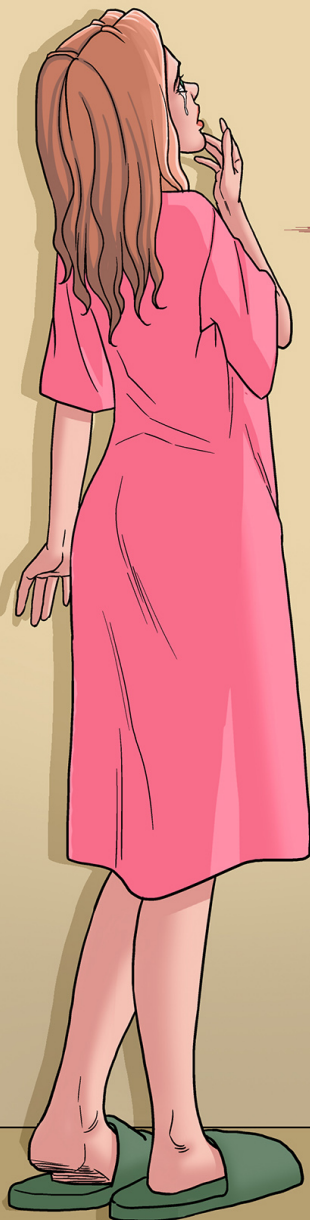




# LIFE DIMINISHED: DESCENT

WRITER:  
**SCIDRAM**  
ARTIST:  
**ARIETA**





Production Presents:

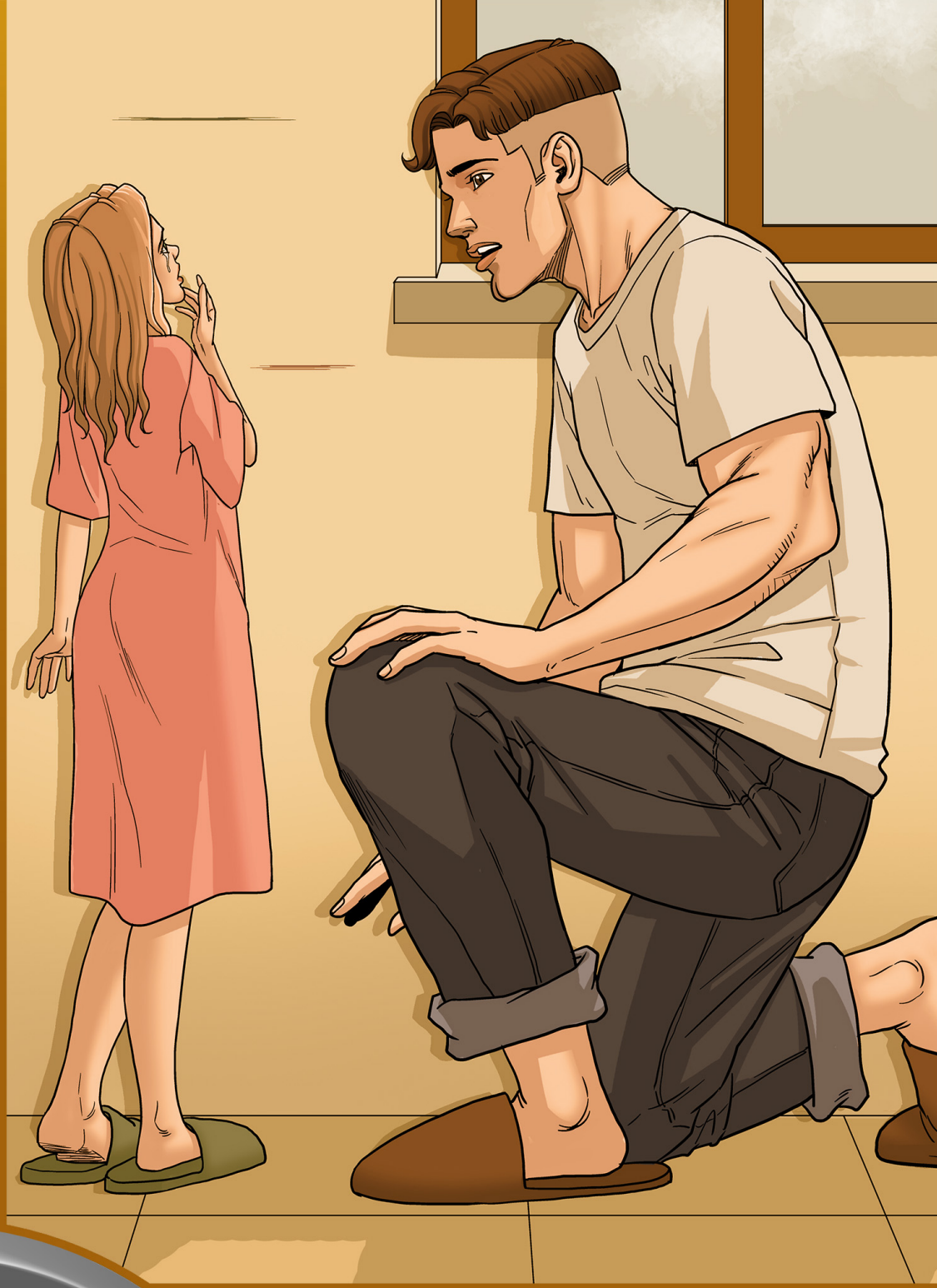
### LIFE DIMINISHED 3: DESCENT

Dr. Lo's restoration treatment grew "Amazing Shrunken Woman" Sarah Spencer up to forty-five inches tall.

Unfortunately, the results were only temporary, and Sarah has started shrinking again.

Will it stop before she reaches her previous height of thirty-five inches... or will she shrink below that?

And what further complications await Sarah in her life diminished?



Story:  
**Scidram**

Graphic Design:  
**Studio GFX**

Illustration:  
**Su (Studio Arieta)**

Editor:  
**Cezar Nix**

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I HAD PLANNED ON CALLING DR. LO FIRST THING THAT SATURDAY MORNING...

GOOD MORNING, SWEETIE.

FEELS NICE.

BUT DAVID HAD OTHER PLANS.

OH, MY! SOMEONE'S HAPPY TO SEE ME THIS MORNING.

I'M HAPPY TO SEE YOU EVERY MORNING.

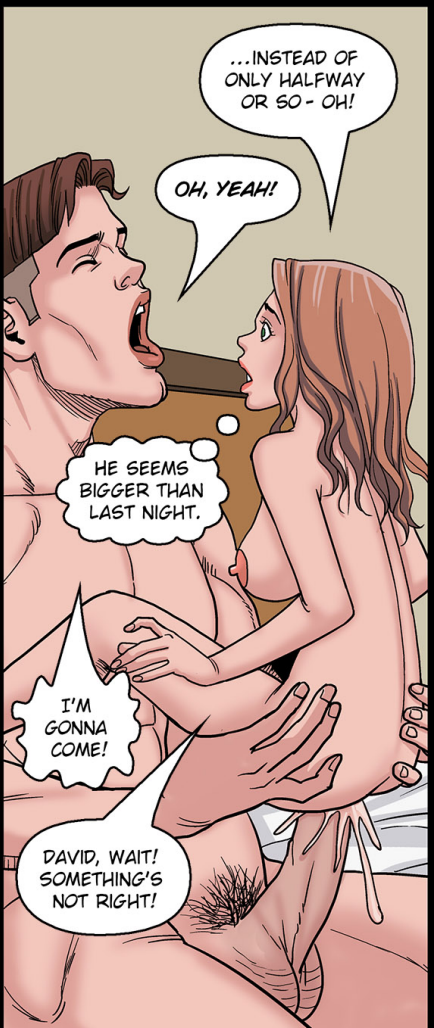
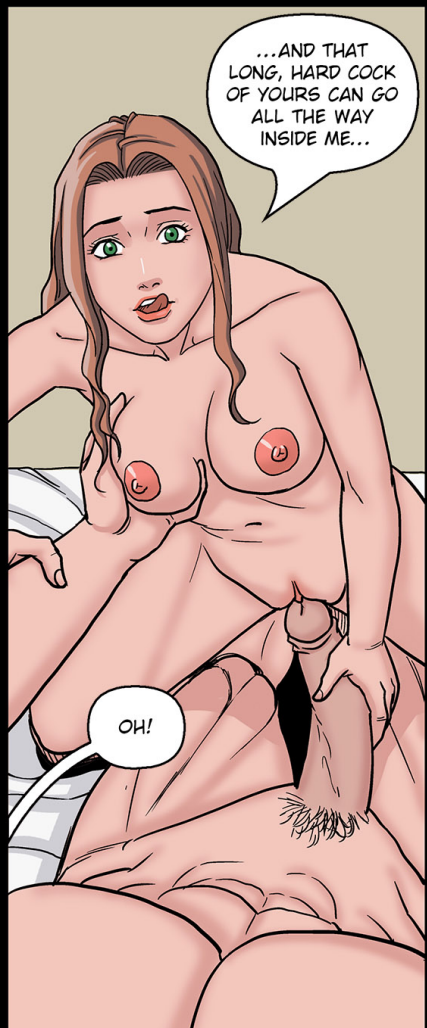
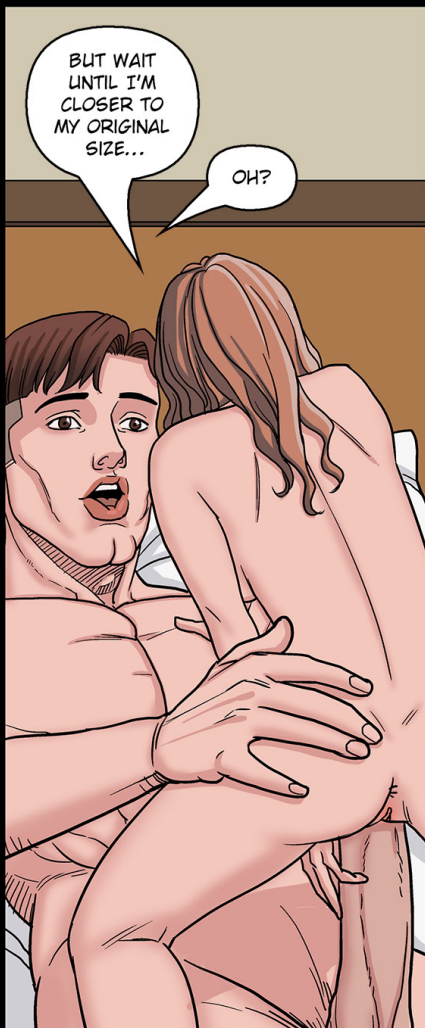
YOU KNOW, I WAS GOING TO CALL DR. LO TODAY ABOUT DOING THE PROCEDURE AGAIN.

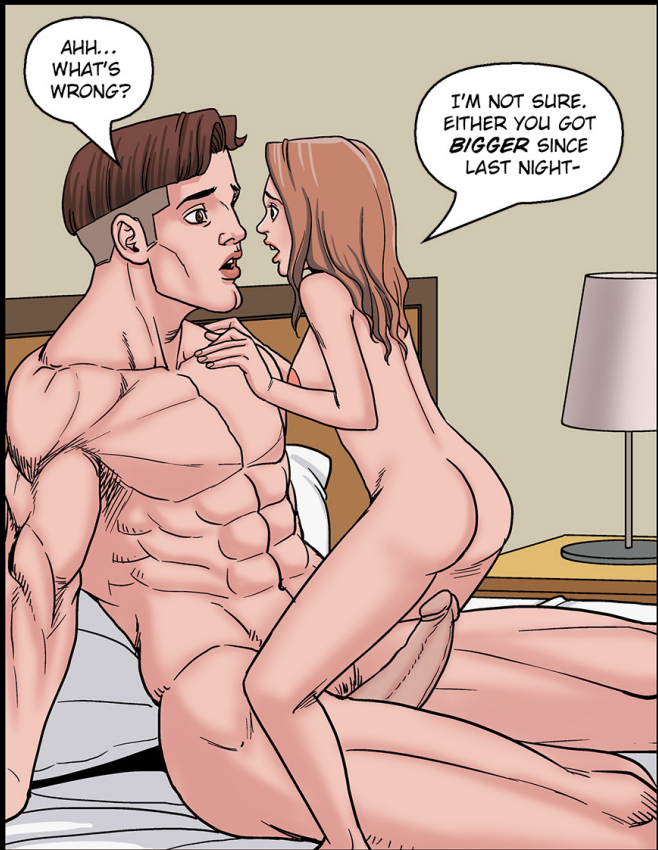
YOU STILL CAN... AFTER WE STAY IN BED ALL MORNING MAKING LOVE.

YOU SURE YOU HAVE THE STAMINA AFTER LAST NIGHT, **BIG GUY**?

LET ME SHOW YOU, **LITTLE LADY**.

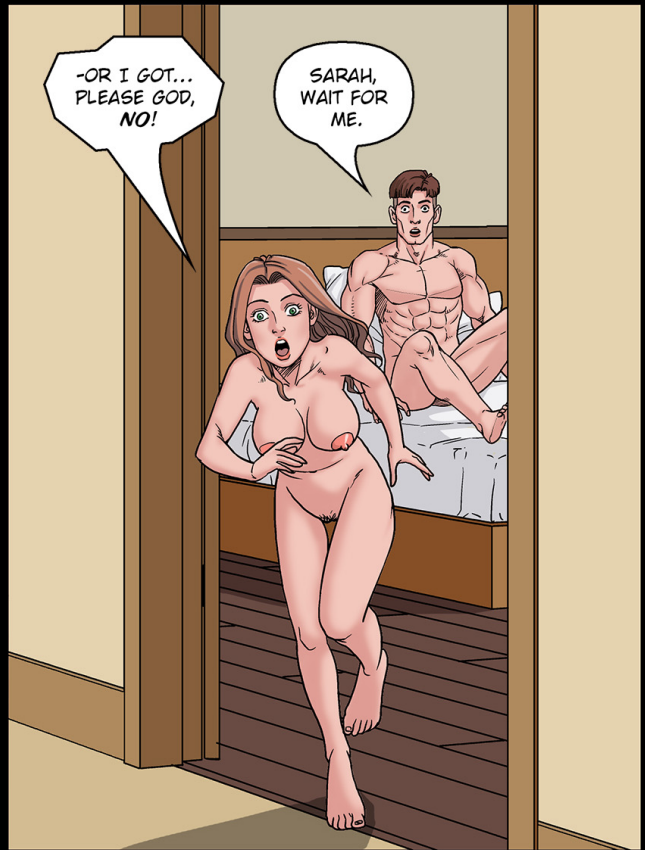
HEY, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH SOME WAKE-UP SEX FIRST.





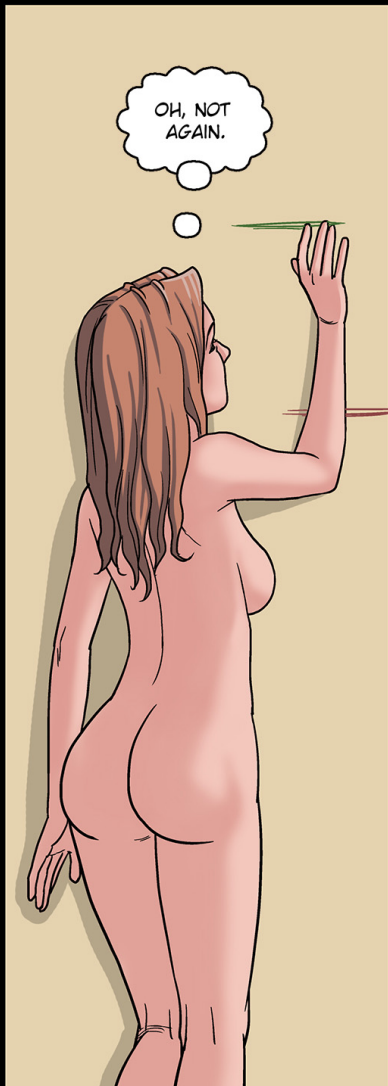
AHH...  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

I'M NOT SURE.  
EITHER YOU GOT  
**BIGGER** SINCE  
LAST NIGHT-

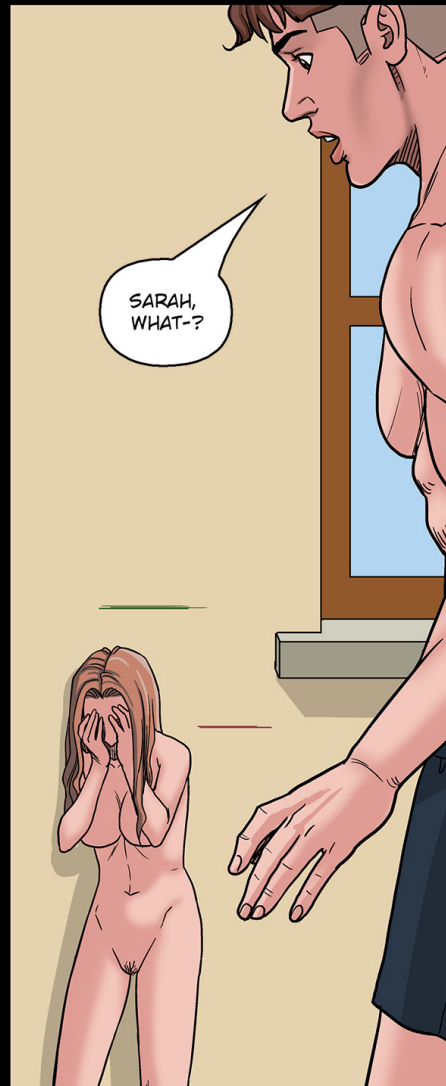


-OR I GOT...  
PLEASE GOD,  
**NO!**

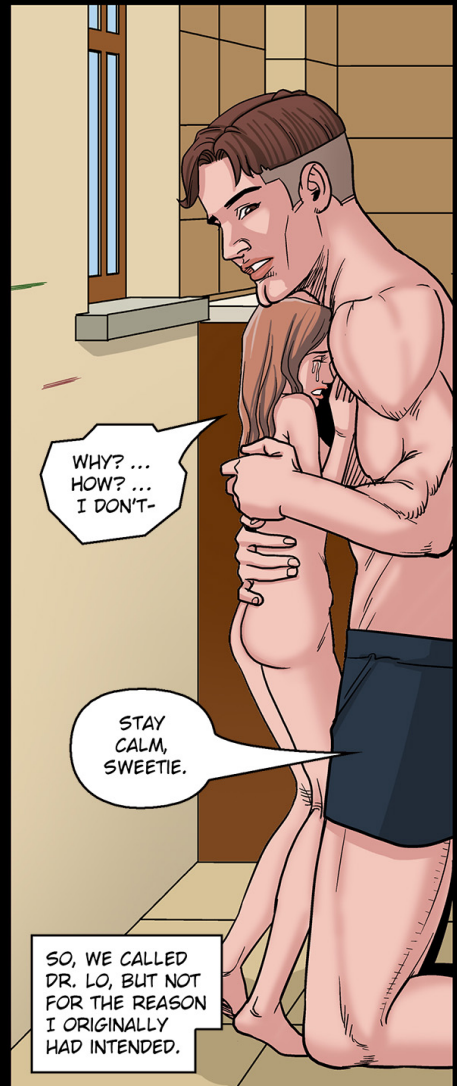
SARAH,  
WAIT FOR  
ME.



OH, NOT  
AGAIN.



SARAH,  
WHAT-?



WHY? ...  
HOW? ...  
I DON'T-

STAY  
CALM,  
SWEETIE.

SO, WE CALLED  
DR. LO, BUT NOT  
FOR THE REASON  
I ORIGINALLY  
HAD INTENDED.

SHE MET US AT THE HOSPITAL.

JUST OVER FORTY-ONE INCHES TALL.

ALMOST FOUR INCHES GONE. HOW? WHEN? WHY?

HER VITAL SIGNS ARE CONSISTENT WITH PAST VISITS.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST START LOSING HEIGHT AGAIN?

WE HAVEN'T DONE DAILY MEASUREMENTS BECAUSE HER HEIGHT'S BEEN STABLE FOR A COUPLE MONTHS.

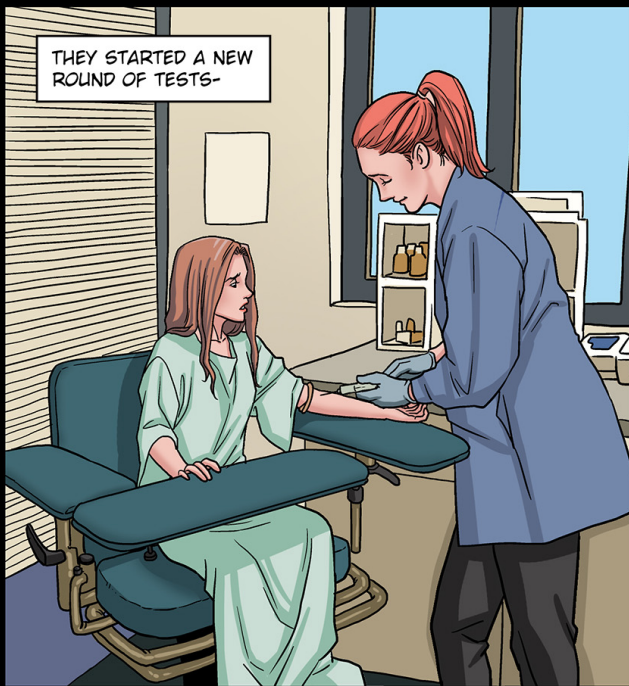
OR AT LEAST IT WAS.

FORTUNATELY, WE HAVE DATA FROM THE LAST TIME YOU SHRANK, SO WE CAN USE THAT TO HELP US LEARN ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENING THIS TIME.

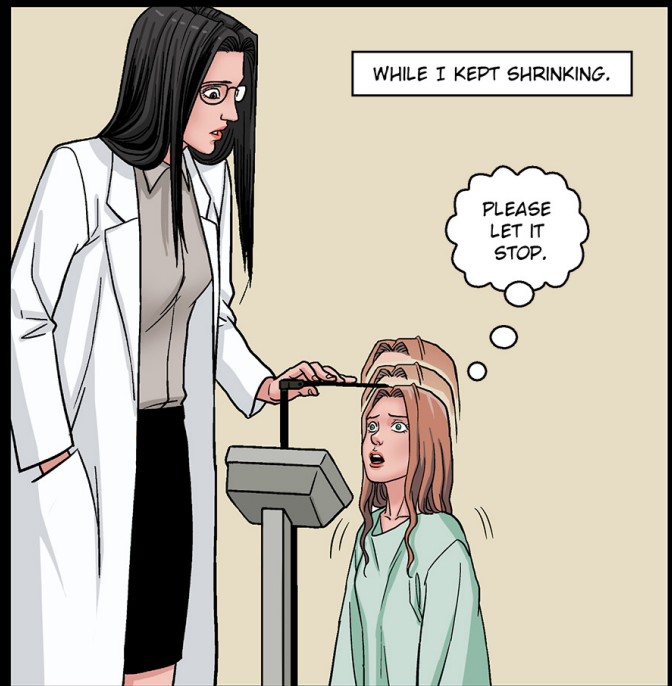
WE'LL KEEP YOU HERE TO OBSERVE AND DETERMINE YOUR RATE OF SHRINKING.

YOU CAN STOP IT SOONER THIS TIME, RIGHT?

DR. LO DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION.

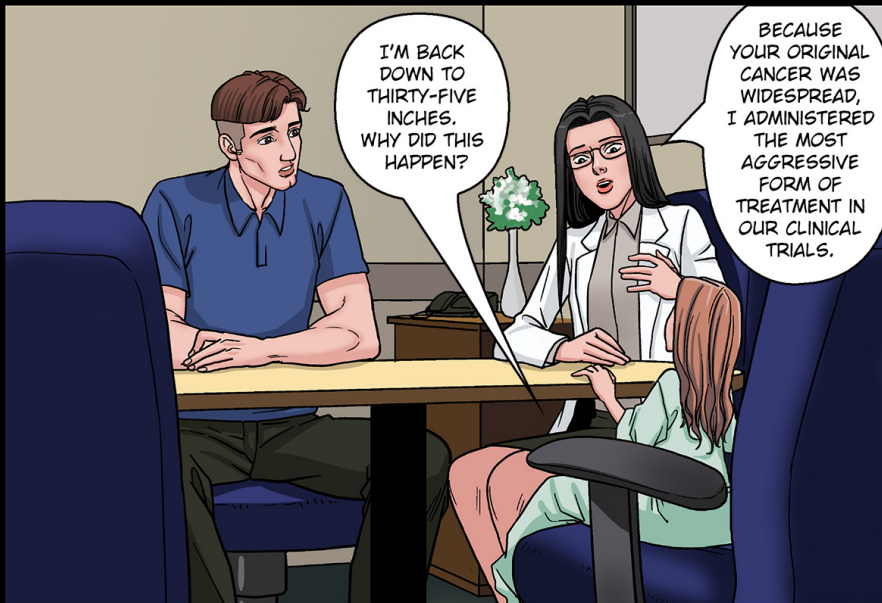


THEY STARTED A NEW ROUND OF TESTS-



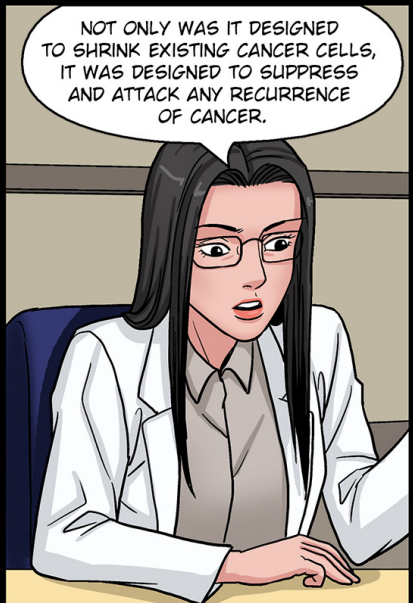
WHILE I KEPT SHRINKING.

PLEASE LET IT STOP.

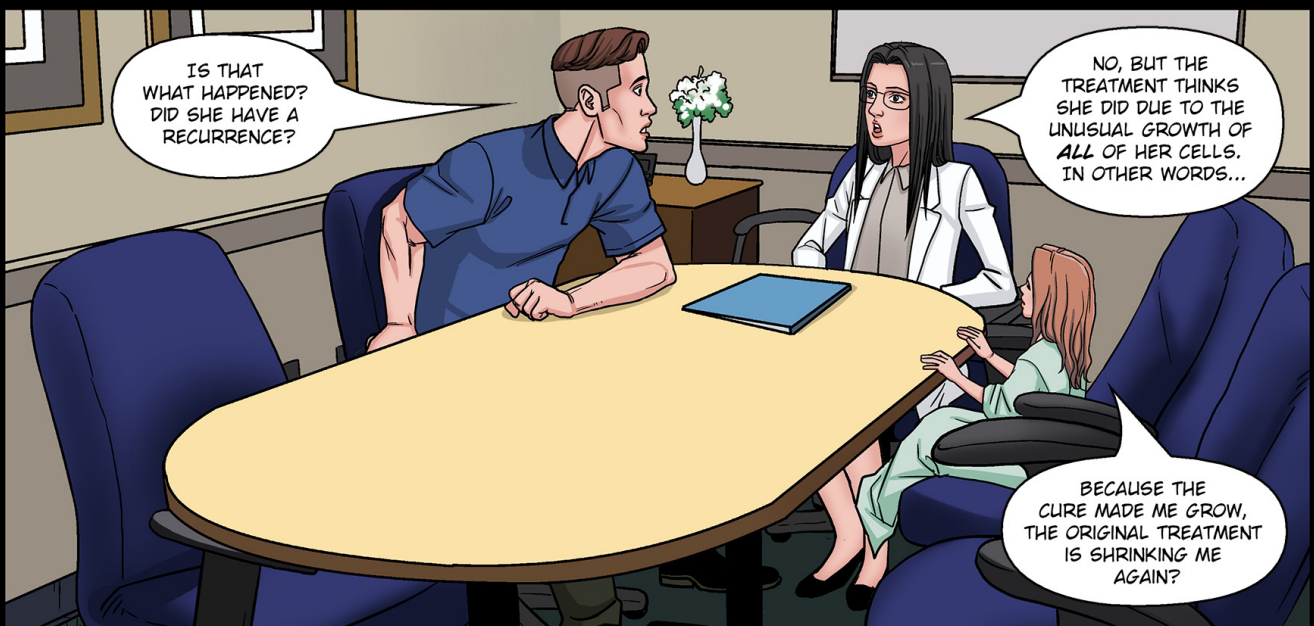


I'M BACK DOWN TO THIRTY-FIVE INCHES. WHY DID THIS HAPPEN?

BECAUSE YOUR ORIGINAL CANCER WAS WIDESPREAD, I ADMINISTERED THE MOST AGGRESSIVE FORM OF TREATMENT IN OUR CLINICAL TRIALS.



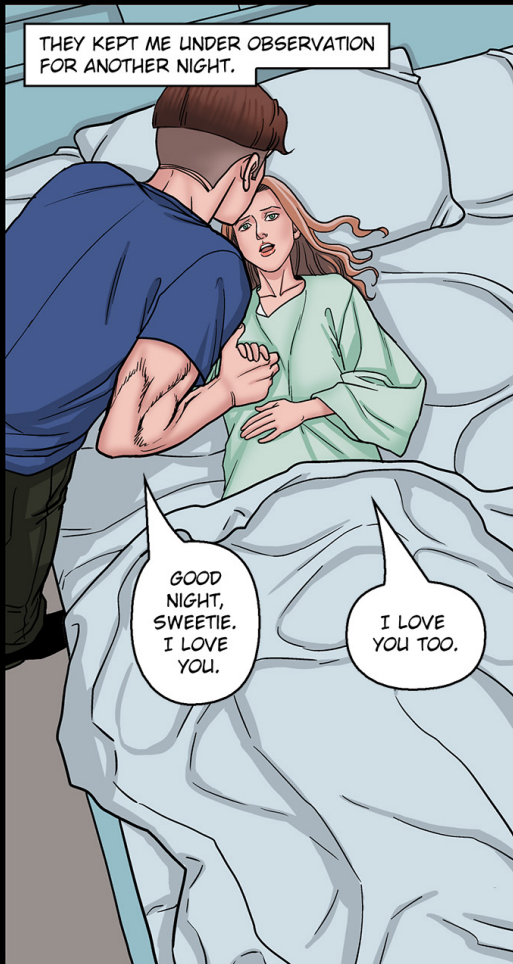
NOT ONLY WAS IT DESIGNED TO SHRINK EXISTING CANCER CELLS, IT WAS DESIGNED TO SUPPRESS AND ATTACK ANY RECURRENCE OF CANCER.



IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED? DID SHE HAVE A RECURRENCE?

NO, BUT THE TREATMENT THINKS SHE DID DUE TO THE UNUSUAL GROWTH OF ALL OF HER CELLS. IN OTHER WORDS...

BECAUSE THE CURE MADE ME GROW, THE ORIGINAL TREATMENT IS SHRINKING ME AGAIN?



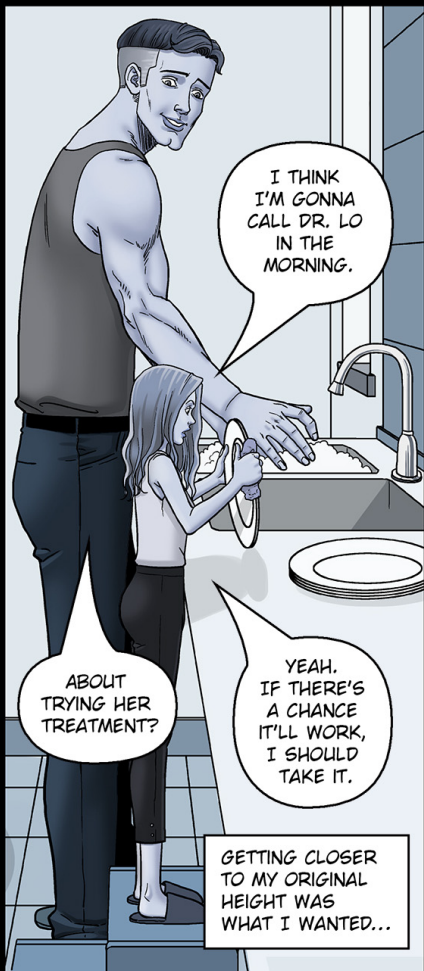
THEY KEPT ME UNDER OBSERVATION FOR ANOTHER NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT, SWEETIE. I LOVE YOU.

I LOVE YOU TOO.



MY DREAMS WERE MORE LIKE RECENT MEMORIES.



I THINK I'M GONNA CALL DR. LO IN THE MORNING.

ABOUT TRYING HER TREATMENT?

YEAH. IF THERE'S A CHANCE IT'LL WORK, I SHOULD TAKE IT.

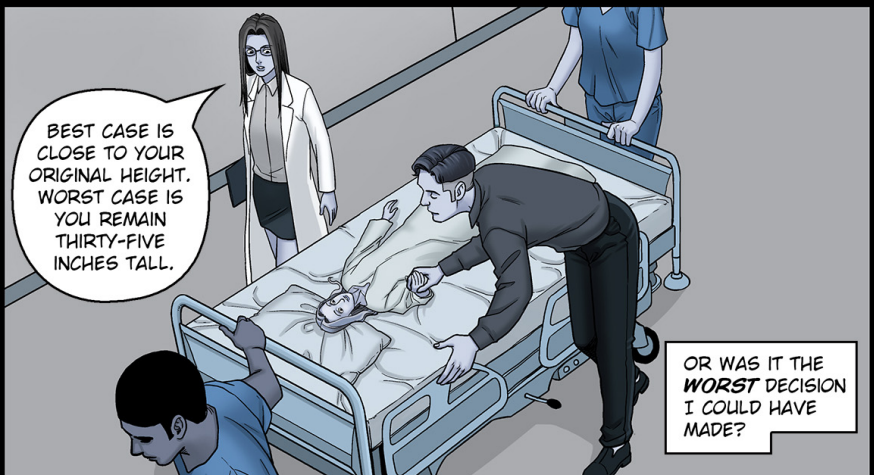
GETTING CLOSER TO MY ORIGINAL HEIGHT WAS WHAT I WANTED...



...BUT WAS IT THE RIGHT DECISION?

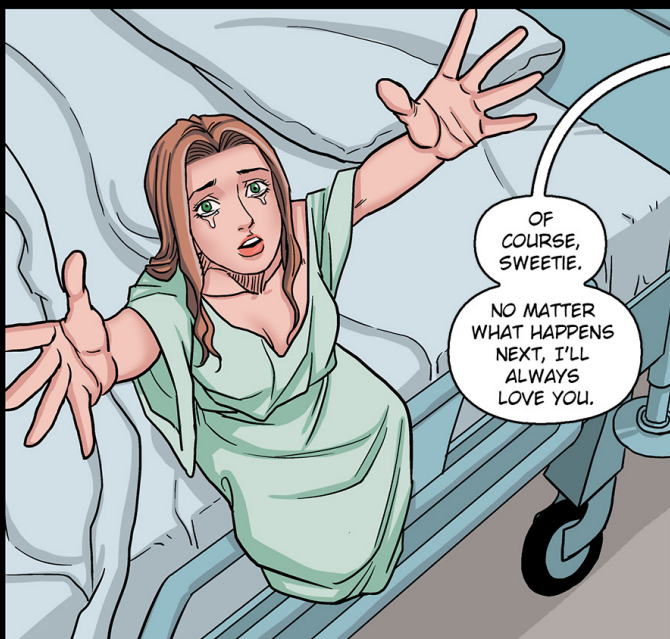
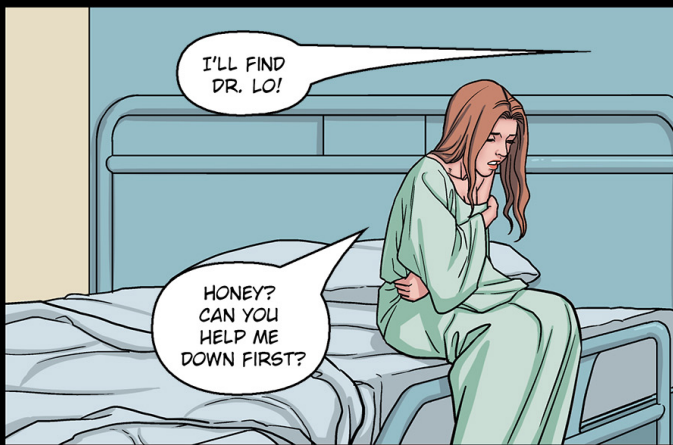
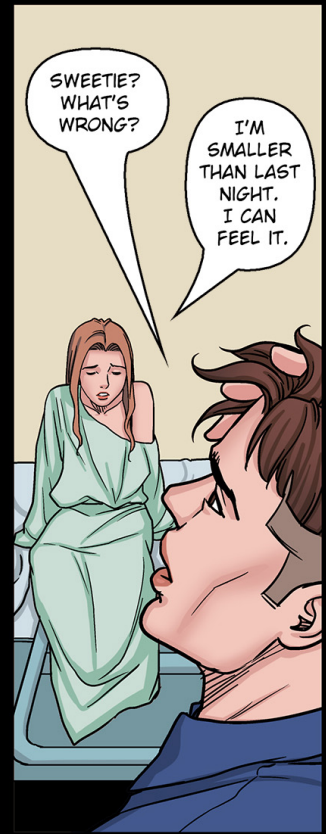
IS IT WRONG THAT I'M THINKING ABOUT NOT GROWING BACK?

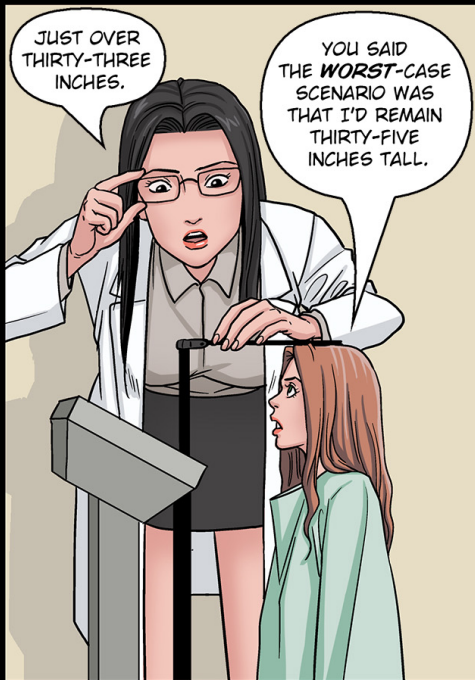
WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE WRONG?



BEST CASE IS CLOSE TO YOUR ORIGINAL HEIGHT. WORST CASE IS YOU REMAIN THIRTY-FIVE INCHES TALL.

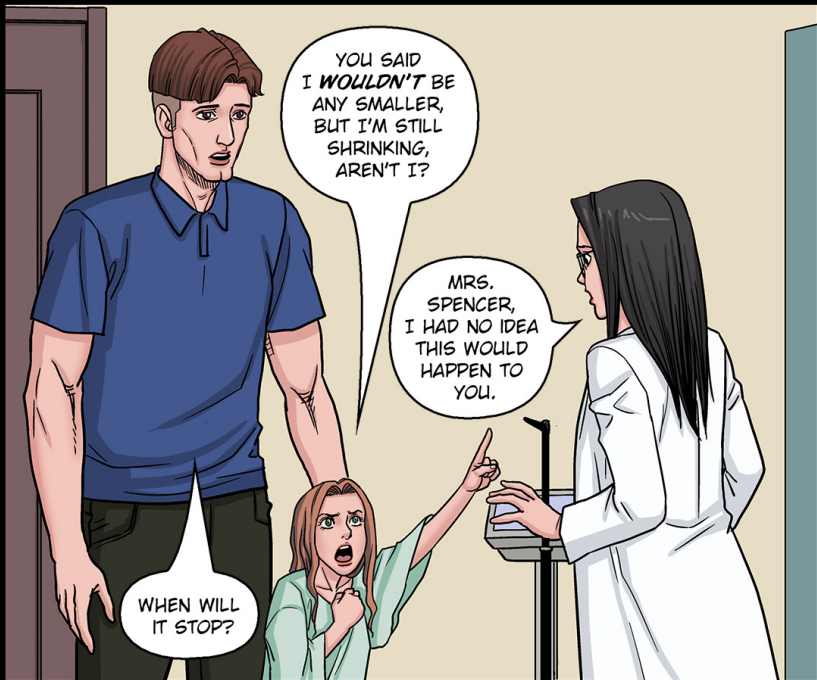
OR WAS IT THE **WORST** DECISION I COULD HAVE MADE?





JUST OVER THIRTY-THREE INCHES.

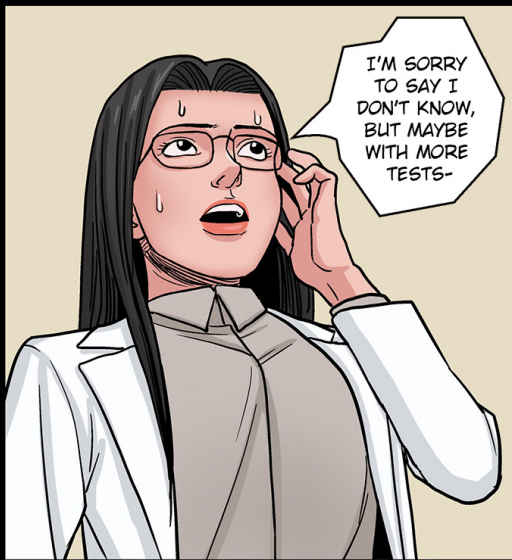
YOU SAID THE **WORST-CASE** SCENARIO WAS THAT I'D REMAIN THIRTY-FIVE INCHES TALL.



YOU SAID I **WOULDN'T** BE ANY SMALLER, BUT I'M STILL SHRINKING, AREN'T I?

MRS. SPENCER, I HAD NO IDEA THIS WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU.

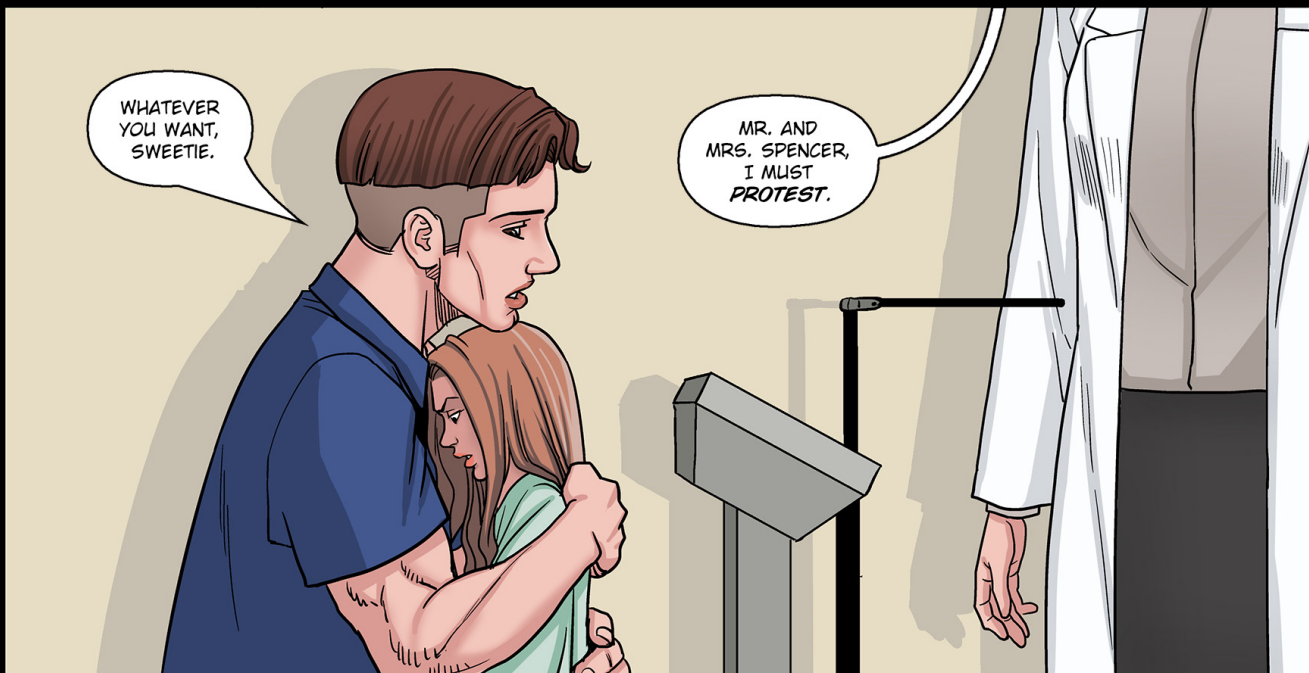
WHEN WILL IT STOP?



I'M SORRY TO SAY I DON'T KNOW, BUT MAYBE WITH MORE TESTS-

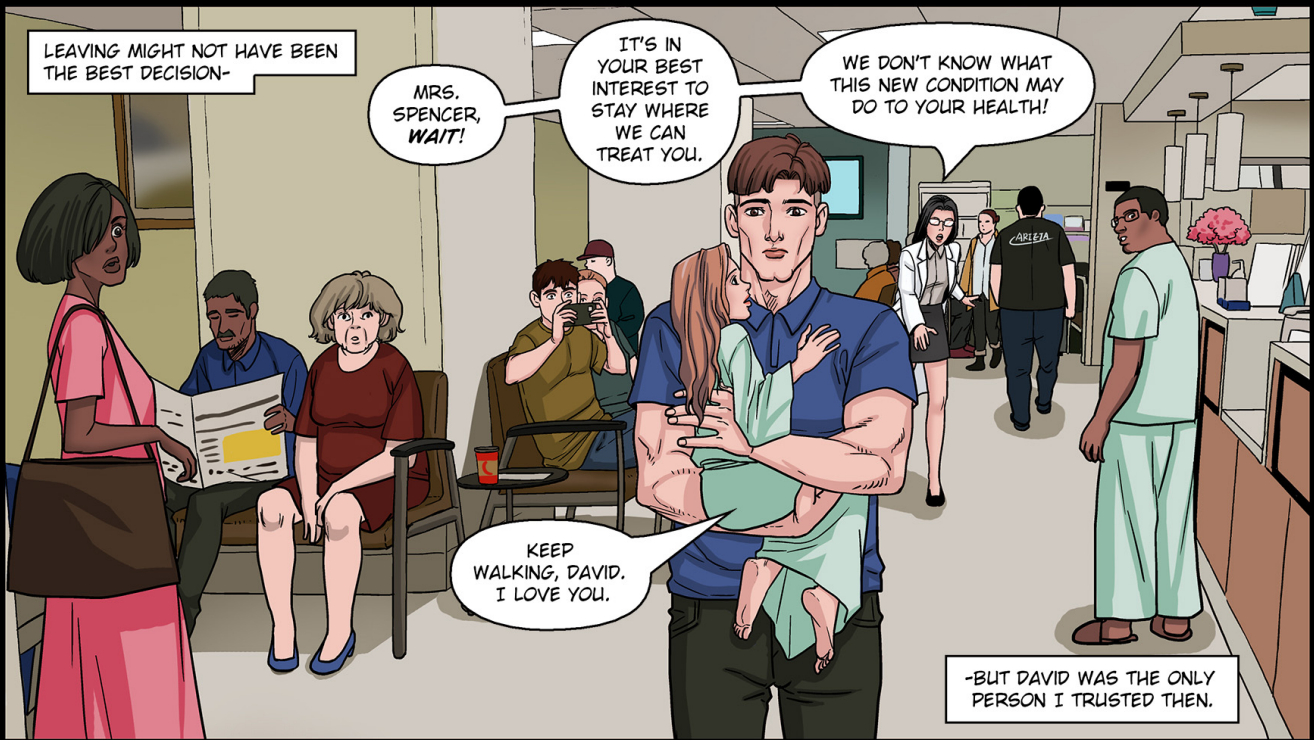


NO! I DON'T WANT TO BE AN EXPERIMENT ANYMORE. I WANT TO GO HOME.



WHATEVER YOU WANT, SWEETIE.

MR. AND MRS. SPENCER, I MUST **PROTEST**.



LEAVING MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN THE BEST DECISION-

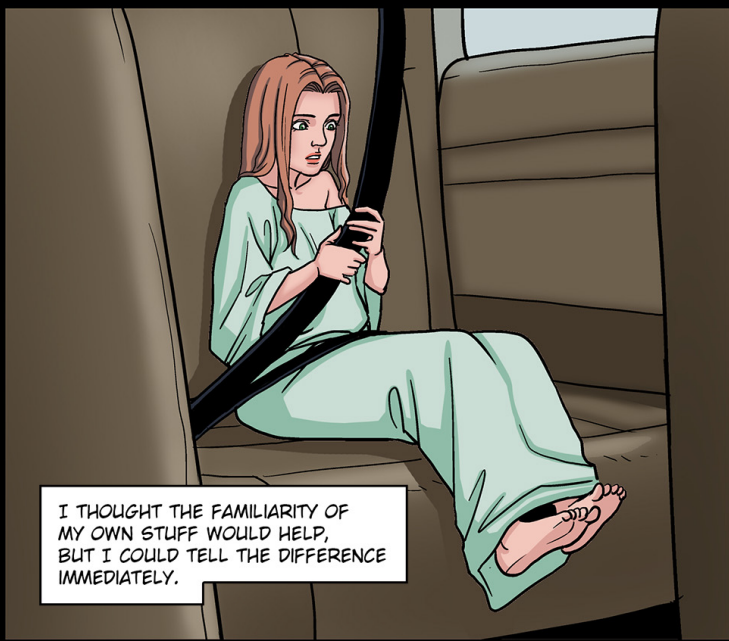
MRS. SPENCER, WAIT!

IT'S IN YOUR BEST INTEREST TO STAY WHERE WE CAN TREAT YOU.

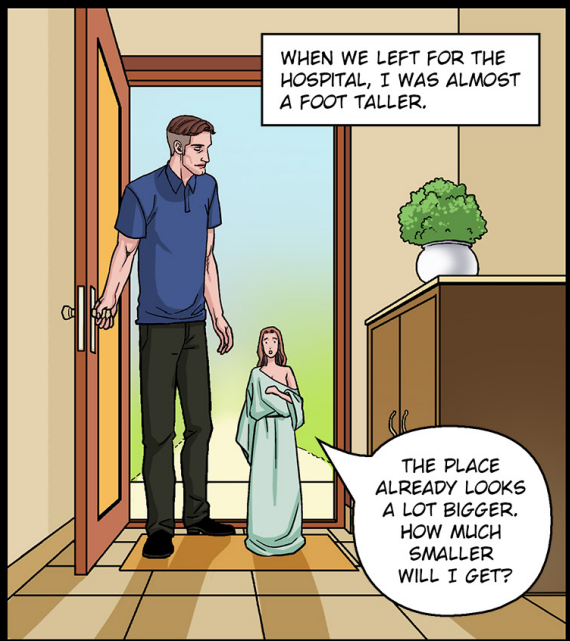
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS NEW CONDITION MAY DO TO YOUR HEALTH!

KEEP WALKING, DAVID. I LOVE YOU.

-BUT DAVID WAS THE ONLY PERSON I TRUSTED THEN.

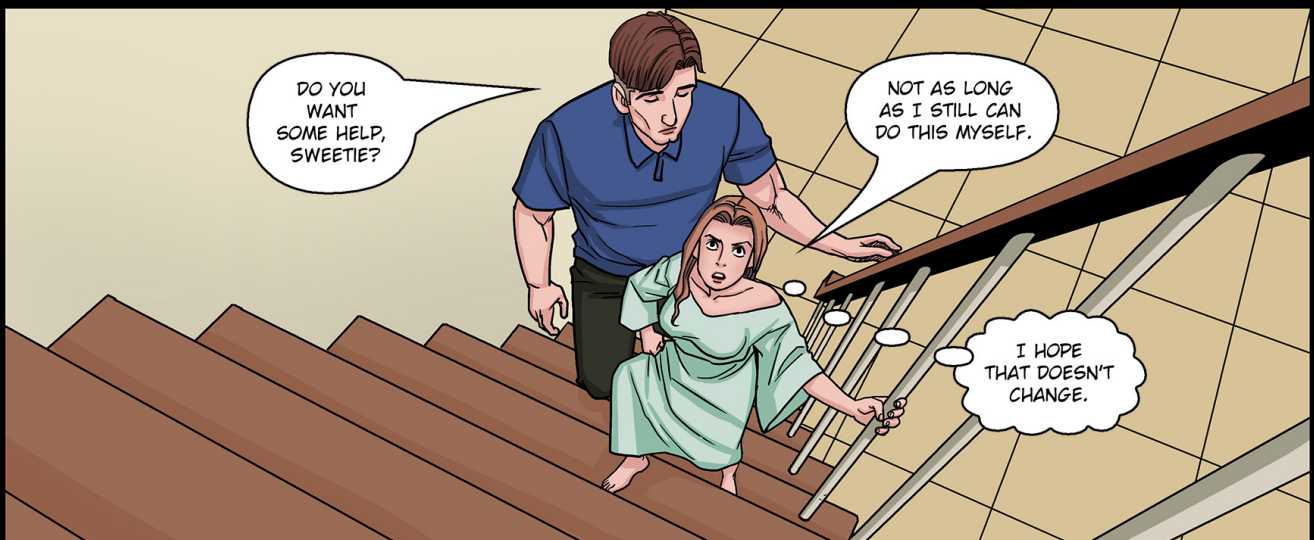


I THOUGHT THE FAMILIARITY OF MY OWN STUFF WOULD HELP, BUT I COULD TELL THE DIFFERENCE IMMEDIATELY.



WHEN WE LEFT FOR THE HOSPITAL, I WAS ALMOST A FOOT TALLER.

THE PLACE ALREADY LOOKS A LOT BIGGER. HOW MUCH SMALLER WILL I GET?



DO YOU WANT SOME HELP, SWEETIE?

NOT AS LONG AS I STILL CAN DO THIS MYSELF.

I HOPE THAT DOESN'T CHANGE.



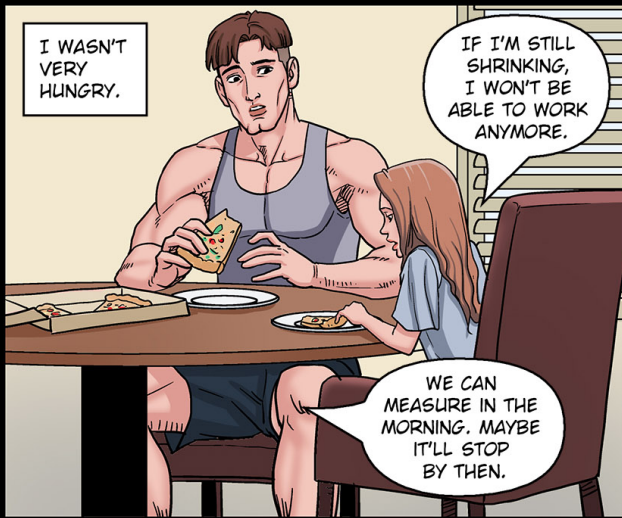
NOT MUCH IS GOING TO FIT. AND WHATEVER FITS NOW PROBABLY WON'T FOR LONG.



DAVID ORDERED LUNCH, AND OUR USUAL DELIVERY GUY CAME.

MRS. SPENCER, DID YOU GET SMA-?

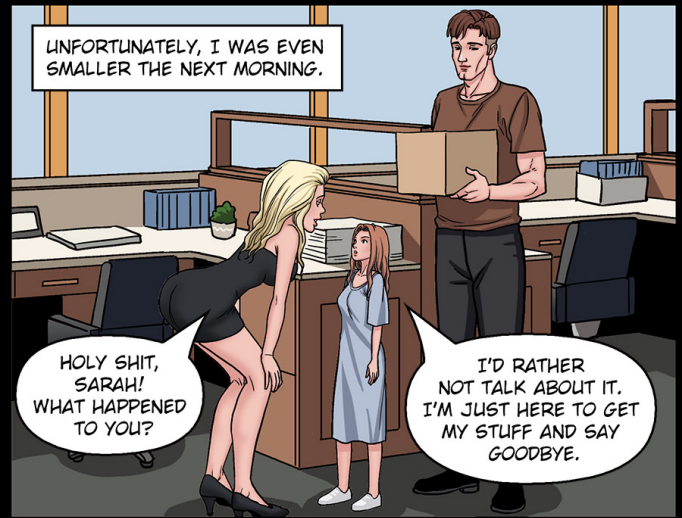
KEEP THE CHANGE, THANKS, GOODBYE.



I WASN'T VERY HUNGRY.

IF I'M STILL SHRINKING, I WON'T BE ABLE TO WORK ANYMORE.

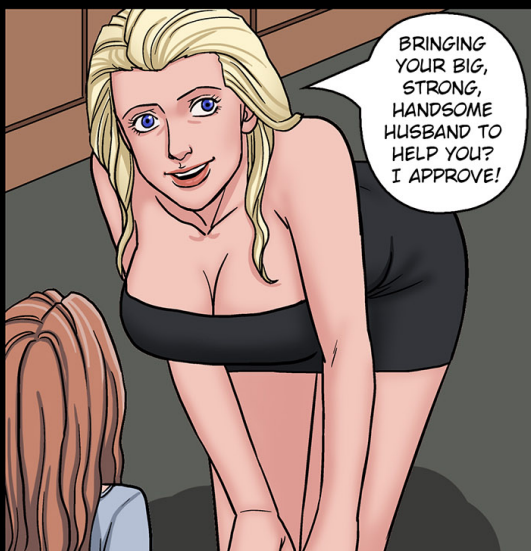
WE CAN MEASURE IN THE MORNING. MAYBE IT'LL STOP BY THEN.



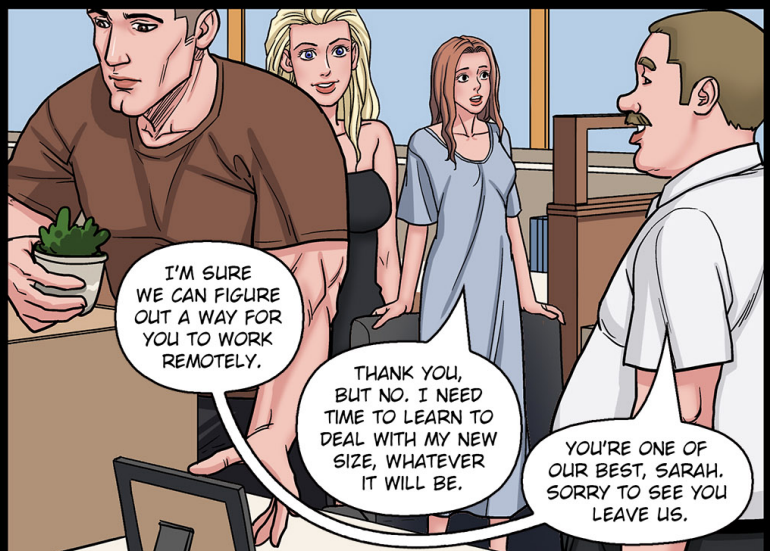
UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS EVEN SMALLER THE NEXT MORNING.

HOLY SHIT, SARAH! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT. I'M JUST HERE TO GET MY STUFF AND SAY GOODBYE.



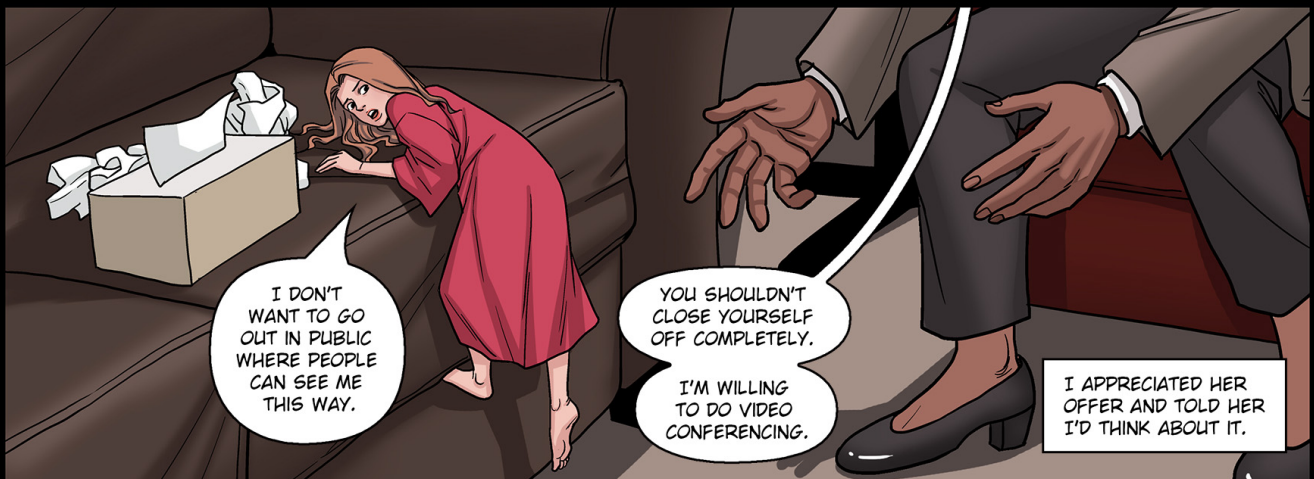
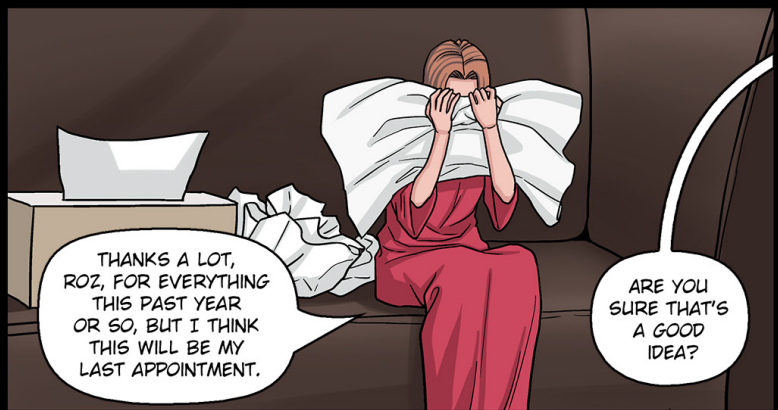
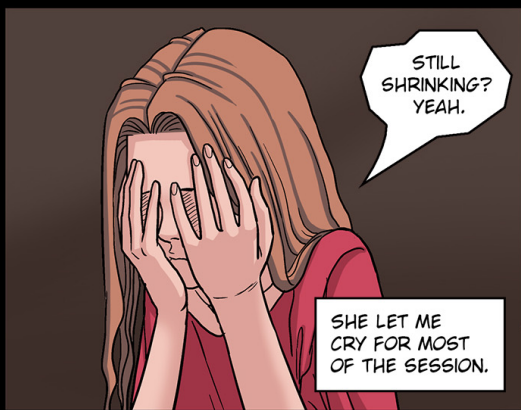
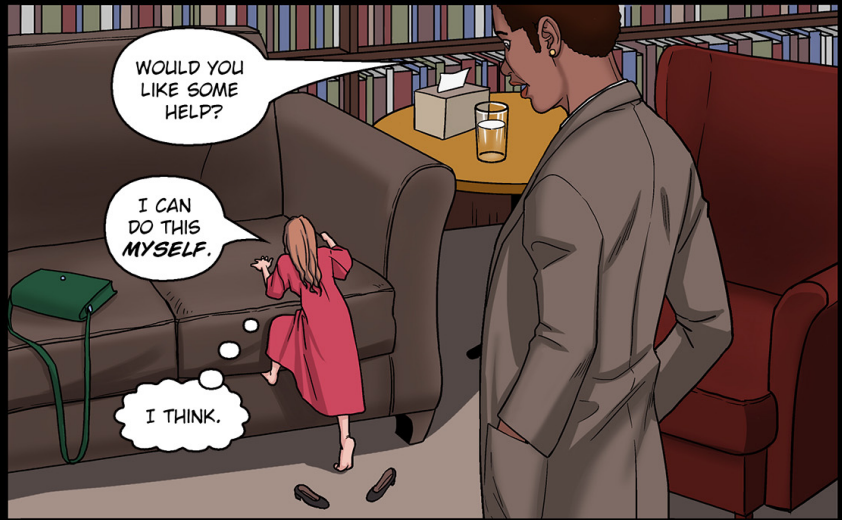
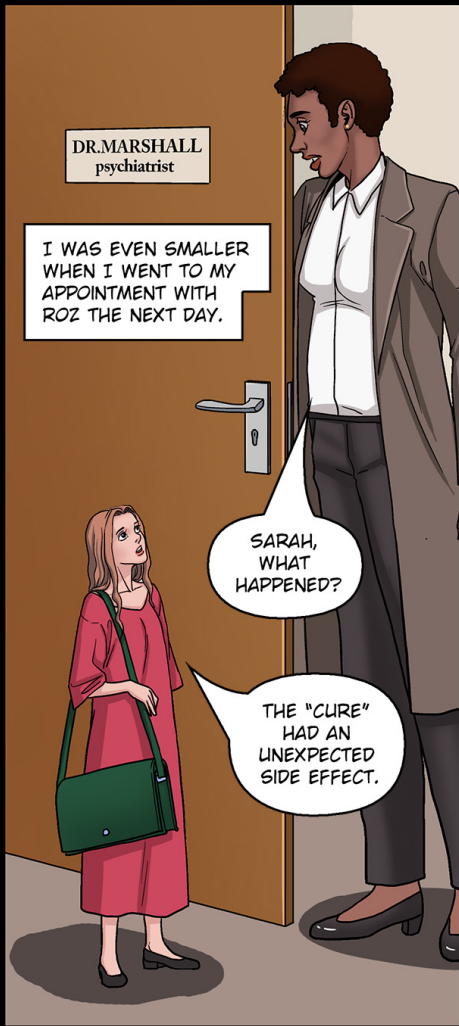
BRINGING YOUR BIG, STRONG, HANDSOME HUSBAND TO HELP YOU? I APPROVE!

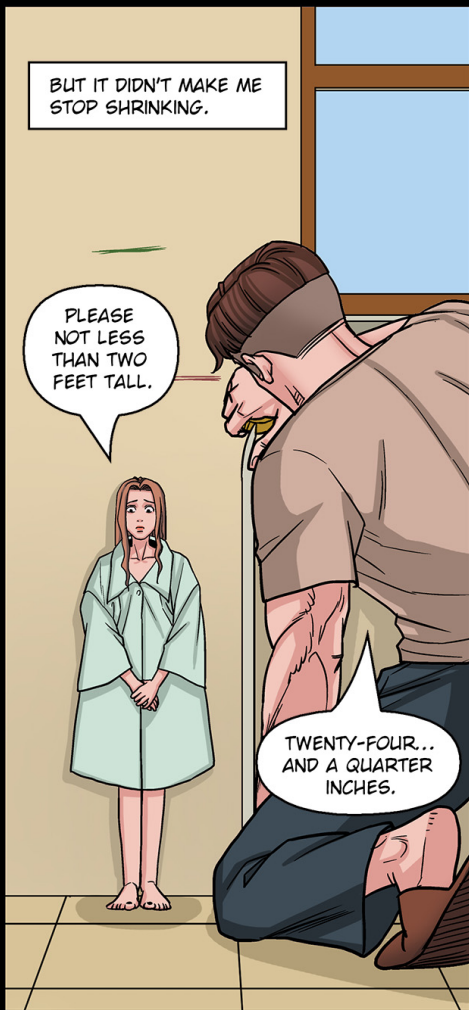


I'M SURE WE CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY FOR YOU TO WORK REMOTELY.

THANK YOU, BUT NO. I NEED TIME TO LEARN TO DEAL WITH MY NEW SIZE, WHATEVER IT WILL BE.

YOU'RE ONE OF OUR BEST, SARAH. SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVE US.





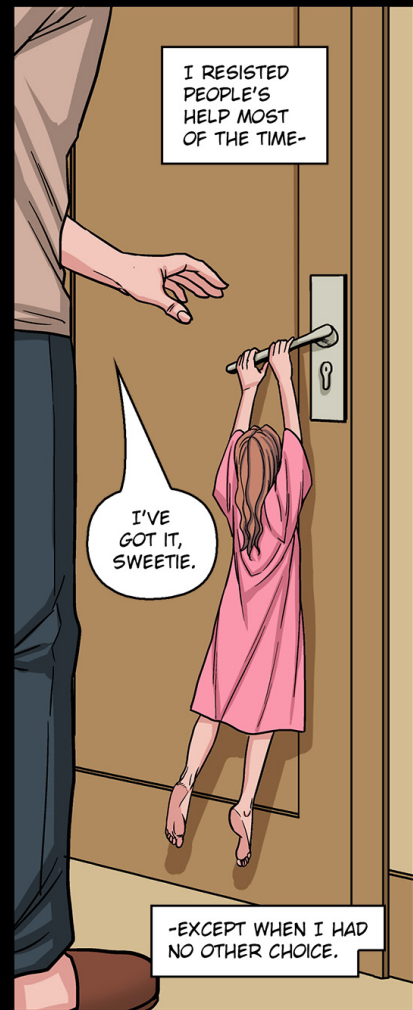
BUT IT DIDN'T MAKE ME STOP SHRINKING.

PLEASE NOT LESS THAN TWO FEET TALL.

TWENTY-FOUR... AND A QUARTER INCHES.



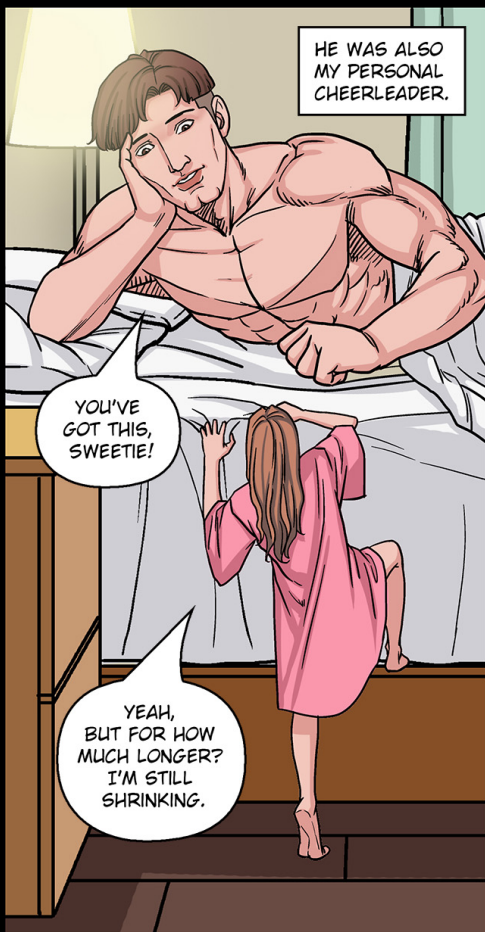
DAVID, BLESS HIS SOUL, WAS PATIENT WITH ME WHEN IT TOOK ME LONGER TO GET PLACES.



I RESISTED PEOPLE'S HELP MOST OF THE TIME-

I'VE GOT IT, SWEETIE.

-EXCEPT WHEN I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE.



HE WAS ALSO MY PERSONAL CHEERLEADER.

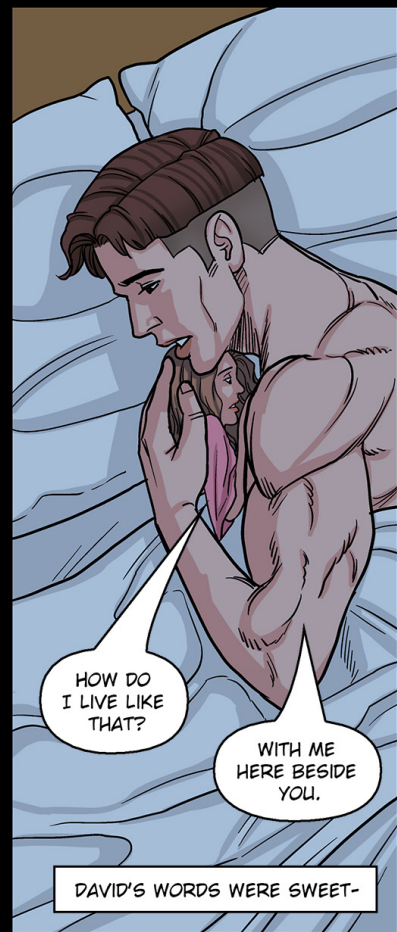
YOU'VE GOT THIS, SWEETIE!

YEAH, BUT FOR HOW MUCH LONGER? I'M STILL SHRINKING.



IT'S GOING TO STOP. IT'S GOT TO.

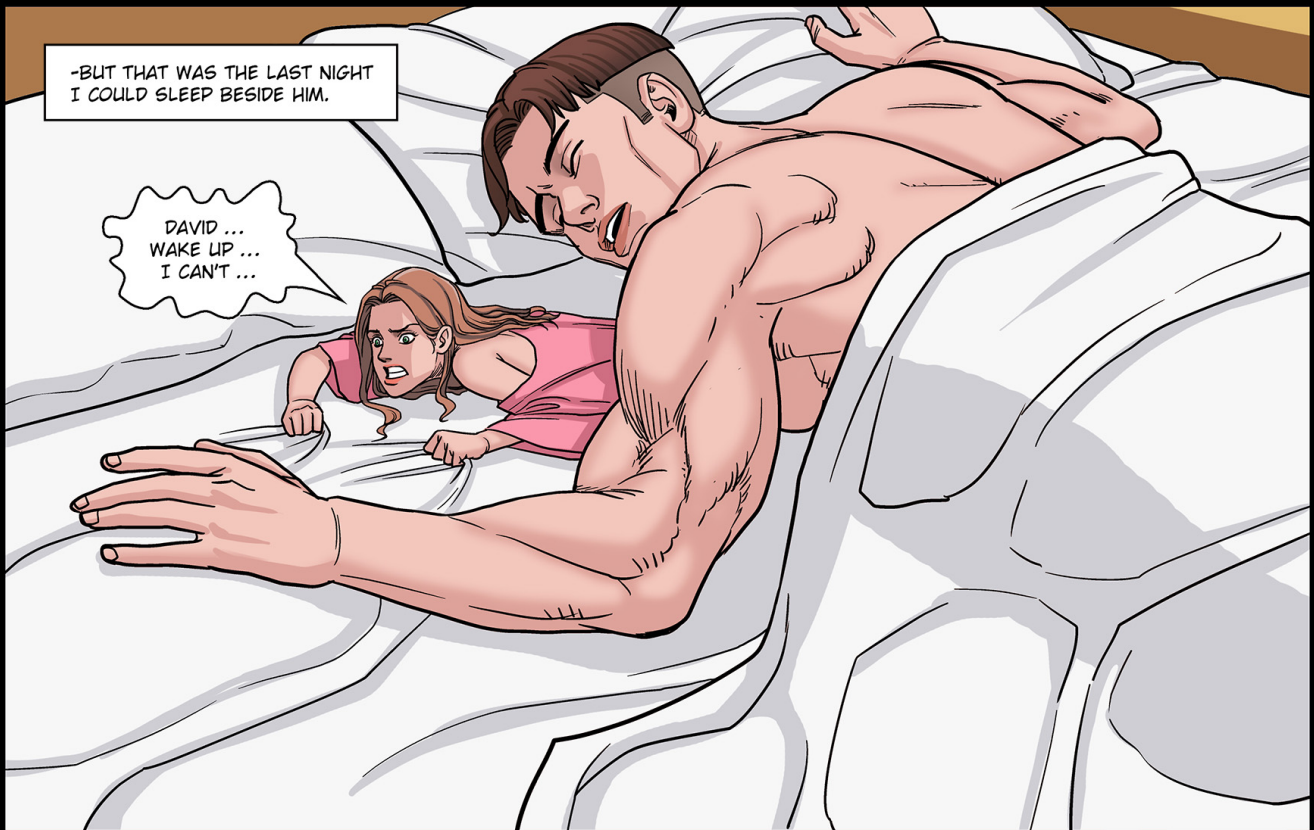
WHEN? AND WHAT IF I'M SOME RIDICULOUSLY TINY HEIGHT BY THEN?



HOW DO I LIVE LIKE THAT?

WITH ME HERE BESIDE YOU.

DAVID'S WORDS WERE SWEET-

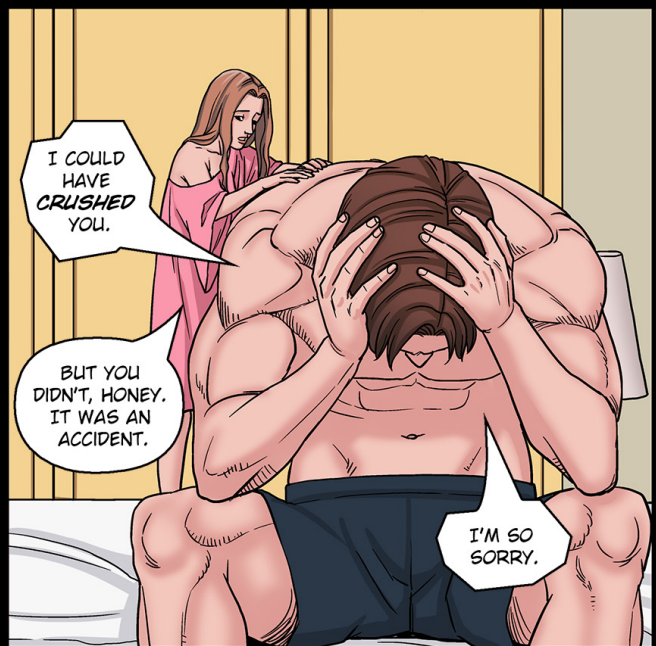


-BUT THAT WAS THE LAST NIGHT I COULD SLEEP BESIDE HIM.

DAVID ...  
WAKE UP ...  
I CAN'T ...



OH MY GOD,  
SARAH!



I COULD  
HAVE  
CRUSHED  
YOU.

BUT YOU  
DIDN'T, HONEY.  
IT WAS AN  
ACCIDENT.

I'M SO  
SORRY.



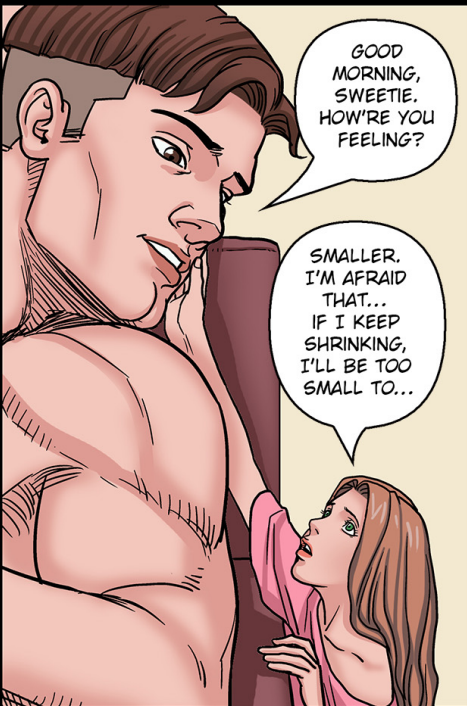
THE NEXT NIGHT, THE BED WAS  
SPACIOUS WITHOUT DAVID, BUT IT  
WAS ALSO AWKWARD AND LONELY.

I FELT TERRIBLE THAT HE HAD TO START SLEEPING ON THE SOFA.

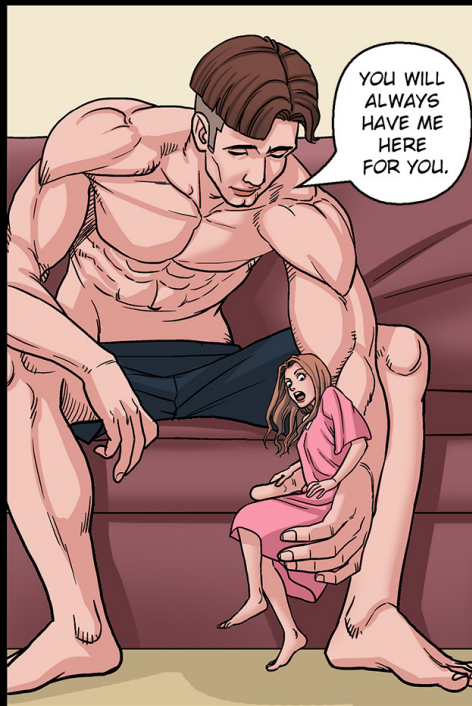


GOOD MORNING, SWEETIE. HOW'RE YOU FEELING?

SMALLER. I'M AFRAID THAT... IF I KEEP SHRINKING, I'LL BE TOO SMALL TO...



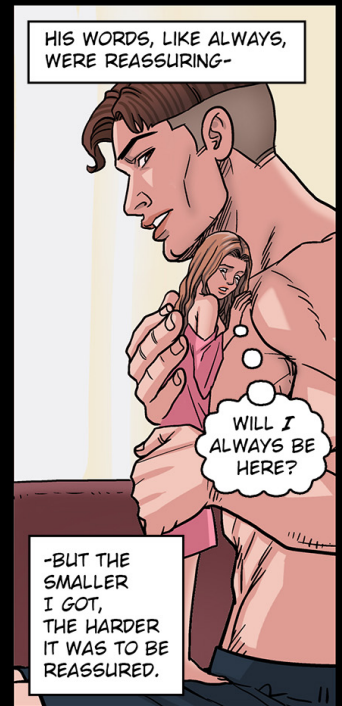
YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE ME HERE FOR YOU.



HIS WORDS, LIKE ALWAYS, WERE REASSURING-

WILL I ALWAYS BE HERE?

-BUT THE SMALLER I GOT, THE HARDER IT WAS TO BE REASSURED.



HER NEWS WAS BOTH GOOD AND BAD.

OUR PROJECTIONS INDICATE THAT YOU SHOULD STOP SHRINKING SOMEWHERE BETWEEN ELEVEN AND FIFTEEN INCHES.

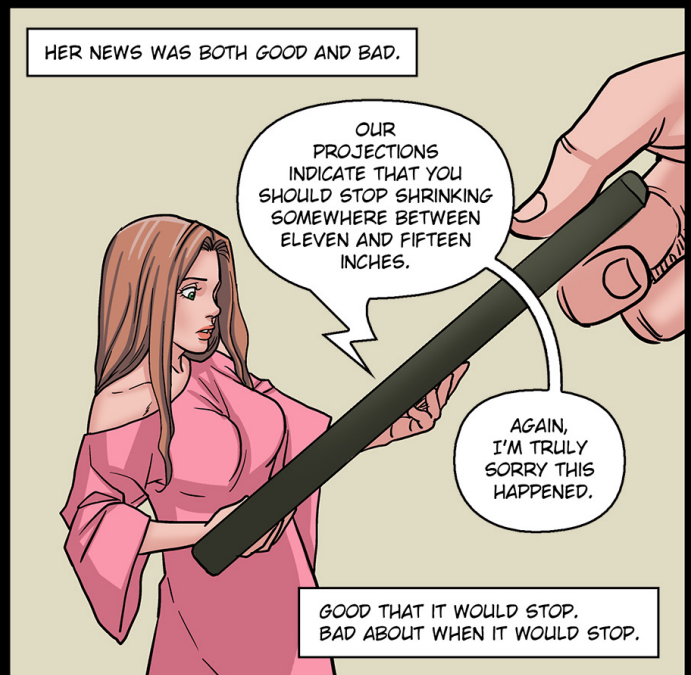
AGAIN, I'M TRULY SORRY THIS HAPPENED.

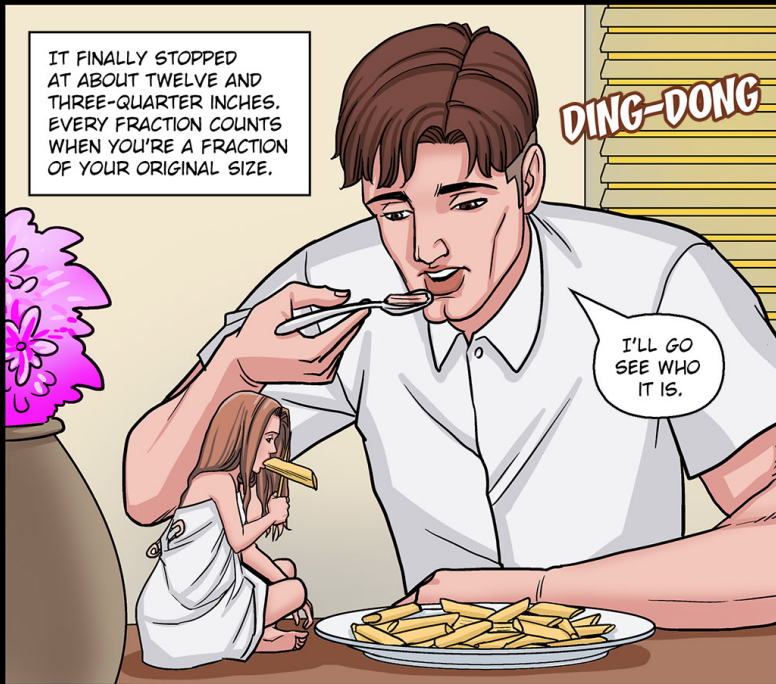
GOOD THAT IT WOULD STOP. BAD ABOUT WHEN IT WOULD STOP.



THERE'S NO WAY I'M REACHING THAT.

IT'S DR. LO.

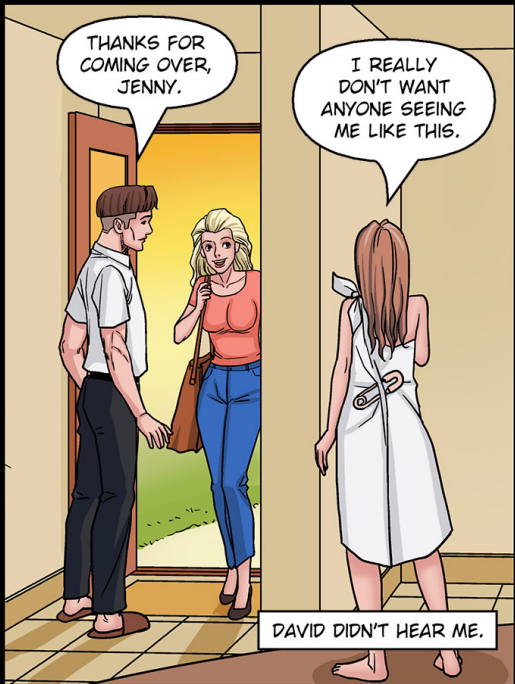




IT FINALLY STOPPED AT ABOUT TWELVE AND THREE-QUARTER INCHES. EVERY FRACTION COUNTS WHEN YOU'RE A FRACTION OF YOUR ORIGINAL SIZE.

DING-DONG

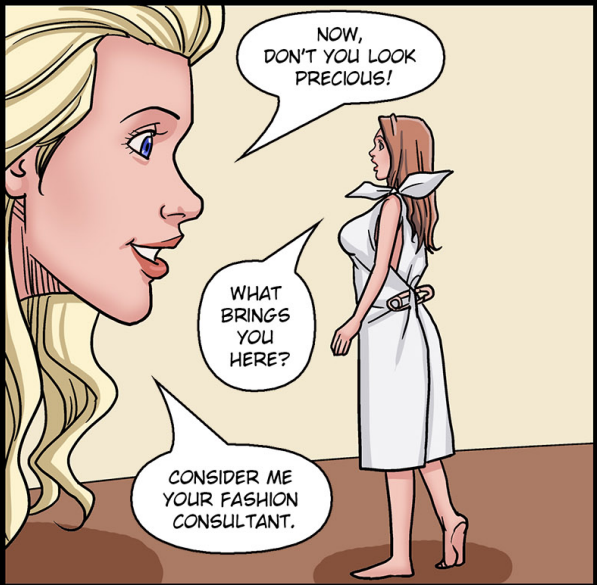
I'LL GO SEE WHO IT IS.



THANKS FOR COMING OVER, JENNY.

I REALLY DON'T WANT ANYONE SEEING ME LIKE THIS.

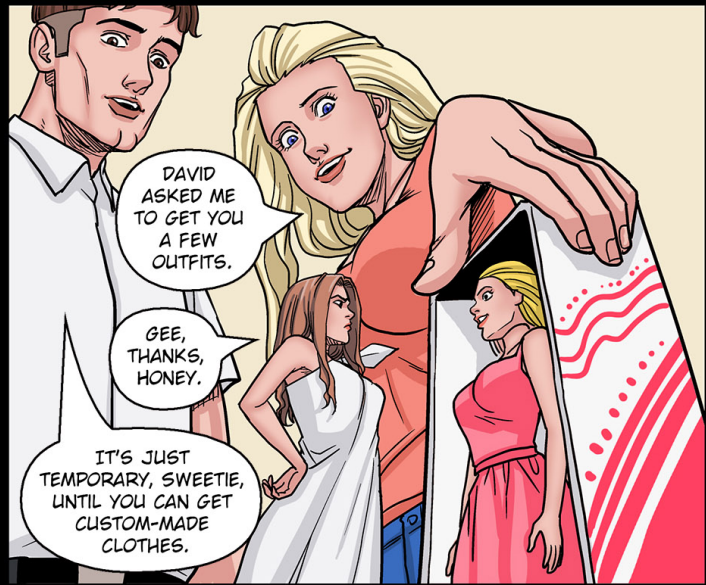
DAVID DIDN'T HEAR ME.



NOW, DON'T YOU LOOK PRECIOUS!

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

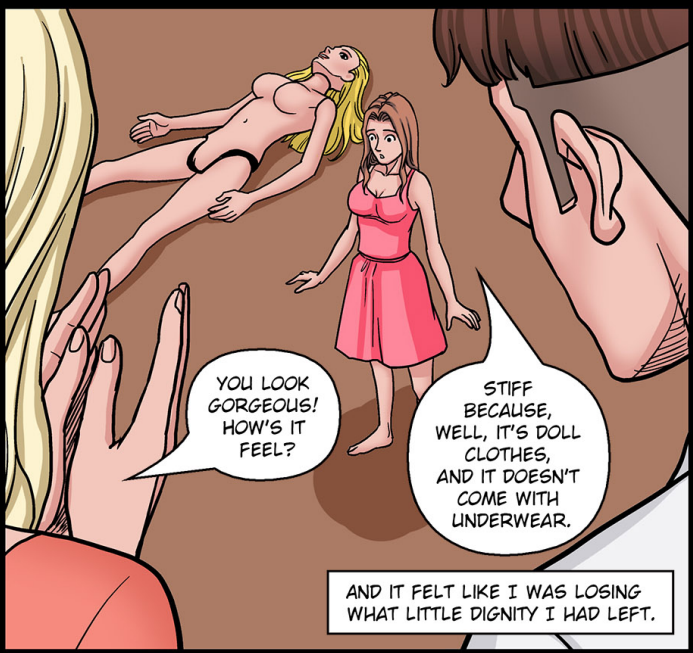
CONSIDER ME YOUR FASHION CONSULTANT.



DAVID ASKED ME TO GET YOU A FEW OUTFITS.

GEE, THANKS, HONEY.

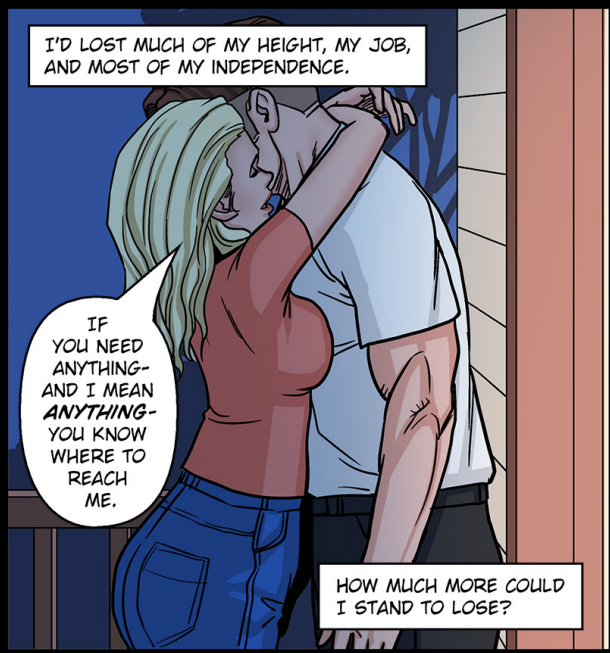
IT'S JUST TEMPORARY, SWEETIE, UNTIL YOU CAN GET CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHES.



YOU LOOK GORGEOUS! HOW'S IT FEEL?

STIFF BECAUSE, WELL, IT'S DOLL CLOTHES, AND IT DOESN'T COME WITH UNDERWEAR.

AND IT FELT LIKE I WAS LOSING WHAT LITTLE DIGNITY I HAD LEFT.



I'D LOST MUCH OF MY HEIGHT, MY JOB, AND MOST OF MY INDEPENDENCE.

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING—AND I MEAN ANYTHING—YOU KNOW WHERE TO REACH ME.

HOW MUCH MORE COULD I STAND TO LOSE?

CHECK OUT SOME  
PREVIEW PAGES FROM OUR  
UPCOMING COMIC LINEUP!



# A MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE

AUTHOR:  
MAC ROME

ARTIST:  
TANG (STUDIO ARIETA)

