

YOU HAVE LOST  
EVERYTHING.

YOUR PAST.



YOUR IDENTITY.

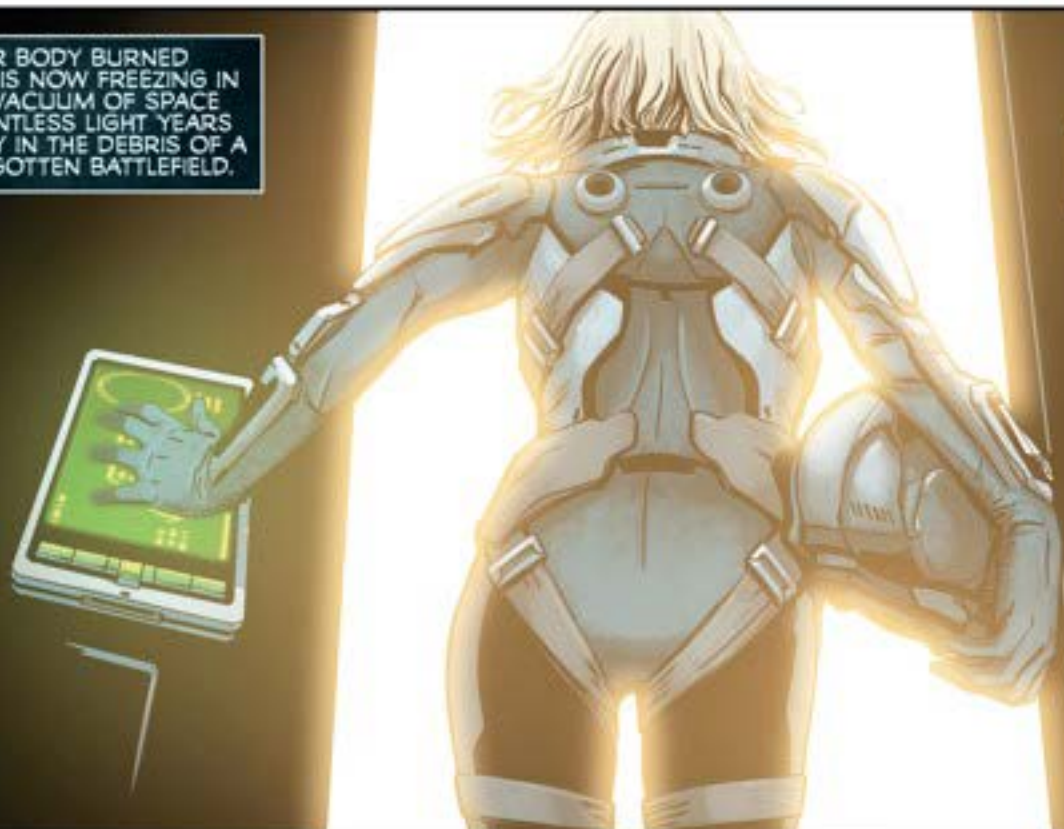


EVEN YOUR LIFE.  
IT'S ALL GONE.



YOUR BODY BURNED  
AND IS NOW FREEZING IN  
THE VACUUM OF SPACE  
COUNTLESS LIGHT YEARS  
AWAY IN THE DEBRIS OF A  
FORGOTTEN BATTLEFIELD.

TO THEM YOU  
DON'T EXIST  
ANYMORE.









OUTER RING EXCAVATIONS  
DEEP SPACE MINING FACILITY  
HEART CONSTELLATION,  
OUTER RING



THIS SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN EASY.

THE OPEN  
EXPANSE OF  
DEEP SPACE,  
COUNTLESS  
OPPORTUNITIES  
FOR PROFIT...

...NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE  
TO SECURE PROPERLY.  
WE, THE VALKYRIES,  
WERE PIRATES. WE  
NEEDED FUEL, ENGINE  
PARTS, ORDNANCE,  
AND RATIONS.



THIS REQUIRED  
MONEY.



UNMANNED MINING  
STATION, RAW  
ORE CUT OUT OF  
THE PLANETOID,  
USUALLY TRITANIUM,  
SOMETIMES BARIUM  
OR STRONTIUM.



HUNDREDS OF  
TONS OF IT  
PER STANDARD  
CYCLE, CARRIED  
UP TO ORBIT...



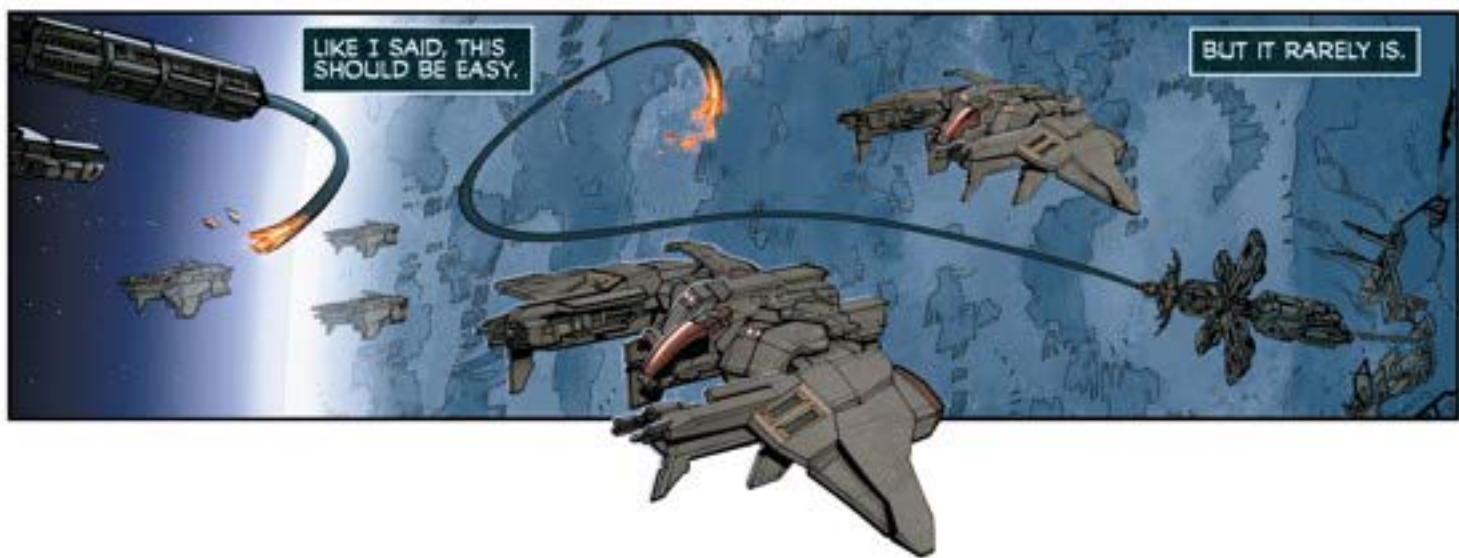
...AND LOADED  
ONTO UNMANNED  
MASS HAULERS.



I FOUND THIS JOB ON THE DARKHUB, A SIMPLE CONTRACT HIT. DISRUPT PRODUCTION. ONE MINING CONSORTIUM AGAINST ANOTHER. PAYS IN CASH.



VISUAL SCAN IS CLEAR, VALKYRIES, BUT LET'S GET IT ON THE NEXT PASS AND JUMP OUT OF HERE.



LIKE I SAID, THIS SHOULD BE EASY.

BUT IT RARELY IS.









NO!

THAT DEAFENING  
ROAR. THE BURN.  
THE NEEDLE IN  
MY SKULL.

THEN BLACK.  
SILENCE.

IN MOMENTS I KNOW  
I WILL WAKE, REBORN.

TO FIGHT  
ANOTHER  
DAY.

TO *DIE* ANOTHER  
DAY, AS LONG AS  
THE UNKNOWNNS  
HAUNT US.