

TONTA

JAIME HERNANDEZ



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TONTA

WHAT IS IT?

YOUR EYELASH.
YOU BLOW IT AWAY AND
MAKE A WISH...

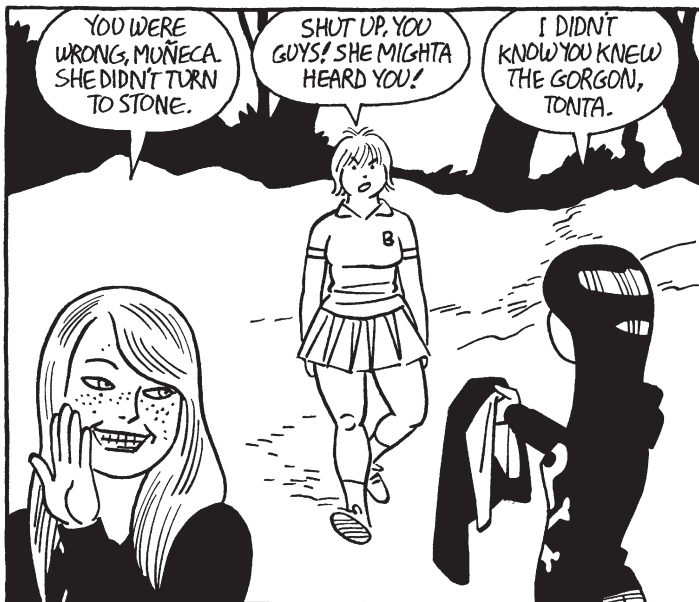
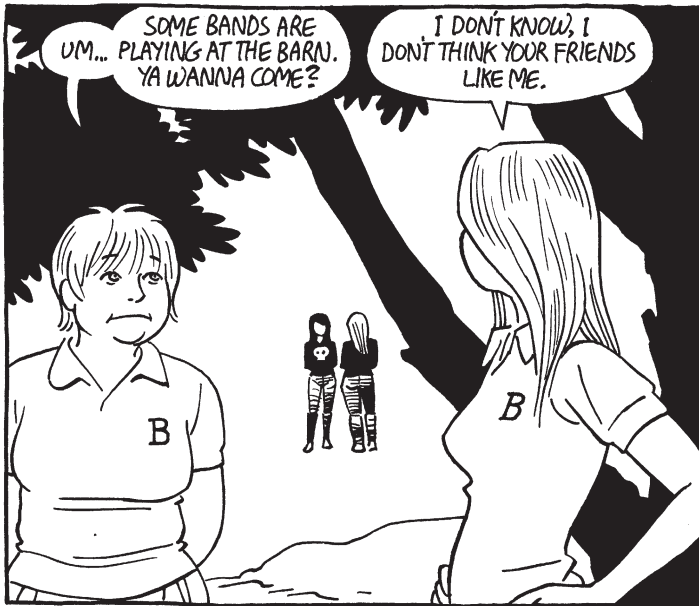
...BUT DON'T
TELL ME WHAT
IT IS.

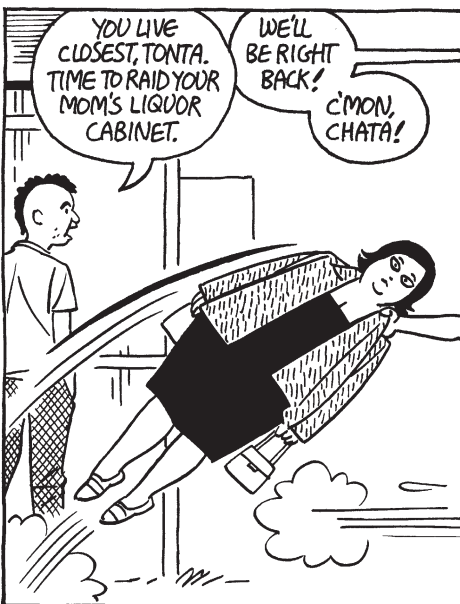
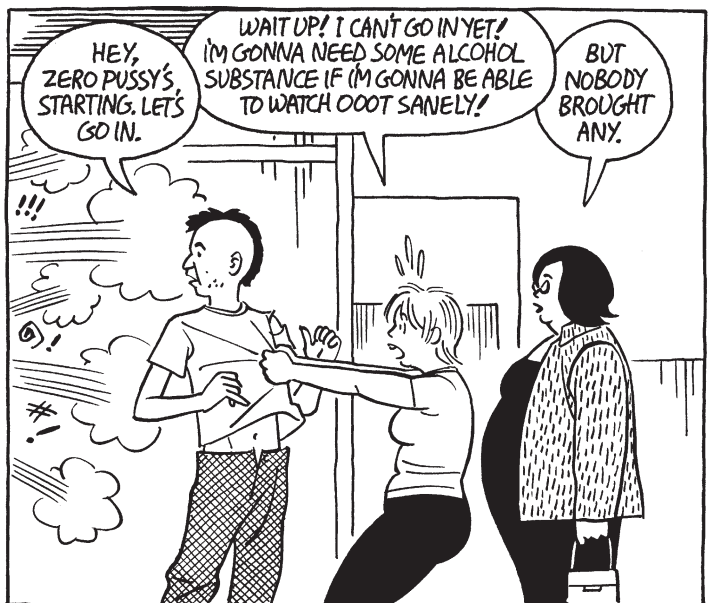
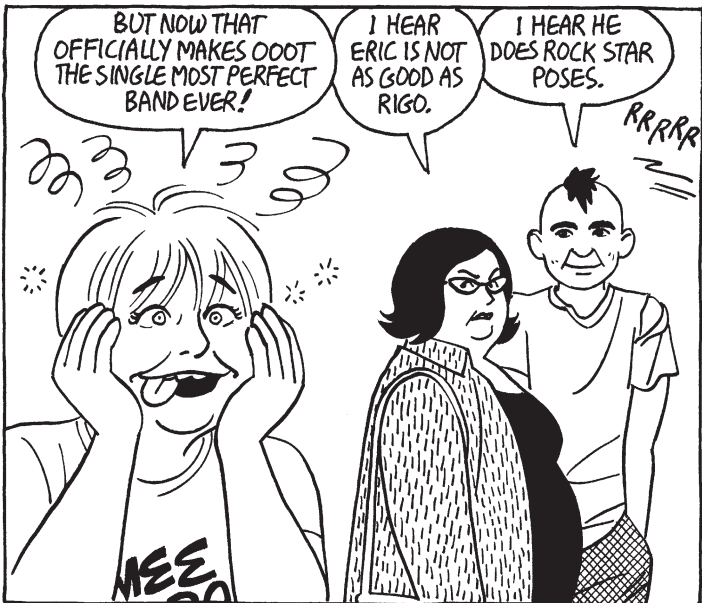
NO, THAT'S
OK. I THINK I'LL
PASS.

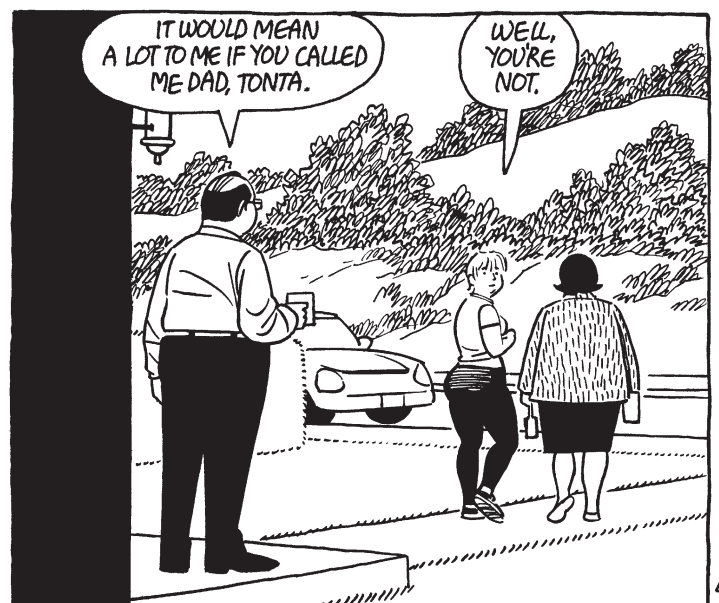
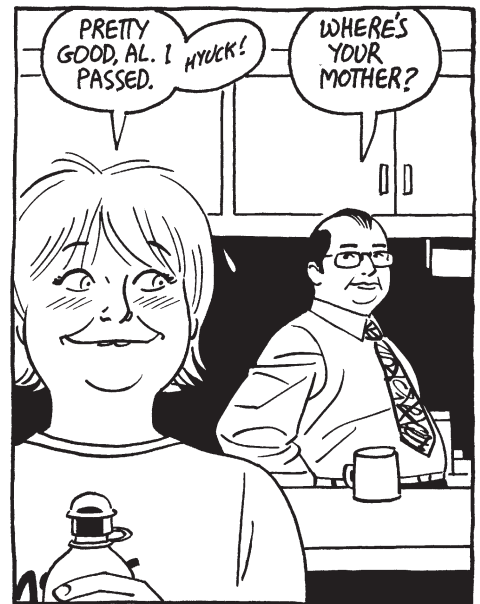
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING
YOU'D WANT TO CHANGE TO MAKE
THIS WORLD BETTER?

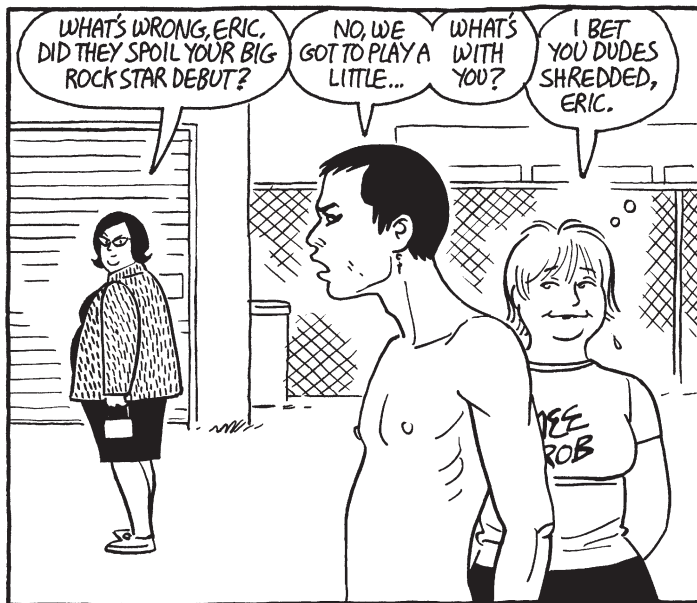
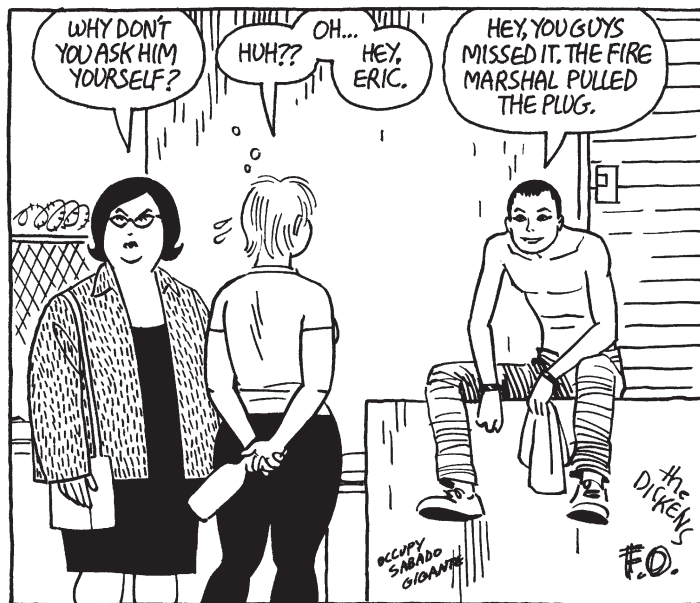
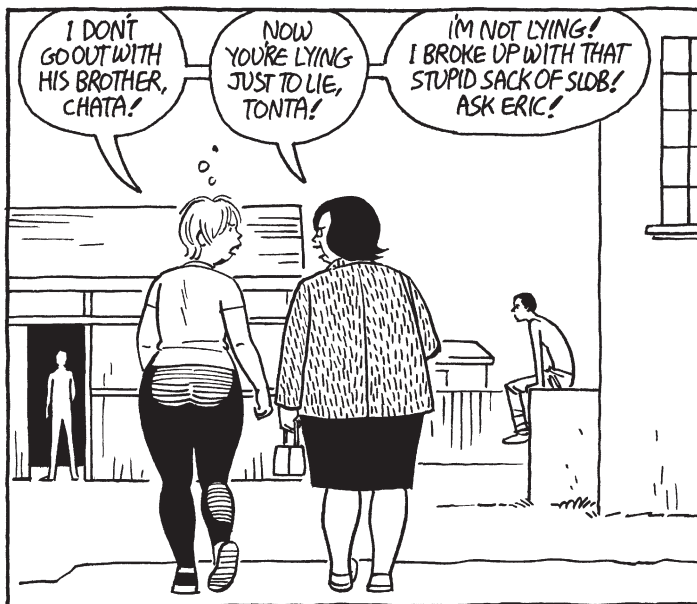
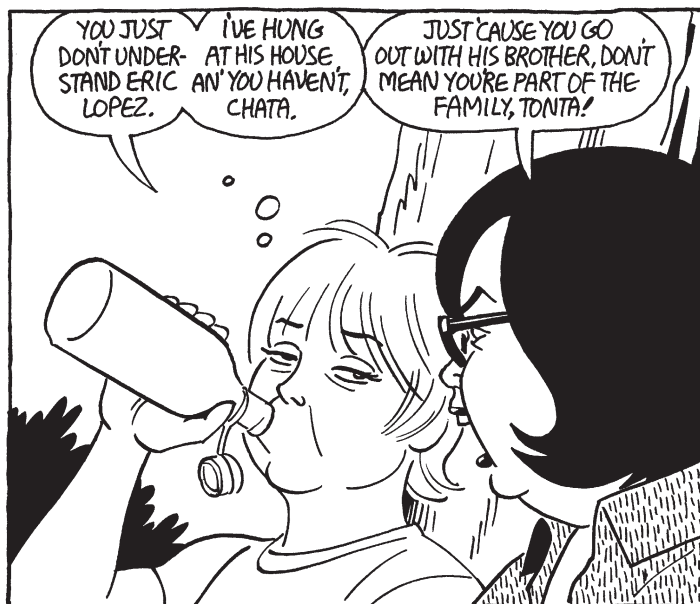
NO, I'D RATHER LET IT
CONTINUE SUCKING. THAT WAY I
DON'T COME OFF SO BAD.

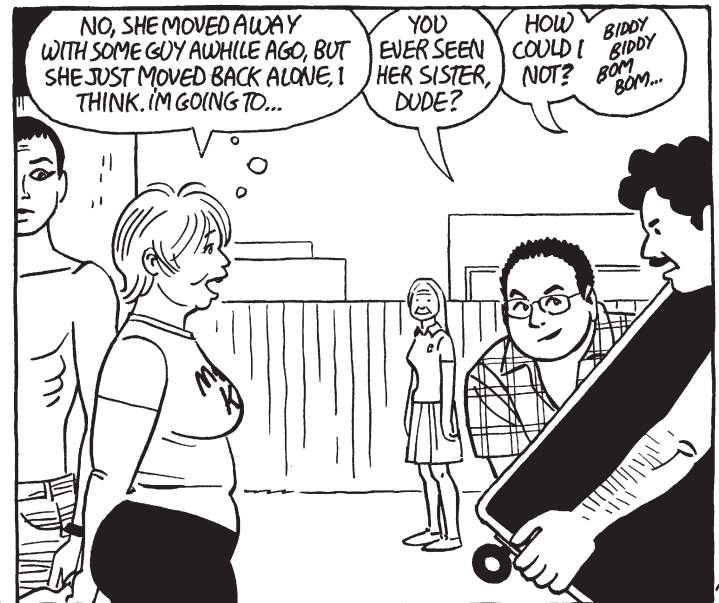
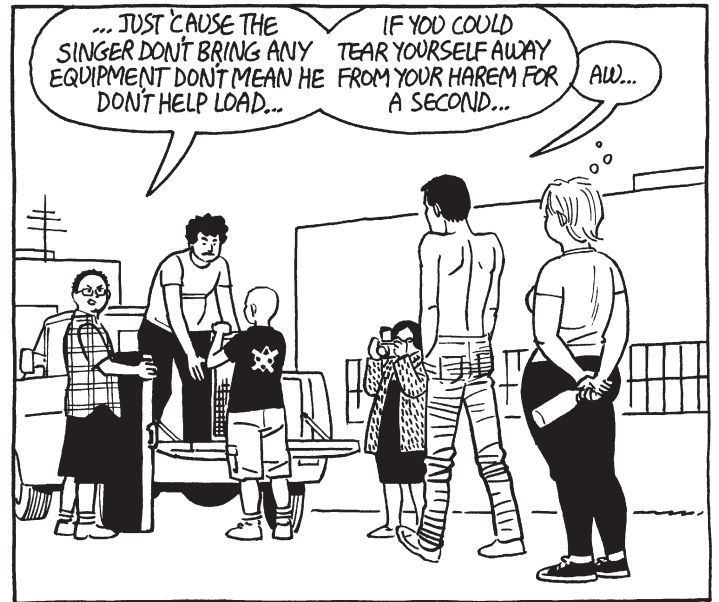
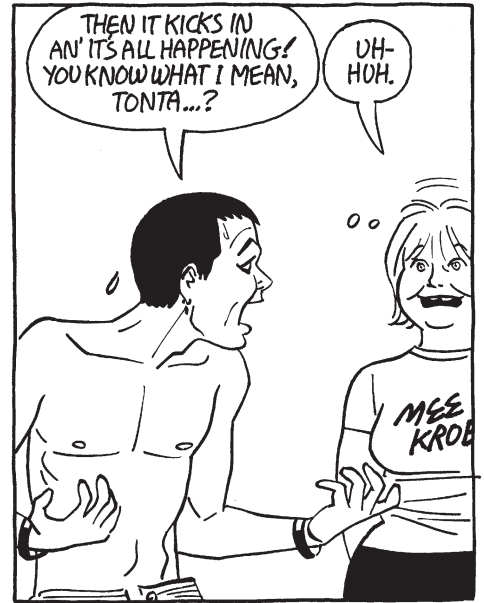
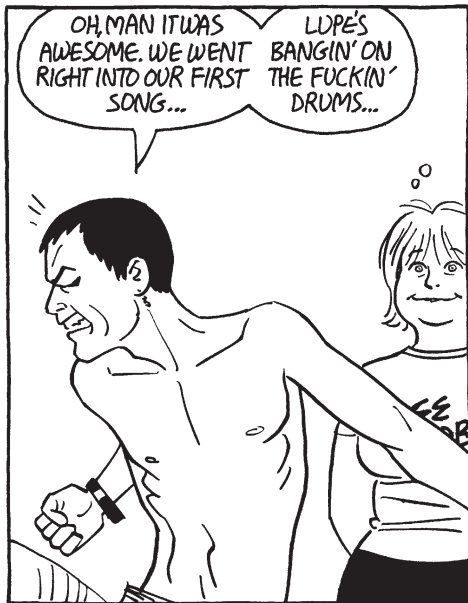
YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO SURVIVE THINKING
THAT WAY, TONTA.

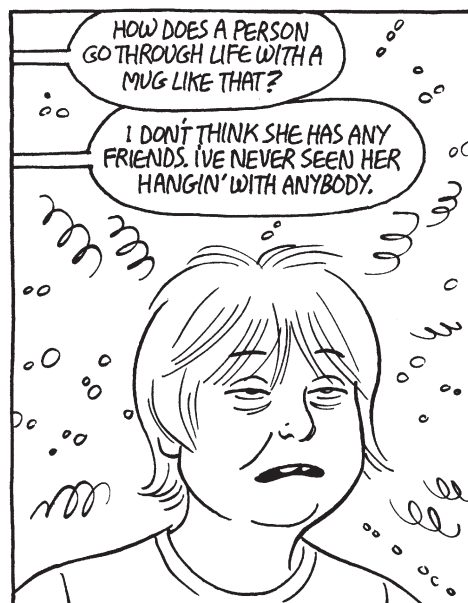
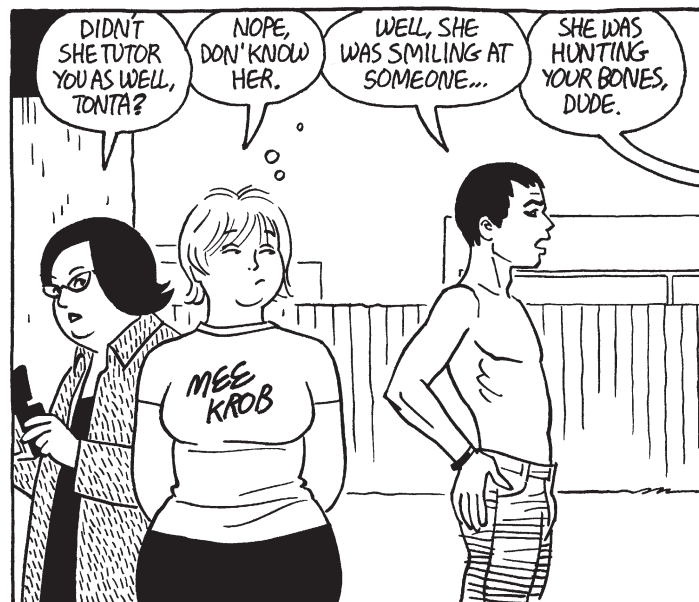


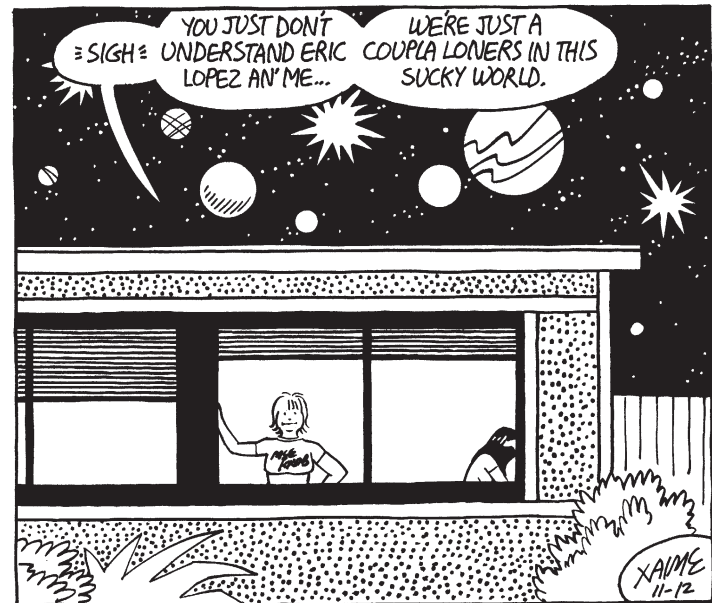
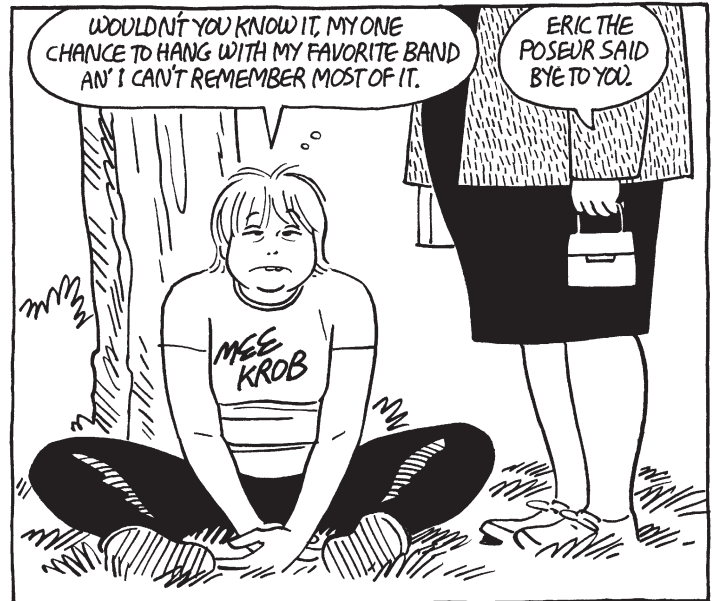
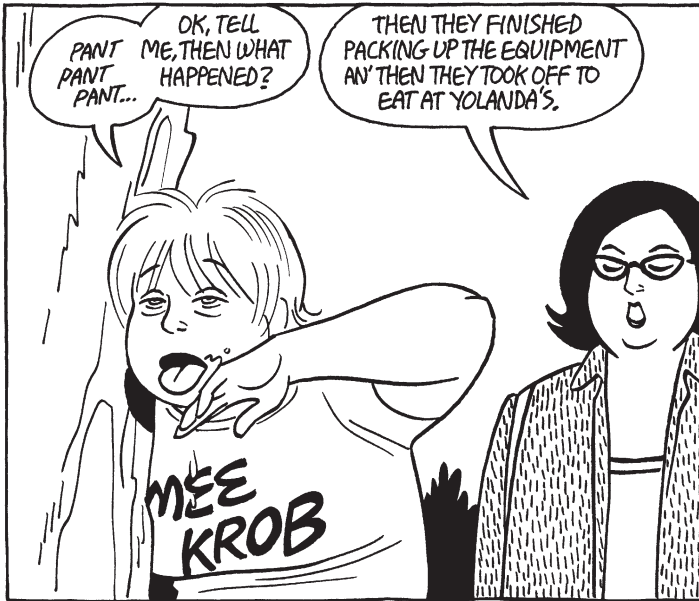


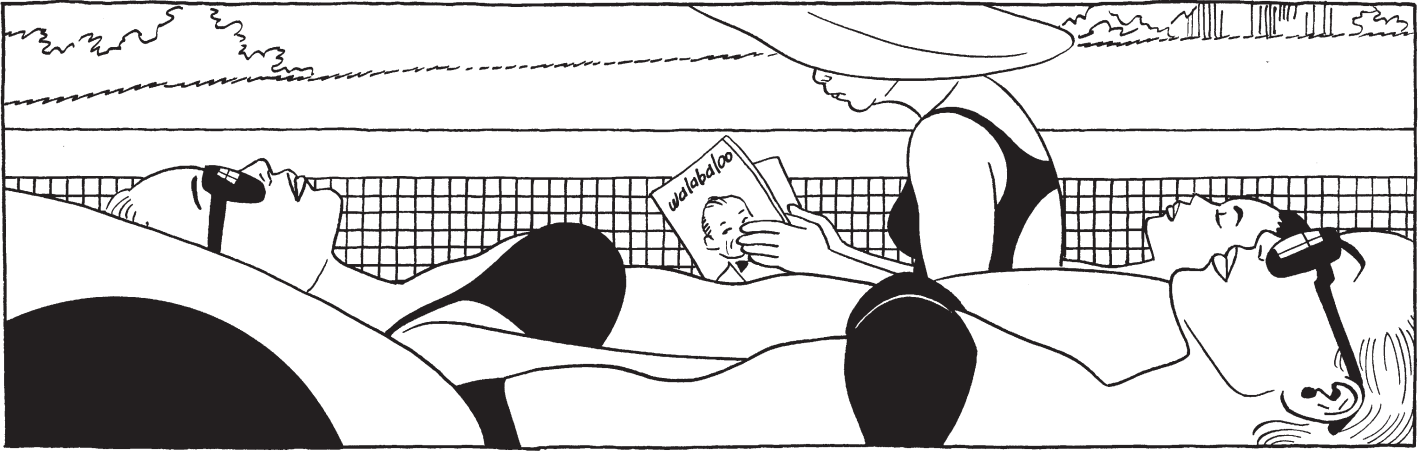




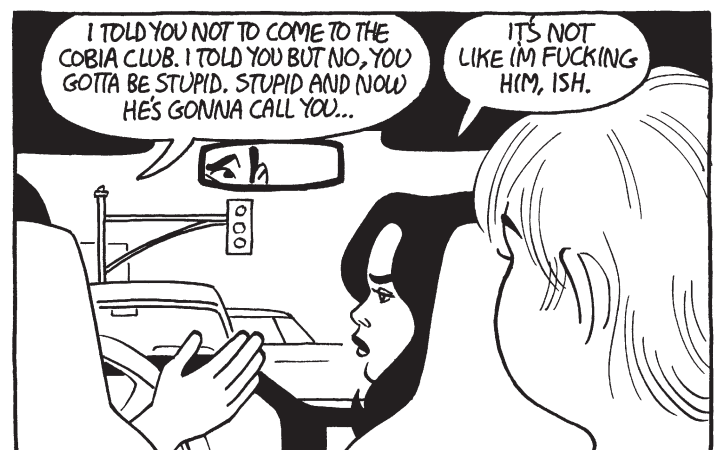
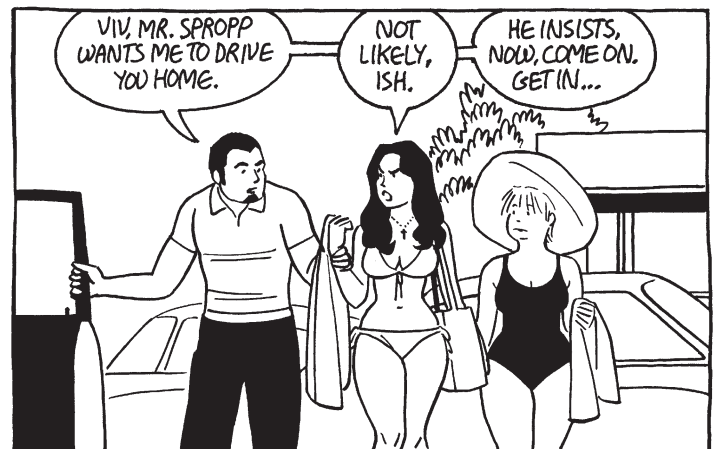
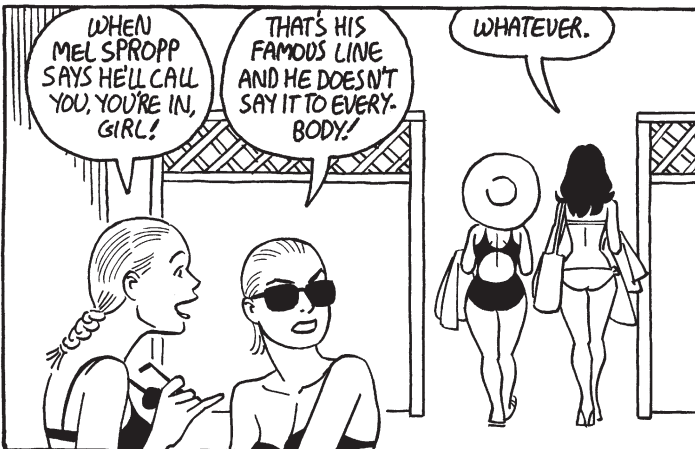
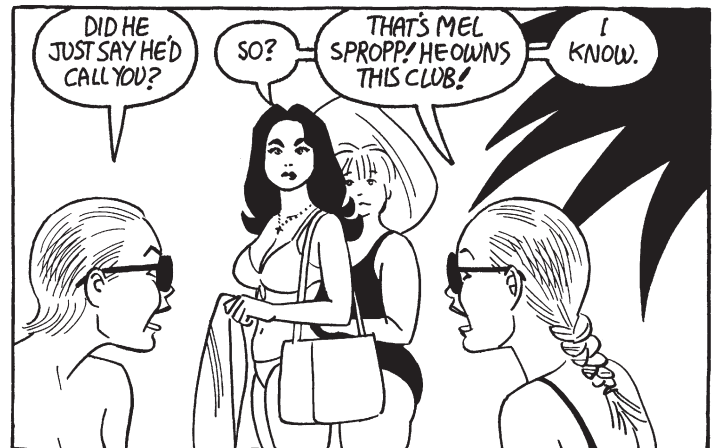
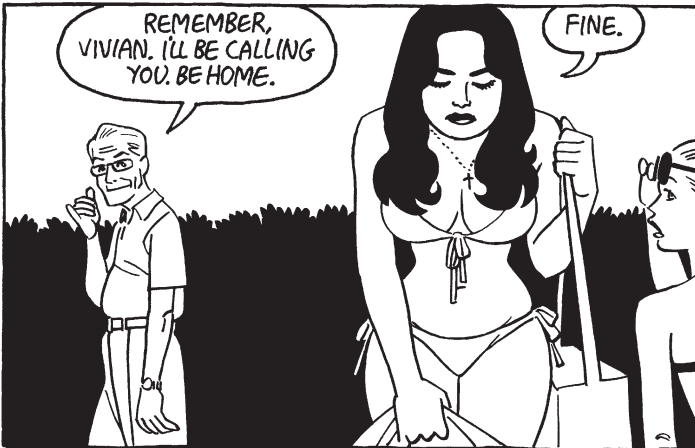
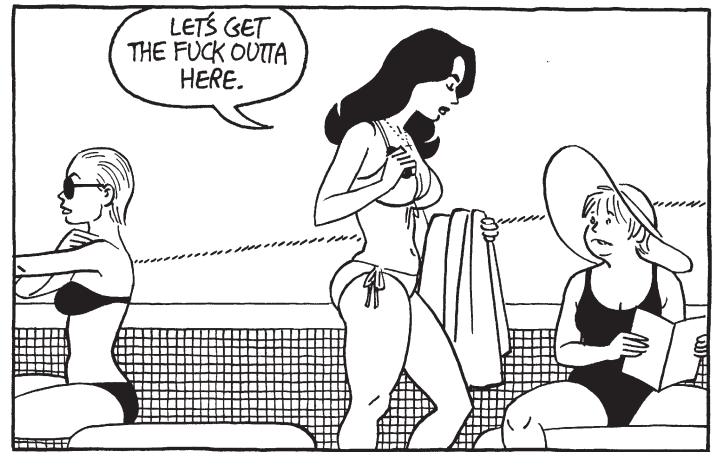
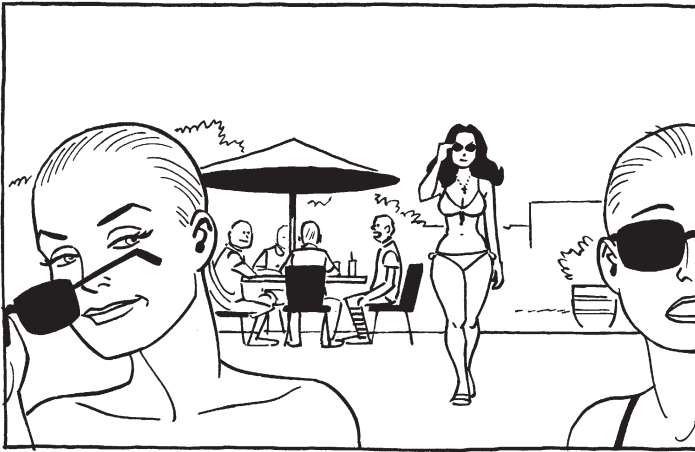


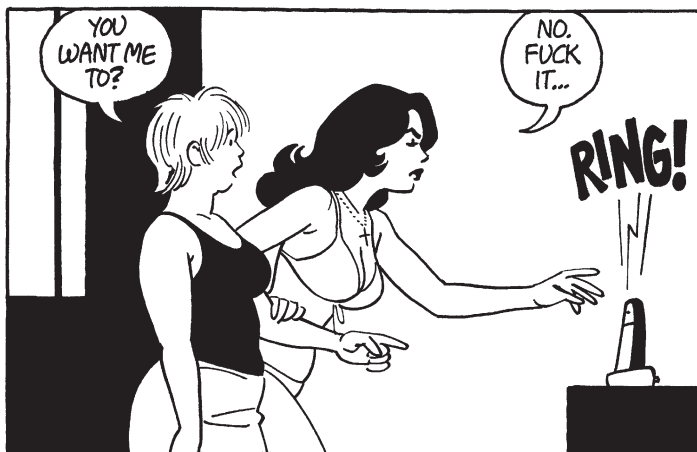
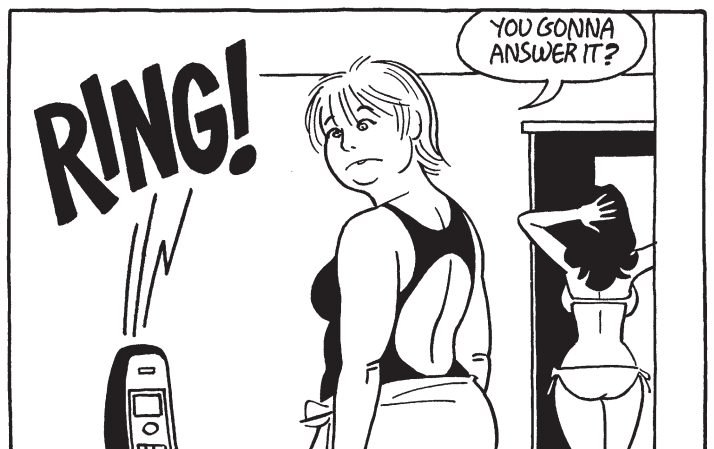
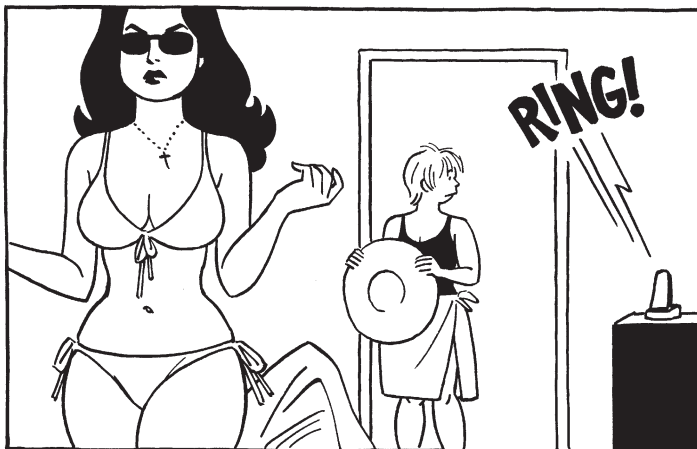
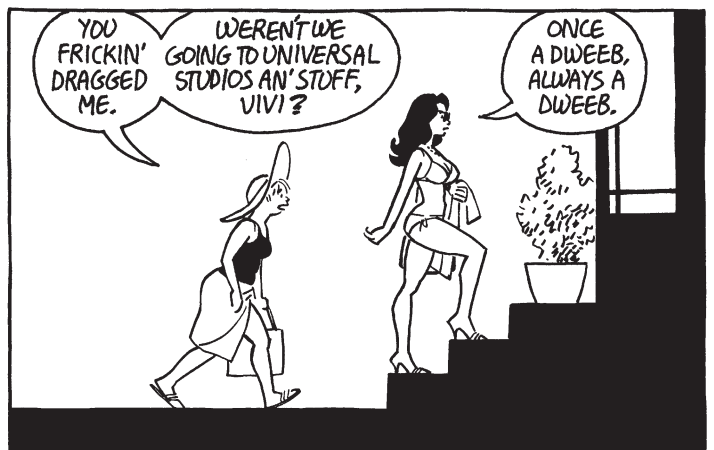
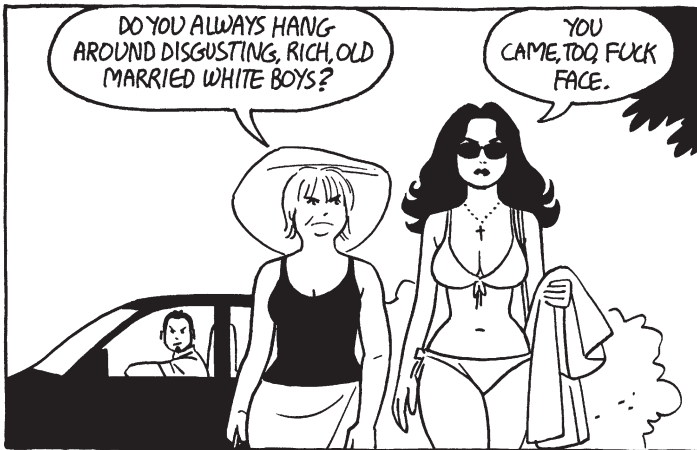
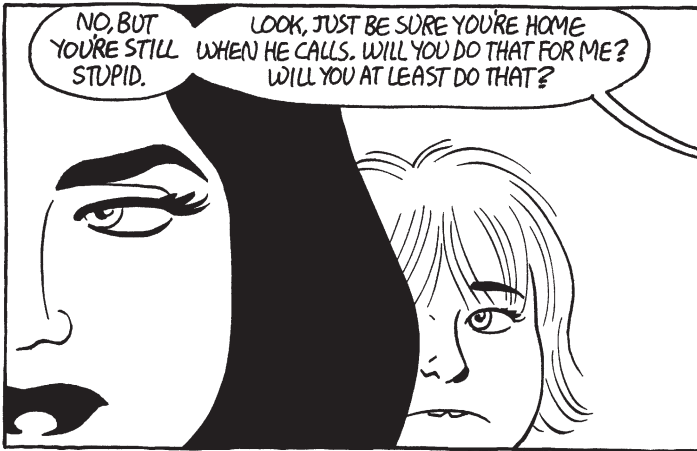


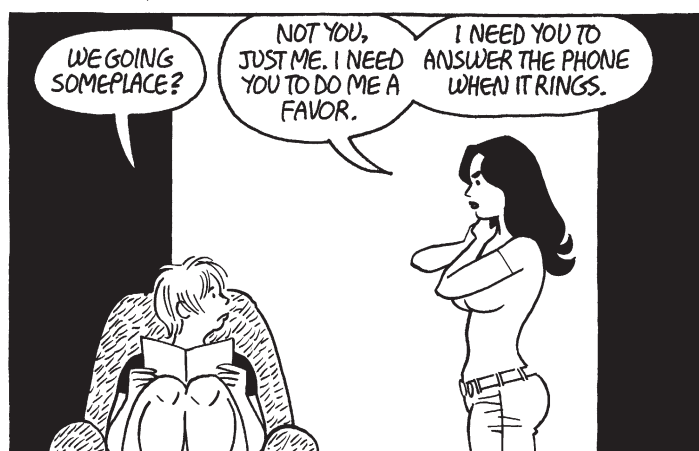
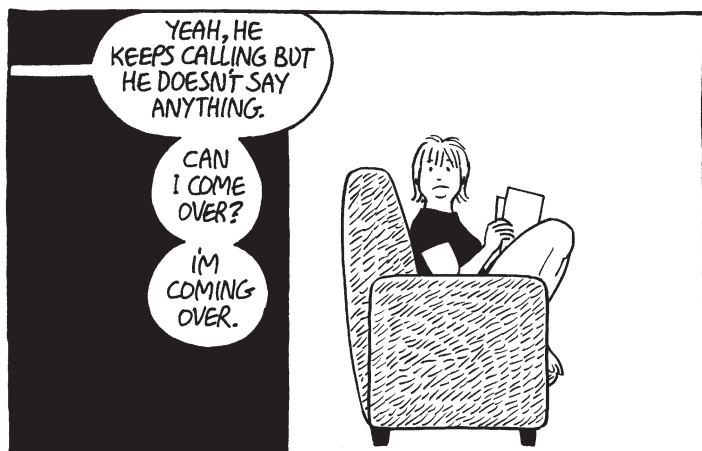
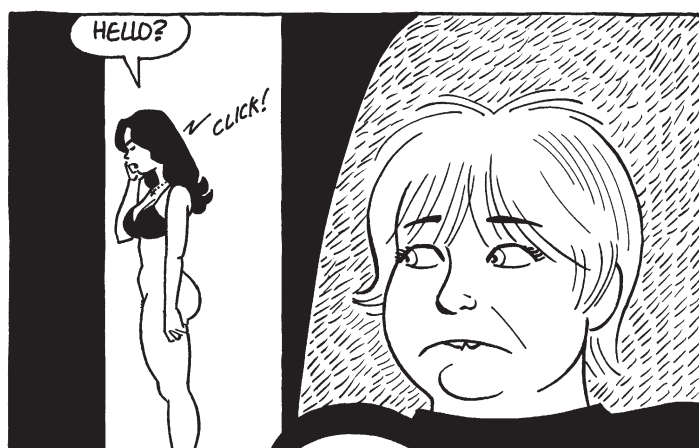
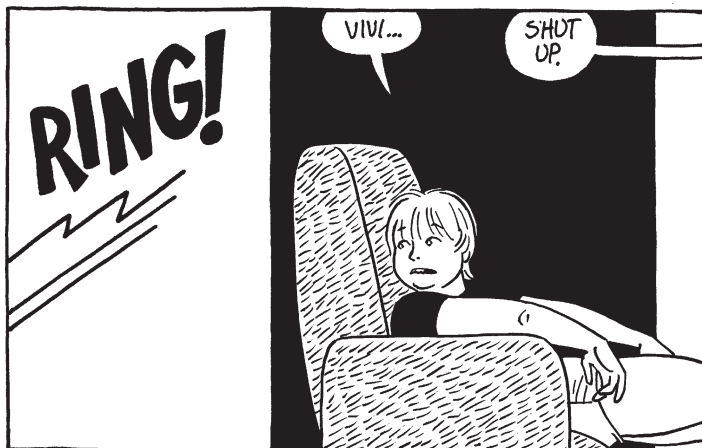
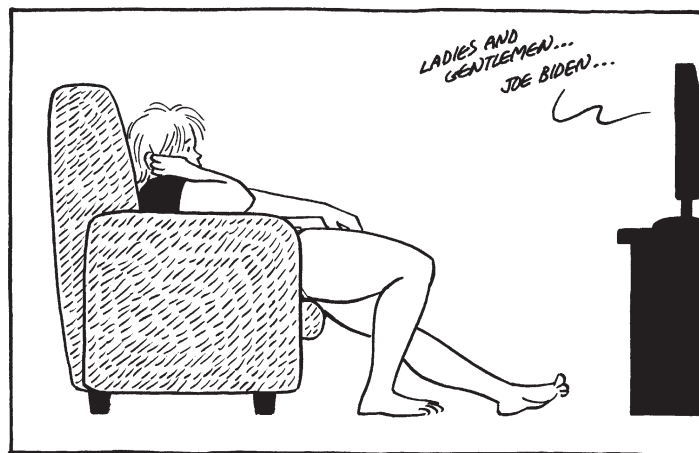
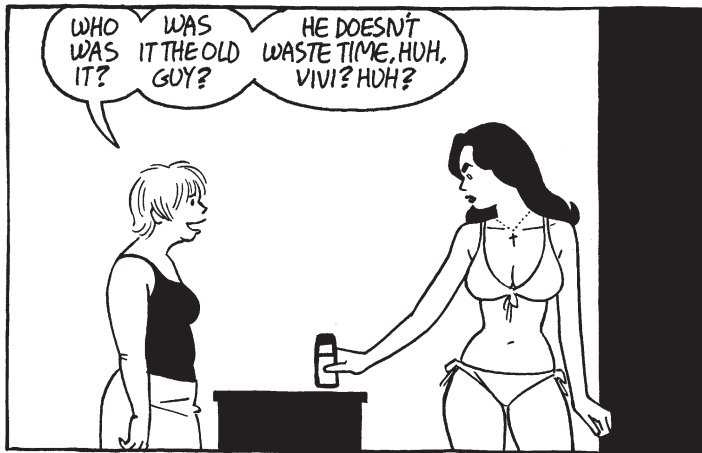


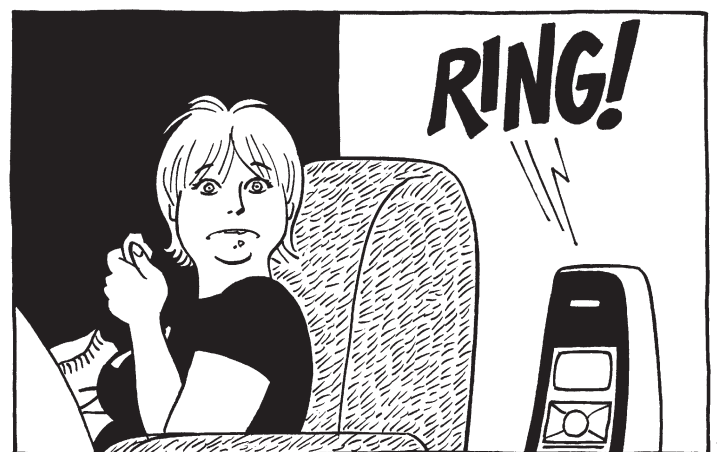
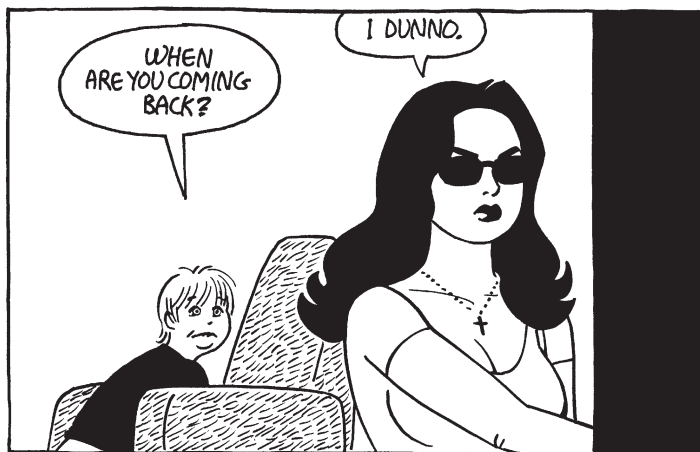
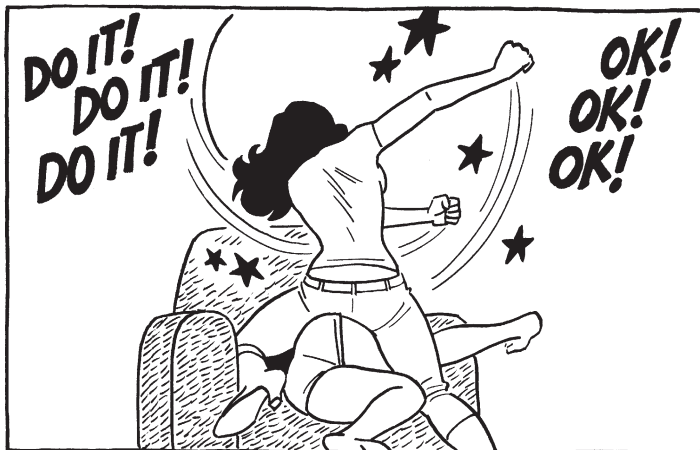
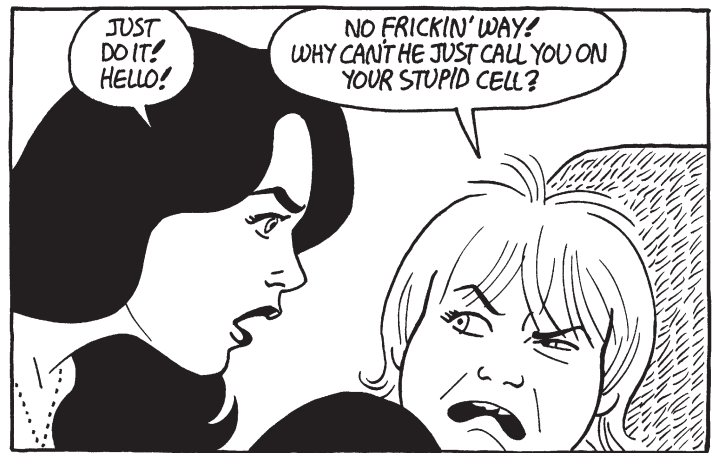
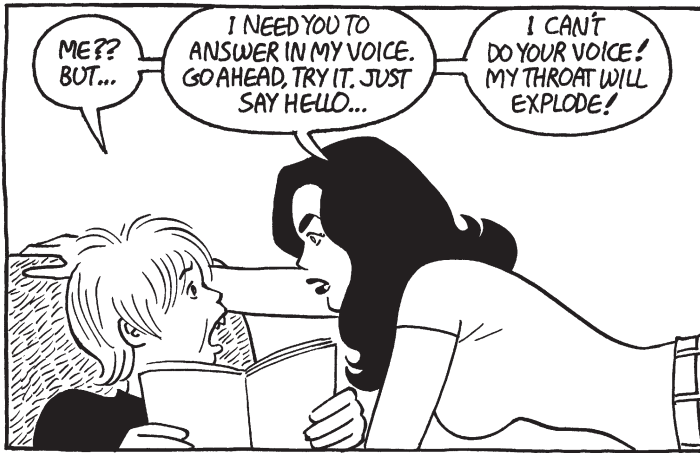


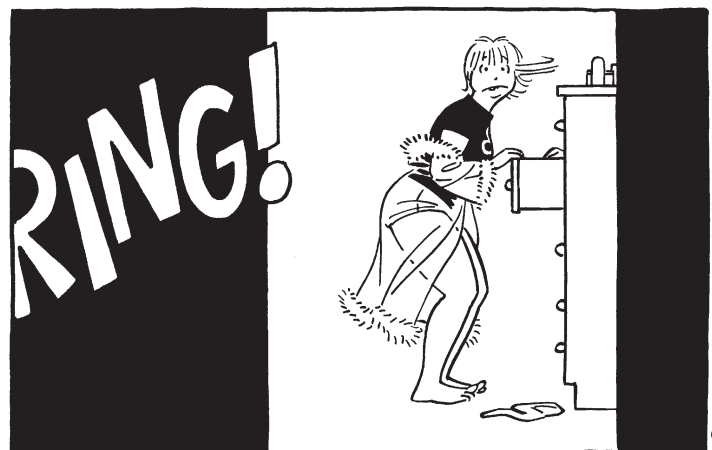
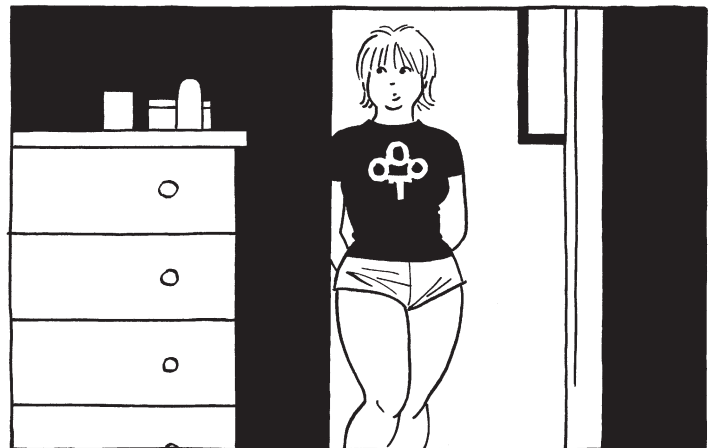
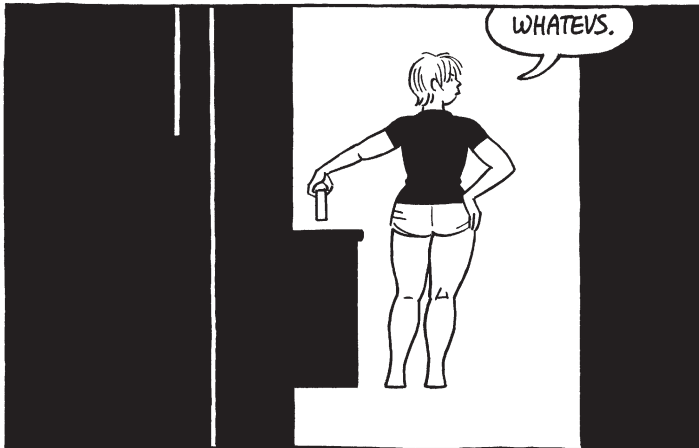
CRIME RAIDERS INTERNATIONAL MOBSTERS AND EXECUTIONERS

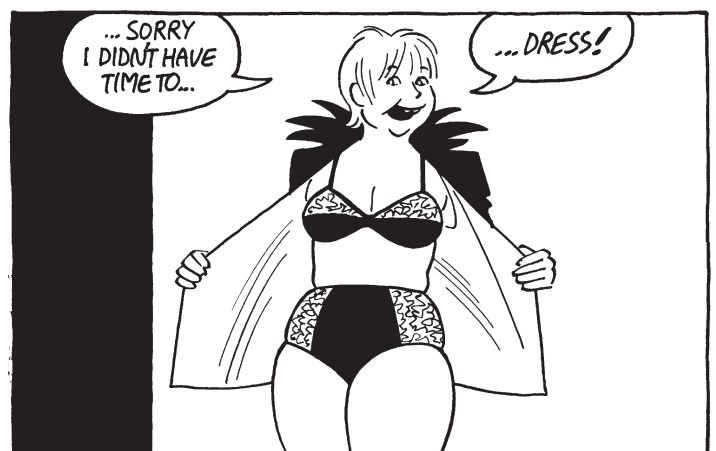
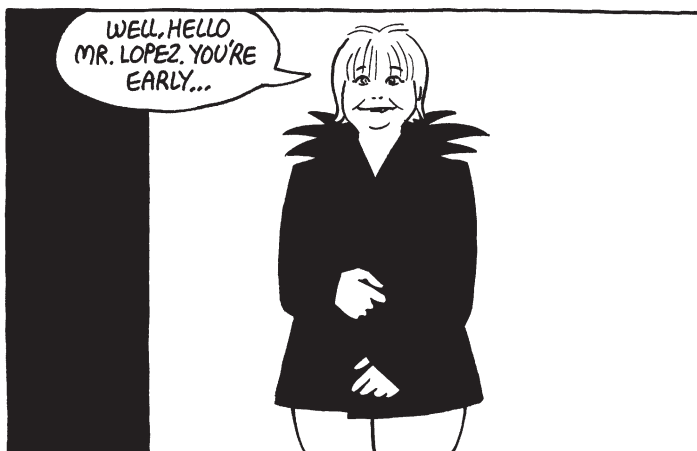
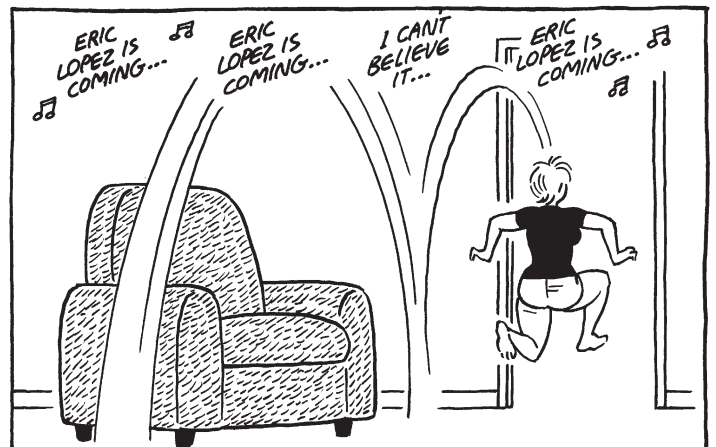
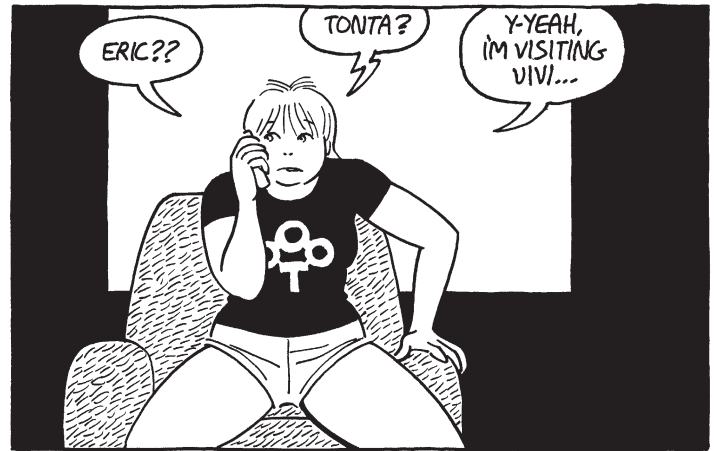


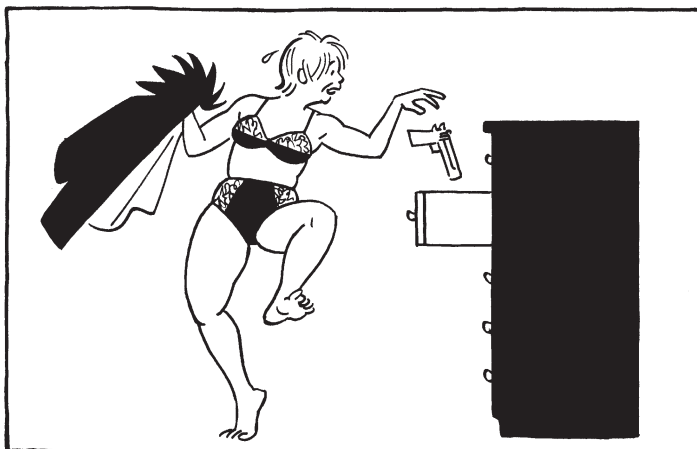
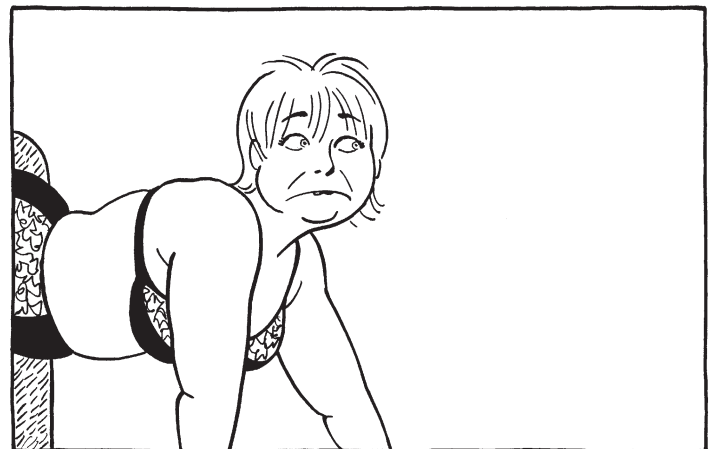
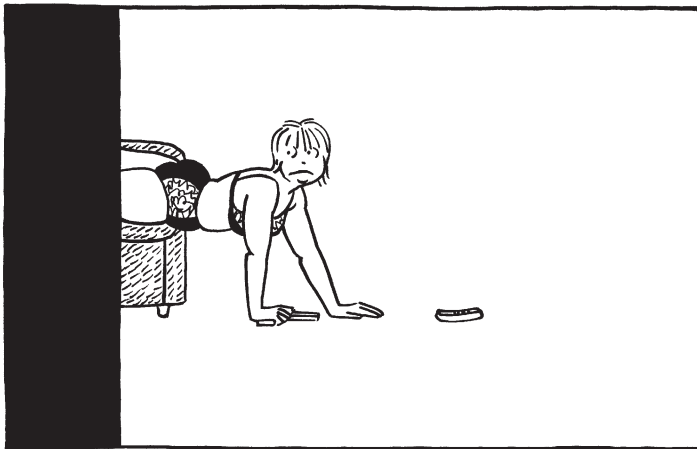
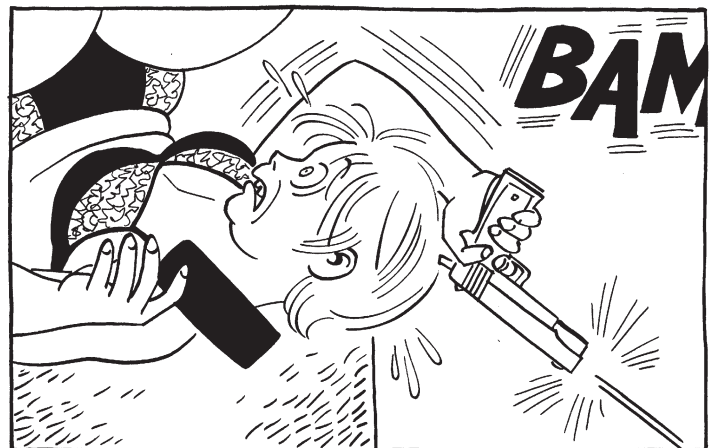
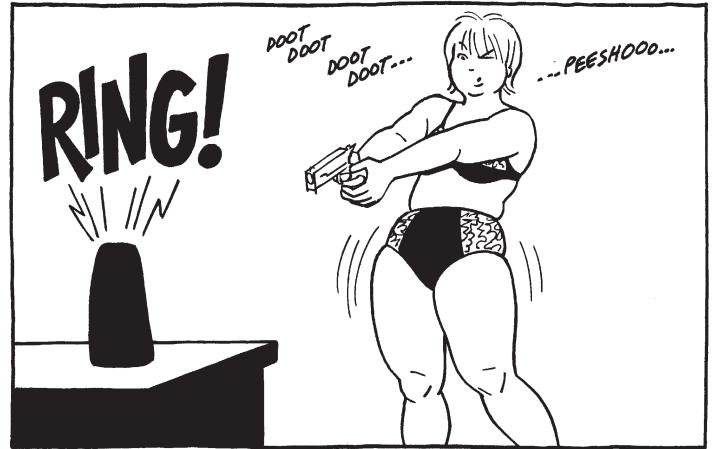
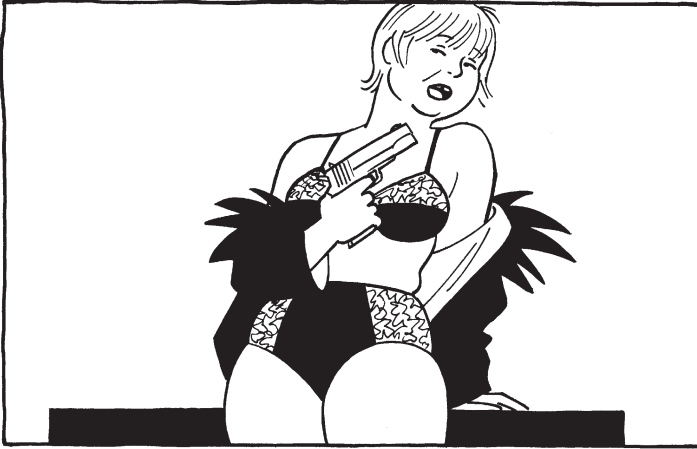


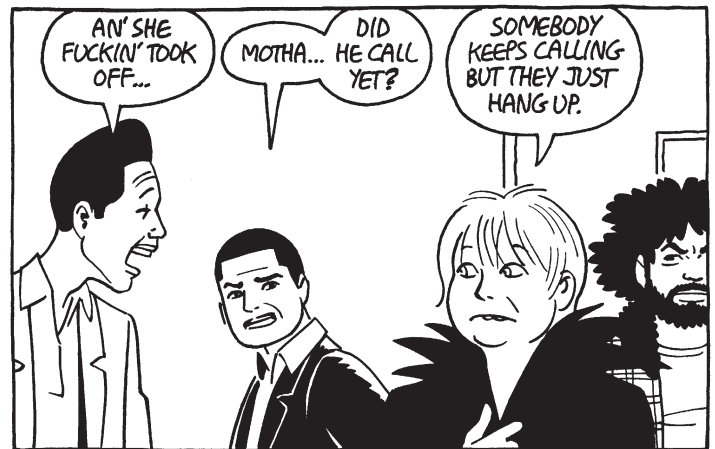
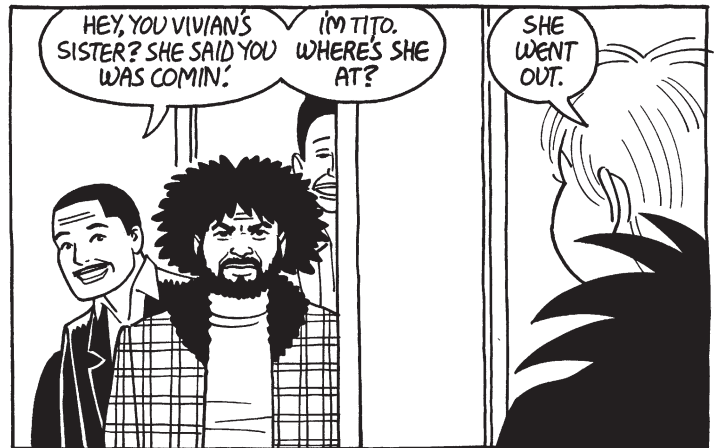
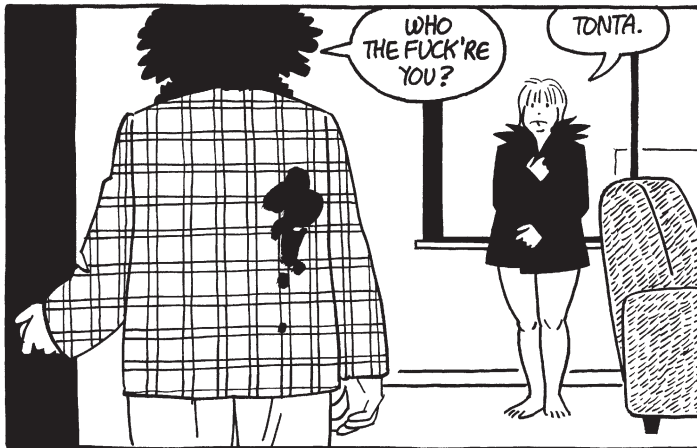
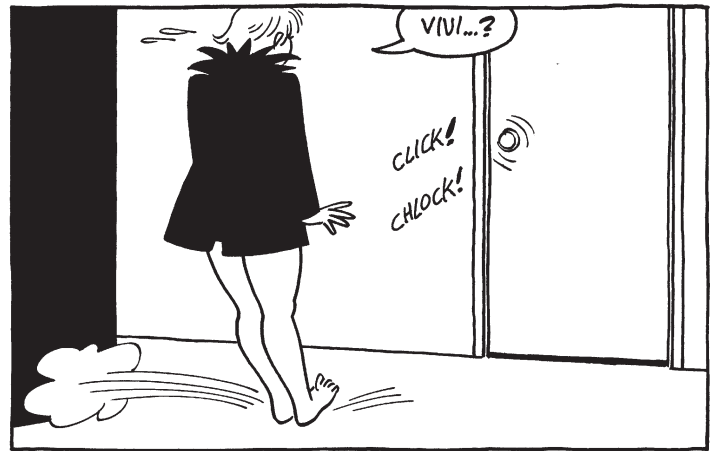
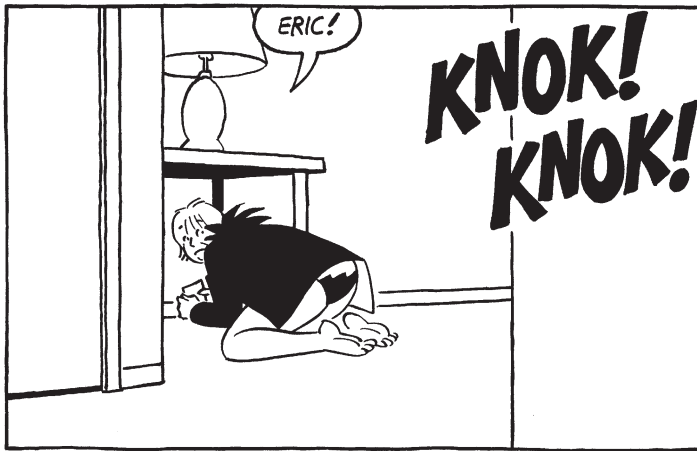


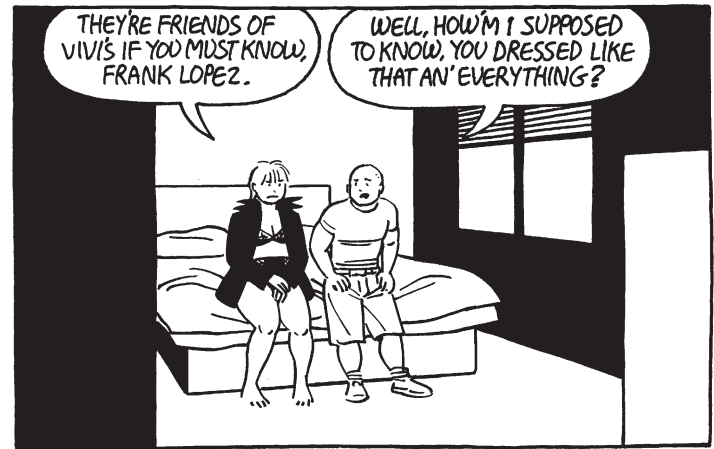
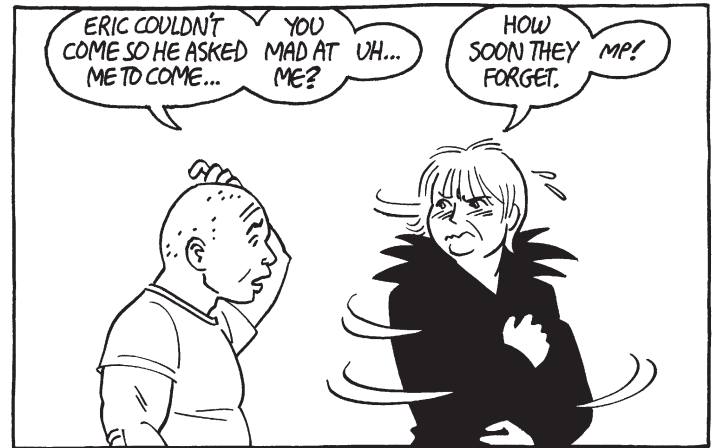
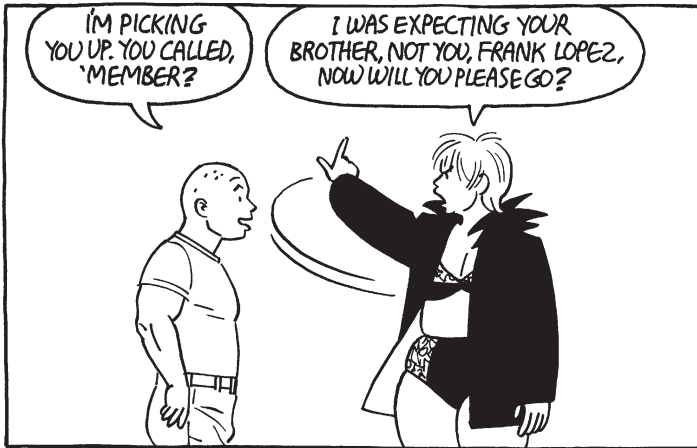
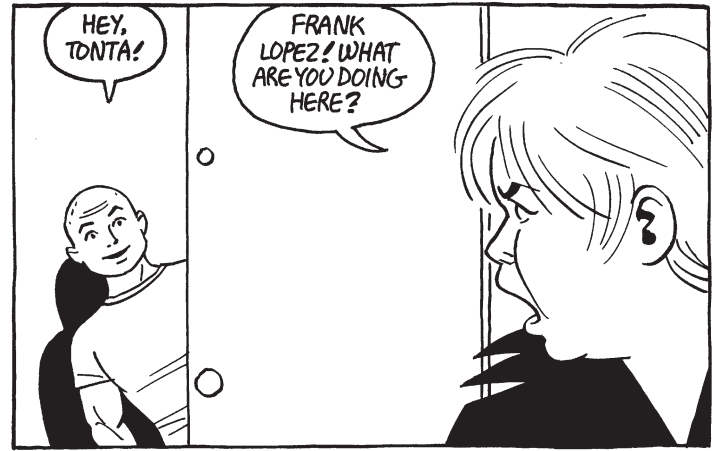


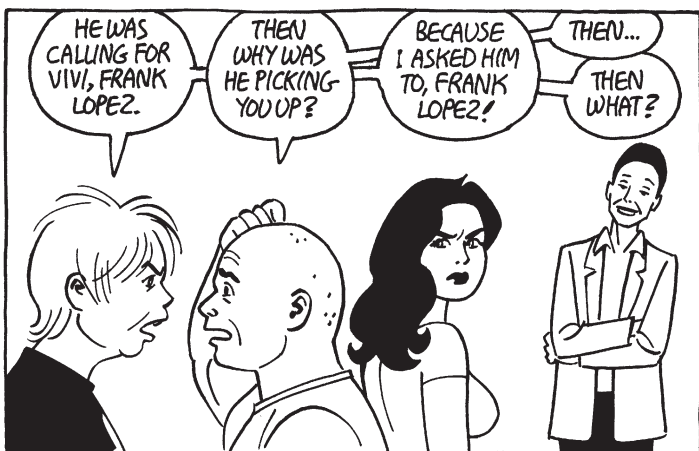
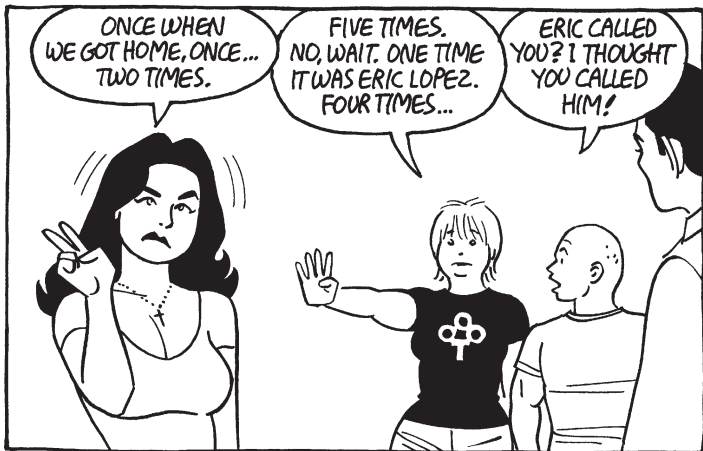
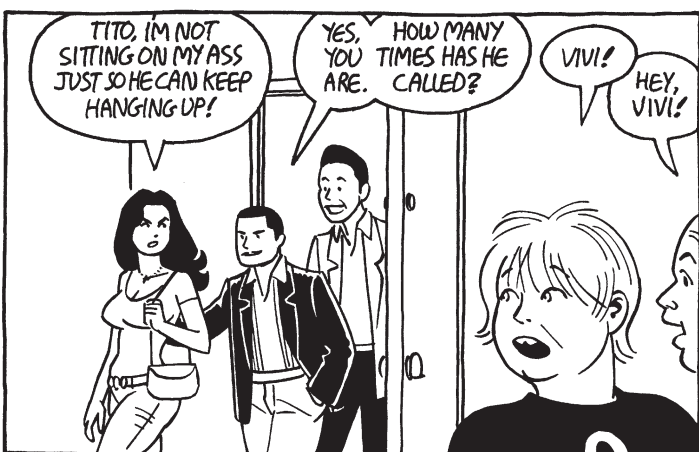
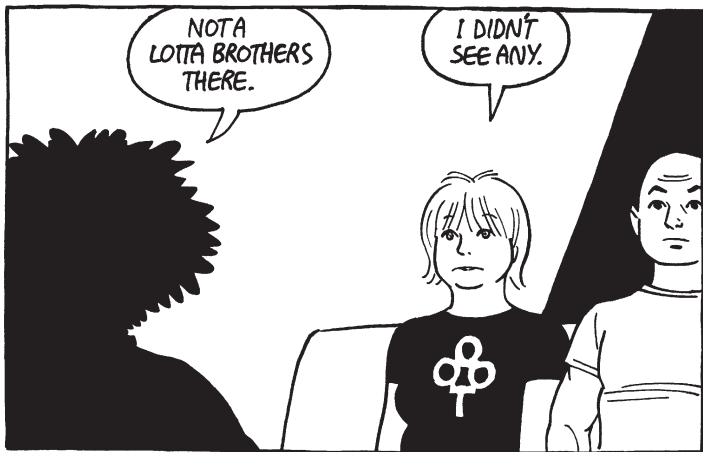
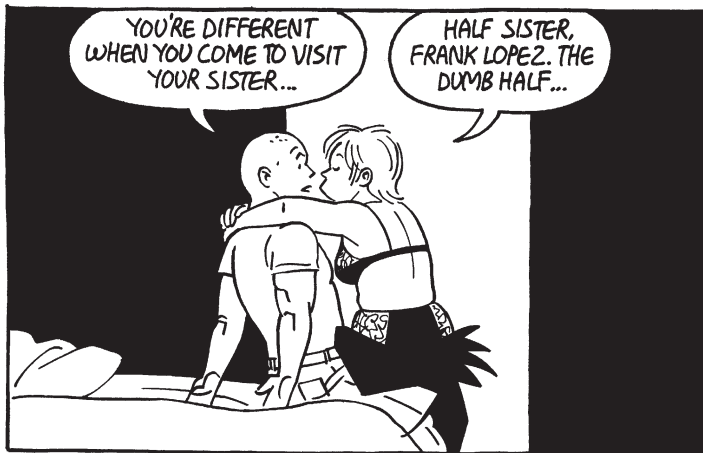


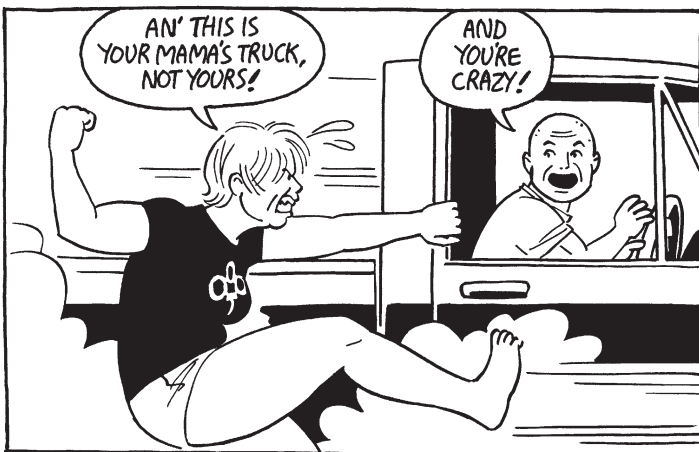
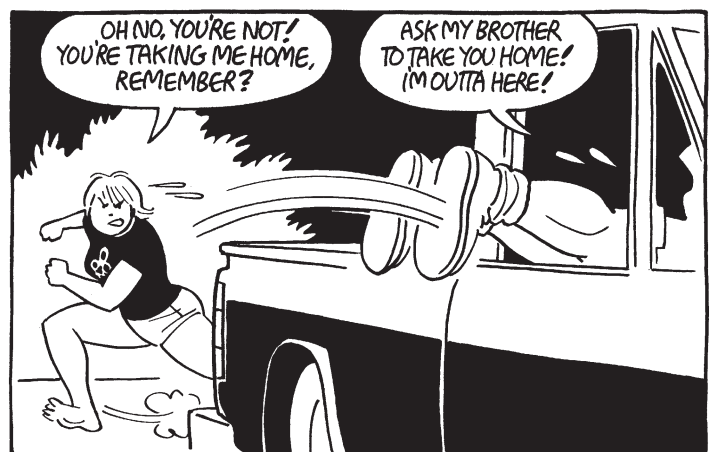
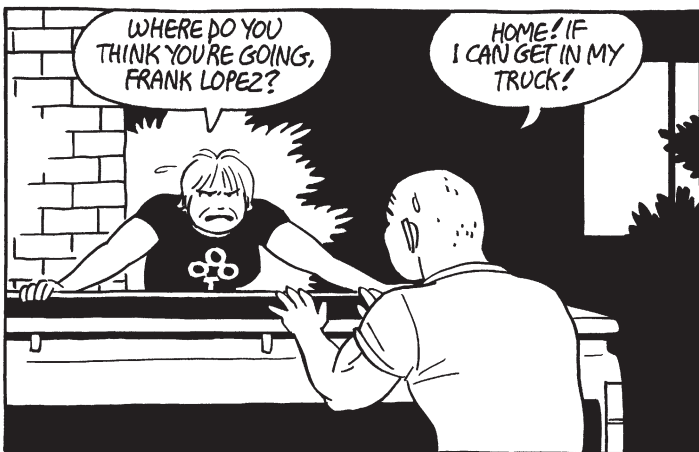
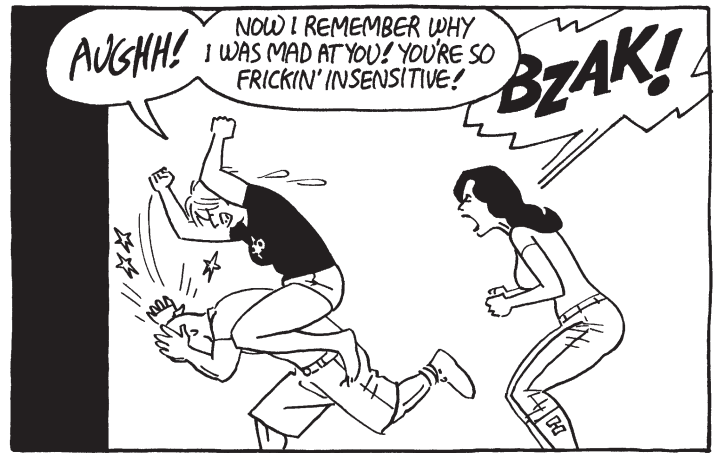
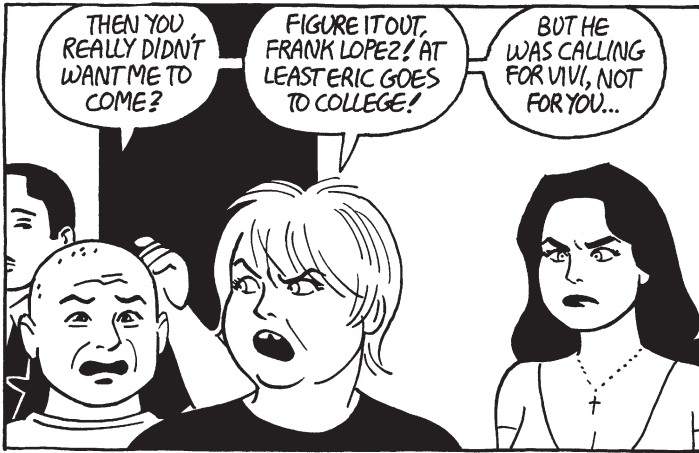


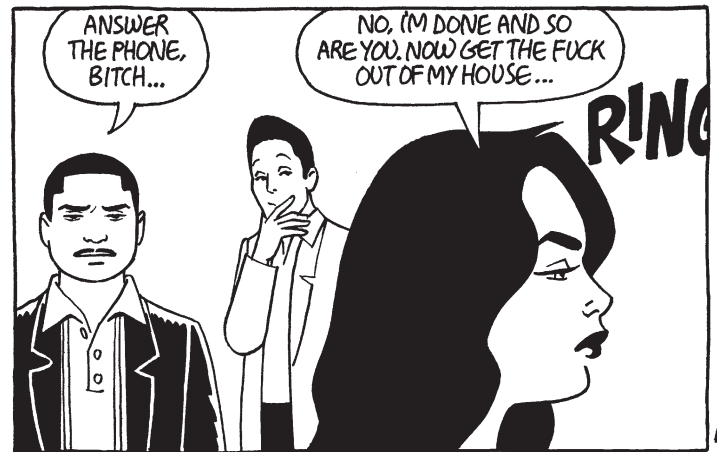
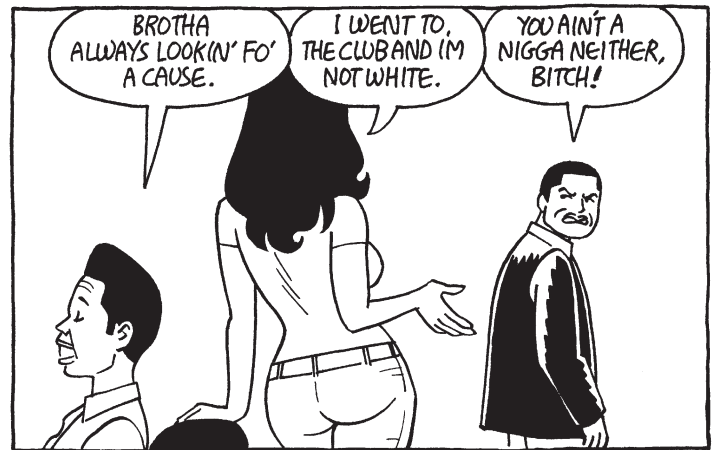
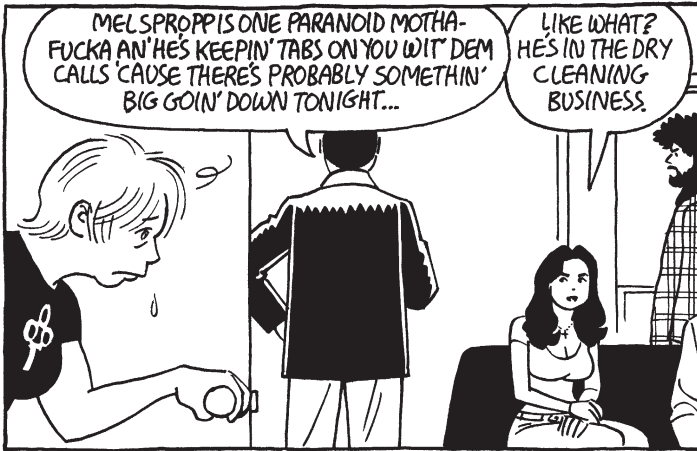


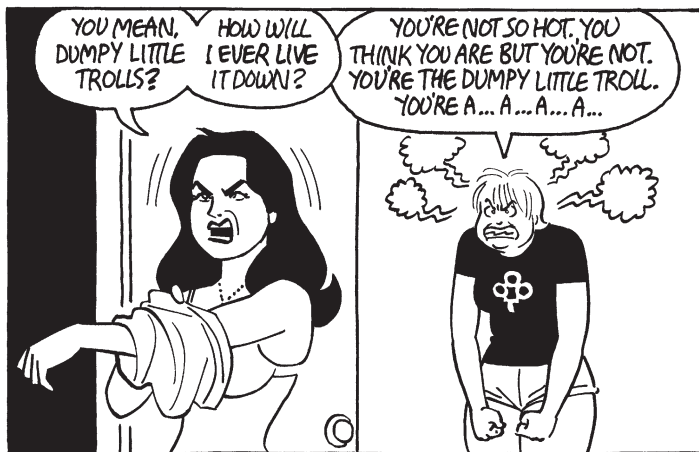
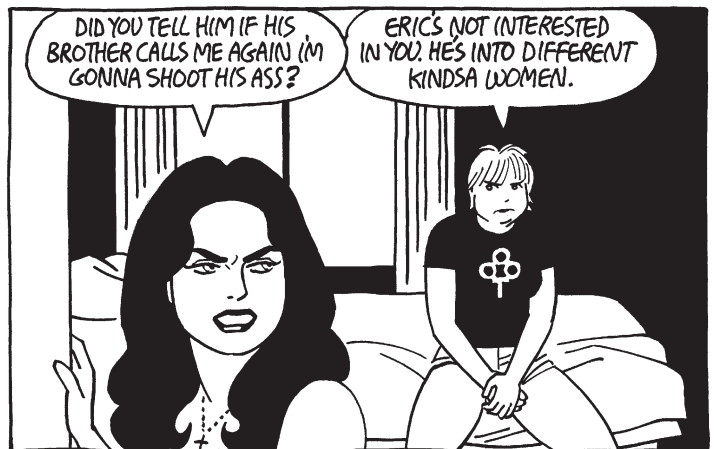
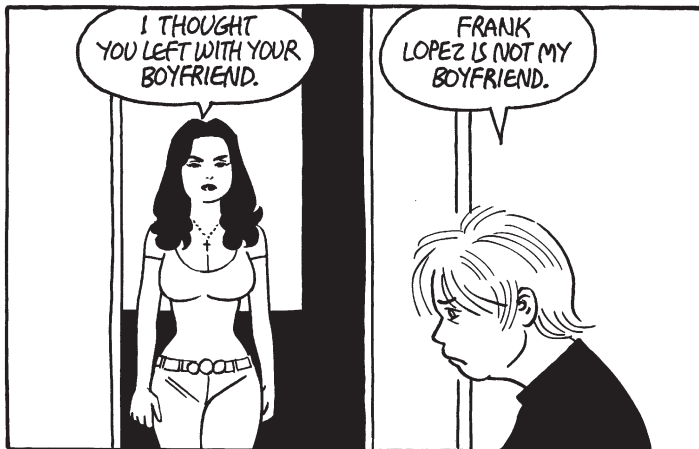
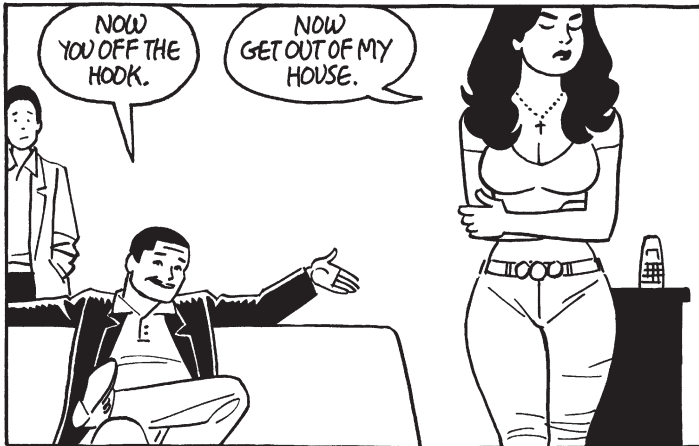


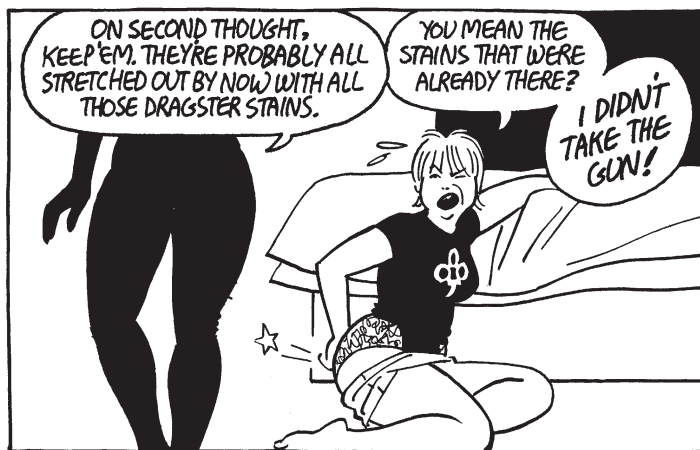
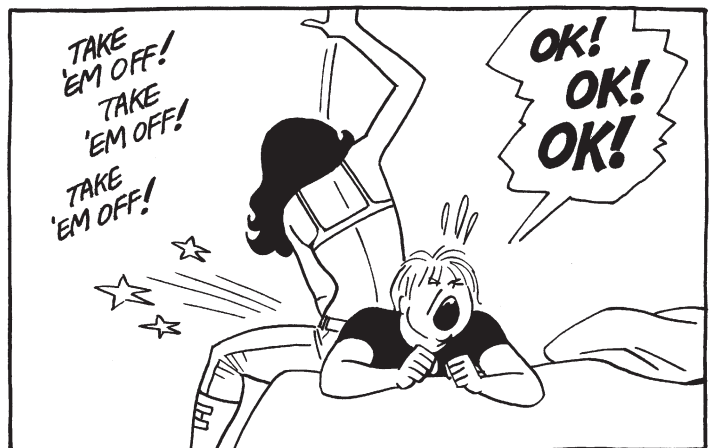
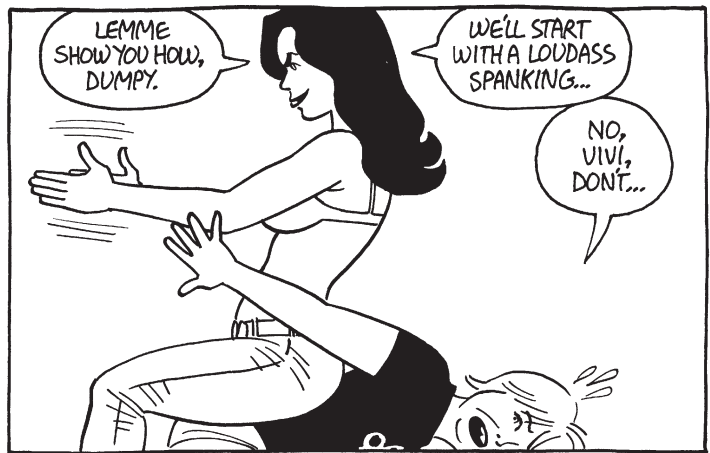


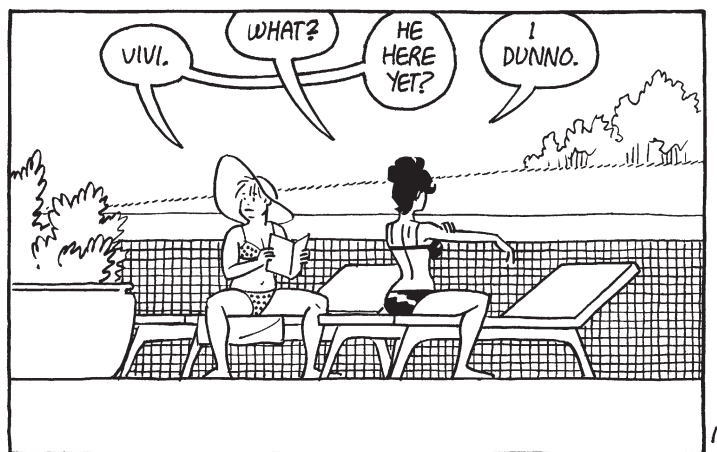
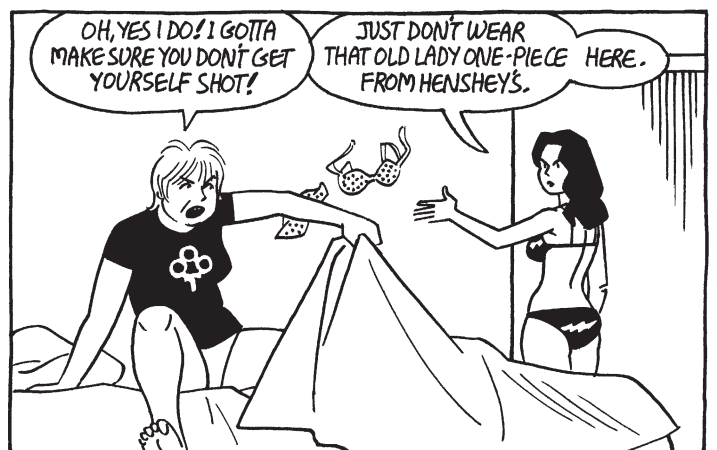
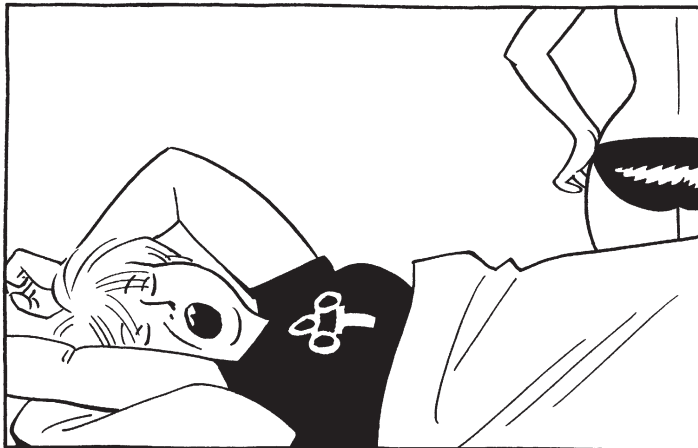
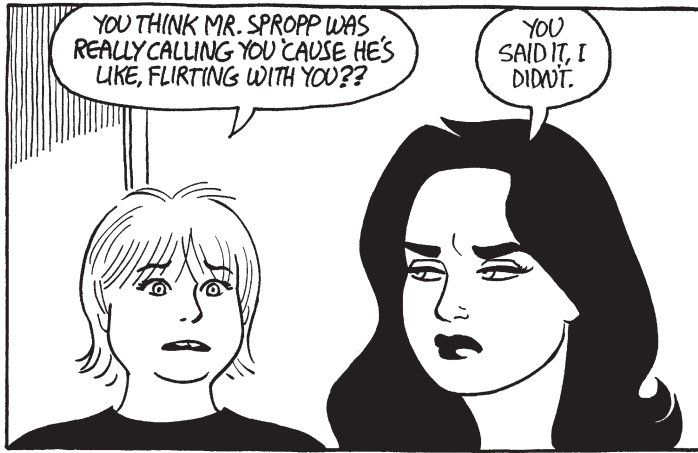


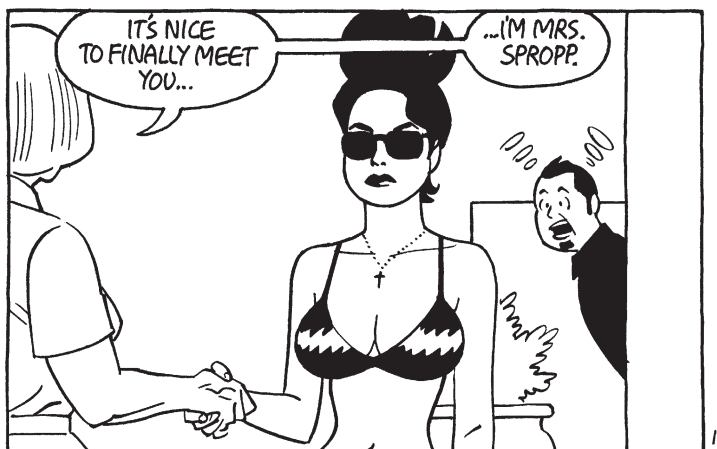
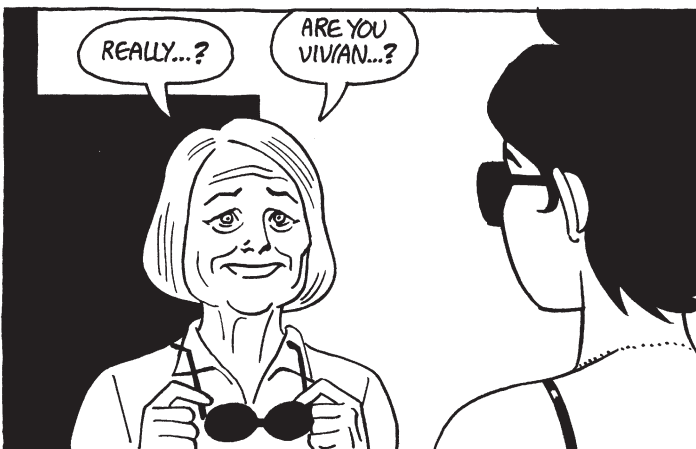
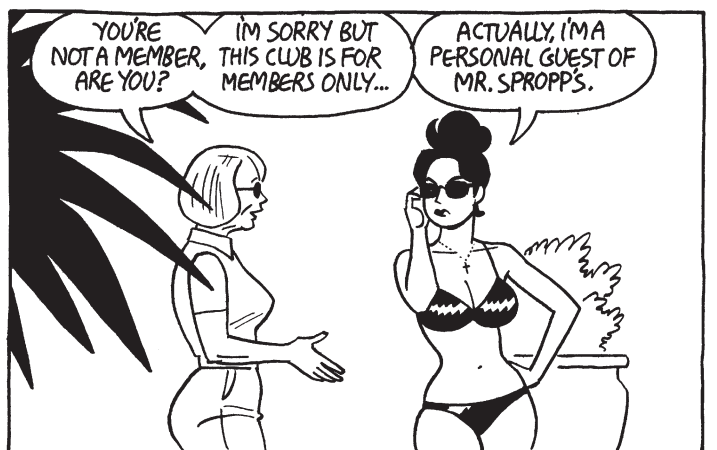
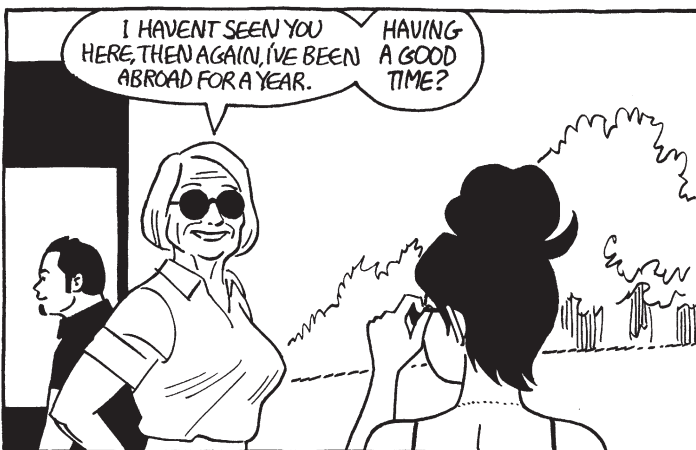
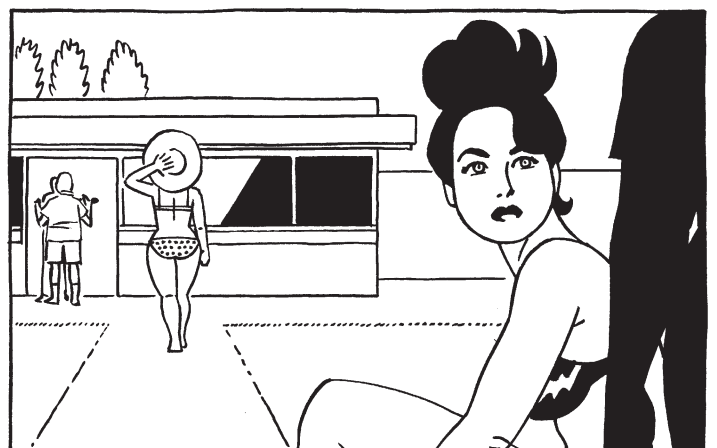
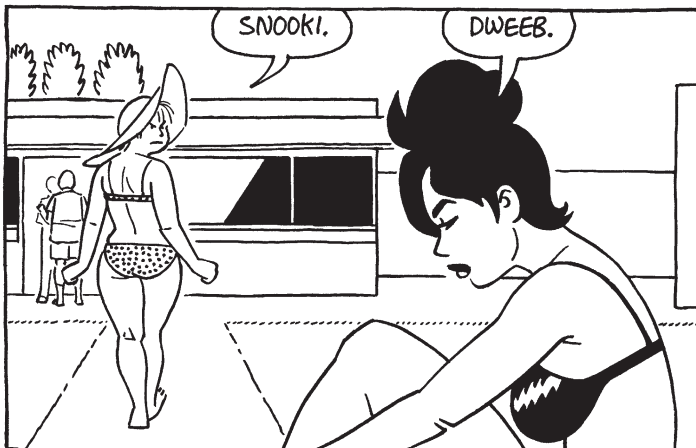
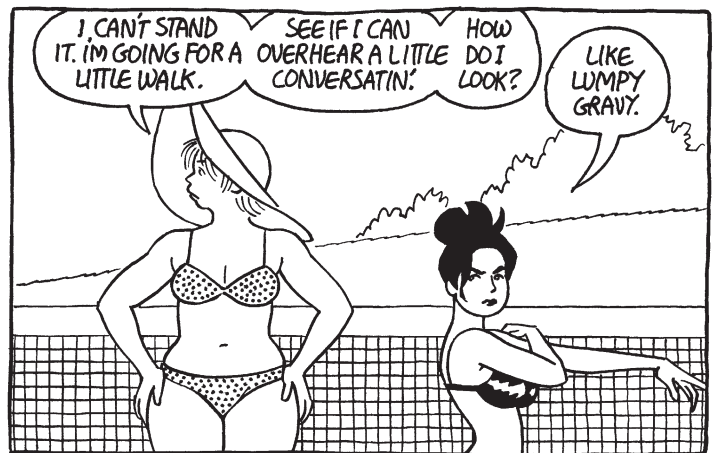
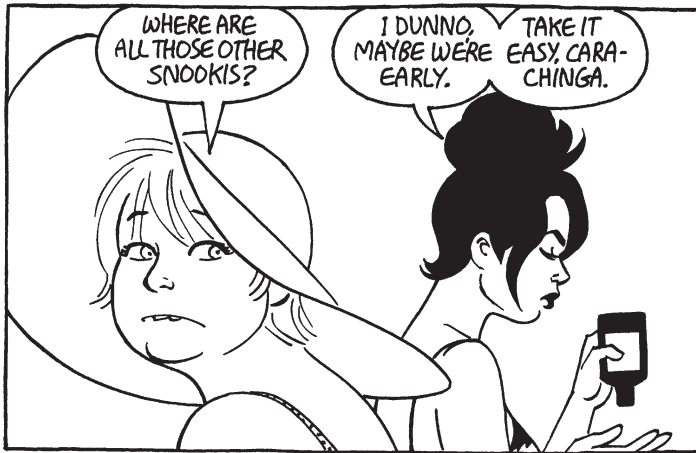


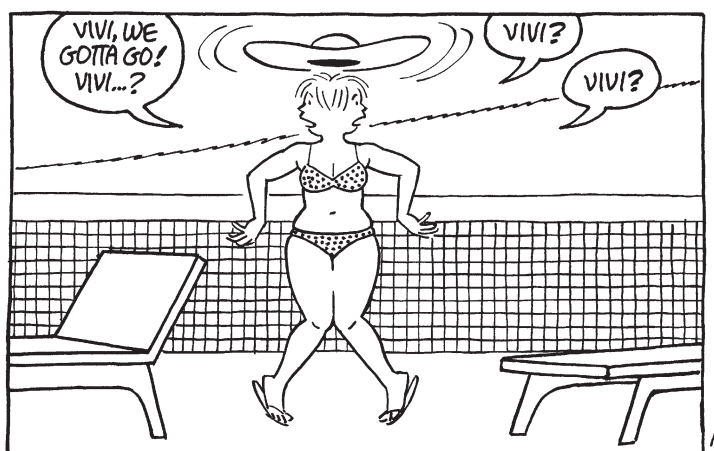
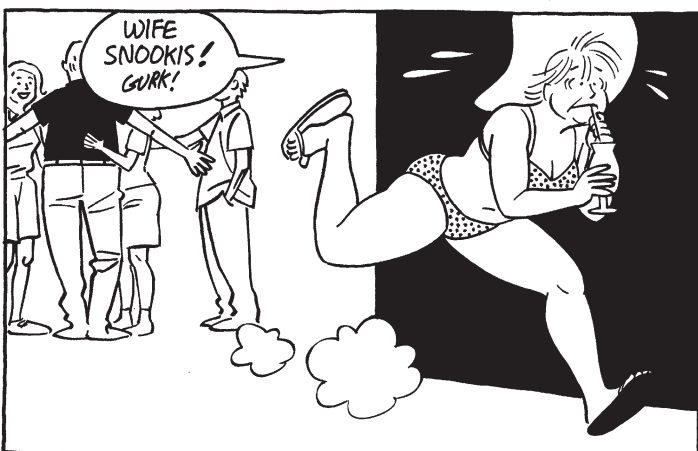
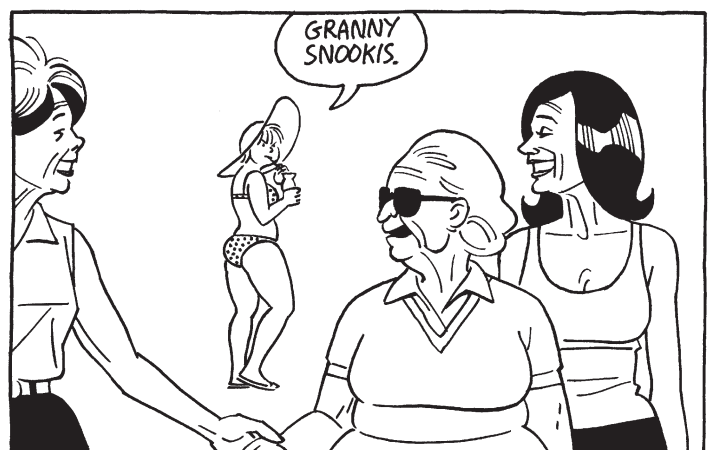
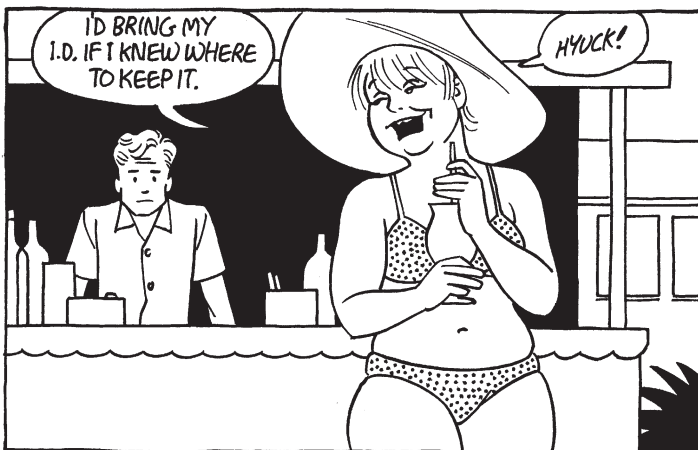
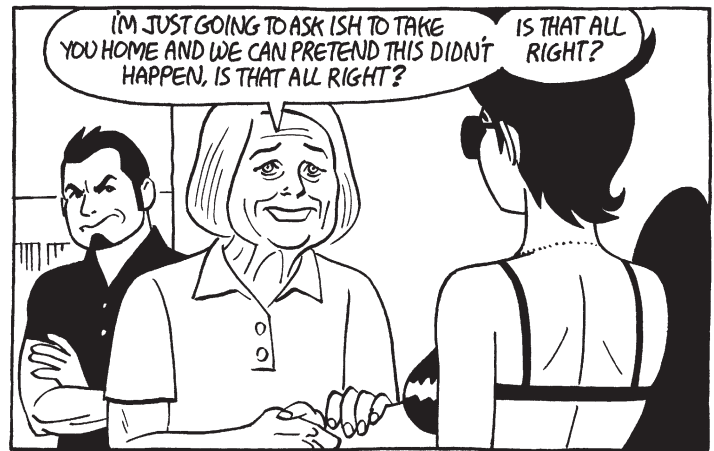
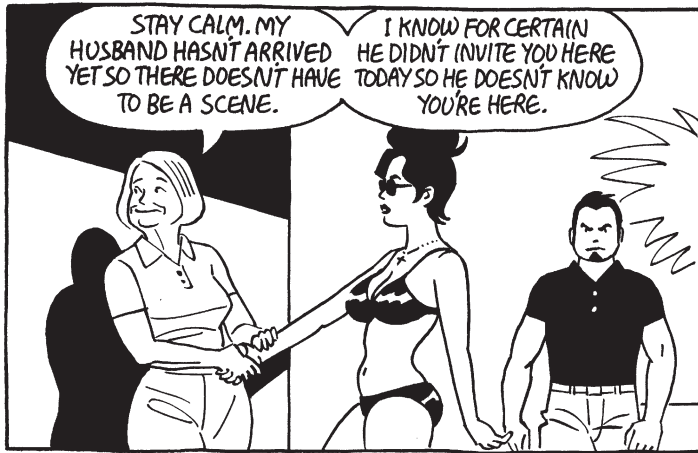


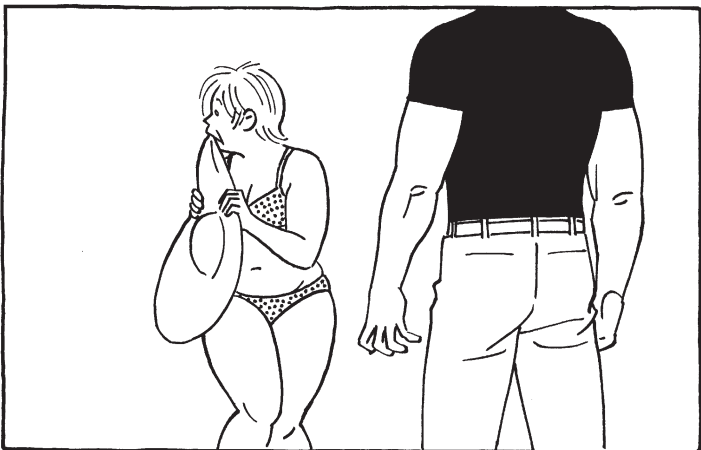
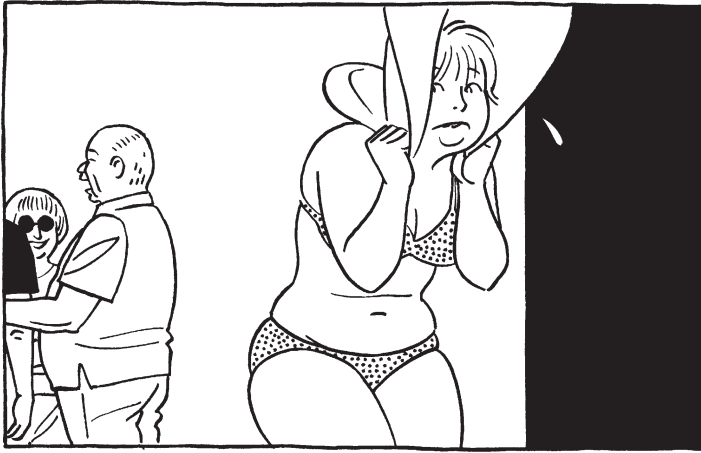


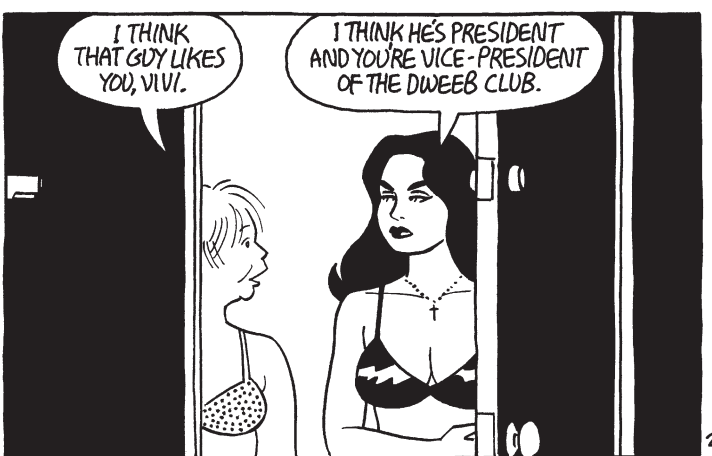
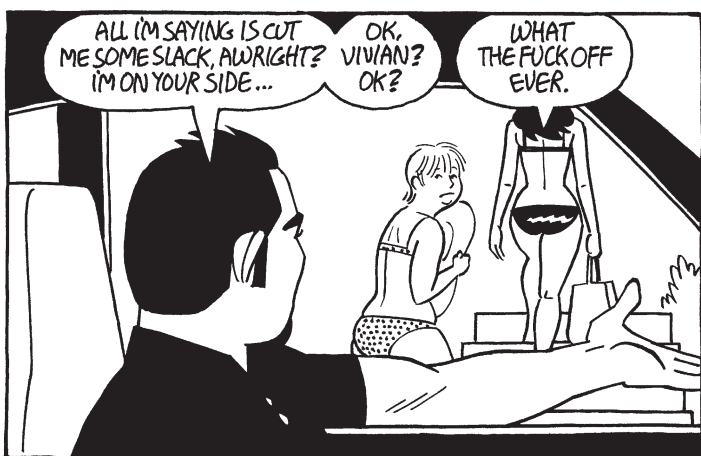


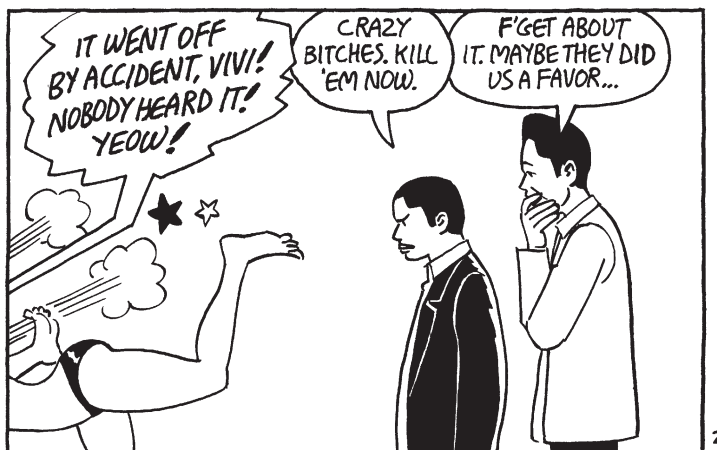
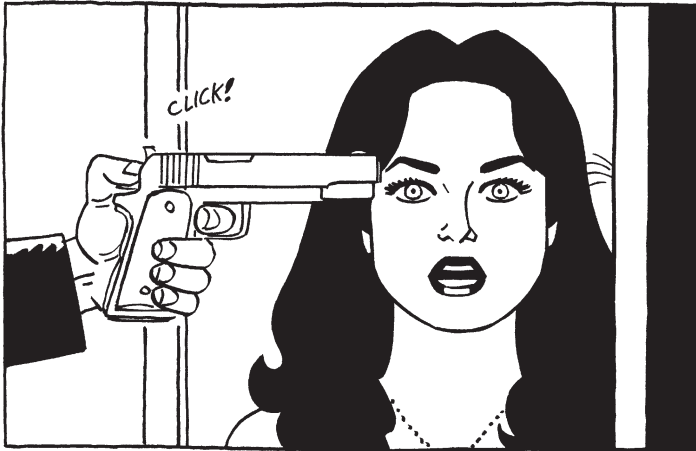


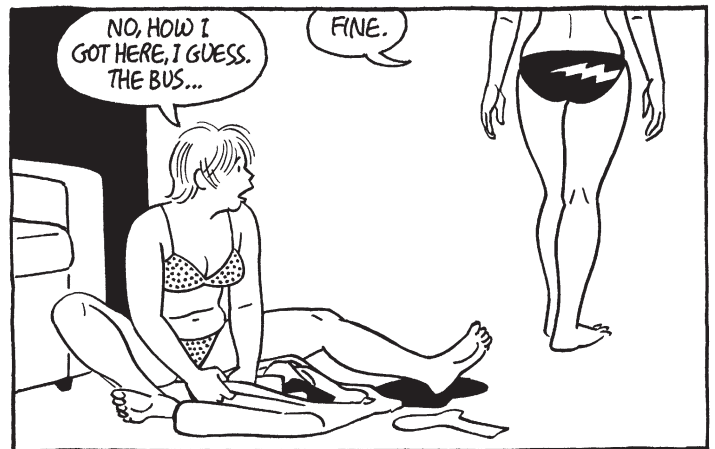
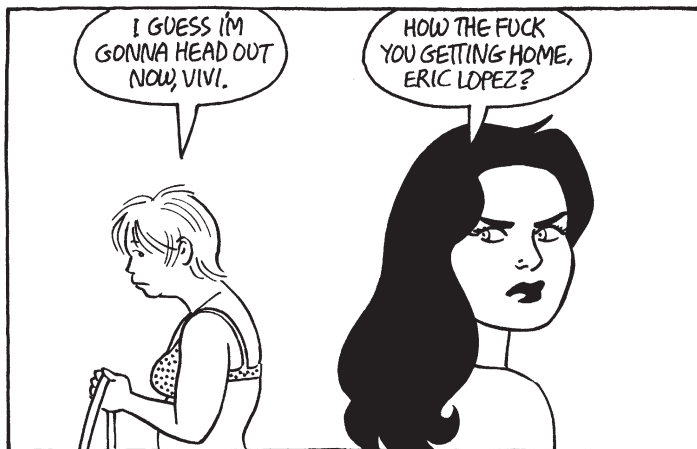
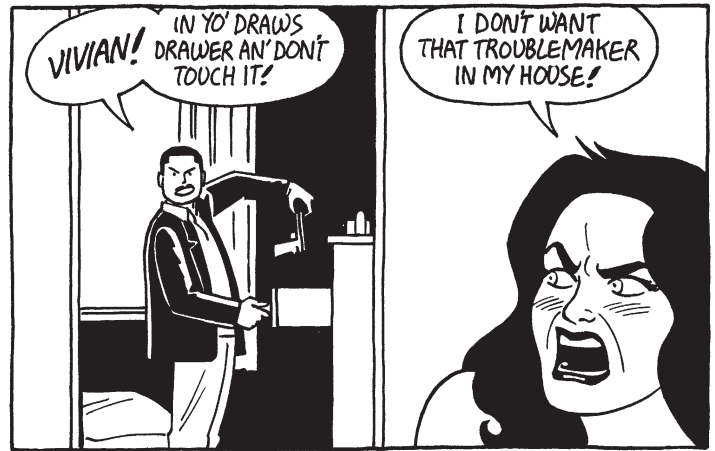
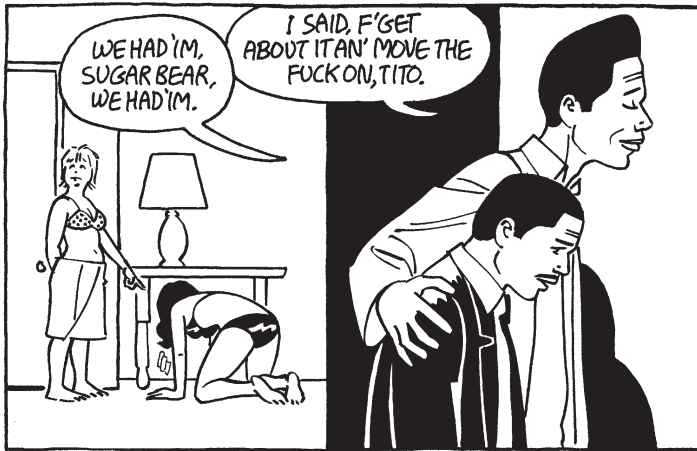


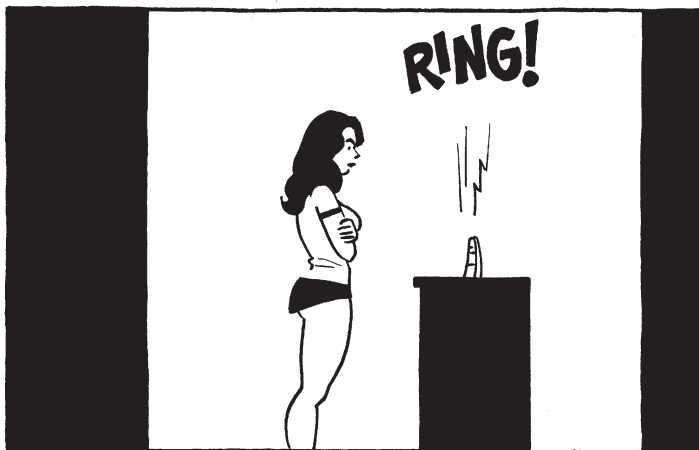
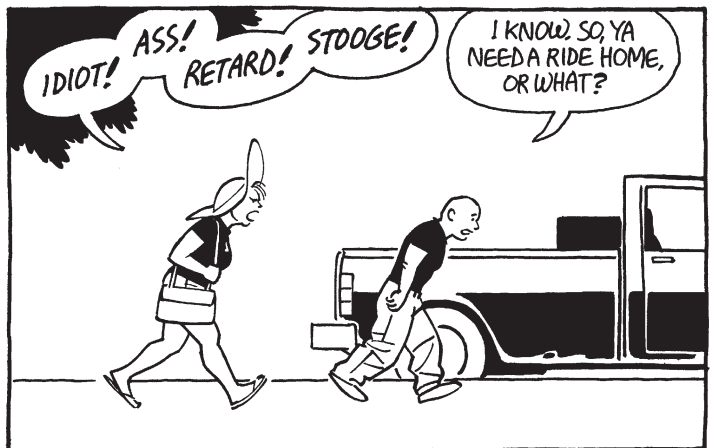
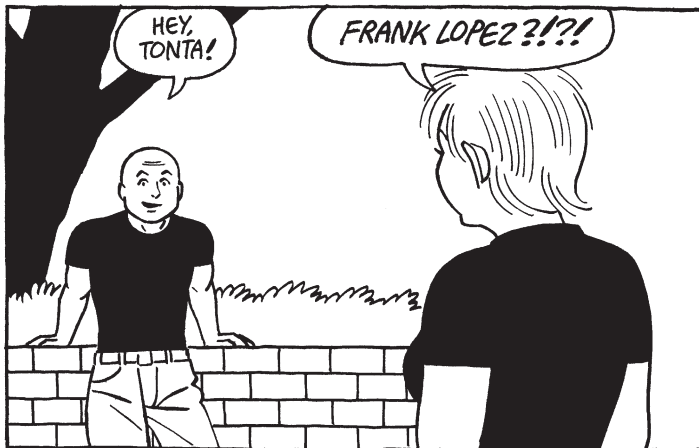
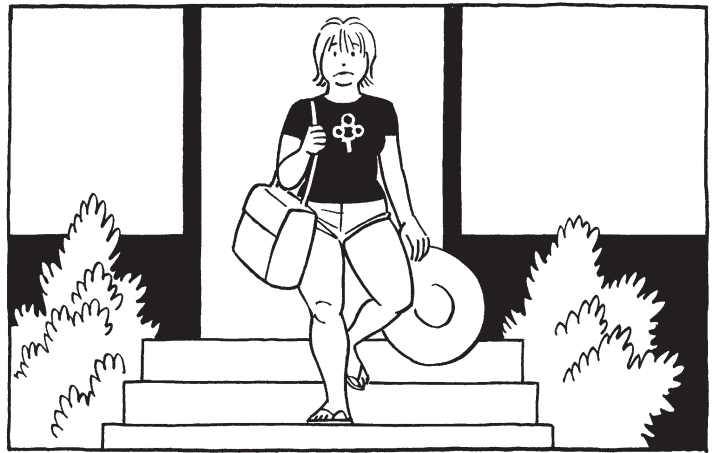
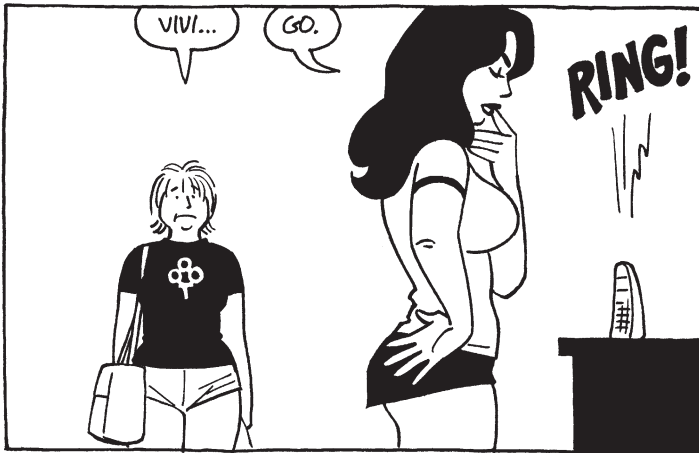


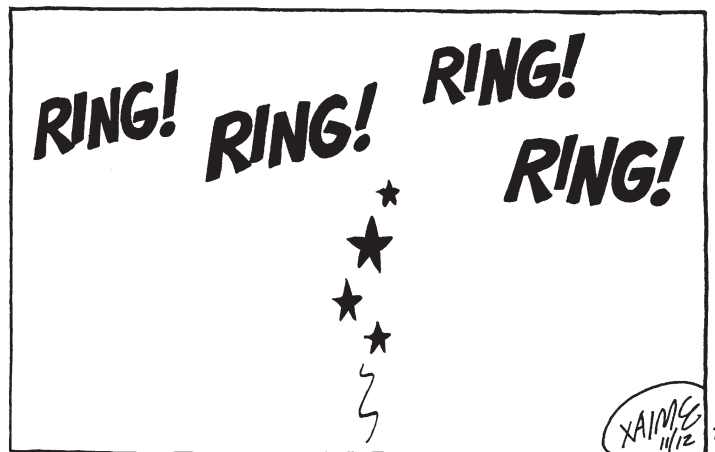
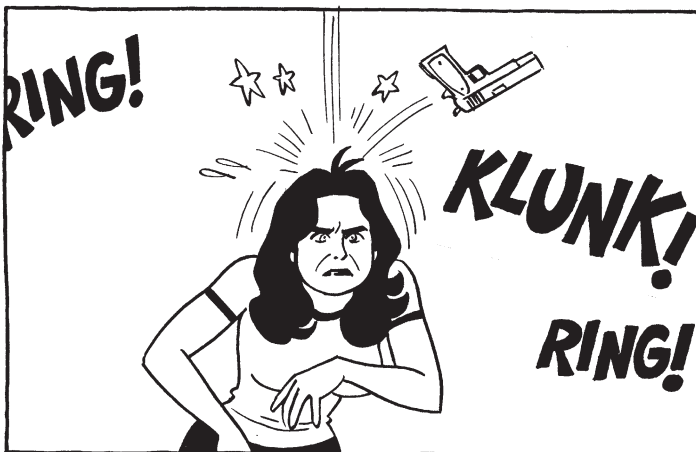
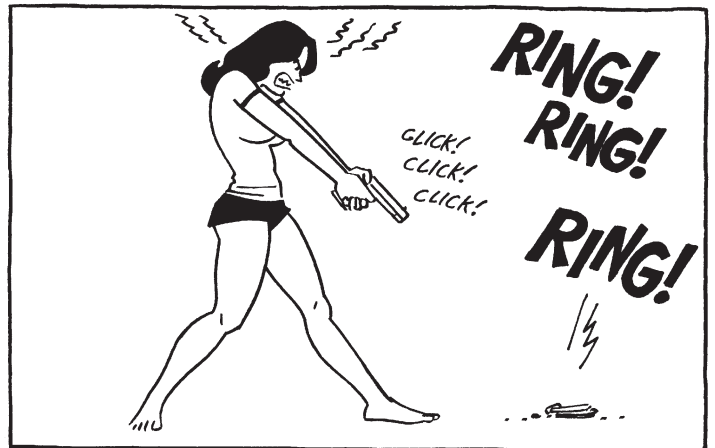
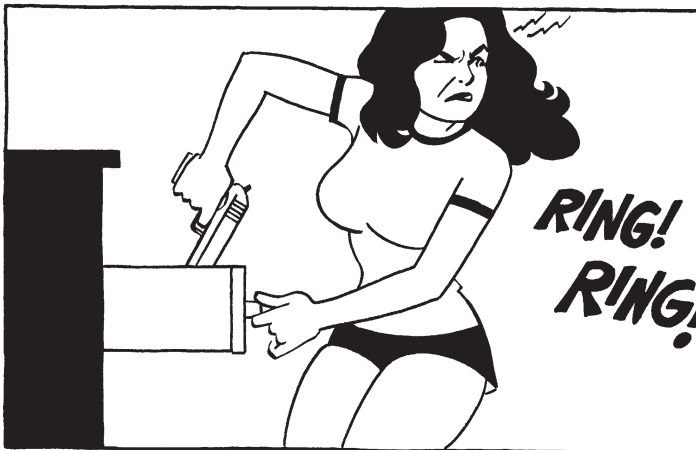










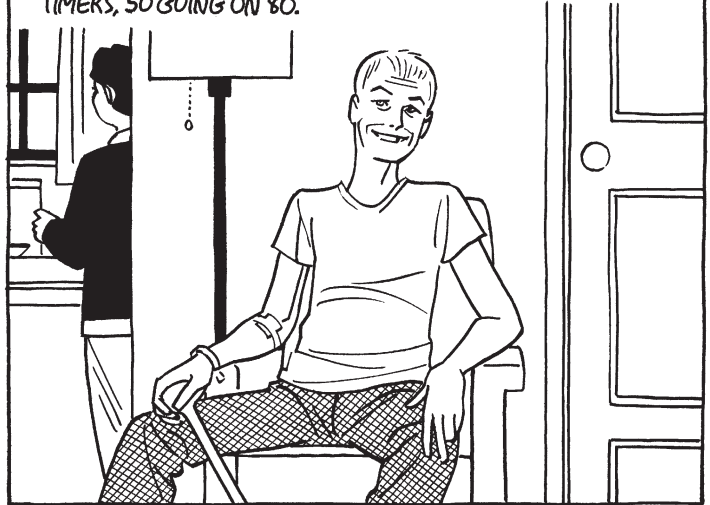


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UH... OH, YEAH...



SO, DOYLE AND I WERE HANGING OUT AT HIS PLACE THE OTHER DAY CATCHING UP ON THINGS. TALKING ABOUT THE WEATHER, OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OUR FAILING HEALTH. LIKE A COUPLE OF OLD TIMERS, SO GOING ON 80.



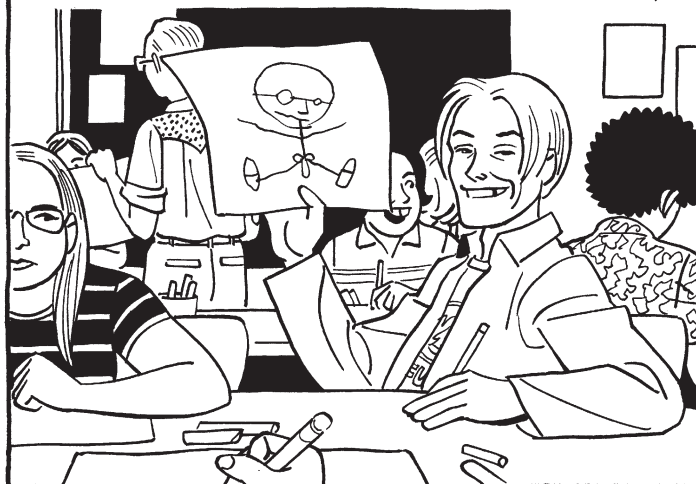
SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY WHEN I FIRST KNEW HIM. THIRD GRADE. HE WAS ONE OF THOSE TRASHY WHITE KIDS FROM THE NAVY PROJECTS NOT FAR FROM MY TRASHY MEXICAN NEIGHBORHOOD. THE KIND THAT WAS YOUR BEST FRIEND ONE DAY AND A BULLY THE NEXT.



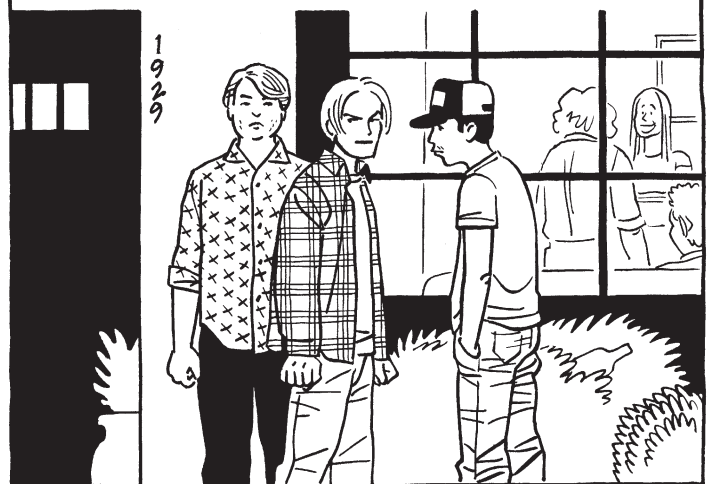
THE CITY TORCHED THOSE FILTHY PROJECTS AND DOYLE MOVED AWAY. I DIDN'T SEE HIM TILL JUNIOR HIGH. HE HUNG AROUND THE MEANEST MOTHERS, THE KIND YOU SAW AT SCHOOL BUT NEVER IN A CLASS. HE DIDN'T ACKNOWLEDGE ME THE WHOLE TWO YEARS.



IN HIGH SCHOOL WE HAD AN ART CLASS TOGETHER. ONE DAY, OUT OF THE BLUE, HE REMINDED ME HOW HE WAS ALWAYS AMAZED BY MY DRAWING ABILITY. SOMEHOW THAT PUT ME ON EQUAL GROUND WITH HIM AND WE BECAME GOOD FRIENDS. IN SCHOOL, ANYWAY.



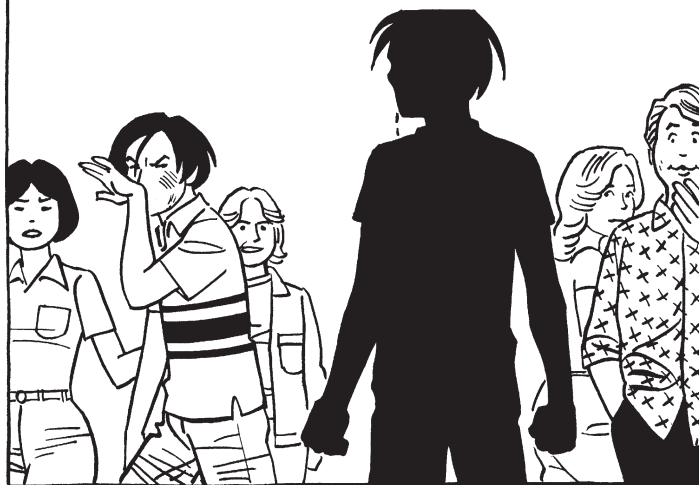
ONE NIGHT IN OUR JUNIOR YEAR ME AND SOME SCHOOL PALS GOT UP THE COURAGE TO GO TO SANDY TRAN'S PARTY. OUT FRONT WE RAN INTO DOYLE AND HIS RATS. THEY LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE OUT LOOKING FOR FIGHTS AND WE HAPPENED TO BE IN THEIR WAY.



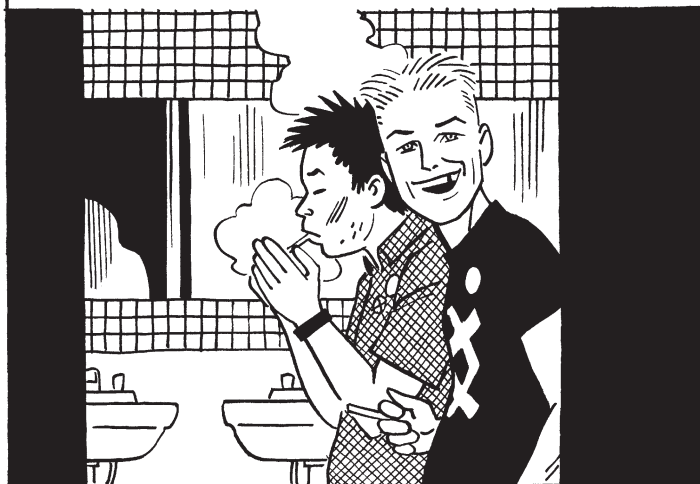
I TRIED TO CHUM UP WITH HIM, BEING HIS SCHOOL BUDDY AND ALL THAT BUT THIS WAS A DIFFERENT DOYLE. HIS EYES BURNED INTO ME, KINDA LIKE HE DIDN'T KNOW ME, KINDA LIKE I SHOULD RESPECT THE RULES OF THE GAME AND PREPARE TO HAVE MY FACE SMASHED IN.



IT'S FUZZY HOW BUT IT ENDED UP ONLY DOYLE AND SANDY'S BROTHER MIKE GOING TDE TO TDE. TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE MIKE HELD HIS OWN AND DOYLE ENDED UP BLOODIER. HE DIDN'T SHOW UP THE NEXT SCHOOL DAY OR ANY SCHOOL DAY FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR.



THE NEXT TIME I SAW HIM WAS THE FIRST DAY OF SENIOR YEAR. HE WAS HANGING WITH MIKE TRAN OF ALL PEOPLE. THEY GOT INTO THE PUNK THING. HE WAS STILL THE SAME DOYLE I KNEW, BUT IN A LESS THREATENING WAY. HE SEEMED GENUINELY THRILLED TO SEE ME.



EVEN HANGING WITH HIM ALONE WAS DIFFERENT. HE OPENED UP TO ME MORE. HE HAD FRIENDS AND PUSSY COMING OUT OF HIS EARS BUT I GOT THE FEELING I WAS THE ONLY PERSON ON EARTH WHO KNEW THE REAL DOYLE IN THOSE DAYS, OR WAS ALLOWED TO KNOW.



WHOEVER THAT IS... HEH...



SO THE DOOR KNOCKS AND WHO WALKS IN BUT VIV THE FROGMOUTH HERSELF. EVEN THOUGH HER EARLIER CALL WAS A WARNING, I HAD A SICK FEELING WHEN SHE CAME IN, LIKE A TIME BOMB WAS ABOUT TO GO OFF. NATURALLY, SHE ACTED LIKE I WASN'T THERE.



SHE GOES STRAIGHT INTO THIS TIRADE ABOUT HOW SHE'S IN TROUBLE AND SOME CREEP IS STALKING HER ON THE PHONE, YATATA, YATATA. I WASN'T SURPRISED TO HEAR IT. YEARS LATER SHE STILL LOOKED LIKE DYNAMITE SO I FIGURED HER LIFE MUST STILL HAVE DYNAMITE IN IT.



DOYLE SHUT HER UP PRETTY QUICK AND PUT HER IN THE KITCHEN AND MADE A FEW PHONE CALLS. BETWEEN THE CALLS AND DOYLE AND VIU'S YACKING, I GOT THE IDEA THAT SHE JUST MOVED BACK FROM SOMEWHERE BECAUSE OF SOME LOVE TRIANGLE DISASTER OR SOMETHING.



THEN SOME GUYS I REMEMBER FROM DOYLE AND VIU'S WORLD DROP BY BUT THERE'S ONE MISSING, RENO BANKS USED TO BE PART OF THIS TRIO. WAS HE PART OF THE DISASTROUS LOVE TRIANGLE? AH, WHO CARES? MAGGIE ALWAYS LIKED HIM BUT HE WAS ALWAYS A DICK TO ME.



AS I'M SIZING UP THESE GUYS I FAIL TO NOTICE VIU IS GIVING ME A MAJOR DOSE OF STINKEYE, FAR DEADLIER THAN DOYLE'S AT SANDY TRAN'S PARTY THAT ONE NIGHT. I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING NASTY WITH HER RIGHT THERE BUT SHE SHORTLY LEFT WITH THE GUYS.

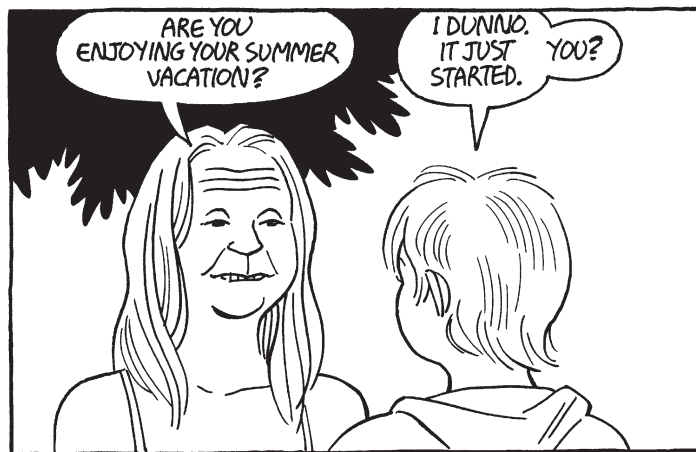
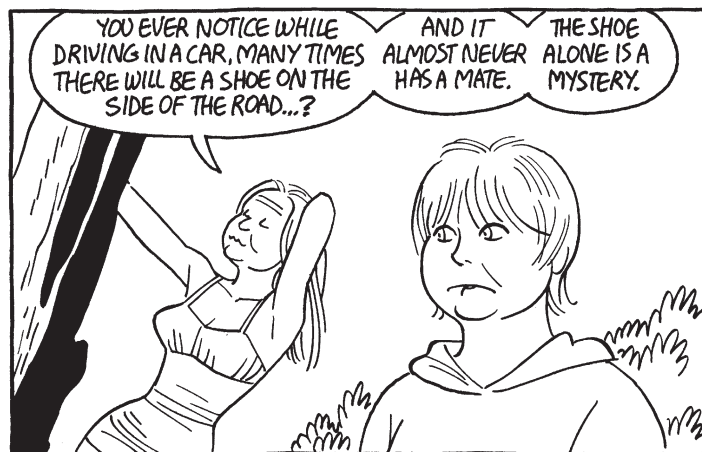
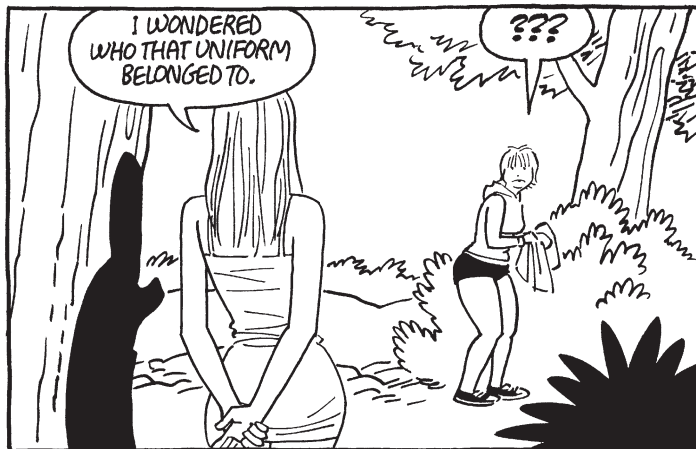
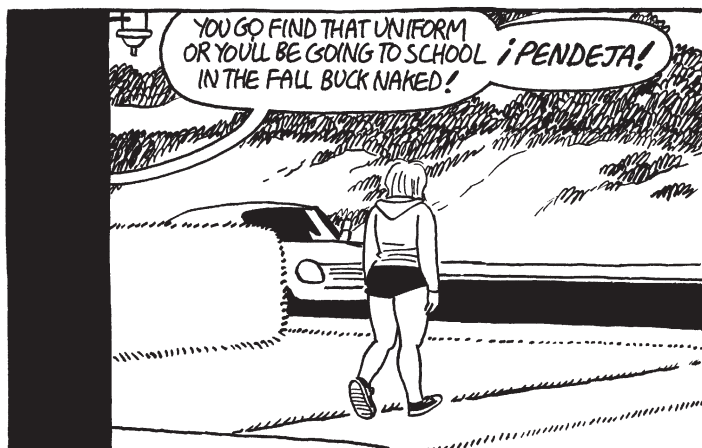


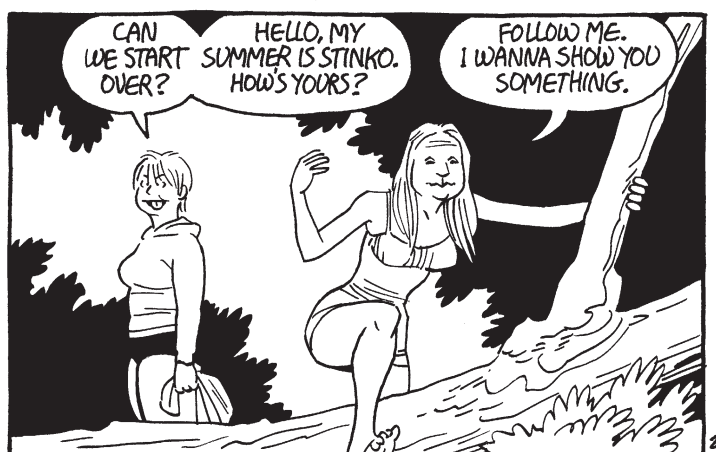
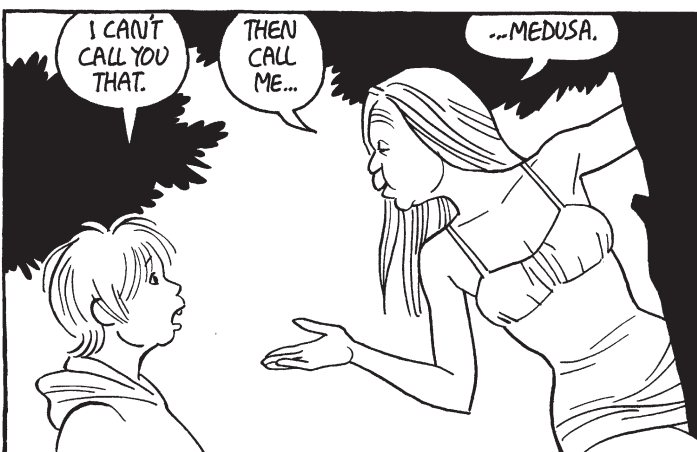
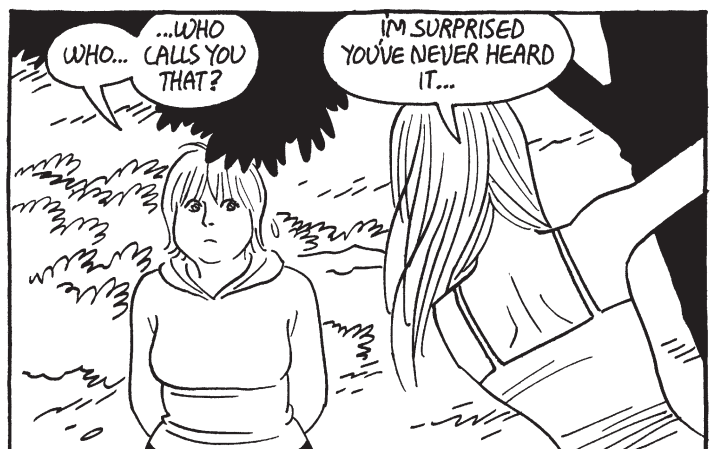
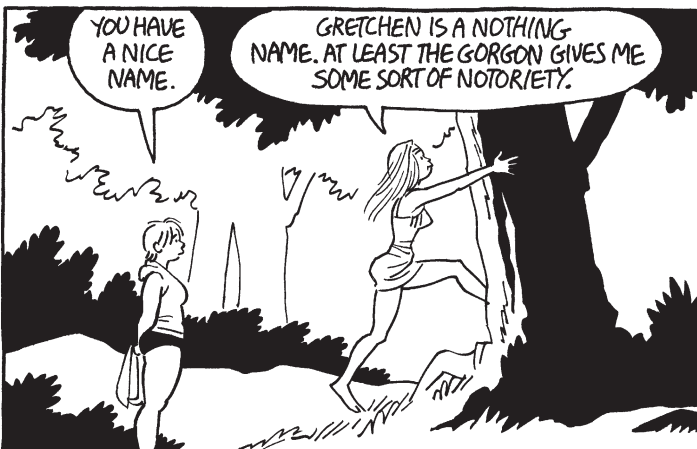
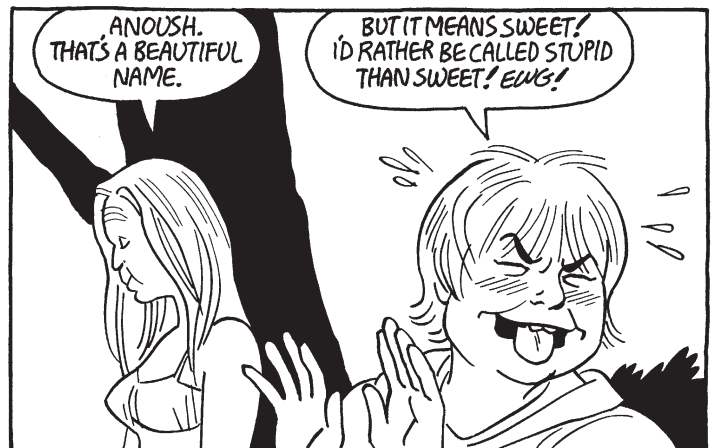
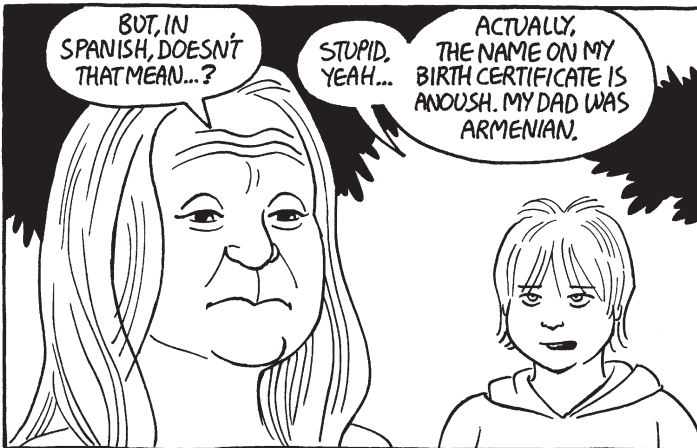
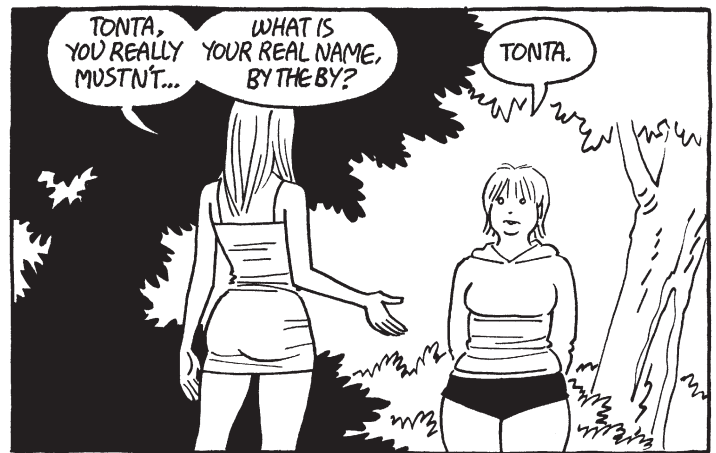
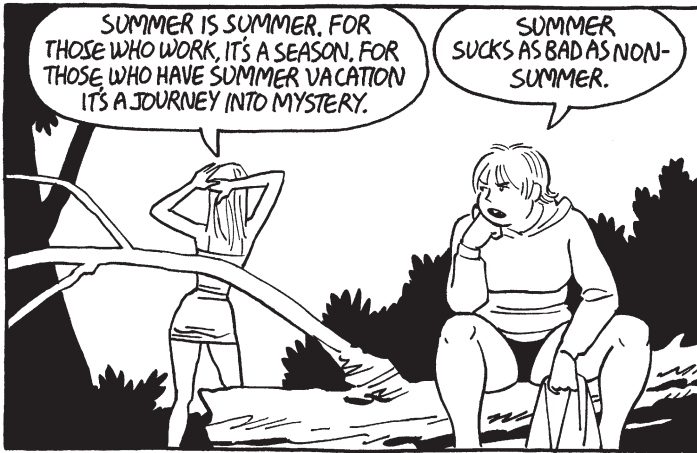
YEAH... LIKE I WAS GONNA... UH... YEAH...

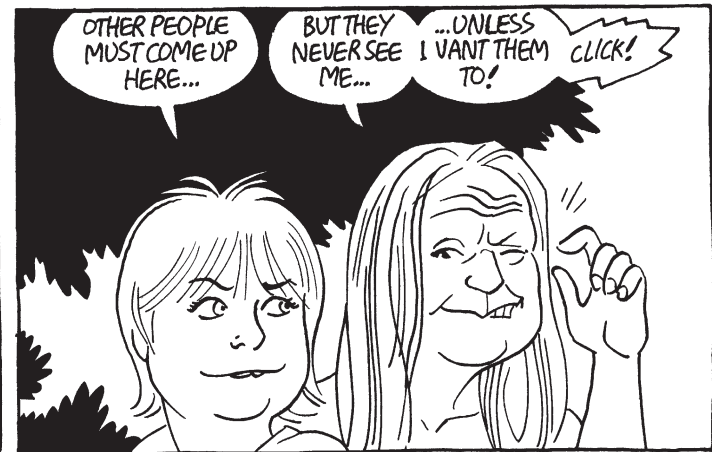
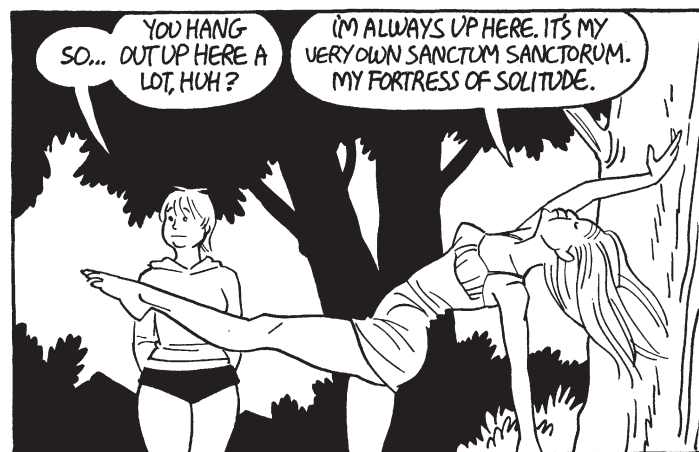
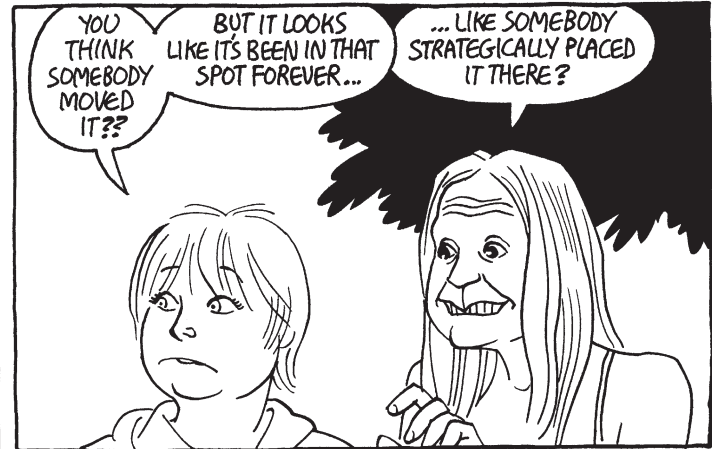
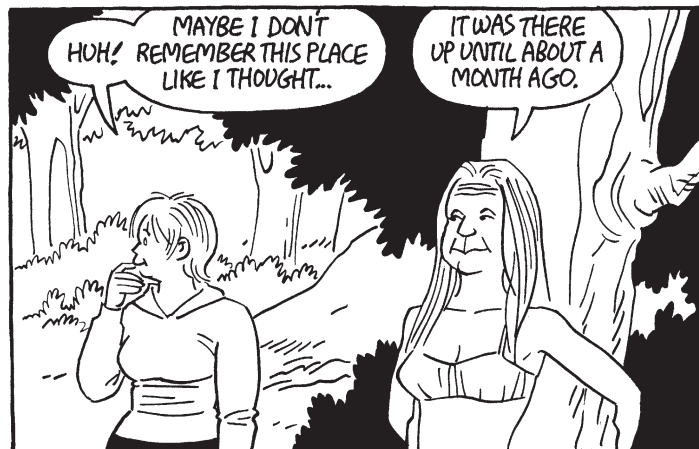
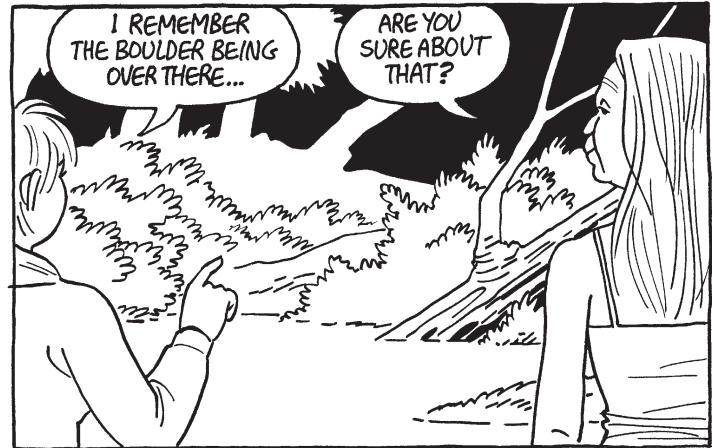
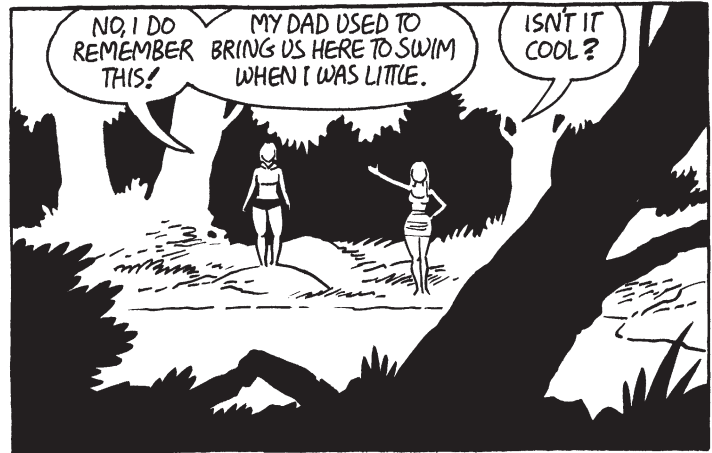


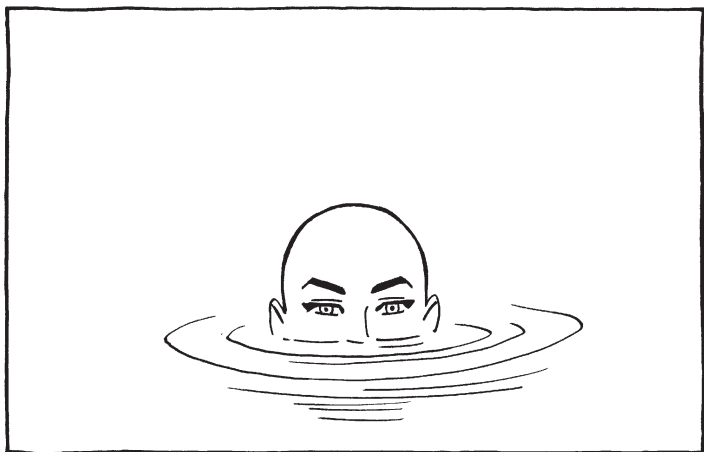
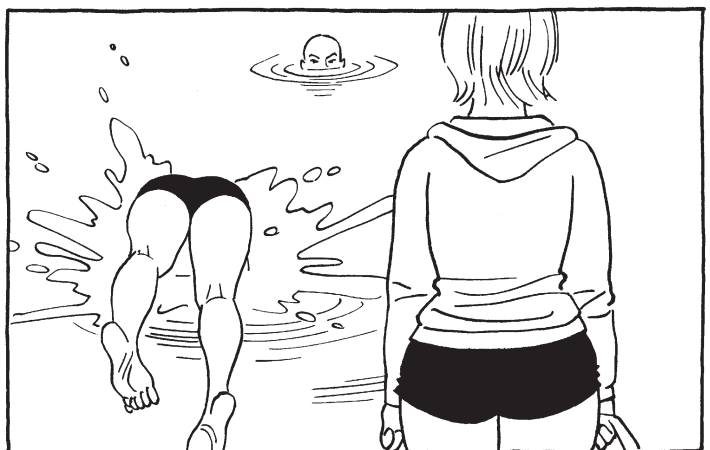
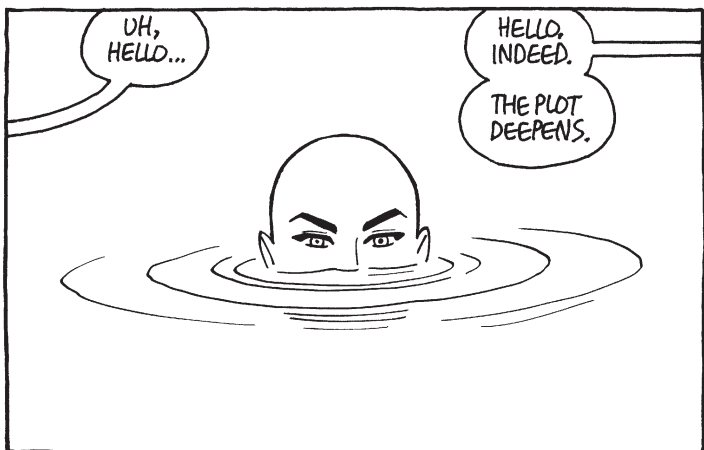
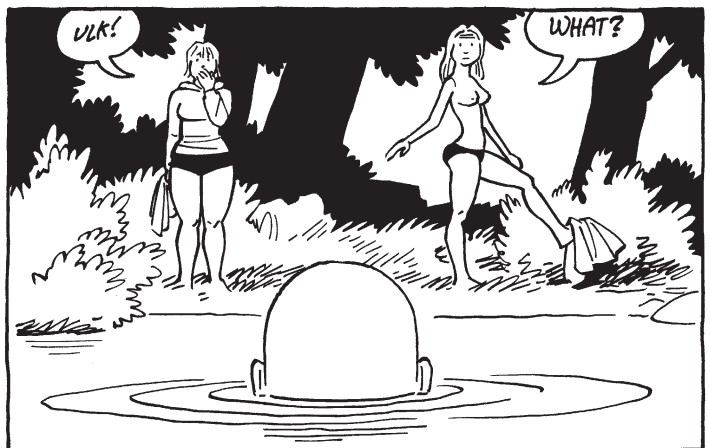
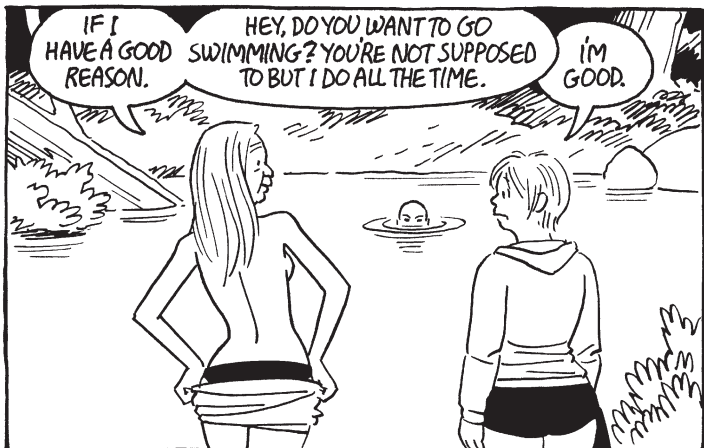
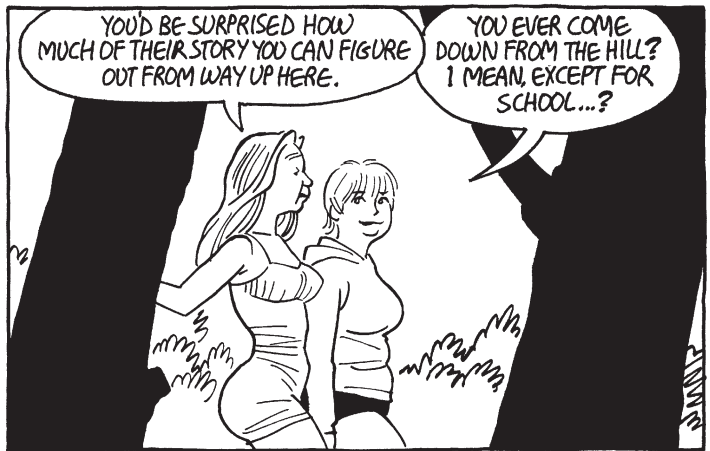
SO, MAGGIE COMES TO PICK ME UP LIKE THE MOTHER HEN SHE IS. WE ARGUE ABOUT RENO BANKS ON THE WAY HOME LIKE WE OFTEN DO. "BUT HE WAS ALWAYS SO NICE" SHE MODESTLY PLEADS. "GUYS TREAT GIRLS DIFFERENTLY THAN THEY TREAT GUYS" I UGLYLY REPLY.

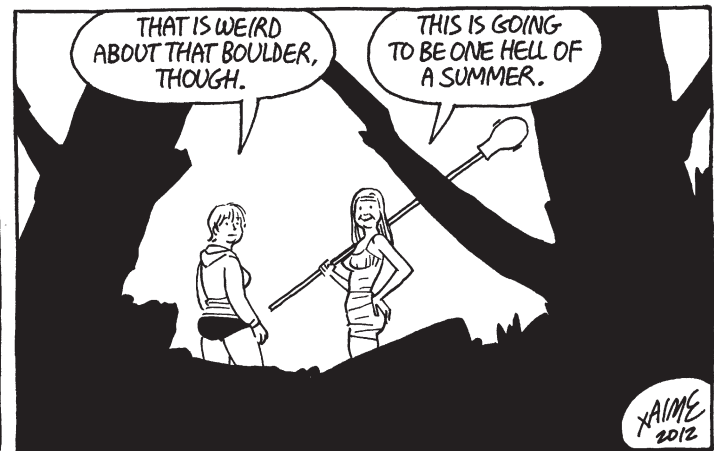
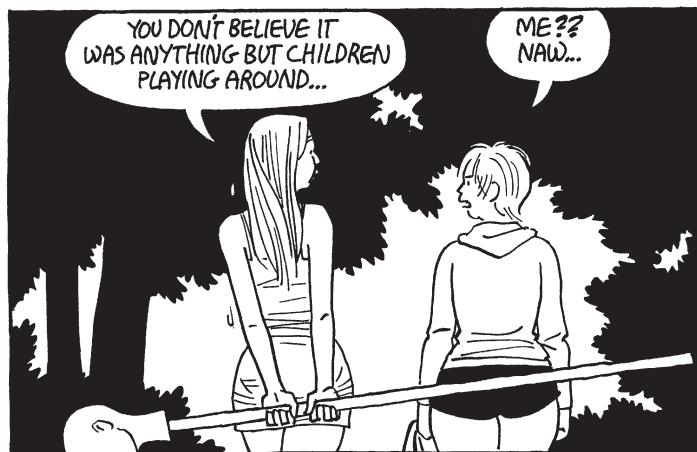
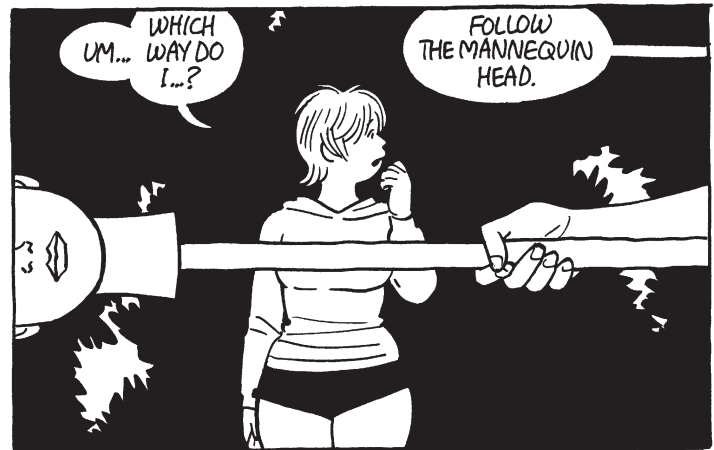
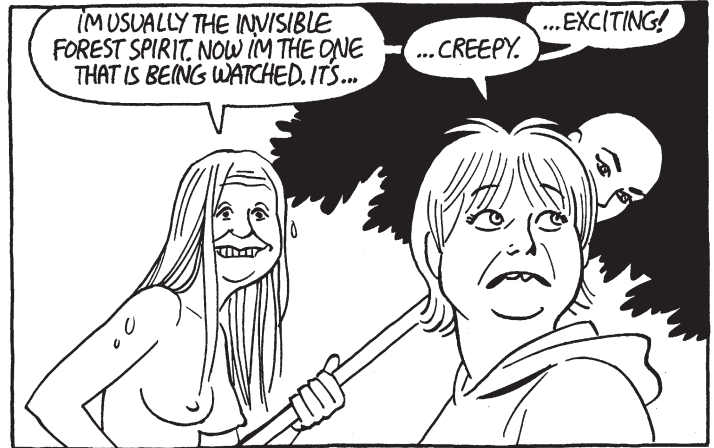
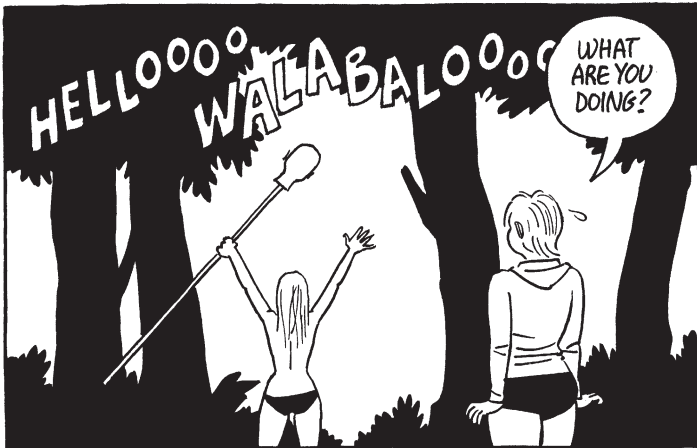
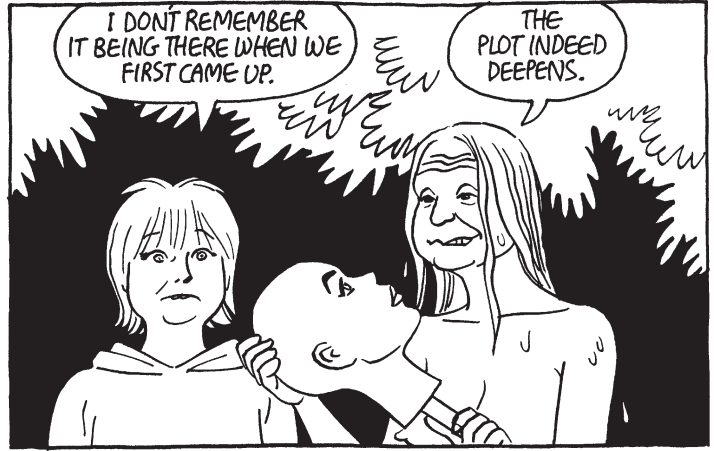
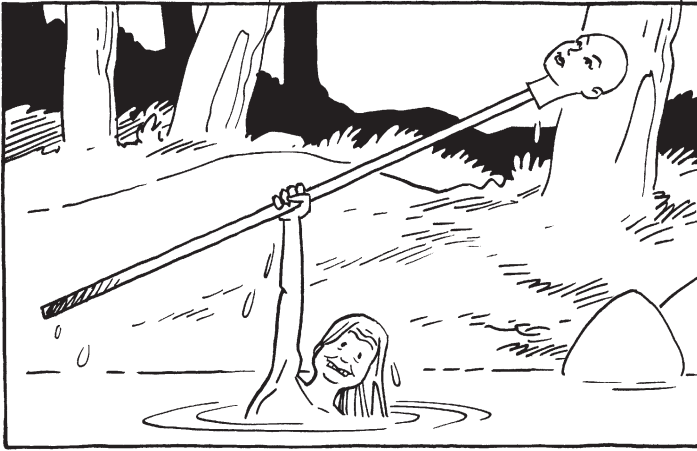




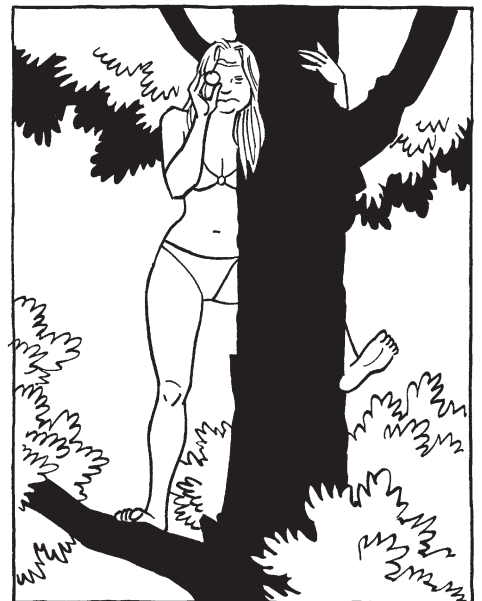






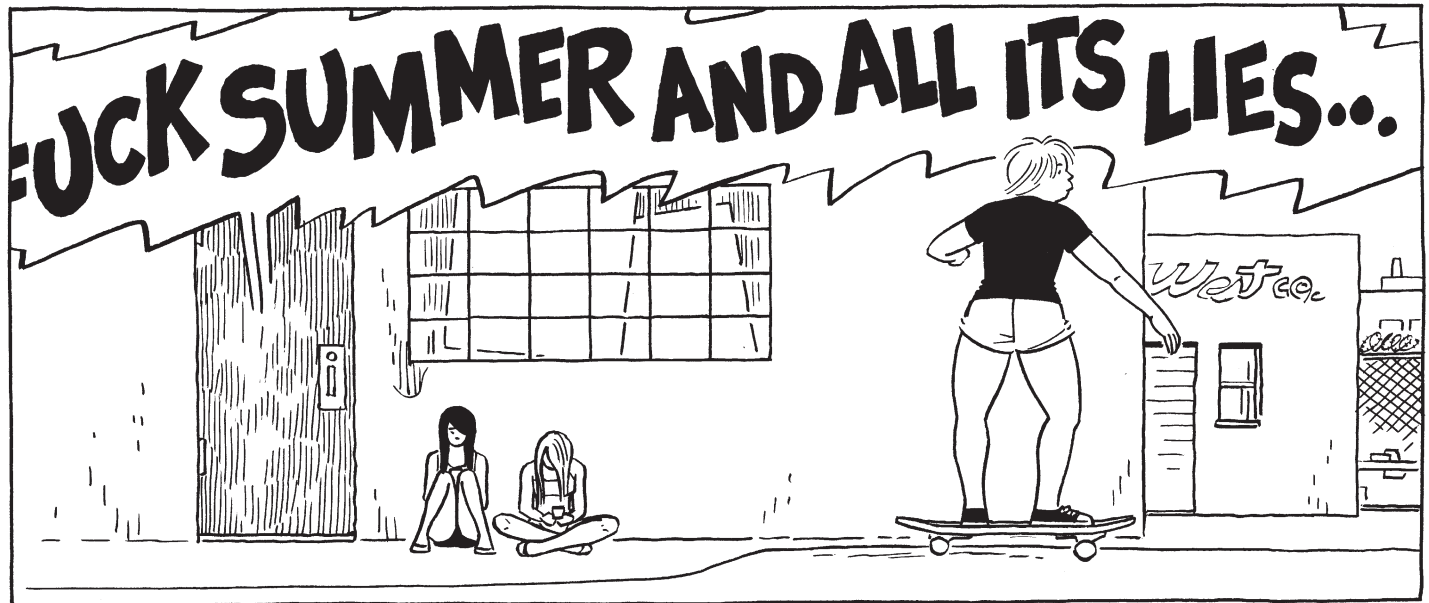


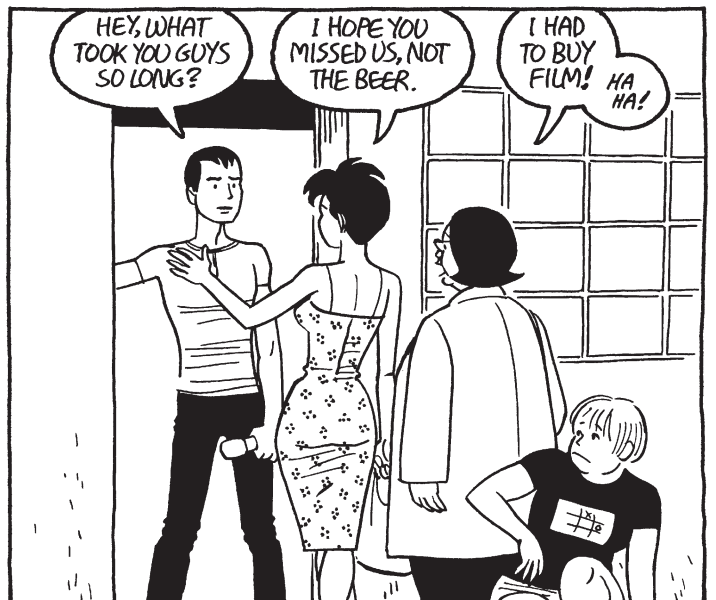
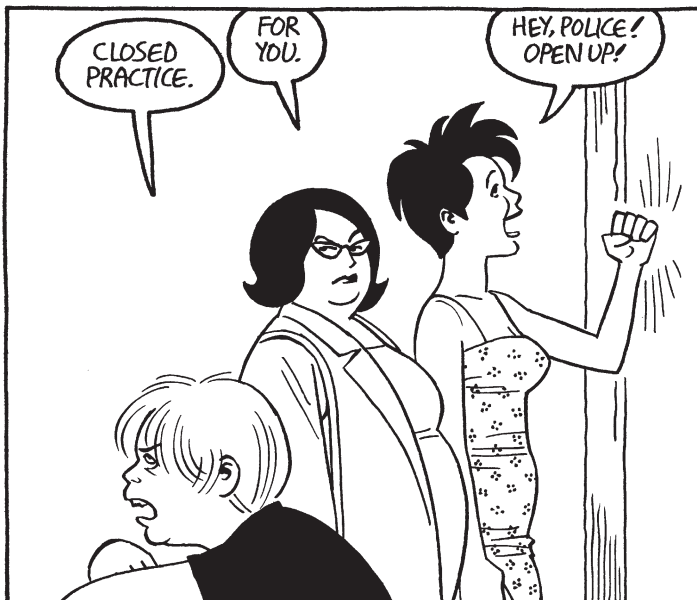
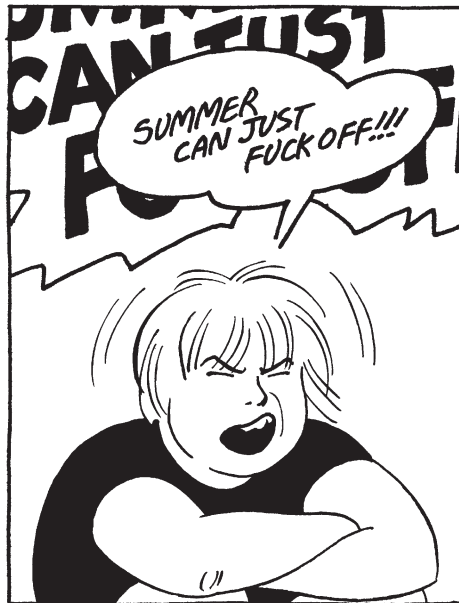
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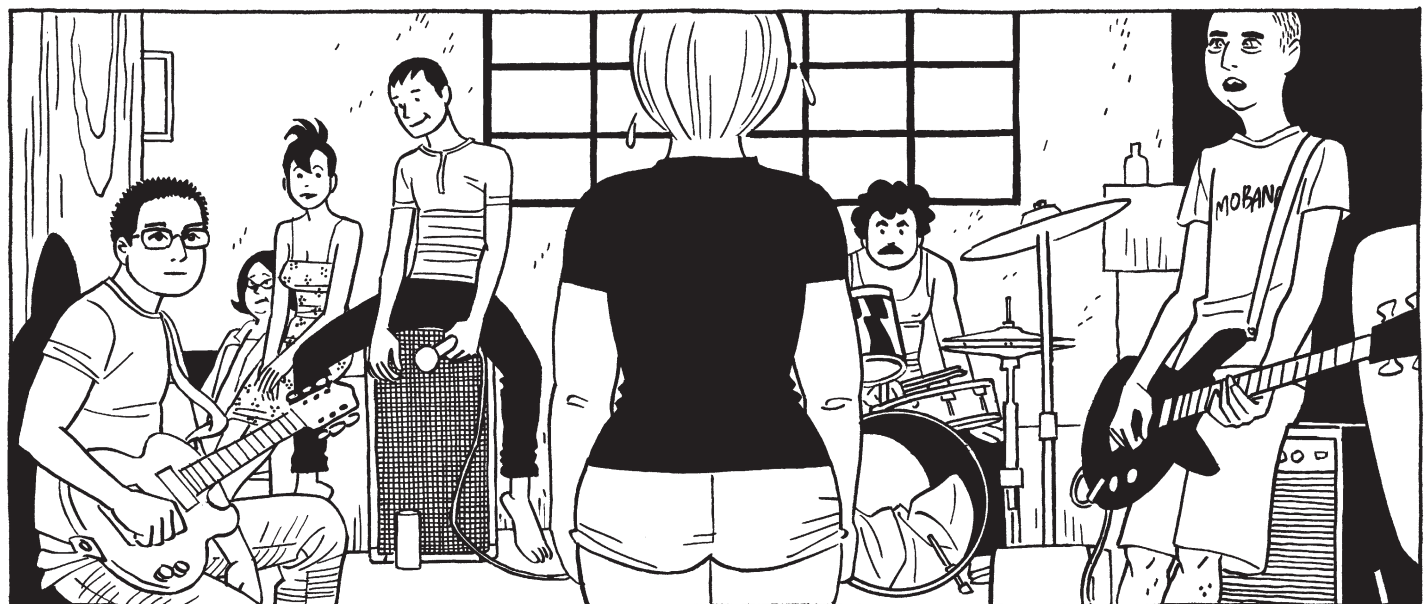
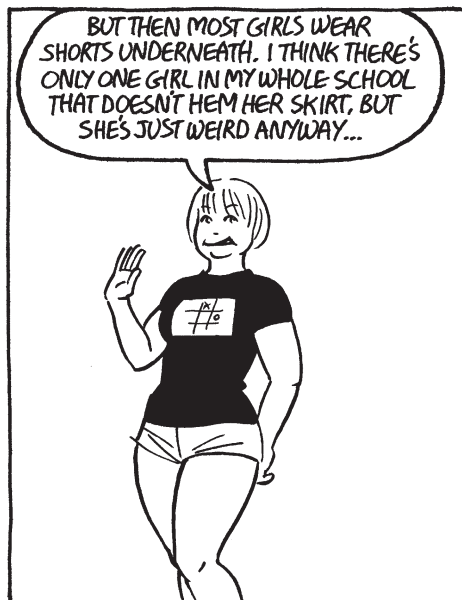
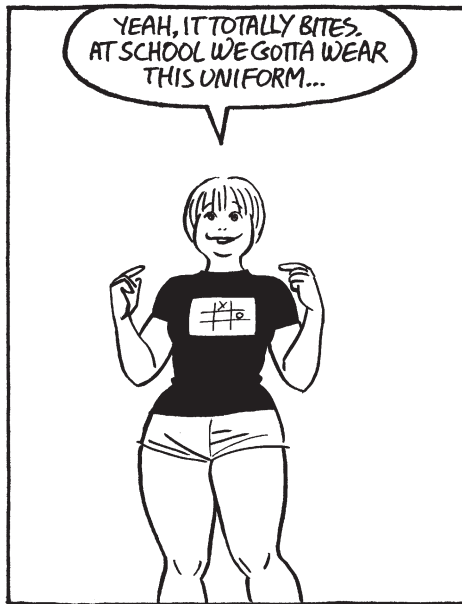


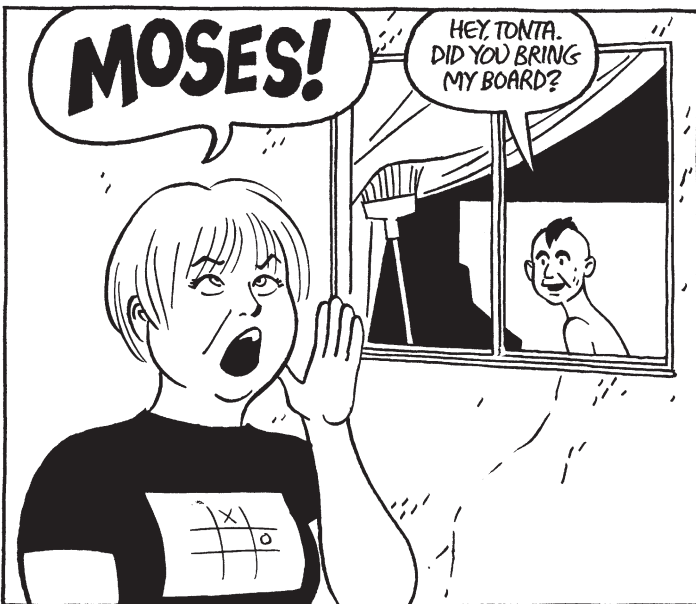
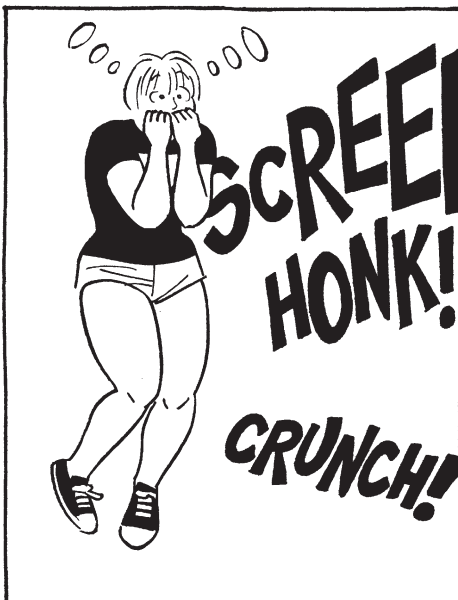
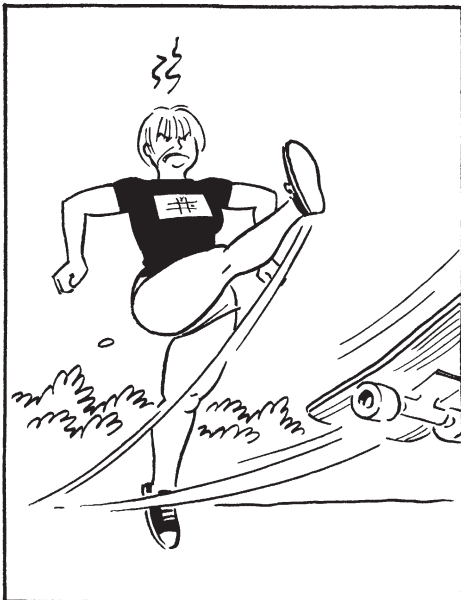
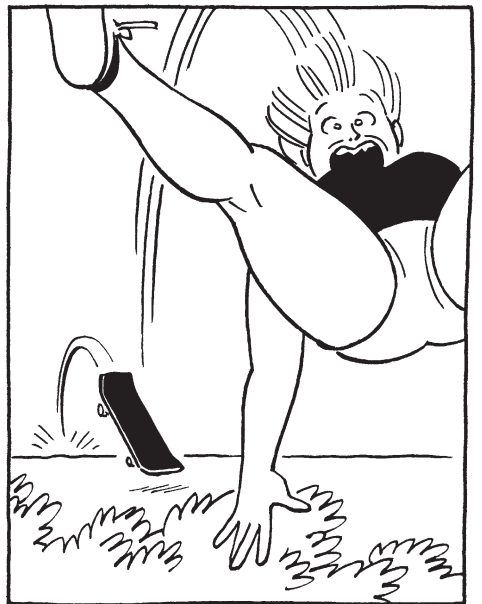
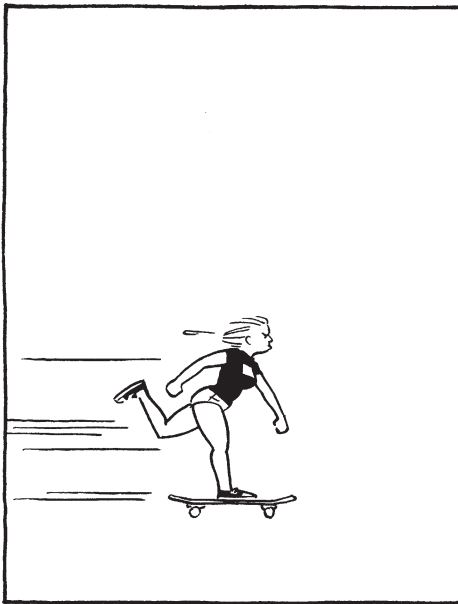
--FUCK--
SUMMER

XNIME 13

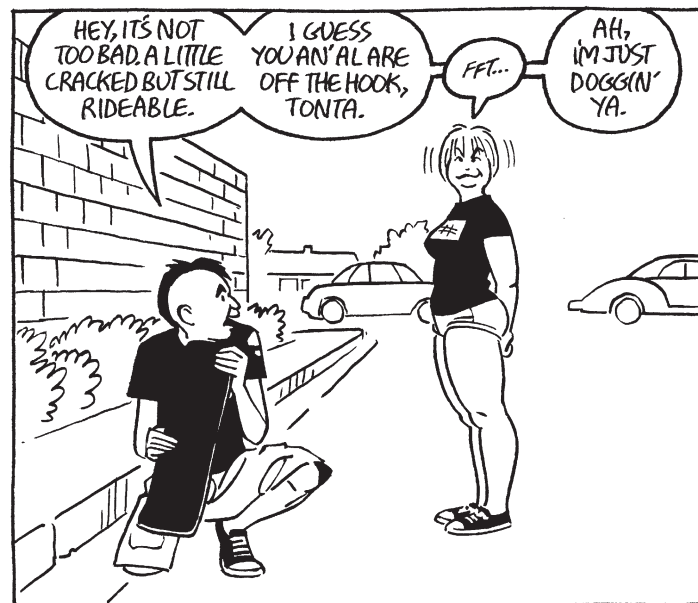
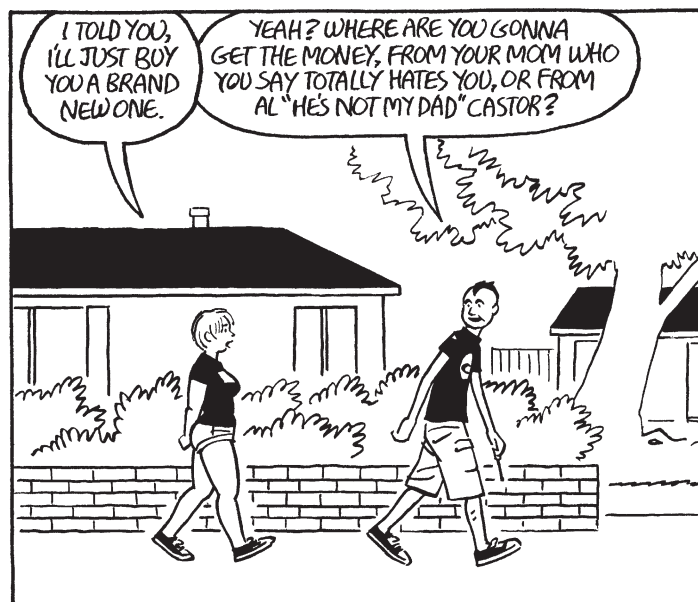


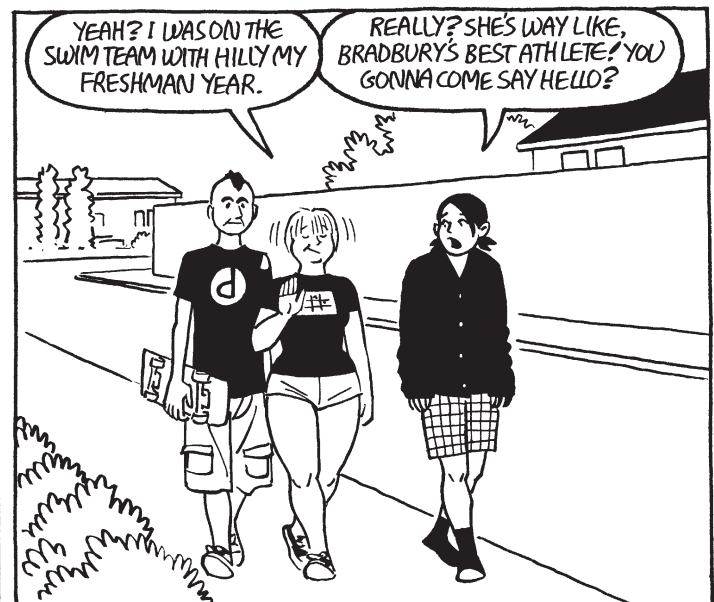
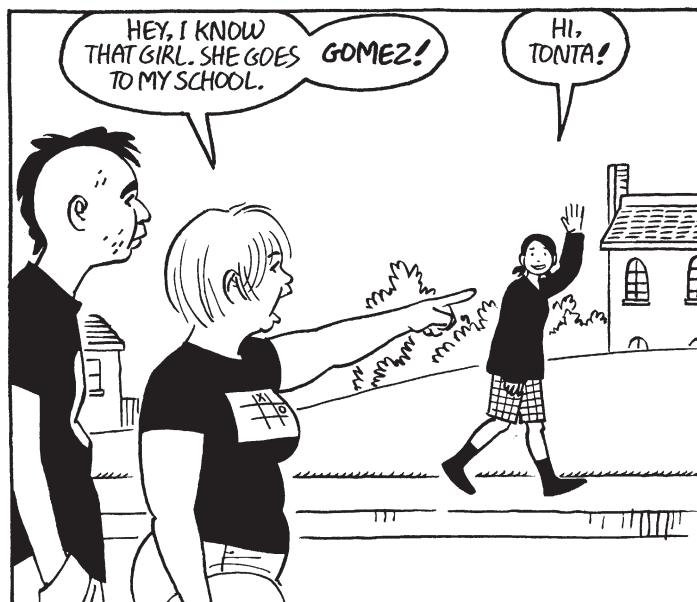
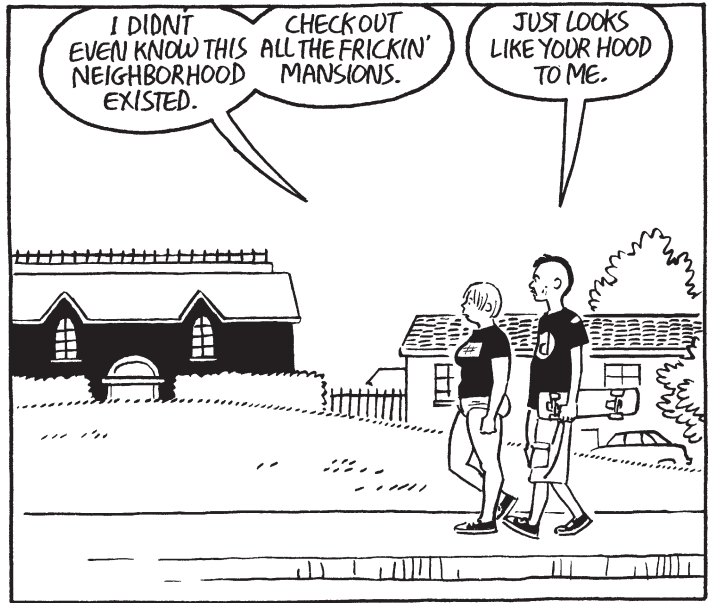
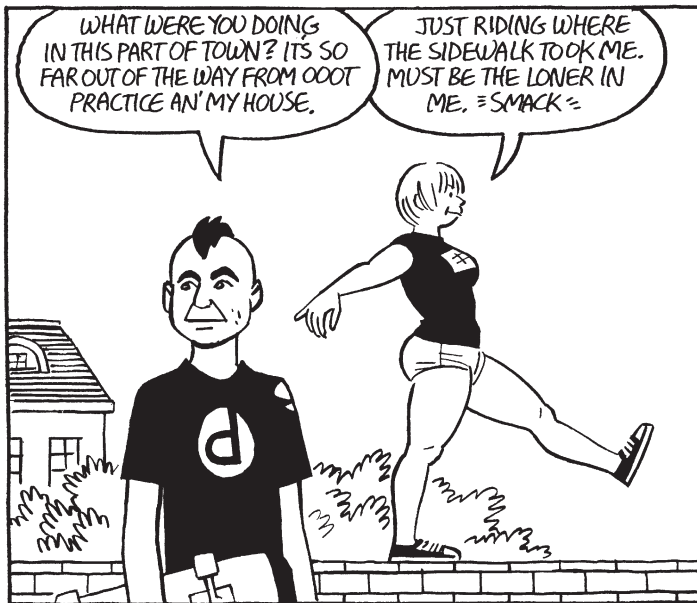


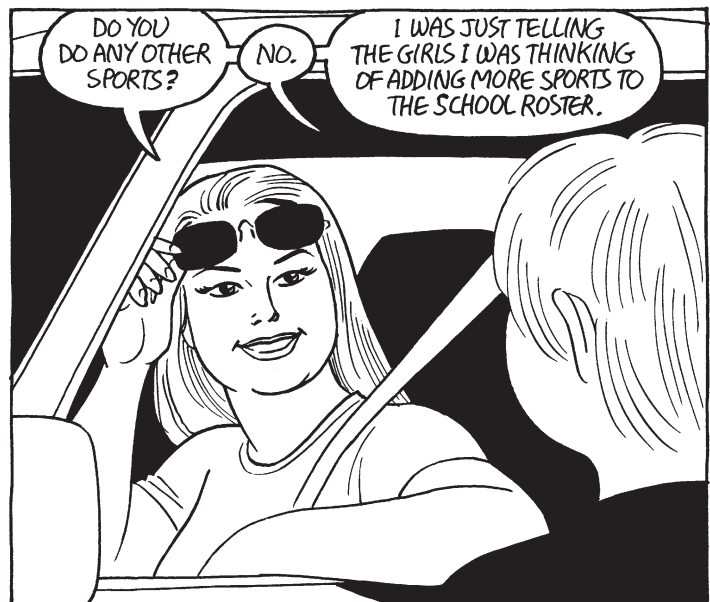
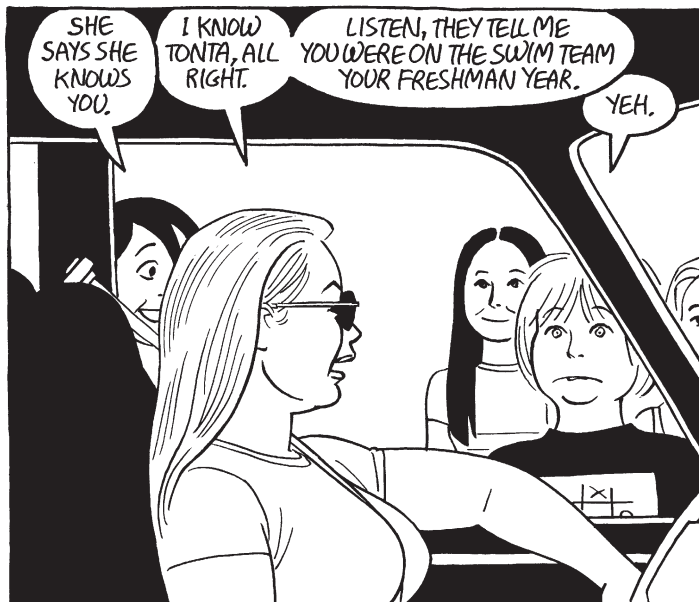
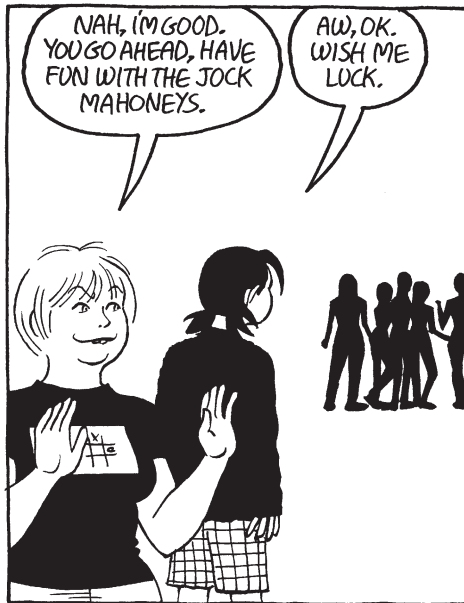


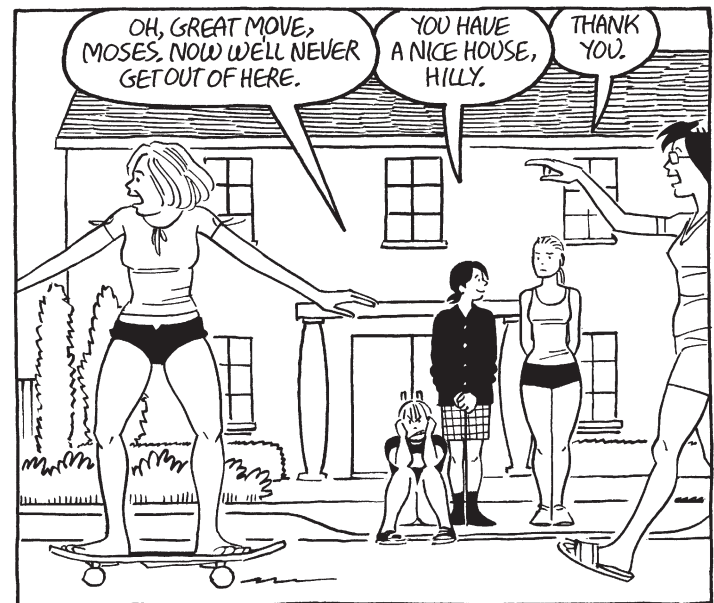
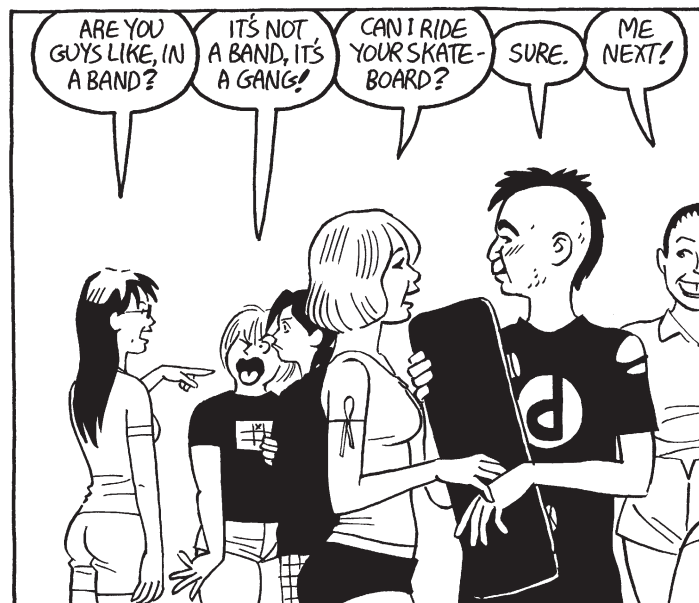
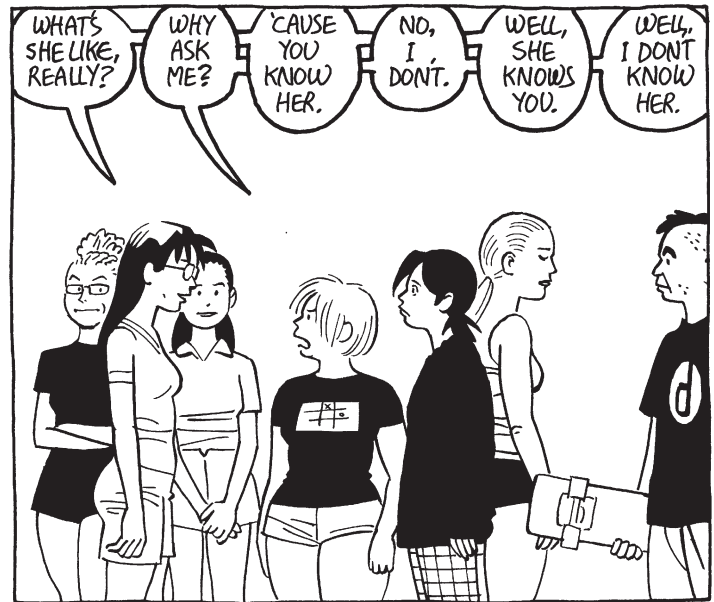
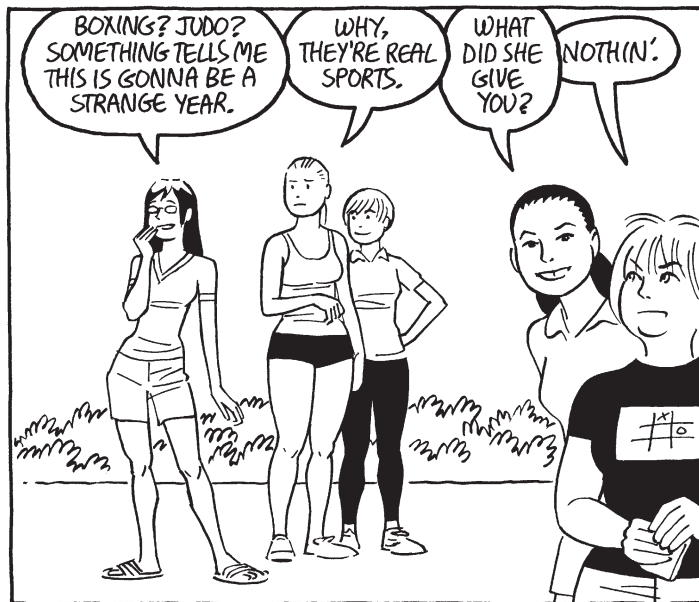
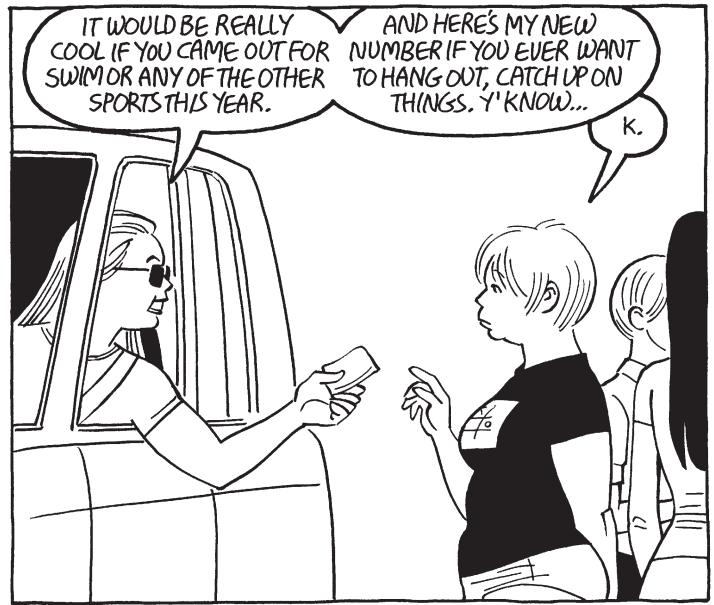
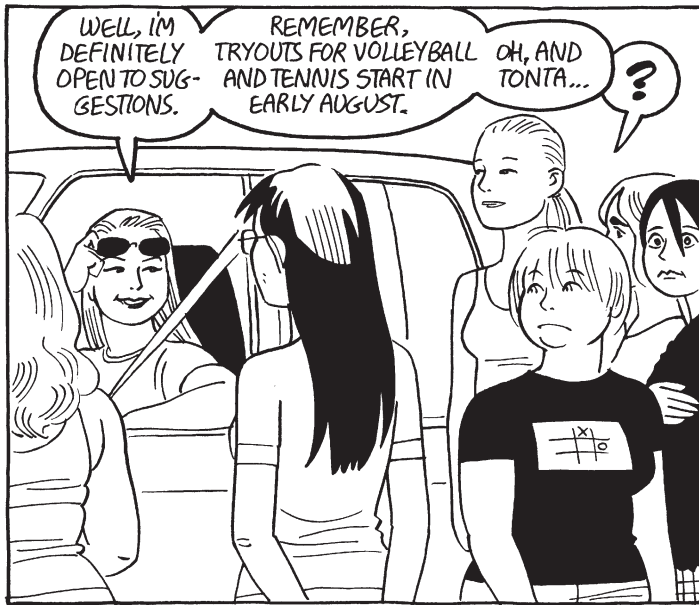


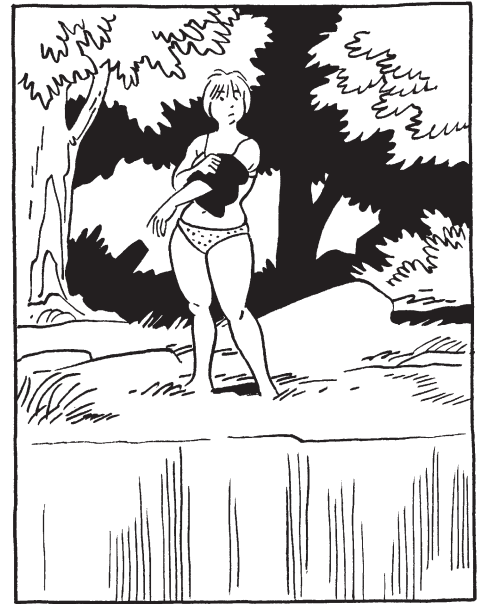
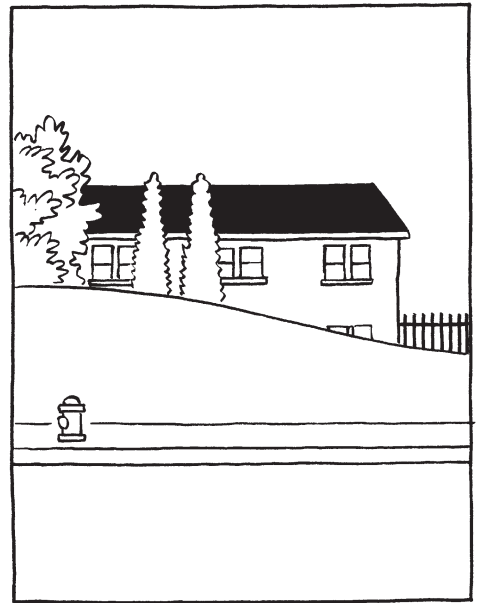
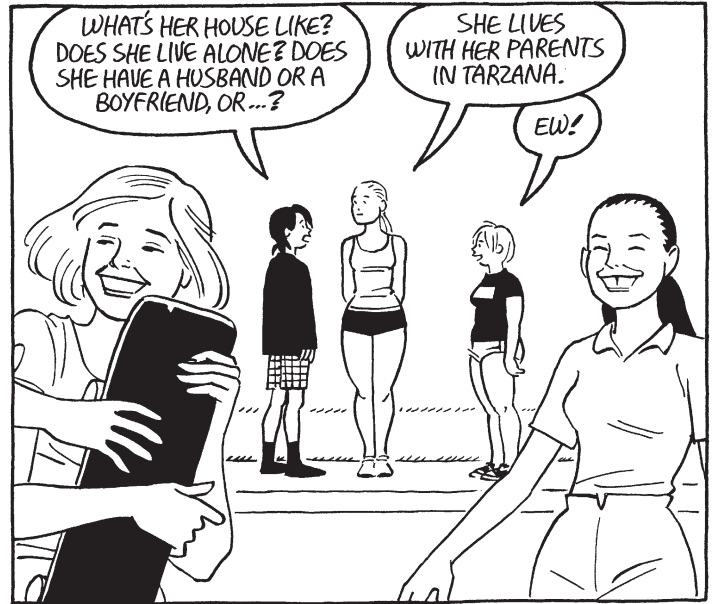
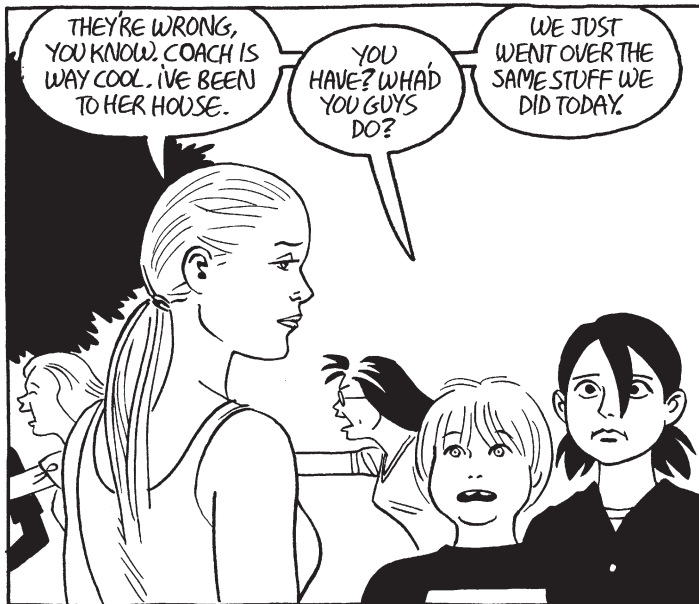
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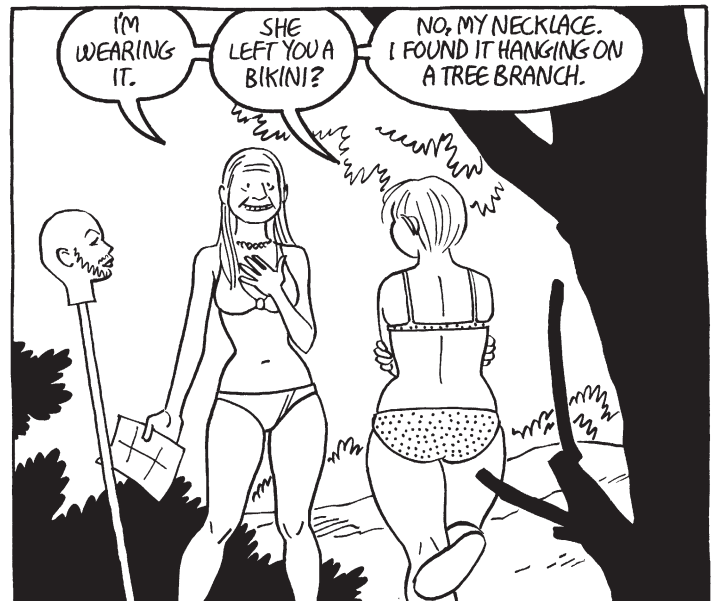
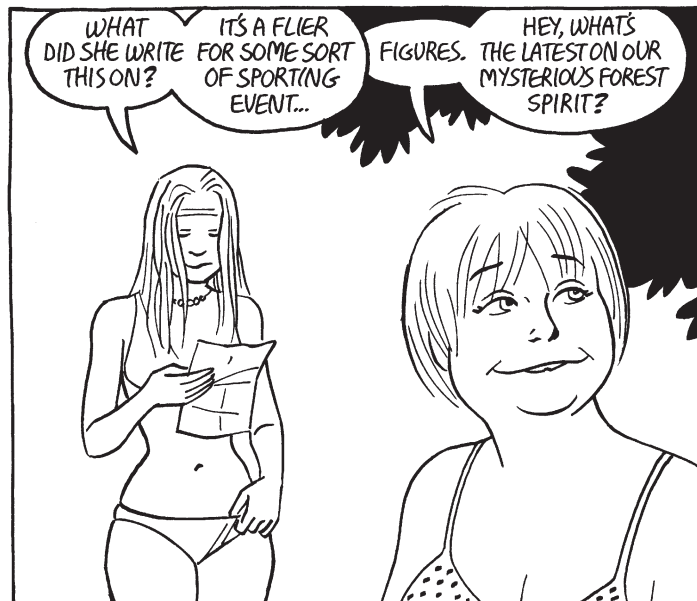
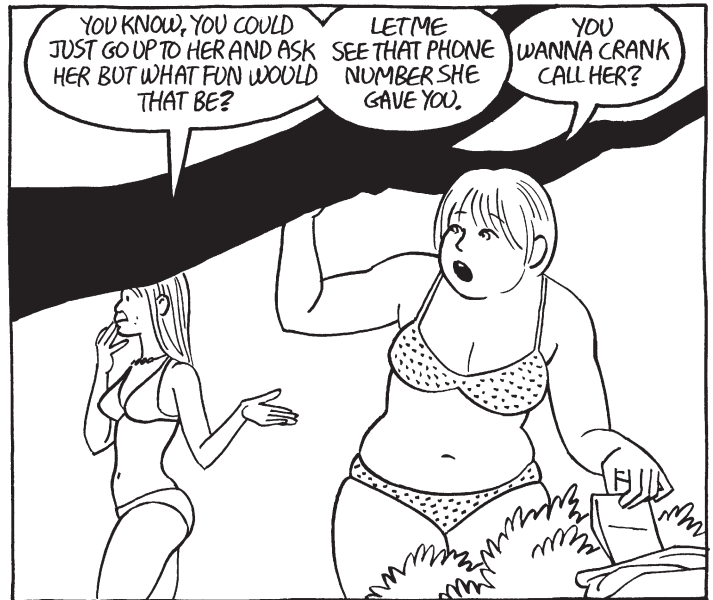
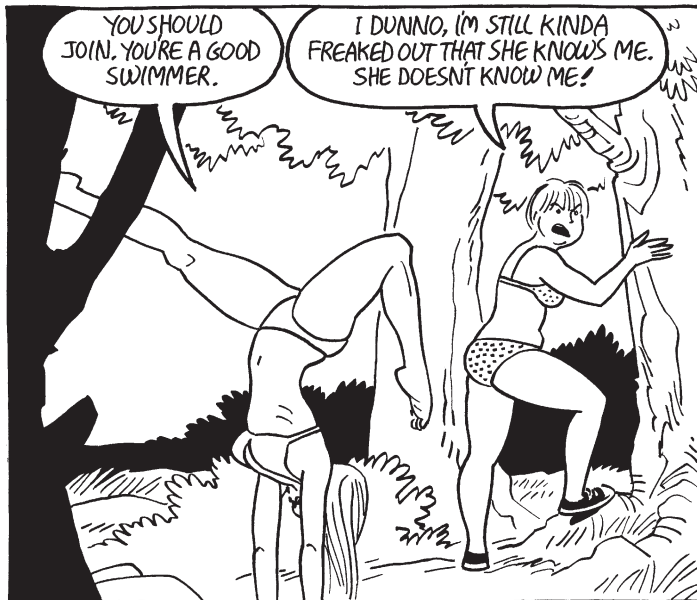


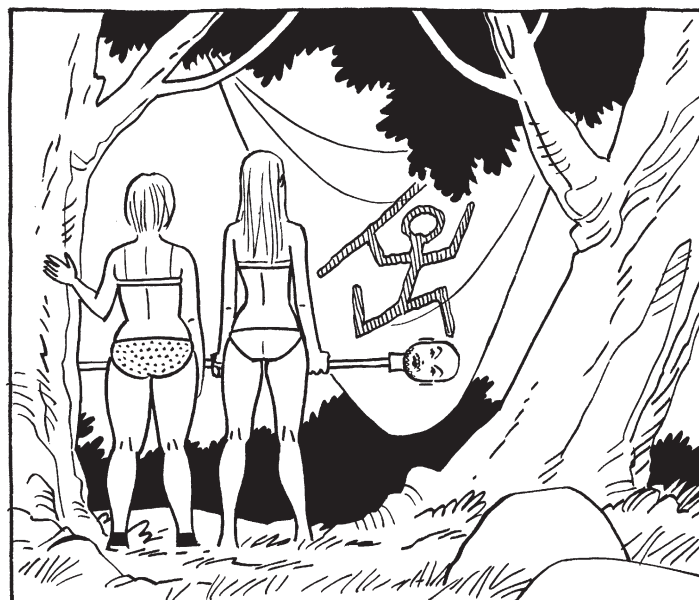
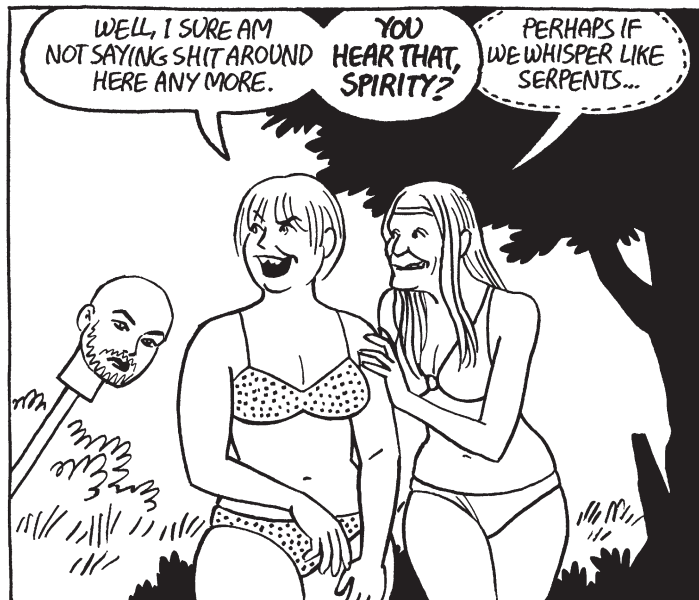
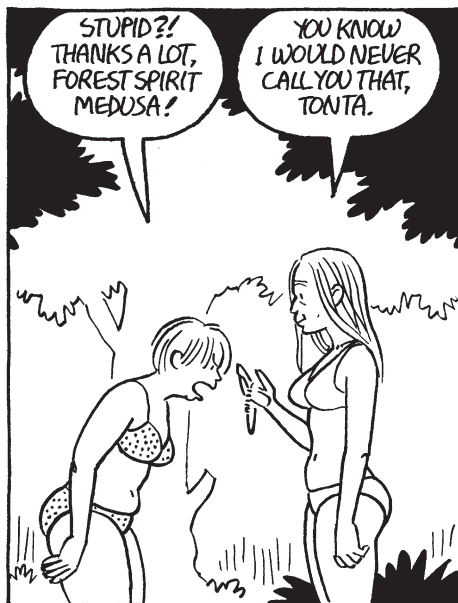
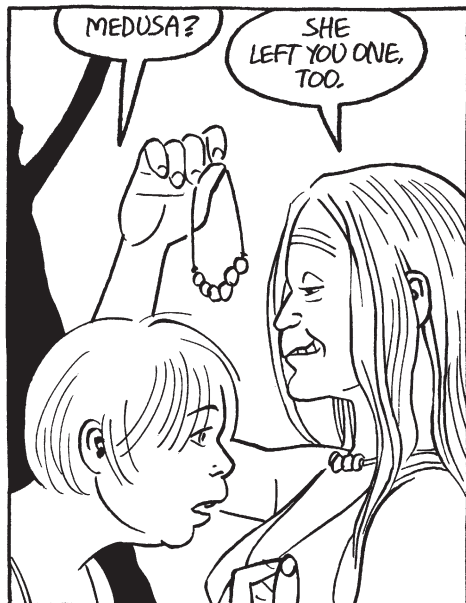


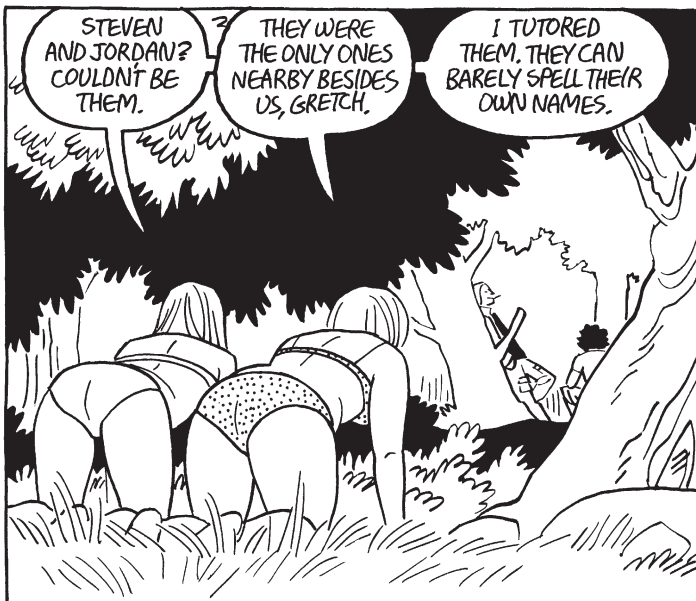
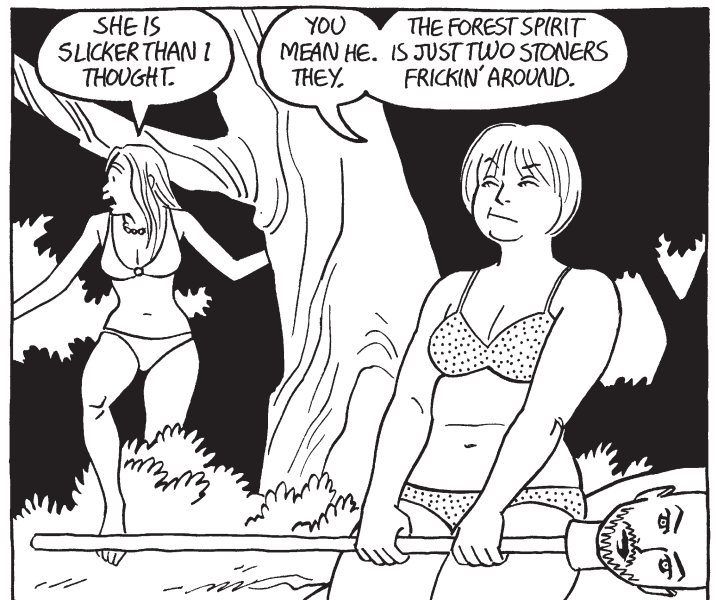
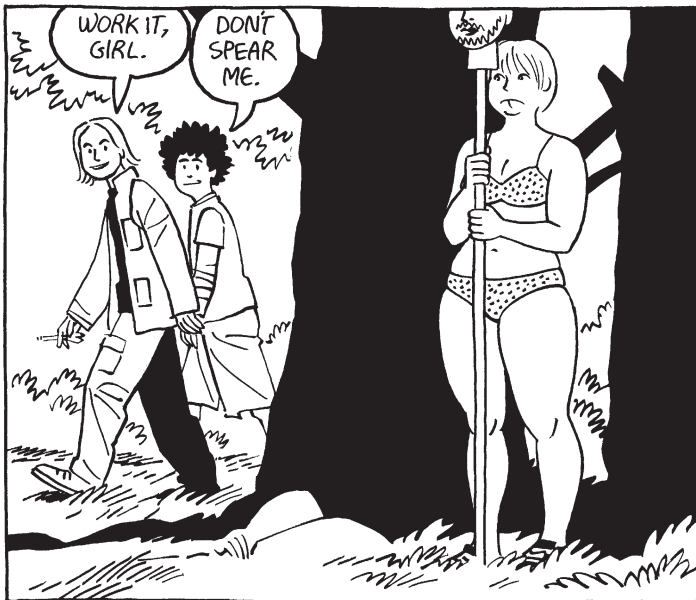
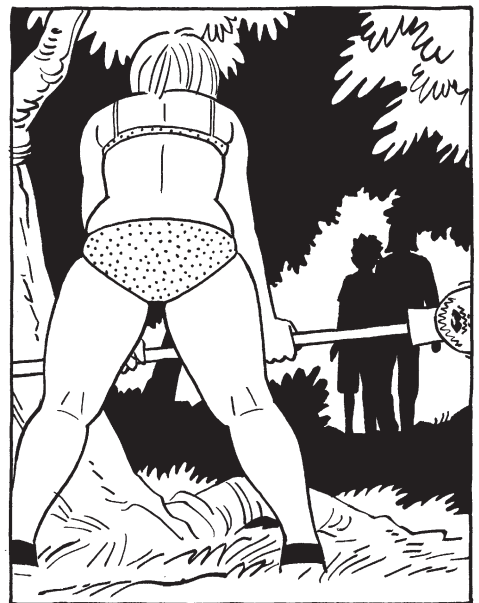




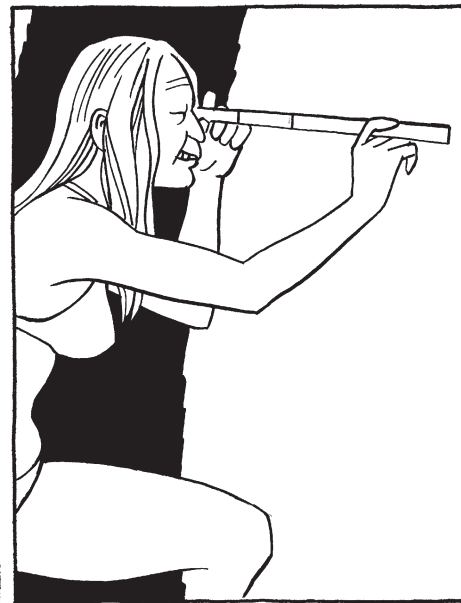
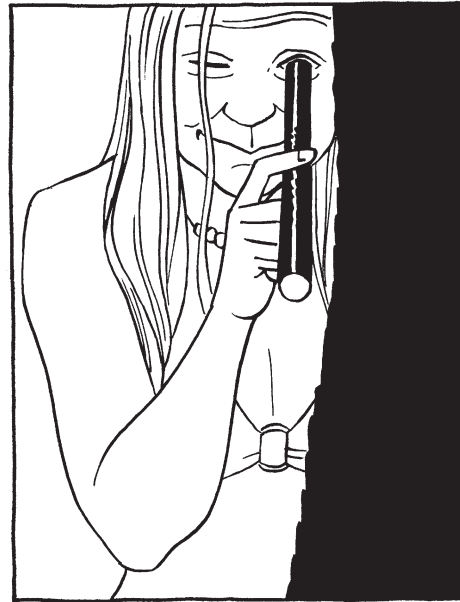
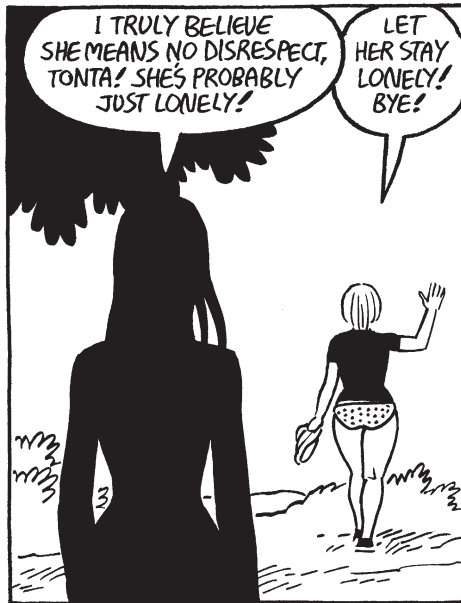


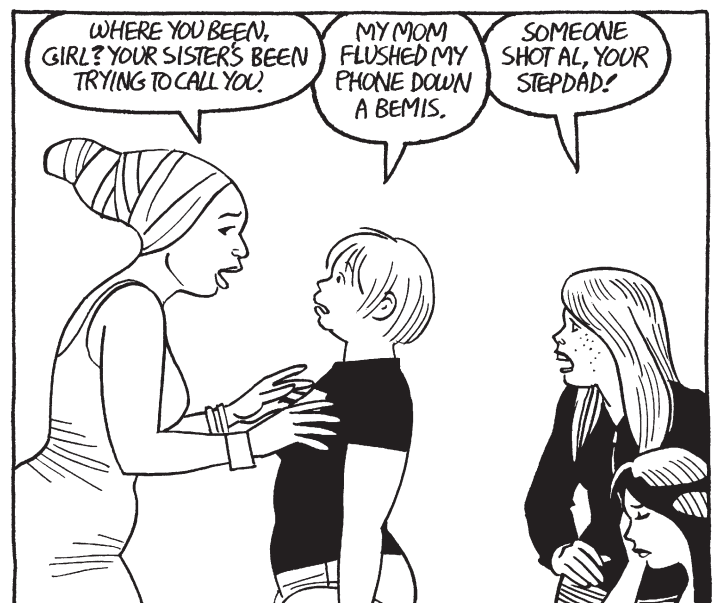
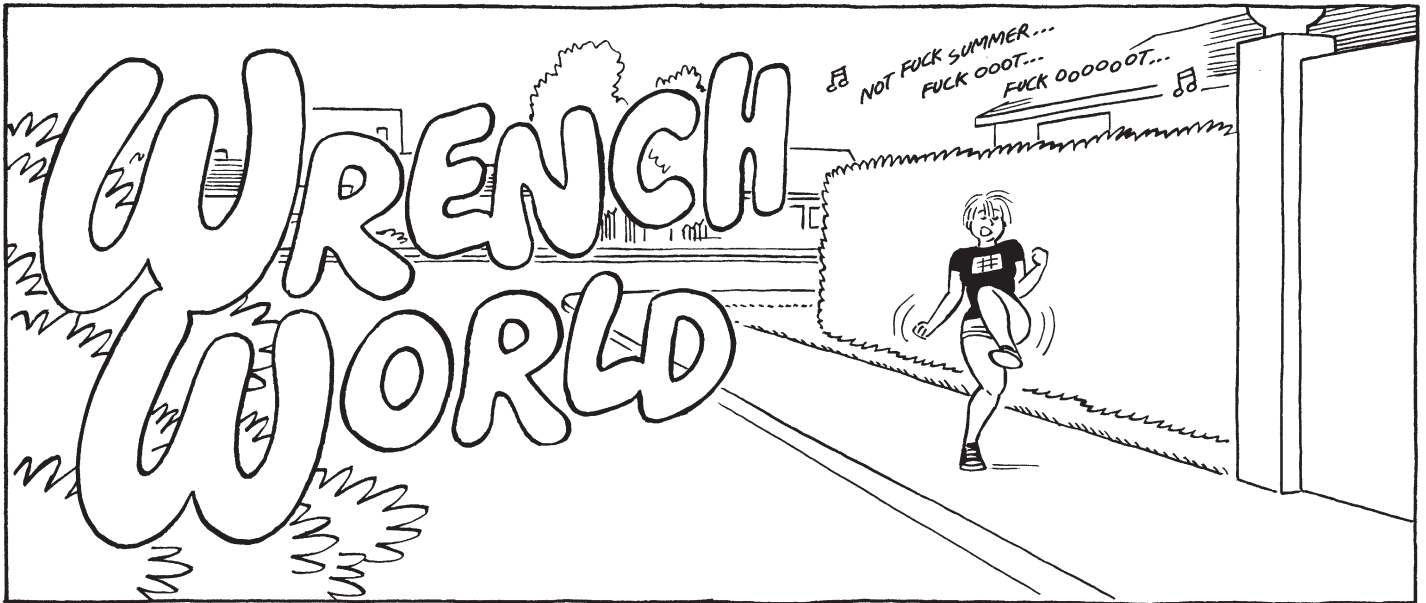


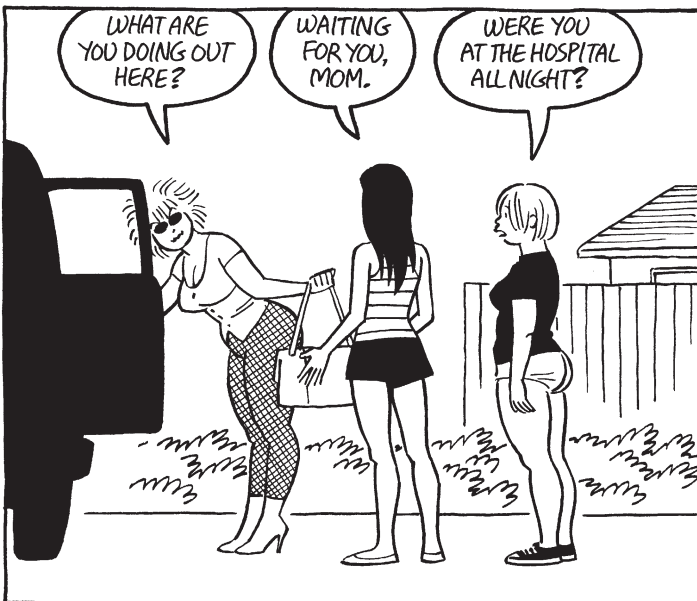
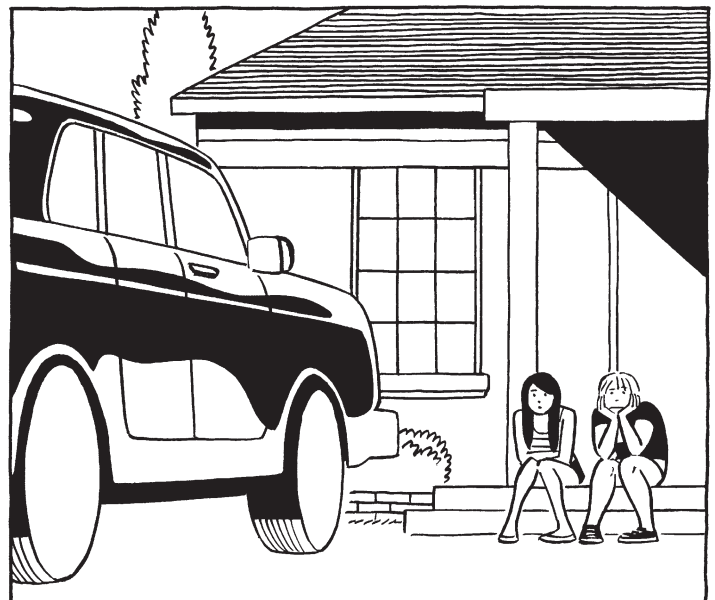
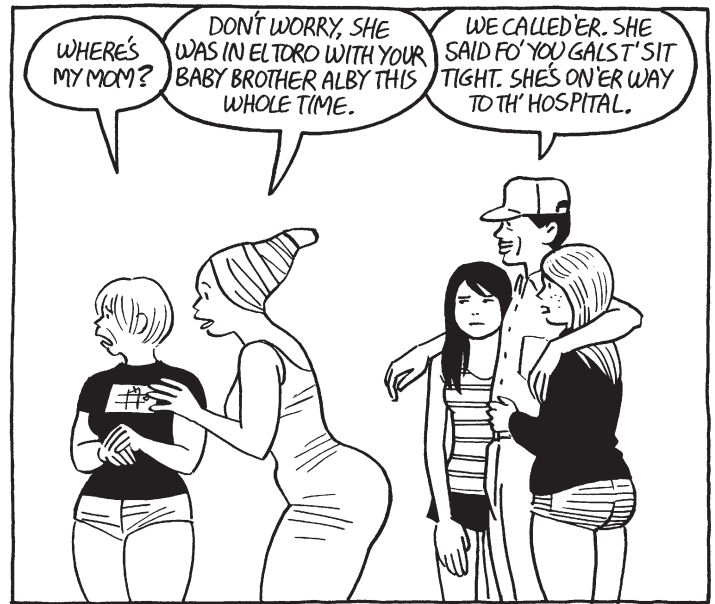


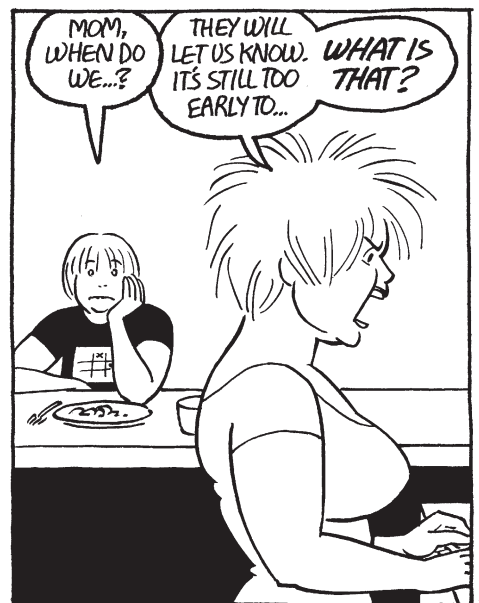
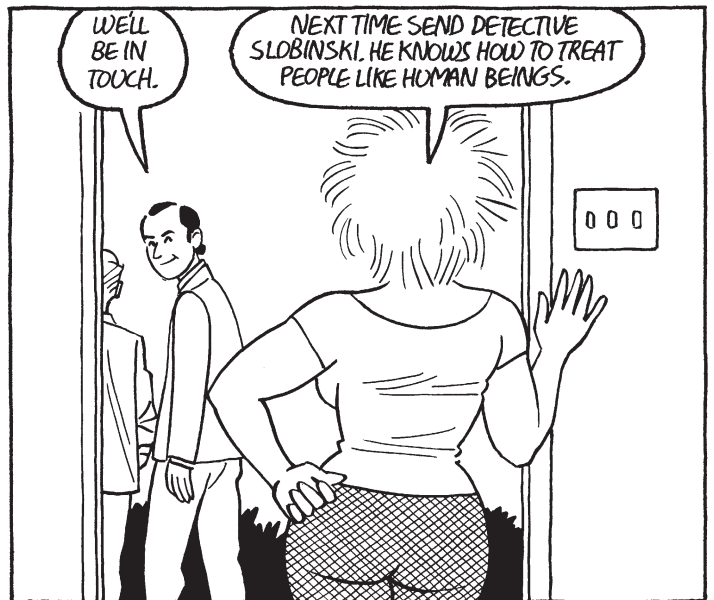
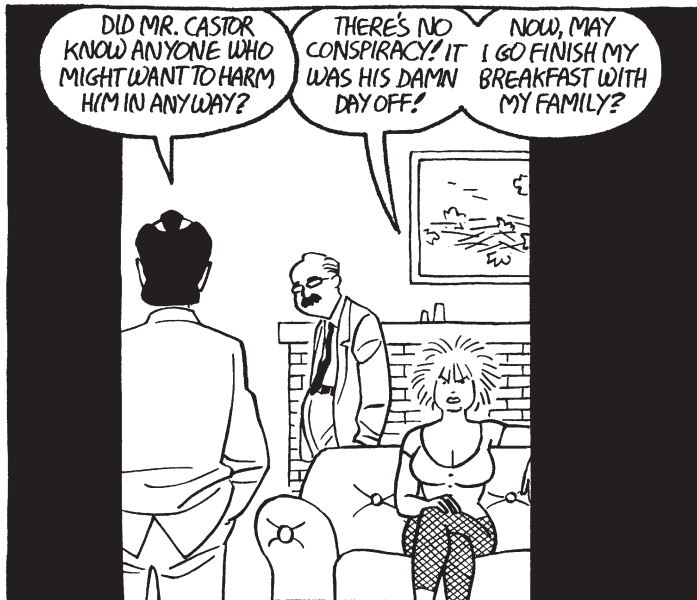


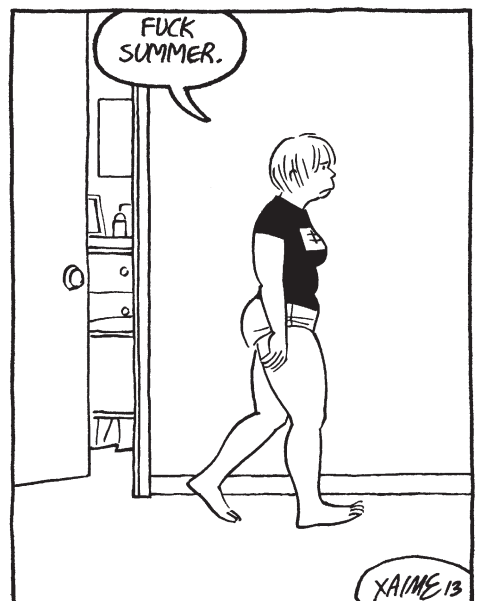
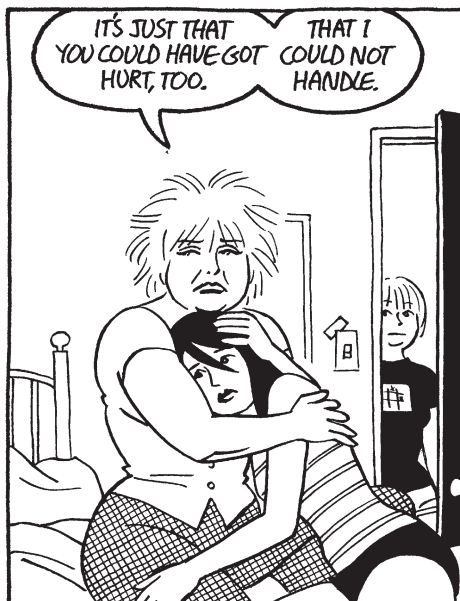
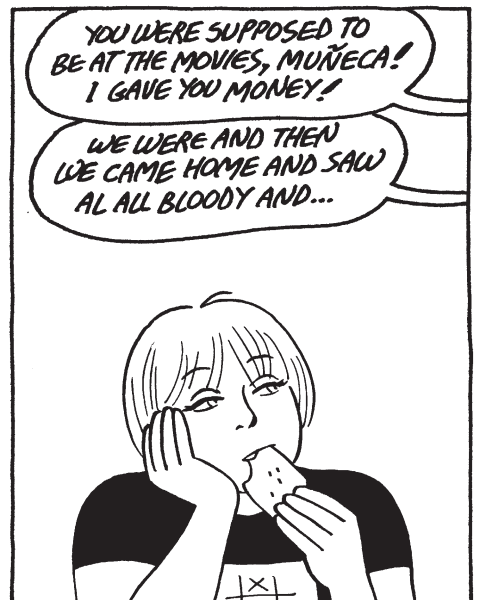
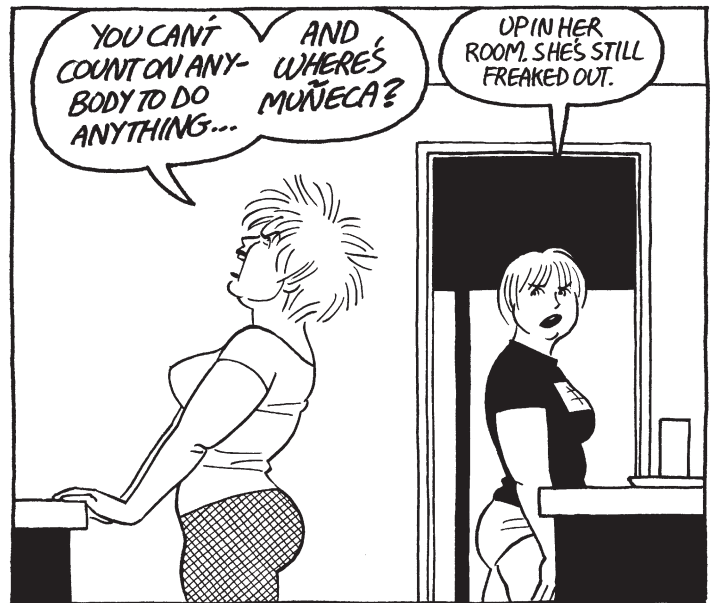
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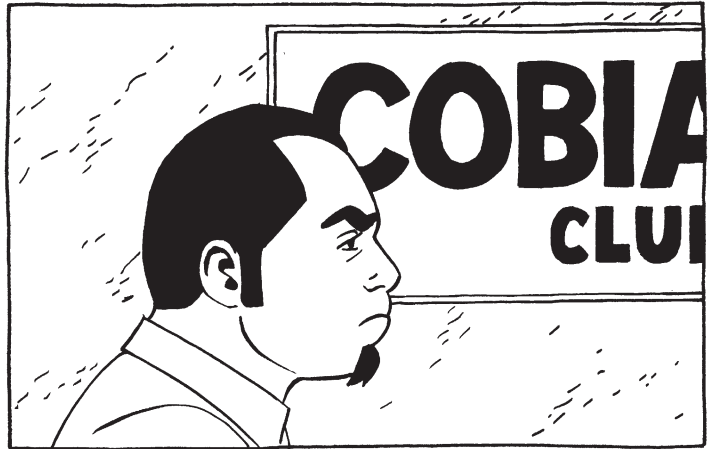






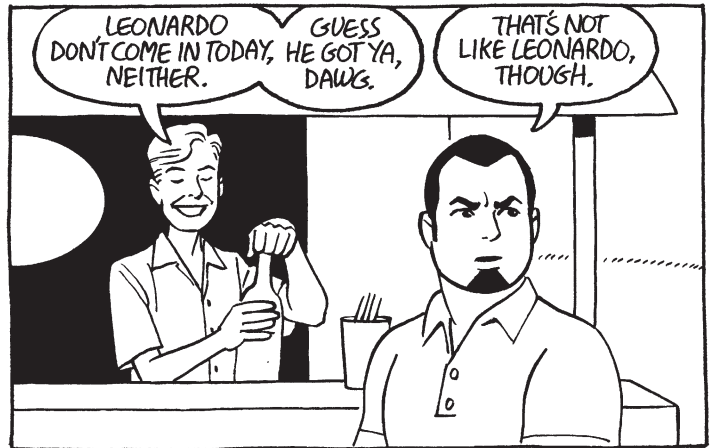
CRIMEN

UNO



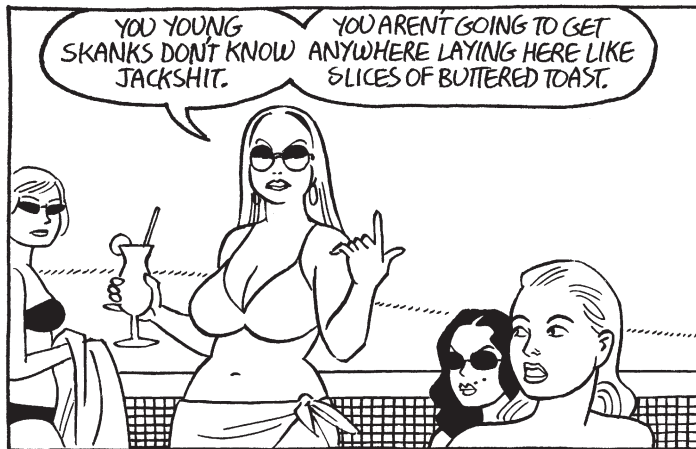
ISH, WHAT'RE YA DOIN' HERE? AIN'T IT YER DAY OFF?

LEONARDO CALLED. SAID YOU NEEDED ME.



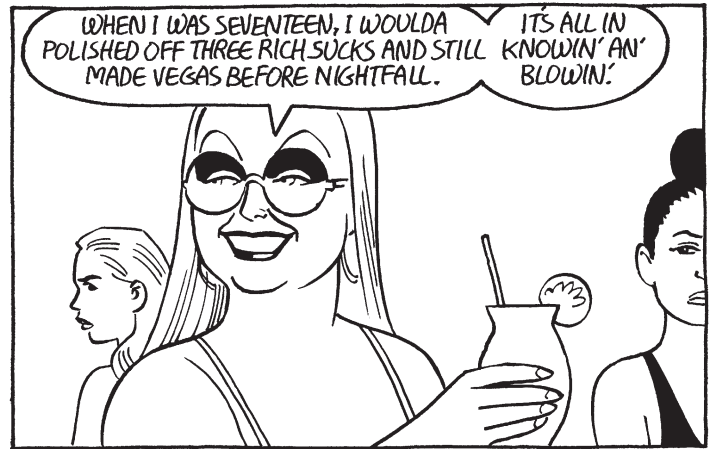
LEONARDO DON'T COME IN TODAY, HE GOT YA, DAWG.

THAT'S NOT LIKE LEONARDO, THOUGH.



YOU YOUNG SKANKS DON'T KNOW JACKSHIT.

YOU AREN'T GOING TO GET ANYWHERE LAYING HERE LIKE SLICES OF BUTTERED TOAST.



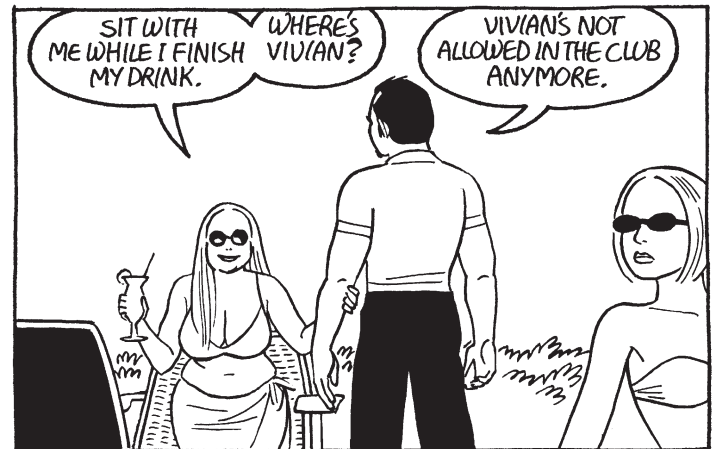
WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN, I WOULD'VE POLISHED OFF THREE RICH SUCKS AND STILL MADE VEGAS BEFORE NIGHTFALL.

IT'S ALL IN KNOWIN' AN' BLOWIN'.



ISHI BOY! YOU CANCELLED YOUR DAY OFF JUST TO SEE ME?

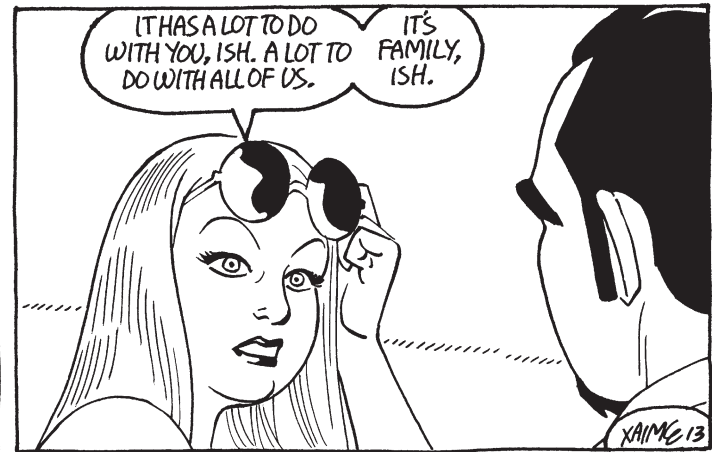
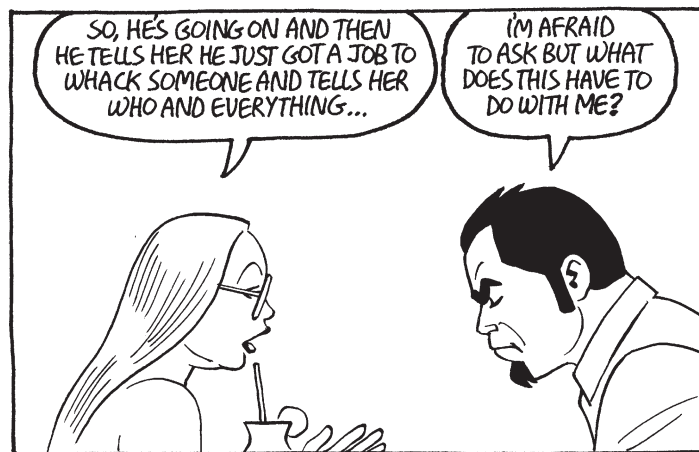
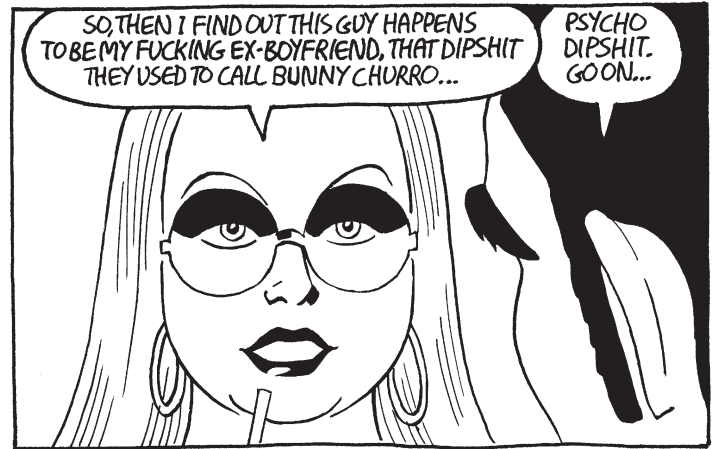
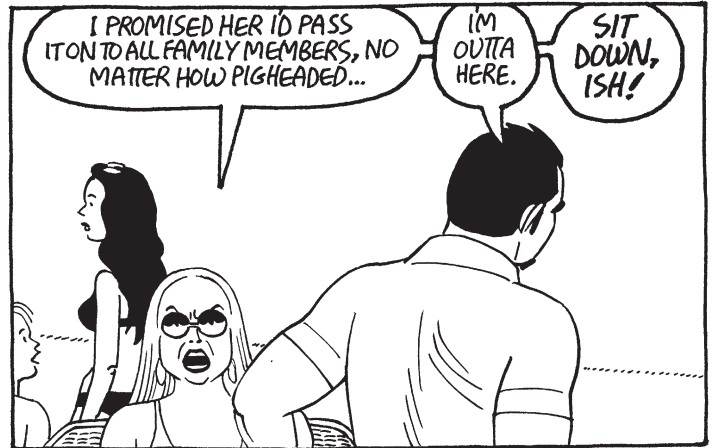
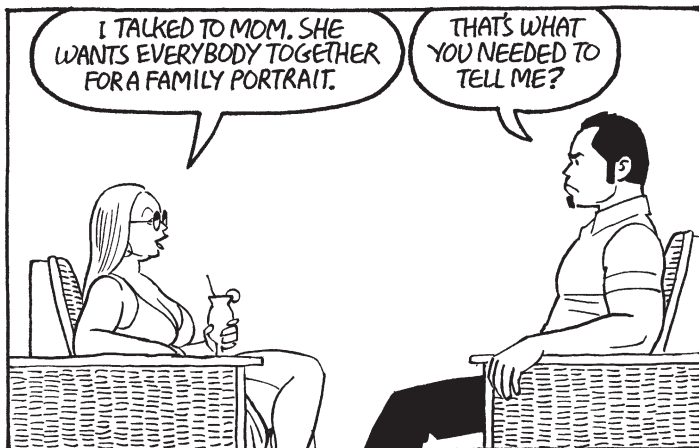
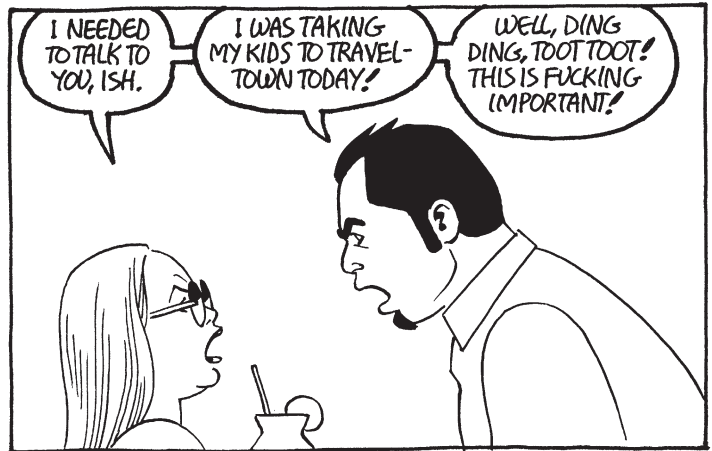
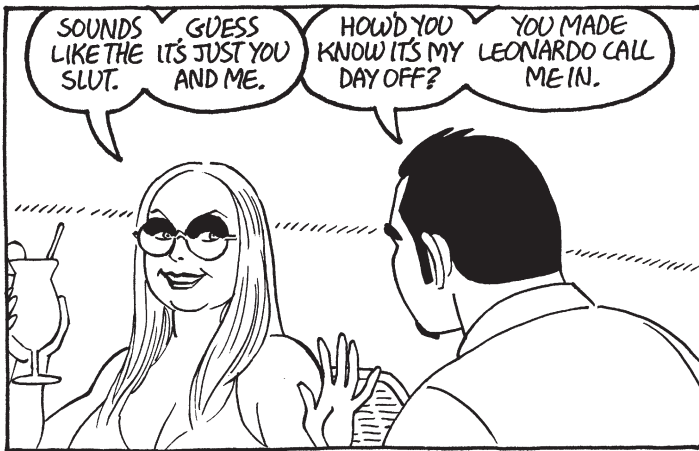
VIOLET.



SIT WITH ME WHILE I FINISH MY DRINK.

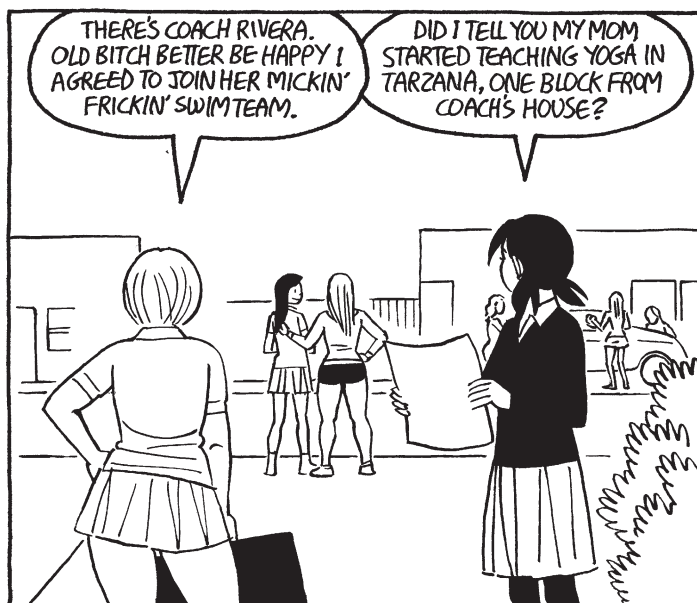
WHERE'S VIVIAN?

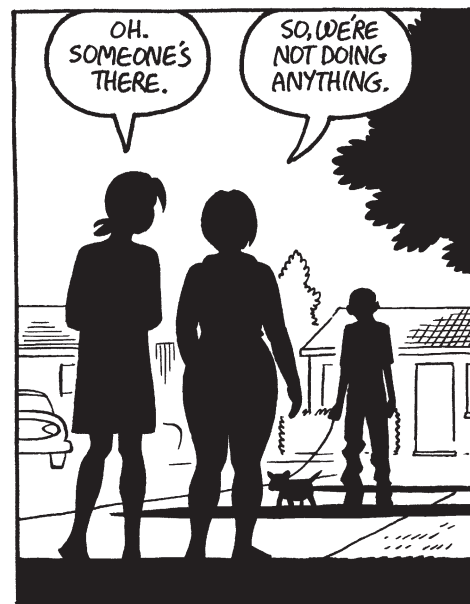
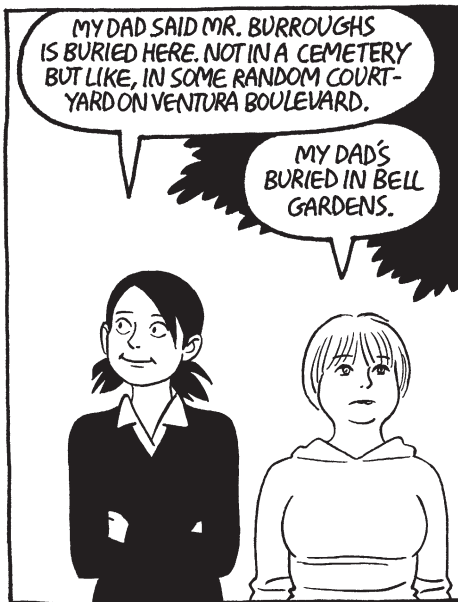
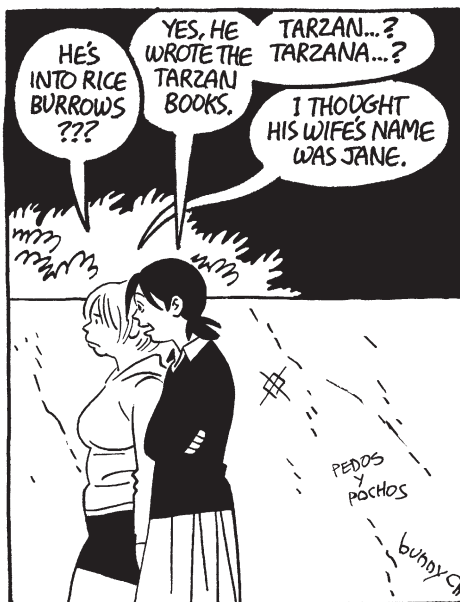
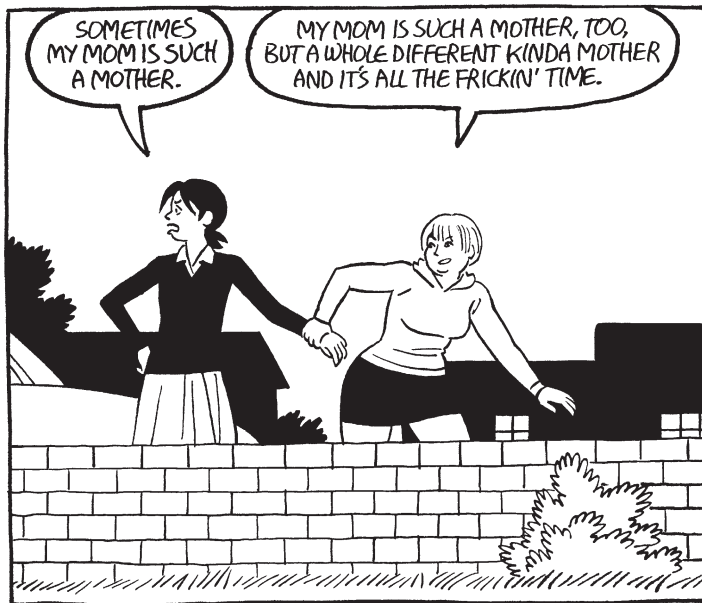
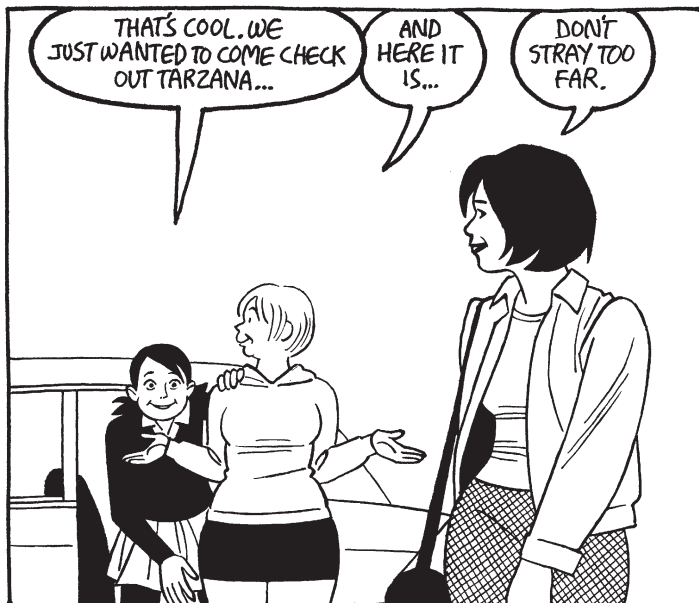
VIVIAN'S NOT ALLOWED IN THE CLUB ANYMORE.

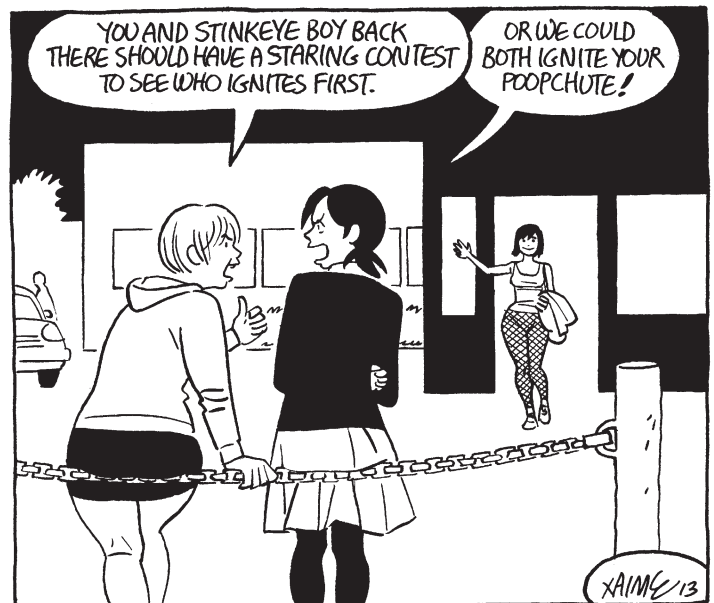
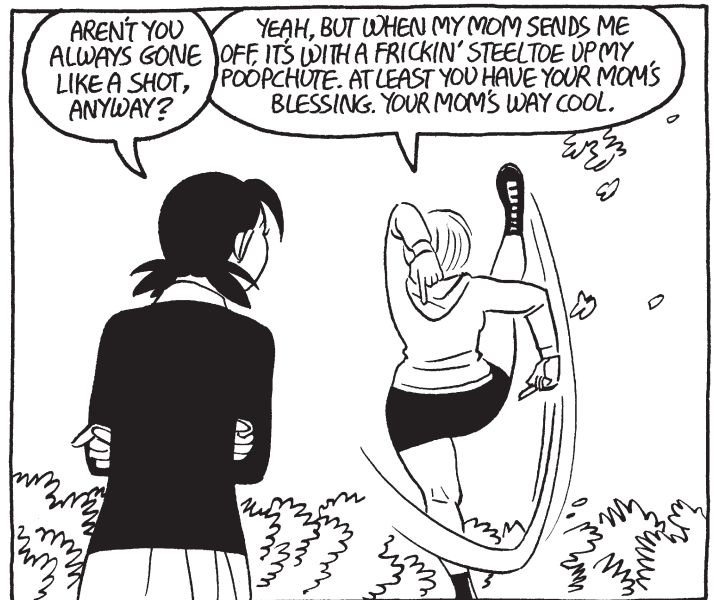
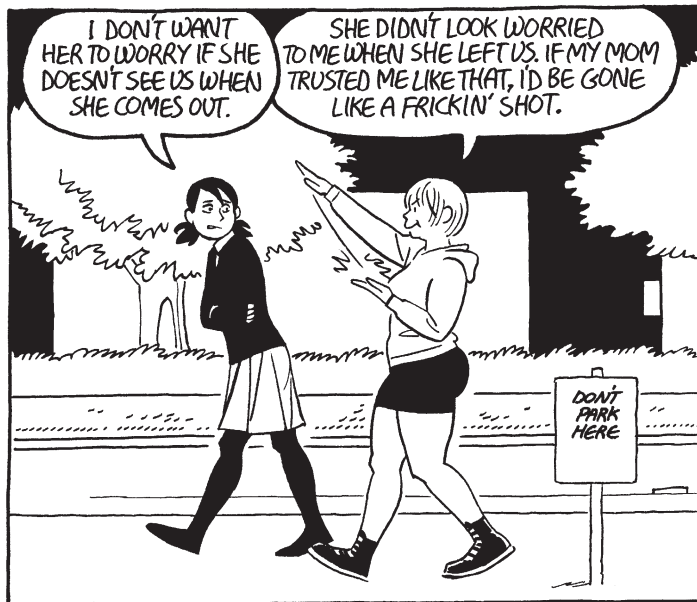
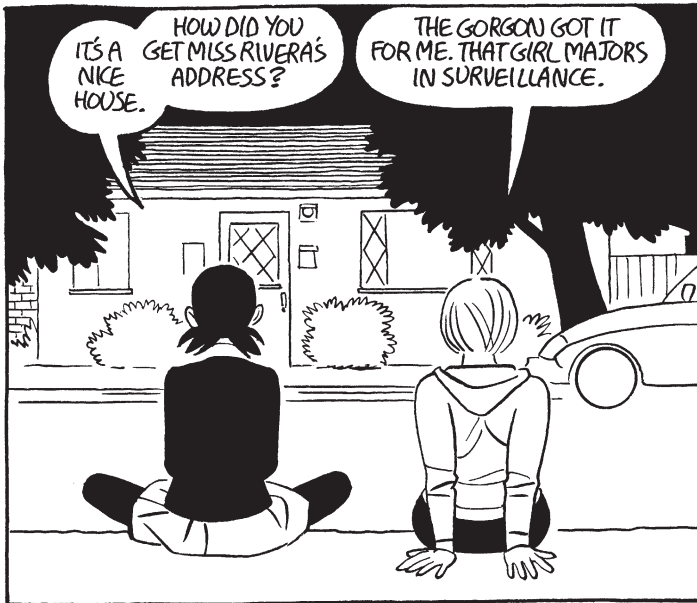


Tarzana

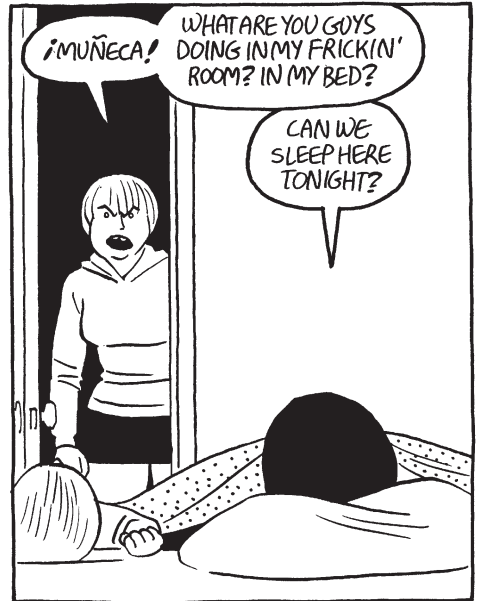
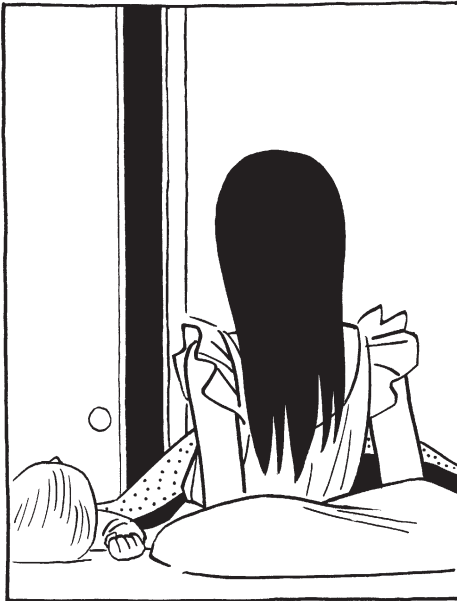
ADVENTURES





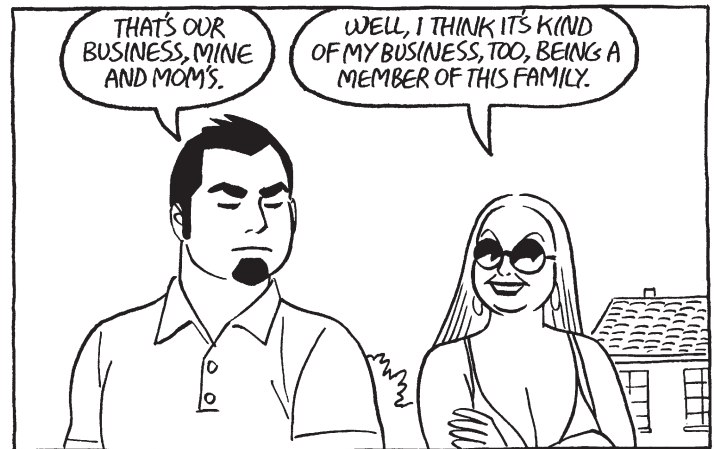


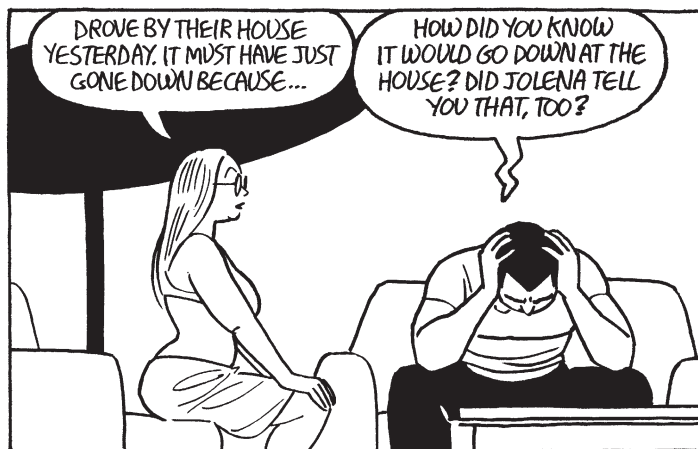
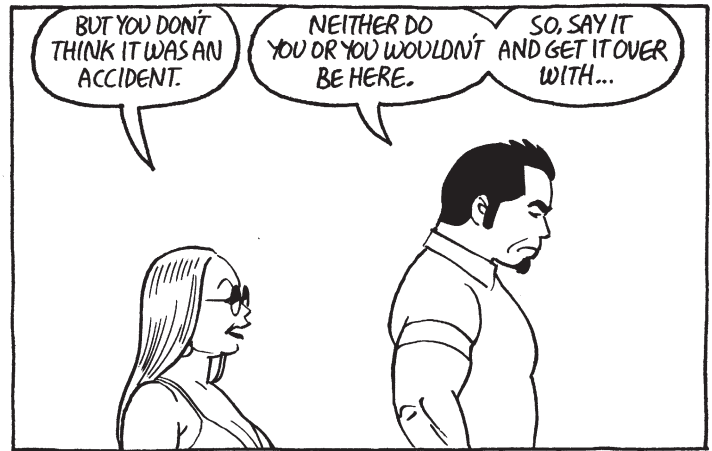
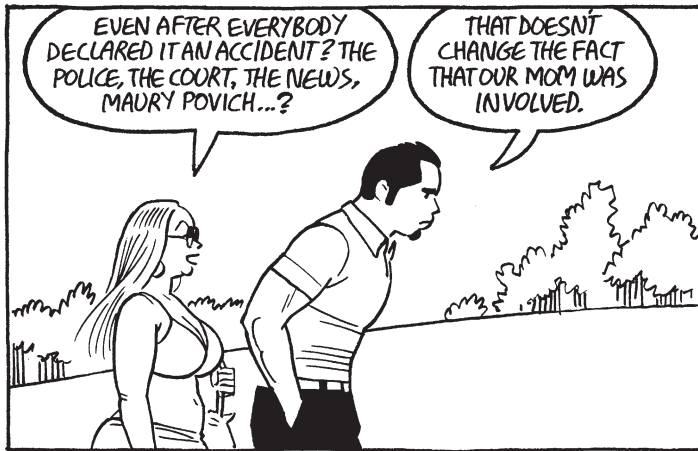
URCHINS



XAIMC/13 I.

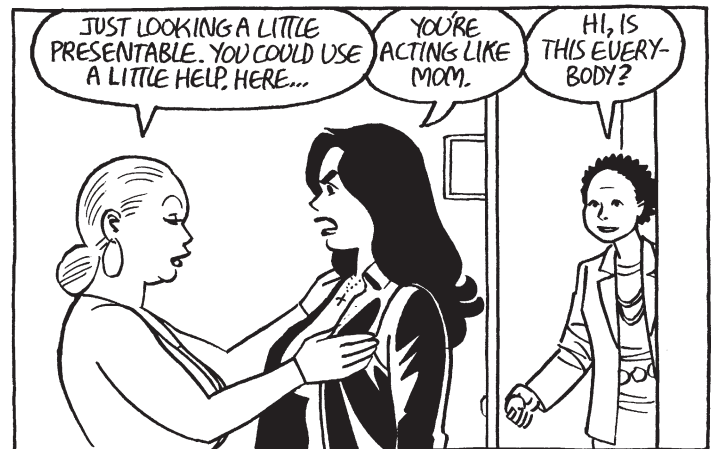
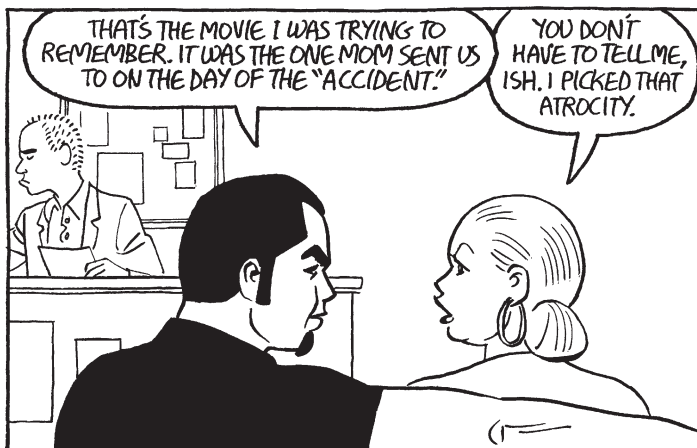
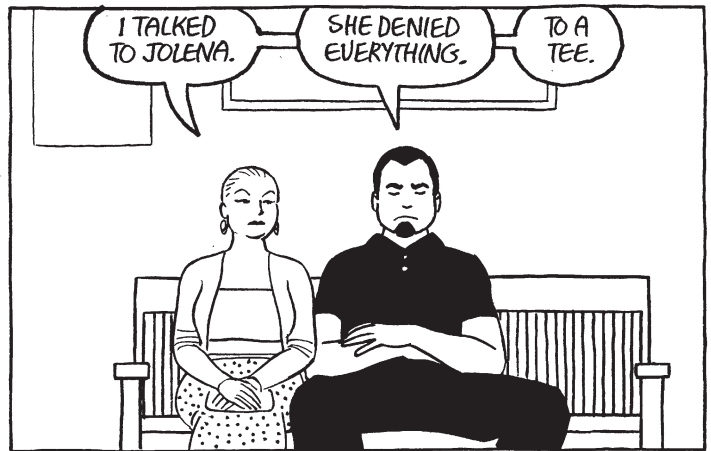
CRIMEN DOS

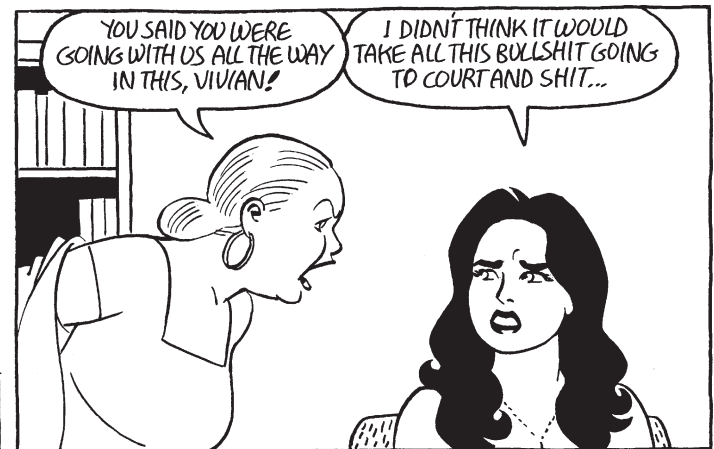
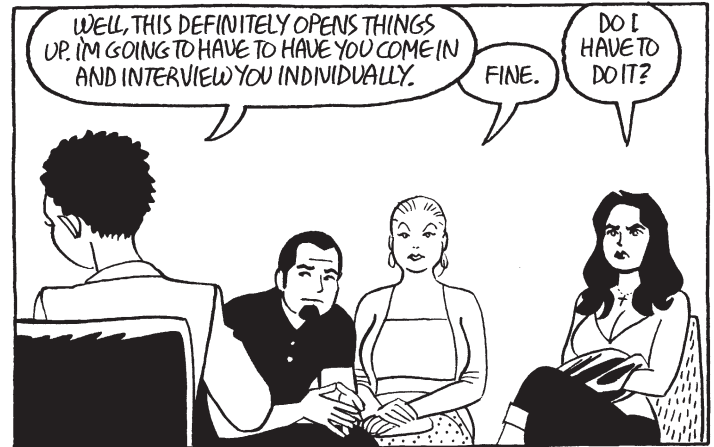
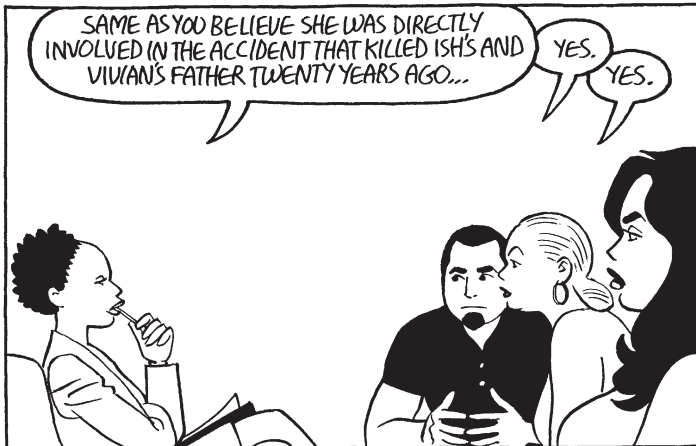
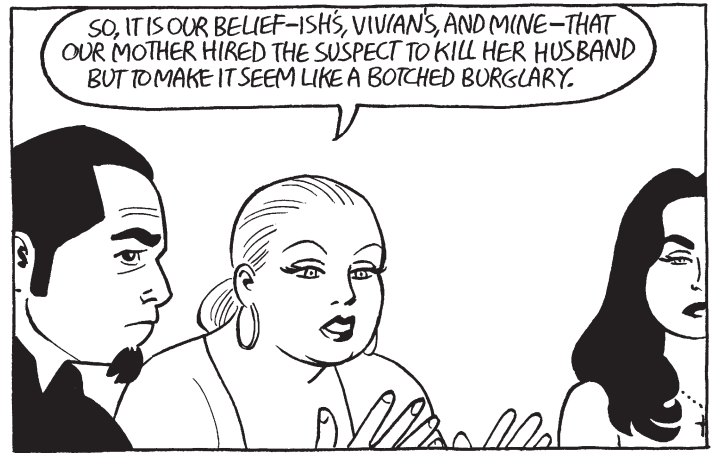
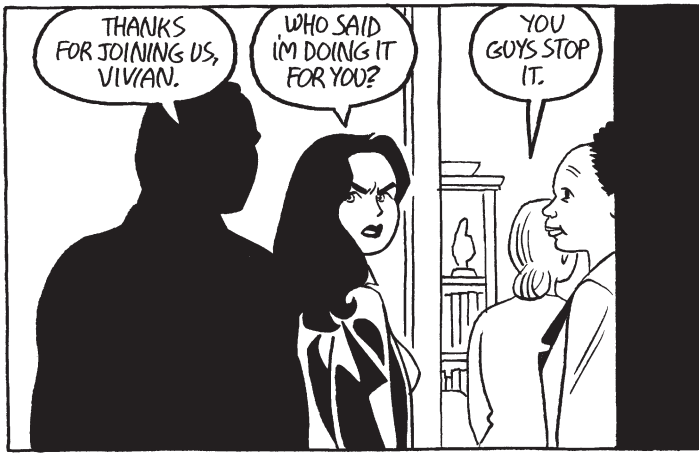




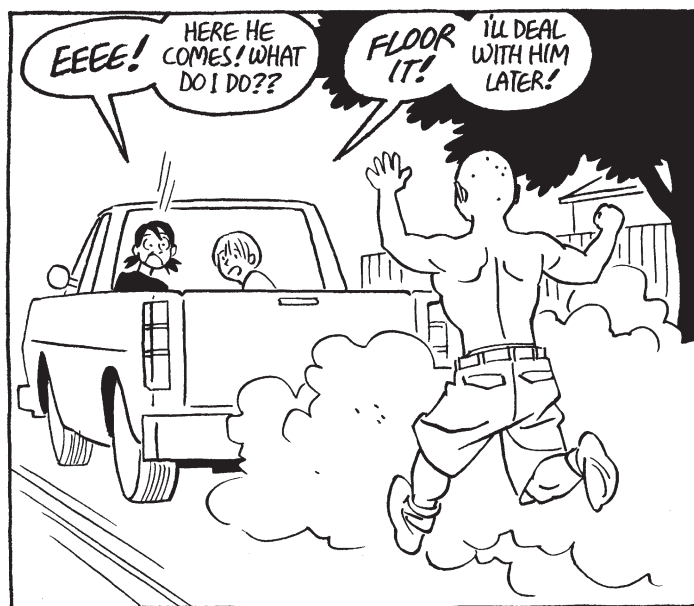
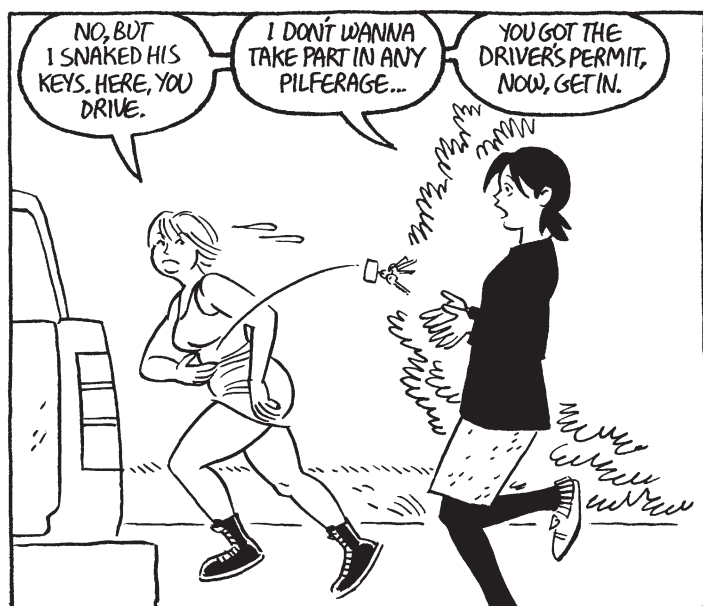
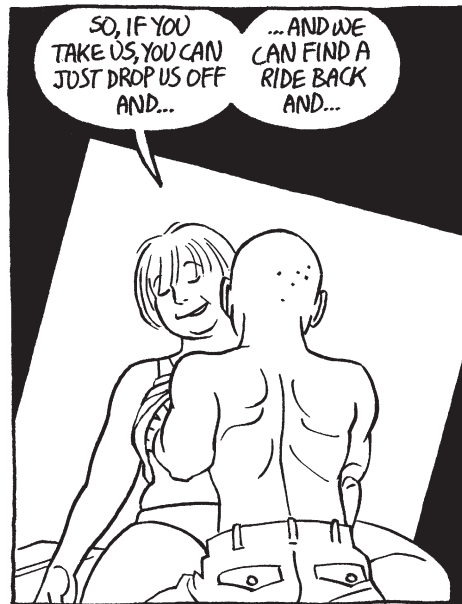
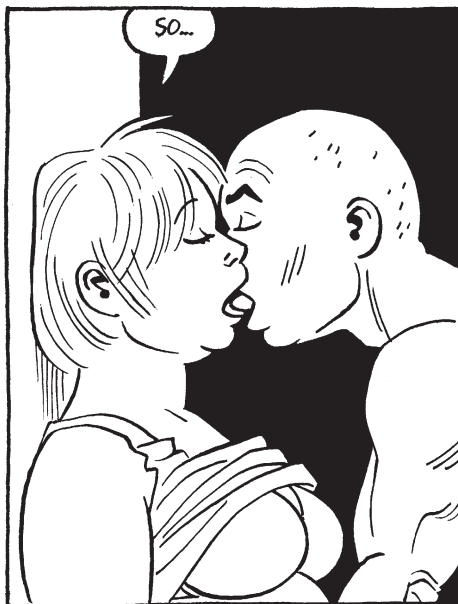
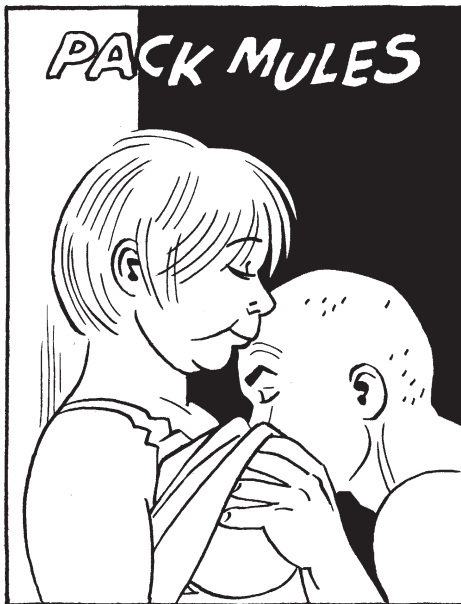
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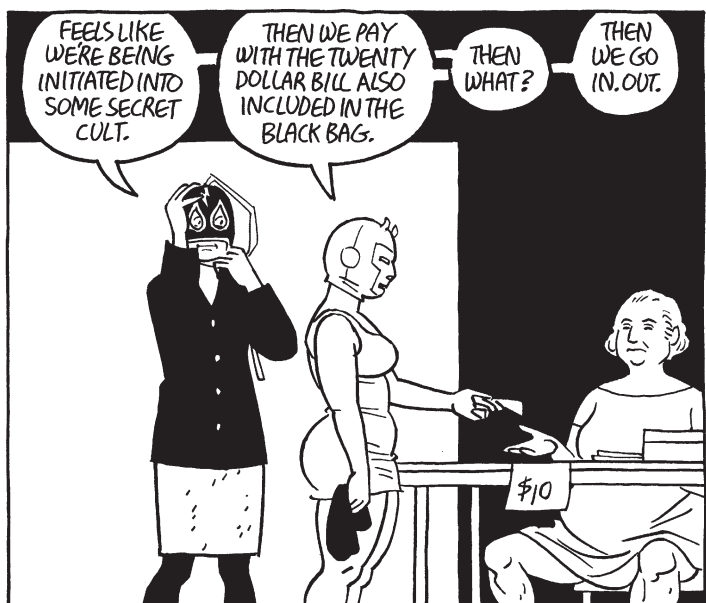
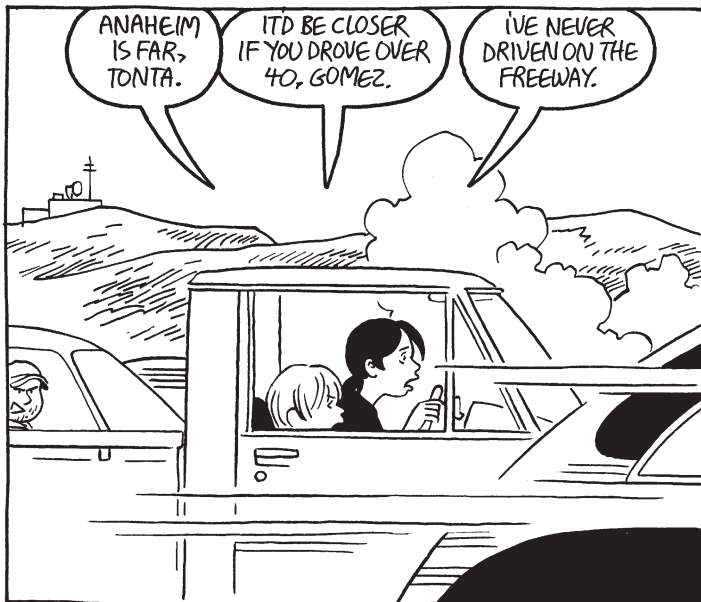
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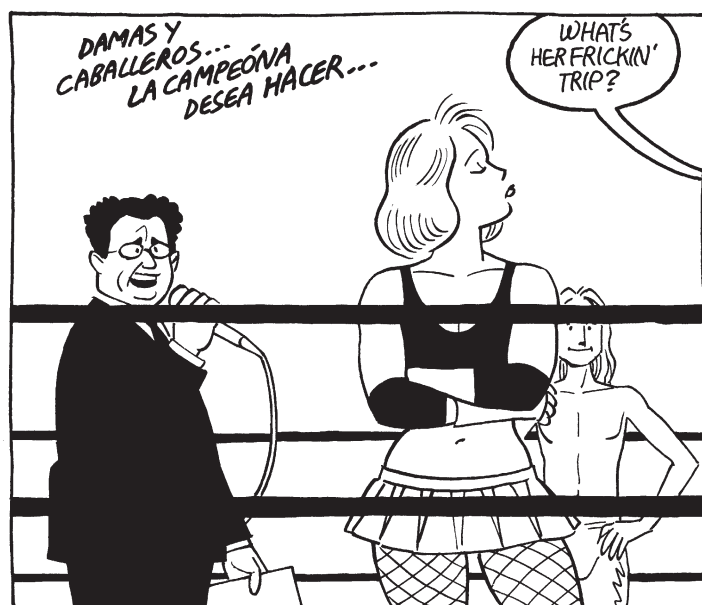
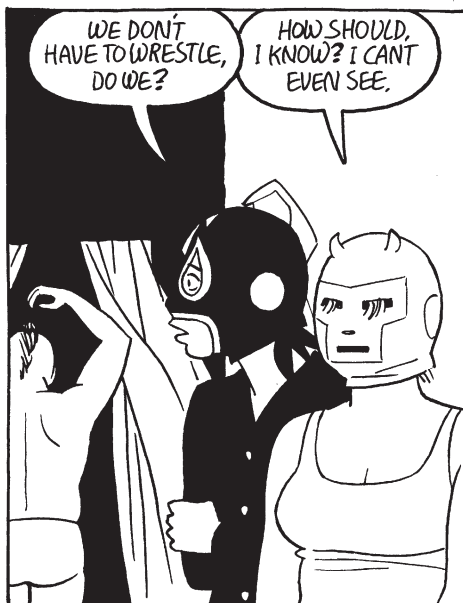


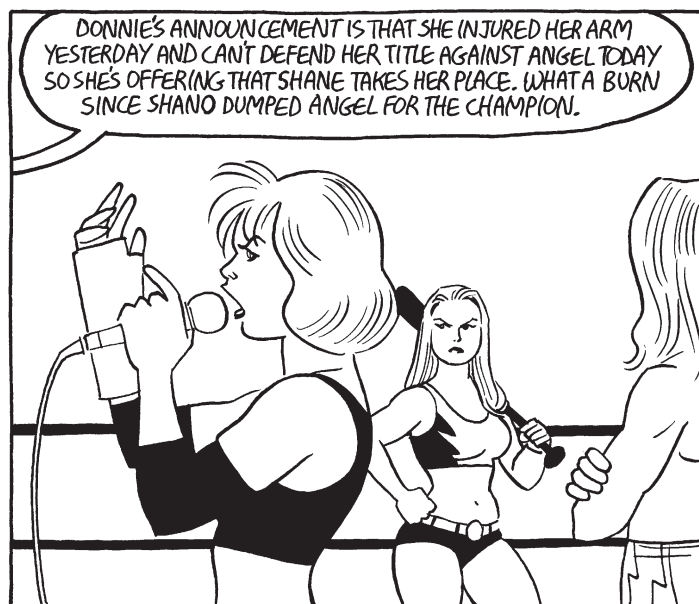
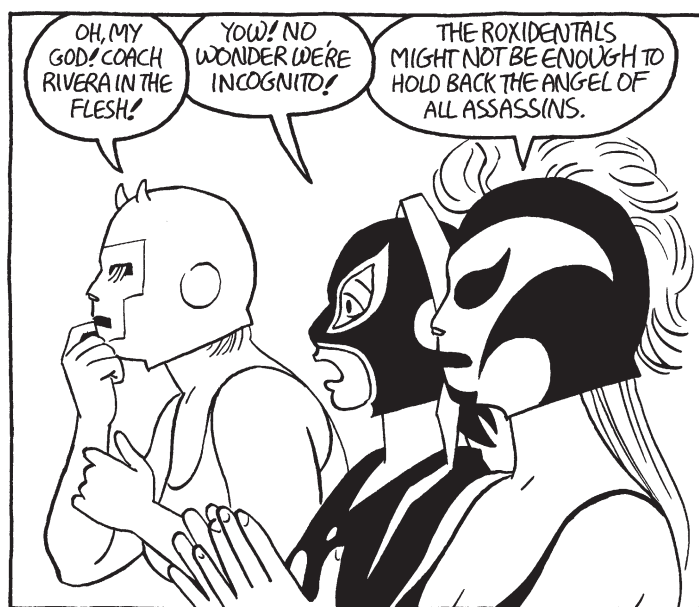
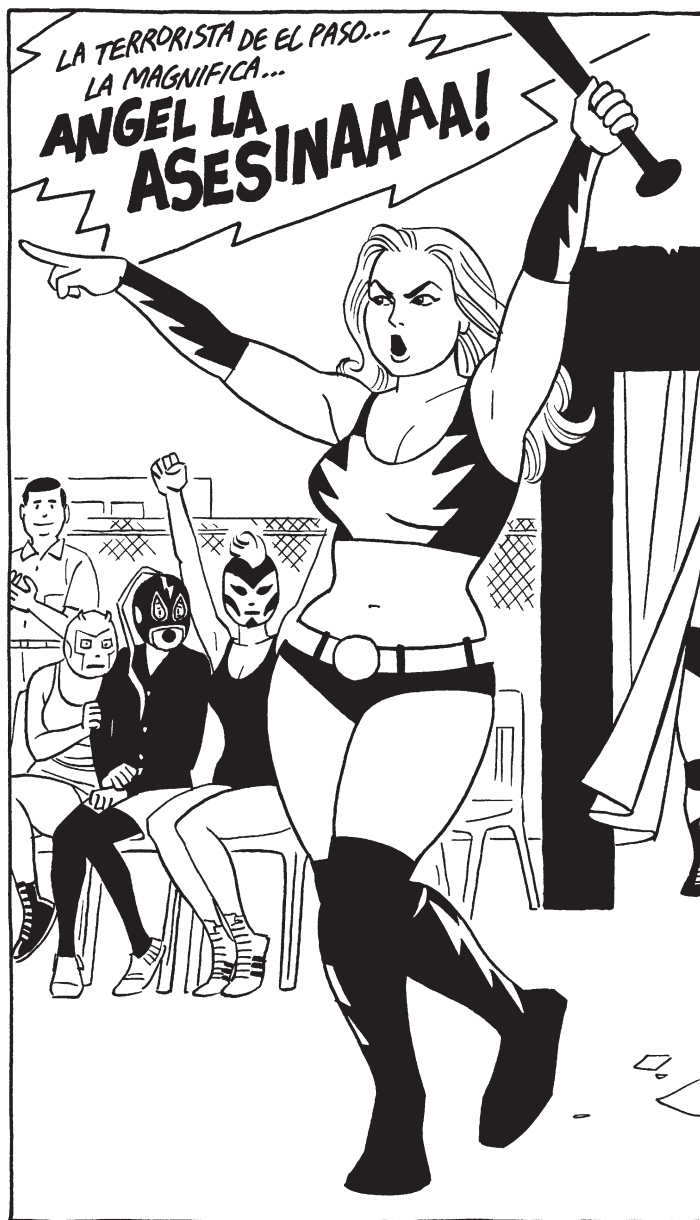
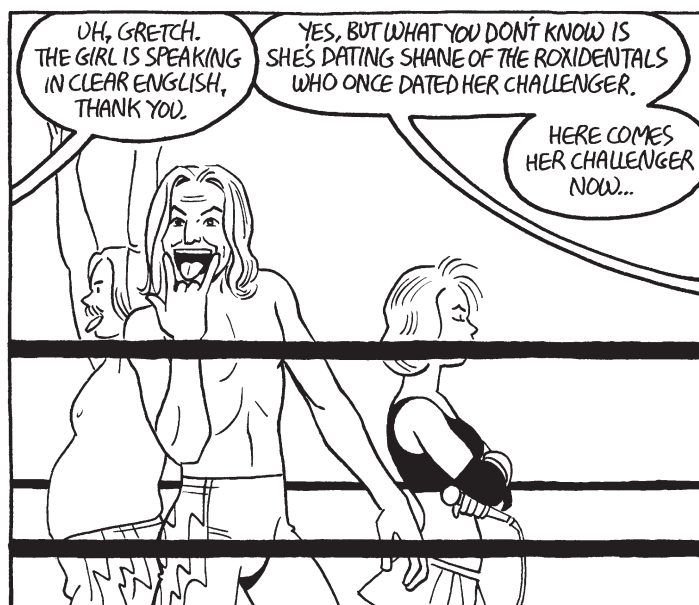
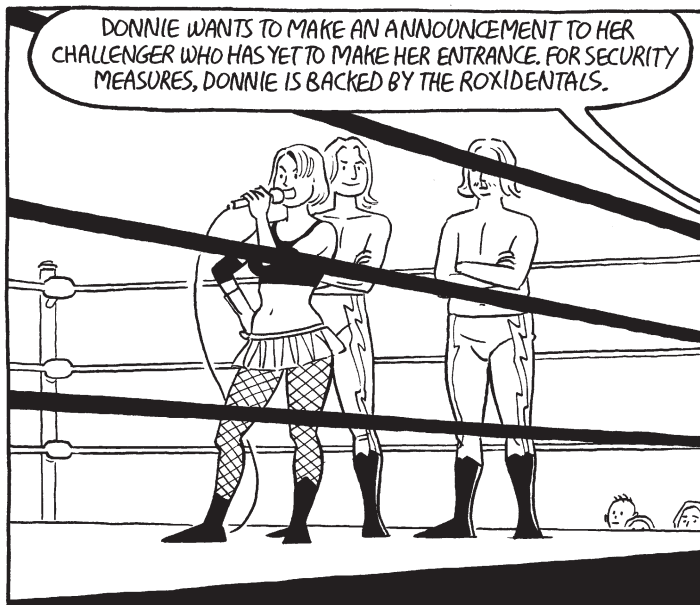


PACK MULES



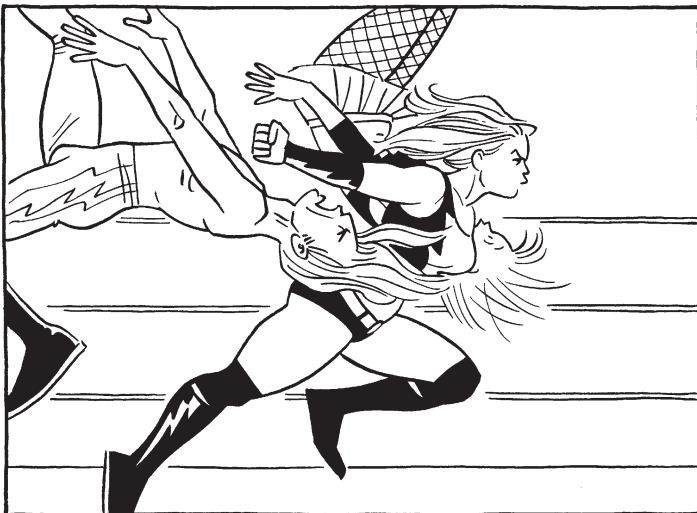
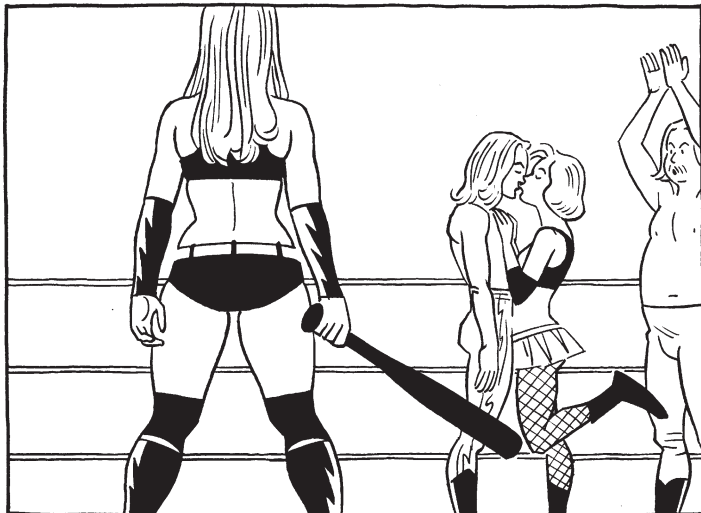






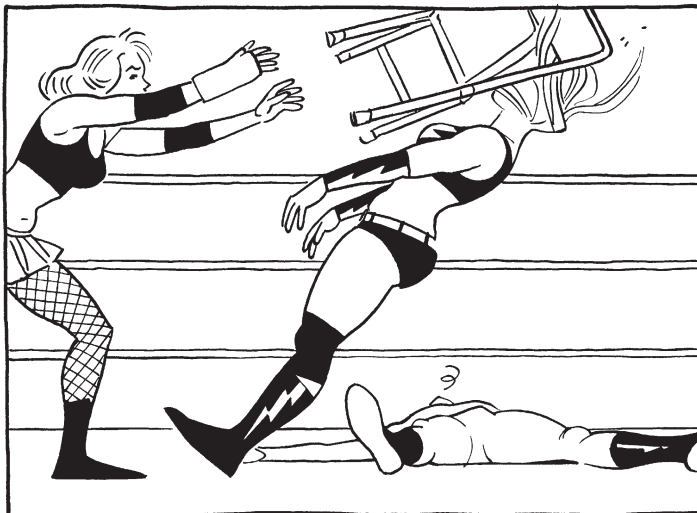
THE LAST FIVE OR SIX YEARS OF MY LIFE HAVE BEEN QUITE LIFE ALTERING. I WENT OFF TO SCHOOL IN TEXAS, BUT I WAS STILL STUCK ON MIKEY VARAN BACK HOME, AND BY SOME MIRACLE, I CONVINCED HIM TO FOLLOW ME.

I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I WAS DOING AND, I SUSPECT, NEITHER DID MIKEY. WE HAD THIS WEIRD NOT-GOING-ALL-THE-WAY-BOY/GIRLFRIEND-NOT-BOY/GIRLFRIEND RELATIONSHIP THAT SORT OF JUST FLOATED THERE IN LIMBO.



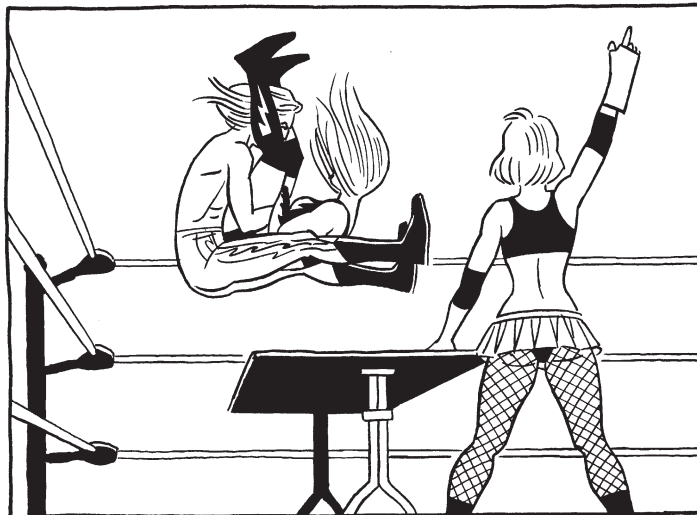
WHILE I DID MY SCHOOL THING, MIKEY GOT A JOB AT A MUSIC STORE AND JOINED A BAND. I WAS HAPPY THAT HE FOUND A REASON TO STICK AROUND THOUGH I WAS TOTALLY CLUELESS HOW TO FILL MY END.

HE STARTED TO GET CLOSE TO HIS LEAD SINGER. SHE WAS EVERYTHING I WASN'T. CONFIDENT, OUTGOING, EXPERIENCED. SHE STEPPED IN, STOLE MIKEY'S HEART AND STOMPED ON MINE. IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST.



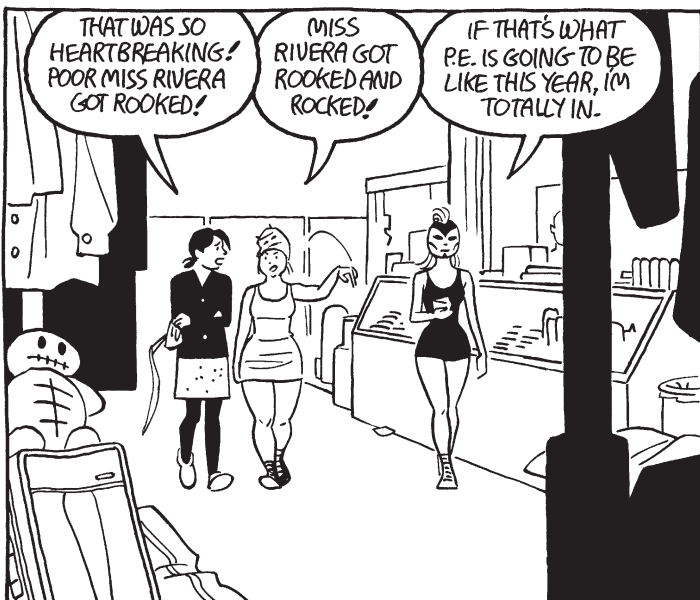
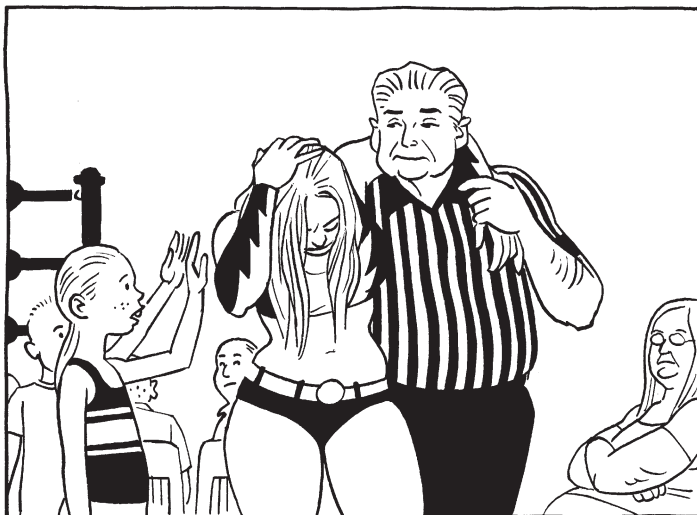
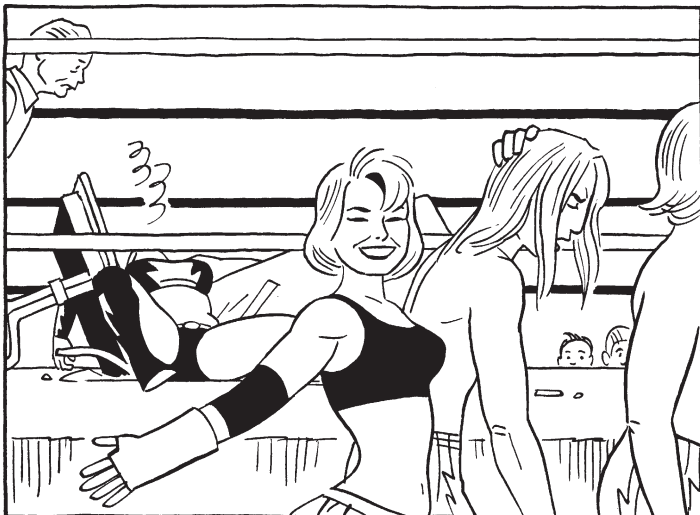
WHEN I TRIED TO FIGHT FOR WHAT I THOUGHT WAS MINE, MIKEY TURNED ON ME AND USED MY HALFWAY ROMANCING AS HIS REASON TO LEAVE. I WAS WAY TOO NAIVE TO REALIZE THAT SEX WOULD HAVE KEPT HIM HOME NIGHTS.

NOW WE BOTH KNOW WE SHOULD HAVE NEVER BEEN TOGETHER IN THE FIRST PLACE, BUT AT THE TIME I WAS FLOORED. I SUFFERED MY FIRST HEART-WRENCHING DUMPING WHERE MOST KIDS HAVE THEM YEARS EARLIER.



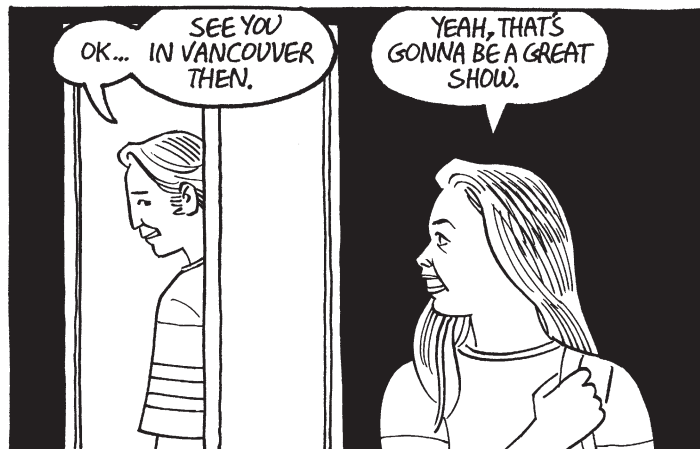
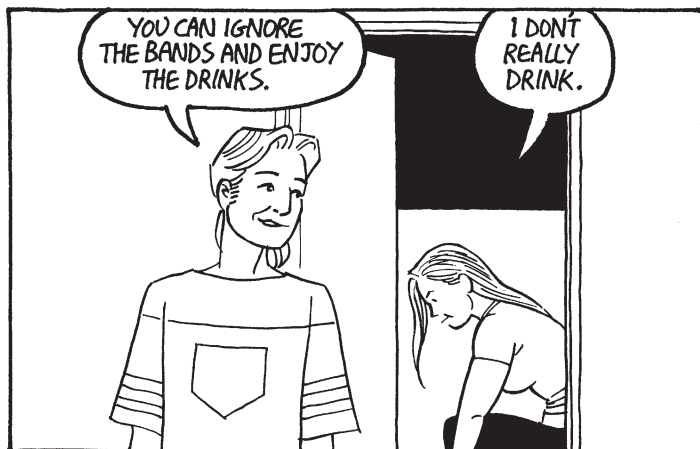
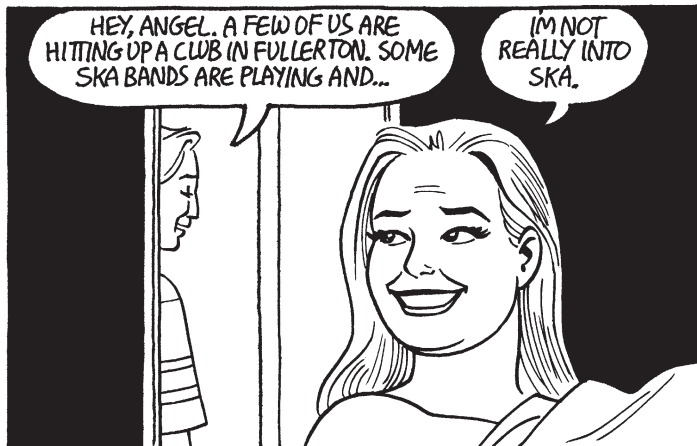
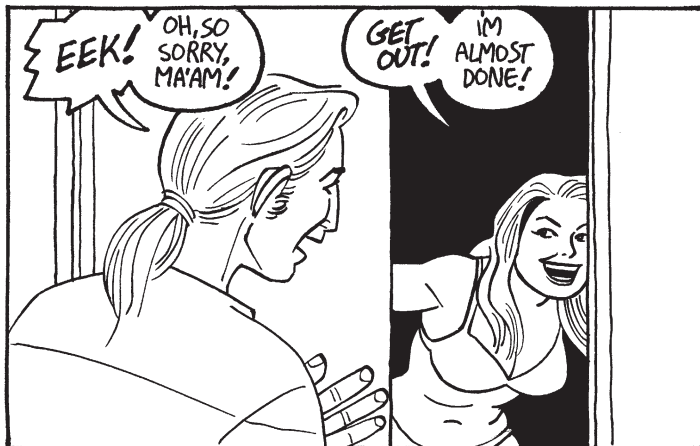
LUCKILY, MY FRIEND MAGGIE'S TEXAS RELATIVES AND FRIENDS WERE THERE TO CUSHION THE BLOW. THEY TOOK ME IN AS ONE OF THEIR OWN. INTRODUCED ME TO A WHOLE NEW TYPE OF RECREATIONAL ACTIVITY.

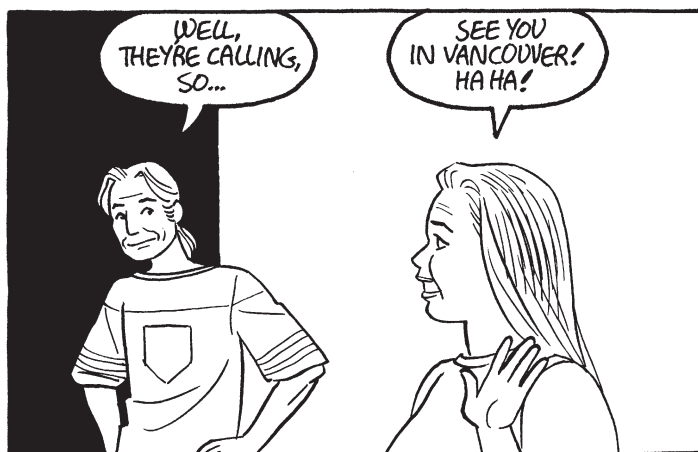
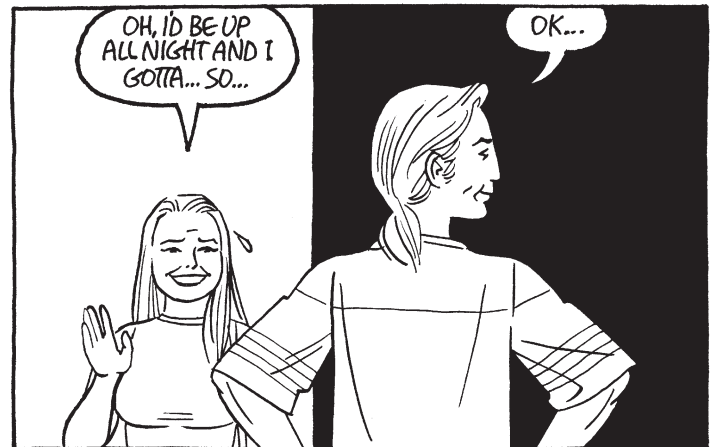
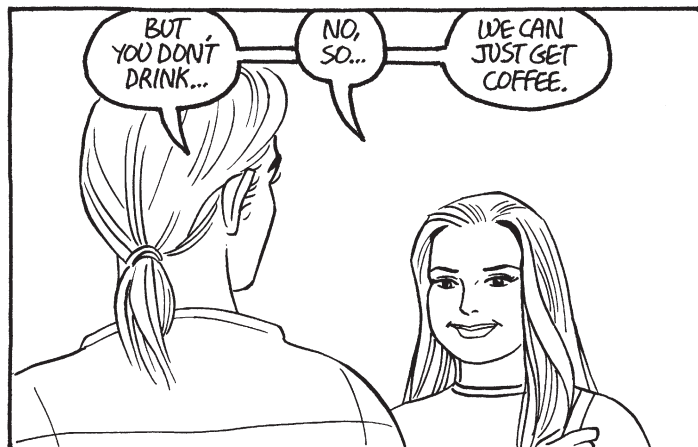
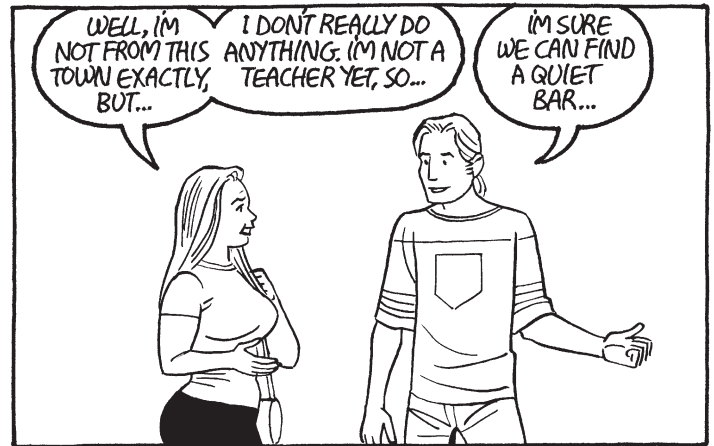
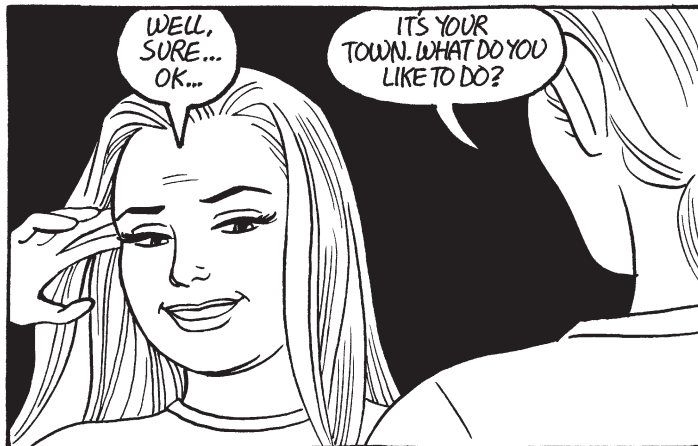
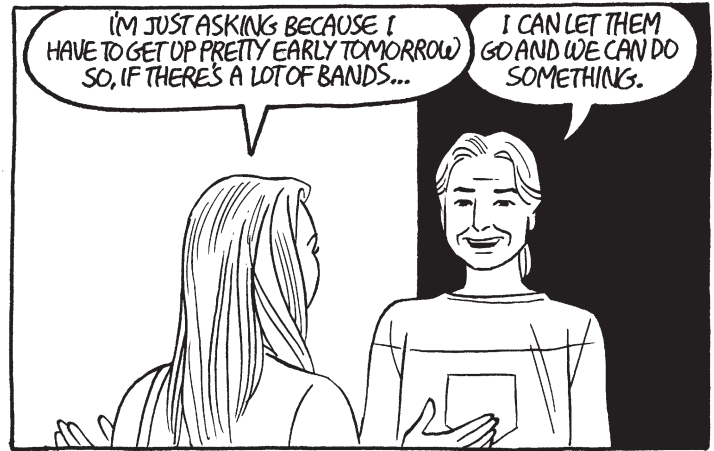
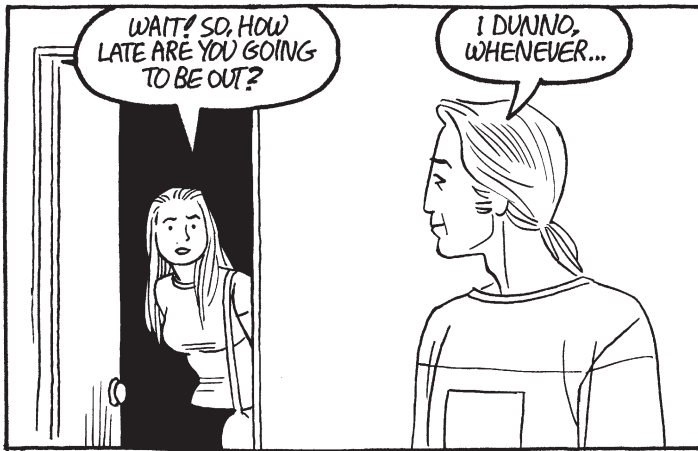
AFTER I GRADUATED I CAME HOME TO SO CAL. I'M REUNITED WITH MY FAMILY AND I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MY NEW JOB AS P.E. TEACHER AT BRADBURY GIRLS' SCHOOL. BEYOND THAT IS ANYONE'S GUESS.



(XAIMC13) 6.

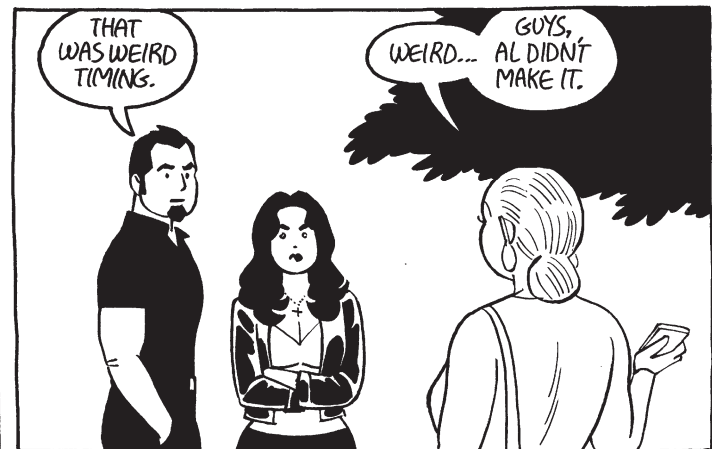
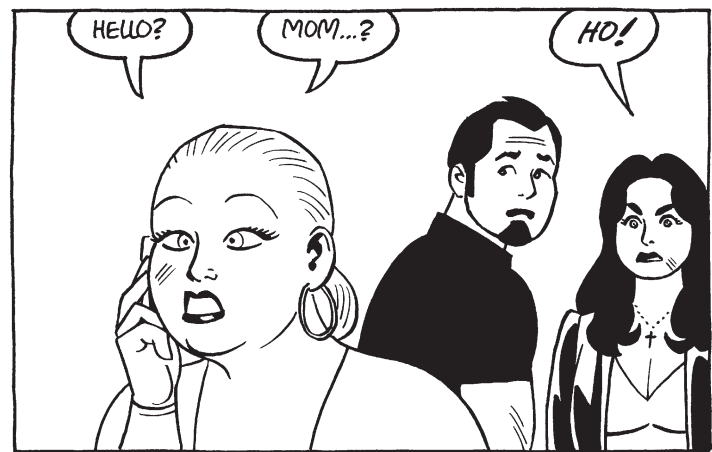
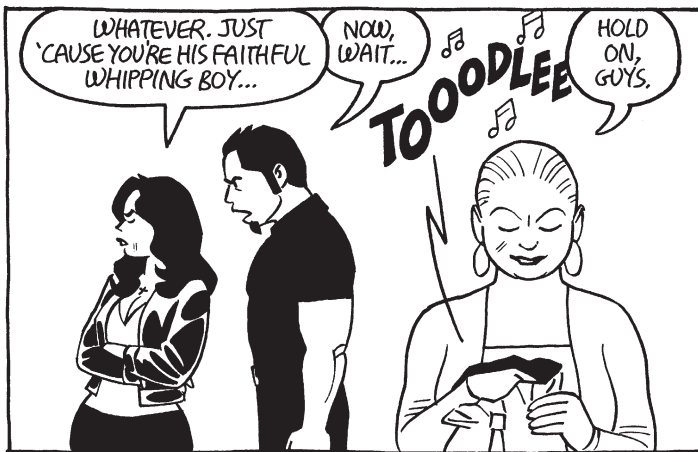
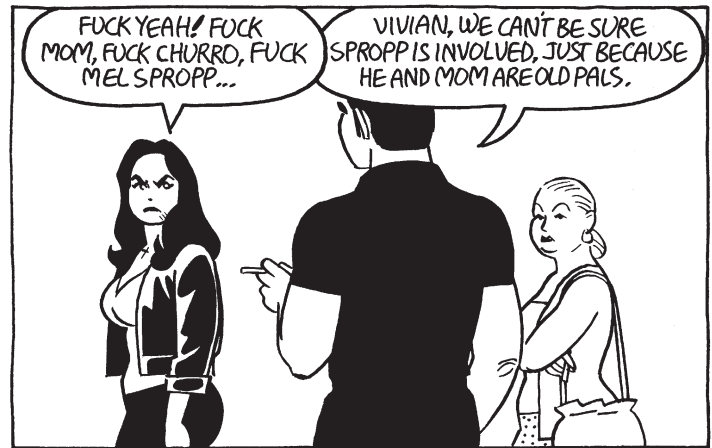
CRESTFALLEN ANGEL

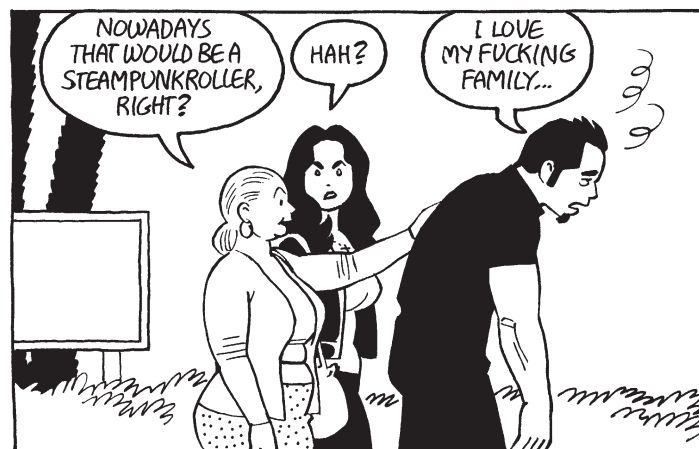
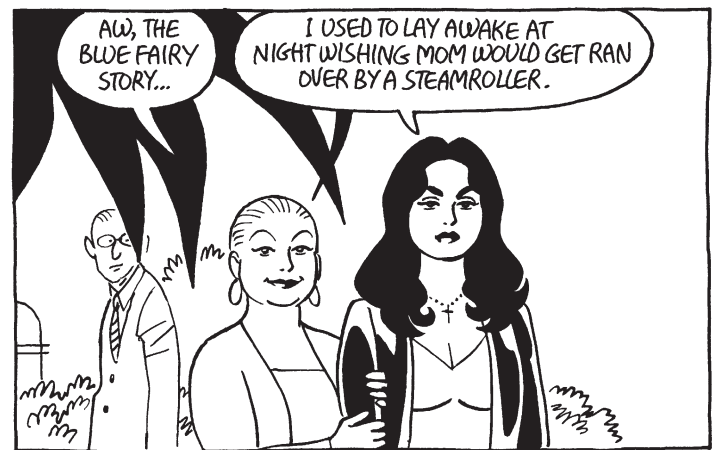
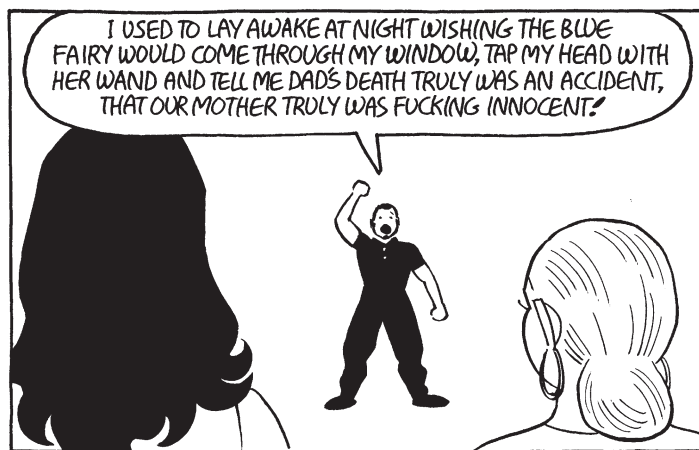




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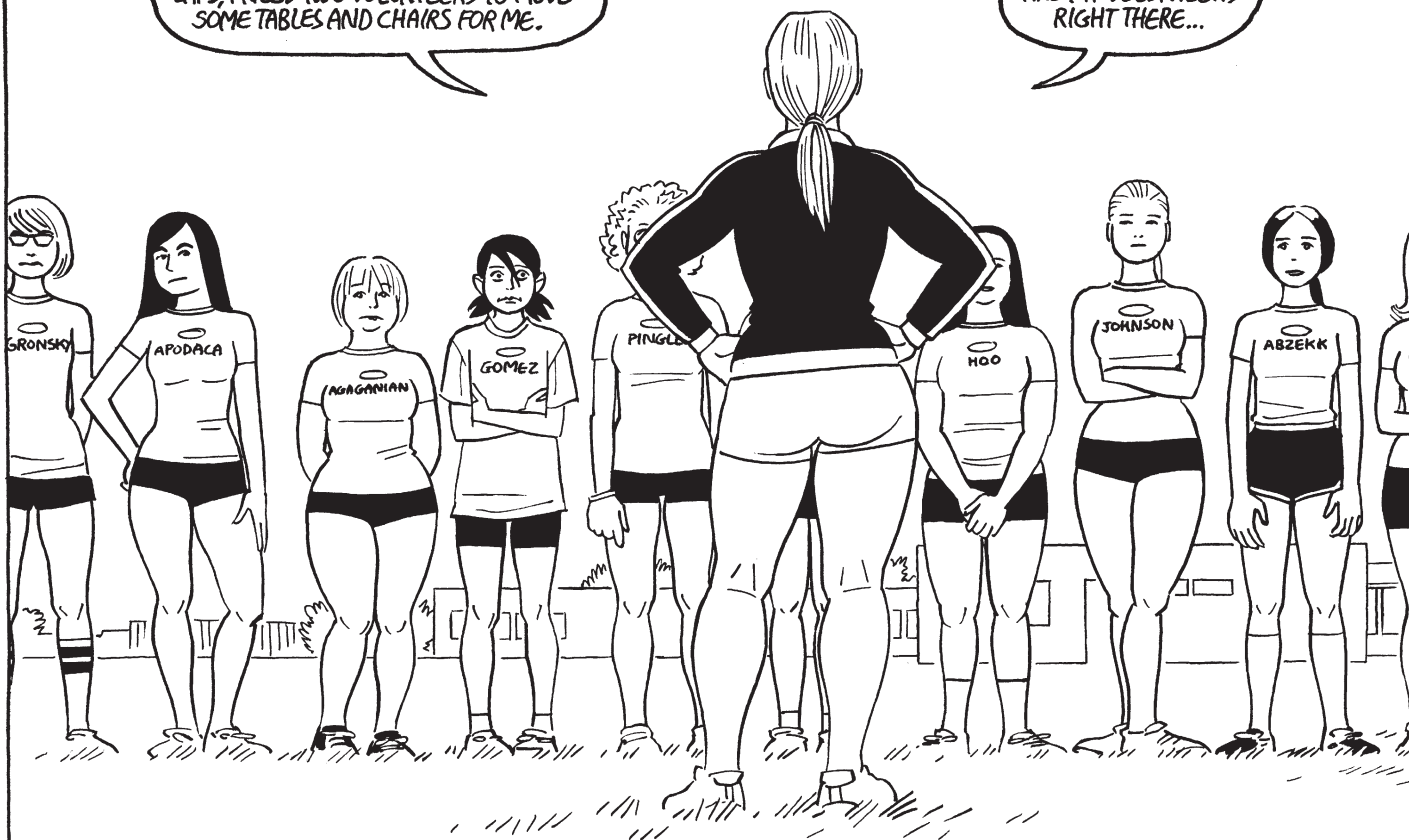




FAMILY LIMAF

OK, BEFORE YOU START YOUR FINAL LAPS, I NEED TWO VOLUNTEERS TO MOVE SOME TABLES AND CHAIRS FOR ME.

AND THERE ARE MY VOLUNTEERS RIGHT THERE...



...AGAGANIAN AND GOMEZ.

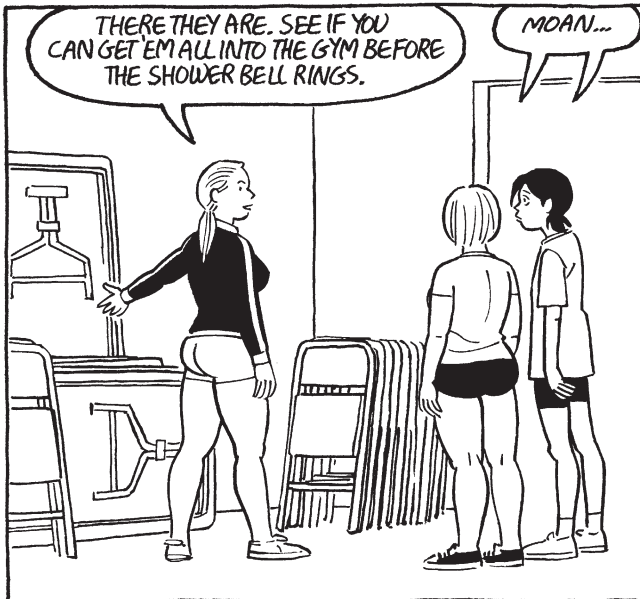
I DIDN'T RAISE MY HAND, DID YOU?

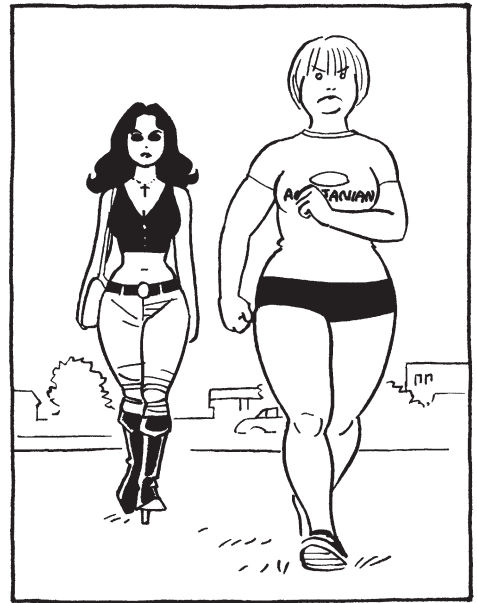
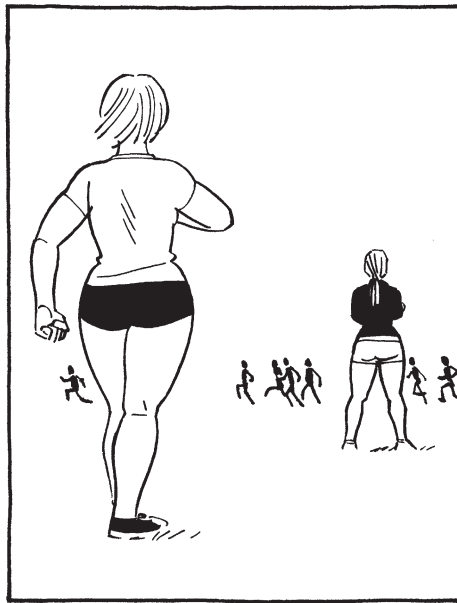
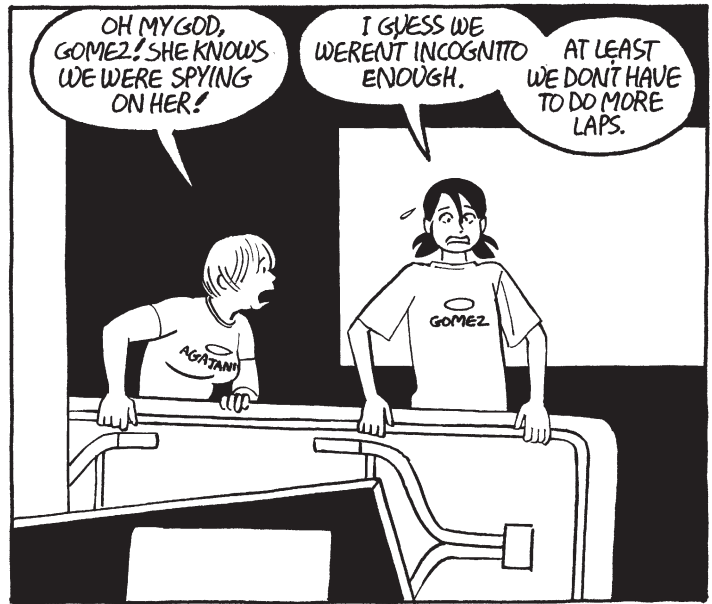
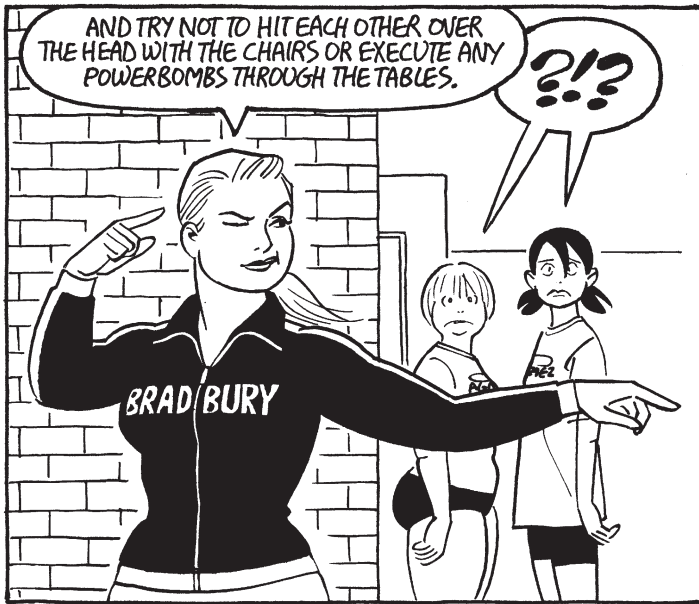
NOT ME.

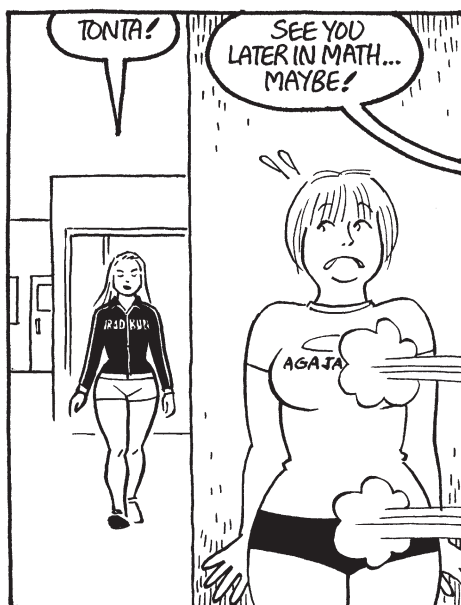
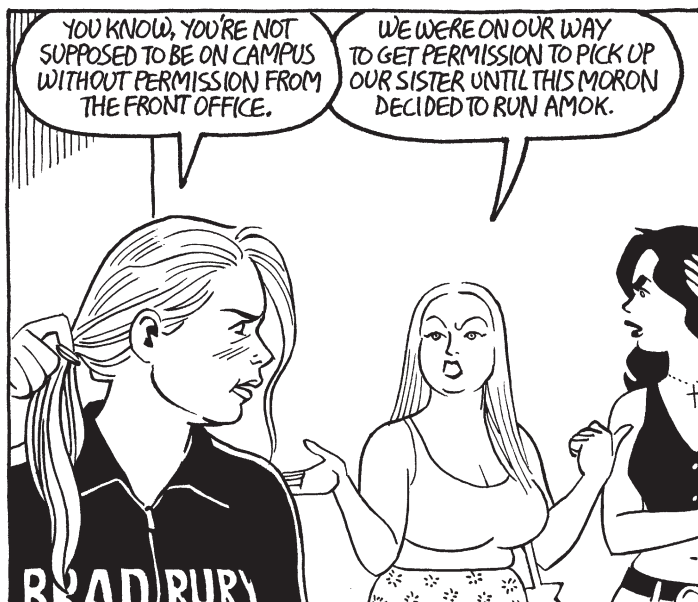
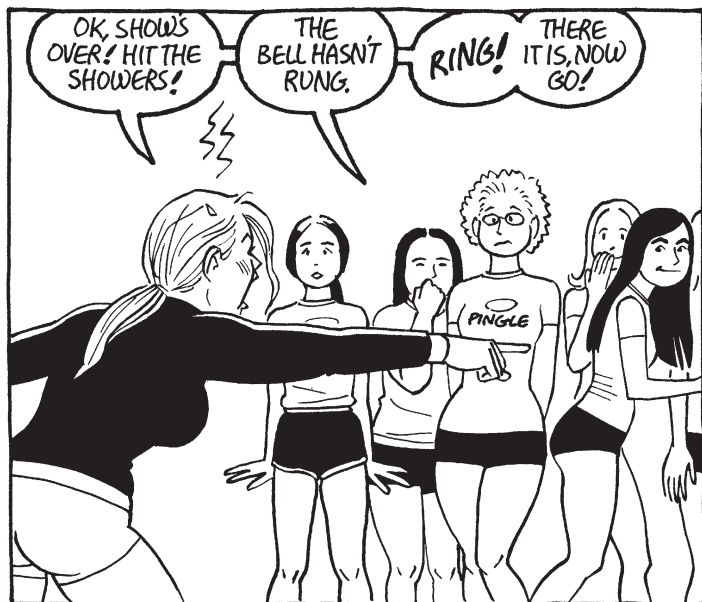
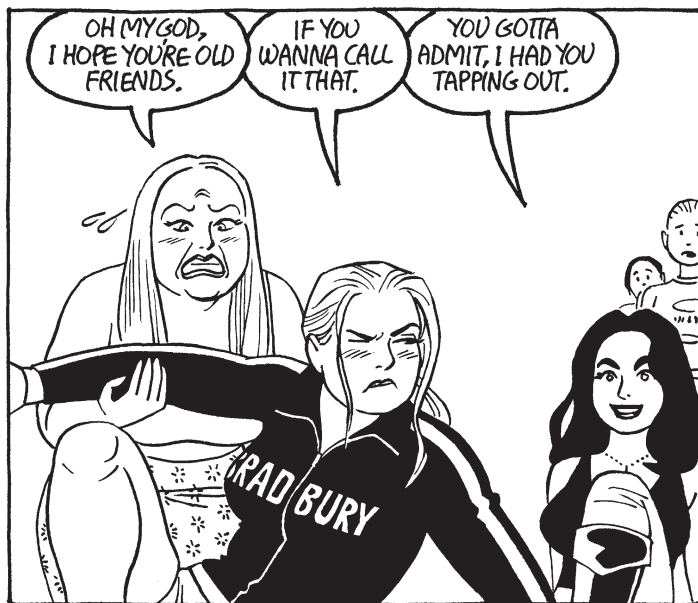
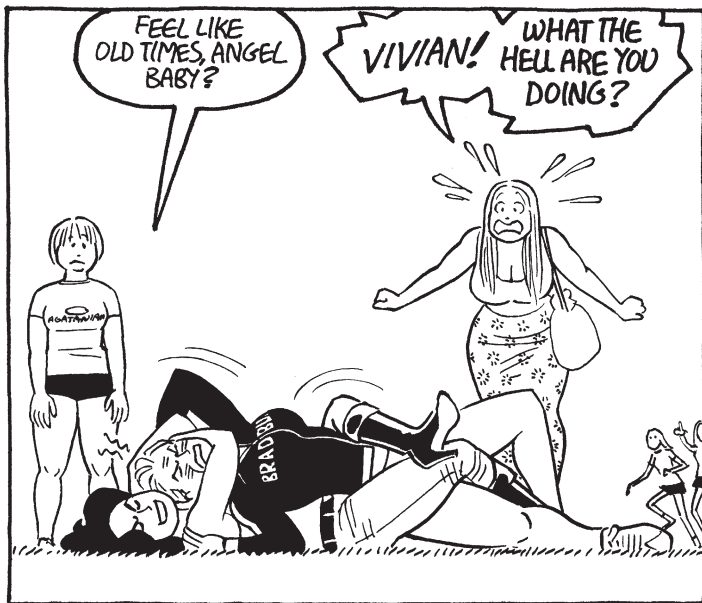


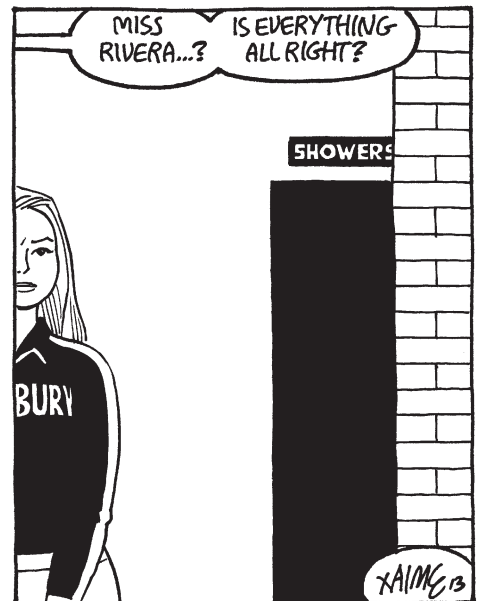
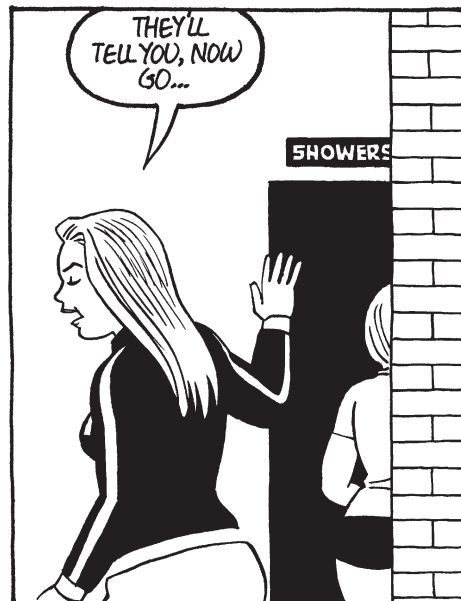
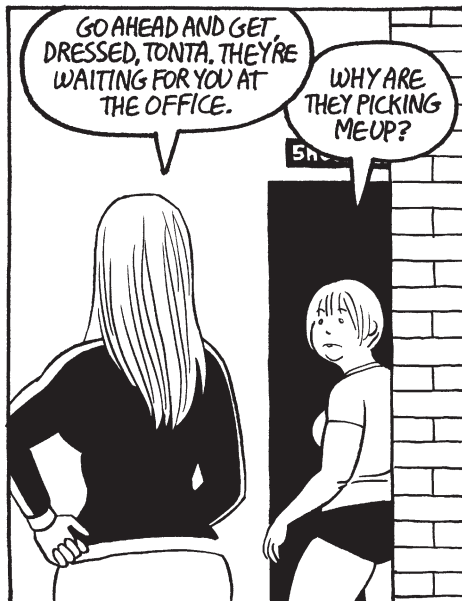
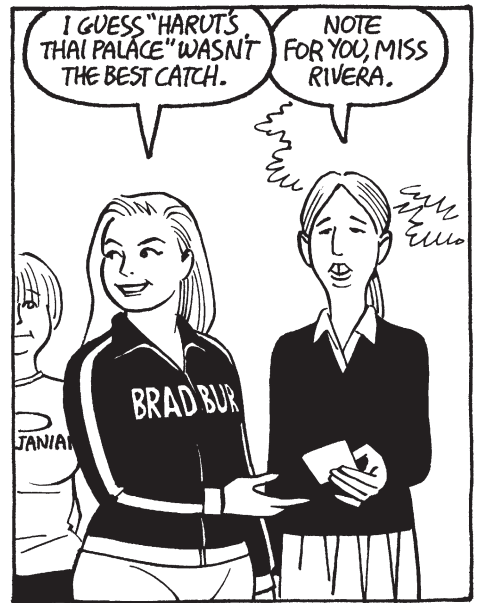
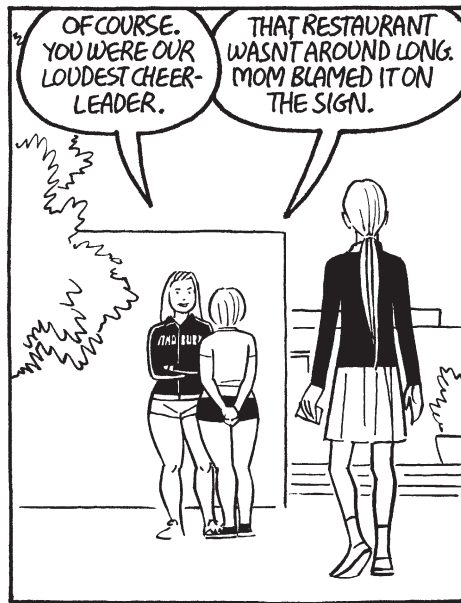
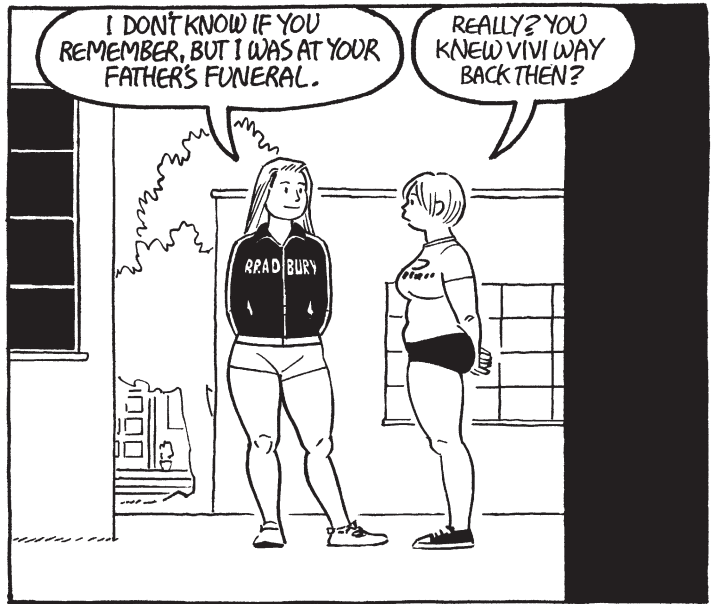
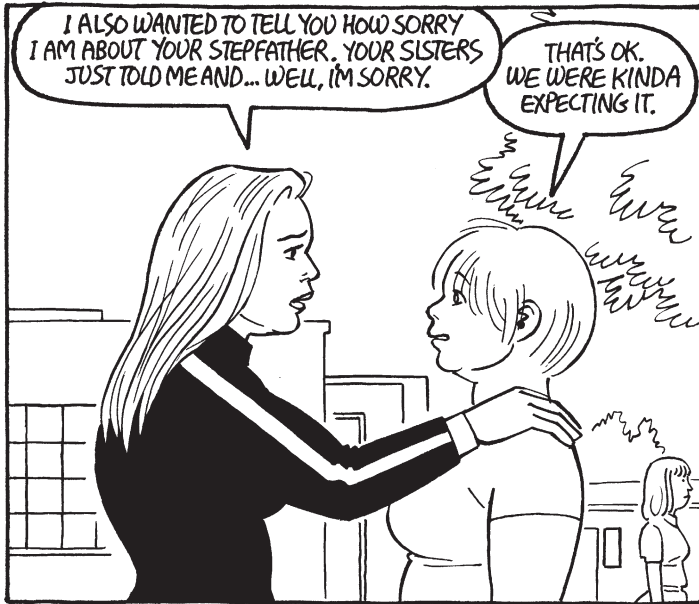
THERE THEY ARE. SEE IF YOU CAN GET 'EM ALL INTO THE GYM BEFORE THE SHOWER BELL RINGS.

MOAN...



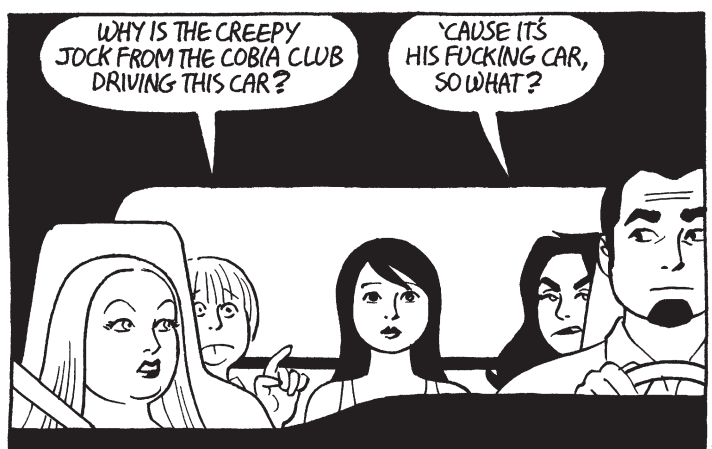
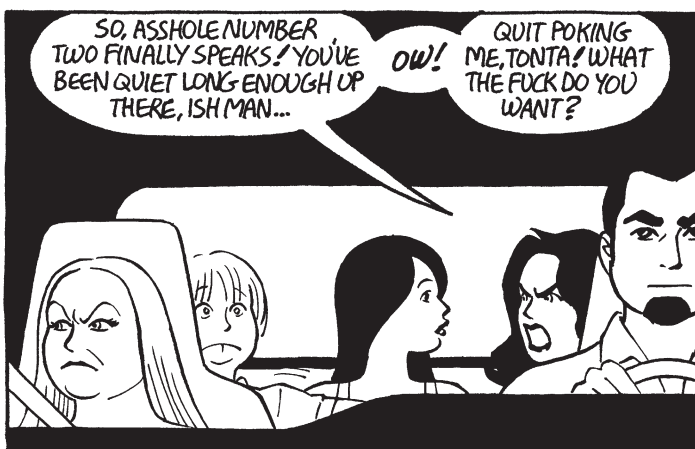
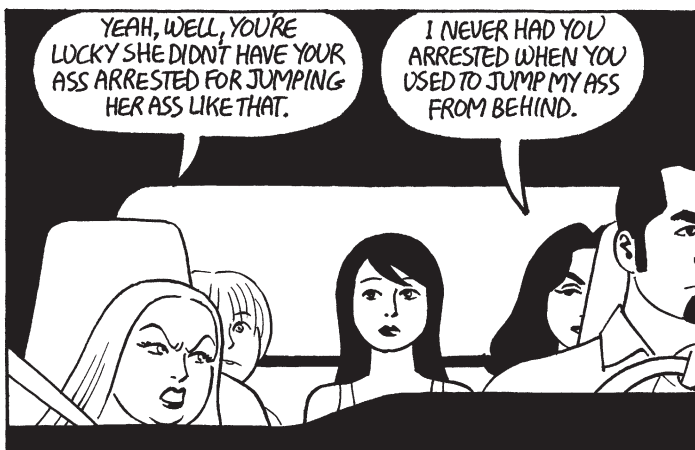
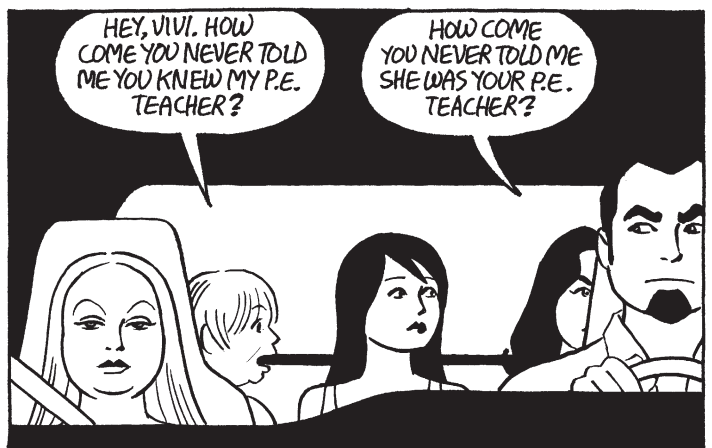
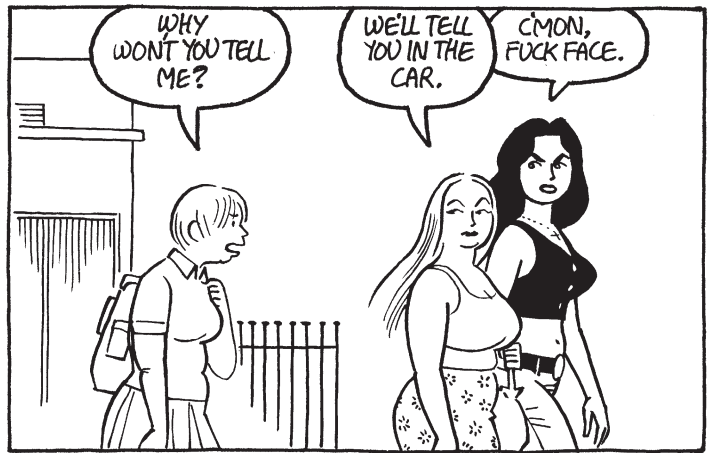


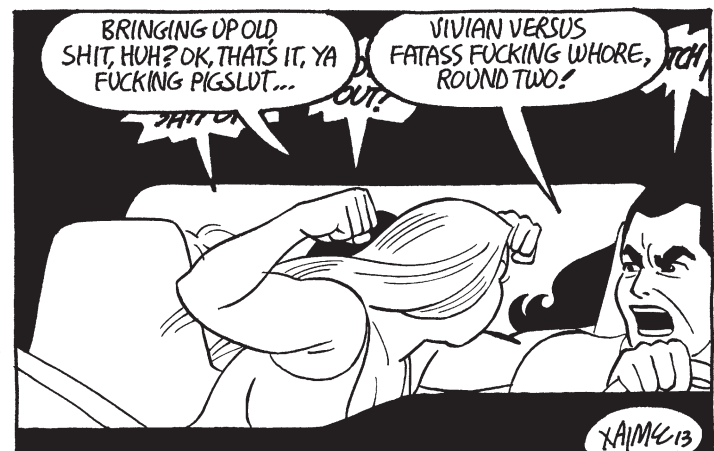
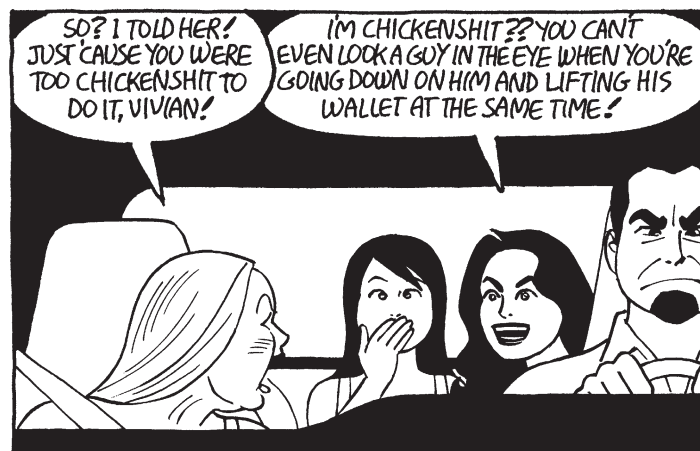
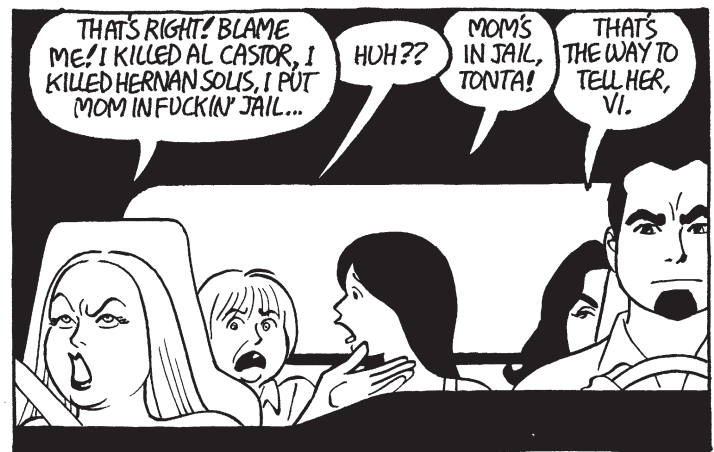
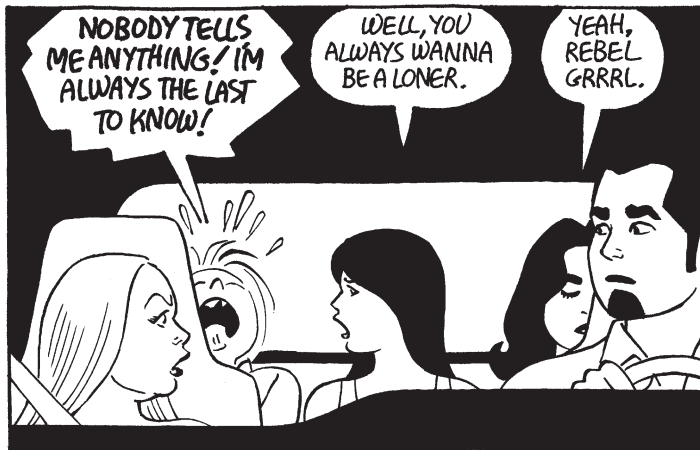
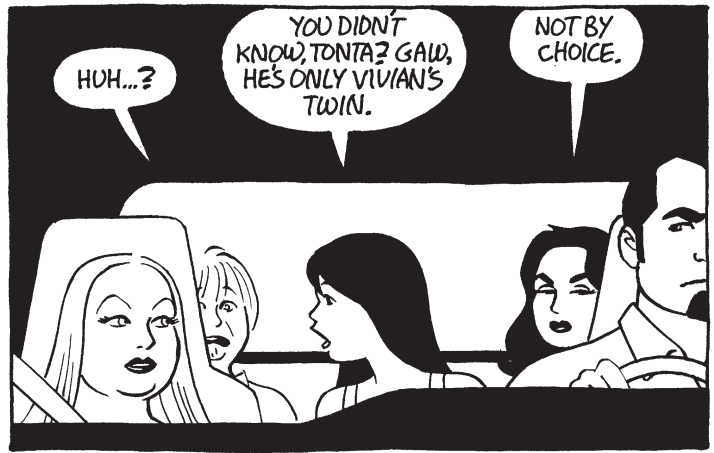




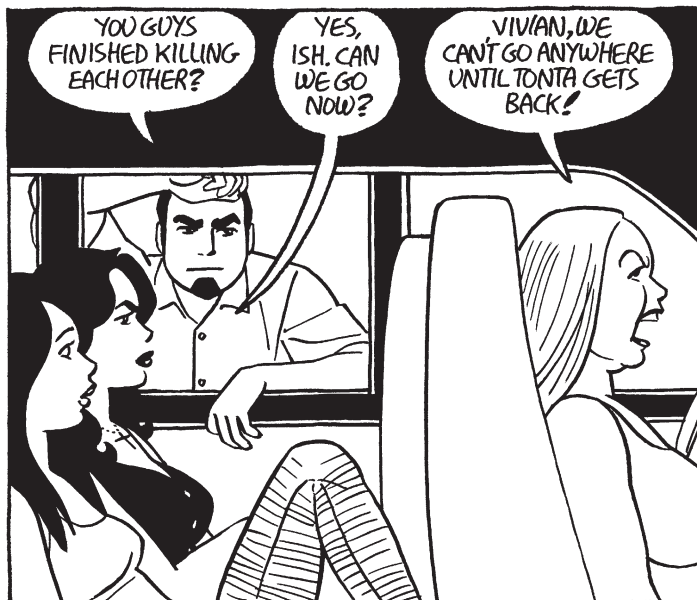
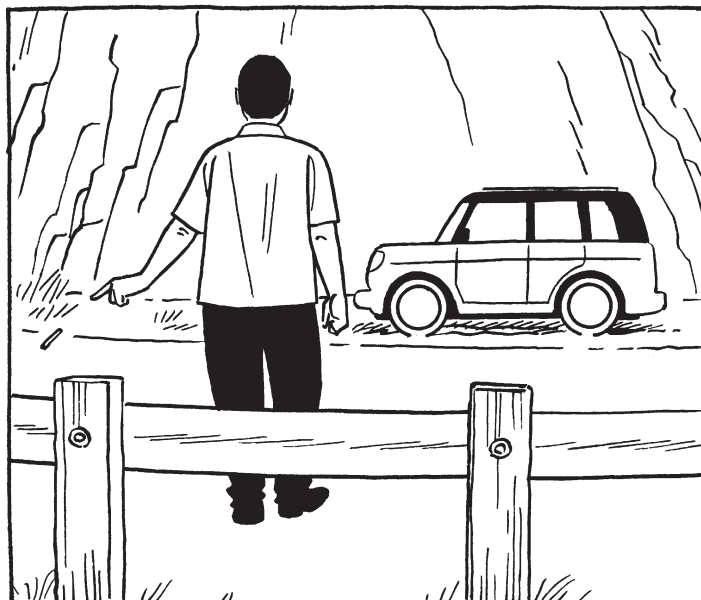
CRIMEN

CINCO





DOGS FOLLOW DOGS



YOU GUYS
FINISHED KILLING
EACH OTHER?

YES,
ISH. CAN
WE GO
NOW?

VIVIAN, WE
CAN'T GO ANYWHERE
UNTIL TONTA GETS
BACK!



WHERE
DID SHE
GO?

DOWN
THE ROAD. SHE
WANTED TO BE
ALONE.

LIKE
THE LONER
FUCK FACE
SHE IS.



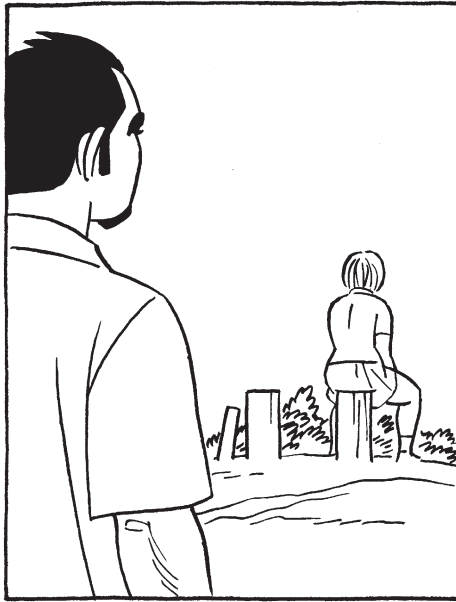
YOU
TOLD
HER?

EVERY-
THING.



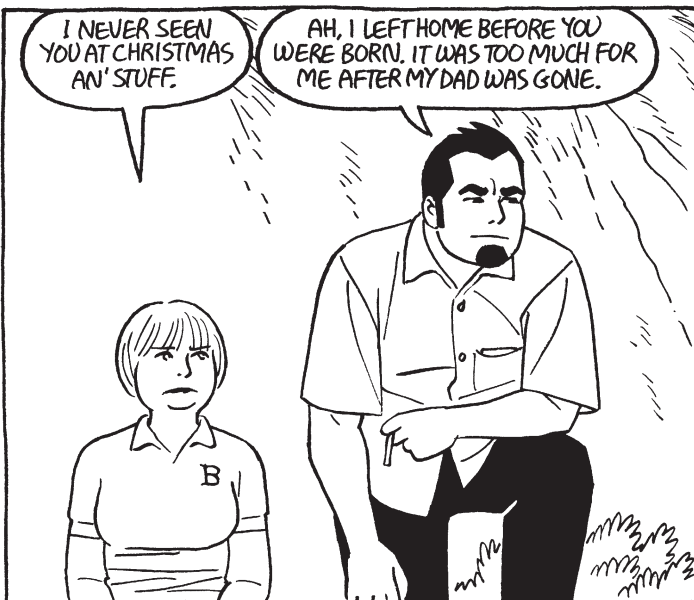
AND YOU LET
HER GO OFF BY
HERSELF?

FUCK
YOU.



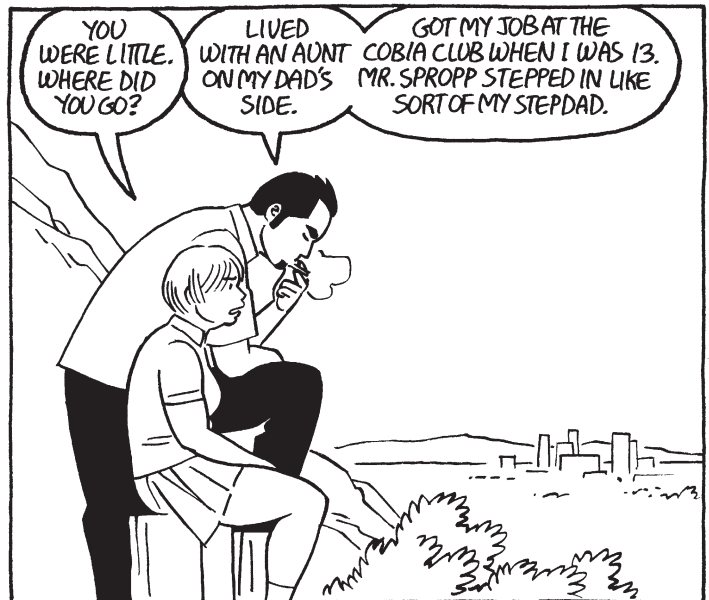
YOU'RE NOT MY BROTHER, ISH MAN.

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.



I NEVER SEEN YOU AT CHRISTMAS AN' STUFF.

AH, I LEFT HOME BEFORE YOU WERE BORN. IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME AFTER MY DAD WAS GONE.



YOU WERE LITTLE. WHERE DID YOU GO?

LIVED WITH AN AUNT ON MY DAD'S SIDE.

GOT MY JOB AT THE COBIA CLUB WHEN I WAS 13. MR. SPROPP STEPPED IN LIKE SORT OF MY STEP DAD.



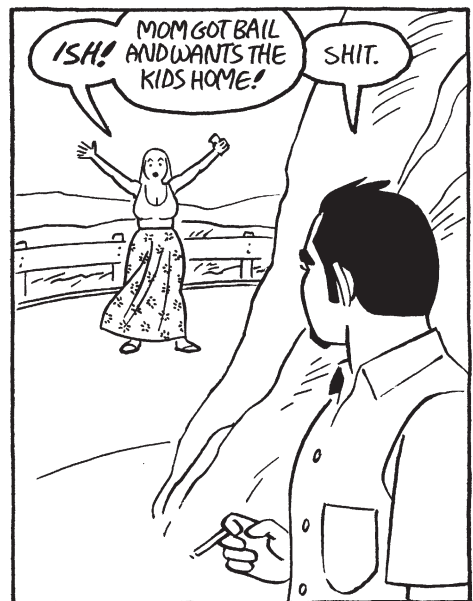
VIVI THINKS MR. SPROPP HOOKED MOM UP WITH THE BURGLAR.

SHE'S ENTITLED TO BELIEVE THAT.



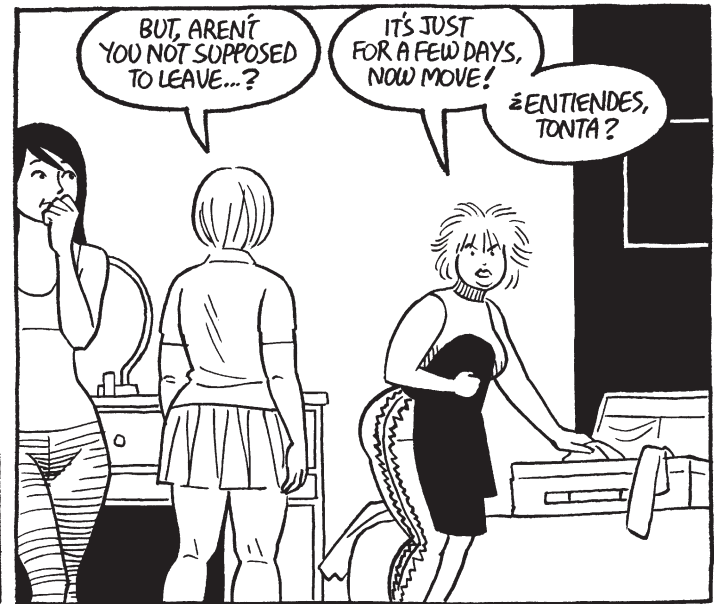
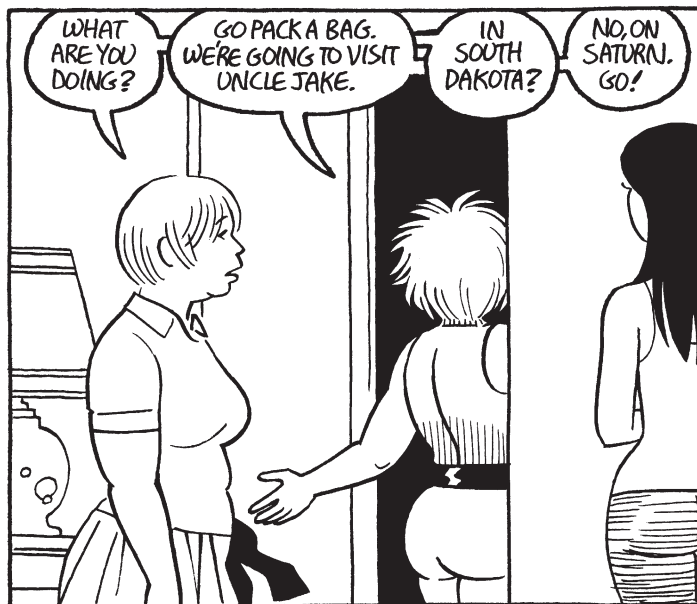
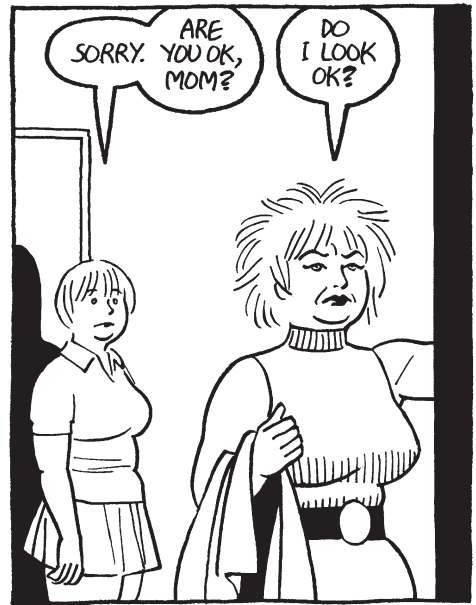
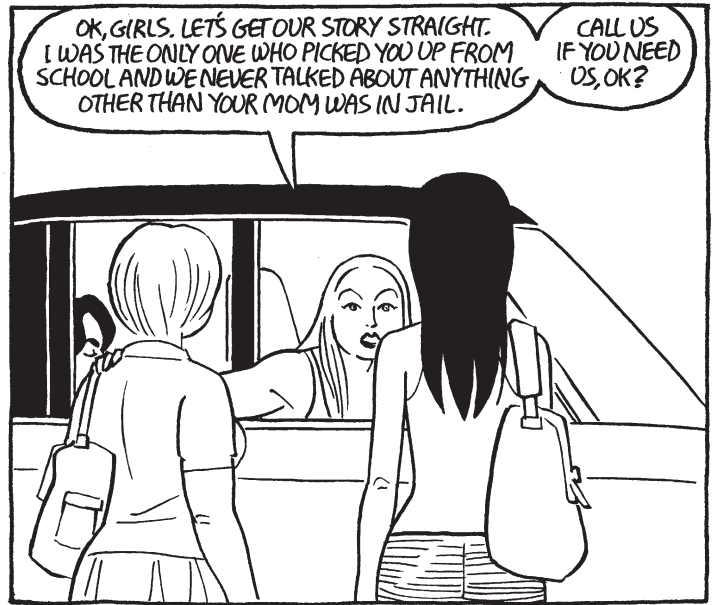
AM I ENTITLED TO BELIEVE MOM IS INNOCENT?

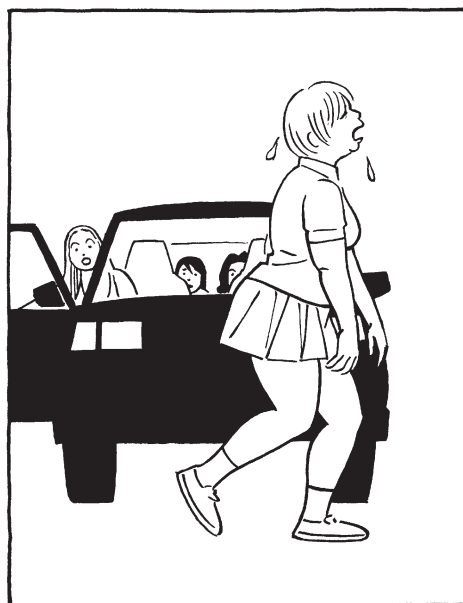
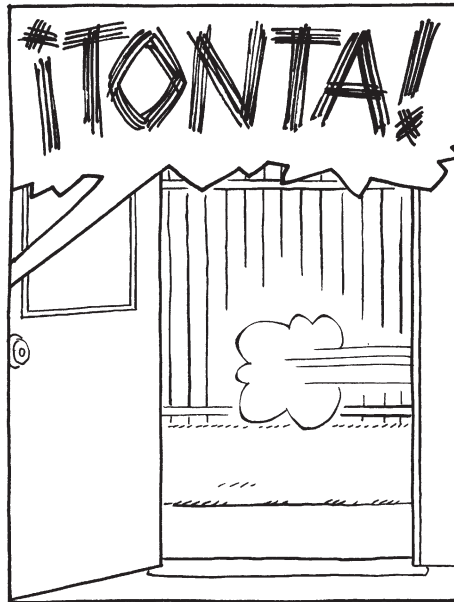
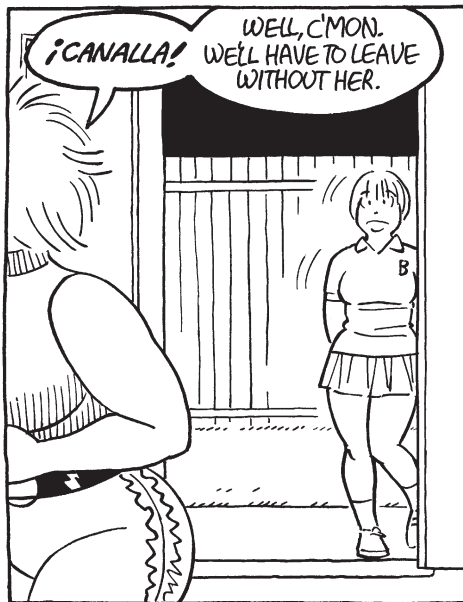
YEAH...



ISH! MOM GOT BAIL AND WANTS THE KIDS HOME!

SHIT.





CRIMEN

SEIS

YOUR SISTER AND BROTHER ARE GOING THROUGH WITH THE TRIAL?

WELL, YEAH...

EVEN WITHOUT THEIR EXPERT WITNESS?

THEY GOT THEIR EXPERT WITNESS. OUR LITTLE SISTER SAW BUNNY CHURRO DO IT.

BUT THEY DON'T HAVE BUNNY CHURRO AND THE TRIAL IS TOMORROW.

THEY WILL. THE COPS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR HIM.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR YOUR BROTHER TO BACK OUT.

HE WON'T BACK OUT. HE AND VIOLET ARE SUPER HARDCORE INTO IT.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT VIOLET BRUNET. YOU AND I BOTH KNOW SHE HAS ALWAYS BEEN IN IT FOR HERSELF, EVER SINCE SHE WAS SEVENTEEN PULLING TRICKS ON MY GOLF PARTNERS...

NO, IT IS ISH IM WORRIED ABOUT...

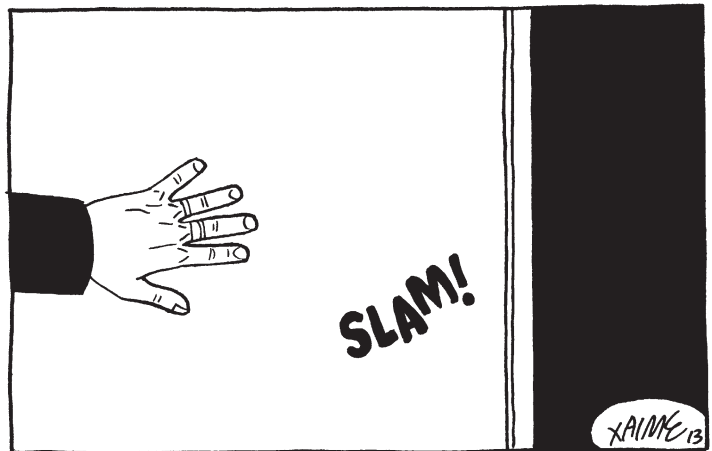
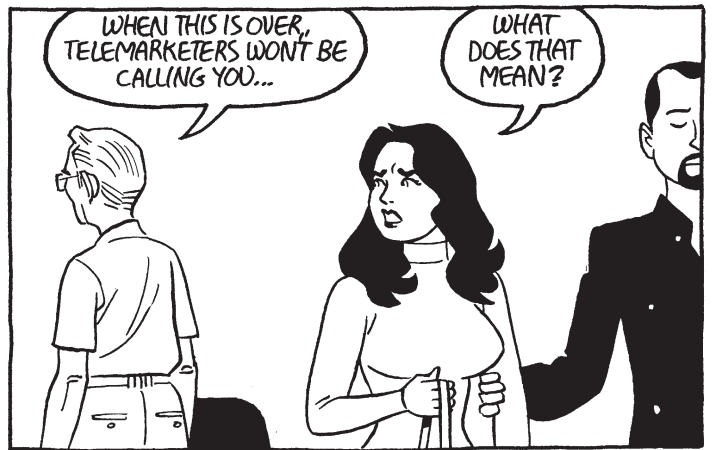
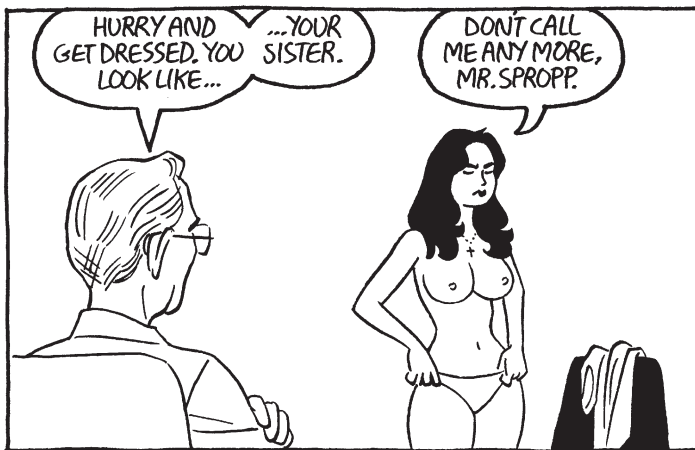
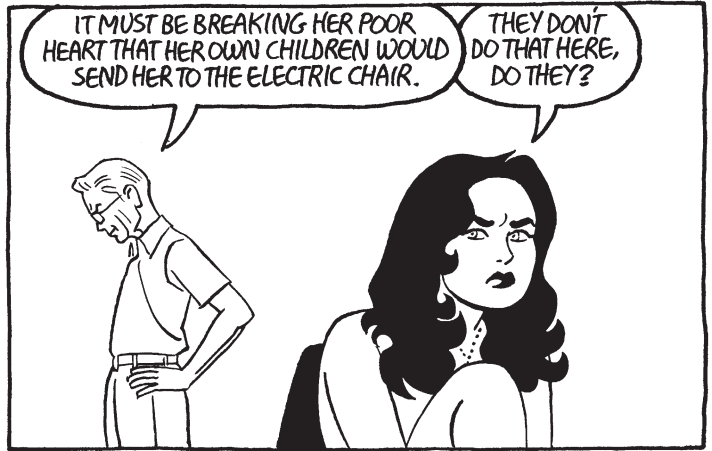
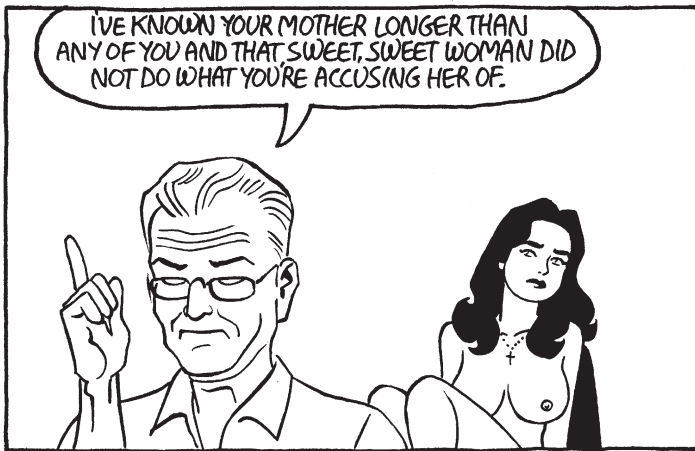
THAT BOY HAS ALWAYS BEEN LIKE A SON TO ME. I'D HATE TO SEE HIM RIDICULED OVER THIS.

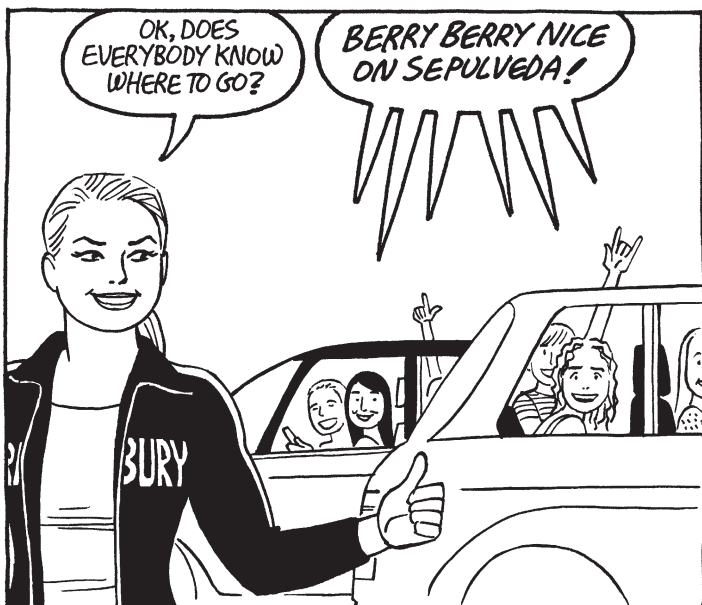
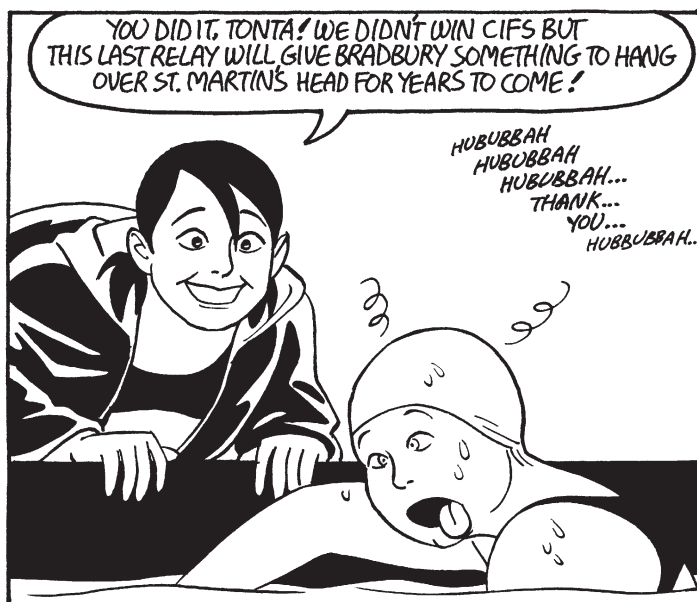
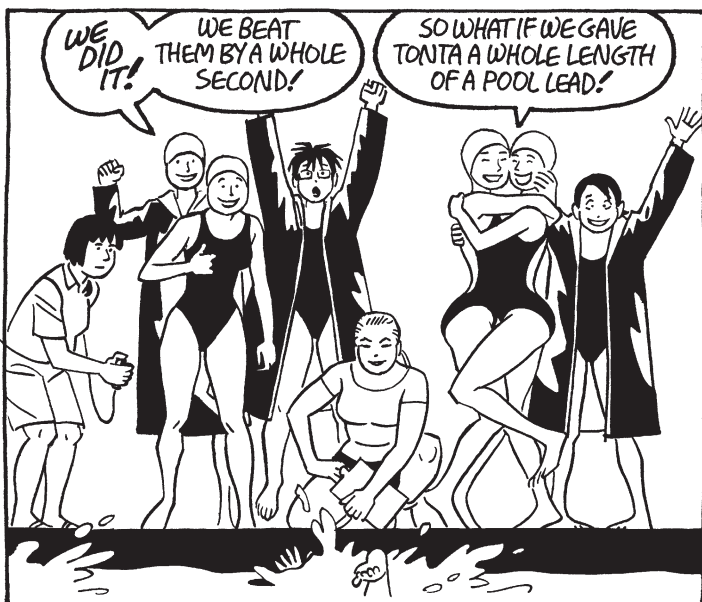
HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING. HE'S WANTED THIS A LONG TIME.

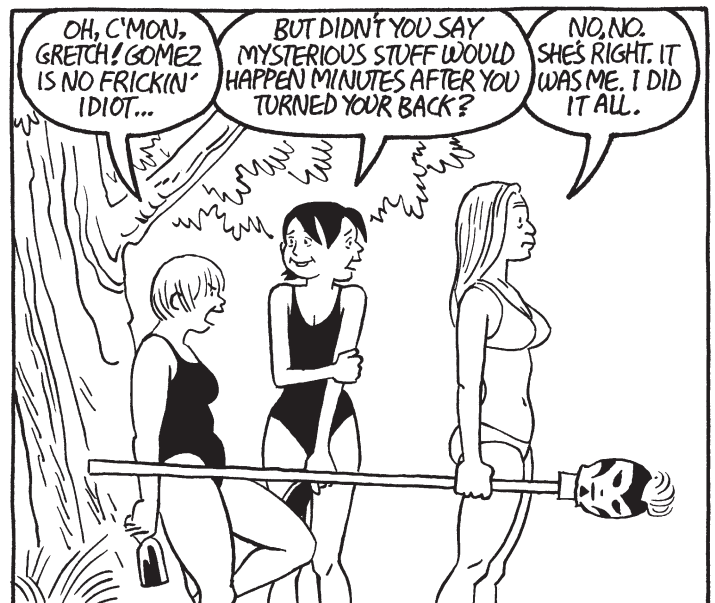
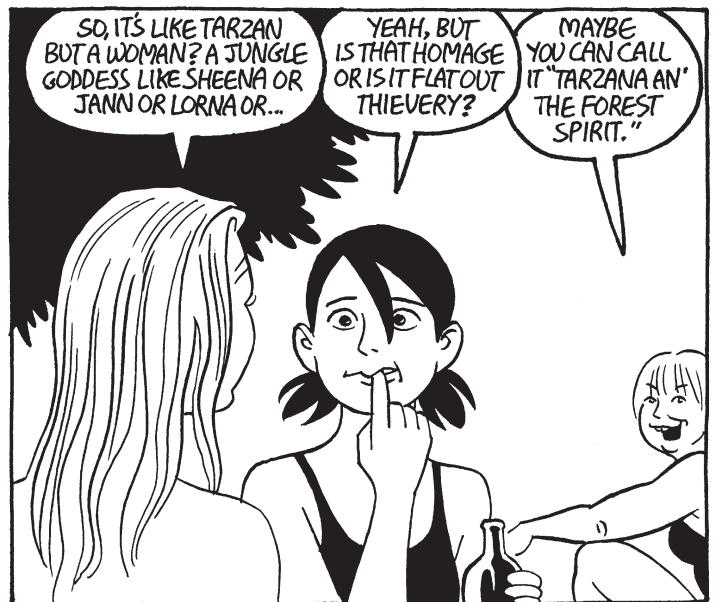
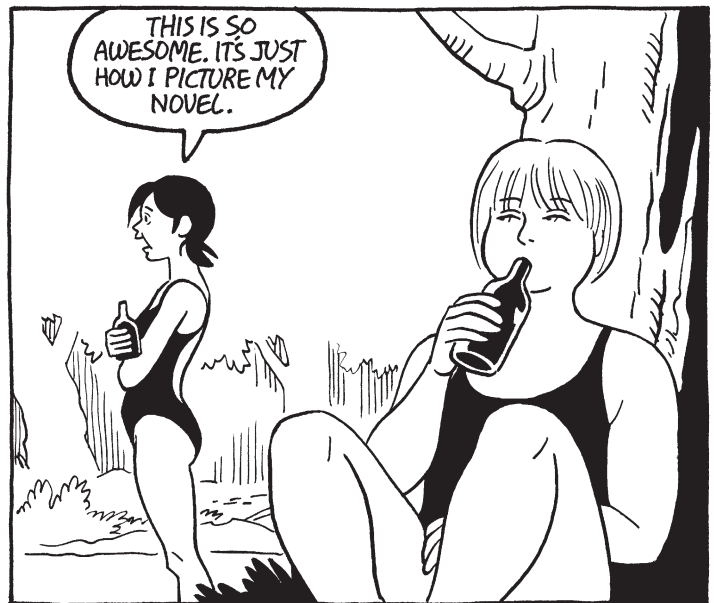
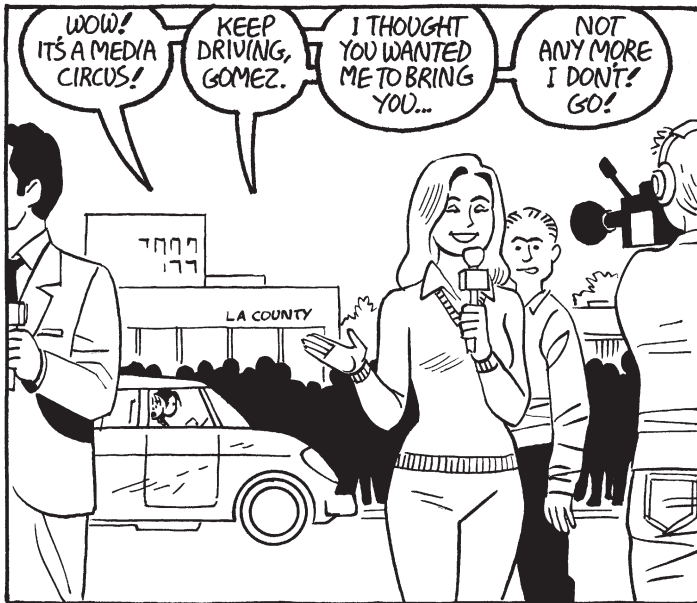
HE'S TRYING TO FRY HIS OWN MOTHER!

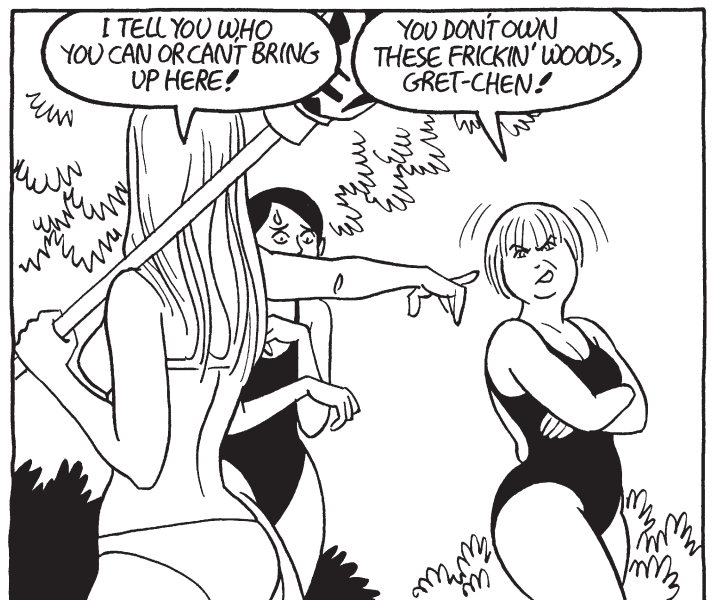
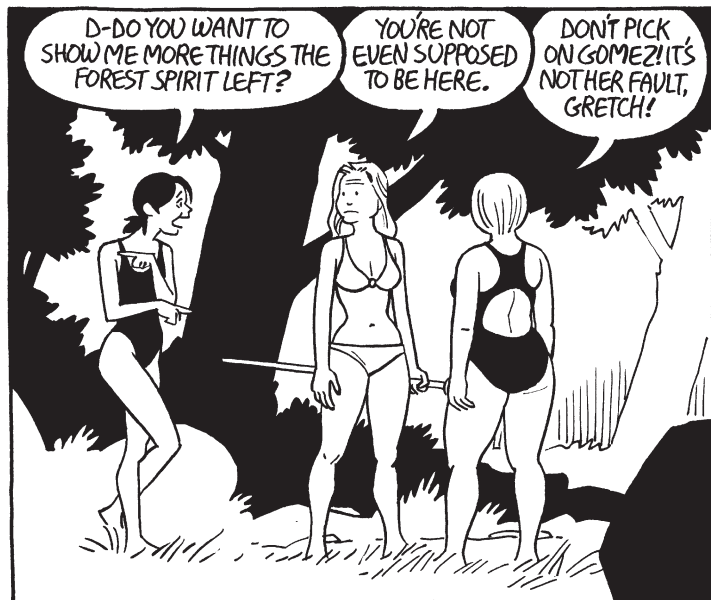
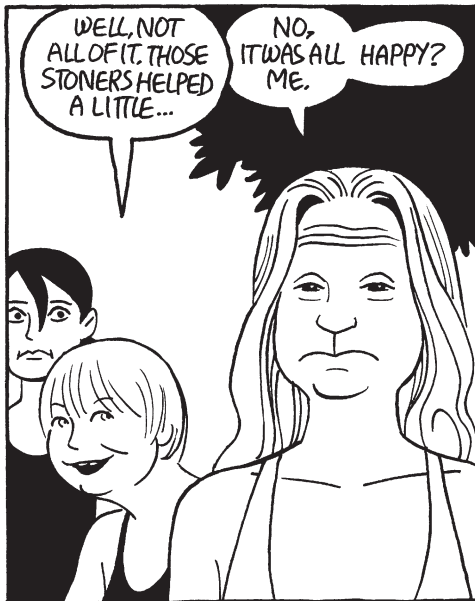
HIS MOTHER! YOUR MOTHER...

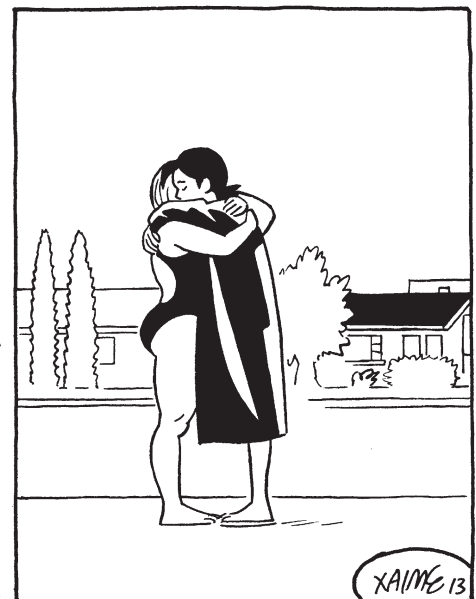
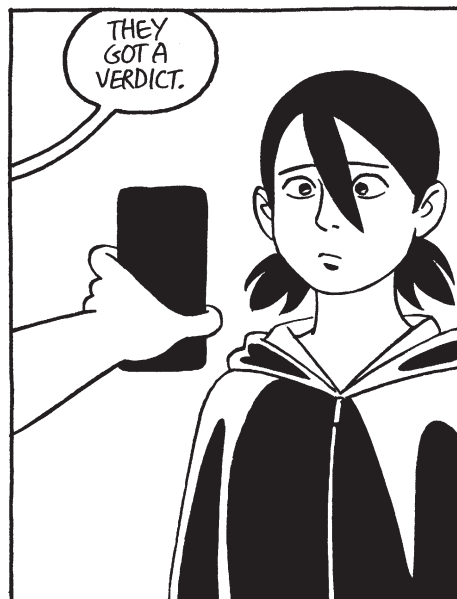
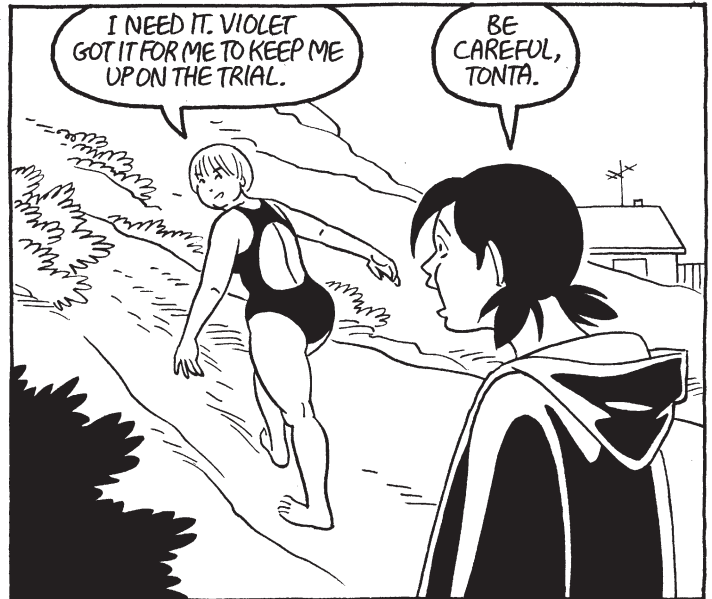
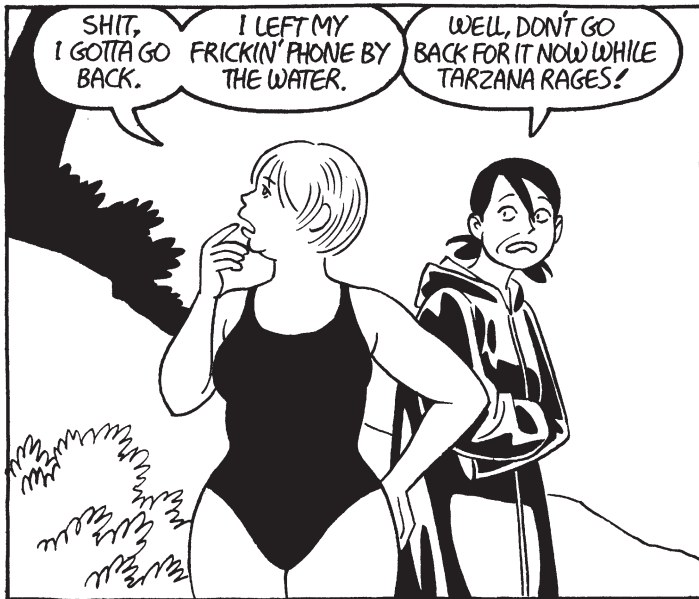
MAYBE SHE'S GUILTY. YOU DON'T KNOW...



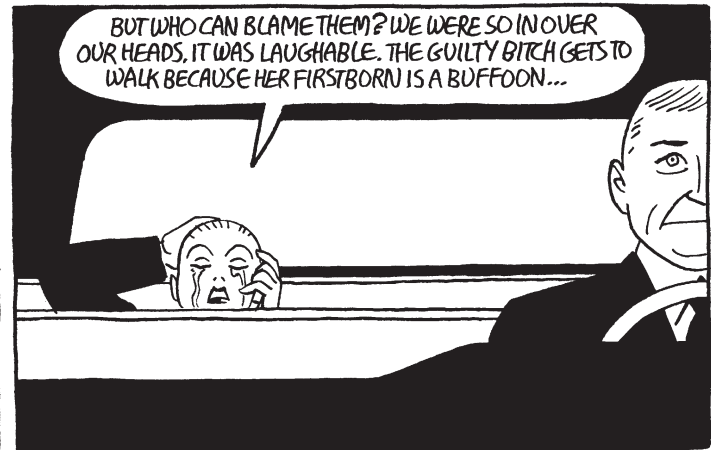
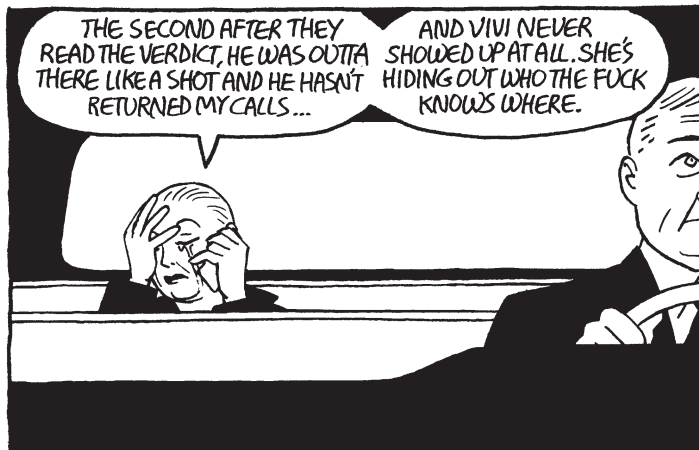
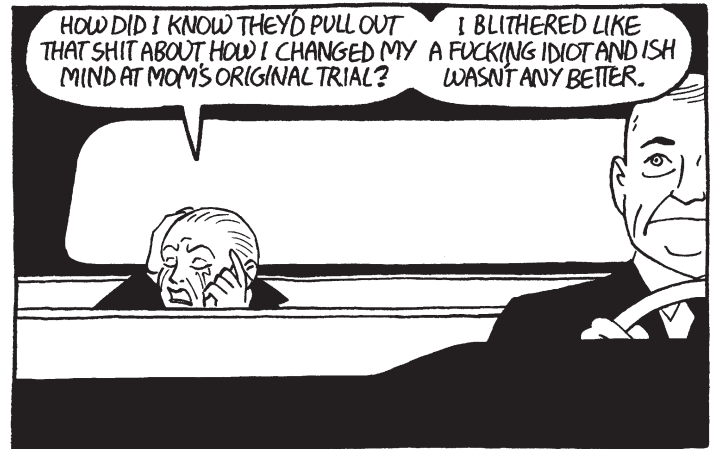
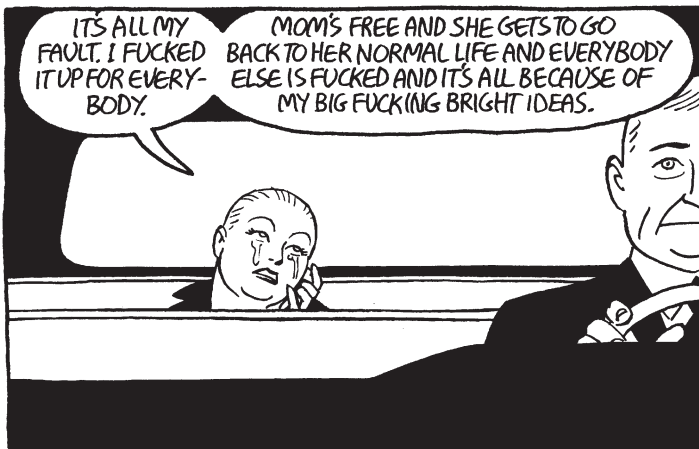


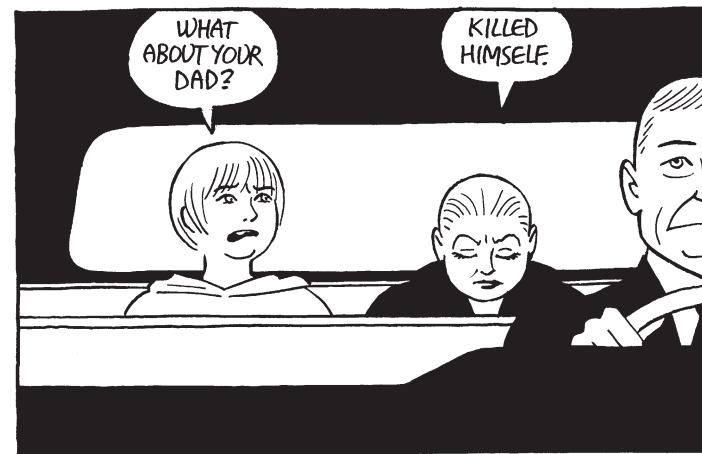
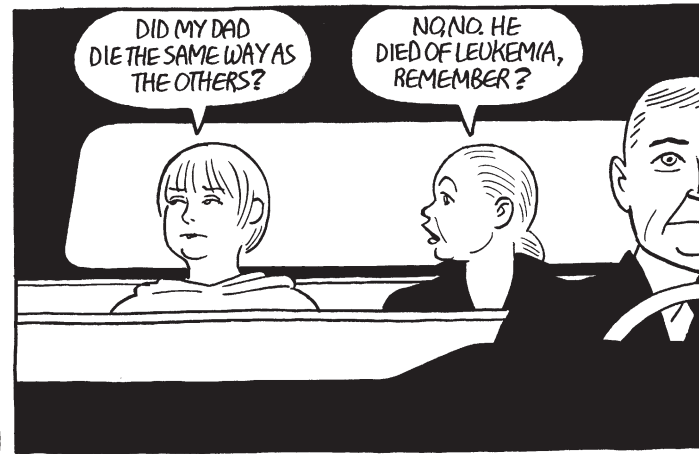
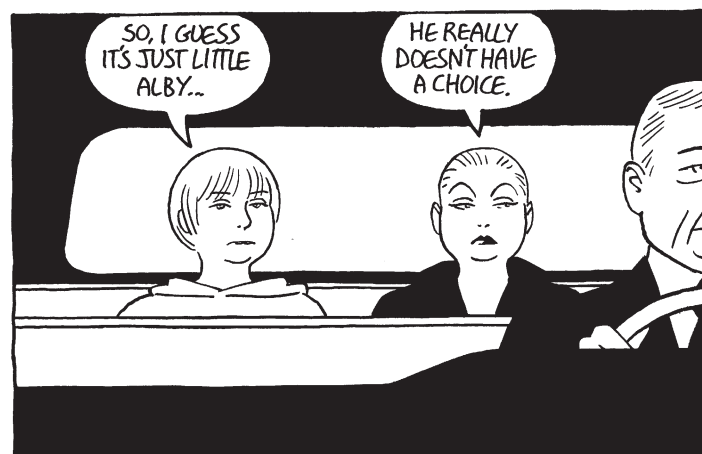
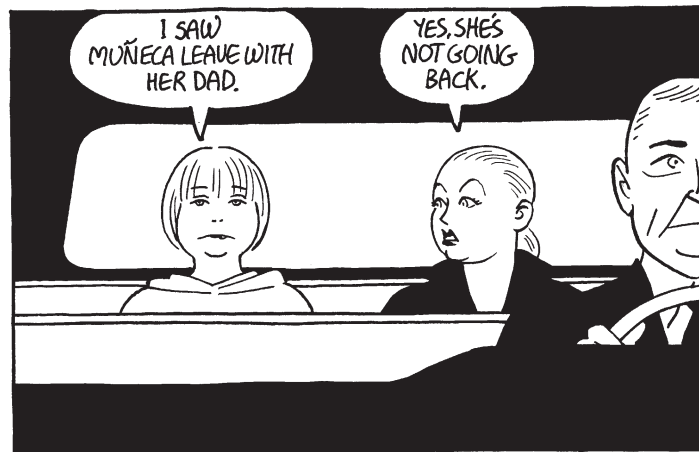
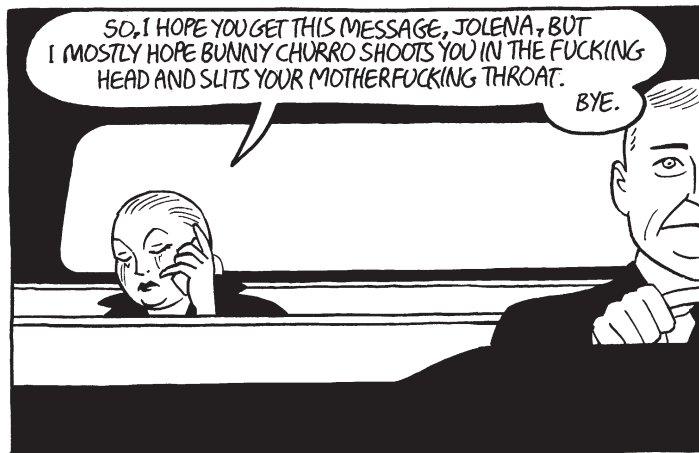




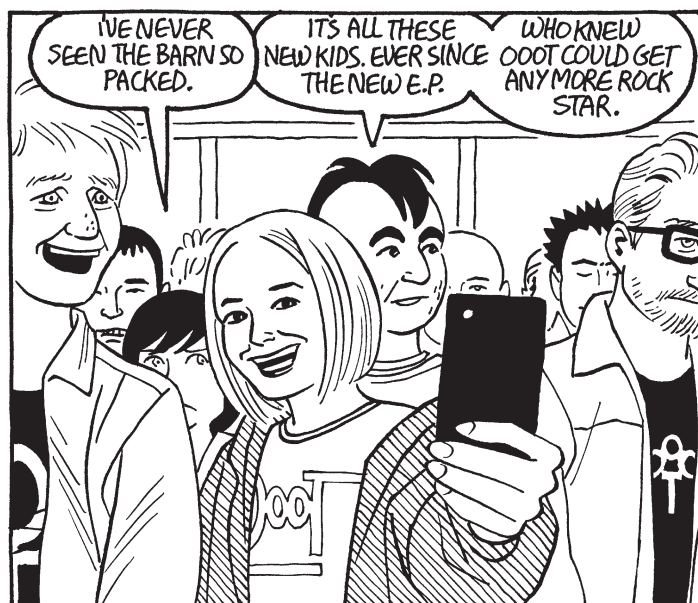
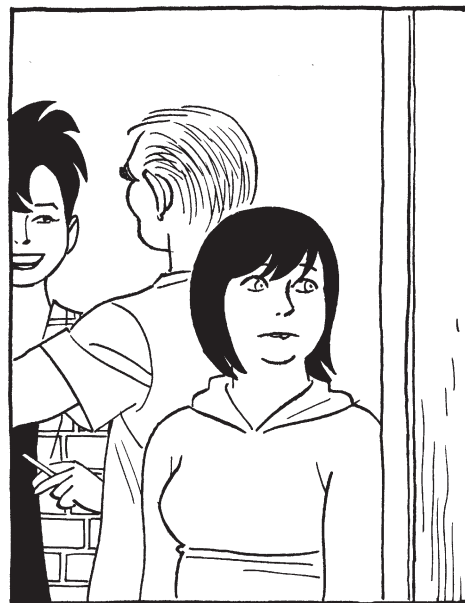
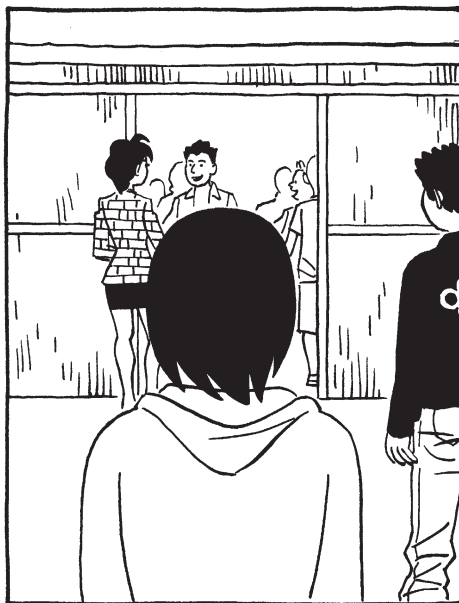


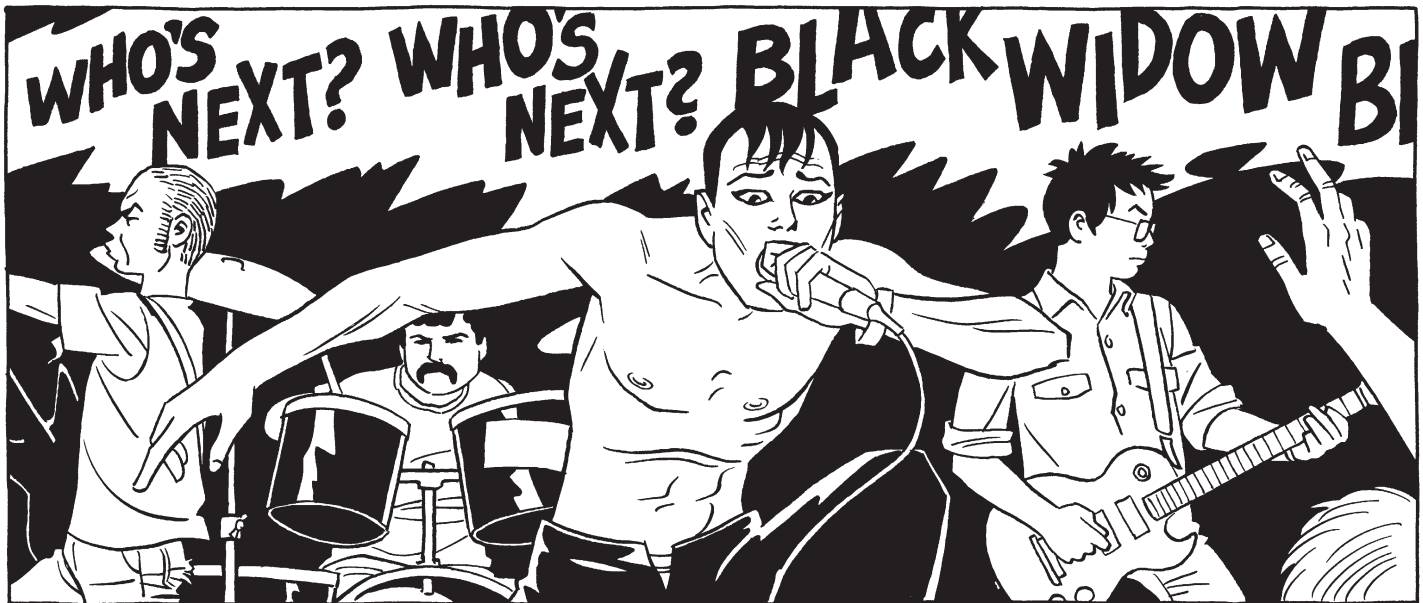
CRIMEN FINAL

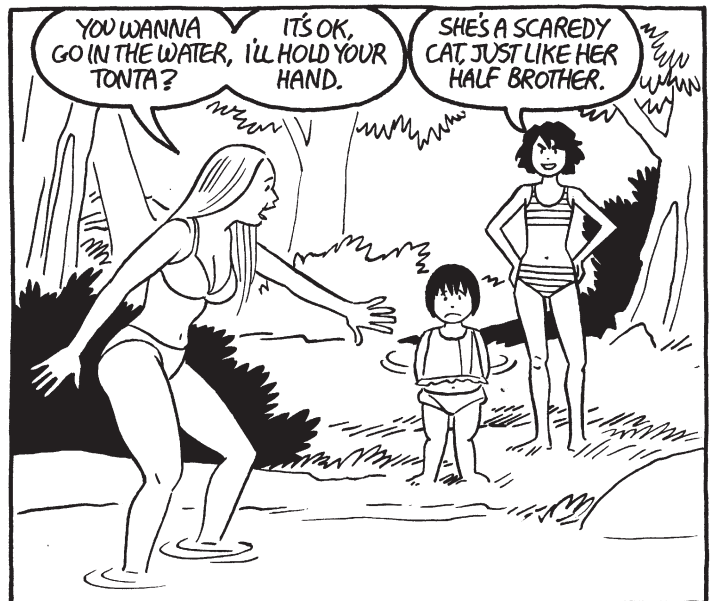




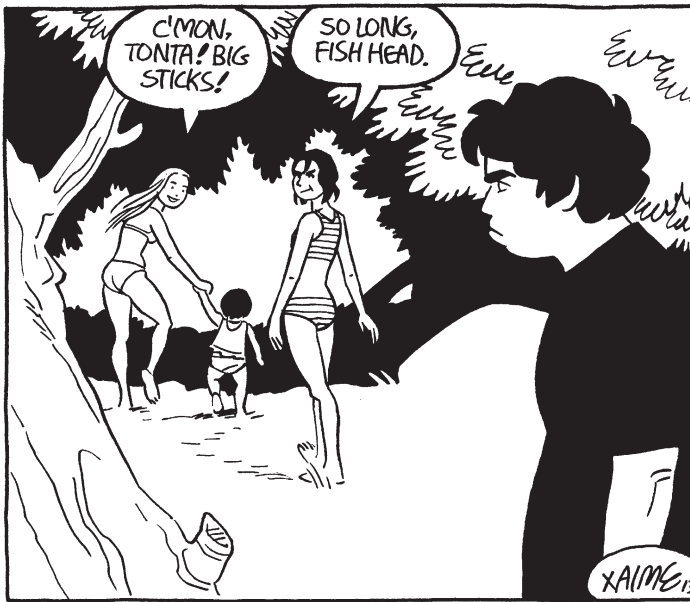
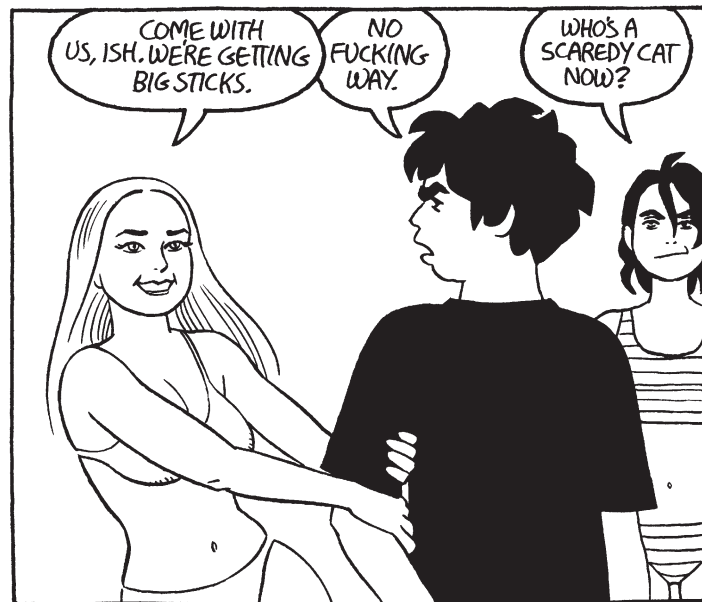
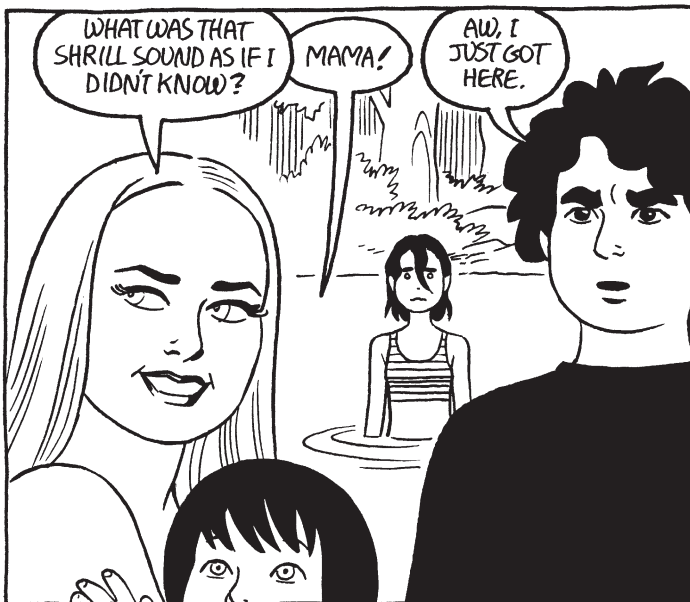
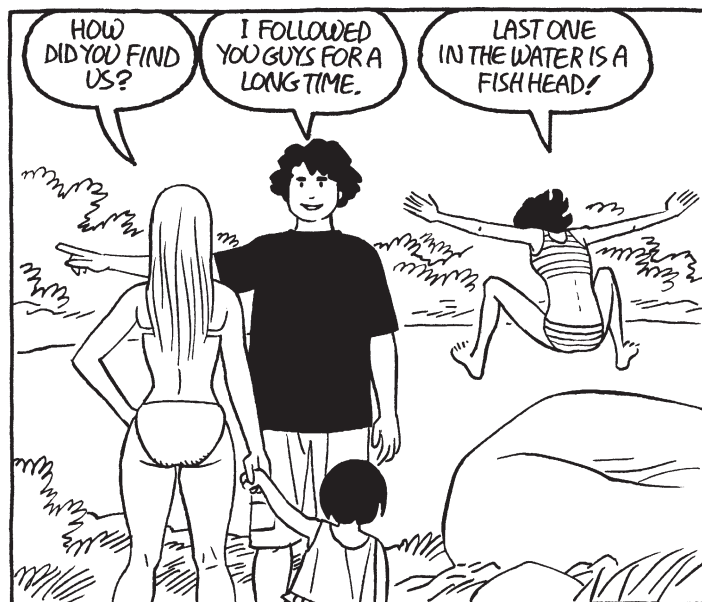
RRRREGRESAMOS..







3.





JAIME HERNANDEZ was one of six siblings born and raised in Oxnard, California. His mother passed down a love of comics, which for Jaime became a passion rivaled only by his interest in the burgeoning punk rock scene of 1970s Southern California. Together with his brothers Gilbert and Mario, Jaime cocreated the ongoing comic book series *Love and Rockets* in 1981, which Gilbert and Jaime continue to this day. Jaime's work began as a perfect (if unlikely) synthesis of the anarchistic, do-it-yourself aesthetic of the punk scene and an elegant cartooning style that recalled masters such as Charles M. Schulz and Alex Toth. *Love and Rockets* has since evolved into one of the great bodies of American literary fiction, spanning four decades and countless high-water marks in the medium's history. In 2016, Hernandez won the prestigious *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize for his graphic novel, *The Love Bunglers*. In 2017, he (along with Gilbert) was inducted into the Will Eisner Comic Book Hall of Fame, and, in 2018, he released his first children's book, the Aesop Book Prize-winning *The Dragon Slayer: Folktales from Latin America*. He lives in Altadena, California, with his wife, Meg.

TORN FROM THE PAGES OF *LOVE AND ROCKETS* comes this stand alone graphic novel that shines a light on the family tree of one of Hernandez's most memorable characters of recent memory, the teenaged Tonta. Though a self-styled loner, Tonta is forced to confront her dysfunctional family history after a weekend of punk rock, lucha libre, and hanging out by the pool with her self-absorbed half-sister, Vivian, is disrupted by a botched burglary that leads to the discovery of long-suppressed family secrets.



"Hernandez's characters are so convincing and his stories so compelling that it's easy to overlook the most economically handsome drawing style in comics."

— *Booklist*