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opening extract from

Artemis Fowl: The Arctic Incident (graphic novel)

written by

Eoin Colfer

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ARTEMIS FOWL:

A Psychological Assessment

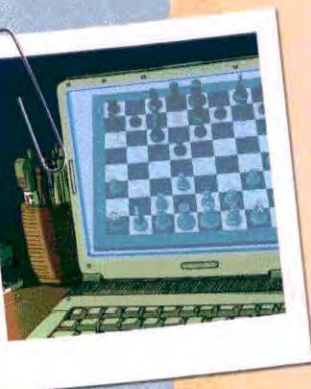
Extract from The Teenage Years

By the age of thirteen, our subject, Artemis Fowl, was showing signs of an intellect greater than that of any human since Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Artemis had beaten European chess champion Evan Kashoggi in an online tournament, patented more than twenty-seven inventions and won the architectural competition to design Dublin's new opera house. He had also written a computer program that secretly diverted millions of dollars from Swiss bank accounts to his own, forged over a dozen Impressionist paintings and cheated the fairy People out of a substantial amount of gold.

The question is, why? What drove Artemis to get involved in criminal enterprises? The answer lies with his father.

Artemis Fowl Senior was the head of a criminal empire that stretched from Dublin's docklands to the backstreets of Tokyo, but he had ambitions to establish himself as a legitimate businessman. He bought a cargo ship, stocked it with 250,000 cans of cola and set course for Murmansk in northern Russia, where he had set up a business deal that could have proved profitable for decades to come.

Unfortunately, the Russian Mafiya decided they did not want an Irish tycoon cutting himself a slice of their market, and sank the *Fowl Star* in the Bay of Kola. Artemis Fowl the First was declared missing, presumed dead.





MURMANSK, THE BAY OF
KOLA, NORTHERN RUSSIA.
DAWN, TWO YEARS AGO.

DID YOU FIND
ANYTHING?

DEAD FISH
AND BROKEN CRATES.
ONE MORE SWEEP AND
WE'LL CALL OFF THE
SEARCH.

NOTHING
CAN SURVIVE IN
THESE WATERS
FOR LONG.

PROLOGUE

WHAT IS
THIS STUFF?
PITCH?

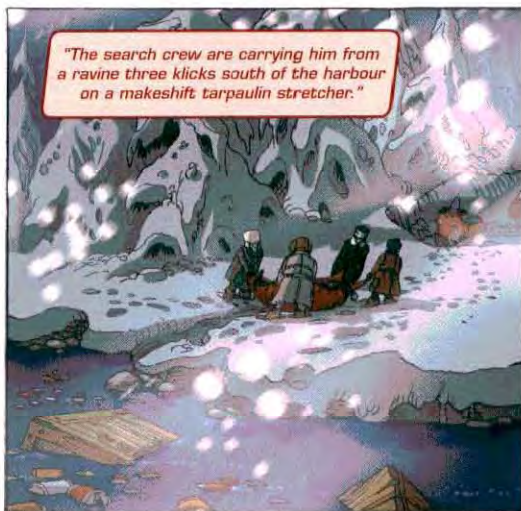
HOT COLA.
FROM THE FOWL STAR.
IT'S COMING ASHORE BY
THE CRATELOAD.

TODAY,
WE ARE TRULY
ON THE BAY OF
KOLA.

DRIP DRIP DRIP



K9 unit reporting.
We have a survivor.
I repeat, we have found
a survivor—over.



"The search crew are carrying him from
a ravine three clicks south of the harbour
on a makeshift tarpaulin stretcher."



HE'LL LOSE THAT LEG FOR SURE.
A COUPLE OF FINGERS MAYBE.
AND THE FACE DOESN'T LOOK
TOO GOOD EITHER.

THANK
YOU, "DOCTOR"
VASSIKIN.



AND I
DON'T SUPPOSE
HE'S GOT ANY ID OR
PERSONAL EFFECTS
ON HIM?

NO, SIR.

THAT'S
ODD FOR A RICH
MAN.



TEN SECONDS,
THEN THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.
YOU MAY KEEP THE CURRENCY,
EVERYTHING ELSE I NEED
RETURNED.



"Wise decision."



DO WE KEEP HIM?

OH YES, WE KEEP HIM.



WE KEEP HIM AND WE PUT SOME BLANKETS ON HIM. WITH OUR LUCK, HE'LL CATCH PNEUMONIA.

WHO ARE YOU CALLING?



I'M CALLING THE BOSS. WHO DO YOU THINK?



IT'S GOOD NEWS, RIGHT? YOU DON'T WANT TO RING BRITVA WITH ANYTHING EXCEPT GOOD NEWS.

LOOK FOR YOURSELF.



"Make the call."



CHAPTER 1: FAMILY TIES

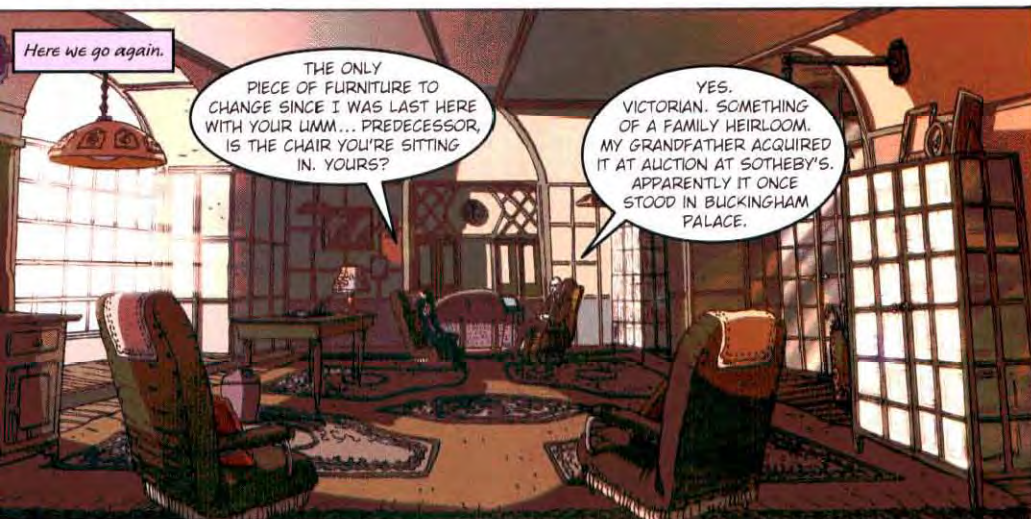
SAINT BARTLEBY'S SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN,
COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND.

NOW,
MASTER FOWL,
LET'S TALK,
SHALL WE?

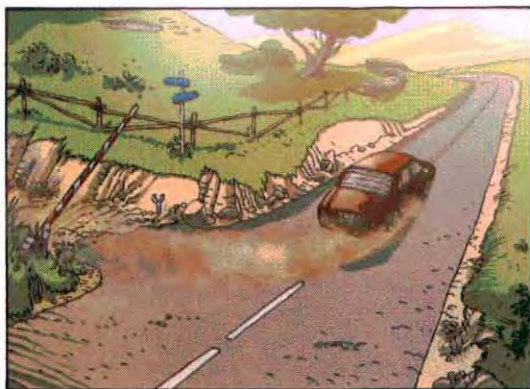
When will people learn that a mind
such as mine cannot be dissected?

My IQ must be nearly double his.

I have retired half a dozen
counsellors already this year.







For a second I allow myself the luxury of wondering what predictable disorder this quack will apply to me.

Multiple personality?

Pathological liar?

THE PROBLEM IS THAT YOU DON'T RESPECT ANYONE ENOUGH TO TREAT THEM AS AN EQUAL.

For one second I am thrown.

This doctor is (slightly) smarter than the rest.

THAT'S RIDICULOUS. I HOLD SEVERAL PEOPLE IN THE HIGHEST ESTEEM.

REALLY? WHO?

ALBERT EINSTEIN... ARCHIMEDES.

ANYONE ALIVE? ANYONE YOU ACTUALLY KNOW?

I think hard.

No one comes to mind.

I THINK YOUR FILE EXPLAINS A LOT. ACCORDING TO THIS... YOUR CLOSEST COMPANION IS A MILITARY-TRAINED BODYGUARD.

YOUR MOTHER HAS LITTLE, IF ANY, INFLUENCE OVER YOU. AND YOUR FATHER WASN'T MUCH OF A ROLE MODEL EVEN WHEN HE WAS ALIVE.

MY FATHER IS STILL ALIVE AND I WILL FIND HIM.

His last remark stings. But I don't let him see how much.



I drop my face into my hands. My shoulders fall.

OH, DR. PO, THE REAL PROBLEM IS MY... MY MOTHER...

The doctor leans forward on his fake Victorian chair. He senses a breakthrough.

WHAT... WHAT ABOUT YOUR MOTHER?

SHE KEEPS FORCING ME TO ENDURE THESE RIDICULOUS THERAPY SESSIONS WHEN THE SCHOOL'S SO-CALLED COUNSELLORS ARE LITTLE BETTER THAN MISGUIDED DO-GOODERS WITH DEGREES.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

YES?

Artemis, we've had a message. About the Fowl Star.

A jolt flies along my spine.

Where are you?

MAIN GATE.

Good man, I'm on my way.

THIS SESSION IS **NOT** OVER, YOUNG MAN. YOU WILL SIT YOURSELF DOWN.

A familiar electric buzz is crackling over my skin.

This is the beginning of something. I can feel it.

