

Thirteen years later.

I MUST CONFESS,
MR. SCHWARZ...

...I'VE NEVER QUITE SEEN
THIS SIDE OF HER.

Lulu

chapter one

by John Linton
Roberson
based on the plays of Frank
Wedekind

SHE WASN'T TOO
PATIENT THAT TIME
SHE SAT.

I'VE NEVER PAINTED SOMEONE
WITH SUCH A FIDGETY FACE.
I COULDN'T KEEP A SINGLE
FEATURE MORE THAN A FEW
MINUTES AT A TIME.

hmf.

STILL, THOUGH.

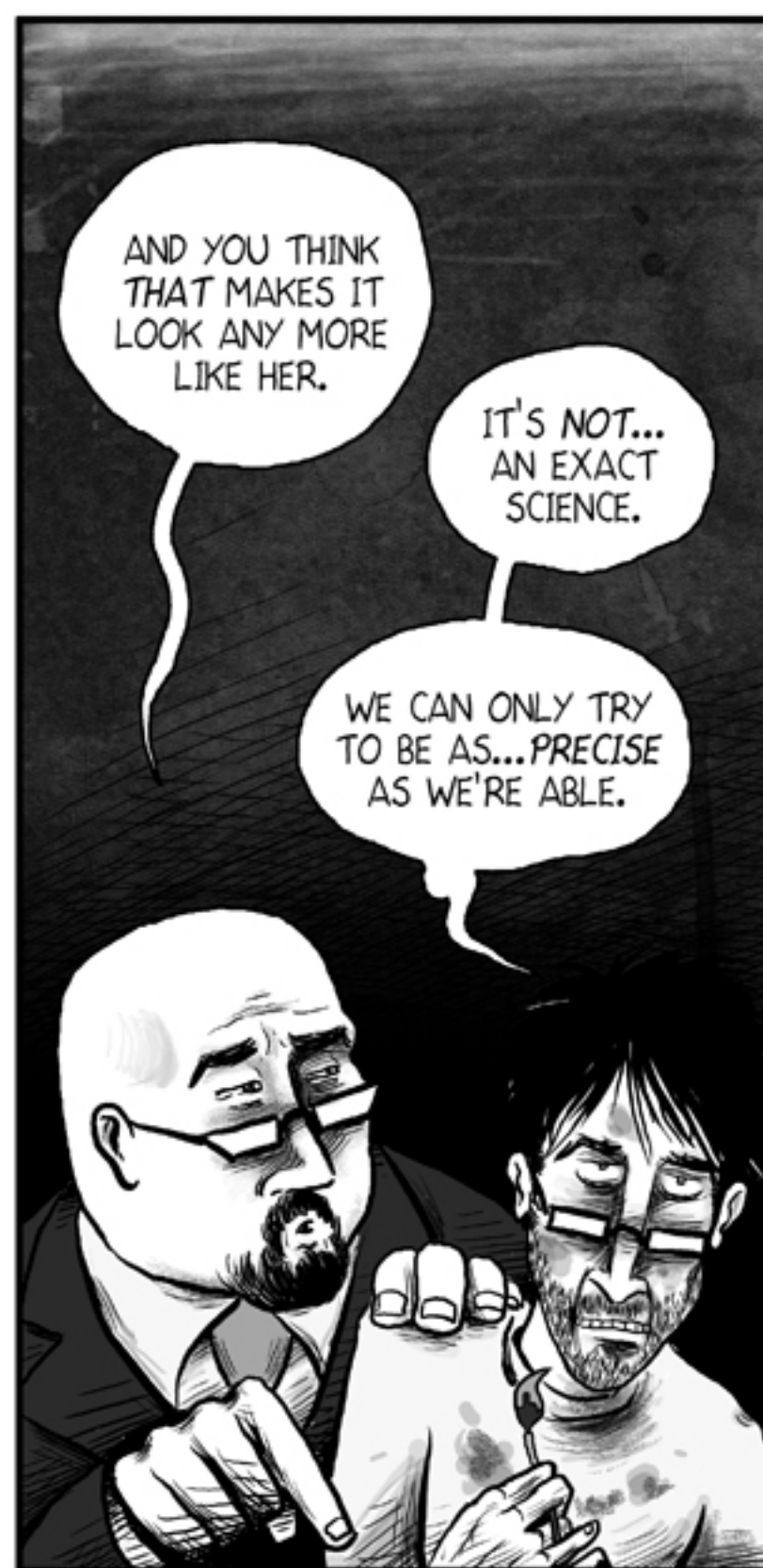
--THIS IS WHAT
YOU SEE IN HER?

YOU COULD'VE GIVEN
ME A BETTER
REFERENCE PHOTO.

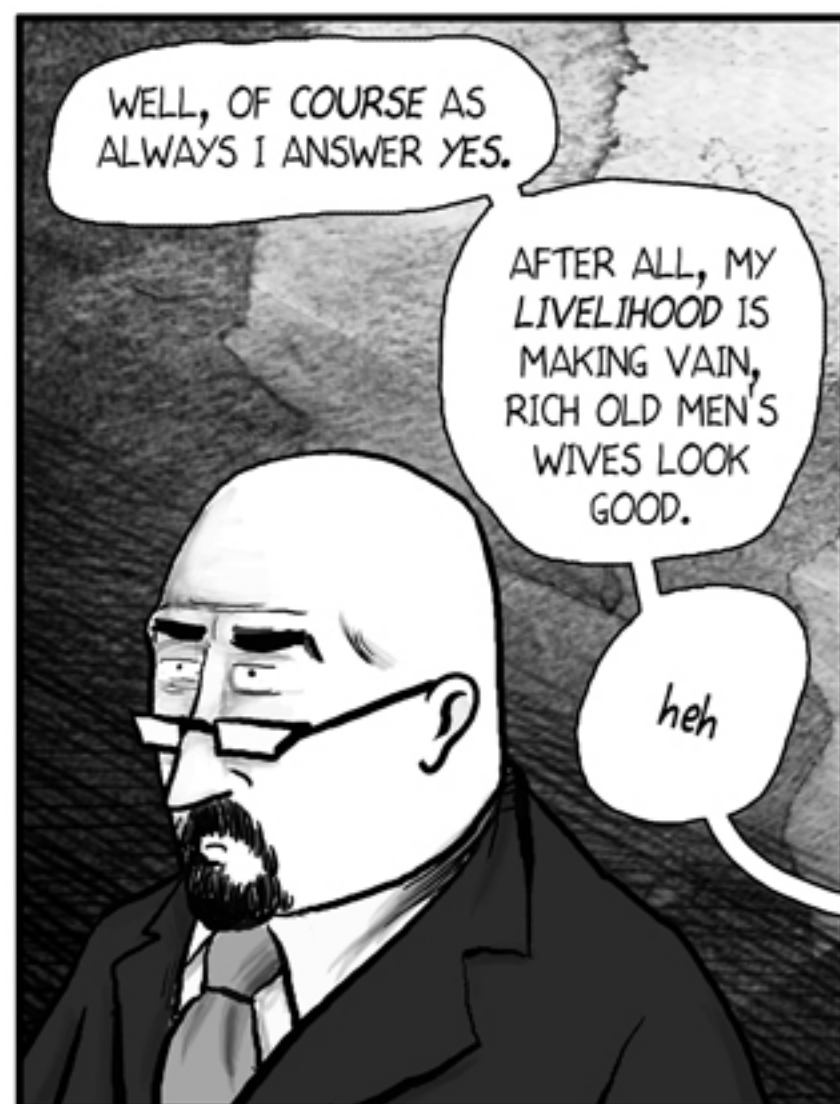
WHAT'S WITH
THE CAT?

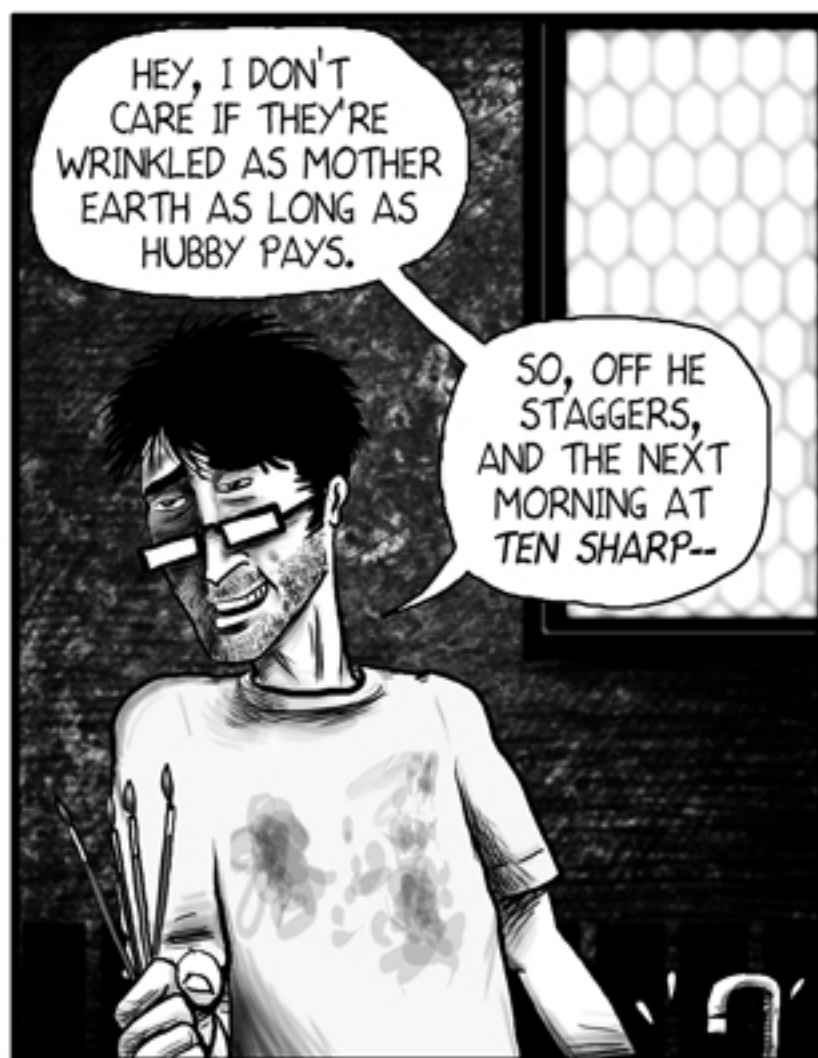
WHEN SHE POSED,
I TRIED TO RELAX
HER WITH SOME
CONVERSATION.

SHE MENTIONED
SHE LIKES CATS.







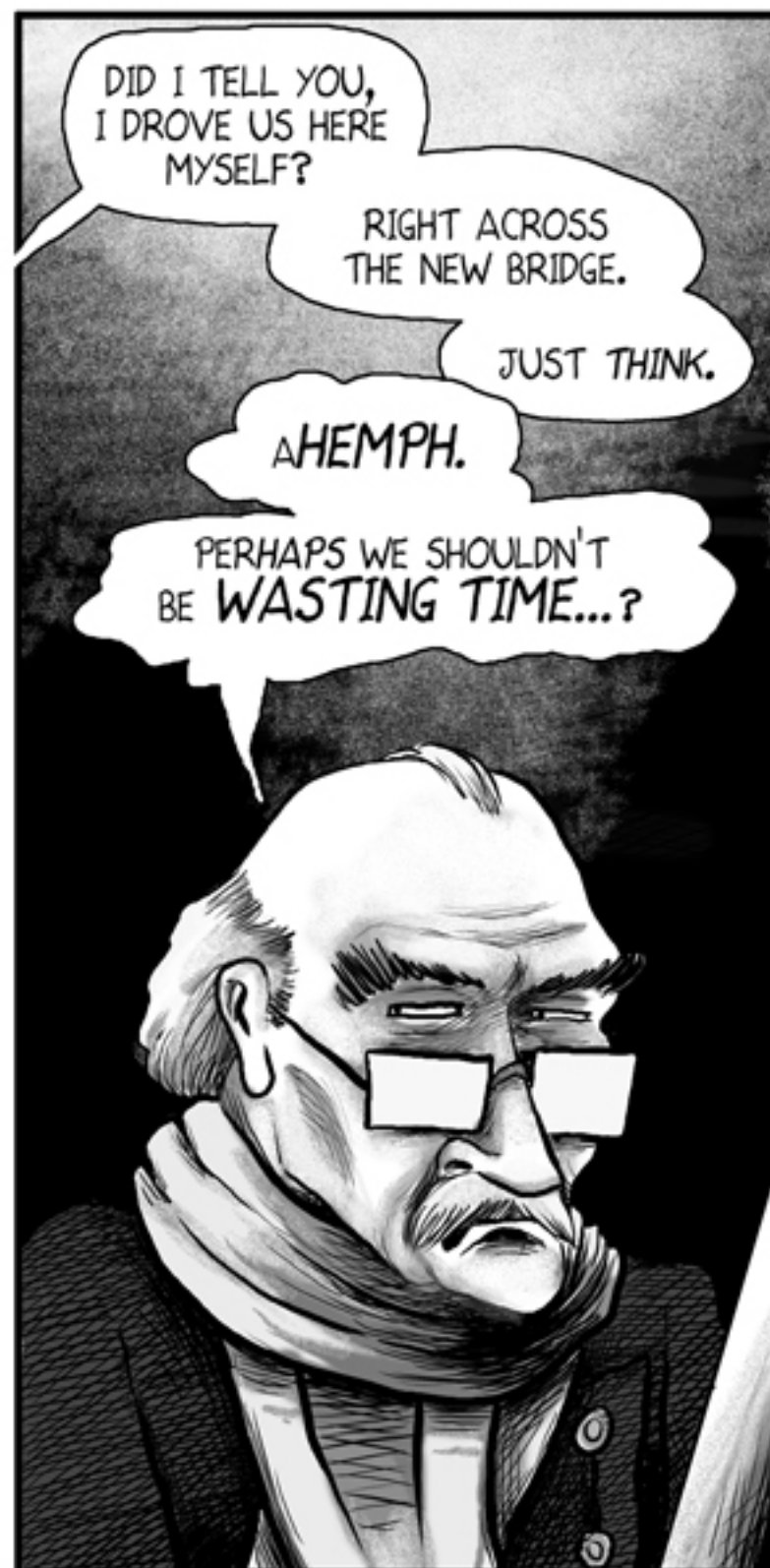
















WHY, WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
IT, SCHOEN?

WELL...IT'S TERRIBLE.
SOUNDS LIKE A RACE
HORSE. OR A PET.



SO SHE IS, SO SHE IS.

QUITE A PET.
HEH!

REFINED,
HEALTHY
AND LOVELY.



THEY
SHOULD HAVE
SHOWS. LIKE
WITH DOGS.

I THINK THEY DO.

OH, BE
QUIET,
YOU SECOND-
RATE
HOCKNEY!

tsk



BUT NO, SHE IS MORE SPECIAL THAN ANY
DOG OR CAR OR ANY OTHER THING I OWN.

AN INNOCENT
TO ME.
LIKE LITTLE
NELL.

VULNERABLE.

NAIVE.

FRAGILE.



NEEDING A FATHER'S GOOD, FIRM--

KRAFF

hrrmph
GUIDING
HAND.



I REALLY SHOULD
STOP SMOKING
THESE, BUT...

Tsk. AT
MY AGE, MY
HEART WON'T
TAKE THEM.

OH?

WELL,
HELP
YOURSELF.





