

Turn over



EXIT

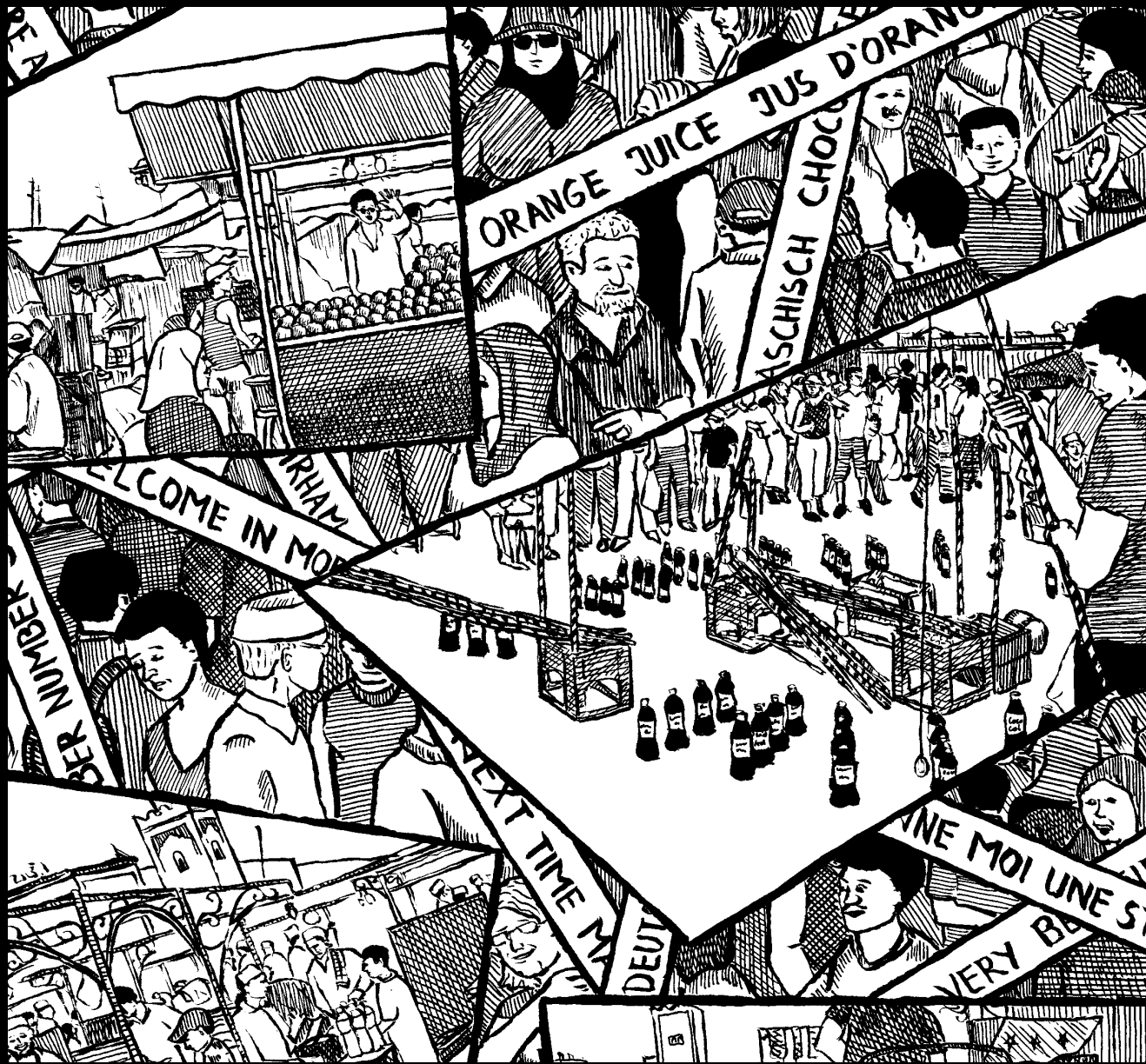
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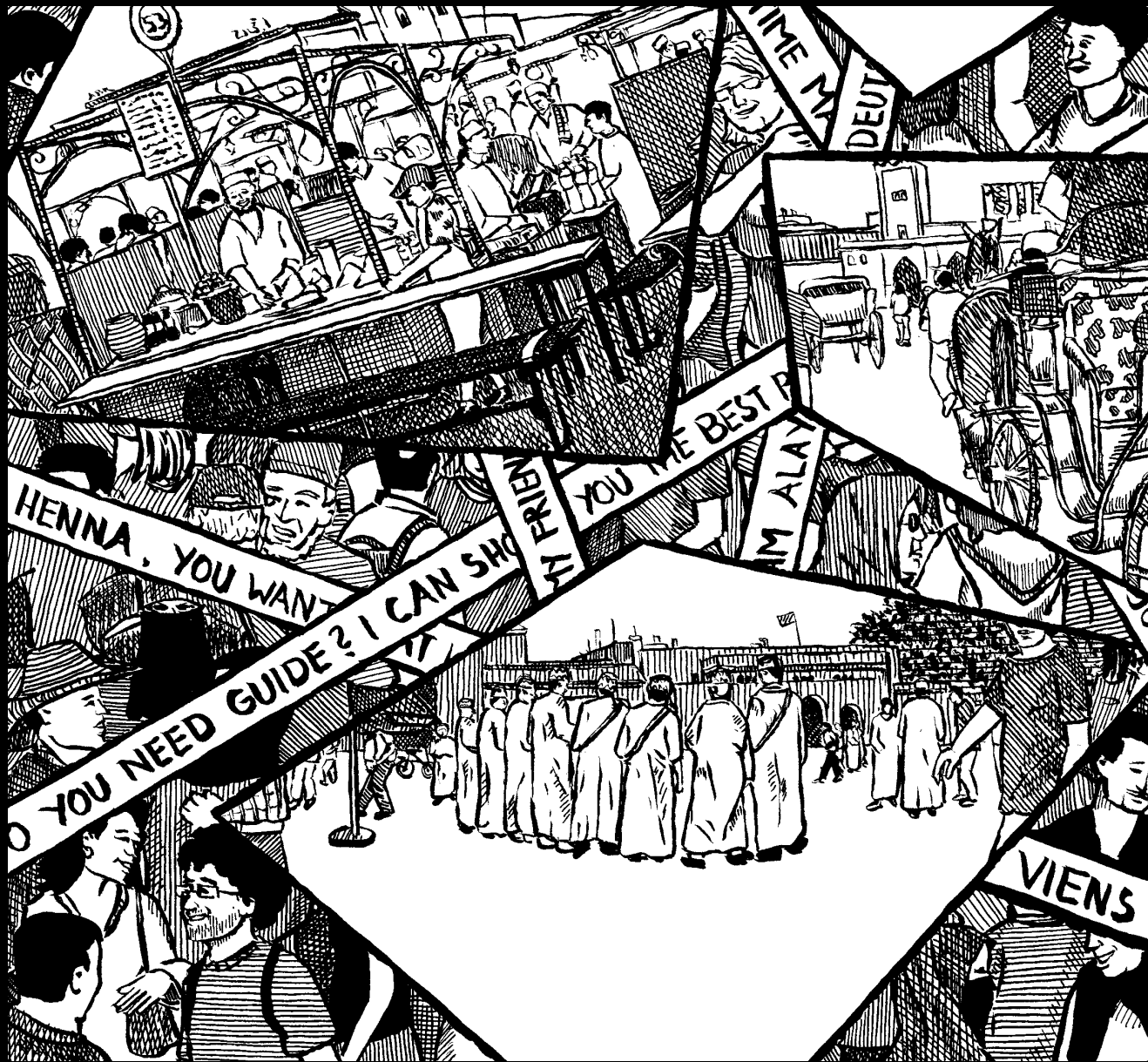
The Storyteller

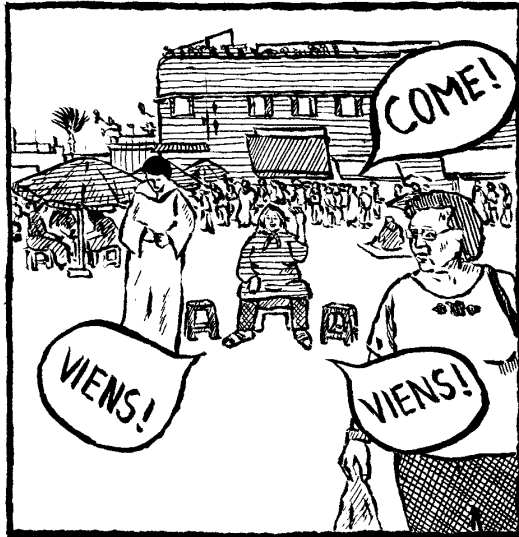


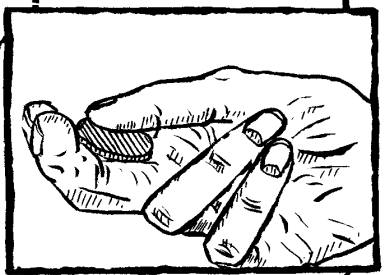
M. Mathias

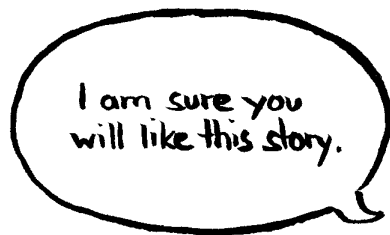






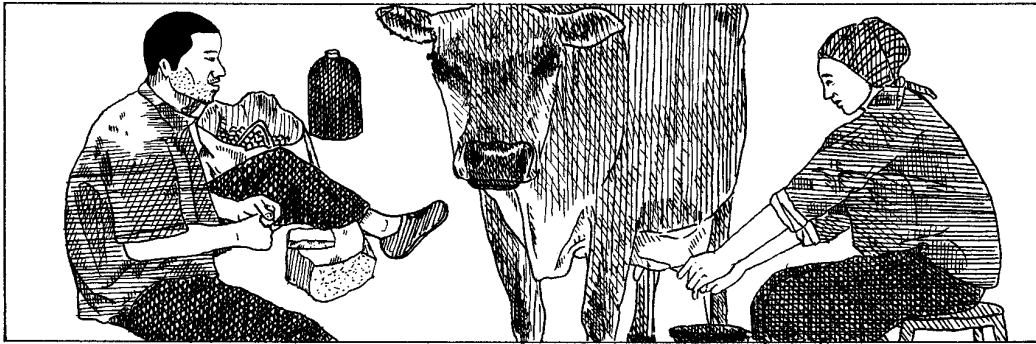








Once there was a small Berber village in which lived a woman called Fatima, with her husband whose name was Mohammed.



Life was hard, but they were doing their best to survive.



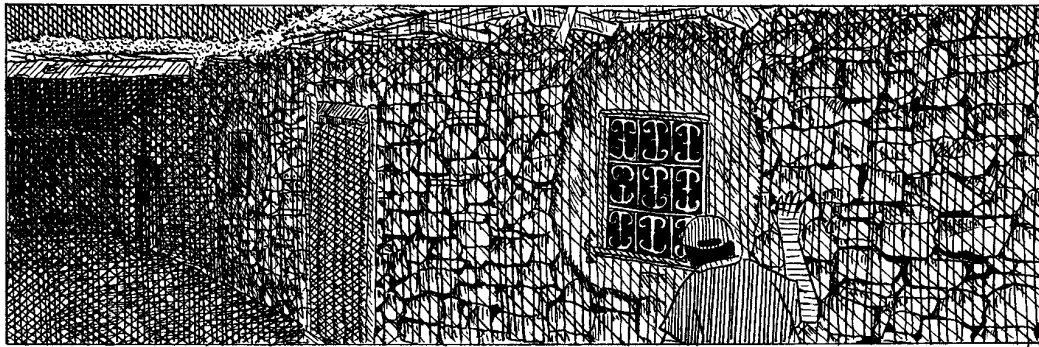
However one day Mohammed was falling victim to a malicious illness and was getting weaker day by day.



Soon he could hardly leave his bed and finally died after great pain in a full moon night.



Thereupon his wife Fatima, full of sorrow, was mourning about her loss: Allah, what should I do now. He passed away and left everything behind: the shop, the stable and also the goats



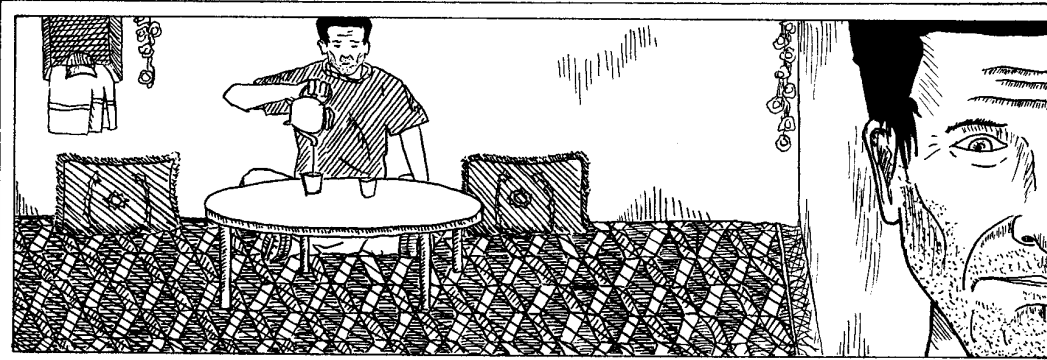
At the same time a thief passed by who heard her words and saw his chance.



He thought to get some profit out of this situation and decided to take this widow as his wife.



Soon after he proposed, the arrangements for the wedding were made and it took only some weeks till they were married.



As time passed by the thief got more nervous each day, since his new wife still didn't mention anything about the said inheritance. He decided to have a talk with her.

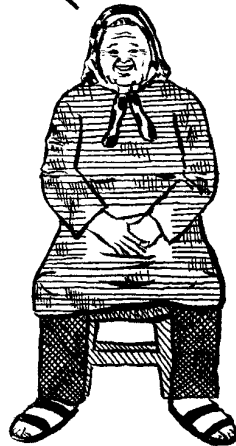


So he asked: Fatima, my dear, in the night in which your poor late husband passed away, I heard you saying something about a legacy: A shop, a stable and some goats. Where are this precious goods?

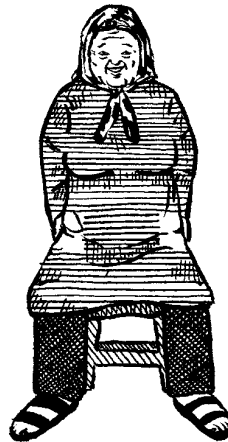


Fakima gazed at him in surprise, and started roaring suddenly while she replied: I think you must have misunderstood something in that night:

This is the shop



This is the stable



And these are the goats



Funny, don't you think?



And there is even a moral to it:



The liars always attract the greedy ones!



Don't you think a story that well told also deserves a well paid remuneration?



The previous few Dirhams aren't even enough to pay for a coup of tea.



Much less for a little something to fill the stomach.



And I don't want to start talking about the many mouths I have to feed at home.



So, would you be so kind?

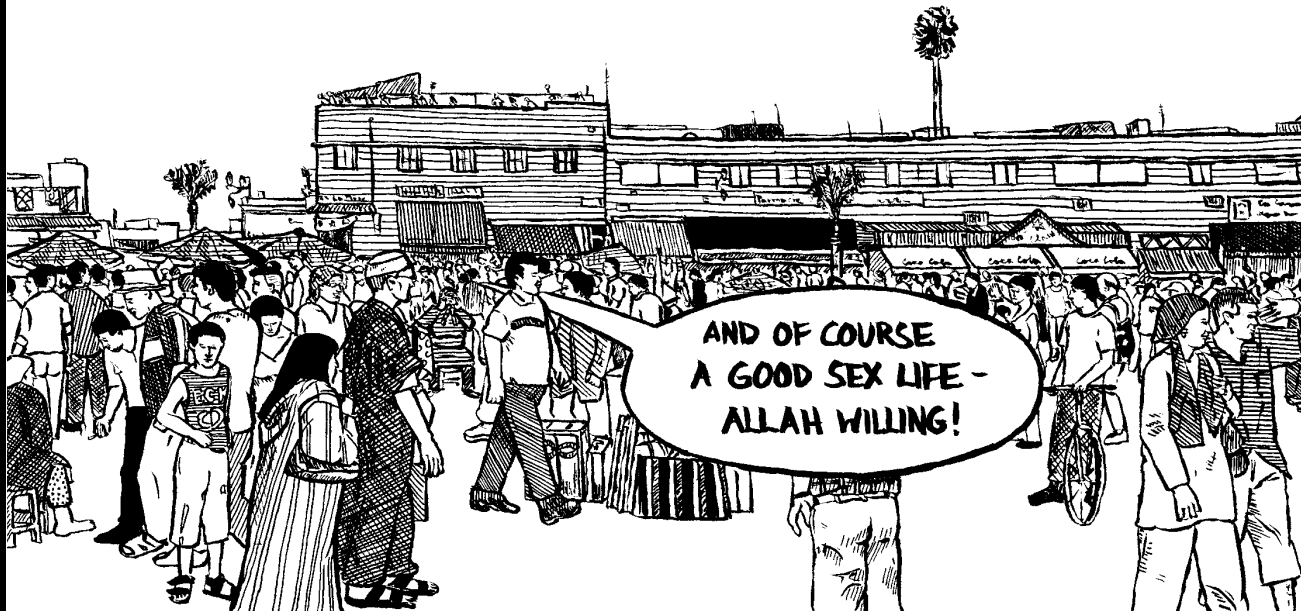
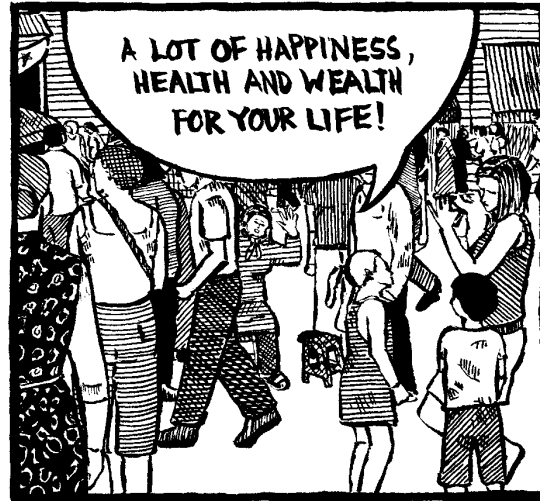


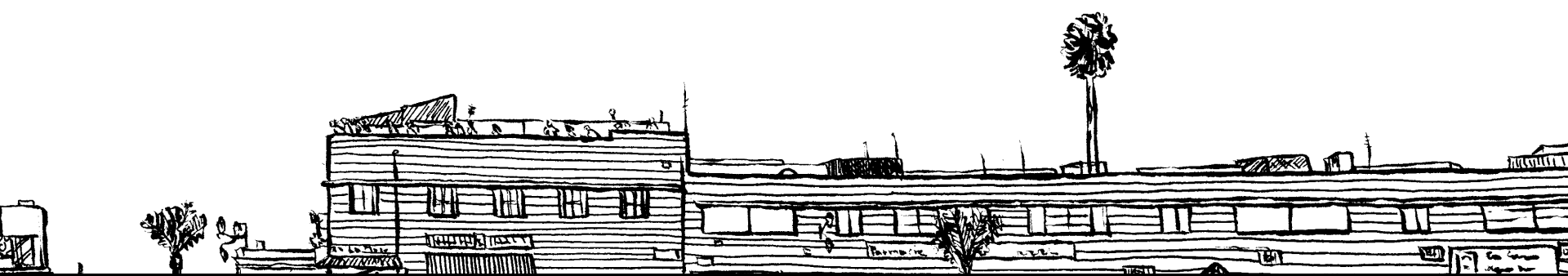
There you go! Wasn't too hard, was it?



Whenever you need my services again; you know where to find me.







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mail@electrocomics.com