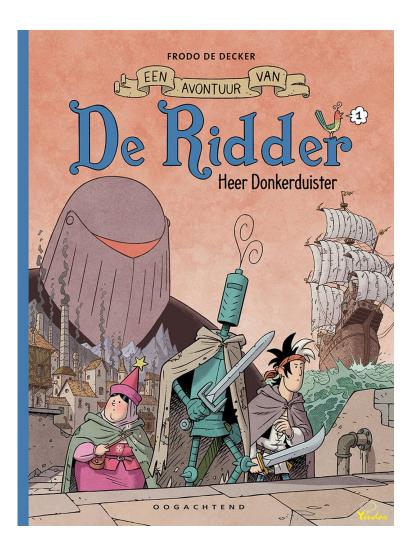
### 



"Humour is not an easy genre, but if you're laughing out loud you can be sure that the artist did a good job."

**Cutting Edge** 

"De Decker's drawings are at their best in this format"

De 9<sup>e</sup> Kunst

# The Knight (I) Heer Donkerduister

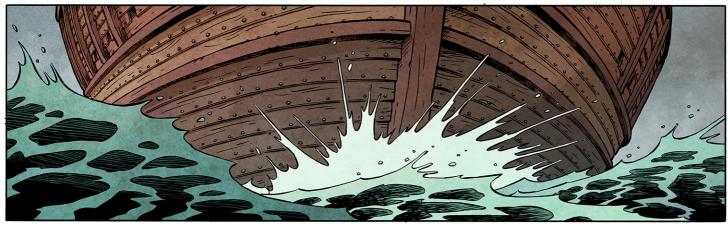
#### Frodo De Decker

The most beautiful princess on earth, Princess Lilly, is in danger. Her faithful confidente Agatha sets out in search of the hero who can save her from the hands of the terrible, humourless Lord Darkasdusk and his army of jarring jesters. Through an unfortunate chain of events, this burden lands upon the iron shoulders of our Knight. We will have to see how that pans out...

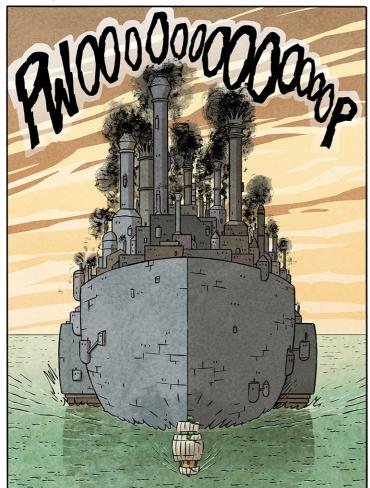
Frodo De Decker (1981, Antwerp) is a self-taught comic artist and illustrator. He started out taking part in comic strip competitions at 19 years old. After which his illustrative ambitions had to make room for his passion for jazz guitar. Until his debut 'Otto 1' is published in 2012. Since 2015, Frodo works full-time as comic artist and illustrator of novels, illustrated books, educational books and multiple magazines. The Knight previously appeared in his weekly gag-comic 'The Knight' and was released at Oogachtend in 4 albums. These are the Knight's first two album-length adventures.



www.oogachtend.be sammy@oogachtend.be

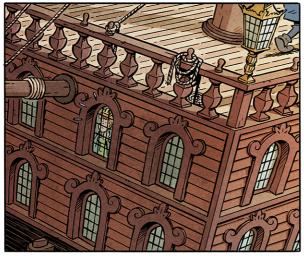












































































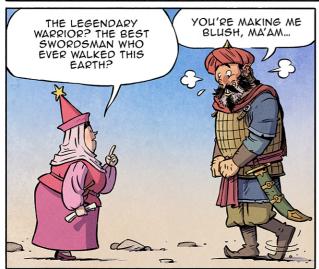


















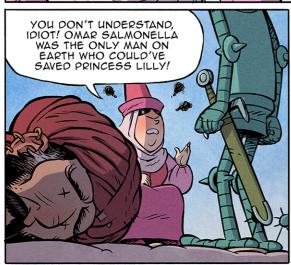








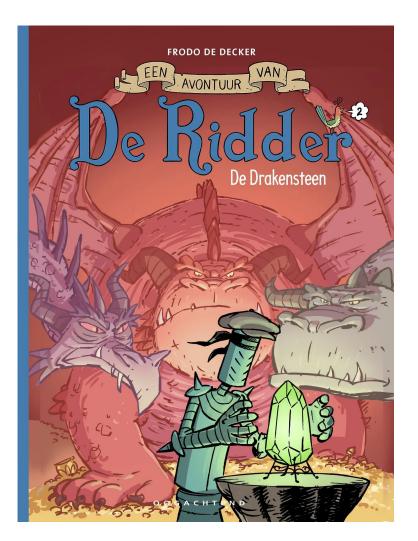








## OOGACHTEND



# The Knight (II) De drakensteen

### Frodo De Decker

As a dragon, the young Smog is wholly unsuited. He's weak, he can't fly, and on top of everything else, he is mild natured! As a result, his father does not leave him any of his land in his will. So after he passes, there is nothing left for Smog in Dragon Mount and he decides to leave for Thiramisoe to finish his studies in language and literature. But on his way out, he crosses paths with our well-familiar Knight. It turns out they are headed for the same destination and thus this surprising duo begins their adventure...

1

Grieve not, my boys...

two-thousand-six-hundred-and-forty-eight years is a good age.

I've laid cities and villages in ashes. Many a dragon-killer have I gobbled up - slowly roasted on the spit. I have gathered mythical amounts of treasure, with, as the crowning glory, the legendary Dragonstone. No, boys, I regret nothing. It has been a wonderful life, but now it is time to say goodbye to it.

2

This immense empire I've built, is the largest Dragon empire in history. But I've decided to split the land, so you'll each rule one part. Otherwise you will tear each other apart while someone else steals our land.

Yes, boys, I know you well enough.

Here...

Smoulder, you will get the west-country.

Spark, yours will be the east.

Blaze, to you I bequeath the south.

I've made three entrances to the mountain, so you can guard the treasure together.

AHEM!

3

Haven't you forgotten about someone, father? Three pieces of land? Three entrances?

And what about me, father, what is to be MY inheritance?

YOUR inheritance, Smog? You who've always been an EMBARRASSMENT to our species? You are small, weak, you cannot fly, and you are mild natured. MILD NATURED!

Is that a bad thing?

OF COURSE THAT'S A BAD THING!!

A dragon has to be violent! Cruel and unpredictable! *FRIGHTENING!* The nightmare of all living creatures on earth!

But... You are still my son...

4

You get as much gold as you can carry. You can pay for your studies with it.

What was it again that you study?

Language and literature, father! I've just started on a collection of poems, actually, and...

Language and literature?

If only you'd studies law at least! You could've become a lawyer, that's almost as terrible as dragon...

But, father...

Well, that's that. We'll have a toast to the old man and then we leave for our respective territories.

Tight.

Sounds good to me.

Fun! And I'll read a poem that I've written especially for our dearly beloved farther.

5

Pfff, what a bunch of illiterate brutes.

No wonder nobody likes dragons.

But I'll take the gold.

I'll be able to make good use of it, too! Student lodgings cost a fortune these days. Then there's the parchment, the ink, quills... Free education, they call that! Ha!

Strange, somebody left the gates open.

Probably one of my useless brothers who forgot to shut them.

What!?...

Erm...

Good day, sir...

6

Do my eyes deceive me, or are you robbing the gold, sir?

Oh, robbing, robbing... That's a big word...

A big word? Does such a thing exist?

But of course. *Immense* is a big word. And *gigantic*, or colossal.

Ah yes, I see. But then, *robbing* isn't exactly a big word, is it?

You've got a point, sir. I can tell that you're an expert.

Certainly! I study language and literature at the University of Thiramisoe, as it happens!

You don't say! What a coincidence! That's where my fiancé lives. The gold that I'm gathering is to be the dowry. She's a noblewoman, you see.

Ah! Love!

But it remains to be decided whether you were robbing the gold or not...

Well...

...Would you agree that most of this gold has been stolen from people?

That could be true, yes.

And as I am human myself, I am merely reclaiming what belonged to my community, am I not?

Hmm, you've got a point.

Fortunately! Otherwise I'd have to burn you to a crisp!

And that kind of barbaric behaviour is quite unsuitable for a poet.

Thank you, sir. As a sign of gratitude for your mercy I offer you this bag of gold on behalf of humankind.

Very generous of you. I'll be able to fund my studies with it. And you can call me Smog.

7

I like what you've done with the place.

Those are the heads of all the countless dragon and treasure hunters who have ever set foot in here.

Speaking of treasure, there's something I haven't told you, Smog. There's a gang of cunning bandits awaiting us outside.

They're a ruthless bunch. They've practically forced me to break in here. If I were you, I'd torch them straight away; they're not too keen on dragons, you see.

But I'm a poet, not a fire-breathing barbarian.

That's just it, these gentlemen harbour a deep-rooted grudge for poetry.

That changes things...

8

He wouldn't have escaped via a different exit, would he?

Impossible! He signed the contract!

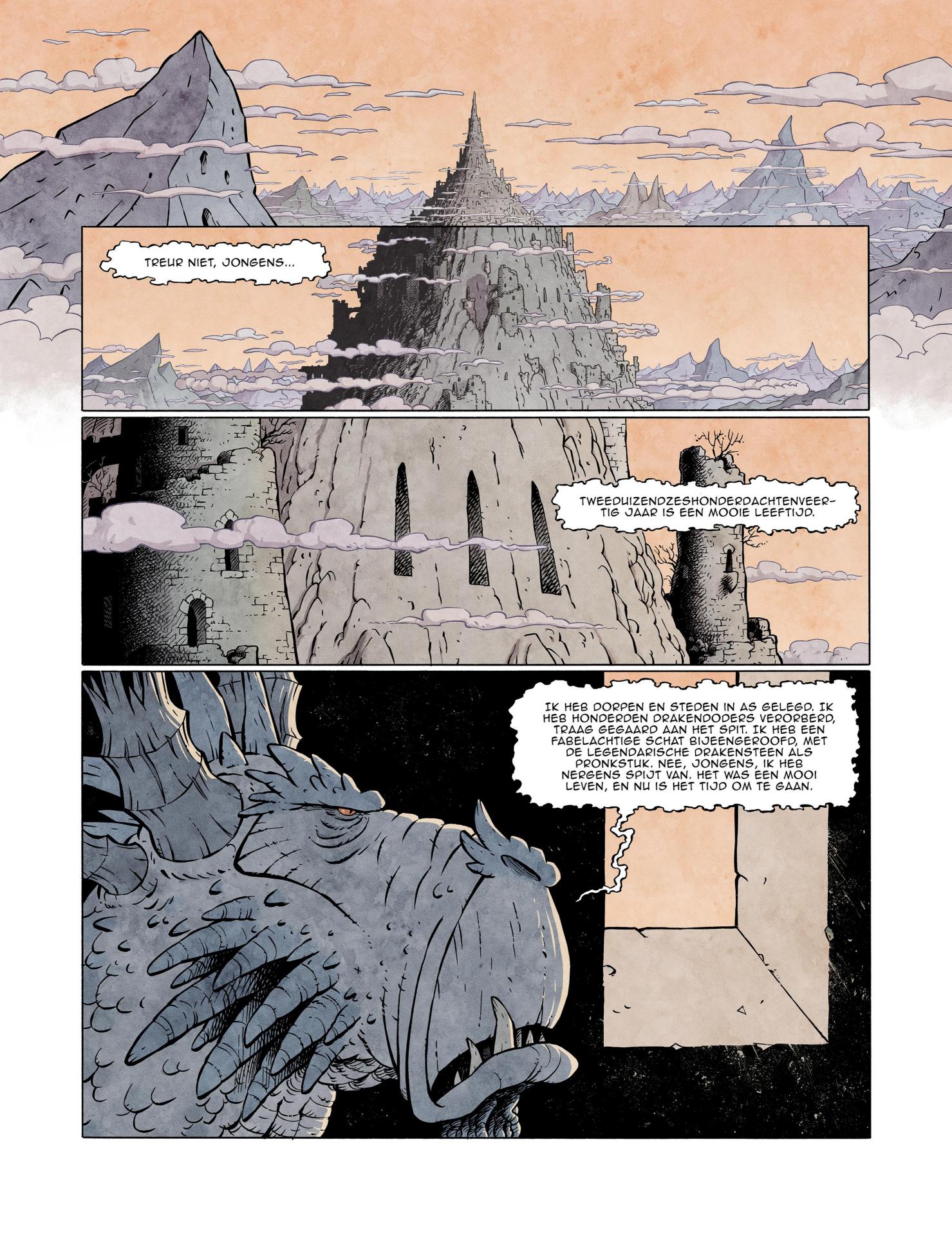
Finally, the Knight!

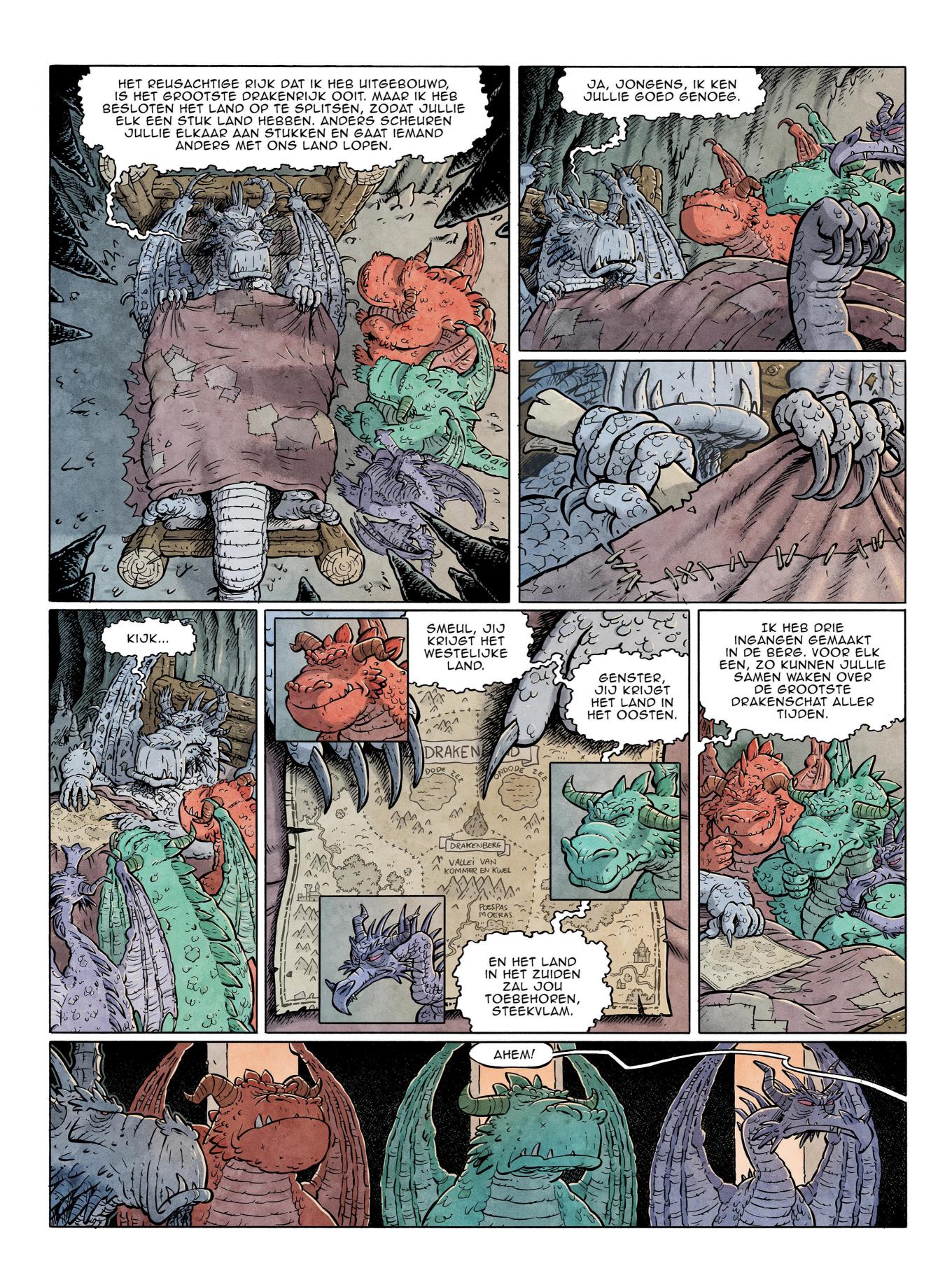
And, did you succeed, have you found the dwarfstone?

Blow ahead, Smog!

Still, I don't feel great about this, Knight...

Wuss!























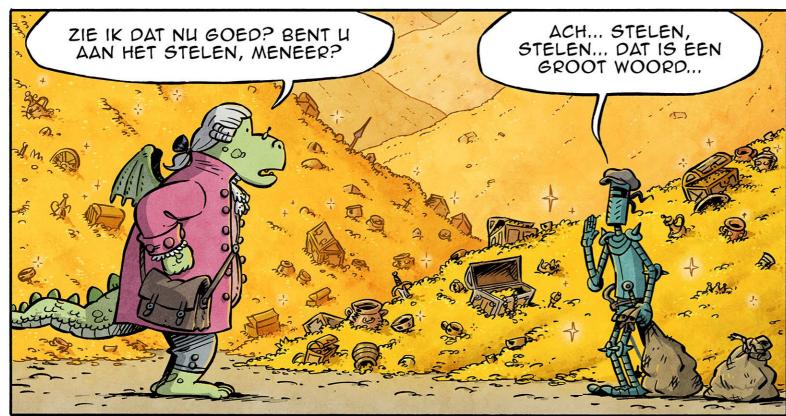




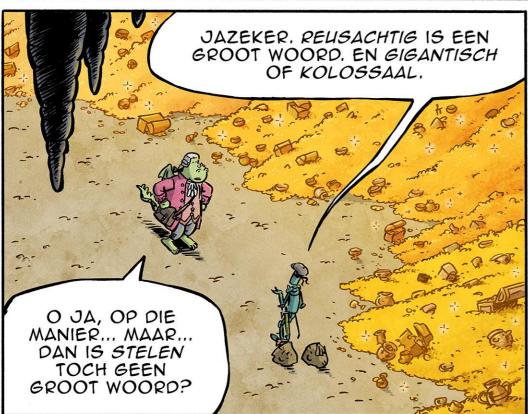
















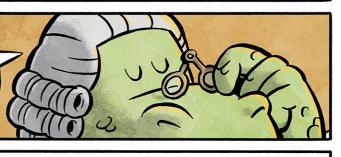








EN ZULKE BARBAARSE DADEN PASSEN NIET VOOR EEN DICHTER.









OVER SCHATTENJAGERS GESPROKEN, ER IS NOG IETS WAT IK JE MOET VERTELLEN, SMOG. BUITEN WORDEN WE OPGEWACHT DOOR EEN BENDE DOORTRAPTE BANDIETEN.







