

Mat Ordog

WEBBED FEET

Drylands



ÉDITIONS
MICHEL
QUINTIN

Script and drawings: Mat Ordog
Colour: Mat Ordog and Ceebee



Kwak-kwak, pilot and smuggler, is tasked with taking Robert-Doki and Marie-Cane to a faraway island where their mother awaits them. The unflappable duck, however, is not used to children. Flying over hostile territory with two unruly ducklings aboard his biplane will not be a breeze. Not to mention the megazopods and other creatures they'll surely encounter along the way... Humour, action, adventure, and some ruffled feathers... It's guaranteed fun! Just don't expect this trip to be a lap around the duck pond!

**EXCERPT FROM THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE SERIES ORIGINALLY ENTITLED
"LES PIEDS PALMÉS 1 - LES TERRES ARIDES"**

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**ÉDITIONS
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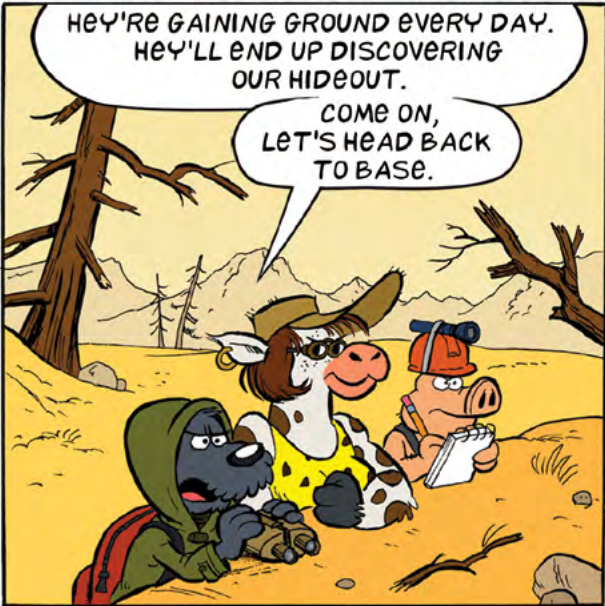
RIGHTS MANAGER

Charlotte Delwaide

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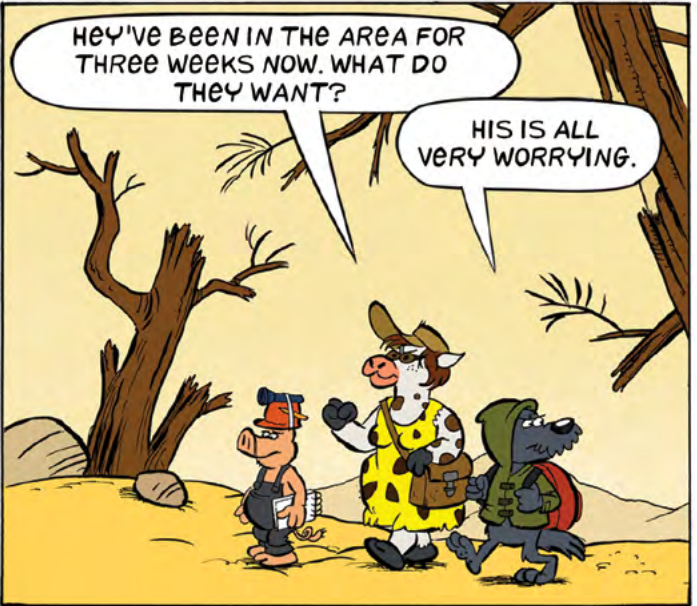


HEY'RE STILL THERE.



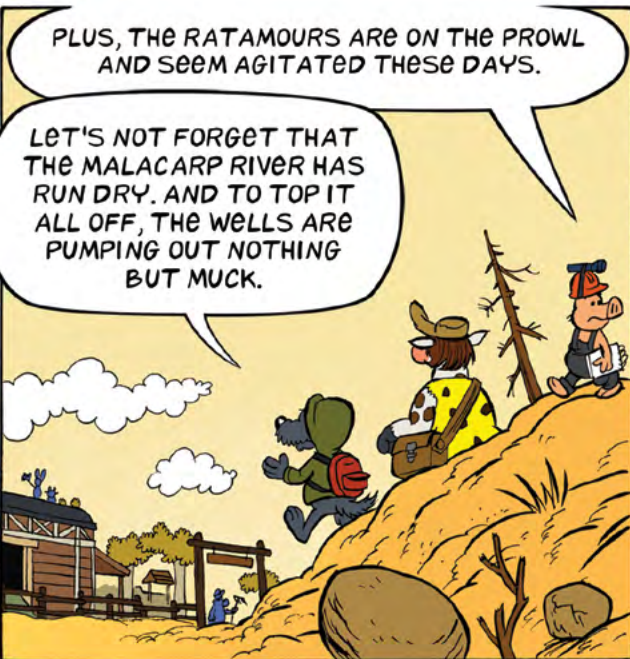
HEY'RE GAINING GROUND EVERY DAY. HEY'LL END UP DISCOVERING OUR HIDEOUT.

COME ON, LET'S HEAD BACK TO BASE.



HEY'VE BEEN IN THE AREA FOR THREE WEEKS NOW. WHAT DO THEY WANT?

HIS IS ALL VERY WORRYING.



PLUS, THE RATAMOURS ARE ON THE PROWL AND SEEM AGITATED THESE DAYS.

LET'S NOT FORGET THAT THE MALACARP RIVER HAS RUN DRY. AND TO TOP IT ALL OFF, THE WELLS ARE PUMPING OUT NOTHING BUT MUCK.



HEAVEN HELP US!

HEAVEN? THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH US.

THIRD DAY OF FLIGHT AND NO SIGHT OF WATER ON THE HORIZON.

COOTIE!

BRAT!

THEIR WATER FLASK WILL BE EMPTY TOMORROW.

BUT NOTHING AFFECTS THE SOLID CAMARADERIE AMONG THE PASSENGERS ON THE "HORTENSE".

NEWLY FATHERLESS, THEY ARE CROSSING DANGEROUS AND HOSTILE TERRITORY IN SEARCH OF THE MYTHICAL ISLAND OF CHLOROPOLIS, THE GREEN CITY. THAT'S WHERE, ACCORDING TO THEIR LATE FATHER, THEY'LL FIND THEIR MOTHER.

INSECT!

GIVE ME THE TELESCOPE, WITCH!

THEY ARE ROBERT-DOKI AND MARIE-CANE.

NO WAY! YOU'LL BREAK IT YOU CLUMSY OAF!

YOU GIANT PEST!

AND THEN THERE'S HIM. HE GOES BY KWAK-KWAK, PILOT AND SMUGGLER. TAKEN UNDER HIS WING A FEW DAYS AGO, THE TWO DUCKLINGS HAVE ENJOYED A CERTAIN KIND OF PROTECTION SINCE.

CRUEL WORLD.

LITTLE WORM.

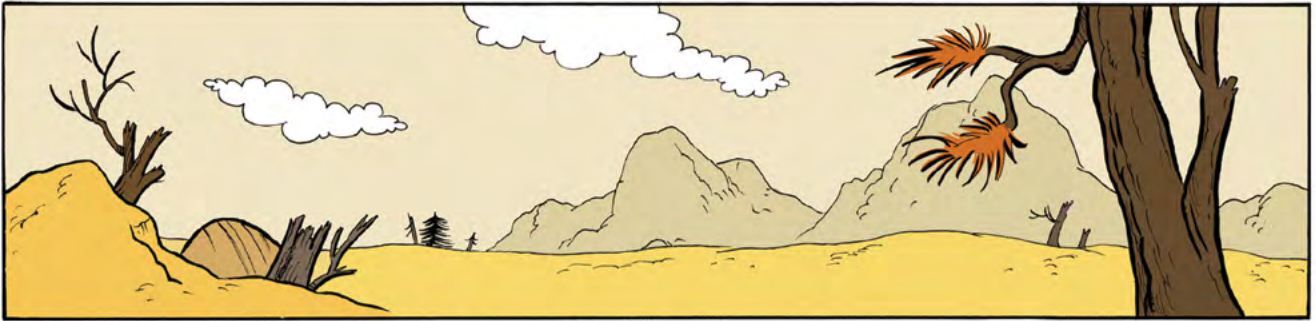
HAPPY.

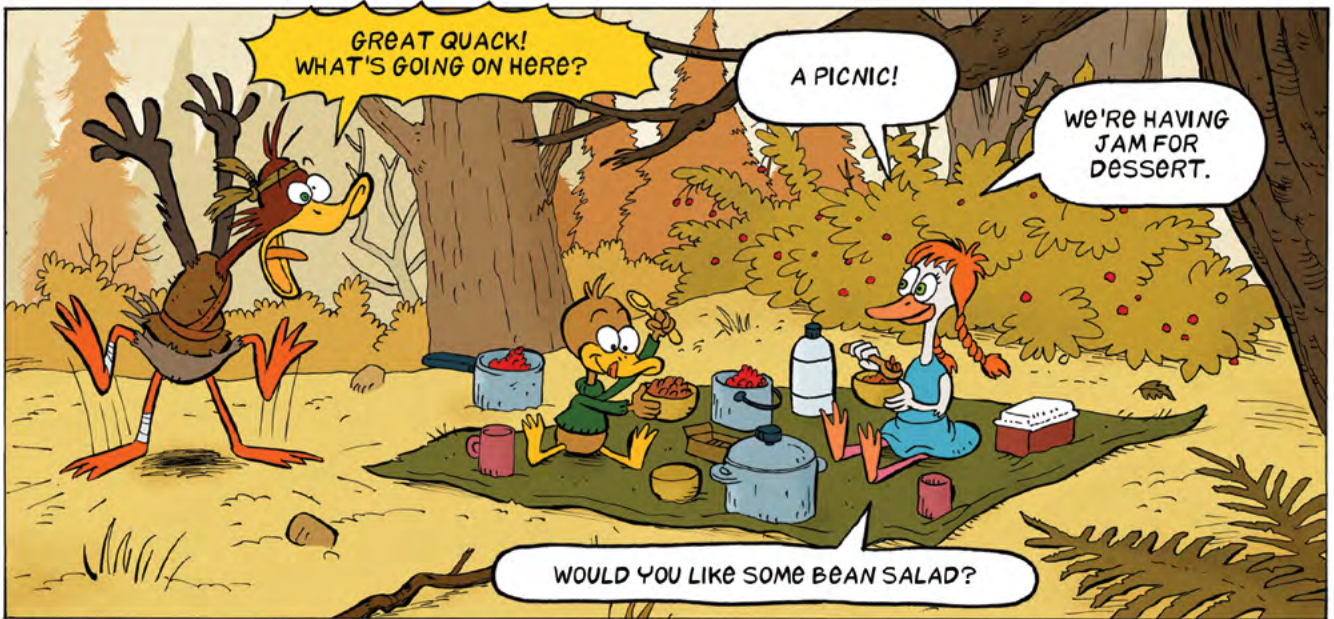
THERE'LL BE NO FIGHTING ON MY BIPLANE. OR I'LL LEAVE YOU ON THE SUMMIT OF THE NEXT MOUNTAIN. UNDERSTOOD?

UGH!

KWAK-KWAK IS NOT TOO USED TO THE COMPANY OF CHILDREN.







GREAT QUACK!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

A PICNIC!

WE'RE HAVING
JAM FOR
DESSERT.

WOULD YOU LIKE SOME BEAN SALAD?



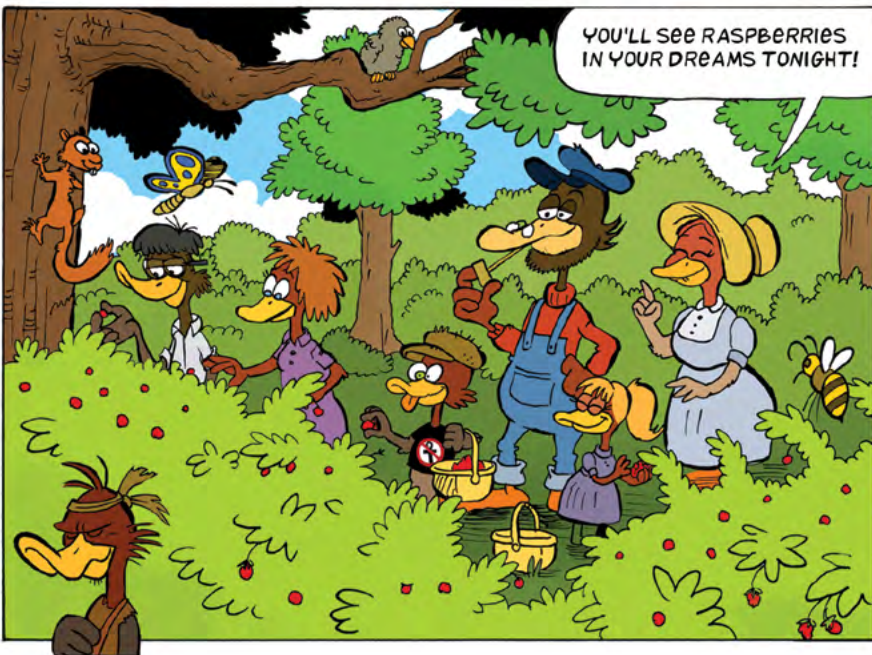
WE COULD BE ACCOSTED BY SOME
MEGAZOPOD OR PREDATOR OR BARBARIAN OR
WHO-KNOWS-WHAT AT ANY SECOND. AND
THEY'RE HAPPILY PLAYING HOUSE!!!



LET ME
SERVE...
SNIF!
SNIF!



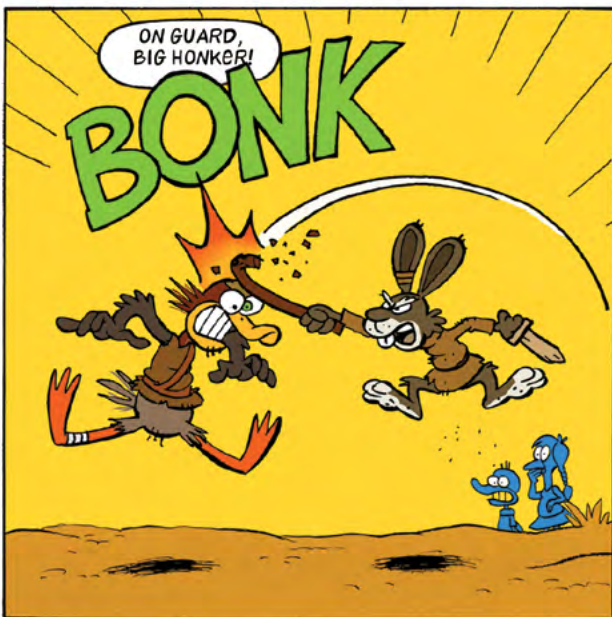
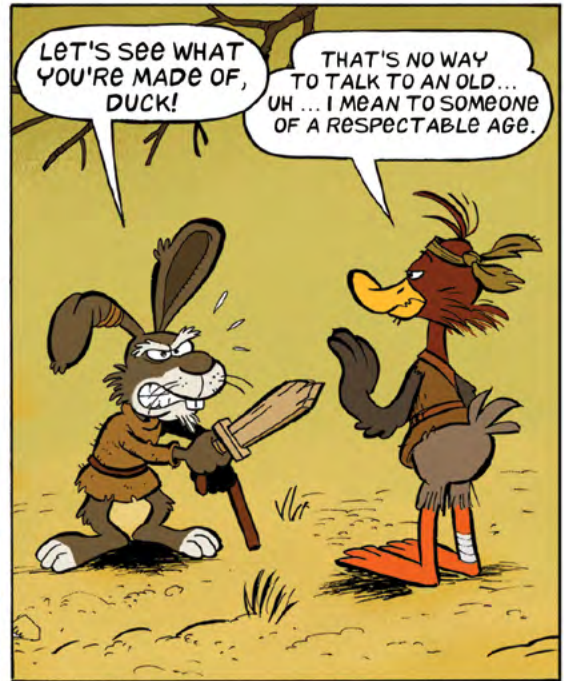
THAT FRUITY SCENT. OH!
IT BRINGS BACK SOME
TENDER AND DISTANT
MEMORIES.

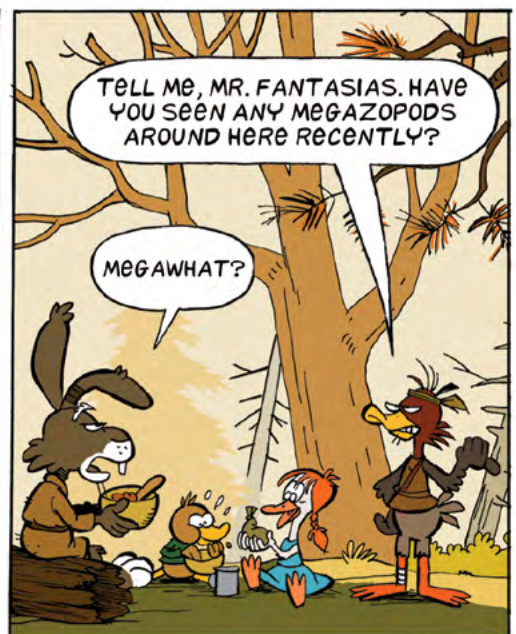
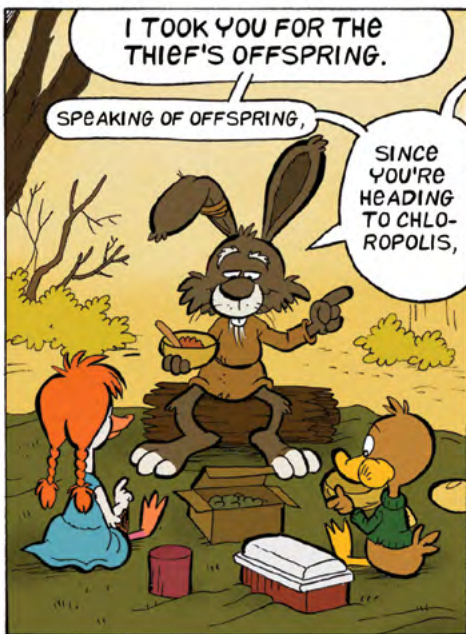


YOU'LL SEE RASPBERRIES
IN YOUR DREAMS TONIGHT!



LOWER YOUR
WINGS, YOU
DIRTY THIEF!







DON'T WORRY KIDS. GLUTTON GLUG THE CARCAJOU IS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE. GO ON WITH YOUR PICNIC. THIS WILL JUST TAKE A FEW SECONDS.



WHAT A HAPPY DAY!
I'LL FINALLY GET MY REVENGE...

AND I'LL GORGE ON TWO TASTY
DUCKLINGS FOR DESSERT.



IT'S TRUE WE'VE HAD OUR
DIFFERENCES IN THE PAST...

BUT IT'S
TIME TO
MAKE PEACE.

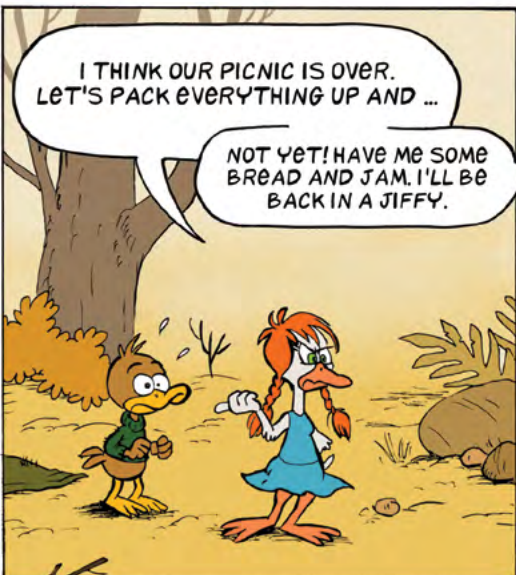


I'LL MAKE PEACE THE DAY
I GET JUSTICE.



YOU KNOW IT WAS JUST
A FOOLISH INCIDENT.

IT'S TIME TO
MOVE ON.
GROW UP A LITTLE.



I THINK OUR PICNIC IS OVER.
LET'S PACK EVERYTHING UP AND ...

NOT YET! HAVE ME SOME
BREAD AND JAM. I'LL BE
BACK IN A JIFFY.



ENOUGH
TALKING.

FIGHT!





Humour, action, adventure, and some ruffled feathers. Just don't expect this trip to be a lap around the duck pond!