




THE DREAM ALWAYS
STARTS THE SAME.

CADEN PARK
IS RUNNING
FOR HIS LIFE.

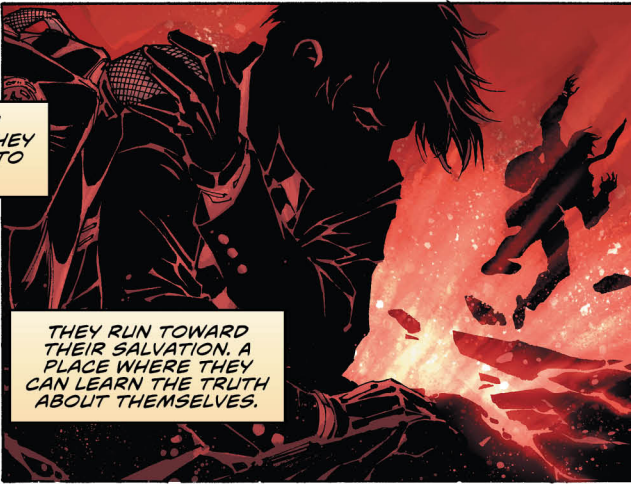


HUNTED FOR A
TERRIBLE SECRET
COURSING THROUGH
HIS VEINS.



AROUND HIM
ARE OTHERS
LIKE HIMSELF.

TEENAGERS WITH
SPECIAL ABILITIES THEY
HAVE ONLY BEGUN TO
UNDERSTAND.



THEY RUN TOWARD
THEIR SALVATION. A
PLACE WHERE THEY
CAN LEARN THE TRUTH
ABOUT THEMSELVES.




BUT CADEN KNOWS
NONE OF THEM WILL
EVER REACH IT. HE'LL
NEVER FIND THEM.



MOST TIMES,
HE'S RIGHT.

DEATH CATCHES
EACH OF THEM,
ONE BY ONE.



THE PAIN ALWAYS
FEELS SO REAL.
HE PRAYS FOR
IT TO STOP.

PRAYS TO WAKE,
OR FOR A FAMILIAR
HAND TO TAKE HIM
BY THE SHOULDER.



AND ENGULF
THE WORLD
IN LIGHT.

EVERY TIME IS THE FIRST TIME. THE SIGHT OF THIS IMPOSSIBLE PLACE TAKES HIS BREATH AWAY.

ONCE HE SEES IT, HE KNOWS HIS STRUGGLE IS OVER. HE KNOWS HE IS GOING TO BE OKAY.

CADEN CALLS IT THE CAMPUS, THOUGH HE DOESN'T REMEMBER EVER BEING TOLD THE NAME. HIS THERAPIST SAYS IT'S A "REFUGE"--A TERM SHE PULLED FROM GUIDED MEDITATION.

SHE SAYS IT'S A SAFE PLACE CADEN CAN RETREAT TO IN HIS MIND, WHERE THE STRUGGLES OF THE WORLD AROUND HIM SEEM FAR AWAY.

A PLACE WHERE TIME STANDS STILL, AND DEATH HAS NO PURCHASE.

BUT CADEN KNOWS BETTER... HE KNOWS IT'S MORE THAN AN ESCAPE.

THE MAN'S EYES TELL HIM SO. EYES SO POWERFUL AND PIERCING--THEY HAVE SEEN SO MUCH, OVER SO LONG A TIME--CADEN CAN SCARCELY COMPREHEND IT.

THE EYES BECKON HIM TO GO DEEPER. THEY SPEAK OF A MISSION... A PURPOSE...

...AND SOMETHING TERRIBLE ON THE HORIZON...

THE IMMORTAL MEN

THE END OF FOREVER PART 1

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WAKING FROM THE DREAM IS ALWAYS HARD. THAT HASTY JOLT BACK TO REALITY.

IT TAKES CADEN A MOMENT TO RECOGNIZE THAT THIS TIME...

...HE IS FAR FROM HIS COMFORTABLE BED.

IT TAKES A MOMENT LONGER TO HEAR THE FRIGHTENED VOICES OF HIS FRIENDS, BRANDON AND WELLS, ASKING HIM IF HE'S OKAY.

HE LIES AND SAYS HE IS, BUT HIS HEART'S STILL POUNDING. THIS WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT. SOMETHING NEW.

SOMETHING... REAL?

HE SCANS THE CROWD, FRANTIC, NOT KNOWING WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR UNTIL HE SEES THEM.

THOSE EYES. THOSE INCREDIBLE, IMPOSSIBLE EYES...STARING RIGHT THROUGH HIM. DEEP WITH HIDDEN MEANING.

AND INTENT.

BUT IN AN INSTANT, THE MAN IS GONE.

AND ON THE FLOOR OF THE BUSIEST TRAIN STATION IN NORTH AMERICA, CADEN PARK FEELS COMPLETELY AND POWERFULLY ALONE.

11TH STREET AND BROADWAY.
NEW YORK, NY.
NOW.

...IT WASN'T
EVERY NIGHT, BUT
AT LEAST A COUPLE
TIMES A WEEK. NOW IT'S
BEEN TWO WEEKS
AND NOTHING.

NO DEAD KIDS.
NO MYSTERIOUS
GLOWING GREEN DUDE,
OR UNDERGROUND
PYRAMIDS, OR
ANYTHING.

IT'S LIKE...
SOMETHING
HAPPENED TO THEM,
DR. CALENDAR. LIKE
THERE WAS THIS WHOLE
WORLD OF SECRET
HEROES LOOKING OUT
FOR ALL OF US, AND
NOW THEY'RE
GONE.

AND EVER SINCE, WHEN
I TOUCH SOMEONE...
I SEE THINGS.

NOTHING
LIKE WHAT I SAW
IN MY DREAMS. NO
SECRET SUPERHERO
SCHOOLS OR
ANYTHING.

IT'S LIKE
I SWIPE A
MOMENT FROM
PEOPLE. LIKE, I SEE
MY FRIEND BRANDON
PLAYING CALL OF
DUTY WITH HIS
BOYFRIEND.

OR MY
MOM READING A
STEPHEN KING
NOVEL WITH A
GLASS OF
WINE.

LOOK, CADEN...I
REMEMBER WHEN THESE
DREAMS STARTED, WHEN
YOU WERE IN MIDDLE
SCHOOL AND YOU SAW
SUPERMAN FOR THE FIRST
TIME ON A TRIP TO
METROPOLIS.

THE DREAMS
WERE ALWAYS
JUST A SAFE PLACE
YOU BUILT FOR
YOURSELF BECAUSE
YOU WANTED TO BE
A PART OF THAT
WORLD.

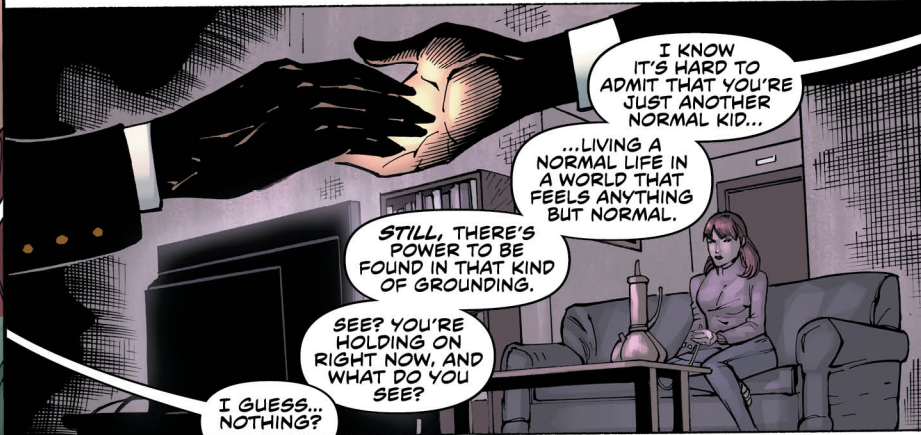
NOW, YOU'RE
TRYING TO MAKE
AN OVERACTIVE
IMAGINATION SOUND
LIKE A SUPERPOWER.



LOOK, LET'S DO
AN EXPERIMENT.
I WANT YOU
TO TAKE MY
HAND...

UH...

NO, REALLY.
I THINK IT'S
IMPORTANT FOR
YOU TO DISTINGUISH
THE FANTASY FROM
THE REAL WORLD
AROUND YOU.



I KNOW
IT'S HARD TO
ADMIT THAT YOU'RE
JUST ANOTHER
NORMAL KID...

...LIVING A
NORMAL LIFE IN
A WORLD THAT
FEELS ANYTHING
BUT NORMAL.

STILL, THERE'S
POWER TO BE
FOUND IN THAT KIND
OF GROUNDING.

SEE? YOU'RE
HOLDING ON
RIGHT NOW, AND
WHAT DO YOU
SEE?

I GUESS...
NOTHING?

NOTHING
AT ALL.