

HIS LIFE

TAILOR OF
HER INTO
OF THE



OLITUDE,
HIS OWN
FEELINGS



NO...
TOO...
TU...

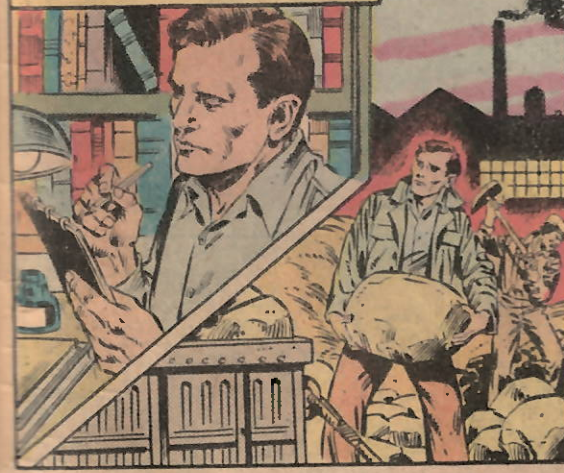


"LATER..."

I'M SORRY, WOJTYLA! BUT HE WENT QUICKLY--A HEART FAILURE...

HE WAS A GOOD MAN...

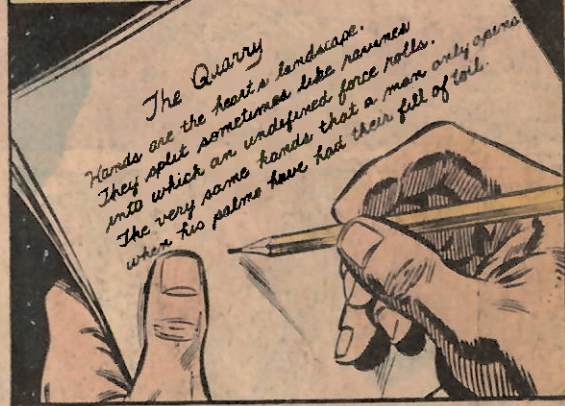
"FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, KAROL WOJTYLA STAYS WITH FRIENDS AND CONTINUES HIS STUDIES AND HIS WORK AT THE CHEMICAL PLANT..."



WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW?

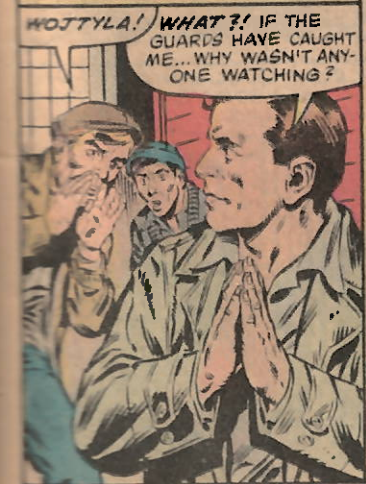
I... MUST GO SOMEWHERE ELSE! I CANNOT BEAR THE THOUGHT OF LIVING... THERE... NOT WITHOUT HIM!

"YET NOW HIS SPIRIT, SEVERED FROM ITS ROOTS IN THE FAMILY, TAKES FLIGHT IN OTHER DIRECTIONS-- AND HE BEGINS TO COMMIT HIS INNERMOST FEELINGS AND OBSERVATIONS TO POETRY WITH GREATER FREQUENCY..."



*The Quarry
Hands are the heart's landscape.
They split sometimes like ravines
into which an undefined force rolls.
The very same hands that a man only opens
when his palms have had their fill of toil.*

"AND MORE THAN EVER, HE TURNS TO PRAYER, FOR IT IS HIS ONLY SOLACE IN THESE TIMES..."



WOJTYLA! WHAT?! IF THE GUARDS HAVE CAUGHT ME... WHY WASN'T ANYONE WATCHING?

WE HAVE NEED OF YOUR STRENGTH, WOJTYLA! MAY WE...



MAY WE JOIN YOU?

I HAVE OFTEN WISHED YOU WOULD, MY FRIENDS.

LET US PRAY...

