

**LAST NIGHT, THE  
STORM...**

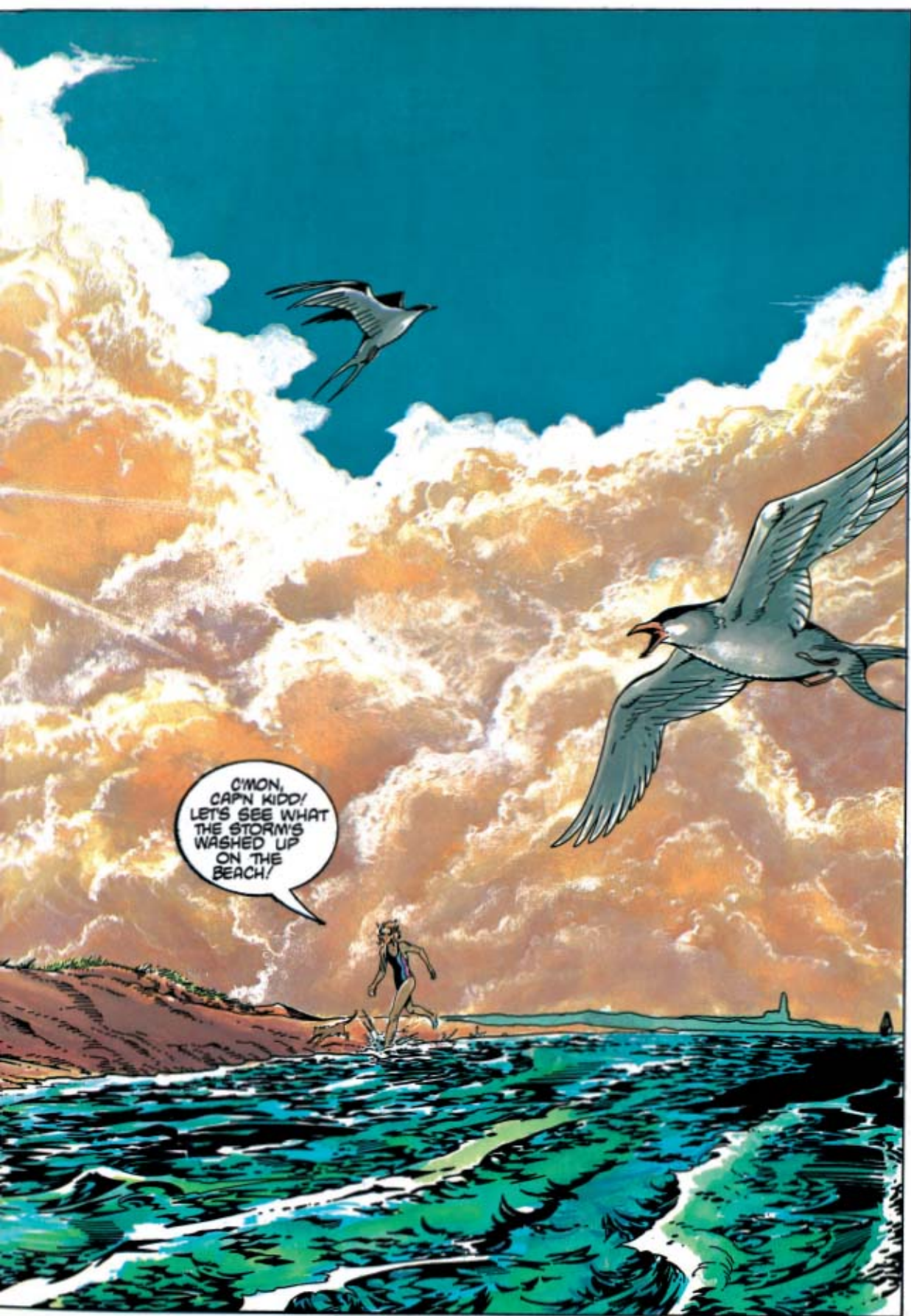




**T**  
ODAY...



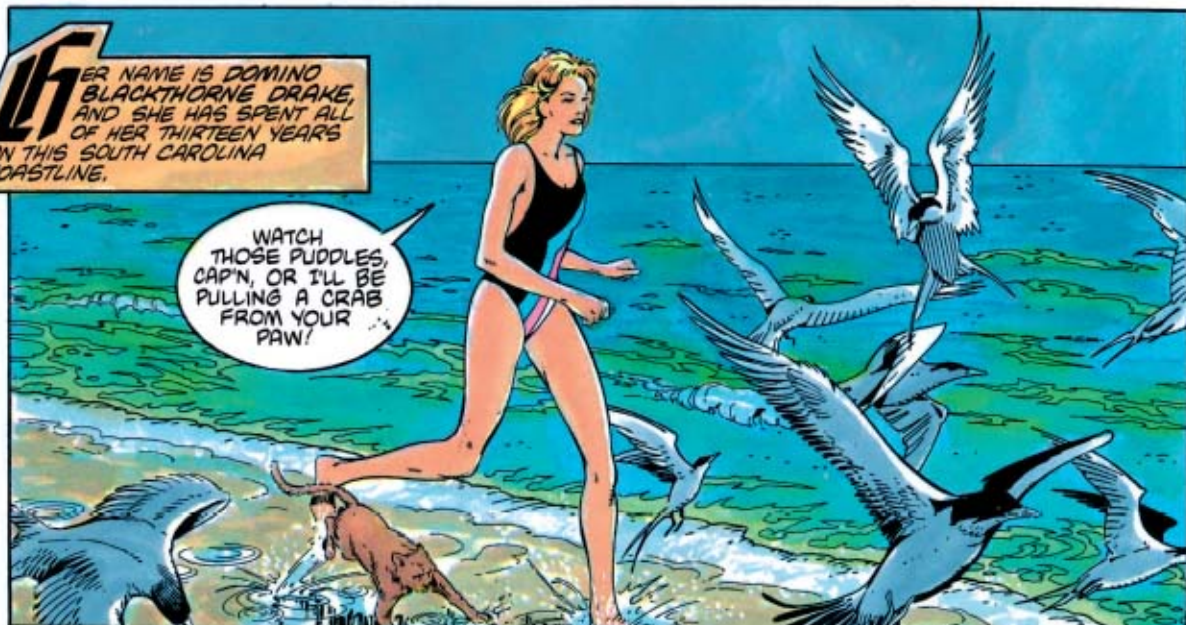




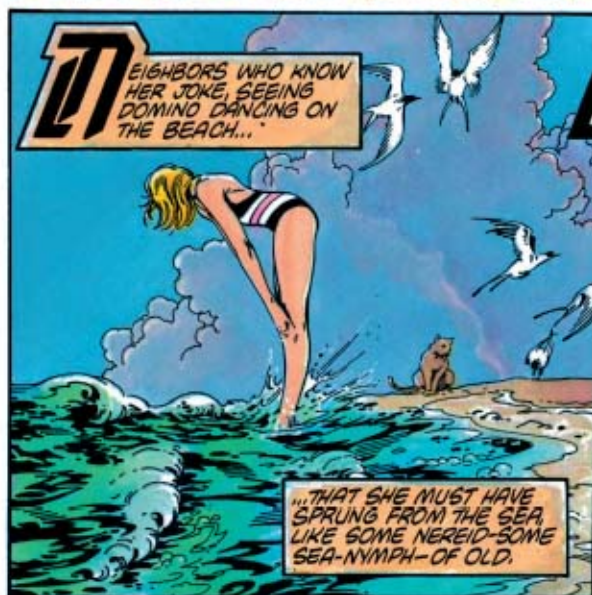


**H**ER NAME IS DOMINO BLACKTHORNE DRAKE, AND SHE HAS SPENT ALL OF HER THIRTEEN YEARS ON THIS SOUTH CAROLINA COASTLINE.

WATCH THOSE PUDDLES, CAP'N, OR I'LL BE PULLING A CRAB FROM YOUR PAW!



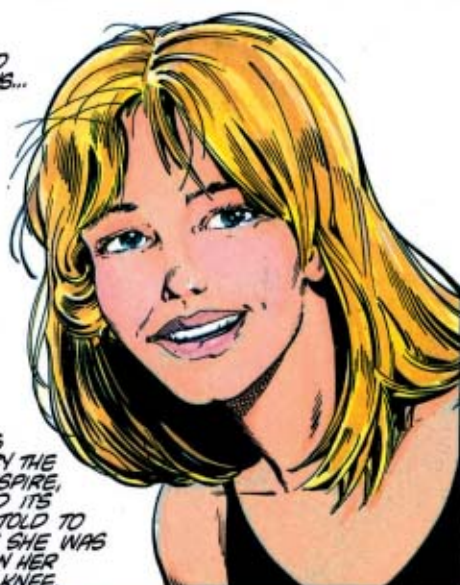
**N**EIGHBORS WHO KNOW HER JOKE, SEEING DOMINO DANCING ON THE BEACH...



...THAT SHE MUST HAVE SPRUNG FROM THE SEA, LIKE SOME NEREID-SOME SEA-NYMPH-OF OLD.

**D**OMINO LAUGHS...

...KNOWING THE POETRY THE SEA CAN INSPIRE, HAVING HAD ITS LEGENDS TOLD TO HER SINCE SHE WAS A BABE ON HER MOTHER'S KNEE.



**D**OMINO IS A CHILD OF THE SEA, THEN; THE SEA IS HER LIFE.



IF YOU WERE TO ASK HER, SHE WOULD SAY SHE PREFERS NO OTHER.

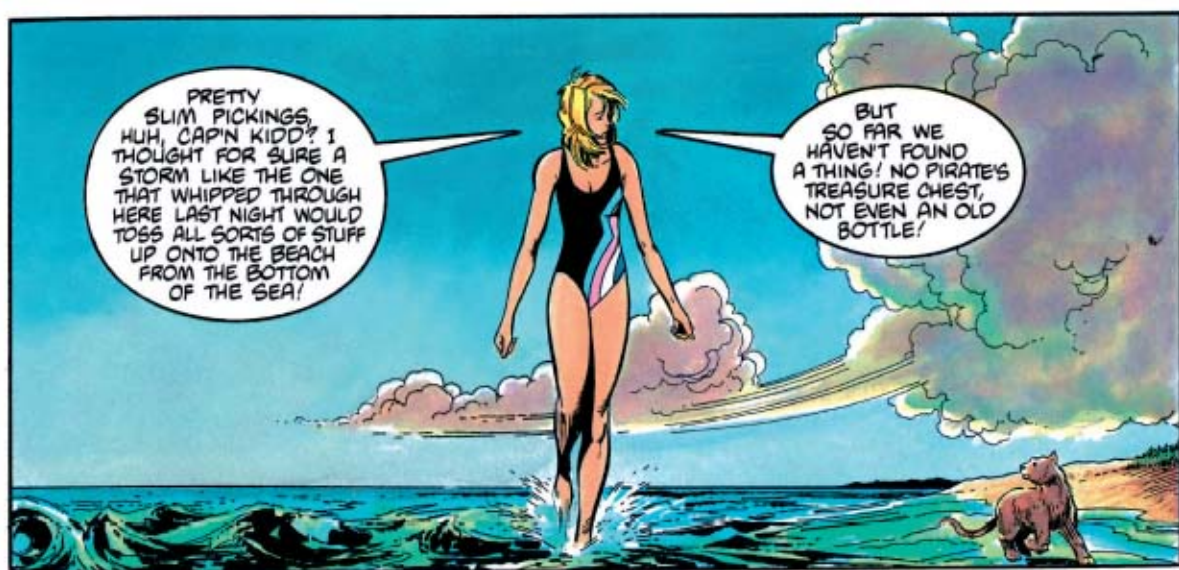












PRETTY SLIM PICKINGS, HUH, CAP'N KIDD? I THOUGHT FOR SURE A STORM LIKE THE ONE THAT WHIPPED THROUGH HERE LAST NIGHT WOULD TOSS ALL SORTS OF STUFF UP ONTO THE BEACH FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

BUT SO FAR WE HAVEN'T FOUND A THING! NO PIRATE'S TREASURE CHEST, NOT EVEN AN OLD BOTTLE!



WHAT IS IT, CAP'N? WHAT'D YOU FIND?



OH! A PIT IN THE SAND! IT WASN'T HERE YESTERDAY! THE STORM MUST HAVE SHIFTED THE DUNES AND...



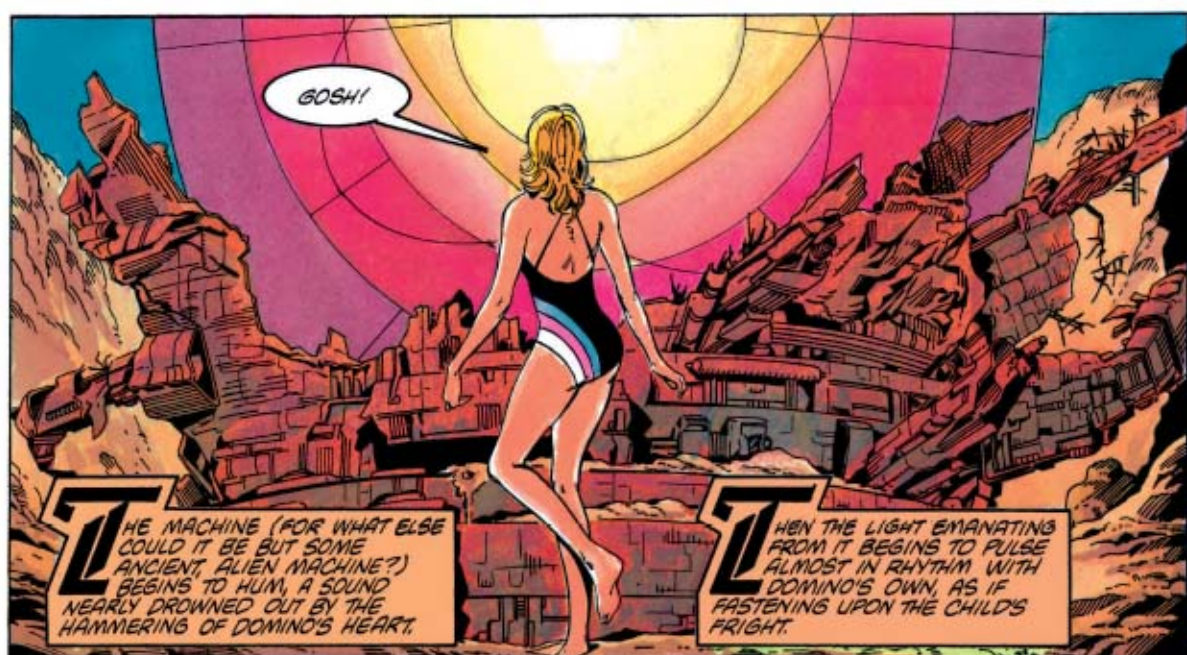
OH, GEE!

**M**ANY'S THE TIME DOMINO HAS DREAMED OF UNEARTHING BURIED TREASURE UNDER THE SAND.













...TO THE STARS!

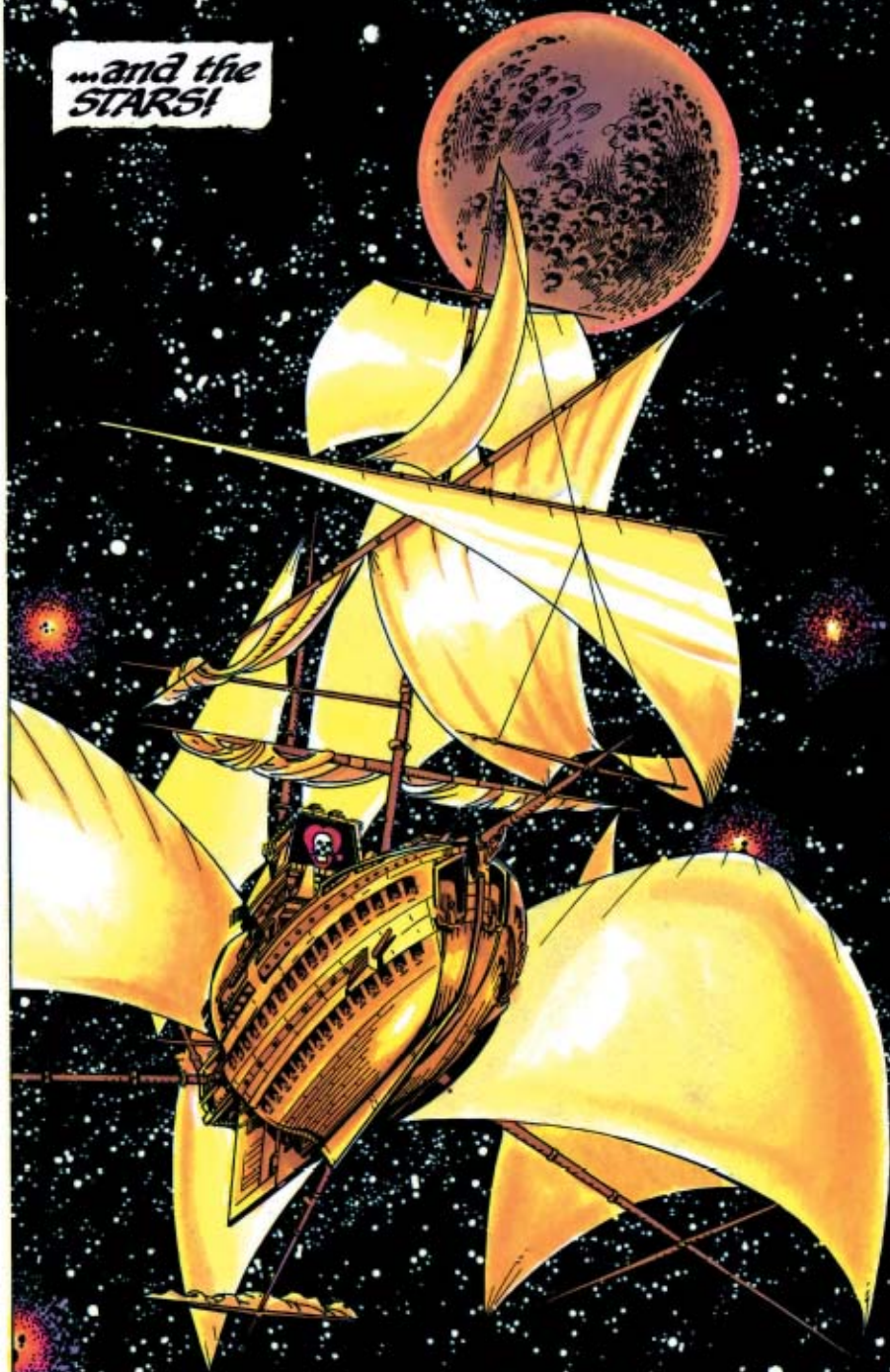








...and the  
STARS!



**S**OMEWHERE, FAR, FAR AWAY, TWO  
VESSELS MANEUVER FOR POSITION,  
DESTRUCTIVE FIRE FROM THEIR  
GUNPORTS LEAPING ACROSS THE  
EVER-NARROWING GULF BETWEEN THEM.