

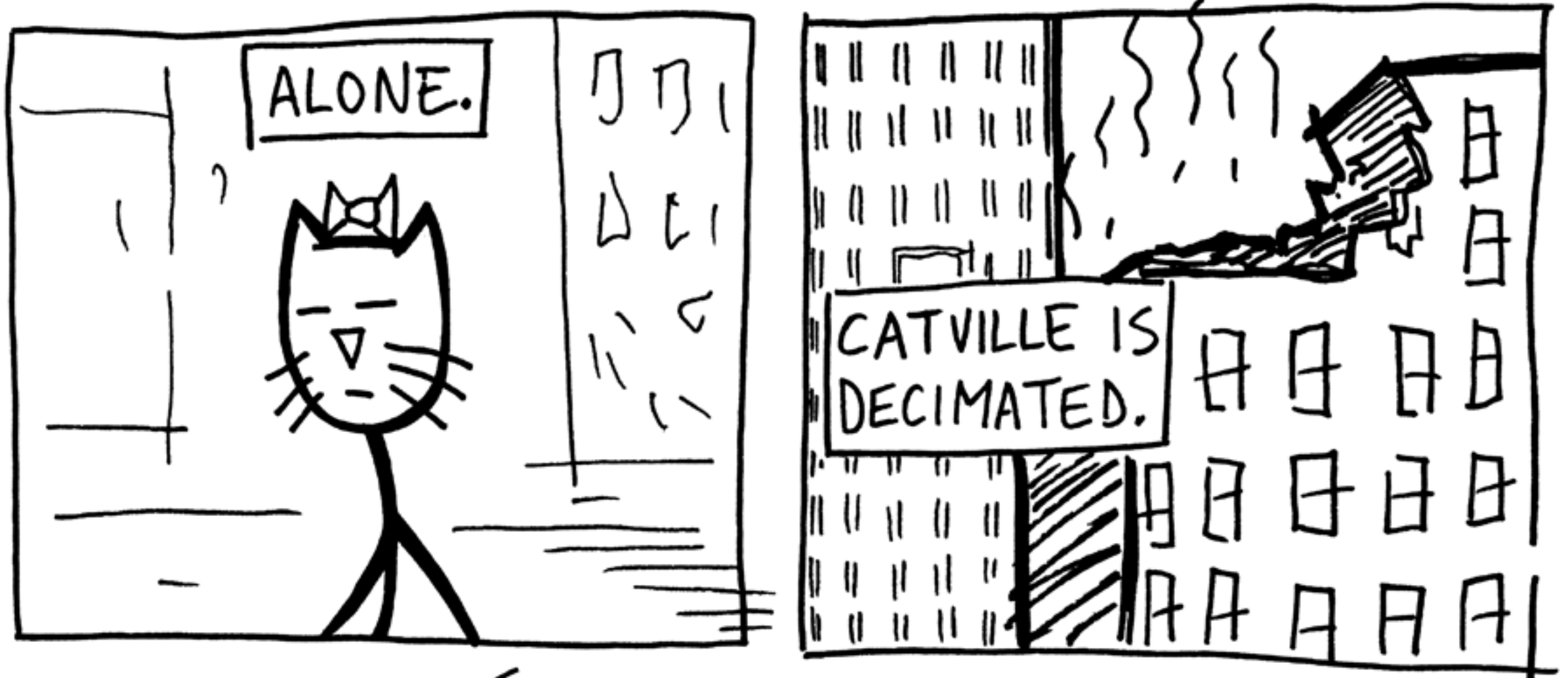
# STICK CATS



NUMBER TWO : ACT III

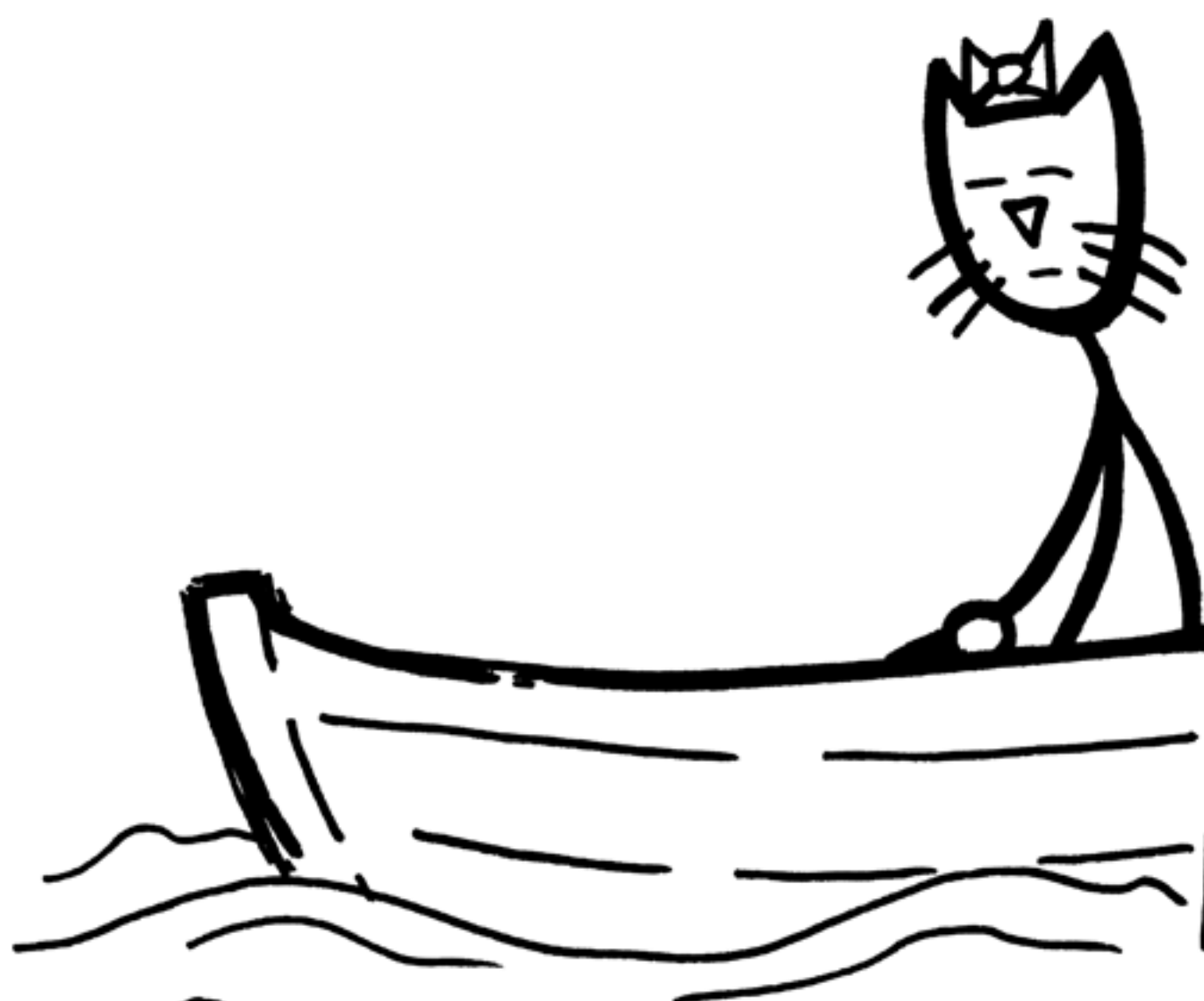
BY NICK MARINO





I'M ALL OUT  
OF TEARS.

NO MORE SADNESS.  
JUST EMPTINESS.

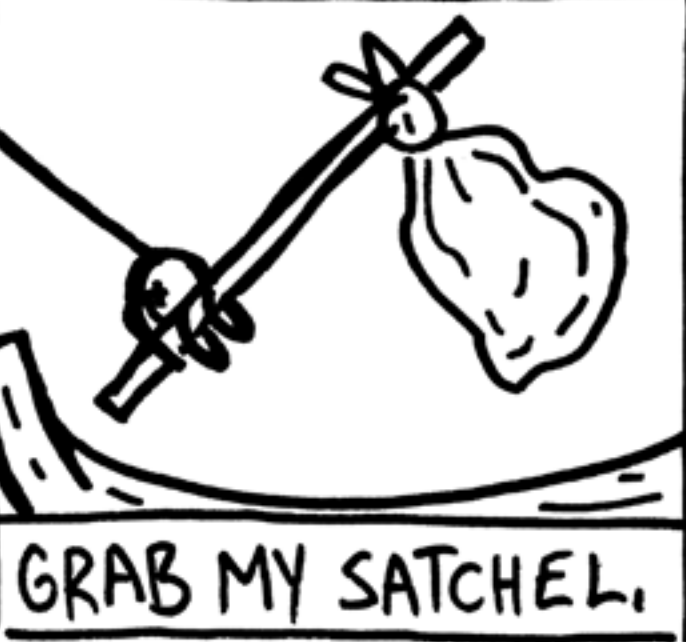
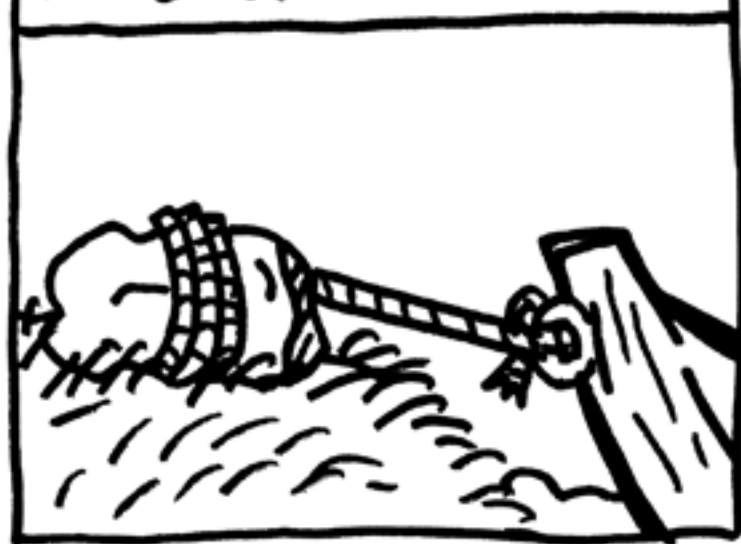


AND SO I FLOAT,  
LETTING THE STREAM  
CARRY ME WHERE IT  
WANTS TO TAKE ME.

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



I DOCK MY BOAT.



GRAB MY SACHEL.

AND I ENTER THE  
WOODS.





MEANWHILE...

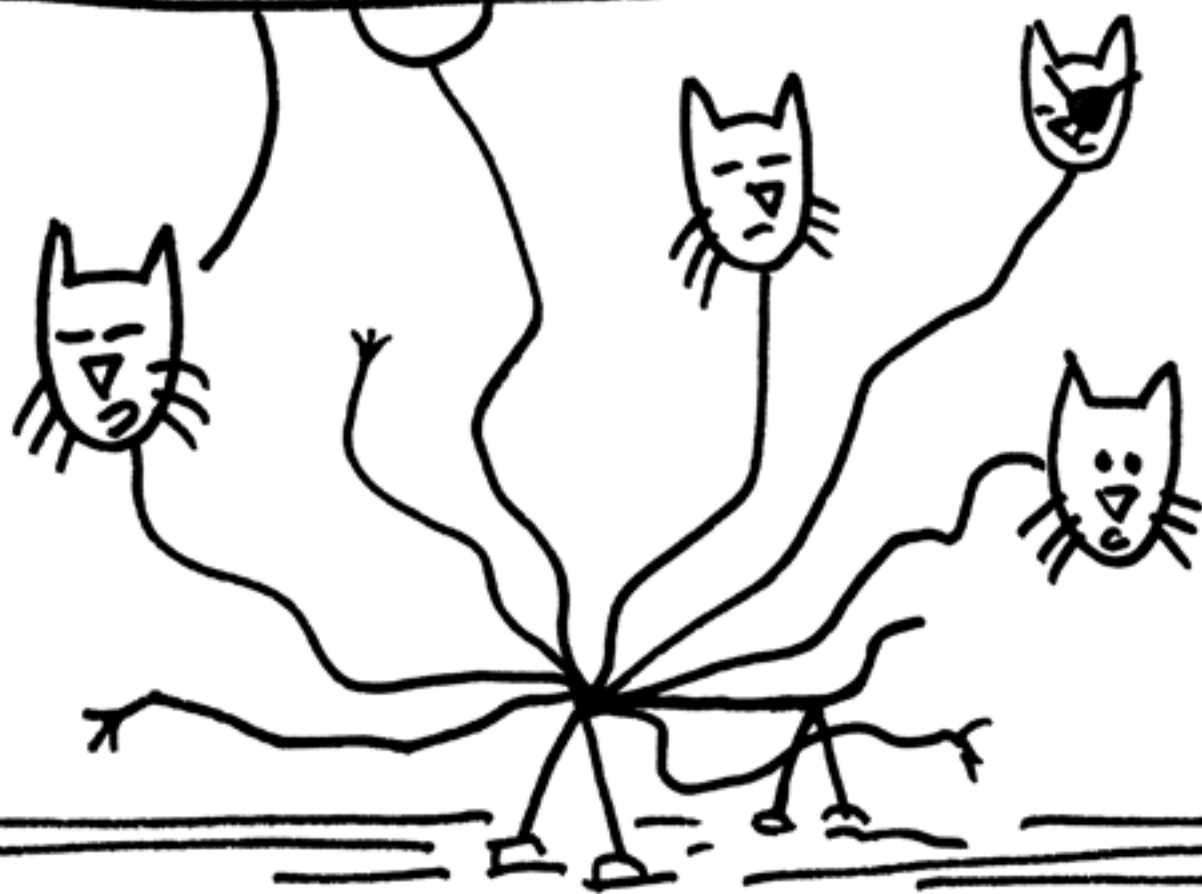
DEEP IN A HIDDEN CAVE...

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

YET... YOU'RE  
UNHAPPY?

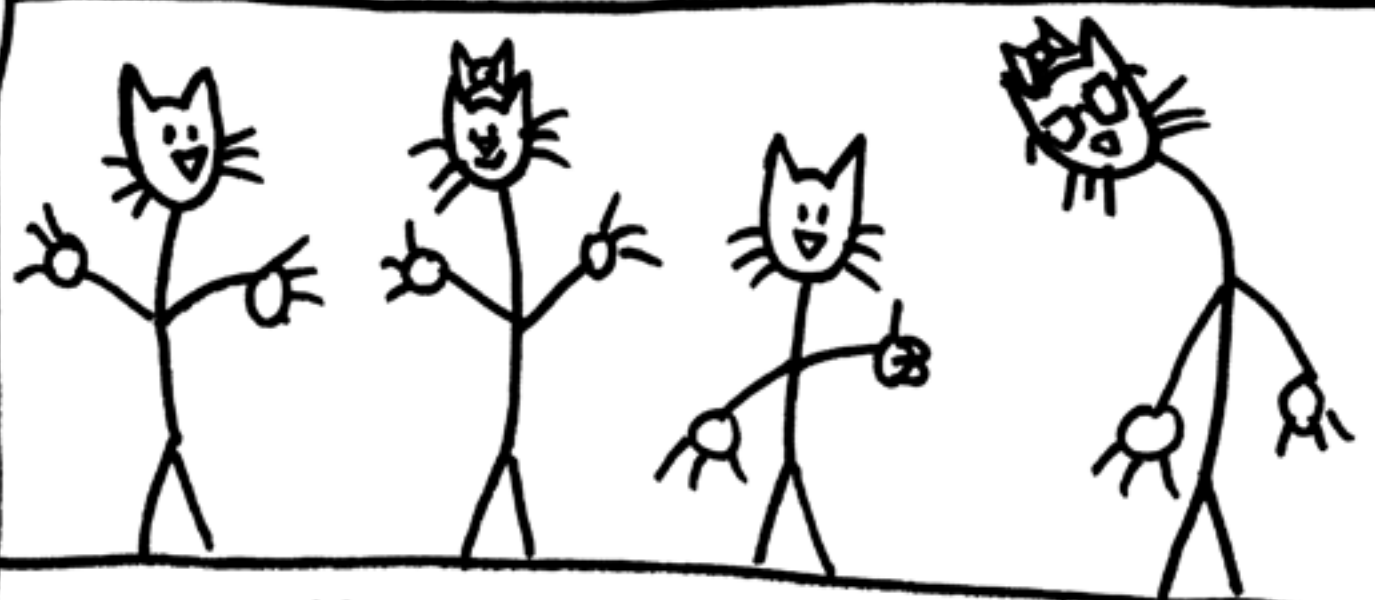
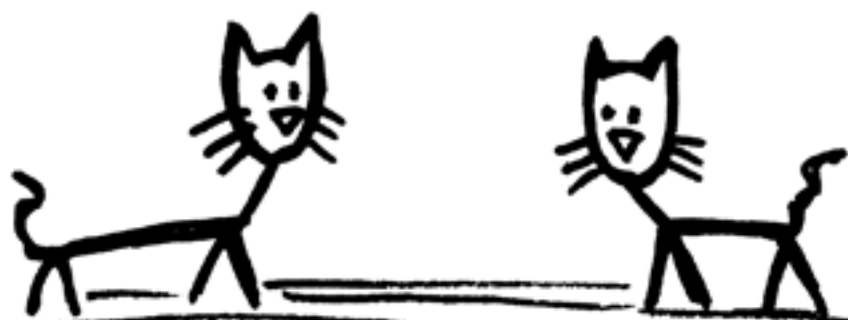
LET ME EXPLAIN  
SOMETHING TO YOU,  
AMAZONIA...

I WAS BORN AN OUTCAST...



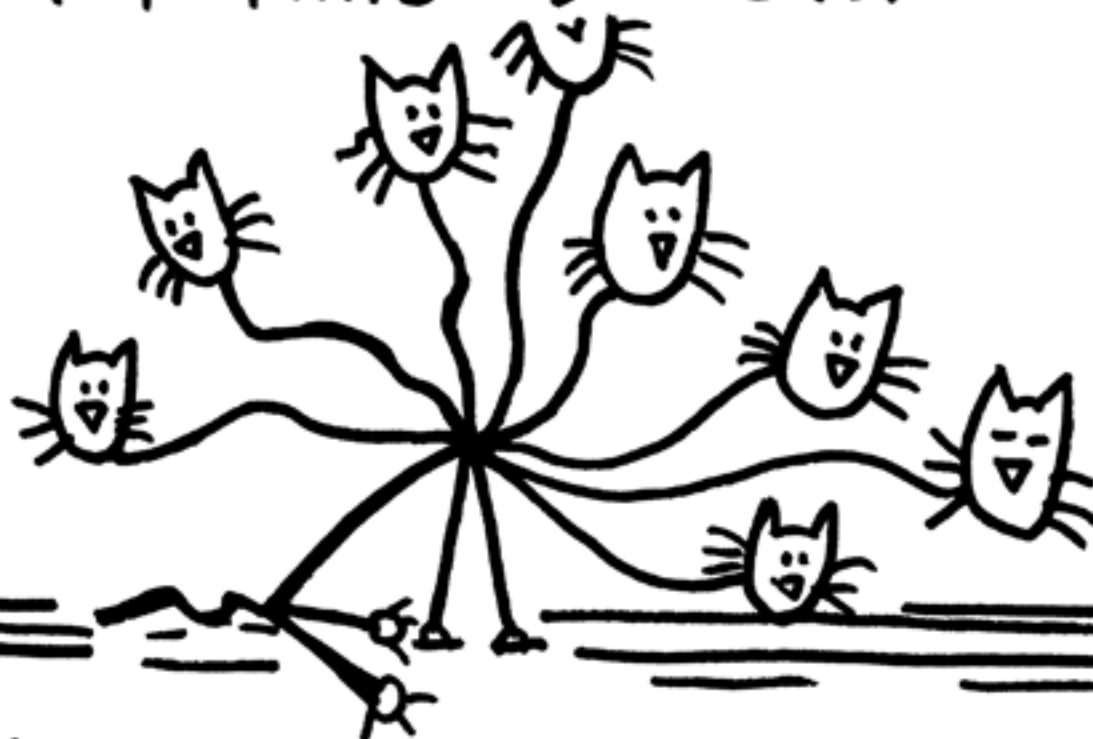
A FREAK.

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



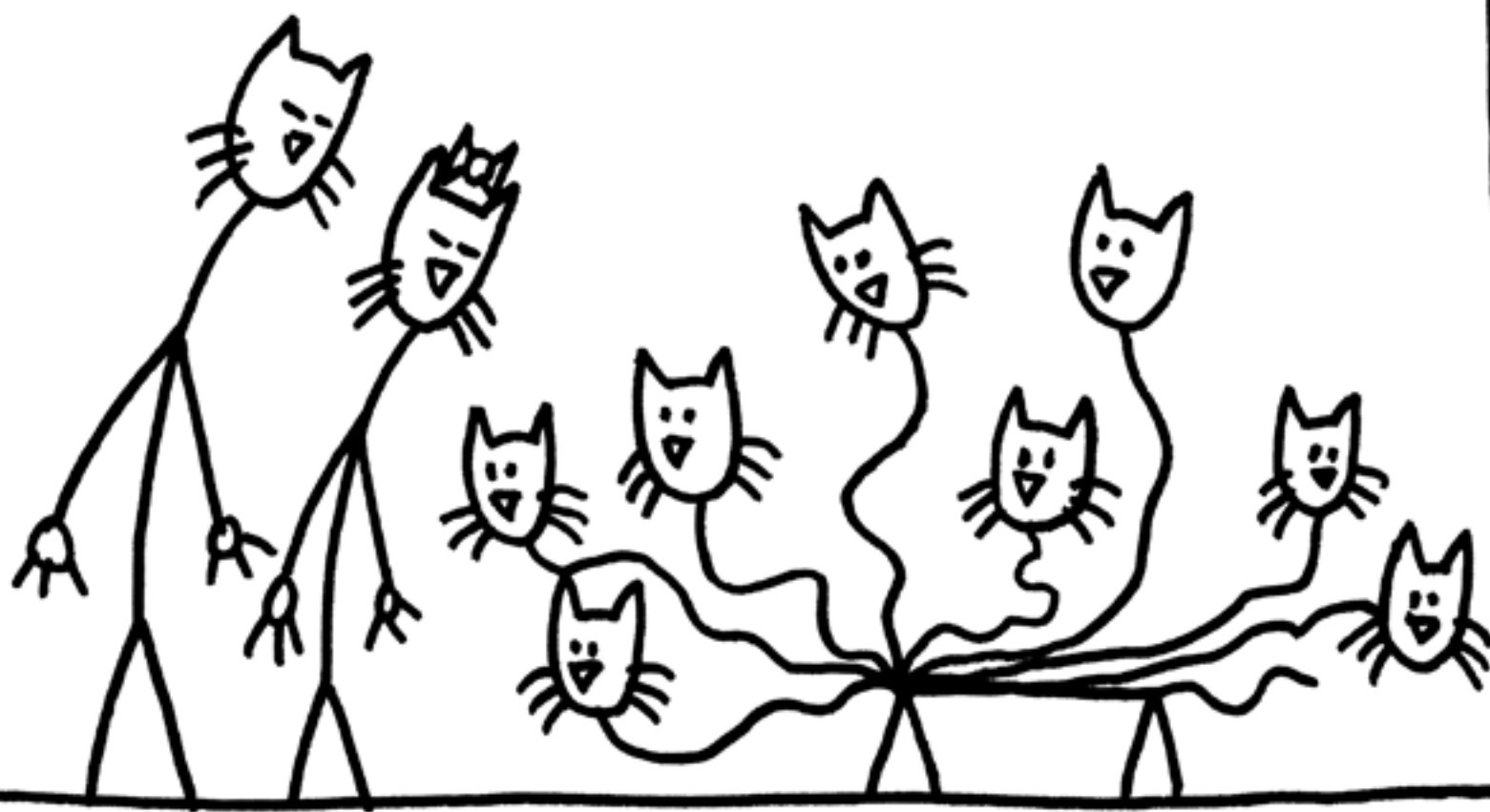
WALKING ON TWO LEGS...  
CLIPPING OUR TAILS...  
CRAFTING PERSONALITIES...

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



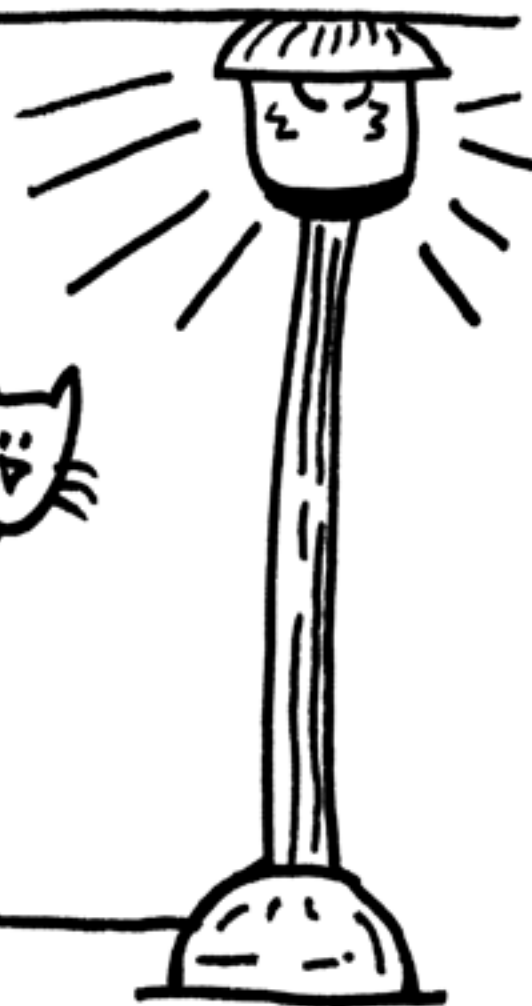
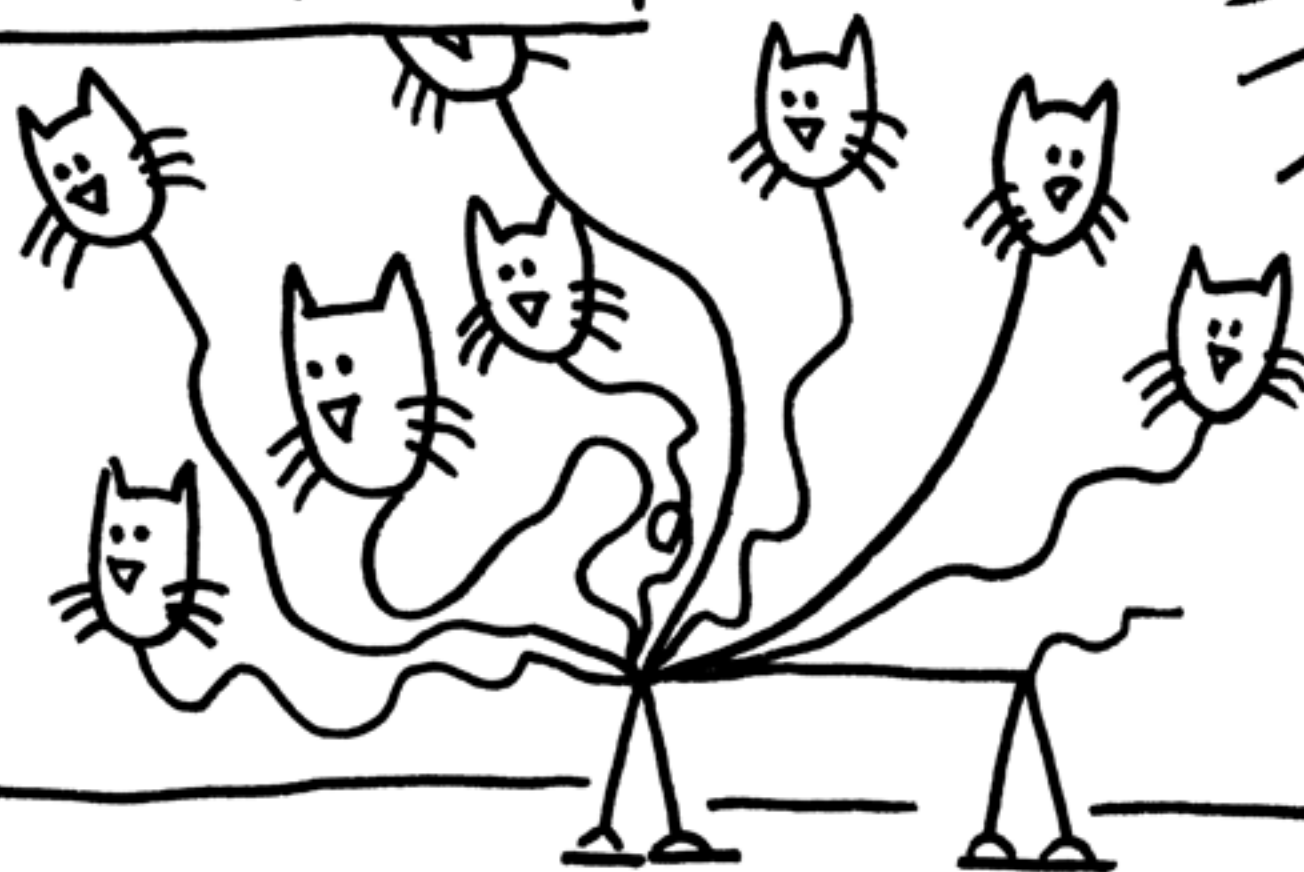
I COULDN'T FIT IN WITH THE CROWD.

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!





THIS FOREST IS SO QUIET...



THE ONLY SOUNDS ARE MY FOOTSTEPS.

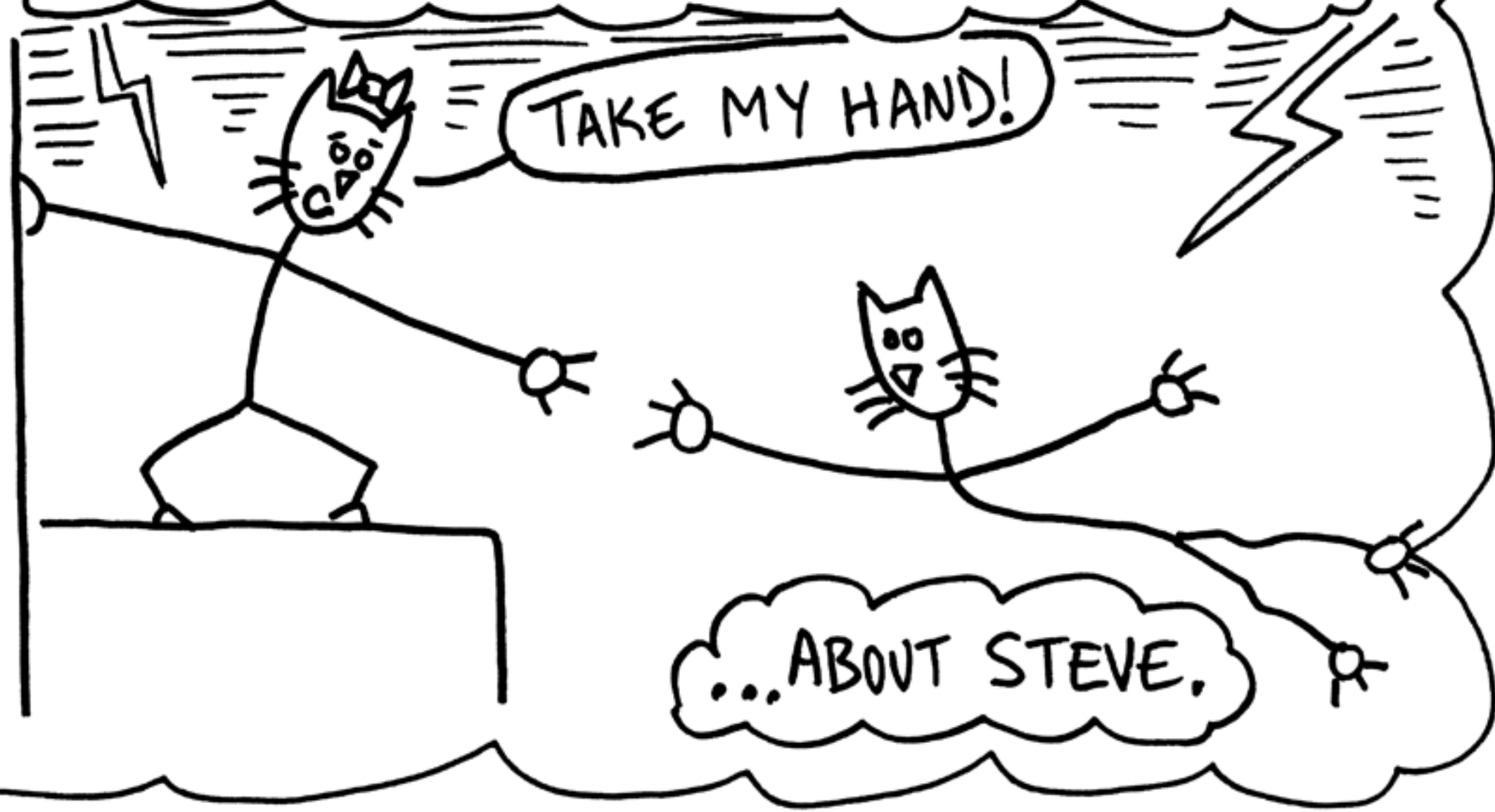
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING...



OR WHY I'M HERE.

AND I CAN'T STOP MY THOUGHTS FROM  
WANDERING... THINKING ABOUT THE PAST...

TAKE MY HAND!



...ABOUT STEVE.

I MISS HIM.



I MISS OUR LIFE.



SNAP!!

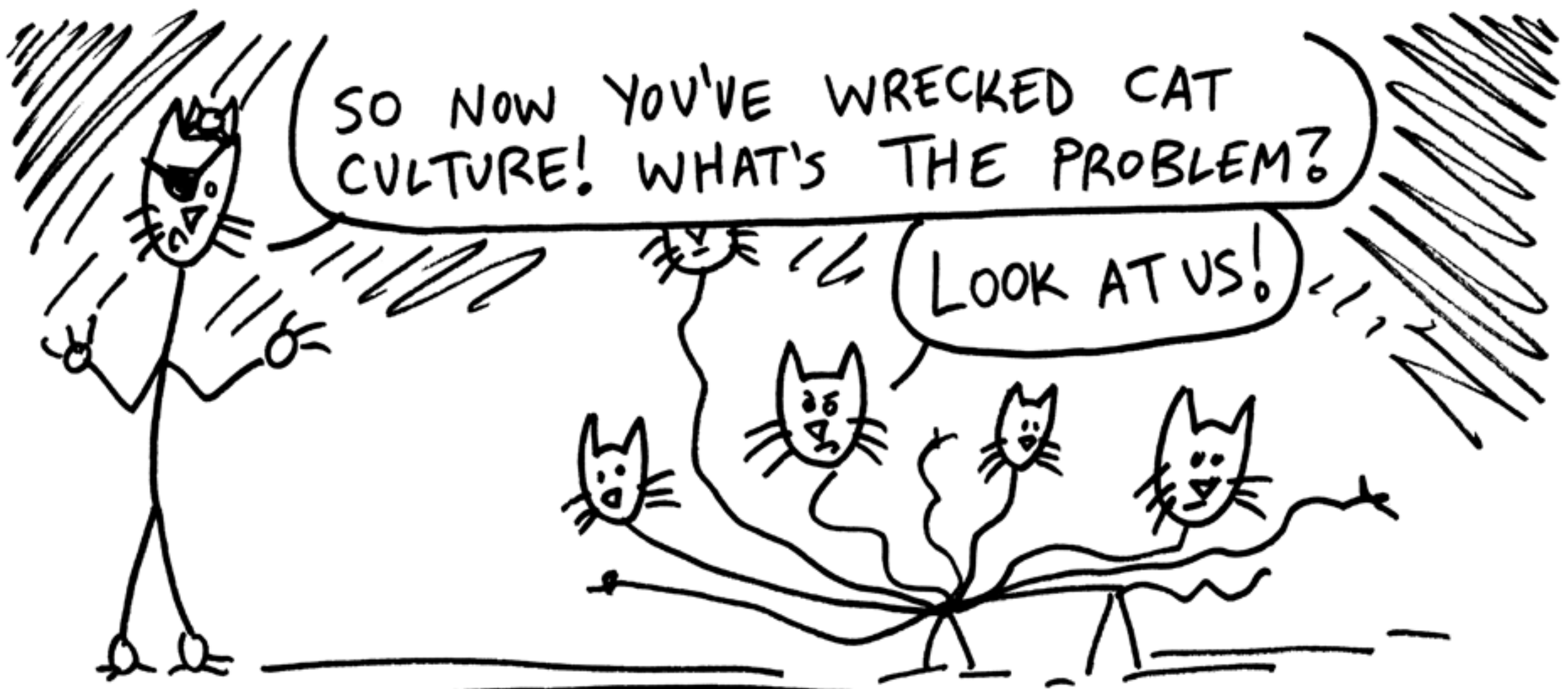
WHAT WAS THAT?

IS THERE  
ANOTHER CAT  
OUT HERE?

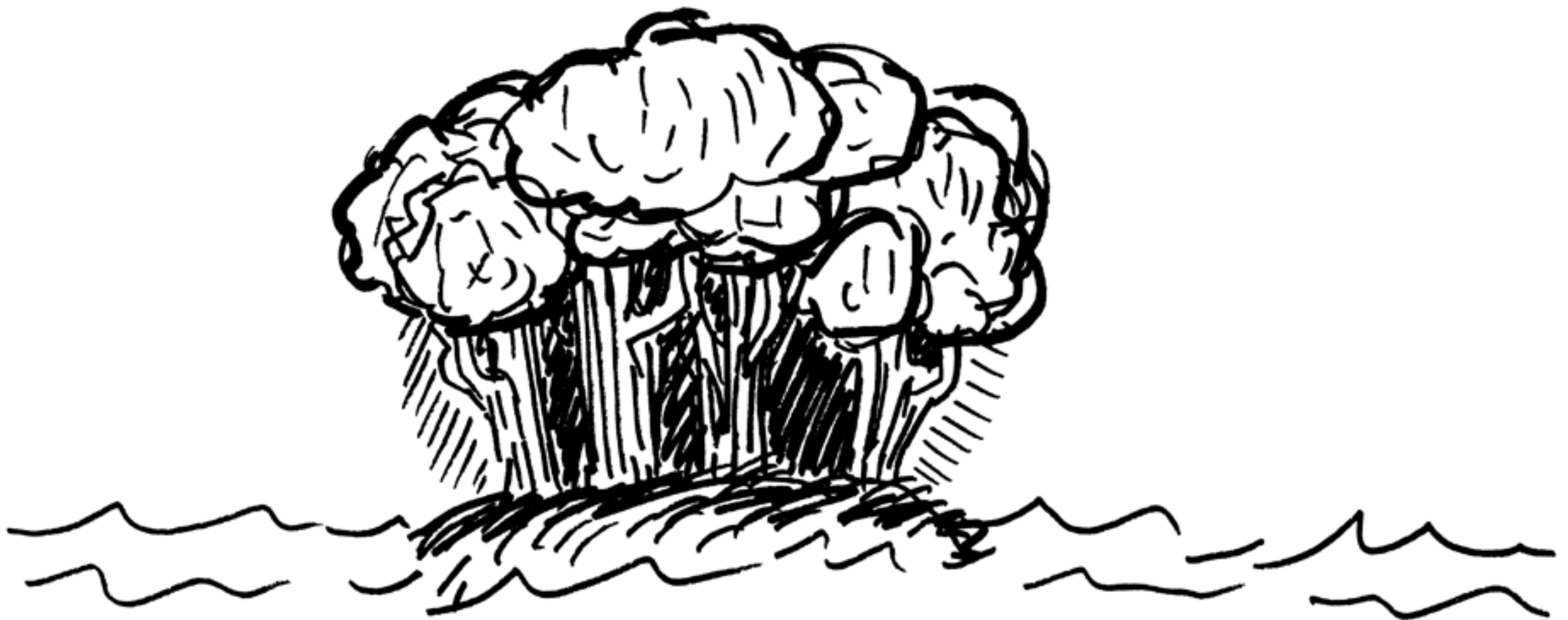
I HIDE BEHIND  
A TREE.

AND I WAIT.

AND WAIT.



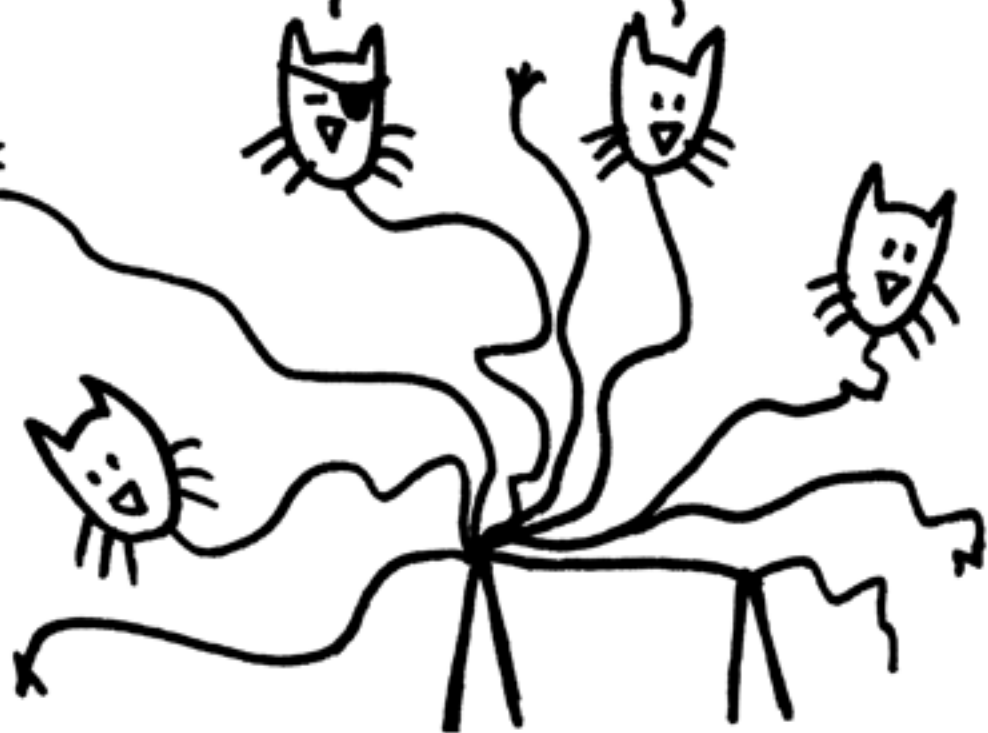
"ALONE!"



THEN WHAT SHOULD WE DO? RETURN TO CATVILLE? RULE WITH AN IRON PAW?

NO. THAT'S NOT WHAT I WANT...

I...



DON'T

KNOW

WHAT

I

WANT.



IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY IMAGINATION.



THERE'S NO ONE ELSE OUT HERE.





WHATCHA DOING?

HIDING! SHHHH!

STAY BACK!

I KNOW CAT-FU!!!

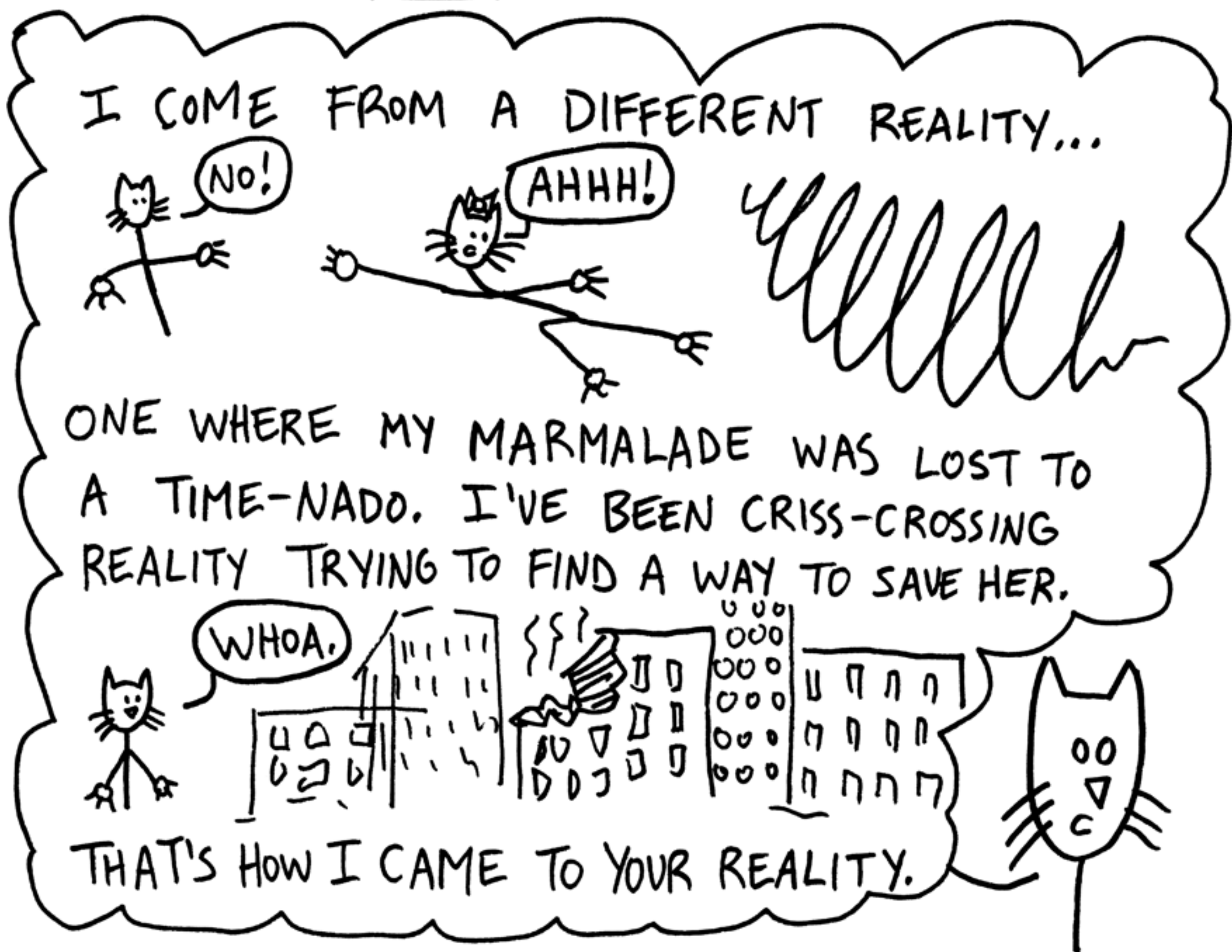
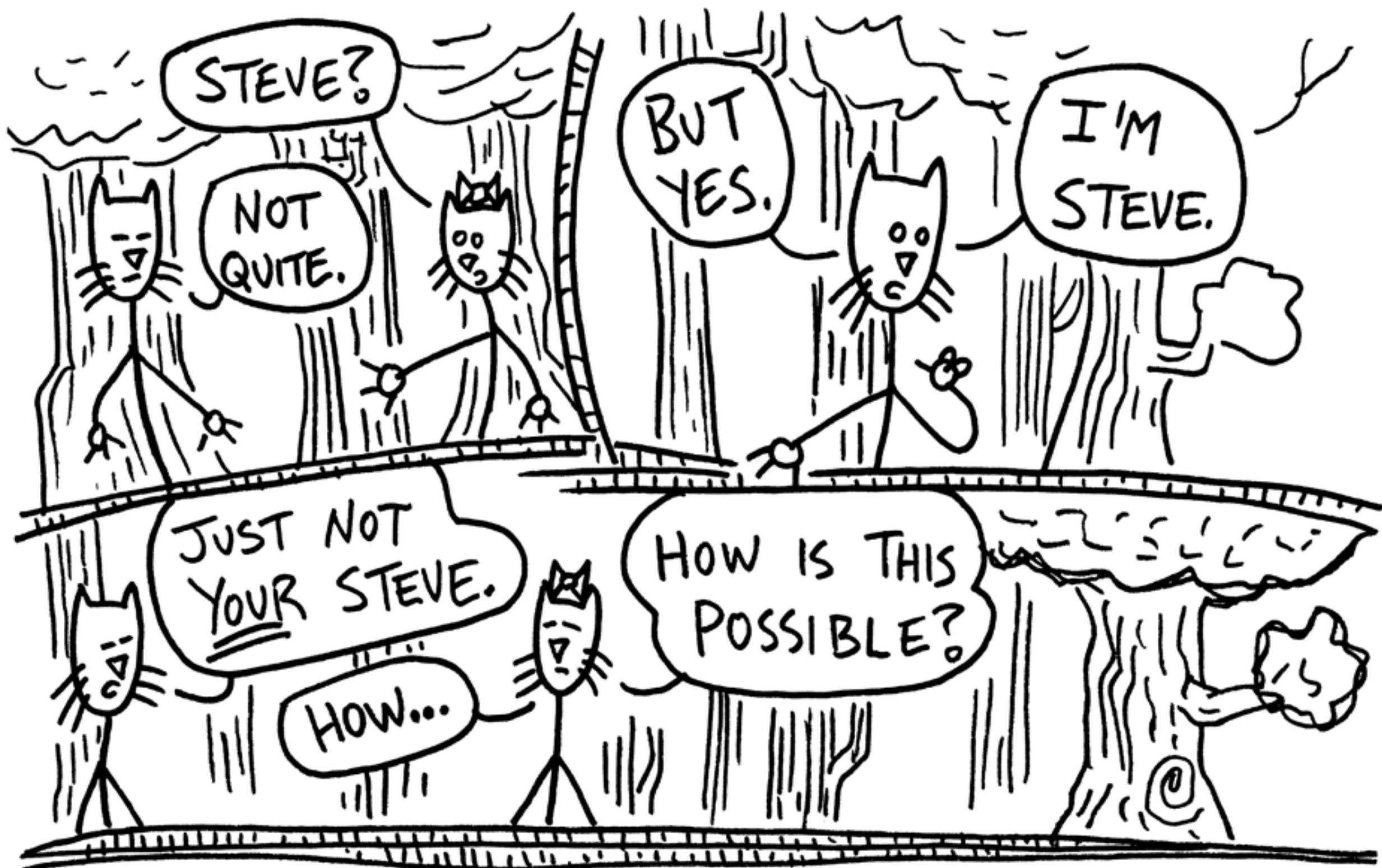
I'M NOT HERE TO FIGHT.

I WANNA HELP.

I DON'T NEED ANY HELP!

YES, YOU DO. I'VE SEEN YOUR FUTURE AND YOUR PAST. YOU NEED IT.

YOU NEED IT BAD.



(ALL THE DEVASTATION I'VE SEEN HERE...  
THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...)

THE OCTO-  
KITTY WON!

IT'S THE  
QUINTO-  
KITTY  
NOW.

RAWR!

SLICE!

NO!

IT'S DOWN TO ONLY  
FIVE HEADS.

LET'S LEAVE. I HATE IT HERE. I WANT OUT.

WHERE  
SHOULD  
WE GO?





YOU HAVE NO INTEREST IN RULING CATVILLE. THE REST OF THE WORLD IS COMPLETELY RUINED. SO WHERE SHOULD WE GO?

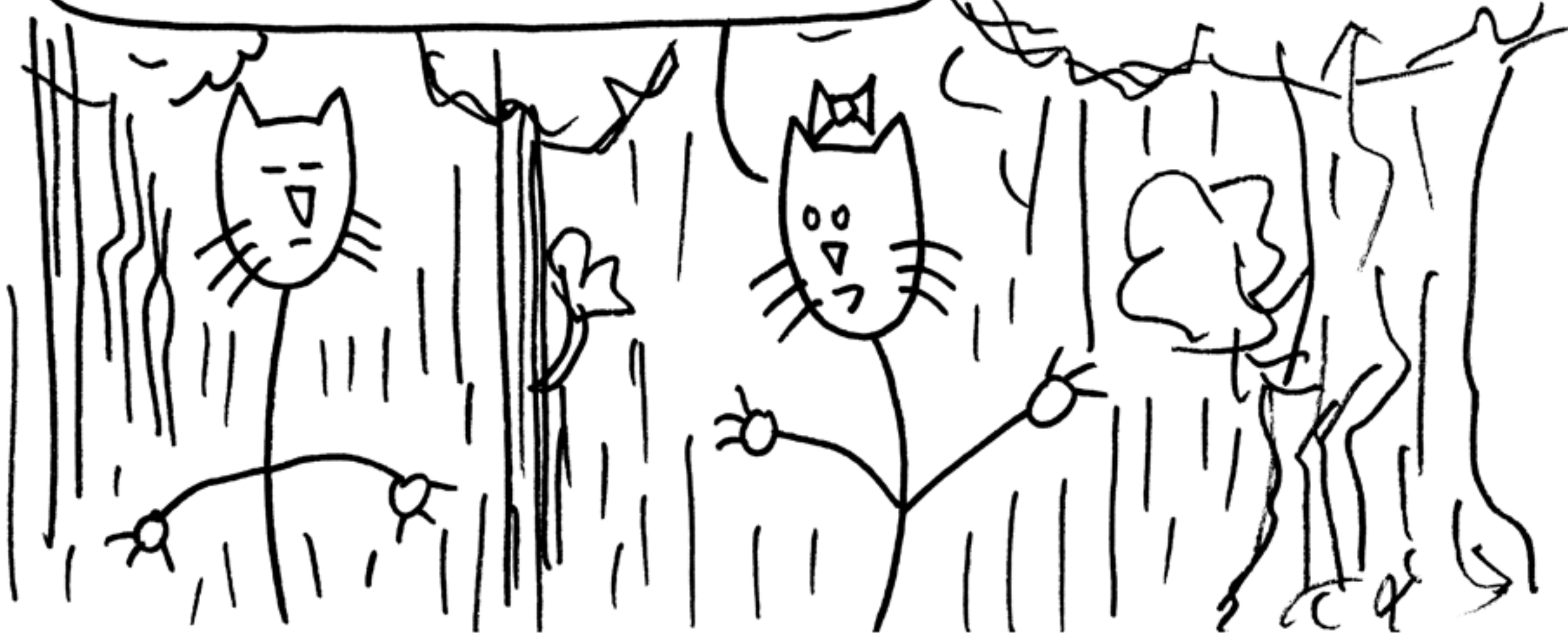


WE STILL HAVE ACCESS TO YOUR BROTHER'S LAB, RIGHT? WE CAN GO ANYWHERE WE WANT! CONQUER OTHER WORLDS, EXPERIENCE NEW REALITIES...

... JUST ANYWHERE BUT HERE.



SO HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



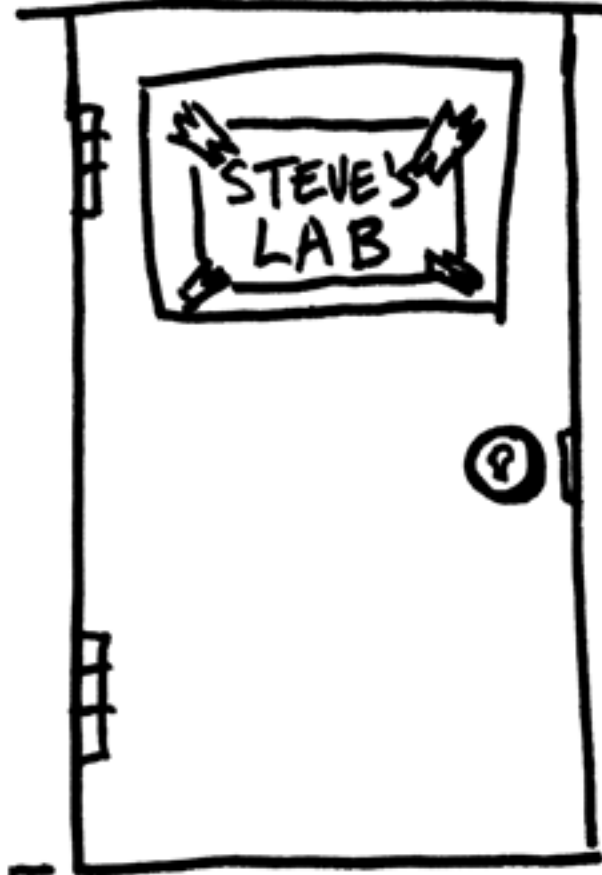
THROUGH MY LAB!



ERR, WELL... YOUR STEVE'S LAB, I SHOULD SAY.

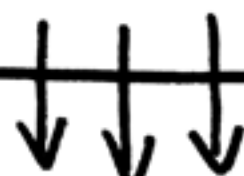


RIGHT.



IT'S AMAZING, REALLY. NO MATTER WHAT ELSE IS DIFFERENT, MY LAB IS ALWAYS THE SAME IN EVERY REALITY! IT'S A GATEWAY TO EVERYWHERE!

EVERYWHERE... BUT NOT EVERYWHEN!



SADLY, YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M WORKING ON THAT.



I MISS MY STEVE.

I KNOW.



AND I MISS MY MARMALADE.

I THINK WE  
CAN FIND THEM  
BOTH IF WE TRY.

I'M DOWN...  
BUT HOW?

YOU CAN'T FREELY  
TRAVEL THROUGH  
TIME!

NOT  
YET!

BUT MY LAB SHOULD  
HOLD THE SECRET!!

LET'S GO!!!

LEMME  
GRAB  
MY  
SATCHEL.

HANG ON.

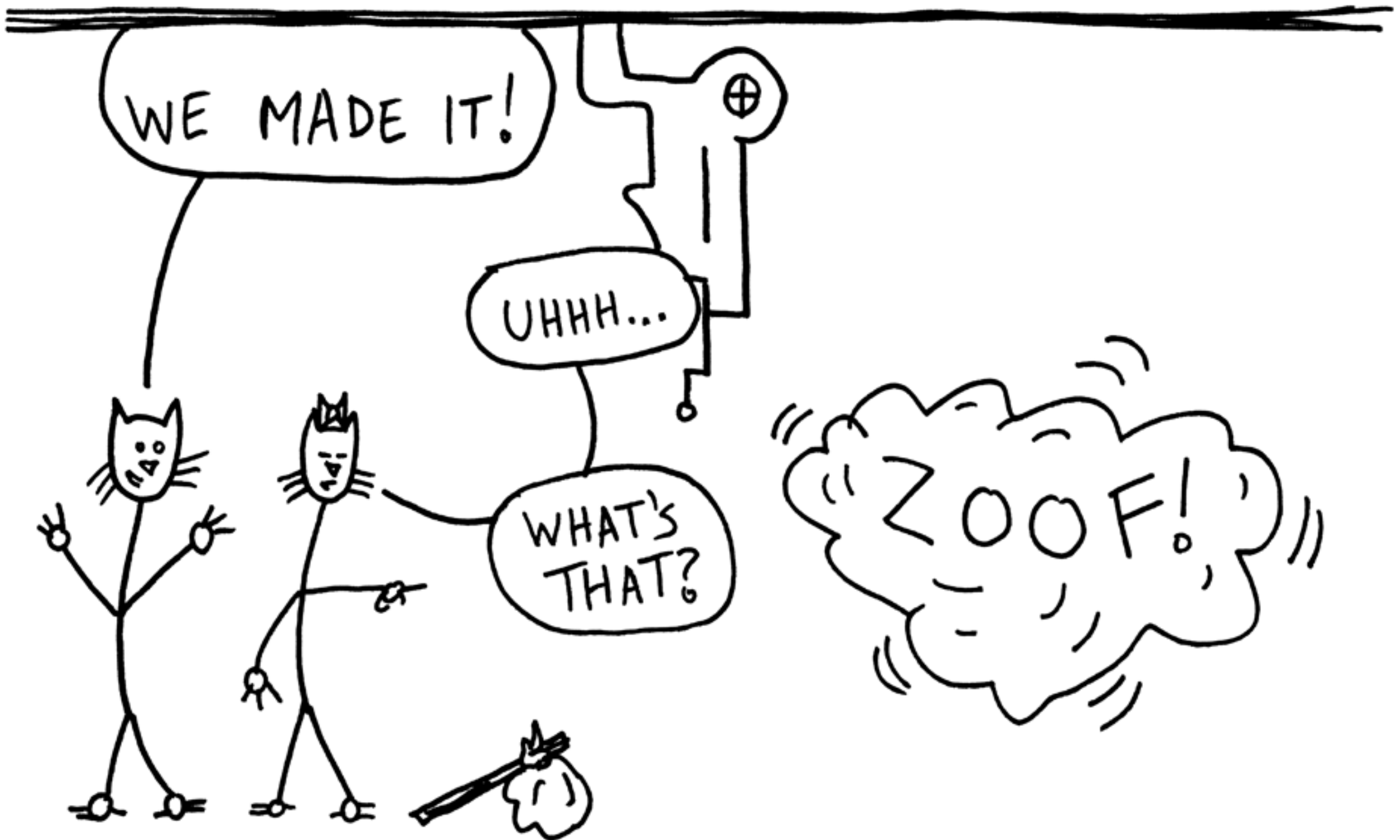
ZOOOF!

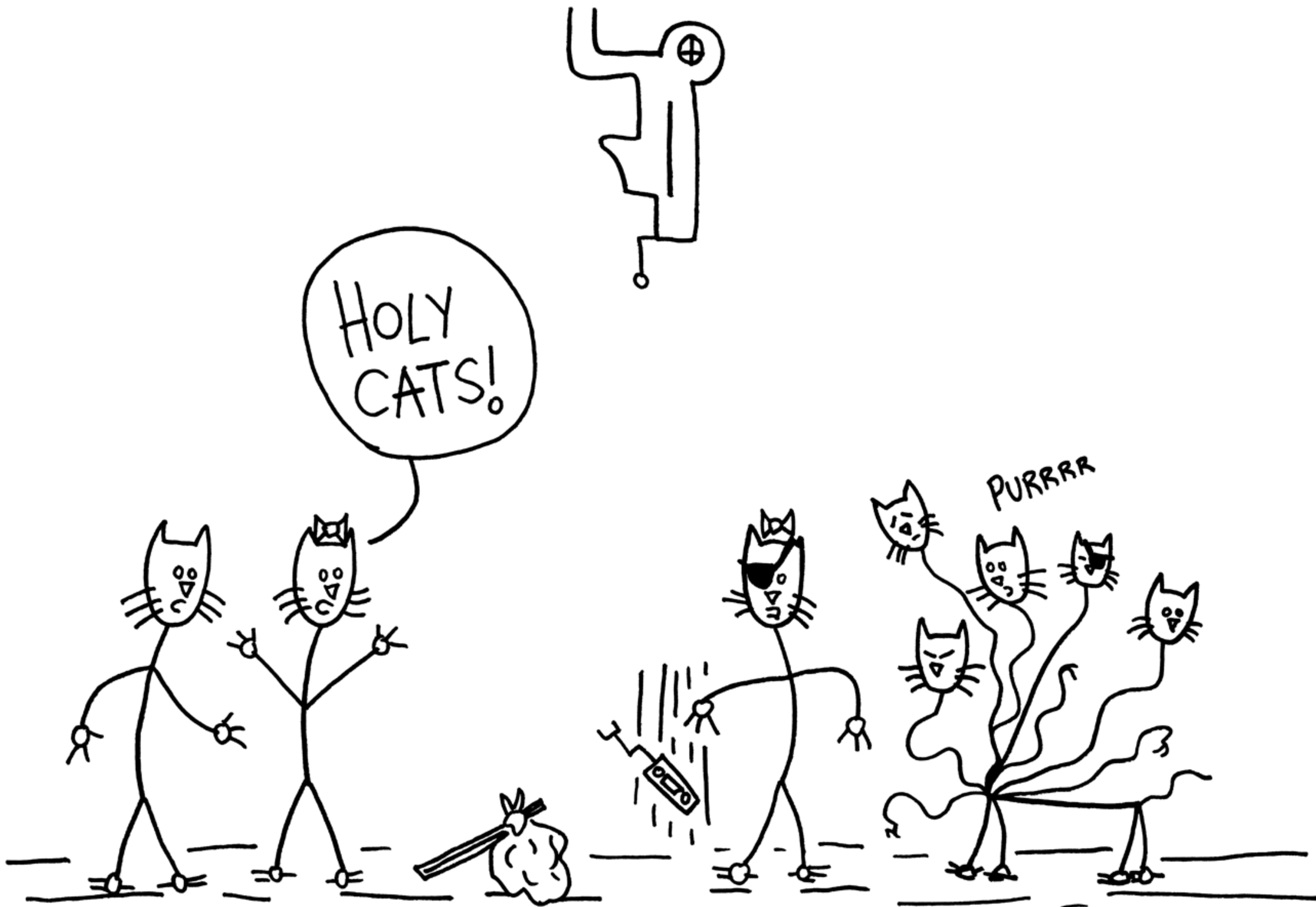
ARE YOU READY TO  
TELEPORT TO STEVE'S LAB?

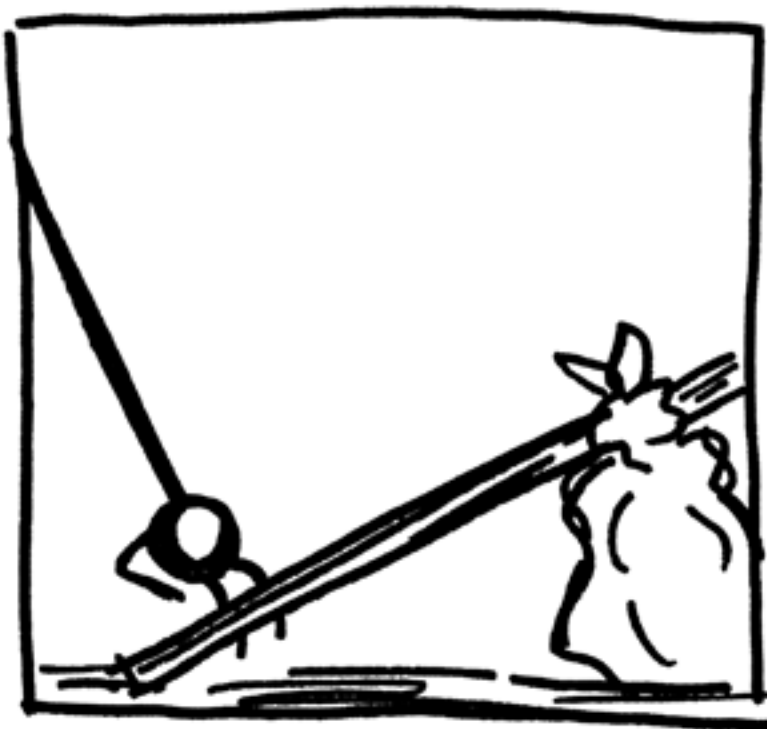
LET'S GO.

MEOW

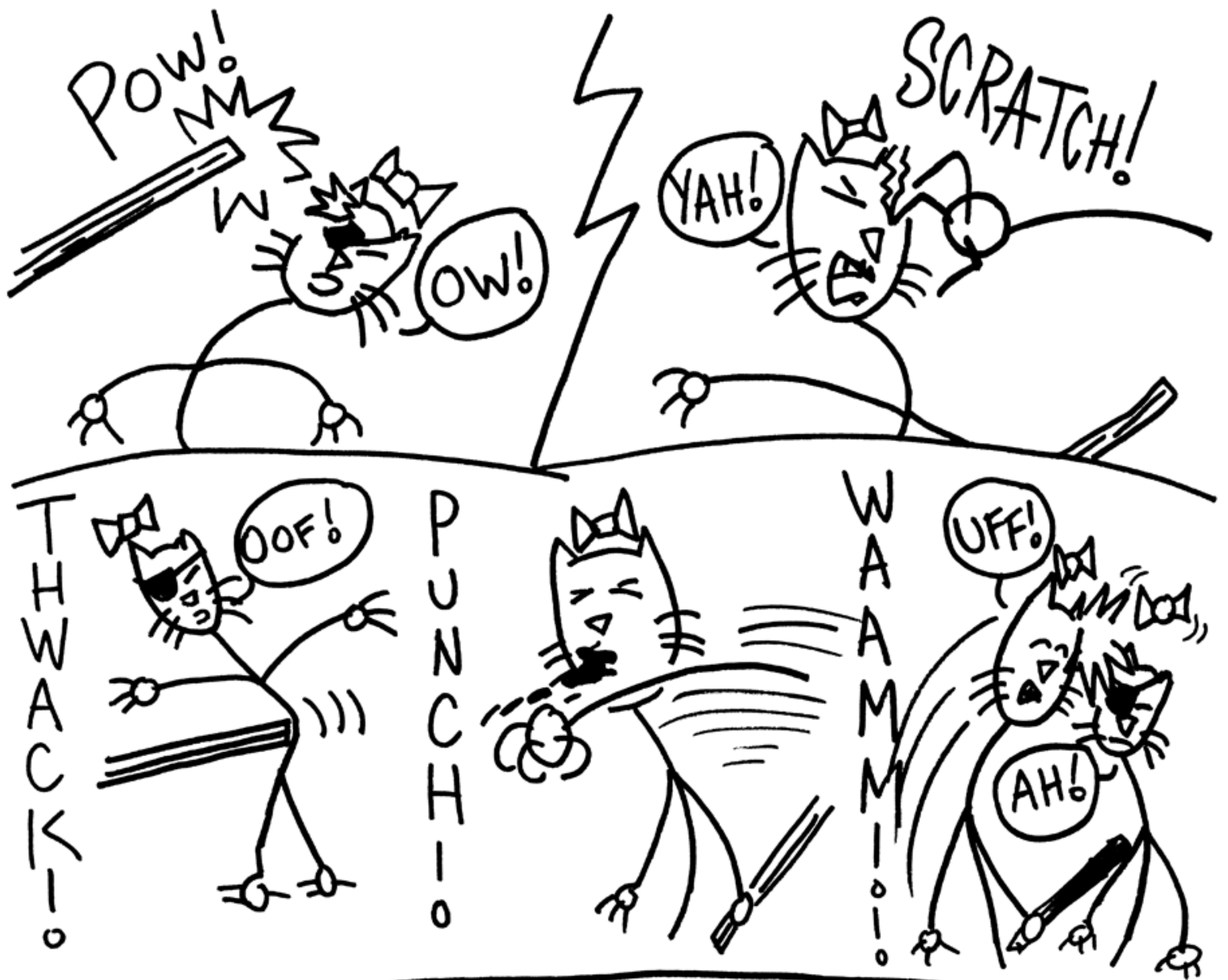


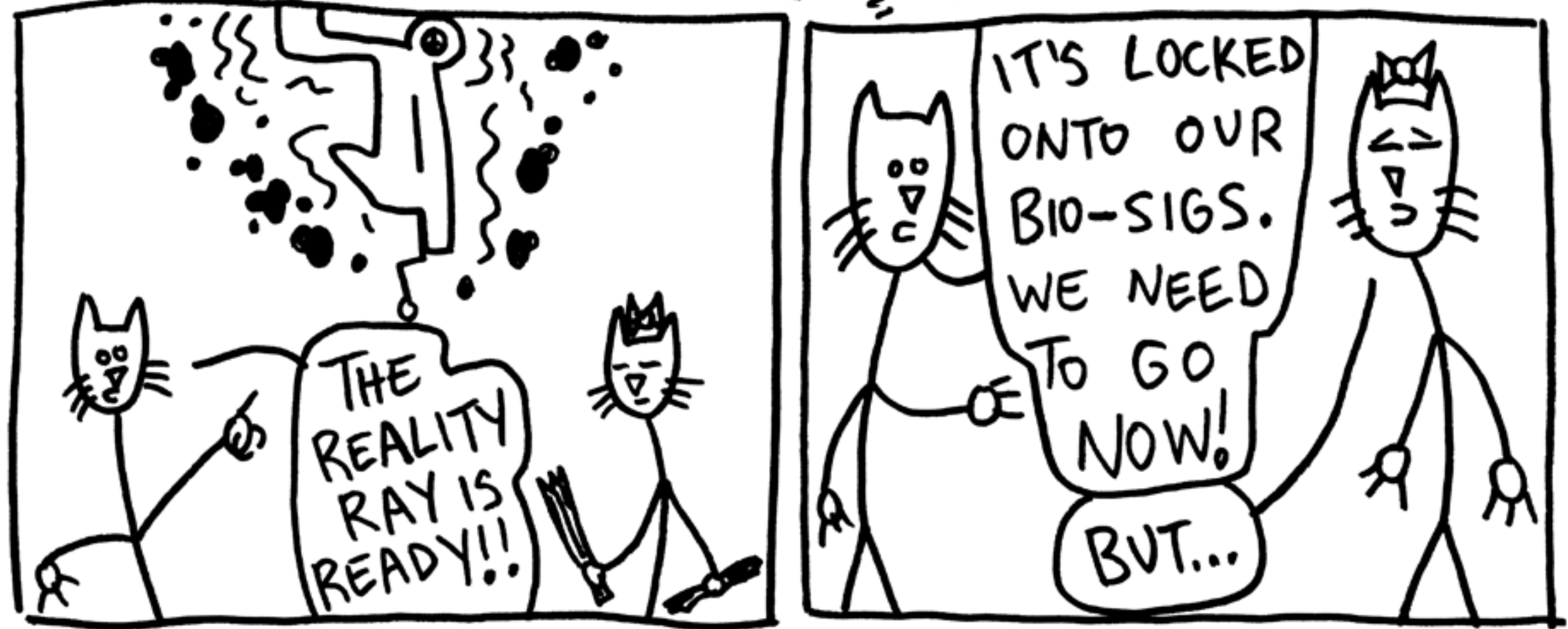


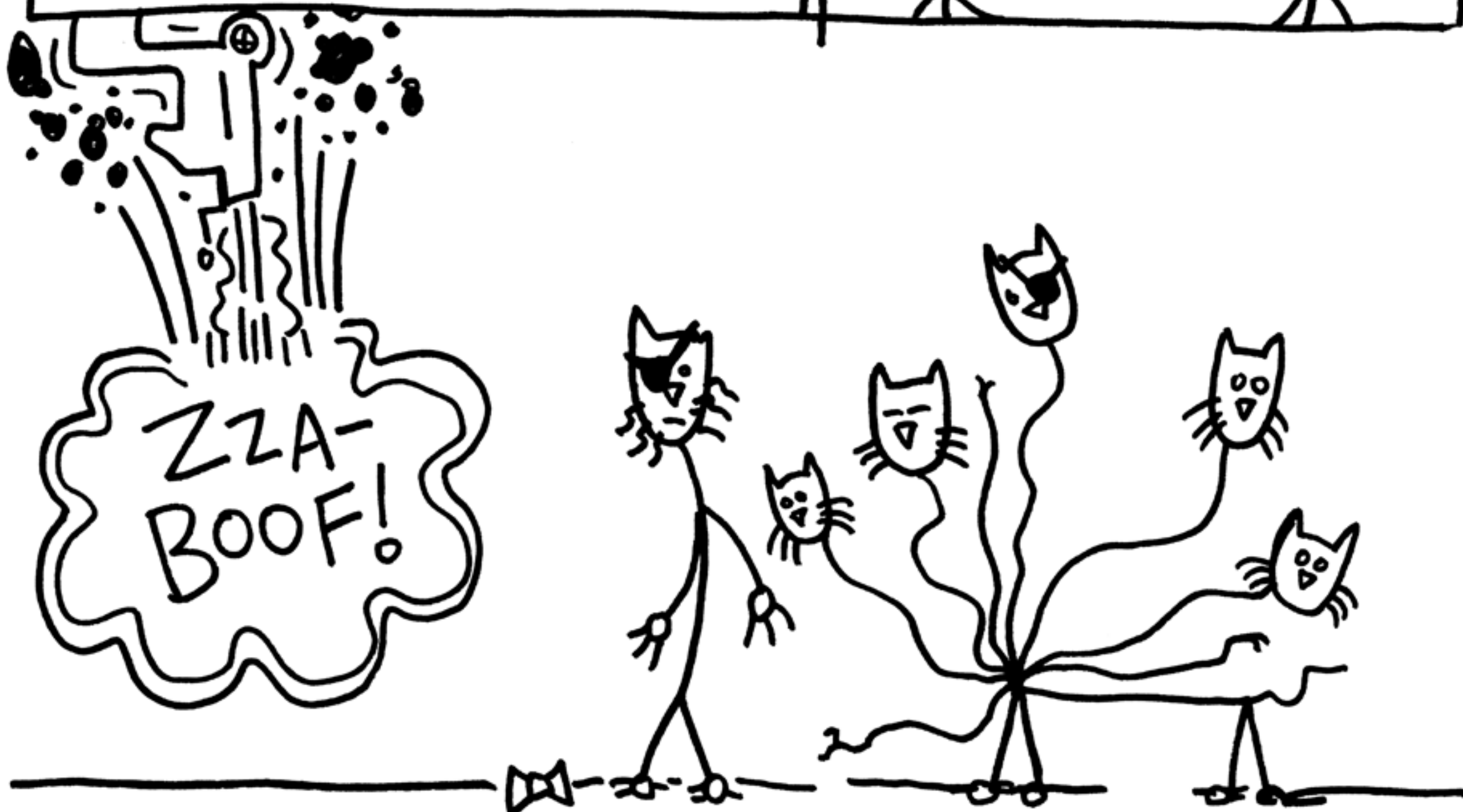
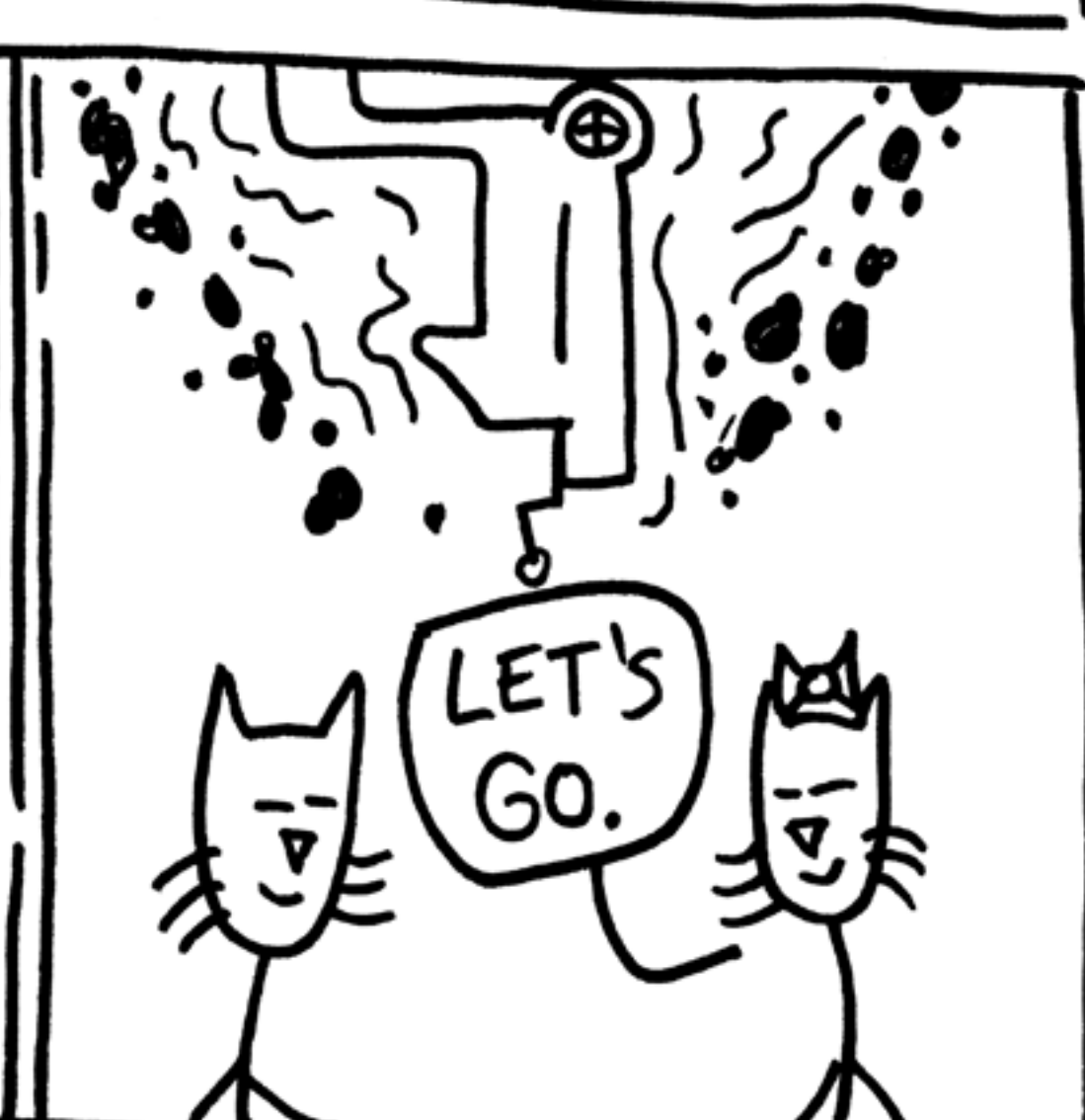




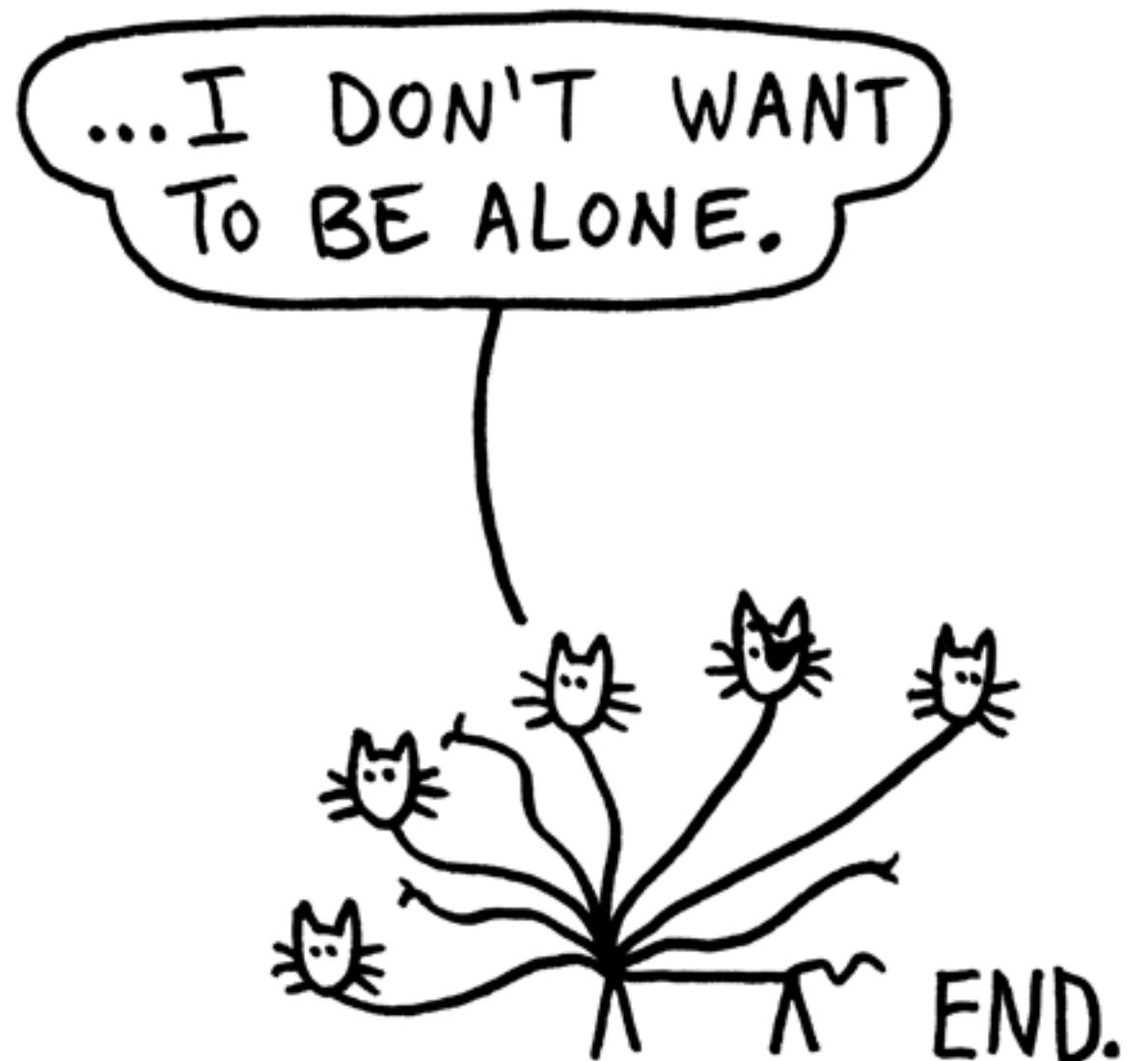
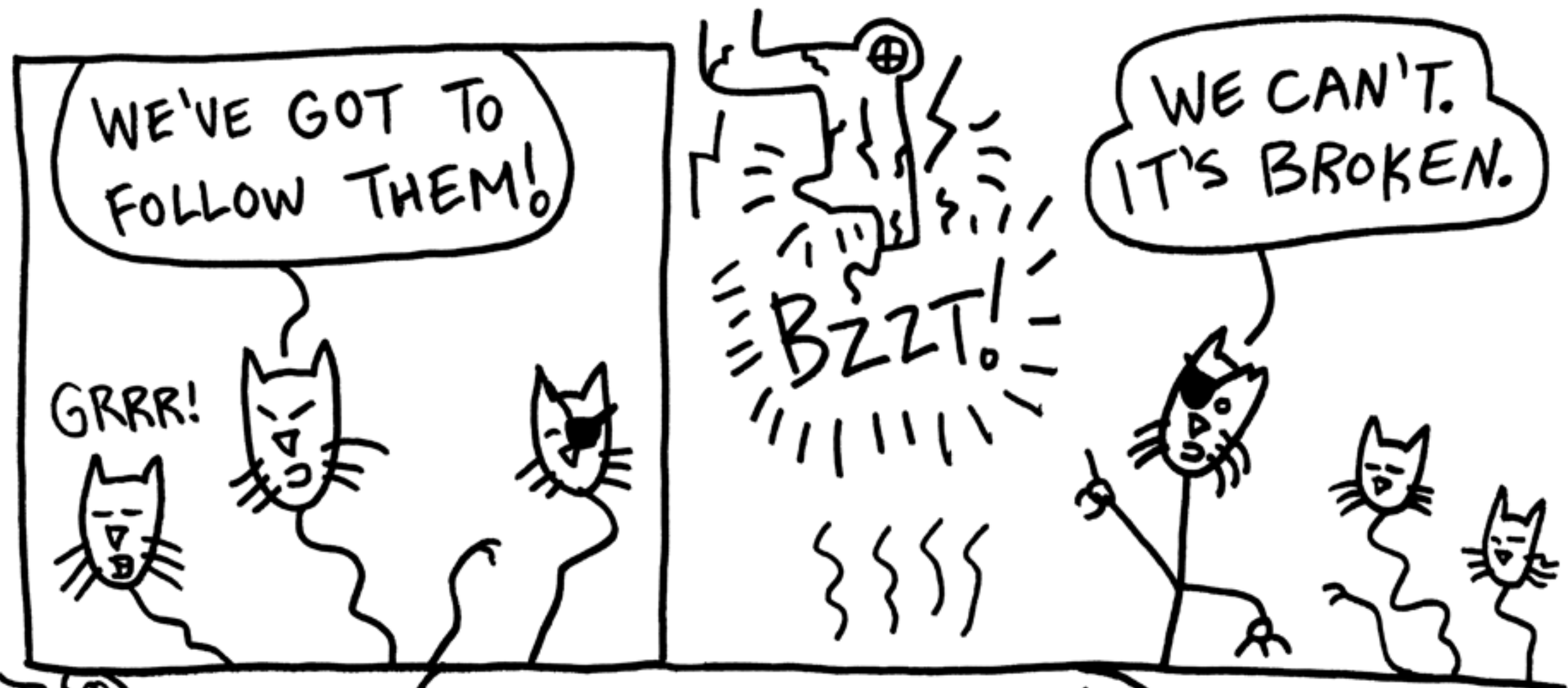






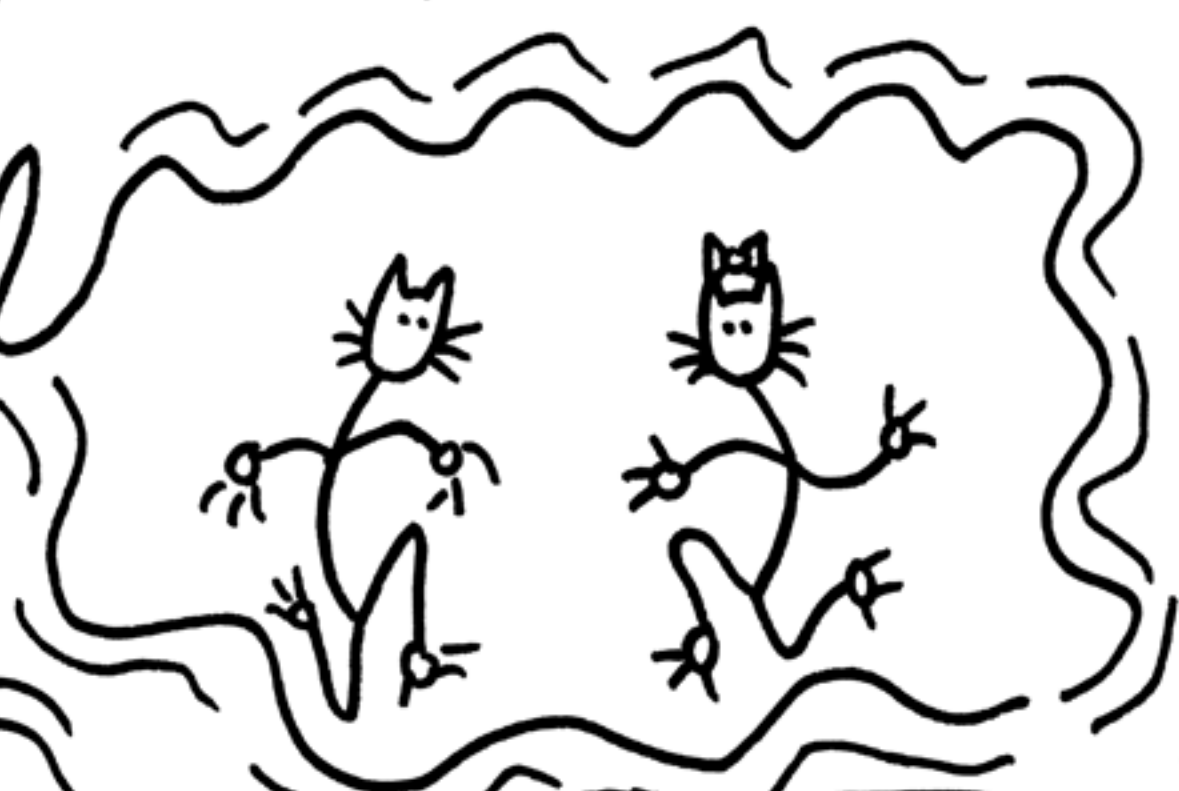
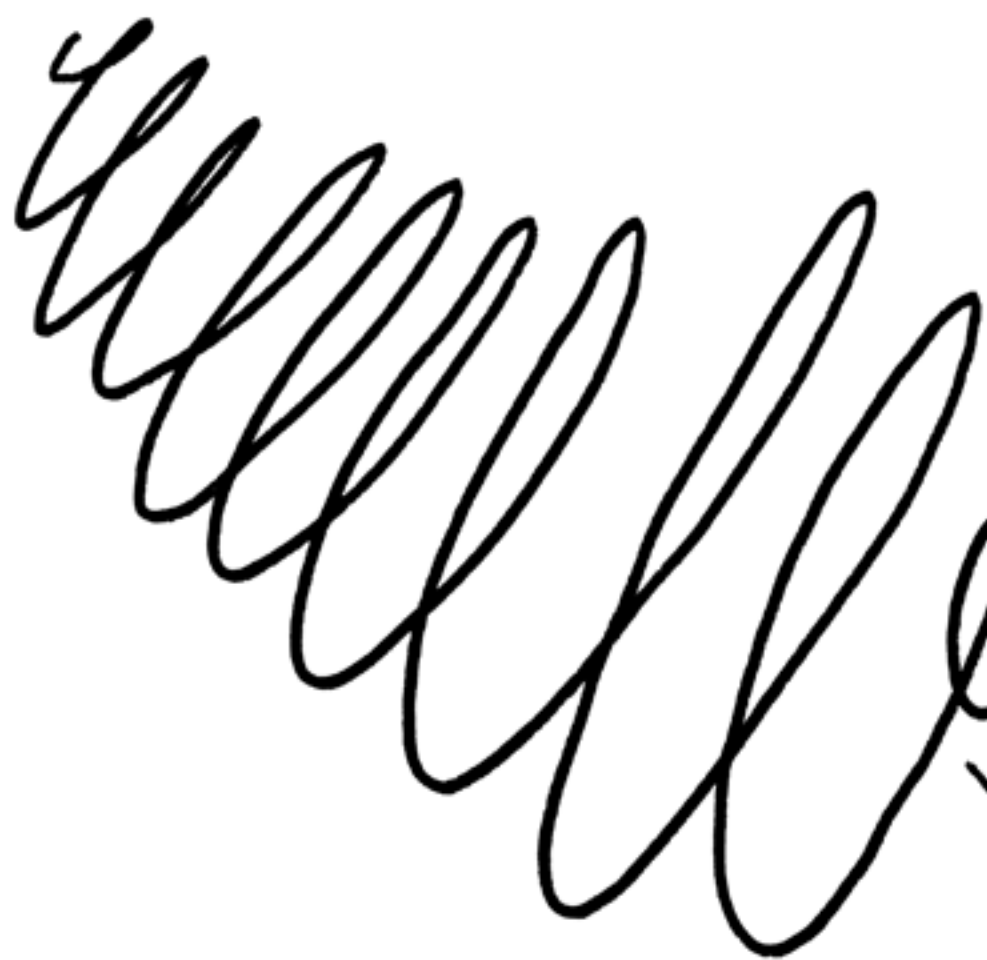






EPILOGUE...

SOMEWHERE IN THE  
NEXUS OF REALITY,  
WHERE SPACE + TIME  
MEET...



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

IT'S HARD  
TO PIN-  
POINT...  
BUT WE  
SHOULD  
KNOW SOON.

HOW WILL WE  
FIND MY STEVE  
AND YOUR  
MARMALADE?

YOU GOTTA HOPE.  
BELIEVE WE'LL FIND  
THEM AND WE  
WILL. SCIENCE  
GOT US THIS FAR...  
NOW LET LOVE  
DO THE REST.

END.  
AGAIN.