

# CYCLES

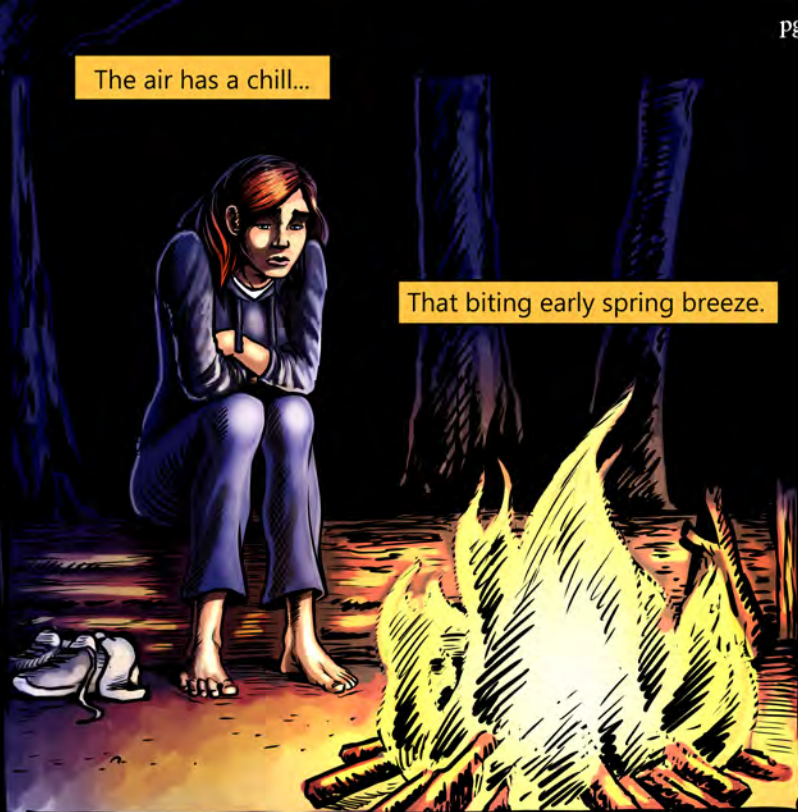
EPISODE 1  
A CRY IN THE WOODS



The ground is cold under my feet.

The air has a chill...

That biting early spring breeze.



It's been **two** months since the **attack**.

I vowed tonight, I'd finally end it.

And a month of **unyielding** dread.

The only way I know how.

I don't even know if it will work.

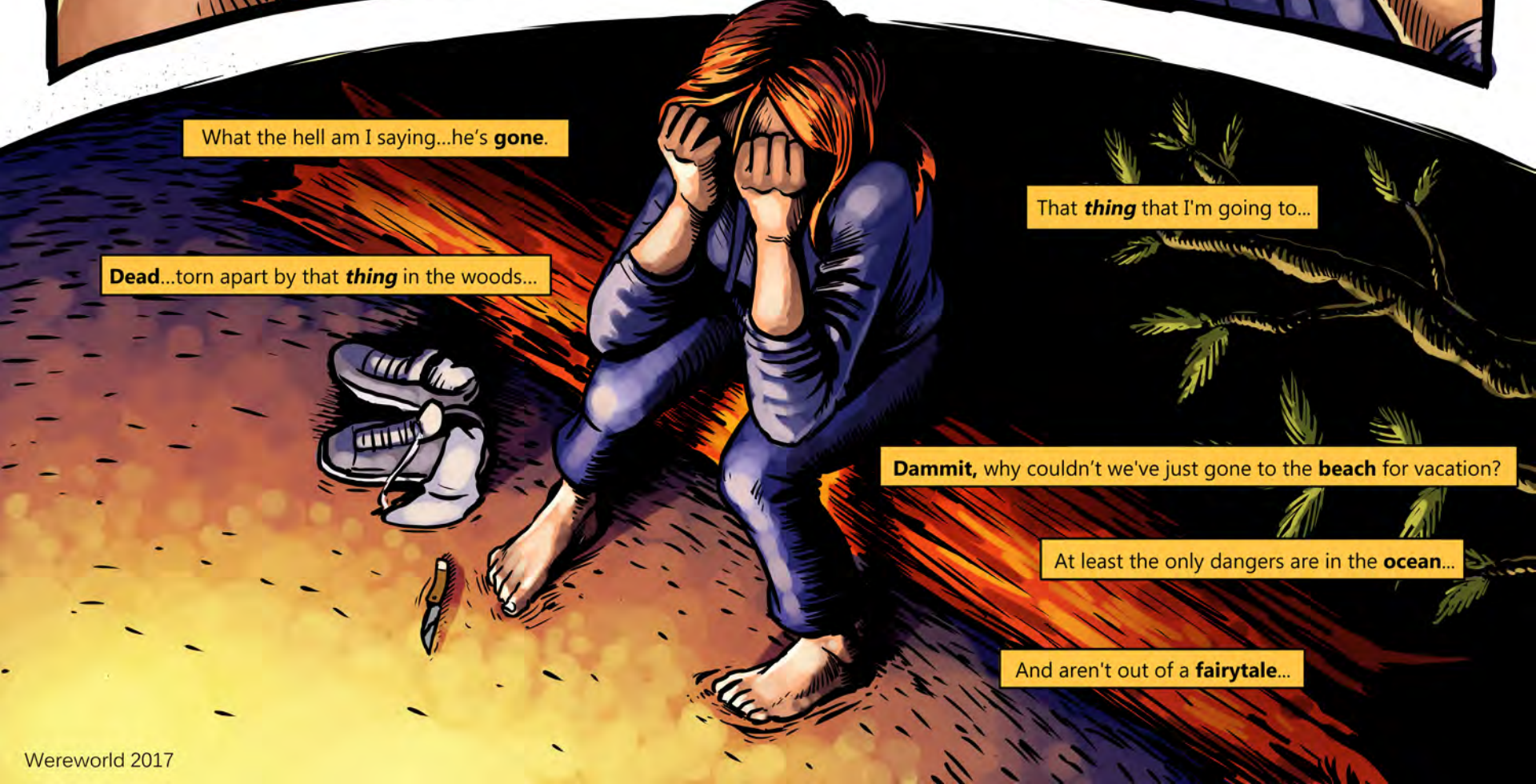
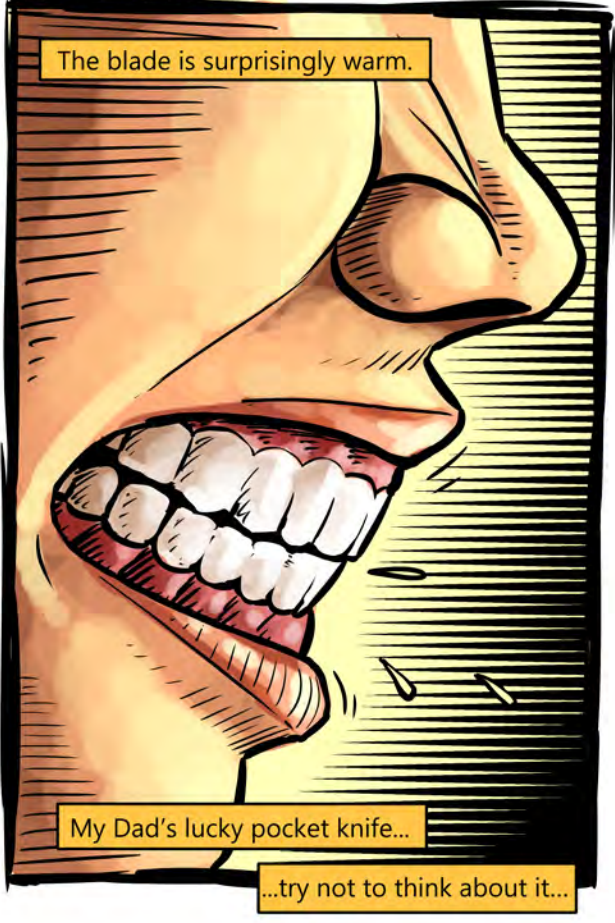
Mmm...

Here we go...

But I'm willing to try anything once.

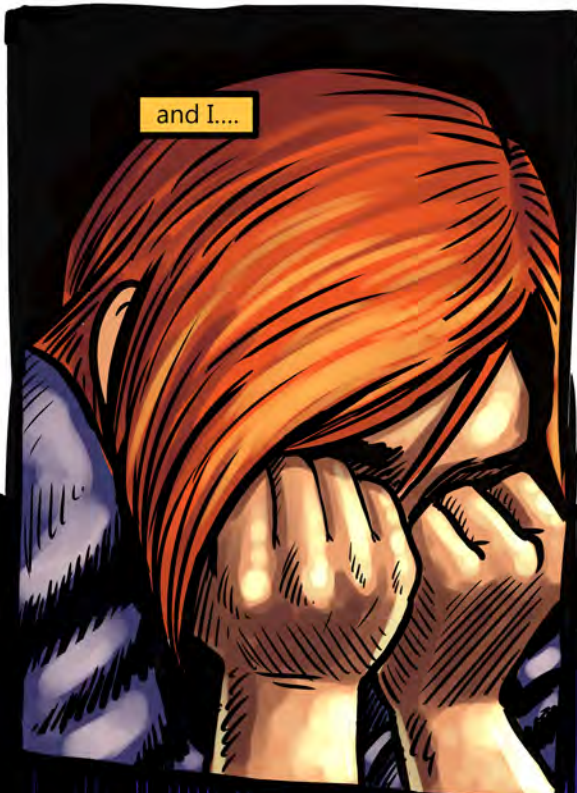
It's the least *painful* way I can think of...







Instead, he meets God...



and I...



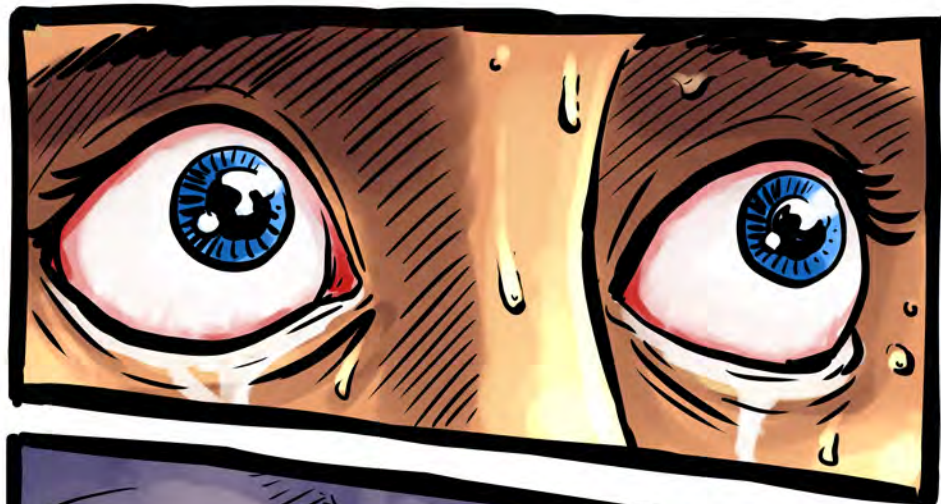
...I...



I face the consequences.



OH, GOD...OH, GOD NO...





You *stupid* girl.

JRRT!

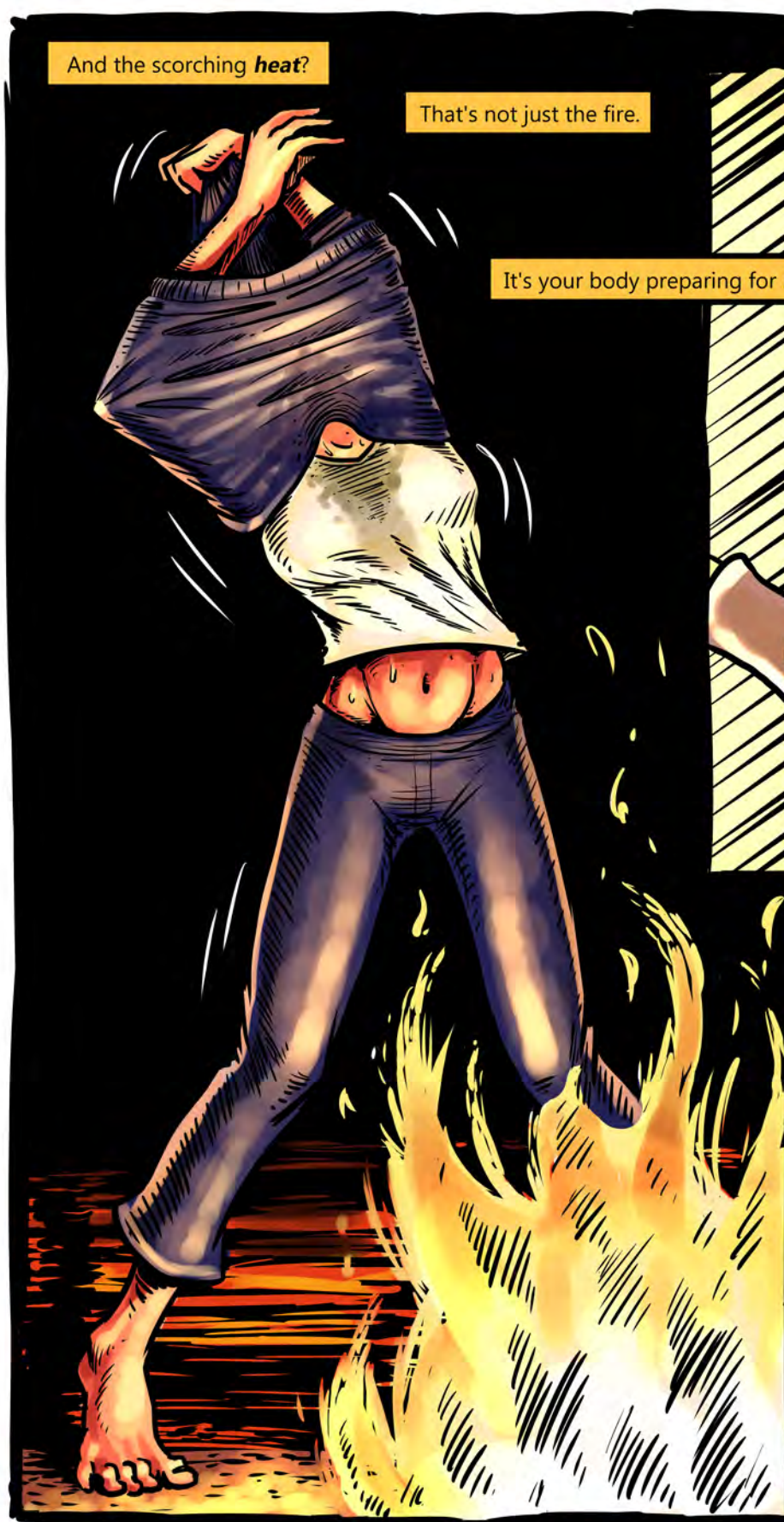
It's too late now.



That throbbing pain in your head?

OH GOD!!!  
GAAAH!!

That's your world crashing down.



And the scorching *heat*?

That's not just the fire.

It's your body preparing for *hell* once again.



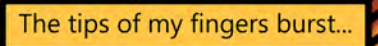
GRRT!!



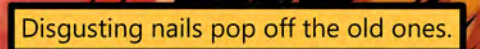
It feels like a giant knife is splitting my hand in half.



If only that were the case.



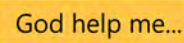
The tips of my fingers burst...



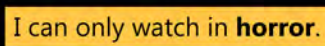
Disgusting nails pop off the old ones.



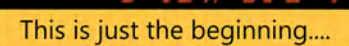
The bones in my hand snap and crack...



God help me...



I can only watch in **horror**.



This is just the beginning....



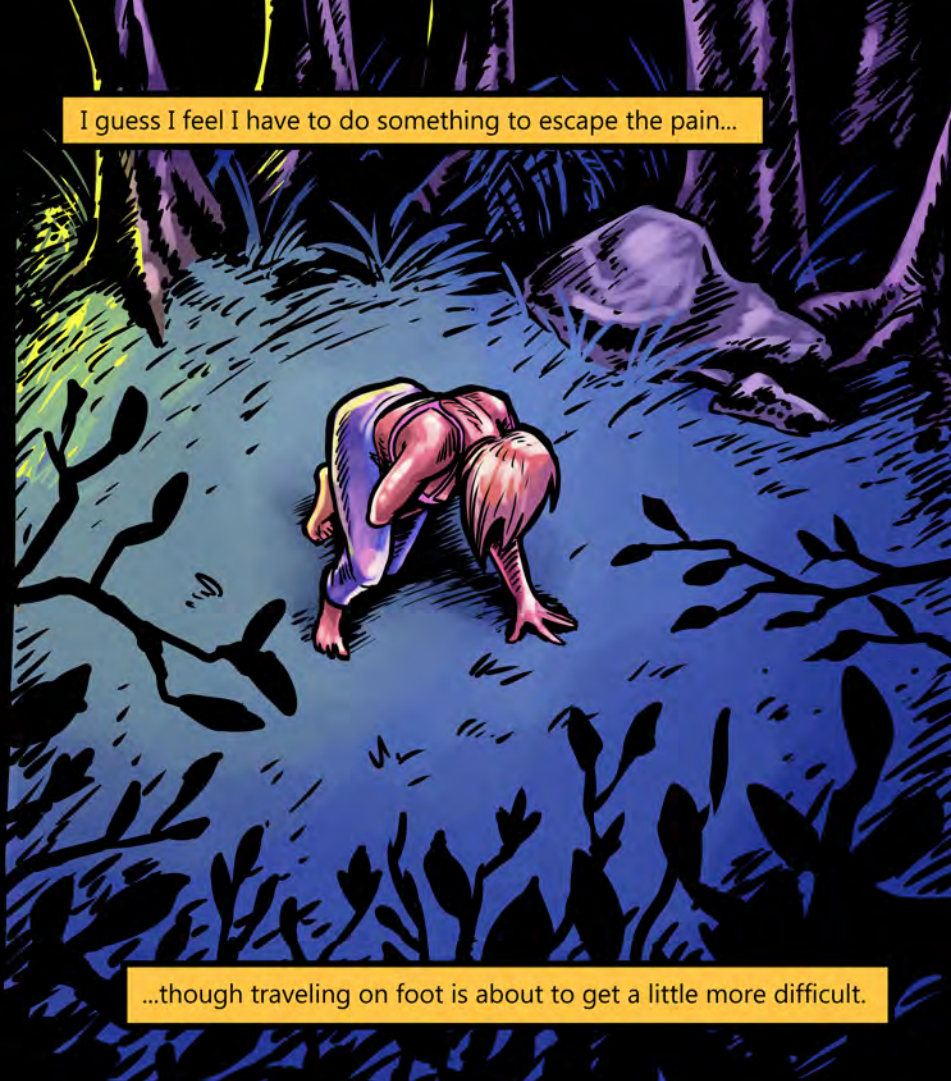
You're running?

That's cute...

Where to? The Hospital?

An elementary school?

A Dairy Queen?



I guess I feel I have to do something to escape the pain...

...though traveling on foot is about to get a little more difficult.



The searing heat and pain now reaches the lowest point...

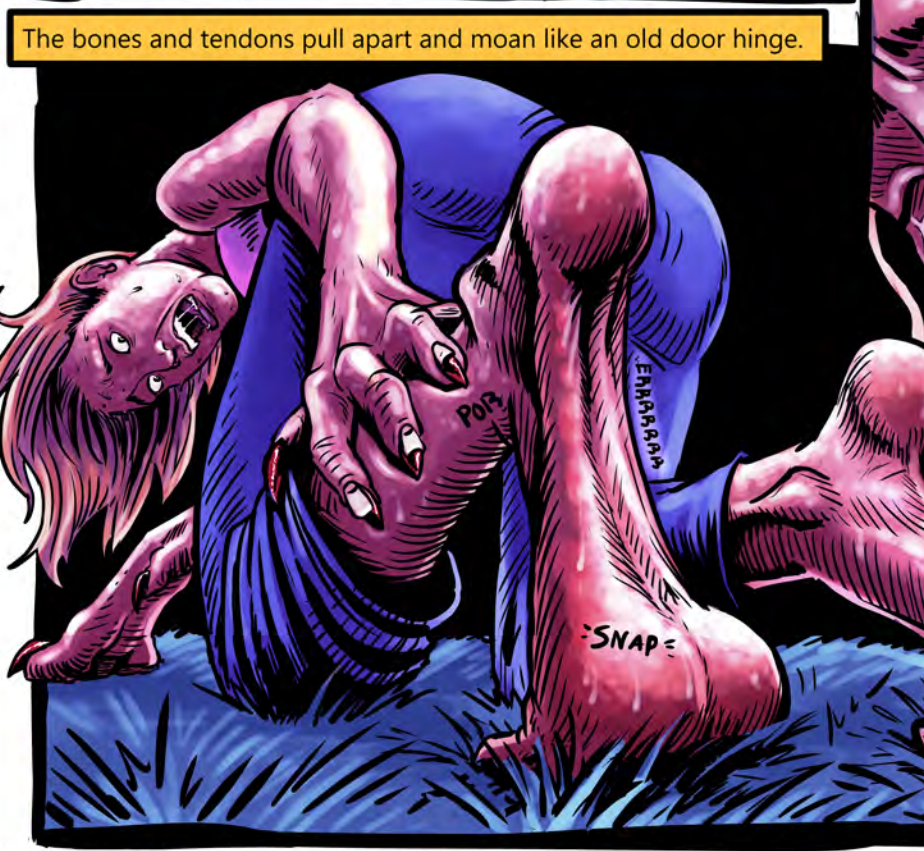


I hate this part.

CRACK

ERRRRRR

SNAP



The bones and tendons pull apart and moan like an old door hinge.



"Help me!"



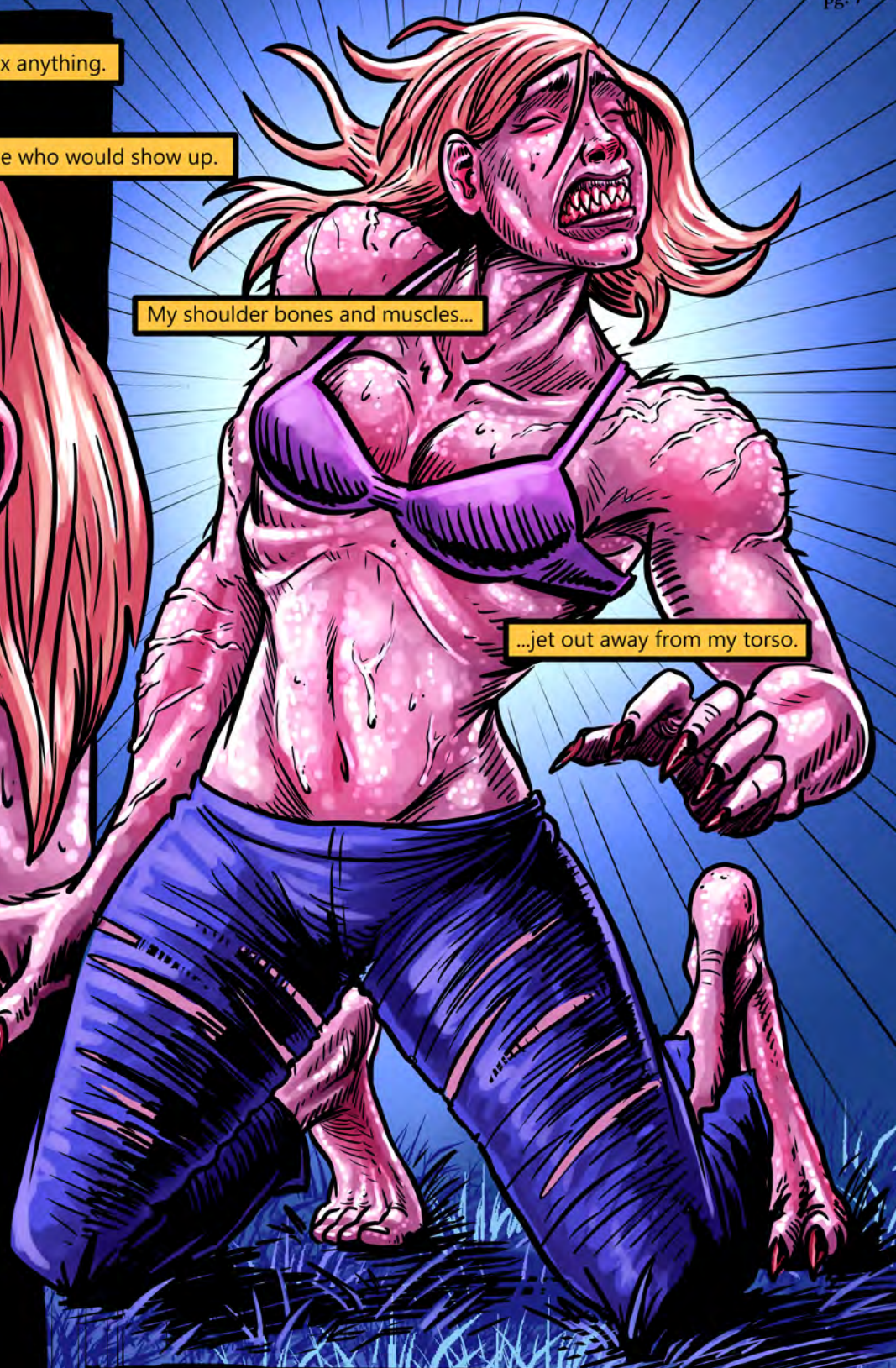
"Somebody!"



HELLLLLLLP!

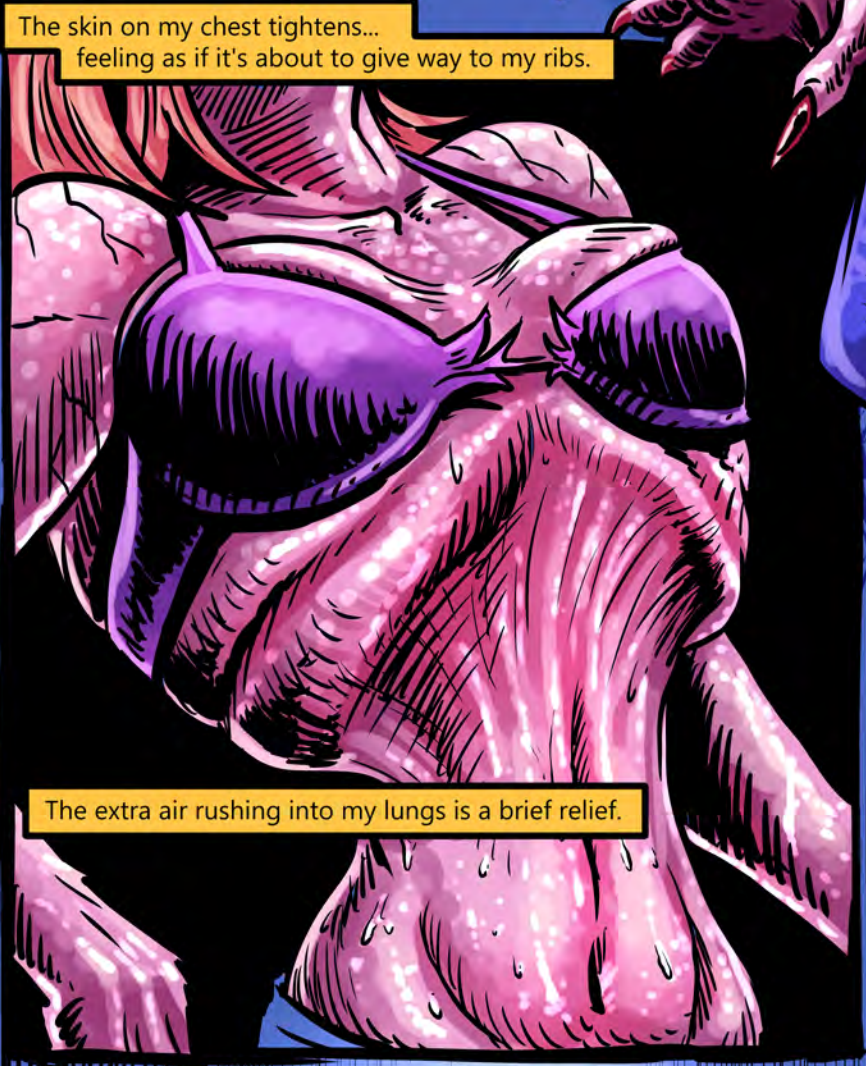
Crying for help won't fix anything.

God help anyone who would show up.



My shoulder bones and muscles...

...jet out away from my torso.



The skin on my chest tightens... feeling as if it's about to give way to my ribs.

The extra air rushing into my lungs is a brief relief.



I fall forward...

...only to feel my shoulder blades pushing out of my back.

God, the sounds.

I can't imagine it feeling any different.



It's as if I'm being twisted and mangled in a trash compactor.



I can get to my knees briefly...it won't last.

My leg muscles tighten and groan.

I can feel them expand as my pants begin to rip.



There goes my other hand.

It begins to stretch, pull, and rip through the banding of my pants...

...knuckles popping and joints snapping....



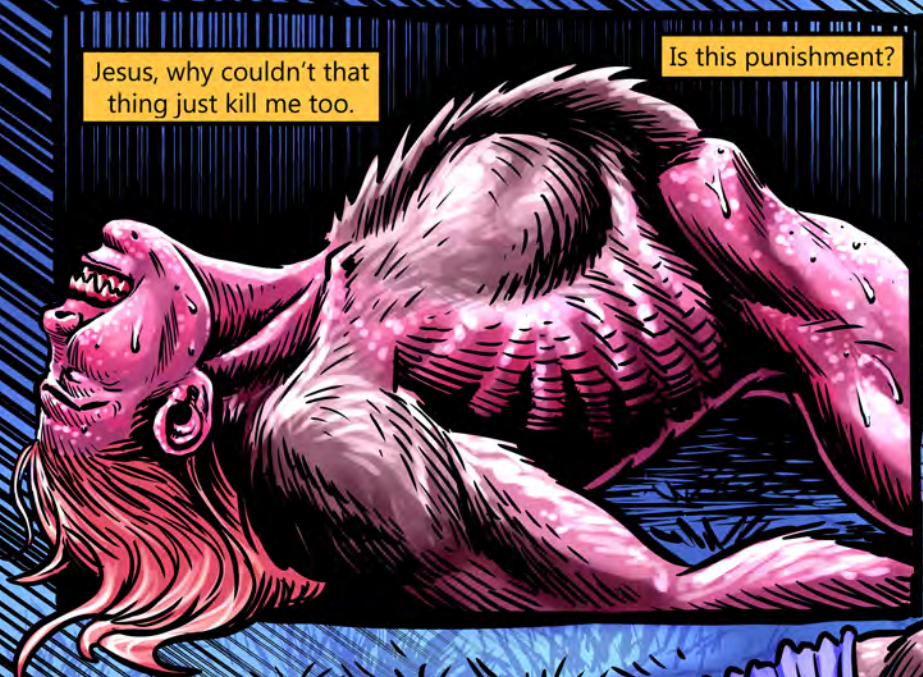
I tried to tell him to stay in the car...the **screaming** in the woods...

Jesus, why couldn't that thing just kill me too.

Is this punishment?

...it wasn't unlike my own.

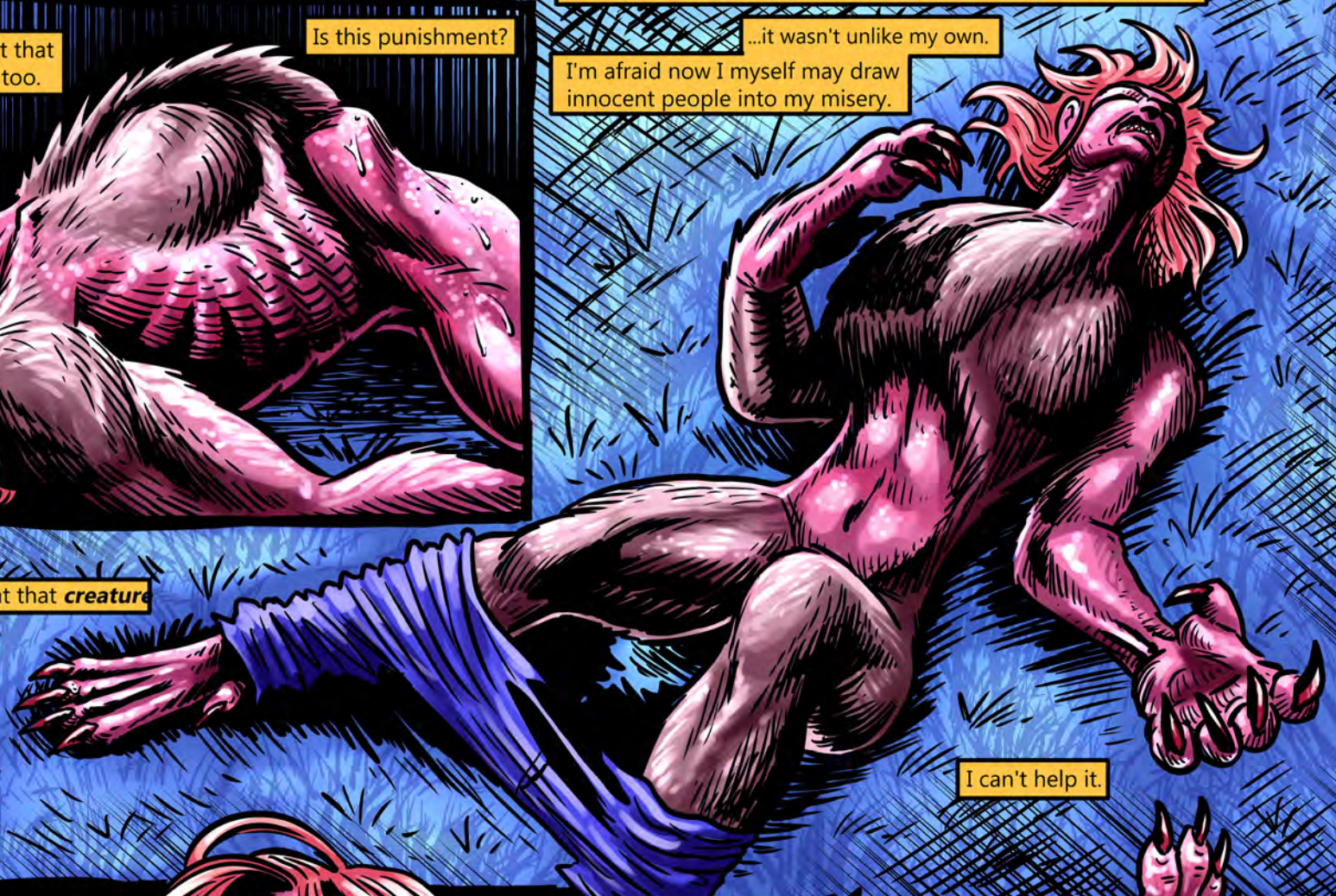
I'm afraid now I myself may draw innocent people into my misery.



And do to them, what that **creature** did to my father...

...and **me**.

I can't help it.



Between screams I look down at my **horrid** body.

I can't recognize it anymore.

The monstrous hands, chest, feet. I'm losing my humanity again.





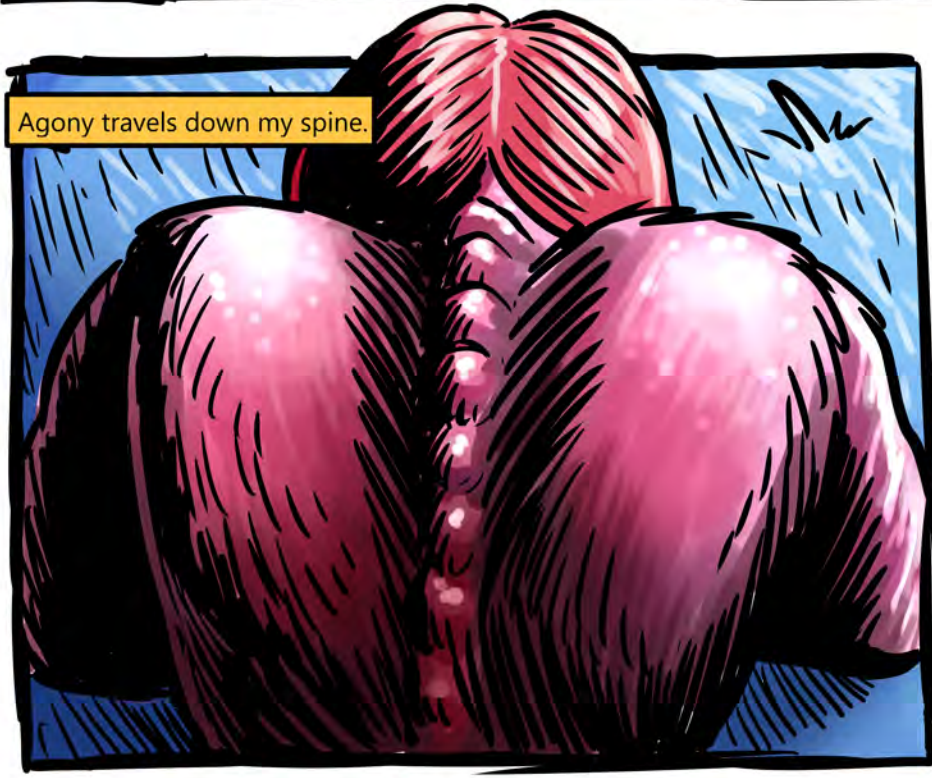
DAD! PLEASE HELP ME! I'M SORRY!

Are you serious?

You think Daddy's going to come save you?

Is he going to ride in on a magic cloud and take you away from all **this**?

You really **ARE** losing it.



Agony travels down my spine.



Each disc bubbles to the surface all the way to my tail bone...



I can feel my ears changing.

I can suddenly hear things scurrying in the woods.

I get a final glance at the culprit...

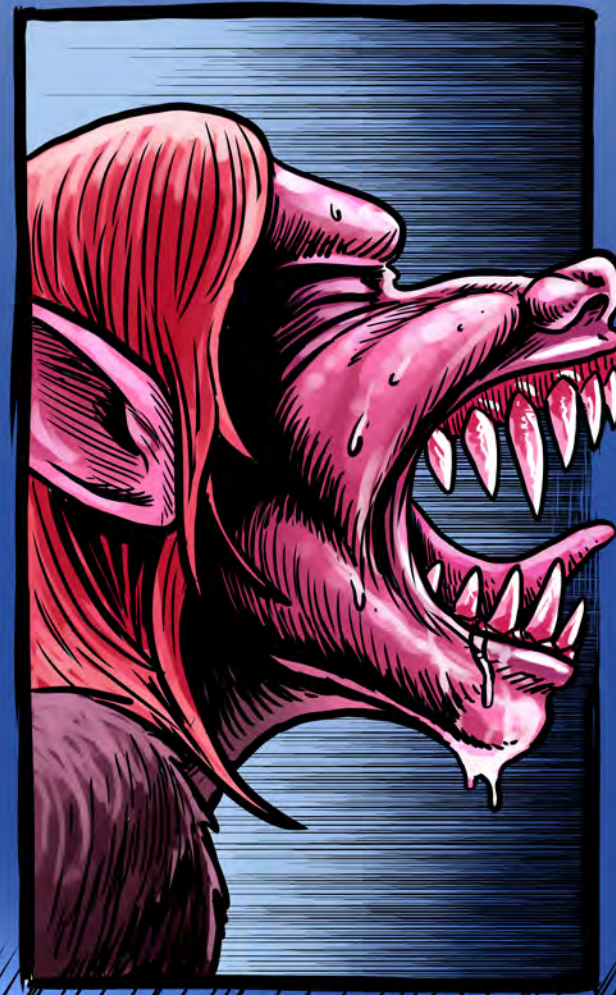
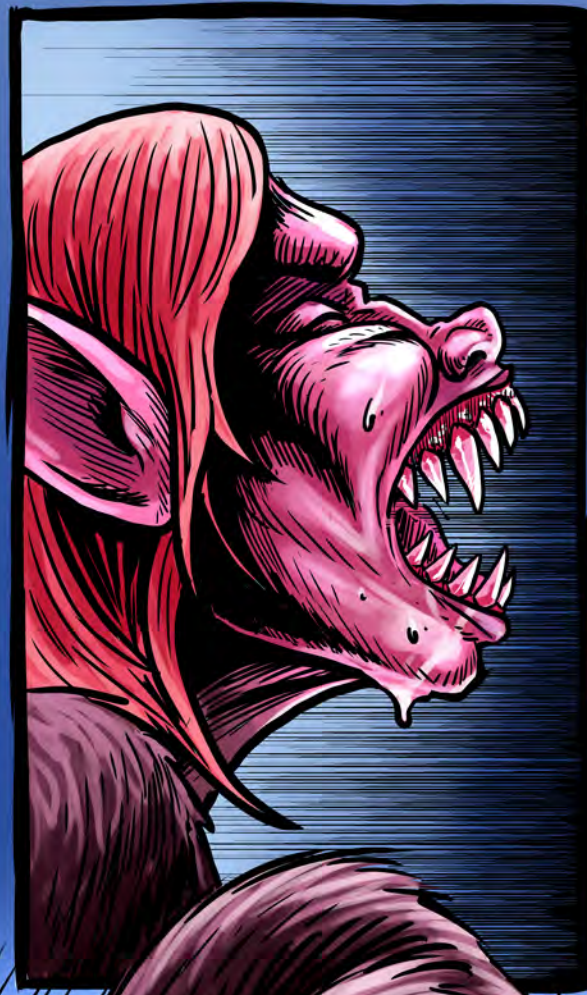


...then my head explodes.

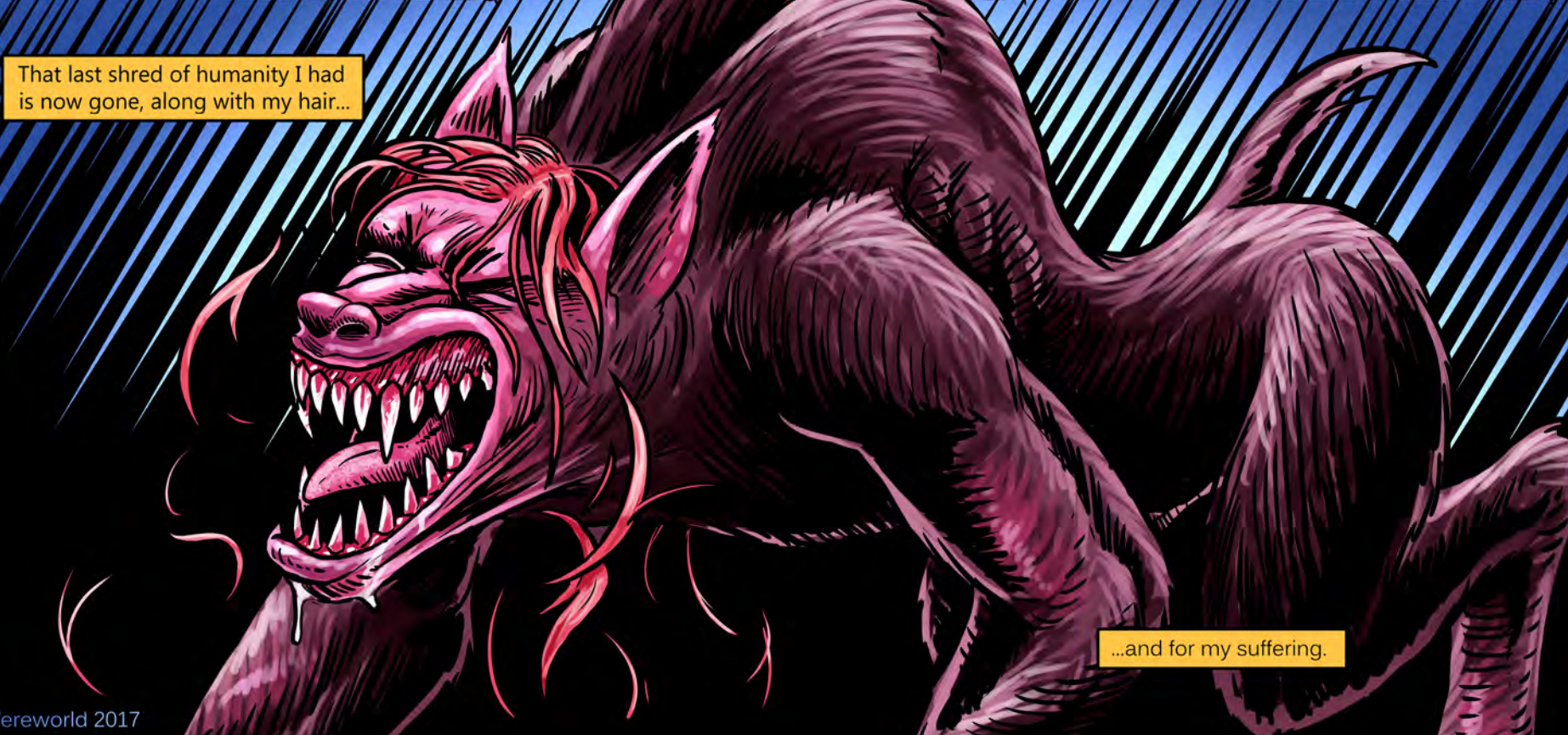
Pain shoots through my gums and cheeks as they push outward.



It's almost over...the bones and muscles in my face convulse and shift.



That last shred of humanity I had is now gone, along with my hair...



...and for my suffering.

I'm rewarded.



A rush of emotions overwhelms me, making me question why I ever wanted to be rid of this...

...gift.

I feel like an animal.

I'm rejuvenated...wild...

...and **hungry.**

I wonder if there's anyone by the road...

THE END