

XO



#1

xo #1, “co-workers”

story & words:

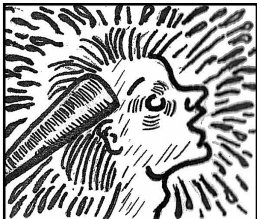
Brian John Mitchell

artwork:

Melissa Spence Gardner



I just killed somebody
for free.



I guess you could say
I killed a few people
when I was younger...



...but none since I
consider myself an
adult.



I had an immoral &
fast-paced lifestyle
then.



I was young & drugs &
money & violence were
pretty exciting.



When I gave up that lifestyle I planned to never go back.



My history of addiction is fairly common knowledge, but nothing else.



Nobody but me knows
how degenerate I let
myself get & that's
good.



A co-worker asked me if I knew anyone who could kill his ex-girlfriend.



At first I thought it was a joke, but he kept asking me about it.



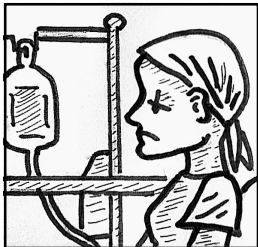
I told him I might know
someone who'd do it
for 10,000 dollars.



He said, "What about
for \$8000?" "Yeah,
probably."



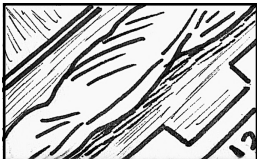
I didn't need the money
for myself.



I needed it for my sister,
to pay off a hospital bill.



Before I even really
knew what I was
doing...



...I found myself taking his girlfriend's dead body wrapped in a plastic drop cloth out of my trunk...



...& burying her in a
graveyard on top of
someone else.



I go back to work & my co-worker tells me his ex has left him alone all weekend.



He starts making all
these corny jokes...



...about how it is a good thing I hadn't found anyone to kill her for him.



I am going to have to
kill this guy.



As soon as he finds
out the girl is dead
he's going to freak out
& crack...



...& tell the police
about me.



I can't deal with
unprofessional
people like this.



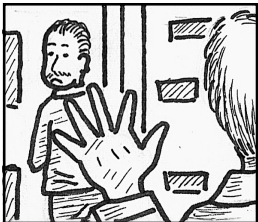
He probably doesn't
even have the \$8000.



I follow him home from
work when we get off.



When he's walking to
his apartment...



...I get out of my car &
tell him I need to talk
to him.



I make sure not to touch anything with my hands on the way into his apartment.



After he shuts the
door...



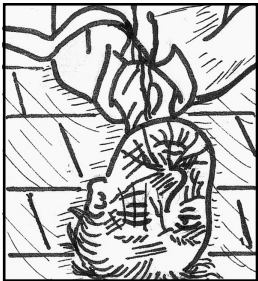
...he turns to face me
& I swing my arm to
hit his nose with my
elbow for a solid break.



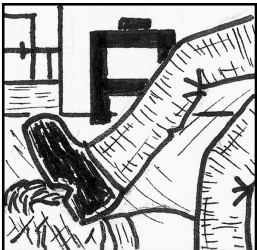
He bends over holding
his hands to his face.



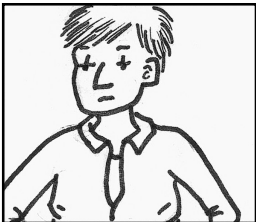
I knee his face & hands
while driving my elbow
down on his neck.



He drops to the floor.



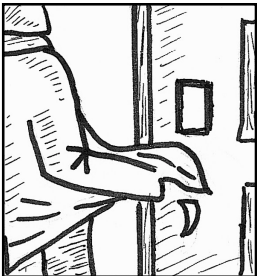
I kick his head three times...



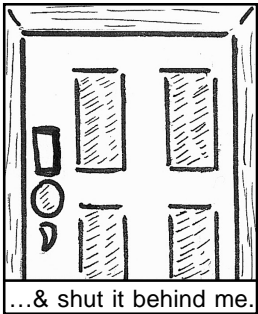
...to make sure his
neck is broken &
he's dead.



I use the end of my
shirt to cover my
hand...



...I open the door...





Silber Media
po box 18062
raleigh, nc 27619
www.silbermedia.com/xo