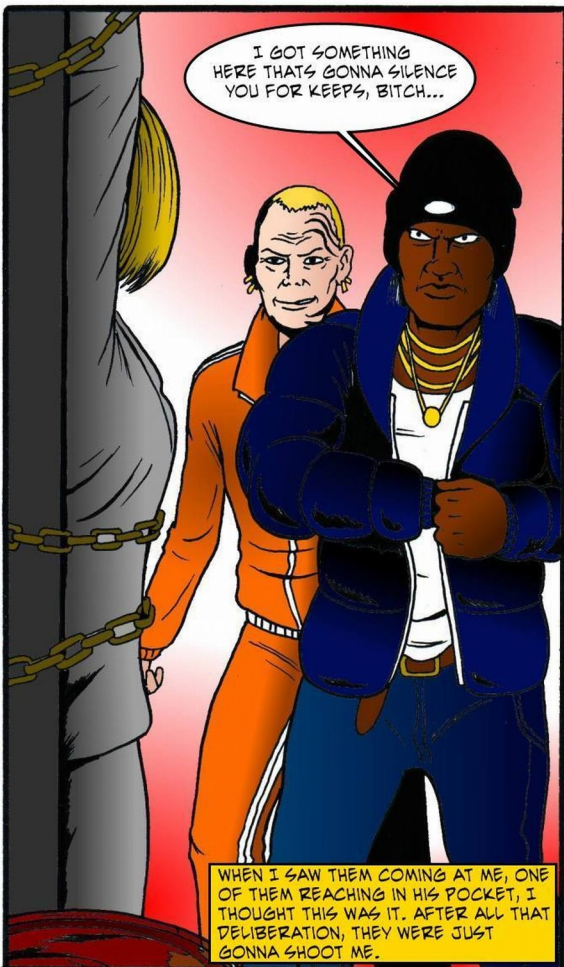


...HONEST TO GOD, I'M NOT MAKING THIS UP. THERE I WAS, TIED UP AND AT THE MERCY OF THE JEKYLL GANG (WELL, TWO OF THEM), WHO WERE WHISPERING ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH ME. IT DIDN'T SOUND TOO PROMISING.



...SO, YEAH RIGHT, I THINK WE GOT TO PLAY IT SMART AND NOT ONLY TAKE HER DOWN BUT DISCREDIT...



I GOT SOMETHING HERE THATS GONNA SILENCE YOU FOR KEEPS, BITCH...

WHEN I SAW THEM COMING AT ME, ONE OF THEM REACHING IN HIS POCKET, I THOUGHT THIS WAS IT. AFTER ALL THAT DELIBERATION, THEY WERE JUST GONNA SHOOT ME.

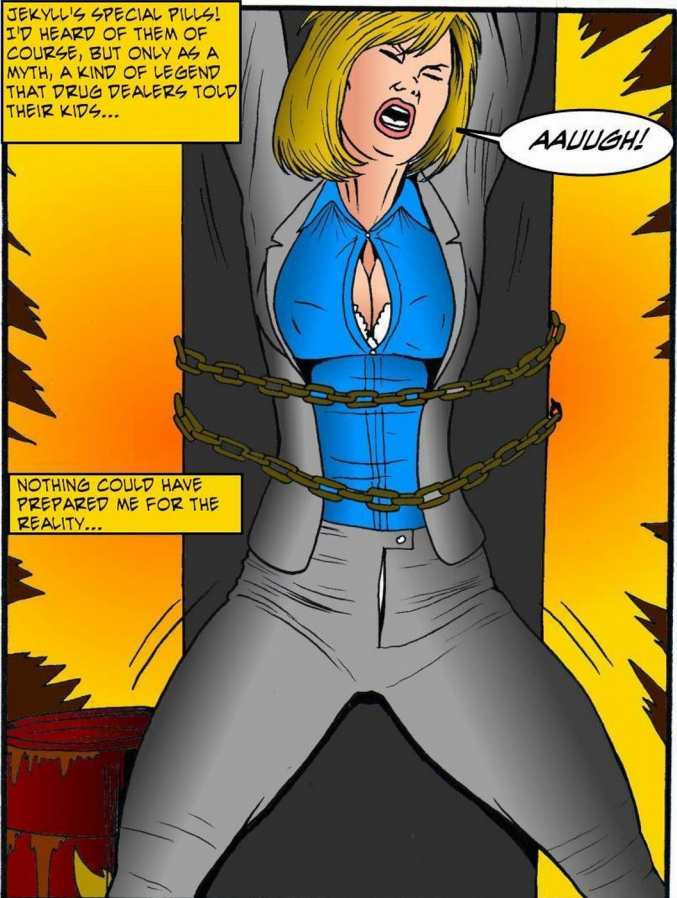


HOLD HER STEADY, YO!

MAYBE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF THEY HAD.

DON'T KNOW WHATS IN THEM SPECIAL PILLS OF JEKYLL'S, BUT THE AMOUNT I JUST GAVE YOU?

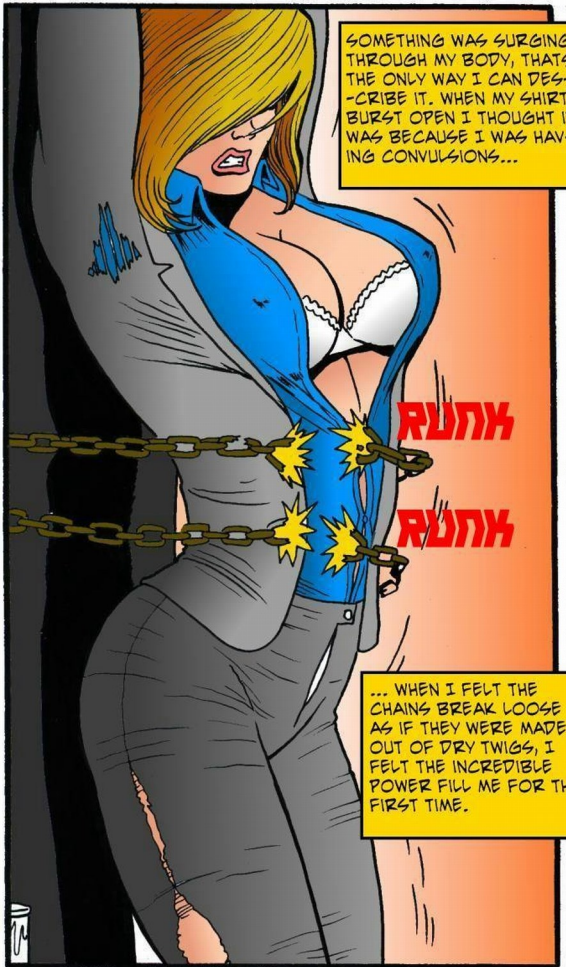
I'M GUESSING ITS LIGHTS OUT FO' YOU BABY! AND WHEN THE COPS FIND YOU YOU'LL JUST BE ANOTHER ADDICT WHO JUMPED IN THE RIVER.



JEKYLL'S SPECIAL PILLS! I'D HEARD OF THEM OF COURSE, BUT ONLY AS A MYTH, A KIND OF LEGEND THAT DRUG DEALERS TOLD THEIR KIDS...

AAAUUGH!

NOTHING COULD HAVE PREPARED ME FOR THE REALITY...



SOMETHING WAS SURGING THROUGH MY BODY, THATS THE ONLY WAY I CAN DESCRIBE IT. WHEN MY SHIRT BURST OPEN I THOUGHT IT WAS BECAUSE I WAS HAVING CONVULSIONS...

RRUNN
RRUNN

... WHEN I FELT THE CHAINS BREAK LOOSE AS IF THEY WERE MADE OUT OF DRY TWIGS, I FELT THE INCREDIBLE POWER FILL ME FOR THE FIRST TIME.



JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER ADDICT, THE FIRST TIME IS ALWAYS THE SWEETEST. IT WAS LIKE NOTHING I HAD EVER EXPERIENCED, AND ONCE FREE I FELL TO THE GROUND, MOANING WITH ECSTASY AS MY BODY SWELLED AND CHANGED. WITH TREMBLING HANDS I TORE AWAY MY CLOTHES AS MY GROWING FORM STARTED TO GET TO BIG FOR THEM.

UUHHH! OOHHHH...

SHRRIPPI!



HOWEVER I JUST MANAGED TO RETAIN MY SANITY LONG ENOUGH TO HEAR THE SOUNDS OF MY WOULD-BE CAPTORS RETURNING WITH A VAN TO TAKE ME AWAY.

I WATCHED IN FASCINATION AS MY SKIN TOOK ON A REDDISH TINT. I DIDN'T CARE ANY MORE THAT THERE WERE PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL ME.



SHRRIPPI!



I GUESS THAT RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING I WANTED TO HIDE THIS SECRET OF MINE, AND I QUICKLY HID BEHIND SOME CRATES WHILE I WAITED FOR THIS ...WHATEVER THIS WAS...TO GET FINISHED. BY THIS POINT I'D GROWN SO LARGE THAT MY CLOTHES WERE IN COMPLETE TATTERS WITH ONLY A FEW PITIFUL SCRAPS TO COVER MY NAKED BODY. BUT SUCH WAS THE INCREDIBLE RUSH OF THAT FIRST HIGH, I NO LONGER CARED.



WHAT THE FUCK!? WHERE'D SHE GET TO?



I WAS HUGE. I FELT POWERFUL. I FELT LIKE THERE WAS NOTHING I COULDN'T DO NOR ANYONE I COULDN'T BEAT. ESPECIALLY NOT TWO LOW LIVES LIKE THE GUYS WHO'D TIED ME UP. A SURGE OF CONFIDENCE ROSE WITHIN ME...



KONICHIWA, ASSHOLES!

...AND THE REST IS ALL HISTORY.



FIST-
DRUG DEALER!
DRUG DEALER- FIST!

YOU GOT
SOME MOVES RED, I'LL
GIVE YOU THAT. BUT I GOT
SOMETHING YOU AN'T.



WHEN YOU GET
TO HELL, JUST TELL 'EM THE
CANDYMAN SENT YOU, BITCH.



YOU THINK
YOUR LITTLE TOYS
GONNA STOP ME, BIG MAN?



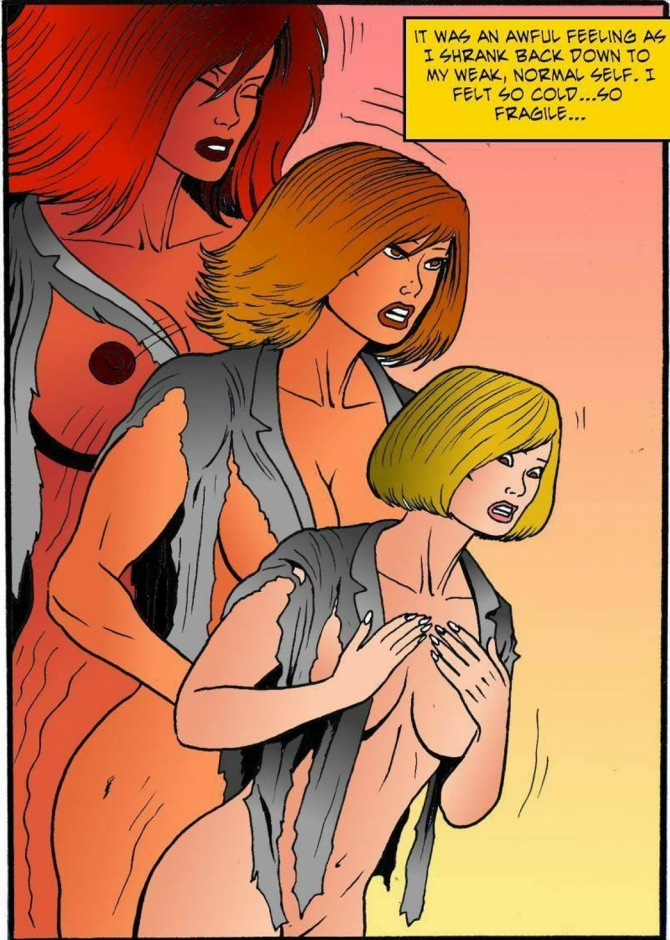
NOTHING
CAN STOP ME.

AFTER THAT, IT ALL GETS
A BIT SPOTTY...

...BUT NOT LONG AFTER
I BEAT THE SHOT OUT
OF THOSE GUYS,
THE DRUG'S
'HIGH' BEGAN TO WANE.

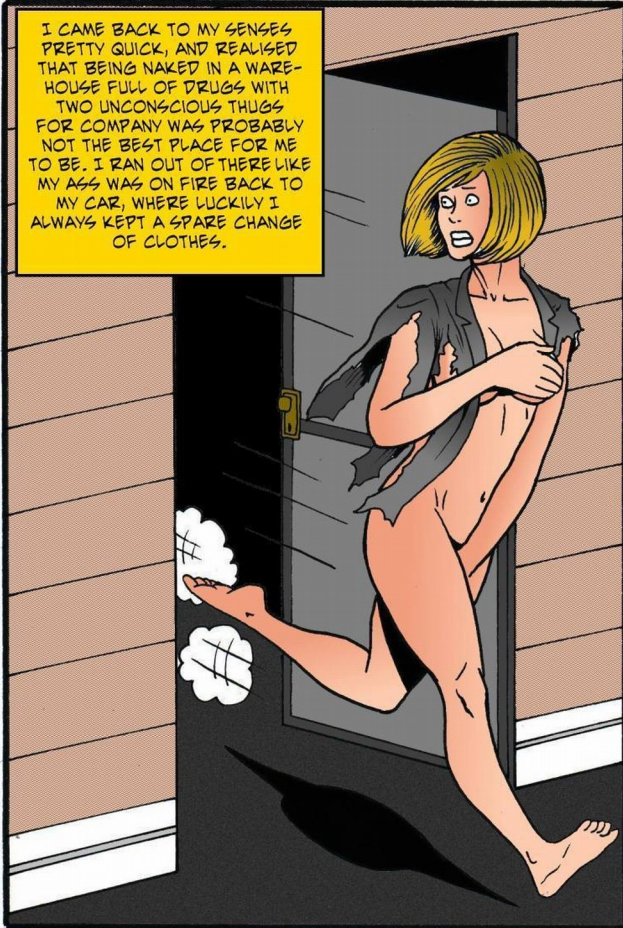


NNOOO...



IT WAS AN AWFUL FEELING AS
I SHRANK BACK DOWN TO
MY WEAK, NORMAL SELF. I
FELT SO COLD...SO
FRAGILE...

I CAME BACK TO MY SENSES PRETTY QUICK, AND REALISED THAT BEING NAKED IN A WAREHOUSE FULL OF DRUGS WITH TWO UNCONSCIOUS THUGS FOR COMPANY WAS PROBABLY NOT THE BEST PLACE FOR ME TO BE. I RAN OUT OF THERE LIKE MY ASS WAS ON FIRE BACK TO MY CAR, WHERE LUCKILY I ALWAYS KEPT A SPARE CHANGE OF CLOTHES.



I DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT HAD JUST HAPPENED-- IT WAS JUST TOO CRAZY! AND I THINK IF ALL THIS CRAZINESS HAD BEEN ABLE TO JUST STOP RIGHT THERE, THEN THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THAT. BUT YOU SEE, I'D BEEN GIVEN AN INCREDIBLY LARGE DOSE OF JEKYLL'S MYSTERY FORMULA. NOT EVEN HE COULD HAVE FORSEEN THE STAGGERING-- AND PERMANENT-- CHANGE IT HAD WROUGHT IN MY BODY CHEMISTRY. ESSENTIALLY THOUGH, THE FORMULA WORKED LIKE ANY OTHER NARCOTIC. FIRST, YOU GOT THE HIGH, AND THEN YOU'D COME DOWN. BUT WITH SUCH A MASSIVE DOSE RUSHING ROUND YOUR BLOODSTREAM, YOU GET PEAKS AND TROUGHS...



...AND SOON, I BEGAN TO GET MY 'SECOND WIND'.

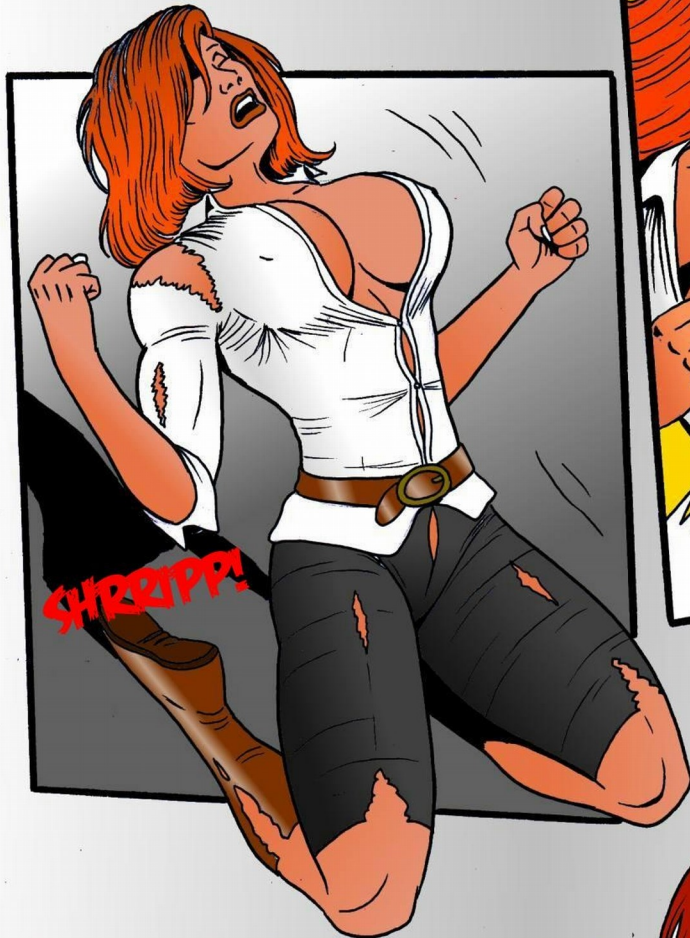


OOHH... M-MY BREASTS!

IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!



I'M CHANGING!



THERE COULD BE NO GOING BACK FOR ME NOW...I KNEW I WAS HOOKED. LIKE ANY DRUG ADDICT, I ALSO KNEW THAT WHEN I WAS HIGH, I WAS A DIFFERENT PERSON. I COULDN'T CALL MYSELF JILL FOSTER WHEN I WAS LIKE THIS...SO WHO WAS I? I DECIDED THAT I WOULD BE WHAT THAT GUN TOTING THUG HAD CALLED ME...



RED

WORDS AND PICTURES
BY
MANIC

PRESENTED IN

MANICVISION