

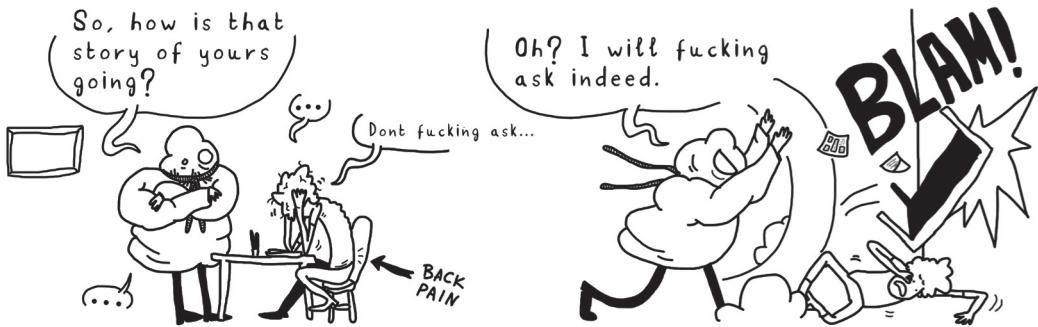
ale vodriguez

FAKE

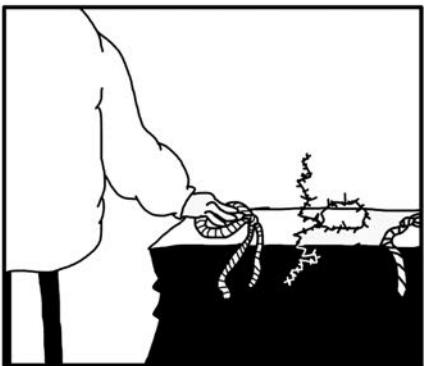


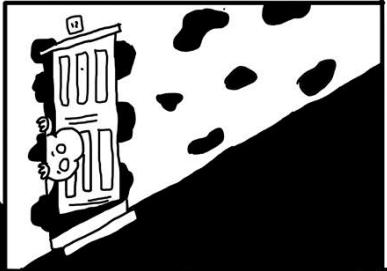
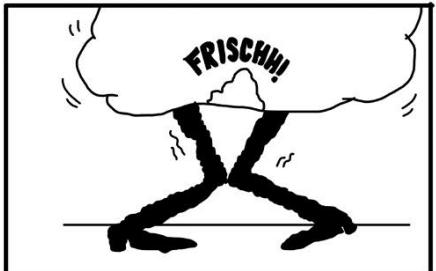
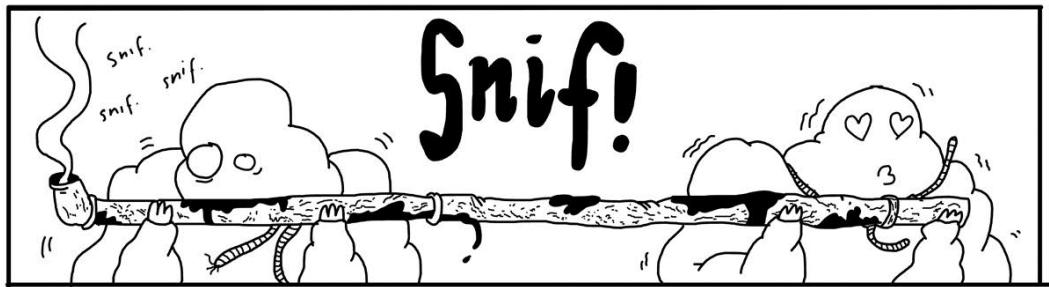




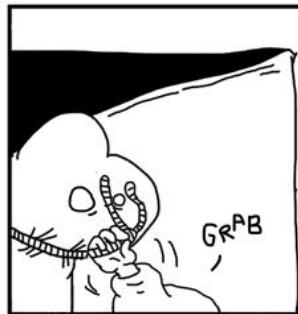
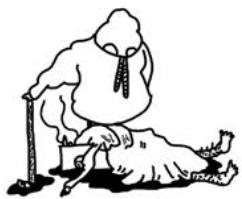
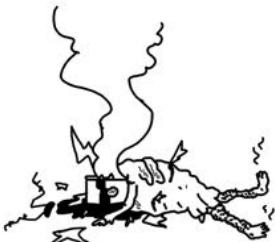
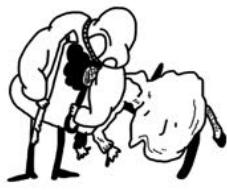
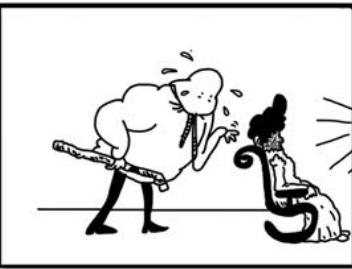
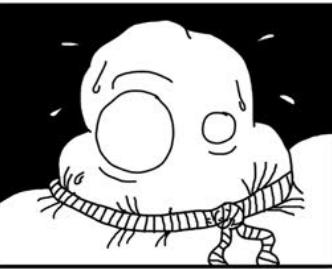


CARNIVALMAN





OPEN

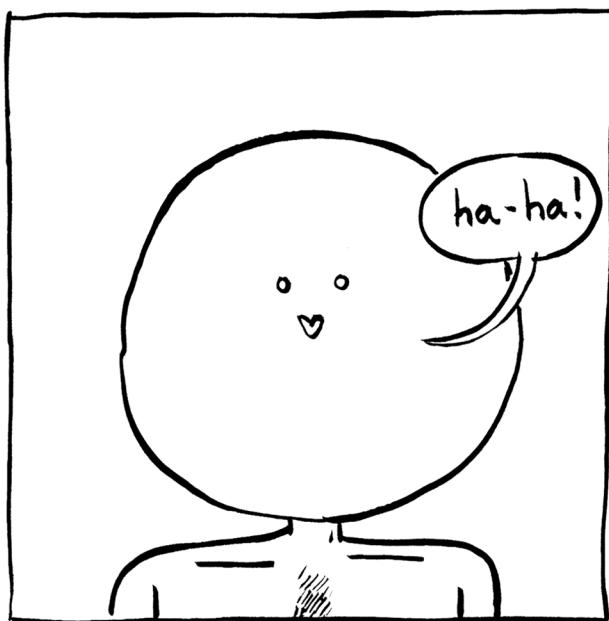


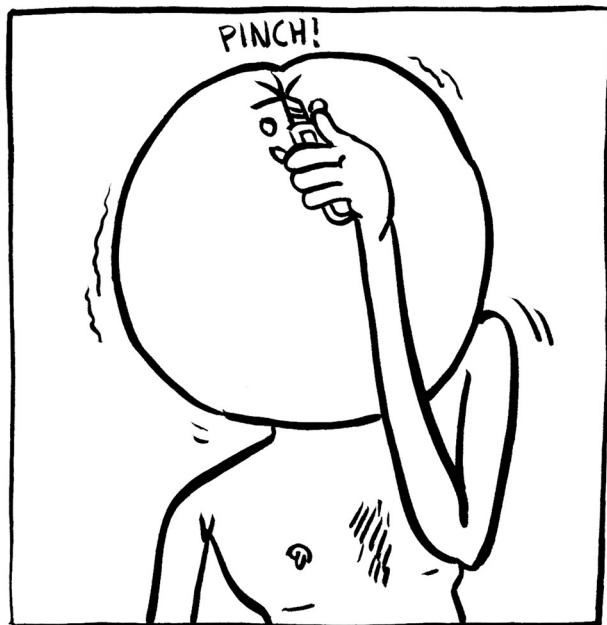
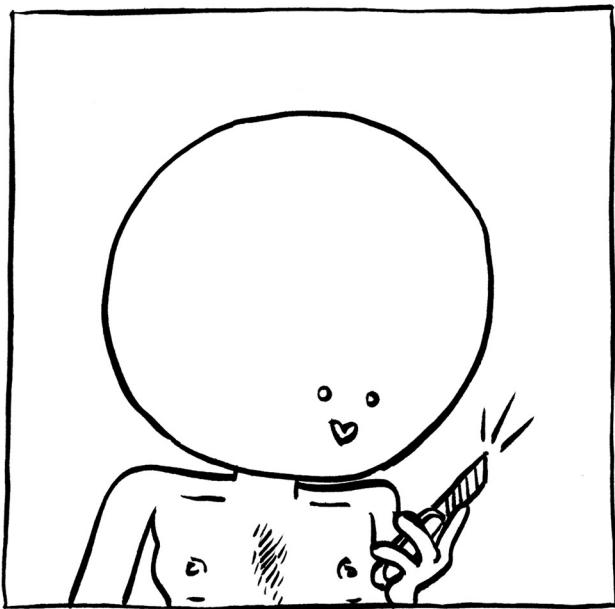
FELIZ CARNAVAL!

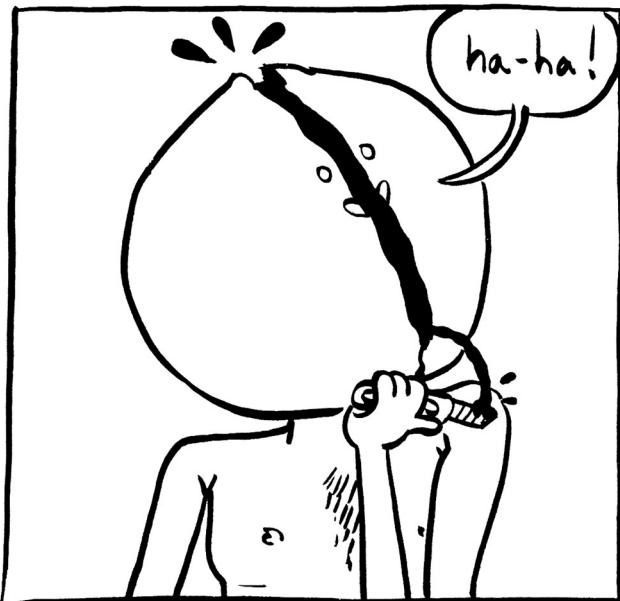


The
END

ha!











ah!

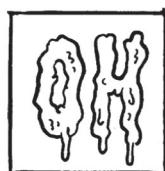
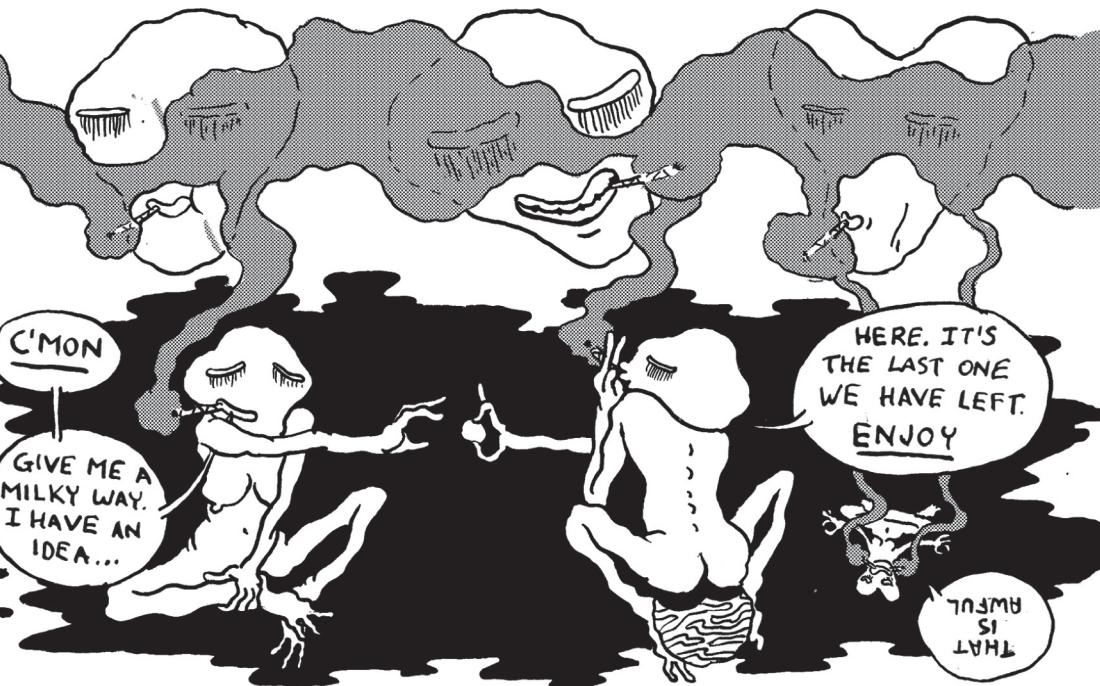
hehehehe

FUCK, I'M
SO HORNY

ME TOO,
EH

hehehe

hehe he



DONE! IT TURNED OUT PRETTY GOOD..



BOTH OF YOU!



WHAT THE FUCK?

THAT'S NOT HOW IT IS PLAYED

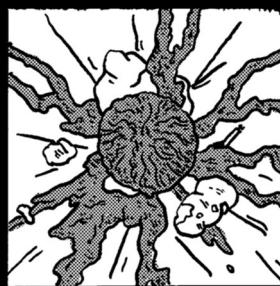
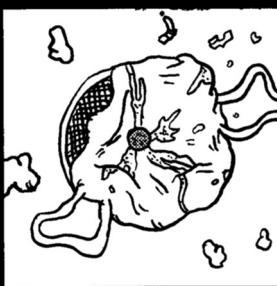


WE MASTURBATE ALL AT ONCE; THE LAST TO COME WHO EATS IS IT.

WHAT? YOU HAVE NO FUCKIN' IDEA!
WHOEVER BRINGS IT UP AND CUMS AT FIRST TRY CHOOSES WHO EATS IT!

HAI! I'M NOT SURPRISED! YOUR FATHER WAS A FUCKING PEDO AND A FUCKING FASCIST!

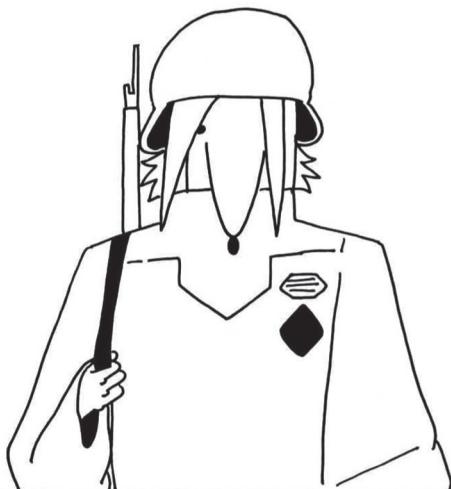




MY GRANDPA NEVER SAID
A WORD UNLESS IT WAS
STRICTLY NECESSARY.



HE WAS FORCED TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE THE FASCISTS
DURING THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR.



HE HAD NO SAY IN THE MATTER.

ONCE AT WAR, A PROJECTILE HIT REALLY CLOSE TO HIM.



THERE WAS NO TIME TO SCREAM.

HE WAS DISCHARGED AND SENT HOME WITH HIS RIGHT FOOT FULL OF LEAD.



IT HURT. HE SAID NOTHING.

HE TOOK CARE OF IT THE BEST HE COULD.



THE WHOLE HOUSE SMELT LIKE DEATH.

THE DR. SAID "WE NEED TO DO SOMETHING DRASTIC, GANGRENE MIGHT APPEAR AND SPREAD" HE DISMISSED THE DR. HE NEEDED TO WORK.



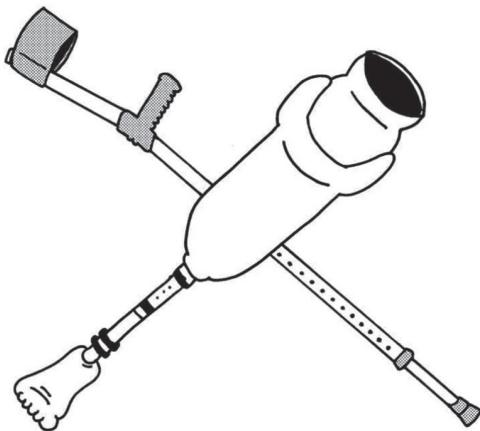
THE FOOT HURT.

HE GOT A JOB. HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE WATER (FOR AGRICULTURE AND PRIVATE USE) IN TOWN. ONE DAY, WHILE KNEELED AND OPENING A VALVE, A CAR HOOKED HIM BY HIS FOOT AND DRAGGED HIM 20 METERS.



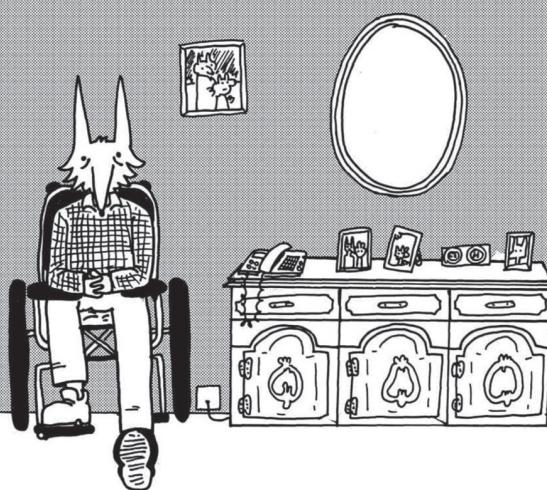
HE DID NOT SCREAM.

"CUT IT OFF"



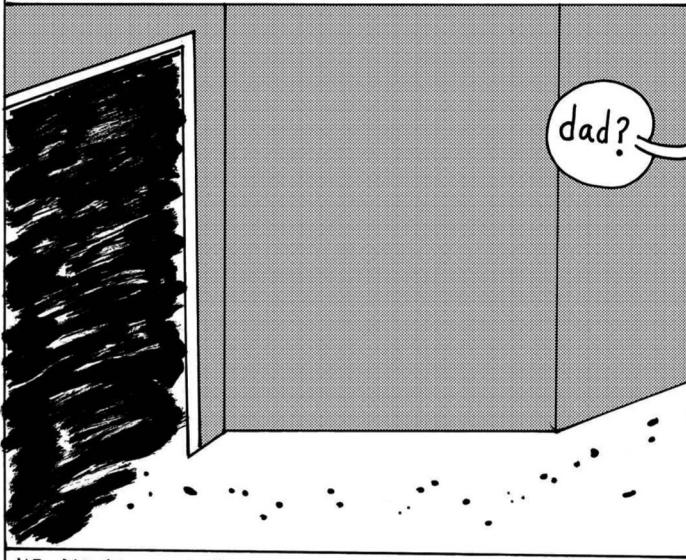
HE THEN WORE A PROSTHESIS AND USED A CROTCH TO GET BY.

ONCE HE GOT OLDER HE SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME SITTING ON A WHEELCHAIR (THAT NEVER WAS USED) IN THE LIVING ROOM.



HE JUST SAT THERE. SILENT. AS IF BEING PART OF THE FURNITURE.

ONE NIGHT THAT MY DAD SLEPT ON HIS ROOM, TO TAKE CARE OF HIM, HE HAD A SEVERE NAJAL HEMORRHAGE.



HE DIDN'T WANT TO BOTHER MY DAD, SO HE WENT TO THE TOILET AND TRIED TO (UNSUCCESSFULLY) STOP THE HEMORRHAGE.

NOT LONG AFTER I CAME AROUND ONE MORNING. HE WAS SITTING THERE, CALM, WITH ALL OF HIS FACE SWOLLEN UP AS IF AN ARMY OF ANGRY BEES HAD FEAST ON IT. I WAS TERRIFIED AND ASKED HIM HOW HE WAS DOING.



MY DAD SAID THE DR. WAS COMING AND WE SHOULD NOT WORRY.

IT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM ALIVE.



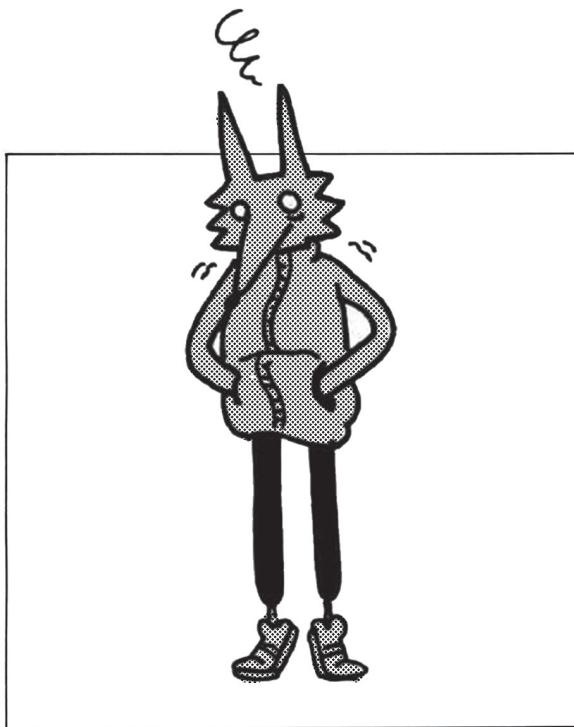
DAD TOLD ME ONCE THAT GRANDPA
NEVER HUGGED HIM OR TOLD HIM
THAT HE LOVED HIM.



MOM TOLD ME ONCE THAT EVERYTIME
SHE AND DAD HAD PROBLEMS TO TALK
THROUGH, HE WOULD DISMISS THEM
WITH AN "EVERYTHING IS FINE"

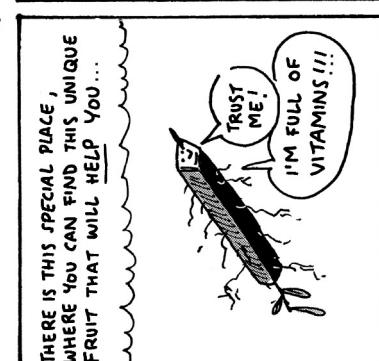
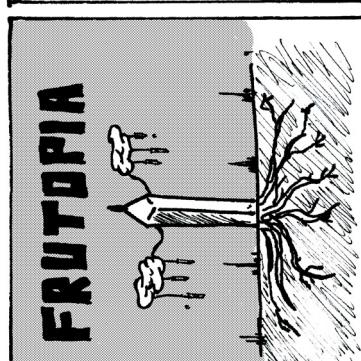
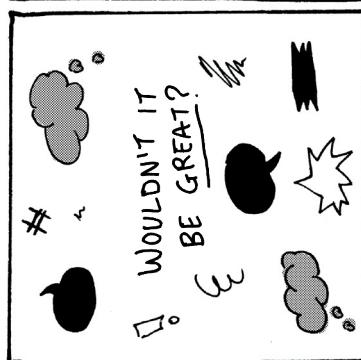
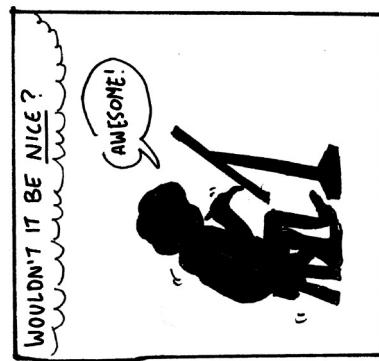
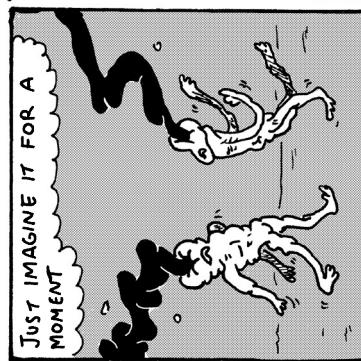
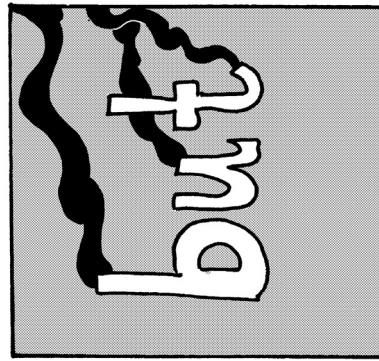
THEY DIVORCED,
OF COURSE.





EVERYTHING
IS FINE.



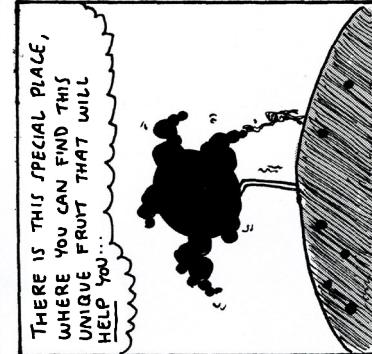
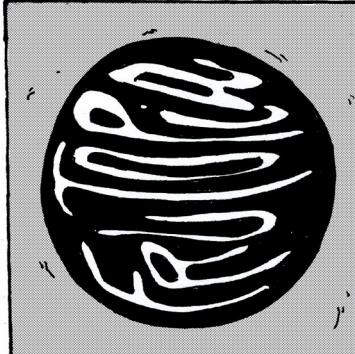
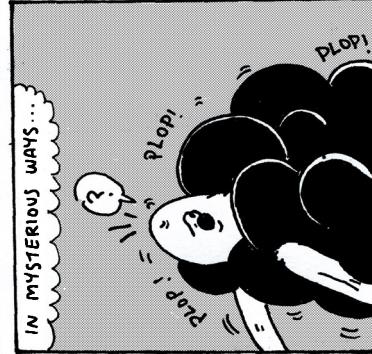
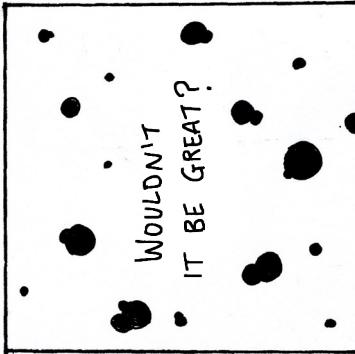
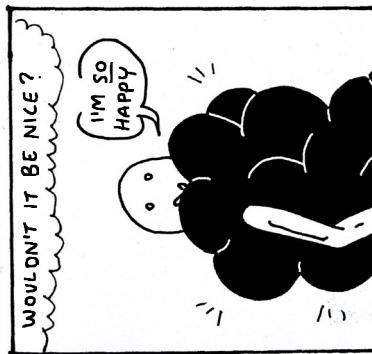
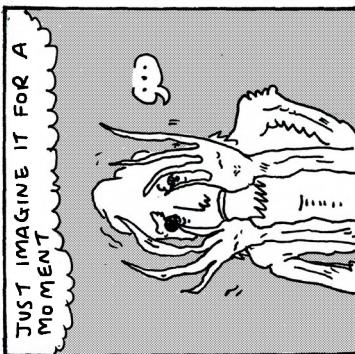
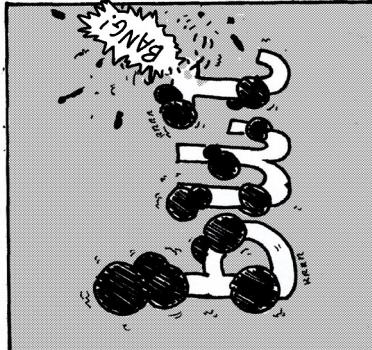
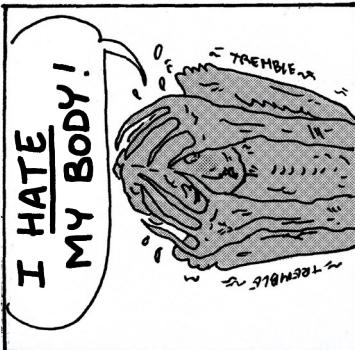


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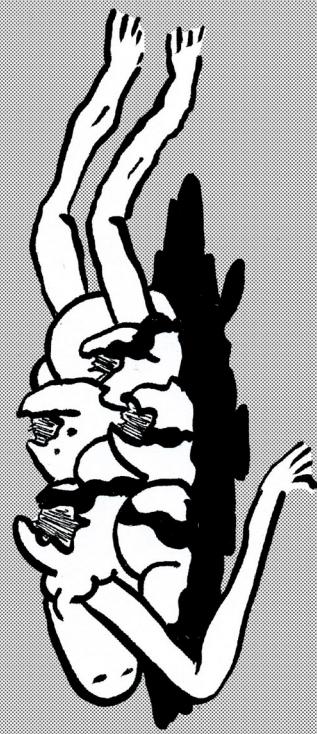
WOULD YOU
LIKE TO PLAY
EXQUISITE CORPSE
WITH ME?

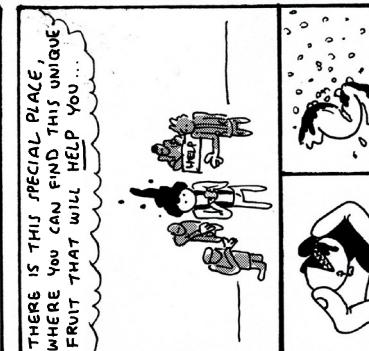
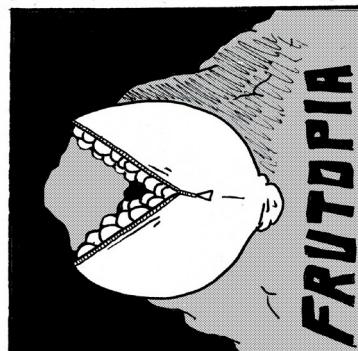
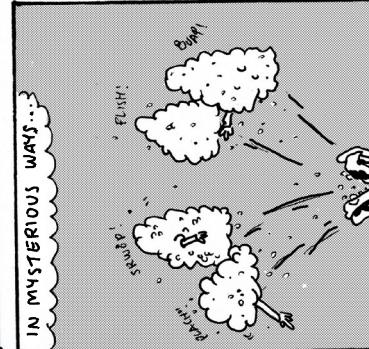
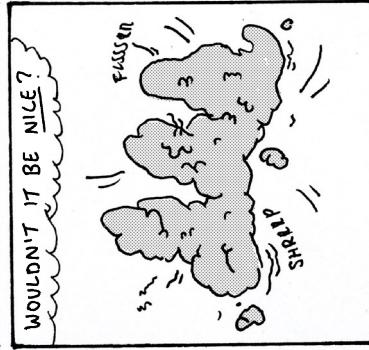
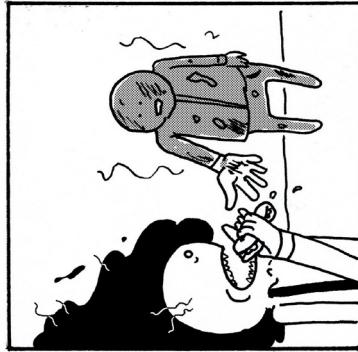
I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO DRAW!

UUGH!

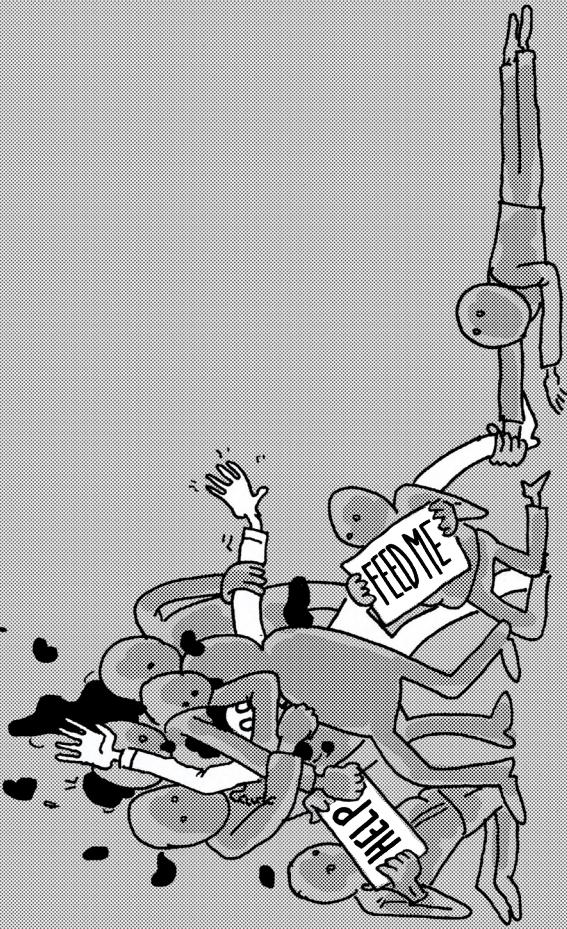


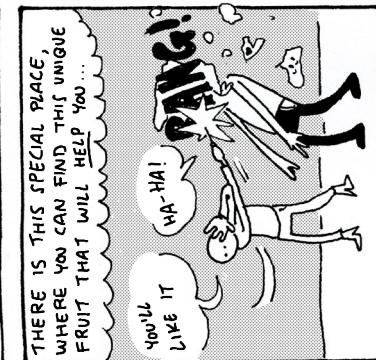
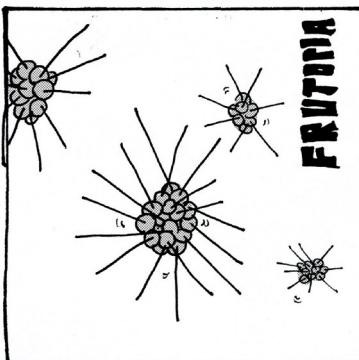
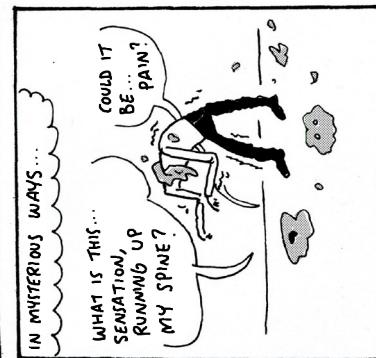
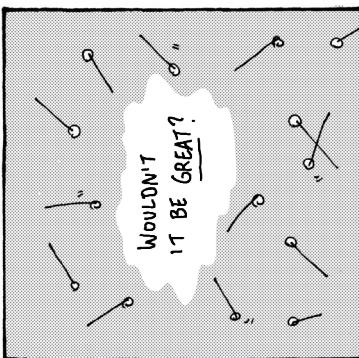
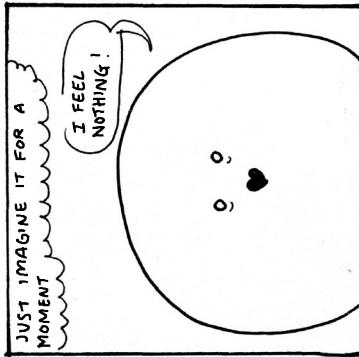
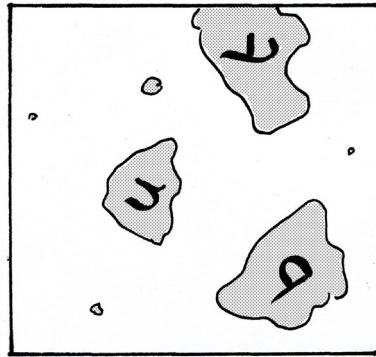
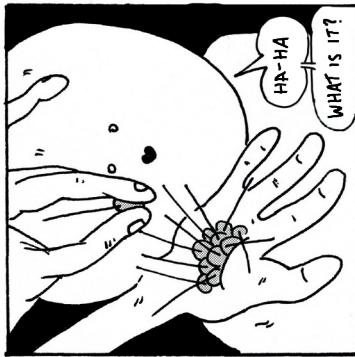
there is no such place.



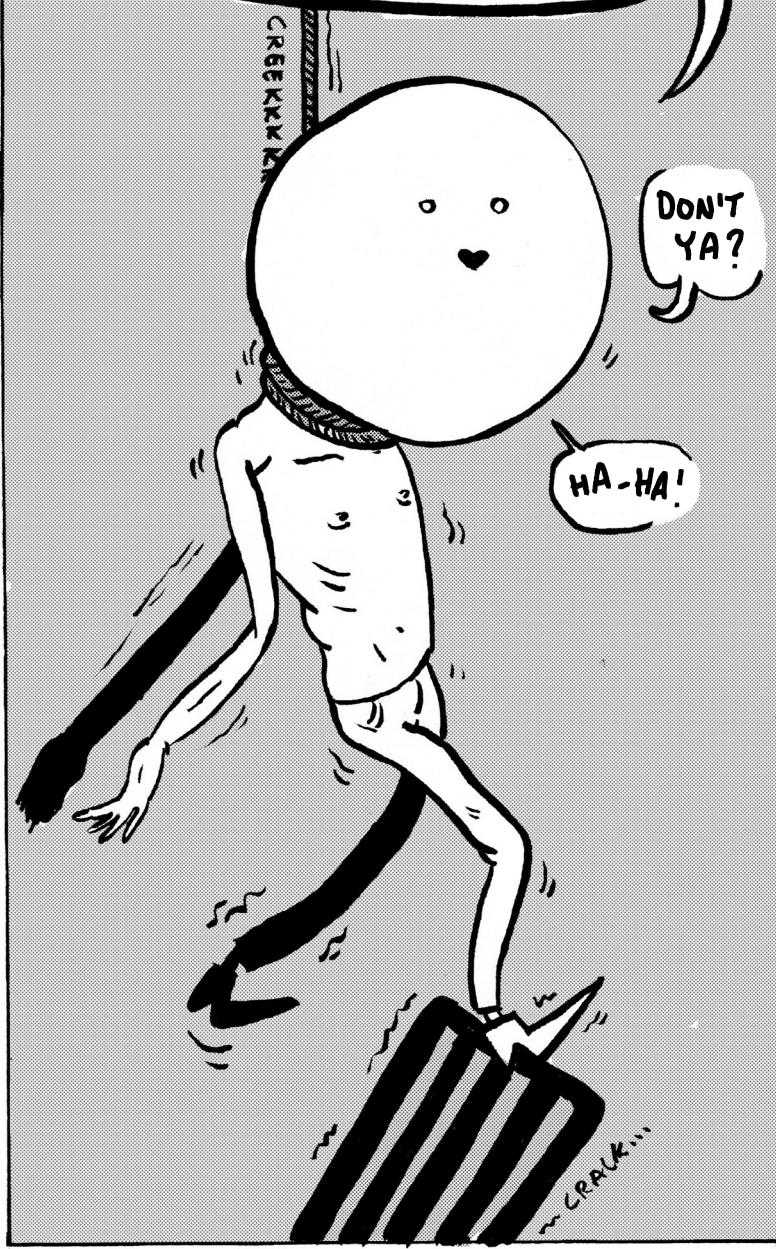


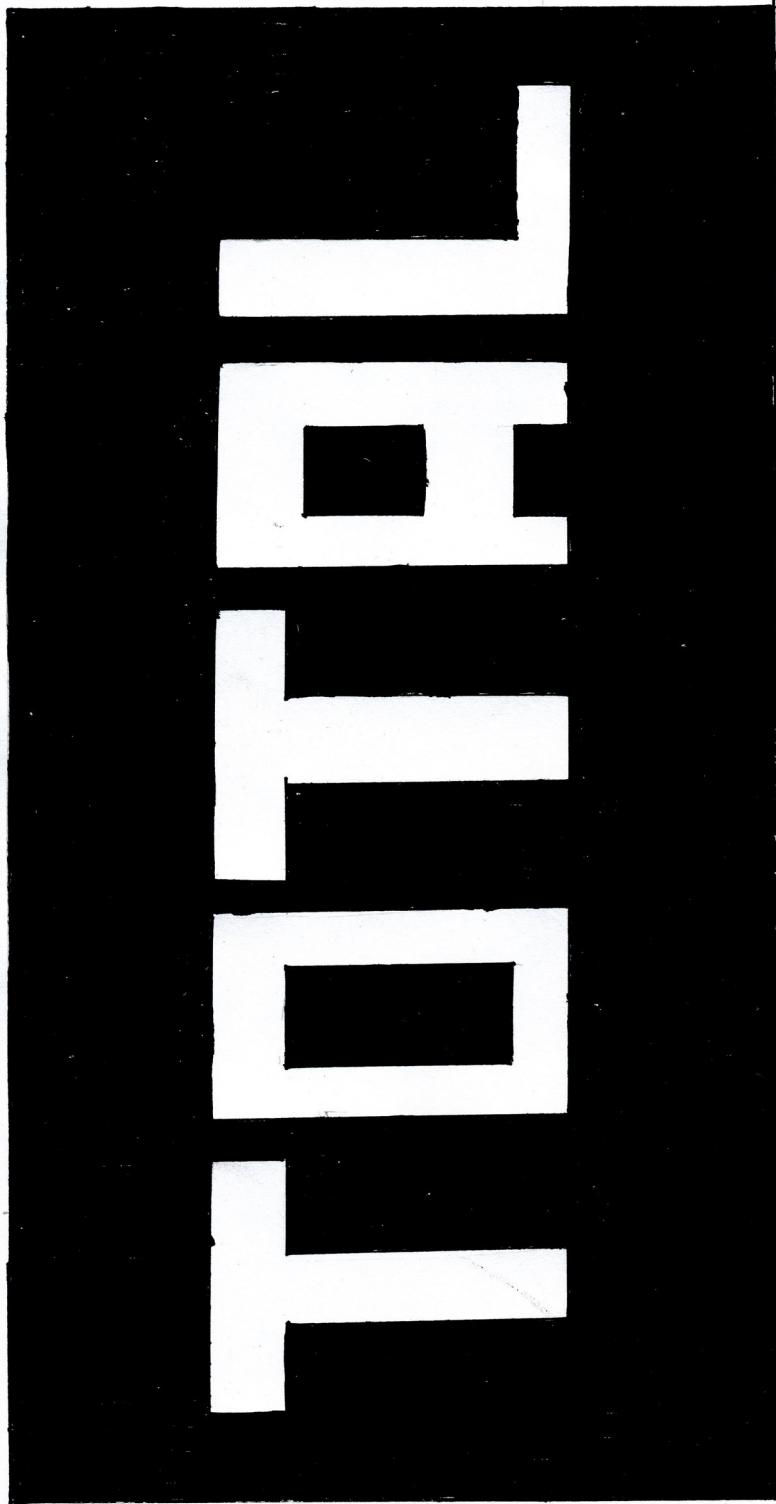
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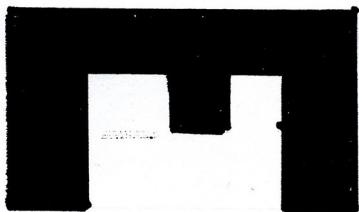
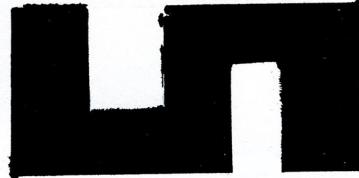
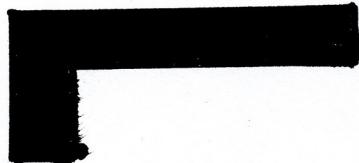
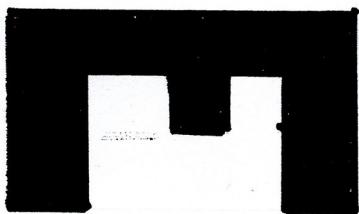


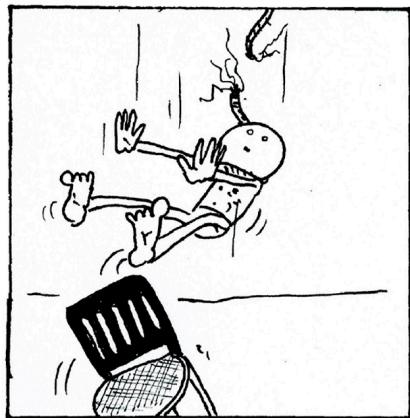
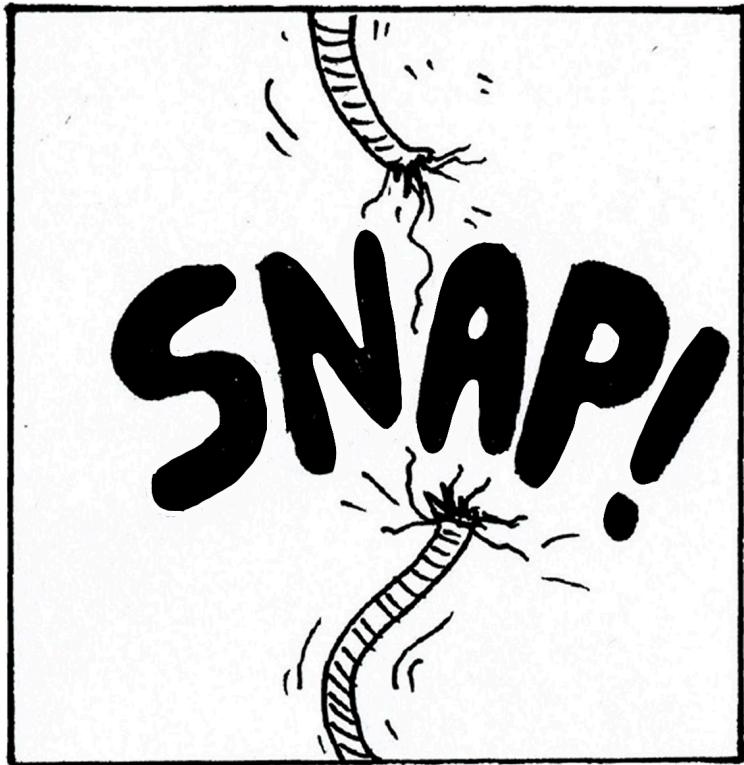


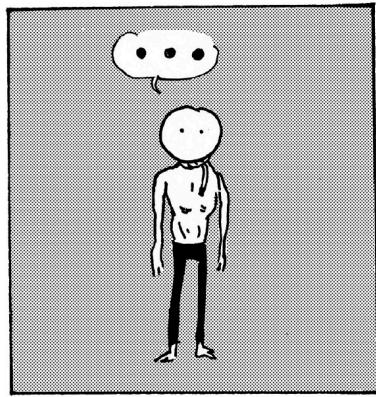
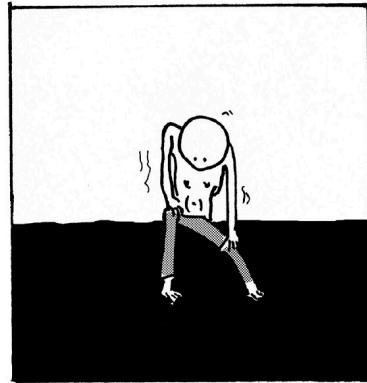
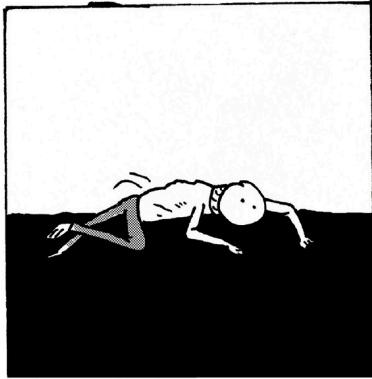
YOU START TO UNDERSTAND...

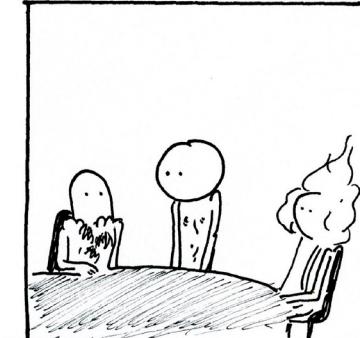
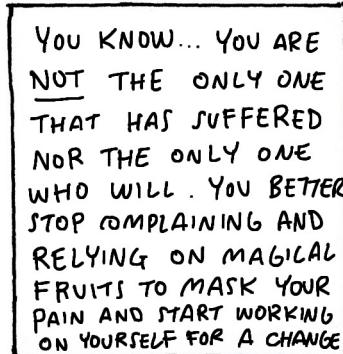
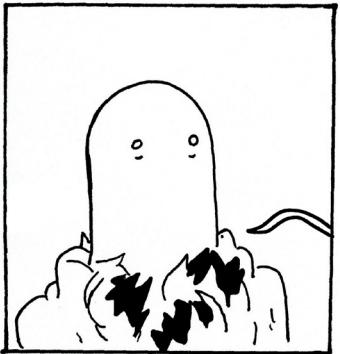
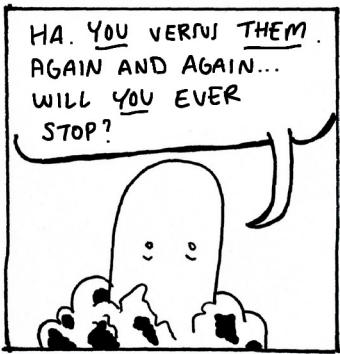
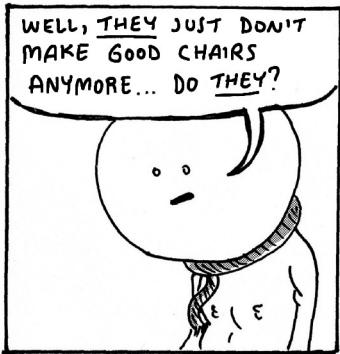


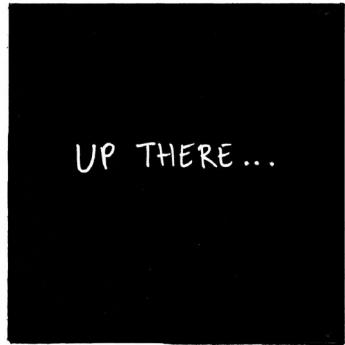
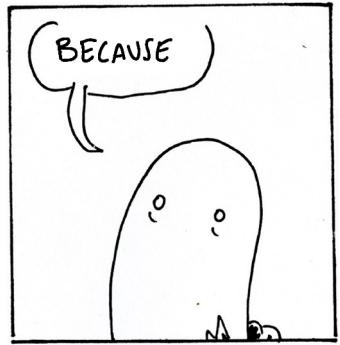
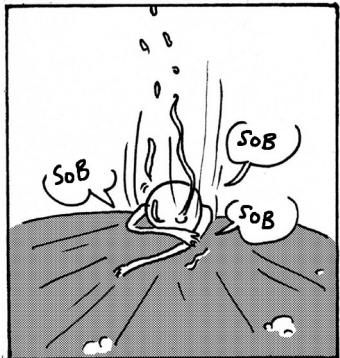
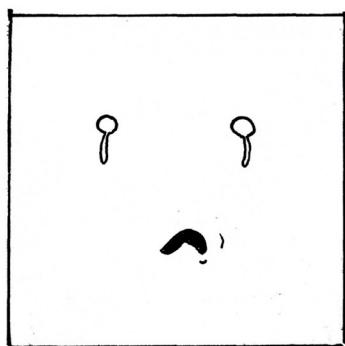
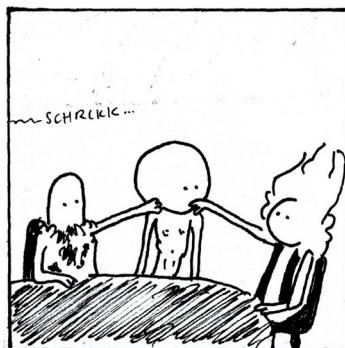
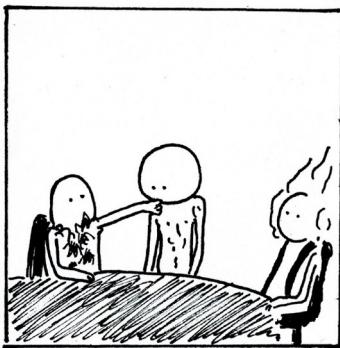




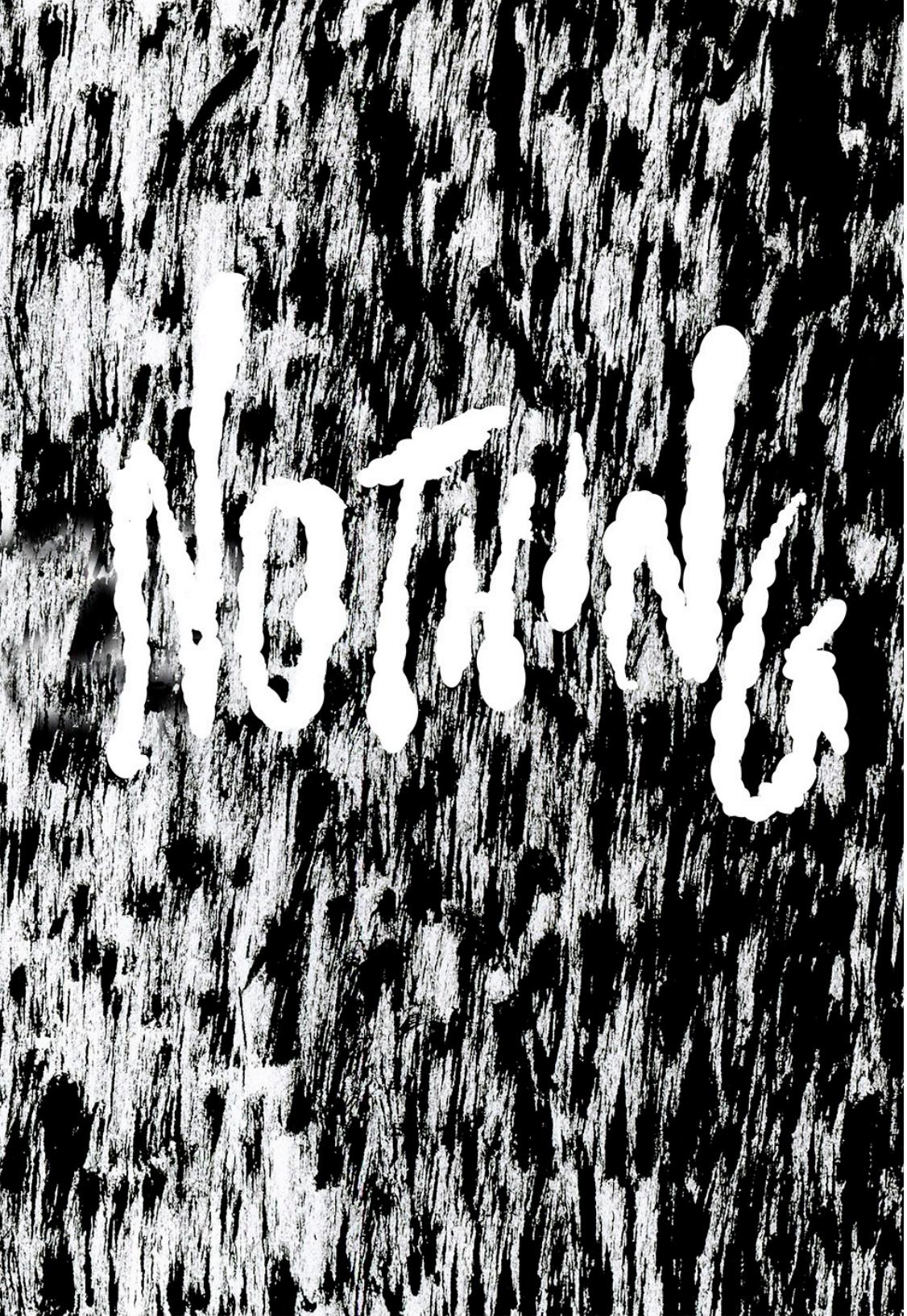




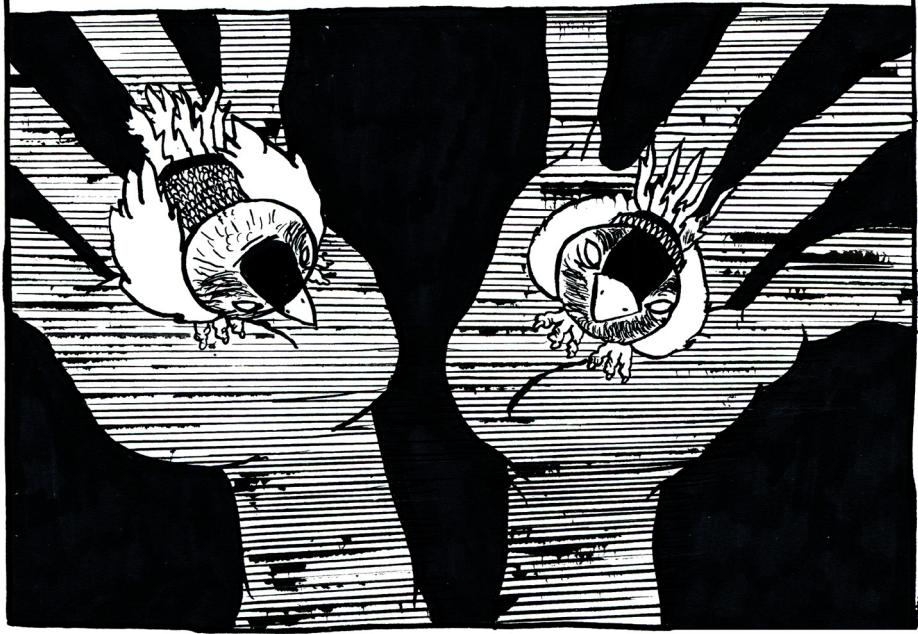




THESE



THING IS, I HAVE TWO BIRDS RESTING ON THE PALMS OF MY HANDS.



I PET THEM WITH MY THUMB.

GENTLY.

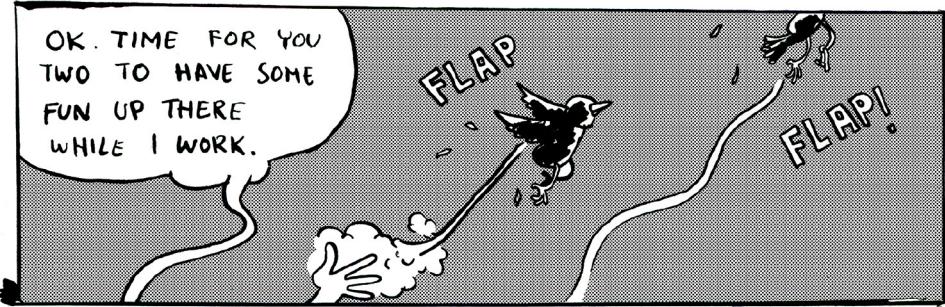


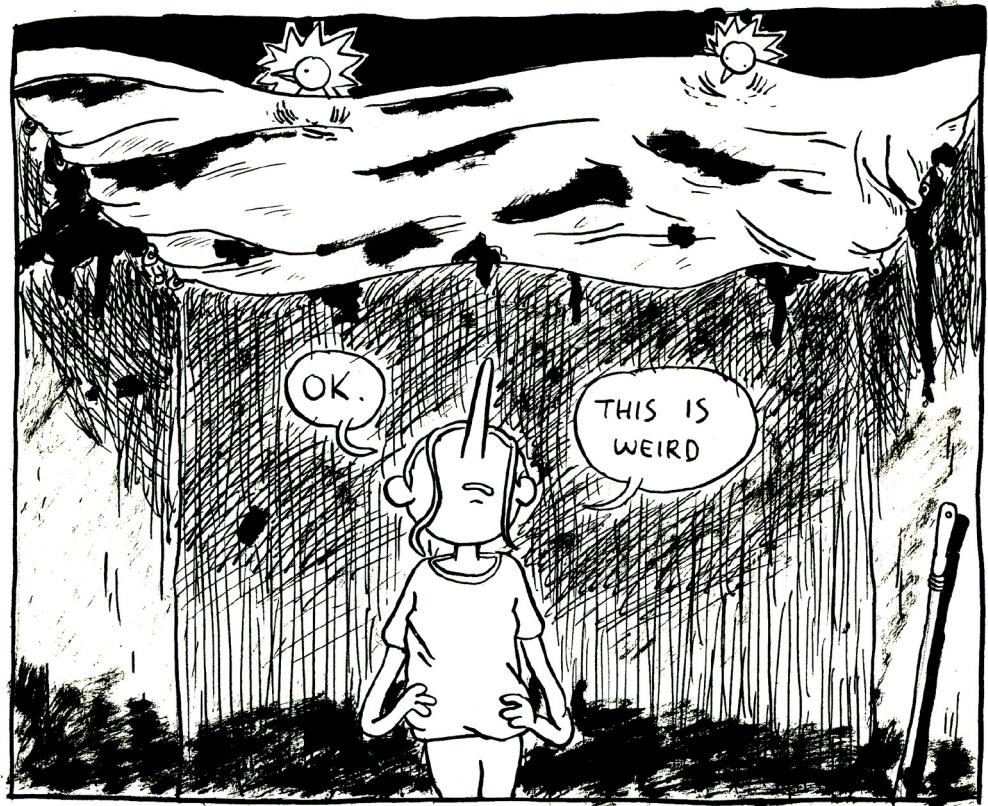
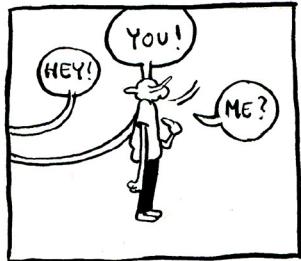
THEY

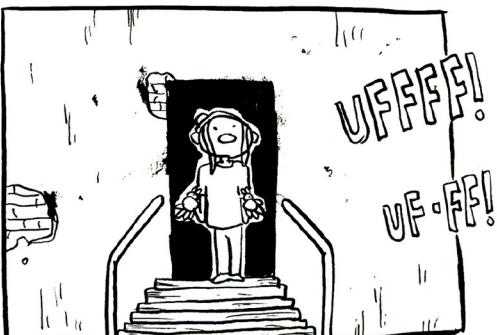
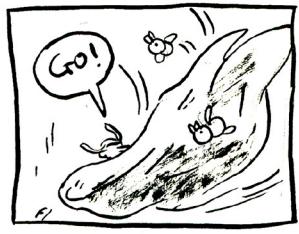
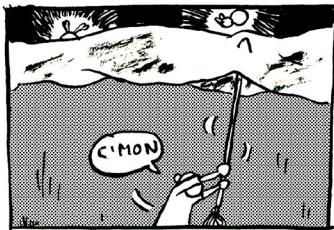
REALLY

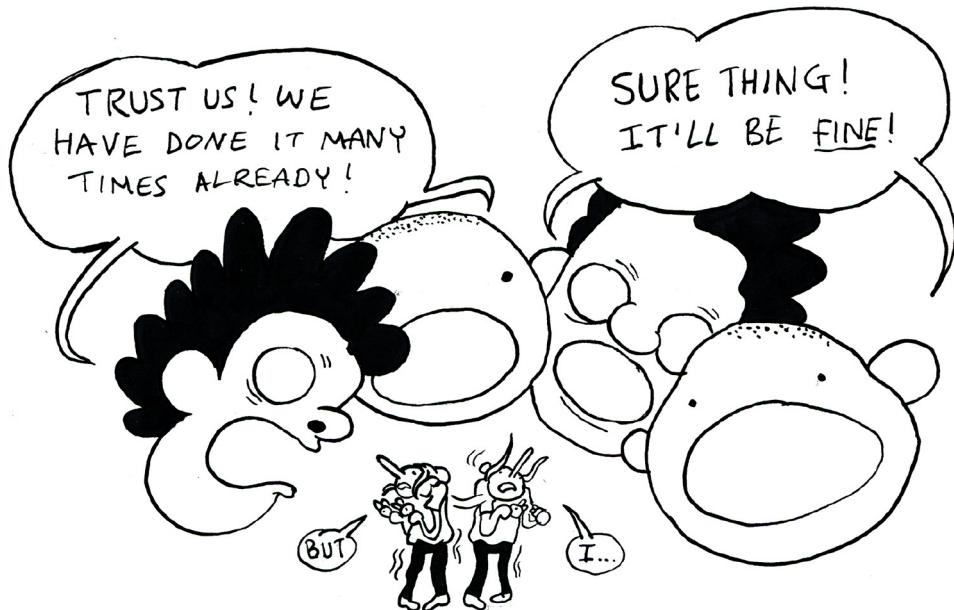
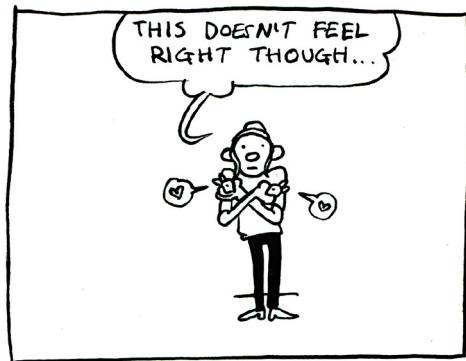
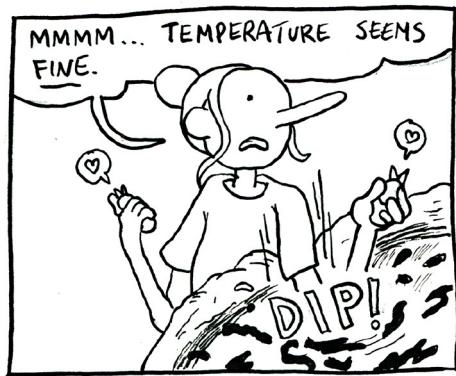
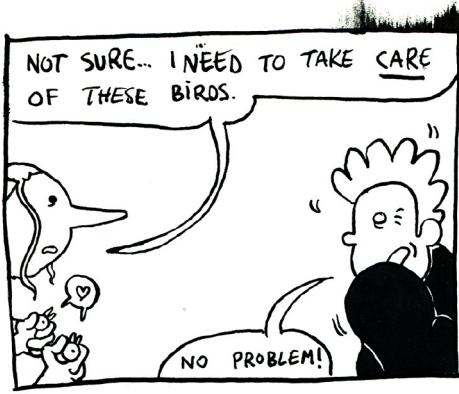
LOVE IT.

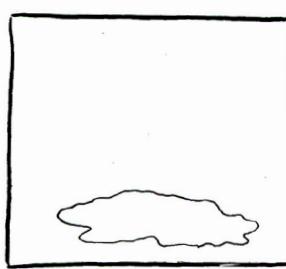
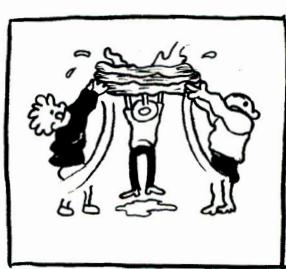
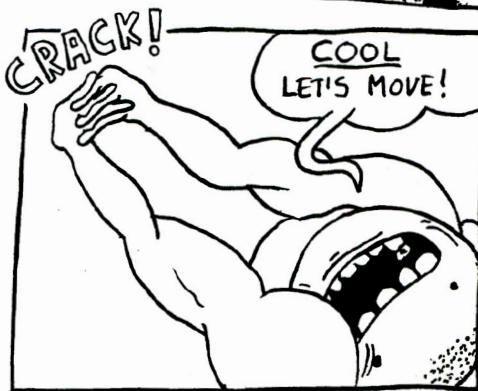
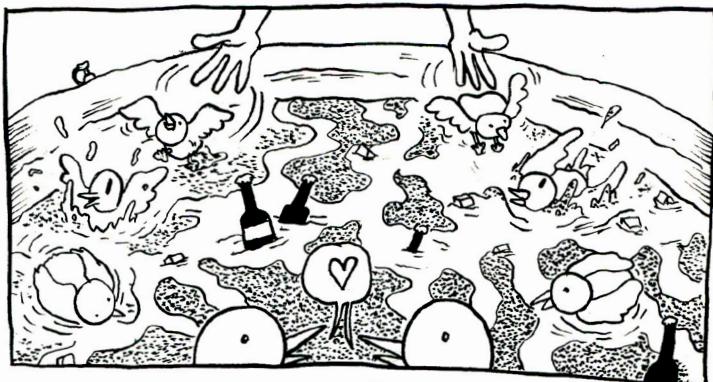




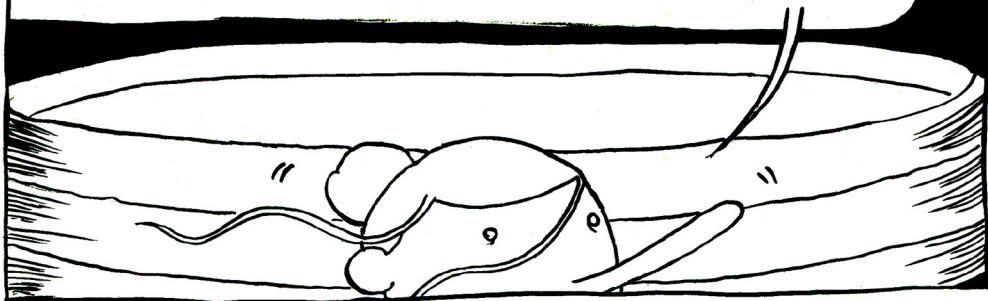








I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU TWO. THIS SHIT IS MUCH HEAVIER THAN IT LOOKS. HOW CAN IT BE? IT'S JUST A PLASTIC POOL FILLED WITH WATER, ICE, FEW DRINKS AND TWO BIRDS.



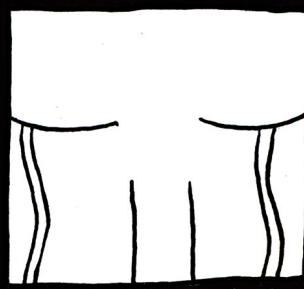
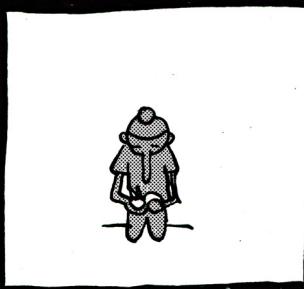
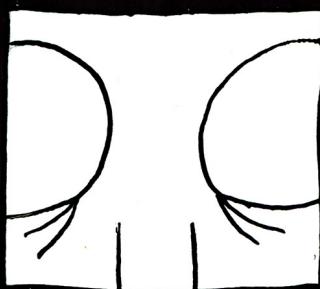
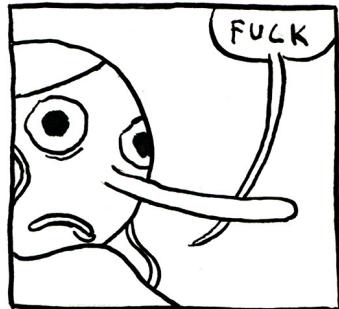
ONE BIRD, THOUGH



I KNOW THEY'RE SMALL BUT DON'T YOU DARE TO UNDERESTIMATE THEIR VALUE



I AM NOT. I AM JUST
POINTING OUT A
FACT: ONE OF EM'
FELL OVERBOARD.



I KNEW IT. I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO MYSELF.

INSTEAD, I LET OTHERS TO DECIDE FOR ME.

WILL I EVER LEARN?
WILL I -

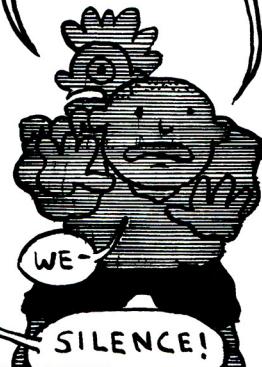


WAIT.

WHERE IS THE OTHER ONE?

WE DON'T KNOW!

WE'RE SORRY!



DO YOU HEAR THAT SOUND



[CHIRP!]

... YES?



CHIRP!



CHIRP!

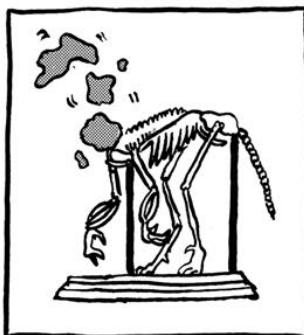
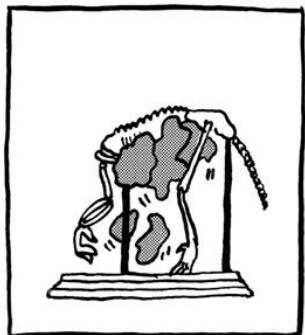
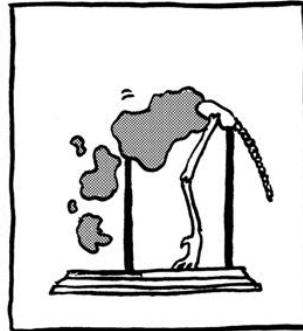
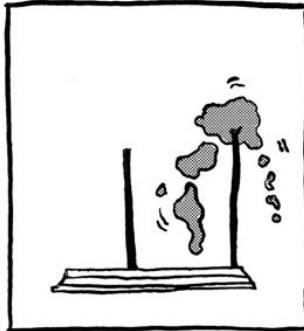
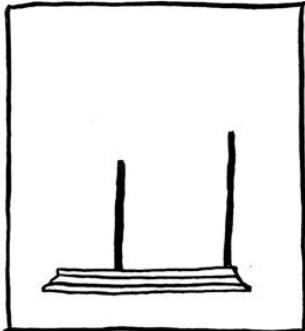
HERE!

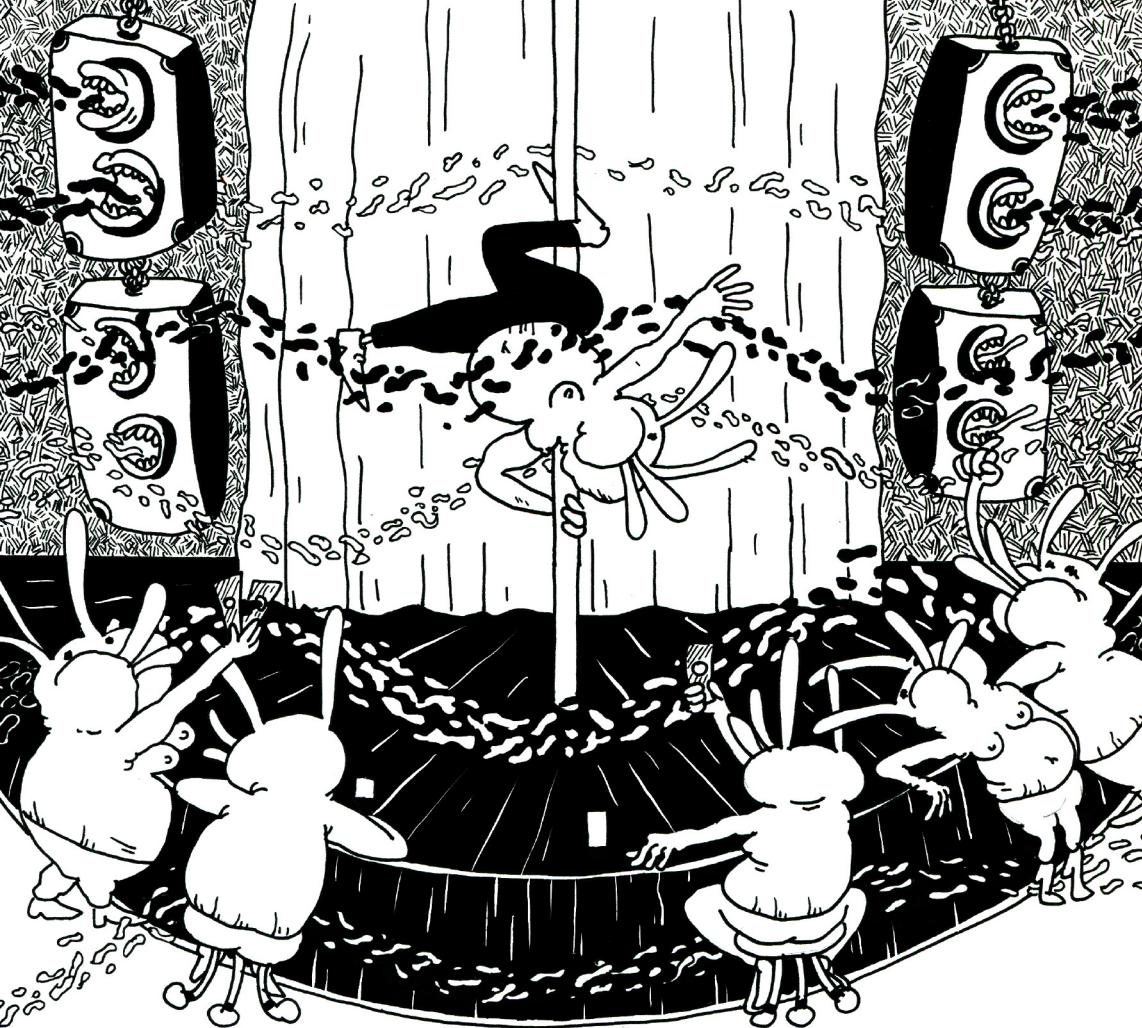


CHIRP!

I FIND A LITTLE PLATFORM MADE OUT OF WOOD. PLACED ON IT, A CARD THAT READS "A BIRD".

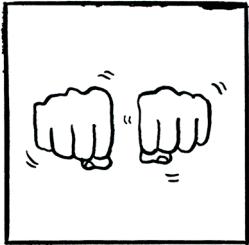
AS SOON AS I PICK IT UP, THE WHOLE THING RUMBLES AND STARTS MOVING.



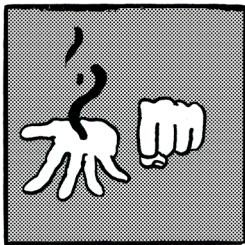


The CUBE

LIFE IS REALLY HARD.
SO MANY CHOICES TO
BE MADE.
CONSTANTLY.



AND, EVEN IF YOU ARE
ABLE TO MAKE A FINAL
CHOICE: HOW DO YOU
KNOW IT WAS THE
RIGHT ONE?



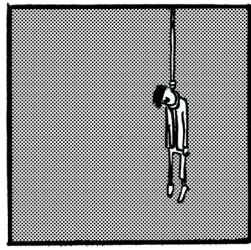
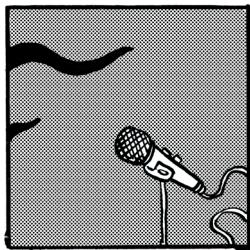
THE HUMANKIND HAS
ACCESS TO AN ENDLESS
ARRAY OF OPPORTUNITIES:
TO BECOME, THANKS TO
THEIR CHOICES,
SOMETHING UNIQUE.



UNIQUE.
WHAT IS THIS OBSESSION
WITH BEING PERCEIVED
AS SUCH?

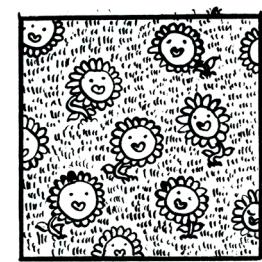
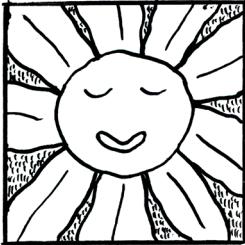
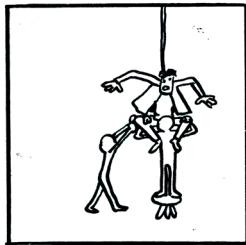
NOT EVERYONE HAS
THE MEANS TO PURSUE
THIS GOAL: FAILURE
CAUSES DISTRESS
AND PAIN.

IN SOME CASES,
THIS FEELINGS ARE
SO INTENSE THAT
END UP LEADING TO
DEATH.



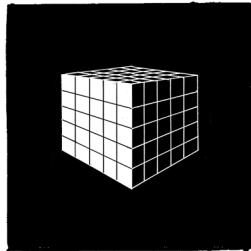
WE ARE HERE
TO HELP.

WITH OUR FACTICITY™
PROGRAM YOU WILL
BLOSSOM TO YOUR
INNER TRUTH; THE
BEST YOU AWAITS.

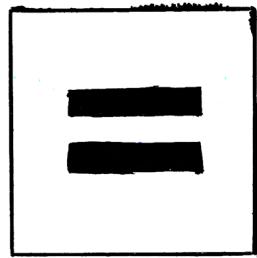


AND THE BEST OF
YOU DESERVES TO
STRIVE WITHIN A
COMMUNITY OF LIKE
MINDED INDIVIDUALS.

INTRODUCING THE CUBE™,
A CITADEL SATELLITE
OF EARTH IN WHERE
TO LIVE THE REST
OF YOUR NEW
ADVENTURE.



GUARANTEEING TOTAL
EQUALITY BETWEEN
RESIDENTS; NOBODY
IS UNIQUE.



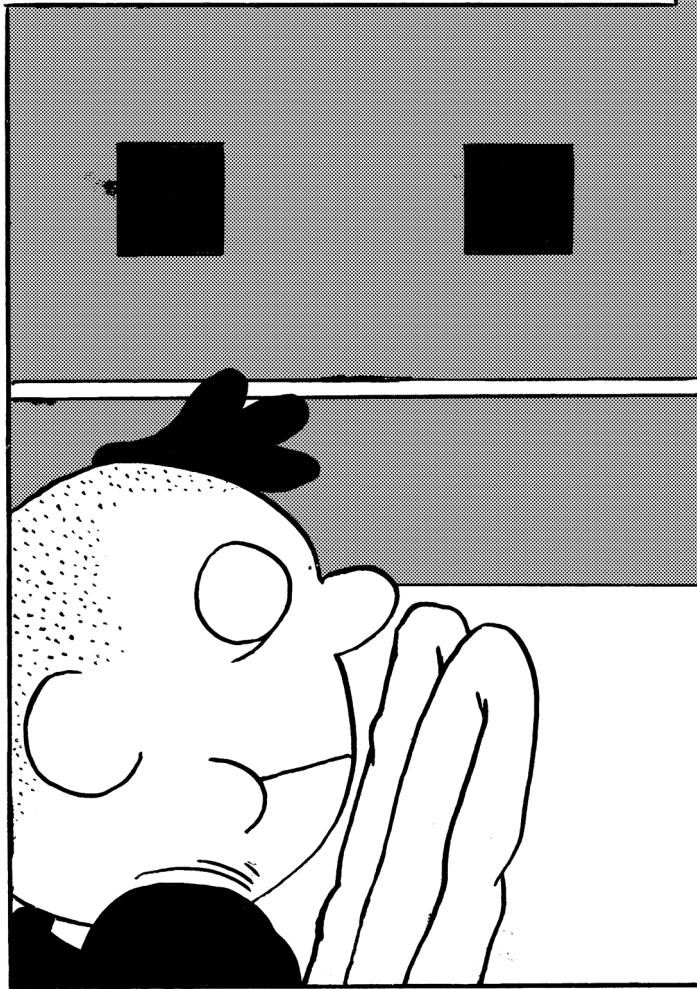
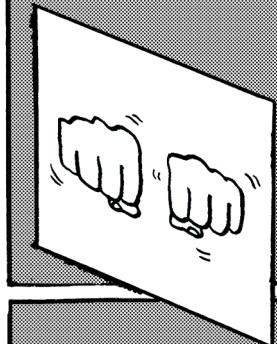
LET US BE THE
LAST CHOICE YOU
WILL EVER HAVE
TO MAKE.

THANK YOU.

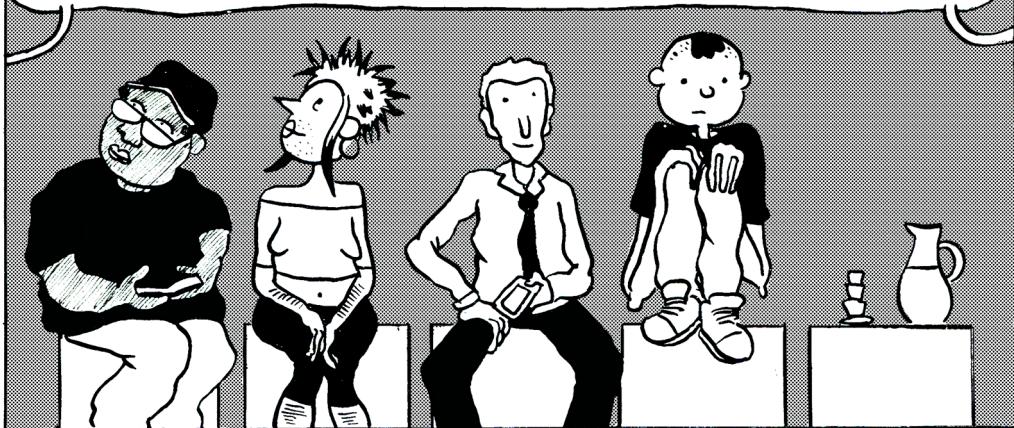
...

LIFE IS REALLY
HARD. SO MANY
CHOICES TO BE
MADE.

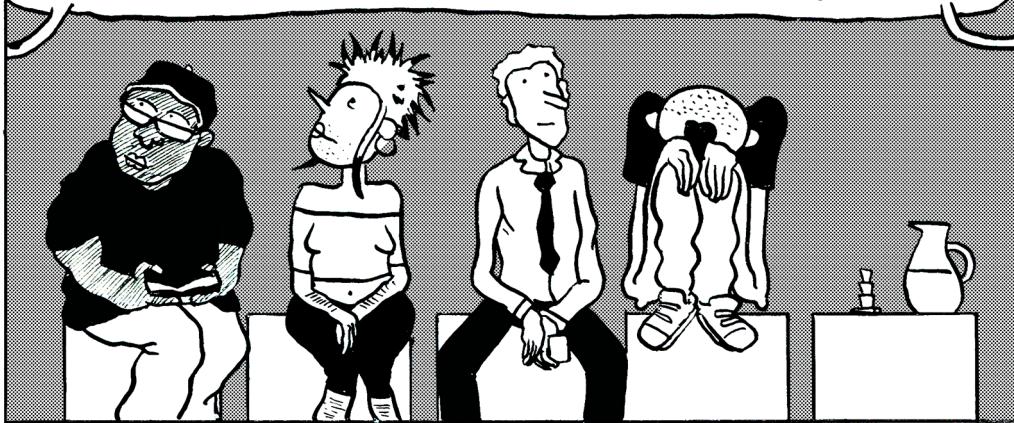
CONSTANTLY.



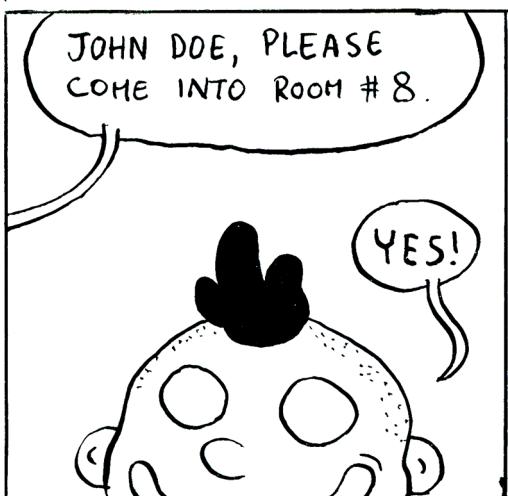
AND, EVEN IF YOU ARE ABLE TO MAKE A FINAL CHOICE :

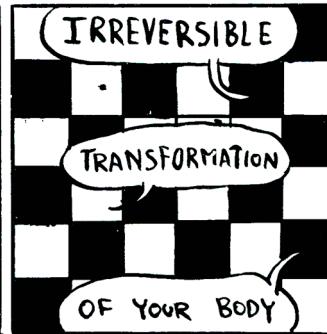
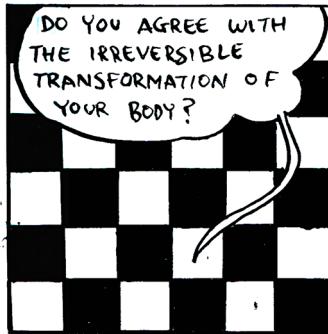
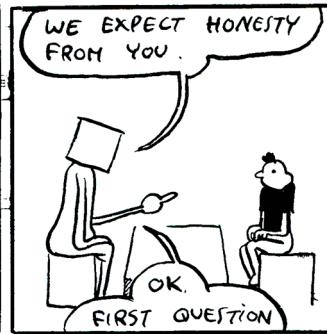
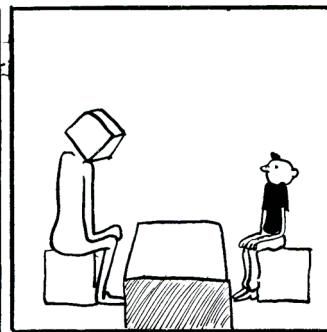
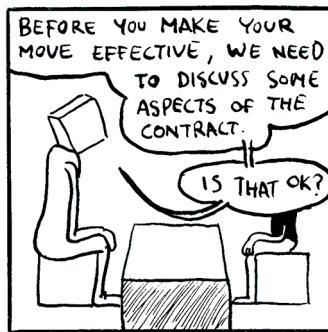
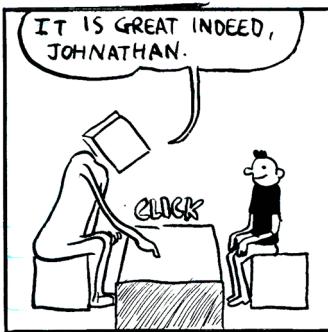
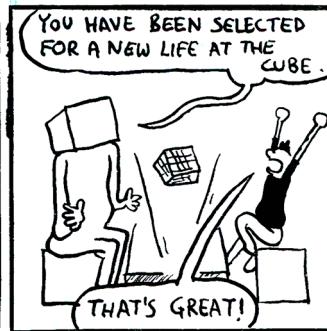


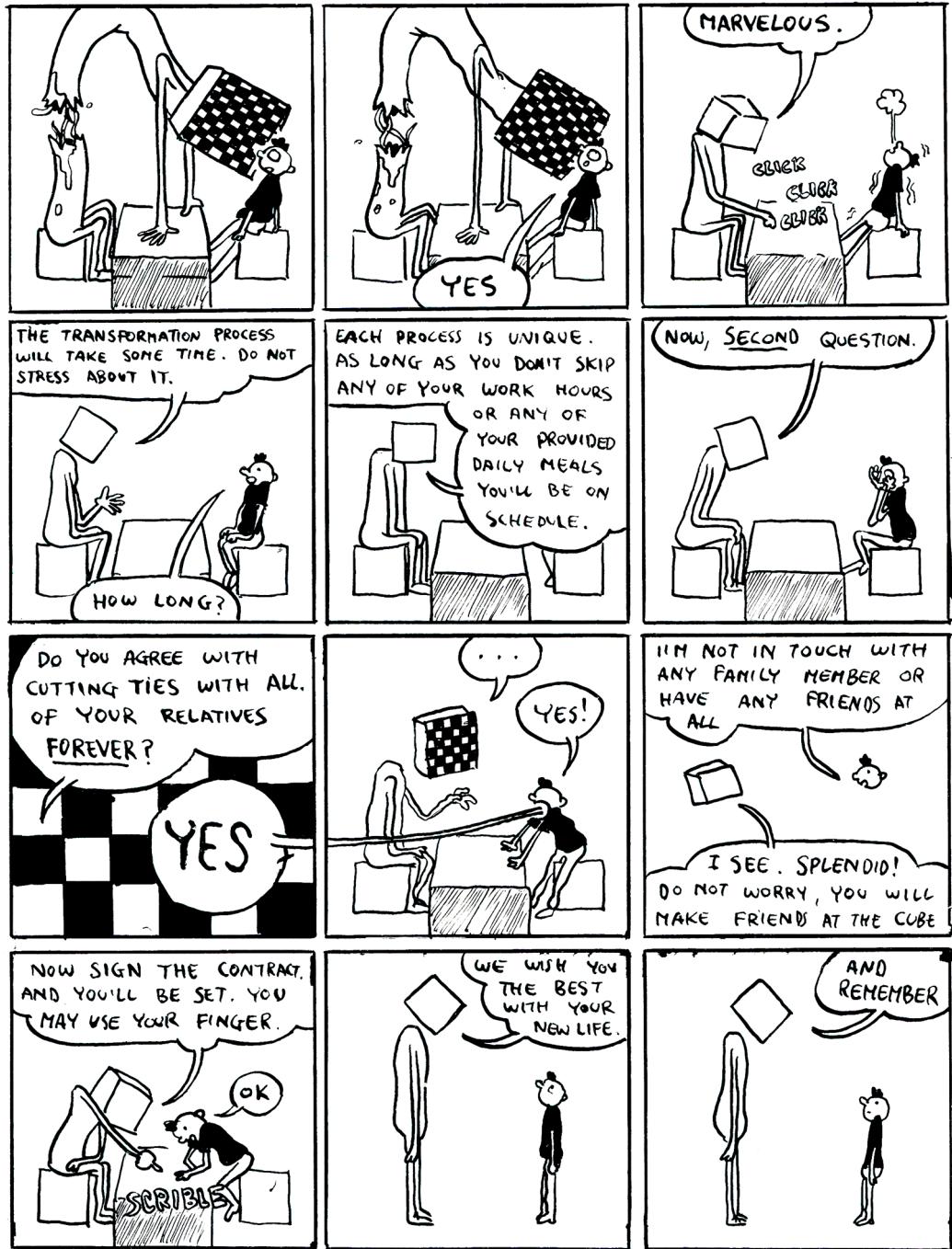
HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WAS THE RIGHT ONE ?



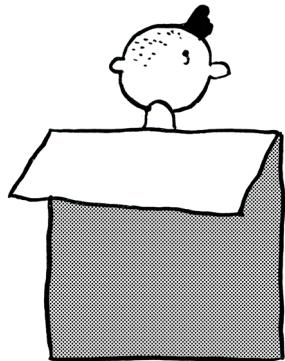
JOHN DOE, PLEASE
COME INTO ROOM # 8.



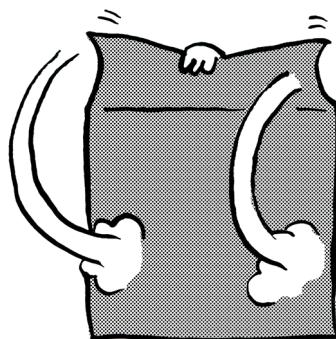




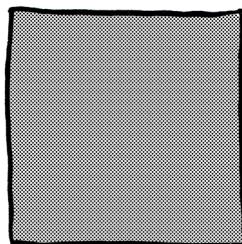
EVERYTHING HAS BEEN TAKEN
CARE OF.



A DELIVERY BOX IS WAITING
AT HOME.



JUST GET INSIDE AND MAKE
YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.



ONCE THE BOX MAKES SURE THAT
YOUR VITAL SIGNS ARE STABLE
IT WILL START UP BY ITSELF.



THEN IT WILL TAKE YOU RIGHT
TO THE CUBE™.



AS SOON AS YOU LAND
YOU WILL START YOUR
TRANSFORMATION INTO
FACTICITY.

I CAN'T WAIT TO
GET THERE AND LEAVE ALL
OF MY WORRIES BEHIND!

YOU WILL BE ASSIGNED
A ROUTE; THE COMPLETION
OF THIS ROUTE IS HIGHLY
IMPORTANT FOR THE
OUTCOME OF YOUR
PROCESS.

A ROUTE?

A LIST OF ADDRESSES ON
EARTH YOU WILL VISIT TO
DROP CERTAIN ITEMS IN
A SPECIFIC AMOUNT OF
TIME

DON'T TELL
ME MY FACTICITY DESTINY
IS TO BECOME A COURIER

THAT IS QUITE A REDUCTIONIST
WAY OF THINKING. LET ME CONGRATU-
LATE YOU FOR IT: IT IS PRECISELY THE
WAY OF THINKING THAT WILL HELP YOU
ACHIEVE TOTAL FACTICITY OF THE
DISTURBED MIND™.

IN OTHER WORDS, YES, YOU WILL BECOME A
COURIER AS ALL OF OTHER RESIDENTS OF
THE CUBE™ ALREADY HAVE.

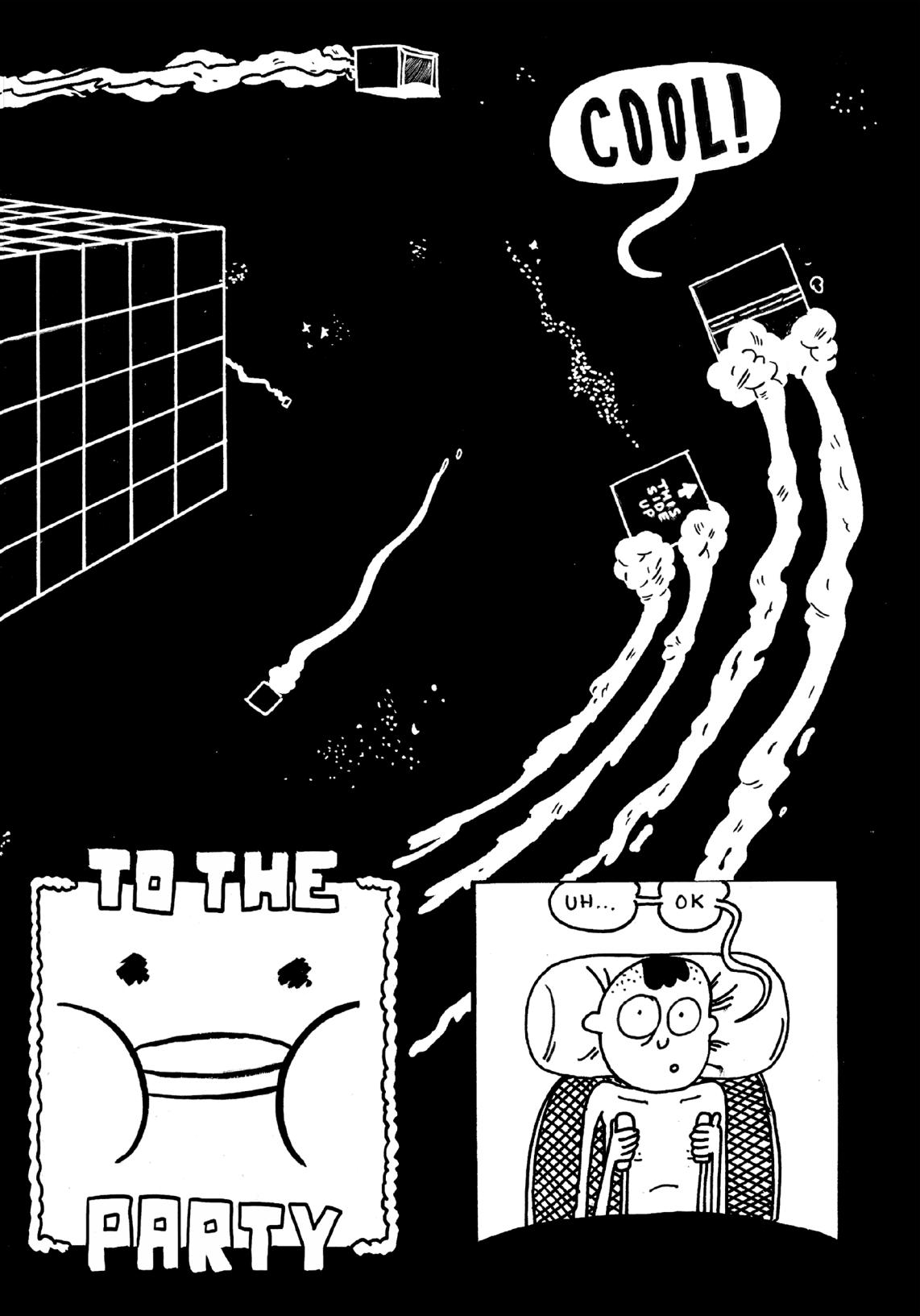
A FEW WEEKS LATER...

HEY, NEWBIE,
HOW IS YOUR FIRST
DAY GOING?

IT'S OK I
GUESS...

DO YOU WANT TO HANG
AFTER OUR LAST DELIVERY?

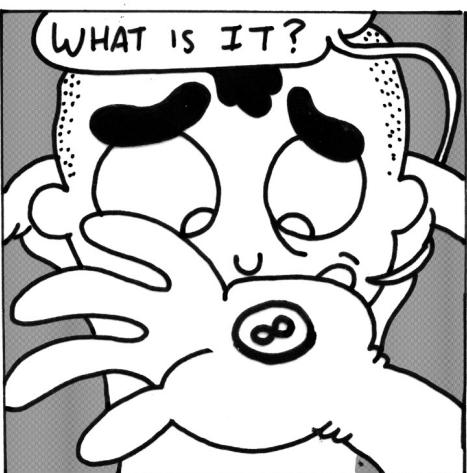
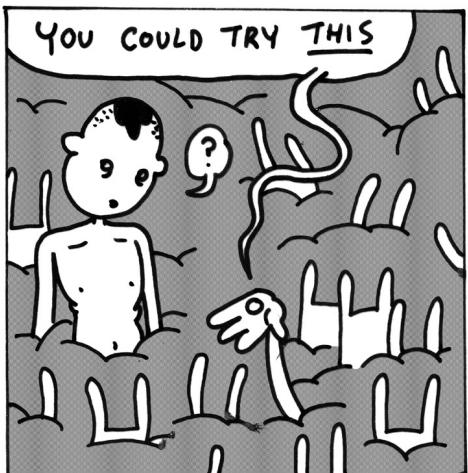
SURE. I BARELY KNOW PLACES
THOUGH... WHERE DO WE GO?



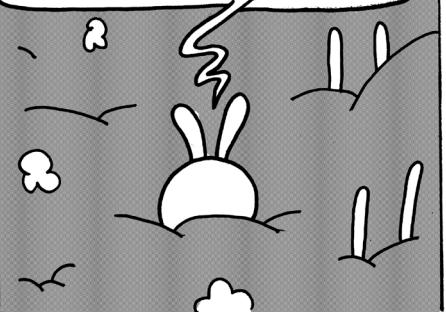
COOL!

TO THE
PARTY





A FALTICITY PILL, A.K.A.
FALTSY. ACCELERATES THE
TRANSITION. PLUS, MAKES YOU
FEEL QUITE AWESOME.



JUST TAKE IT)



FLOP

POP

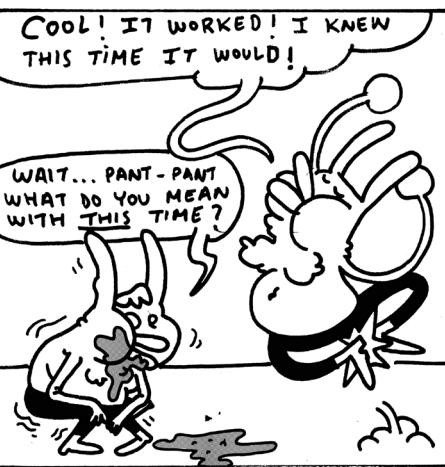
URGH

FRZZ



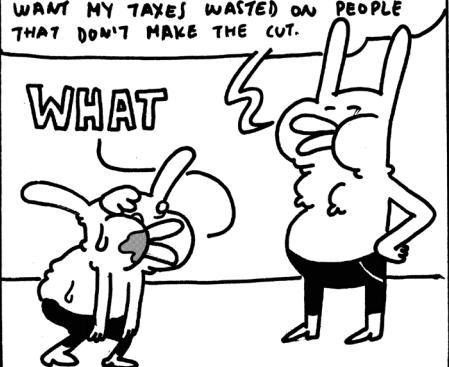
COOL! IT WORKED! I KNEW
THIS TIME IT WOULD!

WAIT... PANT - PANT
WHAT DO YOU MEAN
WITH THIS TIME?



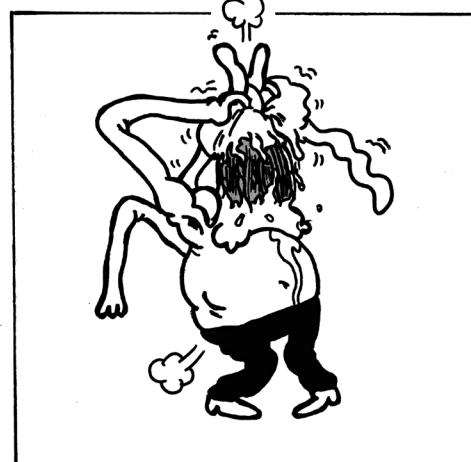
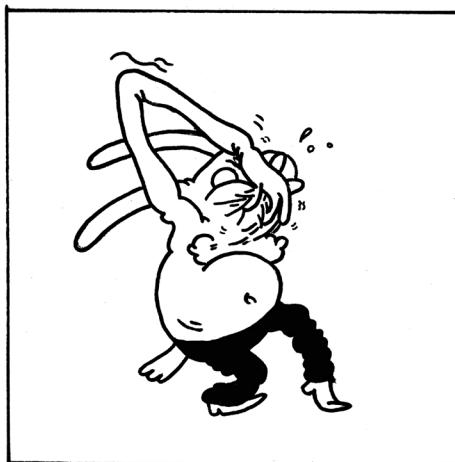
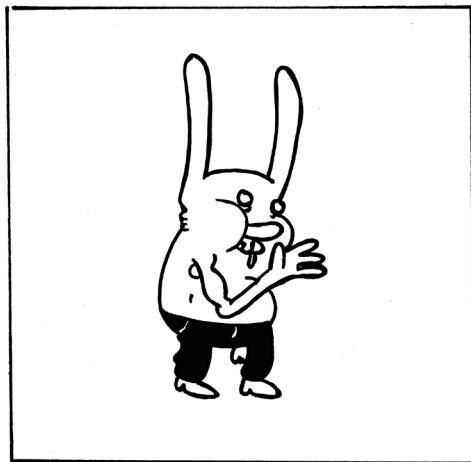
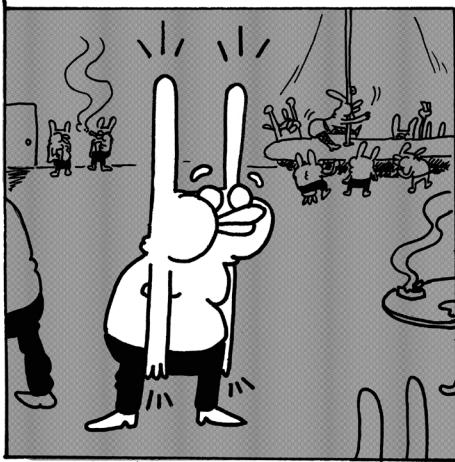
WELL, SOME PEOPLE CAN'T TAKE IT.
THEY FREAK OUT AND GO TOTALLY
NUTS. BETTER THAT WAY. I DON'T
WANT MY TAXES WASTED ON PEOPLE
THAT DON'T MAKE THE CUT.

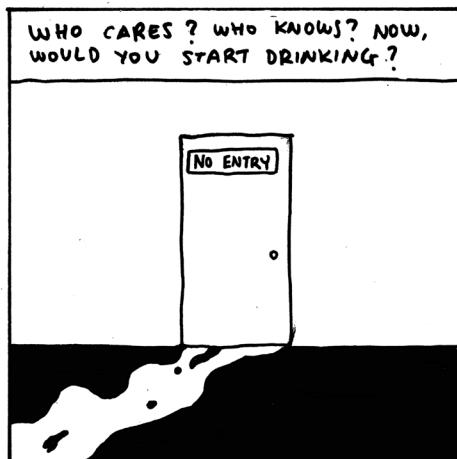
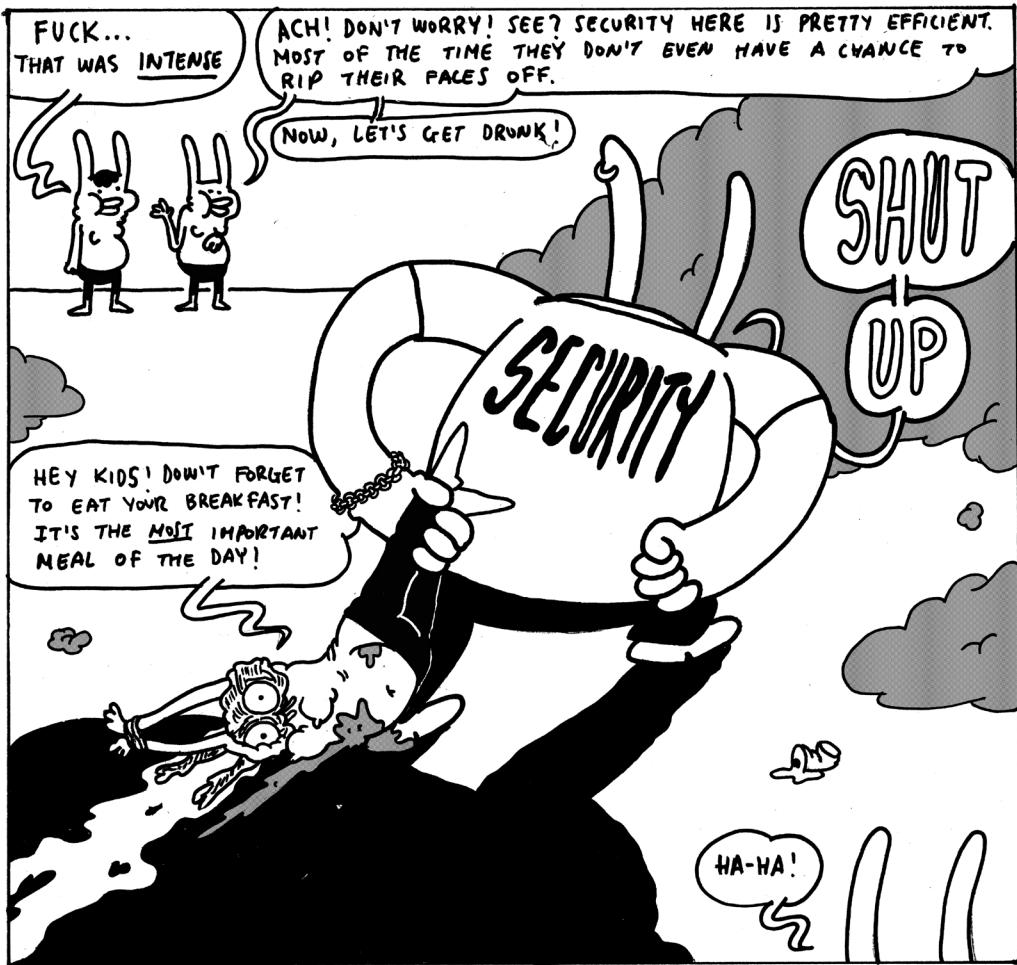
WHAT



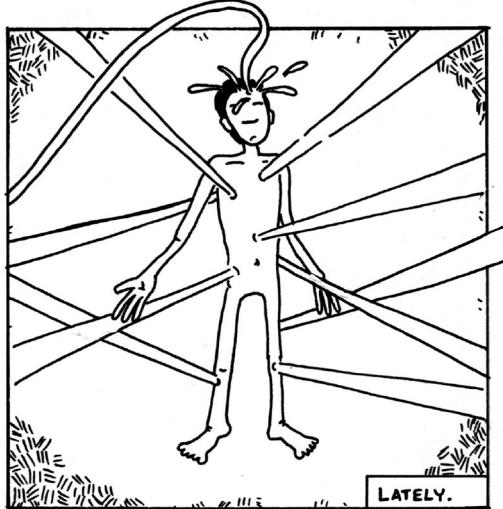
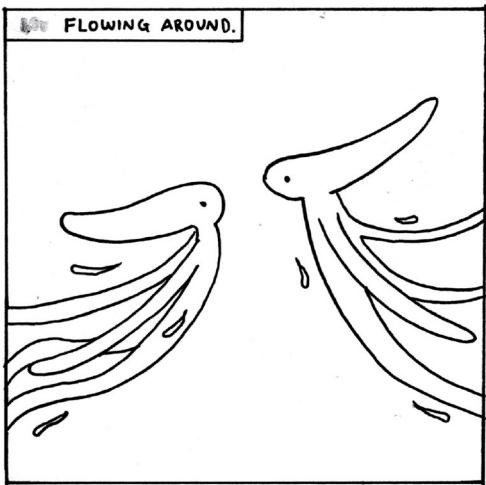
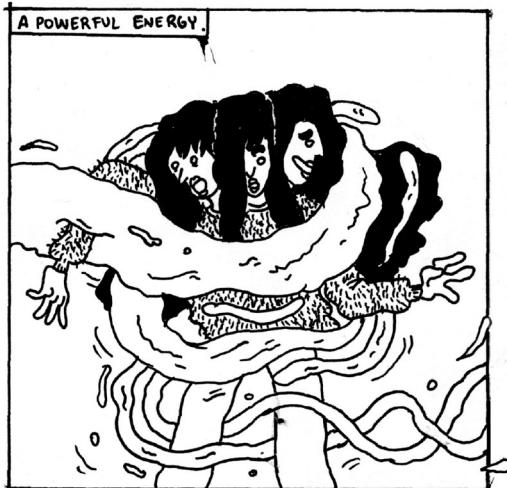
OH! SPEAKING OF THE DEVIL...

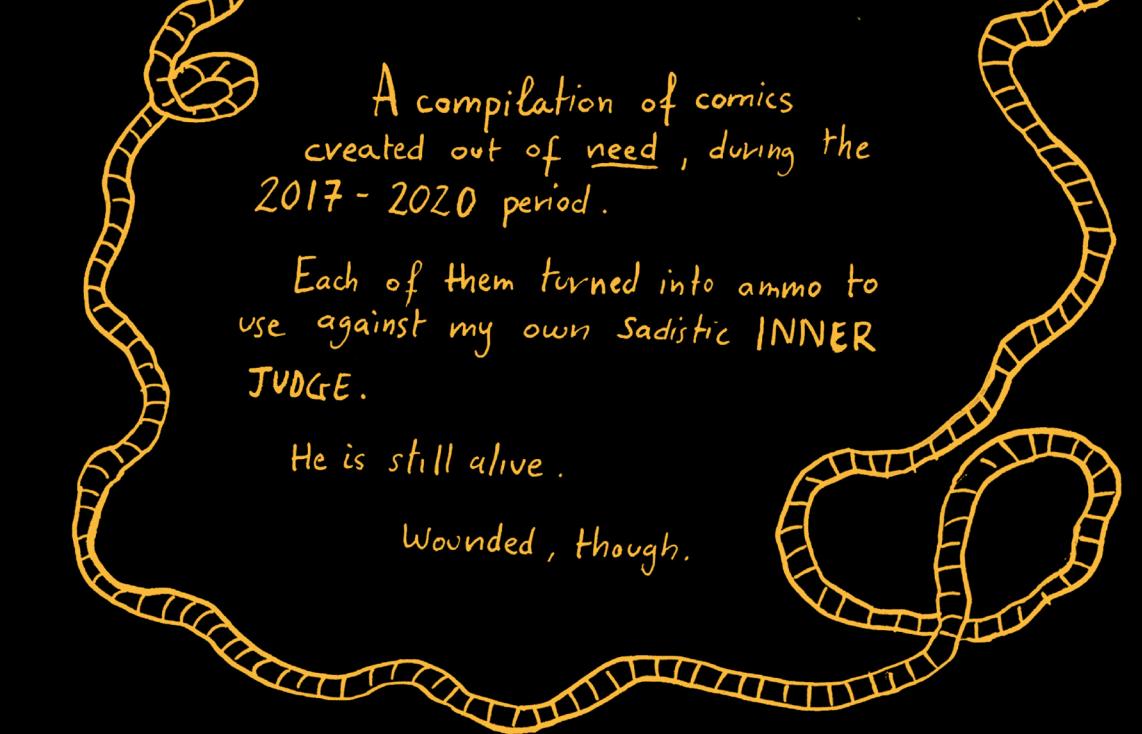












A compilation of comics
created out of need, during the
2017 - 2020 period.

Each of them turned into ammo to
use against my own sadistic INNER
JUDGE.

He is still alive.

Wounded, though.

I can draw comics now.