

MEN WITHOUT FACES.

...WITHOUT MOUTHS.

...WITHOUT JAWS

A SOLDIER RUNS
WITH HIS TWO
FEET CUT OFF.

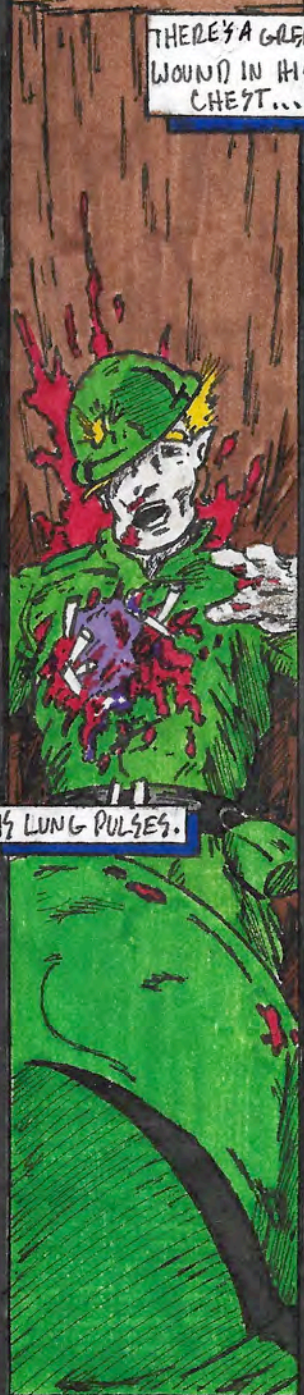
ANOTHER'S HAND
CLAPS OVER HIS
BULGING INTESTINE

ALL THOSE INNOCENT
LIVES...





HAIE SCREAMS OUT.



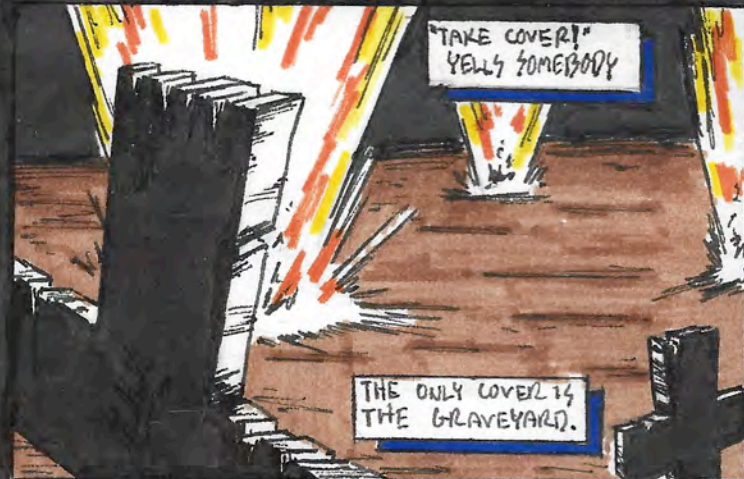
THERE'S A GREAT WOUND IN HIS CHEST...

HIS LUNG PULSES.



I LOOK OUT.

A BAYONET JUTS OUT OF A FRENCHMAN'S CHEST.



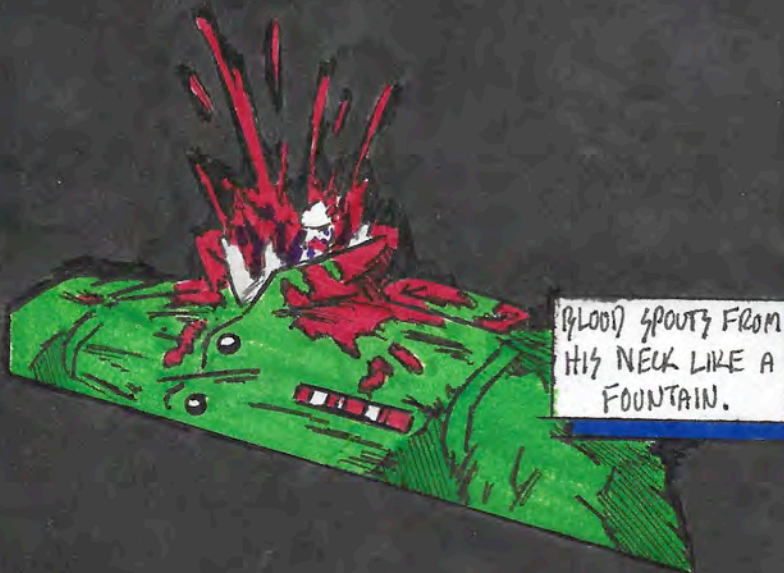
"TAKE COVER!" YELLS SOMEBODY

THE ONLY COVER IS THE GRAVEYARD.



WE STUMBLE ACROSS IN THE DARK.

BESIDE ME A LANCE CORPORAL'S HEAD IS BLOWN OFF.



BLOOD SPOUTS FROM HIS NECK LIKE A FOUNTAIN.

THE DARK
GOES MAD.


THERE IS
NO ESCAPE.

THE EARTH BURSTS
BEFORE ME.

I LUNGE IN-
TO THE HOLE.

THE FLAMES OF
EXPLOSIONS LIGHT
UP THE GRAVEYARD.





I CLAW
FOR COVER

MY FINGERS
GRASP A
SLEEVE.



A DEAD
MAN...

A YEAR LATER...

OCTOBER 1918.

HE FELL ON A DAY THAT
WAS SO QUIET AND STILL
ON THE WHOLE FRONT, THAT
THE ARMY REPORT CONFINED
ITSELF TO A SINGLE SENTENCE:

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT."

HE HAD FALLEN FORWARD AND
LAY ON THE EARTH AS THOUGH
SLEEPING. TURNING HIM OVER
ONE SAW THAT HE COULD NOT
HAVE SUFFERED LONG.

HIS FACE HAD AN EXPRESSION
OF CALM, AS THOUGH ALMOST
GLAD THE END HAD COME.

All Quiet on the Western Front Graphic Novel
by Alex Hartley