

IT WAS ALL COMING APART. HAIRLINE CRACKS IN REALITY WIDENED TO YAWNING CHASMS. EVERYTHING WAS GOING DARK AND LIGHT ALL AT ONCE, AND THERE WAS A SOUND LIKE BREAKING WAVES RISING INTO A PIERCING SCREAM AT THE EDGE OF HEARING. I KNEW WE DIDN'T HAVE LONG TOGETHER.

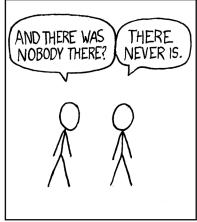


I WOKE UP. THE MEMORY OF THE APOCALYPSE FADED TO MERE FANCY, BUT THE NUMBERS BURNED BRIGHT IN MY MIND. I WROTE THEM DOWN RIGHT AWAY.

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THEY WERE COORDINATES.
A PLACE AND A TIME,
NEITHER ONE TOO FAR AWAY.

WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?
WHEN THE DAY CAME, I WENT
TO THE SPOT AND WAITED.



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