

GIRL GENIUS[®]

ELECTRONIC EDITION



VOLUME FIVE

AGATHA HETERODYNE AND THE CLOCKWORK PRINCESS





Agatha Heterodyne
and the

CLOCKWORK PRINCESS

A Gaslamp Fantasy
with
ADVENTURE, ROMANCE & MAD SCIENCE

GIRL GENIUS

BY PHIL & KAJA FOGLIO

GIRL GENIUS[®]

AGATHA HETERODYNE

THE CLOCKWORK PRINCESS

A Gaslamp Fantasy
with
ADVENTURE, ROMANCE & MAD SCIENCE



Story by Kaja & Phil Foglio

Pencils by Phil Foglio

Colors by Cheyenne Wright





OTHER BOOKS FROM **AIRSHIP ENTERTAINMENT** AND STUDIO FOGLIO



Girl Genius® Graphic Novels

Girl Genius Volume One:

Agatha Heterodyne and the Beetleburg Clank

Girl Genius Volume Two:

Agatha Heterodyne and the Airship City

Girl Genius Volume Three:

Agatha Heterodyne and the Monster Engine

Girl Genius Volume Four:

Agatha Heterodyne and the Circus of Dreams

Girl Genius Volume Five:

Agatha Heterodyne and the Clockwork Princess

Girl Genius Volume Six:

Agatha Heterodyne and the Golden Trilobite

Girl Genius Volume Seven:

Agatha Heterodyne and the Voice of the Castle

Girl Genius Volume Eight:

Agatha Heterodyne and the Chapel of Bones

Other Graphic Novels

What's New with Phil & Dixie Collection

Robert Asprin's MythAdventures®

Buck Godot, zap gun for hire:

- *Three Short Stories*
- *PSmlth*
- *The Gallimaufry*

Girl Genius® is published by:
Airship Entertainment™: a happy part of Studio Foglio, LLC
2400 NW 80th St #129 Seattle WA 98117-4449, USA

Please visit our Web sites at www.airshipbooks.com and www.girlgenius.net

Girl Genius is a registered trademark of Studio Foglio, LLC. Girl Genius, the Girl Genius logos, Studio Foglio and the Studio Foglio logo, Airship Entertainment, Airship Books & Comics & the Airship logo, the Jägermonsters, Mr. Tock, the Heterodyne trilobite badge, the Jägermonsters' monster badge, the Wulfenbach badge, the Spark, Agatha Heterodyne, Trelawney Thorpe, the Heterodyne Boys, Transylvania Polygnostic, the Transylvania Polygnostic University arms, the Secret Cypher Society, Krosp, Castle Wulfenbach, Castle Heterodyne and all the Girl Genius characters are © & ™ 2000-2009 Studio Foglio.

All material © 2001-2009 Studio Foglio. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form (including electronic) without permission in writing from the publisher except for brief passages in connection with a review.

This is a work of fiction and any resemblance herein to actual persons, events or institutions is purely coincidental.

Story by Phil & Kaja Foglio. Pencils by Phil Foglio. Main story colors by Cheyenne Wright. Selected spot illustrations colored by Kaja Foglio and/or Cheyenne Wright. Logos, Lettering, Artist Bullying & Book Design by Kaja. Fonts mostly by Comicraft—www.comicbookfonts.com.

The material in this collection originally appeared from June 2005-March 2006 at www.girlgenius.net.

Originally published simultaneously in Hardcover (ISBN 978-1-890856-38-0)
and Softcover (ISBN 978-1-890856-39-7) editions.

Third Printing: June 2009 PRINTED IN THE USA

This book is dedicated to Phil's Mother, Otilie Dorothea Millson, maker of monster-makers.

KAJA FOGLIO

Professor Foglio was, late last fall, informed that she had been selected to participate in a mandatory academic exchange program with the University of Pu'lukka Ranga, located on a rather small island somewhere in the Pacific. Realizing that she would no longer need her winter ensemble, she graciously presented her famously distinctive lab-grown "über-chinchilla" coat to her academic rival, the head of the Department of Socioeconomic Storytelling. By some odd coincidence, the head of the Department of Socioeconomic Storytelling was mysteriously abducted the next day, never to be heard from again save for a hastily scrawled note-in-a-bottle found washed up on the beach several months later. This note, although mostly incoherent, appeared to be mainly an analysis of the economic costs of being marooned upon a volcanic island populated exclusively by a type of giant saurian as yet unknown to Science. Professor Foglio has heard nothing further about the academic exchange program, and hopes that the proceeds from the sale of this textbook will allow her to buy a new coat.

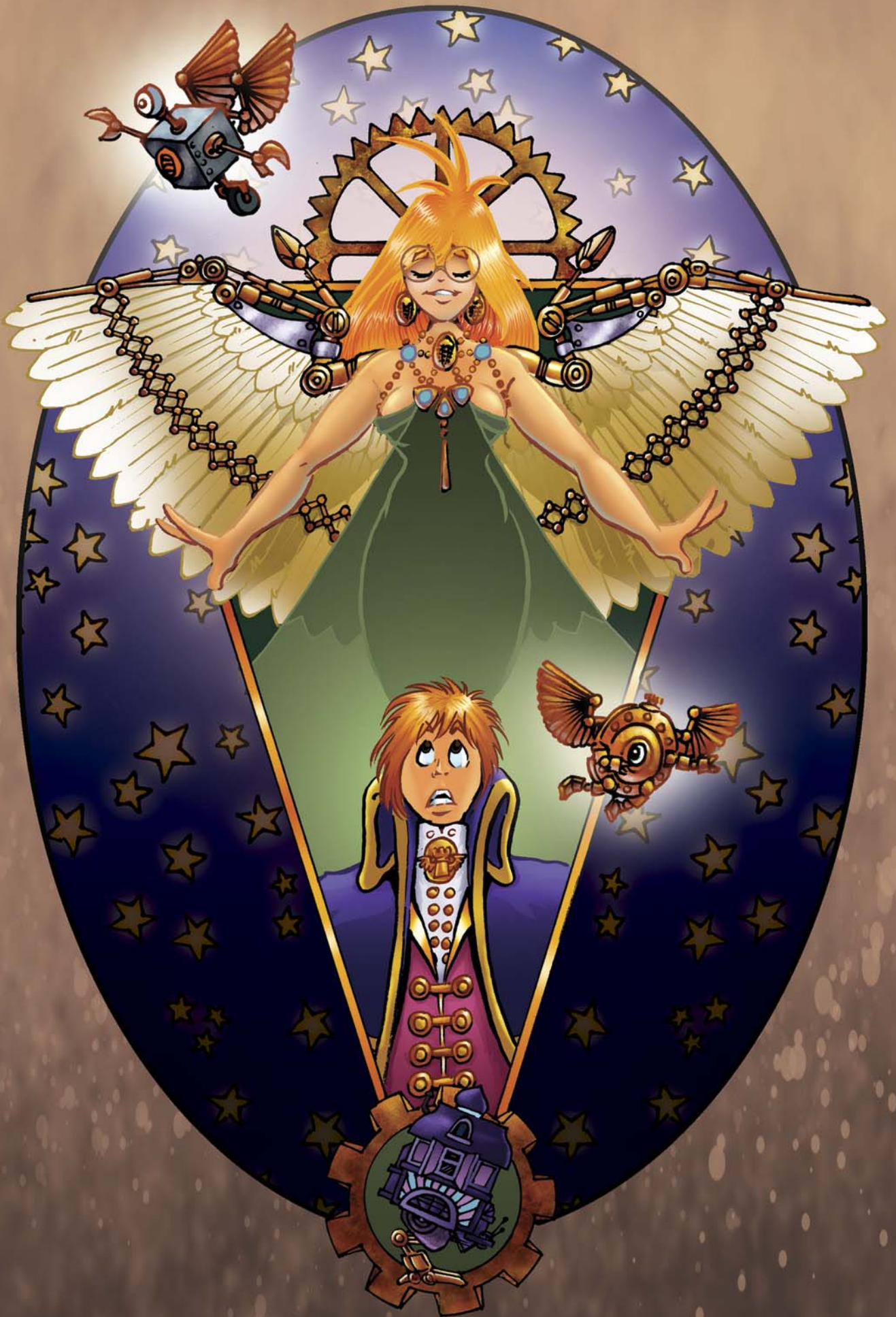
PHIL FOGLIO

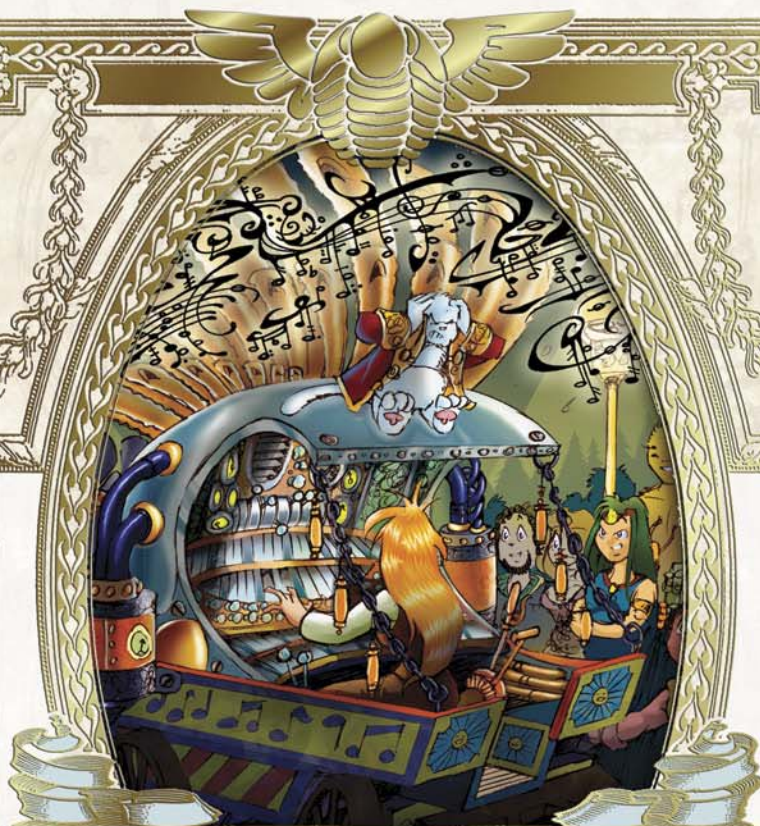
Continues his field research into the early life of Agatha Heterodyne, a task until recently made ever more difficult by the proliferation of sensationalist novels purporting to chronicle the life of lady Heterodyne, only without so many clothes. Professor Foglio has labored mightily to explain to these fabricators that they are spreading misinformation, unduly influencing the reading public's perception of the Lady Heterodyne, and stealing the Professor's ideas without sufficient remuneration. Surprisingly few of these publishers burned to the ground in unexpected ways before word got around, and such faux chronicles are quite rare of late. He is, however, quite fond of the series of music-hall songs currently making the rounds in the larger towns, and has been known to belt out all twenty-five verses of "Whoops Now, My Lady, Your Monster's Loose Again" if no one manages to stop him in time.

CHEYENNE WRIGHT

Recently, Professor Wright has taken up residence within the ruins of the late Professor Voltavia's "Thunder Tower" which, despite the craters, continues to dominate the skyline of T.P.U.'s eastern campus; even after the recent interdepartmental fracas between the (ultimately triumphant) Department of Meteorology and the Department of Falling Sky Rocks (formerly Meteoritics). It is there that he continues his experiments with "Artificial Color." You can view the latest results of his research at www.arcanetimes.com.







• THE STORY SO FAR •

Agatha Clay is a young Mad Scientist (or “Spark” to be polite.) Traveling with her is Krosop I, a failed experiment created to be the “Emperor of all Cats.”

Agatha is also the last of the famous Heterodyne family—beloved heroes who disappeared under mysterious circumstances many years ago. Folk legend claims that they will someday return, but so far they haven’t managed it.

Agatha and Krosop have just escaped from Baron Klaus Wulfenbach—a powerful Spark who rules most of Europe. After crashing their small dirigible, they met Master Payne’s Circus of Adventure—a traveling show specializing in popular melodramas about the Heterodynes. Now, thanks to a ruse concocted by the Circus, the Baron believes that Agatha is dead. Unfortunately, so does the Baron’s son Gilgamesh, who became very attached to Agatha while she was staying on board the giant airship *Castle Wulfenbach*.

The circus players are happy with the success of their trick, and although Agatha now feels safe, her new friend Zeetha is not so sure. Zeetha is the lost princess of a lost city, and a fearsome swordmistress. She has decided to teach Agatha to defend herself—whether she likes it or not.

Although everyone in the Circus knows that Agatha is a Spark, they do not know that she is a member of the real-life Heterodyne family. In the Heterodyne plays Agatha is given the role of Lucrezia Mongfish, the “villain’s beautiful daughter” who later married Bill Heterodyne and became Agatha’s mother. She finds this very odd, but plays her part well. Agatha can be a lot like her mother, especially when she is angry...or really into a part.

Recently, the Circus encountered three live Jägermonsters who had been hung on a gallows and left to die. The Jägermonsters are a group of monstrous soldiers created by the not-so-heroic ancestors of the Heterodynes, and they have never been popular. Most of them now work for the Baron. Agatha set the hanging Jägers free and they disappeared into the night, but they may still be out there somewhere...



HEY! YOU TWO ARE FINALLY HERE!

HUFF
HUFF

YOU LEFT WITHOUT US!

ZEETHA SAID YOU'D CATCH UP.

THAT'S RIGHT!

NOTHING SPURS A GOOD RUN LIKE FEAR!





STILL, I EXPECTED WE'D CATCH UP HOURS AGO—

SO IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN THAT FRIGHTENING.

I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE CREATIVE NEXT TIME.

WORKING! ALREADY SCARED!



YOU'RE REALLY ENJOYING THIS, AREN'T YOU?

OH, YEAH!

ANYWAY, IF YOU THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN ABANDONED IN THE WASTELANDS IN THIS OUTFIT—

YOU'D KNOW WHAT FEAR IS.

AND WHY IS EVERYONE STOPPED?

WERE YOU WAITING FOR US?



WELL, AH, WE'LL BE CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS, AND THAT ROAD LEADS OVER THE PASS.

HEY! AND THAT TOWN THAT MAKES THOSE FRIED CREAM THINGS!

PASSHOLDT. YES.



WE SHOULD BE THERE BY NOW.

BUT MASTER PAYNE STOPPED US HERE—

AND WON'T CROSS THE BRIDGE UNTIL LARS AND AUGIE COME BACK.

HE'S BEING EVEN MORE CAUTIOUS THAN USUAL.

I DON'T KNOW WHY.

BUT I'M SURE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.



IT'S GETTING LATE.

IF ALL'S AS IT SHOULD BE—

WHY AREN'T THEY BACK BY NOW?

YES.

WE MAY HAVE BEEN RIGHT TO WAIT.



THERE'S SOMETHING—
ODD IN THE
AIR.

I'VE BEEN
WATCHING
MOXANA'S
GAME.

I DON'T
LIKE
WHAT I
SEE.

SOMETHING'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN.

AND YOU
WANT TO BE
PREPARED.

THAT'S
RIGHT.

I WANT TO
KNOW *EXACTLY*
WHAT'S AHEAD
BEFORE WE COMMIT
TO THIS PASS.



SO I THOUGHT
I'D MET
EVERYONE BY
NOW.

WHO'S THIS
MOXANA?

HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!



HEAVENS. IT
MUST SOUND
ODD.

YES. WE'LL
INTRODUCE YOU TO
MOXANA AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE!

I'D LIKE
THAT.

WHOA!
IS THAT
THEM?

"THEY'RE
RIDING
HELL-FOR-
LEATHER--"

"THAT'S NOT
GOOD."

"WAITAMINUTE--"

"WHAT THE
DEVIL IS LARS
DOING?"

"THE FOOL'S
GOING TO FALL
OFF HIS HORSE."



CAN YOU
SEE ANY
PURSUIT?

NO. BUT
THEY'RE RIDING
SO HARD--

AND LARS
IS WAVING
HIS ARMS
AROUND--

WE'D BETTER
GET THE
WAGONS
MOVING.

NO
PURSUIT--





HERE THEY COME.

AND THERE'S STILL NOTHING BEHIND THEM.

WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR, KROSP?



I'M NOT SURE.

SOMETHING WE DON'T EXPECT.

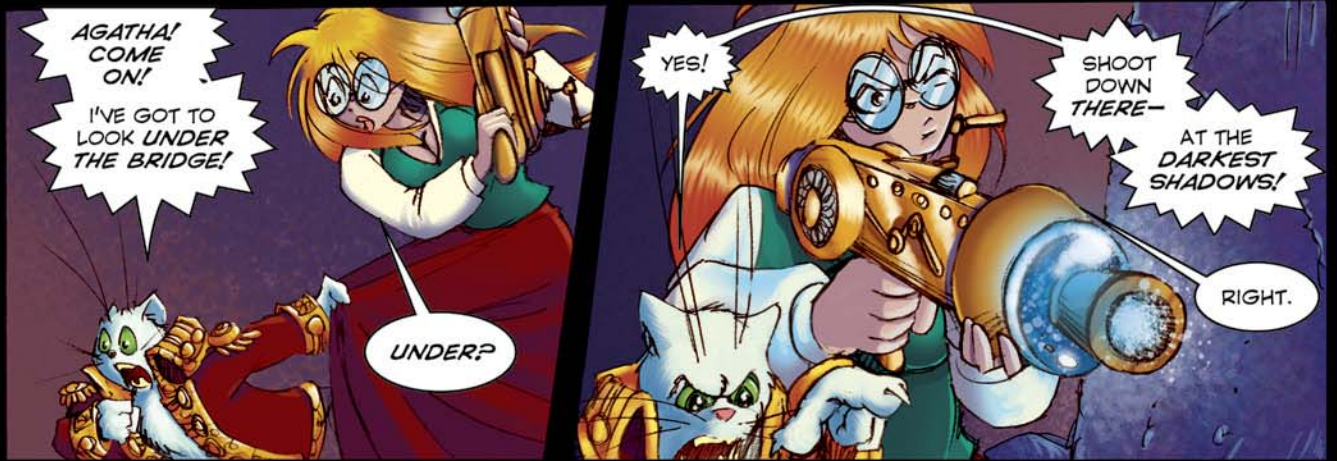
WELL, THAT COULD BE ANYTHING.

WHOA! THEY'VE GOT OUT THEIR WEAPONS.

WHAT DO THEY SEE THAT WE DON'T?

...US?

OH, NO—



AGATHA! COME ON!
I'VE GOT TO LOOK UNDER THE BRIDGE!

UNDER?!

YES!

SHOOT DOWN THERE—
AT THE DARKEST SHADOWS!

RIGHT.





SCREE!

SCREE!

HISSS-

WHAT ARE THOSE?

DID YOU SEE?

THERE'S A TUNNEL UNDER THE BRIDGE!

HERE THEY COME!



THERE'S TOO MANY.

WE'RE DEAD.

YES.

BUT WE FIGHT TO GIVE THE WAGONS TIME TO ESCAPE.



HO! NOW VAT'S DE FUN OF DOT?

VE FIGHTS TO KEEL!



COME ON, HYU KEEDS!

HYU GOTTS TO FIGHT LIKE HYU MEANS IT!

LOTS OV MONSTER FOR EVRYVUN!

WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

WHO CARES?

VOO HOO!

EVERYONE— DON'T SHOOT THE JÄGERS!



HEY, THESE THINGS GO DOWN PRETTY EASY.

THERE'S STILL SOME COMING OUT OF THE TUNNEL.



AGATHA! SHOOT!

I-I CAN'T! THIS THING—



THEY DIDN'T MAKE IT.

AUGIE AND LARS ARE CUT OFF!



WILL YOU PEOPLE GET OUT OF HERE?!

RUN!

LARS!

HO! HYU VANTS HIM?



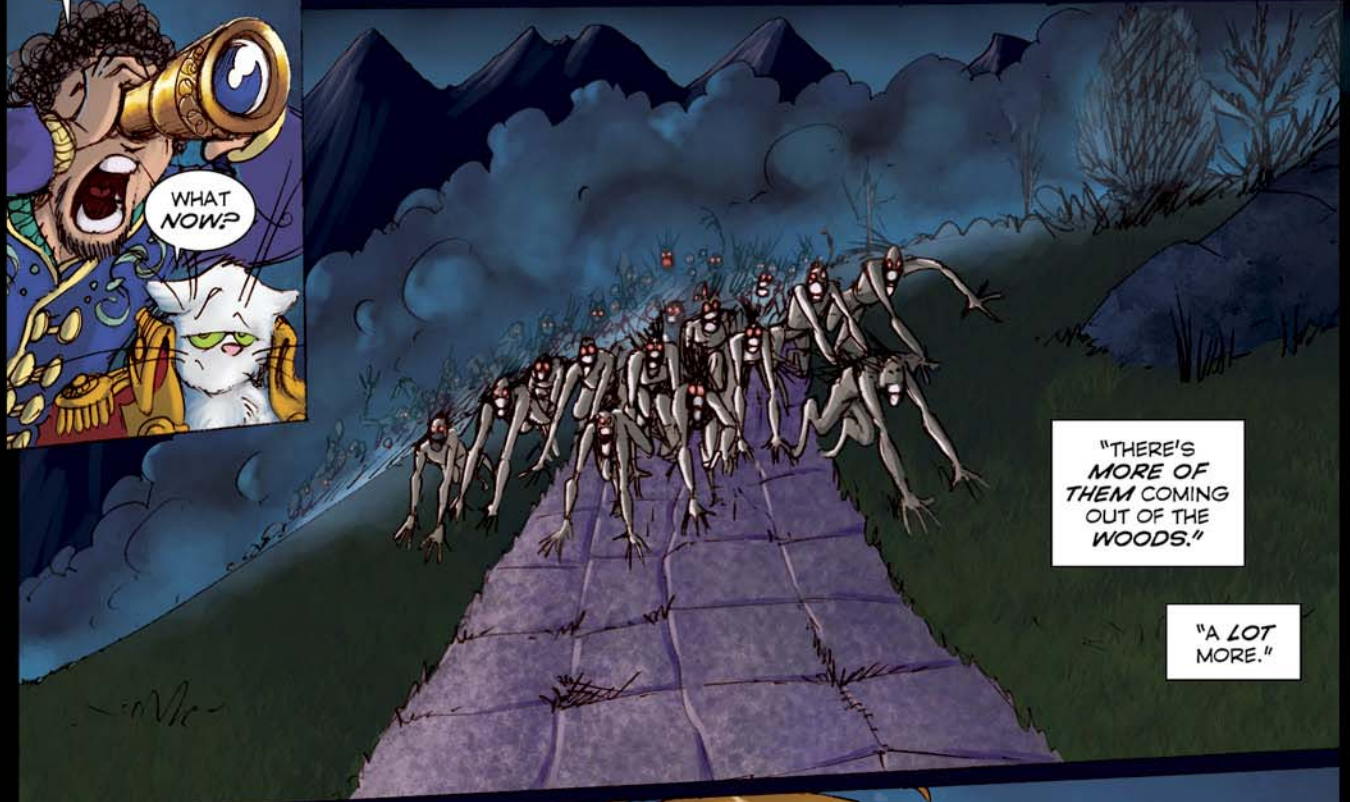
WE GO
GET
HIM!
TO DE
BRIDGE!

YEEEEARGH!
HOO HOO!



OH
NO!

WHAT
NOW?



"THERE'S
MORE OF
THEM COMING
OUT OF THE
WOODS."

"A LOT
MORE."



WE CAN'T
FIGHT ALL
THAT!

THAT I CAN
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT.

AS SOON AS
LARS AND AUGIE
ARE SAFE...



THEY'RE STILL THERE! WHY AREN'T THEY RUNNING?!

THEY'RE WAITING FOR US.

OH, PERFECT. CAN'T THEY SEE WE'RE FINISHED?!

AND WHY AREN'T YOU SHOOTING?!

I RAN OUT OF BULLETS BEFORE THEY EVEN WENT INTO THAT TUNNEL!

YOU'RE NOT USING THOSE STUPID HAMMERS AGAIN, ARE YOU?!!

... OF COURSE NOT!

YOU ARE SO! YOU—



HO HO! HYU IZ FONNY GUYZ!

HYU CAN PUT DOT IN HYU SHOW—

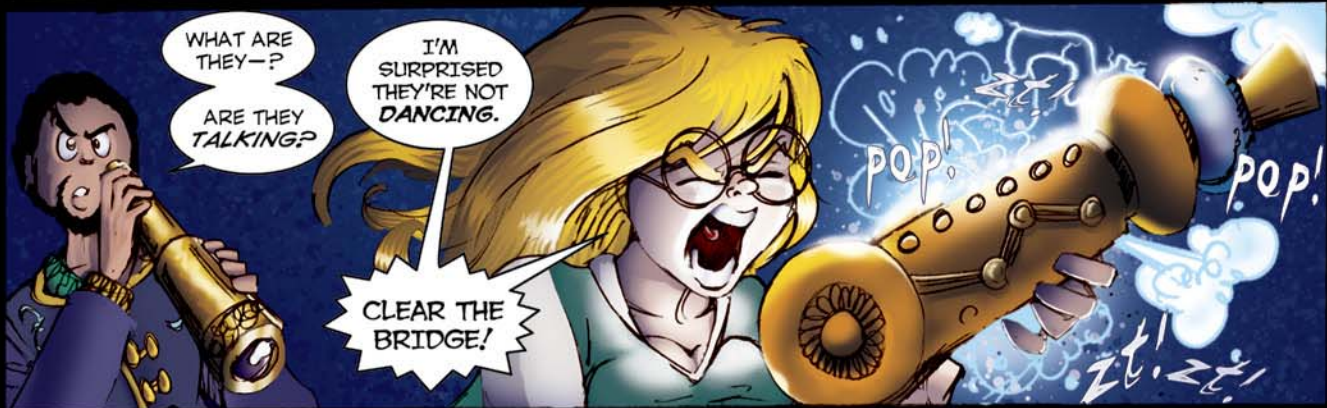
VEN YOU IZ ON DE STAGE, HEY?

WHAT?!

JÄGER?!

YEAH. NOW I LUFF TO HEAR MORE FONNY SCHTUFF—

BUT VE GOTTS TO GO NOW.



WHAT ARE THEY—?

ARE THEY TALKING?!

I'M SURPRISED THEY'RE NOT DANCING.

CLEAR THE BRIDGE!

POP!

POP!

Zt! Zt!



GORL LIKE DOT—

VEN SHE SAY MOVE—

WHOA! HEY!

HYU MOVE!



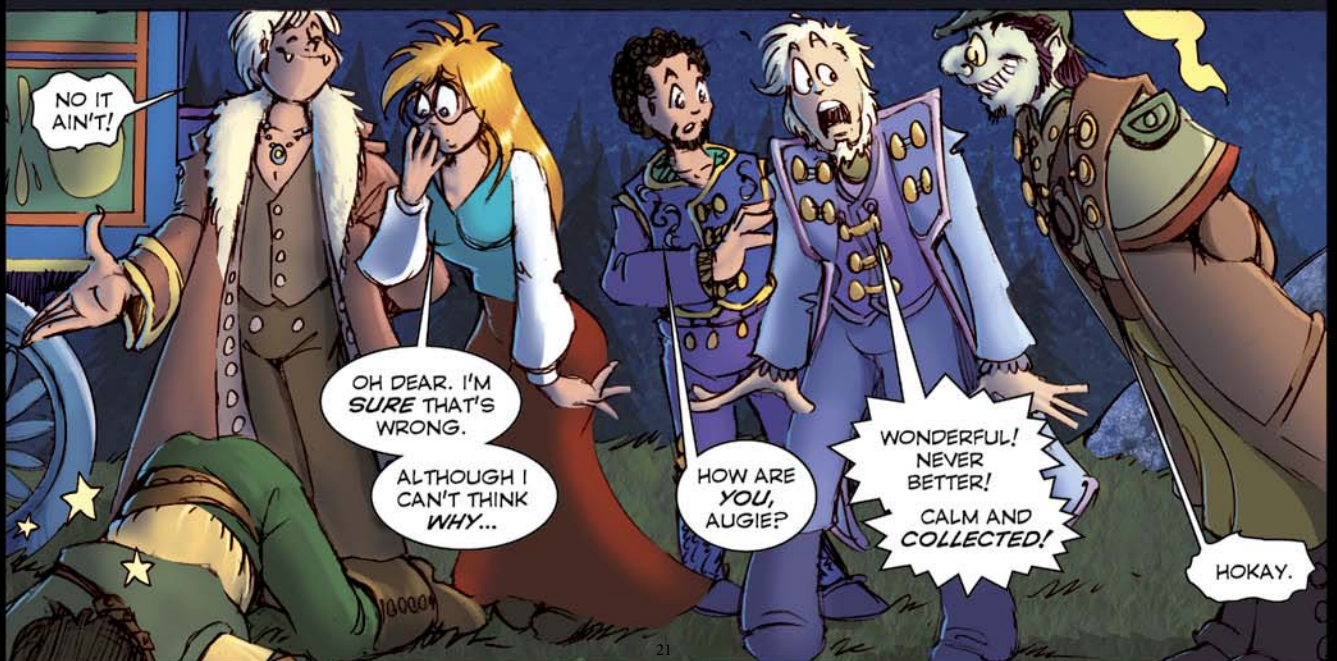
GET
DOWN!

POP!
fzzt!

BOOM!

SCREEEEEE!







ALL RIGHT, AUGIE, WHAT'S THE STORY?

WELL—

WE DIDN'T GET MUCH PAST THE BRIDGE WHEN LARS GOT TWITCHY.



"TOOK US A WHILE TO FIGURE OUT WHY."

"NO ANIMALS. NO BIRDS."



"WE LEFT THE ROAD TO LOOK AROUND.

THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF LIFE.

NO ACTIVE BURROWS."

"NO FRESH NESTS.

NO FRESH TRACKS. NO DROPPINGS.

NO BODIES. NO BONES."

"NOTHING."

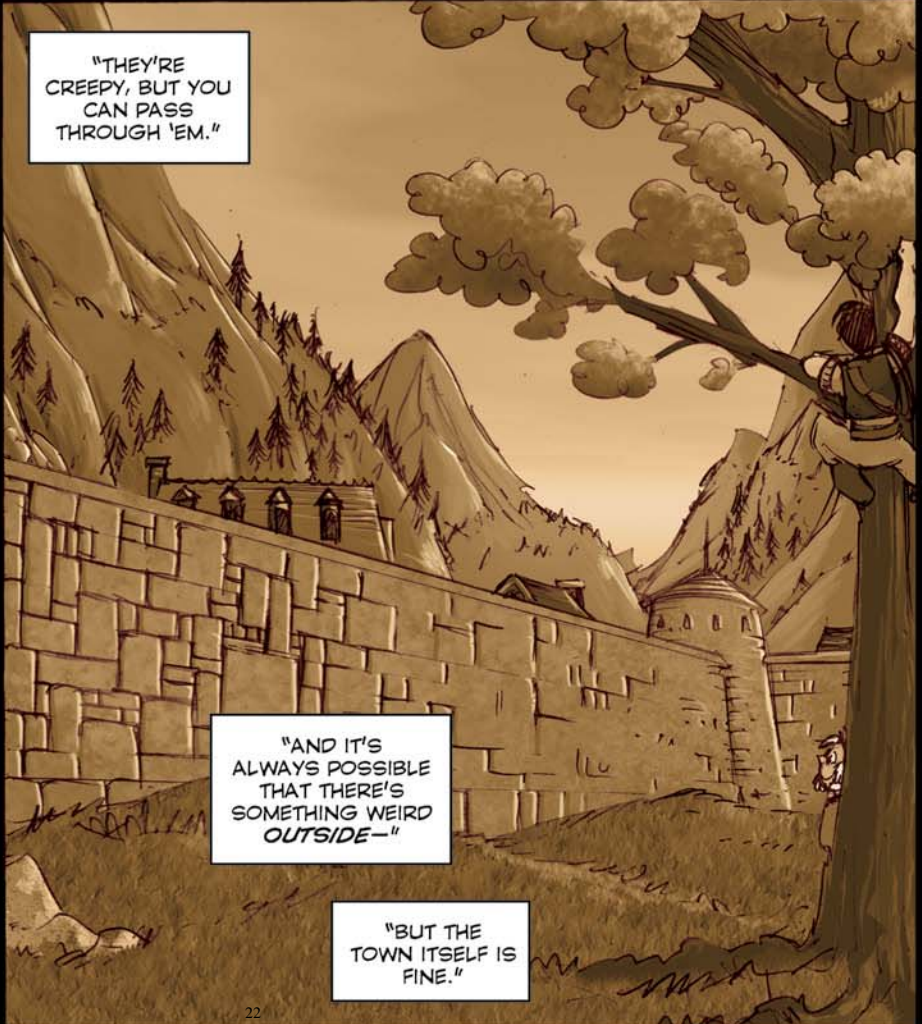


BUT—YOU KEPT GOING?

THIS ISN'T JUST ANY OLD TOWN, MISS CLAY.

THERE'S ONLY A FEW PASSES OPEN THIS EARLY IN THE YEAR.

WE'VE SEEN DEAD TOWNS BEFORE.



"THEY'RE CREEPY, BUT YOU CAN PASS THROUGH 'EM."

"AND IT'S ALWAYS POSSIBLE THAT THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD OUTSIDE—"

"BUT THE TOWN ITSELF IS FINE."

"OF COURSE,
THAT'S WHAT WE
WERE HOPING
FOR."



"NO SUCH
LUCK."

"IT LOOKED
PRETTY BAD."



"AND THEN IT
GOT WORSE."



"LUCKILY
LARS WAS ALL
RIGHT—"



"BUT HE
DOESN'T FALL
QUIETLY."

SCREEE!



"THAT'S WHEN
WE STARTED
RUNNING."



OH—THAT'S NOT GOOD.

NOPE. **NOBODY'S** GETTING THROUGH THAT PASS.

INCLUDING **US**. WE WERE JUST **DAMNED** LUCKY THEY WERE ALL INSIDE THE TOWN.



BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE **TOWNS-PEOPLE?**

FOR ALL WE KNOW, THOSE **WERE** THE TOWNSPEOPLE.

YOU DON'T **KNOW?**

OF **COURSE** I DON'T KNOW!

THEY SPOTTED US AND WE **RAN!**

AFTER THAT WE WERE JUST TRYING TO **LOSE** THEM SO WE WOULDN'T LEAD THEM BACK **HERE**.



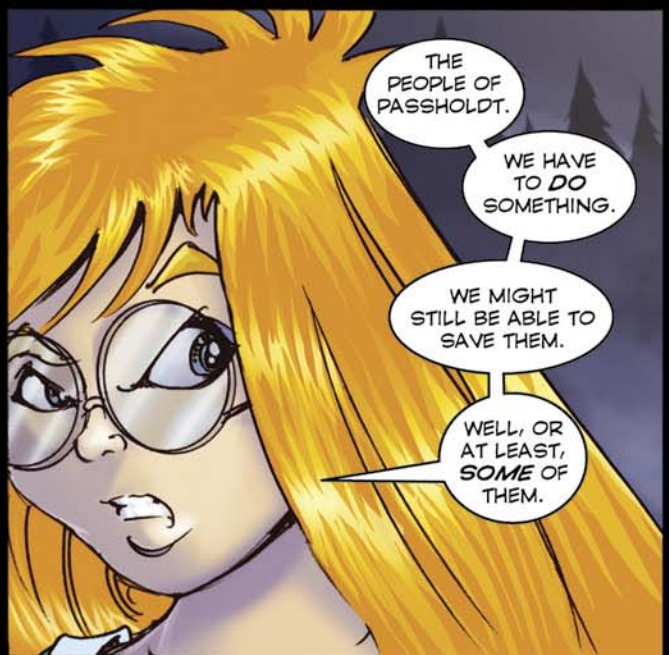
WE THOUGHT WE **HAD** UNTIL WE SAW THEM COMING UP UNDER THE BRIDGE.

YES. LOSING THE BRIDGE IS A CHALLENGE.

BUT IT DOES MEAN THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING ANYONE TO COME FROM THIS DIRECTION.

THAT'S **GOOD**.

ER—**GOOD** FOR **WHAT?**



THE PEOPLE OF **PASSHOLDT**.

WE HAVE TO **DO** SOMETHING.

WE MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO **SAVE** THEM.

WELL, OR AT LEAST, **SOME** OF THEM.



...MIGHTN'T WE?



A LOT OF NEWCOMERS MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE, MISS CLAY,

BUT I CONFESS, I'D THOUGHT YOU MORE... GROUNDED.

I DON'T...

WE ARE ACTORS, MISS CLAY. WE ONLY PRETEND TO BE HEROES.



WE ARE FAKES! THESE ARE TRICKS!

OUR LIVES, THE LIVES I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR—

ARE DANGEROUS ENOUGH WITHOUT QUESTIONING FOR ADVENTURE.



BUT THE TOWN—

AT OUR NEXT STOP WE WILL INFORM THE BARON'S PEOPLE.

THESE ARE HIS LANDS? HE CAN KEEP THEM CLEAN.

BUT—

BUT NOTHING!

FOR ALL WE KNOW, THOSE THINGS ARE SOME NEW FORM OF REVENANT—

AND THE ONLY THING TO DO IS KILL THEM.



COULD YOU BURN DOWN PEOPLE—

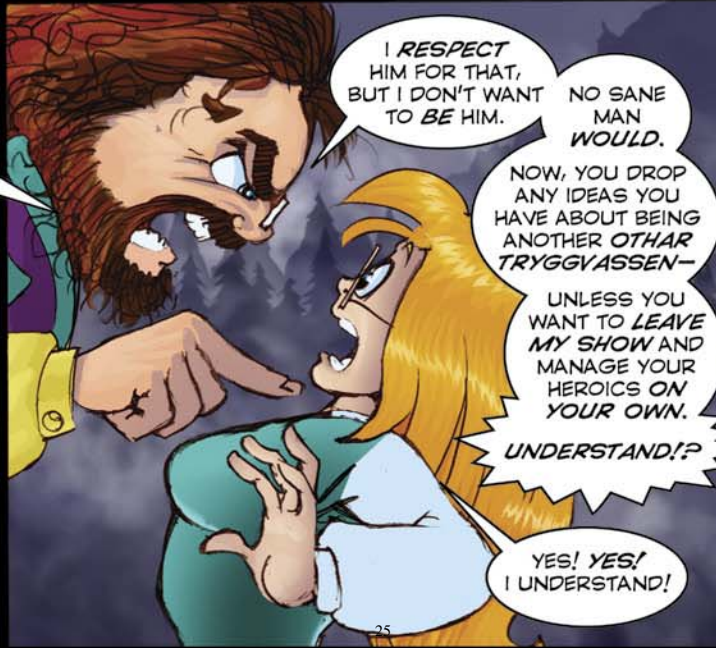
WOMEN AND CHILDREN—

EVEN IF YOU KNEW THEY HAD BECOME MONSTERS?!



I...NO... I DON'T KNOW.

THE BARON CAN. THE BARON HAS.



I RESPECT HIM FOR THAT, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE HIM.

NO SANE MAN WOULD.

NOW, YOU DROP ANY IDEAS YOU HAVE ABOUT BEING ANOTHER OTHAR TRYGGVASSEN—

UNLESS YOU WANT TO LEAVE MY SHOW AND MANAGE YOUR HEROICS ON YOUR OWN.

UNDERSTAND!?

YES! YES! I UNDERSTAND!



BUT I DON'T LIKE IT.



I DON'T LIKE IT EITHER, BUT I LIKE DYING EVEN LESS.

AB—IS THAT WARNING SIGN UP?

YES, BUT—

GOOD. LET'S GET MOVING, THEN.

I WANT TO CATCH UP TO THE OTHER WAGONS—

AND HAVE US ALL AS FAR AWAY FROM HERE AS POSSIBLE BY MORNING.

UM—THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, SIR.



HEY DERE!

AAAAH!
ahem. AH. THE JÄGERS FROM ZUMZUM!

YOU...YOU REALLY HELPED US HERE.

THANK YOU.



DOS RIGHT. VUN OF HYU PEOPLE HELP US OUT—

ZO VE THINK VE SHOULD HELP HYU BECK.

YAH!

AND VE DID IT VITOUT KILLING ANYBODY HYU KNOW!

PRETTY GOOT, HEY?



AND JOLLY GOOD OF YOU! YES!

SO IF YOU REQUIRE ANY SUPPLIES, OR—

DERE IZ ZUMTING VE VANT.

ACK! AH—REALLY? ER, WELL, WE'LL CHEERFULLY—



VE VANTS TO JOIN DE CIRCUS.

WHAT!?



NEXT MORNING—



AAH! WHAT WHO WHERE—

WAIT. WAIT. IN A WAGON. GOOD. NOT EATEN. GOOD.

WAIT A MINUTE. WERE THERE... JÄGER-MONSTERS?

DOT'S RIGHT, SVEETHOT!

AAAH!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OH, SCHTOP DOT BEFORE HYU HURT YOURSELF.

I VOS SUPPOSED TO MAKE SURE HYU VOS OKAY AFTER HYU VOKÉ UP.

WAIT—DID I PASS OUT?

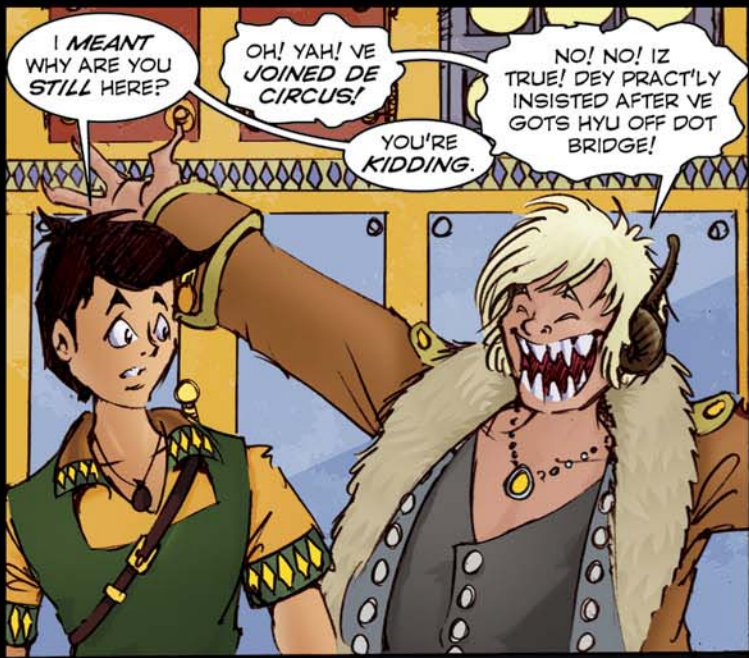
I'VE NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE.

OH, DOT. YOU GOTTS SMEKKED BY A PIECE OV DE BRIDGE.

YAH. DOT VOS IT. SEE?

OW! OKAY, OKAY.

I HITT MR LARZ (SYNED) A BRIK



I MEANT WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?

OH! YAH! VE JOINED DE CIRCUS!

YOU'RE KIDDING.

NO! NO! IZ TRUE! DEY PRACT'LY INSISTED AFTER VE GOTTS HYU OFF DOT BRIDGE!



-UM, YES, THANK YOU FOR THAT.

HO-DUN TANK US. TANK DOT GURL WHO TELL US TO GO GET HYU.

VE JUST THOT HYU VOS HAFFING FUN!



GIRL? WHICH GIRL?

DOT AGATHA CLAY.

SHE VOS VORRIED ABOUT HYU.

YOU...DO WHAT SHE SAYS?

WOULDN'T HYU?



...MAYBE.









THE PROPS WAGON?
I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE LIVED IN THERE.

NO ONE DOES.

KROSP, MEET MOXANA.

THIS? BUT...

YOU'RE SAYING MOXANA IS...A CLANK?

OF A SORT.



SHE'S ACTUALLY A PUPPET—

RUN FROM DOWN HERE.

AWFULLY SMALL.

INDEED. THAT'S WHY WE DON'T PUT HER OUT THESE DAYS.



ORIGINALLY, SHE WAS RUN BY A DWARF NAMED KURTZ.

HE WAS KILLED THREE YEARS AGO BY SOME BAD CLAMS.

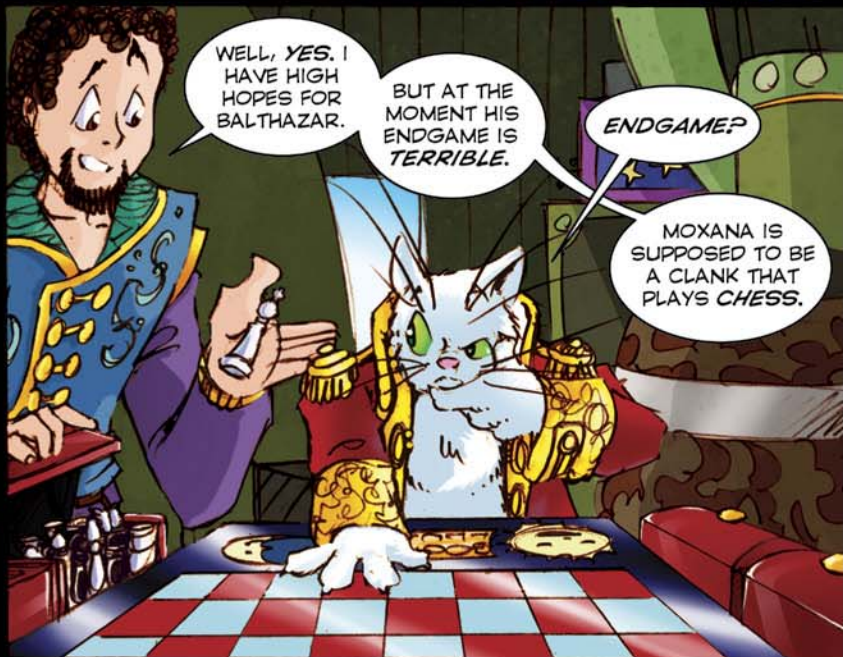


BAD CLAMS?

YES—THEY HAD AXES.

ANYWAY, NO ONE ELSE COULD FIT INSIDE.

EMBI. OR BALTHAZAR.



WELL, YES. I HAVE HIGH HOPES FOR BALTHAZAR.

BUT AT THE MOMENT HIS ENDGAME IS TERRIBLE.

ENDGAME?

MOXANA IS SUPPOSED TO BE A CLANK THAT PLAYS CHESS.



I'VE TAUGHT EMBI THE BASICS, BUT CHESS JUST ISN'T HIS GAME.

HE DOESN'T LIKE IT.

BUT— BUT I'VE HEARD PEOPLE TALK ABOUT HER—IT—

LIKE IT WAS ALIVE!

POKE POKE



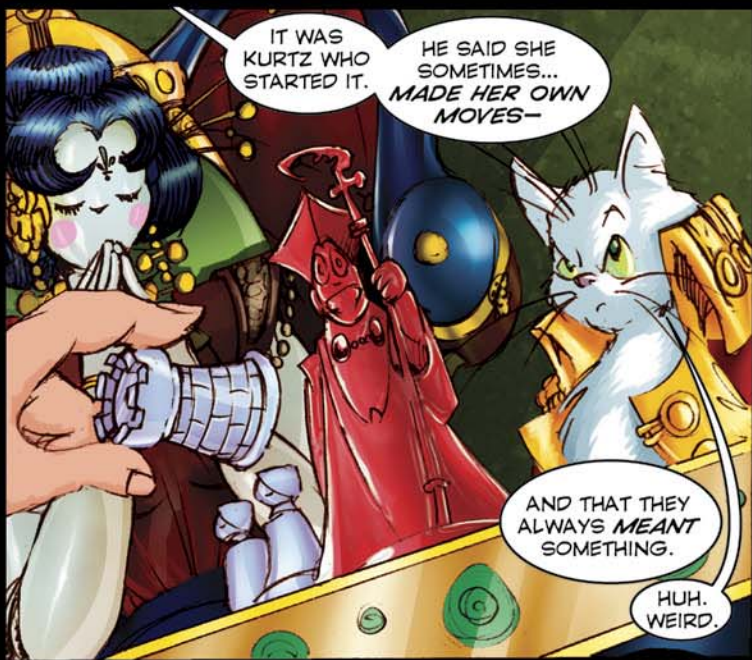
WELL, WE ALL TEND TO TALK LIKE SHE IS.

WE'LL EVEN TALK TO HER SOMETIMES.

TELL HER OUR PROBLEMS.

FOOLISH, PERHAPS, BUT—

IT'S SORT OF COMFORTING.



IT WAS KURTZ WHO STARTED IT.

HE SAID SHE SOMETIMES... **MADE HER OWN MOVES—**

AND THAT THEY ALWAYS **MEANT** SOMETHING.

HUH. WEIRD.



YEAH. SO THESE DAYS, WHENEVER THINGS GET A LITTLE STRANGE, WE'RE APT TO SAY "MOXANA IS REARRANGING HER BOARD."

IT'S JUST A SILLY SHOW SUPERSTITION, REALLY.

HEH. KURTZ WAS QUITE A **STORYTELLER.**



YES, WELL... YOU KNOW...

I PLAY CHESS.

I'LL RUN HER FOR YOU.

OH, BUT— YOU WOULD LIKE HER ON DISPLAY AGAIN, YES?

WELL, YES— BUT— WE'LL HAVE A FEW GAMES LATER. YOU CAN SEE HOW GOOD MY ENDGAME IS.



I—OF COURSE. WE'LL...PLAY LATER.

GOOD! IT'LL BE MORE USE THAN MY SHOVELING DUNG, I'M **SURE!**

AND NOW, I'D BETTER GO FIND AGATHA.

SHE'S **HELPLESS** WITHOUT ME, YOU KNOW.



WHIRRR—
CLICK.

ER... BUT...



"CHECK."

YES. THANK YOU.

I GOT THAT.



MY! THAT'S MUCH QUIETER!

UM-IN FACT, IT'S KIND OF CREEPY...

RIGHT.

HEY, AGATHA!

THAT SHOULD DO IT.

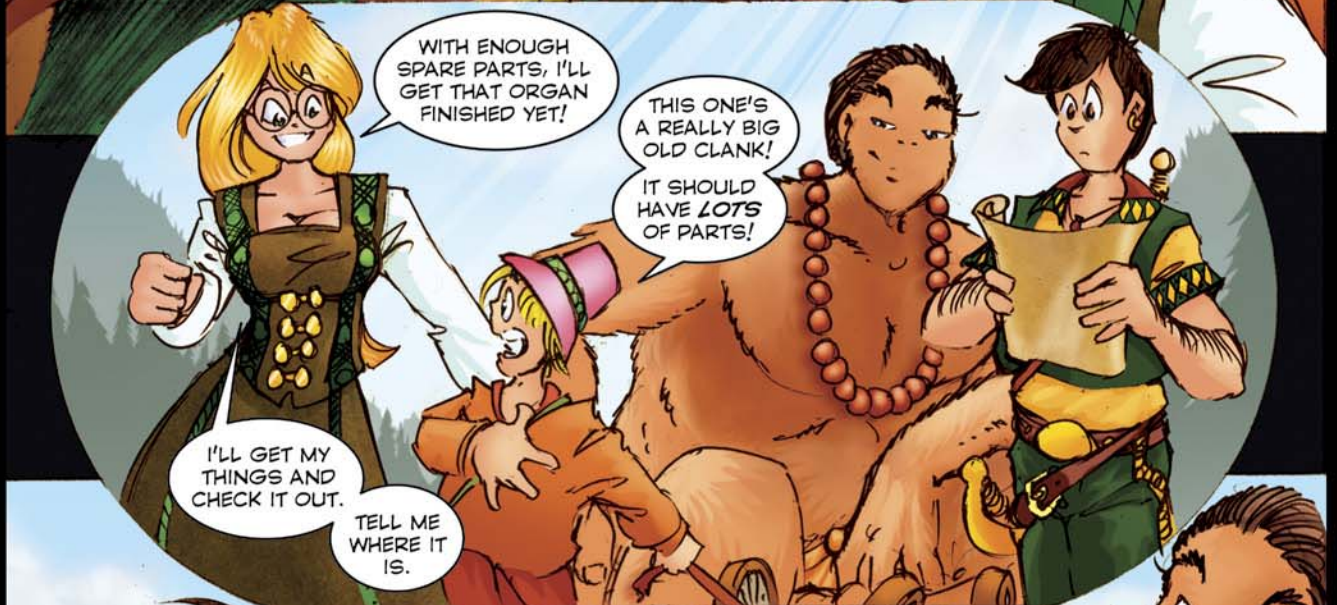
KICK!
tik tik tik



I WAS OUT GETTING WOOD-

AND I FOUND YOU ANOTHER WRECK!

WONDERFUL!



WITH ENOUGH SPARE PARTS, I'LL GET THAT ORGAN FINISHED YET!

THIS ONE'S A REALLY BIG OLD CLANK!
IT SHOULD HAVE LOTS OF PARTS!

I'LL GET MY THINGS AND CHECK IT OUT.

TELL ME WHERE IT IS.



HEY, NOW. SHE'S GOING INTO THE WOODS TO MESS ABOUT WITH AN OLD CLANK?

YEEES... JUST LIKE SHE'S BEEN DOING FOR A WHILE NOW.

BUT...BY HERSELF?

I'M SURE SHE KNOWS TO STAY WITHIN SHOUTING DISTANCE.



IDIOT! IT COULD BE DANGEROUS!

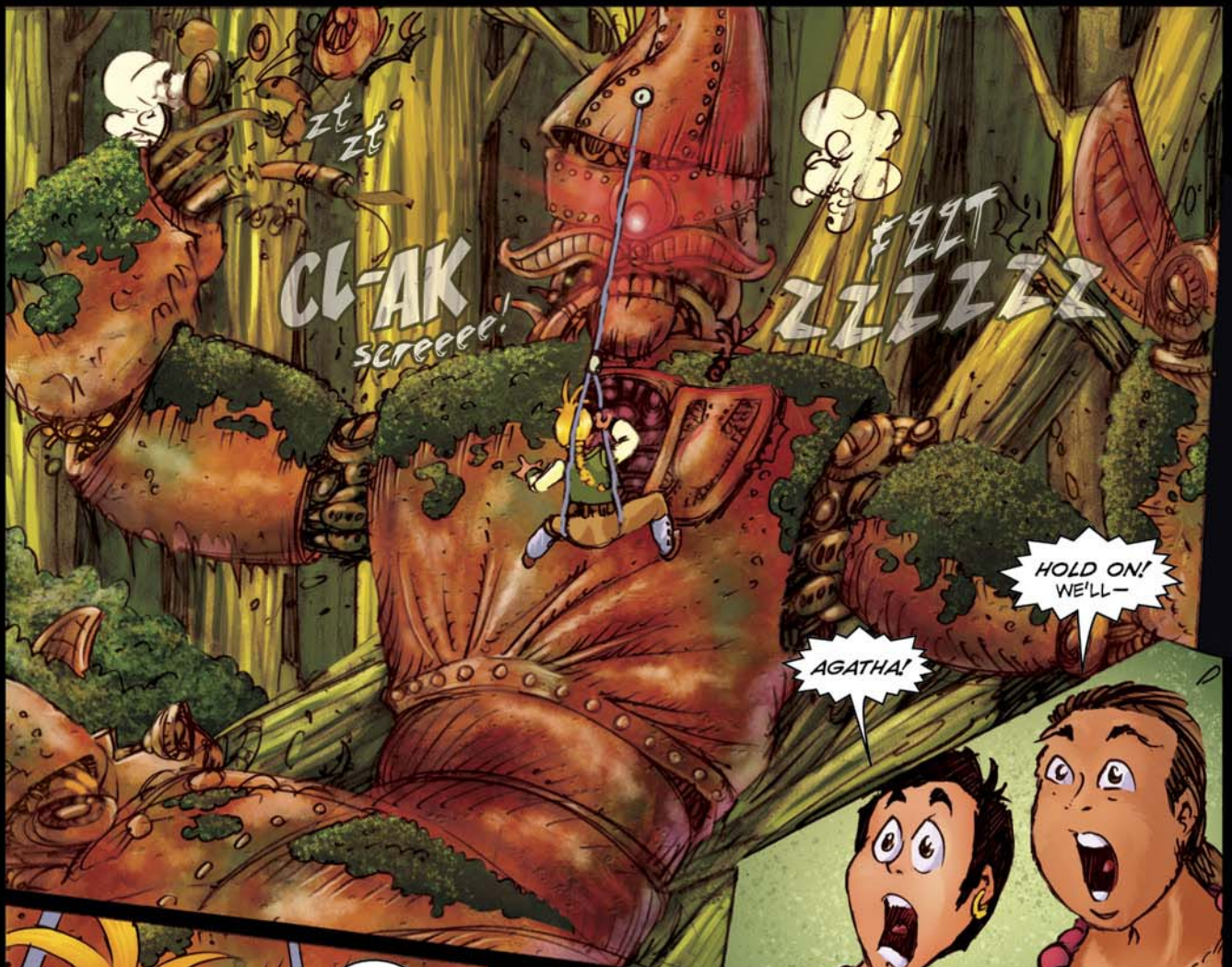
AND YOU WANT TO FOLLOW HER?

LARS, ARE YOU FEELING-

LET'S GO!







zt zt
CL-AK
screeee!

FZZT
ZZZZZZ

HOLD ON!
WE'LL—

AGATHA!



LARS?
YETI?
JUST A
MINUTE—

Aktive Aufhalten Platzent



FZZT!

POOOOO
SMASH!

Fitz
Spoc
Crak



Whooooo

poit.



BOOM!



YIKES.

ARE YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

SURE! WE SAW
STUFF LIKE THIS IN
BEETLEBURG
SOMETIMES.

IT'S ALWAYS BEST
TO DISABLE IT
PERMANENTLY BEFORE
YOU DIG IN.



WELL, THEN.
THAT SOUNDS
SAFE ENOUGH,
EH, LARS?

LARS WAS
WORRIED
ABOUT YOU.

OH?

WELL,
ER...

I JUST
THOUGHT WE
SHOULD MAKE
SURE...



OH, DON'T
WORRY, IT'S
NO TROUBLE!

IN FACT, NOW
THAT YOU'RE
HERE—

I WON'T
WASTE SUCH A
GREAT
OPPORTUNITY!

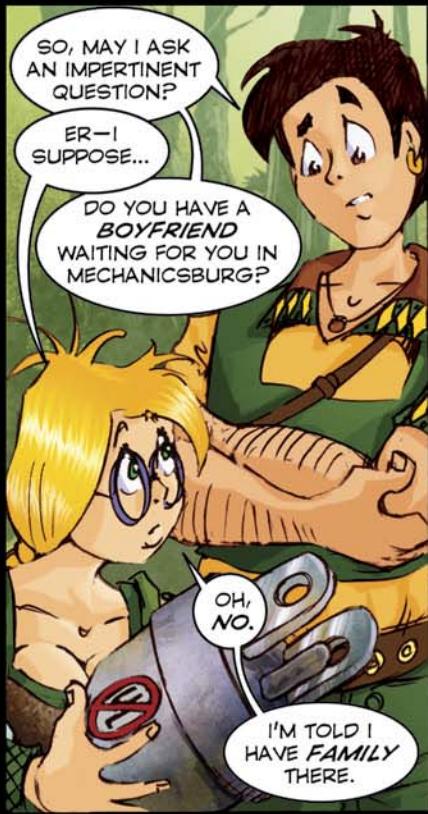


THANKS!

URGH.

WELL, YOU
DID SAY IT
MIGHT BE
DANGEROUS.

HAPPY?



SO, MAY I ASK AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION?

ER—I SUPPOSE...

DO YOU HAVE A **BOYFRIEND** WAITING FOR YOU IN MECHANICSBURG?

OH, NO.

I'M TOLD I HAVE **FAMILY** THERE.



ANY **BOYFRIEND ANYWHERE?**

NO... I...

NO. NOT ANYWHERE.

NOT EVER.

REALLY.



"BECAUSE THAT **MADBOY** FROM THE AIRSHIP THAT CAME TO GET YOU— HE SEEMED **AWFULLY UPSET** WHEN WE TOLD HIM YOU WERE DEAD."

"AND I'D **HEARD—**"



I DON'T CARE **WHAT YOU HEARD**, BUT WE WEREN'T— WE WEREN'T **ANYTHING!**

HE WAS PROBABLY JUST **DISAPPOINTED** THAT HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DRAG ME BACK TO THE **BARON** IN **CHAINS!**

AND WHAT **BUSINESS** IS IT OF **YOURS**, ANYWAY?



WELL, WHEN I'M UP ON THE **STAGE** **KISSING** YOU,

IT'S GOOD TO KNOW I DON'T HAVE TO KEEP ONE EYE OUT—

FOR SOME **JEALOUS GUY** JUMPING UP ONSTAGE AND CAUSING **TRUBLE.**

AND **YES**, IT HAS HAPPENED.



OH, I SEE! um—NO, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT **THAT.**

GREAT!

THEN I CAN **ACT LESS** AND **ENJOY MYSELF** MORE!



BUT...BUT WHAT DID HE **MEAN** BY **THAT?!**

I HAVEN'T THE **FOGGIEST** IDEA.



—THEN, AFTER I CRAWL OUT OF THE DUNGHEAP—

THAT'S WHEN I GET HIT WITH THE PIES!

NO, NO! IT'S TOO MUCH!

YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY PUNCH LIKE A COMPLETE IDIOT!

PFFT! THIS FROM THE MAN WHO PLAYS KLAUS.

CHOW!!

YES, AND KLAUS KEEPS HIS DIGNITY, OR TRIES TO.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES HIM FUNNY.

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE BALANCE.



ER, ACTUALLY, IT'S GLUE; WE'RE REPAIRING—

HOO! DOT'S FINE! SMELLS GOOT!

SO— YOU'RE PART OF THE SHOW NOW, EH?

WE SHOULD WORK OUT SOME ROUTINES.

OH?



SURE! I PLAY PUNCH IN THE SHOW!

OH, YAH! VE SEE DOT IN TOWN!

YEP! BIG, SLOW AND STUPID, THAT'S—

WOO! HYU IZ SO LUCKY VE IZ HERE!



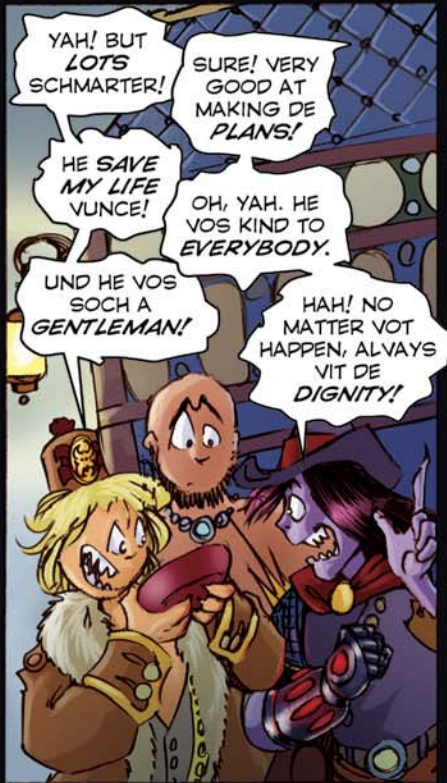
LUCKY?

OH, YAH. HYU GOTS HIM ALL WRONG!

VE CAN HELP HYU DERE, VE KNEW HIM!

MEESTER PONCH VOS AMAZING!

STRONG AS AN OX!



YAH! BUT LOTS SCHMARTER!

SURE! VERY GOOD AT MAKING DE PLANS!

HE SAVE MY LIFE VUNCE!

OH, YAH. HE VOS KIND TO EVERYBODY.

UND HE VOS SOCH A GENTLEMAN!

HAH! NO MATTER VOT HAPPEN, ALWAYS VIT DE DIGNITY!



IT MAKE ME SO MAD VEN PIPPLE TINK HE VOS SCHTUPID—

JUST CAUSE HE VOS SO BEEG AND COULDN'T TALK.

BUT... DIDN'T HE HAVE A... A...

LIGHTER SIDE?

PIPPLE MOSTLY TINK ALL CONSTRUCTS IZ SCHTUPID.



OH, YAH!

HE BUILD VERY AMAZING TOYS FOR DE ORPHAN CHEELDREN!

I SMEK!



PAYNE—I'VE SEEN YOU CONVINCE BANDITS TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE ACTOR'S RETIREMENT FUND.

...YOUR POINT, MY DEAR?



THERE'S A REASON THERE ARE NO JÄGERS IN THE HETERODYNE SHOWS.

PEOPLE REALLY HATE THEM.

YOU COULD HAVE GOTTEN RID OF THEM IF YOU'D WANTED TO,

BUT YOU DIDN'T.



ERGO, YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING.

YOU'VE GOT A REASON, BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME.

THE ONLY TIME YOU DON'T TELL ME IS WHEN YOU THINK IT'S DANGEROUS.

BECAUSE, BEING A FRAGILE, SHELTERED NOBLEWOMAN—I MIGHT FAINT AT THE THOUGHT OF EXPERIENCING PHYSICAL HARM LIKE A COMMON PERSON.



AND THEN I HAVE TO DAMAGE ONE OF THE GOOD PANS,

BY SMACKING IT AGAINST YOUR THICK, COMMON SKULL—

UNTIL YOU TELL ME...

BALAN'S GAP! WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH BALAN'S GAP!



OH DEAR. YOU'RE EXPECTING MORE TROUBLE FROM THE PRINCE...

AND YOU THINK HAVING THEM ALONG MIGHT HELP DISCOURAGE HIM.

YES.

THAT'S VERY CLEVER FOR A COMMONER.

THANK YOU.



sniff.

IT IZ ZO NIZE VEN MARRIED PIPPLE TOK TO EACH ODDER.



UND NOW I TINK HYU SHOULD TOK TO ME.

BUT VITOUT DE PAN.



SOON—

—SO YOU'LL HELP US?

OH! REMOVE YOUR ARM!

VOT? HO YAZ, GOTTS TO BE SUBTLE IN FRONT UF DE HAITCH-OH-ZEE BEE...BEE ...um...er...

HYU KNOW, HIM.

AH—SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS.

I WAS HOPING FOR MORE DIGNITY...

HOO, SURE, IT SOUND LIKE FUN!

UND FOR A NIZE DOLL LIKE HYU, VE HELP VIT ALL KINDS OF TINGS!



WHAT'S THAT?

HO! I KNOWS DOT VUN!

MY FAMILY VOS MUSICAL!

DOT'S MUSIC!

NO— IT CAN'T BE—



"IT'S THE SILVERODEON!"

AMAZING!

LOVELY!

BUT IT WAS JUNKED!

YOU SAID IT WAS JUST TO KEEP HER BUSY!

SO I WAS WRONG! I DON'T CARE! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!



WONDERFUL!

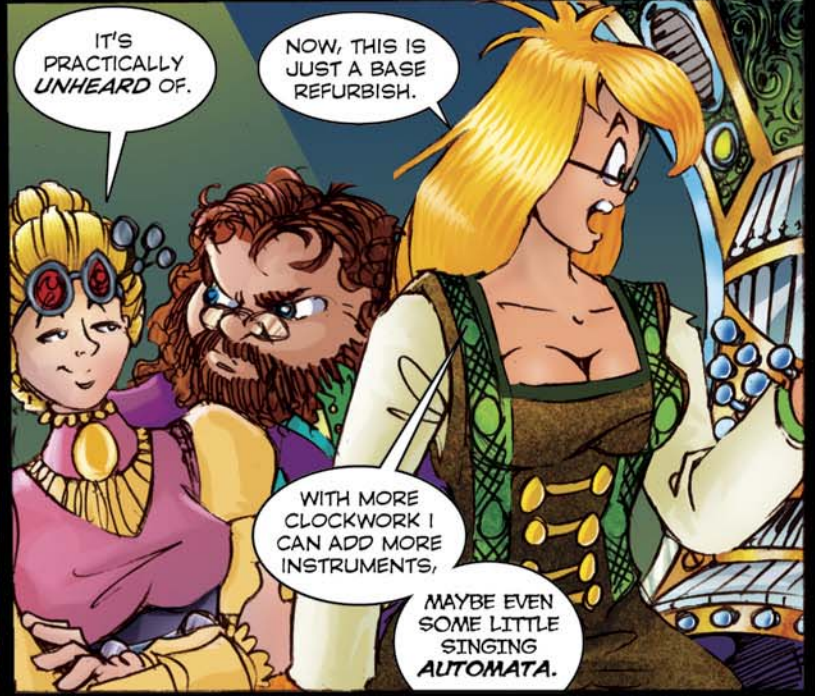
ENCORE!



MISS CLAY!
I'M...

I'M
SPEECHLESS!

IS THAT
GOOD?



IT'S
PRACTICALLY
UNHEARD OF.

NOW, THIS IS
JUST A BASE
REFURBISH.

WITH MORE
CLOCKWORK I
CAN ADD MORE
INSTRUMENTS,

MAYBE EVEN
SOME LITTLE
SINGING
AUTOMATA.



AND I WAS
THINKING MAYBE
A KIND OF...

A KIND OF
BALL COVERED
IN LITTLE
MIRRORS
AND...

DING!



WHAT'S
THAT?

DING!
DING!

OH.
AH—

IT'S COMING
FROM
MOXANA'S
WAGON.



YES. WE
SHOULD GO
SEE
WHAT SHE
WANTS.

MISS CLAY, I
THINK YOU'D
BETTER COME
ALONG.



I'M SURE KROSP TOLD YOU ABOUT HER?

WELL— ENOUGH TO MAKE ME CURIOUS.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

I THINK SHE'S CURIOUS ABOUT YOU.

SHE MUST HAVE HEARD THE SILVERRODEON.

THE CHESSBOARD'S GONE!

MOXANA USED TO PLAY DOZENS OF GAMES.

TOLD FORTUNES, TOO.

I HAVEN'T SEEN HER USE THE CARDS IN AGES.



FWAP!



THE DEVICE



HUM. THE DEVICE.

SHE USES THAT ONE FOR HERSELF.



RIP!
RIP!



ME?



GRAB!



YOU'RE BROKEN.

AND—YOU WANT ME TO REPAIR YOU.





MOXANA AND TINKA WERE ORIGINALLY PART OF A SET OF NINE—

THE MUSES?!

MOXANA IS ONE OF THE STORM KING'S MUSES?!

THE SAME. NOW—

BUT—THEY WERE LOST!

THEY LOST THEMSELVES. NOW—

**Fresco from the west interior tympanum, Tarsus Hall, Transylvania Polygnostic University*



BUT—mmf! mble mf mrrng!

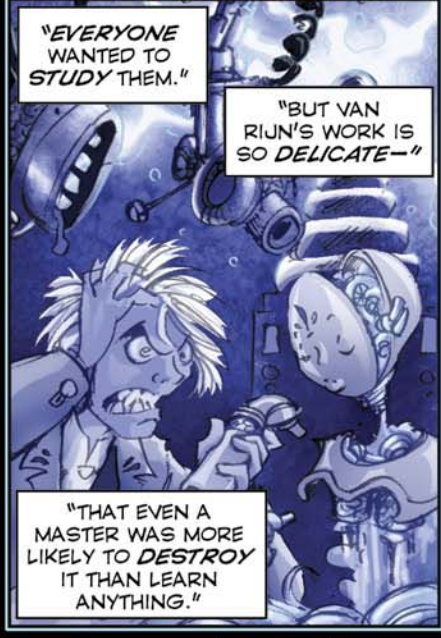
I'M LISTENING.

MOST HAVE BEEN DISMANTLED.

THEY WERE FAMOUS.

CREATED BY THE GREATEST SPARK OF THE TIME—

FOR THE GREATEST KING OF ALL TIME.



"EVERYONE WANTED TO STUDY THEM."

"BUT VAN RIJN'S WORK IS SO DELICATE—"

"THAT EVEN A MASTER WAS MORE LIKELY TO DESTROY IT THAN LEARN ANYTHING."



SO THE REMAINING MUSES ESCAPED INTO HIDING.

BUT—AS PART OF A TRAVELING SHOW?

BEFORE THE HETERODYNES, FAKE "MUSES" WERE COMMON ENOUGH IN SHOWS LIKE MINE.



"THEY SURVIVED THIS WAY FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS.

DOING WHAT THEY WERE DESIGNED TO DO."

"INSTRUCTING. INSPIRING."



"BUT TRAVEL HAS ITS OWN DANGERS."

"I FOUND TINKA AND MOXANA IN A WRECKED WAGON, AND THEY JOINED MY SHOW."

"AND THEN, THREE YEARS AGO, WE WERE ON OUR WAY THROUGH STURMHALTEN, WHICH SITS RIGHT ON BALAN'S GAP."

"THE LOCAL RULER IS PRINCE AARONEV VI."

"BIG TOWN."

"LOTS OF LOOSE CASH."

"HE USED TO BE A MAJOR PLAYER AS A SPARK—

BUT WHEN WULFENBACH ROLLED THROUGH, HE SUBMITTED QUIETLY.

HE'S BEEN A GOOD LITTLE VASSAL EVER SINCE."



"OF COURSE, BEING THE RULER, IT'S STILL WITHIN HIS POWER TO CONFISCATE...WELL... ANYTHING, REALLY."

"THERE WAS... NOTHING WE COULD DO."



"THERE HAD BEEN SNOW, AND MOXANA HAD BEEN LEFT IN HER WAGON."

"I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY THEY DIDN'T TAKE HER AS WELL.

SHE WAS DEVASTATED."



"THE MUSES WERE RENOWNED AS MIRACULOUS, BEAUTIFUL MACHINES—

BUT FEW WOULD BELIEVE THAT THEY WERE TRULY *AWARE*."

"AND MAYBE THEY'RE NOT.

IT WOULD CERTAINLY BE EASIER TO CREATE MACHINES THAT MERELY *SIMULATE* EMOTION.

HOWEVER—"

"IN THE YEARS THAT TINKA HAS BEEN GONE, MOXANA HAS BECOME LESS AND LESS RESPONSIVE.

USUALLY SHE STAYS ABSORBED IN HER OWN PRIVATE GAME.

RECENTLY, SHE HAS SHUT DOWN FOR DAYS AT A TIME, SOMETIMES AS LONG AS A *WEEK*.

EVEN IF HER GRIEF IS ARTIFICIAL, IT IS *DESTROYING* HER."



THIS IS WHY WE'RE CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS THIS EARLY IN THE YEAR.

IF I CAN GET HER TO *TARSUS BEETLE* AT TRANSYLVANIA POLYGNOSTIC— WELL—

NO ONE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THE MUSES THAN *HE* DOES.

HE'S NOT SOMEONE I ACTUALLY *TRUST*, BUT I'VE RUN OUT OF IDEAS.

DOCTOR BEETLE IS DEAD.

WHAT?!

I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S TRUE.

I WAS HIS STUDENT BEFORE I WAS ON CASTLE WULFENBACH.

HE CAN'T HELP YOU.

DAMN!

DAMN. BUT YOU WERE HIS STUDENT? GOOD.

LET'S HOPE HE TAUGHT YOU WELL.

I THINK... MAYBE... WHAT MOXANA WANTS—

IS A *NEW* SISTER.

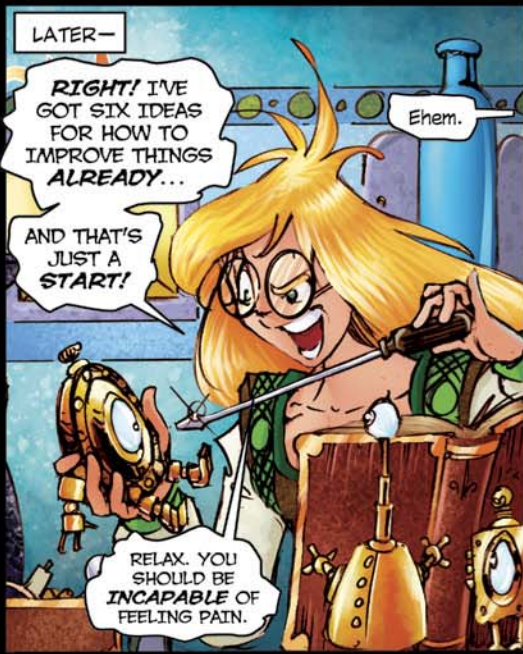
WHAT?! THAT'S RIDICULOUS!

HOW COULD I POSSIBLY HOPE TO DUPLICATE THE WORK OF ONE OF HISTORY'S GREATEST SPARKS? WORK WHICH *NO ONE ELSE* HAS BEEN ABLE TO EQUAL IN THE LAST *TWO HUNDRED YEARS*?

I REALLY HAVE *NO* IDEA.

BUT FOR A *START*—

YOU'D HAVE VAN RIJN'S NOTES.



LATER—

RIGHT! I'VE GOT SIX IDEAS FOR HOW TO IMPROVE THINGS ALREADY...

AND THAT'S JUST A START!

RELAX. YOU SHOULD BE INCAPABLE OF FEELING PAIN.

Ehem.



GOOT EVENING.

-YES?

VE MUST TOK.

I DIN' BREAK IT! IT JUST KEM APART IN MY HENDS!



YOU'VE BEEN AVOIDING ME EVER SINCE YOU JOINED UP, BUT NOW WE MUST TALK?

WHY?

WHAT'S HAPPENED?



OH, VELL, HYU KNOW—

WHO WOULDN'T WANTS TO TOK TO A PRETTY GURL LIKE—

MAXIM! NO! SHE IZ STILL IN DE MADNESS PLACE!

SHE'LL—



PAF!



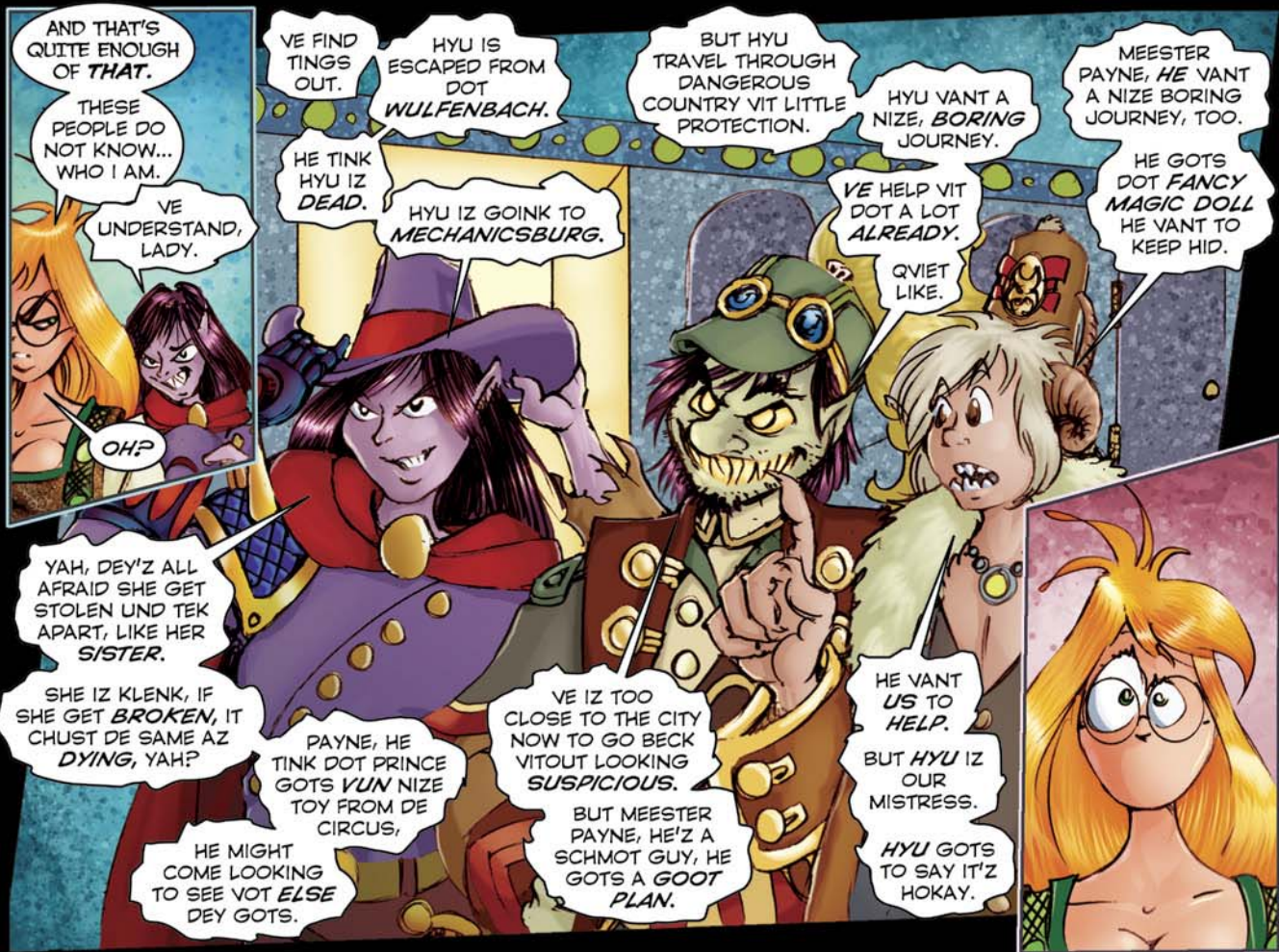
DOT...VAS MY HAT!



WHAT. DO. YOU. WANT.



FORGIFF ME... MISTRESS.



AND THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH OF *THAT*.

THESE PEOPLE DO NOT KNOW... WHO I AM.

VE UNDERSTAND, LADY.

OHP

YAH, DEY'Z ALL AFRAID SHE GET STOLEN UND TEK APART, LIKE HER *SISTER*.

SHE IZ *KLENK*, IF SHE GET *BROKEN*, IT CHUST DE SAME AZ *DYING*, YAH?

PAYNE, HE TINK DOT PRINCE GOTS *VUN* NIZE TOY FROM DE *CIRCUS*.

HE MIGHT COME LOOKING TO SEE VOT *ELSE* DEY GOTS.

VE FIND TINGS OUT.

HYU IS ESCAPED FROM DOT *WULFENBACH*.

HE TINK HYU IZ *DEAD*.

HYU IZ GOINK TO *MECHANICSBURG*.

BUT HYU TRAVEL THROUGH DANGEROUS COUNTRY VIT LITTLE PROTECTION.

HYU VANT A NIZE, *BORING* JOURNEY.

MEESTER PAYNE, HE VANT A NIZE BORING JOURNEY, TOO.

HE GOTS DOT *FANCY MAGIC DOLL* HE VANT TO KEEP *HID*.

VE HELP VIT DOT A LOT *ALREADY*.

QVIET LIKE.

VE IZ TOO CLOSE TO THE CITY NOW TO GO BECK VITOUT LOOKING *SUSPICIOUS*.

BUT MEESTER PAYNE, HE'Z A *SCHMOT* GUY, HE GOTS A *GOOT PLAN*.

HE VANT *US* TO *HELP*.

BUT *HYU* IZ OUR *MISTRESS*.

HYU GOTS TO SAY IT'Z *HOKAY*.



YOU ALL SEEM REMARKABLY *ON TOP* OF THIS.

ARE YOU *SURE* YOU'RE *JÄGERKIN*?

DOT IZ A *GOOT* QVESTION.

SOMETIMES VE *VONDER*.



HAFF ALL DOSE GUYS VIT DE *BARON* GONE SOFT OVER DE *YEARS*—

OR HAFF VE BECOME... *SHARPER* BECAUSE VE LEAVE DE *GROUP* UND HAFF TO *TINK BETTER*?

I TINK *MEBBE BOTH*.

WHY DID YOU LEAVE THE *GROUP*?

IT VOS-IZ— DE *HARDEST* TING EVER FOR A *JÄGER* TO DO.

BUT IT HAFF TO BE *DONE*.



VEN DE BARON OFFERED US... EMPLOYMENT—

VE KNEW VE HAD TO TAKE IT.

HE NEEDED US, BUT NOT AS MUCH AS VE NEEDED HIM.

BUT DE GENERALS KNEW VE HAD TO KEEP LOOKING FOR DE HETERODYNES.

IT VOS SUSPECTED DOT DIS VOULD NOT BE A HIGH PRIORITY FOR DE BARON.

SO DEY ASK FOR A BUNCH OV VOLUNTEERS.



NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKE.

VE KNEW IT VOS SUICIDE MISSION.

DE HETERODYNES WERE GONE.

VE VOULD NEFFER BE ABLE TO COME BECK.

VE WERE TO LEAVE DE GROUP, GO OUT INTO DE WORLD—

UND NOT RETURN UNTIL VE FIND AN HEIR.



BUT... BECAUSE OV US—

DE JÄGERKIN KEN SAY VE HAD NOT ABANDONED OUR MASTERS.

DEY COULD JOIN DE BARON—

UND DE BARON VOULD PROTECT DEM.

UND NOW HERE HYU SHOW OP—

UND SPOIL ALL OUR PLENZ!



'CAUSE NOW VE GETS TO GO BECK. (sniff)

UND NEFFER—I NEFFER THOT—

VE HAFF MISSED HYU!

PLEASE, PLEASE BE REAL!

shh. I... I AM.



YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS GOING TO WORK?

COME NOW, AB. IT'S FAR TOO LATE TO SAY ANYTHING OTHER THAN "YES."



HALT.

WELCOME TO BALAN'S GAP.

THERE'S A TEN CASTLEMARK TOLL FOR USE OF THE PASS—

THAT'S PER WAGON.

WILL YOU BE STOPPING IN TOWN?



HOY, VOT'S DE HOLDUP?



JÄGERS!

OH! YOU'RE ONE OF THE BARON'S GROUPS!

I'M SORRY SIR, WE WEREN'T TOLD—



NAH—DEY'S JUST GOIN' OUR VAY AND DEY'S FONNY GUYS.

IT'S BEEN A GREAT HONOR—

BUT SURELY THE PRINCE COULD GET THEM WHERE THEY'RE GOING FASTER?

IF WE COULD LEAVE THEM HERE?

PLEASE?



NUH-UH!

I'M SHUNTING YOU TO THE OFFICIAL LANES.

THERE'S NO CHARGE, AND IT'LL GET YOU THROUGH TOWN RIGHT QUICK.

HAVE A NICE TRIP!



EXCUSE ME, YOUR HIGHNESS?



HM? WHAT IS IT, ARTACZ?



IT'S TODAY'S REPORT, SIR.

AN UNUSUALLY LARGE PARTY OF TAILORS THROUGH THE COPPER GATE—

HM. CHALLABURG IS CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF SAINT FINNEMED EARLY THIS YEAR... WHAT ELSE?

A FIGHT WITH RATHER AMUSING CONSEQUENCES AT THE RUSTED SWAN—

AGAIN? MM. TELL THE LANDLORD THAT HE IS TO STOP TRYING TO MAKE CHANGE IN BASE EIGHT,

OR HE'LL PAY HIS TAXES IN BASE TWELVE.

GOOD ONE, HIGHNESS.

OH, AND A PARTY OF THE BARON'S JÄGERS WHO HAVE ATTACHED THEMSELVES TO A TRAVELING HETERODYNE SHOW. THEY WERE SHUNTED TO THE OFFICIAL LANE.

HM. PERIODICALLY KLAUS FOISTS A FEW OF THEM ONTO TRAVELERS.

IT LETS HIM ASSESS THE SAFETY OF THE ROADS AND KEEPS THEM OUT OF HIS HAIR.

WELL I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THEM.

IF THAT'S ALL, YOU MAY GO.



VERY GOOD, YOUR HIGHNESS.



ARTACZ—WAIT.

YOUR HIGHNESS?



DID YOU SAY—

A TRAVELING HETERODYNE SHOW?



A COMMAND PERFORMANCE!

ENOUGH, DEAR. IT WAS A GOOD PLAN.

AT LEAST WE HAVEN'T BEEN SEARCHED.

IT DOES SEEM THAT ALL HE REALLY WANTS IS TO SEE A SHOW.

AND HE VERY KINDLY SENT THE JÄGERS ON AHEAD—

JUST LIKE WE ASKED.

YEAH—IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT THE PRINCE WAS BORED.

AND WE GOT TO REPORT TO SOMEONE ABOUT PASSHOLDT.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IRRESPONSIBLE, DELAYING THAT.



TRUE ENOUGH. WELL, WE'LL KEEP MOXANA OUT OF SIGHT,

AND JUST GIVE HIM A GOOD SHOW.

YES SIR!

I WAS THINKING THE SOCKET WENCH OF PRAGUE.

UM...THAT ONE'S A BIT RISQUÉ, DON'T YOU THINK?



YESSIR. THEY MIGHT EVEN RUN US OUT OF TOWN TONIGHT.

SAY...NOW THAT'S A GOOD PLAN.



SIR—THERE'S A NOTE FROM THE PALACE.

THE PRINCE WANTS A SPECIFIC SHOW.

"THE SOCKET WENCH OF PRAGUE."

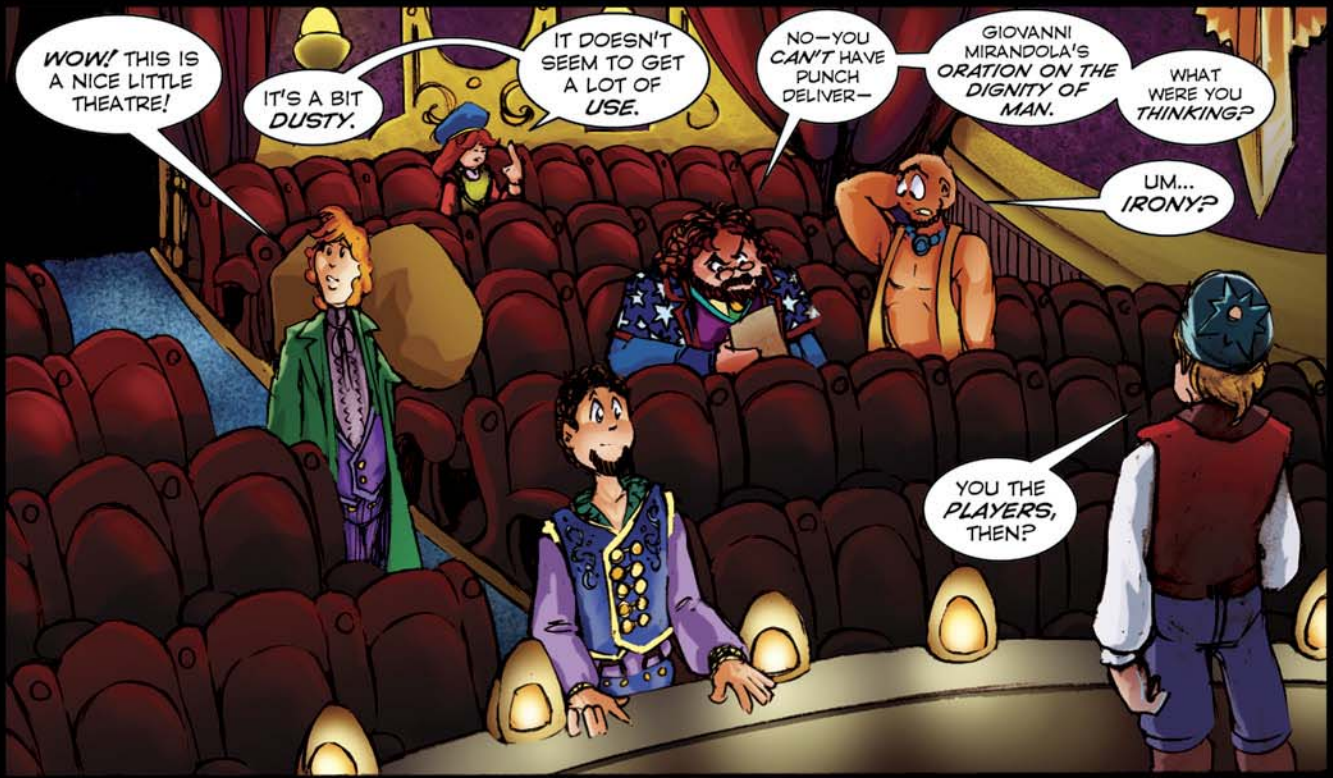
OKAY—NOT SO GOOD PLAN.



"P.S.—TART IT UP."

DOWNRIGHT TERRIBLE PLAN.

ALL RIGHT!



WOW! THIS IS A NICE LITTLE THEATRE!

IT'S A BIT DUSTY.

IT DOESN'T SEEM TO GET A LOT OF USE.

NO—YOU CAN'T HAVE PUNCH DELIVER—

GIOVANNI MIRANDOLA'S ORATION ON THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

UM... IRONY?

YOU THE PLAYERS, THEN?



YESSIR. YOU'RE—

I'M NOD. THE CARETAKER.

I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE EVERYTHING IS.

GREAT!

LONG AS YOU KEEP THE PLACE CLEAN.

LOOKS LIKE YOU DON'T GET A LOT OF SHOWS AROUND HERE.

YUP. WORD GETS AROUND.



AH—WORD OF WHAT?

THE PRINCE HATES A BORING SHOW.

WELL, OF COURSE, BUT—

UP THERE.



"THAT'S THE ROYAL BOX."



THAT SLOW BIT IN ACT THREE?

GONE!

TOOK ME MONTHS TO CLEAN UP AFTER THAT LAST SHOW...



AH—TARVEK. I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU WEREN'T COMING.

WHERE IS YOUR *SISTER*?

SORRY, FATHER.

YOU KNOW SHE'S NOT KEEN ON THESE SHOWS.

SHE'LL JOIN US LATER.

WHAT HAVE I MISSED?



QUITE A BIT! AN *EXCELLENT* MAGICIAN—
SOME SONG AND DANCE—

A SWORD-MISTRESS YOU WOULD HAVE LIKED, I'M SURE—

AND A *HILARIOUSLY* BAD MIDGET IN A CAT SUIT.

OH, YES. I SEE WHERE THE WARNING SHOTS LEFT *HOLES* IN THE STAGE.

I WAS LAUGHING SO HARD I COULD HARDLY AIM!



IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU SO HAPPY, FATHER.

I'VE BEEN *WORRIED* FOR YOU OF LATE.

THANK YOU, MY BOY.

YES, THIS SHOW IS A *WELCOME* CHANGE OF PACE.



I MUST CONFESS, SON, I...

I HAVE FELT FOR SOME TIME THAT OUR TASK MAY BE... *IMPOSSIBLE*.

WE HAVE LOOKED FOR *SO LONG*.

NO ONE COULD SAY YOU WERE *DISLOYAL*, FATHER.



THEY MOST CERTAINLY *CAN*!

THEY *HAVE*!

WE BOTH KNOW YOU HAVE GIVEN YOUR *ALL*!

IF THE MISTRESS WERE HERE, *SHE'D SAY*—



KNEEL, YOU MISERABLE MINION!



HO!
THAT WAS
A TURN!

IT'S THE
PLAY, OF
COURSE.

THE GIRL
THEY'VE GOT
PLAYING
LUCREZIA
CERTAINLY
HAS A
COMMANDING
VOICE, DON'T
YOU—

TARVEK!



IT'S
HER!



NO!
IMPOSSIBLE!

BUT LOOK
AT THE
METERS!

THE
HARMONICS
MATCH
PERFECTLY!

IT'S
HER!



THEY'RE
OLD! THE
FUSES—

THIS ISN'T
PROOF!

PROOF?



LOOK AT THE
AUDIENCE!



GOOD SHOW, FOLKS!

WE HAVE GOT TO DO THAT ONE MORE OFTEN!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.

THE CATFIGHT IN THE GREASE VAT ALONE—

IF I CAN PLAY ONE OF THE GREASE MONKEYS?

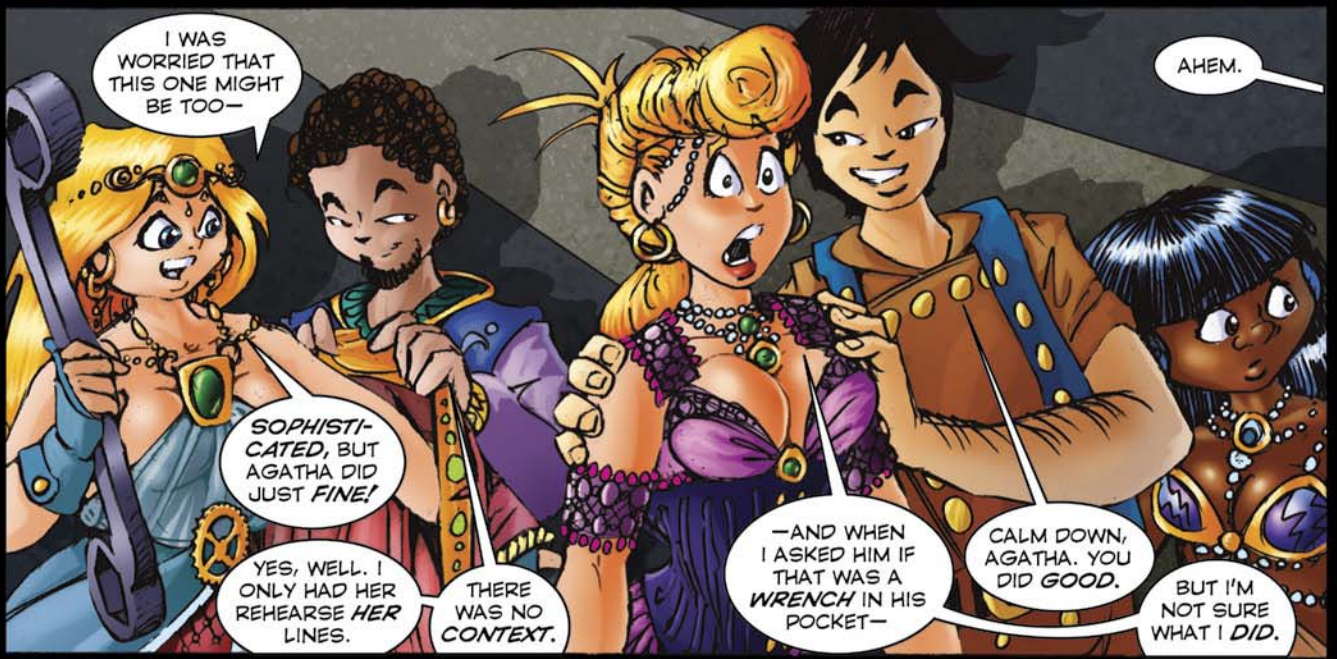
SO WORTH IT.

THE AUDIENCE WAS KIND OF WEIRD—

ESPECIALLY DURING THE FIRST ACT. BUT STILL...

WOULD GET US JAILED ANYWHERE EAST OF BUCHAREST.

SAYS YOU! THAT MANIC SHOT AT ME!



I WAS WORRIED THAT THIS ONE MIGHT BE TOO—

AHEM.

SOPHISTICATED, BUT AGATHA DID JUST FINE!

YES, WELL. I ONLY HAD HER REHEARSE HER LINES.

THERE WAS NO CONTEXT.

—AND WHEN I ASKED HIM IF THAT WAS A WRENCH IN HIS POCKET—

CALM DOWN, AGATHA. YOU DID GOOD.

BUT I'M NOT SURE WHAT I DID.



HIS HIGHNESS WISHES TO CONVEY HIS PLEASURE IN YOUR PERFORMANCE.

WHY—HOW GENEROUS.

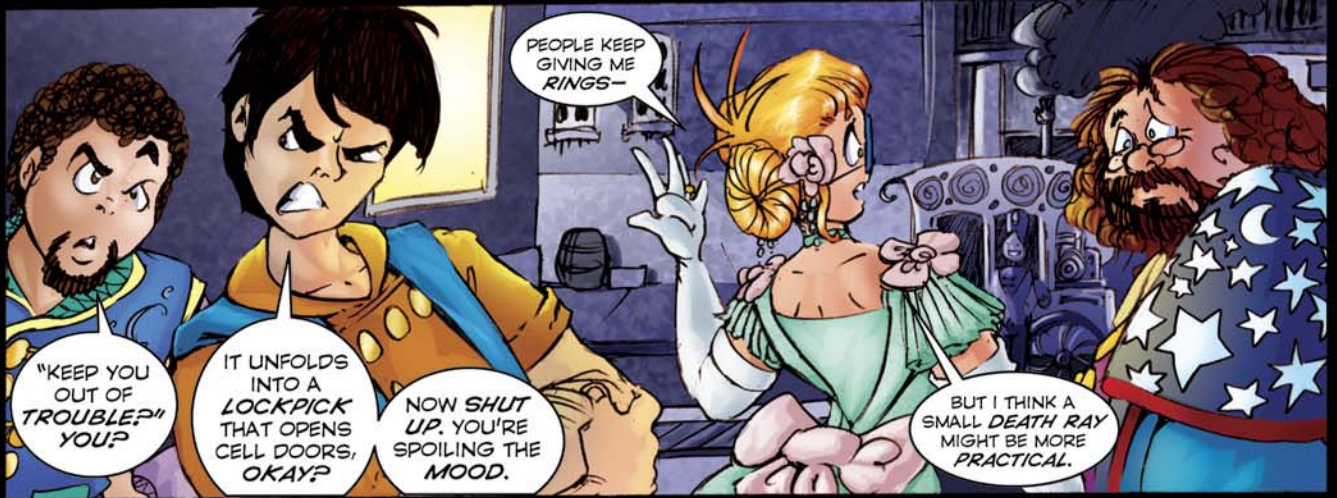
YES. IN ADDITION—



THE ROYAL FAMILY WAS SO TAKEN WITH THE YOUNG LADY WHO PLAYED **LUCREZIA**—

THAT THEY HAVE REQUESTED HER PRESENCE AT THE PALACE FOR SUPPER.

A COACH IS WAITING.





AH—AND THIS MUST BE THE LOVELY MADAME OLGA.

YOUR HIGHNESS!

I BROUGHT THE YOUNG LADY AS SWIFTLY AS I—

YES, YES. CALM YOURSELF, FALCO.

MY ROYAL FATHER INSISTED THAT I MEET THE COACH.

YOU MAY LEAVE US. I SHALL ESCORT OUR GUEST.



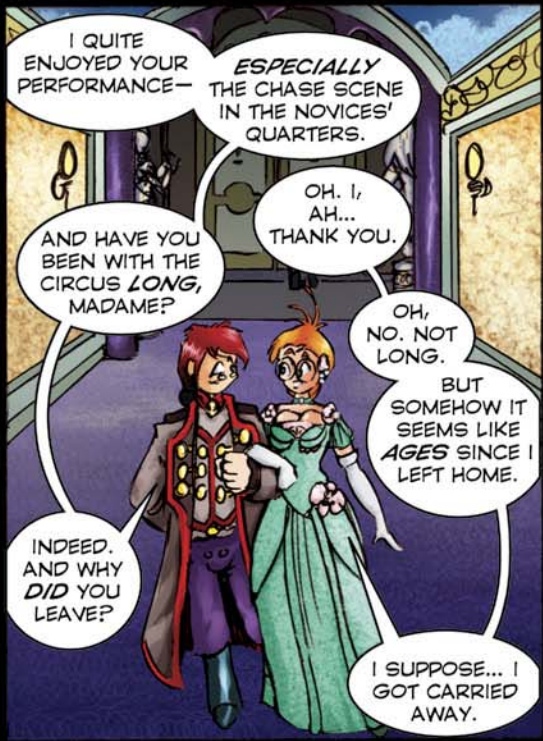
YOUR HIGHNESS.

ENCHANTÉ.

MY FATHER AND SISTER WILL BE JOINING US MOMENTARILY.

YOU MUST FORGIVE OUR INFORMALITY.

IT'S JUST A SMALL, FAMILY MEAL TONIGHT.



I QUITE ENJOYED YOUR PERFORMANCE—

ESPECIALLY THE CHASE SCENE IN THE NOVICES' QUARTERS.

OH, I, AH... THANK YOU.

AND HAVE YOU BEEN WITH THE CIRCUS LONG, MADAME?

OH, NO. NOT LONG.

BUT SOMEHOW IT SEEMS LIKE AGES SINCE I LEFT HOME.

INDEED. AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE?

I SUPPOSE... I GOT CARRIED AWAY.



AH—THE CIRCUS. OF COURSE.

MY, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPINET!

DO YOU PLAY?



OH, YES!

I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO HEAR YOU PLAY SOMETHING. PERHAPS AFTER DINNER.

PLEASE, BROTHER—

SAVE THE FLIRTATION FOR DESSERT. IT WILL GO WELL WITH THE CHEESE.

FOR DINNER
ITSELF, I REALLY
MUST INSIST ON
INTELLIGENT
CONVERSATION.



TINKA?!

WHY—
NO.

THIS IS
MY SISTER.

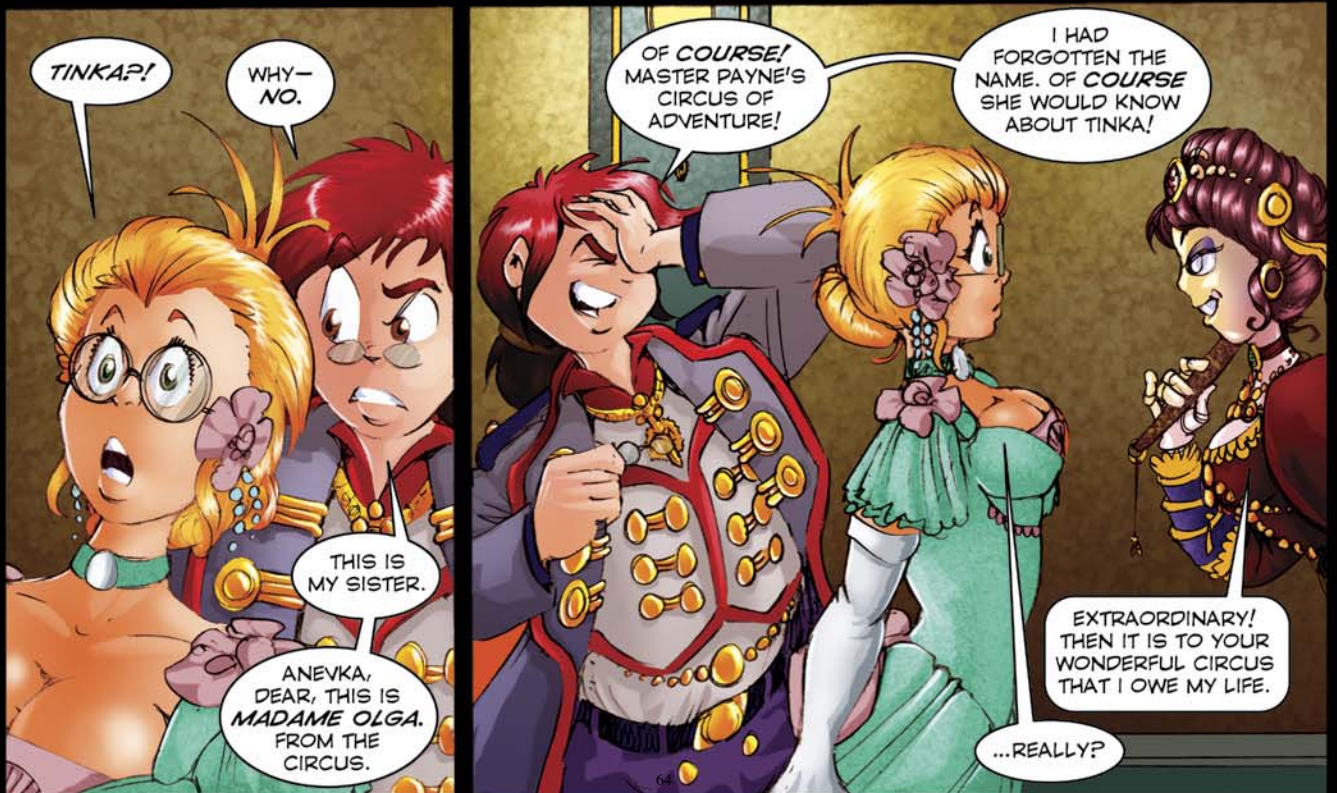
ANEVKA,
DEAR, THIS IS
MADAME OLGA.
FROM THE
CIRCUS.

OF COURSE!
MASTER PAYNE'S
CIRCUS OF
ADVENTURE!

I HAD
FORGOTTEN THE
NAME. OF COURSE
SHE WOULD KNOW
ABOUT TINKA!

EXTRAORDINARY!
THEN IT IS TO YOUR
WONDERFUL CIRCUS
THAT I OWE MY LIFE.

...REALLY?





"AN—
EXPERIMENT OF
MY FATHER'S
WENT WRONG.

MY SISTER WAS
DYING. I TRIED
EVERYTHING."

"NOTHING WORKED,
AND THE STRESS WAS
DRIVING HER INTO
MADNESS."

"I BEGAN TO
DESPAIR"



"THEN A
TRAVELING
SHOW CAME
ALONG.

AND THERE, TREATED
AS JUST ANOTHER
SIDESHOW NOVELTY,
WAS A VAN RIJN!"

"A REAL
ONE!"

"UNBELIEVABLE!"



WELL, I
TOOK IT.

I'M NOT
PROUD OF THAT,
BUT TIME WAS
RUNNING
OUT.



"AND I
DID IT!"

I WAS ABLE TO REVERSE-
ENGINEER ENOUGH OF
VAN RIJN'S DESIGN THAT
I COULD BUILD ANEVKA A
WORKING BODY."



"I SENT PAYMENT TO
THE CIRCUS, BUT BY
THEN THEY'D QUITE
SENSIBLY LEFT TOWN."



HE'S VERY
CLEVER—

FOR A BOY WHO KEPT
BUTTONING HIS SHOES
TOGETHER.

I WAS
FOUR!

FOUR AND A
HALF.

IGNORE HER.
AS YOU CAN
SEE, SHE STILL
NEEDS WORK.



BUT—
TINKA—?

AH.

ONCE AGAIN
MY FATHER
ENTERS THE
STORY.



HI-HIGH-
NESS-NESS-
NESS-



TINKA! WHY
HAVE YOU LEFT
THE LAB?

I-I-I HEARD-
SERVANTS
SAID-

MA-MA-
MASTER PAYNE'S
CIRCUS
HE-HE-HERE?

THIS IS
VERY
UNUSUAL.

HER
CONDITION?

OH, NO.
THAT SHE'S
MOVING AT
ALL.



YES, IT
IS.

WOULD YOU-
WOULD YOU-

I-I-I
CAN-WOULD
YOU LIKE TO SEE
ME DANCE?

I-I-I REQUIRE
MAINTENANCE,
PLEASE PLEASE
PLEASE.



YES, TINKA.
I'LL BE THERE
SOON.

VOLKS,
TAKE HER
BACK TO MY
LAB.

YES,
HIGHNESS.

I-I-I
CIRCUS-
MUST-



AS YOU CAN
SEE, SHE CAN
WALK AND
TALK.

BUT THERE IS
SOMETHING
WRONG AND I
CANNOT FIGURE
IT OUT.

I-I-I FEEL
LIKE I OWE
HER.

WITHOUT
HER-

I WILL
REPAIR
HER.



I SUPPOSE
THAT SOUNDS
FOOLISH-

TO FEEL
OBLIGATED TO
A...A GLORIFIED
CLANK.

NOT AT
ALL.

I THINK IT'S
VERY
HONORABLE.
BESIDES-

MASTER PAYNE
BELIEVES THEY
WERE MORE THAN
JUST CLANKS.



HM. I MIGHT
HAVE TO TALK
TO YOUR MASTER
PAYNE.

DING!

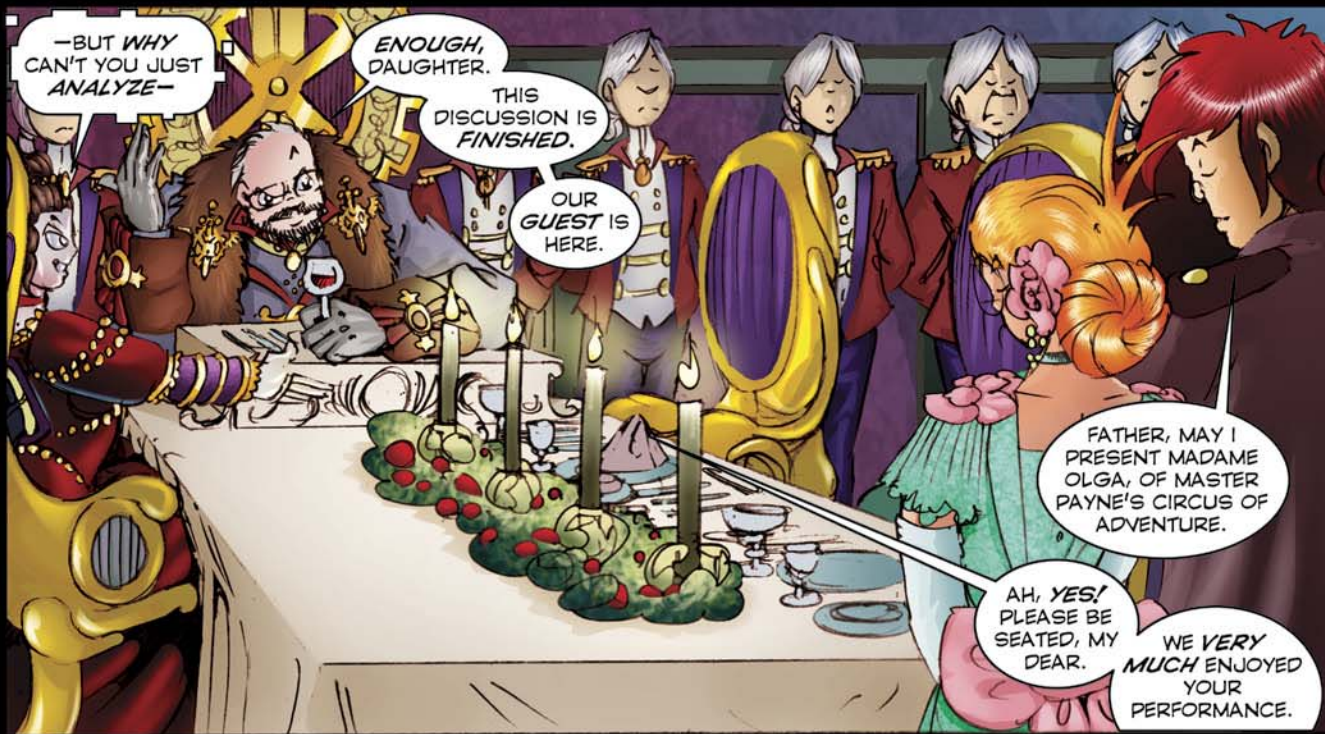
AH.
DINNER.



COME
ALONG, MY
LADY.

MASTER
PA-PA-PAYNE'S
CIRCUS IS HERE
HERE HERE-

MA-MA-
MA-MA-
MA-



-BUT WHY CAN'T YOU JUST ANALYZE-

ENOUGH, DAUGHTER.

THIS DISCUSSION IS FINISHED.

OUR GUEST IS HERE.

FATHER, MAY I PRESENT MADAME OLGA, OF MASTER PAYNE'S CIRCUS OF ADVENTURE.

AH, YES! PLEASE BE SEATED, MY DEAR.

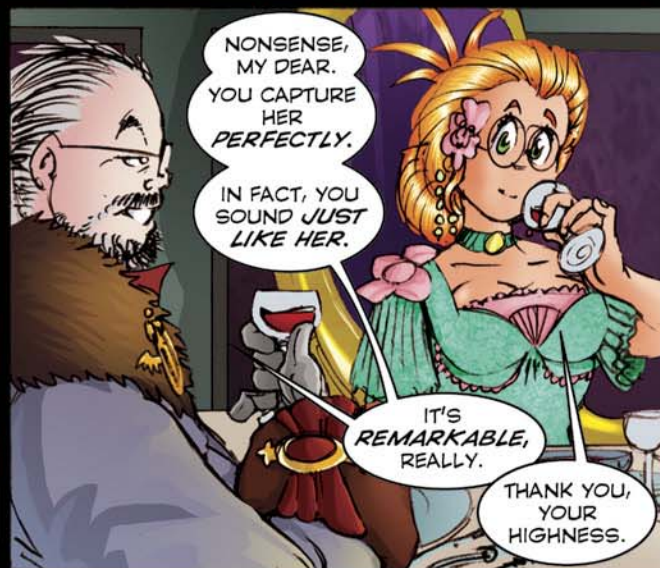
WE VERY MUCH ENJOYED YOUR PERFORMANCE.



I KNEW THE LADY YOU PLAY, YOU KNOW.

OH! I-AH-I HOPE I HAVEN'T GIVEN OFFENSE.

IT'S...HARD TO REMEMBER THAT WE PLAY REAL PEOPLE.



NONSENSE, MY DEAR. YOU CAPTURE HER PERFECTLY.

IN FACT, YOU SOUND JUST LIKE HER.

IT'S REMARKABLE, REALLY.

THANK YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS.



HAVE YOU KNOWN MANY SPARKS?

OH, NO!

WELL, I GREW UP IN BEETLEBURG-

SO WE SAW DR. BEETLE A LOT.

I ASSISTED IN HIS LAB QUITE A BIT.

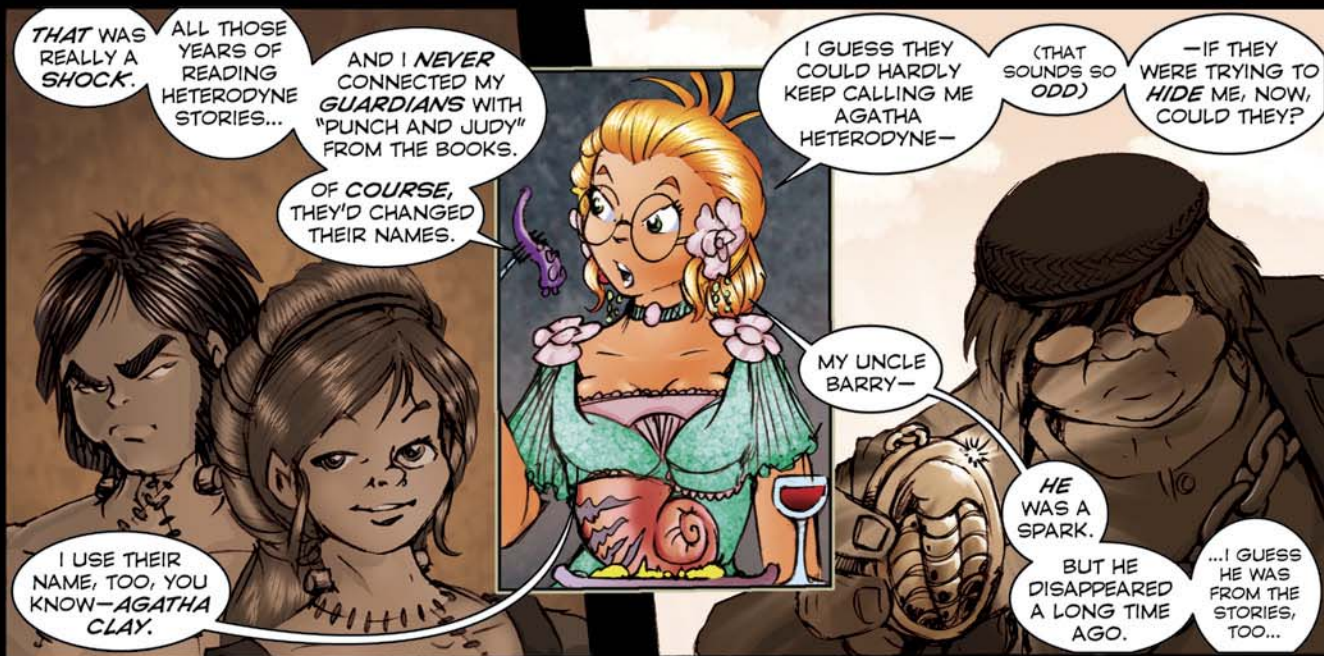
REALLY!

OH, YES.



OH, AND I SAW THE BARON A BIT WHEN I WAS ON CASTLE WULFENBACH.

BUT I HAD TO RUN AWAY WHEN EVERYBODY FOUND OUT I WAS A HETERODYNE.



THAT WAS REALLY A SHOCK.

ALL THOSE YEARS OF READING HETERODYNE STORIES...

AND I NEVER CONNECTED MY GUARDIANS WITH "PUNCH AND JUDY" FROM THE BOOKS.

OF COURSE, THEY'D CHANGED THEIR NAMES.

I GUESS THEY COULD HARDLY KEEP CALLING ME AGATHA HETERODYNE—

(THAT SOUNDS SO ODD)

—IF THEY WERE TRYING TO HIDE ME, NOW, COULD THEY?

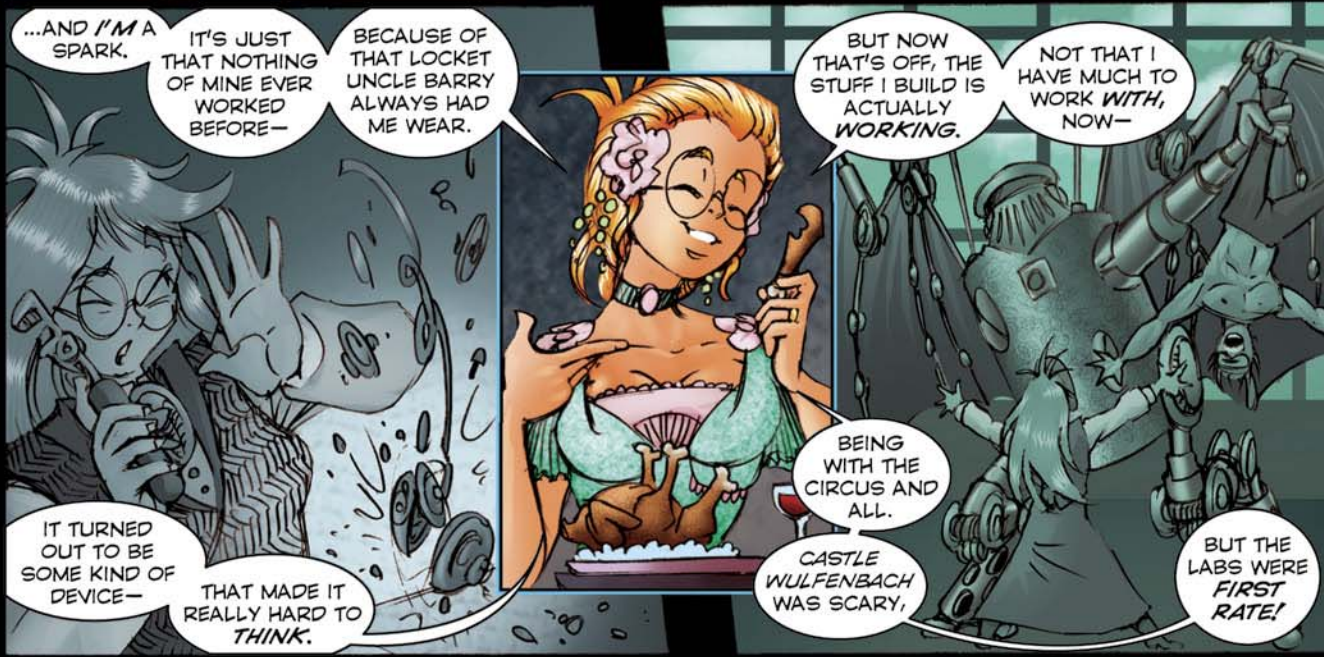
I USE THEIR NAME, TOO, YOU KNOW—AGATHA CLAY.

MY UNCLE BARRY—

HE WAS A SPARK.

BUT HE DISAPPEARED A LONG TIME AGO.

...I GUESS HE WAS FROM THE STORIES, TOO...



...AND I'M A SPARK.

IT'S JUST THAT NOTHING OF MINE EVER WORKED BEFORE—

BECAUSE OF THAT LOCKET UNCLE BARRY ALWAYS HAD ME WEAR.

BUT NOW THAT'S OFF, THE STUFF I BUILD IS ACTUALLY WORKING.

NOT THAT I HAVE MUCH TO WORK WITH, NOW—

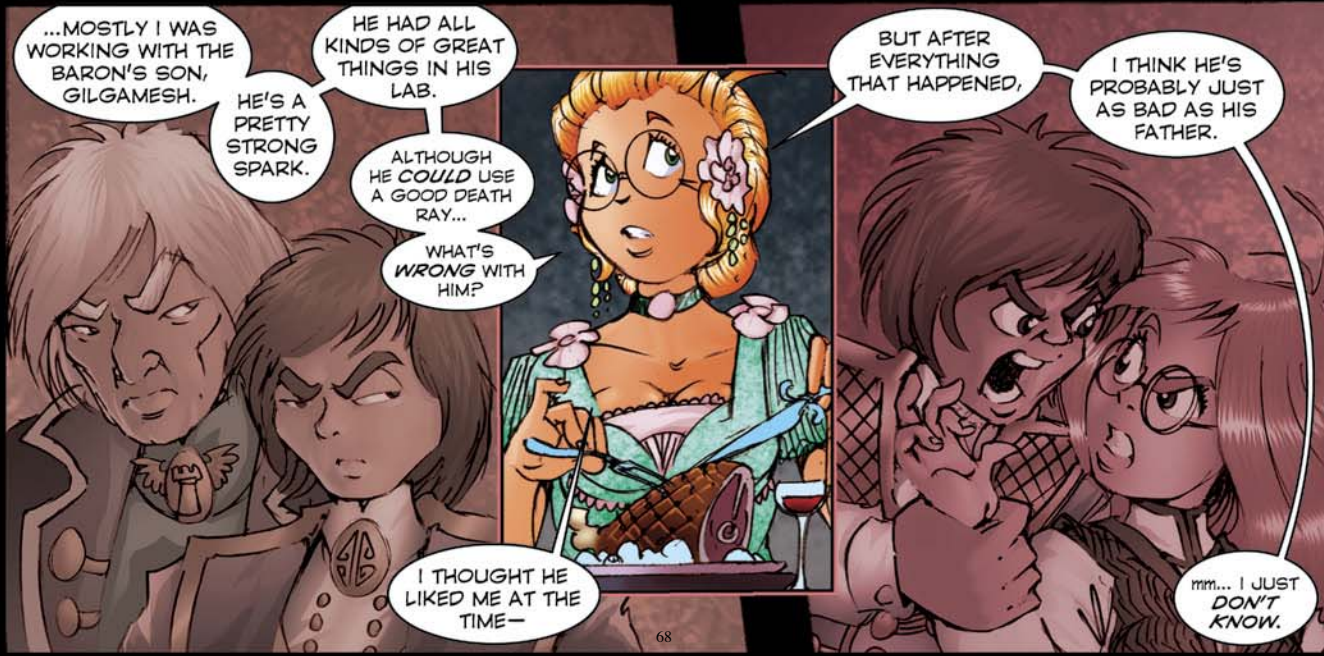
IT TURNED OUT TO BE SOME KIND OF DEVICE—

THAT MADE IT REALLY HARD TO THINK.

BEING WITH THE CIRCUS AND ALL.

CASTLE WULFENBACH WAS SCARY,

BUT THE LABS WERE FIRST RATE!



...MOSTLY I WAS WORKING WITH THE BARON'S SON, GILGAMESH.

HE'S A PRETTY STRONG SPARK.

HE HAD ALL KINDS OF GREAT THINGS IN HIS LAB.

ALTHOUGH HE COULD USE A GOOD DEATH RAY...

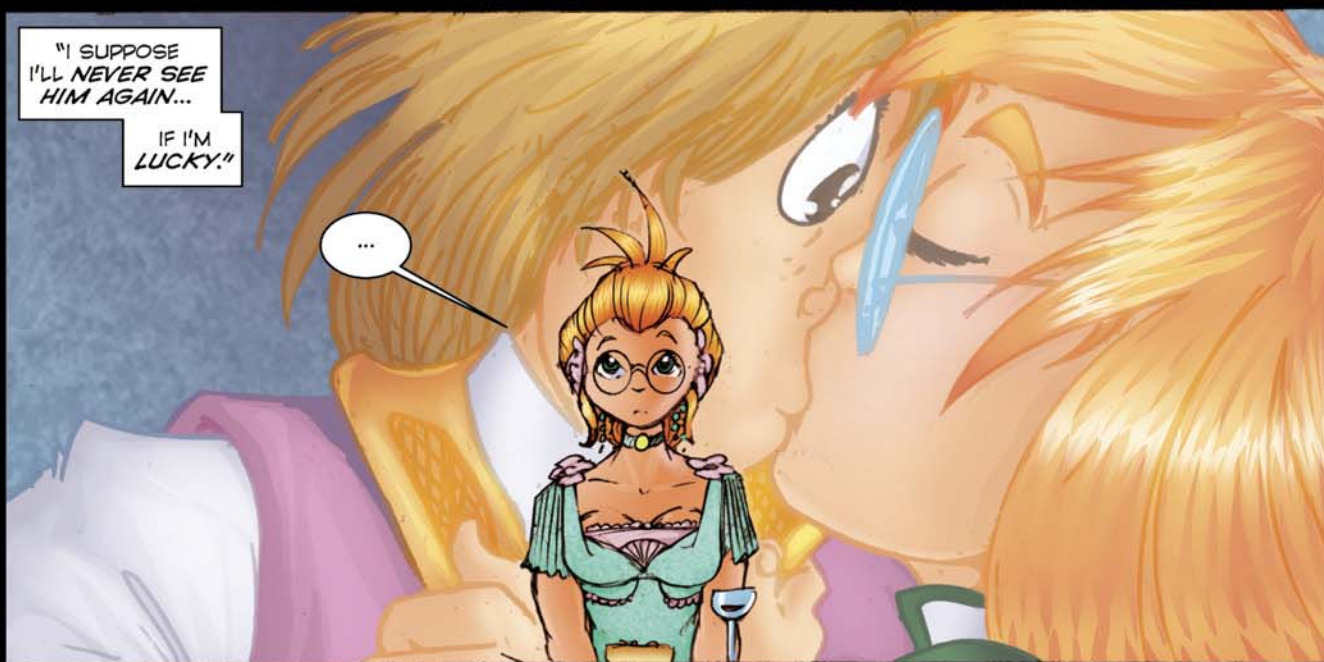
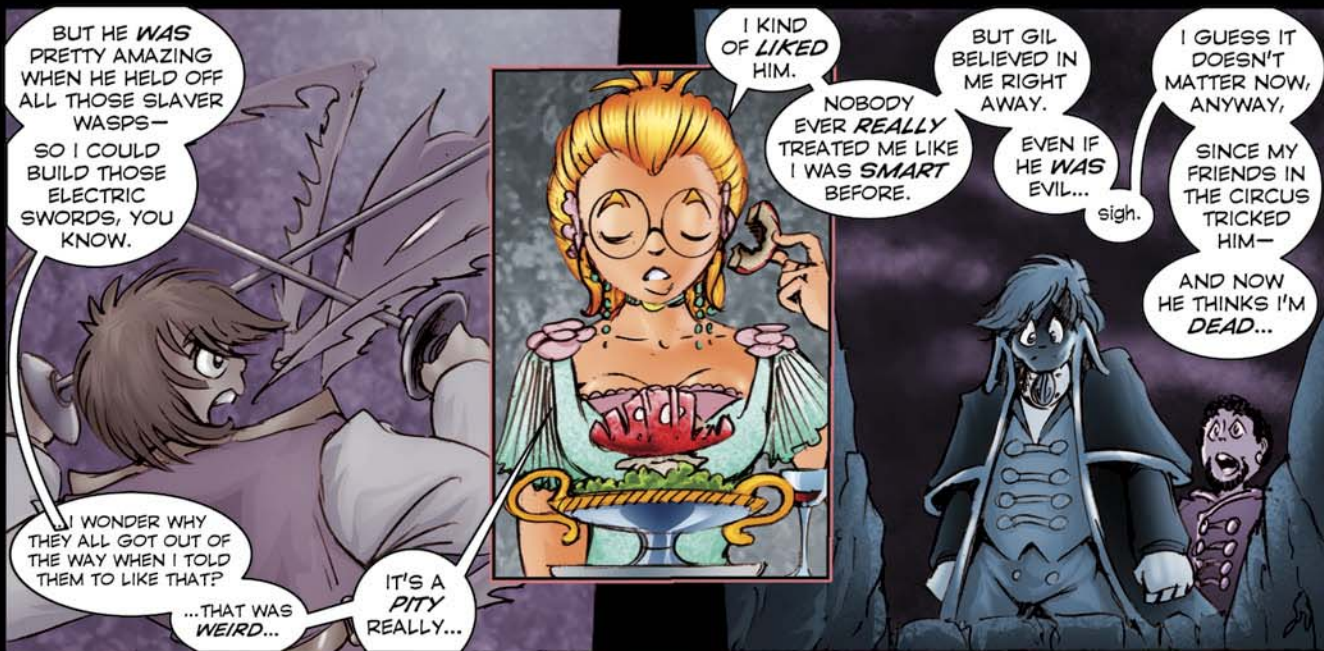
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

BUT AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED,

I THINK HE'S PROBABLY JUST AS BAD AS HIS FATHER.

I THOUGHT HE LIKED ME AT THE TIME—

mhm... I JUST DON'T KNOW.





COME!
BRING
HER!

I HAVE
EVERYTHING
PREPARED!

BUT
FATHER,
WAIT!

FATHER, IF
YOU ARE *SURE*
SHE IS THE ONE—

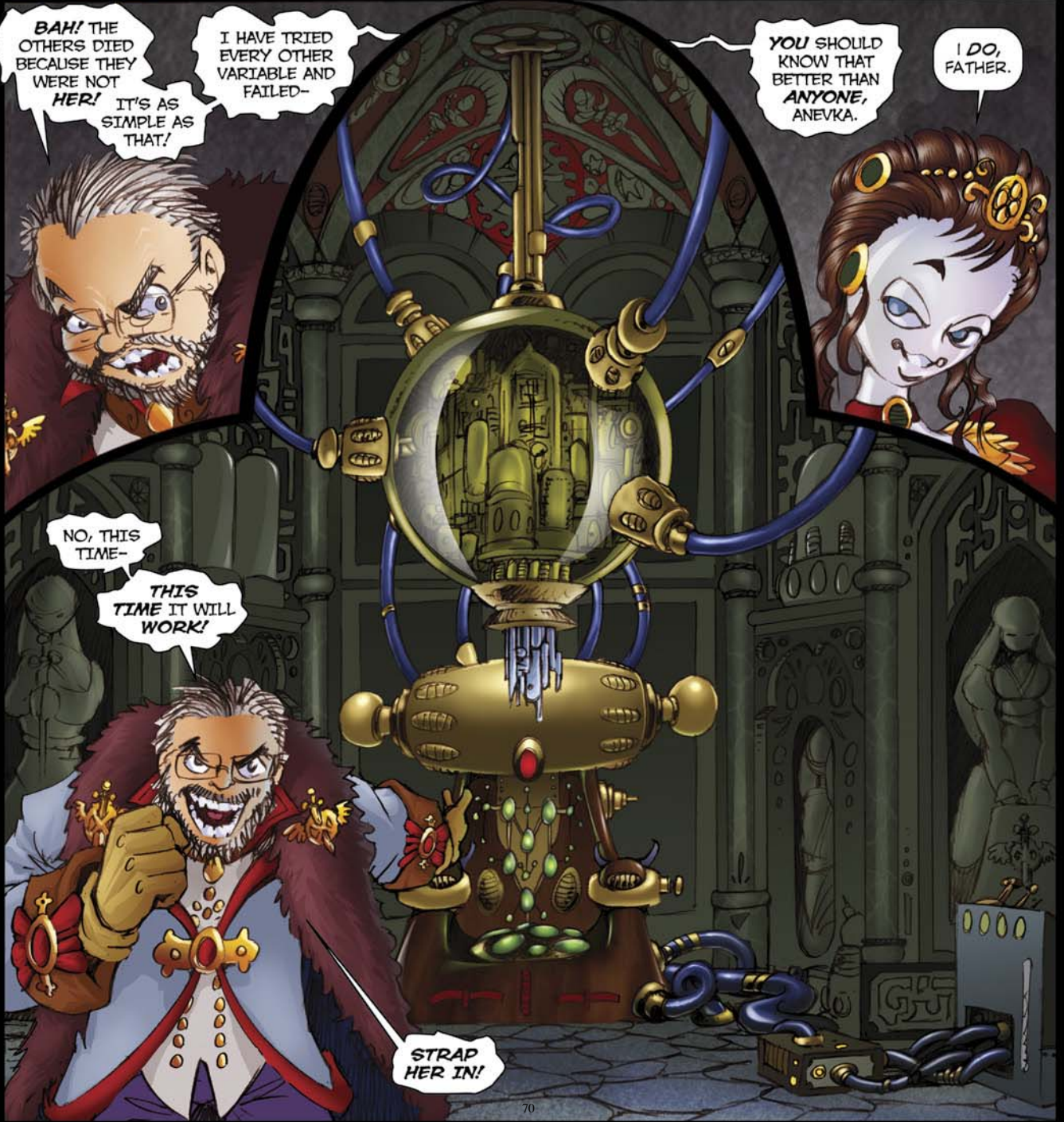
SHOULDN'T
WE—AH—SEND
FOR SOME OF THE
OTHERS?

I FEEL VERY
STRANGE...

OR—OR AT
LEAST CALL
MADAME
VRIN?

THIS IS A
TERRIBLE
IDEA!

YOU
COULD KILL
HER!



BAH! THE
OTHERS DIED
BECAUSE THEY
WERE NOT
HER! IT'S AS
SIMPLE AS
THAT!

I HAVE TRIED
EVERY OTHER
VARIABLE AND
FAILED—

YOU SHOULD
KNOW THAT
BETTER THAN
ANYONE,
ANEVKA.

I **DO,**
FATHER.

NO, THIS
TIME—

**THIS
TIME IT WILL
WORK!**

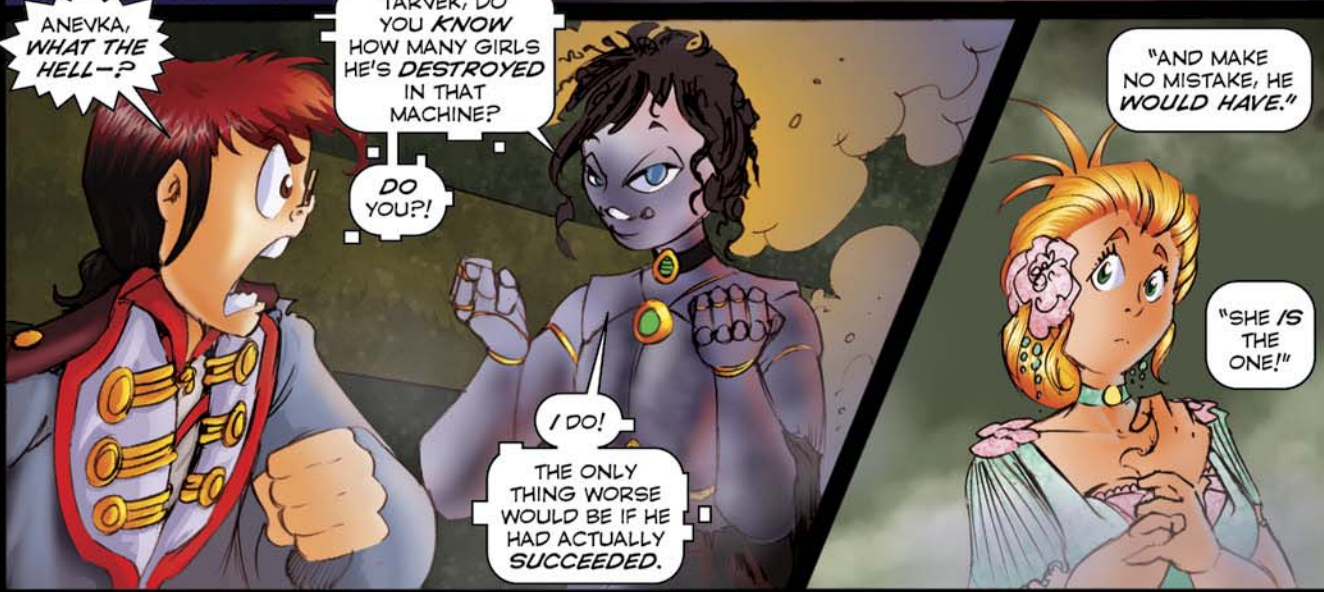
**STRAP
HER IN!**





tch. THAT WAS MY FAVORITE DRESS.

OH, MY.



ANEVKA, WHAT THE HELL-?

TARVEK, DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY GIRLS HE'S DESTROYED IN THAT MACHINE?

DO YOU?!

I DO!

THE ONLY THING WORSE WOULD BE IF HE HAD ACTUALLY SUCCEEDED.

"AND MAKE NO MISTAKE, HE WOULD HAVE."

"SHE IS THE ONE!"



SAY—DID YOU JUST DO THAT FOR ME?

DON'T BE SILLY, GIRL.



I HAVE MY OWN USE FOR YOU.

BUT—

COME ALONG.

ELSEWHERE—



PAYNE.

YES. COVER ME, MY DEAR.



YES?

EVENING, SIR. ARE YOU THE MASTER OF THIS CIRCUS?

I AM.

YOU WERE TRAVELING WITH A "MADAME OLGA?"

YES, BUT AT THE MOMENT SHE'S AT THE PALACE—A GUEST OF YOUR PRINCE.



INDEED SHE IS, SIR.

WERE YOU AWARE THAT THIS "MADAME OLGA" IS A FUGITIVE—

WANTED BY BARON WULFENBACH HIMSELF?



WHY—NO! OF COURSE NOT!

YES, THAT'S JUST WHAT THE PRINCE TOLD ME YOU'D SAY.

WELL, YOU'VE HAD A LUCKY ESCAPE, SIR.

NO TELLING WHAT SHE'S CAPABLE OF—

IF THE BARON'S AFTER HER, EHP?



STILL, IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO ONE ANY GOOD, EHP?

THE PRINCE HAS SENT YOU THIS REWARD!

MIGHTY GENEROUS SAYS I, BUT "NO BLESS OBLI CHEESE," SAYS HE.

...DOES HE?

ALL THE TIME.



HE ALSO SAYS THAT, FOR EVERYONE'S SAFETY,

HE THINKS IT BEST IF YOU AND YOUR GOOD PEOPLE LEAVE TOWN.

BUT IT'S—

NOW.

YOUR ESCORT'S WAITING.



OF COURSE NOT. THAT STORY ABOUT A REWARD IS HOKUM. THE BARON THINKS AGATHA'S DEAD. IF HE THOUGHT OTHERWISE, HE'D COME AND GET HER. AARONEY JUST WANTS US OUT. ...AND WE DAREN'T COMPLAIN.



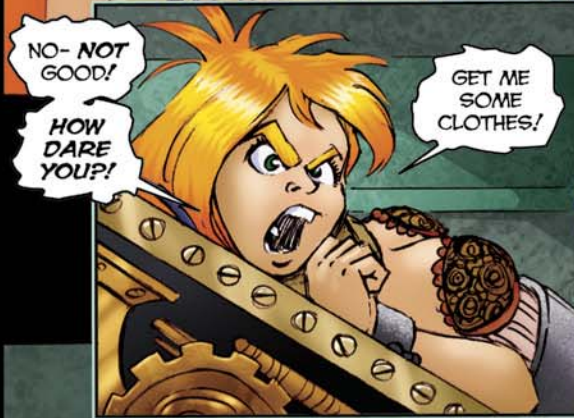
BUT WHAT WILL WE DO? WE TURN LEFT AT MULVERSCHTAG. THAT'LL GET US ON THE ROAD TO MECHANICSBURG. NO! I MEANT— OH, WAIT. ARE YOU SERIOUSLY THINKING WE SHOULD GO BACK— INTO A HOSTILE TOWN FULL OF ARMED SOLDIERS— TO TRY TO RESCUE A GIRL FROM A MADBOY'S FORTRESS?



YES! YES! I AM! THERE'S A MILLION REASONS WHY THAT IS NOT GOING TO WORK. DUN VORRY.



DERE'S THREE REASONZ IT IZ.



YEEP!

OH, GOOD. YOU'RE AWAKE.

HAPPY?

CERTAINLY NOT!

AH. GOOD.

NO- NOT GOOD!

HOW DARE YOU?!

GET ME SOME CLOTHES!

OOH, EXCELLENT.

A GOOD STRONG COMMAND WAVE.

ANY QUESTIONS?

SOON-

-AND ANOTHER THING-

HEY-ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING?

SO NOW, LET'S HEAR YOU BEG FOR YOUR LIFE.

YOU-...WHAT?

OH. I'VE GOT MY READINGS.

NOW I GET TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN.

OH YES, AND IT'S PERFECT. I THINK WE'RE DONE.



ANEVKA-STOP!

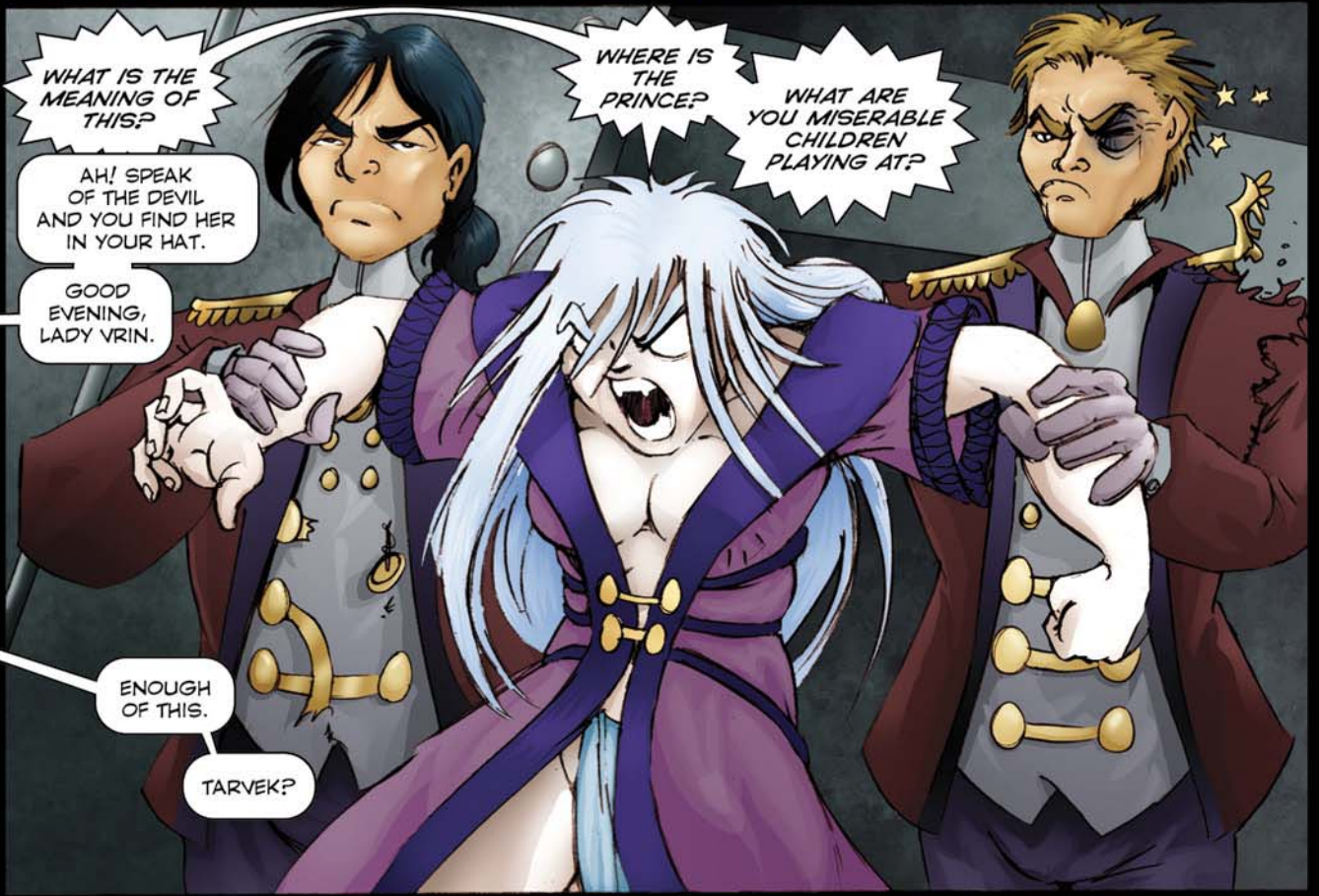
WHY? WE HAVE WHAT WE NEED.

YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE.

IT WOULD BE STUPID TO KILL HER BEFORE WE'RE SURE.

DON'T BE A FOOL. WE SHOULD TEST IT FIRST.

HE'S HERE, TOOP?



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

WHERE IS THE PRINCE?

WHAT ARE YOU MISERABLE CHILDREN PLAYING AT?

AH! SPEAK OF THE DEVIL AND YOU FIND HER IN YOUR HAT.

GOOD EVENING, LADY VRIN.

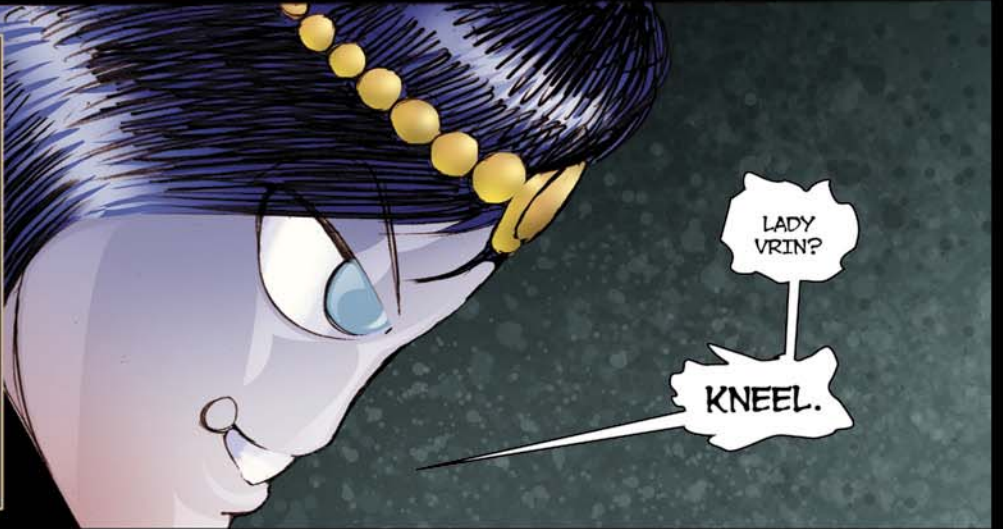
ENOUGH OF THIS.

TARVEK?



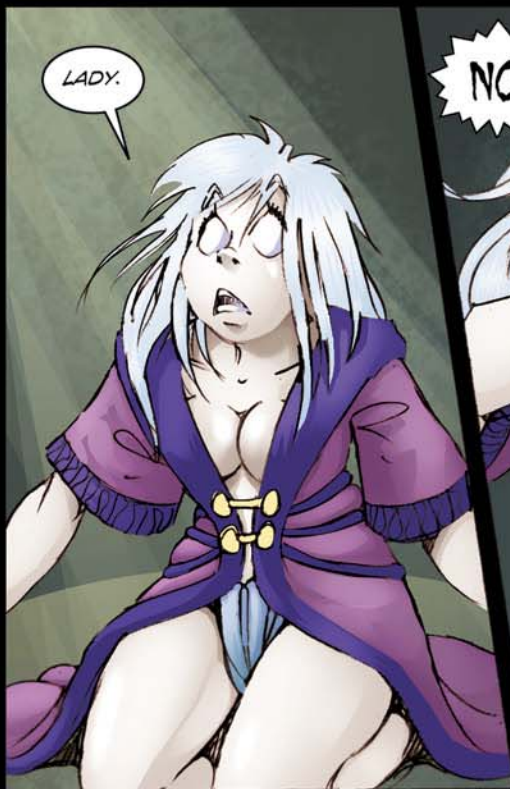
I'VE RETAINED YOUR VOICEBOX.

TRY IT.



LADY VRIN?

KNEEL.



LADY.



NO!

YOU ARE NOT HER!



TCH. IT APPEARS YOU WERE RIGHT, BROTHER.

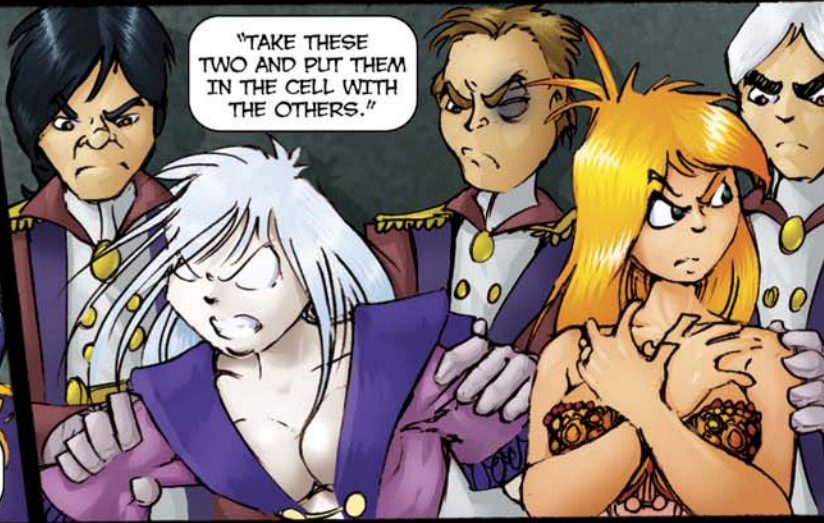
WE ARE NOT THERE YET.



HM. MAYBE WHAT I NEED TO DO IS ISOLATE THE COMMAND HARMONICS—

AND AMPLIFY THEM. THEN—

YES, YES. YOU DO THAT.



"TAKE THESE TWO AND PUT THEM IN THE CELL WITH THE OTHERS."



YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS!

WHEN YOUR FATHER AND HIS ORDER—



I DOUBT IT.

MY FATHER IS DEAD.

AND THIS PATHETIC GIRL—



"SHE IS YOUR HOLY LOST CHILD."

"AND SHE IS MY PRISONER."



THIS IS IT. SORRY IT ISN'T MUCH—

BUT I DOUBT YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO GET BORED.

I WANT SOME CLOTHES.

I'M SURE YOU DO.

I'M COLD AND I WANT SOME CLOTHES.

NOW!



OOH, CRANKY!

DON'T WORRY, I WAS JUST HAVING SOME FUN. HERE—

PRINCE TARVEK THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET DRESSED.

HE—

NOW ME—

I PREFER YOU THE WAY YOU ARE.



HA HA HA HA HA!
SLAM!

WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?



CLEARLY THE ROYAL CHILDREN HAVE STAGED A COUP.

ANEVKA BELIEVES YOU TO BE THE HOLY CHILD. BUT—

WHAT IS ALL THIS CHILD NONSENSE?

I'M EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD FOR GOODNESS SAKE!



EIGHTEEN...

KLAZMA?

KLAZMA VRIN?!



ZENGA! OBUK VOPPEL?

VOLLA CHEEB TEK SMING E' PURF KLAZMA VRIN!

ZA!

GEISTER-DAMEN!



NOBLA TIF,
SONA EOTAIN,
SONA SHURDLU.

AARONEV
KARST SHEKKA
ZIN, FA MEK.

YOU WERE
WORKING WITH
AARONEV.

NA FIG
SEG UNAT
PLIN.

YOU WERE
LOOKING FOR A
CHILD.

WHAT
CHILD?

UNAT
PLIN?

ZO?



AH—
THAT'S
BETTER.

ZOY!
ZOY ZOY!

HITCHA
TWNON NIKTIK
"ACTORS!"

EEEN?
HIF NI
LIN.

NOW—

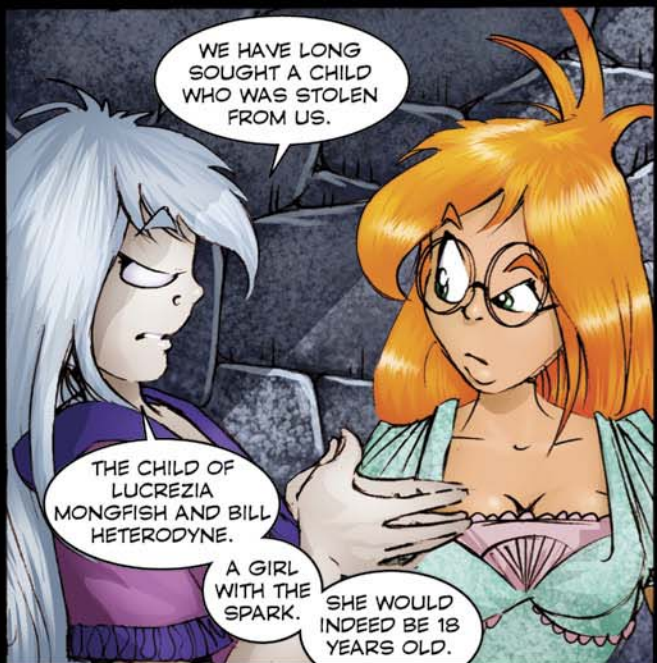


YA! VOCA
CHEEB!

NIBO!

SMEK!

MEDOK!



WE HAVE LONG
SOUGHT A CHILD
WHO WAS STOLEN
FROM US.

THE CHILD OF
LUCREZIA
MONGFISH AND BILL
HETERODYNE.

A GIRL
WITH THE
SPARK.

SHE WOULD
INDEED BE 18
YEARS OLD.



WELL, MY
FATHER WAS A
BLACKSMITH.

AND I THINK I
WOULD HAVE
NOTICED IF HE WERE
SOME LEGENDARY
HERO.



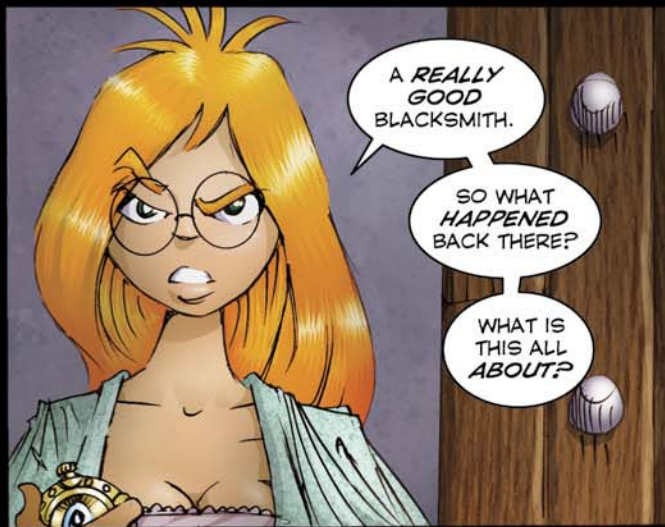
AND AS FOR
ME BEING A
SPARK—

WELL, THAT'S
JUST
RIDICULOUS.



YES. I SEE.

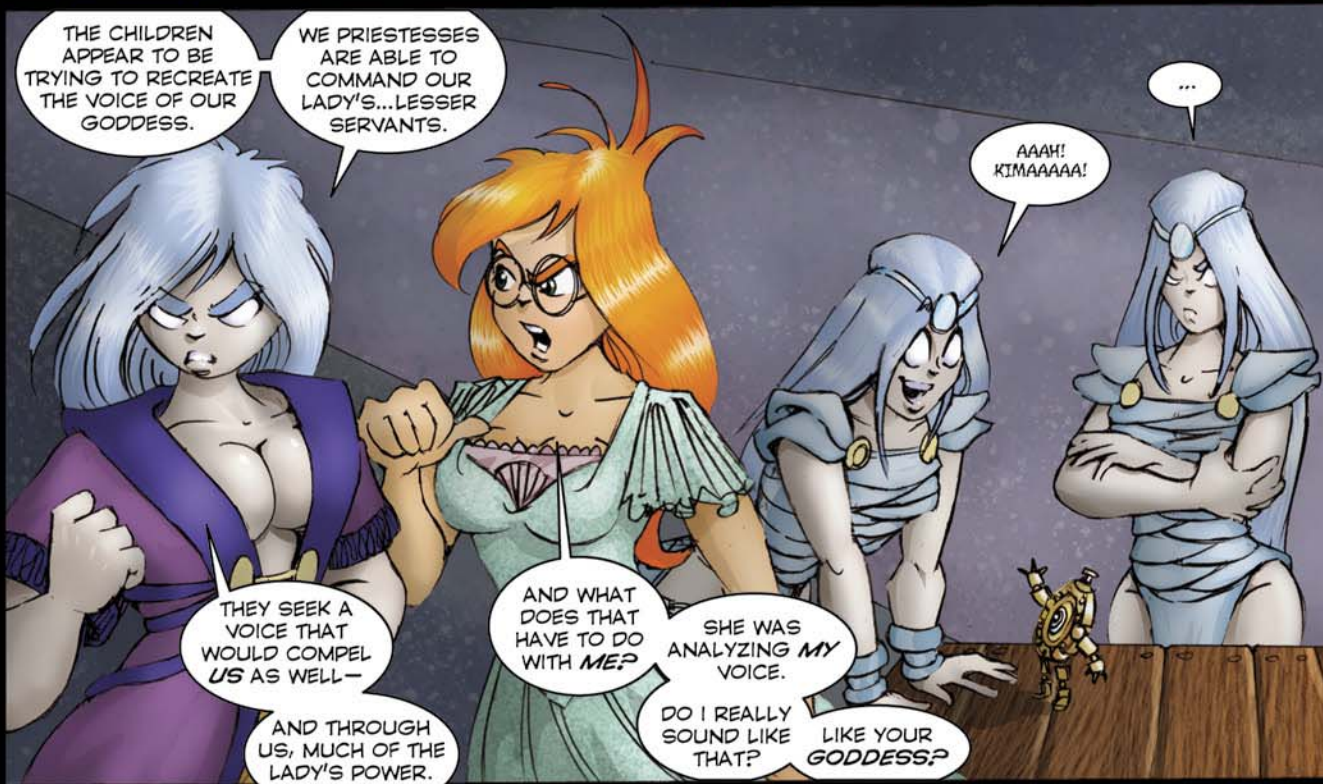
A BLACKSMITH, YOU SAY.



A REALLY GOOD BLACKSMITH.

SO WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE?

WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?



THE CHILDREN APPEAR TO BE TRYING TO RECREATE THE VOICE OF OUR GODDESS.

WE PRIESTESSES ARE ABLE TO COMMAND OUR LADY'S...LESSER SERVANTS.

AAAH! KIMAAAAA!

...

THEY SEEK A VOICE THAT WOULD COMPEL US AS WELL—

AND THROUGH US, MUCH OF THE LADY'S POWER.

AND WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH ME?

SHE WAS ANALYZING MY VOICE.

DO I REALLY SOUND LIKE THAT?

LIKE YOUR GODDESS?



WHAT IF I TOLD YOU TO KNEEL?



WHY, I'D PROBABLY LAUGH SO HARD—

I'D ONLY SLAP YOU TWICE.

WHAT?

THE VOICE THEY SEEK IS...VERY MUCH LIKE YOURS.

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU ARE ANGRY, I THINK.

BUT EVEN IF YOU ARE THE CHILD WE SEEK—

A CHILD IS NEVER EXACTLY THE SAME AS HER MOTHER.

MY—?



BUT WE CAN DISCUSS THIS LATER.

NOW, WE MUST ESCAPE THIS PLACE.



"SINCE THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS, WE HAVE SERVED OUR ETERNAL LADY!"

"NO MATTER HOW LONG HER ABSENCE FROM OUR PRESENCE."

WE KNEW SHE WOULD ALWAYS RETURN TO US."

"WHEN I WAS A NOVICE, SHE VISITED US FREQUENTLY—"

"BUT THEN SHE CAME TO US IN HIGH DISTRESS."

"THE GODS WERE AT WAR."

"IT WAS THE TIME OF PROPHECY— BEYOND WHICH EVEN OUR LADY COULD NOT SEE."

"ALWAYS IN THE SAME LOVELY ASPECT."

"AND SHE CARRIED THE HOLY CHILD."

"THE GREAT BATTLE WHERE SHE WOULD BE TAKEN FROM US."

"WE WERE TO PROTECT THE CHILD FROM THOSE WHOM WE KNEW WOULD COME TO STEAL IT."

"WE FAILED."

"WE REBUILT OUR TEMPLE AND WAITED—"

"AND OUR MISTRESS AGAIN RETURNED."

"AS PUNISHMENT, SHE SENT US HERE TO THE SHADOW WORLD—"

"THERE WERE NO MORE PROPHECIES. IT WAS THE END OF OUR WORLD."

"WHERE WE WERE TO SEEK THE MISSING CHILD."

WE ARE STILL SEARCHING...

BUT WHAT DOES AARONEY HAVE TO DO WITH ALL THIS?

"IN THIS WORLD, THE LADY WAS CALLED LUCREZIA MONGFISH, AND SHE HAD MANY ALLIES."



"AARONEV WAS AMONG THE FOREMOST OF THESE."

"HE PLACED ALL HIS POWERS, AND THOSE OF THE SHADOW KNIGHTS HE LED, AT HER SERVICE."

"AND HE HIMSELF WAS ENTRUSTED WITH HER MOST SACRED DEVICES."



I MUST SAY I HAD NEVER FULLY... TRUSTED HIM.
I KNOW THAT SOME OF HIS ORDER GRUMBLED AT SERVING OUR LADY.
SHE WAS NOT THEIR ORIGINAL PURPOSE.



WITH THEIR LEADER GONE, I DO NOT KNOW WHICH WAY THE ORDER'S LOYALTY WILL TURN.

BUT HIS CHILDREN ARE THE BIGGEST THREAT NOW,
sigh.
IT WOULD BE SIMPLER TO STAY IN HERE FOREVER.
YOU MIGHT GET YOUR WISH.
DO YOU WANT TO HAVE A GO AT THIS?

IF NO. I THINK WE'D HAVE BETTER LUCK GIVING IT TO YOUR LITTLE CONTRAPTION.
HA! GOOD IDEA!

HERE!
CAN YOU USE THIS TO GET OUT?



I WASN'T BEING SERIOUS.



K-CHUNK!



MI-MI-
MISS CLAY MUST
COME-COME-
COME WITH ME
NOW.

Y-Y-
YOU OTHERS
STAY-STAY
HERE.



TINKAP?
YOU
SEEM-

THE
GUARDS.

WHERE ARE
THE
GUARDS?



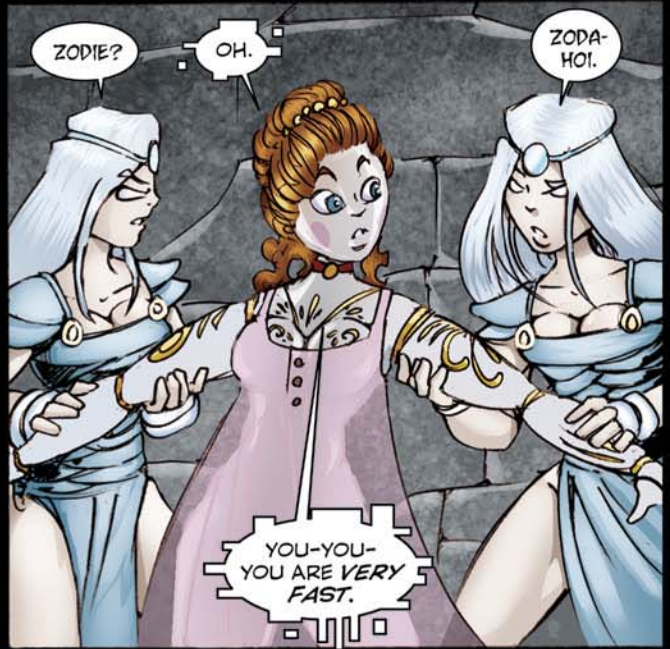
THEY-THEY
ARE SLEE-
SLEEPING.

MISS CLAY
WI-WI-WILL
COME WITH ME
N-N-NOW.



EOTAIN.
SHURDLU.

SMANGA.
TIK TIK.

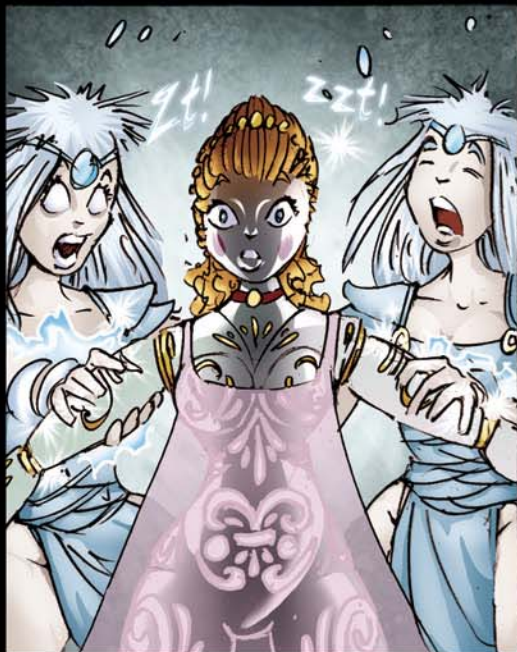


ZODIE?

OH.

ZODA-
HOI.

YOU-YOU-
YOU ARE VERY
FAST.



ZZT!

ZZT!



ZZOK!



NOW YOU
WILL SLEEP,
TOO.

MISS
CL-CL-CLAY
WILL
CO-COME WITH
ME-ME NOW.



HI-HIGH-NESS-NESS-NESS

I-I HAVE BROUGHT HER-HER.

AH!



MOXANA!

YES!

ISN'T SHE MARVELOUS?!

TINKA WENT DOWN TO YOUR CIRCUS-ALL BY HERSELF-

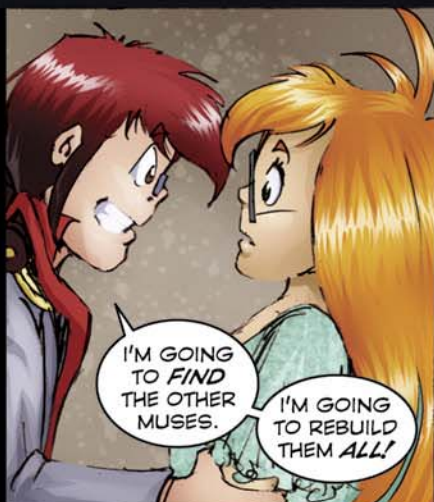
AND BROUGHT HER HERE TO ME!



SHE EVEN BROUGHT ME SOME OF VAN RIJN'S NOTES!

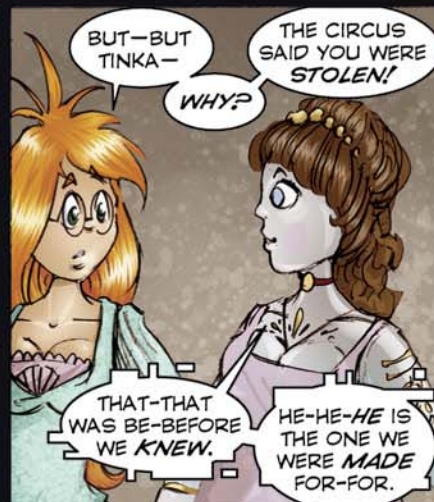
BUT...

THOSE WERE IN MY...



I'M GOING TO FIND THE OTHER MUSES.

I'M GOING TO REBUILD THEM ALL!



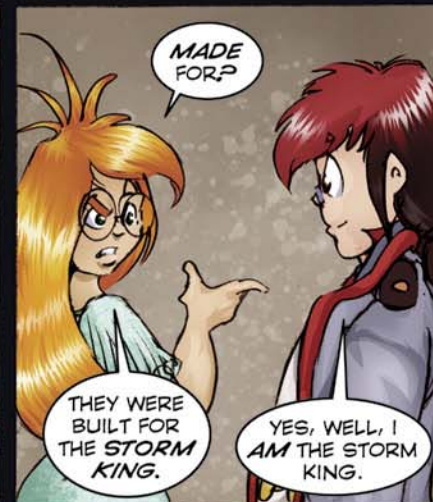
BUT-BUT TINKA-

WHY?

THE CIRCUS SAID YOU WERE STOLEN!

THAT-THAT WAS BE-BEFORE WE KNEW.

HE-HE-HE IS THE ONE WE WERE MADE FOR-FOR.



MADE FOR?

THEY WERE BUILT FOR THE STORM KING.

YES, WELL, I AM THE STORM KING.



DO TELL!

THAT'S VERY NICE!

AH-YOUR MAJESTY!

STOP IT.

I DON'T THINK I'M OLD ANDRONICUS VALOIS HIMSELF.

BUT I AM HIS DIRECT DESCENDANT. THROUGH MY MOTHER.

AND IF YOU KEEP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT,

I'LL MAKE YOU SIT THROUGH THE WHOLE GENEALOGY.

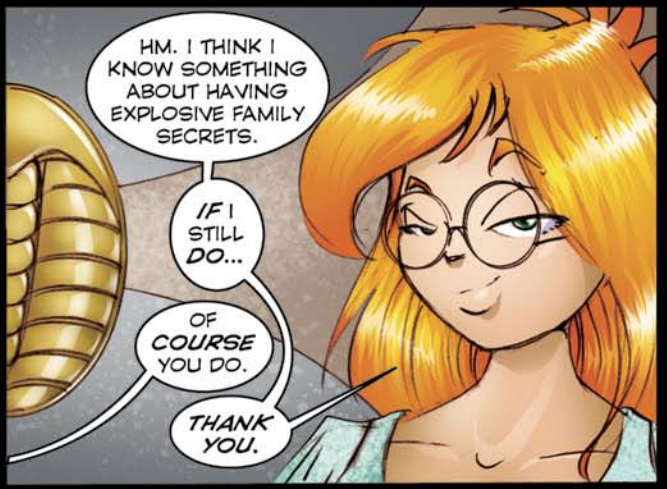


IT'S QUITE THE FAMILY SECRET.

YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF IT GOT OUT.

BUT... APPARENTLY THESE TWO TRUST YOU—

SO I WILL TOO.



HM. I THINK I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING EXPLOSIVE FAMILY SECRETS.

IF I STILL DO...

OF COURSE YOU DO.

THANK YOU.



"SO—FOR NOW, I WANT YOU OUT OF HERE.

AWAY FROM MY SISTER.

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT HER JUST NOW,

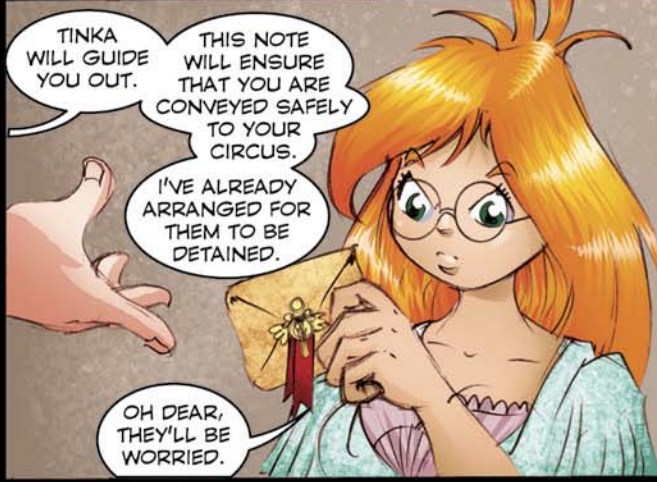
I CONSTRUCTED HER TOO WELL."



"BUT SHE WILL NEED MAINTENANCE,

AND FOR THAT SHE STILL NEEDS ME."

"I SHOULD BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH HER PROBLEMS THEN."



TINKA WILL GUIDE YOU OUT.

THIS NOTE WILL ENSURE THAT YOU ARE CONVEYED SAFELY TO YOUR CIRCUS.

I'VE ALREADY ARRANGED FOR THEM TO BE DETAINED.

OH DEAR, THEY'LL BE WORRIED.



MY SISTER WILL BE FURIOUS...

BUT, AS I SAID, SHE STILL NEEDS ME.

UM—I HOPE...

WHEN THIS IS ALL SETTLED DOWN...

THAT YOU'LL COME BACK AND—AH—HELP ME OUT WITH THE MUSES?



I THINK I MIGHT LIKE THAT.

WONDERFUL!

BUT NOW, YOU'D BETTER GET GOING.

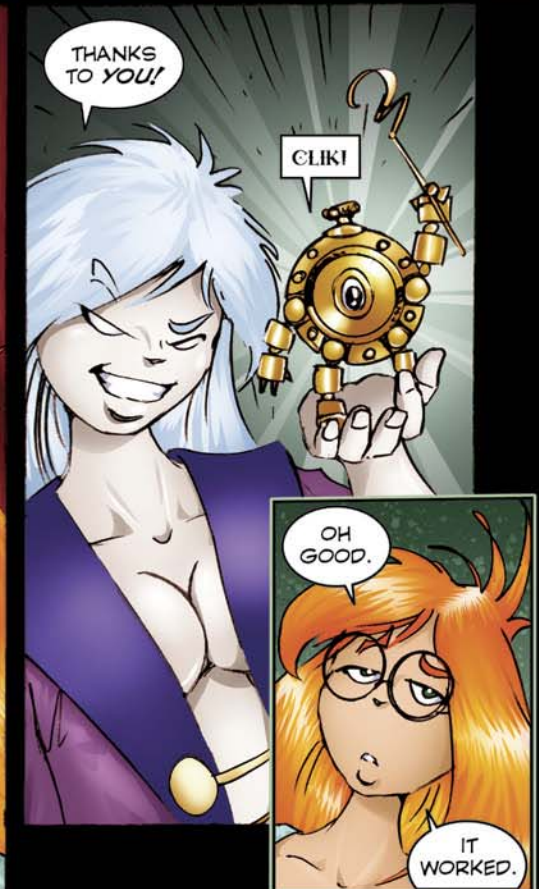
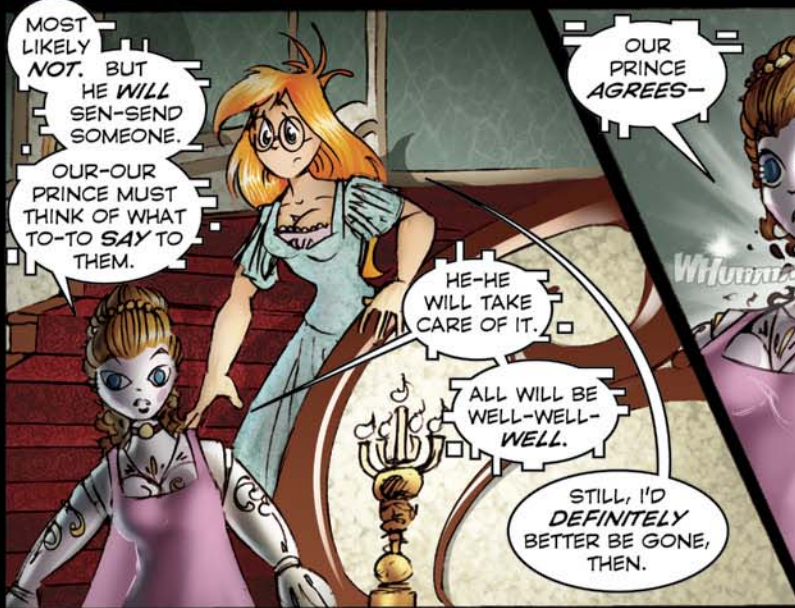
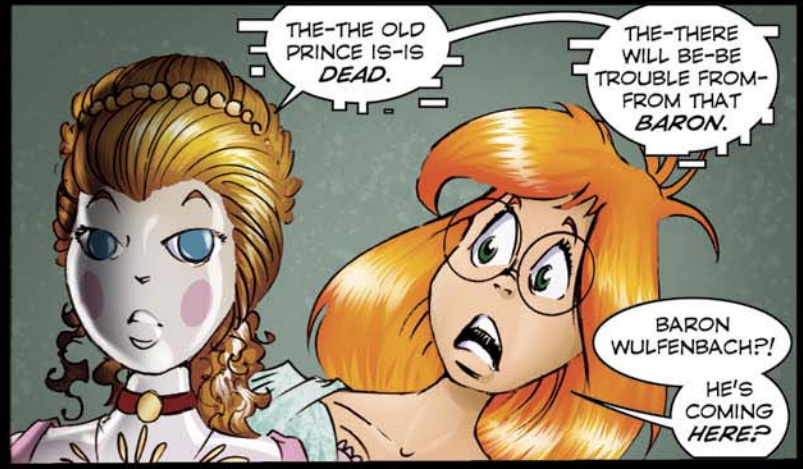


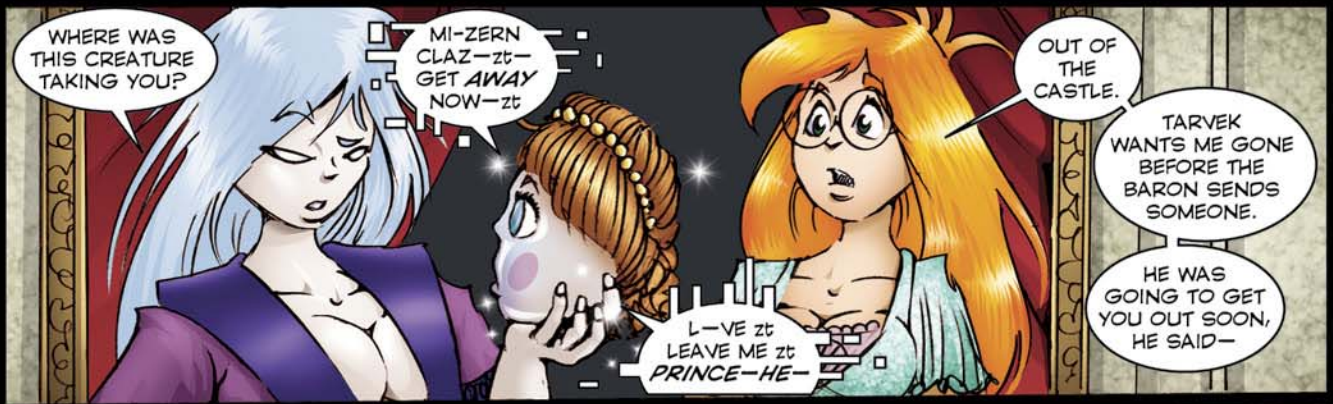
WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THE GEISTERDAMEN?

WHOA! GET ME IN TROUBLE FOR ONE THING AT A TIME!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM—

WHEN YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY.





WHERE WAS THIS CREATURE TAKING YOU?

MI-ZERN CLAZ-ZE- GET AWAY NOW-ZE

OUT OF THE CASTLE.

TARVEK WANTS ME GONE BEFORE THE BARON SENDS SOMEONE.

HE WAS GOING TO GET YOU OUT SOON, HE SAID-

L-VE ZE LEAVE ME ZE PRINCE-HE-



OH, I IMAGINE HE **WOULD** HAVE TAKEN CARE OF US, YES.

HE IS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING.

IF WULFENBACH WILL BE INTERFERING HERE, THEN WE MUST HURRY.

COME.



I HATE TO LEAVE TINKA LIKE THIS-

IT IS AS SHE SAYS-HER PRINCE WILL REPAIR HER, WILL HE NOT?

AND YOU MUST GET AWAY.

IT IS NOT SHE WHO IS IN DANGER NOW.



I DON'T-

I ASSURE YOU, CHILD. YOUR SAFETY IS OUR CHIEF CONCERN.

LET US GO.

EOTAIN. SHURDLU.

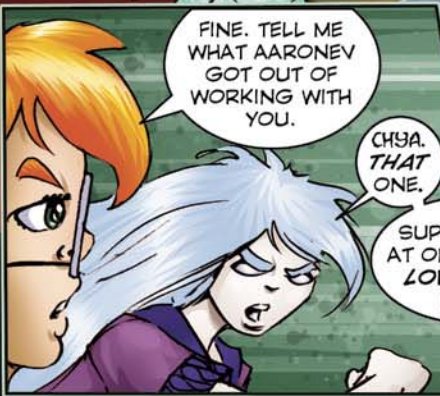
ZO BLODET NEGA VREK SHA.



THIS ISN'T THE WAY WE WERE GOING.

THERE IS MORE THAN ONE SECRET PASSAGE, I'M SURE.

I KNOW THE ONE WE USE.

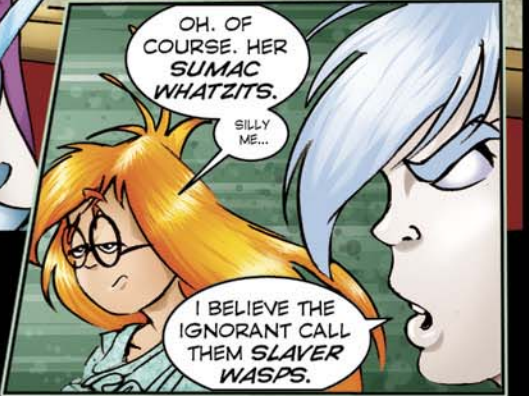


FINE. TELL ME WHAT AARONEV GOT OUT OF WORKING WITH YOU.

CHYA. THAT ONE.

SUPPOSEDLY, AT ONE TIME HE LOVED OUR LADY.

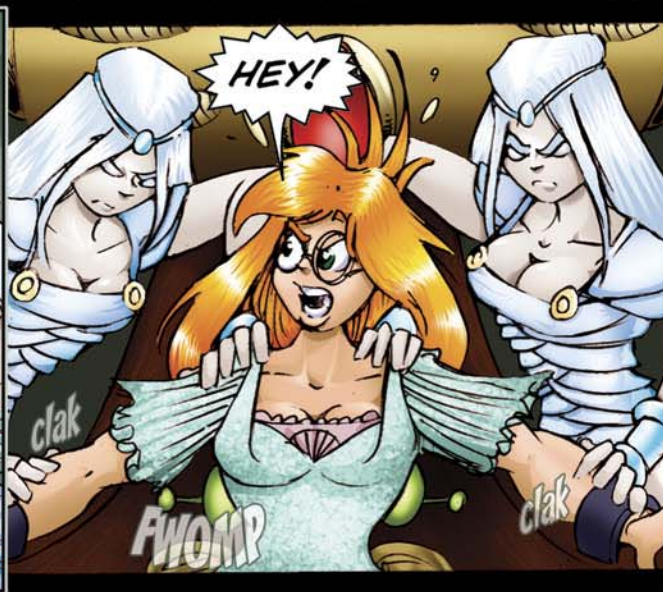
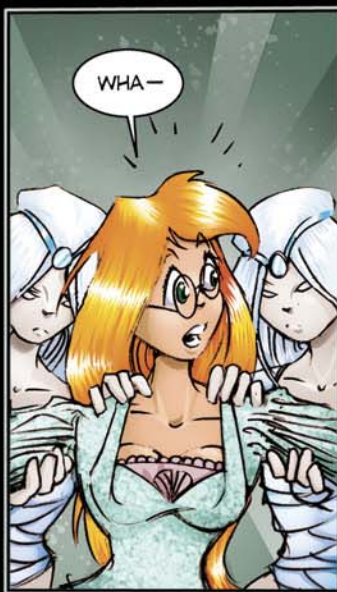
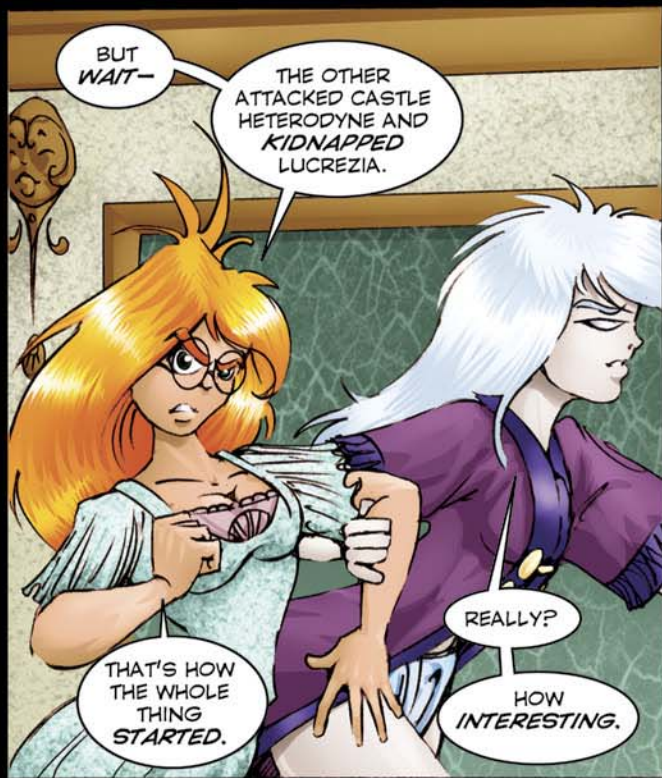
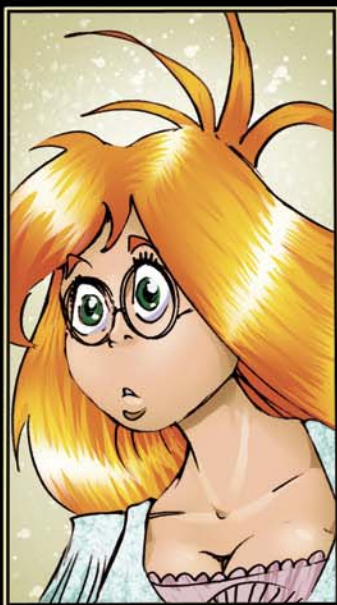
BUT I BELIEVE THAT HE HOPED TO USE HER SHK-MAH FOR HIS OWN ENDS.



OH. OF COURSE. HER **SUMAC** WHATZITS.

SILLY ME...

I BELIEVE THE IGNORANT CALL THEM **SLAYER WASPS**.



MY MOTHER WAS THE OTHER?!

YOU DIDN'T KNOW?

OH. WELL— YES.

NO! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

THE OTHER WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE REVENANTS—

THE DEATHS OF THOUSANDS—

THE DESTRUCTION!

BUT WAIT—

THE OTHER ATTACKED CASTLE HETERODYNE AND KIDNAPPED LUCREZIA.

REALLY?!

HOW INTERESTING.

THIS LOOKS FAMILIAR, SOMEHOW.

IT IS THE CASTLE CHAPEL.

THIS IS WHERE OUR PASSAGE IS.

WE DO MUCH OF OUR WORK HERE.

LIM. VARR.

...AND WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DO?

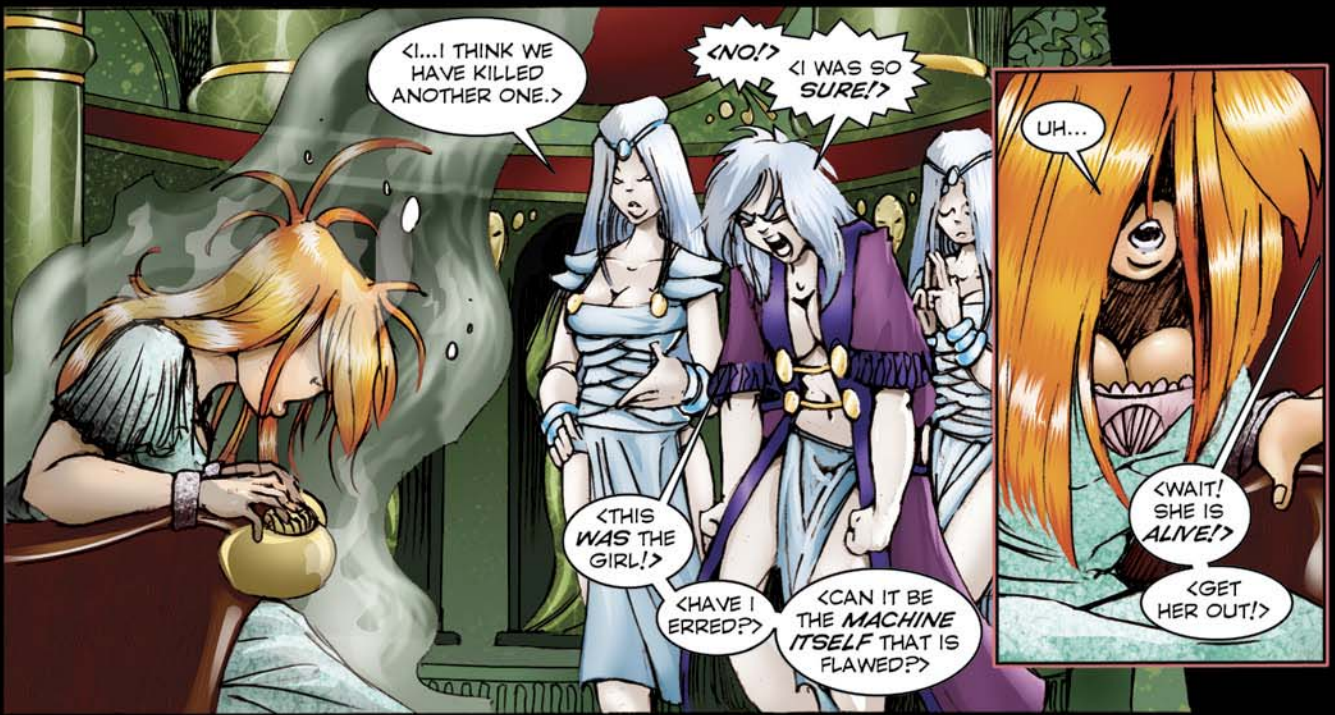
WHA—

HEY!

WE SERVE THE GODDESS.

ZAI-YUTT!





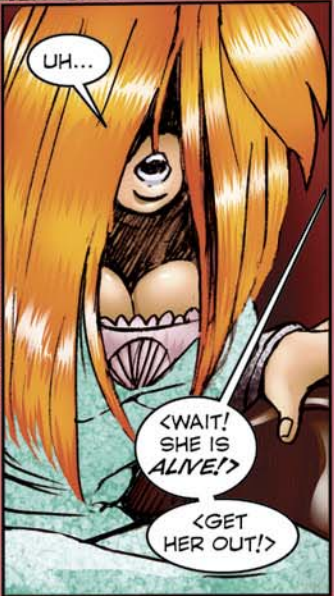
<I... I THINK WE HAVE KILLED ANOTHER ONE.>

<NO!> <I WAS SO SURE!>

<THIS WAS THE GIRL!>

<HAVE I ERRED?>

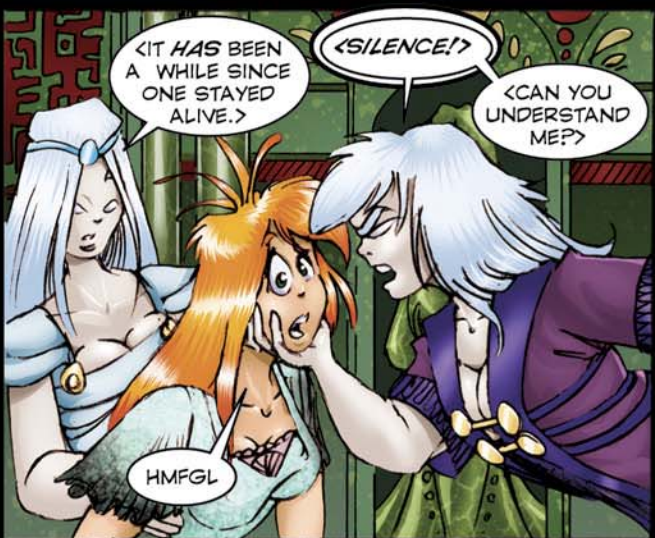
<CAN IT BE THE MACHINE ITSELF THAT IS FLAWED?>



UH...

<WAIT! SHE IS ALIVE!>

<GET HER OUT!>

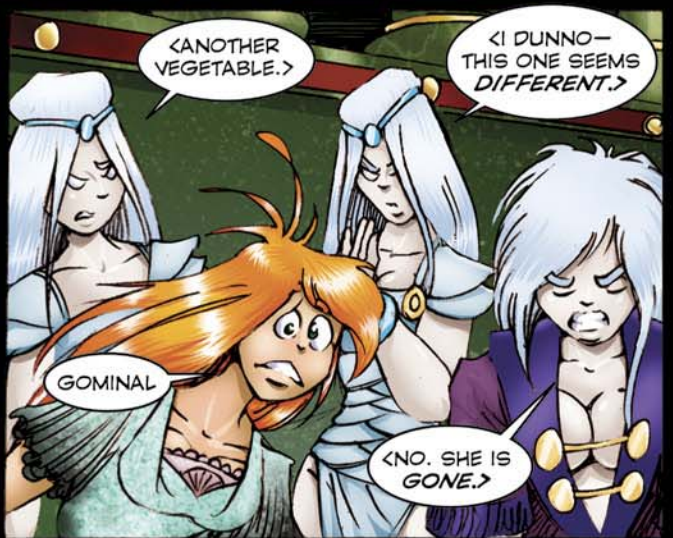


<IT HAS BEEN A WHILE SINCE ONE STAYED ALIVE.>

<SILENCE!>

<CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME?>

HMFGL



<ANOTHER VEGETABLE.>

<I DUNNO— THIS ONE SEEMS DIFFERENT.>

GOMINAL

<NO. SHE IS GONE.>



<AND THUS USELESS TO US.>

WAK!



<COME. WE MUST LEAVE THIS PLACE.>

<YOU WILL LEAVE THE LADY'S DEVICES?>

<OH, I WILL BE BACK.>



<YOU DID IT!>



<YOU DID IT!>

<I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!>

<YOU FOUND HER!>

I'M BACK!





YOU WILL NEVER SPEAK OF THIS AGAIN—

OR YOU WILL ALL DIE.

ZUMTING IZ WRONG.

YAH. DE STREETS IZ DESERTED.

OF COURSE NOT—THIS IS A MAJOR CARAVAN TOWN.

HM. IZ DOT NORMAL DESE DAYS?

THE NIGHT MARKET IS FAMOUS—

AND THE RED QUARTER NEVER CLOSES.

VE MOOF QVICK, DEN.



OKAY, THE CASTLE WILL BE THIS WAY—

HAH, VE VALK IN, VE VALK OUT!

VILL BE PIECE OF PIROSHKI!

I CHUST GUN SHOT OP NOW.

THANKS.



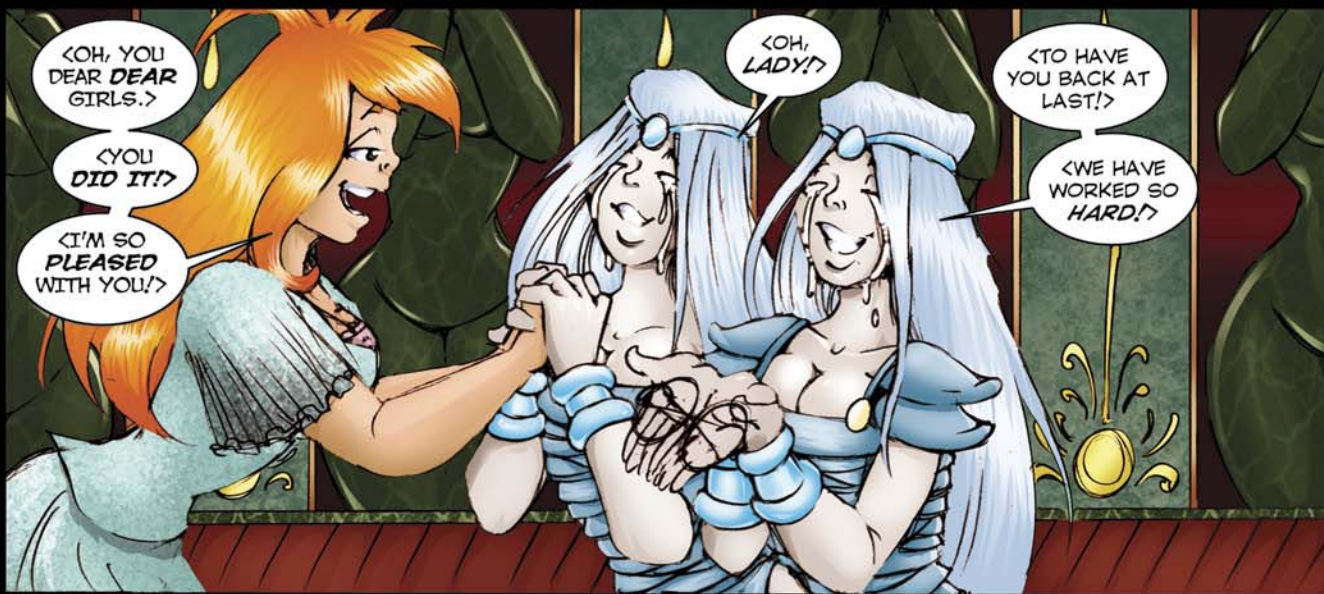
A LIGHTNING MOAT!

I'VE NEVER REALLY SEEN ONE.

YAH—IZ HARD TO GETS DE INSURANCE.

ABOUT TIME YOU BOYS GOT HERE.





<OH, YOU DEAR DEAR GIRLS.>

<YOU DID IT!>

<I'M SO PLEASED WITH YOU!>

<OH, LADY!>

<TO HAVE YOU BACK AT LAST!>

<WE HAVE WORKED SO HARD!>

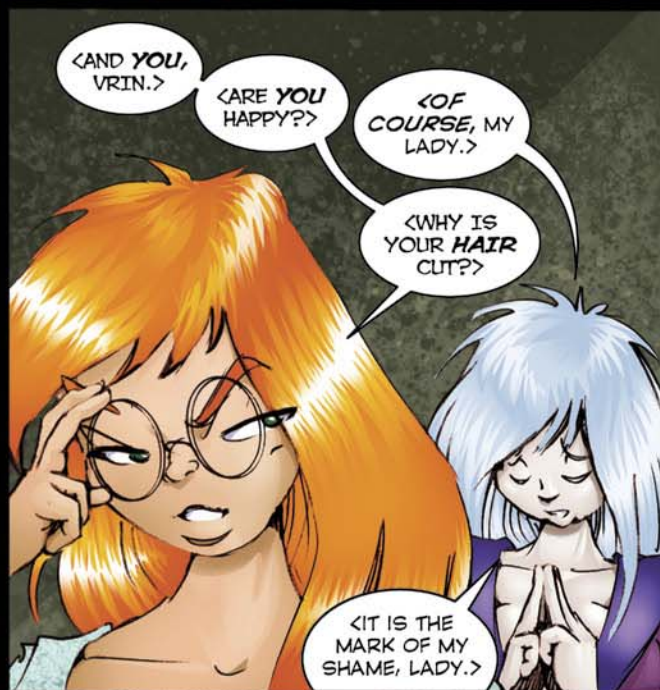


<SHH. YES, I KNOW. AND I MISSED YOU AS WELL.>

<NOW, PULL YOURSELVES TOGETHER.>

<I NEED YOU TO BE STRONG. FOR ME.>

<YES!>



<AND YOU, VRIN.>

<ARE YOU HAPPY?>

<OF COURSE, MY LADY.>

<WHY IS YOUR HAIR CUT?>

<IT IS THE MARK OF MY SHAME, LADY.>



<"WHEN—WHEN YOU FIRST SENT US HERE—

THE GATEWAY—AND MOST OF YOUR PLANS—WERE DESTROYED.">

<"I COULD NOT REBUILD IT!">



<EVEN I, ONCE YOUR HIGH PRIESTESS, HAD NOT THE SKILLS!>

<WE WERE CUT OFF FROM YOU—>

<BECAUSE I FAILED!>

<BUT I BUILT YOUR MACHINE.>

<I FOUND THE CHILD!>

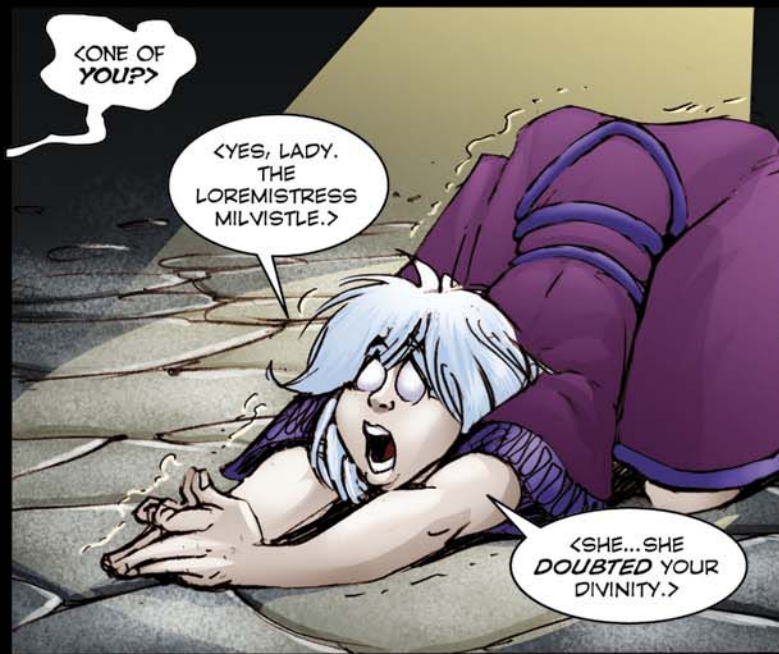
<AND NOW I CAN BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS AT LAST!>



<SURELY I SENT ADEQUATE GUARDS.>

<WHO DESTROYED MY GATE?!>

<OH, LADY. IT WAS ONE OF US!>



<ONE OF YOU??>

<YES, LADY. THE LOREMISTRESS MILVISTLE.>

<SHE... SHE DOUBTED YOUR DIVINITY.>



<IS SHE DEAD??>

<YES, MISTRESS! BUT-->

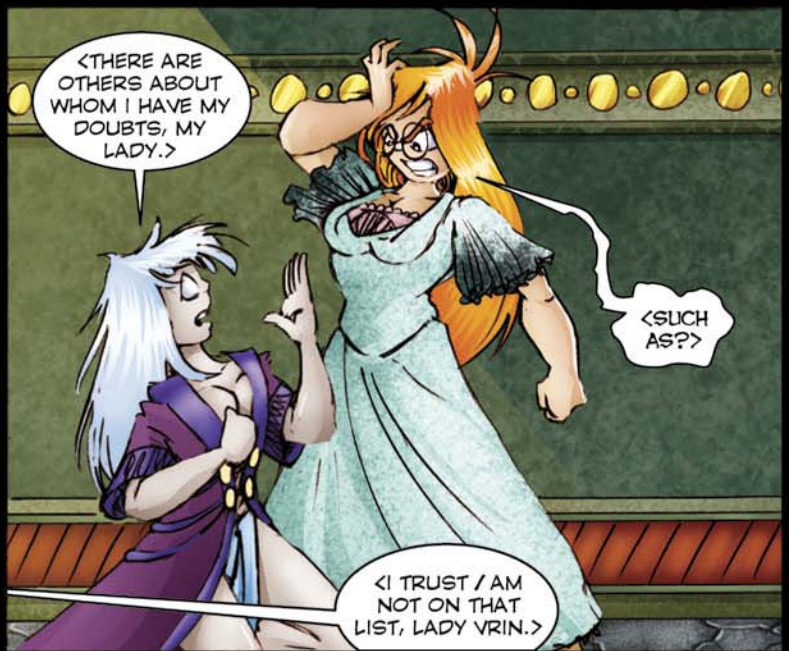
<BUT??>



<BUT THERE WERE SIGNS THAT SHE DID NOT ACT ALONE.>

<TRAITORS? HERETICS? AMONGST MY PRIESTESSES??>

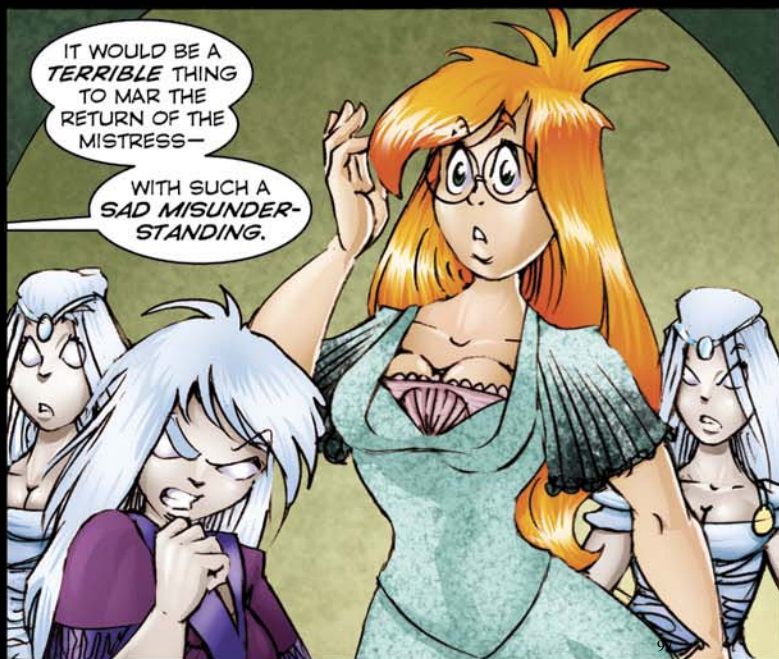
<HOW DARE THEY--!>



<THERE ARE OTHERS ABOUT WHOM I HAVE MY DOUBTS, MY LADY.>

<SUCH AS??>

<I TRUST / AM NOT ON THAT LIST, LADY VRIN.>



IT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE THING TO MAR THE RETURN OF THE MISTRESS--

WITH SUCH A SAD MISUNDERSTANDING.



WELCOME BACK, MY LADY.

LET ME BE THE FIRST OF MANY TO OFFER MY SERVICES.



WILHELM?!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

WHY, YOU'RE LOOKING BETTER THAN EVER!



AH. FORGIVE ME, MY LADY.

YOU CONFUSE ME WITH MY LATE FATHER, AARONEV WILHELM STURMVORAU.

I AM TARVEK STURMVORAU.

DEAD?

FAITHFUL WILHELM IS DEAD?

WHEN?



JUST LAST NIGHT, I'M AFRAID.

FINDING YOUR DAUGHTER PRECIPITATED A...CRISIS OF FAITH IN MY SISTER.



OH.



BRING HER TO ME.

I HAVE ALREADY ORDERED SOME OF YOUR PRIESTESSES TO DO JUST THAT.

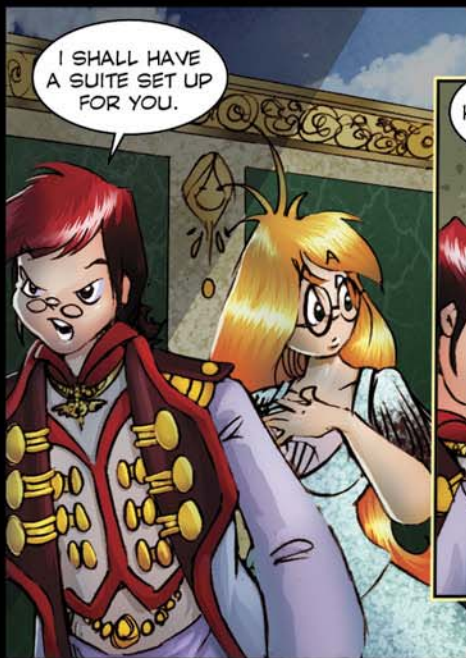
THAT WAS ALL RIGHT— WASN'T IT, LADY VRIN?

...YES.

YES OF COURSE, MASTER TARVEK.

PRINCE TARVEK, LADY VRIN.

DO TRY TO REMEMBER.



I SHALL HAVE A SUITE SET UP FOR YOU.

WE'LL HAVE TO— AH—



OH, DO FORGIVE ME.

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I...

WELL— SINCE I WAS REALLY HUMAN, I SUPPOSE.

VERY NICE...

NOW— YOU WERE SAYING?



YES. WELL, THERE ARE HIDDEN PARTS OF THE CASTLE.

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL AFTER THE FUNERAL.

BUT SURELY THESE ARE YOUR LANDS.

WE CAN'T RISK THE BARON'S PEOPLE SEEING YOU. NOT YET.

WHAT DO YOU CARE FOR SOME BARON?



OH, DEAR. BARON WULFENBACH MEANS NOTHING TO YOU?

INTERESTING.

BUT A BARON WULFENBACH, YOU SAY?

I HAVE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH FOR... QUITE SOME TIME.

MY, THAT DOES TAKE ME BACK.

I HAD THOUGHT DEAR KLAUS THE LAST OF HIS FAMILY.

BUT IT IS THE SAME KLAUS WULFENBACH OF WHOM I SPEAK.



HE CAME BACK?!



YES, LADY. A FEW YEARS AFTER HE DISAPPEARED.

ONLY A FEW—!



(huff.) THAT MAN.



VERY WELL. KLAUS IS HERE. HOW DROLL.

HOW MUCH TROUBLE CAN HE BE?

erg. PLEASE HAVE A SEAT, MY LADY.

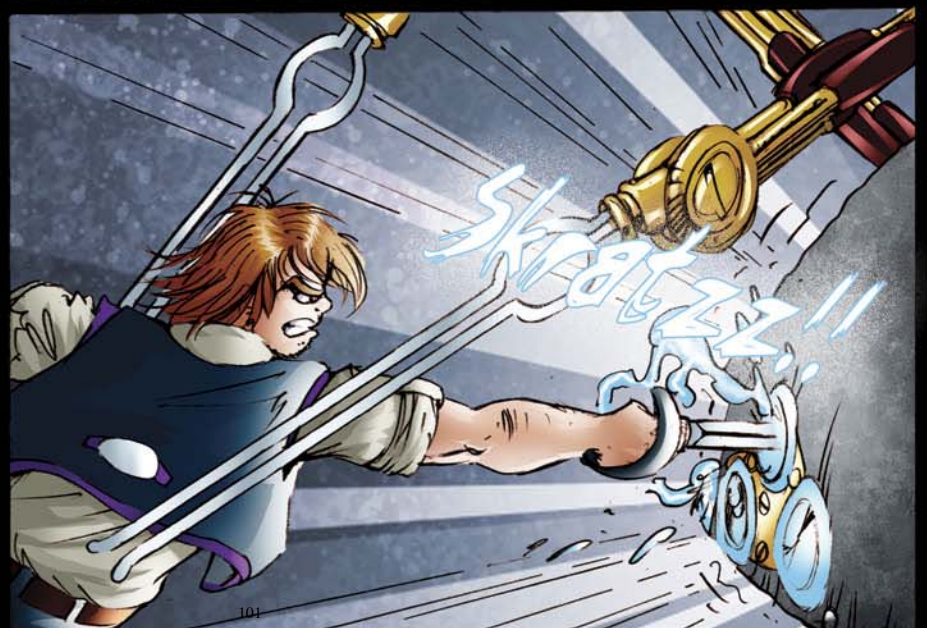
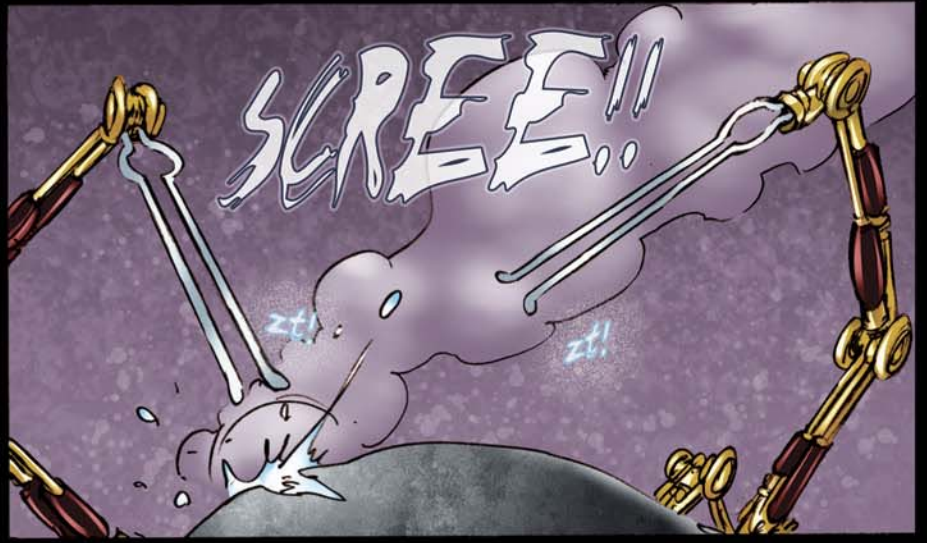
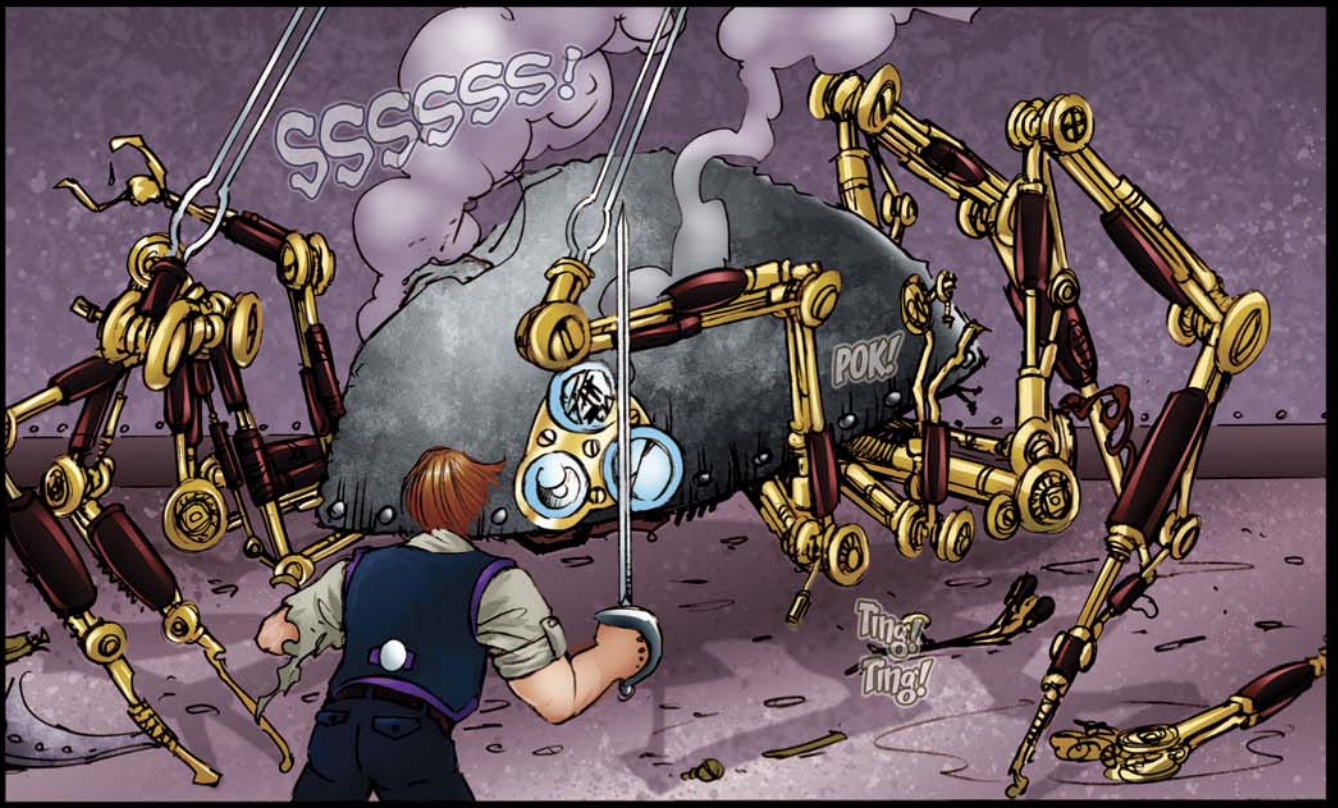
THIS... MAY TAKE A WHILE.

THE AIRSHIP CITY OF
CASTLE WULFENBACH—



RIGHT-

LET'S
FINISH
THIS.





IMPRESSIVE, SIR.

ALTHOUGH I THINK THAT ONE ACTUALLY HAD TIME TO LOOK WORRIED.

IT WAS TOO SLOW, EVEN AFTER I REWORKED IT.

INDEED. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU BOTHERED.



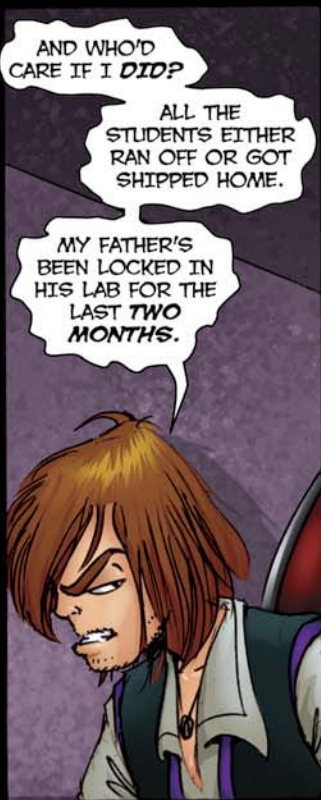
IT'S ONE LESS KILLER LOOSE IN THE WASTELANDS.

GRANTZ BROUGHT ANOTHER ONE IN YESTERDAY, DIDN'T HE?

I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THAT ONE TONIGHT.

OH, VERY GOOD, SIR.

I'M SURE YOU'LL MANAGE TO DAMAGE YOURSELF THIS TIME.



AND WHO'D CARE IF I DID?

ALL THE STUDENTS EITHER RAN OFF OR GOT SHIPPED HOME.

MY FATHER'S BEEN LOCKED IN HIS LAB FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS.



I CAN'T LEAVE,

I'VE GOT NO ONE TO TALK TO-

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING.

I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING-

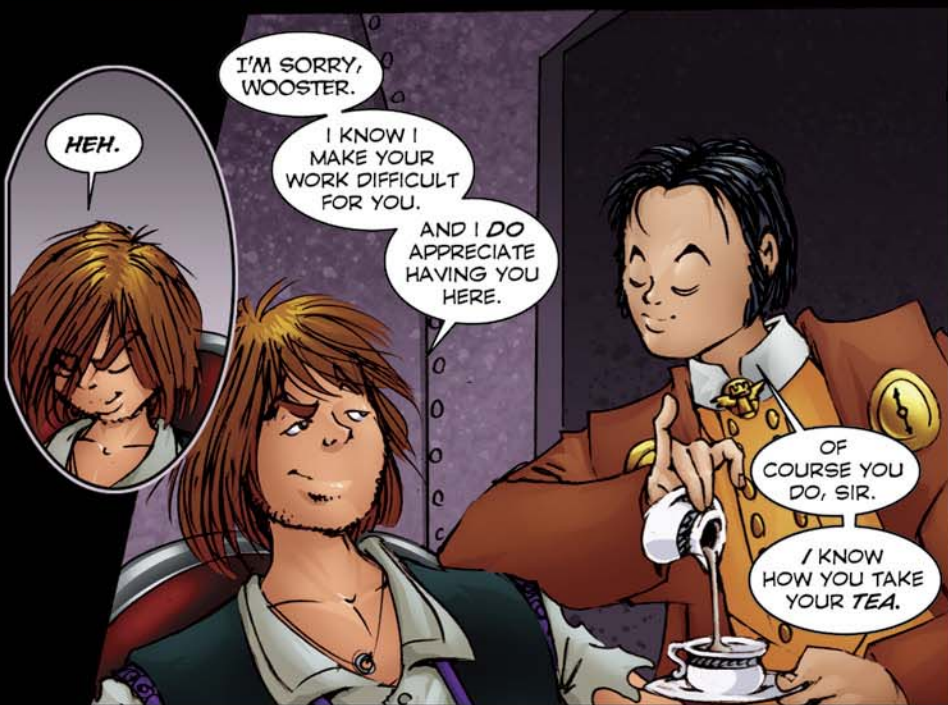
EXCEPT MY WORK.



YOU'VE STILL GOT ME, SIR.

YOU-?!

YOU'RE ONLY HERE-



I'M SORRY, WOOSTER.

HEH.

I KNOW I MAKE YOUR WORK DIFFICULT FOR YOU.

AND I DO APPRECIATE HAVING YOU HERE.

OF COURSE YOU DO, SIR.

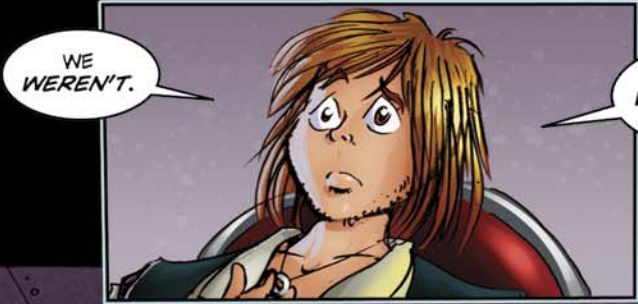
I KNOW HOW YOU TAKE YOUR TEA.



AND I AM CONCERNED FOR YOU, SIR.

EVER SINCE MISS AGATHA DIED—WELL—

I HAD NOT REALIZED THAT THE TWO OF YOU WERE SO CLOSE?



WE WEREN'T.

BUT...WE WOULD HAVE BEEN.



DO YOU KNOW, I HAD RESIGNED MYSELF TO BACHELORHOOD.

WHAT?
BUT—YOU'RE STILL YOUNG.
AND—IF YOU'LL FORGIVE ME, SIR—
IN PARIS YOU HAD QUITE THE—AH—REPUTATION.



YES, I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF THAT.
...

WOOSTER—DO YOU KNOW HOW BORING IT CAN BE TO BE WITH SOMEONE—



WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND A THING YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?

I...I BELIEVE I DO, SIR.



WELL, THAT'S HOW I FEEL ALL THE TIME.
I ALWAYS HOPED I'D FIND—NOT JUST SOMEONE TO MARRY—BUT A REAL PARTNER.
I'VE READ ABOUT FEMALE SPARKS ALL MY LIFE, BUT EVEN IN PARIS—



PARIS, FOR PITY'S SAKE—
JUST FINDING ANY GIRL THAT I COULD REALLY TALK TO—
ABOUT THINGS I WAS WORKING ON—IDEAS—
WELL.



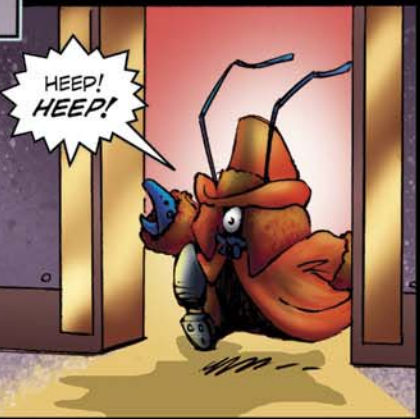
BUT MISS CLAY—SHE HAD THE SPARK.

AND...SHE LIKED ME. SHE DID.
AND I...LIKED HER.

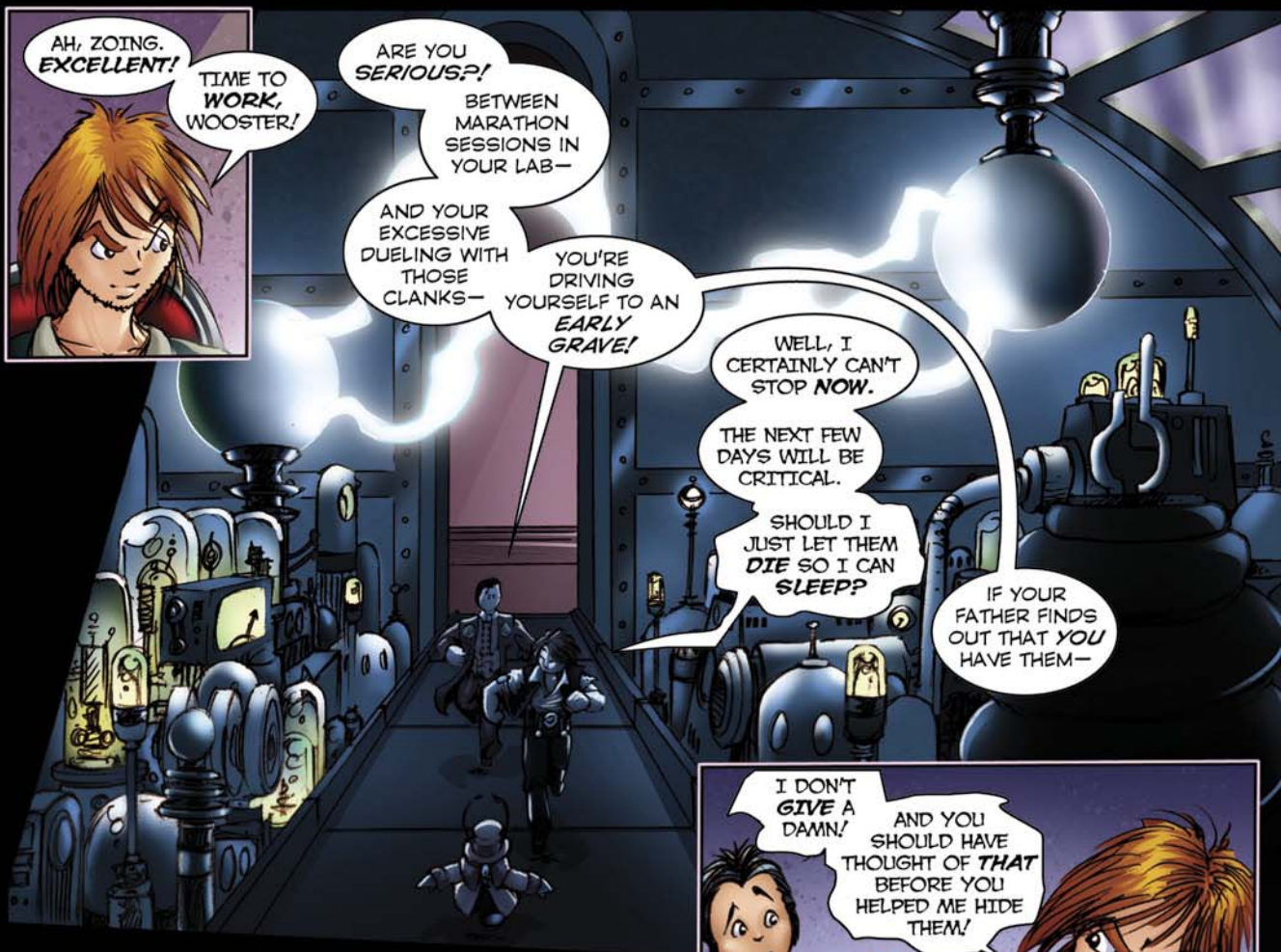


SHE RAN AWAY, LEAVING YOU WITH A SLIGHT CONCUSSION.

I KNOW IT WASN'T PERFECT, BUT WE COULD HAVE—



HEEP!
HEEP!



AH, ZOING. EXCELLENT!

TIME TO WORK, WOOSTER!

ARE YOU SERIOUS?!

BETWEEN MARATHON SESSIONS IN YOUR LAB—

AND YOUR EXCESSIVE DUELING WITH THOSE CLANKS—

YOU'RE DRIVING YOURSELF TO AN EARLY GRAVE!

WELL, I CERTAINLY CAN'T STOP NOW.

THE NEXT FEW DAYS WILL BE CRITICAL.

SHOULD I JUST LET THEM DIE SO I CAN SLEEP?

IF YOUR FATHER FINDS OUT THAT YOU HAVE THEM—



I DON'T GIVE A DAMN!

AND YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU HELPED ME HIDE THEM!



BESIDES, WITH ANY LUCK, WE'LL BE DONE AND HAVE THEM OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE EVER—

MASTER GILGAMESH!

THE BARON DEMANDS YOU ATTEND HIM—

NOW!



WHAT?

RIGHT NOW!

BUT—

I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM SO ANGRY!

UM... WITH ME?

ESPECIALLY WITH YOU!



RIGHT. WOOSTER, YOU GO ON TO THE LAB WITHOUT ME.

KEEP EVERYTHING STABLE.

I...MAY BE GONE FOR SOME TIME.



GET IN HERE, YOU IMBECILE!

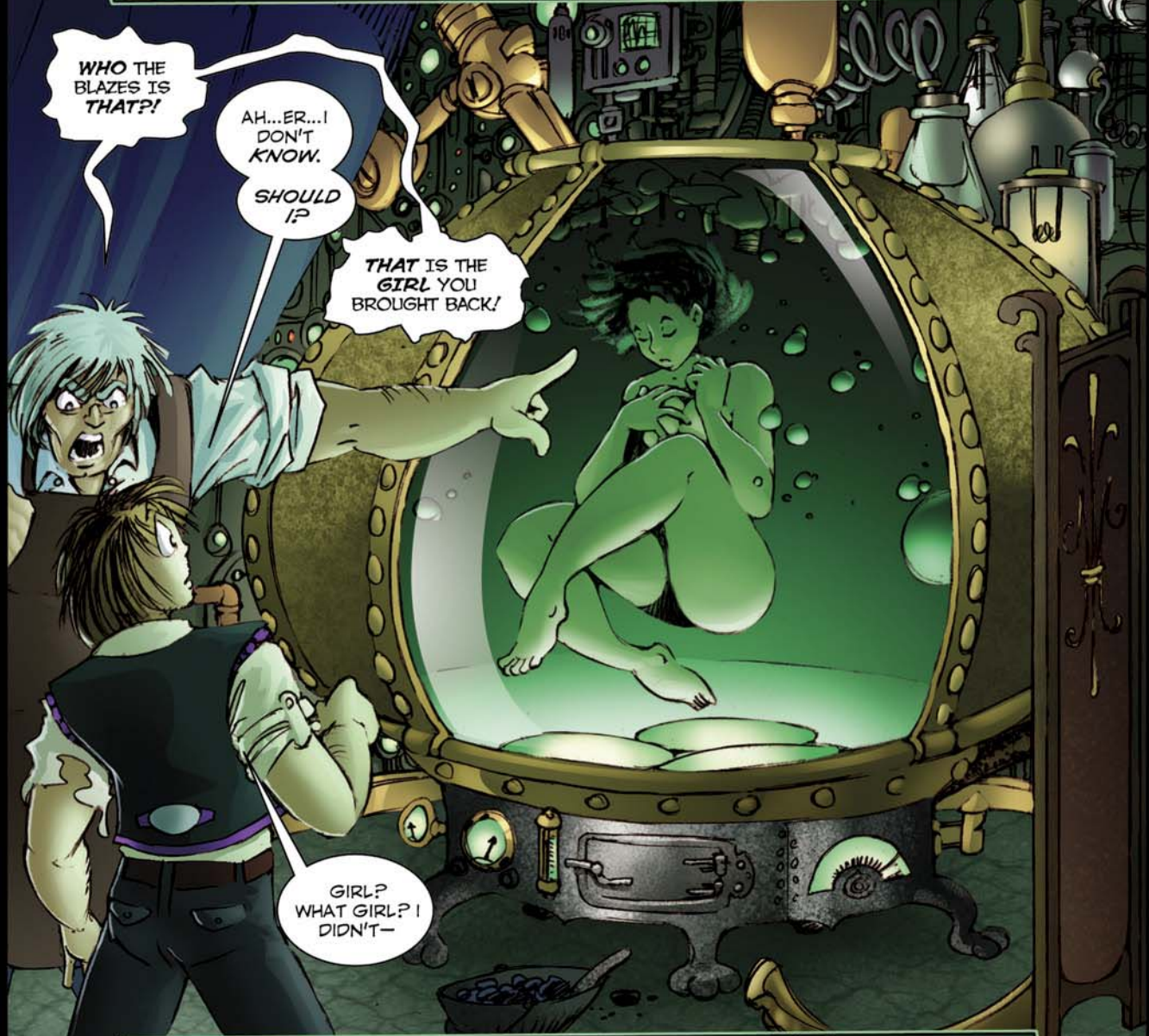
FATHER?

WHO THE BLAZES IS THAT?!

AH...ER...I DON'T KNOW.

SHOULD I?

THAT IS THE GIRL YOU BROUGHT BACK!



GIRL? WHAT GIRL? I DIDN'T—



MISS CLAY?!

THAT'S AGATHA?!

NO, IT'S THE GIRL YOU TOLD ME WAS AGATHA!

WEEKS OF CONSTANT MONITORING!

I'M FINALLY SET TO DECANT HER, AND THIS IS WHAT I FIND?! FOOL!!



SHE'S STILL ALIVE?

THE CIRCUS... THEY TRICKED ME?

FATHER—THEY TRICKED ME!

AM I SUPPOSED TO FEEL BETTER BECAUSE THE HEIR TO MY EMPIRE—

WAS DUPED BY A PACK OF CARNIES?!



FORTUNATELY, I DECIDED TO ATTEMPT REVIVAL.

BUT—HER HEAD WAS—

YES, THE BRAIN WAS A TOTAL LOSS.

BUT EVEN WITH JUST A WORKING BODY—



I COULD HAVE USED ANY BRAIN I WANTED—

AND STILL MADE A PASSABLE "HETERODYNE."

BUT NOW—

I WANT HER BACK HERE!



I'LL—

YOU WILL DO NOTHING!

I WILL TAKE DUPREE AND FETCH HER MYSELF.

YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS?

IT'S BEEN MONTHS!



... TRUE.



YES, BORIS?

THE EMISSARY FROM STURMHALTEN, HERR BARON.

VERY WELL. SHOW HIM IN.

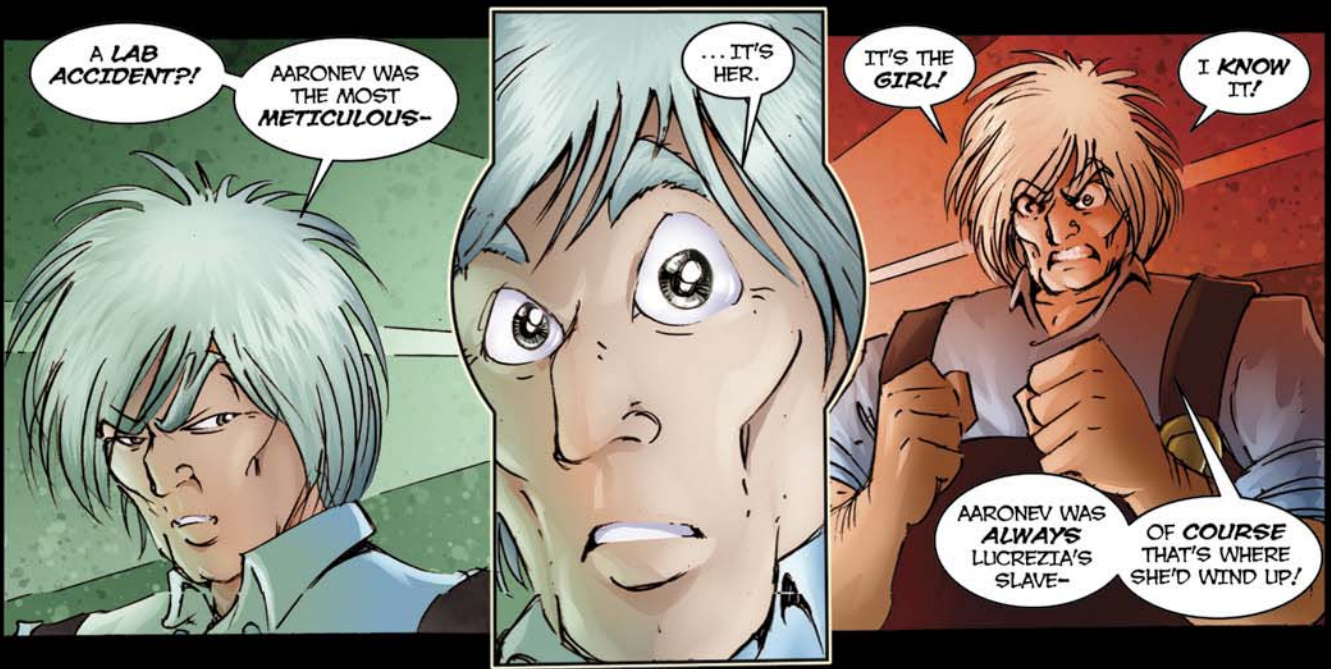


FORGIVE THE INTRUSION, HERR BARON.

I BRING MOST GRAVE NEWS.

PRINCE AARONEV OF STURMHALTEN IS DEAD.

A TRAGIC LAB ACCIDENT—



A LAB ACCIDENT?!

AARONEV WAS THE MOST METICULOUS-

... IT'S HER.

IT'S THE GIRL!

I KNOW IT!

AARONEV WAS ALWAYS LUCREZIA'S SLAVE-

OF COURSE THAT'S WHERE SHE'D WIND UP!



BORIS-I'LL BE LEAVING FOR STURMHALTEN IMMEDIATELY WITH THE 7TH GROUNDNAUT MECHANICAL-

THE 5TH AIRBORNE-

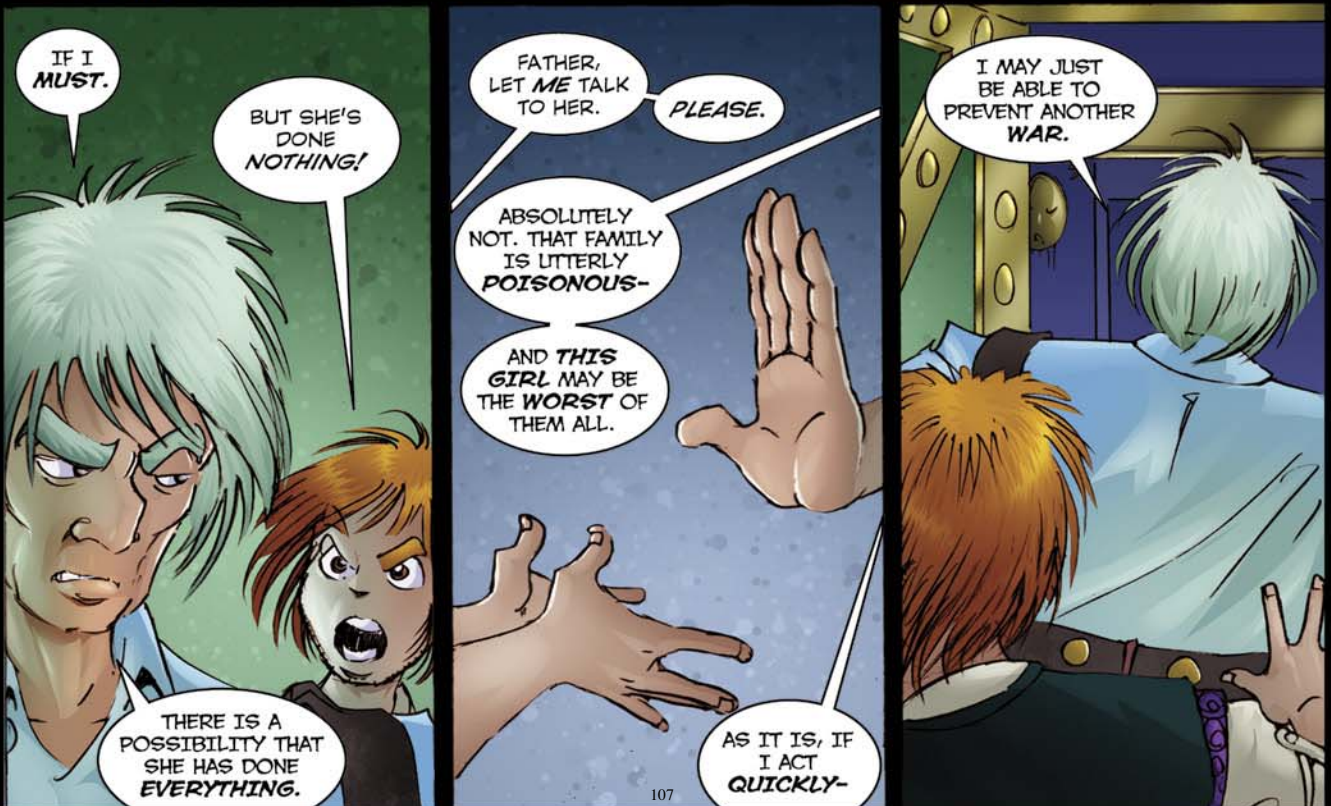
A WING OF HOOMHOFFERS AND TWO BUG SQUADS.

BUT- BUT-

DUPREE IS TO BE IN COMMAND.

VERY GOOD, HERR BARON.

ARE YOU PLANNING ON LEVELING STURMHALTEN?



IF I MUST.

BUT SHE'S DONE NOTHING!

FATHER, LET ME TALK TO HER.

PLEASE.

ABSOLUTELY NOT. THAT FAMILY IS LITTERLY POISONOUS-

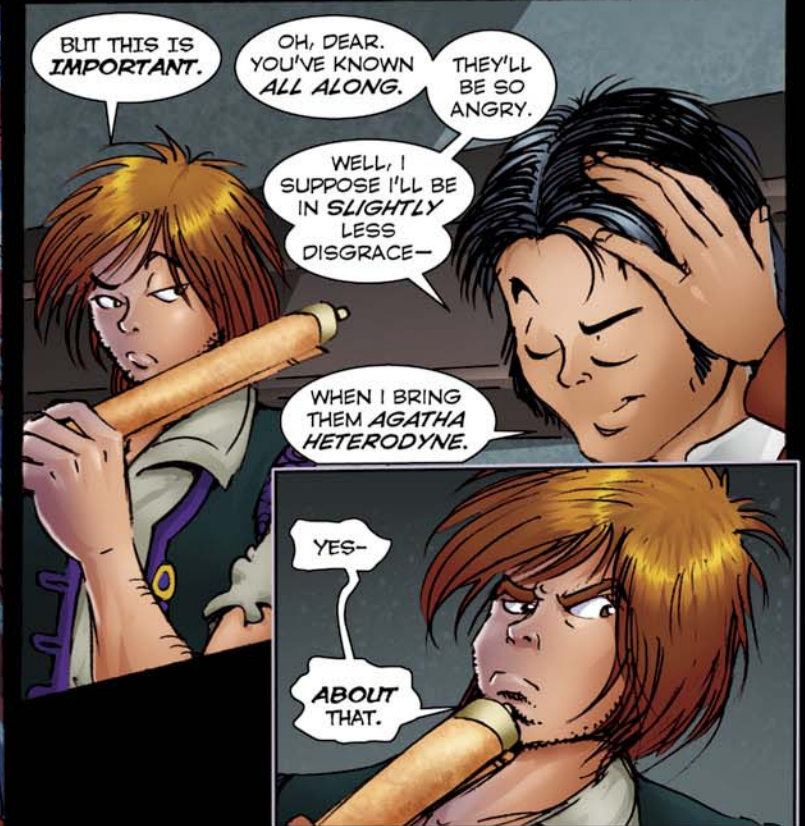
AND THIS GIRL MAY BE THE WORST OF THEM ALL.

I MAY JUST BE ABLE TO PREVENT ANOTHER WAR.

THERE IS A POSSIBILITY THAT SHE HAS DONE EVERYTHING.

AS IT IS, IF I ACT QUICKLY-







I DO NOT INTEND TO HAVE AGATHA ESCAPE ONE PRISON BY ENTERING ANOTHER.

SHE WILL NOT BE USED AS SOME POLITICAL PAWN.

SHE WILL NOT BE ENSLAVED FOR THE "GOOD OF THE EMPIRE."

YOU KNEW ME AT SCHOOL, AND PERHAPS DON'T TAKE ME VERY SERIOUSLY.

THAT WOULD BE A MISTAKE.

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THIS.

WHEN I COME TO HER, SHE WILL BE SAFE, UNHARMED, AND FREE.

BECAUSE I WILL COME TO HER-

AND IF SHE IS NOT-

I WILL DESTROY "HER UNDYING MAJESTY"--

MELT WHAT IS LEFT OF YOUR MISERABLE ISLAND TO SLAG-

AND BOIL THE SEAS AROUND YOU FOR THE NEXT THOUSAND YEARS!

GAK!

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YOU... YOU COULDN'T!



COULDN'T?!

COULDN'T?!

I AM GILGAMESH WULFENBACH, LITTLE MAN-

AND THERE IS NOTHING I COULDN'T DO, HAD I CAUSE!

AND NOW...

NOW I HAVE ONE!

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES!!

OHGOD YES!

YES, MASTER!!





TO BE CONTINUED IN: GIRL GENIUS® Book SIX:

AGATHA HETERODYNE

THE
GOLDEN TRILOBITE



KEEP UP WITH THE STORY! READ NEW COMICS THREE TIMES A WEEK AT:

WWW.GIRLGENIUS.NET



READ MORE COMICS ONLINE AT:

WWW.GIRLGENIUS.NET

MONDAY • WEDNESDAY • FRIDAY

Girl Genius Book Five
SF/Fantasy
Teens & Up



In a time when the Industrial Revolution has become an all-out war, Mad Science rules the World...with mixed success.

At Transylvania Polygnostic University, Agatha Clay was a student with trouble concentrating and rotten luck. But when the University was overthrown, Agatha was revealed to be the last of the famous Heterodyne family—and a Girl Genius beyond anyone’s imaginings. Now she has escaped from the people who want to control her; and must make her way across treacherous wastelands to find her place in a world of monsters and madmen.

“Girl Genius is brilliant. It really is. It’s fun and funky and unlike almost anything else, and it’s Phil and Kaja Foglio doing what they do best.”

—Eric Burns, Websnark.com

**ELECTRONIC
EDITION**

www.girlgenius.net



WWW.GIRLGENIUS.NET

ALL-NEW GIRL GENIUS® WEBCOMICS M + W + F



GIRL GENIUS® AIRSHIP ENTERTAINMENT™ ©2000-2012 STUDIO FOGGIO, LLC • WWW.GIRLGENIUS.NET

Melissa Nuno (order #7702076)