

Excerpt from the short story, "The Boxer"

"It's nothing to worry about
Mr. Connelly."



"She does have a case of
chronic pneumonia."



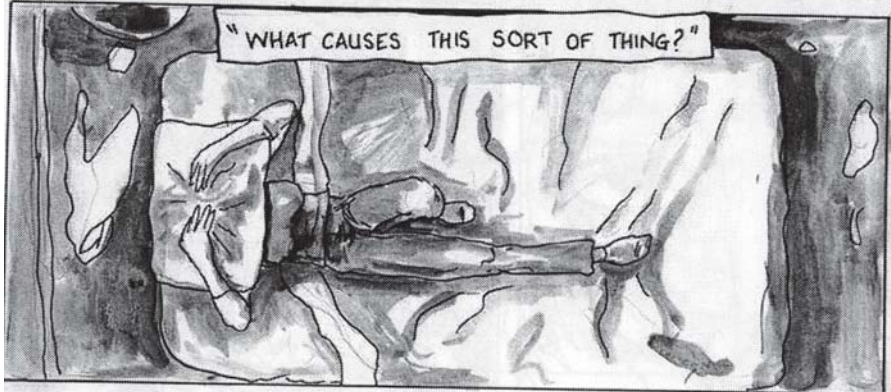
"She's young and otherwise
very healthy."



"Don't worry sir we'll take
good care of her here."



"WHAT CAUSES THIS SORT OF THING?"



YOU ARE SOMETHING.

A MUFFLED CONSCIOUSNESS

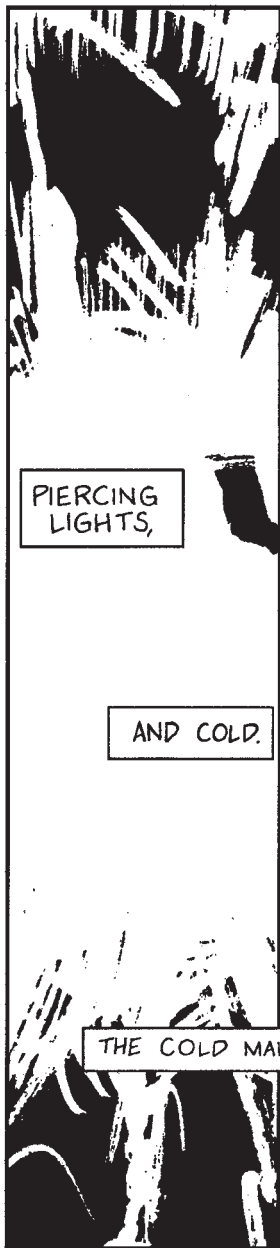
SECURED IN A WARM GEL OF

DARKNESS.



YOU ARE FIVE SECONDS.

HARSH COLORS,



PIERCING LIGHTS,

AND COLD.



THE COLD MAKES YOU SCREAM.