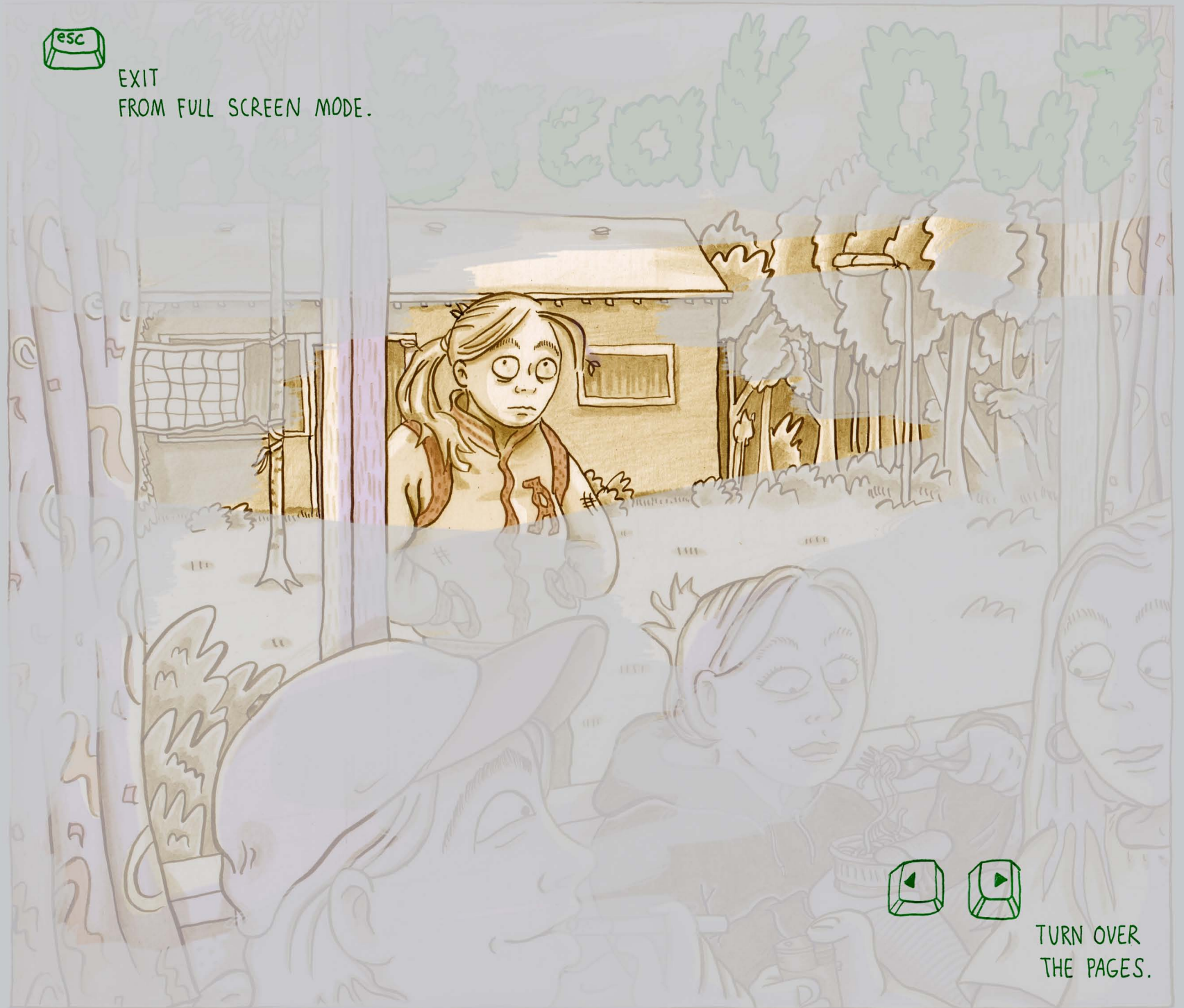
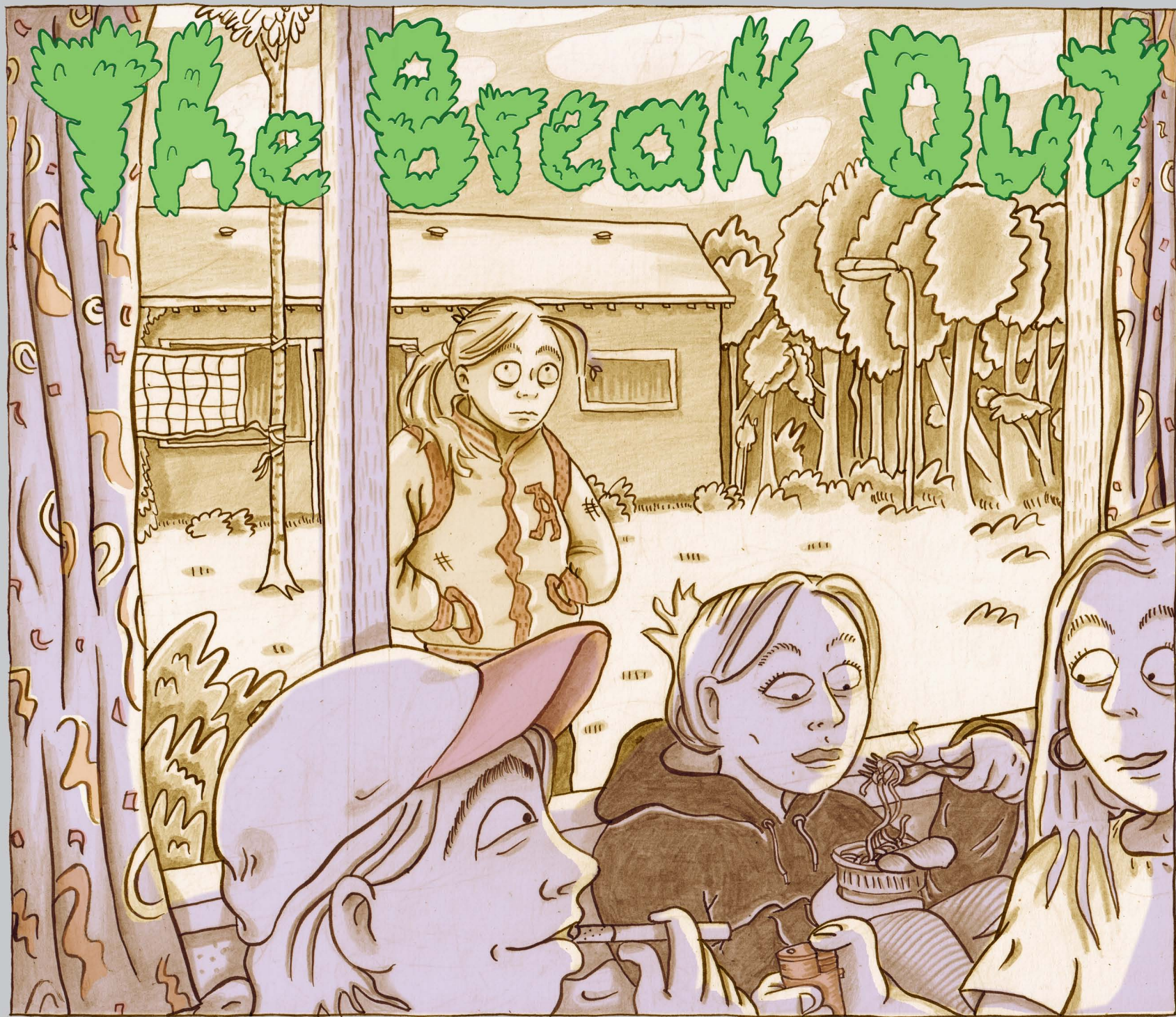




EXIT
FROM FULL SCREEN MODE.



TURN OVER
THE PAGES.



BY ANNA BAS BACKER 2011

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY HUNG
WITH CHEAP REPRINTS OF POPULAR
ART, WAS THE COMMUNAL TV-ROOM.



AND WITHIN IT, COMMUNAL IRRITATIONS.

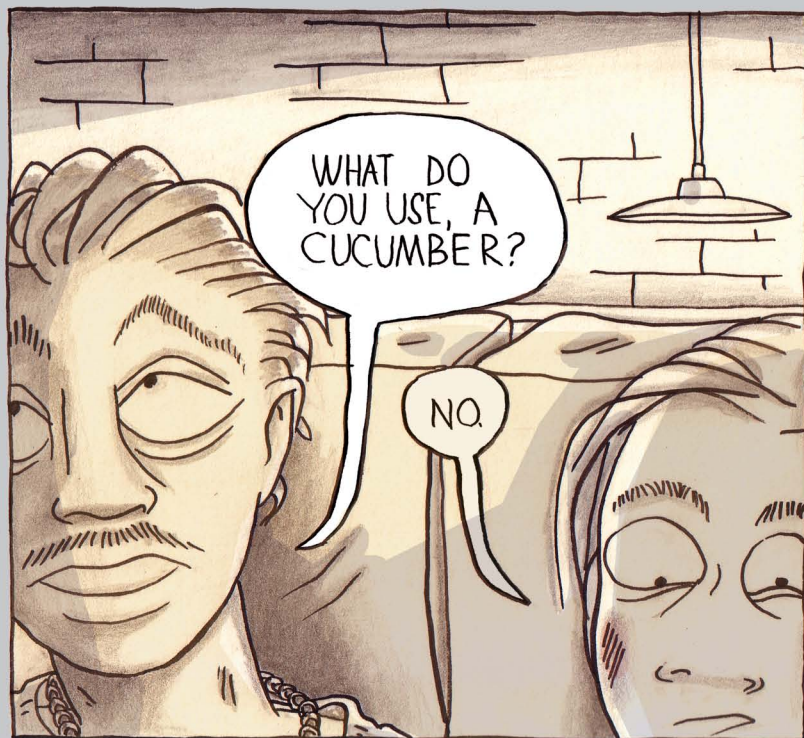


DO YOU HAVE A VIBRATOR?

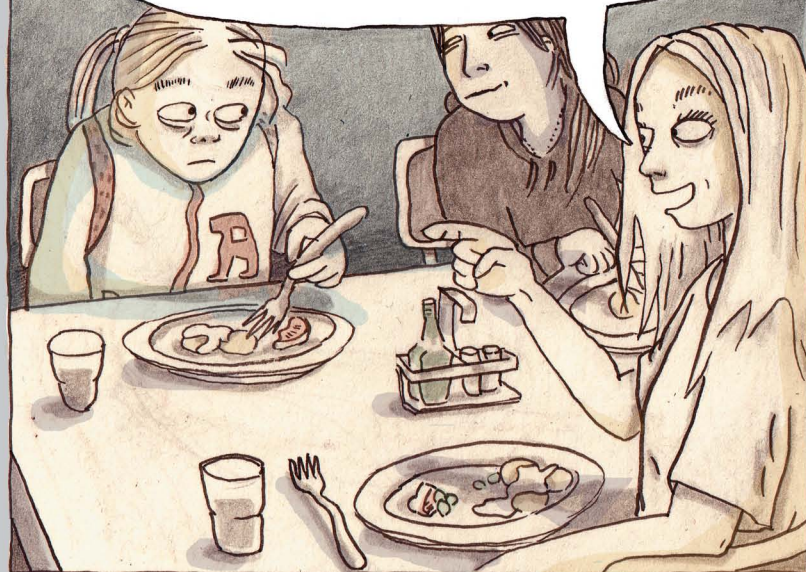


NO.





I WONDER WHAT HER NAME WAS
WHEN SHE WAS ALIVE. BELLA
THE COW? DORIS?



I DIDN'T LIKE JOKING AROUND. I
COULD NEVER THINK OF WHAT TO SAY.

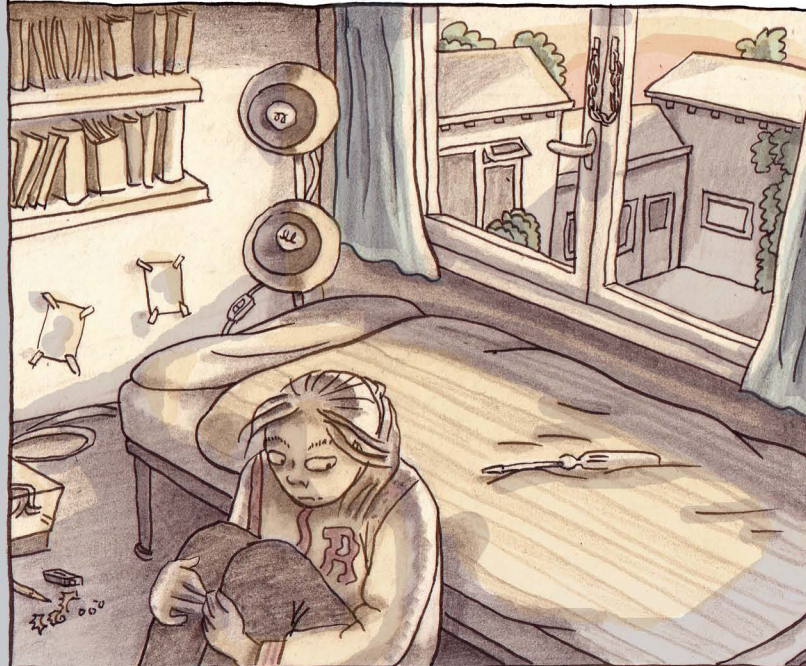
EHM... I...
I GUESS...



SOMETIMES I WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE
SO BAD THAT THE WALLS OF MY ROOM
DIDN'T OFFER THE PROPER PROTECTION.



I LONGED TO BE OUTSIDE.



AFTER DINNER THE BOARDING HOUSE
USUALLY STARTED BUZZING.



GIVE ME THE KEYS TO YOUR MOPED

IF I GIVE THEM, YOU'LL
GET ME GRASS, OK?

MAYBE, MAYBE NOT.



SHE SHOULD GET THE BEER. A SIX-PACK
WOULD FIT PERFECTLY ON HER BIG-

FUCK YOU

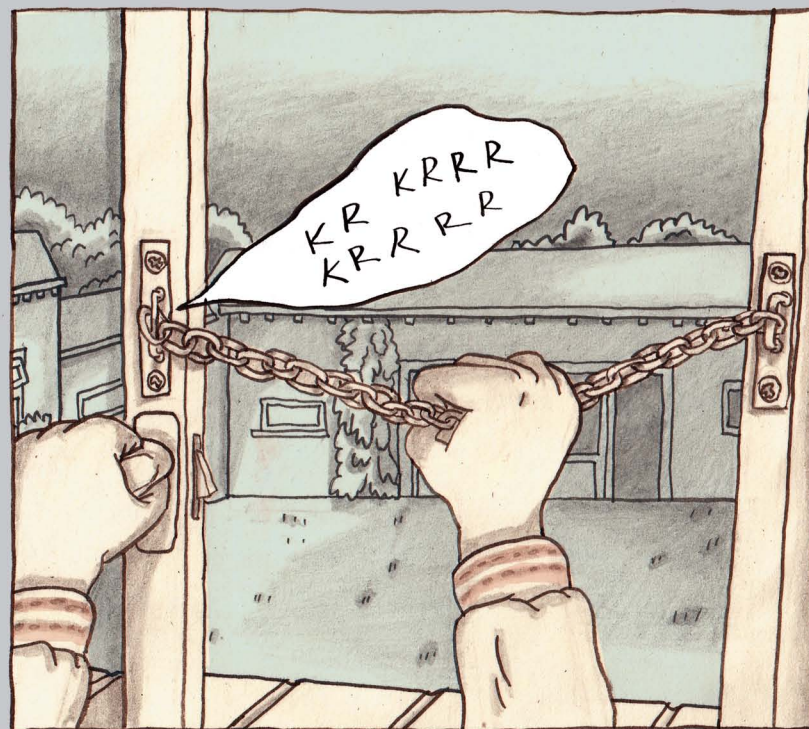
HU HU HU



HOLD YOUR SWEAT. I
GOT YOUR WEED.

YOU'RE LUCKY,
I WOULD'VE KICKED
YOUR WHITE ASS











I DON'T THINK THE MAN IN THE PARK THAT NIGHT HAD REALLY BEEN ANY FORM OF A THREAT.

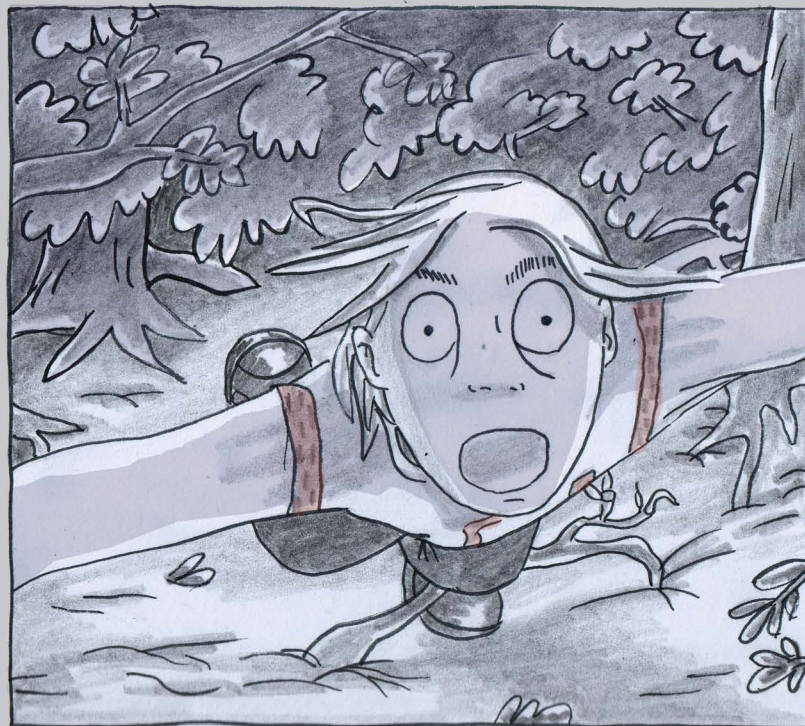


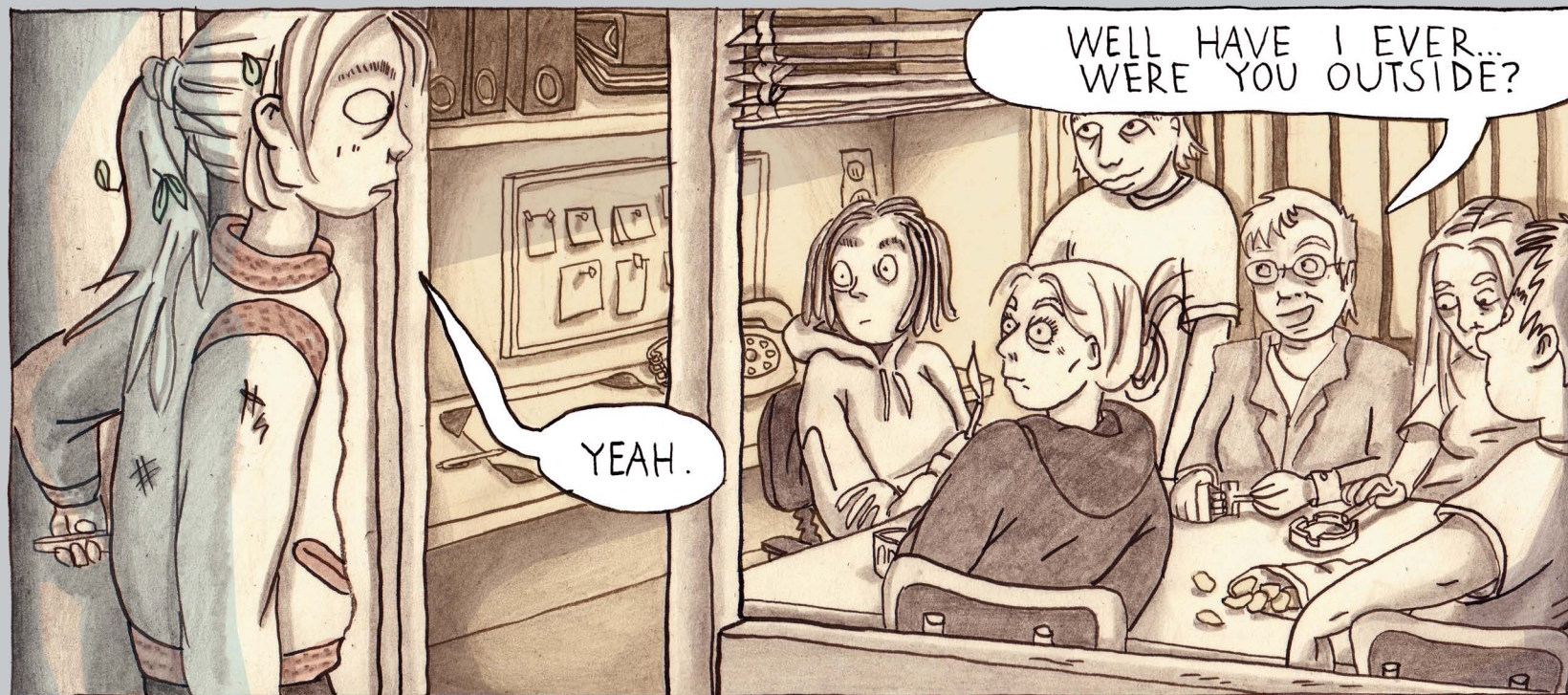
BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE SIGHT OF HIM *WAS*. IT TOLD ME THAT 'ONLY THE MALADJUSTED HANG OUT IN PROVINCIAL PARKS ALONE AT NIGHT!'

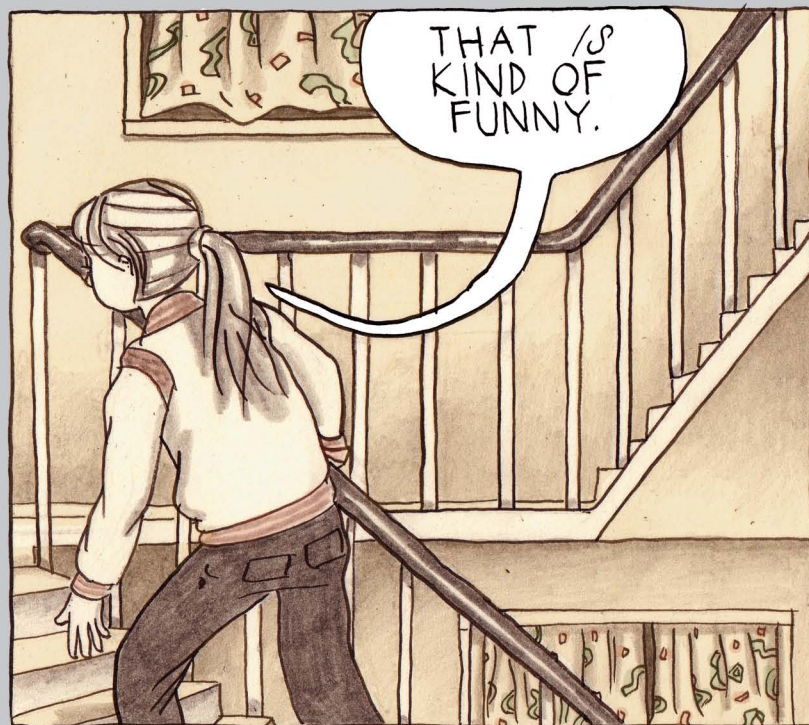
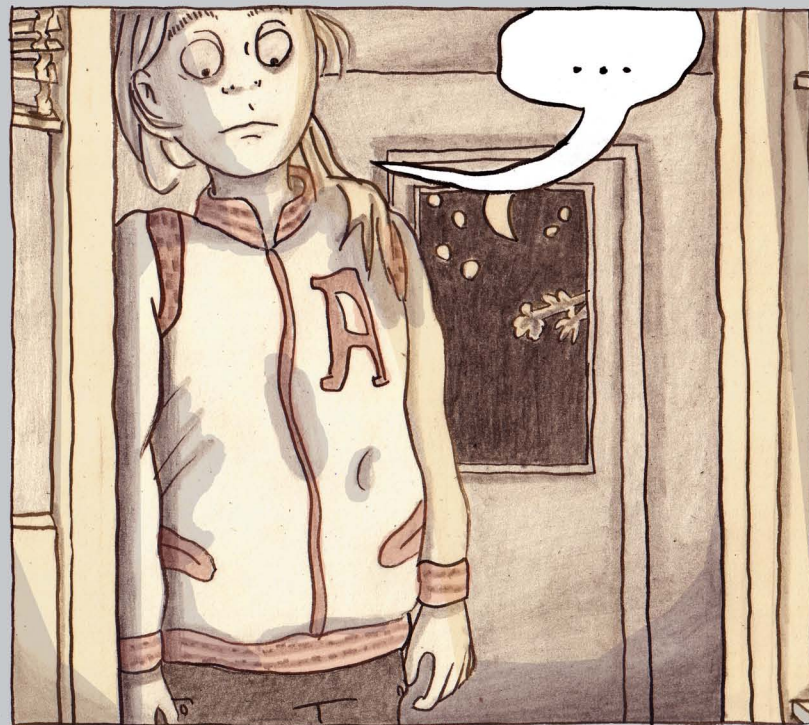


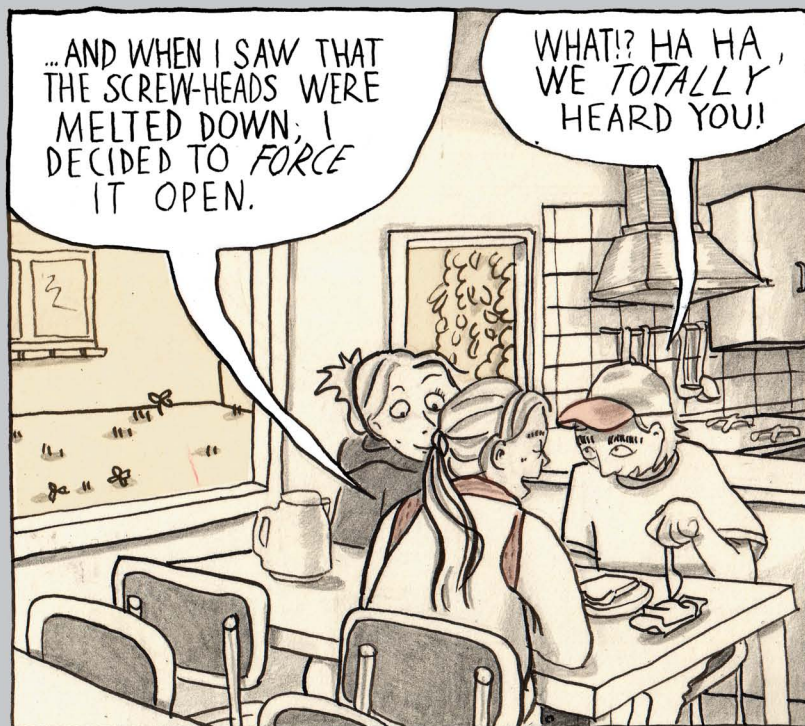


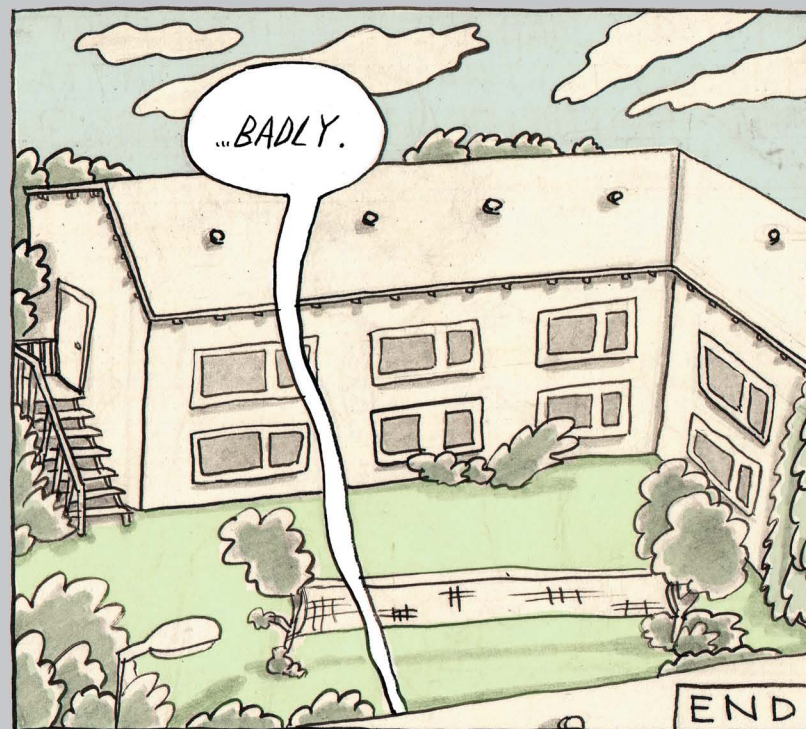
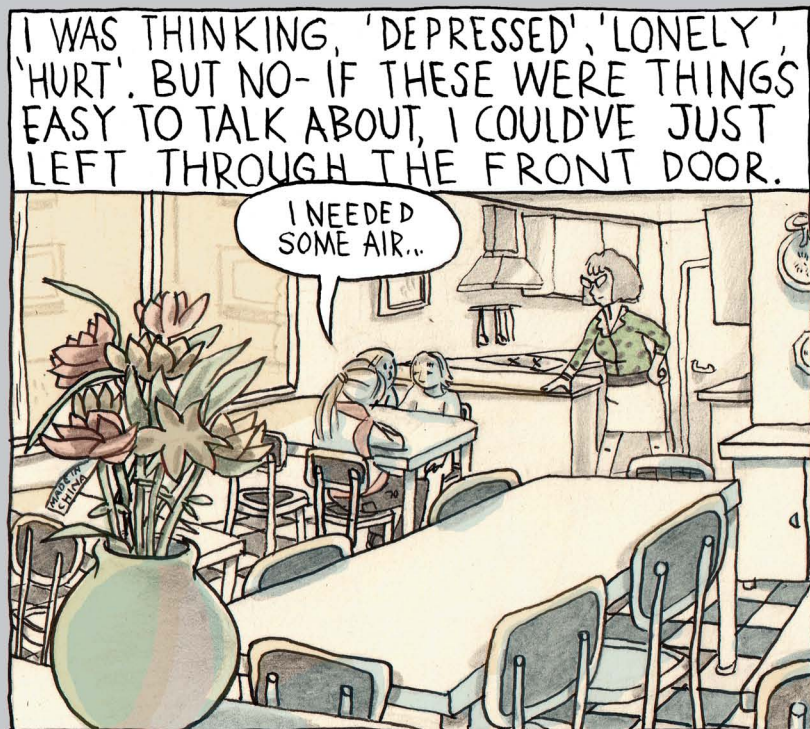
OR MAYBE I HAD JUST WANTED
TO RUN.











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