

THIS IS
NOT THE ENDING
I WAS HOPING
FOR.


OUT OF
ALL THE MYRIAD
POSSIBILITIES, THE
LIMITLESS POTENTIAL OF
OPTIONS AND OUTCOMES,
ANYTHING *OTHER*
THAN THIS WOULD HAVE
BEEN *VASTLY*
PREFERABLE.

BUT YOU'VE
LEFT ME *NO*
CHOICE.



I'VE ENDEAVORED TIRELESSLY TO IMPRESS UPON YOU THE ALMOST INCONCEIVABLE GRAVITY OF OUR PREDICAMENT.


WHAT WE FACE. AS A PEOPLE. AS A PLANET.



AND HOW LITTLE A SINGLE LIFE MEANS, WHEN THE FATE OF BILLIONS IS IN THE BALANCE.

TRULY, I WAS HOPING THIS COULD HAVE GONE DIFFERENTLY.

THAT WE COULD HAVE WORKED TOGETHER, TRIED TO FIND SOME SOLUTION WITH OUR COMBINED KNOWLEDGE, ABILITIES, AND EXPERTISE.



BUT YOU'VE MADE IT ABUNDANTLY CLEAR THIS IS NOT TO BE.

UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE.

IN ANY SITUATION.



WHAT HAPPENS NOW IS ON YOU, ANTHONY CHU.

EVERY LAST BIT OF IT.

END PROLOGUE.



THIS IS HOW
IT ENDS.



THE LAST
CHAPTER.



OF AMELIA'S
FINAL BOOK.

EVERY.

SINGLE.

DAMN.

TIME.

