



B.C. FOREST SERVICE ROAD #217. LAST SIGHTING WAS MADE HERE THREE NIGHTS AGO.



A LONG SHOT--AT BEST--BUT WHEN YOU CAN'T GET ANY LEADS ON YOUR OWN, RELY ON THE INTERNET.



SHOULDN'T I HAVE WAITED UNTIL MORNING, THOUGH? WHAT AM I LIKELY TO FIND HERE IN THE DARK?

OTHER THAN A CASE OF POISON IVY AND A FEW OWLS.



EXCEPT THERE ARE NO OWLS.



A JULY NIGHT IN THE CANADIAN FOREST, AND I DON'T HEAR EVEN ONE OWL. NO COYOTES, NO CRICKETS.



I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.



HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?



IT'S JUST LIKE THAT SMALL TOWN. EVERYTHING GONE.



NO. NOT EVERYTHING.



DON'T HEAR IT, CAN'T SEE IT--

--BUT I FEEL IT.

WHAT IS THE
MATTER WITH ME,
COMING OUT HERE
ALONE AT NIGHT?



COMING
OUT HERE
AT ALL.



WHAT DID
I THINK
WAS GOING
TO HAP--

