

MAILESTONE

Miljenko Horvatić
Hrvoje Ružić



ebook





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Spark

write because I am a bad artist...

This is the worst fate for someone who likes and dreams about making them, but at the same time, a real blessing. I know enough about drawing and drawing techniques to differentiate between good and bad, to recognize imitation, talent or craft and easy or difficult work. I know enough about visuals that I can write reasonable scripts.

While writing scripts I had enough of mediocrity. Mediocrity isn't bad and I haven't moved far away from it, but when you become aware of it you either give up or change something. I decided to change. I started writing a novel. I couldn't get past fifty pages. It's not that I'm lacking experience. I used to write hundred of pages under pseudonyms for pulp novels from Monday to Friday. By hand! However, this time it simply didn't work.

And what now? We have to start from the beginning. We learn.

At that time there was a course in creative short story writing in the, now legendary, Booksa. The lecturer: Zoran Ferić. Ideal! I like his writing. As he writes - he lectures. Great. He is knowledgeable about pedagogy and controls our small ambitious group.

The first couple of tasks were warm ups. I played it safe and picked the themes about which I wanted to write, and which didn't mean much to the rest: Science Fiction and Thriller. Mediocrity.

And then it sparked.

The task was the following. Zoran read the beginning of one story and asked us



to write, for the next meeting, the continuation and the end of the story on a couple of pages. I thought of something weird and not typical for me. Different. And finished the story just as that author I had never heard of before did! There were some small differences, but to write the same unusual conclusion with so many similarities... The author's name is Ingo Schulze, the compilation is "33 Moments of Happiness". For this text, I have taken the book off the shelf to remind myself and by chance opened it exactly on the story I mentioned (Ingo is definitely my brother by words and/or some even bigger unfathomable telepathic connection).

Yes, a spark. I was on fire. I wrote several more stories and, the dearest to me, "Argentinean". We used to read in front of the others (believe me sometimes this was more difficult than writing). When I finished reading it there was complete silence. "I screwed it up!", I thought. And then Fera started clapping. And then the others. Later we had a beer. When I was paying, Zoran left the bookshop. I later found him looking into the night sky and saying one of my sentences. Please forgive me, but what he told me after this will stay with me. I will selfishly keep

these words and let them keep me warm. The thing I am happily going to share with you is a story about Hrvoje.

I knew Hrvoje when he was nineteen. We met in Grožnjan. We shared the same passions: comics, history and Devlić. Hrvoje was working on a short comics under Radovan's mentorship, which later became the album "The Kingdom". The album was published in 2011. That same year, I collected a reasonable amount of stories, which editors didn't even bother to provide a courteous response to. Under pressure from my friends, I continued with writing scripts for comics which were then published on DC's electronic pages, and then I signed a contract with Marvel...



Then I got a call from Hrvoje. He wanted, after two decades, to return to comics and wanted me to write for him. I didn't take him seriously. It took him twenty years to publish his first album! Even I am faster than that! Unfortunately, a lot of comics artists from Croatia I don't take seriously and I could be forgiven. As I was busy and didn't want to work on another set of comics which would not be finished, which I had enough of after so many years, I sent him my short stories. Just to see how I write and whether he wants to collaborate. I was hoping that he would leave me and understand that he could write better himself.

Instead of a response, the finished comics arrived!

And a spark again. A spark between the two of us. All the stories are written by me. Only the first fourteen pages of "Branadao" are written by Hrvoje, based on a Brazilian folk story, which I finished with the contemporary part.

You are not a writer when you writing lives in a draw. Because of that, my stories were nothing until Hrvoje. They were transformed in a strange and unexpected way into comics. Maybe the comics were a bit strange, but they were comics nevertheless, and they closed the circle, just as I have closed the circle in "Barandao". My stories, my escapes from comics, brought me back to comics. Thank you Hrvoje.

We are now working on a new album, on a new spark and hope that at least some of you, dear readers, will be (positively) burned.

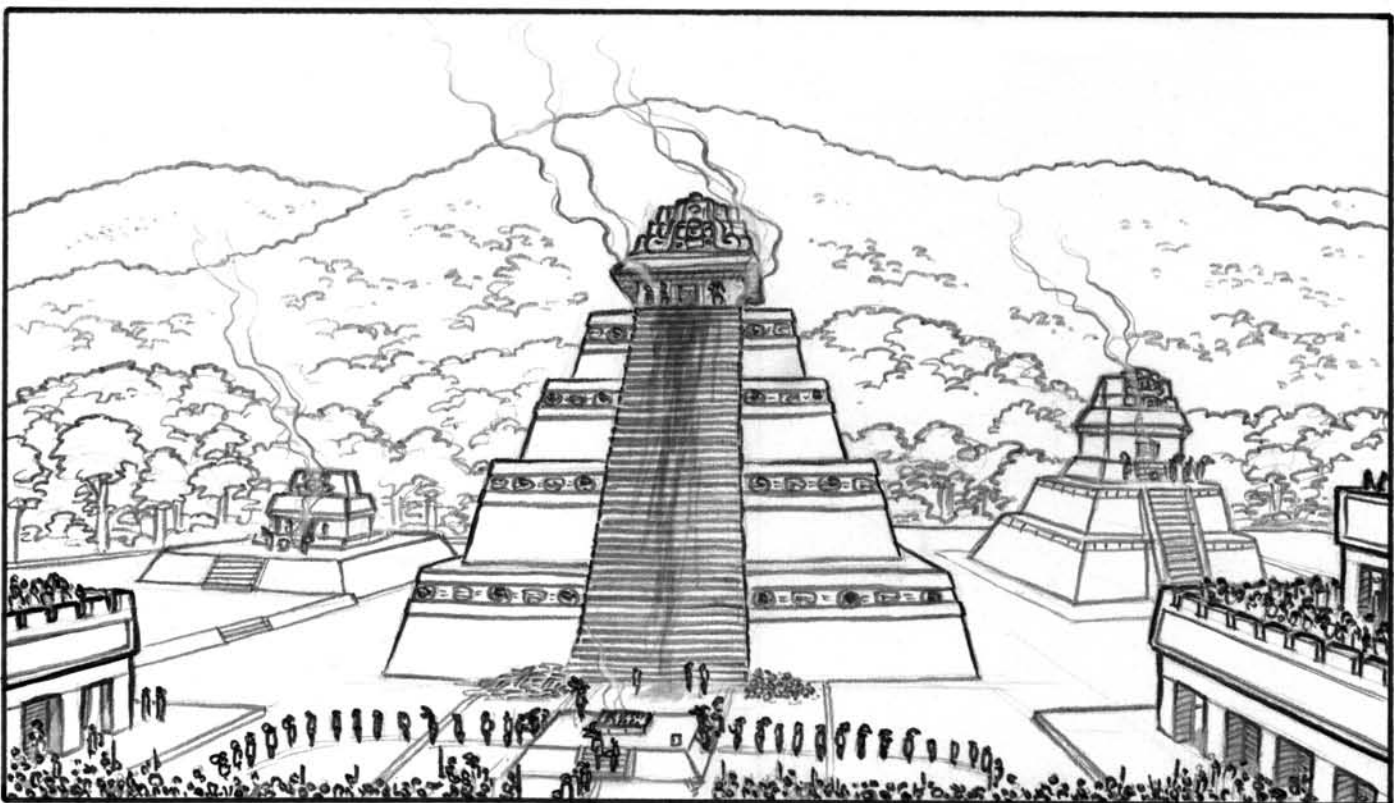
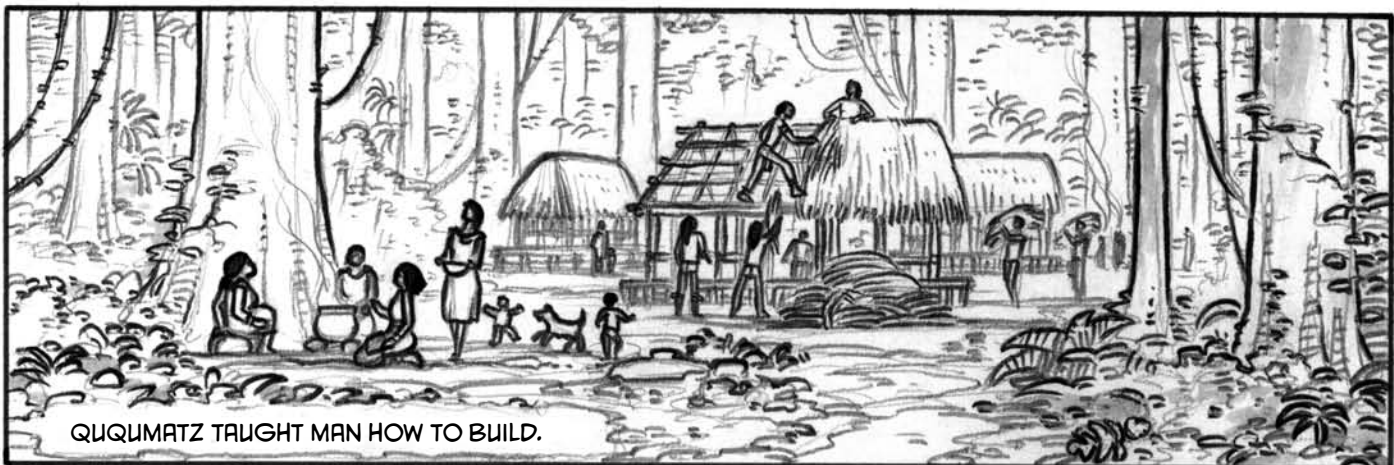
Zagreb, March 2012
Miljenko Horvatić

Miljenko Horvatić
Hrvoje Ružić

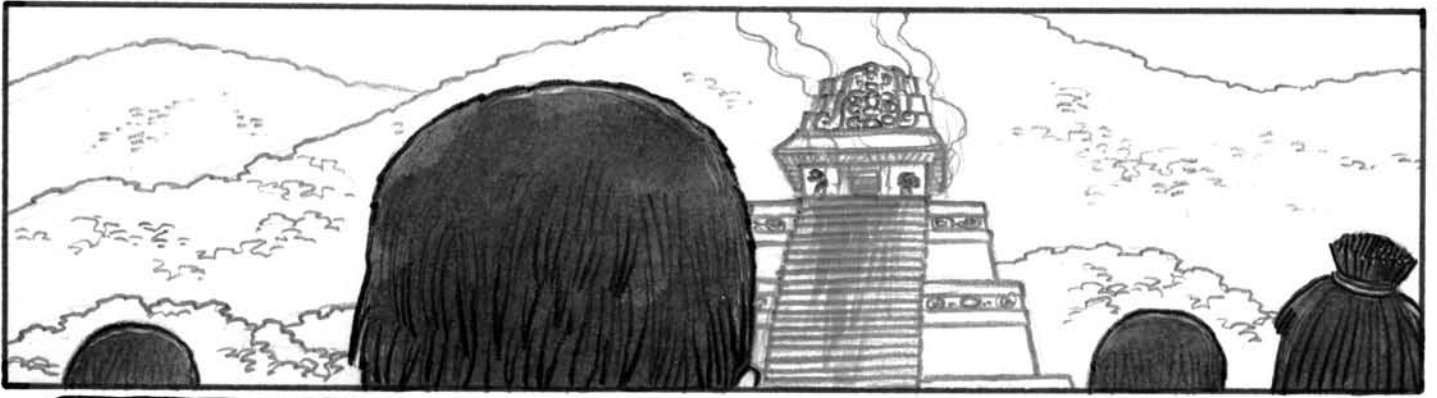
MILESTONES

BARANDAB

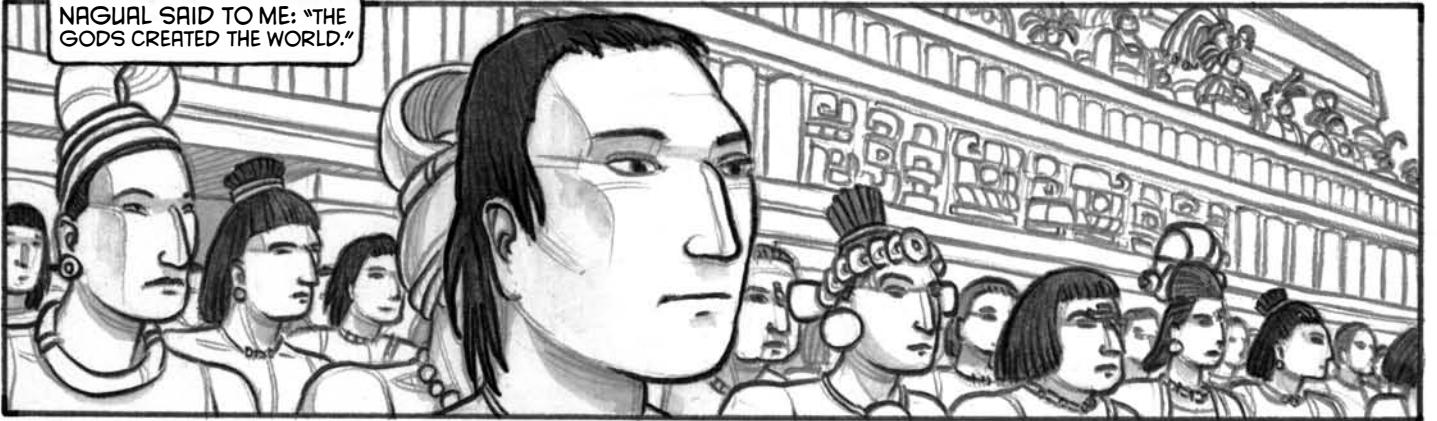
HORVATIĆ & RUŽIĆ,
BASED ON BRAZILIAN FOLK STORY



MAN LEARNT HOW TO PERFECTLY BUILD.

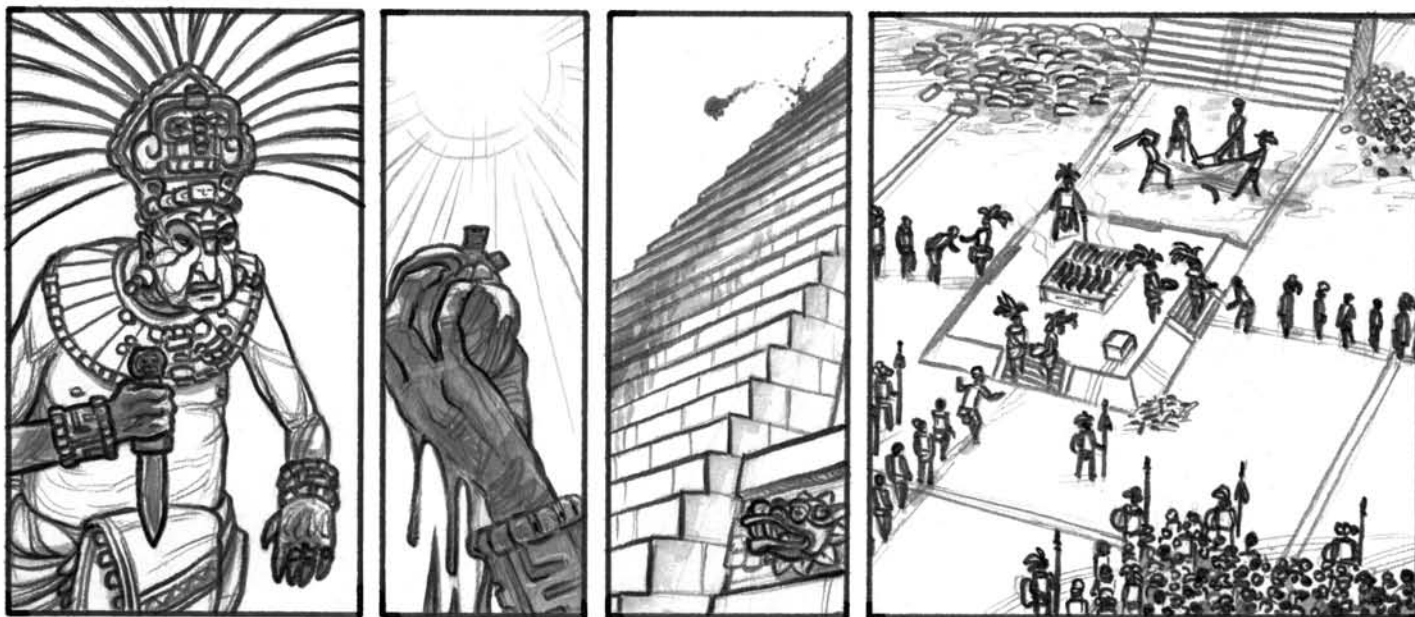


NAGUAL SAID TO ME: "THE GODS CREATED THE WORLD."



ITZAMNA TAUGHT MAN HOW TO FARM CORN.

MAN HAS PERFECTED FARMING. EVERY YEAR DURING THE CEREMONY OF BOLON TSAKABA, HUN HUNAHPU WEARS THE SKIN OF A SACRIFICED MAN IN A RITUAL TO ENSURE THE GOOD RENEWAL OF THE CROPS. AS CHILDREN IN CALMECACU⁽¹⁾ WE ABSORBED THE ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE ABOUT THE HOLY TRUTHS.



NAGUAL TOLD ME:
"MAN TAKES PART
IN THE CREATION
OF THE WORLD."



THE SPILT PETALS ⁽²⁾ OF MAN SHOW HIS GRATITUDE TO THE GODS FOR THE CREATION OF THE FIFTH ERA IN WHICH A PERFECT MATERIAL FOR THE ESSENCE OF MAN WAS FOUND.

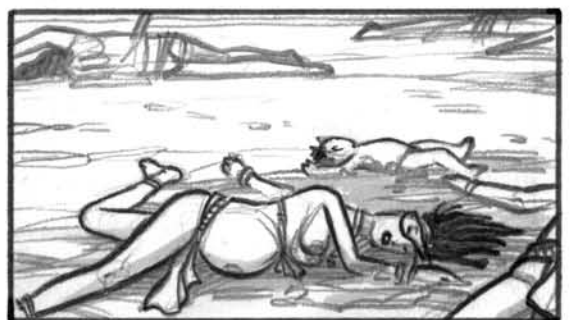
MAN IS CREATED FROM CORN.



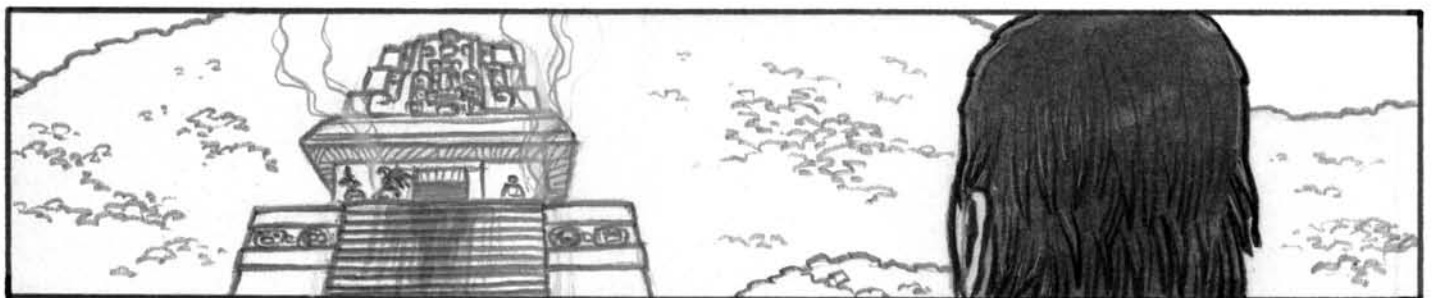
(1) RELIGIOUS SCHOOL (2) BLOOD



BULUC CHABTAN TAUGHT MAN HOW TO DEFEND.



MAN LEARNT HOW TO PERFECTLY DEFEND HIMSELF.



EK CHUAH TAUGHT MAN TRADING.



MAN PERFECTED
HOW TO TRADE.



Hello Joao, you
look upset,
did something
happen?



Hello Anacoana. Nothing
happened. The worship is
being conducted in the
usual climate of the holy...



Actually,
there is
something...



We live in a perfect world.
Everything has its place and time.
It's impossible that anyone could
imagine a better place than this
glorious place which we exist in now.

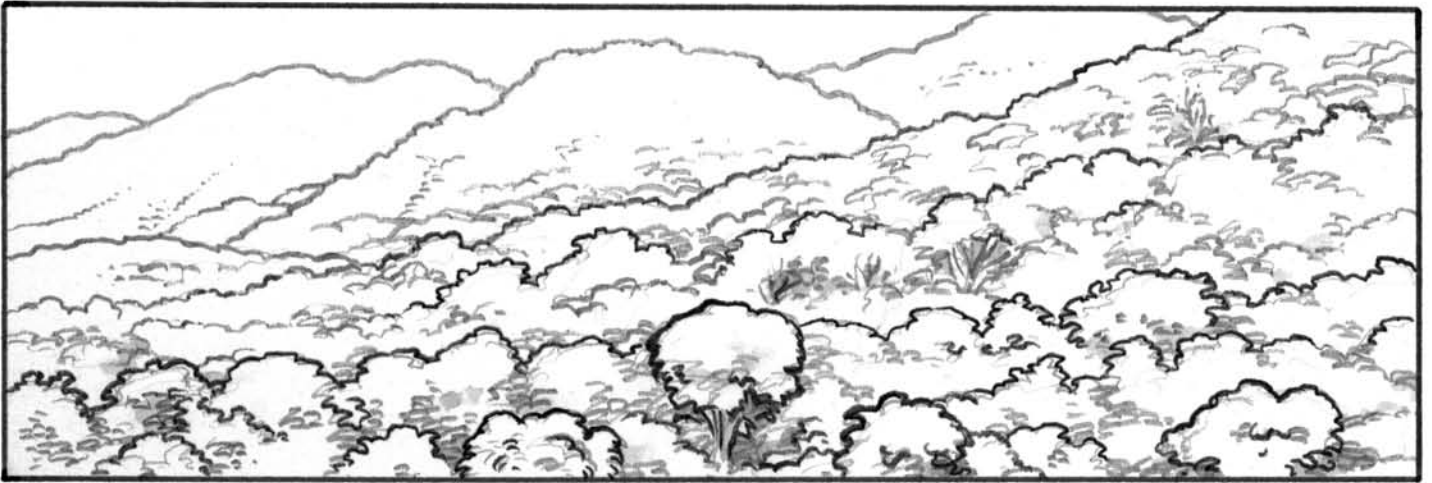


But there is still
something?



Anacoana, who taught man love?
The Gods must have made
a mistake! They have created
a place without love.
I want to leave this world.

I want us to
leave this world!



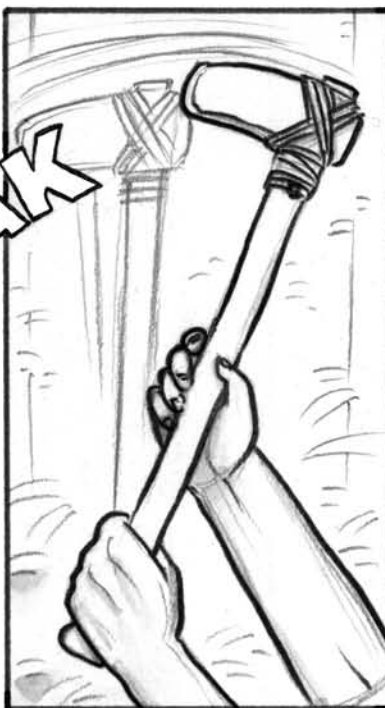
We're here.



Ah, it was about time.
After ten days
and nights.



TAK



WHO ARE
YOU?





I am Joao Barandao!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING
JOAO BARANDAO AND
WITH WHAT INTENTION?

Cutting down
trees. I want to
make a clearing
and build a house.

HEY YOU! HELP
JOAO BARANDAO
TO BUILD A HOUSE.



Isn't that
quite scary Joao?
That easily.

Would the king of
the forest, Jaguar, be
frightened to come to
our home in the town?



WHO
ARE
YOU?

I am Joao
Barandao!

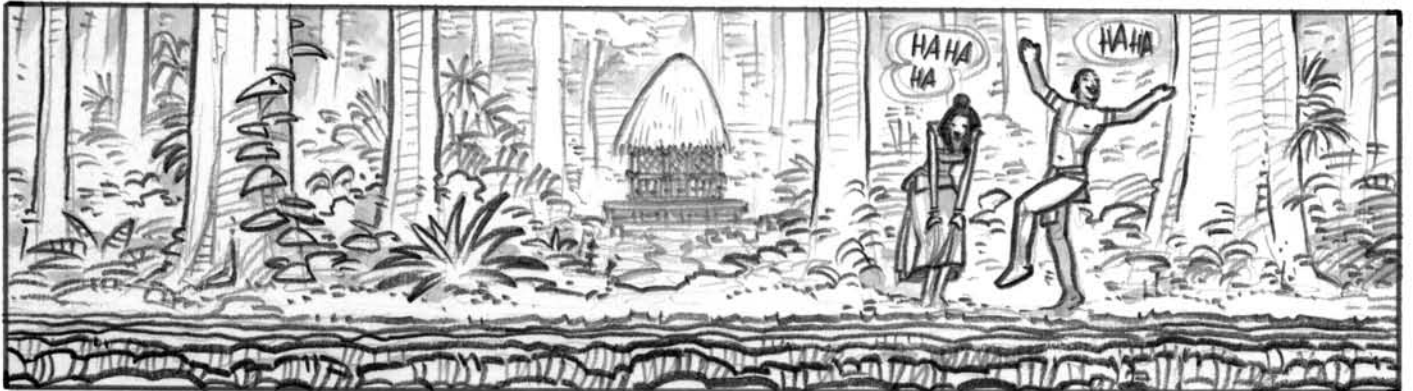


WHAT ARE YOU
DOING JOAO BA-
RANDAO AND WITH
WHAT INTENTION?

I am ploughing,
so I can sow corn,
bean and cassava!



HEY YOU! HELP
JOAO TO SOW
HIS SEEDS.



I am burning
branches.



Washing
clothes



Building
a sty.





Making lunch.



Weaving!



Cleaning the house!



Fixing the mosquito net.



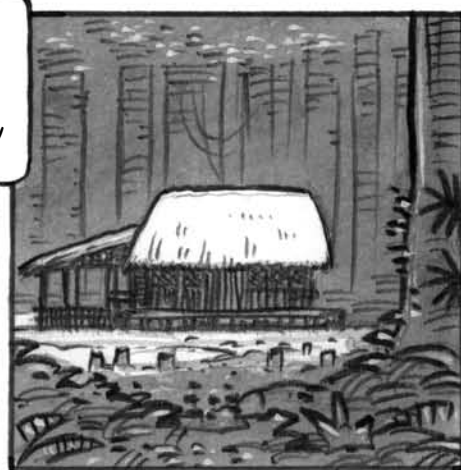
Sewing.



Joao, I can't do it anymore!
This is scaring me!

Yes, this is terrible!

It is nice to have such a servant, but I don't even dare to start doing anything anymore. I already know that he will call and send his hordes! Horrible!

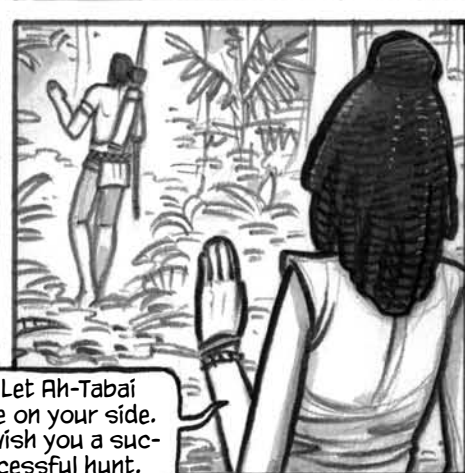


Today I will try out hunting. He can't send hundred of his people into the hunt, all the animals would run scamper!

Ha! I out-smarted him!



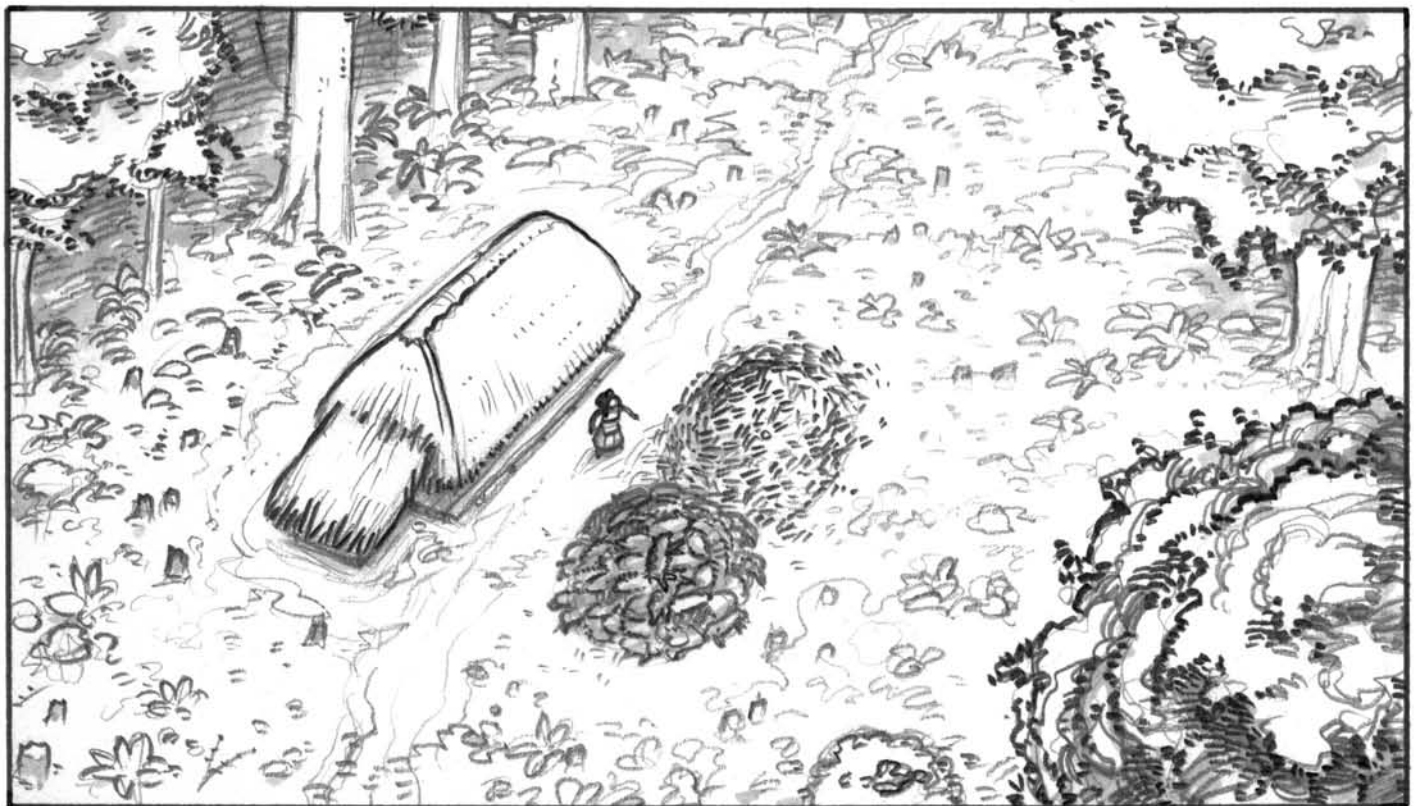
And you Anacoana - don't leave the house!

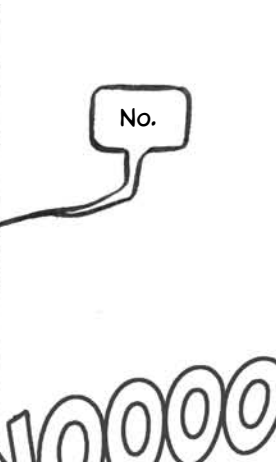


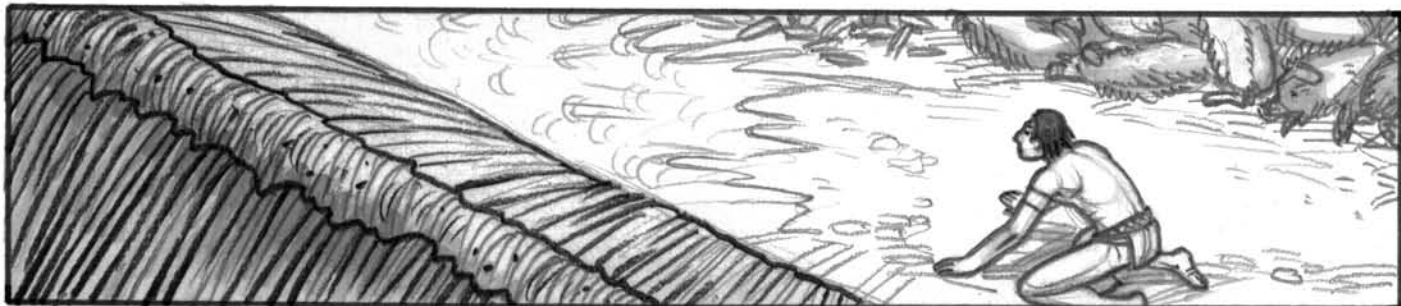
Let Ah-Tabai be on your side. I wish you a successful hunt.

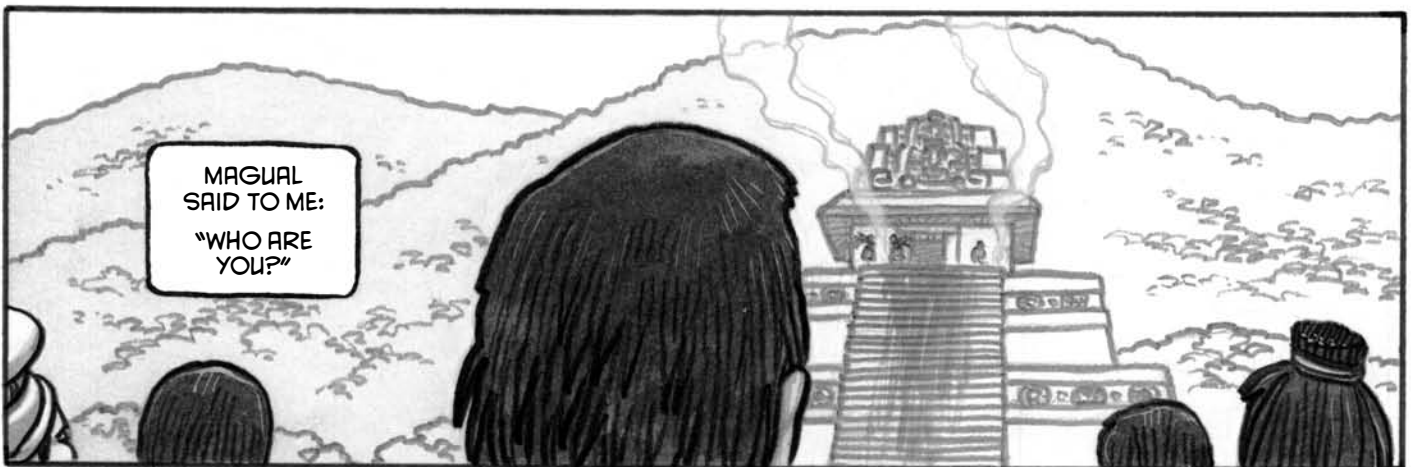
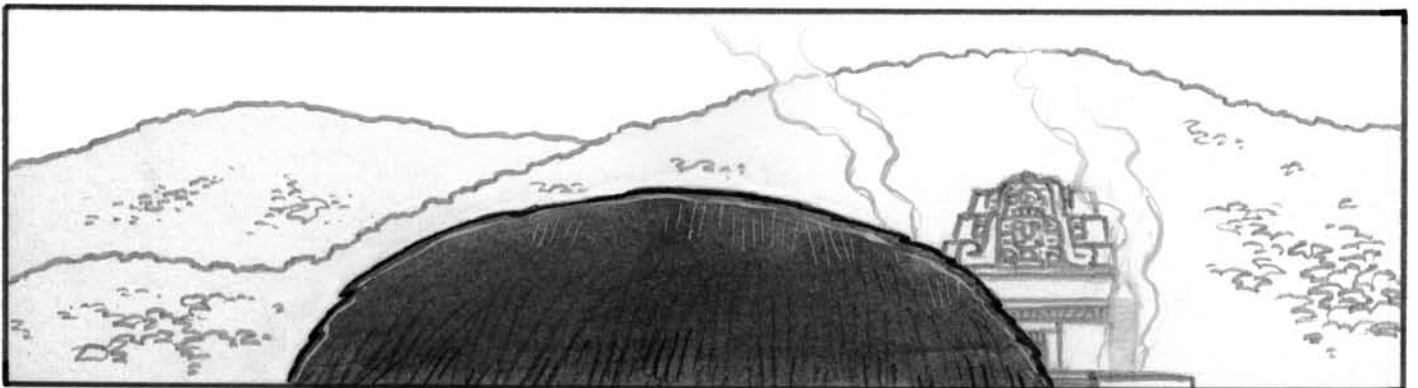
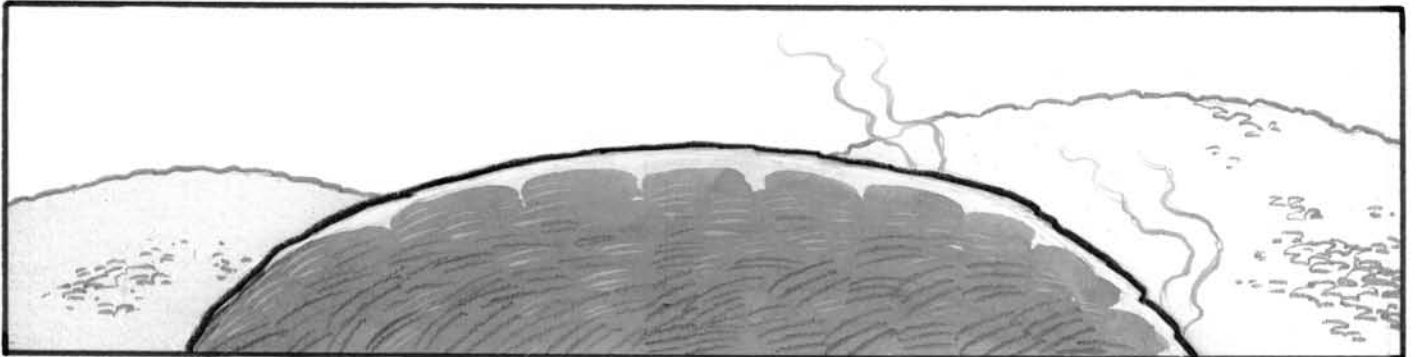
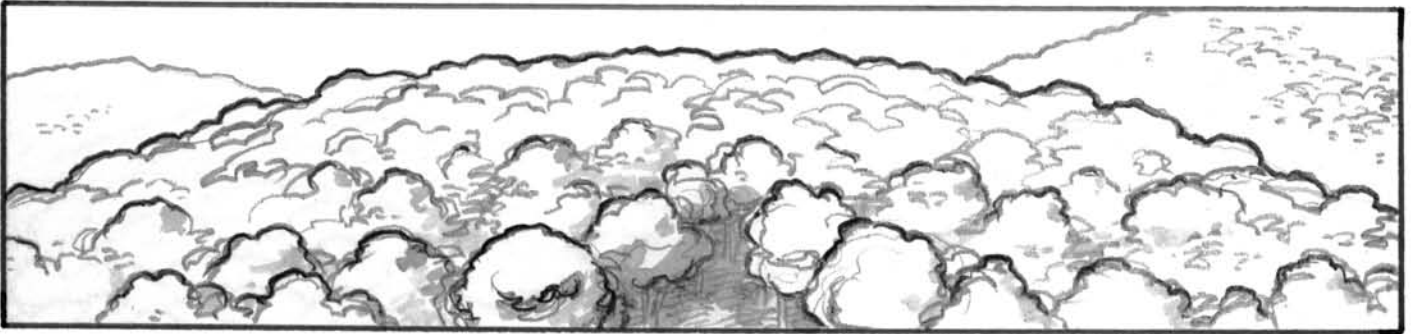


















I... I APOLOGISE
FOR BEING LATE...
THE TRAFFIC...



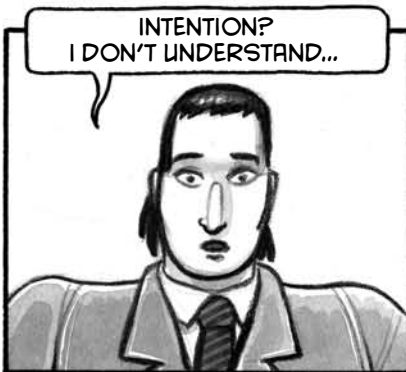
WHO ARE
YOU?



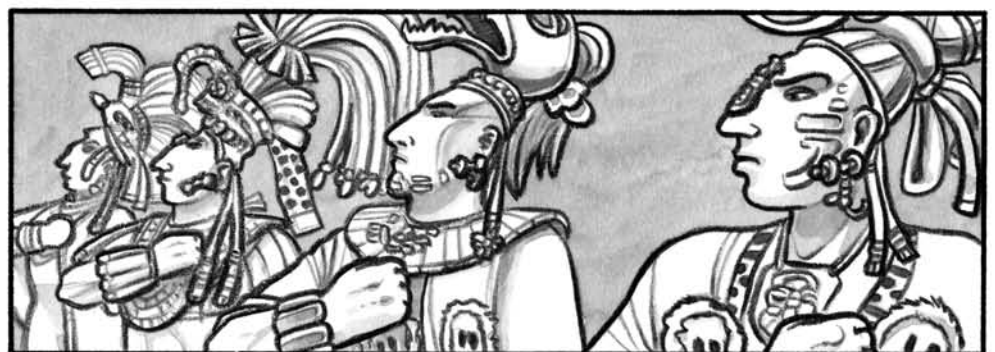
WHAT...? I AM JOAO
BARANDAO, IF THE
GENTLEMEN DO NOT
KNOW ME...



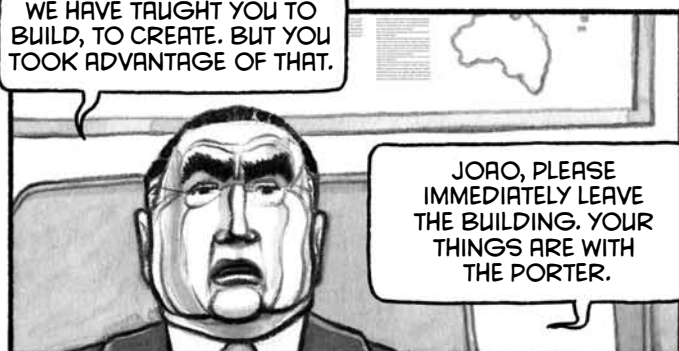
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU
DOING, JOAO BARANDAO,
AND WITH WHAT INTENTION?



INTENTION?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



WE HAVE TAUGHT YOU TO
BUILD, TO CREATE. BUT YOU
TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THAT.



JOAO, PLEASE
IMMEDIATELY LEAVE
THE BUILDING. YOUR
THINGS ARE WITH
THE PORTER.



FORGI-
VE ME.

I'M NOT
FEELING
WELL.

