

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

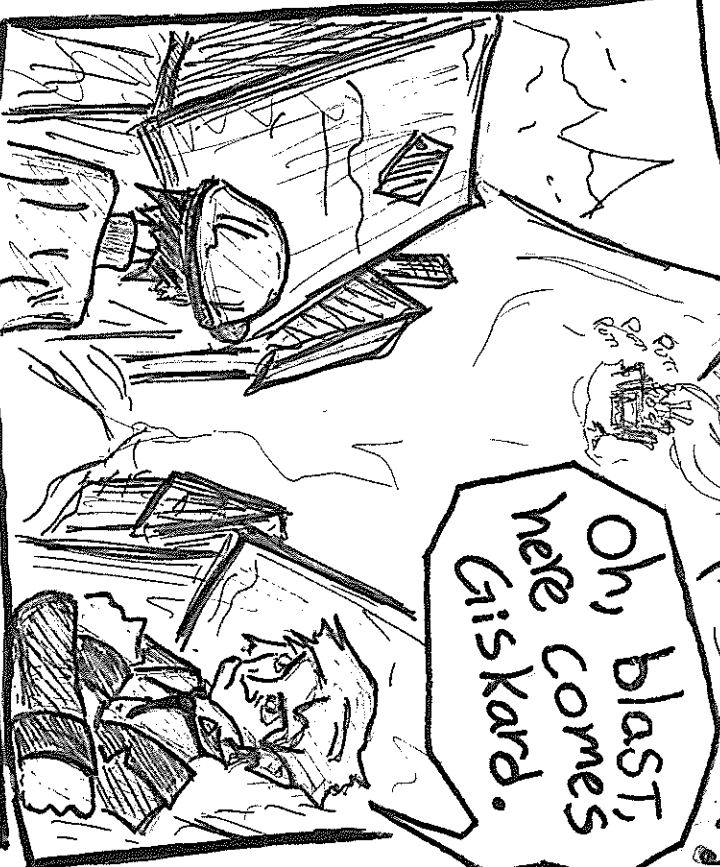
Giskard lived what he assumed was a happy life

His house had a wonderful view



Everyone in town knew him.

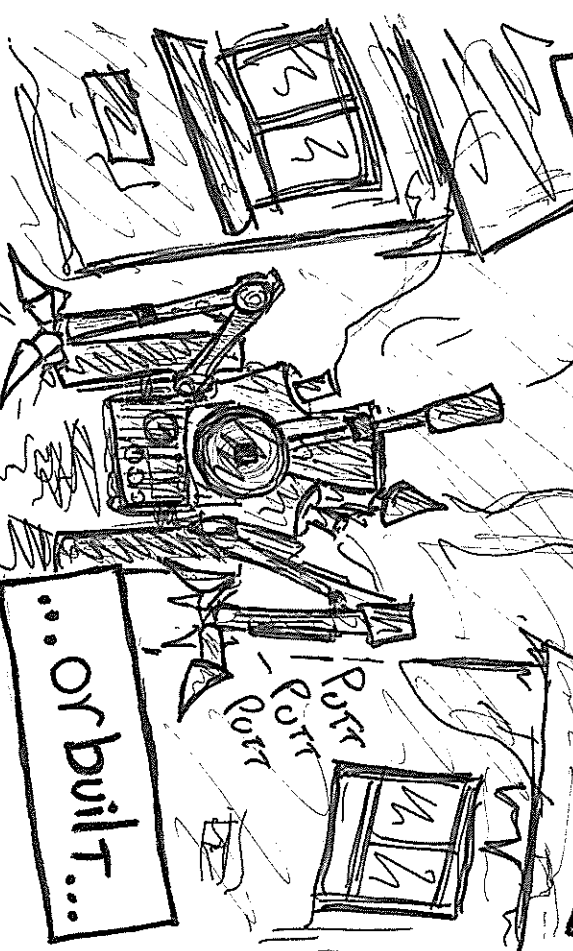
Oh, blast, here comes Giskard.



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!



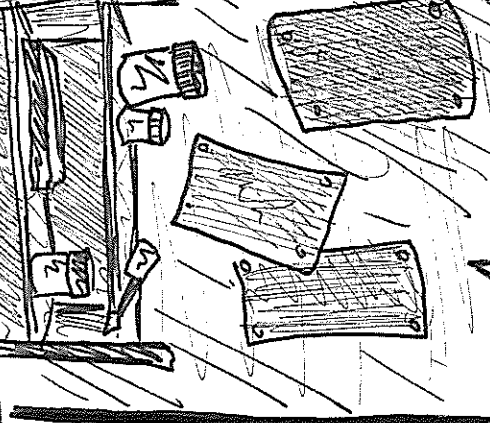
And the children always followed after him

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...

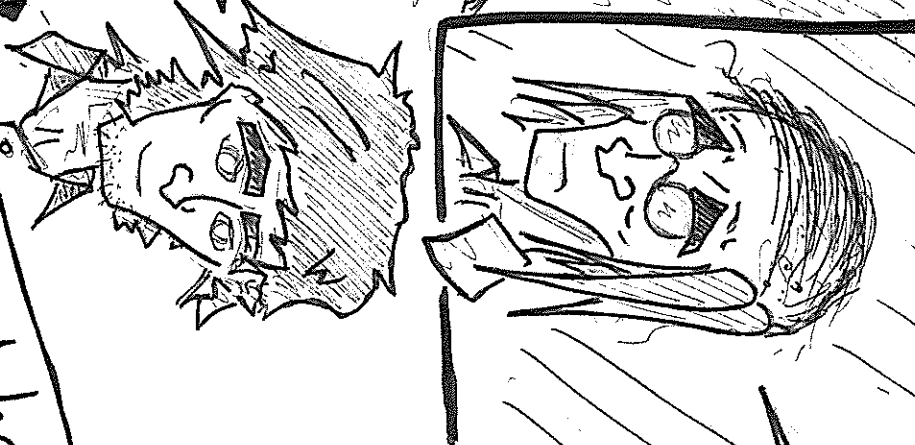
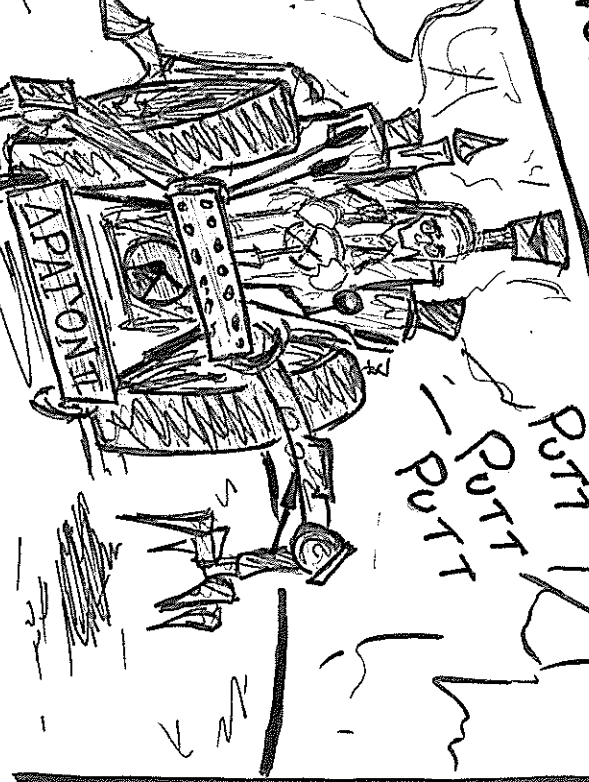
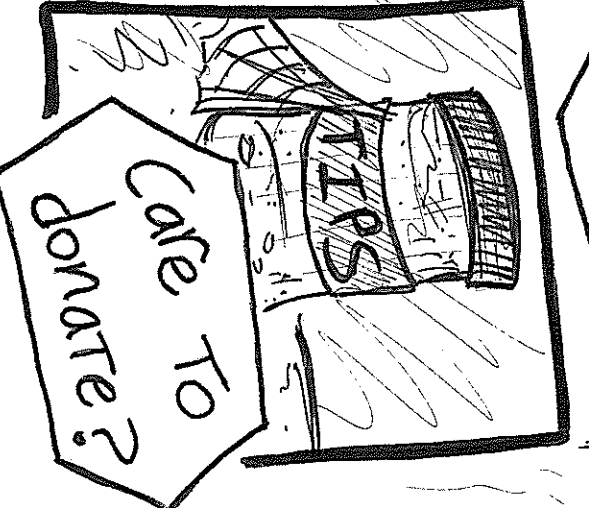
... And he did not
waste time to waste
on frivolous things.

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

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

Good day.

... He was a
genius, after all.



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



but that day, something was nagging at him.

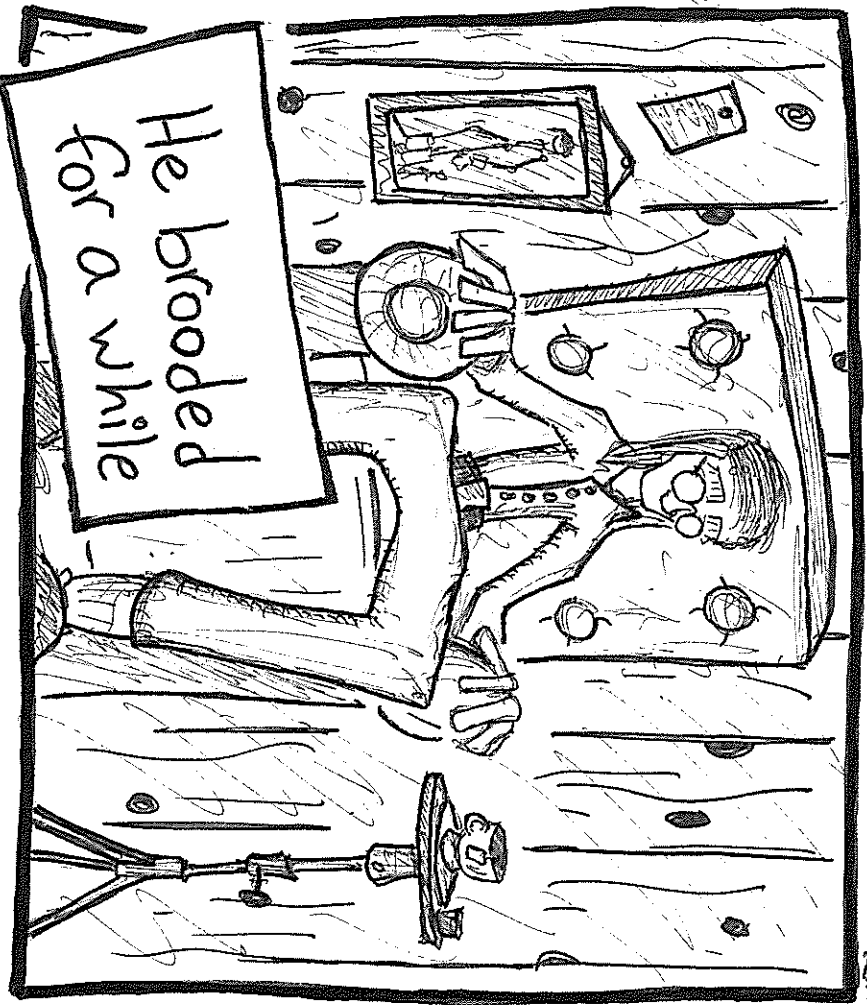
It was the townspeople, he realized.



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.