



tum over the pages



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An Old Story









IT IS REALLY HOT NOW,

THE INSECTS
THEMSELVES
DON'T DARE TO
SHOW UP IN
HOURS OF
BLAZING
SUN.



WELL, DO
YOU THINK
SHE WOULD
TAKE OFF
HER DAMN
SWEATER?



YES,
ALCOHOL,
SOLITUDE
...

I DON'T
KNOW,
BUT SHE
ALMOST
FREAKS
ME OUT.



WHO IS THIS OLD WOMAN?

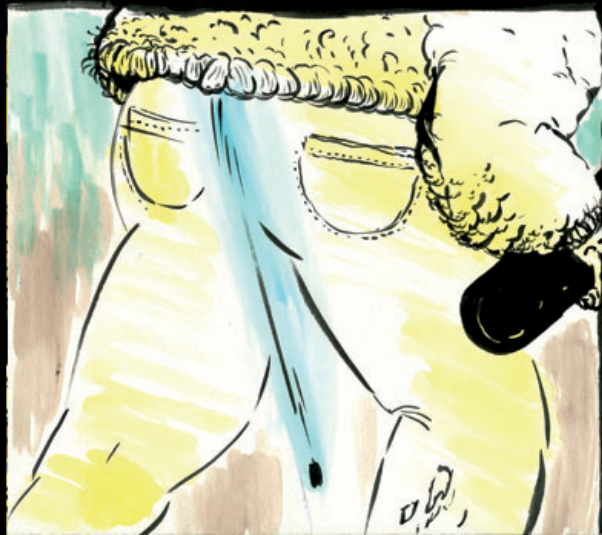
BAH, PFFF, SHE'S NOT EVEN WORTH TALKING ABOUT.

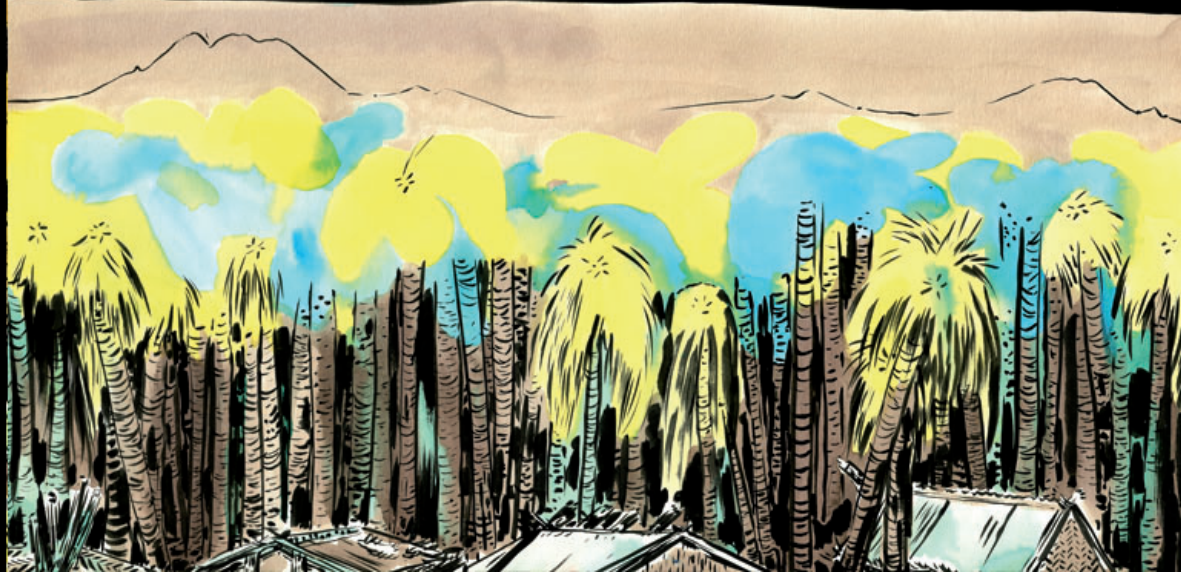
BUT WELL, IF YOU EVER MEET HER, YOU SHOULD BE ON YOUR GUARD.

HER BELLY IS -APPARENTLY- CRAWLING WITH WORMS



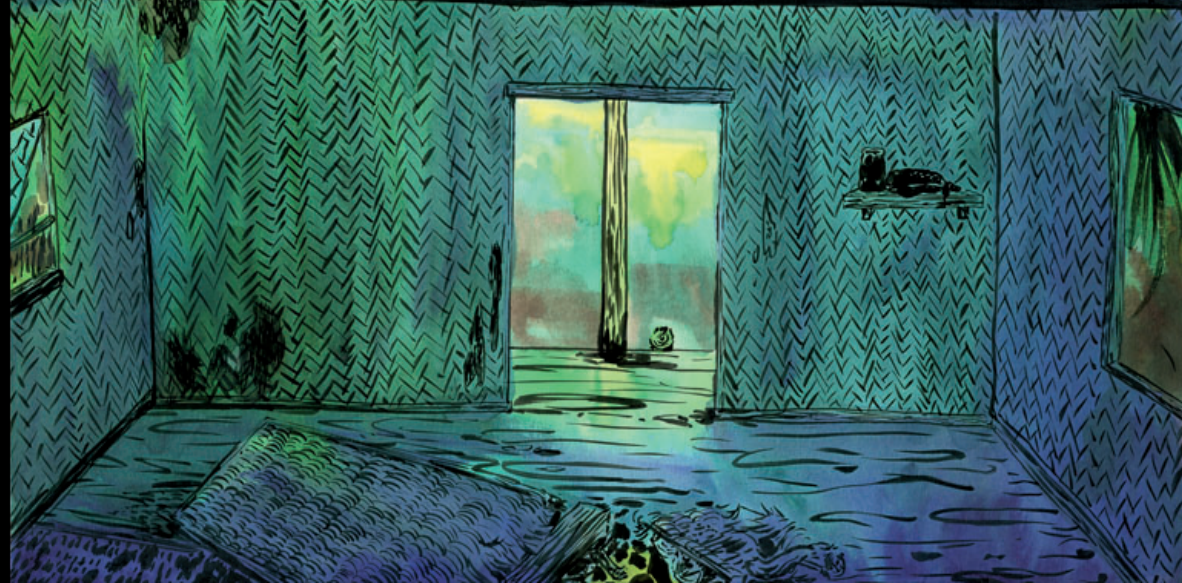
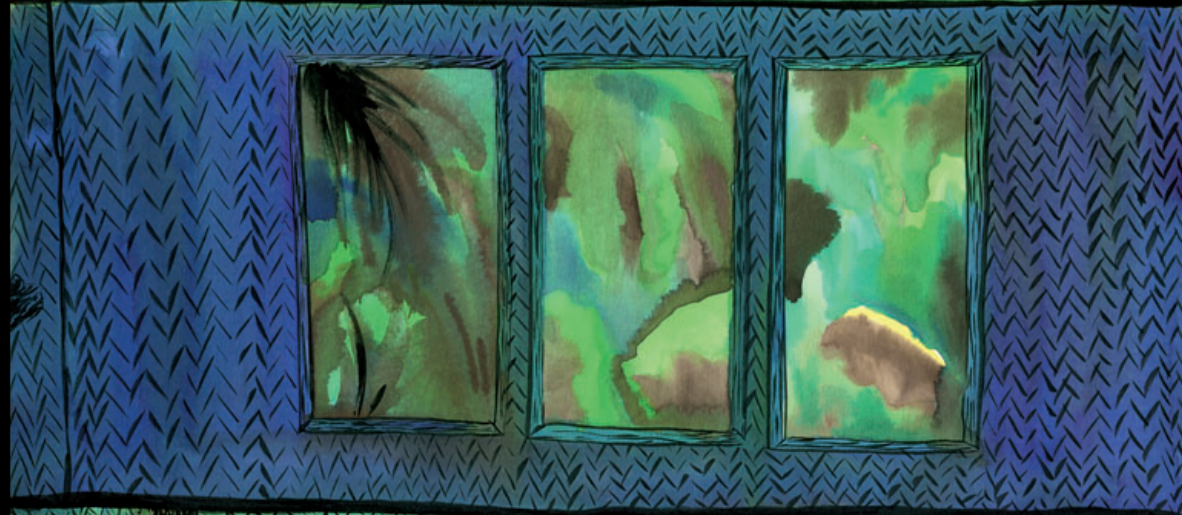


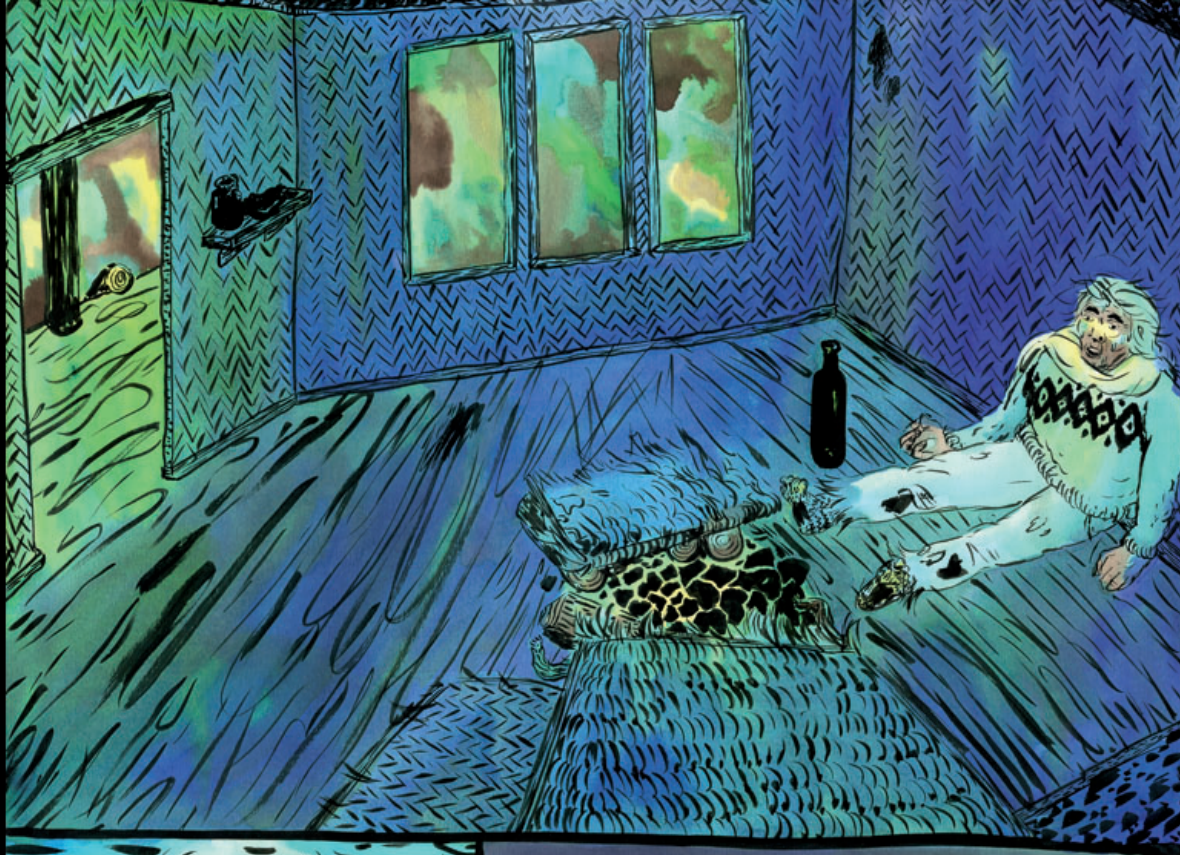






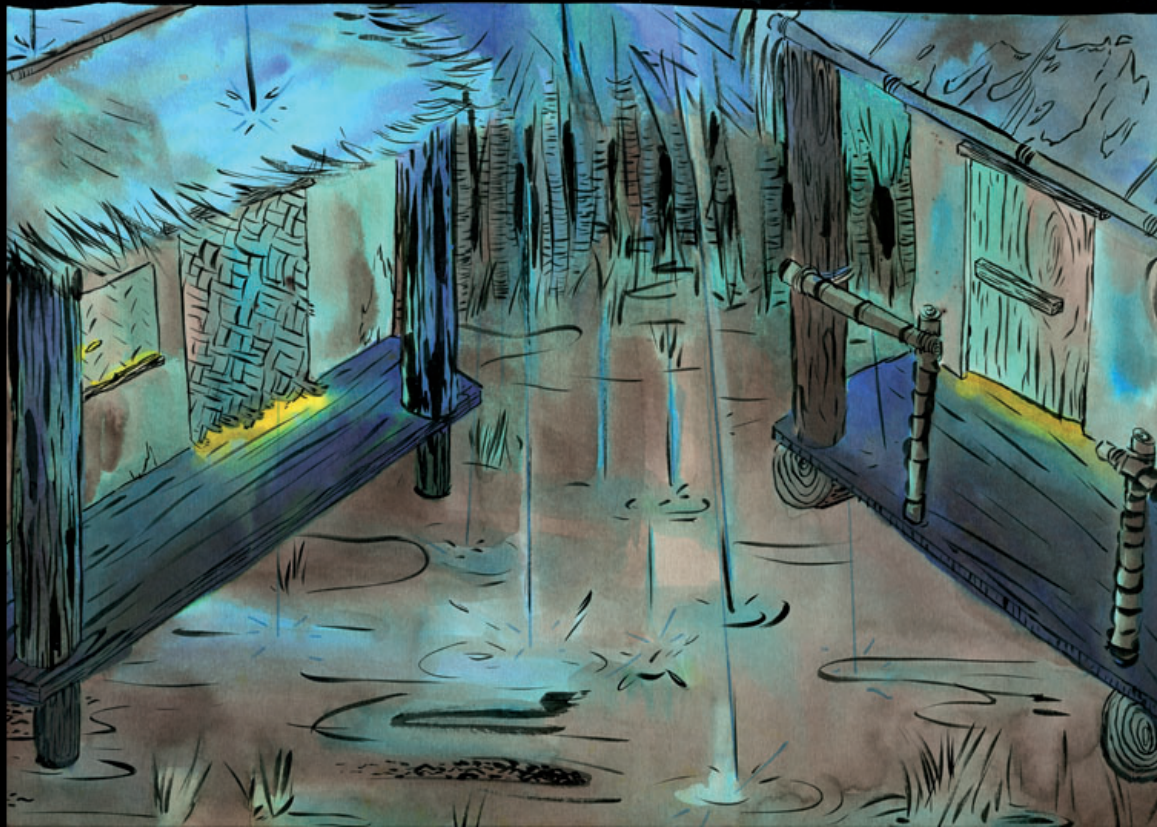
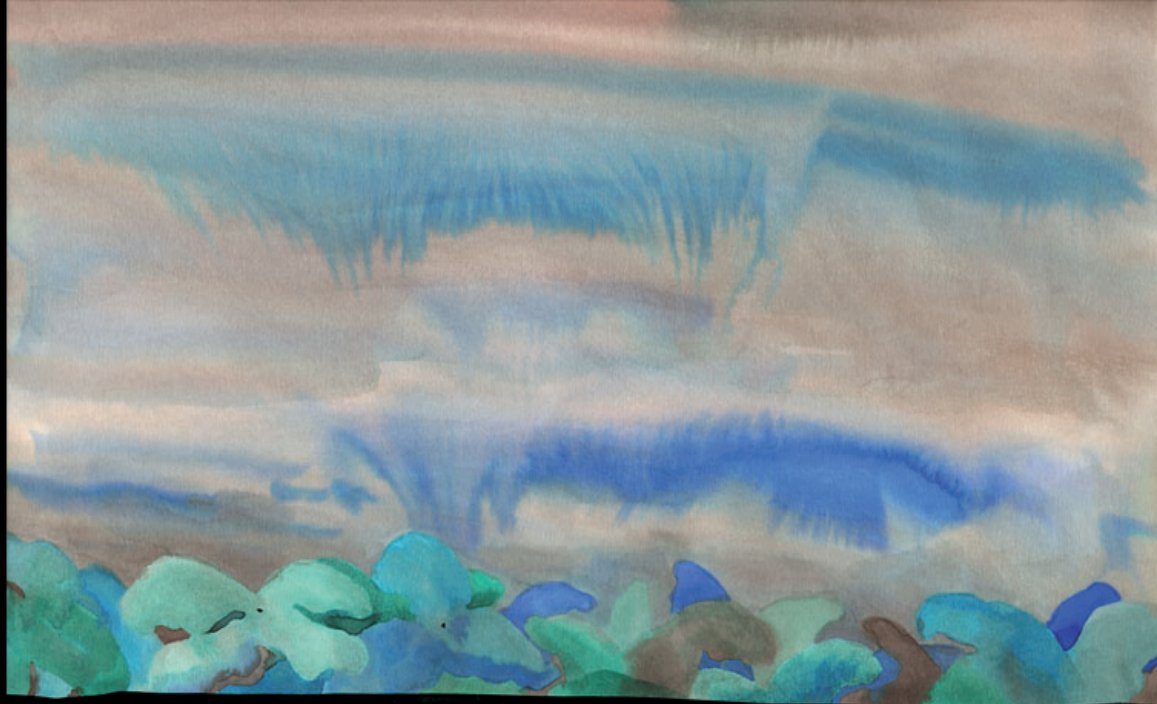


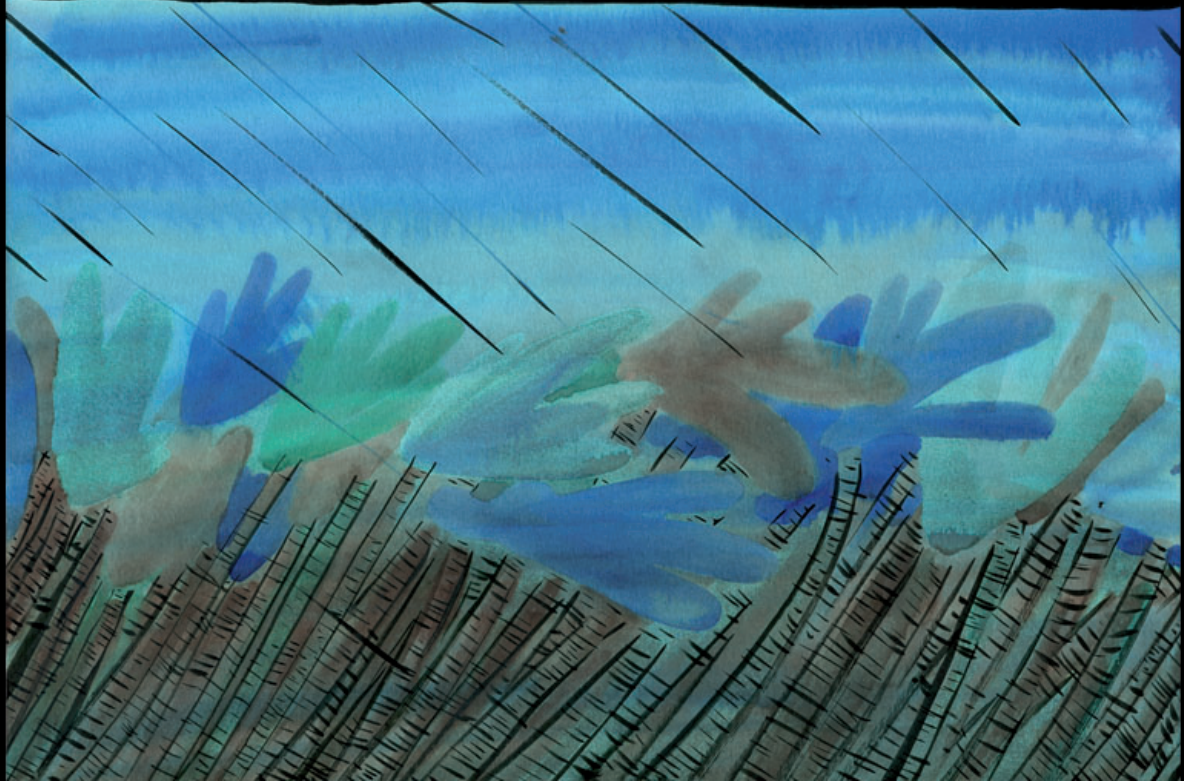
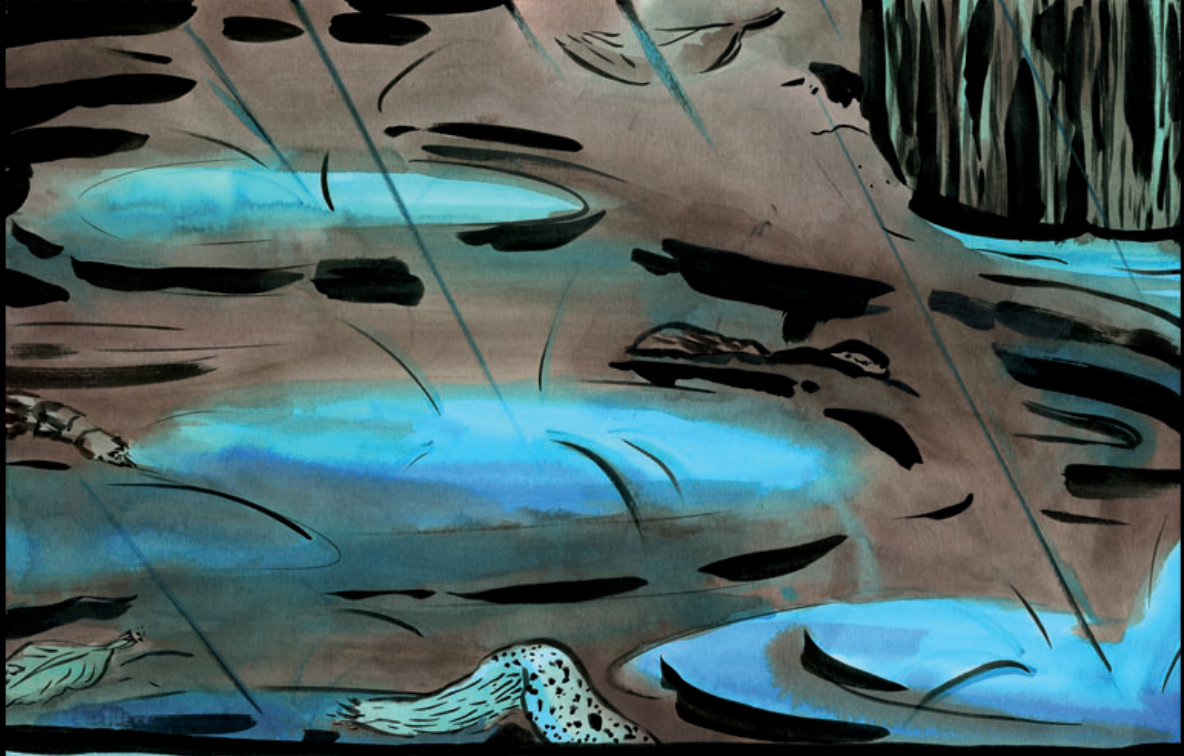


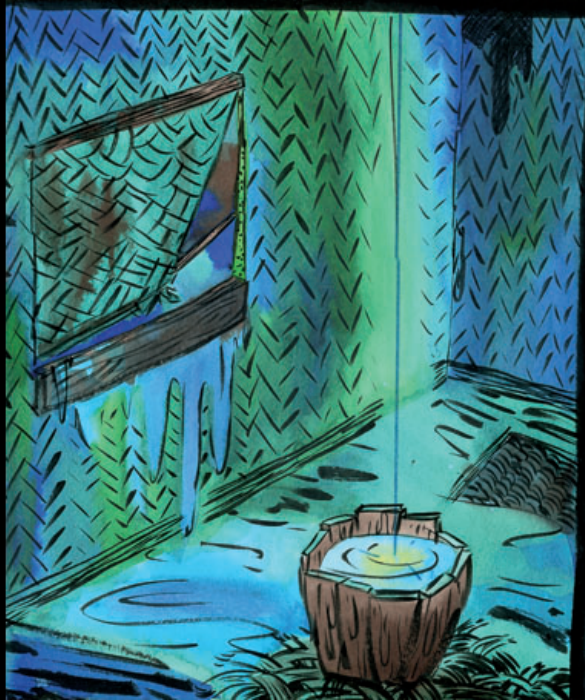
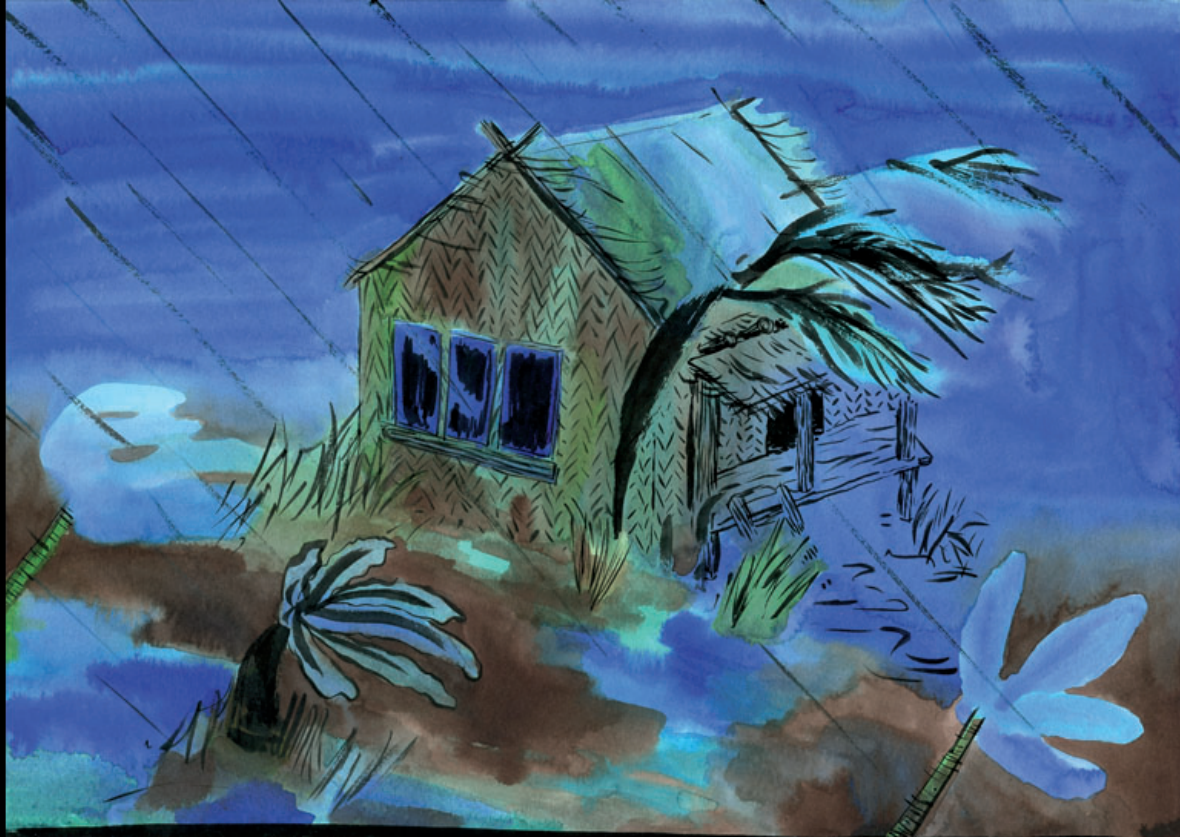


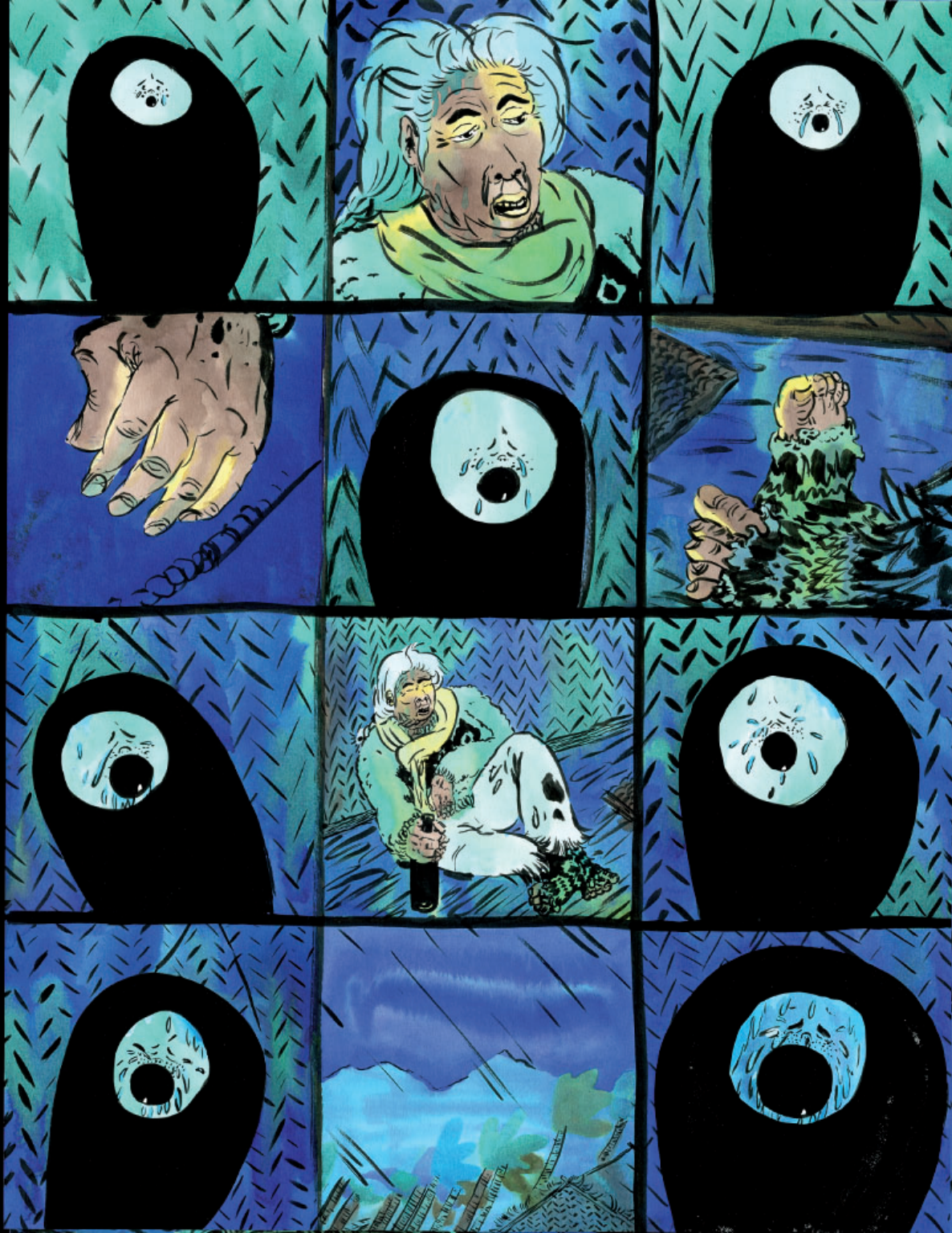




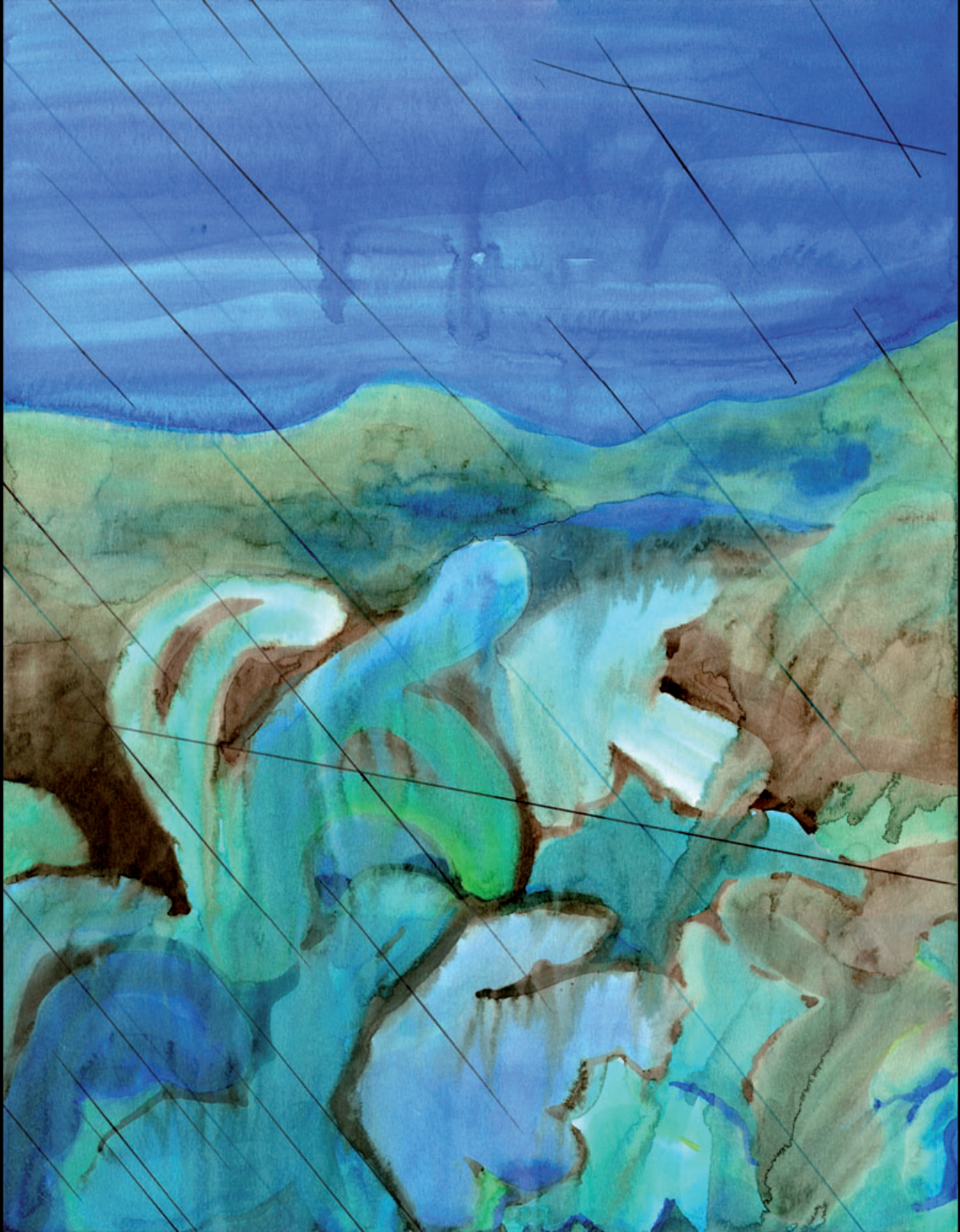


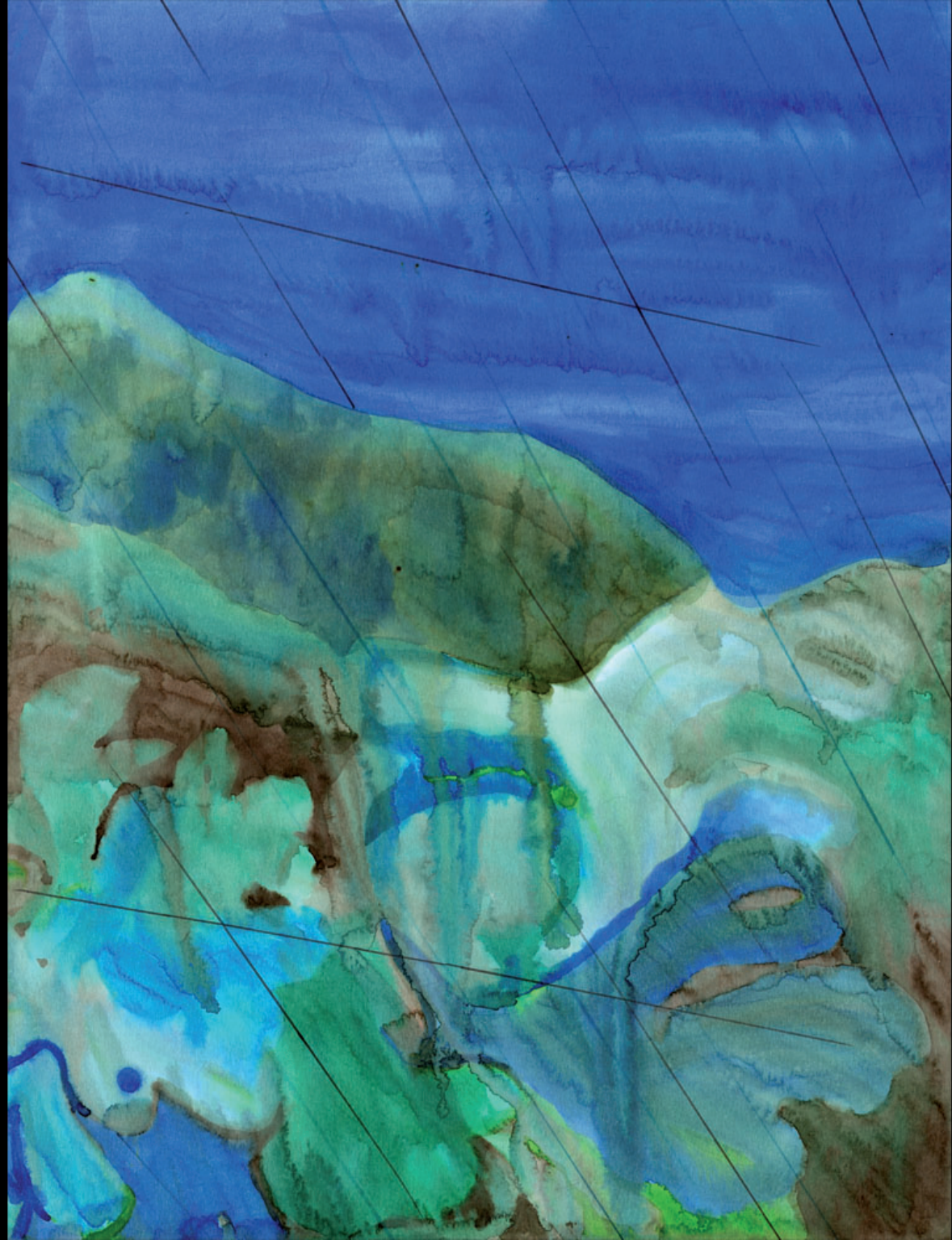


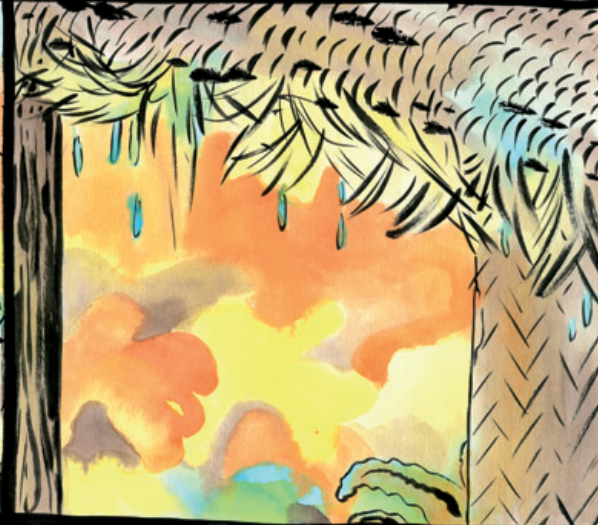
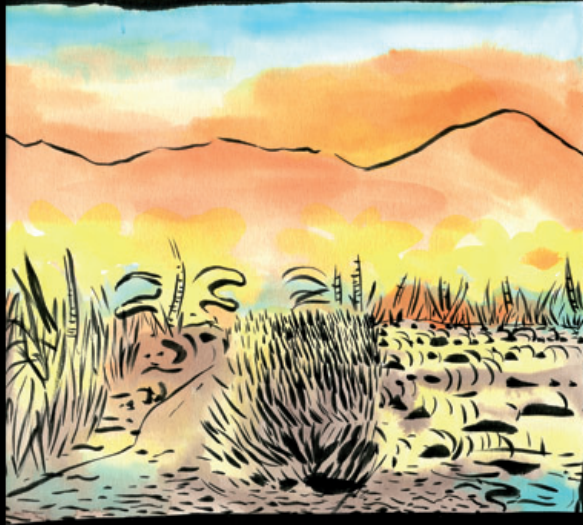


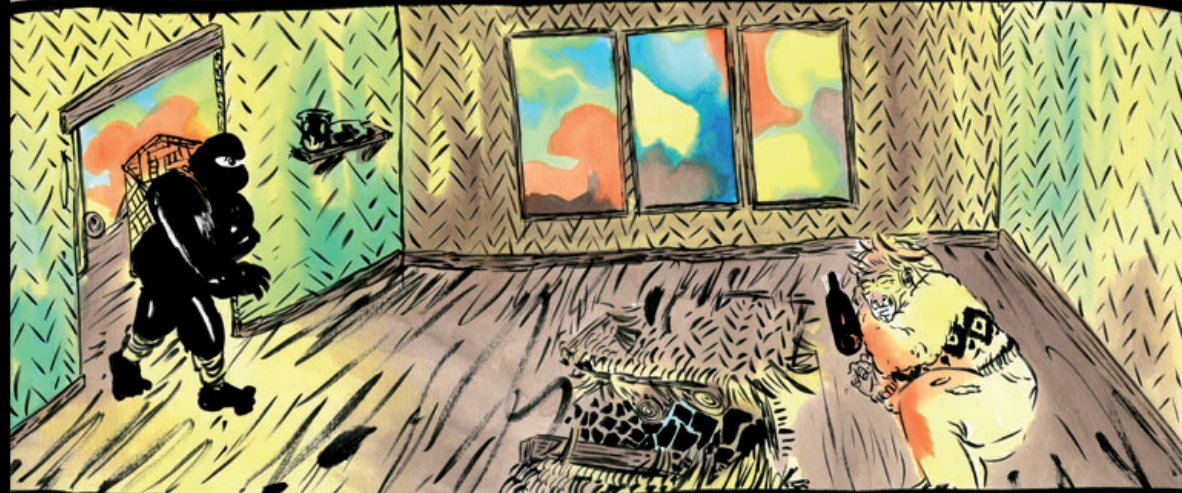






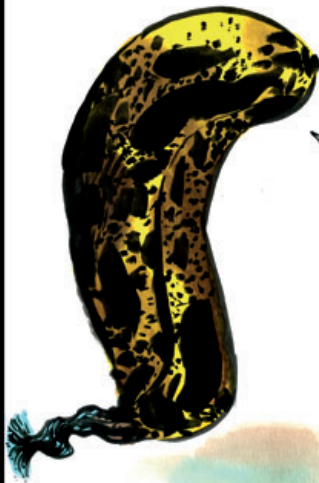












DID YOU
SEE IT
TOO?



YES I'VE SEEN
I'VE SEEN IT ALL!

THE
LETTER
SHE WROTE
AND SENT,



SO MANY YEARS AGO.
THE WAY SHE WAS WHEN SHE
ADDRESSED IT. TODAY, IT IS
THE VERY SAME LETTER
THAT SHE RECEIVES.



THE SAME LETTER
THAT ONE SENDS HER.
THE PAPER IS A BIT
OF YELLOWED...





IT MIGHT BE
THAT THE ENVELOPE
HAS NEVER BEEN
OPENED.



...CAN YOU FIGURE OUT
THE OLD ONE, AT THIS
VERY MOMENT?



NOW SHE'S
LED TO
REREAD
HER OWN
WORDS.



SHE MUST BE
DEFINITELY
ANGRY! HER
EYES MUST
BE ROLLING
IN THEIR
SOCKETS!



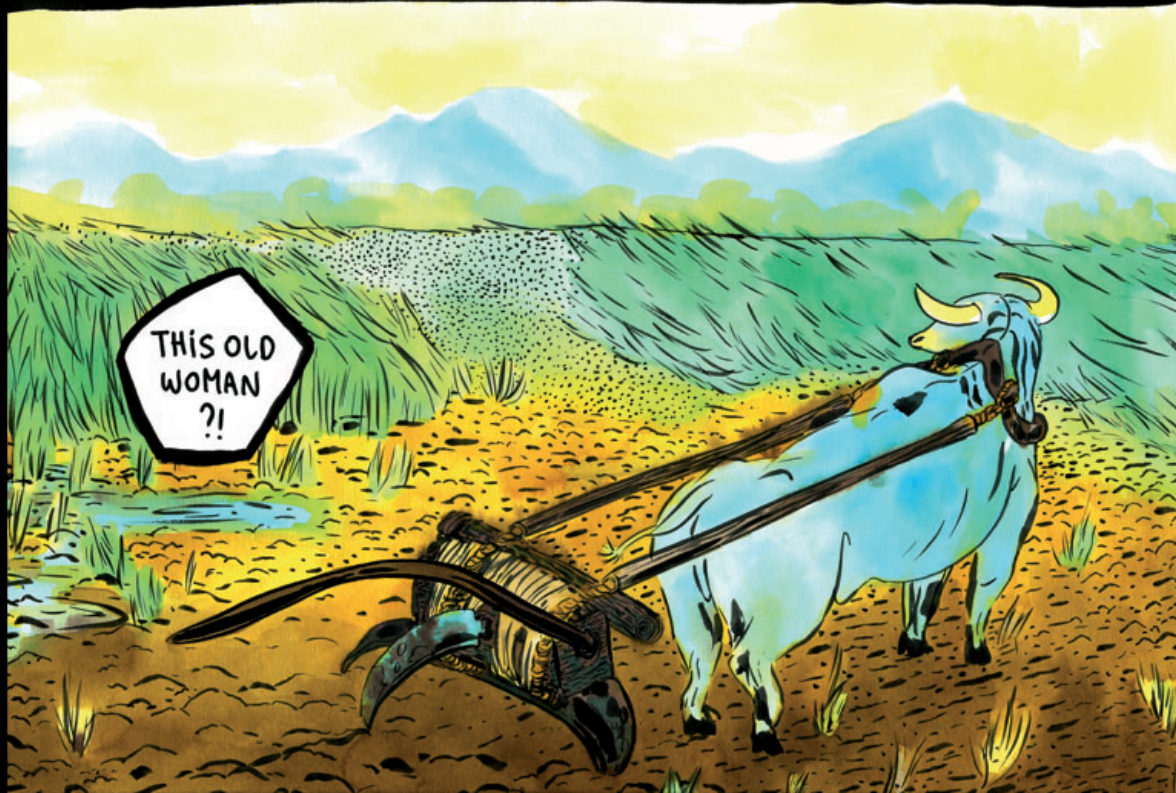








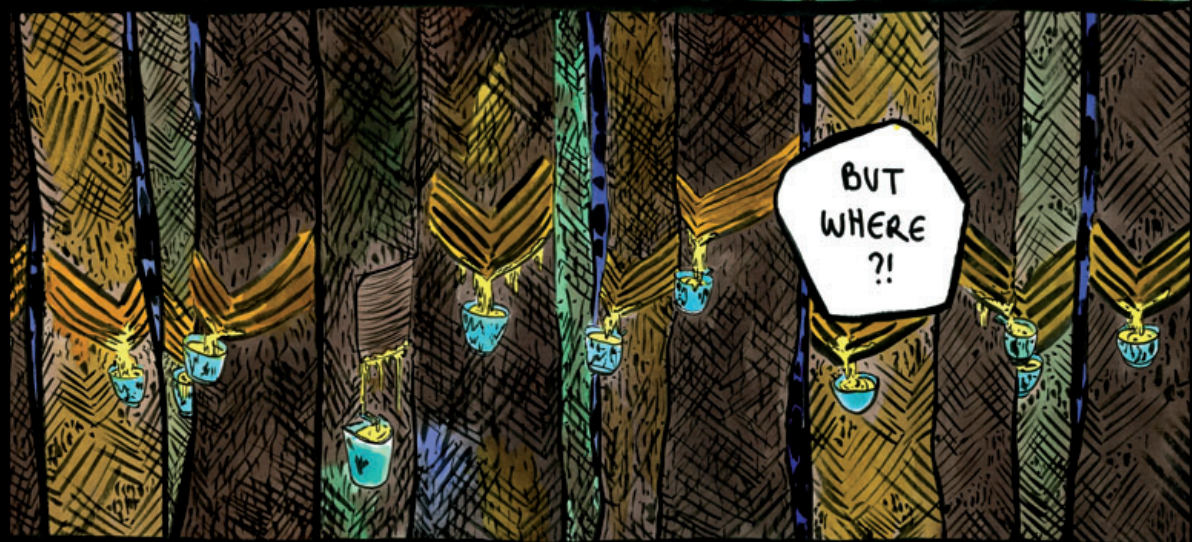
WHICH
KID?



THIS OLD
WOMAN
?!



SO WHAT ?
I HAVE TO
FINISH THIS
PIECE



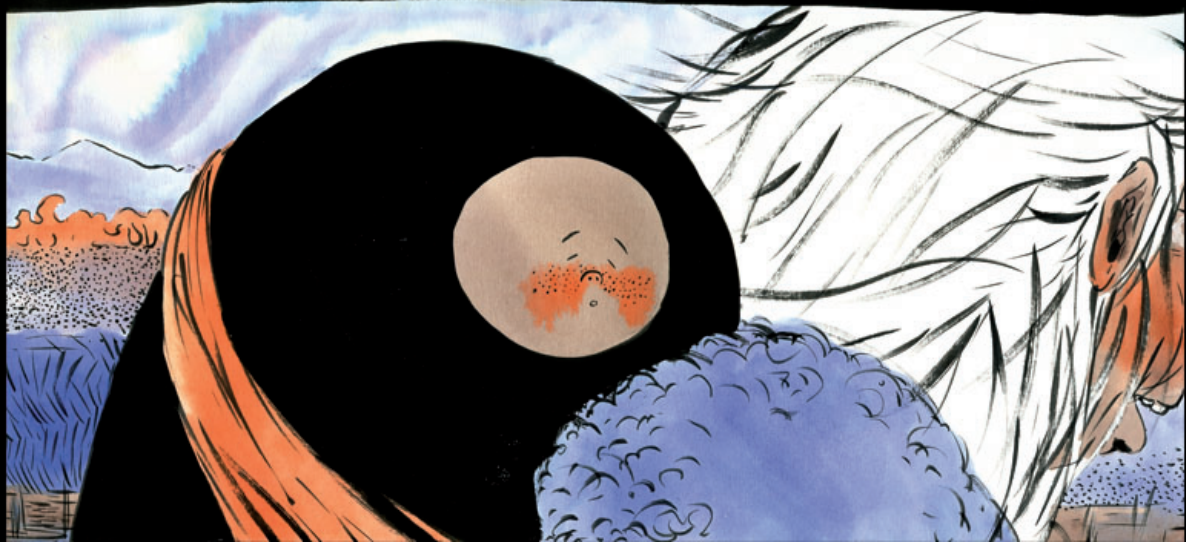
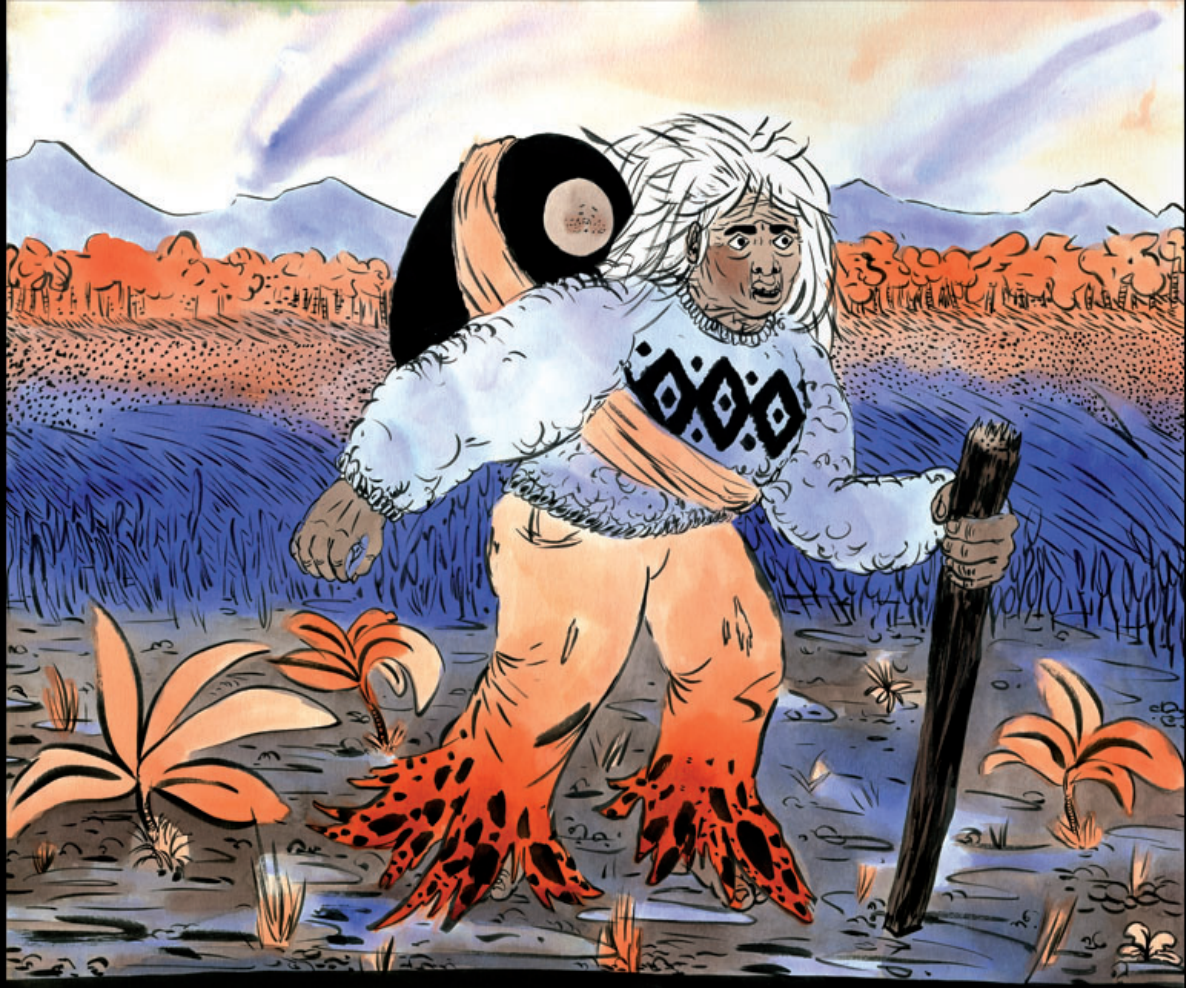
BUT
WHERE
?!



YAAHHH!!



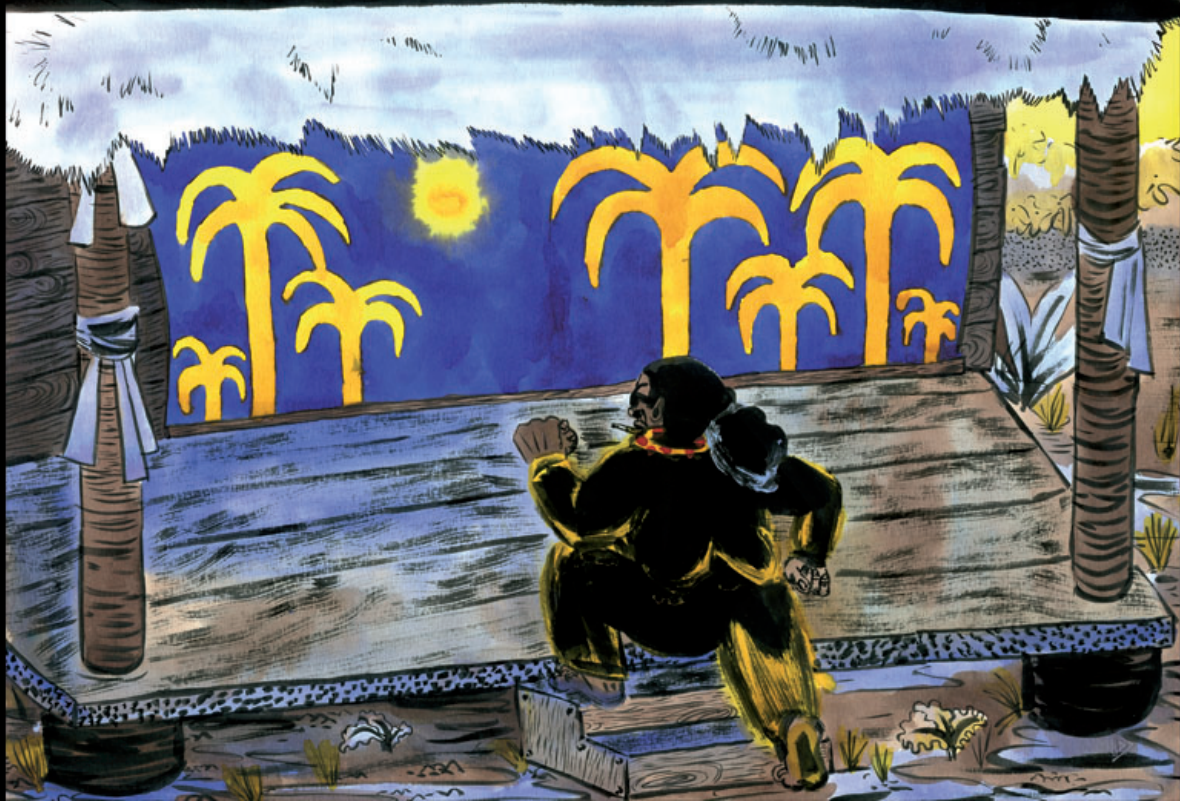




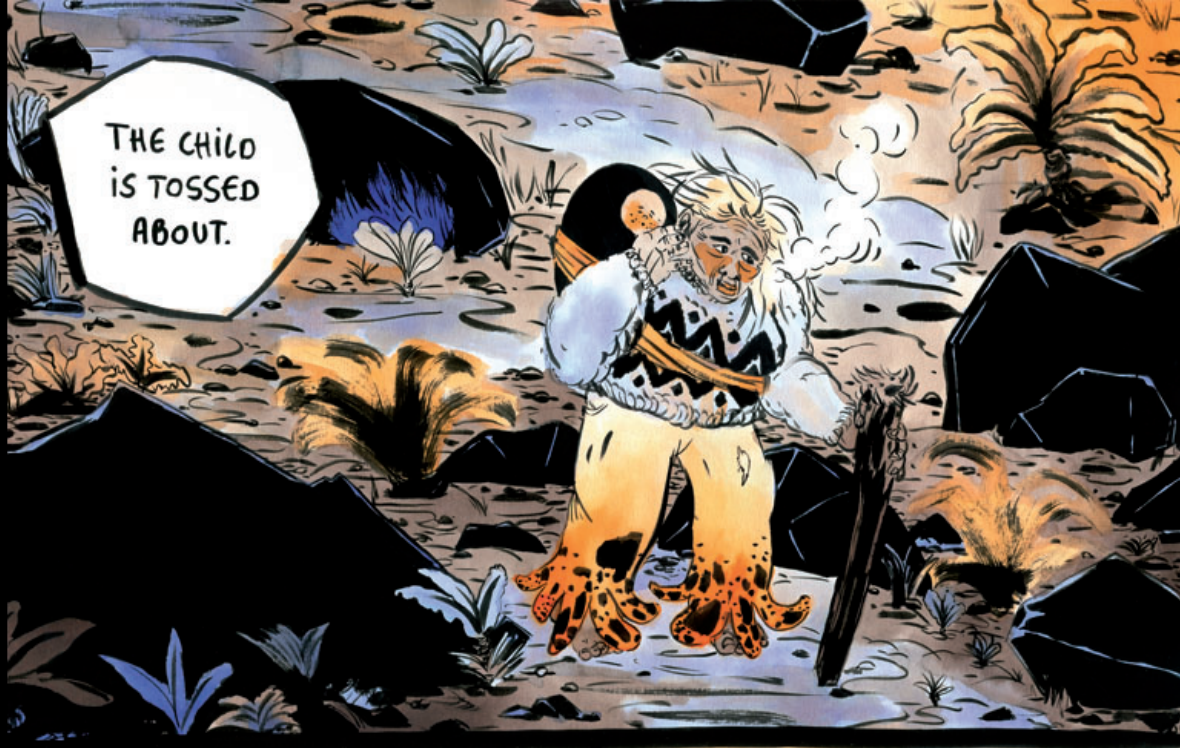



SHE AVANCES,
THE MAD ONE,
THE CHILD
LOADED ON
HER BACK,
LIKE A
PACKAGE!

SHE'S
WALKING.
HOW FURIOUS
SHE LOOKS!









ALWAYS MORE, SHE DISAPPEARS INTO
THE JUNGLE. LIANAS HAMPER HER, GREAT
LEAVES WHIP HER FACE, BUT!




GUIDED BY ANGER,
SHE GOES ON WALKING.







SHE FALLS ON
HER BACK —
SHE FALLS ONTO
THE KID!



HOW CLUMSY...
SHE CAN'T
BACK UP AGAIN.

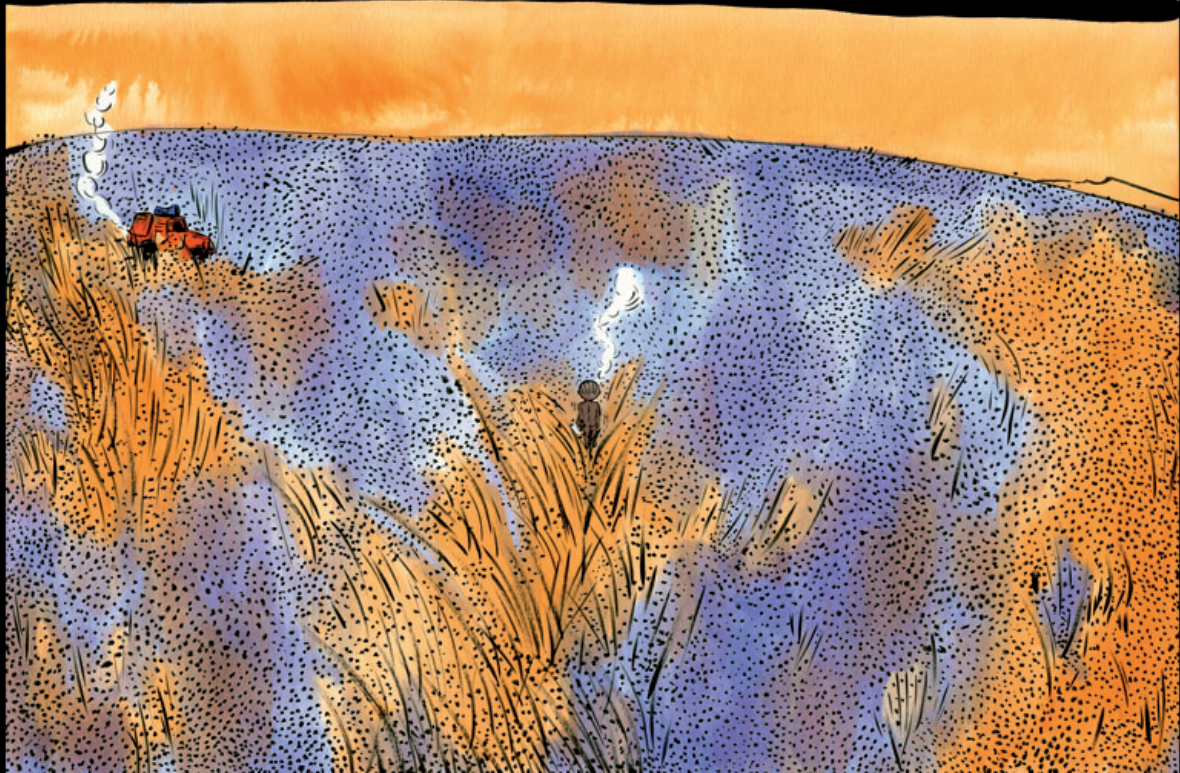
THE RIBCAGE
OF THE CHILD
IS HEAVILY
COMPRESSED.
HE IS SUFFOCATING.

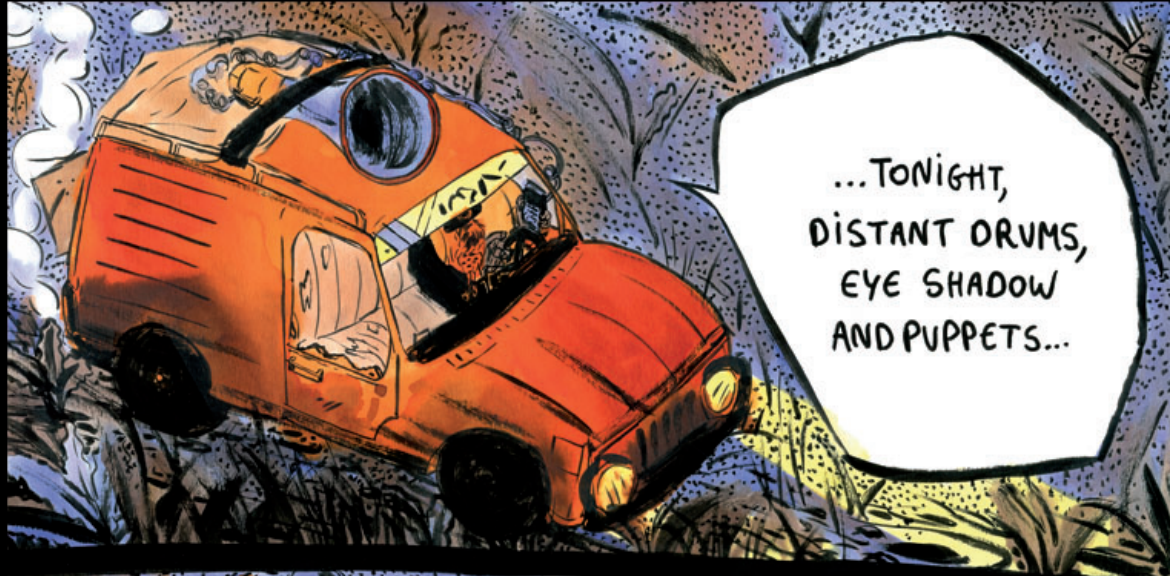








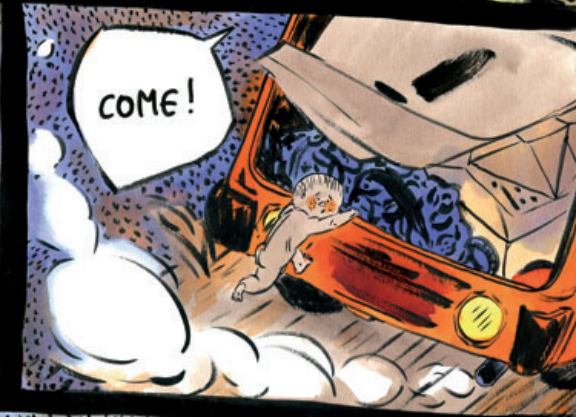




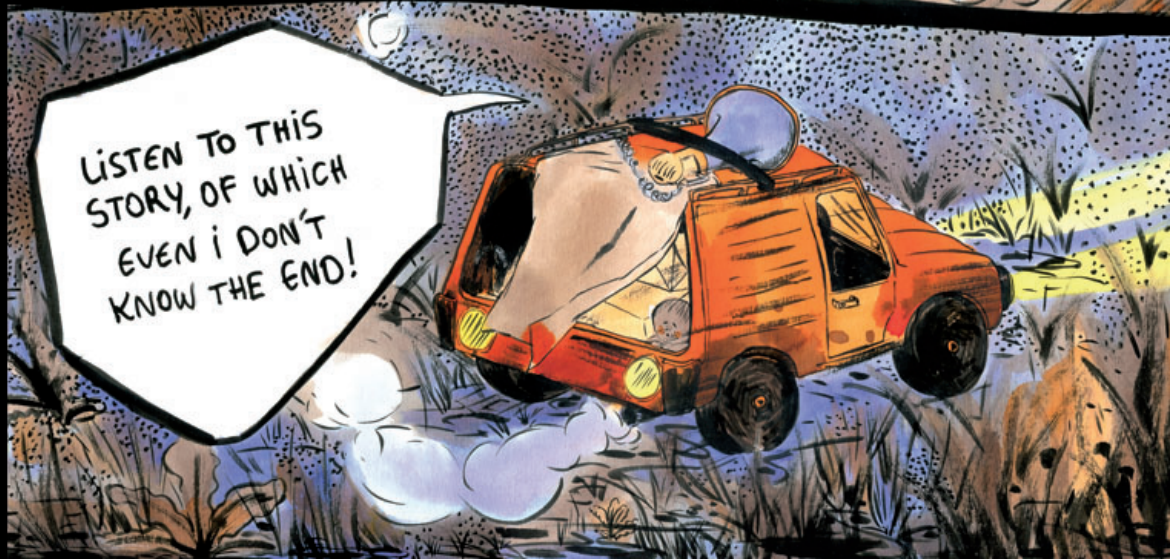
...TONIGHT,
DISTANT DRUMS,
EYE SHADOW
AND PUPPETS...



CRR



COME!



LISTEN TO THIS
STORY, OF WHICH
EVEN I DON'T
KNOW THE END!

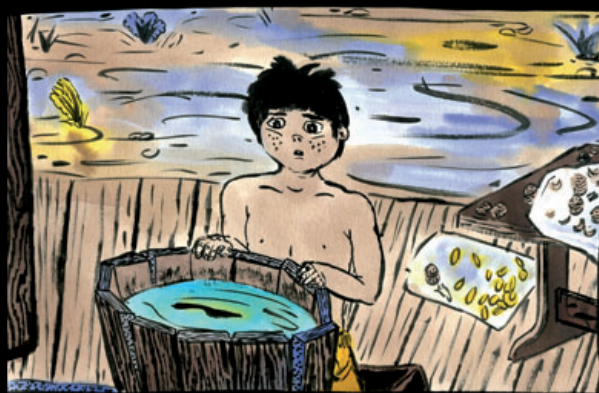




I CAN SEE THE
ABSURD PEACOCK'S
BLUE FEATHERS,
SUSPENDED OVER
YOUR HEADS.



SCRATCH
SCRATCH



MAMITA WAS BORN ON A VERY WINDY DAY. AS SOON AS HER TINY HEAD SHOWED UP FROM HER MOTHER'S TUMMY, THE DOCTOR EXCLAIMED: "NEVER SEEN SUCH A THICK, DENSE HAIR ON THE HEAD OF A BABY!"





LATER ON, SHE WAS ABLE TO CLIMB
TREES ~ EVEN THE COCONUT PALMS,
AVOIDING CAREFULLY THE THORNS.



ONE DAY, AS SHE WAS GATHERING UP STILL
GREEN NUTS AT THE TOP OF A GIGANTIC
TRUNK (THE ONE THAT STANDS NEAR
THE SCHOOL), A GREAT MONKEY ~ ORANGE,
MISSHAPEN ~ SPRANG OUT FROM BETWEEN
THE LEAVES. FANGS, TEETH, THEY FIGHTED
WILDLY AND LOOSED ENTIRE BUNCHES OF HAIR.



WE ALL AGREED TO SAY THESE TWO RASCALS
WERE EQUALLY SKILLED AT
MAKING FUNNY FACES.



HA HA! EVERYONE STILL REMEMBERS THAT!







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