# Comic WorkStation — Agents, Methods, Results

## Agents

- ScriptWriterAgent: drafts story segments with explicit image markers to guide illustrations.
- RefinerAgent: Compresses each prompt to ~10–12 high-signal keywords; applies CharacterMemory + SceneMemory for identity and setting consistency; normalizes style tokens.
- ImageGeneratorAgent: uses `diffusers.StableDiffusionPipeline` with `ogkalu/Comic-Diffusion`; default quality=high; sequential generation; consolidated negative prompts to suppress blur, extra fingers, text/watermarks, logos; supports seed control and identity-weighting.
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## Implementation Highlights

- Short English prompts with identity tokens for character consistency across panels.
- Unified negative prompt policy to reduce common diffusion artifacts.
- Sequential image generation for stability and reproducibility; quality modes tuned with higher steps/CFG by default.
- PDF composition with registered TTF fonts to ensure cross-platform rendering.

## Results (delivered artifacts)

- Folders with PDF + images under `output_comics/`
- Sample images:

The gas lamps of Grosvenor Square hissed like discontented serpents as Detective Arthur Pemberton ascended the marble steps of Blackwood House. A liveried footman, face pale as wax, ushered him into a lamplit study where the air was thick with beeswax, old paper, and a sharper, metallic scent.



By the immense oak desk, in a pool of lamplight and dark ink, lay the body of Lord Alistair Blackwood. His eyes were wide with terminal surprise. Kneeling beside him was a man with a physician's bag, who looked up with a grave expression. "The heart, at a glance," said Dr. William Vance, his voice low. "But the glance, Arthur, is seldom the whole story."

With that, the immense dragon withdrew into the shattered tower, leaving the perilous bridge humming with residual power.

Ser Caldre eyed the crackling path. "A test. Or a polite execution."

"It is a thread of fate," Myrid corrected, her blind eyes wide. "The bridge is not of pure lightning. It is woven with memory. Tread carefully, for you will walk through shadows of the Last War."

Arin took the first step onto the bridge. It was solid, yet vibrated with a psychic echo. Images flickered at the edges of his vision: armies of men and dragons locked in combat, a brilliant crown on a brow of stone, a great shattering. He pressed on.