



**SIMON SPURRIER**

**FRAZER IRVING**

# GUT'SVILLE

**IN JONAH'S WAKE WE FOLLOW**

LISTEN. THERE ARE THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED AND FIFTY, THE SS DAPHNE — BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA — WAS CONSUMED AT SEA: GUZZLED-WHOLE BY A LEVIATHAN OF UNIMAGINABLE PROPORTIONS. IN ITS BILIOUS VISCERA THAT STURDY IRONCLAD CAME TO REST AMIDST THE DETRITUS OF AEONS, AND AROUND IT, LITTLE BY LITTLE, THERE GREW UP A CITY.

GUTSVILLE. THE TOWN IN THE TRACT.

TODAY, GENERATIONS LATER, THE CITY SPRAWLS FURTHER AND FOULER THAN EVER. AT ITS HEAD, THE PIOUS PRIESTS OF THE JOMANKIN: GUIDING THEIR FLOCK IN OBEISANCE AND PURITY; CONVINCED THAT THE PEOPLE BELOW THEM, LIKE THE SINNER JONAH, MUST REPENT OF ALL HUMAN WICKEDNESS BEFORE THEY MAY RETURN TO THE DRYPLACES OF THE EARTH.

THIS IS THE WORLD ALBERT OLIPHANT HAS KNOWN, AND HATED, ALL HIS LIFE.

HIS DRUNKEN FATHER IS DEAD. HIS FUTURE AS THE CITY'S RATCATCHER CAN'T BE BROKEN. THE RELEASE HE FINDS IN PAINTINGS OF FANCIFUL INVENTION HAS BEEN DENIED HIM, AND HIS CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART HAS PROMISED HERSELF TO THE SON OF THE HIGH PRIEST.

HE HAS NOTHING TO CHERISH NOW.

BUT HE HAS A MAP. AND A DRUNKARD'S COURAGE. AND A CONVICTION TO ESCAPE.

...AND NO IDEA THAT FAR, FAR FROM HIS HOME, AT THE CITY DOCKS SWALLOWARDS OF THE CITY, SOMETHING BLACK AND GHASTLY HAS SLIPPED DOWN FROM ABOVE.

CREATED BY  
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