

Congratulations, Princess Robot.

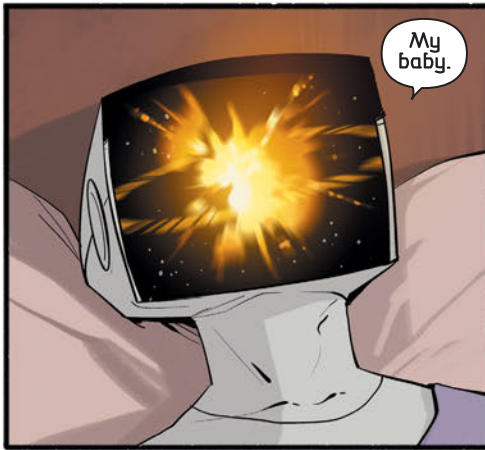
You have a *son*.



A boy?

And he... he has the right number of fingers and toes?

He couldn't be healthier.



My baby.



Your royal highness, it is my honor to introduce Prince Robot IV.

I beg your fucking pardon.

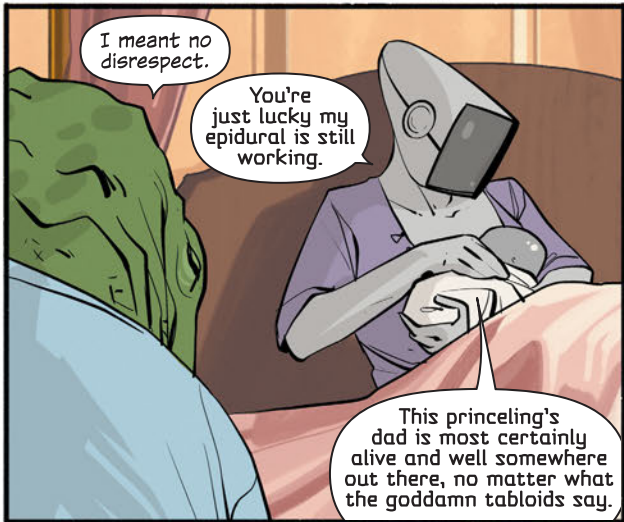
This child won't inherit that title until his father is *dead*.



Forgive me, I, I was under the impression--

Excuse her confusion, Princess.

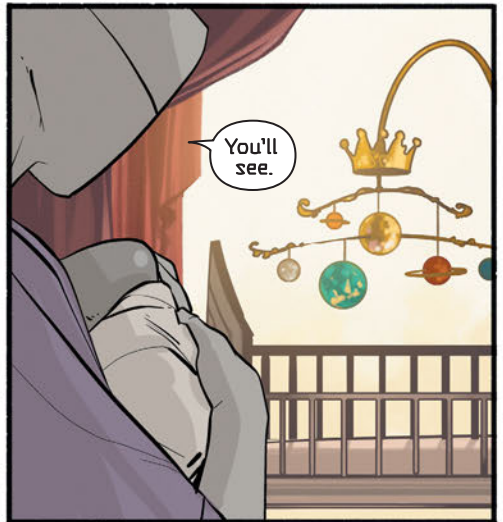
Just because your husband is still missing in action doesn't mean that **anyone** in the Kingdom has given up on him.



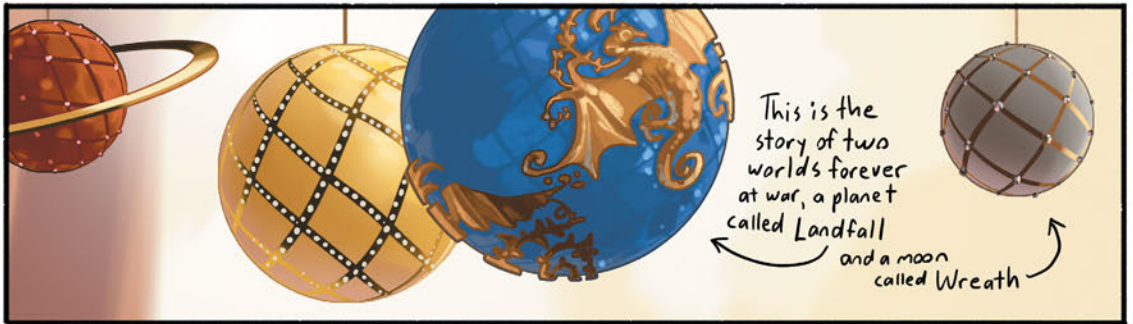
I meant no disrespect.

You're just lucky my epidural is still working.

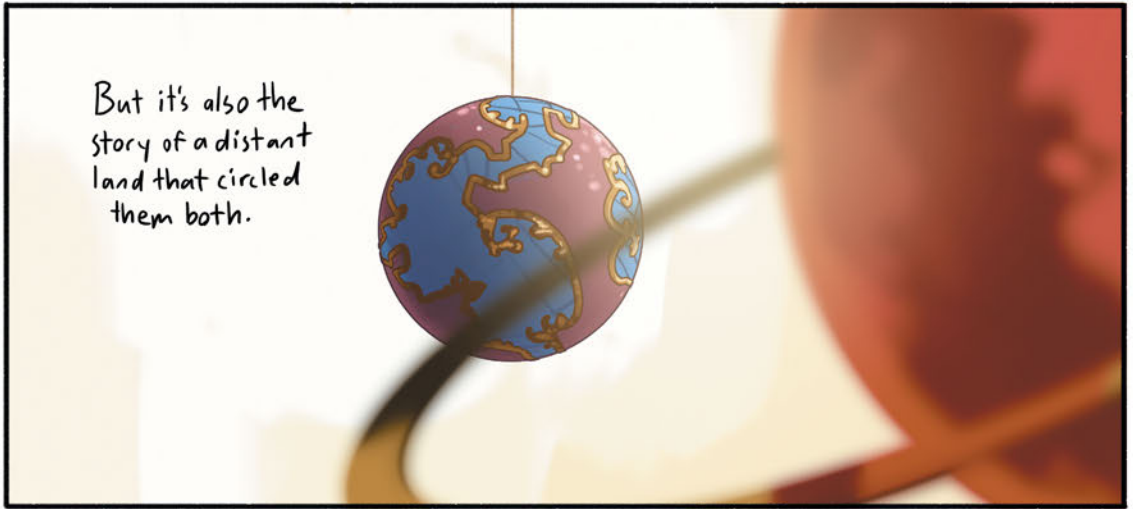
This princeling's dad is most certainly alive and well somewhere out there, no matter what the goddamn tabloids say.



You'll see.



This is the story of two worlds forever at war, a planet called Landfall and a moon called Wreath



But it's also the story of a distant land that circled them both.



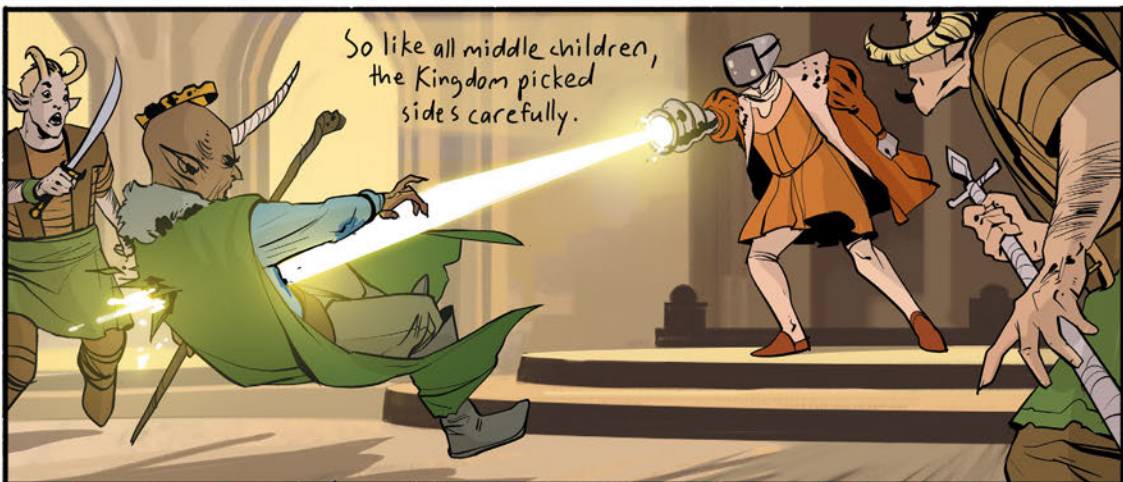
The Robot Kingdom is a dwarf planet, which doesn't mean that dwarves live there (though maybe a few do, I don't know).



It just means the place is too big to be considered a moon and too small to be considered a real planet.

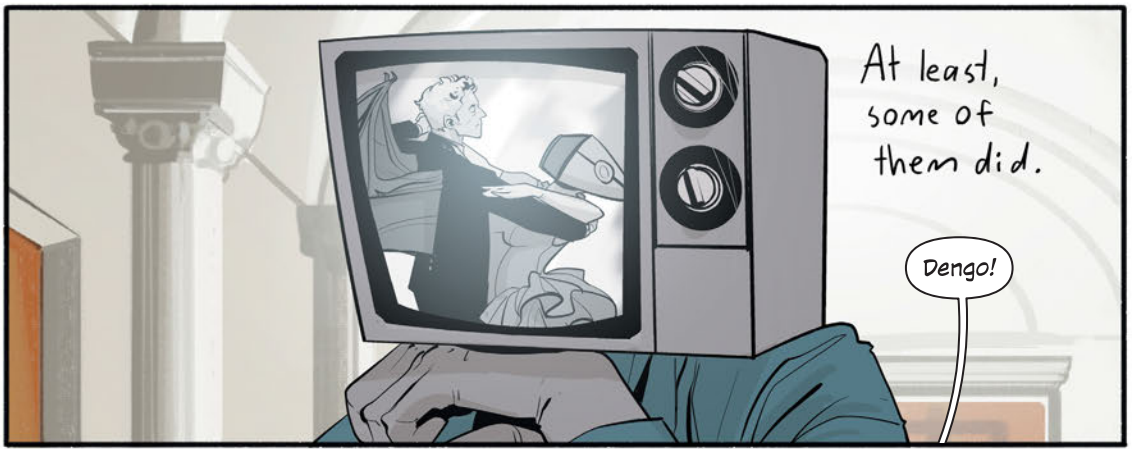


So like all middle children, the Kingdom picked sides carefully.



For their many contributions to the Coalition of Landfall over the years, the Robots prospered handsomely.





At least,  
some of  
them did.

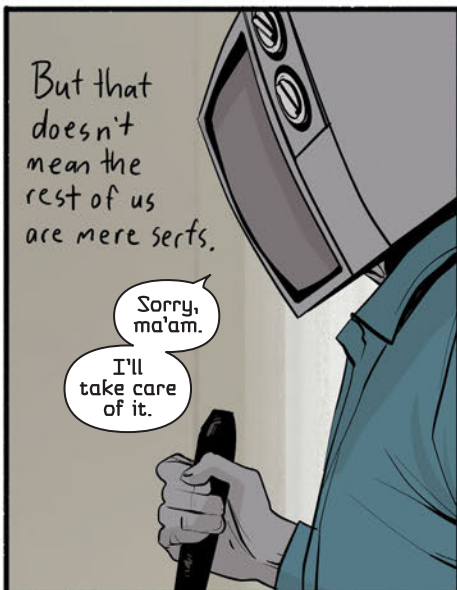
Dengo!



Not everyone  
is lucky enough  
to win the  
nobility lottery,  
of course.

The bloody  
portrait artist  
will be here any  
minute now.

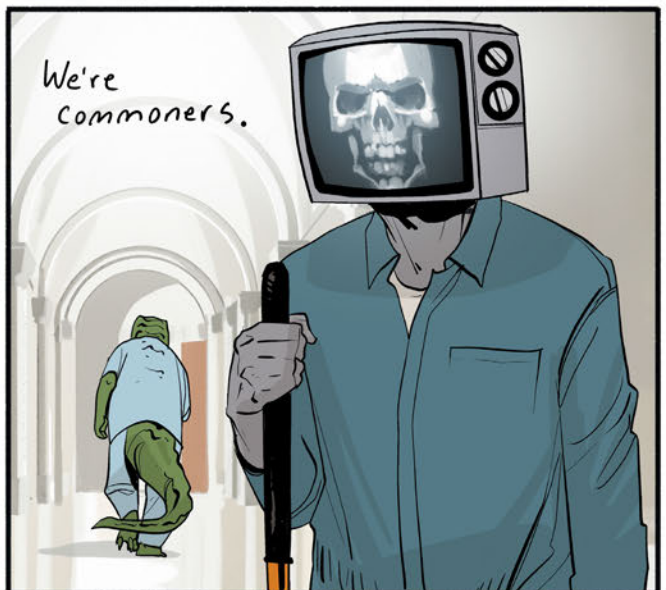
Would  
you kindly  
do something  
about the  
disaster in  
there?



But that  
doesn't  
mean the  
rest of us  
are mere serfs.

Sorry,  
ma'am.

I'll  
take care  
of it.



We're  
commoners.



*And our castles are made of air.*

