





I DIDN'T SAY THAT IN FRONT OF TINA
EITHER.

ACTUALLY, HE WASN'T
TALKING ABOUT A COLUMN. HE
MEANT SOME KIND OF "GODDESS
STATUE" ---

THE COLUMN? WHICH ONE?



A STATUE?

YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T TELL TINA
SOMETHING ELSE, ABOUT WHAT WAS
INSIDE... SO WHAT IS IT?

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white sports bra and a pink skirt, stands in a workshop-like environment. She has a concerned expression and her hands are outstretched. Three speech bubbles are positioned to her left, containing text. The background features a brick wall, a large window, and various workshop items like boxes and a desk.

...WELL... A RECORDER...

HE SAID IT HAS THE COMPLETE DETAILS ON HOW
TO CREATE THAT FORMULA OR SERUM... I DON'T
KNOW...

MAYBE THIS SAMANTHA UNDERSTANDS MORE,
AND THAT'S WHY HE... WELL...



SAMANTHA... I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW HE HAD A SISTER...

OKAY, LET'S CHECK...

I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE WAS
TALKING ABOUT.



WHAT? THIS?

AND HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED
TO...



I'LL SHOW YOU HOW... RIGHT NOW.



LIKE THIS!

CREAK

THERE IT IS...





WELL, THERE'S YOUR REWARD.
SWALLOW IT, AND THE USUAL "MAGIC"
WILL BEGIN...

THOUGH IF I WERE YOU, I'D THINK
ABOUT IT A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE
DOING IT.

EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED AFTER I
FIRST SECRETLY DRANK IT IN THE
PROFESSOR'S ROOM... UGH... NOTHING GOOD
CAME OF IT.

I DON'T CARE! I WANT
THIS!!!

GULG!
GULG!
GULG!

mmm...

WHEN YOU'RE DONE, TURN ON THE
RECORDER. I WANT TO HEAR IT...

I CAN'T DO IT MYSELF, I'M AFRAID
I'LL CRUSH IT.

A hand holds a silver digital voice recorder against a wooden background. The recorder's screen shows a red recording icon, a waveform, and a timer at 00:02:34. Five speech bubbles are connected to the recorder, containing a sequence of messages.

UM... WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY... I THINK
I SCREWED UP, SAM...

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE COMMITTEE WAS A
DISASTER. THEY MIGHT EVEN THROW ME BEHIND
BARS. I HAVE TO LEAVE. BUT I DON'T WANT
EVERYTHING I'VE DONE TO BE FOR NOTHING.

I SENT THE FORMULA TO YOUR
EMAIL ON A FLASH DRIVE, YOU'LL
RECEIVE IT SOON.

AND HERE I'M LEAVING WHAT'S
LEFT OF WHAT I'VE ALREADY CREATED,
LET IT STAY WITH YOU. BUT KEEP IN MIND,
THIS FORMULA IS IMPROVED... IT'S TWICE WHAT
IT WAS BEFORE! YOU HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL
WITH IT. ONE SIP AND... THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT
ANYMORE. DO YOUR BEST TO MAKE SURE
THIS DOESN'T FALL INTO THE WRONG
HANDS.

I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER, SAM...
AND ONE MORE THING... KELLY...



IF YOU'RE LISTENING TO THIS, THEN...
FORGIVE ME. FORGIVE ME FOR EVERYTHING I'VE
DONE. YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, BEING NEAR ME,
YOU'RE IN DANGER...

I'VE ALREADY DRAGGED YOU INTO SOMETHING
YOU'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH FOR THE REST OF YOUR
LIFE.

BUT IF YOU EVER WANT TO FIND ME, ASK SAMANTHA
ABOUT "PITARA"... AND FOR NOW, I'M SAYING GOODBYE...
EVEN THOUGH IT'S HARD FOR ME. IT SEEMS ALL THE
HOMEWORK I GAVE YOU IS BEHIND US NOW... FOREVER
YOURS, JAMES.



OH GOD! OH GOD! HE... HE
LEFT ME A MESSAGE!!!

I HAVE TO FIND THIS
SAMANTHA... I... I HAVE TO...

MON? MONICA? WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOU?



CALM DOWN! JUST BREATHE...

WE'RE LEAVING, WE'RE
LEAVING RIGHT NOW! TO THE DORM...
HURRY!

HE... HE... HE SAID THAT THIS
FORMULA IS SOMETHING...

THAT IT'S ENHANCED, THAT YOU HAVE
TO BE CAREFUL WITH IT... ONE SIP... AND
I DRANK... THE WHOLE VIAL!

WELL? DO YOU FEEL ANYTHING? ANY
STRANGE SENSATIONS? ANYTHING AT
ALL?



A woman with dark hair, wearing a white bra and a pink skirt, stands in a dorm room. She has a concerned expression and her hands are outstretched. The room contains a wooden bookshelf with various items, a pink piggy bank, a desk with a laptop, and a yellow chair. Two speech bubbles are present: one pointing to her head and another below it.

UM... NO... NOTHING. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING... I'M
TIRED, MY HEAD FEELS A LITTLE DIZZY, BUT I THINK THAT'S
FROM ALL THE STRESS...

WHAT WAS IT LIKE FOR YOU THE FIRST
TIME?



IT WAS... IT WAS STRANGE. TO BE HONEST, I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT MOMENT. I JUST... BECAME LIKE THIS.

THERE WEREN'T ANY SHOCKS, "EXPLOSIONS", OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT...

YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULD GET SOME REST. JUST RELAX. I'LL SEE YOU LATER, MONICA.

AND REMEMBER, WHAT WE DID TODAY, DON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT IT... SEE YOU...



DAMN... WHY DID I EVEN GET MYSELF INTO THIS... THIS WHOLE THING SMELLED WRONG FROM THE VERY BEGINNING AND ON TOP OF THAT, THIS LIQUID...

HOW STUPID DO YOU HAVE TO BE TO DRINK SOME RANDOM LIQUID... ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT HAPPENED AT THE COMMITTEE... I THINK I'M THE BIGGEST AND... HUH?

HUH? WHO'S THERE?

KNOCK

KNOCK

WHAT? WHAT IS THIS? IT'S PULSING... IS THIS IT?

OH GOD?? DID IT START?? OH... THIS IS SO
EXCITING, I...

A photograph of a closed, light-colored wooden door with a silver doorknob, set in a green wall. To the right of the door is a light switch. On the far right, a wooden dresser with drawers is visible, topped with a stack of books. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, pointing towards the door.

MONICA?! IT'S BILL.

PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR.
WE NEED TO TALK.



MONICA, I KNOW YOU WENT
SOMEWHERE WITH KELLY TODAY! YOU DO
UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS
DANGEROUS!

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE
COMMITTEE... THE CONSEQUENCES ARE
GOING TO BE CATASTROPHIC! RUMOR HAS IT
DEAN MORRISON HAS ALREADY BEEN FIRED!
THORNTON IS UNDER INVESTIGATION! KELLY AND
TINA MIGHT BE EXPELLED AND NOT JUST
EXPELLED, THEY COULD FACE PROSECUTION
FOR BEING ACCOMPLICES! THIS IS VERY
SERIOUS!

AND YOU'RE GOING AROUND WITH
HER... WHERE?

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white sports bra and a pink skirt, stands in a room. She is gesturing with her right hand. In the background, there is a wooden desk with a stack of books, a bulletin board with various papers, and wooden bunk beds. A pink shirt is hanging on the right side of the frame.

WHAT, WILLIAM, ARE YOU SPYING ON ME?
SINCE WHEN?

IT'S MY BUSINESS WHERE I GO AND WHERE I
DON'T GO! AND WHO I GO WITH! YOU DON'T GET TO TELL ME
WHAT TO DO!



I'M A MEMBER OF THE STUDENT
AFFAIRS COUNCIL!

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY MY BUSINESS TO MAKE
SURE STUDENTS DON'T END UP IN SITUATIONS LIKE
KELLY AND TINA!

LET ME IN AND WE'LL TALK THIS
THROUGH...



AND SO WHAT?

LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU COMPLETELY FAILED AT "YOUR JOB," IF YOU LOOK AT KELLY AND TINA, STEPHANIE...

...OR IS THAT DIFFERENT?

YES! YES! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT
I'M TALKING ABOUT!

AND I CAN'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE
WITH SOMEONE ELSE ESPECIALLY NOT WITH
YOU...





WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"ESPECIALLY WITH YOU"?!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT,
BILL?



W-WHAT...? ... WHAT IS
THIS...?



BECAUSE I LIKE YOU... SINCE FRESHMAN YEAR,
MON... HOW HAVE YOU NOT FIGURED THAT OUT
YET?... YOU MATTER TO ME!

I... I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO
YOU...

MON?... MONICA? CAN YOU HEAR ME?



S-SORRY... WHAT DID
YOU SAY? I DIDN'T... I DIDN'T HEAR
YOU...

I... I THINK I'M... GETTING
SMALLER...



MONICA? W-WHAT'S WRONG, MON?

SMALLER?

WHAT'S ON YOUR
FACE?... ARE YOU FEELING
OKAY??

A woman with dark hair and brown eyes, wearing a white bikini top, is standing in a room. She has a slightly nervous or questioning expression. Behind her is a corkboard covered with various papers, photos, and colorful sticky notes. To the right, there are wooden bunk beds. A pink object, possibly a bag or clothing, is hanging on the right side. The room appears to be a dorm or a personal living space.

UH... Y-YEAH... I'M FINE. I JUST FELT
SOMETHING...

WHY... WHY ARE YOU ASKING?



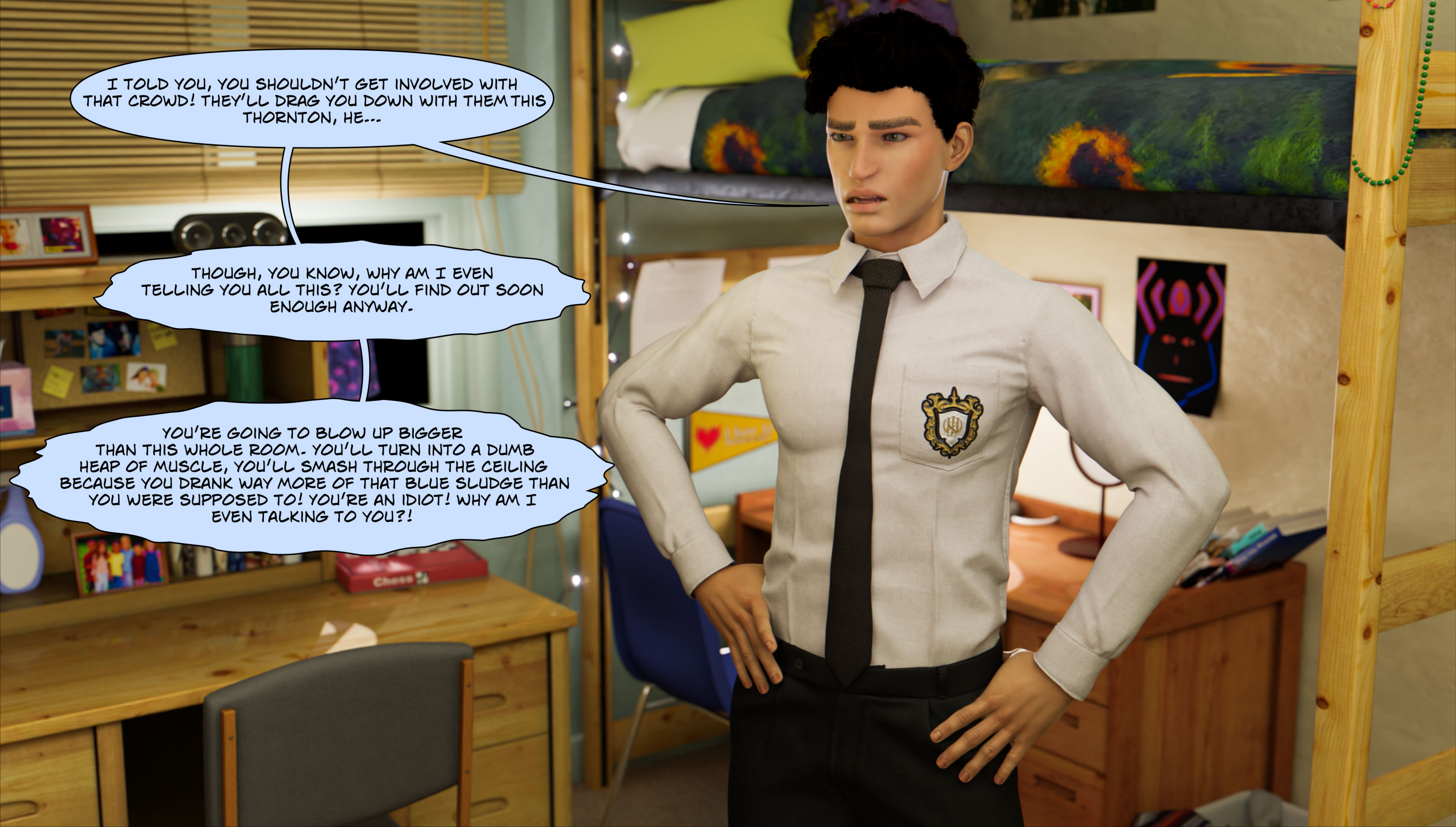
WELL, YOUR FACE, IT JUST... OH... NEVER
MIND... MAYBE I IMAGINED IT...

WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT BECOMING
"SMALLER"?

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a white bikini top, is sitting in a dorm room. She has a concerned expression. In the background, there is a wooden bunk bed with a purple jacket hanging on it, a desk with books, and a pink wall with a green chalkboard that has the equation $E=MC^2$ written on it. Two speech bubbles are present: one above her head and one to her right.

I... I DON'T KNOW. IT JUST FELT LIKE I WAS
DRIFTING DOWNWARD SOMEWHERE, BUT NOW EVERYTHING'S
FINE...

JUST A SLIGHT CHILL IN MY HANDS AND FEET...

A man with dark, curly hair, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie, stands in a dorm room. He has his hands on his hips and a serious expression. The room features wooden desks, a bunk bed with a green pillow, and various posters and items on the walls. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side of the image, containing text.

I TOLD YOU, YOU SHOULDN'T GET INVOLVED WITH THAT CROWD! THEY'LL DRAG YOU DOWN WITH THEM THIS THORNTON, HE...

THOUGH, YOU KNOW, WHY AM I EVEN TELLING YOU ALL THIS? YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH ANYWAY.

YOU'RE GOING TO BLOW UP BIGGER THAN THIS WHOLE ROOM. YOU'LL TURN INTO A DUMB HEAP OF MUSCLE, YOU'LL SMASH THROUGH THE CEILING BECAUSE YOU DRANK WAY MORE OF THAT BLUE SLUDGE THAN YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO! YOU'RE AN IDIOT! WHY AM I EVEN TALKING TO YOU?!

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white spaghetti-strap crop top and light pink shorts, stands in a room. She has a questioning expression on her face. The room is cluttered: a wooden dresser with a stack of books is to her left; a corkboard with various papers and photos is on the wall behind her; a green chalkboard with 'A B C' and numbers is on the wall to the left; and a bed with a patterned blanket is to her right. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

BILL... WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?!

HOW... HOW... OHH... HOW ARE YOU
TALKING TO ME LIKE THAT?



WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

I'M TALKING TO YOU EXACTLY THE WAY YOU
DESERVE. LIKE A DUMB PILE OF MUSCLE!

LOOK AT YOUR HANDS! HAVE YOU SEEN THEM? WHAT
ARE YOU, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME?



WHAT?! WHAT?! NO! THIS CAN'T BE...

BONG

... BE ...





GARNETT?! GARNETT??

MONICA GARNETT, WAKE UP!



HUH...?

W-WHAT? WHO'S THERE??



GARNETT, WHAT'S WRONG? DID YOU FALL ASLEEP?

DON'T YOU THINK FALLING ASLEEP AT A TIME LIKE THIS IS KIND OF LOSER-ISH?! THOUGH WHAT AM I SAYING YOU ARE A LOSER, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN ONE!

OR DO YOU THINK THAT BY BULKING UP AND BECOMING THE SIZE OF A DUMB HOUSE, YOU SUDDENLY BECAME COOL?

NO, YOU'RE STILL THE SAME LOSER YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN! AND NO MATTER HOW BIG YOU GET, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A FAILURE!



YOU! YOU,
MAGGIE, SHUT UP!

I'M NOT GOING TO LISTEN TO THIS
CRAP FROM YOU ANYMORE I'M NOT THAT
GRAY LITTLE MOUSE ANYMORE!

YOU'LL PAY FOR WHAT
YOU SAID!!!! I'LL CRUSH YOU
LIKE A BUG!!!

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME
SMALL, WORTHLESS LOSER YOU'VE
ALWAYS BEEN!



THAT'S IT, BITCH!!!

I'LL SHOW YOU A MOUSE
NOW!!! AAAH!!!



M-MONICA? MON? CALM DOWN! IT'S
JUST A NIGHTMARE!!

I'VE ALREADY CALLED AN AMBULANCE!

HANG IN THERE...THEY'LL HELP YOU SOON,
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR LEGS...



MONICA?! WAKE UP!

IT'S A DREAM! CAN YOU HEAR
ME?



W-WHAT? BILL??...

BUT MAGGIE... I WAS... I WAS...

A young man with dark, curly hair, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt, a dark tie, and dark trousers, stands in a dorm room. He has a crest on his left chest pocket and looks down with a worried expression. The room features wooden bunk beds, a desk with a blue chair, and shelves with various items like a green thermos and books. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side of the image.

CALM DOWN... EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE
OKAY. IT WAS A DREAM.

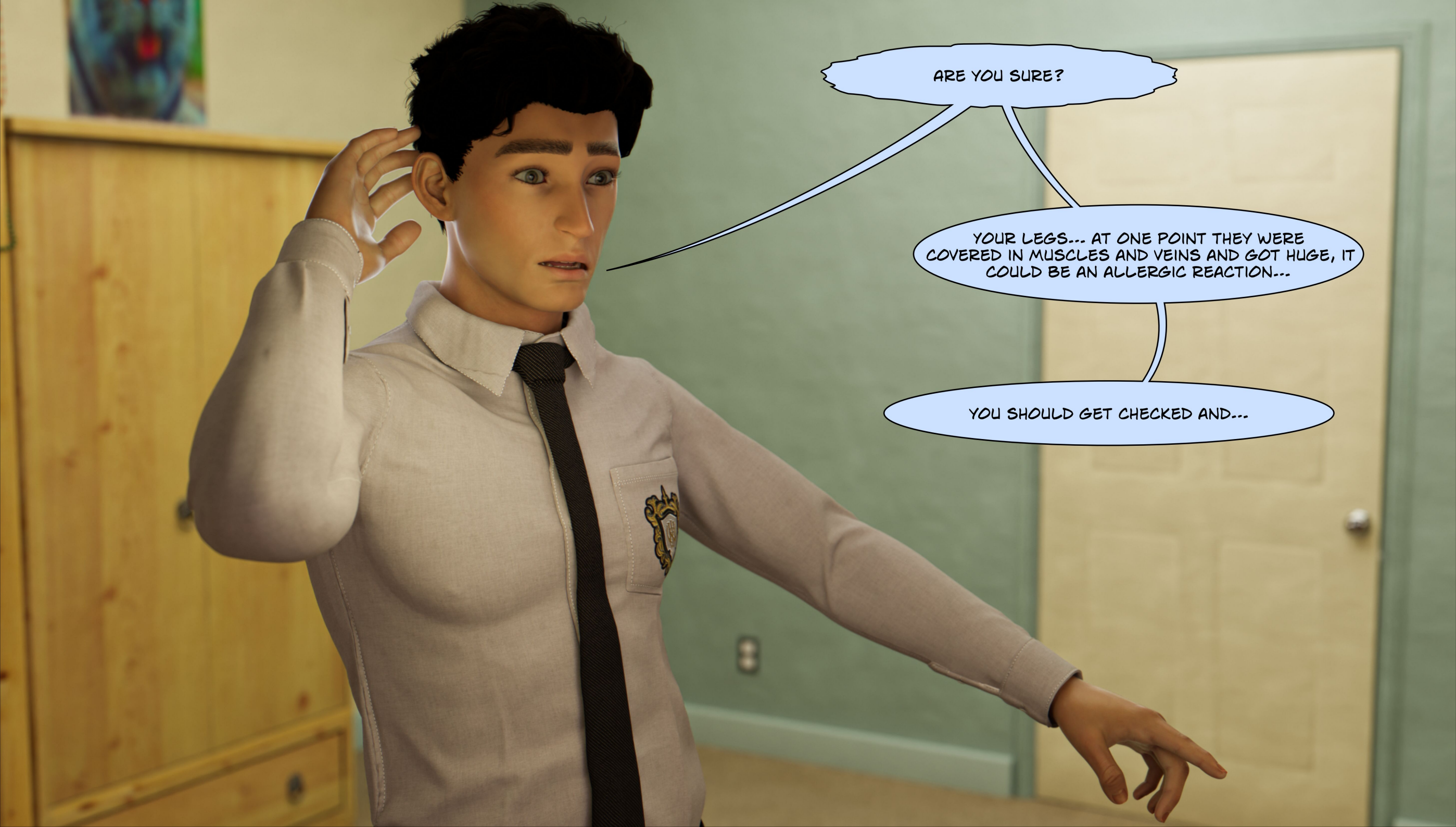
YOU STARTED SHAKING WHILE WE WERE TALKING, YOU
COLLAPSED, YOUR EYES ROLLED BACK... I CARRIED YOU TO
THE BED AND CALLED AN AMBULANCE...

EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE!

WHAT? AN AMBULANCE?
NO-NO! YOU DON'T NEED AN
AMBULANCE...

I... I'M FINE, CANCEL THE CALL! I'M JUST A LITTLE
DIZZY...





ARE YOU SURE?

YOUR LEGS... AT ONE POINT THEY WERE COVERED IN MUSCLES AND VEINS AND GOT HUGE, IT COULD BE AN ALLERGIC REACTION...

YOU SHOULD GET CHECKED AND...

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white bikini top and a pink skirt, is sitting on a bed with a patterned green and blue coverlet. She is looking towards the camera with a slightly concerned or pleading expression. Her hands are outstretched in front of her. The room is cluttered: to her left is a wooden dresser with several drawers and a stack of books and magazines on top; behind her is a wooden bed frame with a pink curtain hanging from it; on the wall behind the bed are several posters, including one with the equation $E=MC^2$ and another with a cartoon character. A green bucket filled with trash is on the floor near the bed.

BILL, I'M COMPLETELY FINE. MY LEGS ARE
OKAY, SEE...

JUST LET ME BE ALONE FOR A BIT, AND PLEASE
DON'T FORGET TO CANCEL THE CALL.

I'LL SEE YOU LATER...



SO WHAT WAS THAT?

WHAT I DRANK BACK IN THE LAB, WAS IT JUST
SOME KIND OF DRUG THAT CAUSES HALLUCINATIONS?
AND NOTHING ELSE?

WHERE'S THE EXPLOSIVE GROWTH? WHERE'S THE
"ENHANCED DOUBLE EFFECT"? !! GOD ...

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white bra and pink shorts, stands in a dorm room. She has her hand near her mouth in a thoughtful or nervous gesture. The room features wooden bunk beds, a desk with a chair, and shelves filled with books and personal items. String lights are visible in the background. Two speech bubbles are present: one at the top left and another below it.

IF I'D KNOWN THIS WOULD ONLY CAUSE
DIZZINESS, I WOULD'VE NEVER GONE THROUGH
WITH IT, AND NOW... WHATEVER.

I NEED TO GET READY, HOMEWORK HASN'T
BEEN CANCELED...



SO ... WHAT CLASSES DO WE HAVE
TOMORROW?

ATHLETICS OR BODYBUILDING? ... W-WHAT? ...



D-DAMN! WHAT BODYBUILDING?! WHAT AM
I EVEN SAYING?!

I NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP... THERE'S
A TEST TOMORROW AND MISS BARNSHAW WILL
SKIN ME ALIVE! BUT...



WHY IS THERE NOT A SINGLE THOUGHT IN MY HEAD...

... BUT WHY DOES EVERYTHING FEEL SO... STRANGE...



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS
CHAIR?! IT SHOULD'VE BEEN THROWN OUT A LONG
TIME AGO...

LOOKS LIKE THE MOMENT HAS COME...



LOOKS LIKE THE CHAIR ISN'T THE BIGGEST PROBLEM , MY
CLOTHES SHRANK IN THE WASH TOO...

THIS IS SO UNCOMFORTABLE, AND...

WHO IS THAT?

CRACK

KNOCK

KNOCK



IT'S MAGGIE.

WE NEED TO TALK
URGENTLY.

CAN I COME IN, MONICA?...