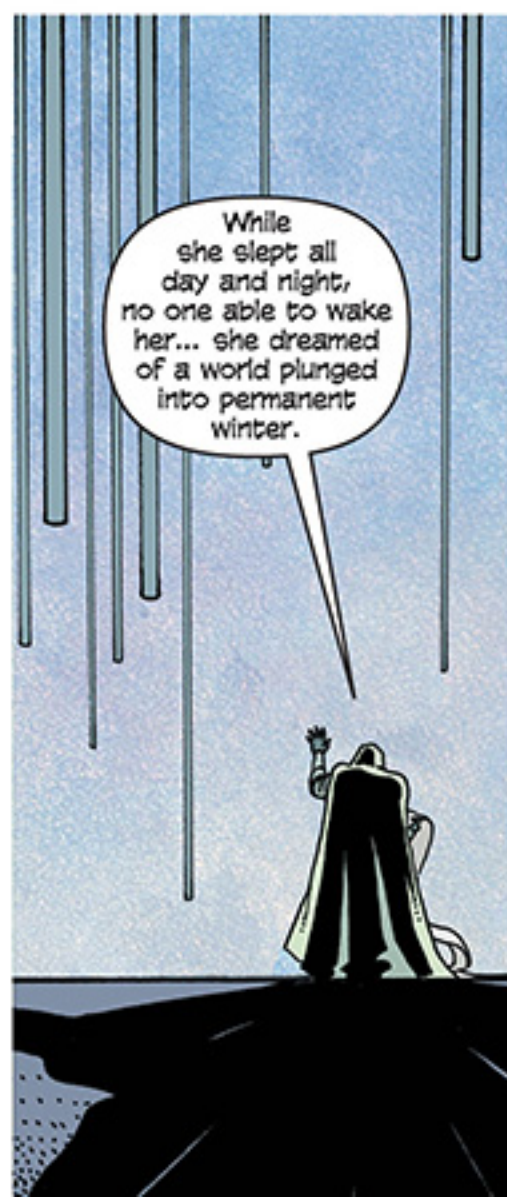




There once was a *princess* who'd fallen under a *spell*...



While she slept all day and night, no one able to wake her... she dreamed of a world plunged into permanent winter.

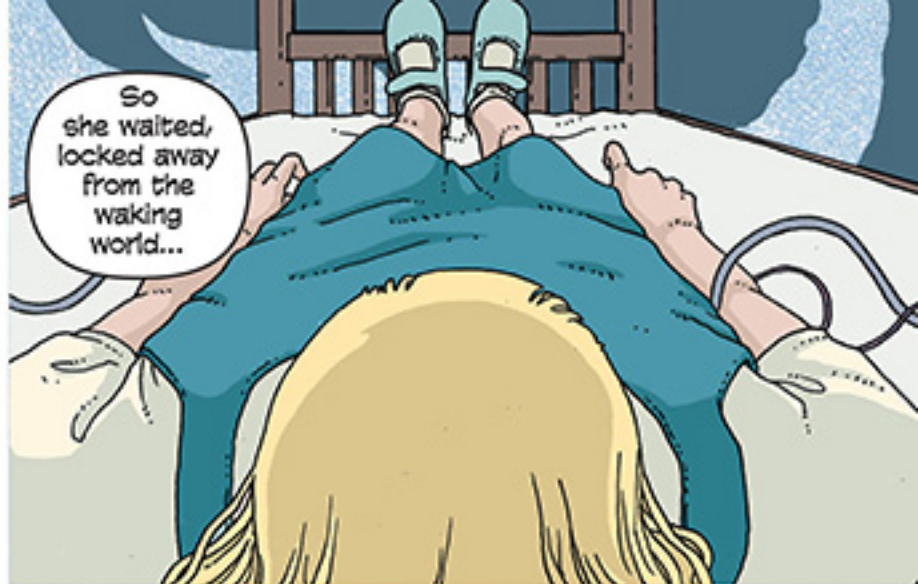


It was beautiful, like she was...

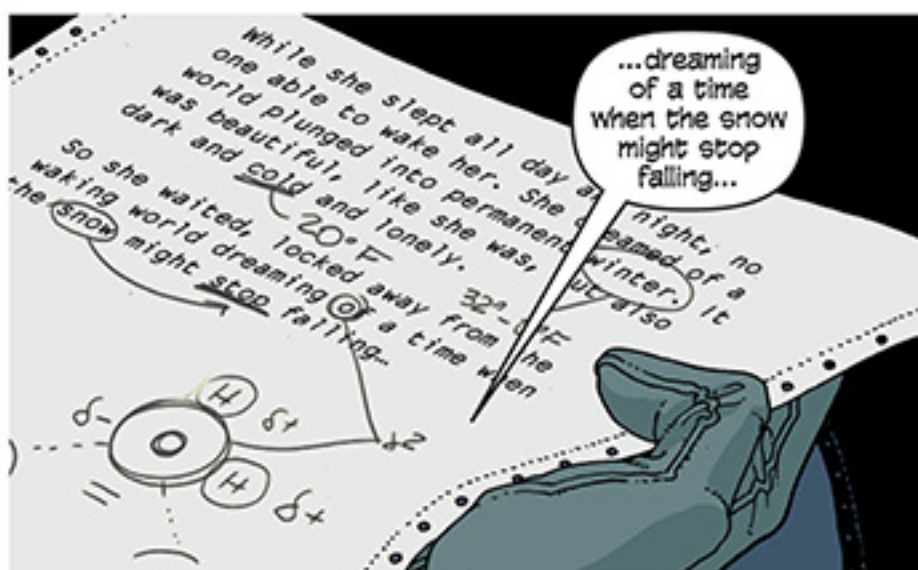


...but also dark... and cold...

...and lonely...



So she waited, locked away from the waking world...



While she slept all day and one able to wake her. She was beautiful, like she was dark and cold and lonely. So she waited, locked away from the waking world dreaming of a time when the snow might stop falling.

...dreaming of a time when the snow might stop falling...

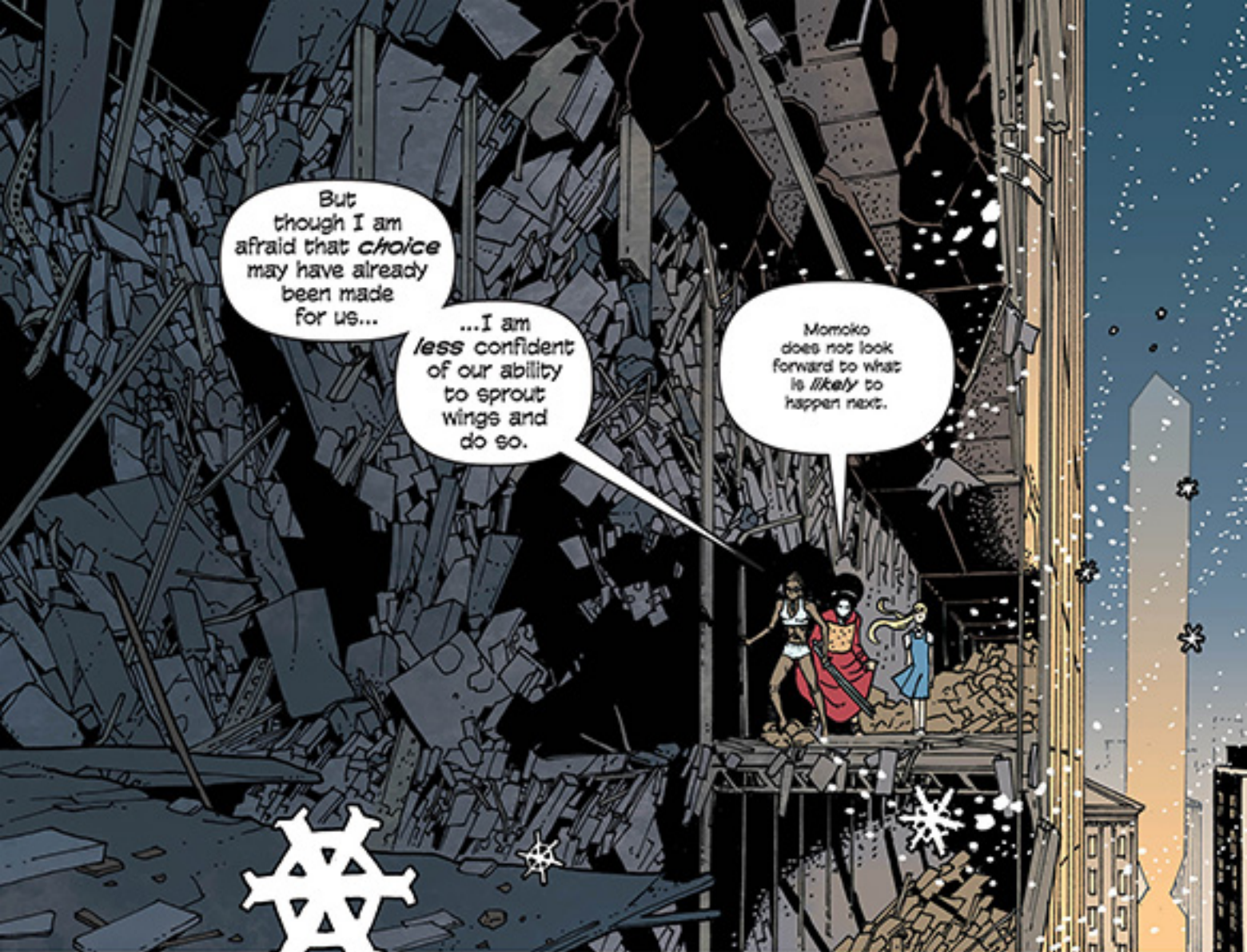


...and...



...and...





But though I am afraid that *choice* may have already been made for us...

...I am *less* confident of our ability to sprout wings and do so.

Momoko does not look forward to what is *likely* to happen next.



We have to get *across* if we're going to catch up with him.

But the way has *collapsed*, Inspector.

No.



The White Wizard has known the way for *years* now.



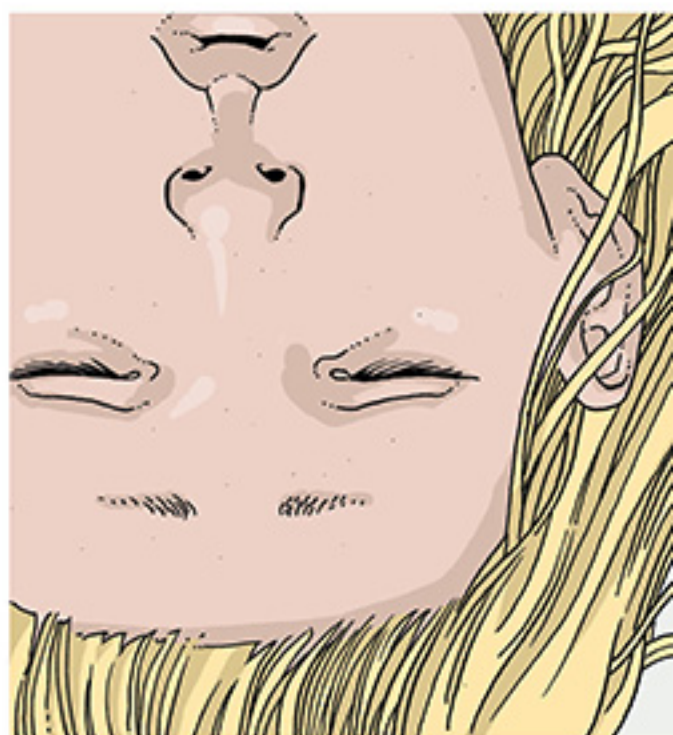
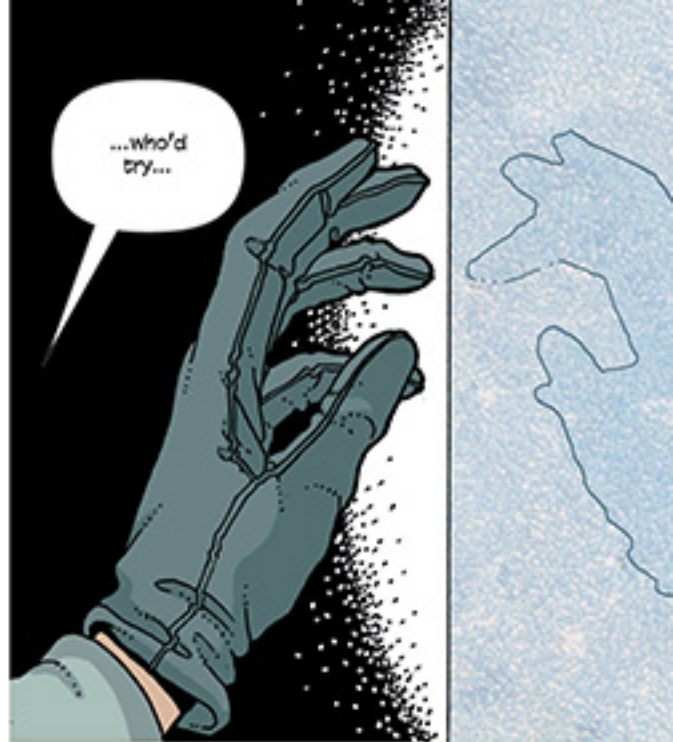
We have to *follow* him...

*"...by any means available."*

*"...and of the White Wizard who would..."*



*"...who'd try..."*



*"Anthony... can you hear me in there?"*

