

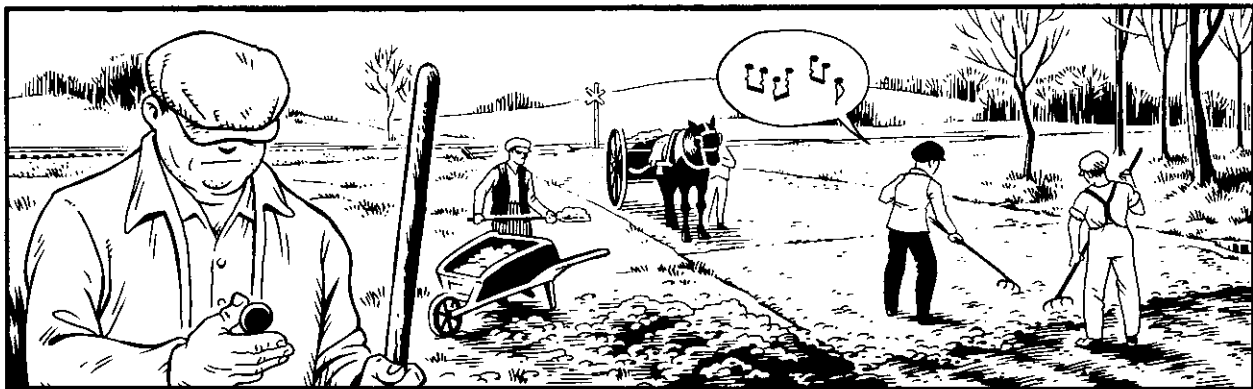
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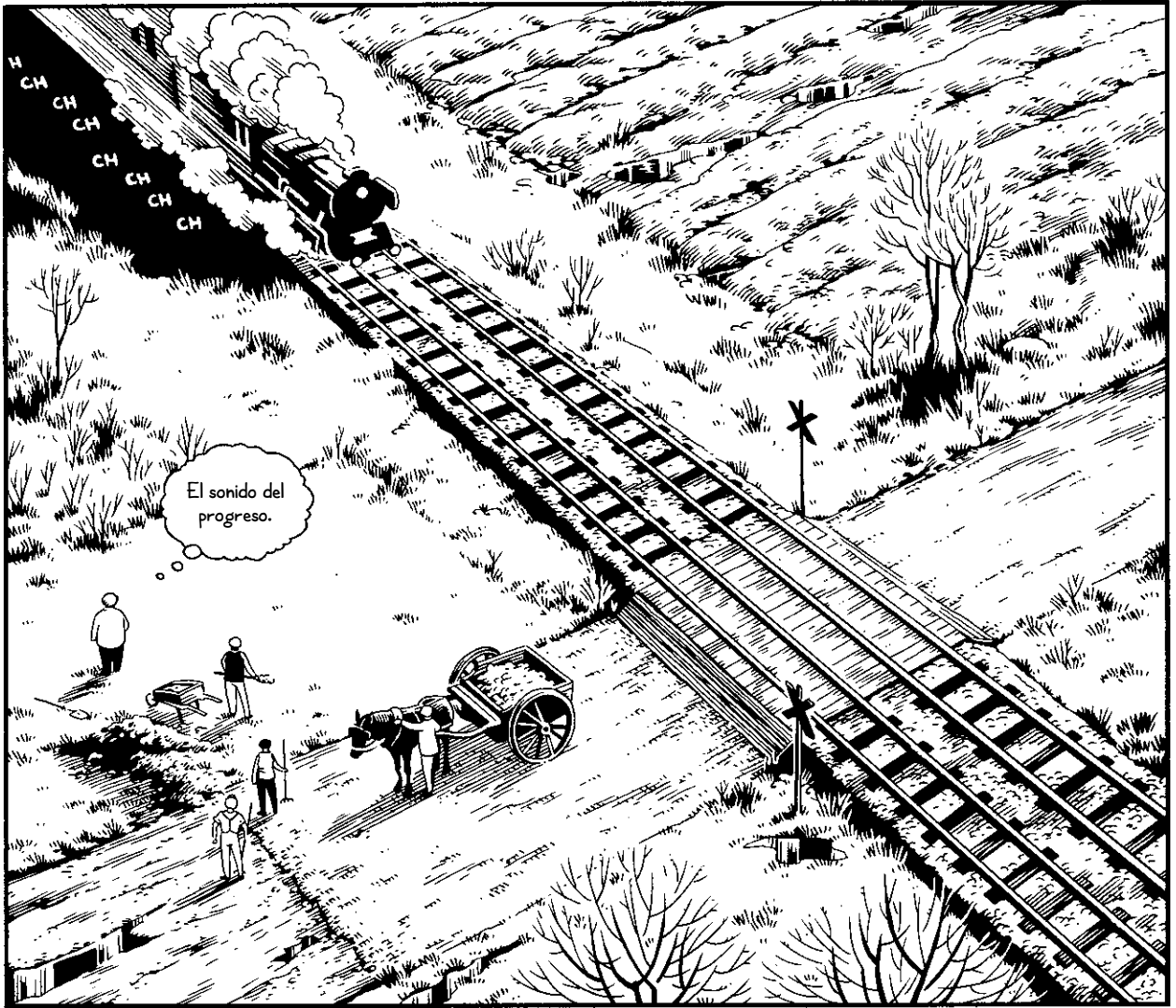
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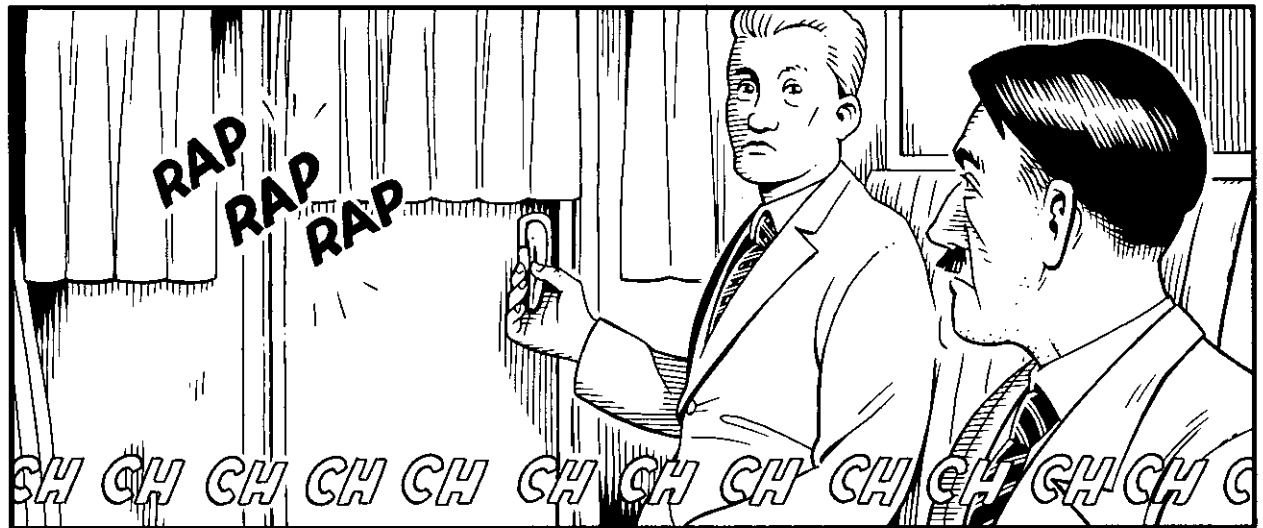
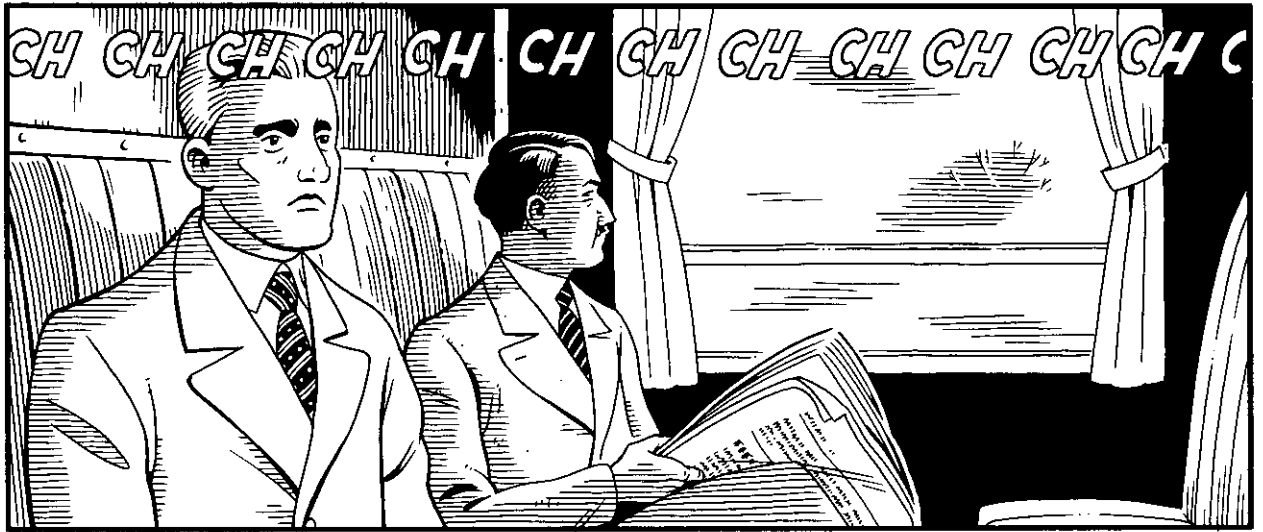
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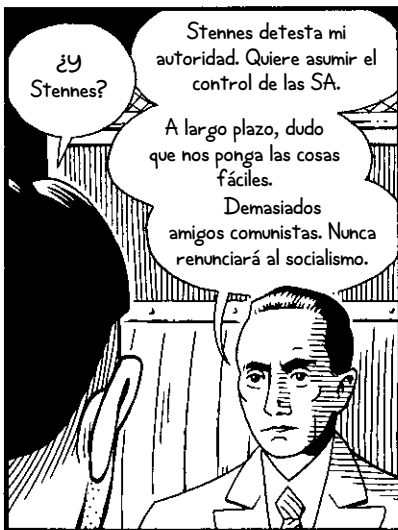
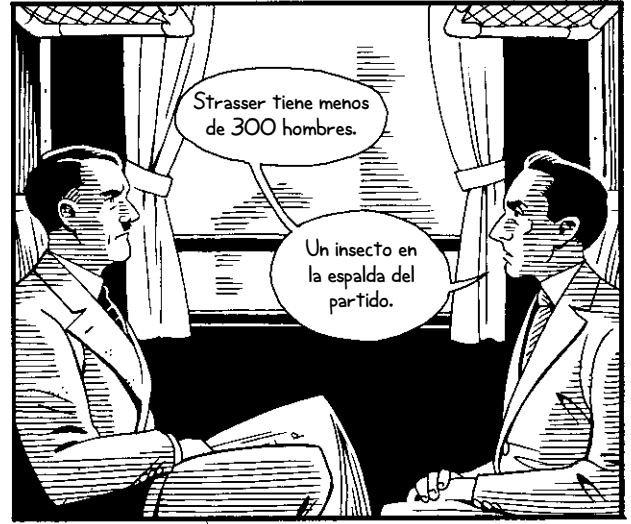
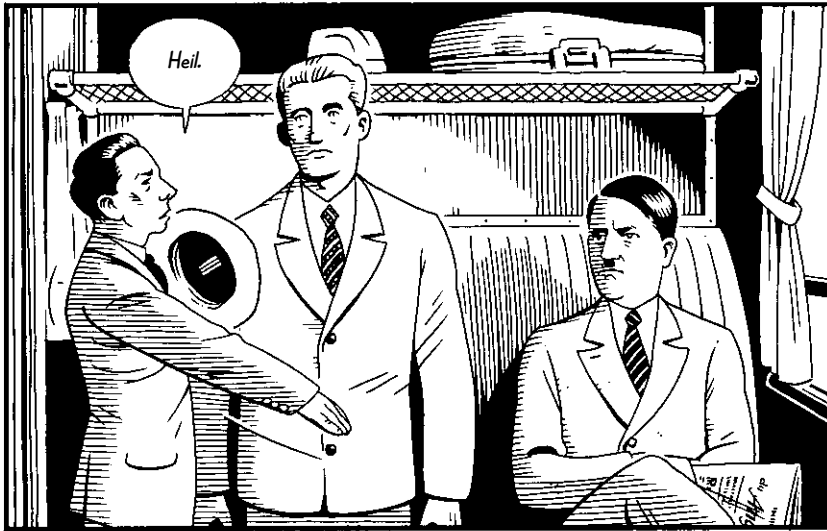
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ASTIBERRI



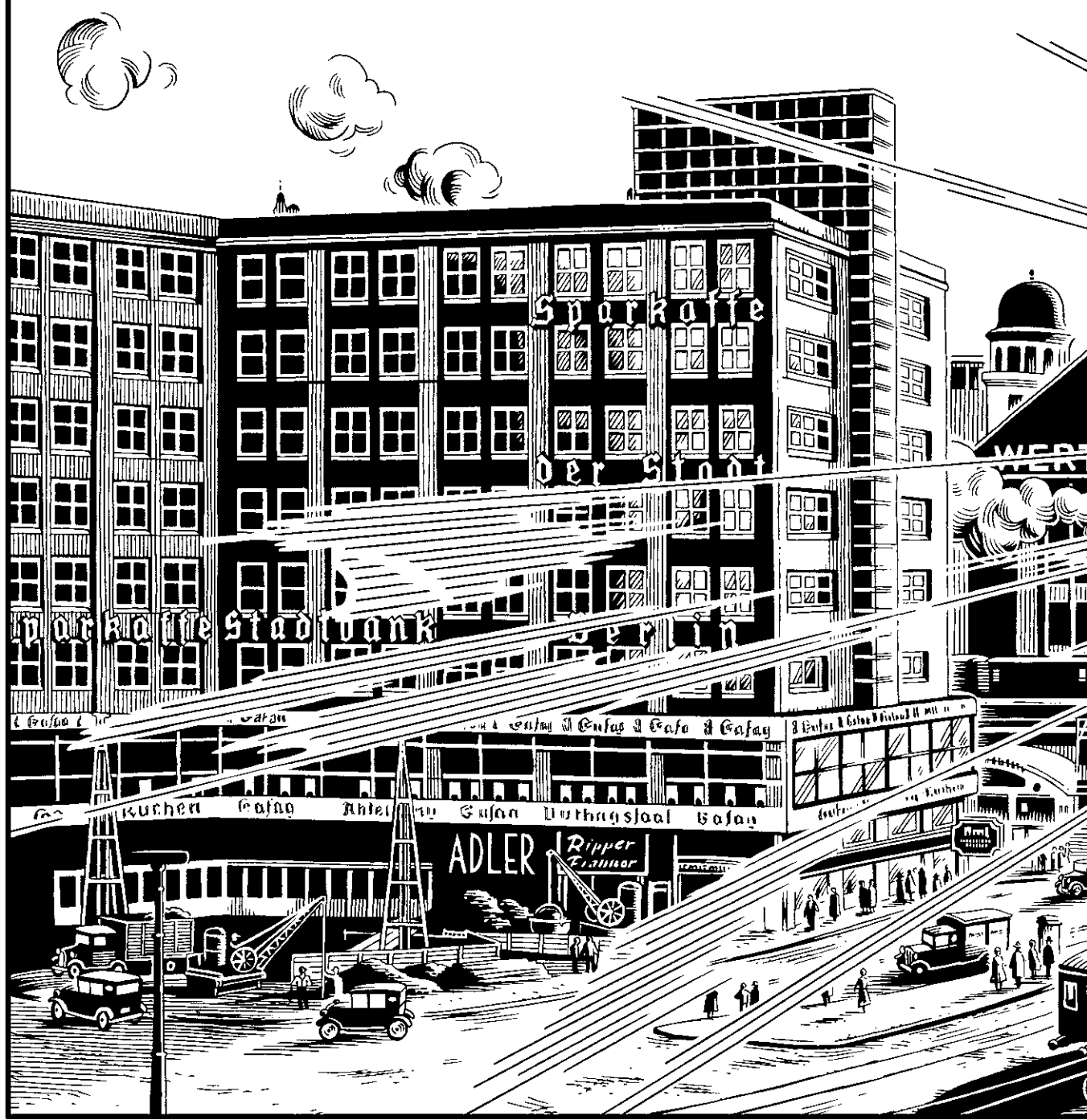




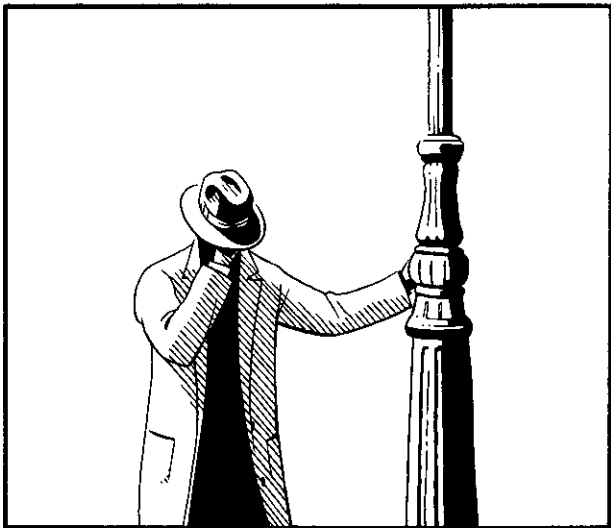


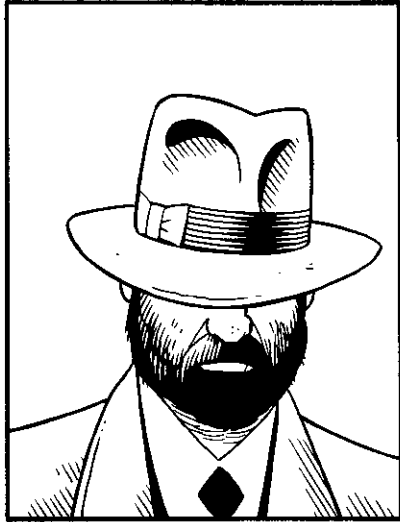
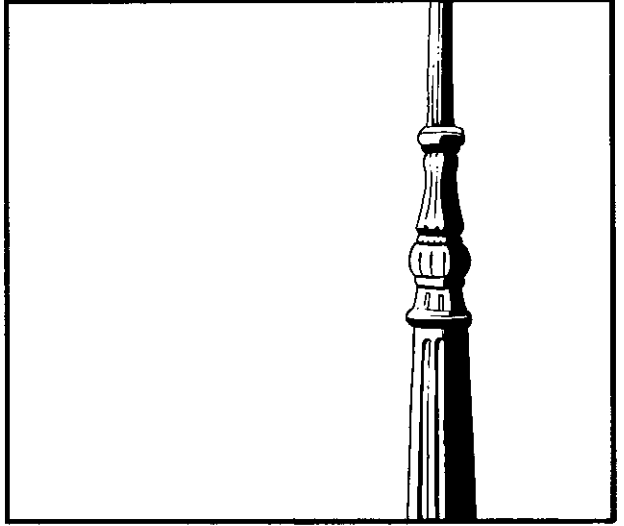
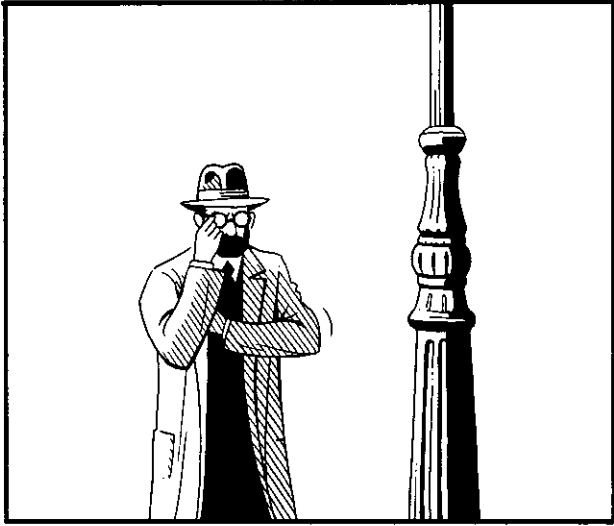


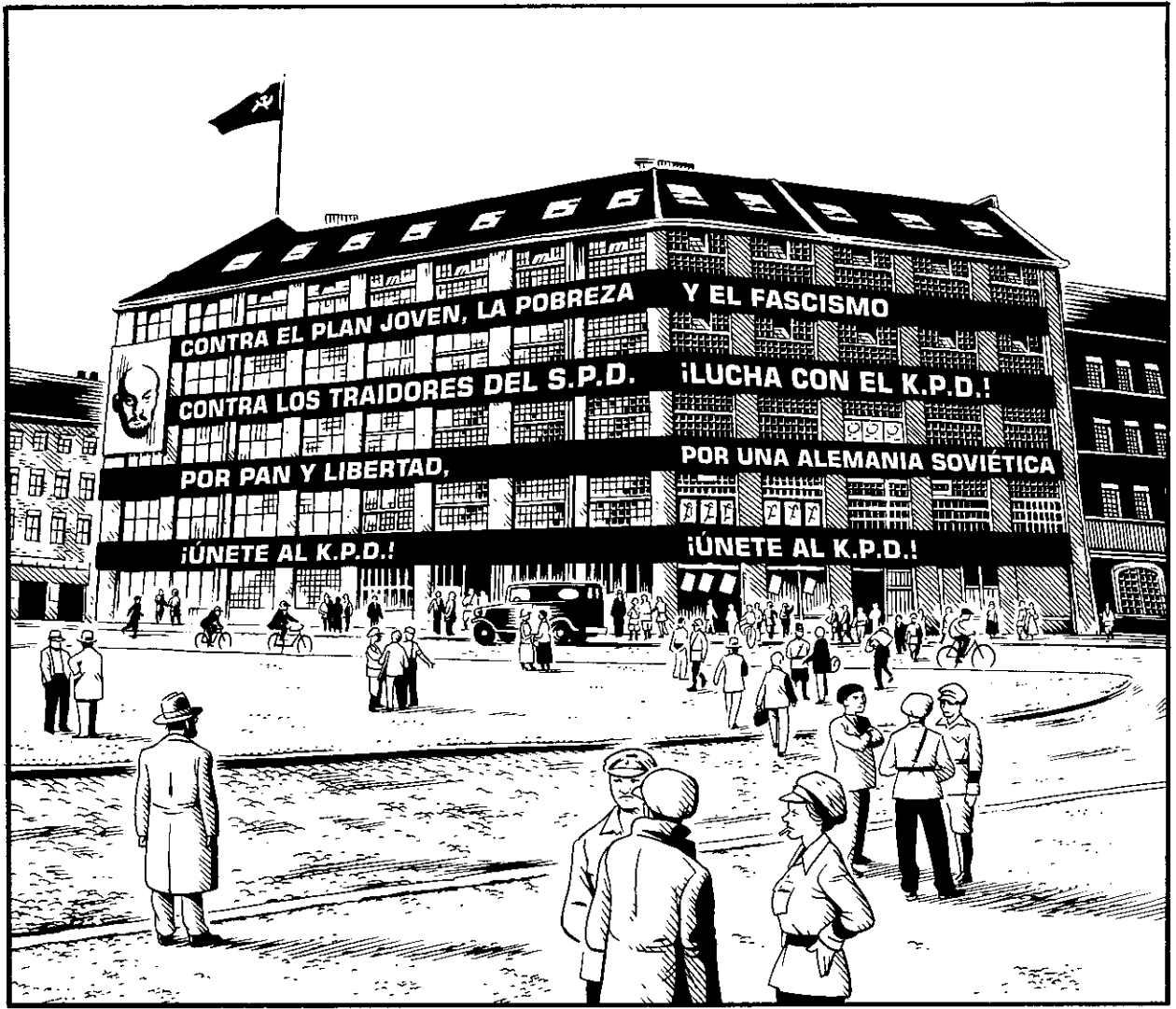
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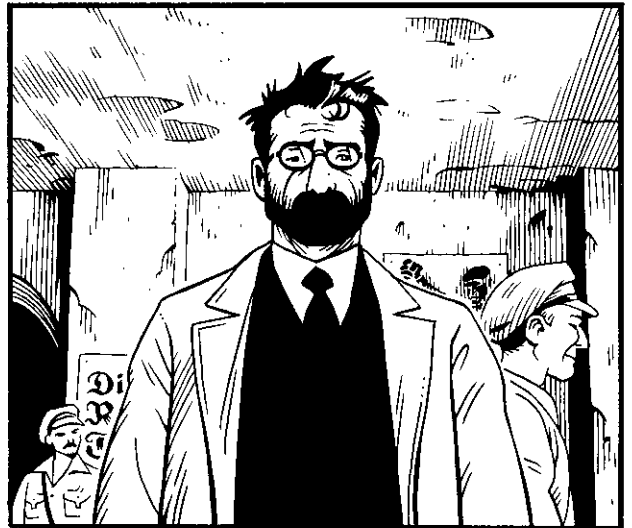


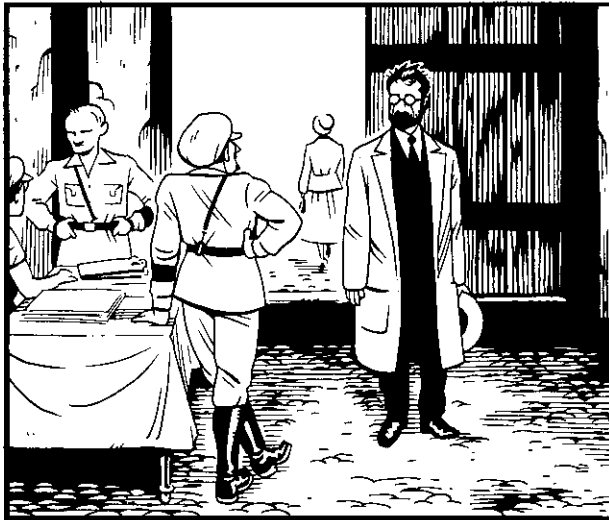






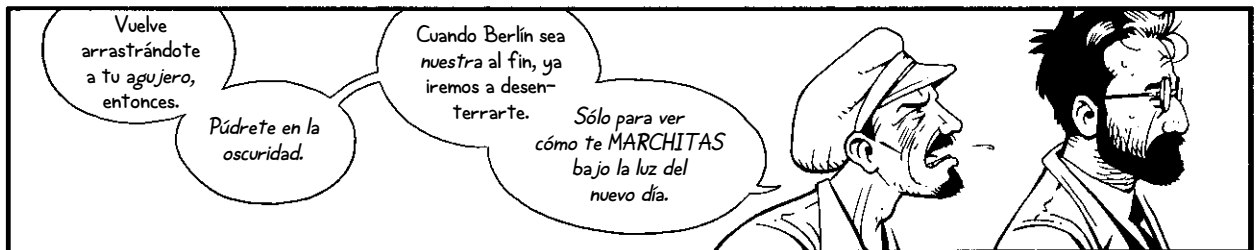
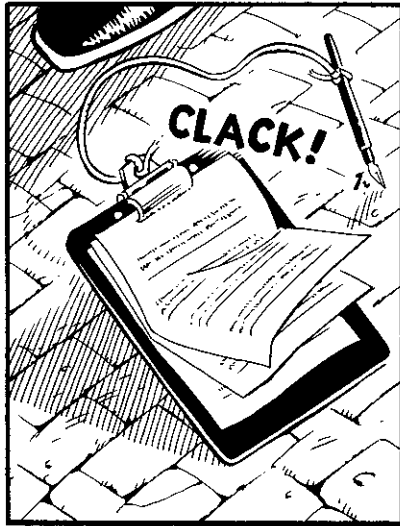


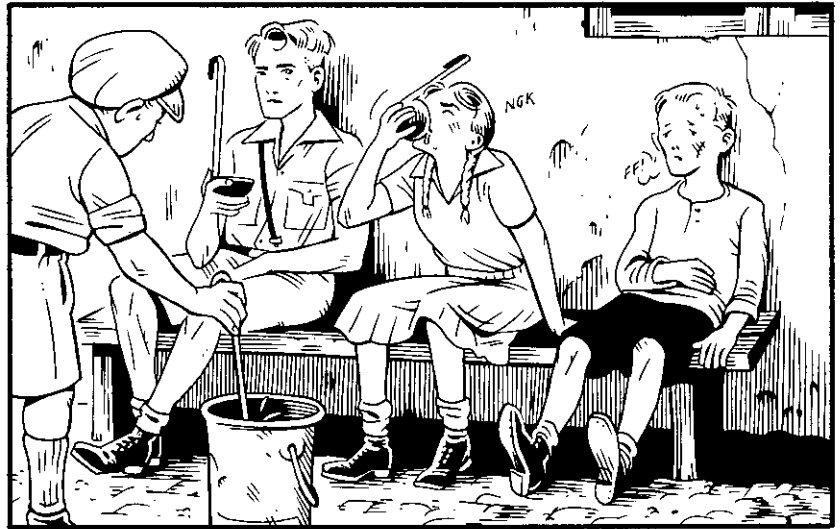
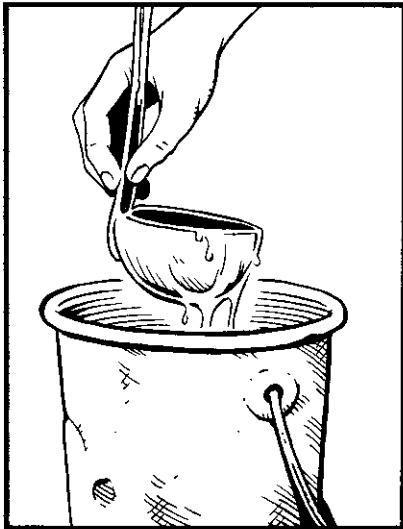


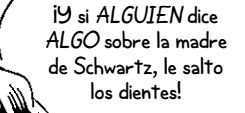
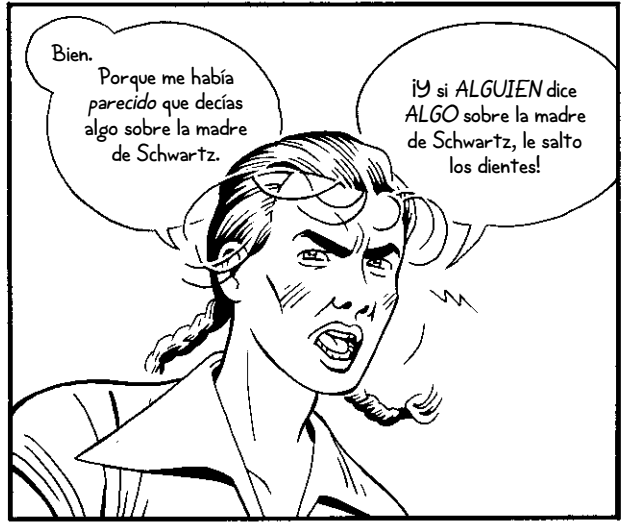
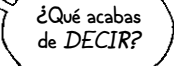
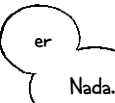
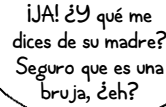
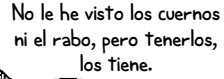












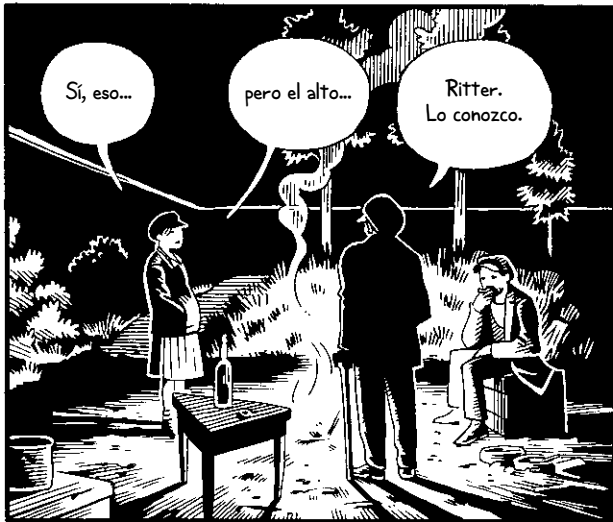


Quieren que me una a su pandilla.



¿Qué quieren, que seas chico de los periódicos?

esto...
¿chica?



Sí, eso...

pero el alto...

Ritter.
Lo conozco.



Dice que están cansados de entrenar, que quieren pelear.

Así que van a formar una pandilla.



Ritter es un muchacho despierto, pero esa ocurrencia es una estupidez.

Una buena forma de acabar muerto, eso es lo que es.



¿Qué diría tu madre, Silvia?



Mi madre está muerta.

No puede decir nada.

