



DARSHANA,
CAN I GET YOU
ANYTHING?

...SOMETHING
TO DRINK?



I DON'T *NEED*
ANYTHING.

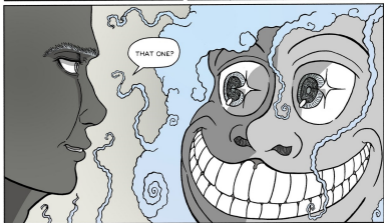
WHERE'S MY DAD?



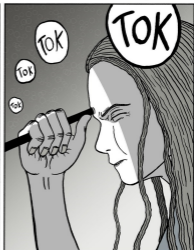
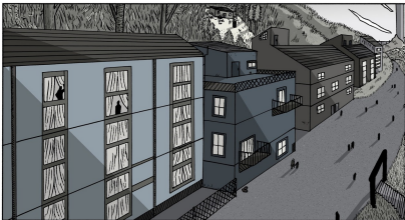








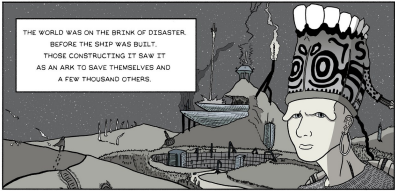













THE WORLD WAS ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER,
BEFORE THE SHIP WAS BUILT.
THOSE CONSTRUCTING IT SAW IT
AS AN ARK TO SAVE THEMSELVES AND
A FEW THOUSAND OTHERS.



BEFORE THE SECTIONS COULD BE LAUNCHED,
WAR, PLAGUE, AND FAMINE HAD TAKEN THEIR TOLL.
THE CONSTRUCTION FACILITIES WERE OVERRUN,
AND THE COUNTRIES SUPPORTING THE EFFORT
FELL APART.



THE VANAHEIM
NEVER MADE IT
TO SPACE.

IT'S SAID THAT SOME
SECTIONS OF THE SHIP
ARE *STILL* INTACT,
WAITING TO BE LAUNCHED.
PEOPLE EVEN SAY THAT
OUR CITY WAS *BUILT*
OUT OF THE SCRAPS OF
SOME PART OF THAT
GREAT SHIP.

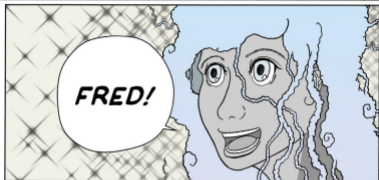
REALLY?



THAT'S
THE STORY.

I WANNA
SEE THE *VANAHEIM*
FOR REAL.

SO DO I.



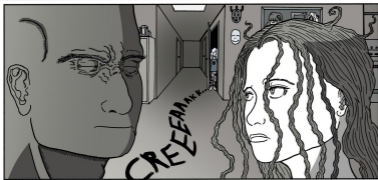




WHAT ABOUT
DARSHANA? WHY NOT
SAY GOODBYE TO
HER?



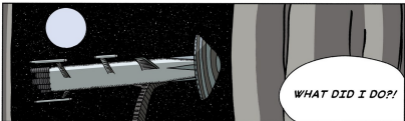
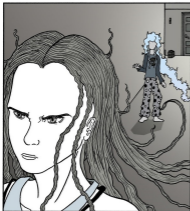
I...I'VE **GOT**
TO GO. SOMEONE
WILL BE BY
IN THE NEXT FEW
DAYS TO PICK
UP THE REST OF
MY PAPERS AND
BOOKS.



**GO BACK
TO SLEEP,
DARSHANA.**







APEIRON: 01 /END

