

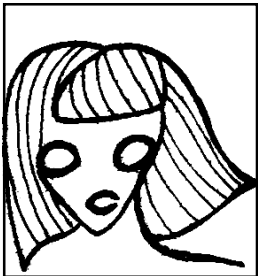


worms #2

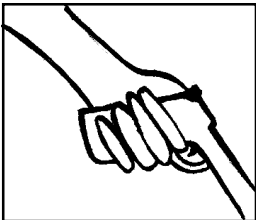
worms #2
“capture”

story & words:
Brian John Mitchell
artwork:
Kimberlee Traub

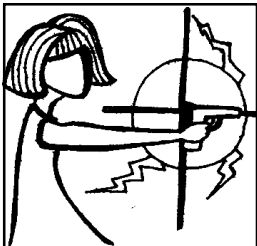
Last time our girl saw her father murdered & escaped from the culprits floating on a log clinging to a gun she stole from the killers. Now on with the story....



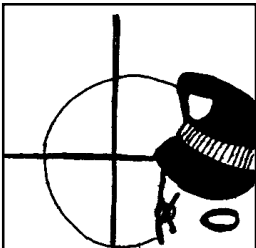
I wake up suddenly...



...to someone trying to pry the gun from my hand.



I sit up & empty my
gun.



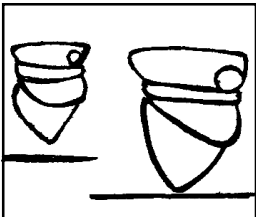
I realize he's a cop as
he starts to fall down.



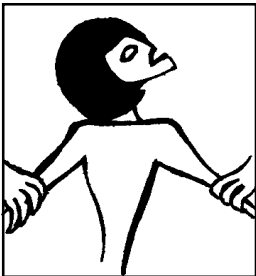
There's no blood from
any of the wounds...



...so I know I did the right thing...



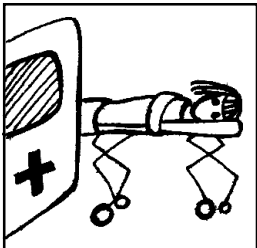
...but I'm out of bullets
to deal with the other
cops.



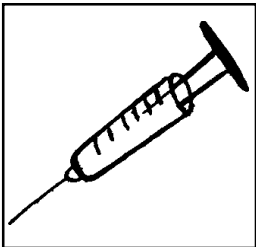
They grab me...



...tie me to a gurney...



...load me in the back
of an ambulance...



...& inject me with something.



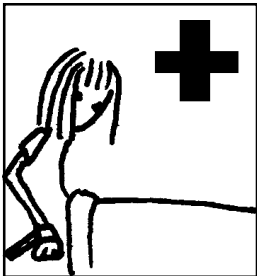
I struggle to stay
awake...



...but I lose that battle.



I wake up in a hospital.



I try to sit up.



They've put me in one of those stupid gowns.



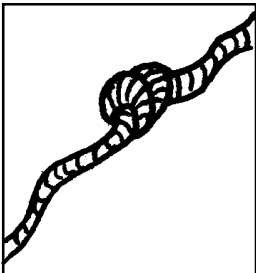
& my wrists & ankles
are in restraints.



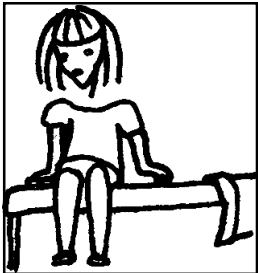
I manage to reach my
mouth to my right
wrist...



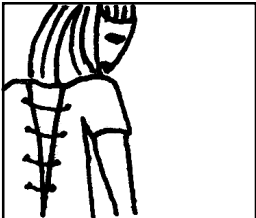
...& undo the strap
with my teeth.



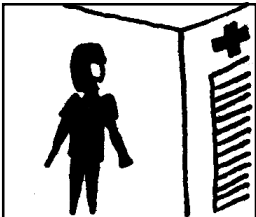
I untie myself...



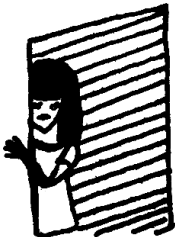
...& get out of the bed.



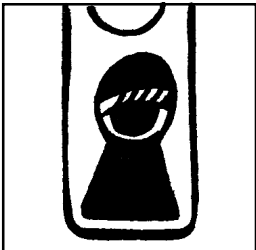
I look for my clothes,
but they're not in the
room.



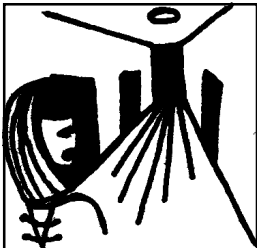
Neither is my gun or
anything else to use
as a weapon.



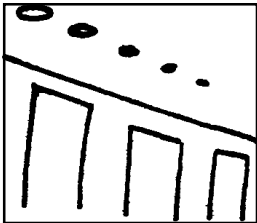
Time to make a break
anyway.



Luck is with me as my
door's unlocked.



The corridor seems
way too long...



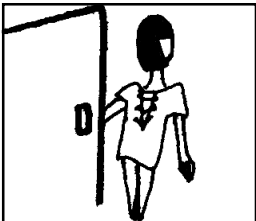
...going at least a hundred yards in either direction.



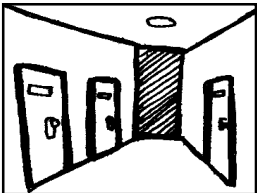
It's also too dimly lit
for any legitimate
facility.



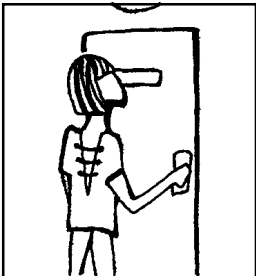
Wherever I am isn't a
good place to be.



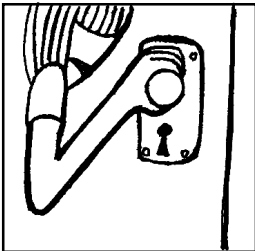
I leave the door to my room ajar in case I need to find it later.



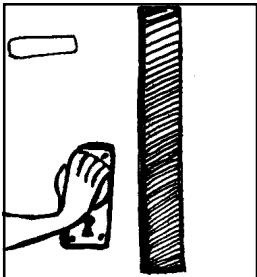
Fifty yards down the hallway I realize the end isn't getting any closer.



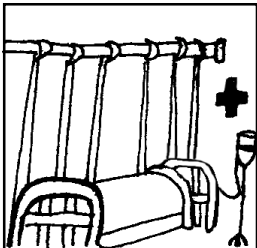
I start trying doors.



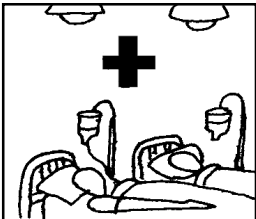
The first four are
locked.



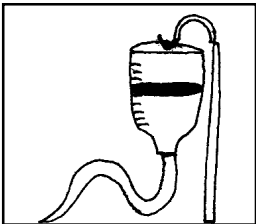
The fifth door opens...



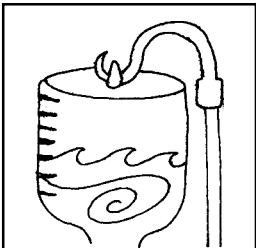
...to a room like a
WWII infirmary.



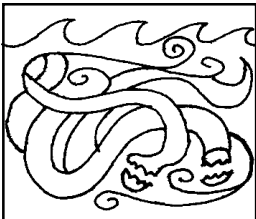
Twenty occupied beds
& everyone's connected
to an IV drip.



The IV bags aren't filled with saline or blood.



They're like little
aquariums...



...filled with miniature versions of the worms from my dad's lab.



I find myself backing
out of the room slowly.



I feel like I learned something too big to fit in my head.



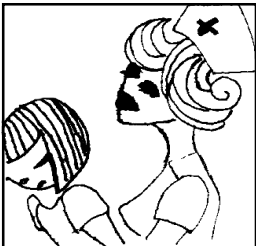
Suddenly someone
grabs me.



It's a nurse dressed
1950's style rather
than in scrubs.



Before I realize it she
has my arms pinned
behind my back...



...& is guiding me
back to my room.



She says, "You need some rest, sweetie."



& as if by suggestion
my body collapses in
the hallway.



Silber Media

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