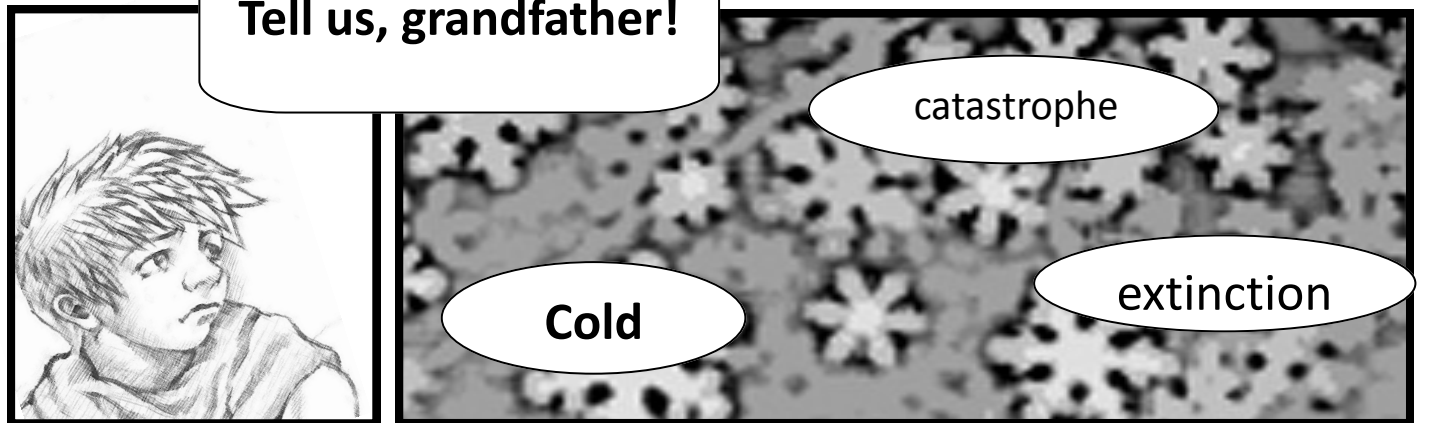
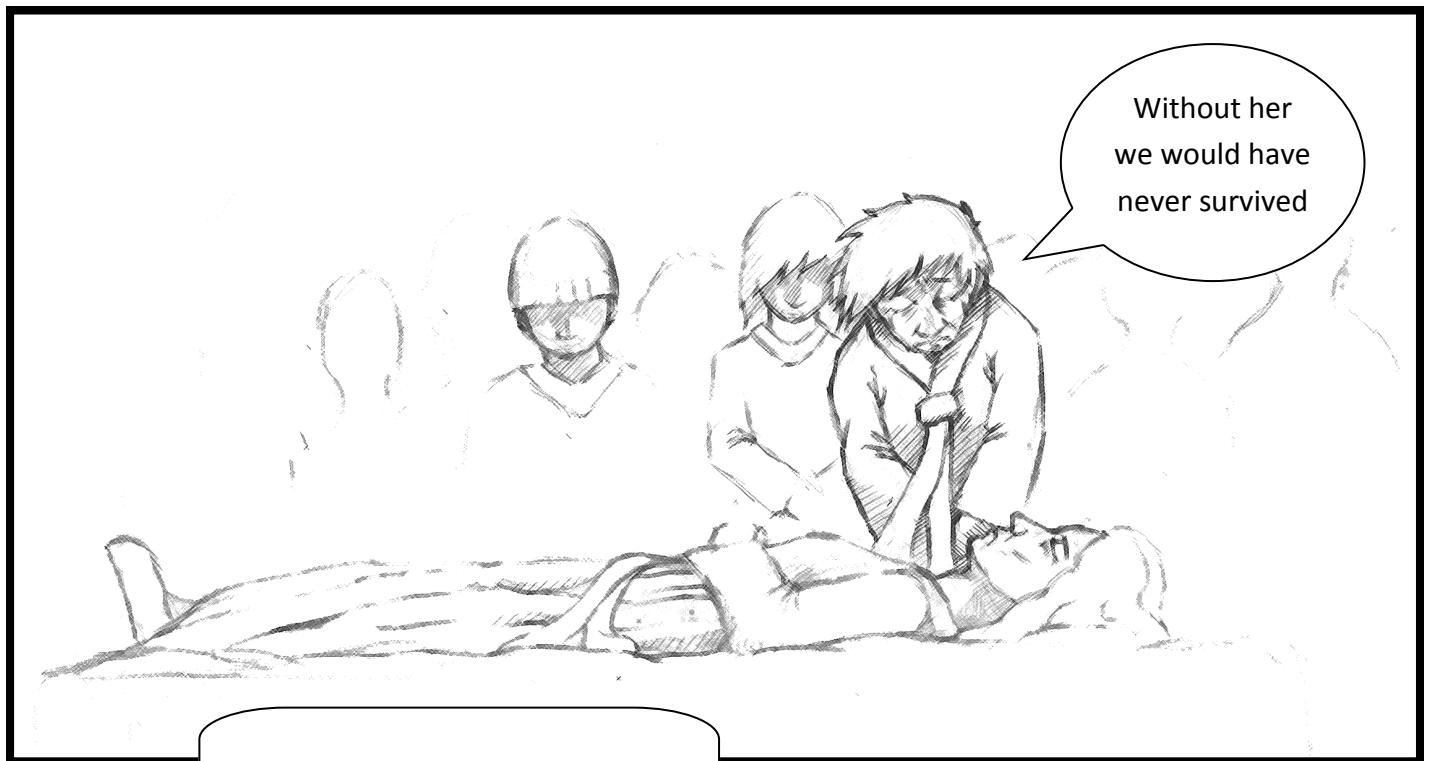




Inspired by the short story, Nightfall , written by Isaac Asimov  
and published in 1941



Our world was so different then.  
Always warm with plenty of food.

Hurry up!  
Gregor



Slowpoke!



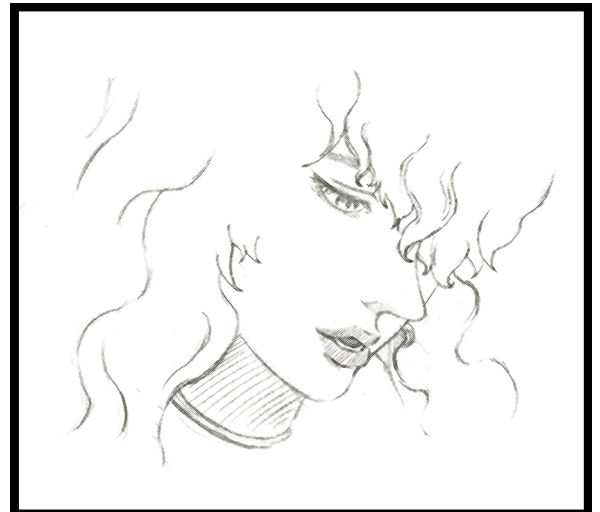
It was true, I could never keep up with her. Mareka was from the Nidor clan and it was said they were descended from wolves. They ran like the wind and hunted their prey with their keen sense of smell and cunning.

Years passed and Mareka grew lovelier while I became more of an outcast. As a member of Teishoku clan I did not possess the talents of the Nidor.

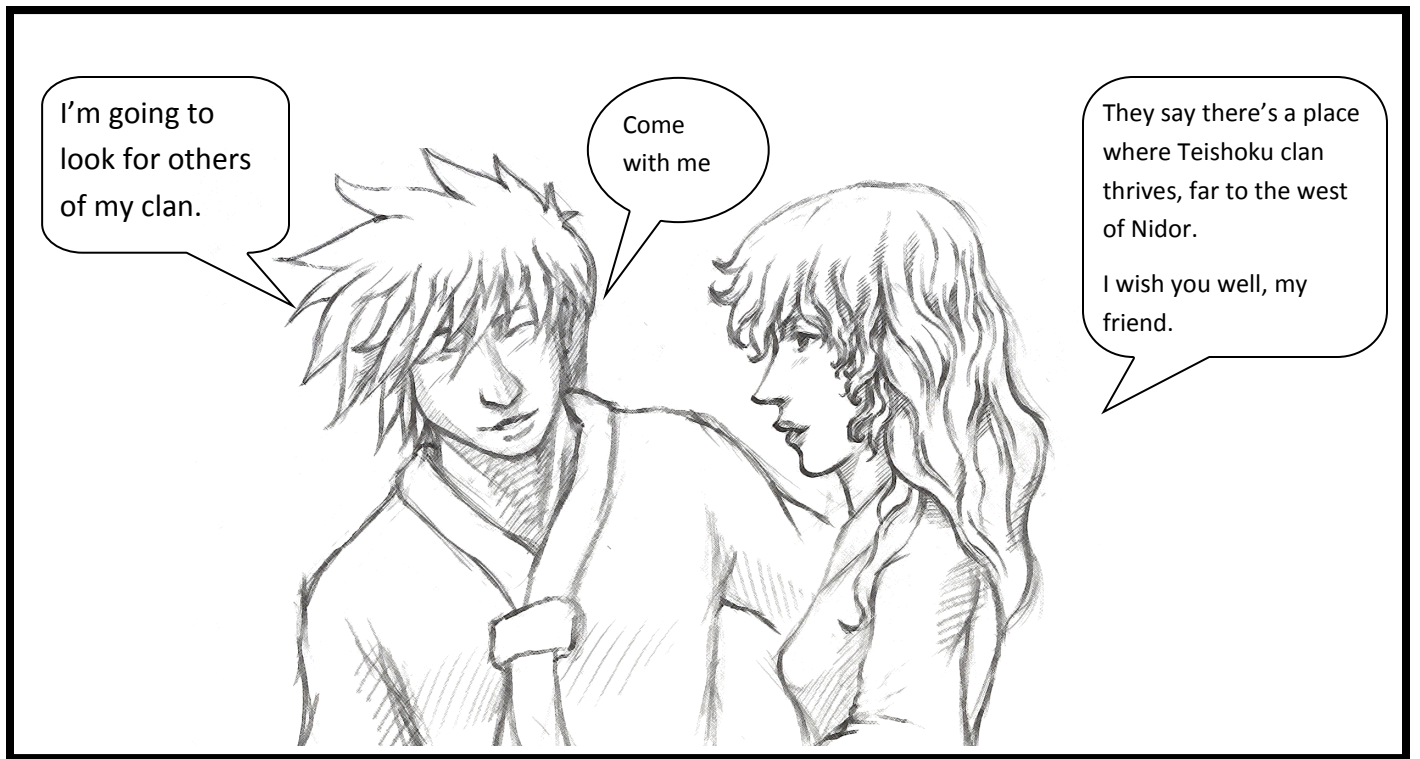
“That rock is like the sunlight,” I would say, “that must be what the sun smells like.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. It smells of exactly hydrated iron and silica. The sun smells nothing like that.”

I couldn’t speak their language, I couldn’t understand their vocabulary. Mareka and I drifted apart.

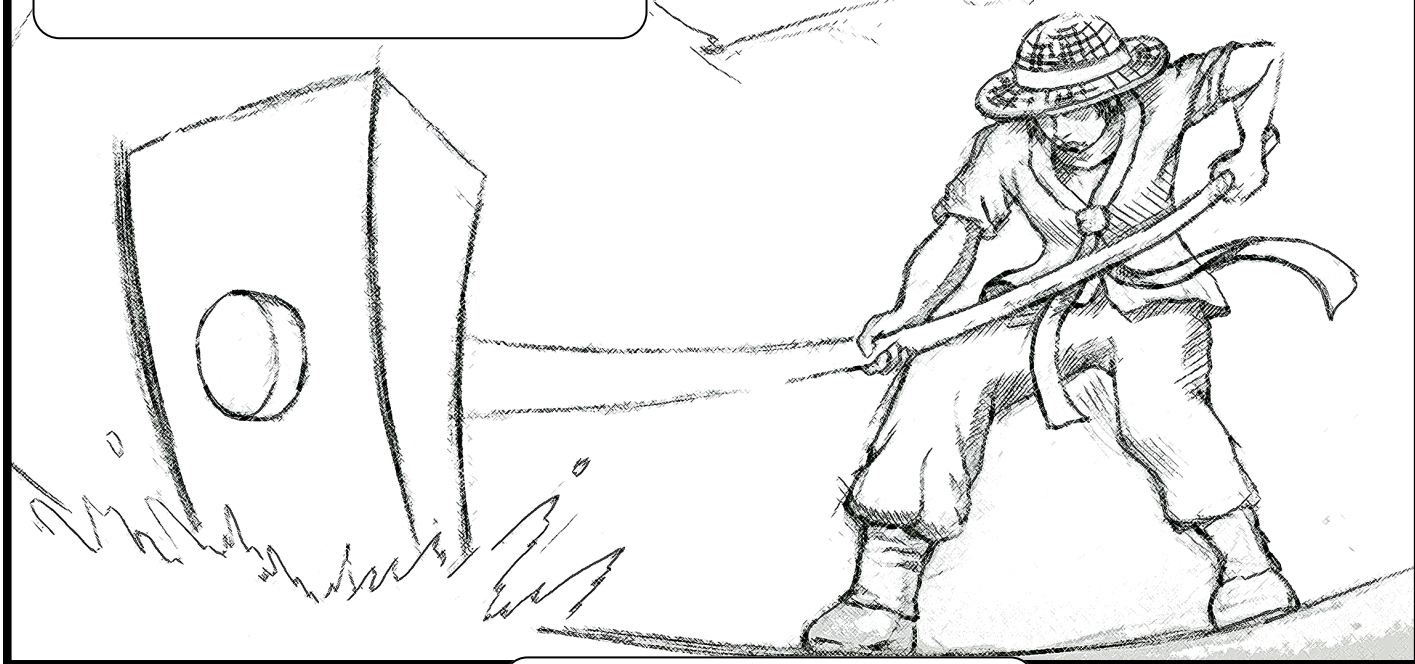








Finally, I arrived at Haven Protectorate. There I was like the others. I was happy but...



I never forgot Mareka. I wondered how she was.



We began to notice that the leaves were changing color and the nights began to grow cool. We did not know what this meant. For as long as we could remember, the nights were soft and warm and the leaves were the color of the newly grown grass.

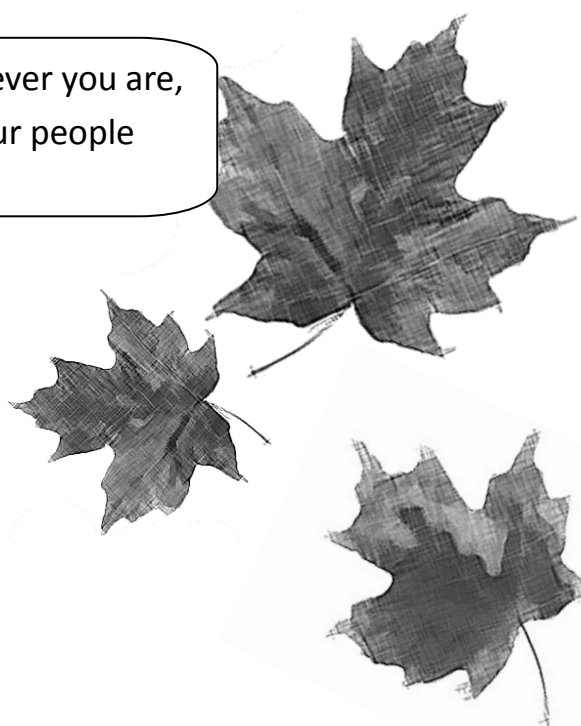


The elders told stories of a time long before, where the heat left the day and the world was covered with white. There was no food and no place for the people to shelter.

We began to store food and to cultivate planters inside the caves, heated by thermal springs and open to the sky, guided by the old tales.



Mareka, wherever you are,  
prepare your people



Our world was alive, shifting its axis

rumble

groan



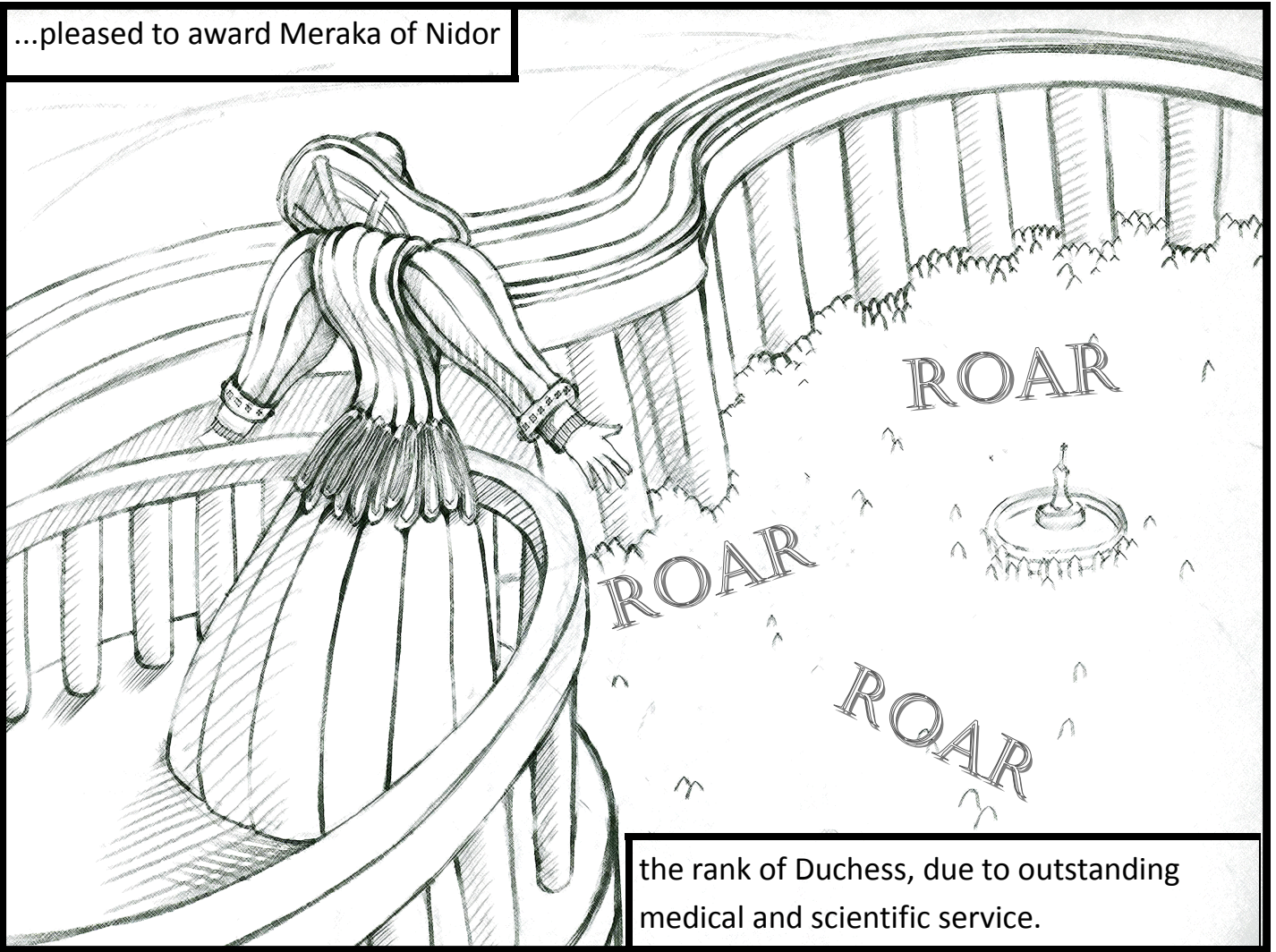
rumble

shatter

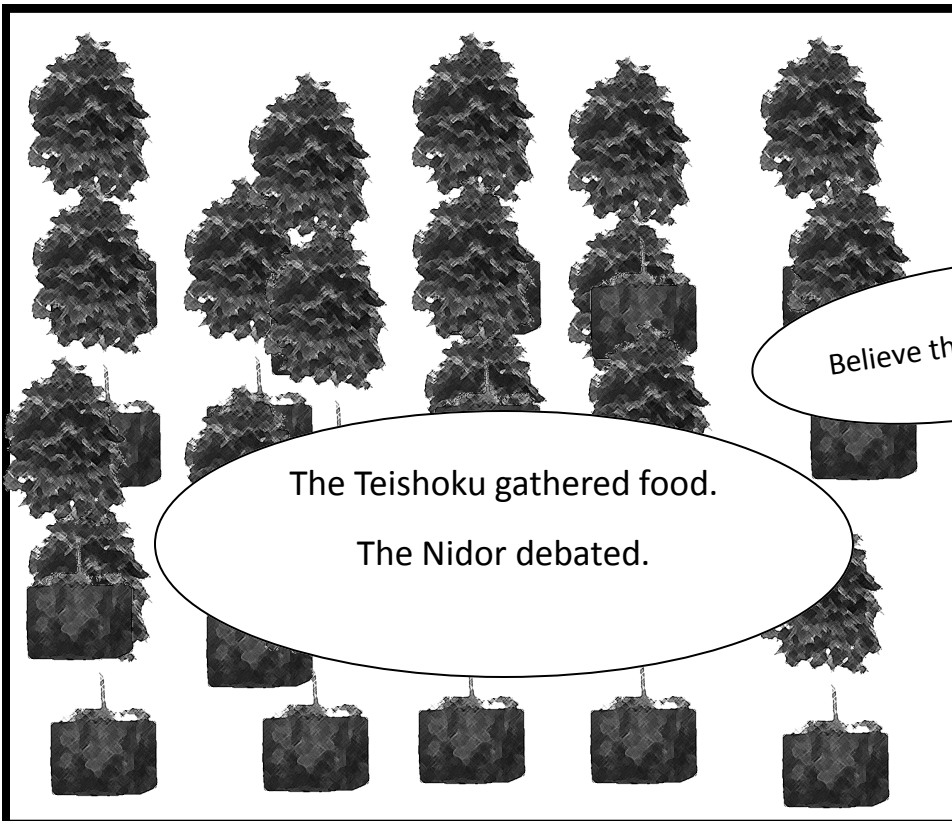
While we went about our business



...pleased to award Meraka of Nidor



the rank of Duchess, due to outstanding medical and scientific service.



The Teishoku gathered food.  
The Nidor debated.

Hoax

Believe the old stories!

Poppycock

Nothing will defeat Nidor



The first winter came anyway

Mareka, where are you?

savior

I found her just in time. Somehow she had hung on, against the freezing temperatures. The rest of the Nidor perished that day but they live on in the genes of Mareka's children. In turn she saved us from extinction with her knowledge and of science and medicine.

