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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 fated 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,
lads.

Hmm. The
Dreaming
Lands.

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



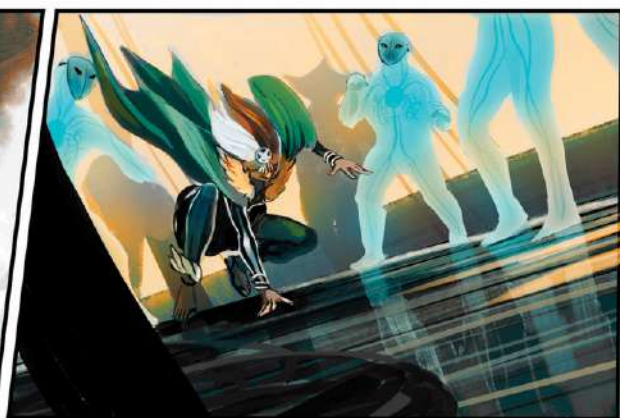
It *is* on the way to one of our leads...

...and being in credit? That sounds good. And, also, unlikely.



If one of the gods offers me to pay off my actual mortgage, then we'll know we're really lost in fantasy.

Wait!



We're going to get you to (er) the Apocalypse?

Welcome aboard!

The pirates are bad enough, but there's tell of a kraken in the waters, too.

I bet I'm going to discover it's not just a brand of rum I hate...

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