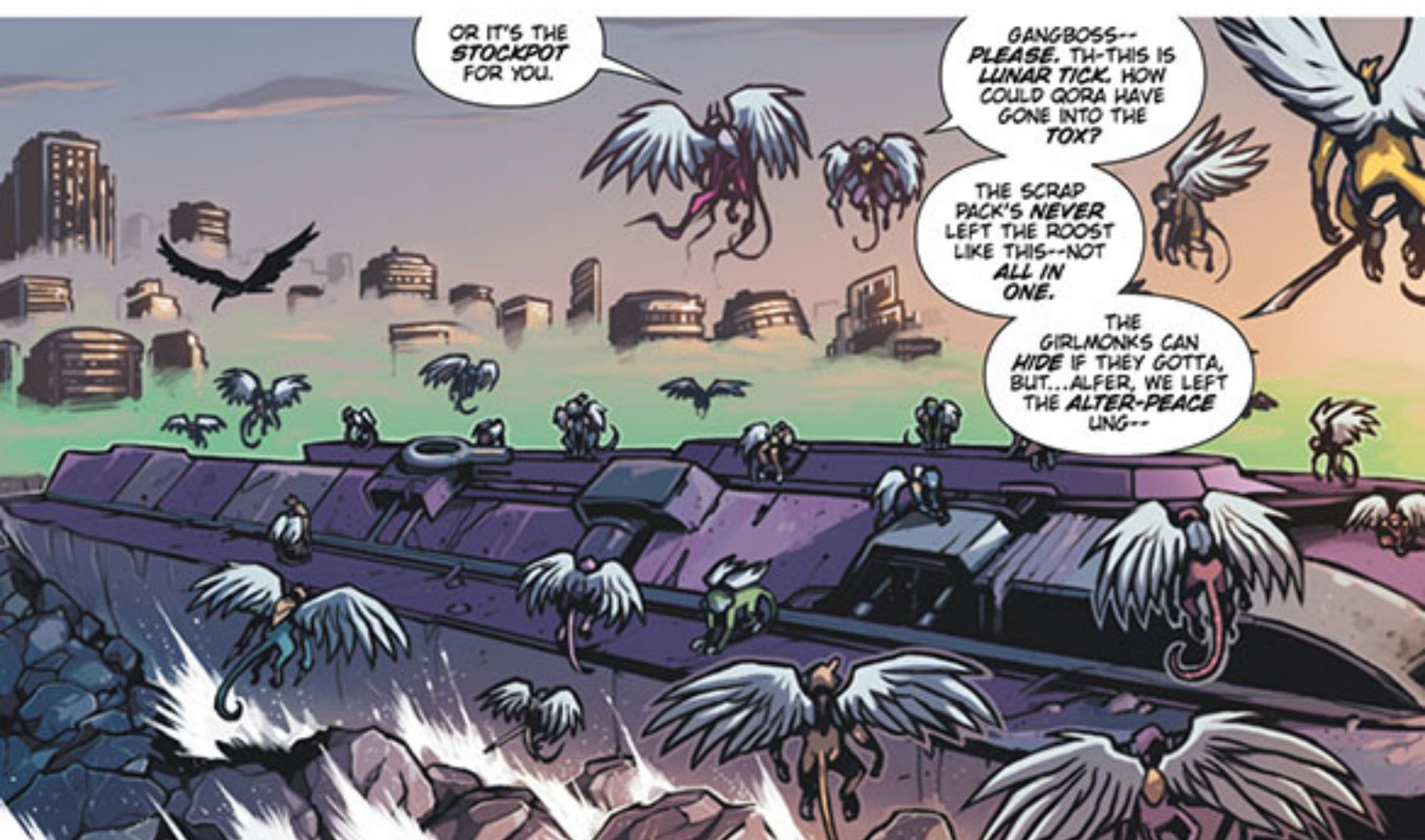


YOU FIND HER,
BIRDBRAIN.

YOU MAKE
PRETEND YOU'RE
SEASWIMMING. YOU HOLD
YOUR BREATH AND YOU GO
IN THE TOX AND YOU
FIND HER!

CAWP



OR IT'S THE
STOCKPOT
FOR YOU.

GANGBOSS--
PLEASE. TH-THIS IS
LUNAR TICK. HOW
COULD GORA HAVE
GONE INTO THE
TOX?

THE SCRAP
PACK'S NEVER
LEFT THE ROOST
LIKE THIS--NOT
ALL IN
ONE.

THE
GIRLMONKS CAN
HIDE IF THEY GOTTA,
BUT...ALFER, WE LEFT
THE ALTER-PEACE
LING--



...GUARDED.

KNOW
YOUR PLACE,
BETTA.

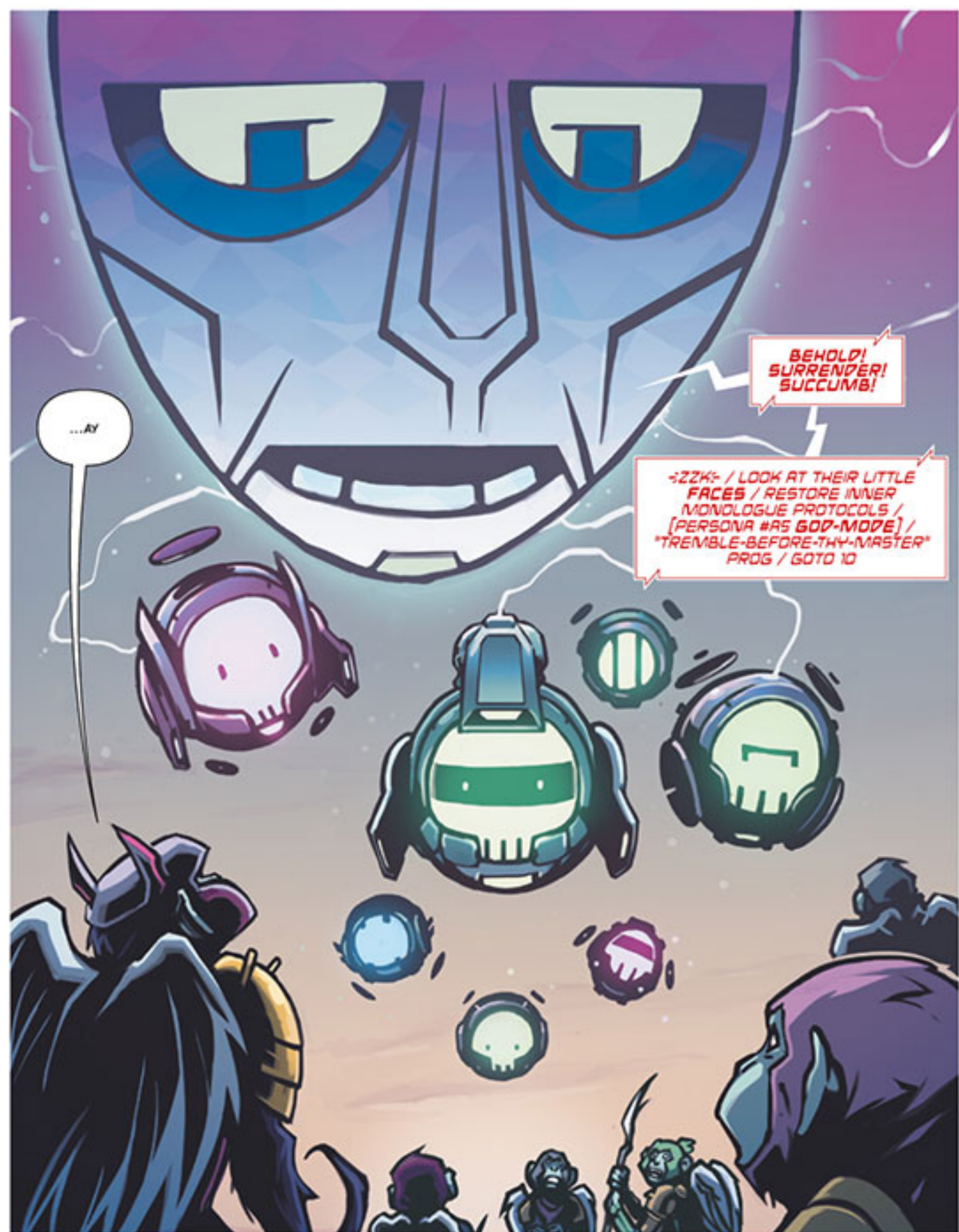


THIS IS MAKER'S PRIDE.
NOTHING MORE DEVILDIRT
THAN A TRAITOR. NOTHING
WORSE THAN WRONGING
THE LORE.

I TELL YOU I
SAW HER WITH A
BAD THING. LIKE
A DOLT EGG.
A THING OF
METAL...



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT, EXACTLY, BUT
IT WAS DEFINITELY A
SINFUL SERVANT
OF--





HI. HELLO.
NICE TO
MEET YA.

WE'D, WH.
WE'D LIKE TO ASK
YOU ABOUT AY,
PLEASE.



I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T
QUITE *CATCH* THAT.
PLEASE *RESTATE*
YOUR ENQUIRY.

STOP
TALKING!
Sssshhh!

IT'S A
MAKER!
BOW! PRAY
SORRIES!



Y'SEE, WE'RE
TRYING TO
LEARN SOME
HISTORY.

THERE'S THIS
LITTLE BIT OF AY
THAT'S MISSING,
A-AND WE'RE
HOPING YOU GUYS
MIGHT REMEMBER
WHAT HAPPENED
IN THE OLD
TIMES, SO...



I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T
QUITE *CATCH* THAT.
PLEASE *RESTATE*
YOUR ENQUIRY.



WE GOTTA LEAVE!
WE GOTTA HIDE OUR
SHAME AND STOP
DOING PESTERINGS
ON THE MAKER AND
PRAY *SORRIES*
AND WE GOTTA
LEAVE--



~clink~

"LEAVE."
SEARCHING
DIRECTORY.

WE THINK
YOU'RE ASKING
FOR INFORMATION
ON PROJECT
CONTINUITY:



EVACUATION
PROTOCOL FOR
ASSETS AND
DATA VITAL TO
MILTECH
ENDURANCE.

PLEASE
SAY "YES"
IF THAT'S
RIGHT.



WH.

Y...YES?