



He's here, isn't he? Ethan Crane.

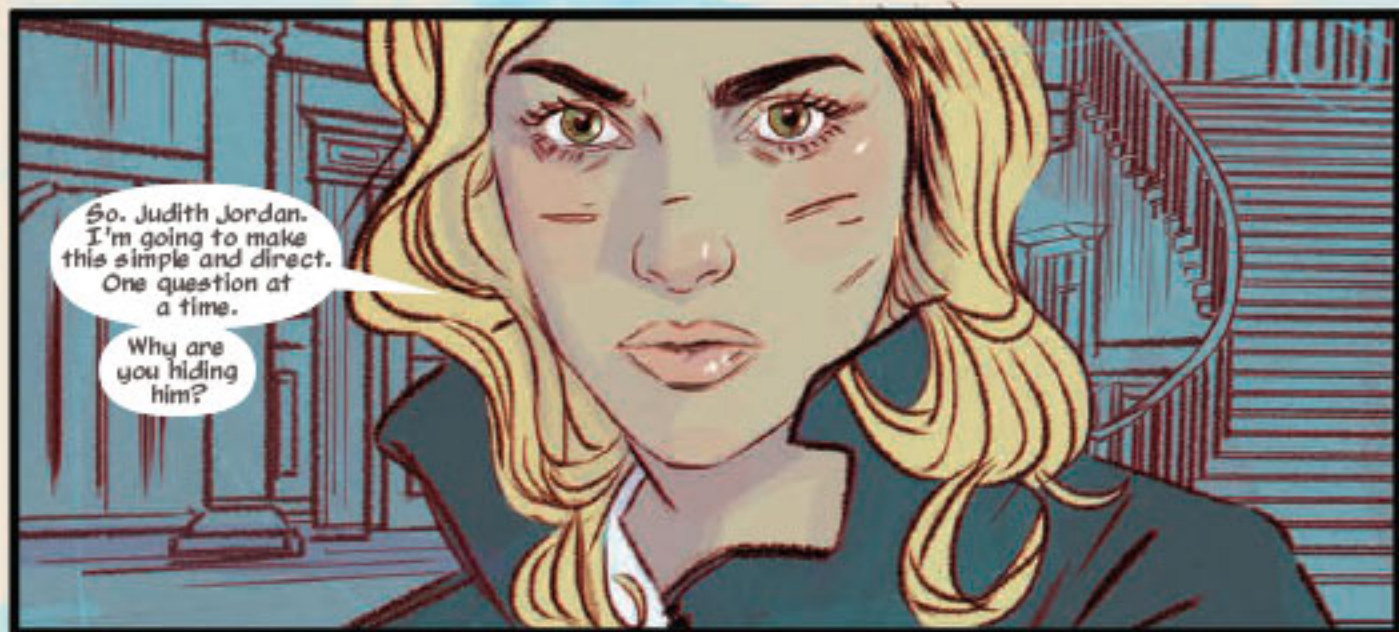
He's around. And he won't be happy with you threatening me.



He's been here ever since it happened.

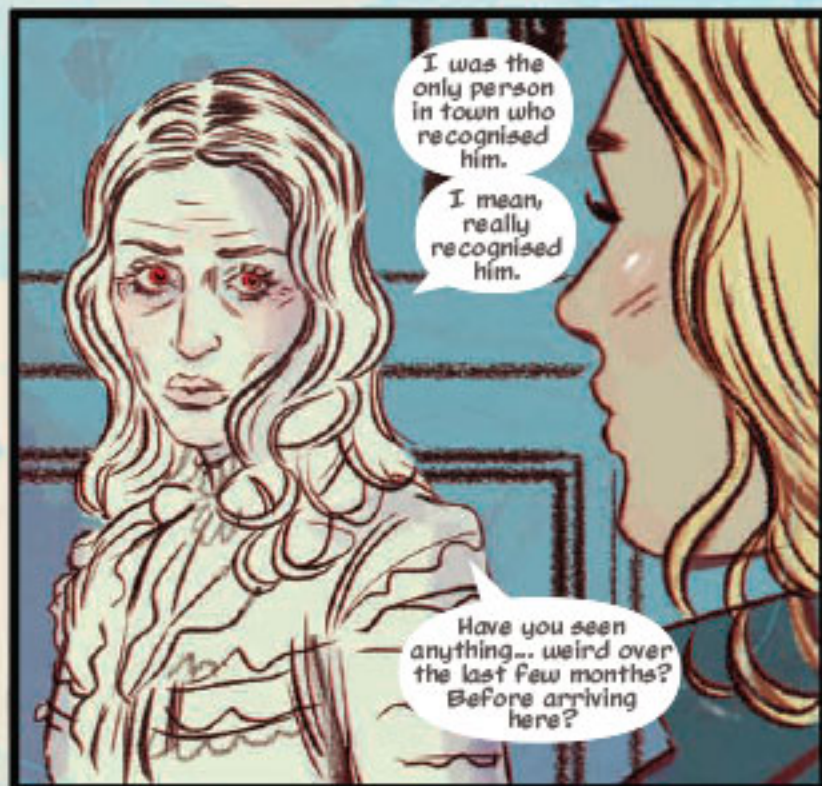
You turned this place into a memorial for something that nobody in Littlehaven really wants to remember.

Hiding in plain sight.



So, Judith Jordan. I'm going to make this simple and direct. One question at a time.

Why are you hiding him?



I was the only person in town who recognised him.

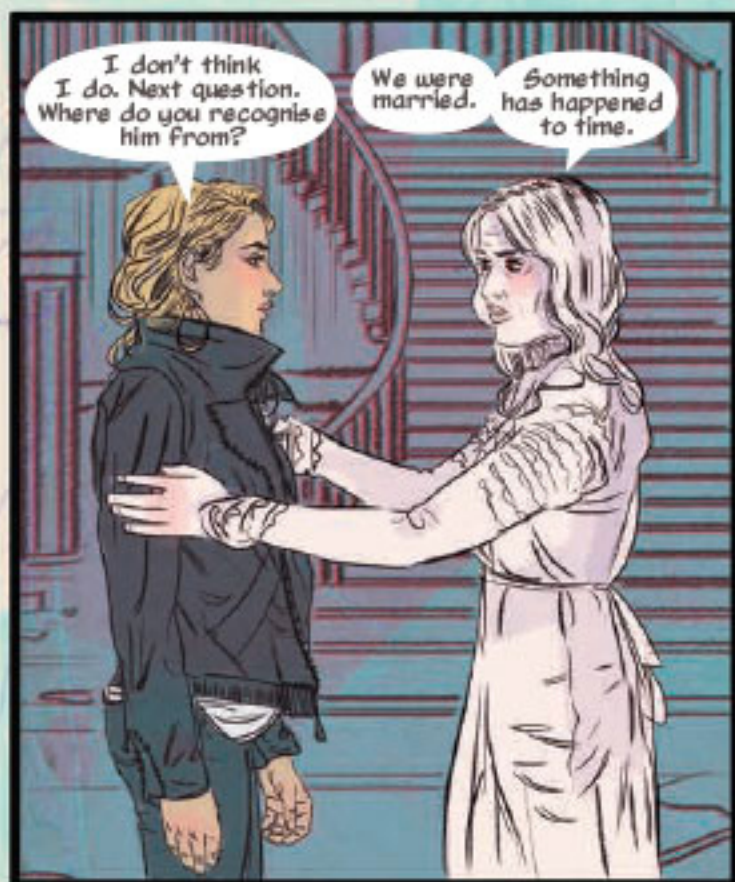
I mean, really recognised him.

Have you seen anything... weird over the last few months? Before arriving here?



... Huh. You're expecting me to say no, aren't you?

Birds with three wings. A city called Omegapolis in New York State that I'd never heard of a week ago.





See?
She doesn't get it.
You're not from around here. Like him. Like Father Lancombe. Like Doc Rocket. Like Reuben Tube.



I don't pretend to understand how or why yet. But I've taken away all the crappy explanations I could summon up for everything I've seen in the last couple of days.

And what I'm left with is simply that the universe is broken and all you people fell through the cracks.



I need to talk to Ethan Crane right now. Because I need to finish this, and because he wants to talk to me.



Of course he does.

Look out by the lake.

