



# The Heron's Nest

MICHAËL OLBRECHTS

Hawk struggles to live up to his name. He is timid and insecure, and because of this he is the target of his colleagues' ridicule. Following an incident, he is suspended from work and goes to recuperate at his aunt, who lives in a quiet village surrounded by nature. He is determined to change, and when he meets Anton, a gardener who seems the opposite of Hawk in everything, he digs deep to escape his old self. But it's not that simple.

*Michaël Olbrechts (b. 1987) is a comic artist and freelance illustrator who won the Silvester Debut Award for his first book. His stories centre on the frequently awkward dynamic between people. His figures are cute in some ways, yet Olbrechts always manages to capture their expressions with great precision. Both his characters and his narratives are quintessentially human.*

“Olbrechts is quietly working on what may well turn out to be one of the strongest Dutch language graphic oeuvres.”

9E Kunst

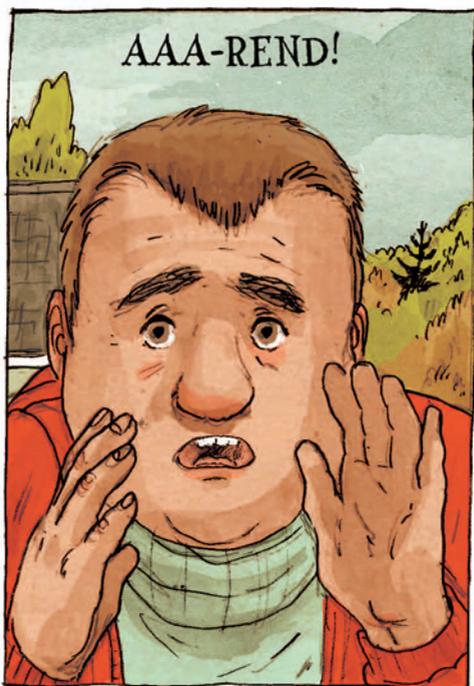
“A feast for the eyes”

Cutting Edge

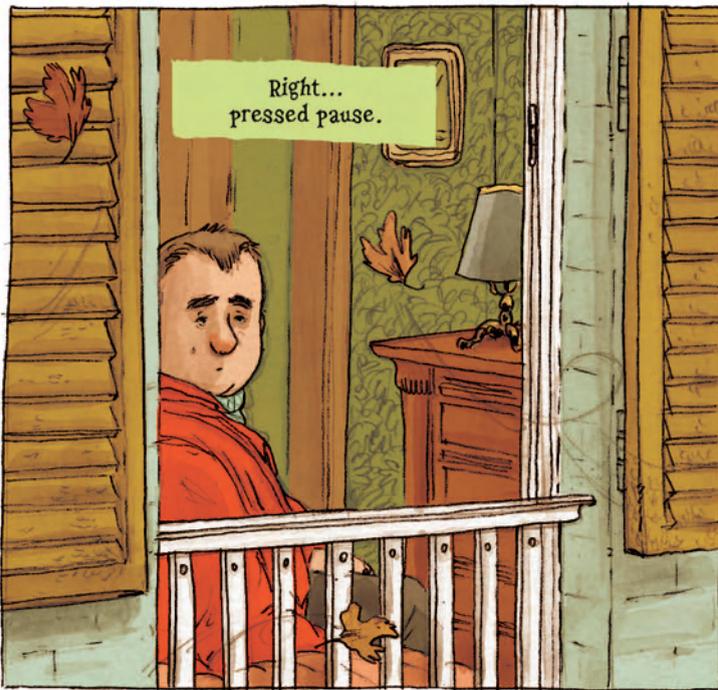














NIEUWS SHOWBIZZ REGIO MEER

BIZAR

# je huwelijksnacht. En dan gebeurt di

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**MEEST GELEZEN**

**1** Ze riep per ongeluk de naam van haar ex-man tijdens de seks. Wat volgde, was pure horror

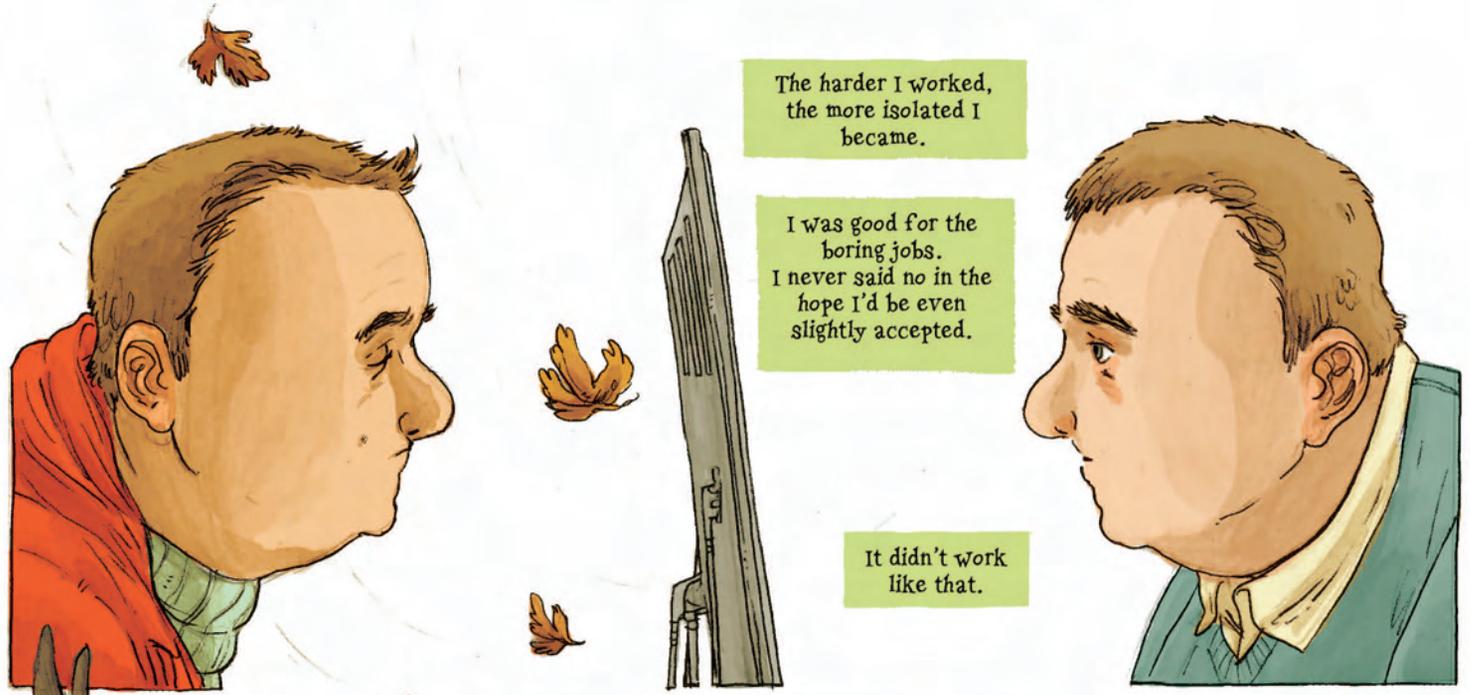
All those lonely lunch breaks, the hard strip lighting...

BEWAAR ARTIKEL

HLN

cht. En dan gebeurt dit

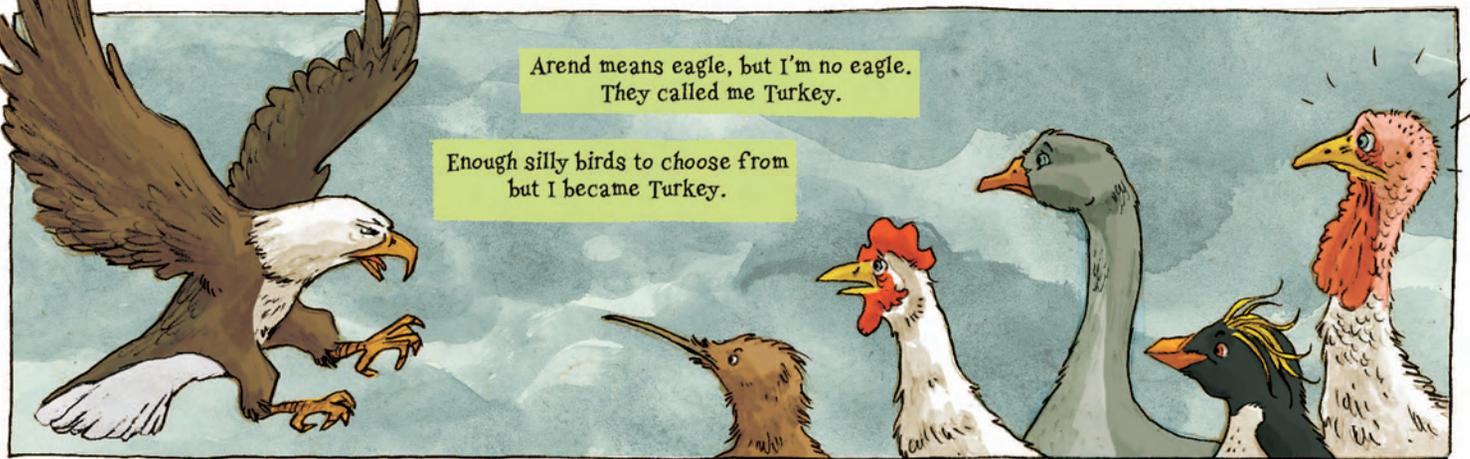
de vlucht voor



The harder I worked, the more isolated I became.

I was good for the boring jobs. I never said no in the hope I'd be even slightly accepted.

It didn't work like that.



Arend means eagle, but I'm no eagle. They called me Turkey.

Enough silly birds to choose from but I became Turkey.



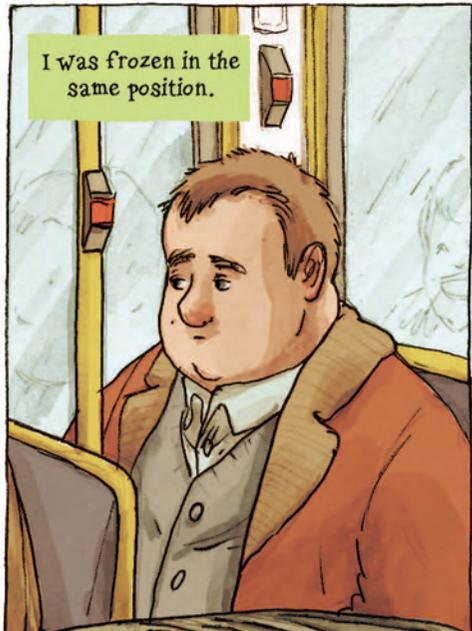
An ugly, scared bird. Bred to be butchered.



I felt like I was being stared at all the time and wanted to blend into the wallpaper. Tricky in an open plan office, right next to the coffee corner.



So I tried not to move at all.



I was frozen in the same position.



Like a sack of flour.

Day in, day out.



I might as well have sat in a cage. It wouldn't have made any difference.

As long as someone stuck the odd custard pot through the bars, at least.



People need some enjoyment in life.



I barely spoke either, limiting myself to the bare minimum.

Is that alright for you then?

OK.



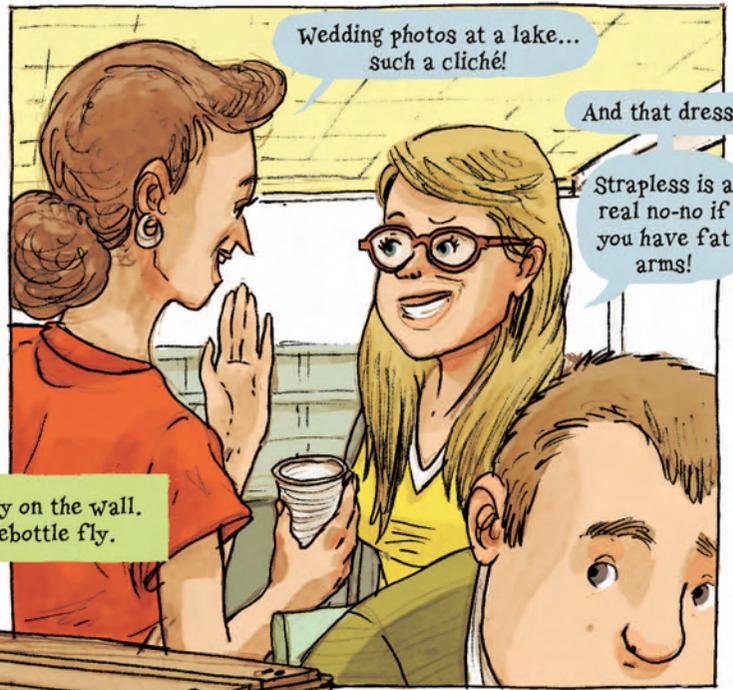
Have you seen her wedding pics?

My heart bleeds.

What... a... body!

Hoho!

I was the fly on the wall. A fat bluebottle fly.



Wedding photos at a lake... such a cliché!

And that dress!

Strapless is a real no-no if you have fat arms!



My communication was mainly limited to emails and shy glances.

Forget the cage, it was a crate!

A crate nailed shut. Completely soundproof.

And no one brought me custard.



Arend. Still here are you?

Go home, lad. It's Friday night.



But that's over now. Over!



I'm coming out!!



The crate is open.... The bird has wings!



AAAA



From now on, everything will be different.

HA!

Turkey is dead, long live....

Arend?!



What are you yelling about up there?

Cut the funny business!



A.. Aunty Rosa...

I...

Great start then...



Click!