

Going *down*...

Slippery rungs lead straight down a dark hole and my heart is thundering at the inside of me. My arms are the wrong *length*. How am I supposed to *do* this?

Weren't we at the top of a *tower*? How does this *work*? How can it be only twenty or thirty rungs to get *underground*?

Are the streets and buildings reconfiguring just like we are? Will we find ourselves turn a corner from a sewer throat into the ribcage of a playground climber?

No time for *questions*. I can hear Lucky's snorting, jackhammer breath, feel its furnace *heat* across the rooftop...

Don't *stop*, you
██████, you
██████, oh Christ
MOVE!

Yeah, I'm just trying to... understand this...

Later! [redacted]
later!

I don't know what that fat [redacted] did to my eyes but I can see Lucky...

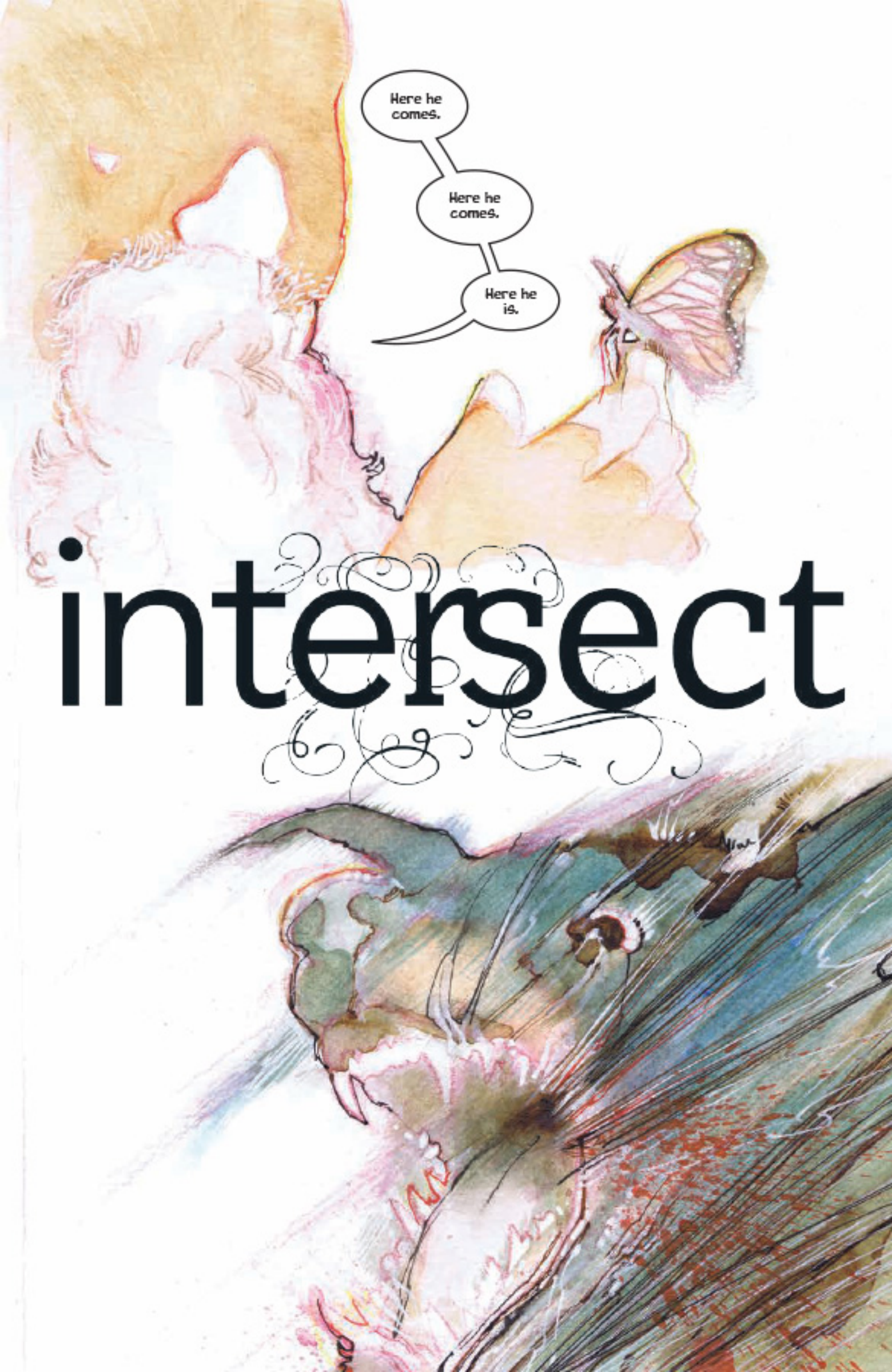
I can see him through the walls, [redacted] drooling *death machine*...

Yes. He dreams of you.

Your heart.

Yeah? I hear he *cats* people from the crotch up.

Jason? Let's get the [redacted] out of here right [redacted] now!



Here he comes.

Here he comes.

Here he is.

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