
M1SCH1EF
COMICS
THE
HOLLOW HOARD
02
THE BORROWED FLAME


SILTMARKET. THE SAME NIGHT.
Just a little longer.
Last vent. We're closed.
Pella's. Now.
I know.
Found the appraiser.


Don't look back.
Unreturned property. Hand it over.
It's not property.
Keep walking.
She'll charge for this.
Good. Then we can earn it.
PELLA'S KILN


You said you'd fit a valve. Not arrive with a menagerie.
It needs warmth. We'll work.
No fuel till dawn. The old spring-water return is cold too.
Fix the return. You get food and the loft.
Fair.


Heat reaches here. It isn't reaching your bench.
They called that a safety improvement.
This cap's new. The blockage isn't age.
We've got company.


Marr. I thought you'd left the guild.
I did. You still collecting for private buyers?
I collect what the order names.
Your order names a key. My workshop isn't a crate.


I can draw them to the yard.
How long do you need?
Long enough to get behind them.
I'll leave that unlatched. If the pipe fails, we both stop.
Together, then.


CLATTER
Close the far gate. Don't rush her.
Still slow at corners, Dane.
And still too sure of yourself.


HSSS
Too much pressure.
200
150
100
0
Not the fast way.
You know this isn't a relic?
It still has to work.
Water first. Your vent after.


Wrong direction. They're *below* us.
CLANG
Stay back. That's a live line.
Tell me the moment it moves.


Steady.
No leak.
There you are.
This isn't over, Marr.
Then bring a better order.
My floor. My rules.
Wash before you eat.


You bought us a night.
We earned it.
And that?
Still included.
Not much like your spear.
It held.
Work while you stay. Settle your old rent in installments.
We can do that.


I've seen that. On a consignment notice.
Another key?
A crown this time.
002
If one object was alive...
Tomorrow we go as buyers.
002
NEXT: THE COUNTERFEIT CROWN.