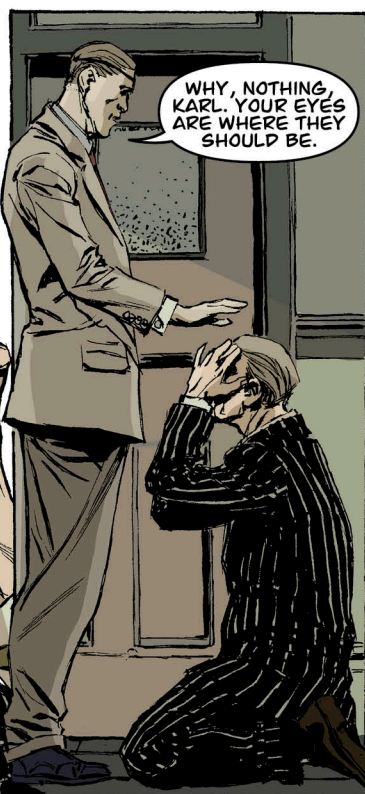
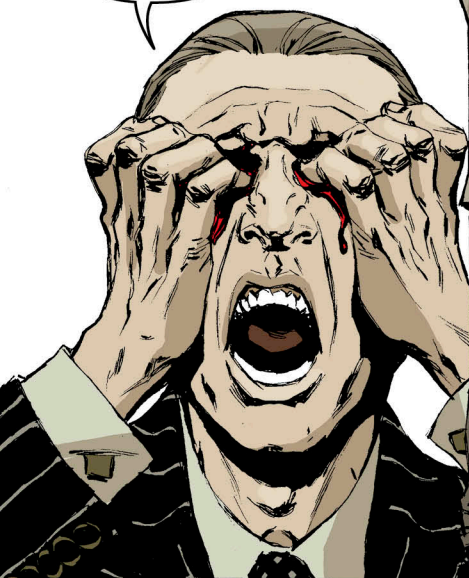


1940 • LONDON •
THE MINISTRY OF
INFORMATION

WHAT DID
YOU DO TO MY
EYES, YOU
FUCKER?

WHY, NOTHING,
KARL. YOUR EYES
ARE WHERE THEY
SHOULD BE.



Someone has BROKEN
humanity; taken the
fragile toy of love and hope
and desire that KNOWS
we are loved and smashed
it to the wall in an idiot
child tantrum.

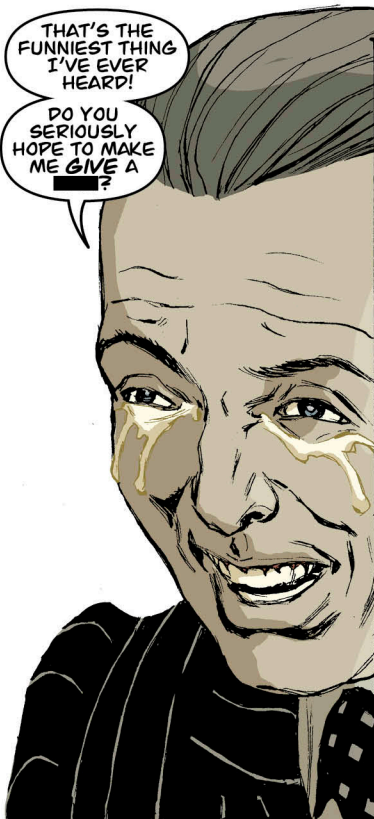
Ten million marching
elegant, knee-length
boots are stomping
the FRAGMENTS
into a billion grains of
crystal DUST.

The dust will blow across
continents and BLIND
us all to love and the
world will never see.

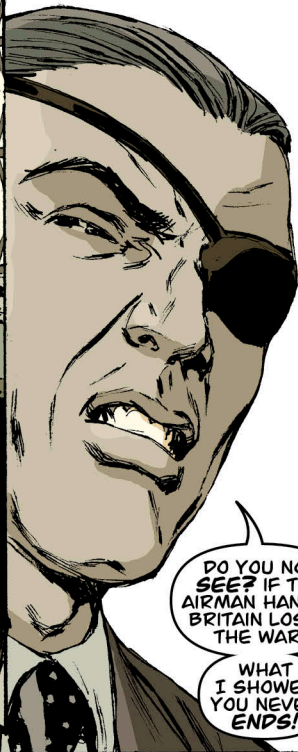
The German airman has the
means to slow their lethal STEP,
to trip its progress in the final
mile; Confess and let the airman
live--mend the beautiful,
imperfect, WONDROUS toy.



THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD!
DO YOU SERIOUSLY HOPE TO MAKE ME GIVE A [REDACTED]?



"OOOH, THE LOVELY TOY IS BROKEN."
WHO CARES?



DO YOU NOT SEE? IF THE AIRMAN HANGS, BRITAIN LOSES THE WAR!
WHAT I SHOWED YOU NEVER ENDS!



AND MY DYBBUK WILL PROTECT ME, SAME AS ALWAYS.

THANK YOU FOR THE MAGIC SHOW OR THE DRUGS OR MESMERISM OR WHATEVER THAT WAS...



...BUT IF YOU HAD ANY REAL AUTHORITY, I'D BE SWINGING ALREADY.



KARL WEISSMAN LOOKS AFTER NUMBER ONE--LET THE WHOLE WORLD BURN FOR ALL I CARE.