

And if the north of Scotland was any colder than the *middle*, I'd need some warmer clothes.

I KNOW YOU'RE TIRED BUT DON'T STOP. KEEP MOVING, TAREK.

And yes...more than once I questioned why I was listening to the voice coming from a toy radio.



Of course I did wonder if there even *was* a voice.

YOU'VE BEEN STEALING OUR STUFF, TAREK. PEOPLE HAVE BEEN NOTICING.

Maybe it was in my mind. Perhaps I had imagined *all* of the events of the last few weeks.



WHERE YE GOING? I'M STAYING ON THE A9 ALL THE WAY TO BLAIR ATHOLL, IF THAT'S ANY USE TAE YOU?

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID...ANY JOURNEY OF WORTH MUST BE MADE ON FOOT. IT'S JUST HOW IT *WORKS* FOR PEOPLE LIKE US...



SUIT YERSEL, WEE MAN. TAKE CARE THOUGH, EH?

And if that was the case I had to wonder...



RIGHT... WHAT WERE WE TALKING ABOUT?

≡SIGH≡

...why couldn't my mind have conjured up something less *trying*?

beneath an
abandoned
community
centre...

...inner city,
glasgow.

HOW...
HOW DID
HE FIND
US?

I'm sorry.

I tried...
not to tell
him!

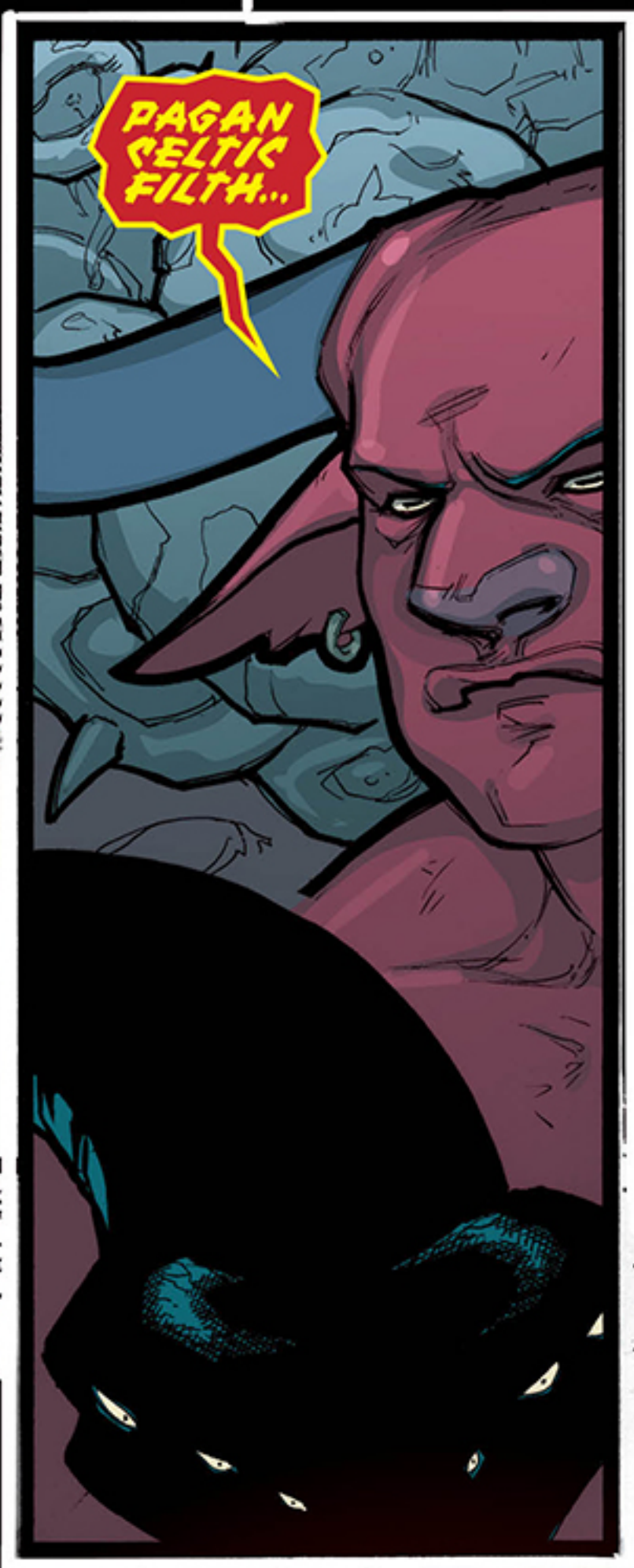




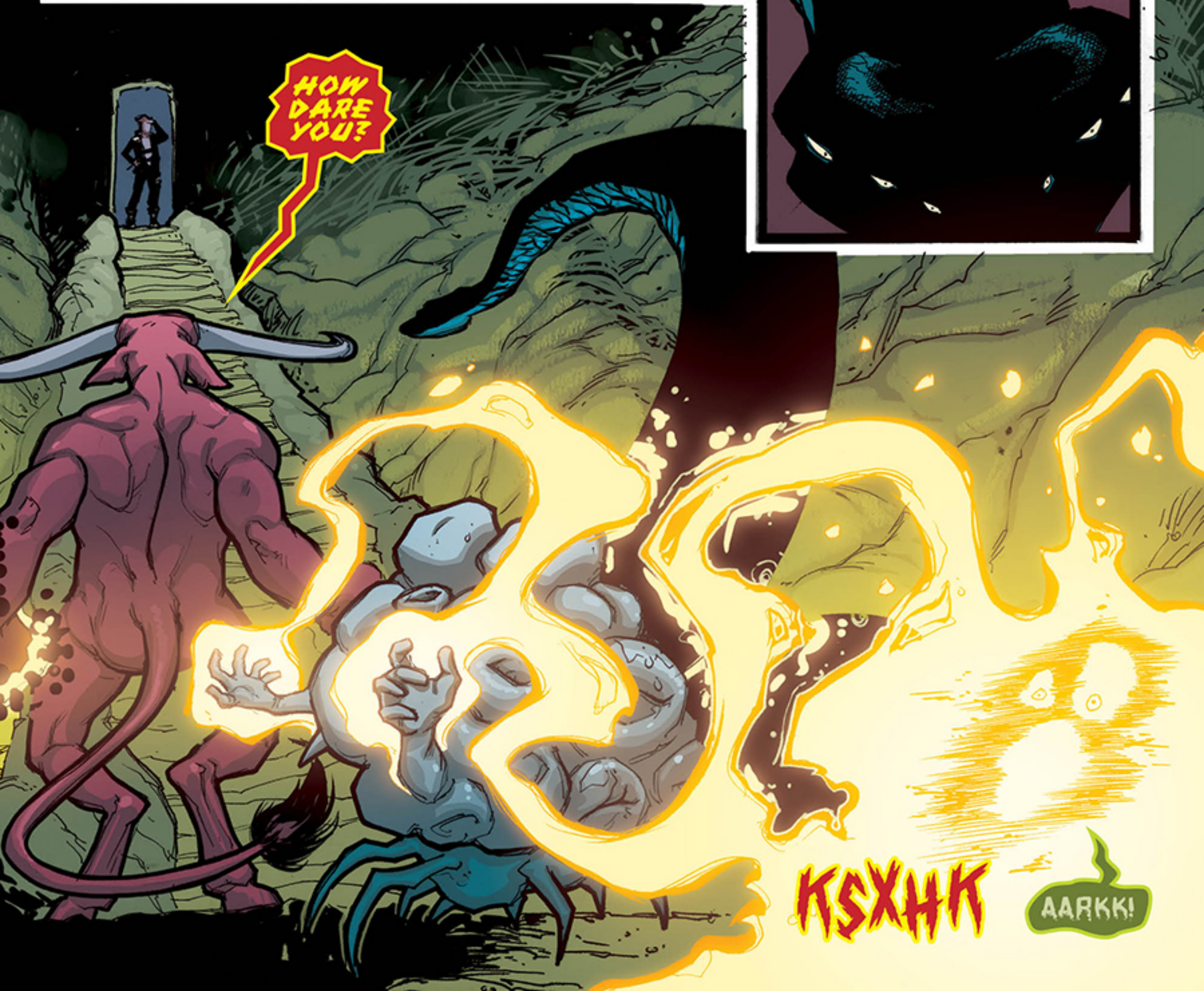
NOT THAT IT MAKES ANY ODDS, BUT HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH. HE DID TRY.

I LIKE YER PLACE, BY THE WAY.

MY FAVORITE BIT IS ALL THE DEAD UPSTART GODS I'VE LEFT LYING AROUND.



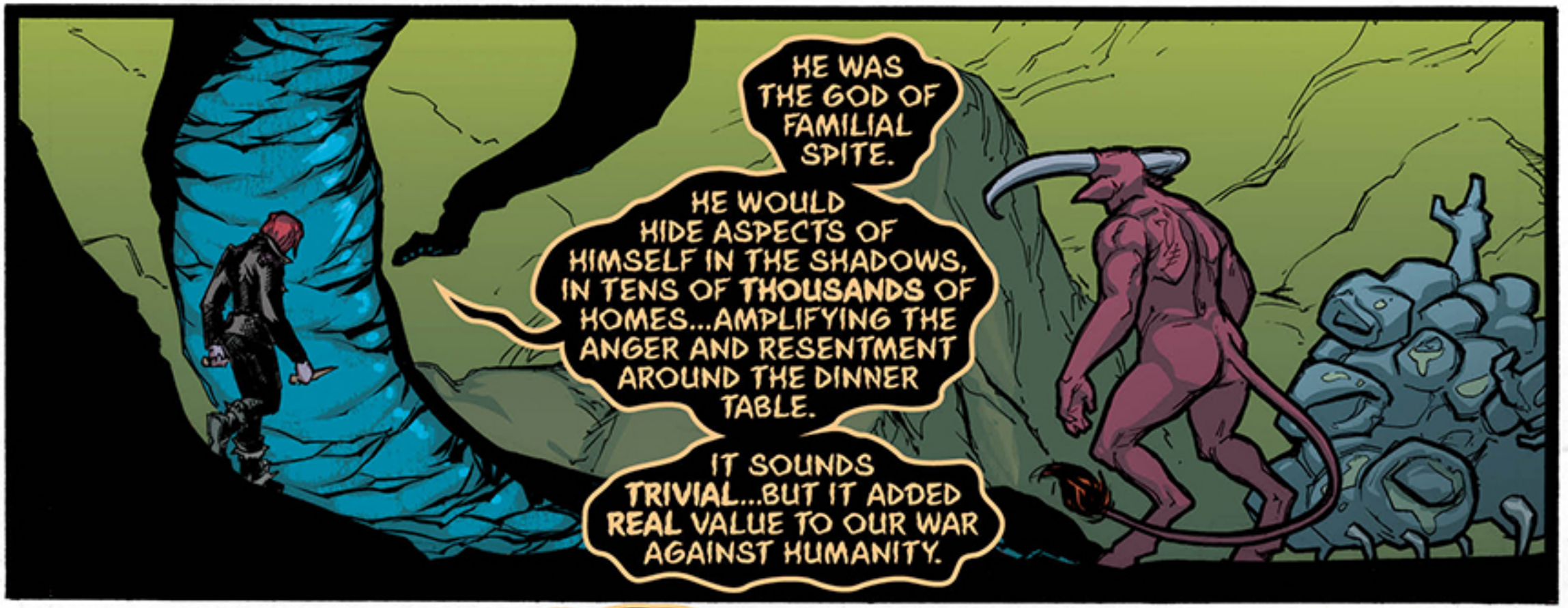
PAGAN CELTIC FILTH...



HOW DARE YOU?

KSXHK

AARKK!



HE WAS THE GOD OF FAMILIAL SPITE.

HE WOULD HIDE ASPECTS OF HIMSELF IN THE SHADOWS, IN TENS OF THOUSANDS OF HOMES...AMPLIFYING THE ANGER AND RESENTMENT AROUND THE DINNER TABLE.

IT SOUNDS TRIVIAL...BUT IT ADDED REAL VALUE TO OUR WAR AGAINST HUMANITY.



FUNNY THING ABOUT HUMANS, THORN.

THEY HATE EACH OTHER JUST AS MUCH AS WE HATE THEM.

IF WE DIDN'T EXIST THAT WOULD BE THEIR END. THEY'D SIMPLY TEAR EACH OTHER APART.



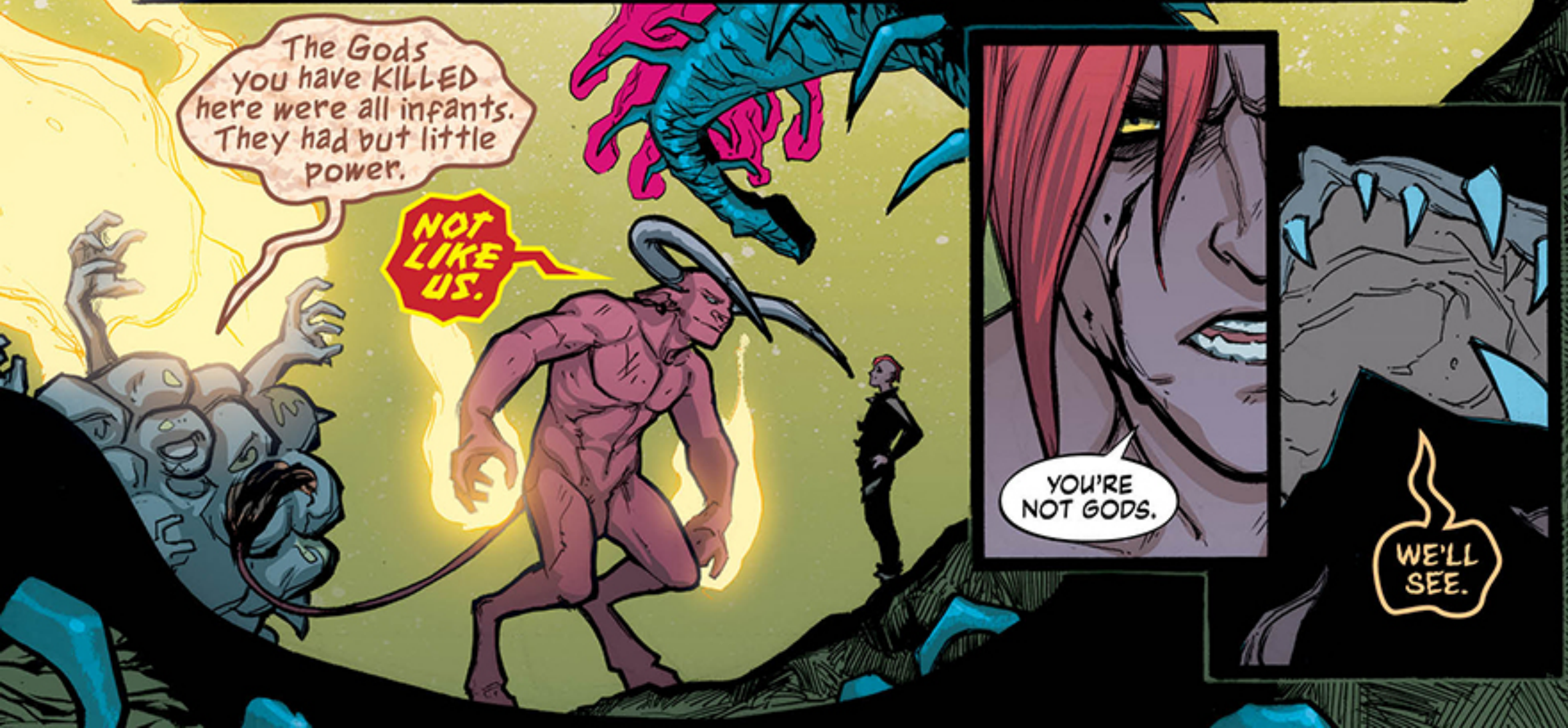
SO THAT'S YOUR PLAN? TAE MAKE HUMANS... ARGUE MORE?

DON'T BE SIMPLE, GODLING.



WE DON'T HAVE PLANS.

WE HAVE A HOLY MISSION.



The Gods you have KILLED here were all infants. They had but little power.

NOT LIKE US.



YOU'RE NOT GODS.



WE'LL SEE.

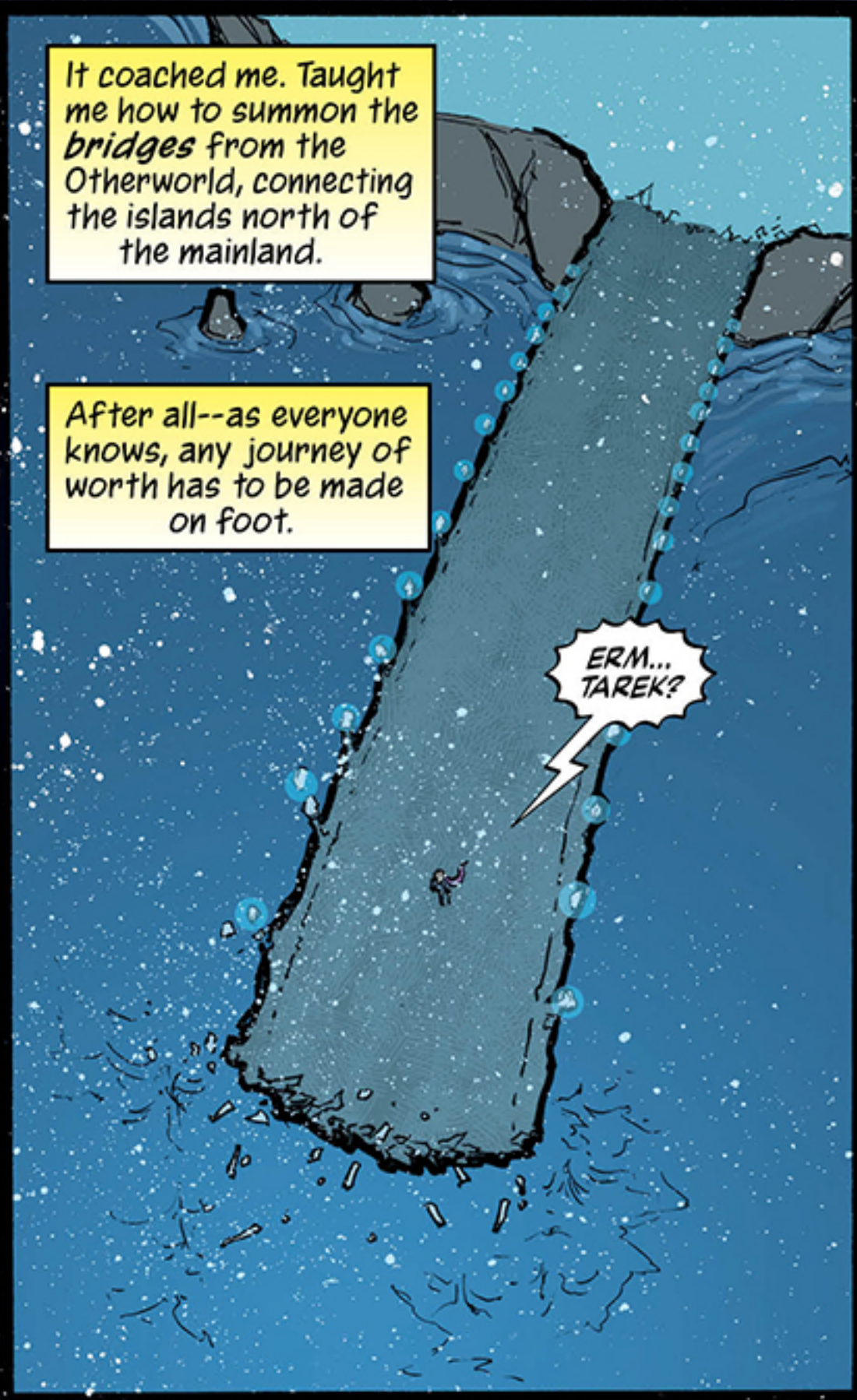
I've been walking for nearly nine weeks. Inside my shoes, my feet are bloody.

And as annoying as the voice from the walkie-talkie is... some days it was the only thing that kept me going.



It coached me. Taught me how to summon the *bridges* from the Otherworld, connecting the islands north of the mainland.

After all--as everyone knows, any journey of worth has to be made on foot.



ERM... TAREK?

The voice has also been telling me when to hide from the *helicopters*.

(I can only imagine what the government thinks of what I'm doing to its coastline...)

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN **OUTRUN THIS ONE...**



...**BUT I NEED YOU TO TRY!**

The voice knows a lot about me...and as I near my destination I begin to guess who it belongs to.

