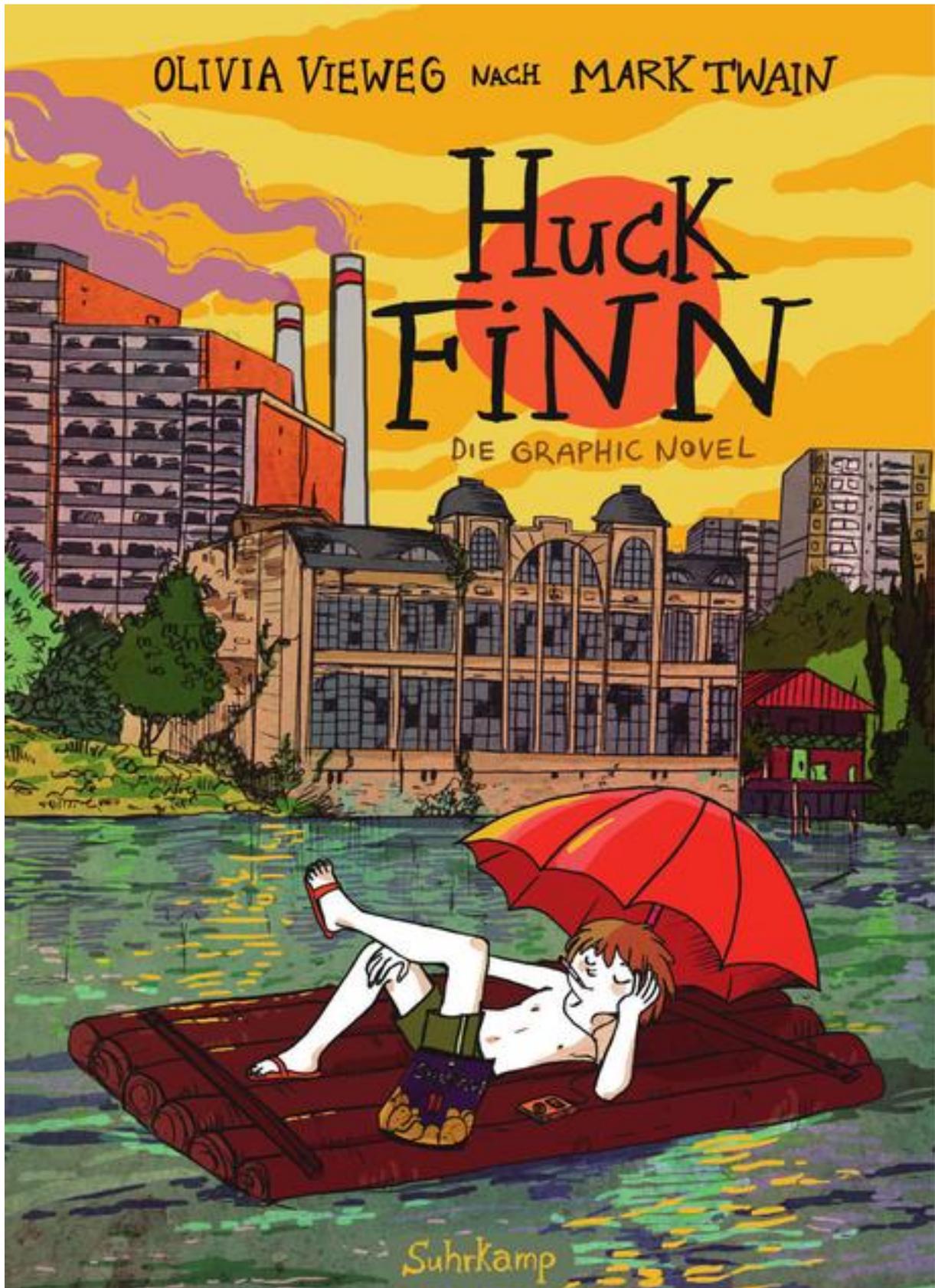


OLIVIA VIEWEG NACH MARK TWAIN

HUCK FINN

DIE GRAPHIC NOVEL



Suhrkamp

Olivia Vieweg

Huck Finn

Based on the novel ›Huckleberry Finn‹ by Mark Twain

Graphic Novel

(Original German title: Huck Finn.

Nach dem Roman ›Huckleberry Finn‹ von Mark Twain)

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Sample translation by Laura Wagner

pp. 7 - 39

p.7

Halle (Saale), 2013.

Announcement:

People who try to find a motive in this story, will be taken to court.

People who try to find a morale within in, will be burnt. People who try to see a plan in it, will be shot.

On order of the author

p.8, panel 1

Tom: Finn? Hey!

p.8, panel 2

Tom: Finn, 's up?

p.8, panel 3

Tom: You deaf? Want another beer?

Finn: No thanks, Tom!

p.9, panel 1

Tom: The guys and me decided to form a gang!

Finn: A gang...?

p.9, panel 2

Tom: From up here we'll hunt the people down there.

p.9, panel 3

[cont'd]: We'll look out for those who look like they have enough dough ...
... then we'll throw bottles or stones or whatever...

p.9, panel 4

... when their head's split open

p.9, panel 5

... Josh'll be standing guard down there. He'll clean them out like a couple of preschoolers!

p.9, panel 6

Other children: Tom, dude! You always have the best ideas. No one can argue with that!

p.10, panel 1

Tom: But there's one condition to become a member of the gang... ... everyone has to swear to that!

p.10, panel 2

[cont'd]: If someone rats out the gang, the others can do in their whole family and carve a cross into their chests!

Other children: Genius! Exactly!

p.10, panel 3

Boy: But, Tom...

Tom: Huh?

Boy: Finn doesn't even have a family! This ain't gonna work!

p.10, panel 4

Tom: But you have a father, don't ya?

Finn: Oh God, leave him out of it! I'm getting chills!

Boy: Nobody knows where the old drunk's running about.

p.10, panel 5

Tom: But the widow Finn's living with now, we could kill her if needs be! Deal?

p.10, panel 6

Finn: Whatever, I won't be staying with her for much longer any ways. I just can't stand it there.

Tom: Naaaaah, you're gonna have to stay with her, otherwise you can forget about the gang!

p.10, panel 7

Finn: Oh, screw all of you!

Just go home to your mommies and aunties!

p.13

Finn: Duuuude, the boys shouldn't be gettin' their knickers in a twist...

p.15, panel 1

Finn: Oh, by the way. I'm Finn.

p.15, panel 2

[cont'd]: If you don't know me that's ok.

p.15, panel 3

Ever since my mom's death I been living with a widow as a foster child.

p.15, panel 4

Everything could've turned out worse.

p.16, panel 2

Finn: Phew, finally.

p.16, panel 3

Woman: Huh?

p.16, panel 4

Woman: Hey, kid, you can't do that!

p.16, panel 5

Finn: Huh? 'Course I can.

p.16, panel 6

Woman: I'm gonna teach you a lesson!

p.16, panel 7

[cont'd]: Never do that again!

p.16, panel 8

Finn: I'm not gonna listen to a whore like you.

Woman: Whaaaat?!

p.17, panel 1

Woman: You... You are a bad person.

p.17, panel 2

Pimp: JIN! What are you doing out here?

p.17, panel 3

[cont'd]: You don't have time for stuff like this.

p.17, panel 4

[cont'd]: Come inside, the customers are waiting.

Jin: Alright, alright!

p.17, panel 5

Finn: Oh man...

p.17, panel 6

[cont'd]: The sun's already goin' down I'd better get home soon.

p.18, panel 2

Finn: sigh...

p.18, panel 3

[cont'd]: Back into the slammer...

p.18, panel 4

[cont'd]: Hello, I'm back!

p.18, panel 4

Widow: Oh, you're awful late, my darling!

p.18, panel 5

[cont'd]: Did you find home alright?

Finn: Yeah...

p.18, panel 6

Widow: Oh... Let's go put some fresh clothes on you.

p.18, panel 7

[cont'd]: And next time, you'll be on time, ok?

p.19, panel 1

Widow: Did you play nicely with your friends?

Finn: Hmh ...

Widow: I'm glad to hear that! It's good that you made friends! That's good for your development!

p.19, panel 3

Finn: I'mna crash, uh ... go to bed, I mean.

Widow: Yes, darling.

p.19, panel 5

Finn: The widow's trying her best and all but I don't think I'll be able to stand it here for much longer.

p.20, panel 1

[cont'd]: Life with the widow's nothing like what it used to be ...

p.21, panel 1

[cont'd]: That's when it was only me and the sunrise and sunset.

p.21, panel 2

[cont'd]: That was a fine way of life. But it's I guess that's over now ...

p.22, panel 1

The next morning ...

p.22, panel 2

Widow: Darling, I have to go now!

Don't forget to go to school on time!

p.22, panel 3

Finn: Yeeeeeeheeeeeees ...

p.22, panel 4

Finn: Hmph ... She can forget about that!

p.22, panel 5

[cont'd]: Oowah, maybe I'll go to school tomorrow.

p.22, panel 6

[cont'd]: Dude, this is definitively not my time of day!

p.24, panel 1

Finn: What're you doing at our stupid-ass neighbor's?

p.24, panel 4

Finn: Bye!

p.24, panel 5

[cont'd]: Tssss, women!

p.24, panel 6

Finn: If the widow knew I was readin' a book, she'd freak!

p.25, panel 1

Finn's father: Well, my boy?

p.25, panel 3

Finn's father: You readin' a book?

p.25, panel 4

[cont'd]: Who taught you to do that?

p.25, panel 5

[cont'd]: That's gonna stop today!

p.25, panel 6

[cont'd]: You're coming with me! The old hag's not gonna spoil you!

p.25, panel 7

Finn: What am I s'pposed to do?!

p.26, panel 3

At the Fosterparents's Association in Halle (Saale)

Widow: I just wanted to give you a report on Finn ... Everything's going wonderfully!

p.26, panel 4

Widow: He goes to school regularly and has finally learned to read and write properly - he himself wouldn't even have believed that!

And it's going well with his friends!

Woman: That sounds amazing!

A nice surprise!

p.26, panel 5

Woman [cont'd]: You are going to have ...

... a lot of joy with this boy!

p.26, panel 6

[cont'd]: I'm sure of that!

p.27, panel 1

Finn: We moved into a hut secluded from the city, close to the river Saale.

This is where my old man always went when he had gotten himself kicked out of everywhere else.

p.27, panel 2

[cont'd]: Before, this little house had belonged to my mother.

p.27, panel 3

[cont'd]: Before she died.

p.27, panel 4

[cont'd]: The longer I looked at my father ...

... the more I asked myself what I was afraid of.

p.27, panel 5

[cont'd]: He was now almost fifty years old, had greasy hair and stank horribly. His face had no color ...

It was so white that you could feel sick just by looking at it.

p.27, panel 6

[cont'd]: His clothes were completely filthy ...

... but at least he was sober.