

**LONDON MEDIA FAVORITE
MAX LANDREAU PROPOSES...**

DIVORCE

**...TO ESTRANGED WIFE OF GREEK
TYCOON ANDREAS MARKONOS!**

LONDON

Look,
Louisa!

This isn't
funny, Max.

Ha ha ha! It's
tough being
popular.

My joke at a house
party for six was
apparently the
proposal of the
century in front of
a thousand guests!

That's
what
the next
column
over says.

He's off
on a secret
trip with his
mistress.
More
accurately,
a different,
beautiful
mistress
every
week.

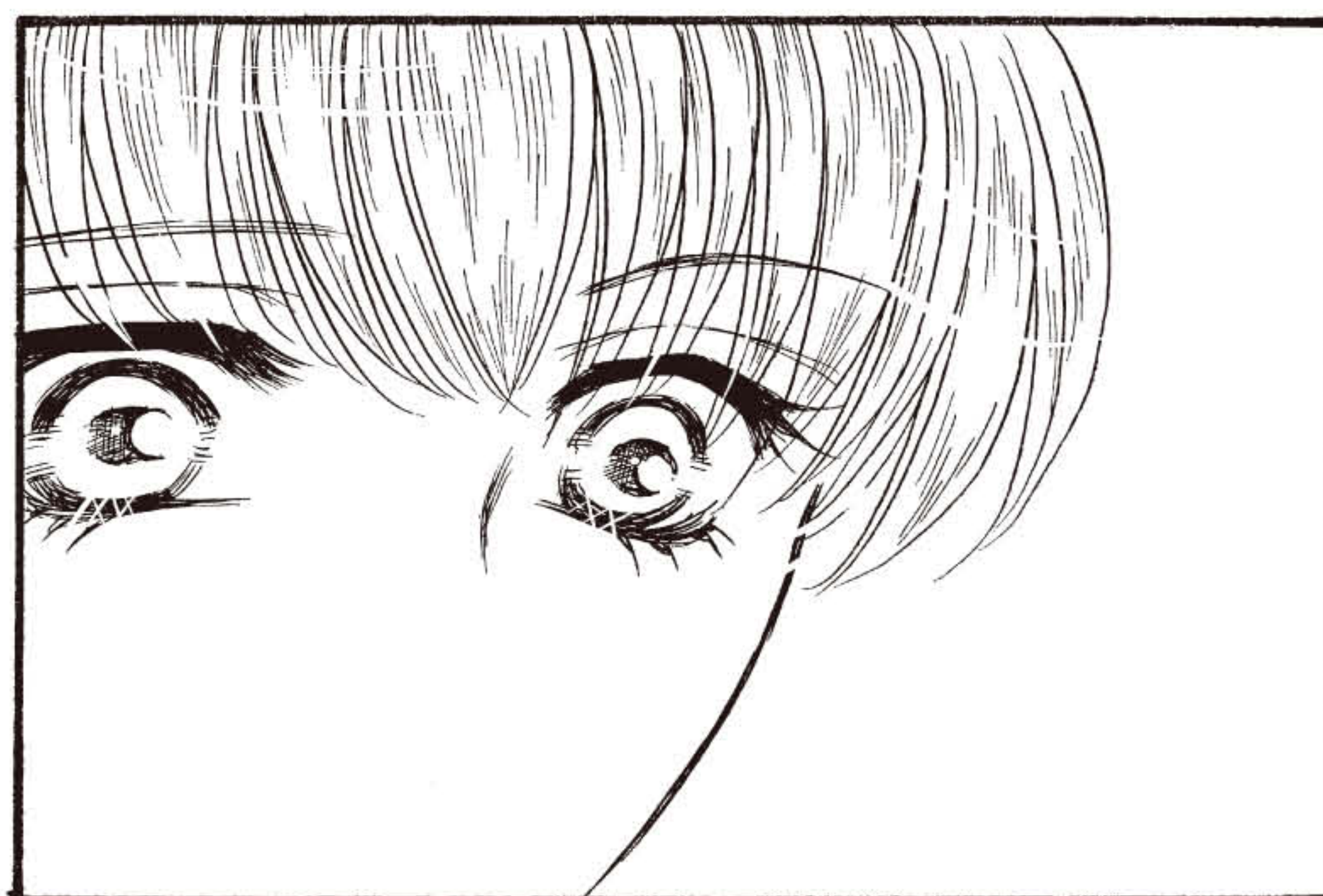
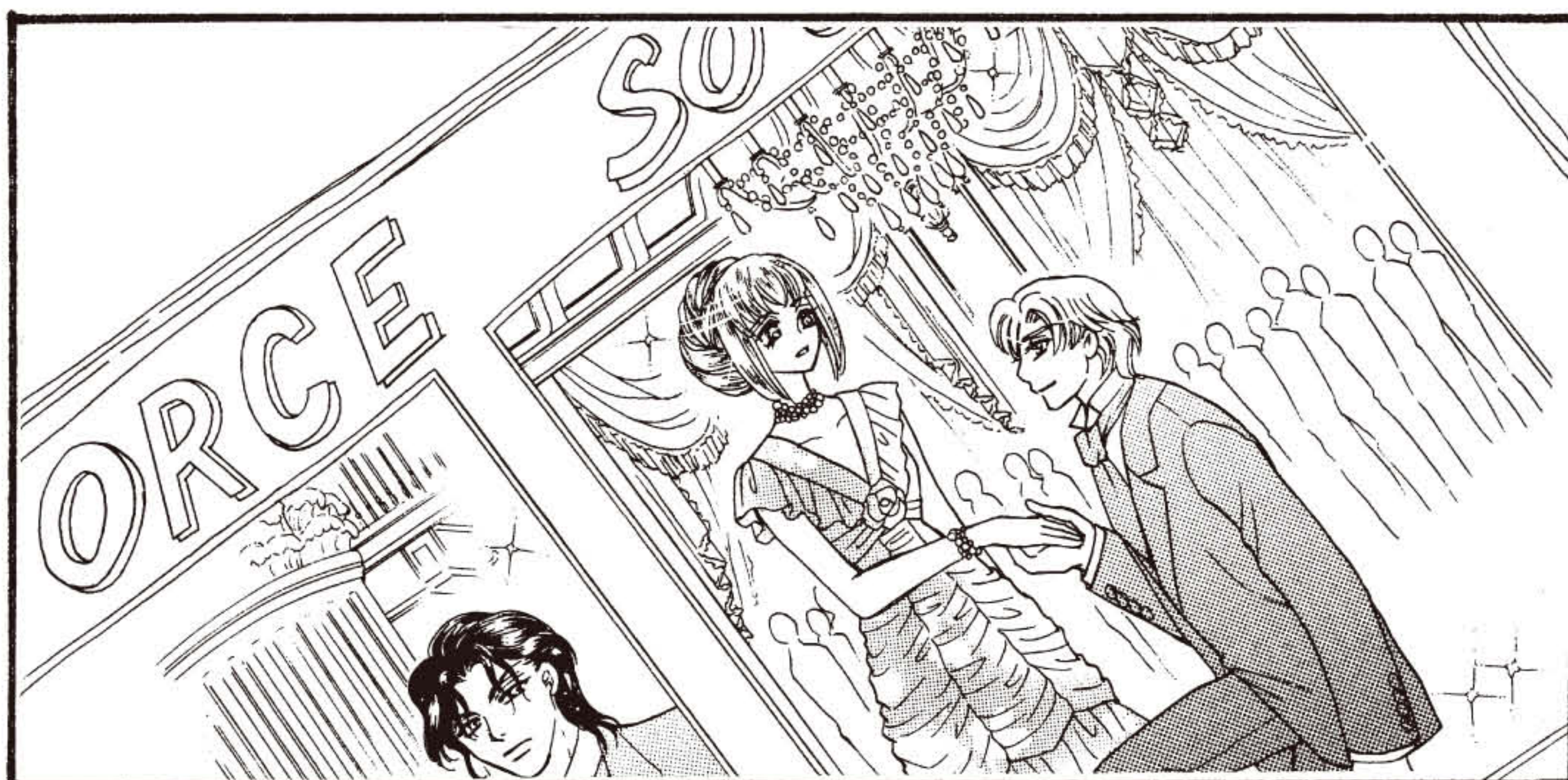
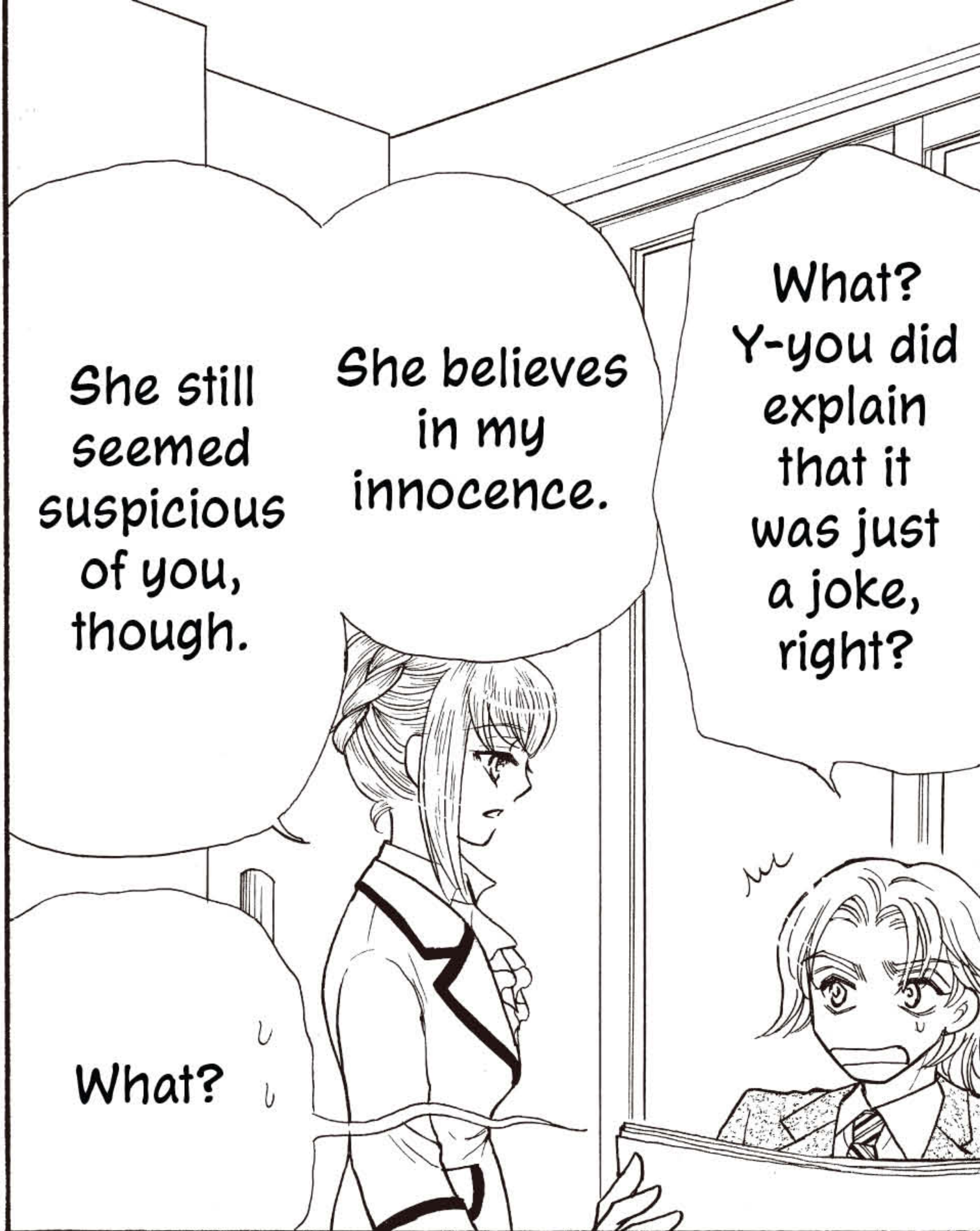
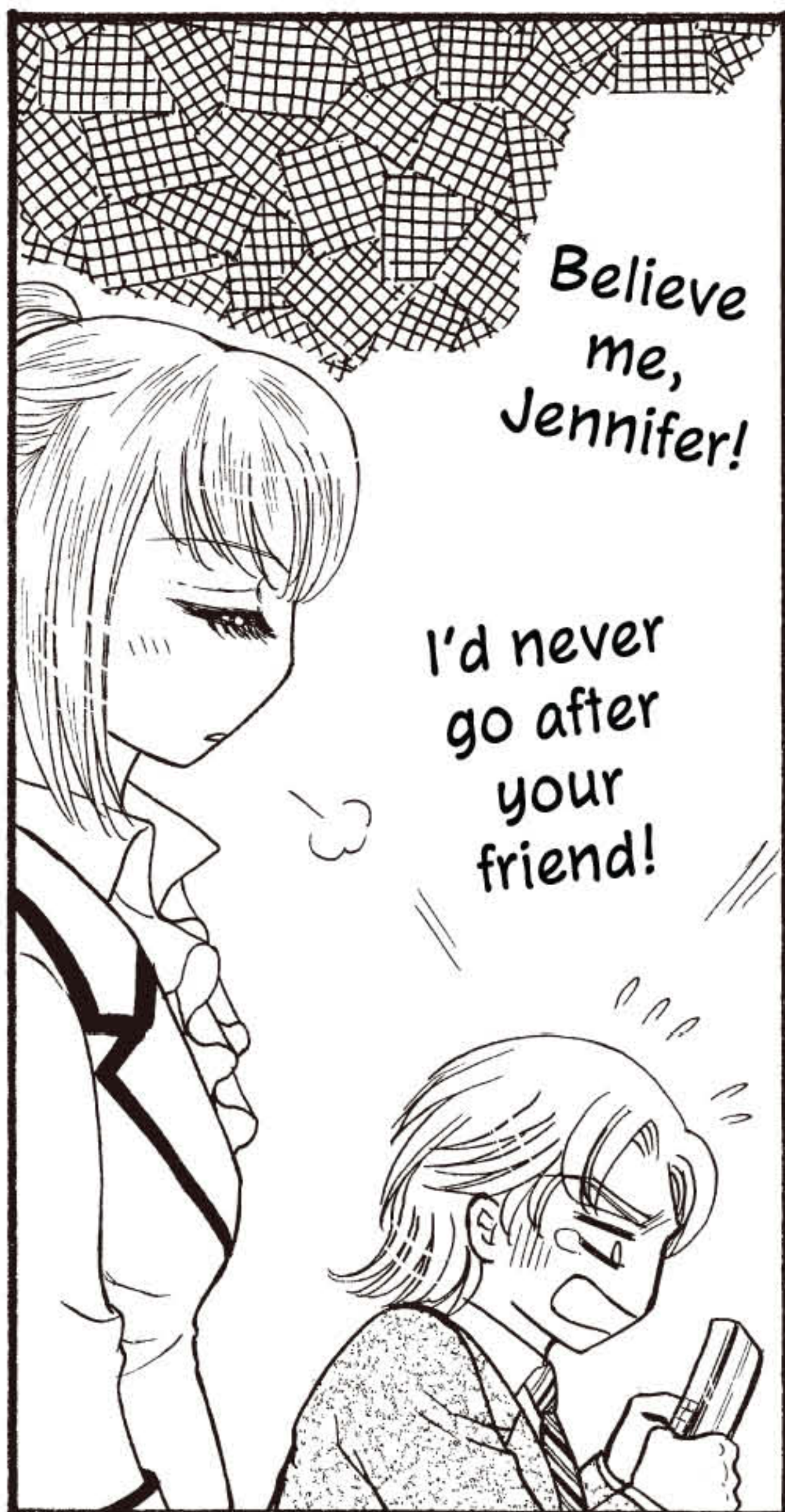
Jennifer
called.

More than
a spat.

He hasn't
even called
me.

Someone's
in a bad
mood.

Oh? Did you
and your
husband
have a spat
over this?



But Andreas, my husband, still hasn't contacted me.

It's even spread to the internet.

This story is huge.

DIVORCE

SOON

Boss.

Phew.
She finally
believes
me!

*Our bond
was already
broken five
years ago,
anyway.*

*It's
time
we
ended
this.*

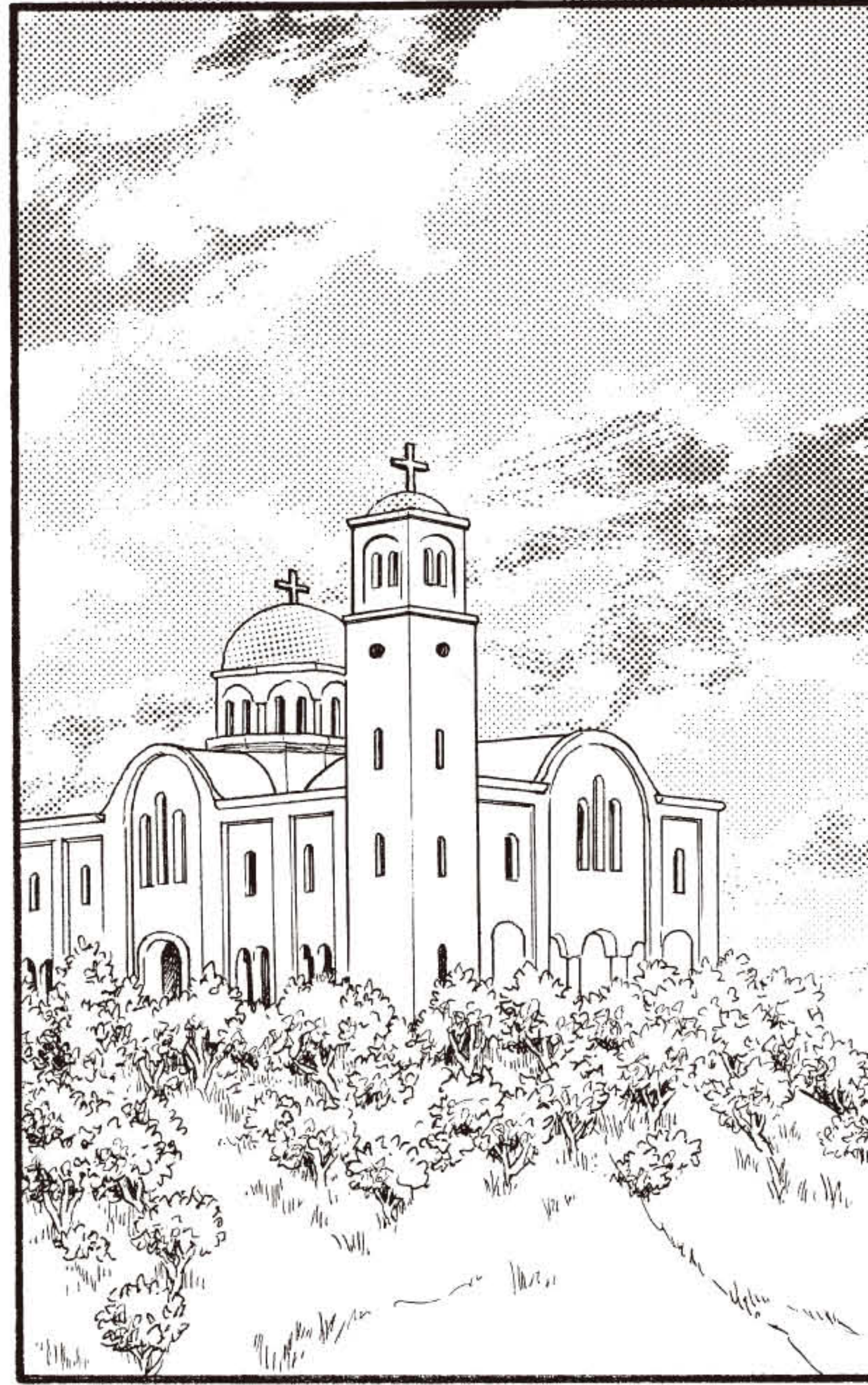
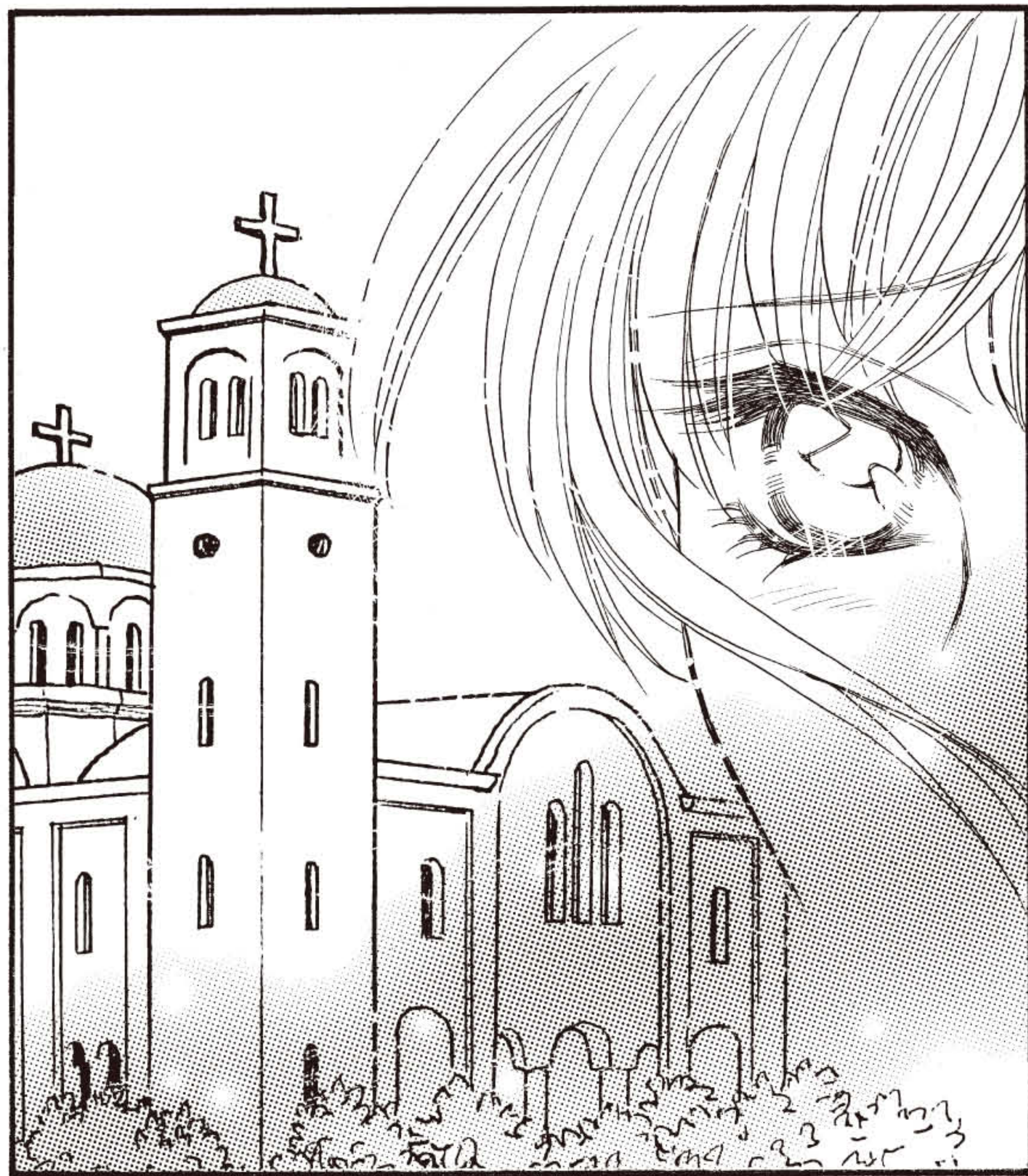
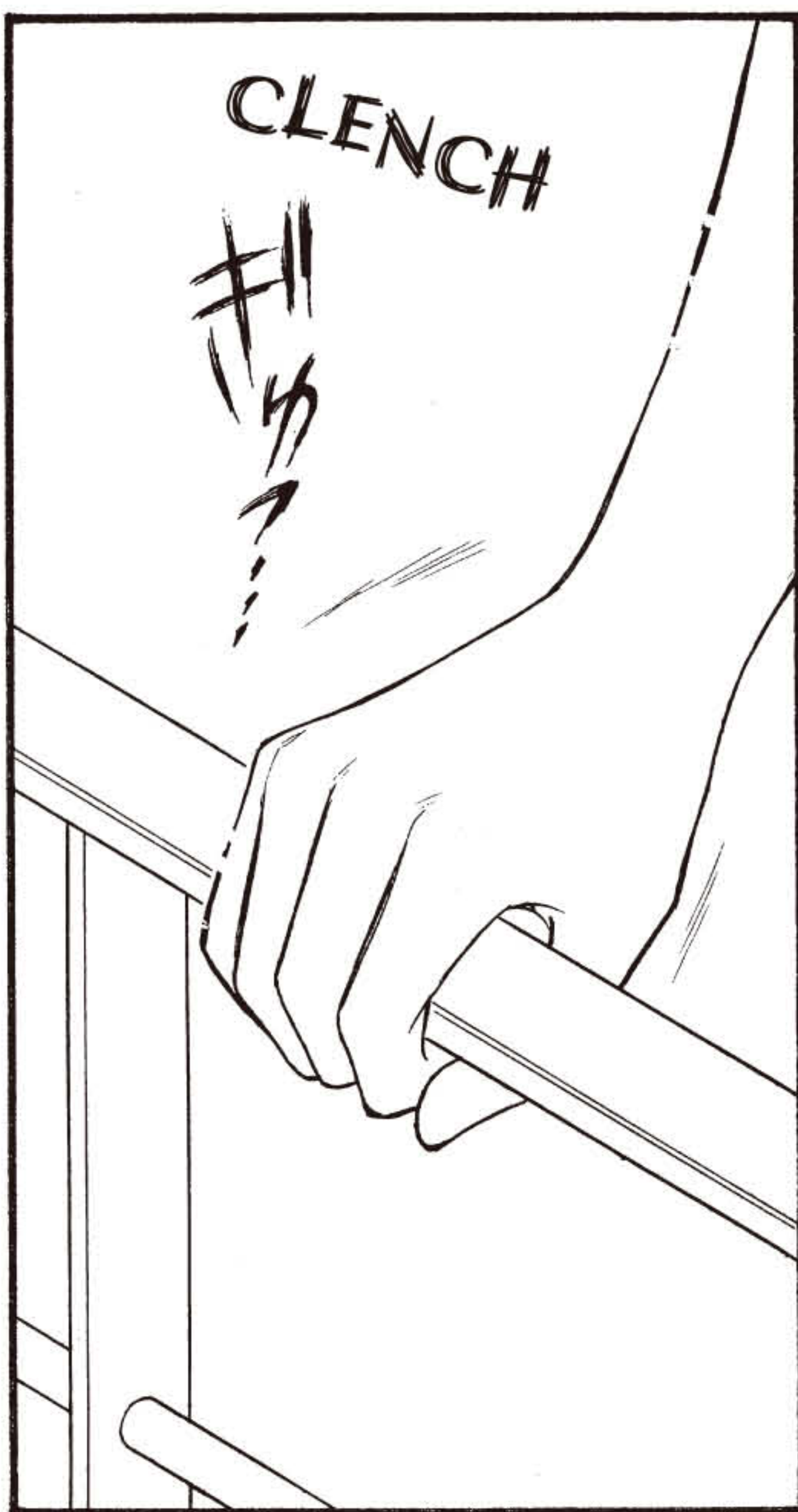
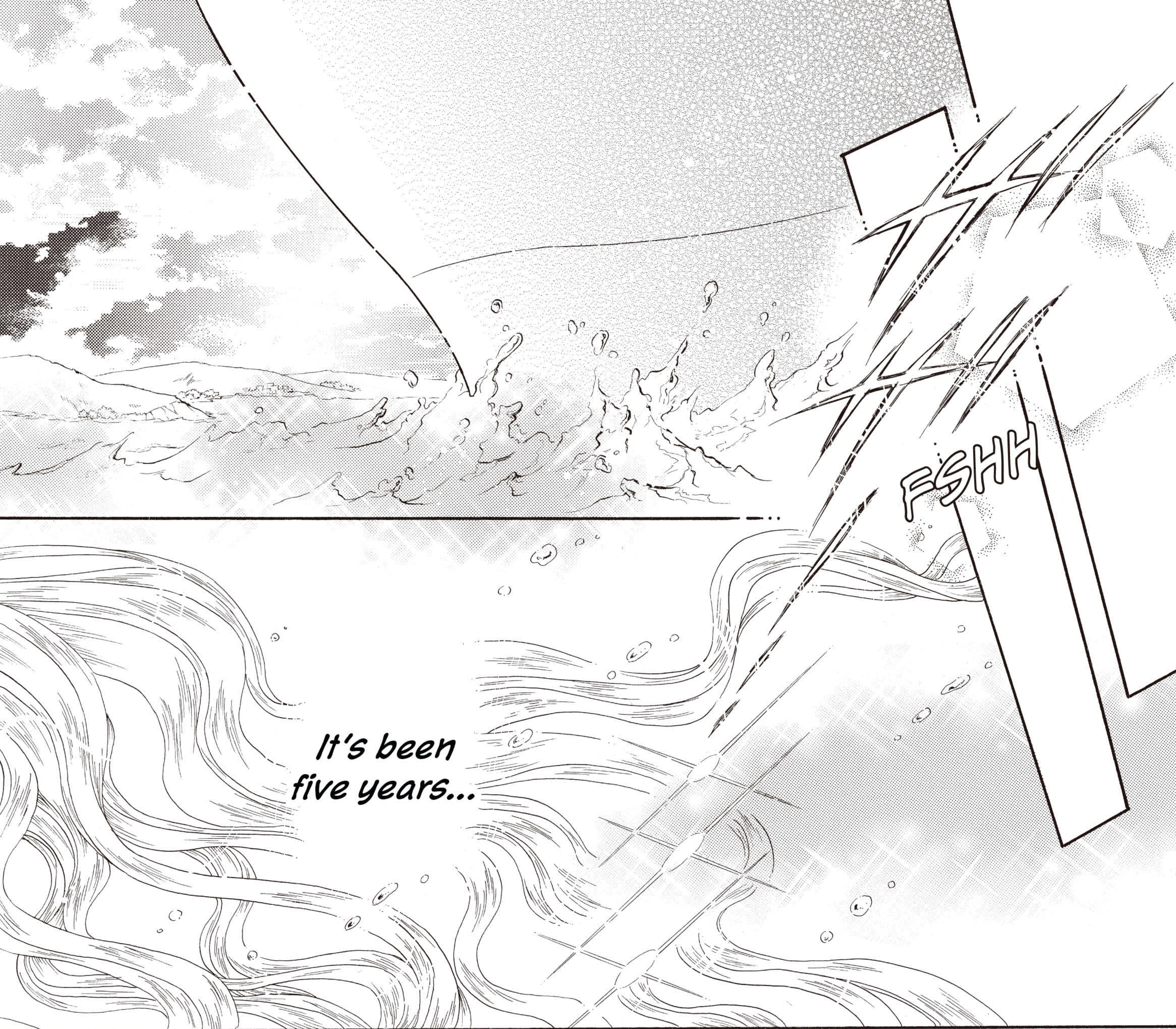
*He used to get
possessive
if a man so
much as
looked at me.*

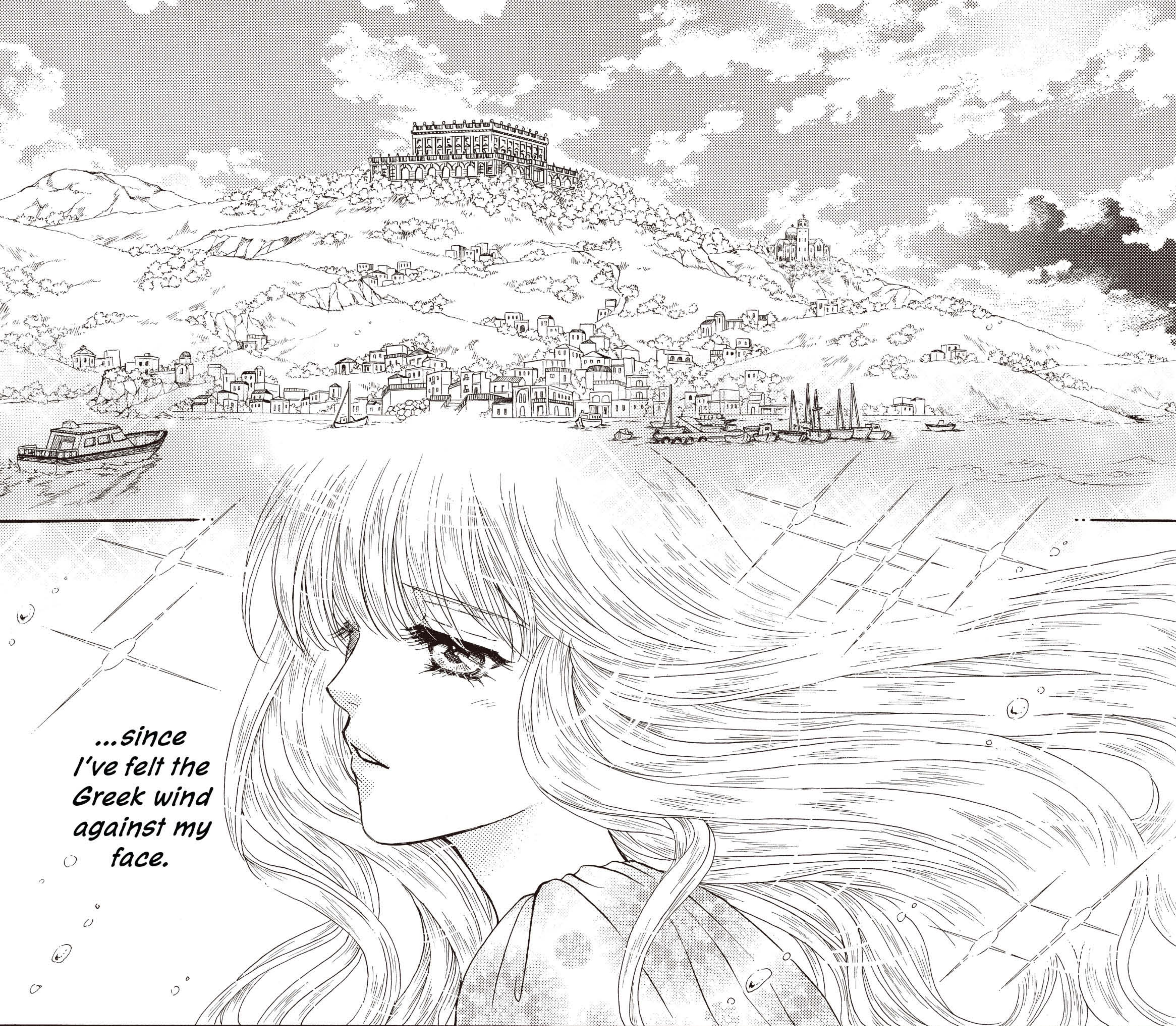
*He never
left my
side.*

*He must
not care
about me
anymore.*

Would
you mind
if I took a
vacation?

*I can wait
as long as I
like, but he'll
never come
for me.*





*...since
I've felt the
Greek wind
against my
face.*

Don't need to
worry about a
thing. If we see
Andreas I'll beat
the stuffing out
of him.

Huh?

Jamie!

We're
about
to dock,
Louisa!

GASP