

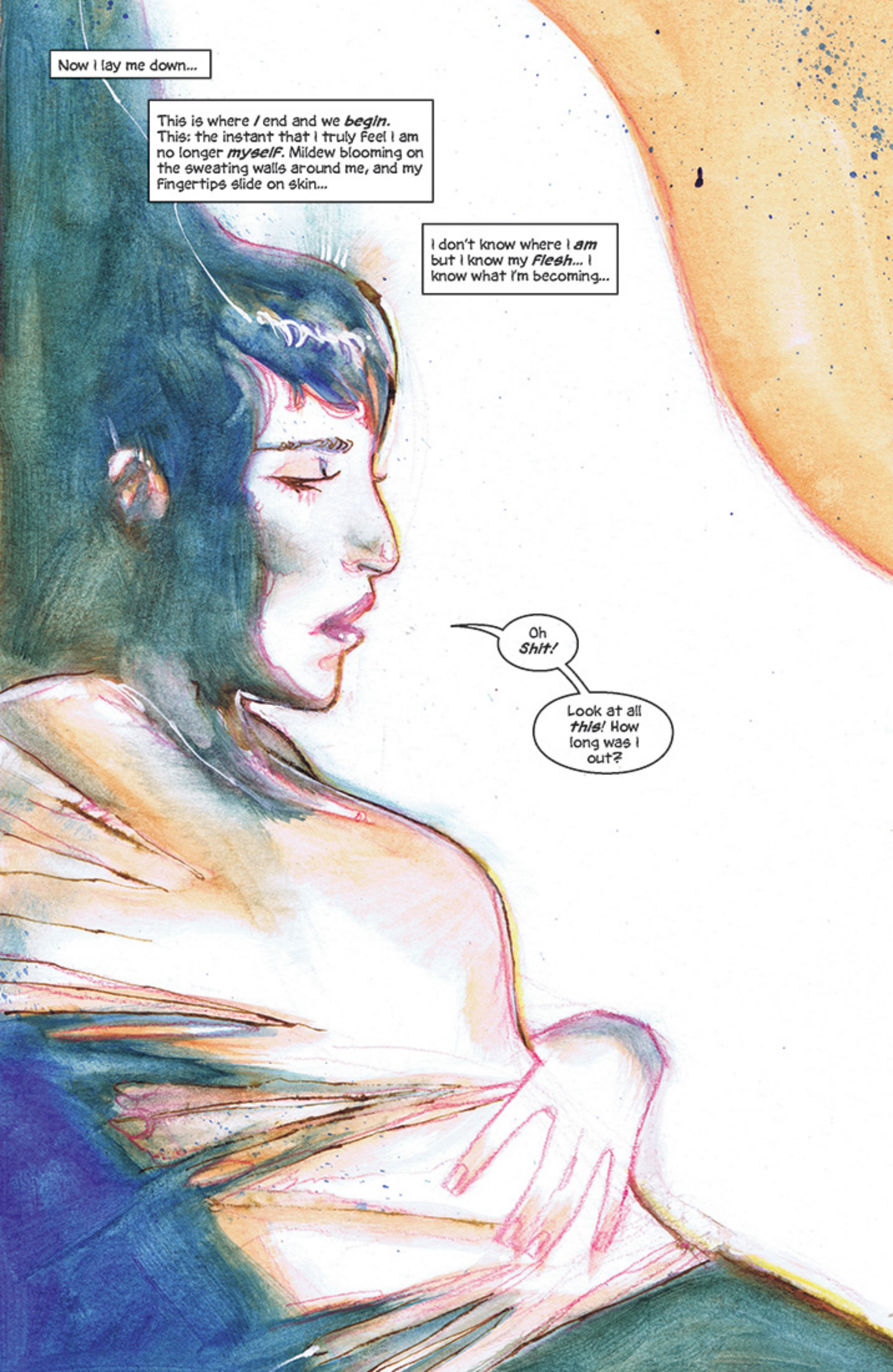
Now I lay me down...

This is where *I* end and we *begin*.  
This: the instant that I truly feel I am  
no longer *myself*. Mildew blooming on  
the sweating walls around me, and my  
fingertips slide on skin...

I don't know where I *am*  
but I know my *Flesh*... I  
know what I'm becoming...

Oh  
*Shit!*

Look at all  
*this!* How  
long was I  
out?



The soft curve of *her*, who I loved so much. The faded two-inch scar above her right nipple.

My breath catches as I rise on a thrilling crest. In my mind's eye, I see a sort of *inward halo* under my skin...

I can *tell* 'cause you look so *disappointed*.

Right. How long was I out this time?

...*her* skin.

But you still have your *cock*, right?

Damn.

You feeling yourself up *again*, you nasty pervert?

Having a little *Fourth of July* celebration, ain't you?

Three days.

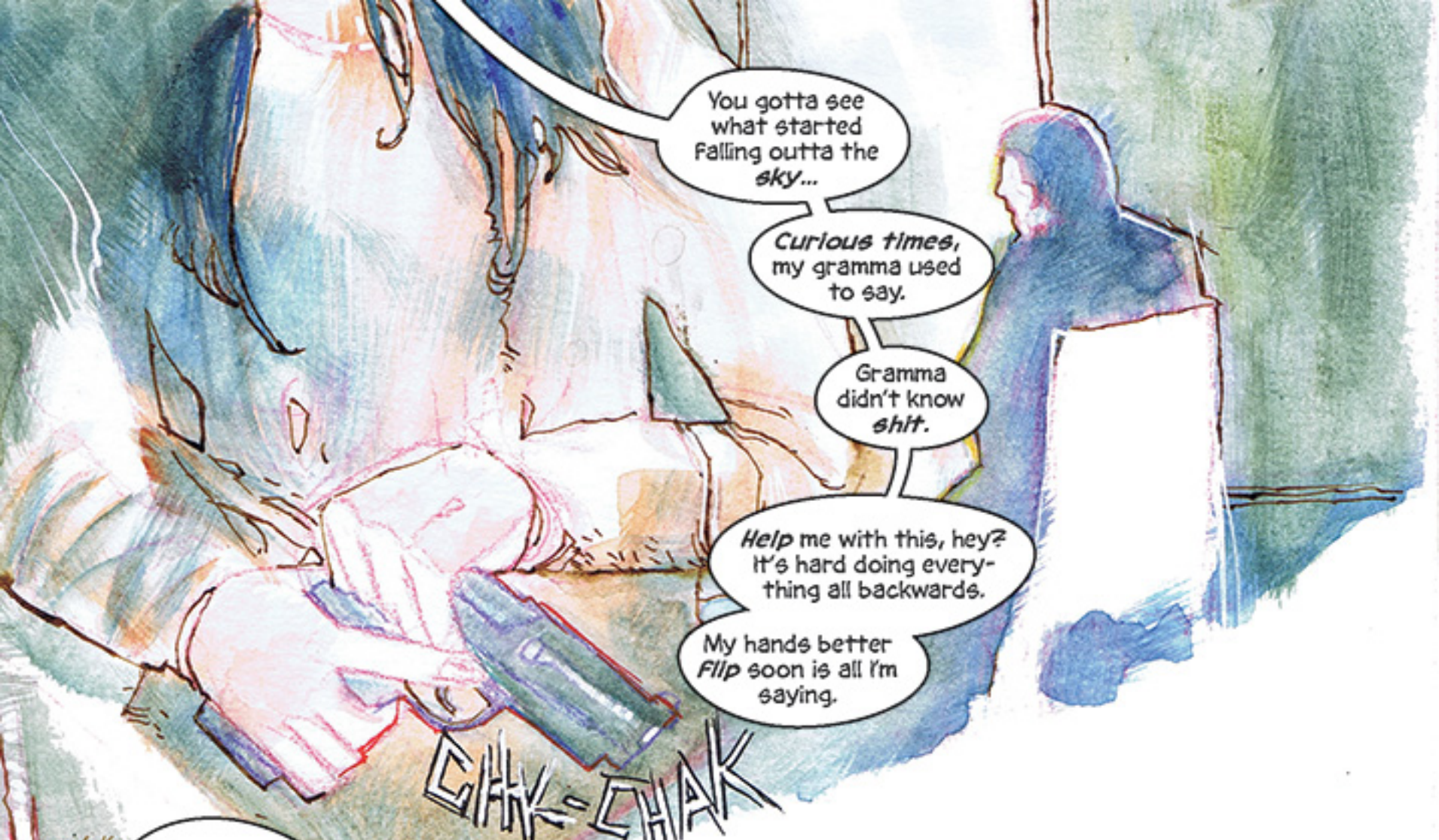
The effect is accelerating. I notice that The Kid's first face is inert now, no longer mouthing pleas for *help*.

A waterlogged blister the size of  
my hand distends behind cheap  
wallpaper over his shoulder.  
Everywhere we go...

...everything is *changing*...



# • intersect



You gotta see  
what started  
falling outta the  
*sky*...

*Curious times,*  
my gramma used  
to say.

Gramma  
didn't know  
*shit*.

*Help* me with this, hey?  
it's hard doing every-  
thing all backwards.

My hands better  
*Flip* soon is all I'm  
saying.

CHK-CHAK

Where are we,  
Kid? This looks  
like Krainz  
Woods.

I had friends here  
before...

Yeah, we're headed  
to Grosse Pointe  
now that the South  
got cut off. Getting  
outta this shithole  
city.

No, no, we  
have to go  
*back!*

Aw, *no!* This is  
why I like you  
better when you  
*out!*

Two fucking  
steps forward,  
*three* fucking  
steps back!

*Allison*, she sticks to  
the plan! Get us out,  
get us *away* before we  
get wrecked, under-  
stand?

But you, all  
your backwards  
bullshit-

BOOO

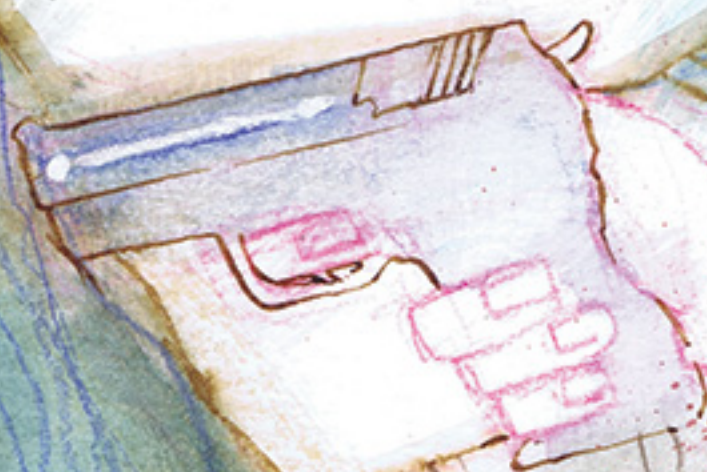
I almost laugh, but then there's the sound - the sound of *claws* clicking on hardwood. A distorted wheeze turns to rough barking...

Oh fuck.  
Oh no!

It's

It's  
*Lucky*...

AAA  
AAA  
AAA



*Knew* he'd find us...

You didn't see what he did to *Betty*. Showed her *guts* to her and then-- Maybe I should--

Maybe I should just--

No!  
Kid, you *shit*,  
you are not  
leaving me  
alone here!

Come on!

A huge weight is  
thrown against  
the door. We flinch.  
Is that his *body*?

How *big* is  
he now?

This way!

The *window*?  
We're five  
floors up, you  
fucking--

Just go!

NOW!





We tumble  
past flakes of  
frosted blood.

It's snowing *blood*  
outside but it's like a...  
It all seems to make a  
kind of *sense*...



Ggghd.

Damn. What did he do *now*? Jump us off a goddamn building?

His neck is *broken*. I had to swap *mine* in.



Ali.

Ali, Christ, am I ever glad *you're* back.

vvvnnnyouu  
if you if you  
if you if  
if you can hear this  
you are one ovvv one  
of us wake up wake up  
and take take vnnn



take over take  
shape it the vvv  
Flesh isssszz

That howl...  
Lucky.

He  
Found  
us?

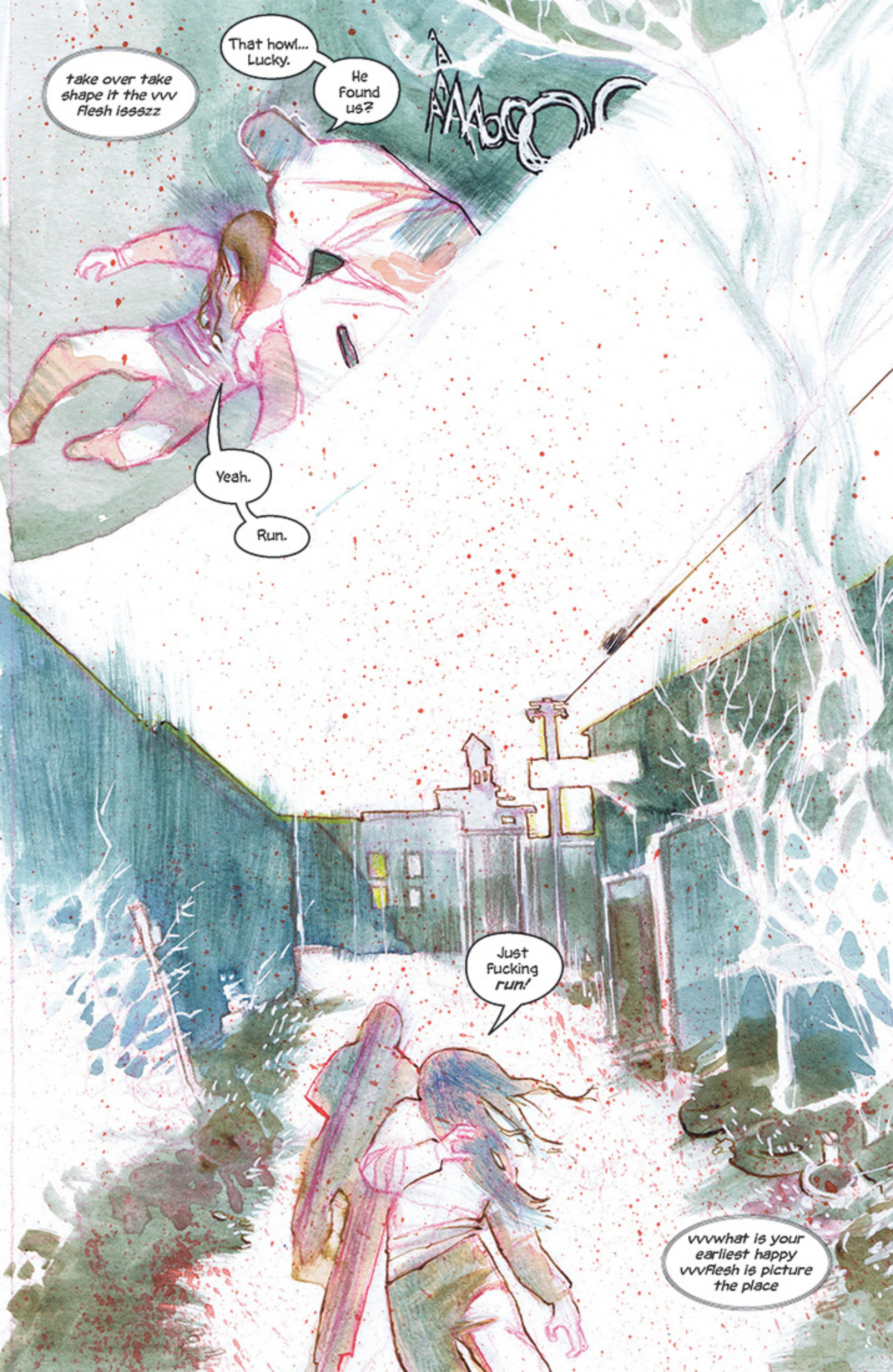
AAAAGG

Yeah.

Run.

Just  
fucking  
run!

vvvwhat is your  
earliest happy  
vvvFlesh is picture  
the place



wake up

Gary's Place!  
Let's duck in here.

nedrag a  
dah l ecno

*Shit*, there's  
already somebody  
in here. C'mon...

Shh...

edneirf ym  
eduoic kcalb

Fnff...  
ahuh...

ahuhuh...

Gary?

Gary, is  
that you?



Oh.

Allison?  
What, uh... what  
are *you* doing  
here?

This is  
so suh-  
strange...

Jesus *Christ*,  
he's growing into  
the freakin' *grill*.

I swear to *God*,  
Kid, if you don't  
shut the fuck up...

Gary. You're  
uh...

...does it hurt  
real *bad*?

Yeah. It huh-  
*hurts*. What's  
happening to  
me?

Ruh-Remem-  
ber when I'd  
make those  
grilled cheese  
sandwiches  
fuh-for you?

Fuck...

Fuck *this*, I  
can't fucking  
take it...

He's *fucked*.  
Let's just get  
outta here.

Hand me one of  
those *knives*.

Kid.

Aw, *no* man,  
let's just  
*book* it.

I don't  
wanna...

I don't wanna  
*see* this, okay?  
Let's get out  
of here before  
Lucky--

We have  
to go!

NOW!

THUMP

THUMP

TH

CRK

We can't  
leave him here  
like this.

We  
can't.

...dnah ym no til  
seilfrettub

No time,  
Ali, no  
*time!*

...ym no til  
seilftettub

Come  
on!

Can you feel  
it? Oh, Christ  
can you *feel*  
that?

There's  
a back  
door...

Shit shit  
**SHIT!**

Goddamn  
it...

Now  
Nownow  
**NOW!**

EXIT

THACK