



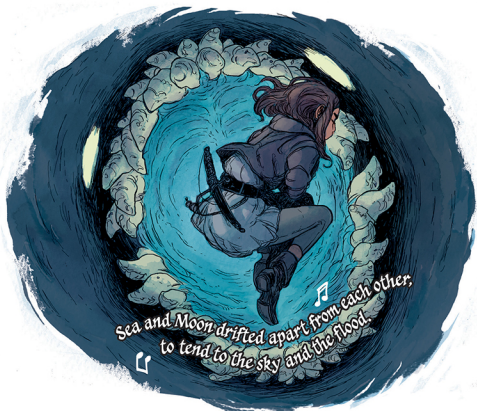
The Moon loved the Sea and followed it night.

Gave her a rose and  
a ring and a boon.

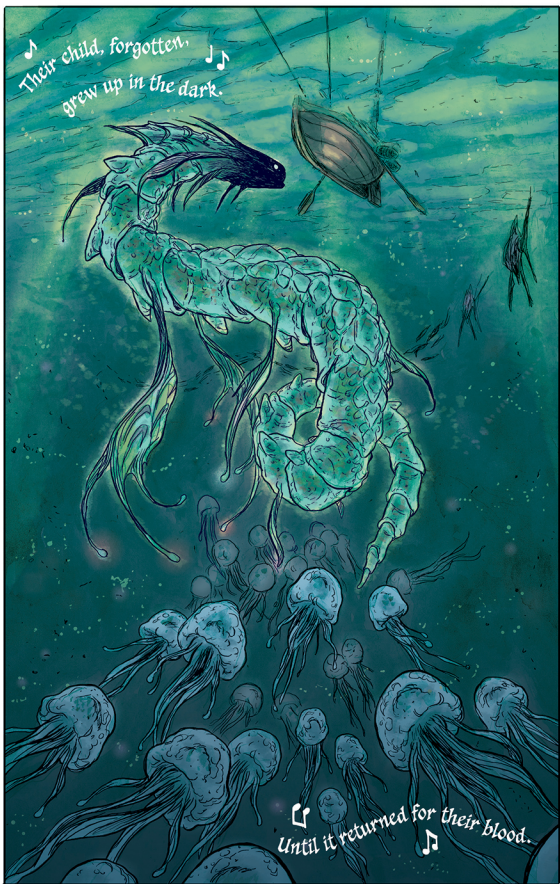


The Sea, she accepted and bore him a child.

But fickle's the Sea and the Moon.

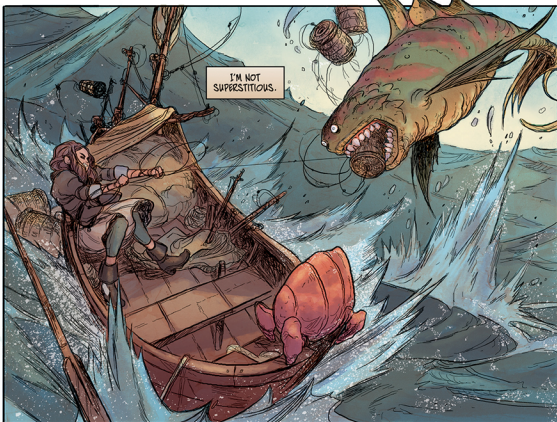


Sea and Moon drifted apart from each other,  
to tend to the sky and the flood.



♪ Their child, forgotten,  
grew up in the dark. ♪

♩ Until it returned for their blood. ♪





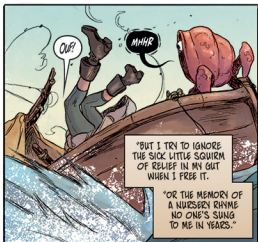
"I CAN'T BRING SOMETHING THAT BIG IN. I KNOW IT INSTANTLY."



"BIGGER BOATS THAN MINE HAVE BEEN SWAMPED BY SMALLER FISH."



"SORRY, BUD. I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU."



"OUP!"

"MHR"

"BUT I TRY TO IGNORE THE SICK LITTLE SQUIRM OF RELIEF IN MY GUT WHEN I FREE IT."

"OR THE MEMORY OF A NURSERY RHYME NO ONE'S SUNG TO ME IN YEARS."



"YEAH, I KNOW IT COULD BE STRONGER. IF KIANA ASKS AND YOU LEARN HOW TO SPEAK, DON'T EAT ME OUT, OKAY?"



"HSS"

"OUCH!"



"I CAN STILL GET THE JOB DONE."