

Oslo, Norway.

The Hub of the Machine Consciousness.

April, 2020.





GOOD MORNING, SIR.

IT IS APRIL SECOND. IT IS CURRENTLY FOURTEEN DEGREES CENTIGRADE AND THERE IS A SEVENTY PERCENT CHANCE OF SHOWERS DEVELOPING WITHIN THE HOUR.



YOU HAVE NINE APPOINTMENTS TODAY, BEGINNING WITH A STATUS BRIEFING ON THE SINGAPORE HOLOSTRUCTURE DATA ARCOLOGY.

THE BRIEFING WILL BEGIN IN SIXTY-SIX MINUTES.

MICRO-EXPRESSION SCAN INDICATES THAT YOU DO NOT WISH TO HEAR THE LIST OF MEETINGS TO FOLLOW AT THIS TIME.



THERE ARE FOUR LOW EMERGENCY PRIORITY MESSAGES INCOMING FROM STATIONS IN OMAHA, BERLIN, JERUSALEM, AND MUMBAI.

THEY ARE BEING DIVERTED TO RESCUE SYSTEMS AND DO NOT REQUIRE YOUR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

MICRO-EXPRESSION SCAN INDICATES THAT YOU DO NOT WISH TO PERSONALLY INTERVENE.





KING
TUROK IS
DEAD.

The Bay of SR'SFO.

April, 2520.

THE BLACK JUNGLE HAS HIM. THE SICKNESS INTENSIFIES THE DEEPER HE GOES. BOTH INSIDE AND OUT.

BUT HE DOES NOT SLOW HIS STEP. THEY TOLD HIM, BACK IN N'YARK, THAT WEAKNESS AND DOUBT ARE THE TOOLS OF THE ENEMY.

THE LEAVES AND BRANCHES ARE SHARP AND DRAW HIS BLOOD.

HE IGNORES THEM.

THE MIST SNEAKS INTO HIS LUNGS, HIS MIND. MAKES HIM SEE AND HEAR THINGS THAT MIGHT NOT BE THERE.

HE DENIES THEM.

KRAK

HIS HEART GUIDES HIM. AND WHEN IT LEAPS, SO DOES HE...