

A Real Selfie

WRITTEN BY STEPHANIE NINA PITSIRILO
ART BY SETH MARTEL

ELSEWHERE...

GLORIA! GOT ROOM
FOR YOU BY THE FIRE.
LEAVE RAY WITH
THE FISHES.

IT'S CRACKLING.
WHO'S GOING
FIRST?

WHOEVER IT IS,
MAKE IT GOOD.

RAYMOND,
YOU GO.
WHAT KIND OF
STORIES THIS
PLACE GOT?

LEAST YOU KNOW
YOUR PLACE, BITCOIN.

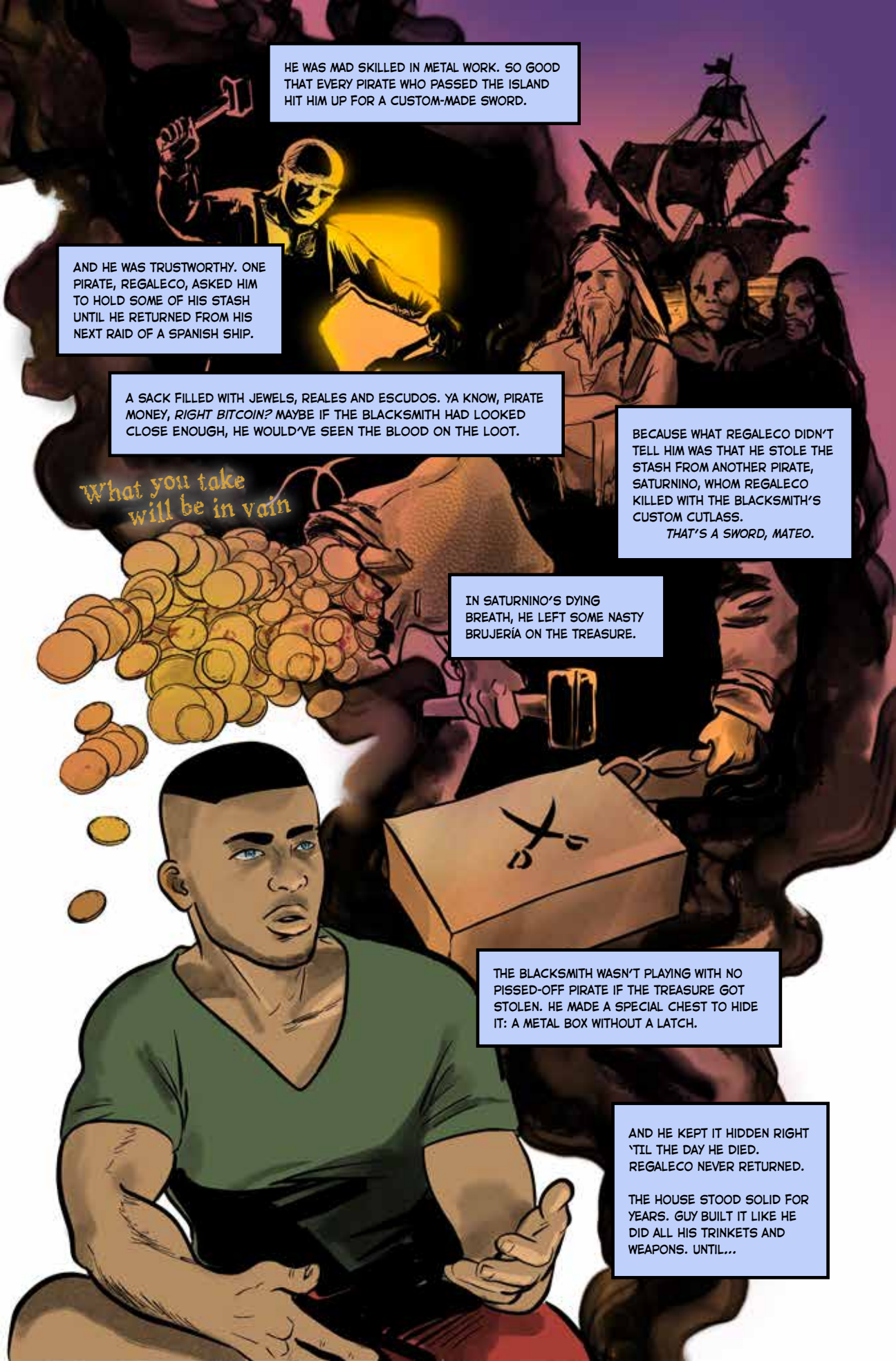
YOU WOULDN'T BE
ABLE TO SLEEP AFTER
HEARING THE ONE
I GOT, THO.

DISSSS...

CHALLENGE
ACCEPTED. LET'S
HEAR IT.

SO, CHECK IT...

ONCE, A REAL LONG TIME AGO, LIKE
SOME 1700s, THERE WAS THIS BLACK-
SMITH WHO LIVED IN THIS HOUSE...



HE WAS MAD SKILLED IN METAL WORK. SO GOOD THAT EVERY PIRATE WHO PASSED THE ISLAND HIT HIM UP FOR A CUSTOM-MADE SWORD.

AND HE WAS TRUSTWORTHY. ONE PIRATE, REGALECO, ASKED HIM TO HOLD SOME OF HIS STASH UNTIL HE RETURNED FROM HIS NEXT RAID OF A SPANISH SHIP.

A SACK FILLED WITH JEWELS, REALES AND ESCUDOS. YA KNOW, PIRATE MONEY, *RIGHT BITCOIN?* MAYBE IF THE BLACKSMITH HAD LOOKED CLOSE ENOUGH, HE WOULD'VE SEEN THE BLOOD ON THE LOOT.

BECAUSE WHAT REGALECO DIDN'T TELL HIM WAS THAT HE STOLE THE STASH FROM ANOTHER PIRATE, SATURNINO, WHOM REGALECO KILLED WITH THE BLACKSMITH'S CUSTOM CUTLASS.

THAT'S A SWORD, MATEO.

*What you take
will be in vain*

IN SATURNINO'S DYING BREATH, HE LEFT SOME NASTY BRUJERIA ON THE TREASURE.

THE BLACKSMITH WASN'T PLAYING WITH NO PISSED-OFF PIRATE IF THE TREASURE GOT STOLEN. HE MADE A SPECIAL CHEST TO HIDE IT: A METAL BOX WITHOUT A LATCH.

AND HE KEPT IT HIDDEN RIGHT 'TIL THE DAY HE DIED. REGALECO NEVER RETURNED.

THE HOUSE STOOD SOLID FOR YEARS. GUY BUILT IT LIKE HE DID ALL HIS TRINKETS AND WEAPONS. UNTIL...

...THE DUMBASS
NAVY SHIPS
CAME AND
BOMBED UP
THE AREA
FOR TARGET
PRACTICE.

SOME SAILORS SAID
THEY SAW COINS
FLIP INTO THE AIR,
SCATTERING AROUND
THE HOUSE.

SOME LOCALS SAY THAT AS LAGUNA BECAME POISONED
FROM DECADES OF BOMBING, THE TOXIC WASTE
SEEPED INTO THE GRAVE OF THE BLACKSMITH...

... AND EVERY NEW MOON, HOMIE'S SEEN WALKING INTO THE HOUSE,
LOOKING FOR A REAL HERE, AN ESCUDO THERE--THE MISSING
COINS TO GATHER FOR REGALECO, WHOSE SHIP WAITS IN THE SEA.

NO WAY,
MAN.

YOU SCARED,
MATEO? BECAUSE THAT
DON'T SPOOK ME.

NAH, JUST SAYING...

HOW ABOUT YOU,
GLORIA?

CREEPY ENOUGH
FOR ME. THAT HOUSE
STILL EXIST?

YUP. JUST A SHORT BOAT RIDE
AWAY. BUT NOBODY GOES THERE.
IT'S LIKE, A BIOHAZARD SITE.

SOUNDS
LIKE YOU'RE
CHICKEN.

CAN YOU
IMAGINE THE EPIC
SELFIE WE COULD
TAKE THERE?

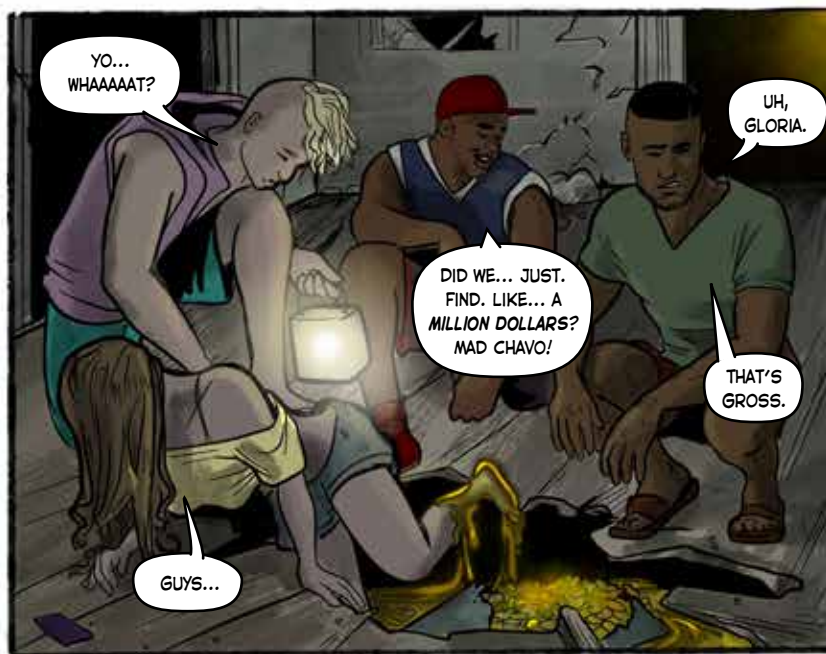
ROYAL.
WE'D BE KINGS.
IMMORTALIZED.
AND GLORIA...

SHE'D BE
A QUEEN.

LET'S
DO IT!

GET YOUR DADDY'S
BOAT, BITCOIN. OR IS
THAT VIRTUAL, TOO?

NO MOTORS IN THE
BAY. WE'LL USE A
ROWBOAT.





THEY WENT TO THE BLACKSMITH'S?

THOSE
CRAZY
KIDS.



BUT OUR
SELFIE!

GIRL, ARE
YOU FOR REAL? IT'S
#WEALTHIE NOW.
...THE HECK IS
THIS ON ME?

WHAT'S
THAT?



<THEY DO ANYTHING FOR THOSE...> ELFIES.

SELFIES.
<EVERYBODY'S
CHASING FAME.
AND FORTUNE.
OLD STORY.>



<DO YOU THINK
THEY GOT THEIR
PICTURE?>

THAT...



...AND THEN SOME.