



Visit www.flandersliterature.be for information about translation grants.

“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

The Heron's Nest

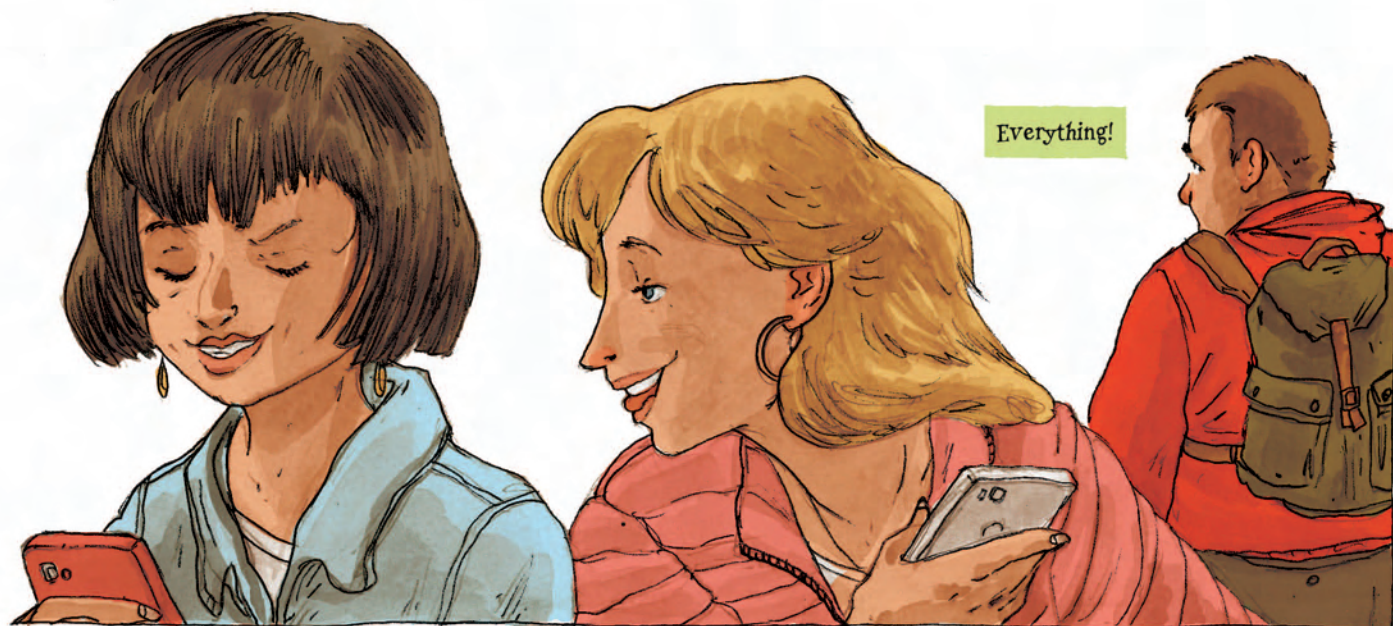
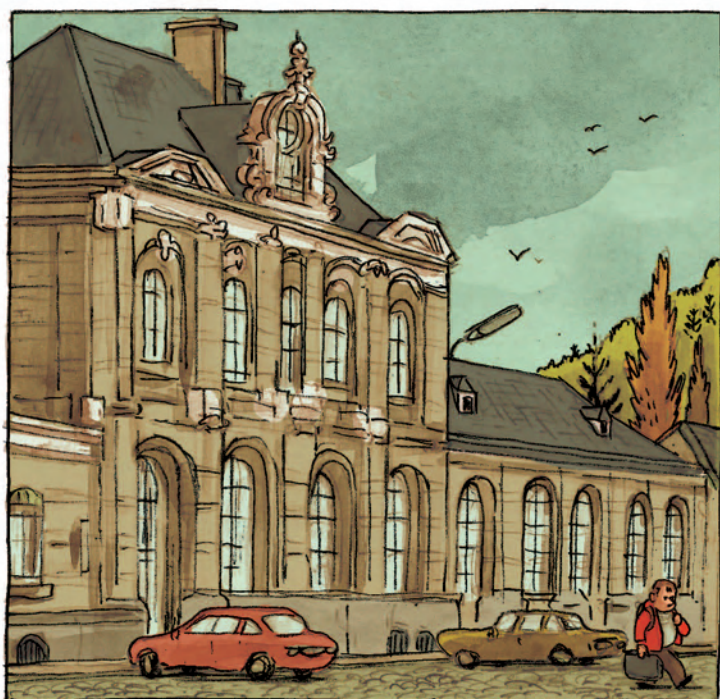
MICHAËL OLBRECHTS

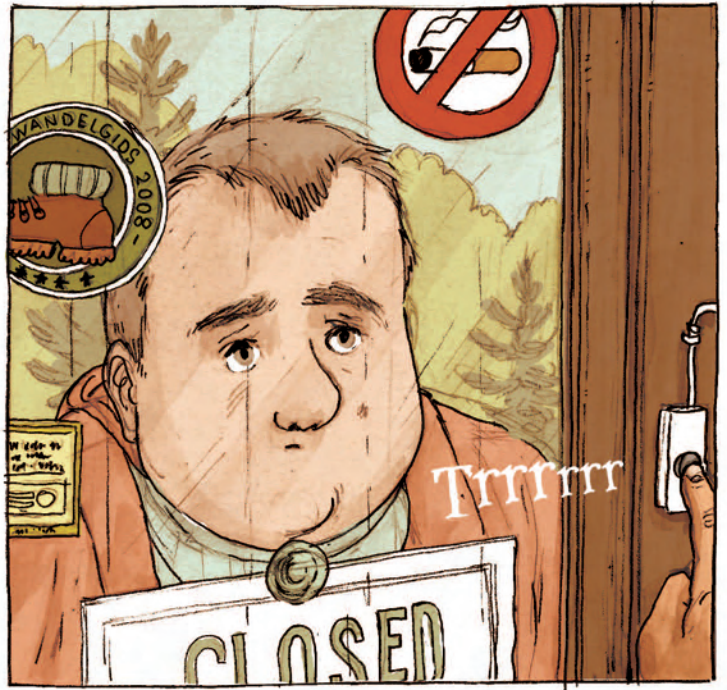
Hawk struggles to live up to his name. He is timid and insecure, and because of this he is the target of his colleagues' ridicule. Following an incident, he is suspended from work and goes to recuperate at his aunt, who lives in a quiet village surrounded by nature. He is determined to change, and when 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.











I'm Raoul.

I don't think your aunt was expecting you so soon.

She's at the market.

Oh.



You've come to recharge your batteries, haven't you?

Don't blame you.



Press pause.

Hm...

Figure out where you're at and have a rest.

Then you're in the right place here!



Rosa said you've been having a tough time.

Problems at work or something...

Right?



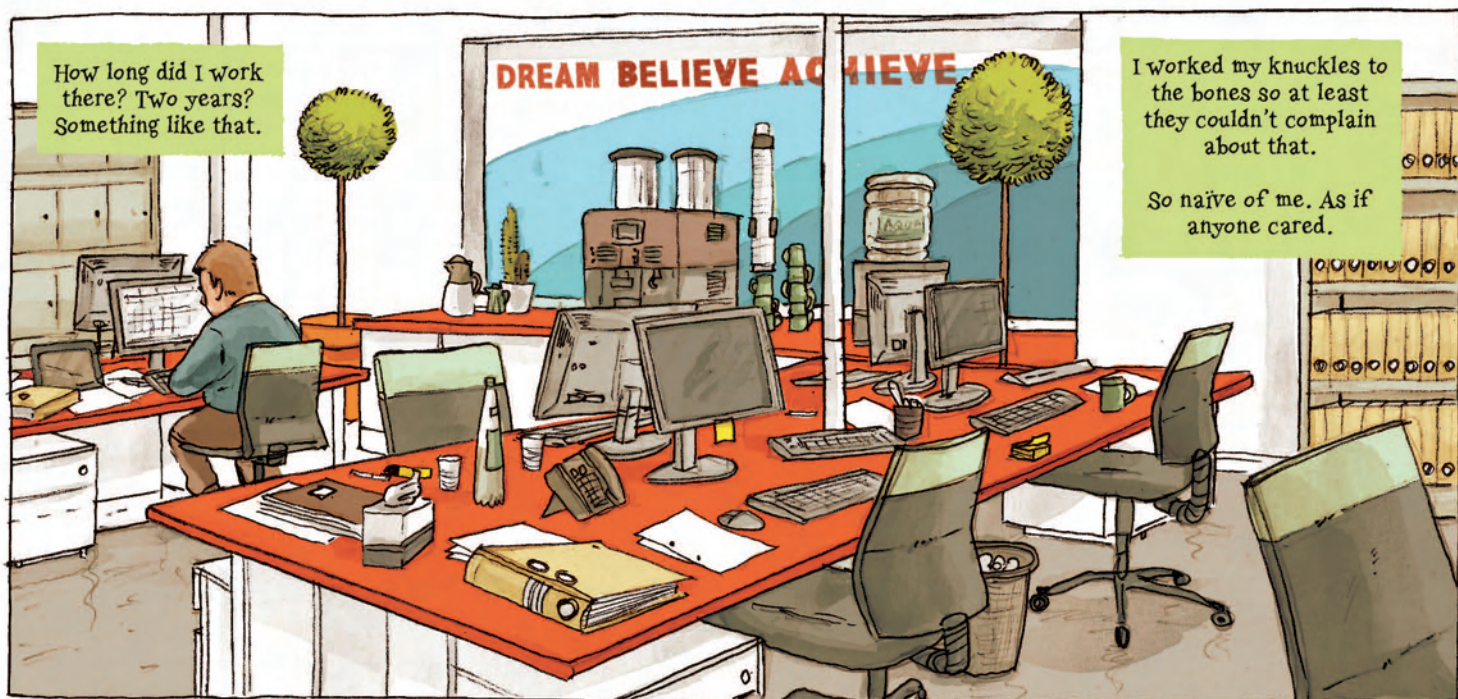
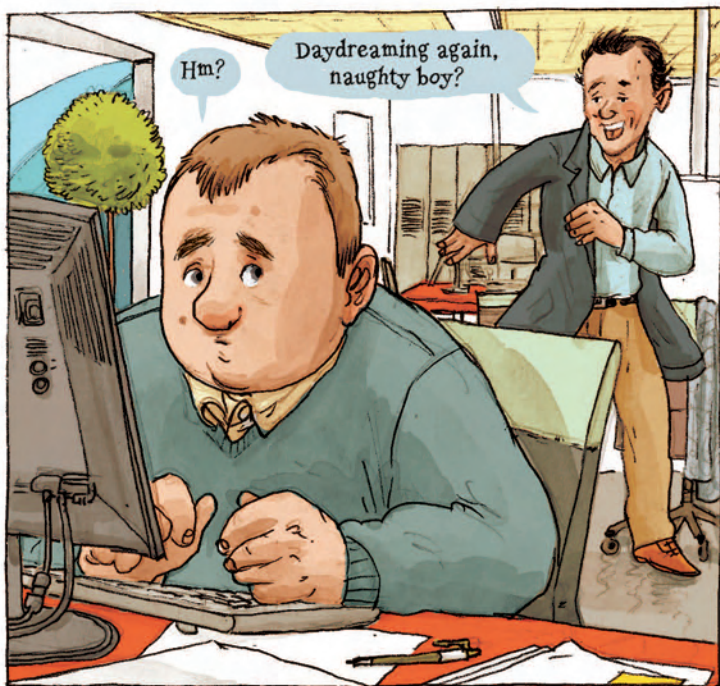
I've got a headache.

Would you mind?

Of course!

Take your time!





NIEUWS SHOWBIZZ REGIO MEER

BIZAR

je huwelijksnacht. En dan gebeurt di

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

Like ons op Facebook

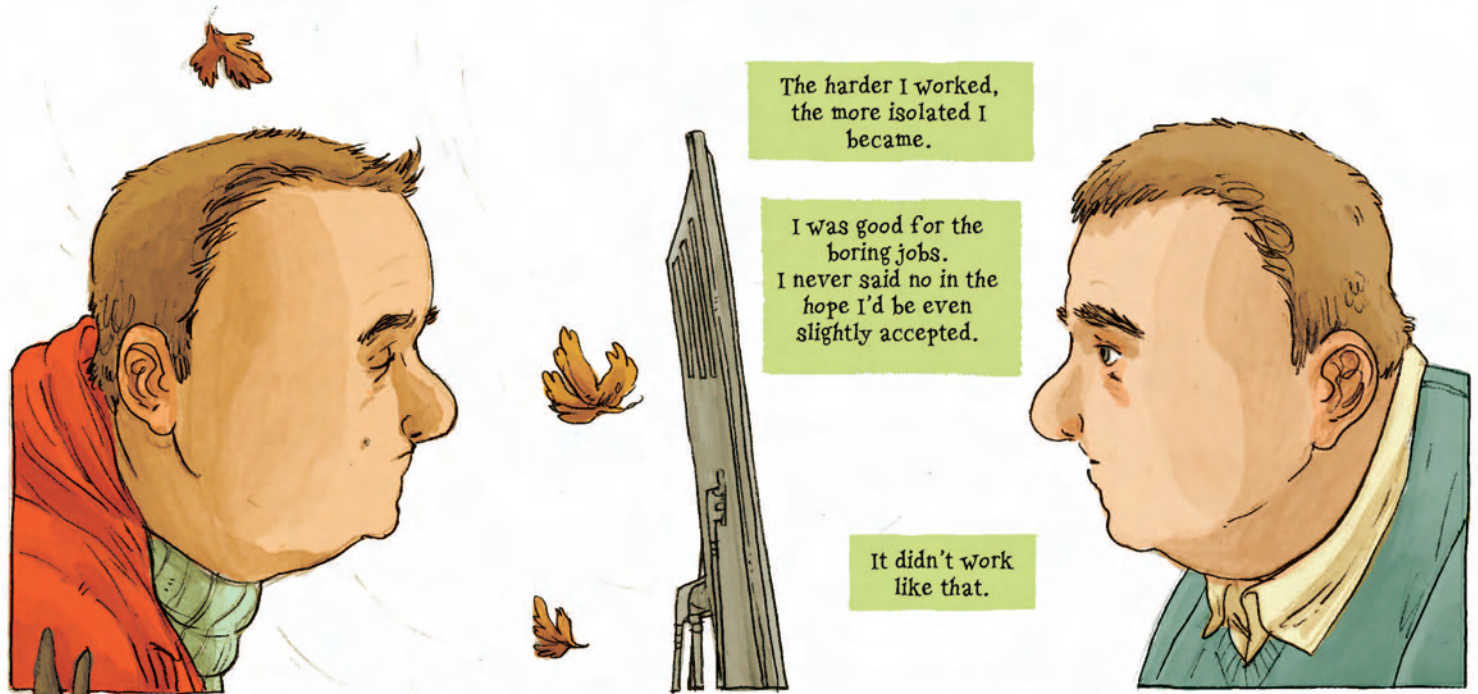
MEEST GELEZEN

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

BEWAAR ARTIKEL

ALN

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.

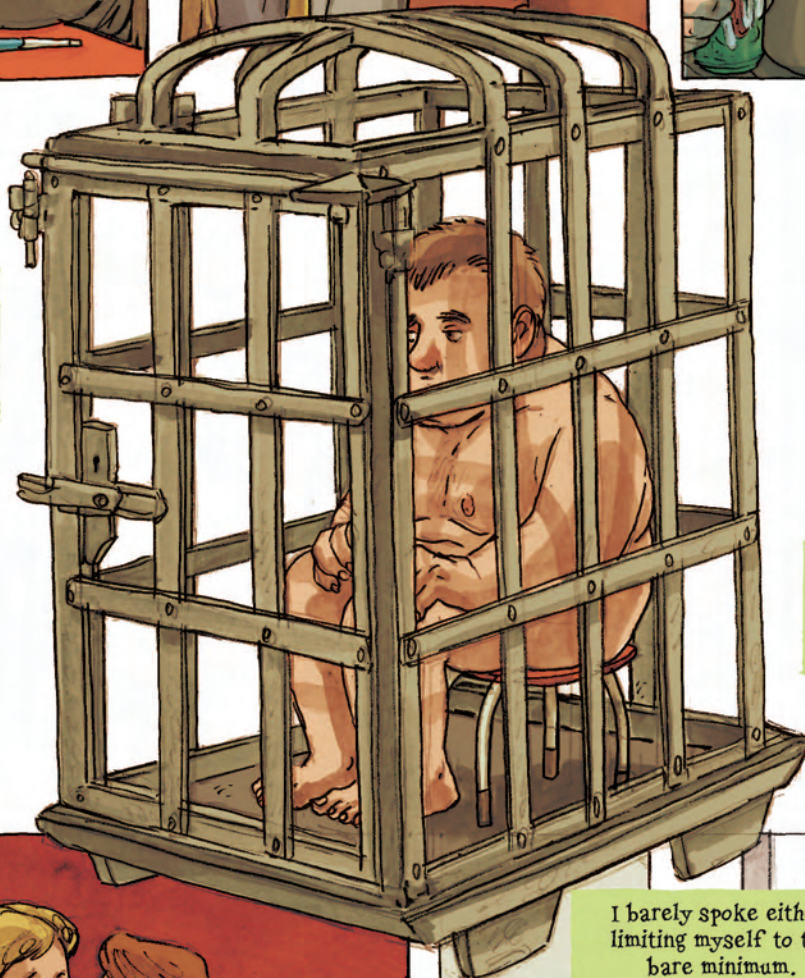


I was frozen in the same position.



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.



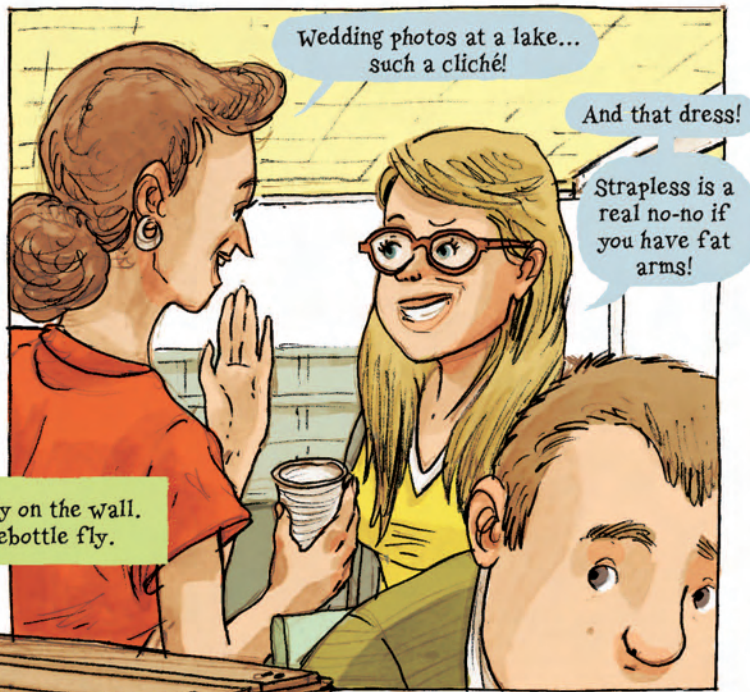
People need some enjoyment in life.



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

Is that alright for you then?

OK.



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

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.



But that's over now.
Over!



I'm coming out!!

