



I CAN'T
MOVE.



I TRY AND SHIFT--FIRST
TO THE LEFT, AND THEN
TO THE RIGHT, BUT
NOTHING HAPPENS.



AND THEN
I SCREAM.

SANTA MANOS,
JULY 18, 1994.



THE LAST NUCLEAR BASTARDS SHOW, A FEW WEEKS EARLIER.

(SOME SHIT DERIVATIVE THRASH SHIT)



IT LACKS A CERTAIN SOMETHING.

IT'S GOT NO HEART, MAN.

THEY'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING WITH IT.

AND YET, EVERYONE'S HERE.



EVEN THOUGH NUCLEAR BASTARDS ARE SHIT, IT'S A PUNK SHOW IN A BOWLING ALLEY, AND THAT'S JUST COOL BY DEFINITION.

SHUT UP, BUZZ.

WE'VE PLAYED COOLER PLACES.

WE REALLY HAVEN'T, AMI. THIS PLACE ONLY SHUT DOWN LAST MONTH.



WE NEED TO THROW A SICKER GIG THAN THIS. SOMEWHERE EVEN BETTER.

SOMEWHERE WE CAN REALLY SHOW PEOPLE WHAT THE HOME SICK PILOTS ARE ALL ABOUT.



WE SHOULD THROW A GIG IN THE HOUSE THAT KILLS PEOPLE.



I RE-CALIBRATE
THE GHOSTS.



WE BALANCE
TOGETHER.



I WHISPER THEM
ASSURANCES.



I WISH THAT WE'D
NEVER GONE TO
SEE THE NUCLEAR
BASTARDS THAT
NIGHT.



THE NUCLEAR.
FUCKING.
BASTARDS.



ALTHOUGH I CANNOT HEAR MY OWN VOICE, I TALK TO THE THINGS AROUND ME. THEY TRAIL DOWN THE CORRIDORS AND POUND AGAINST THE WALLS.

I TRY TO SOOTHE THEM, FOR I LOVE THEM. I FEEL THEM STIR, AND TOGETHER WE MOVE.



BUT SOMETIMES I LOSE TRACK OF THEM AMONG THE PIPES AND SPLINTERED WOOD...



AND LOSE CONTROL.