





*Nothing on this journey  
has progressed as  
expected.*







*I'm not sure who the girl was envisioning in the fog.*



*And with Clark, the list of horrors and enemies is too voluminous to speculate.*



*Whoever they were fighting, they disliked the fiction more than the reality.*

*And that's saying something, considering they don't really admire one another a great deal.*



WE  
NEED TO DO  
SOMETHING.

YES...  
RIGHT...



WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?

TO MY  
WORKROOM.