

# MASCOTAS, ESPÍRITUS Y OTROS PRODIGIOS DEL INFRAMUNDO







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PEP BROCAL

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**INFRAMUNDO**

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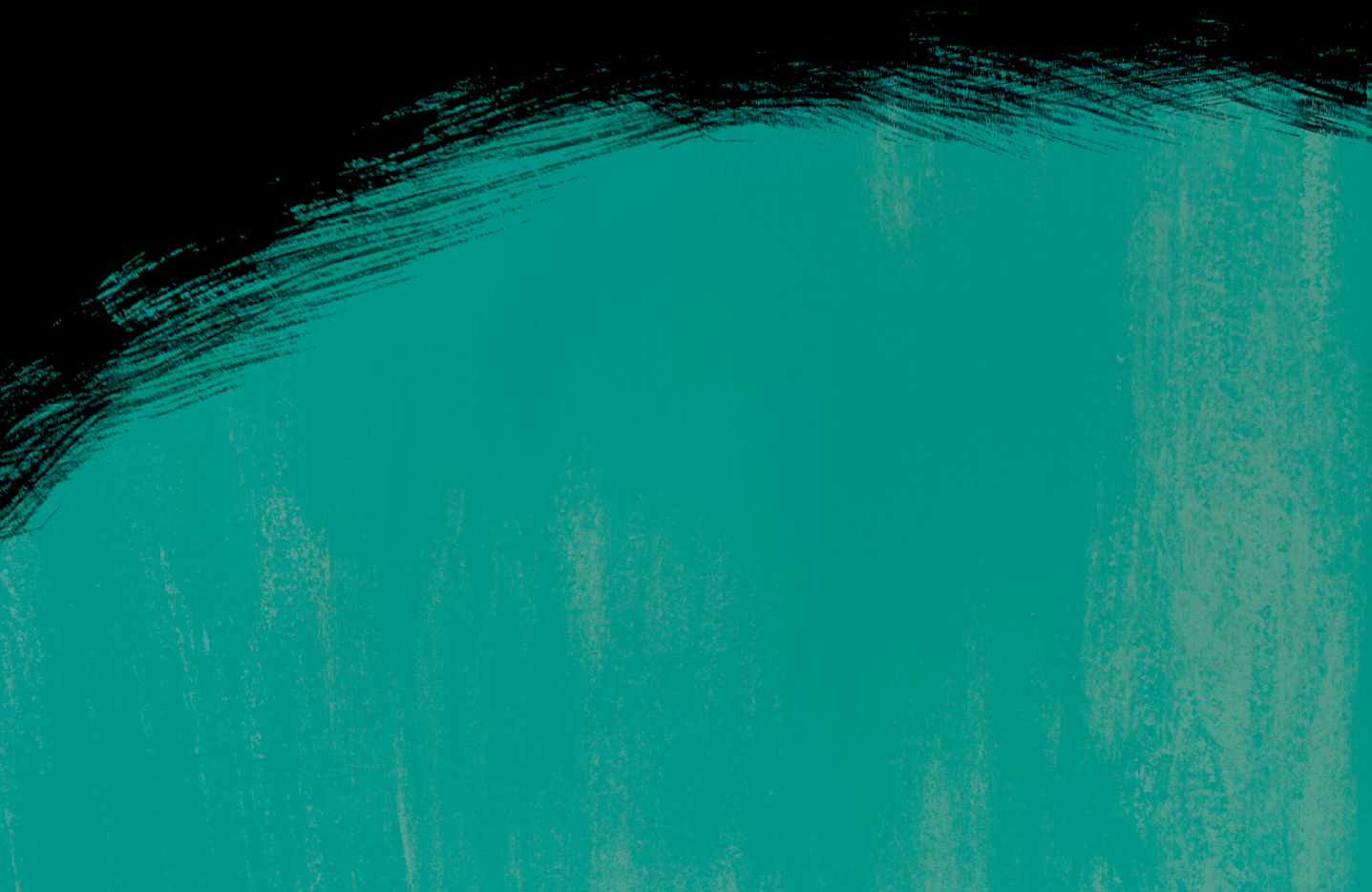
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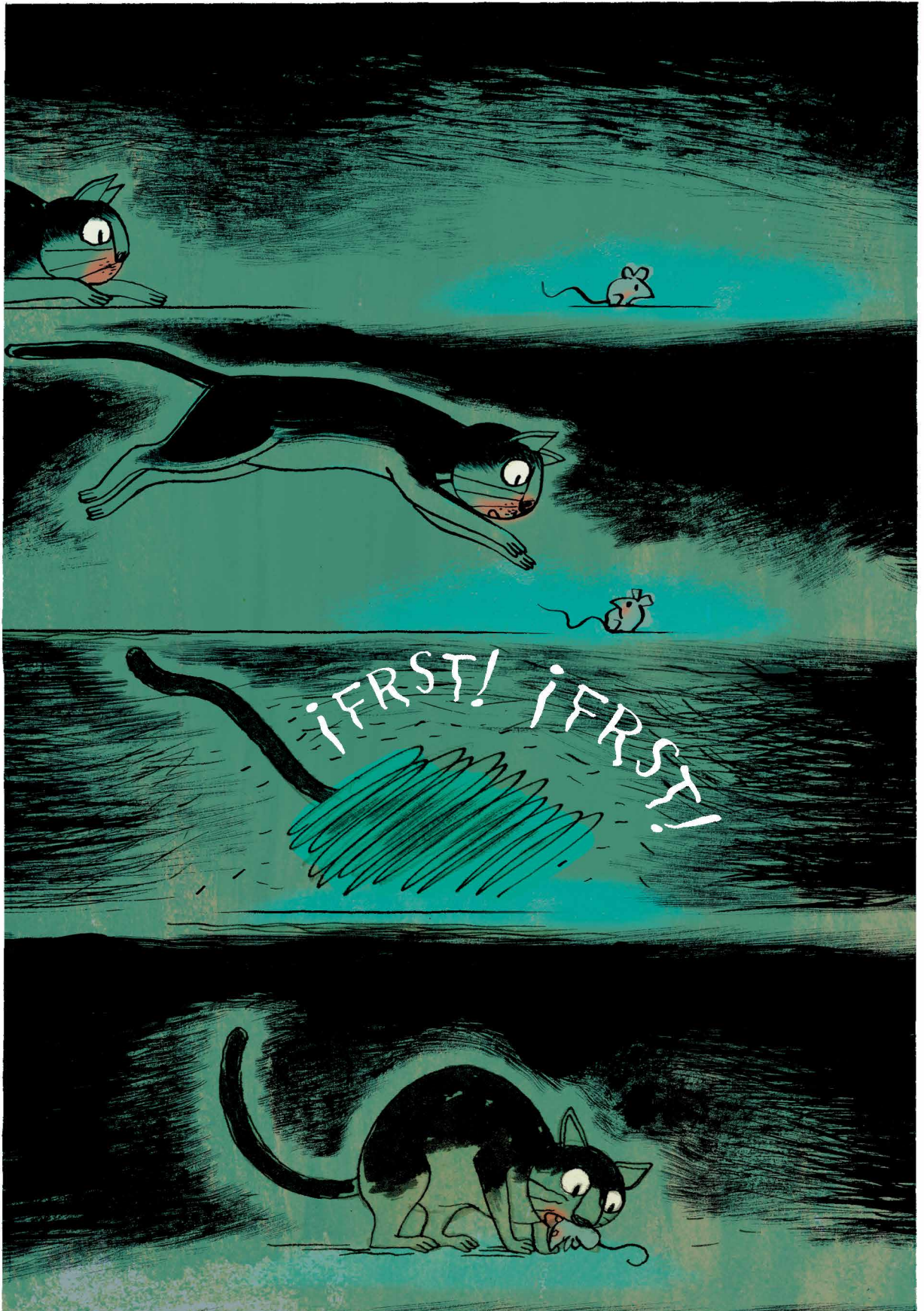
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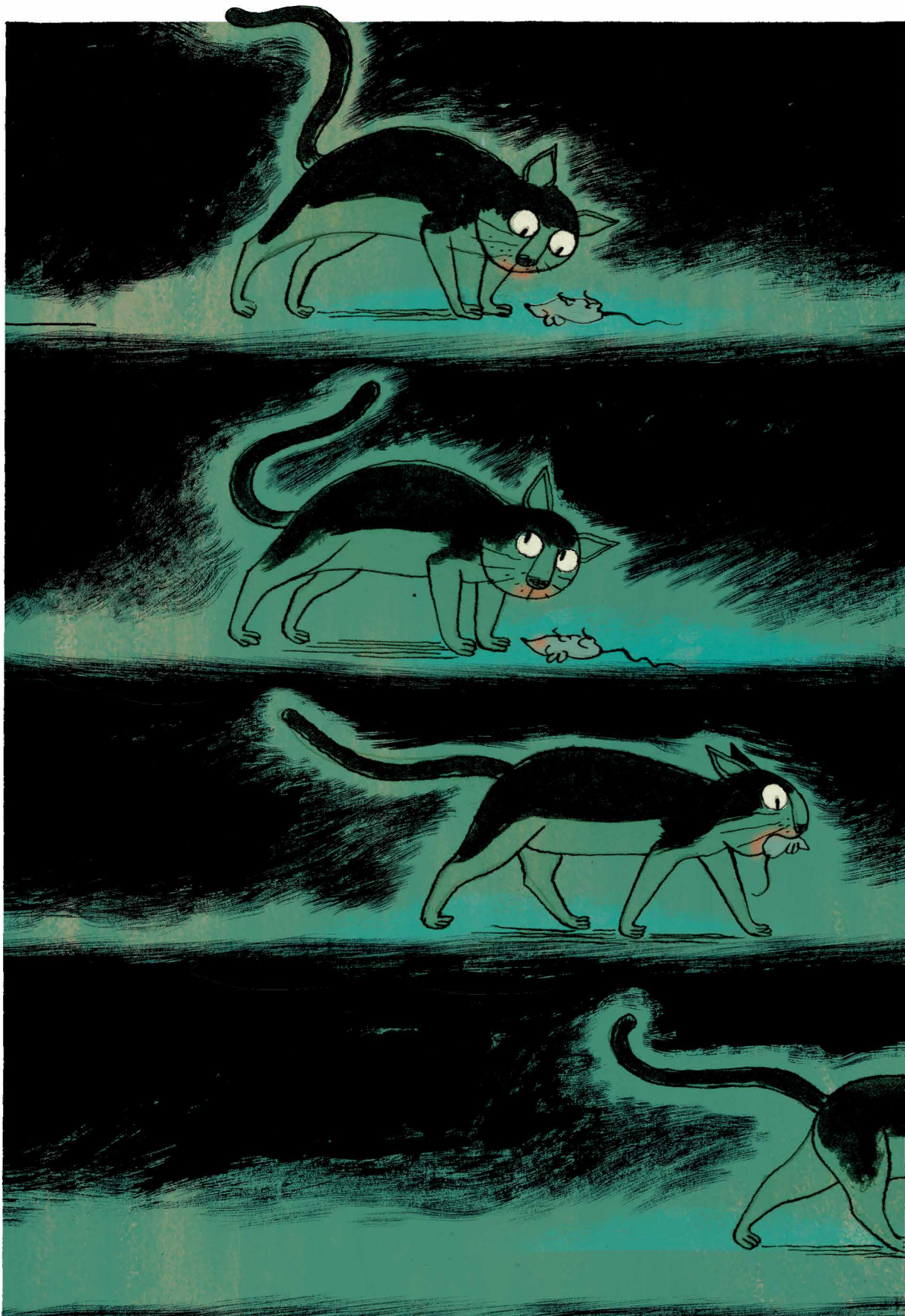




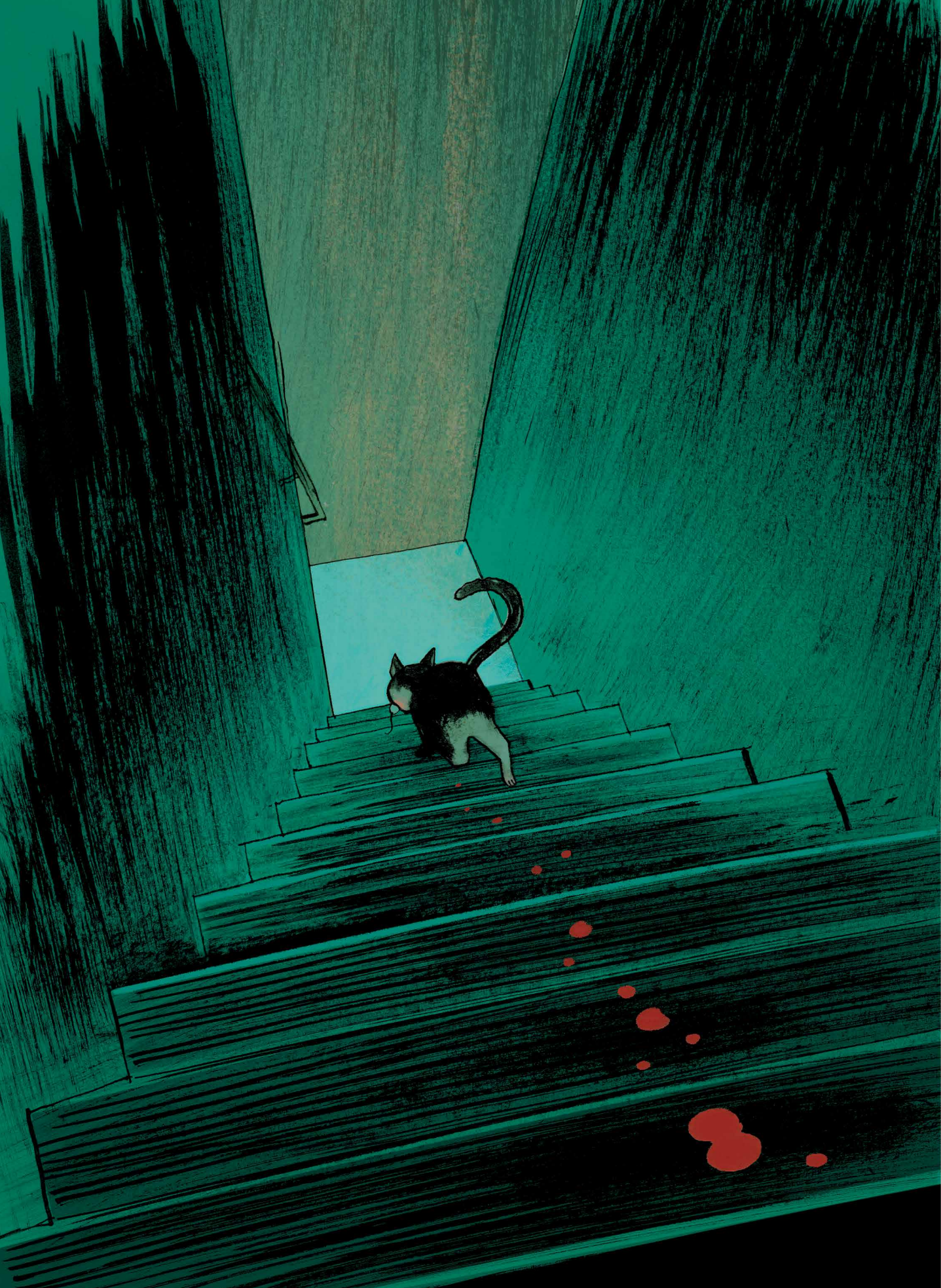










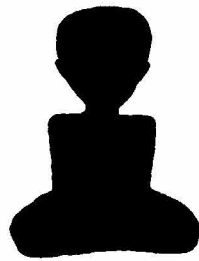




1

**SUPERINTENDENT**

IF YOU UNDERSTAND THE  
ROOT, YOU UNDERSTAND  
ITS FRUIT.



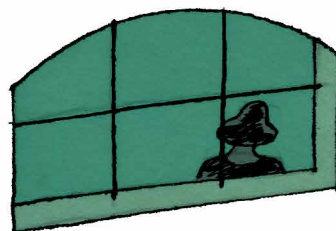
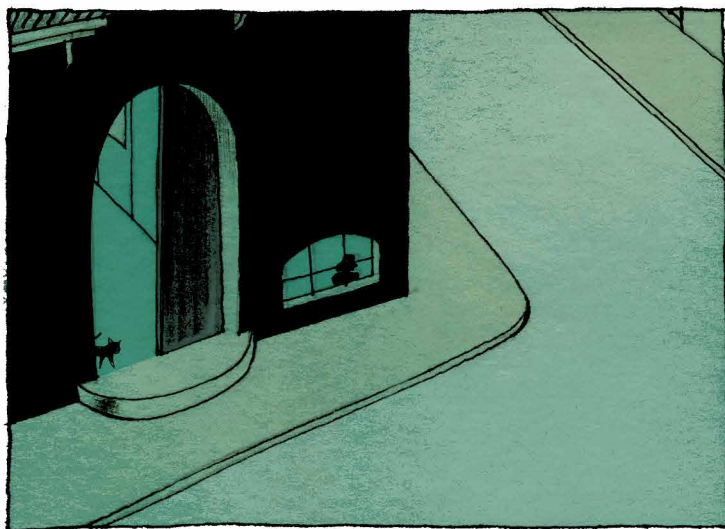






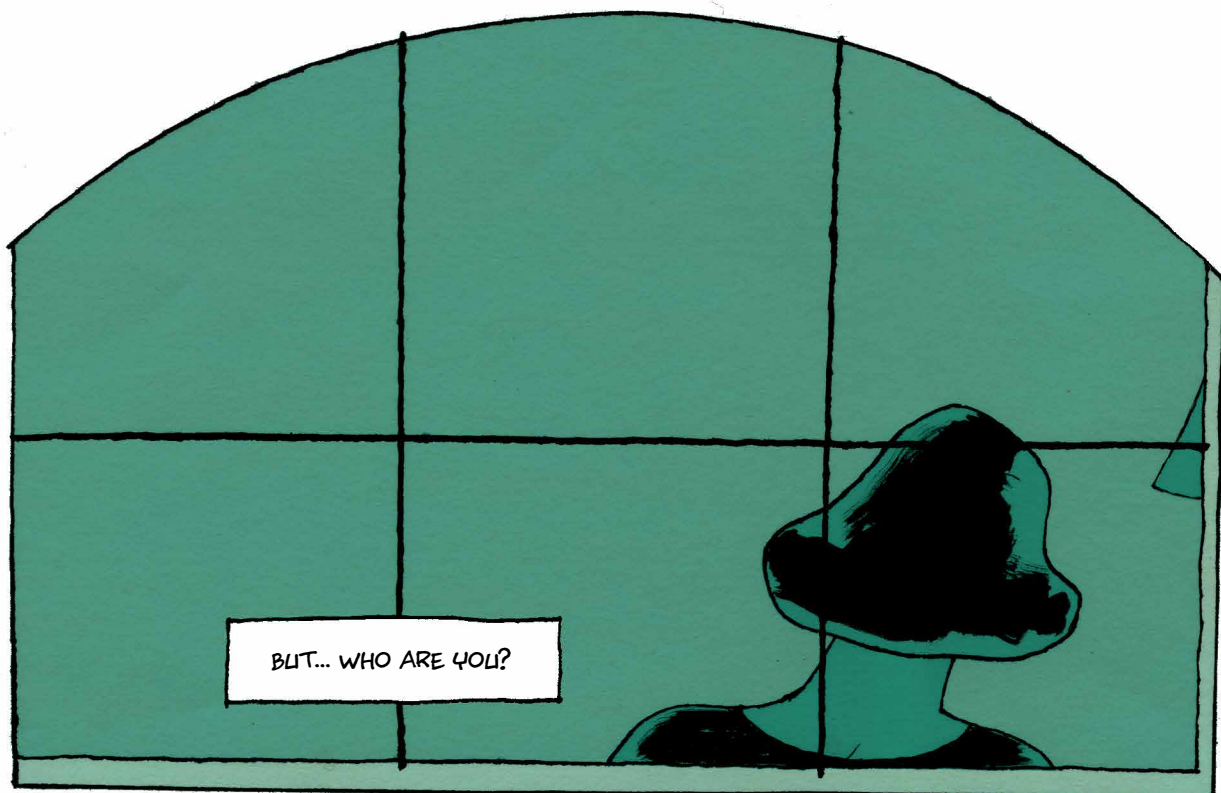
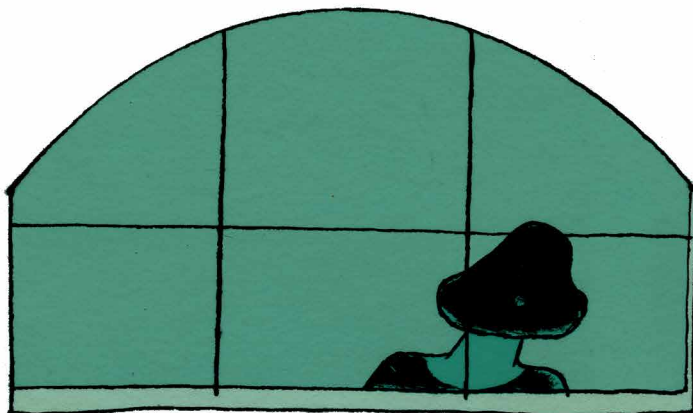


AND THIS,  
YOUR HOUSE.




IT'S HERE THAT YOU'VE  
LIVED FOR FOUR YEARS.

EVEN THOUGH SOMETIMES  
YOU DON'T KNOW WHETHER  
YOU'RE LIVING OR HIDING  
YOURSELF FROM THE WORLD.



BUT... WHO ARE YOU?





MY NAME IS AMALIA.



AND IT'S HERE  
WHERE I SPEND MY  
SIMPLE DAYS.



I'M THE OLD SLUPER'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE MY MOTHER PASSED,  
I'VE TAKEN HER PLACE.

I KEEP AN EYE ON THE  
ENTRANCE, TO SEE  
WHO'S COMING AND  
GOING... THAT'S WHAT  
SLUPERS DO, ISN'T IT

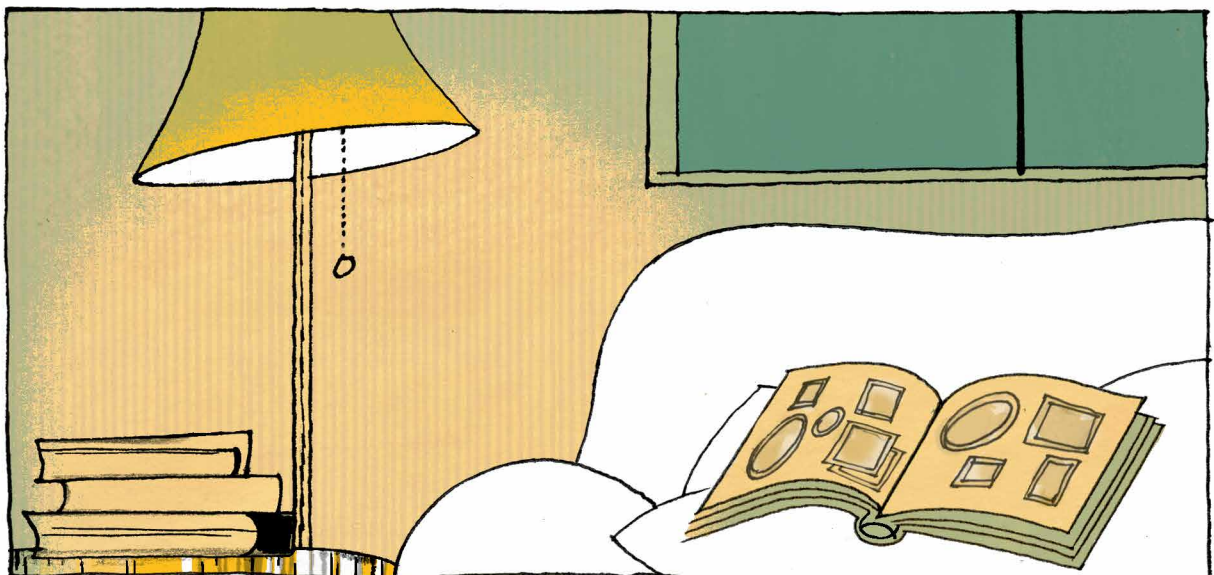
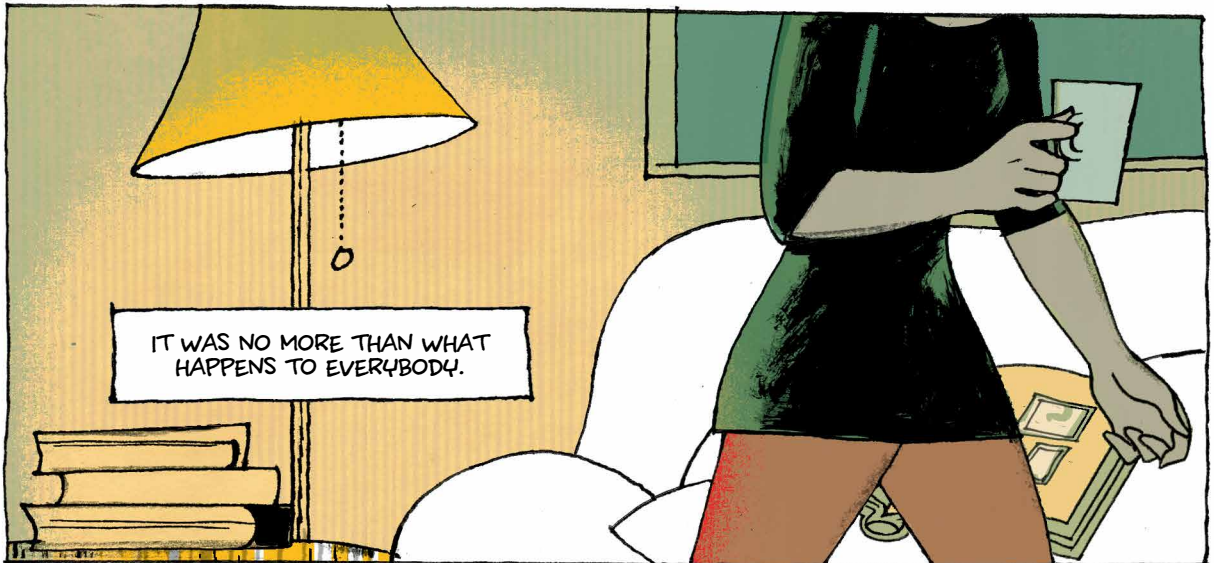
I SWEEP, MOP THE  
FLOOR, DISTRIBUTE  
THE MAIL...

THAT SORT  
OF THING.











BECAUSE... WHO AM I?



WELL, SOMEONE LIKE ANYONE...

HERE I AM, AGE 9...  
I HAD TONS OF GUY  
FRIENDS...



AND  
A GIRL FRIEND  
OR TWO.

HERE,  
WITH HER  
BAG PACKED, ON  
LEAVE ON THE COAST...  
I WAS ALREADY THERE,  
PUSHING TO GET  
OUT.



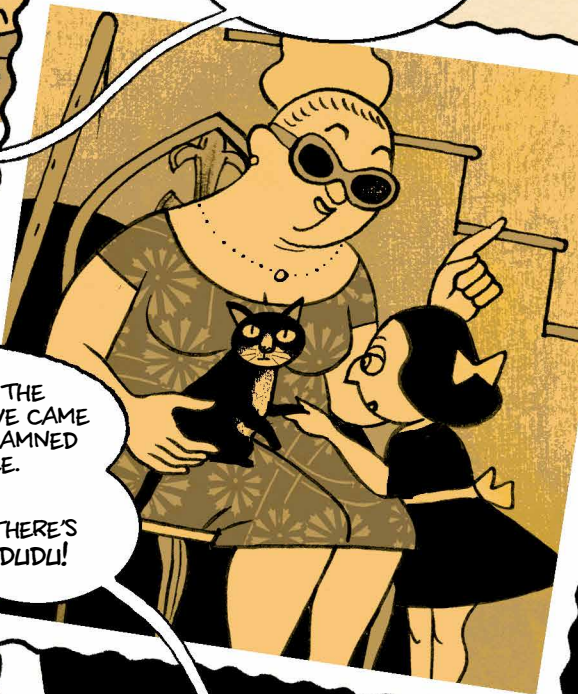
THE ONLY PHOTO OF  
THEM TOGETHER.

THERE AREN'T  
MANY OF MY  
FATHER BEFORE  
THE WAR.



AFTER THE  
FUNERAL WE CAME  
TO THIS DAMNED  
PLACE.

THERE'S  
DIDI!





THE MORE I LOOK  
AT THE PHOTOS,  
THE LESS I RECOGNIZE  
MYSELF.

IT'S AS IF I'M  
LOOKING AT  
SOMEONE ELSE'S  
LIFE.

MY MOTHER  
PUT THIS ALBUM  
TOGETHER...

SHE NEVER SAID IT, BUT SHE PASTED THESE  
PHOTOS IN ONE BY ONE... AS IF TO LEAVE ME A  
MEMORY OF MYSELF.

I GREW UP... AND  
ALL OF THIS BECAME TOO  
SMALL FOR ME. I WAS CRAZY  
ABOUT GETTING AWAY... WHEREV-  
ER, FAR AWAY, TO STUDY... EVEN  
THOUGH I DIDN'T APPLY MYSELF  
VERY ENTHUSIASTICALLY  
TO THAT.

AND THEN,  
WHAT SOME MIGHT  
CALL THE MAN OF  
YOUR DREAMS AP-  
PEARED. WELL, OF  
MY DREAMS.

AND  
THAT'S  
WHAT I  
DID.

STUDYING IS  
FINE FOR SOME... BUT IF  
IT'S NOT FOR YOU, YOU  
GET TO WORK.



I KNOW IT SOUNDS CHEESY, BUT  
IT'S WHAT I THOUGHT THE DAY  
I MET HIM.



AHEM...

?

CHEMISTRY, THEY SAY.



COULD I BUY YOU  
A DRINK, MISS?

SURPRISE ME.



I BELIEVE HE DID SURPRISE ME.

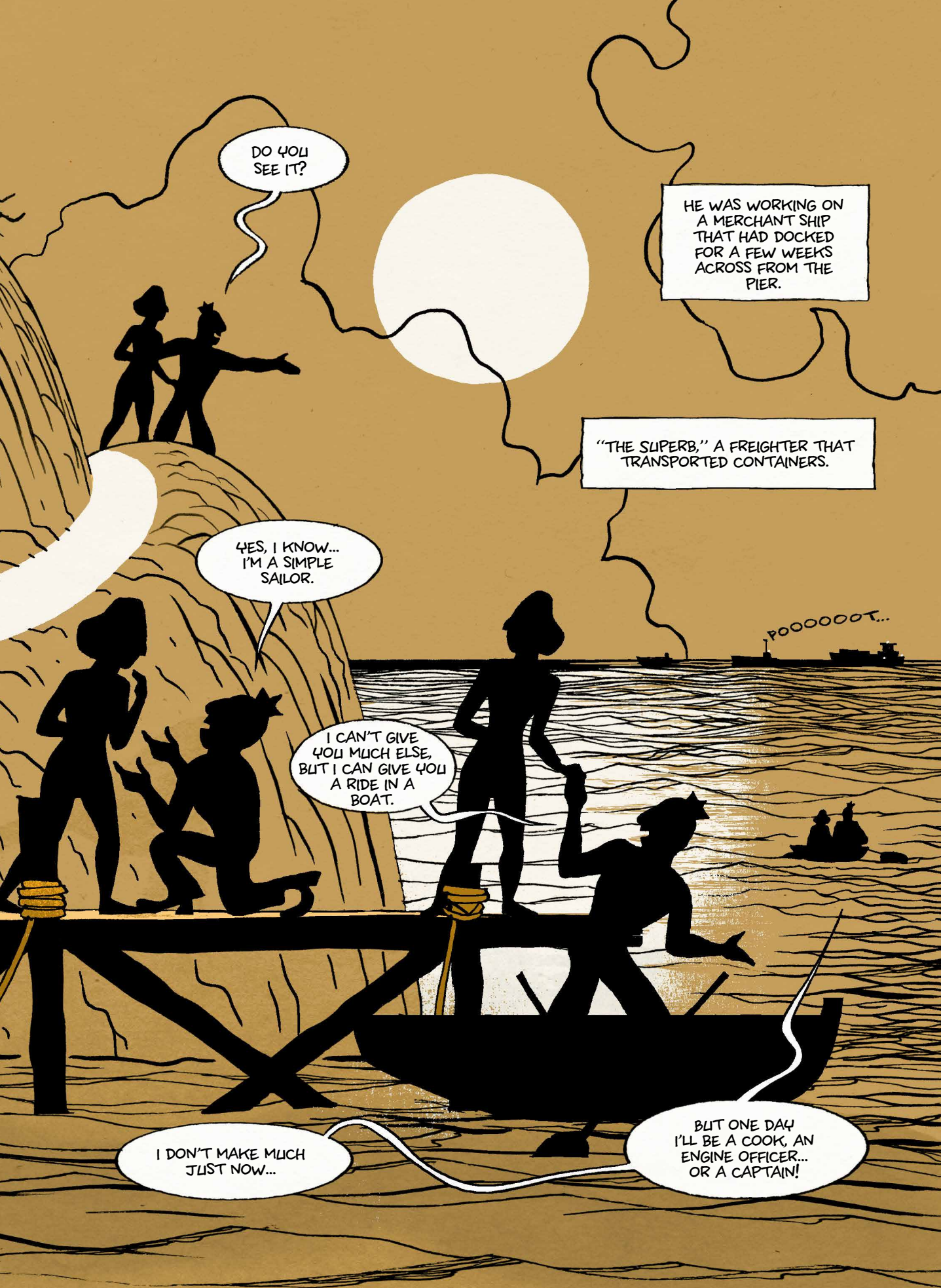
PIER

HE TOOK ME OUT TO THE ROCKS.



FROM THERE YOU COULD  
GLIMPSE THE FUTURE, HE  
TOLD ME.





DO YOU  
SEE IT?

HE WAS WORKING ON  
A MERCHANT SHIP  
THAT HAD DOCKED  
FOR A FEW WEEKS  
ACROSS FROM THE  
PIER.

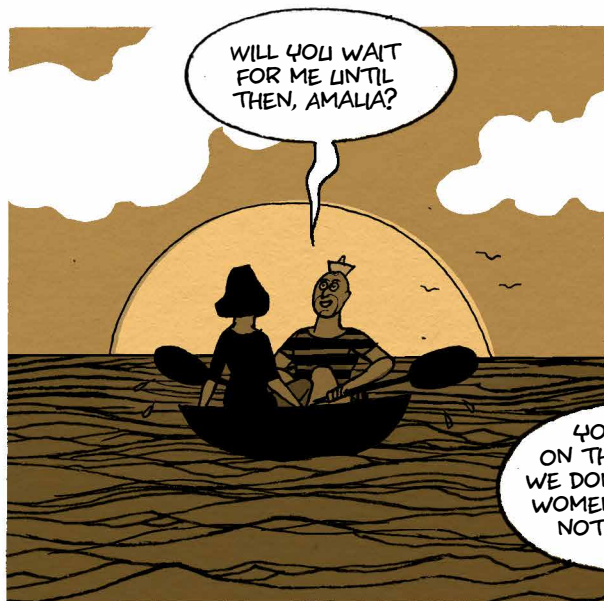
"THE SUPERB," A FREIGHTER THAT  
TRANSPORTED CONTAINERS.

YES, I KNOW...  
I'M A SIMPLE  
SAILOR.

I CAN'T GIVE  
YOU MUCH ELSE,  
BUT I CAN GIVE YOU  
A RIDE IN A  
BOAT.

I DON'T MAKE MUCH  
JUST NOW...

BUT ONE DAY  
I'LL BE A COOK, AN  
ENGINE OFFICER...  
OR A CAPTAIN!



HOW DID YOU NOT REALIZE IT SOONER, AMALIA?





WE SPENT EIGHT YEARS ON  
THAT FOOLISHNESS.

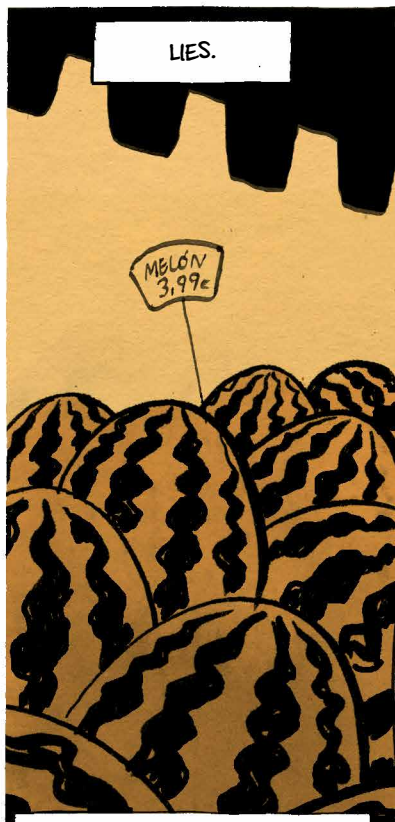
WE WERE GOING TO GET  
MARRIED. I WAS IN LOVE.  
THAT IS TO SAY... BLIND.

HE USED TO TELL ME HE  
WAS GOING TO BUY A  
HOUSE... AND WHERE WAS  
HE GOING TO GET THE  
MONEY FROM?



LIES.

MELÓN  
3,99€



WHEN YOU CHOOSE A MELON  
IT'S ALWAYS AN ADVENTURE.



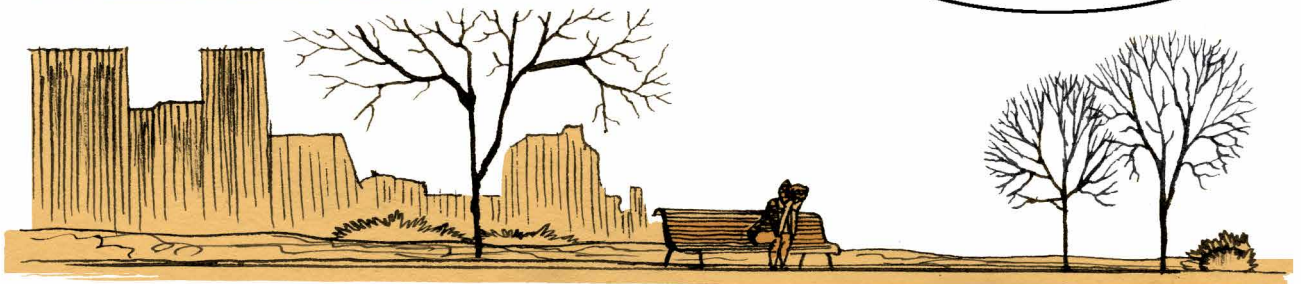
YOU TAKE IT  
HOME.



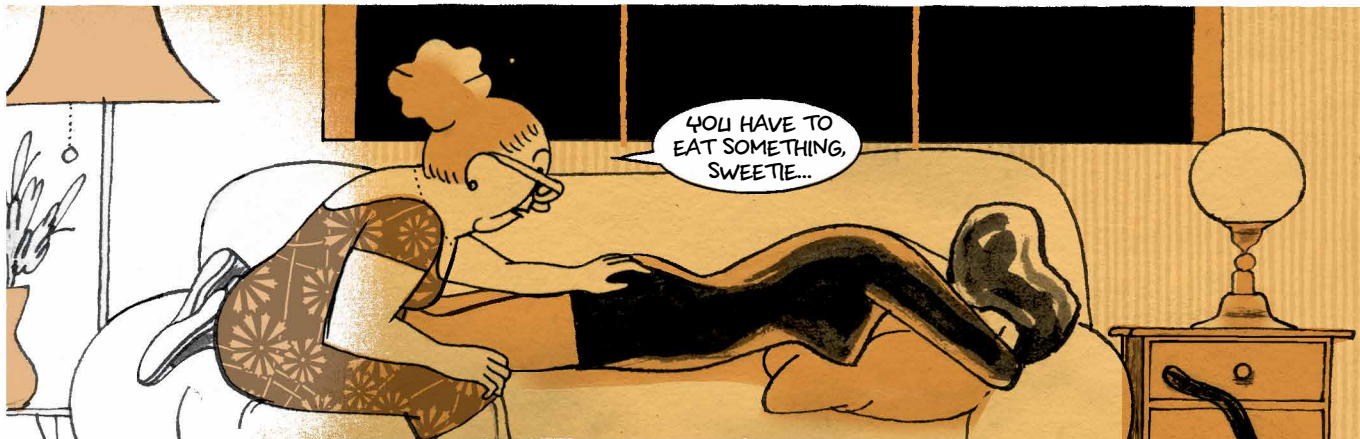
BUT UNTIL YOU OPEN IT, YOU  
DON'T DISCOVER IF IT'S SWEET  
OR ROTTEN. OR IF IT'S GOING TO  
KILL YOU FROM INDIGESTION.



MINE TURNED OUT  
TO BE FLAVORLESS. A FRAUD,  
I MEAN.... IT WASN'T EVEN  
A MELON.



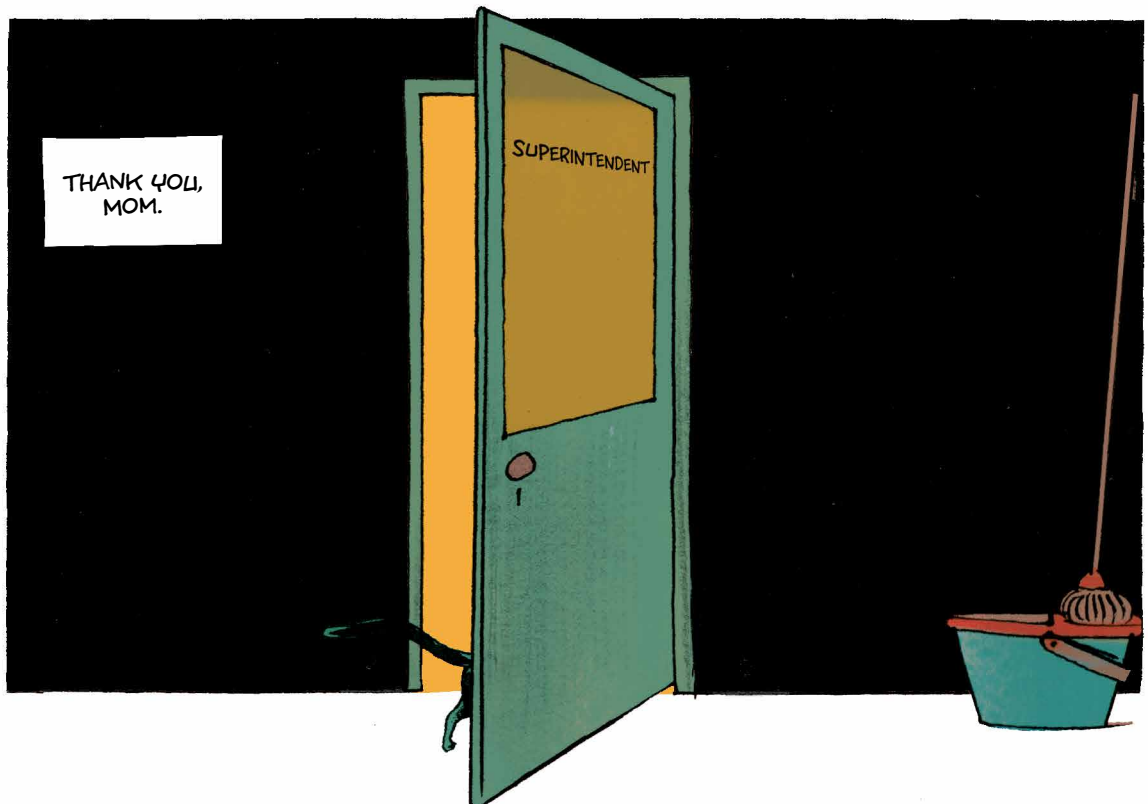




I QUIT MY JOB, I LEFT MY APARTMENT, MY FRIENDS, EVERYTHING. I CAME BACK TO THIS HOLE. AND I DEDICATED MYSELF TO WALLOWING IN MY PAIN, WITHOUT EVER SUSPECTING THAT FAR WORSE THINGS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU.



MY MOTHER'S DEATH DECIDED MY FATE.





HERE I HAVE A ROOF  
OVER MY HEAD, A  
PAYCHECK, AND A SOFA.

HERE I READ,  
WATCH TV, AND  
SLEEP.

BY MIDMORNING, WHEN I'VE  
DISTRIBUTED THE MAIL, I CAN  
CRASH HERE IN PEACE, MAKE  
MYSELF A CUP OF TEA AND  
REST.



I ALWAYS TELL MYSELF IT'S  
TEMPORARY. IT'S BEEN  
FOUR YEARS ALREADY...

I DON'T KNOW, IT'S  
LIKE I'VE GOTTEN  
USED TO IT.

UNDERNEATH IT  
ALL WE'RE ALRIGHT,  
AREN'T WE BRUCE?



THAT WE ARE,  
AMALIA. THAT  
WE ARE.

I OFTEN TALK TO THE BRUCE LEE  
POSTERS THAT MY MOM LEFT ON  
THE WALL... AND I IMAGINE THAT  
THEY TALK BACK.



STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

IT'S MY  
IMAGINARY PEP  
TALK.





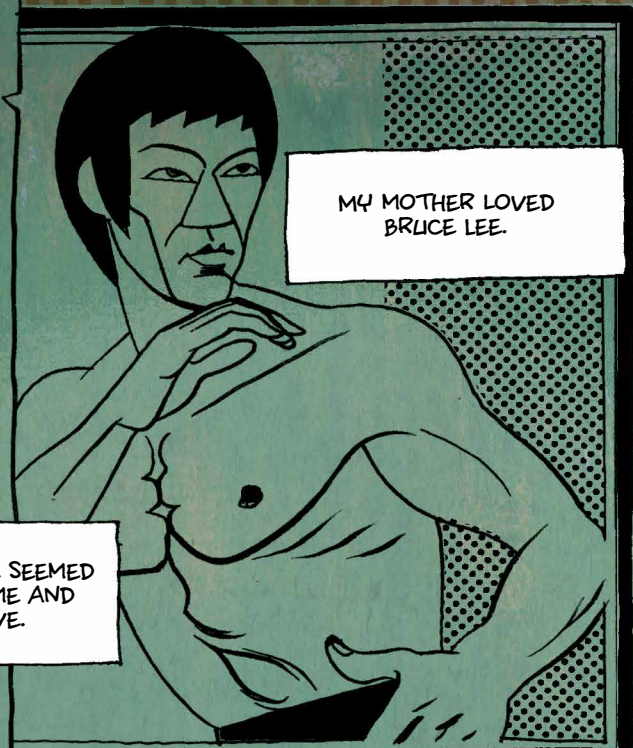
S  
MORT  
NIER  
AT

LE JEU  
DE LA MORT

avec  
KARIM "ABDULL" JABBAR (2m20 de hauteur)

scène ROBERT CL

TO HER HE SEEMED  
HANDSOME AND  
BRAVE.



MY MOTHER LOVED  
BRUCE LEE.

AND SHE KNEW  
MANY OF HIS FAMOUS  
CATCHPHRASES...

BRUCE  
LEE



...THAT GAVE HER ANSWERS AND  
COMFORT FOR EVERYTHING.

IN ONE OF HIS  
BOOKS SHE HAD  
A FEW PAGES  
MARKED...

FOR EXAMPLE...





THIS VERY ONE...

ONE EVENING, THE LITTLE  
DRAGON WAS COMING BACK  
ALONG THE CLIFF'S PATH...

BUT ABSORBED IN HIS WORRIES, HE  
DID NOT SEE THE BLACK STORM  
PICKING UP ON THE HORIZON.





DURING THE NIGHT, A DOWNPOUR OF KNIVES SPREAD DEVASTATION AND DEATH ACROSS THE GLOOMY LANDSCAPE.



THE LITTLE DRAGON SEEMED TO BE PARALYZED BY THE PANIC GROWING INSIDE HIM.



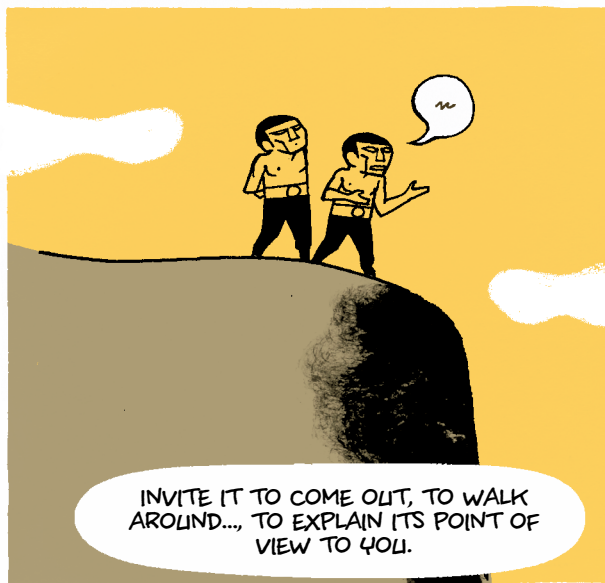
AND THEN HE REMEMBERED THE WISE WORDS OF THE MONK ON THE SNOWY MOUNTAINTOP.



LISTEN TO THIS CAREFULLY, LITTLE ONE.

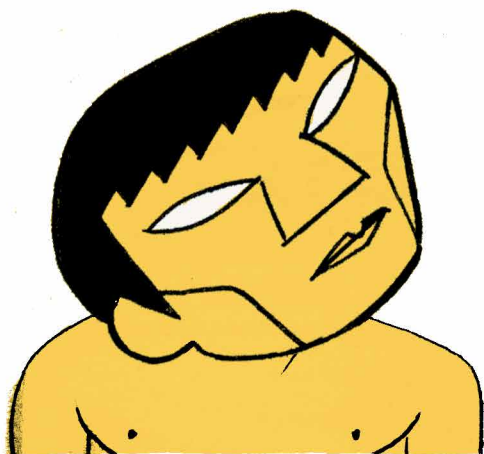


WHEN YOU FEEL FEAR GROWING WITHIN YOU, DO NOT THINK OF IT AS AN ENEMY, BUT RATHER AS AN ALLY.



INVITE IT TO COME OUT, TO WALK AROUND..., TO EXPLAIN ITS POINT OF VIEW TO YOU.





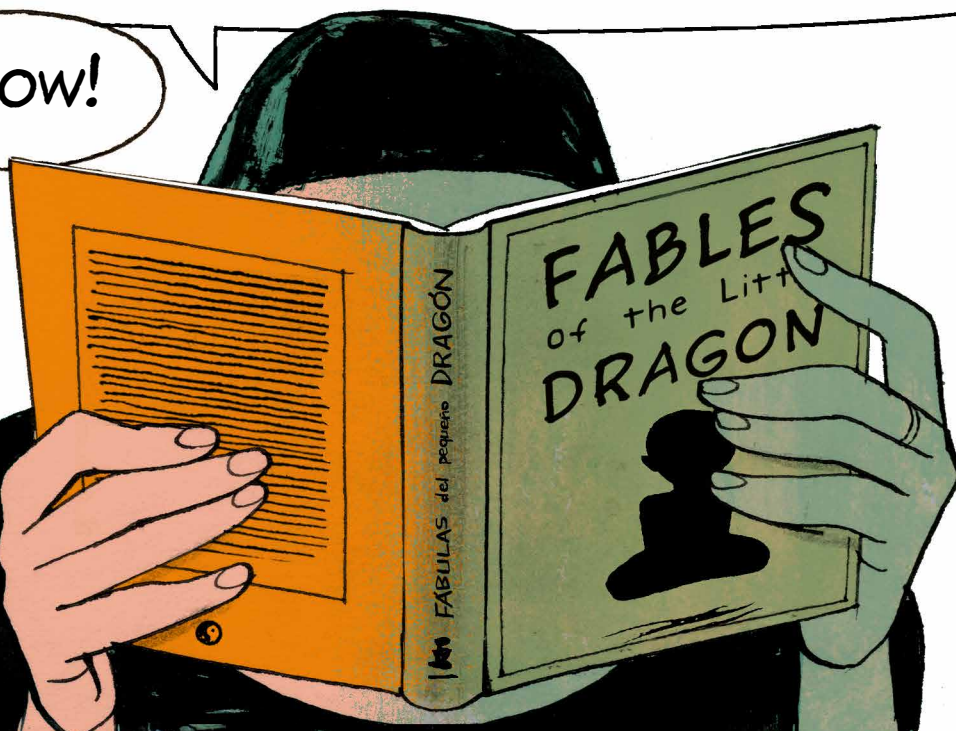
HE LIFTED HIS GAZE AND THE DEADLY SHEETS OF STEEL WERE NOW DROPS OF SWEET FROST.



THE NIGHT WAS BEHIND HIM.

FRANKLY, THAT THIS GUY WAS THE ONE WHO COULD COMFORT MY MOTHER FASCINATED ME...

MEOW!

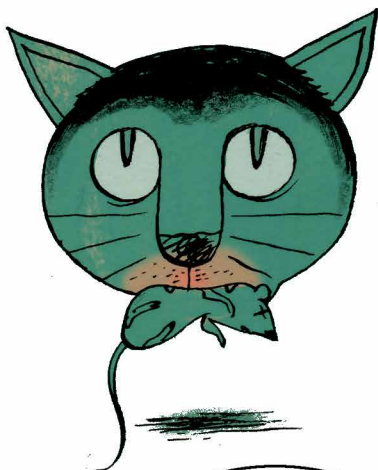




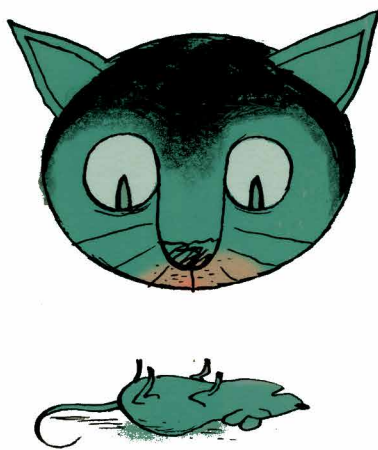




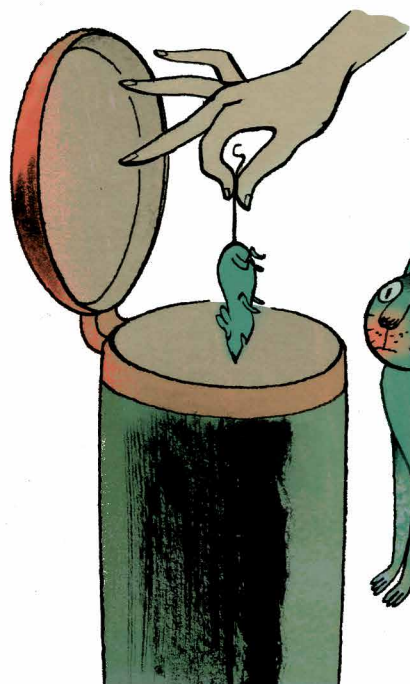
DROP THAT!



I SAID DROP IT!



WHAT DID  
THAT POOR  
RODENT EVER DO  
TO YOU, HUH?

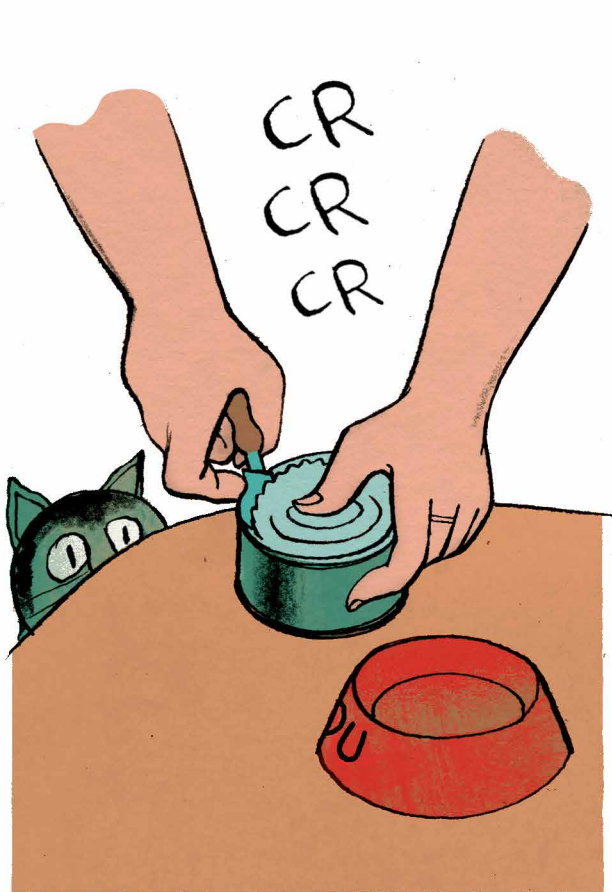


CLAP

COME  
ON, LET'S  
GO!

















HOW  
DISGUSTING!

HOW VERY  
DISGUST-  
ING!!!

WHERE HAS  
THAT USELESS  
GIRL GOT TO?

?

AS IF I COULD  
SEE IT...

THE SEPÚLVEDAS  
AGAIN!





I THOUGHT  
IT MIGHT BE  
YOU, SEÑORA  
CARMEN.

THE  
FIFTH-FLOOR  
LANDING IS  
DISGUSTING!

PARDON?

THAT CAT OF  
YOURS CAN'T RUN  
AROUND LOOSE LIKE  
A SAVAGE. YOU DID  
WELL TO NAME THAT  
REBELLIOUS BEAST  
LENIN!


DIDLI.

IT DOESN'T  
MATTER, THE  
NAME DOES NOT  
MAKE THE THING  
WHAT IT IS.

IN THIS CASE, A  
BOLSHEVIK!

IT'S ONLY  
A CAT,  
MA'AM.





YOU SHOULD'VE  
SEEN WHAT  
NERVE! HAVE YOU  
PAID ATTEN-  
TION TO HOW IT  
SPEAKS TO US,  
ERNESTO?

SAY  
SOME-  
THING, FOR  
HEAVEN'S  
SAKE.

OIGAN,  
NO ES  
NECESARI...

ALRIGHT ALREADY,  
CARMEN... THERE'S THE  
CULPRIT, MISS. I'M GOING TO  
SKIN THAT TROUBLEMAKER  
ONCE AND FOR ALL!

DON'T RUN  
AWAY, YOU DIRTY  
COMMUNIST!

GIVE IT TO HIM FOR  
ONCE, ERNESTO!

IT'S JUST  
THAT MPRMGF...  
HE WON'T STAY  
STILL, THE  
LITTLE...!

ENOUGH!



GET HIM  
GOOD!

DON'T EVEN  
THINK ABOUT  
HITTING MY  
CAT! I'LL MAKE  
SURE THAT  
HE DOESN'T  
BOTHER YOU.







RRRRR...

THOSE STIFF OLD MUMMIES  
FROM THE FIFTH FLOOR  
DON'T APPRECIATE YOU  
MUCH, DO THEY?

I KNOW, I KNOW...  
WHATEVER YOU WANT...  
BUT I'LL HAVE TO GO UP AND  
SWEEP, CLEVER KITTY. AND  
WHILE I'M AT IT, I'LL HANG UP  
THE WASH ON THE  
TERRACE.

YES THAT'S RIGHT, BEFORE  
THOSE TWO FOSSILS COME BACK  
FROM THEIR WEEKLY EXPEDI-  
TION TO THE PHARMAC...











A woman with short dark hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is running away from the viewer down a hallway. To her left is a large, ornate brown door with a diamond-patterned metal grille. To her right is a green cabinet with a yellow door labeled 'SUPERINTENDENT'. A small white flower is on top of the cabinet. In the bottom right corner, a red and blue spinning top with a long stick is on the floor. The hallway floor is light beige, and the walls are dark green.

WOW, WHAT  
A FRIGHT!

IT'S ALMOST LIKE  
HE HAD SEEN A...

SEEN A GHOST, AMALIA?