

ACT OF FLESH



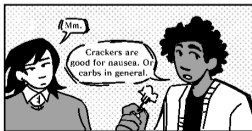
A short comic by
tertiaryapocalypse

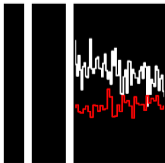
Contains brief
depictions of a rifle &
vomiting, as well as
heavy religious themes.





7:00 AM, NY-ÅLESUND, GL









I've been losing my appetite. I don't think it's grief.

All the meat we have is tough. Overcooked.

I get nauseous just stepping into the dining hall.

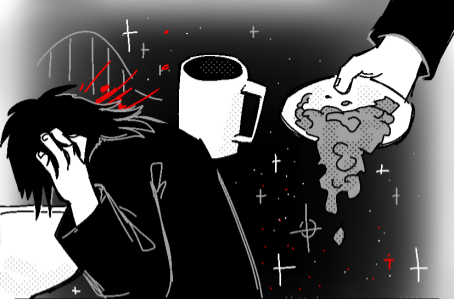


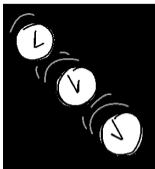
I think the others are worried about me.

There's only one thing I have an appetite for, though, and I shouldn't indulge like that.

I can't indulge like that.

Not without hurting anyone.







I love you, Jack. I hope you know that.

I won't be coming home in April.

There's a storm coming. I don't think I'll make it through the winter.

My skin burns when I pray nowadays.

If I delude myself enough, I can pretend it's His love keeping me warm.

I know it's not, though. I will sooner burn the fires of hell than be returned to His warm embrace.