Somewhere, a crack echoes across twisted land. Percussion of great slabs of stone slamming earthward, one into the next, a thunderclap collapse.

> The buildings are coming down.

And the buildings are full of *people* merging helplessly into the rooms they can never leave...

> A woman rooted in drywall by her spine watches the windows explode one by one and she screams...

> > Her husband is now the third window from the left. His transformation nearly complete, all that remains of him is a still beating heart suspended in clouded glass.





