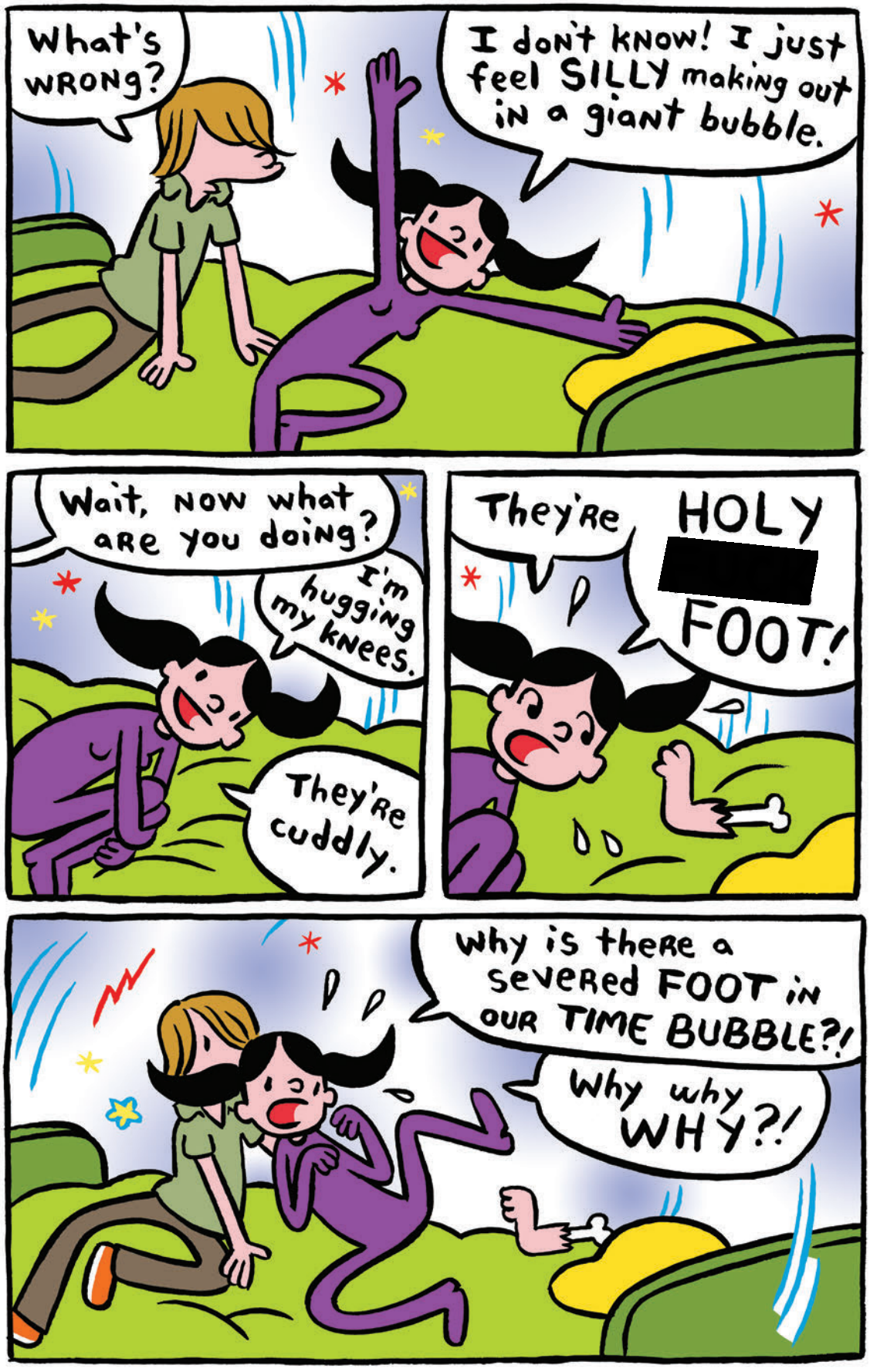
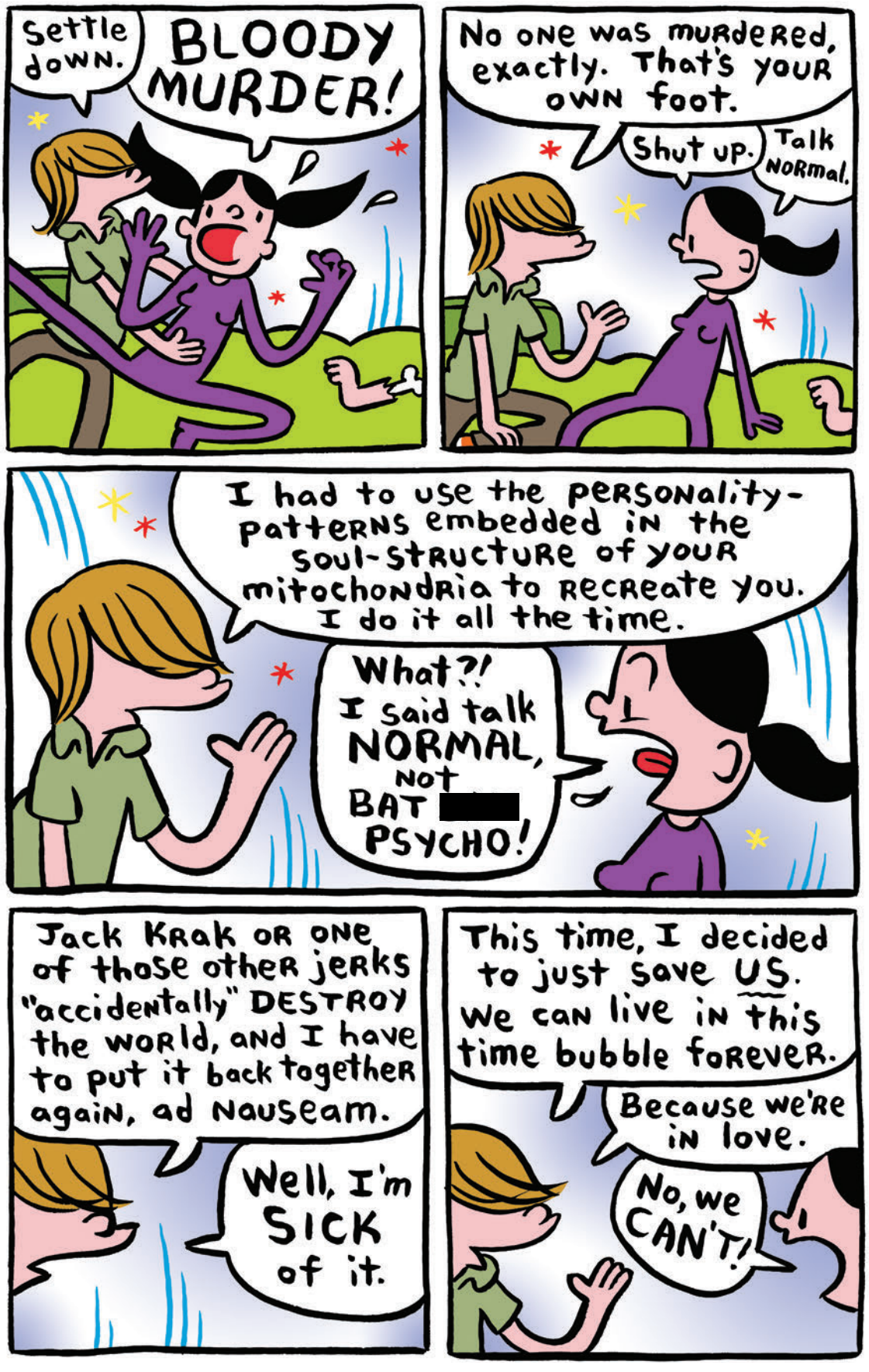
THE TIME BUBBLE

That's okay. None of that stuff matters anymore.
Come join me on the bed.
Pat pat pat
Well, okay. But I'm not sleepy.
Wanna make out?
Meh.
Okay, I guess.
Shlorp shlorp
Hee hee hee
What?
Wait, stop.


What's wrong?
I don't know! I just feel SILLY making out in a giant bubble.
Wait, now what are you doing?
I'm hugging my knees.
They're cuddly.
They're HOLY [redacted] FOOT!
Why is there a severed FOOT in our TIME BUBBLE?!
Why why WHY?!


Settle down.
BLOODY MURDER!
No one was murdered, exactly. That's your own foot.
Shut up.
Talk normal.
I had to use the personality-patterns embedded in the soul-structure of your mitochondria to recreate you. I do it all the time.
What?! I said talk NORMAL, not BAT [redacted] PSYCHO!
Jack Krak or one of those other jerks "accidentally" DESTROY the world, and I have to put it back together again, ad nauseam.
Well, I'm SICK of it.
This time, I decided to just save US. We can live in this time bubble forever.
Because we're in love.
No, we CAN'T!

Oh my god!
Where's Grotus?!
Grotus? Are you under the bed?
Wait.
Grotus?!
Put the universe back the way it was RIGHT NOW, Vortex.
Don't [redacted] AROUND!
Okay, okay. You don't need to shout.
I was just trying to be ROMANTIC.