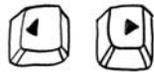




TODAY IS THE LAST DAY of the rest of your life
chapter five (of twenty)



turn over the pages



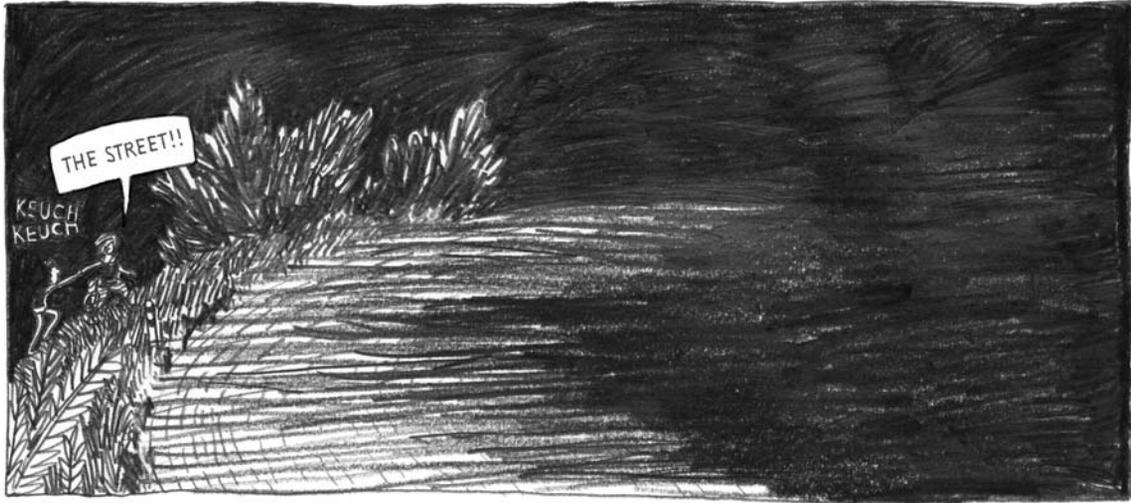
Exit

by ulli lust



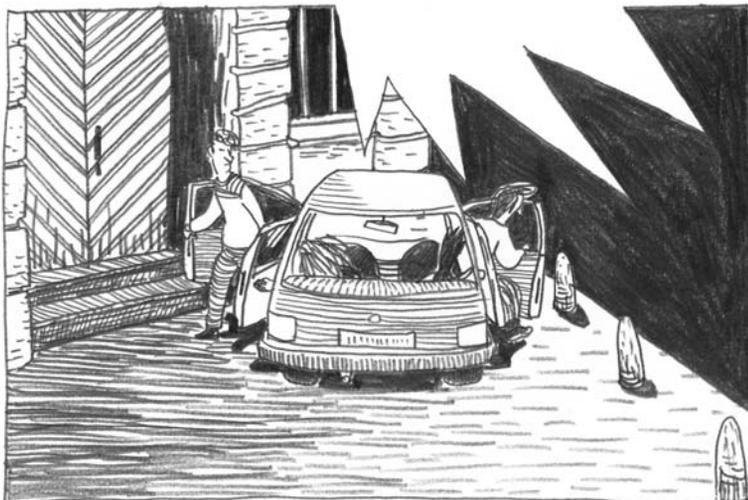
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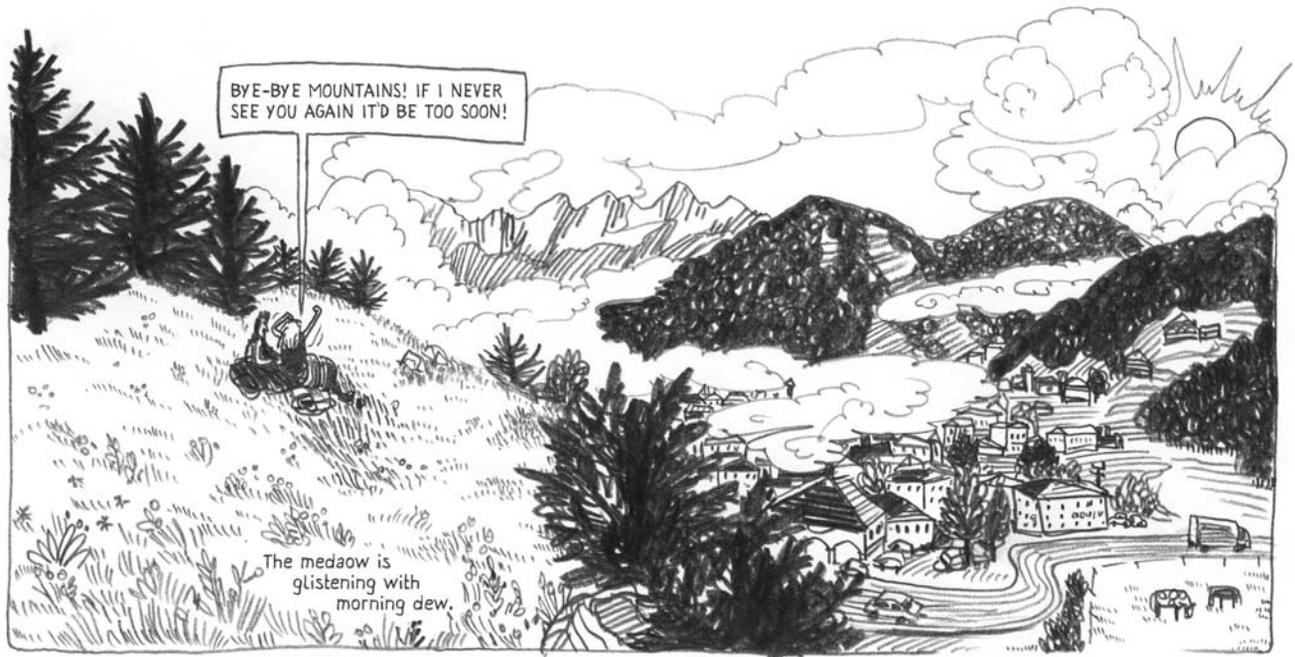




They said a curt good-bye,
dismissing us with a wave of
the hand as one would to
drive away some annoying
flies.

I'LL BET THEY JUST DIDN'T
FEEL LIKE DOING PAPERWORK.
ALLRIGHT
BY ME ...





BYE-BYE MOUNTAINS! IF I NEVER
SEE YOU AGAIN IT'D BE TOO SOON!

The medaow is
glistening with
morning dew.



We picked up a couple of liras from Arnim/Amanda in Klagenfurt – they were leftover from the last vacation.



TWO COFFEE PLEASE.

MOCCA? CAPPUCHINO?

CAPPUCHINO AND TWO KIPFERLS.



Due Cappuchini e due Cornetti

3500,- LIRAS PLEASE.

*de mullerian
responde
no papavere*

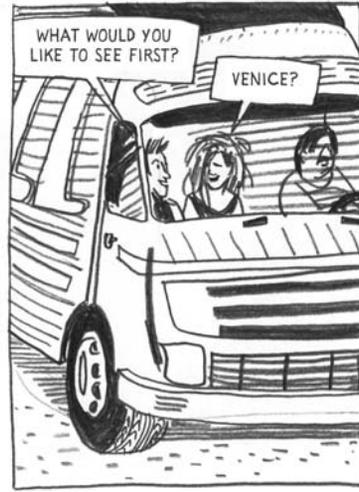
Our Italian crash course had just begun.



YOU SPEAK GERMAN?
HOW DO YOU SAY
'WHERE ARE YOU GOING'
IN ITALIAN?

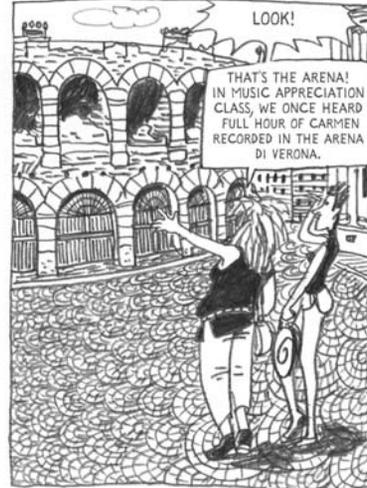


Dove vai?

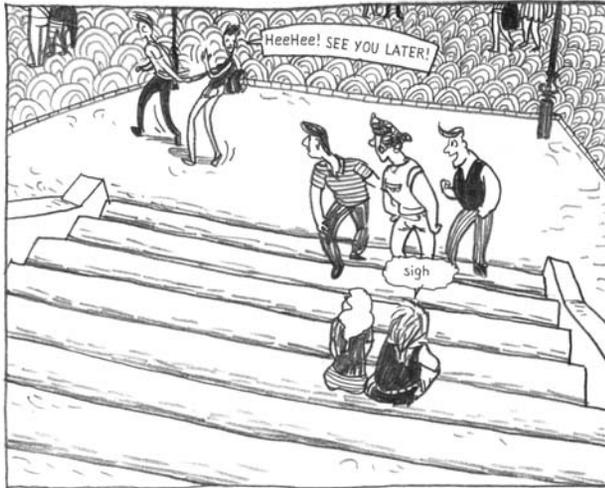


WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE FIRST?

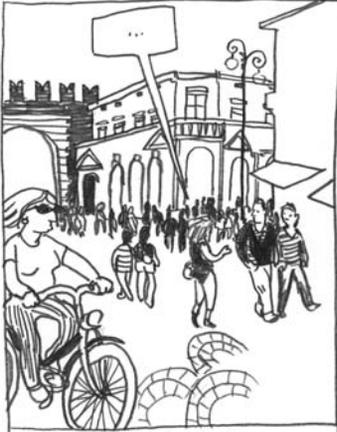
VENICE?











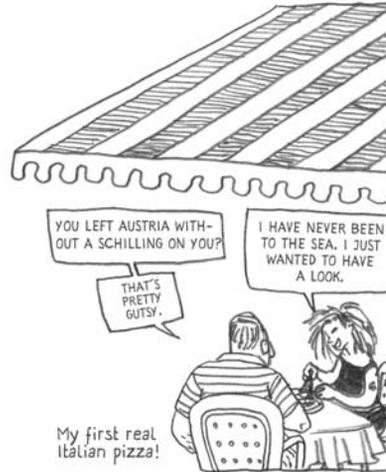
Unfortunately she didn't know.



I hit on people ...



... who looked like tourists.

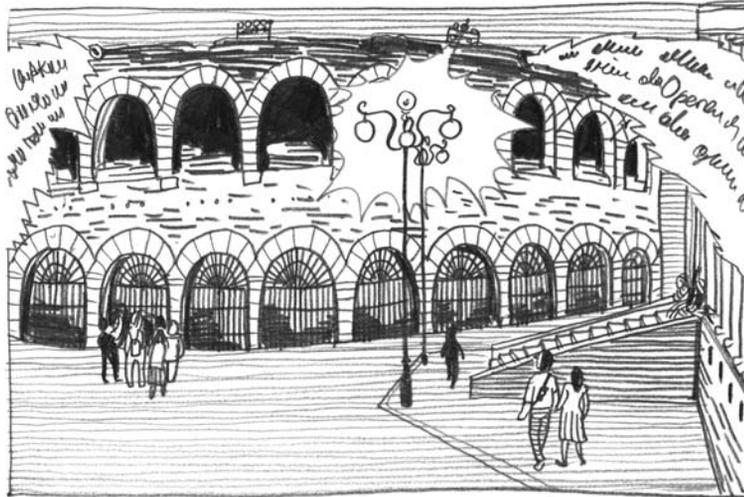












Even if I tried to give myself a hardened impression, my sexual needs at the time were astonishingly innocent.



I thought kissing and petting was where it was at. Spin-the-bottle at school parties was great fun. On the other hand, I didn't care much for screwing.



Sometime around the age of 15 I started doing it, just because it was the thing to do. Guys just wanted to get into your pants.



I chose guys on the basis of their looks. I fell for them if they were cute. Sometimes the right sort of style was enough.



DO YOU NEED TICKETS FOR THE OPERA?

NO, THANKS.



WOW! THEY'RE BROADCASTING THE OPERA OVER LOUDSPEAKERS.

AND MONIKA SPENT ALL HER MONEY JUST TO LISTEN TO IT.



TICKETS? TICKETS? HOW MUCH?

20.000,- LIRA

THAT ALREADY STARTED LONG BEFORE. ASK HIM IF THERE'S A PUNK HANGOUT IN VERONA.









Tu m'en veux ?

Pourquoi vous en voudrais-je ?

Parce qu'il y a un mois
j'ai en la cruauté de
t'envoyer à la prison ?

À la prison ?

Je me souviens pas
d'être allée à
la prison.

He: Same song, same refrain ...

He: Are you angry at me?

She: Why should I be angry at you?

He: For being such a brut a month
ago to have put you in prison...

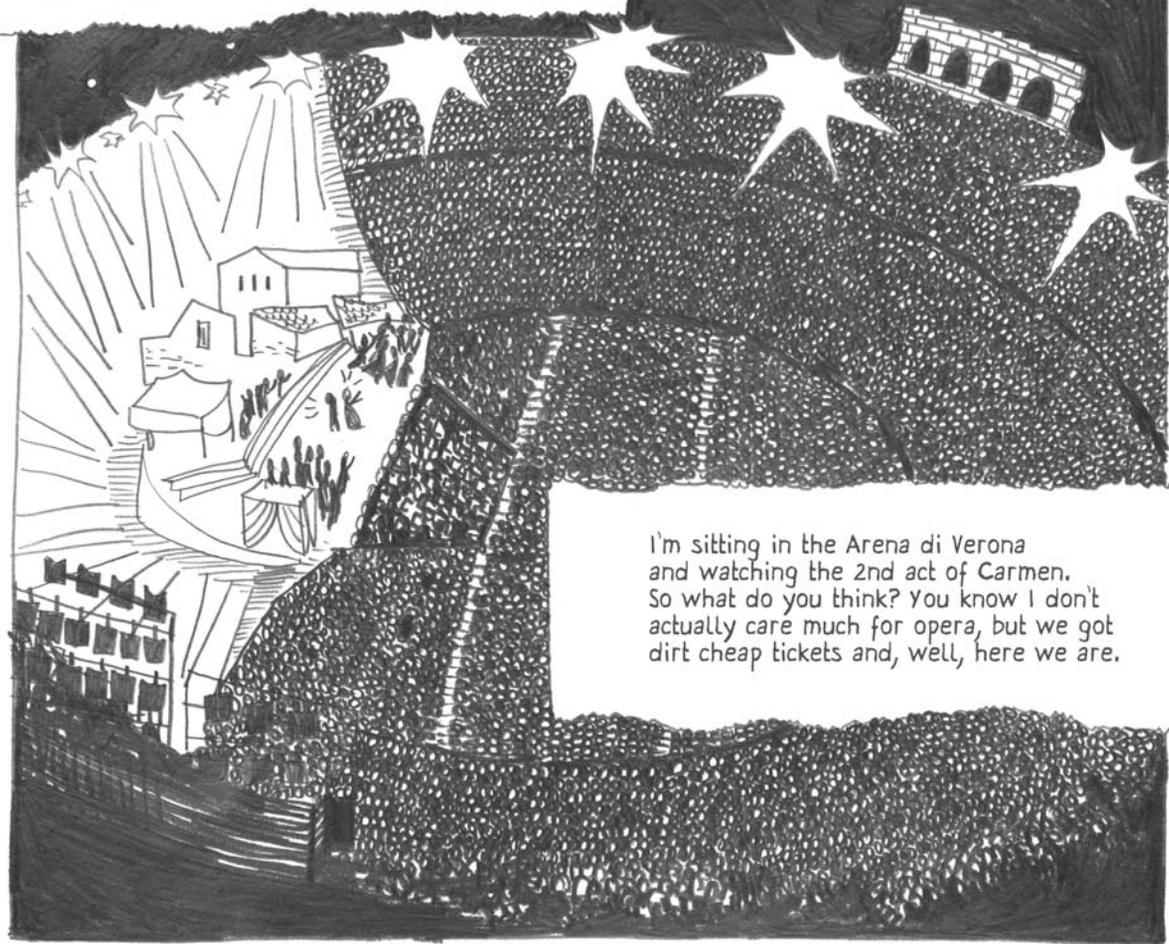
She: In prison?

I don't remember being
in prison.

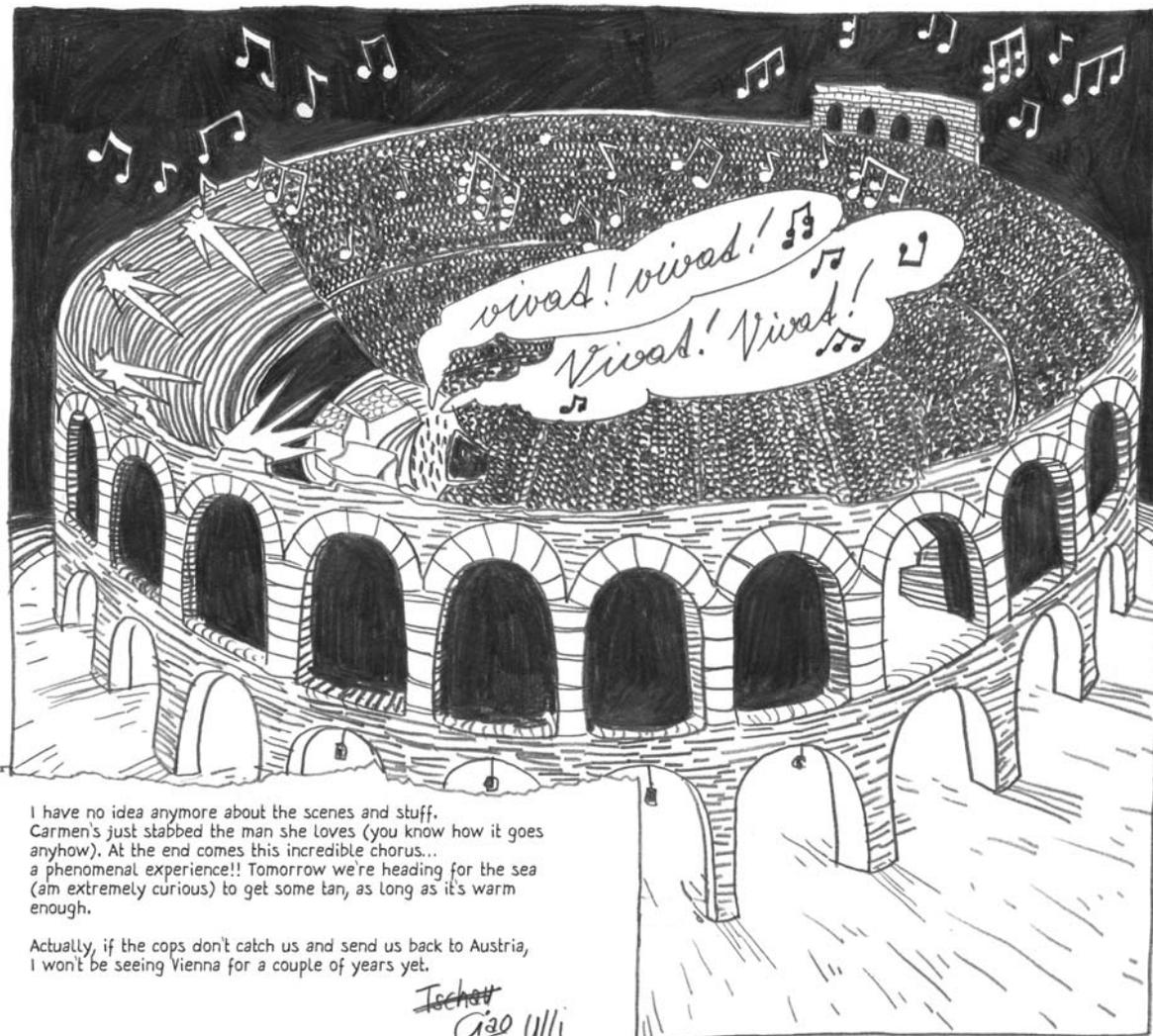
Hi Lucia!

sept, 1984

Are you sitting down?
You won't believe where I am at this moment.



I'm sitting in the Arena di Verona
and watching the 2nd act of Carmen.
So what do you think? You know I don't
actually care much for opera, but we got
dirt cheap tickets and, well, here we are.



I have no idea anymore about the scenes and stuff. Carmen's just stabbed the man she loves (you know how it goes anyhow). At the end comes this incredible chorus... a phenomenal experience!! Tomorrow we're heading for the sea (am extremely curious) to get some tan, as long as it's warm enough.

Actually, if the cops don't catch us and send us back to Austria, I won't be seeing Vienna for a couple of years yet.

Tschüss
Giao Ulli





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