



LONDON,
AUGUST
1882.



...RIGHT ENOUGH,
BUT WORK FASTER,
FOR GOD'S SAKE. THIS
STATION'S DUE TO OPEN
IN LESS THAN A MONTH,
AND AT THIS RATE YOU'LL
STILL BE HERE PUTTING
ON THE FINISHING
TOUCHES.

EXCUSE ME,
MR. CAMPBELL,
SIR?



WHAT IS IT,
HAWKINS?

WELL, IT'S...
THERE'S...

SOMETHING
BACK THERE
YOU SHOULD
SEE, IS
ALL.



WE WAS CLEARING
OUT THE EQUIPMENT
FROM THE SOUTHERN
TUNNEL, JUST LIKE
YOU SAID, SIR.
ME, DAVIES, AND
WILKES.

WE SHIFTED
SOME OF THE UNUSED
PIPING TO ONE SIDE,
RESTED IT AGAINST THE
TUNNEL WALL, AND...
WELL...



THIS
HAPPENED.

BLIMEY!





DAVIES,
WILKES, AND
ME CAME DOWN
HERE, TO SEE
HOW FAR IT
WENT.



MY OLD DAD WAS A
MOLEMAN, AND HIS DAD
BEFORE HIM, DIGGING
SEWERS AND SUCH. I'VE
HEARD ABOUT FINDS
LIKE THIS, DOWN IN
THE SOFT CLAY.



CHAMBERS
DATING BACK TO
ELIZABETH'S TIME,
MEDIEVAL WARRENS,
SAXON FIRE PITS...
THE HOMBS OF THE
DEAD, UNDER THE
FEET OF THE
LIVING.



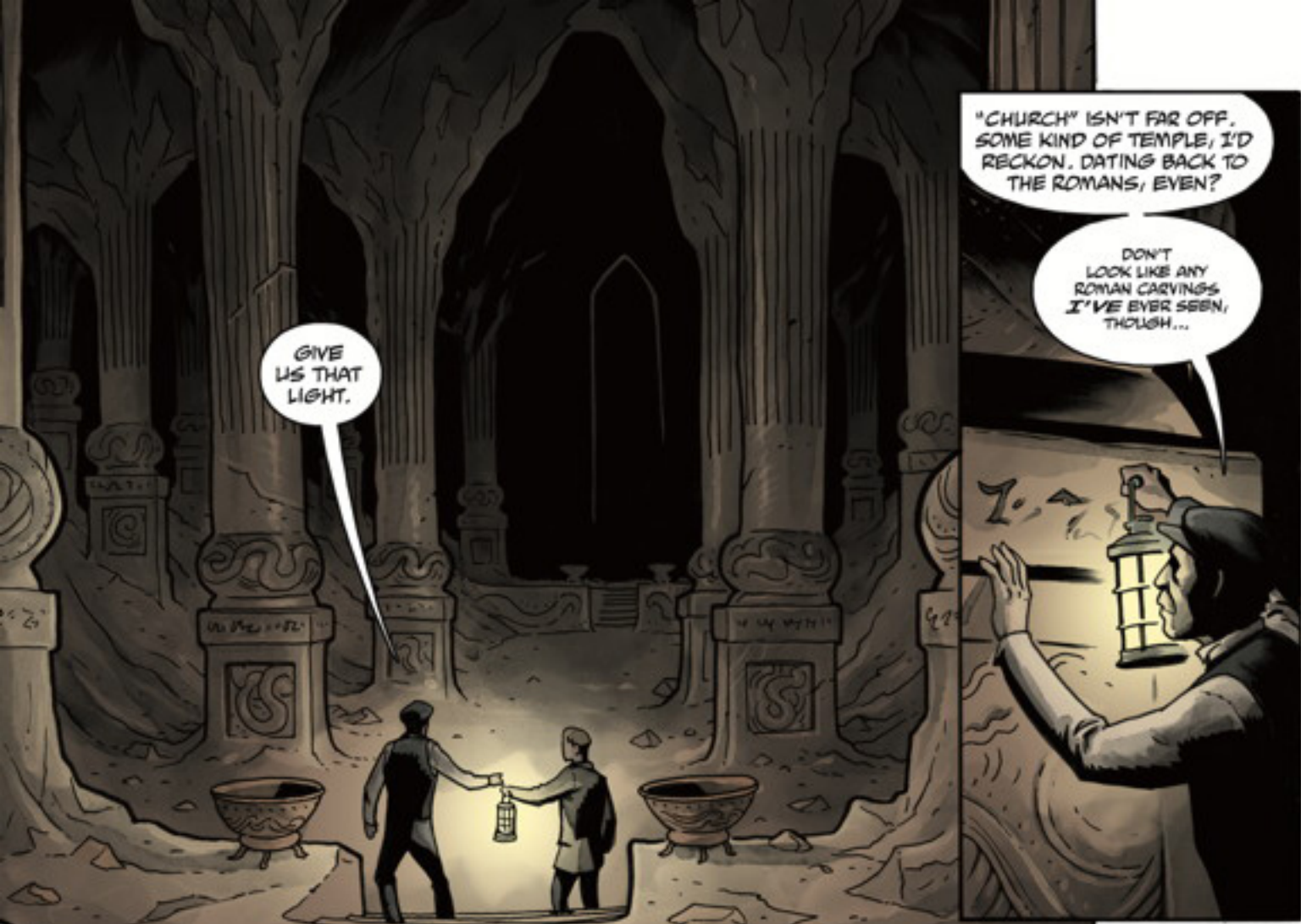
WELL, I DON'T
KNOW NAUGHT
ABOUT THAT,
BUT WHOEVER
BUILT IT, IT'S
BEEN A
GOOD LONG
WHILE.

AND WHAT WE
FOUND AT THE END
OF THE TUNNEL?
IT'S LIKE NO HOME
I'VE EVER SEEN
BEFORE.



SOME
KIND OF CHURCH,
MORE LIKE, YOU
ASK ME.

BLOODY
HELL.



GIVE US THAT LIGHT.

"CHURCH" ISN'T FAR OFF. SOME KIND OF TEMPLE, I'D RECKON. DATING BACK TO THE ROMANS, EVEN?

DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY ROMAN CARVINGS I'VE EVER SEEN, THOUGH...



BUT WHERE'D DAVIES AND WILKES BUGGER OFF TO, NOW? THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D LEFT THEM DOWN HERE.

SO I SAID. AND THEY ONLY HAD THE ONE LAMP BETWEEN 'EM. BUT LOOK.



THEY MUST HAVE CLIMBED BACK UP IN THE DARK. GONE OUT TO CATCH SOME FRESH AIR, MAYBE.

COULDN'T HAVE. I'D HAVE PASSED THEM IN THE TUNNEL. THEY STAYED DOWN HERE, SURE ENOUGH.



THEN... THEN WHERE THE DEVIL DID THEY GO?



...AT WHICH POINT I WAS FINALLY ABLE TO LOCATE THE DUKE'S MISSING NEPHEW, DEEP IN THE WILD WOOD, ALONG WITH THE LUNATIC WHO HAD ABDUCTED HIM.

FROM THE SECRET JOURNALS OF SIR EDWARD GREY.



THE DUCHESS'S INSISTENCE THAT "FAIRIES" HAD TAKEN THE BOY PROVED AS DUBIOUS AS I HAD ANTICIPATED, WITH THE CULPRIT INSTEAD BEING AN ALL-TOO-MORTAL MAN WITH GROTESQUE APPETITES.

THE OFFICIAL STORY SUPPLIED TO THE PAPERS WAS THE BOY HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED FOR RANSOM BY FENIANS. IT WAS FELT THE PUBLIC WAS ILL PREPARED FOR THE TRUTH. I WAS ILL PREPARED FOR IT MYSELF.



BUT WITH ALL THAT I HAVE SEEN OVER THE YEARS, THE UNCANNY AND THE INEXPLICABLE, HOW CAN I STILL BE SURPRISED BY THE MUNDANE DEPRAVITIES OF MY FELLOW MAN? THE SUPERNATURAL CREATURES FROM FAIRY TALES AND PENNY DREADFULS MAY SOMETIMES PROVE TO BE REAL, BUT THEY ARE NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE NIGHTMARES THAT LURK IN THE HUMAN MIND.



SPEAKING OF WHICH, I HAVE HAD THE SAME TROUBLING DREAM, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, BUT UPON WAKING CAN NEVER RECALL THE DETAILS, ONLY THE SENSATION OF

WHAT WAS IT AGAIN...?



REMEMBER.



YOUR PARDON, SIR EDWARD?

YES, BAILEY? WHAT IS IT?



A MESSAGE HAS ARRIVED FOR YOU, AND THE COURIER INSISTED IT WAS MOST URGENT.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK.



TERRIBLY INFORMATIVE, ISN'T IT?



*Greys
you
needed.
Silk*



INFORM THE COOK THAT SHE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT PREPARING LUNCH, BAILEY.

IF EXPERIENCE IS ANY INDICATOR, I RATHER SUSPECT THAT EITHER MY SCHEDULE, OR MY APPETITE, IS ABOUT TO BE SPOILED.



OR QUITE POSSIBLY BOTH.



"KING OF ZULULAND"? WHAT NEXT? QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES...?