

SEVEN YEARS AGO.

Would you believe me, Tuya, if I told you I'm empty on the inside?

Would that make it easier?

I hunger, and I rage --
and I tell myself there's
nothing else inside me.

Memories don't count.
Not when they're all
like this.





LADY ILSA,
YOU'LL CATCH A
COLD. YOU
SHOULD COME
INSIDE.

HOLD YOUR
TONGUE, BRAT.
I'M RUNNING AN
EXPERIMENT.

I'm empty.

*Except
I'm not.*



WHO IS THE
HUNGRIEST
OF ALL, I
WONDER?

*You remember what it was
like when we were slaves?*



WHO WILL
PASS MY
TEST?

*How you and I convinced
each other we still owned
our lives?*



*How we imagined
ourselves
somewhere else?*



But the dream never lasted.

We had to endure.



*We had
to fight.*



You were always the one who hoped. You had enough hope for the both of us.

TUYA? ARE YOU HURT?

MMMPF NO.



I wish I had that gift.

I SAVED YOU SOME, MAIKA.

Because I'm in a cage again, Tuya.



My body isn't my own.

YOU AND I... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER. FOREVER.

I PROMISE.

There's something else inside me.



Maybe I've lost my mind.



VERY... INTERESTING.

I'm scared, Tuya. So scared I can't breathe.

All I can do is pretend it doesn't exist.



I wish I'd never left you.