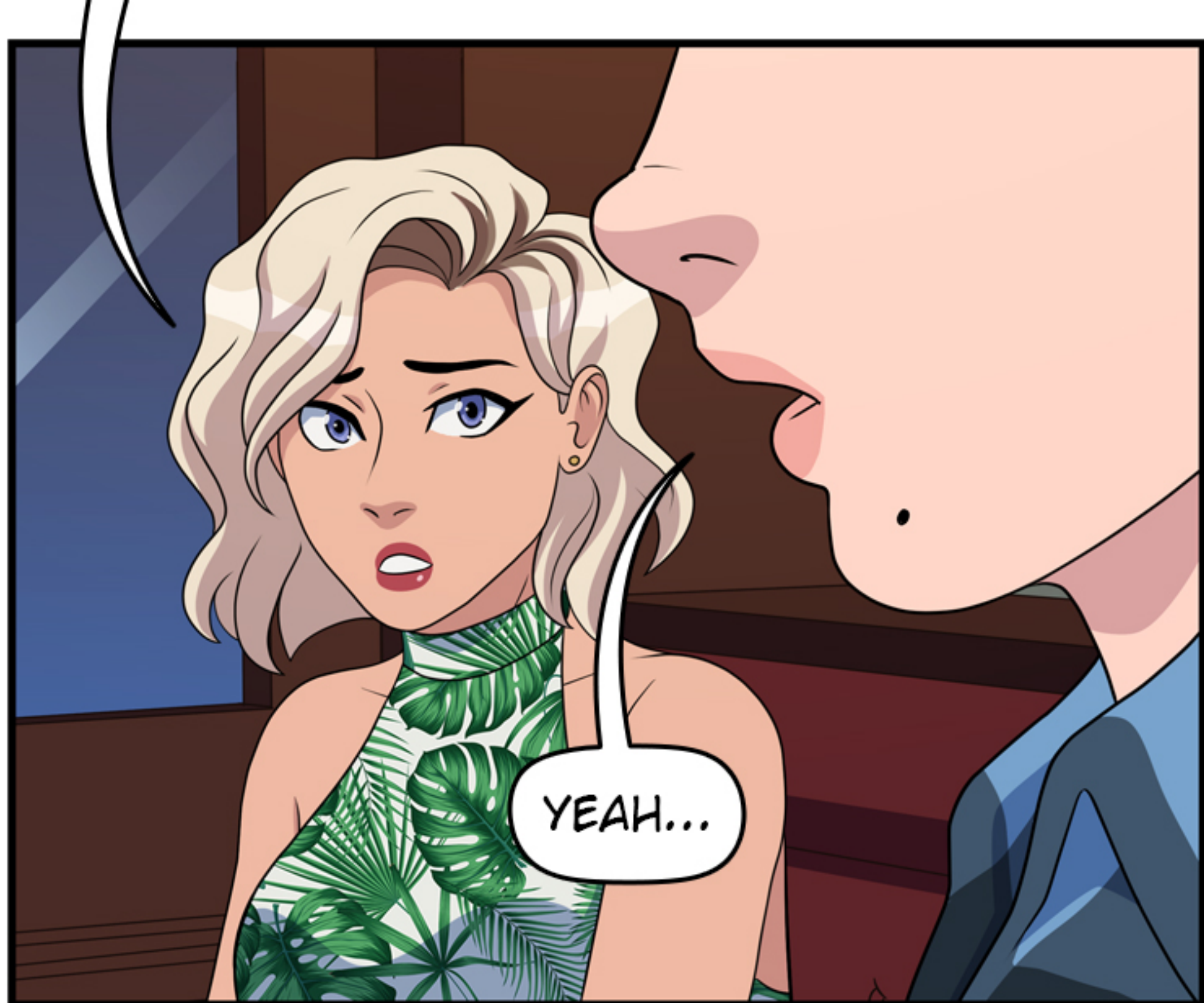




HUFF HUFF
WHAT THE HELL?



THEY TRIED TO
THROW THEMSELVES
OVERBOARD? THAT
MUST HAVE BEEN
TERRIFYING.



I'M JUST GLAD
I WAS ABLE TO STOP
THEM. THEY DIDN'T REALLY
FIGHT ME, JUST KINDA

...FLOPPED AROUND.

IT'S LIKE THEY
WERE **HYPNOTIZED**
OR SOMETHIN'.



ANYWAY,
I TIED 'EM UP AND
BROUGHT 'EM BACK TO
SHORE. THEY'VE BEEN IN
THAT STORAGE ROOM
CHANTING AWAY
EVER SINCE.





HMM...WHAT
WERE STEVEN AND
FRANCIS DOING BEFORE
THEY STARTED ACTING
STRANGELY?



I WAS PRETTY
FOCUSED ON MY
WORK, BUT I THINK
THEY WERE JUST

THEY WERE JUST
TALKING.

LIKE I
SAID, EVERYTHING
WAS FINE UNTIL...
WELL, UNTIL IT
WASN'T.

I SEE.



WE'LL NEED
TO HEAD DOWN
TO THE WATER--TO
THE SPOT WHERE ALL
THIS HAPPENED, IF
POSSIBLE.



I'D HOLD OFF
TILL MORNING. BEACH
IS TOO DARK. YOU'RE MORE
LIKELY TO GET SWEEP AWAY
THAN FIND WHAT YOU'RE
LOOKIN' FOR.

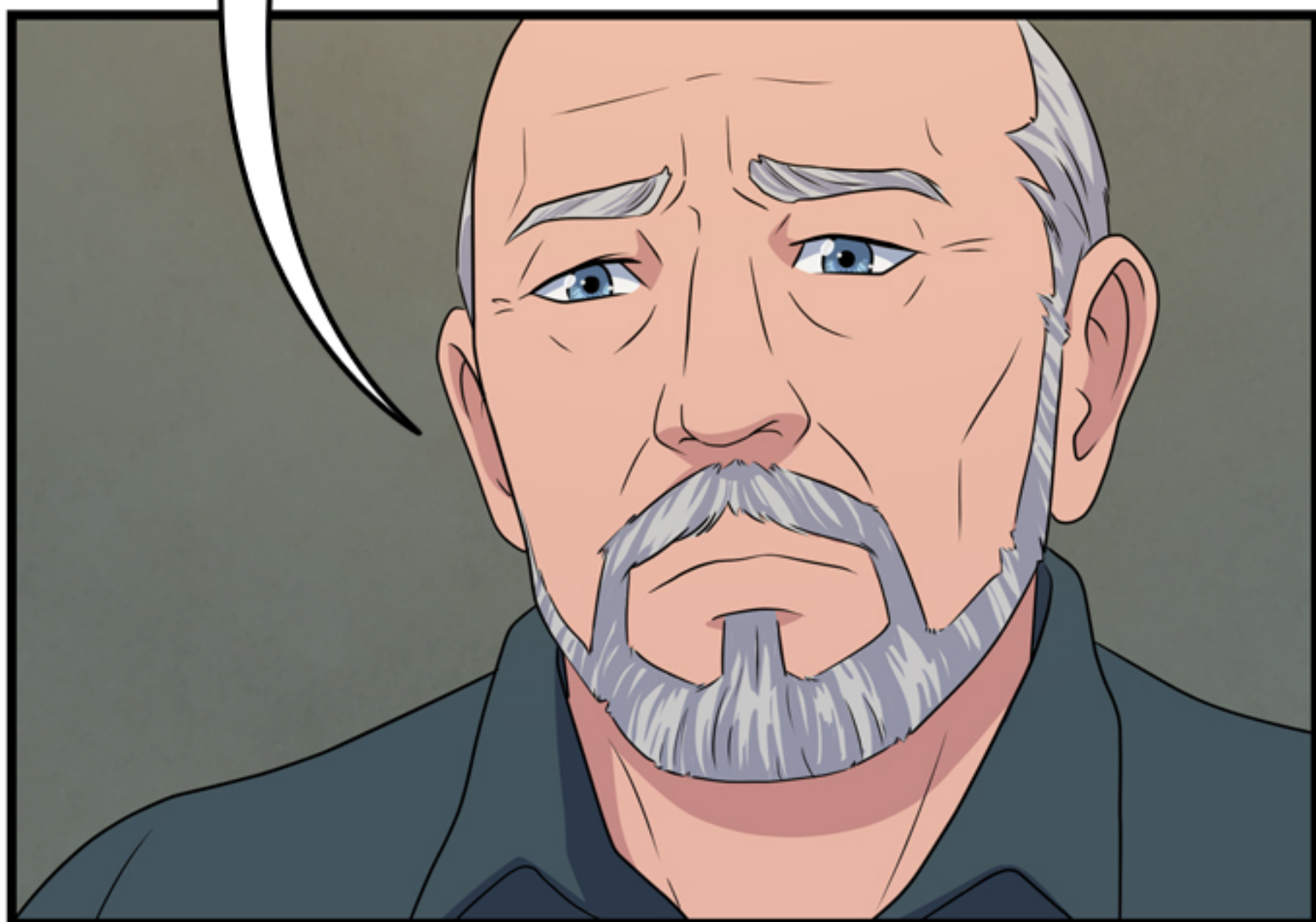




OH,
HEY THERE,
ARCHIE.

THIS IS
ICHABOD, ELLIE,
AND MARIS.

THANKS
FOR COMIN' TO HELP
THE BOYS. IT...MEANS
A LOT TO PEG
AN' ME.



AHEM
AH, IT'S GETTIN'
LATE AND THE INN'S
EMPTY. WE'D BE HAPPY
TO PUT YOU FOLKS UP
FOR THE NIGHT.

WE TOLD
THE COOKS NOT
TO COME IN, BUT IF
YOU'RE HUNGRY, WE'VE
GOT SANDWICHES
AND BEER.



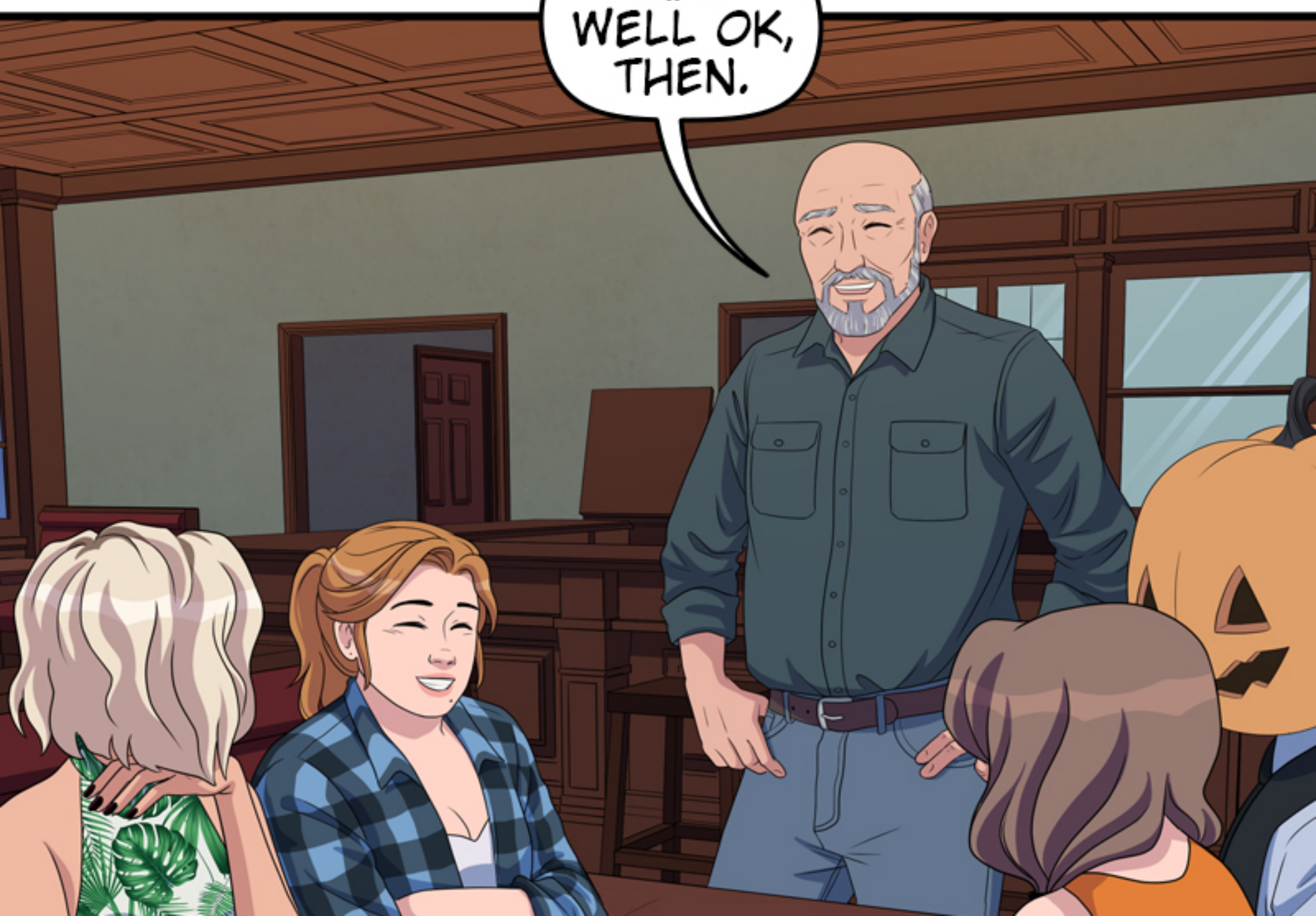


THAT'S VERY
GENEROUS, ARCHIE.
I THINK WE'LL TAKE
YOU UP ON BOTH
OFFERS.

PAT
PAT



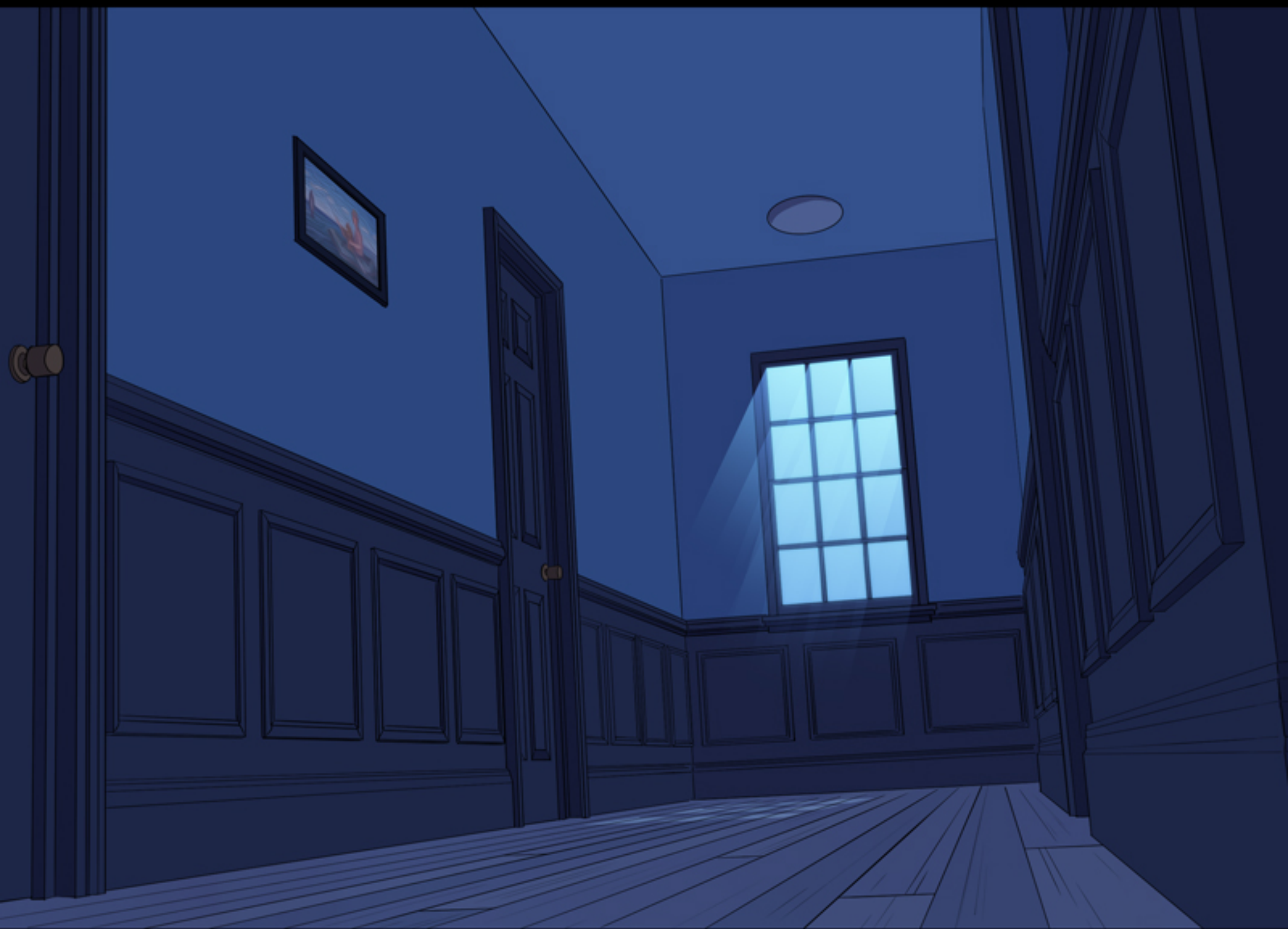
HA!
WELL OK,
THEN.







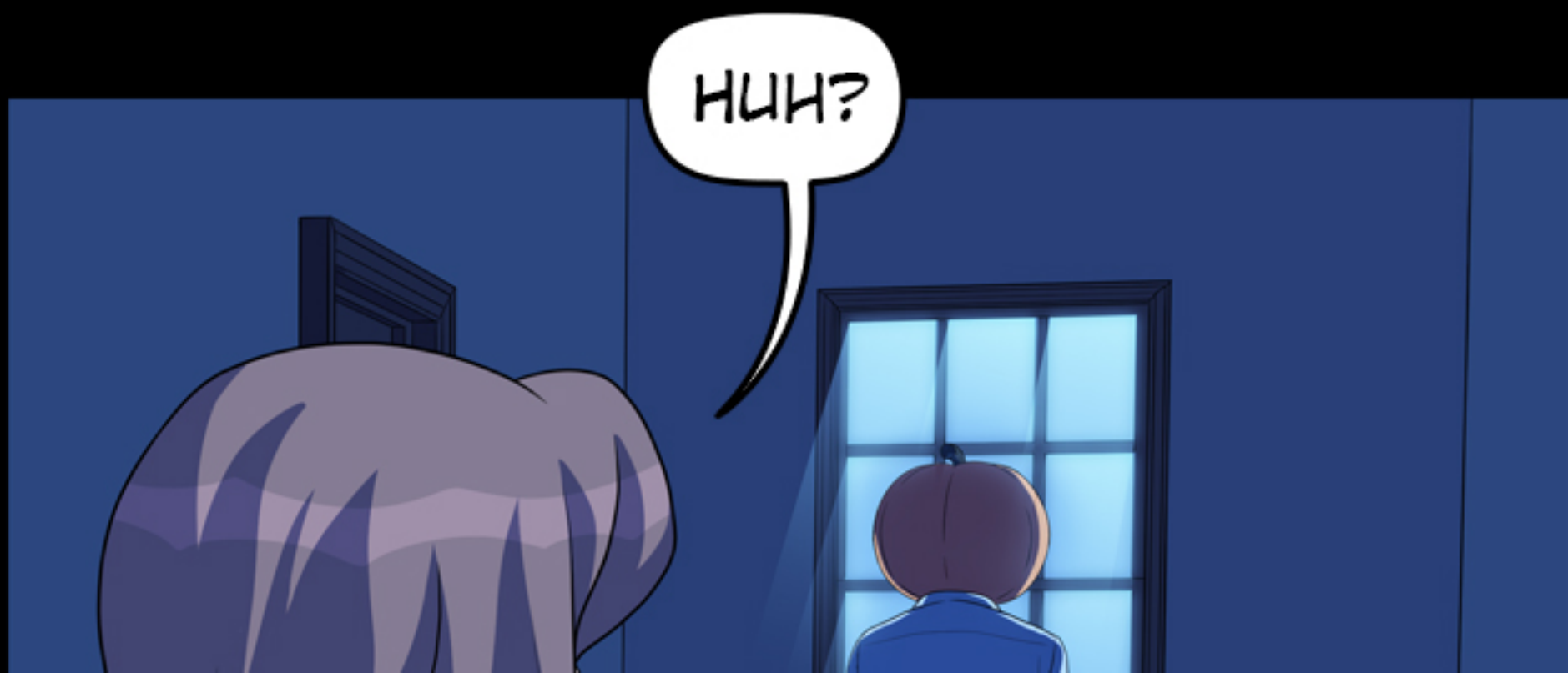






A comic panel showing a woman with long brown hair and a black wristband standing in a doorway. She has a pained expression, with her eyes closed and her hand on her forehead. A large speech bubble is positioned above her head. The background is a solid dark blue.

**UGH, TWO BEERS
AND I'M PEEING ALL
NIGHT. I MUST BE
GETTING OLD.**





ICHABOD?



DO YOU
HEAR IT? SHE'S
CALLING.





THE SEA,
OUR ANCIENT
MOTHER...

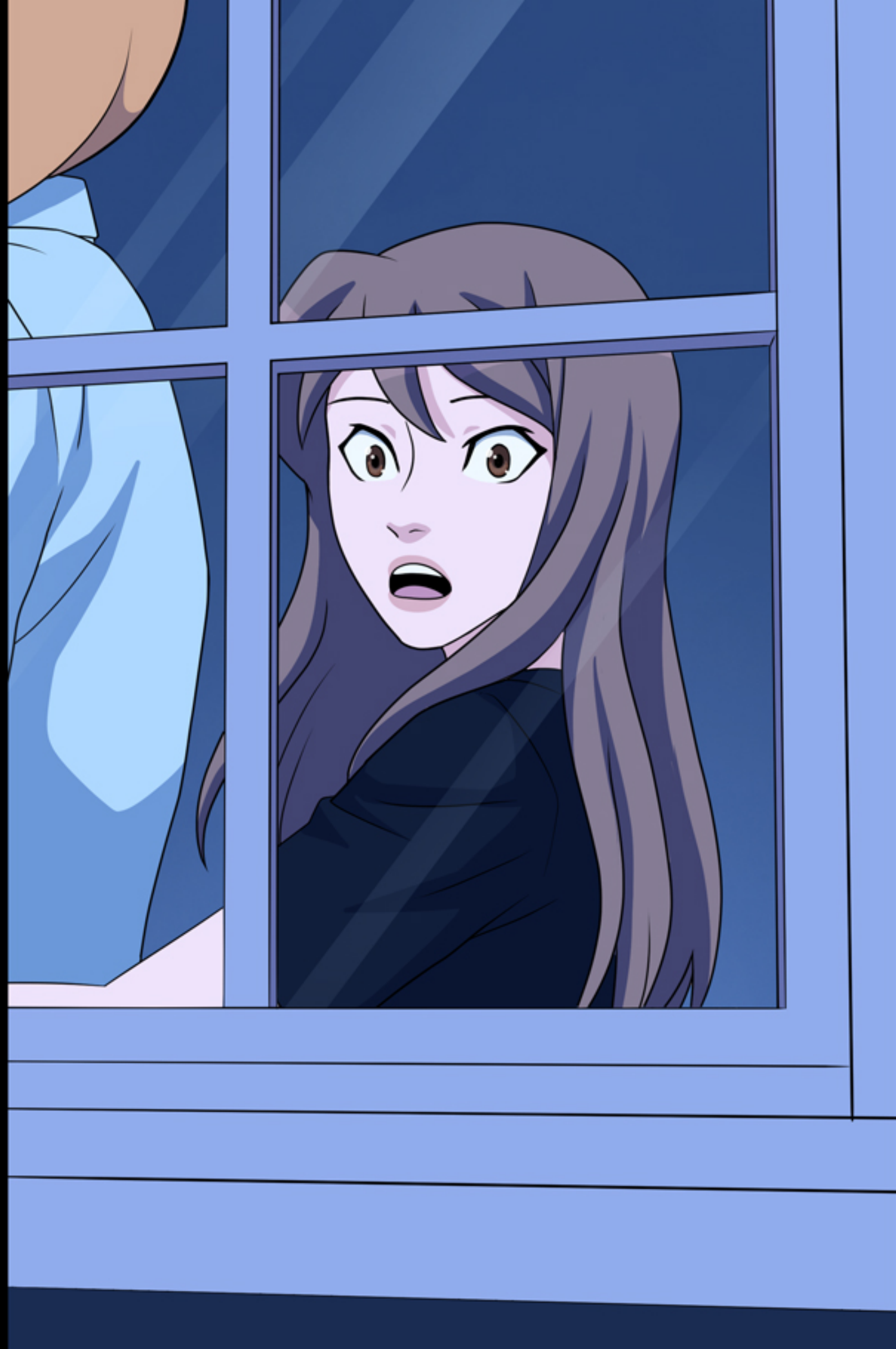




MARIS!







THE SEA, OUR ANCIENT MOTHER
US SLIP BENEATH THE WAVES. LET US
EMBRACE HER MORE IN HER TENDER EMBRACE







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