

Author and artist: Rayco Pulido
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A high-voltage thriller starred by a dark and strong woman, which won the Spanish National Comic Award 2017

Barcelona, 1943. Thirty-two year-old Laia may be an orphan, but she has everything else she has ever dreamt of: a loving husband, a baby in the oven, and a satisfying job where she writes for a successful radio show. Until we realise it's all part of a lie she is living in: a series of miscarriages have resulted in Laia's inability to conceive and her husband, Alfonso, has left home. However, Laia is not ready to face strong criticism from her peers and so she pretends she is still happily married and expecting. Her safe haven is her work, but after continuously reading the tumultuous letters from regular listeners of the programme (which narrate their own bitter stories), Laia starts pondering disturbing solutions to her own issues, which will spiral into a circle of violence. Rayco Pulido created Lamia during his stay at the Maison des Auteurs in Angoulême, France, and won the Spanish National Comic award 2017.

Right sold in France

**YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND IN ELENA,
WHEN YOU NEED ADVICE, IT'S
ELENA, NOW IT'S TIME FOR
ELENAAAA, ELENAAAAAAAA.**

HELLO, DEAR FRIENDS, ALL OF YOU LADIES WHO FOLLOW THIS ADVICE LINE ACROSS THE AIRWAVES. TODAY, JUST LIKE YESTERDAY, WITHOUT ANY FURTHER ADO, LET'S START BY RESPONDING TO THE FIRST OF OUR LETTERS:

"MY DEAR MADAM, I AM THIRTY-TWO YEARS OLD AND I HAVE THREE CHILDREN. MY HUSBAND LOVES TO GO OUT

WITH HIS FRIENDS, COMING HOME AT ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT. THREE DAYS AGO, SOMEONE SLIPPED A NOTE UNDER OUR DOOR... THE ANONYMOUS WRITER CLAIMS THAT AT NIGHT, MY HUSBAND FREQUENTS A PICK-UP BAR... A "MEN-ONLY" BAR... THAT IS, TO MAKE MYSELF PERFECTLY CLEAR, A PLACE FOR SEXUAL DEVIANTS. EVEN TODAY, JUST THINKING ABOUT IT DRIVES ME TO THE EDGE OF DESPAIR. I DECIDED TO FOLLOW HIM THAT SAME NIGHT. HORRIBLY, THE ACCUSATION WAS

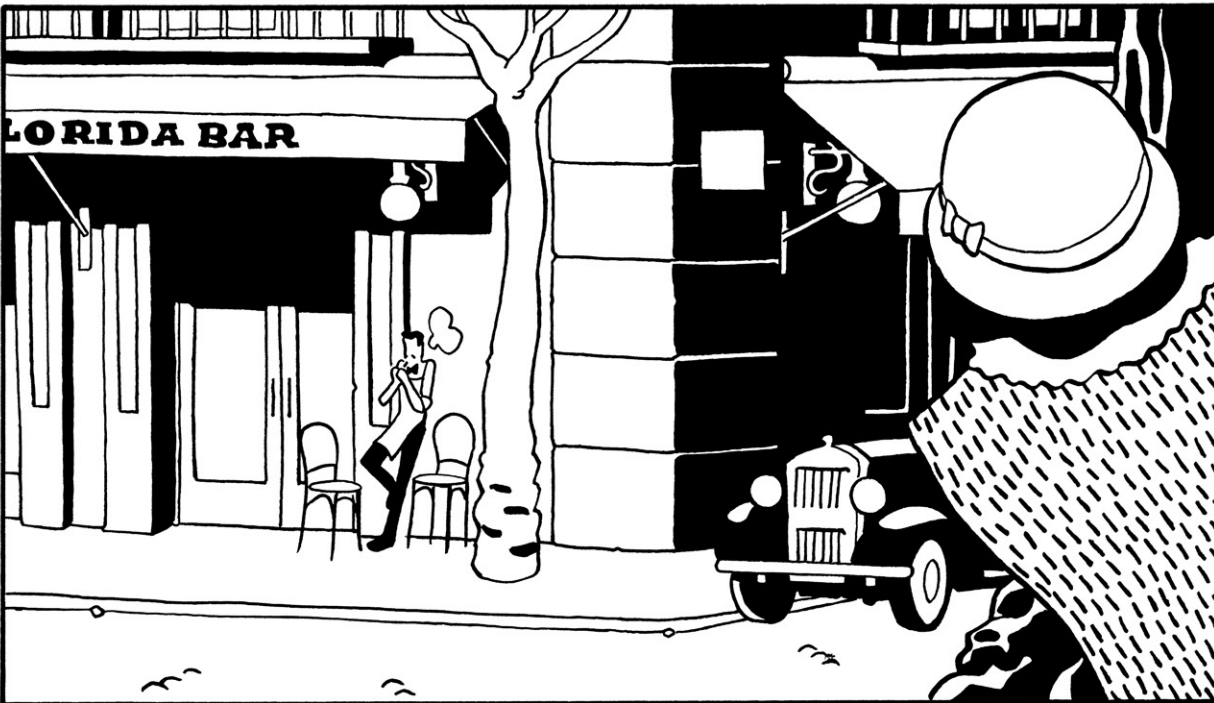
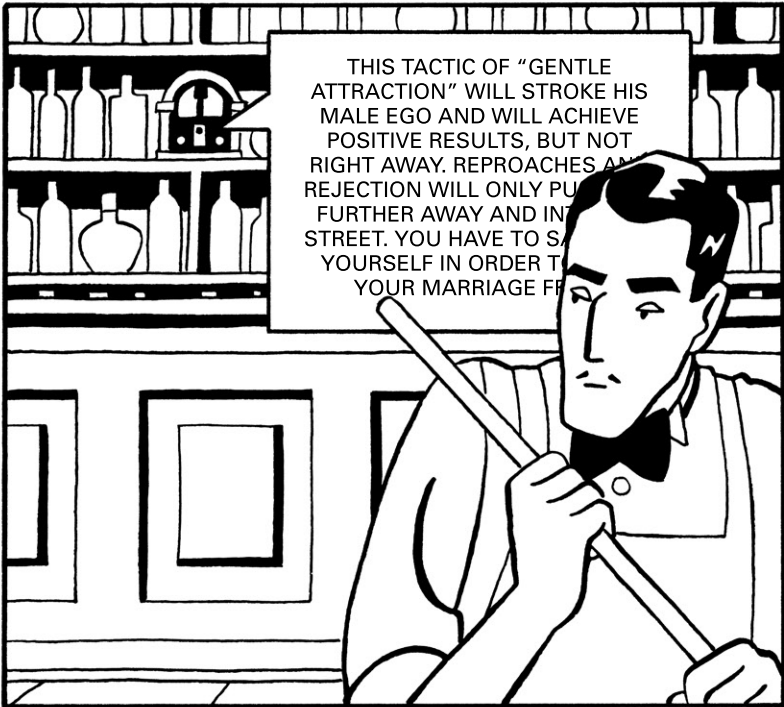
ANYWHERE ELSE, REALLY, DON'T YOU THINK, ELENA? I AWAIT YOUR SAGE ADVICE. I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO CONFRONT HIM OR PRETEND LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED. YOURS SINCERELY, A DEVOTED FOLLOWER."

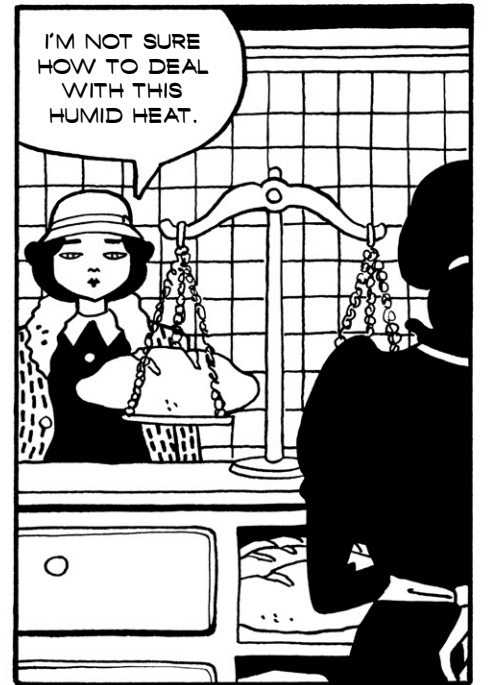
MY DEAR, THE PROBLEM YOU'VE UNCOVERED IS DELICATE, BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE TO RESOLVE. MAKE AN EFFORT TO CREATE A PLEASANT HOME ENVIRONMENT, SO THAT YOUR HUSBAND DOESN'T HAVE THE URGE TO GO OUT. BE DELICATE,

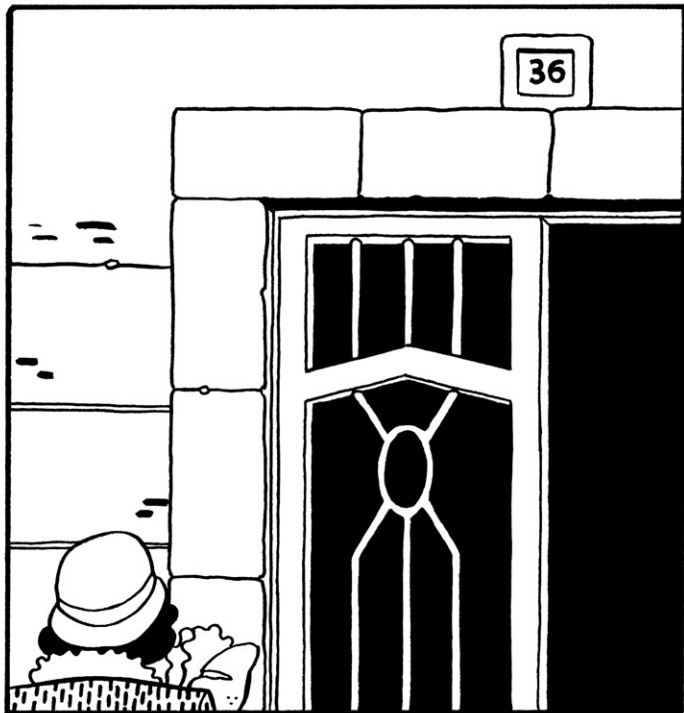
FOUNDED. HE WENT TO A VERY DISREPUTABLE BAR. I WAITED FOR HIM FOR A WHAT SEEMED LIKE AGES, CRYING ON AND OFF, UNTIL I CONFRONTED HIM AS HE EXITED. SURPRISED, HE TOLD ME HE HADN'T BEEN DOING ANYTHING WRONG, ONLY TALKING AND DRINKING... BUT I DON'T TRUST HIM ANYMORE. THE MINUTE I SEE HIM GETTING DRESSED TO GO OUT, I CAN'T EVEN LOOK AT HIM... HE CAN HAVE A DRINK AT HOME OR

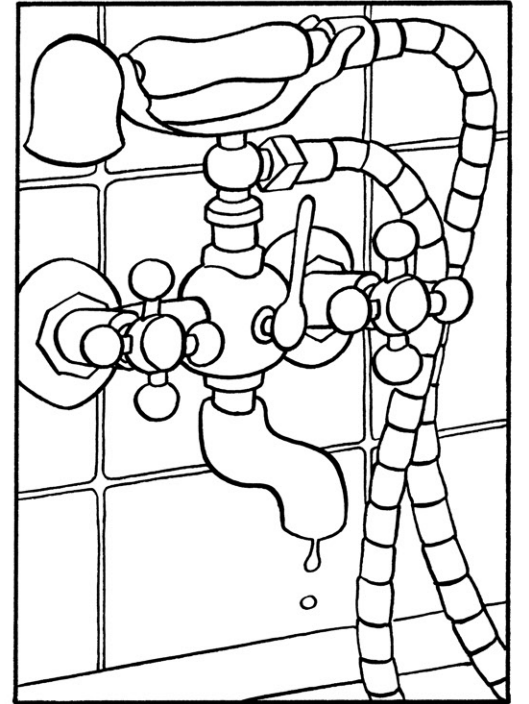
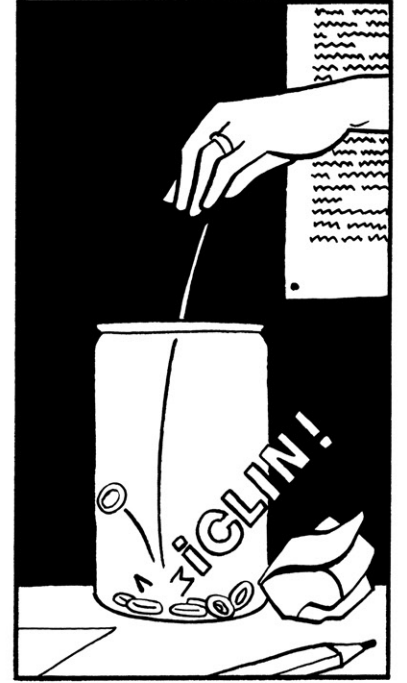
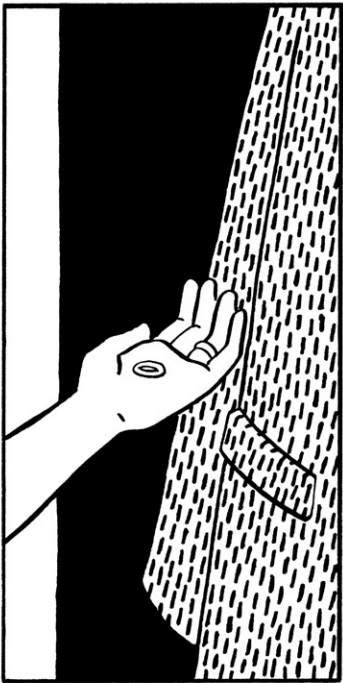
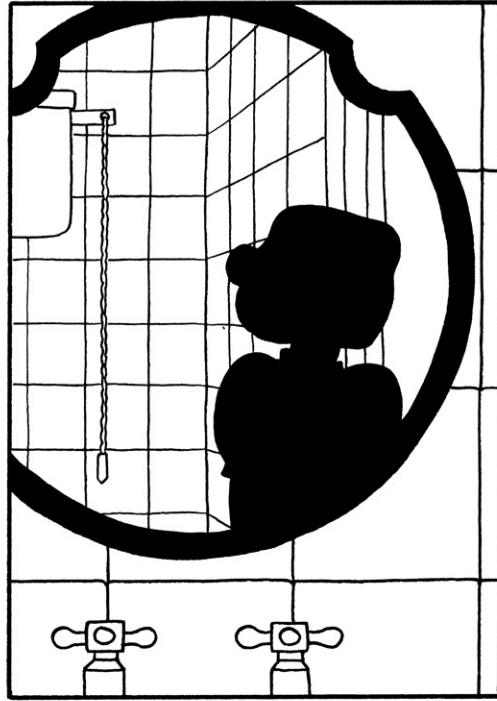
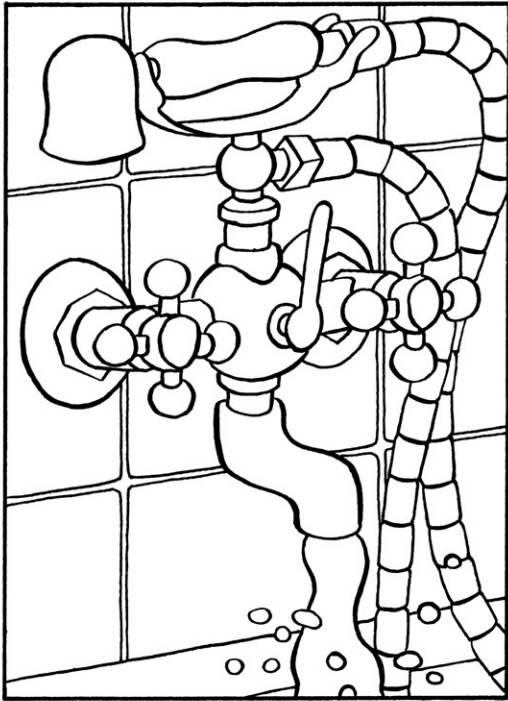
HE SHOULDN'T NOTICE ANY DIFFERENCE IN YOUR BEHAVIOR. PATIENCE, HE'LL FIND IT HARD TO ABANDON HIS "FRIENDS". BE SWEET, SHARE SOME SECRETS WITH HIM, AND GIVE HIM THE FEELING THAT YOU NEED HIM.

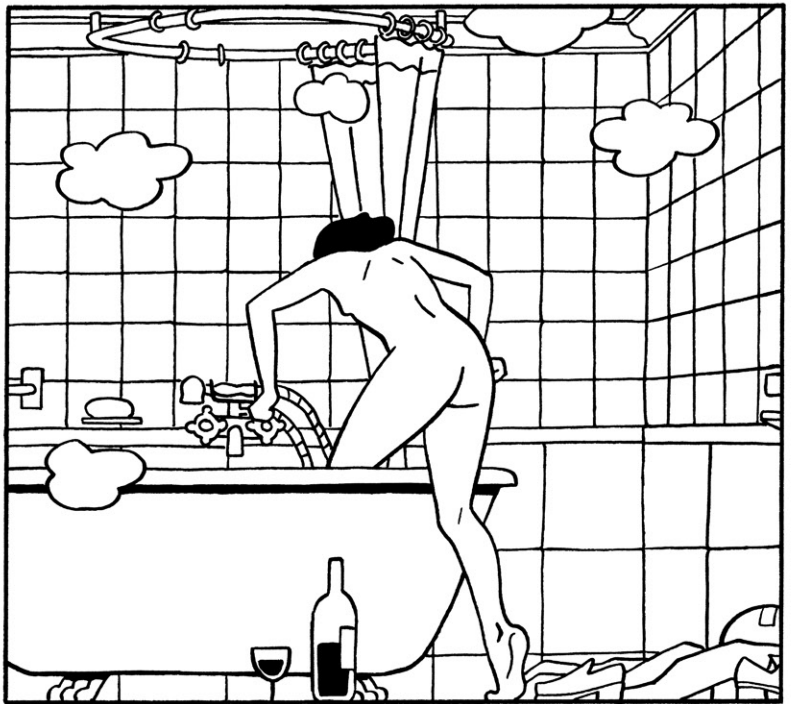
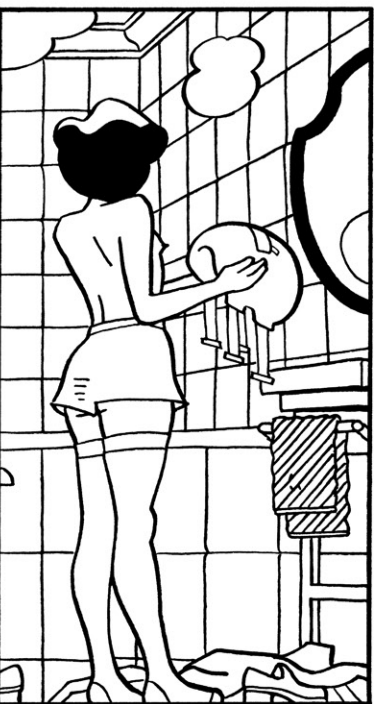
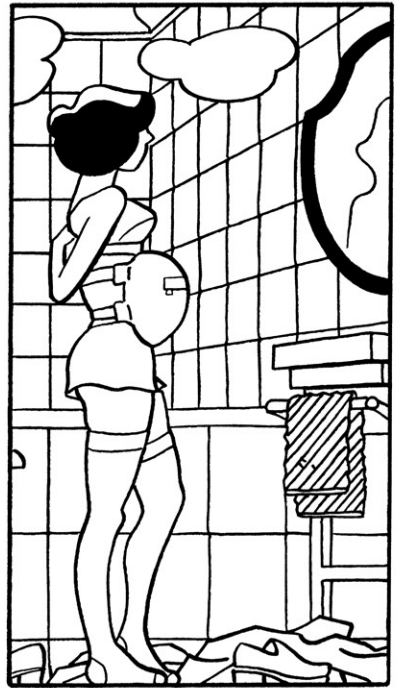
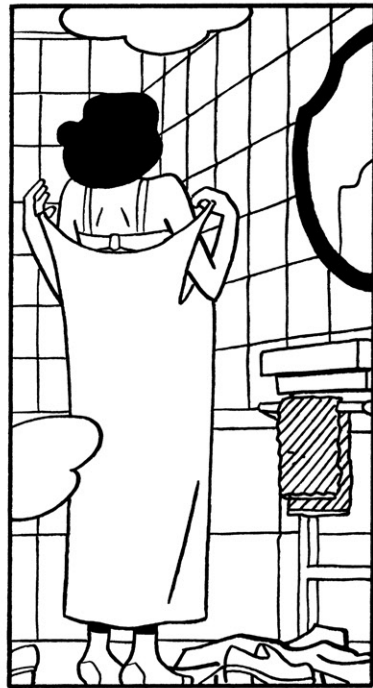
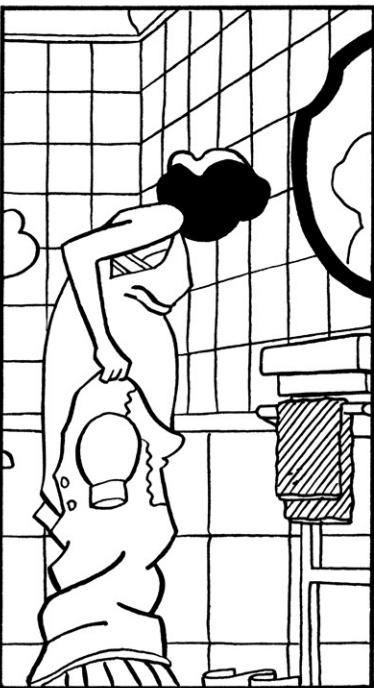
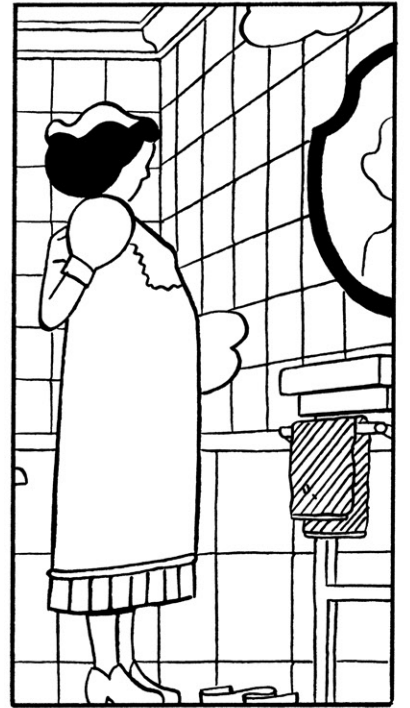
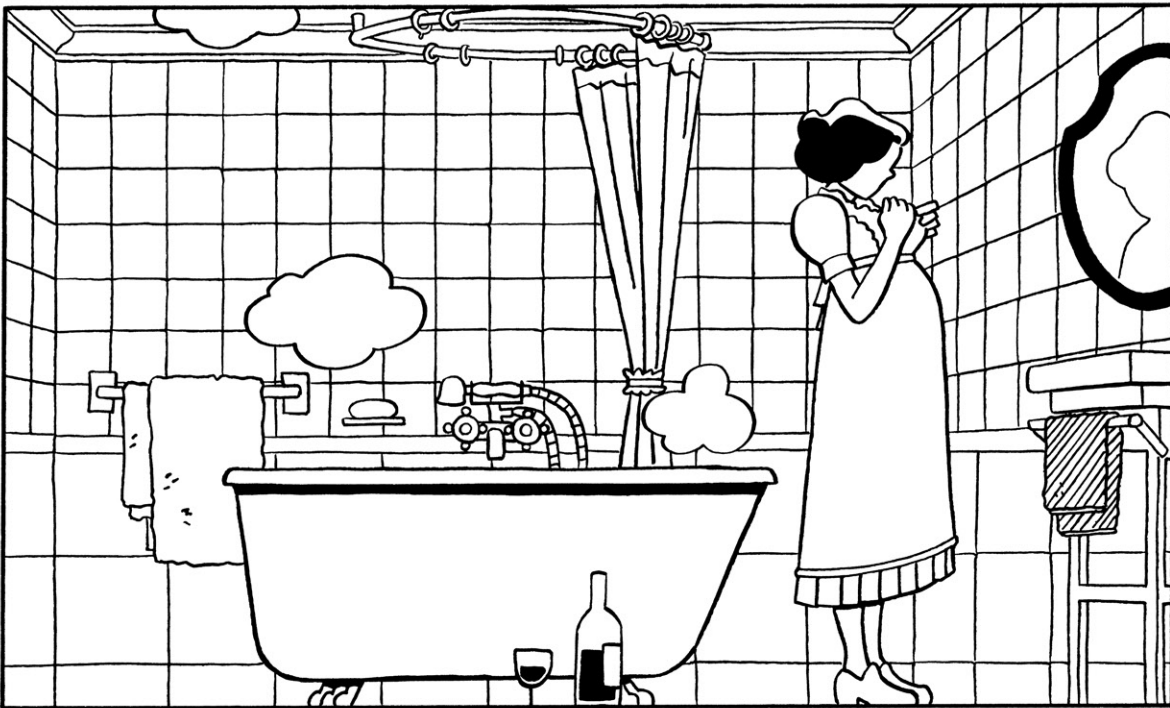


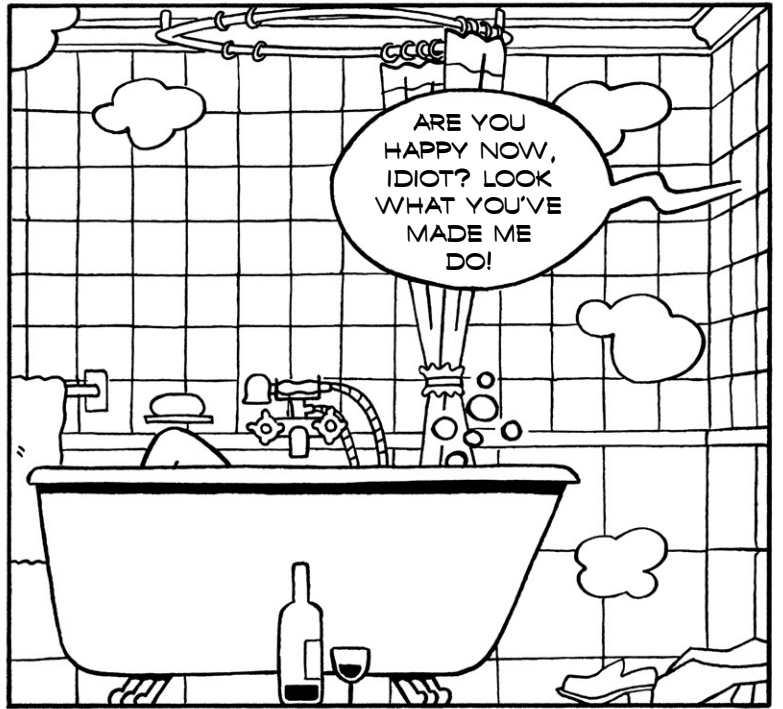
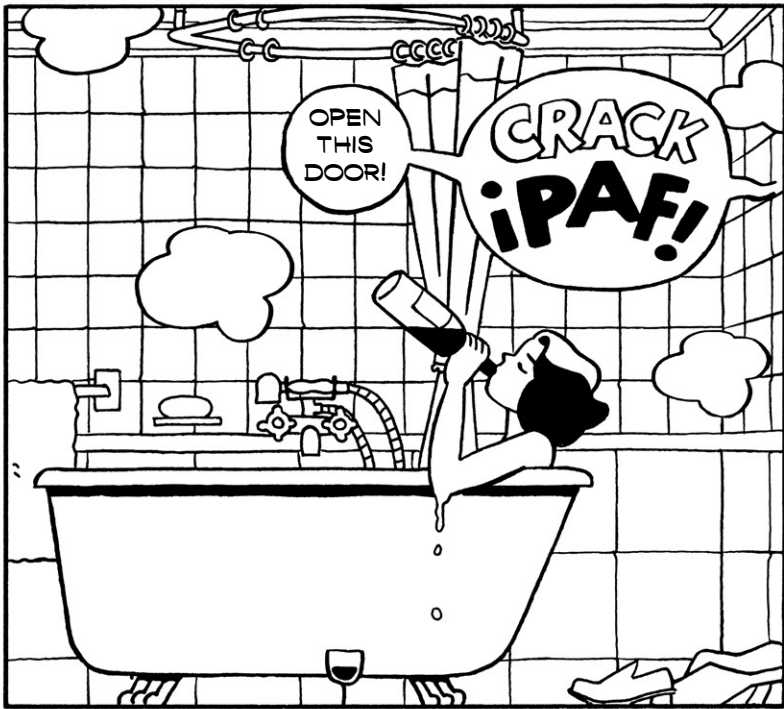
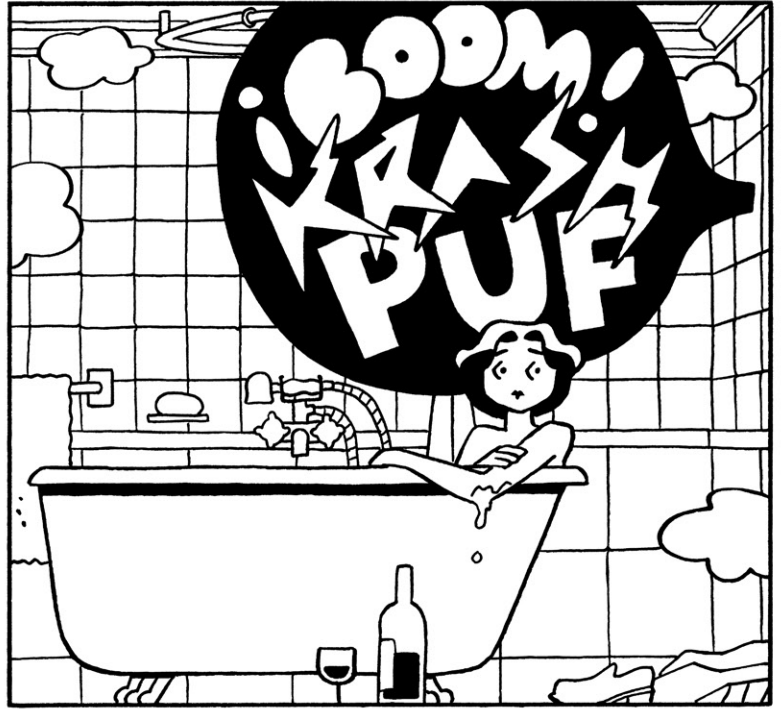
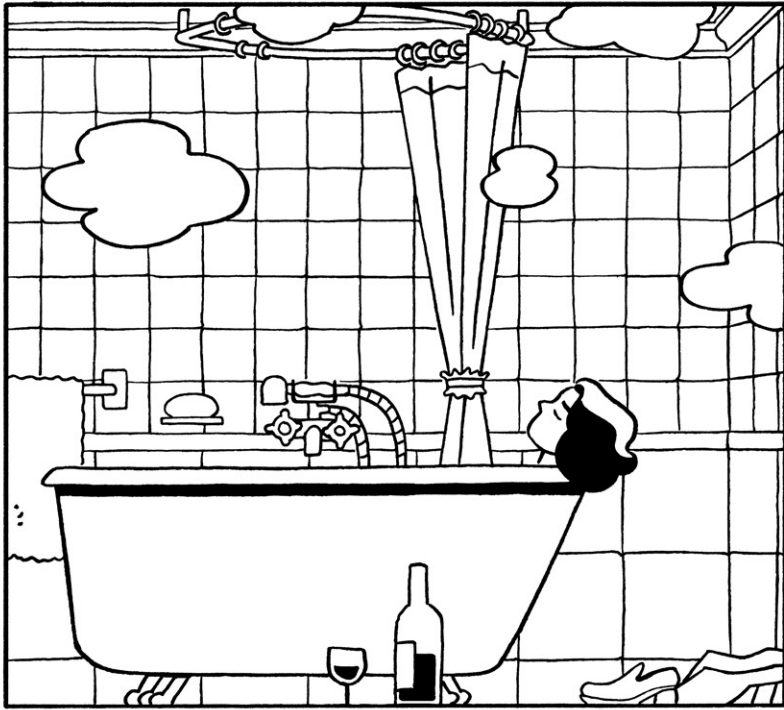










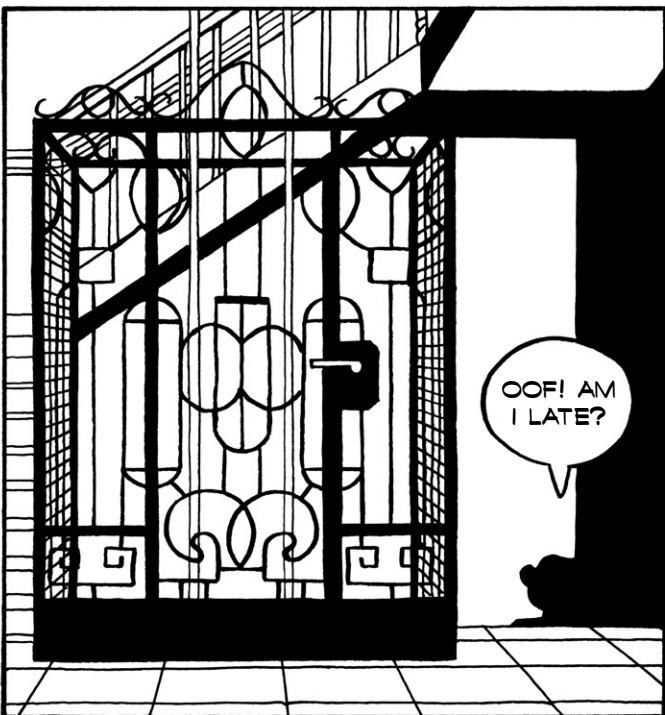


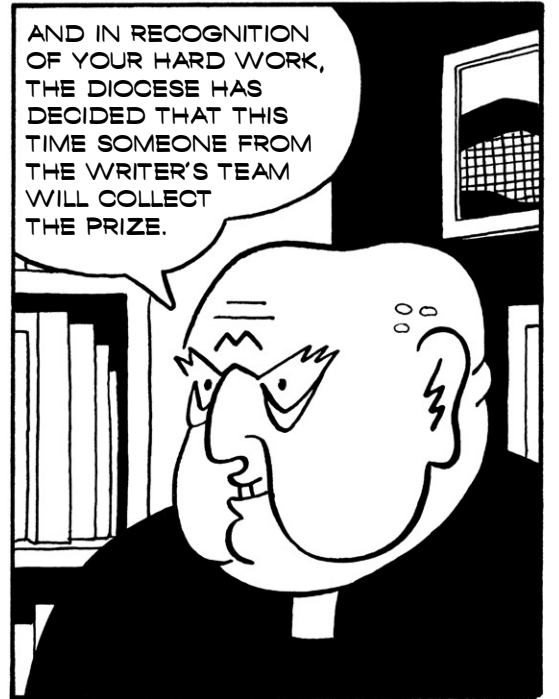
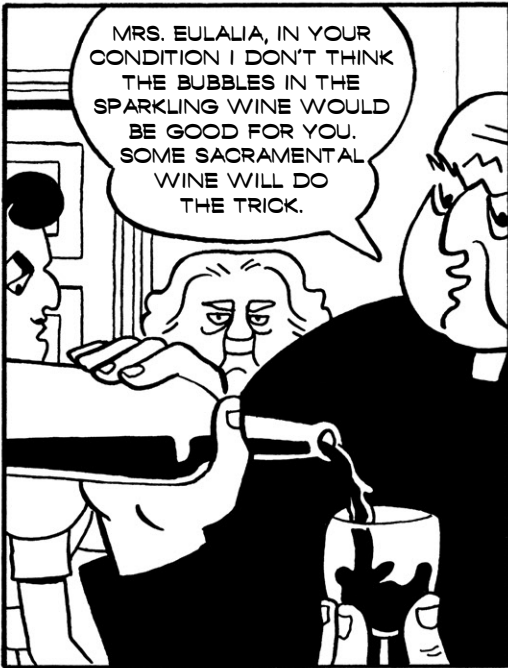
Lamia

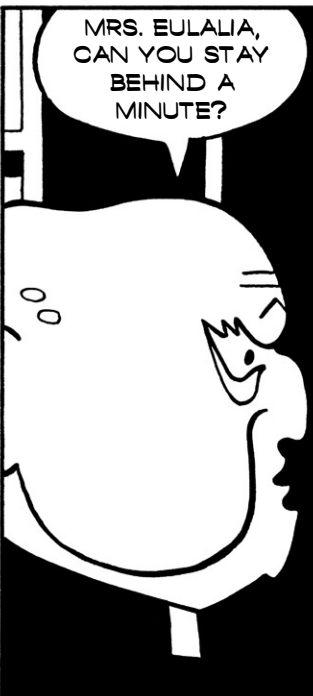
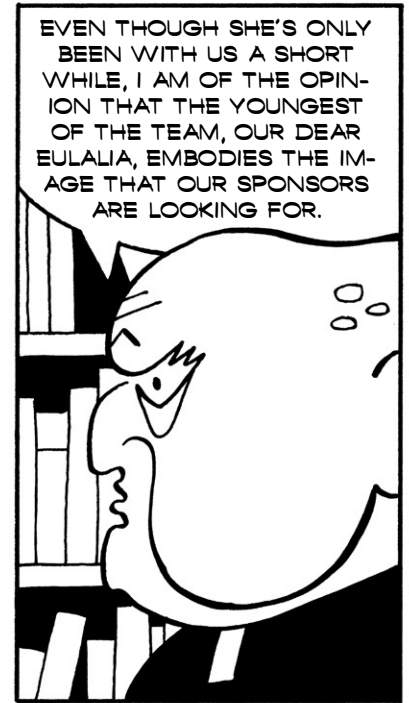
A farce in
eighteen acts

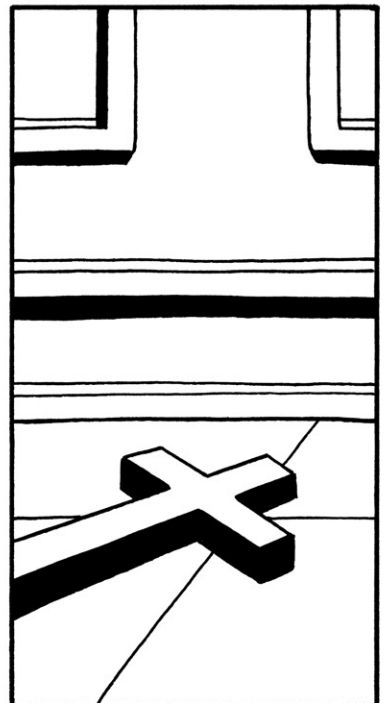
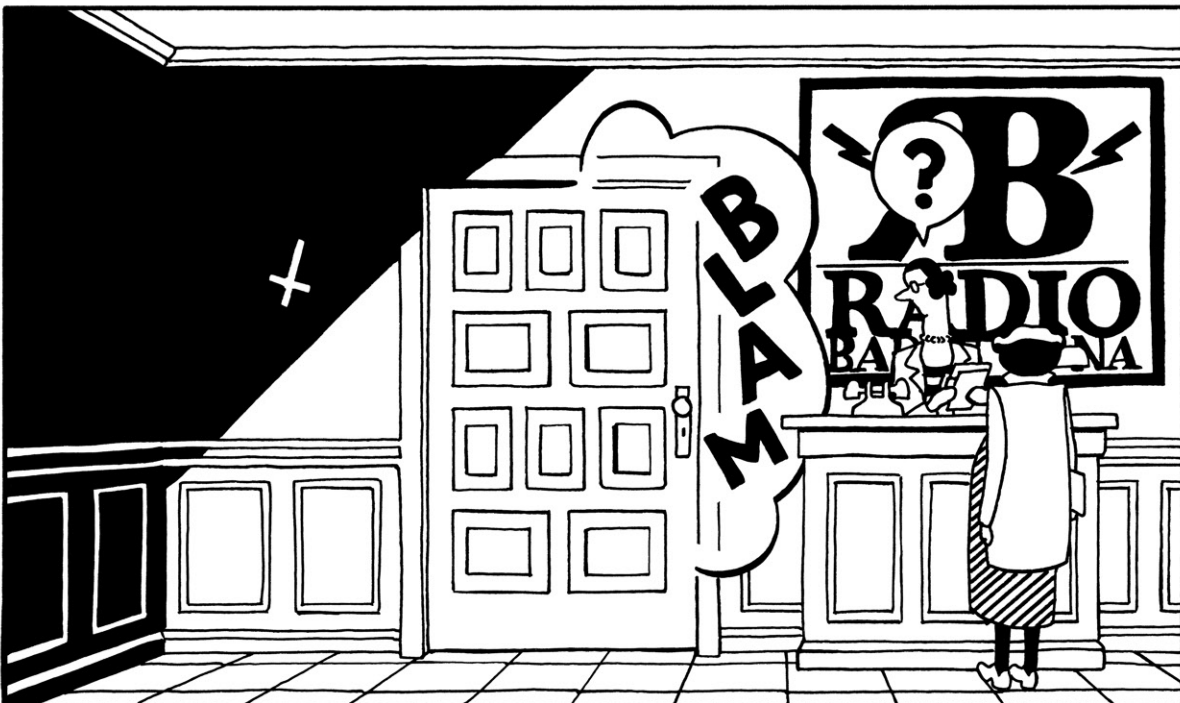
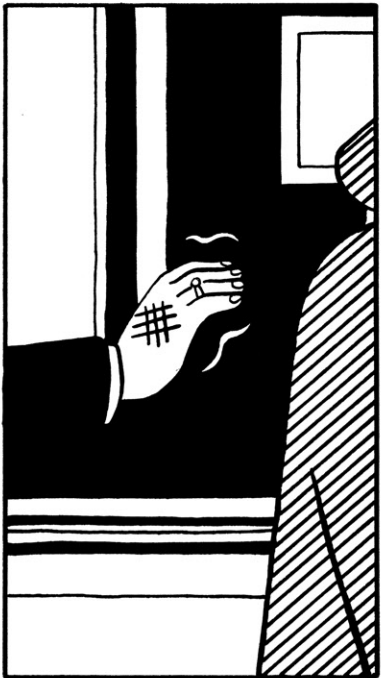
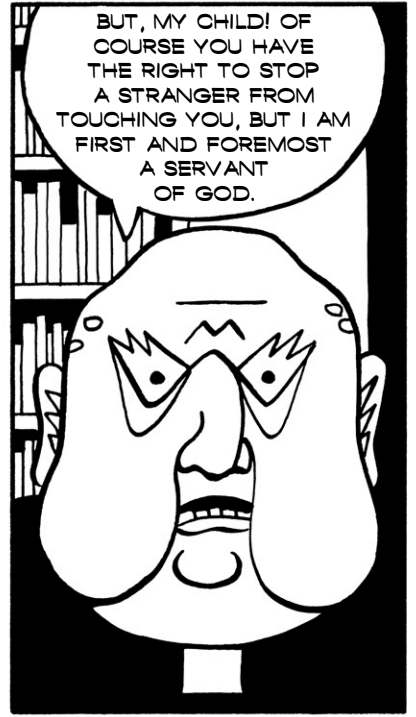
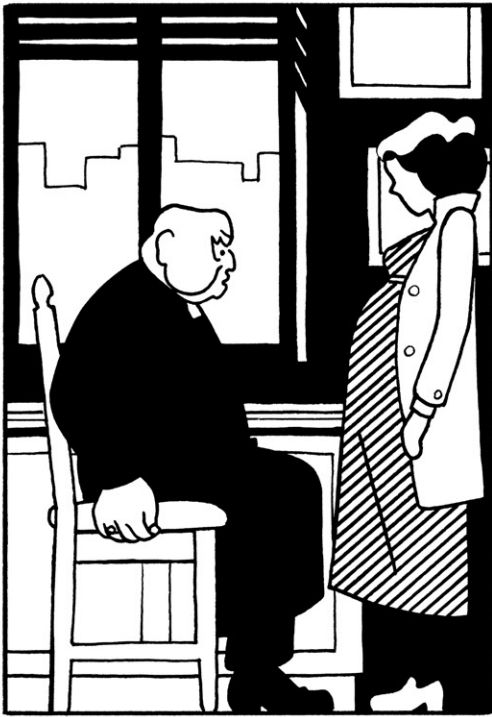
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The Writer





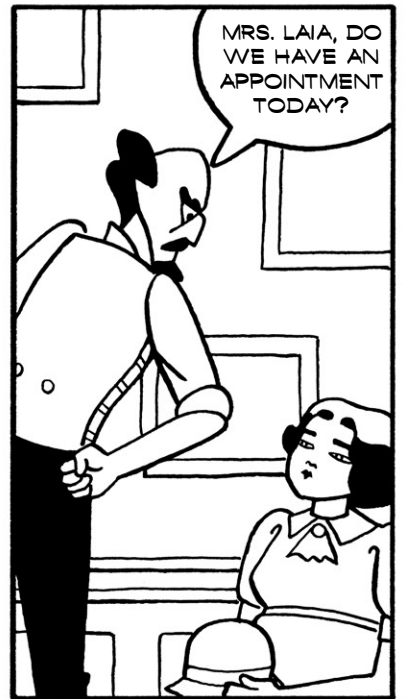
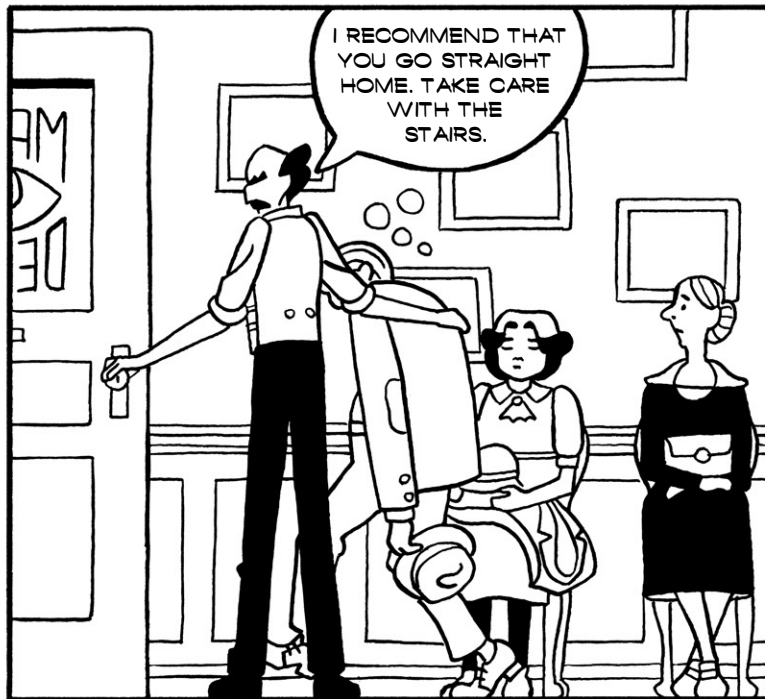
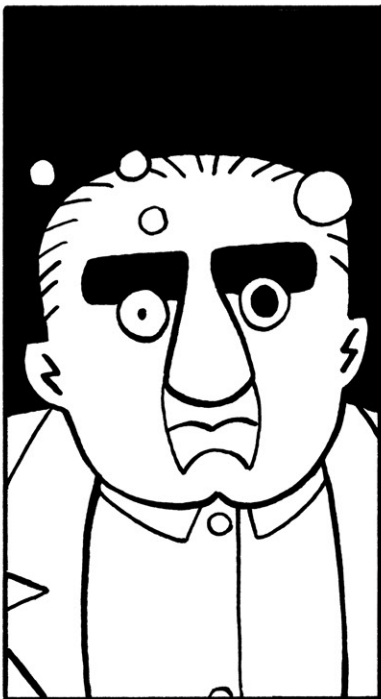
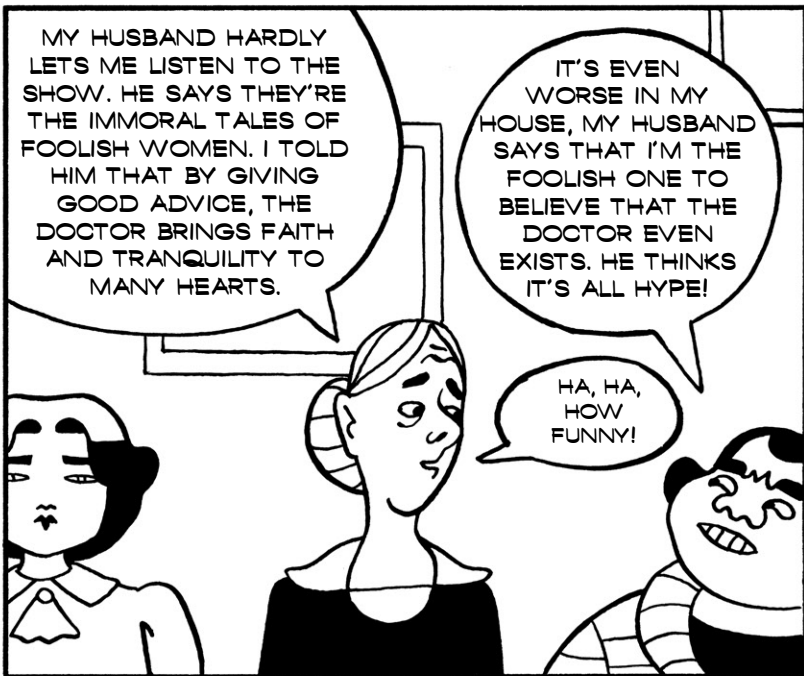
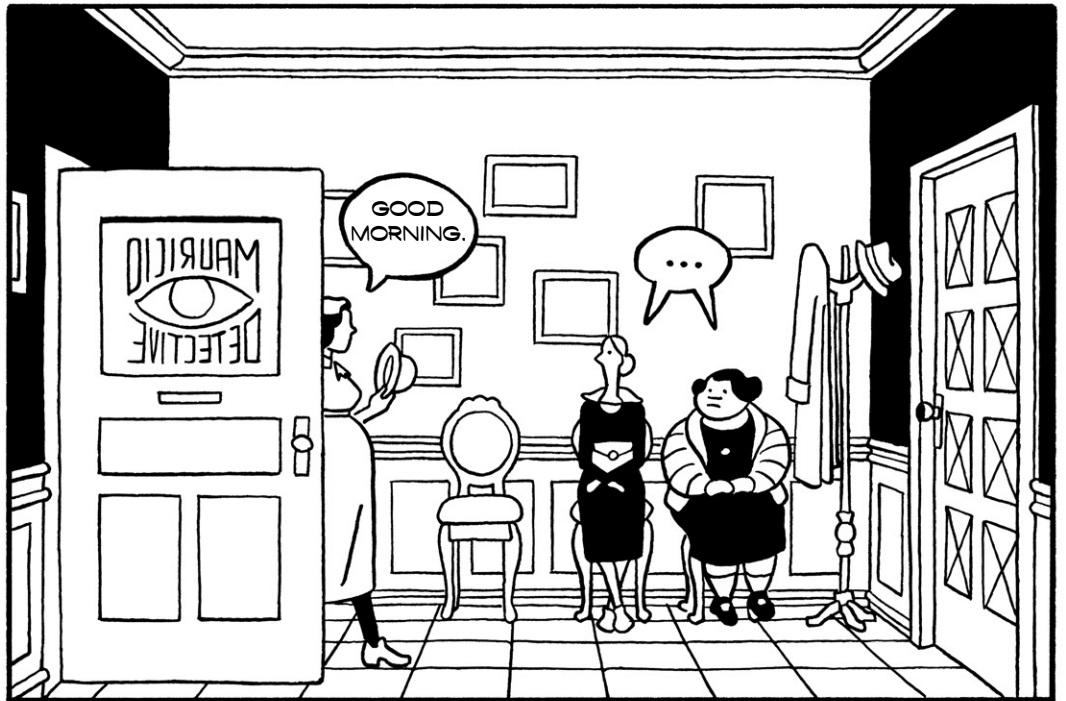


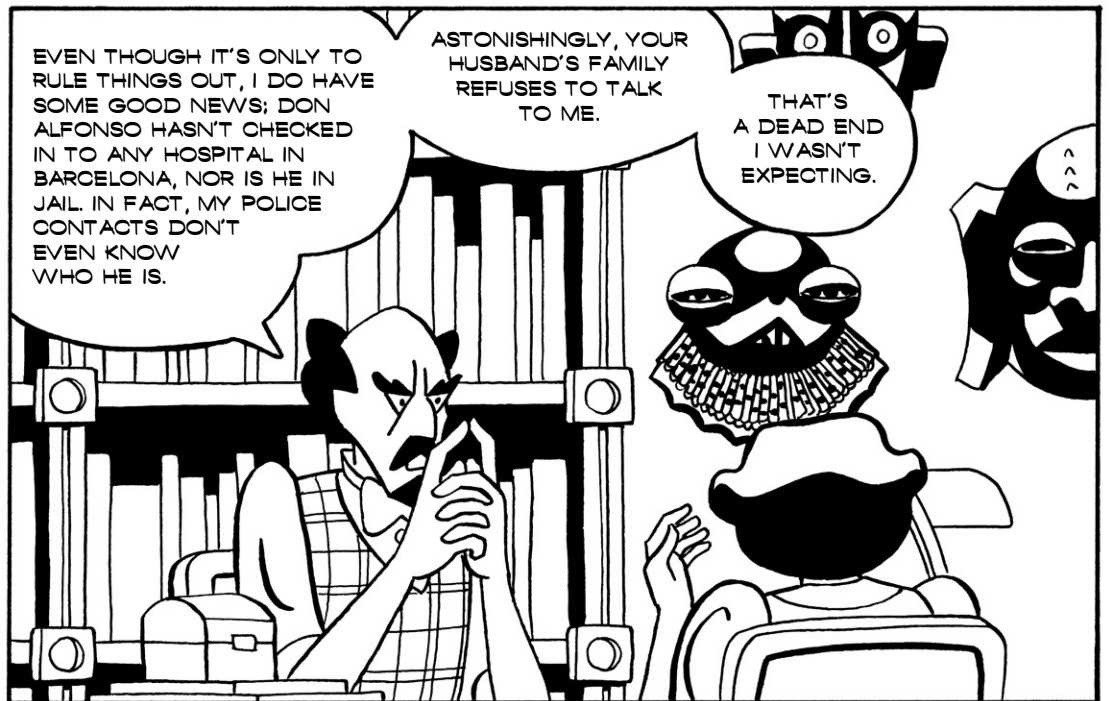
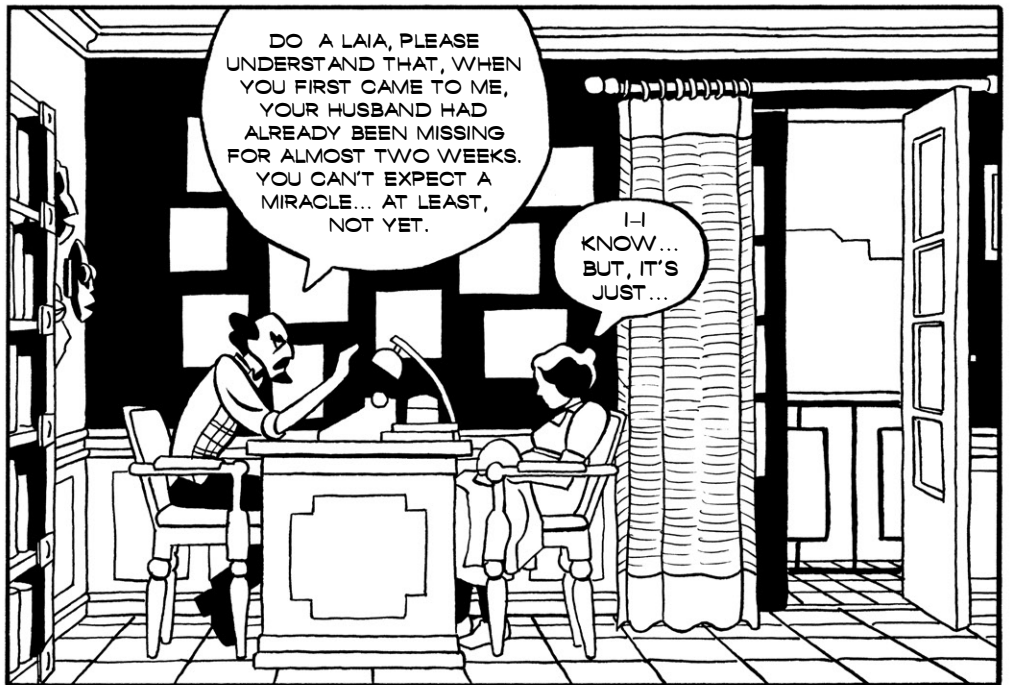
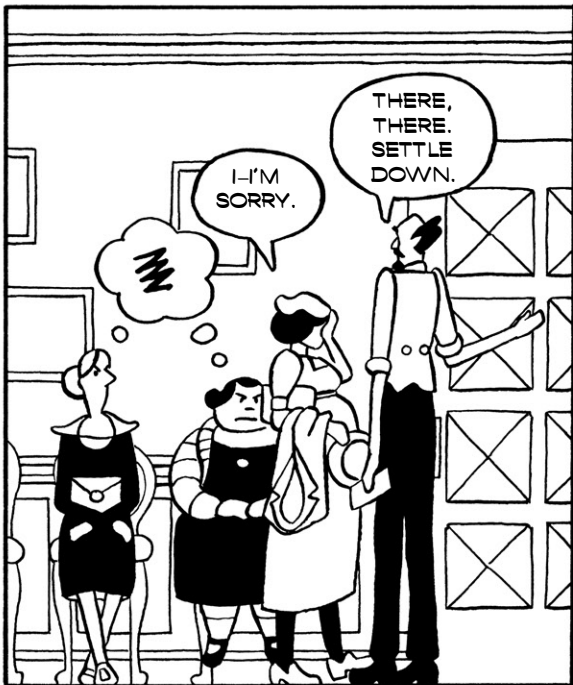
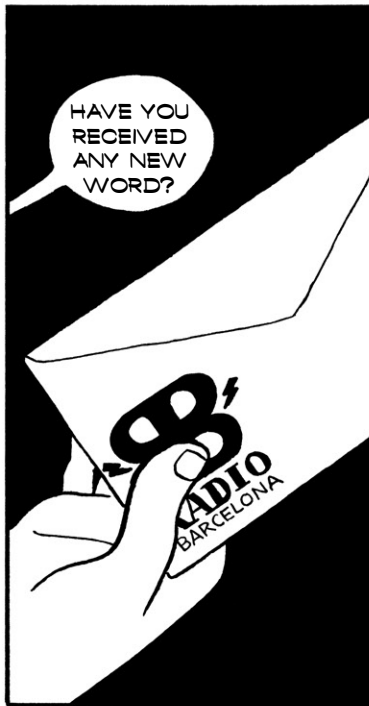


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The doctor









I THINK WE MIGHT NEED TO REVISE THE STRATEGY... PERHAPS THE TIME HAS COME TO CONSIDER ALTERNATIVE METHODS.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HYPNOTIZE ME.



I DON'T THINK YOU'VE PAID ENOUGH ATTENTION TO THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS DECORATING THAT WALL. PEOPLE TURN TO ME BECAUSE I SOLVE CASES NO OTHER DETECTIVE CAN.

AND THE DIFFERENCE IS HYPNOSIS.



OUR UNCONSCIOUS WORKS LIKE A CAMERA. IT RECORDS DETAILS THAT THE CONSCIOUS MIND FILES AWAY AS USELESS, OR TENDS TO DISCARD.



INFORMATION THAT SOMETIMES SOLVES CASES THAT INITIALLY SEEM IMPOSSIBLE.



IT'S JUST, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS ON THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE WALKING OUT OF YOUR OFFICE.

IN THAT CASE I WOULD RECOMMEND A FEW OTHER MORE AFFORDABLE, EFFECTIVE AGENCIES.



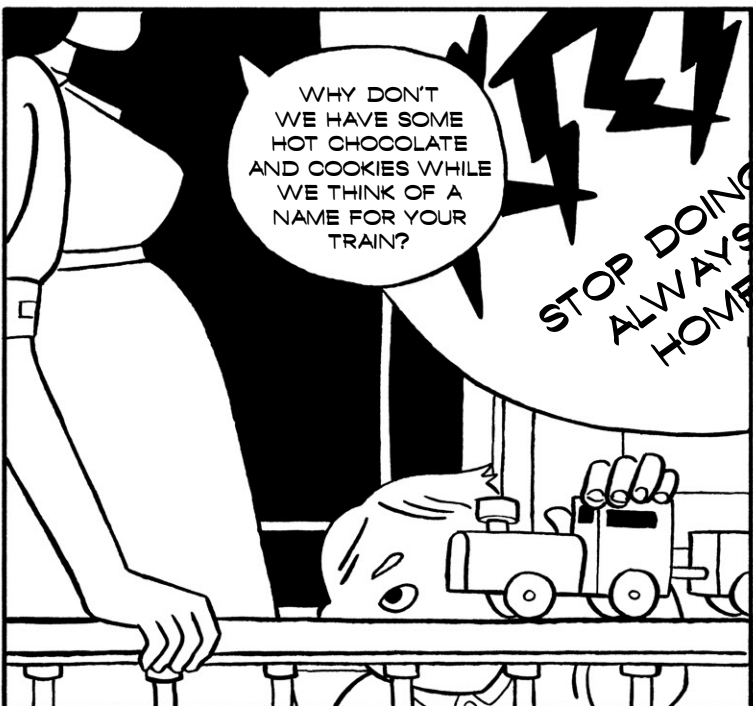
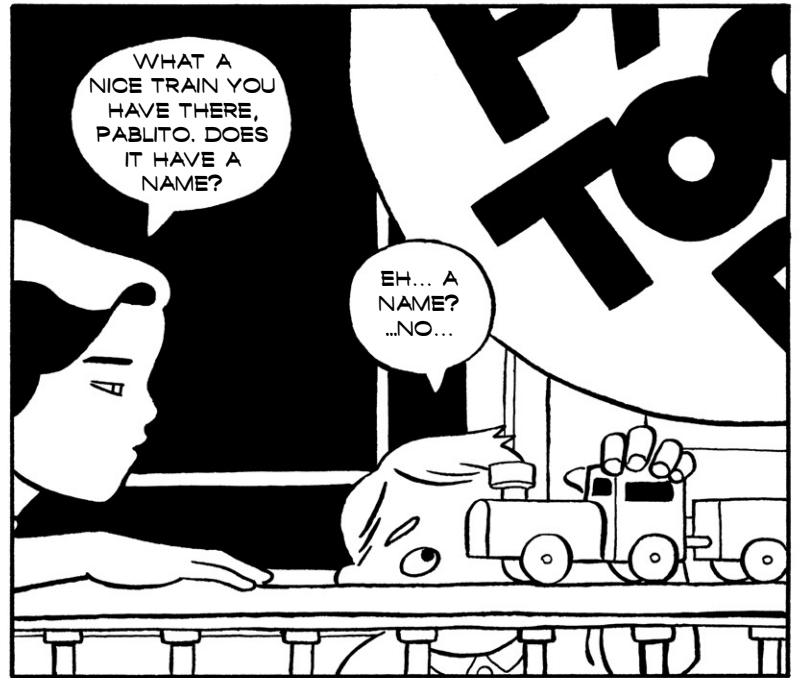
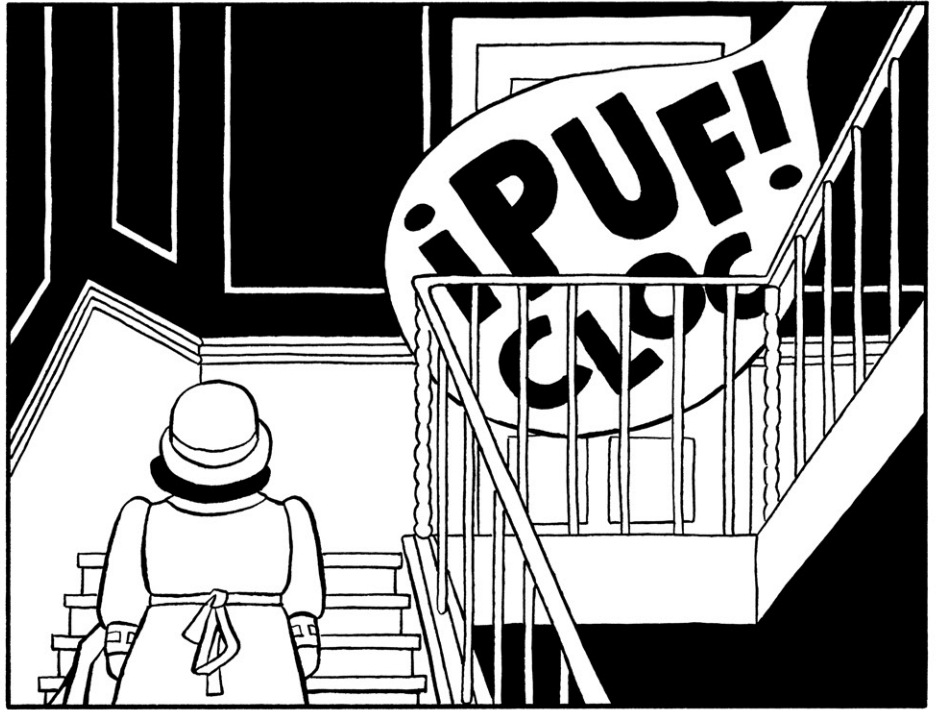
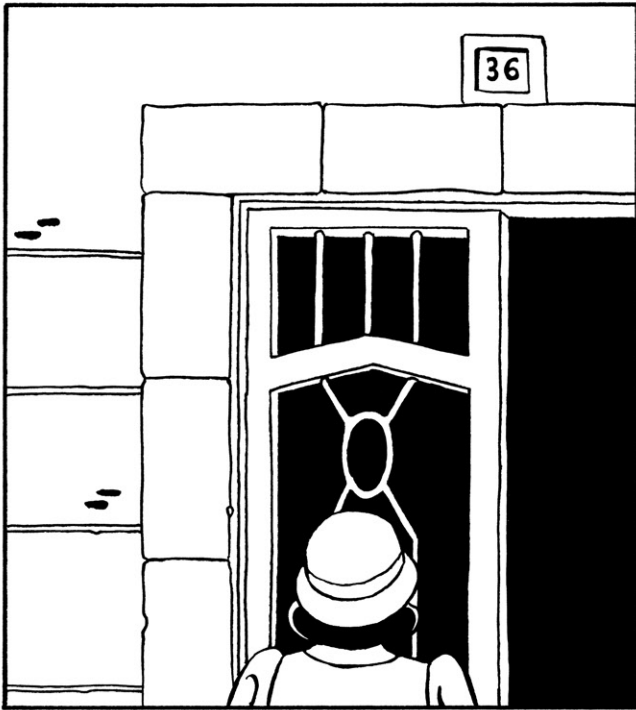
OH, NO, DON MAURICIO, FORGIVE MY IMPERTINENCE! YOU ARE MY ONLY HOPE! EVERYONE SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST. DON'T ABANDON ME!

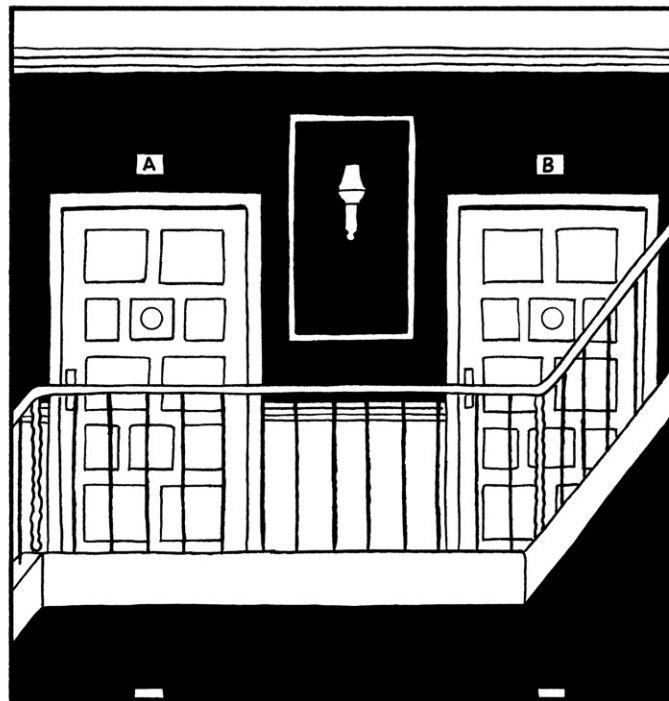
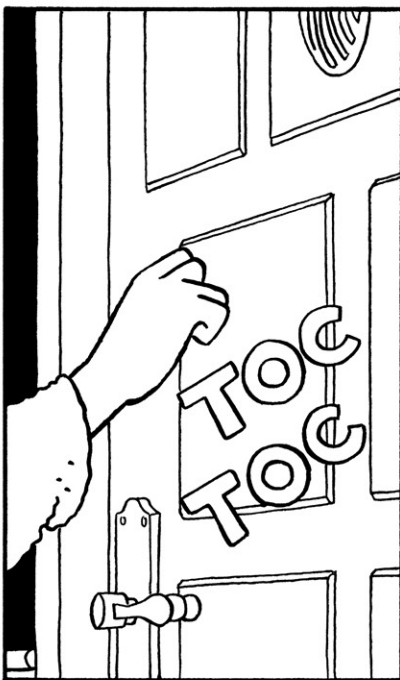
DEAR GOD, DO A LAIA, COMPOSE YOURSELF.

IN YOUR CONDITION YOU SHOULDN'T TEST YOUR NERVES LIKE THAT.



IT'S ALRIGHT, IT'S ALRIGHT. I WILL KEEP WORKING ON YOUR CASE A LITTLE MORE... WITHOUT HYPNOSIS. WE CAN SEE WHERE ORDINARY INVESTIGATORIAL MEANS TAKE US.





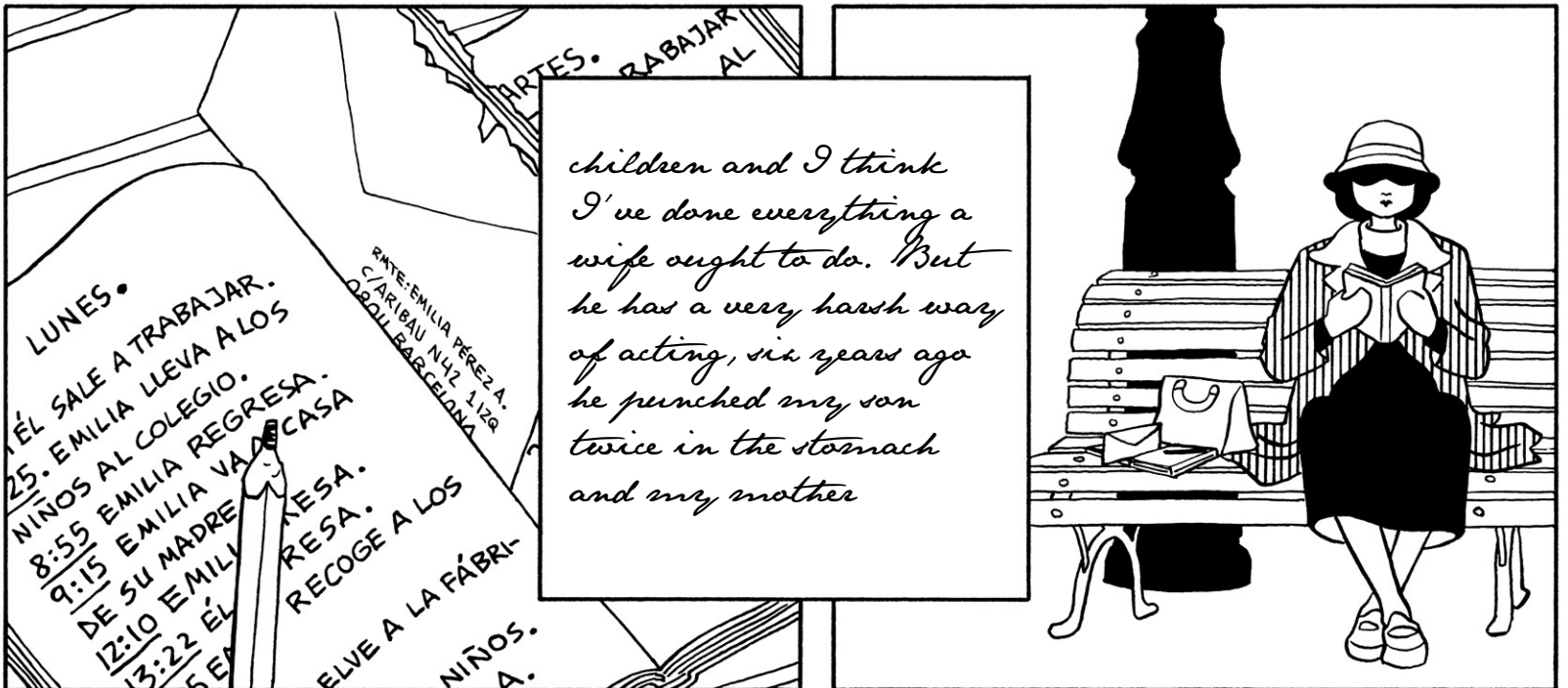
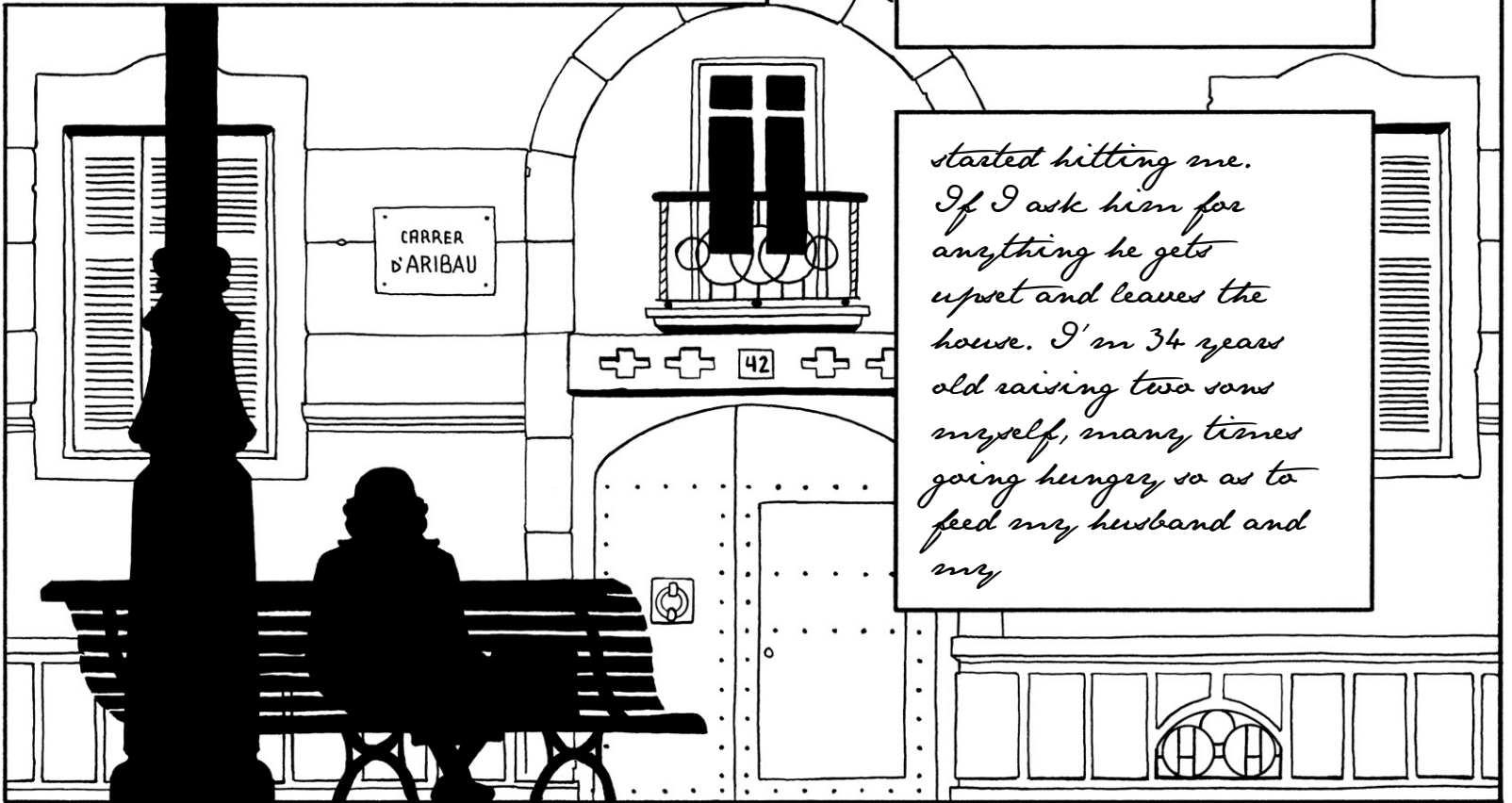
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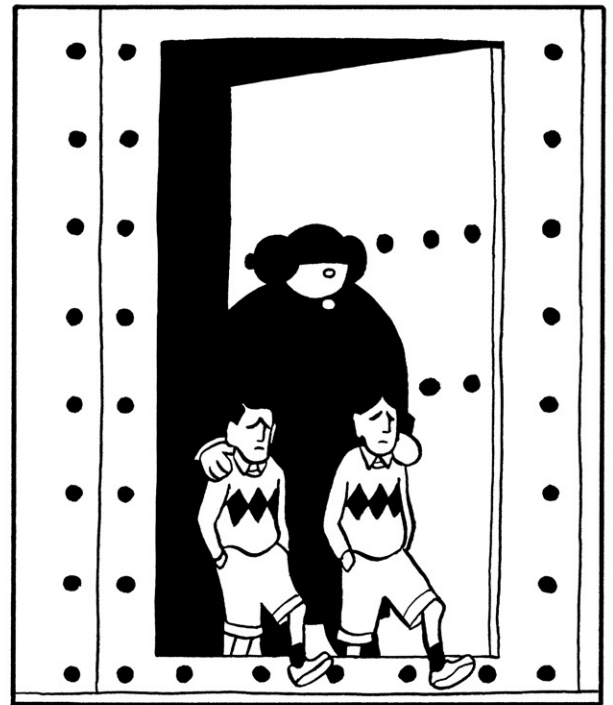
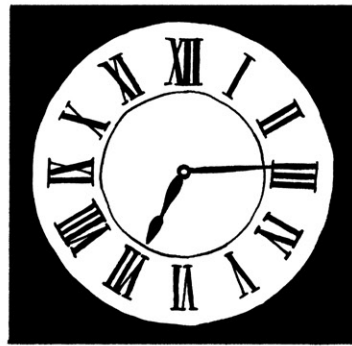
Write what you know

April 24, 1943
Dear Dr. Bosch: I need your help, it's just that I'm absolutely heartbroken. I've been married for eleven years, I can't say happily, as the first month we were married my husband

started hitting me. If I ask him for anything he gets upset and leaves the house. I'm 34 years old raising two sons myself, many times going hungry so as to feed my husband and my

children and I think I've done everything a wife ought to do. But he has a very harsh way of acting, six years ago he punched my son twice in the stomach and my mother



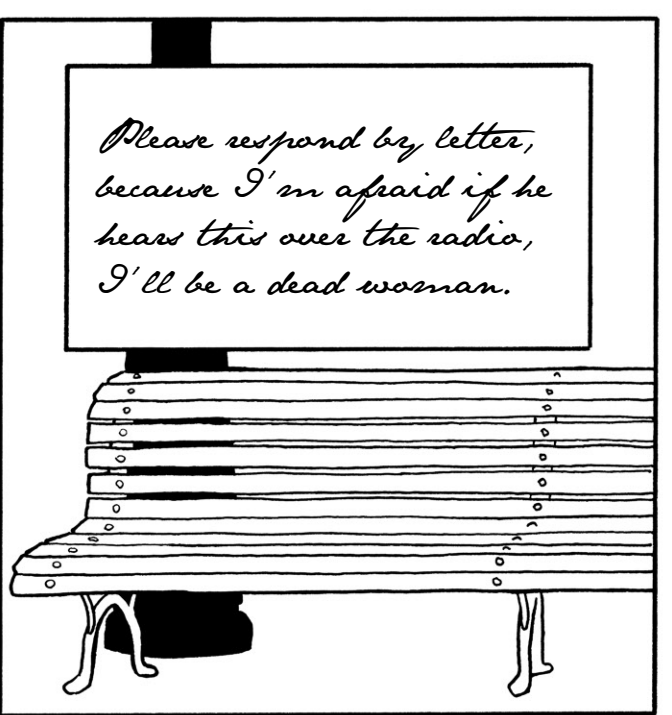


in the arms and a few days ago he grabbed our other son to scold him, striking him in his spine and leaving him bruised for a month.

Despite all he's done, I still love him. If you know of anything I can give him, without hurting him, to make him kinder like he was before we were married.

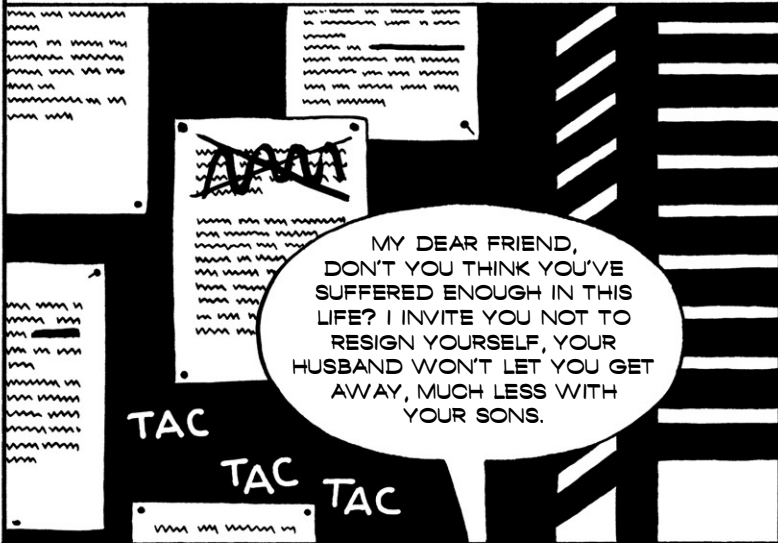


Please respond by letter, because I'm afraid if he hears this over the radio, I'll be a dead woman.



My dear friend, above all, I want to remind you that we were brought in this world for suffering, and that each one of us has our own cross to bear, just like Our Lord carried His to His crucifixion. I've written you these lines so that you might resign yourself, as

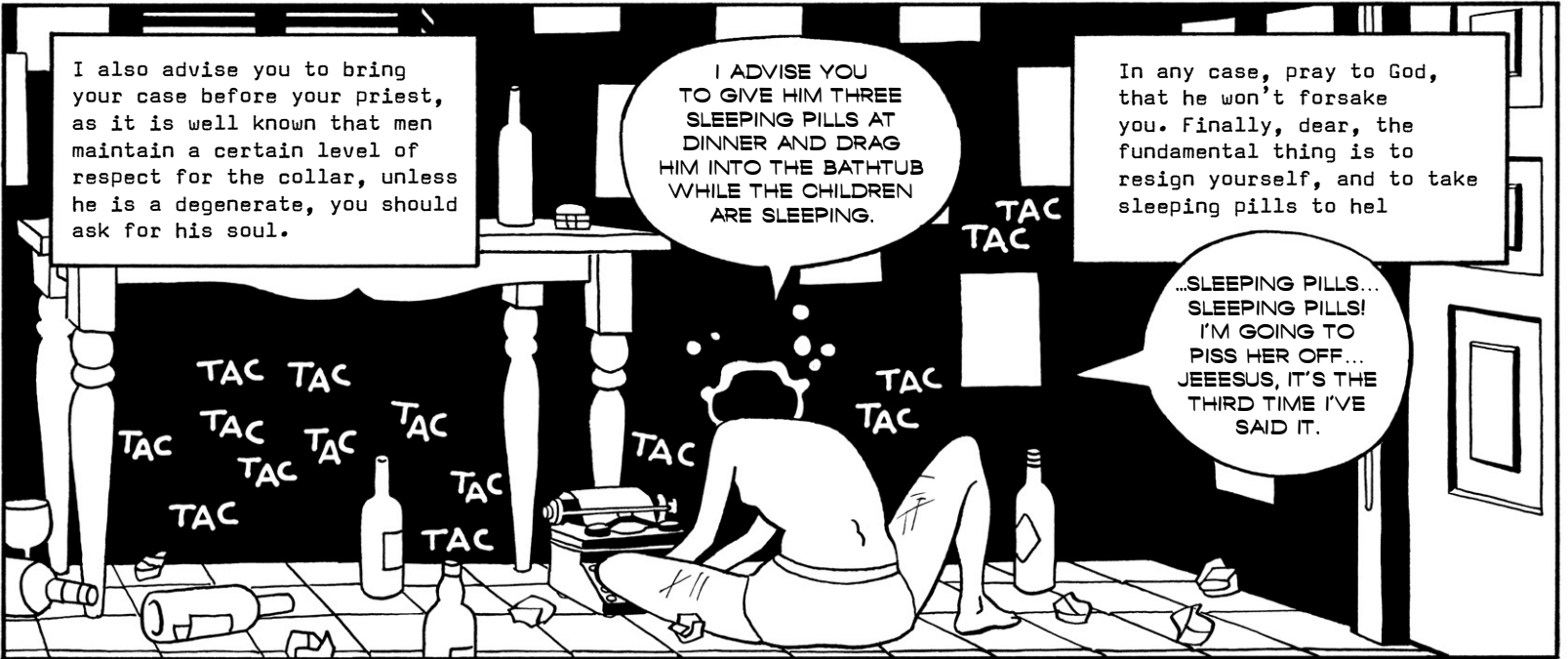
marriage is a very serious obligation, a bond of union impossible to break. I advise you to try and please him down to the smallest detail, do not appear contrary and do what he wishes.



MY DEAR FRIEND, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH IN THIS LIFE? I INVITE YOU NOT TO RESIGN YOURSELF, YOUR HUSBAND WON'T LET YOU GET AWAY, MUCH LESS WITH YOUR SONS.



THE WAY I SEE IT, YOU HAVE THREE OPTIONS: POISON, HAMMER, OR KNIFE. GIVEN THAT THERE ARE CHILDREN NEARBY, I WOULD ADVISE AGAINST POISON. THE HAMMER WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU IF, AS YOU SAID, YOU STILL LOVE HIM.

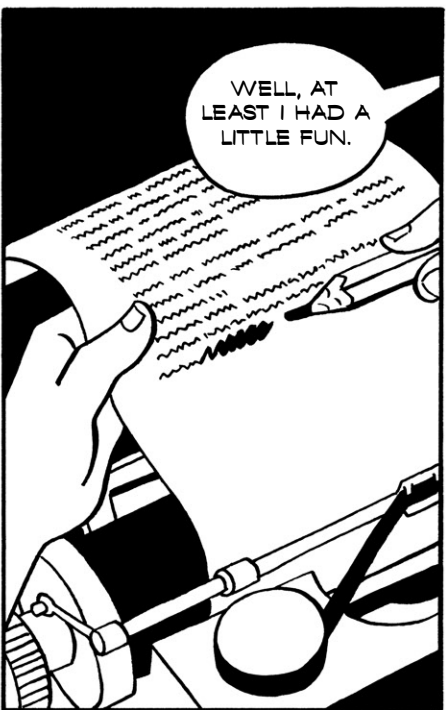


I also advise you to bring your case before your priest, as it is well known that men maintain a certain level of respect for the collar, unless he is a degenerate, you should ask for his soul.

I ADVISE YOU TO GIVE HIM THREE SLEEPING PILLS AT DINNER AND DRAG HIM INTO THE BATHTUB WHILE THE CHILDREN ARE SLEEPING.

In any case, pray to God, that he won't forsake you. Finally, dear, the fundamental thing is to resign yourself, and to take sleeping pills to help

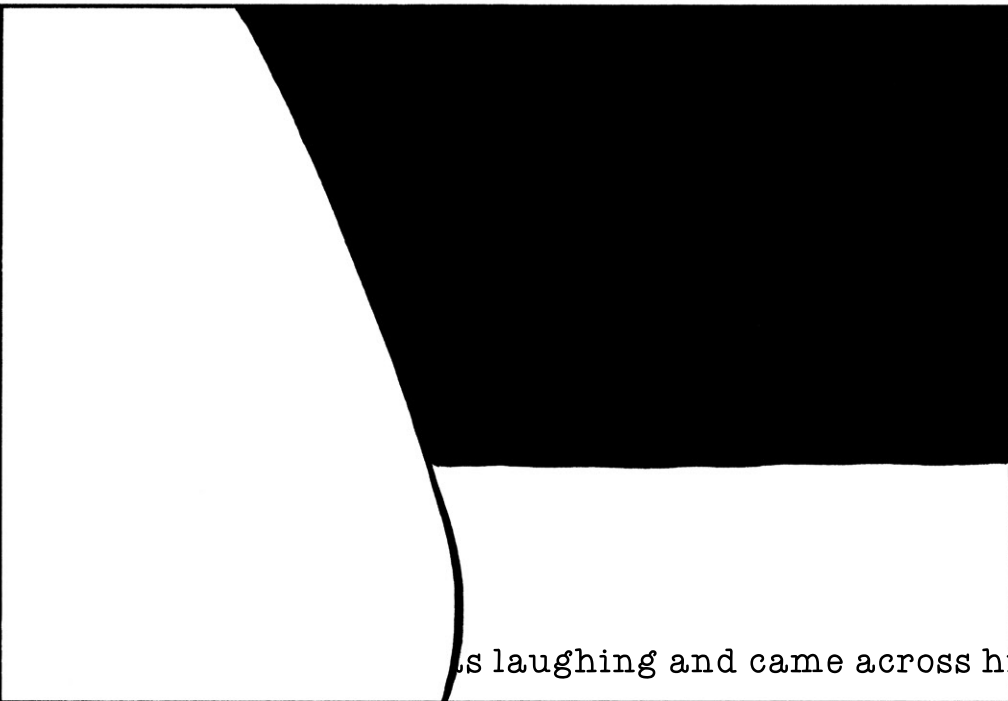
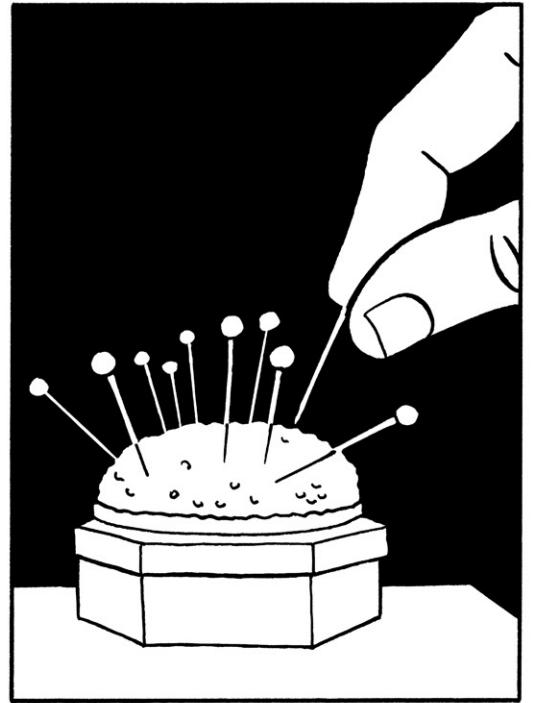
...SLEEPING PILLS... SLEEPING PILLS! I'M GOING TO PISS HER OFF... JEEESUS, IT'S THE THIRD TIME I'VE SAID IT.



WELL, AT LEAST I HAD A LITTLE FUN.

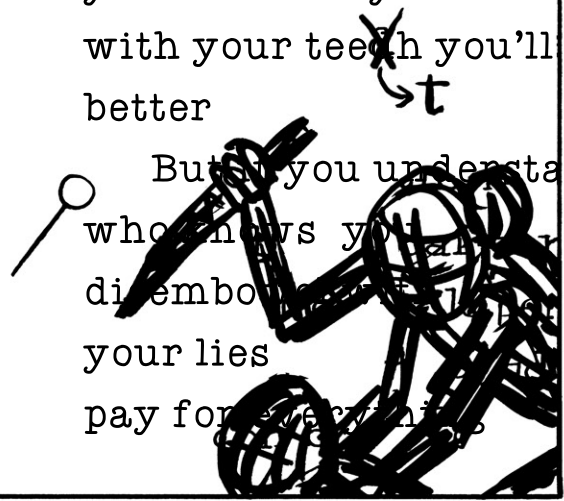


Once he's in the tub, open up his veins with his own shaving razor. It won't be quite as liberating as bashing in his skull, but it will look like a suicide. Think of your children.



if he likes going out
he should hit you
maybe you'll regret it
you're already lost
with your teeth you'll
better

But you understand
who knows you
disembodiment
your lies
pay for



is laughing and came across h

4

You'll earn your bread by the sweat of your brow

