

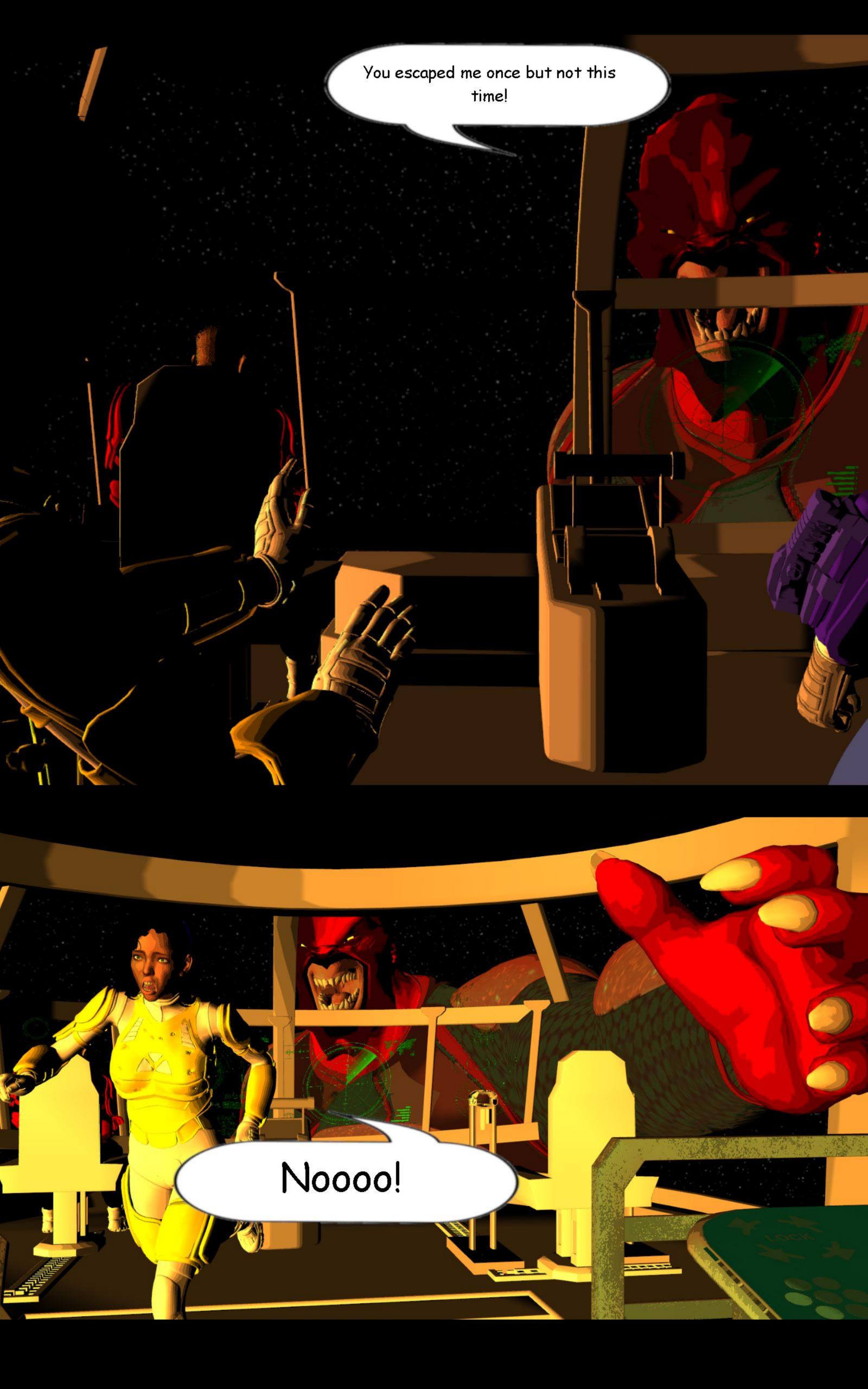
The dream is always the same: cold, empty. I know what's about to happen but I can't do anything to change it.

It seems so foolish. We all heard the stories. Whether we choose to believe them or not is up to us. But for me, I don't know why it's so real.

Maybe just the fact that you saw one. That's a lot to process as a young woman.

Maybe...In my dream, I warn the captain.
I try to tell him what's coming but they
don't listen or don't hear me.

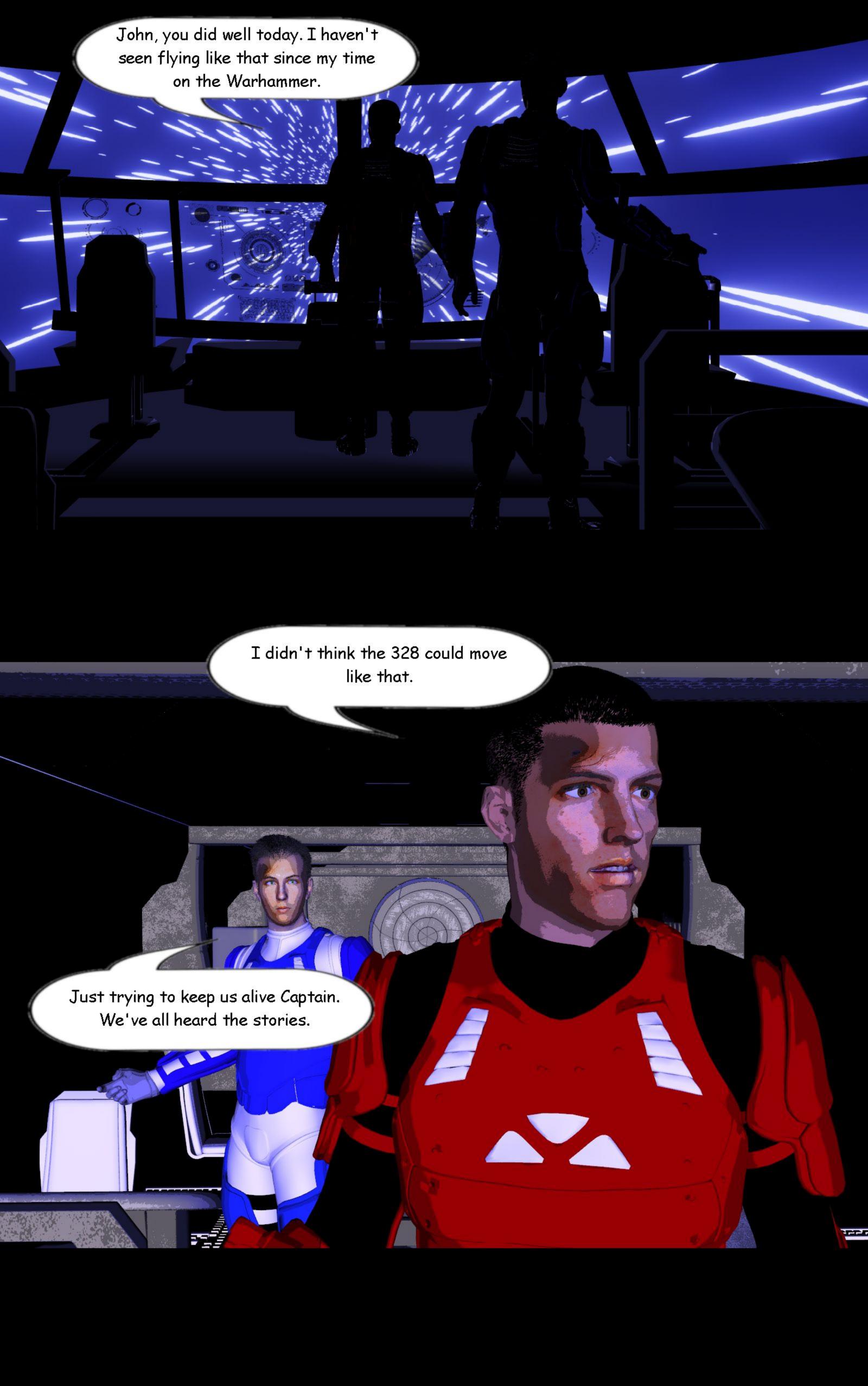








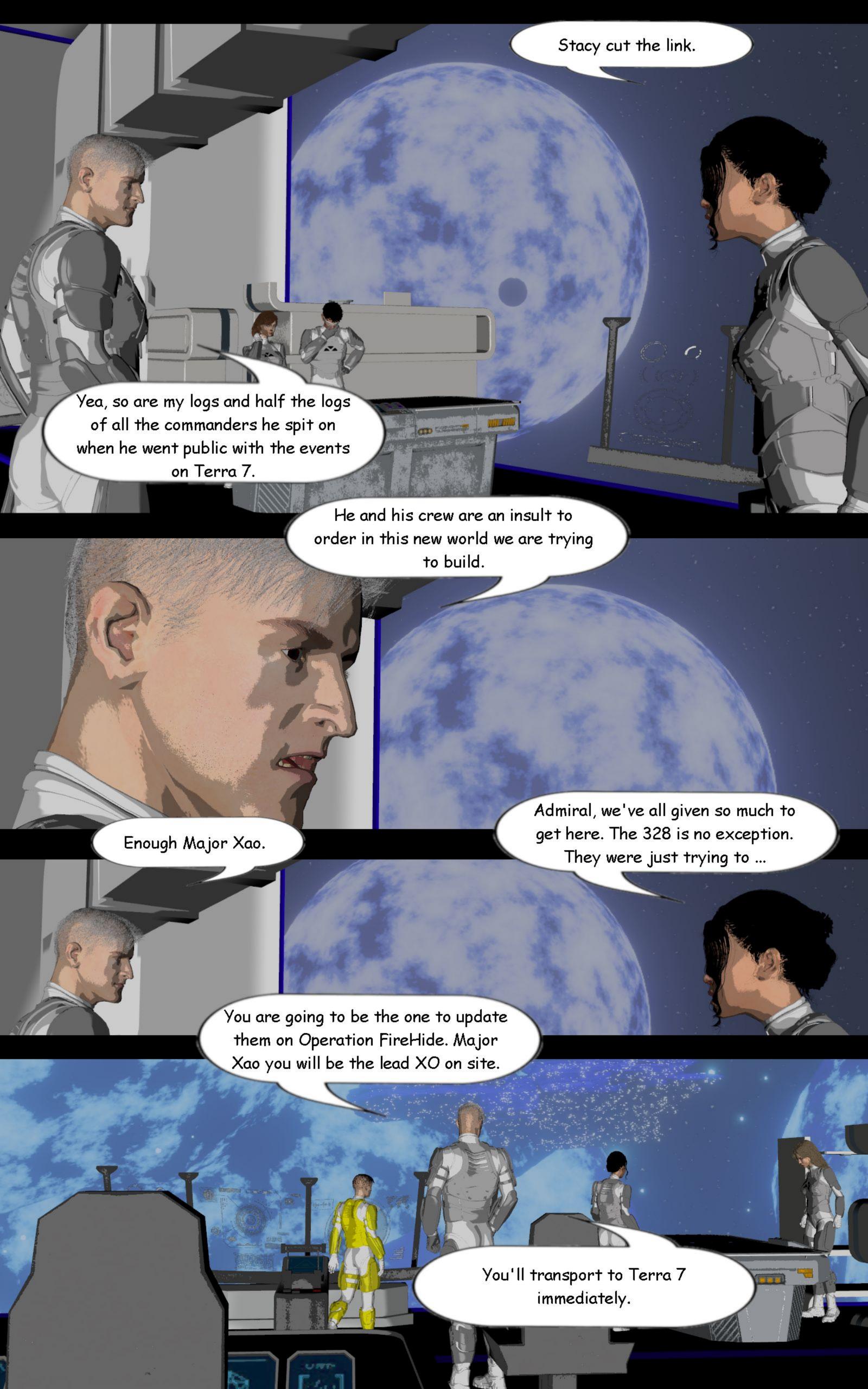










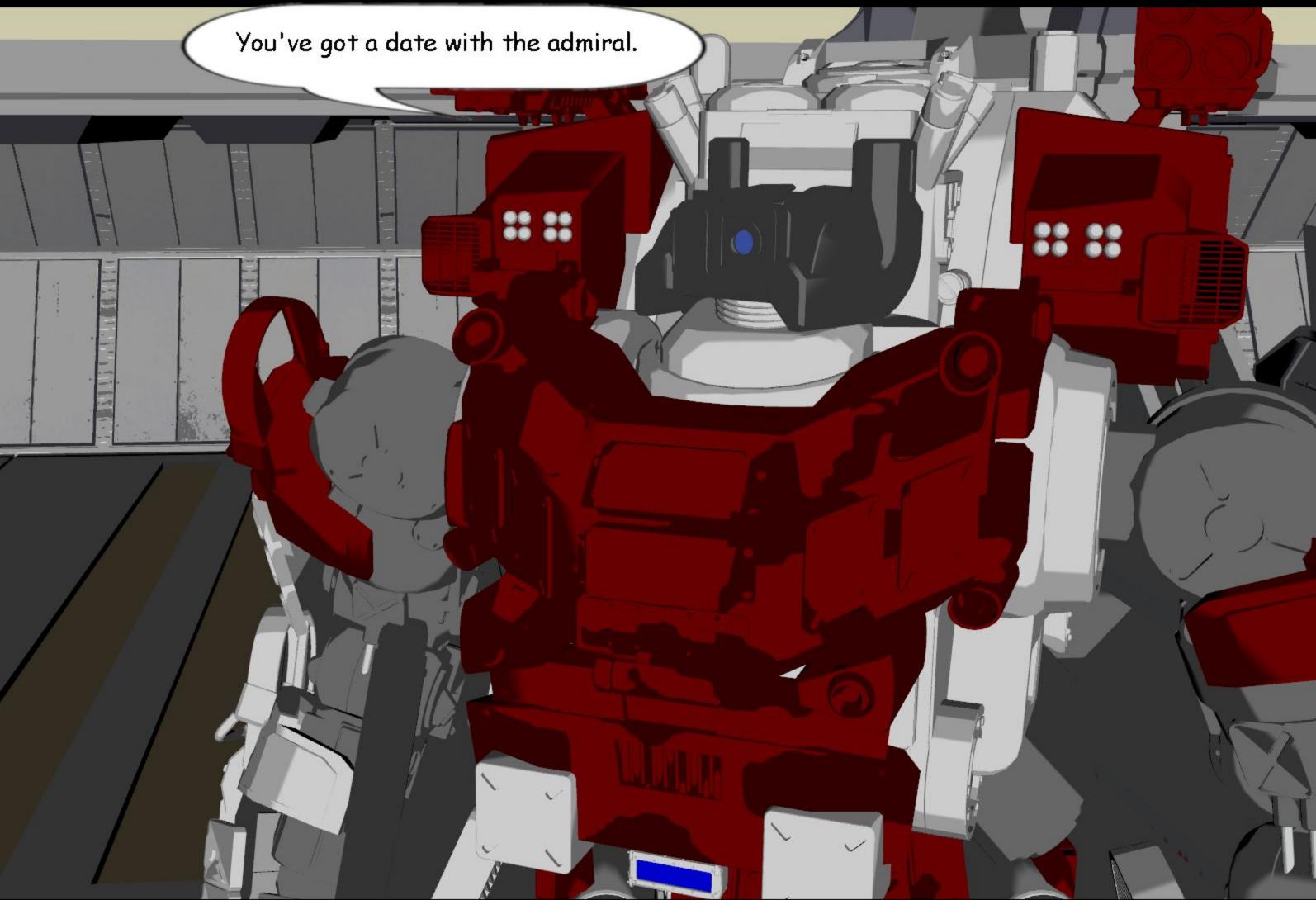


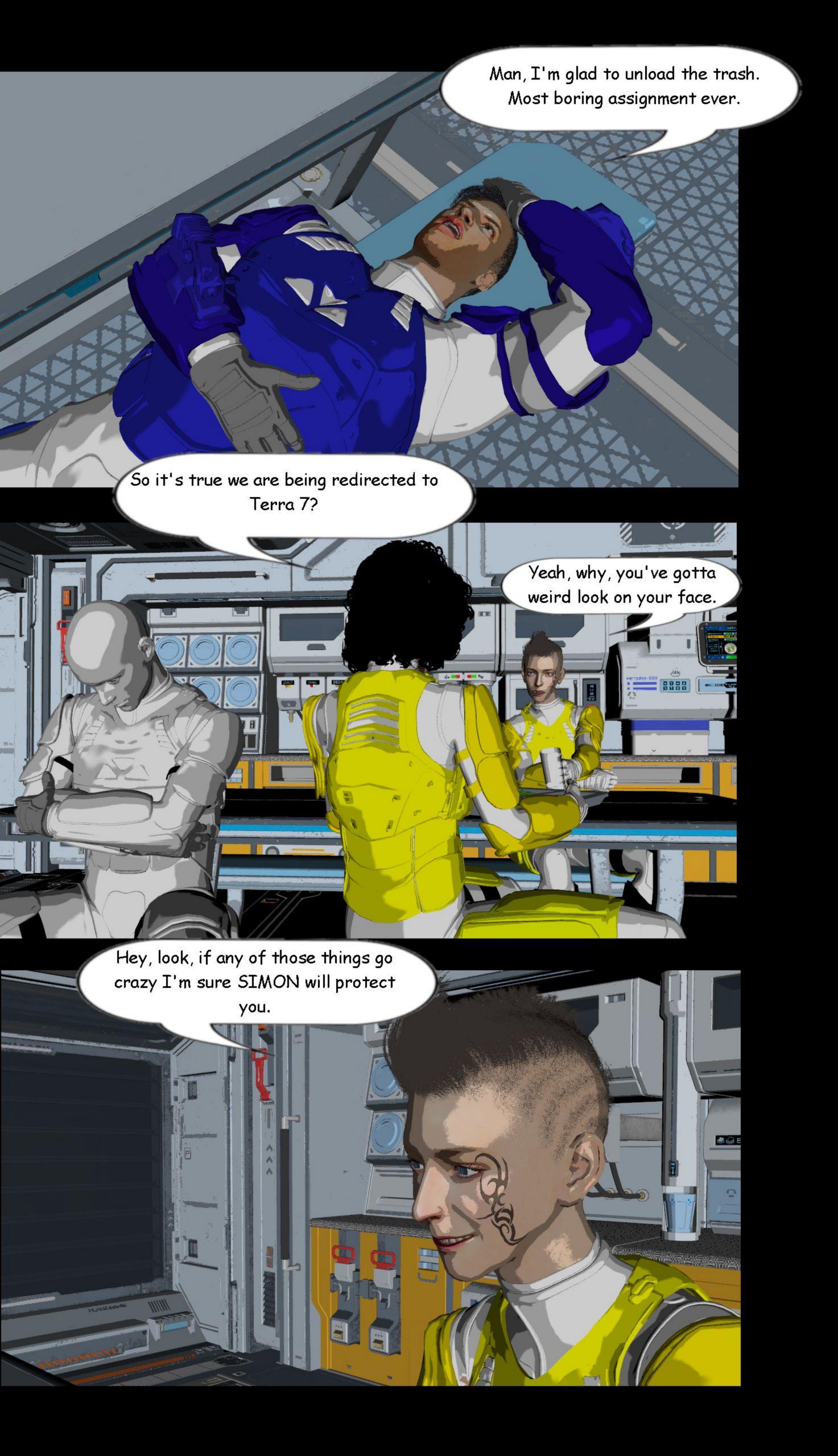


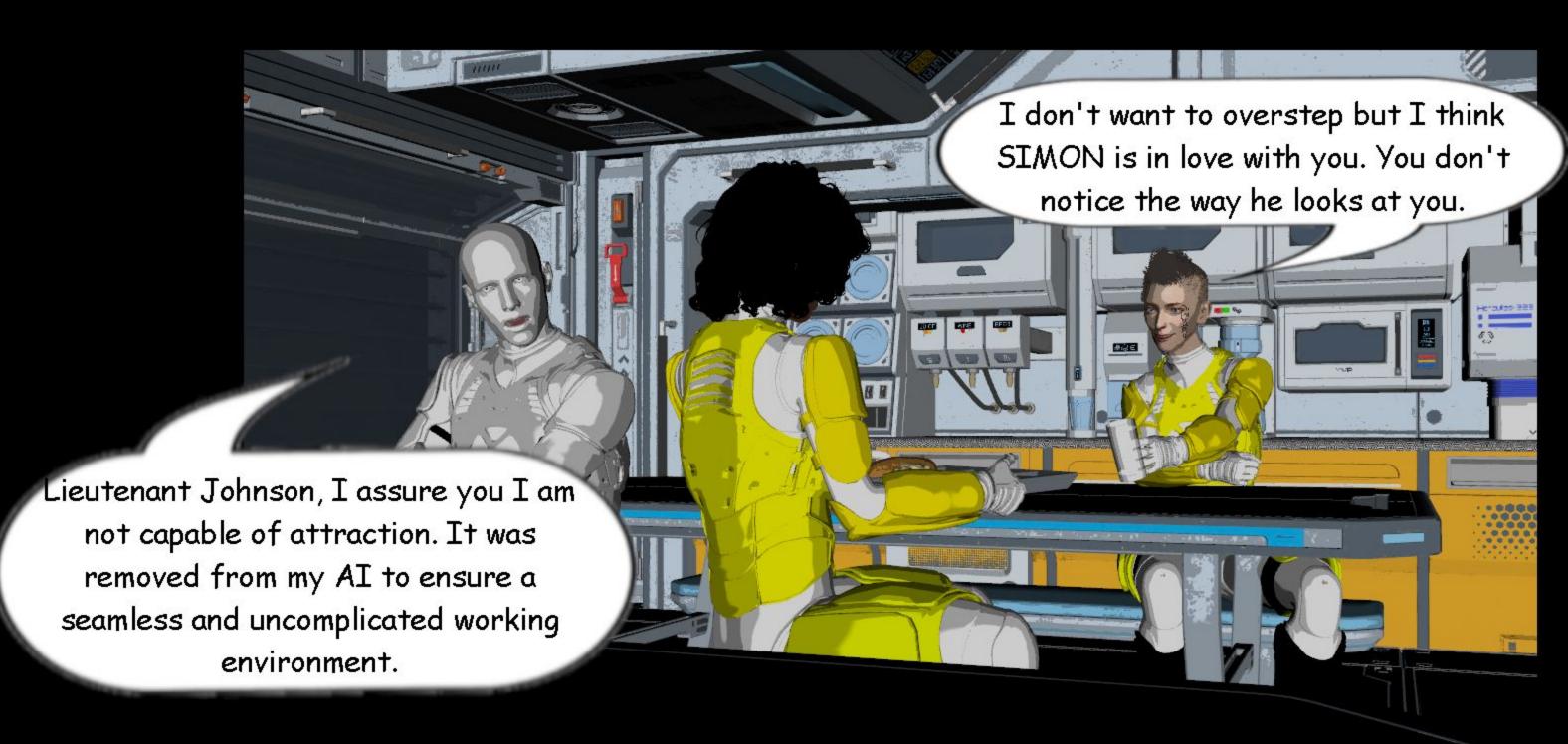
















Furthermore, it is not conducive for our working relationship to continue in such a manner. I am not designed to fulfill any human needs or have any such desires of my own...



















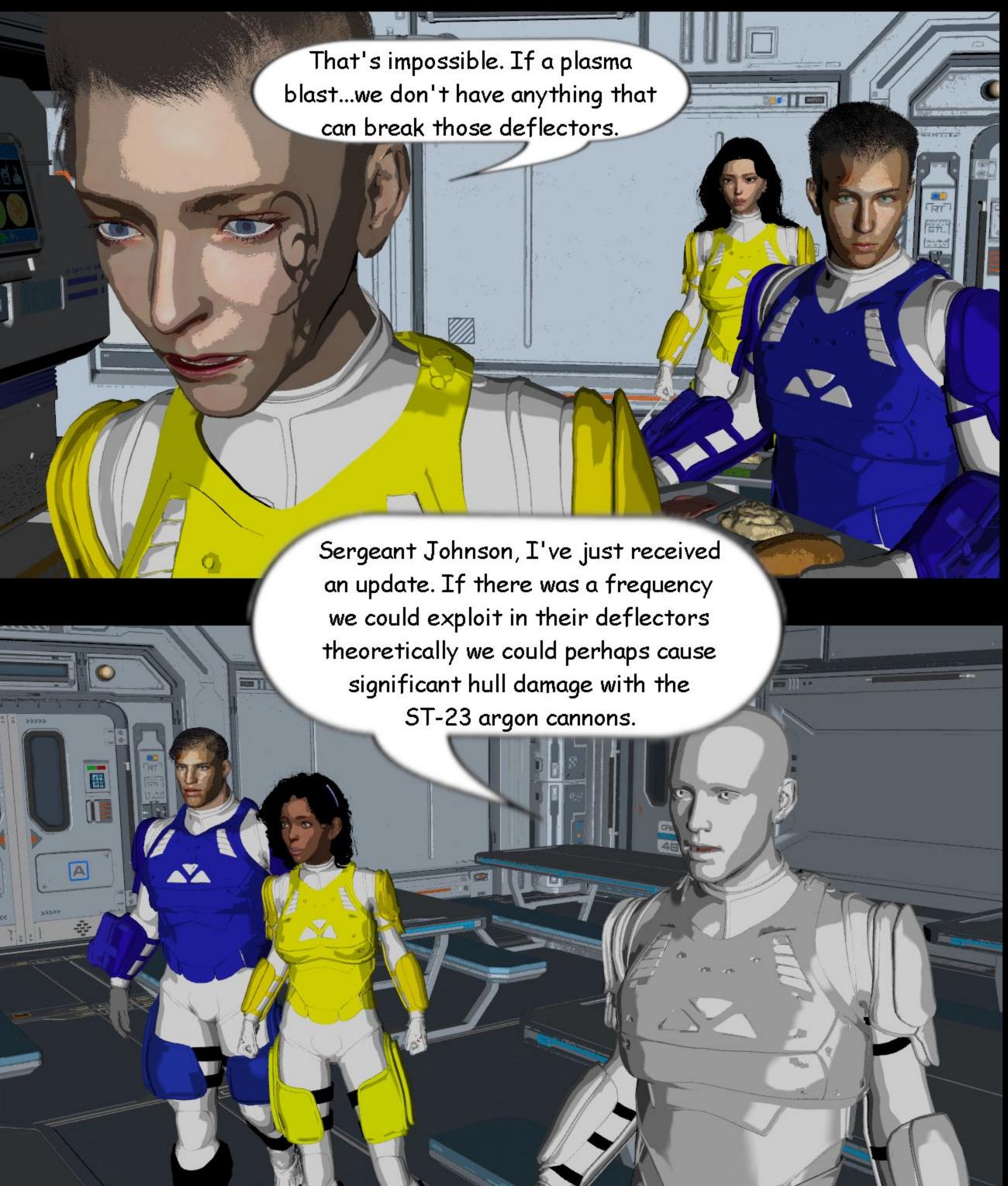




















I'm sure she'd be glad to address them.







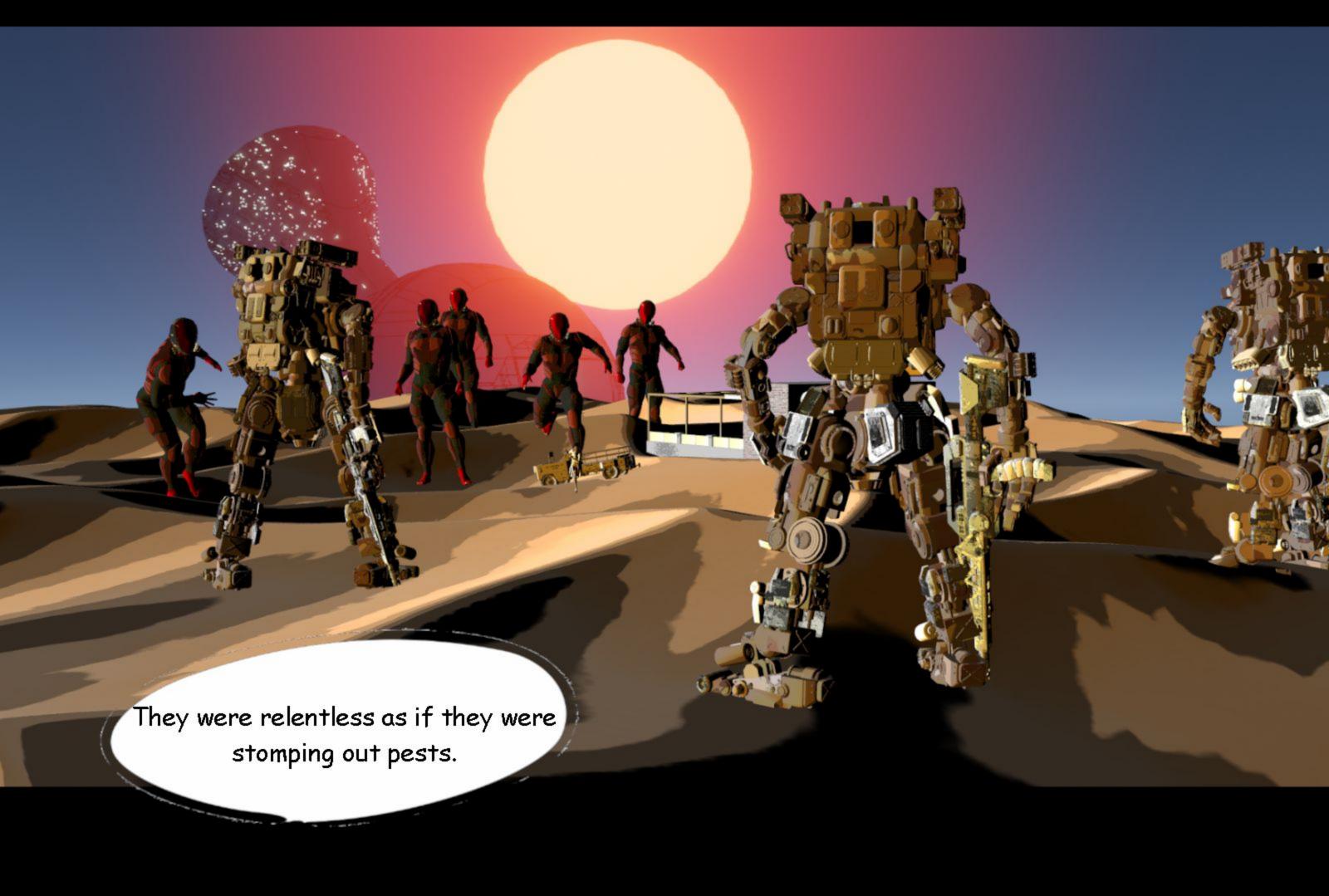














So when we had the means to fight, I fought.

