

**JULVE&COPONS**  
**FILSTRUP**





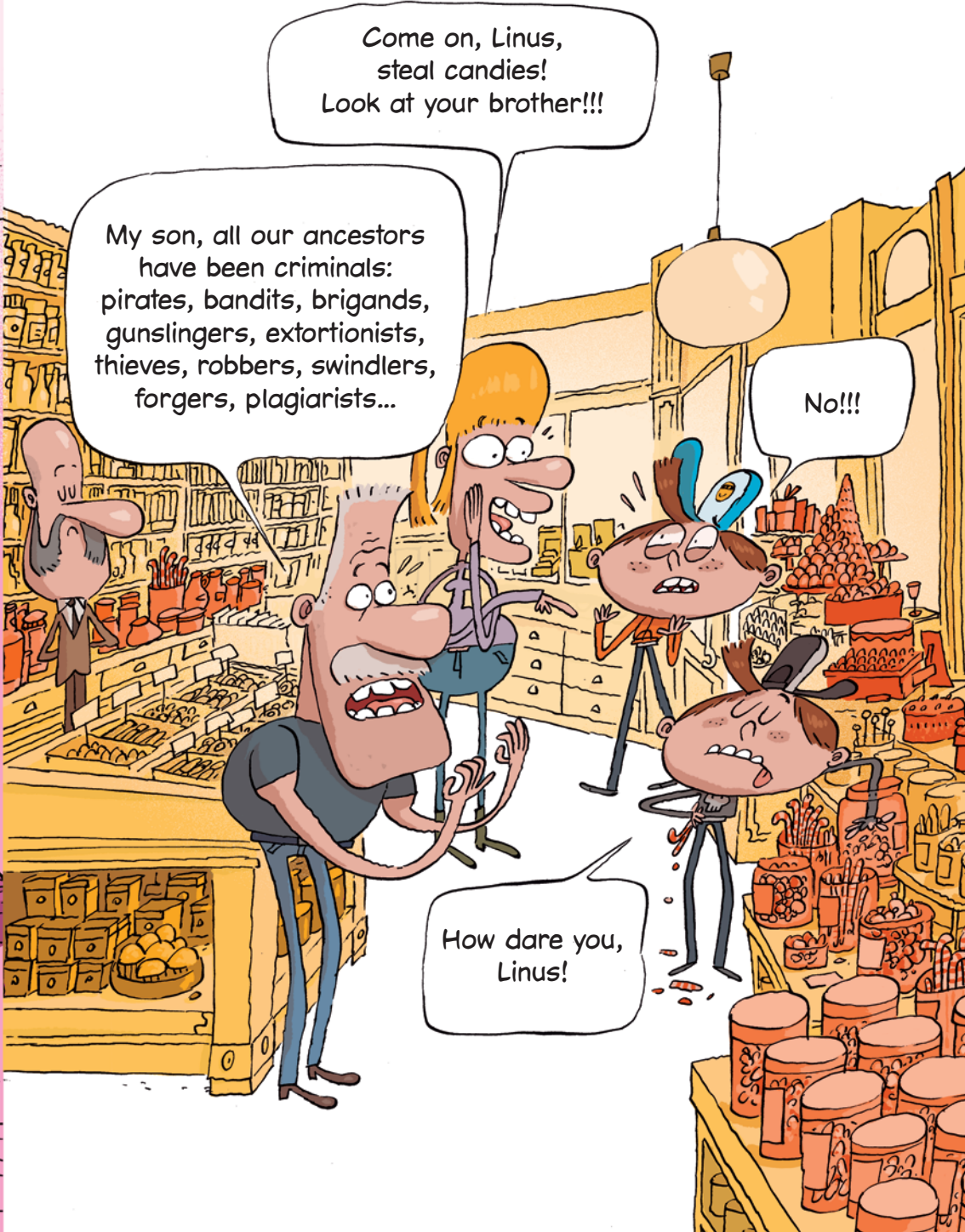
**Chapter 1**  
**TO MAKE**  
**THINGS UP**  
**A LITTLE**



I know that there are many people who go to psychologists, but I don't think that in the history of humanity there are many cases like mine: they took me to the psychologist because I didn't steal. Sounds weird, right? Well, no matter how hard it is to believe, it was like that. And, as if that wasn't enough, I was visited by Dr Water, one of the world's leading authorities on delinquent disorders.



It's not like I became honest all of a sudden, of course. I was born like that. From a very early age, it became clear that I was an honest person, and my parents were very worried about that. They suffered a lot.



Come on, Linus,  
steal candies!  
Look at your brother!!!

My son, all our ancestors  
have been criminals:  
pirates, bandits, brigands,  
gunslingers, extortionists,  
thieves, robbers, swindlers,  
forgers, plagiarists...

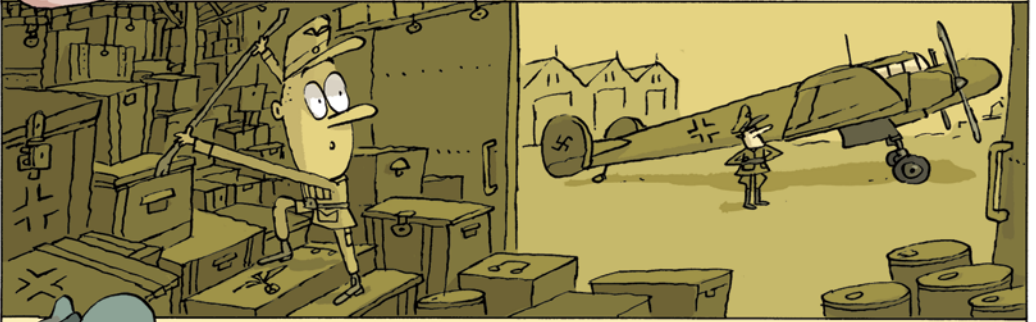
No!!!

How dare you,  
Linus!

Indeed, all my ancestors had been criminals, and many of them had contributed to change the course of history with their acts. Grandpa Mileto never got tired of telling me about the Filstrup family adventures. And I never got tired of listening to them.

And, without a doubt, Hans deserves a prominent place between the Filstrup.

In 1941, Hans Filstrup was at a German airport with the intention of stealing a little. All of a sudden, he realised that Rudolf Hess, the Hitler's lieutenant, was about to board a plane.



Hans did not hesitate and he put out of action the soldier who was watching that plane.

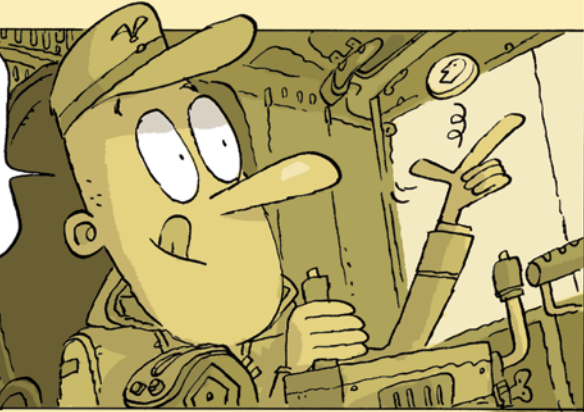
Considering that you, such a nutty person, are a nazi, you even come out well!





A few minutes later, the plane took off with a single traveler, Rudolf Hess. Hans, who was obviously piloting the plane, knew he had a golden opportunity to make things absolutely difficult.

I flip a coin. If it shows heads, I'll take Hess to Scotland; if it shows tails, I'll take him to Morocco.



It showed heads, and Hans directed the plane towards Scotland. And as soon as he reached Scottish lands, he made Rudolf Hess put on a parachute and jump out of the plane.

Let's see how you explain what you're up to in Scotland!

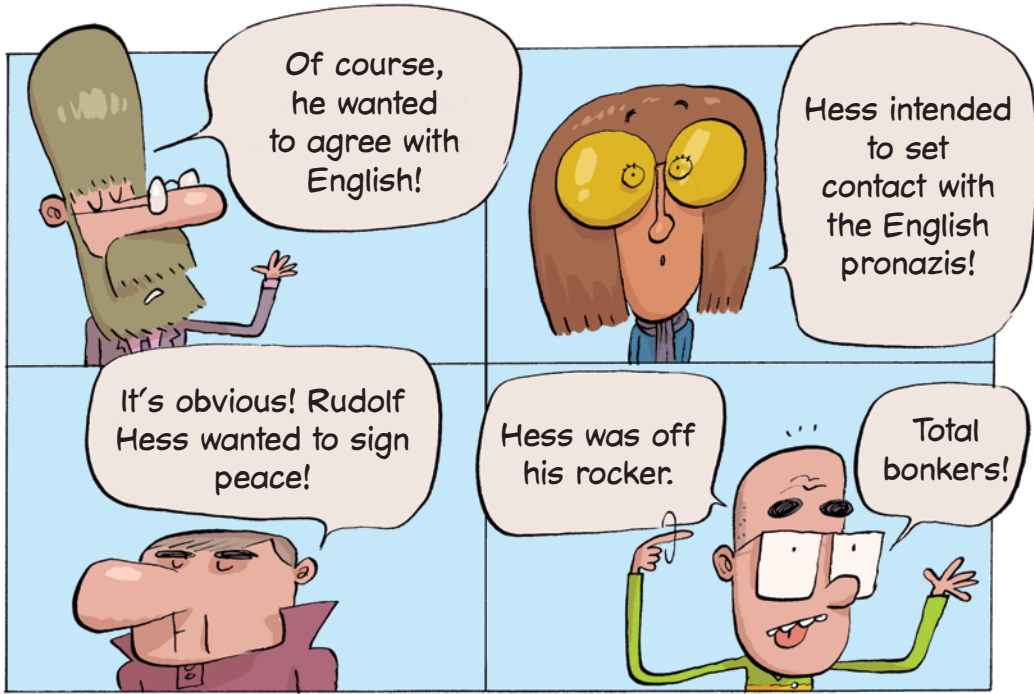


That's how all you all nazis should end up!

Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr!



Since that day, political scientists, historians and specialists of all sorts have wondered why Hess, bearing in mind he was a man of the utmost confidence of Hitler, parachuted into enemy territory.



For years, the case of Rudolf Hess has been an enigma.

That's true, but he ended his days in Spandau Prison!

And years later, the music producer Paul Filstrup suggested the name Spandau Ballet to a group from London...





I guess you notice that, just when Hans Filstrup made Rudolf Hess jump from the plane, he was wearing an eye mask. Thus, this mask is of vital importance to the Filstrups. All the Filstrup earn it after their first criminal act, and, on special occasions, they always wear it with pride.

Being honest is awful, but not being clear about the Filstrup family code at your age is terrible...



Thanks for believing in me, grandpa!



But..., still, Linus, I don't lose hope that someday you earn the eye mask.



I don't like to boast, but before finishing primary school, I already had mine!



My honesty despaired the whole family, but my parents were the ones who suffered the most. They met when their gangs bumped into each other while robbing a bank. That day they fell in love and, since then, they have never separated or stopped robbing banks together.






Four months later, Arlo and I were born. Arlo, my twin brother, immediately proved to be a true Filstrup and every day he came back from the nursery school with everyone else's dummies. And I, obviously, came back empty-handed.



Arlo and I are almost identical, but while he started to commit crime before knowing how to walk, I showed myself as a firm supporter of decency. Needless to say, this meant that Arlo and I had a relationship that, according to my mother, was “strained”, which I suppose it means it was tense.



Well done, Arlo!  
For sure, throwing  
knives will be very  
useful in the future!

Hahaha!

And you, Linus,  
stop reading, you  
won't get anything  
good out of books!

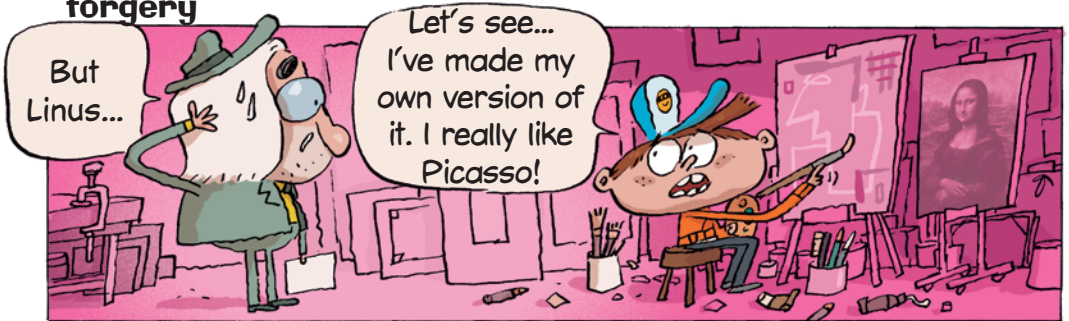
N and O, make NO!

To make things up a little, grandpa Mileto tried to teach-me insistently the principles of the life of a criminal and the meaning of the Filstrup code, a set of rules that the whole family had been following forever. And, although it immediately became clear that I was a disaster, grandpa never lost his temper. At least, until he did some tests on me.

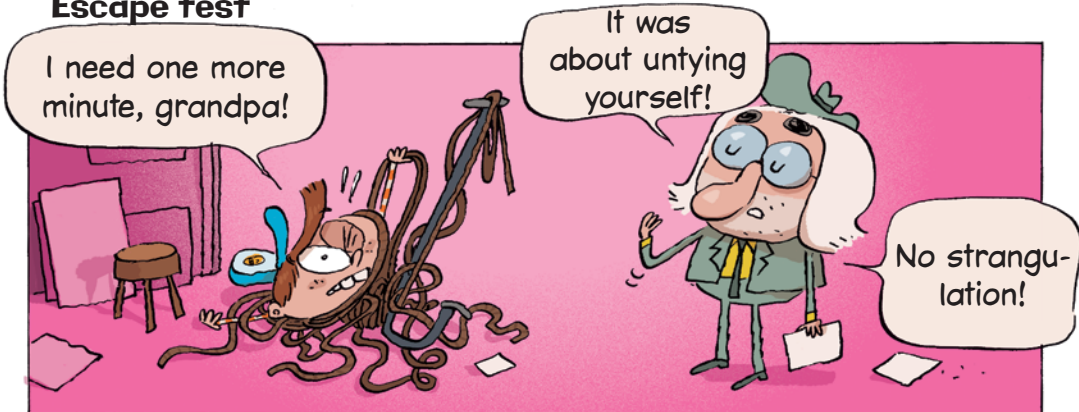
### Try to open the strongbox with your eyes closed



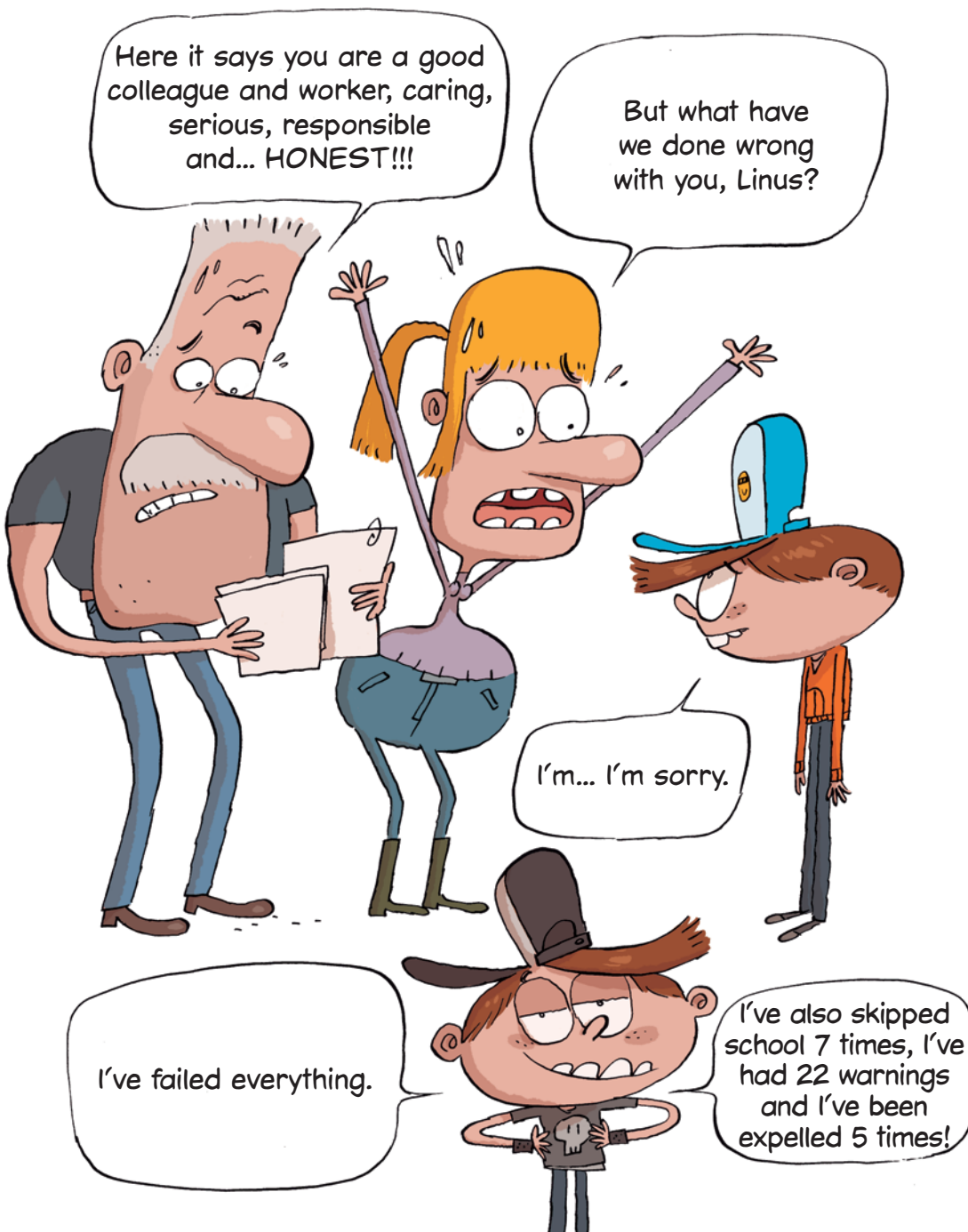
### Test of a work of art forgery



### Escape test



After those tests, all that was left was that the grades of the second quarter arrived, and that they were excellent! But, without a doubt, what totally made my parents to be desperate were the comments of the teachers.



Here it says you are a good colleague and worker, caring, serious, responsible and... **HONEST!!!**

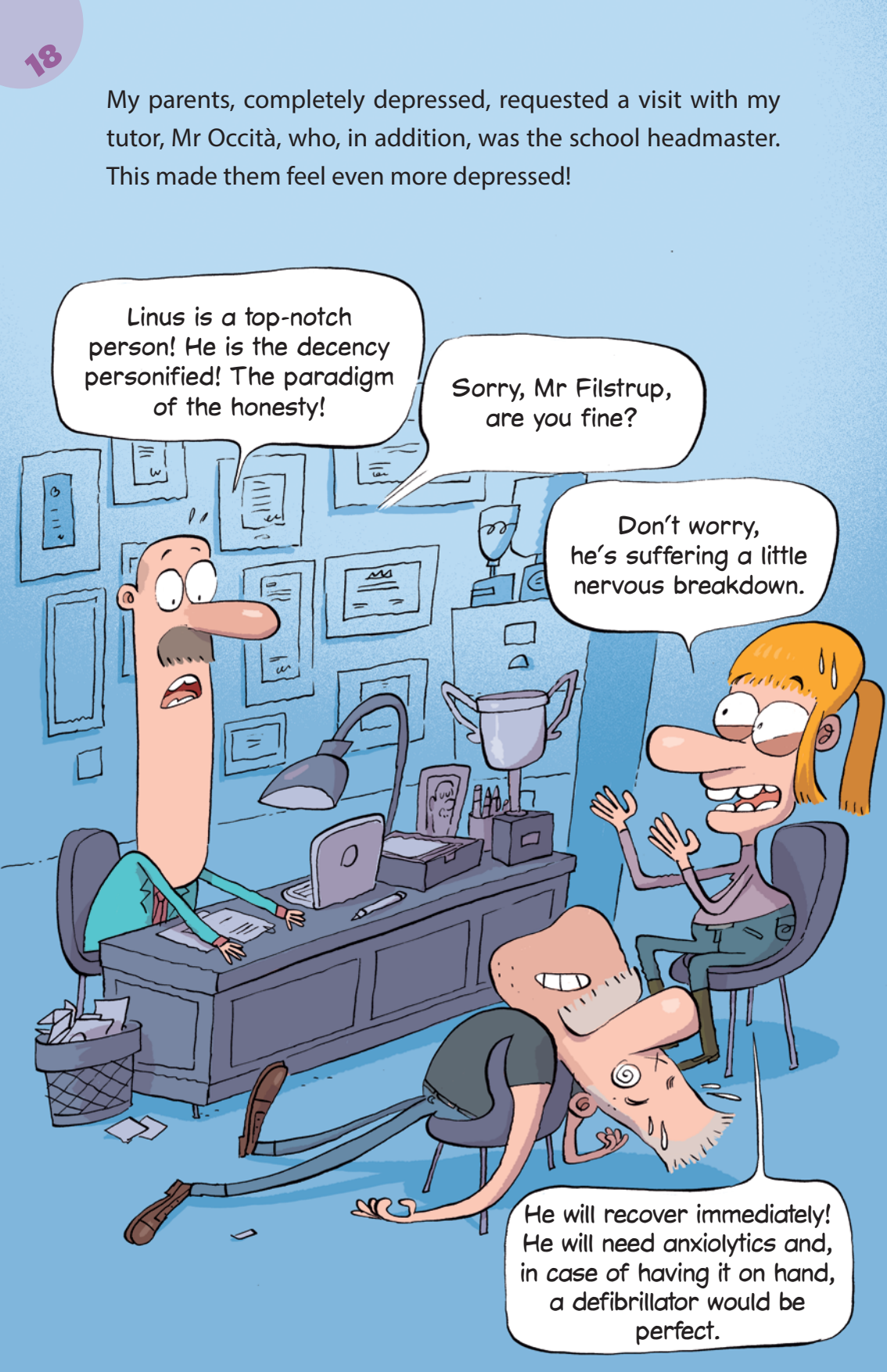
But what have we done wrong with you, Linus?

I'm... I'm sorry.

I've failed everything.

I've also skipped school 7 times, I've had 22 warnings and I've been expelled 5 times!

My parents, completely depressed, requested a visit with my tutor, Mr Occità, who, in addition, was the school headmaster. This made them feel even more depressed!



Linus is a top-notch person! He is the decency personified! The paradigm of the honesty!

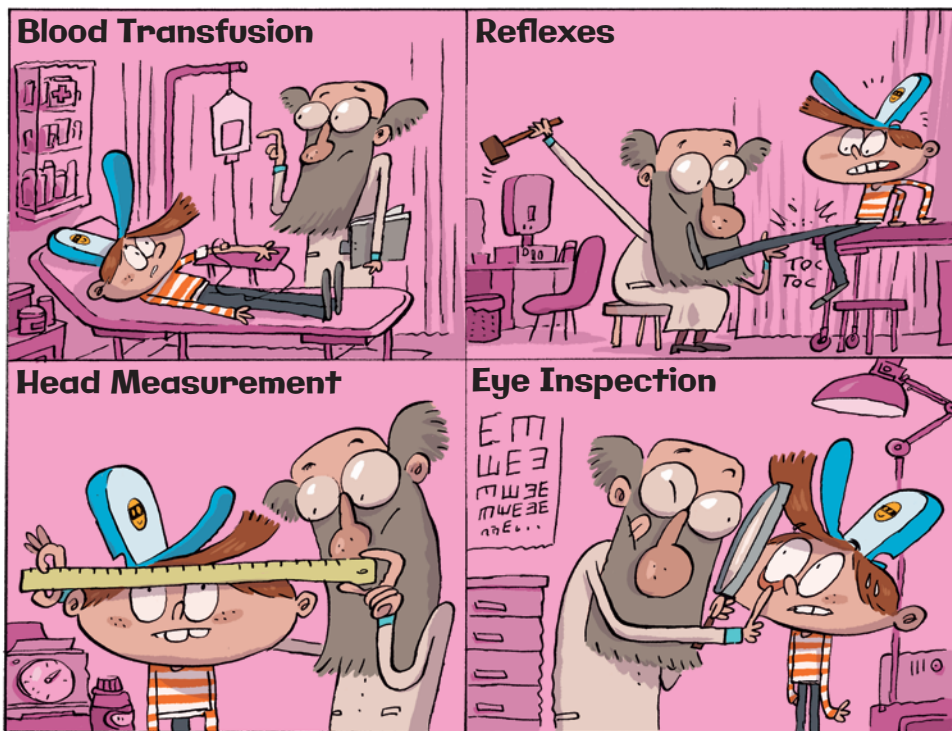
Sorry, Mr Filstrup, are you fine?

Don't worry, he's suffering a little nervous breakdown.

He will recover immediately! He will need anxiolytics and, in case of having it on hand, a defibrillator would be perfect.



It was at this point that my parents decided to take me to Dr. Water, a family friend. The Doctor hadn't passed a single one day at the medical school but, he didn't know how, he had a lot of titles: psychologist, psychiatrist, dentist, surgeon, lawyer... He was a phenomenon! And, of course, it blew my mind.



It's inexplicable! I can't find any organic cause of the honesty!

Among other things, he believes in everything the newspapers say, poor thing!

His most critical sense is stunted!



After testing and more testing, the results came. My parents expected the worst, but Dr. Water calmed them down and he advised them to be patient. Very patient.

Linus is completely normal. He could end up being a great criminal.

He could make the change, but he must not Get together too much with honest people.

And if you see him being very good, don't take any notice. It could backfire.

We will have delinquent psychotherapy sessions and I will visit him to prevent it from getting worse.

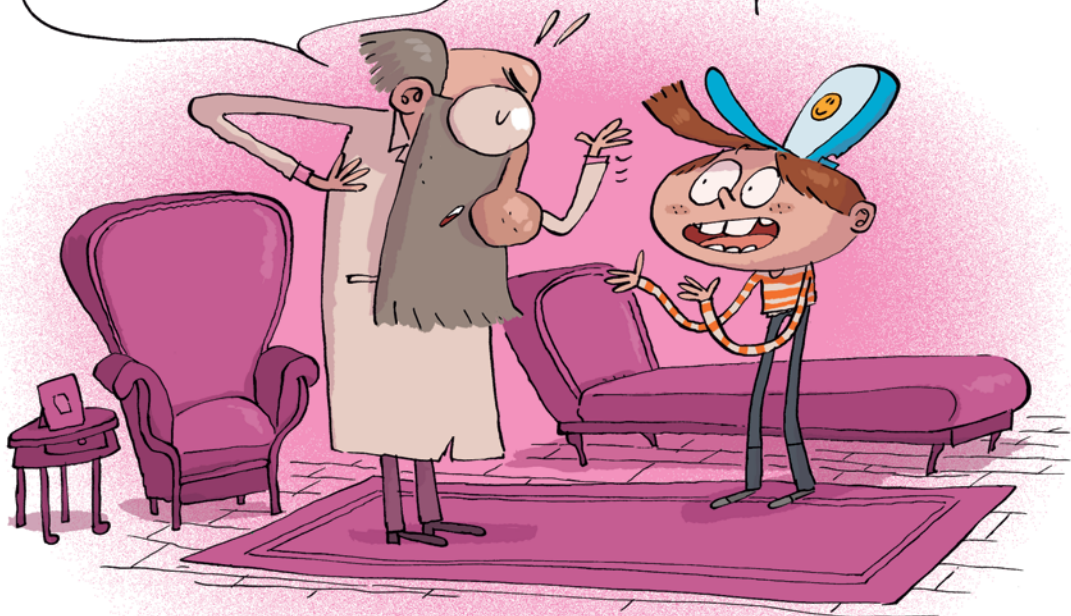
What will we do! He's our son, and we love him as it is!

Yes, of course! With time and with our guidance, sooner or later, he'll get there.

Dr. Water's treatment consisted of weekly visits which seemed very strange to me. In fact, I almost never knew what he was talking about.

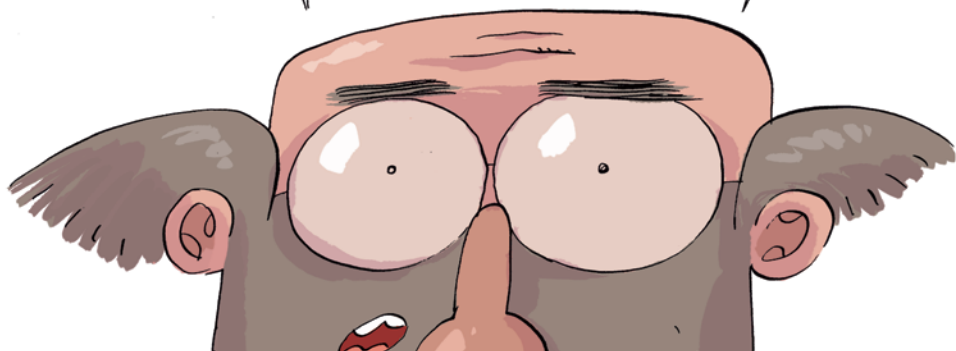
This week you have to read the newspaper every day. If you find some news that you think is fake, tell me.

Do I have to tell you in writing or shall I just pop in and tell you?

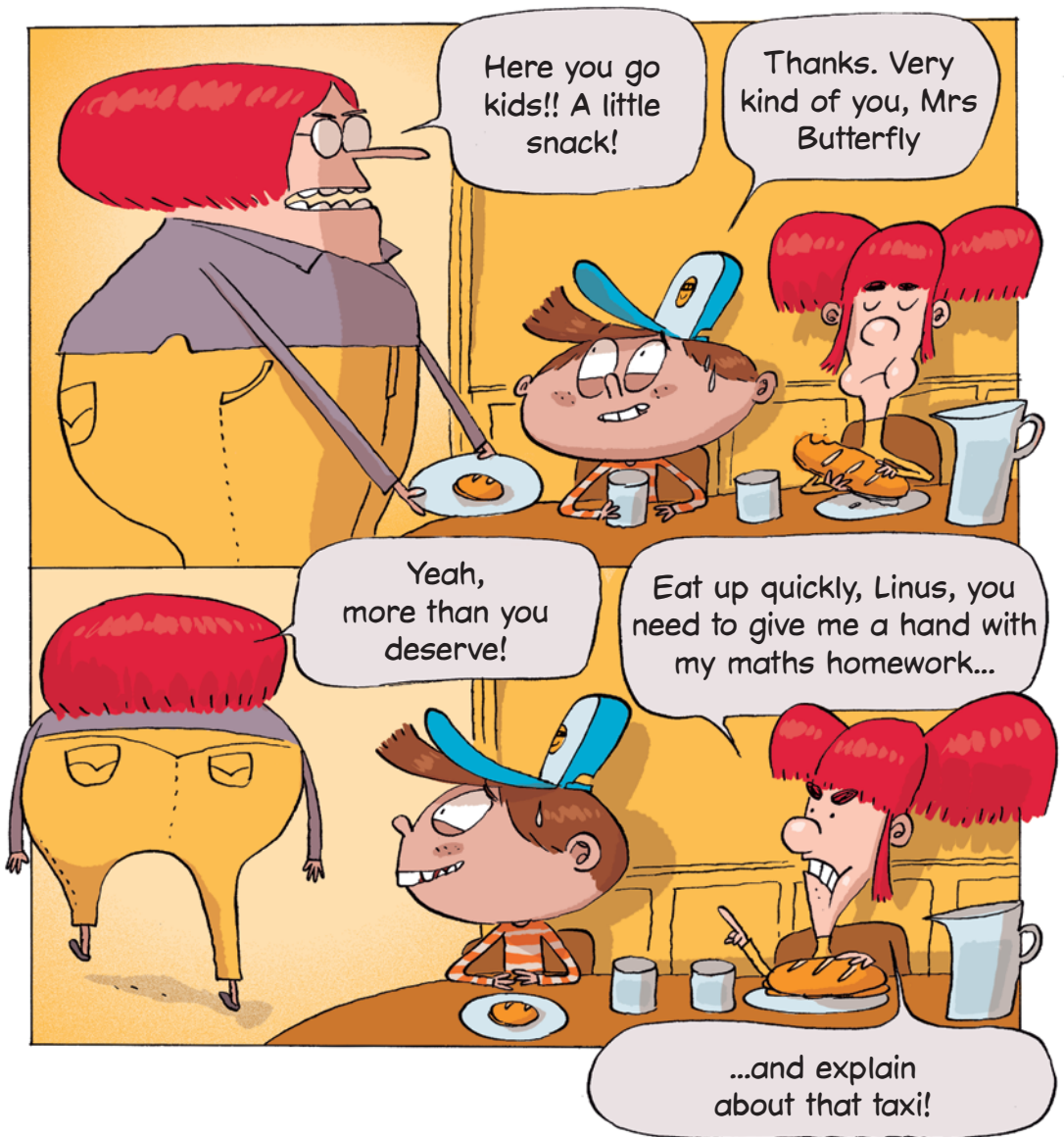


What kinda question is that Linus? Do what you thinks best. But do it!

But, above all, know yourself!



Despite the sessions with Dr. Water, I carried on with my daily life. Without going any further, the evening before everything changed forever more, I was at Rita Papillon's house, my dearest classmate. The next day we had an exam of syntax and we had to revise. I have to say that Rita's mother, Mrs. Papillon, who was our maths teacher in high school, didn't really think highly of me; but that day was a lot friendlier.



The taxi, what fun! Rita would refer to the syntax exam that we had the next day with Mr. Occitan! I adored Rita, I idolised her. I knew that one day she would realise that we were made for each other. In fact, in high school we always sat together. It was clear that the ties that united us were very solid. Love throbbed between us.



That evening, at home, I tried to continue studying, though with my brother by my side it was not easy. Our habits and methods of studying had always been very different. And the worst of it all was that that when he laughed, I got really freaked out and I couldn't study because his laugh made me think of psychopaths from horror movies.

What are you doing studying? Are you crazy, or what?

Look, I've tattooed a syntax cheatsheet!

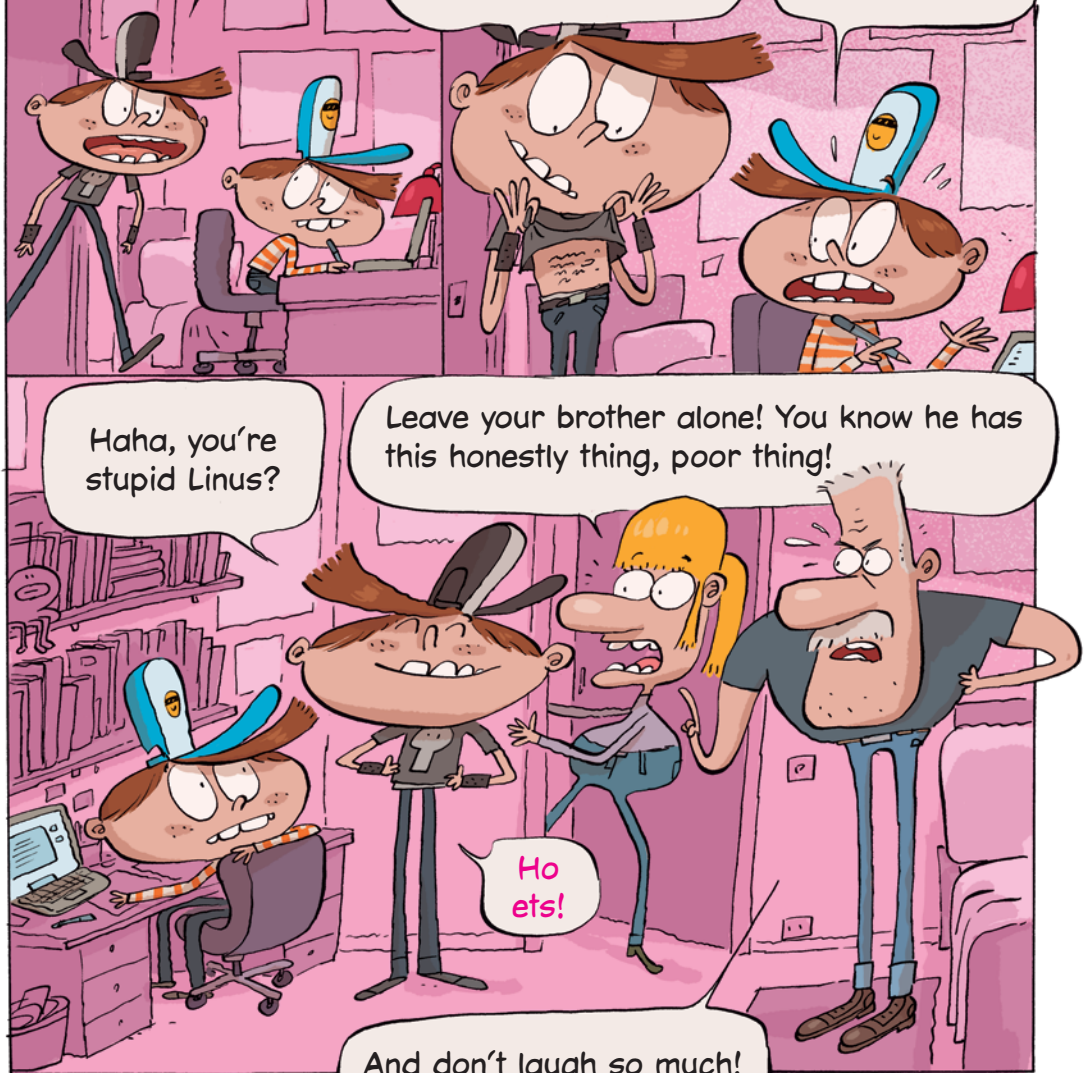
But... that's cheating!

Haha, you're stupid Linus?

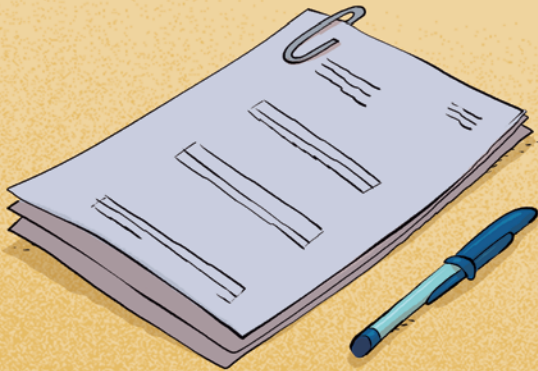
Leave your brother alone! You know he has this honestly thing, poor thing!

Ho ets!

And don't laugh so much!



**Chapter 2**  
**THE BIG DAY**

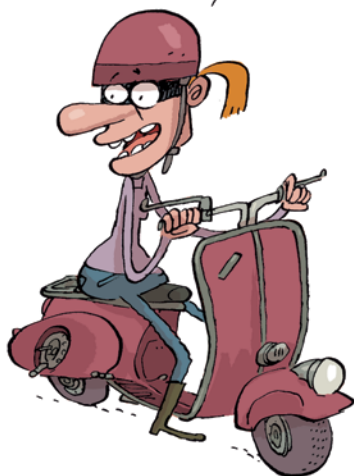


That day - which Arlo called "the big day" - before he went to high school we said goodbye to our parents, who were leaving to spend a few days in another city. They had a job in a bank and, for security, they didn't tell us where they were going. They didn't ever. And this always caused me a great deal of uneasiness.

Have you brought the dynamite and the ropes?

Yep dad, we've got the lot.

Good luck with thye exam Linus!



Arlo, we know how things are going to go!

And you, Linus, don't worry!

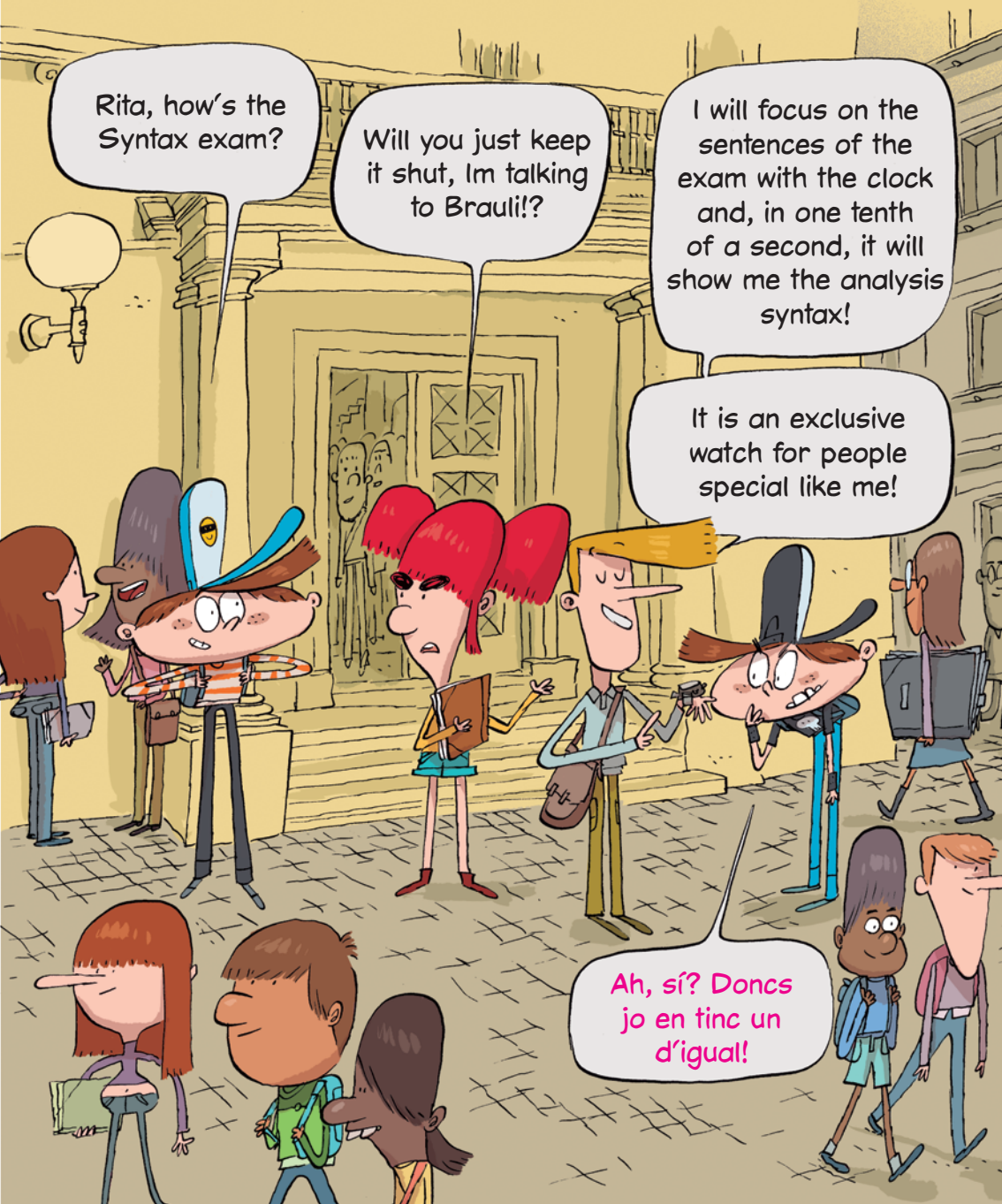
And what about me mum, I'm taking the exam too!

Please Mum, keep your eyes peeled!





A little later, when I found Rita at the door of the institute, it was as if the was shining on me. She, however didn't pay any attention to me, because at that moment she was talking to Brauli Braun, who, in addition to being the most popular student at the high school, was showing off his new watch.



Rita, how's the Syntax exam?

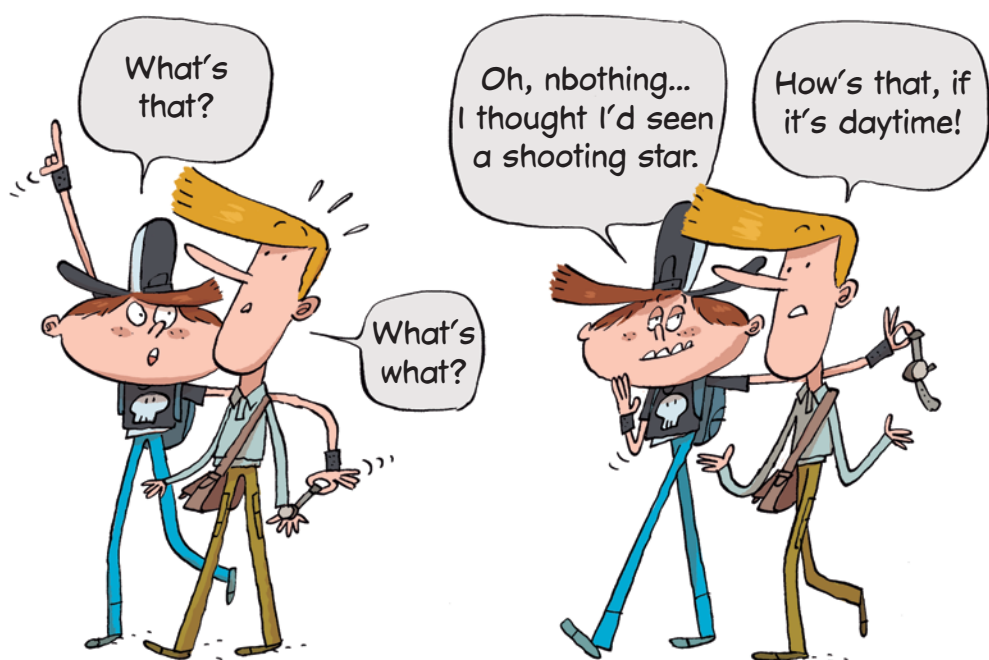
Will you just keep it shut, I'm talking to Brauli!?

I will focus on the sentences of the exam with the clock and, in one tenth of a second, it will show me the analysis syntax!

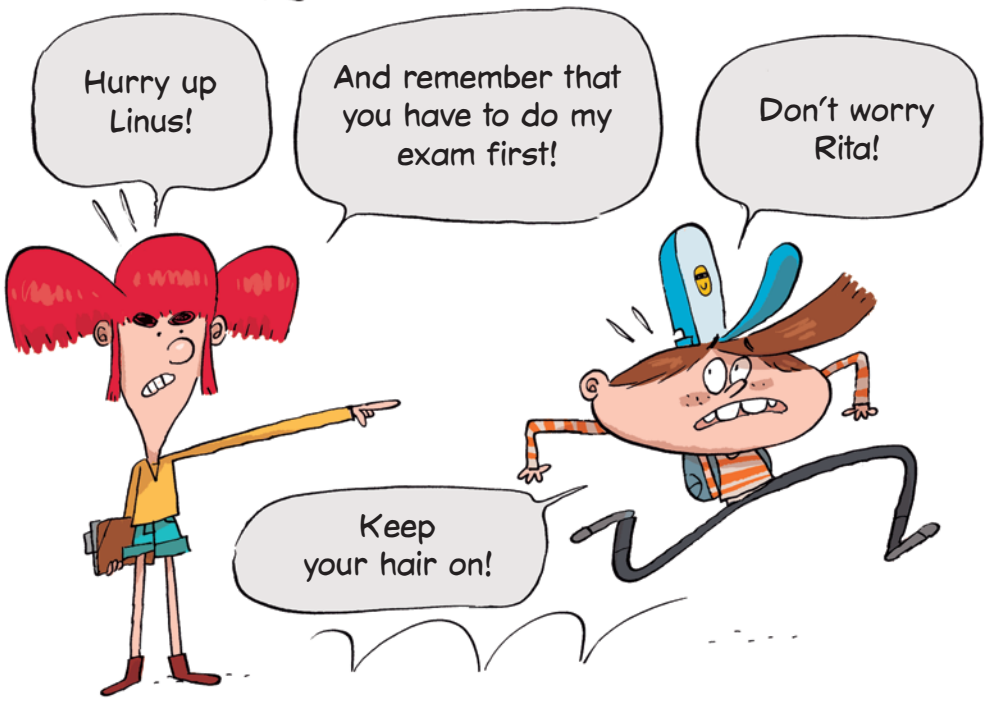
It is an exclusive watch for people special like me!

Ah, sí? Doncs jo en tinc un d'igual!

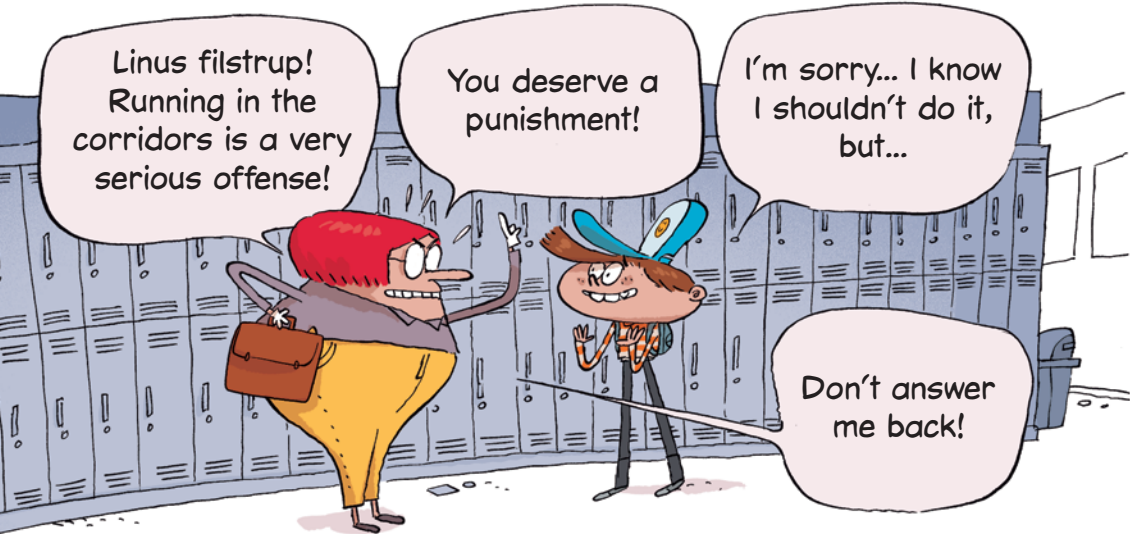
Despite the attraction of Brauli's watch, Rita immediately came to talk to me about our things. And my brother, surprisingly, goes to have a friendly conversation with Brauli. That was difficult to believe because, inexplicably, Arlo thought that both Brauli and Rita were really stupid.



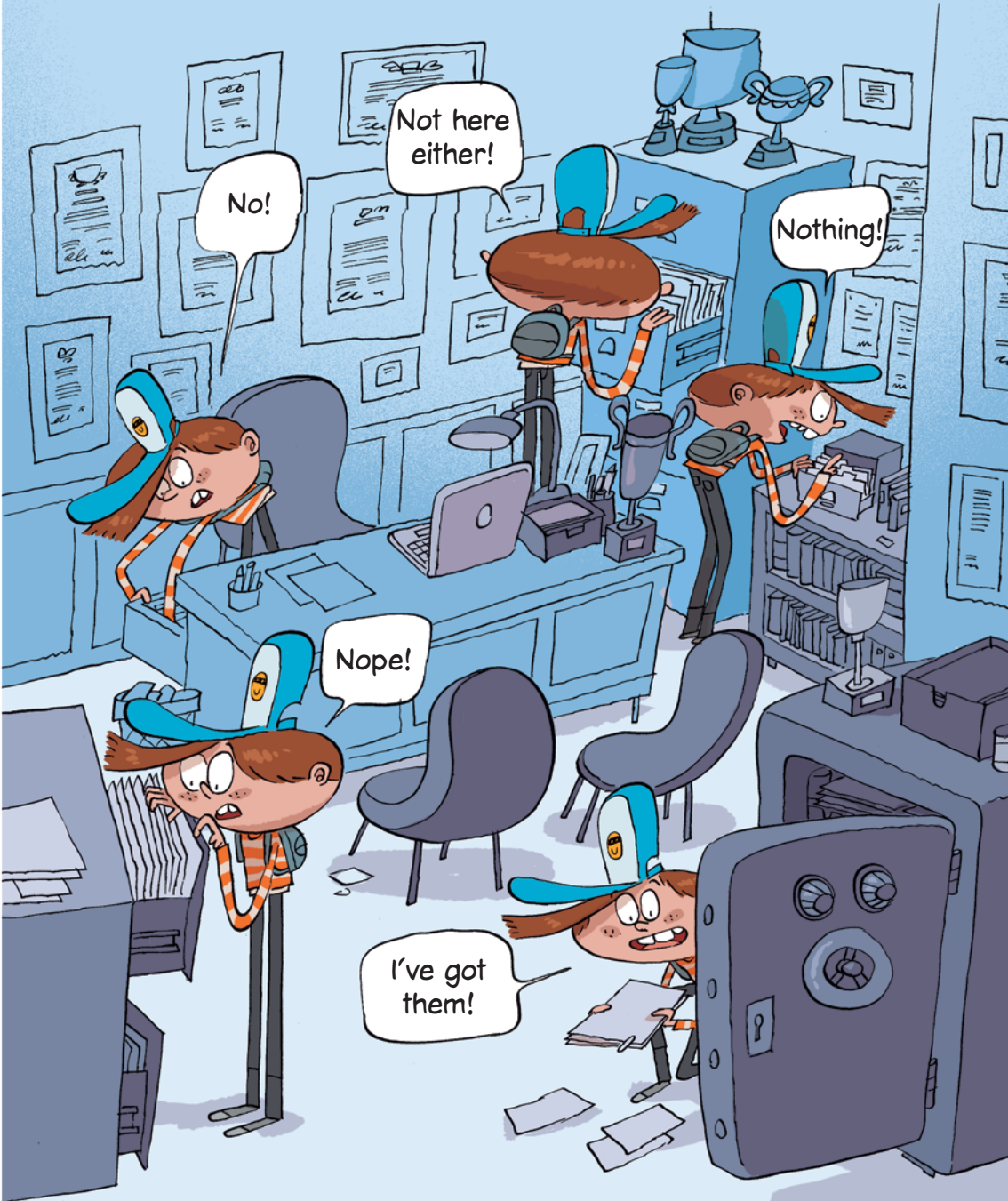
Just before going into class, we saw Mr. Occitan And, as he had left his exams in the office, he kindly asked me if he could go get them. He is a very good man, but also a bit clueless.



So i set off running! I ran like crazy until I literally ran into Mrs. Butterfly. It was bad luck! One of the many things that Ms. Papillon hated students doing was it was running down the corridors. And I just liked it... But bearing in mind that we didn't exactly see eye to eye... I managed to deal with the situation.



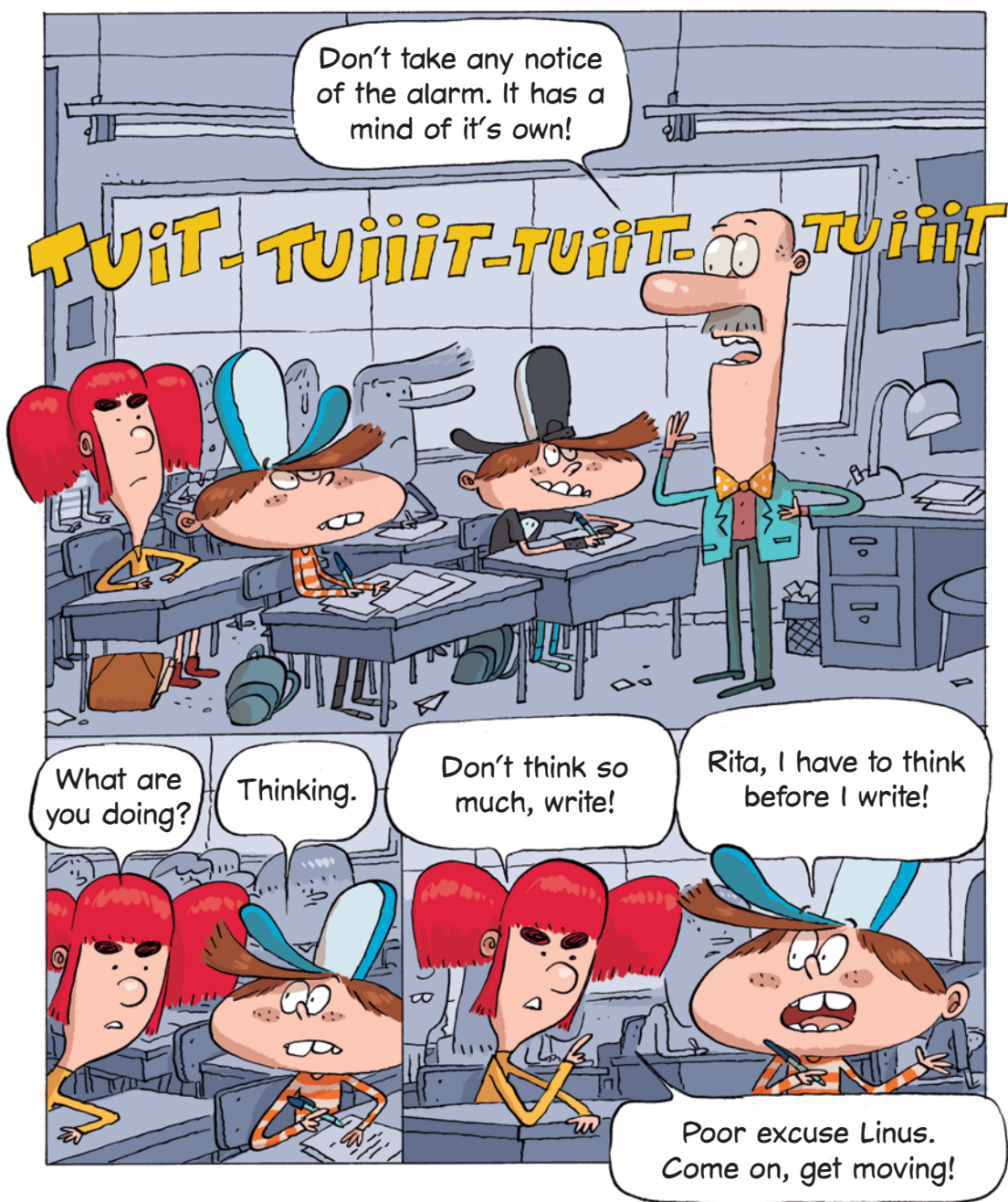
In Mr. Occitan's office, I had to take charge. Finally, I found the exams in the safe, which was open. The truth is that Mr. Occita did very rare things, but that's just how he was, clueless, weird and very strange.



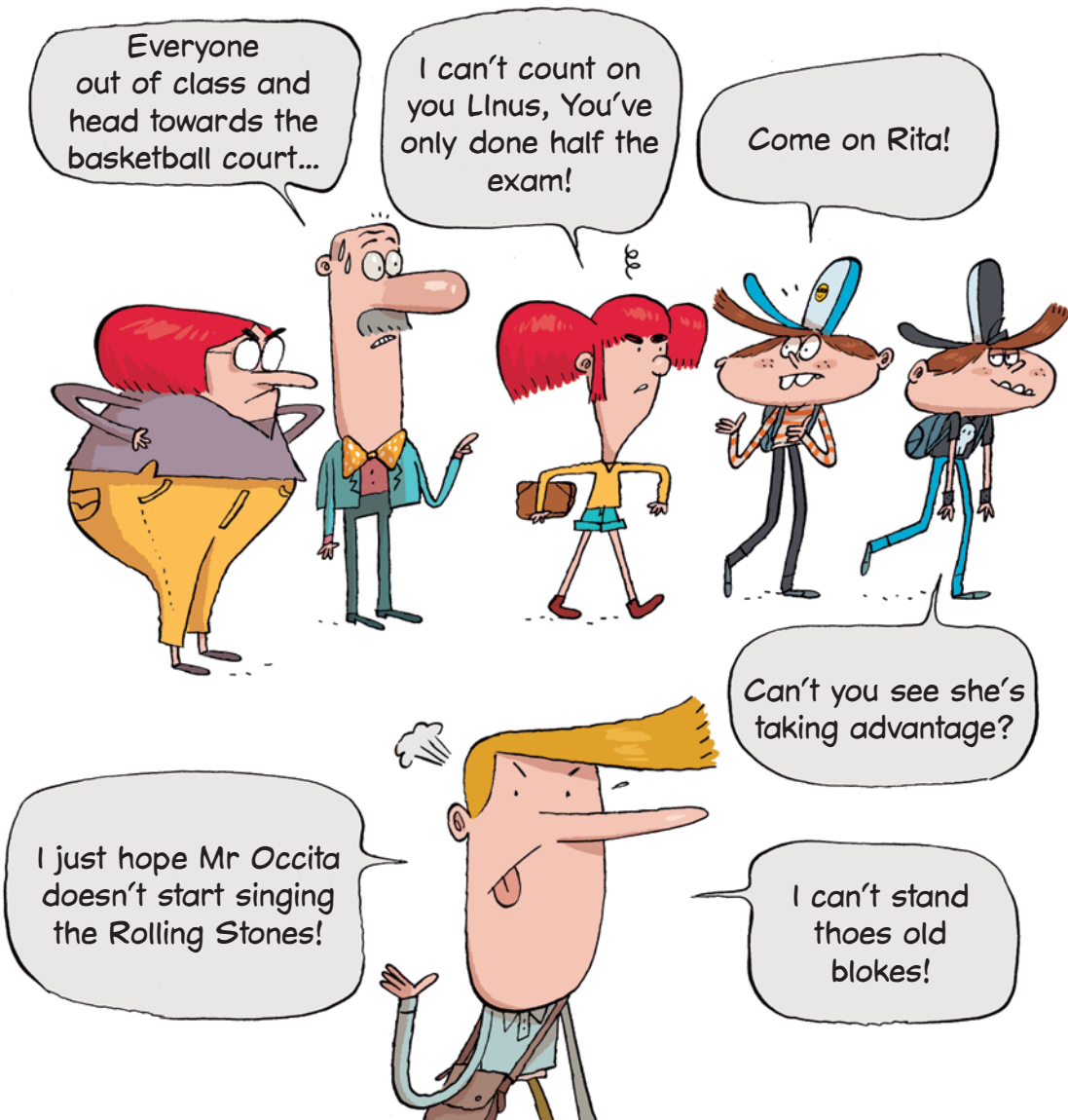
While breaking a speed record between the office and the classroom, I couldn't help but think that Rita must have been really worried. I came across a few teachers in the corridor, but I was going so fast that they didn't have time to say anything to me.



Finally, I was able to start Rita's exam, but not even five minutes had passed when the high school alarm went off and distracted me a little. Anyhow I didn't pay any attention because it was always going off for no apparent reason.

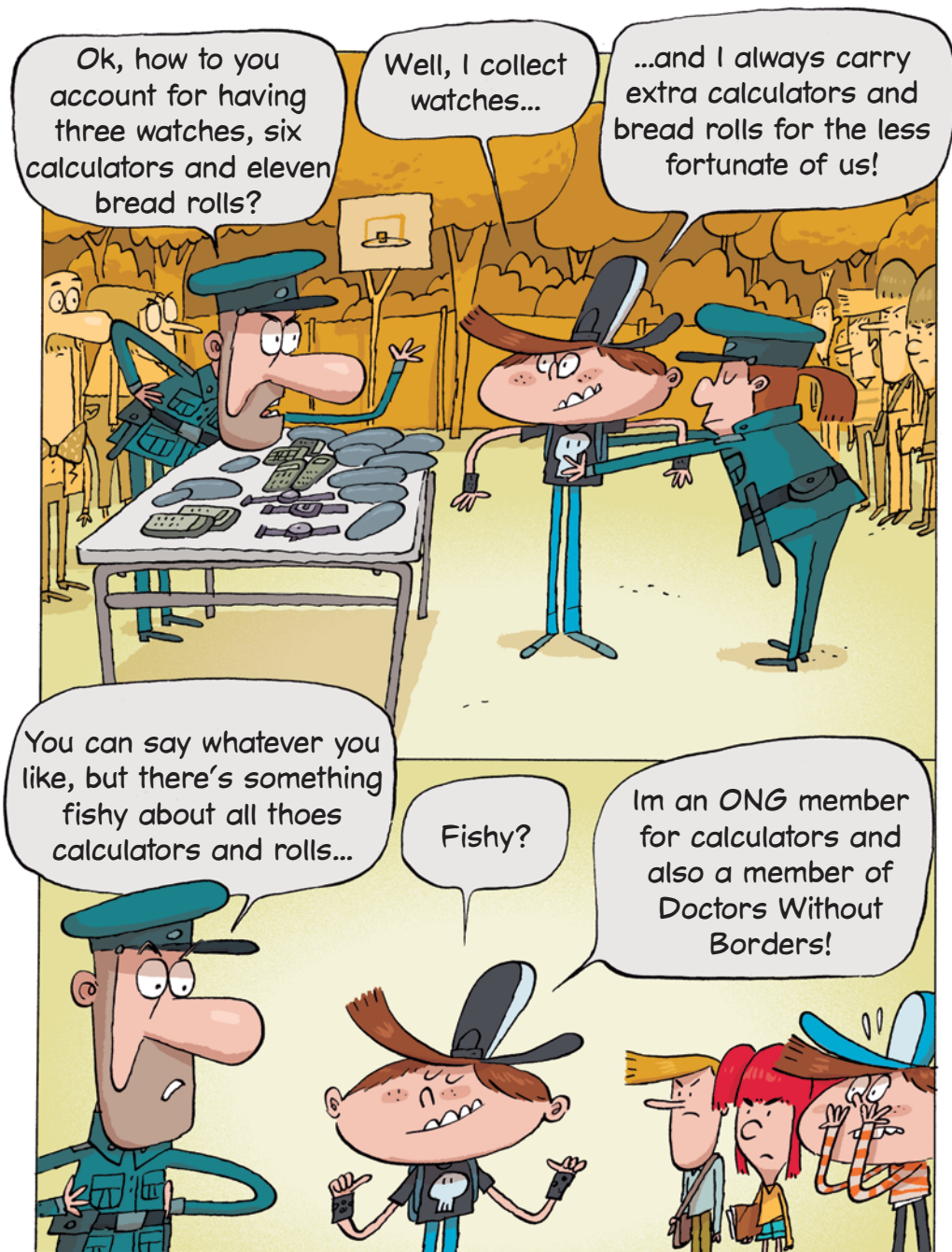


Suddenly Mrs. Papillon came into the classroom and whispered something to Mr. Occitan. Then everything changed. It seemed as if Mr. Occita was about to have a funny turn. He told us that the exam was over and that we all had to go to the basketball court. That was strange. Sometimes Mr. Occità took us to the court, grabbed a microphone and sang us songs from the era of Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, David Bowie... But he had never done it in the middle of an exam!

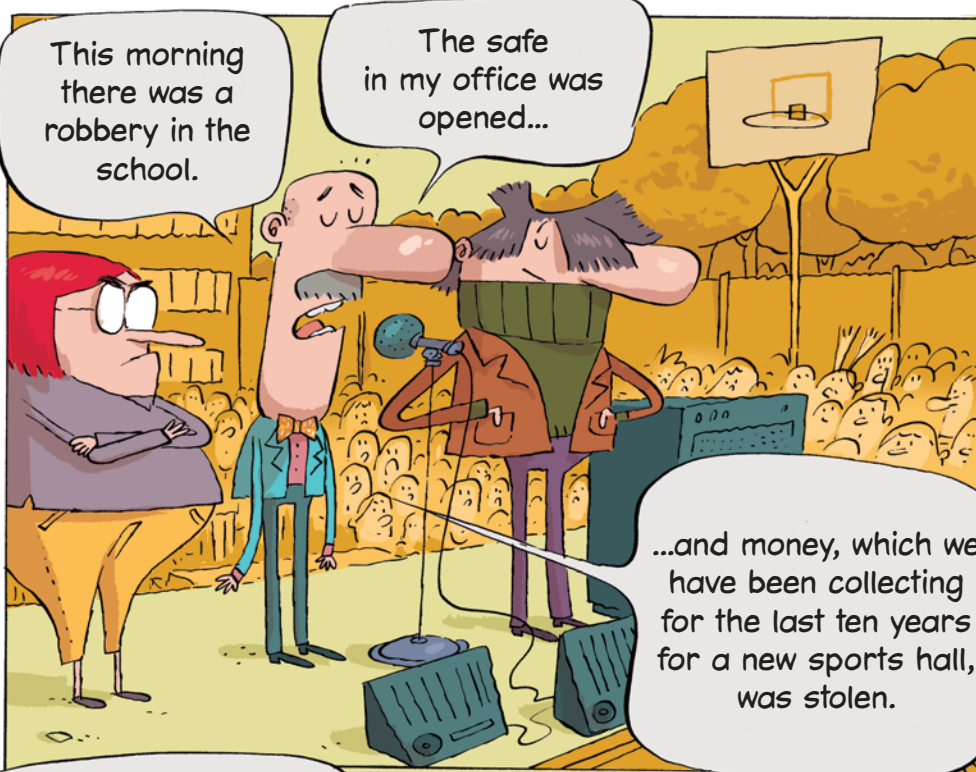




On arrival to the court, two policemen searched us from head to toe. It was already clear that Mr. Occitan wasn't going to be singing any song. The whole situation was really strange.



Mr Occita took the mic. And no. He didn't sing. He was looking kind of strange. Then, as he was speaking a man that was standing by his side started to nod his head.



This morning there was a robbery in the school.

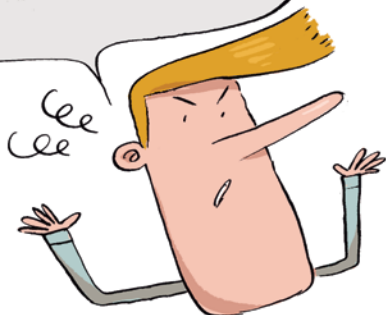
The safe in my office was opened...

...and money, which we have been collecting for the last ten years for a new sports hall, was stolen.

All those silly raffles, all proceeds from the sale of unhealthy Christmas hamper products... its all been in vain. I'm speechless!

I would like to introduce Inspector Set, from criminal investigations!

What an idiot! If he'd taken the money to the bank, like normal people do...



Yeah, What a mess!



As a headmaster he's hopeless!



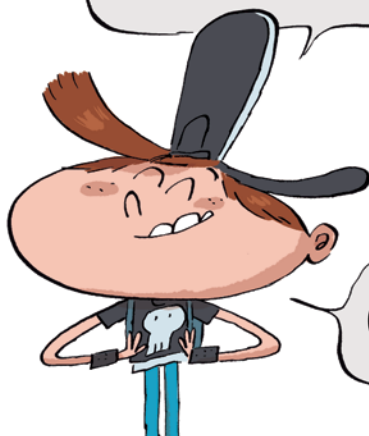
He should have been sacked years ago!



You've got nothing to do with this, right?

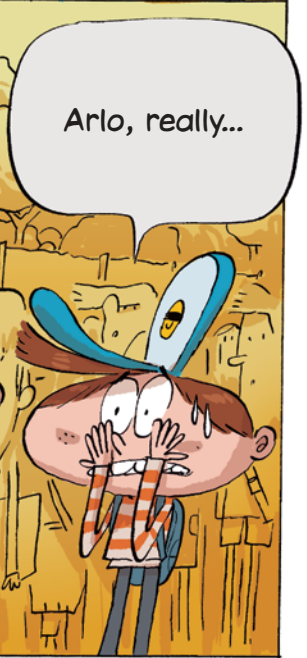


Well, I'd like to have!



Haha!

Inspector Set looked very confident, he was like one of those detectives in the movies who has everything clear from the start, but still, Arlo managed to rattle him.



Suddenly, a policeman came on stage and passed a note to Set, who, from that moment on, seemed more like a TV presenter of one of those stupid game shows than a police inspector.

Attention! We have a suspect!

And, what's more, several teachers have seen him running in the corridors!

His fingerprints are all over the headmaster's office, even on the strongbox, where there were...

...1,420,000 euros!!!

Listen up! The suspect's name is...

...LINUS...  
FILSTRUP!



Ohhh!



Wow!



He seemed such a nice lad!

What!



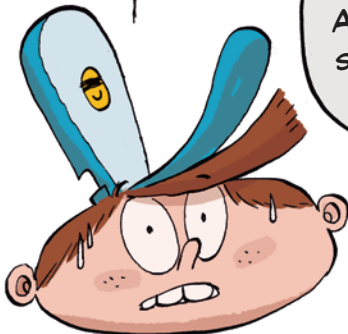
What's he on about?



My mother always told me. What a disappointment. What a let down!

What, me?!

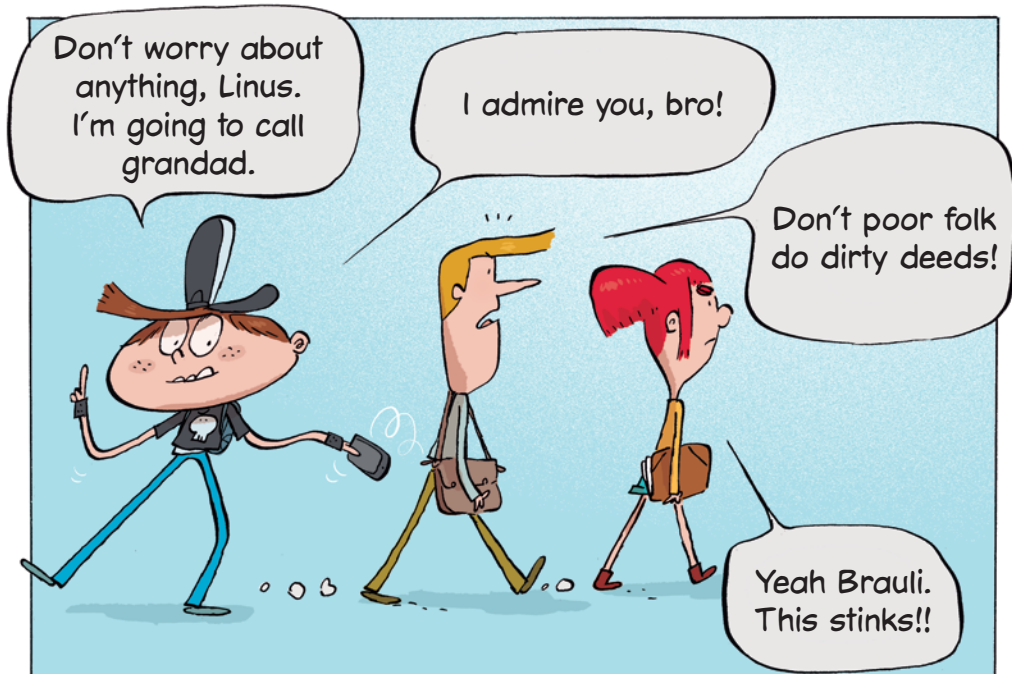
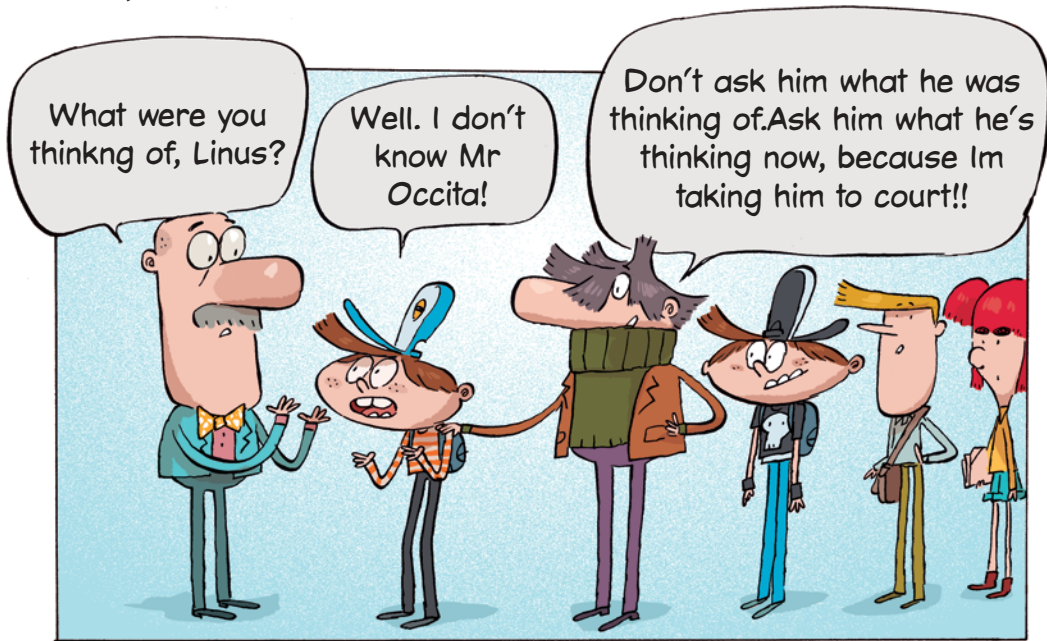
And his brother stole my watch!



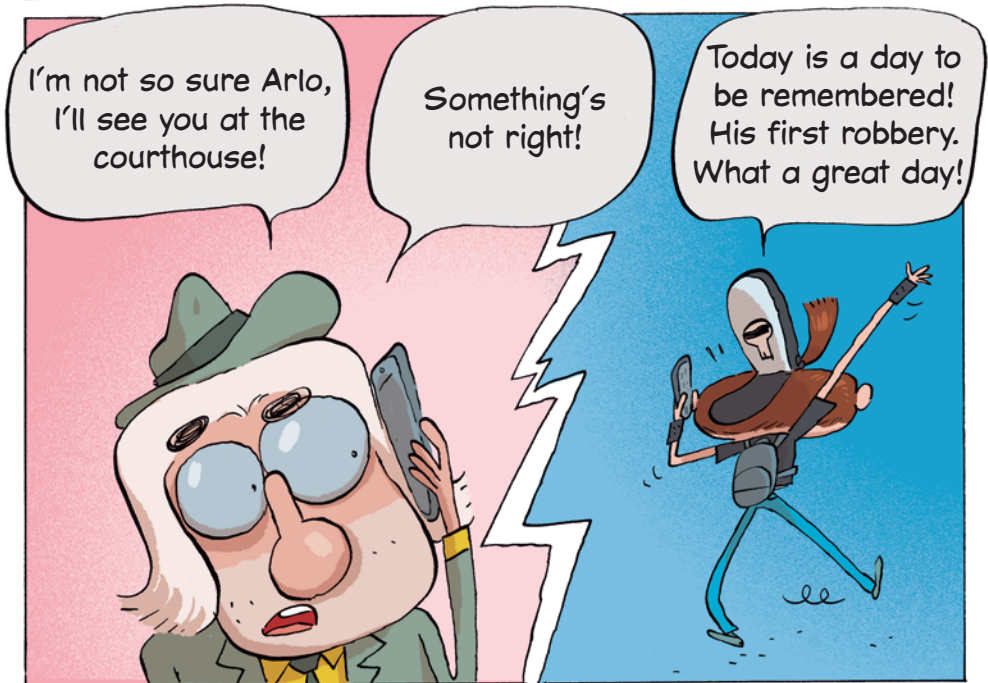
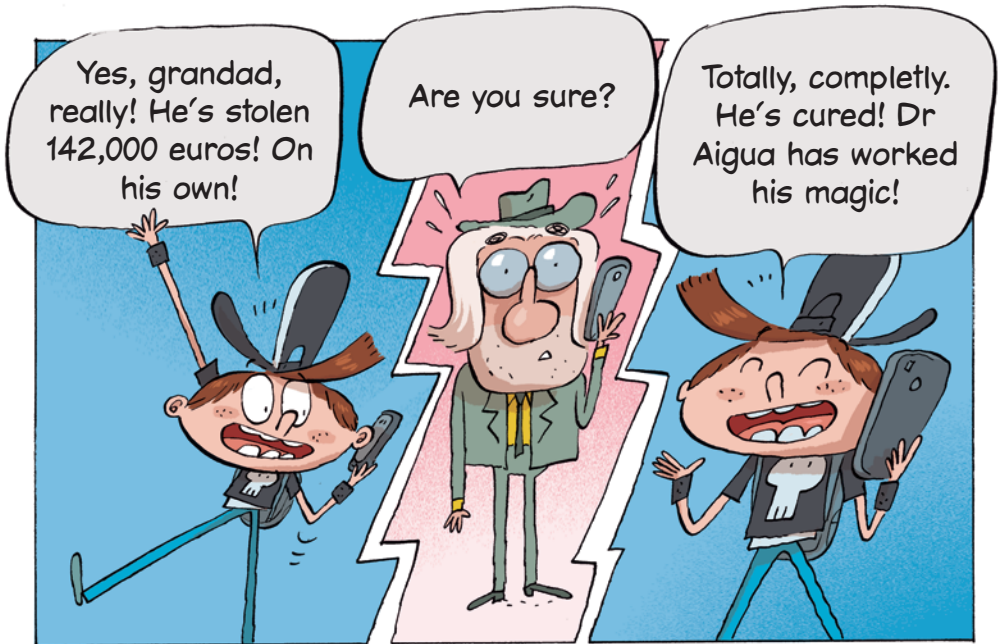
I can't believe it. Linus is getting better. He's finally stolen something!!



Of course my fingerprints were in of Mr. Occitan's office ! They had been left there when I had gone to look for the exam But on top of all that, in addition, Ms.Butterfly and other teachers had seen me running down the corridor. Everything pointed in my diraction!



Arlo touched the grandfather and assured him that I was already completely cured. My brother was convinced that I had been the perpetrator of the robbery. For him this was the big day the whole family had been waiting for: the day of my first robbery.



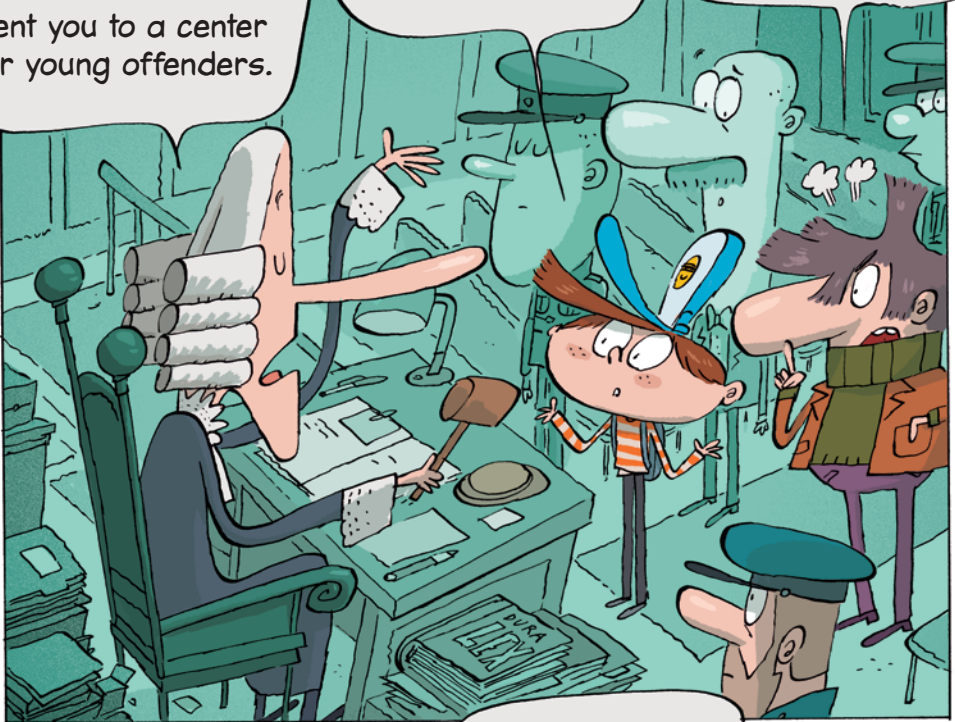


Inspector Set took me to see the dut judge and Mr. Occità came along with us because he didn't want to leave me alone. Bearing in mind that, according to all indications, I was the culprit, his attitude was much appreciated. But things were soon going to go downhill.

Son, I have no idea what you were thinking about, but I have no other choice but to sent you to a center for young offenders.

But, your honor, where am I supposed to have hidden all that cash?

Shut up son, that has nothing to do with the case!



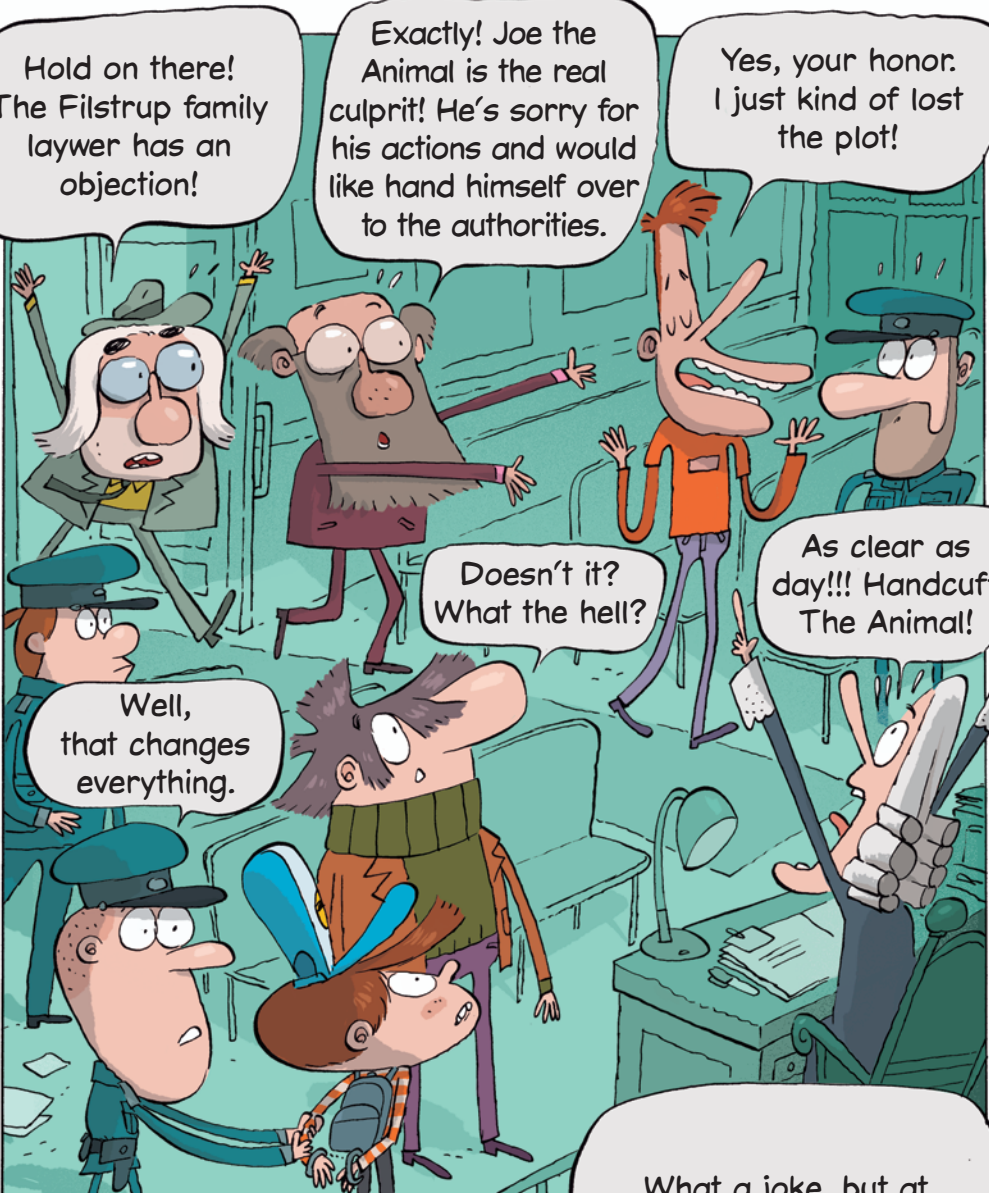
Be strong Linus, grandad's on his way!

What a mess! If Linus really is guilty then the world is really going downhill!

The Fistrups will not be moved!



All seemed hopelessly lost. They were already taking me away to the young offenders center when, suddenly, the door of the room where we were opened and grandfather appeared with Dr. Water and my uncle Joe.



Hold on there!  
The Filstrup family  
lawyer has an  
objection!

Exactly! Joe the  
Animal is the real  
culprit! He's sorry for  
his actions and would  
like hand himself over  
to the authorities.

Yes, your honor.  
I just kind of lost  
the plot!

Doesn't it?  
What the hell?

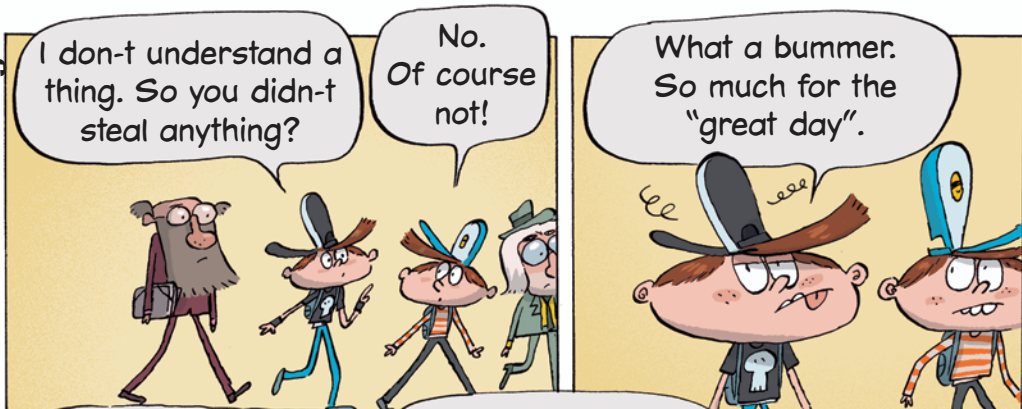
As clear as  
day!!! Handcuff  
The Animal!

Well,  
that changes  
everything.

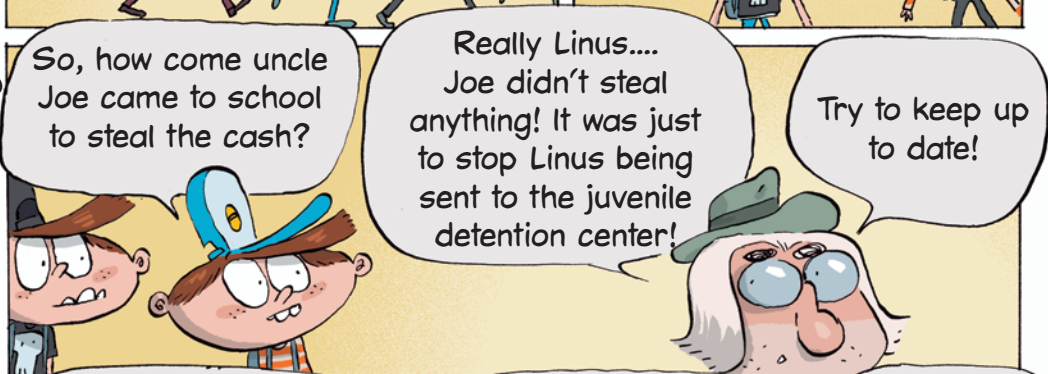
What a joke, but at  
least Linus won't be  
getting locked up!

When we left the court, we had to clear up a few misunderstandings, because in general we had all got the wrong idea of what had happened.

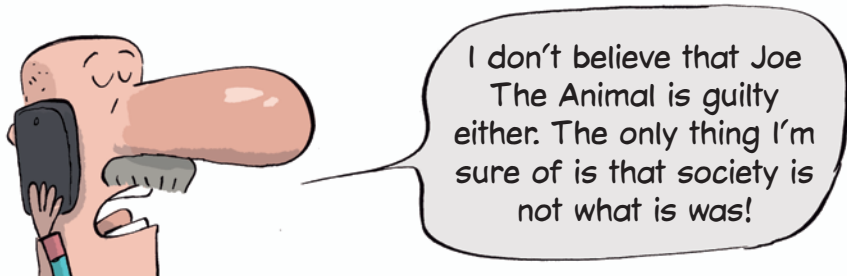
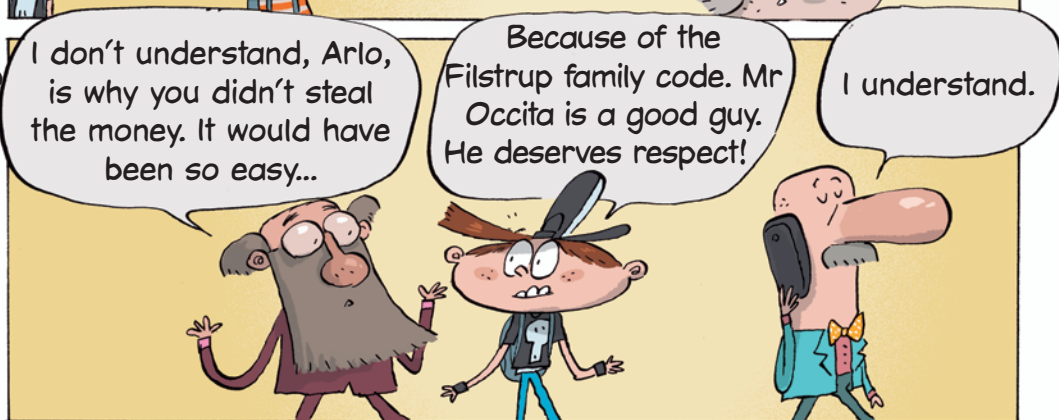
## Misunderstanding 1



## Misunderstanding 2



## Misunderstanding 3



What was happening to Uncle Joe was a great injustice. He would take the blame, even though, I wasn't the perpetrator of the robbery either. The whole situation was so ridiculous that it made no sense.

Granddad,  
I'm really  
worried about  
Uncle Joe.

Don't worry!  
You know that  
he'll get out of  
prison whenever he  
fancies.

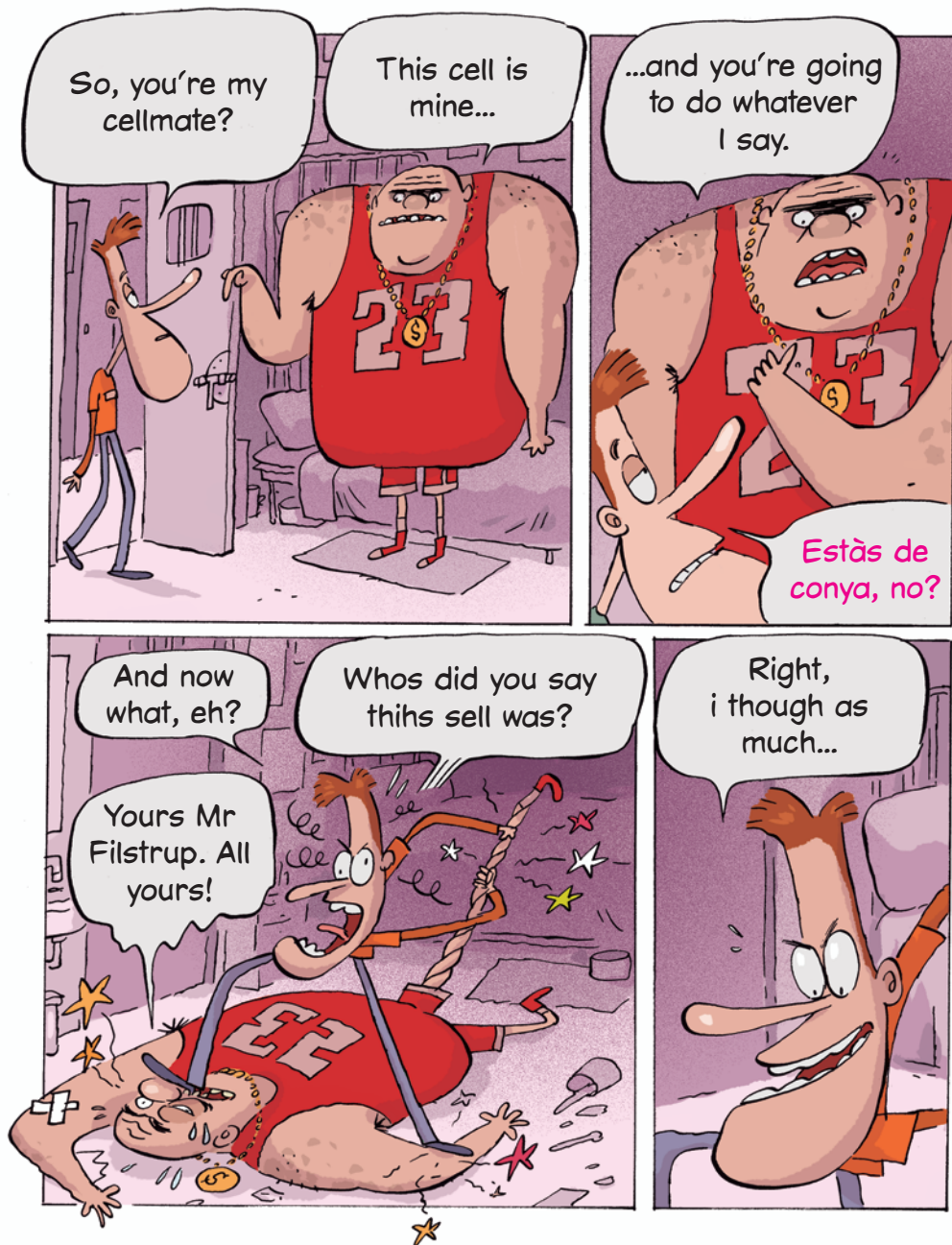
And as for the  
prisoners, if Joe  
gets edgy things  
could get though.



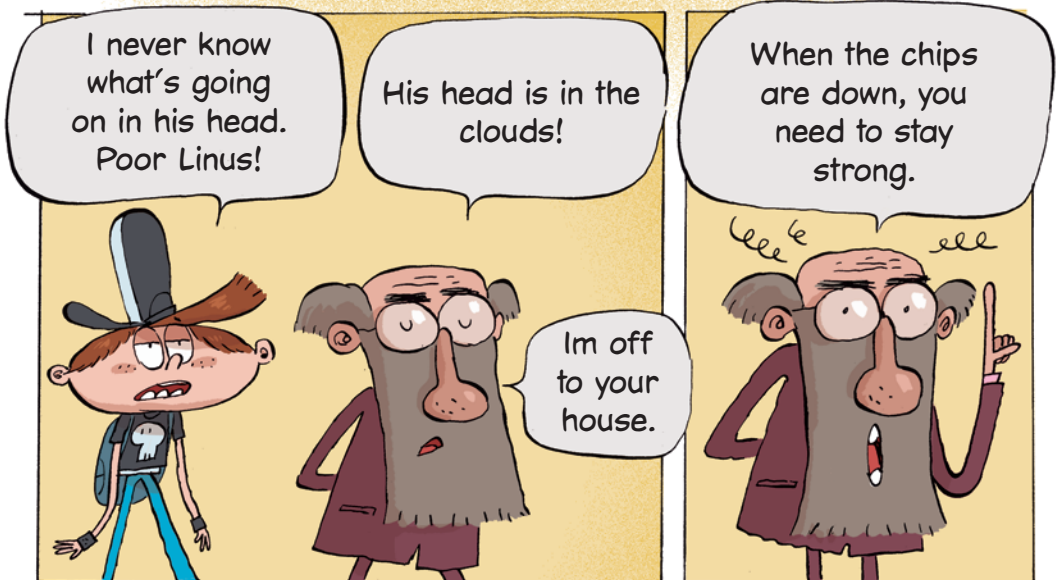
Uncle Joe has  
always been such a  
role model.



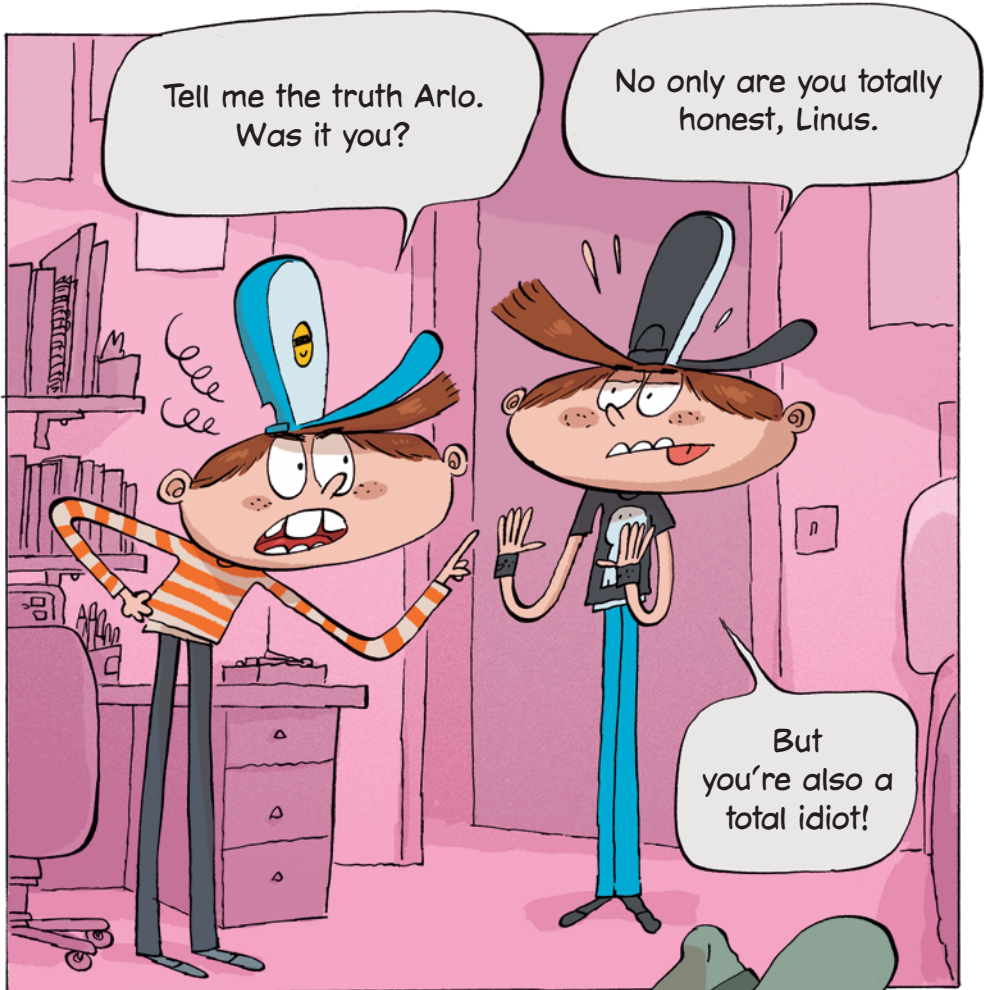
Arlo, Grandpa and Dr. Water were right. Uncle Joe, besides being able to get in and out of prison two or three times in the same day without anyone noticing, when he got nervous he was a danger. That's why they called him "the Animal". During his first escape, he himself told us how it had gone in prison.



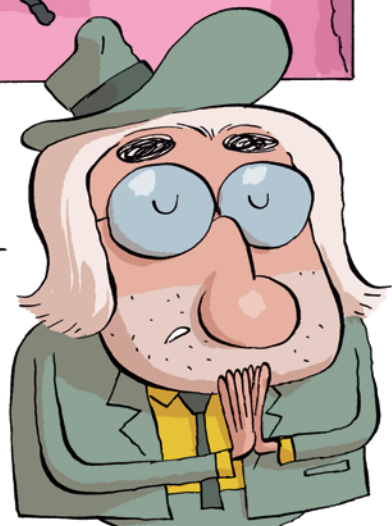
Knowing that Uncle Joe wouldn't get in trouble in jail was reassuring, but what Grandpa told me on the way home made me very nervous. Maybe that's why Dr. Water decided that we should do an extra session the next day.



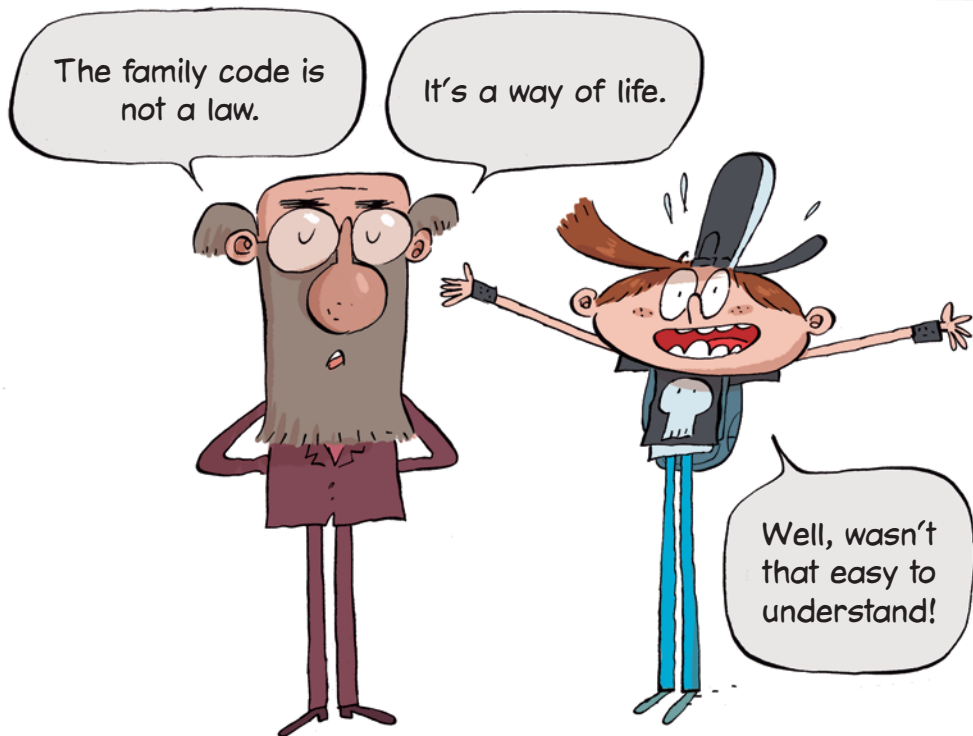
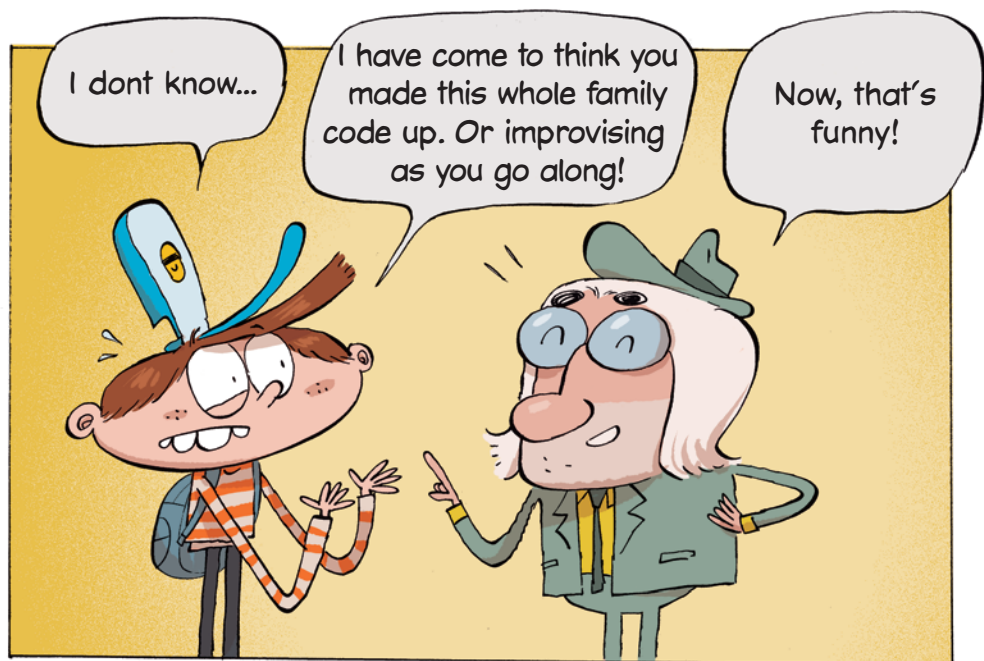
I have to say that when we were at home I had a huge and completely unfounded and absurd thought. It suddenly came into my head that the perpetrator of the robbery could have been Arlo.



Linus, do you really think that the Fistrup family code would allow your own brother put you in danger?



My nerves were betraying me. With some shame I had to admit that my suspicion was completely unfounded, and, by the way, it also became clear that I was not at all clear about the Filstrup family code.





That night I had a terrible nightmare. I didn't have a head or feet Or maybe I did, maybe it made all the sense in the world. Whatever it was, it was scary.



