

GENE RECONSTRUCTION GOOD.

ADAPTATIONAL PHENOTYPE STABLE AND LOCKED.

SO NOW IT'S JUST THE MEMORIES.

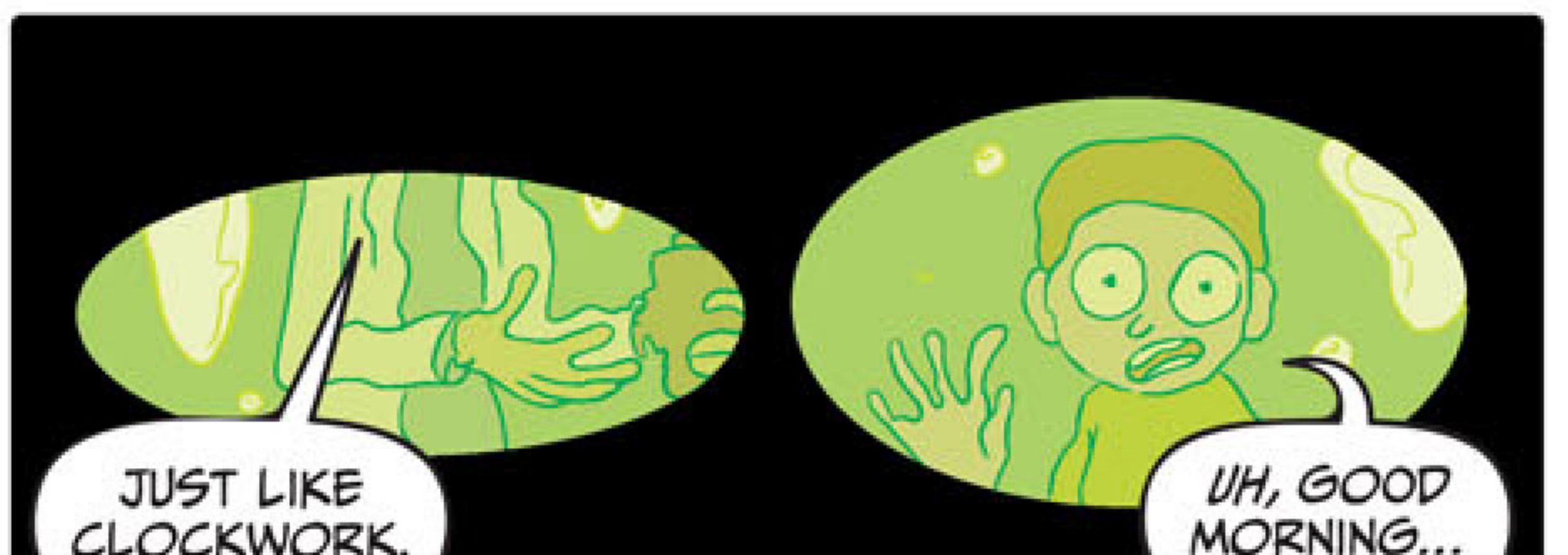
NOW WATCH THIS, MORTY. ITS MEMORIES ARE--URRRP--SELF-RESTORING.

IT'S A COMPLEX GENE MEMORY STRUCTURE, ALLOWING BASICALLY INFINITE CAPACITY AND INFINITE REGRESSION DOWN THROUGH A PALIMPSEST OF IDENTITIES LAYERED ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER.

WHICH MEANS IT'S ALSO SELF-ORGANIZING. THERE'S A BIG DUMB HAZE OF MEMORIES BELONGING TO ITS PARENTS, ITS GRANDPARENTS, OR WHATEVER THE SHAPESHIFTING WORM EQUIVALENT WOULD BE.

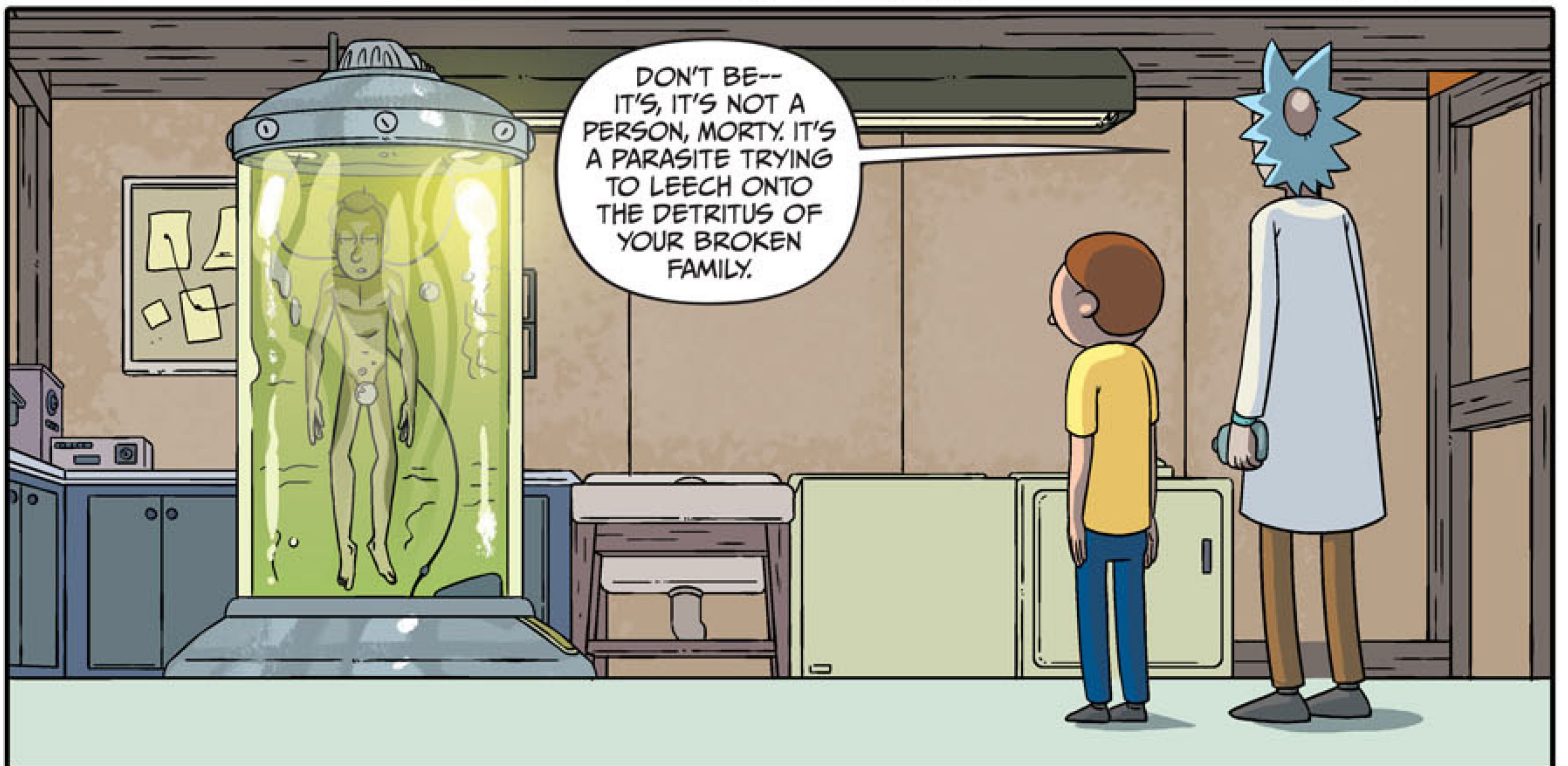


BUT ONLY ONE ASSERTS ITSELF AND RISES TO THE TOP.

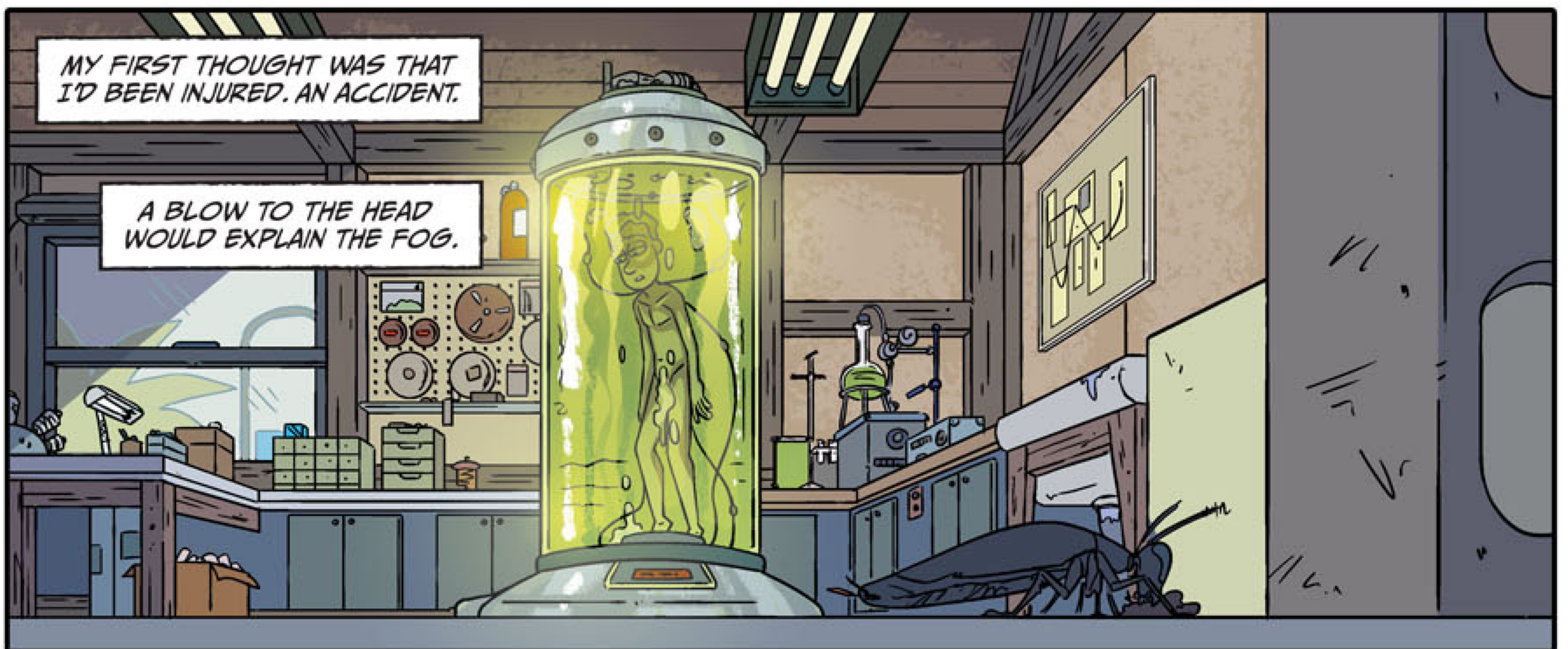


JUST LIKE CLOCKWORK.

UH, GOOD MORNING...

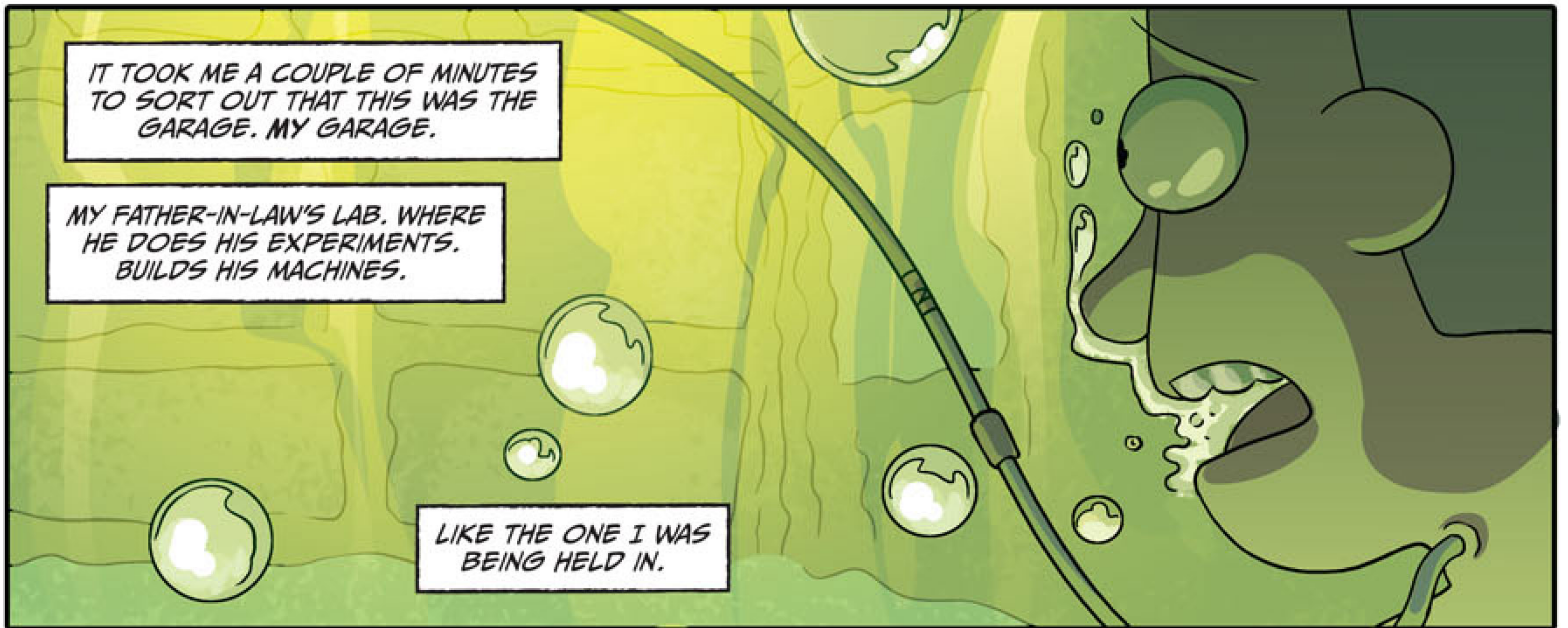


DON'T BE-- IT'S, IT'S NOT A PERSON, MORTY. IT'S A PARASITE TRYING TO LEECH ONTO THE DETRITUS OF YOUR BROKEN FAMILY.



MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS THAT I'D BEEN INJURED. AN ACCIDENT.

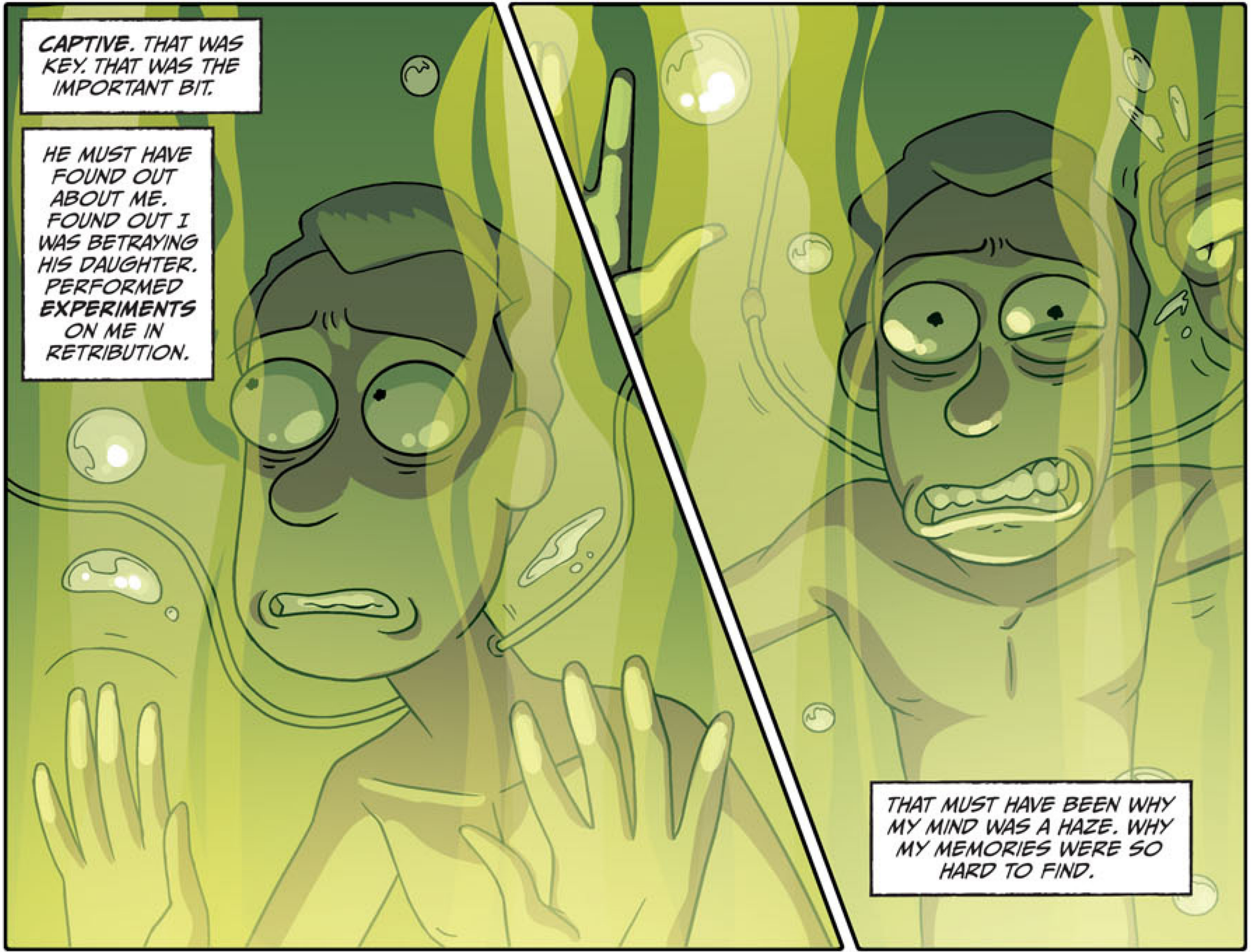
A BLOW TO THE HEAD WOULD EXPLAIN THE FOG.



IT TOOK ME A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO SORT OUT THAT THIS WAS THE GARAGE. MY GARAGE.

MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S LAB. WHERE HE DOES HIS EXPERIMENTS. BUILDS HIS MACHINES.

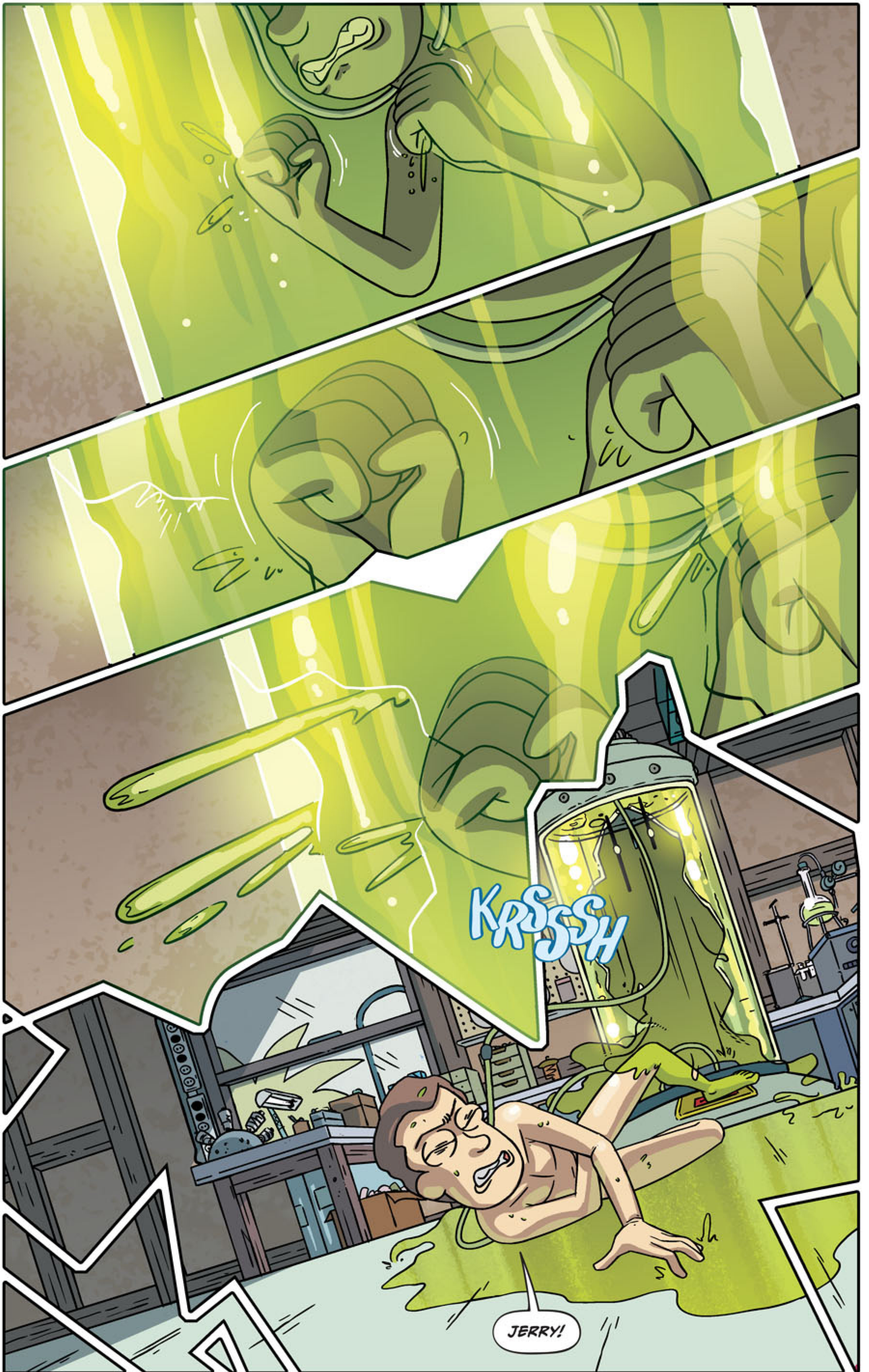
LIKE THE ONE I WAS BEING HELD IN.

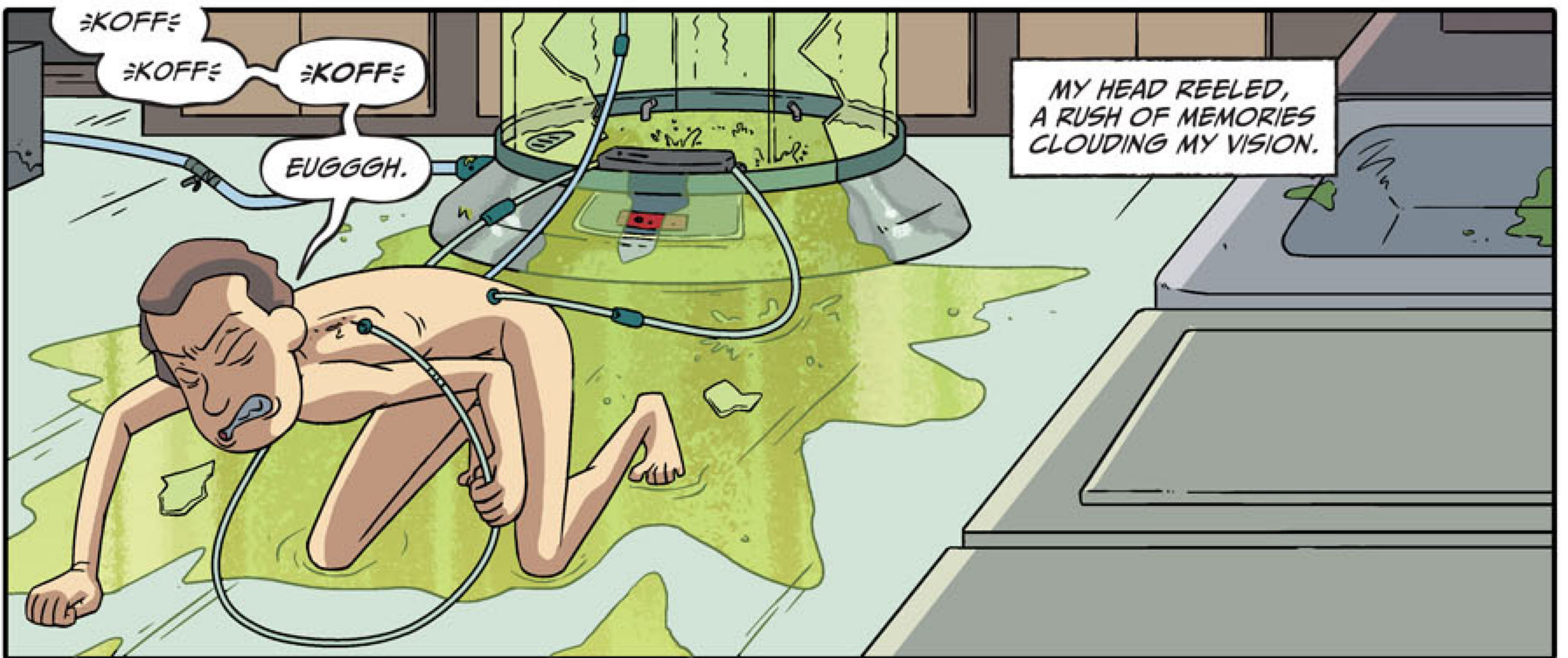


CAPTIVE. THAT WAS KEY. THAT WAS THE IMPORTANT BIT.

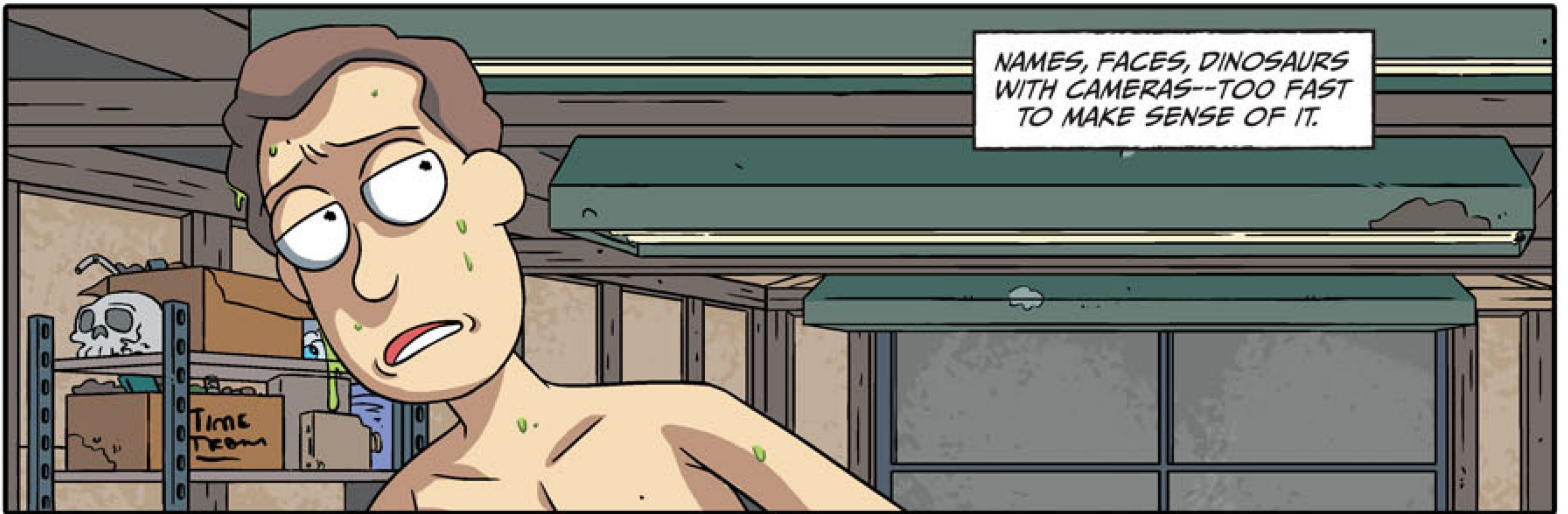
HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT ME. FOUND OUT I WAS BETRAYING HIS DAUGHTER. PERFORMED EXPERIMENTS ON ME IN RETRIBUTION.

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN WHY MY MIND WAS A HAZE. WHY MY MEMORIES WERE SO HARD TO FIND.

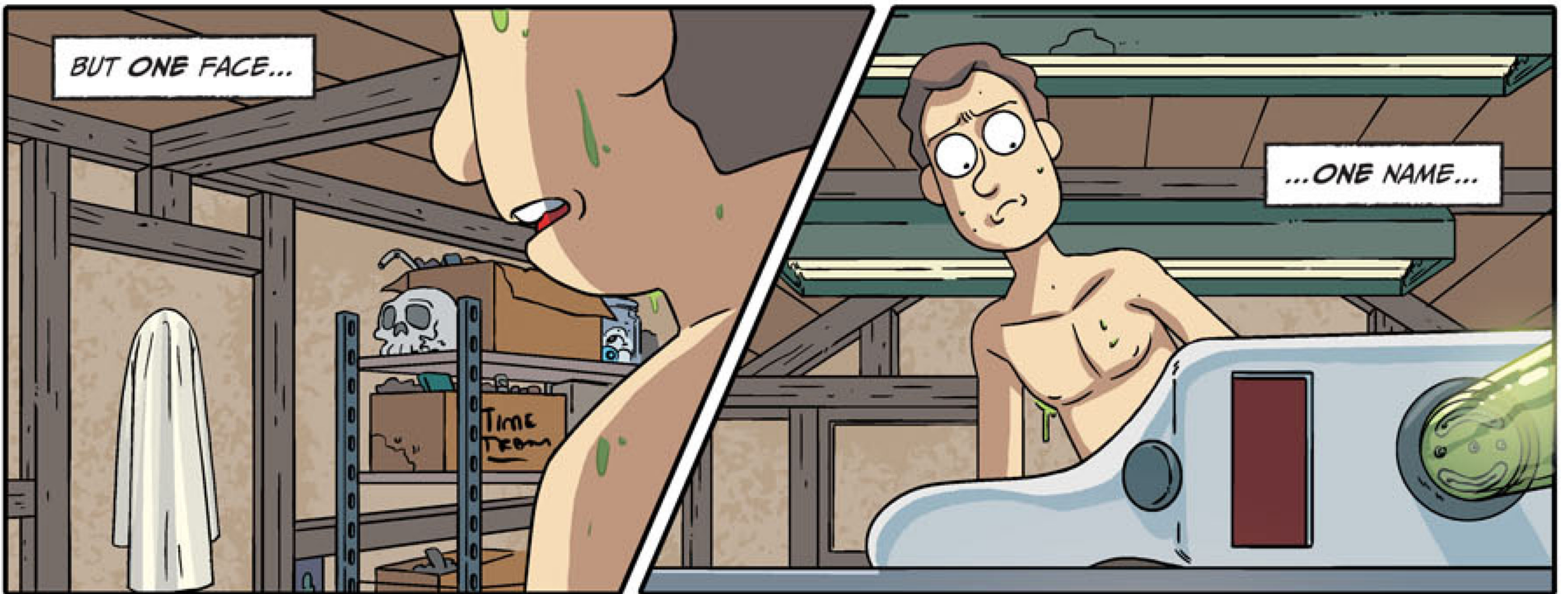




MY HEAD REELED,  
A RUSH OF MEMORIES  
CLOUDING MY VISION.

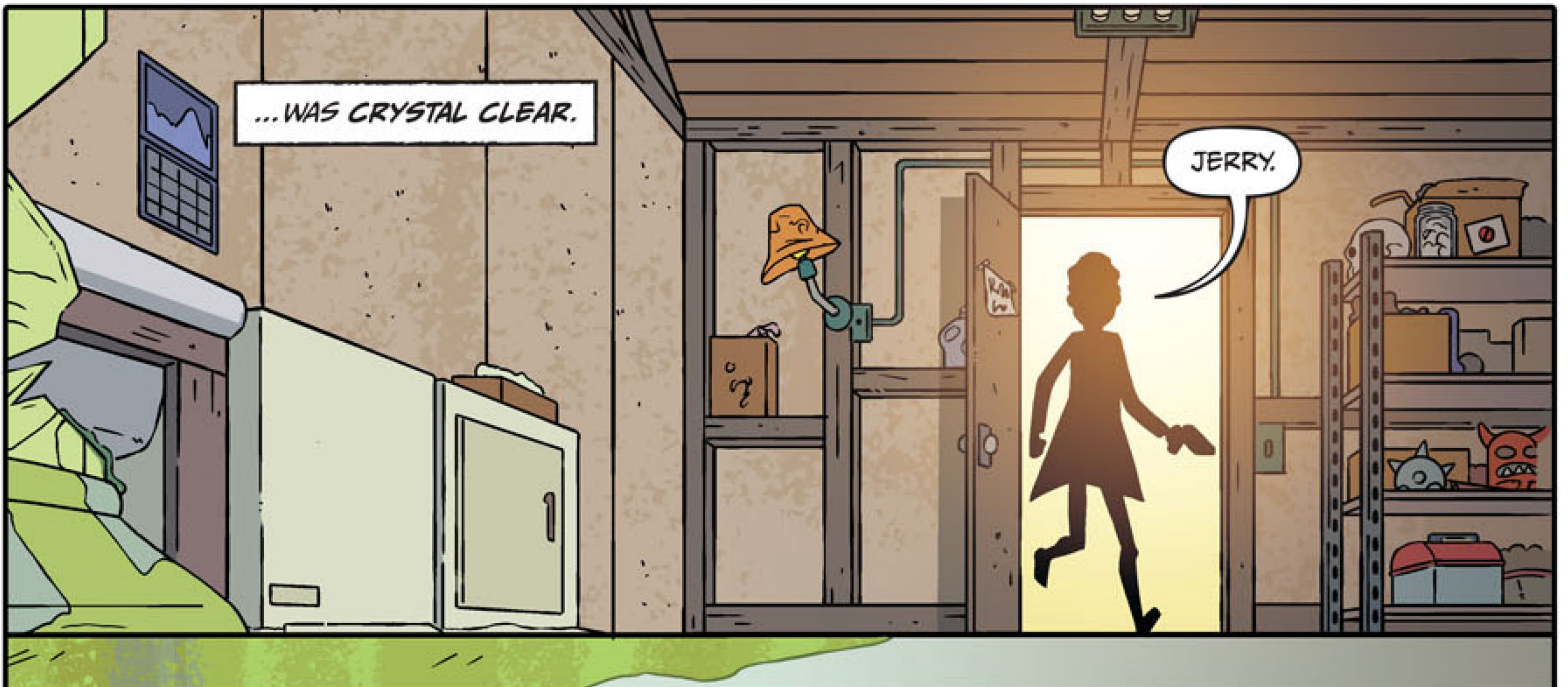


NAMES, FACES, DINOSAURS  
WITH CAMERAS--TOO FAST  
TO MAKE SENSE OF IT.



BUT ONE FACE...

...ONE NAME...



...WAS CRYSTAL CLEAR.

JERRY.

