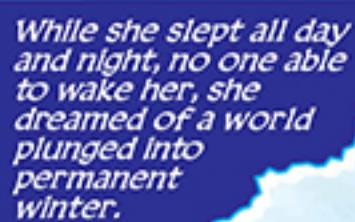




nce there was
a **princess** who'd
fallen under
a spell...



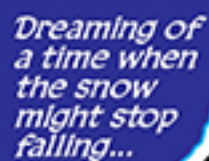
While she slept all day
and night, no one able
to wake her, she
dreamed of a world
plunged into
permanent
winter.



It was beautiful,
like she was,
but also dark
and cold and
lonely.



And so she
waited, locked
away from the
waking
world...



Dreaming of
a time when
the snow
might stop
falling...





Inform the
Inspector's
Office.

Precipitate
signature
confirmed.



New Mercy Upstate New



Resettlement New York · 2045