

I FEEL HOPE, LIKE A CURRENT
OF THE SEA, WASHING OVER ME.

I KNOW I CAN GO ON.

I WONDER HOW IT IS THAT I SEE
A TOMORROW IN THIS WORLD OF
BROKEN MADNESS?

I READ ONCE THAT THERE IS A
PART OF THE BRAIN WHERE THE
ELIXIR OF HOPE IS CREATED.

WHY IS THE TONIC
DENIED TO SOME?

NICE
NIGHT.

THE ANCIENTS HAD THIS
TO LOOK UP TO ALL
YEAR ROUND. GET WHY
THEY WORSHIPPED
THE MOON.

EASY TO
LOVE THE MOON
WHEN THE SUN
IS TRYING TO
KILL YOU.

I'VE SEEN THE COLORLESS, FLACCID
SKIN OF DESPAIR, THE EMPTY EYES OF
DESOLATION AND THE FROZEN RIGORS
OF THOSE EXPECTING GLOOM--NOT A
GLIMMER OF HOPE IN ANY OF THEM.

DID THEY CHOOSE RESIGNATION?

I HAVE KNOWN THE
CRUSHING FATIGUE OF
DESPONDENCY.

BUT ALWAYS, DESIRE
RESURRECTS A
GLIMMER OF HOPE...

...AND I FIND THE
COURAGE TO
DREAM AGAIN.

FORGIVE THE
SUDDEN LOSS
OF YOUR
ILLUSION.



IT'S TIME
TO GO
HOME.



WHAT...?

THE HELMS
KING IS MOBILIZING
THE BURNT LEGION
TO DESTROY THE
LAST TWO DOMES...



HOW DID THEY
PINPOINT THE DOMES'
LOCATIONS?

COULD BE PIECED
TOGETHER FROM YOUR
MEMORIES, OR A TRACKER
A.I., OR BOTH--BUT THEY
WOULDN'T EXPEND THIS
MUCH EFFORT UNLESS
THEY WERE SURE.



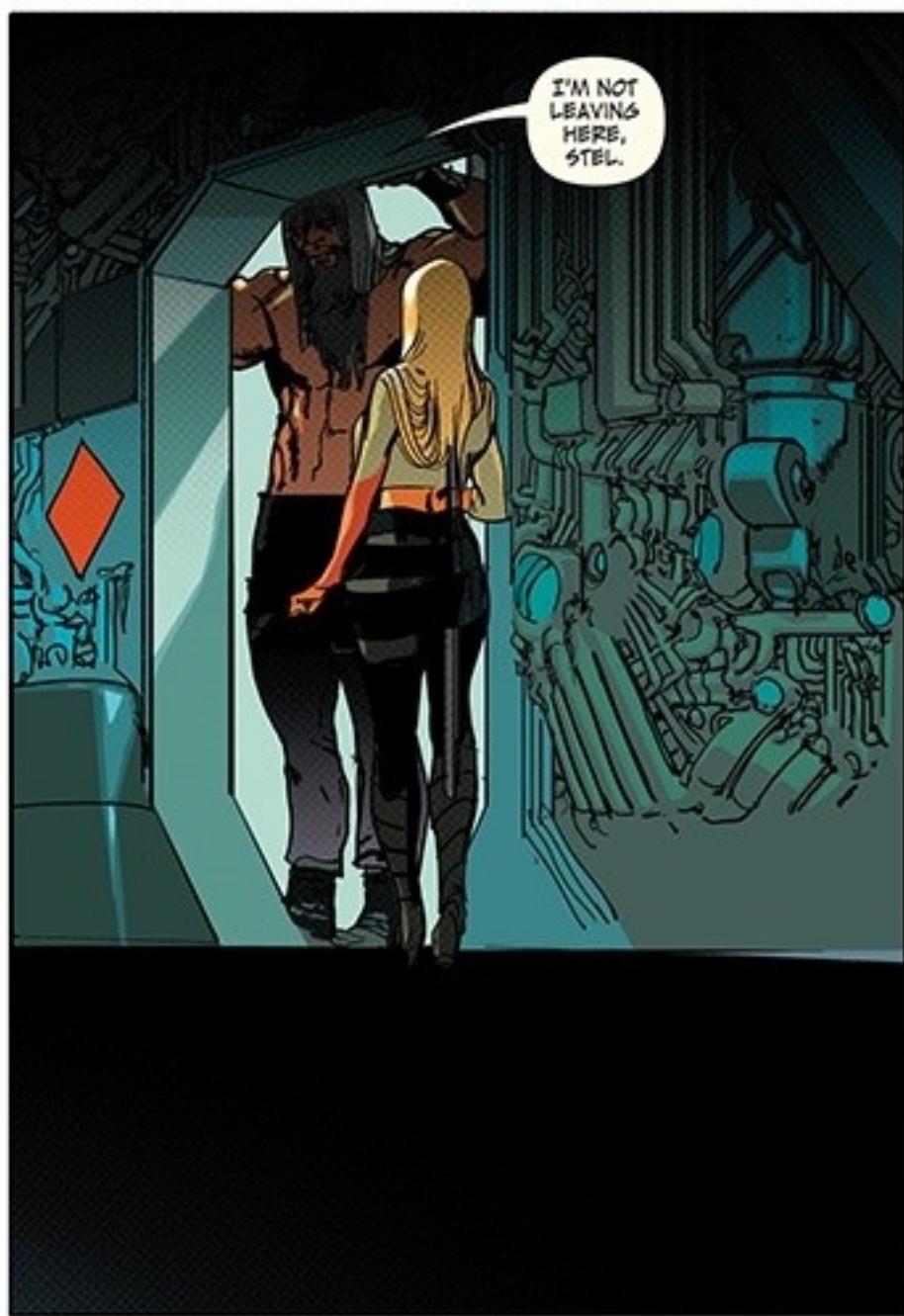
COME, I'LL
LEAD YOU TO THE
DRY DOCKS, TO A
HOVERSUB.

IT'S A
HORNET'S
NEST, BUT WE
CAN SLIP
THROUGH IF
WE HURRY.



GO WARN
YOUR
FRIENDS.
SAVE YOUR
CITIES.

WHY RISK
THIS FOR
US?





EVEN IF WE
GET TO A SUB AND
SOMEHOW STAY ALIVE
LONG ENOUGH TO GET
BACK TO SALUS--
THEN WHAT?

WE
DIE IN THE
INVASION.

OR OF
SUFFOCATION.

OR
DISEASE.

OR
STARVATION.



HERE, I
SLEEP WITH
A FULL
STOMACH.

NEVER
WAKE UP
CHOKING
FOR AIR.

THIS
IS THE
HAPPIEST
I'VE EVER
BEEN.

MAYBE,
GIVEN WHAT
I'VE DONE, I
DON'T
DESERVE
IT...



BUT I
CAN'T GO
BACK OUT
THERE.


THERE'S
NOTHING
LEFT TO
SAVE.



ZEM.







"... WE'D LIKE TO GO HOME."

SALUS.

MY MOTHER
WAS THE FIRST
TO INTRODUCE
ME TO THE
IDEA OF HOPE.

SOMETHING I'D
ALWAYS FELT BUT
HADN'T NAMED.

THE MEMORY IS DEEP;
I'M NO MORE THAN
FIVE OR SIX.

WE'VE JUST HEARD THAT OUR LAST
NEIGHBORING DOME, TELLAM, HAS
IMPOLOPED. EVERYONE WITHIN IT DEAD.

SALUS IS ALONE.
PERHAPS THE
LAST DOME.

I AM AFRAID AND CRYING.

MOM LOVINGLY PULLS ME TO HER.

EVEN NOW I CAN FEEL HER
TAKE BOTH MY HANDS IN Hers.