

Blurry Robot Theater

18

Thunderbirds

In the skies of legend, a terror flew.
Its roar was the thunder...its wingbeats the winds storm.
From its eyes sizzled spears of lightning,
and snakes of deadly fire rained from its claws...
That was the Thunderbird.

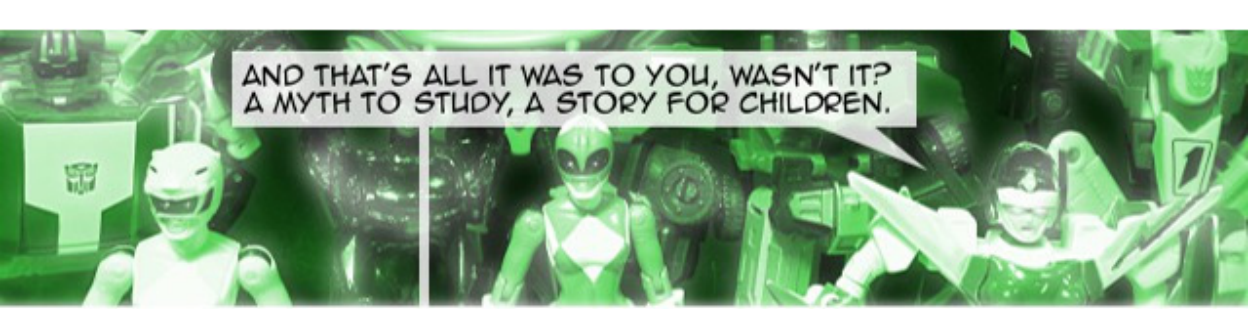


Myth lingers. Even in my lifetime,
some cultures had a horror of things that flew.
A subconscious remnant of that lingering fear?
Of course, there are other flying terrors.
Missiles, for one. Don't I know it?

I digress. Sorry about that.
Thought I was teaching again...

Anyway...stories were still told of
the Thunderbird, in my day. Often
as a way to get the kids to behave...





AND THAT'S ALL IT WAS TO YOU, WASN'T IT?
A MYTH TO STUDY, A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

FAIR ENOUGH.

Immaterial at present,
Moonscream...fair enough?

Particularly with the real
Thunderbird on board that
ship, over there... Tsugaru.

A.k.a...the Green Lady...

The Green lady without
a name...the Green Lady
who weeps ...



The Green Lady and the Thunderbird...they are one and the same.
Honestly, I'd suspected as much. I'd considered it as a thesis topic...
The Thunderbird as the terrible aspect of nature,
the lady as the merciful, life-giving one...
I had it all worked out. Very Golden Bough...

Don't look at me
that way, Moonscream...

...Anyway, I didn't
use the topic, because
nobody had much interest
in the Green Lady
beyond the ancient
boundaries of Yuss...

...which was the city
I was raised in...
..if you can really refer to that
ruin buried in a glacier covering
a toxic desert, as a city...



I want you to picture a time when it was a great city...
when Eutropolis stretched from the sand
like a vast constructed mountain...

It wasn't because the place
was terribly friendly, then.
It was a desert...
and its only rain
came in ferocious storms.

The Yussites hoarded
the rain from the storms...
and unlike almost all others,
they saw their bringer as a friend...

They called her the Green Lady.
They learned to avoid her thunderbolts...
they built strongly against her blasting winds...
knowing that when her fury was spent...

She would weep her tears over their fields of oilseed and resinwood.
That's how they told it, in the old stories daddy Scoops told me.

I loved those stories. I loved to hear about the old days...
It was never enough just to sit and listen, though.
I'd ask questions.

'Why was she sad, Daddy? Why did she cry?'


He said he didn't know.

but he also said there
was a story about a
time when she did not
weep for sadness...


...but that story was lost.

...until we found it.
Sideswipe and I...
and that's the story
I'm going to tell you.

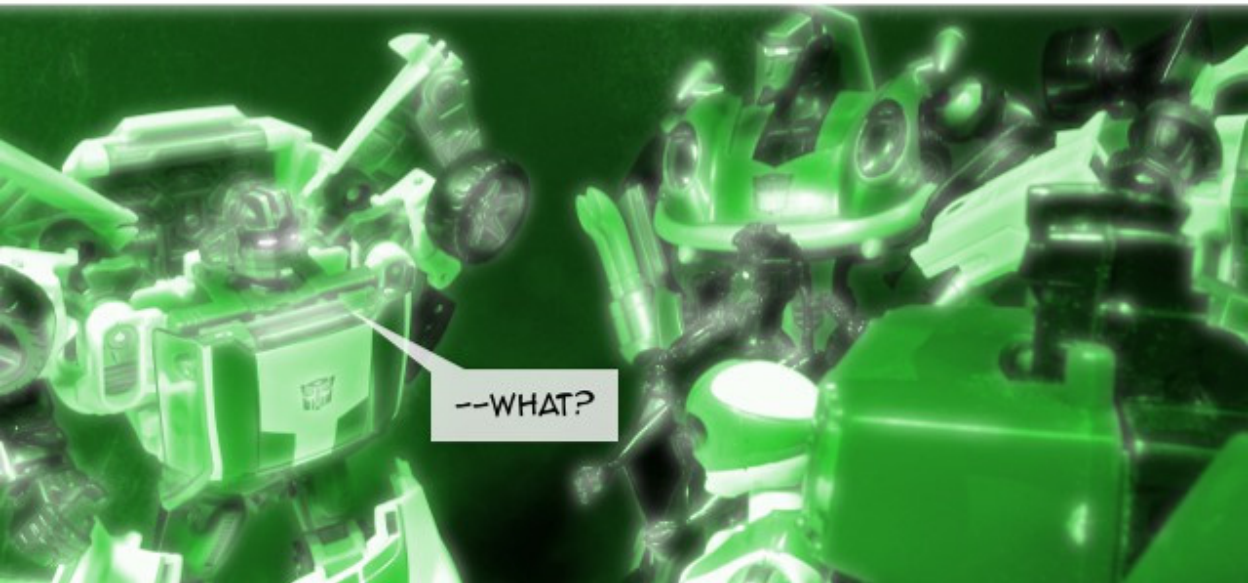


A close-up shot of a green Transformer's face, showing its eyes and mouth area. The lighting is dramatic, with highlights on the metallic surfaces.

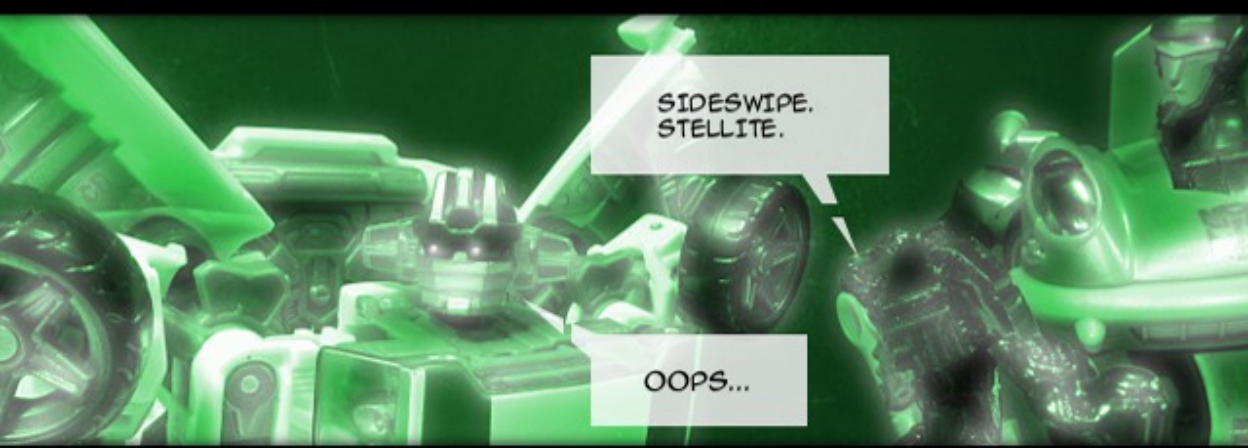
C'MON, STELLA,
WE KNOW SU-GARA
WASN'T ALWAYS
SAD LIKE DAT.

A close-up shot of a green Transformer's face, showing its eyes and mouth area. The lighting is dramatic, with highlights on the metallic surfaces.

I MEAN, C'MON, SHE
AN' SIDESWIPE HAD
SOME GOOD TIMES...

A wider shot showing two green Transformers. The one on the left is speaking, and the one on the right is listening. The background is dark, making the green armor stand out.

--WHAT?



...and you said...
I had chutzpah...

But no.
Not that...



This is a thing of the
deep, distant past...
Long ago in Eutropolis...

In the age of Synero.

Synero was a lot of things...among others, an inventor. He discovered that the poisons in the Yussite sand could be extracted and separated into fuel and minerals, leaving more soil fit for cultivation.

Beginning with his garden, he built a series of ever-larger machines to do this... Giants bored the earth in those days... mining the sand and purifying it. The ore veins under Fort Scyk were the castings of Synero's earthworms.

...and the fort itself was built around one of them.

Maybe the last.

Pity we couldn't study it. Anyway...



Watered by deadly storms...
Built and fueled by polluted sand...
the desert of Yuss became a garden...

And then, into the garden...

...there came a serpent.





Silvery-white
in the morning sun,
a river in a waterless desert..
flowing from the distant mountains...
uncoiling toward the city of Eutropolis...



The deadly White Serpent.

Its teeth were venomous...
its breath was worse...
'a fire that poisoned'...


Sunset was red with ashes.



DA WHITE
SERPENT.

IN DA USUAL CAUTIONARY
FABLE ABAHT TAMPERIN'
WITH NATURE, PLAYING
PRIMUS, YADDA YADDA
HEY. I BET THEY THREW
SYNCRA' OFFA CLIFF.

DON'T TEMPT ME,
WHEELJACK.



Nope. No cliff.
Now listen.

A friend of Synchro's
had fled the city...



<A FIERY WHITE SERPENT?
WHERE DID IT COME FROM?>*

<FROM THE
MOUNTAINS,
THEY SAID.
I THINK...>*

<THE GREEN
LADY SENT IT
TO DESTROY US.>

<WHY?>

<ISN'T IT CLEAR?
WE HAVE ABANDONED
OUR TRADITIONS.
WE HAVE FORGOTTEN HER,
AND SHE IS ANGRY.>

*TRANSLATED
FROM ANCIENT
YUSSITE OCTAL.



<BULLSHIT.>**

<THE GREEN LADY
DIDN'T SEND IT.>

****LOOSELY TRANSLATED FROM ANCIENT YUSSIITE OCTAL**

<IT CAME ON
A CLEAR DAY.
THE GREEN
LADY RIDES
THE STORMS.>

<I DON'T
KNOW,
SYNCR0...>

<WELL, I DO, AND I'LL PROVE IT.
WHERE'S MY SWORD...?>




<I'M GOING TO GO
FIND THE GREEN LADY,
AND BRING HER BACK
TO HELP US OUT.>

<SHE'LL KILL
THAT SERPENT.
YOU'LL SEE.>

<TAKE CARE OF MY
PLACE UNTIL I
GET BACK. OKAY?

AND KEEP THE
ROSES WATERED.>



IS ALL
THIS STUFF
GONNA
BE ON THE
FINAL?

Anything might
be on the final.
Now listen...

The story goes on.
'Some doubts had he,
the friend of Syncro...'

<NOT SO FAST, SYNCRO.
HOW WILL YOU FIND THE GREEN LADY?>

<CLOUDS ARE GATHERING
OVER THE WESTERN HILLS.
I'LL MEET HER IN THE STORM.>

<HER LIGHTNING WILL
FRY YOU LIKE AN EGGBOT.>

<THEN BURY ME WITH DRY TOAST
AND TWO SLICES OF BACON.>
<CIAO.>

Darker grew the sky
as Synero climbed
the winding
mountain paths...

...and suddenly,
at a bend...



Synero found
his way blocked
by a gigantic
warrior...
all covered
in silvery-white
battle armor.



<WHO ARE
YOU, IN THE
MOUNTAINS,
IN SUCH
WEATHER?>

<WHO WANTS
TO KNOW?>

<SOMEONE WHO WILL EXIST
WHEN THIS WORLD IS A MEMORY.>

<SOMEONE WHO COULD SLAY
YOU INSTANTLY...IF I WISHED...>

<AS IT HAPPENS, I DON'T.>

<YOU ARE GOING
TO THE GREEN LADY.>

<IT IS UNWISE TO
GO EMPTY-HANDED>

<TAKE THIS
SWORD AS
A GIFT FOR
HER.>



<IT IS ONE
SHE WILL LOVE
LIKE NO OTHER.>



<THANKS,
I THINK.>



<...But the
warrior
was gone
already.>


Synero was not stupid...
and his senses were keen...

but the blade
was beautiful...
simply formed
and light, but
very strong
and flexible.

He could see no
flaw in it, nor feel
any evil lurking
within it...



<A TRINKET, AT WORST...
AND I SUPPOSE HE WAS RIGHT.
IT IS FOOLISH TO GO EMPTY-HANDED.>



ECTO-COOLER!
WHO WANTS?

ONE, PLEASE!

FIVE, PLEASE!

TOSS ME ONE, CYC!

NO, BARRY. NO ECTO-COOLER FOR YOU.
THAT STUFF IS LOADED WITH SUGAR!

YOU GOTTA TRY THIS NEXT.
THESE PIES ARE THE
GREATEST, WARMED UP.

⇒FFFF⇐

I'LL TRY ONE, CYCLONUS,
IF YOU LEAVE ME ONE...

⇒REEACH⇐

⇒SHOVE⇐



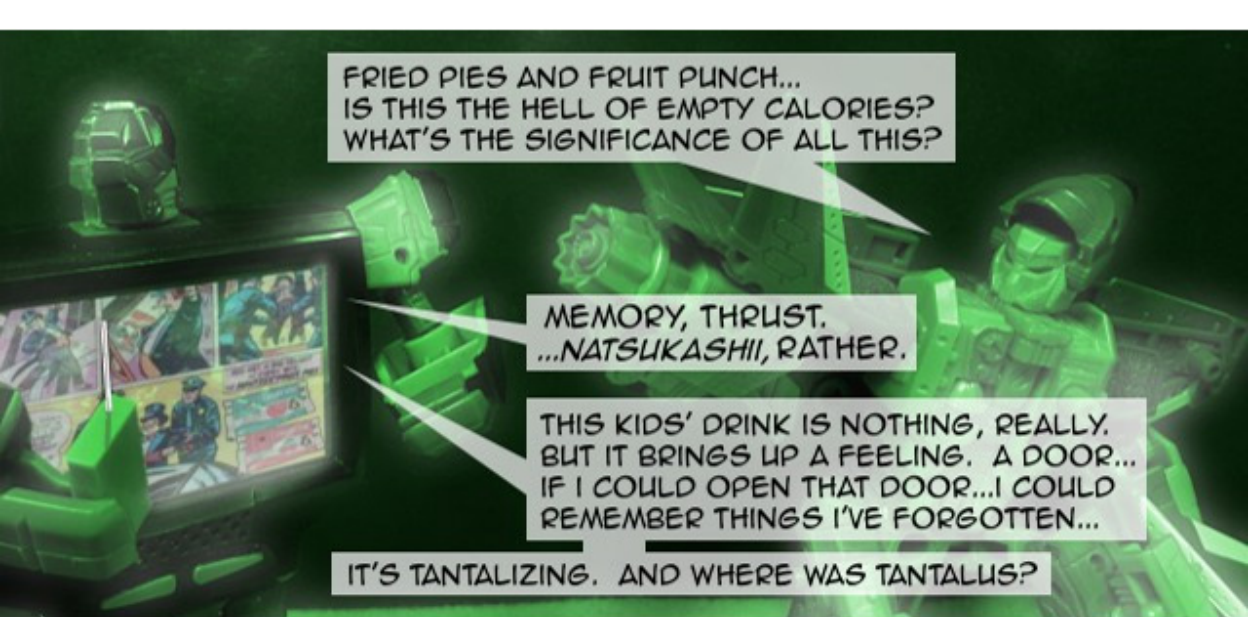
GRAB



APPROPRIATE, ISN'T IT, HACKER?
GHOSTS, DRINKING ECTO COOLER.

I SUPPOSE SO, THRUST.
IT WAS REALLY JUST 'CITRUS
COOLER' WITH A NEW NAME.

I SURE MISSED
IT, THOUGH.




FRIED PIES AND FRUIT PUNCH...
IS THIS THE HELL OF EMPTY CALORIES?
WHAT'S THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ALL THIS?

MEMORY, THRUST.
...NATSUKASHII, RATHER.


THIS KIDS' DRINK IS NOTHING, REALLY.
BUT IT BRINGS UP A FEELING. A DOOR...
IF I COULD OPEN THAT DOOR...I COULD
REMEMBER THINGS I'VE FORGOTTEN...

IT'S TANTALIZING. AND WHERE WAS TANTALUS?



I THINK THE GREEN LADY
REMEMBERED THESE
THINGS, TOO. I THINK
SHE ALSO SAW THAT
GLIMPSE...THAT 'DOOR'
TO THINGS SHE KNEW
SHE HAD FORGOTTEN.

I DON'T THINK THESE WERE
ALWAYS HERE. I THINK SHE
RECREATED THEM, IN HOPES
OF JOGGING HER MEMORY...
OPENING THAT 'DOOR'.



MEMORY. THAT MIGHT BE THE KEY TO FINDING TSUGARU...AND THE EXIT FROM HERE. THE RIGHT MEMORY-JOG, THE RIGHT SHARED EXPERIENCE...

...UM.
BARRY AND CRAZY
WERE JUST HERE.
WHERE ARE THEY?

SHARING AN
EXPERIENCE,
I EXPECT...

WHAT KIND OF EXPERIENCE?


NOTHING YOU'D
BE FAMILIAR WITH,
CYCLONUS.

...OUTSIDE OF
MICHAEL BAY'S
DREAMS.

...the storm was at its height.

Bullets of ice dented Synero's steel armor.
Gusts of hurricane force pushed him back,
tried to tear him from the mountain top.

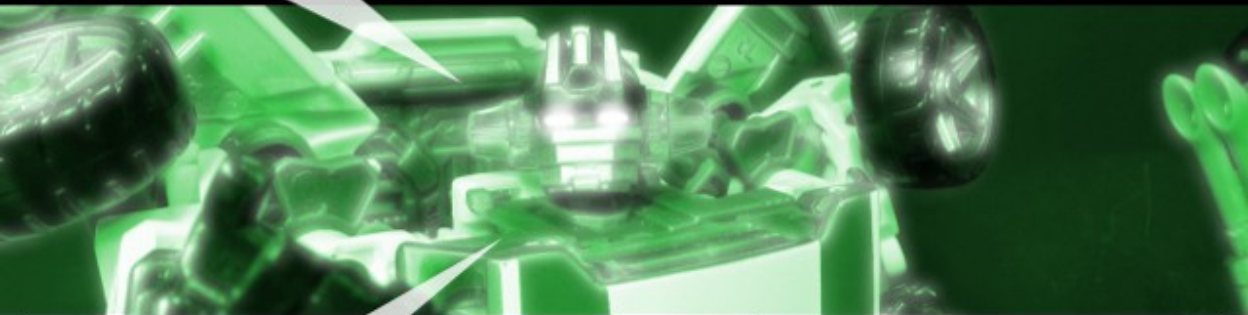
Deep into the rock
Synero thrust his sword.
Clinging to it for an anchor,
he bravely stood his ground.>



<SHOW YOUR FACE, MILADY GREEN!>

Lightning flashed and thunder roared,
but so great was Synero's courage
that the mountain itself
protected him...
the earth absorbed the deadly bolts.

COURAGE, MY AFT!
HIS ARMOR WAS PROB'LY ACTIN'
LIKE A FARADAY CAGE!



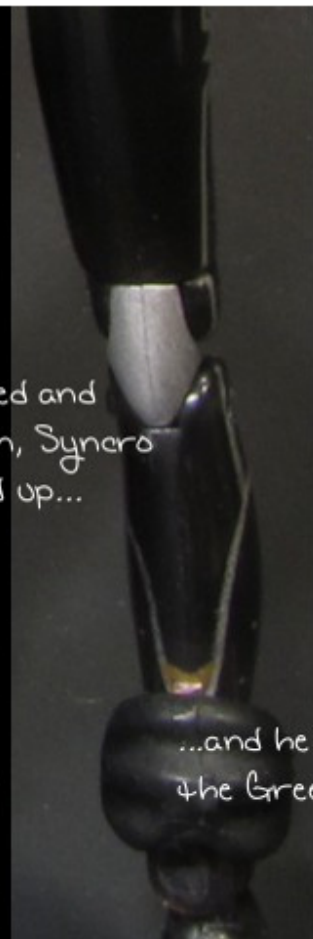
AND DA EARTH WAS ABSORBIN' DA
ACCUM'LATED STATIC CHARGE! HE
WAS GROUNDED T'ROO HIS SWORD!

Will you stop
interrupting?!!

At last,
the fury of the storm
was spent.



Dented and
frozen, Synaro
looked up...



...and he saw
the Green lady.



That sight struck him,
as the lightning had failed to.

He had expected
something monstrous.

He saw the figure
of a small female,
graceful and
well-formed.

Skin or clothing...
he knew not which,
was the color of gleaming night,
adorned in starry silver.

A green corona of light
surrounded her.





She was the
loveliest lady
Synero had
ever seen...

The skinny little bruch.



Look well, Synero.

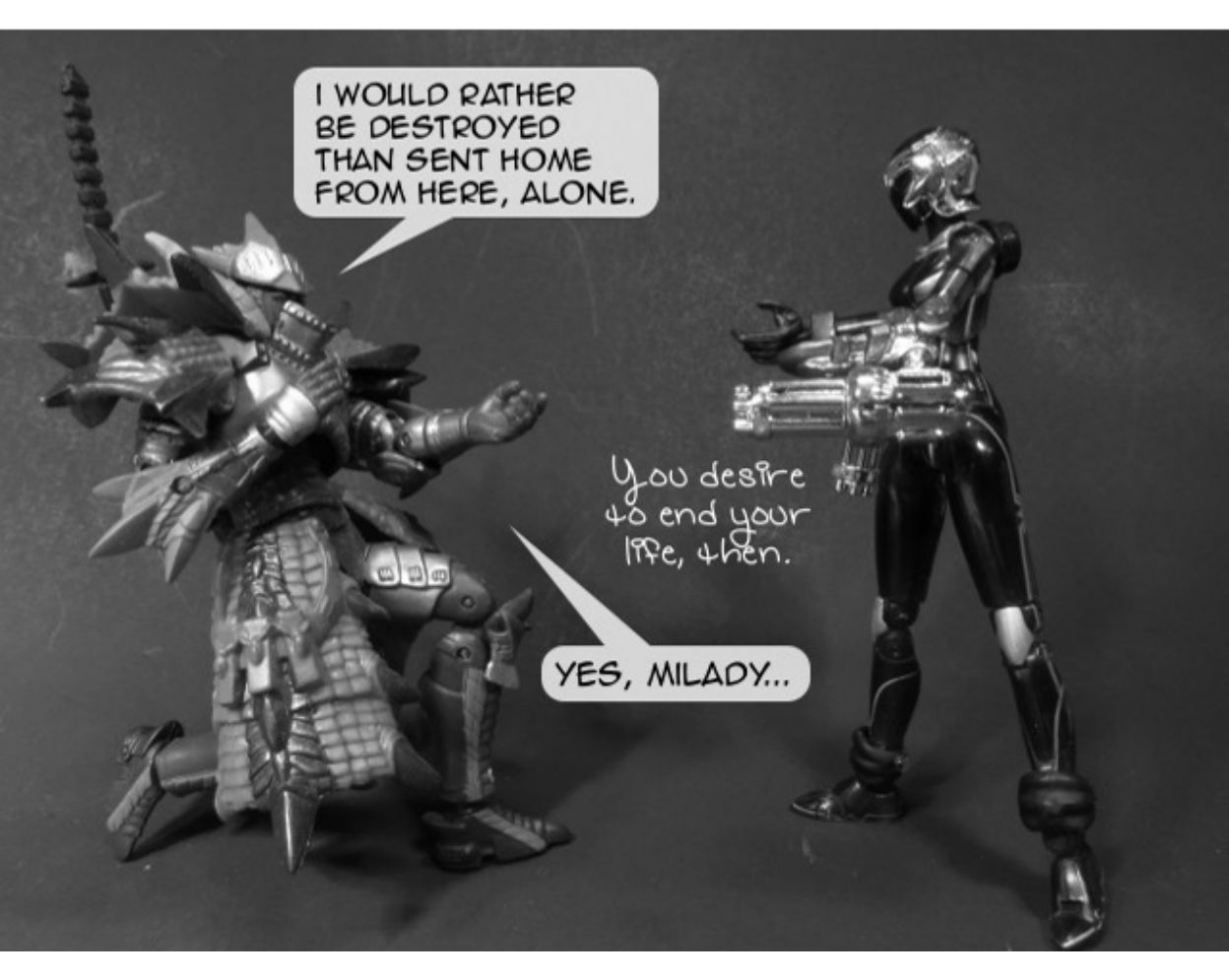
It is your death
you gaze upon.

Look well.

You will see
nothing more
after this.



FIRE WHEN READY,
MY LADY GREEN.



I WOULD RATHER
BE DESTROYED
THAN SENT HOME
FROM HERE, ALONE.

You desire
to end your
life, then.


YES, MILADY..

...AND TO BEGIN
ANOTHER...WITH YOU
BY MY SIDE...

⇒SHINK!⇒

S-
syncro...





Go! Return to your people.


Do not ask this thing.
It is forbidden!
I am death. I ride the tempest.
To touch me is to join the fallen!

TO MY PEOPLE, YOU ARE LIFE...
BUT THIS LIFE WILL NOT LAST.


WE ARE SET UPON BY EVIL.
A WHITE SERPENT WHICH
WE CANNOT DEFEAT.

The lady wavered...
saying nothing.
Synnero was desperate.
He brought out the sword...
presented it to the lady.

PLEASE, MILADY. SAVE US.




The Green Lady
took the blade.

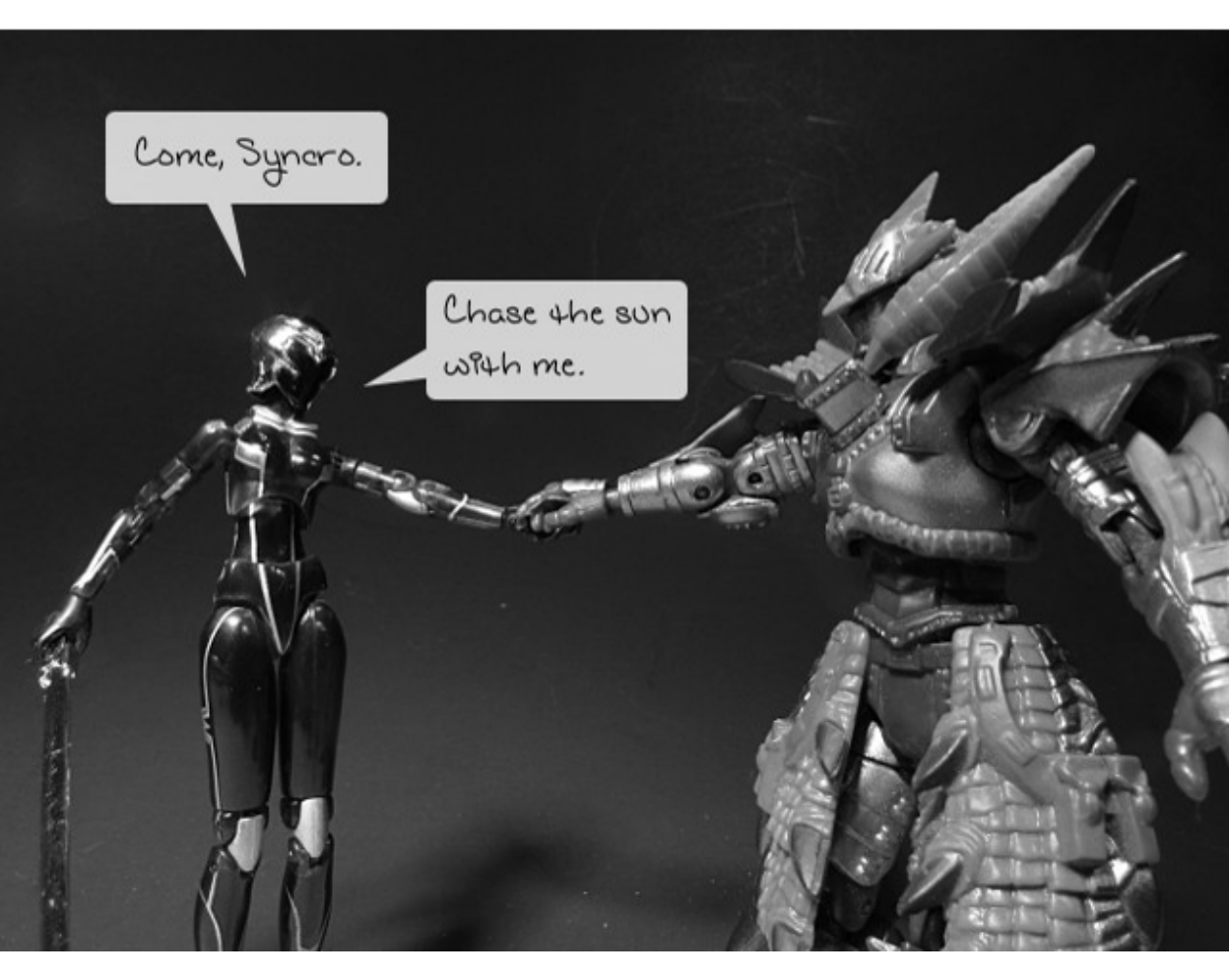


She looked
at Synero,
long, in
silence...

She looked
at the blade...
and began
to weep.

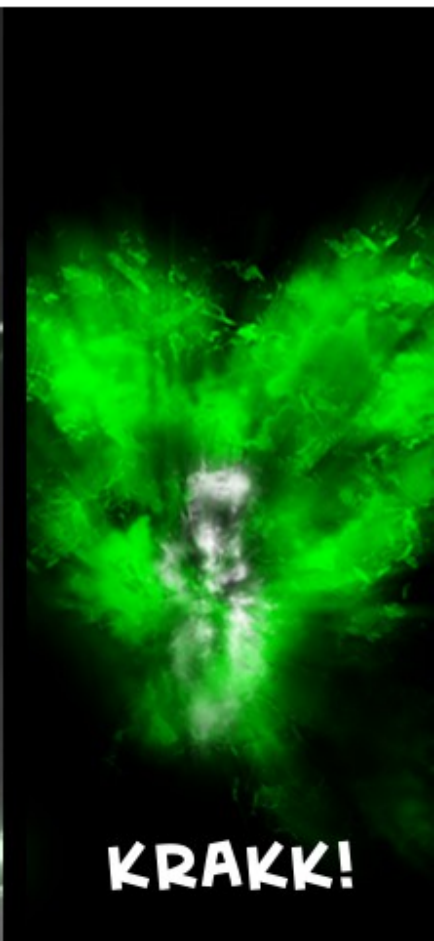


Synero...
let's go.



Come, Synaro.

Chase the sun
with me.



KRAKK!

SHROOOOAR!

Hold me, Synero,
do not let go

NEVER,
MY LADY
GREEN!

Hold me, Synero,
take care not to fall



A close-up shot of a mechanical figure, possibly a robot or a character from a video game, with a strong green glow. The figure is composed of various metallic and plastic parts, including what looks like a head with a visor and a body with intricate details. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image. The background is dark, with a faint circular shape visible behind the figure.

TOO LATE,
MY LADY
GREEN.

Synero and
the Green Lady...
High above the clouds,
Together they flew,
searching for the enemy.





High above the burning city,
Synero and the Green Lady
saw the serpent's white scales
gleaming through the smoke.

Down they plunged.

Synero was not a filter.
He saw the ground
rushing up.

He did not hear the
Green Lady's warning...





AW FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF-!

You landed poorly.

NNO SHHH--

Can you walk, Synero?

Y-YES...I CAN WALK...
THE SERPENT ISN'T FAR.

Nearby, in the ruins,
the serpent gloated.

"Am I not incomparable?"
the serpent boasted.



"I have seen universes die...and laughed.
My might is matchless, my wisdom wide.

"All shall be destroyed,
and remade to my plan,
for I am destined
to become a god."

Settling into his coils,
the serpent yawned.

"Whose is the
power to
resist me?"






THIS IS THE POWER
THAT WILL DESTROY
YOU, SERPENT.

STRONG YOU MAY BE.
WISE YOU MAY BE....
YOU CLAIM TO BE A GOD...
BUT THE POWER WE WIELD
RAISED ME TO THE STARS,
AND DREW MY LADY DOWN.

YOUR WISDOM CAN
NOT COMPREHEND
THIS POWER...
YOUR CLAWS CAN
NOT CRUSH IT...



THIS POWER WILL DEFEAT YOU...

THIS POWER...
IS LOVE.

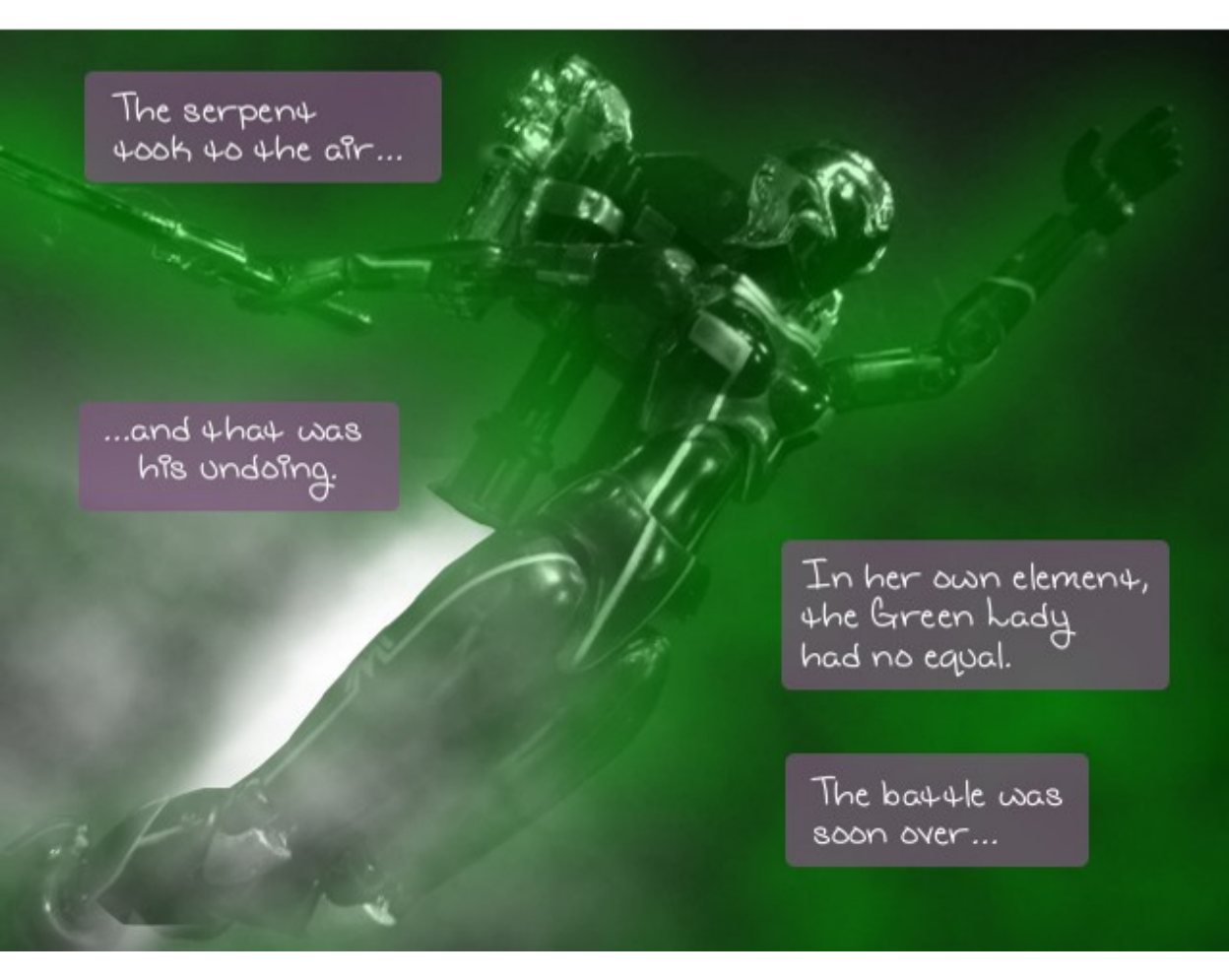
Syncero had
hardly finished
speaking...

...when the White
Serpent suddenly
turned and fled.

The warriors
gave chase...



...but slowed by
his injured leg,
Syncero quickly
fell behind.

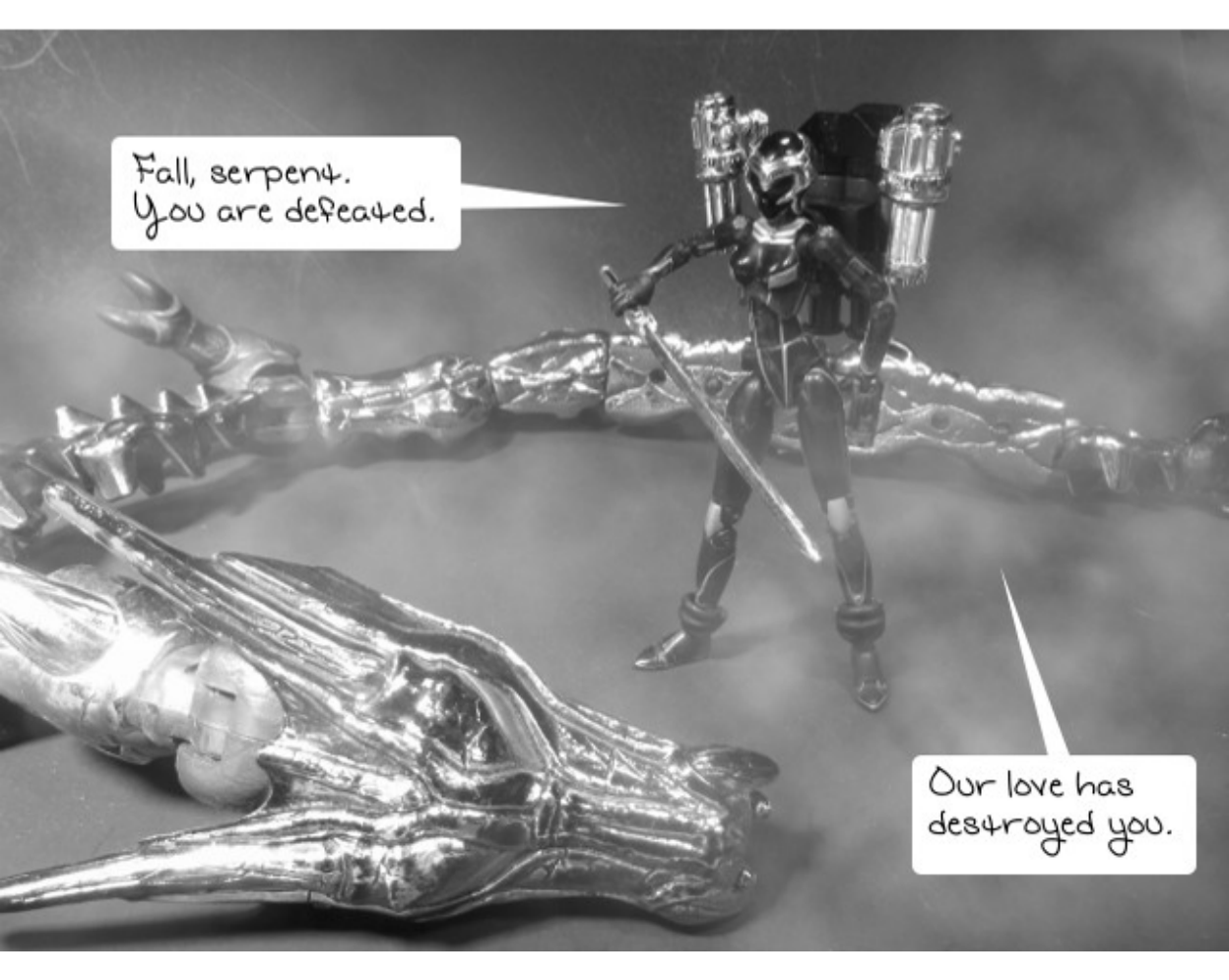


The serpent
took to the air...

...and that was
his undoing.

In her own element,
the Green Lady
had no equal.

The battle was
soon over...



Fall, serpent.
You are defeated.

Our love has
destroyed you.



YES....

YOUR LOVE HAS
DESTROYED ME.

LOOK AT THE BLADE,
O NAMELESS LADY.

GAZE UPON ITS
SILVERY GLEAM.

CARESS ITS
COLD STEEL.

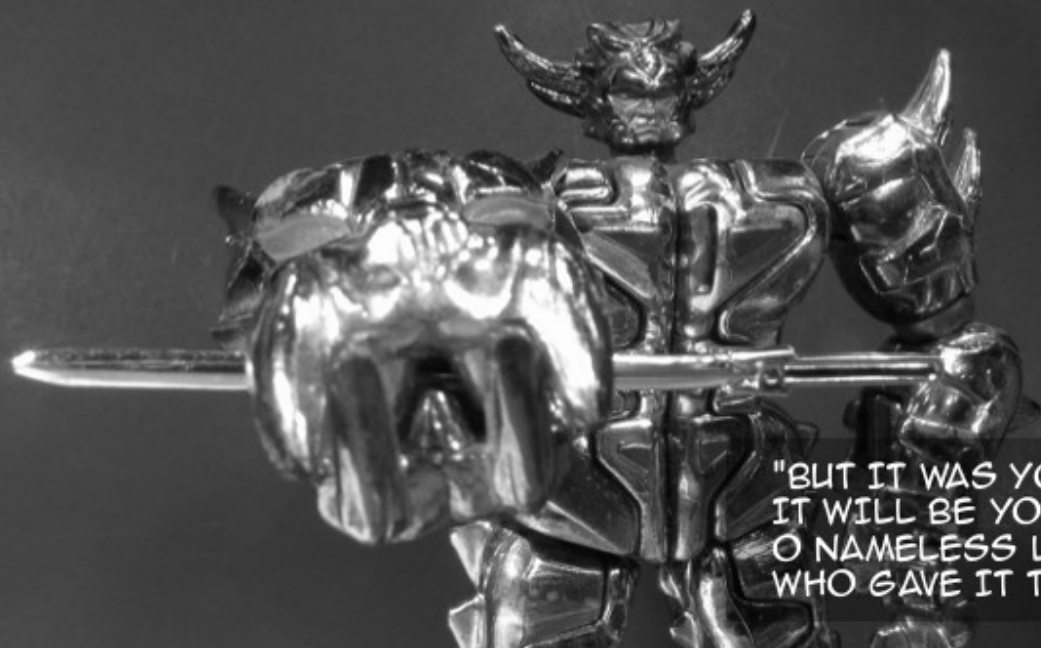
LOOK UPON IT,
AND KNOW MY
TRUE MEANING.

WITH YOUR LOVE
YOU HAVE
DESTROYED ME.

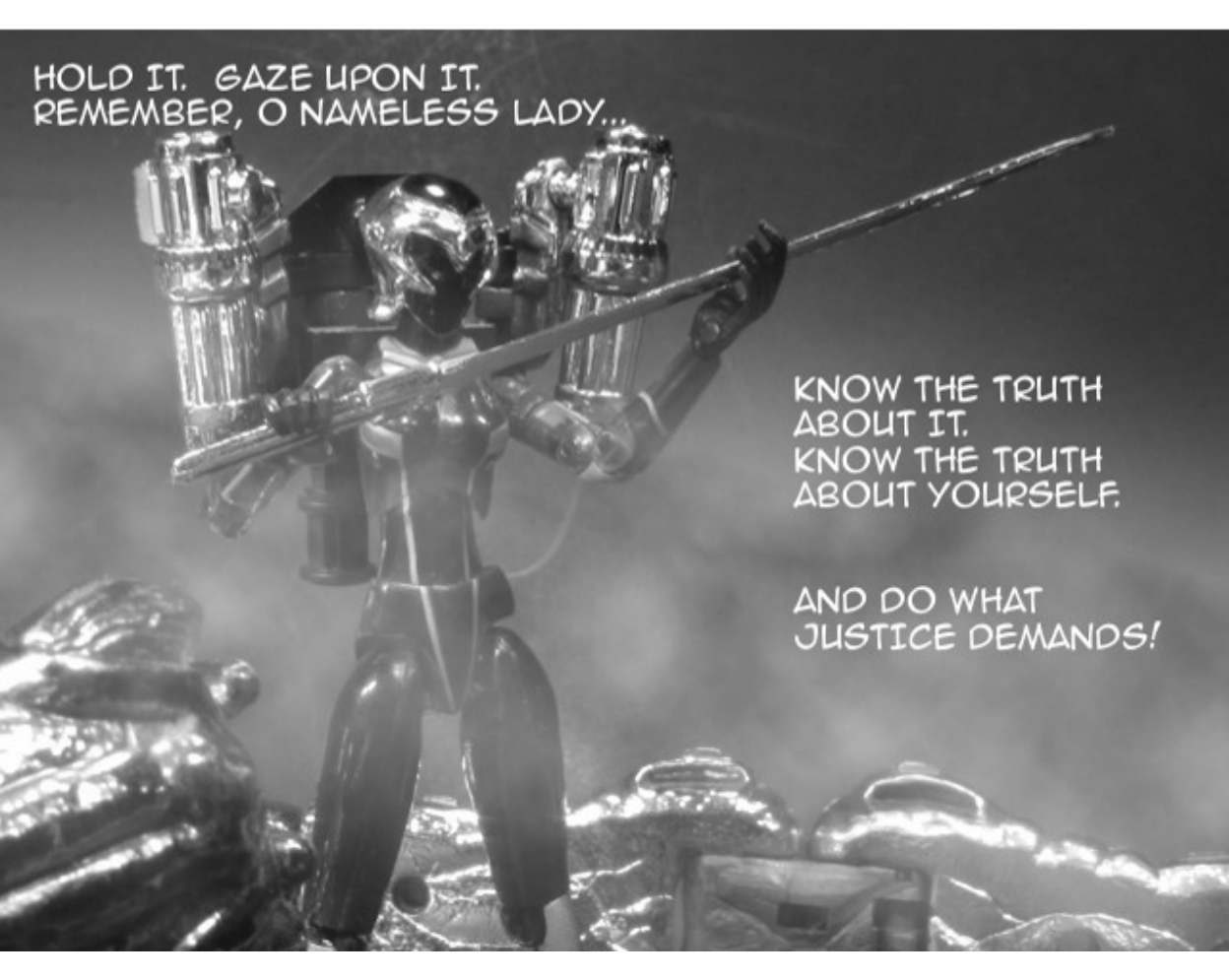


THE STRICKEN SERPENT LAUGHED.

"SYNCRO GAVE YOU THAT SWORD...
BUT IT WAS I...CHANGED INTO A GREAT
MAN OF IRON...WHO GAVE IT TO HIM."



"BUT IT WAS YOU...
IT WILL BE YOU...
O NAMELESS LADY...
WHO GAVE IT TO ME."



HOLD IT. GAZE UPON IT.
REMEMBER, O NAMELESS LADY...

KNOW THE TRUTH
ABOUT IT.
KNOW THE TRUTH
ABOUT YOURSELF.

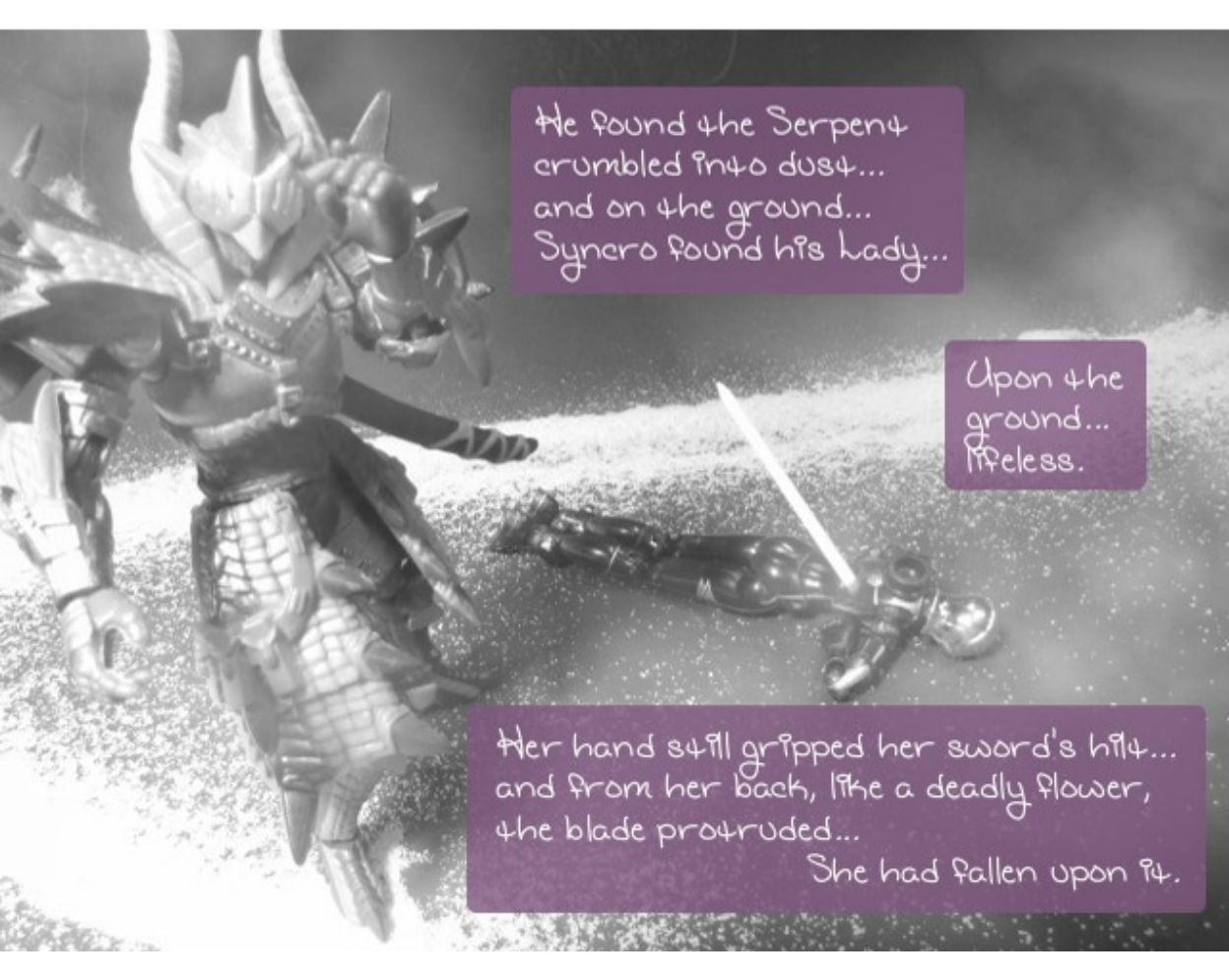
AND DO WHAT
JUSTICE DEMANDS!



In the distance,
leaning on his sword
to rest his leg,
Synero heard
the Serpent laugh.

He heard
a cry of
anguish
and fear...

and then
silence.



He found the Serpent
crumbled into dust...
and on the ground...
Synero found his lady...

Upon the
ground...
lifeless.

Her hand still gripped her sword's hilt...
and from her back, like a deadly flower,
the blade protruded...

She had fallen upon it.

That is the story...

...and this
is the sword...



This is the very blade from that story that struck through the Green Lady's heart and put an end to her physical existence.

The White Serpent you plan to attack is the same fiend that...

...Um...

.....Is there a problem?




≡SOBB!≡

→PHBBBBBBBLT!←

ANODYTHE'S
ON IT, STELLITE.

YOU CAN GO ON--

NOT SO FAST, RONNY.



THIS IS A MILITARY OPERATION, NOT A SLAGBLASTED
TOLKIEN NOVEL. WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR MORE STORIES.

WE DIDN'T EVEN
HAVE TIME FOR
THAT ONE.

AND I'M WONDERING,
STELLITE, WHY YOU EVEN
TOLD US THAT LONG AND
POINTLESS THING, UNLESS
IT WAS A DELAY TACTIC, IN
WHICH CASE...

A purple robot character with a helmet, glowing eyes, and a sword stands in a green, industrial environment. The robot has a speech bubble above its head.

Ha!

Are you sassing a ghost, Moonstream? I should gather up a bunch of loose silverware and fling it at you...

That story was a thing you needed to hear...


...before you're in it.

The Green Lady... Tsugaru... is the center of a terrible endless cycle, a massive knot in time that sucks in everyone who associates with her.

'All who touch me are drawn in', the Green Lady said...

Stay away.






ANODYTHE?


HAND ME MY
PROTON PACK.

I BELIEVE THIS PINK GHOST IS
ATTEMPTING TO THREATEN US.



Not threatening,
Moonscream.

I'm only trying to warn you.



THEN YOU'RE TOO LATE.

WE WERE INVOLVED
FROM DAY ZERO.



SO WERE OUR
CHILDREN.

IF YOU WANT
TO HELP...

TELL US HOW TO
BREAK THEM OUT.

I wish I knew.


If you could break anyone out, the whole cycle might unravel itself... it would be a whole lot better for... a whole lot of people.

But the trouble is...

the Serpent.


He won't let you.






The moment you think you've won... he'll turn it around on you...

Just like he did to Synero and the Green Lady.



DERE MUST BE...
SOME WAY...
...SOME WAY TA
GET 'ROUND HIM?



If only, Jack...
but how do you fool someone who has specialized in deception for thousands of our lifetimes?

WE ARE MICRON. WE ARE LINKAGE.
WE ARE TOO FAR TO HEAR...BUT WE DO NOT NEED TO.
WE FEEL THE WORDS AS THEY ARE SPOKEN.
WE KNOW THE STORY OF SYNCRO.
WE SEE THE CYCLE REPEATED
AGAIN AND AGAIN, THROUGH
A DISMAL HISTORY..

STELLITE
SPEAKS
THE TRUTH.

WE CAN NOT WIN.



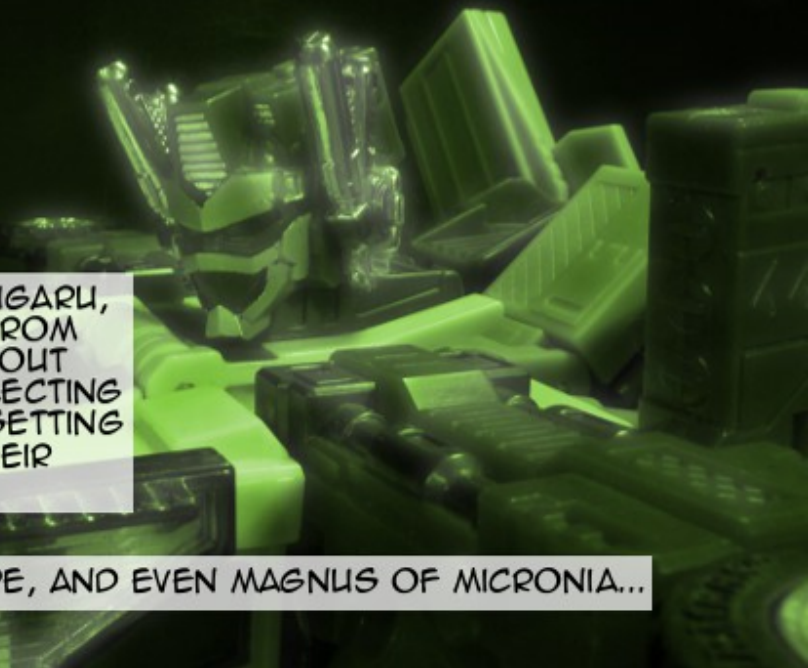
WE ARE LINKAGE.
WE KNOW WE CAN NOT WIN.

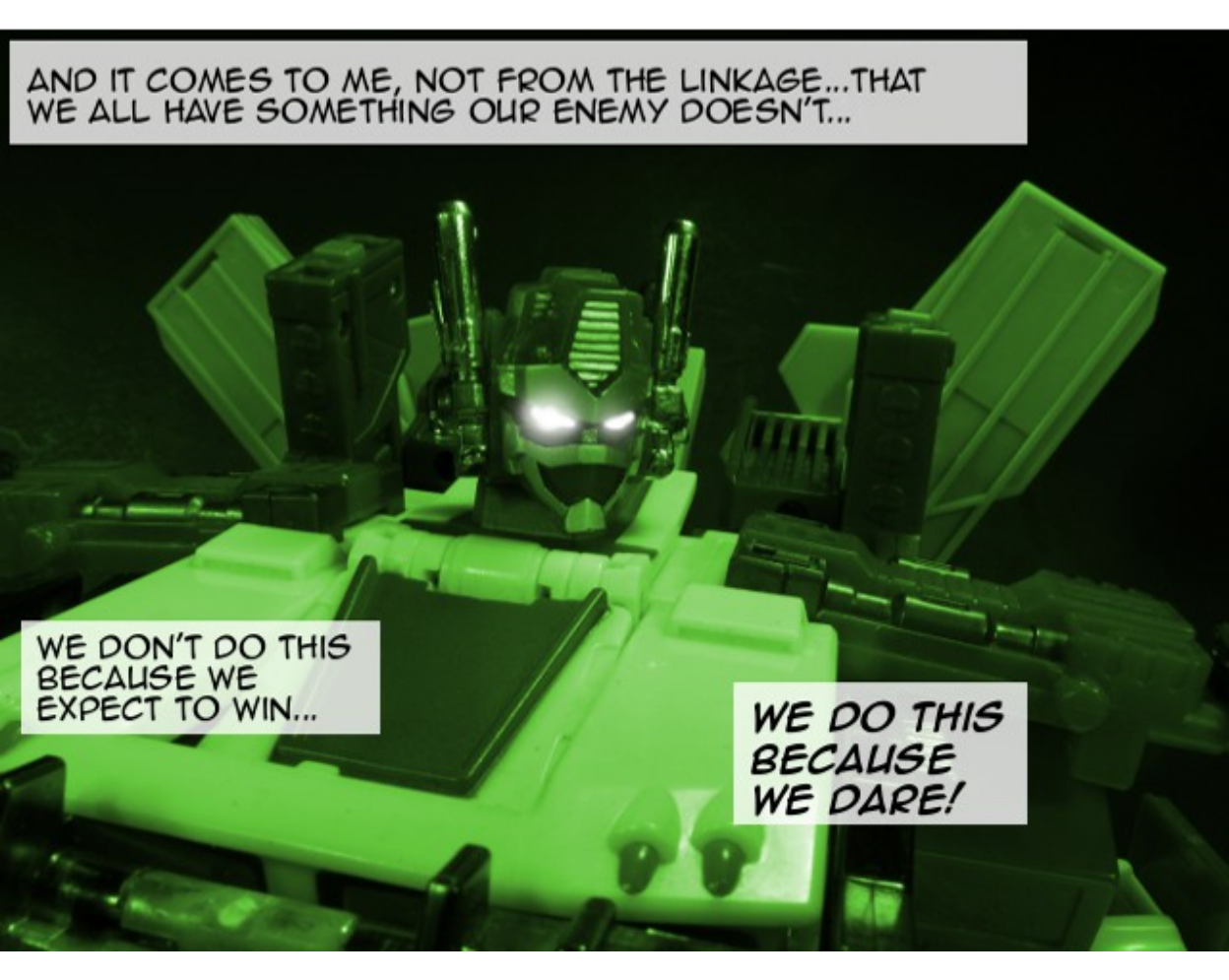
I AM BURNOUT.
I AM THINKING...

I'M THINKING ABOUT
THE CHILDREN, ABOUT
POMOCK AND PARTIO...

I'M THINKING ABOUT TSUGARU,
AND HER PLANE MADE FROM
SCRAP. I'M THINKING ABOUT
SHADOWDRAGON, COLLECTING
COMBAT ROBOTS AND SETTING
THEM TO TO GOVERN THEIR
OWN AFFAIRS...

FEZ, AND HOB, AND HYPE, AND EVEN MAGNUS OF MICRONIA...






AND IT COMES TO ME, NOT FROM THE LINKAGE...THAT
WE ALL HAVE SOMETHING OUR ENEMY DOESN'T...

WE DON'T DO THIS
BECAUSE WE
EXPECT TO WIN...


WE DO THIS
BECAUSE
WE DARE!

THAT'S WHEN
I SEE IT...



A close-up shot of a yellow Autobot robot, likely Optimus Prime, with a white speech bubble overlaid on the image.

A STRAND OF SOMETHING...
LIKE A FINE STEEL SPIDERWEB...
STRETCHING TO THE DISTANCE...

A close-up shot of a yellow Autobot robot, likely Optimus Prime, with a white speech bubble overlaid on the image.

...AND THEN I HEARD
THAT VOICE AGAIN...

A yellow Autobot robot, likely Optimus Prime, is shown in a dark, smoky environment. A white speech bubble is overlaid on the image.


AUTOBOT BURNOUT!



**ULTIMATE
OPTIMUS!!
IS THAT YOU?!**

**I'D SAY 'HERE'S A HINT',
BUT I GOT MY OWN SHOES
TO FILL, BURNOUT.**

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A group of female Autobots, including Arcee, are gathered in a control room. They are wearing their signature blue and red armor. The room is filled with various control panels and screens. A speech bubble points to the group.

GOOD TO SEE YOU,
ULTIMATE OPTIMUS...

A close-up shot of Arcee, a female Autobot, sitting in the driver's seat of a vehicle. She is wearing her blue and red armor and has a determined expression. A speech bubble points to her.

WHERE'S
THE KIDS?



STILL BY THE LAKE...BUT SAFE FOR NOW. MY TRAILER'S CASTING A FORCE FIELD.

I'M POWERING IT VIA THIS TRANS-DIMENSIONAL CABLE...


LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED FROM A GITH AT A BAR...



RIN!

SAFE, TOO,
BEHIND THE
FIELD.

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS WITHOUT HER.
KAGAMINE SAN IS A VERY BRAVE GIRL.




Uh, excuse me?
New guy who looks like
Optimus Prime, talking
to other guy who looks
like different Optimus
Prime?

What, exactly, are you talking about?
Just what is it that you did?



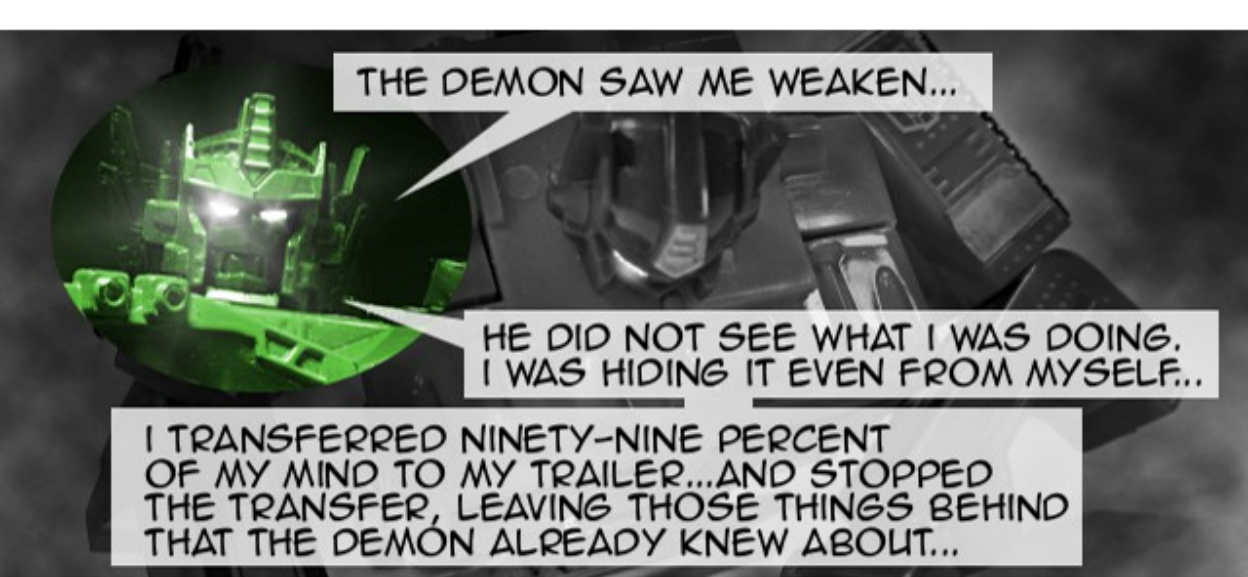
IT SEEMS,
STELLITE...

...THAT ULTIMATE OPTIMUS HAS
TRICKED THE INVINCIBLE WHITE
SERPENT, CHEATED DEATH, AND
EVEN PULLED OFF AN UPGRADE..
RIGHT UNDER HIS SMLIG,
SMOKY SNOUT...



I DID NOT CHEAT!
I SIMPLY PLAYED
THE GAME.

THE SERPENT WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH
TO TAUNT ME WITH ALL MY FAULTS...
HELPLESS, WITH THE CHILDREN BEHIND,
I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LISTEN...
AND IT CAME TO ME WHAT I HAD TO DO.



THE DEMON SAW ME WEAKEN...

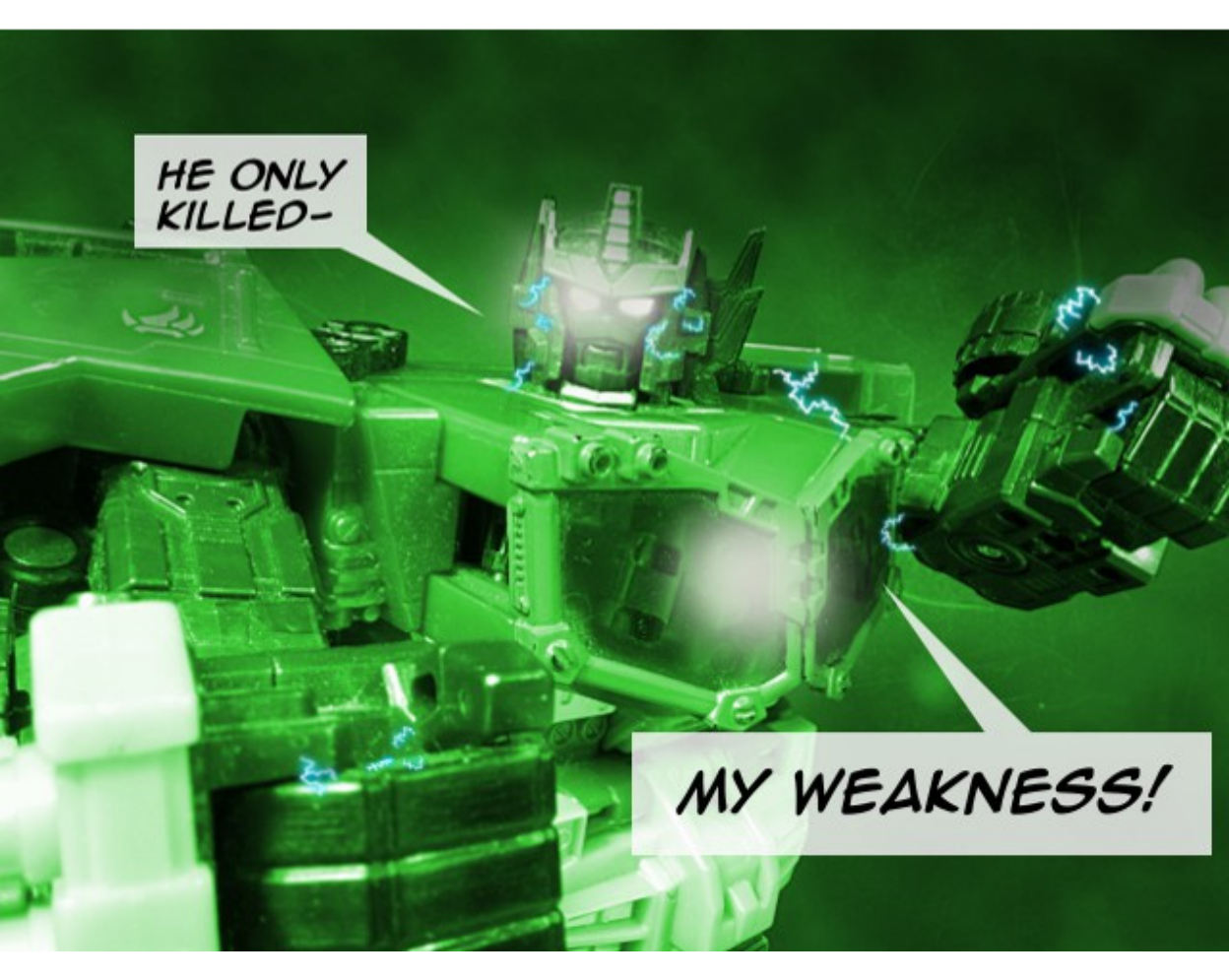
HE DID NOT SEE WHAT I WAS DOING,
I WAS HIDING IT EVEN FROM MYSELF...

I TRANSFERRED NINETY-NINE PERCENT
OF MY MIND TO MY TRAILER...AND STOPPED
THE TRANSFER, LEAVING THOSE THINGS BEHIND
THAT THE DEMON ALREADY KNEW ABOUT...

WHEN THE NEED CAME
AT LAST TO SACRIFICE
THAT COMPONENT...


KABLAAM!

IT WAS NOT
ULTIMATE OPTIMUS
THE SERPENT KILLED...



HE ONLY
KILLED-

MY WEAKNESS!



YOU PROTECTED THE KIDS.
JUST LIKE YOU PROMISED...

THANKS,
ULT-OP.

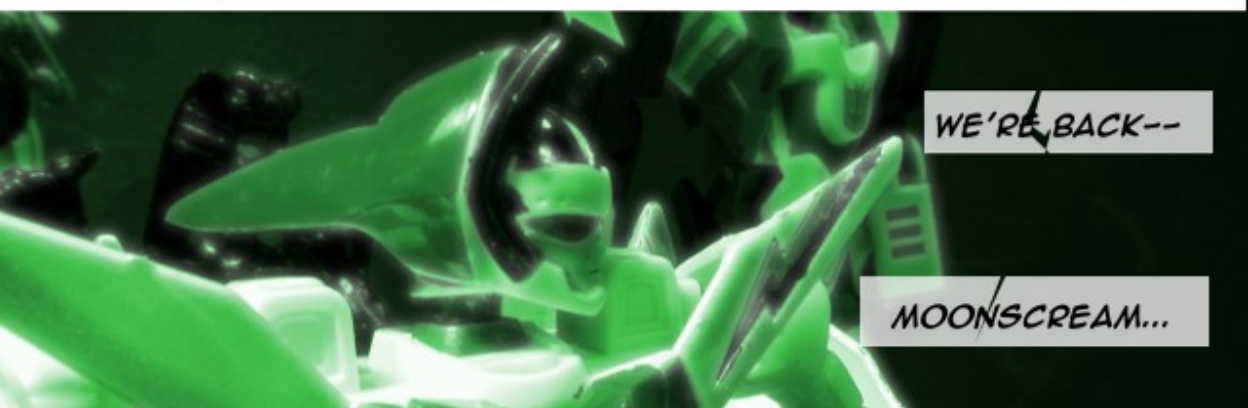


YEAH, THANKS,
AUTOBOT...
HOW CAN WE
EVER REPAY YOU?

OH! I KNOW!


BY KICKING A CERTAIN
DEMONOID'S PALE AFT.

SO LET'S CALL THE
SEARCHERS BACK AND-



WE'RE BACK--

MOONSCREAM...




COME
WITH US...

WE FOUND...
TSUGARU.

IT'S...HORRIBLE...

SHE IS...


AND HE WAS...
JUST A FEW
STEPS AWAY...

A scene of destruction with a white robot amidst green wreckage. The robot is in the center, surrounded by a chaotic field of green mechanical parts and debris. A sign with the word 'POLICE' is visible on the right. The overall atmosphere is one of devastation and chaos.

I CAN'T REPAIR THIS...

NOT HERE...
NOT IN ANY
PLANE OF
EXISTENCE...

ASIDE FROM...
THE DAMAGE TO
THE OPTICS...
AND THE EVIDENT
MASSIVE TRAUMA
TO ALL...MAJOR
SYSTEMS...



THERE IS A HOLE
IN HER CHEST....

ONE OF HER
THREE CSC ORBS
HAS BEEN
SMASHED.


ANOTHER WAS
TAKEN...AND
THE ONLY ONE
LEFT...HAS A
DEEP CRACK.

THERE'S NO
FIXING WHAT
THE DEMON
DID TO HER...

BUT...I THINK...
THERE'S ONE
SMALL THING
WE CAN DO...

*WE CAN TAKE HER THE LAST FEW STEPS
AND GIVE HER A WARM PLACE TO REST.*





Varm...

Moonscream
Wrap her in this.
It will keep her varm,
keep her together
when moving...

DON'T, SCHATTEN.
IF YOU GIVE HER YOUR
COAT, YOU'LL BE COLD.

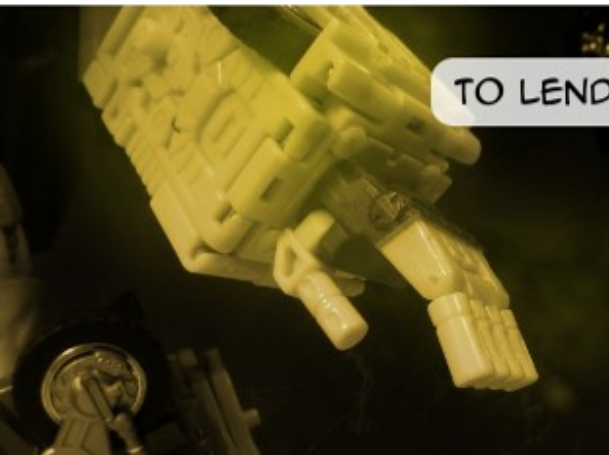
If I keep it I will be cold...
I haf never been anything but cold...

Please do not refuse me this.



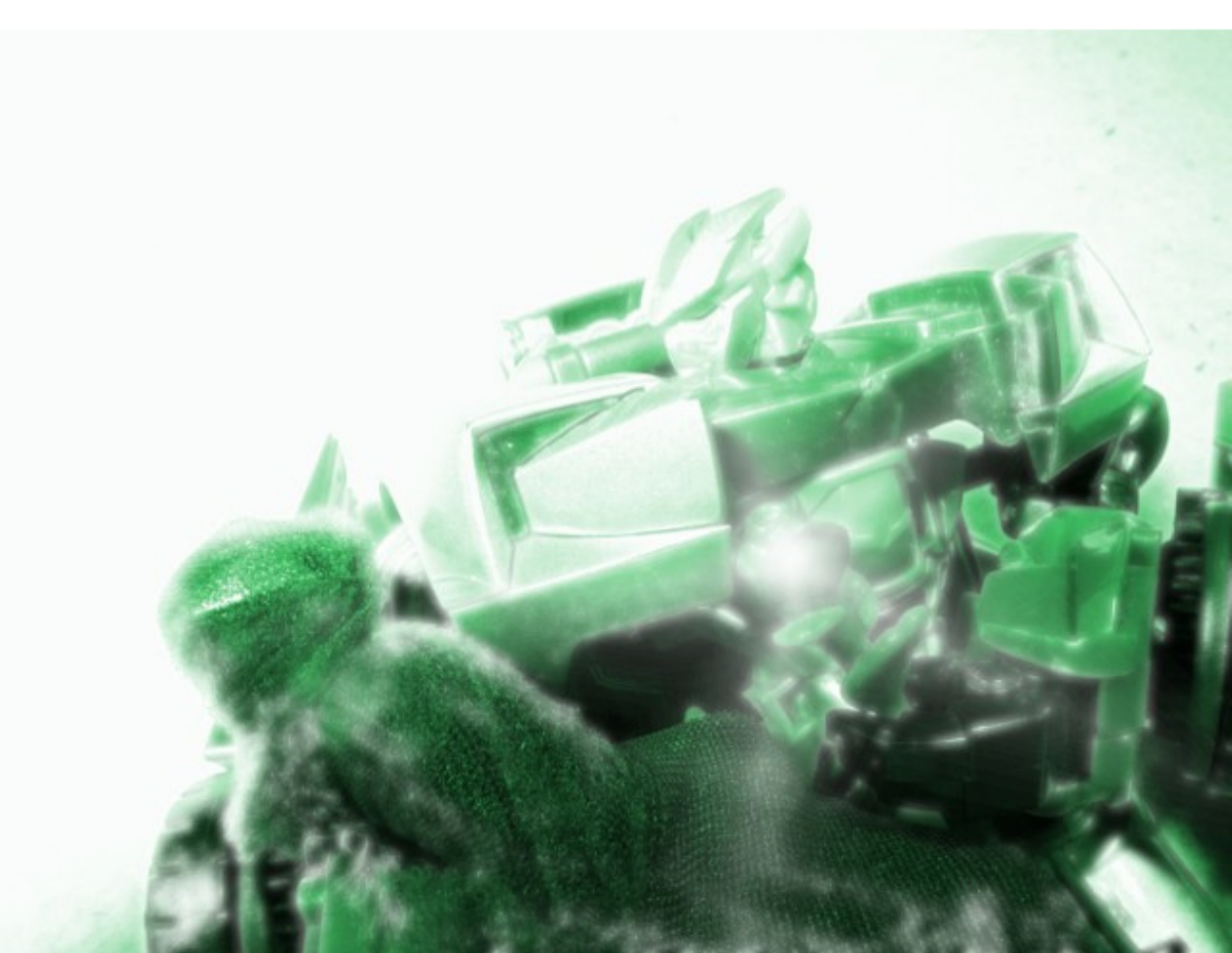
OKAY,
MAGNUS...
WAKE UP.

HERE'S YOUR
LAST CHANCE...



TO LEND...A HELPING HAND.







I'll...stay here...with
them...until you return...

Now go...
to the ones
you love...

They...they are alone...
they--

...they
still...
need you.





*FRIENDS AND FELLOW SHAREHOLDERS,
IT IS WITH GREAT PLEASURE THAT I ANNOUNCE
THE SUCCESS OF OUR RESCUE OPERATION.*

THE GIRL TSLIGARU, WHOM
WE SET OUT TO RESCUE,
IS SAFE ABOARD OUR
TRANSWARP SHIP...



SHE HAS BEEN
REUNITED WITH
HER LOVER...



AND ALL OF
US SHARE...



THEIR JOY...



SORRY. I AM THE NARRATOR...

*...THAT WOULD
HAVE BEEN
MY SPEECH...*



*I KNOW IT'S NOT MY PLACE TO INTRUDE OR COMMENT...
...BUT I WILL ALWAYS REGRET THAT STORY
THAT WAS NOT GIVEN ME TO TELL...*

WHAT A MERRY
CHRISTMAS
IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN...



A MERRY CHRISTMAS, INDEED...



*BUT... THAT IS
OVER, NOW...*

*AND IN THE DEAD
OF WINTER, WITH
NO SPRING IN SIGHT...*



*...WE ARRIVE, AT LAST,
AT THIS FINAL CHAPTER...*