

"Next up: the Family War"

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The game ends

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It continues on forever

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What? There are no heroes in this world?

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A new game is beginning

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To be continued...

Years later, Travis Touchdown is immortal in space.

He's floating in the vacuum without a normal suit. He can't breathe. But he can't die.

The shuttle exploding.

Sylvia vanishing into the light.

That's all he remembers of approximately 30 hours ago.

Since then, he's been drifting through the void. There is no sound in this place. No way to measure how far he's moved. Nothing but the infinite abyss.

His body is fully conscious, but his mind is barely thinking at all. But he can't die.

He hasn't aged a day since back then.

There's an itch in the back of his eye.

It's the only thing he can feel.

Sylvia...

His body drifts some more. Minutes? Hours? Days? Months? ... Years?

It almost feels like he's about to finally pass out.

He can just barely see something on the edge of his vision.

A vast metropolis on the surface of the moon.

So, they finally completed it.

But it doesn't matter anymore.

His eyes are already closing, and he feels at peace.

Is this the End of No More Heroes?

"Trav? Travis, is that you?"

"Wake up! Wake up, Travis!"

**ONE MORE HERO:**

*I need you.*

[Kamui Uehara]  
Travis Touchdown.

Travis Touchdown jolts awake.  
He's in a black coffin. No, it's some kind of pod.  
He has a nametag on him. "TD-??".  
He raises himself up to a sitting position. He's in some kind of futuristic lab,  
like a secret base from an old sci-fi movie.

[Travis Touchdown]  
...Kamui? Is that you?  
What the fuck?  
Where the hell am I?

[Kamui Uehara]  
You've been recovered back to our base.  
You're in the 27th Ward, on the Moon.

Kamui Uehara looks just like he did the last time Travis saw him.  
An oddly youthful appearance, a green jacket. A silver left eye.  
It's like they're back in 2021 again. But not really. So much has happened.

[Midori Midorikawa]  
You floated down into the lunar orbit.  
So we picked you up and brought you here.  
What happened out there?

Midori enters the room. Who was she again?  
Travis fought her. Kamui appeared to stop Travis from killing her. And then what?  
Did they ever meet again? He just can't remember.

[Travis Touchdown]  
I can barely remember.  
It doesn't matter, though.  
For some reason I feel like a huge weight's been lifted off my shoulders.  
They finally finished construction on this place?

[Kamui Uehara]

“Finished”?

Were you really out there that long?

This ward’s lifespan is already over, Trav.

[Travis Touchdown]

“Already over”?

You’ve gotta be fuckin’ kidding me!

Feels like I missed it all.

[Kamui Uehara]

After the city was finished,

all kinds of crazy things happened here.

It’s really too much to even tell you about.

[Midori Midorikawa]

That’s actually related to what we’re working on here right now.

[Travis Touchdown]

So what is it this time?

Some kind of ultra-dimensional beast who’s attacking throughout time?

A genius space criminal trying to drop the moon onto the Earth?

A top 10 ranking of apocalyptic monsters, appearing once every week?

[Kamui Uehara]

Oh, nothing like that.

You don’t need to worry about that stuff anymore.

Travis blinks.

What?

[Travis Touchdown]

What did you just say?

[Kamui Uehara]

It’s over.

Your long, arduous labor is at an end.

You’re free.

Midori gestures for Kamui and Travis to follow. Travis stands up and begins to walk with Kamui over to an adjoining room.

[Travis Touchdown]  
Free?

[Kamui Uehara]  
Sure.

Even things like this have termination dates.  
The machineries of this world can go so far as to control time itself,  
but they can never grasp eternity.  
It may be hundreds of years, thousands of years, millions upon millions,  
but one day, it ends.  
That's the guarantee we've been given.

[Travis Touchdown]  
I guess I never considered that.  
It seemed unthinkable.

[Kamui Uehara]  
It always does.  
Sometimes you get so caught up in a game that you forget there was ever anything  
outside of it.  
You see the future ahead of you and think that's all there ever is.  
But once you've lived for untold numbers of years, everything you were worried about  
back then starts to feel kind of silly.  
In the totality of our existence, the time I spent locked up seems like the blink of an eye.

[Travis Touchdown]  
It almost feels fucked up to acknowledge.  
But now that you mention it, yeah, I guess I recognize it, in the core of my being.  
It's like I'm remembering who I was, from some unfathomably long time ago,  
like before I was even born.

[Kamui Uehara]  
That is how it feels, isn't it?

Midori taps impatiently on the wall.  
Despite this, her smile is incredibly warm.

[Travis Touchdown]

Oh, right.

If everything's over, then what are you guys doing here?

What is it you're working on?

[Kamui Uehara]

As I'm sure you've already guessed, the 27th Ward is about to be destroyed.

The "Moon Rage" is scheduled for less than an hour from now.

We have nothing to fear from that, of course.

But, a whole lot of things are about to be lost.

Travis, I'm not just Kamui Uehara.

I am the final Kamui Uehara.

There are no remaining Kamuis out there in the entire world.

[Midori Midorikawa]

It's the end of an era.

This ward isn't even in Kanto anymore.

Urban development is outdated compared to full-world development scenarios.

But we're going to save the past.

Follow me.

Midori leads the boys through numerous hallways.

As they walk, Travis catches brief sights of various other staff members of the base.

Most of them look completely unfamiliar to him,

but there are a few that bring up some kind of vague memory.

An old detective.

A round-haired esper girl.

Did he see them somewhere?

He's definitely never seen a pink crocodile before.

Even though they're all working in this weird base, all of them seem happy.

Delighted, even.

A man is lifted out of a silver ship in some kind of cryogenic storage pod.

He wakes up in front of a girl who wipes tears of joy from her eyes.

Who are all these people?

Eventually, they come to an exit door that leads out to a crater.

It's some kind of launch site.

In the center is what looks like a tall, thin, sleek black rocket ship, surrounded by all manner of electronic equipment.

The three walk over to it.

[Travis Touchdown]

That ship doesn't look wide enough to fit even a person.

[Midori Midorikawa]

That's right, Travis.

All that's contained in this rocket is data.

The data collected from each of the wards,  
the 24th, the 25th, the 26th, and the 27th,  
put into text form.

[Kamui Uehara]

Although these stories may be over,

they won't be lost to time in the destruction of the moon.

We're shooting them into the future, where someone else will receive them someday.

They will inherit the legacies of the people of the wards.

Midori places her hand on the rocket's surface.

Written on it in white, in Midori Midorikawa's handwriting, is the word "believe".

[Midori Midorikawa]

プラス プラス プラス

24 + 25 + 26 + 27.

[Travis Touchdown]

102.

[Kamui Uehara]

51 times 2.

You got here just in time to see it launch.

[Travis Touchdown]

So what do we do then?

[Kamui Uehara]

Whatever we want.

[Midori Midorikawa]

Right now, let's enjoy the fireworks.

Midori only spends a couple minutes double-checking the settings on the machines, before the countdown begins.

Numbers going from 10 to 1. If it wasn't for the weight being lifted from him, Travis might be having an involuntary reaction right about now.

But at this time, in this moment, the familiarity only comes to mind as a passing observation. He will feel this peace always from now on.

The rocket is fast, so far past 300 that it's hardly worth mentioning. Shortly after leaving the pull of the moon, some sort of stream opens up, and the rocket enters it surrounded by what looks like a ball of lightning. The spectacle of light is overwhelming, but it doesn't last long until the stream closes around it, and all is silent, as if it had never been there at all.

[Kamui Uehara]

See! Now!

Our sentence is up.

**Thank you, Kamui.**

Goodbye, Ayame.

And to all the  
Shelter Children

Congratulations.