

2161. THREE YEARS AFTER  
FIRST CONTACT WAR.

AN ASTEROID-MINING  
FACILITY NEAR THEMIS,  
THE MAIN SUPPLIER OF  
MATERIALS FOR THE  
CONSTRUCTION OF  
ARCTURUS STATION.



WHAT THE  
HELL'S THE  
MATTER WITH  
YOU, BOY?



WHAT'D I  
DO THIS  
TIME?



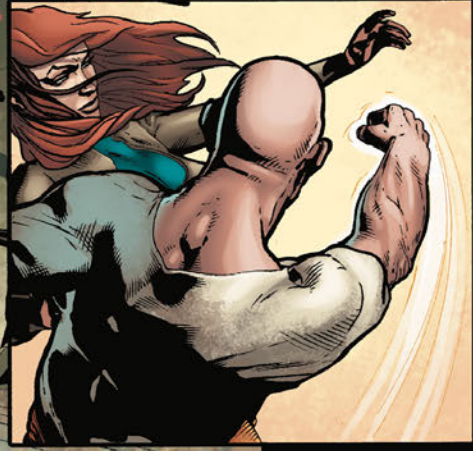
YOU'RE  
DROPPING  
ROCKS, YOU  
LITTLE  
SCUM!



YOU MUST BE THE FOREMAN.

YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT.

I DON'T THINK SO.



OOOFF



CRUNCH





WAIT!

WE CAN'T GO THAT WAY.

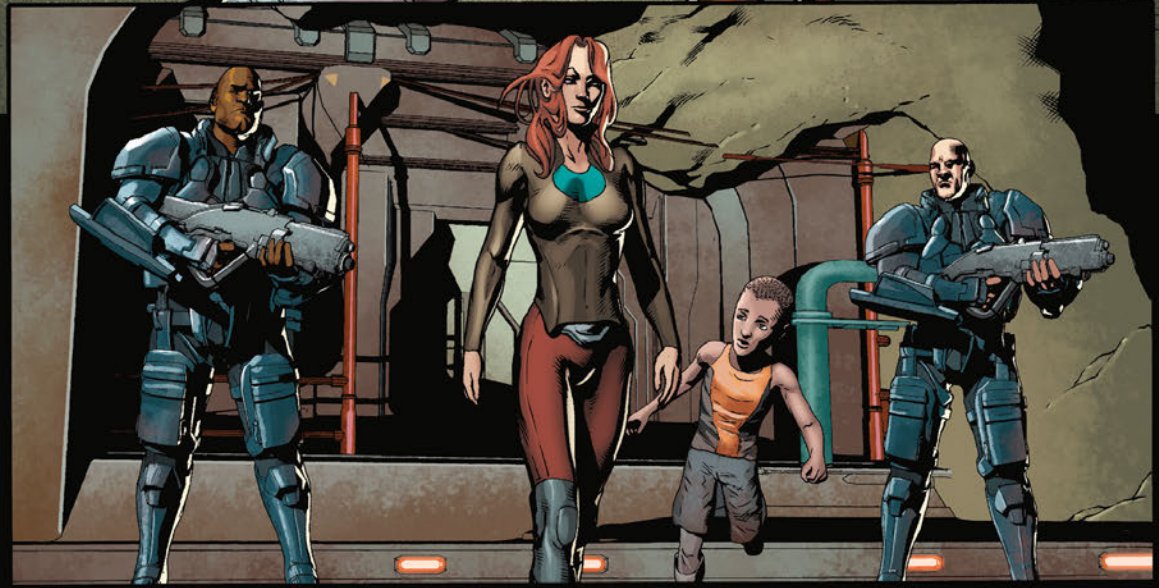
THEY'LL NEVER LET ME LEAVE.



JUST KEEP WALKING. ACT LIKE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WITH ME.

BUT...

SHUT UP, AND TRUST ME.





WHAT DID I TELL YOU.

CAN YOU CRY?

CRY?

I NEED YOU TO ACT HURT. CAN YOU DO THAT?

SURE. WHY?



WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHO ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

I HEARD YOU ASK THAT MAN.

YOU'VE GOT GOOD HEARING, BOY. BUT SOMETIMES, YOU CAN HEAR TOO MUCH.

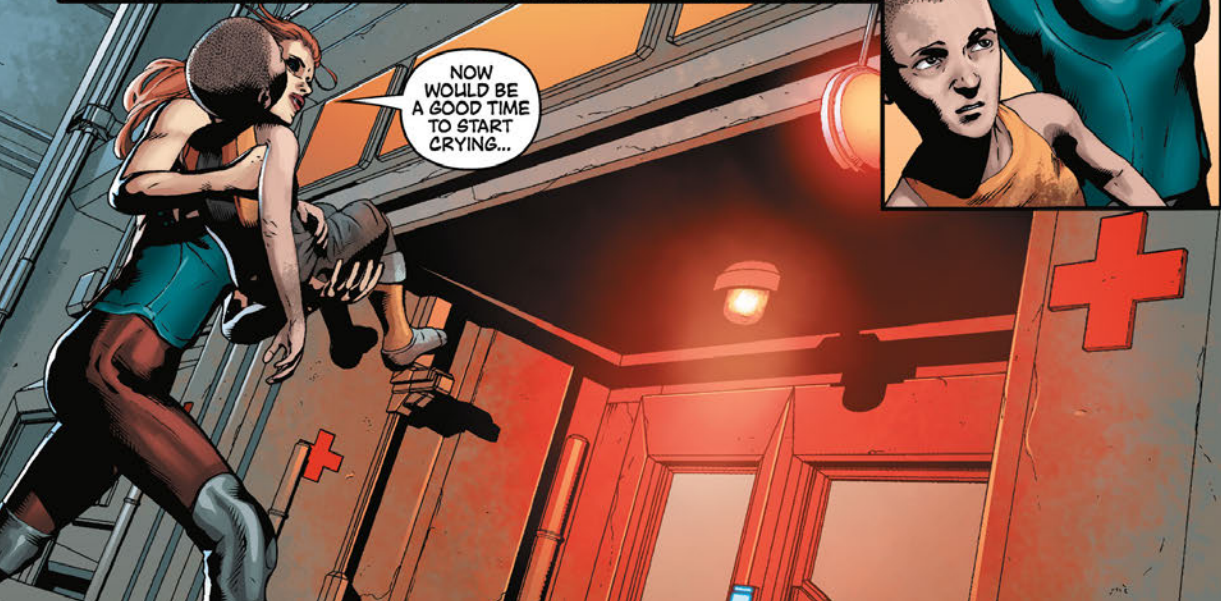


WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

YOU ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS.

IF YOU'D ANSWER THEM I'D STOP ASKING.

PRETEND YOUR STOMACH IS HURT.



NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO START CRYING...