

Dream Caster

Channel Zero



#1

Bob Carlson
kept the signal alive.



He believed ordinary
people deserved airtime.



At 11:47 p.m.,
the station called
about a rogue channel.



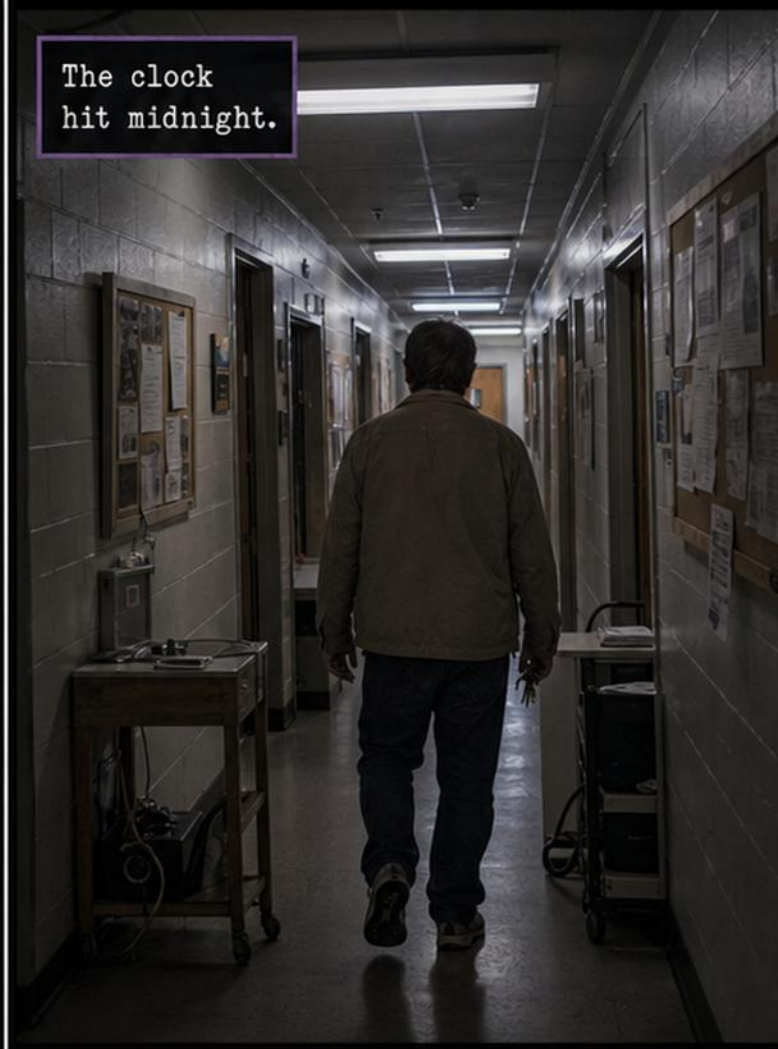
Bob drove back through
a storm that felt like
it was waiting for him.



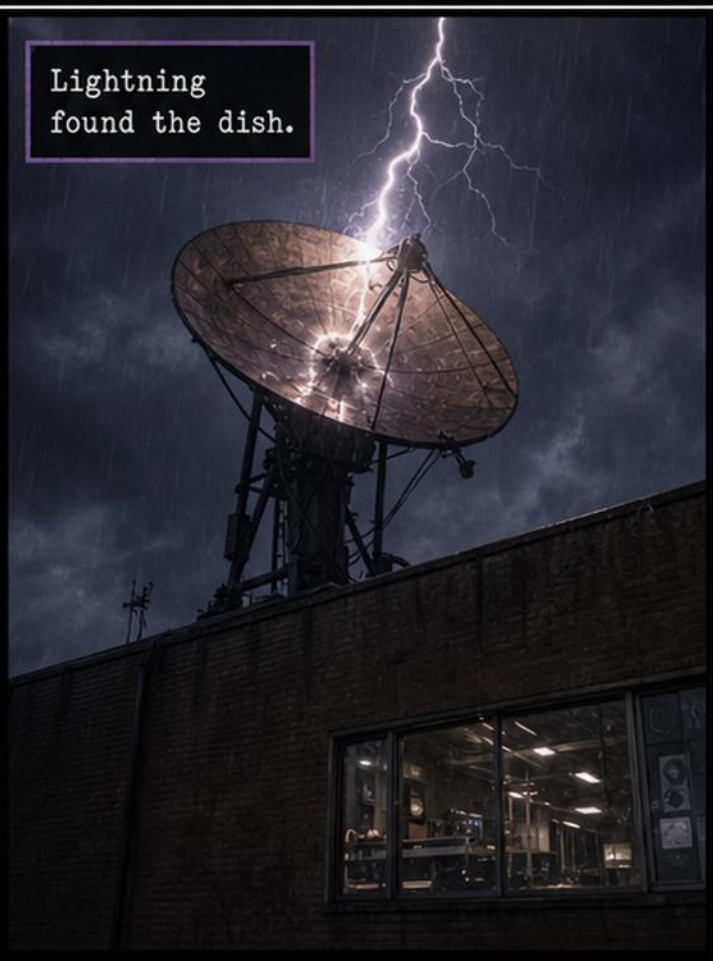
The rogue channel
had no source.



The clock
hit midnight.



Lightning
found the dish.



The station
became a door.

Static
filled his eyes.



Behind the signal,
Bob saw worlds.



Canceled. Forgotten.
Never made.



Then the remote
found his hand.



The blast outside
pulled him back
to Earth.



A Nightmare had
found the city.



Bob felt the
same signal
in its bones.



Opposite side.
Same war.



Bob pressed
a button he did
not understand.



The Storyverse
answered with
a hero.



For one bright
second, he
believed he
could win.



Then the Nightmare
breathed fire made
of dead signal.



He changed
the channel
again.



This time
the dream
had strings.



The robot
puppet was
strong.



Fangs tore through
wire and left the
puppet limp.



Bob had
one breath
left.



So he gave
the weirdest
dream a signal.



The city saw
a monster fly.



Bob knew
Channel Zero
was only the
beginning.

