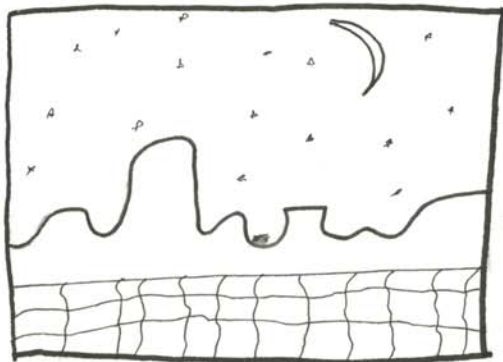
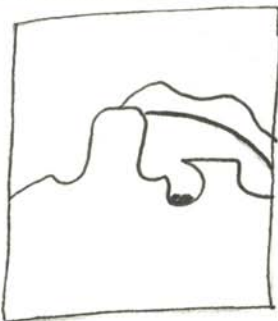
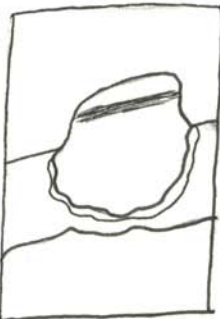
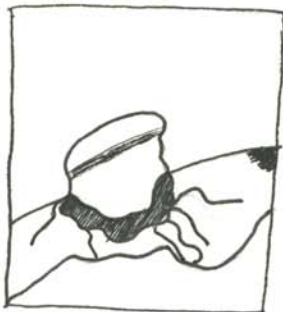
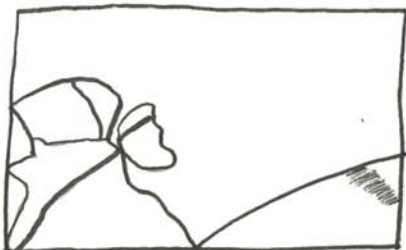
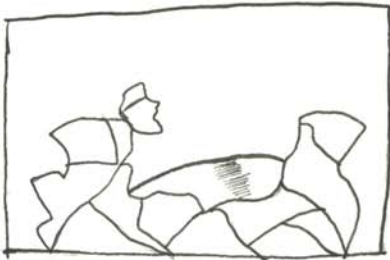
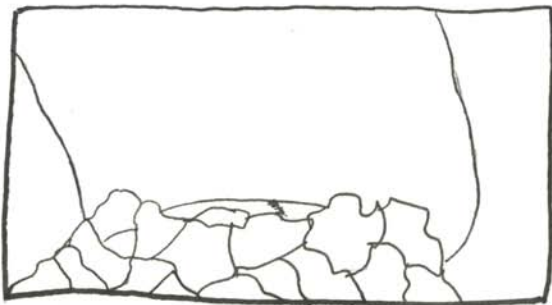
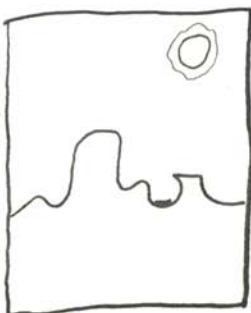
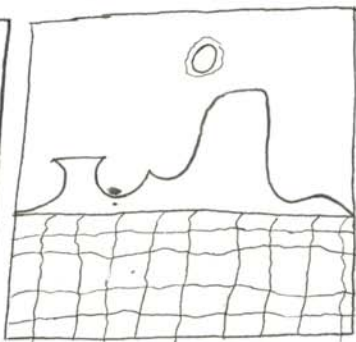
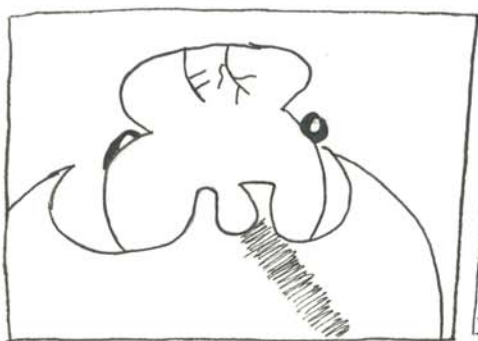


"The Pingue only grows about 1 foot high at best, but its yellow-rayed flowers make up for any defect in stature it may possess."

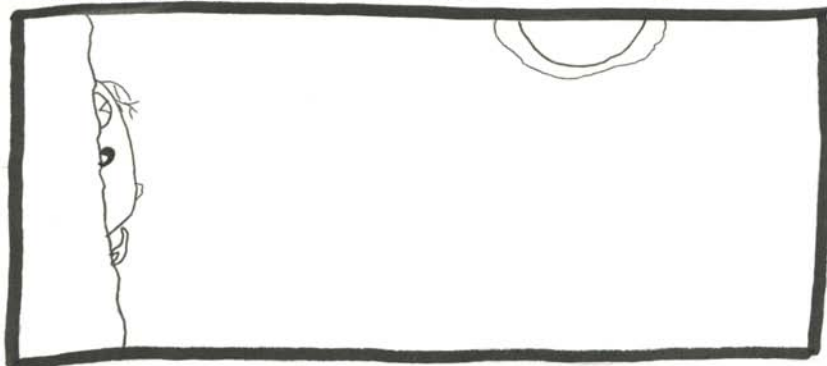


PINGUE?

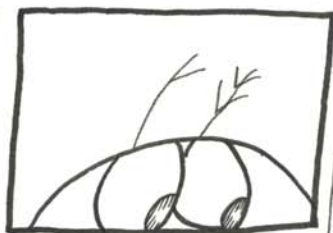
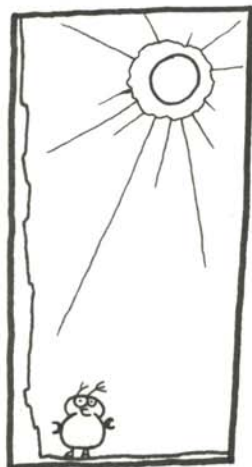




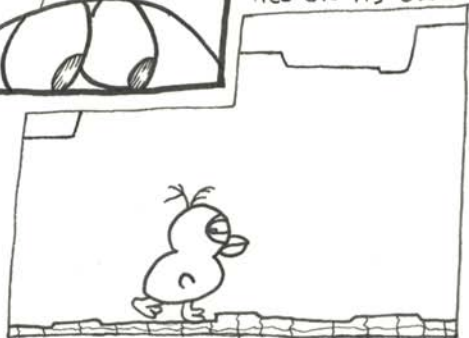
THE PINGUE GROWS ONLY ABOUT ONE FOOT HIGH AT BEST.



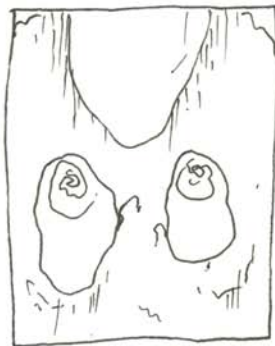
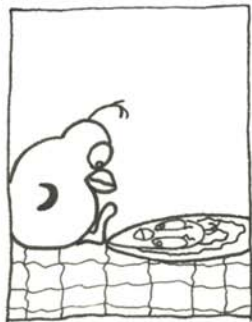
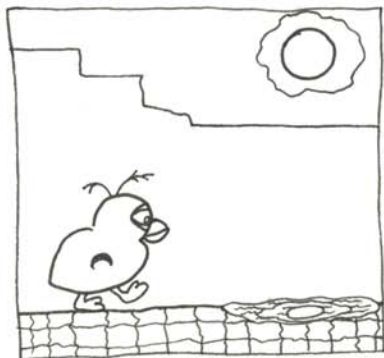
THE PINGUE HAS TO LEARN TO SURVIVE



ALL ON ITS OWN



BUT THE PINGUE YEARNs FOR SOMETHING MORE.

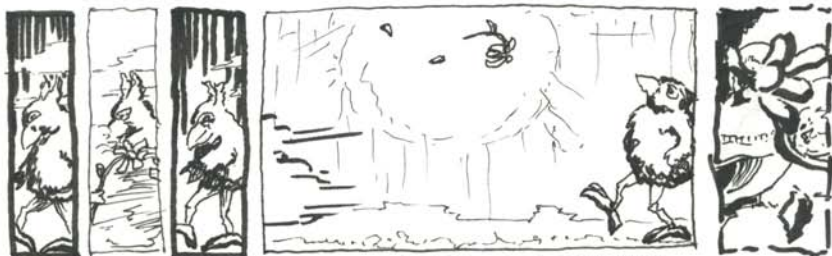


PINGUE?

A FABLE BY:

JEFF BENHAM, PAUL PLUNKETT, ANNIE GIANNINI + VANESSA ABBOTT

SPECIAL THANKS TO: ELIZABETH WILKINSON + TRUE BELIEVERS COMICS

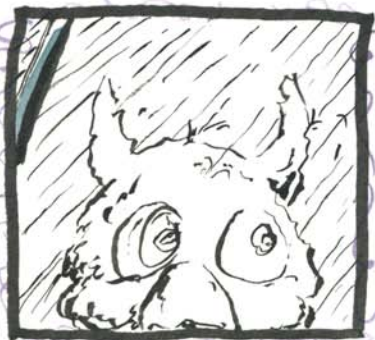


MORE THAN JUST FOOD. MORE THAN JUST SURVIVAL.



THE PINGUE WANTS MORE.





SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL AND PERFECT IS OUT THERE.



BUT WANTING AND GETTING ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.



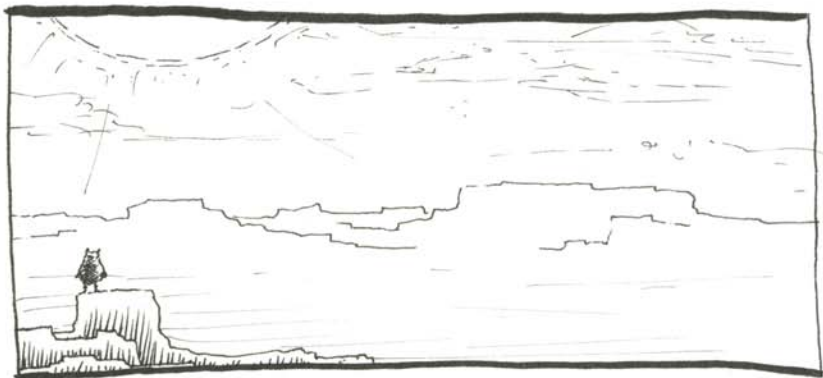
IN THE MEANTIME,

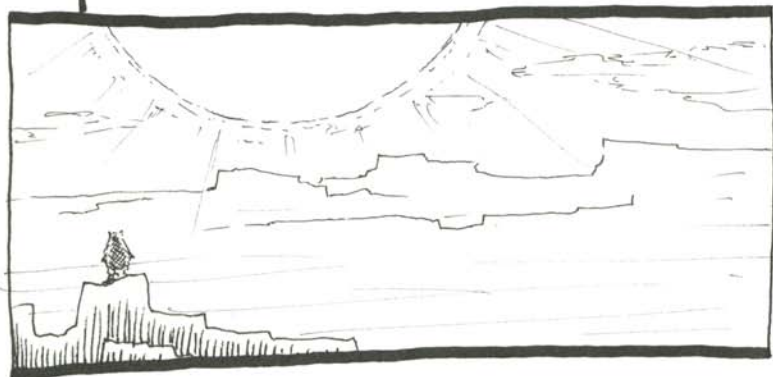


IT'S IMPORTANT TO EAT.

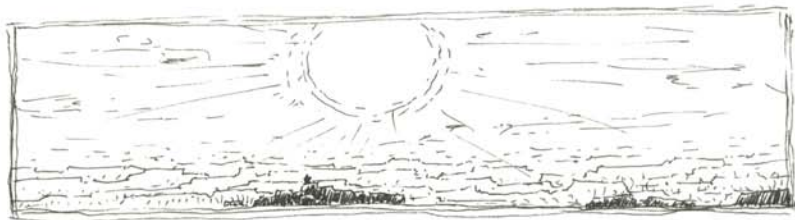


MAYBE WHAT THE PINGUE IS LOOKING FOR IS OVER THAT NEXT RIDGE.

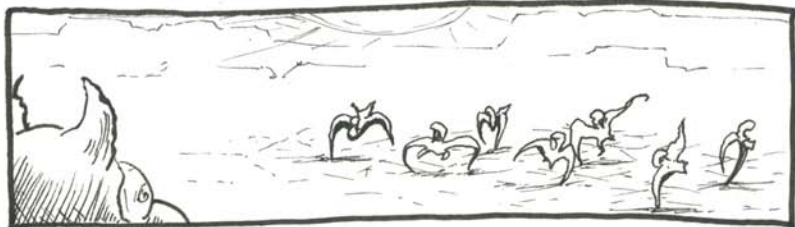




MAYBE NOT.



HE SEES HIS WORLD GET BIGGER AND BIGGER.



HE SEES THE VORPES CAVORTING ON THE DRY SALT BED.



HE SEES THE FLENDERBONS RACING EACH OTHER ACROSS THE BASIN.



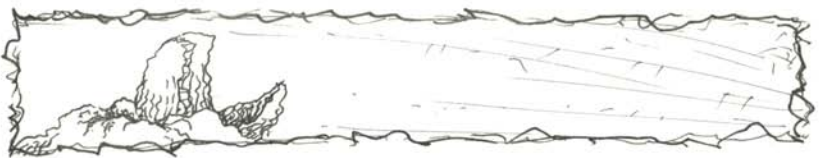
HE SEES THE LOORGS SINGING TOGETHER IN HARMONY ABOVE.



HE DOESN'T SEE ANOTHER PINGUE.



IT'S WHAT HE DOESN'T SEE THAT TELLS HIM WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR.





HE WONDERES WHAT
ANOTHER
PINGUE
LOOKS LIKE.



HIS COMPANION
WILL SURELY
BE
BEAUTIFUL





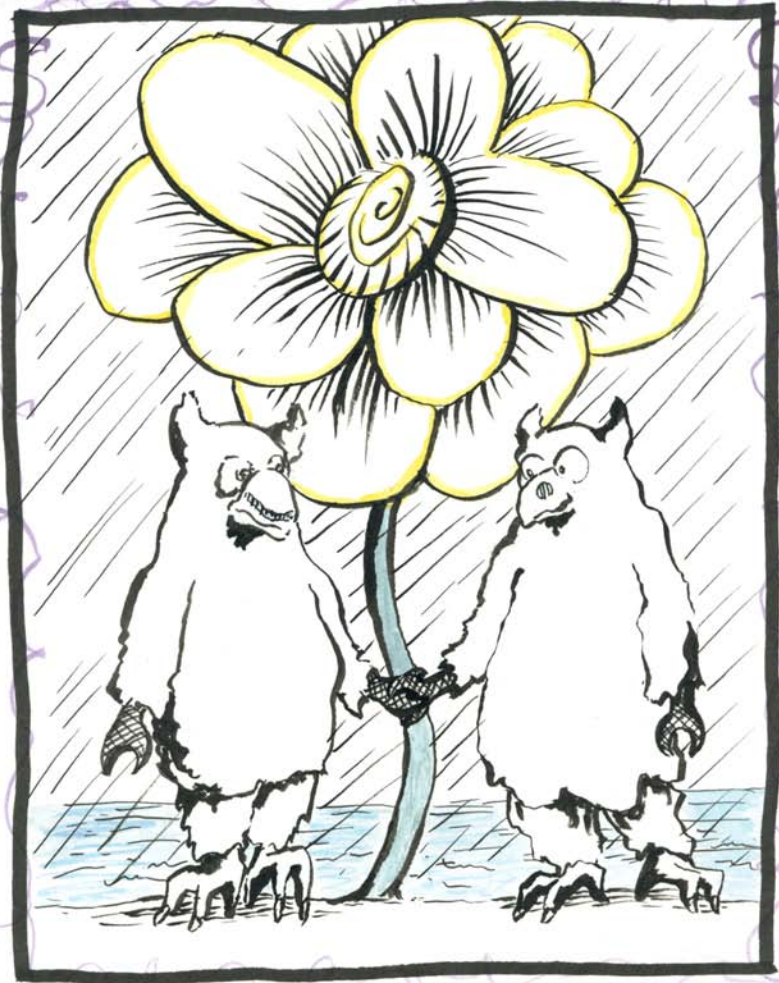
HIS COMPANION WILL SURELY BE KIND.



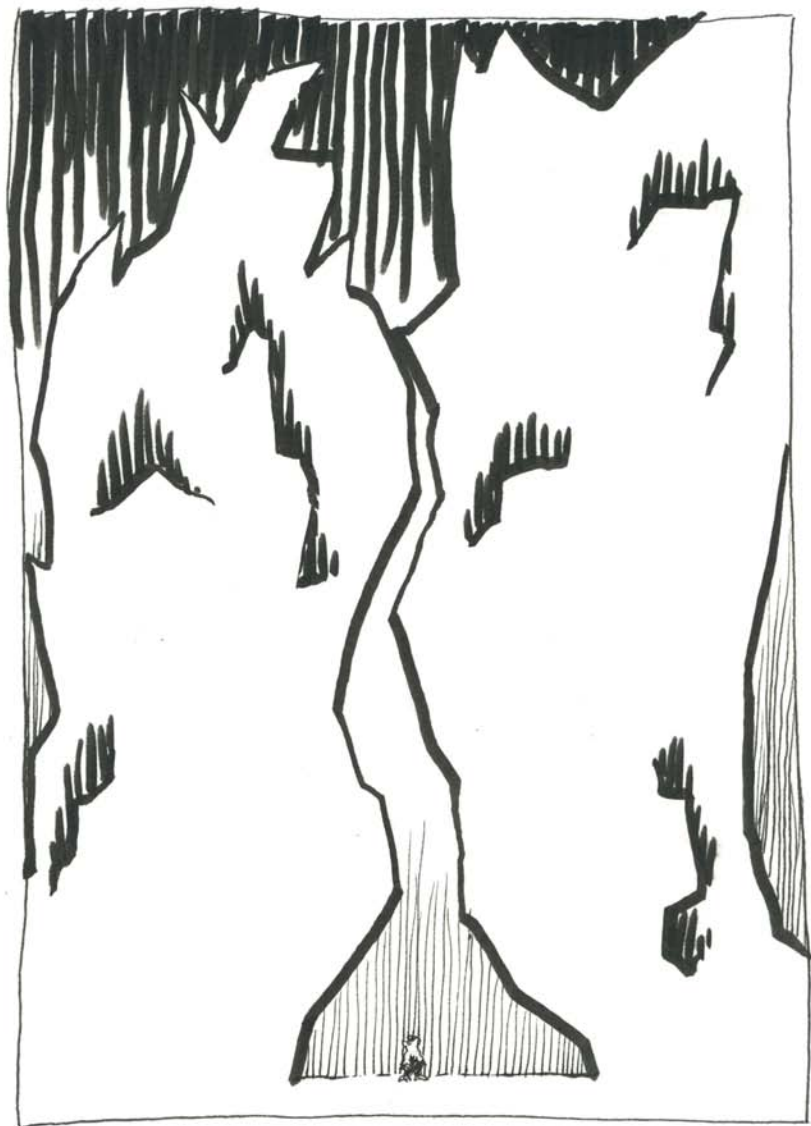
HIS COMPANION WILL SURELY BE PERFECT.



THEY WILL SURELY BE HAPPY.



SURELY.



THERE ARE NO PINGUES IN THE HIGH ROCKS.



OR IN THE DRY THORNS.



OR IN THE DARK CAVE.



OR HIDING IN THE BRUSH.



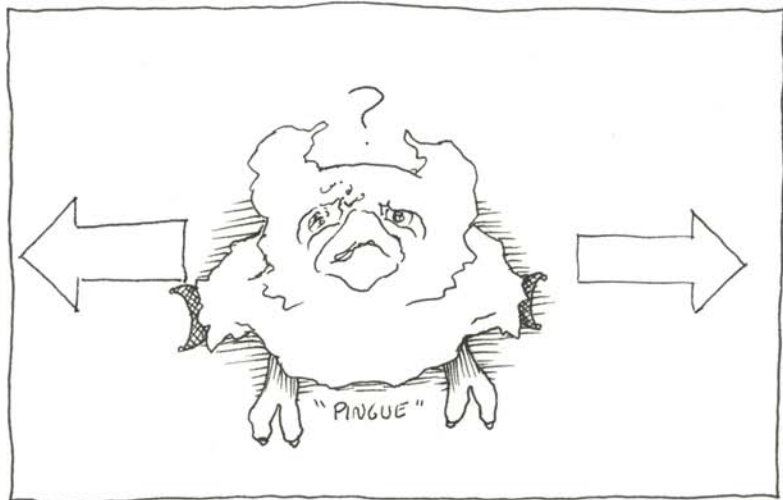
THERE ARE NO PINGUES.



IF HE WERE A PINGUE



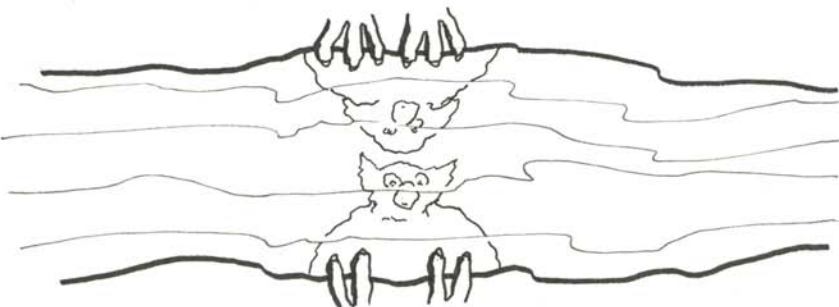
(WHICH HE IS),



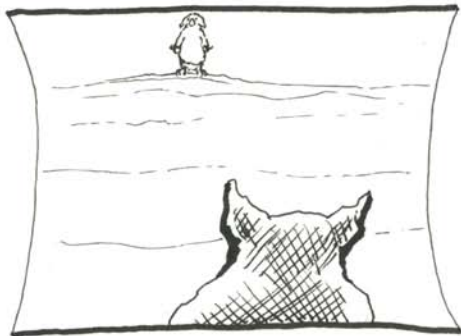
WHERE WOULD HE GO?



A THIRSTY PINGUE CAN'T KEEP SEARCHING.

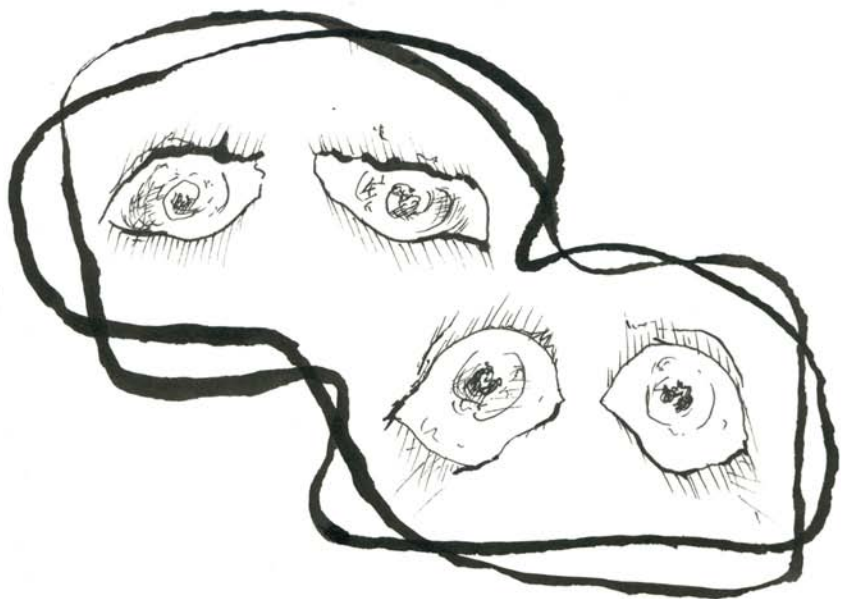


THERE.

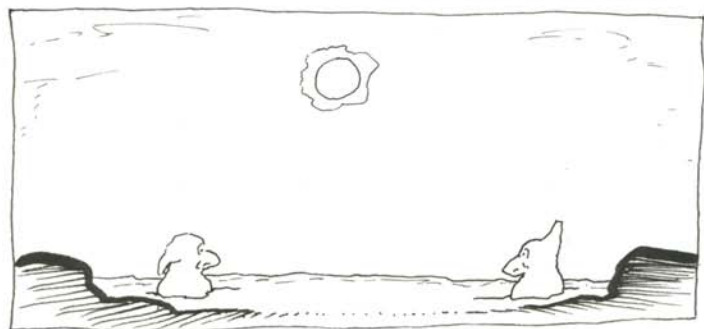


THE ONE.

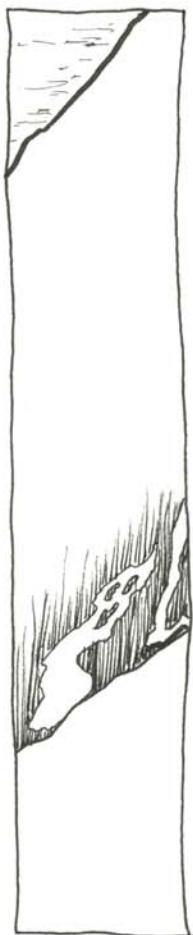
IT JUST TAKES A HEARTBEAT FOR THEM BOTH TO KNOW.



THE SEARCH IS OVER.



TOGETHER THEY WILL SHARE EVERYTHING.



OR KIND



OR PERFECT AS THE
PINGUE
HAD
IMAGINED.

THE COMPANION ISN'T QUITE AS BEAUTIFUL

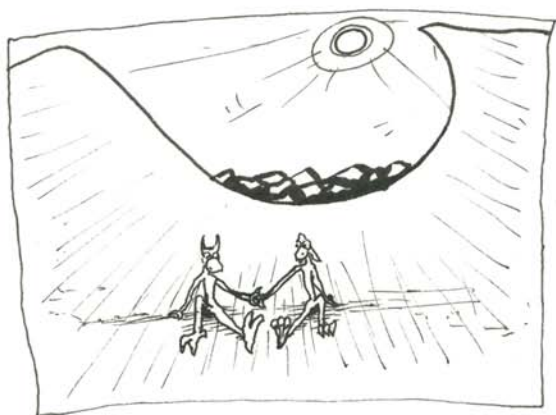


THE PINGUE ISN'T WHAT THE

COMPANION HAD IMAGINED, EITHER.



BUT TOGETHER THEY'LL STAY.



BECAUSE THAT IS THE WAY IT IS FOR PINGUES.

