



THE BUNKER

BEGIN AGAIN

ABORT MISSION. ABORT MISSION. ABORT MISSION. ABORT MISSION.

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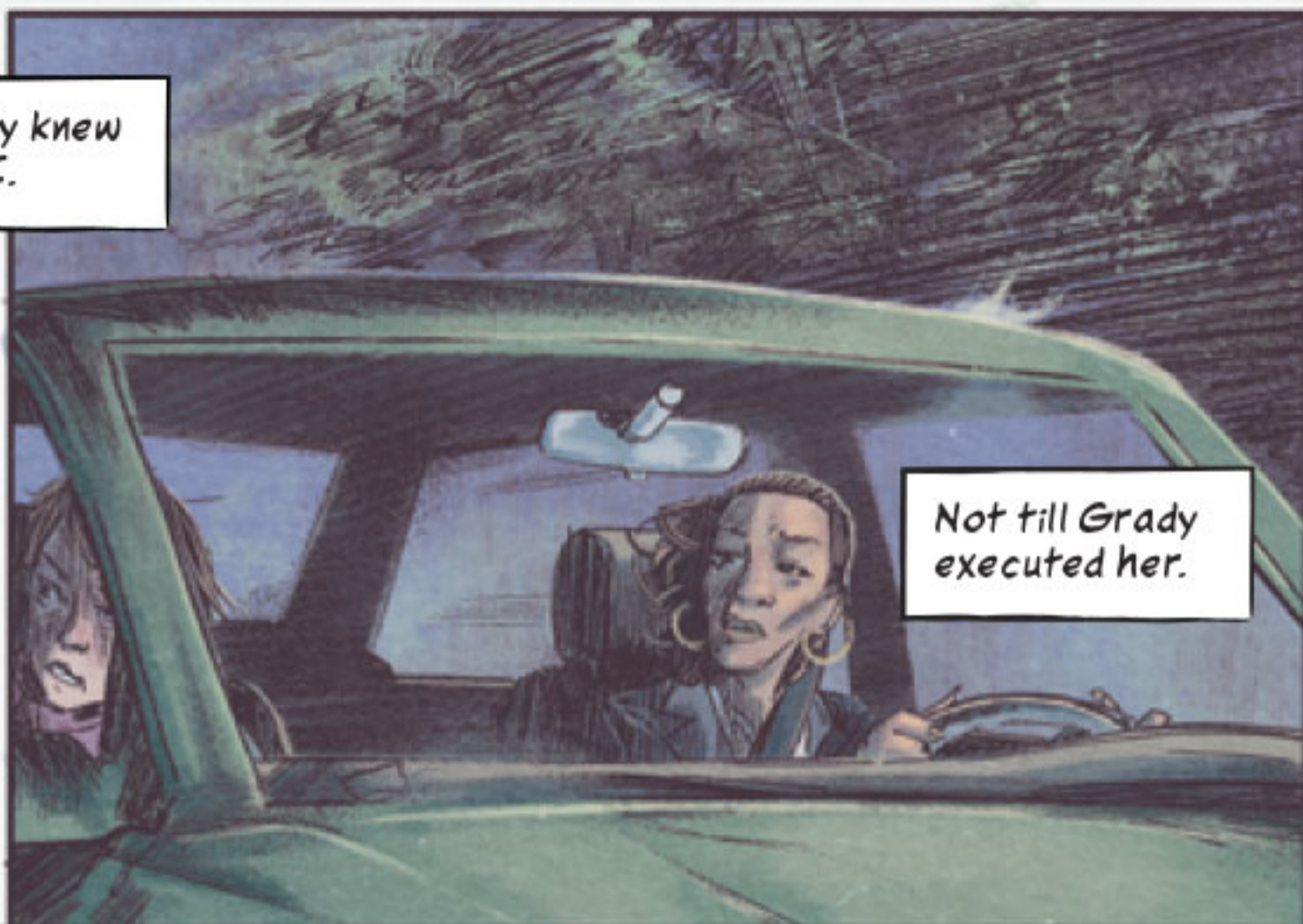
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Last time, nobody knew about Heidi and I.



Not till Grady executed her.



Natasha found me. Convinced me to join her cause.

She sent me back with false documents and a plan.



Upside, I got to meet Heidi years earlier. To see her before she became...



As should be expected, it didn't work.



C'mon, Ama. Let's go.



Nobody's called me that in...ten years?

We did everything we could.

Did we?



Listen, we can fix it all. We have a time machine—

And that worked out well—



I clearly made a miscalculation—

**Klik
Klik**

Still works...

Yeah, you expected people to behave like a science experiment.



I appreciate the sarcasm, but, what else are we supposed to do?

Grieve.

Like normal people.



And then we move on.

Tell that to the human race.



Where are you going?

I told you, we can fix this.



Then you do it without me.



Dammit.



You know I can't do this alone. I need you.

I can't make her life worse.

We won't. We'll go **FURTHER** back. Back to when they were kids.




And then? When **THAT** doesn't work?

What else will you ruin? What primordial butterfly will you crush—




I DIDN'T
DO THIS!




Are you sure?
Maybe an even *OLDER* you
came back and gave Daniel the
instructions for the crop
the first time.


Maybe that older you
came and released the virus. And maybe,
that older you knew that a younger you
would come and do all of this, so she made
sure all of this had to happen.



I'm doing
what has to be done
for the species to
survive.




Or you're doing
what you need to
feel good about
yourself.



You think I feel *GOOD* about myself? That somehow I'm the cockroach who keeps surviving through everything? That no matter what I do, no matter how thoroughly planned, everything turns to shit in my hands?




Maybe.



You think I want my friend to betray me and leave me, again and again?

To be a fucking cosmic joke stumbling through time making things worse?



Then give this up. Let's stay here. We can try to get them all released, we can fix everything.

No. We can't.

Why not?



Come with me.
Come look at
the Bunker.



I met Heidi in May of 2022. She was
volunteering at a Plague Hospice.



It's only
a bit further.

I know.



She wasn't trained or anything, but, she worked her ass off.

Did you hear me?
Hablas inglés?



Yeah, I speak English, asshole.

I was joking.



Yeah, well, hilarious.

Hey, listen, there's a guy who just puked all over the waiting room—

I'll send someone—

I can do it.



That shit is toxic, you need a bio suit.

I'll be fine. Just a mop and bucket please.

...Over there.



She essentially never left.



She watched the world die around her, and she stuck around to clean up afterwards.

And then, the other stuff...

The graffiti. The propaganda.



Listen, lady, you have to wear the suit.

I told you I'm fine—

Yeah, well, we need puke catchers and mop pushers, and I'd rather you didn't drop dead from it.



Fine.

Stupid fucking suit. Can't get a goddamn grip on the stupid—



The nicest part of all this terribleness, is that I know I didn't fall in love with her because of the situation, or the place, or the hell that surrounded us.

I fell in love with her for her.



And maybe she did the same.