

# XO



## #3

xo #3, "First Time"

story & words:

Brian John Mitchell

artwork:

Melissa Spence Gardner



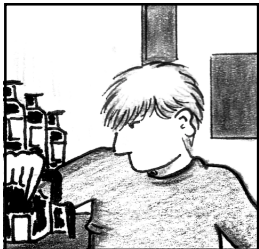
This is a story of my  
youth or maybe the  
end of my youth.



I was sixteen the first  
time I killed somebody.



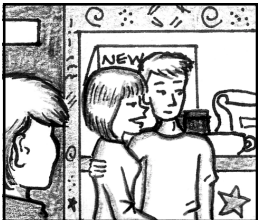
I'm kind of embarrassed  
by it.



It wasn't cool, calculated,  
& professional.



It wasn't an accident  
exactly, but it wasn't  
intentional.

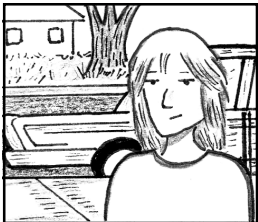


I guess it was what  
you'd call a crime of  
passion.





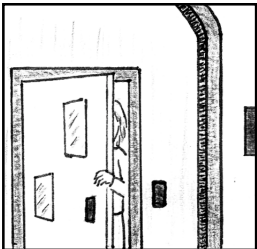
It was Martin Luther  
King Day, so we were  
out of school...



...but my girlfriend's  
parents both still had  
to work.



I showed up at her house at 10 a.m.



I knew she'd still be asleep...



...so I just went in the house & up to her room.



When I opened her  
door she was sitting  
on her bed...



...with some guy I'd  
never seen before.



They were both fully clothed...

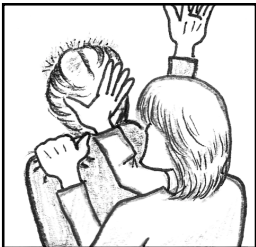




...the only evidence  
they'd done something  
wrong was the look on  
their faces.



I grabbed the guy by  
the jaw & lifted him  
off the bed...



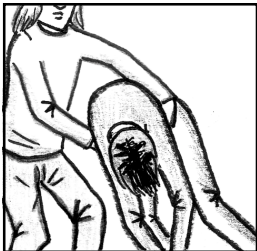
& slammed his head  
against the wall.



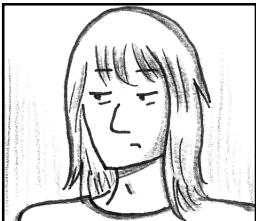
The first time his head  
hit the wall it put a crack  
in the sheet rock.



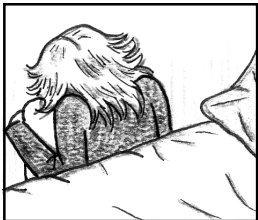
The second time made  
it a hole.



The third hit was on a wall stud.



I let go & his body  
dropped to the floor &  
his corpse shit itself.

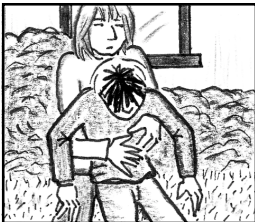


My girlfriend was in the corner crying with her face turned away.





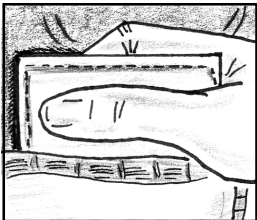
I picked up the body & dragged it downstairs.



I walked the body to  
my car like it was a  
drunken friend...



...laying it down on my  
backseat.



I pulled the guy's  
wallet from his back  
pocket.



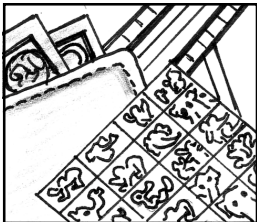
The driver's license said his name was Quinn Stevens & he was 24 years old.



What the fuck is a 24  
year-old doing fucking  
around with a 16 year-  
old girl?



Fucking pedophile.

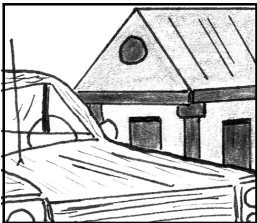


There were \$224 in cash & 30 hits of LSD in the wallet.

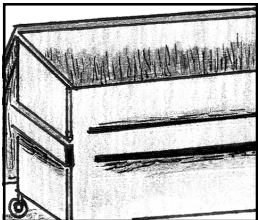




I took the cash & drugs  
& put the wallet back.



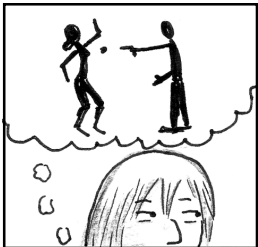
I drove to a bank  
knowing it was closed  
for the holiday.



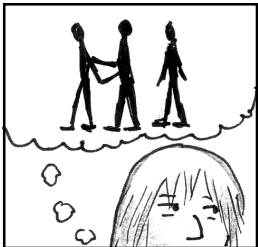
I put his body in the  
dumpster behind the  
building.



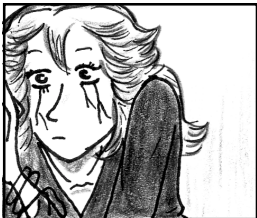
I climbed into the dumpster & shifted the trash around so the body couldn't be seen.



I thought about killing  
my girlfriend...



...but I knew I'd be the  
prime suspect.



I figured she'd be  
scared enough not to  
say anything.



I never even bothered  
to talk to her again...





...I always felt like our relationship could've used some kind of closure.



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