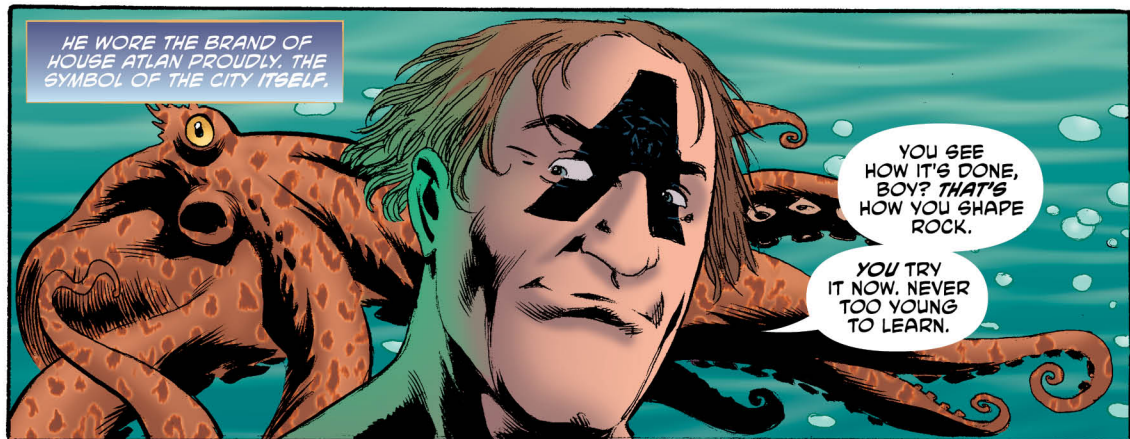




MY FATHER WAS A
HADALIN OF THE
NINTH TRIDE, THE
LOWEST OF ALL IN
ATLANTEAN SOCIETY.

HE TOILED HIS
WHOLE LIFE TO
BUILD AND REPAIR
THE PALACES OF
THE ROYAL FAMILY.

HE WANTED
ATLANTIS TO BE
STRONG AND
STAND FOREVER.



HE WORE THE BRAND OF
HOUSE ATLAN PROUDLY, THE
SYMBOL OF THE CITY ITSELF.

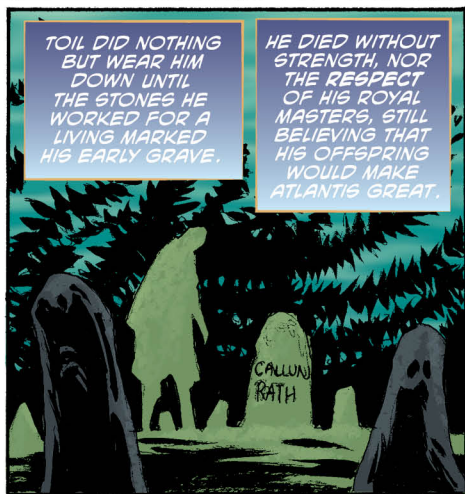
YOU SEE
HOW IT'S DONE,
BOY? *THAT'S*
HOW YOU SHAPE
ROCK.

YOU TRY
IT NOW. NEVER
TOO YOUNG
TO LEARN.



TOIL
MAKES YOU
STRONGER,
AND IT MAKES
ATLANTIS
STRONGER.

YES,
PAPA.



TOIL DID NOTHING
BUT WEAR HIM
DOWN UNTIL
THE STONES HE
WORKED FOR A
LIVING MARKED
HIS EARLY GRAVE.

HE DIED WITHOUT
STRENGTH, NOR
THE RESPECT
OF HIS ROYAL
MASTERS, STILL
BELIEVING THAT
HIS OFFSPRING
WOULD MAKE
ATLANTIS GREAT.



WELL, FATHER.
LOOK AT ME
NOW.

TYRANT KING

DAN ABNETT WRITER
KELLEY JONES ARTIST
MICHELLE MADSEN COLORS
STEVE WANDS LETTERS
ANDY KUBERT & ALEX SINCLAIR COVER
JOSHUA MIDDLETON VARIANT COVER
ANDREA SHEA ASSISTANT EDITOR
ALEX ANTONE EDITOR
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM GROUP EDITOR
AQUAMAN CREATED BY PAUL NORRIS



MY KING...I, UH...

...THE FORCES OF THE **REBEL UNDERCURRENT** HAVE STRUCK AT THE SILENT SCHOOL. THEY--

--THEY WERE LED BY THE **AQUAMAN**, LORD. THEY HAVE **DESTROYED THE CROWN OF THORNS**.

I AM KING, AND YET I AM SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS.

IDIOTS LIKE MY CHANCELLOR, ELDER LEOT.



WITH THE BARRIER GONE, ATLANTIS IS **WIDE OPEN** TO ITS ENEMIES.

UNACCEPTABLE!



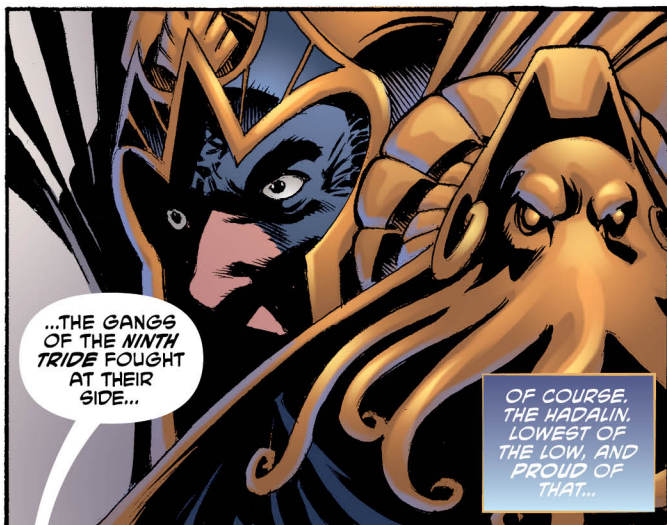
HOW COULD A PATHETIC BAND OF REBELS HAVE DEFEATED THE MIGHTY **SILENT SCHOOL**?



URCELL. ONCE, ONE OF MY CHOSEN IN THE **DELUGE MOVEMENT** WHO FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM.

NOW COMMANDER OF THE **DRIFT GUARD**, ONE OF THE FEW AROUND ME I TRUST.

THEY WERE NOT ALONE, MY LORD...



...THE GANGS OF THE **NINTH TRIDE** FOUGHT AT THEIR SIDE...

OF COURSE, THE **HADALIN**. LOWEST OF THE LOW, AND PROUD OF THAT...



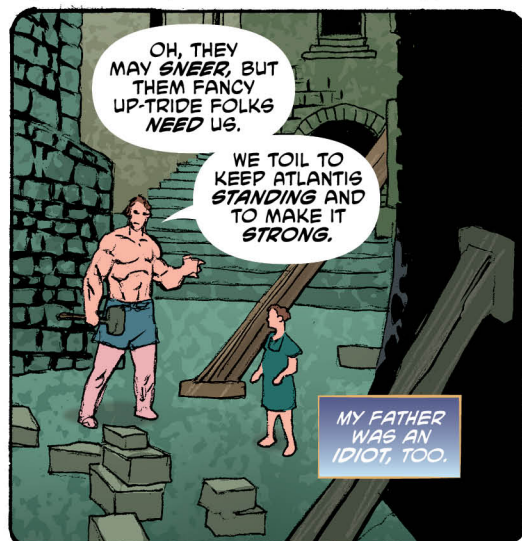
...JUST LIKE
MY FATHER.

RAISED DOWN THERE IN
THE SLUMS OF THE NINTH,
THE DEEPEST QUARTER
OF THE CITY...

THEY
DEPEND ON
US, BOY. WE'RE
THE **BEDROCK**
OF THE CITY,
SEE?

...RAISED TO BUILD
AND MEND, TO SPEND HIS
LIFE IN CONSTANT LABOR,
SHORING UP A CITY THAT
WAS SLOWLY SAGGING AND
CRUMBLING UNDER ITS OWN
SUNKEN WEIGHT.

YES,
PAPA.



OH, THEY
MAY *SNEER*, BUT
THEM FANCY
UP-TRIDE FOLKS
NEED US.

WE TOIL TO
KEEP ATLANTIS
STANDING AND
TO MAKE IT
STRONG.

MY FATHER
WAS AN
IDIOT, TOO.



EVEN BACK THEN,
I KNEW HE WAS
WRONG...

NGGGH!



AHH!

KRACK



CLUMSY-HAND!
THAT WAS **QUALITY**
STONE, BOY!

S-SORRY,
PAPA!

...BUT I WAS TOO
SMALL, TOO WEAK
TO STAND UP TO
HIM.



THWAK



I AM WEAK
NO LONGER.

PURGE
THE NINTH. *BURN*
THE SCUM WHO
LIVE THERE.

M-MY LORD.
WE ARE *ALREADY*
CLAMPING DOWN
ON THE LOWER
TRIDES.

WE ARE
RIDDING THE
STREETS OF
MALCONTENTS AND
INTERNING THE
SEA-CHANGED...



THE
"SEA-CHANGED"?
TAINT-BLOODS,
WE USED TO
CALL THEM.


I'D SEE THEM
WHEN I WAS A
BOY, FOR THEY
LIVED MOST OFTEN
IN SLUM TRIDES
LIKE THE NINTH.

WRETCHES.
MUTANTS,
ALTERED BY
THE SEA.



I LOATHED THEM MOST OF ALL, FOR
TO ME, THEY WERE ATLANTEANS
ACCEPTING THEIR UNDERWATER EXILE.

ATLANTIS MAY HIDE IN
THE OCEAN, BUT IT IS
NOT PART OF IT.



THAT'S WHAT I TRIED TO
TEACH THE PEOPLE BY
LEADING THE DELUGE
AGAINST THE WEAKNESS
OF THE THRONE.

ATLANTIS ONCE RULED
THE WORLD, WATER
AND LAND ALIKE.



FOR GENERATIONS, THE
PEOPLE HAVE TOILED TO
SUPPORT THE THRONE,
TRUSTING THE THRONE WOULD
RESTORE THEM TO THAT GLORY.

THE THRONE WILL FAIL
THEM NO LONGER...