

**November 1st, it's cold, it wants to rain.**

**I walk through the streets. Now, there are only some sleepwalkers coming out of pubs, carrying the hangover from Halloween.**

**I find them funny or naive, I don't know what to think. Make-up covered with fake blood, they walk like zombies. They aren't dead, it's just hangover.**

**They are surprised to see me, someone dares to say that "amazing" makeup, I'm covered with blood. Fools!**

**It starts raining. The drops fall on me. I'm leaving a trail of blood in the streets. Coruña becomes my accomplice, the evidence goes down the street.**