




HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE TERM "LEY LINES," FRIENDS AND BRETHREN?



THEY ARE CHANNELS OF ENERGY THAT FLOW THROUGH OUR WORLD. THEY ARE PLACES OF ANCIENT AND ELEMENTAL WORSHIP.




CERTAIN MONUMENTS ARE ERECTED TO COINCIDE WITH THE SUNRISE AND SUNSET OF THE EQUINOXES.

STONEHENGE, EGYPT'S PYRAMIDS, MACHU PICCHU.



WE--THE AURORA--ARE ERECTING OUR OWN MONUMENT HERE.



SOME PEOPLE BLAME THE MANY DEATHS AND DISAPPEARANCES HERE ON HUMAN FOLLY AND THE UNFORGIVING WILDERNESS. BUT I KNOW BETTER.

JUST AS THE FIRST MEN KNEW BETTER WHEN THEY DESIGNATED THIS PLACE AS A REGION TO FEAR AND WORSHIP.



THE NIGHT BEGINS AND ENDS HERE. THERE IS POWER HERE COURSEING BENEATH OUR VERY FEET.

AND IT WILL SOON--WITH THE EQUINOX--BE UNCHAMBERED, RESURRECTED.

THIS TOWN IS A CONVERGENCE OF LEY LINES, THE TIP OF WHAT IS OFTEN REFERRED TO AS THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE OF THE NORTH.



"BURNS SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT. HOW CAN I DIRECT YOUR CALL?"

"YEAH...I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHAT TO TELL YOU. APPEARS MY CABIN'S BEEN BROKEN INTO."



WHAT'S THE NAME AND ADDRESS? I'LL SEND AN OFFICER RIGHT OVER.

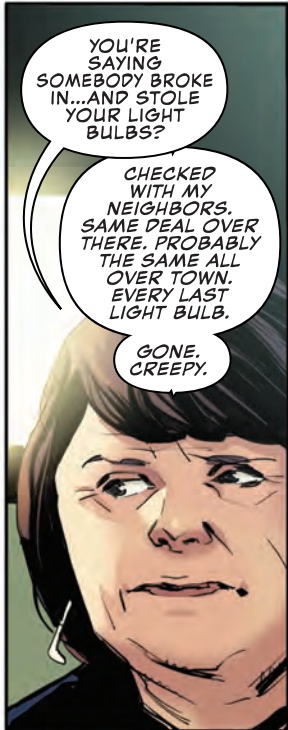
DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S NECESSARY. SEE, IT'S MY LIGHT BULBS.

LIGHT BULBS...



"EVERY DAMN LAMP IN THE HOUSE. EVERY CEILING FIXTURE. EVERY FLASHLIGHT.

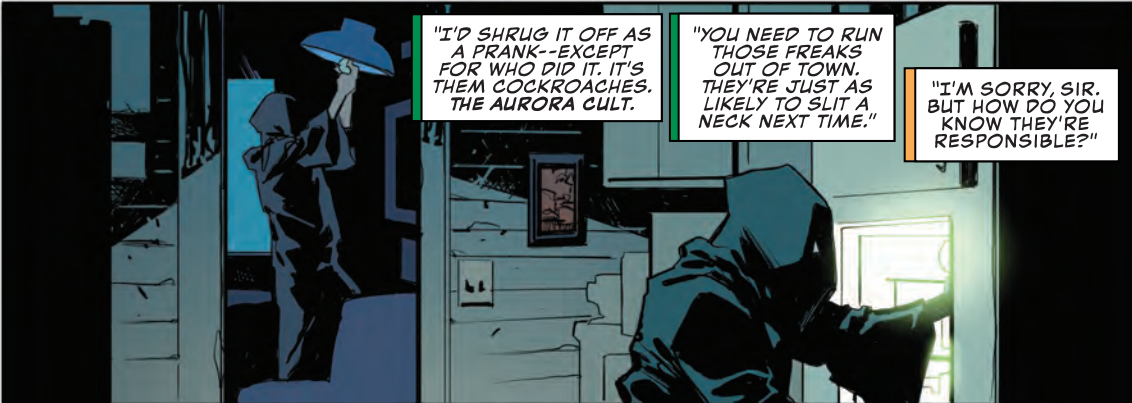
"EVEN THE BULB INSIDE THE FRIDGE. THEY'RE ALL GONE."



YOU'RE SAYING SOMEBODY BROKE IN...AND STOLE YOUR LIGHT BULBS?

CHECKED WITH MY NEIGHBORS. SAME DEAL OVER THERE. PROBABLY THE SAME ALL OVER TOWN. EVERY LAST LIGHT BULB.

GONE. CREEPY.



"I'D SHRUG IT OFF AS A PRANK - EXCEPT FOR WHO DID IT. IT'S THEM COCKROACHES. THE AURORA CULT.

"YOU NEED TO RUN THOSE FREAKS OUT OF TOWN. THEY'RE JUST AS LIKELY TO SLIT A NECK NEXT TIME."

"I'M SORRY, SIR. BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE?"

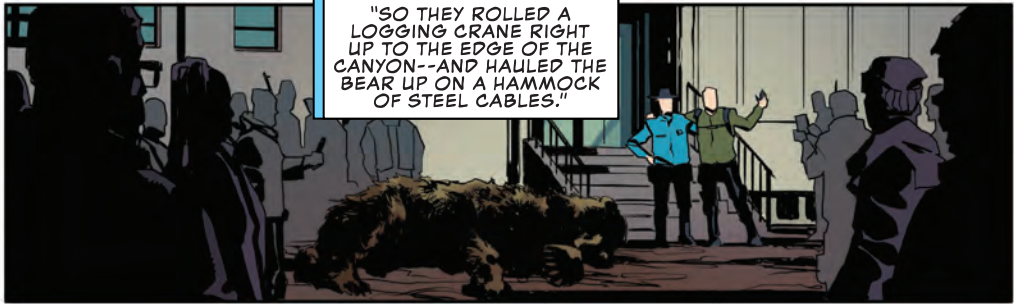


THE LONG NIGHT IS COMING. HOW SAFE DO YOU FEEL? JOIN THE AURORA.

SPLITROCK CANYON.

UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, THEY WOULD HAVE SKINNED AND BUTCHERED THE BEAR RIGHT HERE.

BUT THEY WANTED A PRIZE. SOMETHING TO SHOW PEOPLE.



BUT THEY LEFT THE GUTS.

A WHOLE LOT OF GUTS.



THINK I SEE SOME BONES...

FISH. THERE'S THREE--NO, FIVE--FEET OF INTESTINAL TRACT GUMMED UP WITH FISH.





"BUT NO RED MEAT. NO HUMAN REMAINS."

"THE LAST ATTACK...THE NATIVE WOMAN, DINAH MOSES... HER LEG WAS SHREDDED AND SHE LOST MOST OF AN ARM."

"WELL, IT'S NOT IN HERE."



AND NEITHER IS ANY PART OF JESSICA REILLY OR SANDY EVANS.

DO WE EVEN BOTHER TELLING ANYONE THEY'RE WRONG?



"WE'VE BEEN TELLING THEM ALL ALONG, AND NO ONE WANTS TO LISTEN."

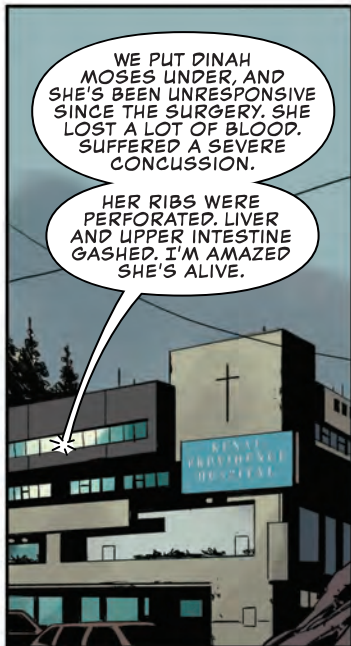


THEY WANT TO BELIEVE THEY'RE SAFE.
THEY WANT TO BELIEVE THE LANGROCKS ARE TAKING CARE OF THEM.



"THE WAY BRENT TOOK DOWN THAT BEAR. WITH TRAPS? AND A KNIFE? IT HAS TO BE HIM."

"EVEN IF HE DID KILL THOSE WOMEN, THAT'S ONLY ONE PIECE OF A MUCH LARGER PUZZLE."



WE PUT DINAH MOSES UNDER, AND SHE'S BEEN UNRESPONSIVE SINCE THE SURGERY. SHE LOST A LOT OF BLOOD. SHE SUFFERED A SEVERE CONCUSSION.

HER RIBS WERE PERFORATED. LIVER AND UPPER INTESTINE GASHED. I'M AMAZED SHE'S ALIVE.



DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT HER THAT MIGHT BE HELPFUL? BESIDES HER MEDICAL CONDITION, I MEAN.

SMALL TOWN. SEEN HER AROUND. SHE'S ALWAYS HOLDING UP PROTEST SIGNS DOWNTOWN.



PROTESTING WHAT?

SOMETHING ABOUT LOGGING. THE LANGROCKS JUST BOUGHT A BUNCH OF LAND... I DON'T REALLY KNOW THE DETAILS. SORRY.



I NEED TO QUICKLY EXAMINE HER WOUNDS.

I'M SORRY, BUT YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BE IN HERE AT ALL AND--

I INSIST.



A BEAR HAS 42 TEETH. A HUMAN HAS 32. FEEL FREE TO DOUBLE-CHECK MY MATH.



BUT THE BITE RADIUS--IT'S THREE TIMES LARGER THAN ANY MAN'S. I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

NEITHER DO I.