

TEN YEARS AGO.

PLEASE,  
TAJO--  
PLEASE.



THINK ABOUT  
HOW MOTHER  
WOULD WANT US  
TO REACT.

SHE'S DEAD,  
DELLA --SHE'S  
DEAD AND  
SO IS DAD.

WE DON'T  
KNOW THAT  
FOR SURE,  
TAJO.

BUT IF MOM'S RIGHT,  
BY THINKING THEY'RE  
DEAD WE MIGHT JUST  
MAKE IT SO.



TH--THEY  
PULLED HIS EYE  
OUT--THE SUB WAS  
SINKING--

DON'T  
FOCUS ON  
THAT--



SEE THEM  
ALIVE IN YOUR  
MIND.

SEE THEM  
GETTING HOME  
SAFELY AND PUTTING  
TOGETHER A  
SEARCH PARTY.

IMAGINE  
US ALL BACK  
TOGETHER.



WE HAVE TO BELIEVE IT.

TO SEE IT AS THE ONLY OUTCOME--



AH, BUT IT AIN'T, NOW IS IT?

'FRAPD NONE OF 'YER FAIRY DREAMS'RE LIKELY TO COME TO PASS, PRETTY.



SAY YER GOODBYES.

ARE-ARE WE GOING HOME?

YOU'LL BE GETTING NEW HOMES--THE BOTH OF YA.



SOON ENOUGH YOU'LL FORGET THE CRUSTY SALUSIAN SNATCH THAT BORE YOU.

TAJO!

L-LET HER GO!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING HER?!



DELLA!



PLEASE!

LET GO OF ME, YOU FAT SQUID!

HEH. ROLN SAID TO GRAB THE SPIRITED ONE.

FOR A SECOND, I WAS WORRIED I'D PICKED THE WRONG HEN.



MY DOME WAS NOT EXPECTING YOU, CAPTAIN ROLN.

I DO NOT APPRECIATE UNANNOUNCED VISITS FROM CRAVEN PIRATES.

I'M WONDERING WHY I ALLOWED YOU TO DOCK.



CURIOSITY. IT GETS THE BEST OF US ALL, CZAR DVONYEN.

WHO CAN TURN AWAY A GIFT BOX WITHOUT KNOWING THE SWEET TREATS WITHIN?



WE'VE SCANNED YOUR VESSEL, ROLN.

YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO DO ME ANY FAVORS.

YOUR AIR TANKS ARE NEARLY EMPTY.



IT'S TRUE I'M IN DIRE NEED OF SOME SUPPLIES, BUT IT DOESN'T MEAN I COME EMPTY HANDED.

YOU'LL FIND TODAY'S BARTER MORE THAN FAIR.



UNLESS THE DAUGHTER OF THE LAST SALUSIAN HELMSMAN DOESN'T INTEREST YOU?

LET GO OF ME!



YOU...



ENOUGH, ZEM.

SPIRITED LITTLE SCAMP, SO FULL OF MISGUIDED HOPE.

I CAN SEE IT, CZAR-- YOU'RE ITCHING TO CORRECT THE CHILD'S WRONG-HEADEDNESS.

DYING TO TAKE THIS HOPEFUL SALUSIAN DAUGHTER AND TURN HER INTO A PRAGMATIC VOLPIAN.



AS A HELMSMAN'S DAUGHTER I BELIEVE THIS ONE COULD BECOME QUITE A WARRIOR.

AND, SHOULD SHE FAIL YOU--

ENOUGH.

YOU HAVE YOUR DEAL, PIRATE.



CLEAN HER AND HAVE HER BROUGHT TO MY QUARTERS. I WILL REHABILITATE THE CHILD MYSELF.



NO, PLEASE!

MY SISTER! SHE'LL DIE WITHOUT ME!

SHE NEEDS ME!

WORRY NOT, POPPET. SHE'LL BE WELL CARED FOR.



YOU!  
I\'LL KILL YOU ALL!  
I\'LL NEVER STOP TRYING!



I\'LL NEVER BE ONE OF YOU!

THERE IS A TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST.



WE STAND AT THE PRECIPICE OF THE EXTINCTION OF OUR SPECIES.

AND THERE ARE STILL SOME AMONG US WHO WOULD BETRAY MY EFFORTS TO KEEP US ALIVE.

SOMEONE SELFISH ENOUGH TO PUT THEIR OWN BASE DESIRES ABOVE THE GOOD OF ALL.

FOR A TASTE OF INDULGENCE THEY WOULD AID THOSE WHO PROMOTE AN OPTIMISTIC APPRAISAL OF OUR CIRCUMSTANCE--



--ONE THAT IS UNTENABLE.

I WILL UNEARTH THIS CANCEROUS SPY WITHIN MY MINISTRY.

BUT FIRST WE DEAL WITH THE SPOIL THIS TRAITOR HAS WROUGHT.



WHAT I SHARE WITH YOU NOW IS INFORMATION THAT, UNTIL THIS MORNING, HAD REMAINED GUARDED.

CLASSIFIED SECRETS NOW SPREAD TO THE WIND.

THE FOOLS OF SALUS HAVE SENT A TEAM TO THE SURFACE.



IN FALSE HOPE OF ACQUIRING AN ANCIENT PROBE RETURNED FROM THE STARS.

A PROBE THEY BELIEVE HOLDS THE COORDINATES OF AN INHABITABLE WORLD.



WE ALSO DETECTED THE PROBE'S RETURN.

THE MINISTRY OF SCIENCE CONCLUDED IT IS SIMPLY MALFUNCTIONING AND OF NO USE.



WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND AS OUR COURSE OF ACTION, MINISTER YORVECO?



WE SHOULD SEND A PARTY TO ACQUIRE THE PROBE FIRST, CZAR.

IF IT HOLDS THIS INFORMATION, WE CANNOT ALLOW IT TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE SALUSIANS.

IF THERE IS EVEN A CHANCE OF--