





FOG'S COMING IN.

A REGULAR PEA-SOUPER BY THIS EVENING, YOU MARK MY WORDS.

APPLES. FRESH, JUICY APPLES, SIR?



HERE, KEEP THE CHANGE.

GAWD BLESS Y', SIR.



YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, MR. WILLIAMS!





LONDON.

A CITY WRAPPED UP
IN FOG AND SMOKE,
WREATHED IN SOOT,
AND SIN.

WHERE CHOKING
SMOG-CLOUDS SPREAD
TENTACLE-WISE THROUGH
LABYRINTHINE STREETS.

THE POPULACE
SWARMING, LIKE THE
RATS IN BAZALGETTE'S
SEWERS BENEATH
THEIR FEET.

WHERE VICE AND
VIOLENCE WAIT 'ROUND
EVERY CORNER.

FOR EVERY HEAD OF
THE HYDRA SEVERED BY
LAW AND ORDER, TWO
GROW IN ITS PLACE.

SO MANY LIVES
LOST, SO MANY
TAKEN.

THE DEAD AND THE
DYING OUTNUMBERING
THE LIVING TENFOLD.

SO MANY CORPSES, THEY BUILT THEM THEIR OWN CITY, THE NECROPOLIS--THE LARGEST CEMETERY IN THE WORLD--OUT IN SURREY.

SERVICED BY ITS OWN RAILWAY AND ENGINES, NO LESS.

WHERE ELSE BUT LONDON WOULD DO SUCH A THING? WOULD NEED SUCH A THING?

...WHERE ELSE...

MR. HOLMES, SIR?

