

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.

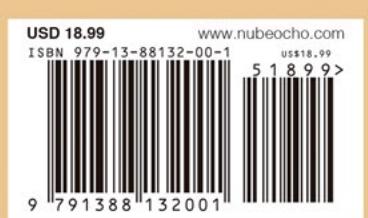
This is the story of what happened
the evening of the blackout.



A STORY ABOUT UNPLUGGING
FROM THE DIGITAL WORLD.



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The Blackout

Luis Amavisca

Francesc Rovira

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Francesc Rovira





The Blackout

Somos8 Series

© Text: Luis Amavisca, 2026

© Illustrations: Francesc Rovira, 2026

© Edition: NubeOcho, 2026

© Translation: Cecilia Ross, 2026

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Original Title: *El apagón*

English Editing: Caroline Dookie, Rebecca Packard

Lettering Design: Marta Piedra, 2026

First Edition: October, 2026

ISBN: 979-13-88132-00-1

Legal Deposit: M-470-2026

Printed in Spain.

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

*To my neighbors.
Francesc Rovira*

The Blackout

Luis Amavisca Francesc Rovira



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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.



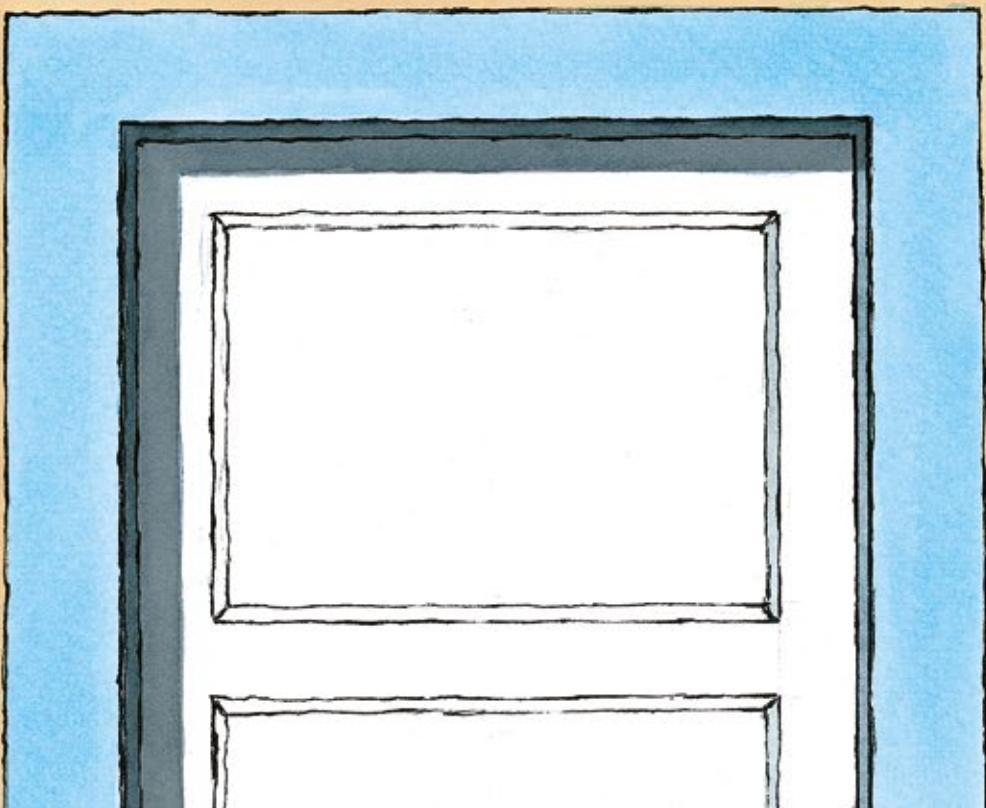


My name is Paula. I live with my dad and my little dog, Luna, on the second floor of a small apartment building, the prettiest one in the city.

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



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Saida lives on the third floor.

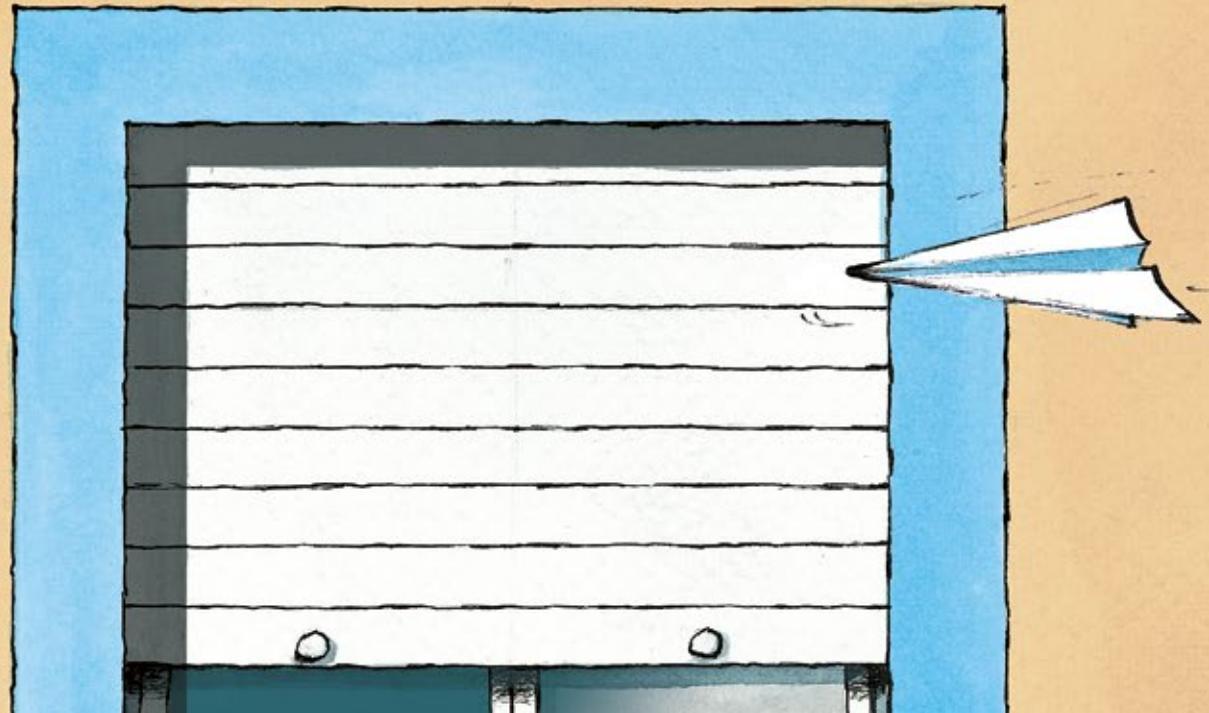
Her parents moved here from Morocco before she was born,
so she is from here—but also from there.

Saida teaches us beautiful words in her language.

I love the way she says *shukran*, which means
“thank you” in Arabic.



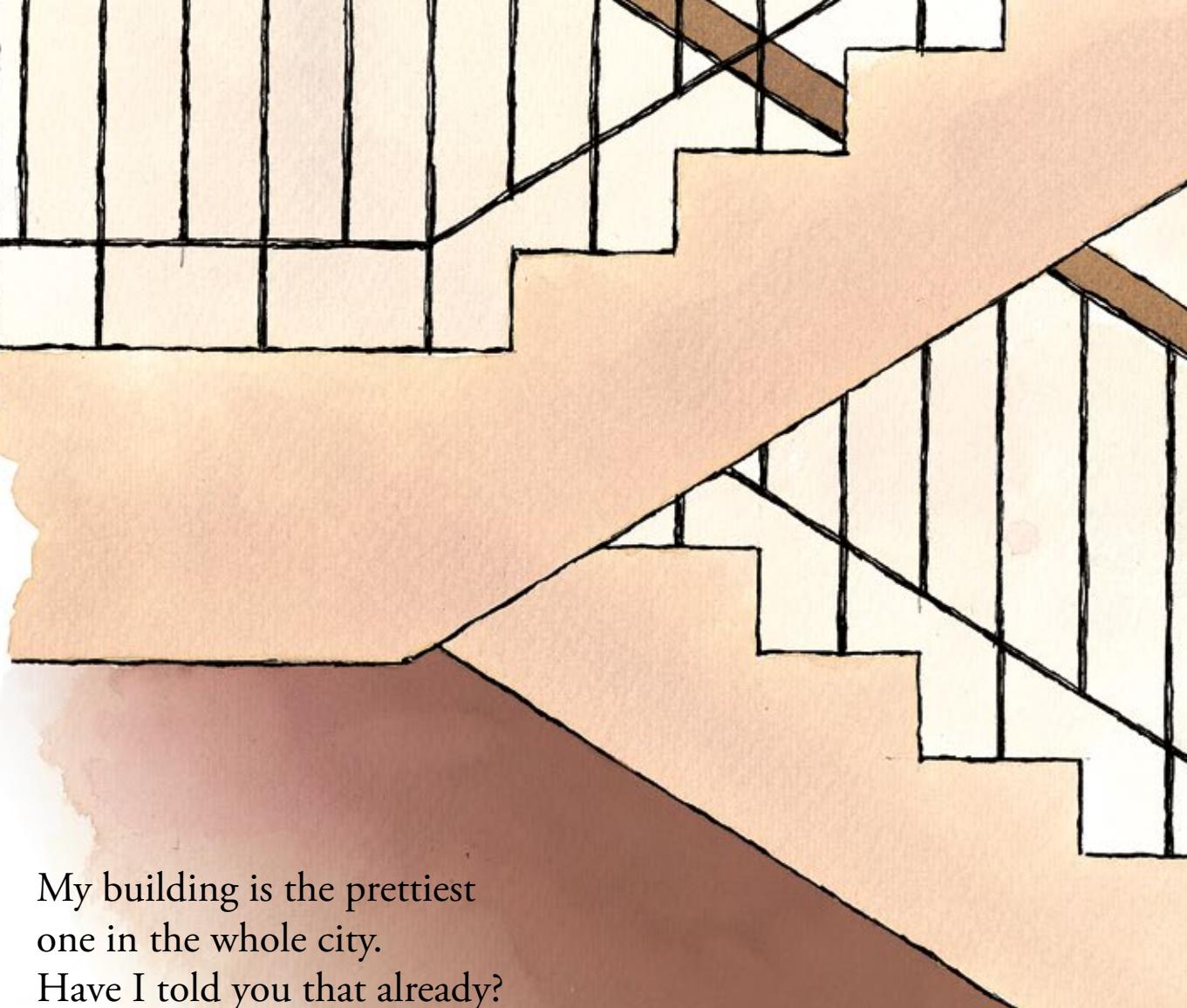
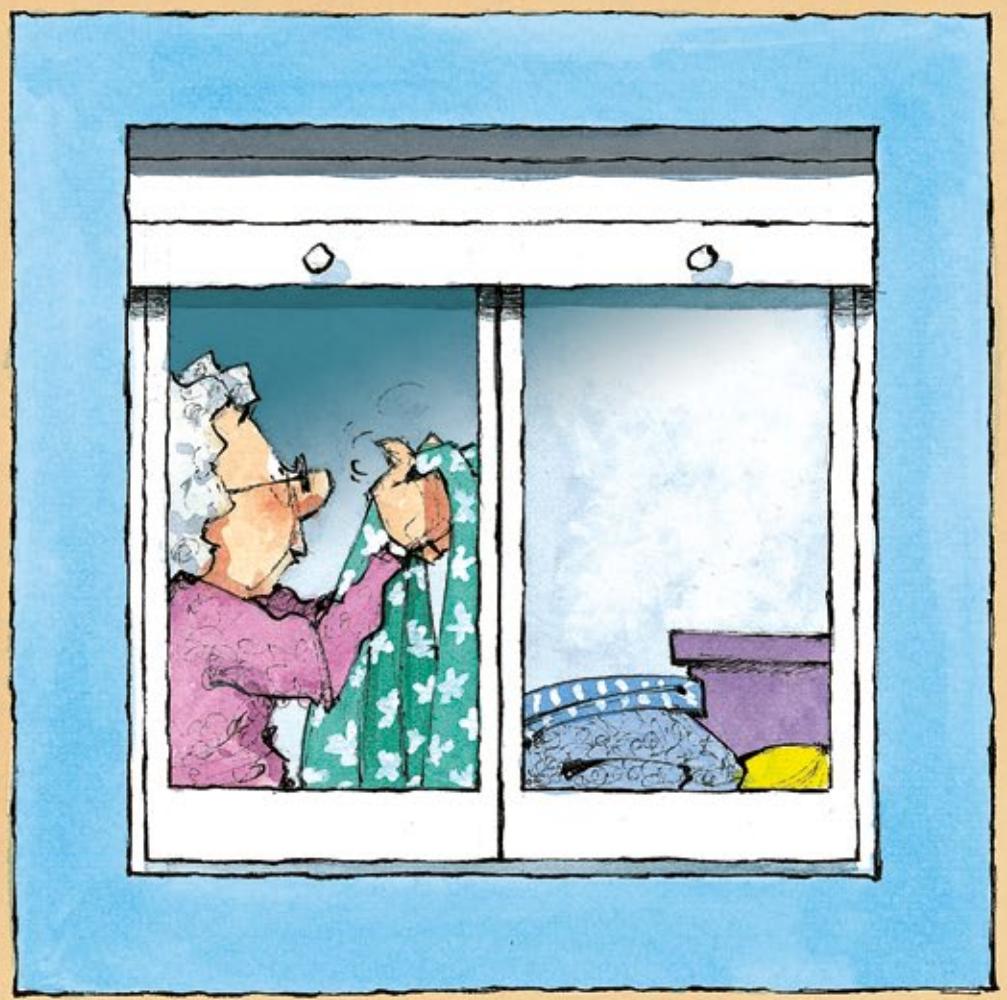
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Our friend, Felipe, lives on the fourth floor
with his grandpa and his mom, Monica.
She runs the flower stall by the park.
I love stopping to chat with her
whenever we go by.

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

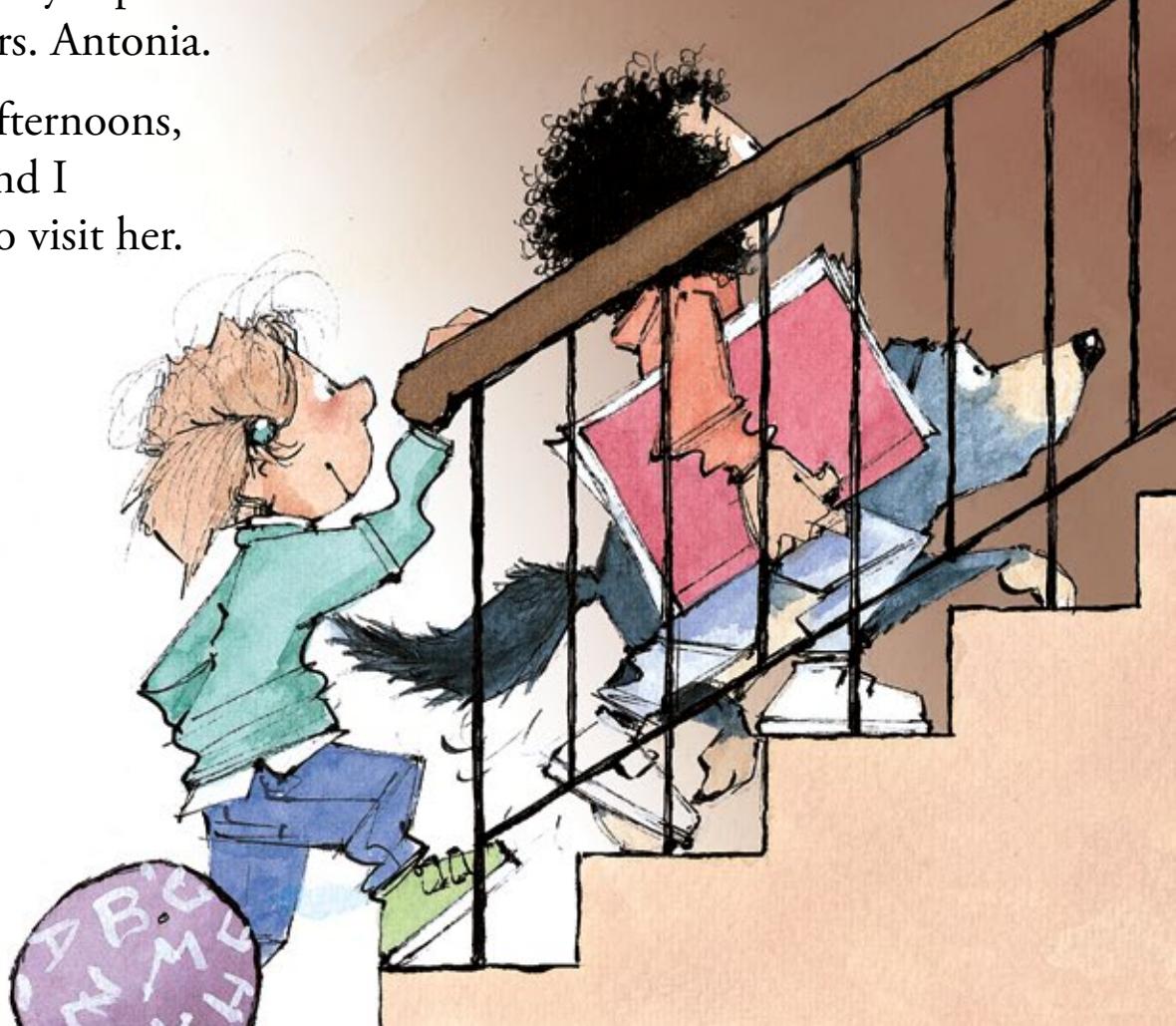


My building is the prettiest
one in the whole city.
Have I told you that already?

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.