



"WHAT CAN YOU SEE, OLD MAN?"

"I SEE AN ARMY OF SOULS ABOUT TO CROSS OVER TO JOIN THEIR ANCESTORS IN THE AFTERLIFE."



"I SEE A RAIN OF FIRE TEARING THROUGH THE NIGHT."

"THEY ARE NOT WARRIORS..."



"...BUT FATHERS, SONS AND BROTHERS."

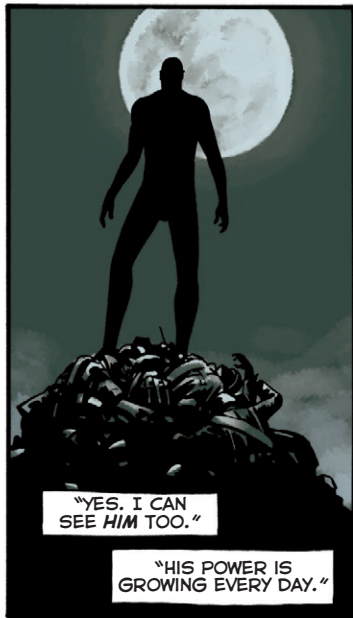


"I SEE THE MADNESS OF MEN..."



"... AND DEATH."

"WHAT ABOUT HIM? CAN YOU SEE HIM?"



"YES. I CAN SEE HIM TOO."

"HIS POWER IS GROWING EVERY DAY."



THE TIME HAS COME, WOhati. FIND HIM. AND STOP HIM."



NINE MONTHS LATER. FRENCH FLANDERS. JULY 1917.

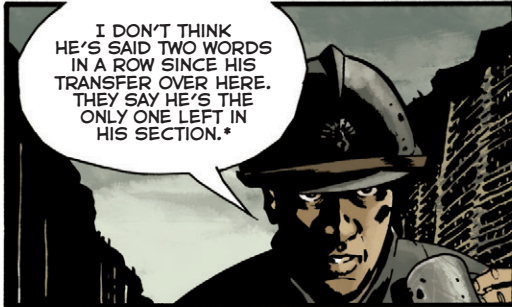
ANYBODY IN THERE?



HEY, YOU! INDIAN!

FORGET IT, CLOVIS. HE'S NOT EXACTLY THE CHATTING TYPE.

NOT THAT YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND THAT REDSKIN'S LANGUAGE ANYWAY.



I DON'T THINK HE'S SAID TWO WORDS IN A ROW SINCE HIS TRANSFER OVER HERE. THEY SAY HE'S THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN HIS SECTION.\*



MUST BE PRETTY SAD TO CROSS AN ENTIRE OCEAN ONLY TO DIE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET...

I WAS BORN 40 MILES AWAY FROM HERE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME HAPPY TO DIE HERE EITHER.

DON'T WORRY, I'M SURE YOU'LL DO JUST FINE, CLOVIS.



WE WERE JUST TRYING TO CHEER UP THE NEWBIE, SERGEANT.

WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE INSTEAD. HERE'S YOUR MAIL.

OPENED AND READ BY THE ENTIRE STAFF AS USUAL. AT LEAST THEY COULD CHECK MY MOTHER'S SPELLING...

**SERGEANT CHÉREAU!!!**



OUCH. SOUNDS LIKE THE LIEUTENANT FINALLY LEARNED ABOUT HIS WIFE IN TODAY'S MAIL...

\*AN ESTIMATE OF MORE THAN 12,000 AMERICAN INDIANS FOUGHT IN THE TRENCHES DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR. AT THAT TIME, THE UNITED STATES HAD NOT YET GRANTED THEM CITIZENSHIP.



LIEUTENANT.

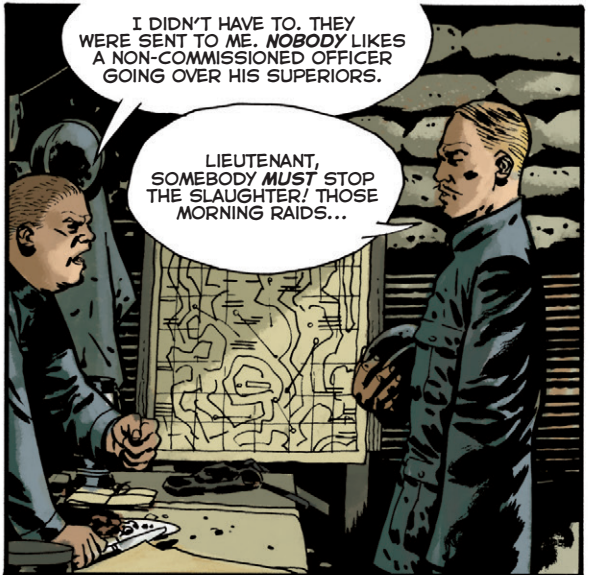
SERGEANT, I THINK YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A PROBLEM.



DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD NEVER FIND OUT ABOUT THOSE LETTERS YOU SENT TO THE STAFF?



YOU HAD THEM INTERCEPTED!?!?



I DIDN'T HAVE TO. THEY WERE SENT TO ME. **NOBODY** LIKES A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER GOING OVER HIS SUPERIORS.

LIEUTENANT, SOMEBODY **MUST** STOP THE SLAUGHTER! THOSE MORNING RAIDS...



...WILL CONTINUE UNTIL COMMAND SAYS OTHERWISE!!!

BE VERY CAREFUL, CHÉREAU...



...A THINKING SOLDIER IS EVERYBODY'S NIGHTMARE.



ON ANOTHER FRONT: I'M TOLD THAT TWO MORE SENTRIES ARE MISSING SINCE LAST NIGHT.

THAT'S CORRECT.

**FIND THEM!** CALL UP THE MILITARY POLICE. WE DON'T WANT THOSE DESERTERS TO GIVE ANY IDEAS TO THE **REST** OF THE MEN.



YOU THINK HE'S STILL WATCHING?

I'M TELLING YOU, THE BASTARD NEVER SLEEPS. WANNA CHECK?



Paw!



TOLD YOU. THE GUY IS A FREAKING OLYMPIC CHAMPION. HE SHOT FIVE MEN FROM OUR SECTION IN THE LAST MONTH ALONE.



INCLUDING MY FRIEND BAILLARD. BUT YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE GET TO THEIR TRENCH...



MAYBE HE'S THE ONE WHO GOT GERMAIN AND SAUVEL LAST NIGHT.

WHY? YOU DON'T THINK THEY JUST DESERTED LIKE THE OTHERS?



MMM. IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO PASS THROUGH THE TRAPS AND LANDMINES WE PUT DOWN OUT THERE... ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT.



COULD BE. THOSE DAMN NIGHTS...

