WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU TAKING US?

YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE GET THERE, TAJO.
IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
NO ONE TELLS ME WHAT'S FOR MY OWN GOOD ANYMORE, DELLA.
ROLN HAD ME ON THE END OF THAT CHAIN LONG ENOUGH--
DON'T DO THAT.
DON'T COMPARE ME TO THE MAN WHO MURDERED OUR FATHER, SPLINTERED OUR FAMILY AND TWISTED YOUR MIND.
MY MIND IS FINE.
AND I DON'T NEED YOU TO PROTECT ME.
EVERYONE NEEDS SOMEONE ON THEIR SIDE.
I'M YOUR SISTER AND I LOVE YOU.

I-I'M SORRY, DELLA.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO--

IT'S FINE. WE'RE BOTH TIRED.
BUT YOU'VE CHANGED. AFTER ALL YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH, YOU'RE NO LONGER THE WEAK GIRL YOU ONCE WERE, TAJO.
FUNNY...

...YOU DIDN'T LOOK SO STRONG WHEN I SAVED YOU.

YOU WERE ALWAYS MORE LIKE MOM. MORE... THOUGHTFUL. THAT'S ALL I MEANT.
I AM PROUD OF YOU, TAJO.
ON TOP OF SAVING MOM AND KILLING ROLN-- YOU SAVED OUR FAMILY HELM SUIT.
SPEAKING OF WHICH --

HOW ARE THE AMMUNITION AND FUEL RESERVES LOOKING?

YOU'VE RUN THE DIAGNOSTICS, YES?
THE SUIT HASN'T BEEN CHARGED FOR OVER A DECADE, IF WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT TO THE SURFACE TO HELP MOM, IT'LL NEED TO BE SERVICED.

BUT YOU DIDN'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU THAT.
OF COURSE, YOU REMEMBER ALL OF DAD'S LESSONS.
SO, HOW ARE THE RESERVES, TAJO?

13%
OW
UM...

RIGHT. ALMOST GONE.
AND IT CAN ONLY BE REFUELED BY VERY SPECIFIC MACHINERY.
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE WE CAN FIND THAT--

HOME.
THE DOME OF SALUS. SHE GLOWS IN THE MURKY WATER, BRIGHTER THAN I REMEMBER.
HOME TO MY FAMILY FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, THIS PLACE IS COOKED INTO MY DNA, BUT STILL...
...NOTHING COULD PREPARE ME FOR THE COMFORT.
--STOP, THAT COMPRESSOR ISN'T GRAVITY ORIENTED!
DON'T BE SEEN.
NO
WE'VE GOT STARVING PEOPLE OUT THERE AND WE'RE ONE CRACKED SEAL AWAY FROM BLOWING THE QUOTA DEADLINE.
WITH THE SENATE RATIONING OUR OXYGEN IT'S HARD TO EVEN KEEP OUR EYES OPEN, LENA.
I KNOW, BUT--?
LENA?
SEE, THE THIN AIR IS GETTING TO YOU AS WELL.
PERHAPS.

HOW DO WE GET IN?
CAINE DOCK
83C
DEEP
DELLA CAINE - MATCH -
ACCESS GRANTED.
WHY IS THE DOOR PROGRAMMED TO YOU?
PPSHH
BECAUSE DAD EXPECTED ME TO INHERIT HIS HELM.
THESE DOCKS... THE LAST PLACE WE WERE ALL TOGETHER.
DAD LIVED DOWN HERE, REMEMBER?
SOME PART OF ME STILL EXPECTED TO FIND HIM WORKING.
THE HELM WILL TAKE A FEW HOURS TO RECHARGE.
YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT?
WE NEED SUPPLIES.
WE DON'T HAVE ANY CREDITS.
ONLY ONE OPTION THEN...

"...BUT I THINK IT'S GOING TO HURT."
DISPLAY COMMAND-- TURN OFF THE DAMNED IMAGE ALBUM.
AUTO PLAY LOCKED.
MOM...SHE MUST'VE HAD THESE PLAYING ON A LOOP ALL THOSE YEARS.
A BIT DISAPPOINTING...
...SHE SEEMED ABOVE SELF-PITY.
DEEEP
JOHL, CAN WE PLEASE GET ON WITH THIS?
MOM!?
THE FOOD IS HERE, AND I SENSE AN IMMINENT MELTDOWN.
ALL I'VE ASKED FOR MY BIRTHDAY IS A SINGLE NICE HOLOPIC TOGETHER.
DAD!
LAME.
SMILES.
CHEESE!
JERK!
OUCH!
MOM-- DELLA PUNCHED ME!
STOP!
HE STARTED IT!
I WAS JUST PLAYING AROUND-- PSYCHO FOR REAL HIT ME!
JUST ONE DECENT FAMILY HOLOPIC--