

THE CURSE OF TAPU ISLAND



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**Written by
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1.

THE
KING'S MERCHANT

FLURRIES OF SEA DUST SWIRL AROUND US
AS WE FLY OVER AN OPEN GLITTERING SEA.

THE ONLY SOUND IS A WIND AND A MASSIVE
OCEAN BENEATH.

AHEAD SOMETHING LOOMS OUT ON THE
HORIZON.



AS WE APPROACH, WE SEE A RAFT BEARING
ONE SAILOR.

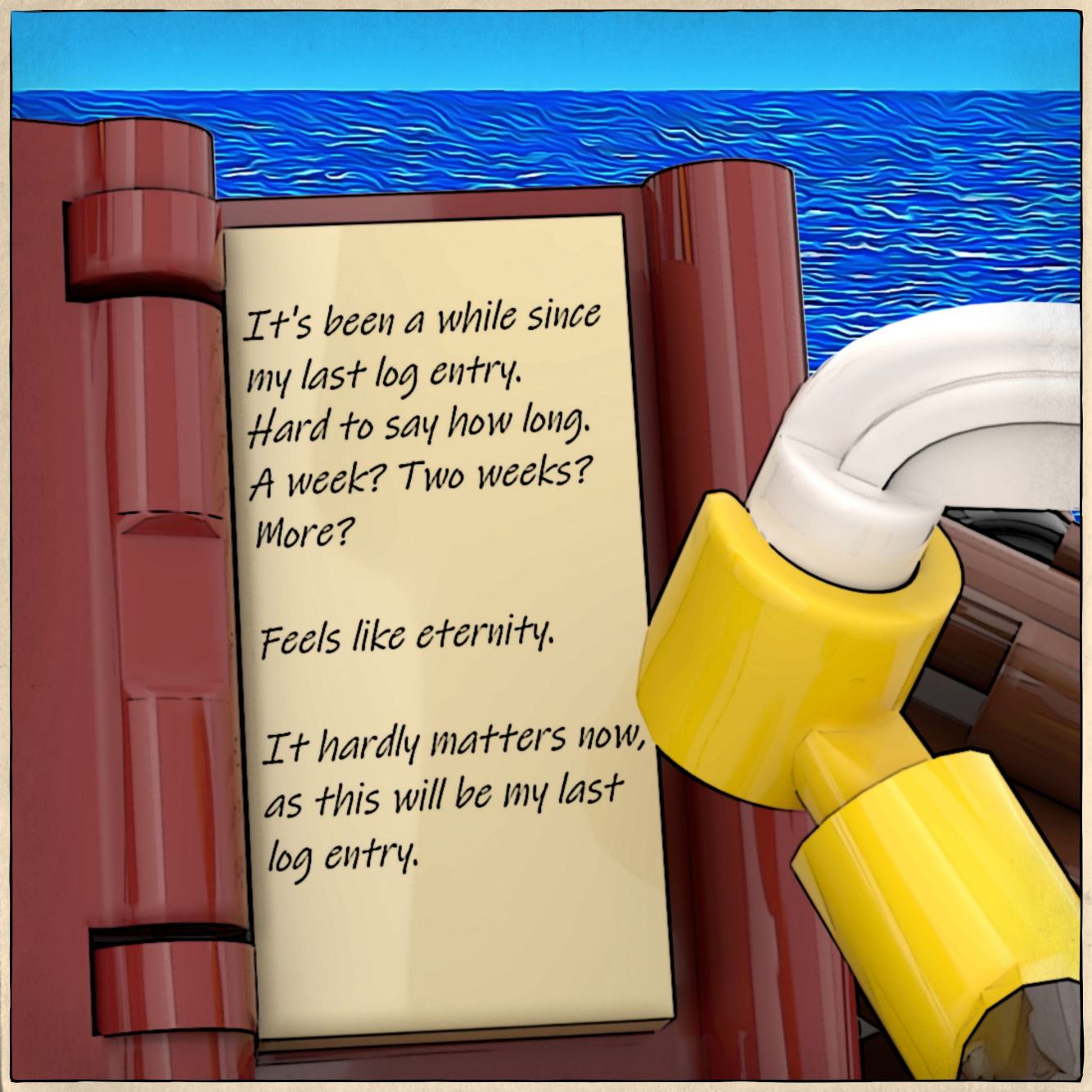


THIS IS STEVE.

*HE IS GAUNT, UNKEMPT, TATTERED AND TORN
HE HOLDS A THICK LEATHER VOLUME.*

THE WIND DROPS TO BE REPLACED BY HIS WEARY VOICE.



A hand holding a yellow highlighter is positioned over a logbook page. The page is open, showing a cream-colored sheet of paper with handwritten text. The background features a blue sky and a blue sea with white-capped waves. The logbook's cover is a dark red color. The hand is wearing a yellow sleeve, and the highlighter is yellow with a white cap. The text on the page is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

*It's been a while since
my last log entry.
Hard to say how long.
A week? Two weeks?
More?*

Feels like eternity.

*It hardly matters now,
as this will be my last
log entry.*




THE RAFT, OR AS I'VE GOT USED TO CALLING IT,
THE KING'S MERCHANT, IS A FINE VESSEL.

SAILS ARE IN NEED OF SOME
PATCHING, BUT OTHER THAN THAT
I DO NOT HAVE ANY COMPLAINTS.

IT HAS SERVED
ME WELL SINCE...

(DEEPLY EXHALES)





... SINCE I
TURNED OUT TO BE A
PATSY ONCE AGAIN IN MY
LONG STANDING CAREER
OF BEING A PATSY!



NO SMALL THANKS TO MY
FRESHLY RECRUITED COOK.

SAID HIS NAME WAS
BEARDRED...

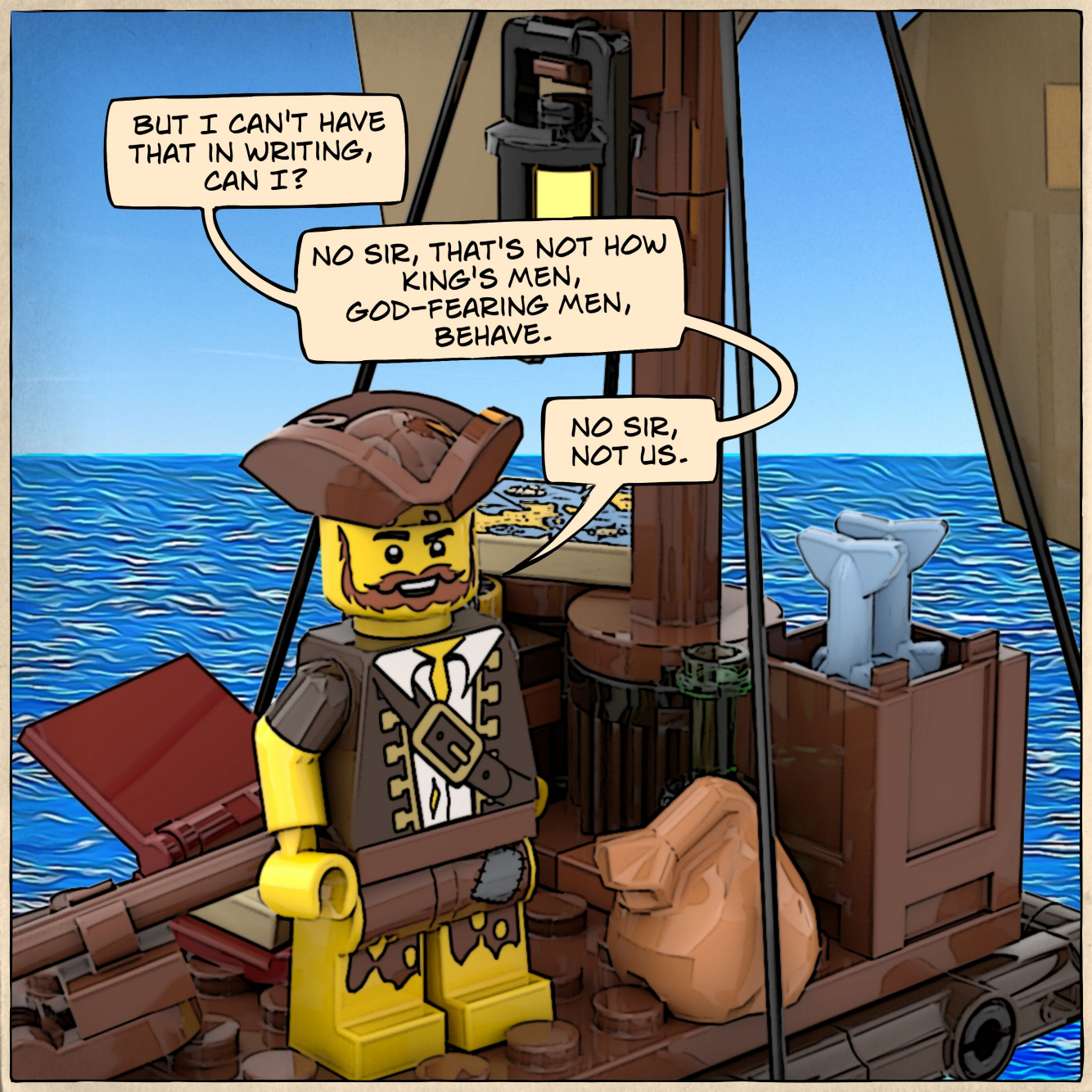
...I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN BETTER!



DAMN HIM!

GOD, HEAR ME!

DAMN HIM!!!

A LEGO minifigure of a pirate captain stands on the deck of a ship. He has a yellow head with a brown beard and a brown tricorn hat. He wears a grey vest over a white shirt with a yellow tie and a brown sash. He is holding a red book. The ship's deck is made of brown bricks, and there are various pieces of equipment, including a wooden crate with a white object inside and a brown bag. The background shows a blue sky and a blue sea.

BUT I CAN'T HAVE
THAT IN WRITING,
CAN I?

NO SIR, THAT'S NOT HOW
KING'S MEN,
GOD-FEARING MEN,
BEHAVE.

NO SIR,
NOT US.



WE BE MERCHANTS, SILVER
TONGUE DIPLOMATS!

KILL'EM WITH SOFTNESS AND
FLATTERY, THEN SKIN'EM ALIVE
TO THE LAST PIECES OF EIGHT.

ENOUGH!!!



It has served me well
since Captain Redbeard
and his cronies sieged
Merchant Cutter by
deception and mutiny.


I was offered a choice
between the plank and
the raft.



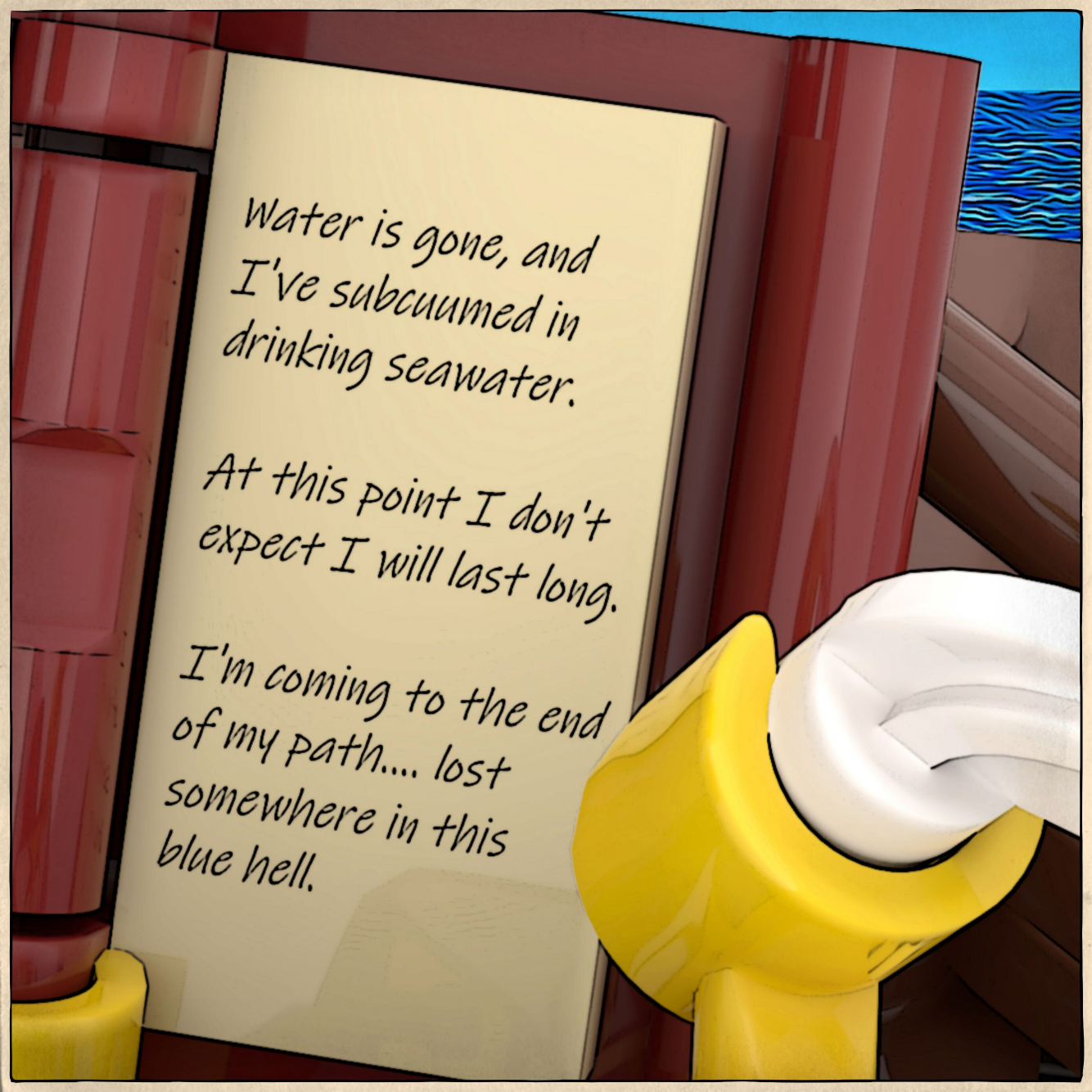
SO FAR THE RAFT PROVED
TO BE IN GOOD CONDITION.

THE SEA IS BOOMING WITH FISH.

AND THE WATER...



...THE WATER
WENT OUT FIVE, OR
SIX DAYS AGO?

A hand wearing a bright yellow rubber glove holds a white pen, poised to write on a yellowed, open notebook. The notebook is held open by two red binder rings. The background shows a glimpse of blue water and a brown structure, possibly part of a boat or a ship's deck.

Water is gone, and
I've subcuumed in
drinking seawater.

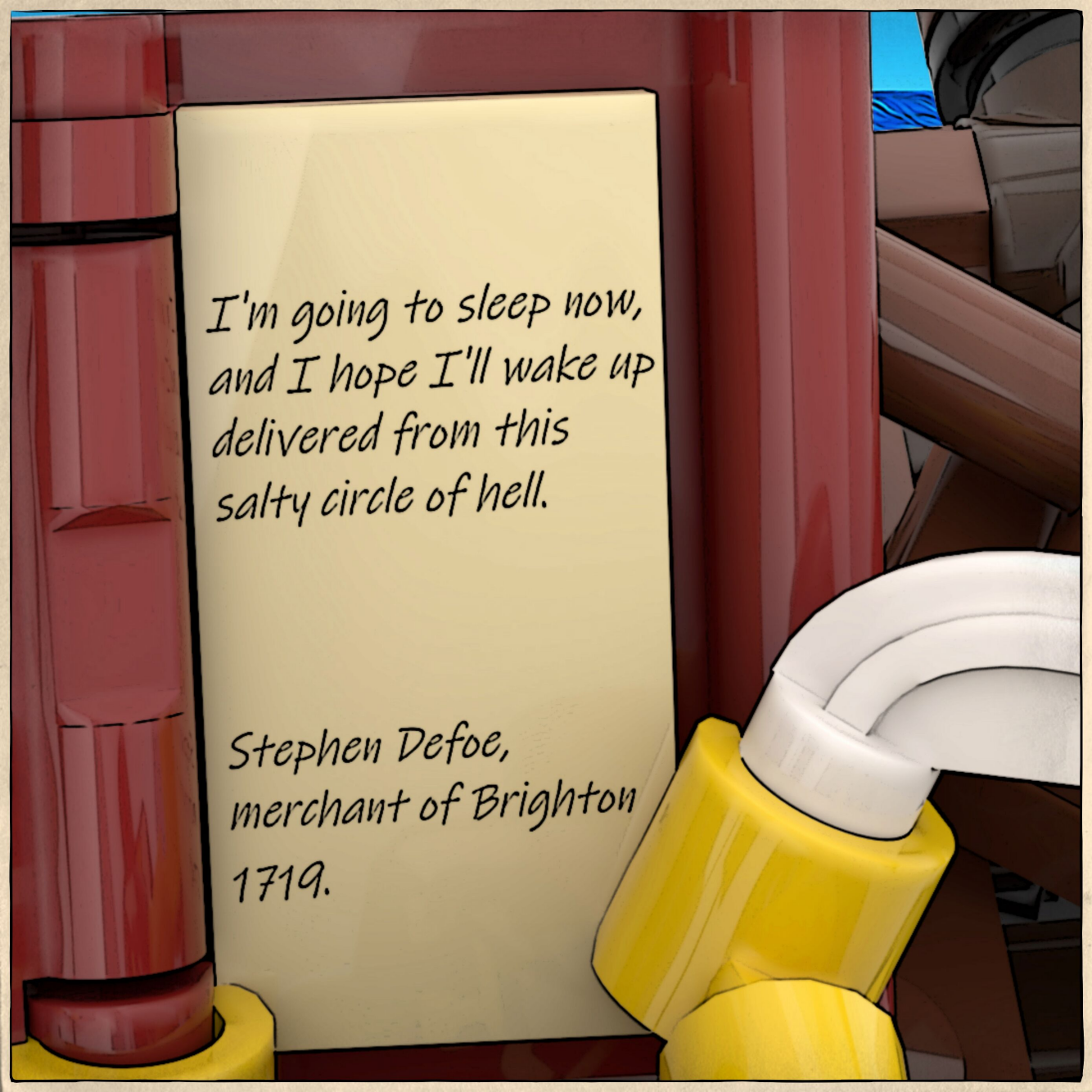
At this point I don't
expect I will last long.

I'm coming to the end
of my path.... lost
somewhere in this
blue hell.



NO... NOT LOST,
BUT DAMNED!

I'M DAMNED IN
THIS BLUE HELL.



*I'm going to sleep now,
and I hope I'll wake up
delivered from this
salty circle of hell.*

*Stephen Defoe,
merchant of Brighton
1719.*

2.

DE'JA' VU

КРААА! РАФТ! КРААА!

OH NO!
NOT AGAIN!
GOD PLEASE,
HAVE MERCY!






DEAR LORD, WHAT
A DREAM I HAD!


I'D BETTER WRITE
IT DOWN BEFORE
IT FADES AWAY.



THE
DEVIL???

A hand-drawn illustration of a scroll with a warning message. The scroll is light beige and is held by a red, cylindrical object on the left. The text is written in a simple, hand-drawn font. The background is dark brown with some geometric shapes. On the right, there is a yellow, curved shape that looks like a piece of fabric or a hat.

This is isladn is curzed.
If you are veading ths,
SAIL AWAY AZ FAR
AZ YOU CEN, befor +
glabz ou



THIS SOUNDS
ALMOST LIKE THE
DREAM I HAD.



OH! DARN!

I'M LOSING IT!

I HAVE TO REMEMBER,
THERE WAS SOMETHING
ABOUT THE CAVE....

CAVE! KRAAAA! CAVE!

TO BE CONTINUED



OH MY...