



RICK REMENDER

DANIEL ACUÑA

ESCAPE





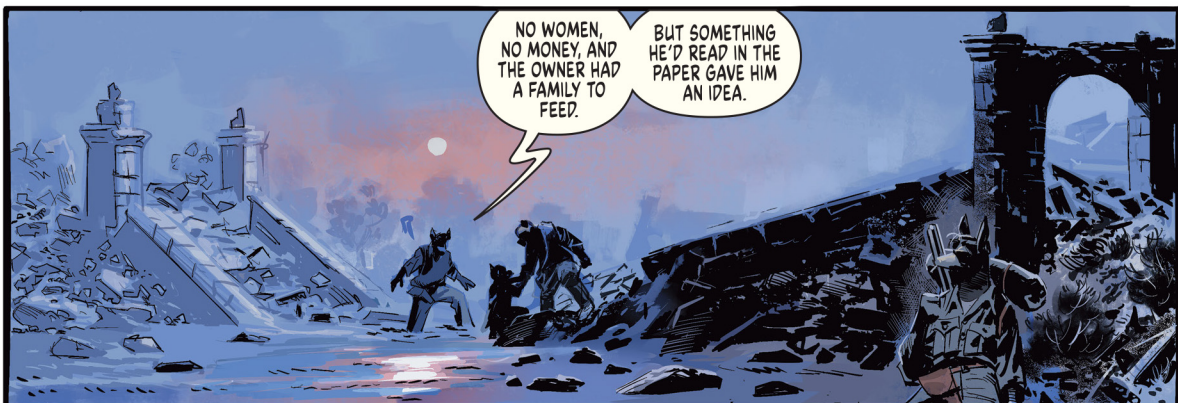
A FEW YEARS BACK, I HEARD A STORY ABOUT A FELLOW WHO RAN A BROTHEL.

NOT A VERY CLEVER FELLOW.



COULDN'T KEEP THE PLACE CLEAN OR RUNNING PROPERLY.

SO, ONE BY ONE, ALL OF THE WOMEN LEFT.



NO WOMEN, NO MONEY, AND THE OWNER HAD A FAMILY TO FEED.

BUT SOMETHING HE'D READ IN THE PAPER GAVE HIM AN IDEA.



THERE WAS A GOVERNMENT PROGRAM MAKING INFLATABLE WOMEN FOR LONELY SOLDIERS.

SO, HE FOUND A BLACK-MARKET FELLOW AND BOUGHT HIMSELF ONE.



HE TOOK THE INFLATABLE WOMAN UP TO HIS BEST ROOM.

PUT A WIG ON HER, TUCKED HER INTO BED, AND TURNED THE LIGHTS LOW.

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS...



THAT
EVENING, HIS
LAST REGULAR
CUSTOMER
CAME IN.

THE OWNER
SAT HIM DOWN AND
POURED HIM SOME
CHEAP BOOZE.

KEPT POURING
UNTIL THE FELLOW
WAS **SO DRUNK** HE
COULD BARELY
STAND.



FINALLY,
THE FELLOW SAID,
"ALL RIGHT. WHERE'S
MY LADY?"

THE OWNER
SMILED, "ROOM
SEVEN. A NEW
WOMAN. ONLY JUST
JOINED US.

"I THINK
YOU'LL FIND
HER TO YOUR
LIKING."



CRAFTY.

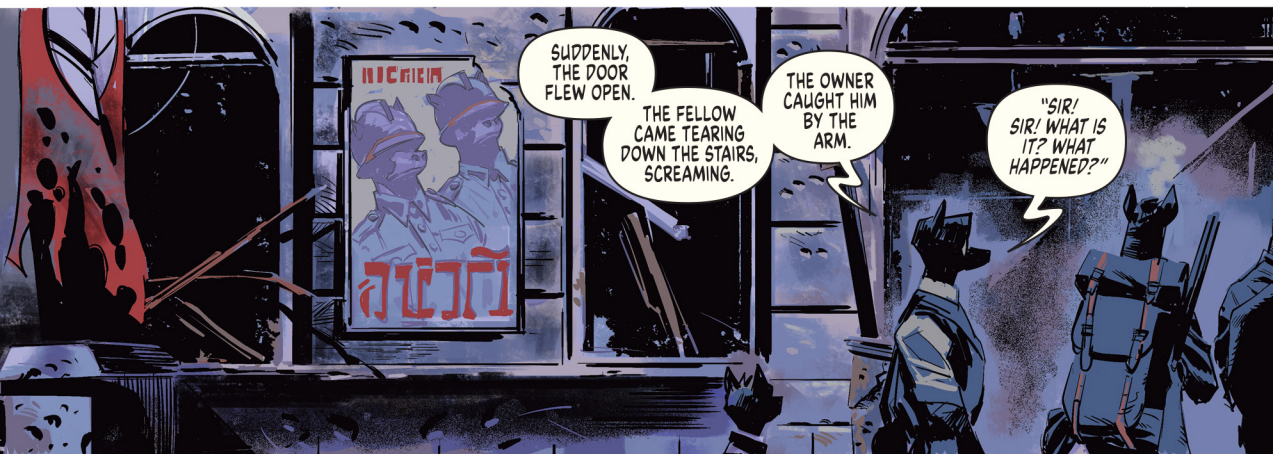
SO, THE DRUNK
WENT UP THE
STAIRS, STUMBLED
INTO ROOM SEVEN,
AND SLOWLY
CLOSED THE
DOOR.



THE
OWNER SAT
DOWNSTAIRS,
SWEATING.

LISTENING.

FEEDING
HIS FAMILY
DEPENDS ON
WHAT HAPPENED
IN THAT
ROOM.



SUDDENLY,
THE DOOR
FLEW OPEN.

THE FELLOW
CAME TEARING
DOWN THE STAIRS,
SCREAMING.

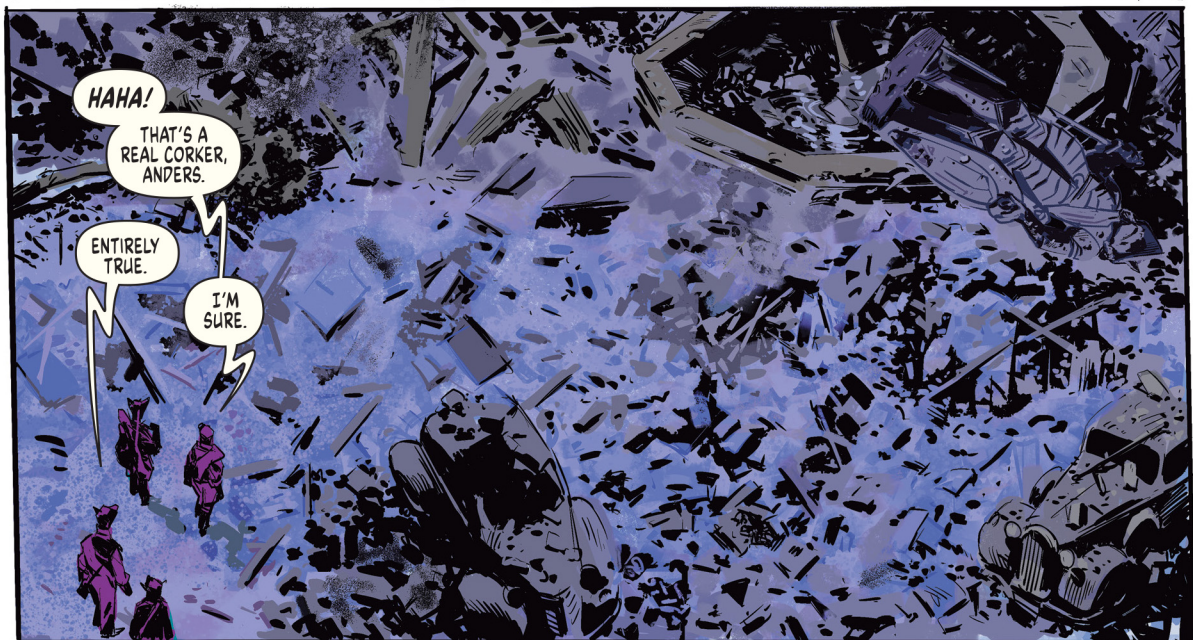
THE OWNER
CAUGHT HIM
BY THE
ARM.

"SIR!
SIR! WHAT IS
IT? WHAT
HAPPENED?"



"I DON'T
KNOW!"

"EVERYTHING
WAS GOING FINE UNTIL
I BIT HER ON THE
NECK, AND SHE FARTED
AND FLEW OUT THE
WINDOW!"



HAHA!

THAT'S A
REAL CORKER,
ANDERS.

ENTIRELY
TRUE.

I'M
SURE.



RATHER
SUMS UP YOUR
LOT, DOESN'T
IT?



THAT
ONE DIRTY
JOKE?

A PEOPLE'S
HUMOR REVEALS
WHAT'S
UNDERNEATH.

IN HARD
TIMES, YOU BATS
TURN TO
DECEPTION.



ONE BIG BROTHEL.
SELLING BLOW-UP
TARTS TO
SUCKERS.

WE HAD A
REPUBLIC.

ELECTIONS.

A FREE
PRESS.



EVERY MACHINE
REQUIRES SOMEONE
TO TEND IT, KEEP IT
RUNNING--

AND YOU LOT
DECIDED TO GIVE
THE LEVERS TO A
FASCIST.



THEY
MISREPRESENTED
THEMSELVES.

EVERY
SYSTEM RESTS
ON INDIVIDUAL
DECENCY.

ONCE EVIL
MEN TAKE
CONTROL OF THE
GEARS, THERE'S
LITTLE THE
INDIVIDUAL CAN
DO.



IS THAT ALL
CIVILIZATION
IS?

CROSS YOUR
FINGERS, HOPE
ENOUGH PEOPLE
BEHAVE THEMSELVES,
AND PRAY NO BASTARD
GETS HIS HANDS ON
THE CONTROLS?



EVIL LEADERS DON'T
NECESSARILY EQUAL AN
EVIL POPULATION.

WHO
TOLD ME THAT,
FLYNN?

THROWING
MY OWN WORDS
BACK AT ME,
ARE WE?



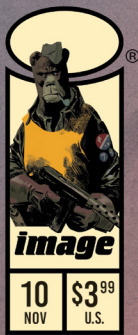
ANDERS
IS SPOT-
ON.

AUTHORITARIANISM
ONLY HAPPENS
WHEN DECENCY
COLLAPSES.



TROUBLE
IS, BATS ARE
**BLOODTHIRSTY
SAVAGES** BY
NATURE.

NOT A
DECENT BONE IN
THEM.



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DANIEL ACUÑA

ESCAPE



andrew
robinson
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