

**BLUEWATER**  
COMICS

# 10<sup>TH</sup> MUSE



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2899 AD... An area of deep space known as **The Hollows**.

*Compeller, a top secret exploration vessel, slices through the cold ink of a seemingly endless black nothing.*

*The stout ship and crew are under the command of **Emma Sonnet**, aka **10th Muse**... **Pantheon\*** agent and intergalactic **Guardian of Justice**.*

*\*Governing body of gods who rule known galaxy.*

*They pursue a small, unidentified **object** traveling at a nearly **impossible** rate of speed.*

*The ship's engines near their **breaking point**.*

*The chase, which began in the tall shadow of **Neptune**, has reached the far margins of **charted space**.*





The object is on course to intercept a diminutive moon called *Loam*, which orbits a vast dead planet called *Makeda Red*.

Compeller's AI System has farted out mile after mile of probability reports.

Calculations have been checked and rechecked.

Given current course and velocity, the object will crash into *Loam's* surface within the hour.

*Loam* is sparsely inhabited... but inhabited nevertheless.

Things could end badly.

Object is slowing, Captain. However, magnetic fields in our *nav brain* are wobbling again.

She'll hold... like always. Adjust pitch and realign.

*Alois*... still no reply from the surface?

*Nein*. Still only static.







Keep trying.

Initiate core blow-off... nice and easy like. Lock in once we know this thing's exact trajectory.

Ay, Captain.

Bright side, maybe we'll finally get some answers.

Zoya, to the last decimal point this time. I don't want to get caught stumbling around out here.



Ay ay, Captain. Our dance card's been punched. White meat, dark meat, makes no difference to us...



...We're riding the sharp shiny edge of everything all the way down to the marrow. How's that?

Yes... yes. Much more dramatic than our last atmosphere entry. Happy?

I am not understanding all these strange phrases.

Embrace the zeitgeist, Alois.



"Stay alert, knuckleheads. This little trip could get dicey."

"Damekapitän, we are finally picking up signals from the surface."



"The inhabitants are making contact with us now."

PONG

PONG

PONG

Shall I summon the *Wizard*, Mr. Mayor?

*Patience*, Colonel Flaxseed.

Preparations have been *carefully* made, so they say. Therefore, *patience* is in order.

Of course you know what they say about *patience*, Colonel Flaxseed, *don't* you?

No sir... I do not.

PONG  
PONG

"Patience is the root of all godliness... so they say."



