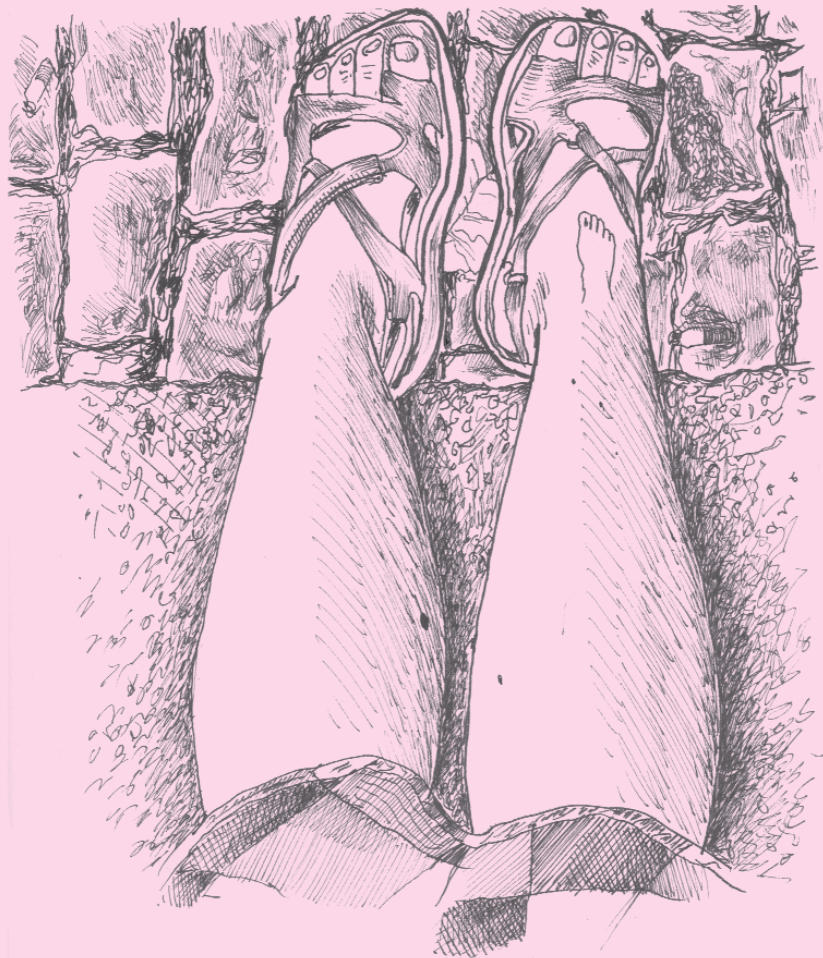


# EXISTENCES PARALLÈLES COMICS

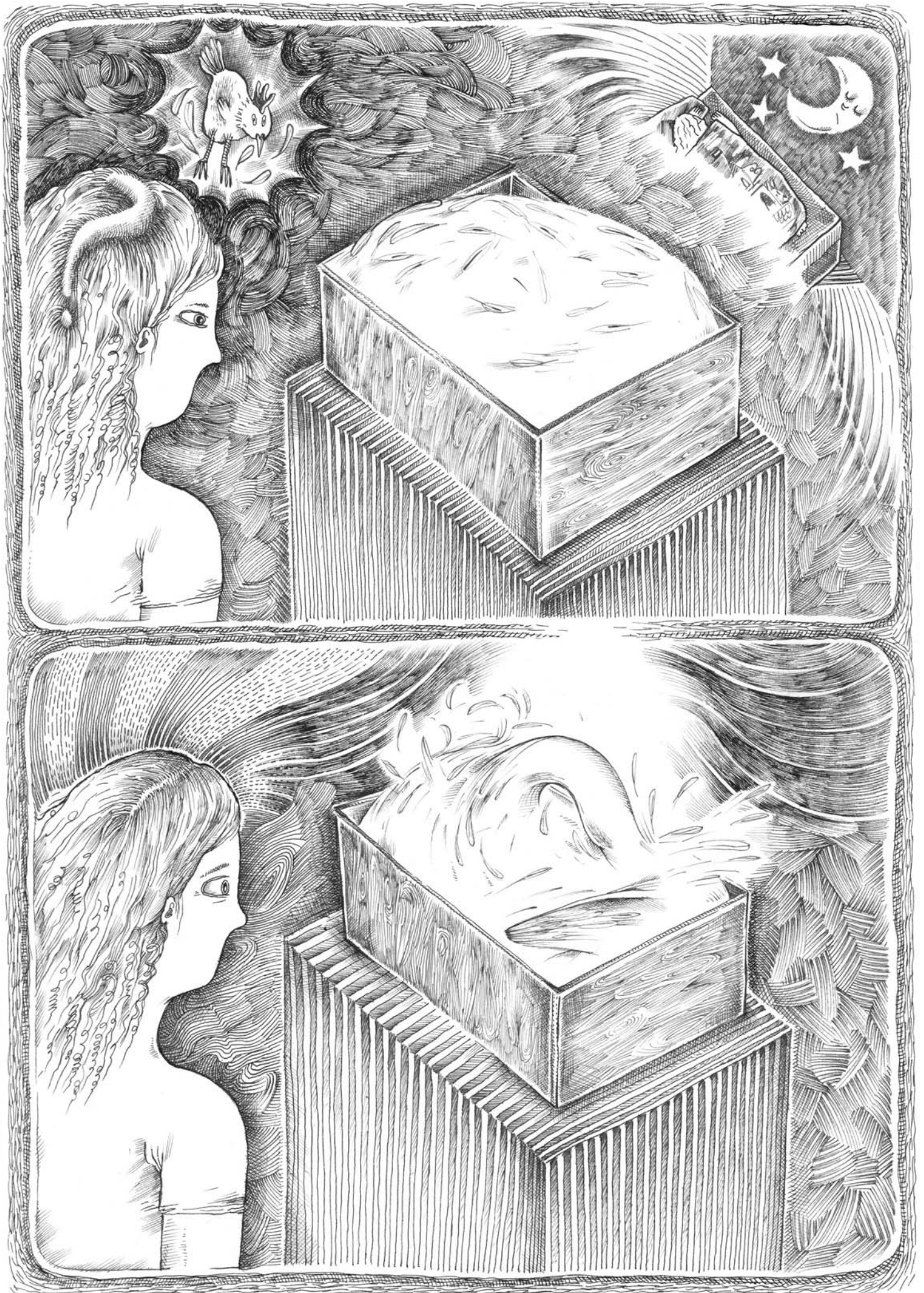


✂ BY NOGA RAUCH

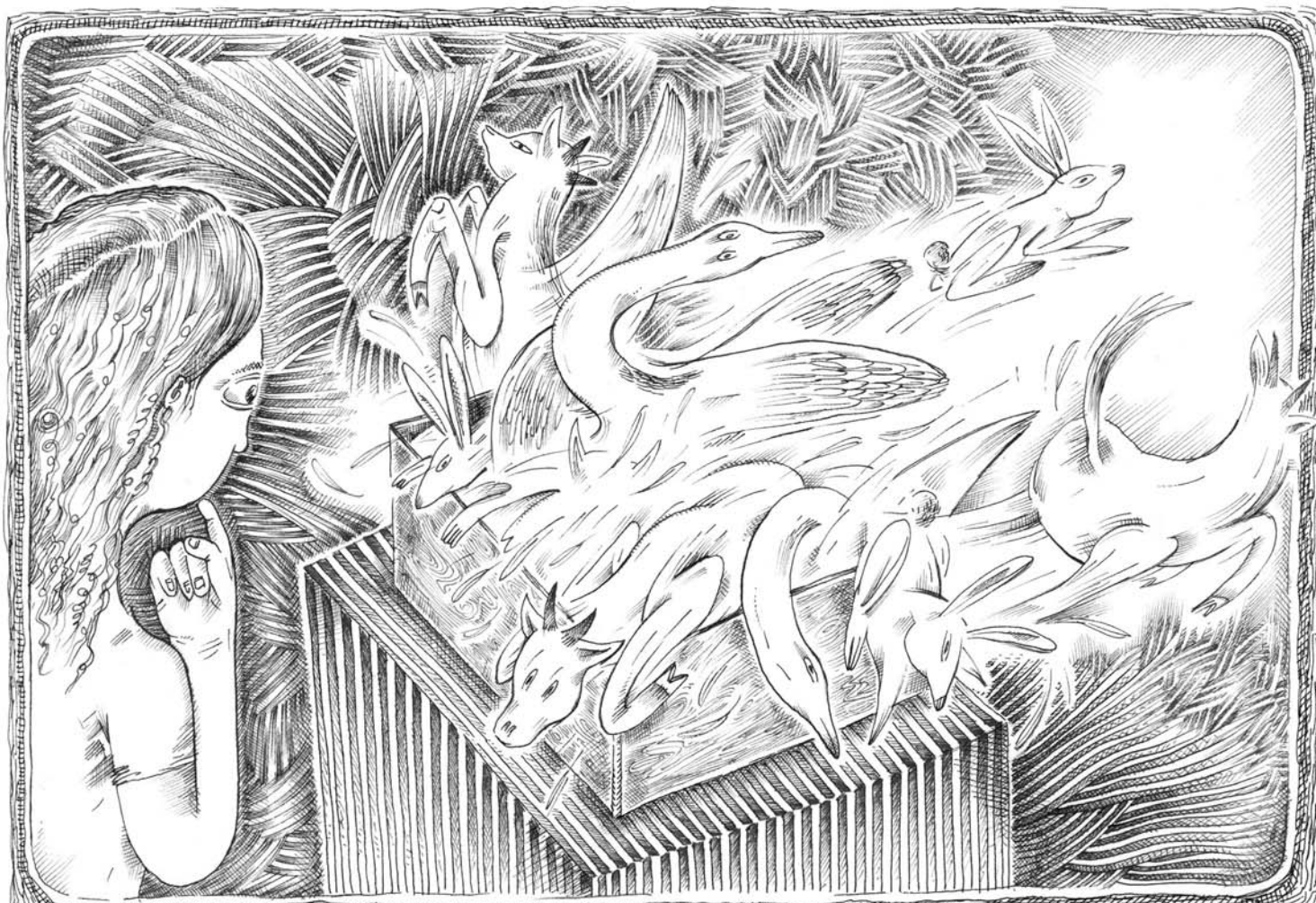




A DREAM THAT GOT STUCK IN MY HEAD FOR A FEW DAYS



















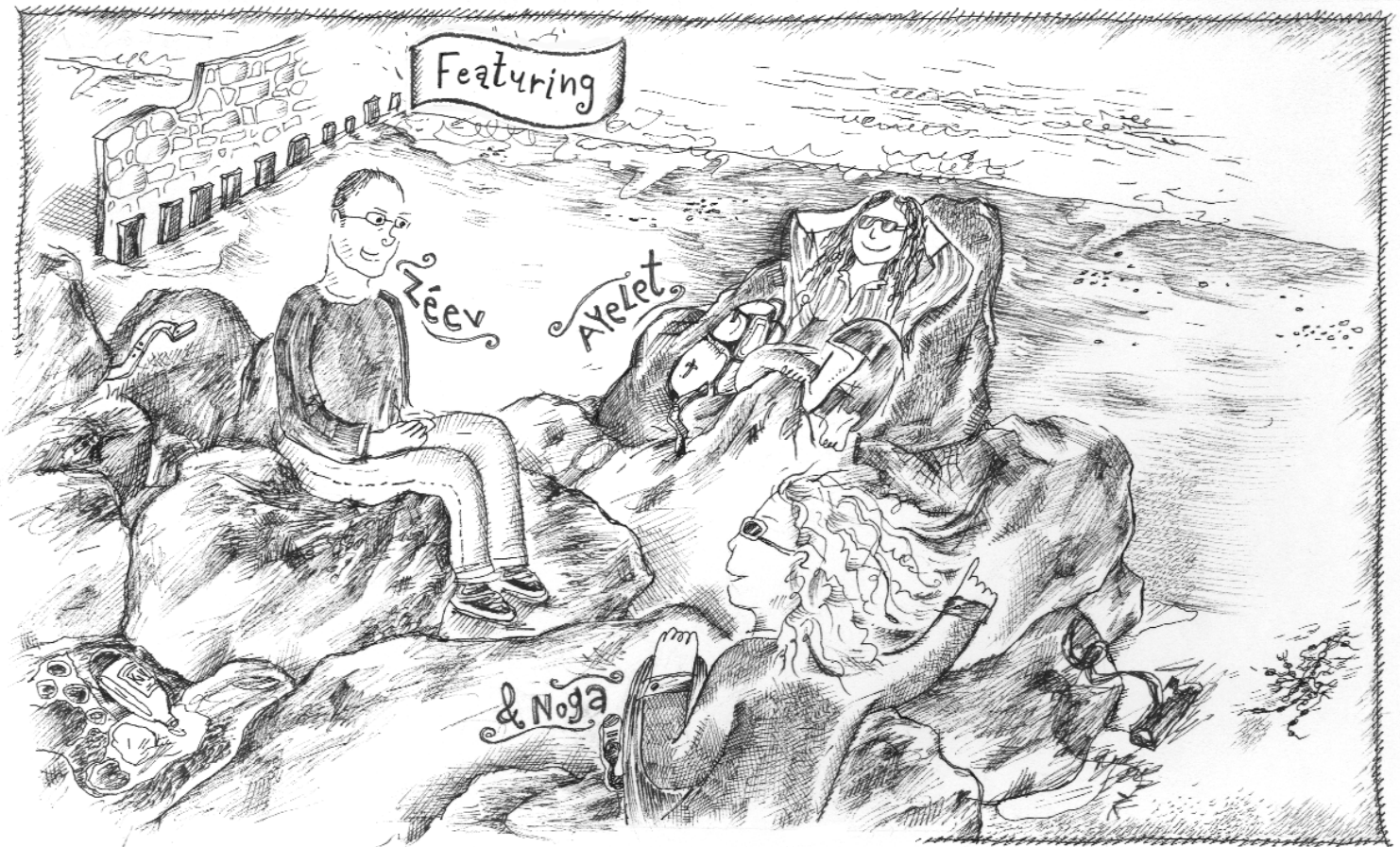
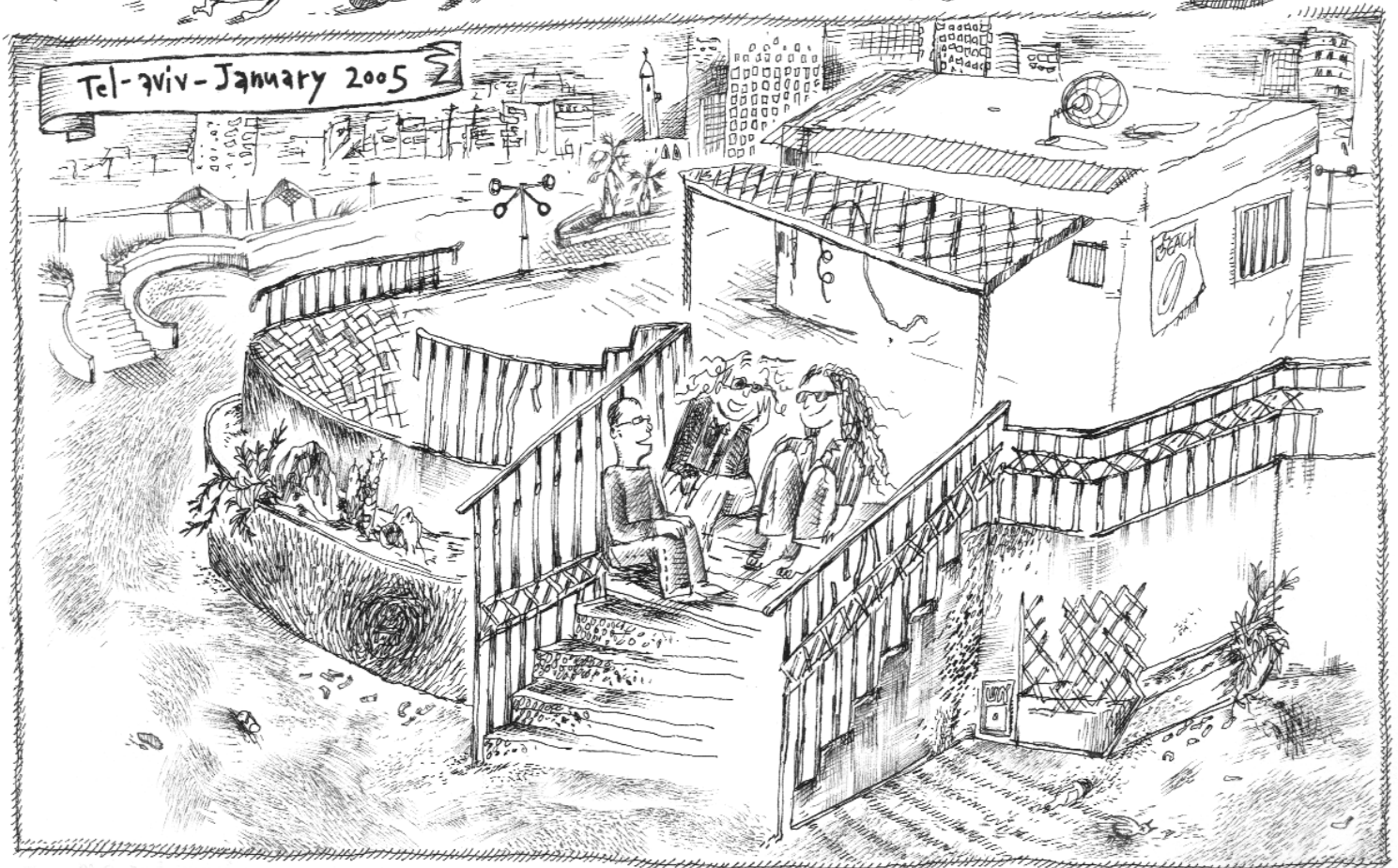




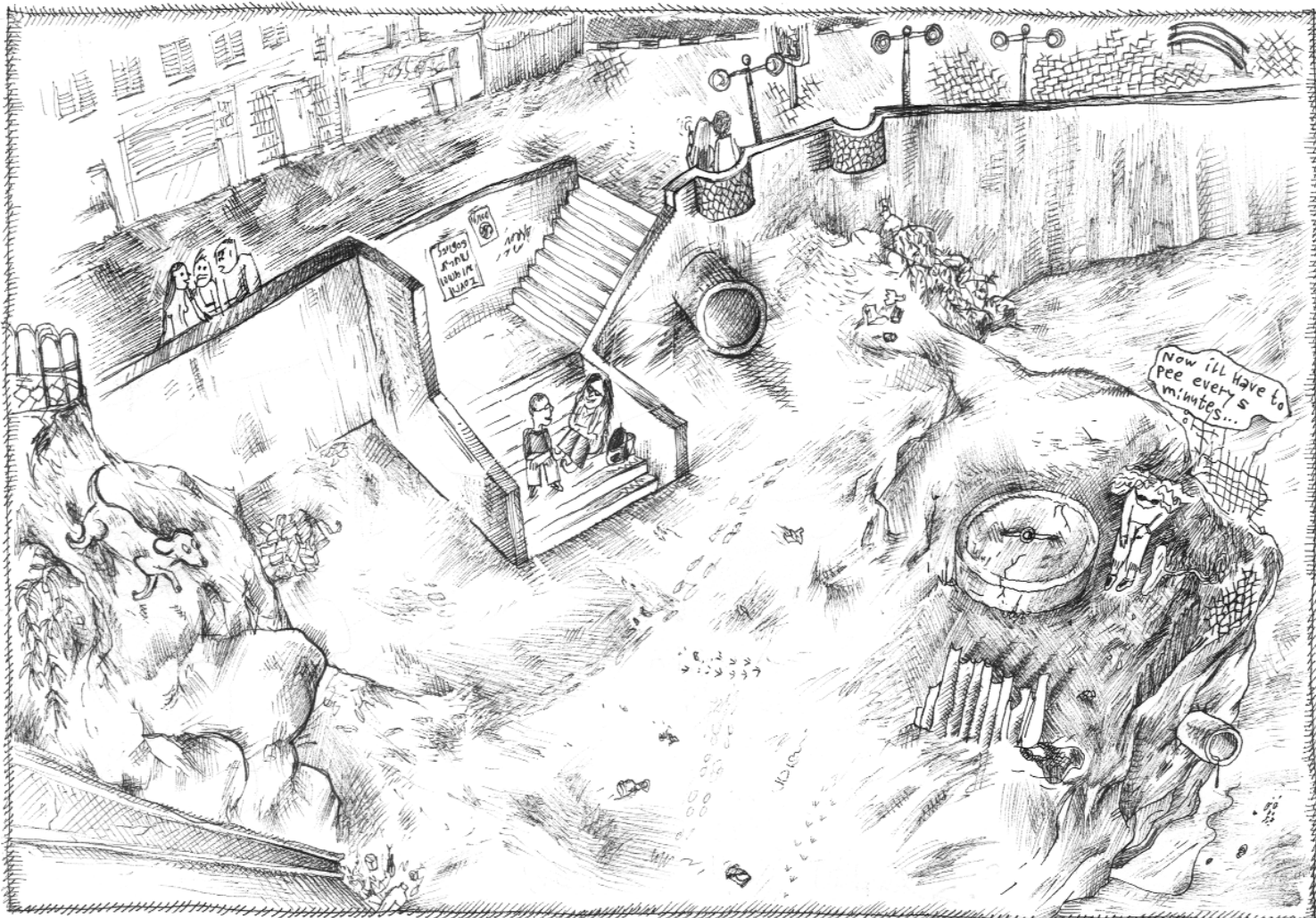
AND I KNEW THE CIRCUS COUPLE WERE THE PARENTS OF SOMEONE...



# Acid day of fun



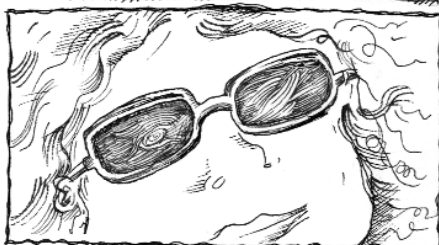
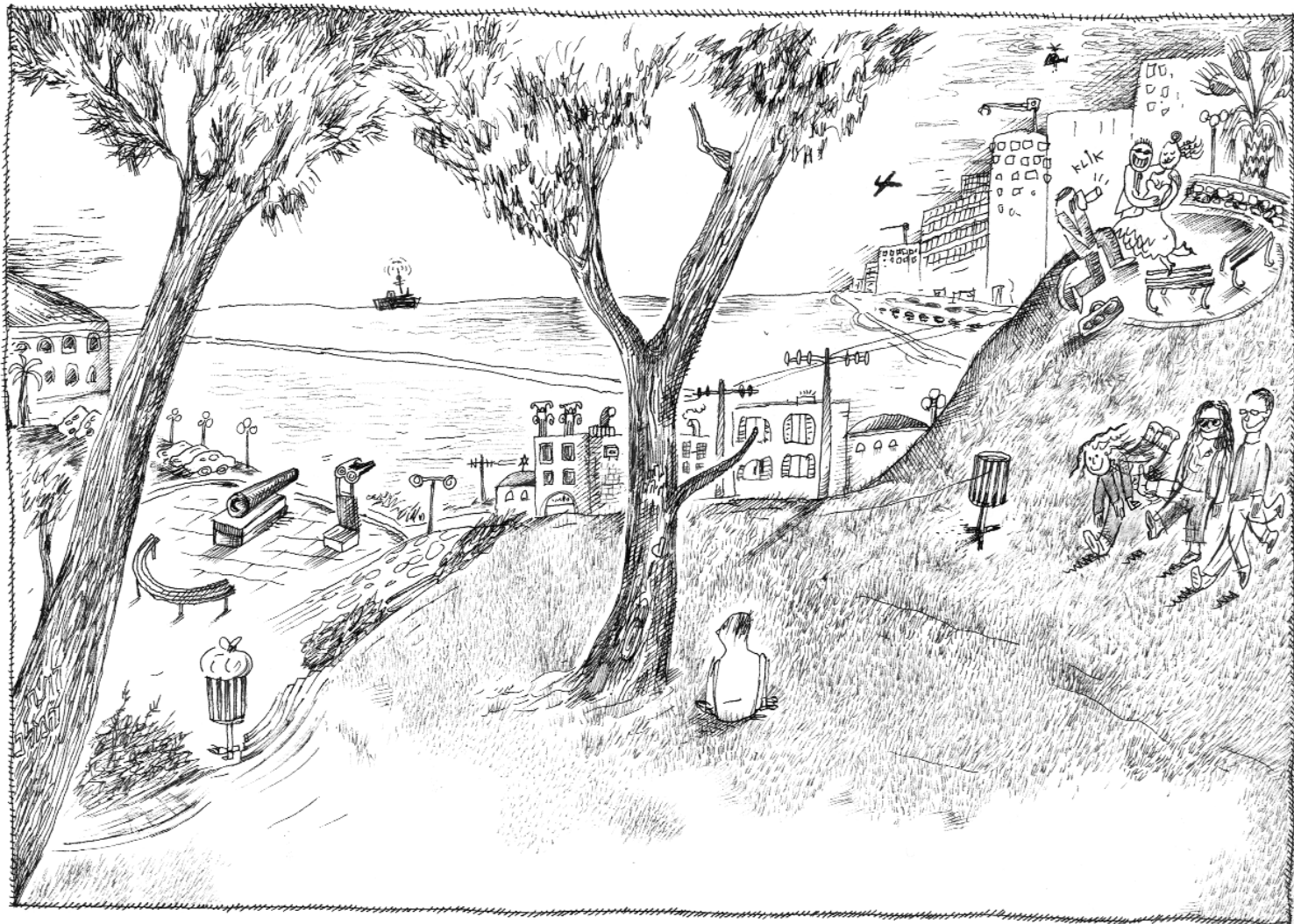








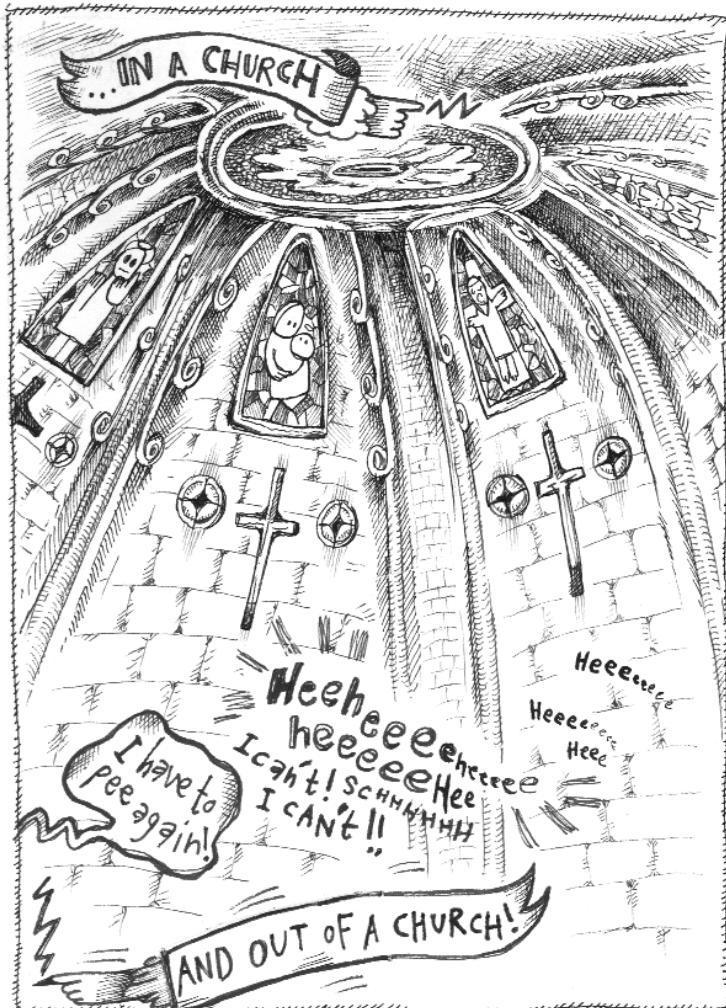




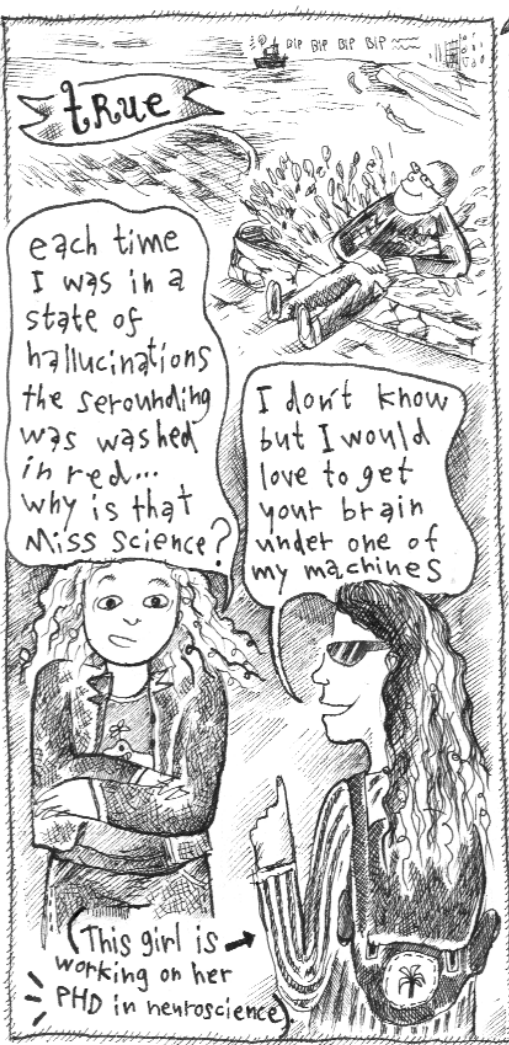












True

each time I was in a state of hallucinations the surrounding was washed in red... why is that Miss Science?

I don't know but I would love to get your brain under one of my machines

(This girl is working on her PHD in neuroscience)



a memory

ONCE WE WERE IN HOLLAND IN THE STRANGELY IDEAL LOOKING TOWN CALLED MAASTRICHT

Wow

What?

This Red tree is so beautiful... it's glowing!!! and the branches move like silver worms...

I don't see any of it, but you have a blast...



IT WAS COLD SO WE WENT TO A BAR (THAT LOOKED LIKE A HOBBITS HANG-OUT).

I figured out the sixties

I'm going to watch my reflection in the toilet's mirror you want to come?

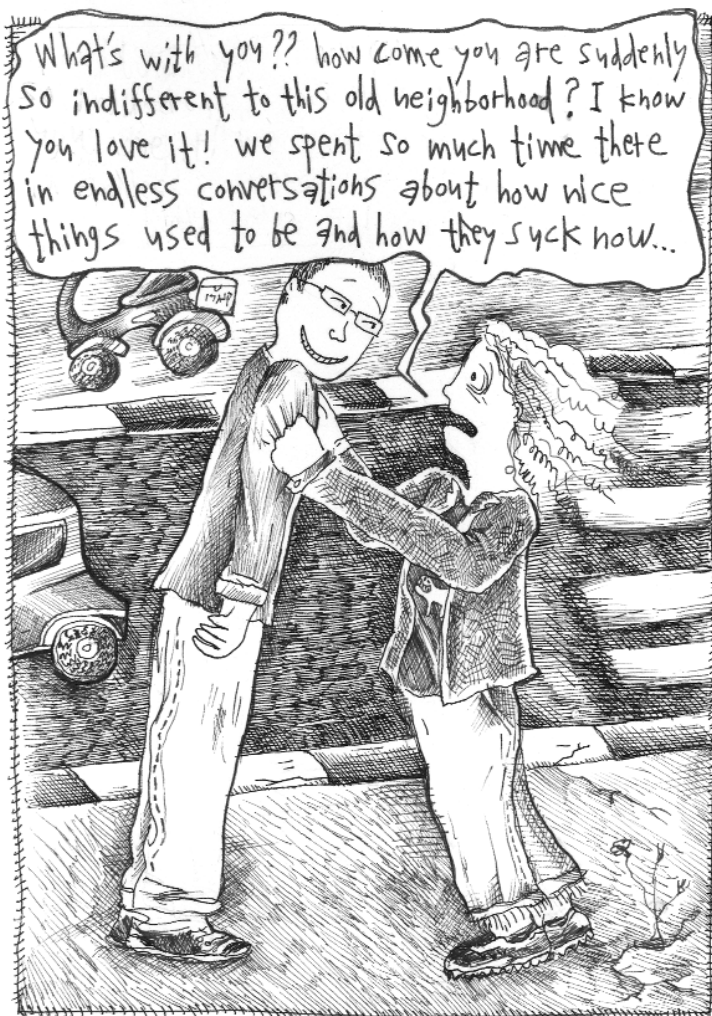
No thanks... I tried that a few minutes ago... I looked like Aphex twin... too scary... I'll be just happy here inside my red tea



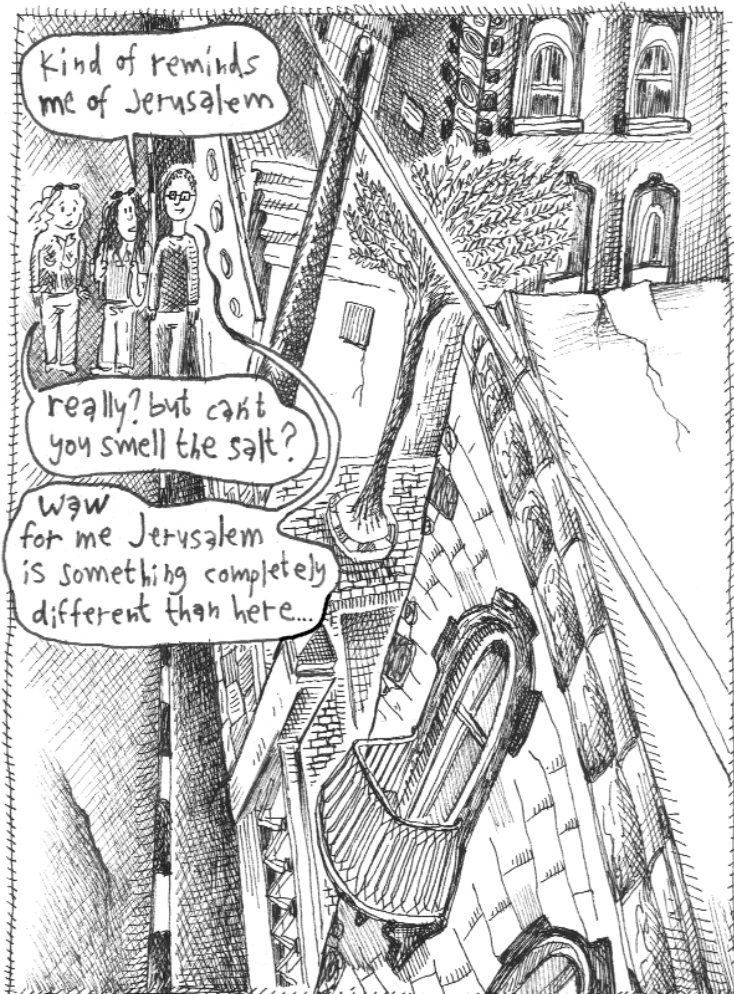
hey, don't you find the red color of this bush to be a bit exaggerated?

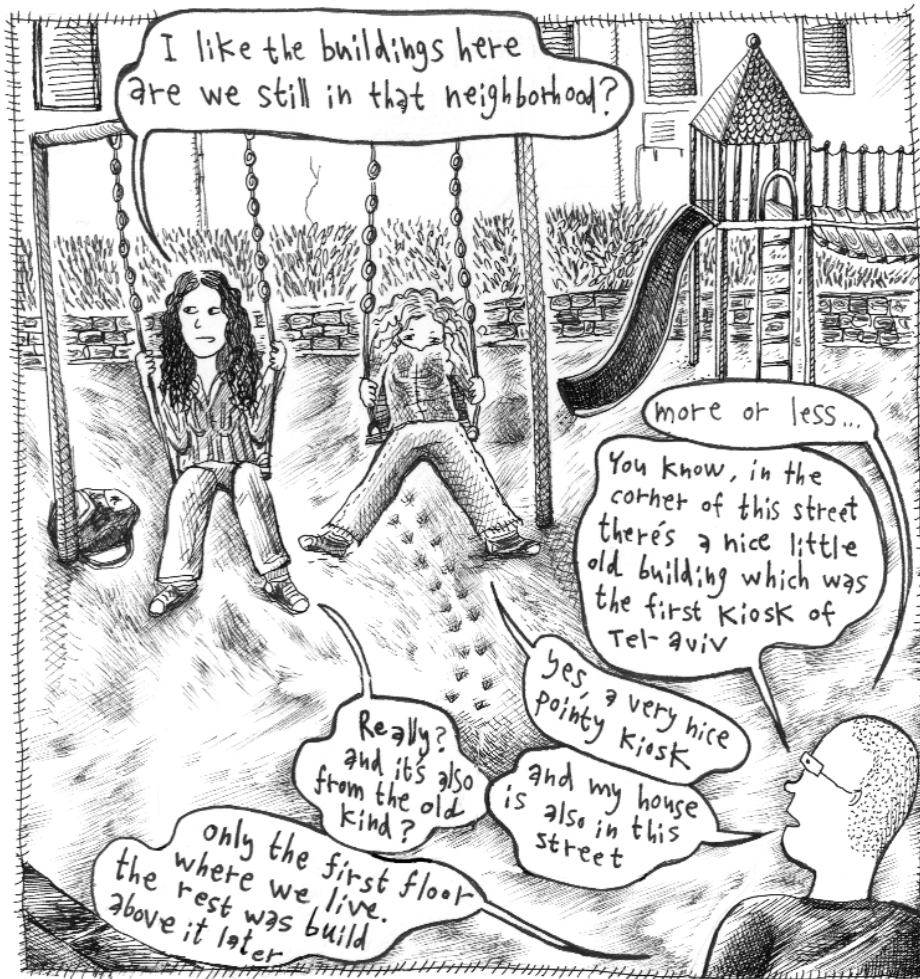






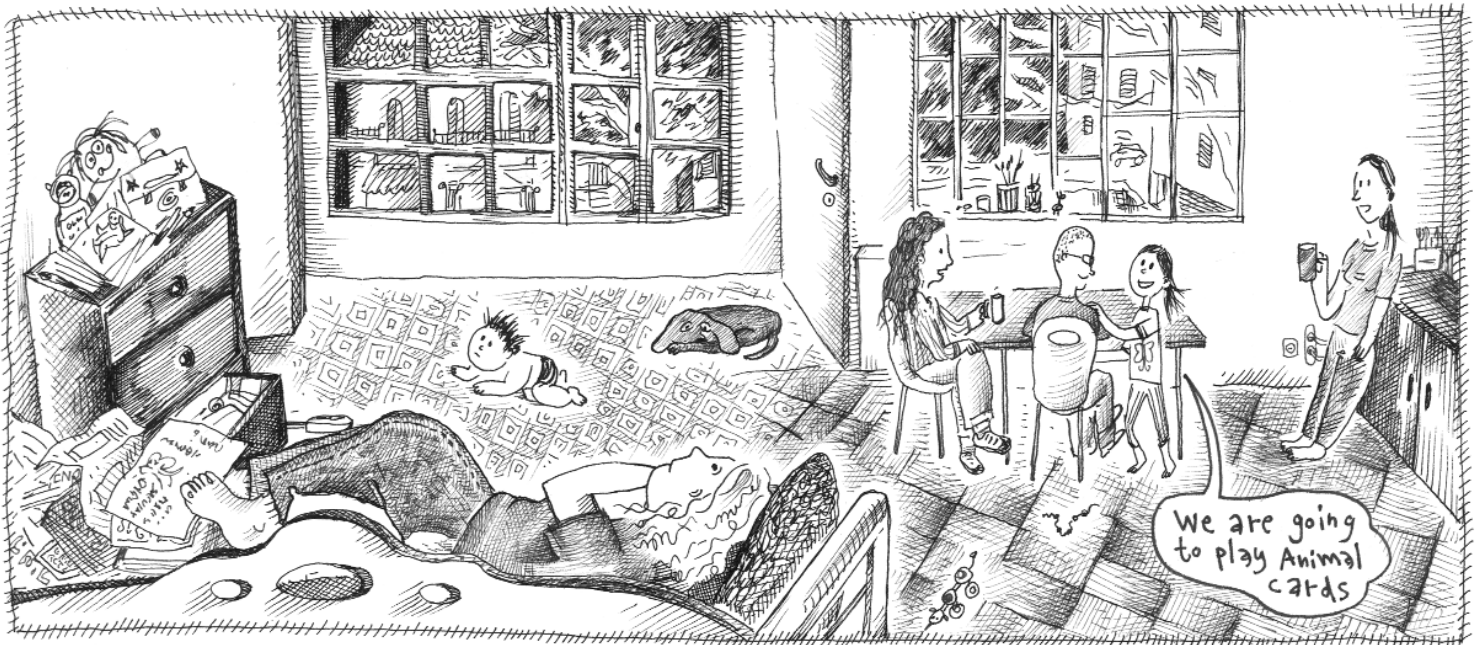




















grymets violaceens

POUR ME DIRE  
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ou des lettres  
j'adore des lettres

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75010, Paris

N.R. MARS 2006



ONCE WE HAD A NIGHT PICNIC ON THE RIVER BANK. NOT FAR FROM US STOOD A FISHERMAN. I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT HIM, IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD SEEN SOMEONE FISHING IN THE SEINE. SO I WENT OVER TO SEE IF HE ALREADY HAD SOMETHING IN HIS BUCKET BUT THERE WAS NOTHING THERE ASIDE FROM WATER. I WAS WONDERING WHAT KIND OF FISH YOU CAN FIND THERE ANYWAY? THERE IS NO WAY YOU CAN LOCATE THEM IN THAT DARK WATER. I ASKED HIM IF HE EVER CATCHES ANYTHING. HE NODDED AND SAID IN A CHINESE ACCENT THAT HE CATCHES ALL SORT OF THINGS BUT BECAUSE OF THE ACCENT I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT.



SUDDENLY SOMEONE NOTICED THAT THE FISHERMAN HAD CAUGHT AN EEL. NOT SOME ORDINARY LOOK OF A FISH BUT AN EEL! THE FISHERMAN SAID HE IS GOING TO COOK IT.

AND THAT'S IT. NOTHING MORE INTERESTING HAPPENED IN THAT PICNIC.

