

PATRICK BIZIER

# THE ADMIRAL AND THE MEATHEAD

1. THE CURSED FOREST



ÉDITIONS  
MICHEL  
QUINTIN



**PATRICK BIZIER, AUTHOR, ILLUSTRATOR**

*I don't like straight lines. I prefer when they break. I like them organic and lively. I want to see them curve and mesh together, creating something altogether new. I want them to transport me somewhere else. I love the accidents that happen along the way.*

After earning a BFA from the Université du Québec à Montréal, Patrick Bizier moved to Grenoble in 1985 to specialize in etching. He then turned his attention to graphic design and illustration. Alongside his commercial work, he has also had his work featured in exhibitions, books, and magazines. A comic book lover since forever, he published his first comic book *The Admiral and the Meathead* (*L'Amiral et l'Andouille*) through Éditions Michel Quintin.

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**EXCERPT FROM THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE SERIES ORIGINALLY ENTITLED  
"L'Amiral et l'Andouille 1 - La forêt maudite"**

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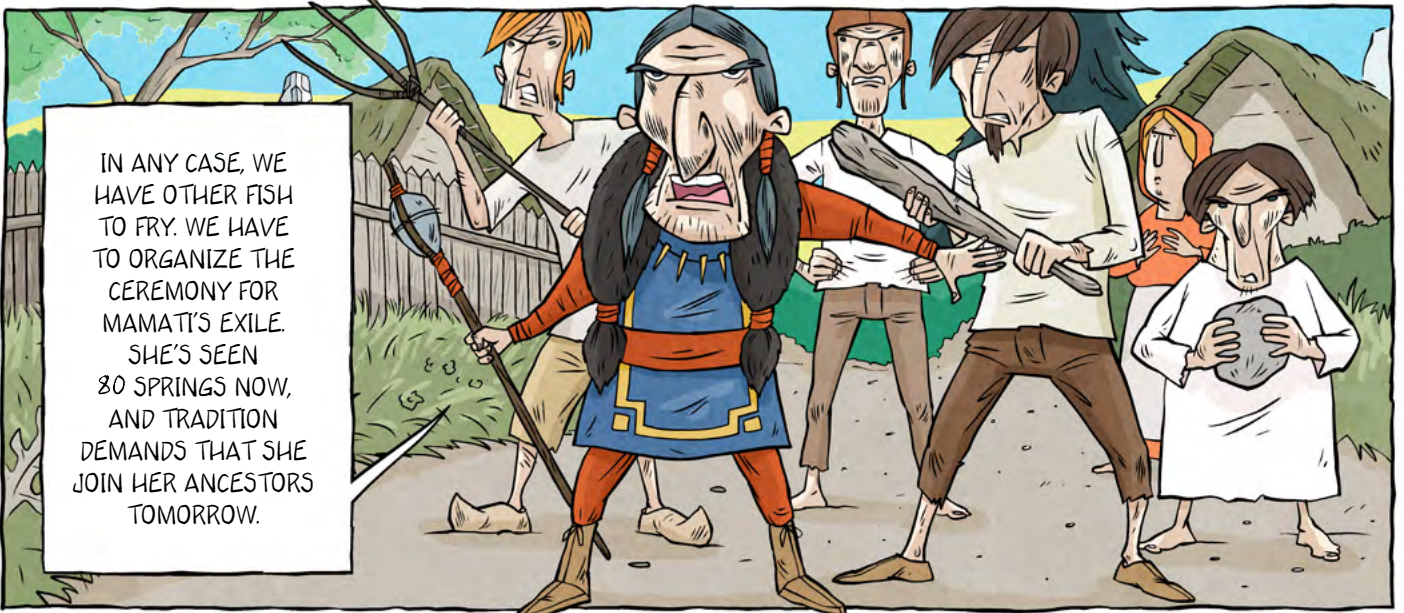


NICE GOING, MEATHEAD! YOU COULD HAVE NOT ALERTED THE ENTIRE VILLAGE.

SORRY, ADMIRAL. I GOT MY FOOT STUCK IN THE BUCKET TRYING TO GRAB THE HEN.

YOU'VE GOT A REAL TALENT FOR STICKING YOUR FOOT IN IT.











MAMATI, I HATE THE WHOLE VILLAGE AND THE KING. YOU'VE BEEN MY ONLY FAMILY SINCE MOM AND DAD DIED AND NOW THEY WANT TO SNATCH YOU AWAY FROM ME TOO JUST TO UPHOLD THEIR INSANE TRADITION.

YOU'RE ALL GROWN NOW, AMIK, YOU'RE ALMOST A MAN. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE YOURSELF WITHOUT ME. I'VE LOOKED AFTER YOU AND AM PROUD OF WHO YOU'VE BECOME. YOU'RE A GOOD ONE.




SOME LAST WORDS OF ADVICE ... DON'T GET ON THE KING'S BAD SIDE. HE COULD REFUSE TO GIVE YOU HIS DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE WHEN THE DAY COMES. YOU AND AMALA HAVE LOVED EACH OTHER SINCE YOU WERE CHILDREN.



WHAT IF WE LEFT FOR ANOTHER VILLAGE? WE MIGHT BE WELCOME THERE? IN ANY CASE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU. YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, I'VE GROWN UP.

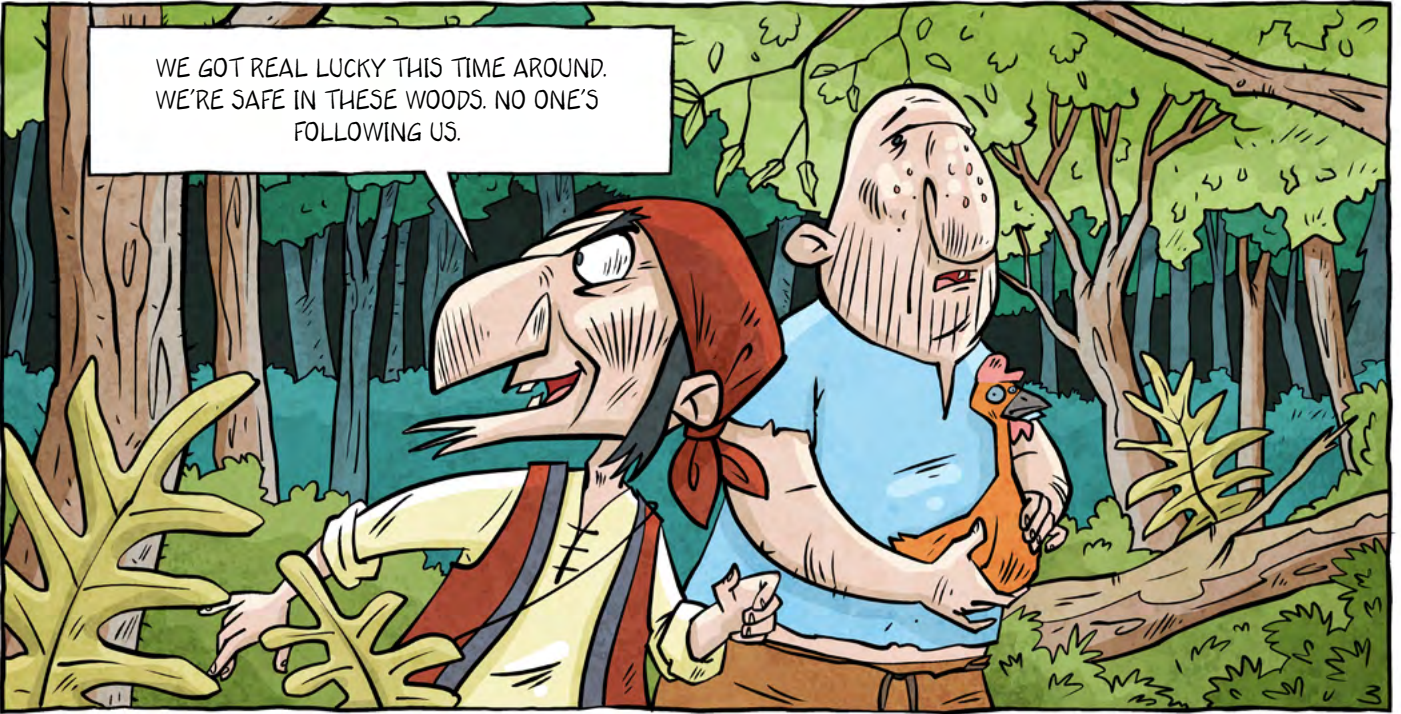
I KNOW, BUT IT FEELS LIKE SHE'S BEEN GROWING MORE DISTANT FOR SOME TIME NOW. SHE'S BEEN MORE AND MORE ALOOF AND IF SHE REJECTS ME, I'LL HAVE NO OTHER TIES TO THIS VILLAGE.



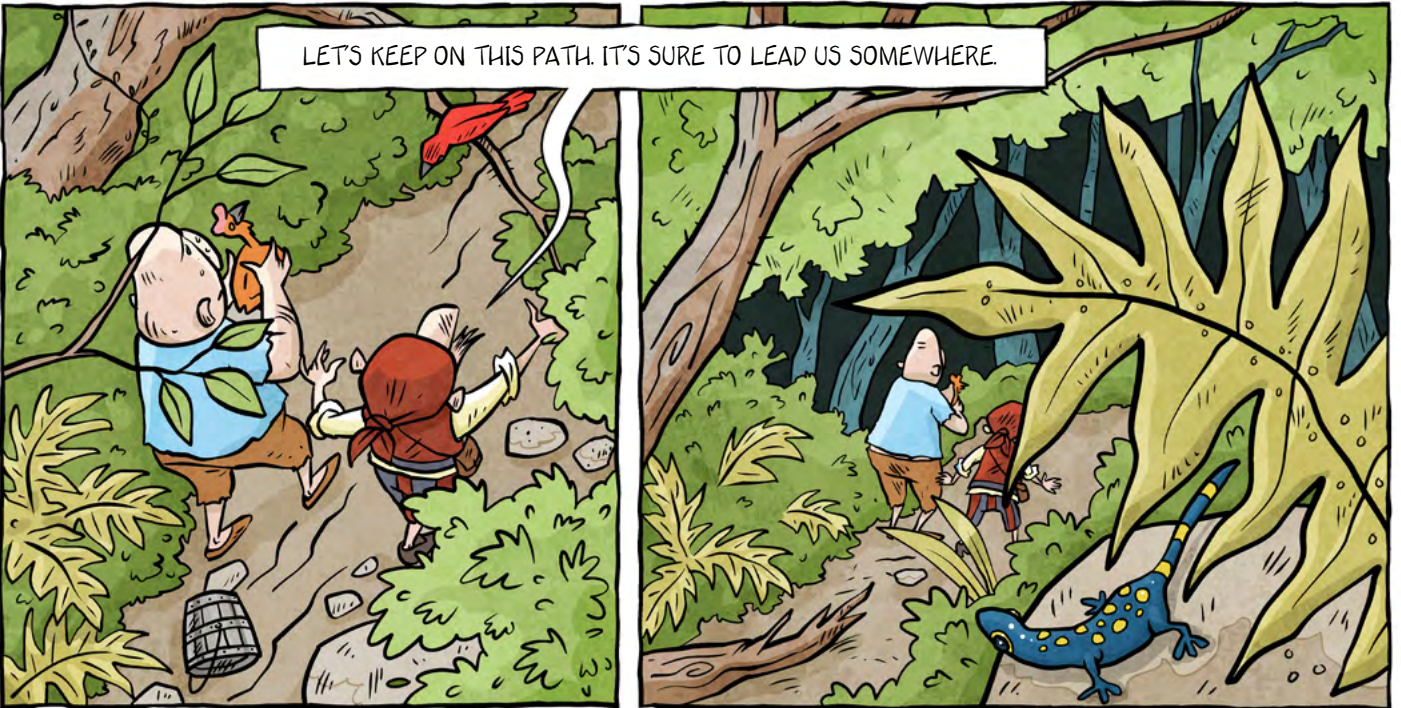
NO AMIK, IF 80 SPRINGS MAKES ME A BURDEN ON THE WHOLE VILLAGE, I'LL BE ONE ON YOU TOO. YOU HAVE TO LIVE YOUR LIFE NOW. I'VE LIVED MINE. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS.



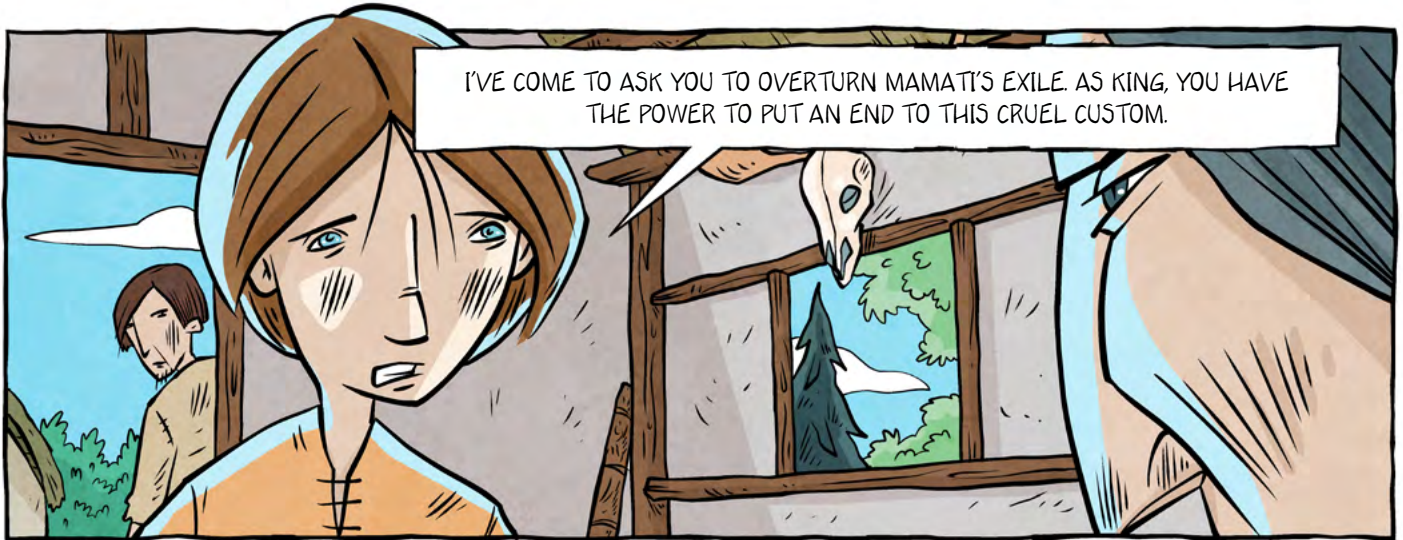
WE GOT REAL LUCKY THIS TIME AROUND.  
WE'RE SAFE IN THESE WOODS. NO ONE'S  
FOLLOWING US.



LET'S KEEP ON THIS PATH. IT'S SURE TO LEAD US SOMEWHERE.





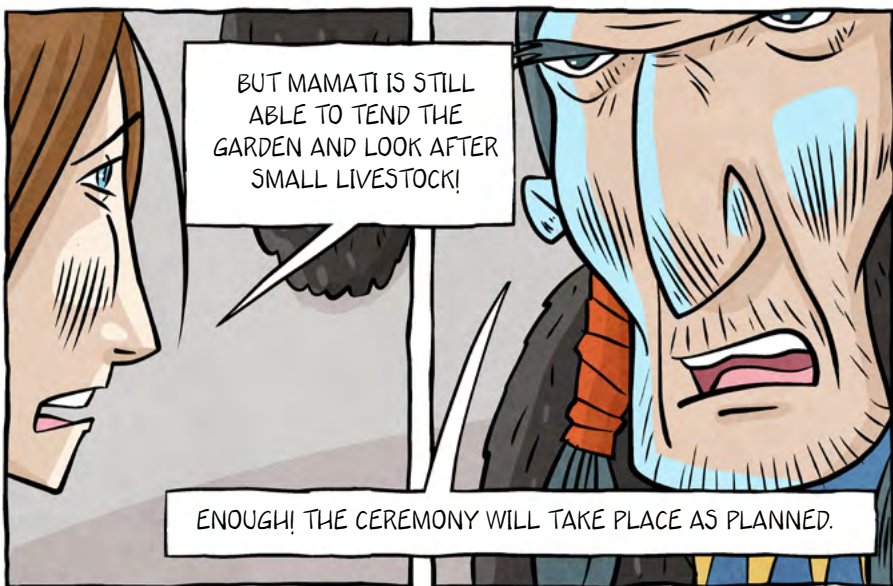


I'VE COME TO ASK YOU TO OVERTURN MAMATI'S EXILE. AS KING, YOU HAVE THE POWER TO PUT AN END TO THIS CRUEL CUSTOM.



IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION. OUR TRADITIONS ARE BIGGER AND MORE ANCIENT THAN US.

PEOPLE WHO ARE NO LONGER USEFUL TO THE COMMUNITY MUST LEAVE. THE VILLAGE'S RESOURCES ARE LIMITED.



BUT MAMATI IS STILL ABLE TO TEND THE GARDEN AND LOOK AFTER SMALL LIVESTOCK!

ENOUGH! THE CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE AS PLANNED.



I HATE YOU!

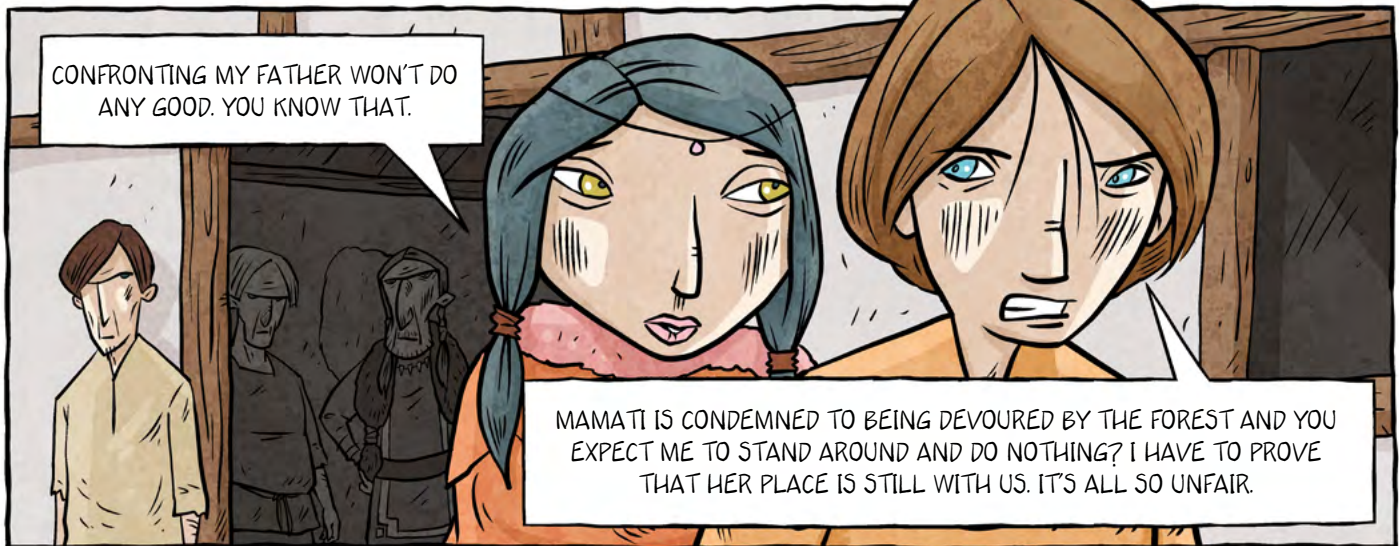




COME, AMIK!  
THIS IS POINTLESS.

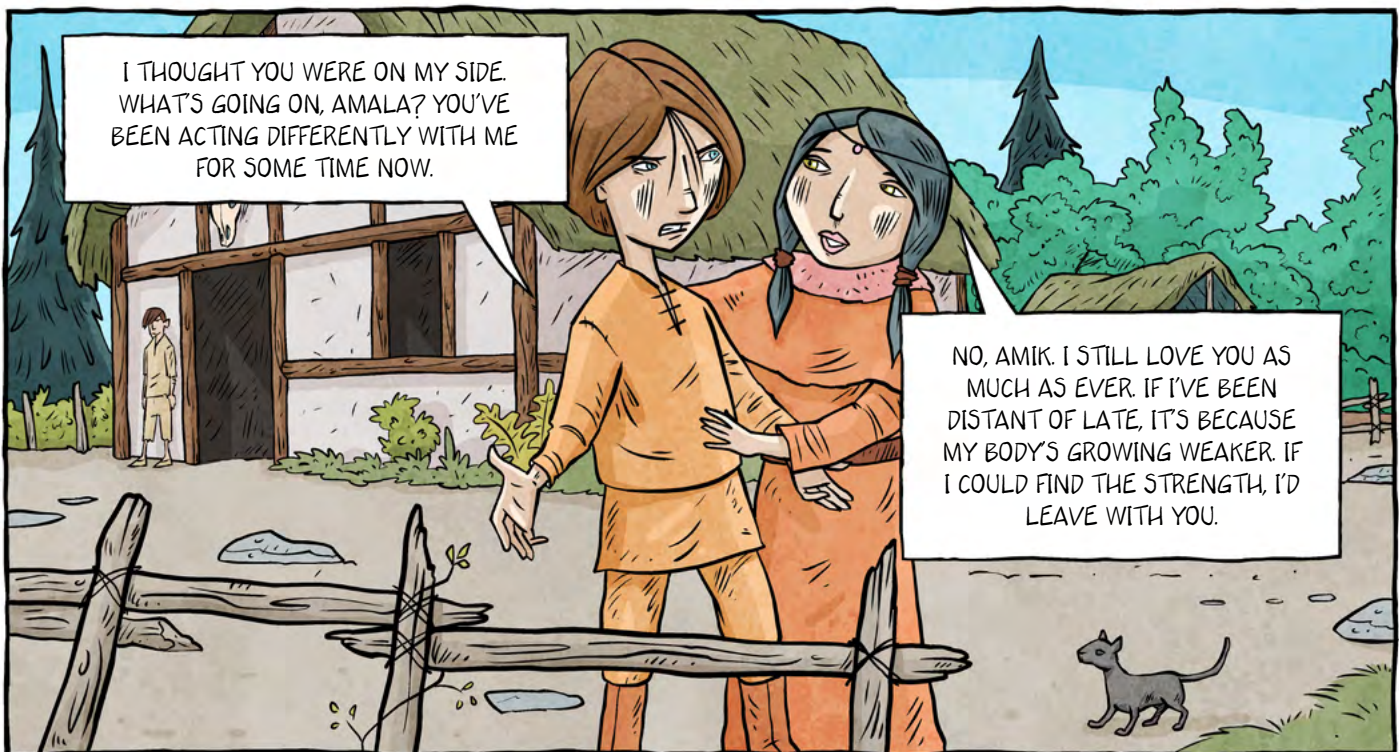


THAT'S RIGHT, AMALA. TRY AND  
REASON WITH HIM. I DON'T WANT  
TO HAVE TO PUT MY FOOT DOWN.



CONFRONTING MY FATHER WON'T DO  
ANY GOOD. YOU KNOW THAT.

MAMATI IS CONDEMNED TO BEING DEVoured BY THE FOREST AND YOU  
EXPECT ME TO STAND AROUND AND DO NOTHING? I HAVE TO PROVE  
THAT HER PLACE IS STILL WITH US. IT'S ALL SO UNFAIR.



I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON MY SIDE.  
WHAT'S GOING ON, AMALA? YOU'VE  
BEEN ACTING DIFFERENTLY WITH ME  
FOR SOME TIME NOW.

NO, AMIK. I STILL LOVE YOU AS  
MUCH AS EVER. IF I'VE BEEN  
DISTANT OF LATE, IT'S BECAUSE  
MY BODY'S GROWING WEAKER. IF  
I COULD FIND THE STRENGTH, I'D  
LEAVE WITH YOU.





THE PATH SPLITS UP HERE.  
WHAT DO WE DO, ADMIRAL?

cloc!



WE GO LEFT. THE  
HEARTS ON THE LEFT  
SIDE, SO IT MUST BE  
THE RIGHT DECISION.



YOU'RE AN OLD ROMANTIC, ADMIRAL.





WHAT IS THIS EVIL PLACE? I'M STARTING TO MISS THE SHIP'S HOLD. THERE WERE FEWER RATS THAN THESE STINKING CRITTERS.



MAYBE WE SHOULD TURN BACK, BOSS?



AND RISK BEING BEAT UP BY ANY VILLAGERS WHO'VE DECIDED TO FOLLOW US? NO WAY!



COME ON. THERE'S A MORE ACCESSIBLE PATH OVER THERE.



UH, BOSS! I'M SINKING!

GREAT, THAT'S ALL WE NEEDED.



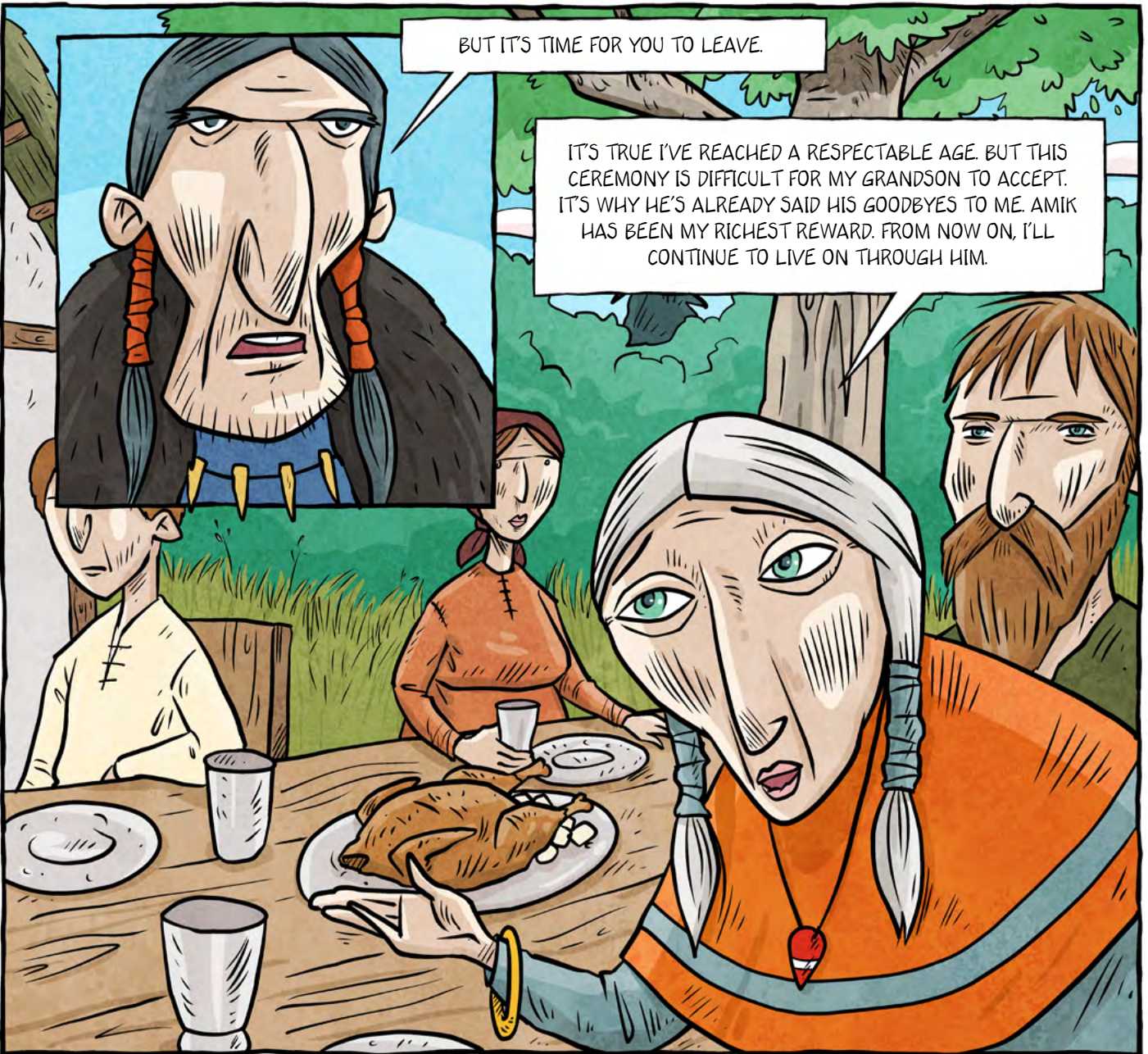
MAMATI, YOU'VE HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE OF NOT BEING TAKEN BY ANY ILLNESS OR UNHAPPY ACCIDENT. YOUR DAUGHTER MUNA AND HER LOVER TANIK, AMIK'S PARENTS, WEREN'T AS LUCKY WHEN THEY WERE SWEEP AWAY BY THE RIVER. NATURE TAKES BACK WHAT SHE HAS GIVEN IN HER OWN TIME. YOU'VE HAD A HAPPY LIFE, MAMATI, BUT IT'S TIME TO COMPLETE THE CIRCLE. ACCEPT THIS HUMBLE MEAL PREPARED BY YOUR PEERS. IT WILL GIVE YOU THE STRENGTH YOU NEED TO MAKE THIS FINAL JOURNEY.







YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR THIS VILLAGE, AND WE ARE GRATEFUL.



BUT IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE.

IT'S TRUE I'VE REACHED A RESPECTABLE AGE. BUT THIS CEREMONY IS DIFFICULT FOR MY GRANDSON TO ACCEPT. IT'S WHY HE'S ALREADY SAID HIS GOODBYES TO ME. AMIK HAS BEEN MY RICHEST REWARD. FROM NOW ON, I'LL CONTINUE TO LIVE ON THROUGH HIM.





I LEAVE YOU EVERYTHING I OWN. IT WILL BE OF NO USE TO ME WHERE I'M GOING.



LET'S ALL RAISE OUR GLASSES TO MAMATI! MAY OUR THOUGHTS KEEP YOU COMPANY ON THIS JOURNEY.



A GUARD OF HONOUR FORMS TO GUIDE MAMATI TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE OF THE CURSED FOREST. THE OLD WOMAN LOOKS BACK IN SILENCE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE VILLAGERS ONE LAST TIME.







LOOK THERE, MEATHEAD! I SEE THE PATH AGAIN AT THE VERY BOTTOM. DOWN WE GO!

IT'S A STEEP SLOPE.

WE JUST HAVE TO GRAB ONTO SOME BRANCHES.



WEREN'T THOSE BRANCHES A LITTLE TOO SMALL, ADMIRAL?

JUST SHUT IT!





CRACK

OH! WHAT'S THAT?



CRACK



IF THOSE ARE WILD ANIMALS APPROACHING, MY JOURNEY WILL HAVE BEEN A VERY SHORT ONE.



AMIK, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THIS IS MADNESS. YOU MUST RETURN TO THE VILLAGE!

NO, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND. THERE'S NO WAY I'M ABANDONING YOU. YOU WERE THERE FOR ME WHEN MY PARENTS DIED. IT'S MY TURN TO STAY WITH YOU TILL YOUR LAST BREATH.

YOU'RE GOING TO MEET YOUR ANCESTORS ... NOT SOME WOLVES!



Caught red-handed while looting a chicken coop, the Admiral and the Meathead are forced to take off into the woods to escape the anger of the villagers.

Tradition dictates that, on turning 80, villagers must leave their home forever and go into exile in the neighbouring forest. That forest has the reputation of being cursed, because no elders ever come back ...

