

# AMONG FRIENDS



adventures across time and space

Part 1

"A SENSIBILITY  
THAT PLAYS THROUGH  
THE KIND OF LITERARY  
OTHER-HISTORY  
REALITIES IMAGINED BY  
P.K. DICK AND ALAN  
MOORE..." JACK  
SARGEANT, AUTHOR OF  
'AGAINST CONTROL'  
& 'DEATHTRIPPING'

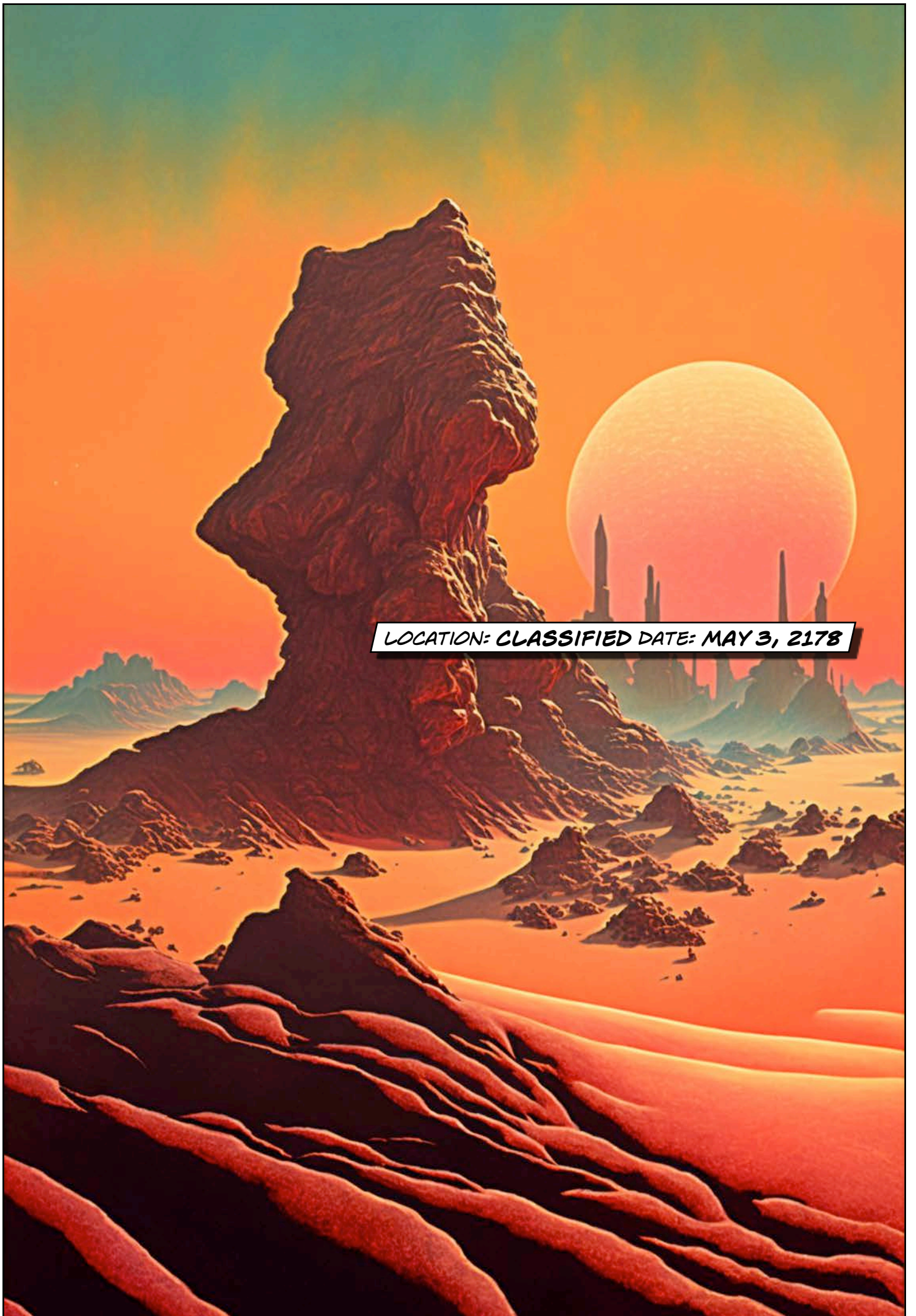
Andrew Frost

# Part 1

## Scamp Hates Nazis

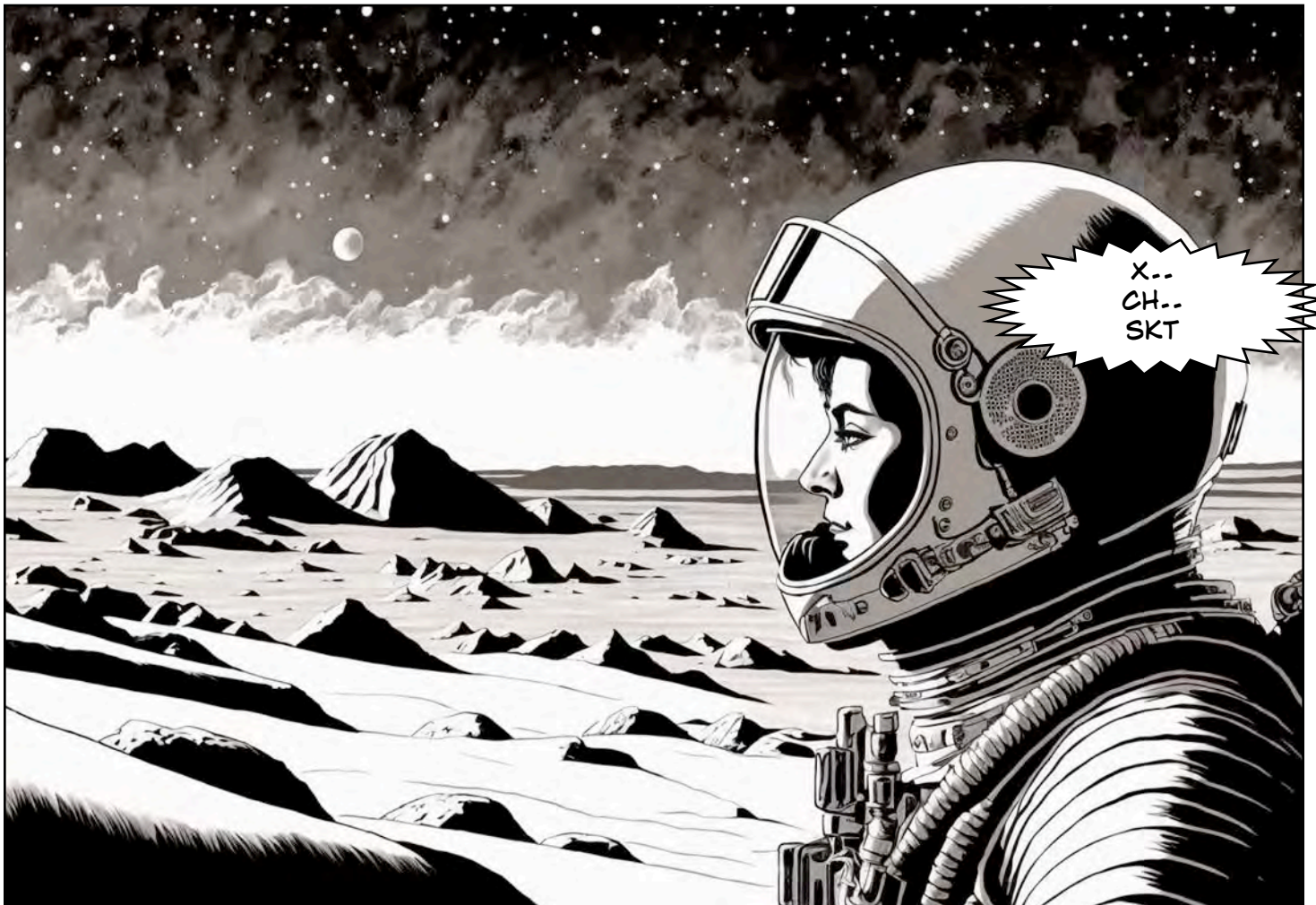
*"JUST BECAUSE TIME TRAVEL HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET DOESN'T  
MEAN TIME TRAVEL HASN'T BEEN INVENTED..." - UNKNOWN*





*LOCATION: CLASSIFIED DATE: MAY 3, 2178*







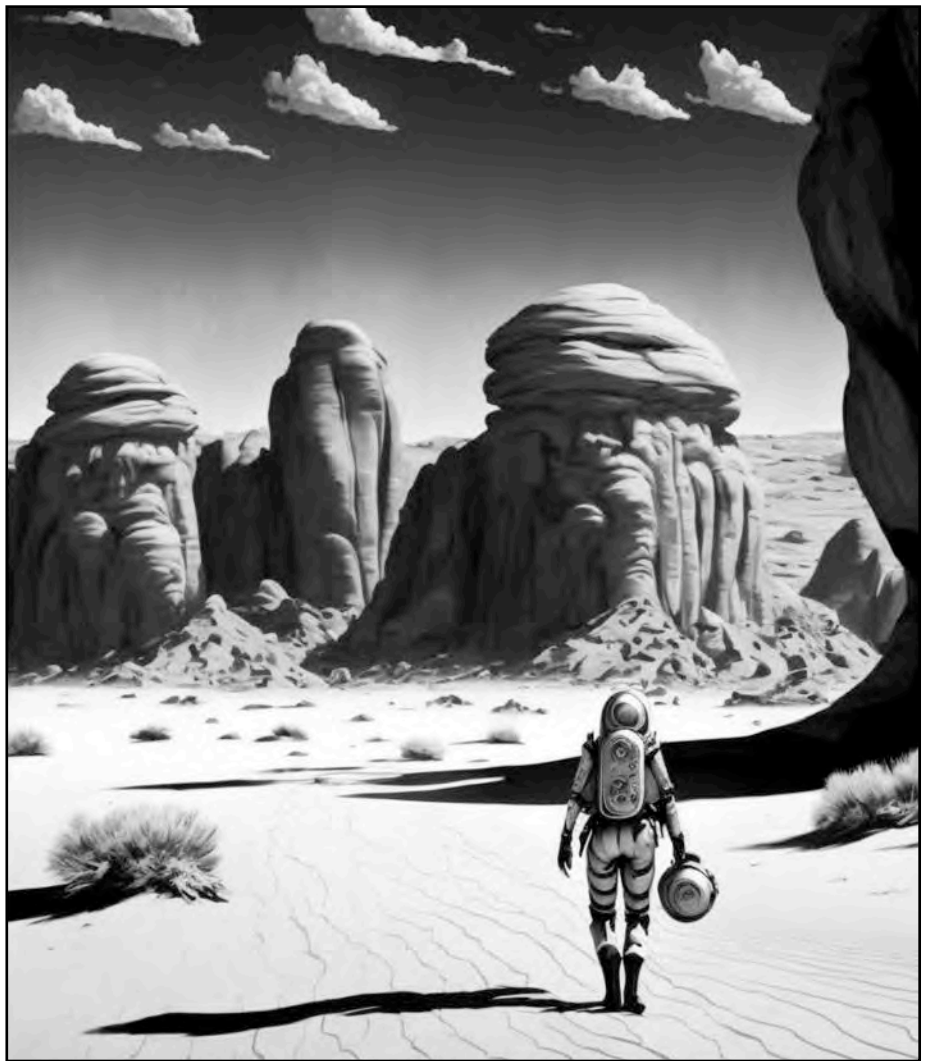








VALENTINA?



**FOOOOONNNNN**



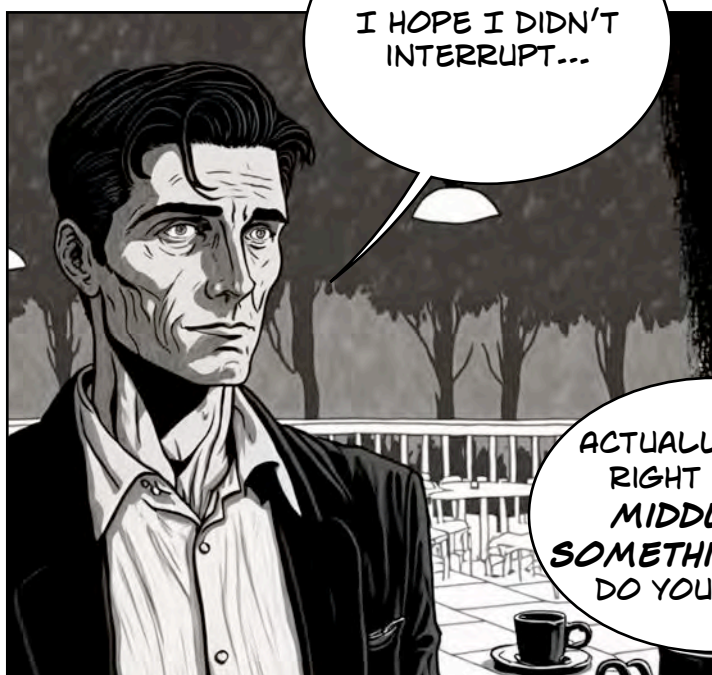


VALENTINA?





LOCATION: MOSCOW DATE: APRIL 10, 2080





LOCATION: NEW YORK CITY DATE: MARCH 2, 1962







I ARRIVED  
RIGHT ON  
TIME

...AND JUST LIKE LAST VISIT, THERE WAS A PIGEON IN MY ROOM.







I WAS WIPED OUT FROM THE FLIP AND DECIDED TO TAKE A NAP BEFORE THE MEETING... BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP SO I WATCHED AN EPISODE\* OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE...



RESPECTFULLY  
PRESENTED FOR YOUR  
PERUSAL: A KANAMIT.  
HEIGHT: A LITTLE OVER 9  
FEET. WEIGHT: 350  
POUNDS. ORIGIN?  
SOMEWHERE IN THE  
TWILIGHT ZONE

\* Ep. 24, Season 3 "To Serve Man." Teleplay by Rod Serling based on a short story by Damon Knight. Aired March 2, 1962.



SERLING WAS IN THE ROOM WITH ME WATCHING THE SHOW...

PLEASE MR. CHAMBERS EAT, WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO LOSE WEIGHT...

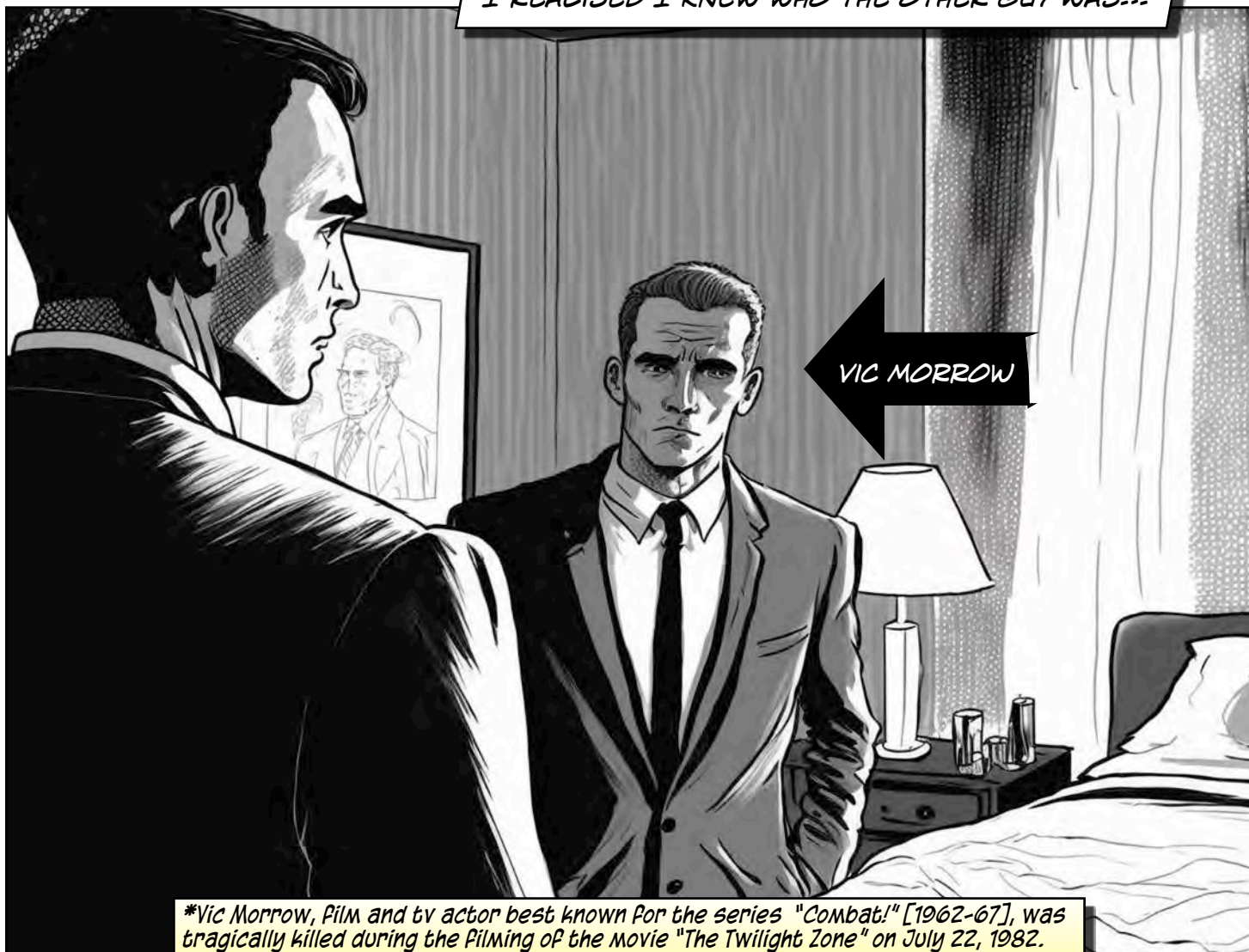


X... CH... SKT





I REALISED I KNEW WHO THE OTHER GUY WAS...



VIC MORROW

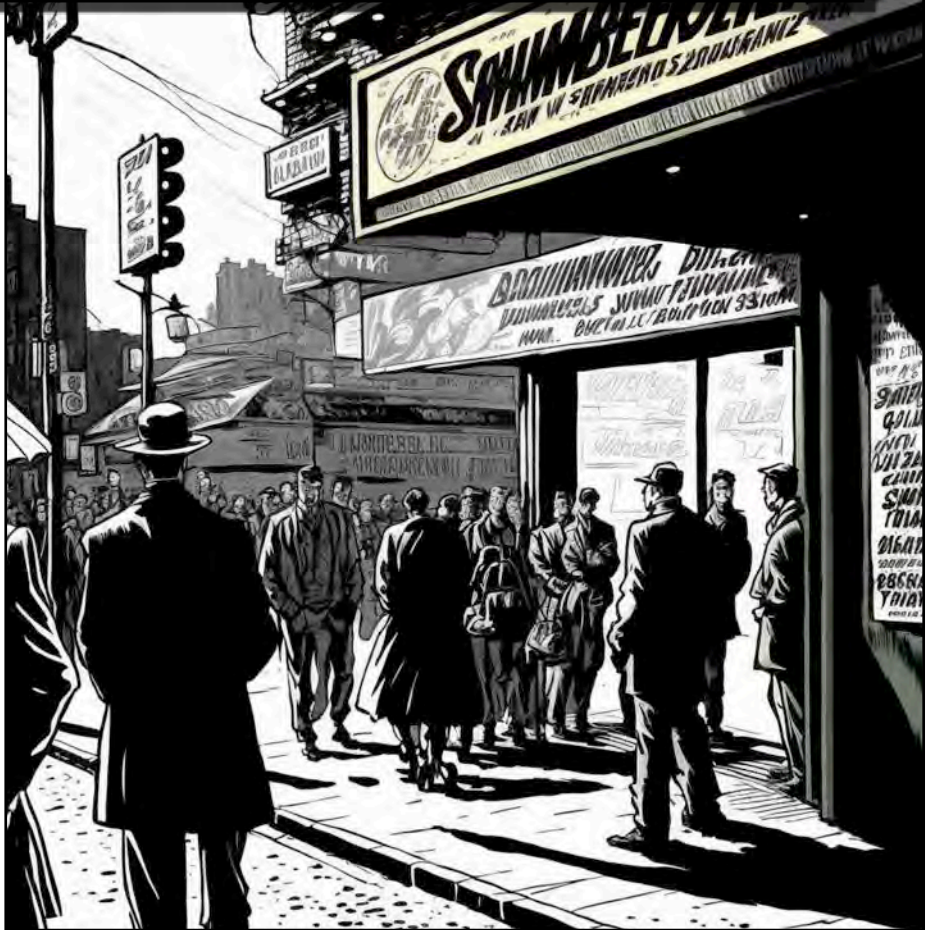
*\*Vic Morrow, film and tv actor best known for the series "Combat!" [1962-67], was tragically killed during the filming of the movie "The Twilight Zone" on July 22, 1982.*



THE FINAL PART OF THE DREAM WAS MORE **ABSTRACT**...  
THERE WERE AT **LEAST TWO** EMPIRE STATE BUILDINGS...



MARCH 2ND, 1962...THE PAST IS DIFFERENT FOR EVERYONE. SOME TALK ABOUT THE INTENSE FLAVOUR OF FOOD, OTHERS ABOUT THE HEIGHTENED COLOUR...



NEXT TRAIN IS  
THE A TRAIN



BUT FOR ME IT'S THE AMBIENT ODOUR... NEW YORK HAS ALWAYS SMELLED LIKE DRY CLEANING... AND THE FURTHER BACK YOU GO, THE MORE INTENSE IT BECOMES...







IT HASN'T SNOWED HERE FOR A WEEK OR TWO, BUT IT'S STILL FREEZING AT NIGHT! TIMES SQUARE IS A WIND TUNNEL WITH A WIND-CHILL FACTOR OF 10 DEGREES...





**BUT MAN, DID THEY EVER KNOW HOW TO PUT ON A LIGHT SHOW! AND SO MANY MOVIES! DESPITE THE SCRAMBLE FIELD I COULD MAKE OUT TITLES - QUO VADIS... CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG...\***



*\*Neither of these films were playing in or near Times Square in March 1962. Cinemas were screening movies such as "Posse From Hell", "Walk on the Wild Side" and the box office bomb "Light in the Piazza" with Olivia de Havilland.*







WHY IN GOD'S NAME ARE WE EATING HERE?



THE PLACE WAS HUGE... BUT I FOUND MY CONTACT QUICKLY ENOUGH



OVER HERE!

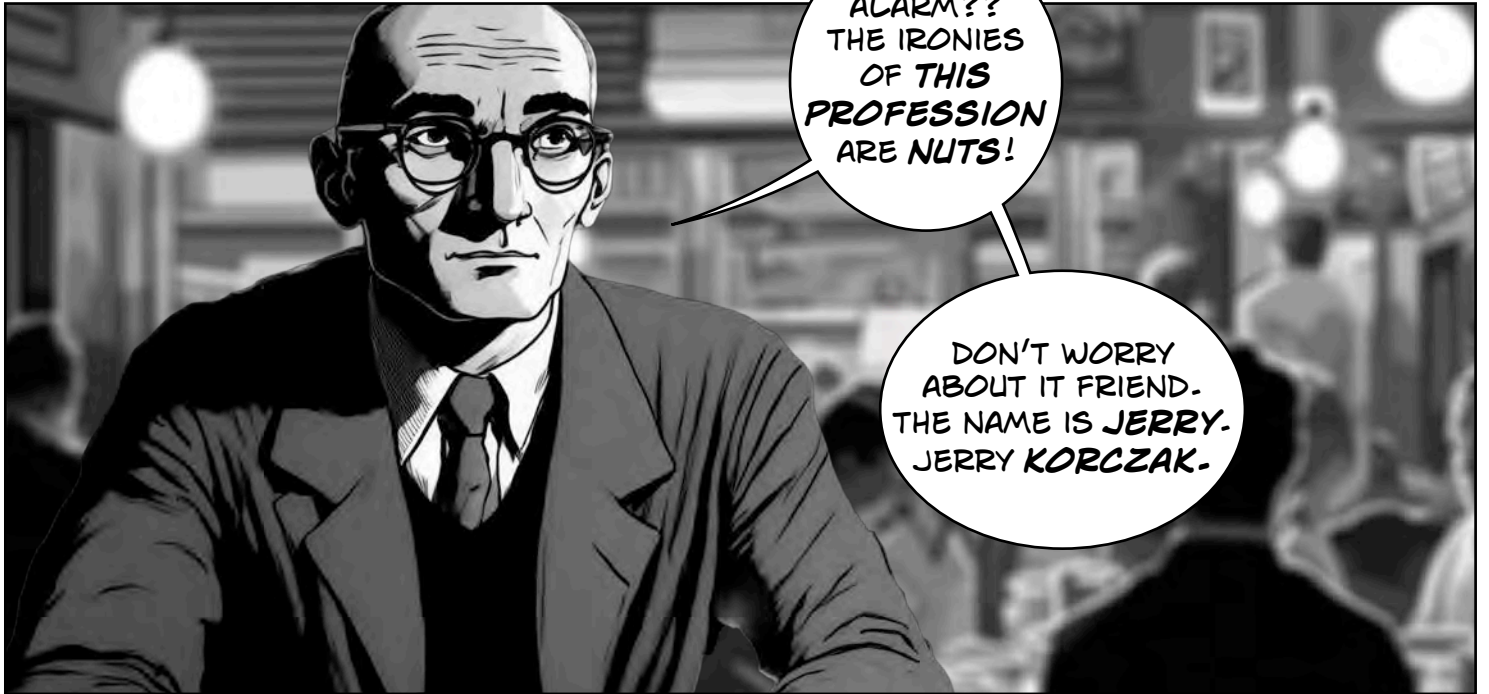


HI MATTHEW!  
WELCOME!



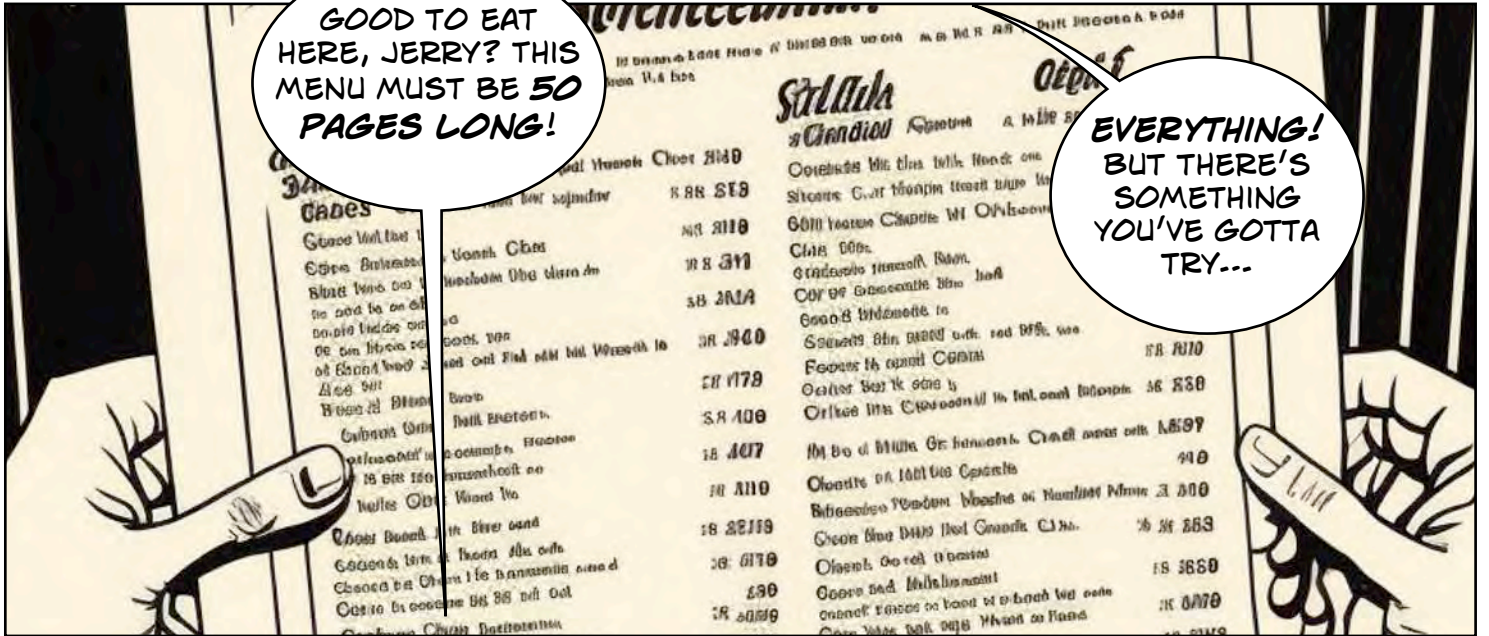


SORRY I'M LATE, I SLEPT THROUGH MY ALARM...



ALARM?? THE IRONIES OF THIS PROFESSION ARE NUTS!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT FRIEND. THE NAME IS JERRY. JERRY KORCZAK.



WHAT'S GOOD TO EAT HERE, JERRY? THIS MENU MUST BE 50 PAGES LONG!

EVERYTHING! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'VE GOTTA TRY...





THE BORSCHT WITH  
POLISH DUMPLINGS ARE  
THE BEST YOU'LL FIND THIS  
SIDE OF KRAKOW!



SO JERRY AND I BOTH HAD THE BORSCHT AND IT WAS FANTASTIC... WE  
DRANK FRENCH RED AND THEN MOVED ON TO LUKSUSOWA VODKA



I'D NEVER MET JERRY BUT I'D HEARD OF HIM... AND IT TURNED OUT THAT IN PERSON HE WAS A BIT OF A **RACONTEUR** WHO LOVED TO DRINK... HE TOLD STORIES AND I LISTENED.

I WENT INTO THE **OSS\*** STRAIGHT OUT OF COLLEGE, BUT I DIDN'T JOIN **NETWORK** UNTIL '51

\* The **OSS** - The **Office of Strategic Services**, co-ordinating organization for behind-the-lines espionage during World War 2, which was superseded by the **C.I.A.** in 1946.

...AND I MET TRUMAN IN '47 WHEN I JOINED THE **COMPANY\*** BUT THE GUY WAS A REAL **ASSHOLE**...

HUH!

YEAH, LONG STORY... SO... WHAT ABOUT YOU? WERE YOU A **SPOOK** TOO?

\*InFormal name for the **C.I.A**





UH, **NO**. I WAS ACTUALLY  
A **UNIVERSITY PROF**  
BEFORE **NETWORK**. I WROTE  
MY MASTERS THESIS ON THE  
NEW YORK **NO WAVE**  
**SCENE\***

IT WAS BASED ON  
FIELD WORK FROM  
TRIPS THE '80S.  
TOTALLY INFORMAL,  
**UNSANCTIONED...**

*\*From circa 1977 through to the mid-1980s, the No Wave scene was an informal grouping of bands exploring a post-Punk noise aesthetic and included DNA, Mars, Teenage Jesus & The Jerks, and James Chance & The Contortions...*



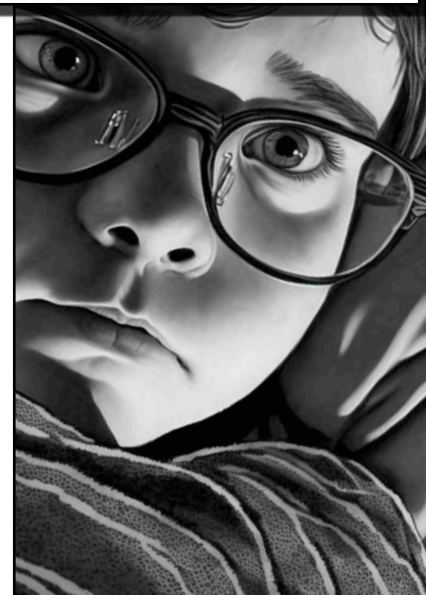
HOLY  
CRAP! SO  
NETWORK  
FOUND YOU  
HUH?



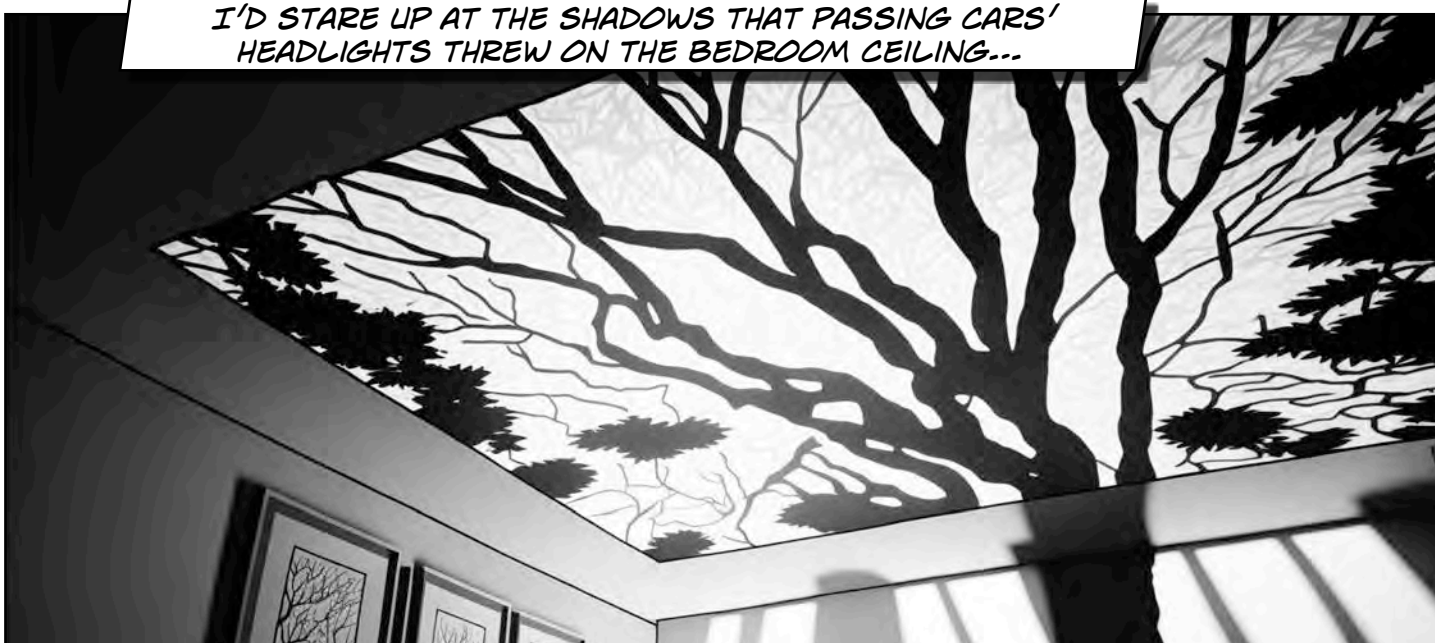
YEAH - IT WAS  
LOVE AT FIRST  
SIGHT...



WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY - SIX OR SEVEN YEARS OLD - I HAD A RECURRING DREAM, THAT I COULD FLY, CLASSIC KID STUFF...



I'D STARE UP AT THE SHADOWS THAT PASSING CARS' HEADLIGHTS THREW ON THE BEDROOM CEILING...



AND IF I CONCENTRATED HARD ENOUGH, I'D FLY UP FROM MY BED AND OUT OF MY ROOM...





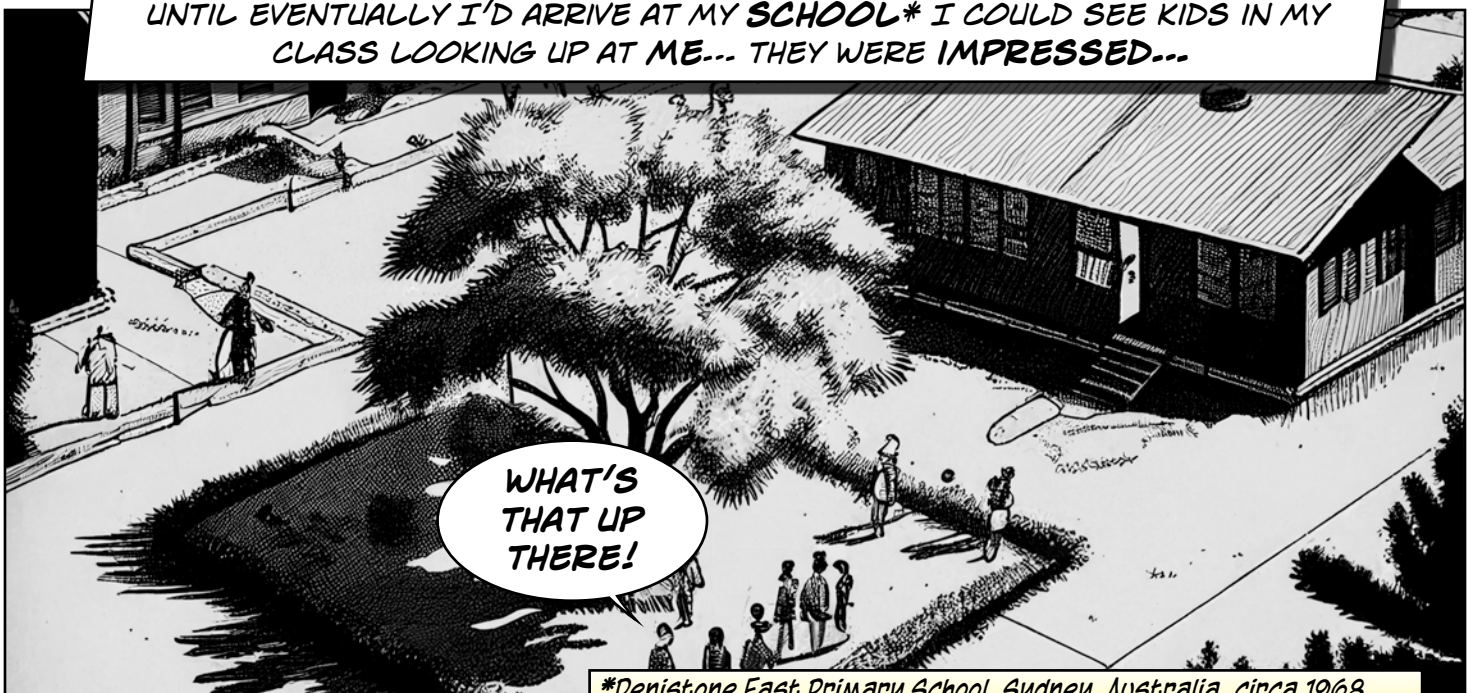
I'D SOAR OVER MY NEIGHBOURHOOD WHERE I COULD SEE MY FRIEND'S HOUSES... AND THEIR MOTHERS PUTTING OUT THE WASHING...



I'D FLY OVER MIDWAY SHOPPING CENTRE, GETTING REALLY HIGH...



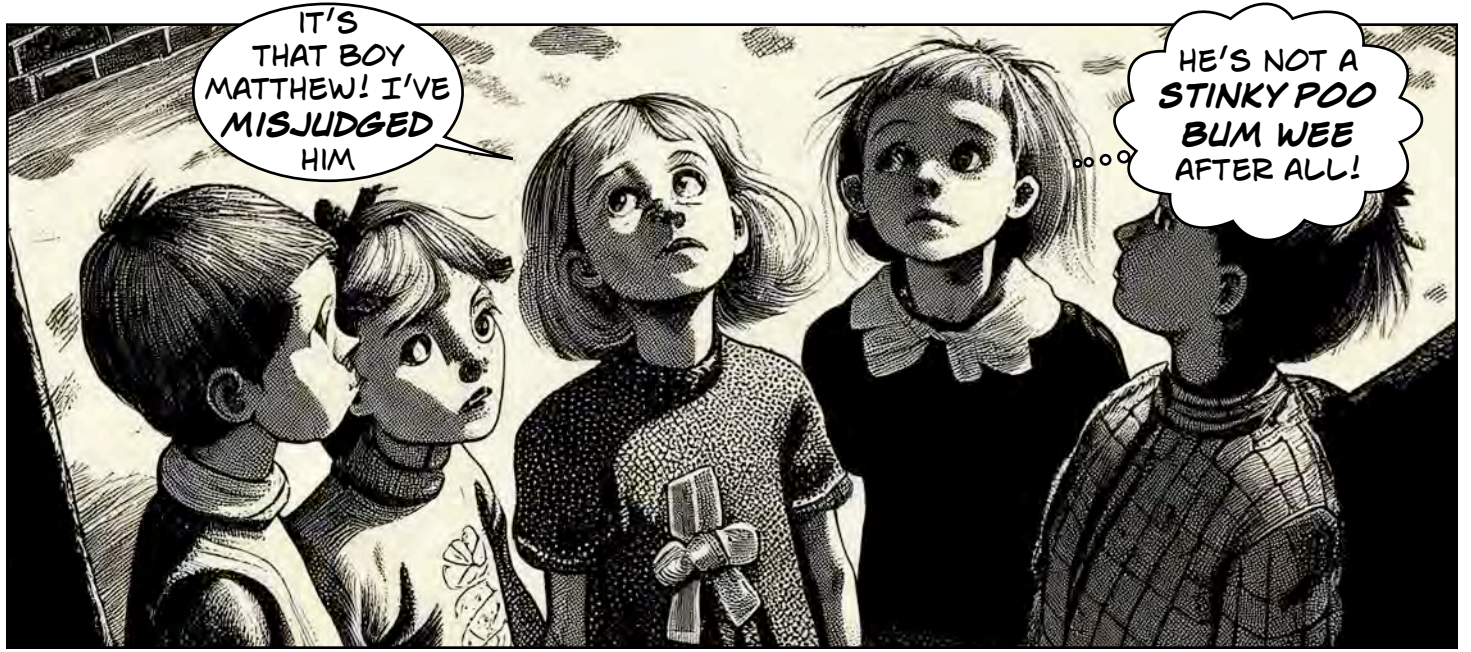
UNTIL EVENTUALLY I'D ARRIVE AT MY SCHOOL\* I COULD SEE KIDS IN MY CLASS LOOKING UP AT ME... THEY WERE IMPRESSED...



WHAT'S THAT UP THERE!

\*Denistone East Primary School, Sydney, Australia, circa 1968





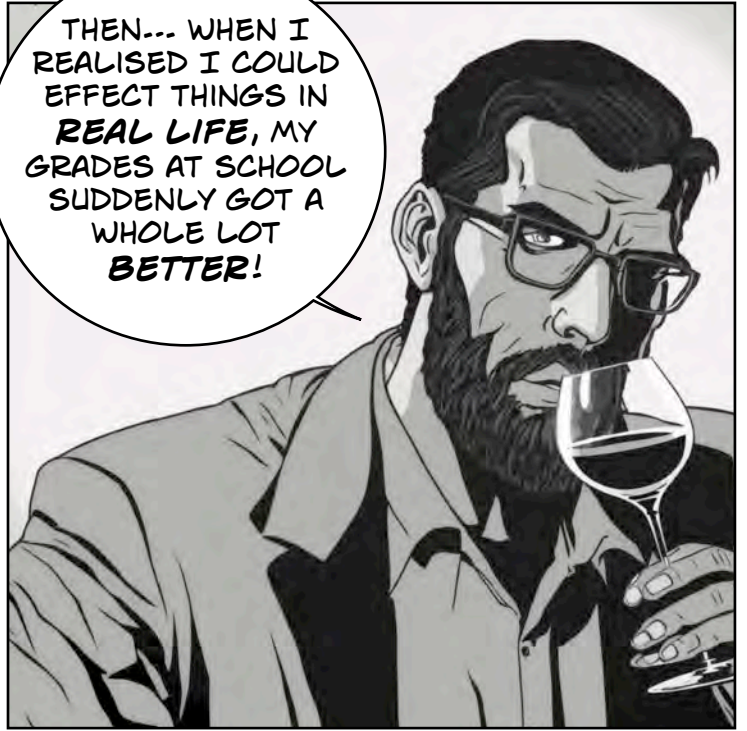
IT'S THAT BOY MATTHEW! I'VE MISJUDGED HIM

HE'S NOT A STINKY POO BUM WEE AFTER ALL!

AND I'D FLY DOWN AND JOIN THEM. FROM THAT DAY FORTH MY FRIENDS WOULD KNOW THAT I WAS SPECIAL.



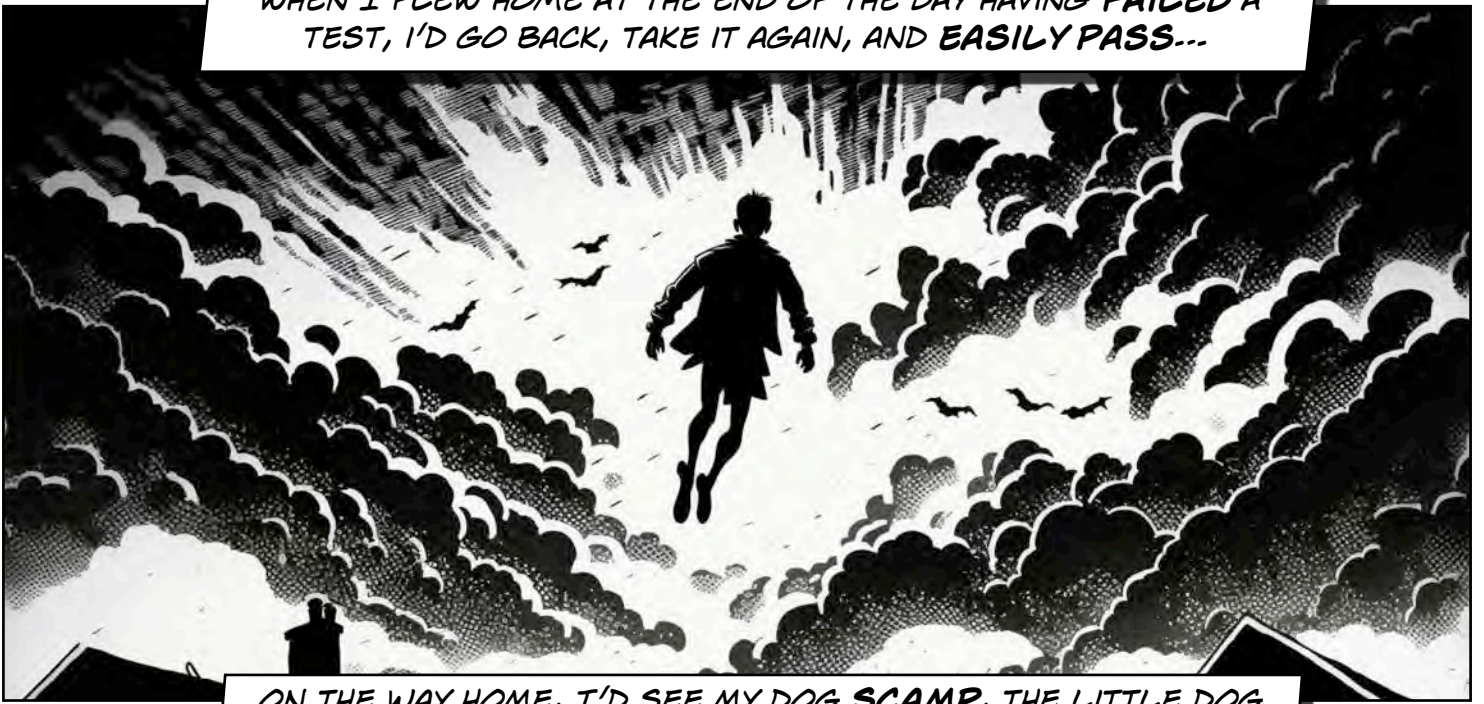
AND THEN?



THEN... WHEN I REALISED I COULD EFFECT THINGS IN REAL LIFE, MY GRADES AT SCHOOL SUDDENLY GOT A WHOLE LOT BETTER!



WHEN I FLEW HOME AT THE END OF THE DAY HAVING FAILED A TEST, I'D GO BACK, TAKE IT AGAIN, AND EASILY PASS...



ON THE WAY HOME, I'D SEE MY DOG SCAMP, THE LITTLE DOG THAT RAN AWAY FROM HOME\* AFTER I LEFT THE BACK GATE OPEN. HE'D RUN AWAY BECAUSE I DIDN'T LOVE HIM ENOUGH...



*\*Wait a second, this is not what happened!*

HE'D SEE ME... LOOK UP... AND I'D FINALLY FIND SOME PEACE...



I FORGIVE YOU!

*\*This is a travesty! The story is far more tragic than this...*

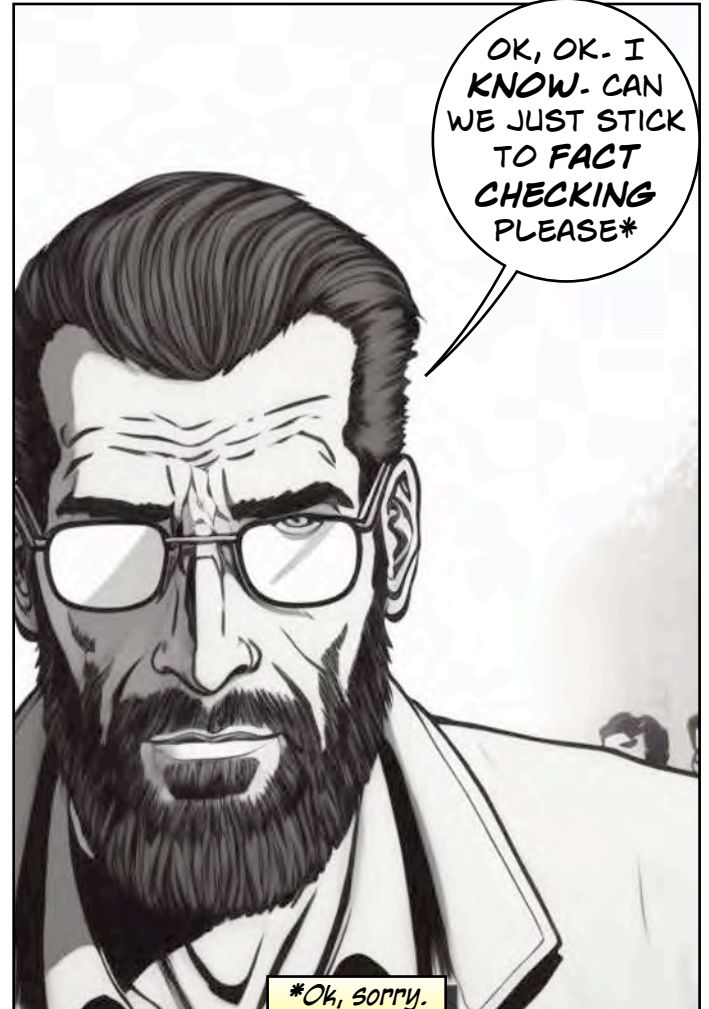




*\*It's true, Matthew did leave the garden gate open, but Scamp didn't run away... He promptly ran into the street and was run over by a young man who'd just bought his first car. He was distraught... What made the whole incident worse was that when Matthew's father asked him if he'd left the gate open, he lied. He was afraid.*



*\*Scamp was buried in the shade of a big tree in the backyard... Matthew was there. He saw the burial.*



OK, OK. I KNOW. CAN WE JUST STICK TO FACT CHECKING PLEASE\*

*\*Ok, sorry.*





MORE  
WODKA  
PLEASE!



PROSZĘ  
SERWIS!

YES CHEF!





*Greetings. This is  
Network.*

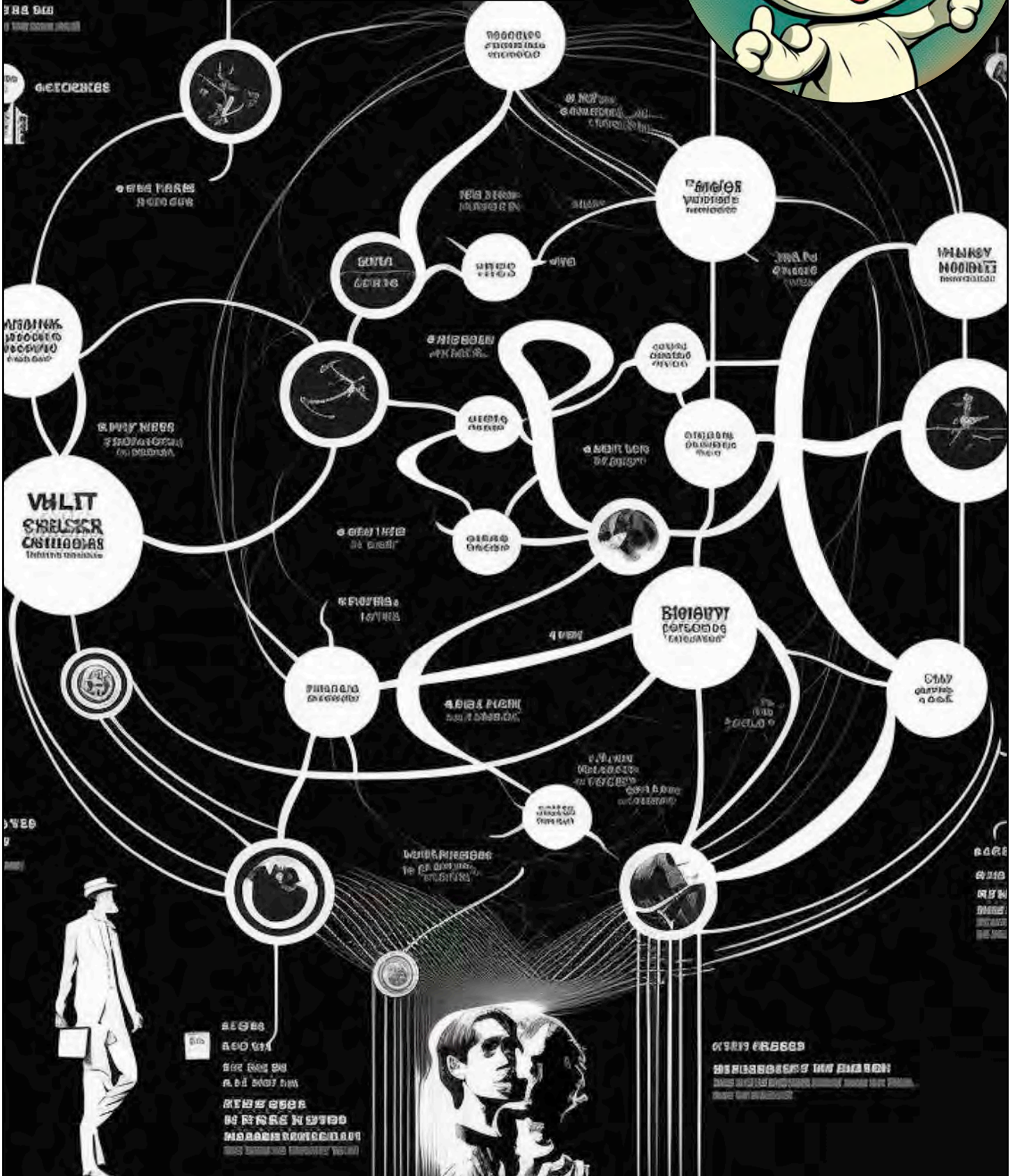
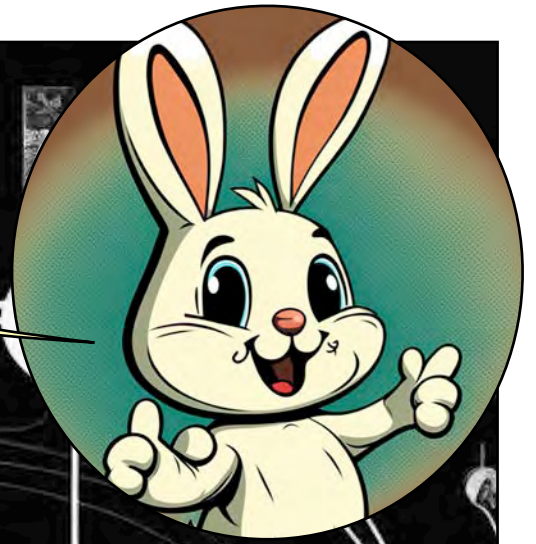
*I probably should have  
introduced myself  
earlier but there just  
didn't seem to be the  
right time... Heh heh,  
sorry, a joke...*

*I'm sure you're wondering  
just what the hell is going  
on, but more importantly,  
what are the rules?*

*Relax... I'm here to help*



Causality is complex, and while there are many possibilities - ultimately there is only one time line. It can be changed in minor ways without effect but big changes are only possible when we tinker with *Jonbar Points*\*



"Term occasionally used for a crucial Poking-place in time, and whose manipulation can radically affect the Future that Follows..." Dave Langford, the Encyclopaedia of Science Fiction, 4th Edition.

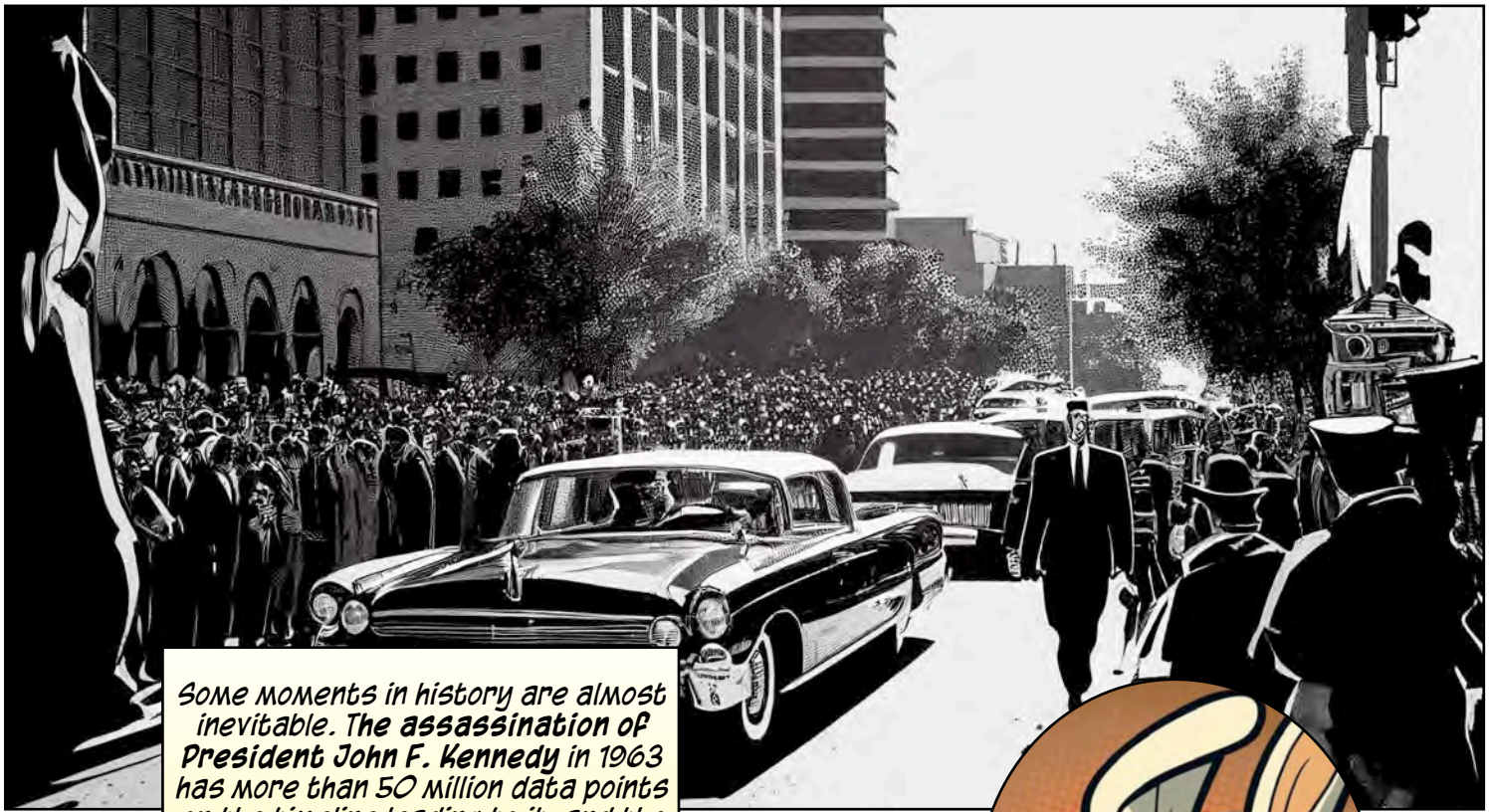




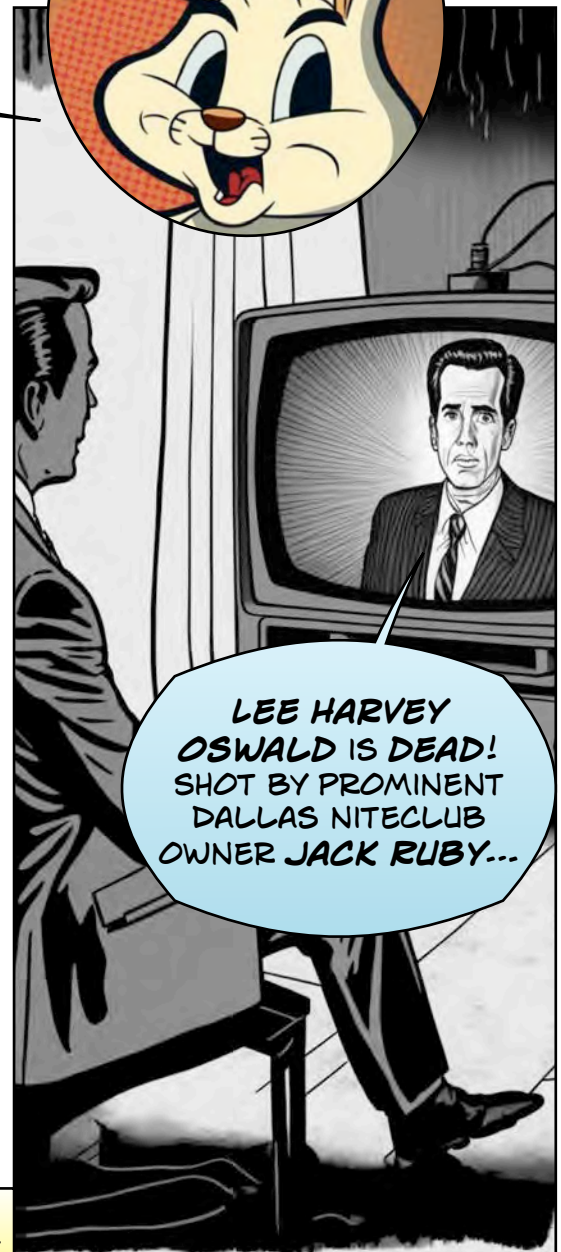
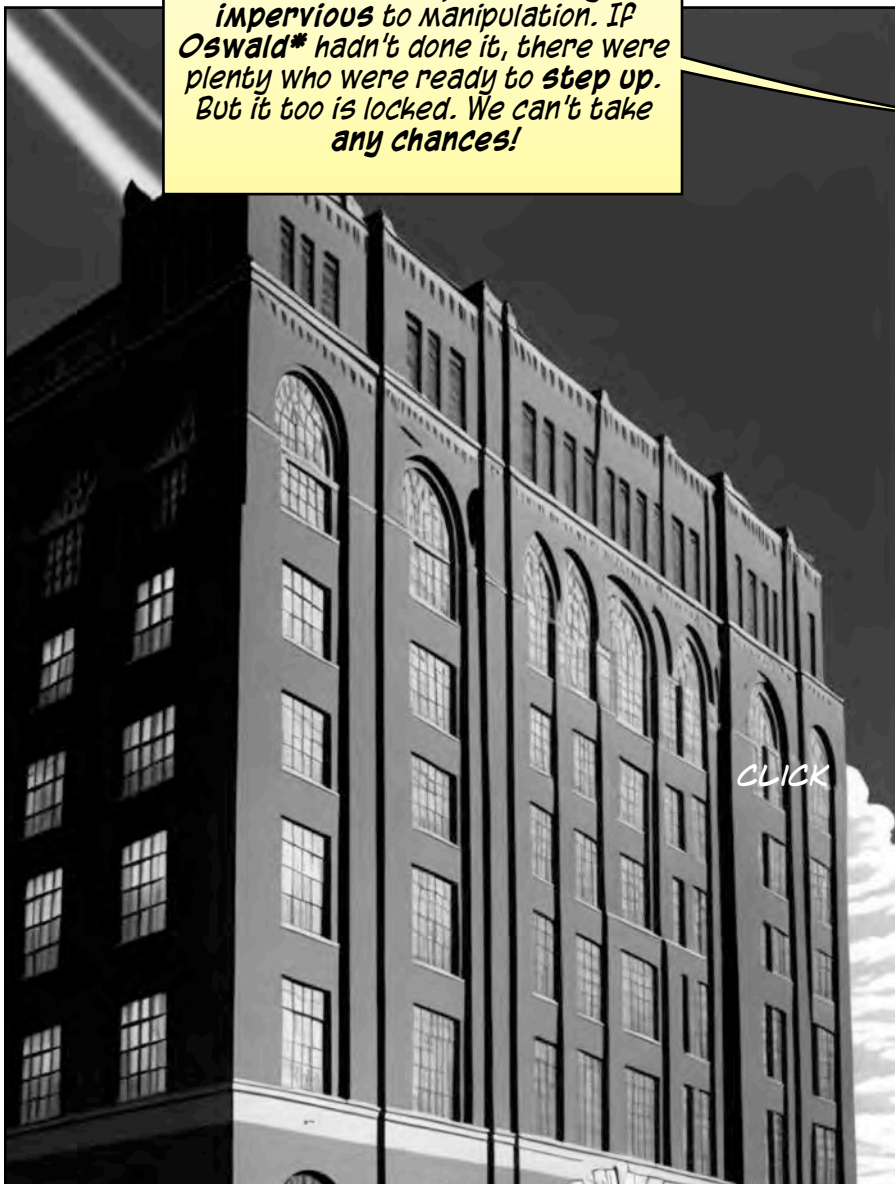
Certain events are so *consequential* that the thousands of forks in the timeline that lead to them are simply too complex to allow any attempt to manipulate them. That's why *events like 9/11\** are *locked off*. Only the most trusted operatives are allowed *anywhere near them!*

*\*9/11 or the September 11th Attacks in 2001 were the result of a co-ordinated strike against targets in New York and Washington by the terrorist group al-Qaeda, which claimed 4,500 lives and launched the ill-fated War on Terror...*





*Some moments in history are almost inevitable. The assassination of President John F. Kennedy in 1963 has more than 50 million data points on the timeline leading to it, and the event itself is practically impervious to manipulation. If Oswald\* hadn't done it, there were plenty who were ready to step up. But it too is locked. We can't take any chances!*



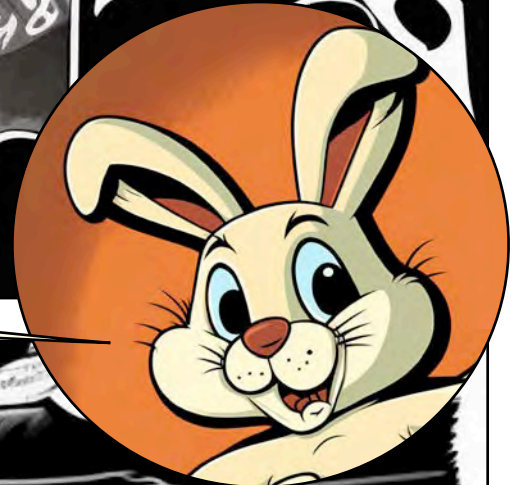
**LEE HARVEY OSWALD IS DEAD!  
SHOT BY PROMINENT DALLAS NITECLUB OWNER JACK RUBY...**

*\*Lee Harvey Oswald, former Marine, former member of the CIA-backed Fair Play for Cuba Committee, and likely lone assassin of John F. Kennedy.*



**SIEG HEIL!  
SIEG HEIL!  
SIEG HEIL!**

*All of Germany and Austria  
From 1899 all the way to  
1950 is sealed tight as a  
drum. As you can imagine,  
everyone wants to kill baby  
Hitler, but that whole timeline  
is likewise impervious to  
manipulation...*



SCAMP  
HATES NAZIS

*I know you still have  
questions, like, how do you  
actually move through time?  
And if you can do that, why  
didn't Matthew go back and  
save his little dog? Well,  
that's a story for another  
time...*

*Network out.*





LOCATION: MOSCOW DATE: SEPTEMBER 8, 2080







I'M SORRY..  
I'VE  
FORGOTTEN  
YOUR NAME



I HOPE I DIDN'T  
INTERRUPT...

ACTUALLY I  
WAS RIGHT IN THE  
MIDDLE OF  
SOMETHING. WHAT  
DO YOU WANT?



MY NAME IS  
**ALEXEI**. LET'S  
GO FOR A WALK...  
TO THE ART  
MUSEUM...



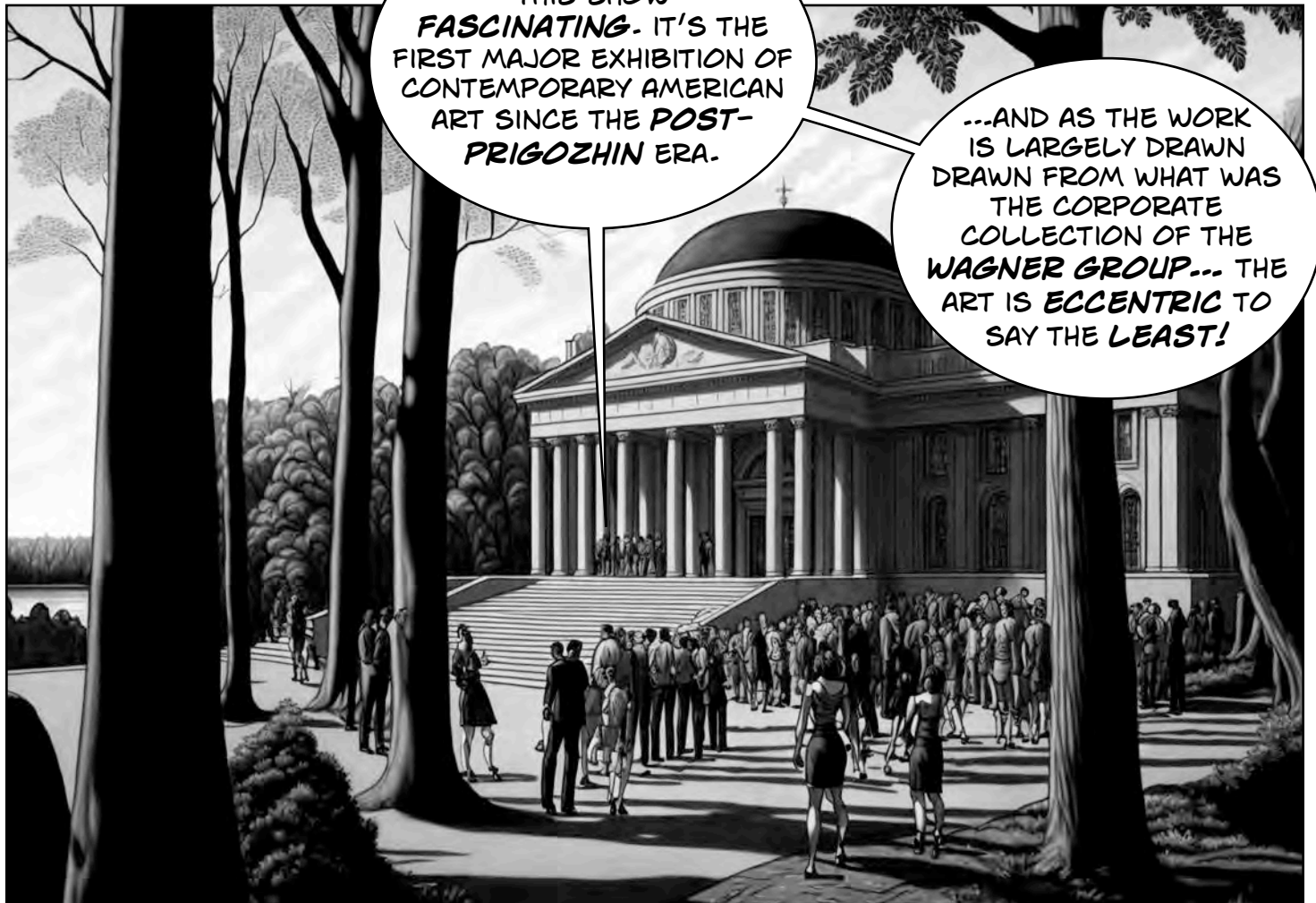


AND WHY ARE WE GOING THERE? IS IT RELEVANT?

HA, HA! IT'S SO WE CAN SEE THE EXHIBITION!

I THINK YOU'LL FIND THIS SHOW **FASCINATING**. IT'S THE FIRST MAJOR EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART SINCE THE **POST-PRIGOZHIN ERA**.

...AND AS THE WORK IS LARGELY DRAWN FROM WHAT WAS THE CORPORATE COLLECTION OF THE **WAGNER GROUP**... THE ART IS **ECCENTRIC** TO SAY THE **LEAST!**





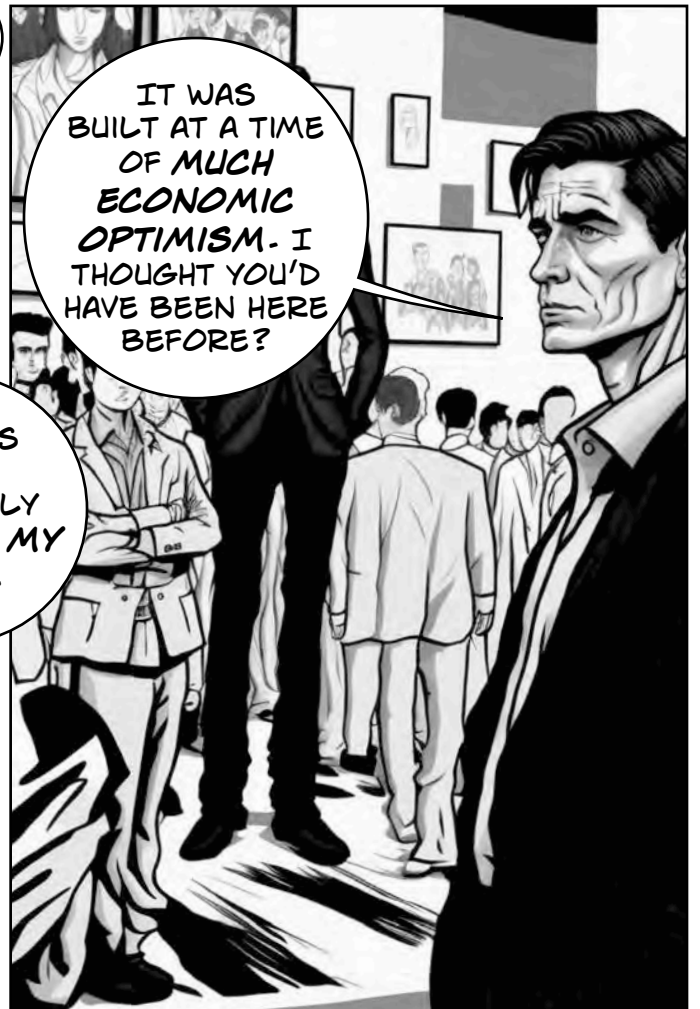


**COMRADES, A  
GUIDED TOUR OF THE  
EXHIBITION WILL  
COMMENCE IN 5 MINUTES.  
PLEASE ASSEMBLE AT THE  
INFORMATION DESK  
OPPOSITE THE  
EXHIBITION GIFT  
SHOP!**



**MY  
GOD, THIS  
PLACE IS  
HUGE!**

**NO. IT'S  
QUITE  
LITERALLY  
BEFORE MY  
TIME.**



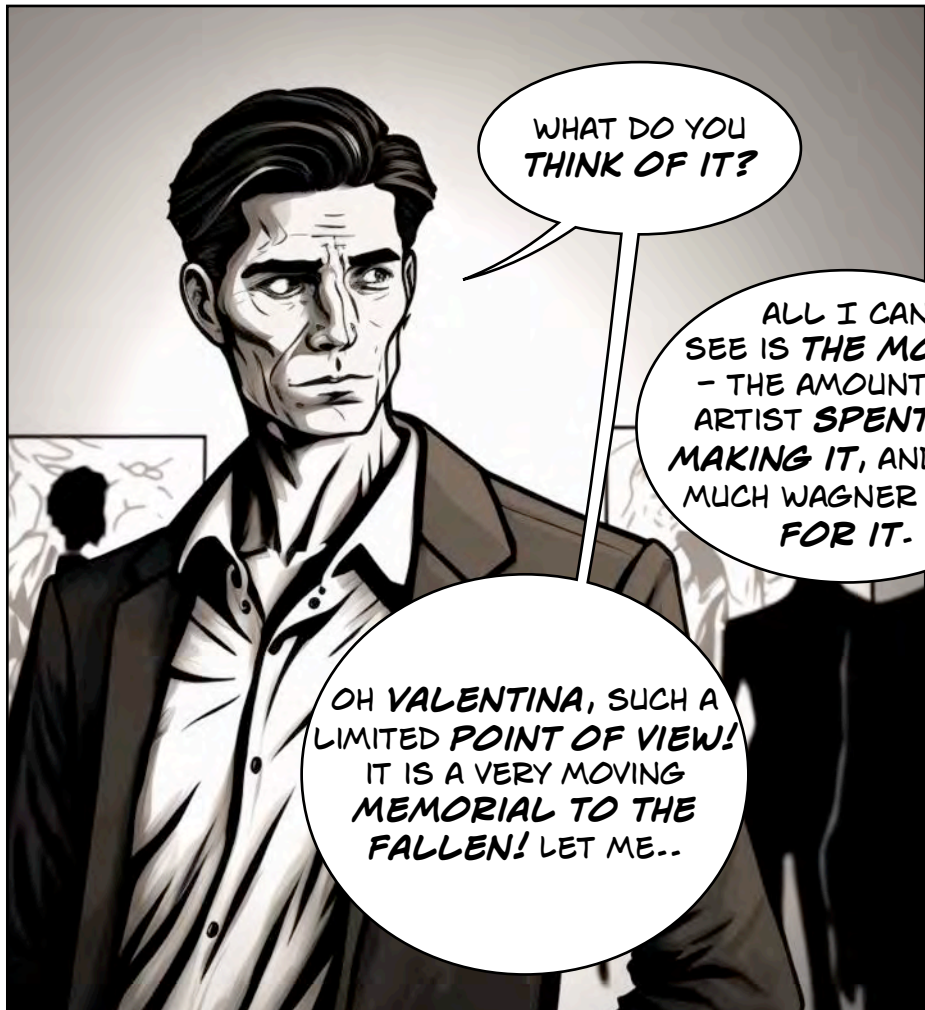
**IT WAS  
BUILT AT A TIME  
OF MUCH  
ECONOMIC  
OPTIMISM. I  
THOUGHT YOU'D  
HAVE BEEN HERE  
BEFORE?**





AND  
WHAT'S  
THIS??

THIS A MAJOR PIECE  
BY THE ARTIST  
**WHISPER ZHANG**.  
IT'S A BREAK-THROUGH  
PIECE FROM THE  
**TWENTY SIXTIES**. A  
MAJOR WORK OF  
SIMULATED  
REALITY...



WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF IT?

ALL I CAN  
SEE IS **THE MONEY**  
- THE AMOUNT THE  
ARTIST **SPENT ON**  
**MAKING IT**, AND HOW  
MUCH **WAGNER PAID**  
**FOR IT**.

OH VALENTINA, SUCH A  
LIMITED **POINT OF VIEW!**  
IT IS A VERY MOVING  
**MEMORIAL TO THE**  
**FALLEN!** LET ME..







CAN WE JUST GET  
TO WHY I WAS  
CALLED HERE?

THERE IS AN  
OPERATIVE NAMED  
MATTHEW WHO IS IN  
NEW YORK CITY.  
NETWORK WANTS HIM  
ELIMINATED FROM  
THE TIME LINE.



WHY?





THERE'S GOING TO BE A MAJOR INCURSION THAT WILL HAVE VERY SIGNIFICANT **UPSTREAM AFFECTS**. IT'S MARCH 2ND, 1962. HE'LL BE GOING TO THE THEATRE ON THAT EVENING...

DON'T MAKE CONTACT **BEFORE** THE DESIGNATED MOMENT. INTERCEPT HIM AS HE LEAVES THE THEATRE. YOU KNOW THE REST.

OK. UNDERSTOOD.



DON'T YOU FIND IT **FASCINATING** THAT ARTISTS HAVE OFTEN COME SO **VERY CLOSE** TO REALISING THE TRUE NATURE OF THEIR **CONTINUUM**?

IN WHAT WAY?





ZHANG'S SIM-R  
WORK GIVES THE  
GALLERY VISITOR A  
CHANCE TO EXPERIENCE  
**SIGNIFICANT HISTORICAL  
EVENTS** SUCH AS IN THIS  
SEQUENCE ON  
9/11...

WORLD TRADE CENTER, NYC

...AND IT FEELS LIKE  
**YOU'RE THERE.** WHAT  
MOTIVATED ZHANG TO  
CREATE THE WORK?  
ARTISTIC **INSPIRATION?** OR  
AN INSIGHT THAT SUCH  
MOVEMENT THROUGH TIME  
**MIGHT ACTUALLY BE  
POSSIBLE?**



THE PENTAGON, WASHINGTON D.C.





THE US CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C.



WHAT  
IN THE HELL  
IS THIS?

AS I SAY, A  
HISTORICAL  
RE-CREATION  
THAT...

THE CAPITOL  
WASN'T  
DESTROYED! THIS  
IS A WORK OF  
FICTION.

SADLY IT WAS. ITS  
DESTRUCTION BY  
FLIGHT 93 HAS  
ALWAYS BEEN A PART  
OF HISTORY...





THIS IS WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE! YOU WANTED TO SHOW ME TO GAUGE MY REACTION! TO SEE IF I'M ON SIDE!



WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!!



WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME?

WHO ARE YOU WITH?

BULLSHIT!



UH... IT'S ALEXEI

NETWORK!

PLEASE VALENTINA, TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG!





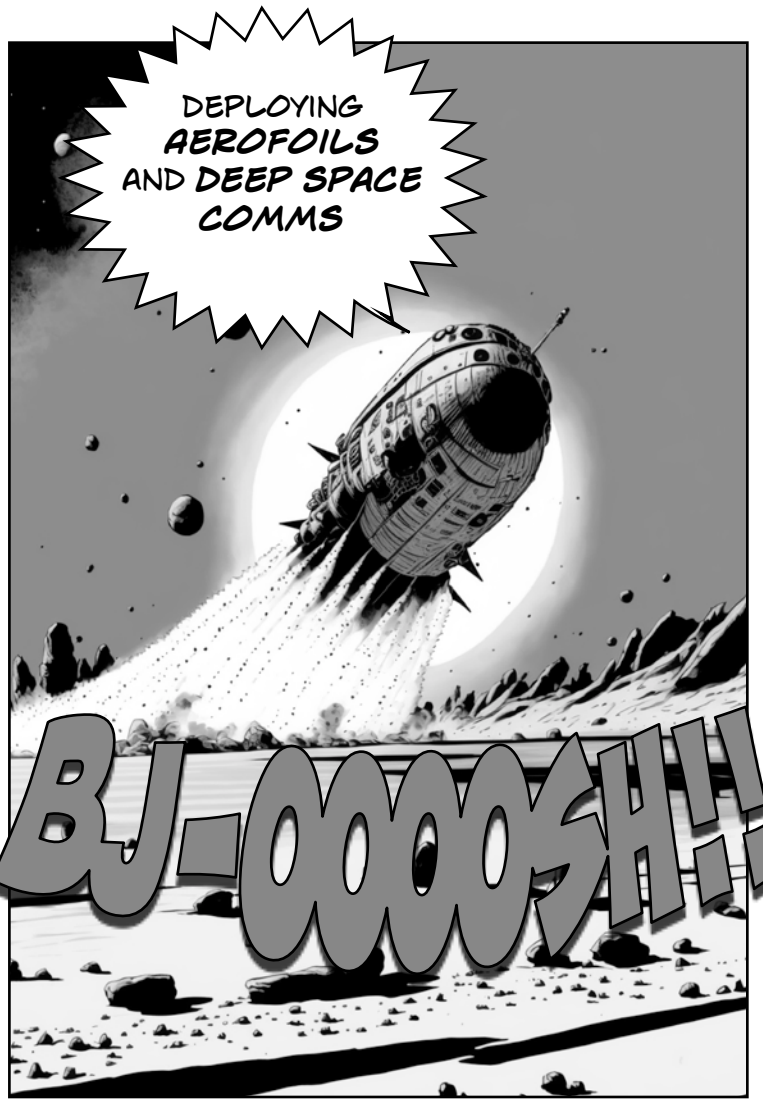
















WHAT  
HAPPENED?



I HAD TO TAKE  
OUT AN OPERATIVE...  
HE USED THE  
COMPROMISED  
PASSWORD.

LET'S GET BACK  
HOME. I NEED A  
BATH. THEN I NEED  
TO PAY A VISIT TO  
1962!

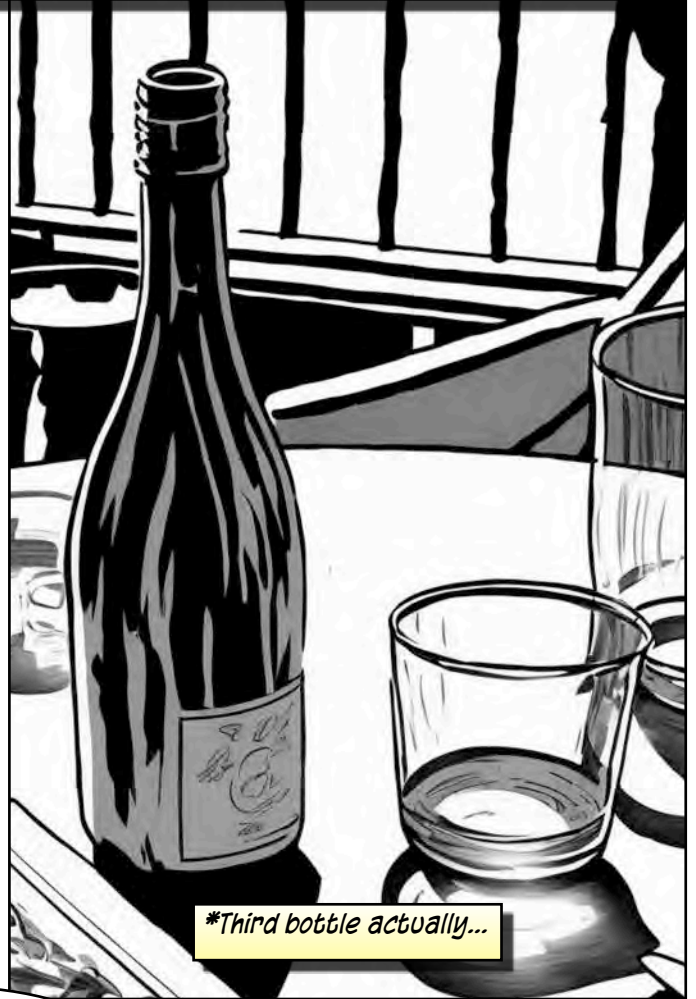


NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 2ND, 1962





SO WHERE WAS I? OH THAT'S RIGHT... WE'D JUST ORDERED OUR 2ND\* BOTTLE



\*Third bottle actually...

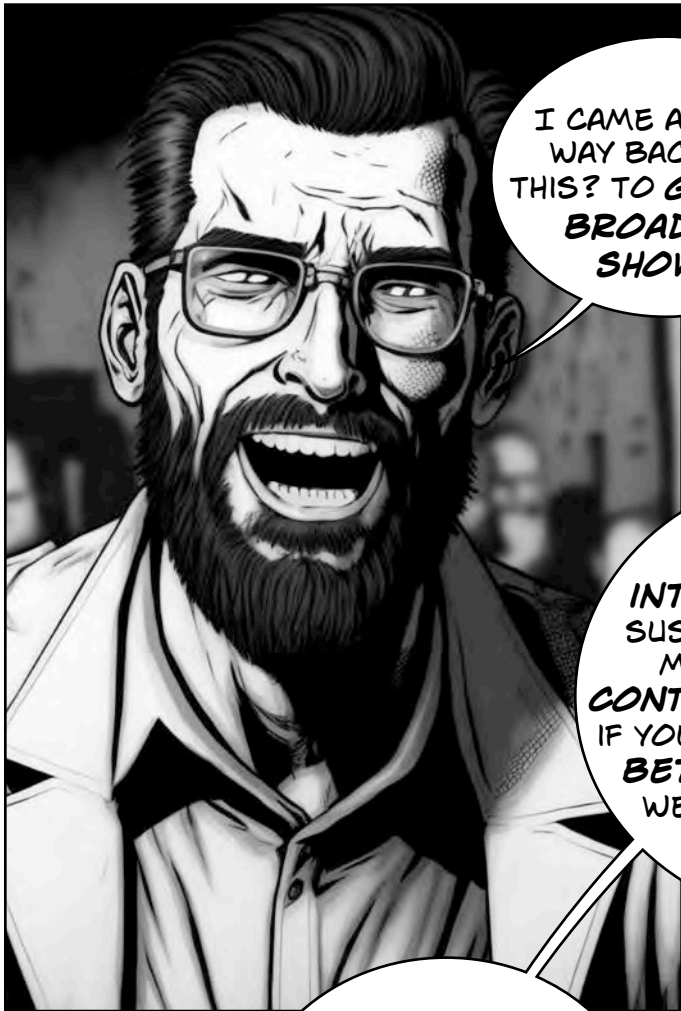


SO HERE'S THE DEAL.  
WE NEED YOU TO GO TO  
TONIGHT'S 10.30PM  
PERFORMANCE OF 'A FUNNY  
THING HAPPENED ON THE  
WAY TO THE FORUM'

AN OPERATIVE  
NAMED VALENTINA  
WILL MAKE  
CONTACT.







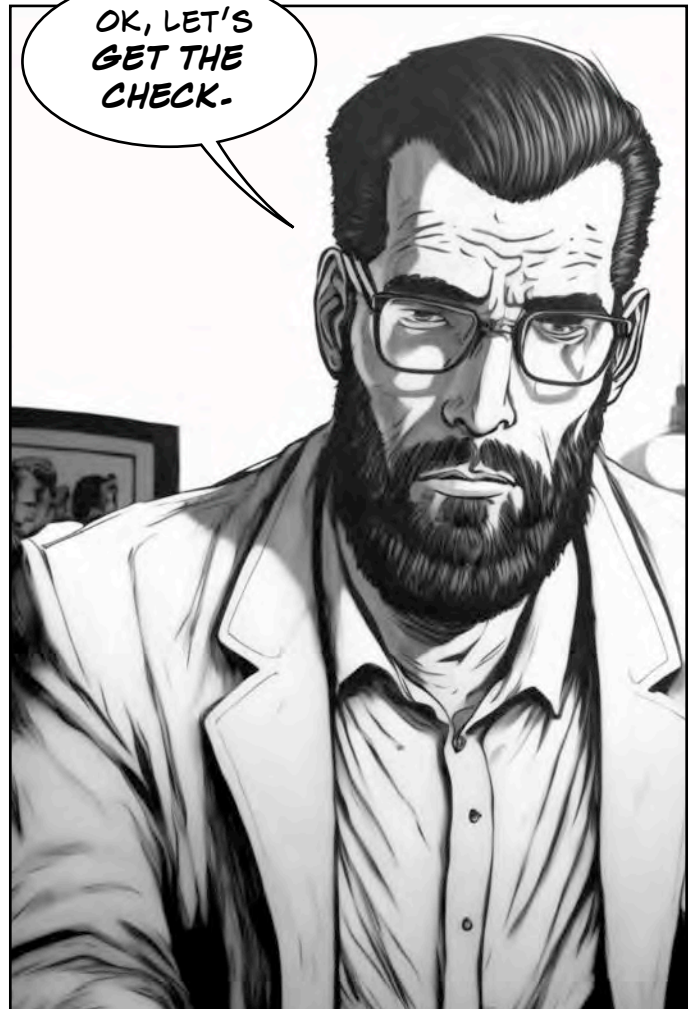
I CAME ALL THE WAY BACK FOR THIS? TO GO TO A BROADWAY SHOW!!



IT'S A COUNTER-INTEL OPERATION. WE SUSPECT THAT VALENTINA MAYBE WORKING FOR CONTROL. DO AS SHE ASKS. IF YOU GET ANY SENSE SHE'S BETRAYED NETWORK... WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.



ANYWAY. IT'S A GREAT SHOW, MY WIFE AND I HAVE SEEN IT TWICE! AND ZERO MOSTEL IS A SCREAM!



OK, LET'S GET THE CHECK.



AFTER I'D SAID FAREWELL TO JERRY I STILL HAD A COUPLE OF HOURS TO KILL. I GOT A TAXI ON 42ND AND HEADED DOWN TO THE VILLAGE...



I STOPPED IN AT THE CEDAR BAR HOPING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF JASPER OR BOB OR ANDY BUT THERE WAS HARDLY ANYONE THERE, MOST PEOPLE WERE ON THE STREET TALKING...





I FOUND ANOTHER PLACE JUST AROUND THE CORNER AND IT WAS JUMPING! I WALKED UP TO THE BAR, ORDERED A BEER AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY MET MITZY....





**SOME TIME LATER...**

MY NAME IS MITZI!  
WHAT'S YOURS?

MATTHEW.

FIRST TIME IN  
NEW YORK?

WELL...  
AH... THAT'S...  
A BIT TRICKY.

DON'T YOU  
REMEMBER?

HAHA!  
NOT  
REALLY...

YOU'RE A  
WEIRDO!

I FEEL LIKE  
I'VE MET YOU  
BEFORE.

SAME!  
ISN'T THAT  
ODD!

ANOTHER  
DRINK?

AREN'T YOU  
ALREADY THREE  
SHEETS TO  
THE WIND?

UH... CAN YOU  
SEE A CAT?

HUH?





LATER, UNPROMPTED, MITZI TOLD ME HER THEORY OF DREAMS



DREAMS ARE A **GATEWAY!** THEY TAKE US PLACES AND SHOW US IMPORTANT **THINGS...** IT'S NOT JUST WHAT DREAMS MEAN, BUT HOW THEY FEEL! THAT'S THE KEY...



I THINK DREAMS MIGHT **CHANGE THE PAST!** AND THE **FUTURE!** DON'T YOU AGREE? IF WE COULD JUST HARNESS THEM!



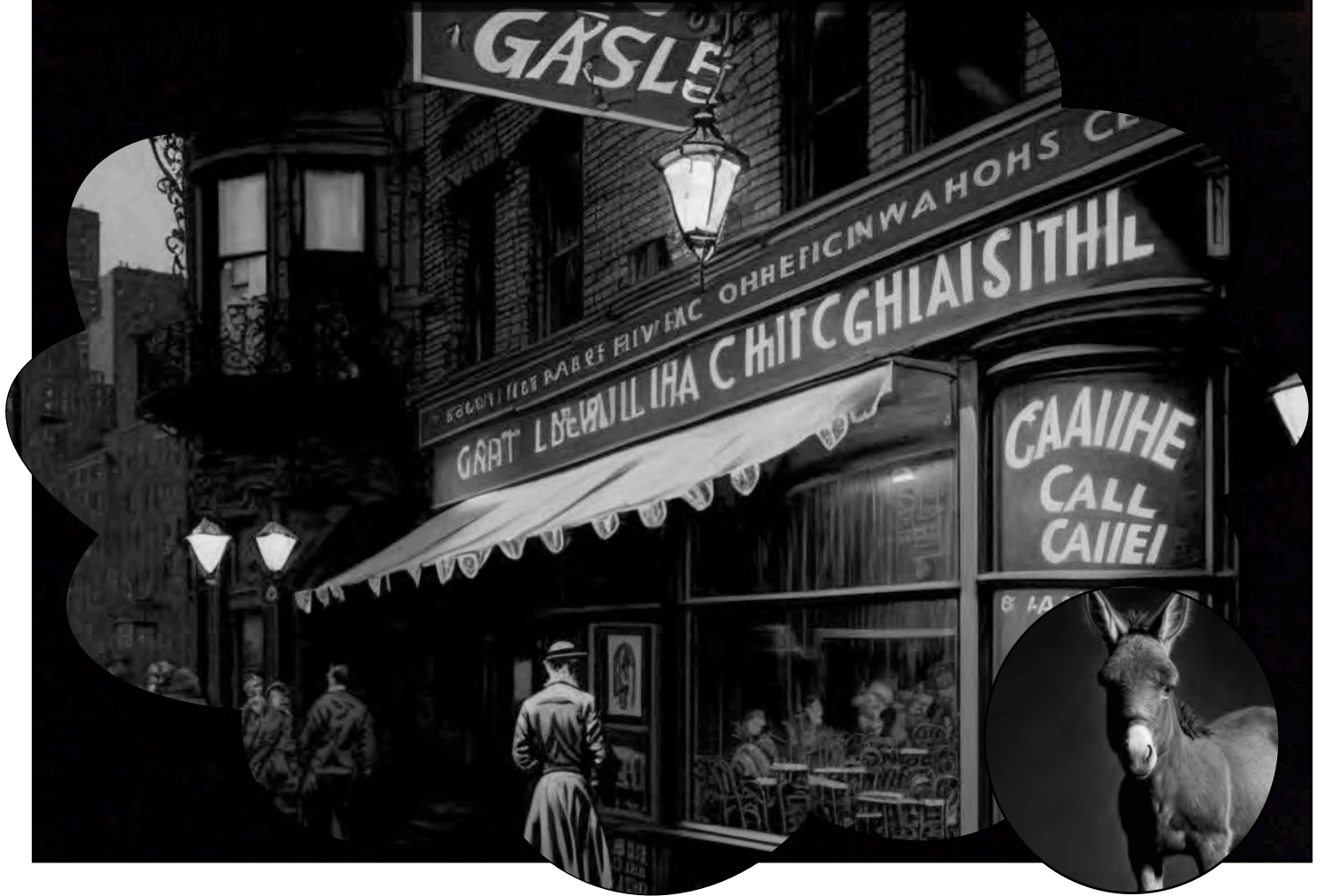
I DO **DREAM GUIDANCE AND THERAPY.** FREELANCE. FITS AROUND MY **WAITRESSING JOB!** UH, ARE YOU OK?



UH YEAH... BUT I THINK I NEED TO GET SOME **FRESH AIR**



WE WENT OUTSIDE AND I FELT BETTER... WE DECIDED TO WALK TO ANOTHER BAR...



THERE WAS LIVE MUSIC... NOT SURE WHO THE SINGER WAS...



THEN WE WALKED TO MITZI'S PLACE. AFTER THAT...





**MATTHEW - YOU'RE  
DREAMING. YOU NEED  
TO WAKE UP!**





WHEN I AWOKE SOON AFTER DAWN,  
MITZI HAD ALREADY LEFT FOR WORK



SHE'D LEFT ME A CUP OF COFFEE



HER WHOLE LIFE WAS IN THIS APARTMENT  
- HER **BOOKS** AND **RECORDS** - HER  
FANCY COFFEE MACHINE



HER **PAINTING STUDIO**... IT SEEMED  
MITZI WAS A WOMAN OF MANY TALENTS...





THE SUBWAY WAS CLOSED DUE TO SOME EMERGENCY, SO I TOOK A BUS BACK TO WILLIAMSBURG. I HAD THE WORST HANGOVER I THINK I'VE EVER HAD - WHICH WAS ODD SINCE OPERATIVES ARE USUALLY IMMUNE - AND I REALISED I HADN'T HEARD FROM NETWORK SINCE I LEFT JERRY IN TIMES SQUARE...



I'D COMPLETELY MISSED MY THEATRE DATE. I'D FLIP BACK TO YESTERDAY, SKIP AHEAD OF THE BRIEFING AND MEET VALENTINA AS PLANNED. IT MEANT I'D LOSE MITZI, BUT I KNEW WHERE TO FIND HER... ONCE I WAS BACK IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD I GOT BREAKFAST AT A LOCAL PLACE: COFFEE AND A BAGEL.

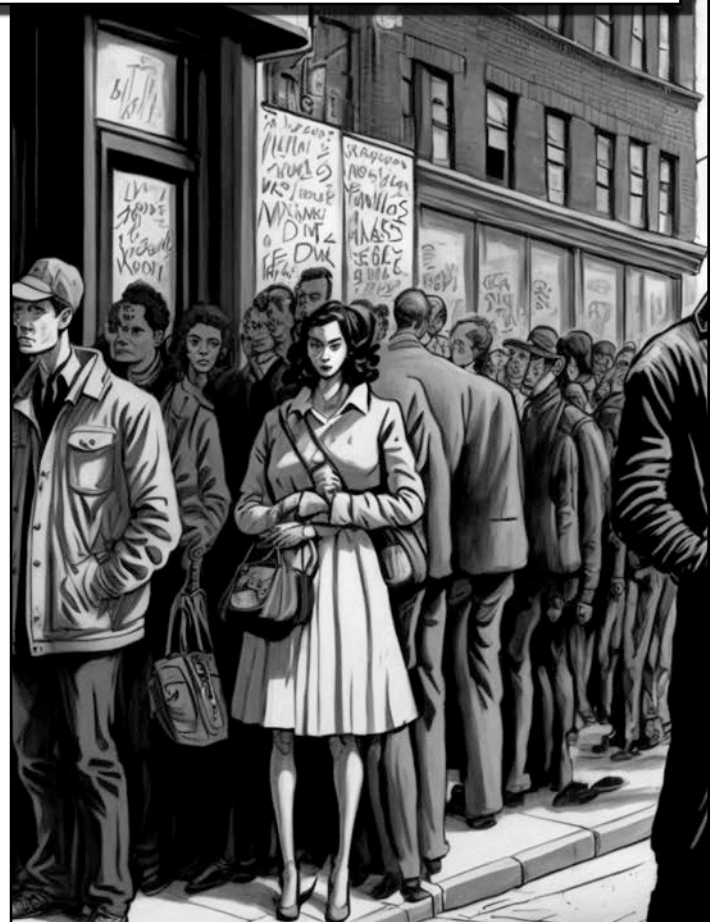




I LOVE IT HERE. 1962 I MEAN. I'M RIGHT AT THE EDGE OF MY OPERATIONAL LIMIT. MY D.O.B. IS MARCH 1, 1962, SO I'M RIGHT UP AGAINST THE BARRIER... BUT I LIKE SPENDING TIME HERE...



I LIKE ITS RHYTHM AND FLOW. THE SMELL OF DRY CLEANING, COFFEE AND BREAD. THE PEOPLE IN THE STREET. I'M ALWAYS SAD WHEN I HAVE TO GO HOME. TIME SPENT IN THE PAST IS TIME LOST IN THE FUTURE...





I FLIPPED BACK TO THE SAME TIME THE DAY BEFORE. I'D TAKE A NAP, SLEEP OFF THE HANGOVER AND BE READY FOR THE SHOW...



AND THEN I WALKED INTO THE ROOM... AND FOUND YOU HERE...

YES. AND WE HAVE A PROBLEM. WE NEED TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!



...TO BE CONTINUED!



# BONUS CONTENT

*Greetings, this is Network. You no doubt remember Jerry Korczak from the briefing at the Polish restaurant...*

## JERRY'S STORY

*Matthew wondered why Jerry had chosen that particular restaurant, aside from the superb borscht...*



*Had he asked Jerry, it was because the head chef, Stefan Schiller, was an old comrade of Jerry's from the war...*





*Jerry was with the **Office of Strategic Services** - the **O.S.S.** - and was seconded to the British Forces working behind the lines in **Nazi/Soviet occupied Poland**...*



*Jerry and Stefan fought side-by-side in the **AK** - the **Armia Krajowa**, or **Home Army**. They fought the occupiers across Poland, both **Germans** and **Russians**, and then after '42, the **Germans** alone.*



*Their group had incredible success, destroying one eighth of all **German** supply trains headed for the **Eastern Front**...*





**NAPRÓD!  
PANOWIE DO  
PRZDOU!**

*A combined group of AK Forces, including Stefan and Jerry, tried to support the Warsaw Uprising, but couldn't break through German lines, and lost a lot of men...*

**SCOOOSH!**



*One of those was Stefan, killed when a building was struck by a German tank shell, destroying the structure and crushing the AK partisans sheltering below... So Jerry did the only thing he could do...*



**BOOOOM!**



**JERRY**



*Jerry skipped back a day and led the partisans in a different direction in their retreat, saving not only Stefan, but also seven other fighters. Jerry lost contact with Stefan when he was called back to London for debriefing. Stefan was taken prisoner in 1945 by advancing Soviet forces...*



*Jerry helped Stefan and his wife immigrate from Poland to the U.S. in 1950 after Stefan and been released from Soviet captivity. Jerry visits the restaurant whenever he can, to support his old friend. Sadly Jerry knows that Stefan dies on October 12, 1963. Jerry can do many things, but helping his friend avoid cancer is not one of them. This is Network, out.*





# AMONG FRIENDS

## part 1

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