

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT IS THAT? WHAT COULD RIP A HOLE HERE?

IT'S MY BIGGEST NIGHTMARE.

THERE IS A BLACK HOLE AT THE CENTER OF EVERY GALAXY.

FAR-FLUNG SOLAR SYSTEMS ARE INFLUENCED BY ITS TUG.

WE CAREFULLY SKIRT BEING SUCKED IN OR WE FLING OURSELVES HELPLESSLY INTO THEIR ORBIT.

IT DRAWS US DUST SPECKS TOGETHER AND PUSHES US APART.

JUST LIKE MOMENTS DO. JUST LIKE FRIENDS OR ENEMIES.

I AM THE BLACK HOLE AT THE CENTER OF THE GALAXY.

AND I AM THE DUST.

Spring

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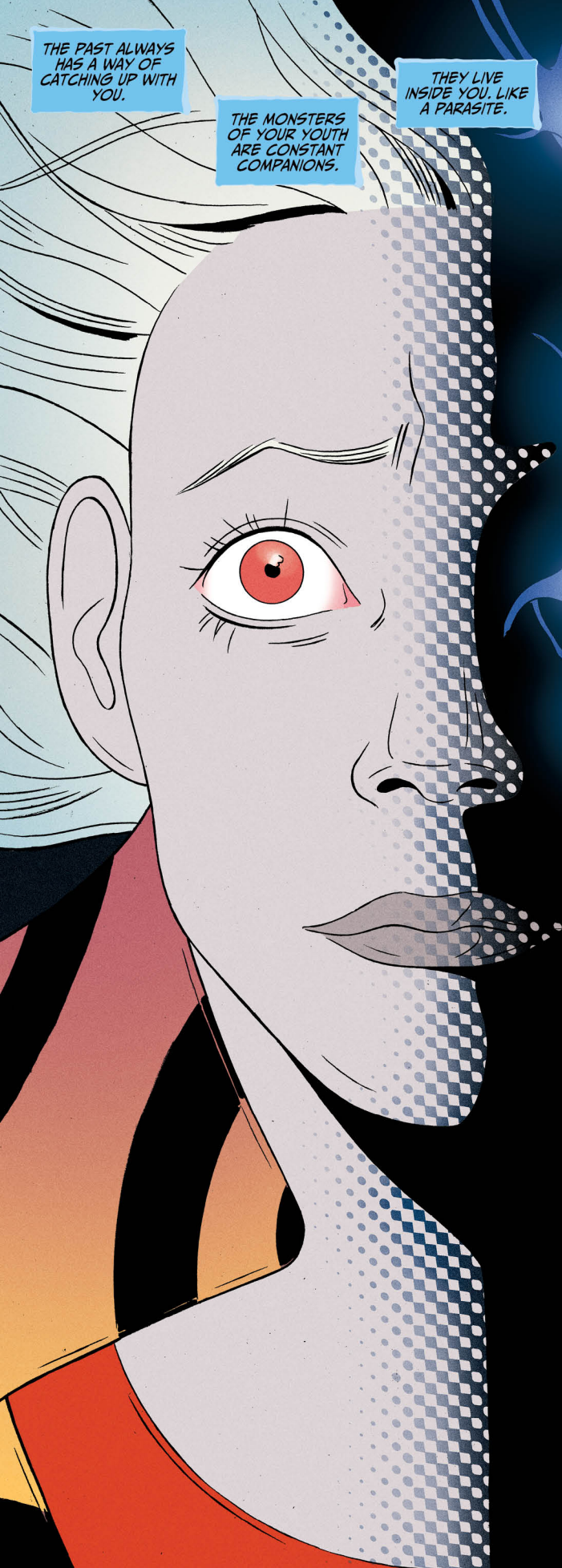
THE PAST ALWAYS HAS A WAY OF CATCHING UP WITH YOU.

THE MONSTERS OF YOUR YOUTH ARE CONSTANT COMPANIONS.

THEY LIVE INSIDE YOU. LIKE A PARASITE.

MEMORIES ARE TORN, FRAGMENTED, BUT THEY INFLUENCE HOW YOU NAVIGATE A LIFE.

WHAT IS REMEMBERED MOST CLEARLY CAN WARM OR FREEZE YOUR SOUL.



I'M SORRY, BUT YOU FAILED OUR PARENTING TEST. YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ELSEWHERE.

BUT THERE IS NOWHERE ELSE TO GO...

IT GROWS NEW HEADS AND EXTRA LIMBS TO HOLD YOU BACK.

UNTIL IT FADES TO A NAMELESS DREAD THAT DIVES DOWN DEEP IN YOUR CORE.

BUT WHAT'S LONG FORGOTTEN STEERS YOUR FUTURE MORE THAN YOU KNOW.

MY MIND FIGHTS TO FORGET.

BUT A NIGHTMARE, ONCE BEGUN, NEVER ENDS.

THAT'S FOUR SYSTEMS THE CRAY HAVE CONSUMED IN UNDER A YEAR.

HOW MANY MORE REFUGEES CAN WE TAKE?

METAN LAW IS CLEAR. WE TAKE THEM ALL IN. AS LONG AS THEY FOLLOW THE METAN WAY.

TILL THE CRAY COME FOR US.

BUT IT'S NOT EASY. YOUR NIGHTMARE IS ALWAYS COMING.

FEAR GROWS AND CROUCHES INSIDE YOU. IT LIES IN WAIT.

YOU COPE. DEVISE STRATEGIES TO SURVIVE.

THEN ONE DAY YOU FIND THE ONE WORLD THAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN QUIET THE NIGHTMARES FOR GOOD.

THAT YOU CAN RUN FORWARD FROM HORRIBLE HERE TO SOMETHING BETTER THERE.

THE CRAY. THEY'RE COMING FOR EARTH.

LOSING YOUR WORLD IS A NIGHTMARE YOU WRESTLE WITH YOUR WHOLE LIFE.

I'M AFRAID, BUT HOW CAN I NOT CARE? I DON'T EVEN CARE!

IT'S MADNESS TO EVER SAVE ANYONE BUT YOURSELF.

YOU HAVE TO REPLACE THE IRREPLACEABLE WITH SOMEWHERE NEW.

IT'S TIME AGAIN. TO GO AND TRY.

YOU'RE A HEARTLESS LOON.

WHAT A FOOL OF A BIRD I WAS. TO PUT MY STAKE IN HIM.

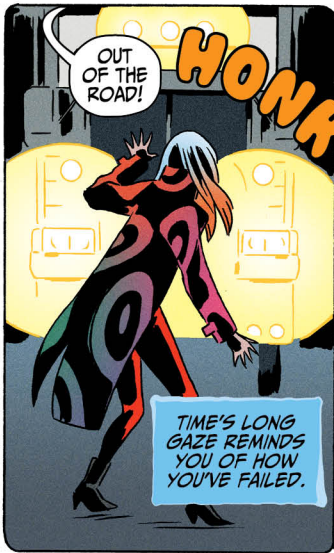
JUST LIKE ME. BROKEN.

CAN ANYTHING BROKEN TRULY BE REPAIRED?

WITHHOLDING. PRIDEFUL. STUBBORN. HEARTLESS.

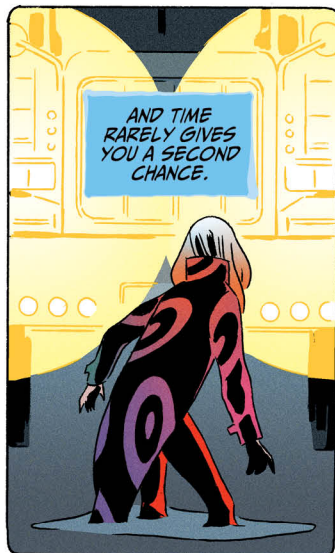
"MADNESS IS DOING THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER AGAIN AND EXPECTING DIFFERENT RESULTS."*

* SOMEONE SAID THIS. MAYBE EINSTEIN.

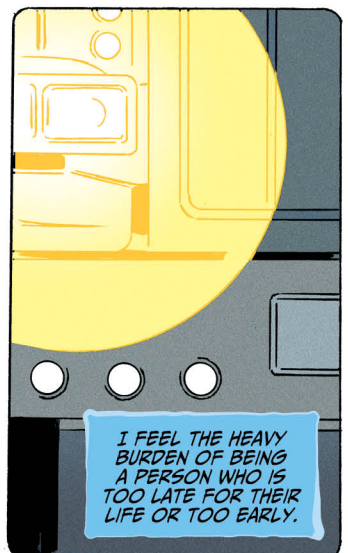


OUT OF THE ROAD!

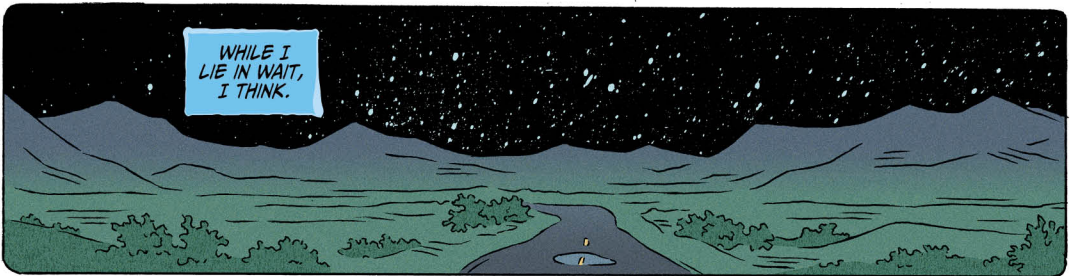
TIME'S LONG GAZE REMINDS YOU OF HOW YOU'VE FAILED.



AND TIME RARELY GIVES YOU A SECOND CHANCE.



I FEEL THE HEAVY BURDEN OF BEING A PERSON WHO IS TOO LATE FOR THEIR LIFE OR TOO EARLY.

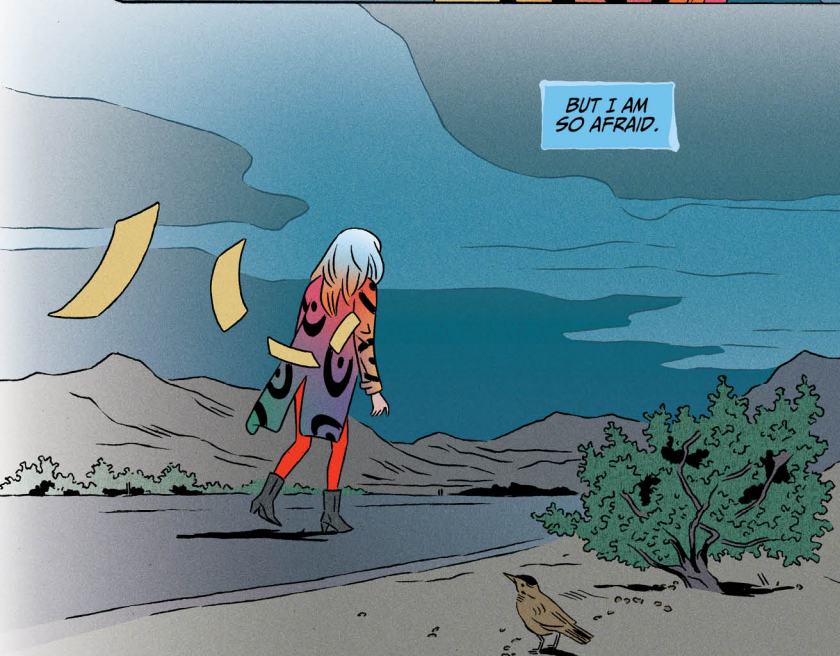


WHILE I LIE IN WAIT, I THINK.

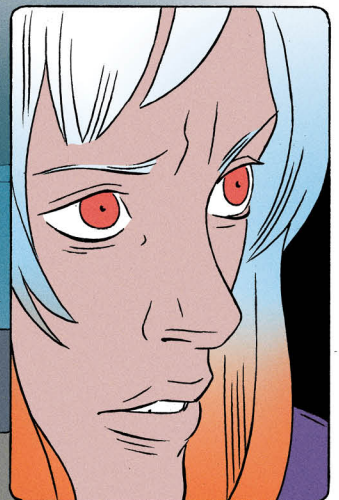


REGRETS? I HAVE A FEW.

TIME MAKES YOU WISE. TIME MAKES YOU MELLOW. TIME MAKES YOU BRAVE.



BUT I AM SO AFRAID.



IS THERE ENOUGH TIME FOR GOOD-BYES?