PROLOGUE:

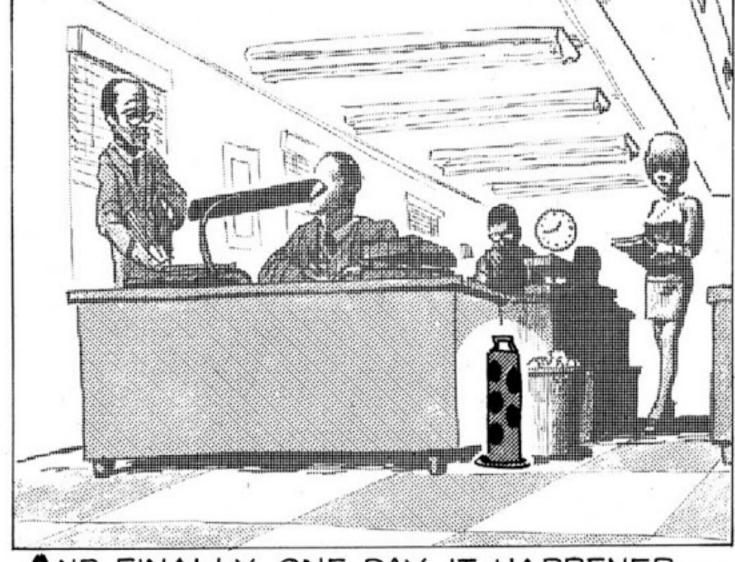
THEY MADE THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE ON TELEVISION ...

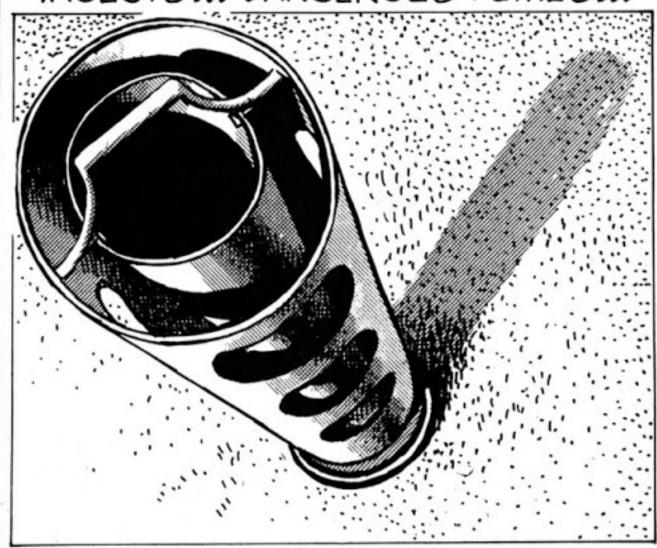
ELSEWHERE ... IN HOMES ...



... IN OFFICES ...

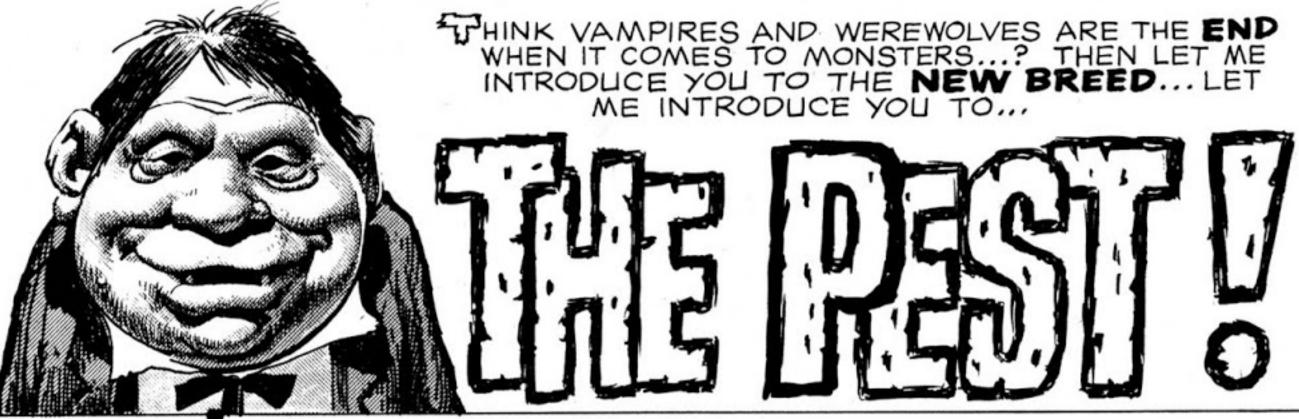
BOARD AND NERVE GAS... GIVING OFF FUMES DEADLY TO CRAWLING INSECTS... DANGEROUS FUMES...



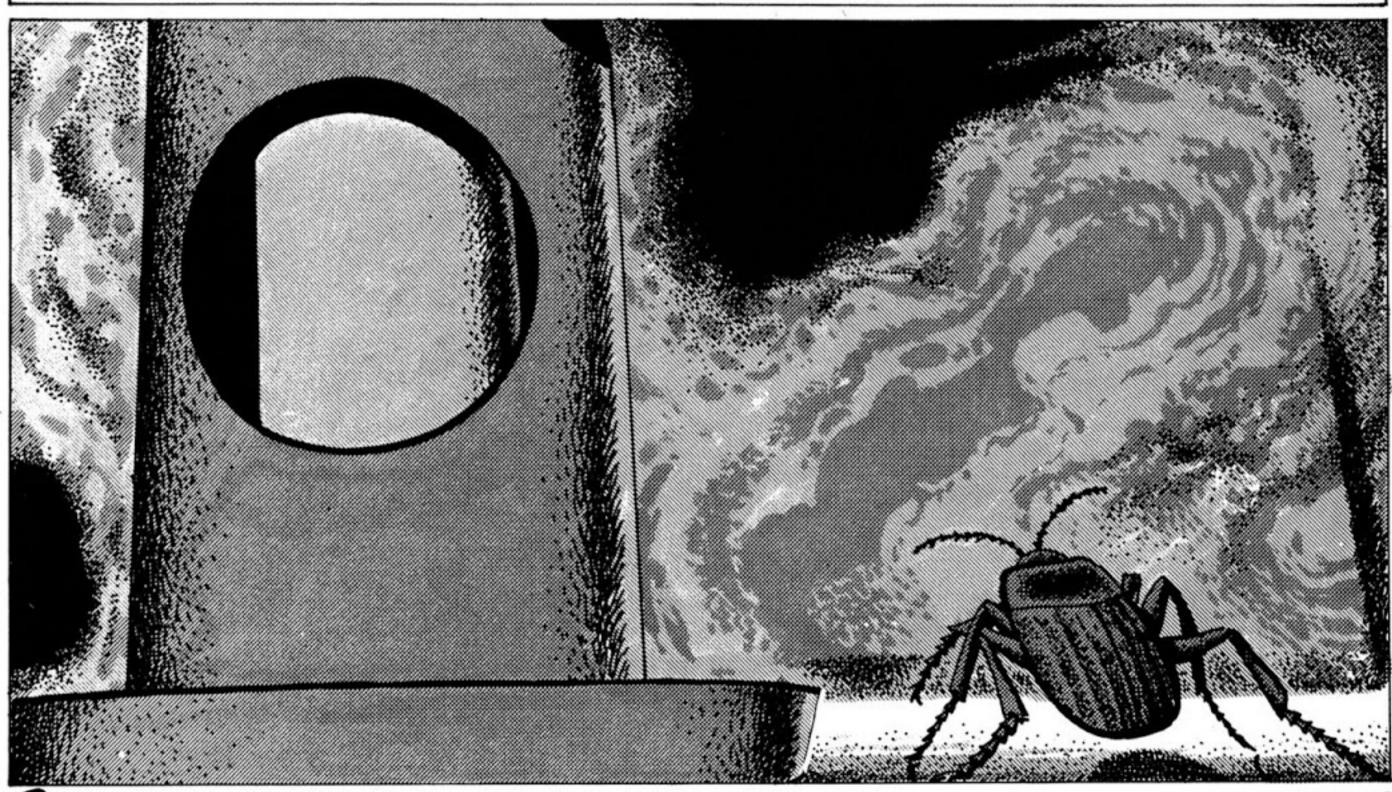


AND FINALLY, ONE DAY, IT HAPPENED ...

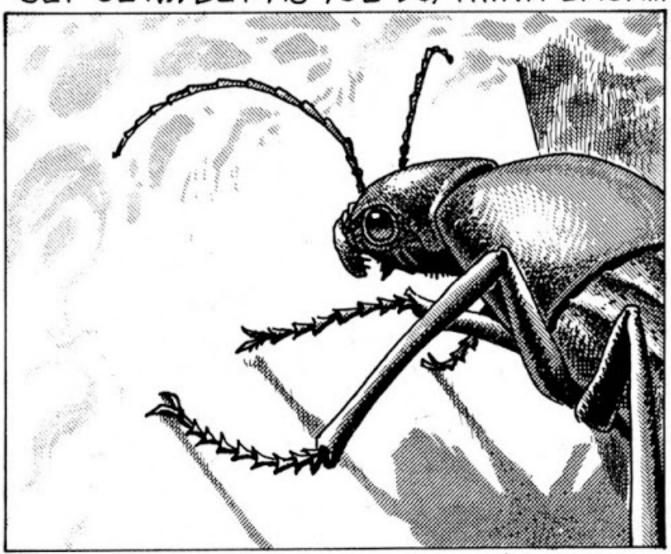




CRAWL... TRY TO ESCAPE FROM THE FUMES ... THE FUMES THAT REACH OUT FOR YOU, WISH TO STRANGLE YOU ... CRAWL ... AND KNOW THAT YOU, WHO WERE ONCE THE VICTIMIZER, ARE NOW THE VICTIM ...



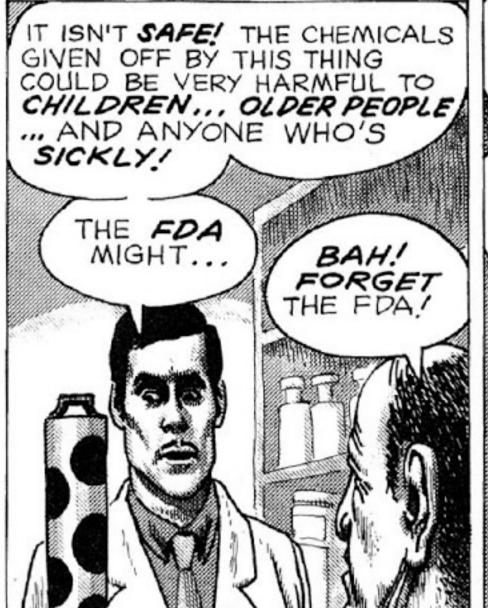
SCRATCH AT THE DOOR ... TRY TO FORCE YOUR SIX AWKWARD LIMBS TO FUNCTION PROPERLY ... TRY TO GET OUT ... BUT AS YOU DO, THINK BACK ...

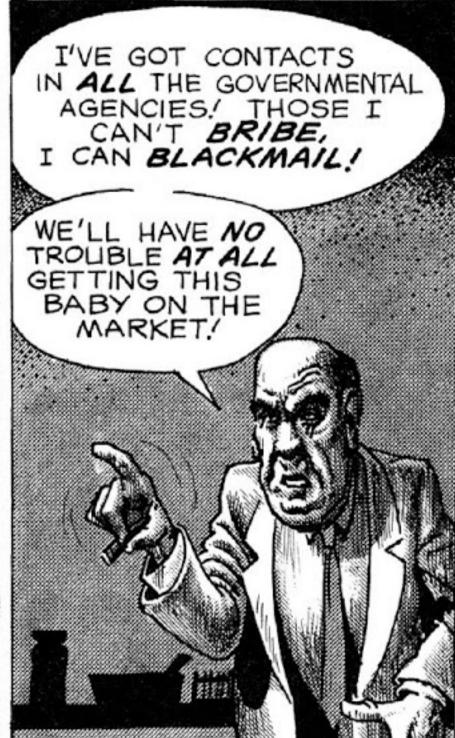


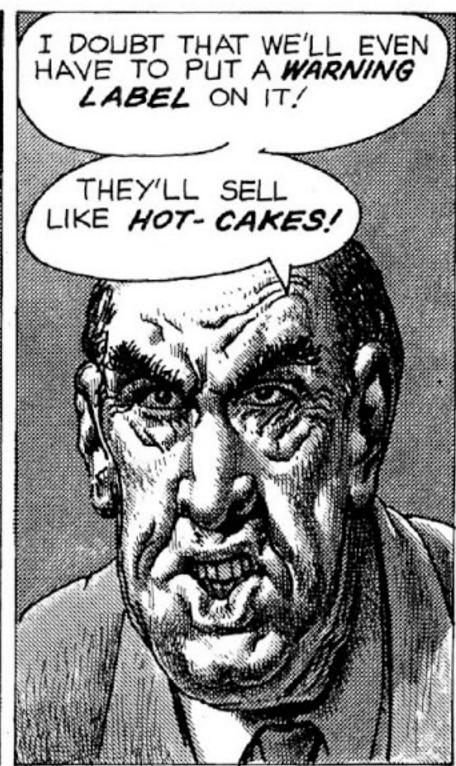
... THINK BACK AND REMEMBER THAT AN ETERNITY AGO YOU STOOD ON TWO LEGS... YOU WERE A MAN...



... OR WERE YOU A MAN? COULD ANYONE CALL ONE SUCH AS YOU A MAN?

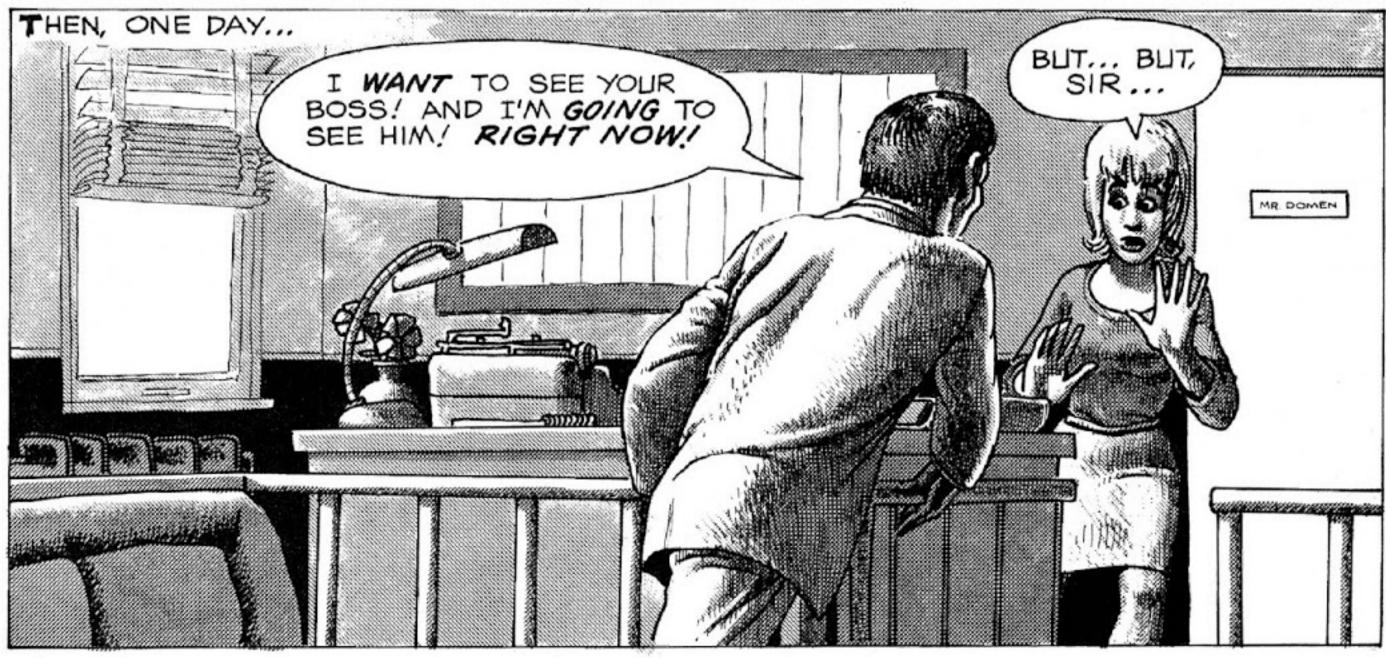






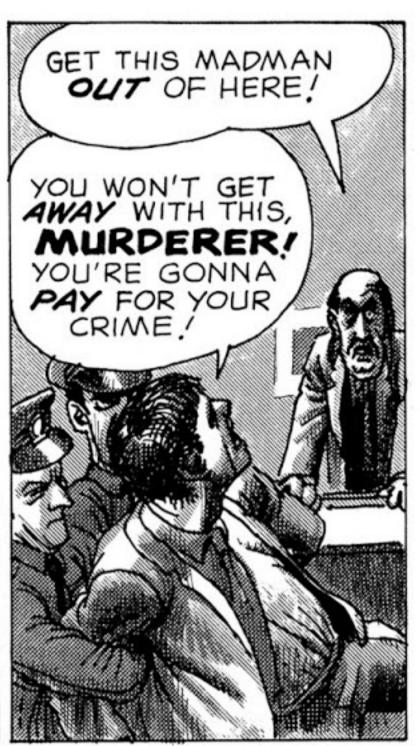
WELL, PERHAPS NOT EXACTLY LIKE HOT-CAKES ... BUT THEY DID SELL WELL ...

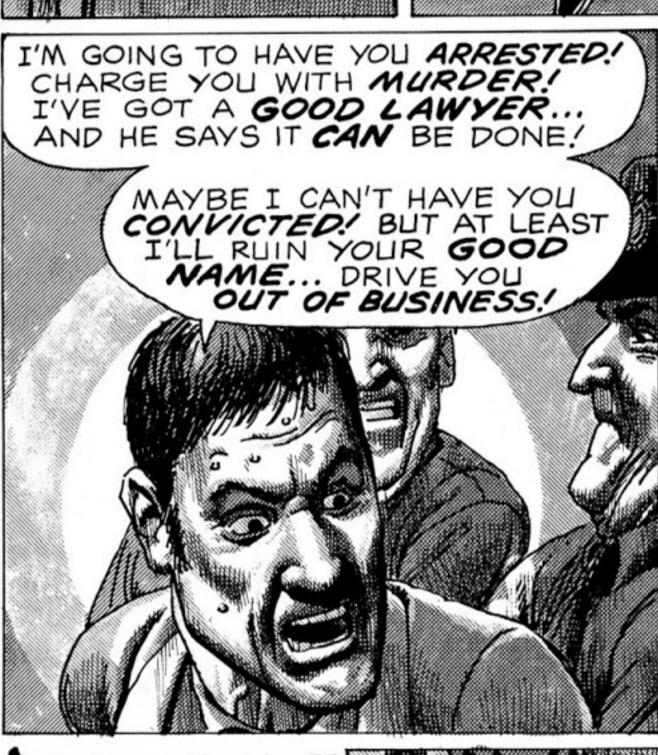


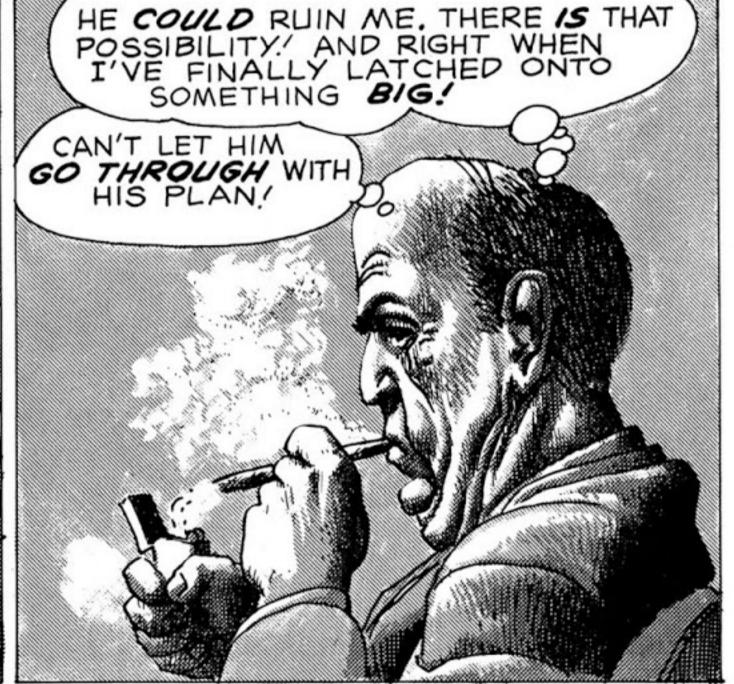








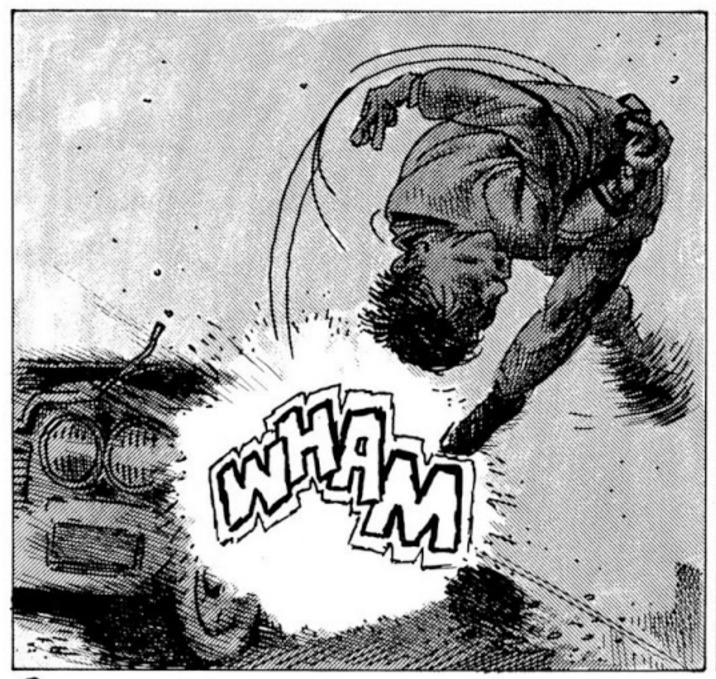




AND, THAT NIGHT, AFTER A VAIN ATTEMPT TO DROWN HIS SORROWS, AS THE SAD YOUNG MAN LEFT A LOCAL TAVERN... A CAR CAME FROM OUT OF NOWHERE...







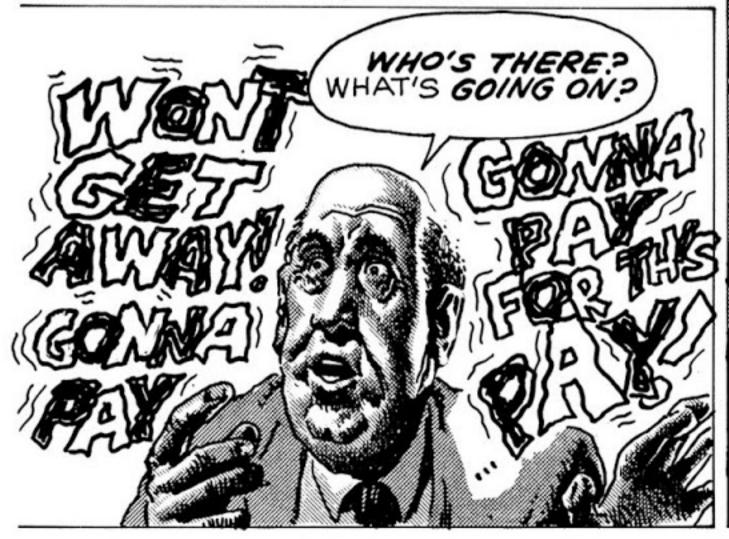


GUILT -- IS THAT WHAT CAUSED IT? WERE YOU FEELING GUILT FOR THE FIRST TIME? GUILT -- IS THAT WHY YOU HEARD THE SOUNDS, THAT NIGHT WHEN YOU WERE ALONE IN YOUR FACTORY?...



AND EVEN AS YOU SHOUTED, WORDS ECHOED IN YOUR BRAIN... THE WORDS THAT HAD BEEN SPOKEN BY THE YOUNG MAN YOU HAD KILLED...

THEN, YOU HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS, ... SOMEONE RUNNING TOWARD YOU ... AND YOU RAN...



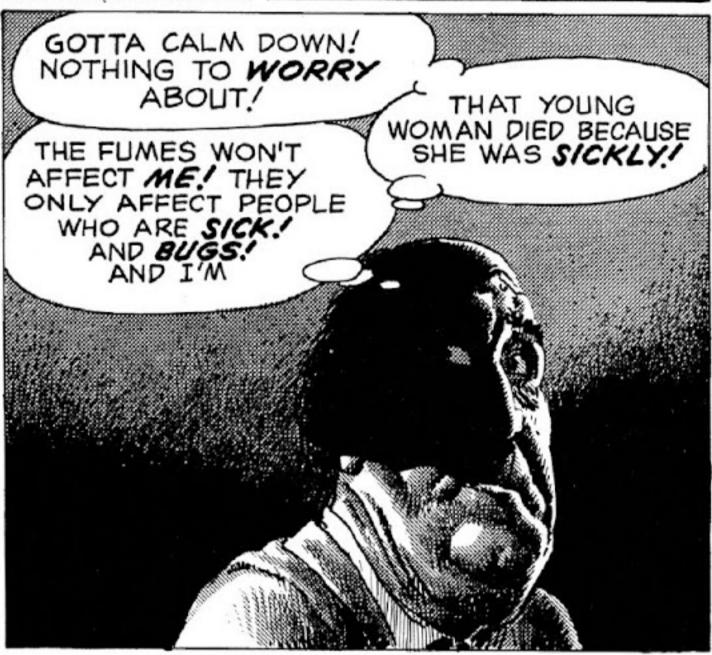






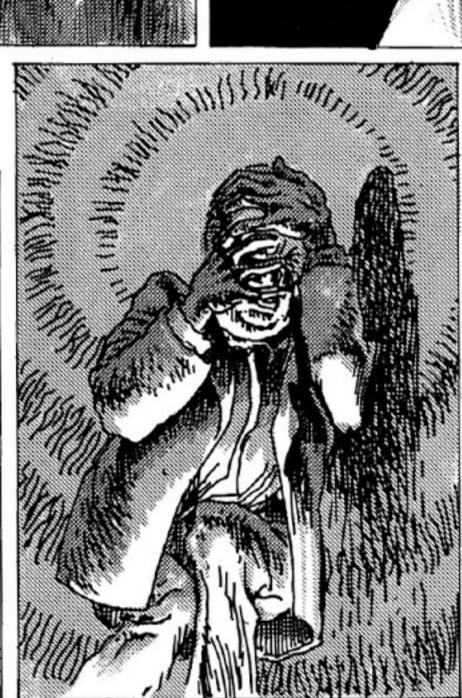




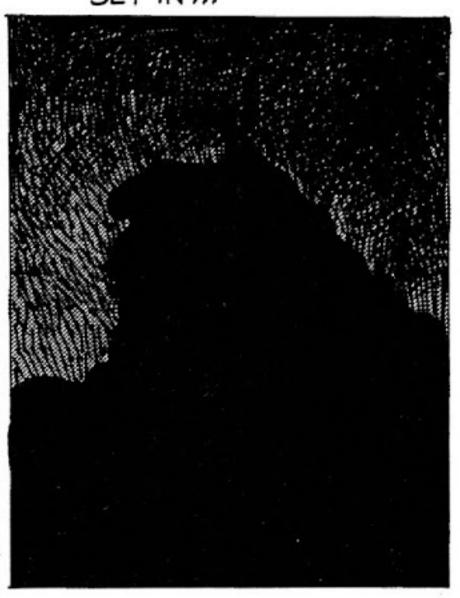


BUT THE FUMES DID AFFECT YOU, DIDN'T THEY? YOU BEGAN TO FEEL DIZZY... GROGGY...

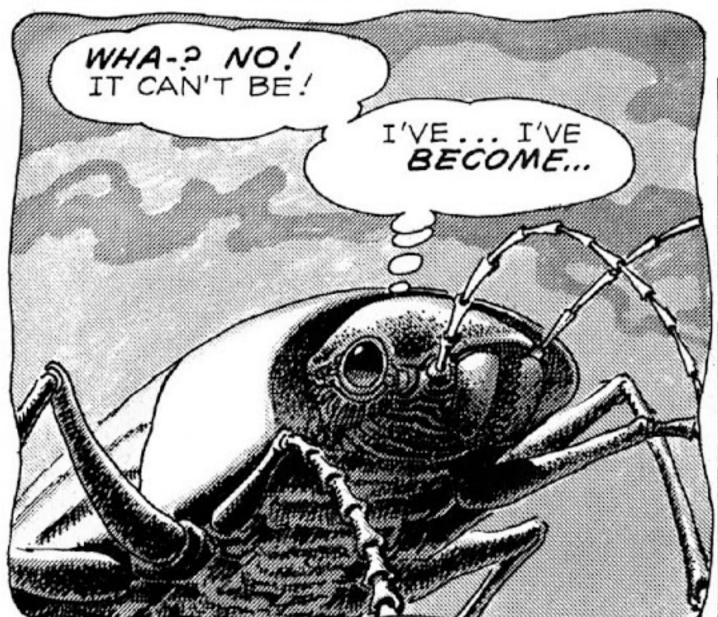




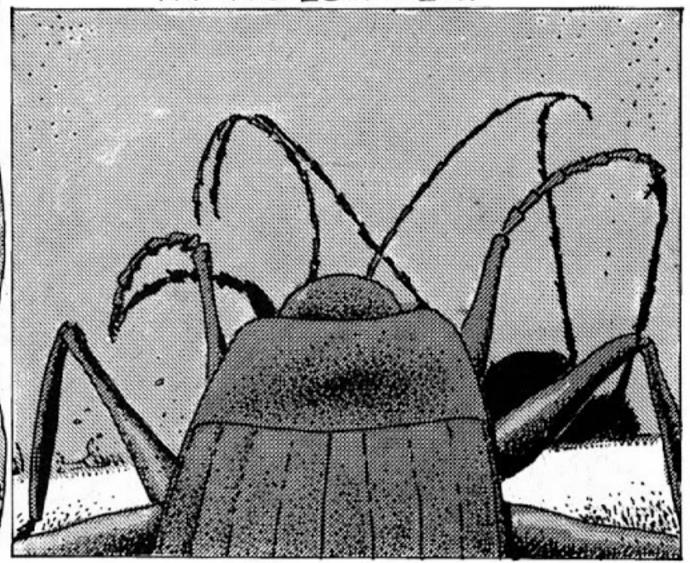
THEN, THE DARKNESS SET IN ...



AND WHEN YOU AWOKE ...



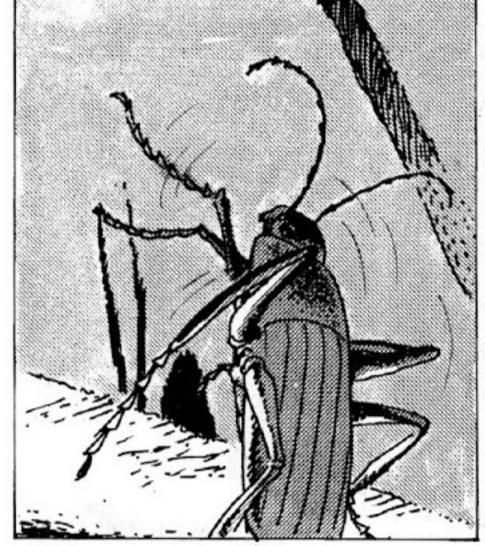
AND NOW YOU ARE SCRATCHING AT THE DOOR ... TRYING TO MAKE YOUR STRANGE BODY FUNCTION ... TRYING ESCAPE ...

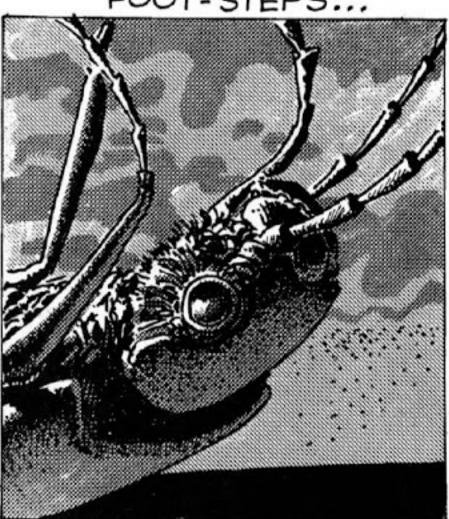


BUT YOU ARE NOT USED TO THIS BODY ... YOU STUMBLE ... FALL ...

AND YOU ARE UNABLE TO RIGHT YOURSELF... UNABLE TO TURN OVER...YOU TRY YOU STRUGGLE...

FOR HOURS AND HOURS
LIE THERE... THE FUMES
WEAKENING YOU... THEN,
FINALLY HEAR
FOOT-STEPS...





THE DOOR OPENS... A WORK-MAN FROM YOUR FACTORY... HIS FOOT HEADING DOWN TOWARD YOU...













SO, YOU NEVER DID TURN INTO A BUG. IT WAS ALL IN YOUR MIND. INSANITY, BROUGHT ABOUT, PERHAPS, BY THE FUMES AFFECTING YOUR MIND. OR PRODUCED, PERHAPS, BY GUILT!



AND A GOOD THING HE DION'T REALLY BECOME AN INSECT... THINK WHAT A BAD NAME SOMEONE LIKE HIM COULD GIVE BUGS! AFTER ALL, SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE--BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY!

