

GLOBAL

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ANDREW DONKIN

ART BY GIOVANNI RIGANO

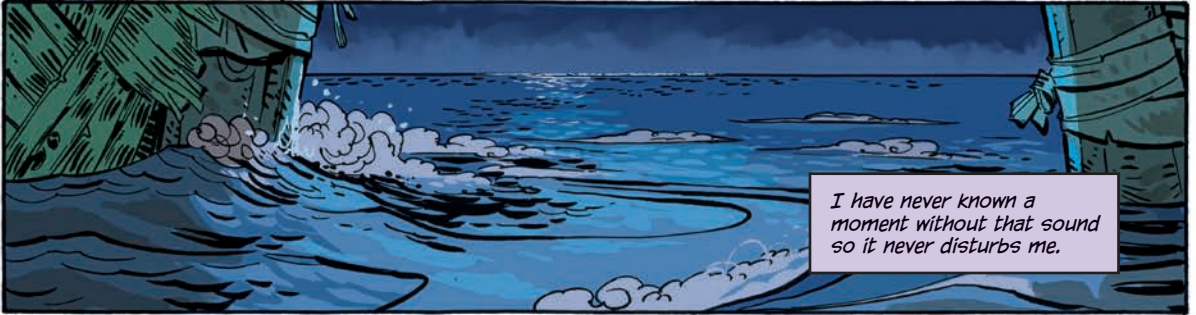
LETTERING BY CHRIS DICKEY





HERE

It's not the sound of the waves that wakes me.



I have never known a moment without that sound so it never disturbs me.



The waves did not wake me on the night Papa went. I wish they had.

UGH!



SAMI?

I KNOW, GRANDPA.

IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN. ALREADY. QUICKER EACH TIME.



LISTEN... DO YOU HEAR ROCKS SHIFTING?

NO, IT'S JUST WATER COMING OVER THE TOP OF THE SEA WALL.

MOVE OVER HERE AND WE'LL GO BACK TO SLEEP.

WILL THEY LET US MOVE IN THE MORNING?

MAYBE. IF THEY CAN AGREE ON ANYTHING.

BAY OF BENGAL,
INDIAN OCEAN.

My village.

"WE NEED TO
MOVE THE HOUSES
BACK. AGAIN."

"HOW CAN
WE OURSELVES
ACCOMPLISH
SUCH A THING?"

"THAT WALL IS
FINISHED. IT WAS
SMASHED MANY
CYCLONES AGO."

"WE CAN'T SPEND
TIME ARGUING ABOUT
A NEW WALL, WE NEED
TO CATCH FISH."

"WE SHOULD JOIN
TOGETHER TO BUY
A DEEP WATER
TRAWLER."

"NO. WE NEED
TO BUILD A BETTER
SEA WALL."

"THEY COST
TOO MUCH!"

"WE CANNOT
COMPETE WITH
THE BIG
CORPORATIONS.
THEY WILL
KILL US."

"WE NEED TO CARRY
ON AND JUST LIVE AND
HOPE OUR FISHING
GETS BETTER."

"WE NEED CATCHES
FOR OUR FAMILIES."

"AND DRY BEDS."

"NOT EVERYONE HERE IS
FROM OUR VILLAGE."

"THEY CAME FROM
THE SEA. THEY SHOULD
GO BACK TO THE SEA."

"WE NEED TO
MOVE THE HOUSES
BACK. AGAIN."

THEY'RE
STILL TALKING.

WHAT
DID YOU
EXPECT,
SAMI?

CHAPTER I

*Everyone has ideas.
None of them has ever
made a difference.
The sea doesn't care
about ideas.*



My name is Sami. And this is my grandfather, Solomon.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

FIND HIGHER GROUND.

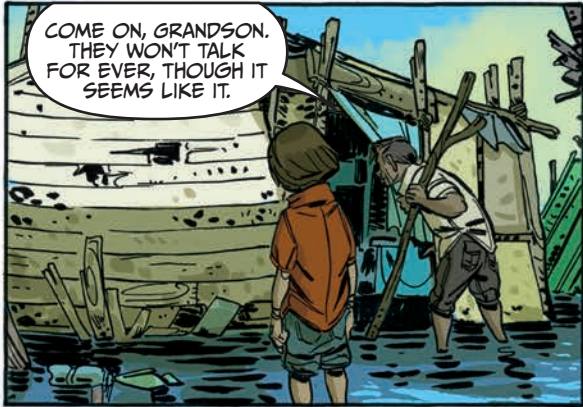
FIND A PLACE WHERE THE OCEAN DOES NOT SNEAK IN LIKE A THIEF.

I am twelve years old.



THERE ARE NOT SO MANY PLACES LEFT.

WE'LL FIND SOMEWHERE.



COME ON, GRANDSON. THEY WON'T TALK FOR EVER, THOUGH IT SEEMS LIKE IT.



WE PUT THIS ON THE WRONG WAY UP LAST TIME, AND IT LEAKED.

WE SHOULD REMEMBER, WE'VE MOVED IT ENOUGH TIMES.



IT WILL BE GOOD FISHING TODAY. I CAN FEEL IT.

HEY...



HEY!
THAT'S OUR
HOUSE!



THIS CAME
FROM THE SEA,
LIKE YOU.

IT'S LEGAL
SALVAGE.



HEY!
GIVE IT BACK!
IT BELONGS
TO US!



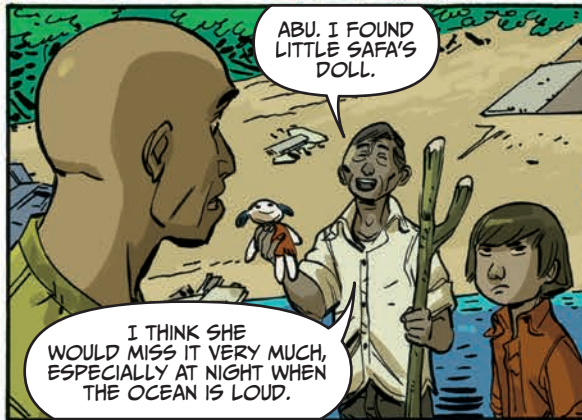
YOU CAN
GO BACK TO THE
SEA IF YOU DON'T
LIKE IT HERE.

We can't. Our real
home is gone.



IT'S
MINE!

IT'S
OURS!

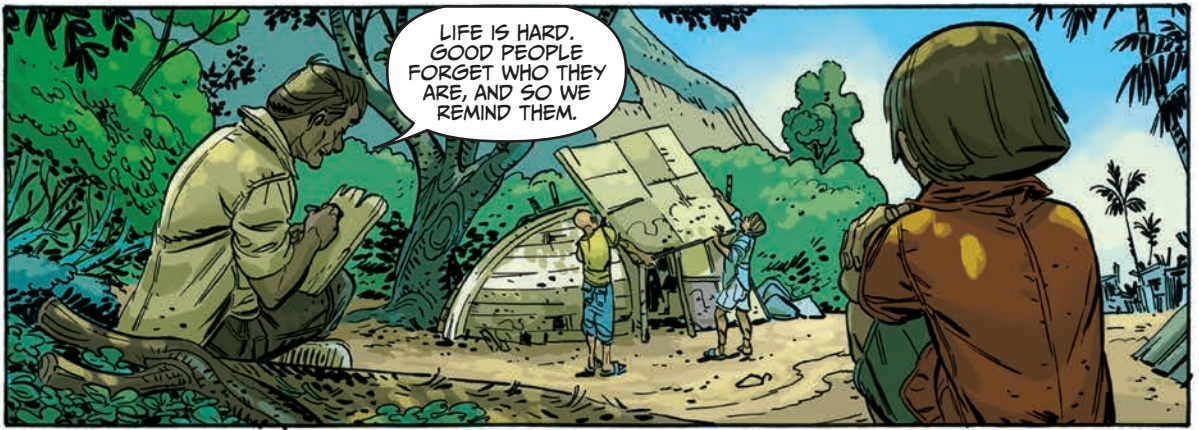


ABU, I FOUND
LITTLE SAFA'S
DOLL.

I THINK SHE
WOULD MISS IT VERY MUCH,
ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT WHEN
THE OCEAN IS LOUD.



AND YOU'VE COME TO HELP US?
EVERY DAY I THANK THE GODS
FOR FRIENDS LIKE YOU.



LIFE IS HARD.
GOOD PEOPLE
FORGET WHO THEY
ARE, AND SO WE
REMINDE THEM.



WILL WE
FORGET WHO
WE ARE?

US?
NEVER.



THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS.
WE COULD NOT HAVE
COMPLETED THE TASK
WITHOUT YOU.

PLEASE
TAKE THIS.



We live here.

It's usually beautiful.



It's usually warm.



It's usually hard.



Each season we work harder to stay exactly where we are.

We are struggling to stand still.



I'M ALWAYS PROUD OF YOU, SAMI. YOU NEVER GIVE UP, JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER.

We take more risks to catch fewer fish.



GRANDPA, WHERE ARE THEY?

WE HAVE TO GET INSIDE.

WHERE ARE THEY?

THEY ARE SENSIBLE AND WILL BE FINE. WE HAVE TO GET YOU INSIDE.

THREE YEARS AGO



WHERE ARE THEY?

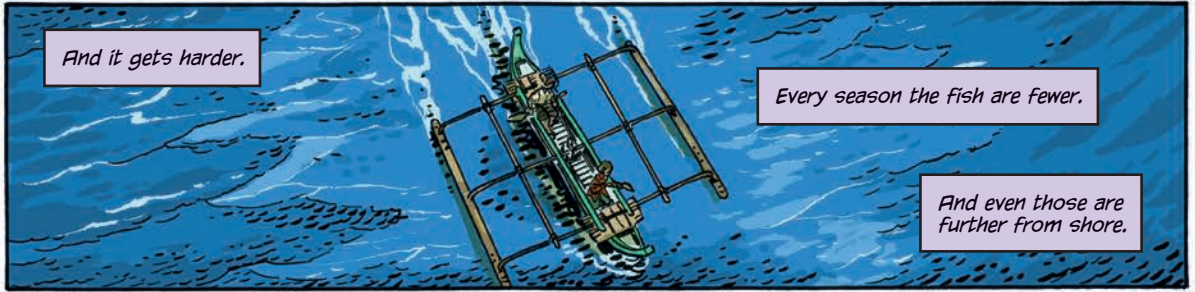
WE HAVE TO GO! SAMI!



Boat. Fish. Sleep.

Boat. Fish. Sleep.

Every day.



And it gets harder.

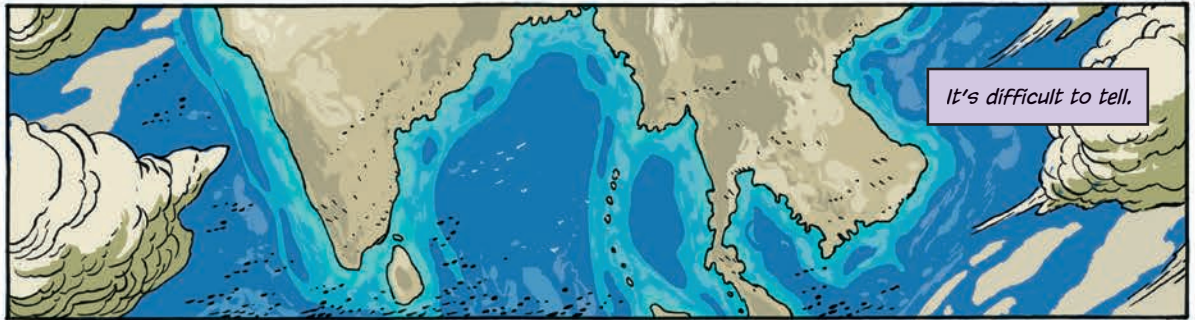
Every season the fish are fewer.

And even those are further from shore.

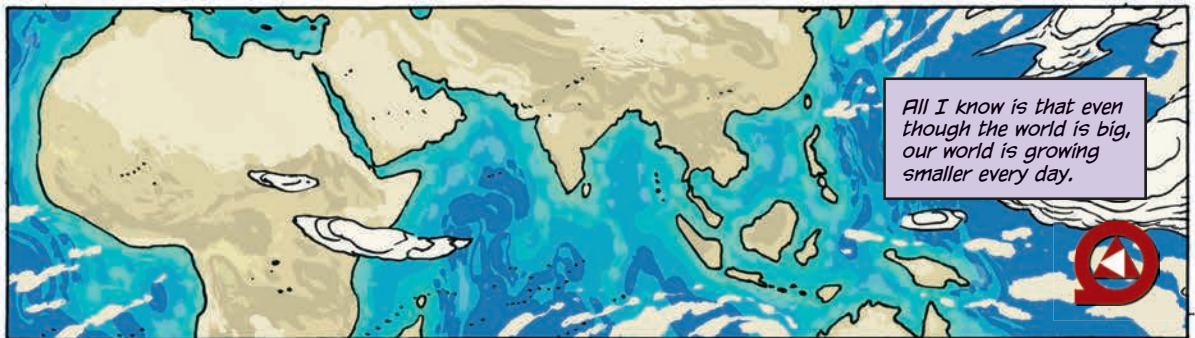


People have different ideas why. Perhaps Lord Brahma is angry. Or maybe foreign factory boats steal all the fish.

Grandpa says that the big cities poison the ocean.



It's difficult to tell.



All I know is that even though the world is big, our world is growing smaller every day.



THERE

We get two types of bear here: polar bears...



... and brown bears.

Right?



Wrong.

Global heating has mixed up their territories, and now polar bears and grizzly bears are crossbreeding. So there's a third kind of bear.



These new bears are called grolars.

The trouble is, nature played a trick on grolars. They don't have the skills to hunt on ice or to catch salmon in rivers.



The worst of both worlds. Not a very nice trick.

We destroyed their habitat. We created them. And now we're going to kill them.

Unless I can do something about it.



I'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK!

DON'T FORGET TO LET LOCKY OUT BEFORE YOU LEAVE.

GOOD LUCK WITH THE COURSE TODAY. ANYWAY, I'M SURE IT'LL BE...

BYE, MOM...

Mom is always working. She is the busiest person in town.

One of the only busy people in town.

Mom is probably talking on the phone as she drives away. Setting up meetings.

It's another big day at work for my mom.

Like always.

And just for once, that suits me fine.

CHAPTER 2



My name is Yuki.
And this is my dog,
Lockjaw.

DISTURB

TODAY'S
THE DAY, BOY.
DON'T
TELL ANYONE,
OK?

I am fourteen years old.



WAIT HERE
TILL I WHISTLE,
ALL RIGHT?

Lockjaw is a cool
name for a dog.



Mom is a realtor.
She helps people
move away from
our town in the
middle of nowhere.

Usually to the city.
Sometimes I help.



Last summer we helped
my best friend Sarah
and her family to leave.

We're still best friends,
but now whenever I see
her she's on my screen.

Mom has a
job to do.

I know that.

But I miss Sarah.

NORTHERN CANADA,
INSIDE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

My town.

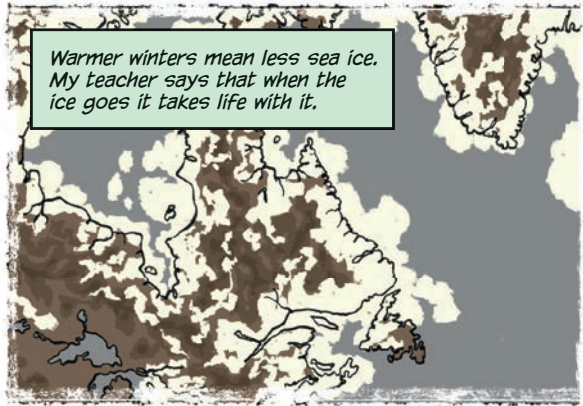
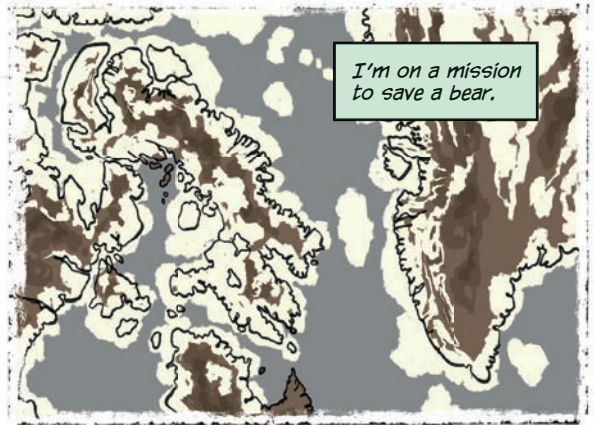
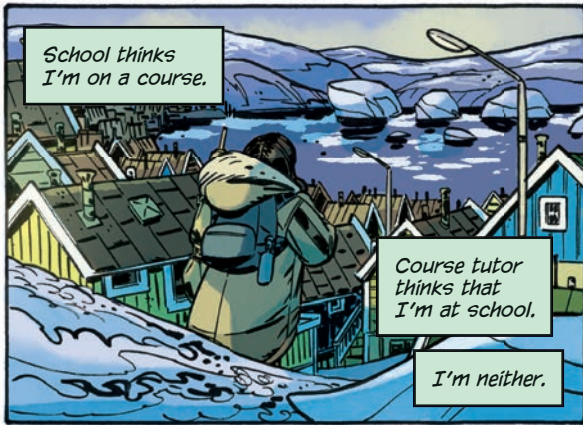
What's left of it.

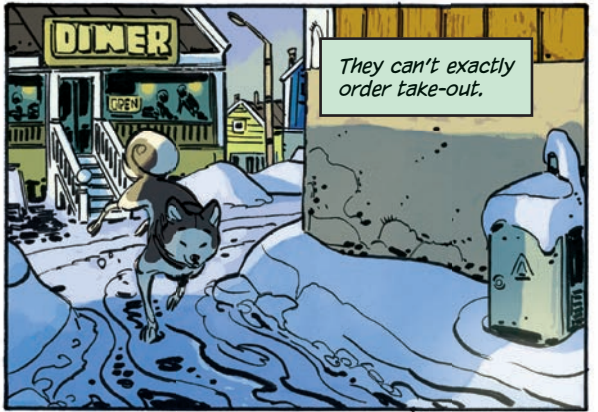
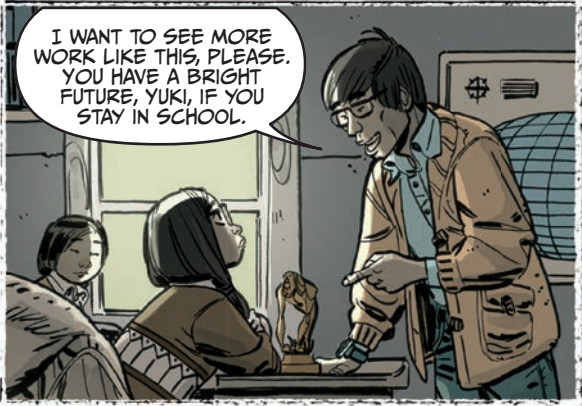
There are more houses
empty than full now.
I know, I've counted.

And more people
leave every year.

It's all about the
"opportunities",
apparently.

LISTEN
FOR ME.



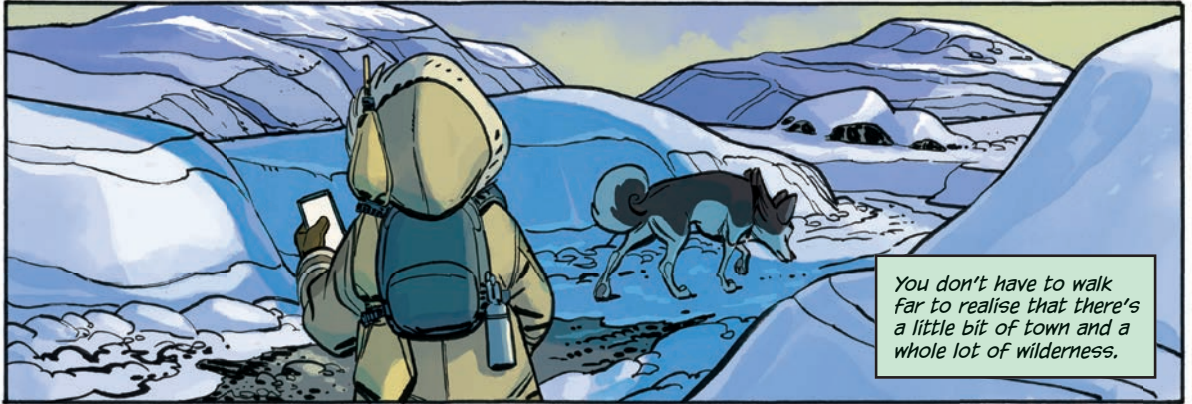




It's 9 a.m. I have seven hours before I need to head home to beat Mom.

My phone beeps. It's Sarah.

Are you really going to do it?



You don't have to walk far to realise that there's a little bit of town and a whole lot of wilderness.



Just past here is where my mobile phone signal usually goes.

I send Sarah a one-word text.

Yes.



Before I can even put the phone back in my pocket Sarah says:

BE CAREFUL!

Of course I will.



READY,
LOCKY?

LET'S GET
SEARCHING.

I hope we get lucky.



Read the full
graphic novel...

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