

THERE IS A PLACE WHERE GODS ARE BORN.

THERE IS A PLACE WHERE A FEW RAGGED SOUNDS CAN SUGGEST A SYMPHONY.

A PLACE WHERE PANDEMONIUM PRESENTS PATTERNS, WHERE IDLE FANCIES TURN TO FORNICATIONS AND MEMORIES FEIGN MEANING.

A PLACE, WHERE--FOR AS LONG AS A SLEEPER CAN SLEEP--STORIES ARE SPUN.

AND SO LISTEN.

LISTEN, NOW:

AT THE HEART OF THE DREAMING SITS A CASTLE.



AT THE HEART  
OF THE CASTLE,  
A LIBRARY.

AND IN THE  
LIBRARY--



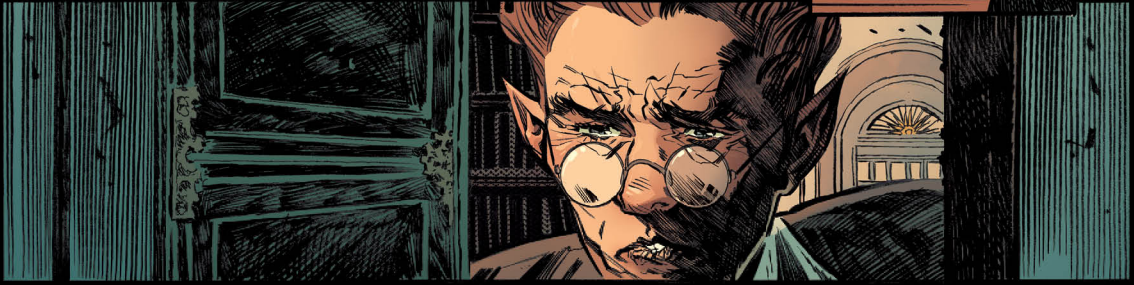
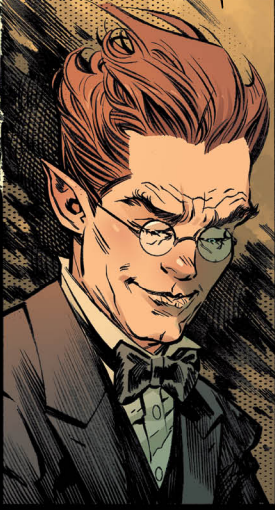
--A  
LIBRARIAN.

A CURATOR  
OF IMPOSSIBLE  
VOLUMES! IT IS  
HIS PRIDE TO KEEP  
EVERY BOOK THAT  
WAS NEVER  
WRITTEN!

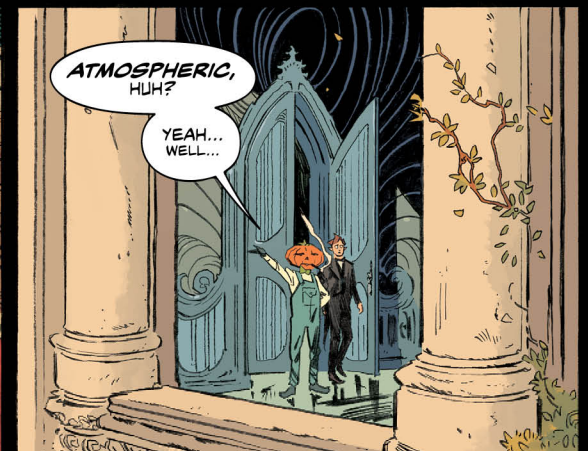
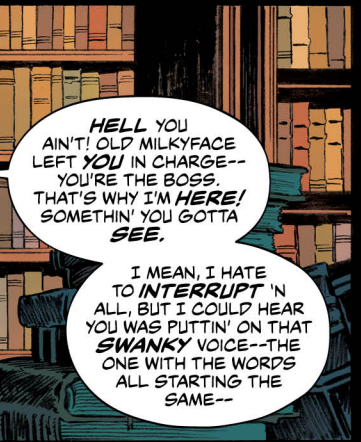
EVERY  
UNSPOKEN SONNET,  
EVERY UNFINISHED  
OPUS. EVEN THOSE  
TITLES MARTYRED  
BY RETCON ARE  
HERE--ERASED BUT  
UNFORGOTTEN.

HE KNOWS  
THEM ALL.  
EVERY SPINE,  
EVERY LINE.

KNOWS WITH  
EYES CLOSED THAT  
THERE SITS LES  
JOURNÉES DE FLORBELLE,  
THERE LIES WOOSTER  
AT WAR, WHILE HERE--  
AMONG SORCEROUS  
SCROLLS--  
RESTS--











FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT.



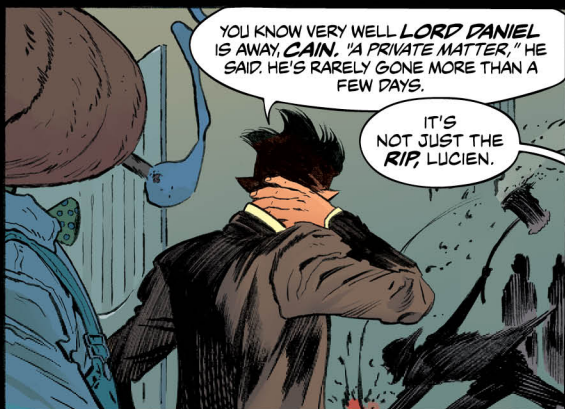
LUCIEN, WUH-WE'VE DISCUSSED IT, A-A-AND WHEREAS WE'RE SUH-CERTAIN YOU'RE MUH-MORE THAN CAPABLE OF, OF, OF GETTING TO THE, UHM, TO THE BUH-BOTTOM OF THIS, WE WONDER IF MUH-MAYBE A PH-PHENOMENON OF THIS SEVERITY DOESN'T WARRANT MORE, UHM, S-SENIOR OVERSIGHT--

GET TO THE POINT, ABEL, YOU PUSILLANIMOUS AMPHIBIAN!

W-WHICH IS TO SUH-SAY, UHM, THAT IS, W-WELL--



--WE INSIST THAT YOU SUMMON THE KING.



YOU KNOW VERY WELL LORD DANIEL IS AWAY, CAIN. 'A PRIVATE MATTER,' HE SAID. HE'S RARELY GONE MORE THAN A FEW DAYS.

IT'S NOT JUST THE RIP, LUCIEN.





THE CAVE HASN'T CHANGED IN **MILLENNIA**--EVEN WHEN WE **EVES** HAVE. TODAY IT'S A **GLASS CUBE**.

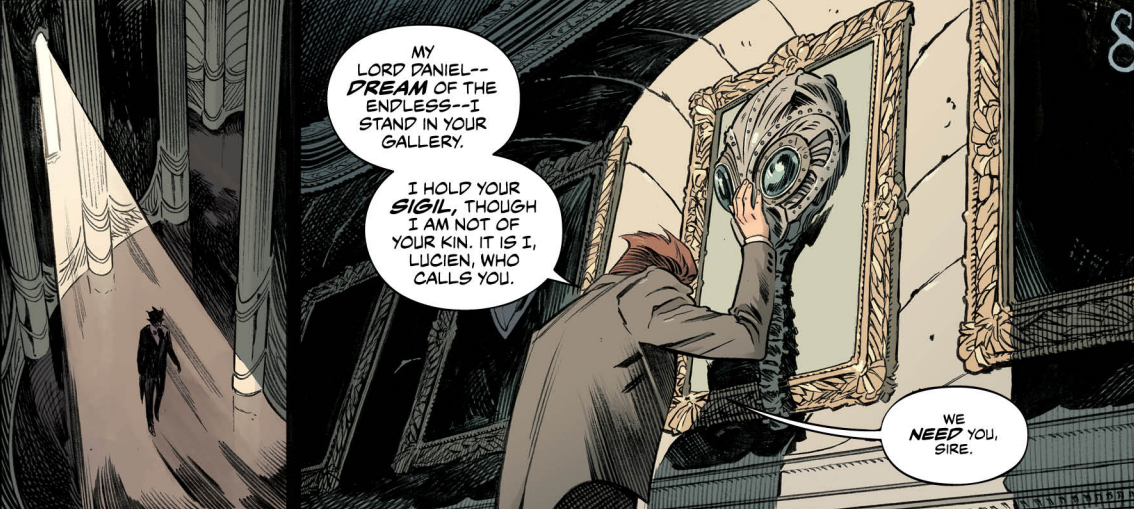
THE **HIPPOGRIFF** AT THE GATE? DUMB THING TURNED INTO A **DISSECTION DIAGRAM** THIS MORNING-- AND YOU JUST **KNOW** WHO'S GOTTA MOP THAT UP.

MY **GARGOYLE'S** GONE MUH-- MUH--**MISSI**--  
~KRRRK~



SOMETHING'S **WRONG** IN THE DREAMING, LUCIEN.

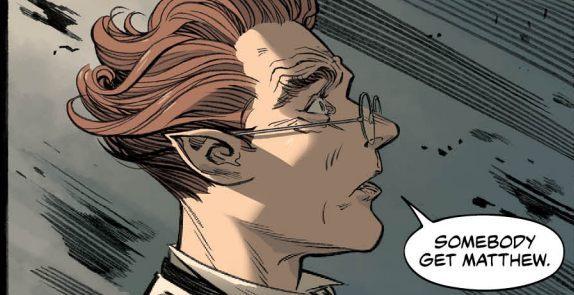
~SIGH~  
**EXCUSE** ME.



MY **LORD DANIEL**--  
**DREAM** OF THE ENDLESS--I STAND IN YOUR GALLERY.

I HOLD YOUR **SIGIL**, THOUGH I AM NOT OF YOUR KIN. IT IS I, LUCIEN, WHO CALLS YOU.

WE **NEED** YOU, SIRE.



SOMEBODY GET **MATTHEW**.



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE SHUDDUP! THIS IS SOME SPECIAL BULLSHIT, GUYS.

YOU KNOW THE WORST THING ABOUT BEING A RAVEN?

IT'S HOW FREAKIN' MUCH YOU KNOW, AND HOW FREAKIN' LITTLE YOU UNDERSTAND.

JUST LOOK AT YOU JOKERS! BUNCHA MYTHS AND GODDAMN METAPHORS, ALL TAKIN' YOURSELVES MORE SERIOUS THAN ANY REAL PERSON EVER DID!

"THE KING AIN'T ANSWERING HIS MAGIC PICTUREPHONE, BIRDIE! YOU GOTTA FIND HIM!"

AND NOT A ONE OF YOU CAN TELL ME HOW THE HELL I'M S'POSEDA TO IT.

RAVENS JUST KNOW THESE THINGS, MATTHEW.

WHAT'EVER.

WHAT'S INFURIATING IS EYE'S RIGHT.

I CAN FEEL HIM. I CAN FEEL HIM OUT THERE SOMEPLACE LIKE THERE'S A DOG LEASH IN MY SOUL, AND I HAVE ZERO IDEA HOW OR WHY.

SOME DAYS YOU JUST GOTTA PUNCH IN AS A PUPPET AND ROLL WITH IT.