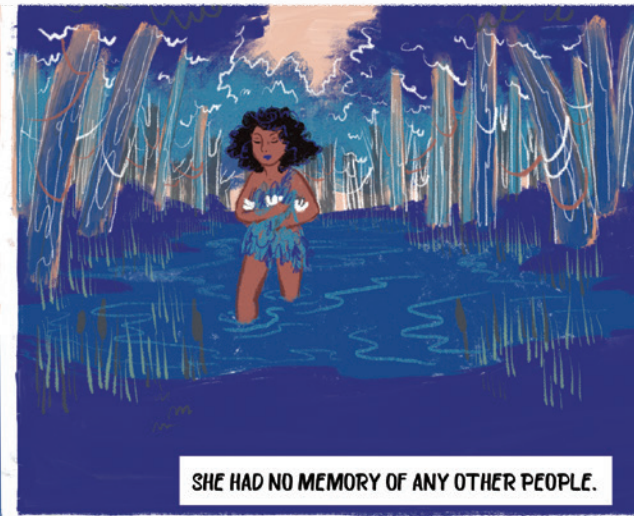




THE GIRL HAD LIVED IN THE GREAT SWAMP OF INK FOR AS LONG AS SHE COULD REMEMBER.



SHE HAD NO MEMORY OF HOW SHE HAD GOTTEN THERE.



SHE HAD NO MEMORY OF ANY OTHER PEOPLE.



NO PARENTS, NO FAMILY, NO FRIENDS.



ALL SHE KNEW WAS THE VAST SWAMP THAT HAD ALWAYS BEEN HER HOME.



THE SWAMP PROVIDED HER WITH WHAT SHE NEEDED TO SURVIVE. BUT JUST BARELY.



SHE DRANK THE BITTER TASTING INK TO SURVIVE.

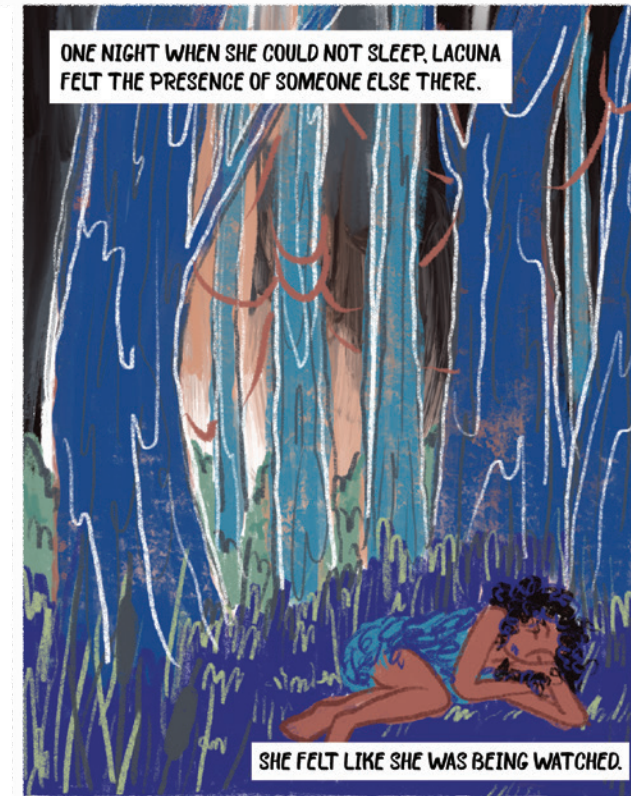


AND SHE ATE THE FOUL BULRUSHES THAT GREW THERE.



THOUGH SHE KNEW NO OTHER HOME, SHE LONGED TO LEAVE THE SWAMP, TO GO BEYOND THIS ENDLESS TANGLE OF VINES AND TREES, THESE POOLS OF INK THAT GAVE BACK NO REFLECTION.

NO REFLECTION. BUT SHE DID HAVE A NAME. ALTHOUGH SHE HAD NO MEMORY OF PARENTS WHO MIGHT HAVE GIVEN HER THIS NAME, SHE SOMEHOW KNEW THAT IT WAS HERS: LACUNA.



ONE NIGHT WHEN SHE COULD NOT SLEEP, LACUNA FELT THE PRESENCE OF SOMEONE ELSE THERE.

SHE FELT LIKE SHE WAS BEING WATCHED.

