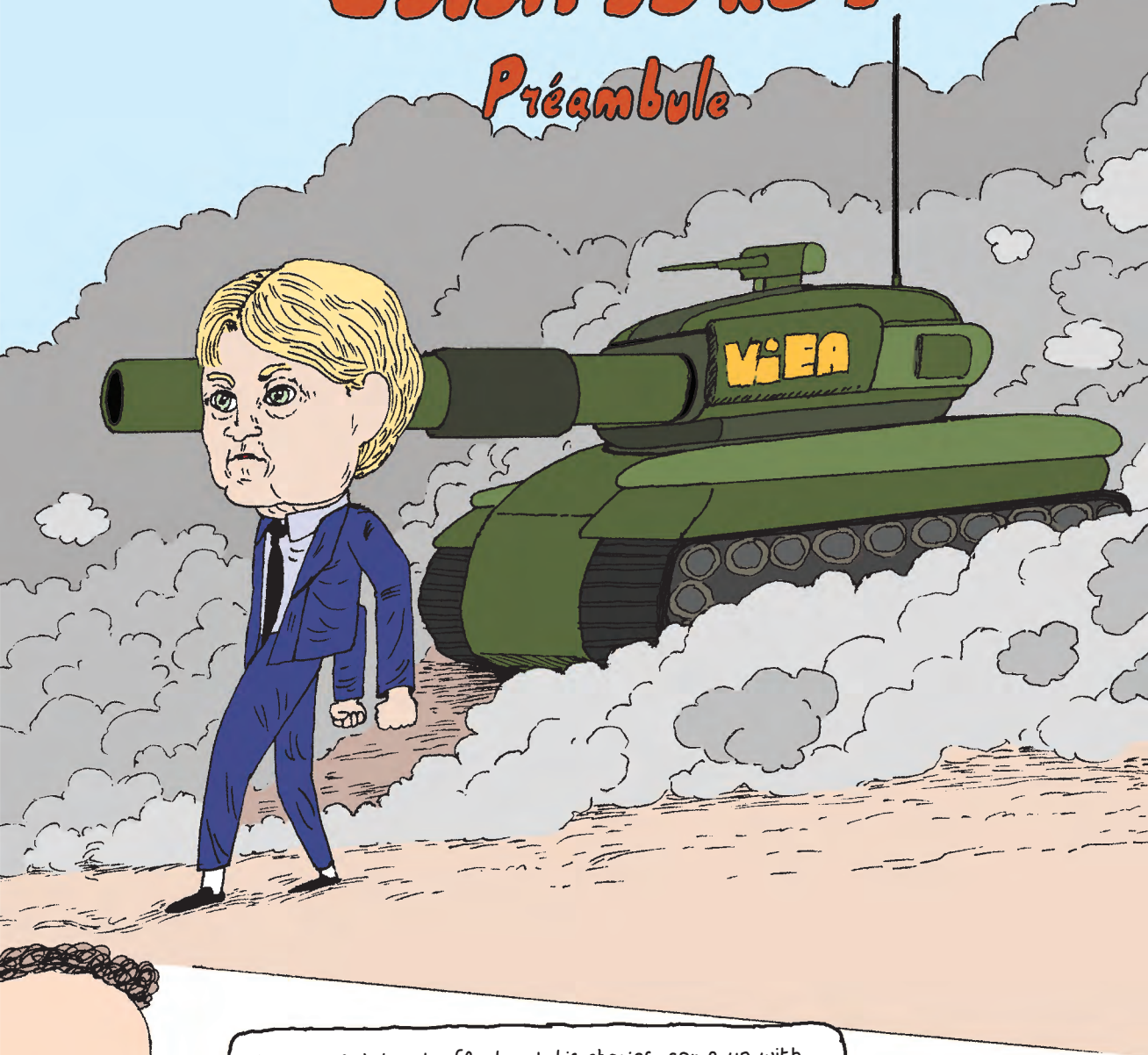


COCO JUMBO



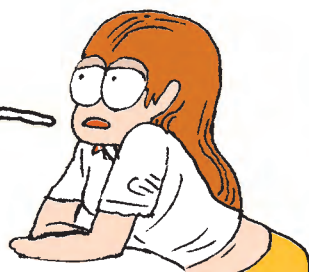
CHAPITRE 1

Préambule



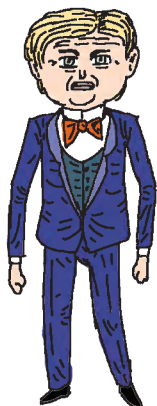
A journalist has to flesh out his stories, come up with memorable images. If you just stick to the facts, might as well read Reuters. There's no such thing as politics without aesthetics.

Uh-huh...

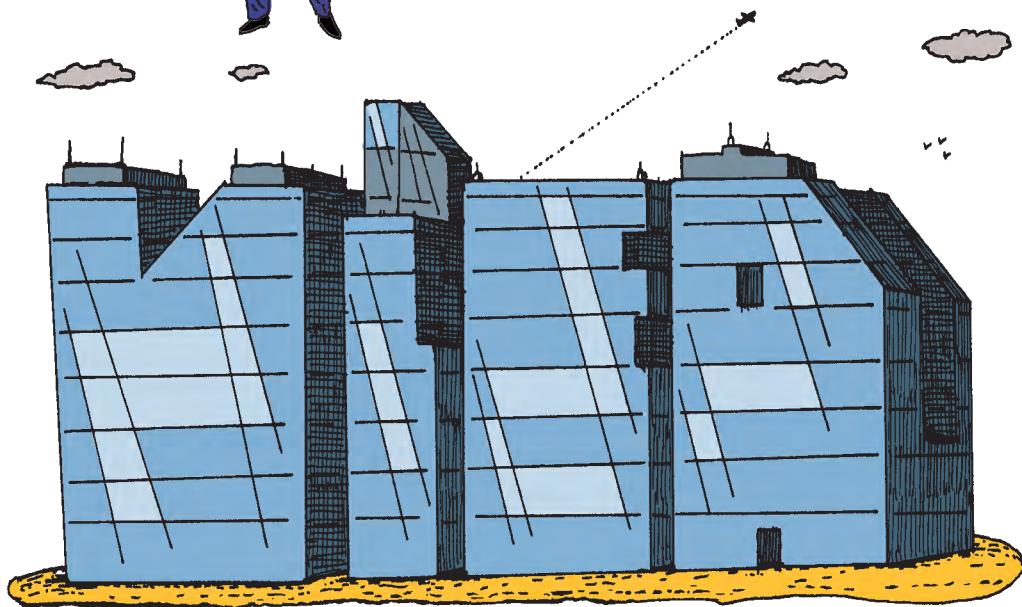




ALAIN BOULANGER:



Prominent and controversial businessman, recently named head of the board of directors for a large, dynamic, semi-public French corporation, to revitalize its activities in a period of decline.





IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT:

- Right now, Alain Boulanger does not seem to be acting purely in the general interest. His shady past hints at a greedy man saddled with debts to countless friends.

- VIEA did not expect its new chairman to be rotten to the core.



- In his budgetary reshuffling, Boulanger assigned the lion's share to marketing:

- Time to modernize nature. Make it cooler.



More swingin'.



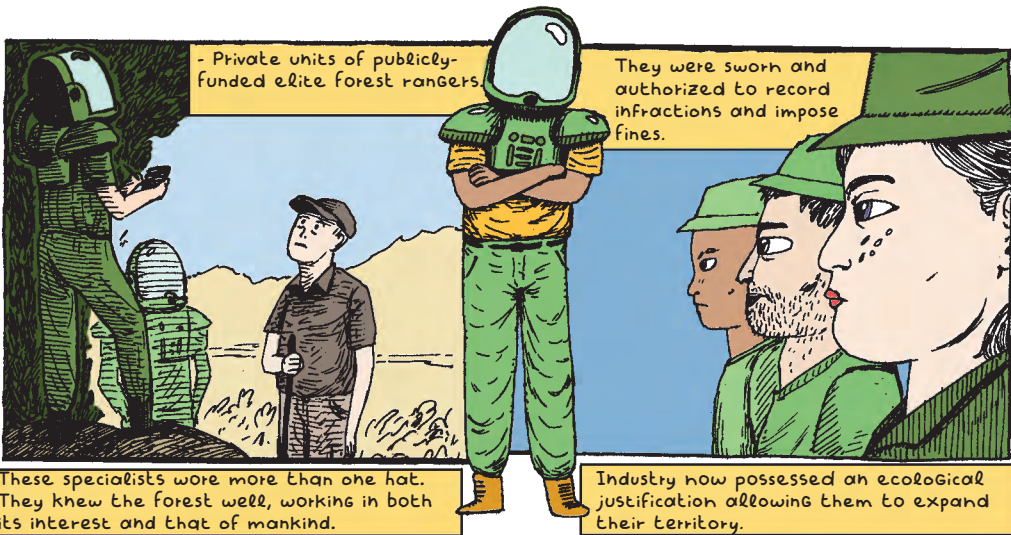
More ZING!



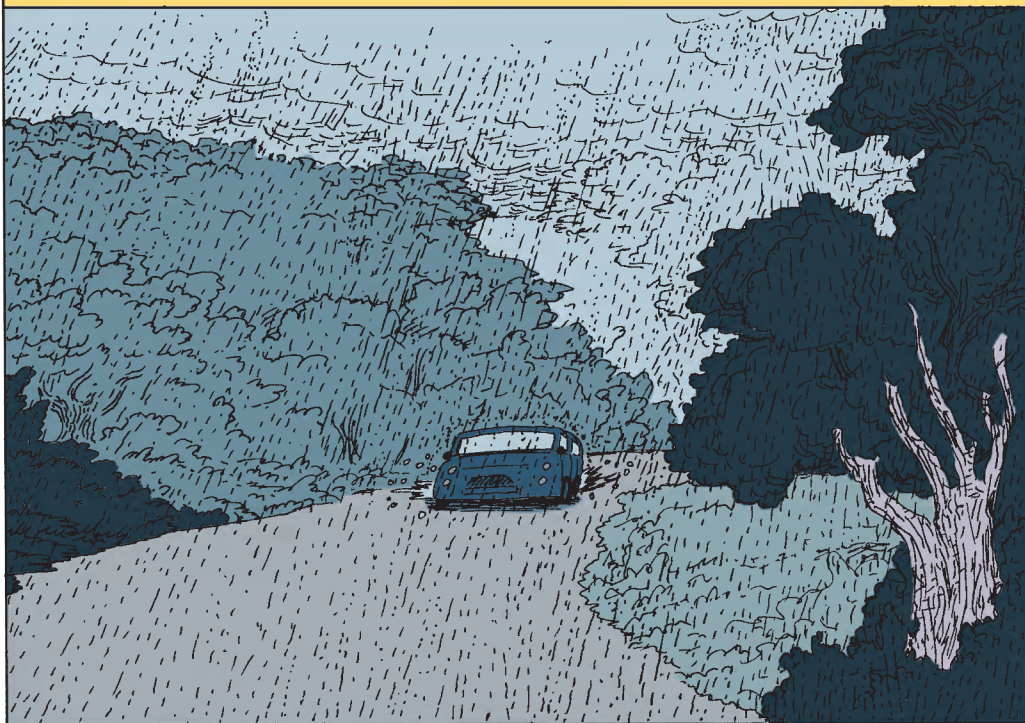
One fine day in March, it was decided that Boulanger would go to French overseas territory Domartin to check on the health of his company (and others').

Media lavished coverage on the event. The reason for the mass media's infatuation with a mere business trip? It coincided with the launch of an unprecedented service: THE GREEN GUARDIANS.





On Saturday, Alain Boulanger, an administrative inspector, an executive secretary of the board of directors, and an escort of three GREEN GUARDIANS made their way through the dense Domartin forest to visit the company's uranium mine. The car sped down the rutted road; the day was packed with appointments.



WHEN: Krakaboom! A strange sound. Everyone was rattled, sudden screams, DARKNESS.

A pair of empty eye sockets, filling with water.

NOW: The six men lie on the ground amidst crumpled metal, scattered, in pieces.

Boulanger, impaled on a pair of branches, will agonize for two hours.

Pieces of dislocated car lie jumbled with a Green Guardian, the secretary's torso embedded in his back.

Yellow foam revealed beneath leather seats.

A decapitated head chomps at air and rainwater.

7 severed fingers like skittles pins.

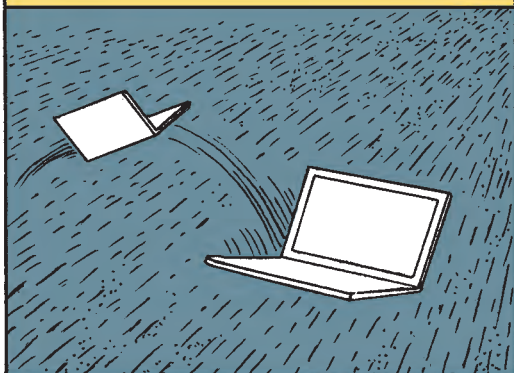
Blood seeping all over.

Unsettling arrangements, arabesques of ramshackle viscera, festoon the scene as a whole.

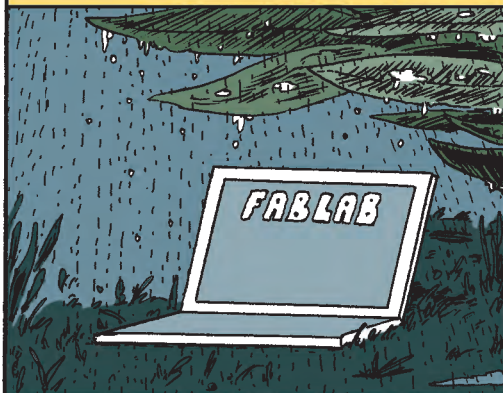
A Green Guardian looking like a cyborg.

A leg allows the world one last peek at its shapely ankle, beneath a knee folded backwards.

Boulangier's laptop survives the crash...

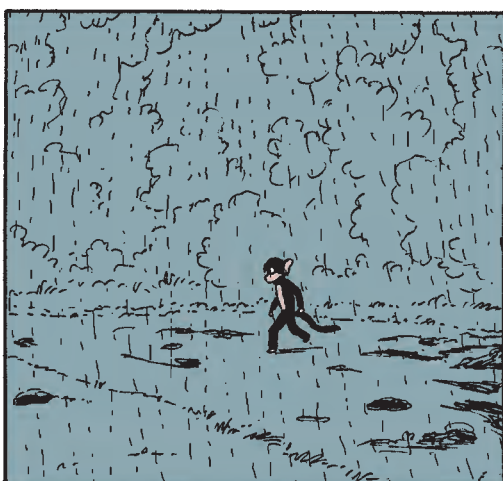


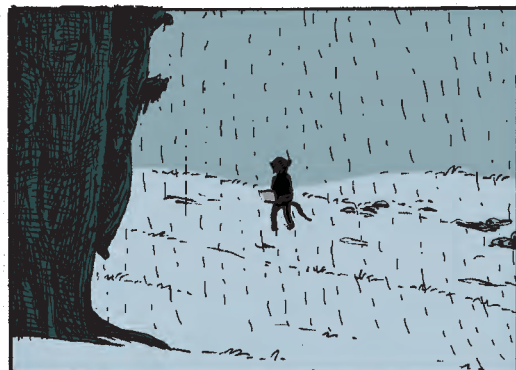
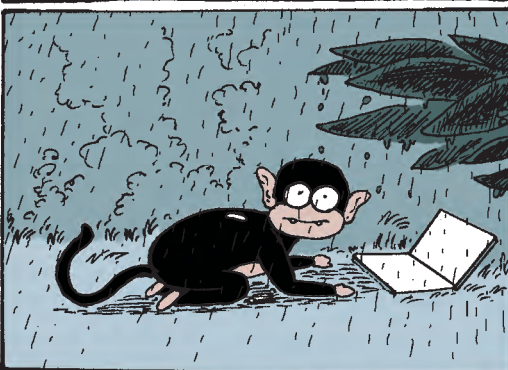
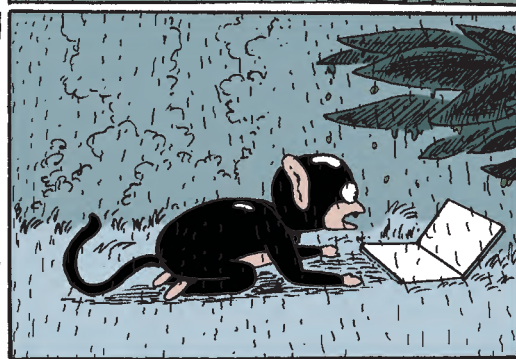
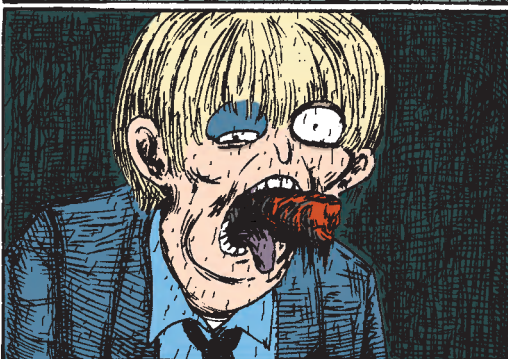
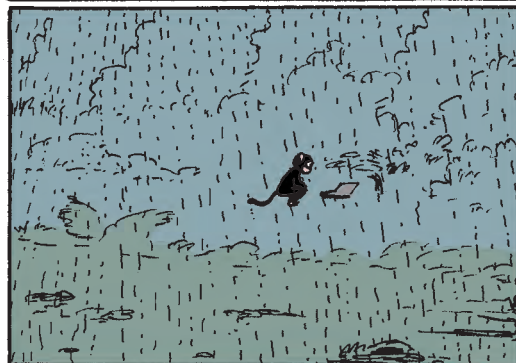
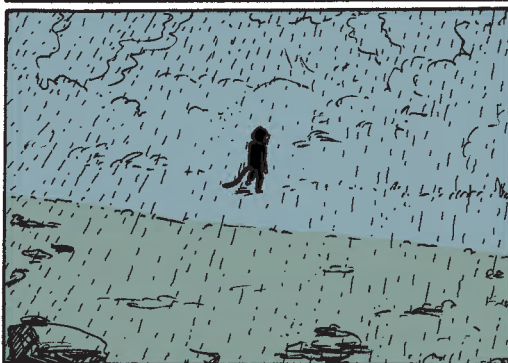
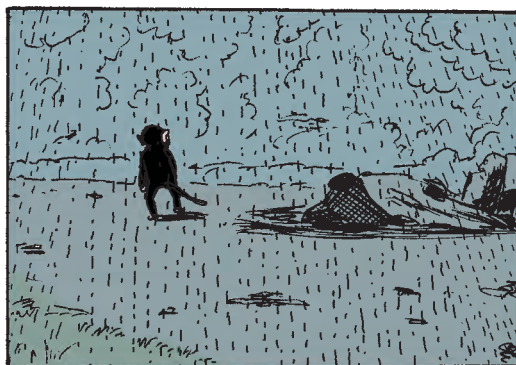
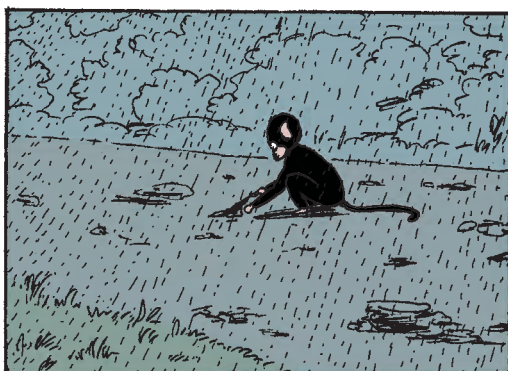
... MIRACULOUSLY INTACT.

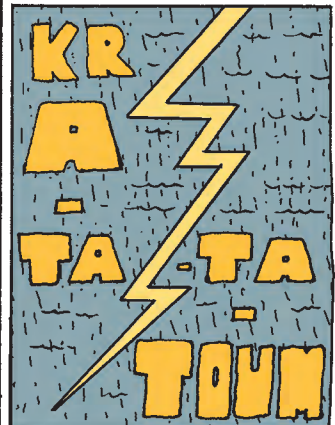


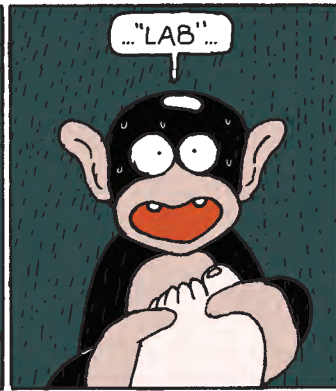
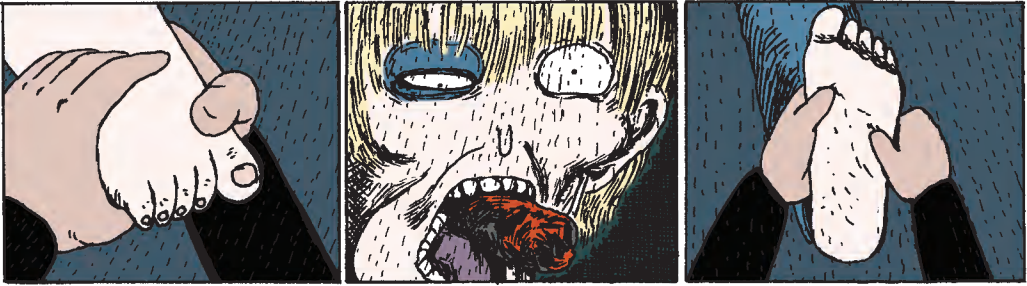
Its browser remains open on a page displaying in large font the title of the article being perused:

FABLAB







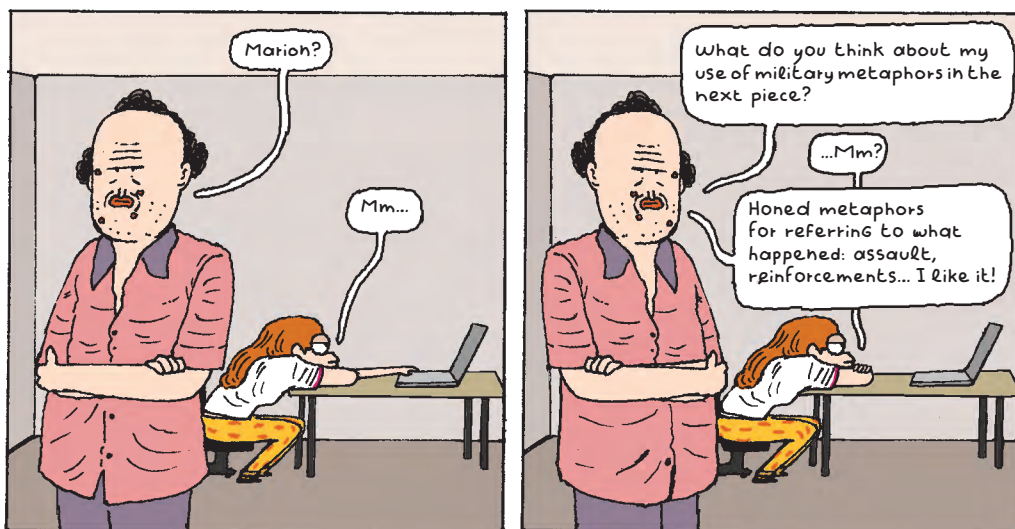


It's a day before the car is found. Wild animals have further scattered the bodies, complicating the investigators' task. Boulanger's left foot is missing. Another detail the police find striking:

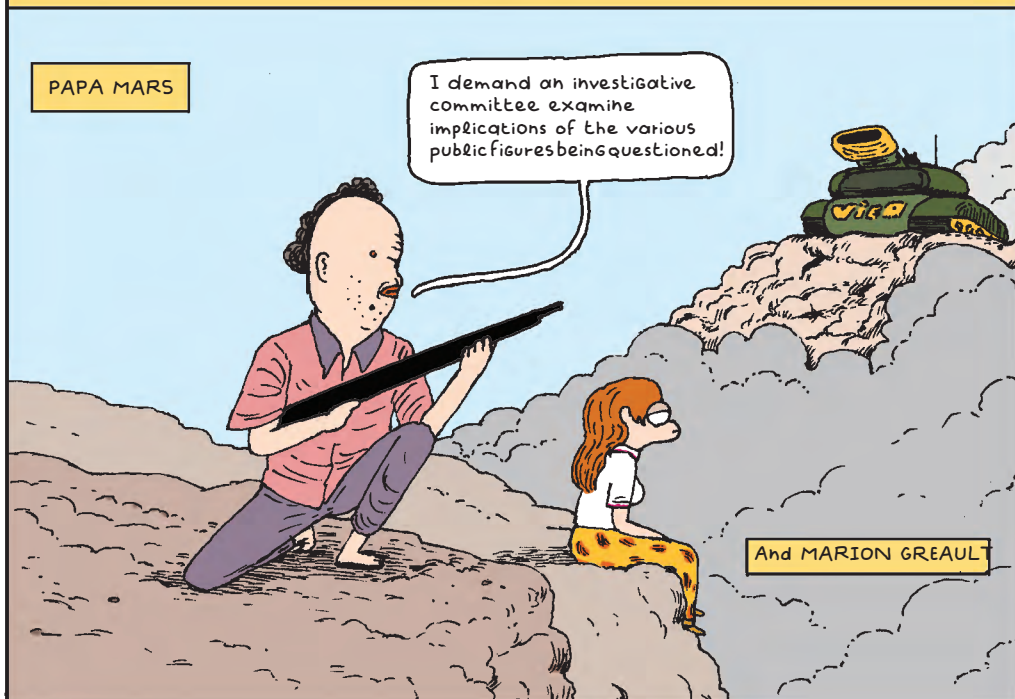


Violent celebrity deaths have a powerful capacity to intimately move society as a whole. Stunned at first, the nation is seized by a frenzy to find out more, to wrap their heads around it: did they suffer? Boulanger was one tough customer: but did he deserve such a death? Whole swaths of his life are revealed, the archives opened. VIEA is brought up. The press takes out whole columns in storming the corporation.

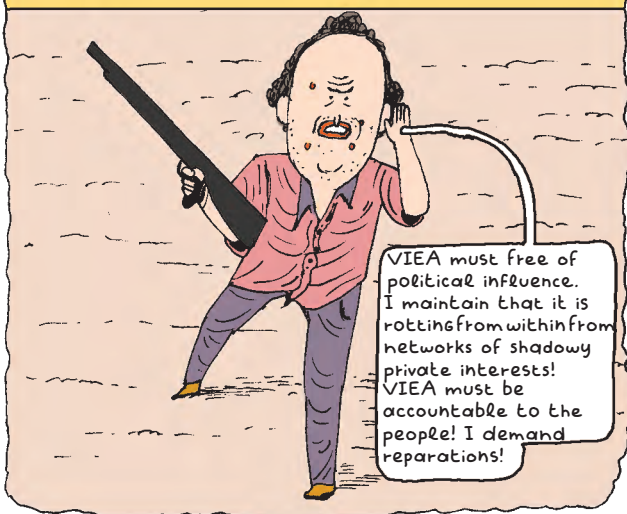
The accident leaves the French political and economic scene shaken. Judges flock like reinforcements to shore up independent journalists who have launched investigations' for instance, Elysée-Review.com. Thanks to their work, schemes and skullduggery lie revealed.



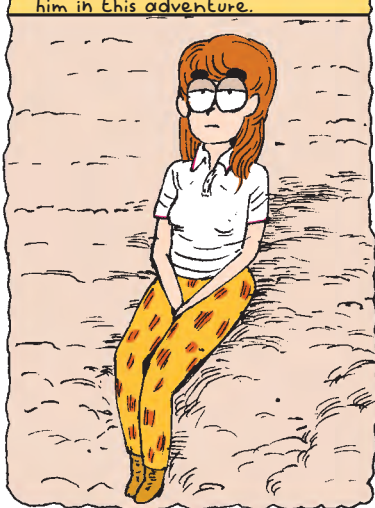
Elysée-Review.com is a very popular news and opinion site, analyzing events from a green and even red perspective. Its main players:



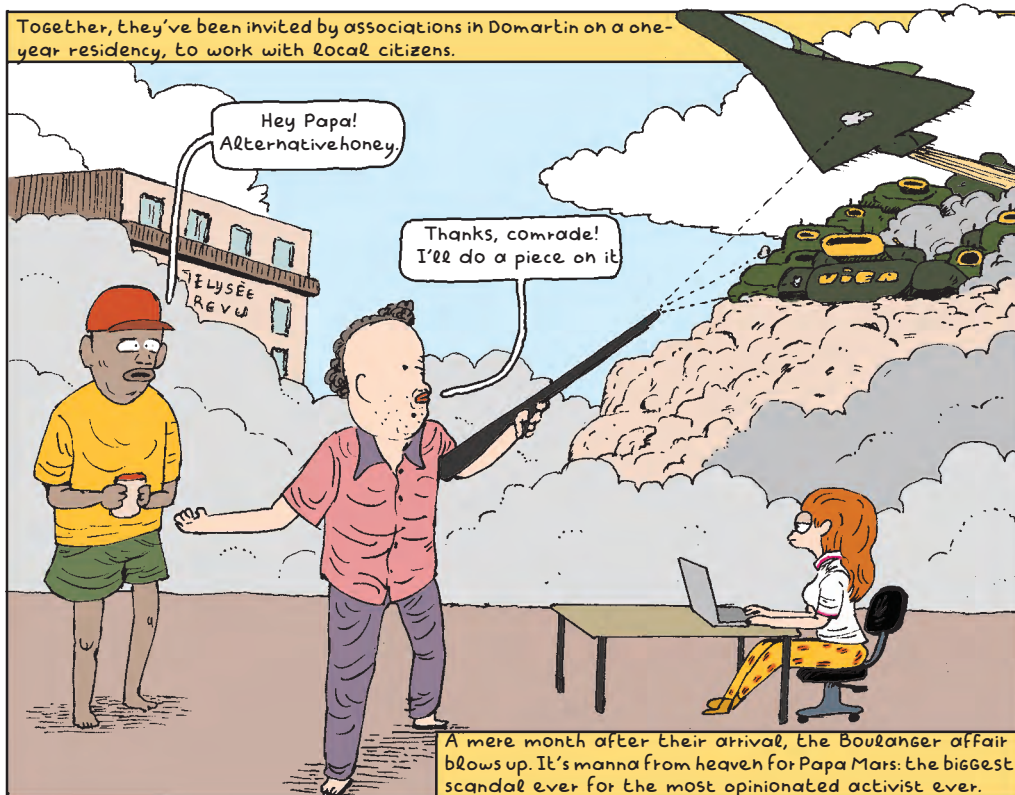
PAPA MARS: Real name, Marcel Bernstein. Former Maoist, author of a dissertation on Sufism, war reporter, active in local politics (in the Gironde), a man of practical experience, but above all, founder and editor-in-chief of *Elysée-Revue*.

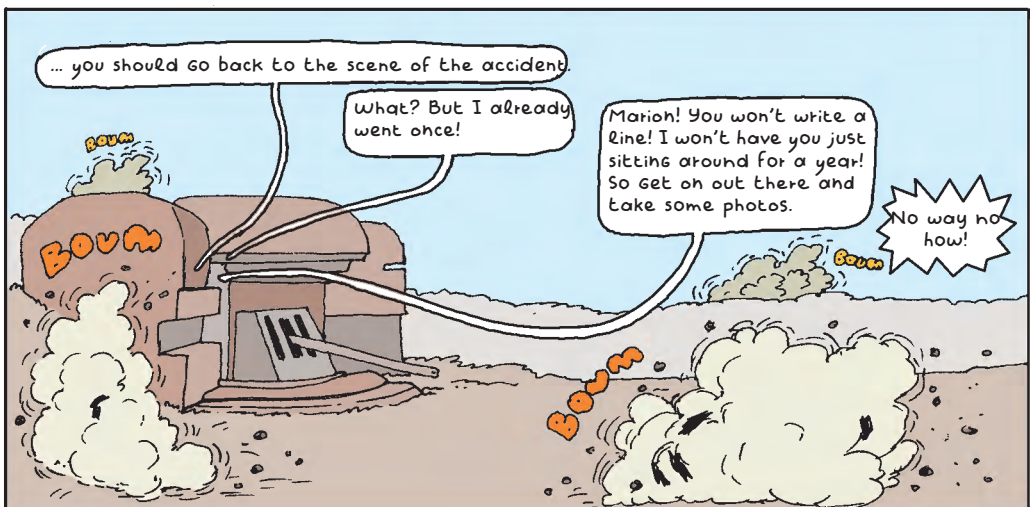
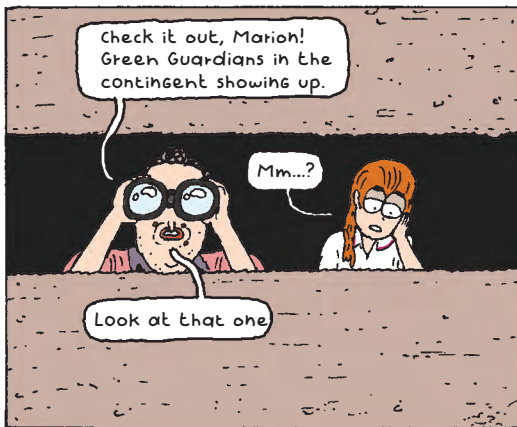


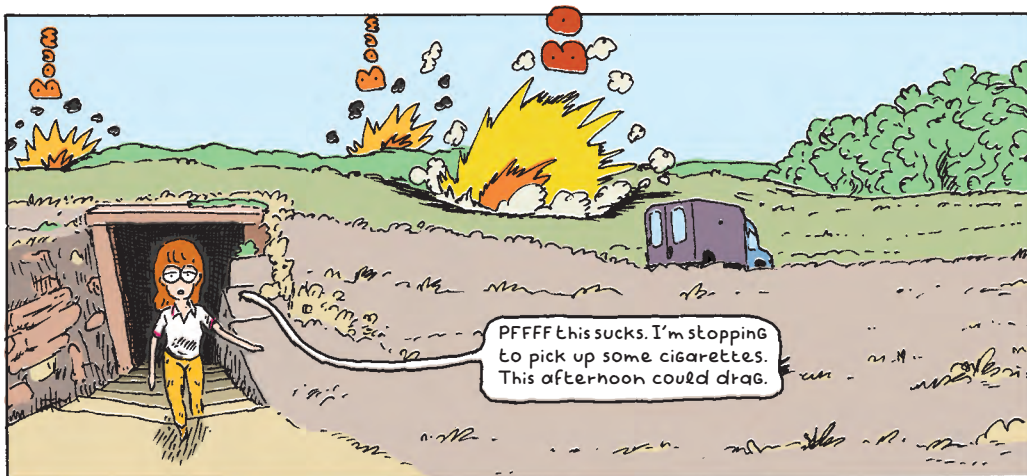
MARION GREAULT: studies photography at the Fine Arts School in Bordeaux, which is where Papa Mars recruited her to accompany him in this adventure.



Together, they've been invited by associations in Domartin on a one-year residency, to work with local citizens.



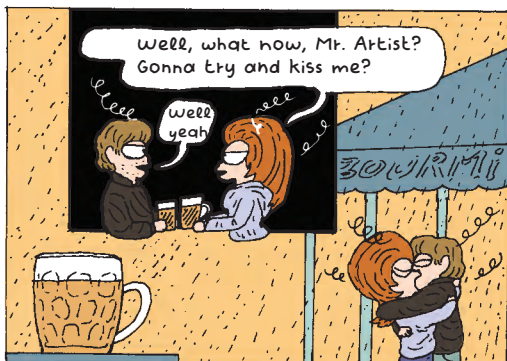




"Why in God's name is that girl always sulking? wonders Papa Mars, composing his nth hatchet job of the morning."

- Let's take a quick look at the month before that girl left for D'martin, and then we can get started with the actual story. Marion Gréault, photographystudent, final digression: ACTION!

ONE NIGHT 1 YEAR & 6 MONTHS AGO:



1 YEAR & 3 MONTHS AGO:

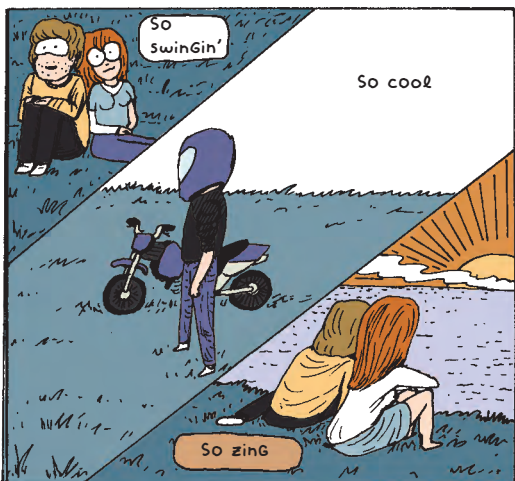
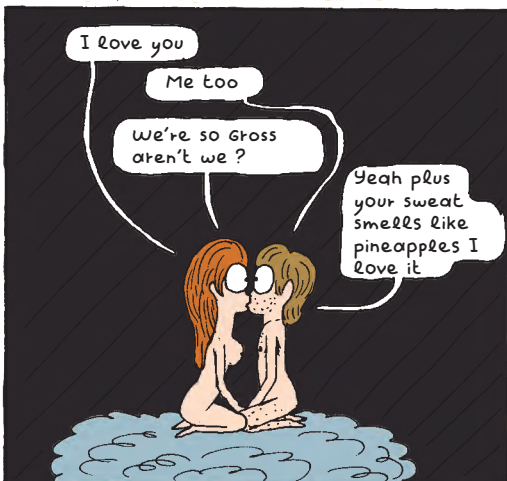
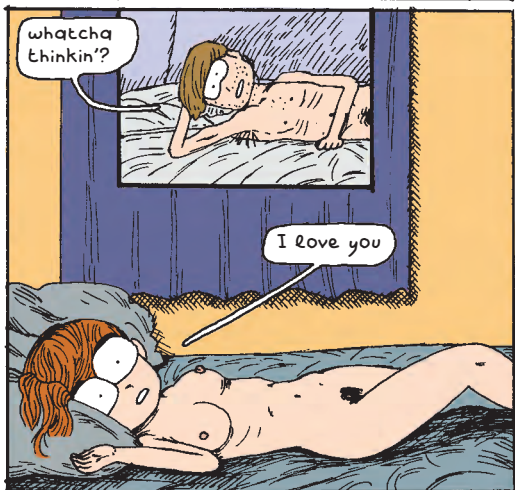
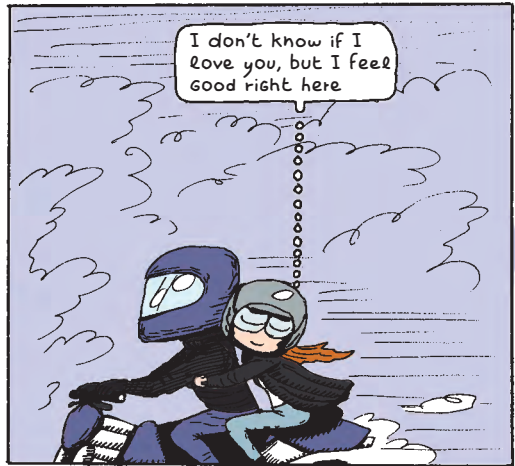
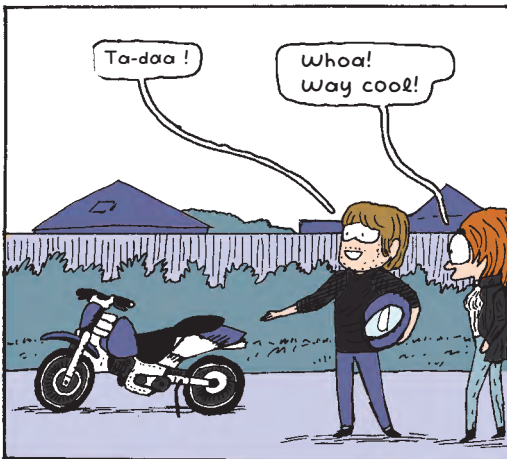


1 YEAR & 2 MONTHS AGO:



AND A FEW DAYS LATER:

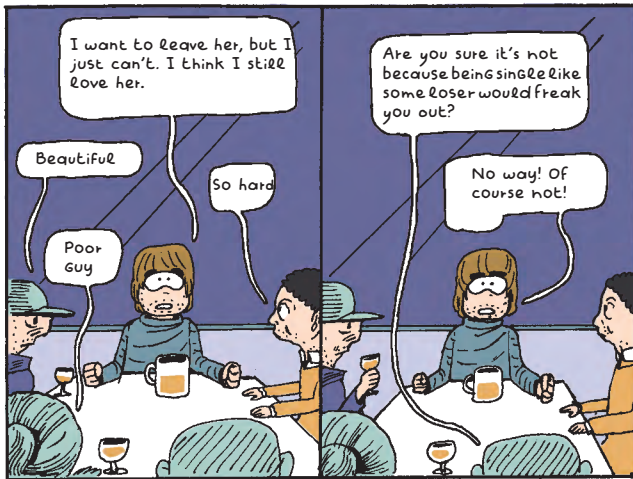
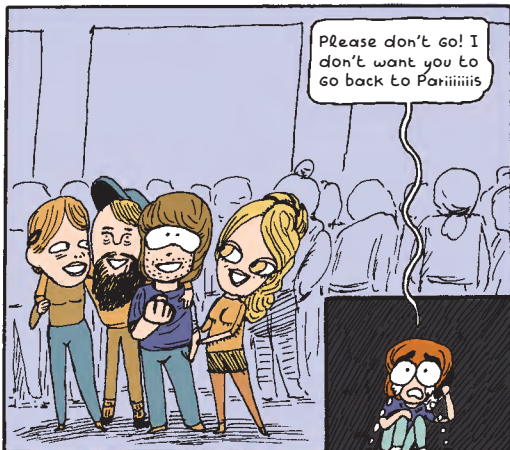


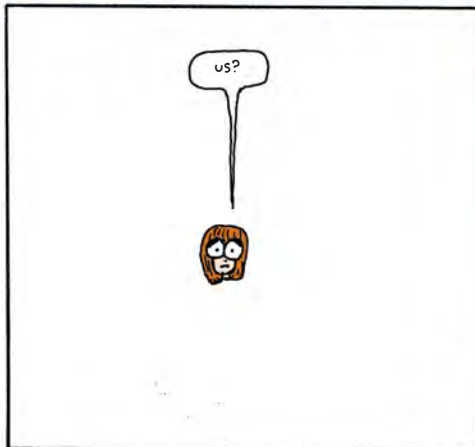
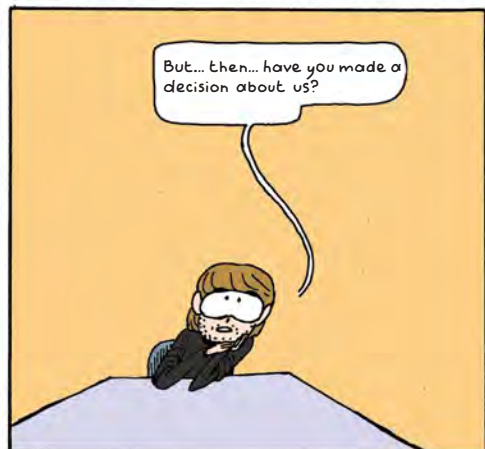


BUT ALAS, 6 MONTHS AGO FROM TODAY:

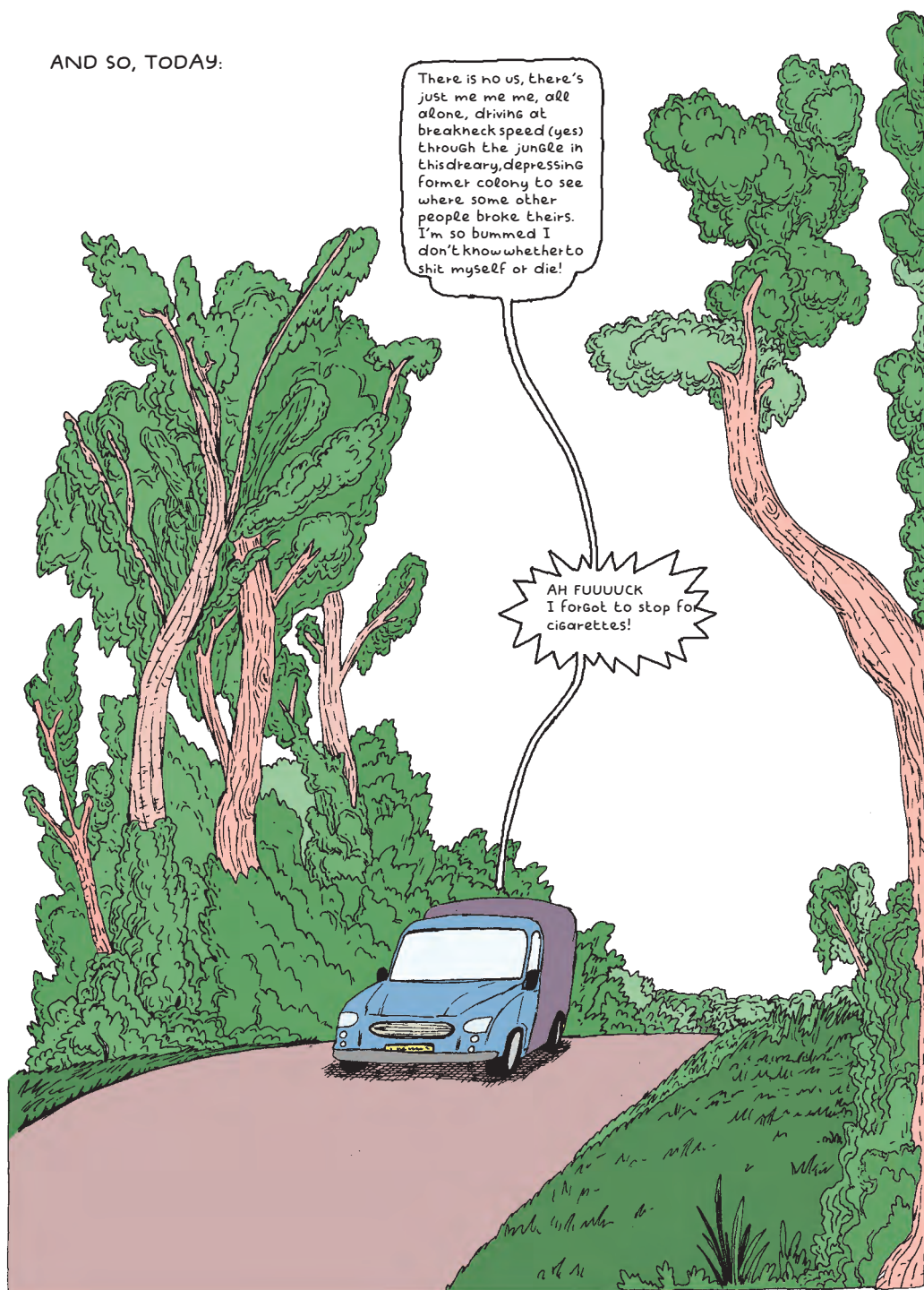


THEN, REGULARLY BETWEEN 6 & 3 MONTHS AGO:





AND SO, TODAY:



There is no us, there's just me me me, all alone, driving at breakneck speed (yes) through the jungle in this dreary, depressing former colony to see where some other people broke theirs. I'm so bummed I don't know whether to shit myself or die!

AH FUUUUCK
I forgot to stop for
cigarettes!