



THAT'S IT. THE OLD GRISTMILL. MARKED ON WEIMAR'S MAP.

IT'S SO DILAPIDATED. COULD ANYONE EVEN LIVE HERE? I KNOW HE WAS A WELL-TRAVELED GUY, BUT WOULD HE BE ABLE TO HANDLE THIS [REDACTED]?

I DON'T KNOW. IT-- IT FEELS FAMILIAR.

FAMILIAR AIN'T THE WORD I WOULD USE.

WHEN I WAS DOING EXORCISMS, Y'KNOW HOW I KNEW IF I WAS AT THE SITE OF A LEGITIMATE MALEVOLENT PRETERNATURAL INFARCTION AND NOT SOME GIBBERING GOTH KID WITH A MOUTHFUL OF TUMS?

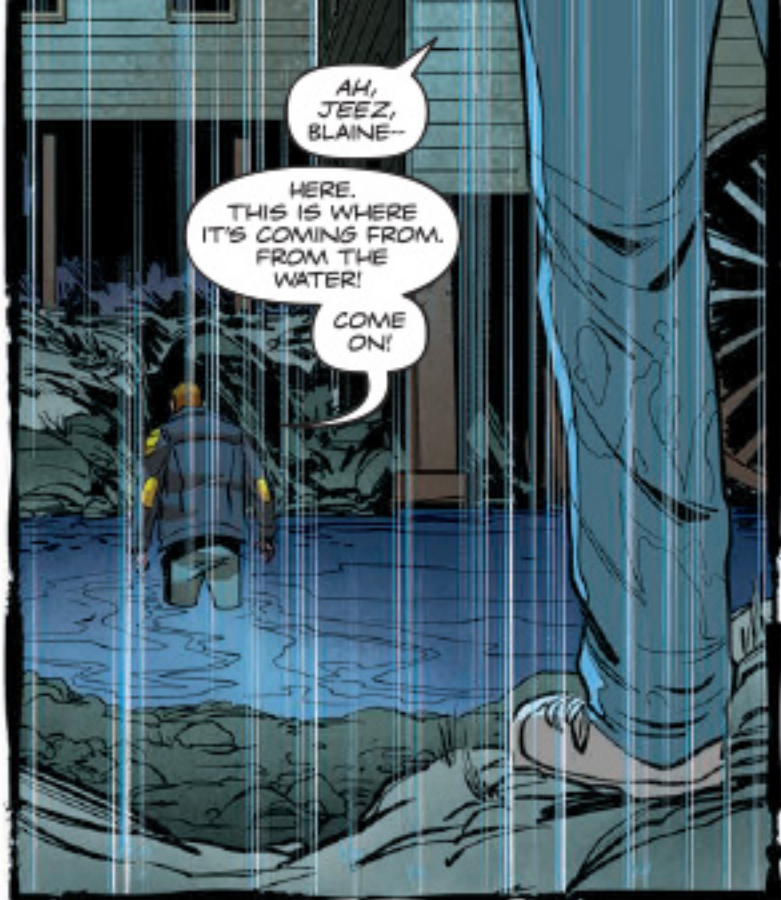
IT WASN'T SOME KIND OF SPECIAL SCRATCHES OR SOME DEVIL-TONGUE LANGUAGE. ALL THAT STUFF, THAT'S EASY TO FAKE.

WHAT I ALWAYS LOOKED FOR, YOU CAN'T FAKE. IT'S A FEELING THAT COMES WITH A DENIZEN OF THE UNDERWORLD. OF THE DARK PLACES.

IT FEELS LIKE MAINLINING HOPELESSNESS. IT FEELS LIKE YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDNA EVER LIVED BECAUSE THE FUTURE IS GONNA BE NOTHIN' BUT DESPAIR AND PAIN.

BUT THIS PLACE... THIS PLACE FEELS LIKE... LIKE RELIEF. LIKE A SECOND CHANCE. FORGIVENESS.

I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN HELL COMES AROUND.





AH, [REDACTED] ME
SIDEWAYS.



YOU DUMB MOTHER--
JUST SWIM TO THE
OTHER SHORE! I'LL
PULL YOU IN!

AH!!
I CAN'T--
GLUB!



COME
ON, BLAINE!
GRAB MY
HAND!

AHH--MY
LEGS...



RIVER
STYX. THIS IS...
PUNISH--



BLP!



