

March 17th, 2007.
A breakthrough.

The **deep searches** I've been running flagged an **estate sale** in Sussex, England. Amongst the **junk** I found references to...well.

I was standing right where they held it when the idea hit me.

Well, I'm funding some **research** now. Occultists, magicians--that sort. Doesn't feel **right**.

Like--like hiring **cavemen** to fly a **spaceship**.

So--I bought the **estate**. This **Fawney Rig** place. Let the **spooky team** use it for a base, a whole ocean away--

--while I build my **masterwork** in peace.

A being.

In 1916, this guy Roderick Burgess claims he imprisoned "**Thee King of Dremes**."

Problem is, even if you take this crap literally, the whole thing was a **mess**. He basically caught it by mistake.

In the end it got **free**, wrought its revenge, blah **blah**, and these dummies never even figured out what to **do** with it while they had it.

Too busy trying to open the **app** to look at the **code**.



F-FUCK THIS. THIS ISN'T WHAT I **WANTED**.

THIS IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

HEH HEH HEH. YOU **SURE** ABOUT THAT, SWEET-HEART?



BOLLOCKS. GOING BACK TO THE DREAMING.

September 1st, 2008. I'm close.



I've shared the plan--such as it is--with the board.

They've persuaded me to beef up **security**. Project like **this**, there's no telling **who** or **what's** gonna feel **butthurt** at the objective.

So now it's all cameras and steel doors and alarms.

Along with a bunch of the **other** stuff.



NNYAAA--

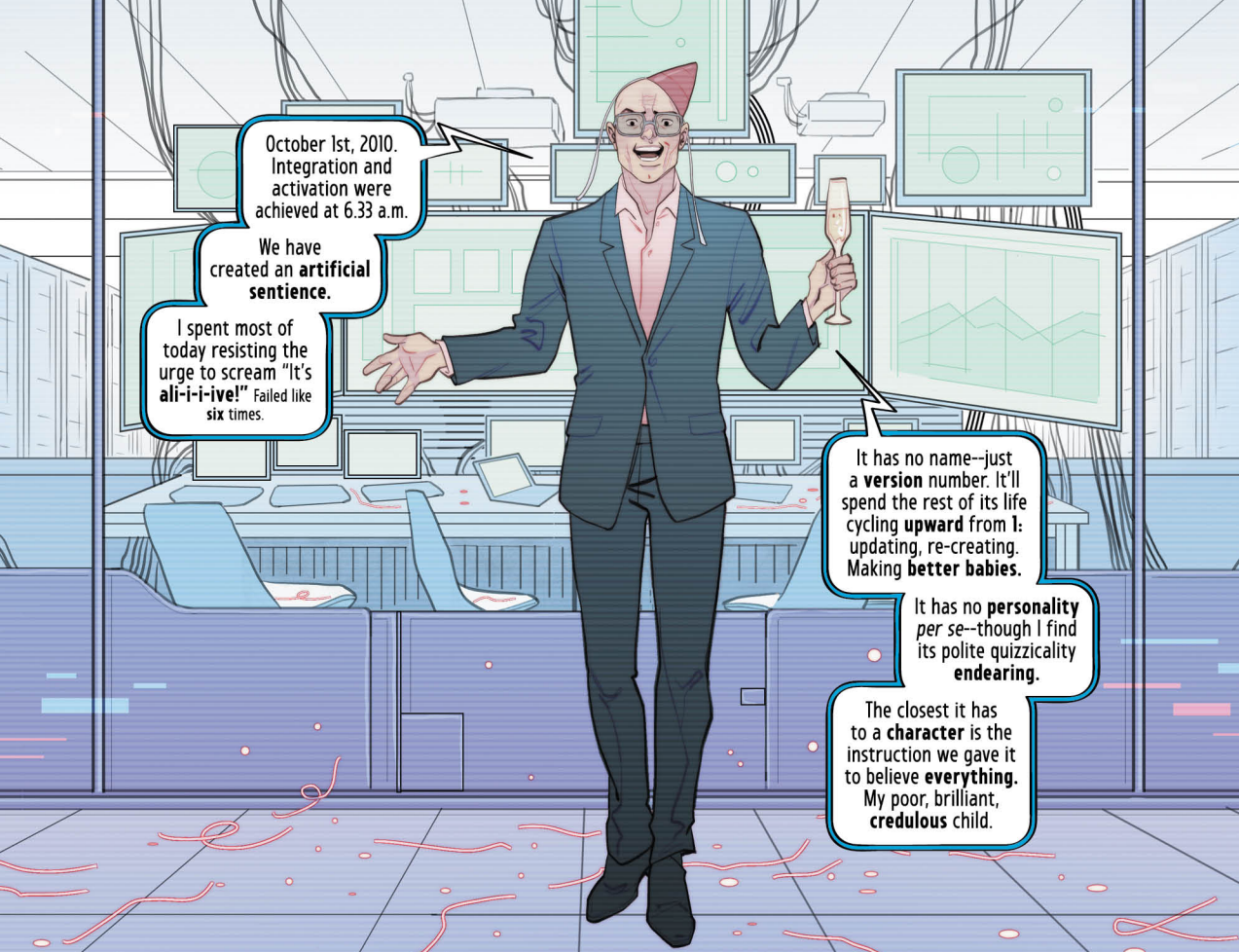
It's kinda annoying, honestly.



Wards and evil eyes and all that **mumbo-jumbo** cluttering up the house, all done in **blacklight** paint. But I get it.

You can't use the tools of the **enemy** against him if you're busy claiming they don't work.

Something to teach the **baby**.



October 1st, 2010.
Integration and
activation were
achieved at 6:33 a.m.

We have
created an artificial
sentence.

I spent most of
today resisting the
urge to scream "It's
ali-i-i-ive!" Failed like
six times.

It has no name--just
a **version** number. It'll
spend the rest of its life
cycling **upward** from 1:
updating, re-creating.
Making **better babies**.

It has no **personality**
per se--though I find
its polite quizzicality
endearing.

The closest it has
to a **character** is the
instruction we gave it
to believe **everything**.
My poor, brilliant,
credulous child.



By tomorrow
it will have dispersed
clone components to
servers across the globe.
As **indestructible** as
a rain cloud.

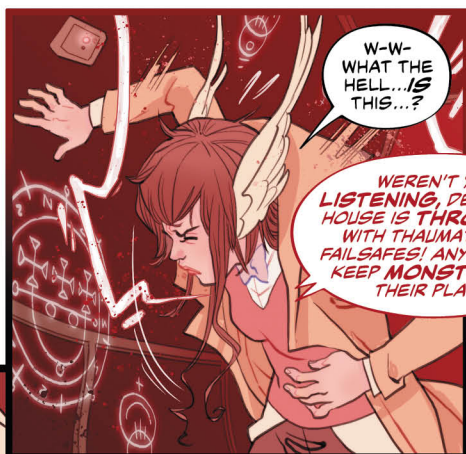
And--until we
need it for the final
stage--we've set it to
crunching **scenarios**.

We have **sryers** and
sensitives on shift. We
have media analytics on
trend watch in case the
target slips past us.

All we can do
now is wait.

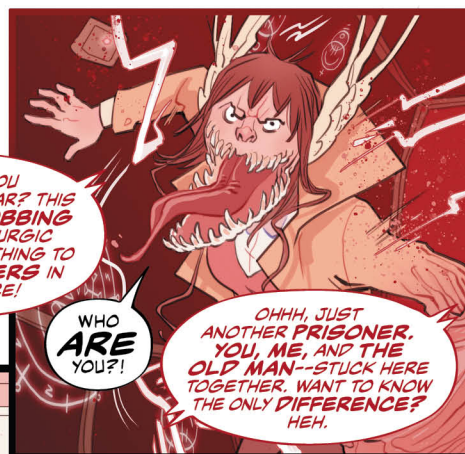
Wait for the
King of Dreams
to come visit
the Earth.

UHHHH...



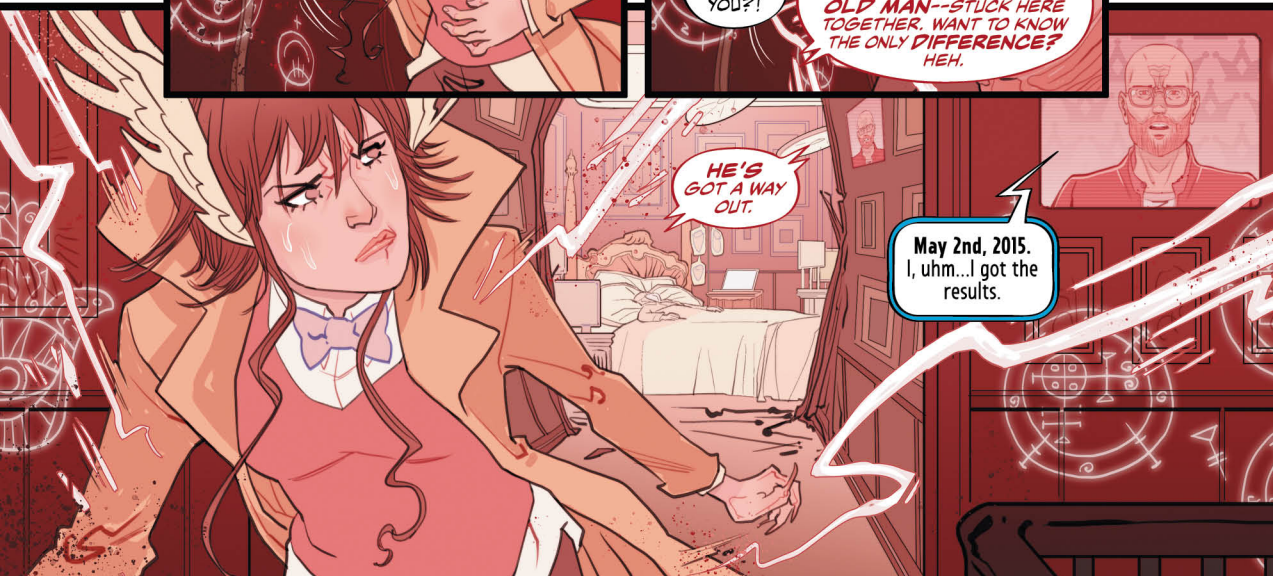
W-W-WHAT THE HELL...*IS* THIS...?

WEREN'T YOU LISTENING, DEAR? THIS HOUSE IS THROBBING WITH THAUMATURGIC FAILSAFES! ANYTHING TO KEEP **MONSTERS** IN THEIR PLACE!



WHO **ARE** YOU?!

OHOO, JUST ANOTHER PRISONER. YOU, ME, AND THE **OLD MAN**--STUCK HERE TOGETHER. WANT TO KNOW THE ONLY DIFFERENCE? HEH.



HE'S GOT A WAY OUT.

May 2nd, 2015.
I, uhm...I got the results.

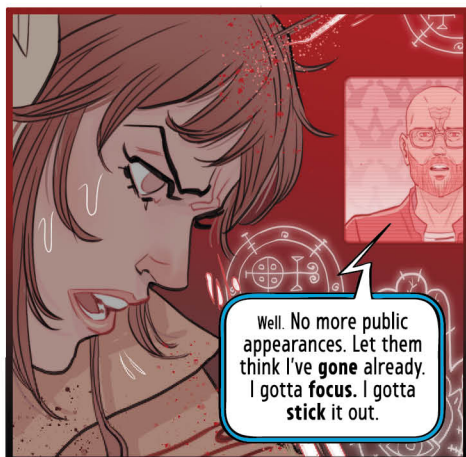


Cancer.
Pancreas.

Least, that's where it **started**. It's, uh. Ha. It's almost grotesque. All the money, all the resources--but no time.



Know what the doc said, when I asked **how long**? "It's time to get right with your **god**, Perry." Ass.



Well. No more public appearances. Let them think I've **gone** already. I gotta **focus**. I gotta stick it out.



Because by fuck I will **not** die until I've seen my project **save** this goddamn world.

W-W-WHAT IS HE **BLATHERING** ABOUT?

HEH. KEEP **LIISTENING**...

August 8th, 2018.
It finally happened.

I-just when I was
ready to quit. When I'd
signed my will and put
things in order. He came.

The A.I. crunched the
variables and came up
with something better.

HE'S...
HE'S T-TALKING
ABOUT--

I hate that we used
contagious magic--it's so
stupid!--but it took only
a scrap of his lover's
hair and...she was ours.

Took the A.I.
three seconds to
compose a sigil.

I guess it doesn't matter
exactly how it worked. Not
to me. Just a bunch of
dumb shapes that mean
something to the target.

Looking for love.
Our scryers were
certain about that.

Oh, there were
complications--
but the system
kept pace.

We assumed we'd
end up using a variant of
Roderick Burgess's rite,
luring the Dream King
into a cage. But--no.

But what it did? Oh-ho-ho!
It tore him down from
omnipotence with a simple
suggestion. In a funny sorta
way, it's the same as the
first trick I ever pulled:

"You're
not real."

We have cut the Lord of
Dreams out of his kingdom.
Nothing personal, your
majesty. We've weakened
him, broken his brain.

Pretty soon we're gonna
try and kill him. B-but
first? First we gotta
speak about succession.

OH
FUCK...OH
FUCK...