

# SPOON CHILD



by  
Chantal BEAULNE



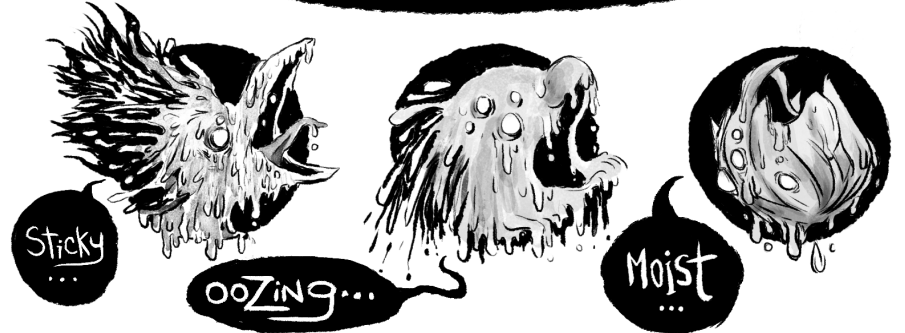


SHE WAS SURE He'd Come  
For Our Children Too.

WHERE HAVE YOU HIDDEN him?



THE SHRIEKING THING!



Sticky...

oozing...

Moist...



a bulb, yet to open.

Always Reaching, Grabbing  
WANTING...

changing.

I don't know  
what you mean,

Mr. Shape  
Shifter.



BUT Sometimes  
something else gets  
there before the MONSTER.

MUNDANE, Named Things.



There's  
nothing  
like  
that  
here.



DON'T  
PLAY  
GAMES  
WITH ME!!

I COULD DEVOUR YOU A  
1000 WAYS WITH A  
1000 MOUTHS!





MOTHER told me  
to **TRICK**  
HIM INTO SOMETHING  
HARMLESS...



Please, sir-  
if you would but  
show me plainly,  
I will bring  
you **WHAT YOU**  
**SEEK.**





Eyes Like Rusted Pennies...

A MOUTH FULL OF ANGRY PEARLS...



SCRUMPY/DIOUS FINGERS AND TOES...

SOMETHING



LIKE THIS?



Let me take a closer look...

ONCE it's SMALL, Mother said, You put some SILVER 'ROUND it's NECK...

...it'll WEIGH him DOWN into a SINGLE FORM.



THAT Wily Shape-Shifter WILL BE TRAPPED-helpless.

Do You REMEMBER WHERE You PUT HIM NOW ?

... WHILE YOU DO WHAT NEEDS To Be DONE.

MOTHER  
said to  
TRAP  
him  
as a  
Mouse

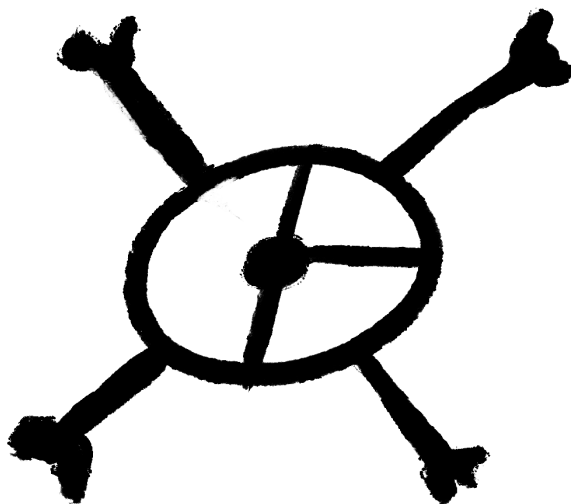


MICE ARE  
Easy  
to KILL.

BUT SHE WAS NEVER VERY  
GOOD AT KILLING.



OR LETTING THINGS STAY DEAD.



2012 & 2016

©

chantalbeaulne.com

chantalbeaulne.tumblr.com