

XO



#2



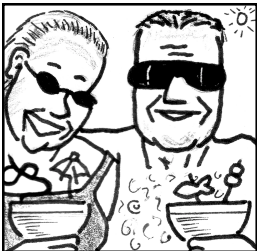
xo #2, "Protecting Ethel"

story & words:

Brian John Mitchell

artwork:

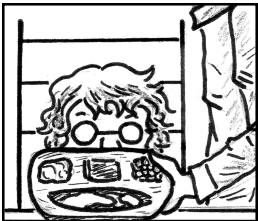
Melissa Spence Gardner



My folks are out of town on vacation.



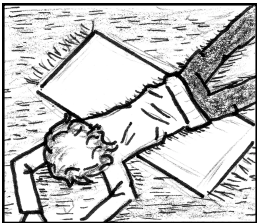
So I'm staying at their house...



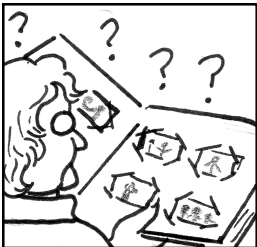
...taking care of my
mother's mother while
they're gone.



I don't know exactly
what's wrong with
Grandma Ethel.



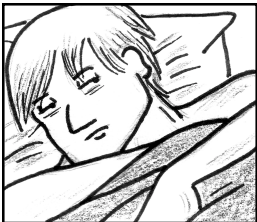
She has trouble with her balance, so she falls down a lot...



...& she has some
memory problems...



...but she is 90 years
old.



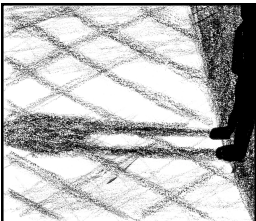
It's two in the morning
& I hear some banging
around.



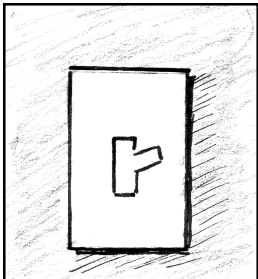
I go downstairs to see
if Ethel's fallen.



The door to her
bedroom is closed &
all the lights are off.



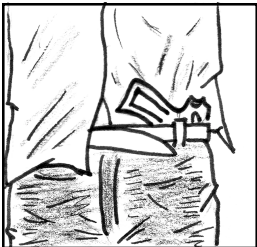
I see someone standing
in the shadows in the
kitchen.



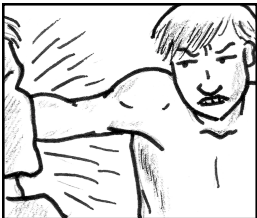
I cut on the light...



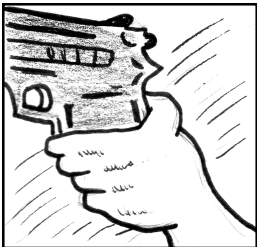
...& I see the guy...



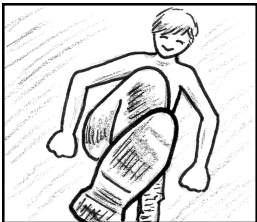
...& the gun he has
tucked in his pants.



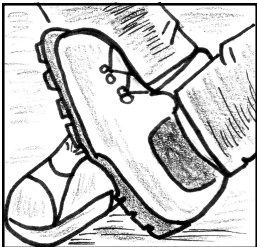
I take two steps & hit
him in the left ear with
my right fist...



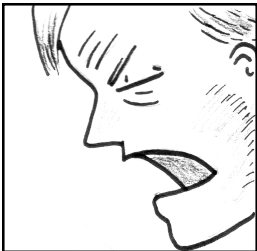
...& grab the gun with
my left hand.



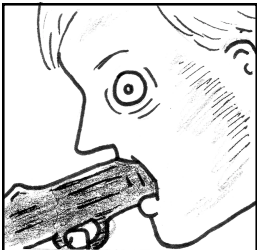
I stomp on his right
instep with my left
heel...



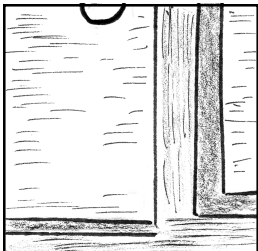
...& feel the little bones
in his foot give way.



He starts to scream
out...



...so I put his gun in
his mouth.



I hear Ethel opening
her door...

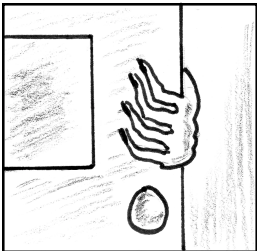


...so I throw the guy to the floor so she won't see him & he lands so hard he bounces.

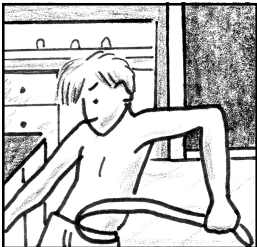
You doing all right?

Yes, I just have to
use the bathroom.





Once she steps into
the bathroom...



...I pull his belt out of his pants...



...& use it to tie his
hands & feet together
behind his back.

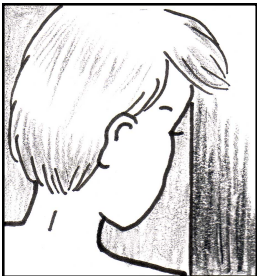


I drag him to the door
to the basement & roll
him down the stairs.

Try to get some sleep.
Yeah, yeah, yeah....

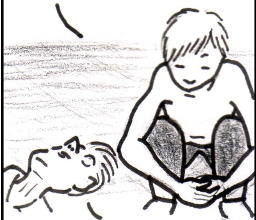


My grandmother comes
out of the bathroom &
goes back to bed.



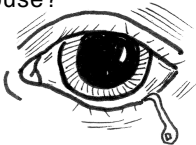
I go into the basement.

So what do you think
you're doing?



Please don't hurt me.

You think you can just
break into someone's
house?



I promise I'll never do
it again. I promise...
I'll never do it again.

There are much better
ways to get money, you
should've just robbed
a bank..



Please let me go.
I swear I'll...



I can't trust you not to
come back here with
some of your buddies.





I wish I could.





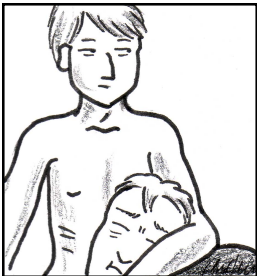
I take his head in my hands, it's soaked from sweat & tears.

Oh, god, please don't
kill me. I got a....

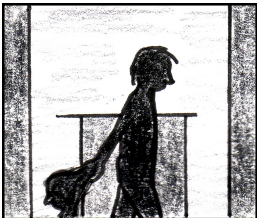


I'm sorry. I don't
see any choice.

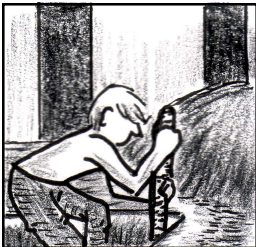




I snap his neck.



I take his body to an
unfinished room
under the porch...



...& start digging his grave.

Fuck! Why can't I stop
killing people?



Dear God, please
help me to start
controlling myself.



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