

Helping your children choose books they will love



Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

opening extract from

**Artemis Fowl:  
The Arctic Incident  
(graphic novel)**

written by

**Eoin Colfer**

published by

**Penguin Books Ltd**

All Text is Copyright © of the Author / Illustrator

please print off and read at your leisure.



ARTEMIS FOWL:

## A Psychological Assessment

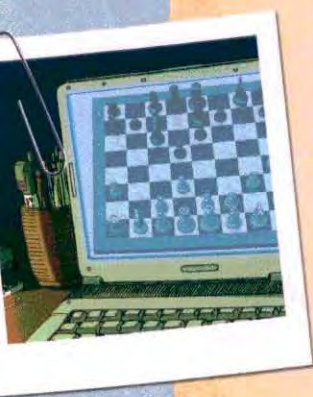
*Extract from The Teenage Years*

By the age of thirteen, our subject, Artemis Fowl, was showing signs of an intellect greater than that of any human since Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Artemis had beaten European chess champion Evan Kashoggi in an online tournament, patented more than twenty-seven inventions and won the architectural competition to design Dublin's new opera house. He had also written a computer program that secretly diverted millions of dollars from Swiss bank accounts to his own, forged over a dozen Impressionist paintings and cheated the fairy People out of a substantial amount of gold.

The question is, why? What drove Artemis to get involved in criminal enterprises? The answer lies with his father.

Artemis Fowl Senior was the head of a criminal empire that stretched from Dublin's docklands to the backstreets of Tokyo, but he had ambitions to establish himself as a legitimate businessman. He bought a cargo ship, stocked it with 250,000 cans of cola and set course for Murmansk in northern Russia, where he had set up a business deal that could have proved profitable for decades to come.

Unfortunately, the Russian Mafiya decided they did not want an Irish tycoon cutting himself a slice of their market, and sank the *Fowl Star* in the Bay of Kola. Artemis Fowl the First was declared missing, presumed dead.







"It's so cold, I think my watch is going to freeze."

"Stop your complaining. It's your fault we're stuck out here in the first place."



"Pardon me?"

"Our orders were simple: sink the *Fow/Star*. All you had to do was blow the cargo bay. It was a big enough ship, heaven knows. Hit the cargo bay and down she goes."



BUT NO, THE GREAT VASSIKIN HITS THE STERN.

SHE'S SINKING, ISN'T SHE?



"Yes, slowly. Very slowly. With plenty of time for passengers to escape, so now we have to search for survivors."

"It's not like I had a backup rocket to finish the job."



ONLY VASSIKIN, THE FAMOUS SHARPSHOOTER, WOULD NEED A BACKUP ROCKET.

MY GRANDMOTHER CAN SHOOT BETTER THAN YOU. LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE...



MURMANSK, THE BAY OF KOLA, NORTHERN RUSSIA.  
DAWN, TWO YEARS AGO.

DID YOU FIND ANYTHING?

DEAD FISH AND BROKEN CRATES.  
ONE MORE SWEEP AND WE'LL CALL OFF THE SEARCH.

NOTHING CAN SURVIVE IN THESE WATERS FOR LONG.

# PROLOGUE

WHAT IS THIS STUFF? PITCH?

HOT COLA. FROM THE FOWL STAR. IT'S COMING ASHORE BY THE CRATELOAD.

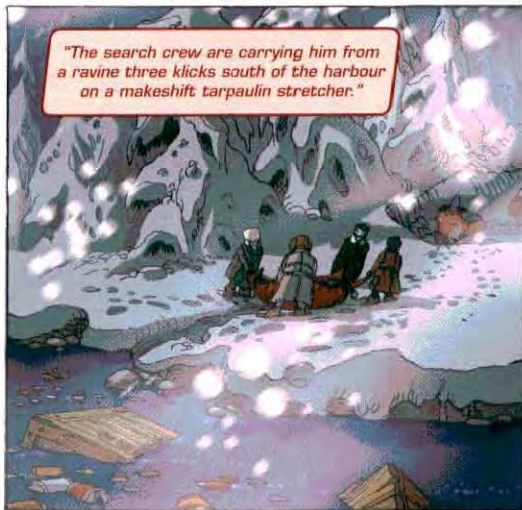
TODAY, WE ARE TRULY ON THE BAY OF KOLA.

WARRIOR





K9 unit reporting.  
We have a survivor.  
I repeat, we have found  
a survivor—over.



"The search crew are carrying him from  
a ravine three clicks south of the harbour  
on a makeshift tarpaulin stretcher."

HE'LL LOSE THAT LEG FOR SURE.  
A COUPLE OF FINGERS MAYBE.  
AND THE FACE DOESN'T LOOK  
TOO GOOD EITHER.

THANK  
YOU, "DOCTOR"  
VASSIKIN.



AND I  
DON'T SUPPOSE  
HE'S GOT ANY ID OR  
PERSONAL EFFECTS  
ON HIM?

NO, SIR.

THAT'S  
ODD FOR A RICH  
MAN.



TEN SECONDS,  
THEN THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.  
YOU MAY KEEP THE CURRENCY,  
EVERYTHING ELSE I NEED  
RETURNED.





"Wise decision."



DO WE KEEP HIM?

OH YES, WE KEEP HIM.



WE KEEP HIM AND WE PUT SOME BLANKETS ON HIM. WITH OUR LUCK, HE'LL CATCH PNEUMONIA.

WHO ARE YOU CALLING?



I'M CALLING THE BOSS. WHO DO YOU THINK?



IT'S GOOD NEWS, RIGHT? YOU DON'T WANT TO RING BRITVA WITH ANYTHING EXCEPT GOOD NEWS.

LOOK FOR YOURSELF.



"Make the call."





# CHAPTER 1: FAMILY TIES

SAINTE BARTLEBY'S SCHOOL  
FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN,  
COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND.

NOW,  
MASTER FOWL,  
LET'S TALK,  
SHALL WE?

*When will people learn that a mind  
such as mine cannot be dissected?*

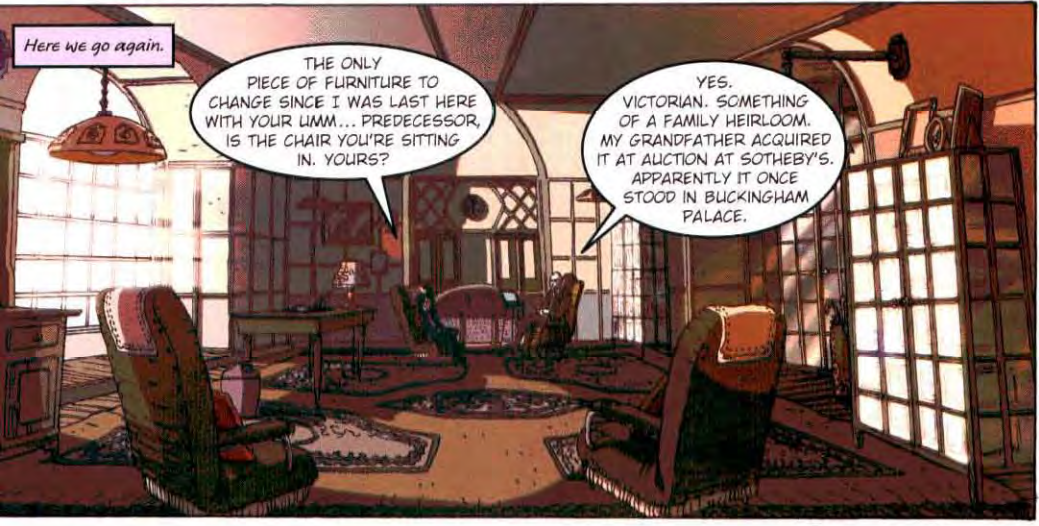
*My IQ must be nearly double his.*

*I have retired half a dozen  
counsellors already this year.*

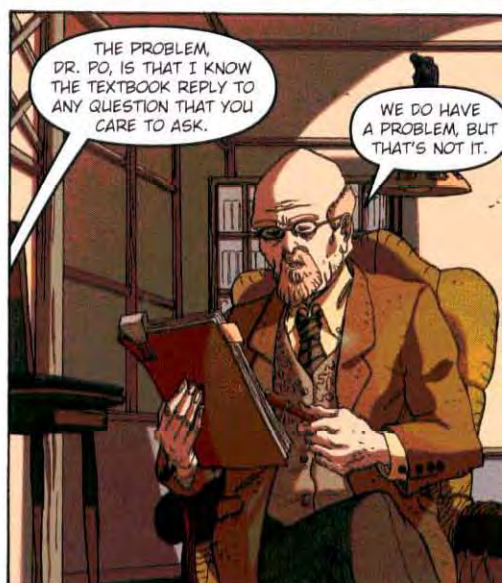
*Here we go again.*

THE ONLY  
PIECE OF FURNITURE TO  
CHANGE SINCE I WAS LAST HERE  
WITH YOUR UMM... PREDECESSOR,  
IS THE CHAIR YOU'RE SITTING  
IN. YOURS?

YES.  
VICTORIAN. SOMETHING  
OF A FAMILY HEIRLOOM.  
MY GRANDFATHER ACQUIRED  
IT AT AUCTION AT SOTHEBY'S.  
APPARENTLY IT ONCE  
STOOD IN BUCKINGHAM  
PALACE.











For a second I allow myself the luxury of wondering what predictable disorder this quack will apply to me.

Multiple personality?

Pathological liar?

THE PROBLEM IS THAT YOU DON'T RESPECT ANYONE ENOUGH TO TREAT THEM AS AN EQUAL.

For one second I am thrown.

This doctor is (slightly) smarter than the rest.

THAT'S RIDICULOUS. I HOLD SEVERAL PEOPLE IN THE HIGHEST ESTEEM.

REALLY? WHO?

ALBERT EINSTEIN... ARCHIMEDES.

ANYONE ALIVE? ANYONE YOU ACTUALLY KNOW?

I think hard.

No one comes to mind.

I THINK YOUR FILE EXPLAINS A LOT. ACCORDING TO THIS... YOUR CLOSEST COMPANION IS A MILITARY-TRAINED BODYGUARD.

YOUR MOTHER HAS LITTLE, IF ANY, INFLUENCE OVER YOU. AND YOUR FATHER WASN'T MUCH OF A ROLE MODEL EVEN WHEN HE WAS ALIVE.

MY FATHER IS STILL ALIVE AND I WILL FIND HIM.

His last remark stings. But I don't let him see how much.





I drop my face into my hands. My shoulders fall.

OH, DR. PO, THE REAL PROBLEM IS MY... MY MOTHER...

The doctor leans forward on his fake Victorian chair. He senses a breakthrough.

WHAT... WHAT ABOUT YOUR MOTHER?

SHE KEEPS FORCING ME TO ENDURE THESE RIDICULOUS THERAPY SESSIONS WHEN THE SCHOOL'S SO-CALLED COUNSELLORS ARE LITTLE BETTER THAN MISGUIDED DO-GOODERS WITH DEGREES.

BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP

YES?

Artemis, we've had a message. About the Fowl Star.

A jolt flies along my spine.

Where are you?

MAIN GATE.

Good man, I'm on my way.

THIS SESSION IS **NOT** OVER, YOUNG MAN. YOU WILL SIT YOURSELF DOWN.

A familiar electric buzz is crackling over my skin.

This is the beginning of something. I can feel it.

