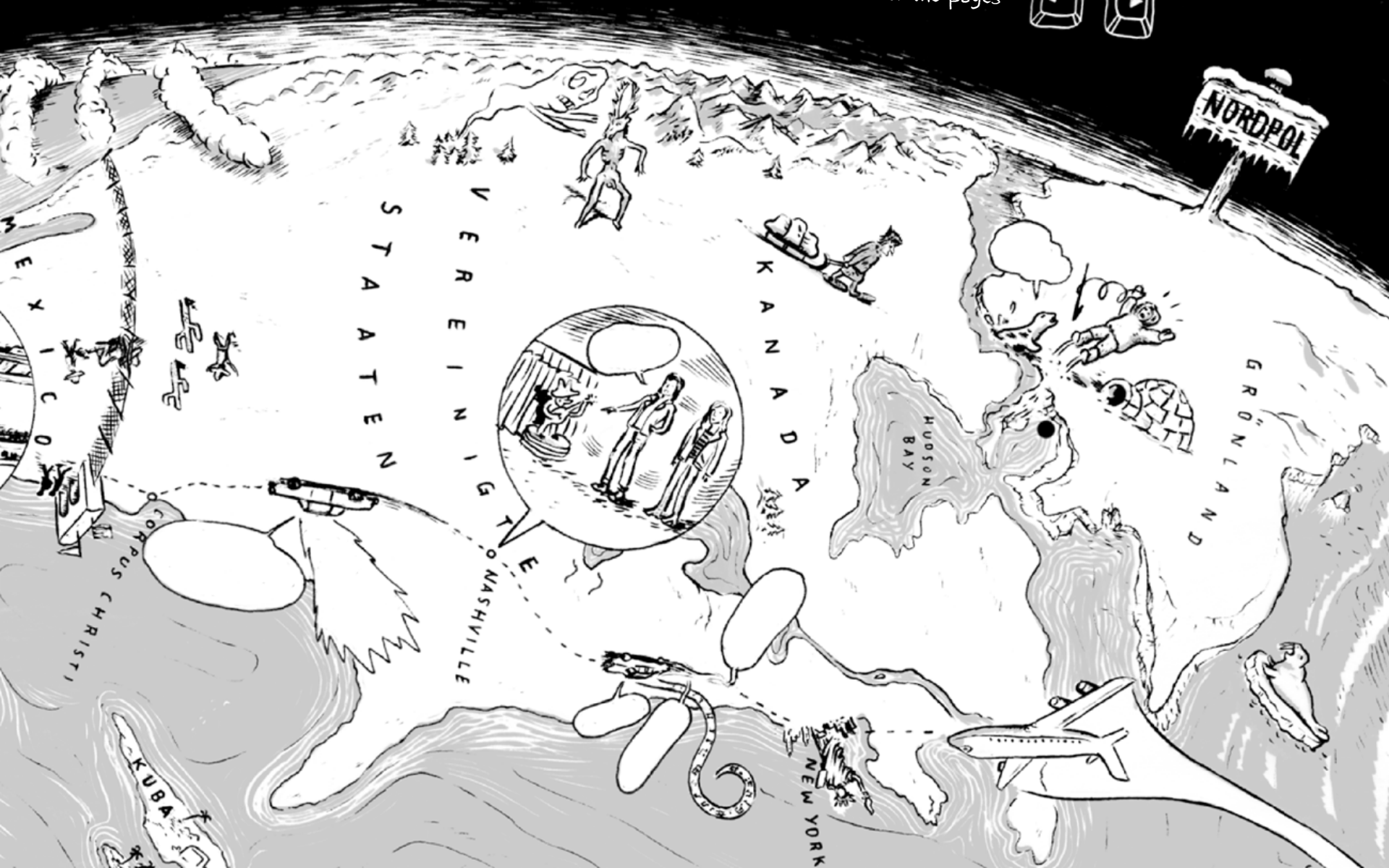




exit from full screen mode

turn over the pages



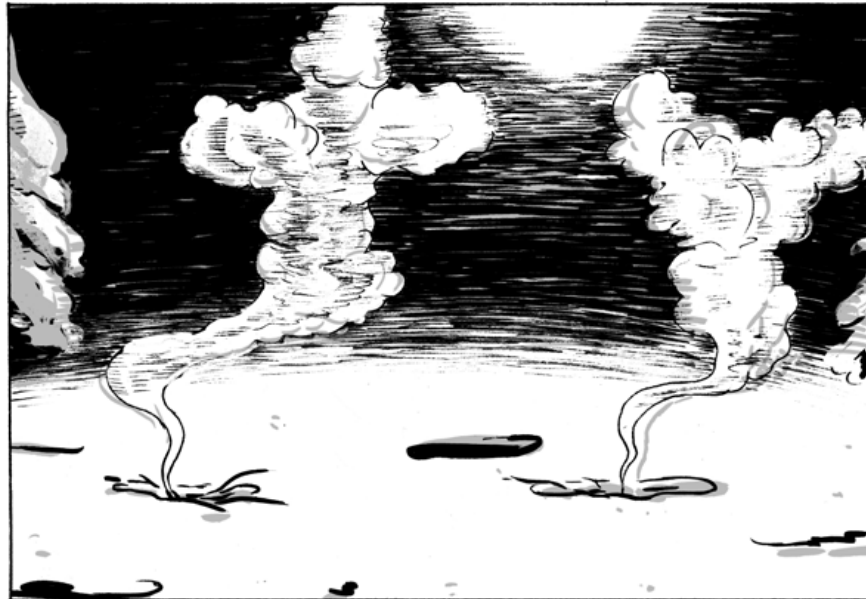
THE GIRLS USED TO DRIVE UP INTO THE WINTRY MOUNTAINS AT
NIGHT JUST TO PROVE THAT NATURE BRINGS FORTH THE COLOR YELLOW
IN EVERY SEASON.

AFTER THE EVENING AT THE "BAJAZZO" EDDA ALREADY SAW TWO ROADS LEADING INTO THE FOREST. "BUT YOU MUST DRIVE. I'M SURE I'M MUCH MORE DRUNK THAN YOU ARE", BARBIE GIGGLED. "BUT THEN IT'S NOT MY FAULT IF YOUR PARENTS' CAR LANDS IN THE DITCH!"

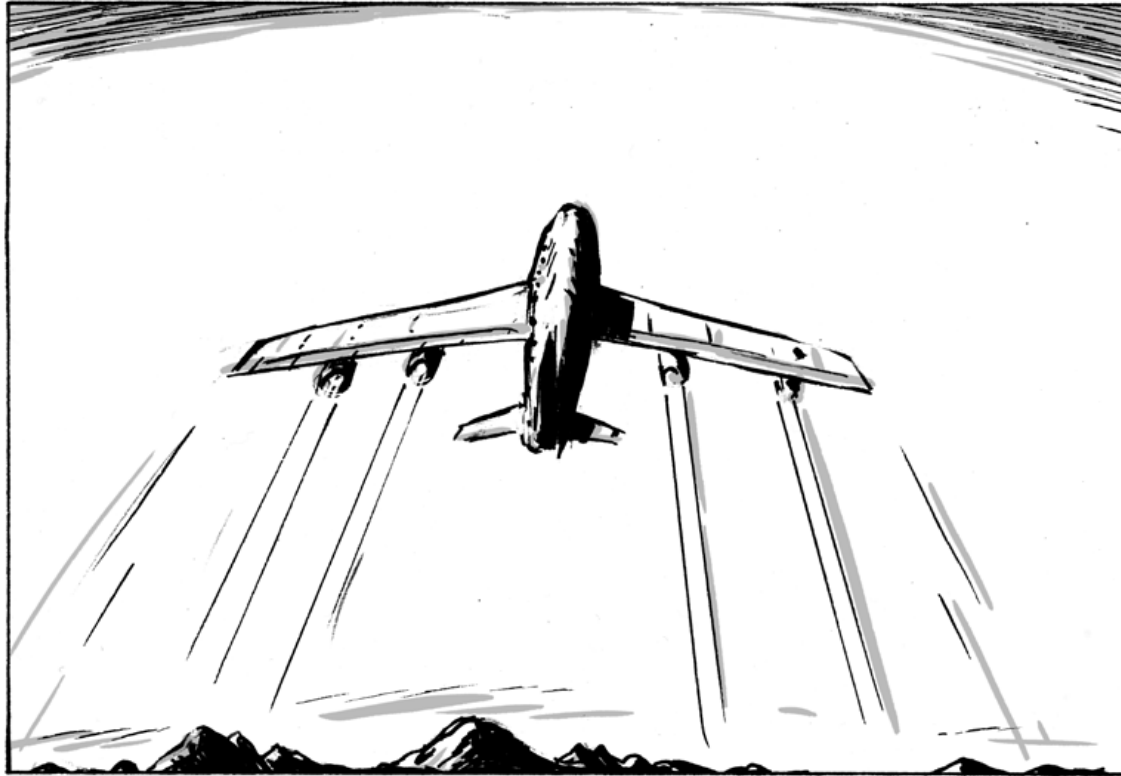




THEY MELTED TWO HOLES INTO THE SNOW WITH THEIR URINE JETS,
WHICH REMAINED THERE SLOWLY FREEZING.

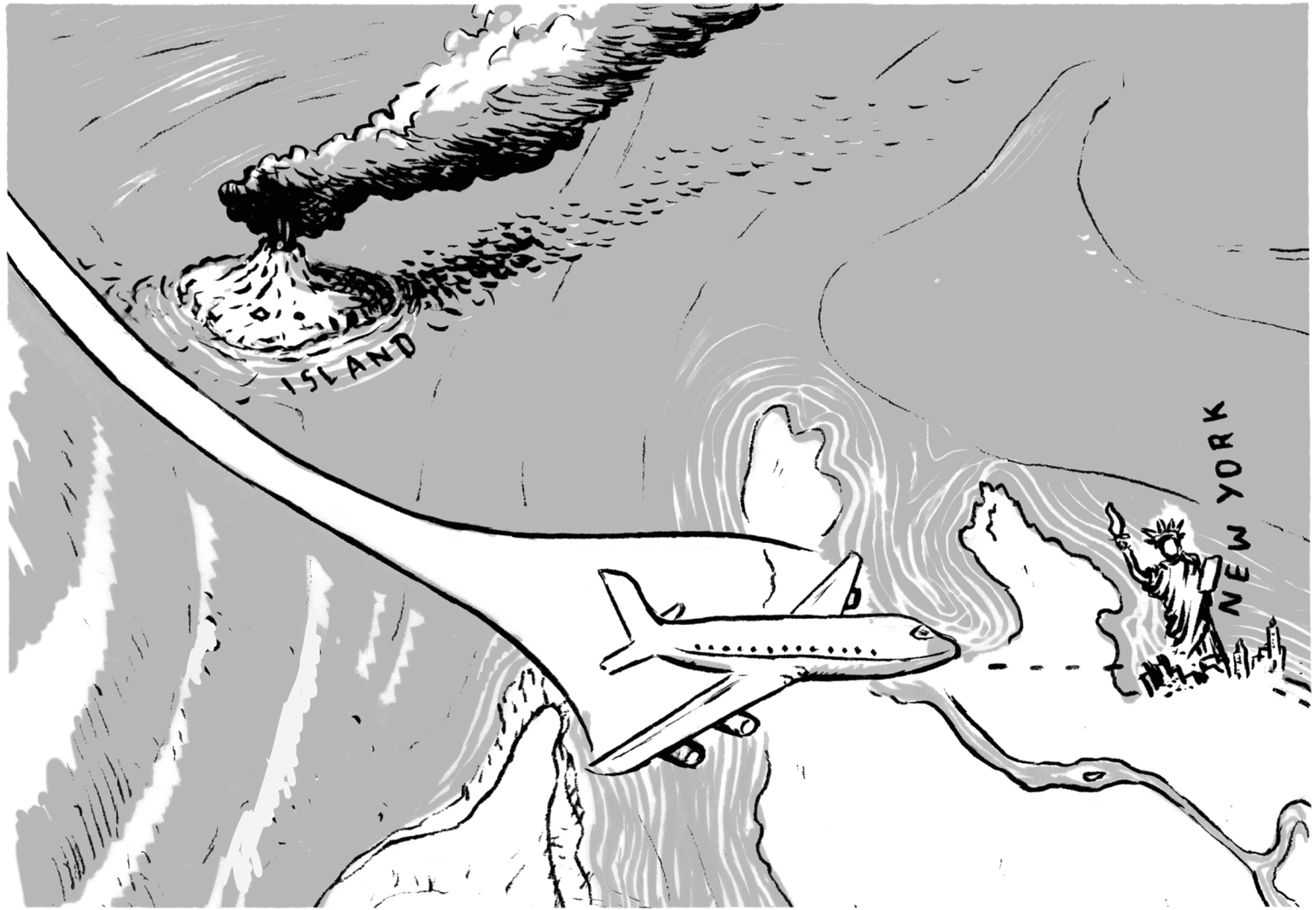


MANIFESTS OF FRIENDSHIP SINCE CHILDHOOD.

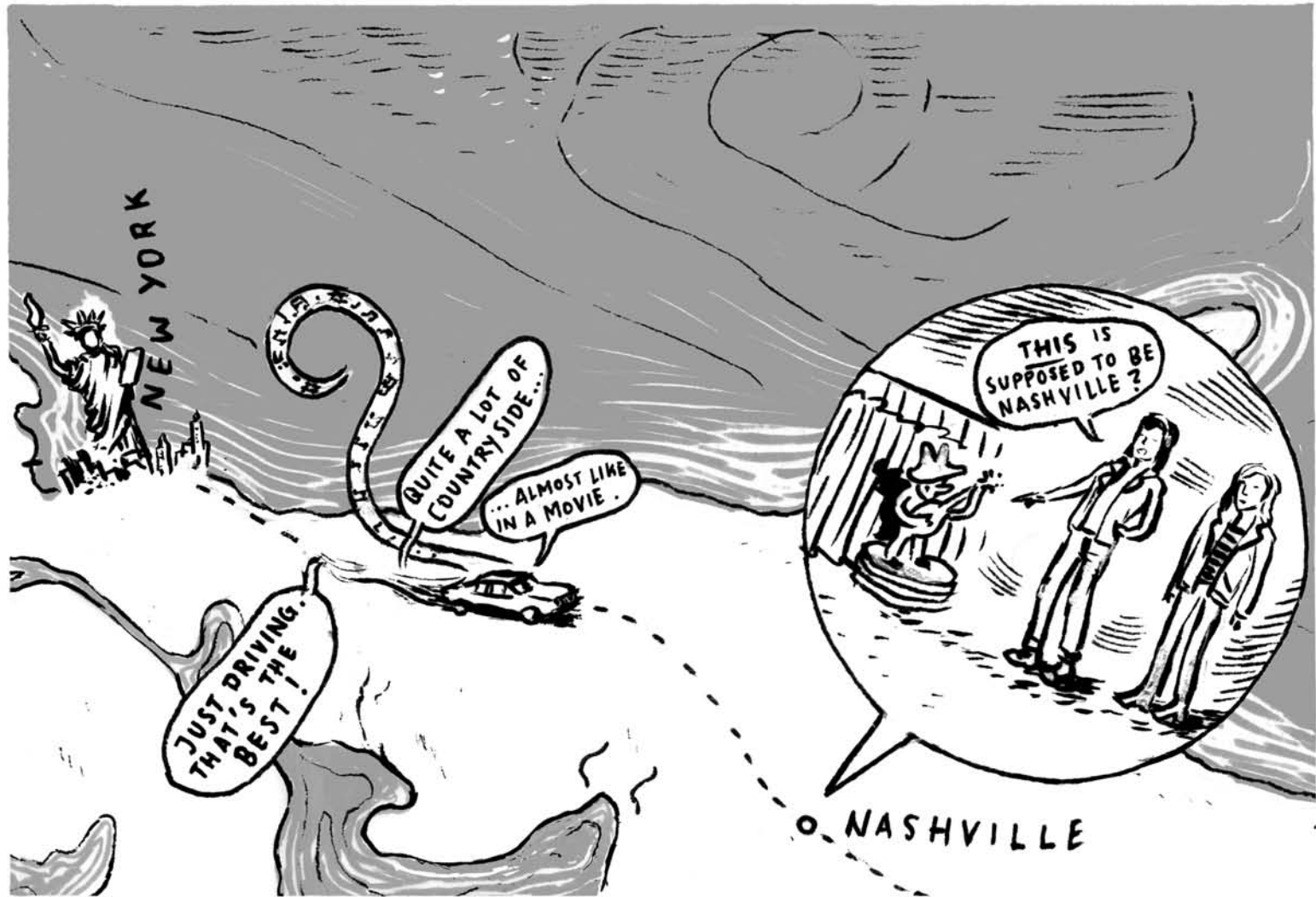


SHORTLY AFTER, THE GIRLS LEFT CENTRAL EUROPE
AND MOVED TO NORTH AMERICA.

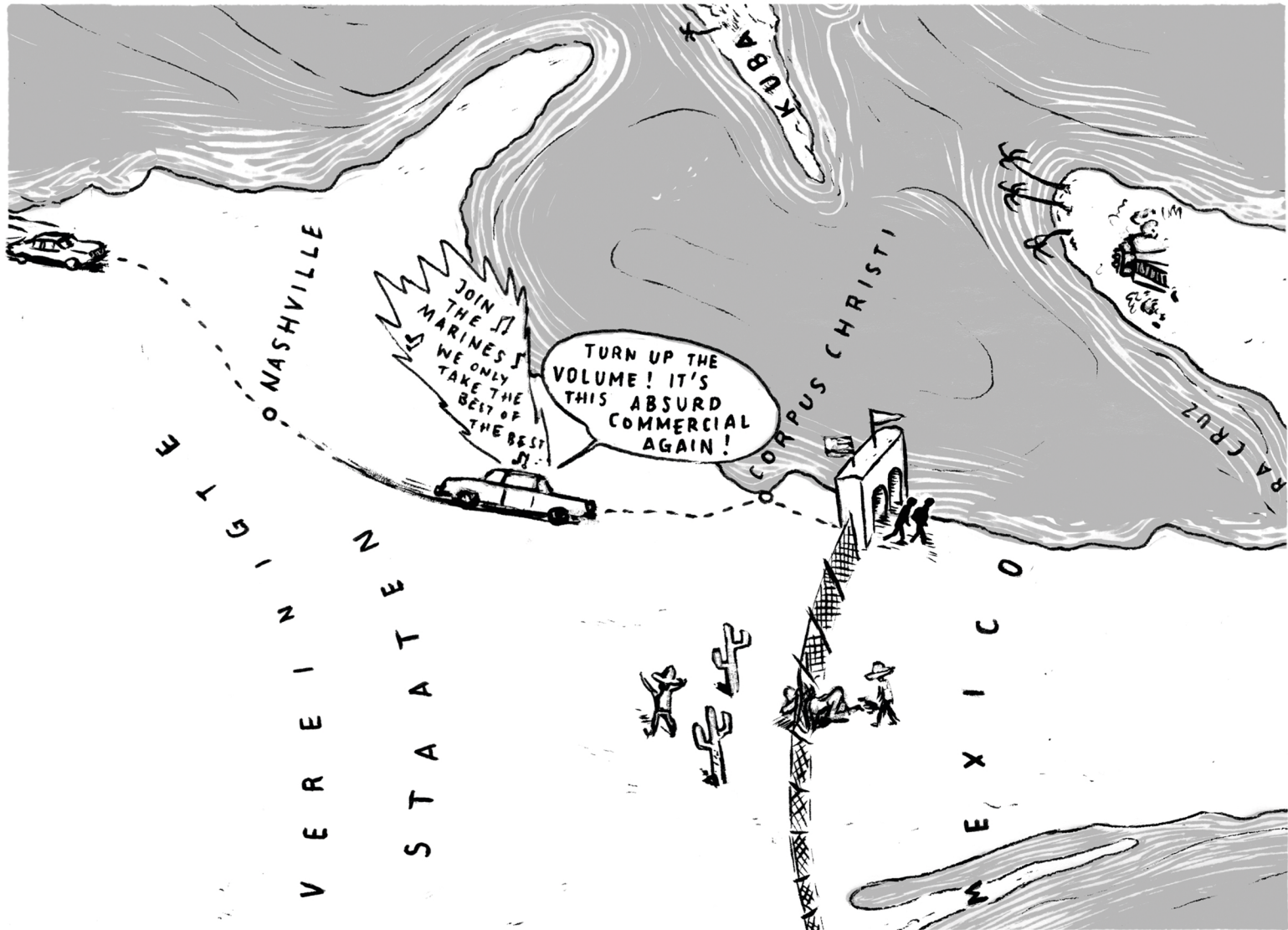
TO NEW YORK ...



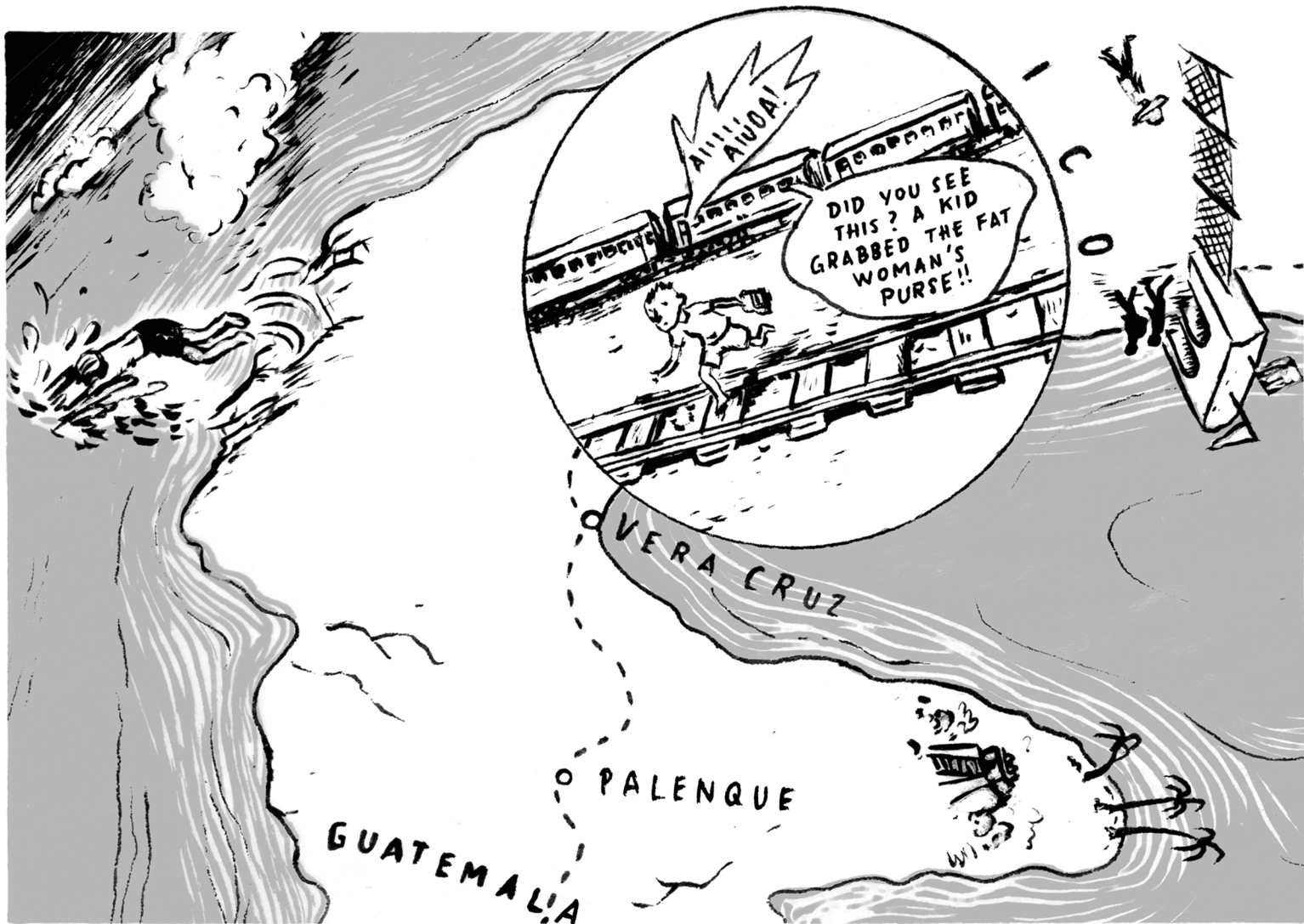
FROM NYC DOWN SOUTH IN A CHOCOLATE BROWN 1978 BUICK WITH THE PREVIOUS OWNER'S "BRING YOUR BROKEN DREAMS TO JESUS" STICKER STILL STICKING ON THE REAR WIDESCREEN.



THE US-FORCES WERE RECRUITING OVER THE RADIO. SOMEWHERE NEAR CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, THE BUICK BROKE DOWN FOR GOOD.



WHEN ON 17 JANUARY 1991 U.S. AIRFORCE BOMBERS WERE FLYING OVER THE BORDERS OF IRAQ, THE GIRLS WERE CROSSING THE MEXICAN BORDER.



EDDA ENCOUNTERED HER TOTEM ANIMAL IN THE PRE-COLUMBIAN RUINS OF PALENQUE.

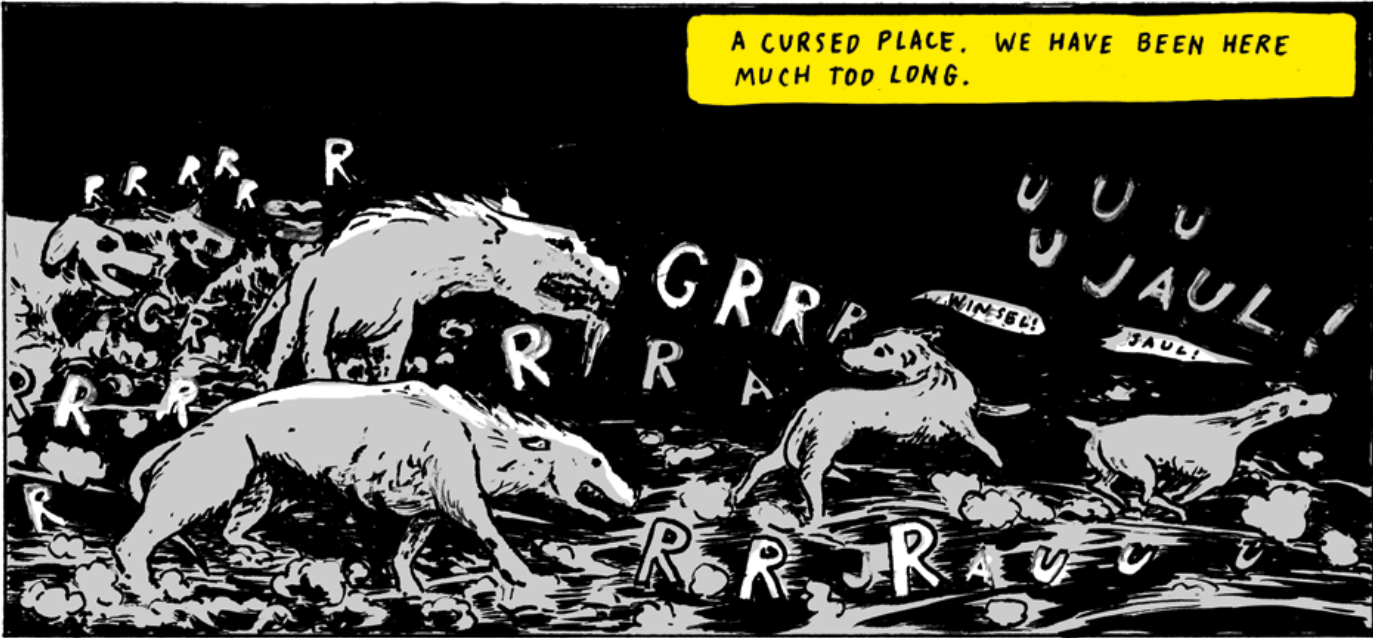
AND AFTER COUNTLESS DAYS OF EXPLORING CHIAPAS THEY HEADED THROUGH THE JUNGLE INTO CIVIL WAR - RAVAGED GUATEMALA.



20 MARCH 1991. SAN PEDRO LA LAGUNA



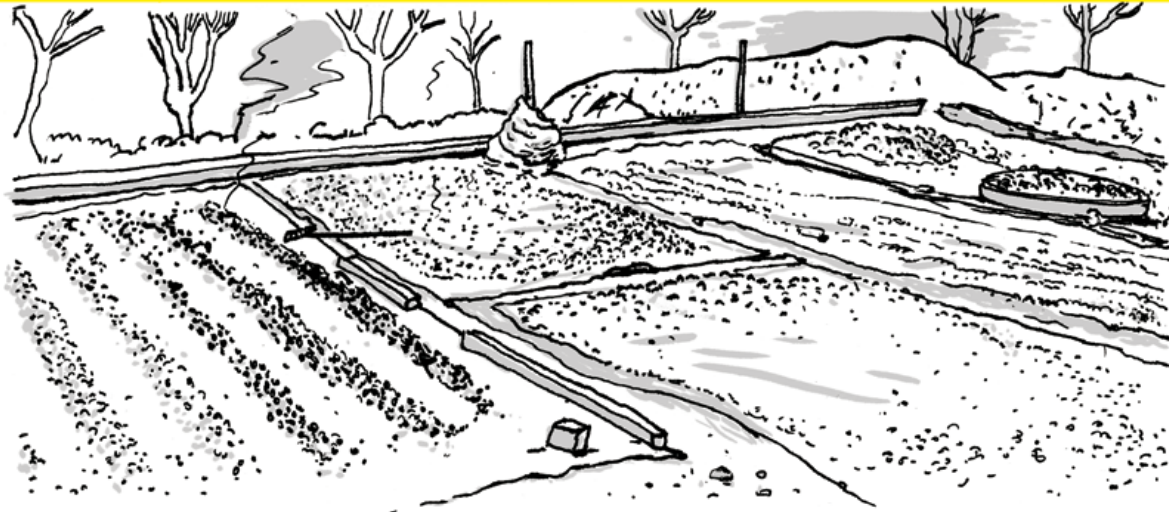
A CURSED PLACE. WE HAVE BEEN HERE
MUCH TOO LONG.



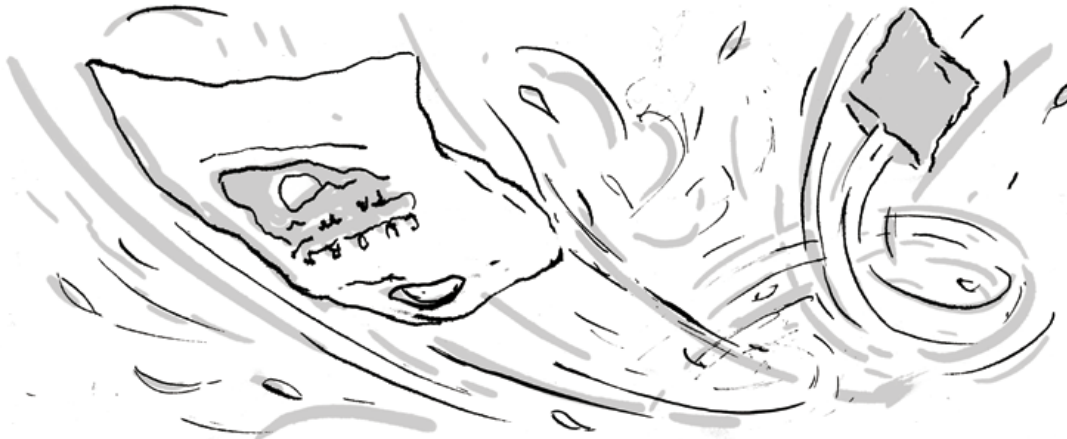




21 MARCH. ALL THE TIME THE SHARP STENCH OF DRYING COFFEE BEANS IS FLOATING OVER THE COUNTRY EVERYWHERE.



AND THEN THE EVIL ALLIANCE OF WITHERING AND ROTTING.
SHINY PLASTIC SCAPS - CLEANED UP BY STARVING ANIMALS - ARE SWIRLING IN THE HOT, DUSTY WIND...



AS IF THEY WERE A NOVEL SPECIES.







THEO!!

I KNOW, HE WAS ALSO DEALING IN GEMS IN PALEN&UE.



YEAH SURE, BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT...



THEO WAS WITH ME AGAIN LAST NIGHT!



EXCUSE ME?

ONLY IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM HERE BEFORE.

THEO, THE GURU WITH THE GEMS... I GUESS THEO HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF BARBIE, JUST LIKE HE HAS OF OTHER HIPPIES WHO WE HAVE MET SINCE PALEN&UE ("HUB OF UNIVERSE"). BUT NOBODY COPPED IT LIKE HER... EXCEPT JACK, PERHAPS, WHO ANOITED HIS GEMS WITH HIS OWN BLOOD IN AN ABSTUSE RITUAL.



AAAAH !!!
MY KIDNEYS !!



HEY, WE CAN'T GO ON
LIKE THIS! LET'S FIND
A DOCTOR NOW!



AAAAHHH!

¿COMO SIENTES?



TODO DENTRO DE MI DUELE.
UN DIA LOS POLMONES...



GASP!
... EL OTRO DIA
LOS RIÑONES ...







BARBIE HAS BEEN SLEEPING FOR HOURS. I AM BEGINNING TO BECOME SERIOUSLY WORRIED. I AM SITTING HERE WAITING FOR HER NEXT HOT STAGE.

NOW SHE IS EVEN SPEAKING IN SLEEP.



I KNOW, SHE HAS MALARIA.

MALARIA AND SOMETHING ELSE.









CHERRA!





THERE YOU'LL GET RID
OF YOUR MALARIA
AND THEO!

BUT I DON'T
WANT TO GET RID
OF THEO.



HE PROTECTS ME.
HE TELLS ME
WHERE TO GO.

22 MARCH: THEO, THE MAGICIAN, THE MASTER.
I DON'T BELIEVE IN THEO'S MAGICAL
ABILITIES.



GET YOUR
STUFF.

DON'T FEEL
LIKE IT.
I'M ILL!

I BELIEVE IN WHAT I SEE. I DON'T NEED
ANY EXTRA VISIONS.
BUT I DON'T HAVE MALARIA, OF COURSE.



WHY DO WE
HAVE TO LEAVE
AT ALL?



WE DECIDED
TO GO TO THE
NORTH SO THAT
YOU CAN GET RID
OF YOUR MALA-
RIA !!

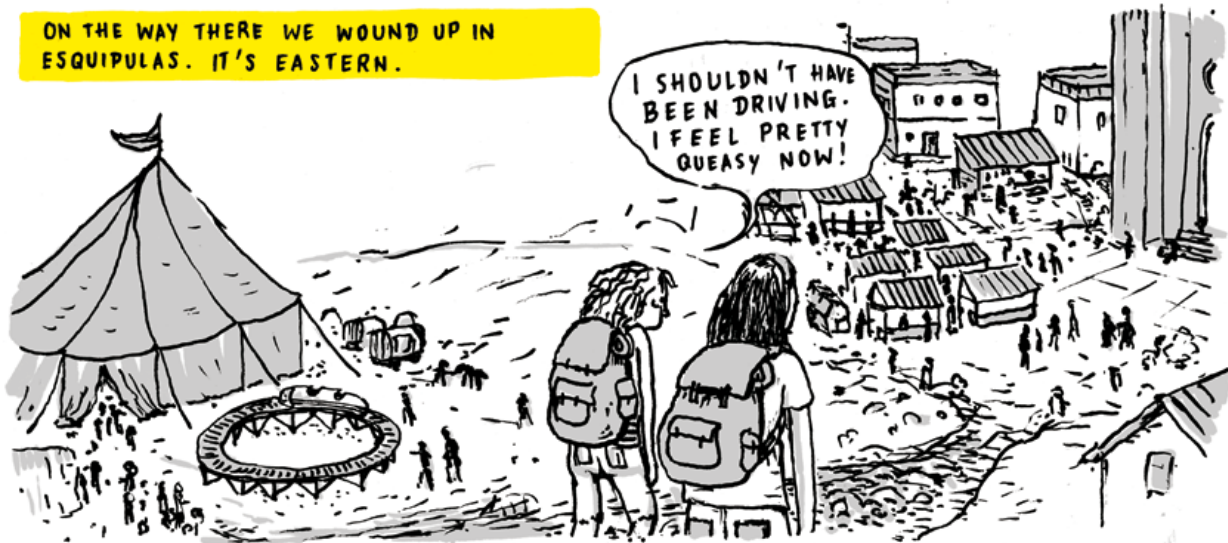
BUT THE
DOCTOR SAID
I DON'T HAVE
MALARIA.

27. MARCH. FINALLY, ON THE ROAD AGAIN!

SOMEBODY HAS TOLD US THERE WOULD BE CHEAP FLIGHTS TO THE NORTH FROM TEGUCIGALPA.



ON THE WAY THERE WE WOUND UP IN ESQUIPULAS. IT'S EASTERN.





THERE ARE THE CHEERFUL FACES OF PROSPECTIVE BUYERS EVERYWHERE.





WHAT FOR DO YOU NEED A BRAID?



WE'VE ALMOST RUN OUT OF MONEY AND YOU WANT A **SILVER BRAID!** AND WHAT ABOUT: CIGARETTES ??

AND WHAT ABOUT: LITTLE DEVOTIONAL PICTURES??



THESE ARE USEFUL THINGS! MOREOVER, YOU ALSO BOUGHT SOME!

BUT THE BRAID IS IMPORTANT!

IMPORTANT FOR MY WORK!

YOU GET FIFTY CENTIMETERS FOR FIVE LEMPIRAS! THIS IS LESS THAN ONE CENT, HENCE: VIRTUALLY NOTHING!

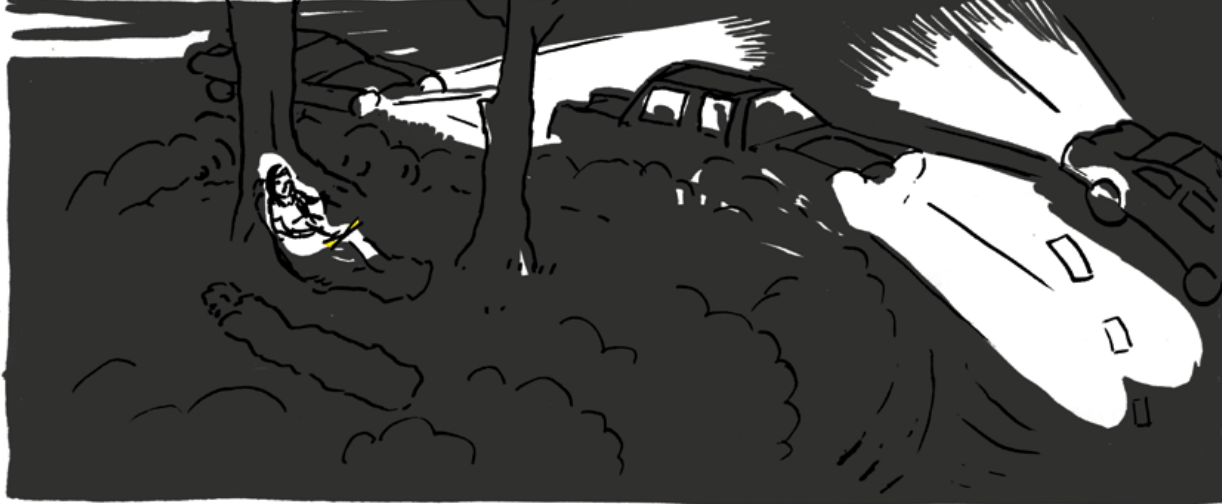


IN DOLLARS AND CENTS, YEAH! BUT **HERE** FIVE LEMPIRAS ARE A LOT OF MONEY!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING

I'M BUYING IT NOW !!

WE'RE HARD UP FOR MONEY AND WE WON'T TOUCH OUR ASSETS OF THE LAST RESORT - 100 DOLLARS FOR THE FLIGHTS.



WE SLEEP IN THE STREETS AND STEAL OUR BREAD FROM THE TABLES OF THE FANCY RESTAURANTS.



I'M GETTING MORE AND MORE BORED WITH THIS KIND OF LIFE. BUT AT LEAST BARBIE SEEMS TO BE DOING BETTER NOW.



2 APRIL THE STORY WITH THE CHEAP FLIGHTS WAS A DUD. BUT WE HAVE A NEW PLAN: FIND A SHIP ON THE COAST THAT TAKES US TO THE NORTH.



6 APRIL PUERTO CORTÉZ (THE CARGO PORT) COULD EASILY BE CALLED THE VERY LAST SHORE. HERE OF ALL PLACES WE'RE FINALLY LUCKY.





THE FREIGHTER "SAMANTHA" (CARRIES BEANPOLES!) WILL TAKE US TO FLORIDA TOMORROW. SO ONE LAST NIGHT REMAINS HERE IN "PARADISE".



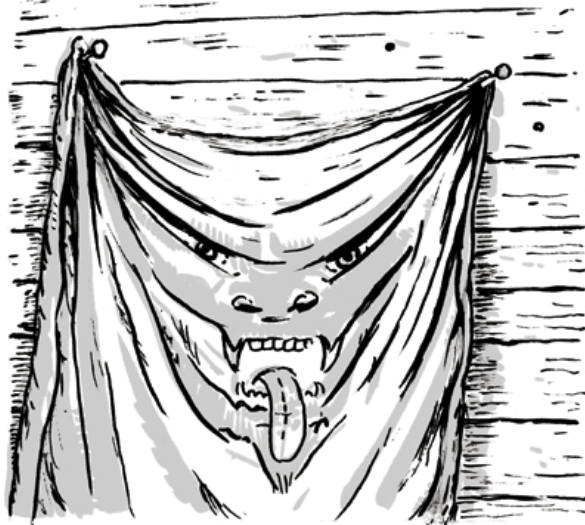
TO CELEBRATE THE DAY WE TREAT OURSELVES TO A HOTEL ROOM



AND THEN WE BUY SOME BOTTLES OF BEER AND CARIBBEAN MARIJUANA.



BECAUSE TOMORROW WE'LL BE FINALLY
GONE, AND FAR AWAY FROM HERE ...



AFTER ALL, I'M IN POOR CONDITION TOO.





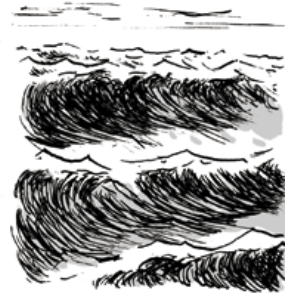
SAMANTHA, 11 APRIL 1991. APART FROM LITTLE INCONVENIENCES LIFE ON BOARD IS QUITE PLACID. PASSAGE AND FOOD ARE FREE BUT FOR THIS WE HAVE TO ENTERTAIN THE CAPTAIN AND THE FIRST MATE.



BARBIE SAYS THE CAPTAIN IS A RUDE AND GODLESS GUY. ANYWAY, BOOZE IS ON HIS BREATH BIG TIME BUT HE IS A HARMLESS AND CHILDISH DRUNKARD COMPARED TO THE FIRST MATE.



BECAUSE THE FIRST MATE LOOKS REALLY DANGEROUS.



Edda



SMACK!



Barbie



SUNDAY, 14 APRIL. TAMPA, FLORIDA. FINALLY, THE USA. AND NOW UP TO ATLANTA.







WE TAKE YOU TO THE COUNTY-BORDER.



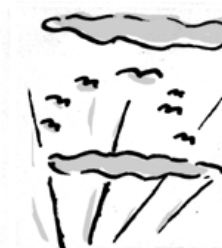
FROM THERE ANOTHER POLICE CAR WILL TAKE YOU ...



UH, GREAT! THANKS!



WE DON'T WANT TO FIND YOU MURDERED SOMEWHERE BACKROADS. TOO MUCH WORK FOR US





I'M SHURE THERE ARE CARS HEADING FOR ATLANTA.

I SUGGEST WE GO THERE

IF NEEDS MUST ...





ATLANTA, GEORGIA. 16 APRIL. AFTER 40 HOURS ON THE ROAD NON-STOP WE FINALLY ARRIVE AT JON'S PLACE. A PARTY IS IN FULL SWING. WE'LL STAY HERE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS. MY FEET FEEL LIKE COTTON WOOL.







THAT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME HERE... WE COULD GO UPSTAIRS TO JON'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT. IT'S QUIET THERE.

YEAH, SILENCE WOULD BE NICE. BUT JON SAID THE APARTMENT IS OFF-LIMITS.

SURE, I AM LUCKY... NOW LET'S SE
IDYBUM... THE
MORE OF YOUR BUSINESS. ANYWAY, YOU SHOULD GET RID
COOL
HAT'S NEXT. I WANT TO CHANGE TO ARTSCHOOL. THEY PAYED FOR COURSES
WOULD BE ON A
OUR BOSS
FINA
LOBBY WA
I
VONWA
JUST
ELECTRONICS TH
DONT STOP
THEM
TRAPPE
IGAR
DROPP
THE NAVY OBLI
SOME REAS
GASP... EXPLODE...
ION
COME ON...
OT EXPE
HE HELL
DON
CA
AN GET BUSTED FOR THAT RECENTLY THEY BOMBED A SAWMILL IN BRITISH NIGERIA. IT!



BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY. AND I'M SURE JON HAS OTHER PRIORITIES NOW. IT'S ALMOST DISGUSTING HOW HE'S DEALING WITH THE GIRL.

SO LET'S GO! I'LL TAKE THE TORCH FROM THE BACK PACK.

WINNING A FILM PROJECT ABOUT SOLDIERS WHO WERE IN DESERT STORM
F. BUMBIDDY
I KNOW SOME DESERT STORM
PLINK...
GREG, FOR EXAMPLE HE WENT CRAZY, NICK AND JOHNNY ARE
MAYBE... BETTER...
EKS ALIENATE
BUM BIDDY, PL
DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO THE
MY DAMNED
HERE DID I
STUPID DOG! SO RICH
WIEF!



THE BASS OF THE MUSIC IS SILENTLY PUMPING INTO THE UPPER PART OF THE HOUSE THROUGH THE CARPETED FLOOR.







SILENCE, FINALLY. ONLY THE CREAKING OF THE FLOORS
AND THE RUSTLING OF THE SHEETS.



THE CONE OF LIGHT WAS FLOATING OVER THE BELONGINGS OF A STRAGER. OBJECTS WERE MOVING TO THE CENTER OF ATTENTION FOR AN EPHEMERAL MOMENT.



"IS THE GULF WAR ALREADY OVER, FOR THAT MATTER?"
"I DON'T KNOW," BARBIE WHISPERED.



" THERE ARE LETTERS ! "



"LOOK AT THIS REFRIGERATOR! HAVE YOU
EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS ONE?"

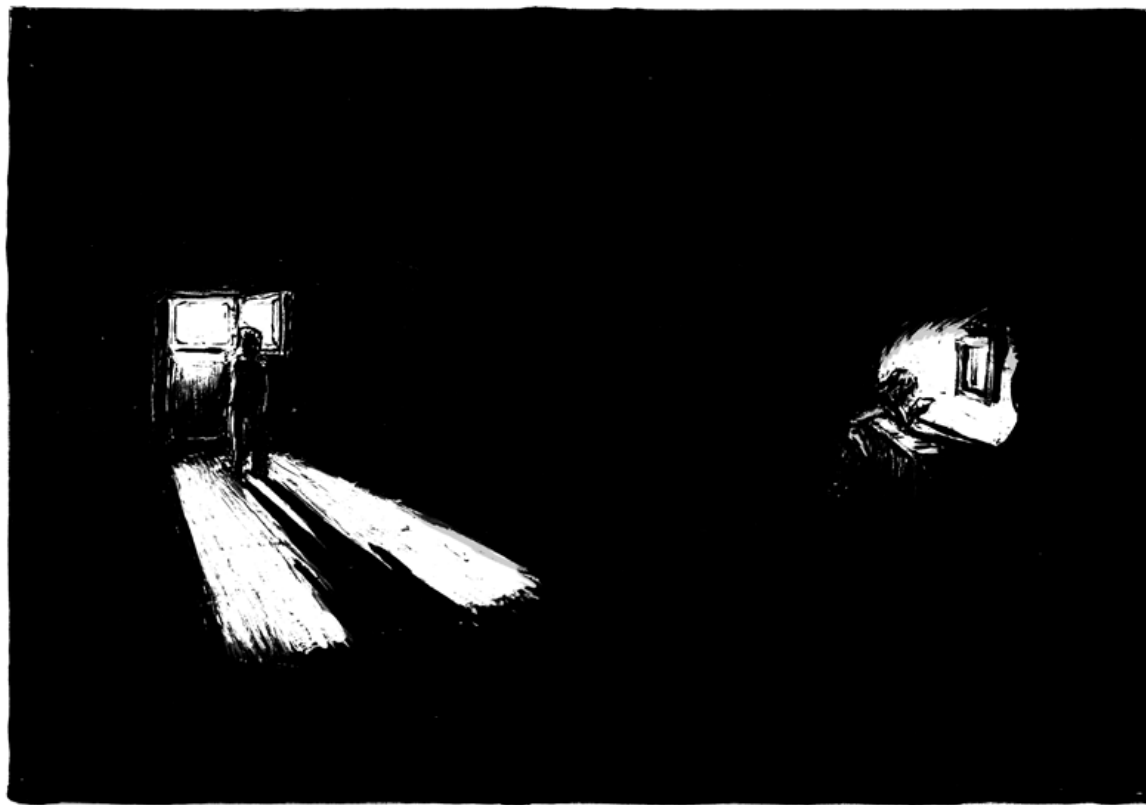


"ONE DAY I WANT TO HAVE A FRIDGE LIKE THIS ONE IN MY KITCHEN TOO."
"HEY! TURN THE LIGHT ON! I JUST WANTED TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE LETTERS!"

"TAKE THE LAMP AND LIGHT YOUR WAY YOURSELF."







IT SLOWLY BECAME APPARENT. SOON THE GIRLS WOULD GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS.



THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE FUTURE.



(NEXT: " PRAIRIE SEX SKETCHES!")



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