

XO



#6



xo #6, “life vocations”

story & words:

Brian John Mitchell

artwork:

Melissa Spence Gardner

Last time our hero
committed a semi-
accidental murder &
he was stuck with a
dead body & a vintage
Ford Mustang on his
hands. Now on with
the story....





I told my mom I was going to be staying at Eric's house for the weekend working on a project for art class.



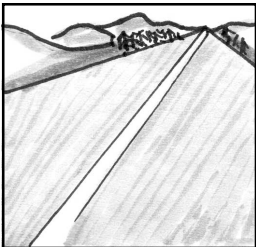
I called Eric & asked
him to cover for me.



When he asked what was going on, I told him I was going to the beach for the weekend with a college girl I'd just met.



Trevor had given me directions to where I was supposed to take the car & dead body in Miami.



Just a twelve hour drive
straight down I-95.



Only ten hours longer
than the furthest I'd
ever driven.



After a couple hours
on the road I started
to calm down & relax.



In two months I'd turn
seventeen & I was
responsible for two
people's deaths.



I knew I'd never be able to make it as a writer like I'd planned since I was a kid.



Because everyone knows that anything any writer does is autobiographical & I couldn't risk letting out what I've done.



It's not a fear of jail as much as not wanting to let people down.



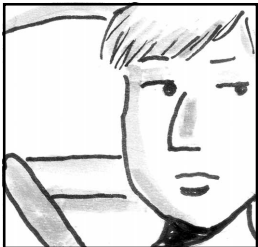
I was a role model to all the young punks because they knew I was smart & won awards for my art while being as fucked up as they were.



I like to think I kind of inspired some of those kids to care about things besides escape through fucking & drugs.



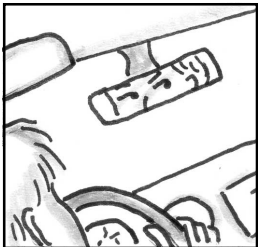
Having a goal gave
me an air of stability.



So now what was I
supposed to do?



What's another career path for me?



My head was spinning
about my future...



...when I pulled up to
an average suburban
house just north of
Miami....



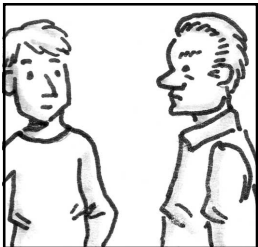
I knocked on the door.



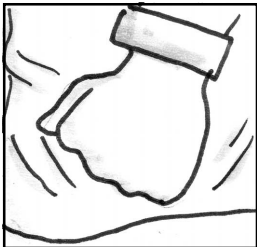
A guy old enough to be
my dad answered.



I could hear some kids
playing inside.



He stepped out of the house & shut the door.



Both of his hands
were clenched fists.

Can I help you?



I think you're expecting
me? I'm from Raleigh.



Yeah. You're kind of
young for this aren't
you kid?



I guess so?



Is this what you're into
for the long haul?



I don't know....



How are you planning
to get back home?



I hadn't really thought
about it.



How old are you?



I'm sixteen.



Geeze.... Then flying
or renting a car are
out. Come on, I'll
take you to the bus
station.





The bus ride home was sixteen hours, but I came up with an idea for what I could do for a living.



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