

THE MAIN QUAD.
OUTSIDE THE
THESSALIAN LIBRARY.

ANOTHER
DREAM.

NOT THE PAST,
THIS TIME. THE
FUTURE.

THERE'S A SCENT OF
WOOD SMOKE AND
FERMENTING APPLES
ON THE BREEZE,
AND SOMETHING
ELSE. SOMETHING
UNPLEASANT.



Prologue.

THE RANK
BRIMSTONE
STENCH OF THINGS
ONCE BURIED...



...AND
NOW FREE.



I'M
SORRY, I'M
SORRY, I'M SO
SORRY...



DO
YOU REMEMBER
WHAT YOU TOLD US
WHEN WE FIRST
ARRIVED?



YOU SAID, "YOU
CANNOT CONTROL
WHAT YOU DON'T FULLY
COMPREHEND."

I REMEMBER.



HOW ABOUT
THE PART WHERE YOU
HAVE TO ACKNOWLEDGE
YOUR TRUE AMBITIONS, YOUR
SUPPRESSED LONGINGS,
THE FEARS YOU HIDE EVEN
FROM YOURSELF?

BECAUSE
IF YOU DON'T...

THEN THOSE
SUBCONSCIOUS
DRIVES WILL
SHAPE YOUR
DESTINY.

YOUR
WORDS, DR.
PSYCHIC.



I DON'T
REALLY THINK
YOU CAN CALL ME
A SUBCONSCIOUS
DRIVE...

RICHARD!



...BUT I'VE
CERTAINLY
SHAPED YOUR
DESTINY.

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?



I'M
PUTTING
YOU IN YOUR
PLACE,
ROSE.

"THE DOOR'S
LOCKED! WHAT
DO WE DO?"





DR. OCCULT,
PROFESSOR E,
WE'RE SO SORRY
FOR INTERRUPTING...
WE WERE LOOKING
FOR DR. PSYCHIC.

ROSE IS
INDISPOSED.
MAY I HELP
YOU?



SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO
ZATANNA. SHE WAS
ALONE WITH FAUST,
AND...THERE WAS
AN ACCIDENT.



RICHARD,
CAN'T IT WAIT?
WE NEED TO
FINISH THIS
SPELL.

AS ACTING
DEAN, I'M
AFRAID I HAVE
NO CHOICE,
ERIC.



CAN'T WE
MOVE A LITTLE
FASTER?

OF
COURSE...