

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.

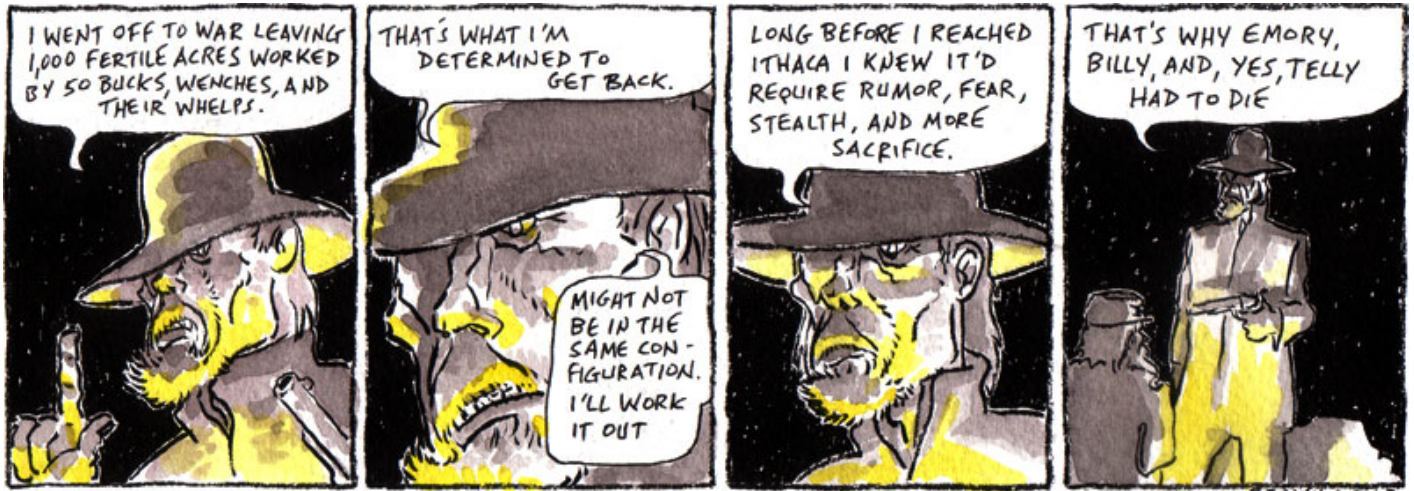
JUST WOKE UP TO THE YANKEE SURGEON HOLDING ITS FESTERING REMAINS.

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



HE STOPPED JOKING WHEN I ESCAPED.

KILLED THE COLORED SENTRY, TOO.



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