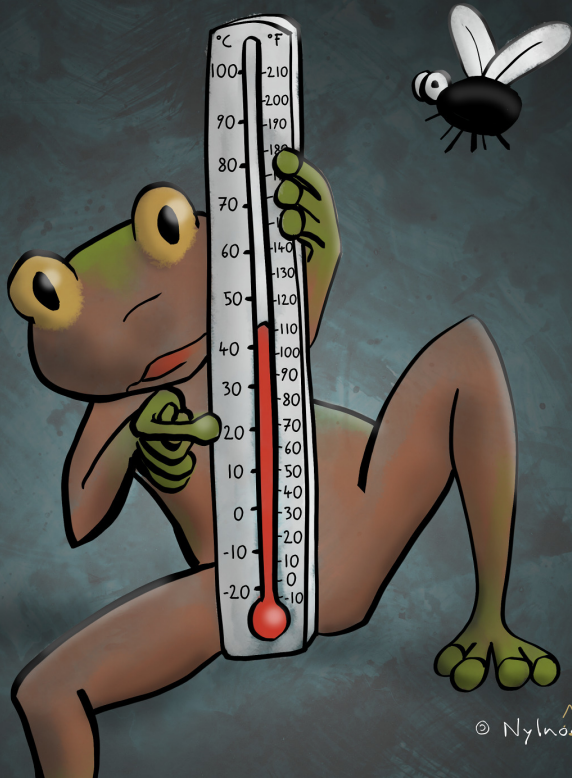


Climate Change

Explained to
Frogs,
to Toads,
to Batrachians Generally,
and All Earthlings
Who Might Feel a Little Concerned



In a large pot, there were three frogs:

Earth

a Western frog
named Burt

an "Emerging" frog
named Fu

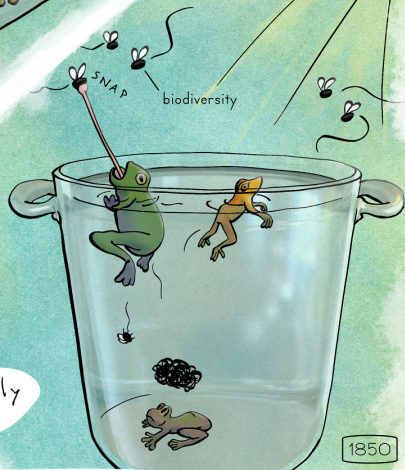
and a Southern frog
named Dodji

After a long night,
frogs were finally
free and equal in
law,

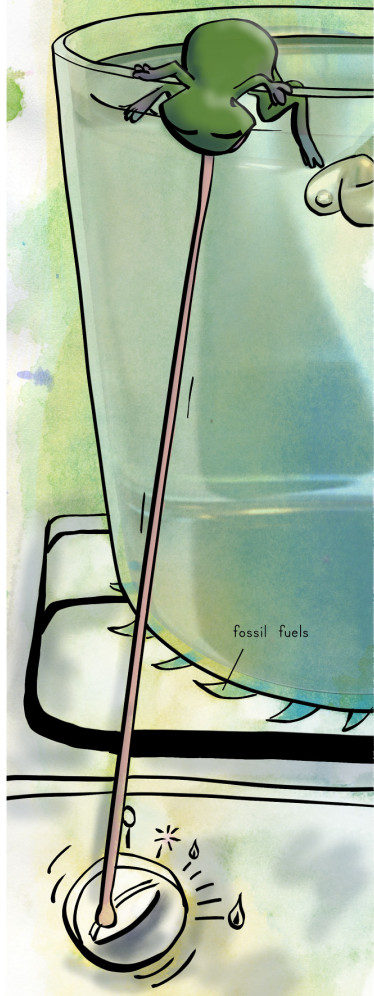
and flies were
abundant,

although unevenly
distributed.

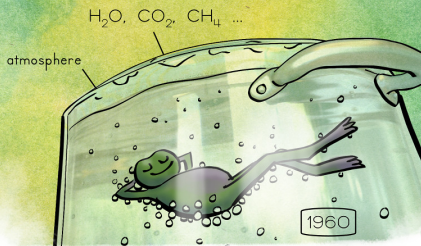
That morning, life was rather good in the pot.



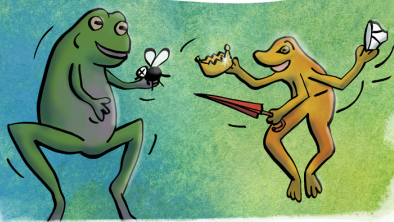
But Burt found the gas button, and said to himself that he was well entitled to modern comfort.



He started to enjoy it, not noticing a small film of gas and water vapor starting to form a lid on the pan.

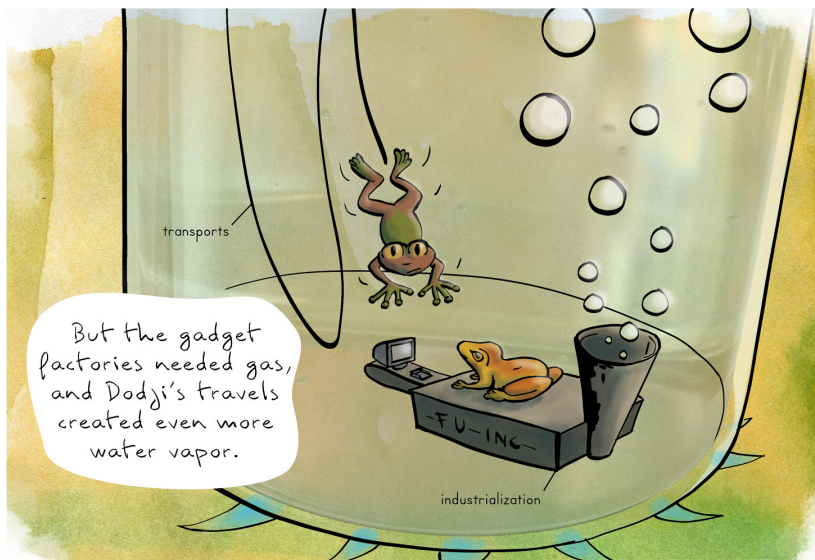


That tempted Fu and he began to sell Burt a whole lot of gadgets in exchange for modern comfort, because he was entitled too.

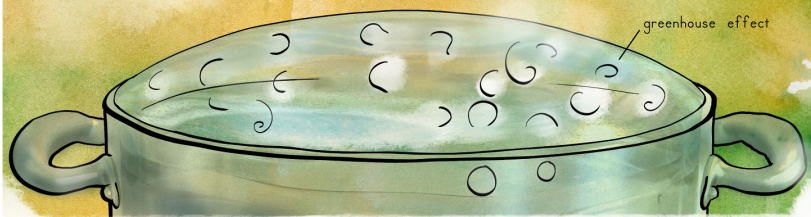


Then Fu hired Dodji to run endless gadgets between Burt and himself. Dodji having to earn the right to flies that were out of his reach before.





The gas got stronger and stronger, which made the lid thicker and thicker. The water gradually got warmer and warmer.

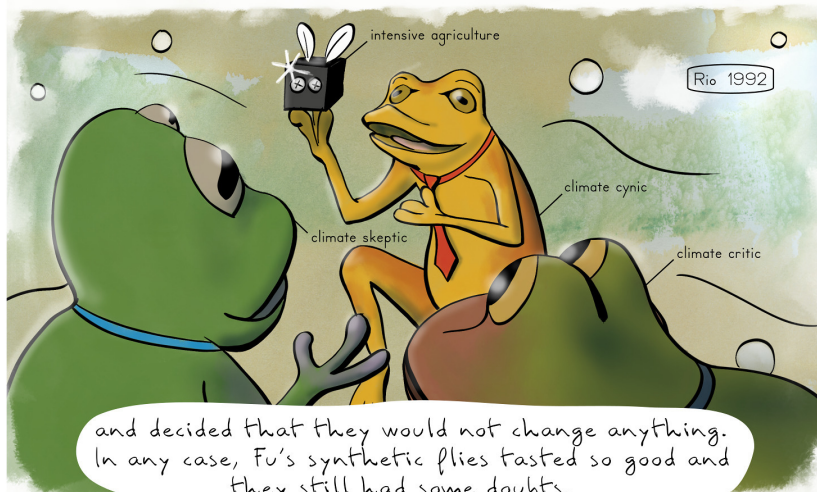




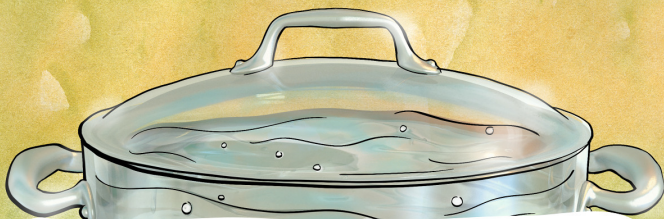
Then flies started to fall,
and the water started to
simmer.



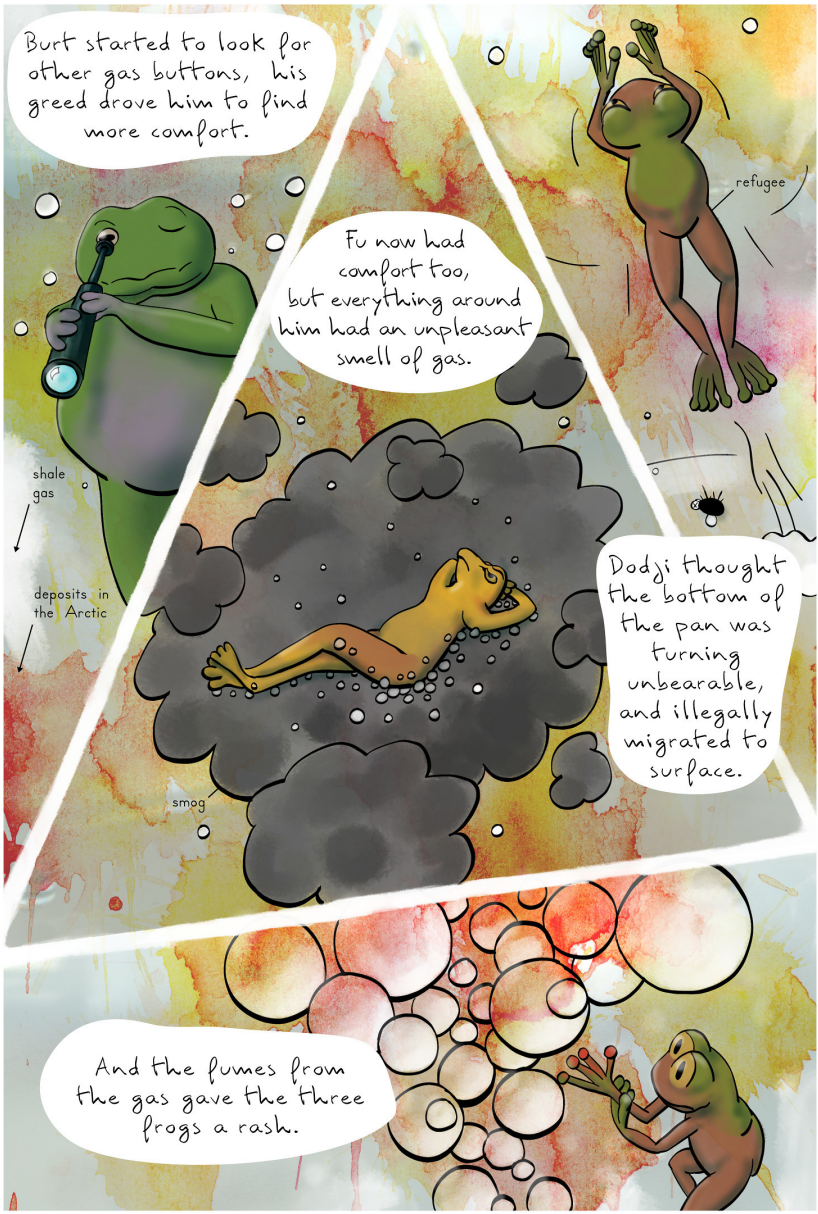
So the three frogs met to
admit there was a problem,



and decided that they would not change anything.
In any case, Fu's synthetic flies tasted so good and
they still had some doubts.



The quite thick lid then solidified, willing to stay
put for a few hours, to continue to thicken
and to be tightly sealed.



Burt started to look for other gas buttons, his greed drove him to find more comfort.

Fu now had comfort too, but everything around him had an unpleasant smell of gas.

Dodji thought the bottom of the pan was turning unbearable, and illegally migrated to surface.

And the fumes from the gas gave the three frogs a rash.

So they met once again to find out whether or not they could afford for the water to come to a boil.

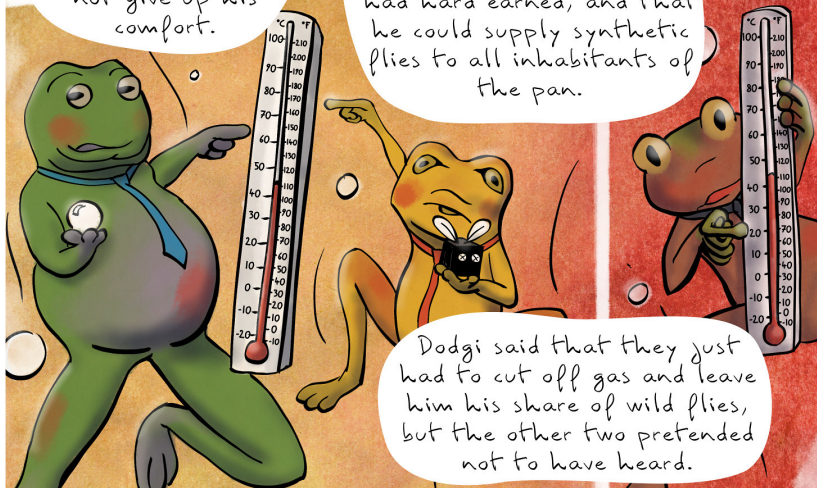
Copenhagen 2009

It was already 45°C (113°F).

Burt said that 20°C (68°F) higher was where the line was drawn, but he would not give up his comfort.

Fu said that 30°C (86°F) higher and a smell of gas was completely bearable. He planned to make the most of the comforts he had hard earned, and that he could supply synthetic flies to all inhabitants of the pan.

Dodgi said that they just had to cut off gas and leave him his share of wild flies, but the other two pretended not to have heard.



Paris 2015

A galactic restaurant is advertising

boiled frogs, cooked
in the Earth-pot, for
lunch today.

in 2100

Fortunately,
no one is safe from
having their gas
shut off.

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Thanks to my husband www.jedhooknyhook.com for its features, to Louis Skiller and Louis Skiller for its motor studies,
to Allen Rabinowitz and Thomas for his great style, to my cousin and to my nephew for making this comic possible.

ISBN 979-10-95663-01-0

Published on www.bookelis.com