

AMERICAN MONOMYTH COMICS

9



The poison below
became the
monster above.



CYBERDON LOOKED LIKE
THE FUTURE SAVED.

ITS TOWERS WERE CLEAN,
ITS STREETS WERE BRIGHT, AND
ITS PEOPLE BELIEVED EVERY
PROBLEM HAD ALREADY
BEEN SOLVED.

The city was
worth saving.



But Cyberdon kept
one problem out of
sight: its waste still
poured into the
old sewer below.



**The poison
did not vanish.**

**It twisted the
creatures below,
and from the deepest
sludge it shaped a
ruler named Rotspire.**



**Rotspire
was living
pollution.**

**Every creature
changed by the sewer
heard his command,
and Cyberdon's
hidden waste
marched into
the light.**



Cyberdon answered
with everything it trusted.



Drones, cannons, armor,
and experts struck the
monster again and again.

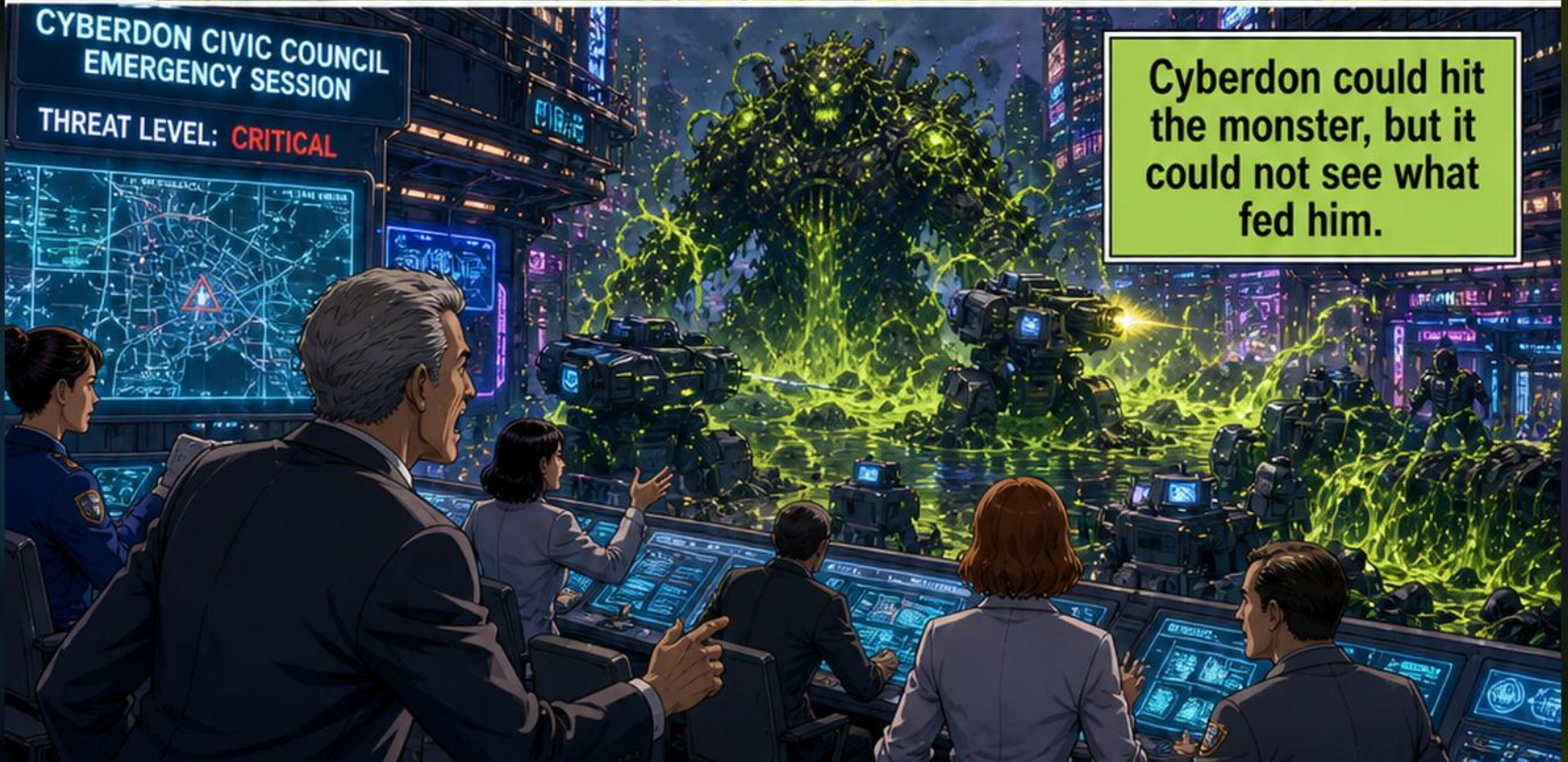
The attacks
broke his body.



The sewer
rebuilt him
faster.



CYBERDON CIVIC COUNCIL
EMERGENCY SESSION
THREAT LEVEL: **CRITICAL**

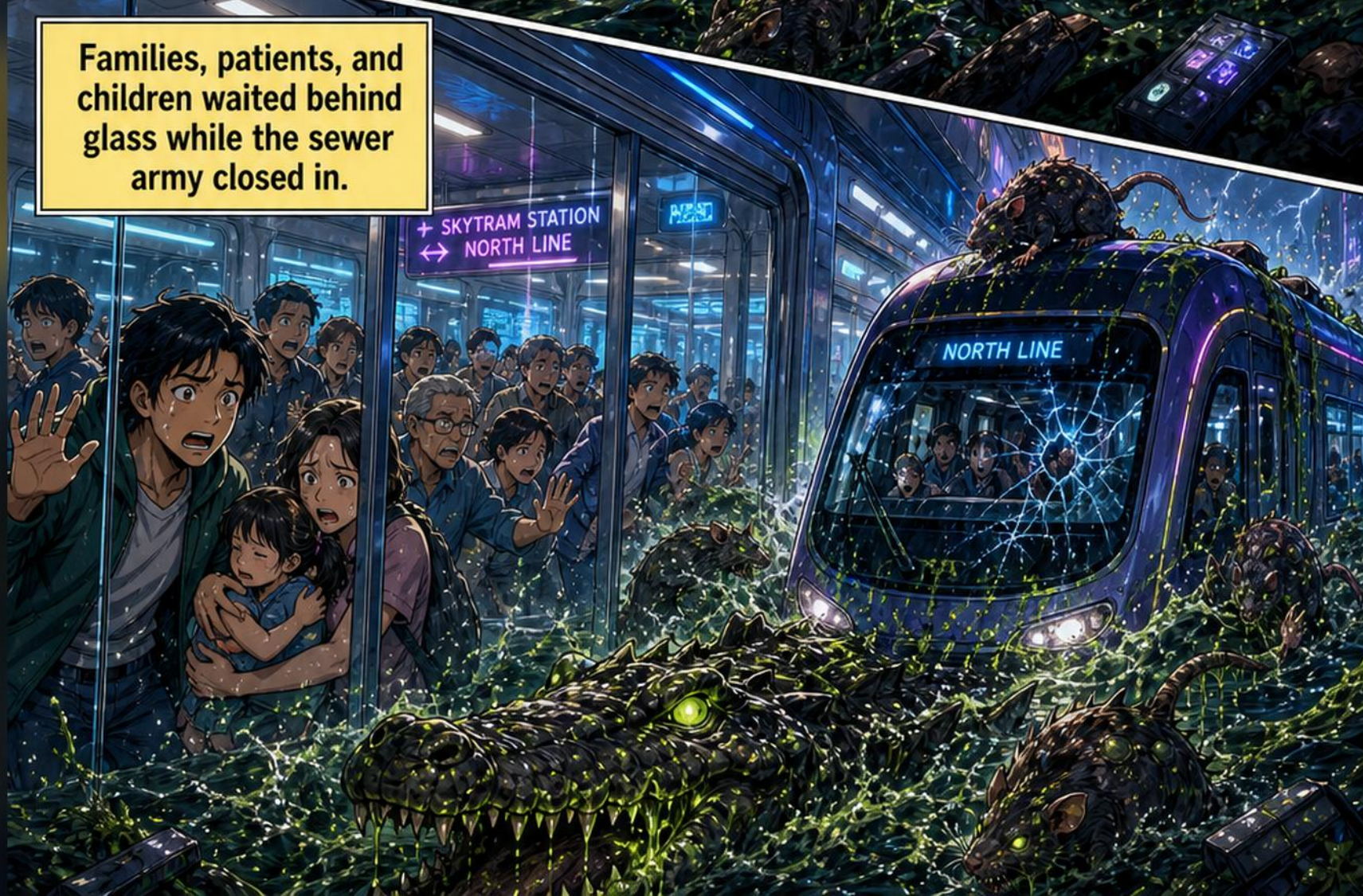


Cyberdon could hit
the monster, but it
could not see what
fed him.

The city that
seemed invincible
became small.



Families, patients, and
children waited behind
glass while the sewer
army closed in.





Hope fell
with the
barricades.

Every blast spread
more poison, and every
poisoned creature
made Rotspire's
army larger.

SECURITY
BREACH

ALERT

CYBERDON
HEALTH CLINIC
+

SECTOR 7
EVACUATE

DRAIN LEVEL
CRITICAL

DEFENSES
FAILED

BARRICADE STATUS
BREACHED

WEAPONS SYSTEM
MALFUNCTION

TOXIN LEVELS
MAXIMUM

Then Vinaura
came from beyond
the city.



She wore technology,
but the living wilderness
answered her hands.

Vinaura saw
what Cyberdon
missed.

Rotspire was
not only
attacking
the city.

Something
below was
feeding him.



The officials warned
that no one could
survive the sewer.

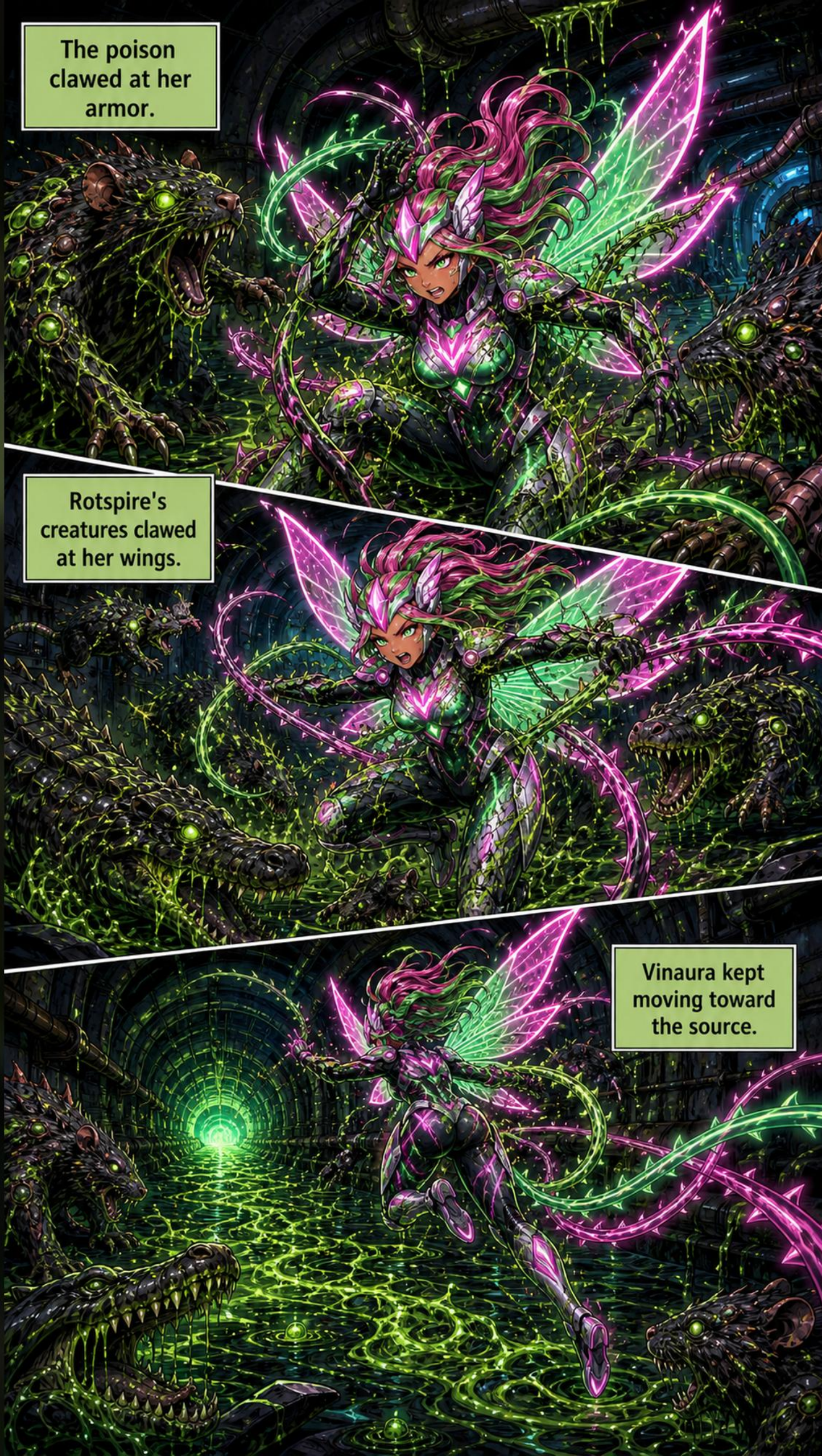


Vinaura went anyway,
because the surface
battle was already lost.

The poison
clawed at her
armor.

Rotspire's
creatures clawed
at her wings.

Vinaura kept
moving toward
the source.



At last she found
Cyberdon's secret
wound.

A hidden pipe poured poison
into the sewer, and every drop
gave Rotspire another breath.



Vinaura did
not answer poison
with a bigger
weapon.

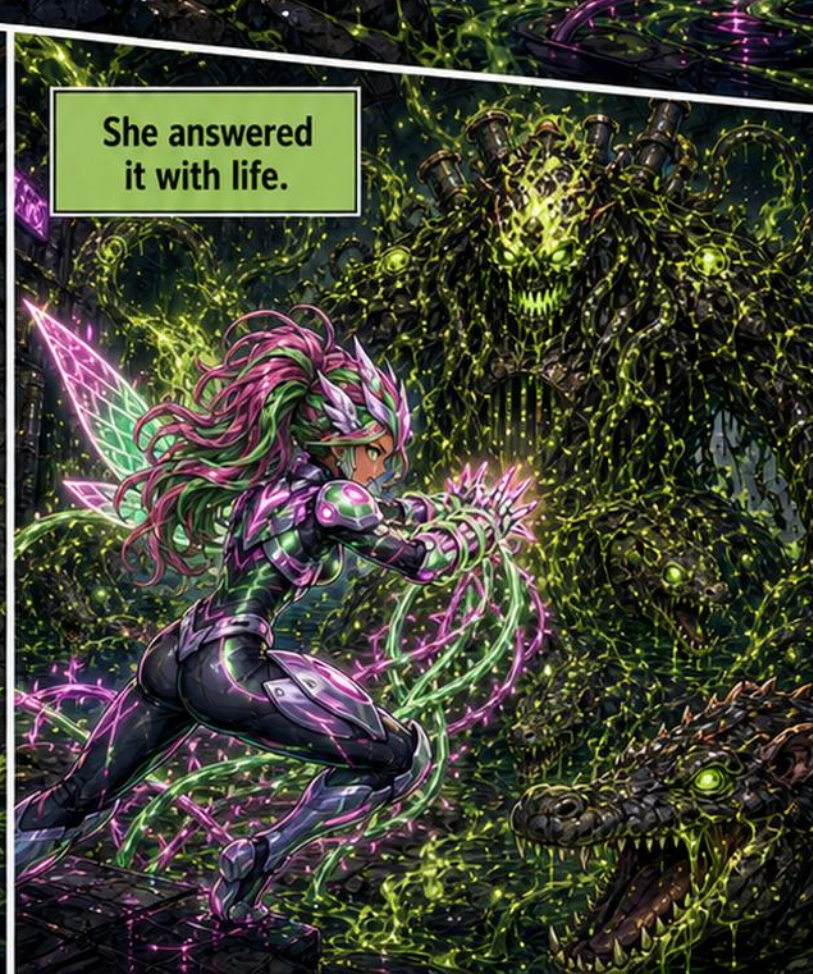


She answered
it with life.

The vines grew until
the hidden flow stopped.



She answered
it with life.





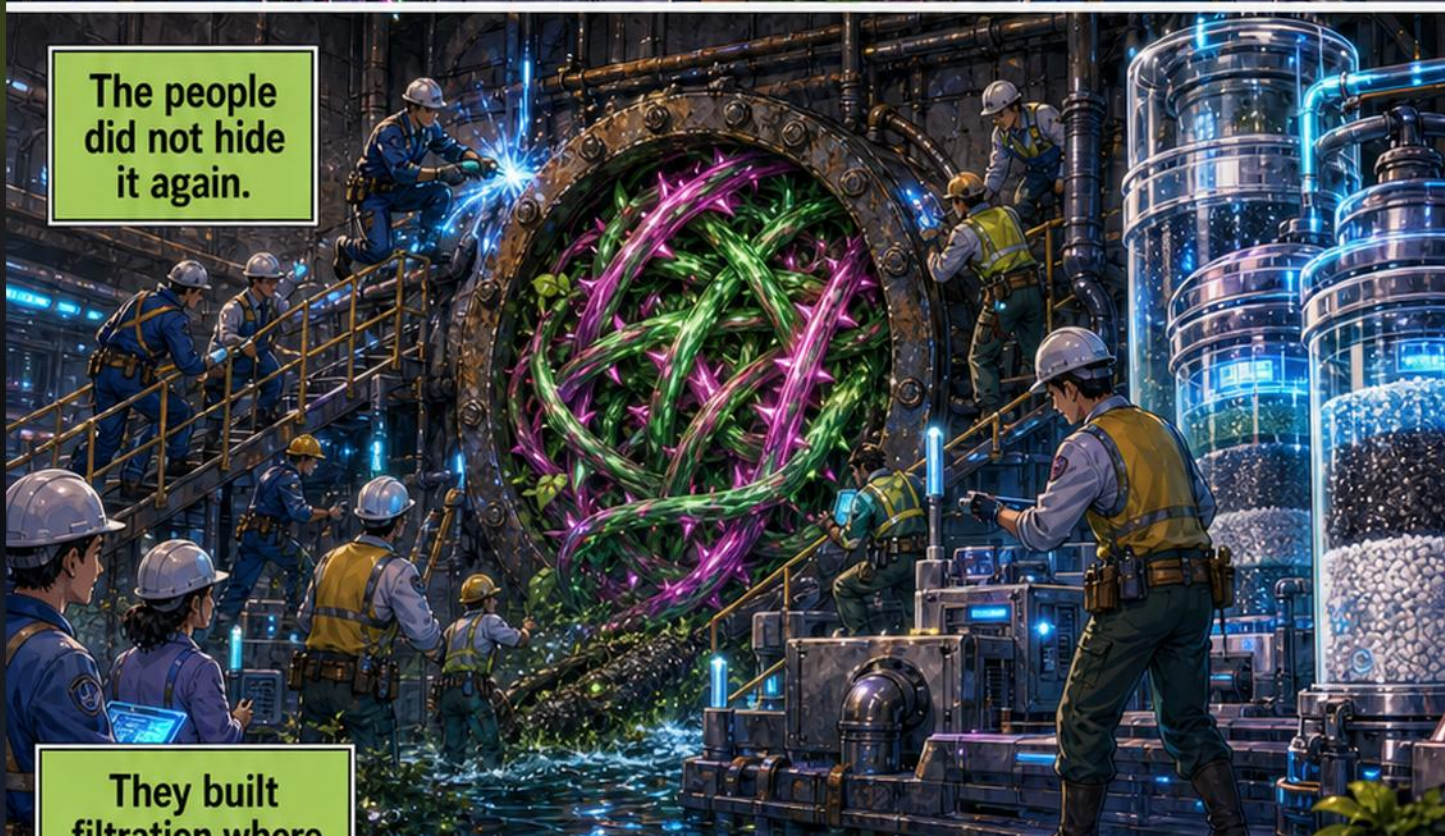
Without the flow,
Rotspire starved.

His command broke,
his army woke, and the
monster made of waste
fell apart.

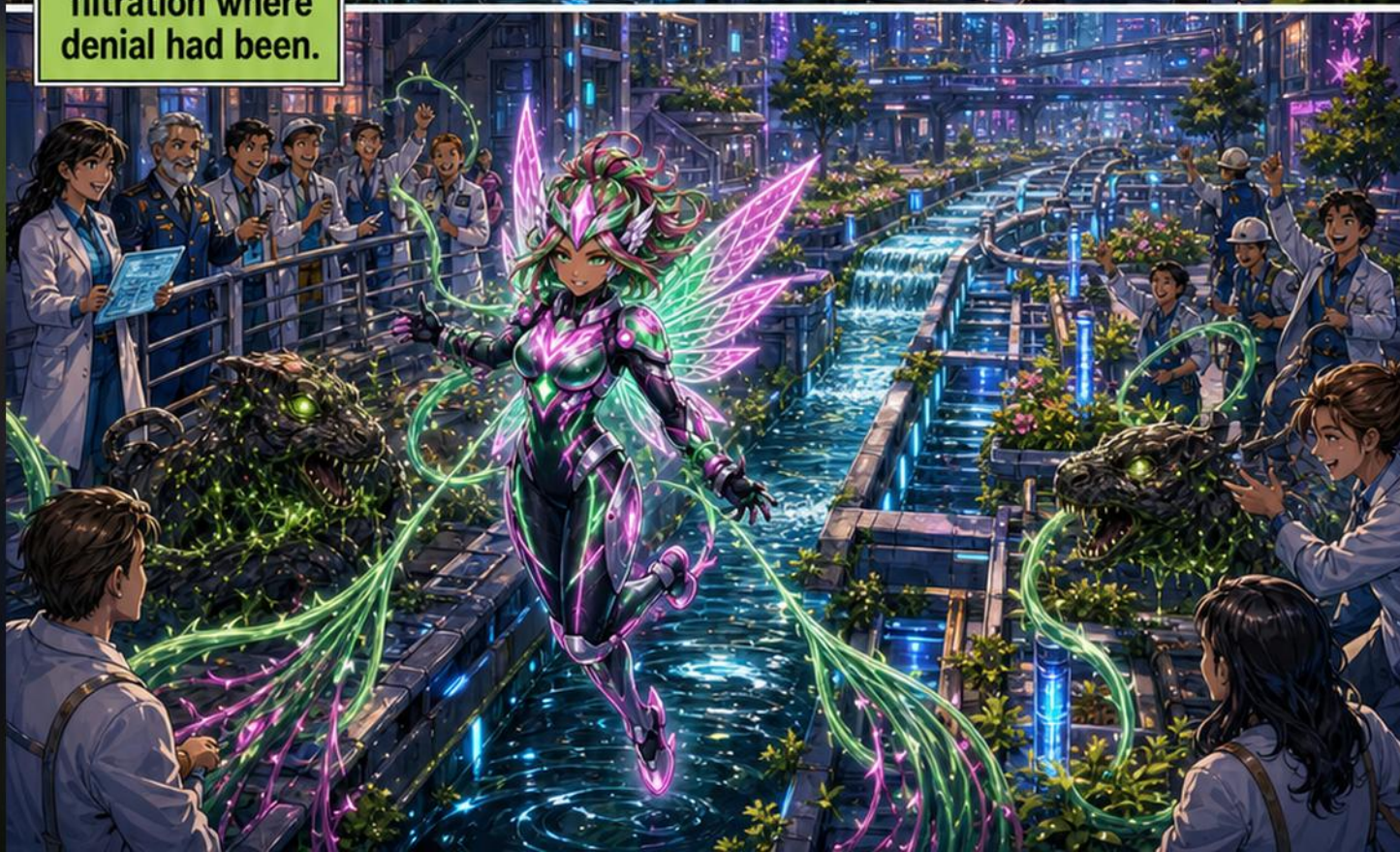
Vinaura showed
Cyberdon the pipe.



The people
did not hide
it again.



They built
filtration where
denial had been.





Cyberdon healed
because it changed.

The city raised a
monument and asked
Vinaura to become
its guardian.

A full-page illustration depicting a futuristic cityscape with towering skyscrapers and lush greenery. In the foreground, a woman with long, flowing green and purple hair, wearing a matching high-tech suit, stands on a stone path. She is looking back over her shoulder towards a group of people. The group consists of several children and adults, some of whom are reaching out towards her. In the background, a large, white, winged statue stands on a pedestal, and a bright, glowing orb is visible in the sky. The scene is set during a sunset or sunrise, with warm light illuminating the city and the woman's suit. The overall atmosphere is one of hope and connection between the futuristic world and the natural environment.

Vinaura cared
for Cyberdon.

But her heart followed
roots, rivers, forests, and
every distant place that
still needed help.



She left before
gratitude could
become a cage.

Cyberdon kept the
filtration running, and
peace lasted longer
than memory.



In time, the
people forgot
her name.

That was
the cost of
peace.

The lesson remained
because the monster
never returned.

SHE SEALED THE POISON.

THEY FORGOT THE SAVIOR.

PEACE REMEMBERED THE LESSON.

