

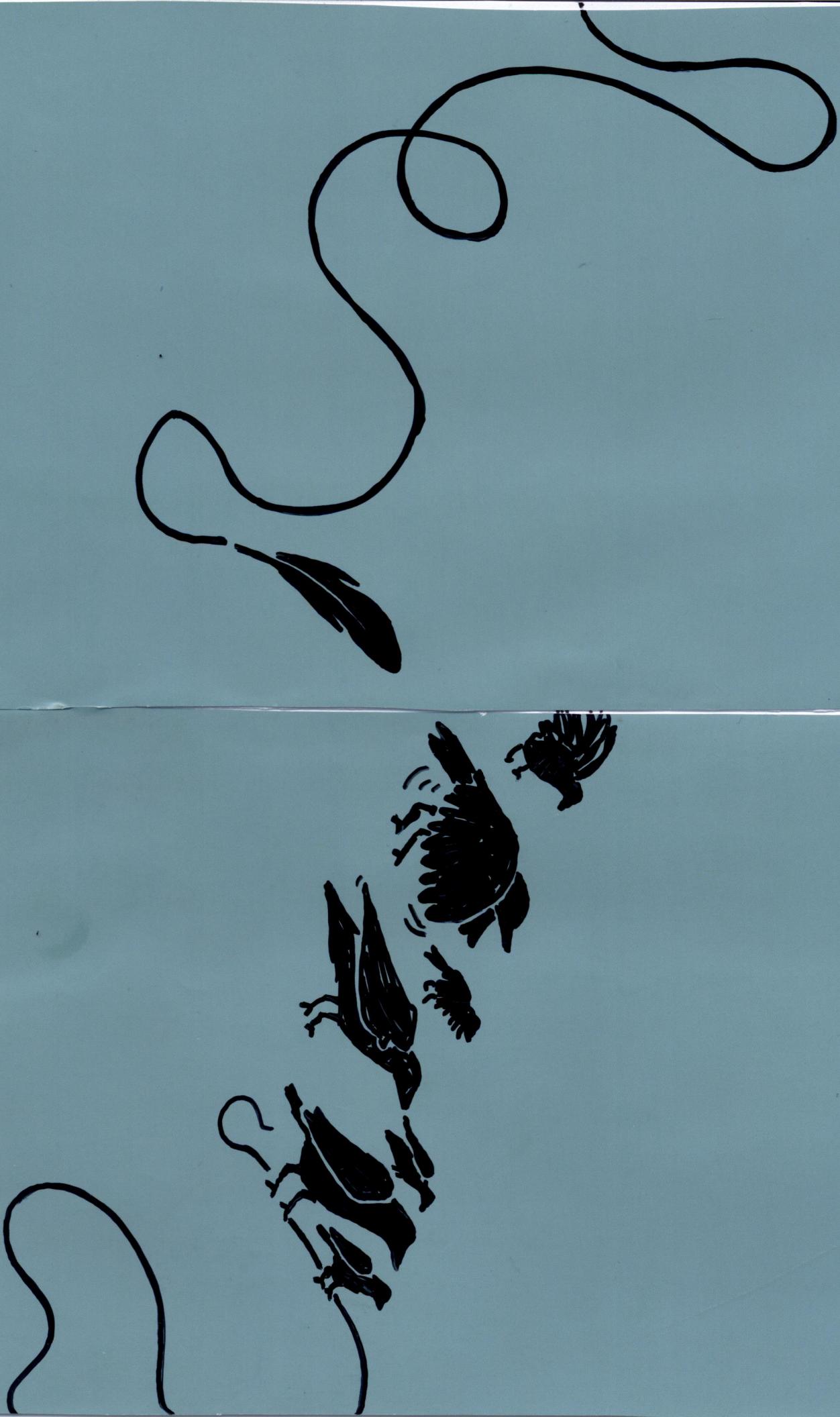
CROW CROW

I BELIEVE I'VE MADE WHAT YOU CALL A FRIEND.
ACTUALLY TWO OF THEM, BOTH A PRETTY SILVER,
A LITTLE ONE AND A BIG ONE.

WE SPEAK A SECRET LANGUAGE, MADE OF
CLICKS AND TRILLS, DISCUSSING THE WEATHER OR
THE ROWDY LOCALS. AFTER WE SHARE LUNCH.

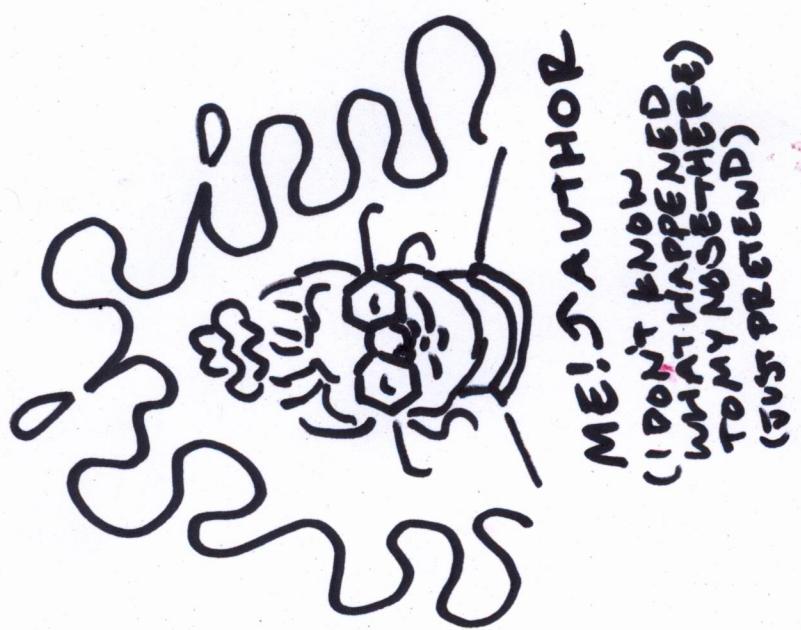
IF I'M LUCKY WE CHAT MORE THAN ONCE A DAY.
THEY WILL EVEN SHARE WITH MY PARTNER,
WHO COULDN'T SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE IF HE TRIED

TODAY I HUM THE TUNE OF THEIR VOICES,
WHICH SEEM TO ALWAYS BE STUCK IN MY HEAD,
WAITING IMPATIENTLY TO SEE THEIR FACES AGAIN.









ME: JAVATHOR

(LUNAR PERIOD)
DEMY WOLLETHEBE
("DOLY HUMPERED")
EVONTR FNUONU



CLAPAC.

As
me?