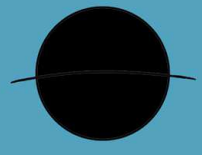
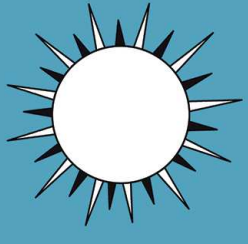
CLÉMENT PAURD

THE JOURNEY

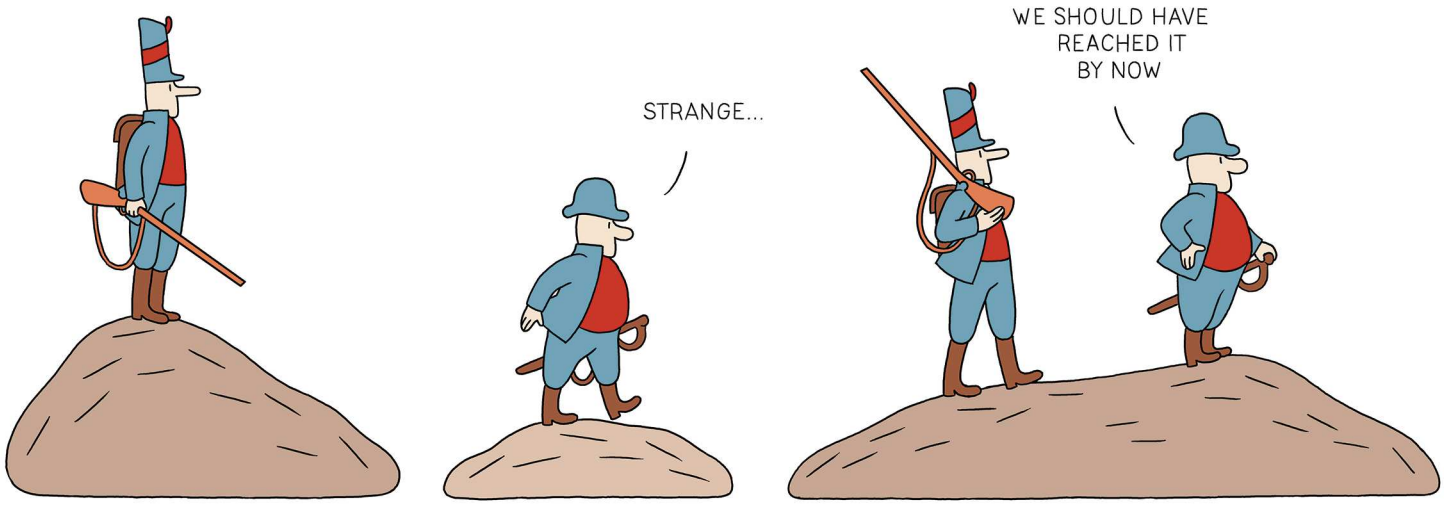
· 2024 ·

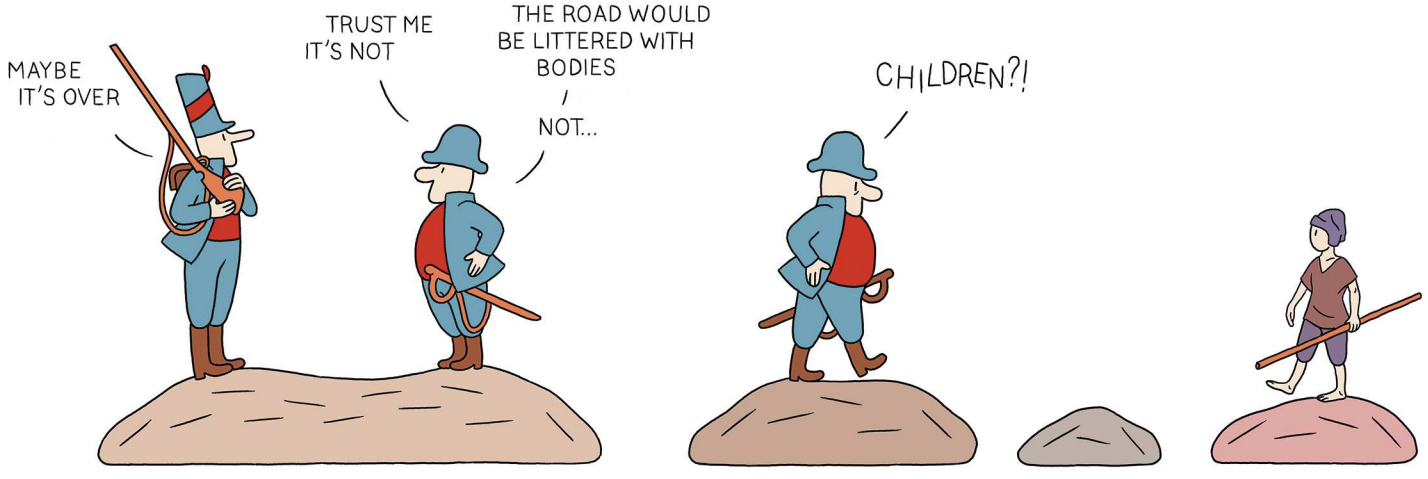


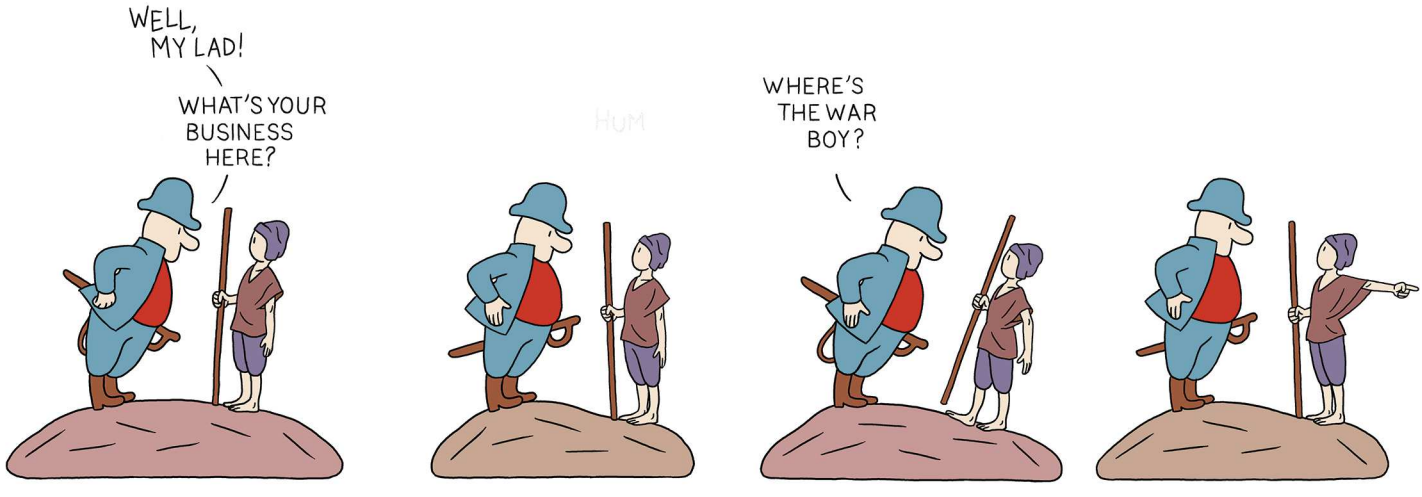


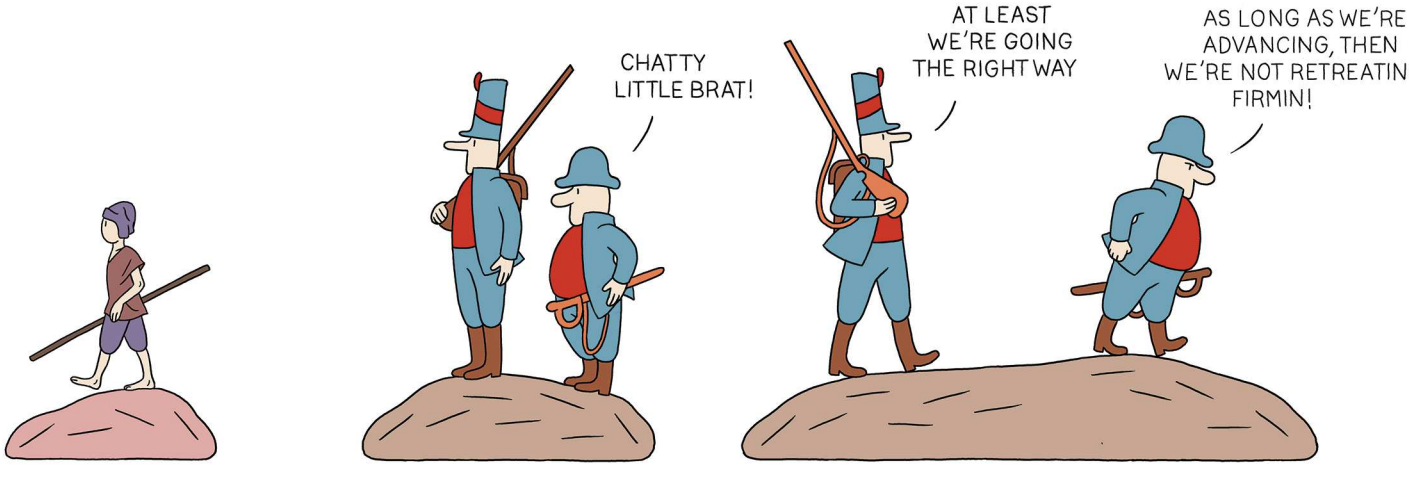
ZENITH

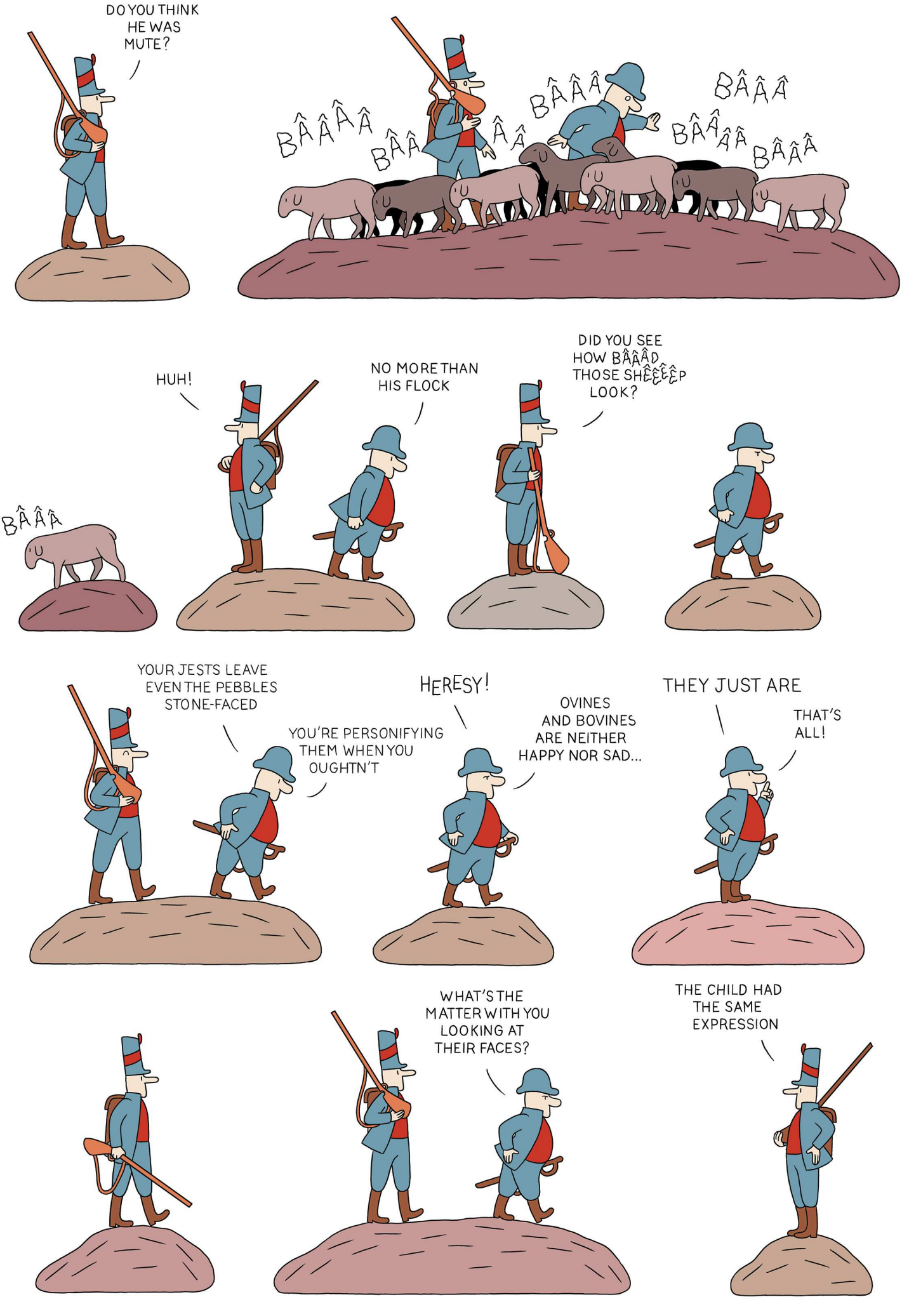
TOUJOURS
RIEN!

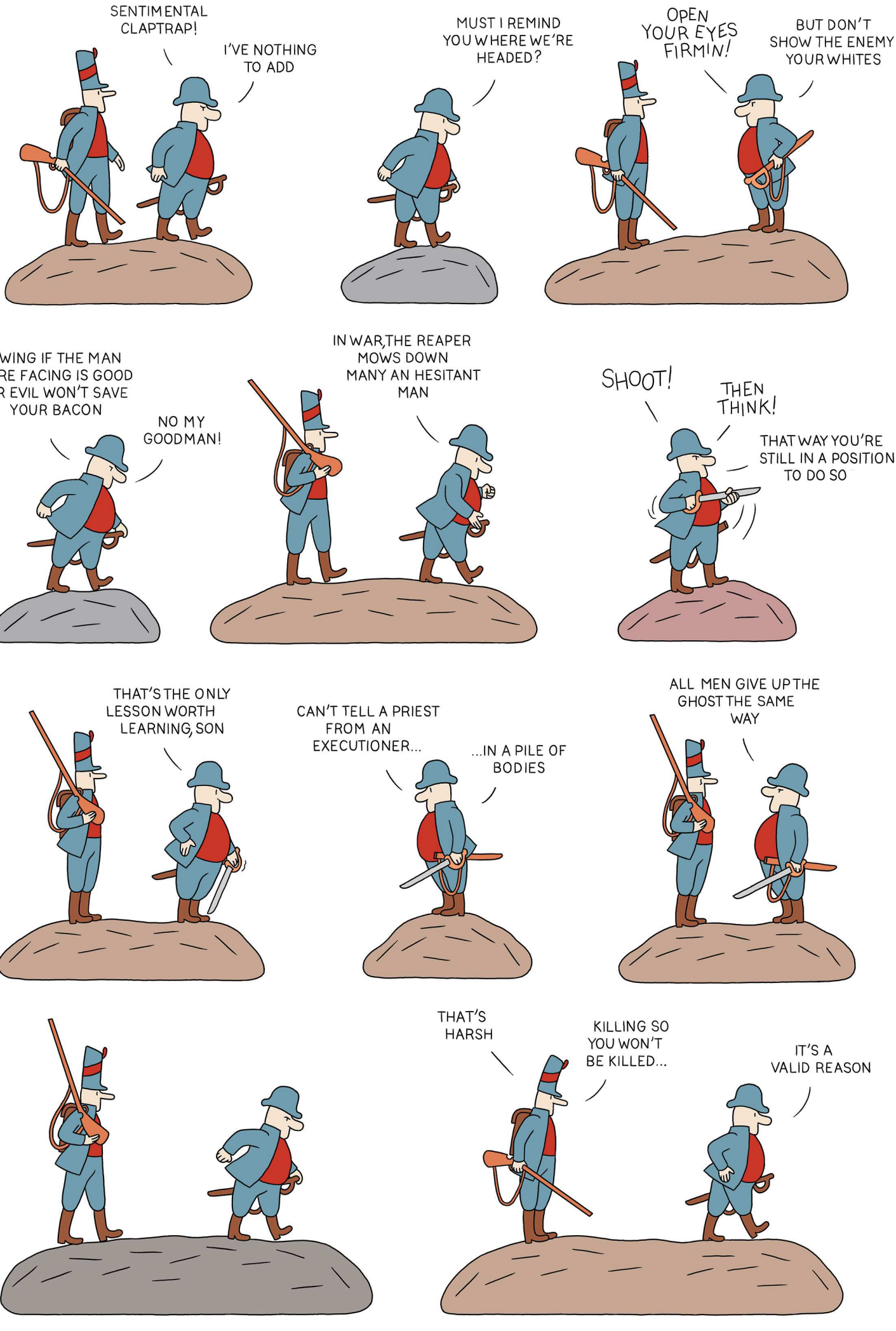

STRANGE...
WE SHOULD HAVE REACHED IT BY NOW

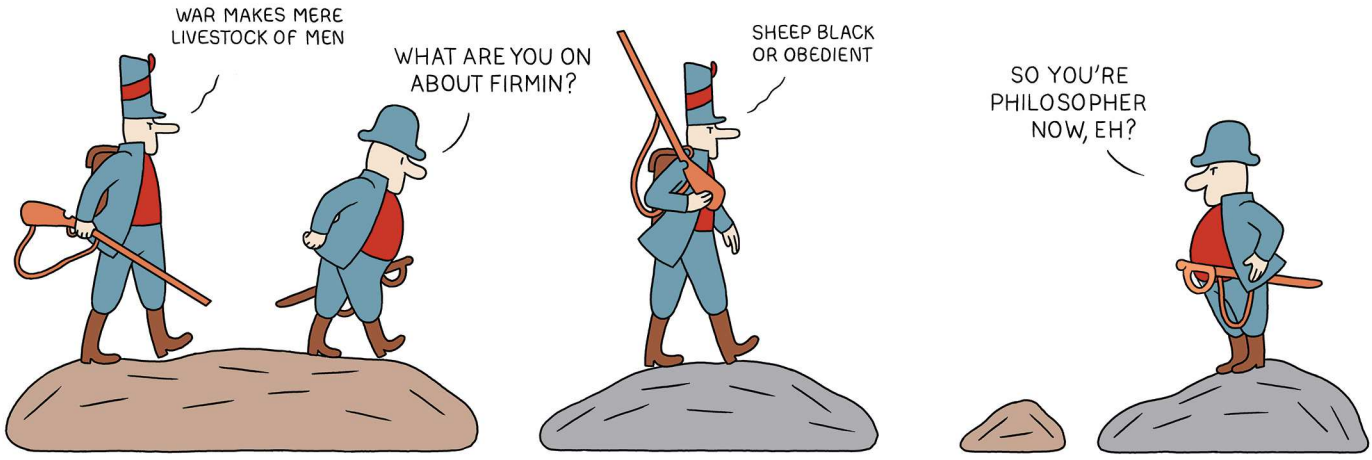

MAYBE IT'S OVER
TRUST ME IT'S NOT
THE ROAD WOULD BE LITTERED WITH BODIES
NOT...
CHILDREN?!

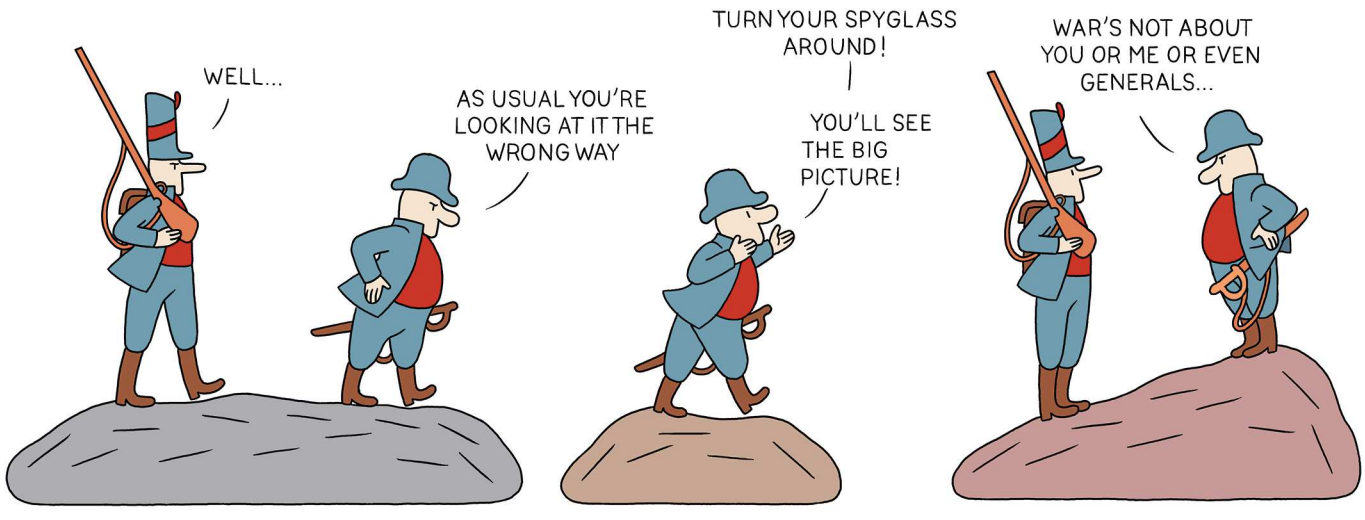

WELL, MY LAD!
WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS HERE?
HUM
WHERE'S THE WAR BOY?

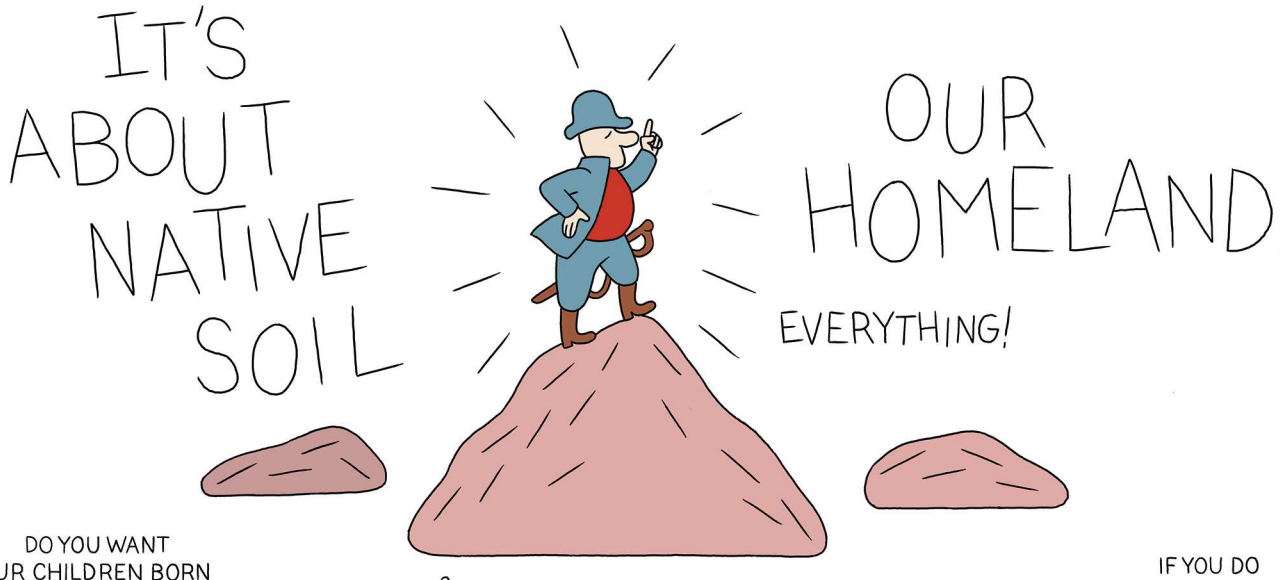

CHATTY LITTLE BRAT!
AT LEAST WE'RE GOING THE RIGHT WAY
AS LONG AS WE'RE ADVANCING, THEN WE'RE NOT RETREATING FIRMIN!

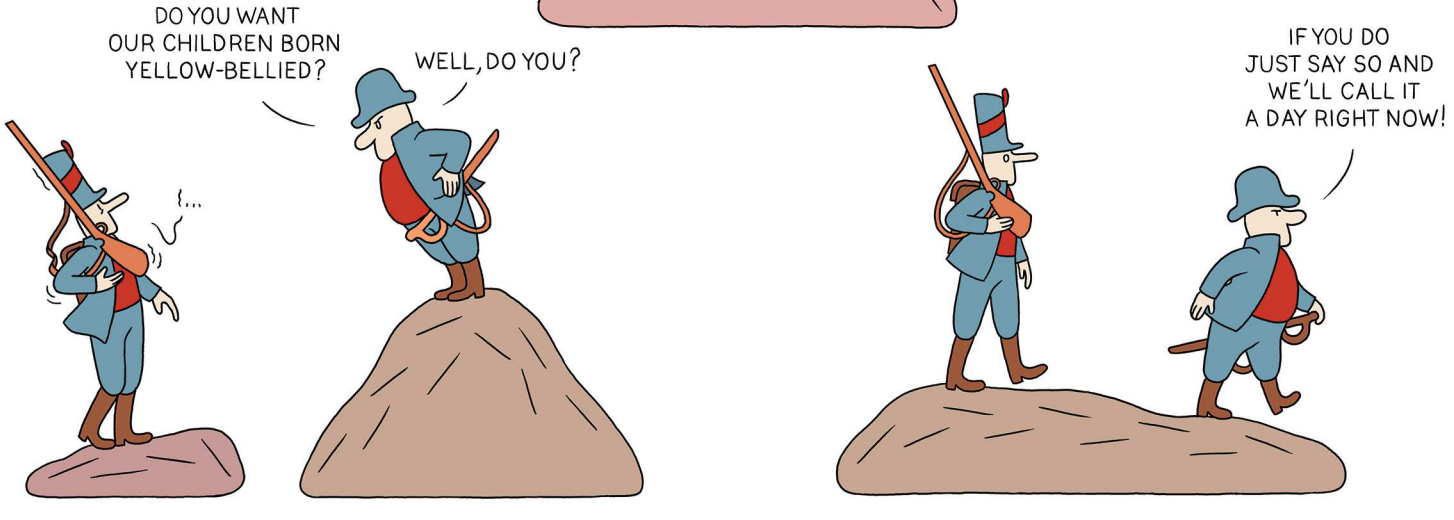

DO YOU THINK HE WAS MUTE?
BÂÂÂÂÂ
BÂÂ
BÂÂÂ
BÂÂÂ
BÂÂÂÂÂ
BÂÂÂ
BÂÂÂ
HUH!
NO MORE THAN HIS FLOCK
DID YOU SEE HOW BÂÂÂD THOSE SHÊÊÊÊP LOOK?
YOUR JESTS LEAVE EVEN THE PEBBLES STONE-FACED
YOU'RE PERSONIFYING THEM WHEN YOU OUGHTN'T
HERESY!
OVINES AND BOVINES ARE NEITHER HAPPY NOR SAD...
THEY JUST ARE
THAT'S ALL!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU LOOKING AT THEIR FACES?
THE CHILD HAD THE SAME EXPRESSION


SENTIMENTAL CLAPTRAP!
I'VE NOTHING TO ADD
MUST I REMIND YOU WHERE WE'RE HEADED?
OPEN YOUR EYES FIRMIN!
BUT DON'T SHOW THE ENEMY YOUR WHITES
KNOWING IF THE MAN YOU'RE FACING IS GOOD OR EVIL WON'T SAVE YOUR BACON
NO MY GOODMAN!
IN WAR, THE REAPER MOWS DOWN MANY AN HESITANT MAN
SHOOT!
THEN THINK!
THAT WAY YOU'RE STILL IN A POSITION TO DO SO
THAT'S THE ONLY LESSON WORTH LEARNING, SON
CAN'T TELL A PRIEST FROM AN EXECUTIONER...
...IN A PILE OF BODIES
ALL MEN GIVE UP THE GHOST THE SAME WAY
THAT'S HARSH
KILLING SO YOU WON'T BE KILLED...
IT'S A VALID REASON


WAR MAKES MERE LIVESTOCK OF MEN
WHAT ARE YOU ON ABOUT FIRMIN?
SHEEP BLACK OR OBEDIENT
SO YOU'RE PHILOSOPHER NOW, EH?


WELL...
AS USUAL YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT THE WRONG WAY
TURN YOUR SPYGLASS AROUND!
YOU'LL SEE THE BIG PICTURE!
WAR'S NOT ABOUT YOU OR ME OR EVEN GENERALS...


IT'S ABOUT NATIVE SOIL
OUR HOMELAND!
EVERYTHING!


DO YOU WANT OUR CHILDREN BORN YELLOW-BELLIED?
WELL, DO YOU?
!...
IF YOU DO JUST SAY SO AND WE'LL CALL IT A DAY RIGHT NOW!

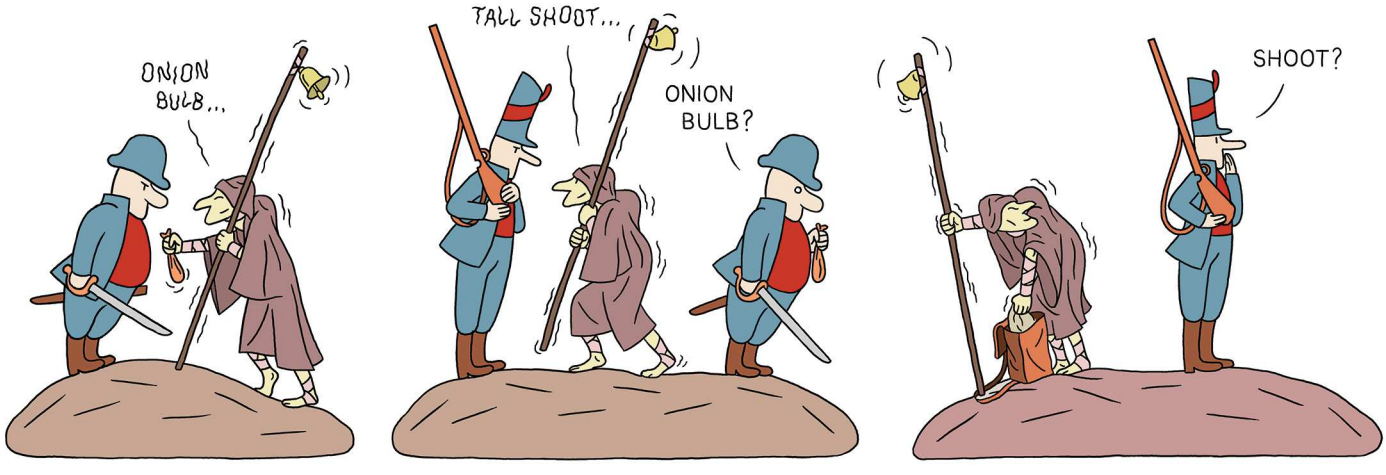
I LIKE ONIONS WHEN THEY'RE FRIED,
I LIKE ONIONS NICE AND ROUND,
I LIKE ONIONS WHEN THEY'RE FRIED,
I LIKE ONIONS WHEN THEY'RE...

WHO GOES THERE?
HEE HEE HEE
WHERE'D YOU COME FROM OLD MAN?
THE KINGDOM OF THE WISE WHERE THE FOOL IS KING AND THE KING THE KING'S FOOL

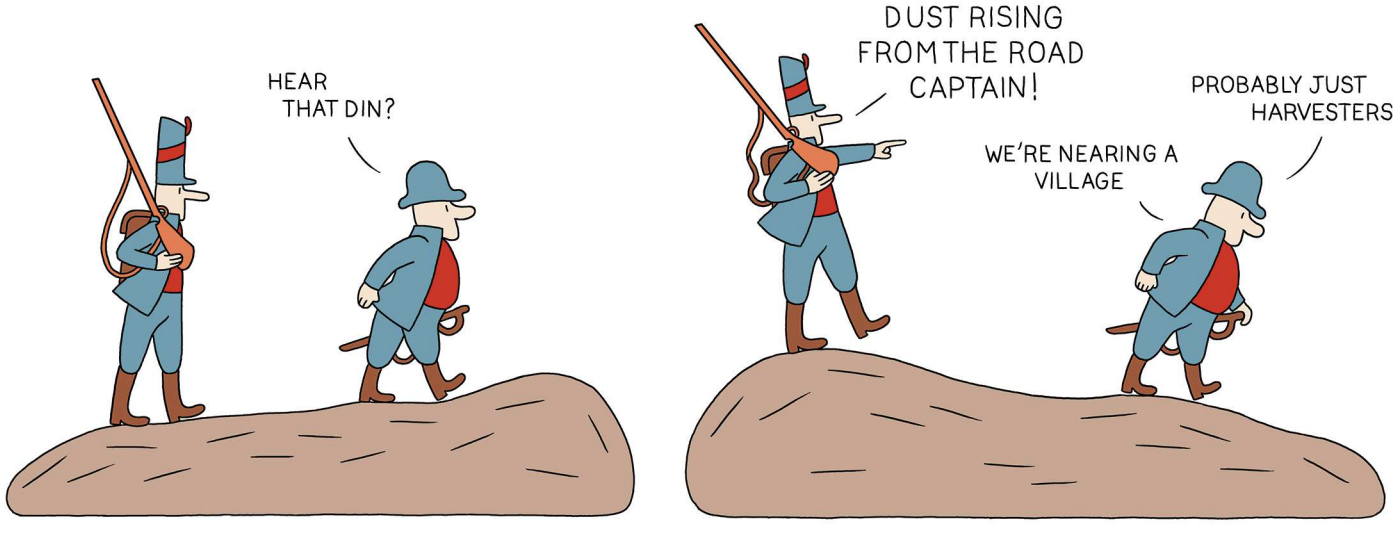
IS HE A POET?
IT'S A MYSTERY...
WE SEEK THE FIELD OF HONOR
I SPEAK AGAINST SMILES
TO HELL WITH YOUR HONOR SOLDIER!

WIPE THAT DAMN GRIN OFF YOUR FACE FIRMIN AND HAND OVER THE PURSE!
THERE! NOW TALK!
THE WAR?
YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT!

TALK SCALAWAG!
HEE HEE HEE
EASY NOW!


ONION BULB...
TALL SHOOT...
ONION BULB?
SHOOT?

ALL IN THE SAME STEW!
HMM...
JUST ONE ONION
FRIED IN OIL,
JUST ONE MAKES US A LION
JUST ONE ONION ...
FUNNY FELLOW
BAH!
YOU RUN INTO ALL SORTS ON THE ROAD


HEAR THAT DIN?
DUST RISING FROM THE ROAD CAPTAIN!
PROBABLY JUST HARVESTERS
WE'RE NEARING A VILLAGE