The
year is 200X.
The world has
been enveloped
in the flames of
nuclear war!

OH?!



That's not what really happened. It's another peaceful day in Japan.

UH OH, I'D BETTER GET GOING TO THE STUDIO.





If we're
lucky, we
avoid disasters
and terrorist
attacks, living
a quieter
future than
we once
dreamed of.

We're not living in some futuristic colony. There are no flying cars.

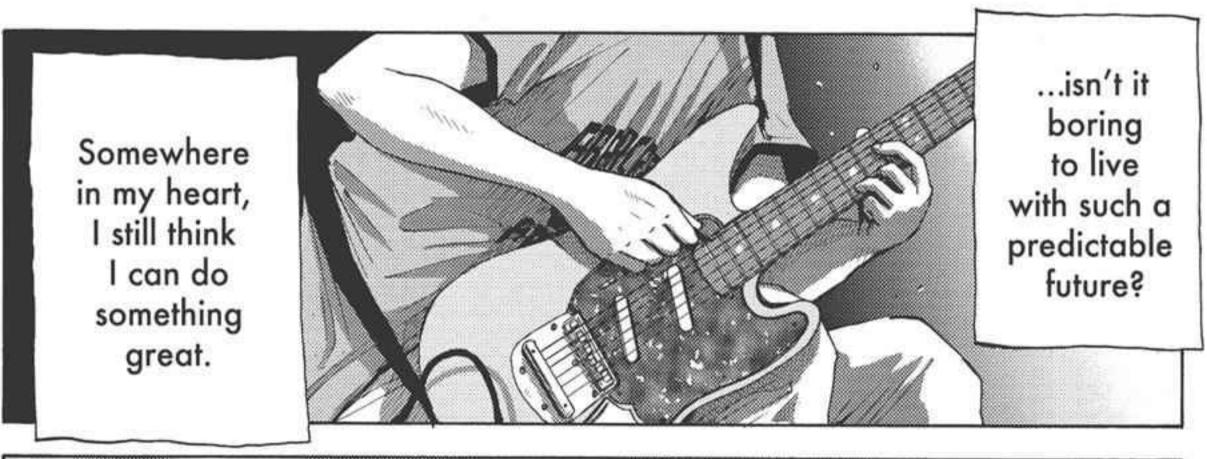
No messiah
has appeared
to save an
Earth
devastated
by radiation.

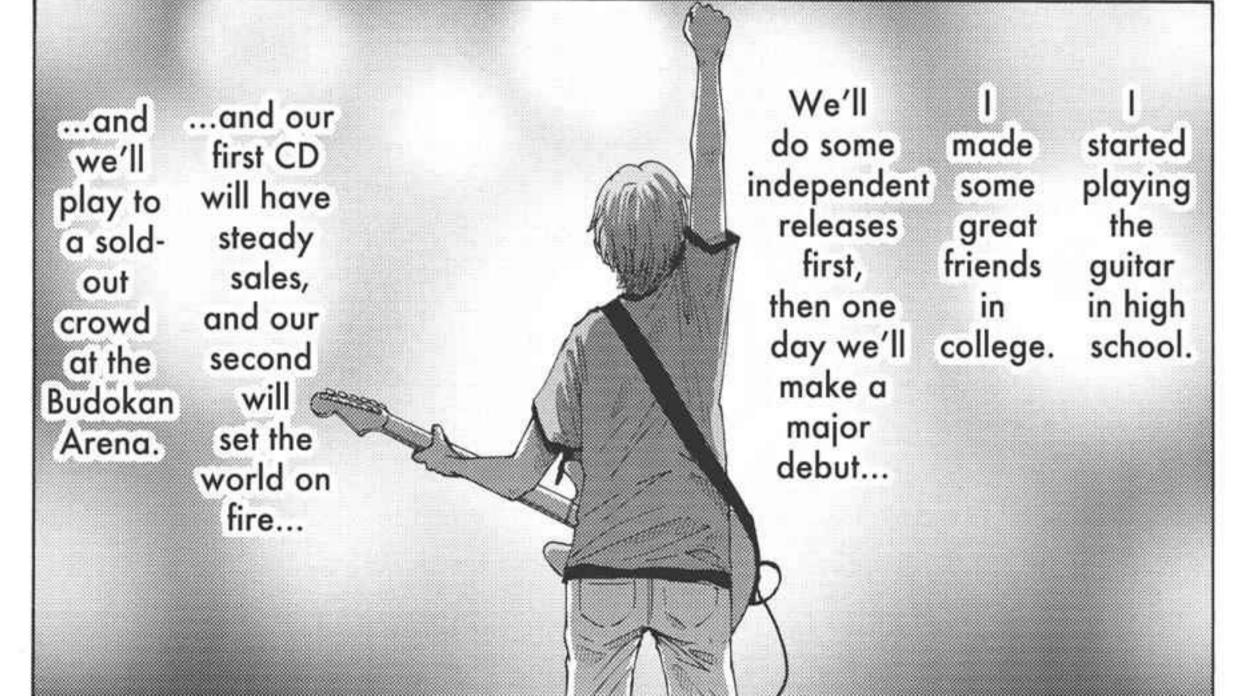






















Probably not.

Does
anyone
want to
hear our
performance?

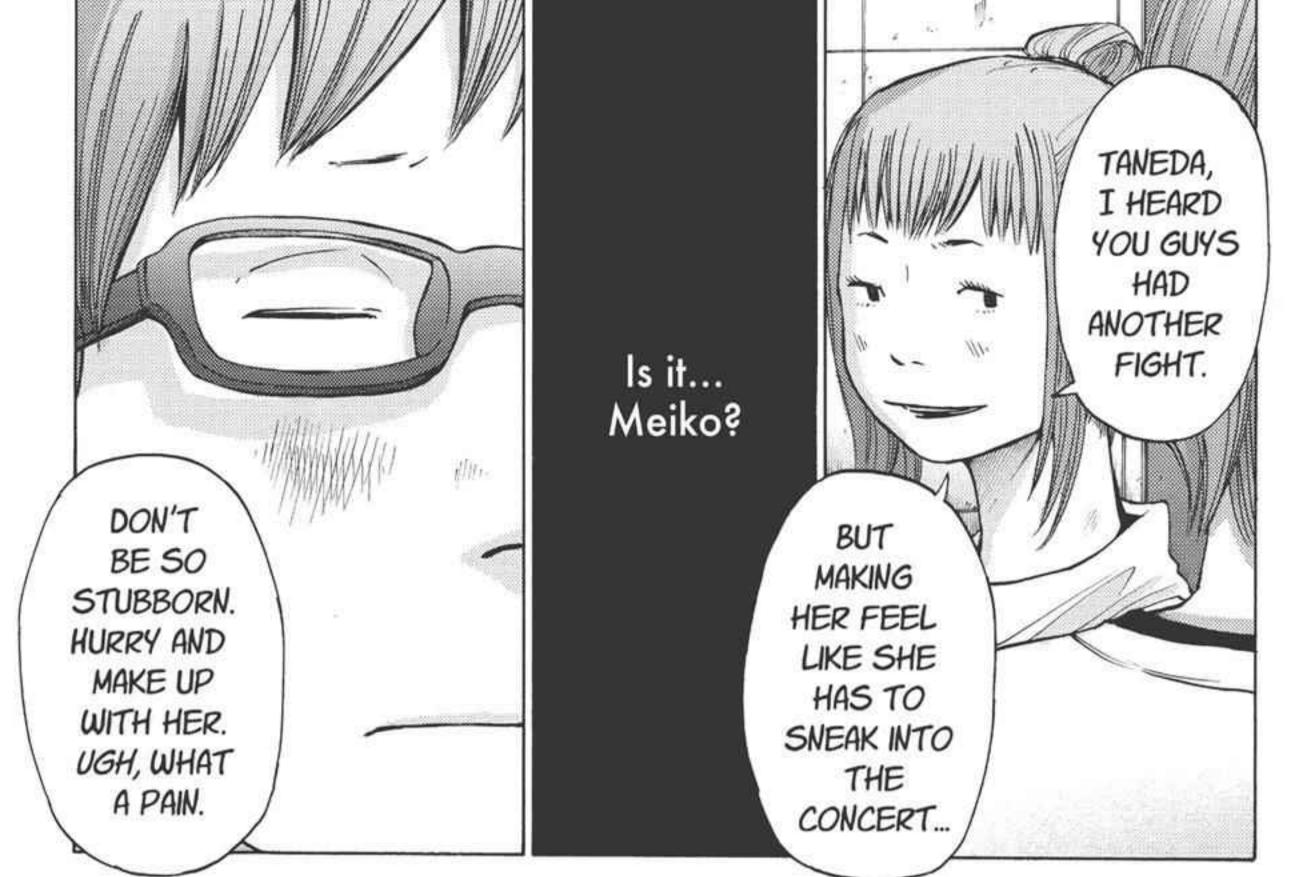
Wait a minute...

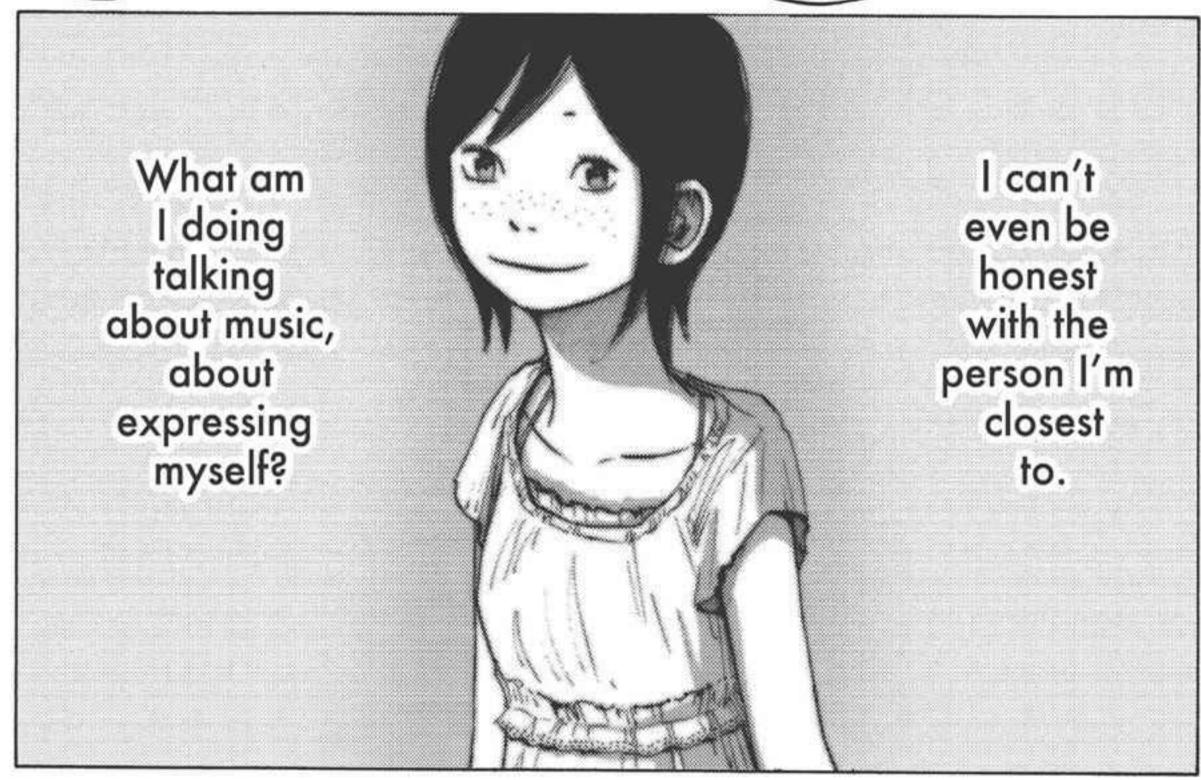




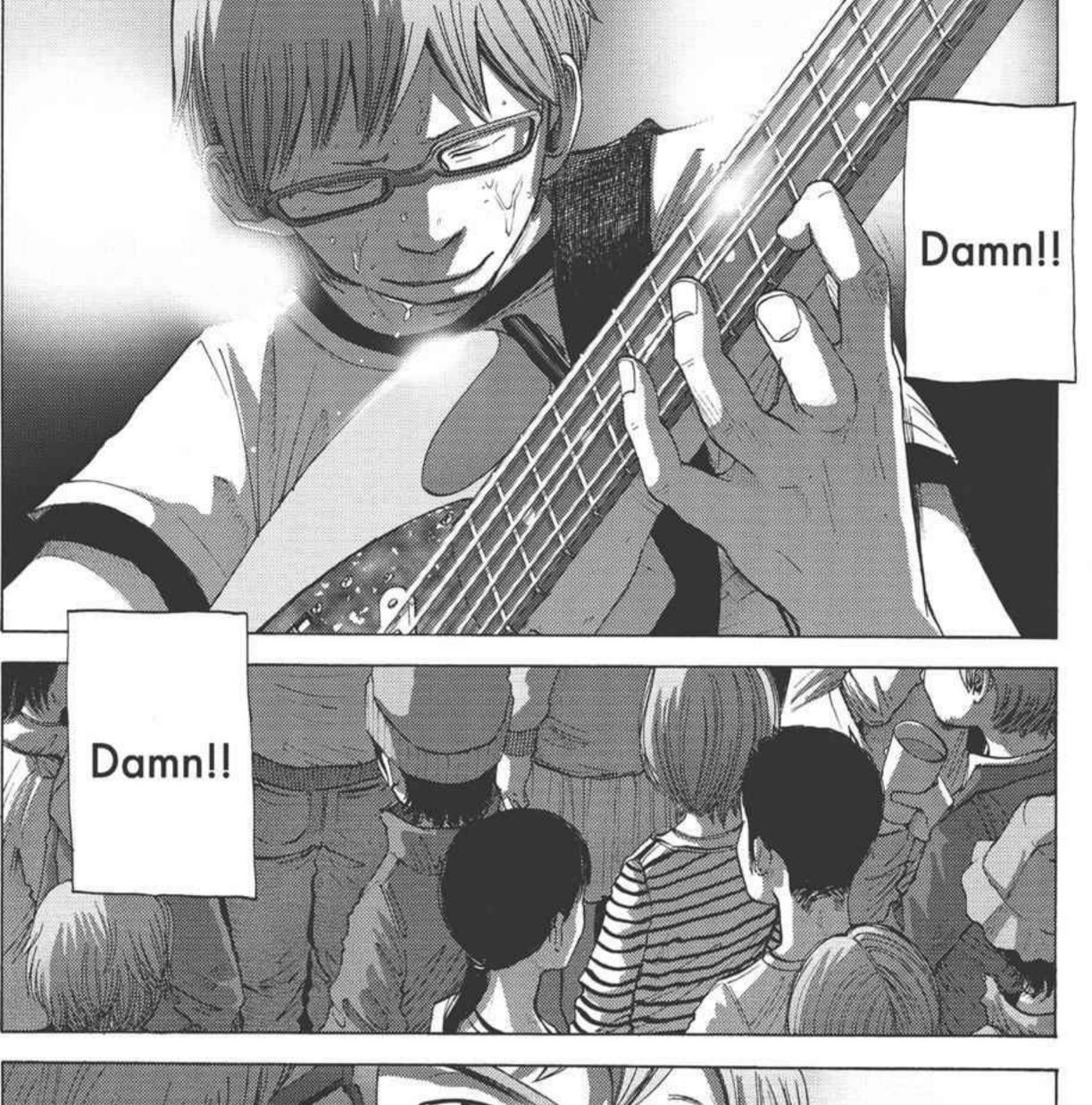
Who do I want to play my music for?







Damn... Is this all I'm good for?

















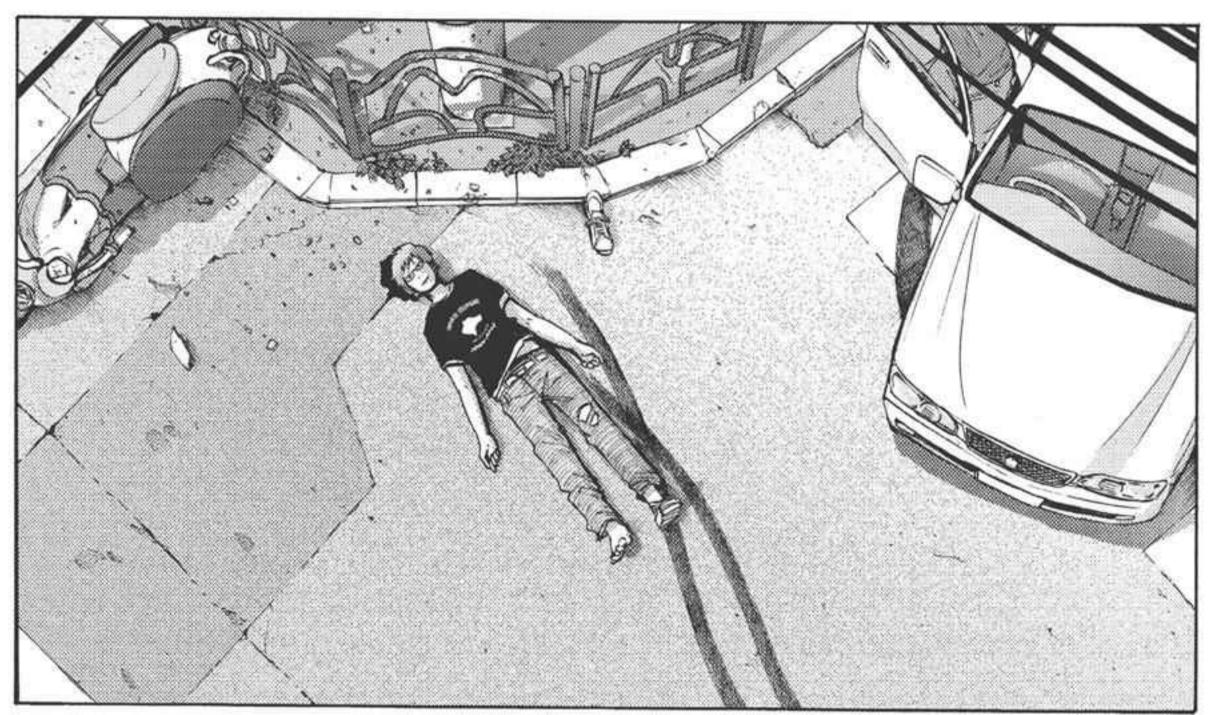




When I get home, maybe I'll write a love song...but
the warm
sunshine
and her very
existence
feel strangely
pleasant.

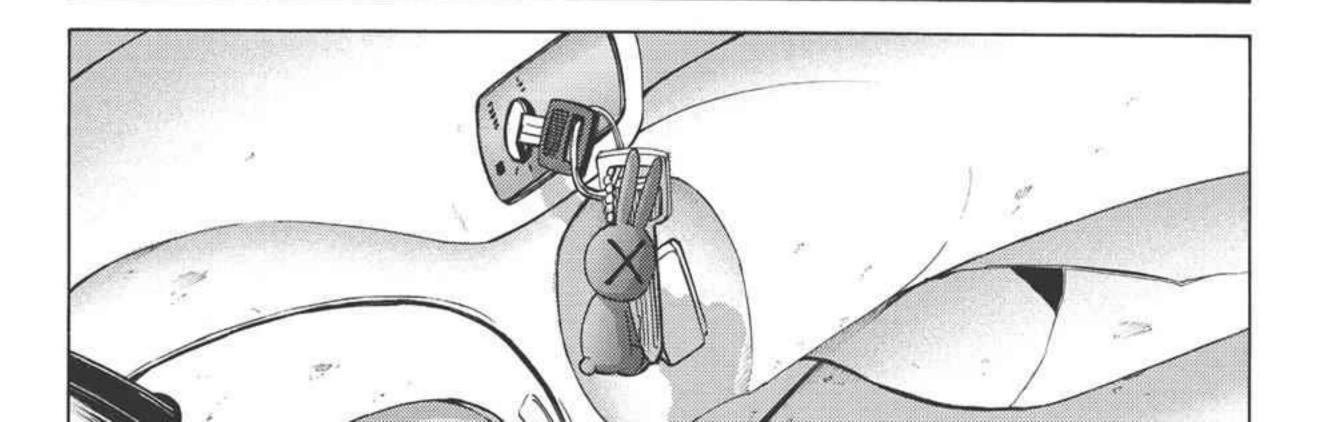
The
future's
still vague
and
uncertain...





Is this what life is like?

And yet, not really. So much has happened. So much time has gone by since that day.



I'll sing it to her when I get home. Oh yeah... I got embarrassed and never sang it for her. The love song I wrote that day...

