

The hotel at the end of the world  
had very few customers...





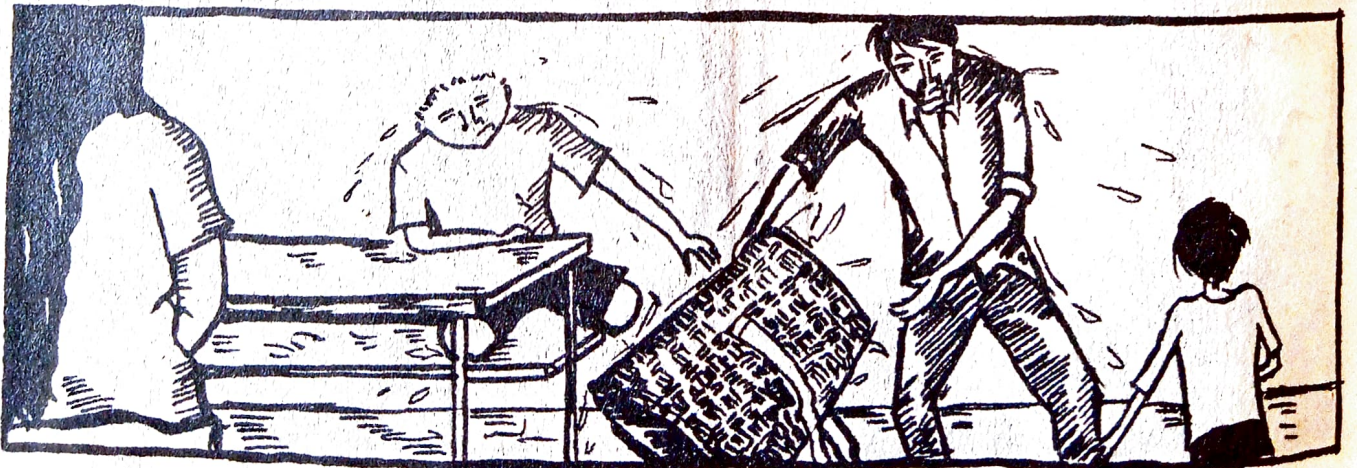
But there was the occasional knock on the door...



to let in the odd traveller or two...



But who were these two walking around the hills at a time like this? They did not come from these parts.





Pema and her husband stopped for a moment to look at the new arrivals.



Pema, for a little longer...



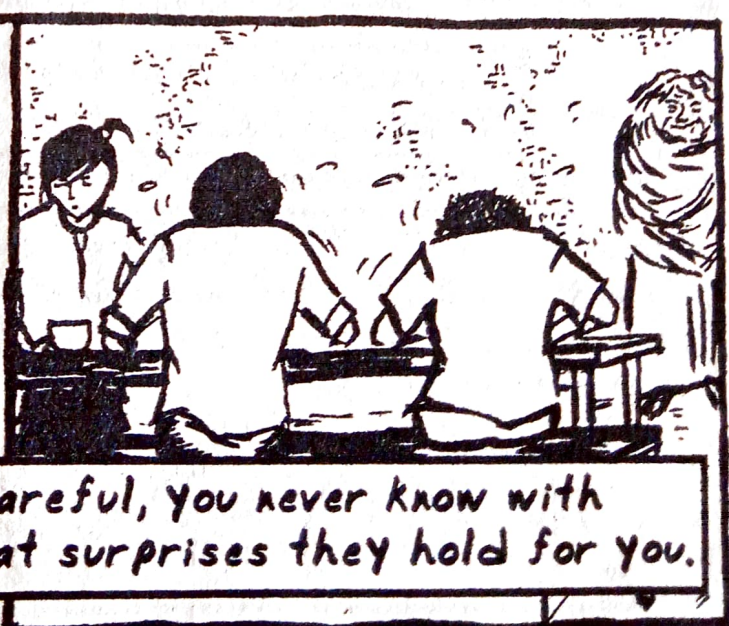
...before being prodded into dishing out rice and pork curry.



Mmmm...  
Nice, nice.

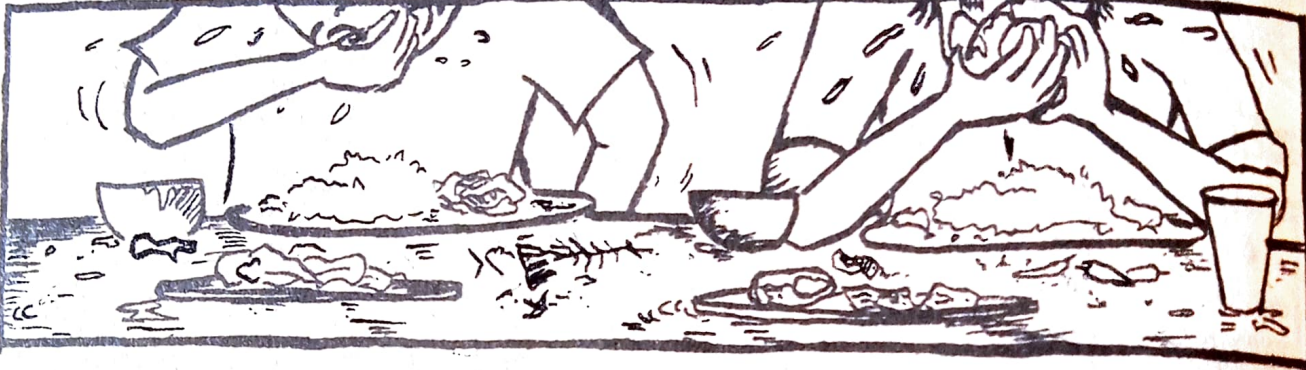
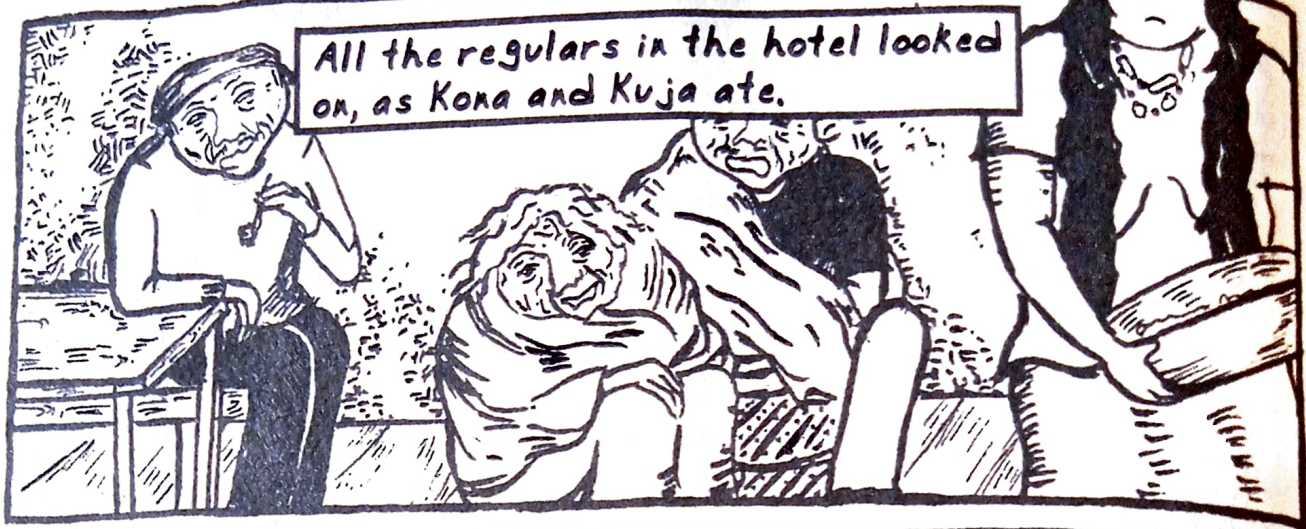


Better to be careful, you never know with strangers. What surprises they hold for you.





All the regulars in the hotel looked on, as Kona and Kuja ate.



Everybody except the prophet, who was blind and liked to keep to himself.

And it was only after they had gone through a mountain of rice and chilli, lai saak and half a small pig...





...that somebody asked the question—

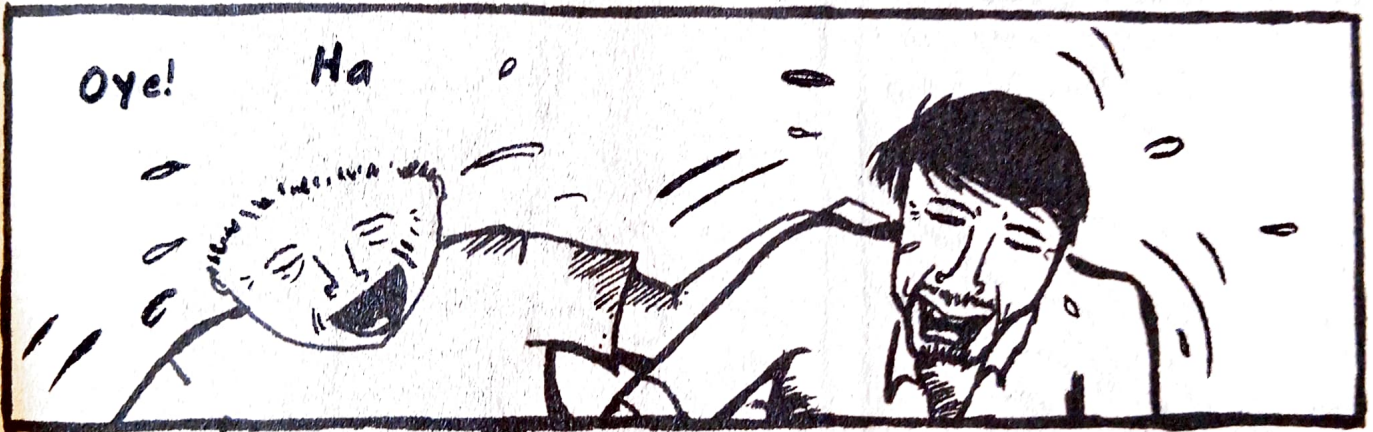
And, my son, whatever has given you a hunger like this?



Hyuk... Ah, the journey to China, of course!



Oye! Ha



China? The two of you went to China?

They're from China?

China? The China people are coming again?

