

Written & Illustrated by
Cab

Letters by
Jim Campbell

Designer
Kara Leopard

Assistant Editor
Sophie Philips-Roberts

Editor
Shannon Watters

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consultation on the English translation.



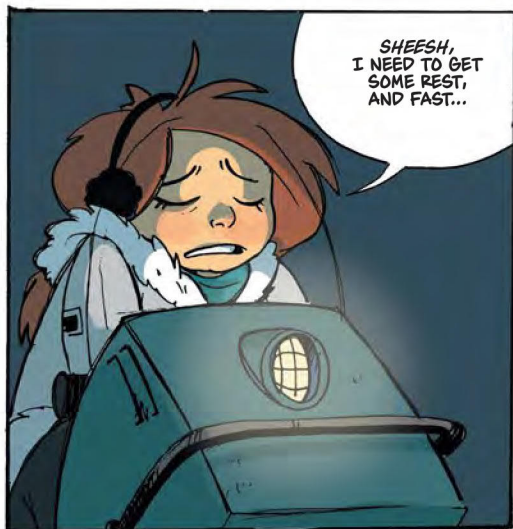


CHAPTER 1

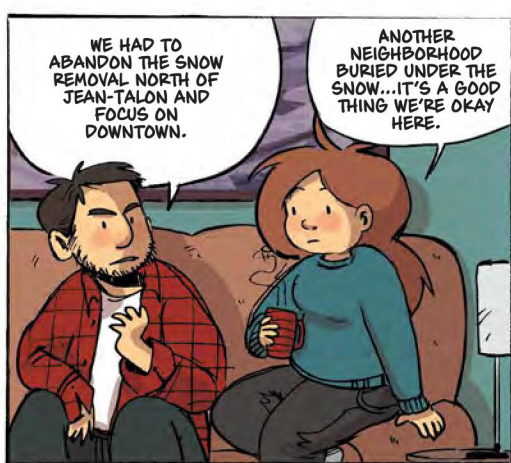
THE ST-JEAN STORM













IT'S JUST LIKE ALL MONTREAL WINTERS. THIS ONE'S JUST LASTING A LITTLE BIT LONGER.

THOSE FOUR MONTHS OF COLD AND ICE AND SLUSH WERE ALREADY BAD ENOUGH!



IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I LIKED SUMMERS HANGING OUT ON TERRACES WITH THE GUYS, GOING OUT TO THE COTTAGE, AND NOT HAVING TO PUT ON FIVE LAYERS EVERY TIME I NEEDED TO RUN TO THE DEPANNEUR!*

*CORNER STORE--ED.

PLUS THE HEATWAVES, THE SMELLY TRASH, THE PUBLIC POOLS--



FLAVIE, YOU WERE A PATHETIC HOMEBODY IN UNIVERSITY TOO...NO WONDER YOU LIKE THIS LOUSY ENDLESS WINTER. YOU CAN JUST KNIT LIKE A LONELY OLD WOMAN EVERY SINGLE NIGHT.



Y-YEAH, WELL, I'D HATE TO MISS OUT ON HAVING A COLD ONE ON THE ST-SULPICE TERRACE WITH A BUNCH OF OBNOXIOUS JERKS GETTING BLACKOUT WASTED EVERY NIGHT!

WHATEVER, GERTRUDE.



EAT DIRT!

HABA, LATER!



LAZY WAD, DIDN'T EVEN DO THE DISHES...
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE



AW CRAP!

MY SKI-DOO!

