

Cherie!
No!

It's too dangerous!

MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE!!

Let go of me!!

What can you do?!

You'd just be killing yourself!!

But my house!

I understand!!
But it's no difference if you ran up there!

I can't let you put yourself in danger!

But that's my house..

That's..

That's my house..

That's my house..

I know..

I know..

Huu..

I held Cherie in my arms tightly and waited until the fires died down.

It's a wonder that it didn't spread to the surrounding woods.

After awhile, he stopped struggling and just fell asleep.

I don't think there's anything left..

I'm sorry, Cherie..

Maybe a match went off somewhere?

..Maybe

But I always check the stove before leaving..

Then.. Who would do this..?

I don't know..

Does it matter anymore?

Well, no use crying over spilled milk now.

Let's go.

Cherie, this is hardly spilled milk..

We have to find the culprit and-

And then what?

What am I gonna do if I find the person who burn down my house?

Or if there was nobody at all and it really was just an accident?

I.. I don't know.

I just.. wanted to do something somehow..

Okay.

Take me to the Palace then.

I can't bear to stay in this place any longer.

So..

Take me far away, won't you?