

THE  
SUN DOES  
NOT SHINE  
ON MY  
PEOPLE.

THE  
LIGHT STILL  
COMES OVER THE  
HOLY MOUNTAIN. IT  
STILL STRIKES THEIR  
FACES AND WARMS  
THEIR SKIN, BUT IT IS  
MERELY THE BODY  
OF THE SUN--A  
BODY WITHOUT  
A SOUL.

IT  
DOES NOT  
FILL THEIR  
EYES OR  
WARM THEIR  
HEARTS.

BEFORE  
THE MONKS AND  
THEIR BUDDHA, THE  
PRIESTS AND THEIR  
CHRIST, MY PEOPLE  
PAID PROPER RESPECT  
TO THEIR  
ANCESTORS.

THEY  
PRAYED TO THE  
BEASTS OF THE  
FIELD AND THE SOUL  
OF THE EARTH--  
THE THINGS THAT  
BRING LIFE!  
LIFE!

NOT  
THE GODS OF  
DEATH AND DYING  
AND NOTHING-  
NESS.

IN  
THIS VILLAGE  
WE WOULD CALL TO THE  
SUN EVERY MORNING AND THE  
SPIRITS OF OUR CHILDREN WHO  
DIED TOO YOUNG WOULD LEAD  
THE GREAT ELEPHANT  
OVER THE MOUNTAIN.



HE  
WOULD BEAR  
THE SUN ON HIS  
BACK AND WHEN HE  
REACHED THE PEAK,  
OUR NEW DAY  
WOULD BE  
BORN.

BUT  
NOW OUR  
PEOPLE TOIL IN THE  
MINES OR SCURRY  
ABOUT THEIR FARMS IN  
MACHINES. THEY STARE  
AT GLOWING SCREENS  
AND HIDE  
FROM THE  
SUN.

THERE  
IS NO ONE  
TO CALL IT  
UP, AND SO OUR  
SPIRITS DIE IN  
DARKNESS.

THE  
CHILDREN WHO  
LED THE ELEPHANT  
ARE LOST DEEP IN  
THE MOUNTAIN. THEY  
CAN NO LONGER  
HEAR THE FEW OF  
US LEFT WHO  
CRY OUT TO  
THEM.



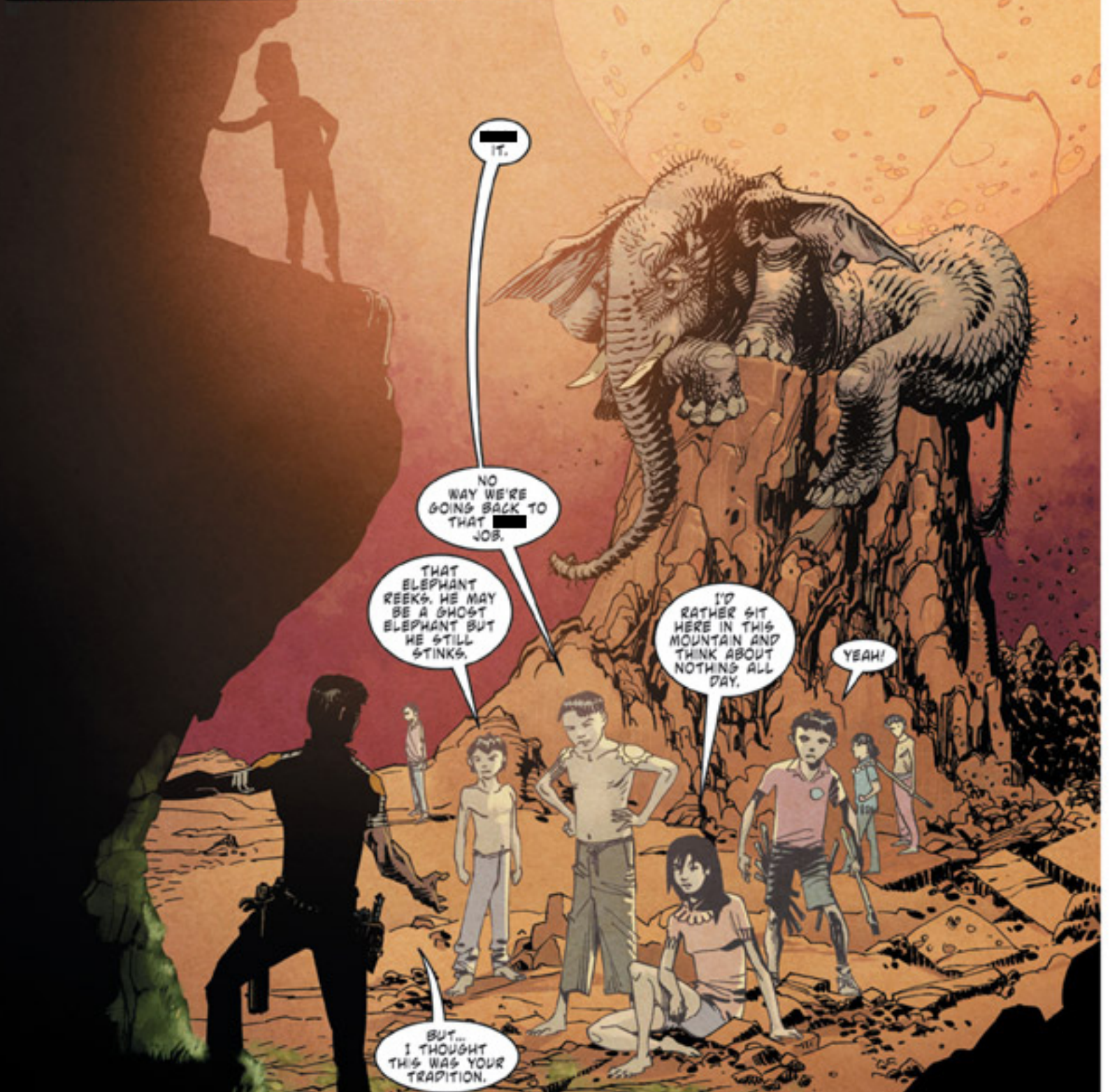


I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS, SIR.

I'LL GO INTO THAT MOUNTAIN AND GET YOUR GUN BACK.

I MEAN, I WILL, WON'T I?

SURE.



IT.

NO WAY WE'RE GOING BACK TO THAT JOB.

THAT ELEPHANT REEKS. HE MAY BE A GHOST ELEPHANT BUT HE STILL STINKS.

I'D RATHER SIT HERE IN THIS MOUNTAIN AND THINK ABOUT NOTHING ALL DAY.

YEAH!

BUT... I THOUGHT THIS WAS YOUR TRADITION.



RIGHT. WAS.