

CARTOONS

>> LONDI LUYEYE BEKETCH



THE WALKING PUB



It is a deep, dark evening.
Buses, Taxis, ambulances, fire engines, and police cars are passing.

He walks here, there,
Bottles and cans in his big coat pocket make noises to the rhythm of his stumble.

Will the day return soon? He says. But he can't find the way home.
He staggers over path and road, singing and vomiting.

He jumps up and says: "La vie est belle"

If life is good why are you stumbling?

Because I am a walking pub!

Londi Luyeye Beketch

WELCOME!



Londi Luyeye Beketch