



GREY TOWERS ISN'T UNDER ATTACK YET.

BUT THESE PEOPLE ARE ALL RUNNING LIKE THEY'RE ABOUT TO DIE.



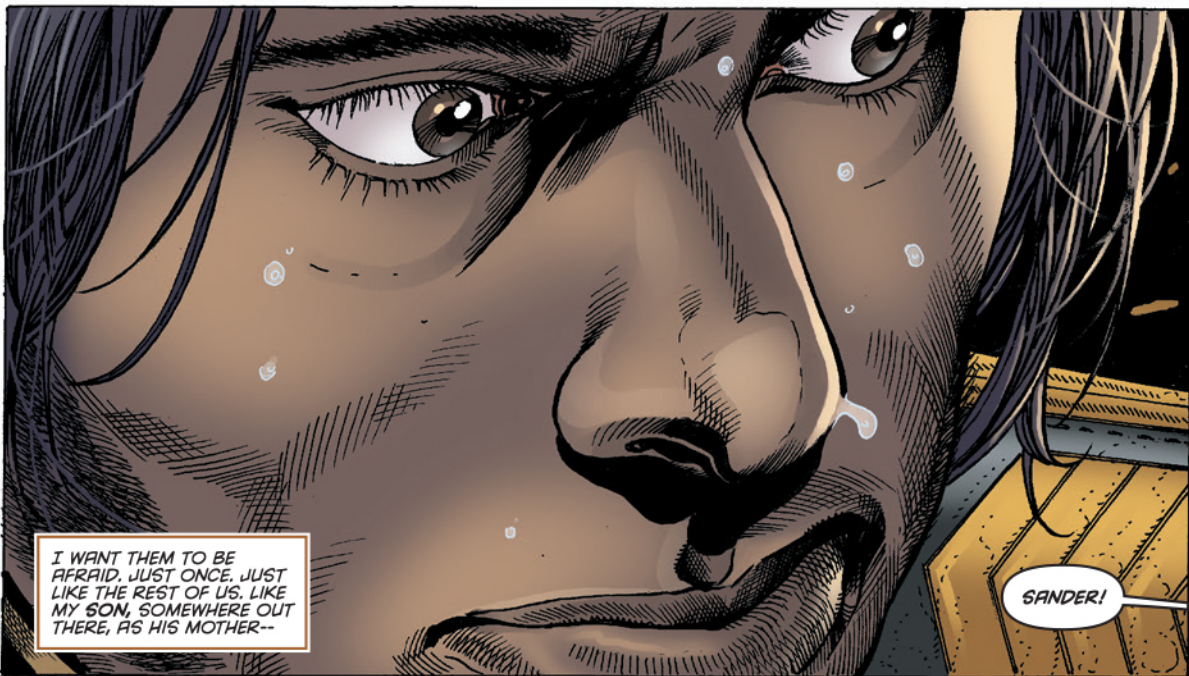
WHICH IS ODD BECAUSE THEY, MORE THAN ANYONE, HAVE NOWHERE TO RUN TO.

THEY'VE ISOLATED THEMSELVES IN GREY TOWERS, WITH NO SENSE OF THE CITY BELOW.



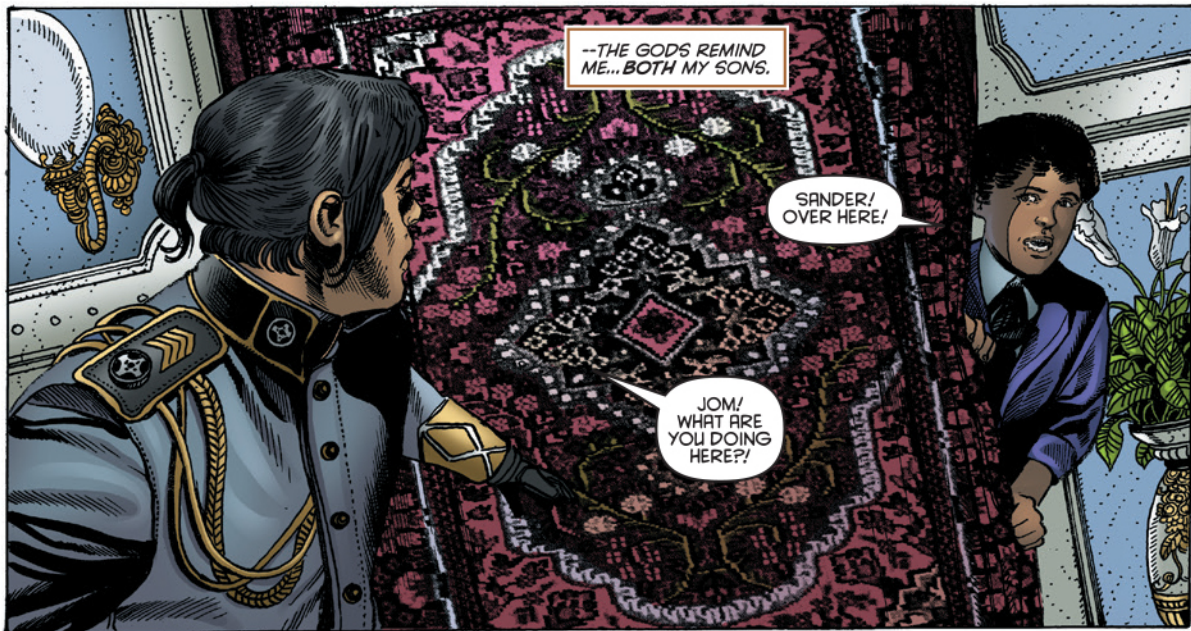
EVEN IF THERE ARE SAFE PLACES IN THE CITY, THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM.

I TRY TO EMPATHIZE, BUT BY THE GODS, I CAN'T HELP IT.



I WANT THEM TO BE AFRAID. JUST ONCE. JUST LIKE THE REST OF US. LIKE MY SON, SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, AS HIS MOTHER--

SANDER!



--THE GODS REMIND ME... BOTH MY SONS.

SANDER! OVER HERE!

JOM!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?!



I WAS AT SCHOOL, AND
THE TEACHER
LEFT US, BUT SHE
NEVER CAME
BACK.

NOBODY
CAME TO GET US,
AND I SAW THE
FIRES, AND I...I
GOT SCARED
AND HID.

I'M
SORRY.



NO. NO.
YOU DID JUST
RIGHT.

DO YOU
KNOW WHERE
YOUR MOTHER
IS, BRAVE
BOY?

I-I-I
HAVEN'T SEEN
HER SINCE THIS
MORNING.



WE'RE
GOING TO
FIND HER
TOGETHER,
OKAY?

THE COUNCIL
CAN WAIT.

