

worms #3



worms #3  
“inside me”

story & words:  
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artwork:  
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Previously our girl saw  
her father murdered &  
escaped from the  
culprits only to be  
trapped in an institution  
conducting bizarre  
medical experiments.  
Now on with the  
story....



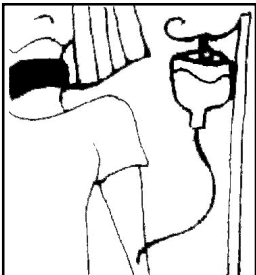
I wake up tied up  
tighter than before.



Even my head is tied  
down.



I can feel a burning in  
my left arm.



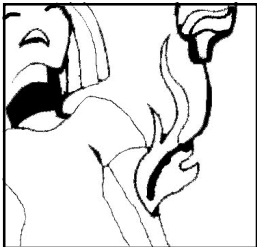
It's an IV.



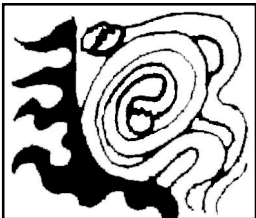
I can see the IV bag &  
it's filled with worms.



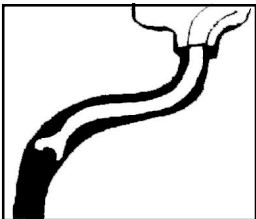
I start to struggle.



The IV in my arm starts  
to burn more.



In the IV bag the  
worms are moving  
like a storm.



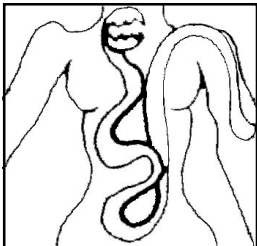
One of the skinny  
ones gets in the tube  
headed for my arm.



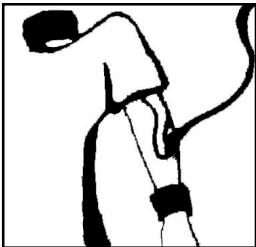
It hurts like lightning  
coming in me.



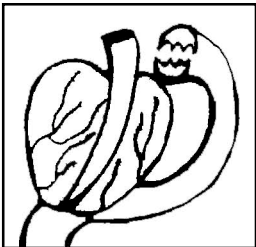
It hurts too much to  
scream.



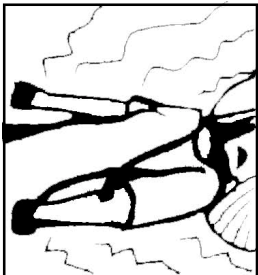
I can feel it crawling  
inside me.



Writhing up through  
my arm.



When it reaches my  
heart...



...I go into seizures.



My body feels like it's  
made out of rubber.



When the shaking  
stops I'm out of my  
restraints.



I hang my head over  
the side of the bed...



...& throw up.



It's mainly blood...



...but the worm's there  
too...



...still writhing.



I step on it...



...& grind it into the floor.



When I stand up I feel disoriented.



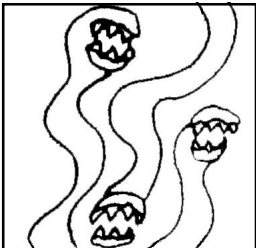
I feel like I've gotten taller.



My fingers even look longer.



How long have I been  
out?



& how many of those  
worms are inside me?



I gotta get out of here.



The door's locked.



I grab the top half of  
the IV pole...



...& I use it to knock  
the doorknob off this  
side.



Then I jab it through to knock out the entire mechanism.



Outside it's the same  
endless hallway as  
before.



At least this time I have something to use as a weapon.

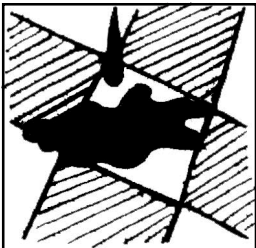


I hear a sound like  
water dripping.





Where the IV was I'm  
bleeding out slow &  
steady...



...dripping to the  
linoleum floor.



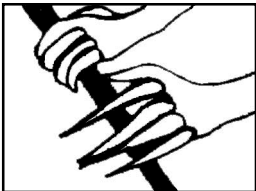
I'm staring at the  
growing puddle...



...when I hear a voice.



“Sweetie, it’s really not safe for you to be up & about like this.”



She pulls the pole out  
of my hand before I  
can even think to  
swing it.



“Let me fix up your  
arm & get you back to  
bed.”



Her voice hypnotizes  
me; I can't resist it.



There's only her sweet  
voice, nothing's wrong  
with the world.

to be continued...



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