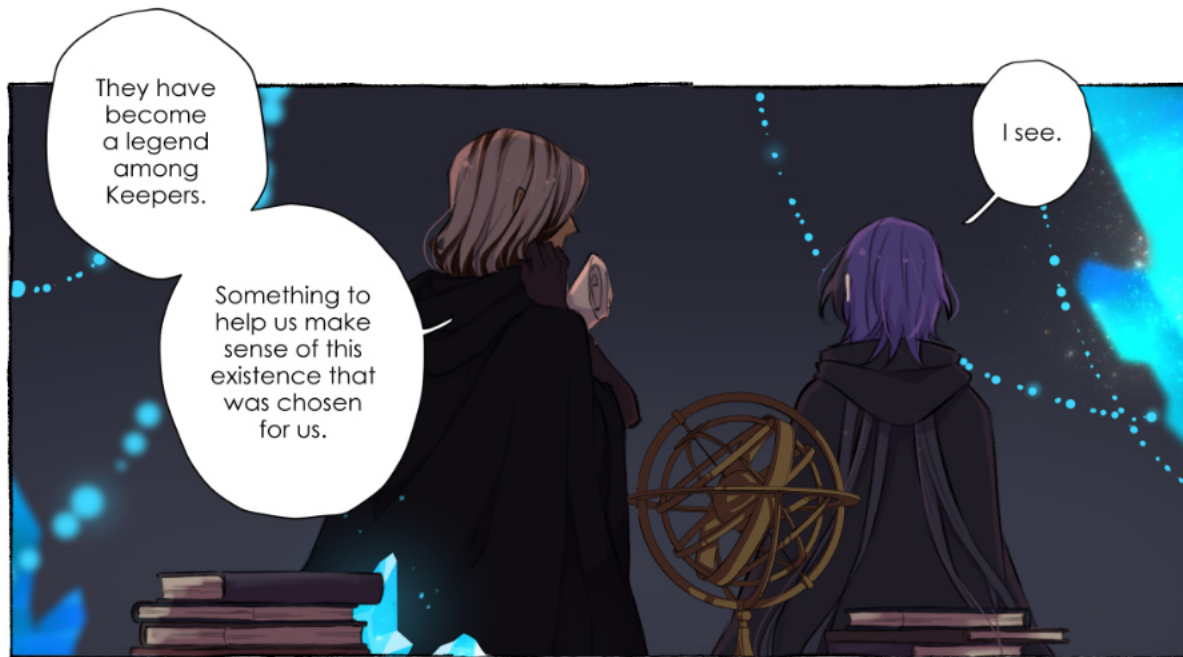
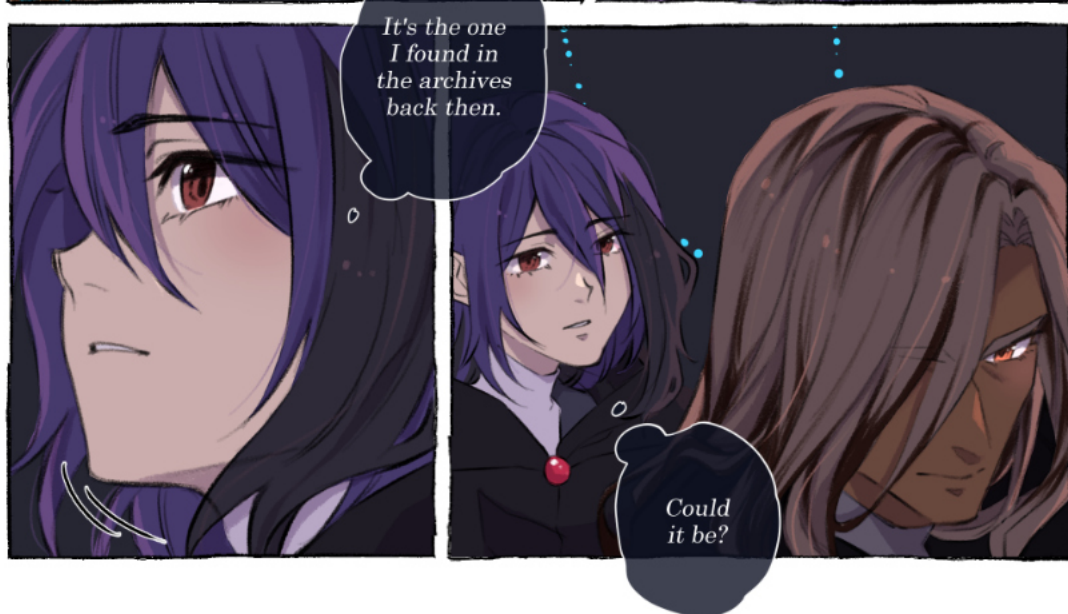


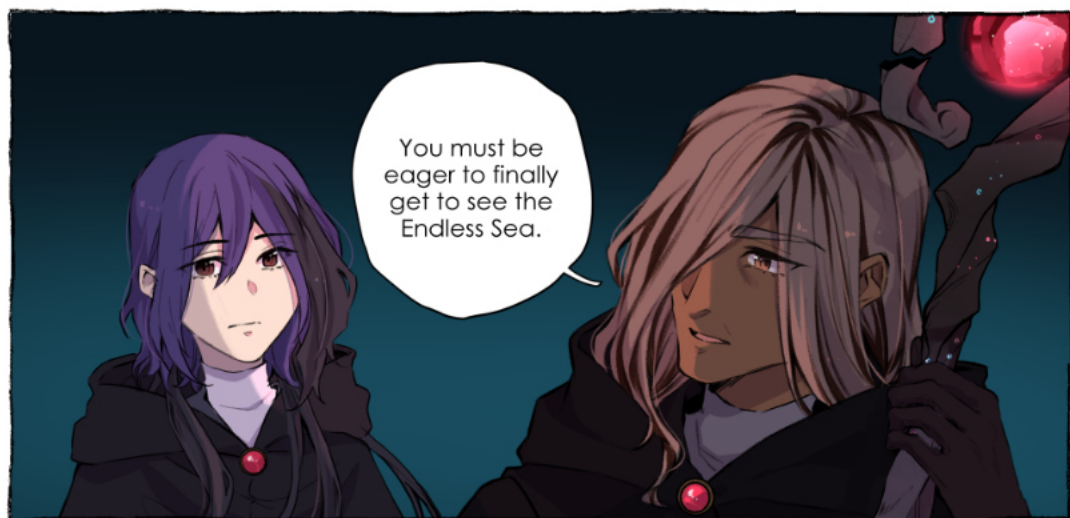
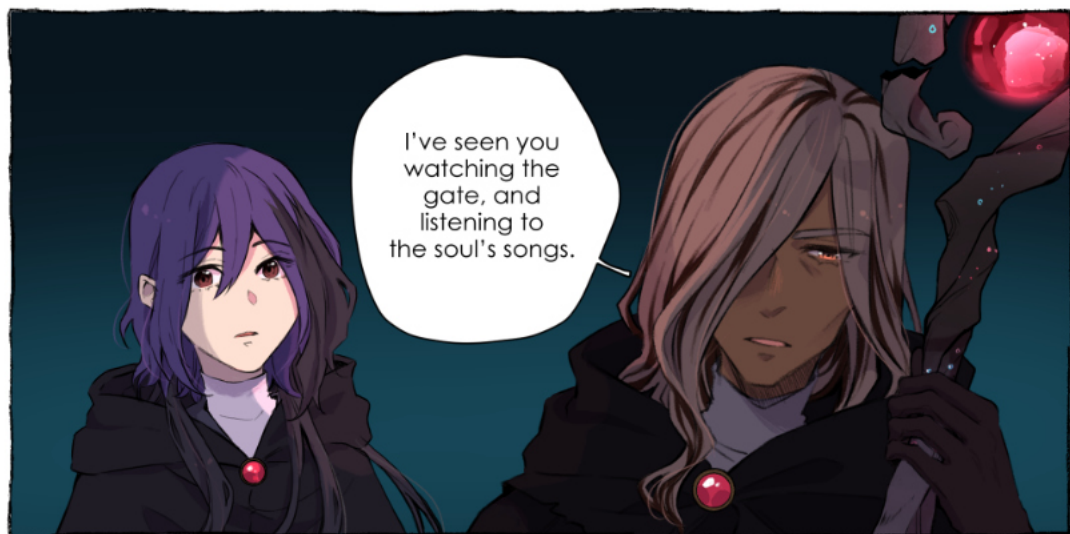






*This
place...*

*it feels
even colder
than it
used to.*



*Frightened
to be found
out.*





This staff
is yours
to summon
now.

May it be a
guiding light
for the souls
in your care.







They aren't
always this
quiet.

Sometimes
they refuse
to move on,

and will try
to fight.





Sometimes we
have to leave
them on the other
side so they can
wander around
for a while,

come to terms
with what's
happened
to them.



Something's
wrong.

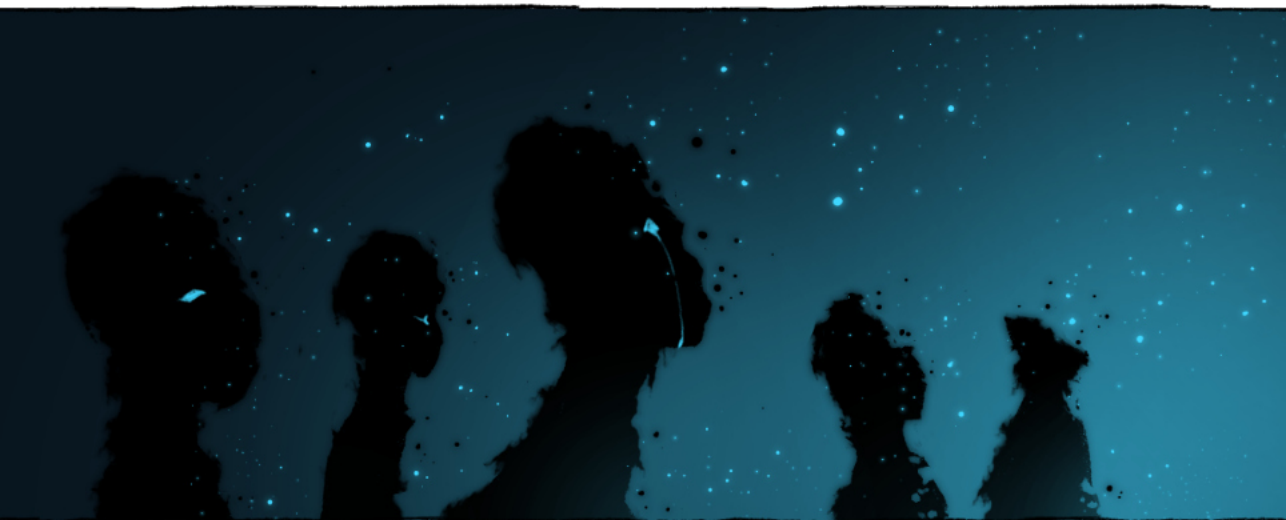


My hands
won't stop
shaking.





I...
suppose
I am.



I've never
seen them
change from
this close
before.

