

CURSES!

I CANNOT BELIEVE THEY GOT TO LORD UNDERROT! WE MET AS YOUNG MEN ON THESE VERY STREETS!

THIS IS A TRAVESTY!

THE WORLD HAS LOST AN ICON!

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FRIEND, LUNA.

FRIEND?!

SPT

I HATED UNDERROT AND HE HATED ME!

HE WAS ONE OF MY OLDEST FOES!

I DON'T GET IT, LUNA...IF YOU AND THIS GUY WERE ENEMIES WHY ARE YOU UPSET THAT THEY KILLED HIM?

BECAUSE HE KNEW MY STORY. HE KNEW ME WHEN I WAS JUST A STREET ARTIST AND CON MAN...FRESH OFF THE BOAT.

WITH HIS DEATH THERE IS NO ONE LEFT TO CORROBORATE FOR THAT TIME OF MY LIFE.

BY KILLING ANYONE WHO WAS WITNESS TO MY GREATNESS THOSE MUMMY NINJAS ARE LITERALLY KILLING MY LIFE STORY!

WE MUST TAKE THE COPTER TO OUR NEXT SCENE.

WHAT ABOUT THE BIKE?

WE LEAVE IT! BELLE?!

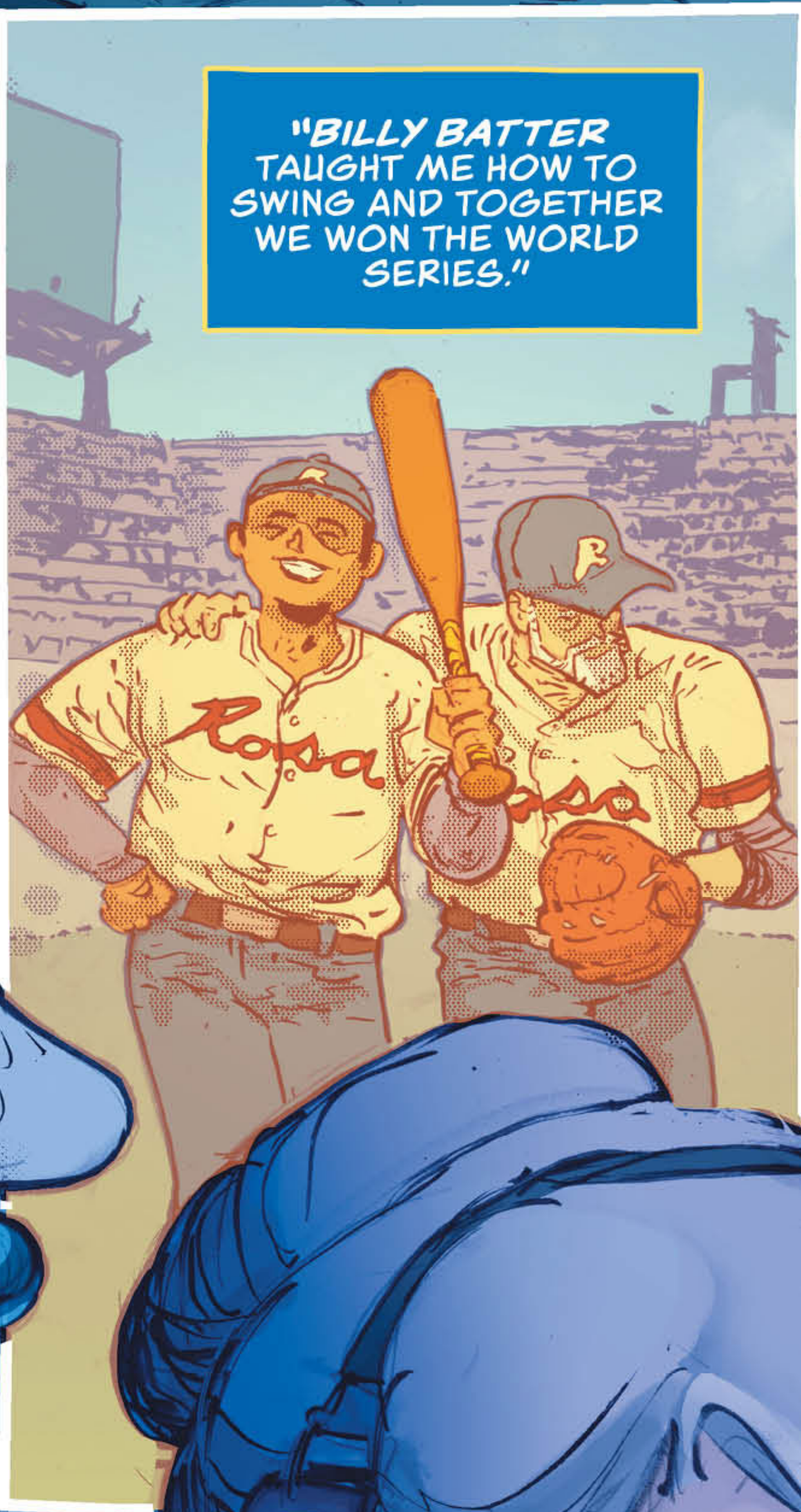
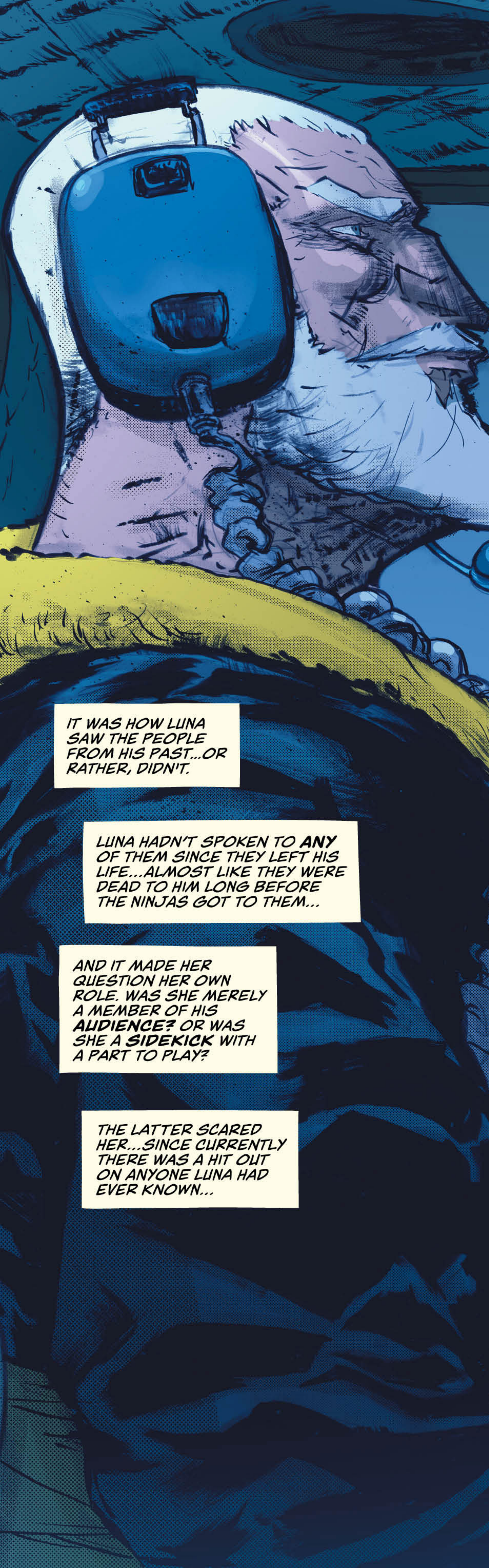
MERCI!

YOU MUST ABANDON YOUR FIXATION ON THE MATERIAL, VAL. WE CANNOT TAKE IT WITH US.

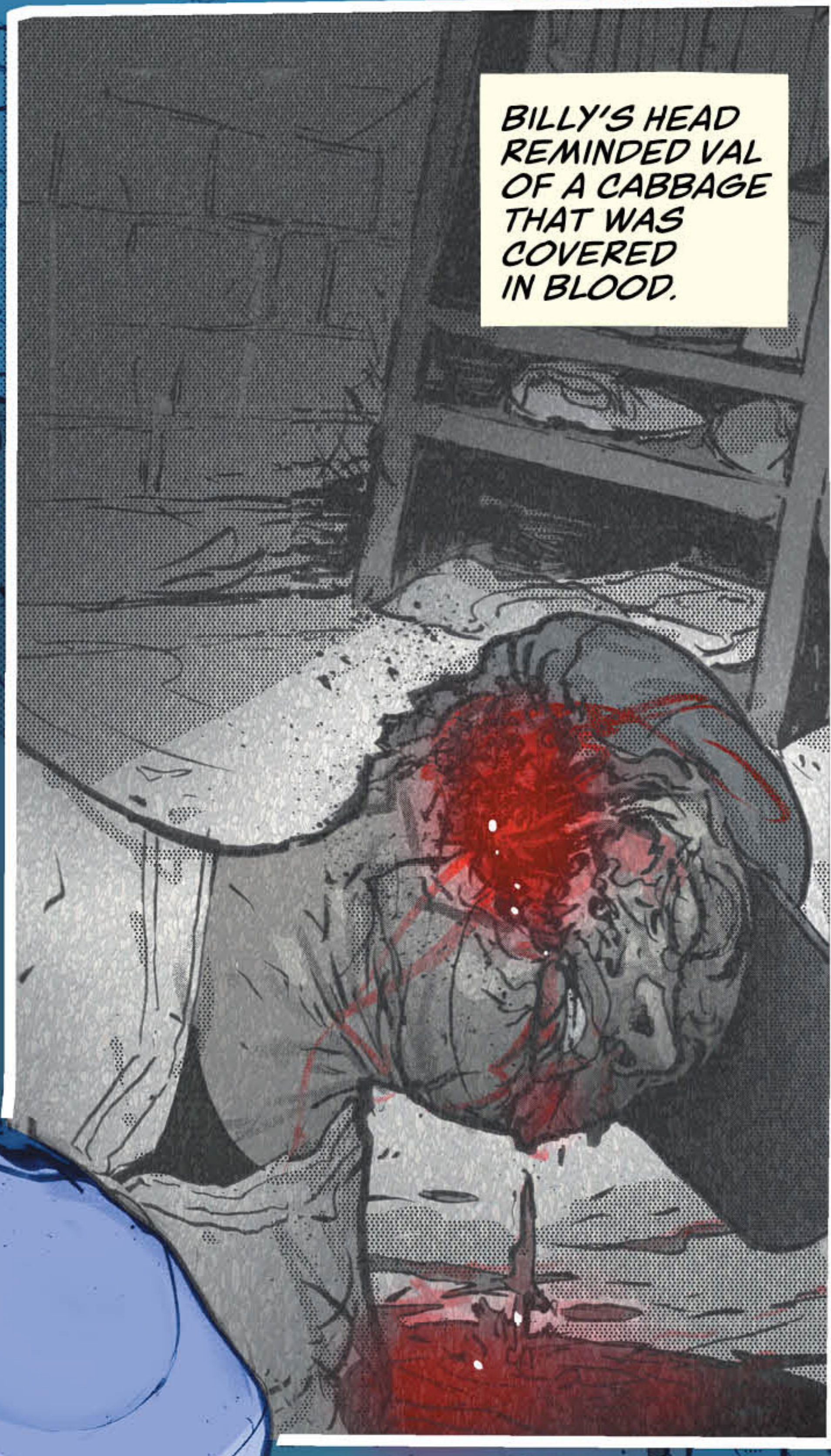
I DIDN'T--

ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE LEGACY WE LEAVE.

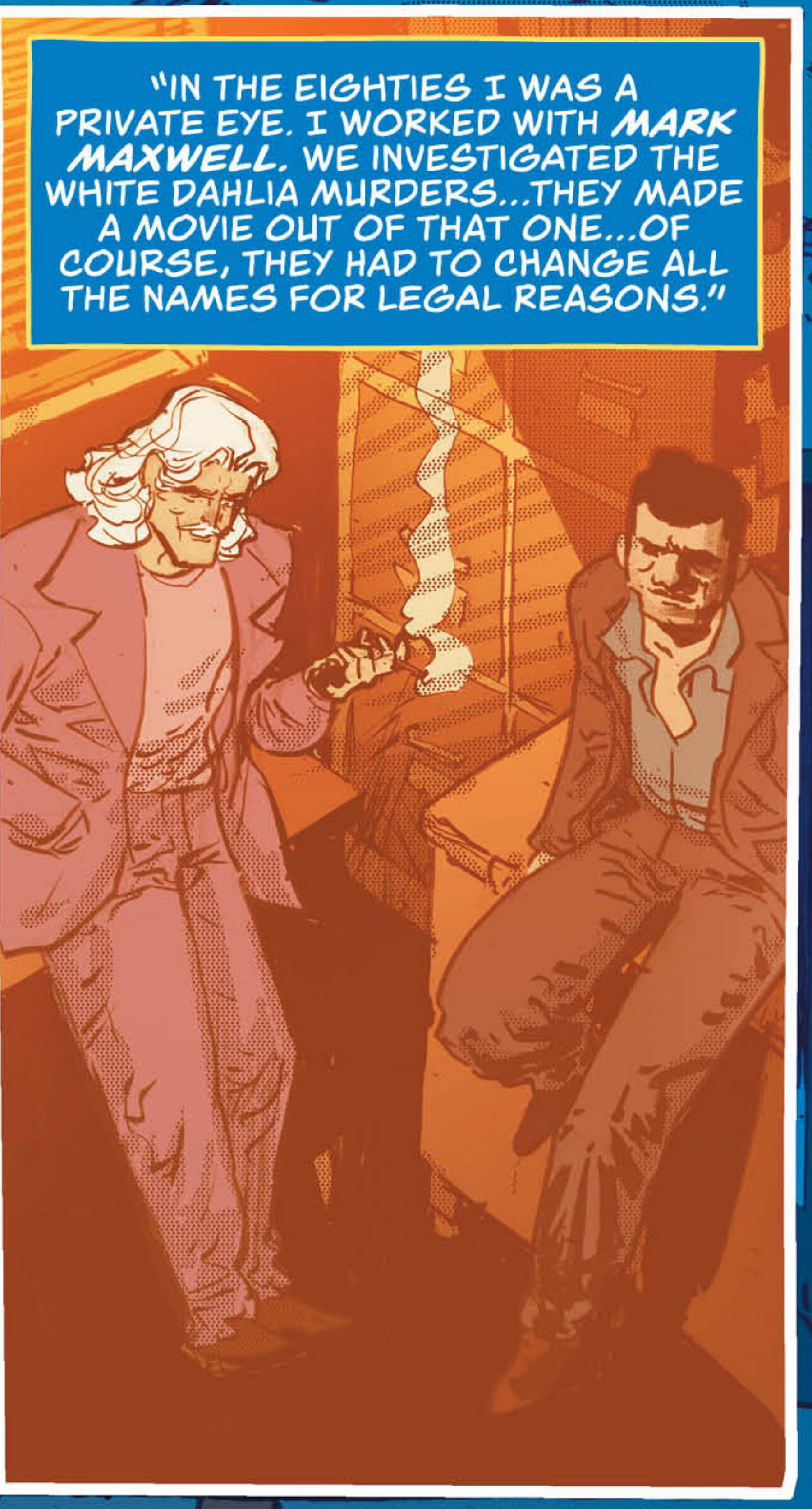
VAL WAS TASKED WITH GHOSTWRITING LUNA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, SO SHE TOOK EXTENSIVE NOTES. AS SHE DID THIS, AN UNNERVING PIECE OF LUNA'S STORY WAS COMING INTO FOCUS...



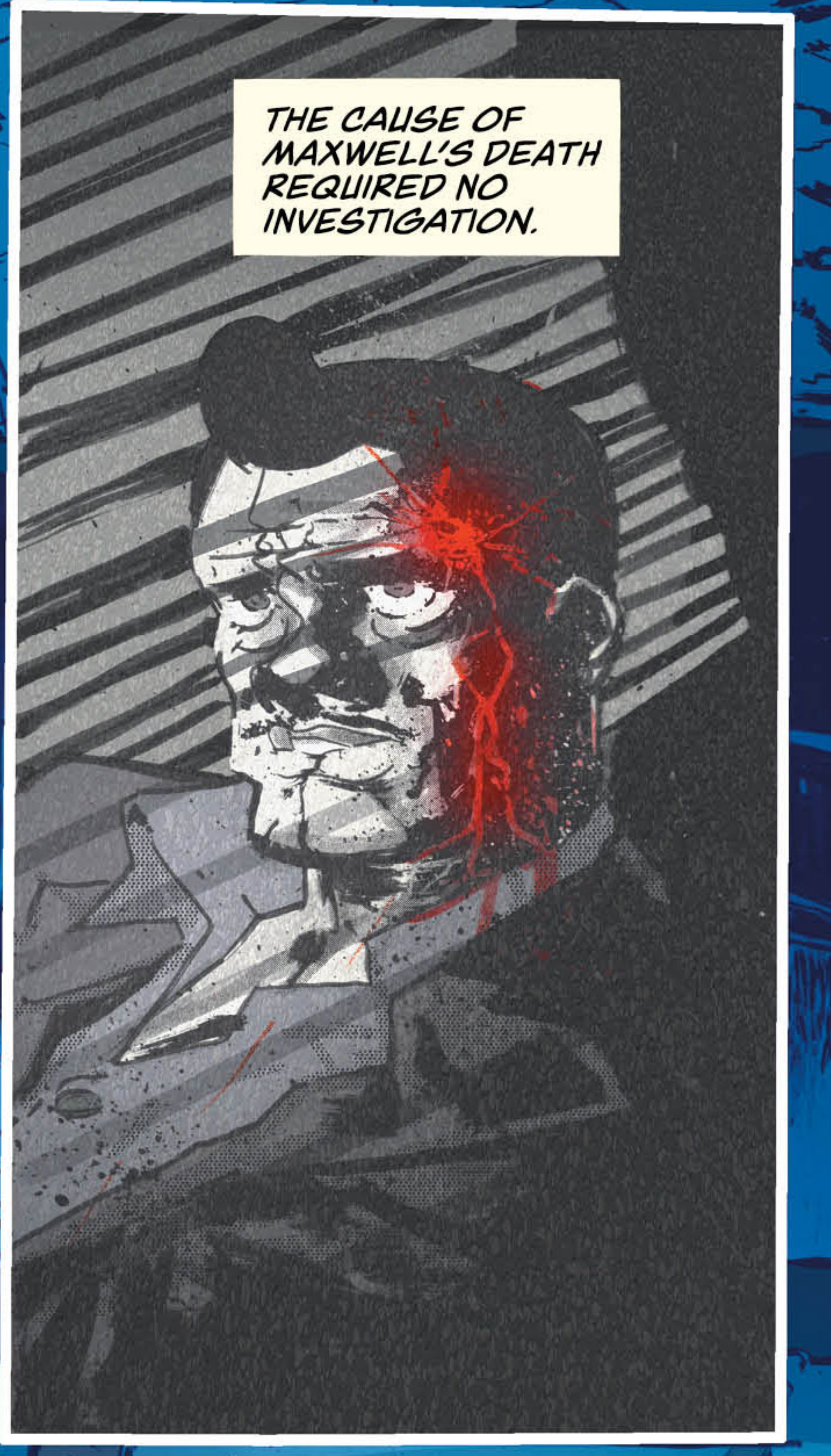
"BILLY BATTER TAUGHT ME HOW TO SWING AND TOGETHER WE WON THE WORLD SERIES."



BILLY'S HEAD REMINDED VAL OF A CABBAGE THAT WAS COVERED IN BLOOD.



"IN THE EIGHTIES I WAS A PRIVATE EYE. I WORKED WITH MARK MAXWELL. WE INVESTIGATED THE WHITE DAHLIA MURDERS...THEY MADE A MOVIE OUT OF THAT ONE...OF COURSE, THEY HAD TO CHANGE ALL THE NAMES FOR LEGAL REASONS."



THE CAUSE OF MAXWELL'S DEATH REQUIRED NO INVESTIGATION.

IT WAS HOW LUNA SAW THE PEOPLE FROM HIS PAST...OR RATHER, DIDN'T.

LUNA HADN'T SPOKEN TO ANY OF THEM SINCE THEY LEFT HIS LIFE...ALMOST LIKE THEY WERE DEAD TO HIM LONG BEFORE THE NINJAS GOT TO THEM...

AND IT MADE HER QUESTION HER OWN ROLE. WAS SHE MERELY A MEMBER OF HIS AUDIENCE? OR WAS SHE A SIDEKICK WITH A PART TO PLAY?

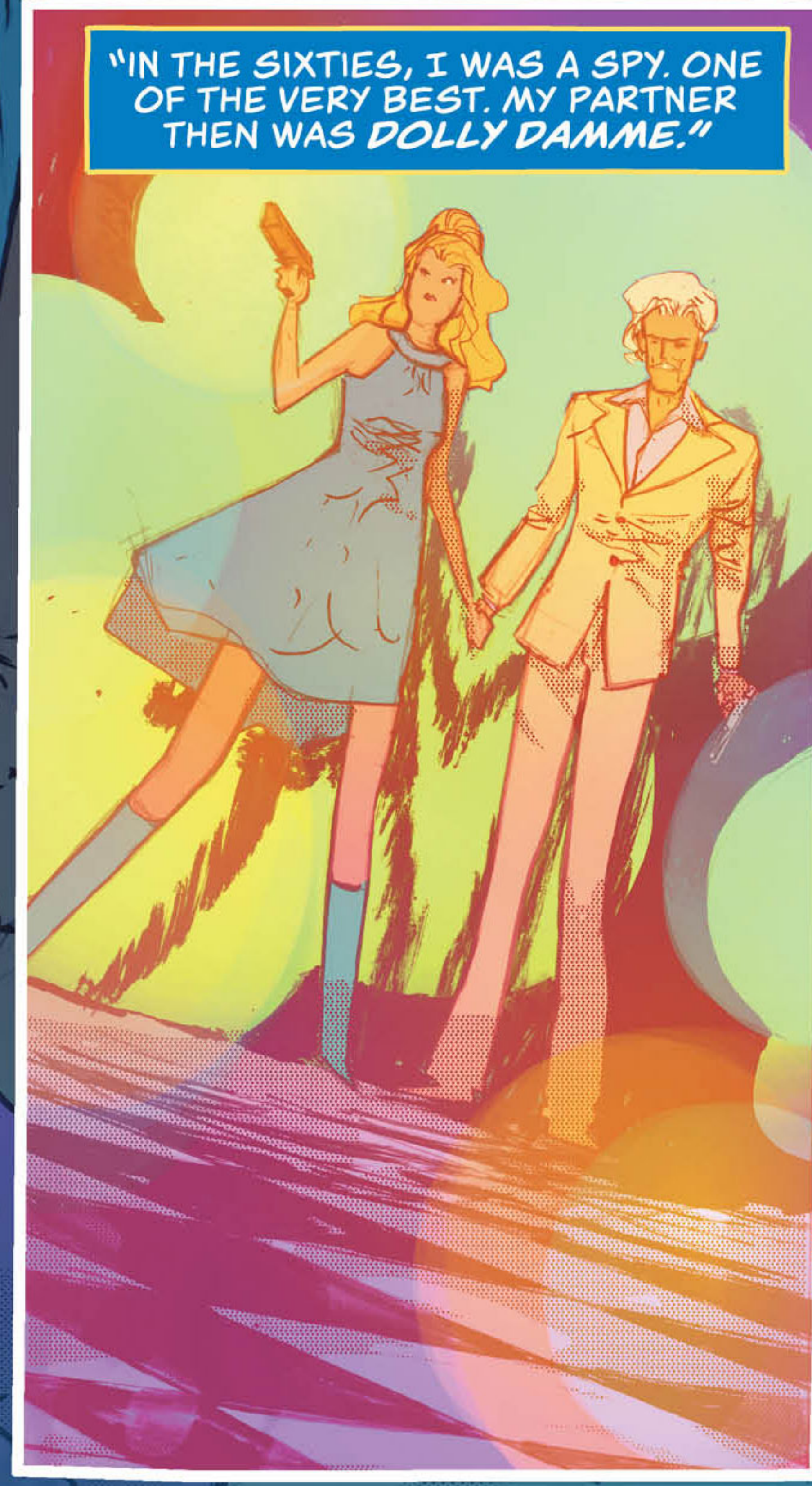
THE LATTER SCARED HER...SINCE CURRENTLY THERE WAS A HIT OUT ON ANYONE LUNA HAD EVER KNOWN...



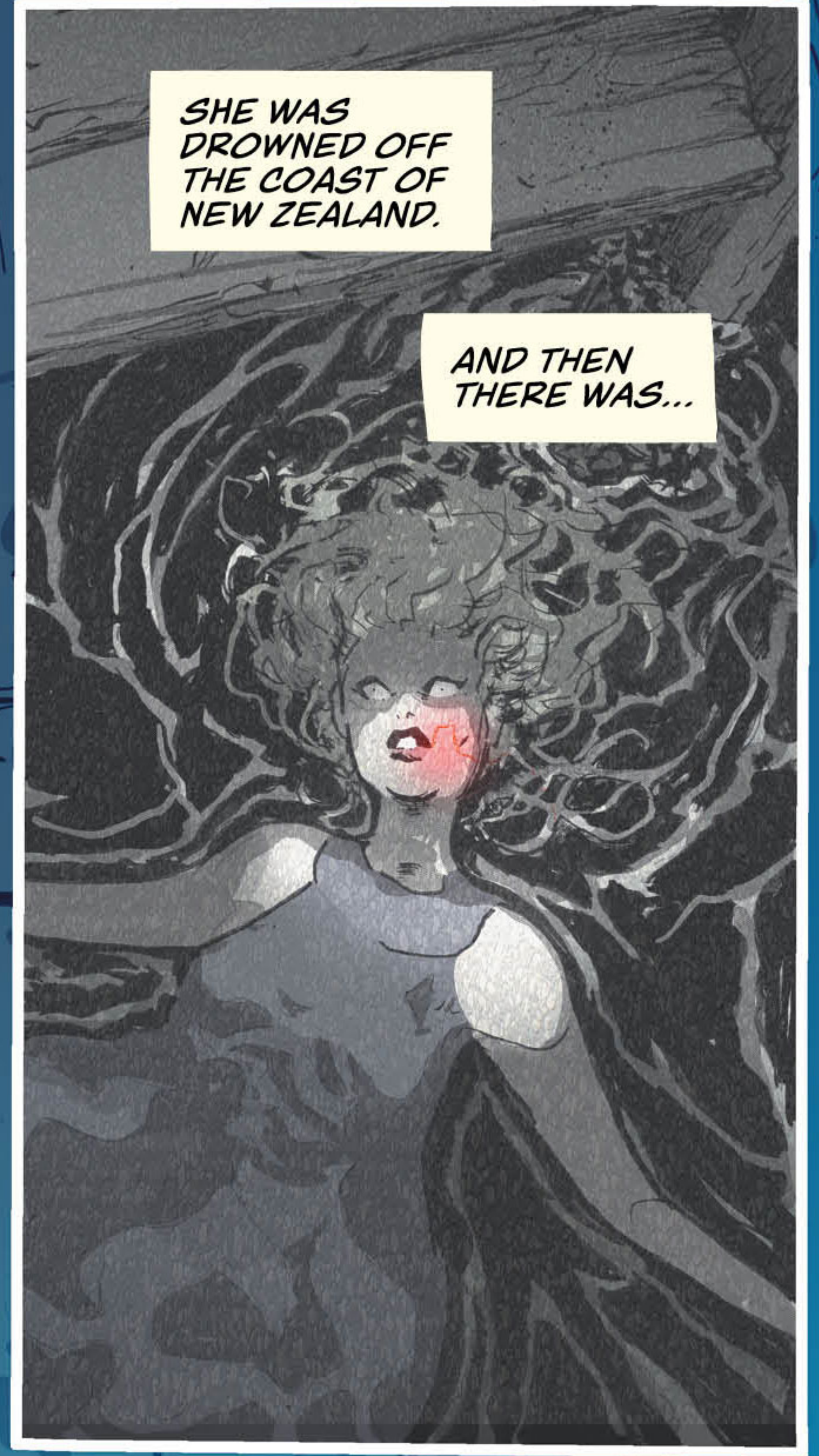
"WHEN I FIRST STARTED TO PAINT I COULDN'T SELL A PAINTING TO SAVE MY LIFE. BUT THEN CARSON CROWE BECAME MY ART DEALER AND SUDDENLY THERE WAS A DEMAND FOR MY OLD WORK."



HIS HEART WAS MISSING FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.



"IN THE SIXTIES, I WAS A SPY. ONE OF THE VERY BEST. MY PARTNER THEN WAS DOLLY DAMME."

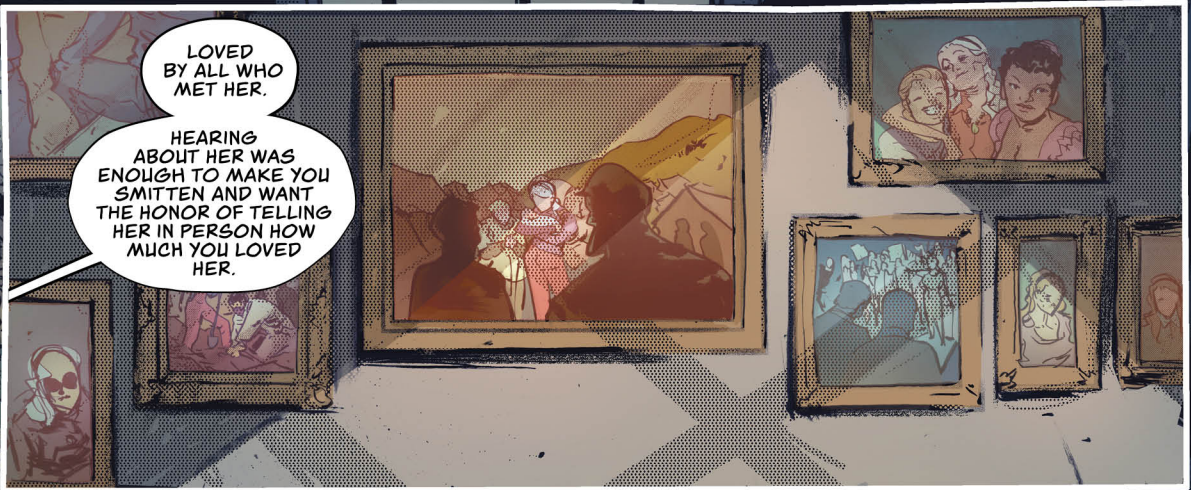


SHE WAS DROWNED OFF THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND.

AND THEN THERE WAS...

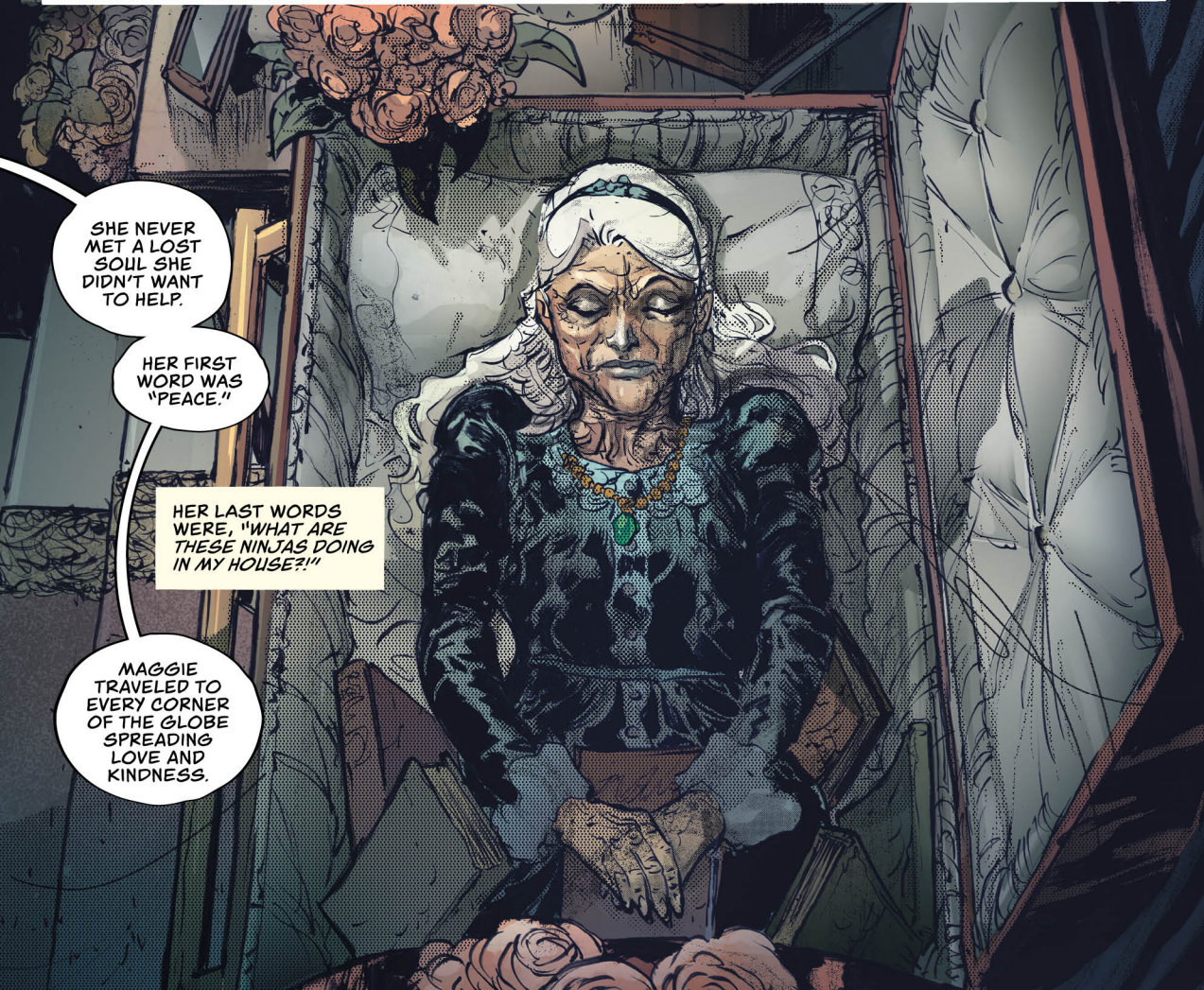


MAGGIE
MARS.
A
SAINT.



LOVED
BY ALL WHO
MET HER.

HEARING
ABOUT HER WAS
ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU
SMITTEN AND WANT
THE HONOR OF TELLING
HER IN PERSON HOW
MUCH YOU LOVED
HER.



SHE NEVER
MET A LOST
SOUL SHE
DIDN'T WANT
TO HELP.

HER FIRST
WORD WAS
"PEACE."

HER LAST WORDS
WERE, "WHAT ARE
THESE NINJAS DOING
IN MY HOUSE?!"

MAGGIE
TRAVELED TO
EVERY CORNER
OF THE GLOBE
SPREADING
LOVE AND
KINDNESS.