Lowtown.
A REFUGE FOR THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY'S GENETRASH.
THIS IS THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY'S WONDROUS PLANET?! IT'S NO BETTER THAN EARTH!
IT IS OUR HOME. EVERYONE HERE IS A SURVIVOR FROM ONE OF MY FATHER'S PURGES. HATED AND HUNTED... SIMPLY FOR BEING.
PIETRO AND I HAVE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH, BUT THE ONE BOND WE HAD THAT WAS UNBREAKABLE WAS FAMILY.
NOW THAT LAST LIFELINE IS FRAYING. WHO ARE WE? WHO ARE OUR PARENTS?
HE KNOWS WE'RE OUT HERE SOMEWHERE, SO HE MAKES SURE HIS FLORA-SCRUBBERS PICK EVERYTHING CLEAN.
THEY LEAVE US NOTHING. NOW, WE ARE AT THE PRECIPICE. WE HAVE SO FEW WARRIORS LEFT TO CHALLENGE HIM.
THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY HAS THE ANSWERS. WE'RE NOT LEAVING WITHOUT THEM.
THE FACT THAT HE HASN'T DESTROYED ME YET CAUSES ME CONCERN...THAT I AM STILL AN EXPERIMENT HE IS OBSERVING.
THE ARRIVAL OF YOU AND YOUR BROTHER IS THE FIRST BIT OF GOOD NEWS I'VE HAD IN A LONG TIME. YOU CAN HELP SAVE THOUSANDS OF LIVES.
THOUSANDS?
STEEL YOURSELF, SISTER.

BEHOLD THE MAGNITUDE OF MY FATHER'S SHAME. THEIR ONLY CRIME: BEING UNPERFECT.
I BELIEVE YOU MEAN IMPERFECT-- AH. YES, A JOKE. I'M USUALLY QUICKER.
WELL PLAYED.
NOTHING ABOUT THIS IS FUNNY. I'M ANNOYED WITH MY BROTHER.
IS HE MY BROTHER?
YES, OF COURSE HE IS. RIGHT?
AND THESE ARE JUST THE SCANT SURVIVORS OF MY FATHER'S RAMPAGES. NO LONGER WILL WE COWER IN THE DARK CORNERS. IF WE WAIT ANY LONGER TO OVERTHROW HIM, WE WILL BE TOO WEAK.
REMIND YOU OF ANYPLACE?
SEVERAL, IN FACT.
HO, IS IT OUR GLORIOUS LEADER?
HAIL, THE LOW EVOLUTIONARY!
WHEN DO WE RIDE INTO BATTLE?
WHY? SO YOU CAN FINALLY BE DISARMED COMPLETELY?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA-HA!
I STILL HAVE ONE ARM TO FIGHT WITH!
AND YOU SHALL NEED IT-- SOON.

"LOW EVOLUTIONARY"?
IT WAS A MOCKING TITLE HUNG ON ME BY MY FELLOW REJECTS, BUT I HAVE COME TO EMBRACE IT.
EVOLUTION COMES FROM A LOW PLACE...AND *RISES.*
I HAVE MUCH TO ASK OF YOU, AND LITTLE TO OFFER. WE MUST EVACUATE THE WOUNDED TO EARTH, AND RETURN WITH AS POWERFUL AN ARMY AS POSSIBLE.
SIR! SIR!
WE GOT A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE FROM A NEW SOURCE OVER A RELAY, AND IF IT'S TRUE-- IT COULD SPELL OUR DOOM!
YOUR FATHER HAS FOUND SOME NEW WAY TO TRACK US-- HE PLANS TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL YOU LEFT FROM CALLIPO.
THEN IT IS TOO LATE FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT FIGHT.

GET EVERYONE ELSE INTO THE BUNKERS AND SEAL THE ENTRANCE.
AND HAVE PAIM AND RUTHLE MEET ME IN THE COMMAND TENT.
EVERYONE WHO CAN LIFT A WEAPON OR RUN SUPPLIES REPORTS TO ME IN AN HOUR--
WHAT IF WE TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY?
THAT IS VERY BRAVE, AND FOOLHARDY. IF YOU HAD EVER SEEN HIM UNMAKE A CITY, YOU WOULD NOT CONSIDER IT.
STAY WITH US. JOIN OUR RANKS.
YOUR MESSENGER SAID THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY HAS A NEW TRACKER, RIGHT?
WHAT IF WE CAN TAKE IT OUT BEFORE THEY FIND YOU?
A GOOD IDEA, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND HOW FAST THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY MOVES.
REALLY?