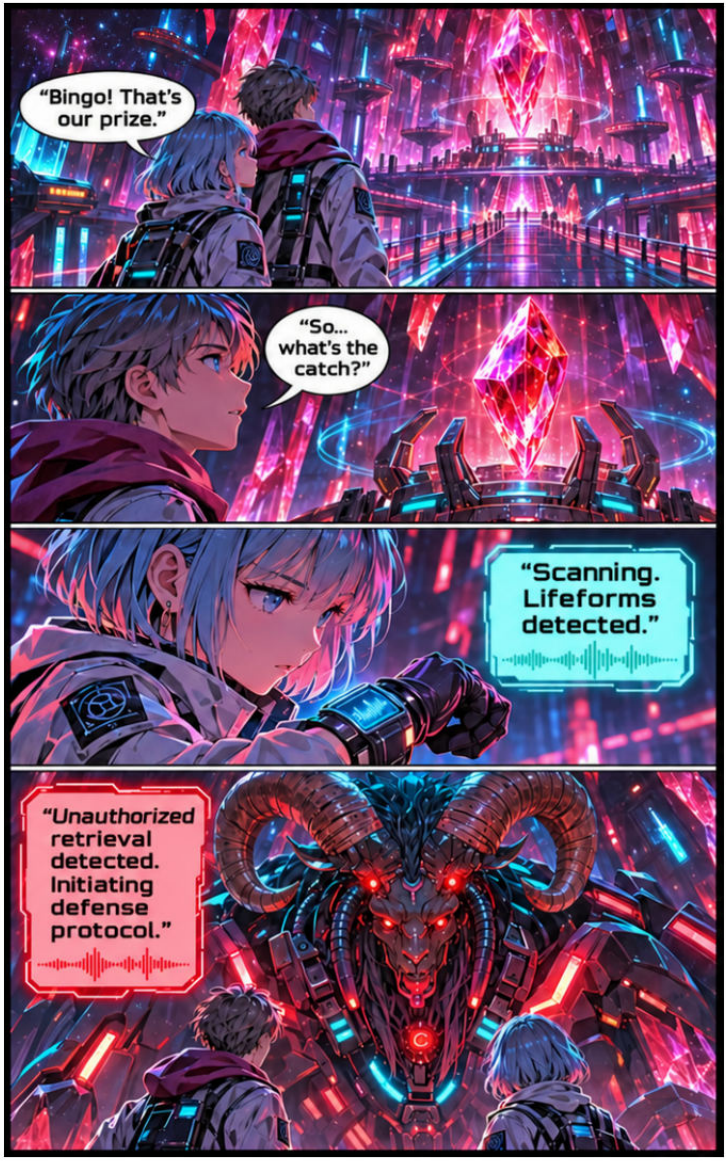

ZODIAC
SPEED RUN
AURORABYSS DESIGNS


ZODIAC
SPEED RUN
THE COMPLETE STORY
AURORABYSS DESIGNS

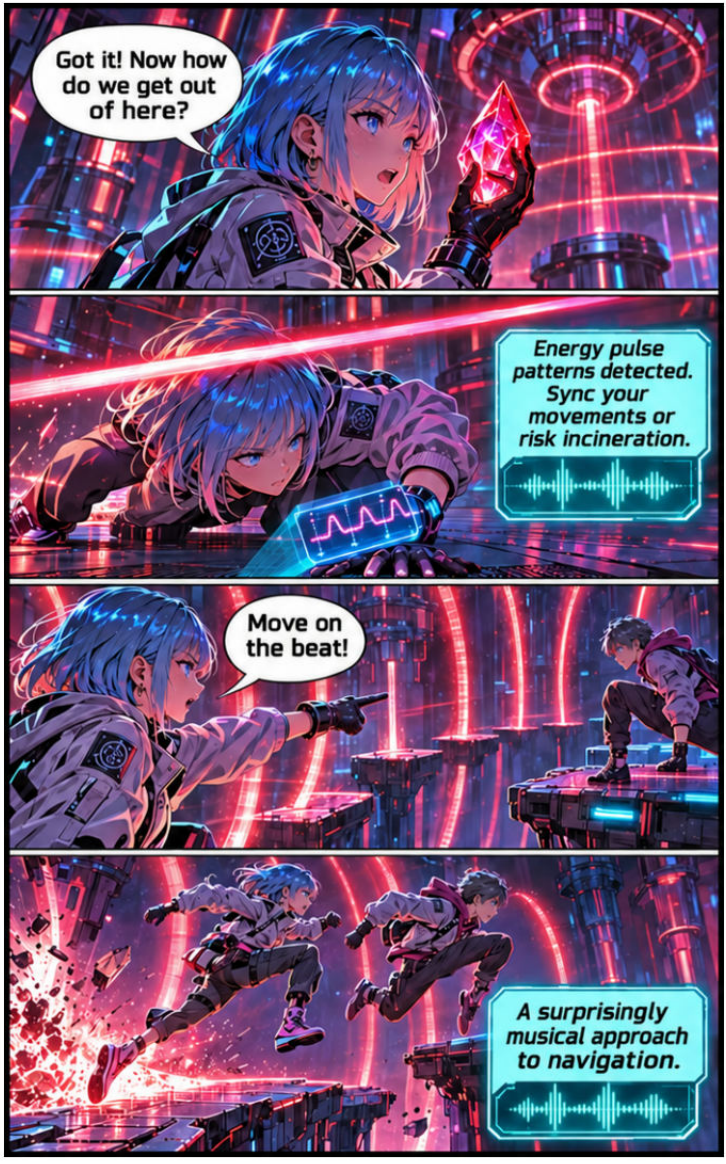

THE TWELVE SIGNS
SHIP NAVIGATION / CHAPTER INDEX
01 Aries 3
02 Taurus 10
03 Gemini 15
04 Cancer 20
05 Leo 25
06 Virgo 30
07 Libra 35
08 Scorpio 40
09 Sagittarius 45
10 Capricorn 50
11 Aquarius 55
12 Pisces 60
Twelve signs. One shared sky.


ARIES
Twelve Zodiac Crystals. One chance to change the stars.
All systems go! Let's find that Aries crystal before the others catch wind.
Probability of competition: ninety-seven percent. I recommend we hurry.
This map better be legit. I didn't dodge mercenaries just to chase myths.
Relax. My gut says it's real. Besides, what's life without a little risk?


Aries system. Gravitational anomalies detected.
I thought you could fly!
Relax. I'm making it look good!
Correction: this is far from optimal.
This place gives me the creeps.


"Bingo! That's our prize."
"So... what's the catch?"
"Scanning. Lifeforms detected."
"*Unauthorized* retrieval detected. Initiating defense protocol."


“Recommendation: run.”
“Split up! It can't chase both of us.”
“Why is there always a catch?”
“Guess we'll have to charm 'em!”


Got it! Now how do we get out of here?
Energy pulse patterns detected. Sync your movements or risk incineration.
Move on the beat!
A surprisingly musical approach to navigation.


I hope that thing is worth it!
You'll see once we're outta here!
Hang on! We're punching it!
Probability of survival: twenty-eight percent. Increasing to seventy-six with evasive maneuvers.


I can't believe we made it.
Believe it. And look what we've got. One down, eleven to go.
And a whole galaxy to fight over them.
I would prefer a galaxy to fly through. Fewer repair invoices.
So what's our next move?
Course plotted. Destination: Taurus Nebula.