



HAS SOMEONE
SEEN US LEAVE?

I...I'M NOT SURE...



SAMBIYA LODGE IS
ACROSS THE RIVER NILE. HOW
ARE WE GOING TO CROSS
THE RIVER?

I HEARD THE COMMANDERS SAY THAT NOW THAT
THE DEAL WAS OFF TO GET ARMS IN EXCHANGE
FOR YOUR LIVES, THEY HAD NO USE FOR THE BOAT.
SO MY HOPE IS THAT THERE IS A BOAT ALONG THE
RIVER SOMEWHERE THAT WE NEED TO FIND.



IF WE DON'T FIND IT,
COULD WE JUST SWIM ACROSS?

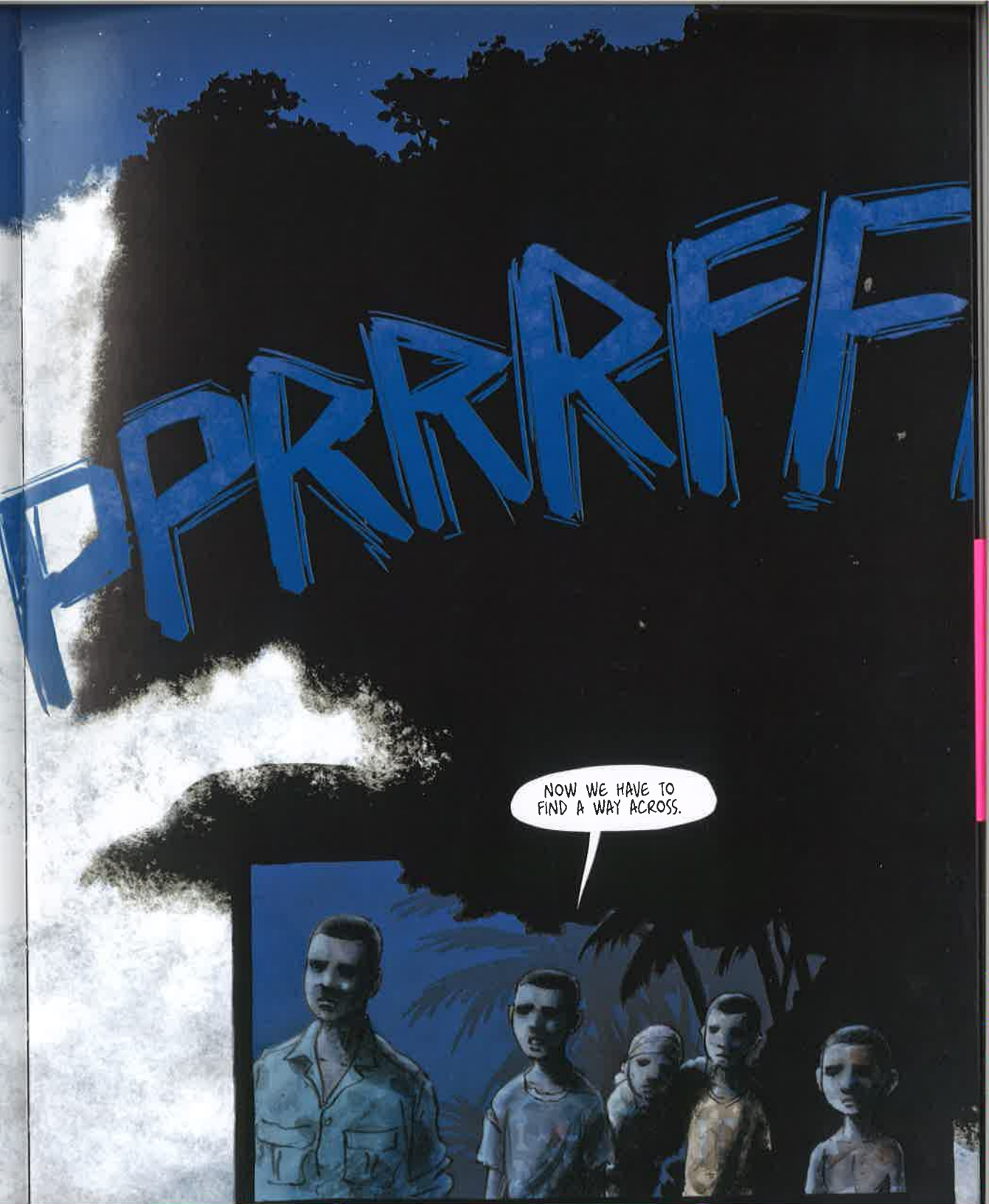
THE WHOLE RIVER COMES ALIVE
AT NIGHT WITH NILE CROCODILES AND
HIPPOPOTAMI WHO FEED AT NIGHT
AND JUST BEFORE DAWN.







MURCHISON FALLS!



NOW WE HAVE TO
FIND A WAY ACROSS.





WHAT DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT OTEKA? WHERE DID
THEY CAPTURE HIM?



I WAS THERE
WHEN HE WAS
CAPTURED.



HE WAS WALKING ON
THE ROAD TO KAMPALA WHEN
THE REBELS SURROUNDED HIM.
THEY CALLED HIM A GOOD
CATCH BECAUSE HE IS SO
TALL AND STRONG.



BUT IT WAS ODD.
HE DID NOT LOOK SCARED...

...AS IF HE
EXPECTED TO BE
CAPTURED.



WAIT!

SNAP!

GRRRRR



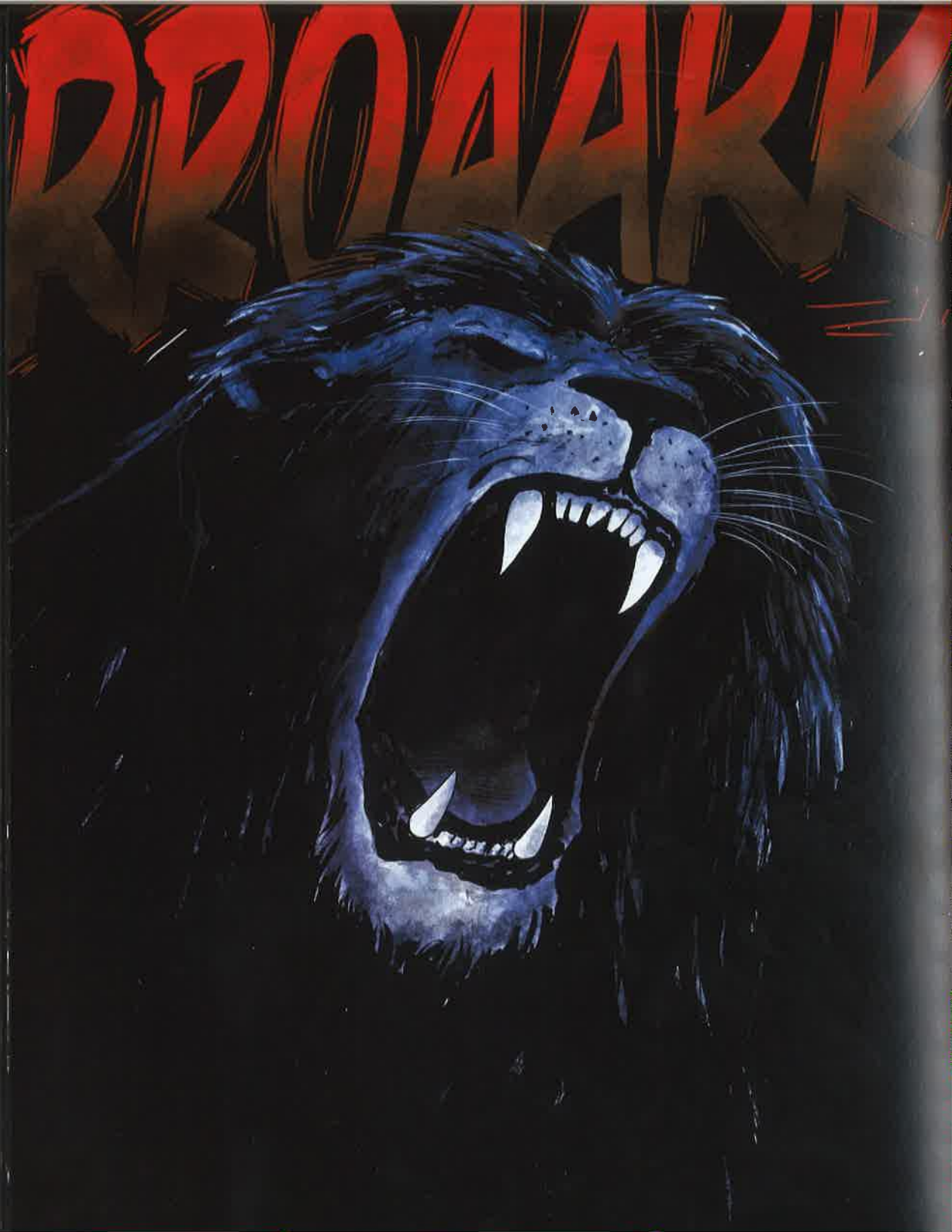


DO NOT SHOOT,
I WANT THEM ALIVE!

JACOB, CLIMB
UP A TREE!

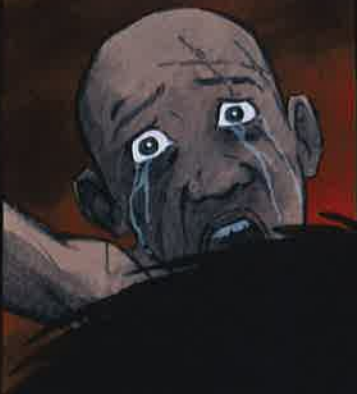
CLIMBING IN A
TREE WON'T...







THEN FOR A SPLIT SECOND,
I SAW SOMETHING...



...THE EYES OF A BOY...



...NOT A BEAST...



...JUST A BOY.



WHAT ABOUT
THE REBELS?

THEY FLED
WHEN THE LION
ATTACKED.



WE MUST GO
NOW BEFORE THEY
COME BACK.



SNIF!

WAIT,
SOMEONE'S
THERE...



SNIF!



TONY,
IS THAT
YOU?



I'M SORRY,
JACOB.



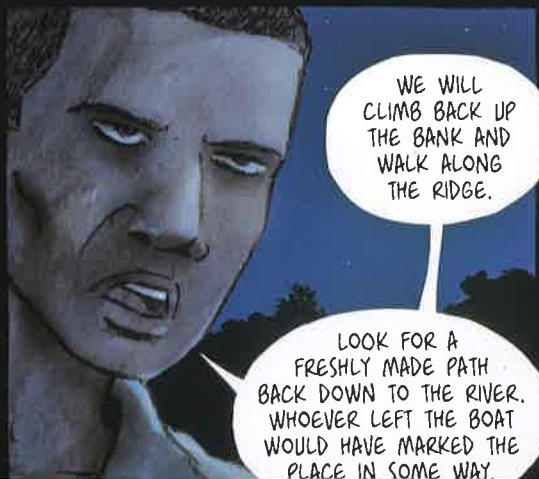
COME WITH
US, BROTHER.





NOW WE
HAVE TO FIND
THE BOAT.

WE HAVE TO SPLIT UP AND STAY HIDDEN. I WILL
GO WEST ALONG THE RIVER. NORMAN AND PAUL,
YOU GO EAST. COUNT OUT
ONE THOUSAND STEPS
AND THEN TURN BACK.



WE WILL
CLIMB BACK UP
THE BANK AND
WALK ALONG
THE RIDGE.

LOOK FOR A
FRESHLY MADE PATH
BACK DOWN TO THE RIVER.
WHOEVER LEFT THE BOAT
WOULD HAVE MARKED THE
PLACE IN SOME WAY.




I WILL GO
WITH YOU.




NO, STAY HERE.
YOU AND HANNAH WATCH
OVER TONY. SOMEONE SAW US
LEAVE THE CAMP AND
ALERTED LIZARD. THAT PERSON
HAD TO BE TONY.



TONY, LISTEN TO ME.
IF WE CAN CROSS THE RIVER,
WE CAN GO HOME.
IT WILL BE OVER.



YOU ARE
RIGHT TO WORRY
ABOUT HIM.




THE COMMANDERS CAN TELL WHICH BOYS
CAN BE BROKEN LIKE GLASS. SHATTERED GLASS CANNOT
BE PUT BACK TOGETHER. WHEN THE GOOD BOYS
BECOME LRA, THEY BECOME ESPECIALLY MEAN,
ESPECIALLY DANGEROUS. I HAVE SEEN IT
HAPPEN OVER AND OVER.



HAVE YOU EVER...




...I'M SORRY...



HAVE I
EVER KILLED?

NO. I WAS
CONSIDERED TOO
USELESS TO BE A
SOLDIER. I WAS A
SLAVE AND A SERVANT,
BUT BECAUSE I SERVED
FOOD I WAS ABLE TO
STEAL AND EAT. AND



IF WE LIVE,
WHAT WILL
YOU DO?

I WILL JOIN THE NUNS
AND BECOME A TEACHER.
IT IS WHAT I PLANNED.

I KNOW THE NAMES
OF MANY CHILDREN WHO
WERE CAPTURED AND KILLED.
I REPEAT THEIR NAMES TO
MYSELF BEFORE I SLEEP.

ONE DAY,
I WILL TELL PARENTS
WHAT HAPPENED TO THEIR
CHILDREN. ONE DAY, I WILL
TELL THE WHOLE WORLD. IF
PEOPLE KNOW WHAT HAPPENS
TO CHILDREN LIKE US,
THEY WILL HELP.



THERE IS A MAN WHO COMES
OFTEN TO MY FATHER'S HOUSE. HIS
NAME IS MUSA HENRY TORAC. HIS
GRANDSON WAS ABDUCTED, I
DO NOT KNOW WHEN.

HIS NAME
IS MICHAEL.



HAVE YOU HEARD OF HIM?



WHAT?

DO YOU KNOW HIM?



YOU KNOW
HIM TOO.

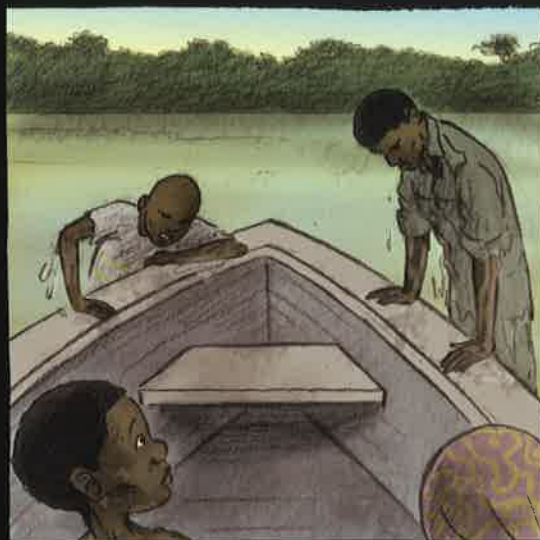


YOU KNOW HIM BY
THE NAME OF LIZARD.













AAAAAAAAHHHHHH







REBELS!



DOWN!



WHY AREN'T
THEY FIRING AT US?

MAYBE WE ARE TOO
CLOSE TO THE GOVERNMENT
SOLDIERS.





PERHAPS THE REBELS
THOUGHT GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS
MIGHT BE TOO CLOSE.



PERHAPS KONY WAS HOLDING TO THE
AGREEMENT NOT TO ATTACK ON PARK LAND
AND FRIGHTEN THE WEALTHY TOURISTS.



THE REBELS WOULD BE ON THE MARCH,
AND WITH THEM THE REST OF THE BOYS FROM
THE GEORGE JONES SEMINARY FOR BOYS,
LIKELY LOST FOREVER.

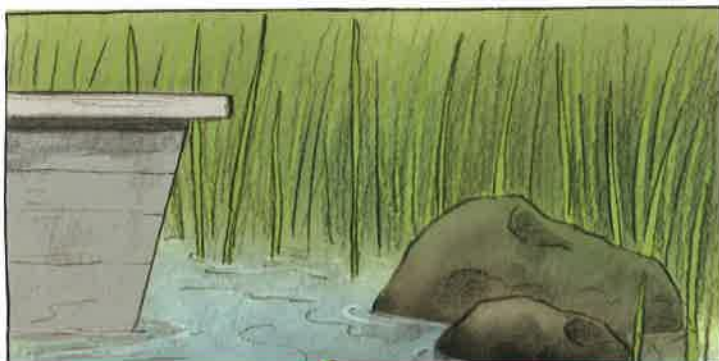
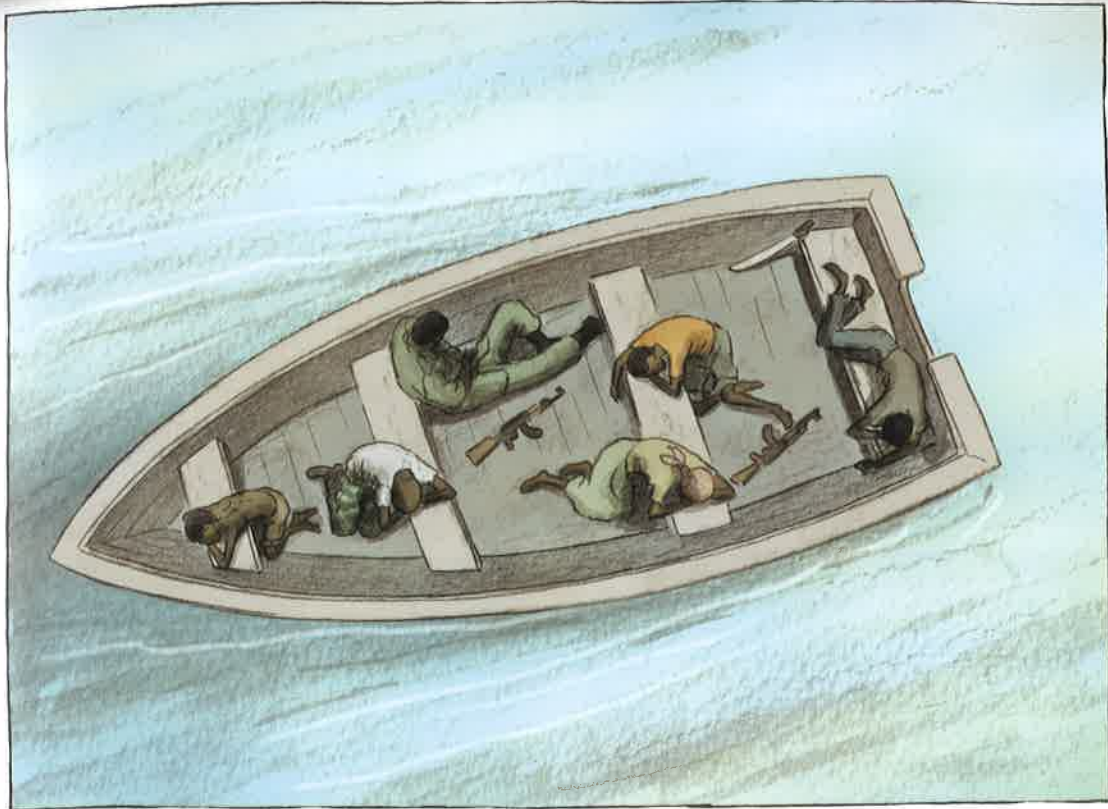
I TRY NOT TO THINK OF THEM.
I TRY REALLY, REALLY HARD.

WE TRIED TO PADDLE,
BUT WE WERE SO TIRED.



THE CURRENT
CARRIED US ALONG.









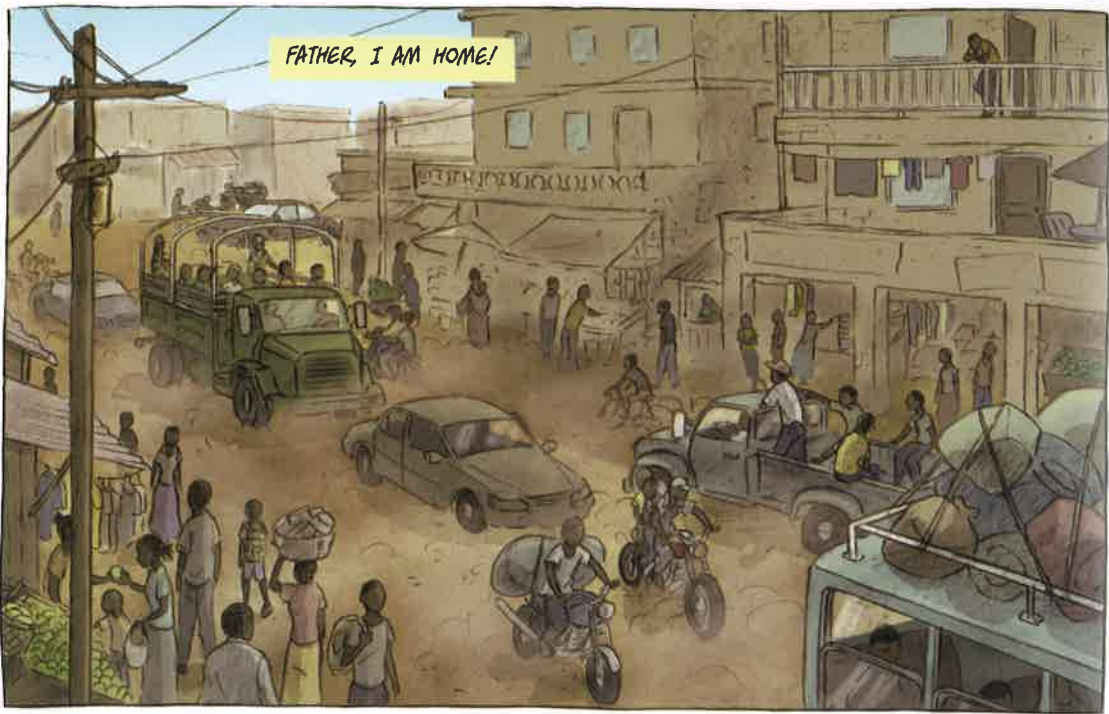




GULU...



FATHER, I AM HOME!

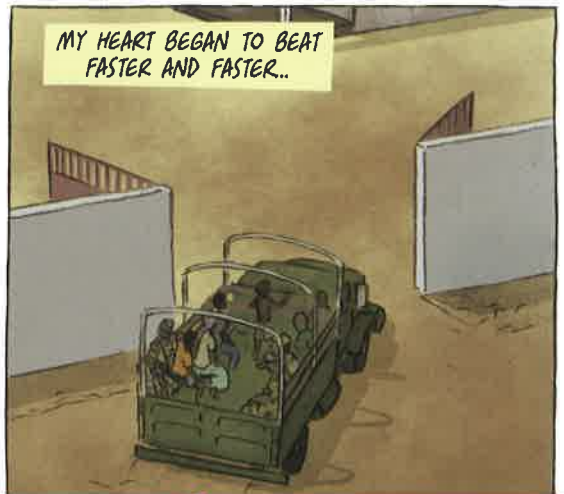


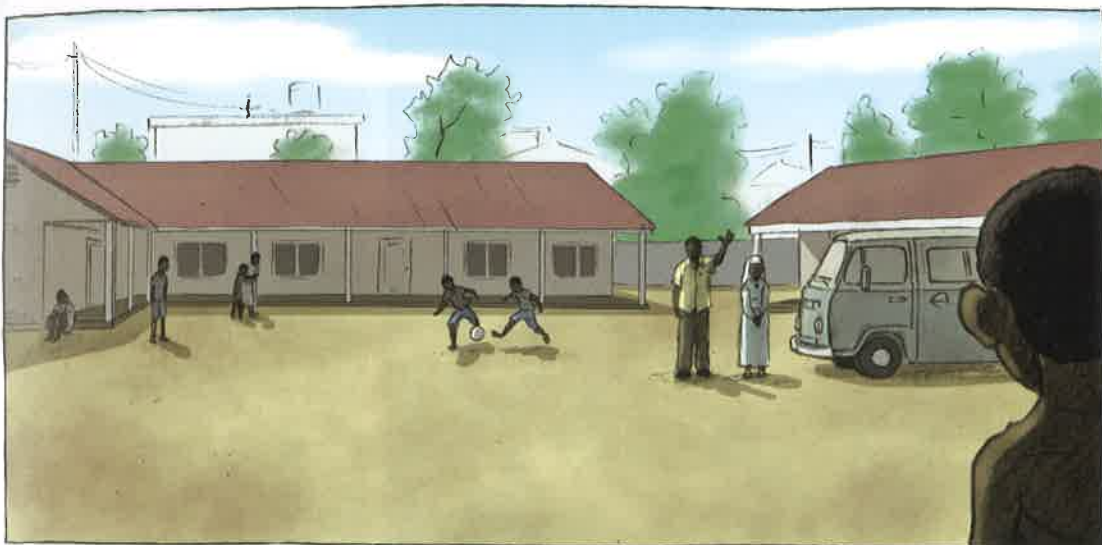
BODA-BODA BOYS ZOOMED ABOUT ON THEIR MOTORCYCLES, WOMEN WENT TO MARKET WITH BABIES ON THEIR BACKS...



...BICYCLES AND SMILES EVERYWHERE.

MY HEART BEGAN TO BEAT FASTER AND FASTER...









AND JUST LIKE THAT,
HANNAH WAS GONE.



FATHER ARGUED. HE WANTED
ME HOME RIGHT AWAY. BUT IN
THE END, FATHER RELENTED.

THE POLICE INTERROGATED US. THEY DID NOT SEEM TO CARE ABOUT HOW WE WERE TREATED BY THE LRA. THEY ONLY WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE GUNS AND FUTURE PLANS OF KONY AND HIS CREW. HOW WOULD WE KNOW SUCH THINGS?



THERE WERE DOCTORS, NURSES, AND SOCIAL WORKERS TO TEND TO US, PEOPLE WHO SAID THAT WE MUST BE REINTEGRATED INTO SOCIETY. THEY SAID THAT WE MUST FORGIVE OURSELVES...



WE HAD BEEN STOLEN...

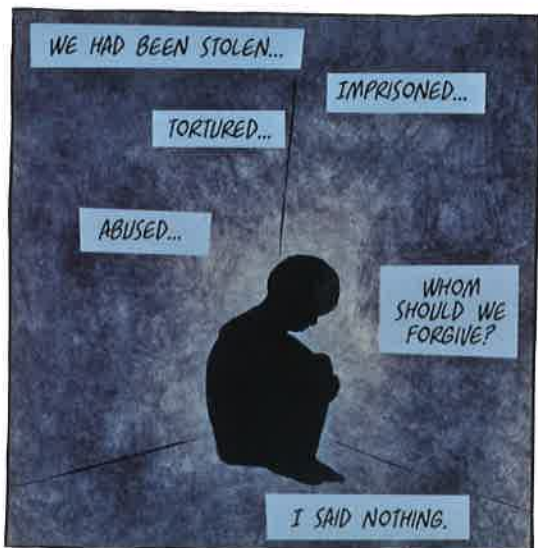
IMPRISONED...

TORTURED...

ABUSED...

WHOM SHOULD WE FORGIVE?

I SAID NOTHING.



WE ATE IN SILENCE.



NORMAN SLEPT A GREAT DEAL.



I WOULD WAKE WITH A START AT THE SLIGHTEST SOUND...



...MY HEART RACING.





THE NEXT DAY I LEARNED THAT
OTEKA LEFT DURING THE NIGHT.



WHY DIDN'T HE
SAY GOODBYE?



NORMAN,
ARE YOU OKAY?

MY FATHER
CAME THIS
MORNING.



HE SAID THAT HE LOVED ME,
BUT HE WOULD NOT TAKE
ME BACK YET. HE IS
AFRAID OF ME,
I CAN FEEL IT.



RETURNING HOME WASN'T
HOW I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.



TWICE WE HAD TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL FOR SOME TESTS.



THE RECEPTIONIST HAD HEARD ABOUT US RETURNEES.

THE NURSE WILL CALL YOU WHEN THE DOCTOR IS READY TO SEE YOU.



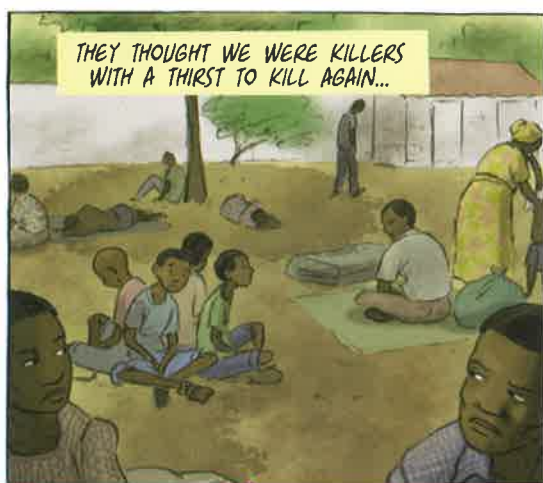
THERE WAS A LARGE COURTYARD WHERE PEOPLE WAITED TO SEE THE DOCTORS.

THE WAIT WAS LONG...

IT WAS HOT EVEN IN THE SHADE...

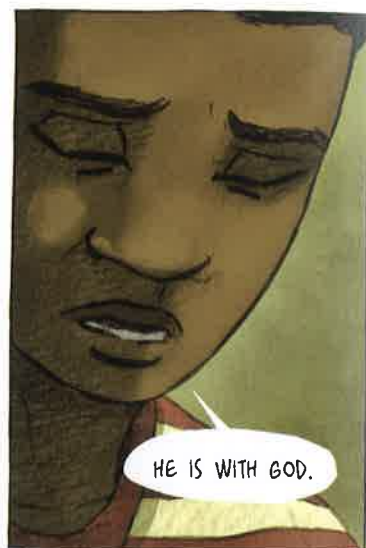
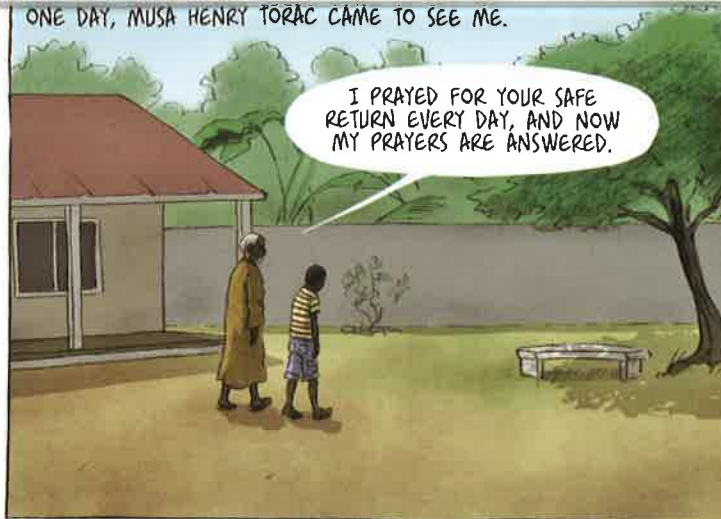


PEOPLE WATCHED US...



THEY THOUGHT WE WERE KILLERS WITH A THIRST TO KILL AGAIN...

ONE DAY, MUSA HENRY TORAC CAME TO SEE ME.





YOUR GRANDSON WAS A GOOD BOY. HE WAS KILLED BECAUSE HE WAS A GOOD BOY. HE DID NOT SUFFER.



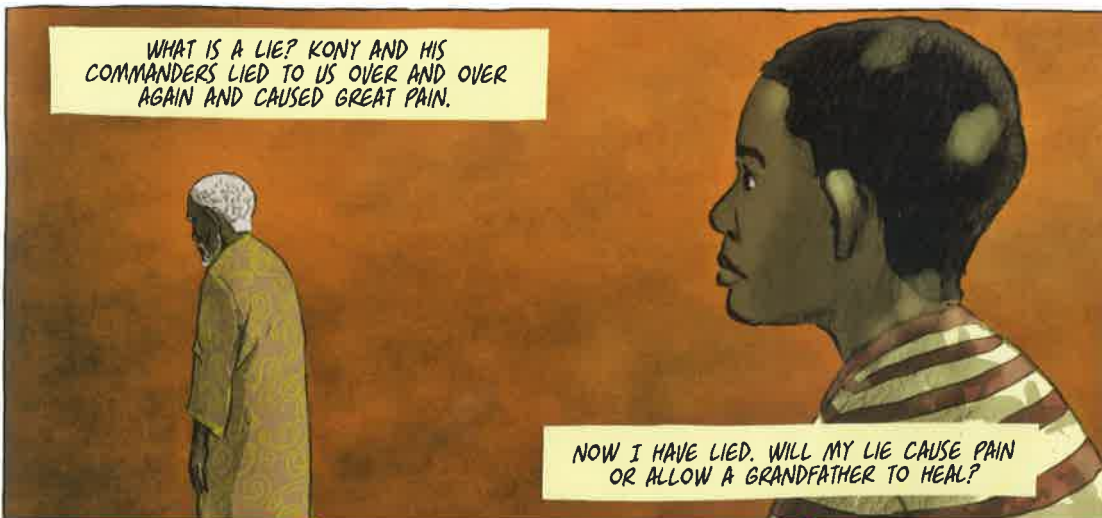
YES, HE WAS A GOOD BOY.



I LOVED HIM VERY MUCH.
I LOVE HIM STILL.



THANK YOU, JACOB.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN HARD
TO TELL AN OLD MAN THAT
HIS GRANDSON IS DEAD.
THE TRUTH IS IMPORTANT.



WHAT IS A LIE? KONY AND HIS
COMMANDERS LIED TO US OVER AND OVER
AGAIN AND CAUSED GREAT PAIN.

NOW I HAVE LIED. WILL MY LIE CAUSE PAIN
OR ALLOW A GRANDFATHER TO HEAL?



TONY AND NORMAN GOT LETTERS TOO! WE HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED INTO A SCHOOL IN KAMPALA. NO ONE WILL KNOW US THERE. WE CAN START AGAIN.

WE LEAVE TOMORROW!



TOMORROW?



DO NOT WORRY. WE WILL BE FRIENDS FOREVER.

I WILL COME TO KAMPALA WITH MY FATHER AS OFTEN AS I CAN.



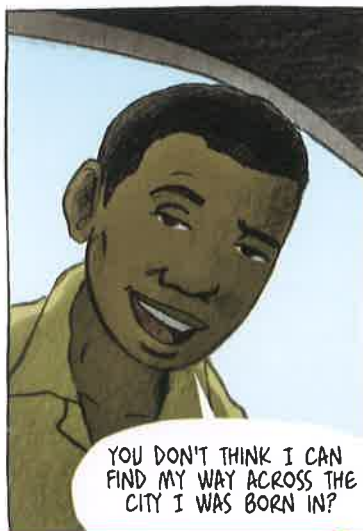
THE NEXT MORNING EVERYTHING HAPPENED QUICKLY.

JACOB, WHAT WILL YOU DO?









EVERYTHING LOOKS THE SAME,
BUT SOMEHOW DIFFERENT.



I SEE THE COLORS, SEE THE BEAUTY,
BUT I DON'T FEEL SAFE ANYMORE.

I FEEL LIKE AT ANY MOMENT THE LRA
COULD FLOOD INTO THE CITY LIKE A TORRENT
OF RAIN AND TAKE ME AWAY AGAIN.



DON'T THEY KNOW THAT ONE
DAY THEIR BABIES COULD BE TAKEN
AWAY AND MADE TO KILL?









THE LION IS A MIGHTY BEAST. HE HUNTS WITH NOBILITY. BUT WHEN HE IS OLD AND CAST OUT OF HIS PRIDE, HE TOO WILL KILL TO SURVIVE. WE ARE NO DIFFERENT.



ARE WE ALL BEASTS? IS THIS OUR NATURE?



NO, JACOB, WE CAN CHOOSE. THAT IS GOD'S GIFT.



I CHOOSE TO RETURN TO THE BUSH AND HELP GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS RESCUE ABDUCTED CHILDREN.

NO, OTEKA. YOU WILL BE RECOGNIZED!



THIS IS MY DESTINY. I FEEL IT.

THEN I WILL COME WITH YOU.



NO. I HEARD YOU TELL PAUL THAT YOU WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW ABOUT US. SO TELL THE WORLD, JACOB. TELL THEM THAT WE ARE THE SAME...

...JUST CHILDREN TRYING TO SURVIVE.



BROTHER.

BROTHER, I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN.







AT FIRST
I TRIED
TO FORGET.



EVERYONE WORRIED
ABOUT ME, ESPECIALLY
FATHER.



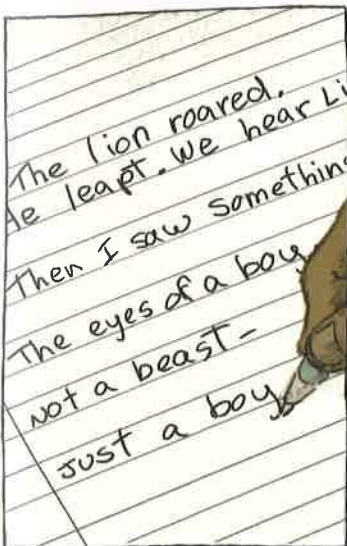
OVER AND OVER
I ASKED MYSELF,
"WHAT SHOULD
I DO?"

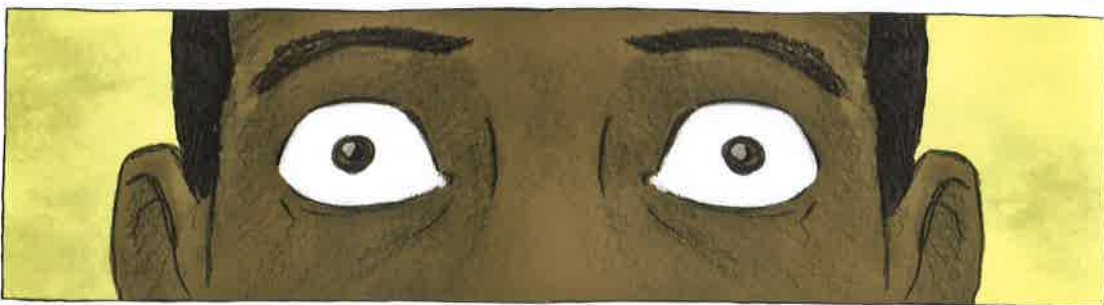
WHAT IS
MY PURPOSE?



Gulu, Uganda, 2002
Dear Reader
My name
born in Gulu
people in













DEAR READER

AS BEST AS I CAN TELL IT, THIS IS OUR STORY. MANY YEARS HAVE PASSED AND I WOULD LIKE TO REPORT THAT KONY AND HIS LORD'S RESISTANCE ARMY NO LONGER EXIST - BUT THAT WOULD NOT BE TRUE. WHILE KONY HAS LOST MUCH OF HIS POWER, HE CONTINUES TO CARRY ON HIS CRIMES ACROSS THE BORDER IN THE CONGO OR DRC.

TO THINK BACK TO THOSE TIMES CAUSES ME GREAT ANGUISH, BUT IT HAS BROUGHT INSIGHT TOO. HINDSIGHT ALLOWS ME TO SEE MICHAEL, THE BOY WHO CALLED HIMSELF LIZARD, AS BOTH A VICTIM AND AN ENEMY.

AFTER MANY DANGEROUS TREKS IN THE BUSH, OTEKA ARRIVES AT MY HOUSE IN GULU. HANNAH PREPARES HIS FAVORITE FOOD, THEN WE SIT OUT UNDER THE STARS AND ASK OURSELVES: WHERE DOES THE VICTIM END AND THE CRIMINAL BEGIN? WHOM DO WE PUNISH? WHO IS ACCOUNTABLE? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE CHILD BECOMES AN ADULT AND CONTINUES HIS OR HER PATH OF DESTRUCTION? THIS WORLD WILL SEE MANY MORE CHILDREN LIKE MICHAEL. THESE ARE QUESTIONS THAT MUST BE ANSWERED.

I RECALL TOO HOW KONY AND HIS COMMANDERS TWISTED THE WORDS OF GOD. MY FAITH WAVERED WHEN I WAS A CAPTIVE, BUT IT HAS RETURNED TO ME JUST AS I HAVE RETURNED TO MY FAMILY.

THIS IS THE END OF OUR STORY. HANNAH BELIEVES THAT IF THE WORLD KNOWS THAT CHILD SOLDIERS SUFFER UNIMAGINABLE CRUELTY AND PAIN, THEN HELP WILL COME.

I HOPE THIS IS RIGHT.

JACOB

GULU, UGANDA, 2012.

The background of the page is a sepia-toned illustration. In the foreground, on the right side, there is a large, leafy plant with many pointed leaves. To its left, a thin, bare tree trunk stands. In the background, there is a body of water, possibly a lake or a wide river, with a distant shoreline visible. The overall tone is warm and aged.

THE END