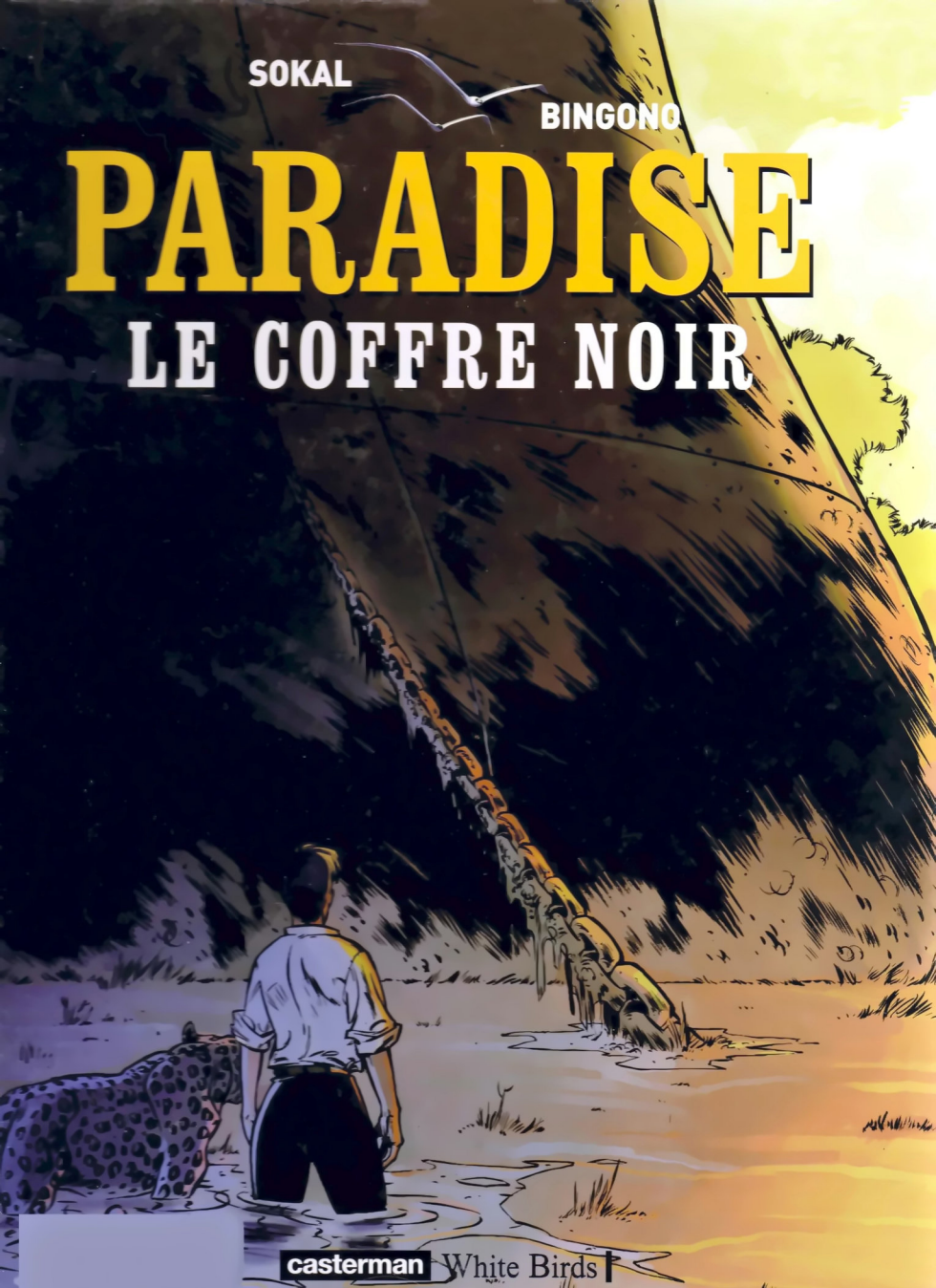


SOKAL

BINGONO

PARADISE

LE COFFRE NOIR



casterman White Birds

SOKAL



BINGONO

PARADISE

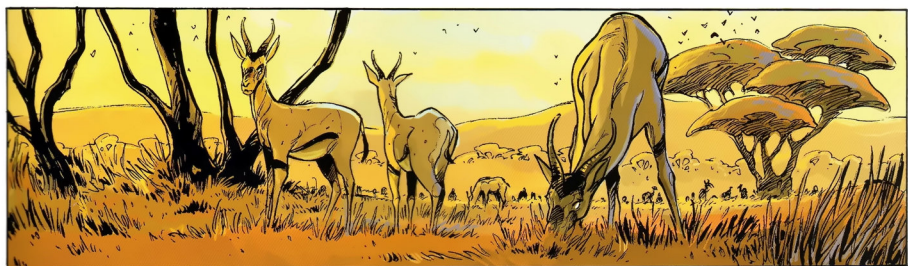
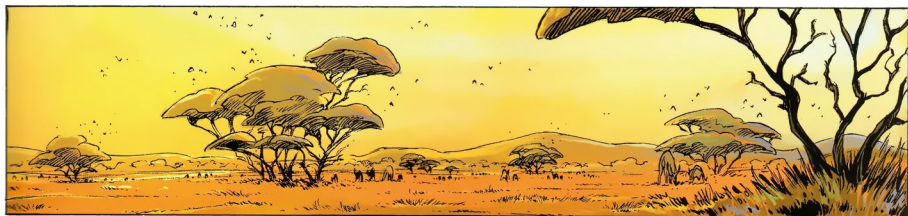
The Black Vault

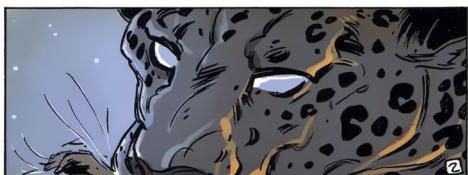
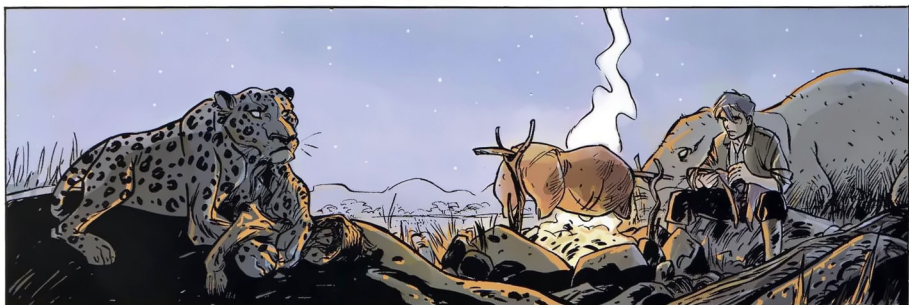
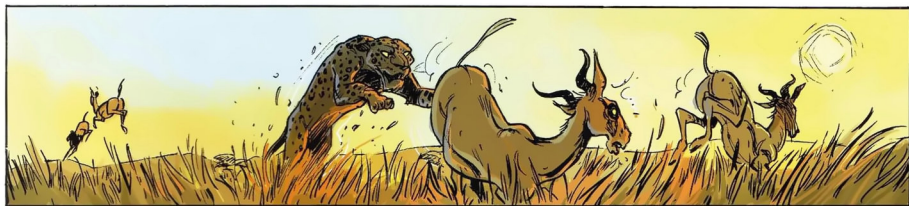
Mise en couleur de **JEAN-FRANÇOIS BRUCKNER**

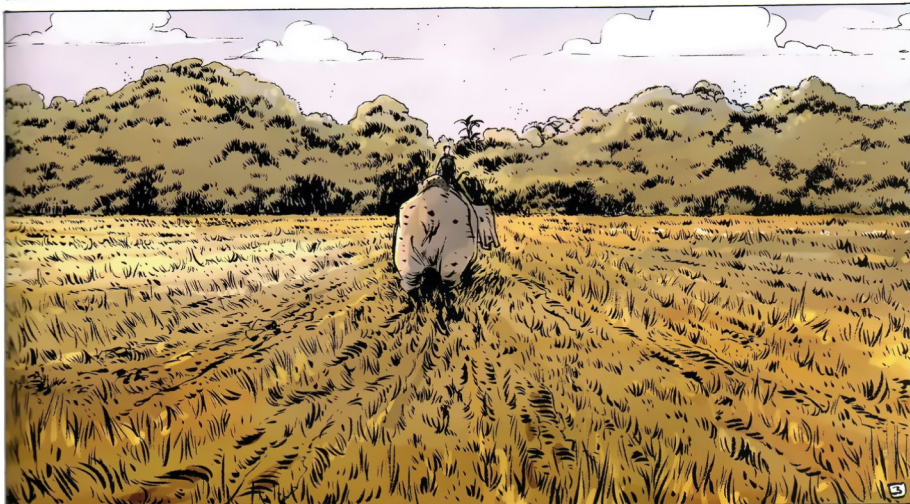


Translation: Skippy Granola
Additional Translation: Ragny
Editing: Panzer Skank

casterman White Birds |

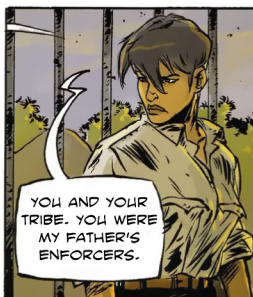


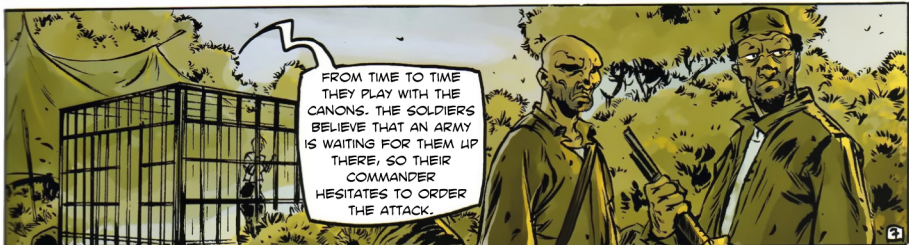




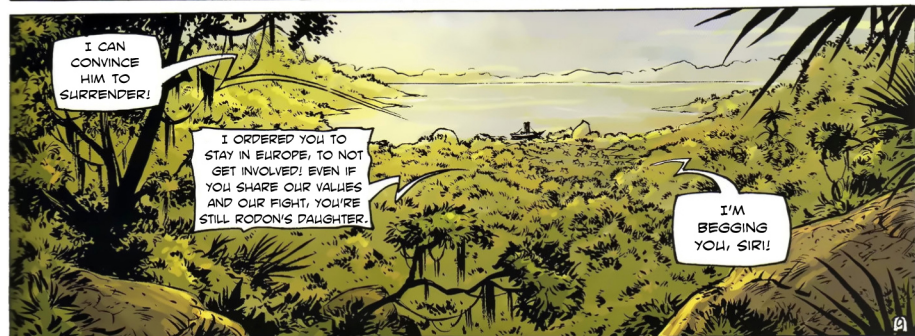
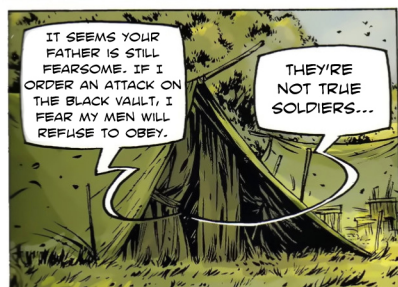
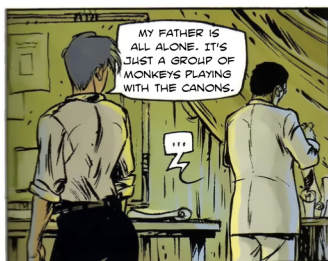






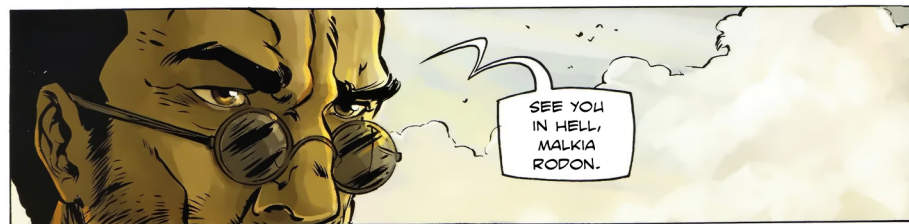
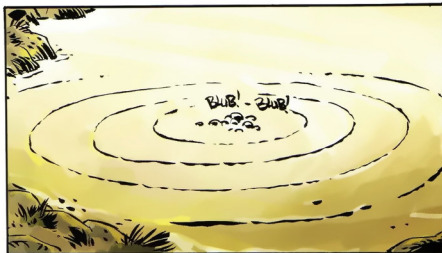


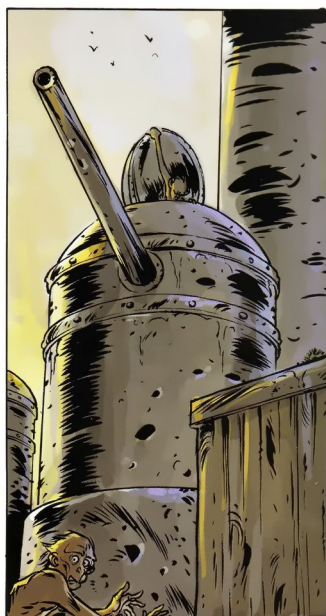


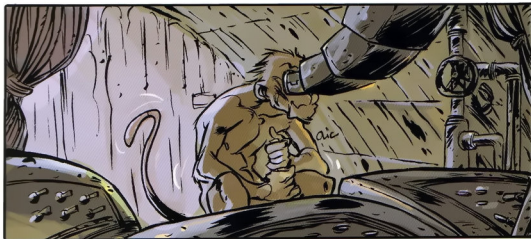
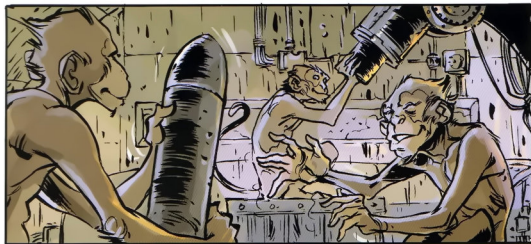


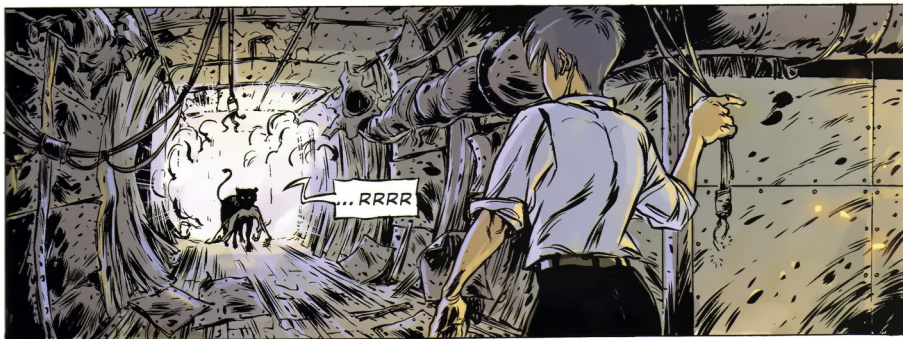


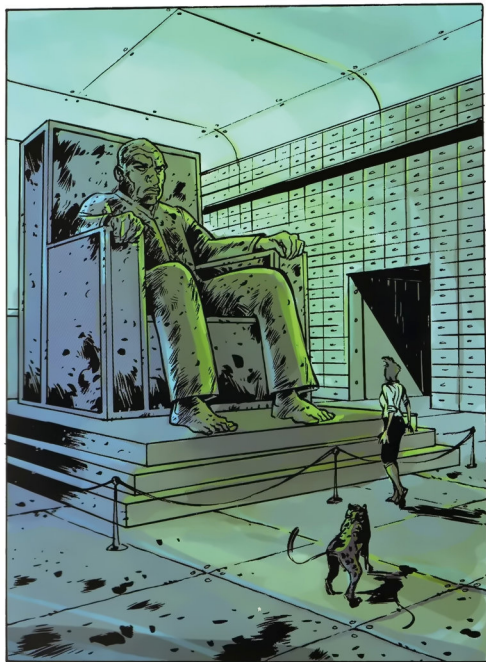


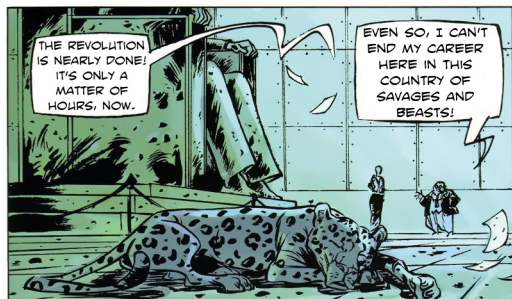


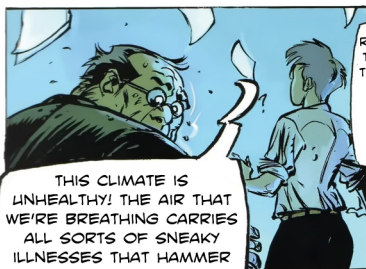












THIS CLIMATE IS UNHEALTHY! THE AIR THAT WE'RE BREATHING CARRIES ALL SORTS OF SNEAKY ILLNESSES THAT HAMMER THE STOMACH, MISS RODON CROWN!

EVERYTHING IS RECORDED HERE! INCOME TAX STATEMENTS FOR ALL THE COUNTRY'S SUBJECTS, THEIR BANK ACCOUNTS, TRANSACTIONS, COMMERCIAL CONTRACTS, FOREIGN ACCOUNTS AND HOLDINGS, ETC.



WHAT'S IN ALL THESE FILES?



IN SHORT, EVERYTHING TO DO WITH THE WEALTH OF MAURANIA AND THEREFORE, INDIRECTLY, THE FORTUNE OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING!



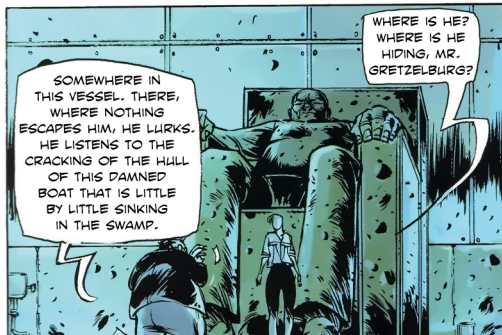
THESE DOCUMENTS ARE STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL! A SORT OF INTIMATE CONFESSION...

...BETWEEN THE KING AND THE ZURICH BANK OF AFRICA! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



DO YOU KNOW THE KING WELL?

I KNOW HIS ACCOUNTS, MISS! IN OTHER WORDS, I KNOW HIS SOUL.

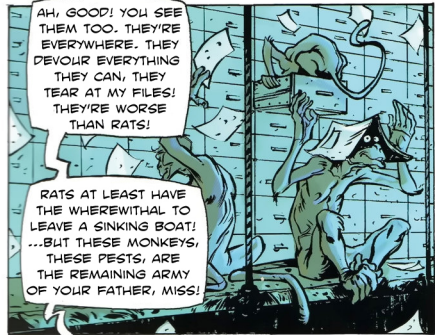


WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE HIDING, MR. GRETZELBURG?

SOMEWHERE IN THIS VESSEL. THERE, WHERE NOTHING ESCAPES HIM, HE LURKS. HE LISTENS TO THE CRACKING OF THE HULL OF THIS DAMNED BOAT THAT IS LITTLE BY LITTLE SINKING IN THE SWAMP.



I'VE SEEN NOTHING BUT THESE HORRIBLE GREEN MONKEYS.



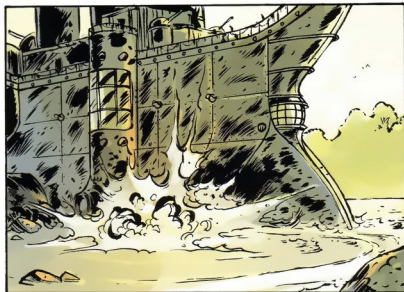
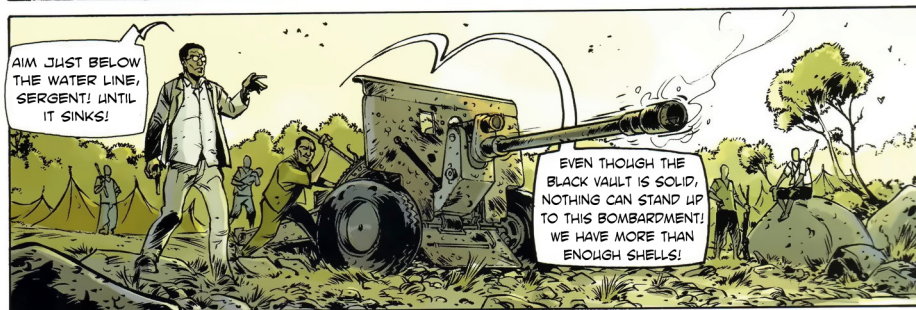
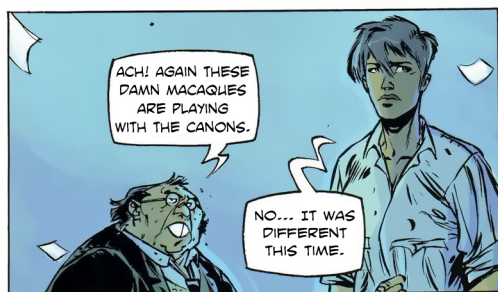
AH, GOOD! YOU SEE THEM TOO. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE. THEY DEVOUR EVERYTHING THEY CAN, THEY TEAR AT MY FILES! THEY'RE WORSE THAN RATS!

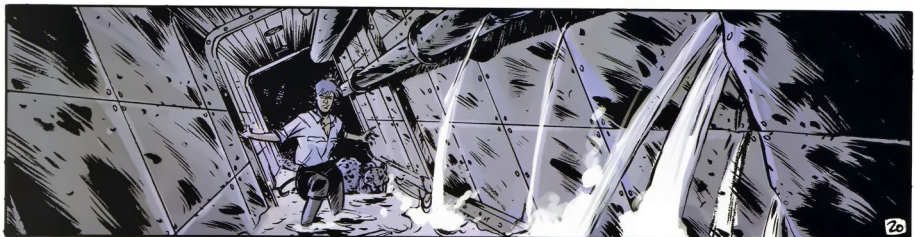
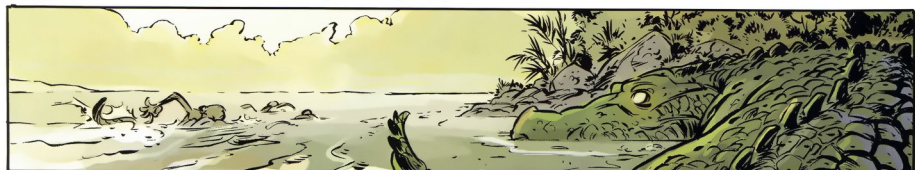
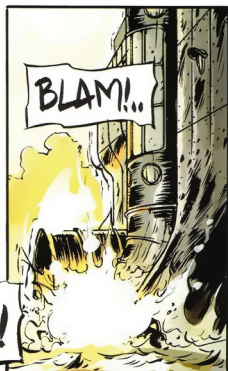
RATS AT LEAST HAVE THE WHEREWITHAL TO LEAVE A SINKING BOAT! ...BUT THESE MONKEYS, THESE PESTS, ARE THE REMAINING ARMY OF YOUR FATHER, MISS!

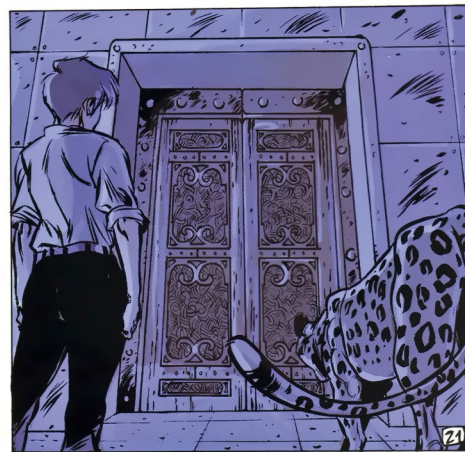
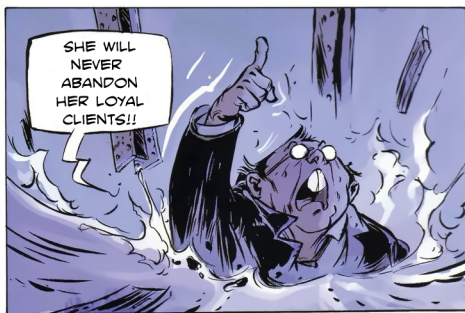


IF YOU SEE THE KING, TELL HIM THAT THE ZURICH BANK OF AFRICA IS ALWAYS WATCHING, DESPITE EVERYTHING!

MMM...









...MALKIA! YER NOT DEAD YET! FINALLY, SOME GOOD NEWS! HIC!

?



DO I KNOW YOU?



WILL VANDENARD, THE KING'S RIGHT-HAND MAN! IN SERVICE TO THIS BANANA REPUBLIC FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS! MISS MALKIA... I KNEW YOU WHEN YOU WERE KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER. I BOUNCED YOU ON MY KNEE. HIC!



I DON'T REMEMBER. I'M SORRY.

AND YOUR MOTHER! I KNEW'ER WELL. TRULY A LOVELY WOMAN.

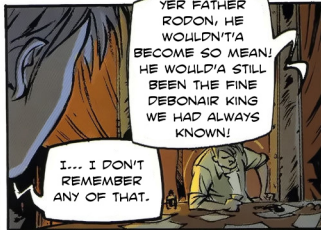


CLASSY AND ALL THAT- HIC! BUT SHE DIDN'T LIKE THIS COUNTRY, TOO MANY MOSQUITOES, TOO MUCH HEAT! TOO MUCH EVERYTHING!

YOU KNEW MY MOTHER?



YES MA'AM! AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT IF SHE HADN'T RUN OFF LIKE THAT, ONE FINE MORNING, BRINGING YOU WITH HER...



YER FATHER RODON, HE WOULDN'T'A BECOME SO MEAN! HE WOULD'A STILL BEEN THE FINE DEBONAIR KING WE HAD ALWAYS KNOWN!

I... I DON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THAT.



I'M GOING... GOING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, MY DEAR. I BELIEVE THAT SOMETIMES IT'S WORTHWHILE NOT TO REMEMBER!



AND IF YOU BROUGHT THIS FUCKING BLACK LEOPARD HERE, IT'S NOT BY CHANCE! THIS ANIMAL, YOUR FATHER GAVE IT TO YOU 15 YEARS AGO.

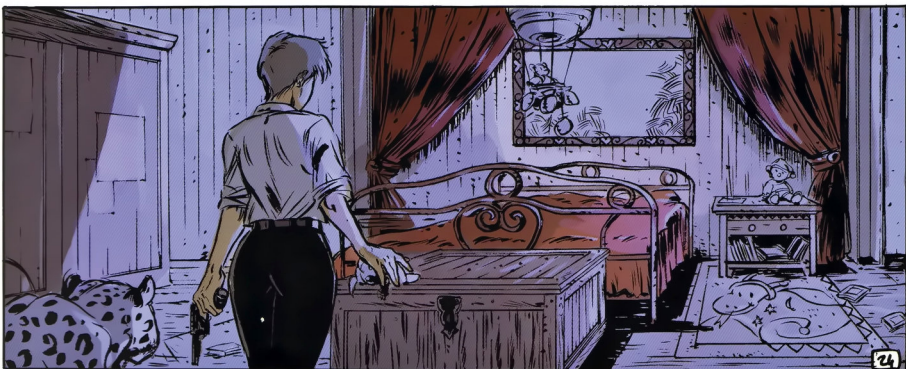
WE KILLED ITS MOTHER DURING A HUNT. A LITTLE BLACK BALL OF FUR.

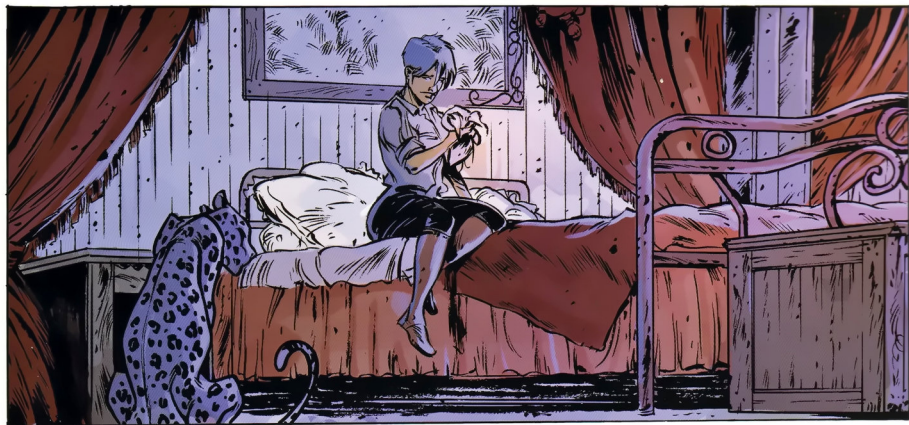


YOU PLAYED WITH IT LIKE A KITTEN, SHOULDA' SEEN IT! HIC! YER MOTHER DIDN'T LIKE THAT BUT, AT FIRST, SHE TURNED A BLIND EYE. BUT THEN THE LEOPARD GREW UP!

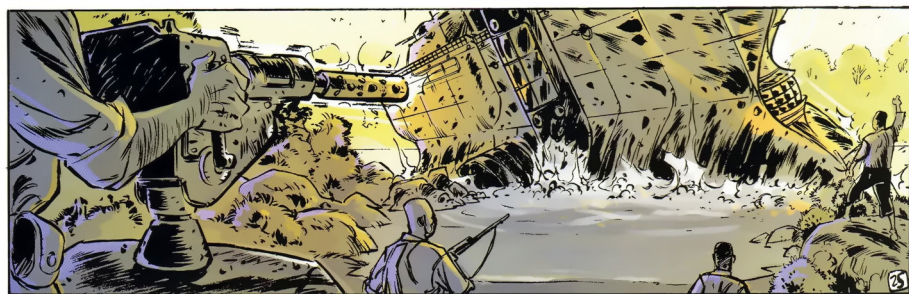
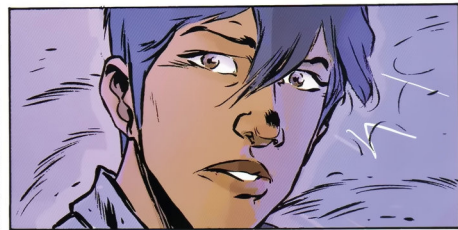
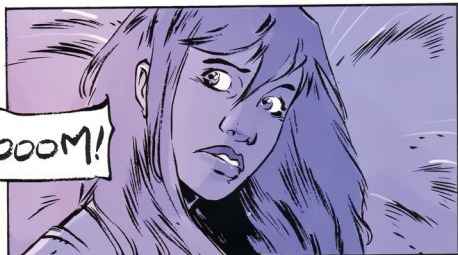
AND THEN?







BAOOOM!

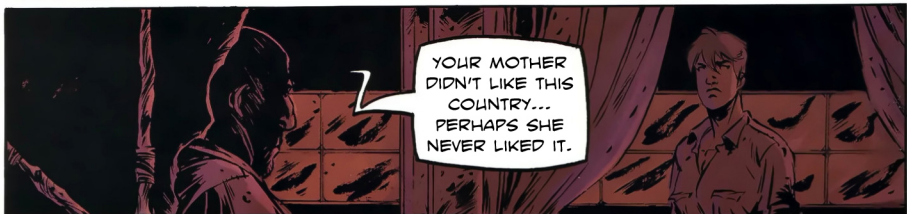

















M-MY
NAME IS
ANN SMITH!



I TOOK YOU
TO SEE THE
ANIMALS ALONG
THE RIVER... DO
YOU REMEMBER,
MALKIA?



WE LEFT THE
BOAT. YOU
HOPPED UP
ON MY
SHOULDERS.



OFF WE
WENT, JUST
THE TWO
OF US.



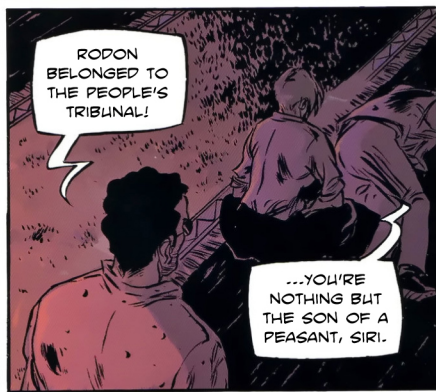
YOUR FAVORITES
WERE THE LITTLE
BROWN GAZELLES.
YOU'D WATCH THEM
ENDLESSLY.

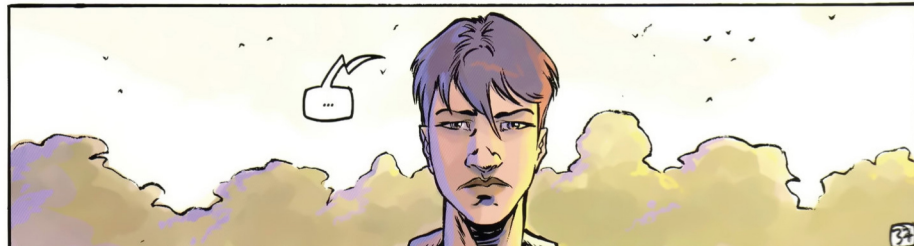
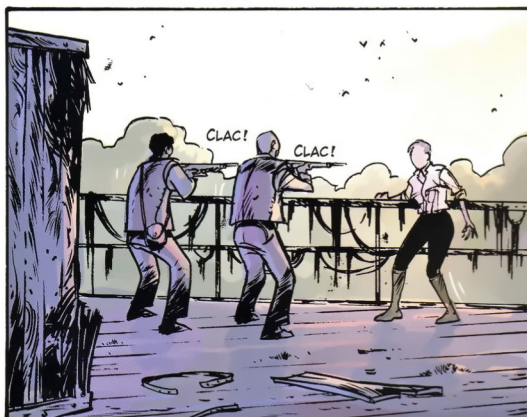


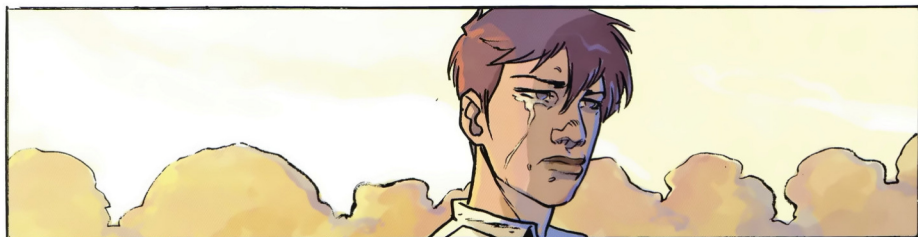




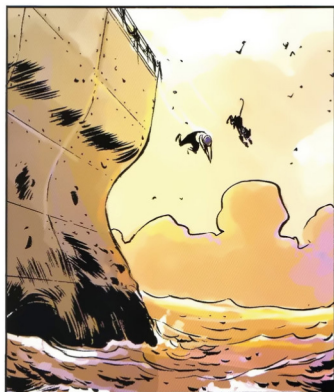












...TWO
SHOTS.
IT'S DONE.



THE LAST
RODON IS
DEAD!

THAT'S GOOD.
IT WAS
NECESSARY. NOW
THE REVOLUTION
IS FINISHED.



EVERYTHING'S
SO CALM
ALL OF A
SUDDEN.



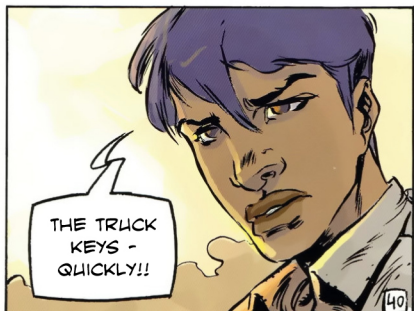
SOON WE
CAN GO
HOME.



DROP YOUR
GUNS! HANDS
IN THE AIR!

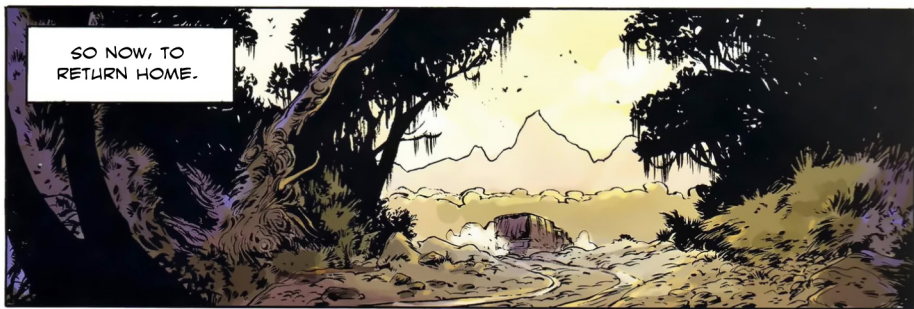


MY NAME
IS MALKIA!
MALKIA
RODON!



THE TRUCK
KEYS -
QUICKLY!!

SO NOW, TO
RETURN HOME.



I, SIRI, AM THE HEAD
OF THE PROVISORY
GOVERNMENT OF
MAURANIA.



IF ALL GOES
WELL, WE'LL HAVE
DEMOCRATIC
ELECTIONS NEXT
YEAR.

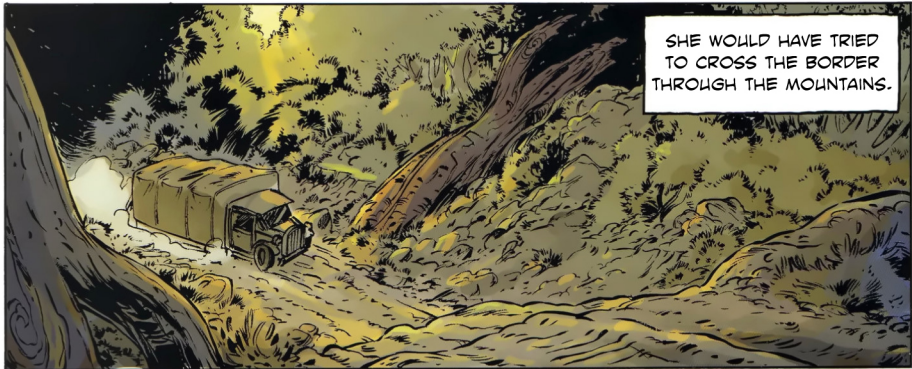


WE NEED TO REBUILD THIS
COUNTRY AND FIND ITS
PLACE IN THE WORLD.

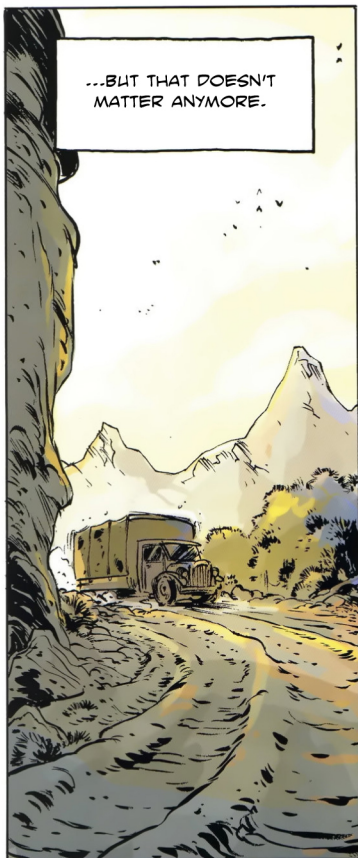


I'M GLAD MALKIA
RODON IS GONE,
DEPSITE
EVERYTHING.

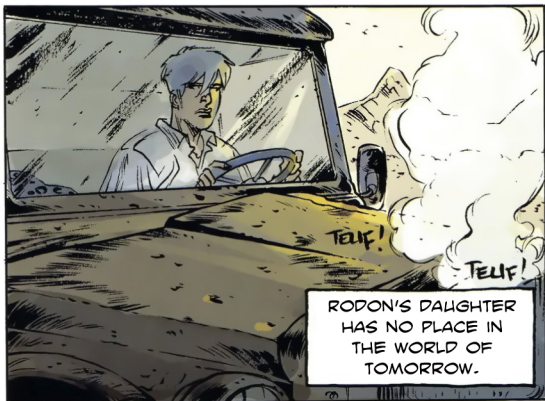




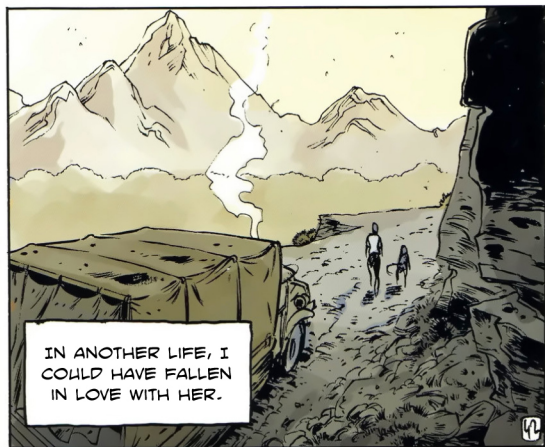
SHE WOULD HAVE TRIED
TO CROSS THE BORDER
THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.



...BUT THAT DOESN'T
MATTER ANYMORE.



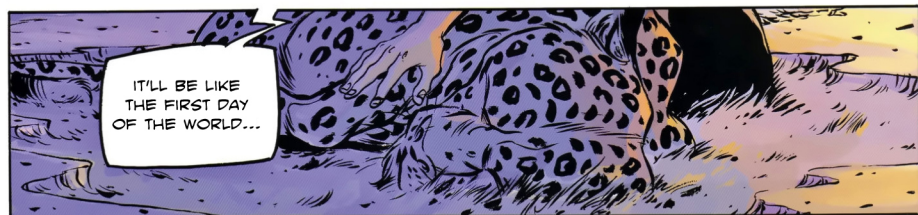
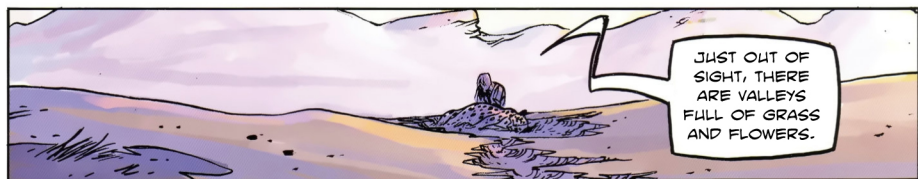
RODON'S DAUGHTER
HAS NO PLACE IN
THE WORLD OF
TOMORROW.



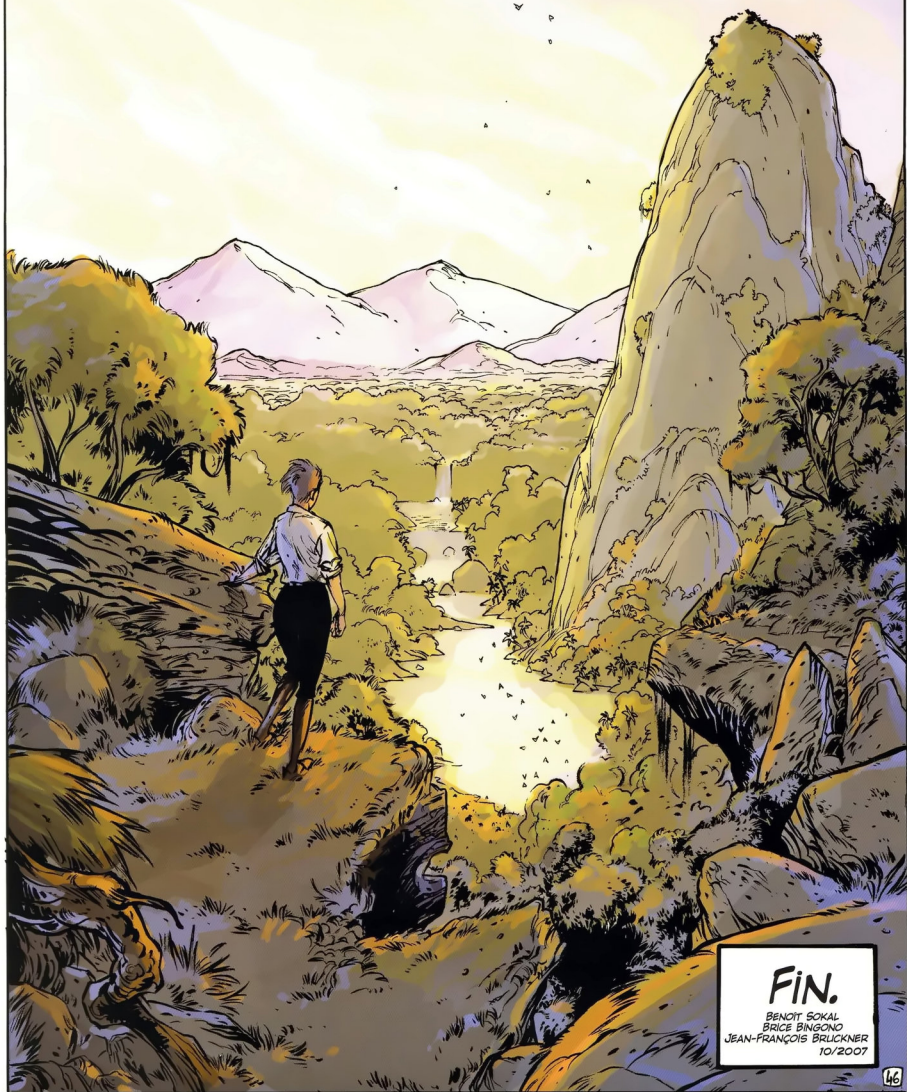
IN ANOTHER LIFE, I
COULD HAVE FALLEN
IN LOVE WITH HER.







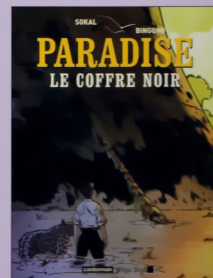
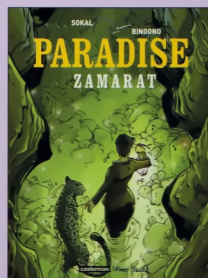
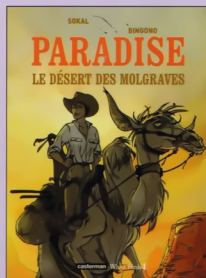
...LIKE AN EARTHLY
PARADISE.



Fin.

BENOIT SOKAL
BRICE BINGONO
JEAN-FRANÇOIS BRUCKNER
10/2007

46



« - C'est toi ?

... je suis content que tu sois là, ma fille !

- Non... Vous vous trompez : je m'appelle Ann Smith ! »



N001

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