



Side 8, Footnotes in Gaza



Side 19 (nederst et portrett av Joe Sacco), Footnotes in Gaza



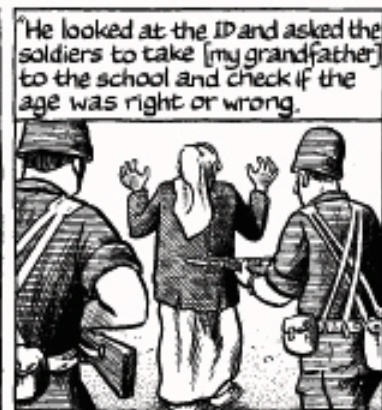
Side 98, Footnotes in Gaza



In the absence of UNRWA records, of Israeli records — and could we rely on them if we had them? — it's up to us to fill history's glass with as much truthful, cogent testimony as we can.



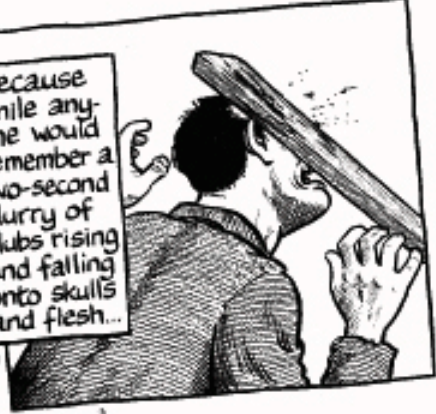
Anyway, one day, after we've moved on from this part of the story, we come across four black Palestinians, perhaps the descendants of Turkish slaves, playing a game with stones in the sand.



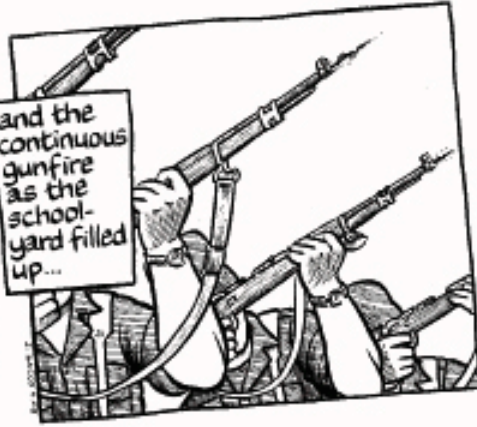
This is the part of the story that wobbles and strains.

THE SCREENING

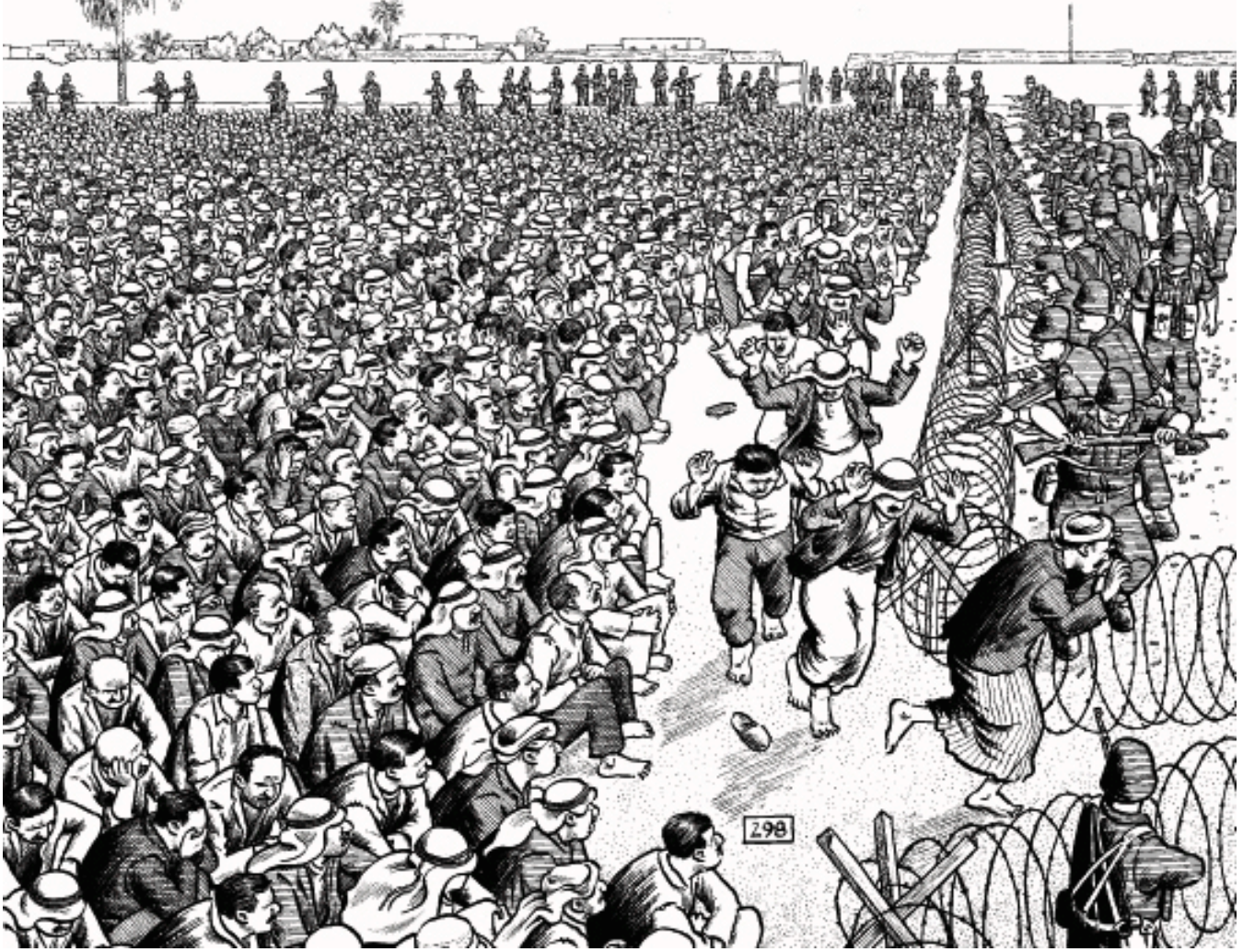
Because while anyone would remember a two-second flurry of clubs rising and falling onto skulls and flesh...



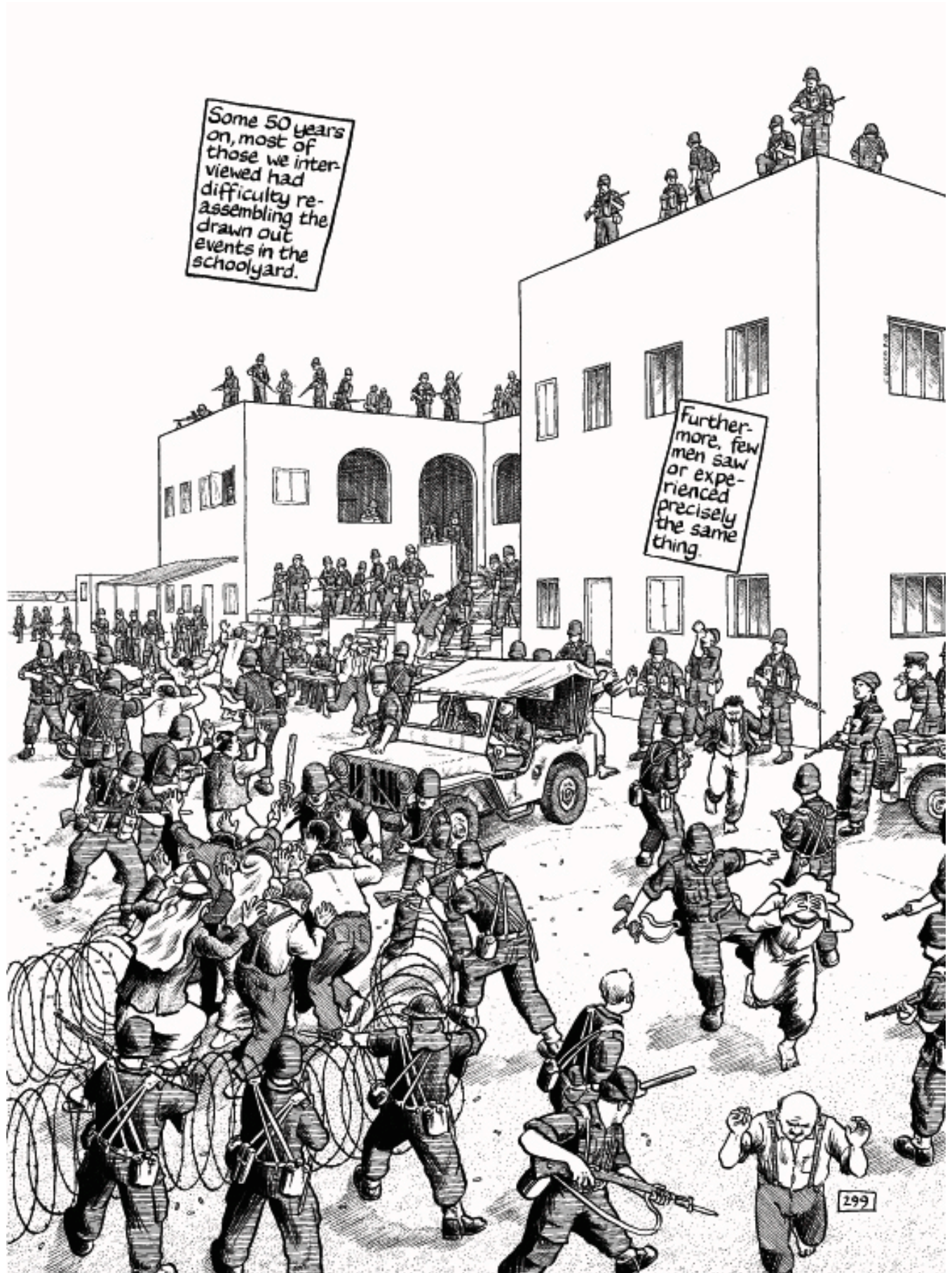
and the continuous gunfire as the school-yard filled up...



what about the next eight- or ten-hour stretch when the gears shifted down to the slow, bitter, but relatively systematic sifting of men?



Side 298, Footnotes in Gaza



Side 299, Footnotes in Gaza

As we head toward Sea Street, we must cross two points where, for a few seconds, no building or obstruction shields us from the Tal Zorob tower's line of sight.

This is near to where the two women and young girl from the Jaber family were rocketed a couple of weeks ago.

We are Fuad and Ashraf and Abed and I.

But to a soldier with night-vision equipment a kilometer and a half away we are shapes in the dark near the border area.

Tracer!

Snapping overhead!

I run to the wall in front of me.

My pals have run back to the wall behind.

The Tal Zorob tower can no longer see them, but it can see me.

Side 366, Footnotes in Gaza



Side 367, Footnotes in Gaza



Side 382, Footnotes in Gaza

