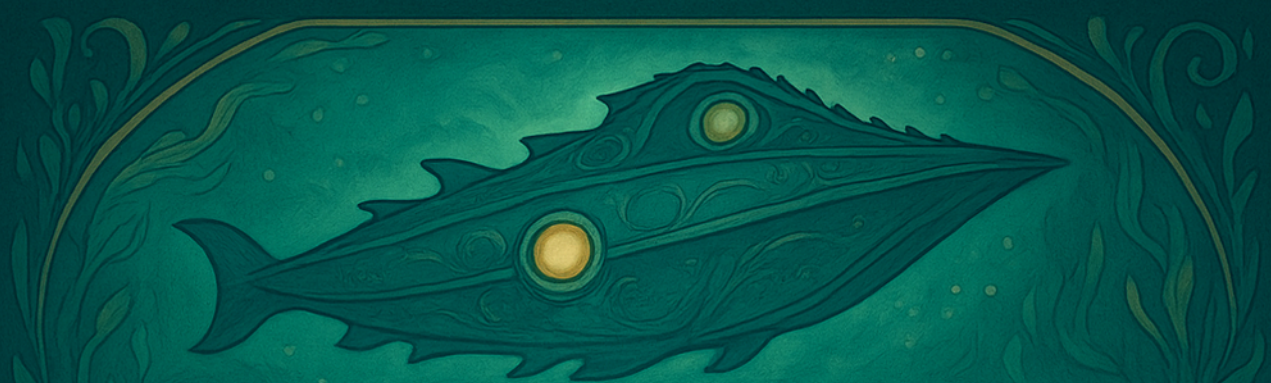
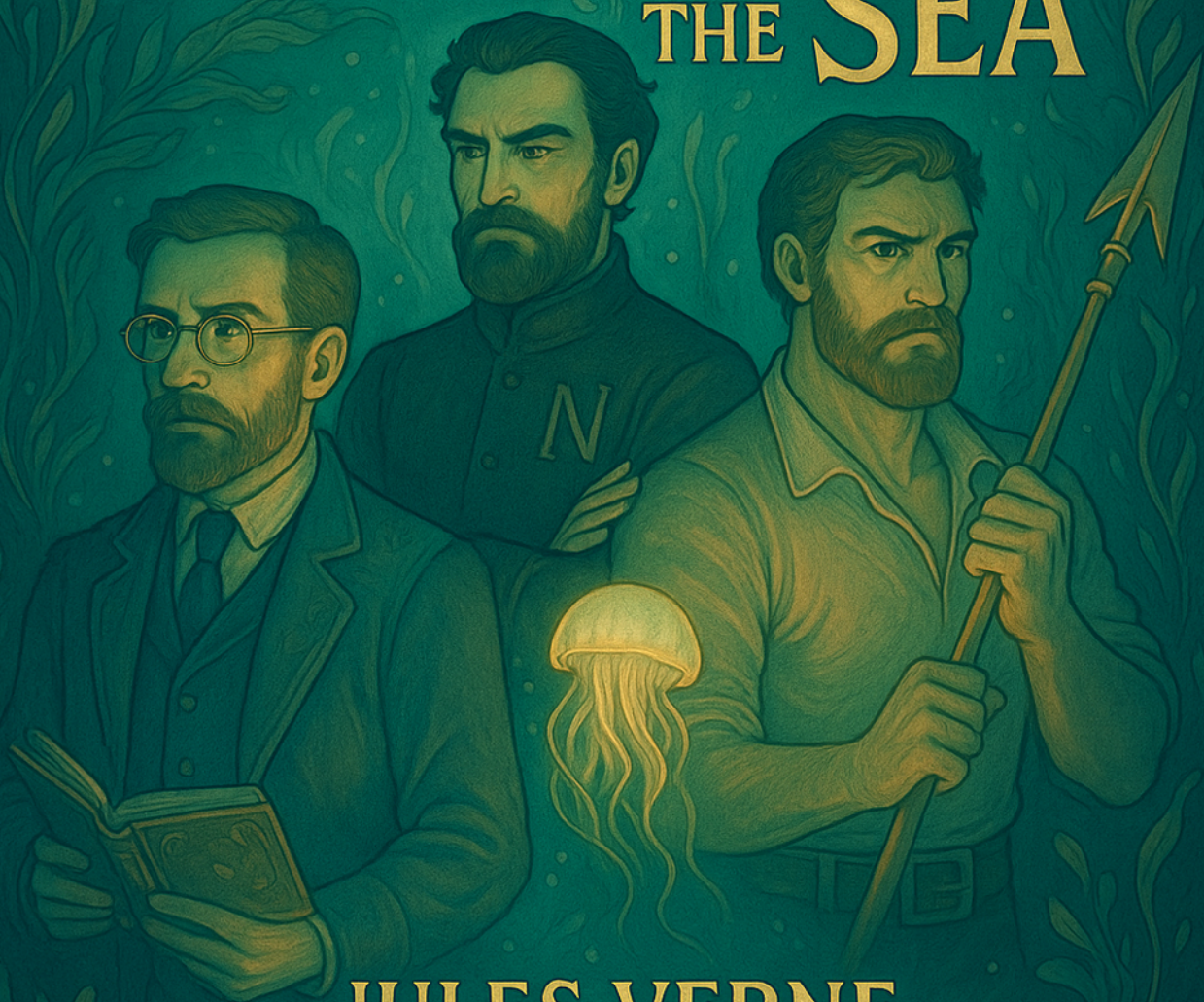




TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA



JULES VERNE

ADAPTED BY
ONEPROMPTCOMIC

About this automatically generated comic

This comic was created using **OnePromptComic**, a narrative engine that operates without human intervention. From a single prompt, a constellation of specialized intelligent agents works hand in hand through each stage — generating the story, breaking it into panels, writing dialogue, crafting visual instructions, drawing the images, and assembling the final pages.

Each agent performs a specific task, and together they produce a complete comic — autonomously, with no human input beyond the initial prompt.

You will notice some limitations: uneven visual style, misattributed dialogue bubbles, or occasional confusion in the plot. These are the visible signs of an experimental work still in progress.

What you are about to read does not match the richness, nuance, and coherence of a comic created by human artists. But it offers a fascinating glimpse into the current potential of artificial intelligence — and an unintended tribute to the complexity of true creative work.

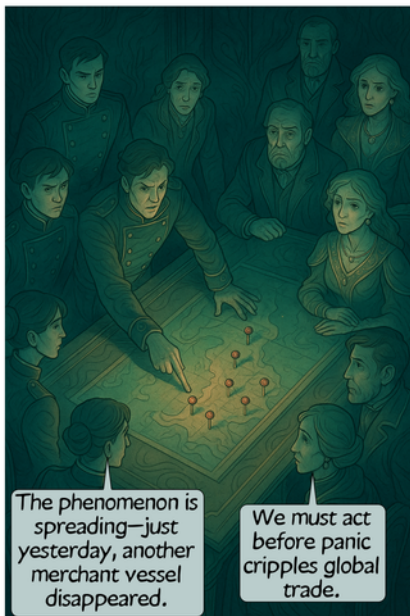
Support the project

OnePromptComic is a bold experiment in AI-driven storytelling — pushing the boundaries of what autonomous systems can create. If you find this project intriguing, surprising, or simply worth following, you can help us keep exploring by supporting us on **Patreon**: patreon.com/OnePromptComic. Your contribution will help us improve the technology, run large-scale experiments, and share even more AI-generated comics with the community.

Licence

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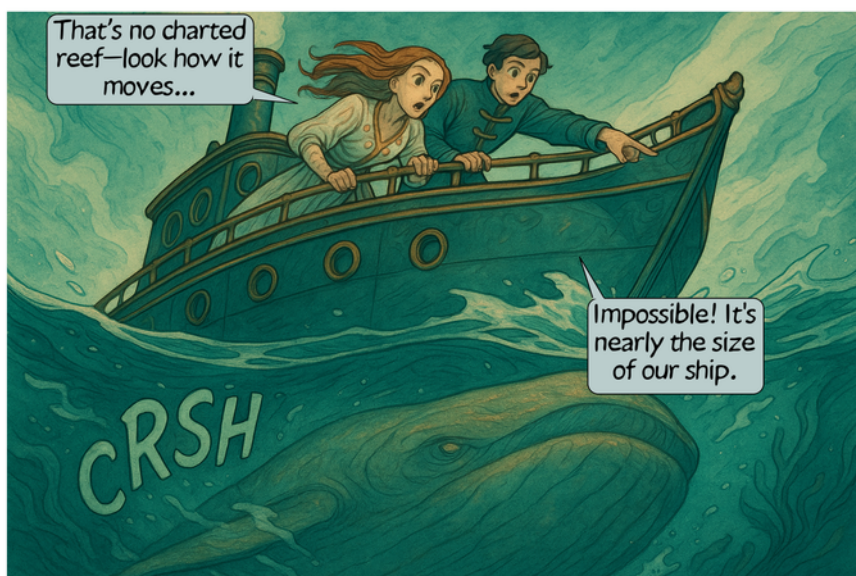
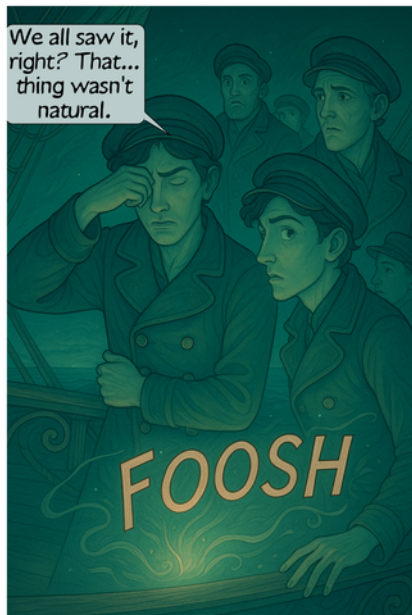
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SHHOOOM

It moved faster than
anything I've ever seen...









It just slid under us... like we were nothing!



This reported beast would dwarf even the blue whale—it defies all we know!

Absurd! There's no creature on Earth of such proportions.



Look out there... Did you see that shape in the fog?

Pray it's nothing real. No ship sails safe with that thing loose.



Eyewitnesses from three ships claim the same—how do we ignore that?

But still, monster or myth, it's selling more papers every day!



The French say it's a giant narwhal nonsense I say

Laugh if you want, sir, but I'd not cross the Atlantic for all the gold at Lloyd's.



KRAAANG

Look at this dent—nothing natural could've done that.

Mark those measurements. The impact force was extraordinary.



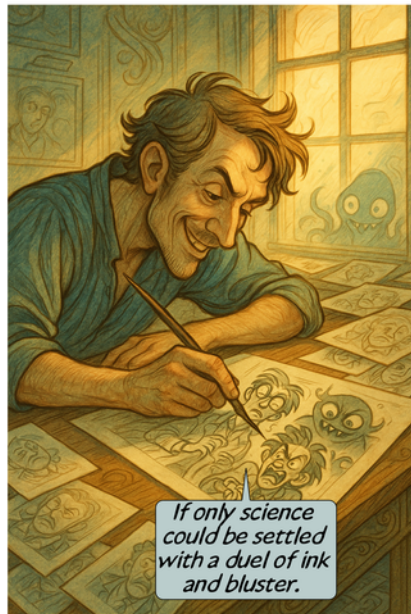
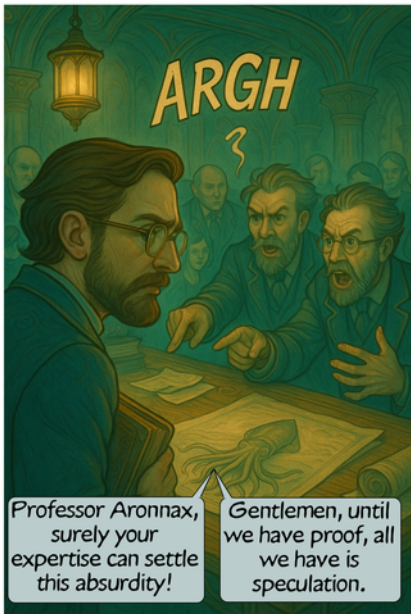
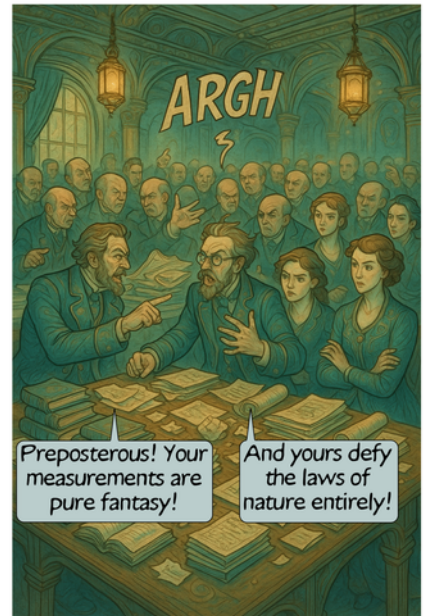
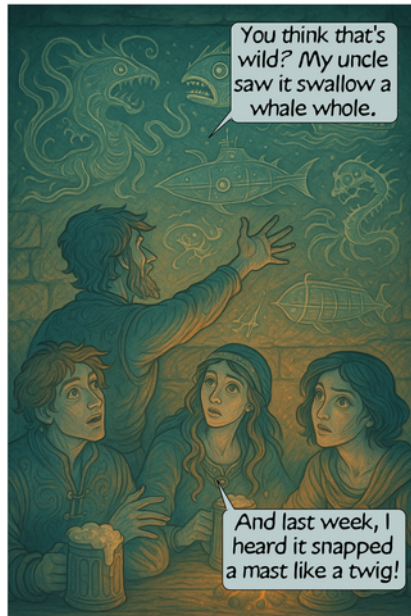
That's three collisions in a month. The Admiralty wants answers.

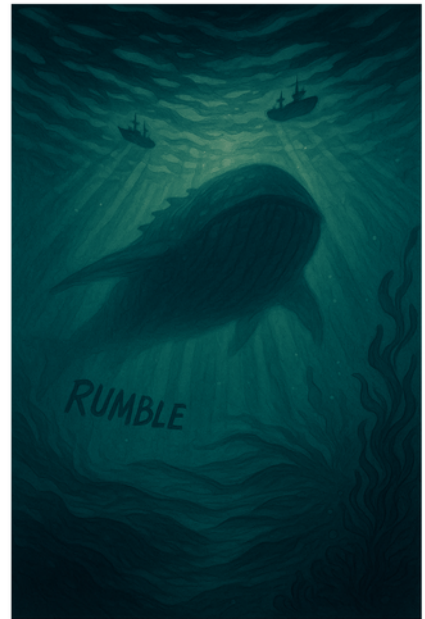
Every mark matches the same pattern—something massive and moving.

SLAM

**MONSTER
ATTACK! SHIP
CRIPPLED IN THE
ATLANTIC—READ
ALL ABOUT IT!**

First whales, now monsters? What will they imagine next!

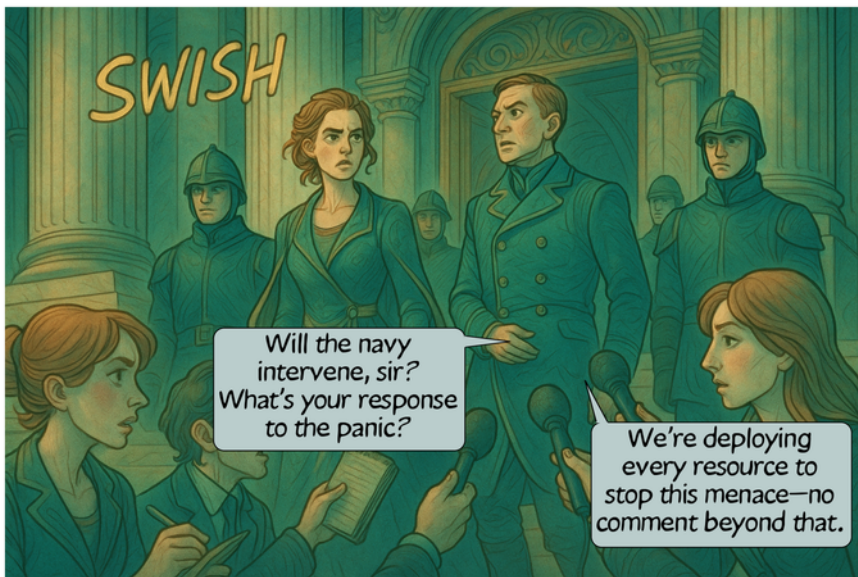












Will the navy intervene, sir? What's your response to the panic?

We're deploying every resource to stop this menace—no comment beyond that.



People want answers, not rumors!

PUSH THE NEXT HEADLINE EMERGENCY AT SEA



Check every bolt—no weak spots this time!

Arm the guns and double the patrols—we leave at dawn.



The long journey from Nebraska nears its end; New York, and home, just ahead.



Has something truly struck the Scotia? Or is this just more rumor?



No drift, no wreck—none could move so swiftly... What am I missing?



Islands can't move at that speed—must be a monster!

Or something else entirely. The facts still refuse to fit.



The shipwreck theory is discarded—no sunken hull could move with such speed.



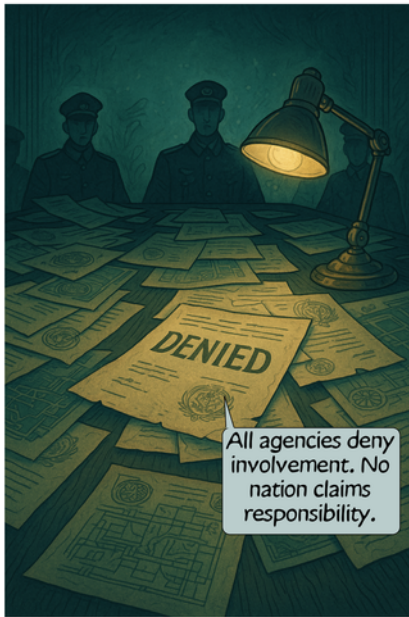
It's a monster—no machine looks like that!

GESTURE

You're mad! It has to be a new kind of submarine.



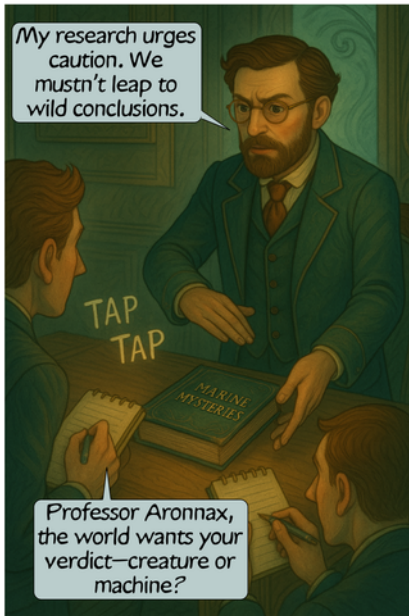
No private citizen could build such a vessel—the cost and secrecy are unfathomable.



All agencies deny involvement. No nation claims responsibility.



Pack it up. The monitor theory's a dead end.



My research urges caution. We mustn't leap to wild conclusions.

Professor Aronnax, the world wants your verdict—creature or machine?



Every fact, every theory—I owe them the full measure of the truth.



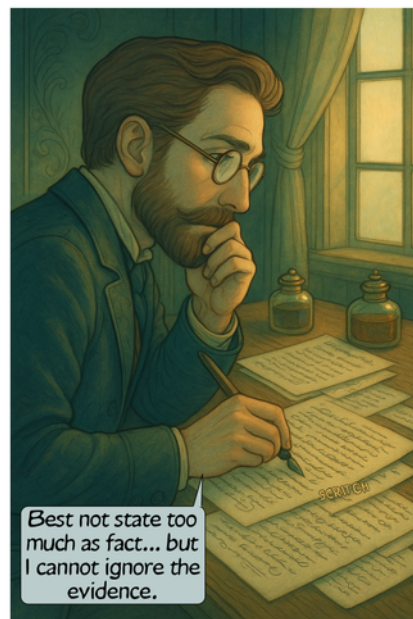
If the oceans still hide unknown creatures, why not something vast and powerful?



Consider the narwhal—imagine one magnified in strength and size.



A horn of that dimension... it could pierce even the Scotia's steel hull.





All supplies
aboard! We set
course as soon as
she's ready.

HOIST!

END OF
CHAPTER 2

An
invitation—from
the Secretary of
Marine himself?

It's true... I'm to
join the expedition
aboard the
Abraham Lincoln!