

COLD TAPE

# SICK!

A SCIFI  
BODY  
HORROR  
ZINE

ISSUE

#0

DIGITAL  
RELEASE

EDITOR:// ELISA MASK



# **SQUISH**

**A SCIFI BODY HORROR ZINE**

**GRAPHIC BODILY DESTRUCTION  
INDUCED BY SCIENCE.**

**EDITOR://ELISA MASK  
BRAINVOMITCOMIX.CO**

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diggin' skin  
Shannon kline

TINY ROBOTS

COMPUTER CHIPS WITH LEGS

ANGULAR CLANKING LEGS

SCURRY MECHANICALLY LIKE MAGGOTS

ALMOST AS IF THEY'RE BREAKING THE

SURFACE OF MY SKIN

SQUIRMING LEGS SCAN MY MOVEMENTS

MY HUMAN MOVEMENTS

So you think you are a robot!  
That is something  
you should keep to yourself!

Some believe that  
Robot peace is not only  
attainable but only one mechanical  
stainless steel overlord away.  
one day when all the humans are  
gone the world will be governed by  
robots and artificial intelligence.

Preservation in Cyberspace

May we all burn in hell.

There is a standing suspicion/paranoia that  
even worse, the machines will only be  
able to revolt and uprise because we  
for our own selfish/human desires of price and convenience  
Potentially like Dr. Frankenstein and his  
monster before us  
we will eventually be consumed  
by a tireless and angry  
creation of our own making.

Can it handle a life of luxury? Of course.

Even as a  
"forget-your-wearing-it" comfort.  
Added  
details include a handsome pointed-edge  
and a carbon fiber and gold tone chain  
link. Inlay as disturbing  
and a satirical comment  
on the  
sinister and bleak side of human nature,  
the perfect symbol of a  
relationship built to last.

Everyone  
don't stress,  
because that's so  
human of you.

## ://Elisa Mask

An elderly woman walked down the grassy hill and stopped at the riverbank below. She pulled out a tattered blanket before sinking onto it with a sigh, making the child wading at the bottom look up at the noise.

"Morning!" the kid shouted, splashing to shore while clutching an indifferent frog. "What's the story today?"

The old one patted the blanket beside her.

"What do you want to know?" she asked, retrieving a small silver cube from the straw picnic basket she carried.

"Hmm..." the kid thought, sitting cross legged. They watched the cluster of lunar fragments faintly appear in the dimming sunset sky. "Tell me about The Experience, again?"

With a knowing look, the old one cleared her throat. "A long time ago... Vast tower cities were constructed, reaching into the sky to pierce the very edges of space. Endless energy tapped from the very core of the earth and leaps in technology allowed mankind to re engineer themselves at any level they chose." She slid a finger along one side of the silver cube as she spoke, a small projection of teal images began to accompany the tale.

"Spacescraper towers housed computers storing voluminous detail mapping human consciousness. Even when the body died, the virtual human lived on, if so desired. Imagination was the only limitation in an endless panoply of worlds, virtual yet realism."

"Weren't people happy then?" the kid asked.

"Evolution never stops... Developing bigger brains, opposable thumbs, constructing tools, or at the invention of bio engineering. After mankind discovered the secrets of micronano-fusion power plants granting centuries of power in an impossibly small space, nanobots were utilized to repair damage to the bio system known then as the human body."

She let out a wistful sigh as the teal images shifted into many shapes symbolizing the augment evolution. "The possibilities of modification and bioengineering seemed endless...The faster humanity's breakneck pace went, the quicker technology stepped in line; integrated."

"So people became better?" the kid asked.

"Mx alleged it was... Conservation. An extermination to prevent the further extinction of humanity. The augmented humans weren't 'human' enough to Mx..." The old one paused, glanced at the kid, "What do you think of that?"

She turned off the cube.

The kid silently released the frog, but it didn't hop, hanging suspended in mid air like an inert green blob, in the same position it had been held in. "Mx was foolish," the kid paused and then looked the old woman dead in the eyes, mouth glitching out of sync with their voice, "to think the lunar facilities had enough power to complete the cleansing."

The old woman jolted, raising her right hand as an exit signal. The bright colors of the river washed out along with the kid's unempathetic expression. Simultaneously, the old one's face morphed back into that of a much different looking younger woman's.

Her virtual reality goggles were peeled from her eye sockets like suction cups by the lab assistant.

"Doc," the man's amplified voice brought her back to reality. It came from the other side of the one way mirror, where she had been told a team of the best reality simulators were watching.

"What're your findings?" He meant the results of the psychological evaluation, which Mx was allowed at least once a year by law.

"Does the kid know they're Mx?" she asked, sitting up slowly on her gurney. Her eyes burnt intensely and she rubbed her aching head.

"That's an uninformed question," the voice droned on from the speaker. "Mx.2 is just a copy of Mx. Not the same thing."

"Did you see the frog glitch? Their mouth?" she asked. "They've become aware. Mx knows it's simulated--it's only faking rehabilitation," she said gravely, thinking about the child's dead eyed stare, Mx's reboot.

The display screen beside her gurney came to life, playing back the end of the simulated conversation. The frog hopped away, and only "Mx was foolish" was recorded--no glitches to be seen.

"It doesn't feel remorse at all... It'll happen again," she said, breathing heavily. The lab assistant silently led her out of the room to change out of the hospital gown and write her formal evaluation.

The scientist behind the one way glass turned away from the speaker console and regarded the board members, "The Doc's mistaken. It's clear we can't let this evaluation go any further. If the Gov heard a word of this our funding would be cut instantly."

Several board members nodded in agreement. "We can't let anything interfere with the delivery of Mx.2, the entirety of our infrastructure depends on landing this position as remote military guidance system."

"What're you proposing?" a board member asked.

"Supply a favorable evaluation using the Doc's signature, and get rid of the her if need be to do so."











