



AKIM...
TELL ME
WHAT YOU
SEE.

...
SOLDIERS,
POPPA.



THEY HAVE GUNS AND UNIFORMS AND HELMETS.

A FLAG THAT'S NOT OURS.

MANY THINGS ARE NOT OURS IN THIS WORLD, SON.

LOOK BEYOND THE OCCUPIERS.



NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.

I SEE...

I SEE MR. YACEF! POPPA, IS MR. YACEF A SOLDIER NOW?



"AN INTERESTING WORD, 'IS,' YES? CAN ANYTHING EXIST SINGULARLY?"

"YESTERDAY WAS MR. YACEF A GROCER OR DID HE WORK AS A GROCER?"

"AND DOES CARRYING A WEAPON MAKE ONE ONLY A SOLDIER?"



HE LOOKS SAD.

I SUSPECT HE FEELS GREAT SADNESS NOW.

ALL AT THE WEIGHT OF A BOOT.



"MR. YACEF LOOKS LIKE A MAN THAT HATES HIMSELF TO ME, AKIM. THAT HATES THAT OF ALL THE THINGS HE IS, WHAT HE IS RIGHT NOW IS A TRAITOR."



HEY HEY HEY!!

PLOF

