

# Comic WorkStation — Multi-Agent Story and Illustration Workshop

## Main Agents:

1. ScriptWriterAgent: Use **Deepseek-chat** model to draft story segments with explicit image markers to guide illustrations.
2. RefinerAgent: Compresses each prompt to ~10–12 high-signal keywords; applies CharacterMemory + SceneMemory for identity and setting consistency; normalizes style tokens.
3. ImageGeneratorAgent: Locally uses `diffusers.StableDiffusionPipeline` with **ogkalu/Comic-Diffusion-v2(a famous diffusion model)**; sequential generation; consolidated negative prompts to suppress blur, extra fingers, text/watermarks, logos; supports seed control and identity-weighting.

## 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.

## Results (screenshot from three different novels):



Mina met his gaze, understanding dawning. "You learn the landscape of a place, or a person, and then you have to leave it. The knowing doesn't fade, but it changes. Becomes softer, like a well-worn map."

Lila smiled, leaning against the counter. The clock ticked on, a silent witness to these exchanged truths. "Perhaps," she offered, "the warmest revelations aren't about finding something new, but about understanding what you already have, or what you've already lived. Even the hollow spaces have a shape."

The gas lamps of Grosvenor Square hissed like discontented serpents as Detective Arthur Pendelton ascended the marble steps of Blackwood House. A liveried footman, face pale as wax, ushered him into a lamp-lit 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," Myriel 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."

Avin 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.



**Github repository:** [https://github.com/Lux-Jason/Comic\\_WorkStation](https://github.com/Lux-Jason/Comic_WorkStation)