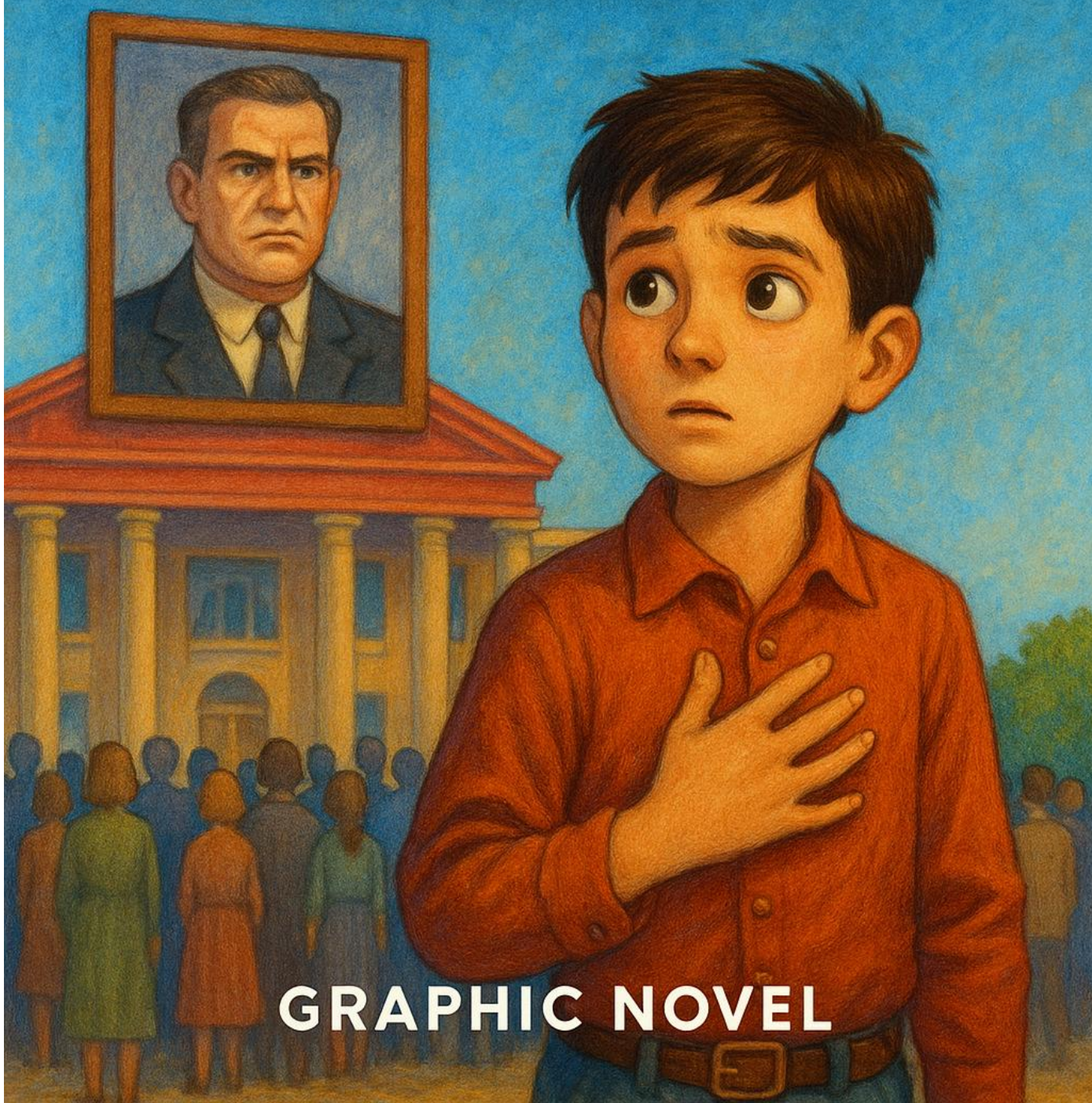


THE BOY WHO ASKED WHY

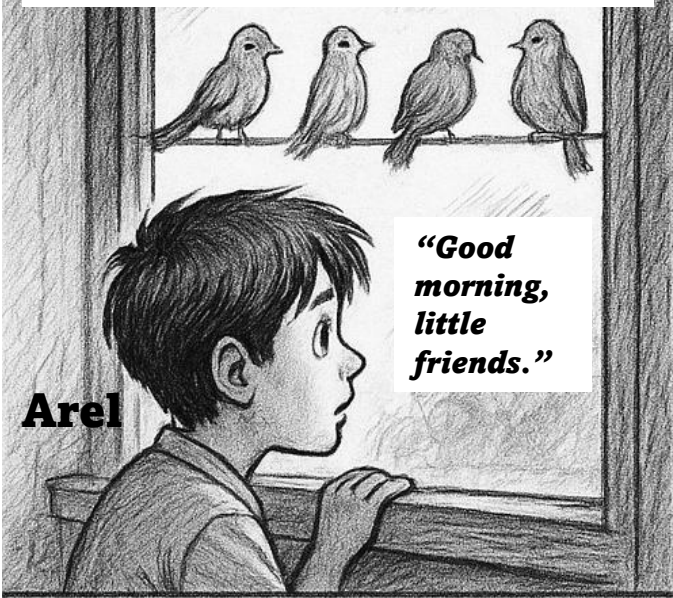


GRAPHIC NOVEL

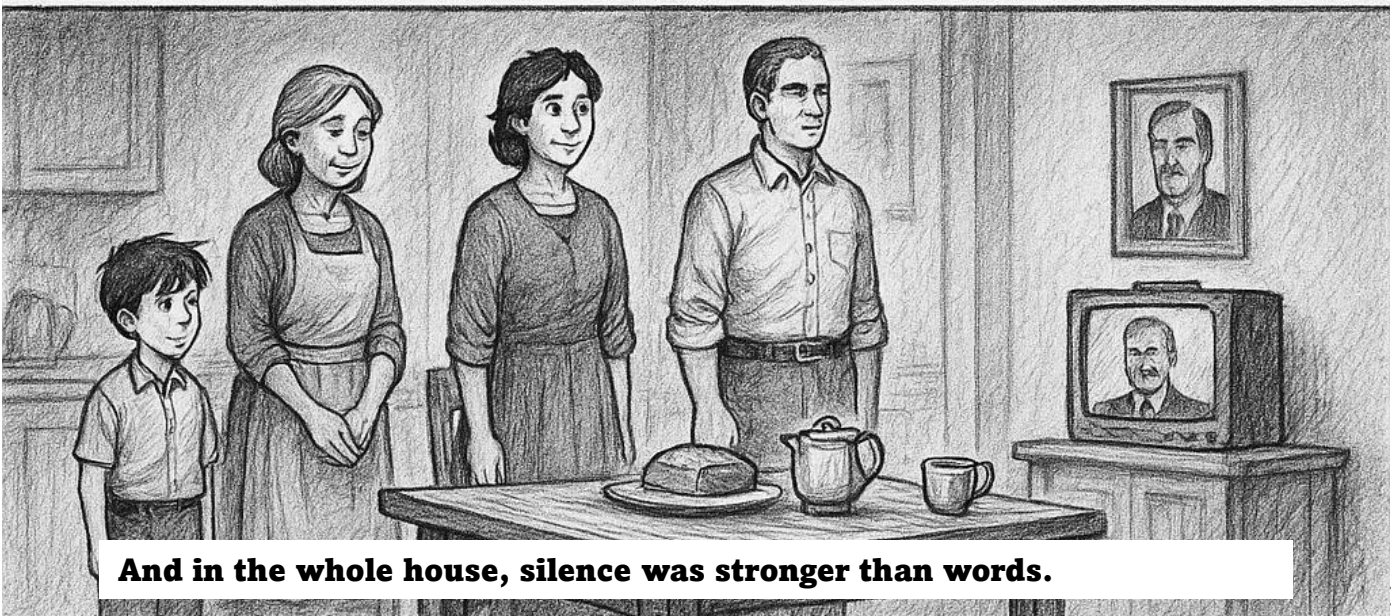
Every morning began the same



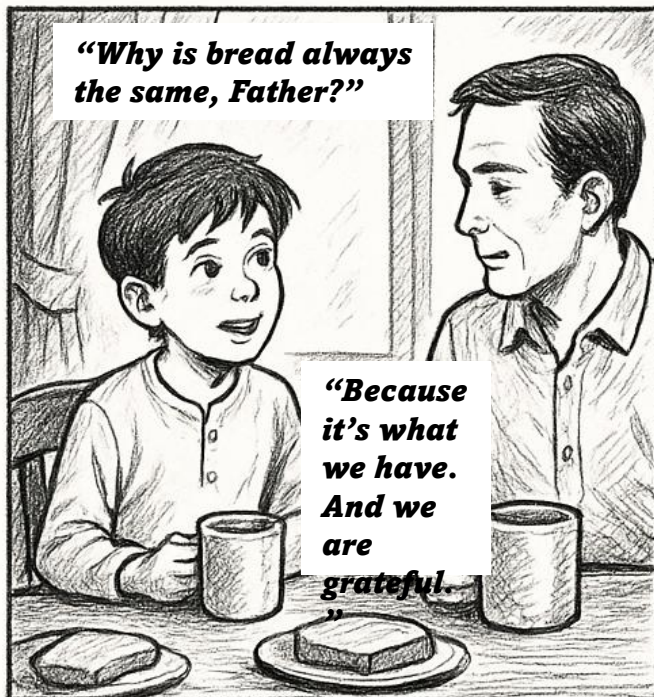
He gave them names only he knew.



But breakfast was full of silence

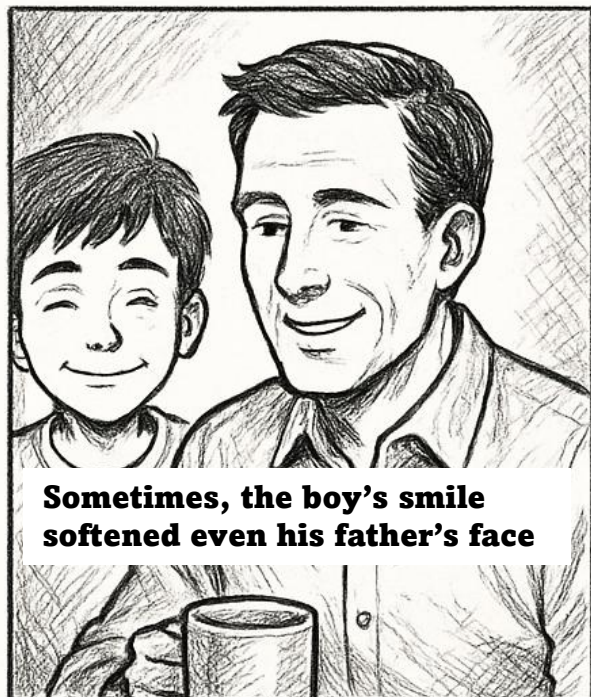


And in the whole house, silence was stronger than words.



"Why is bread always the same, Father?"

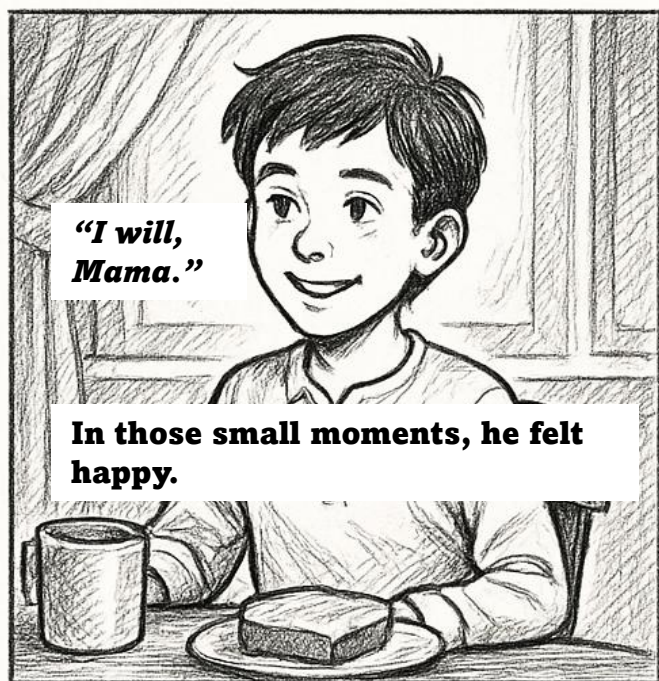
"Because it's what we have. And we are grateful."



Sometimes, the boy's smile softened even his father's face

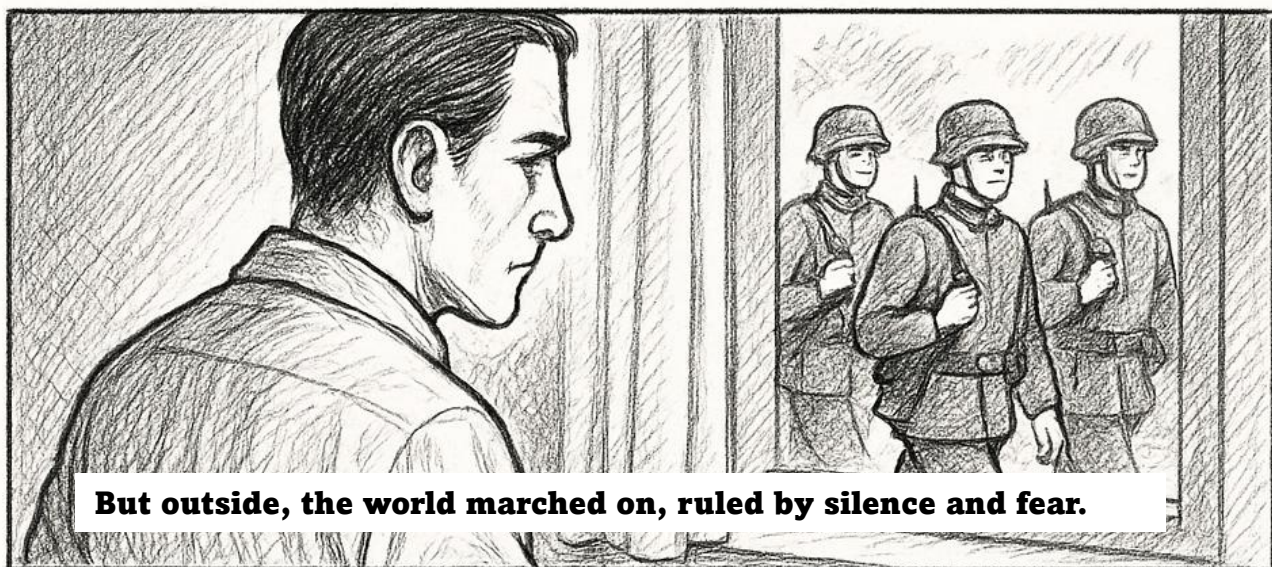


"Eat, Arel. Grow strong."



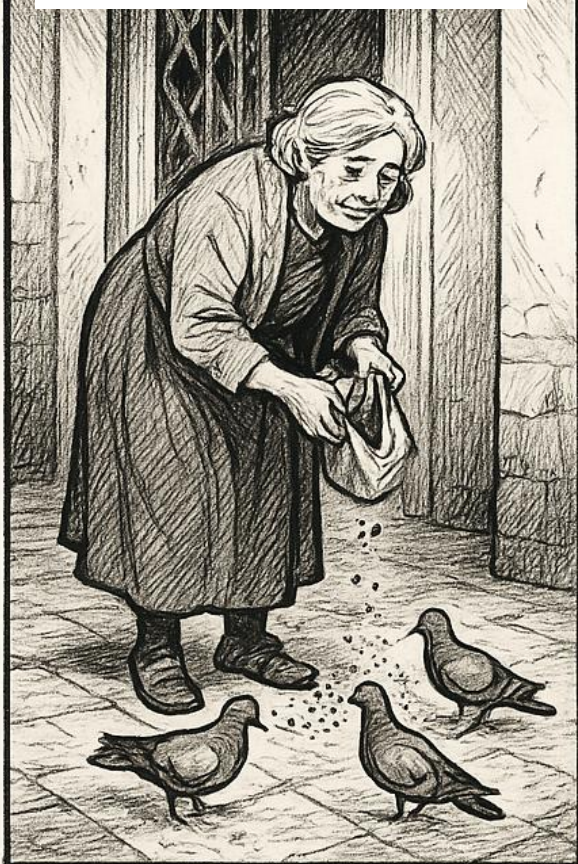
"I will, Mama."

In those small moments, he felt happy.



But outside, the world marched on, ruled by silence and fear.

Life went on in small, quiet rituals.



But even in peace, the statues watched. The past was never far.



"Stay close to me, Arel."



"I will, Mama."

And yet, his smile carried a hope no statue could silence..



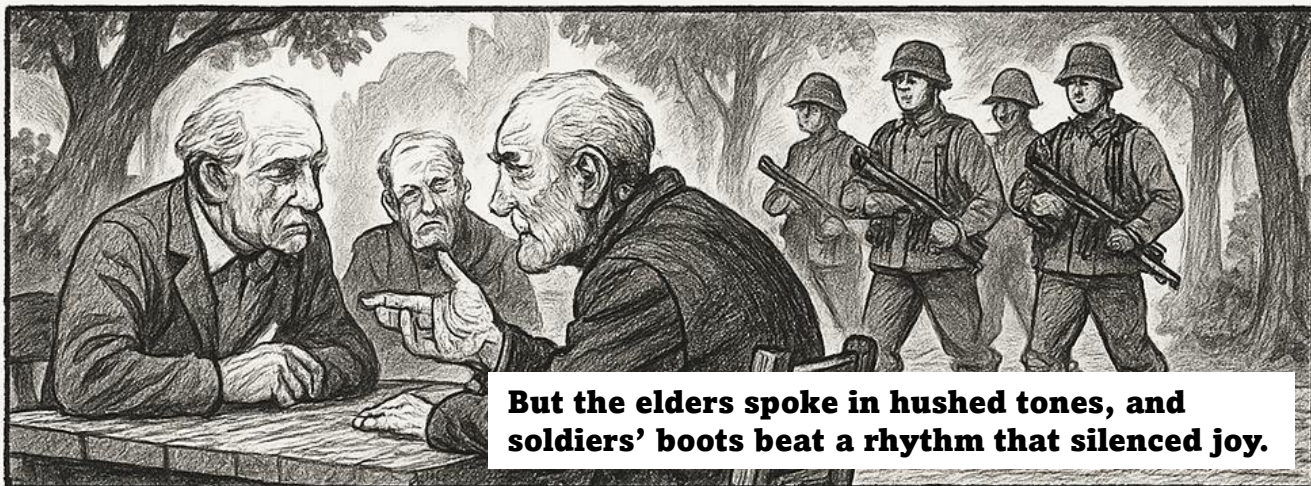
Back then, the world felt whole — as if laughter could keep darkness away.



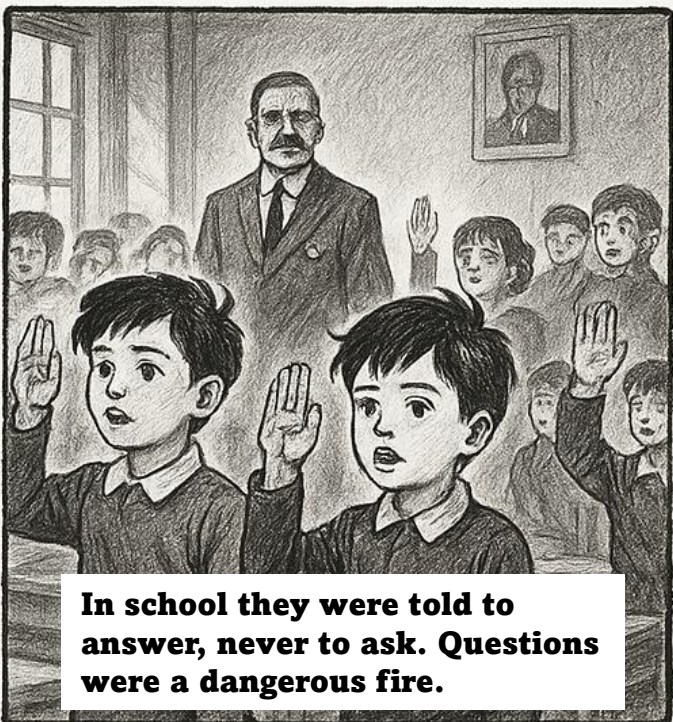
They built tiny shelters.



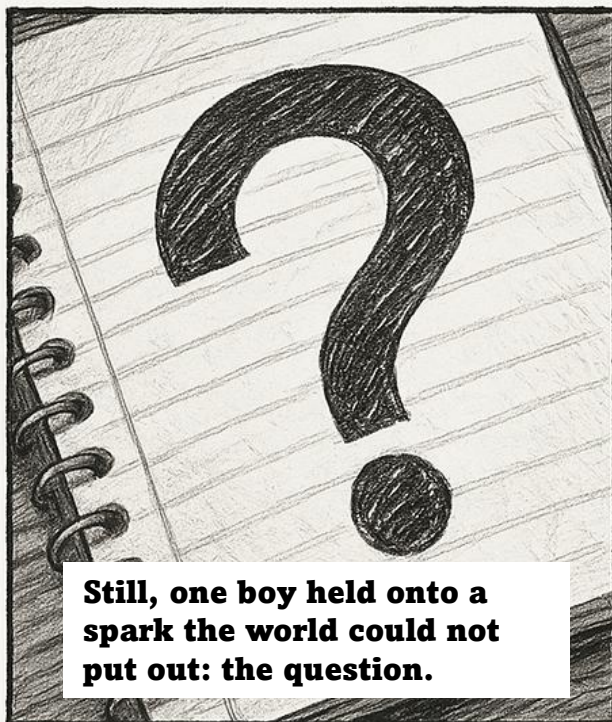
Believing freedom was something no one could break.



But the elders spoke in hushed tones, and soldiers' boots beat a rhythm that silenced joy.



In school they were told to answer, never to ask. Questions were a dangerous fire.



Still, one boy held onto a spark the world could not put out: the question.

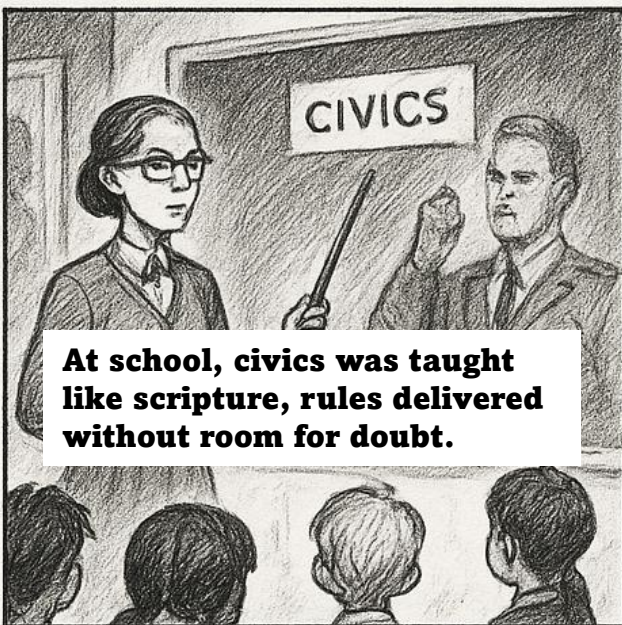


Questions first bloomed in the marketplace, where even simple trades carried hidden truths.

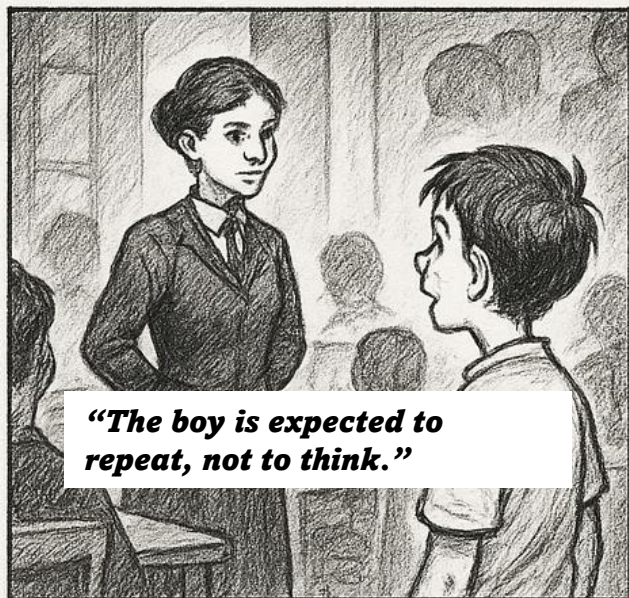
“Why does one man sell, and another buy? Why does hunger have a price?”



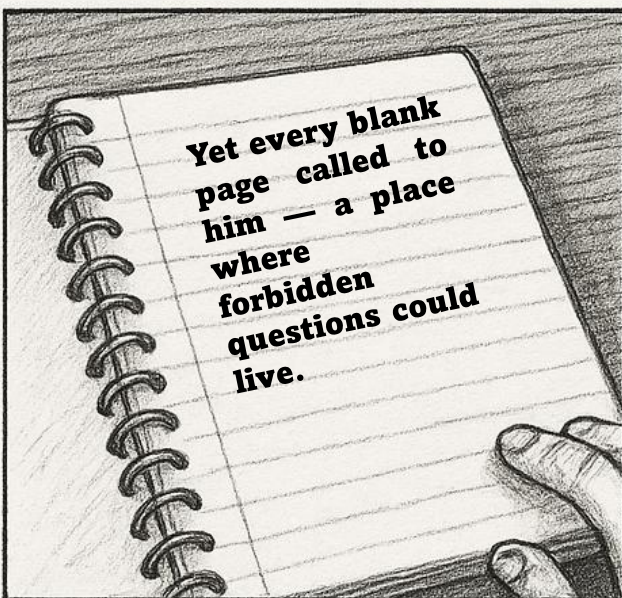
The old man searched for an answer — but his silence spoke louder than words.



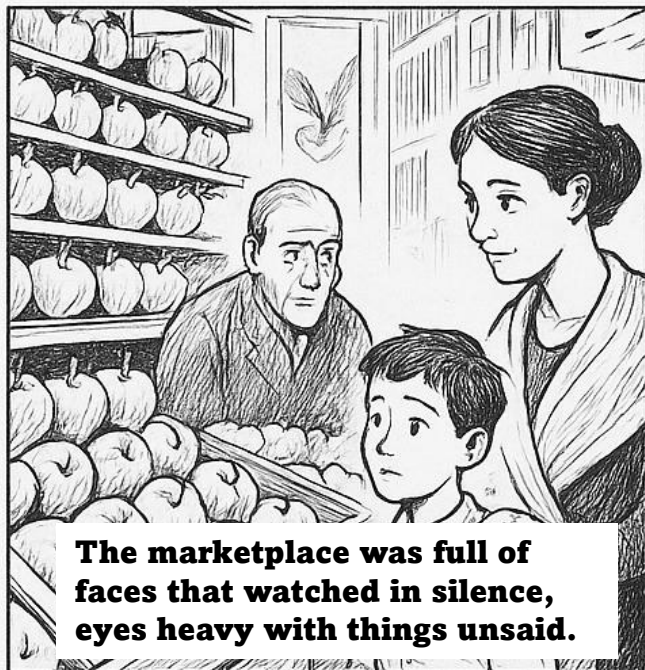
At school, civics was taught like scripture, rules delivered without room for doubt.



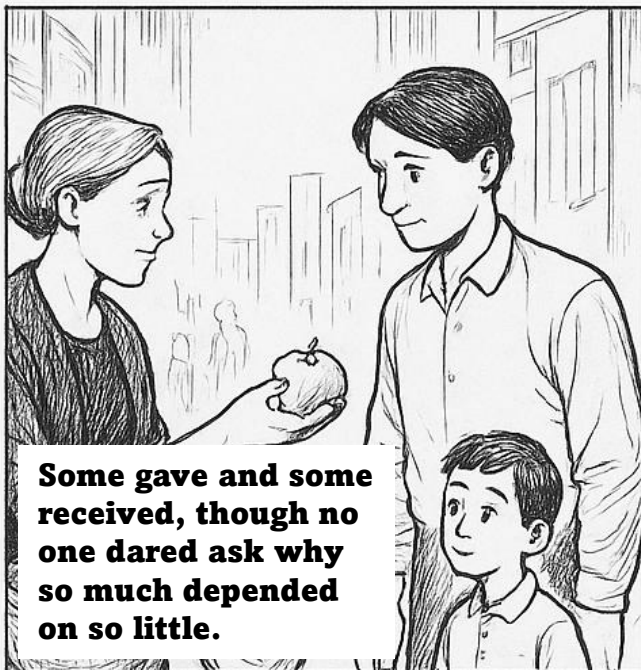
“The boy is expected to repeat, not to think.”



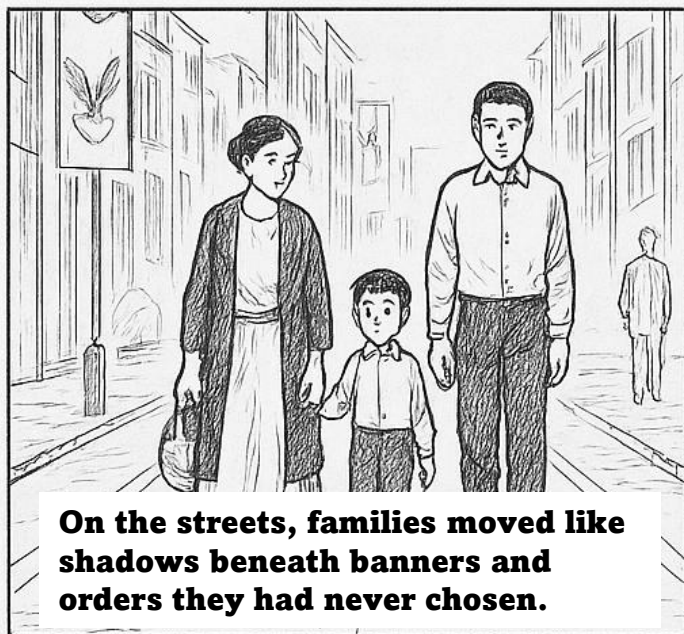
Yet every blank page called to him — a place where forbidden questions could live.



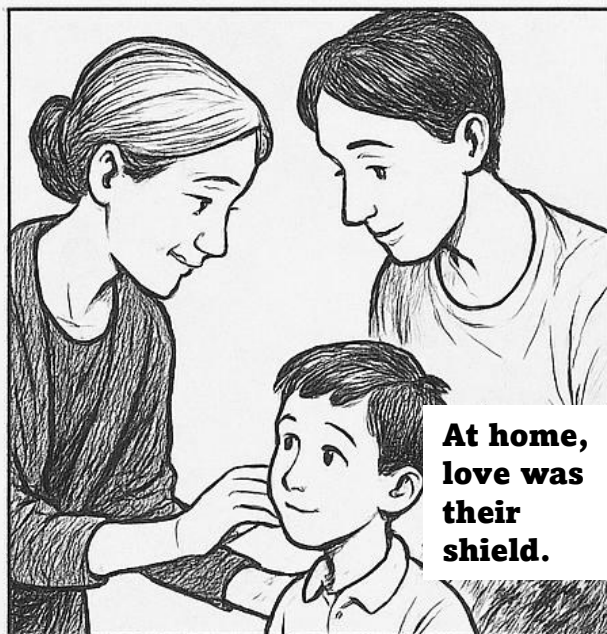
The marketplace was full of faces that watched in silence, eyes heavy with things unsaid.



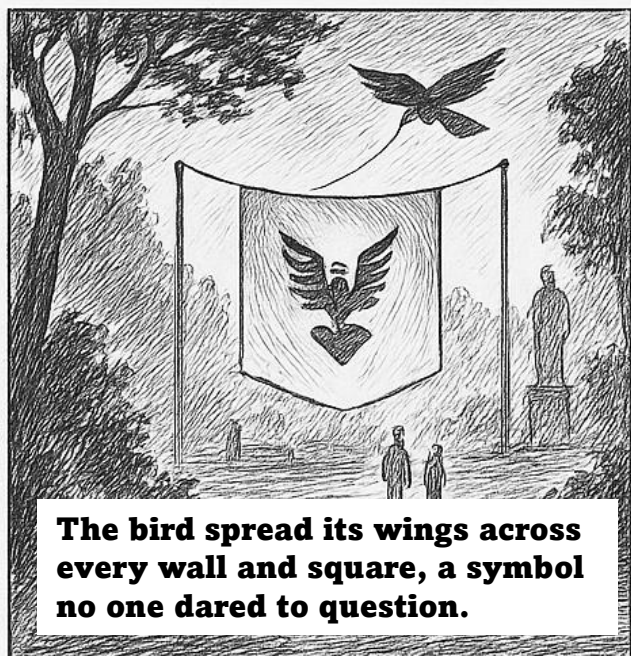
Some gave and some received, though no one dared ask why so much depended on so little.



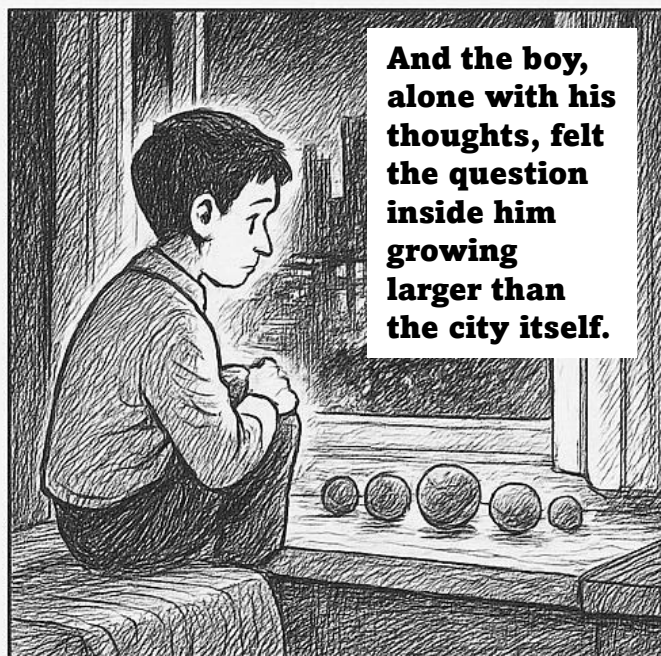
On the streets, families moved like shadows beneath banners and orders they had never chosen.



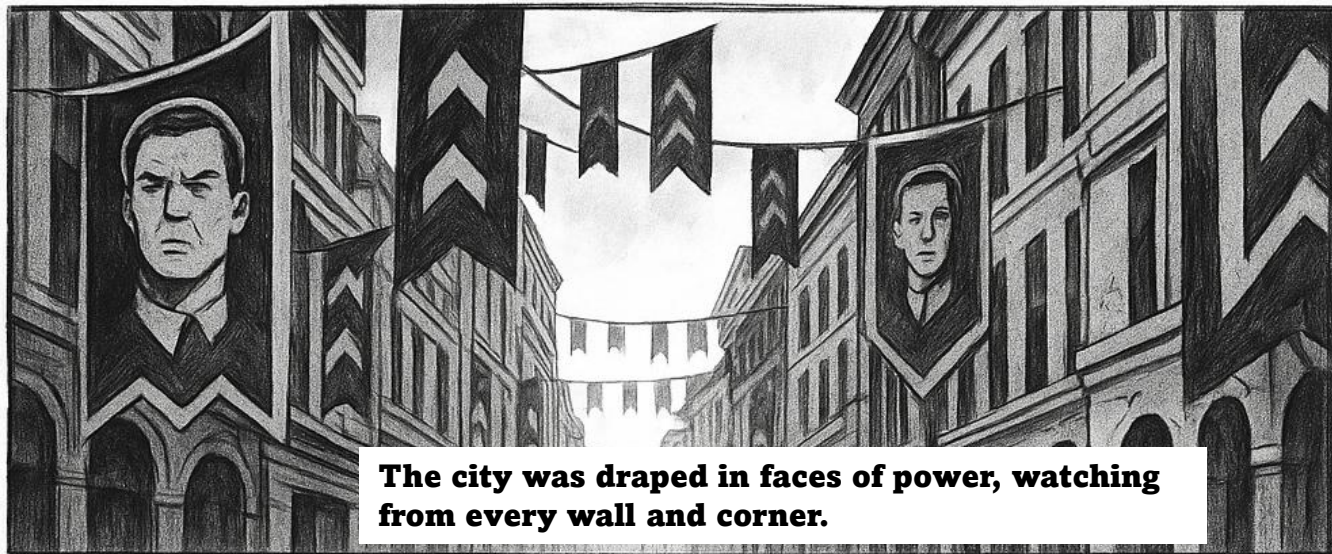
At home, love was their shield.



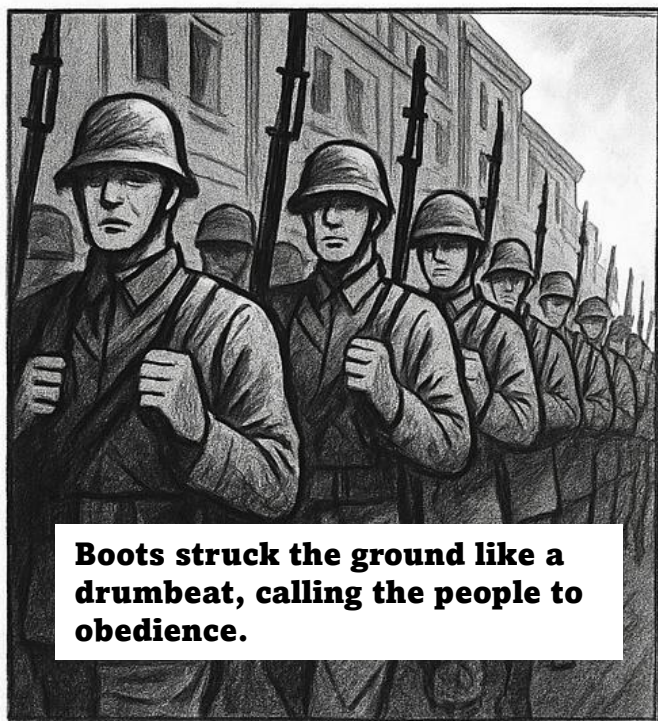
The bird spread its wings across every wall and square, a symbol no one dared to question.



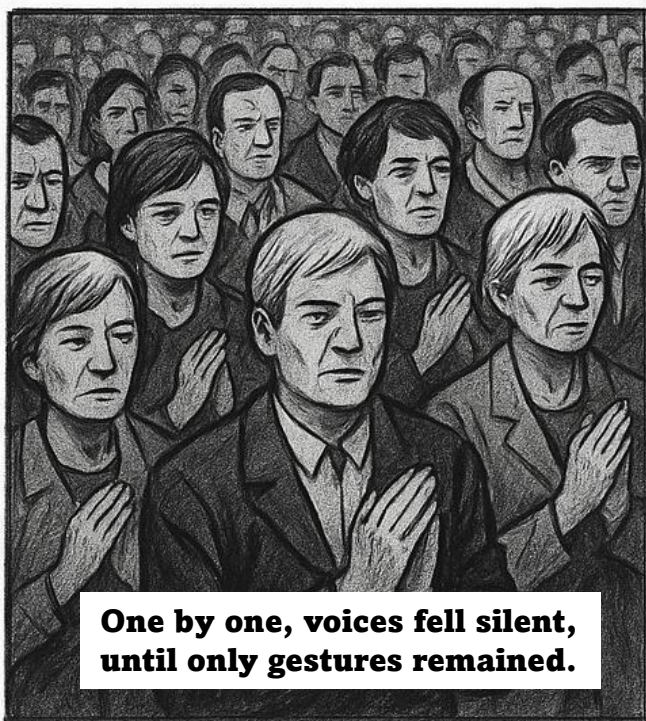
And the boy, alone with his thoughts, felt the question inside him growing larger than the city itself.



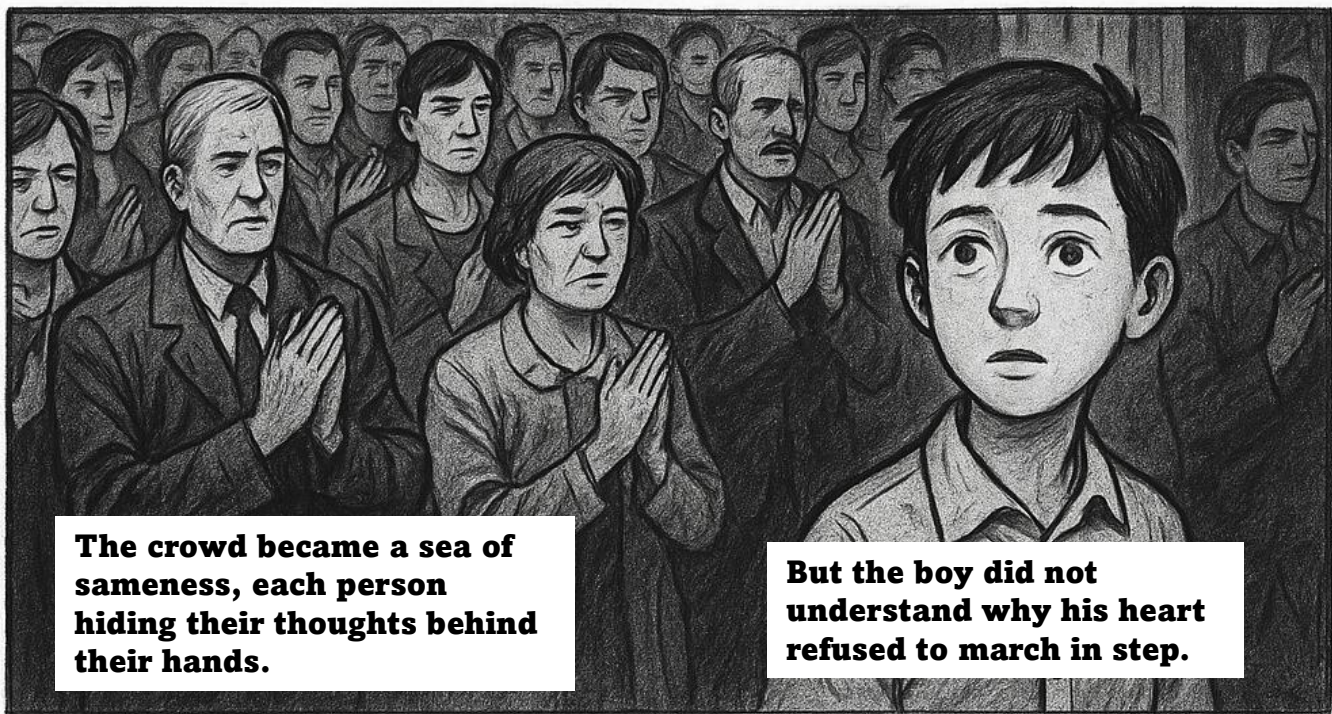
The city was draped in faces of power, watching from every wall and corner.



Boots struck the ground like a drumbeat, calling the people to obedience.



One by one, voices fell silent, until only gestures remained.

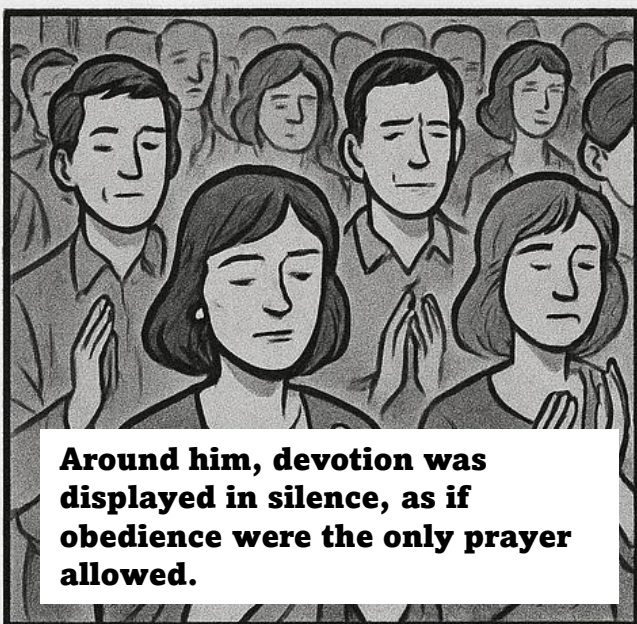


The crowd became a sea of sameness, each person hiding their thoughts behind their hands.

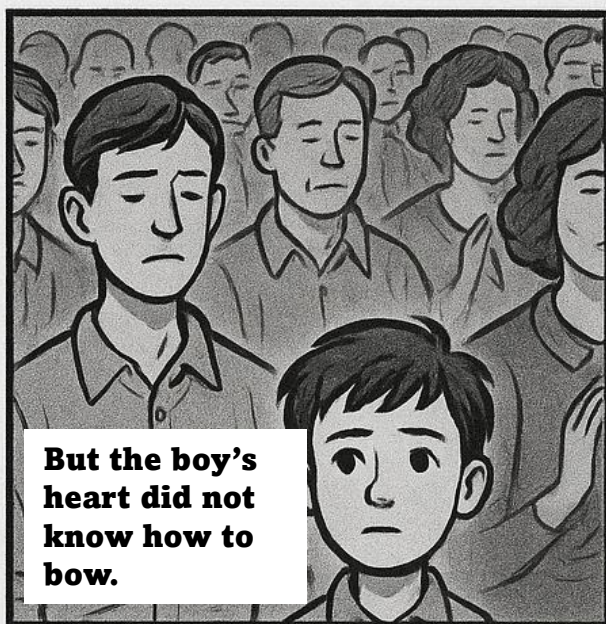
But the boy did not understand why his heart refused to march in step.



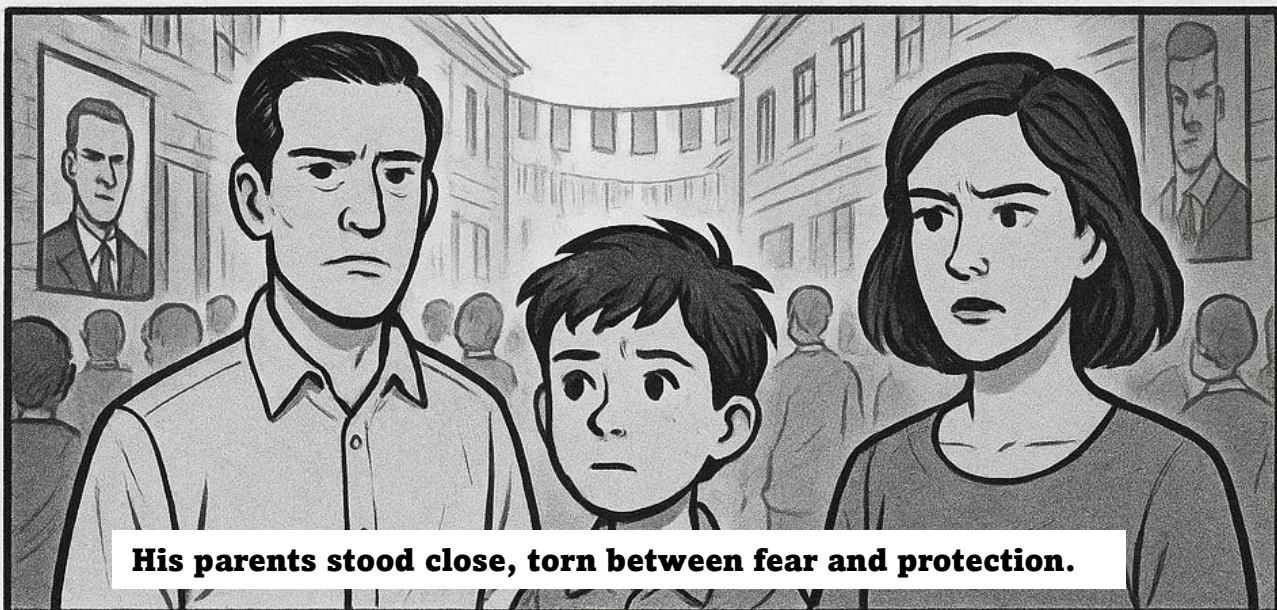
The leader's face loomed over the square, a shadow painted larger than life.



Around him, devotion was displayed in silence, as if obedience were the only prayer allowed.

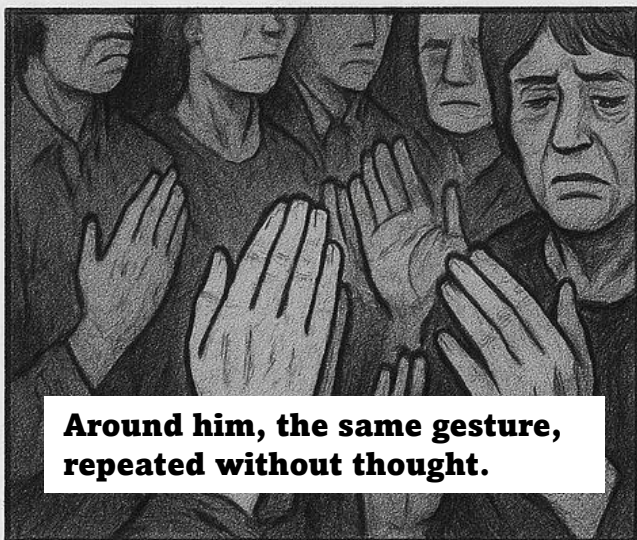


But the boy's heart did not know how to bow.

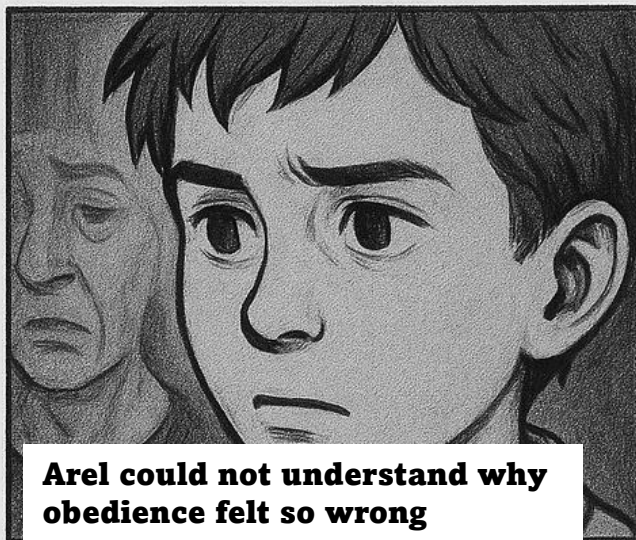


His parents stood close, torn between fear and protection.

The soldiers filled the square with silence heavier than their rifles.



Around him, the same gesture, repeated without thought.



Arel could not understand why obedience felt so wrong

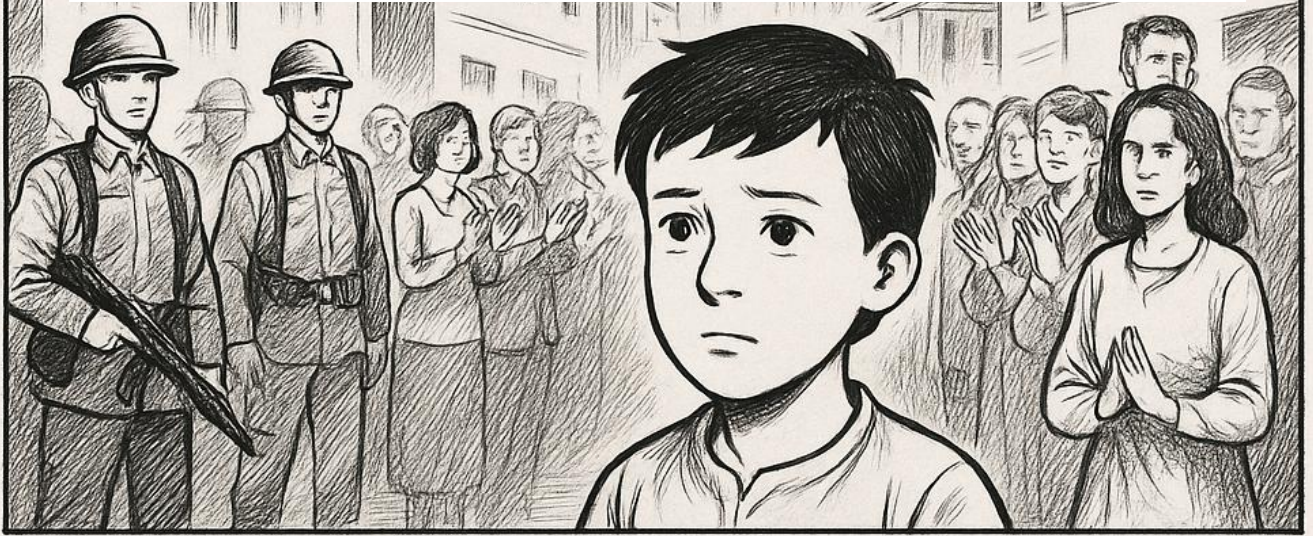


Even a question, spoken too loudly, could be dangerous.

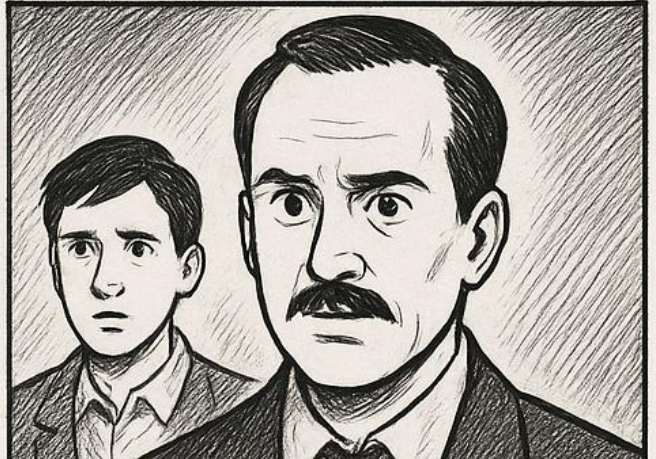
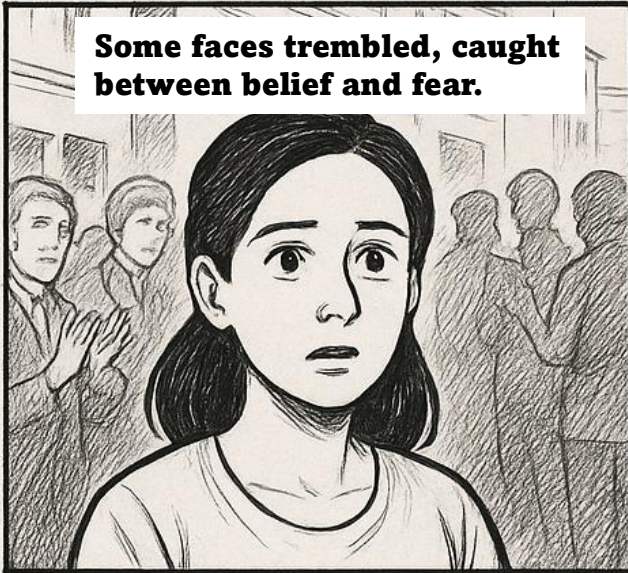
***"Why must we do this?
Why do they all pretend?"***

"Hush. Not here."

Every street was guarded, every gaze measured — obedience was the only safe language.

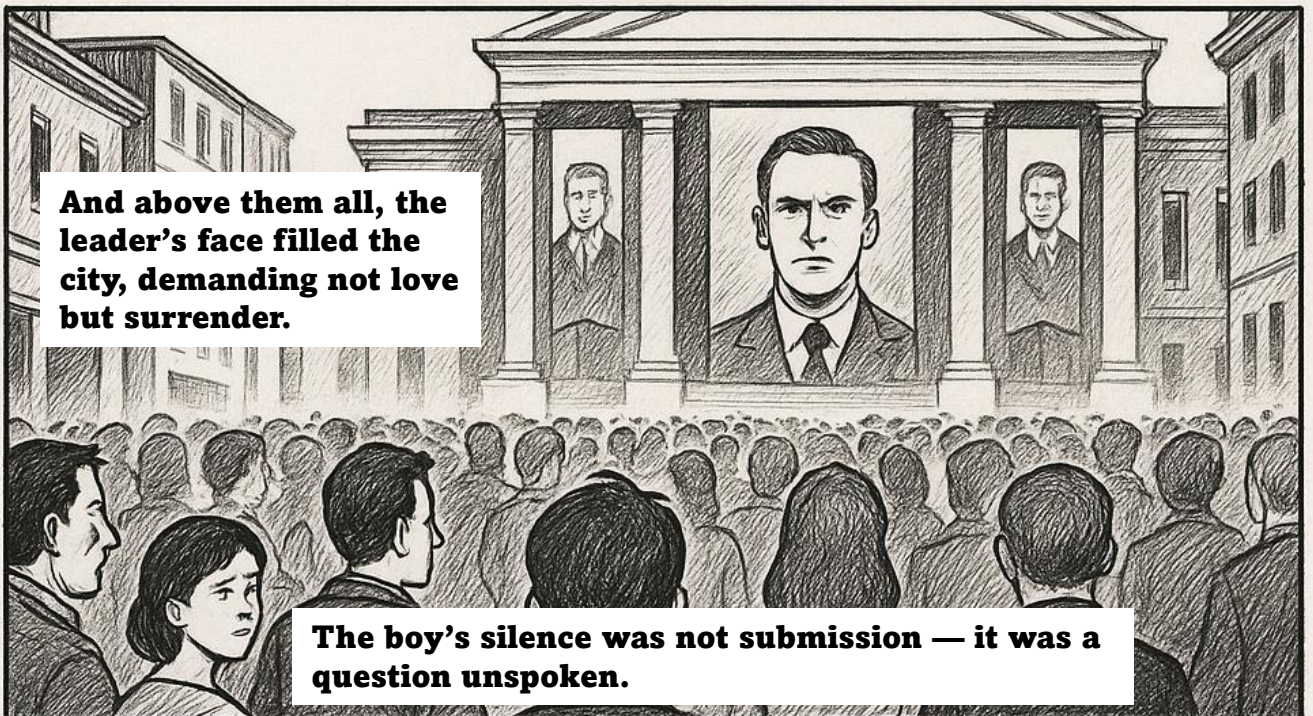


Some faces trembled, caught between belief and fear.



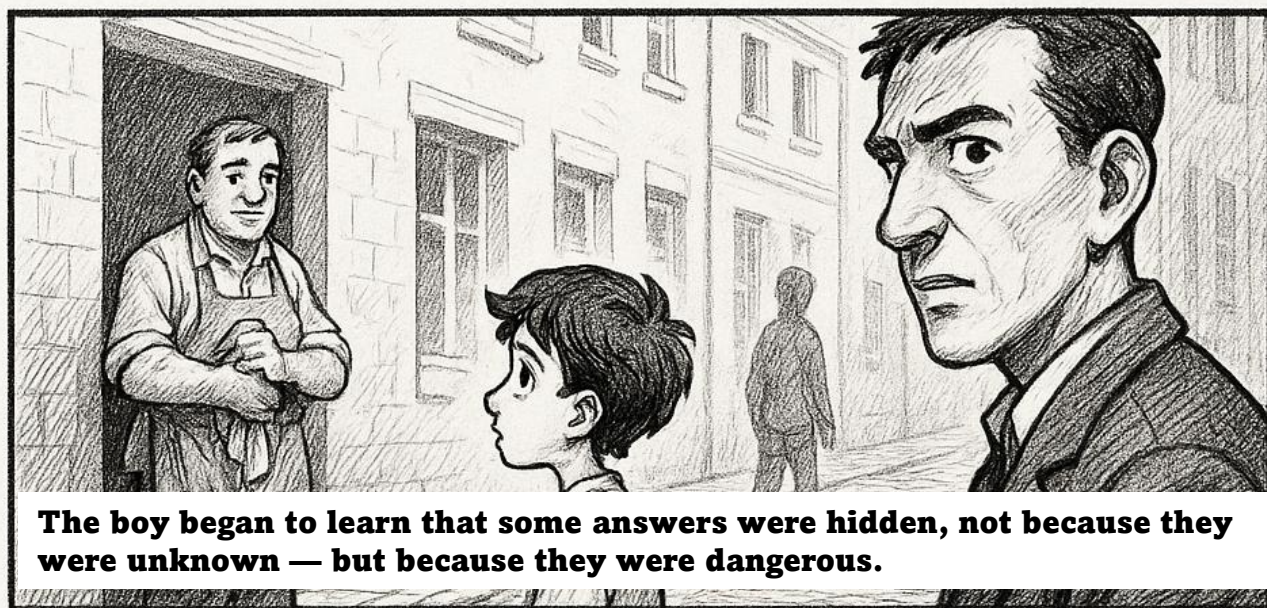
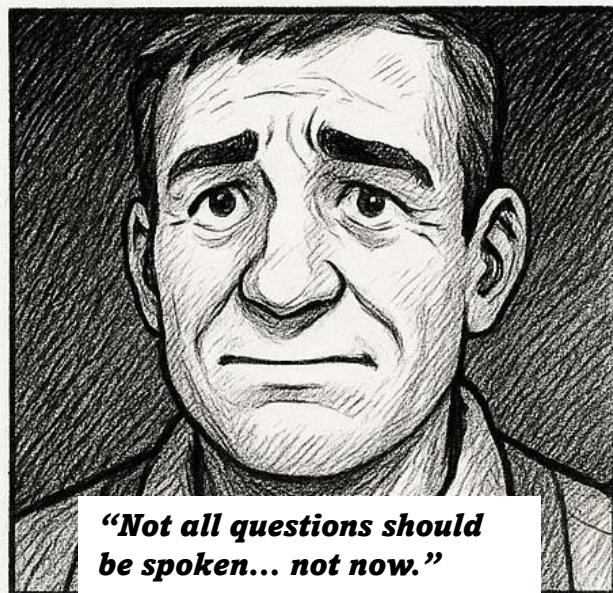
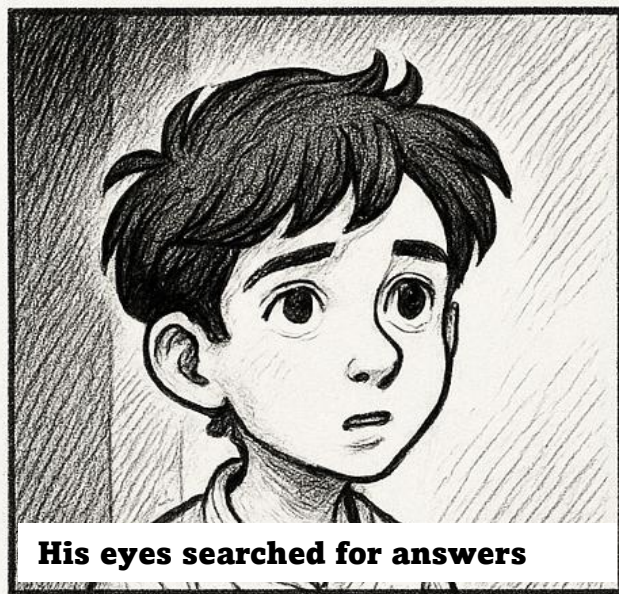
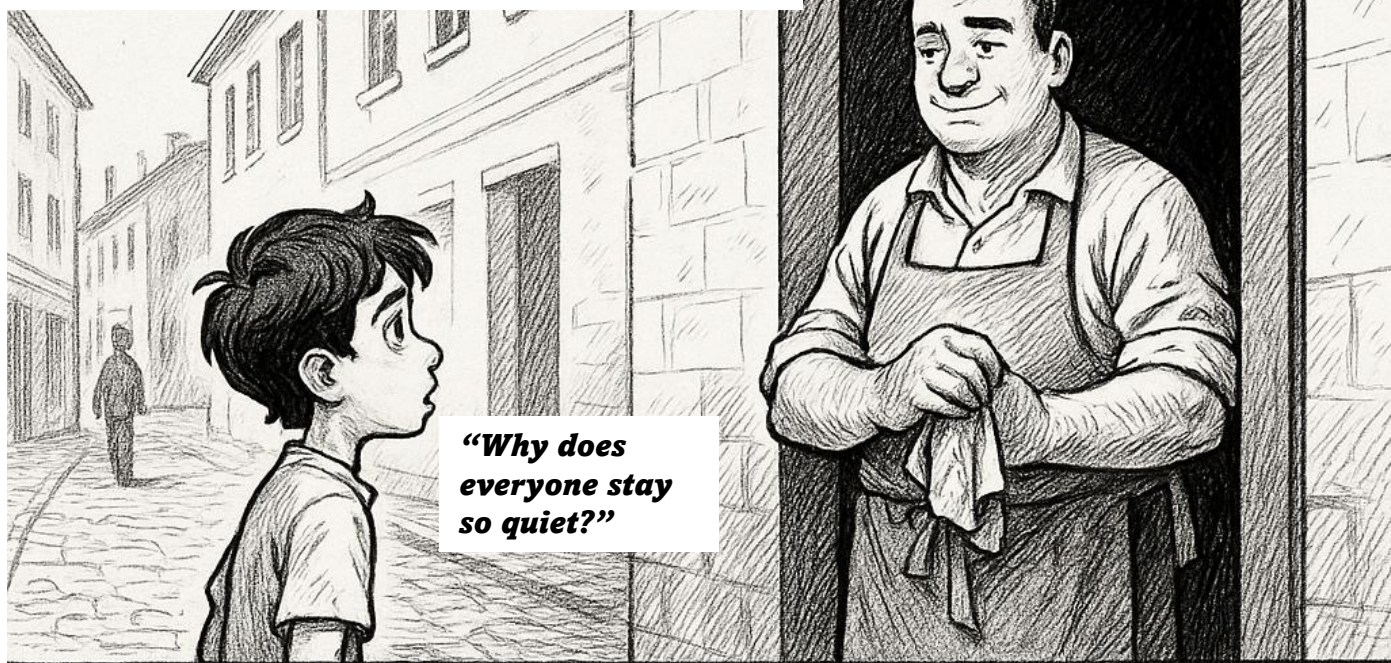
Others wore masks of stone, afraid that doubt itself could be seen.

And above them all, the leader's face filled the city, demanding not love but surrender.

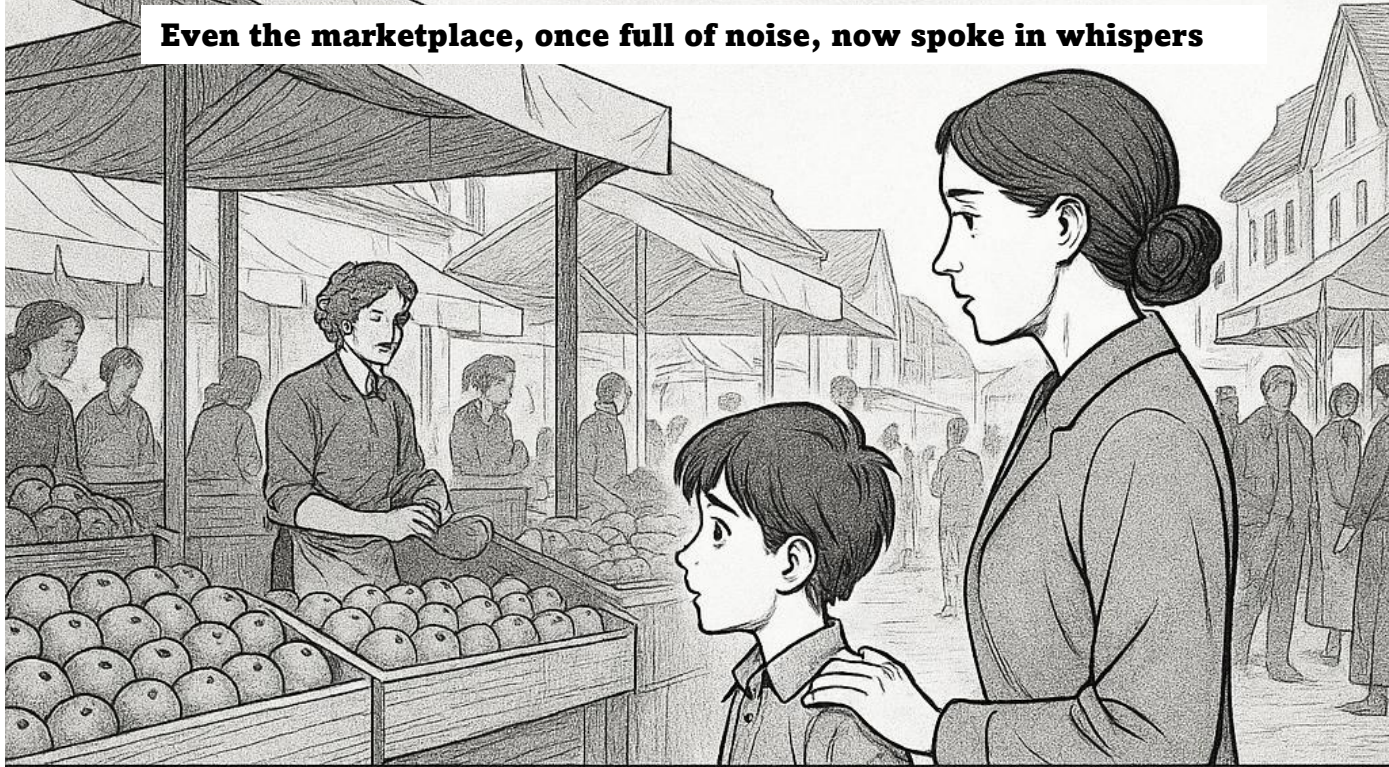


The boy's silence was not submission — it was a question unspoken.

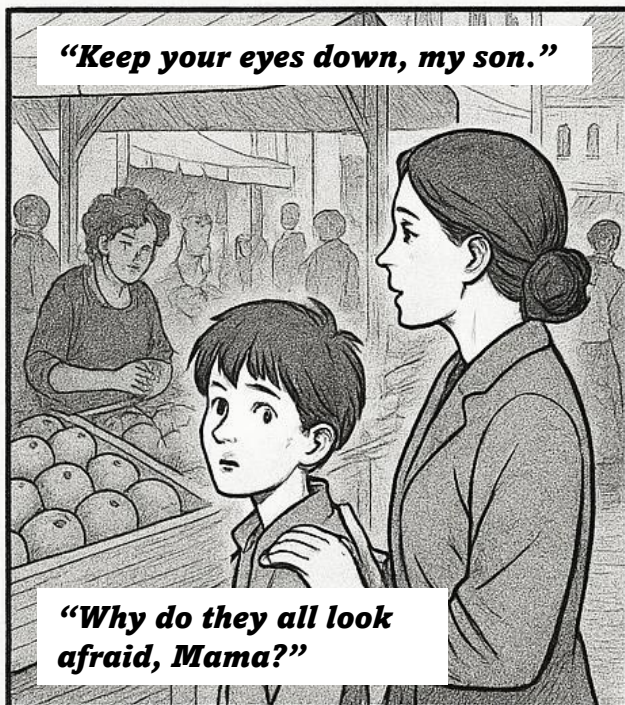
Sometimes the boy let his questions escape, not knowing which ones were safe.



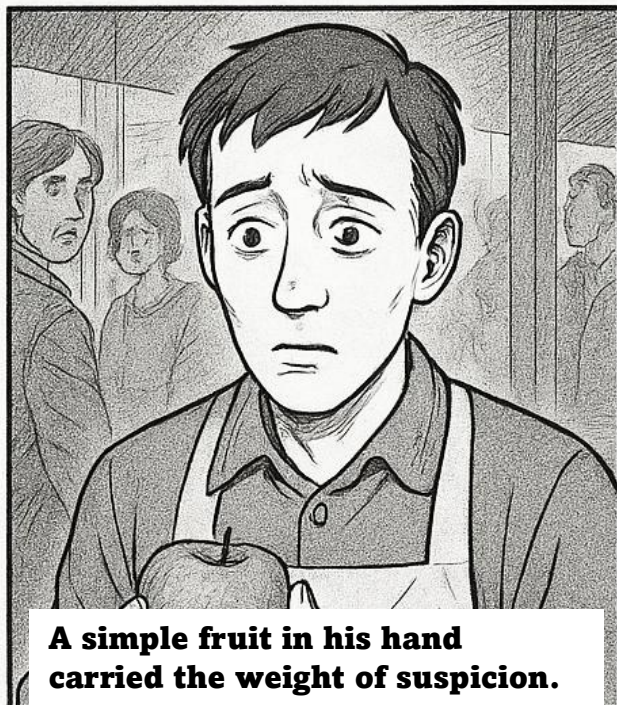
Even the marketplace, once full of noise, now spoke in whispers



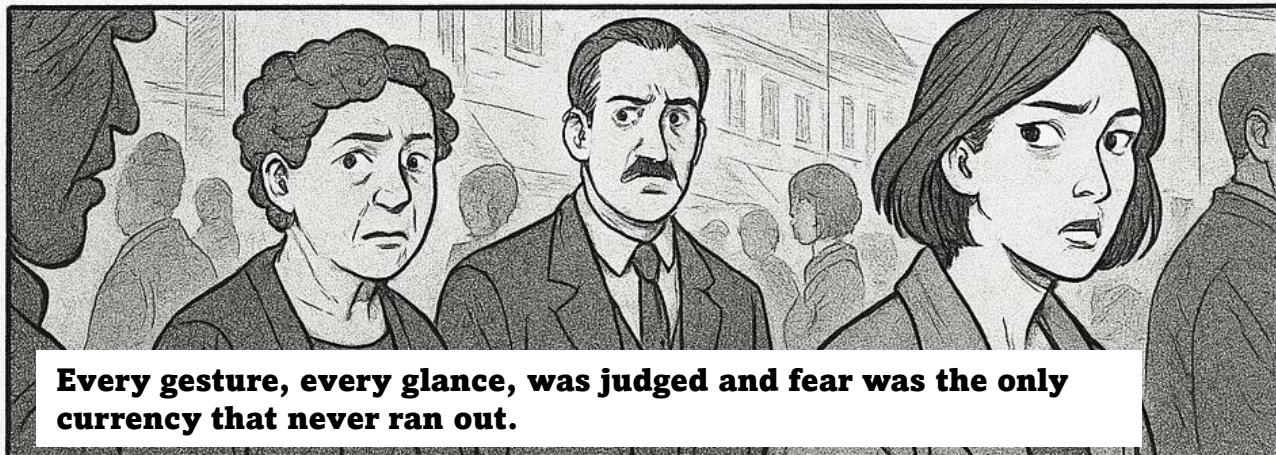
"Keep your eyes down, my son."



"Why do they all look afraid, Mama?"

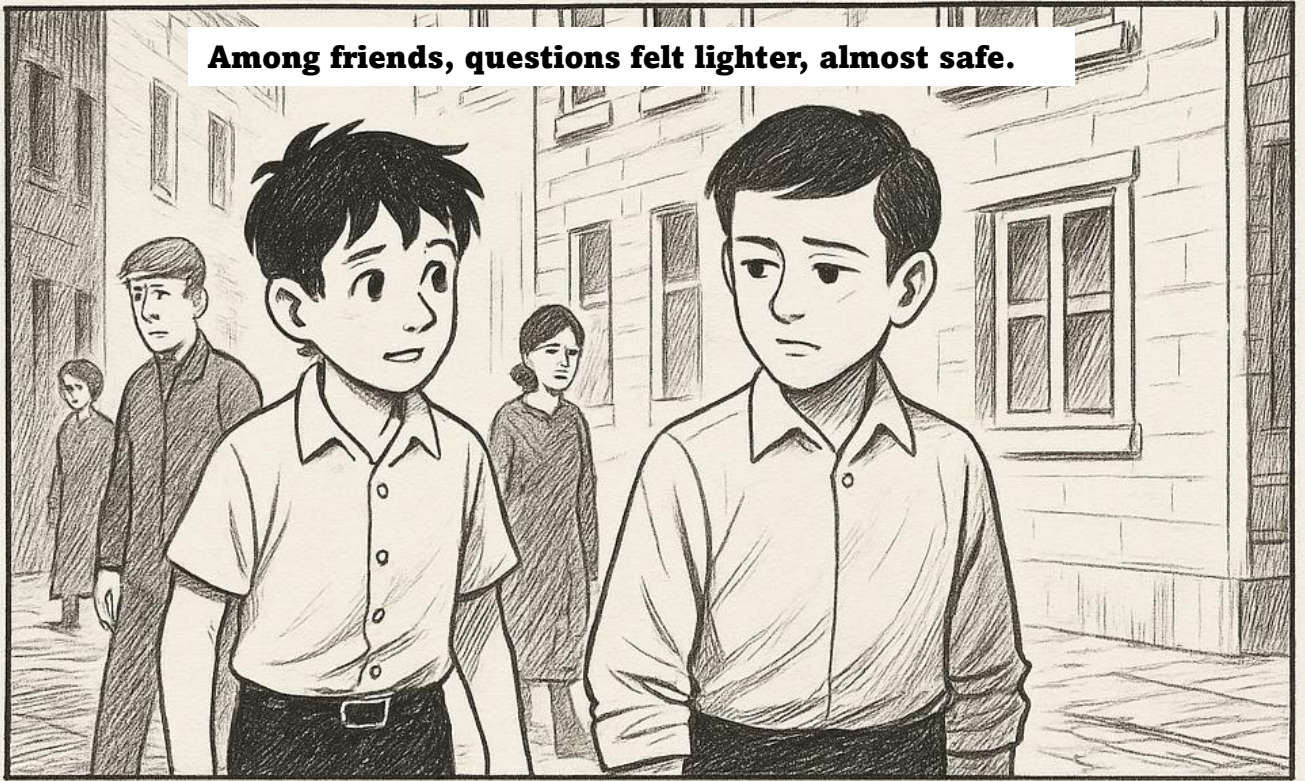


A simple fruit in his hand carried the weight of suspicion.

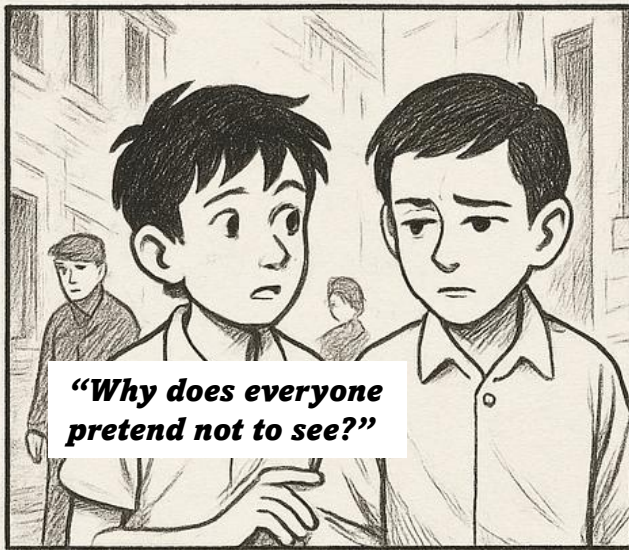


Every gesture, every glance, was judged and fear was the only currency that never ran out.

Among friends, questions felt lighter, almost safe.



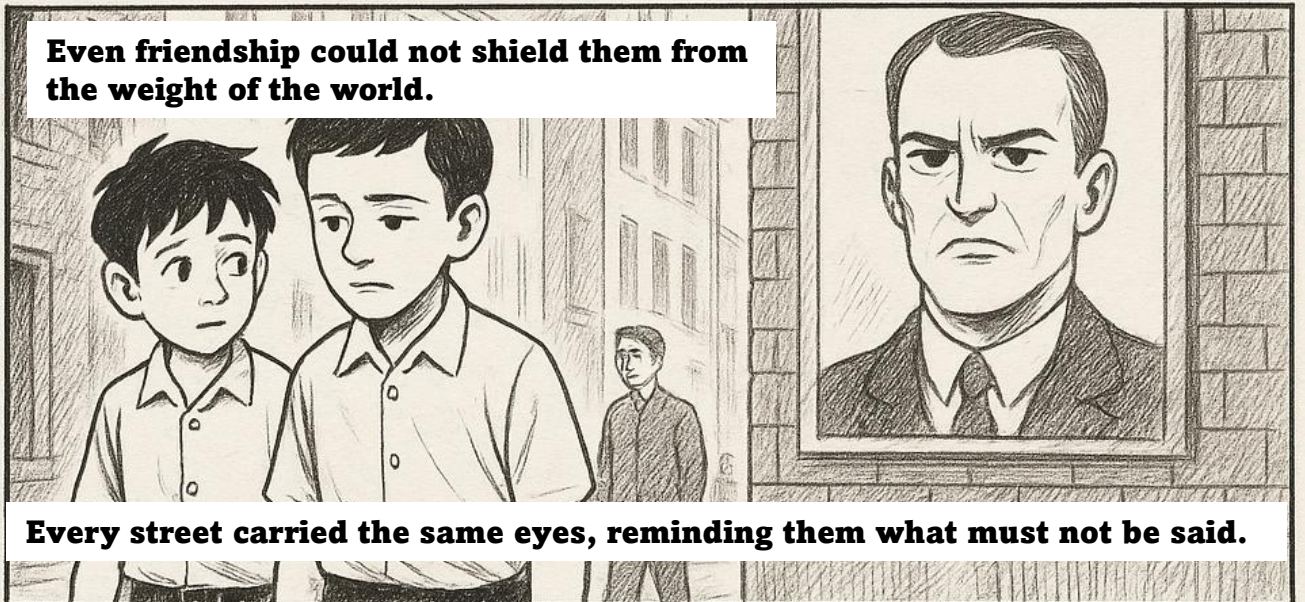
"Why does everyone pretend not to see?"



"Because seeing is dangerous."

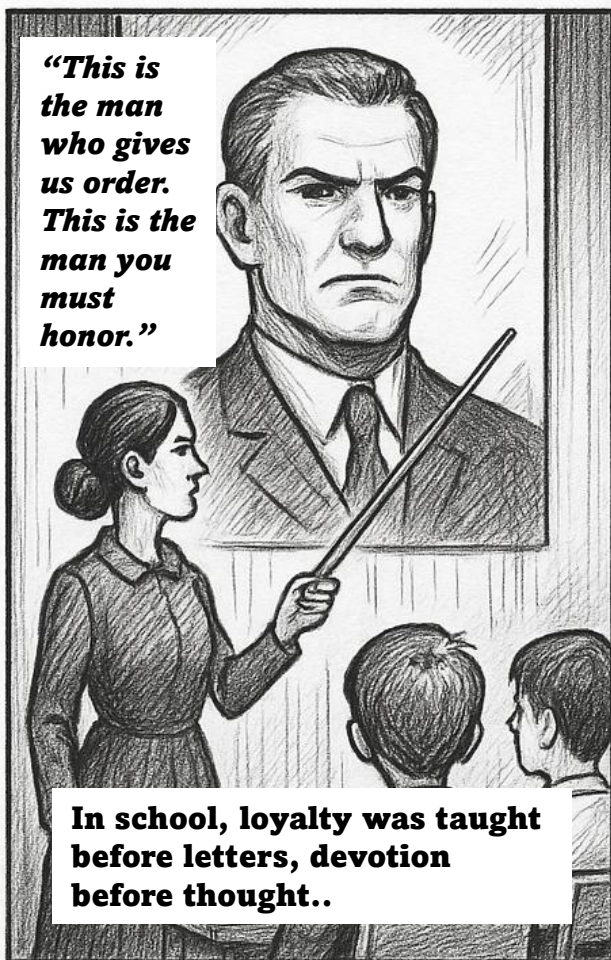


Even friendship could not shield them from the weight of the world.



Every street carried the same eyes, reminding them what must not be said.

"This is the man who gives us order. This is the man you must honor."



In school, loyalty was taught before letters, devotion before thought..

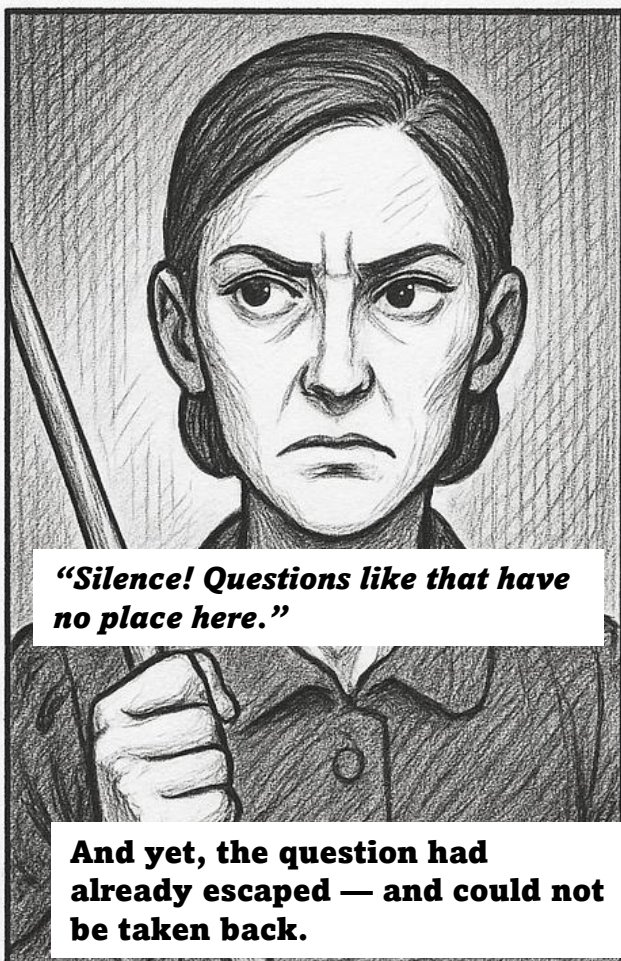
Lessons were commands, not questions.



But... why must we honor him? What has he done for us?"

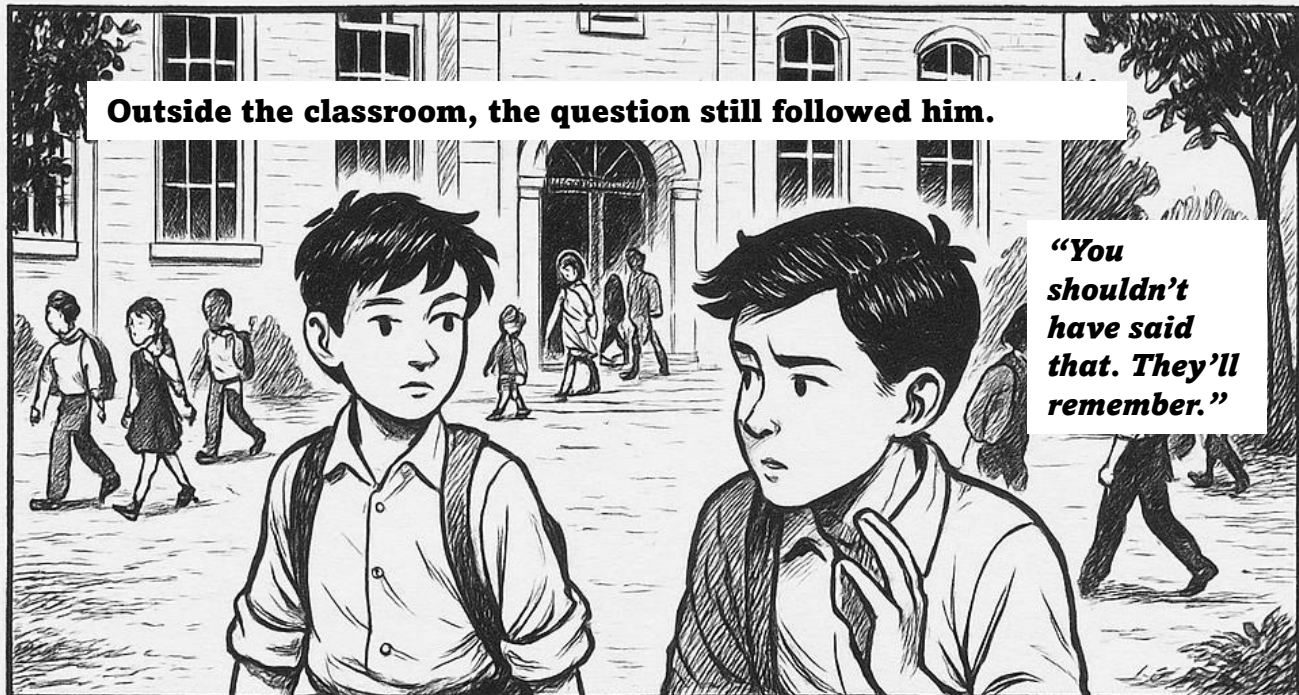


"Silence! Questions like that have no place here."

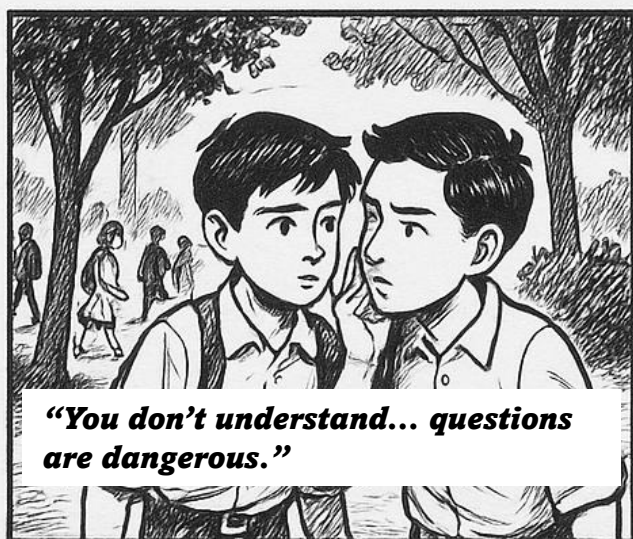


And yet, the question had already escaped — and could not be taken back.

Outside the classroom, the question still followed him.



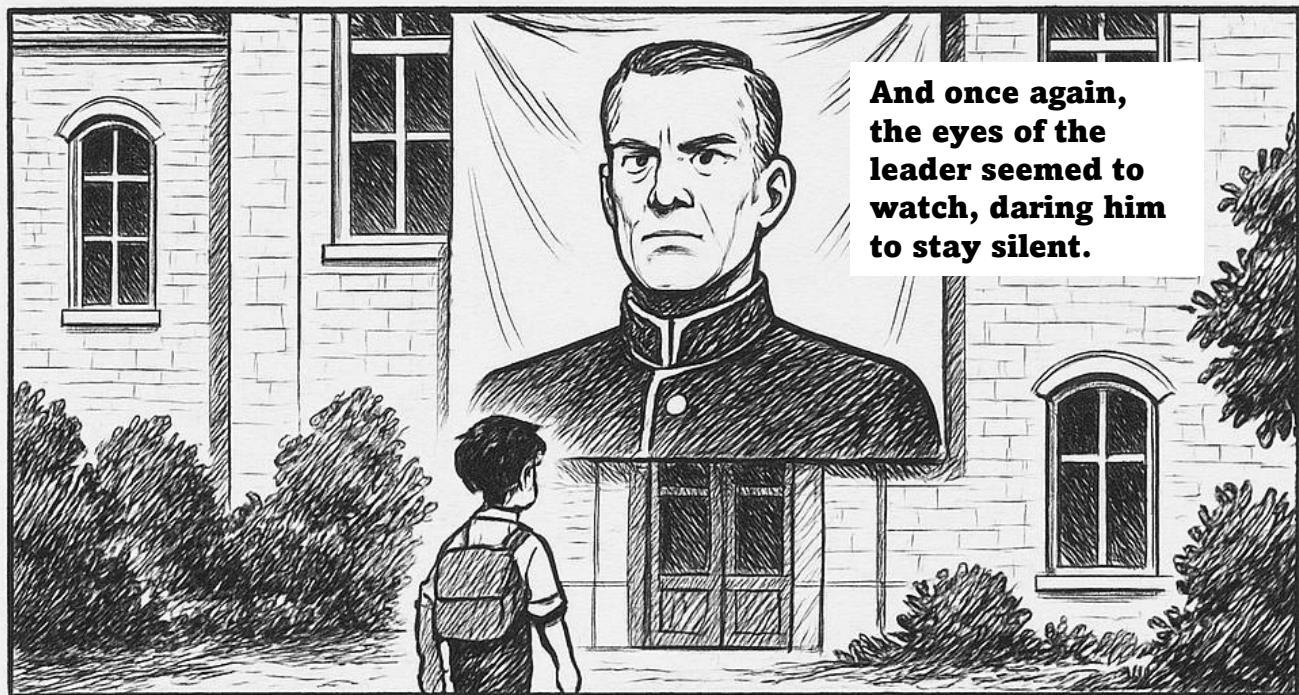
"You shouldn't have said that. They'll remember."



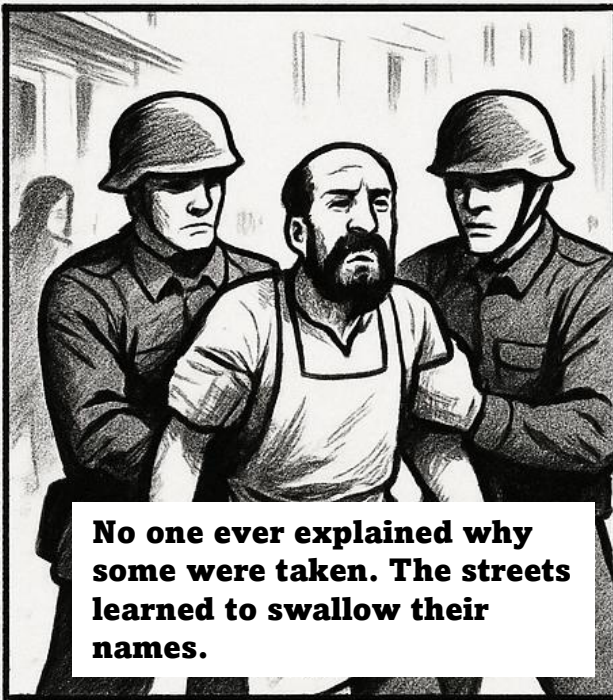
"You don't understand... questions are dangerous."



"But if no one asks, how will we ever know?"



And once again, the eyes of the leader seemed to watch, daring him to stay silent.

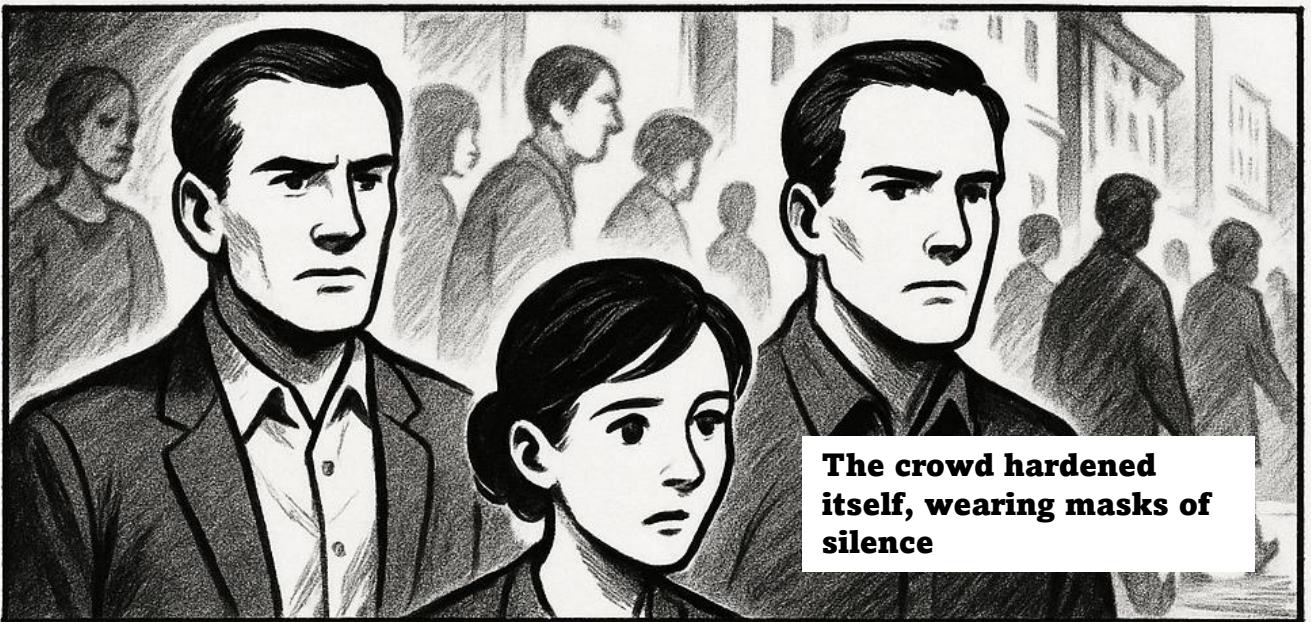


No one ever explained why some were taken. The streets learned to swallow their names.

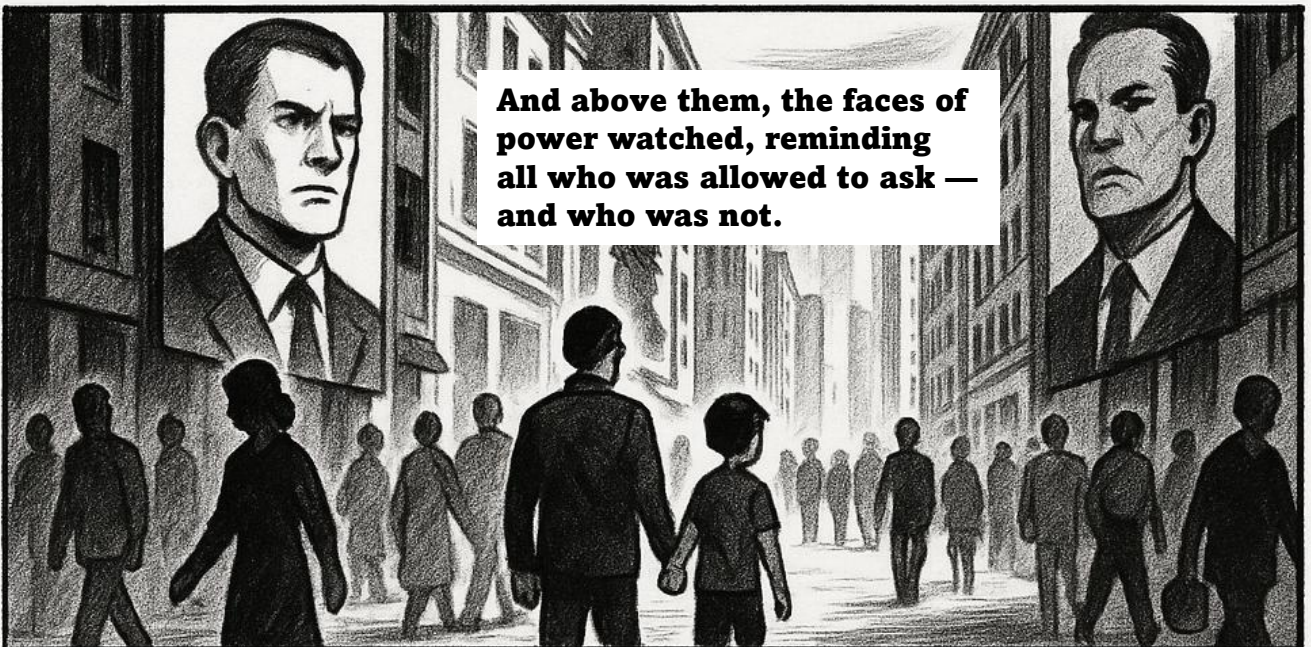


"Hush. Keep walking."

"Mama... what did he do?"

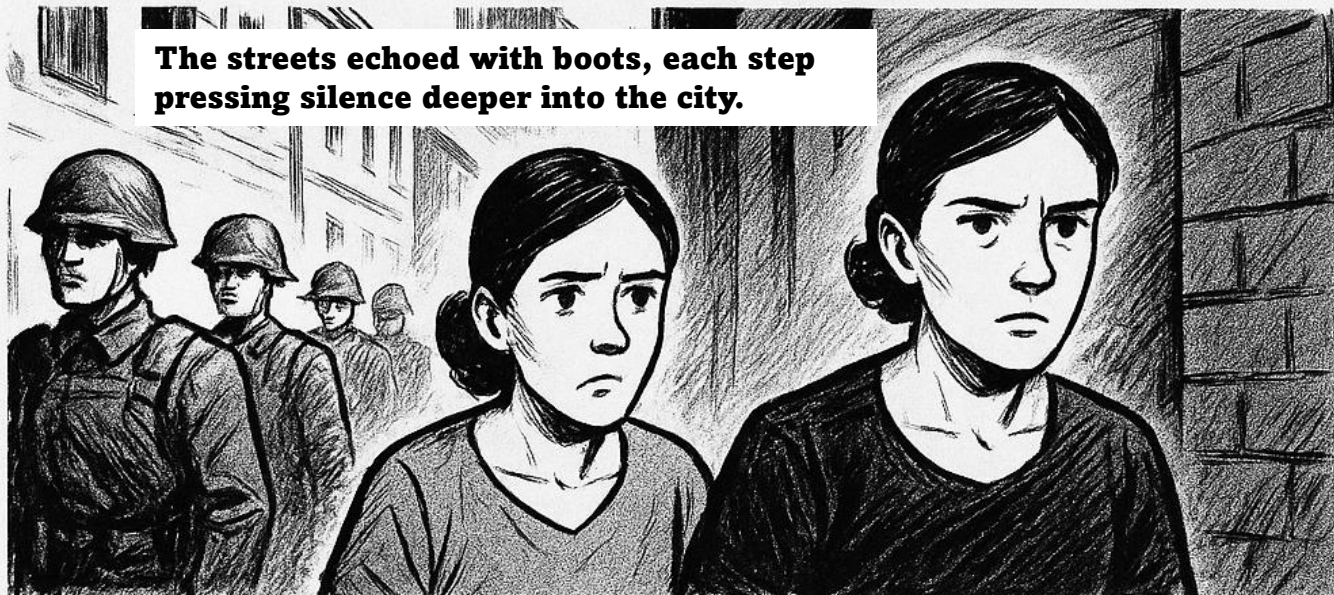


The crowd hardened itself, wearing masks of silence



And above them, the faces of power watched, reminding all who was allowed to ask — and who was not.

The streets echoed with boots, each step pressing silence deeper into the city.

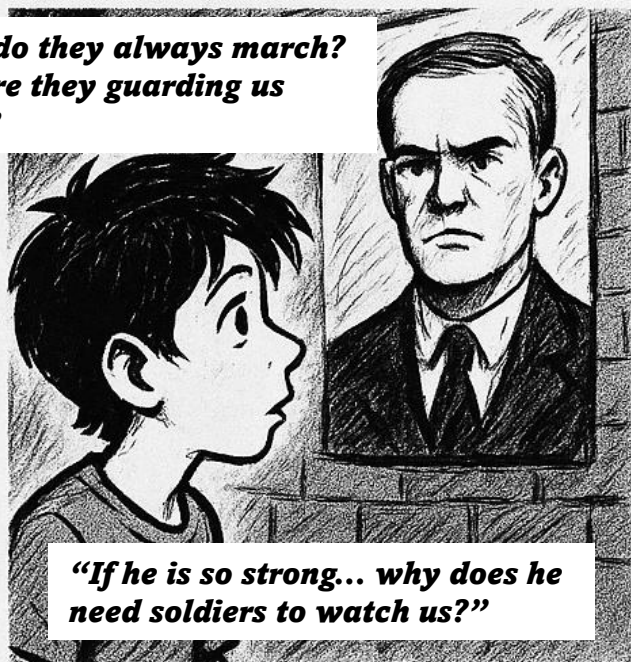


***"Why do they always march?
Who are they guarding us
from?"***

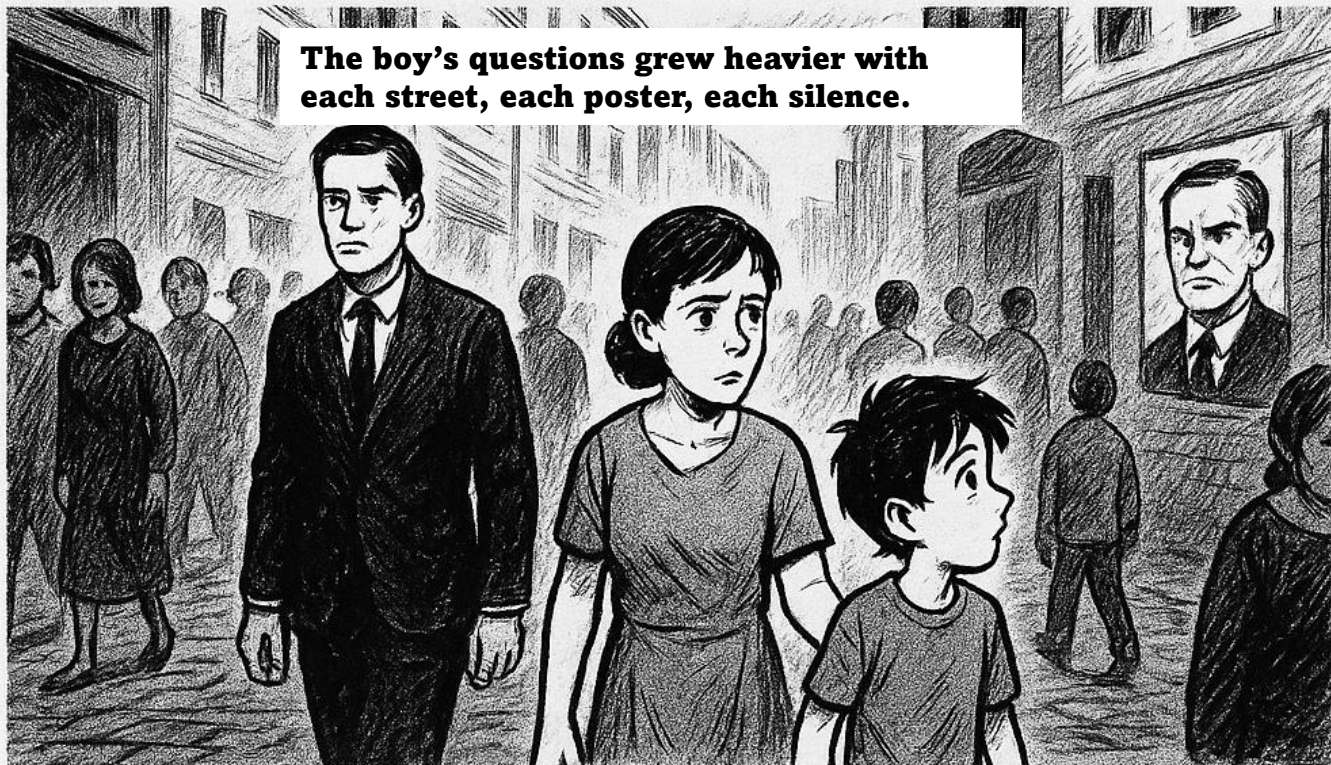
***"Quiet, my son.
Don't ask here."***



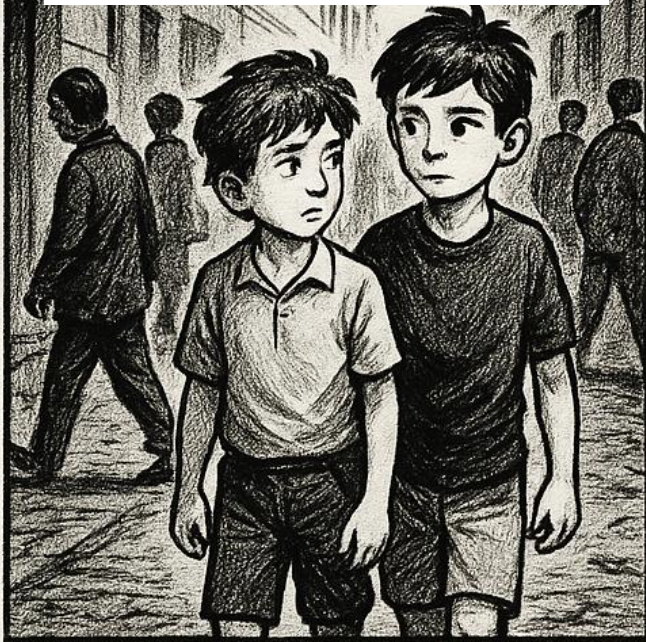
***"If he is so strong... why does he
need soldiers to watch us?"***



The boy's questions grew heavier with each street, each poster, each silence.



Only with friends could questions be shared, carried like secrets between steps.



"My father says people disappear for asking too much."

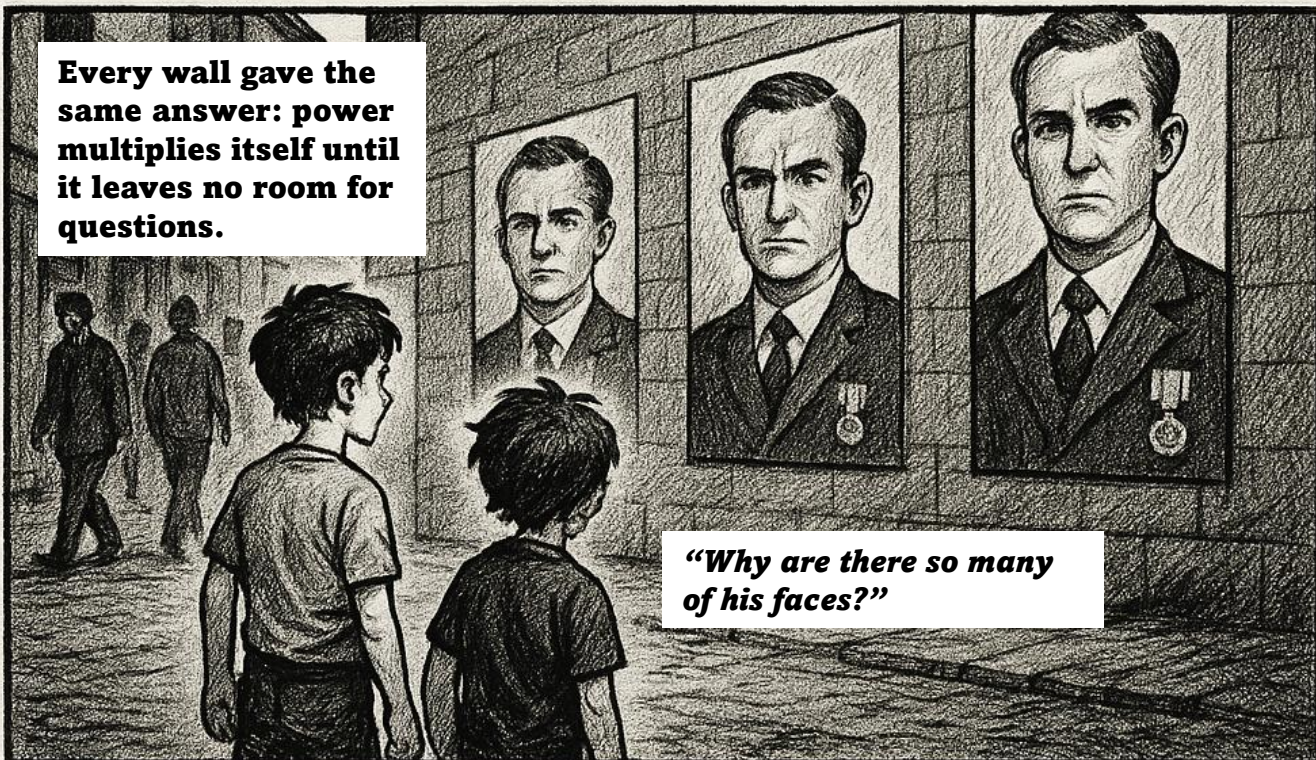


"But isn't asking the only way to know?"

The thought struck him like lightning — that silence was its own kind of prison.

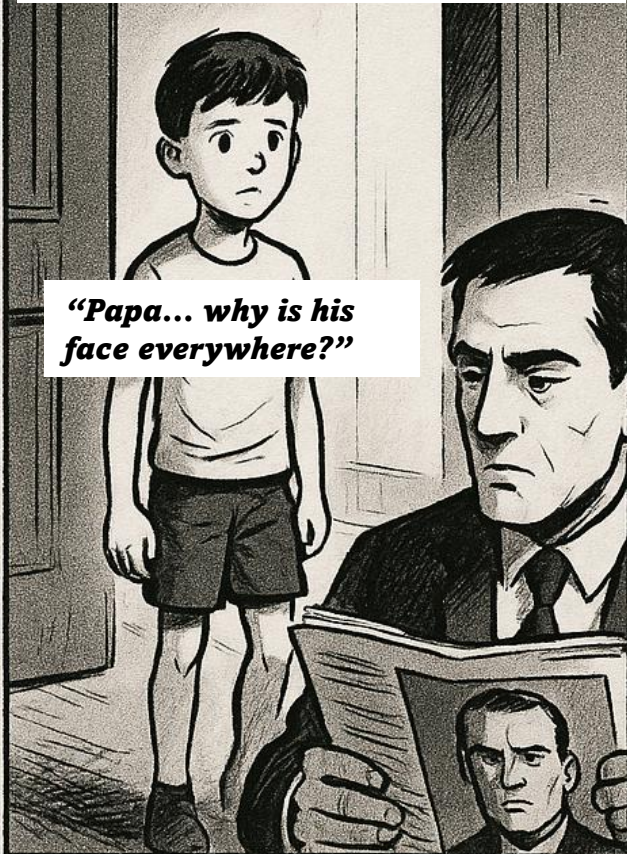


Every wall gave the same answer: power multiplies itself until it leaves no room for questions.



"Why are there so many of his faces?"

At home, questions felt heavier than anywhere else.



"Papa... why is his face everywhere?"



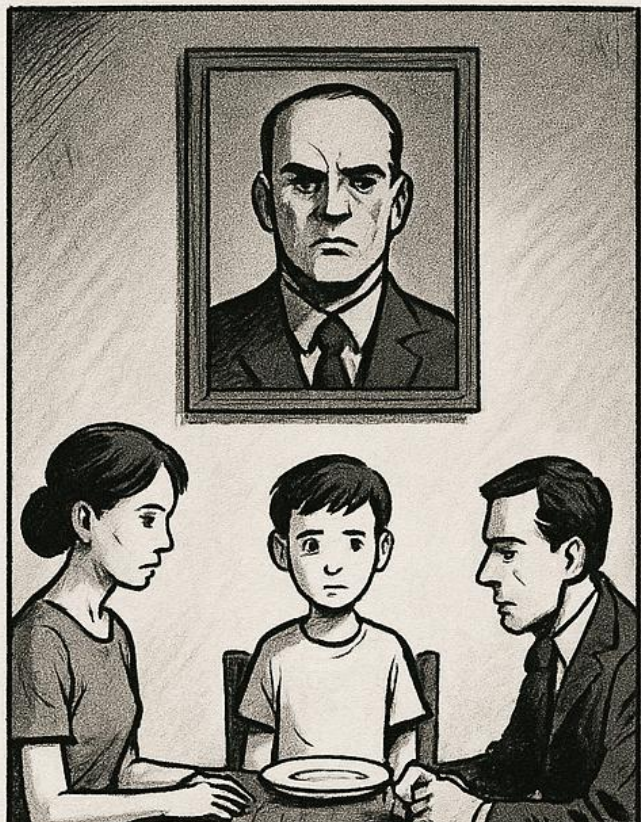
"Not now."



"But—"

"Enough."

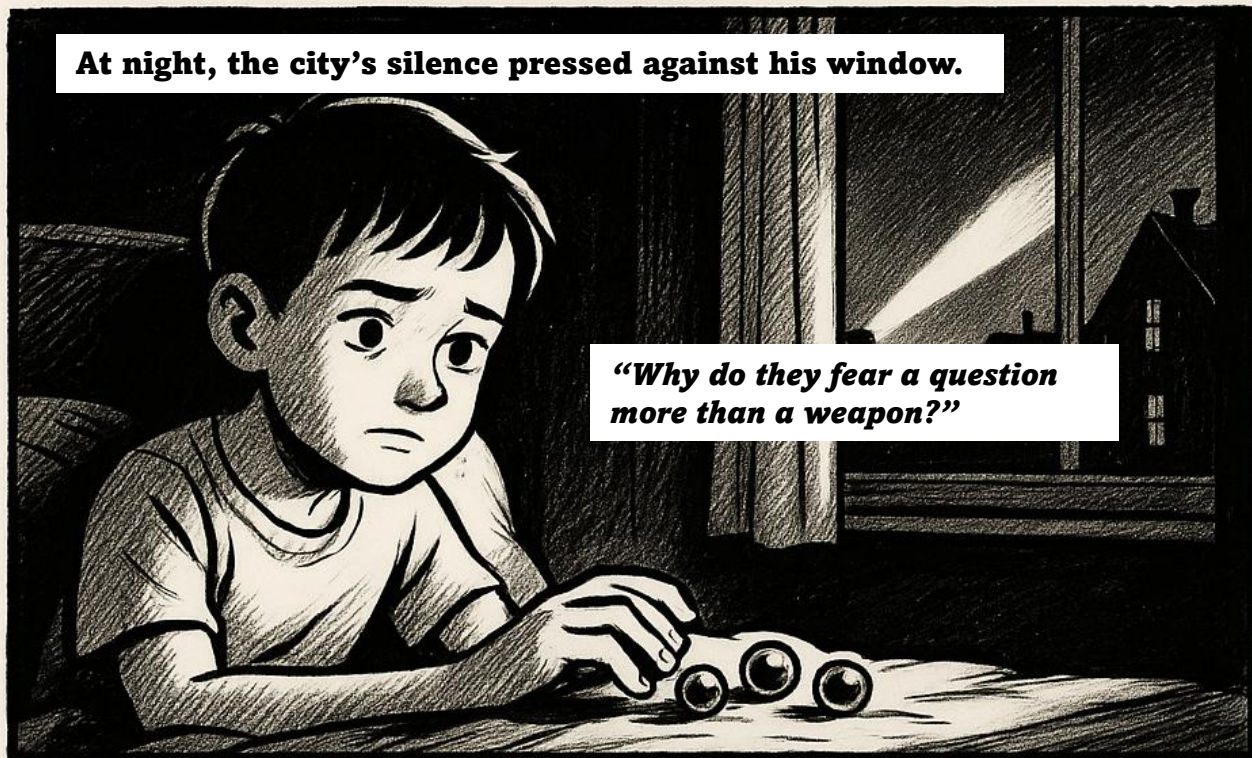
The boy learned that silence was expected even at the dinner table.



The eyes on the wall seemed to listen more closely than his own parents could.

At night, the city's silence pressed against his window.

***"Why do they fear a question
more than a weapon?"***



**He lined up the marbles, tiny
worlds he could control, when
everything else was beyond him**



***"If no one dares to ask... then I
must."***

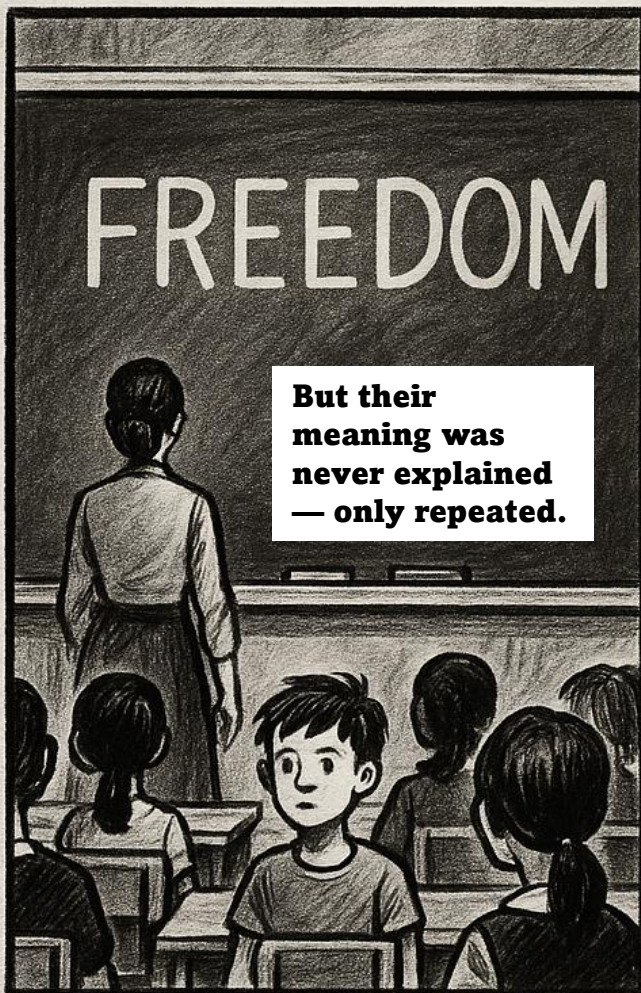


**But the eyes on the wall never blinked. Even in the dark, they seemed
to listen.**





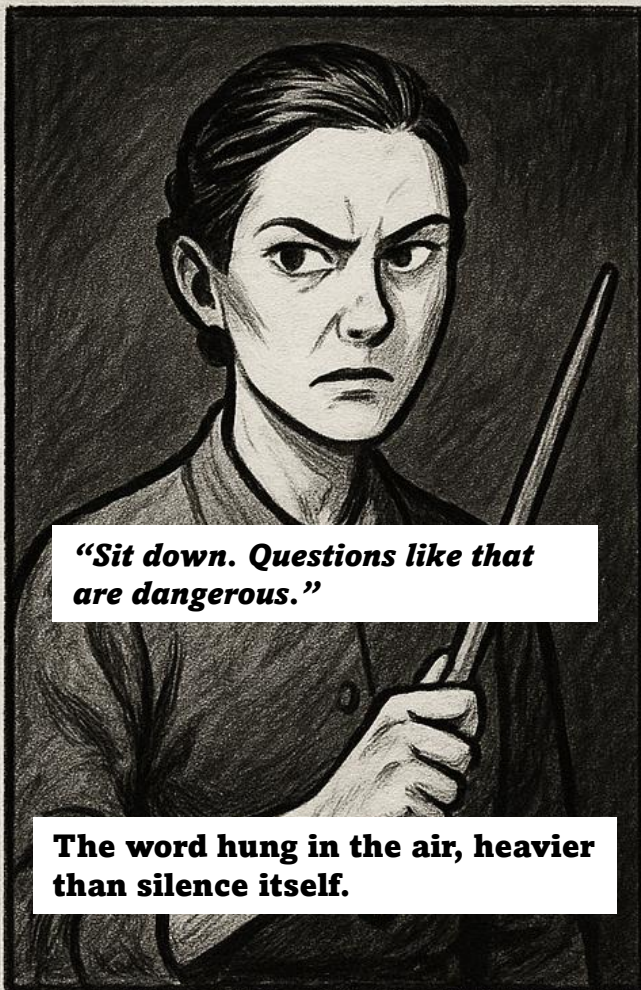
Some words were taught like relics, carved carefully onto the blackboard.



But their meaning was never explained — only repeated.

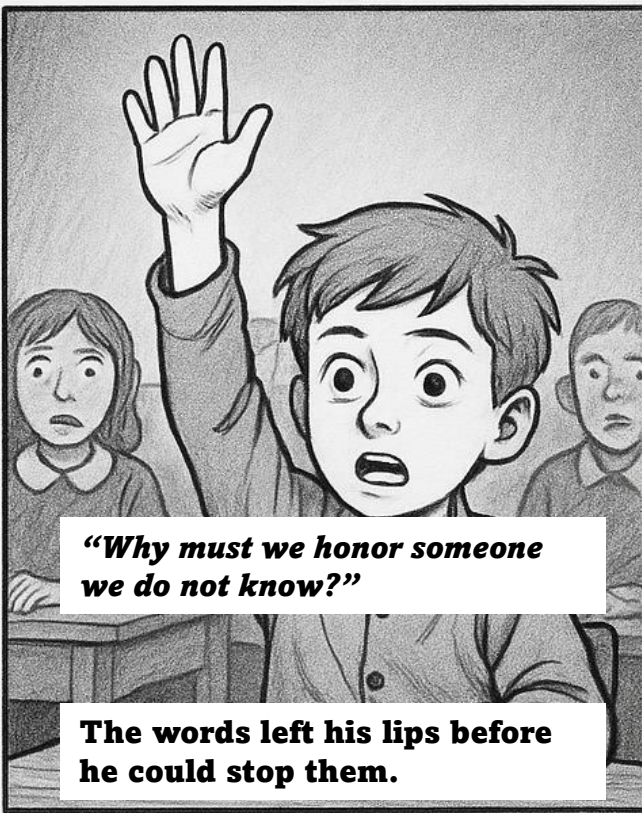


"Teacher... what does freedom truly mean?"



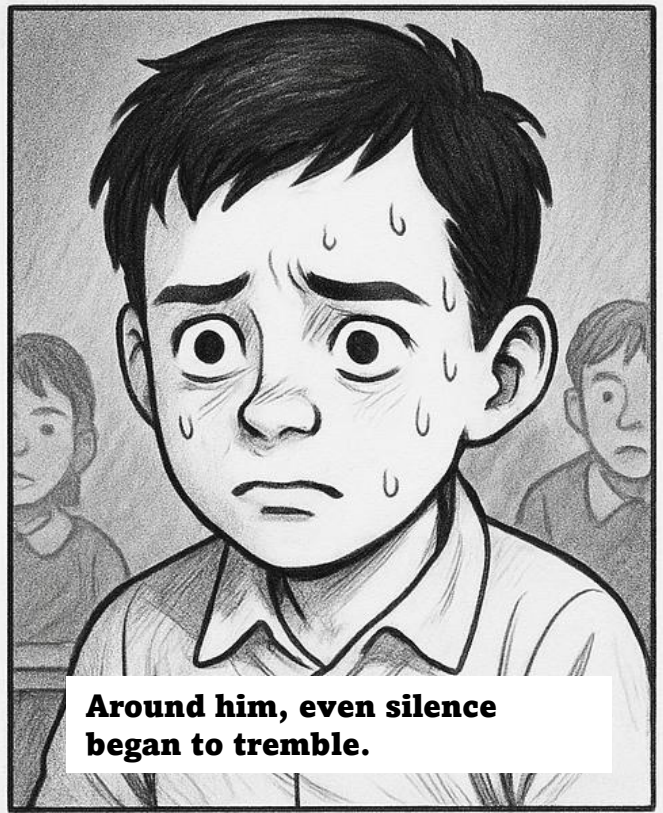
"Sit down. Questions like that are dangerous."

The word hung in the air, heavier than silence itself.



"Why must we honor someone we do not know?"

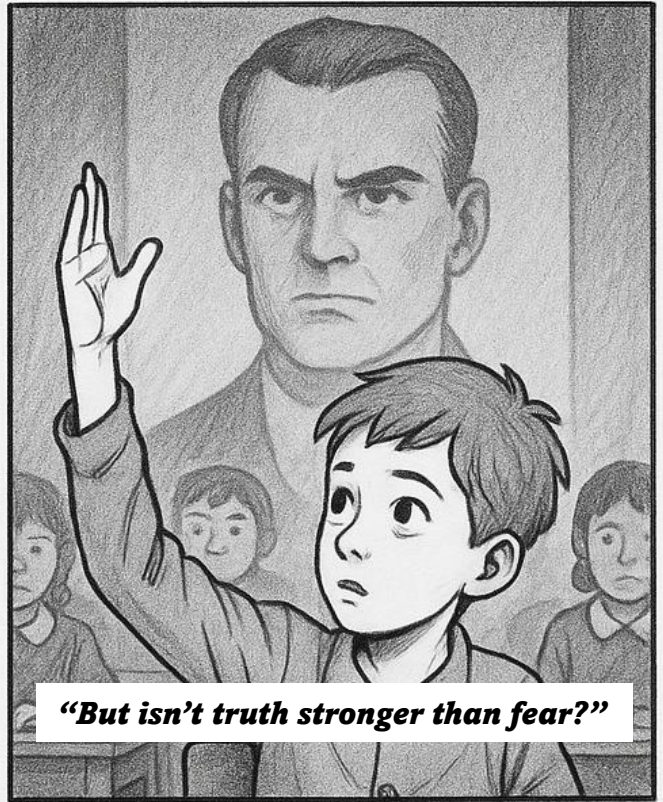
The words left his lips before he could stop them.



Around him, even silence began to tremble.



"Enough!"



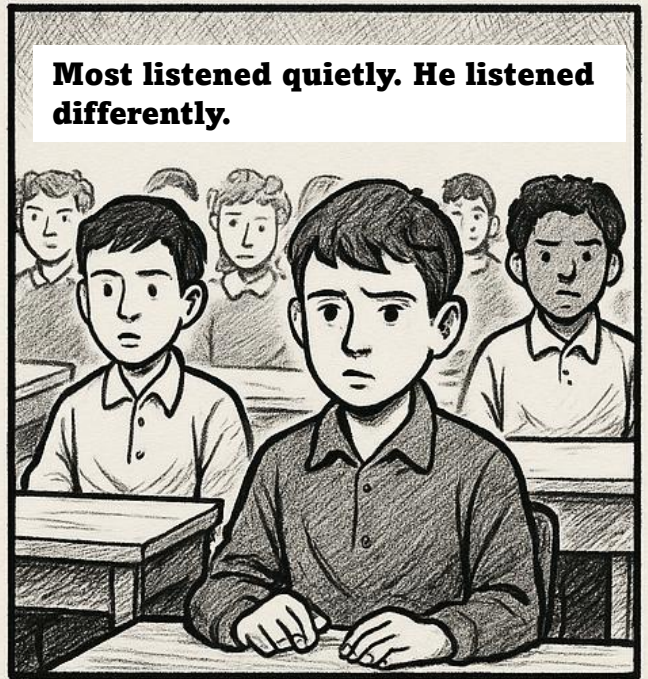
"But isn't truth stronger than fear?"



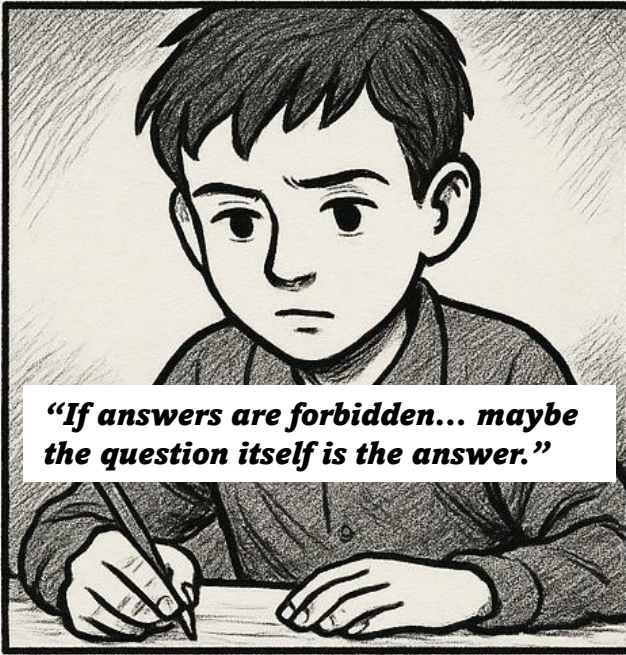
**The classroom froze.
One question had split
the air like thunder.**



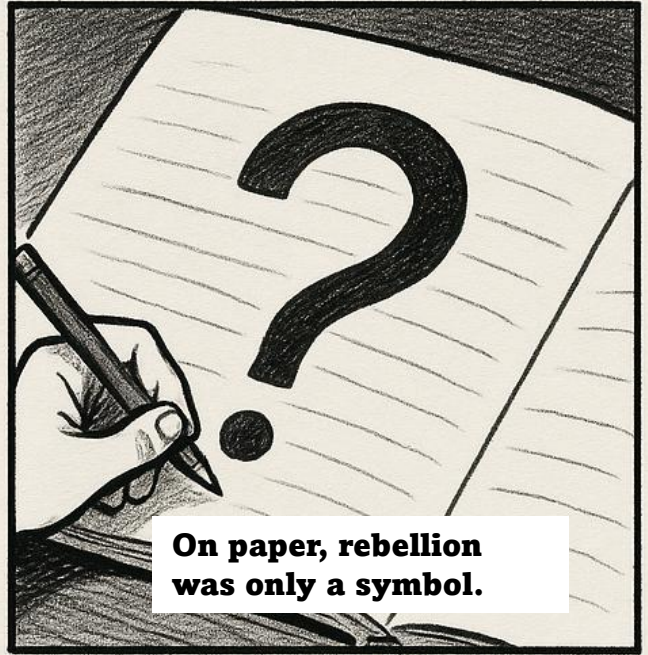
Lessons were delivered like commands, carved into the air with chalk.



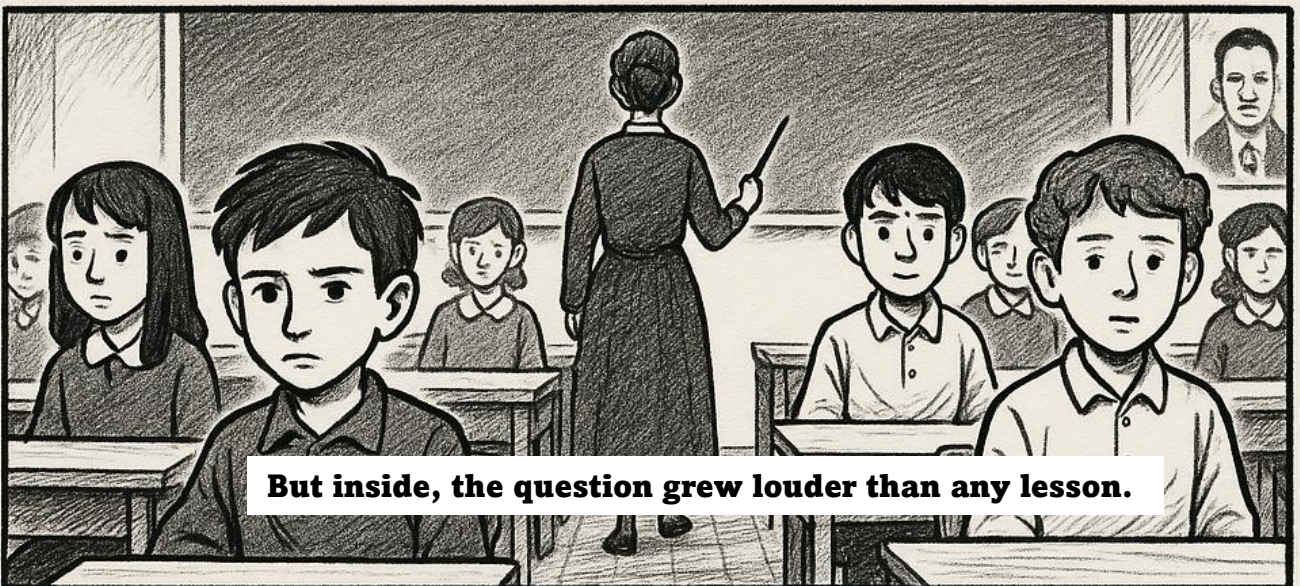
Most listened quietly. He listened differently.



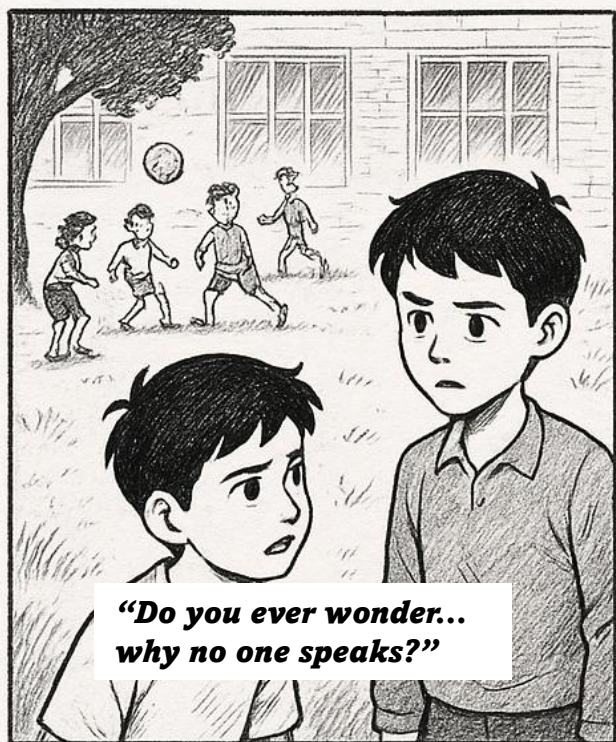
"If answers are forbidden... maybe the question itself is the answer."



On paper, rebellion was only a symbol.



But inside, the question grew louder than any lesson.



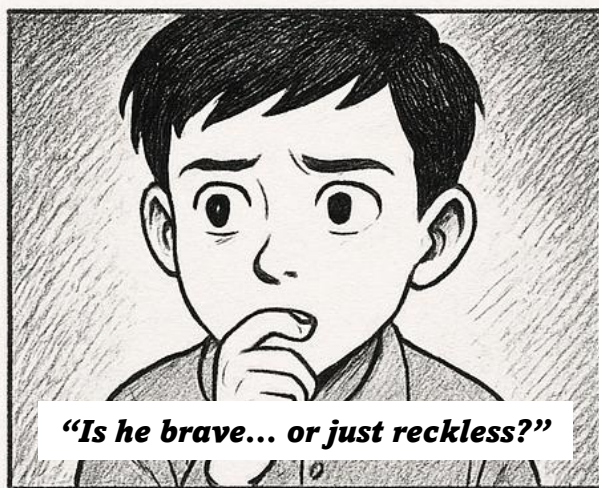
***"Do you ever wonder...
why no one speaks?"***



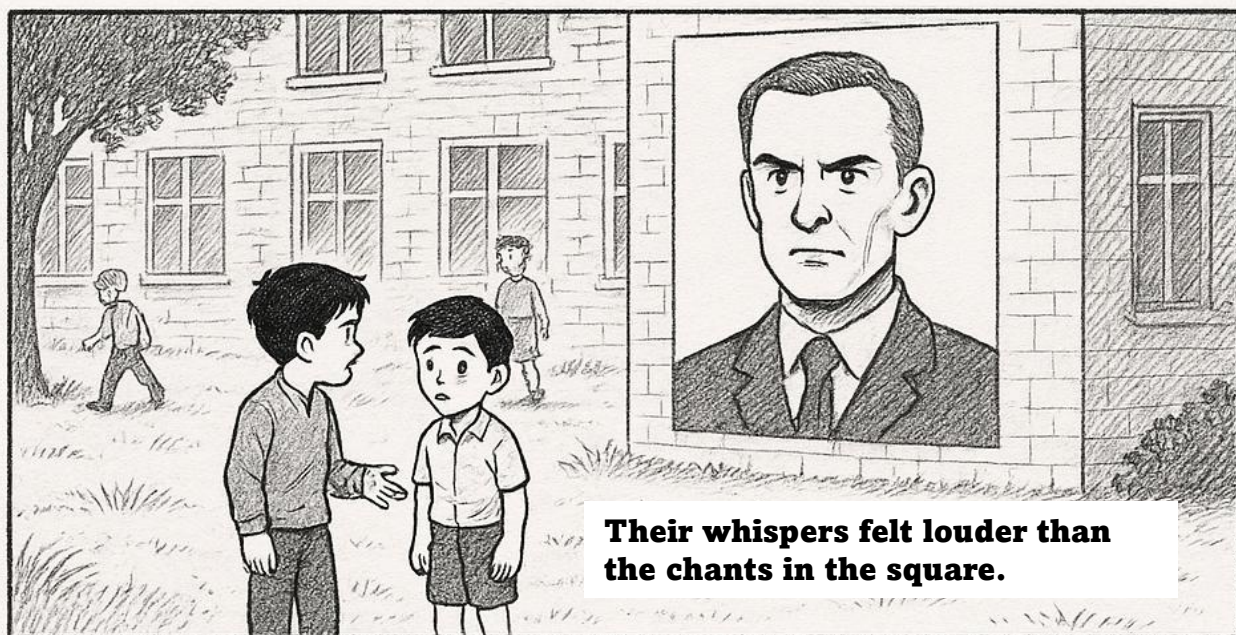
"Because it's safer not to."



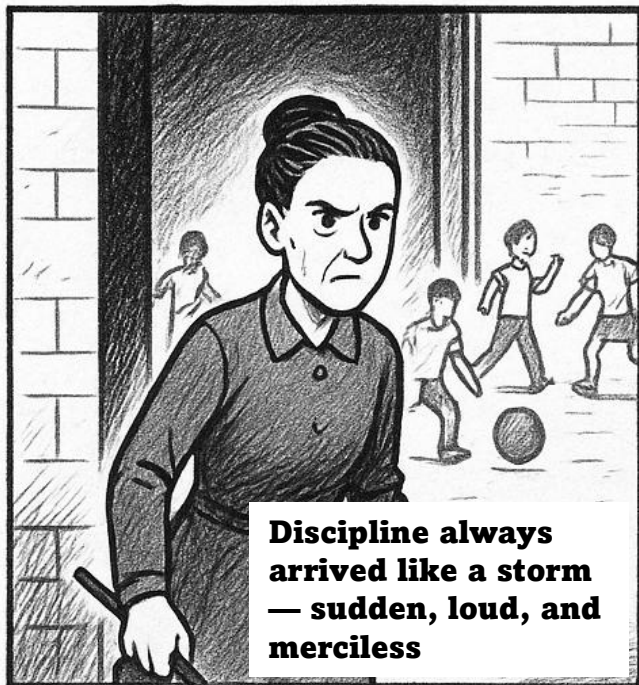
***"But what if silence is
the danger?"***



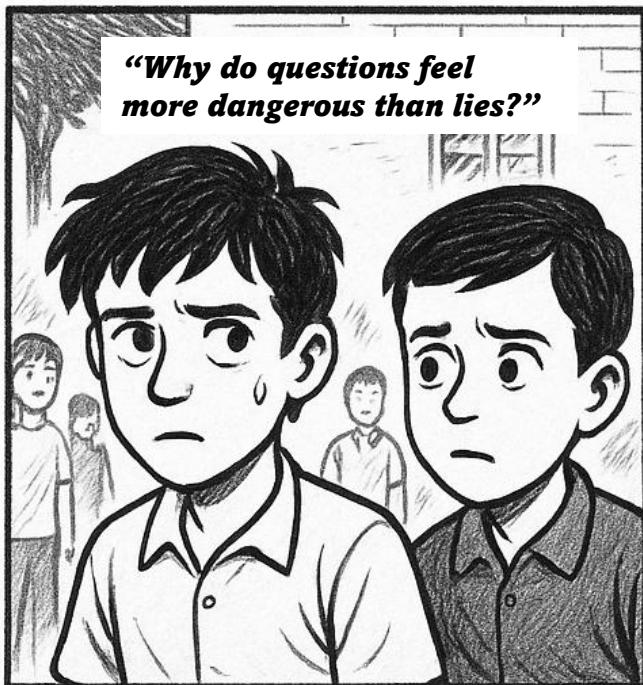
"Is he brave... or just reckless?"



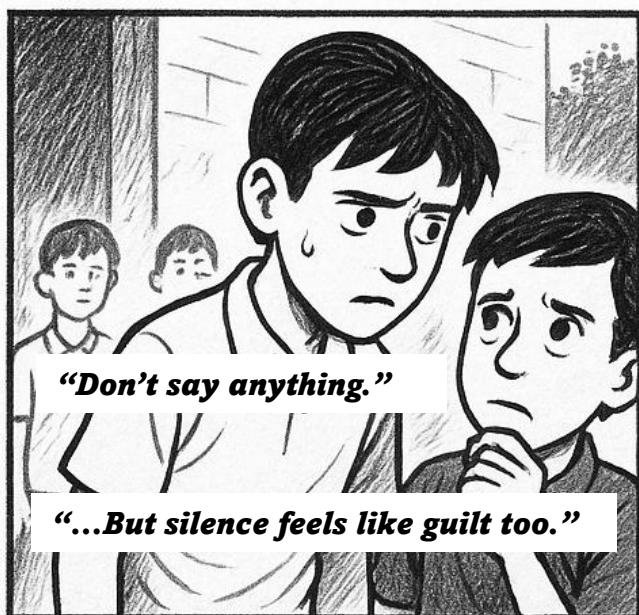
***Their whispers felt louder than
the chants in the square.***



Discipline always arrived like a storm — sudden, loud, and merciless



“Why do questions feel more dangerous than lies?”

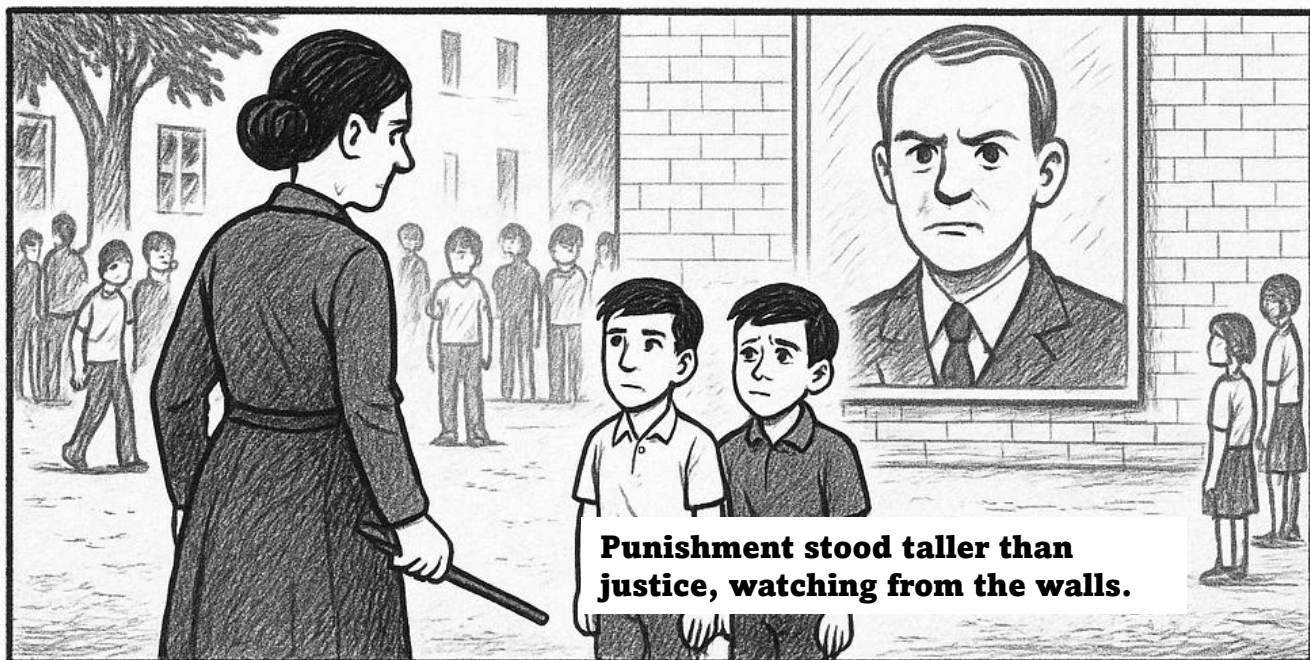


“Don’t say anything.”

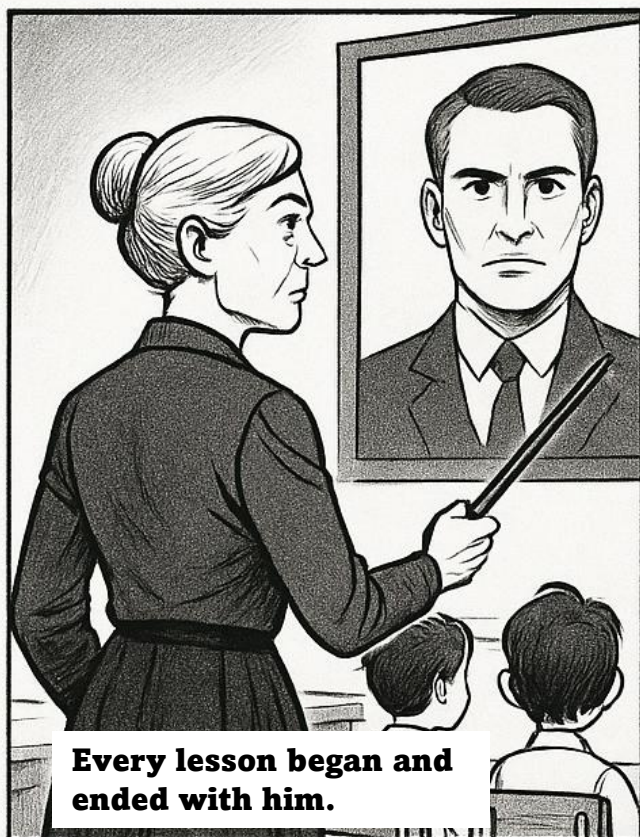
“...But silence feels like guilt too.”



“Both of you — step forward.”



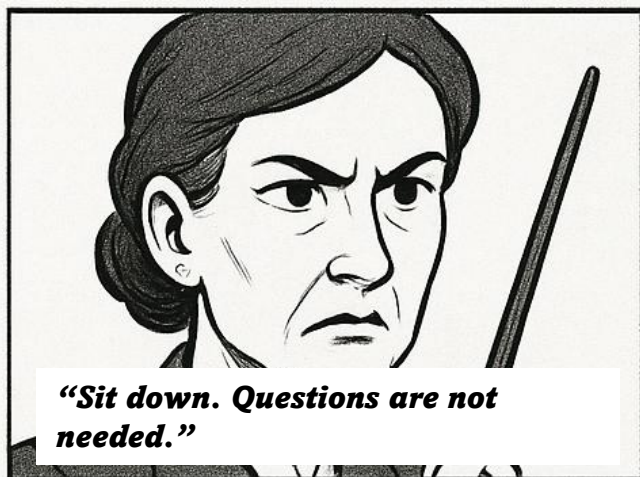
Punishment stood taller than justice, watching from the walls.



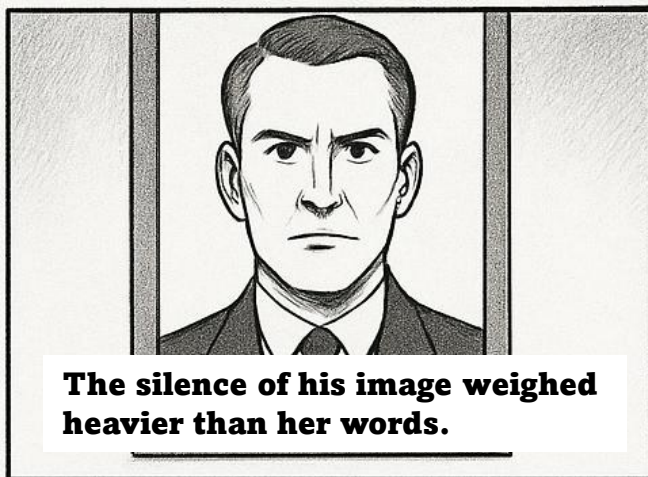
Every lesson began and ended with him.



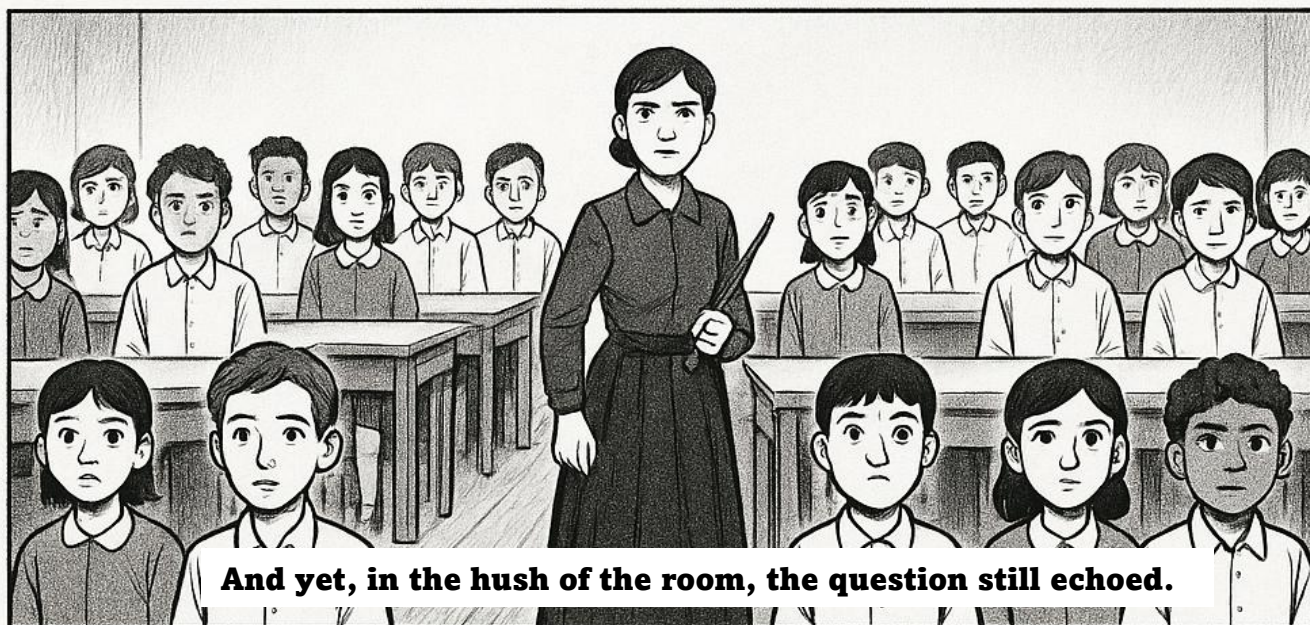
"I have a question."



"Sit down. Questions are not needed."

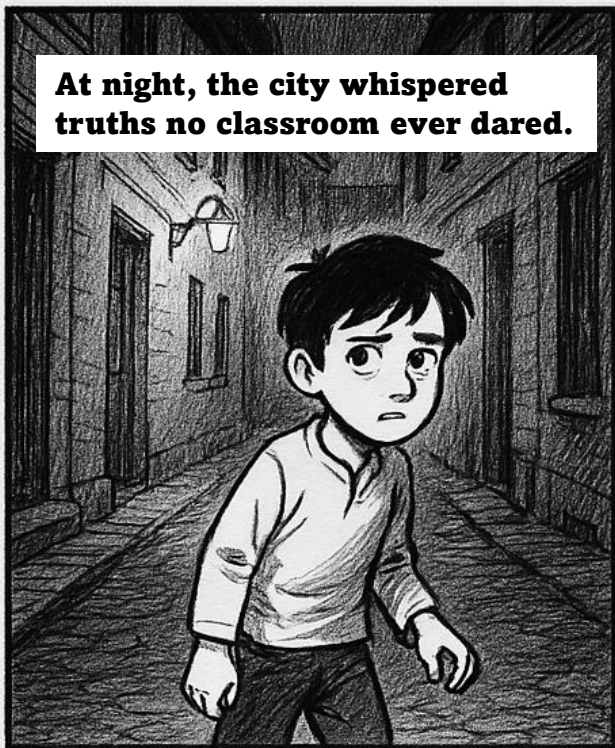


The silence of his image weighed heavier than her words.



And yet, in the hush of the room, the question still echoed.

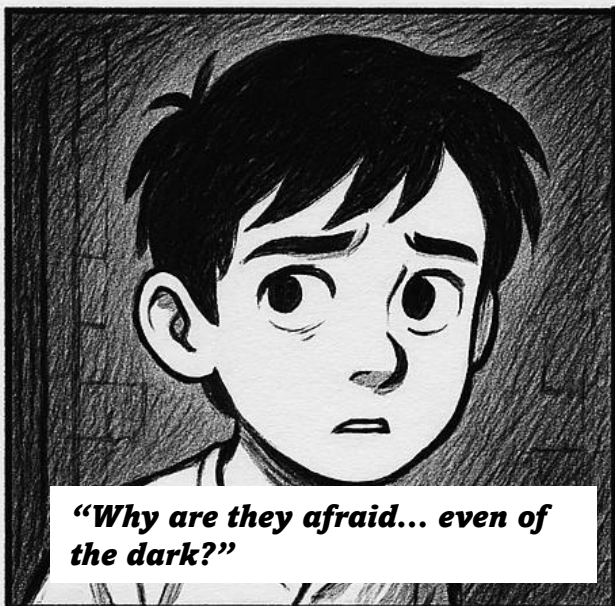
**At night, the city whispered
truths no classroom ever dared.**



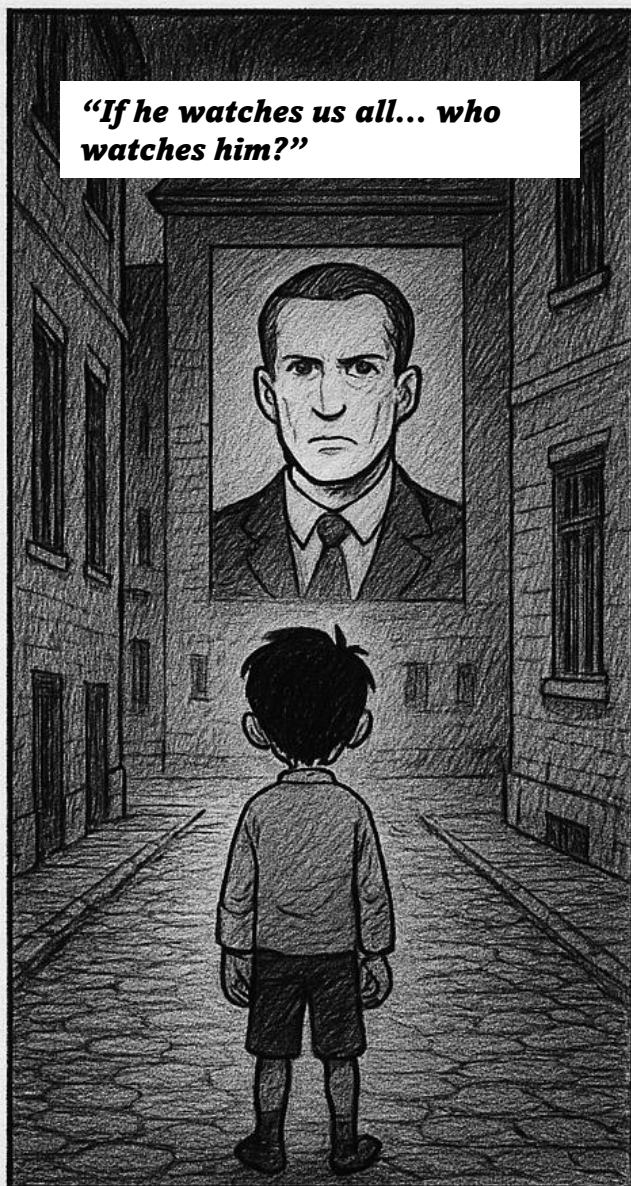
***"Go home, boy. Eyes are
everywhere."***



***"Why are they afraid... even of
the dark?"***



***"If he watches us all... who
watches him?"***




**Even the walls repeated
his name.**

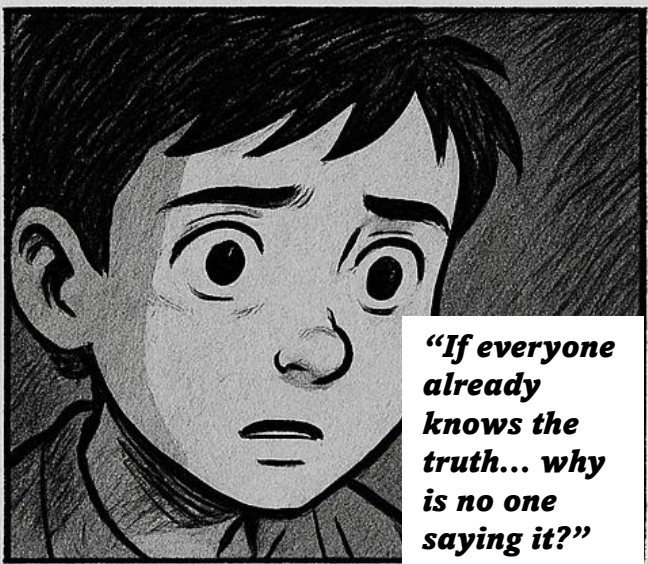




***"You shouldn't keep asking.
Someone will notice."***



***"Walls have ears... and so do
shadows."***



***"If everyone
already
knows the
truth... why
is no one
saying it?"***



**Above them, the Chancellor's gaze
burned brighter than the night itself.**



CHANCELLOR

**In whispers and gestures, they
built their own language.**



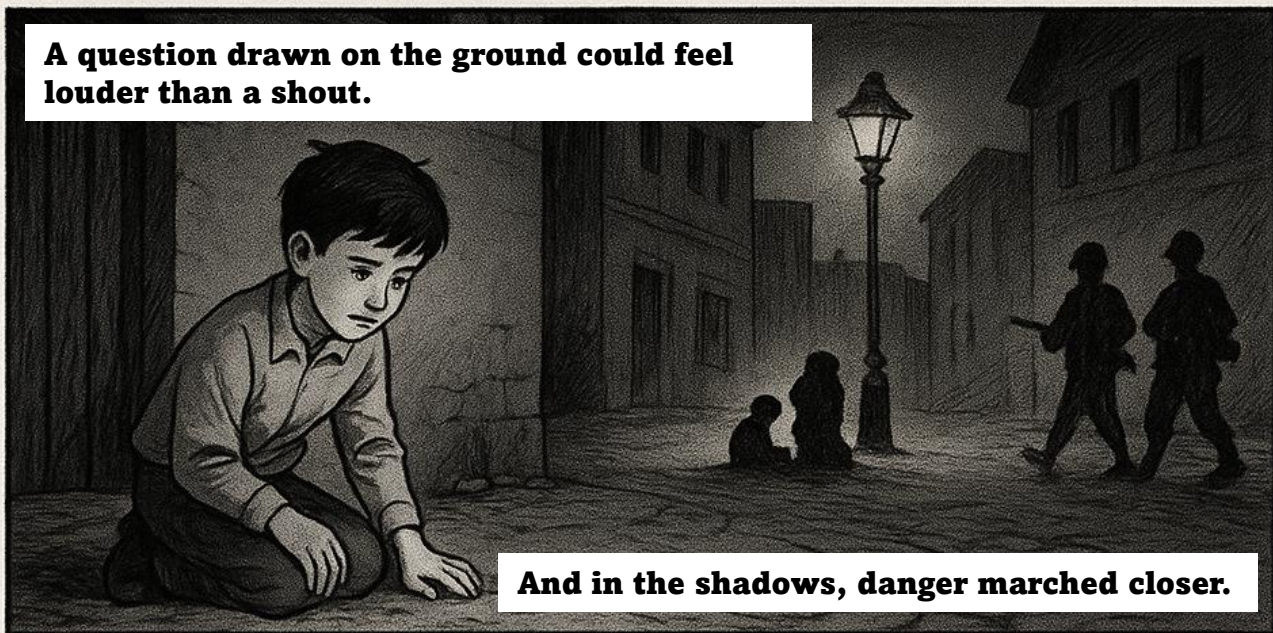
***“No one can
forbid what
we imagine.”***



***“But if they see this...
they’ll know it’s us.”***



**A question drawn on the ground could feel
louder than a shout.**



And in the shadows, danger marched closer.



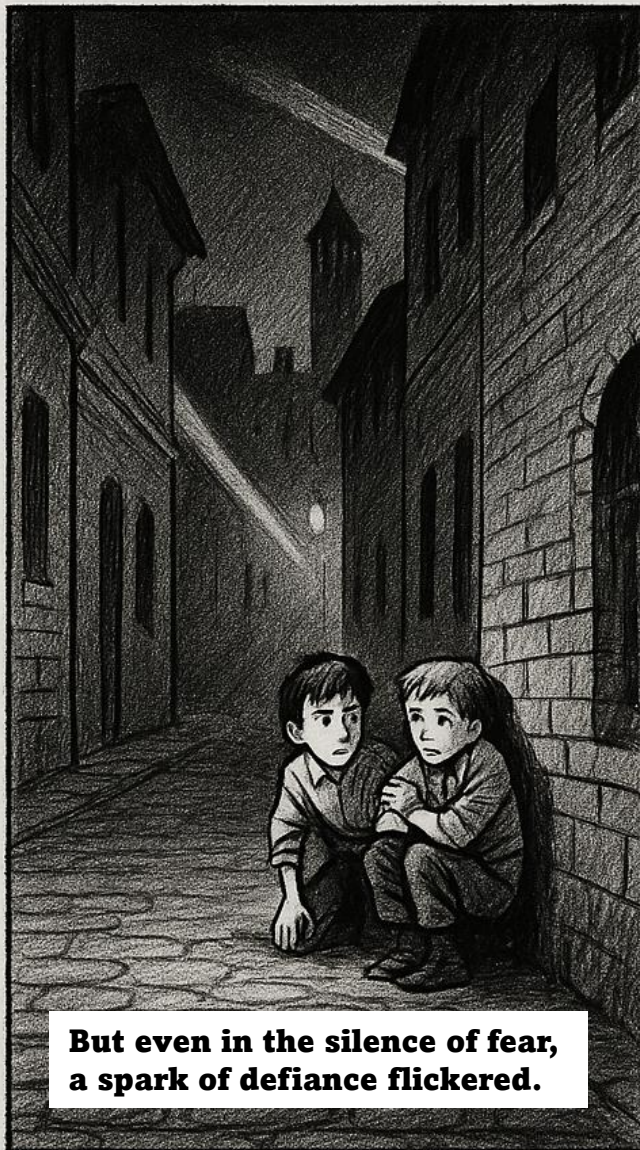
"Shhh... not a sound."



The night belonged to their boots and their searchlights.

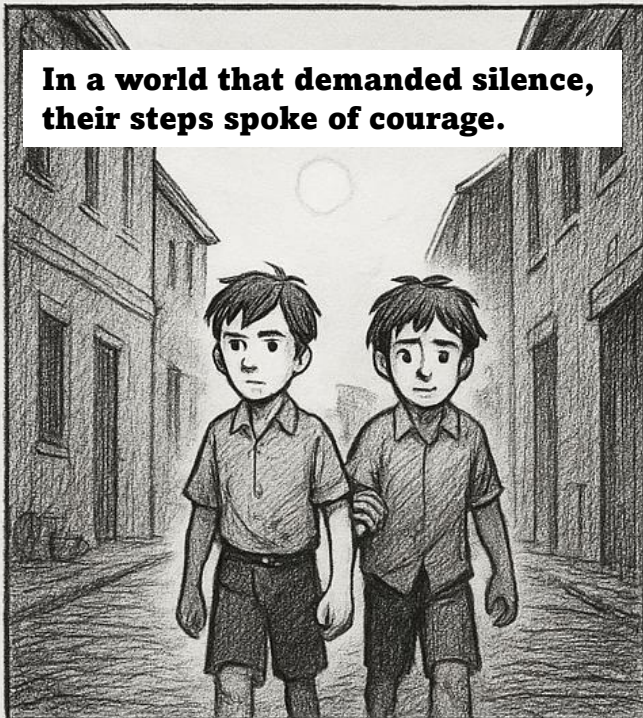


"If they find us, the game is over."

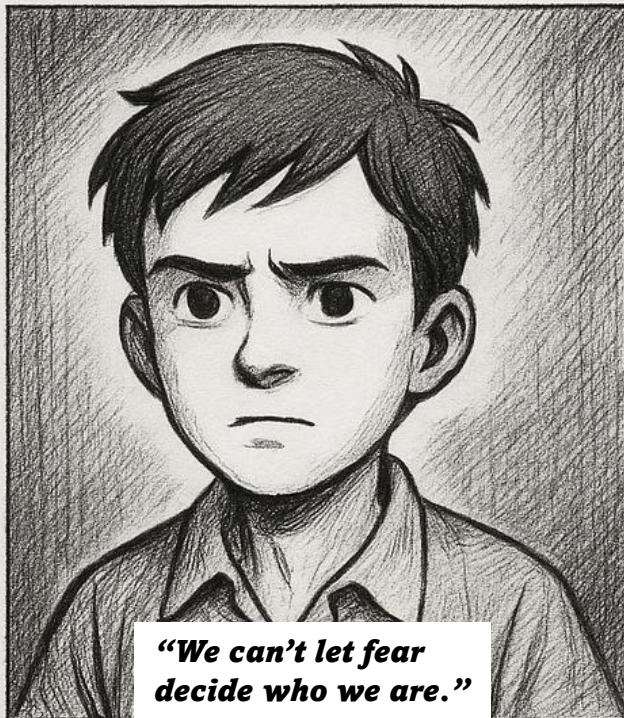


But even in the silence of fear, a spark of defiance flickered.

**In a world that demanded silence,
their steps spoke of courage.**



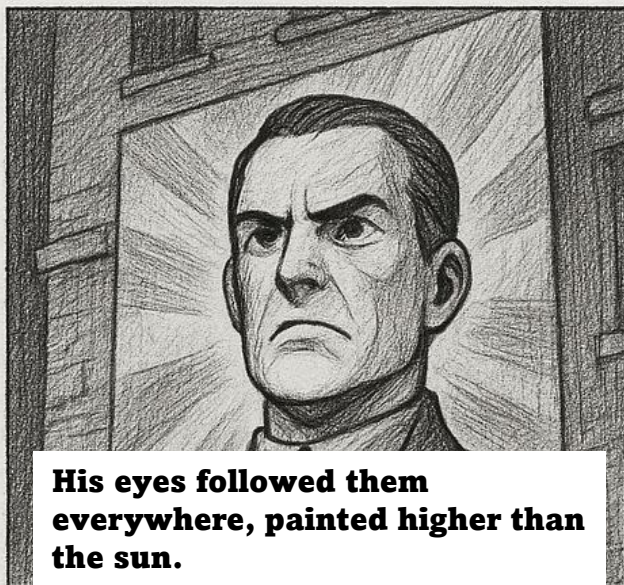
***"We can't let fear
decide who we are."***



***"But what if
they catch us?"***



**His eyes followed them
everywhere, painted higher than
the sun.**



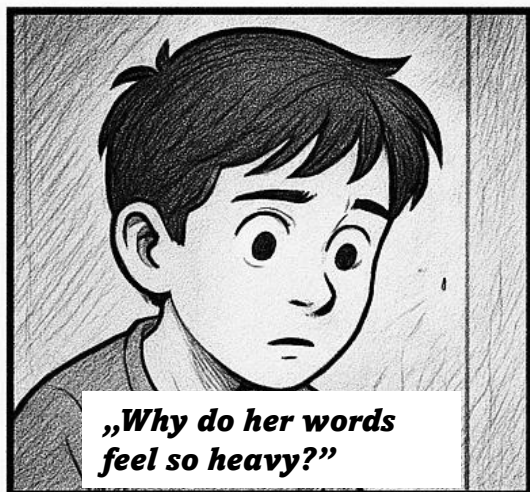
**Still, against the towering shadow,
they kept walking — together.**



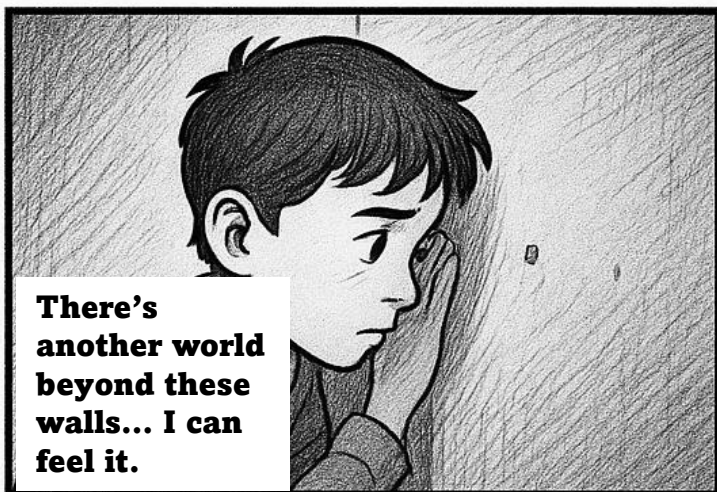


„The Chancellor protects us. The Chancellor gives us order.”

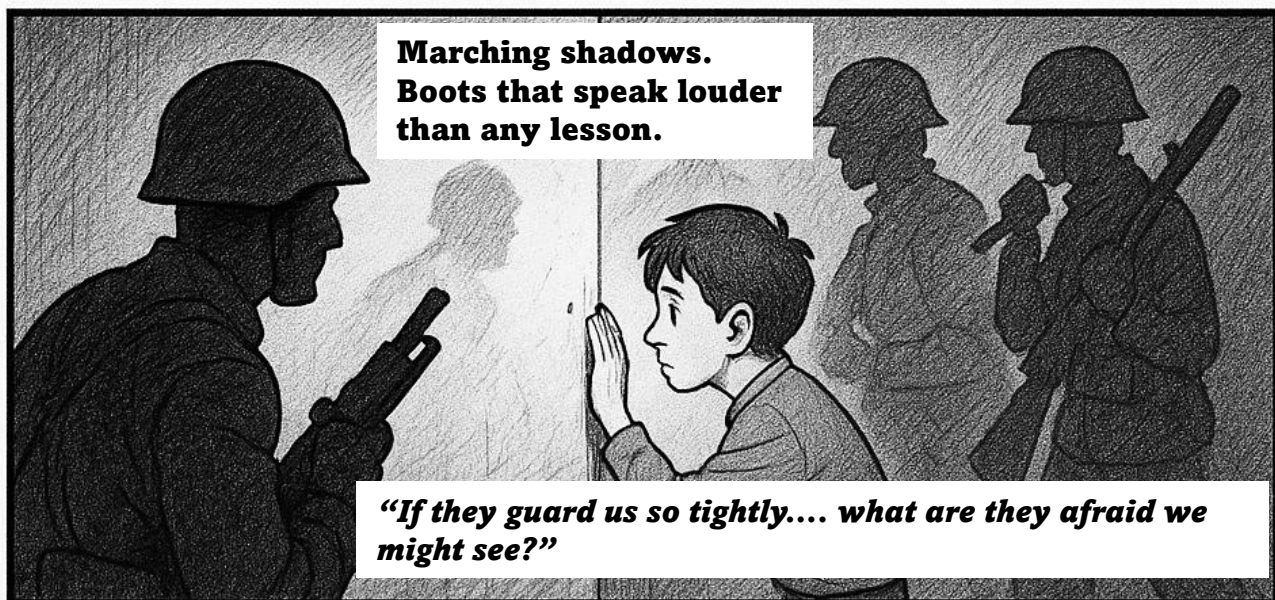
„But outside... I hear something else”



„Why do her words feel so heavy?”

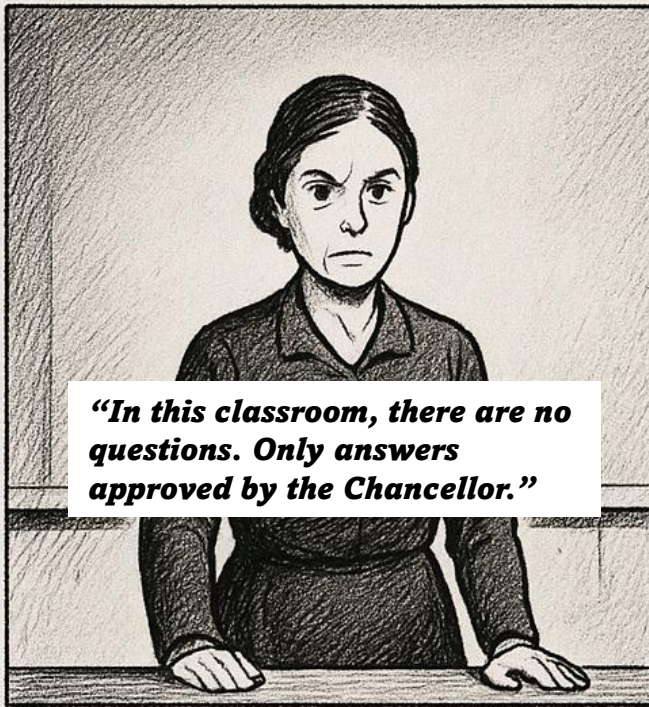


There’s another world beyond these walls... I can feel it.

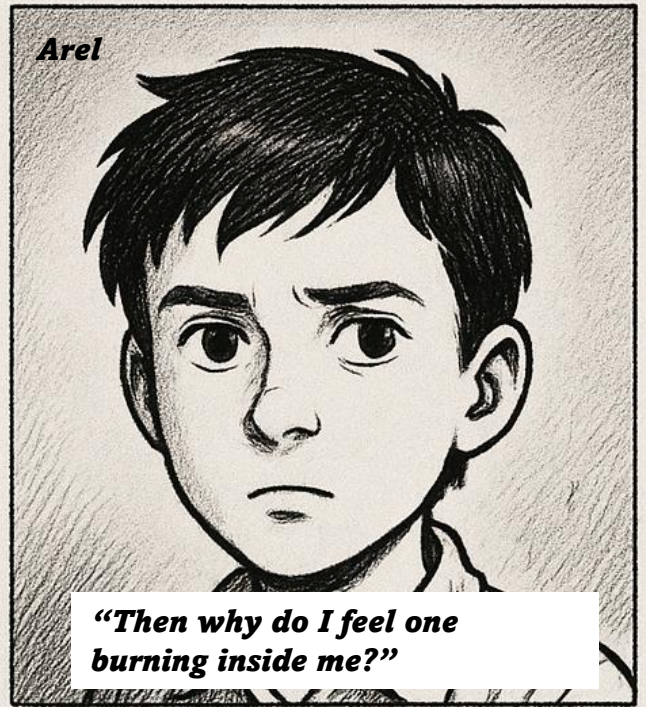


***Marching shadows.
Boots that speak louder
than any lesson.***

“If they guard us so tightly.... what are they afraid we might see?”

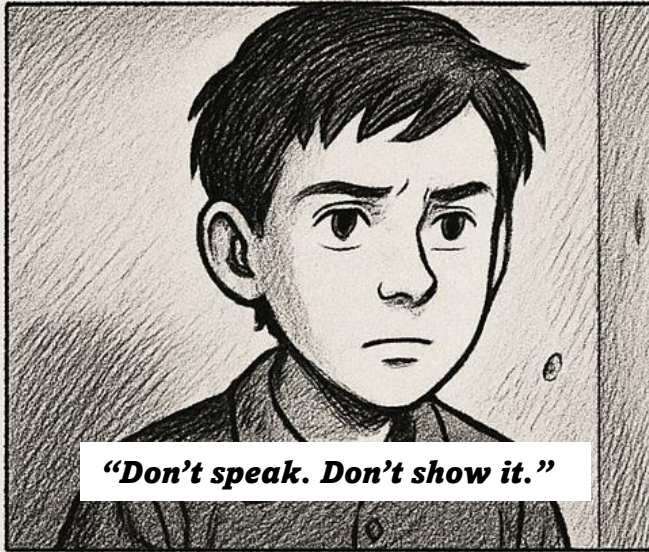


"In this classroom, there are no questions. Only answers approved by the Chancellor."

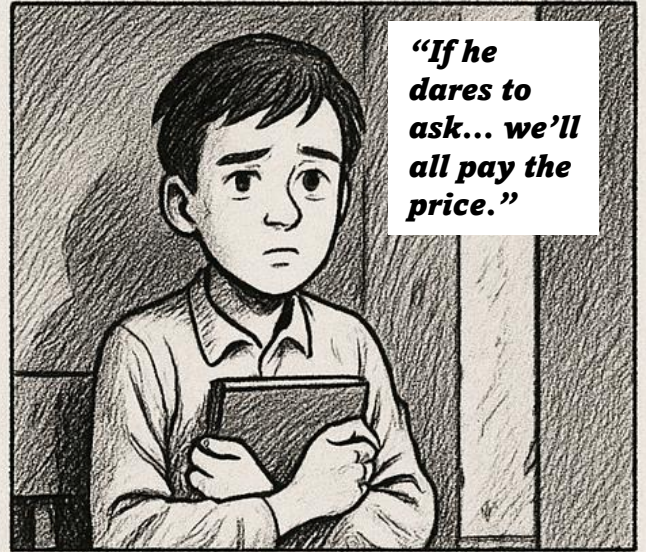


Arel

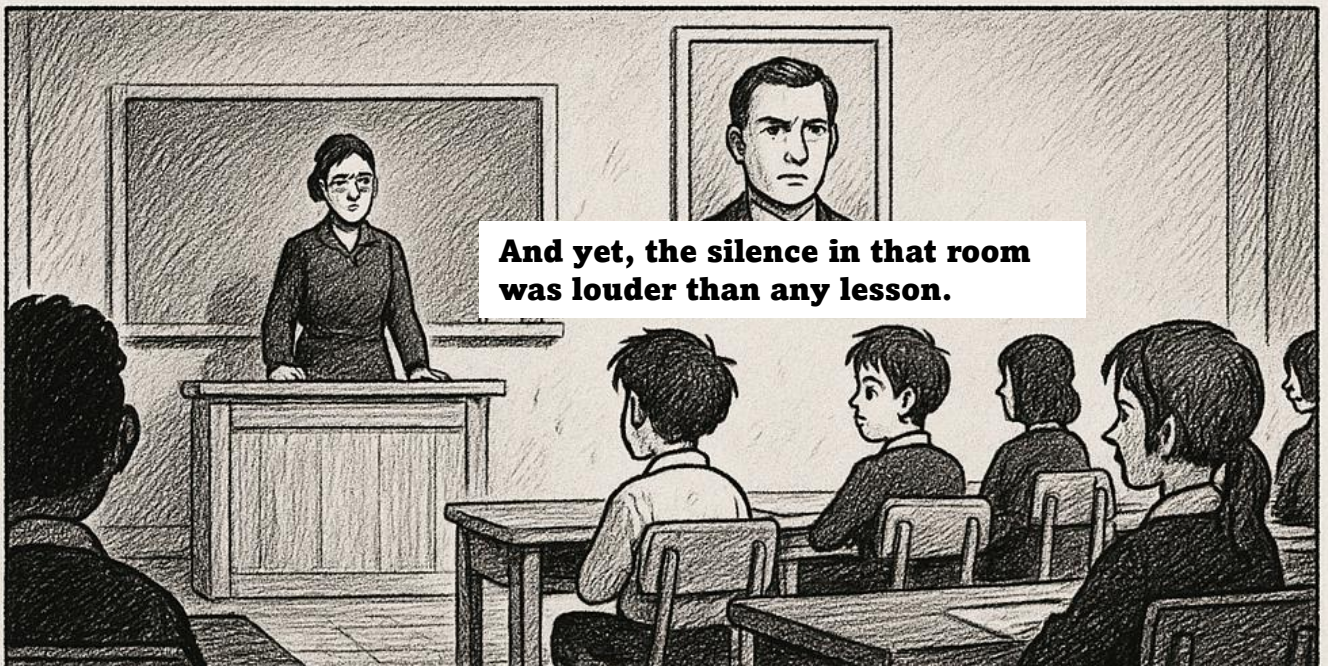
"Then why do I feel one burning inside me?"



"Don't speak. Don't show it."

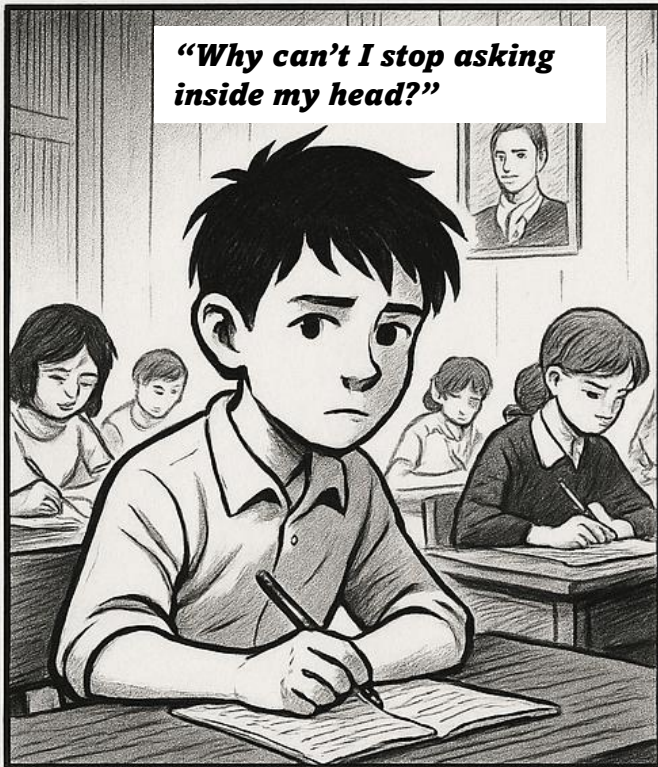


"If he dares to ask... we'll all pay the price."



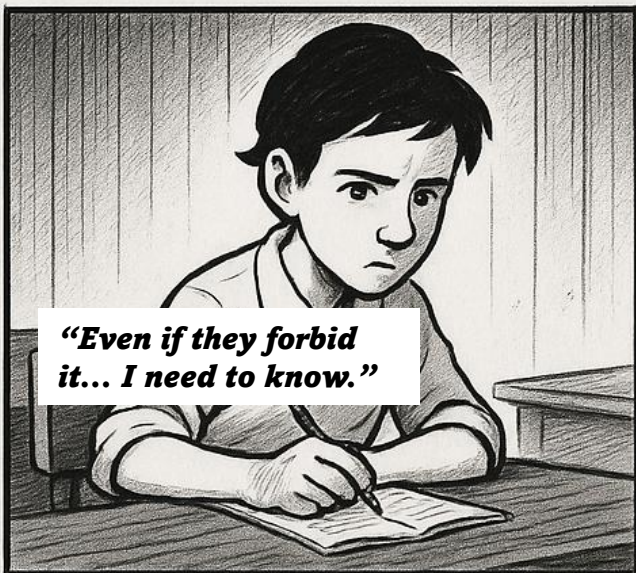
And yet, the silence in that room was louder than any lesson.

***"Why can't I stop asking
inside my head?"***

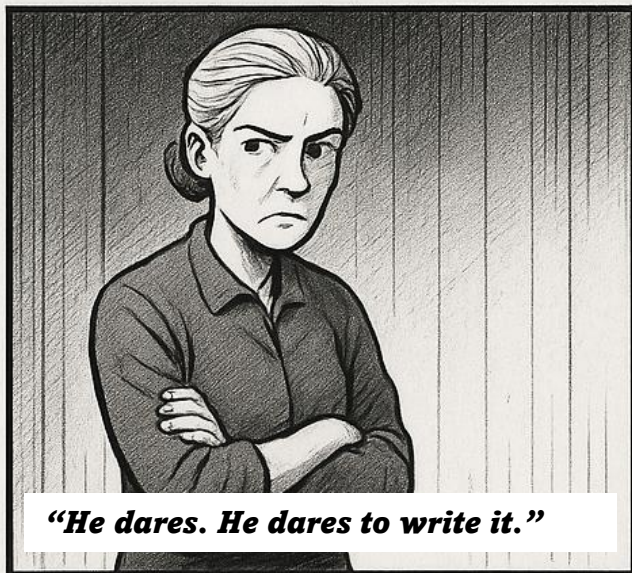


**A single mark. Small, but
louder than all their lessons.**

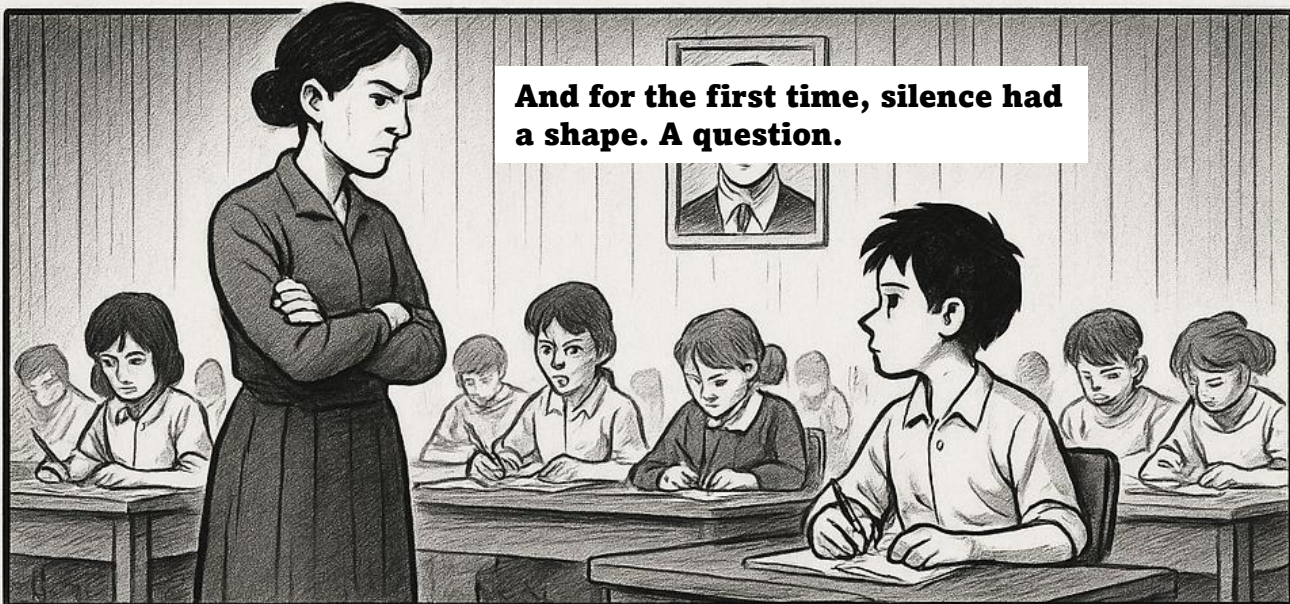
***"Even if they forbid
it... I need to know."***



"He dares. He dares to write it."



**And for the first time, silence had
a shape. A question.**



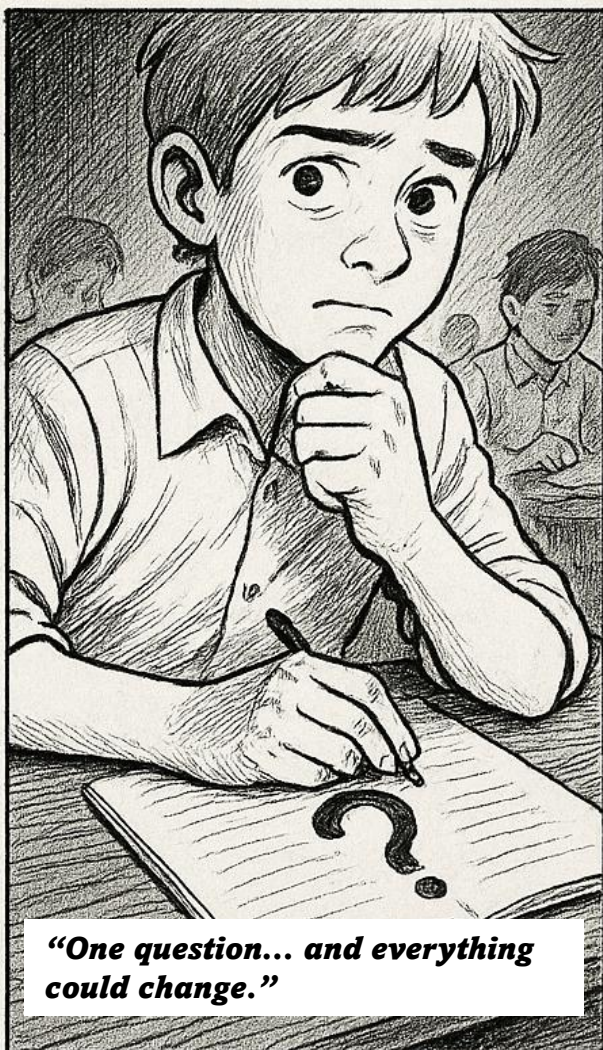
"Write what you are told."



"But I want to write the truth..."



***Each mark was like a heartbeat
pounding in his chest.***



***"One question... and everything
could change."***



***The question stood alone on the
paper, but now it echoed through
the room.***



The night was silent, yet his heart was loud.



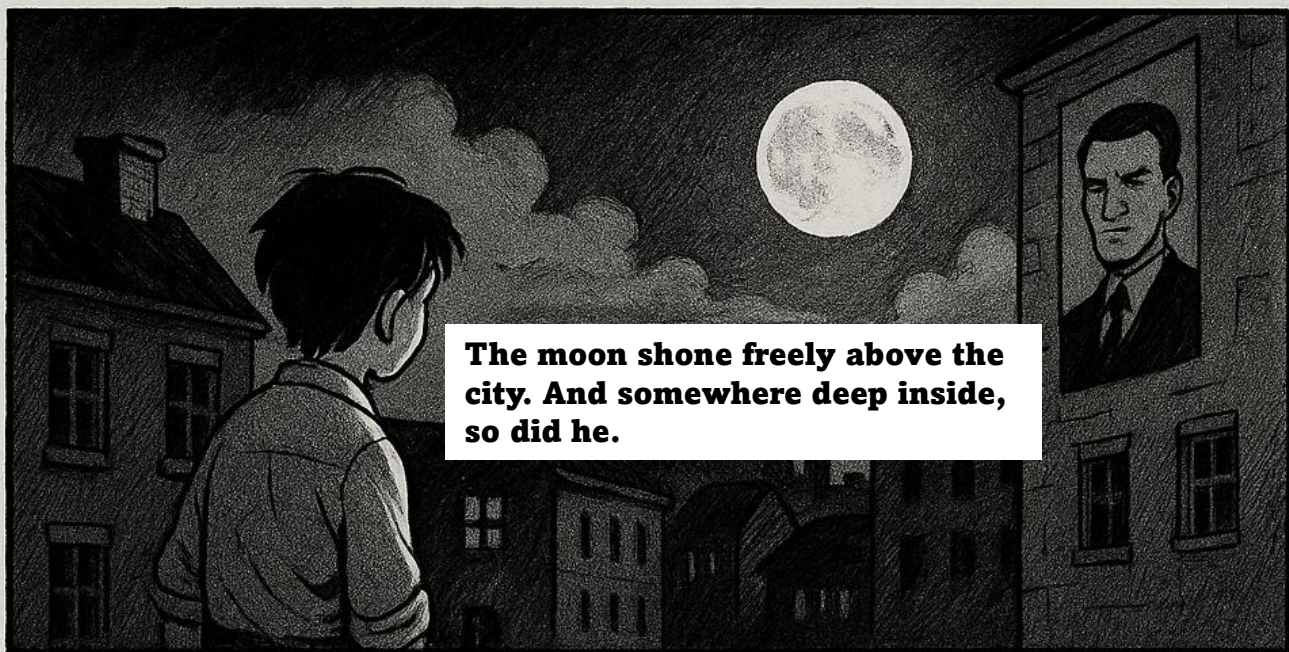
These aren't just games anymore. They are questions... waiting.



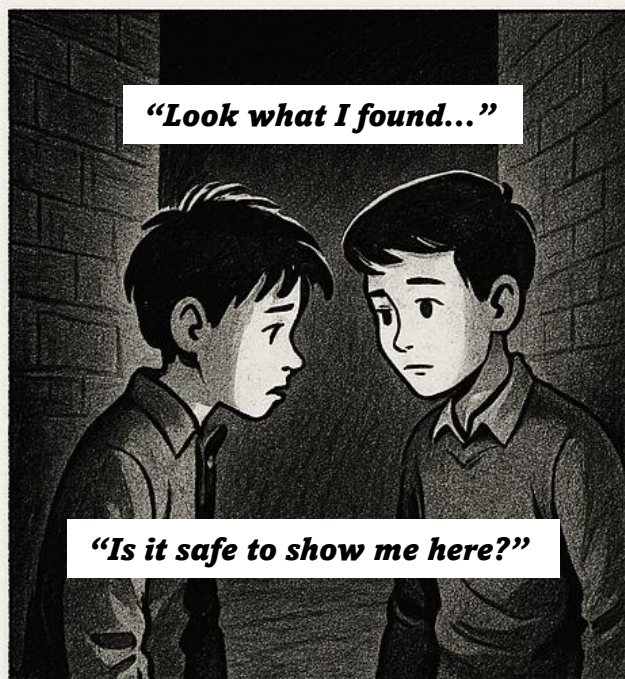
For the first time, he felt both small and infinite.



"Tomorrow... I'll ask again."

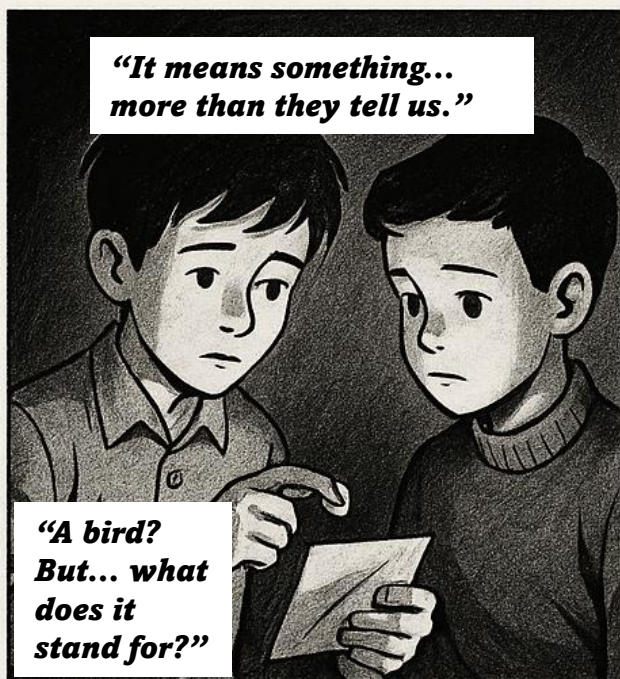


The moon shone freely above the city. And somewhere deep inside, so did he.



"Look what I found..."

"Is it safe to show me here?"

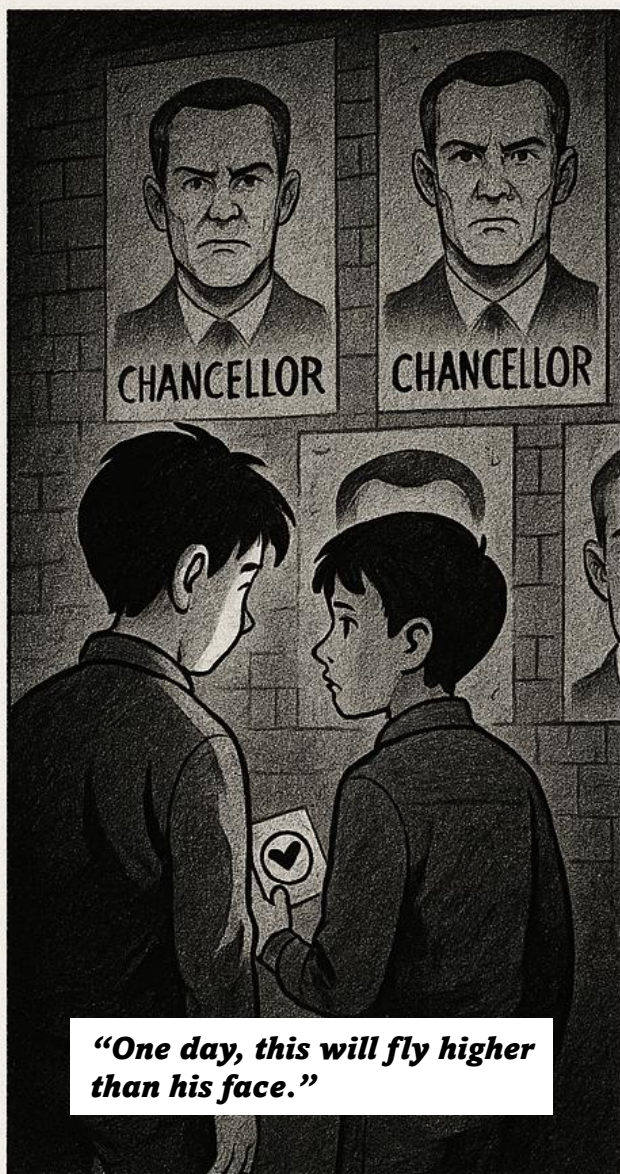


***"It means something...
more than they tell us."***

***"A bird?
But... what
does it
stand for?"***



**A sign forbidden, yet
alive. A promise carried
on folded paper.**



***"One day, this will fly higher
than his face."***

"If they see us... it could mean trouble. But if nobody dares, nothing will ever change."



"Stay, little bird. Fly for us when we cannot."

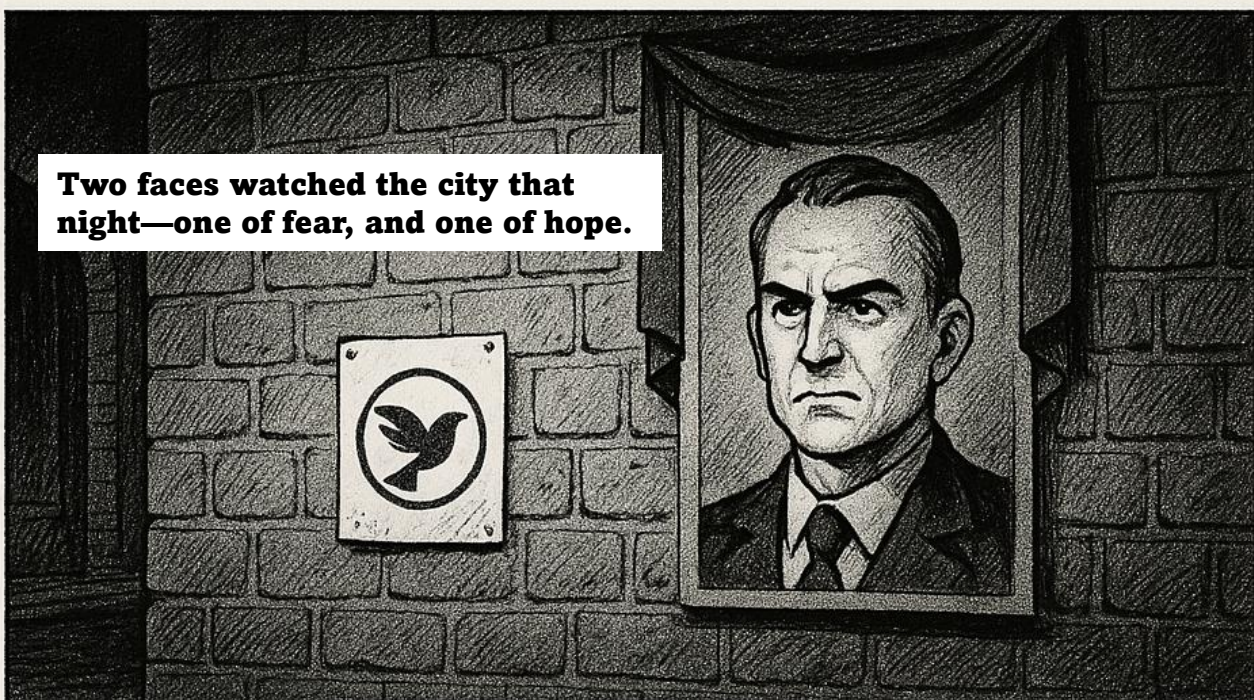


"They're coming!"



"Hold still. Just a little longer..."

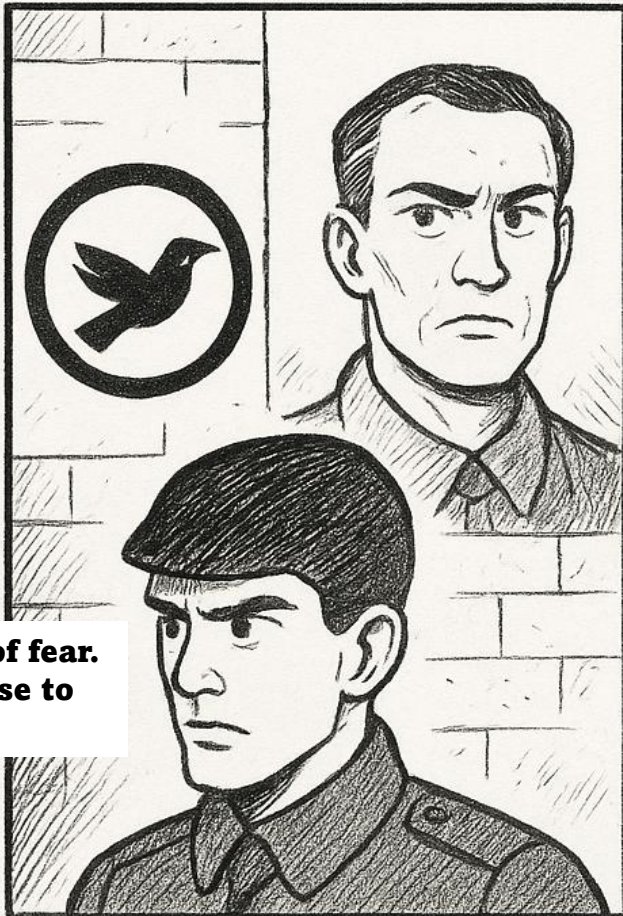
Two faces watched the city that night—one of fear, and one of hope.



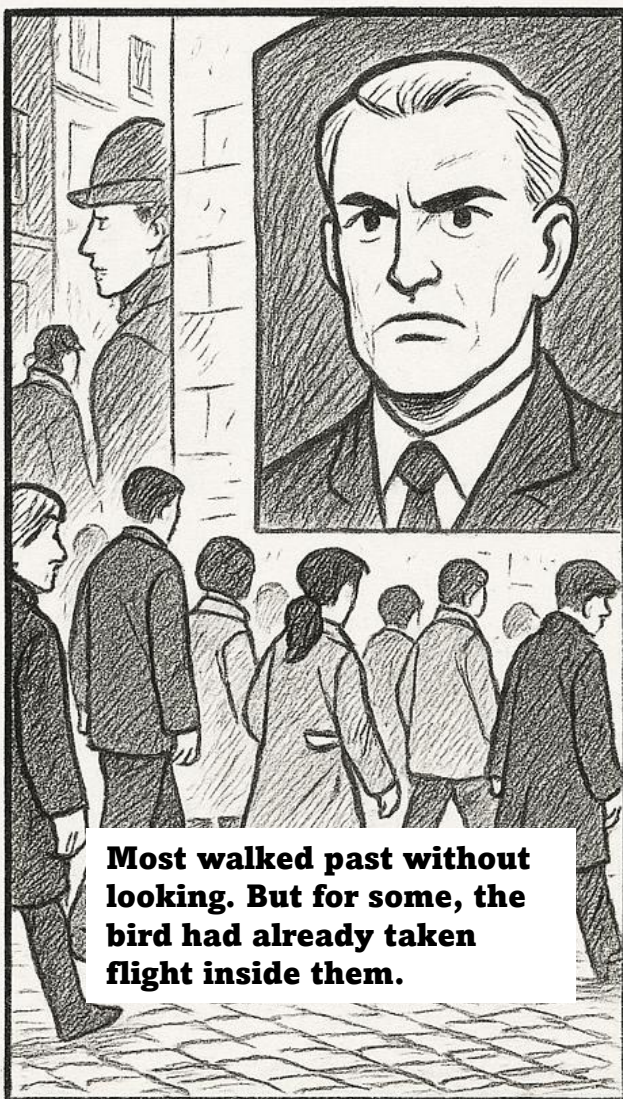
The city moved as one—heads down, voices silent.



**One sign of hope, one face of fear.
Which one will people choose to see?**



**Another mark... They multiply
like whispers.**



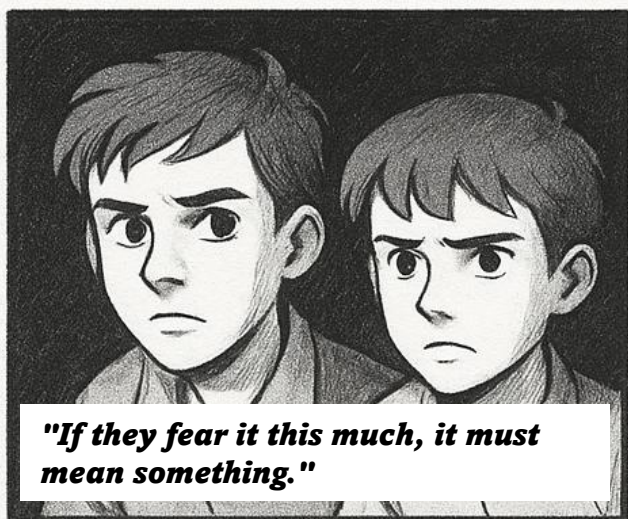
**Most walked past without
looking. But for some, the
bird had already taken
flight inside them.**



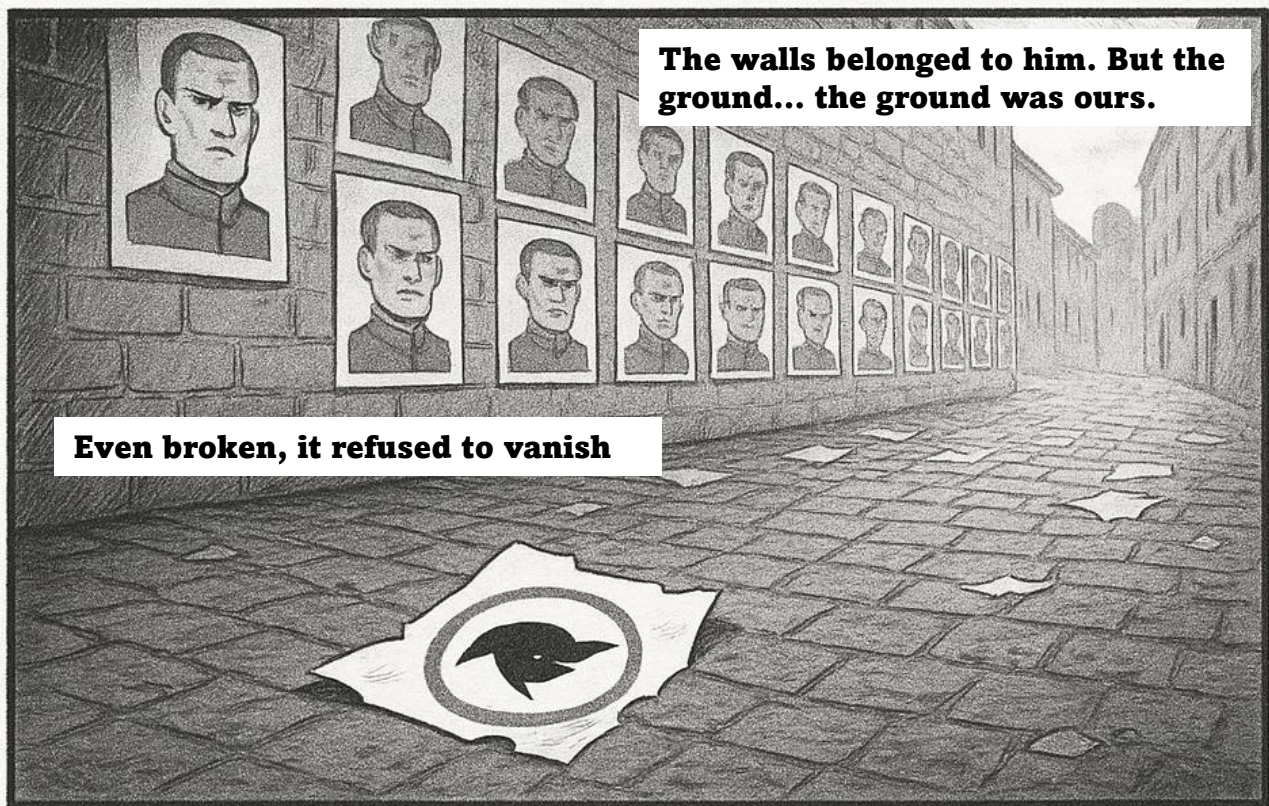
They tore down the bird wherever it appeared—as if paper could silence a thought.



But every scrap carried the message further



"If they fear it this much, it must mean something."



The walls belonged to him. But the ground... the ground was ours.

Even broken, it refused to vanish

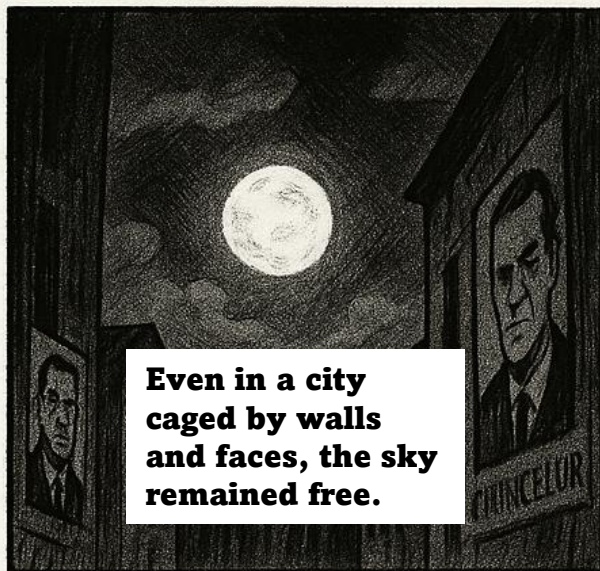
**We walked the silent streets,
carrying more than just fear.**



***"They can watch us. They can
punish us. But they cannot stop us."***



"Look..."

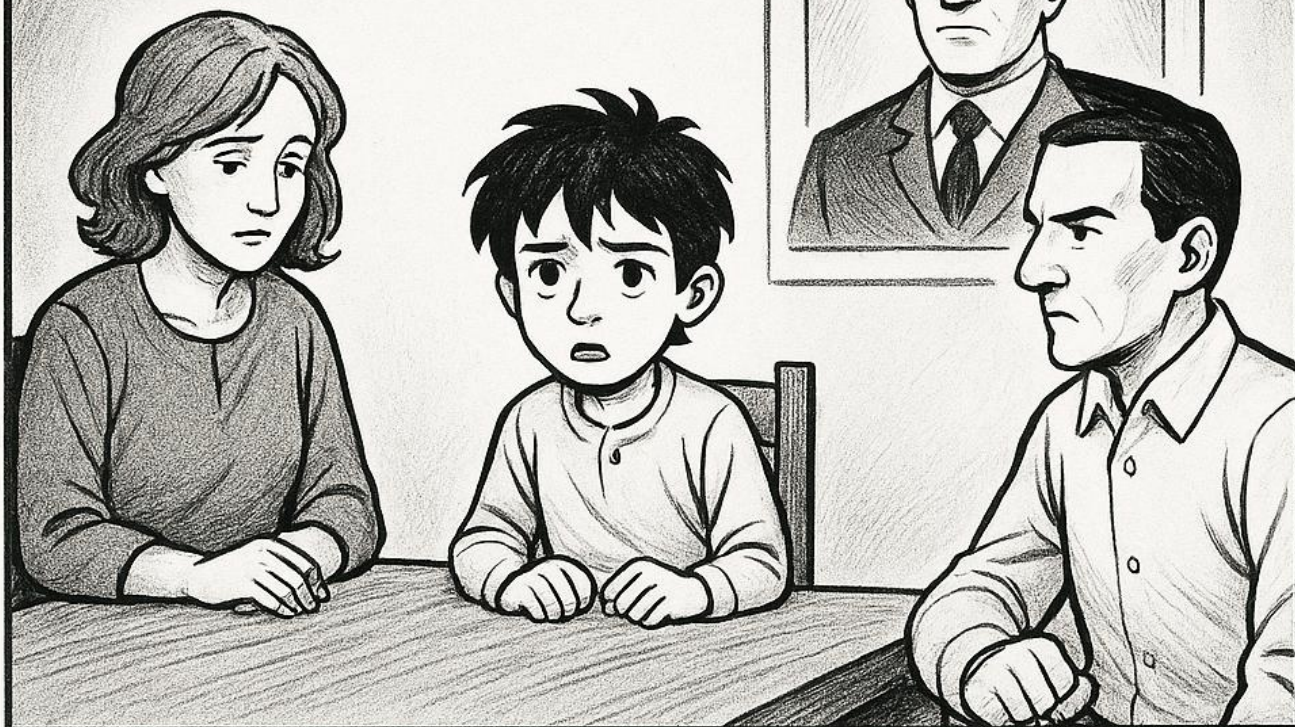


**Even in a city
caged by walls
and faces, the sky
remained free.**



**And there it was again—the bird,
rising higher than fear.**

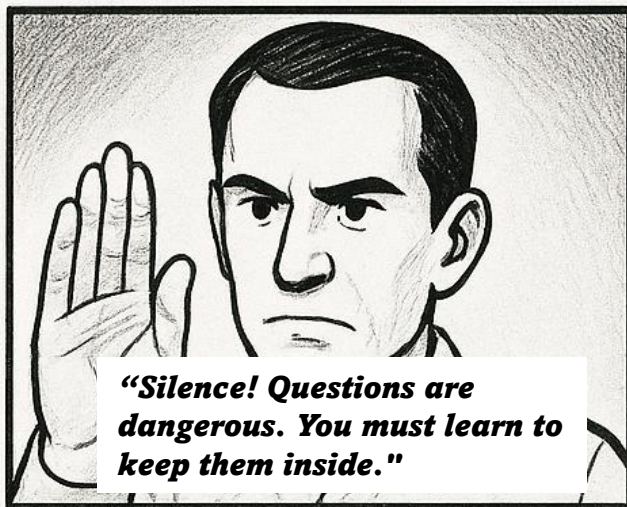
"At school... they made us swear to him again. Why must we always obey?"



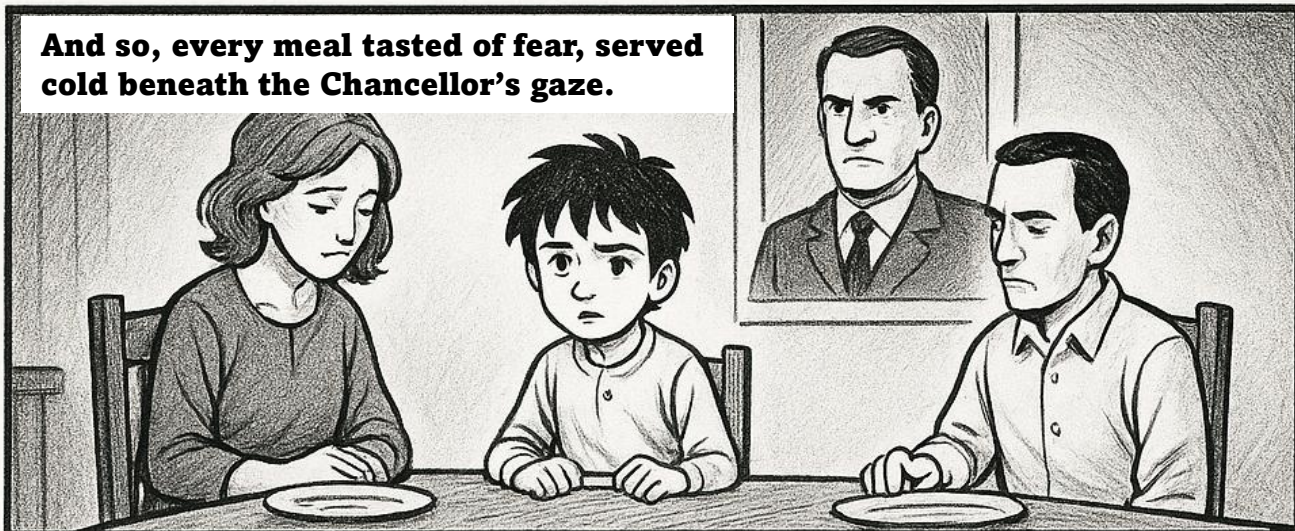
"I only asked a question..."

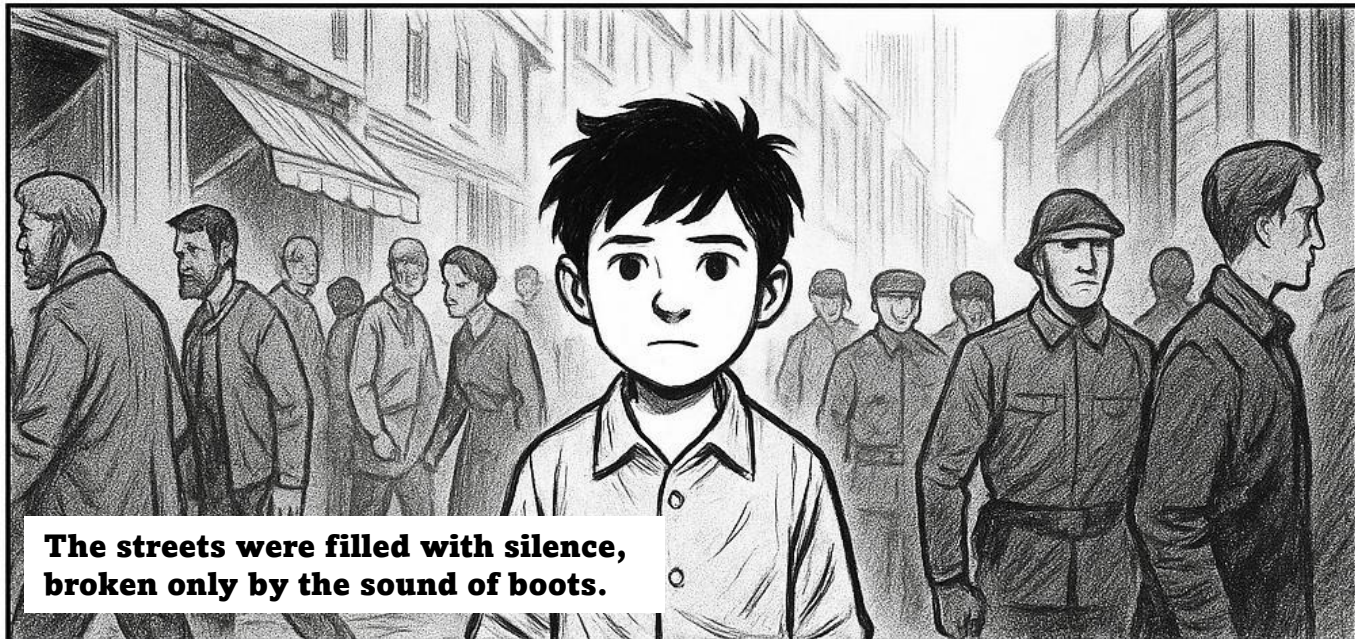


"Silence! Questions are dangerous. You must learn to keep them inside."

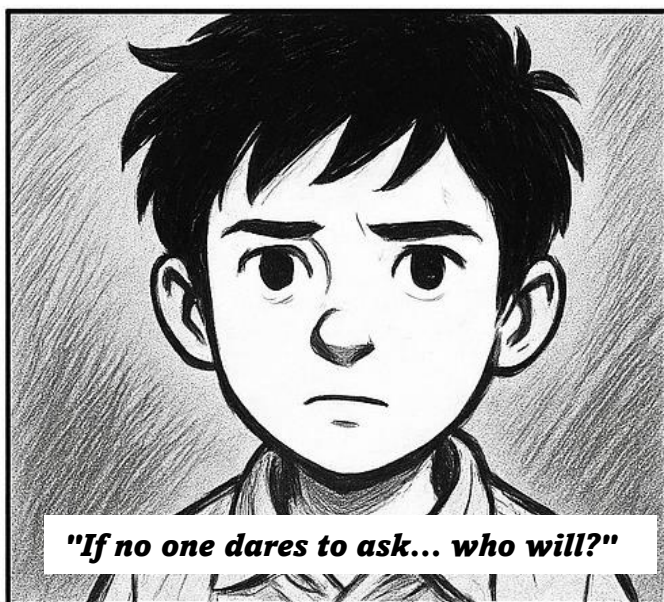


And so, every meal tasted of fear, served cold beneath the Chancellor's gaze.

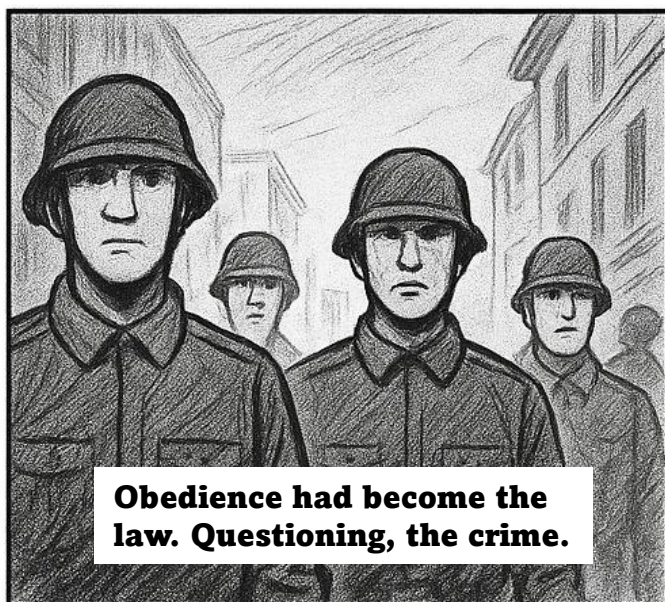




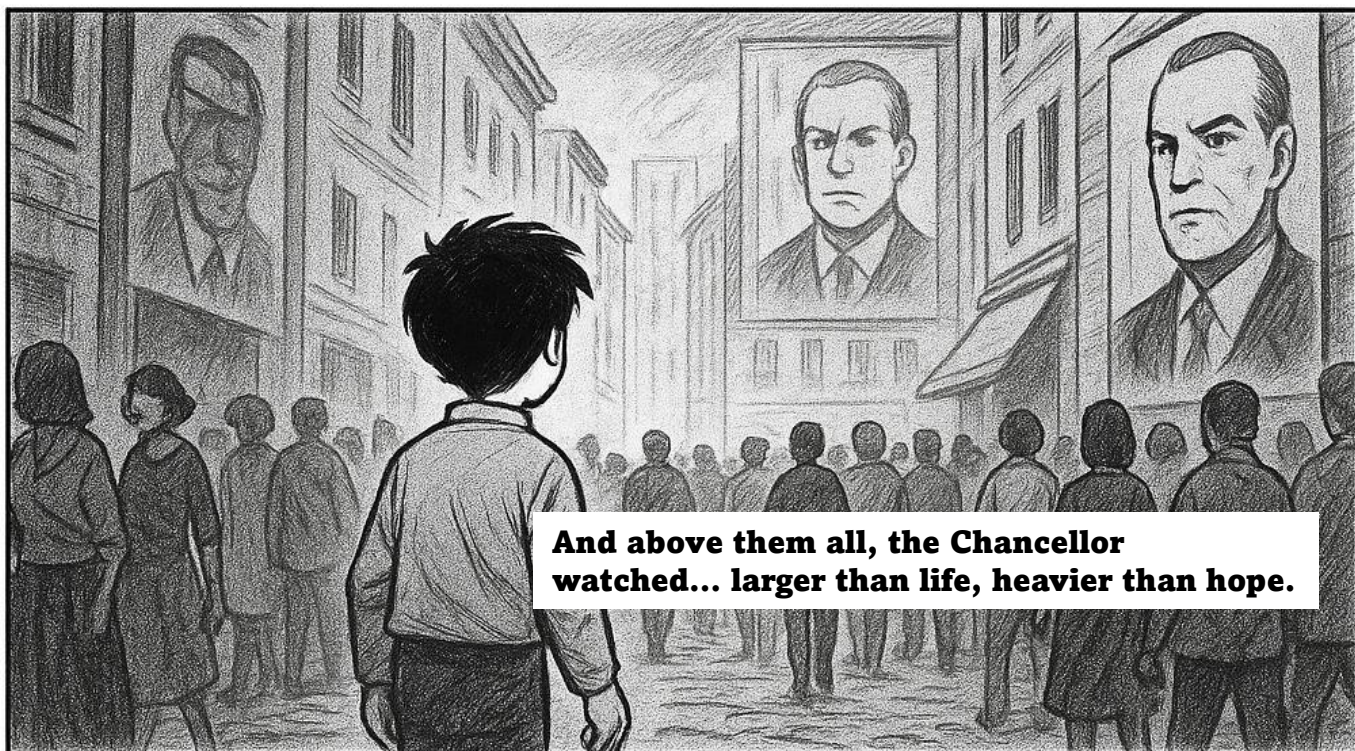
**The streets were filled with silence,
broken only by the sound of boots.**



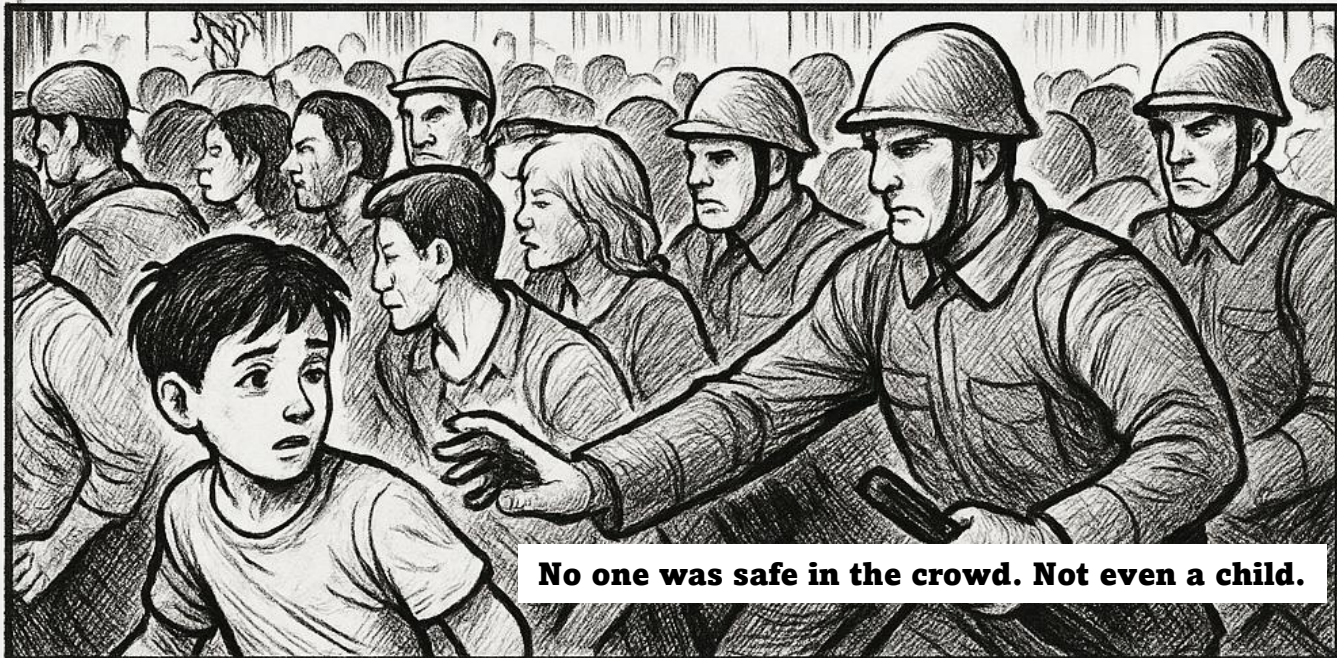
"If no one dares to ask... who will?"



**Obedience had become the
law. Questioning, the crime.**



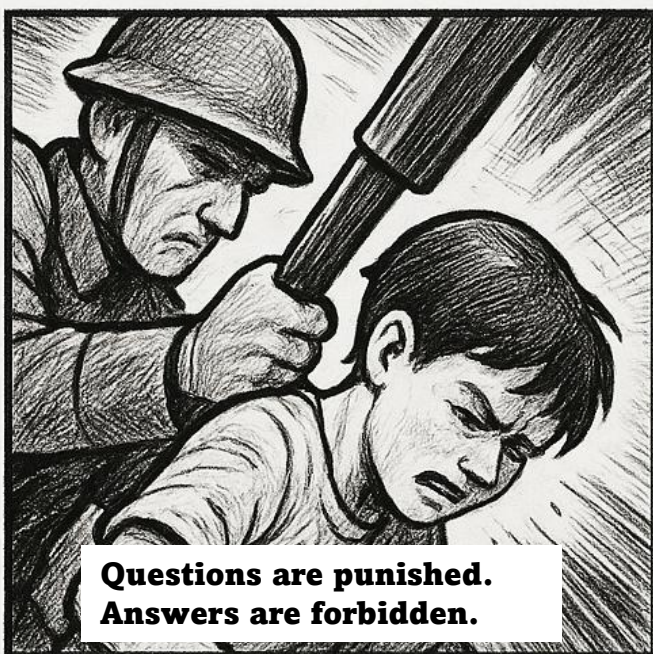
**And above them all, the Chancellor
watched... larger than life, heavier than hope.**



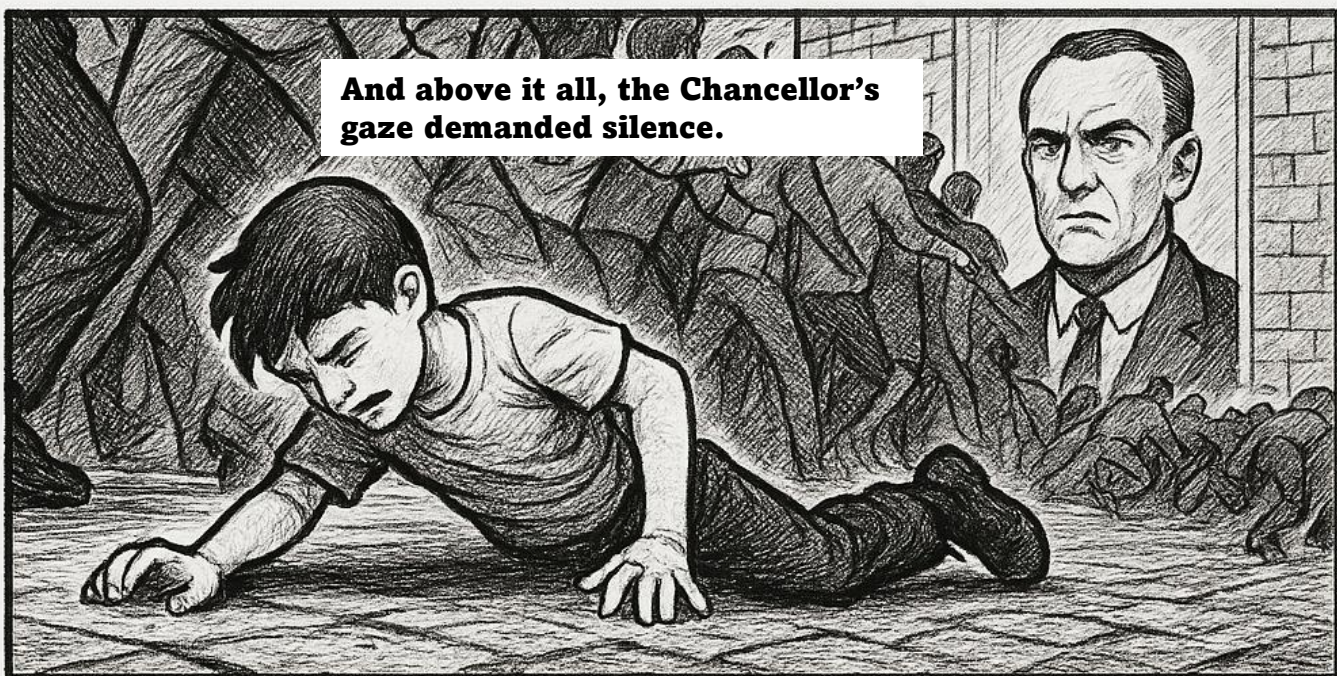
No one was safe in the crowd. Not even a child.



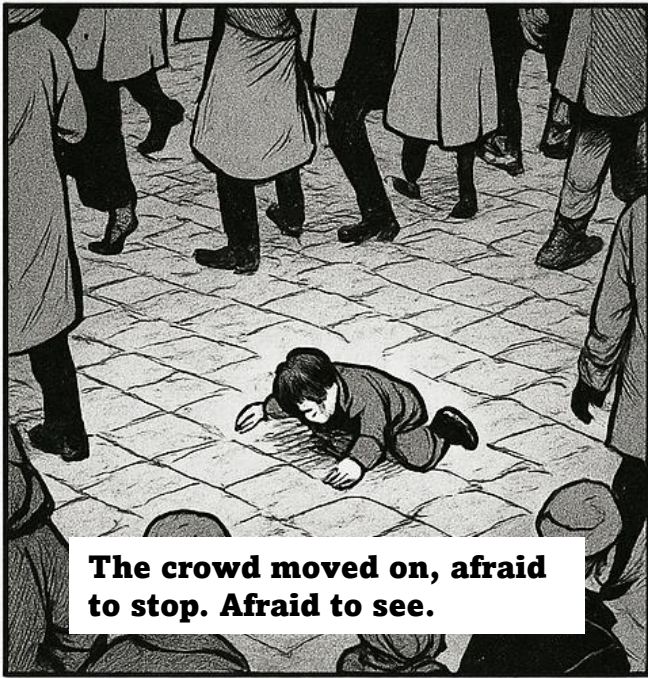
"Why are they afraid of my voice?"



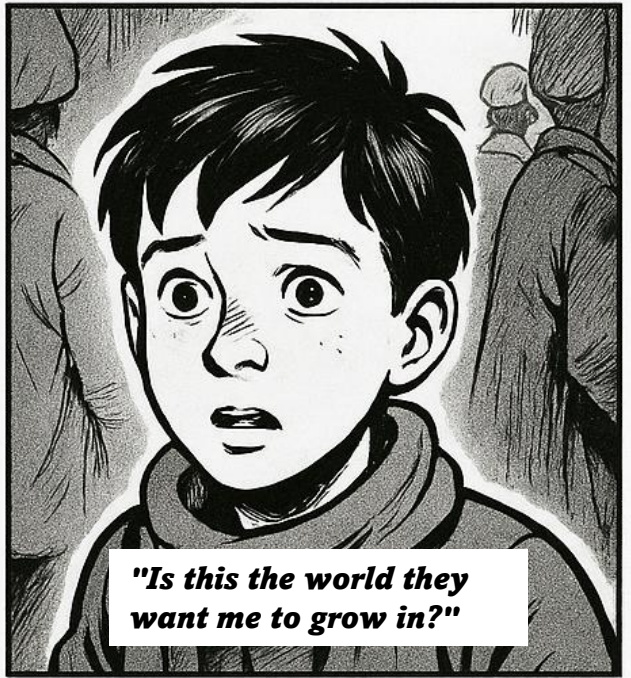
**Questions are punished.
Answers are forbidden.**



**And above it all, the Chancellor's
gaze demanded silence.**



The crowd moved on, afraid to stop. Afraid to see.

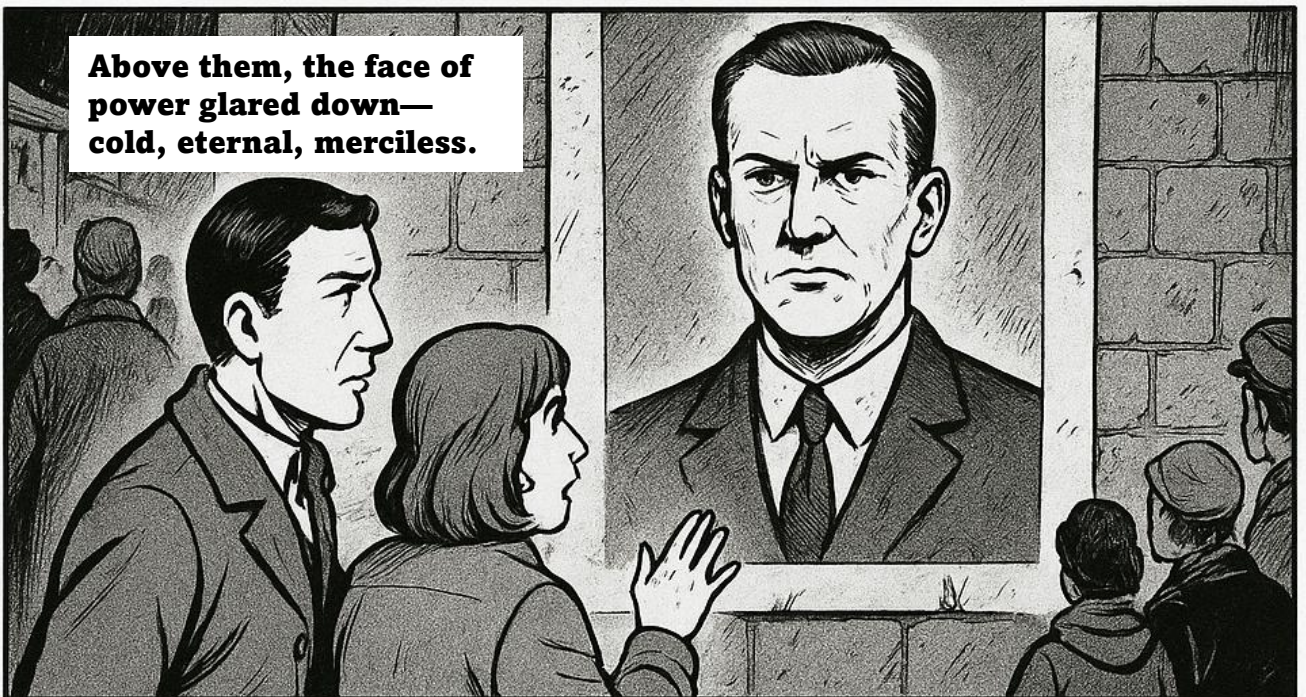


"Is this the world they want me to grow in?"

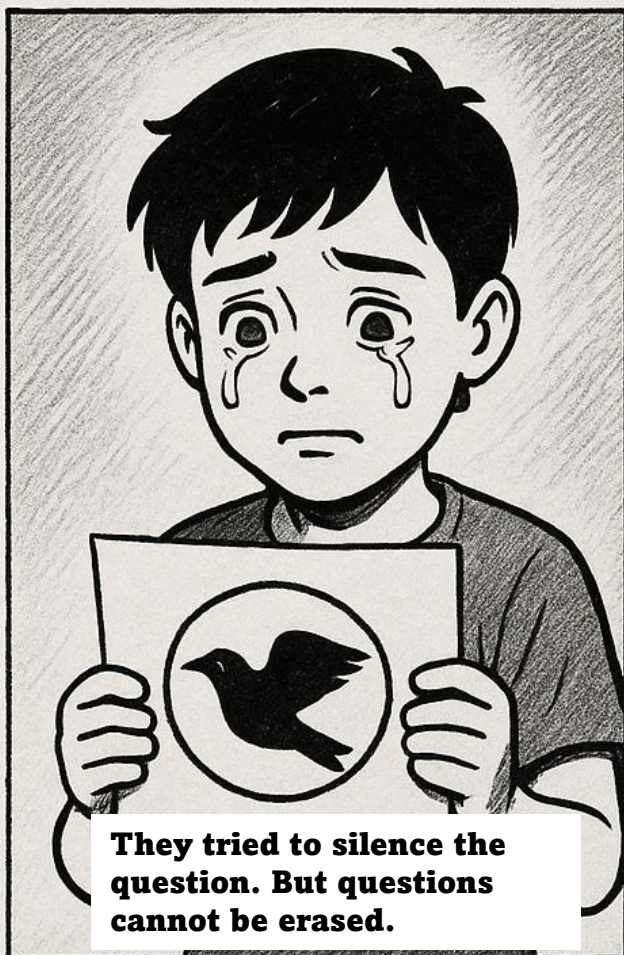


"And no one dares to help."

"That could be our son..."



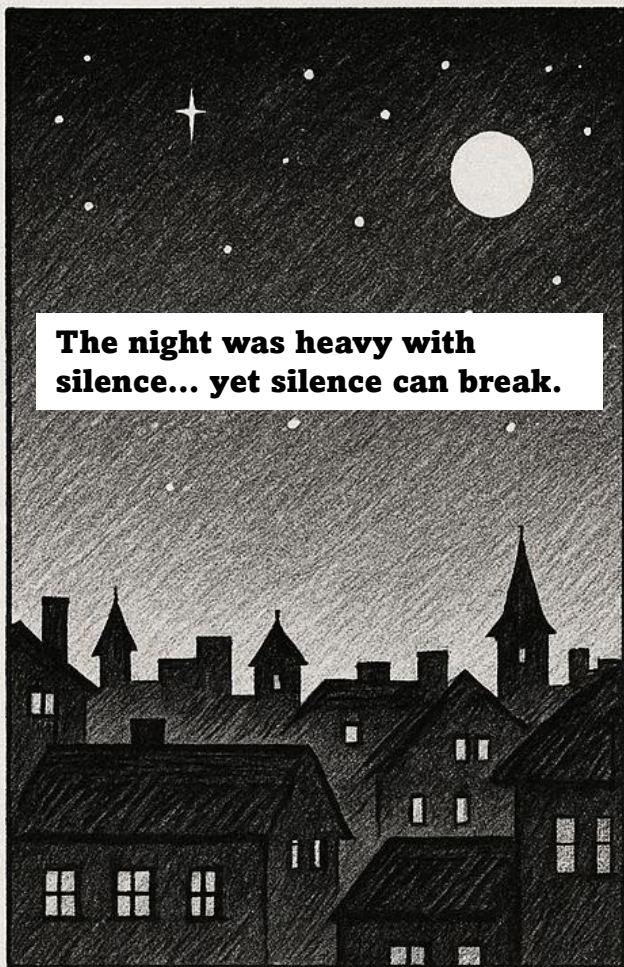
Above them, the face of power glared down—cold, eternal, merciless.



They tried to silence the question. But questions cannot be erased.



Even in fear, love whispered of another world, for the boy that asked why



The night was heavy with silence... yet silence can break.



And somewhere above the darkness, a new song began to rise.

They crushed the child,

but not the question.

They erased the bird,

but not the flight.

Every silence becomes a scream

and every fallen one

plants the seed of freedom.