



*Syberia*

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UK





WHERE  
AM I?

IN VALSEMBOR,  
THE GRAND  
VALSEMBOR  
HOSPITAL!



VALSEMBOR...



MY NAME IS KURK,  
I'M HURT TOO...  
A LEG ACCIDENT!

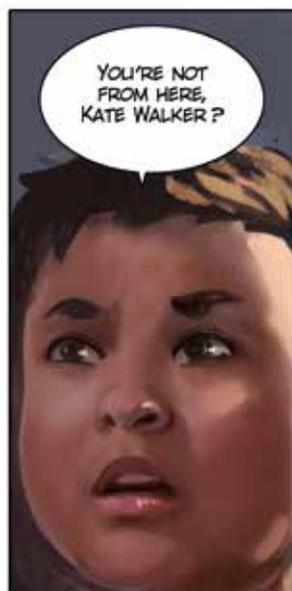
SORRY...



WE FOUND YOU ALONG  
THE BLACK RIVER...  
YOU WERE ALMOST  
DEAD, YOU KNOW!



THE BLACK RIVER...  
OF COURSE...



VALADILENE, FRENCH ALPS, 1930.

MY DEAR SIRs, YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU THE QUINTESSENCE OF WHAT VORALBERG MANUFACTURING IS CAPABLE OF PRODUCING.

ANNA!

IN A WORLD EVERMORE CONNECTED TO THE WONDER OF ELECTRICITY, THE ALTIMATON HASN'T SAID ITS LAST WORD.

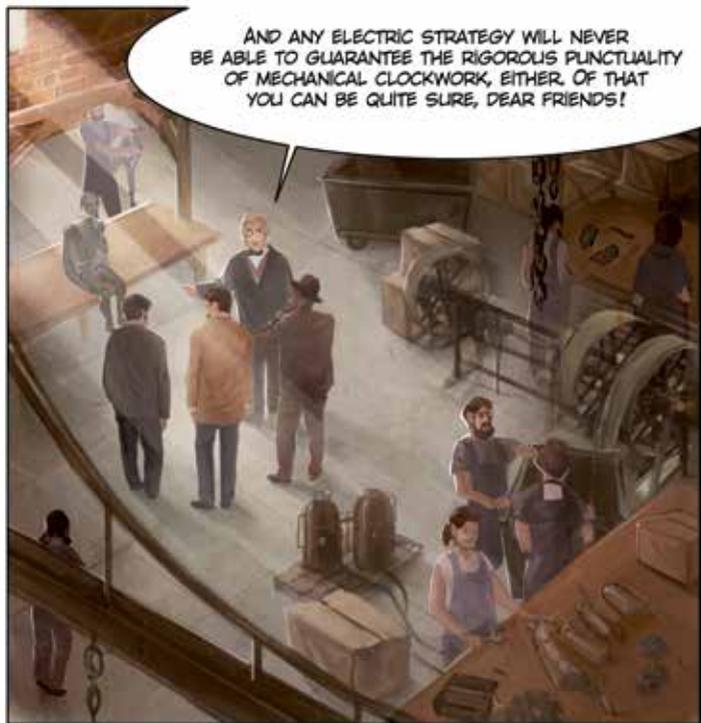
COMPETITORS? NOT AT ALL! ELECTRICITY, THAT TRIVIAL FORCE, HAS NO FUTURE BEYOND STREET LAMPS, I'M CONVINCED!

EVERY DAY, ELECTRICITY GAINS MORE GROUND, I ADMIT, BUT IT WILL ALWAYS BE MORE DEPENDENT ON HYDRAULIC POWER STATIONS AND OTHER MONSTROUS INFRASTRUCTURES NEEDED TO PRODUCE IT...

WHEREAS THE ALTIMATON WILL ALWAYS ENJOY  
MIRACULOUS ALITONOMY BECAUSE OF ITS  
MYSTERIOUS COMBINATION OF MECHANISMS  
ASSEMBLED DOWN TO THE VERY LAST  
MICROMETER AND THE NOBILITY  
OF THE MATERIALS USED!



AND ANY ELECTRIC STRATEGY WILL NEVER  
BE ABLE TO GUARANTEE THE RIGOROUS PUNCTUALITY  
OF MECHANICAL CLOCKWORK, EITHER. OF THAT  
YOU CAN BE QUITE SURE, DEAR FRIENDS!



AND IF THE SOURCES OF ELECTRICITY,  
COAL OR PETROLEUM SOME DAY DRY UP,  
WHAT WILL REMAIN BUT THE VORALBERG  
MECHANISMS, ENDURING CENTURIES ON  
JUST A DROP OF OIL AND A TURN OF  
THE WRENCH TO LIVE ONCE MORE  
AT THE BEHEST OF THEIR OWNER?



IT'S UP TO YOU SIR'S  
TO ACCOMPANY THE AMBITION  
THAT DRIVES US HERE  
AT THE VORALBERG FACTO...!

OULLUCH!



SORRY, SIR!



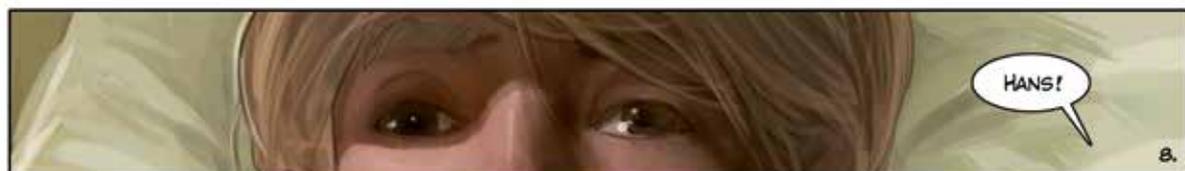
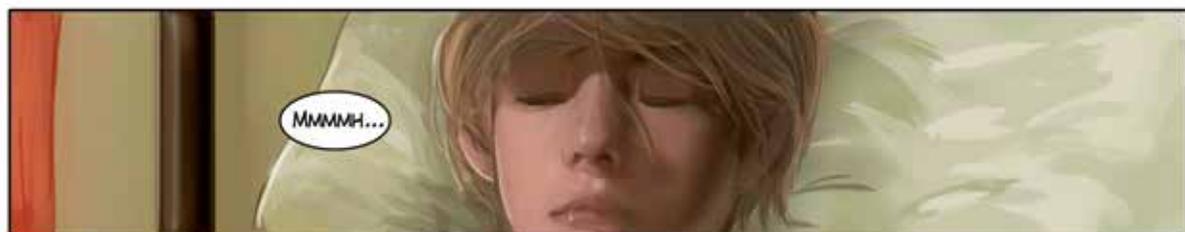
MY GOD,  
HANS!  
ANNA!  
GO PLAY  
OUTSIDE!...













HE HASN'T SPOKEN A WORD  
SINCE HE WOKE UP...  
I'M BEGINNING TO GIVE UP HOPE...

EVER SINCE MY WIFE PASSED AWAY  
GIVING BIRTH TO HANS, FATE SEEMS  
TO HAVE TURNED ITS BACK...

NOTHING IS IRREVERSIBLE,  
MY DEAR FRANZ.  
BE PATIENT.



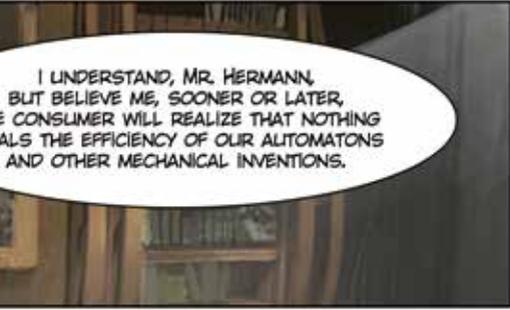
IT'S TRUE THAT THE AUTOMATON BUSINESS IS AT A BIT OF A STANDSTILL, MR. HERMANN, BUT I'M CERTAIN IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY.



I'M NOT SO CERTAIN, MR. VORALBERG. AND OUR BANK ISN'T INCLINED TO KEEP AFLOAT AN OUTDATED SECTOR OF THE ECONOMY.



LET ME REMIND YOU THAT WE ARE NOT YOUR DOCTOR, BUT YOUR BANK. WE NEED GUARANTEES...



I UNDERSTAND, MR. HERMANN, BUT BELIEVE ME, SOONER OR LATER, THE CONSUMER WILL REALIZE THAT NOTHING RIVALS THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR AUTOMATONS AND OTHER MECHANICAL INVENTIONS.



SO WHAT, PEOPLE HAVE SUCCEMPTED TO THE SIRENS OF ELECTRICITY FOR A TIME, BUT THIS NEW TECHNOLOGY WILL NEVER BE AS GOOD IN TERMS OF RELIABILITY AND AUTONOMY.



IT'S A MATTER OF ONE OR TWO YEARS, NOTHING MORE, TIME ENOUGH FOR THE PEOPLE TO TIRE OF IT...



AH... FRANZ... YOU'RE LIVING IN A DREAM WORLD. TIMES CHANGE, AND THEY DO SO RATHER QUICKLY! HAVE A REST FRANZ, TAKE IT EASY, STEP BACK, AND ASSESS THE SITUATION.



I GET THE FEELING YOUR PERSONAL ISSUES ARE MAKING YOU LOSE YOUR GRIP ON REALITY, WHICH IS REALLY PROBLEMATIC TO OUR UPPER MANAGEMENT'S EYES

**GLAC!**



HANS! DONT YOU HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO THAN SCREW AROUND WHILE I TRY TO REMEDY THIS SITUATION?!



GOOD GOD, WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS?!



I'M NOT GOING TO LAST LONG AT THIS RATE!



GO ON, GET OUT OF HERE! AND FAST!



SO HANS  
NEVER SPOKE  
AGAIN?



HE SEEMED TRAPPED  
IN HIS OWN WORLD...

BUT, IN SPITE  
OF IT ALL, HE KEPT TRYING  
TO COMMUNICATE - HE THOUGHT  
COGS COULD MAKE UP FOR WHAT  
HE LACKED IN WORDS.



AND HE ALSO HAD  
AN OBSESSION: MAMMOTHS...  
LIKE THE ONES HE HAD SEEN  
ON THE CAVE WALLS BEFORE  
HIS ACCIDENT...



BECAUSE THERE'S  
ALSO MAMMOTHS  
IN EUROPE, KATE?



A LONG TIME AGO, YES...



... WITHIN THE MIND  
OF A WOUNDED  
BOY...

A FEW MONTHS LATER...

MAIS IL EST BIEN COURT,  
LE TEMPS DES CERISES...

OÙ L'ON S'EN VA DEUX  
CUEILLIR EN REVANT...



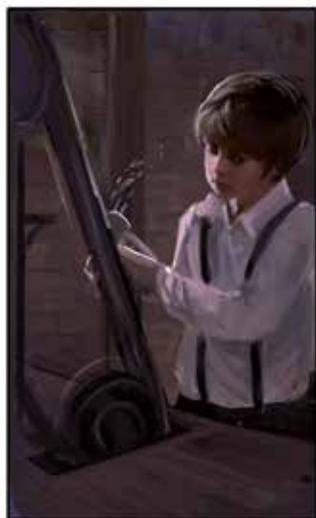


FATHER, FATHER!  
LOOK WHAT HANS  
HAS GIVEN ME!  
ISN'T IT INCREDIBLE!?  
A MAMMOTH THAT MOVES  
ALL BY ITSELF!



YOUR FATHER  
NEEDS REST, CHILDREN.  
HE HAS A LONG BUSINESS TRIP  
TO GENEVA TOMORROW MORNING.  
NOW, COME WITH ME.

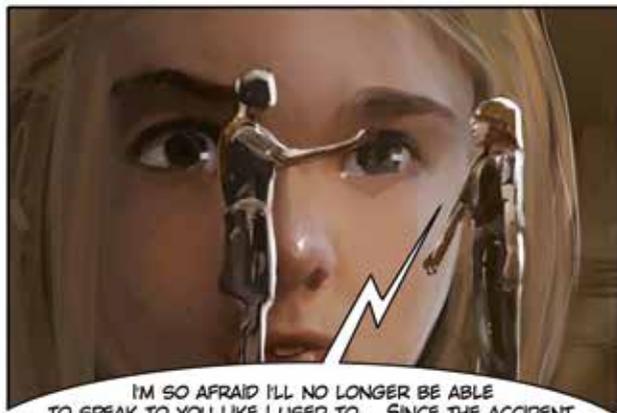




THE MORNING AFTER...

HEY THERE,  
LITTLE BROTHER!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
UP TO?





I'M SO AFRAID I'LL NO LONGER BE ABLE TO SPEAK TO YOU LIKE I USED TO... SINCE THE ACCIDENT, WORDS NO LONGER COME OUT OF MY MOUTH... THEY REMAIN IN MY HEAD, TRAPPED LIKE PRISONERS... SO I CAME UP WITH THIS SYSTEM...



EVERYTHING I WISH TO TELL YOU WILL BE RECORDED ON A CYLINDER, AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS INSERT IT INTO THE GRAMOPHONE.



HELLO, CHILDREN! I'M BACK! L...

M-MY GOD...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY GRAMOPHONE?!



HANS HAS INVENTED A WAY TO SPEAK TO US AGAIN, FATHER...IT'S...



THIS WAS A MEMORY... AND A RATHER CHERISHED ONE... THE LITTLE THING HAS WRECKED IT ALL AND TURNED IT INTO A RIDICULOUS PUPPET SHOW!!!



OUT OF MY SIGHT, BRAT!



MARIA, THE BOY IS CONFINED TO HIS ROOM UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE! HE'S TO HAVE BREAD AND WATER ONLY!

THREE DAYS LATER...

FATHER?

YES...

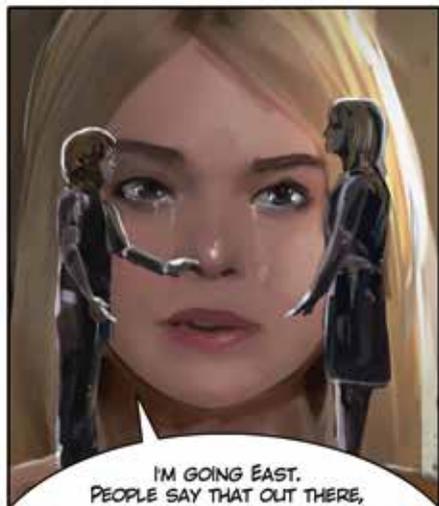




MY DEAR SISTER,  
WHEN YOU HEAR  
THIS MESSAGE, I WILL  
ALREADY HAVE LEFT OFF  
TO A LONG JOURNEY...



IT'S BETTER FOR EVERYONE THIS WAY...  
DONT WORRY ABOUT ME AT ALL. I'VE TAKEN  
MONEY FROM MARIA'S APRON TO GET  
A TRAIN TICKET AN COVER MY BASIC NEEDS...  
LATER, I'LL FIND WORK...



I'M GOING EAST.  
PEOPLE SAY THAT OUT THERE,  
IN THE FARTHEST, FROZEN REACHES  
OF SIBERIA, SOME MAMMOTHS LIKE  
THE ONES THAT ADORN THE WALLS  
OF OUR SECRET CAVE STILL LIVE...

TO BE CONTINUED