

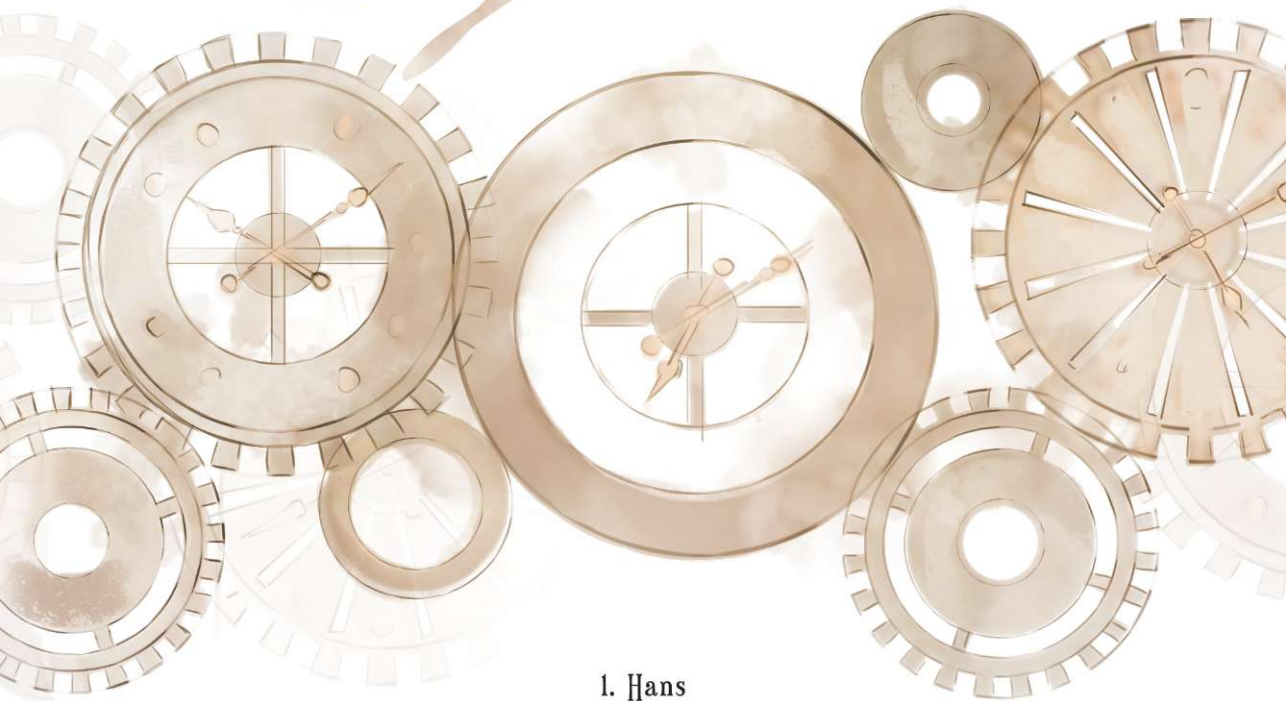
Syberia

Johann Blais/Hugo Sokal

1. Hans



Syberia



1. Hans

Story

Hugo Sokal

Art

Johann Blais

Universe created by Benoît Sokal



Thank you, Benoît and Hugo, for your trust as we embarked on this first adventure.

Thank you, Antoine, for your advice.

Thank you to my parents for passing on to me their love of comics.

And thank you, Tiphaine, for your support and for everything else.

JOHANN

EUROPE COMICS - ALL DIGITAL. ALL EUROPEAN.

www.europecomics.com

This work is published as an e-book under the collective imprint Europe Comics, coordinated by Mediatoon Licensing. For rights queries, please contact Mediatoon at contact.mfr@mediatoon.com, or visit <http://mfr.mediatoon.com>.

© 2017 Anuman Interactive S.A.

Based on the *Syberia* video game produced by Microïds and Koalabs.

Author and art director: Benoît Sokal.

Microïds is a brand belonging to Anuman Interactive S.A. All rights reserved.

© 2017 - LE LOMBARD - Blais / Sokal

Translation: Mediatoon Licensing

Lettering: Sylvain Dumas

Original title: *Syberia* - Tome 1 - Hans

Originally published in French by LE LOMBARD in 2017

All rights reserved.

www.lelombard.com

LE LOMBARD

BRUXELLES

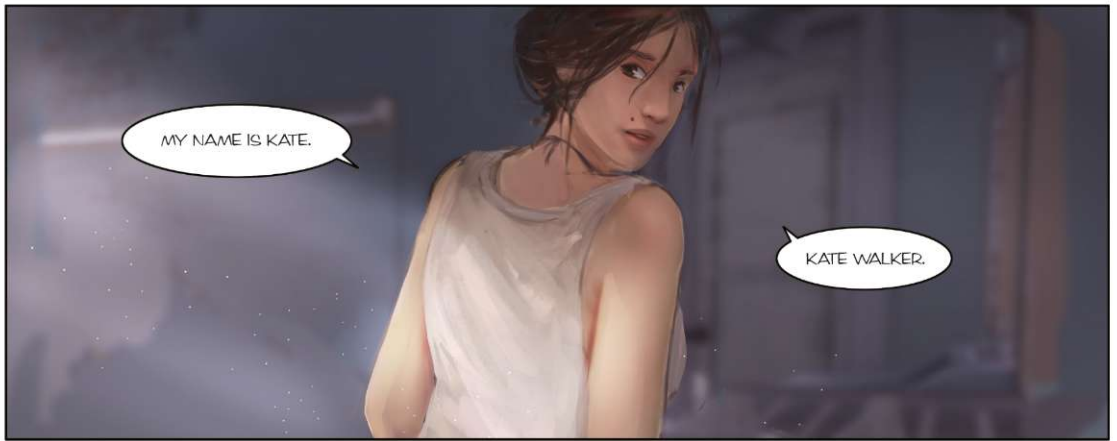




WHERE AM I?

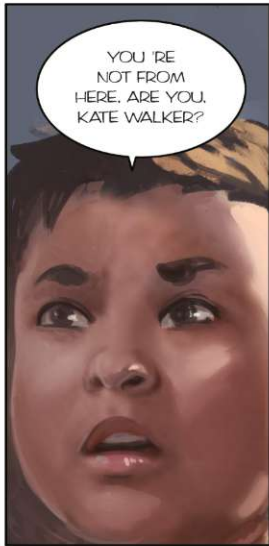
YOU'RE IN THE GRAND VALSEMBOR HOSPITAL...





MY NAME IS KATE.

KATE WALKER.



YOU'RE NOT FROM HERE, ARE YOU, KATE WALKER?



NO... IT'S A LONG STORY!

TELL ME! STRANGERS ALWAYS HAVE AMAZING ADVENTURES! AND I GET BORED A LOT, YOU KNOW. IT'LL BE SOME TIME BEFORE I CAN WALK AGAIN. IT'S NOT EASY TO FIX A WHOLE LEG...



OF COURSE, I UNDERSTAND.

IT'S A STORY THAT STARTS FAR AWAY FROM HERE, IN VALADILENE. A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE FRENCH ALPS, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO--LONG BEFORE I GOT INVOLVED... SO IT'S NOT THE SHORTEST OF STORIES...



I HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD, KATE WALKER...

VALADILENE, FRENCH ALPS, 1930.

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

ANNA!

IN A WORLD
EVER MORE CONNECTED TO
THE WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY,
THE AUTOMATON HASN'T
SAID ITS LAST WORD.

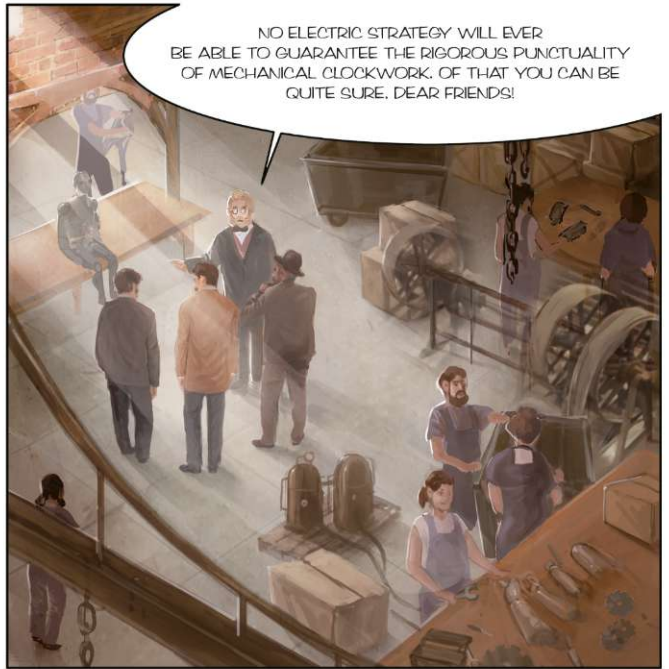
COMPETITORS?
NOT AT ALL! ELECTRICITY,
THAT TRIVIAL FORCE, HAS NO
FUTURE BEYOND STREET
LAMPS, I'M CONVINCED!

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

WHEREAS THE AUTOMATON WILL ALWAYS FUNCTION INDEPENDENTLY THANKS TO ITS MYSTERIOUS COMBINATION OF MECHANISMS ASSEMBLED DOWN TO THE VERY LAST MICROMETER AND THE NOBILITY OF THE MATERIALS USED!



NO ELECTRIC STRATEGY WILL EVER BE ABLE TO GUARANTEE THE RIGOROUS PUNCTUALITY OF MECHANICAL CLOCKWORK. 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 IS UP TO YOU SIR, TO ACCOMPANY THE AMBITION THAT DRIVES US HERE AT THE VORALBERG FACTO--



OOOF!

SORRY, SIR!



MY GOD, HANS! ANNA! GO PLAY OUTSIDE!







IT'S OVER
HERE! LOOK!



BUT IT'S PITCH BLACK!

I BORROWED
A LANTERN AT THE
FACTORY THIS MORNING.
COME ON!



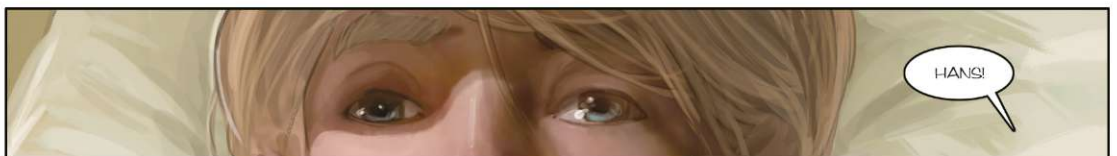
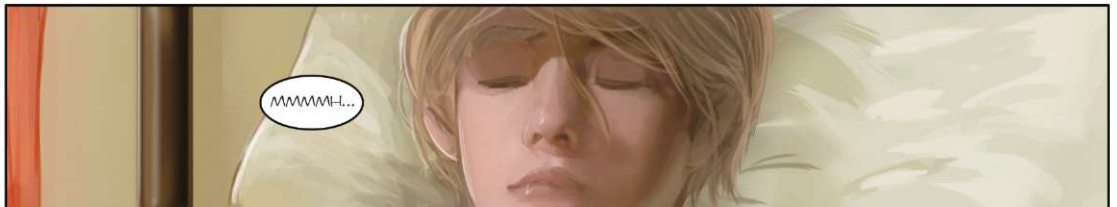
AND SWEAR
TO ME YOU
WON'T SPEAK OF
THIS PLACE TO
ANYONE. IT'S
OUR SECRET!

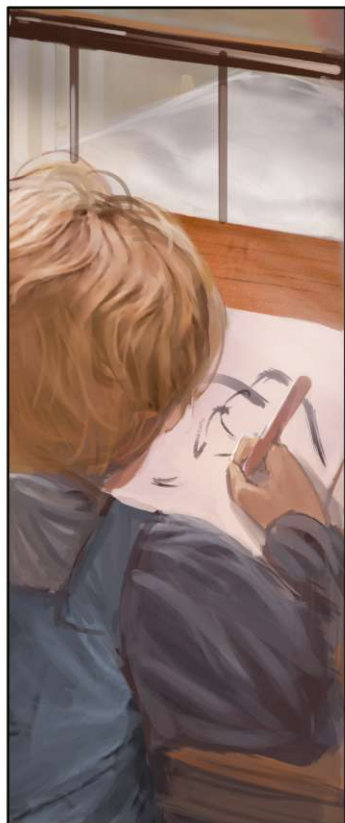
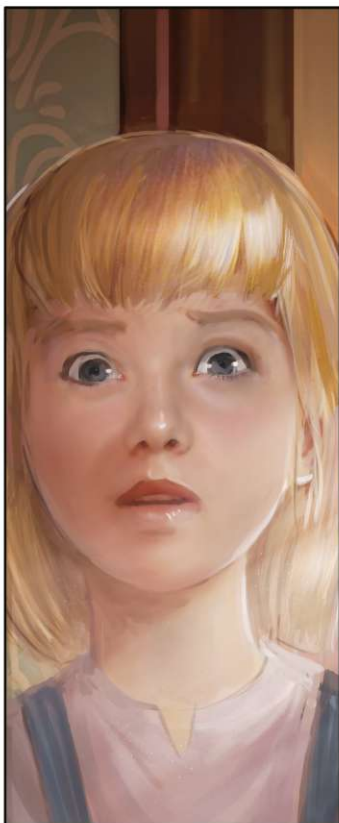
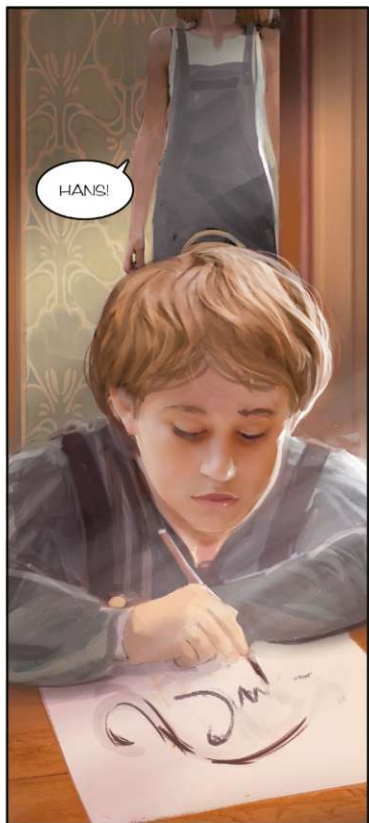


I SWEAR, BUT
FATHER IS GOING
TO BE FURIOUS!
LET'S HEAD BACK.
HANS.

LOOK, ANNA!
YOU SEE IT?





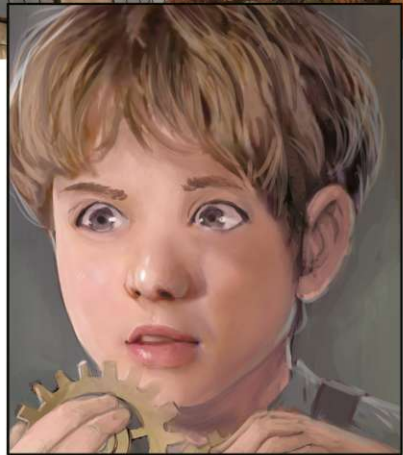




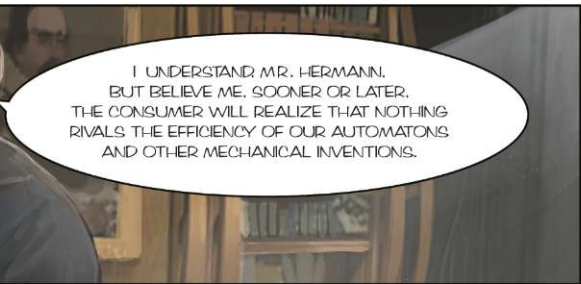
IT'S TRUE THAT THE AUTOMATON BUSINESS IS AT A BIT OF A STANDSTILL, MR. HERMANN, BUT I'M CERTAIN IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY.



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



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.



PEOPLE MAY HAVE GIVEN IN FOR NOW TO THE TEMPTATIONS OF ELECTRICITY, BUT IN THE LONG RUN THIS NEW TECHNOLOGY WILL PALE IN COMPARISON TO THE RELIABILITY AND AUTONOMY OFFERED BY MECHANICS.



IT'S A MATTER OF ONE OR TWO YEARS, NOTHING MORE, TIME ENOUGH FOR PEOPLE TO COME TO THEIR SENSES.



AH... FRANZ...
YOU'RE LIVING IN A DREAM WORLD. TIMES
CHANGE, AND THEY DO SO RATHER QUICKLY.
WHY DON'T YOU REST A LITTLE, STEP BACK, AND
ASSESS THE SITUATION
WITH A CLEAR HEAD.



I GET THE FEELING
YOUR PERSONAL ISSUES
ARE MAKING YOU LOSE A GRIP
ON REALITY. IT'S BECOMING
QUITE PROBLEMATIC
FOR OUR DIRECTORS
HERE.

GLAC!



HANS! STOP
SITTING THERE LIKE
A FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M
BUSY TRYING TO REMEDY
THIS SITUATION?



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



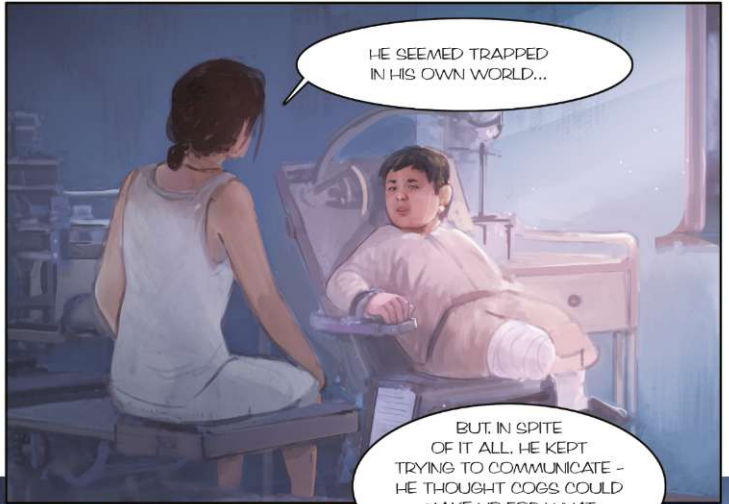
I'M NOT GOING
TO LAST LONG
AT THIS RATE!



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...



THERE ARE MAMMOTHS IN EUROPE, KATE?



A LONG TIME AGO, YES...



...LIVING IN THE MIND OF A WOUNDED BOY





OPEN IT!



OH, HOW WONDERFUL!



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



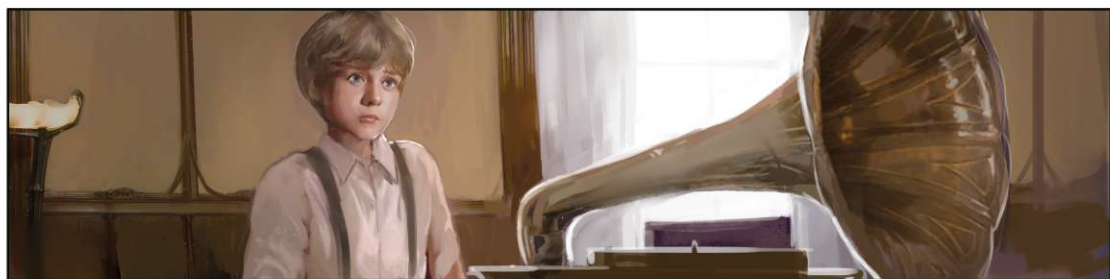
CRRRR...

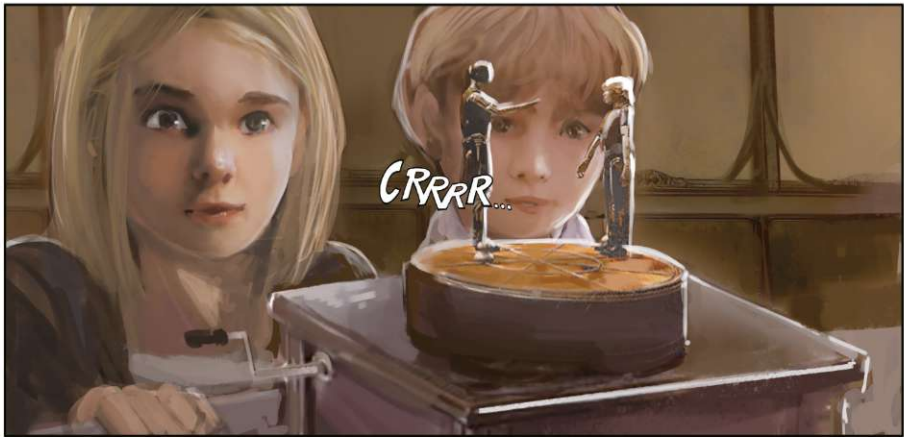
MMH. VERY NICE.

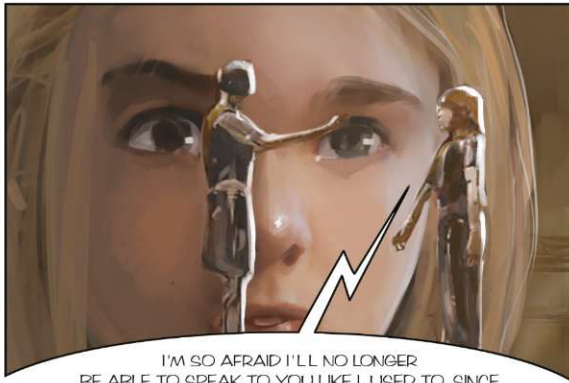


YOUR FATHER NEEDS REST,
CHILDREN. HE LEAVES TOMORROW
MORNING FOR GENEVA ON BUSINESS.
NOW, COME WITH ME.









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 STAY IN MY HEAD TRAPPED LIKE PRISONERS. SO I CAME UP WITH THIS SYSTEM...

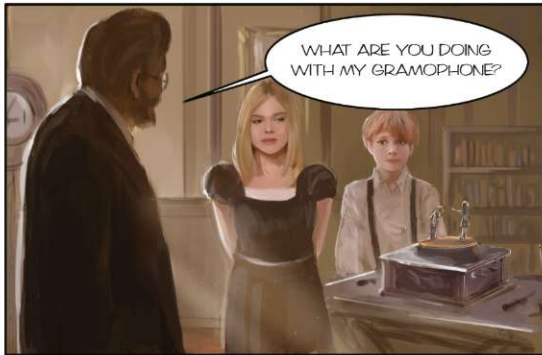


...EVERYTHING I WISH TO TELL YOU WILL BE RECORDED ON A CYLINDER. AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS INSERT IT INTO THE GRAMOPHONE.



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

M-MY GOD...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY GRAMOPHONE?



HANS CAME UP WITH A WAY TO SPEAK AGAIN, FATHER!



THAT GRAMOPHONE WAS A CHERISHED SOUVENIR! NOW THE SCOUNDREL HAS DESTROYED IT AND TURNED IT INTO A RIDICULOUS PUPPET SHOW!

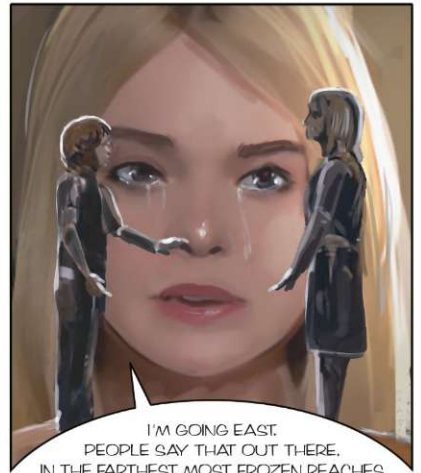


OUT OF MY SIGHT, BRAT!




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





TO BE CONTINUED

A digital illustration of a snowy mountain landscape. In the foreground, a large mammoth with thick brown fur and curved tusks stands in the snow. A small child is visible near its front legs. The background features jagged, snow-covered mountains and several evergreen trees. The sky is a soft, hazy blue, and the overall scene is filled with a gentle snowfall.

Hans seemed trapped in his own world.
But, in spite of it all, he kept trying to communicate.
He also had an obsession: mammoths...

- There are mammoths in Europe, Kate?
- A long time ago, yes... living in the mind of a wounded boy... "