

NOW



Seahawk Inflatable Rubber Dinghy.

Maximum safe load 6 people.

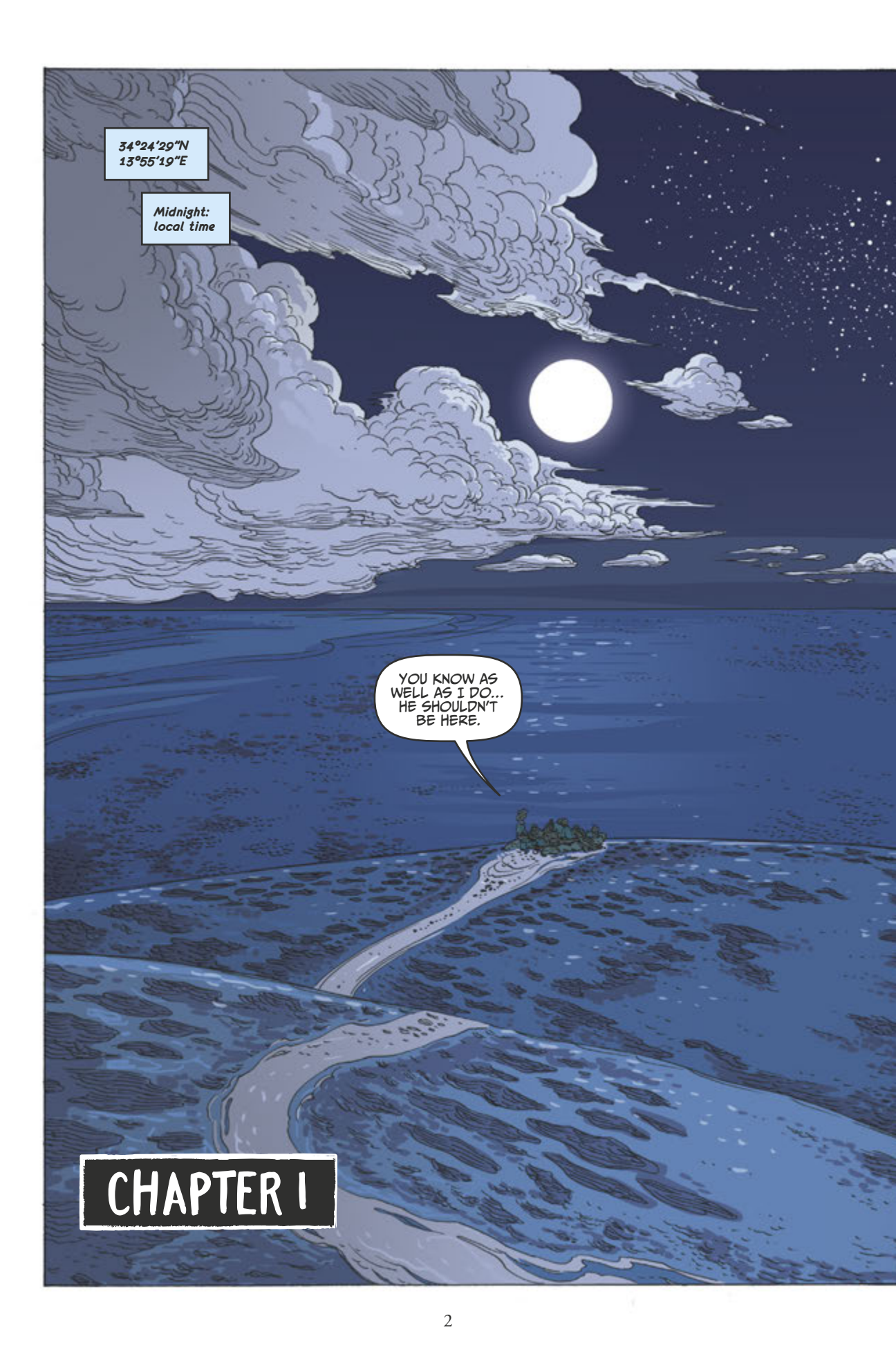


Currently carrying 14 passengers.



THIS IS YOUR FAULT, EBO.

I'VE TOLD YOU, LEAVE HIM ALONE.



34°24'29"N
13°55'19"E

Midnight:
local time

YOU KNOW AS
WELL AS I DO...
HE SHOULDN'T
BE HERE.

CHAPTER I



My name is Ebo.

I'm twelve years old.

*We've only been at sea
for three hours, but I
think he might be right.*

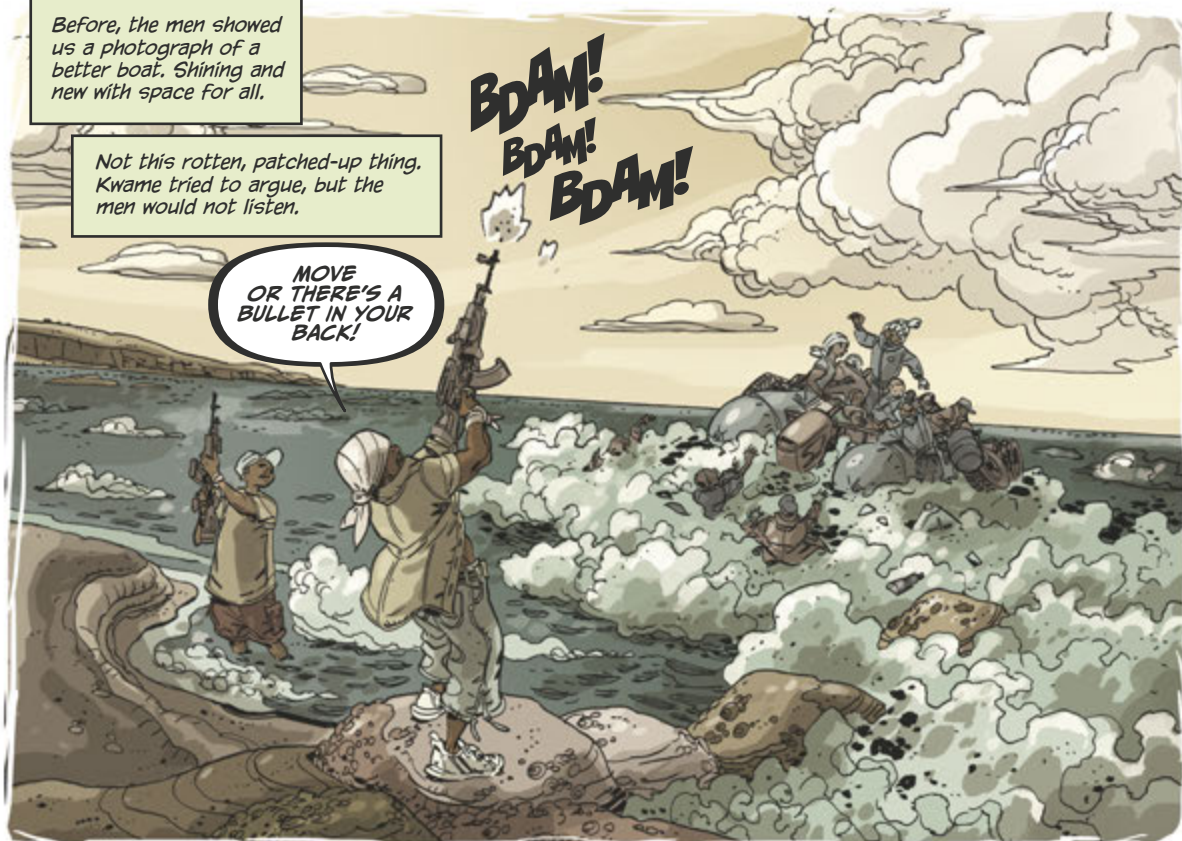


Before, the men showed us a photograph of a better boat. Shining and new with space for all.

Not this rotten, patched-up thing. Kwame tried to argue, but the men would not listen.

MOVE
OR THERE'S A
BULLET IN YOUR
BACK!

BDAM!
BDAM!
BDAM!



STOP!



WHY ARE
WE FIGHTING?

KWAME,
PLEASE.



WE ALL
HAVE THE SAME
DESTINATION.

DESTINATION?
HE'S NOT HOLDING
IT STRAIGHT AND
ALREADY WE'RE
LOST.



WE'RE NOT
LOST.

RAZAK
IS DOING
A FINE
JOB.

I KEEP
THE MOON ON
MY LEFT. THIS
IS HOW I
NAVIGATE.

IT WAS
ON THE RIGHT
WHEN WE FIRST
SAILED.





YOU ARE
MISTAKEN.

IT SHOULD
BE ON THE
LEFT.

"RIGHT."

"LEFT."

"LEFT."

"LEFT."



THEY SAID
IT WOULD
TAKE MANY
HOURS.

THEY DON'T CARE
IF WE LIVE OR DIE.
THEY HAVE OUR
MONEY.

"WE SHOULD
NEVER HAVE
COME."

"IT'S SO
COLD."



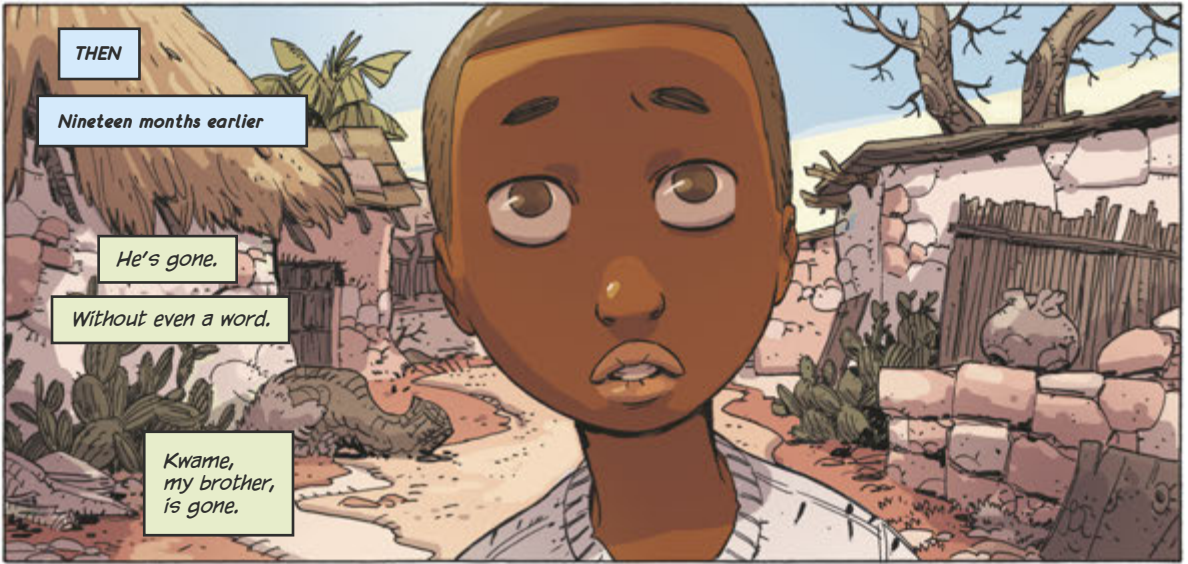
FROM NOW,
WE WILL ALWAYS
KEEP THE MOON
ON THE LEFT TO
GUIDE US.

IF WE
DON'T FIGHT AND
TIP OVER THEN SOON
WE WILL REACH OUR
NEW HOME.

PEOPLE ARE
RICH THERE AND
WILL BE READY TO
GIVE US BLANKETS
AND FOOD.

WE HAVE A
LONG WAY TO GO.
THIS IS THE
BEGINNING...





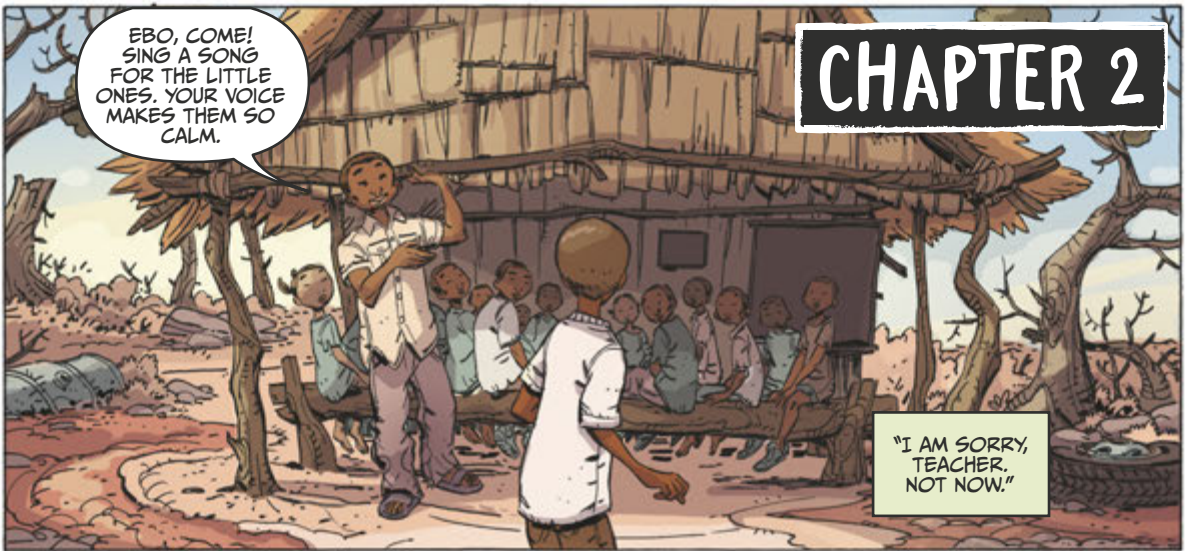
THEN

Nineteen months earlier

He's gone.

Without even a word.

Kwame,
my brother,
is gone.



CHAPTER 2

"I AM SORRY,
TEACHER.
NOT NOW."



Perhaps Kwame is
still in the village.

Market.

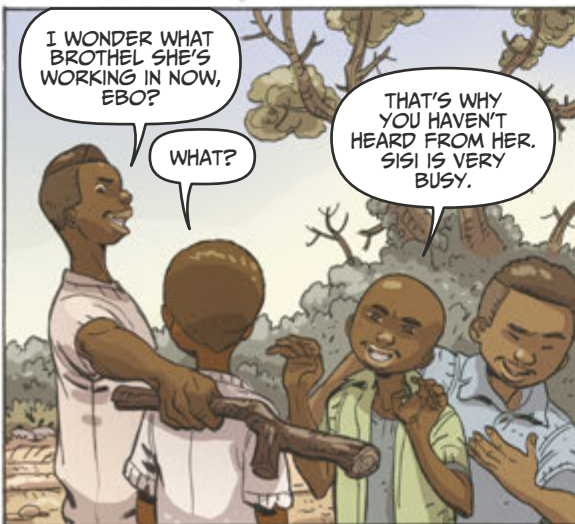
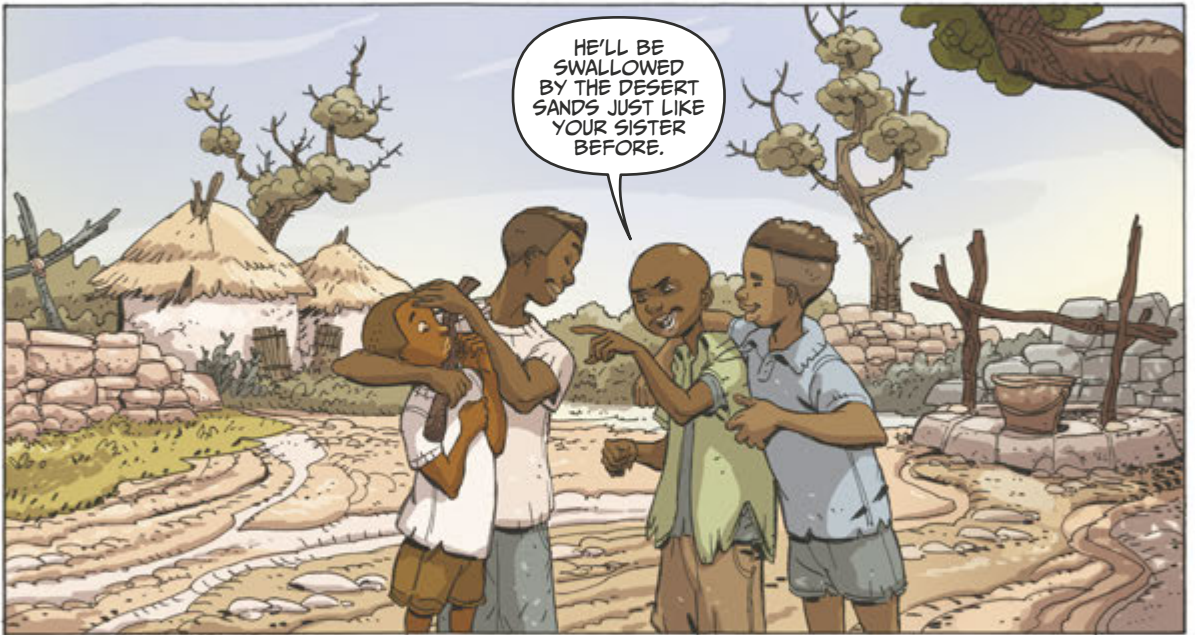
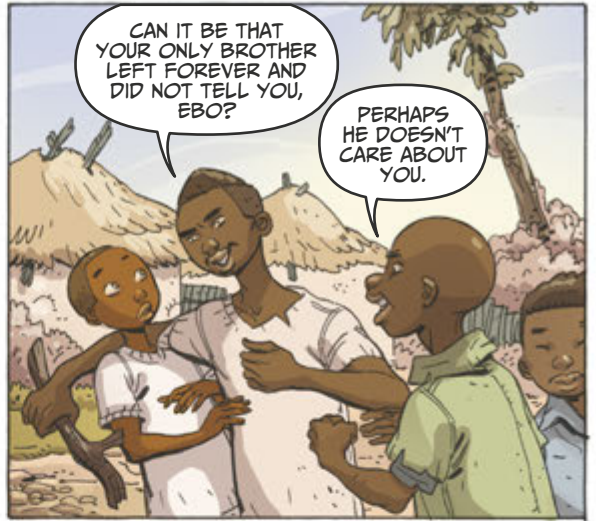
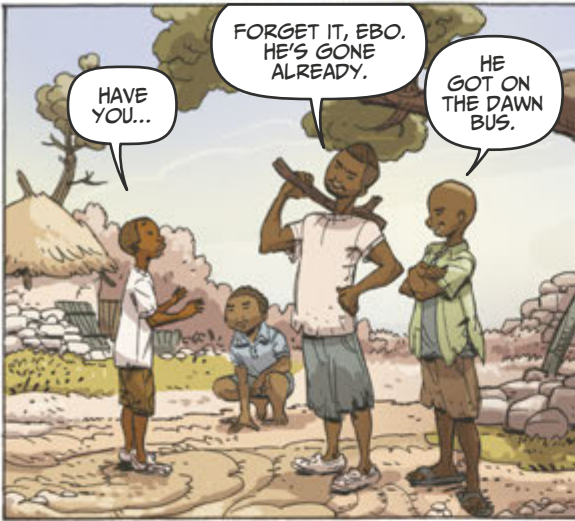


Soccer field.

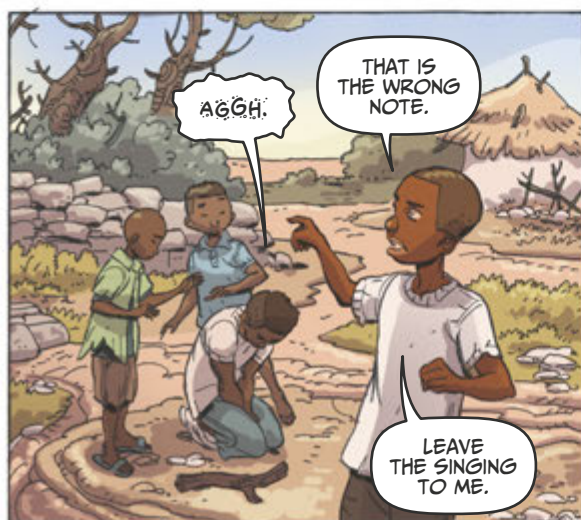
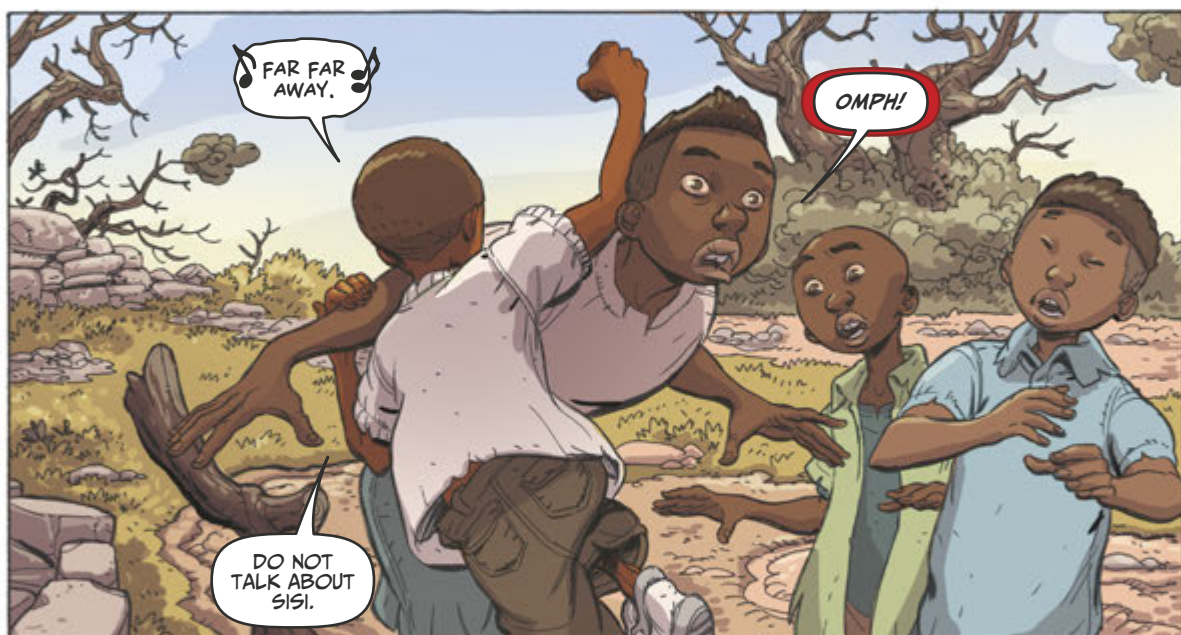
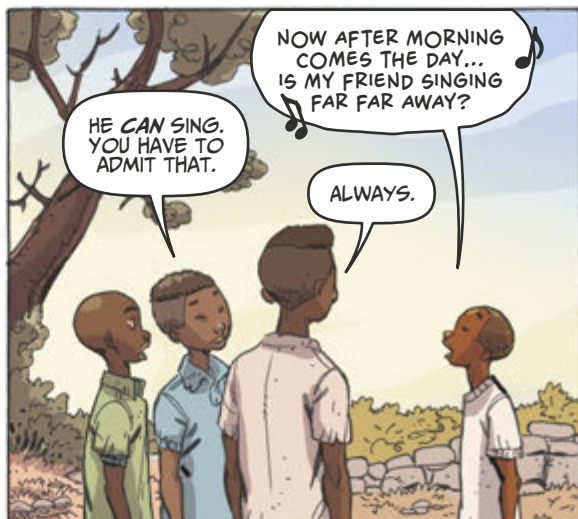


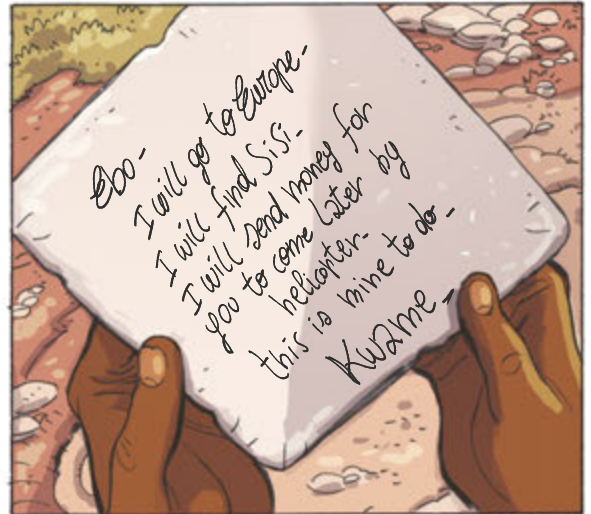
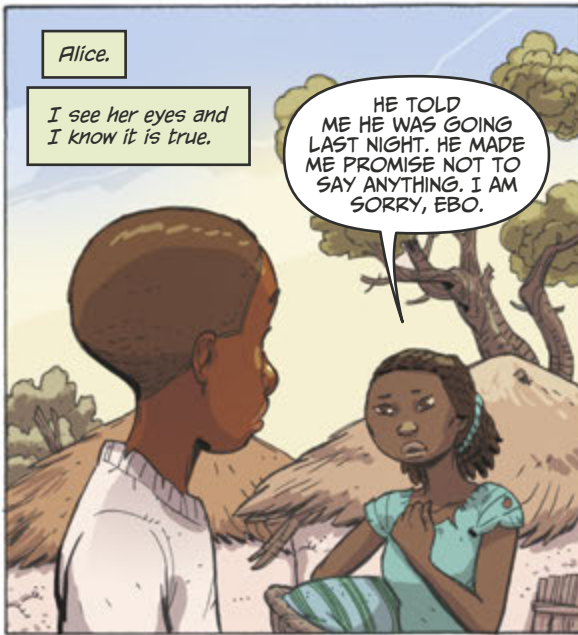
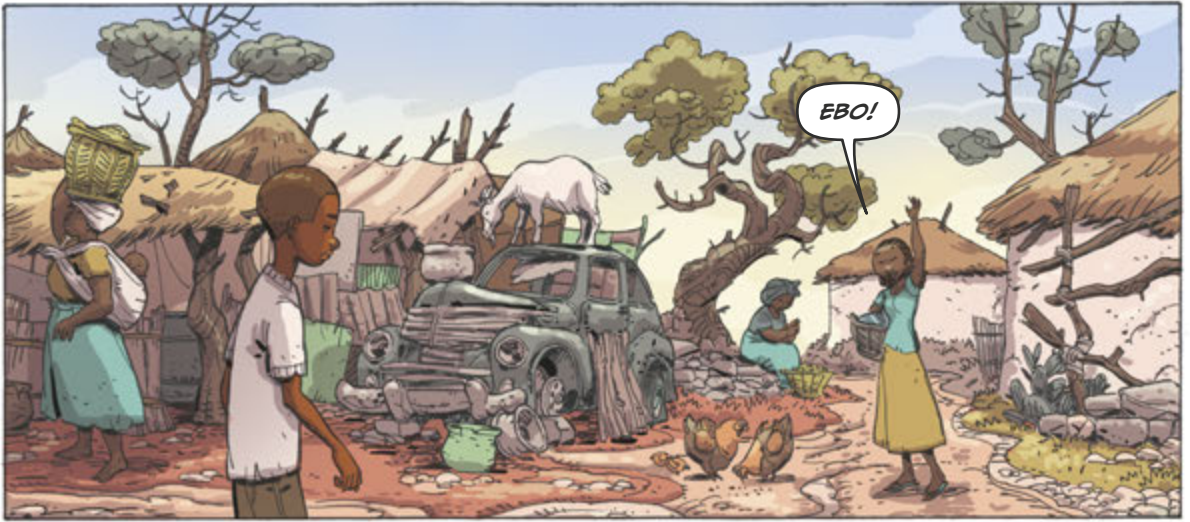
Maybe the old well.

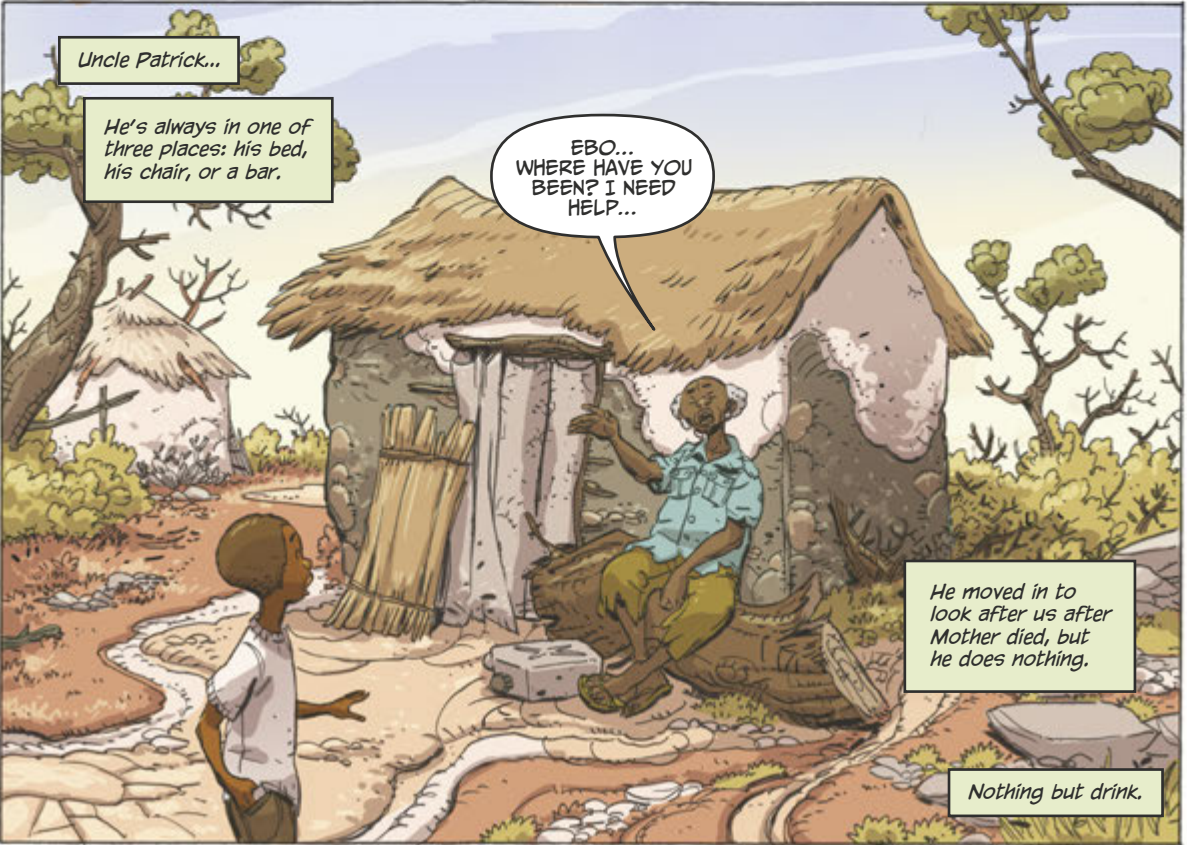
With the other boys.



They are like mean little children.









He's drunk now.

And there's blood on his shirt again.

YOU LOOKING FOR YOUR BROTHER?

He knows.



HE'S GONE. LEFT YOU AND WENT.

YOU CAN'T BLAME HIM. THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR HIM.



HELP ME GET INSIDE.

YOU REMEMBER LAURENCE? HE SOLD KWAME A PLACE ON HIS BUS FOR AGADEZ.

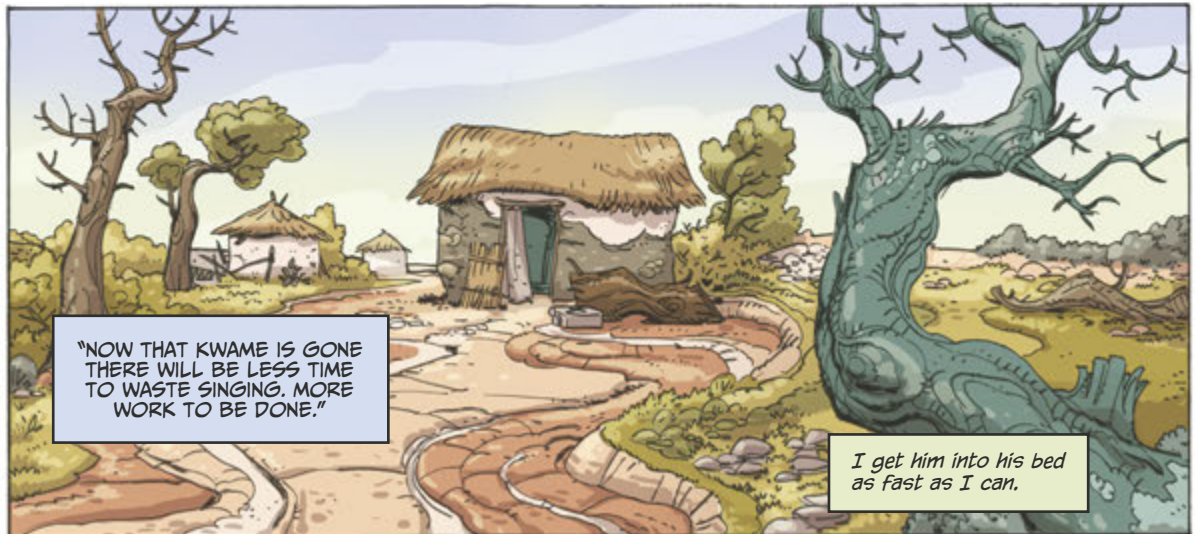
YOUR BROTHER'S A GOOD WORKER, BUT HE'S NOT THE SMARTEST, AND HE THINKS HE SHOULD TRY FOR EUROPE!



DO YOU THINK HE CAN MAKE IT?

I HOPE SO. IF HE SENDS MONEY THEN I WON'T HAVE TO WORK SO HARD EVERY DAY TAKING CARE OF YOU.

WHEN WE GET INSIDE, YOU'LL NEED TO HELP CLEAN ME.



"NOW THAT KWAME IS GONE THERE WILL BE LESS TIME TO WASTE SINGING. MORE WORK TO BE DONE."

I get him into his bed as fast as I can.

