

Ithaca: Part Eighteen





YOU AND ME - WE HAVE
SOMETHING IN COMMON.



AND THAT WOULD BE -



WE'VE BOTH SACRIFICED
FOR OUR CAUSES.



I NEVER SAW THE SABRE
THAT TOOK MY EYE.

JUST WOKE UP TO THE
YANKEE SURGEON HOLDING
ITS FESTERING REMAINS.

"POLYPHEMUS,"
HE CALLED ME.
QUITE THE
JOKER.



HE STOPPED JOKING WHEN I ESCAPED.



KILLED THE COLORED SENTRY, TOO.



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