

My name is Paula, and I live with my dad  
and my little dog Luna on the second floor of a small  
apartment building—the prettiest one in the whole city.  
What I love the most about my home  
are my neighbours.

This is the story of what happened  
the evening of the blackout.



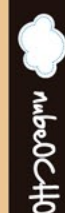
A STORY ABOUT UNPLUGGING  
FROM THE DIGITAL WORLD.



The Blackout

Luis Amavisca

Francesc Rovira



# The Blackout

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*To my son, Juan.  
The blackout was fun, wasn't it?*

Luis Amavisca

*To my neighbors.*  
Francesc Rovira



**The Blackout**  
Somos8 Series

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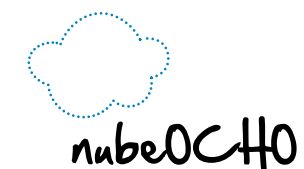
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# The Blackout

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It all happened on an afternoon like any other.  
Well, it seemed like any other afternoon,  
but in reality...

No one could have imagined how different  
it would be.

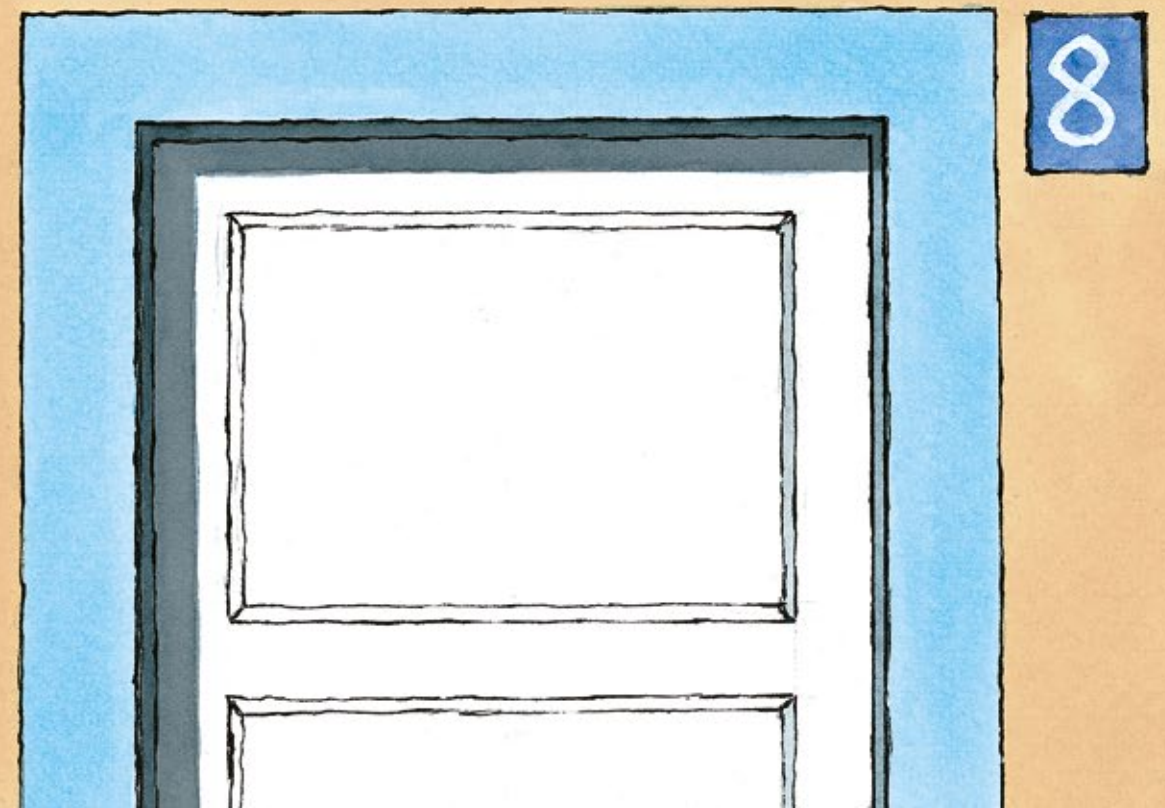






My name is Paula. I live with my dad and my little dog, Luna, on the second floor of a small apartment building, the prettiest one in the city.

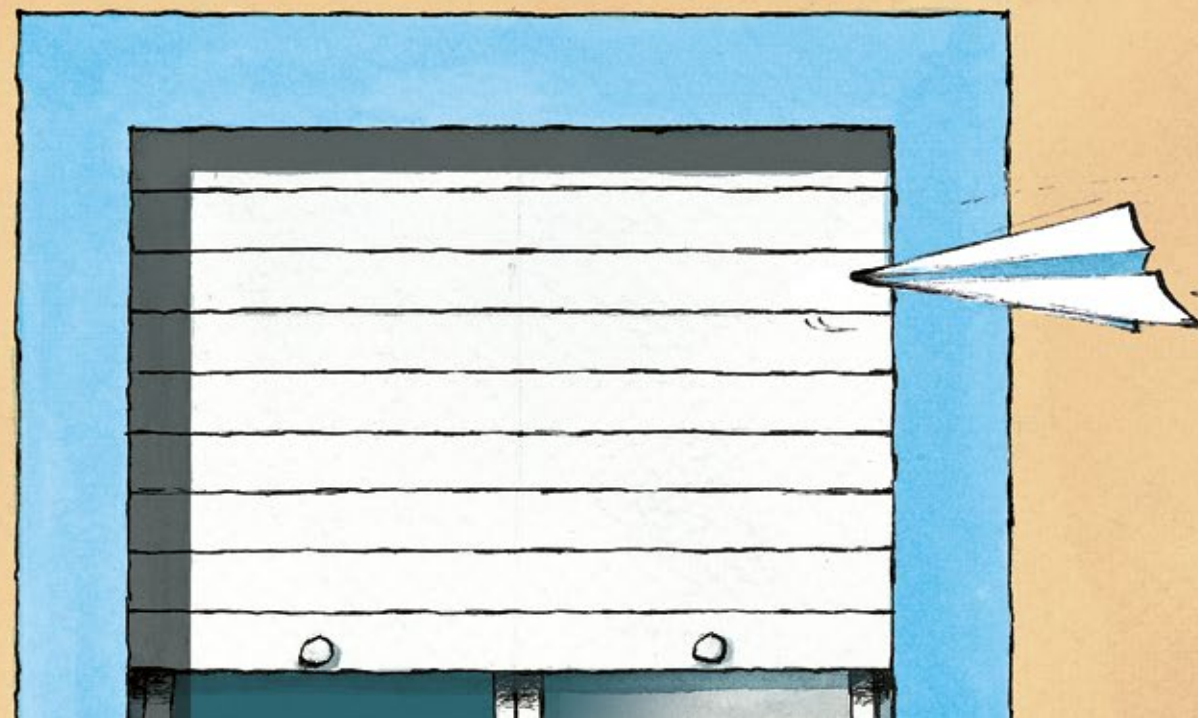
What I love the most about my home are my neighbours.





Saida lives on the third floor.  
Her parents moved here from Morocco before she was born,  
so she is from here—but also from there.

Saida teaches us beautiful words in her language.  
I love the way she says *shukran*, which means  
“thank you” in Arabic.

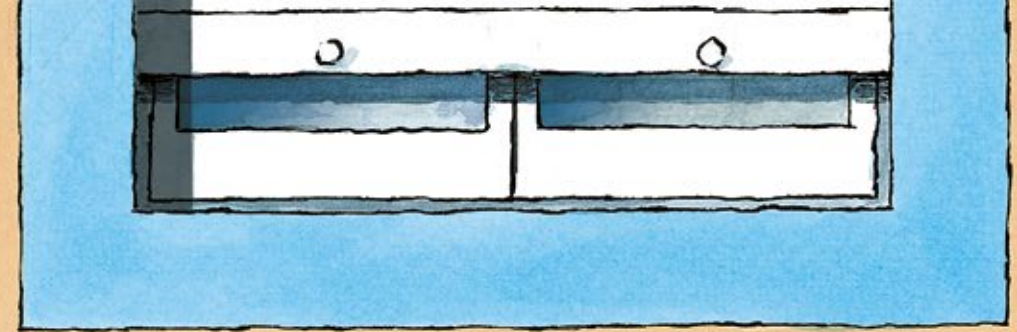




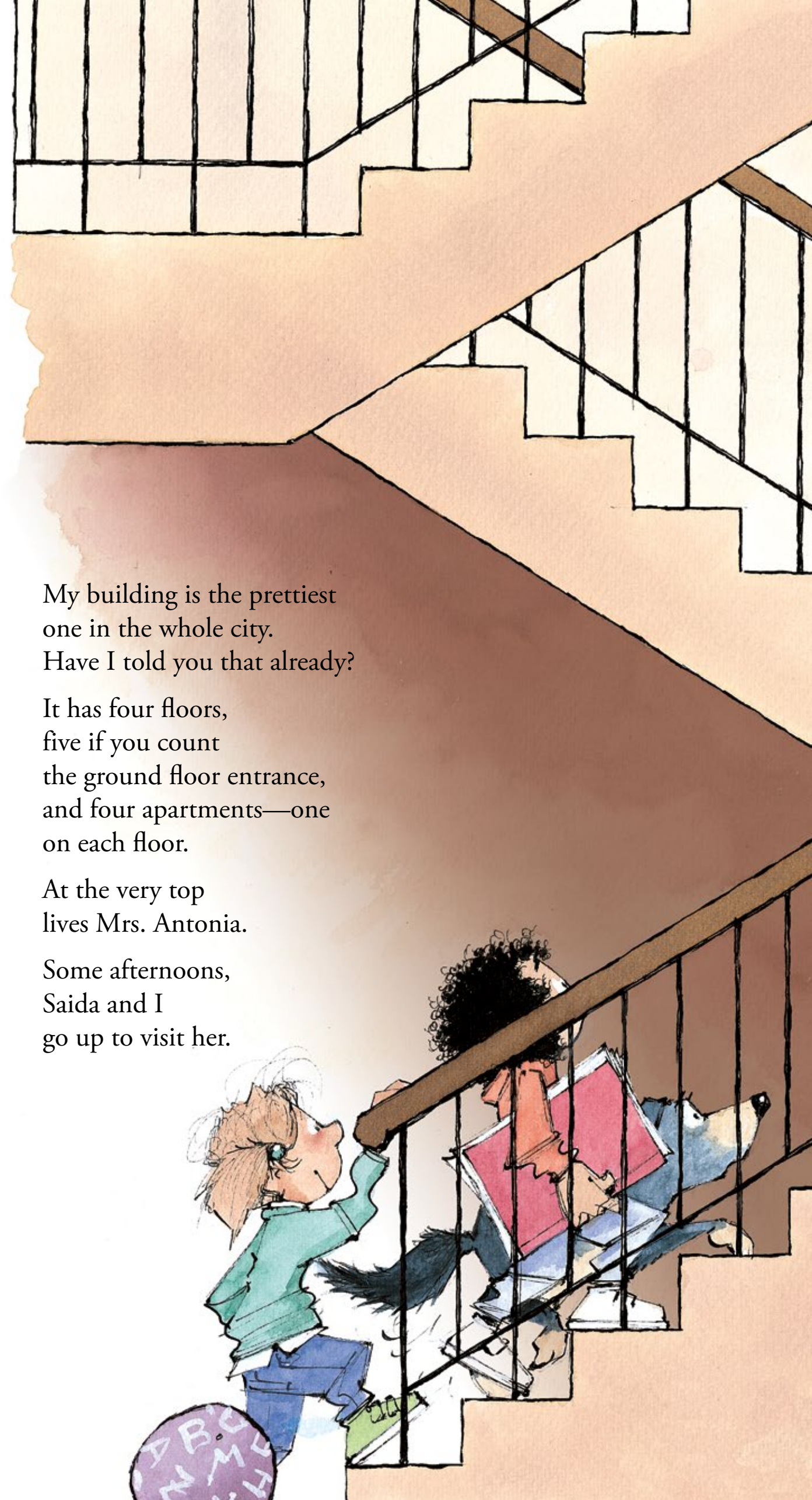


Our friend, Felipe, lives on the fourth floor  
with his grandpa and his mom, Monica.  
She runs the flower stall by the park.  
I love stopping to chat with her  
whenever we go by.

Sometimes, when my dad is really busy with work,  
Felipe's grandpa picks us up from school  
and brings us a snack.







My building is the prettiest  
one in the whole city.  
Have I told you that already?

It has four floors,  
five if you count  
the ground floor entrance,  
and four apartments—one  
on each floor.

At the very top  
lives Mrs. Antonia.

Some afternoons,  
Saida and I  
go up to visit her.



We love going there for an afternoon treat.  
She makes the most delicious cookies!

Mrs. Antonia doesn't go out for walks much anymore,  
and sometimes we do her grocery shopping.



My dad says that elderly people have  
very big hearts, because they've lived so long.

Well, Mrs. Antonia's so old...  
I don't understand how her heart even fits  
inside her chest.

