

C: I have to. I am your captain. I should protect you, not let myself get carried away thinking about my lost sister. Actually, I shouldn't even do it now, I need to get back to my crew, I need to get my head back in the game. I can't let you down any longer, we have a hammock to find.

G: You also need time to grieve.

C: You don't grieve someone who isn't dead.

G: Crosinus...

C: Thanks for making me snap out of it, Officer. Time to join the others, Klein's coming. *(They point out to the ocean where the small shape of a bird is fast approaching.)*

G: You don't seem to have snapped out of anything, Captain. You're more in denial than ever.

C: I can't wallow forever, Officer. I need to be a good Captain for my Crew or we will have the same problems as in Primania again.

G: You're just animal, Captain. You can't tell your brain how to function. You're no robot.

C: Sometimes I think it'd be better if I was. If I could just lock it away for the time being, just forget about it, forget about her.

G: *(gasps)* You can't do that!

C: *(slowly, as realisation hits them)* No...I can't...but you can!

Gripschen, you must alter my memory!

G: *(backing away)* I can't do that.

C: *(exited)* But you can! I have seen you do it before! You don't have to delete Cronic entirely, but you can store her away for me! You can take her in for me and give her back, when I have the time to look for her, as soon as we have found the hammock of complexity.

G: I really don't think that's a good idea.

C: Why not? It wouldn't be permanent would it?