



RICK REMENDER

DANIEL ACUÑA

# ESCAPE





FLOORBOARD CREAKS  
HIS POSITION...

FLASHLIGHT--  
BAD TRAINING.

GIVES HIM  
PINPRICK  
VISIBILITY...



MY EYES ARE ADJUSTED.

MARK POSITION BY STEPS...

HEART DRUMS LIKE MORTAR...

CLOSER...

ONE SHOT...



FOOTSTEPS STOP FLAT.

FOUND SOMETHING...



MOVE.

DISTRACT.



NOT A MAN.

JUST AN  
OBSTACLE--

TAK  
TAK  
TAK





A THING BETWEEN ME AND ENDING THIS...

«SHOW  
YOURSELF!»



EASY...



DO IT  
QUIET...



«NOW--  
OR I WILL  
FIRE!»

GRAB THE RIFLE...

SIX INCHES IN HIS RIBS...

MUFFLE THE SCREAM...



«MGUARHF~!»

HE JERKS--

BRATA  
TATA  
TATA

HAND SLIPS  
OFF HIS GUN--





SHOTS ECHO--

--SPLIT-SECOND FUCK-UP--

--CLOCK GOES SHORT.

<CAPTAIN--  
LOOK!>



WHAM!

SPINS WILD--

A DYING ANIMAL--

OOF--!



KNIFE GOES WIDE--

THUD

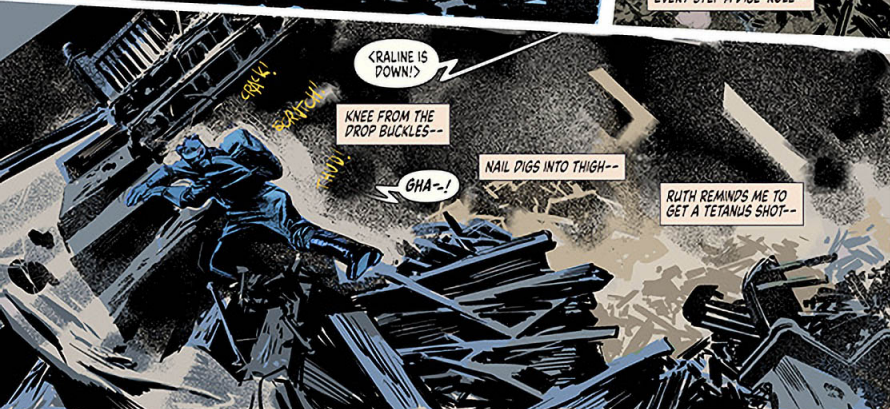


PISTOL WAVES HELLO.



<CHILD-  
KILLING  
MONGREL!>









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