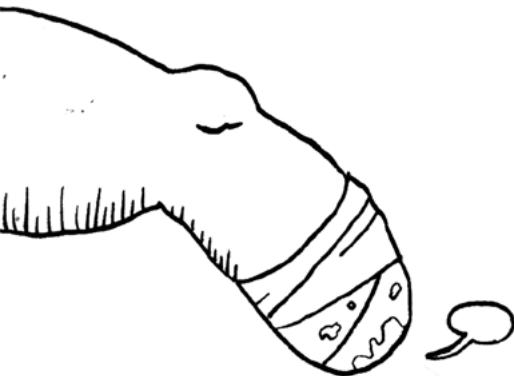
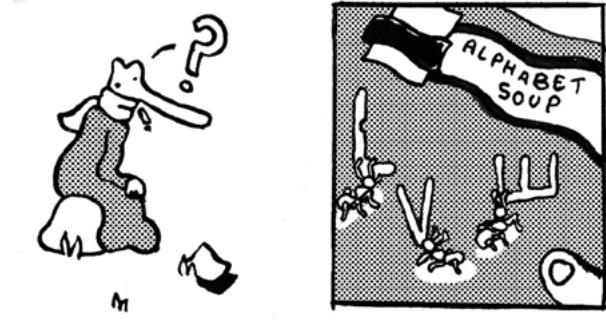
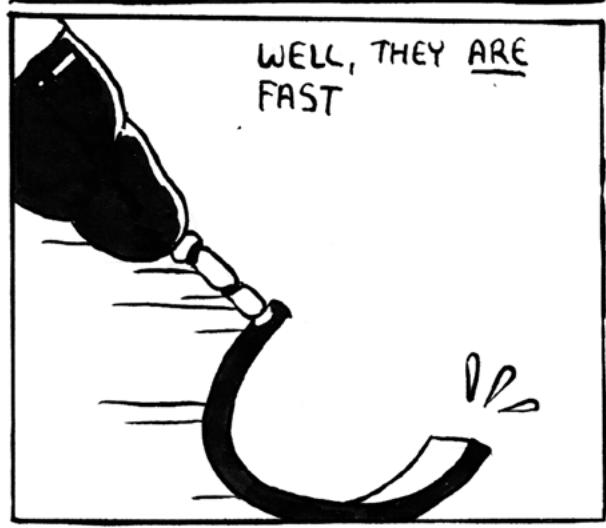
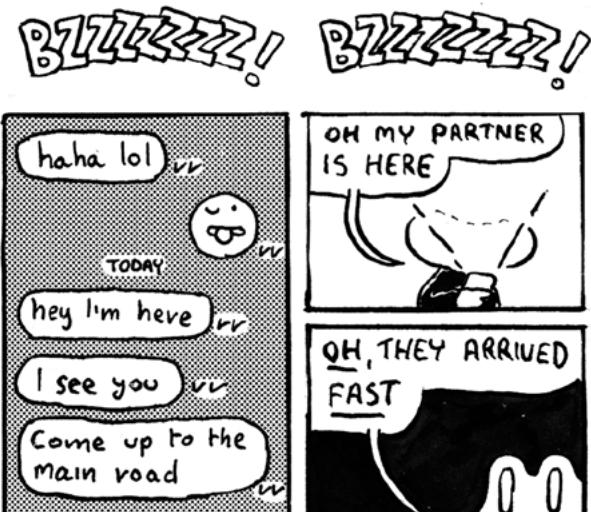


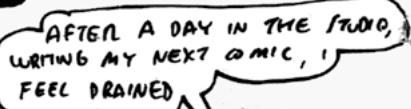
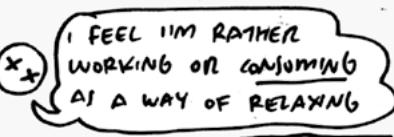
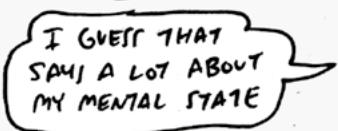
HE LOST HIS LEFT LEG IN THE WAR.
AS A KID, IT WOULD SEND A CHILLING
FEELING THROUGH MY SPINE
WHENEVER I SAW IT.



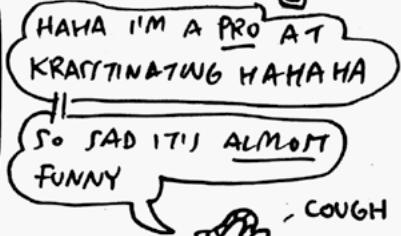




222



I PROCRASINATED LIKE A MAD PERSON BUT STILL MANAGED TO WRITE DOWN 5 PAGES OF THE STORY



COUGH



JUSt SO I COULD RELAX FOR A SECOND AND TAKE A NAP



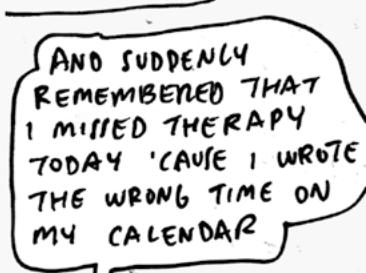
HAHA



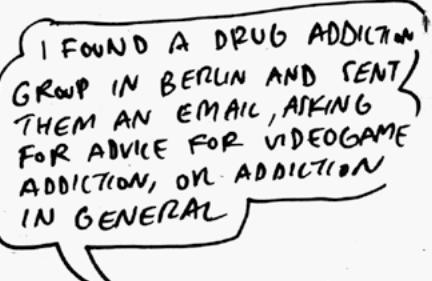
AND ANOTHER ONE

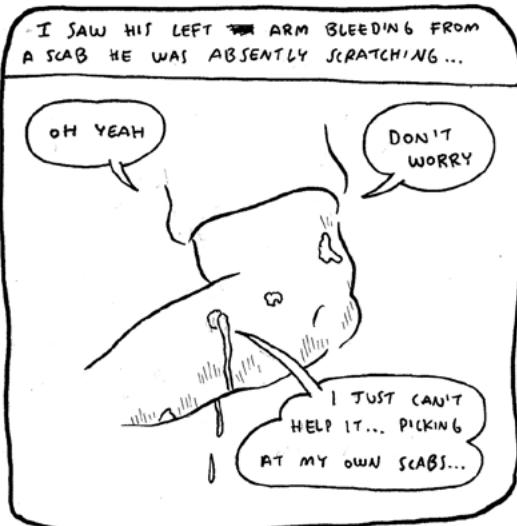


THEY WERE BIO FAIR TRADE VEGAN COMMUNIST



I GUESS IT WAS A BAD DAY TO MISS IT OR A GOOD ONE?













A black and white illustration of a small, dark, irregular mass, possibly a seed or a small plant, surrounded by a network of thin, wavy lines representing roots or soil texture.

oh yes I am
feeling EVERYTHING
right now..
Keep looking
though..

listen, I'm starting to
feel withdrawal symptoms!
I need this shit right now!

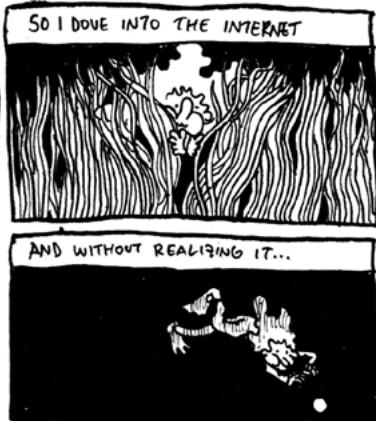
uff!

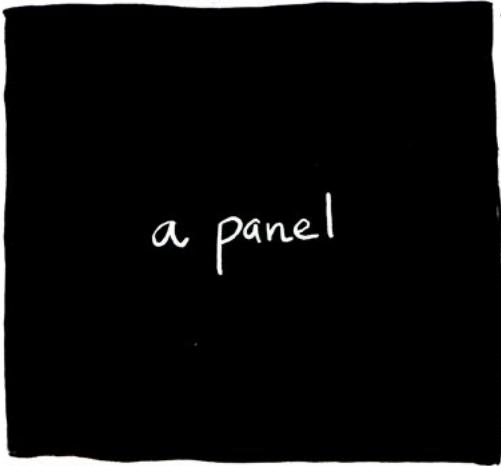
A black and white comic strip panel. At the top, a speech bubble contains the text: "I'm sorry bro, that HUGE bouncer really scared me off! I really thought it was the only way!". Below this, another speech bubble contains the text: "GODDAMIT". In the center of the panel, a man is shown from the waist up, leaning forward over the edge of a bathtub. He has a distressed expression, with his hands clasped near his head. The bathtub is filled with water, and some bubbles are visible at the bottom.

A black and white illustration of a man with a mustache and a woman in a bikini standing in a pool of water. The word "SLURP" is written in large, bubbly letters above them.

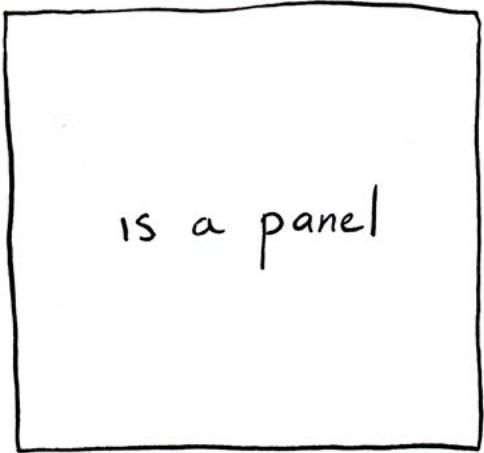
I can't find anything, so I might as well lick your insides in order to get a kick out of it...
(NO-HOMO, though)

A black and white illustration of a hand pointing upwards, with various words and symbols written around it. The hand has a small heart on its thumb. The surrounding text includes:
oh... of course, right,
NO-HOMO RPSLURP
URPSLURPSLURP'S
PSLURPSLURF
SLURPSLURF
PSLURPPSLU
RPLURP
LURPSLUR
PSLU SMM
LURP LT U S

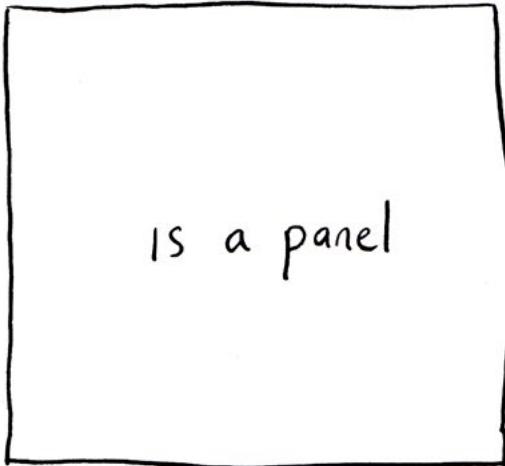




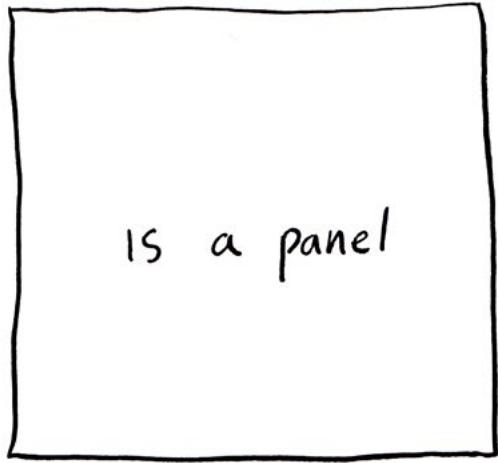
a panel



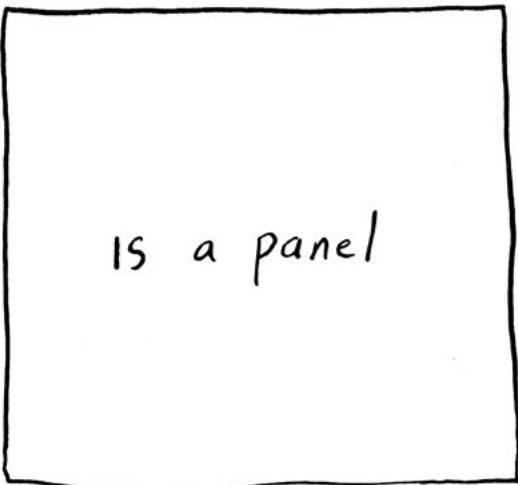
is a panel



is a panel



is a panel



is a panel



is a page

In their life, they had witnessed many different ways of defiling a book.

highlighters spreading themselves across
the wide of the page

strong pencils underlining important words
for who knows whom

little

colour

post

its

And, still,
this one
took them
by surprise





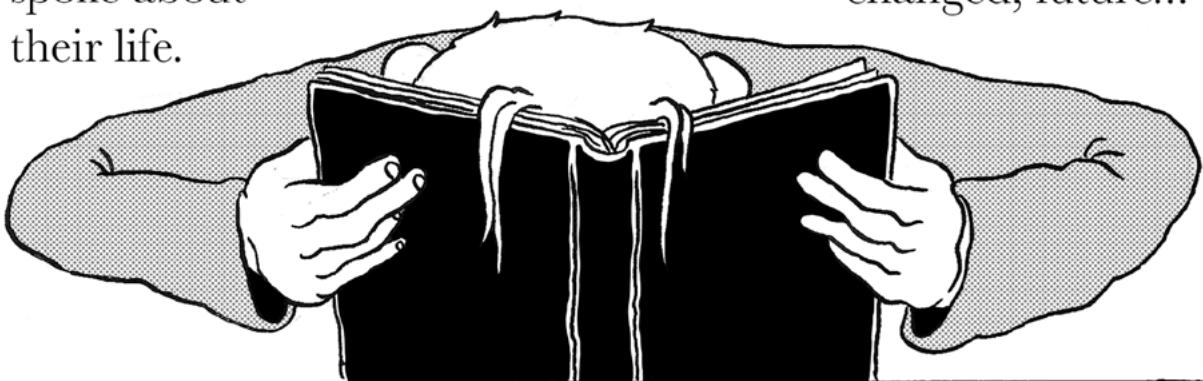
A paragraph marked with a thin line at one of its sides.

Encapsulating it on a theological level, rather than in a practical way.

This paragraph spoke about their life.

Past, present...

And unless they changed, future...



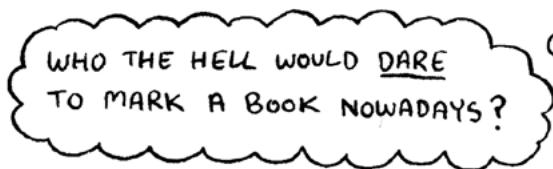
They felt like a child browsing pornography.



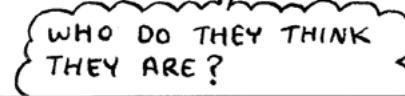
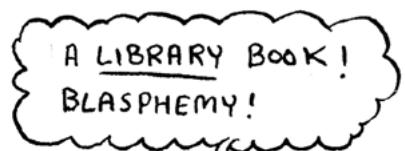
They were blushing **hard.**



They carefully placed the book under their wing.



And walked around the library.



"A car went outside, and we watched"

"Carl pushed down on his feet, and I pushed up"

"It's as if our feet are in the perfect honest relationship"

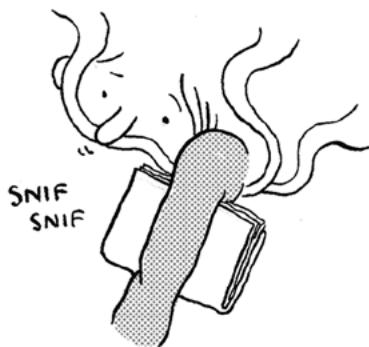
"But, from ankles up, we are lost"

They couldn't stop thinking about that paragraph:
their paragraph.



Who could have marked it? And why?

The book,
being held so tight,
made them **sweat**.



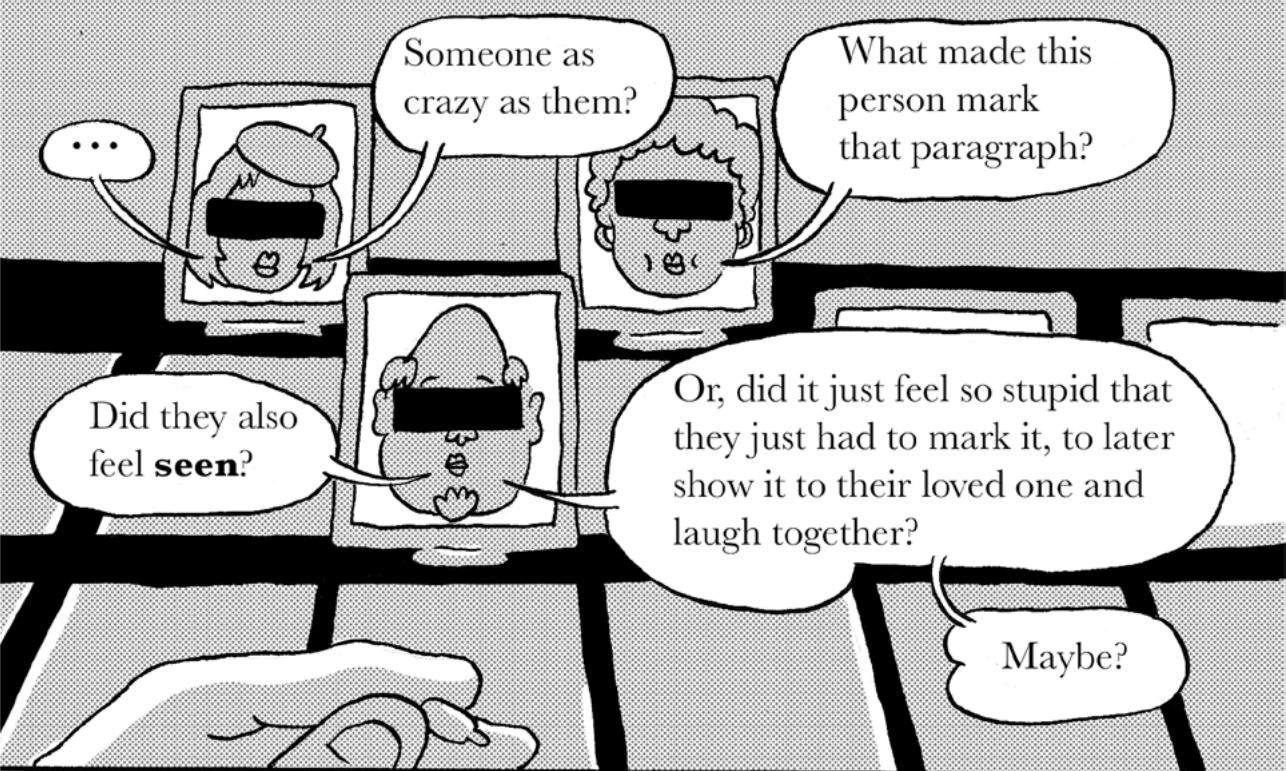
This excited them.

To impregnate
the book with their
essence.

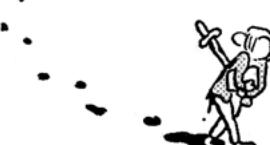


To be found.

Did they expect to be found by someone? How would this person be?



They felt as if
stabbed by a ghost hand.

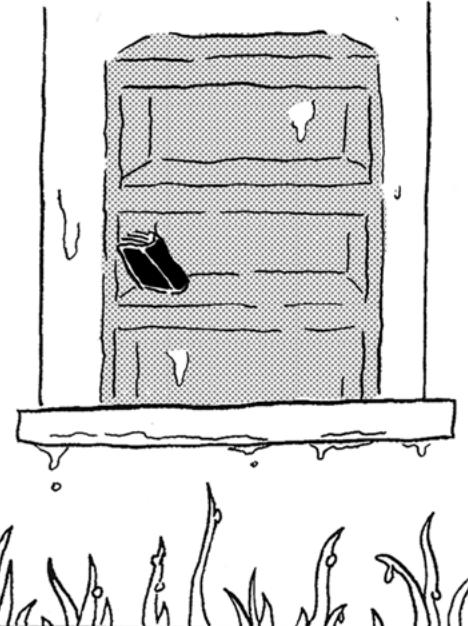


They kept roaming
the library.

It started raining.



From the outside, they looked like a book shelf.



The one where freshly returned books are placed.

If anything,
temporarily.



In this precise moment, their book was buried in their chest. Held with all their might. As if hoping to summon that infamous being who liked to assault books.

The book dug deep in their skin.

Was it really theirs, this skin that so uncomfortable felt?



Many nights they marvelled themselves at the view of their flesh, floating out of control, creating shapes, silhouettes, possible and future transformations. If only...

What was their plan? They needed a plan. Everyone had a plan! Even the bus driver who judged them with his looks every day had a plan.



A wet pain
in her chest
woke them up.

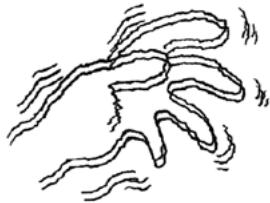


Like two neurons that meet and fuck at a party, the pain sent an idea to their brain.



They couldn't wait. It had to be done now and there.

Their hand shaked.



Their heart beat.



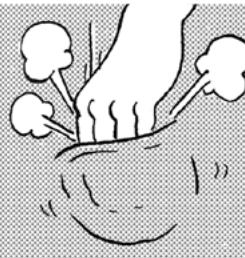
"I'm alive"



They reached in
their pocket.



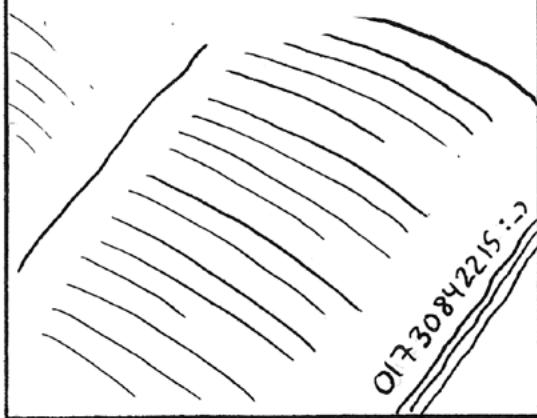
For a weapon.



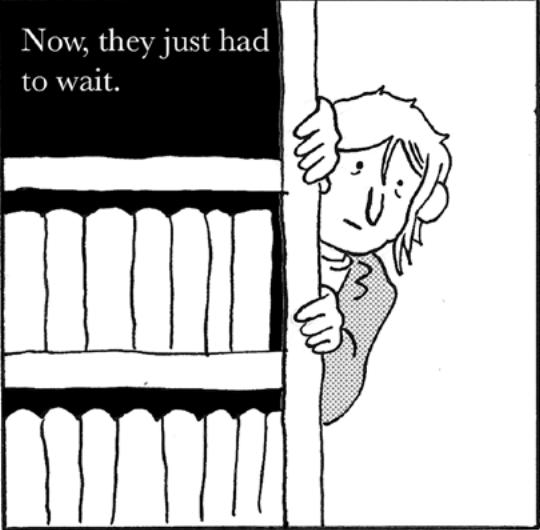
A weapon to destroy years of conditioning and self repression: messages implanted in their head by someone long gone.



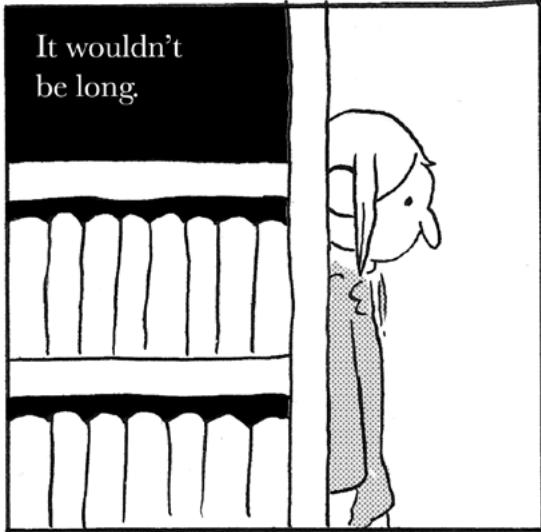
And so, they were able to scribble a bunch of symbols in the book.



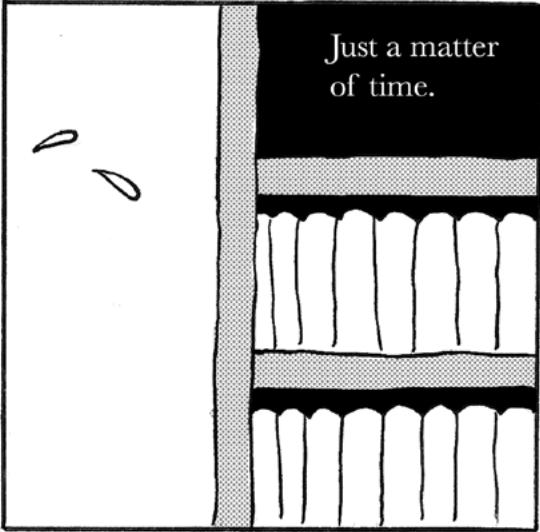
Now, they just had to wait.

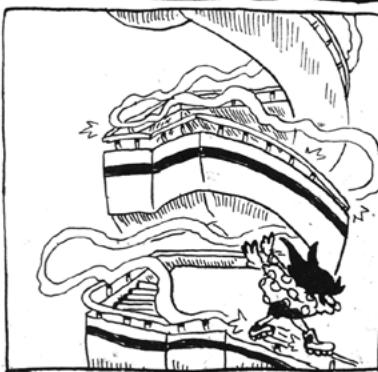
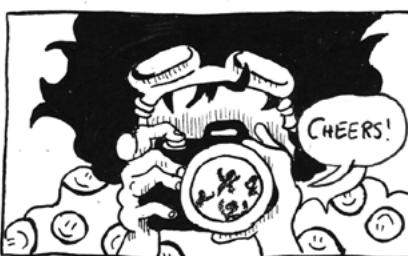
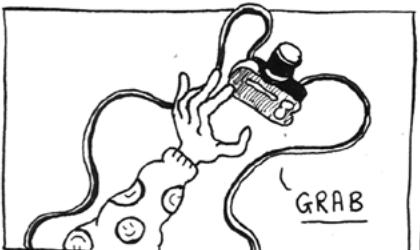


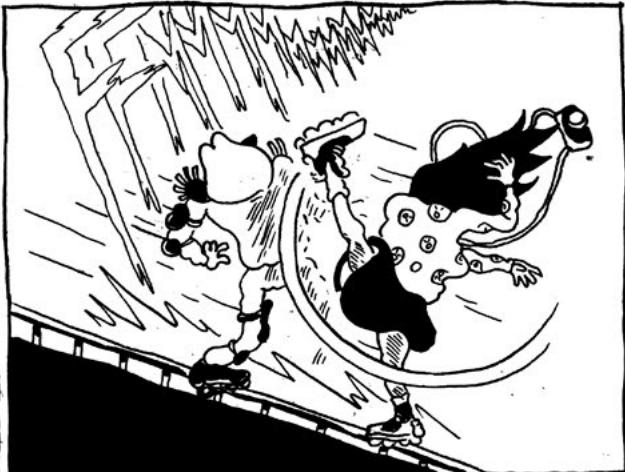
It wouldn't be long.

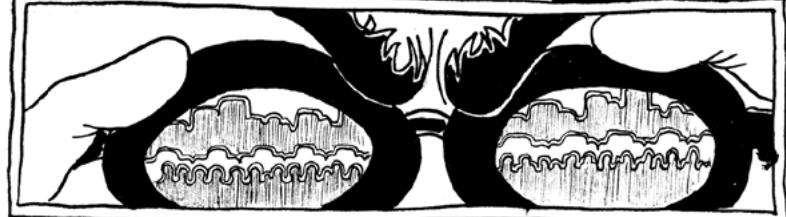
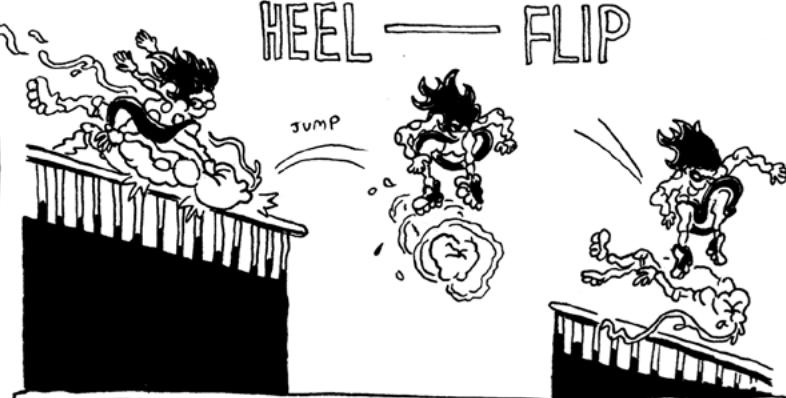


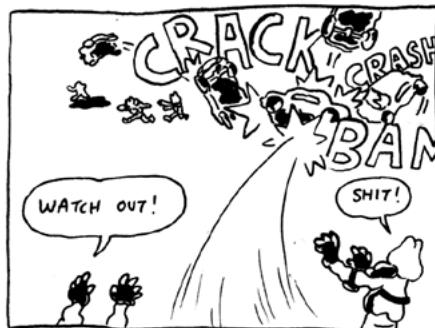
Just a matter of time.











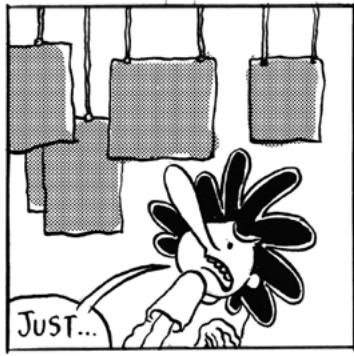
BOOM



So, I'm walking
around

Spin
Off





WHAT DO YOU HAVE
AGAINST RISO?

IS IT BECAUSE, ONCE, YOU SAW IT
BEING HEAVILY CRITICISED IN ONE
OF SIMON HANSELMANN'S COMICS?



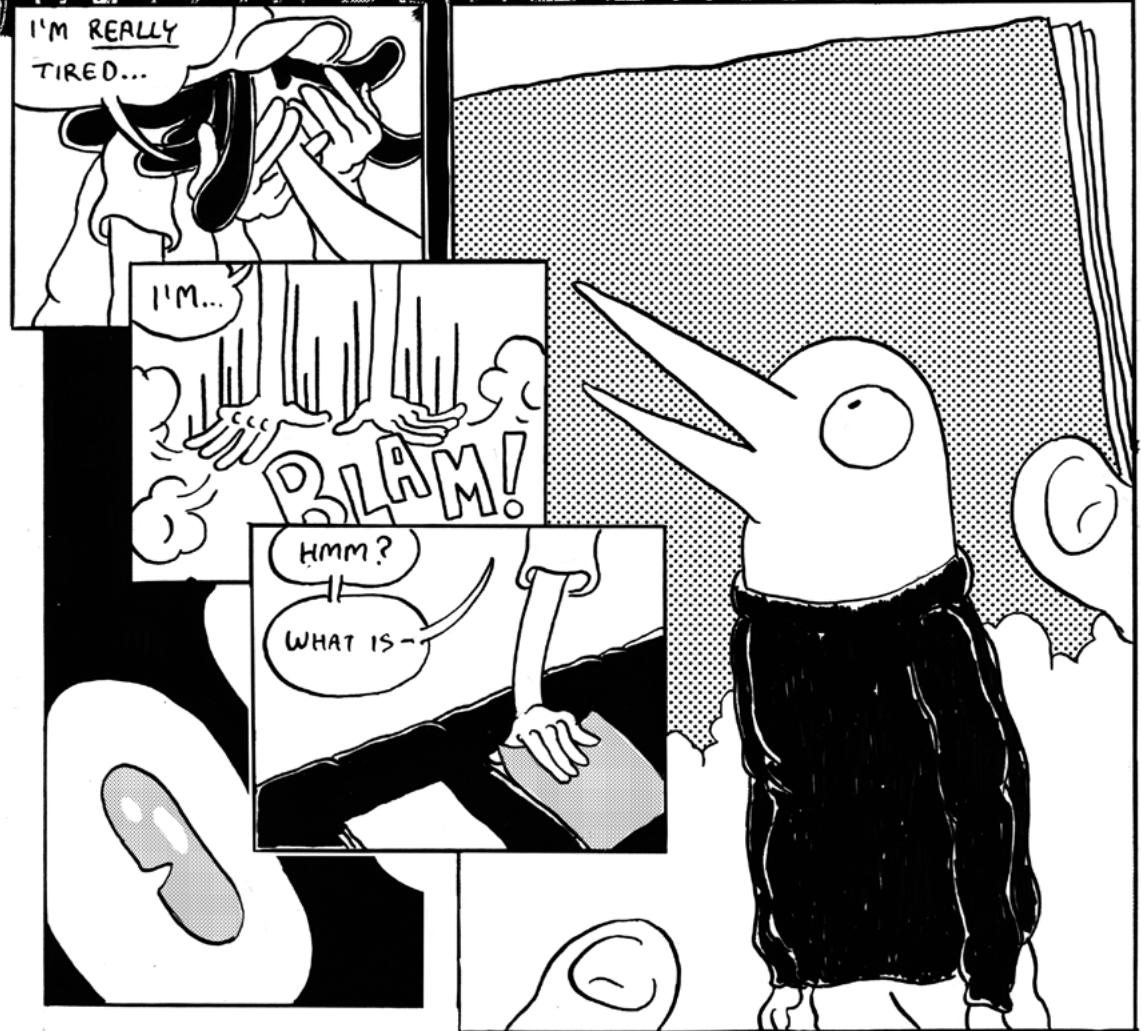
WHY DO YOU CARE
THIS MUCH ABOUT
WHAT OTHER PEOPLE
THINK OF YOU?

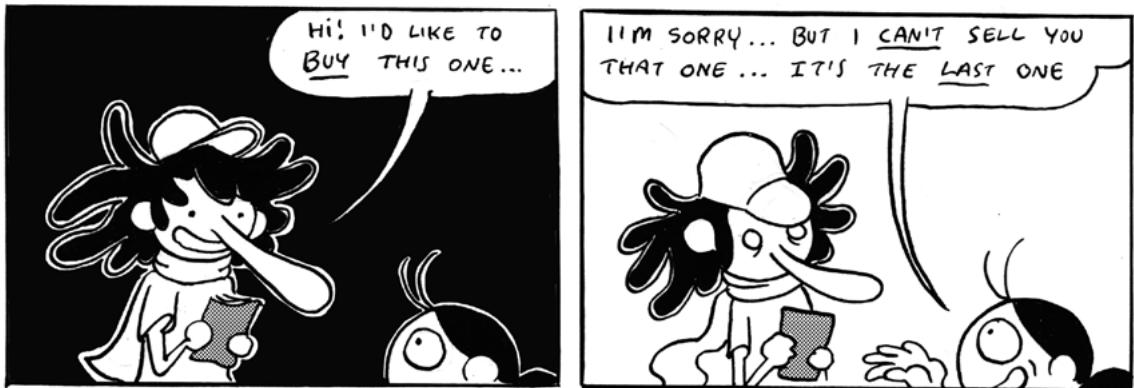
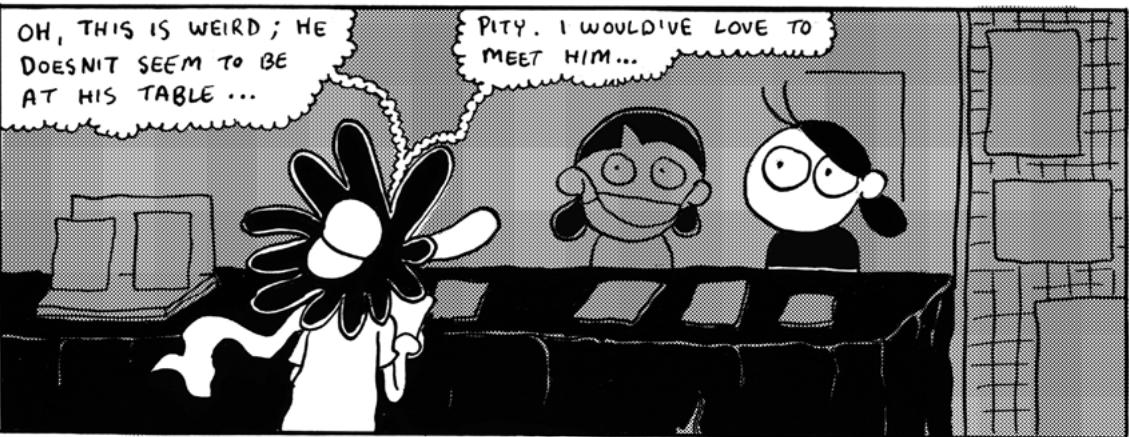
SPECIALLY SOMEONE
YOU HAVEN'T AND WILL
NEVER MEET!

ARGH!
THAT'S NOT
THE POINT!

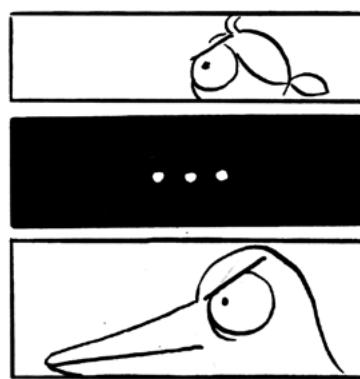
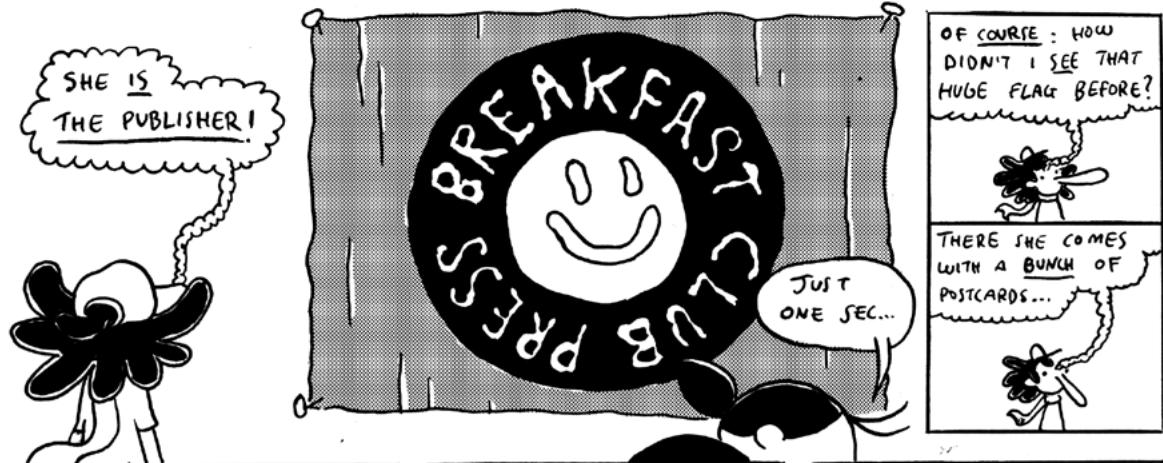
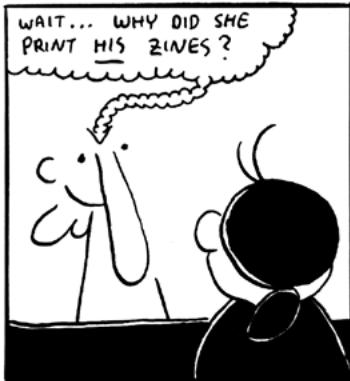
ARE YOU THAT SIMPLE?

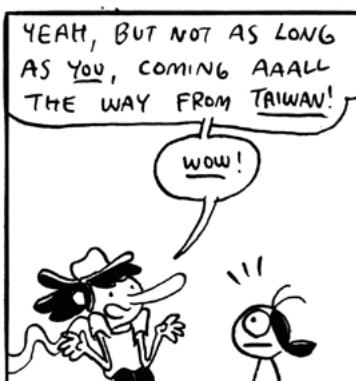
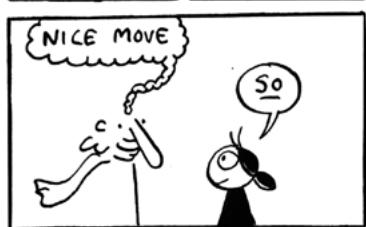
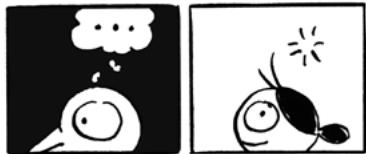
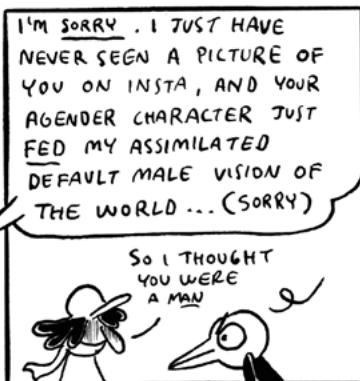
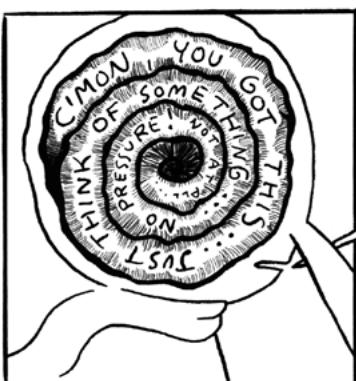
BUT, INTRUSIVE THOUGHTS ARE ALWAYS THE POINT!!!



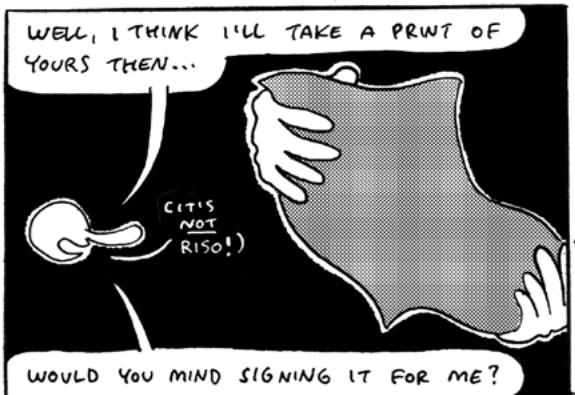
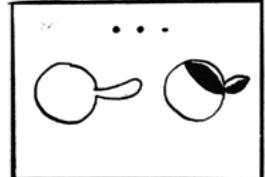
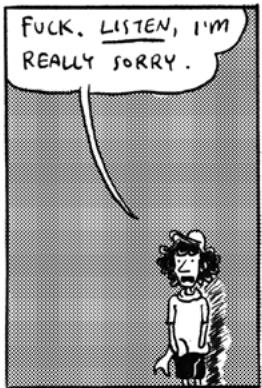




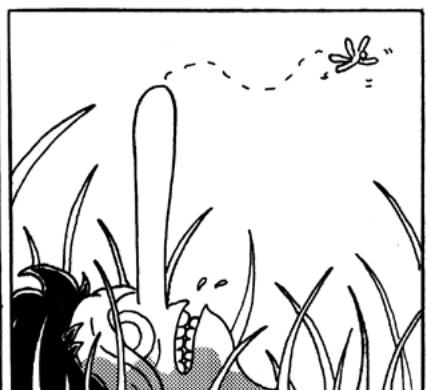
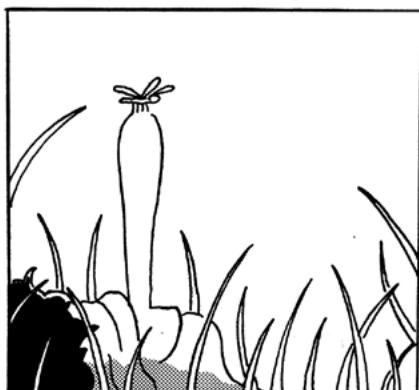
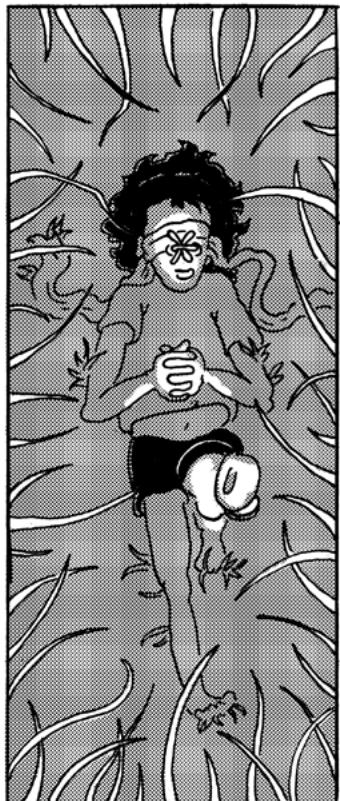
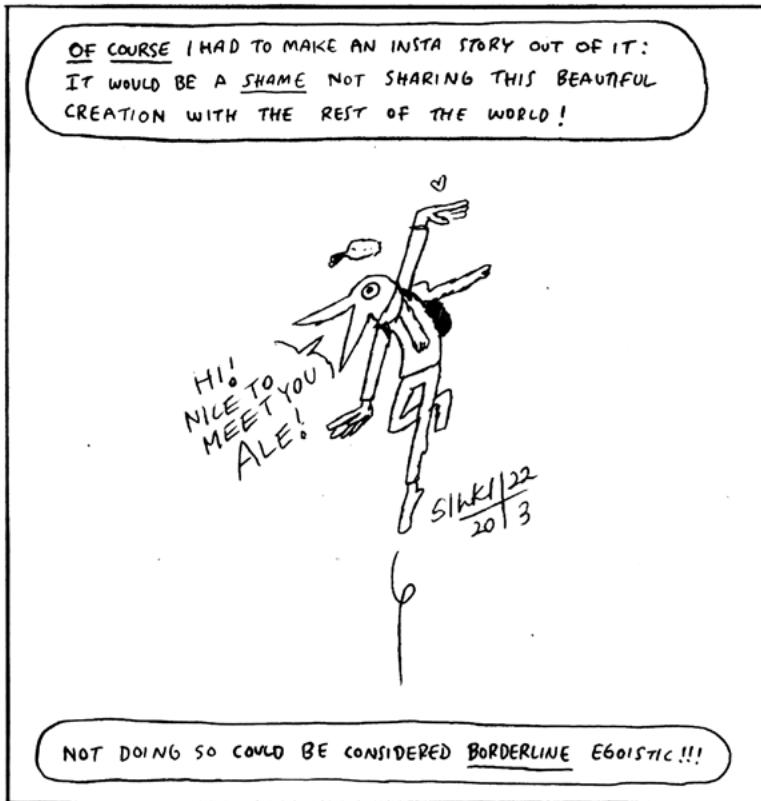
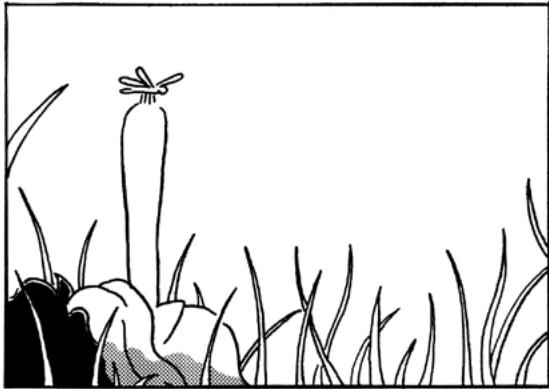


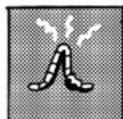
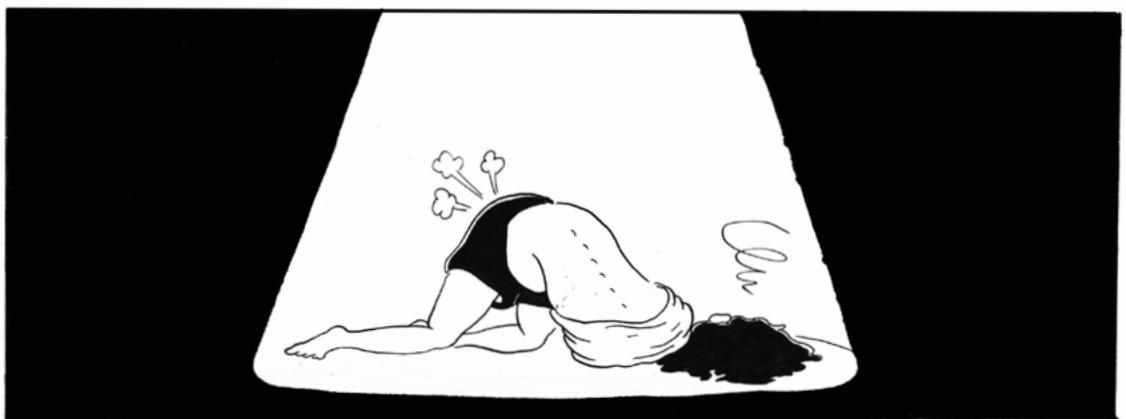
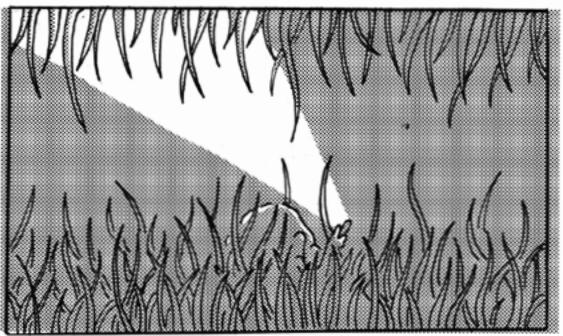
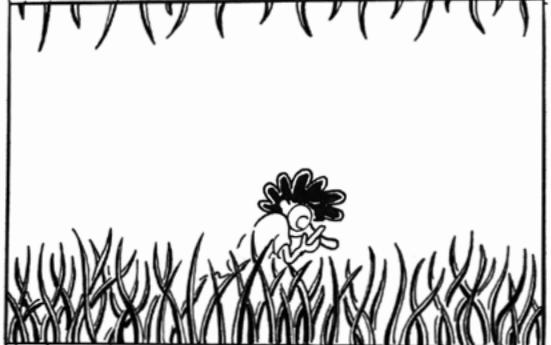






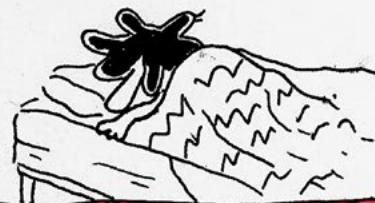






THE END?

THIS MORNING, STILL IN BED ...



3/4 PARTS AWAKE ...



I PERFORMED, UNVOLUNTARILY,
A GRIMACE ...



A GRIMACE I KNOW
BELONGS TO HER



