



is for ANTS  
crawling under  
your skin.

See them burst  
out and creep  
back within!

I got clean enough to add up my life, and without the junkie math scrambling my brain, it totaled rehab. Calling in the last favor I had, I got me a bed at St. Vic's. After stripping in the intake room and taking the paper robe off, I felt pretty fucking virtuous flip-flopping down the beige hall to my room. But by the time I got there, the creepy crawlers had woken up and started nibbling and stretching under my skin.

Scratch scratch scratch

When I walked in, my roomie--a guy that looked like a jello mold made in a hot tub--was in watching TV. I wondered if he had marshmallows in him. Considering his size, he probably had at least a few in there.

Anyway, I had to ask. "Weed?"

Jello-guy shook as he chuckled. "Court ordered. Rehab for weed? Who ever heard of shit like that?"

"Anything good in the snack machine here?"

"Peanuts and shit. Not that I have any change." Thing is, the way he looked at me when I sat down, it was like one of those cartoons where the castaway cat sees the dog like he's a giant pork chop.

The ants kept me up, like they always do, so I didn't really mind it when Mister Jiggles started snoring later that night. I just sat up chewing mints, watching the lumberjack games on ESPN 89, and kept scratching, scratching, scratching. Not long after the fat guy started

snoring, I heard a sound like somebody dropping fifty pounds of raw liver. I looked over, and the fat guy had just opened up along his middle, unzipping throat to groin like a body-bag. His guts were climbing out, his stomach--a wet pink sack lifted on coils of intestine--came free with a wet pop. It dragged its colon across the fat man's bed sheet, leaving a trail of shit as it headed right towards me.

Thing about the ants is, stress--stress like seeing a man's guts coming at you that way--makes the itching so much worse. I dug my fingers in until I felt the skin inside my wrists and arms tear open, and god, oh god the relief from that itch as they all poured out and out, vicious and shiny, the color of my blood. They sniffed out fresh meat and gutrot, and I suddenly could smell it too. God, it was delicious. When they started eating the fat man's guts, the snowfall hush of a million little legs and jaws was drowned by a gurgling scream from the innards, wet and flatulent.

But by then I was running, and I'm so, so glad the ants can't show me what they see.

## WHAT CAN I DO?

You're a living, breathing hive, an anthill. You really *do* have bugs under your skin.

If someone cut you in half, they'd see all the little tunnels and chambers like the ant-farm you had as a kid. When reality flinches back from you and you bleed, the ants come and swarm. Even outside your body, it's like they're part of you. You can taste what they taste, smell what they smell, feel what they feel. When you try and see what they see though, you're brain reels—the output from a million little compound eyes jacked through your visual cortex like a bad mushroom trip.

Bleed till your head swims and the room sways around you, and you'll cover every surface and everybody around you with your ants, soaking in all the sensory input. Or, if you're chugging a 64-ounce cup of Haterade™ for somebody, you can sic the little bastards on him and just sit back as they bite and chew, burrow and glut, gorge on meat and blood. When they crawl back under your skin, you feel like you just ate a big, satisfying meal.





**(1-2 dice)** Scratch your skin open and let trickle a few hundred ants out. That's enough to aggravate or hurt someone, taste and feel something the size of an armchair, or give you a jump on danger in your immediate surroundings

**(3-4 dice)** Rip and tear your skin open to pour the ants out. This is enough to cover up a tasteful living room set, gnaw a man to death in moments, or spread out and let you feel, smell, and taste everything in a whole house.

**(5-6 dice)** Slash yourself open suicide style and the ants burst out like arterial spray. Wholly devour a room full of helpless, screaming people to death. Spread out and lick the whole neighborhood. Cover a house, inside and out, with blood-colored ants with poison stings.

## HOW DOES IT BREAK ME?

**Fight**—Itch, bite, crawl, creep, wriggle, tickle... it's *driving you fucking crazy*, and the only way to deal with the feeling of being *inhabited* is to beat the mother-fucking shit out of something. Worse yet, if you keep your cool, the ants soak up the stifled rage, until you can't keep them inside anymore, and your sores burst open, you puke wriggly red gouts. Deny it however you like, but when they do horrible things to people, *you love it*.

**Flight**—The ants are jerking at your skin, pulling you, trying to run off without you. It feels like your skin is going to rip open and run off without you, leaving you naked and dripping. Better keep up with it.

## HOW DO I CHANGE?

The more madness you embrace, the more the crawling sensation stops being a mere sensation. Goosbumps rise on your skin, but don't go away—instead, they move around like a rat under a rug. When the madness takes root, the sores and wounds on your arms and legs stop closing up. They become little raw holes—ant holes.

## WHAT AM I BECOMING?

When you scratch and gouge yourself until you're nothing but a walking, meaty hive, becoming a vehicle for the ants tunneling through your flesh, driven by pain and self loathing until you crave nothing so much as spreading it around a bit. Something about you elicits confession—people unburden themselves of their foulest secrets and failings, and then you pick them apart. If you can't do this emotionally, then cover them in ants and do it physically. You've become an **Agony Ant**.

a headtrip for **DON'T REST YOUR HEAD** by **BENJAMIN BAUGH**  
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