

Once upon  
a time...

In a faraway  
town called  
Pawli Hollow...

...There lived a man  
named Giskard Cog...



...Who was  
a genius.



# The Genius Giskard Cogs The Down

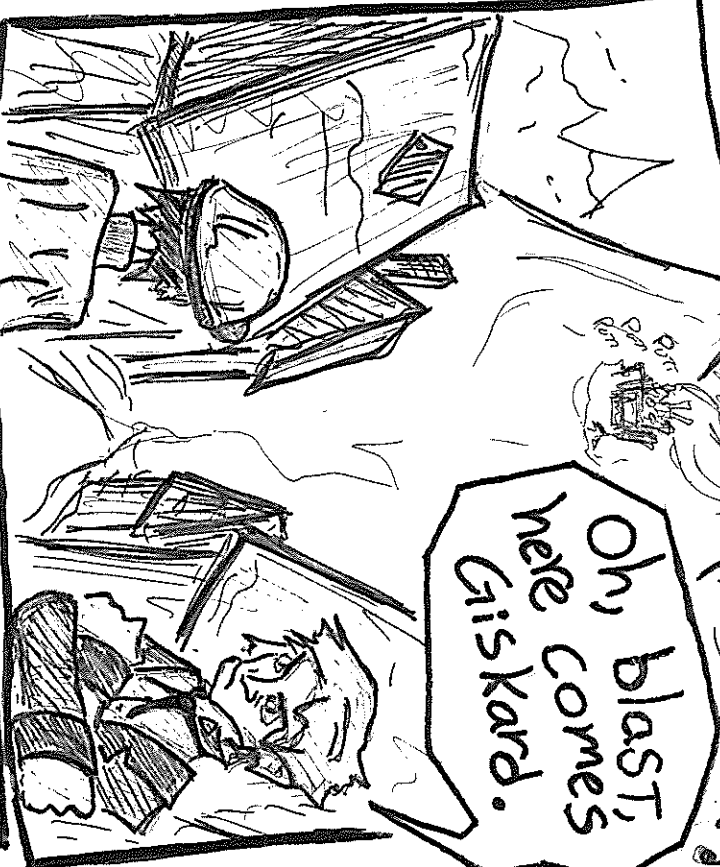
Giskard lived what he assumed was a happy life

His house had a wonderful view



Everyone in town knew him.

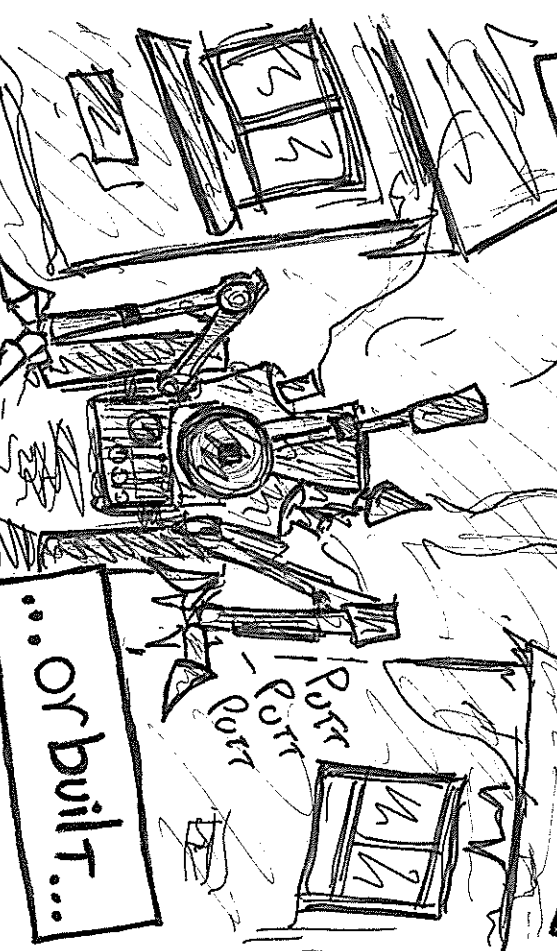
Oh, blast, here comes Giskard.



But Giskard still felt empty

Because no matter what he did...

...Or said...

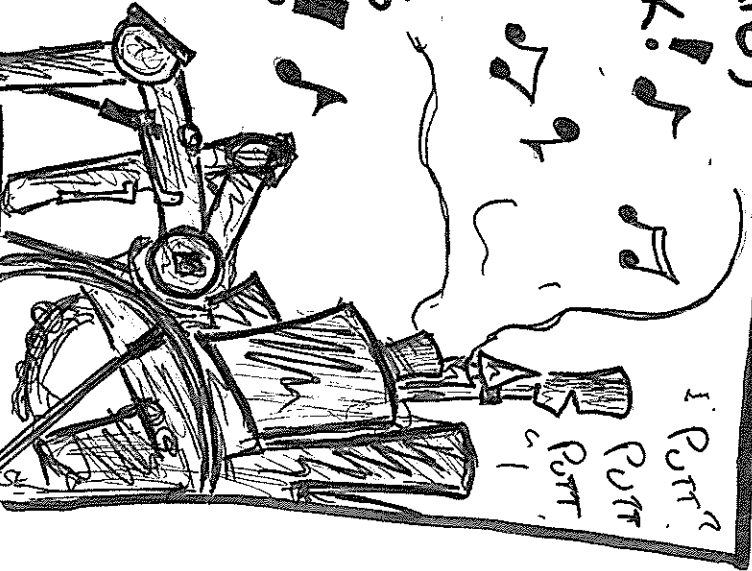


...Or built...

Giskard, Giskard, Absentminded freak! He lives on a mountain; he builds machines that break!



And the children always followed after him

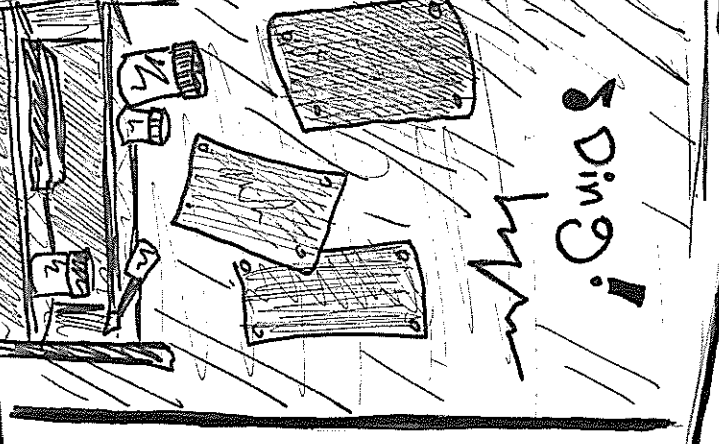


Morning, Mr. Cog.



Ding!

...Nobody ever called him a genius.



He was a genius,  
however and a  
very efficient  
one at that.

After parts  
for another  
mad machine,  
are you?

Good Morning,  
Mr. Westcott.

The problem was that  
nobody appreciated his work

They're not mad,  
Mr. Westcott.

But Yes.

Giskard devoted  
all his energy to  
his machines...

Oh, incidentally...

... And he did not  
waste time to waste  
on frivolous things.

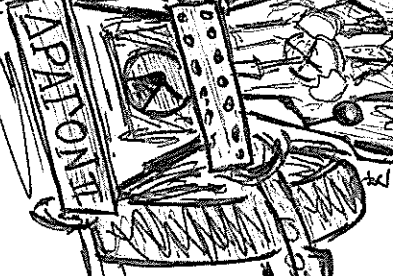
We're tryin'  
to raise money  
for a sculpture  
to put in the  
town square.

... No, Mr.  
Westcott,  
I do not.

Care to  
donate?

Good day.

... He was a  
genius, after all.



putt  
putt  
putt

Ding!

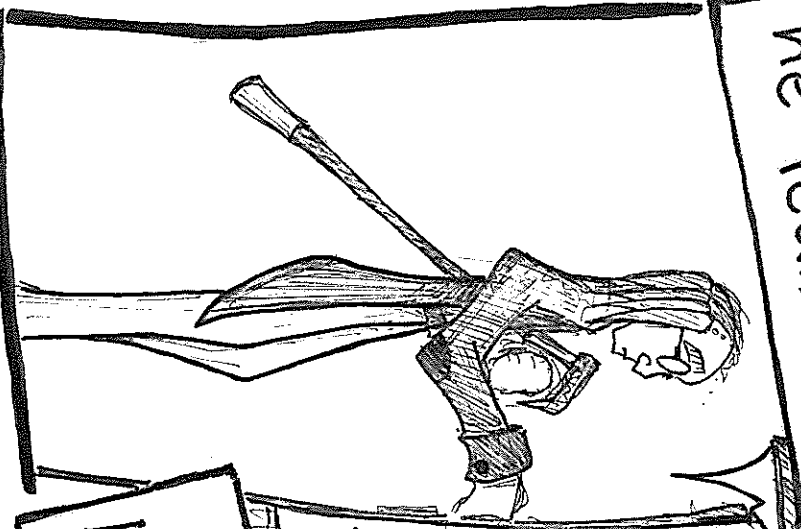


Giskard had intended to build an Improved Tea Kettle with the parts he bought that day.

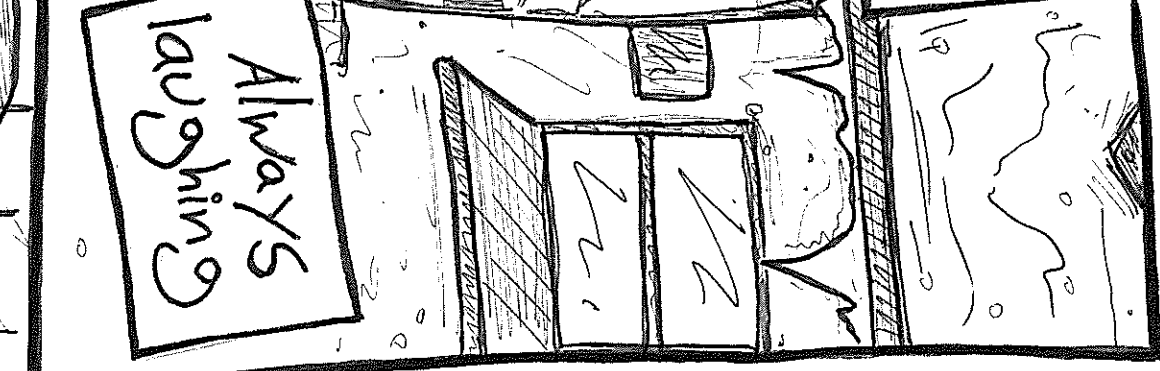


but that day, something was nagging at him.

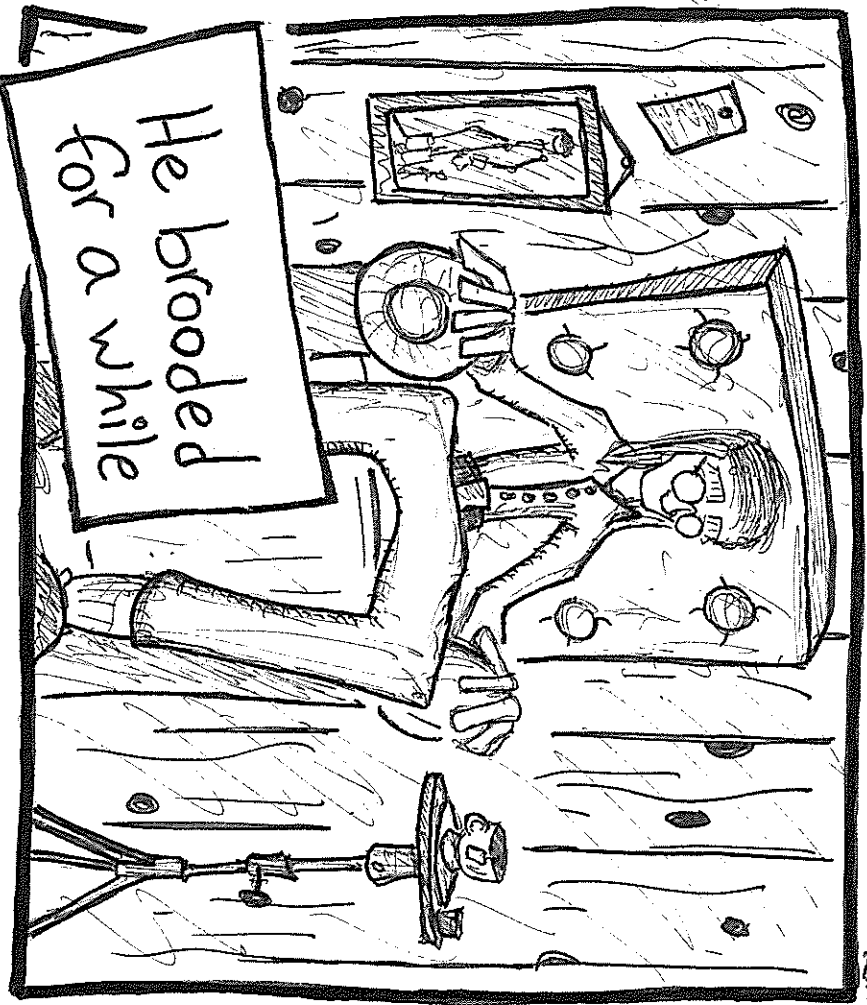
It was the townspeople, he realized,



Always laughing



It seemed they would never respect his efforts.



He brooded for a while

And he decided, with certainty, that something would have to be done.