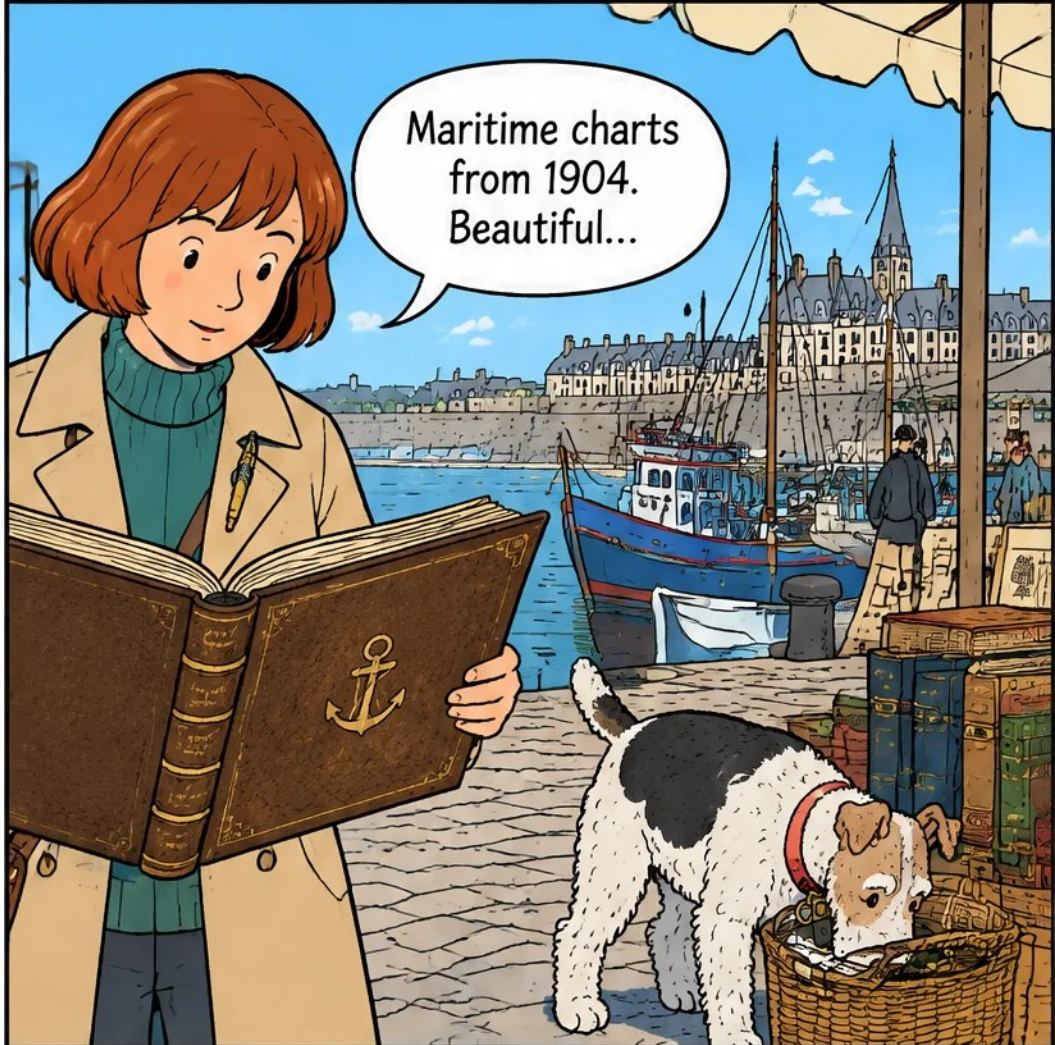
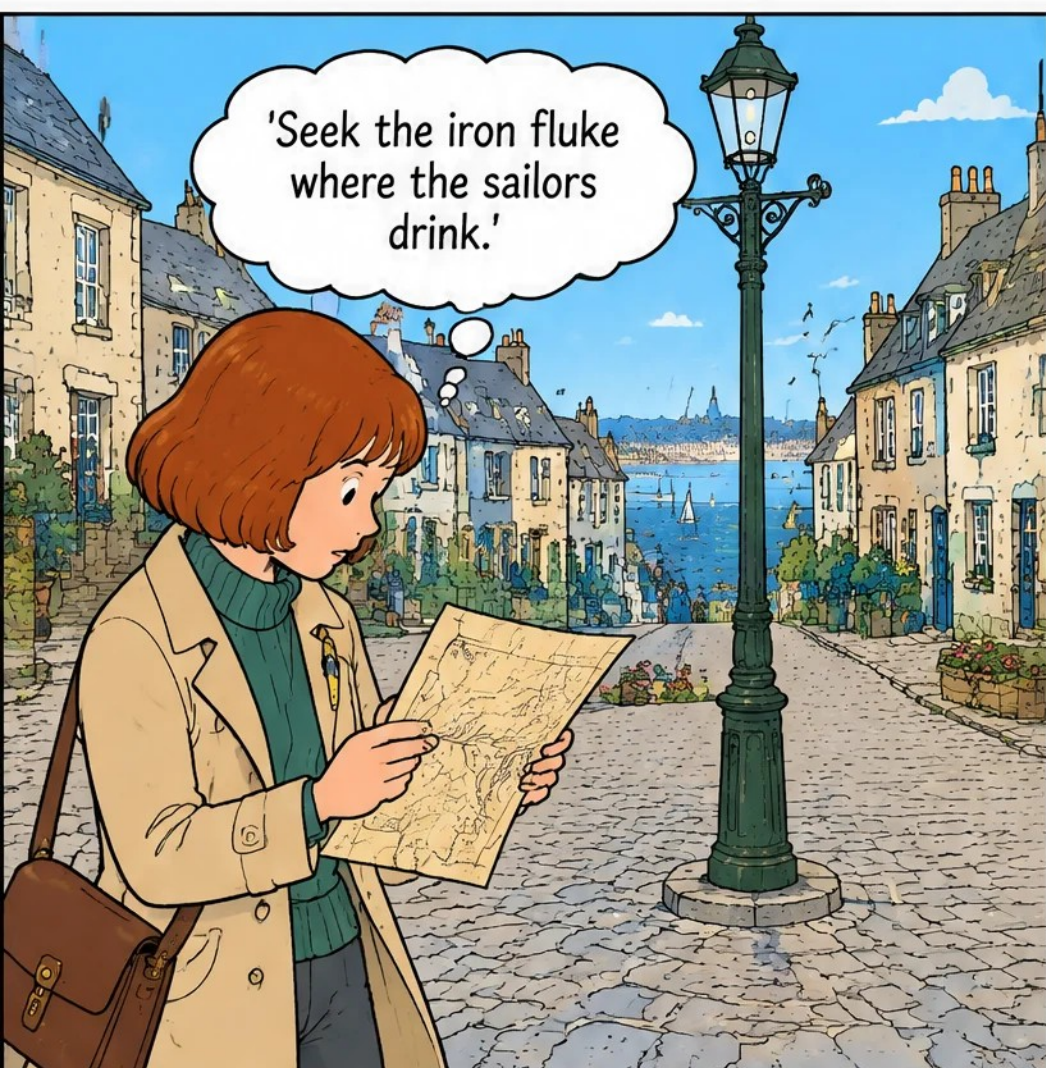
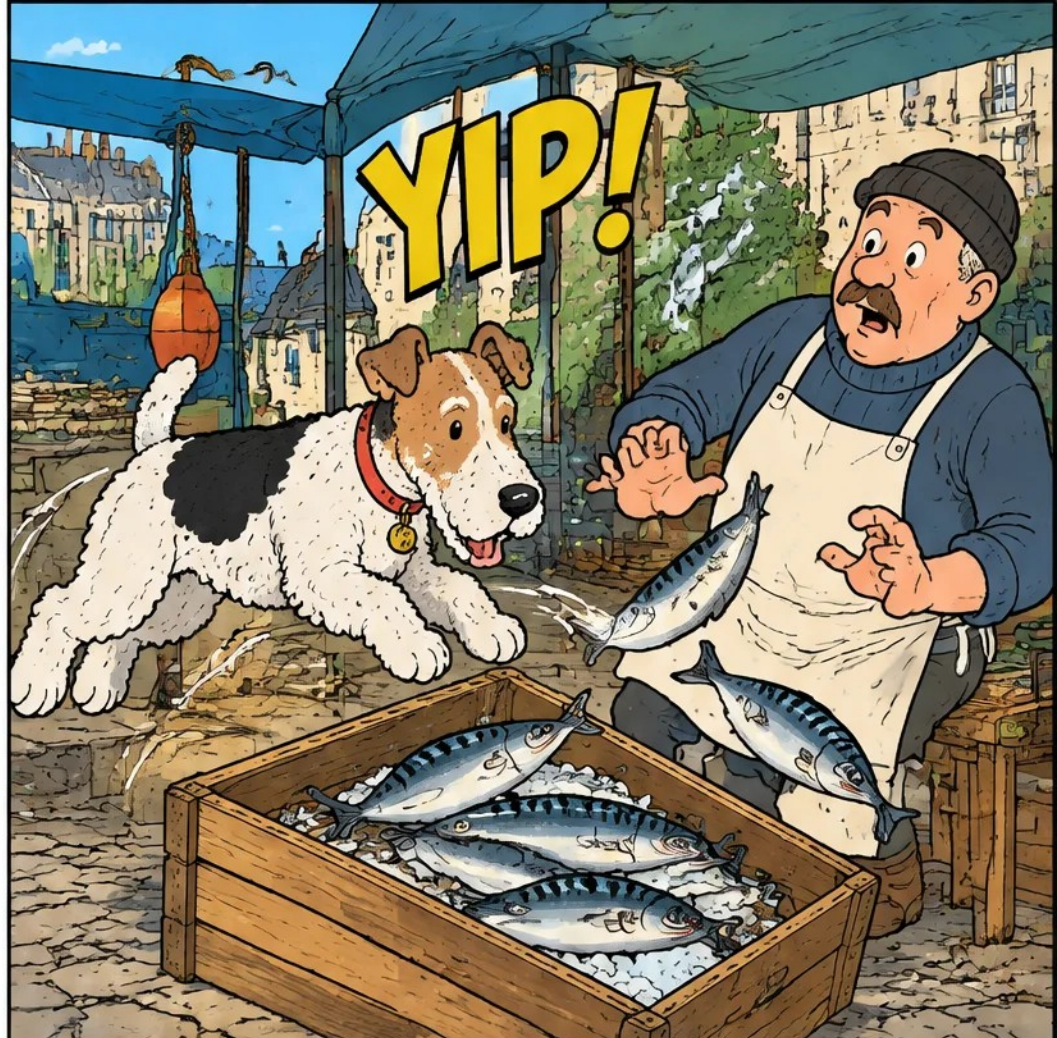


Port Saint-Malo. Autumn breese, low tide.





The sea holds its breath for twenty minutes.

Watch your footing, little detective.



The Siren's Tooth... exactly like the map.



SNIFF-SNIFF



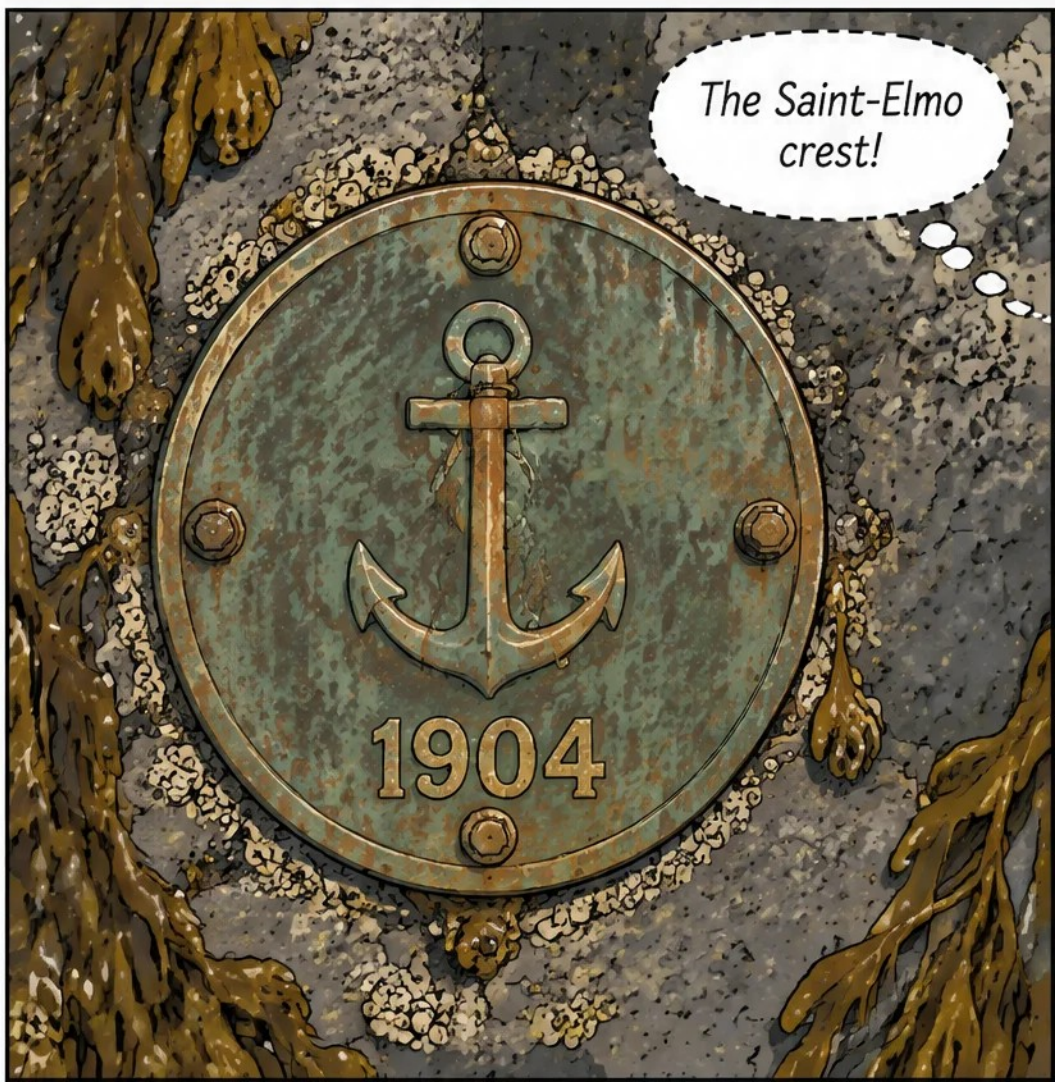
Did you find it, Barnaby?!

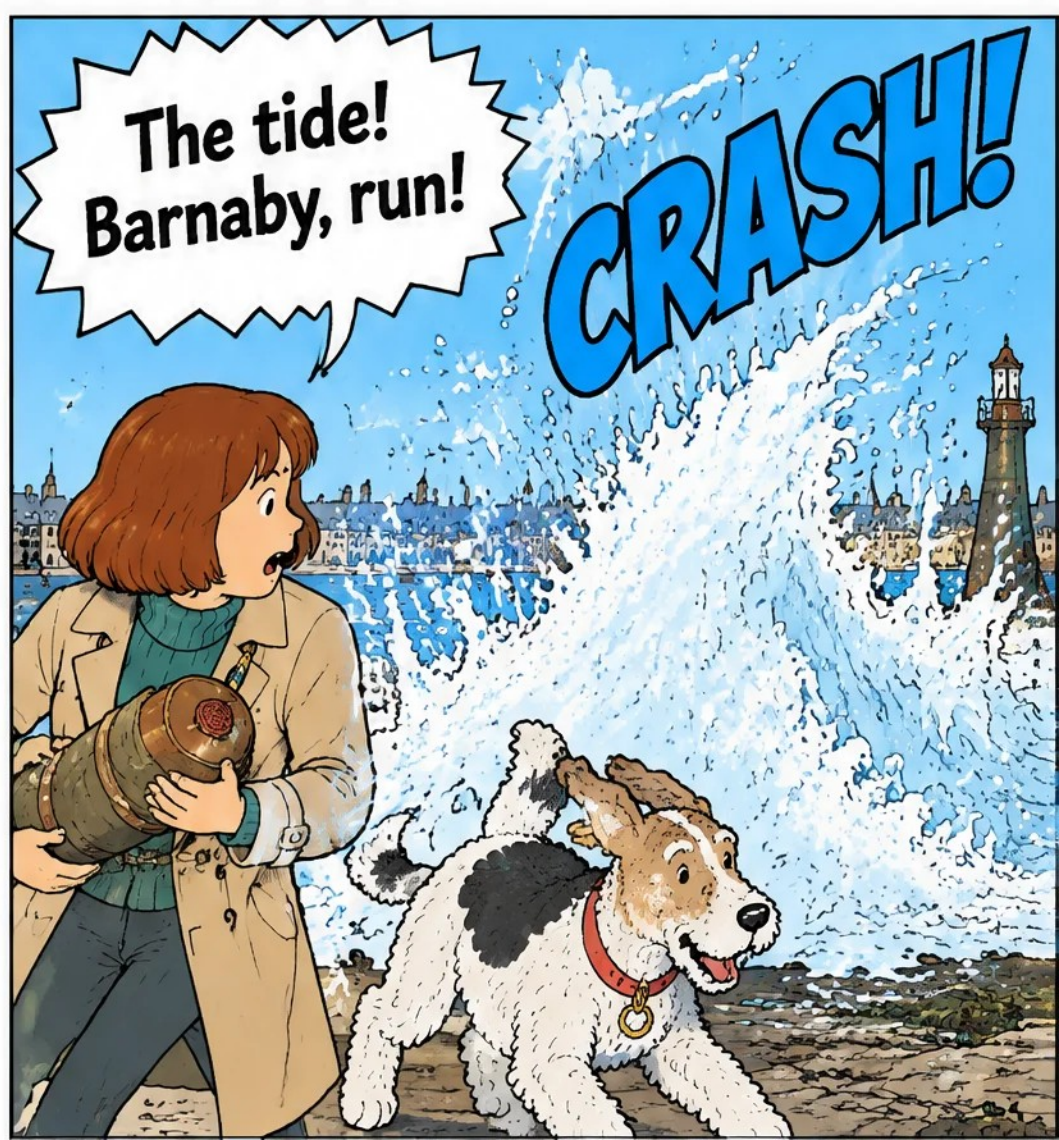
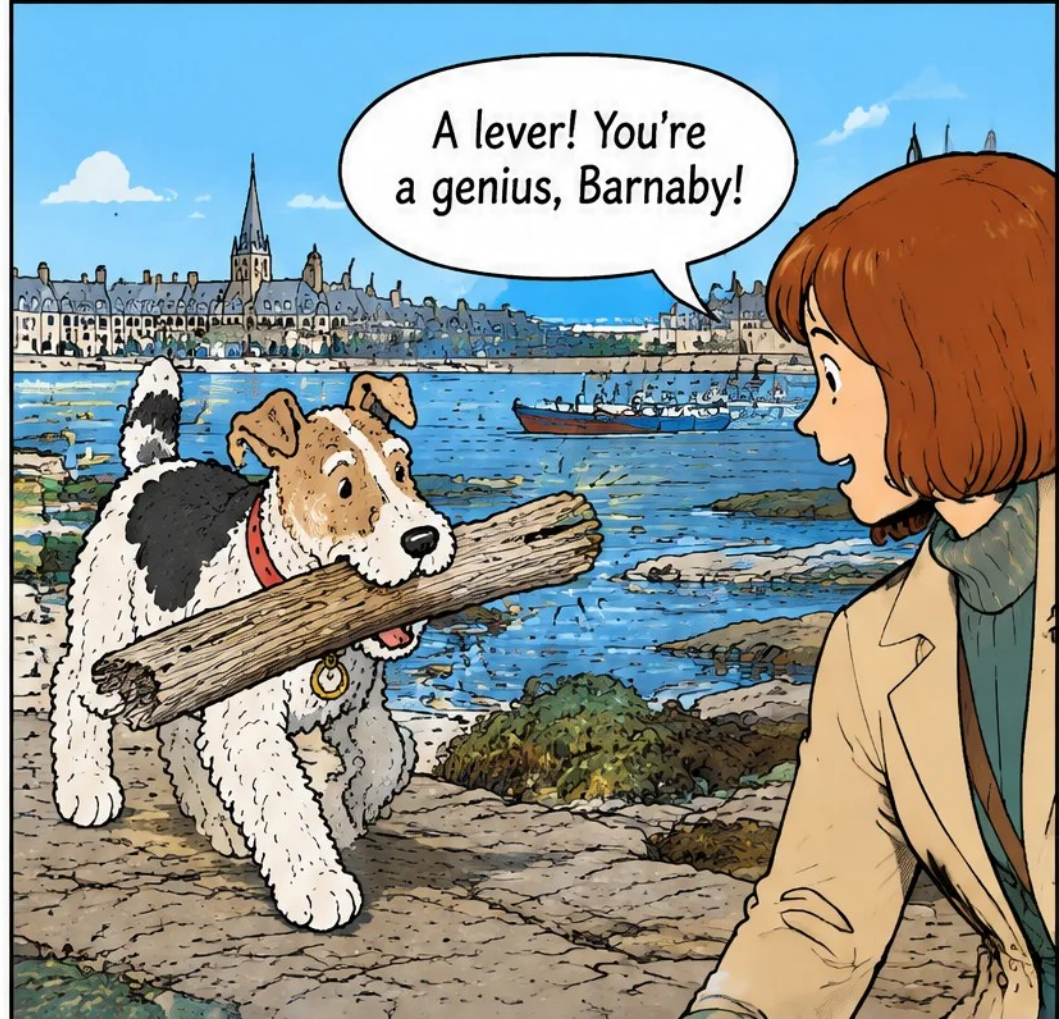


SQUELCH



The Saint-Elmo crest!





Port Saint-Malo. Autumn breeze, low tide.

SPLASH!

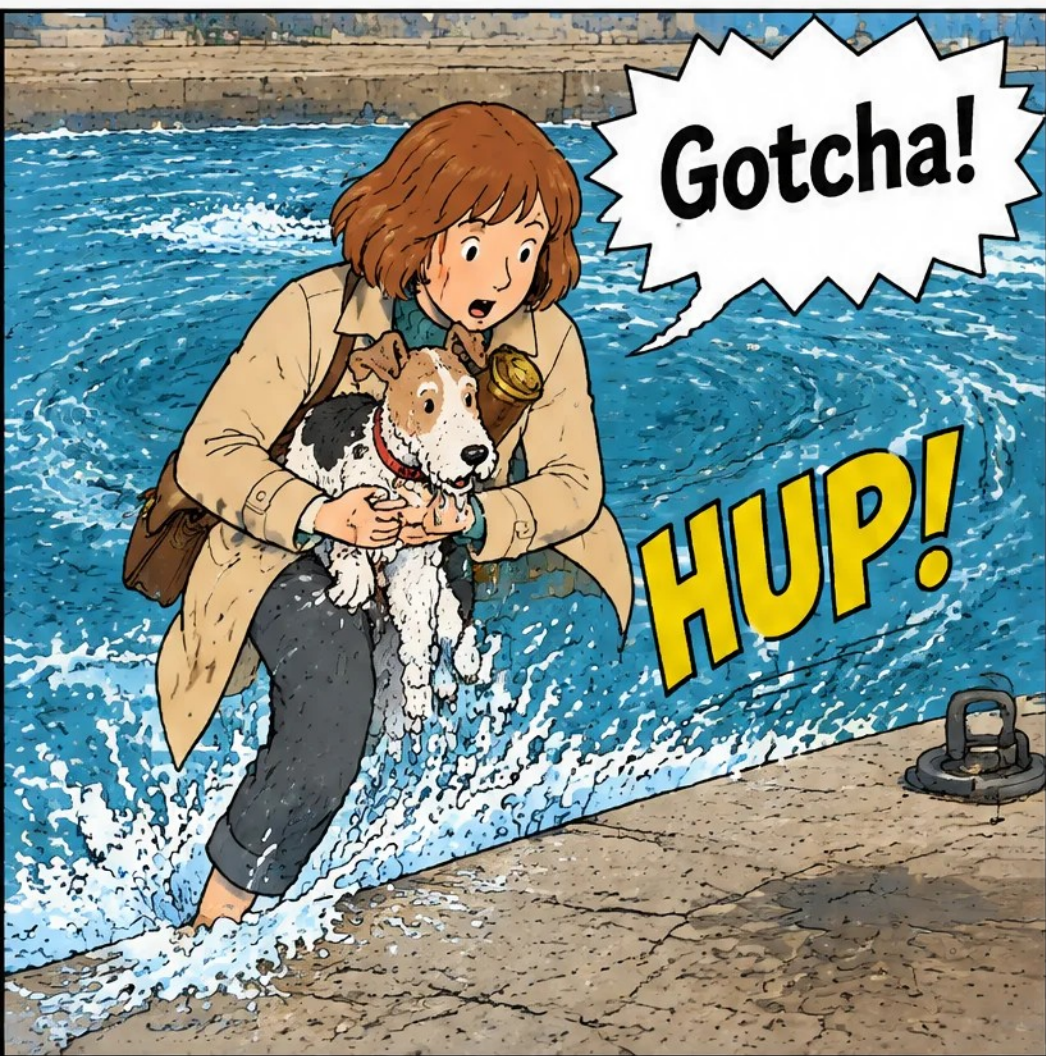


WHOOSH



Gotcha!

HUP!



Phew... made it
dry side up.



FLAP-FLAP

Hey! As if I wasn't
soaked already!



Ten minutes later
and it was gone
for a year.



