[WARNING] UNCHARTED SPACE

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YOU WERE HERE.
AND THEN YOU WERE GONE.
ONE YEAR LATER.

THE KR'GR'KASH MEMORIAL SLAVERS STRATOLIFT.
YOU CHANGED MY LIFE WITH A LOOK.

YOU CHANGED MY MIND WITH A WORD.

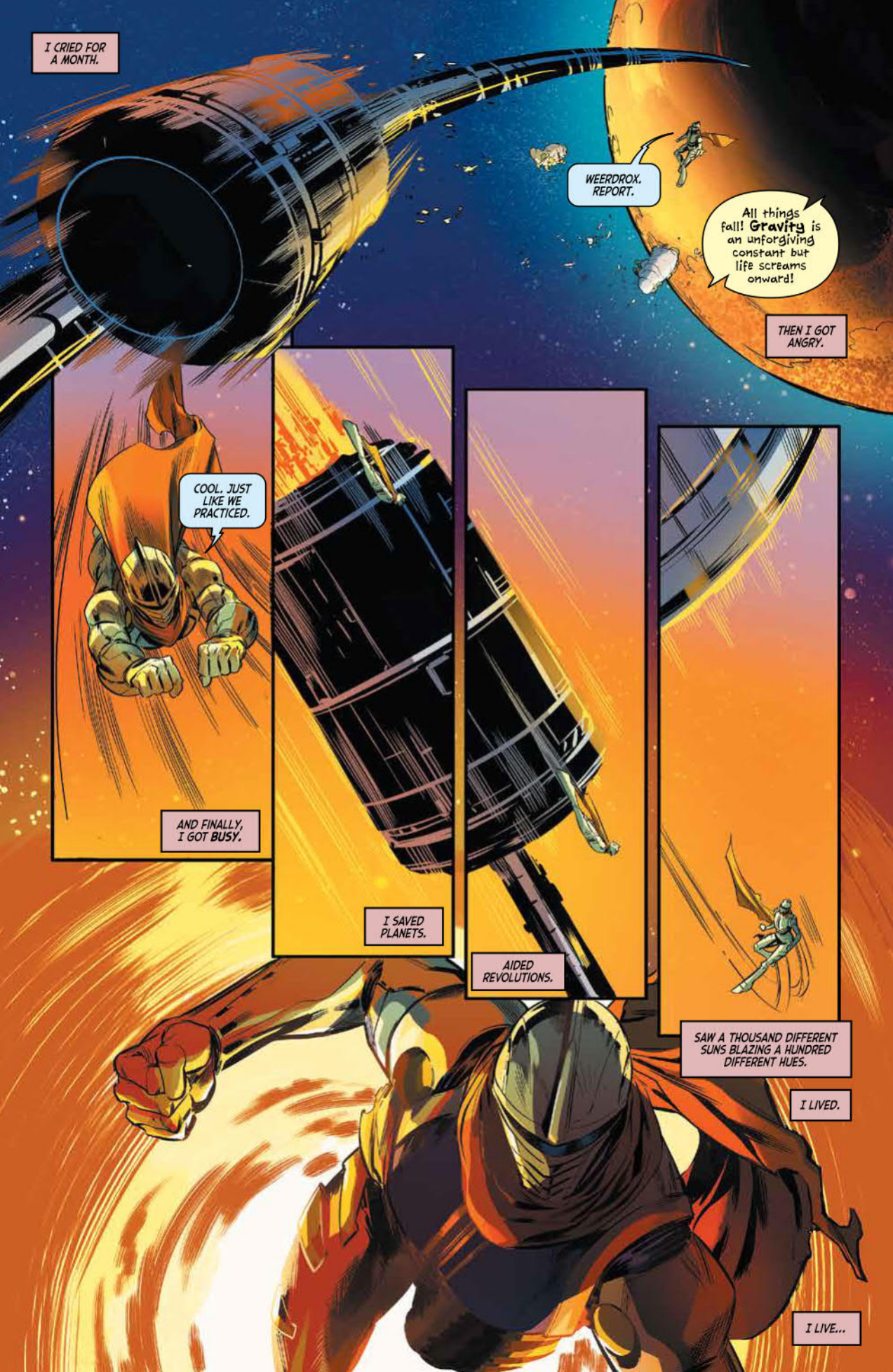
AND THEN YOU WERE GONE.

YOU SHOWED ME WHAT BRAVERY LOOKED LIKE.

YOU SHOWED ME WHAT LOVE MEANT.

AND THEN...

...YOU WERE GONE.


I CRIED FOR A MONTH.
WEERDROX. REPORT.
All things fall! Gravity is an unforgiving constant but life screams onward!
THEN I GOT ANGRY.
COOL. JUST LIKE WE PRACTICED.
AND FINALLY, I GOT BUSY.
I SAVED PLANETS.
AIDED REVOLUTIONS.
SAW A THOUSAND DIFFERENT SUNS BLAZING A HUNDRED DIFFERENT HUES.
I LIVED.
I LIVE...

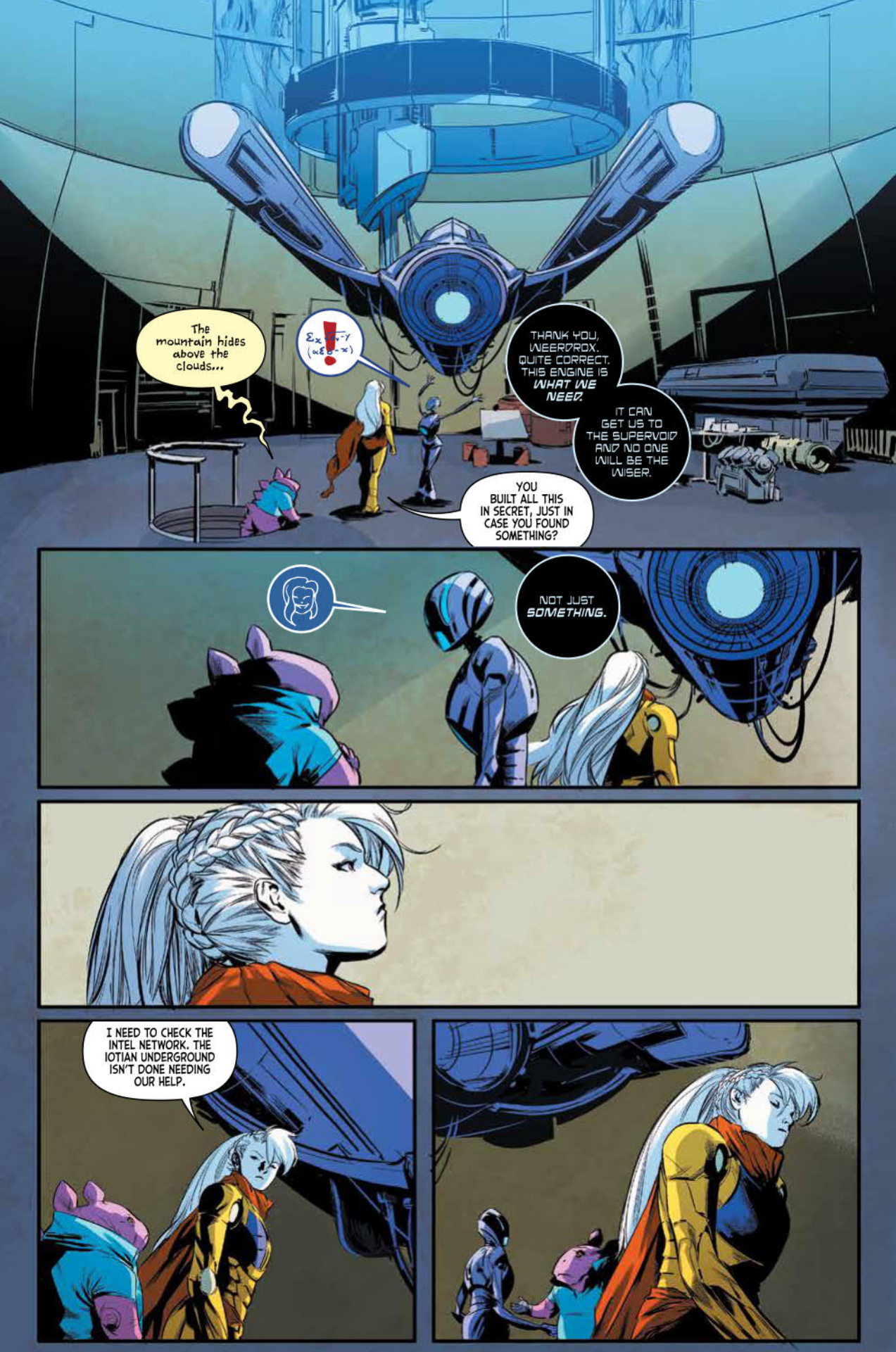
I LIVE HOW YOU WOULD HAVE.
SECURE THE REMAINING SLAVERS, WEERDROX. I DON'T WANT THE IOTIAN FREEDOM MOVEMENT IN ANY WAY COMPROMISED.
Commands are unnecessary when a great plan has been practiced.
Faith and friendship are the only flowers that must bloom.
PASSENGER FREIGHTER, YOU HAVE YOUR CARGO. WE CLEARED ALL ORBITAL PATROLS BEFORE ENGAGING THE OPERATION, SO YOU ARE CONFIRMED FOR EXIT.
I LIKE TO THINK YOU'D BE PROUD OF ME.
I TRY SO HARD TO THINK THAT.

BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH.
BEEP
I USED TO DREAM ABOUT YOU. WHEN I DREAMED.
BUT THAT WASN'T HELPING EITHER OF US.
BECAUSE I'D ALWAYS WAKE UP.
AND I'D ALWAYS BE ALONE.
AND YOU'D ALWAYS BE GONE.

THANK SPACE I DON'T DREAM ANYMORE.
THEY GOT AWAY CLEAN?
Roots return to soil.
GOOD. THEY DESERVE TO GROW.
And us? Do our roots return?
TRUST ME, WEERDROX. YOU DON'T EVER WANNA SEE WHERE MY ROOTS COME FROM.
BUT YEAH, WE'LL HEAD BACK TO BASE FOR A REFUEL. BUT ONLY FOR A BEAT.
SOON ENOUGH, I'M SURE SOMEONE ELSE WILL NEED SAVING.
THEY ALWAYS DO.

MOCORANT ASTEROID BELT.
NOTHING TO SEE HERE.
ATTENTION, SHUTTLE ALPHA. YOU ARE CLEAR FOR DOCKING. NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON.
CONFIRMED, ALIGNING FOR DOCK. TOO SOON FOR WHAT?
DOCK FIRST. ANSWERS LATER.
WELCOME HOME.
YEAH...
...HOME.

MUCH SURPRISE SHOCK AWE NEVER GUESS SPARKS A-TINGLE!
SLOW DOWN, BOT, THE TRANSLATOR CAN'T KEEP UP.
THE SUPERVOID.
WAIT, WHAT?
I'M READING A SIGNAL FROM THE SUPERVOID.
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. WHAT KIND OF SIGNAL?
COMPLETELY UNKNOWN.
BUT UNTIL MOMENTS AGO, THERE WAS NOTHING. EVERY PROBE WE SENT RETURNED ONLY DARKNESS. NOW, THERE IS LIGHT.
BOT, STOP. WE BOTH KNOW THAT THE SHUTTLE CAN'T MAKE THAT FLIGHT. THE ENGINE WE'D NEED WOULD BE **STARSHIP CLASS.** MASSIVE. **REGULATED.**
TRUE. ALL ENGINES BUILT WITHIN OBSERVATION OF THE REGULATORS HAVE MANDATORY FAIL-SAFES, KEEPING ONE FROM VISITING A QUARANTINED AREA OF SPACE SUCH AS THE SUPERVOID.
KACHSSSSSS
OF COURSE, THE CORE DOESN'T OBSERVE ***EVERYTHING...***


The mountain hides above the clouds...
THANK YOU, WEERDROX. QUITE CORRECT. THIS ENGINE IS WHAT WE NEED.
IT CAN GET US TO THE SUPERVOID AND NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER.
YOU BUILT ALL THIS IN SECRET, JUST IN CASE YOU FOUND SOMETHING?
NOT JUST SOMETHING.
I NEED TO CHECK THE INTEL NETWORK. THE IOTIAN UNDERGROUND ISN'T DONE NEEDING OUR HELP.

Catrin.
In the heat of the universe. In the explosion of suns. The birth of all elements. Lead to you. And me.
FOR ONCE, JUST SAY IT PLAIN.
...
"CATRIN, THE PERSON YOU CARE ABOUT MOST IN THE WORLD MIGHT BE ALIVE. WE HAVE A SHIP TO RESCUE HER, LET'S GO DO IT!" THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY?
NO. MY ANSWER IS NO.
?!?
BUT WE HAVE A SHIP! AND UMA MIGHT BE--
STOP. DON'T EVEN SAY IT. DON'T THROW AROUND FALSE HOPE LIKE YOU KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE.
BIG DEAL, A SIGNAL. SPACE IS WEIRD, SIGNALS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME. YOU KNOW WHAT DOESN'T HAPPEN? PEOPLE COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD.
She smells a song, but can't find the tone.
I'M THAT WRONG, HUH? FINE. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME, LITTLE GUY?
Impossible happens every day. With every breath.
So why stop breathing now?