



"...THEY'RE ALL FRIED."



GILLEN. I'M SORRY, IT'S CRAZY OUTSIDE.

I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD.

IT'S OKAY, CAPTAIN. NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE IF YOU'D GOTTEN HERE FASTER.

THEY'RE KEEPING EVERYBODY OUT.



DO WE KNOW--

NOTHING BEYOND SOME SORTA E.M.P. BLAST. LOOKS LIKE MERRICK TRIGGERED IT OFF HIS BELT.

WHAT ABOUT MERRICK?

HE'S A DEAD END. LITERALLY.

WE'RE NO CLOSER TO KNOWING WHERE THE BOMBS ARE OR WHAT THEY'RE TARGETING.



GILLEN... THIS ISN'T YOUR FAULT.

YEAH. I KNOW. BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER.



ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT NOTHING FROM MAGNUS, EITHER.

NOTHING?



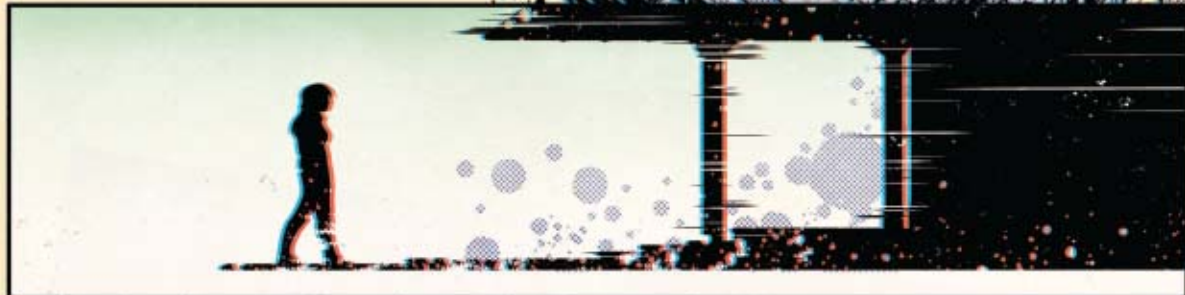
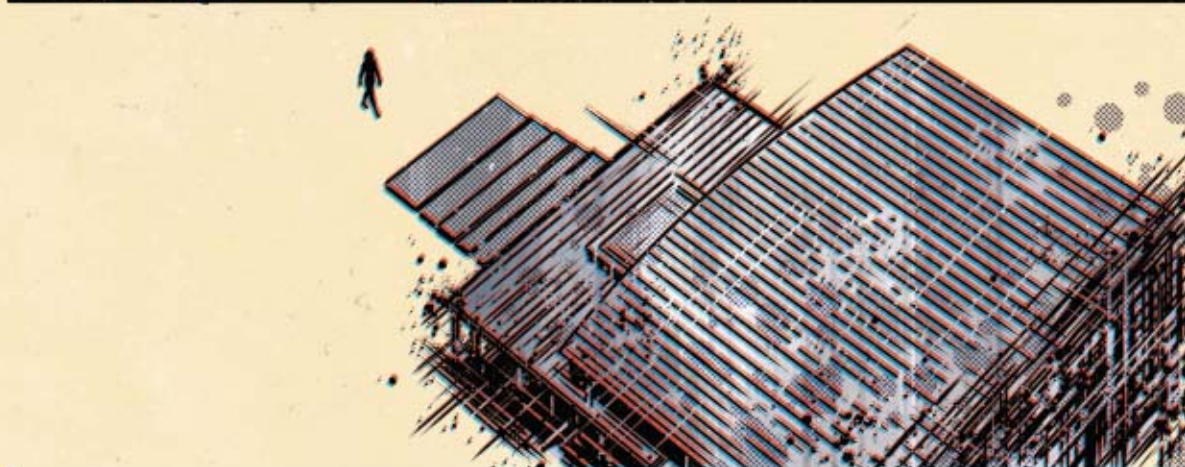
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET A HOLD OF HER. BUT OUR SIGNAL ISN'T GETTING THROUGH.



"WHEREVER SHE IS..."

"...SHE'S ON
HER OWN..."





LITTLE--
LITTLE
GIRL...



...YOU'RE THE-
THE LITTLE
GIRL...



Oh... Oh
MY GOD...
YOU'RE JULIE,
AREN'T YOU? HE
BROUGHT YOU
OUT HERE,
TOO...



Hm, YES. ON A
TRIP. WE WENT...
ON A TRIP.

FREDERICK
SAID... WE
COULD REBUILD
EVERYTHING
HERE...



THERE'S NO
PERMANENT MEMORY
STORAGE ALLOCATED
OUTSIDE OF THE CITY,
JULIE! YOU LEAVE
THINGS HERE,
THEY...FADE...

FADE THE
YES.

LIKE THE
CHILDREN.

