

KÄSE RATTEN

WRITTEN BY JUSTIN SANE
ART BY JUAN CALLE

WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I SHARED A ROOM WITH
MEIN BROTHER... AND EVERY NIGHT, LIKE
CLOCKWORK, THERE CAME A SCRATCHING FROM
BEHIND OUR WALL.



I HATED THE SOUND

IT WOULD HAUNT MEIN EVERY
MOMENT. ALL DAY I WOULD DREAD
HEARING IT, AND IT WOULD KEEP ME
AWAKE ALL NIGHT.



I TOLD MEIN PAPA, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN.
HE SAID IT WAS JUST A CHILD'S IMAGINATION.

MEIN BROTHER, ALWAYS THE CURIOUS ONE, WAS NEVER FRIGHTENED
HE JUST WANTED TO KNOW WHERE THE NOISE WAS COMING FROM.
HE HAD CHIPPED THE WALL AWAY, BIT BY BIT, UNTIL IT WAS LARGE
ENOUGH FOR HIM TO FIT THROUGH.









BUT IT WAS NOT MEIN BROTHER

SOMETHING HAD OVERTAKEN HIM. HE EMERGED FROM THAT WALL VERY, VERY DIFFERENT...



...AND NO ONE NOTICED BUT ME.

THANK GOTT!



MEINE PARENTS ACTED AS THOUGH EVERYTHING WAS NORMAL. WE SAT AT THE TABLE, EATING OUR BREAKFAST, AND NO ONE SAID A WORD ABOUT THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE.



NOR THE WAY THAT MEIN BROTHER NOW ATE HIS PORRIDGE.

ALL OF THE TEACHERS AND SCHOOLCHILDREN TREATED HIM NO DIFFERENT.

HE ACTED NO DIFFERENT. HE DID HIS SCHOOLWORK.

IN FACT, HIS GRADES EXCEEDED MEINE OWN.

THE ONLY WAY HE NOW DIFFERED FROM MEIN BROTHER WAS AN OVERWHELMING CRAVING FOR CHEESES.

EVERY DAY, AS WE WALKED BACK FROM SCHOOL, HE WOULD STOP AND STARE LONGINGLY INTO THE WINDOW OF THE KÄSELADEN, AND I WOULD END UP HAVING TO PULL HIM AWAY SO THAT WE COULD GET HOME BEFORE MAMA WORRIED.

HOME WAS WORSE. HE BECAME SO RAVENOUS AT THE SIGHT OF CHEESE THAT HE WOULD DEVOUR ALL HE SAW BEFORE ANYONE ELSE COULD TASTE A MORSEL.

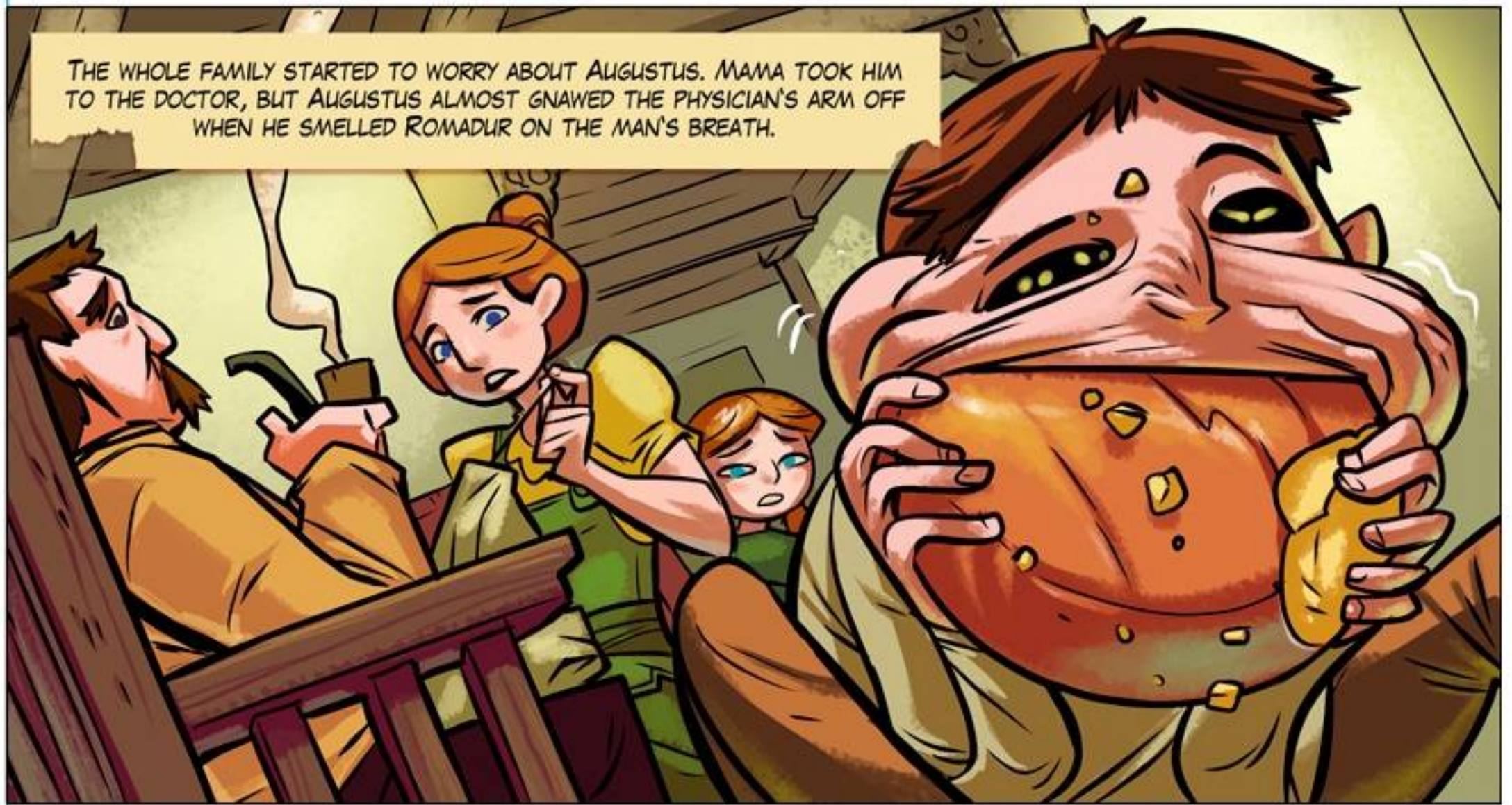
AUGUSTUS!
GO EASY ON
THE CHEESE,
LIEBSCHEN!



AND HE WOULD VIOLENTLY BITE ANYONE WHO WOULD ATTEMPT TO STOP HIM.



THE WHOLE FAMILY STARTED TO WORRY ABOUT AUGUSTUS. MAMA TOOK HIM TO THE DOCTOR, BUT AUGUSTUS ALMOST GNAWED THE PHYSICIAN'S ARM OFF WHEN HE SMELLED ROMADUR ON THE MAN'S BREATH.



Zzzzzzz

NO ONE IN THE FAMILY WOULD ADMIT TO IT, BUT WE WERE ALL TERRIFIED.



SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE.

I BORROWED A ROPE FROM PAPA'S WORKSHOP AND GATHERED TOGETHER EVERY SPARE COIN I COULD FIND.



AUGUSTUS WAS NO LONGER AGILE ENOUGH TO KEEP UP WITH ME, SO ONE MORNING ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL I TOOK OFF AND RAN AHEAD OF HIM, TOWARD THE KÄSELADEN.



I QUICKLY PURCHASED A WHEEL OF HIS FAVORITE MILBENKÄSE...



...AND TIED IT TO THE DELIVERY CART FROM MUNICH THAT WAS PARKED OUTSIDE THE SHOP.



BY THE TIME AUGUSTUS ARRIVED, THE DELIVERYMAN WAS JUST BOARDING HIS CART FOR THE LONG TRIP BACK



