Tuya...you said once that it was easier to be friends when we were slaves.

Too exhausted, hungry, and afraid to be defended against each other...

...or to lie.

I never told you how close I kept you. How fiercely I held you to my heart.

I survived because of you.

But I'm beginning to forget, Tuya. You are beginning to fade inside of me.

WHAT IS THAT HUMMING SOUND?

> ... A SIGN... OF LIFE...

> > SERVITORS APPROACH...



