

# DER WELTRAUMPOSTBOTE

## HUNGRIG DURCHS WELTALL

GUILLAUME PERREAU



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GUILLAUME PERREAULT



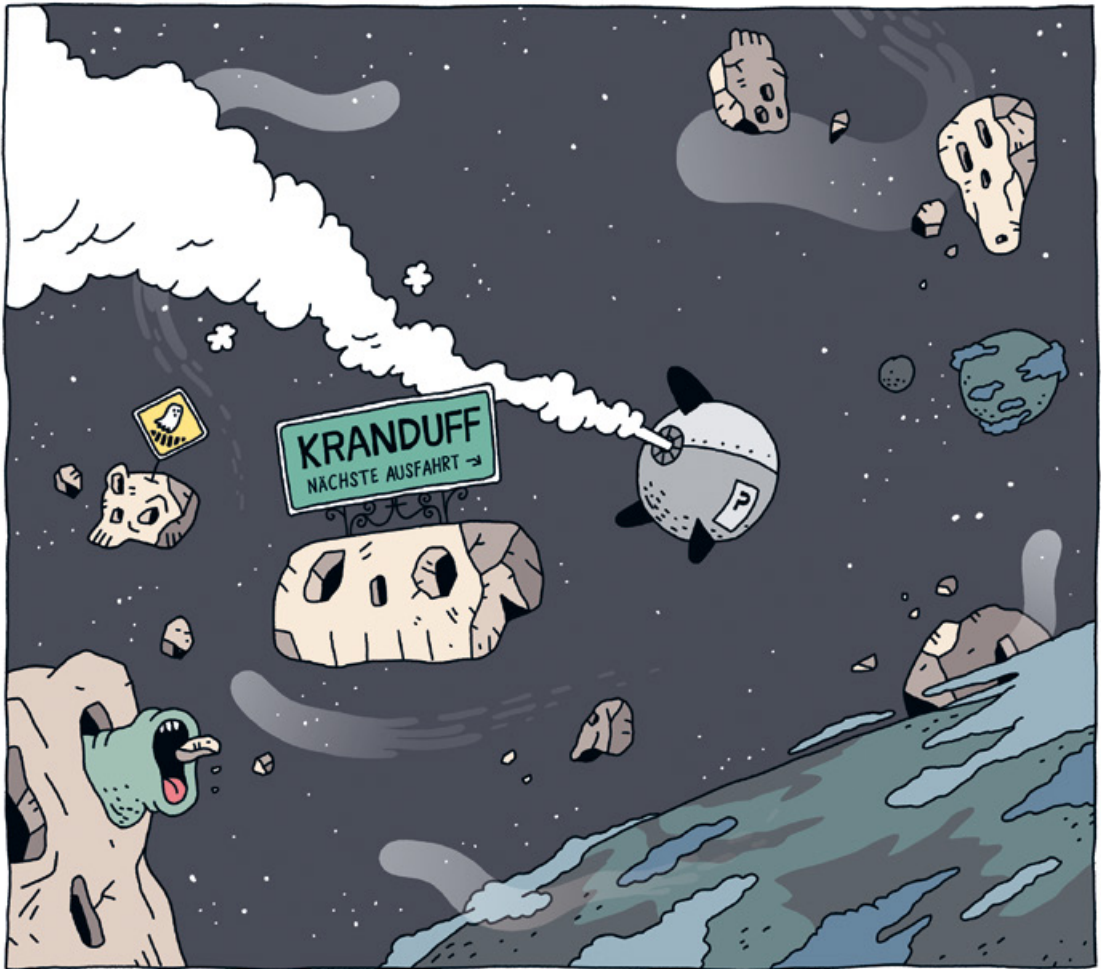
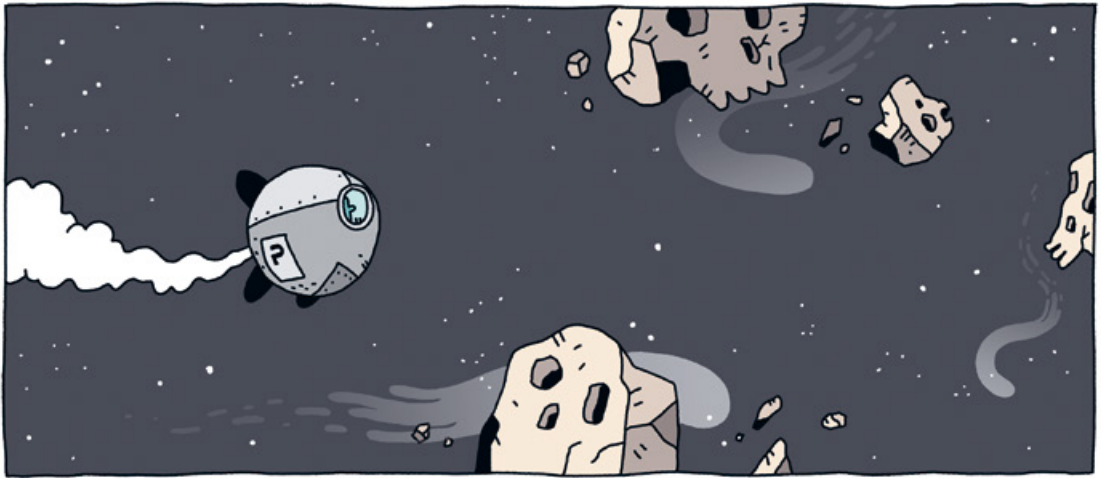
Aus dem Französischen übersetzt von Ulrich Präfrock

ROTOPOL

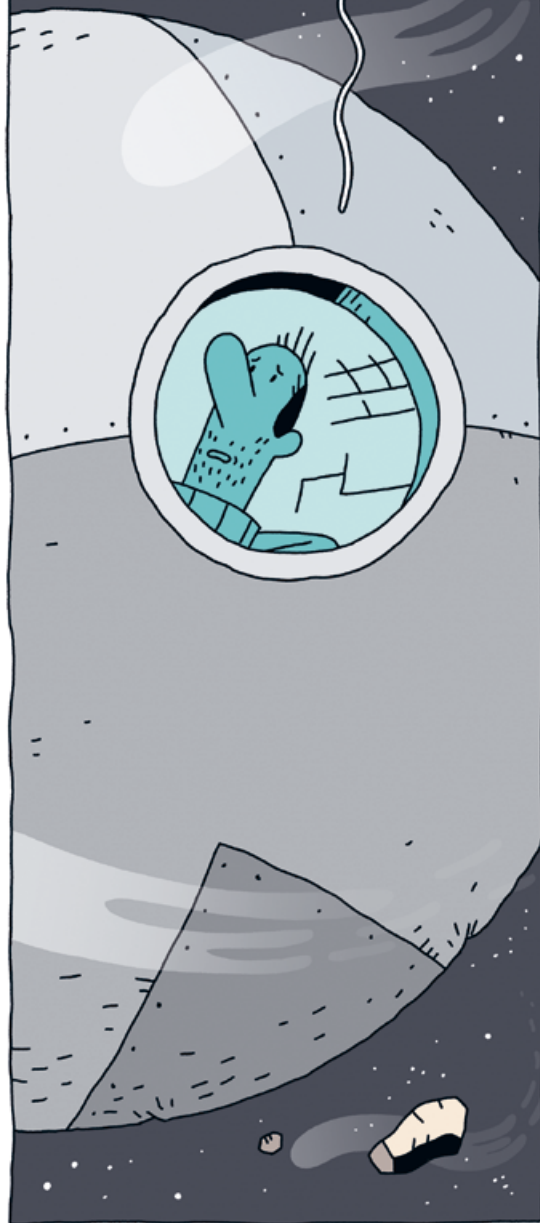
2

KRANDUFF

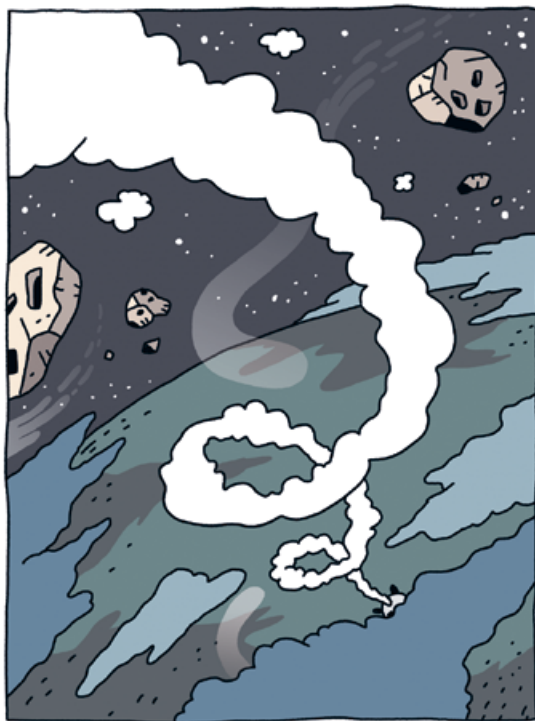
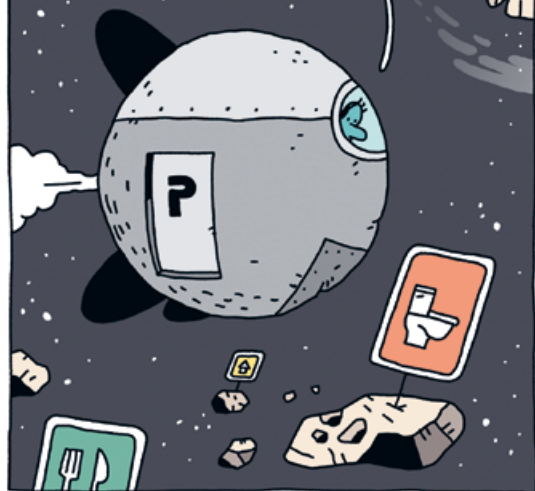




Wahrlich keine Gegend, in der ich  
den nächsten Urlaub machen wollte.



Wenigstens gibt's dort  
ein stilles Örtchen.  
Nach all dem Wasser...  
platzt mir bald die Blase!







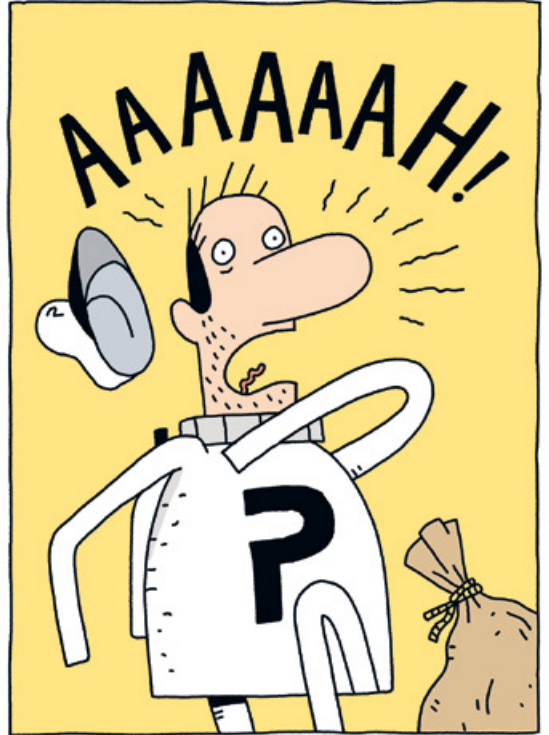


Haha... Ja. Reizend.





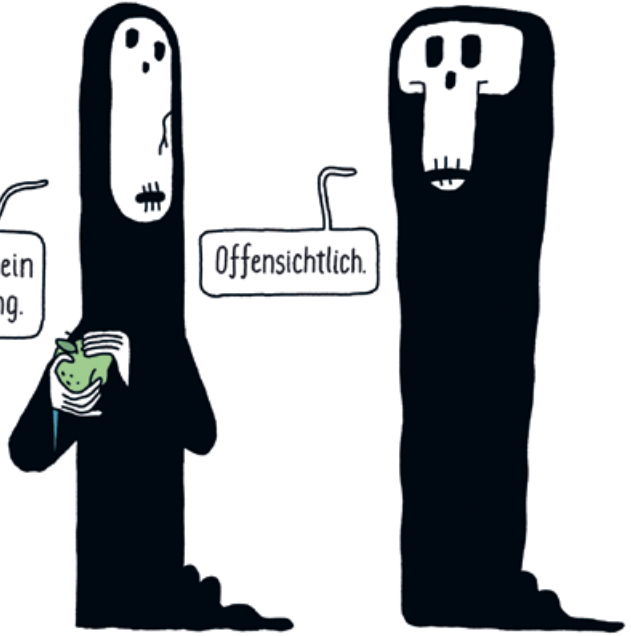


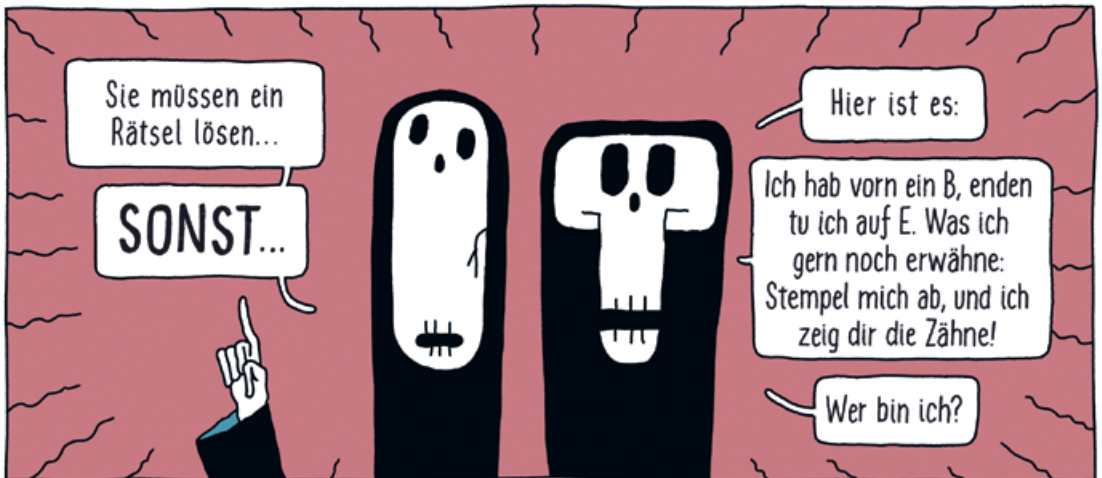
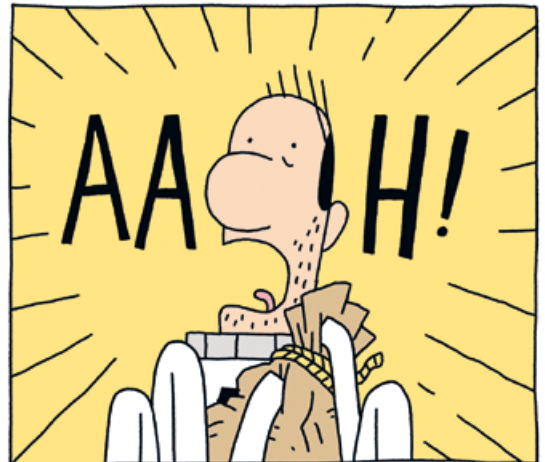
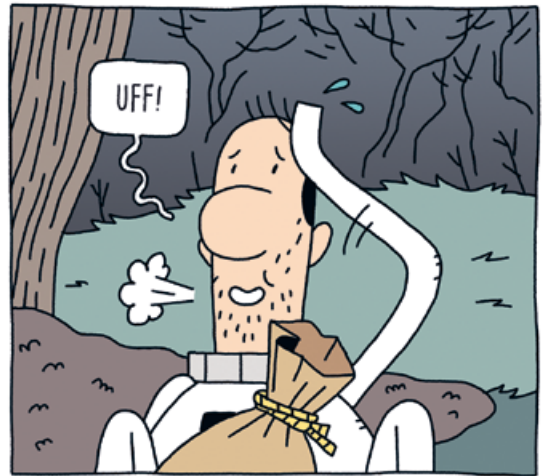


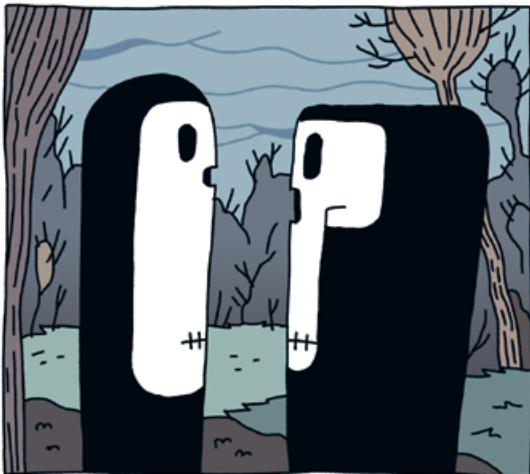
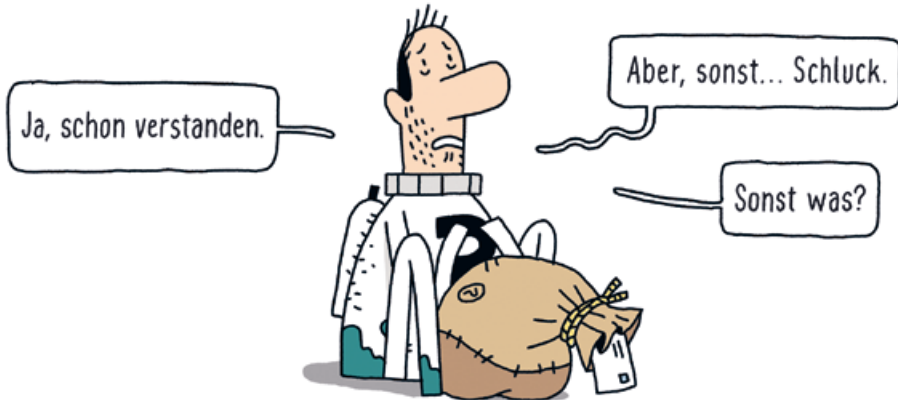
W..W...Wär ich doch nur  
B...Blumenhändler geworden,  
auf einem hübschen, ruhigen  
P...Planeten. Ist das vielleicht  
ein Albtraum?

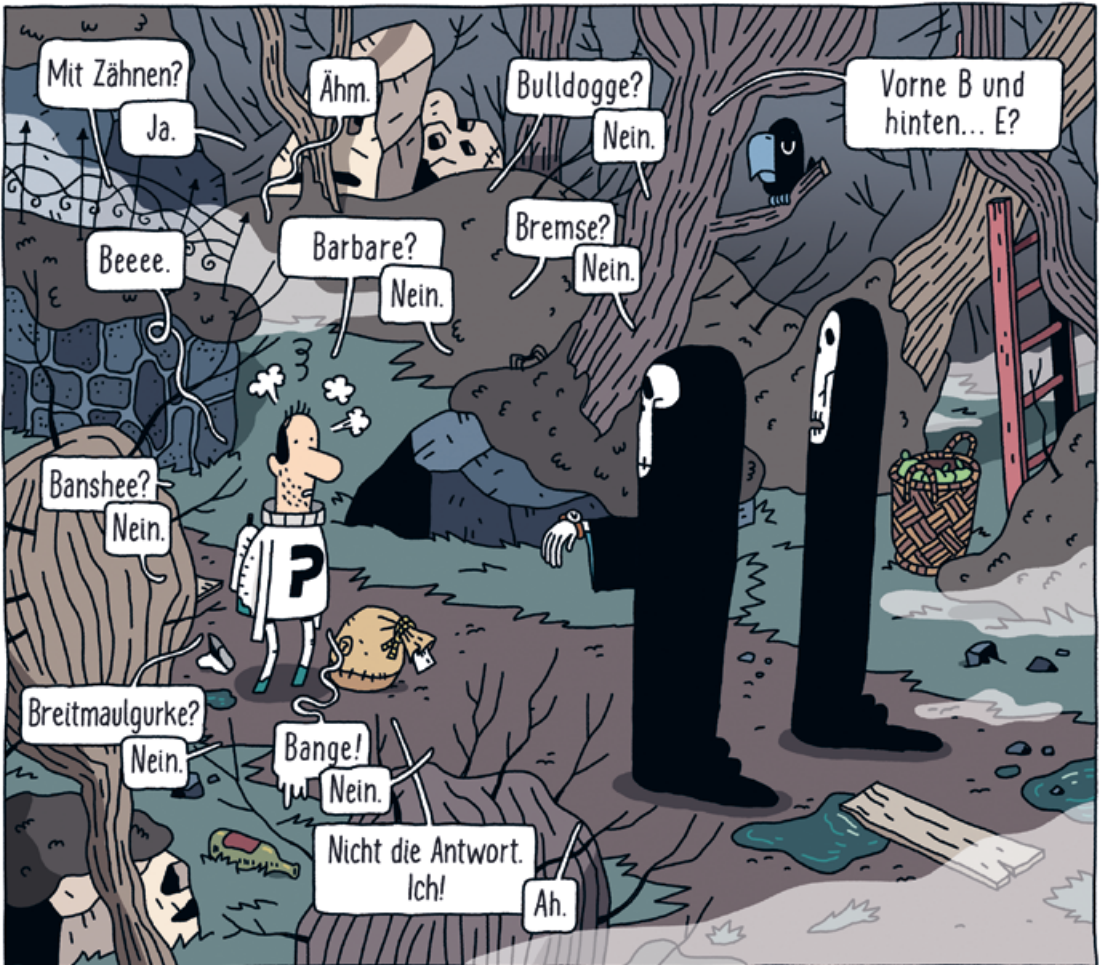
Offensichtlich ein  
Neuankömmling.

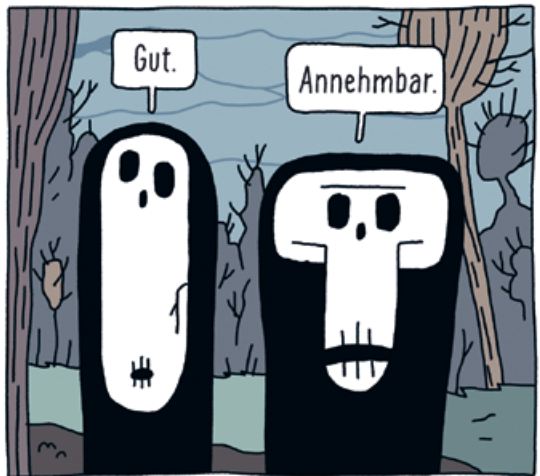
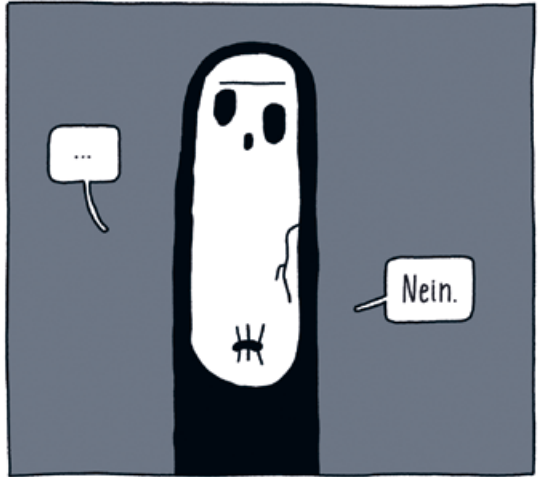
Offensichtlich.





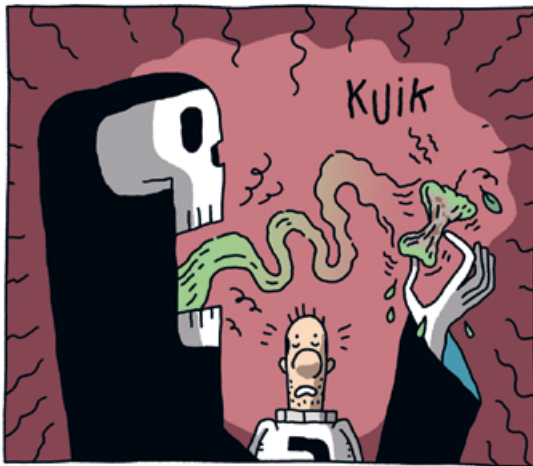




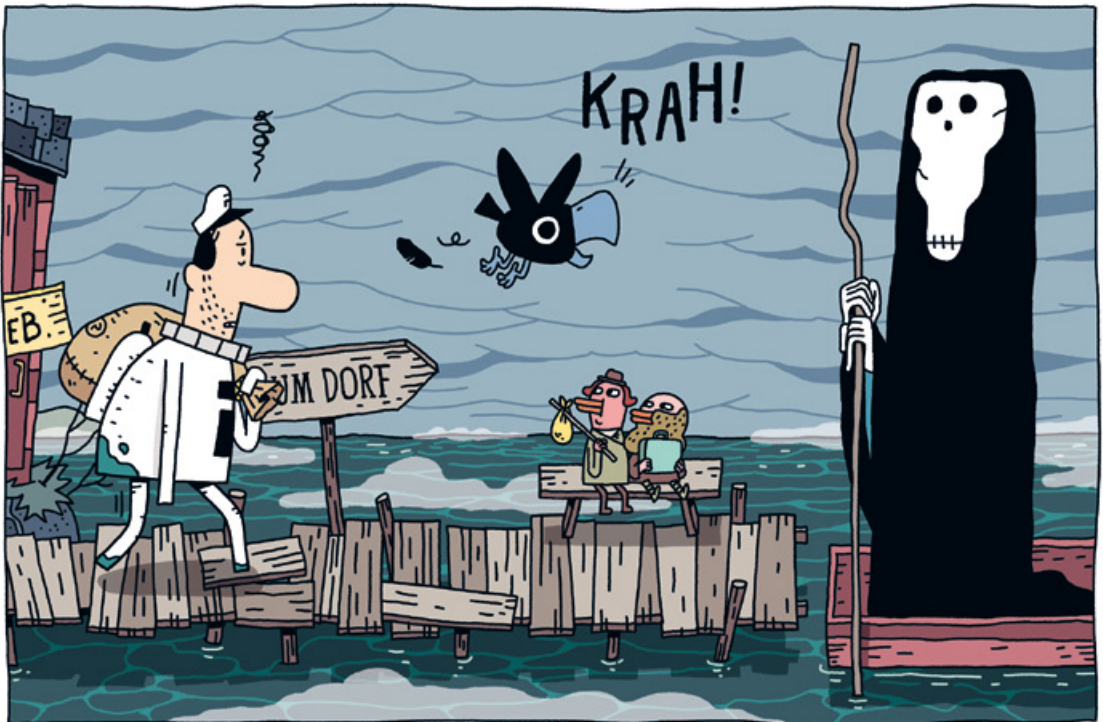


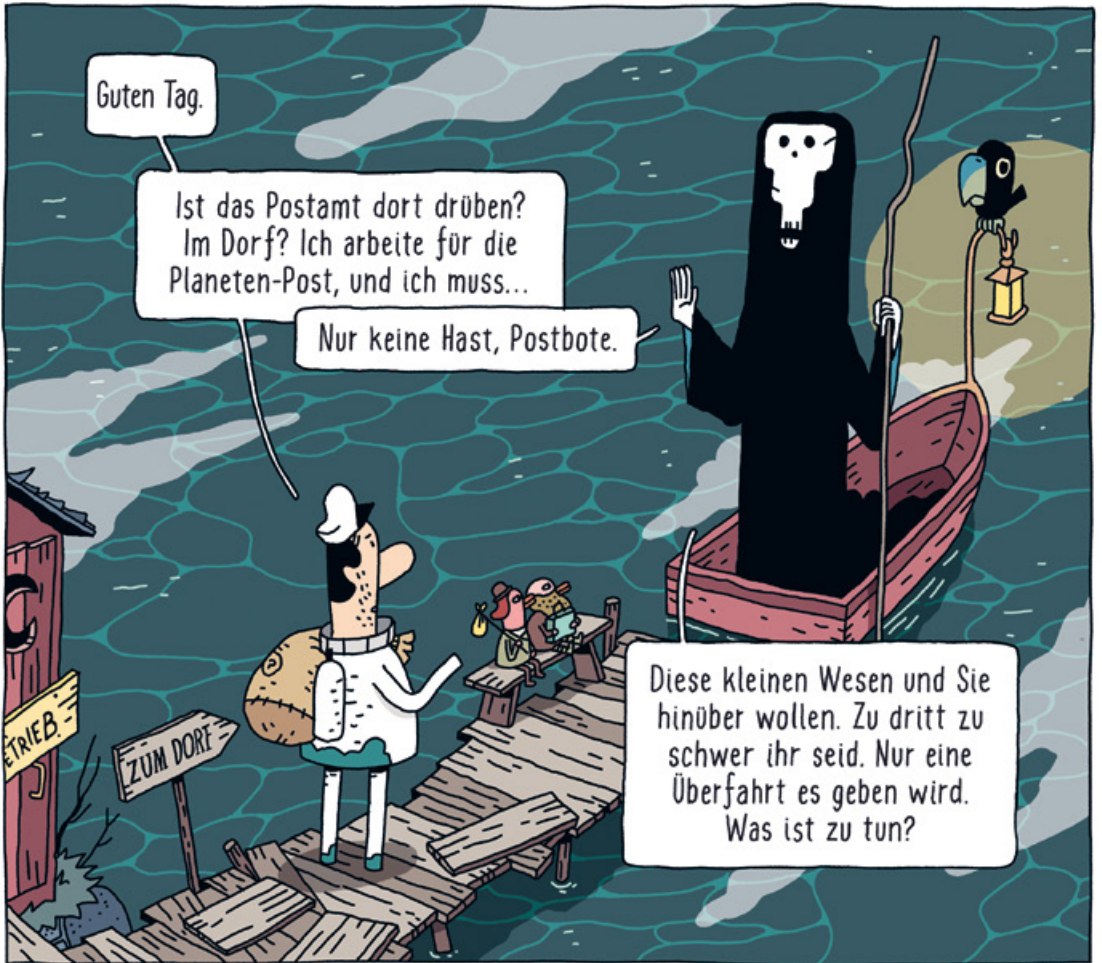


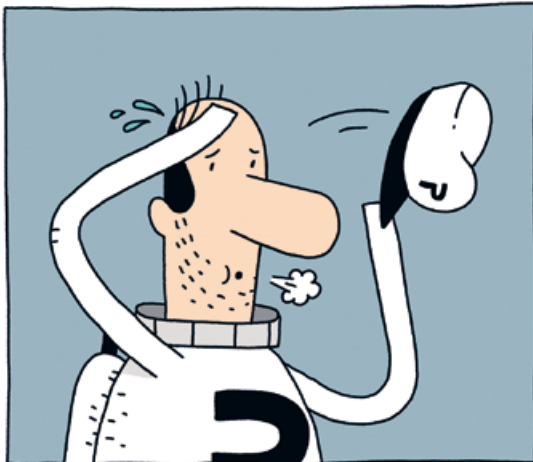
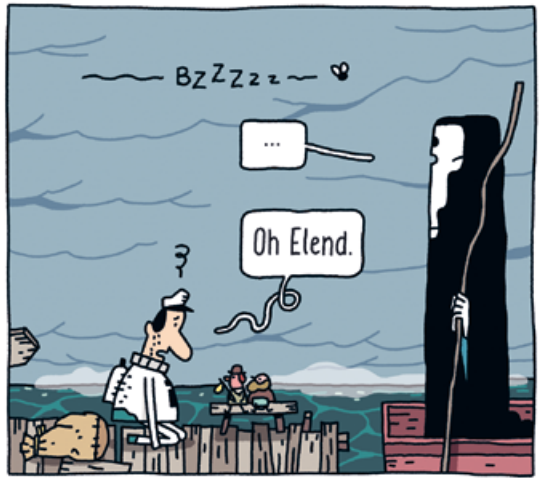














Bob hatte gewusst, seine Abendkurse in Gneep würden ihm eines Tages nützlich sein.

