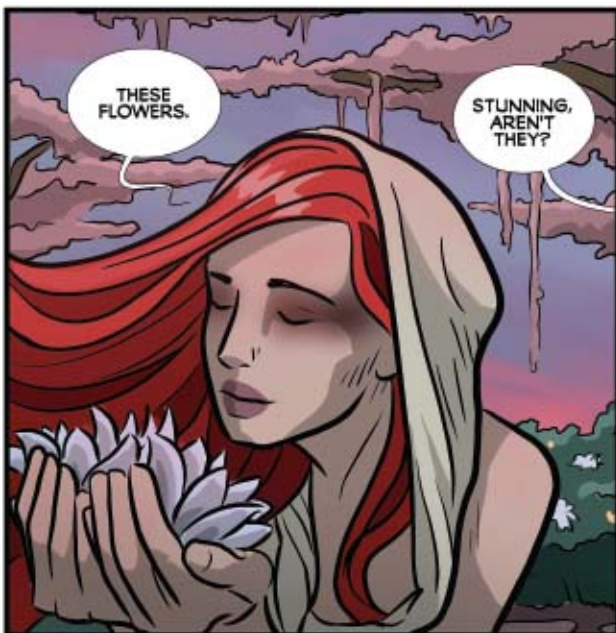


CHAPTER TWELVE: MAGNETIC FIELD

"THE
TAKER?"







QUICKLY NOW, NEARLY THERE.



OH GOD!



SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT HERE.



THIS ALL FEELS SO ODDLY FAMILIAR, LIKE DEJA VU, OR LIKE SOME WARPED NOSTALGIA.

THESE FLOWERS, THE SMELLS, HELL EVEN THESE STATUES.

THIS ONE HERE LOOKS LIKE THIS RESTING-BITCH-FACE GIRL FROM MY CLASS.



YOU'VE GOT QUITE THE IMAGINATION, EN.

SO I'VE BEEN TOLD.

HERE'S A QUESTION.

WHO IS THE TAKER?



WHERE DID YOU HEAR THAT?

OH, HM... WELL IT WAS KIND OF IN PASSING...



DID YOU HAPPEN TO SPEAK WITH ONE OF THE VACANTS?

WHO, ME? UH... CAN'T RECALL, NO. "VACANT WHO" AM I RIGHT?



YOU SOUND AFRAID.



PFF, TH... THAT'S JUST HOW I SOUND.

WELL THE STATE OF THIS NOW TARNISHED GARDEN TELLS ME SOMETHING ELSE.

YEAH, IS IT JUST ME OR DID ALL THE TREES STRAIGHT UP JUST DIE?

LET'S GET YOU INSIDE.



OH!

INSIDE HERE?