

STICK

CATS



NUMBER TWO : ACT III

BY NICK MARINO



EMBRACE
CHAOS



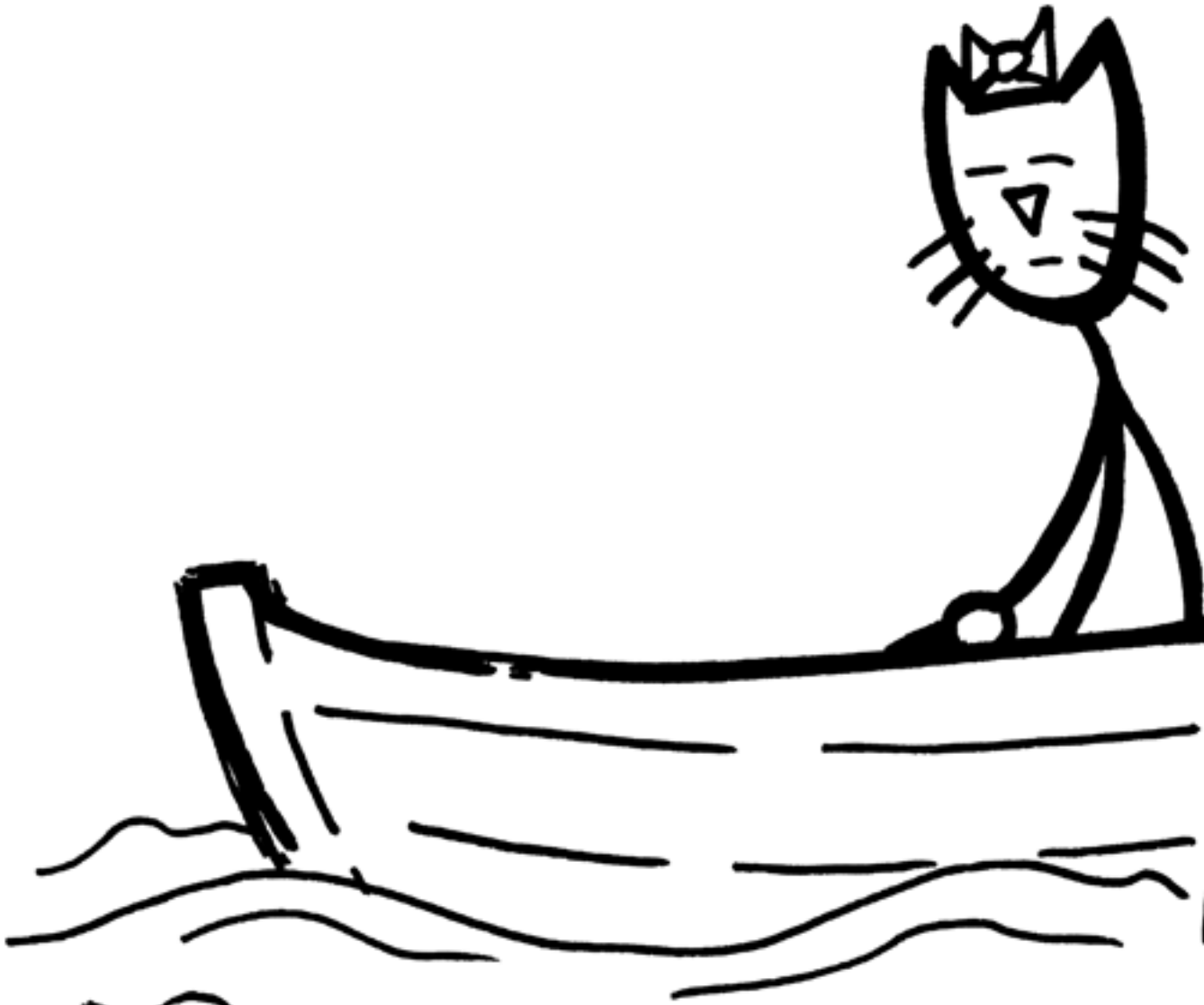
STEVE
IS LOST...

LOST SOMEWHERE IN TIME.



I'M ALL OUT
OF TEARS.

NO MORE SADNESS.
JUST EMPTINESS.



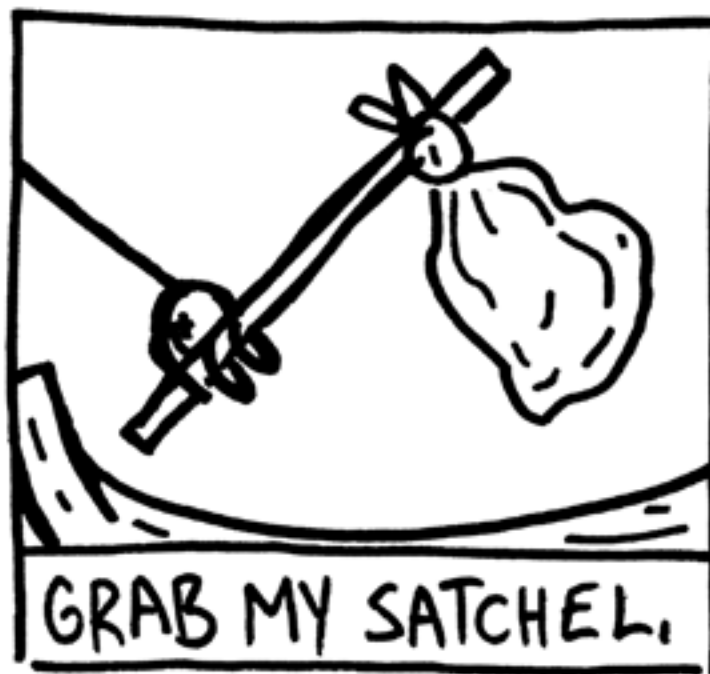
AND SO I FLOAT,
LETTING THE STREAM
CARRY ME WHERE IT
WANTS TO TAKE ME.



EVENTUALLY, I WASH UP ON
THE SHORE NEAR AN ODD
LITTLE FOREST.



I DOCK MY BOAT.



GRAB MY SATCHEL.

AND I ENTER THE
WOODS.



MEANWHILE...

DEEP IN A HIDDEN CAVE...

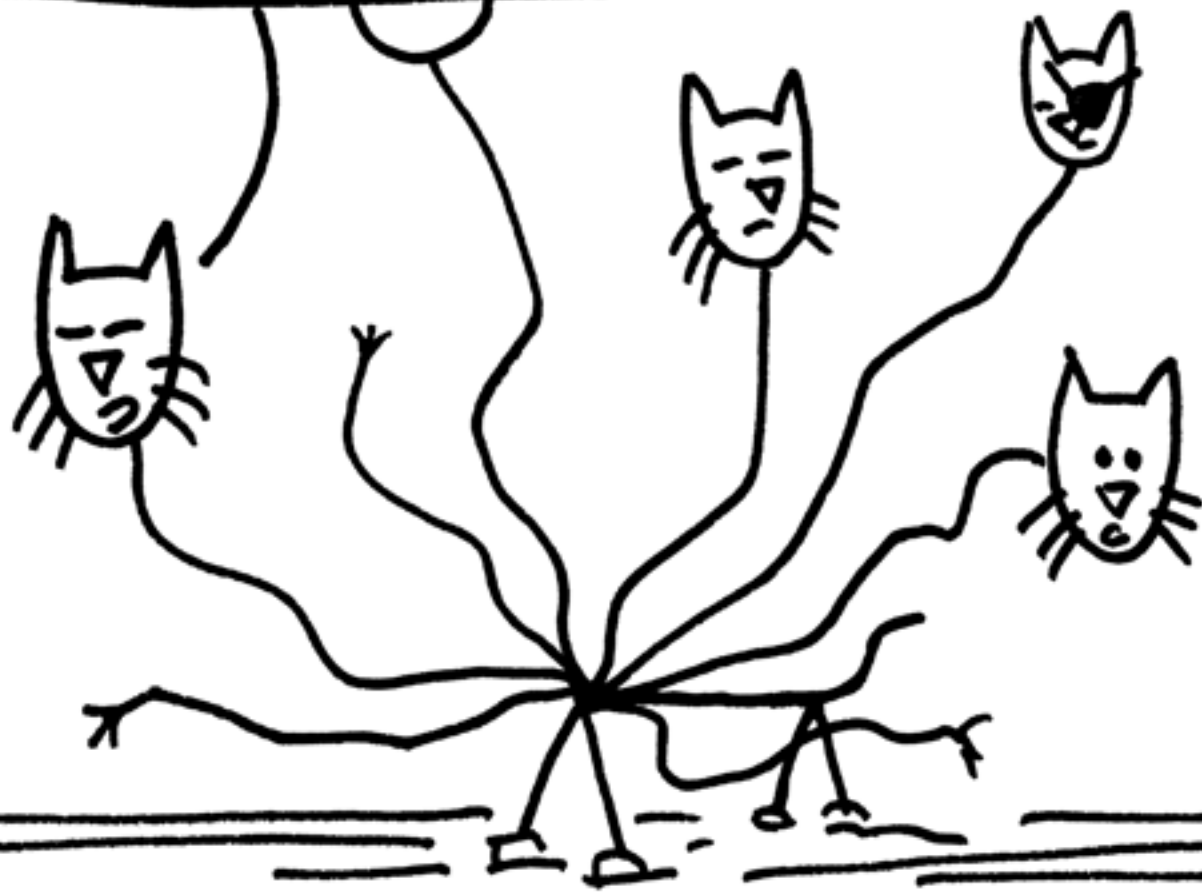
MY LORD... YOU'VE WON! CAT SOCIETY HAS BEEN TOTALLY DESTROYED!

YET... YOU'RE UNHAPPY?

LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO YOU, AMAZONIA...

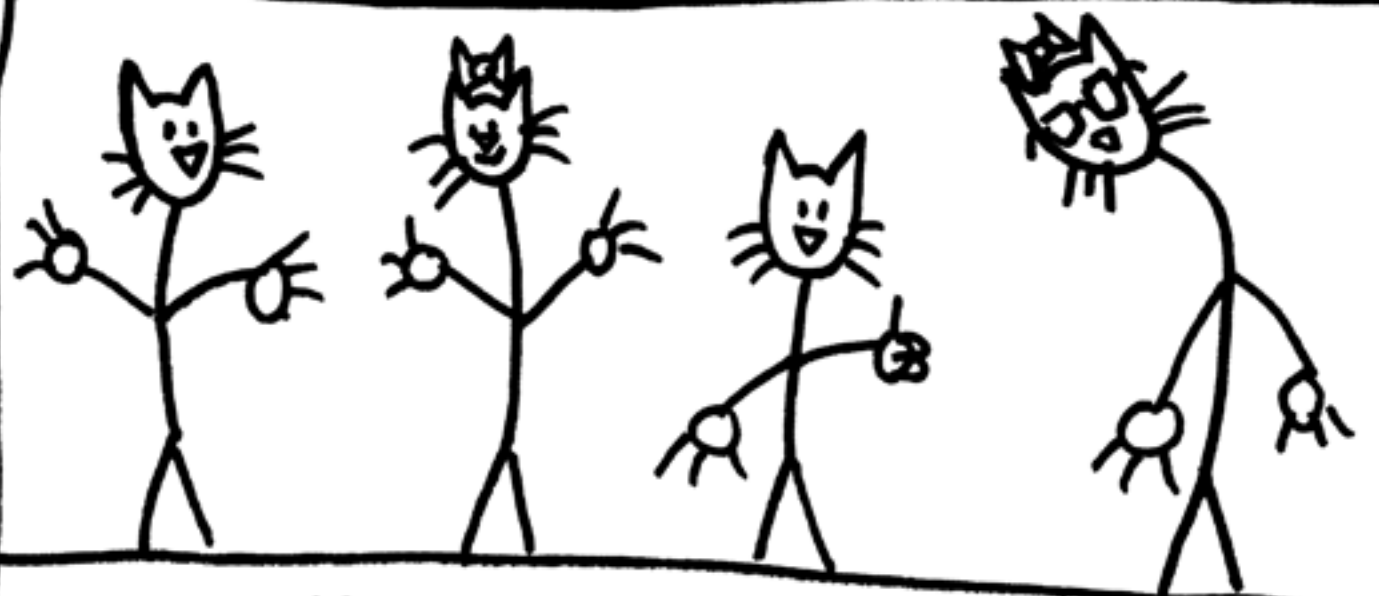
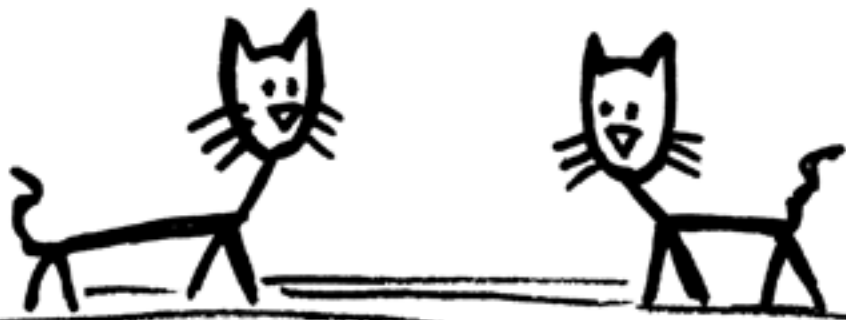


I WAS BORN AN OUTCAST...



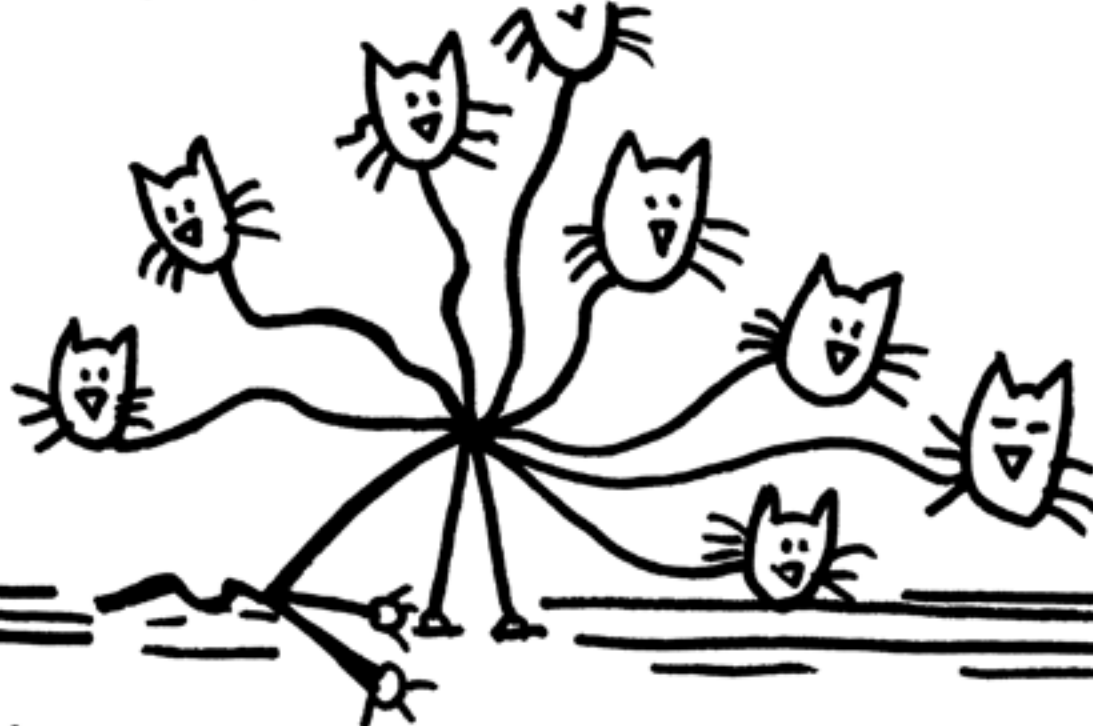
A FREAK.

AS CATS, WE'D LOST
THE OLD WAYS...



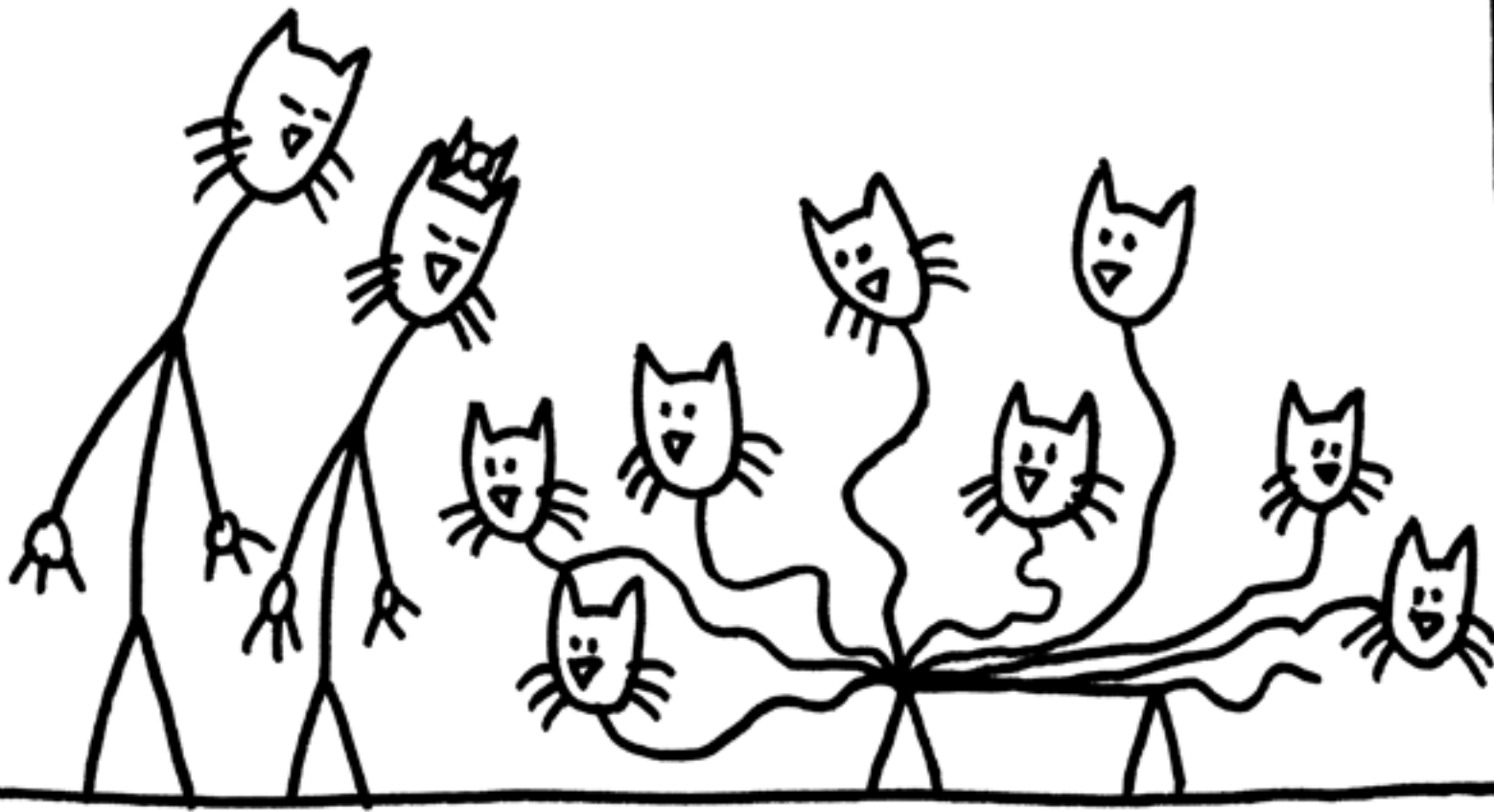
WALKING ON TWO LEGS...
CLIPPING OUR TAILS...
CRAFTING PERSONALITIES...

BUT MY FRAIL KITTEN BODY WAS TOO WEAK
TO SUPPORT MY EIGHT HEADS AND STILL
WALK ON MY HIND LEGS...



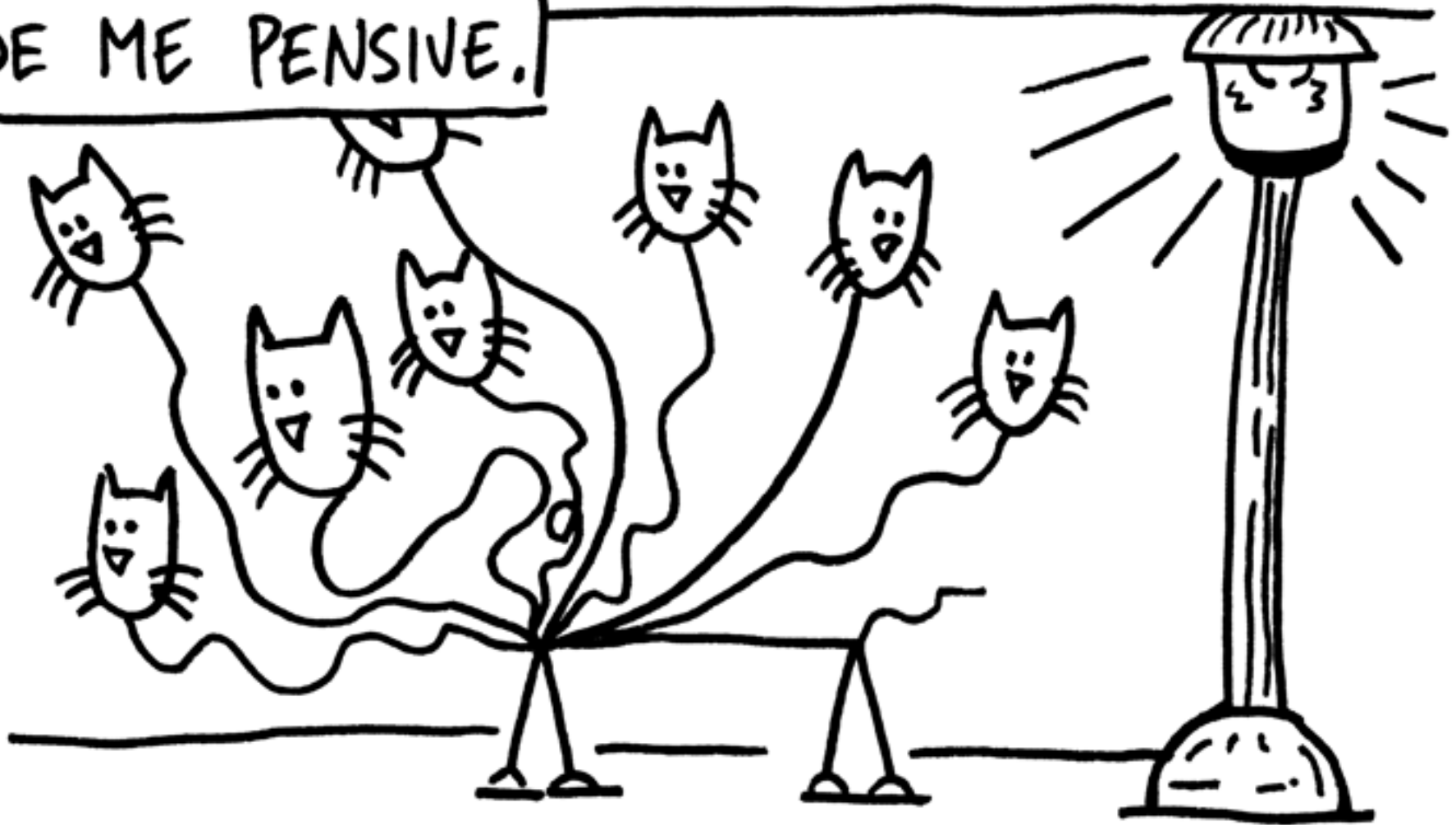
I COULDN'T FIT IN WITH THE CROWD.

OTHER CATS LOOKED DOWN ON ME...



I CRIED.

MY PAIN MADE ME PENSIVE.



ALL MY THINKING GAVE ME A UNIQUE PERSPECTIVE ON MODERN CAT CULTURE,

AND THE ONLY CHOICE WAS TO DESTROY IT!

