

"It's the Great Filipino Novel, with chickens." - Adam David, *Philippines Free Press*

# ELMER

a comic book

**ELMER**

Gerry Alanguilan

THINGS  
MER GALLO

rd Flu that left people farting left and right  
what have we learned? We learned not to  
it. STUPID. Look, ho  
this earth? One million  
ime you still haven't p  
es?

or what, 8 years and I k  
re shooting. And oh boy  
shot and were never ever  
tions. And what happene  
ken deaths at 4-35 millio  
LLION. I seriously doub  
e enough to show a lot of  
ve done. And that's just a  
odd, don't old a hub



\* March 20, 1990

missed you,  
me since I  
I almost fe  
hadn't bee



ure of it. they  
but we're still chickens with some

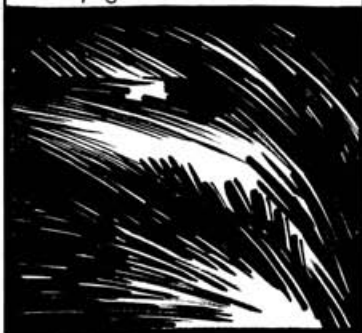
Komikero  
Publishing

Gerry Alanguilan

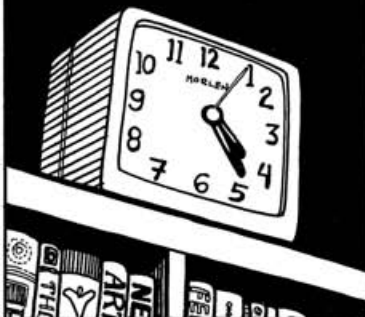
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OCTOBER 6, 2003.

I woke up at 4:30 am. I had been dreaming. I remember being chased. People with knives. A forest and a sea full of hidden, dangerous creatures. It was terrifying.



I HATE waking up so early. It's still so dark that it makes me feel like everybody's still asleep except me.



My interview wasn't until 9:00 am, but I couldn't sleep anymore.

I sat down to write my dream, but I've forgotten most of it. I used to get a lot of my great ideas from dreams. Some of them, I'm sure, would make great movies.



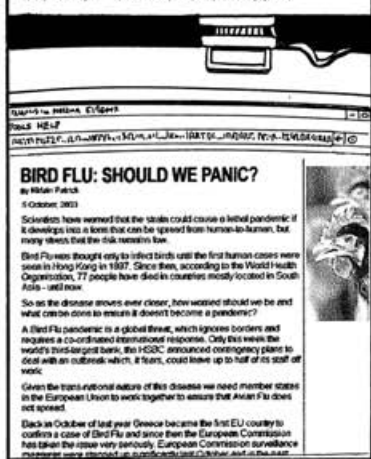
Speaking of movies, I really should call my brother. But it's hard to get in touch with him sometimes. It's hard to convince HIS IDIOT PEOPLE THAT I'M NOT SOME GOD DAMNED FAN.



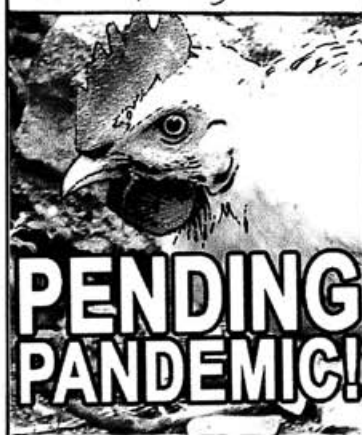
AND IT'S HARD TO CONVINCE HIM THAT IT'S NOT JUST GOD DAMNED MONEY I WANT. JEEZ! CAN'T A BROTHER JUST CALL?!



I checked some email and surfed a little bit. I read some news.



But I didn't read them too much because they were just too damned depressing.



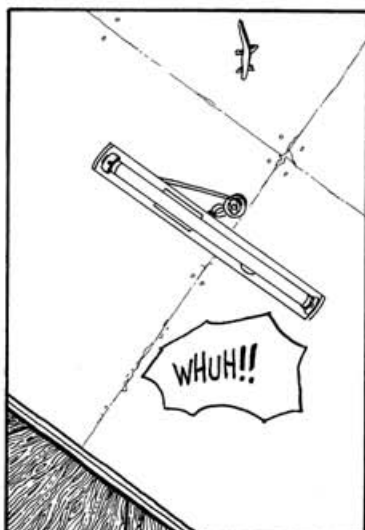
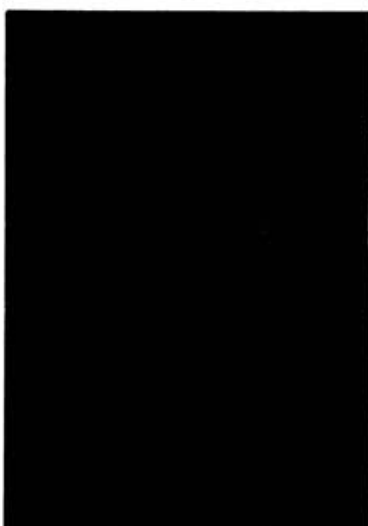
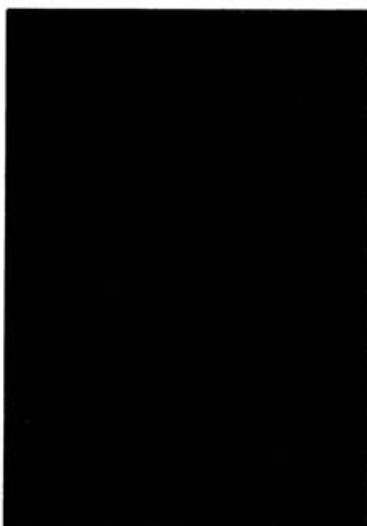
Smur surfed instead. Much to my amazement, I discovered that little child star ANNA ROSIE has now grown up to be a bonafide BOLDIE!!



OH my GOD! she has REALLY grown. And I do mean GROWN. Lordy! God have mercy!



oh man, I used to have such a CRUSH on her. She was so CUTE! And now she's... And you can see her...









How about **THAT** guy? Acting like he's **BUSY!** I can do **THAT!**



**THAT** guy! Making **COFFEE!** **BAD** coffee, by the smell of it! I can do **THAT!**



**SKILLS.** Tss!! **SKILLS**, my **ASS!** Hey... hey wait a **MINUTE!** Where are the chickens? There are no chickens in this office!



THERE ARE NO **FUCKING CHICK-ENS** IN THIS OFFICE!! NOT ONE **CHICKEN!!!** THIS IS **EQUAL OPPORTUNITY?** **THIS?!!** HAH!



**EQUAL OPPORTUNITY** MY **PINK PLUCKED FLABBY SCABBY ASS!!**



Mr. Gallo, I'm afraid I would have to ask you to **LEAVE.**



YOU **BET** I'M GOING TO **LEAVE!** YOU **BET!** THIS PLACE MAKES ME **SICK!** THIS PLACE MAKES ME **WANNA PUKE!**



THIS OFFICE IS **RACIST! RACIST!** YOU'RE ALL **RACISTS!!!**



I'LL WORK FOR THIS **GOD DAMNED RACIST** **EQUAL OPPORTUNITY** MY **SORRY ASS** OFFICE OVER MY **DEAD -\***



HONESTLY, if it wasn't for my sister MAY, I'd never even think of going to CITY HOSPITAL. Two years wiping the asses of the tall and lankies, I don't know how she stands it. Damned pasty faced doctors, smelling of lilac and alcohol...I can't trust any of them. Naturally, May chewed me out.



Seriously, Jake. You have got to stop being so angry all the time. Stop being so self-destructive.



BLAH. BLAH. BLAH. I thought of ANNA ROSIE instead.

There is this doctor I know. He is a friend. You can talk to him, maybe figure out what is wrong. Maybe work things out.



Uh-huh. Yah. OK.

Damn that Anna Rosie.  
She HOT.

Do not worry. He is a chicken, if that is what you are wondering. We really should not make distinctions like that anymore.



Yahp. Got it.

oh momma  
hurt me!



OW! What the FUCK?!

Do not swear.  
It will hurt if you keep  
flapping about. Settle  
down.

But that's PAINFUL!!



Will you stop being such a chick,  
Jake?! And pay attention!! Do not  
think I do not notice when you  
zone out. Listen, this is important!



It is not like how it was during dad's  
day anymore. Things have changed.  
Everyone is the same now. You  
are the only one and a few other  
freaks out there who think we  
are not.

yeah, well, whatever.



I don't know what kind of cloud cuckoo land my sister is living in, but  
"Everyone is the same" in THIS world is a whole load of mancrap!



They'll NEVER treat us the same.  
Never BE equals. To them, we'll al-  
ways be jumpy paranoid little animals  
they used to eat.

Some of them still do. The bastards.



May told me to move on, and that eve-  
rybody has, and that I should too.  
Move on? The PEOPLE who ganged up  
on me sure moved on rather fast  
behind my back to kick my ASS.



Tell mom to move on from being crazy. Tell DAD. Like many of the old folk,  
they're literally OFF their rockers. UNHINGED. WHACKOS.

Tell THEM to fucking move on.



OCTOBER 15, 2003

It was a really bad day today. I woke up very early. The phone woke me up.



I really hate it when the phone rings late at night or very early in the morning because you know... You just know in your gut it's gonna be **BAD NEWS**.



It was May. She says dad had a **STROKE**. I had to go home. To our **OLD** home.



He had been sick and weak for a while, but I never expected this could ever happen to him.



Freddie called from the set of his new film 'CHICK-BOY' or whatever. They're closing production till he gets back. They haven't got any choice. He's the **STAR**.



We're **ALL** going HOME.



I can still remember being a kid...mom chasing us around the house...telling us to watch out for when dad comes home. They're growing old so fast. Faster than I realized.



They're **REALLY** old. Like **25 YEARS**. My **GOD**. That's really old for us. In the old days we would have been lucky to last past **10**.



I packed my stuff, left my cactus **BILLY** with the neighbors, and got a taxi to the bus station.



It takes four hours just to get back home from the city. I used to take this bus when I was younger, when I was out in the big city on my own all those years ago.



As a kid, I always thought that mom and dad would be around forever, you know?



Now that I'm older, I admit I still kind of feel that way.



I still feel that whenever I'd go home, they will always be there.



Mom would always have our favorite roast duck for dinner. Oh man I tell you. Nobody, as in **NOBODY** can cook roast duck better than mom.



I miss that duck.



I miss mom.

Dad would be at his favorite chair with his stack of newspapers, having coffee and toast, laughing or ranting about what this or that politician has done now.



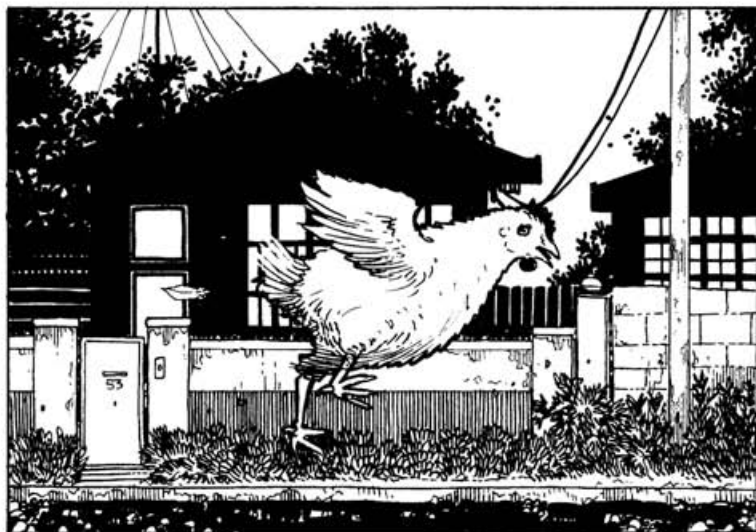
I really miss them.



I miss dad.

I don't want to miss the "episodes", but I can't help but remember. Those are things that I just can't ever forget. The first time it happened with mom, I was very young. I didn't understand what was going on.





Come quickly doctor! Something's wrong with my mom!



AK AK  
AK AK  
AKAK!

May and Freddie couldn't stop crying. I wanted to cry too, but I couldn't.



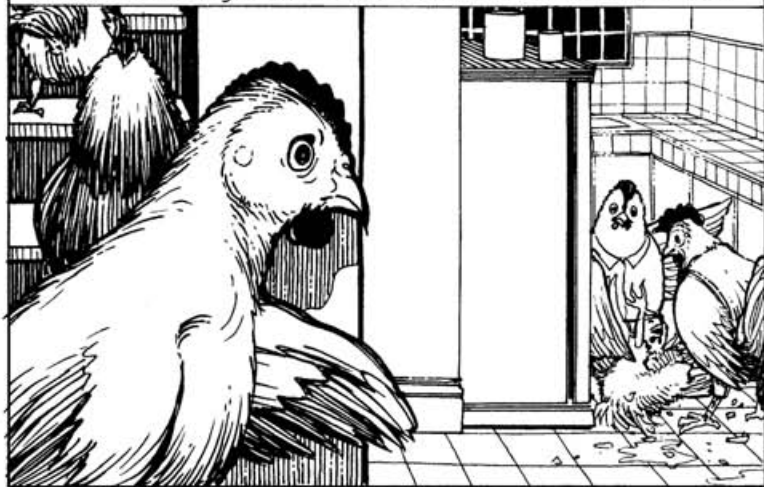
IK!  
IK!  
IK!

IK!  
IK!  
IK!

Thank you, son. Let me and the doctor take care of your mom now. You take your brother and sister upstairs.



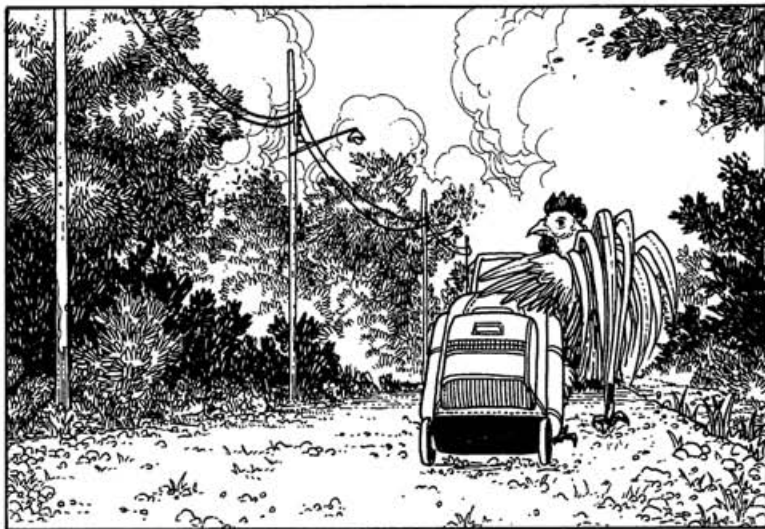
"You have to be strong for them, Jake." That's what dad said. And so I did.





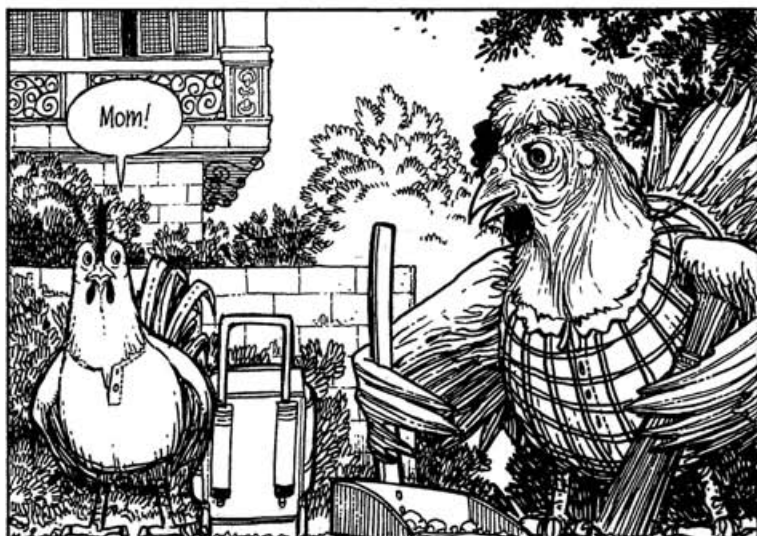
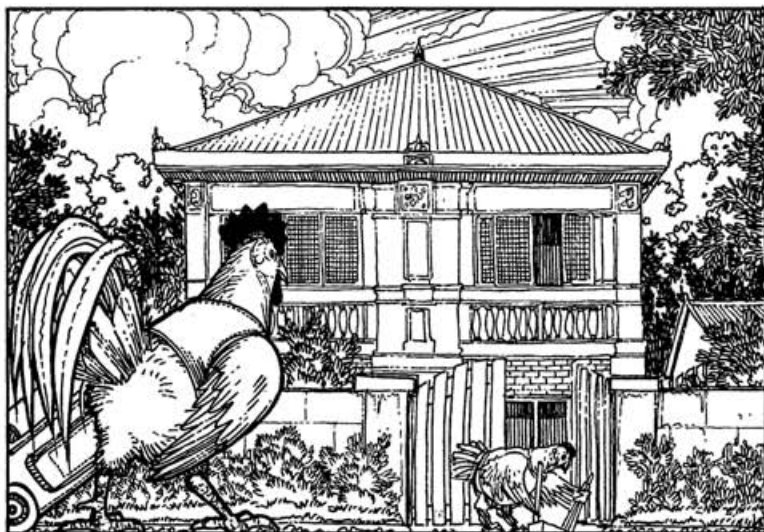


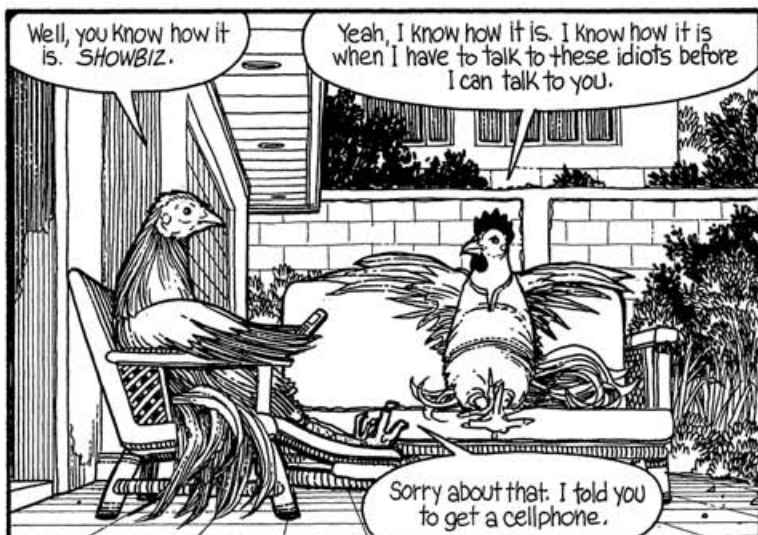










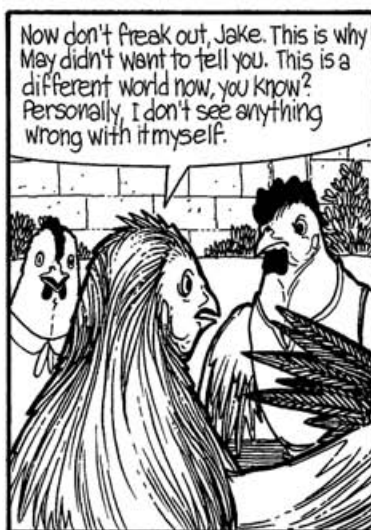




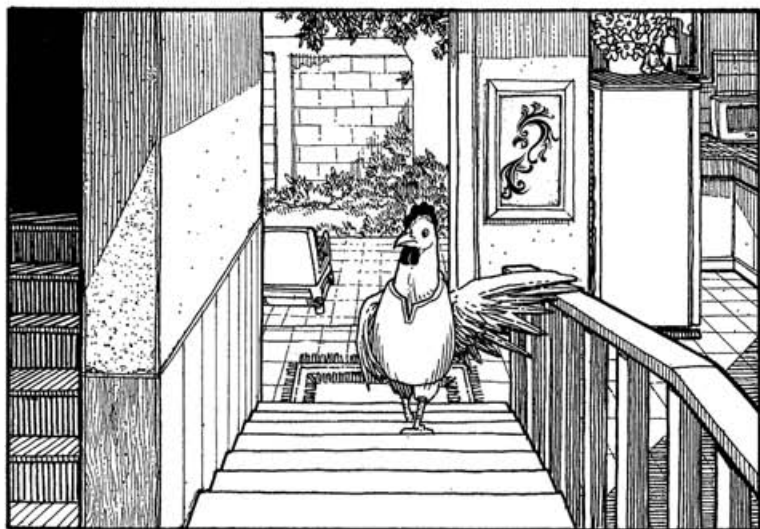


















"You know Jake, no matter how bad life gets, no matter how sometimes things seem to turn on you and make it seem like there's no longer any hope..."

"Don't forget that you always have *THIS* to look forward to at the end of every single day. Look at it, Jake."

"Right there is peace. And freedom. And there's nothing in this world that can touch it."

