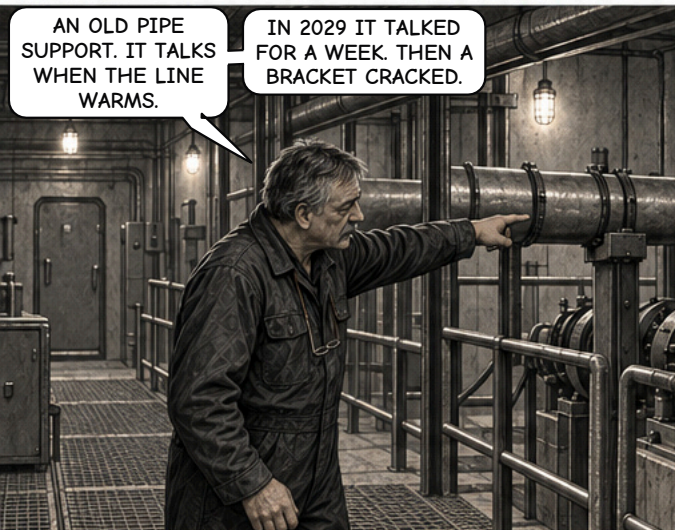
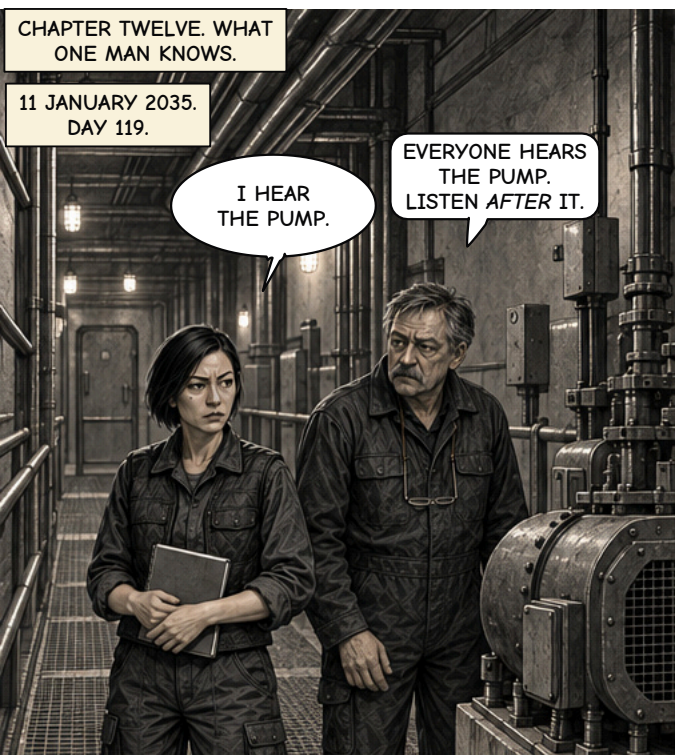
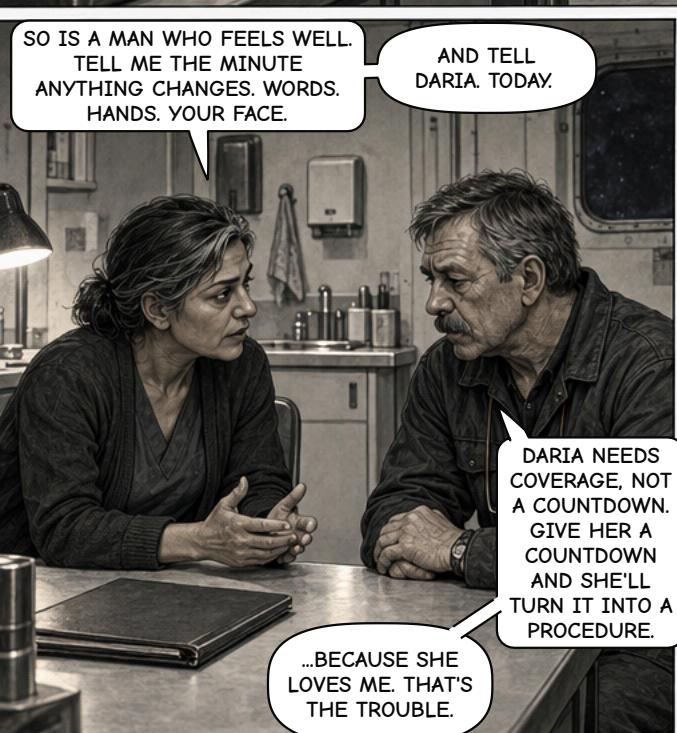
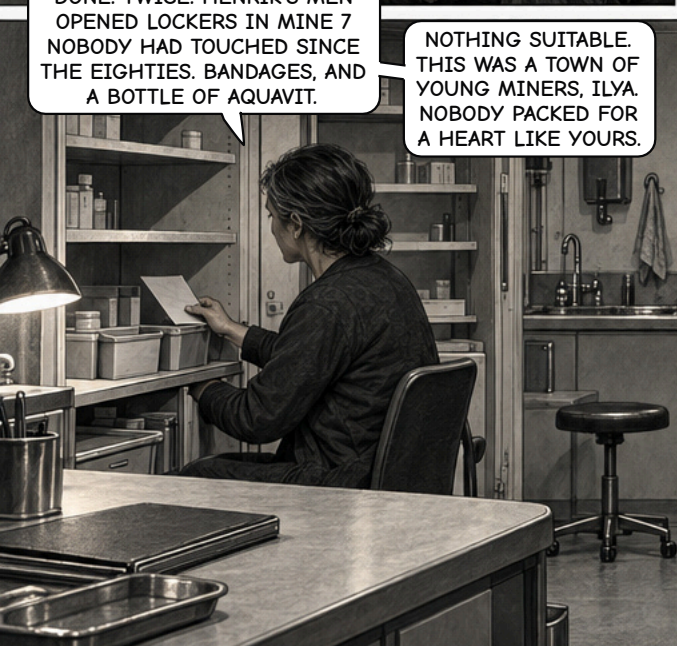
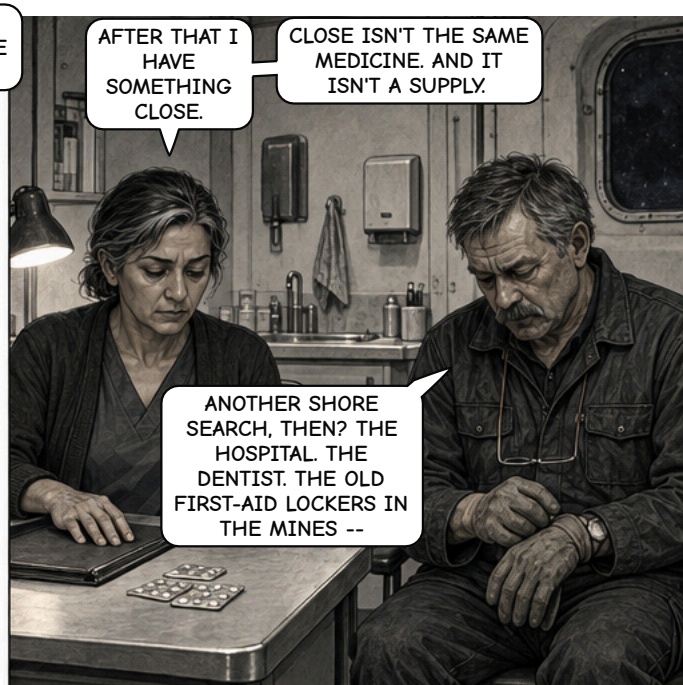
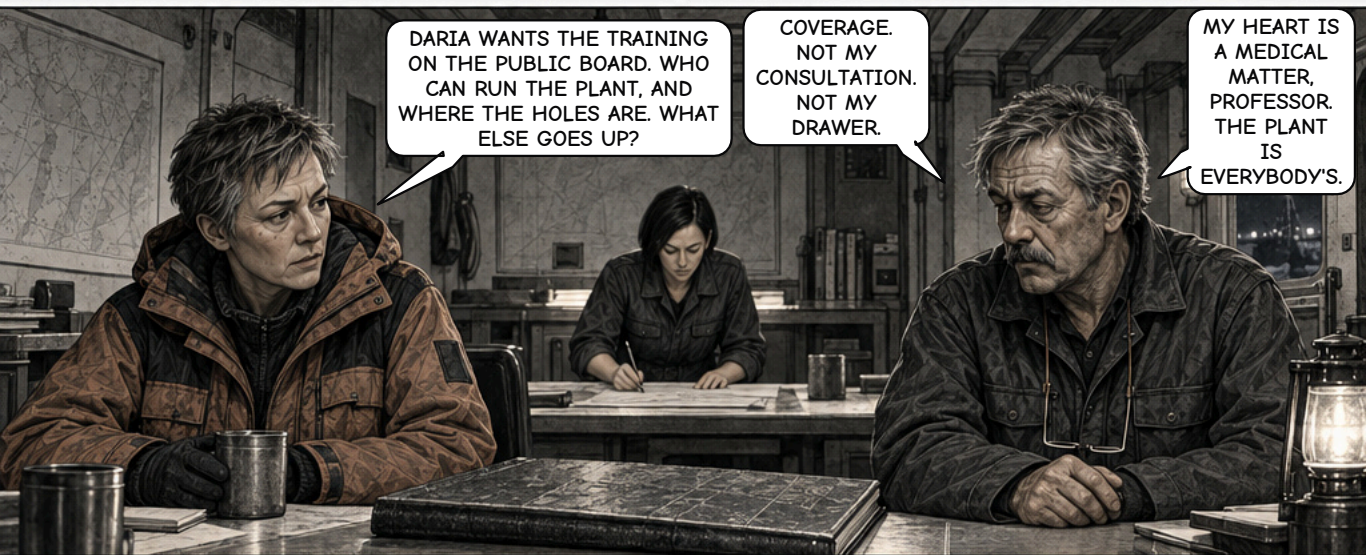
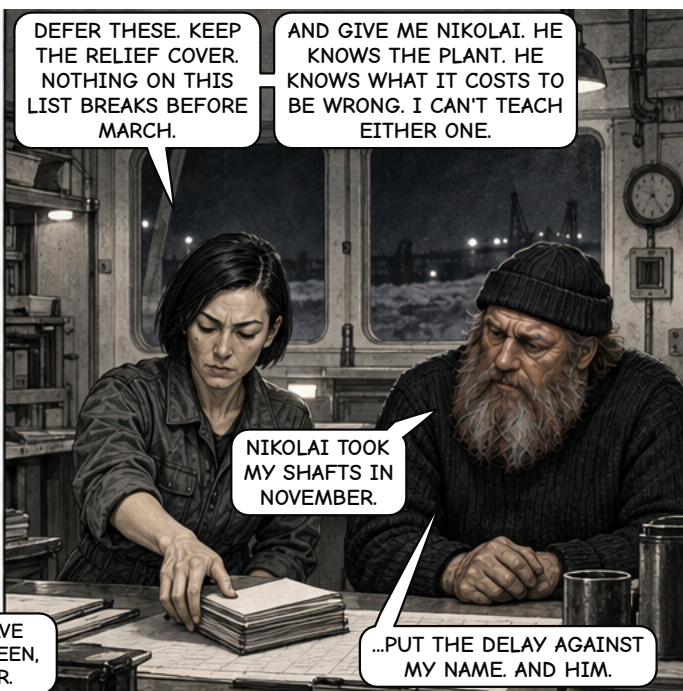


CHAPTER TWELVE · WHAT ONE MAN KNOWS

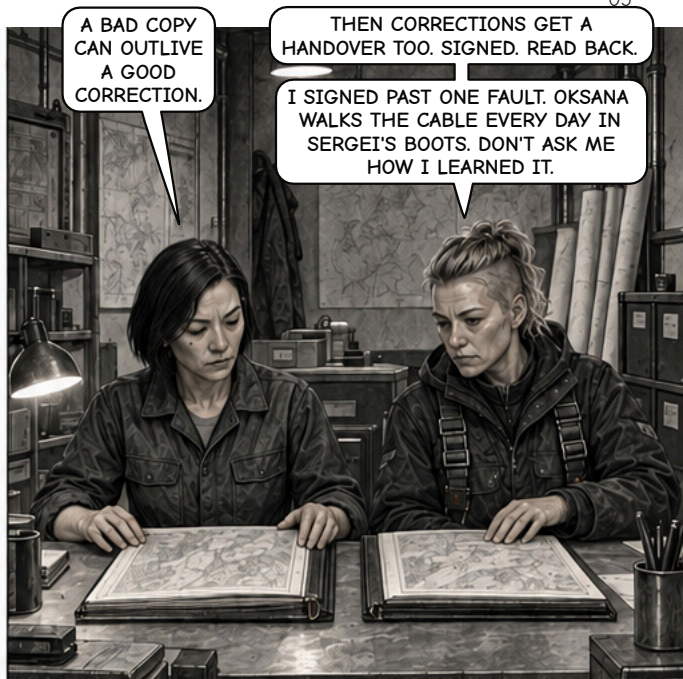


CHAPTER TWELVE. WHAT
ONE MAN KNOWS.11 JANUARY 2035.
DAY 119.

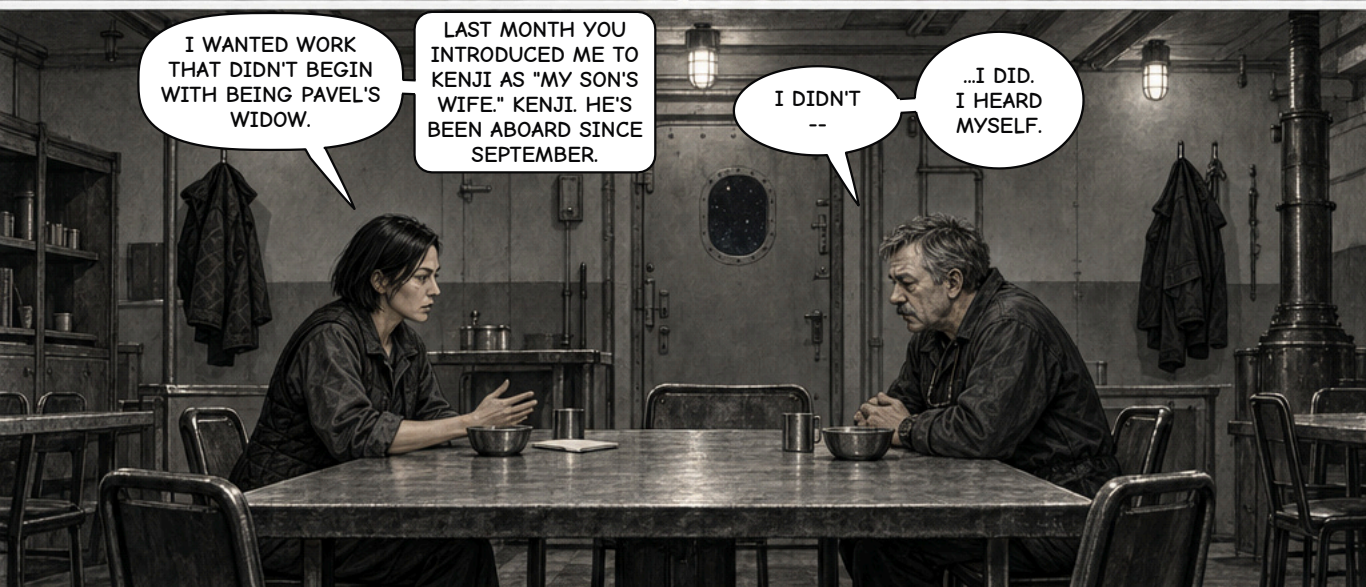




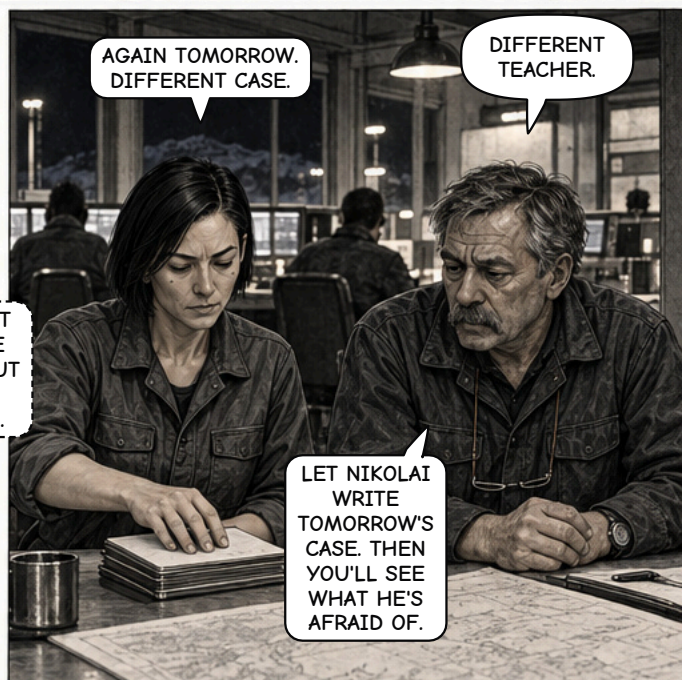
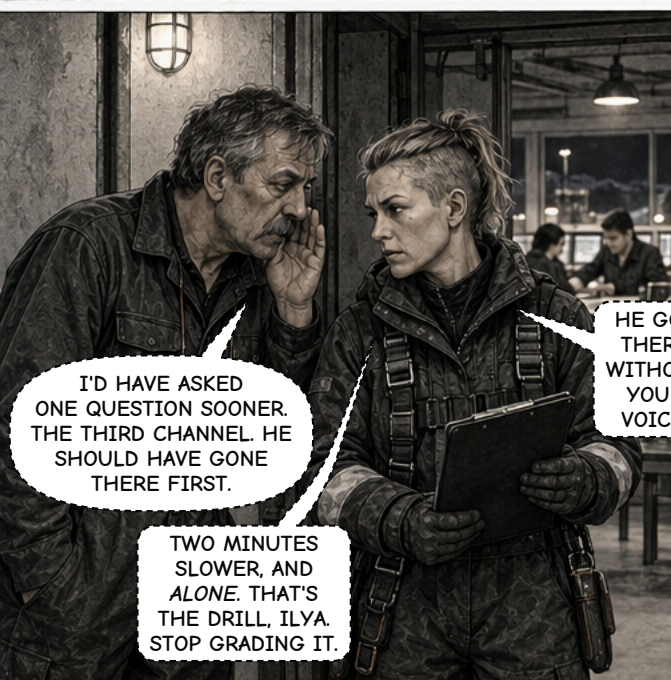
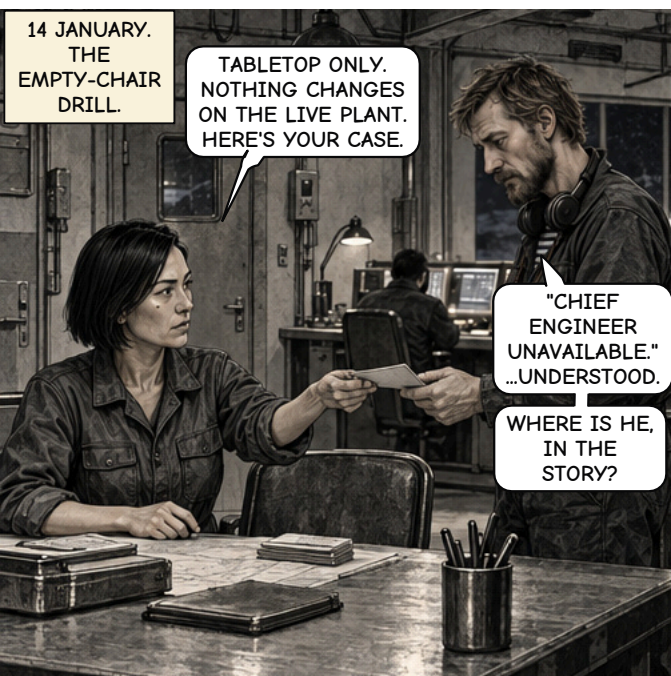


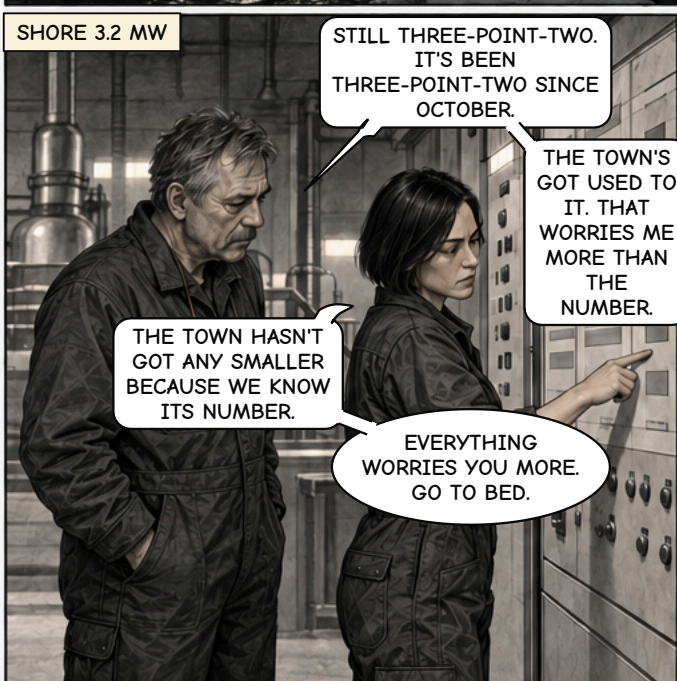
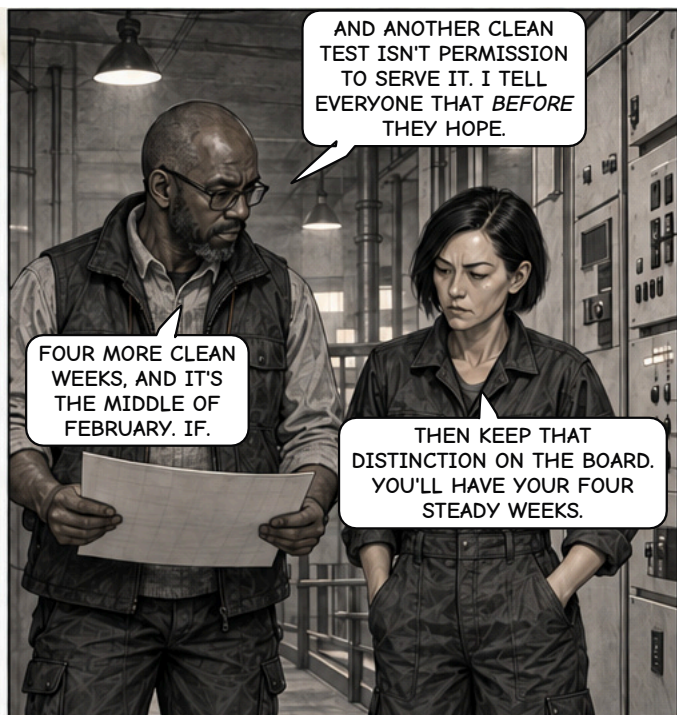


13 JANUARY.











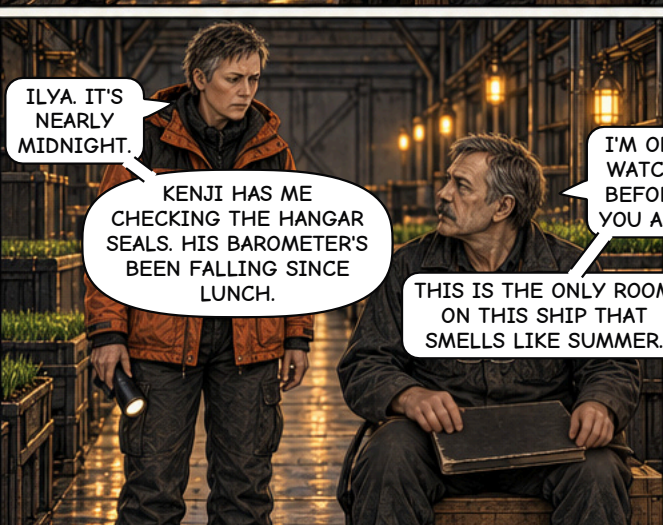
THAT NIGHT. THE
HANGAR.

THE SEED WENT IN ON THE
LONGEST NIGHT.
TWENTY-FIVE DAYS LATER, IT
WAS UP TO YOUR ANKLE.



IT SMELLS LIKE WET
DIRT AND HOT LAMPS.

WHERE I GREW UP,
THAT IS SUMMER.

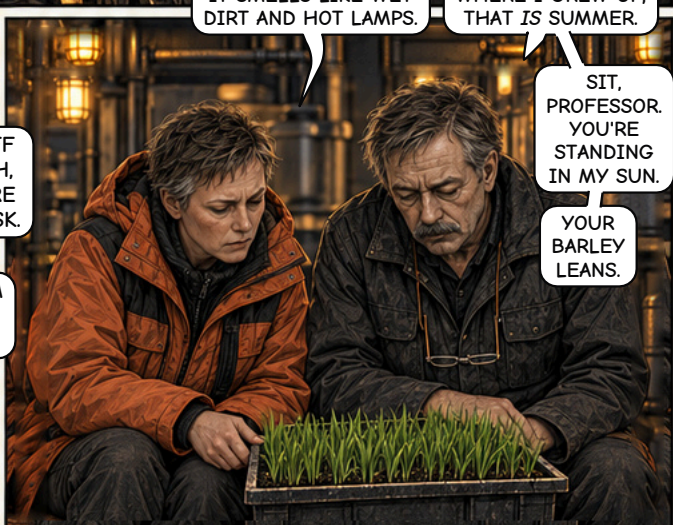


ILYA. IT'S
NEARLY
MIDNIGHT.

KENJI HAS ME
CHECKING THE HANGAR
SEALS. HIS BAROMETER'S
BEEN FALLING SINCE
LUNCH.

I'M OFF
WATCH,
BEFORE
YOU ASK.

THIS IS THE ONLY ROOM
ON THIS SHIP THAT
SMELLS LIKE SUMMER.



SIT,
PROFESSOR.
YOU'RE
STANDING
IN MY SUN.

YOUR
BARLEY
LEANS.



IT'S REACHING FOR
THE LIGHT.

WE TURN THE TRAYS
EVERY MORNING. BY
MIDNIGHT EVERY
BLADE HAS TURNED
BACK.

SO AM I.



WHAT DOES
IT SAY?

POOR
DESIGN.
ONE LOOP.
NO SPARE.



"ONE HEART AT A TIME."
I SAID IT ABOUT THE
REACTORS, IN
SEPTEMBER. I DIDN'T
KNOW I WAS BEING
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

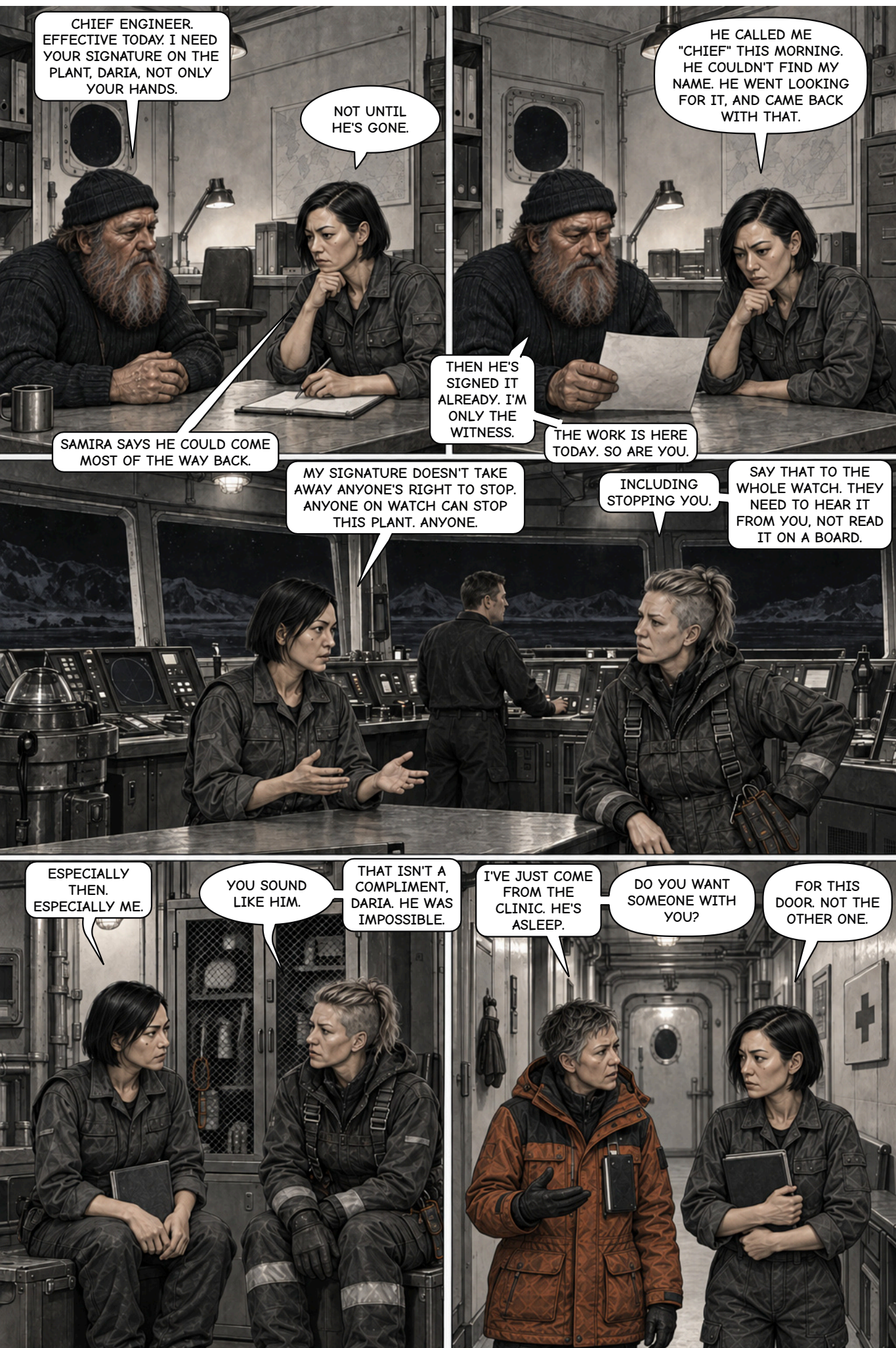
DON'T BE KIND TO ME,
MARA. THEN I'D HAVE TO
BE BRAVE, AND IT'S LATE.





17 JANUARY.





18 JANUARY.



