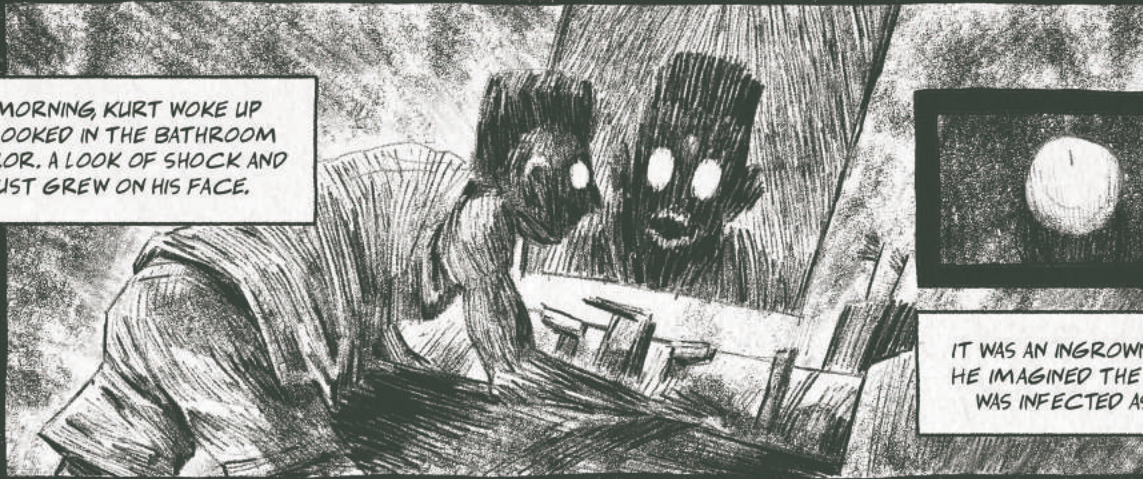


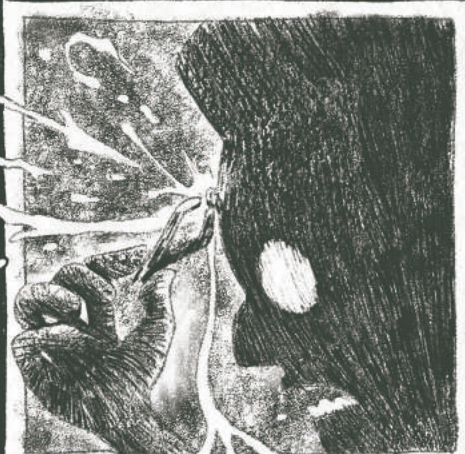
ONE MORNING, KURT WOKE UP AND LOOKED IN THE BATHROOM MIRROR. A LOOK OF SHOCK AND DISGUST GREW ON HIS FACE.



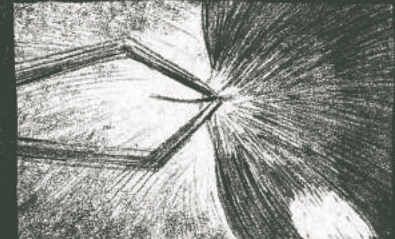
IT WAS AN INGROWN HAIR. HE IMAGINED THE ROOT WAS INFECTED AS WELL.



USING HIS LEFT HAND HE PUSHED TOGETHER THE SKIN AROUND THE BLEMISH. WITH HIS RIGHT HAND HE CAREFULLY PUNCTURED THE SORE WITH THE TIP OF THE TWEEZERS.



AT FIRST THERE WAS BLOOD, THEN A CLEAR LIQUID OOOZED OUT, FOLLOWED BY A DISGUSTINGLY FOREIGN, MILKY SUBSTANCE.



KURT CAREFULLY PINCHED THE BRISTLY HAIR WITH THE TWEEZERS AND PULLED



HE WAS RATHER PLEASED AT HOW STRONG THE STRAND WAS ALMOST LIKE A GUITAR STRING. THE HAIR MUST HAVE BEEN AN INCH LONG.

KURT CONTINUED PULLING, THE HAIR GROWING THICKER AND DARKER WITH EACH TUG OF THE TWEEZERS.

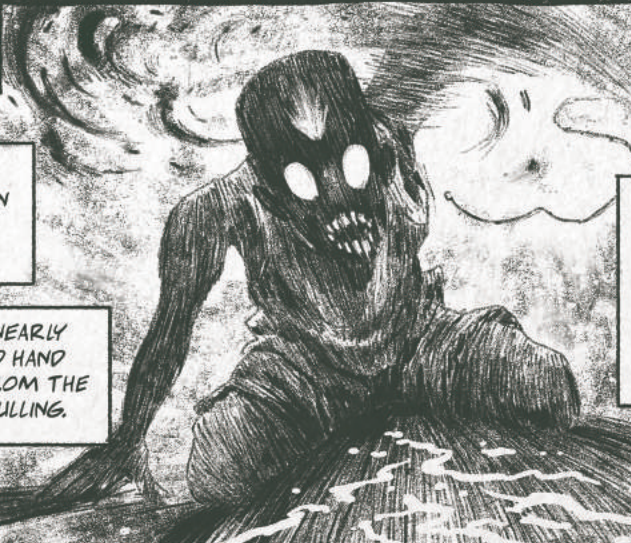


THE HAIR WAS EASILY EIGHT INCHES OR MORE NOW, DANGLING BETWEEN THE BOY'S EYES AS HE CONTINUED GRABBING THE BASE AND PULLING OUTWARD.



THE HAIR MUST HAVE BEEN CLOSE TO A FOOT LONG WHEN HE FELT SOME RESISTANCE FROM WITHIN THE WOUND.

HE HAD BEEN PLUCKING FOR NEARLY 20 MINUTES, AND HIS ARM AND HAND MUSCLES WERE STRAINED FROM THE CONTINUOUS GRIPPING AND PULLING.



KURT YANKED AT THE BASE OF THE HAIR AND THE BLACK THING BURST OUT, A GEYSER OF BLOOD, PUS, AND PLASMA ERUPTING FROM THE WOUND ONCE MORE, OZZING DOWN THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE.

HE DECIDED HE HAD BEEN GENTLE ENOUGH

KURT SET EYES ON THE BLACK SCAB AT THE END. UPON CAREFUL EXAMINATION, HE NOTICED THAT THE SCAB WAS SHINY.

HE REALIZED THAT IT WAS NOT A SCAB. IT WASN'T EVEN ORGANIC. IT WAS, IN FACT, A MICROCHIP.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, KURT'S FATHER FOUND HIM LYING UNCONSCIOUS. HE LIFTED THE FLAP OF SKIN, REVEALING A SMALL PANEL FILLED WITH BUTTONS AND TINY SWITCHES.

HE PRESSED A FEW BUTTONS AND SWITCHES IN SEQUENCE, THEN FOLDED THE SKIN BACK OVER AND HELD IT IN PLACE LONG ENOUGH FOR THE SKIN TO JOIN ITSELF BACK TOGETHER.

KURT'S FATHER HELPED HIM UP AND WALKED HIM TO THE BED WHILE HIS SON REBOOTED. HE WENT BACK TO THE BATHROOM AND CLEANED UP.

HE KNEW THE SYSTEM STARTUP WOULD TAKE PRECISELY 10 MINUTES, WHICH WAS PLENTY OF TIME TO CLEAN UP THE BLOOD AND PUT EVERYTHING BACK IN ORDER.

A FEW HOURS LATER, KURT WOKE UP AND STUMBLED TO THE BATHROOM.

HE LEANED OVER THE SINK TO EXAMINE THE SPACE BETWEEN HIS EYEBROWS IN THE MIRROR.

HE RAN HIS FINGER OVER A SMALL BLACK HAIR GROWING JUST...ABOVE...THE SKIN.

THEREEE ENO.*

SCRIPT Benito Cereno ART Miquel Muerto

STRANGE STORIES

to Tell on the Toilet

CONCEIVED, PLOTTED & EDITED BY Rondal Scott

* Special thanks to author Adam Frazier for allowing us to adapt his short story, The Hair.