

JEFF JONES

SPASM!



ADULTS
50¢
ONLY

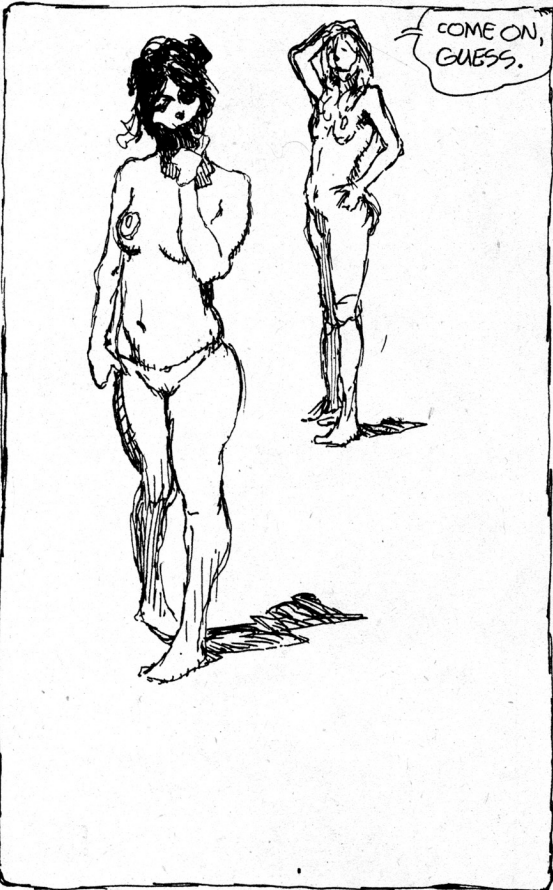


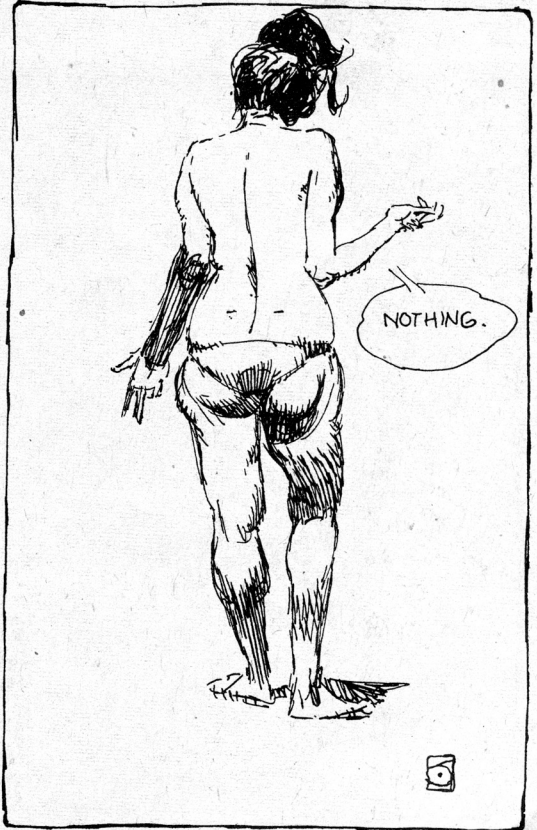
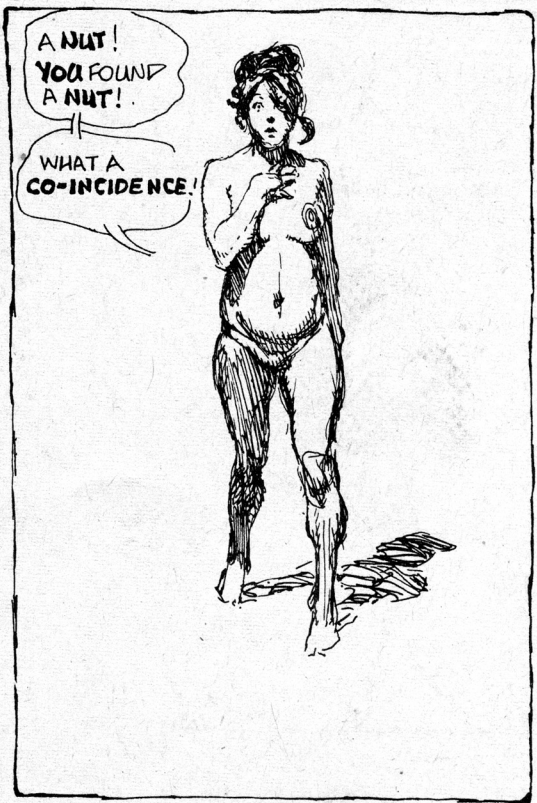
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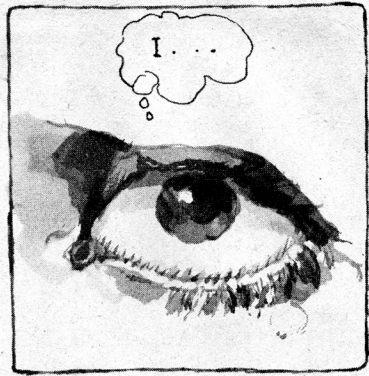
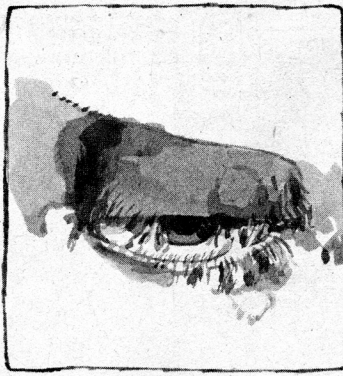
SPASM!



CO-INCIDENCE







SPIRIT OF '76

I CANNOT MOVE. I FEEL THAT I SHOULD,
AND THERE ARE THESE VINES AND
THINGS GROWING OVER ME.



WHAT AM I ?



I DO REMEMBER SOMETHING...
I REMEMBER REMEMBERING.

AND THE WIND WHISPERED TO
HIM THE ANSWER AND HE
STRAINED TO HEAR. A MILLION
MILLION BACKS OF A MILLION
MILLION LEAVES.

BUT HE COULDN'T REMEMBER. AND
THOUGH HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE
WAS CERTAIN THOUGHTS PERSISTED.

I THINK
I SHOULD
BE
MOVING,
BUT
I
CANNOT.

THE UNIVERSE DANCED AROUND HIM.
THE GROUND WAS ALIVE — AND THE
TREES. THE WORLD CRAWLED IN THE
SUN, AND IN THE SKY THERE
MOVED GREAT WHITE AND THUNDER
MOUNTAINS.

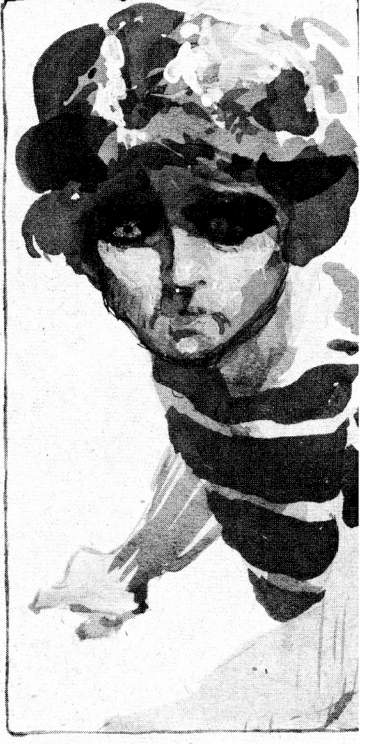
HOW LONG HAVE I
BEEN HERE?

AND THEN, SOUNDS
APPROACHING — NOT
SOUNDS OF THE
FOREST.

WAIT! WHAT IS
THAT? ...



HELP
ME...





THEY... SEE
... ME.
THANK GOD!



WOW!



LOOK AT
THE BONES!



SAVED

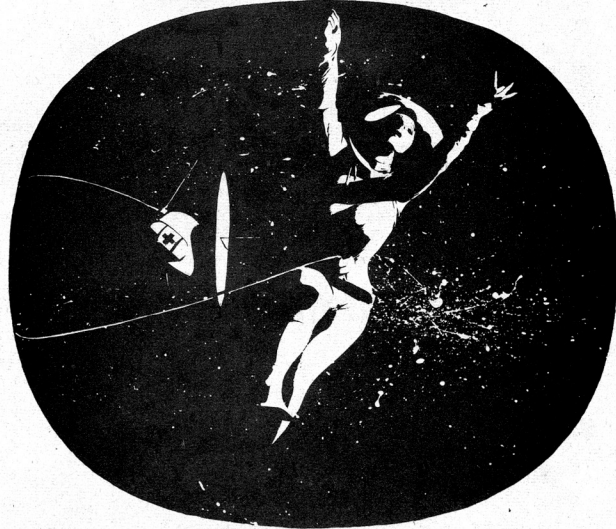


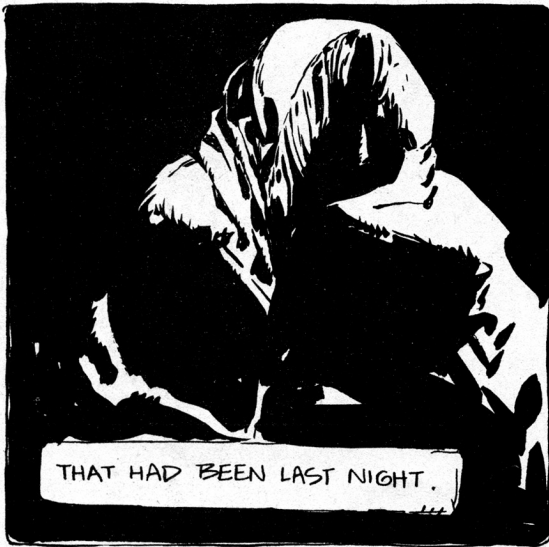
SHE KNEW NO ONE WOULD EVER COME. SURVIVOR-PAK OR NOT - NO ONE HAD EVER BEEN FOUND OUT HERE. THIS WAS ETERNITY, AND A TEN YEAR PAK MEANT NOTHING TO ETERNITY. SHE THOUGHT OF MANY THINGS DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF PANIC. SHE THOUGHT OF LONLINESS, FOREVER. SHE THOUGHT OF GOING MAD. SHE THOUGHT OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK. SHE THOUGHT OF SUICIDE. NO! SHE THOUGHT OF FEAR.

A SUPERSATURATED SOLUTION CRYSTALLIZES AROUND A CATALYST. A SOLUTION OF HOPE AND DESPAIR - HOPE CRYSTALLIZING OUT AROUND A DREAM - AN INSANE DREAM. SHE'D HEARD ONCE THAT NOTHING CHANGES IN SPACE - AND IT WAS THIS THAT HER MIND CLUTCHED CRAZILY. TO HER AN ONLY HOPE.

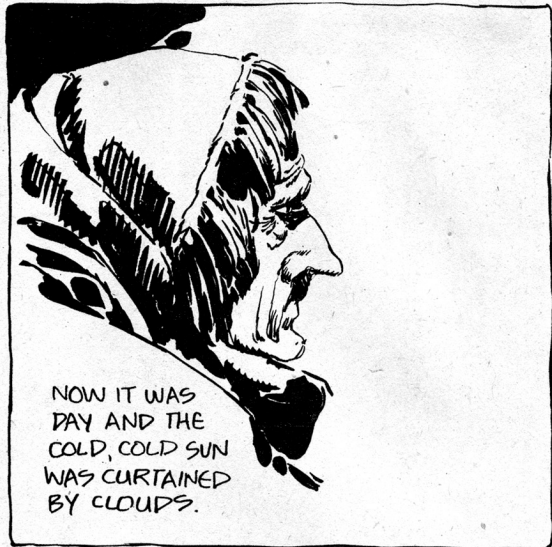
SHE SLEPT AND WOKE AND SLEPT AND TIME DRAGGED PAINFULLY ON. TO DIE LIKE THIS; TO DIE HERE AND NEVER CHANGE, NEVER DECAY - TO BE YOUNG FOREVER IN DEATH. HER MIND REELED AND THIS ALL PER- VADING IDEA BECAME AN OBSESSION; SOMETHING FOR THE EMPTY MIND TO HOLD ON TO. IN FACT, A THING TO LIVE FOR TO DIE FOR TO CONSOLE THE HORROR OF NOTHING.

THEN THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENED. IN THE VASTNESS BETWEEN PLANETS, WHERE THE LOST WAS NEVER FOUND, A TINY SUITED FIGURE, HOOKED ALSO TO A PAK, DRIFTED INTO VIEW MOVING STRAIGHT TOWARD HER. OH, GOD! CAN IT BE! FEAR OF CRUEL HALLUCINATION SHOOK HER NERVES. HOW MANY DAYS, MONTHS, YEARS HAD THAT OTHER LONE FIGURE MOVED SUSPENDED HERE? COULD IT BE ALIVE?





THAT HAD BEEN LAST NIGHT.



NOW IT WAS
DAY AND THE
COLD, COLD SUN
WAS CURTAINED
BY CLOUDS.



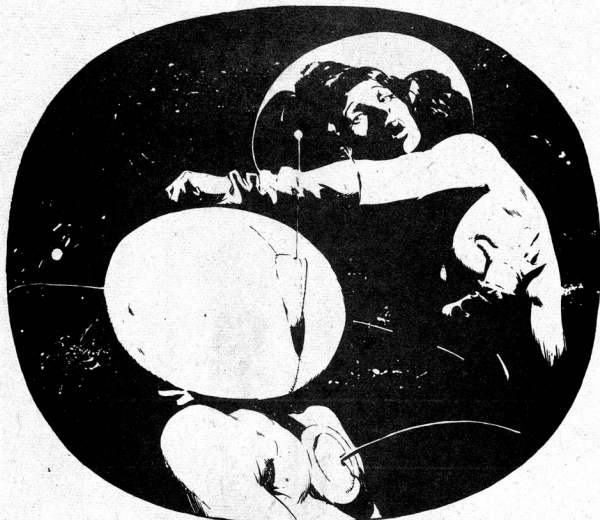
SHE COULD STILL HEAR THE MOANS
FROM DOWN THE INKY STAIRWELL.
BUT HE WASN'T COMING UP.

OHH, UHH



OHH H!

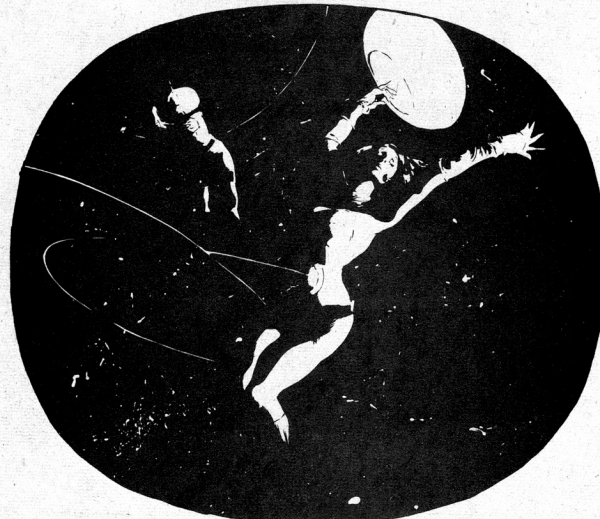
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN BECAUSE
THE FALL BROKE HIS LEGS WHEN
SHE THREW THE CHAIR.



THE TWO DRIFTED TOGETHER - A RENDEZVOUS OF IMPROBABILITY. LISTEN! LISTEN! CAN YOU HEAR? SHE FOUND COURAGE AND POUNDED HER FIST TO THE HELMET, AND THE FIGURE FROM OUT THERE SLOWLY TURNED TOWARD HER.



AIIIEEE! NO! NO!



HER HANDS WENT TO HER HELMET AND HER LIFE TOUCHED THE VELOCITY OF ESCAPE. DEAD. FROZEN. YOUNG FOREVER. UNKNOWNLY THE DREAM OF SO MANY MONTHS BECAME REAL. FOR AS SHE DIED SO DID THE MILLION OR SO SYMBIOTIC BACTERIA IN HER SYSTEM. BACTERIA THAT HAD LIVED TO FEED ON THE FLESH OF THE STRANGER. LIVED UNTIL THEY TOO HAD DIED, IN THEIR OWN WASTE.

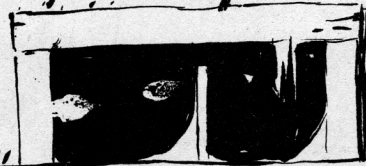
SHE HAD STRANGELY WON. BUT NO ONE WAS THERE TO APPLAUD.

THE ENEMY

SHE NEVER WENT OUT.



IT WAS COLD OUT.



THE COLD WAS HER OLD ENEMY. IT HAD KILLED SOMEONE DEAR TO HER ONCE LONG AGO. SO SHE NEVER WENT OUT.





AND... NOW...



... SOMEONE, SOMETHING...

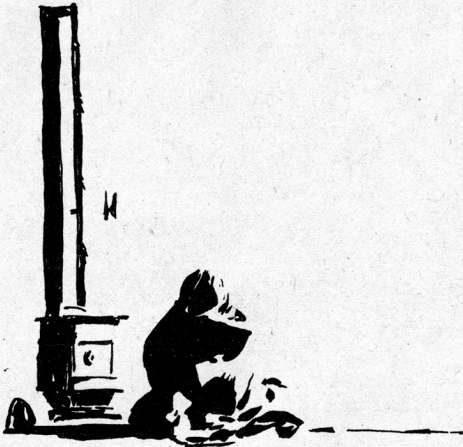
CLICK!



HAD... COME... IN!

SLAM

SHE WAS VERY HUNGRY AND THERE WASN'T MUCH WOOD LEFT FOR THE STOVE.



WILL I EVER EAT AGAIN? I GUESS THE DELIVERIES ARE STILL ON THE PORCH. THE COLD WILL KEEP THEM.

THE COLD!



CREAK!

UHHH





