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THE ADMIRAL BENBOW, THE REALM OF 6.

As Tommy puts the hacking-chains back on the other three, I deal with the horror of a world without GPS...

Father says there is a port further down the coast.

You will find a ship there, and adventure.

"If kids don't like this story, they have gone rotten," says he.

...Can we see your father?

I'm afraid not. He's a little embarrassed, I think.

He likes to play these games, but not to be seen doing so.

That's a reference, but I've got no idea what to.

So I don't get a chance to be teacher's pet.

...Is your name William?

Yes, ma'am.

You're Stevenson's stepson.

Is it Robert Louis Stevenson upstairs?

It is said a map is not the terrain, and my father and I are not what we represent either.

He is Master here and to be a master here is to be a master of nothing at all.

Go with his blessing. Don't worry about your slate--at least, *with us...*

Says the boy in a not-at-all worrying way...

...but I get a hint, and as the walk drags on, I go through the god accounts.

I paid the Archivist off instantly. Exploring here pays off the Barnacle Witch. Which leaves...

Bear!
I still owe you, right?

Is there a way of settling up?

Of course!

Look at your map...

You are here, in the realm of the High Seas.

Adventurers are born here, unformed, and set forth, seeing where fortune will take them...

...mainly, it takes them to the damned Dreaming Lands. Or the Dreaming Lands *take them*--pirate fleets drag them to the most tamed place in all of Die.

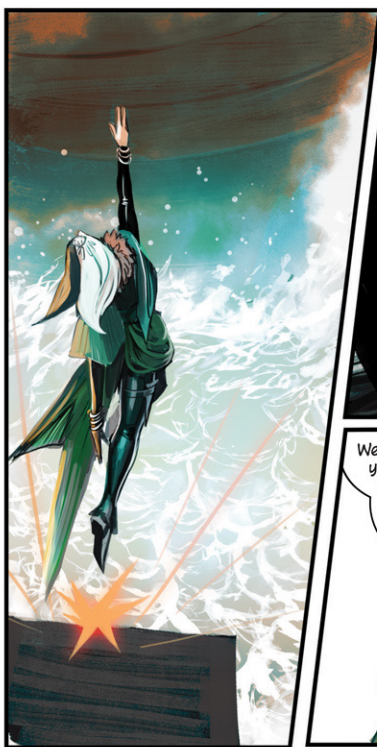
I would rather they go to an apocalyptic land of barren beauty, where stories are feral.

A ship--*ha!*--bearing my standard is leaving. Try to get the new adventurers to the Apocalypse, and we're even.

Hell!
Succeed, and I'll owe you, lass.

Hmm. The Dreaming Lands.

West of the Dreaming Lands is where Isabelle said she was...



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