



I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

IF THIS IS A JOKE, IT'S A VERY
UNFORTUNATE ONE!



THE POINT IS, THIS IS NOT A
JOKE, MICHAEL!

UNDERSTAND!

IT ONLY STARTED HAPPENING TODAY, AN
HOUR OR AN HOUR AND A HALF AGO...

I'M SHOCKED MYSELF, BUT... YOU SEE...

A man with a mustache and glasses, wearing a grey blazer over a dark blue shirt, is shown in profile, speaking. He has a wide-eyed, slightly open-mouthed expression. To his right, a woman is partially visible, gesturing with her hand. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a framed picture on the wall.

I... I SEE...

A YOUNG WOMAN, IN THE PRIME OF
HER LIFE, BUT THIS CANNOT BE, IT IS
CONTRARY TO HUMAN NATURE!

BUT IT'S REALLY ME!

LOOK AT THIS, MICHAEL!







BUT... BUT...
HOW??!

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?!



THAT'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO FIND OUT,
MICHAEL.

DO YOUR TESTS...

I DON'T KNOW...

HOW DO YOU USUALLY DO THIS...



TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES,
AND YOU, ROBERT, PLEASE GO
TO ANOTHER ROOM.

OKAY, I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

I'LL DO IT, BUT THIS IS
CRAZY... FIRST I'LL EXAMINE
YOU, MRS. BOSSOM,

OKAY, OKAY...

A man in a dark suit and glasses is standing in a room, gesturing with his hands as he speaks to a nude woman. The woman is standing with her back to the camera, facing the man, and has her arms raised in a questioning or expressive gesture. The room has patterned wallpaper, a large window with multiple panes, and a vintage television set in the background.

SO, WHAT
PRECEDED IT?

WHAT WERE YOU
DOING?

WAS THERE ANYTHING
UNUSUAL?



EVERYTHING WAS AS USUAL...

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT,
THE MORNING PASSED AS USUAL...

EVERYTHING WAS AS USUAL!

WELL, UNLESS IT SEEMED TO ROBERT THAT
THERE WAS SOME KIND OF EXPLOSION OVER
OUR HOUSE AT NIGHT...



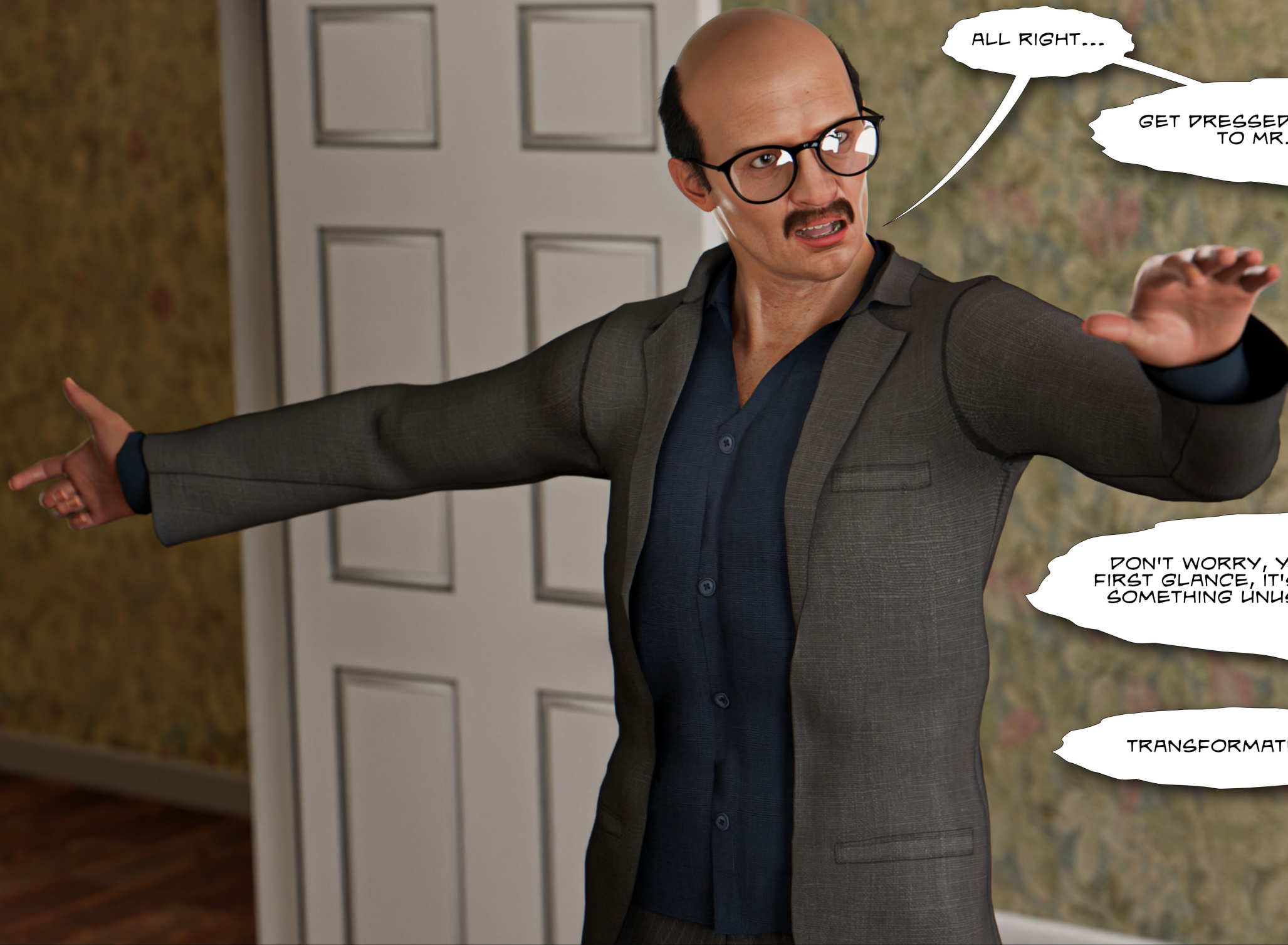
AN EXPLOSION, YOU SAY?

WHAT, THERE WERE GREEN MEN,
HUH?



WHAT KIND OF GREEN MEN ARE THERE?...

THERE IS SO MUCH WORK ON THE FARM THAT THERE ARE ENOUGH WORRIES WITHOUT ALIENS...



ALL RIGHT...

GET DRESSED WHILE I GO TALK
TO MR. BOSSOM.

DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE COMPLETELY FINE AT
FIRST GLANCE, IT'S JUST POSSIBLE HE NOTICED
SOMETHING UNUSUAL THAT PRECEDED THIS...

TRANSFORMATION...



WELL, WHAT'S UP, DOCTOR?

WHAT'S GOING ON WITH MY WIFE?!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT EXACTLY IS
GOING ON WITH HER, I NEED TO CHECK
SOME RECORDS AT MY LAB IN THE CITY
RIGHT NOW.

BUT I CAN SAY THAT SHE IS NOT ONLY
GETTING YOUNGER, BUT, AS STRANGE AS IT
MAY SOUND, SHE IS... SHE ...

...GROWING!

A man in a dark suit and glasses is walking away from the camera towards a red door. In the foreground, a man in denim overalls is seen from the back, gesturing with his right hand towards the man in the suit. The room has patterned wallpaper and a wooden handrail is visible on the left.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"GROWING"?!

WHAT IS
GROWING??

DOES SHE HAVE
SOME KIND OF INCURABLE
DISEASE??

A man with a receding hairline, wearing glasses and a grey suit, is shown from the back and side, looking out a window. The window has red frames. The background outside is bright and slightly blurred, showing some greenery and a white railing. The man's expression is serious.

NO, SHE'S LITERALLY GROWING
ON HER OWN, ALL BY HERSELF!

MUSCLES, BODY... SORRY, I
DON'T HAVE TIME, I HAVE TO RUN!



STRANGE... PSYCHO!
"GROWING"? HUH?



WHAT WERE YOU TALKING
ABOUT THERE?

AND WHERE DID HE RUN OFF
TO SO QUICKLY?



UH... NOTHING, NOTHING, HE WAS JUST IN A HURRY TO GET TO WORK... YOU...

YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY AMAZING! JUST LIKE THE DAY WE MET...

UH...HOW ARE YOU DOING?



PERFECTLY! IT'S NEVER BEEN
BETTER...

ONLY MY CLOTHING SIZE HAS INCREASED
FOR SOME REASON...

PERHAPS THESE VITAMINS HAVE HAD A
VERY GOOD REJUVENATING EFFECT ON
ME...

...MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY THEM TOO?

A man with a balding head and a distressed expression stands in the foreground, wearing dark denim overalls. His hands are raised in a pleading gesture, and they are covered in fresh, bloody scratches. In the background, a young man in a grey tank top and blue vest looks on from a doorway. The setting appears to be a rustic building with a textured, brown wall.

NO, NO, THANK YOU, I'LL DO IT THE
OLD-FASHIONED WAY, HE-HE, THE OLD
MAN'S WAY...

OTHERWISE, YOU KNOW, TWO
TEENAGERS THIS HOUSE IS NOT...



WHAT THE?...

M...MRS. BOSSOM...?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT,
JIMMY?



I'M... AND I AM...

I SAW AN OLD PHOTO OF YOU
WHERE YOU WERE...

WELL, LIKE NOW...

BUT...JUST A LITTLE LESS...

WHAT? WHAT'S HAPPENING?...





AND DID YOU WANT SOMETHING JIMMY?

A man with a goatee, wearing a white tank top, a blue denim vest, and blue jeans, is standing in a doorway. He is leaning forward, holding his right leg with his right hand, and looking down with a pained expression. The doorway is framed by a bright red door. The background shows a hallway with a patterned carpet and a wooden floor.

I... OH YES...

JACK'S TRUCK CAME TO PICK UP THE
DELIVERY...

I STARTED LOADING CANS OF MILK INTO HIS
TRUCK, BUT I TWISTED MY LEG AND WANTED TO
ASK YOU FOR SOME PAINKILLERS...

AND THEN, YOU...



OH.. JAMES, OF COURSE, I'LL GET IT NOW, WE'VE
HAD ENOUGH OF ONE INCIDENT HERE....



SO LONG AS MR. BOSSOM IS GONE...

SO WHAT'S GOING ON, MRS. BOSSOM?

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



ROBERT WILL GIVE YOU A PILL
NOW...

...COME WITH ME, I'LL HELP YOU WITH THE
LOADING, OTHERWISE I HAVE NOWHERE TO PUT
MY ENERGY ANYWAY...

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING THERE....

in 5 minutes.

BE CAREFUL! WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
WRONG WITH YOU, DARLING.

STAY HERE ROBERT, I'LL HELP
JIMMY WITH THE LOADING AND
COME BACK, IT'S TOO HOT
OUTSIDE.

AFTER ALL, BUSINESS IS
BUSINESS, WE CAN'T SKIP
DELIVERY.



OH... AND I THOUGHT YOU, MRS. BOSSOM,
WERE A LITTLE... SHALL WE SAY...

OLDER...

SORRY, JACK LEFT TODAY ON SOME
IMPORTANT BUSINESS, AND I'M HIS
NEW ASSISTANT, NOW I'M GOING TO
PICK UP THE MILK FROM NOW ON...

HMM... OLDER YOU SAY...

AND I THOUGHT THAT THE
DELIVERYMEN SHOULD BE, LET'S SAY,
LESS TALKATIVE...

SO LET'S START LOADING...



WELL, MRS. BOSSOM, WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

WHAT HAPPENED?

BECAUSE I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES... MOREOVER...

I CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU AND IT SEEMS THIS DRIVER TOO...

WELL... IT HAPPENS... IT JUST HAPPENED..

I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING MYSELF.
AND THIS POWER...

IS IT WEIRD, YEAH?

YOU HELPED ME CARRY ONE BUCKET
THIS MORNING....





AND NOW... WELL, YOU SEE...

AND ACTUALLY YOU KNOW...

GO SIT ON THE BENCH, AND I'LL
LOAD THE REMAINING CANS MYSELF.
I LIKE IT, I FEEL ALIVE!

IT'S JUST VERY HOT...

WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE...



15 minutes later.

THAT'S IT! YOU CAN GO NOW!

OH, I'M GETTING REALLY HOT...

DONG!



UH... MRS. BOSSOM, I'M SMITTEN
ON THE SPOT...

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY,
WITHOUT THIS SHIRT YOU...

IT'S GOOD THAT IT'S SO HOT OUTSIDE NOW!



HMM... IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE
I'VE BEEN TOLD SUCH WORDS...

AND CAN YOU PROVE IT BY DEED, KID?!

A man with a beard and short brown hair, wearing a white tank top, is flexing his right bicep. He is standing in front of a wooden shed with a dark doorway behind him. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, connected by lines to the man's head.

DEED?

YES, IT'S EASY, THIS SHED WILL
HELP US WITH THIS, IT'S SPACIOUS
AND SOFT THERE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT MR. BOSSOM?



DON'T THINK ABOUT HIM!

I'VE SUFFERED SO MUCH FROM THIS OLD FOOL
AND CHEATER THAT NOW IT'S MY TURN TO HAVE
FUN, AND LET THIS OLD GRISTLE BITE HIS ELBOWS,
JUST LIKE I DID WHEN HE CHEATED ON ME WITH
ALL THE GIRLS IN THIS CITY!

OOOH... COME HERE
COWBOY!

A man with a shaved head, wearing dark green overalls, is seen from behind, looking towards a light-colored wooden doghouse. A dog is lying on the ground in front of the doghouse. The scene is outdoors with a white fence and green grass visible in the background.

WHERE DID THEY ALL GO?...

AAAHHH...!!!!

OOOHH...!!!

WHAT THE?...WHAT IS
IT?!

YEAH... YEAH...
YEAH...

DEEPER JIMMY,
DEEPER!!!

OH...WHA...



A man with a shaved head, wearing a green tank top with a red patch on the back, is seen from behind, looking into a barn. In the background, another man in a white tank top is kneeling on the ground, holding a large, dark, irregular object. The barn has wooden walls and a floor covered in straw.

WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE??...

YEAH... MILK... MILK...
EXACTLY! MILK!

BERTHA HAS A
STRANGE TASTE OF
MILK... AND IT STARTED!

OH, HOW BIG THEY ARE...

HOW BIG THEY
ARE...

HOW MUCH MILK WILL FIT IN
THEM...



MILK... BERTHA? YOUR COW, BERTHA?
OH...

TODAY I WAS MOWING THE GRASS IN THE
PLACE WHERE SHE WAS GRAZING AND SAW SOME
KIND OF PHOSPHOROUS DUST THERE, I EVEN TOOK IT
INTO THE DARK TO CHECK AND IT REALLY GLOWED...

YES! PRECISELY!
BERTHA! AAH....

I DRANK FRESH MILK THIS
MORNING, RIGHT IN FRONT OF
YOU AND...

BUT IN GENERAL,
WHAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE?

DON'T STOP!!!

A close-up photograph of a man with a balding head and a shocked expression, peeking from behind a vertical wooden post. He has wide, staring eyes and an open mouth showing his teeth. He is wearing a dark blue tank top. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with a clear blue sky and some greenery.

BERTHA? MILK?...

BITCHES...