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Lunatica

by Nico Z Balboa





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YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A
NATURAL
WOMAN



NICOZ '0



FOR LONG
TIME I
ASK TO
MYSELF
WHAT TO
DO TO BE
MORE...

...FEMMININE?

BUT SLIM-FIT
JEANS DIDN'T
MADE ME
MORE
"WOMAN"
SO I STARTED
TO BUY
SHOES
(AND SHOES)
(AND SHOES)



BUT
NOT
EVEN
A
STILETTO
MADE ME A
WOMAN...



FOR
YEAR I
TOUGHT
ABOUT A
SOLUTION
...AND
THE
SOLUTION
WAS
JUST UNDER
MY
NOSE!!



WICH
OBJECT
COULD
WAKE UP
IN ME
THE
"WOMAN'S
BEING"?

NICOZ 07



SO I
SLOWLY
APPROACH
TO SOME
KIND OF
GIRLISH
JEANS...

AND
SO...
TODAY
I'VE
BOUGHT
THE THING
THAT
FINALLY
FINALLY
MADE
OF ME
A
WOMAN!



AN
IRONING
TABLE!

LET'S
HAVE
A
PARTY!



NICOZ 07





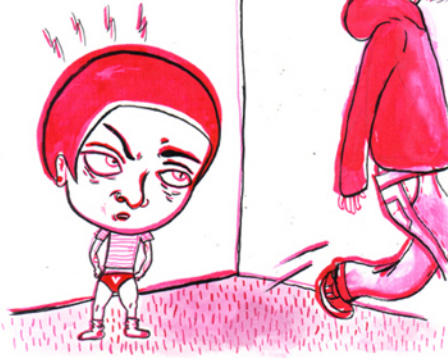
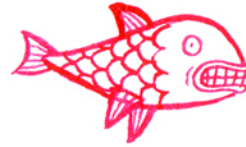




LOVE







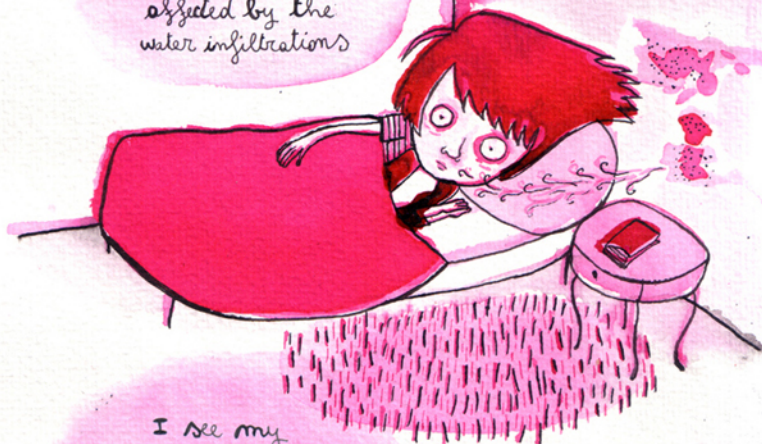
STAY
REBEL



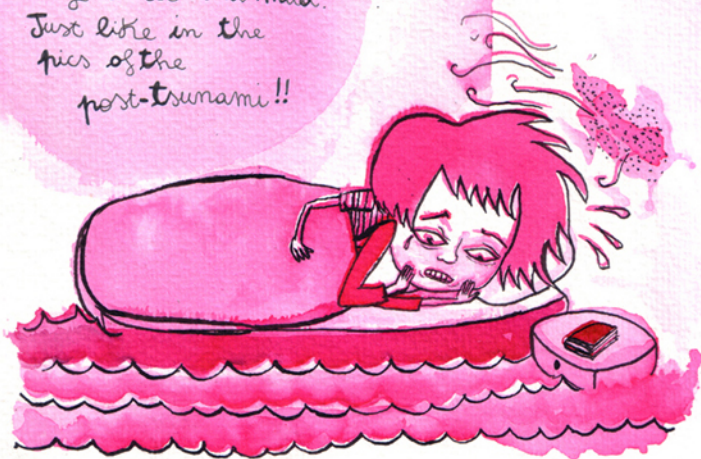


the mold's spots.

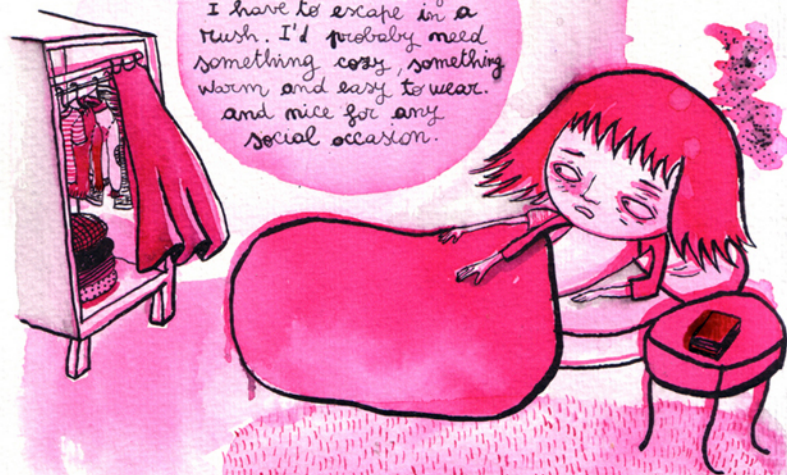
it rains
and my
room smells
like mold
and I can't sleep. I'm
afraid that my house
will crumble down.
affected by the
water infiltrations



I see my
room invaded
by water and mud.
Just like in the
pics of the
post-tsunami!!



and I suddenly
start thinking
at what I'd wear if
I have to escape in a
rush. I'd probably need
something cozy, something
warm and easy to wear.
and nice for any
social occasion.



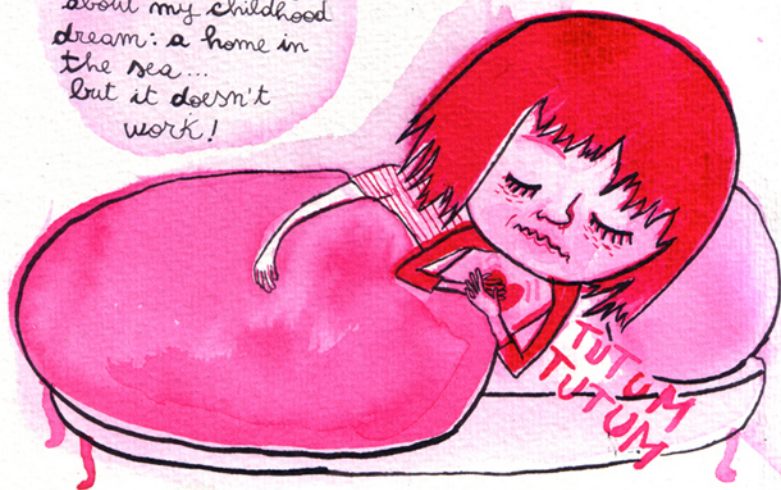
and what I'd
bring with me?
which things would I save?
the books? my
vinyl records? or my
paintings?



I try to lay down
but the mold's smell
stay in my nose...and
I can't sleep and my
heart beats so
fast!



I try to
cheer myself thinking
about my childhood
dream: a home in
the sea...
but it doesn't
work!

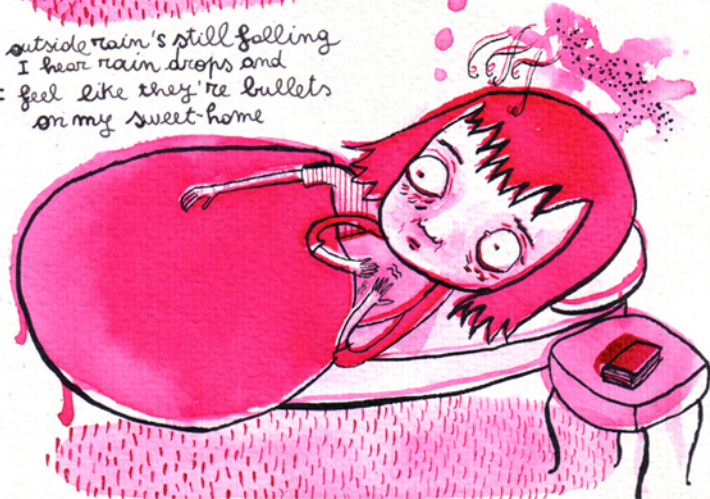


my heart still beats
so fast. but I can
fight against the
heart attack by pressing
my hands on my
chest very
firmly

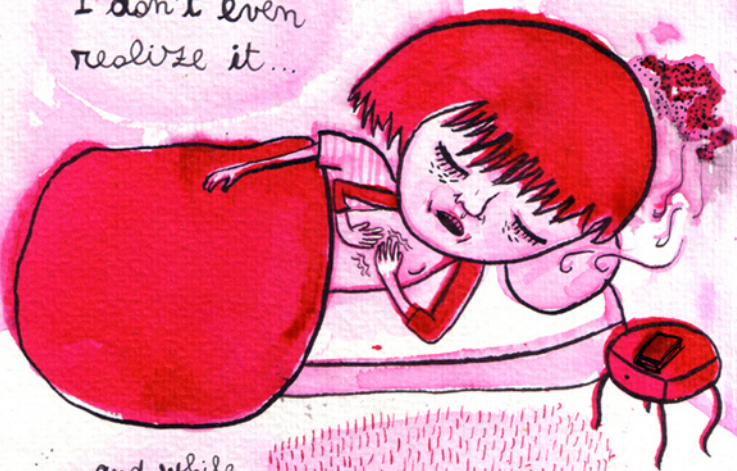


if I stop
pressing
I die

outside rain's still falling
I hear rain drops and
I feel like they're bullets
on my sweet-home



but then, I
fall asleep and
I don't even
realize it...



and while
I sleep my
arms relax and
fall down and I stop
to press on
my chest



by the
way I
don't even
die...

and
when the
morning after I
wake up ... I
don't remember
the mold
and not
even the
heart attack
and I
say:



it is so
romantic to stay
at home with a
storm outside!



the
end

a real story by Nicoz
Belloa



5 things you don't know about me







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