

I closed my eyes and started to dream. I dreamt of a man in another world...

...a place called *Mid-World*. I knew that somehow, although I didn't know why.

Did-a-chick?

I felt a connection to him. He reminded me of one of my old cowboy action toys, I guess.

Dum-a-chum?

Dad-a-cham?

Ded-a-check?

And something...some kind of *Lobstrosity*... was heading toward him.

It hears the wave...

Whatever it is, it's got ears.

I'm still dreaming...

ARRHHHH

SHUNK









I see serious problems ahead.

I can still feel my fingers, even though they're not there.

Go away.

You are ghosts now. Go away.

The things the oracle said in our last palaver:

"The first is dark-haired. He stands on the brink of robbery and murder."



"A demon has infested him. The name of the demon is heroln."

Which demon is that?

I know it not, even from nursery stories.



I have a day's water, if I'm lucky. I may be able to walk perhaps a dozen miles if I press myself to the last extremity.



I am, in short, a man on the edge of everything.



Hunh.

This is a mystery.