



CHACHU™

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MARIANNA IGNAZZI
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LUCAS GATTONI



September 1st, 1979.
Los Angeles, California.

They told me not to
go looking for him.

Said he chose
to get lost.

Funny how the ones we call lost
are really doing the looking.

Looking,
looking,
looking...

Life's whole point is
to find, eh? Find joy.
Find God. Find love.
Find self...

Well, I just wanted to
know what he was looking
for. What he found.

But everyone's
got a different toss
on the story...

Khala says he'd been so depressed he just stuffed his ol' feelings in a bag and split.



Dadi insists she failed him as a mother. I don't buy it, but maybe she needs it to be true...

Then there's Nani, whose hearing aids fail at the very sound of his name. Convenient.



'Course, the fun theories usually get spat around Mosque-- the mecca of all gossip...



"He's a mobster!"

"A junkie!"

"AN ATHEIST!"



Nani started that last one. Says any man who abandons his family also abandons his faith.



FLK!

But it's Mum that really gets me. How she's never once blamed him...

She gets that look when I ask why—the one that, even after nineteen years of training, I still can't read.



But sometimes, between the lines of her face, I can decipher a faint flicker of hope. A stubborn belief that he's still part of our story. That he'll return with a satisfying ending.



It was Mum's Fading dream that really brought me here...



Her inscrutable look that sent me to find him...



To find Chaachu.



OH SHIT.



Catchu





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