



YOU HATE IT HERE, CHARLIE. HATE BEING.



YOU DON'T DELIGHT IN LOVE. HUNGER FOR FEAR. DESIRE FOR PAIN.

GO BACK TO OUR OLD HOME, HUSBAND, OR I'LL DELIVER TWO OF THOSE THREE.



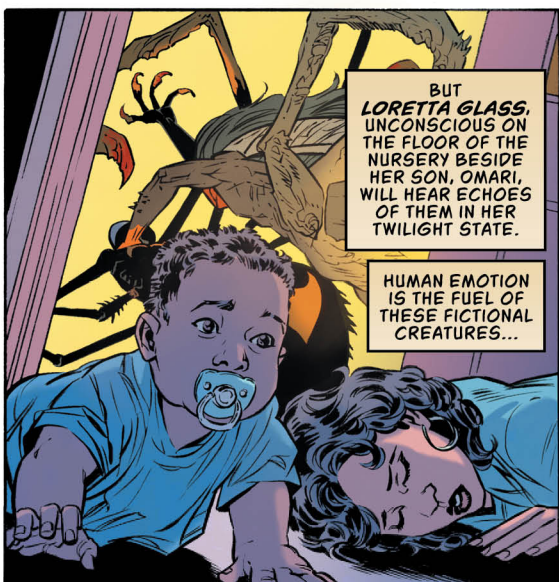
IF ONLY I COULD, POLLY.

YOU LEFT ME TOO WEAK. STARVING.



NOW ALL I HAVE... IS HATRED OF YOU.

POLLY'S PAINED CRIES ARE ALSO INAUDIBLE TO THE WAKING EAR OF MOST PEOPLE.




BUT LORETTA GLASS, UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR OF THE NURSERY BESIDE HER SON, OMARI, WILL HEAR ECHOES OF THEM IN HER TWILIGHT STATE.

HUMAN EMOTION IS THE FUEL OF THESE FICTIONAL CREATURES...



REEEEEEEE

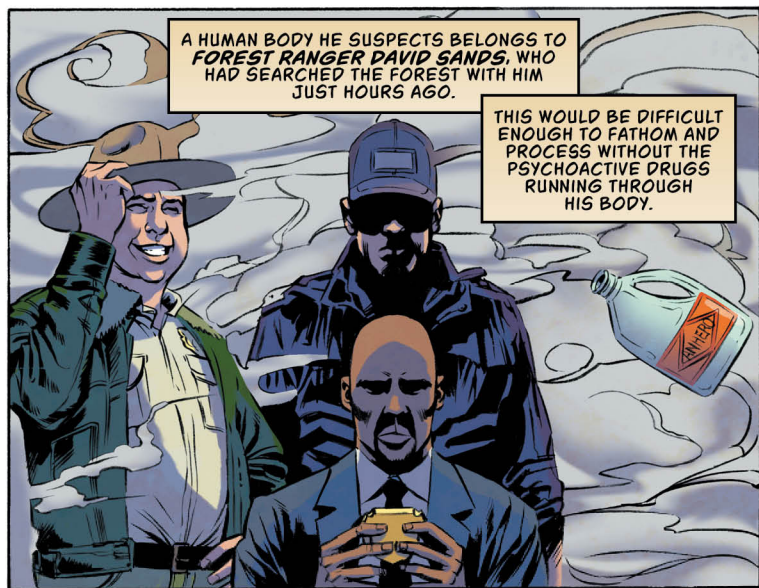
AND FEAR IS A DELICACY.



SPECIAL AGENT VIRGIL CROCKETT IS A RATIONAL MAN IN A WORLD OF THE IRRATIONAL--AN INVESTIGATOR TASKED WITH FINDING BEINGS CALLED INTERDIMENSIONAL MENTAL PARASITES.

WHAT HE'S DISCOVERED IN THE FOREST NEAR WHERE JUSTIN NEUENDANK DISAPPEARED IS VERY REAL.

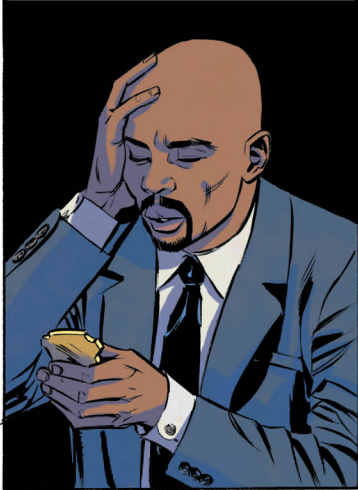
A HUMAN BODY DISSOLVING INTO LIQUID AND BONES IN A POOL OF ACID.



A HUMAN BODY HE SUSPECTS BELONGS TO FOREST RANGER DAVID SANDS, WHO HAD SEARCHED THE FOREST WITH HIM JUST HOURS AGO.

THIS WOULD BE DIFFICULT ENOUGH TO FATHOM AND PROCESS WITHOUT THE PSYCHOACTIVE DRUGS RUNNING THROUGH HIS BODY.

AGENT CROCKETT IS A RATIONAL MAN. HE BELIEVES IN THINGS HE CAN SEE. THAT WE MAKE OUR OWN GODS. OUR OWN MONSTERS.





BUT HE KNOWS THERE ARE THINGS IN THE DARKNESS THAT HE CAN'T PERCEIVE DIRECTLY.



IT'S ONLY A TINY FLAME. A LIT FUSE ON A FIREWORK PURCHASED FROM SOME ROADSIDE STORE.

BUT THE RAPIDLY DECOMPOSING BODY EMITS COPIOUS AMOUNTS OF OXYGEN.



HE HAS SEEN THEIR SHADOWS CAST ON THE WALL BY THE FIRELIGHT.



AND OXYGEN IS THE FUEL FOR FLAMES.

CRUOOM