



# Echoes Of October

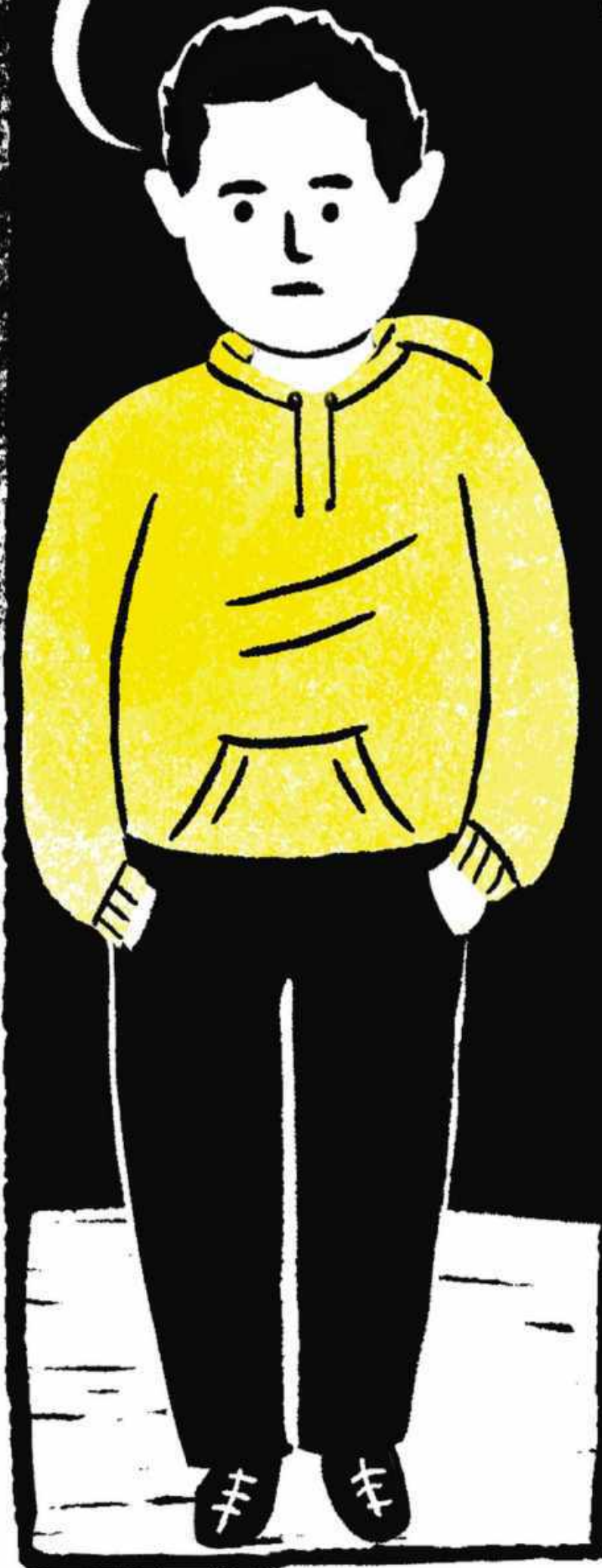
ADVANCED SAMPLE  
Feb 2025



OCTOBER 2023

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
				12	13	14

TODAY MY FATHER WAS KILLED



ELI

JANNAH

AMIR

LILY



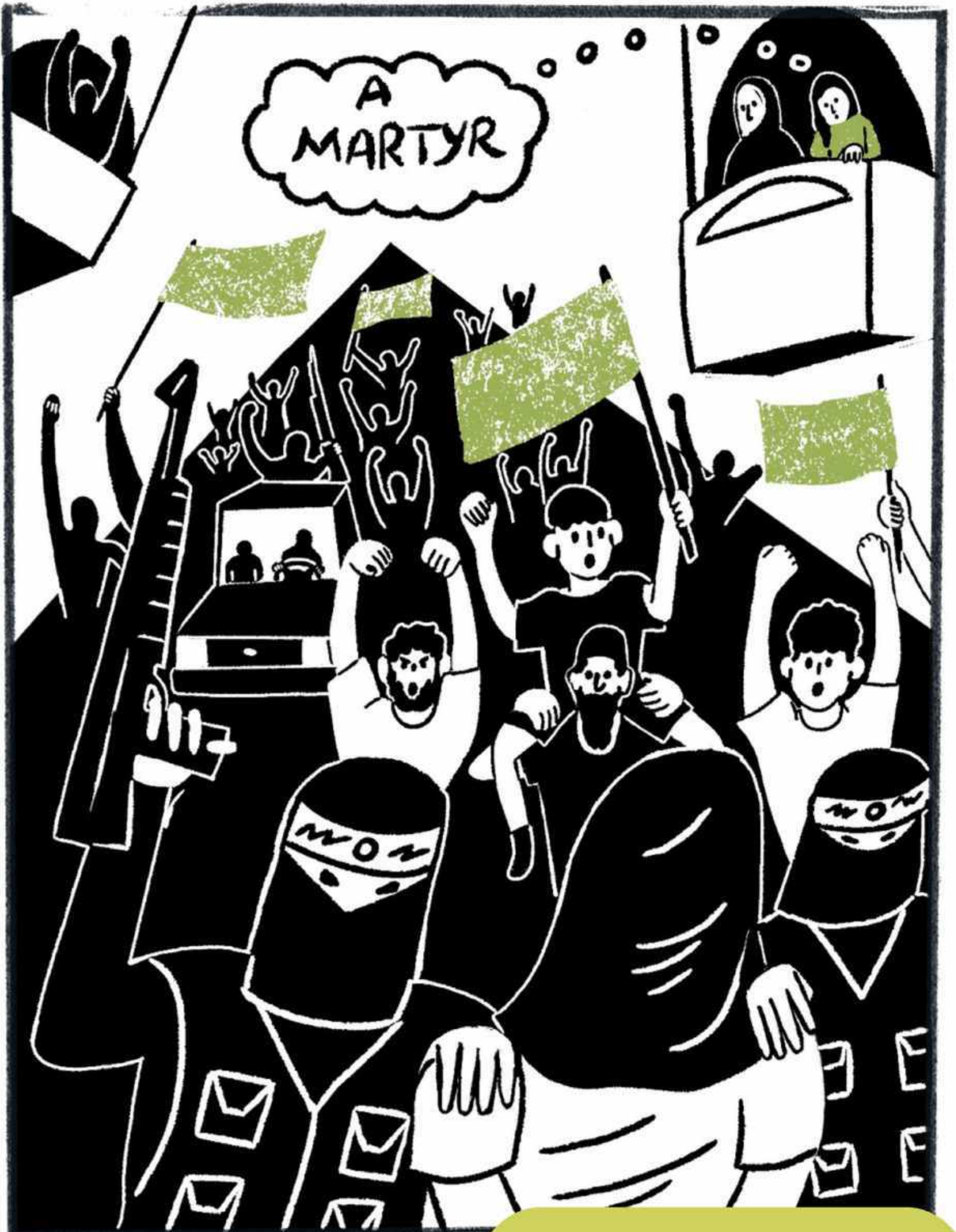
Tel Aviv



Kfar Aza



Dalyat Ha Carmel



Gaza City





WHY?







***I REMEMBER  
A YEAR  
AGO...***





We missed you  
in the unit

With your aim,  
you don't miss  
anything

Seems  
neither  
does  
your son

Woah!  
Nice!

Got  
it!

I'm tired... tired  
of always fighting.  
Sometimes I think  
I should just take  
my family and  
leave

October 7th 2022

I wish you  
didn't live so  
far away

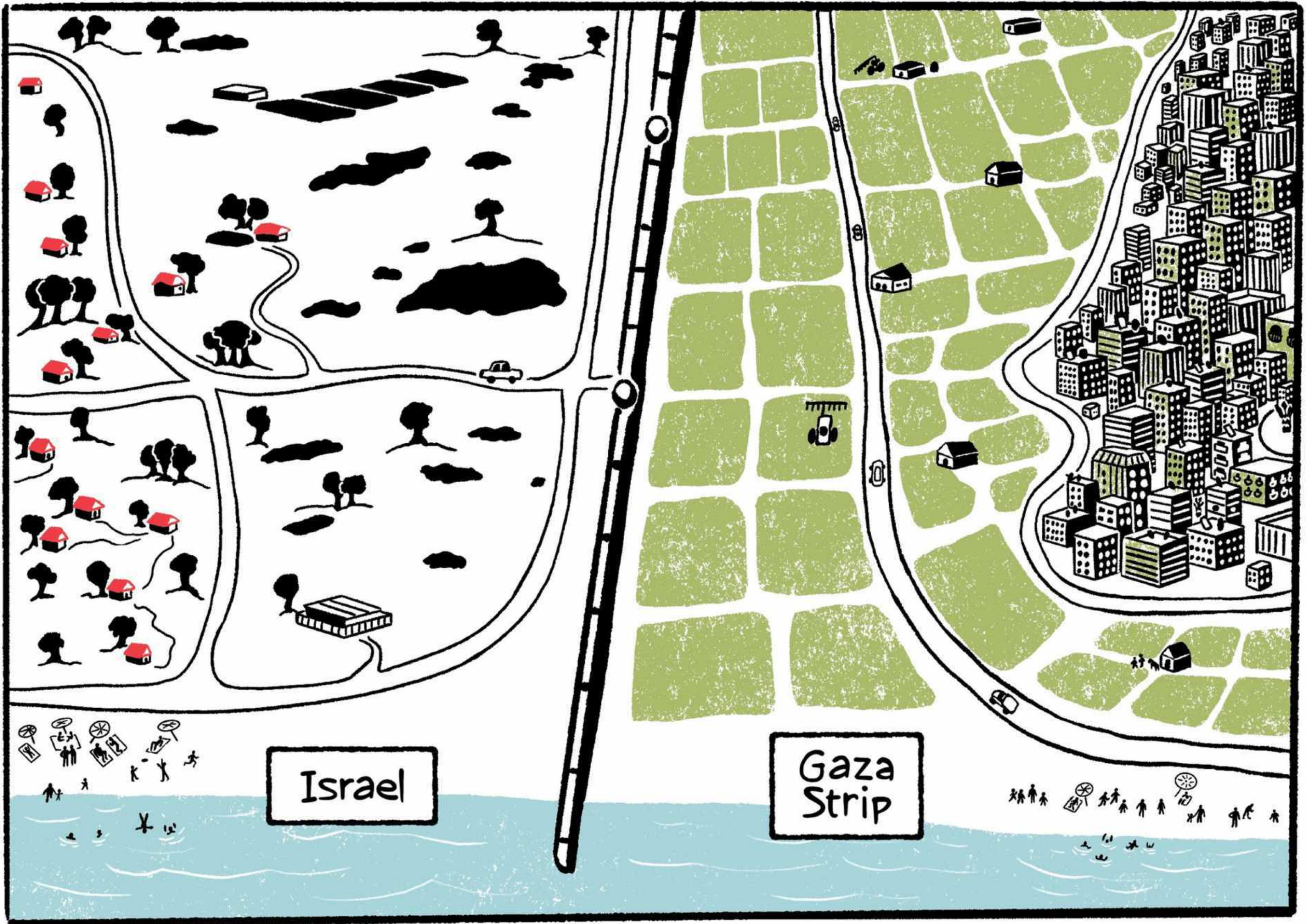
You  
have to  
come to the  
restaurant.

Druze  
cooking is  
the best

I don't  
know... I'm...  
I'm just -

Tired... We all  
are. But,  
habibi, this is  
home







Nothing beats hummus

Umm... what about Ful?

On a falafel?

Obviously. On everything.

Jannah, show respect. You should be proud to have a man like him in our home.

I know who he is... but I don't-

Shhh! Behave!

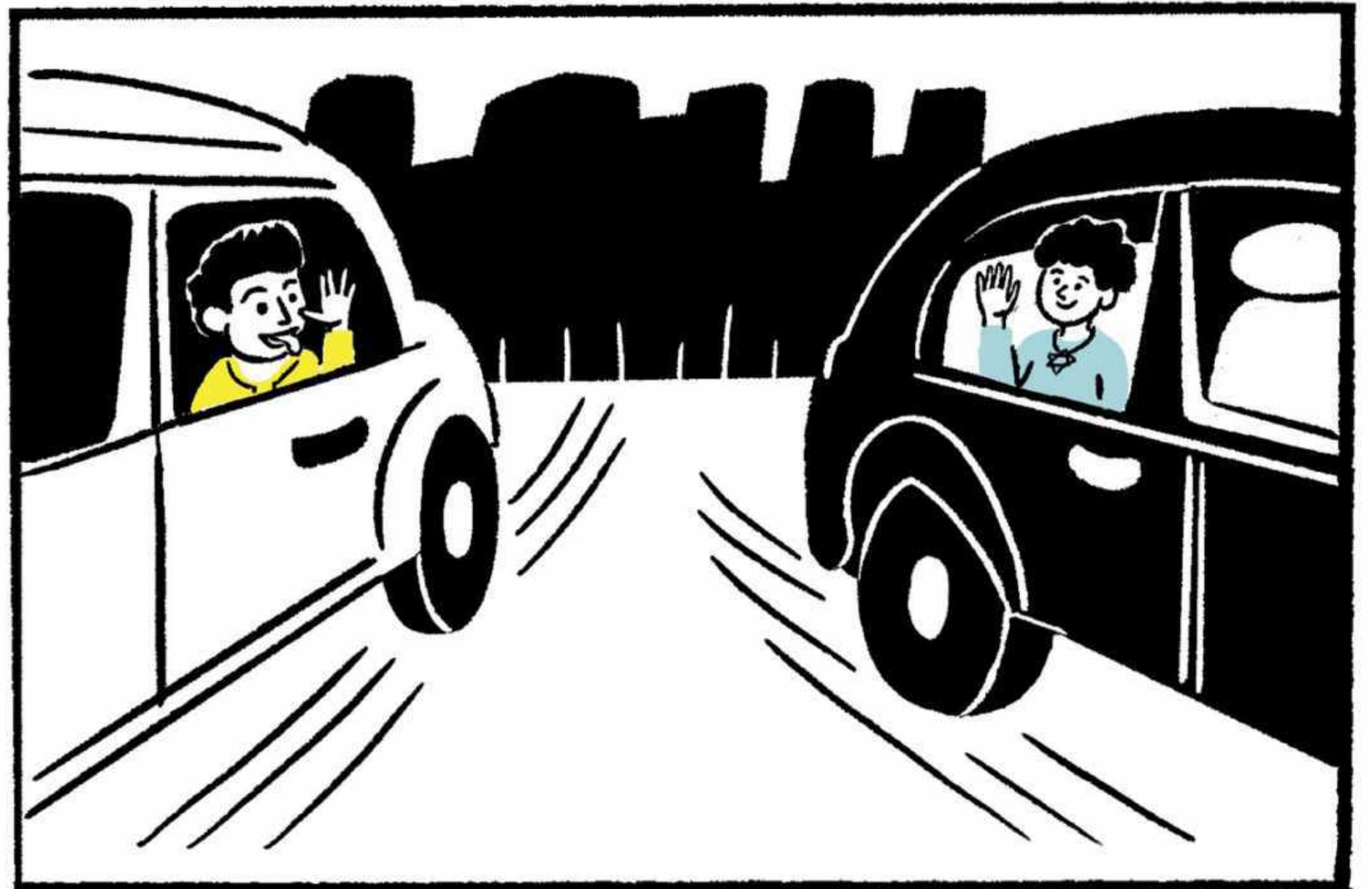
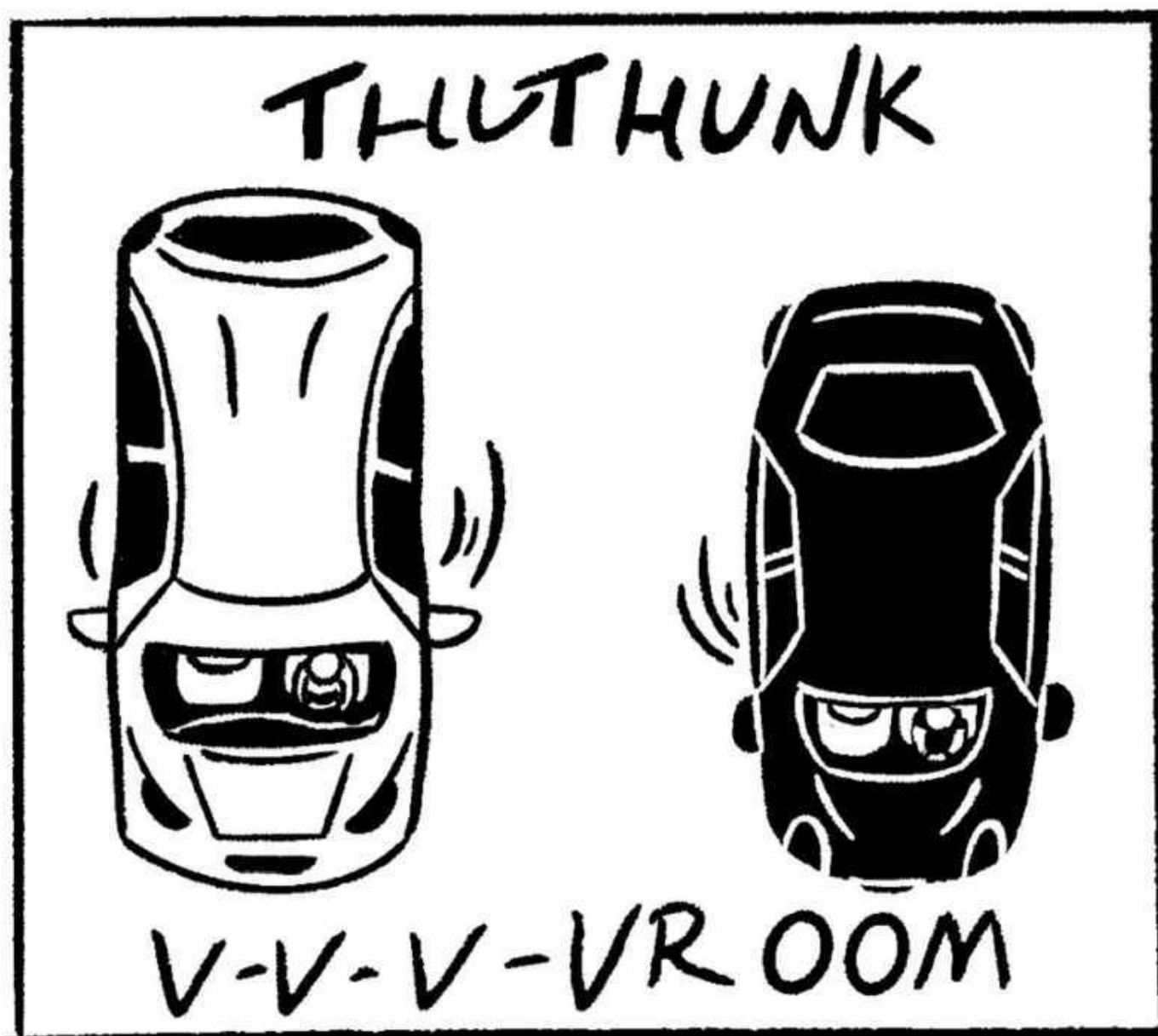
Or what?

Eww. Gross...

Lily... please eat the hummus. At least try it.











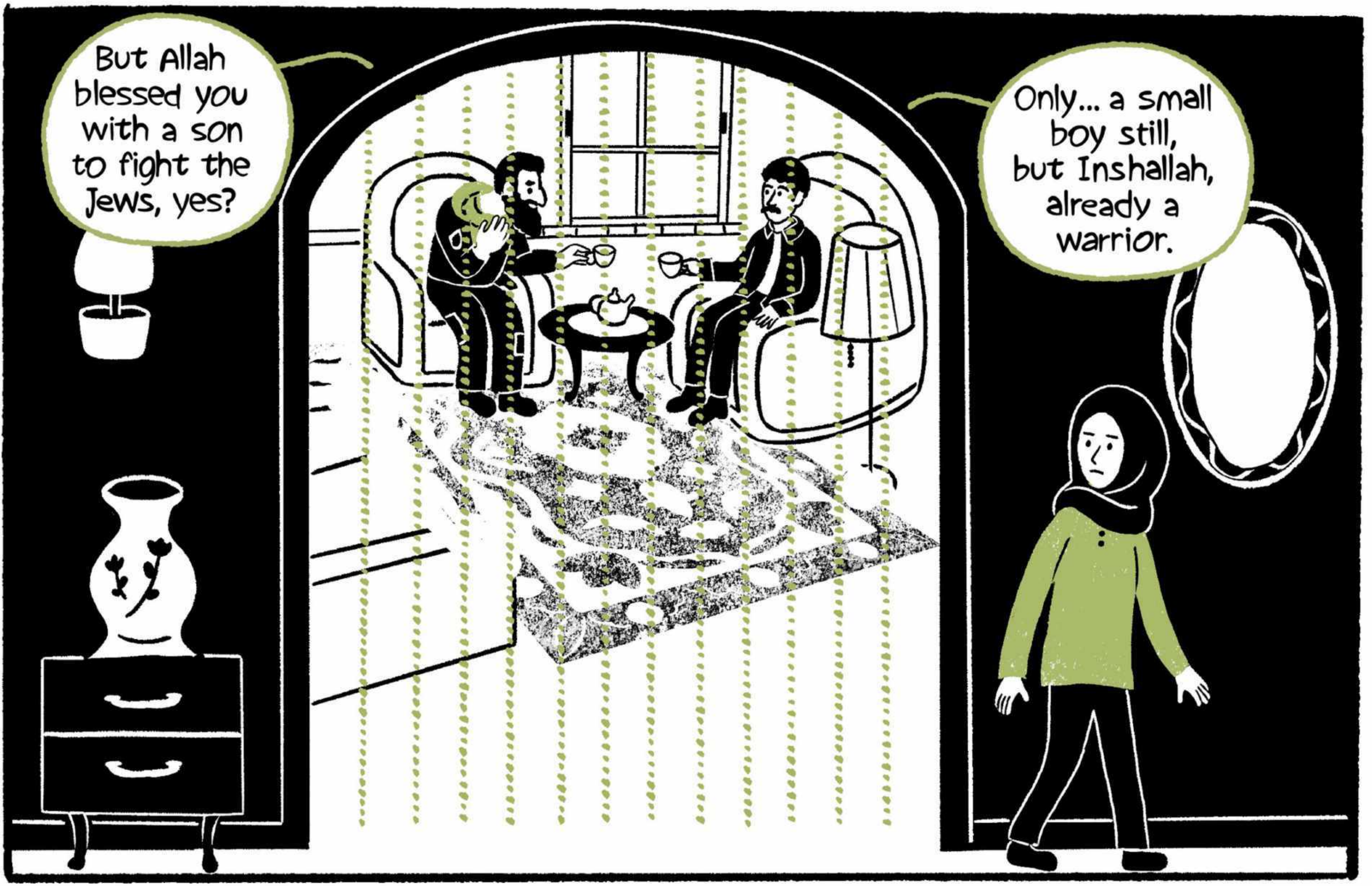
Shukran

How old are you?

I'm-

She's 11.

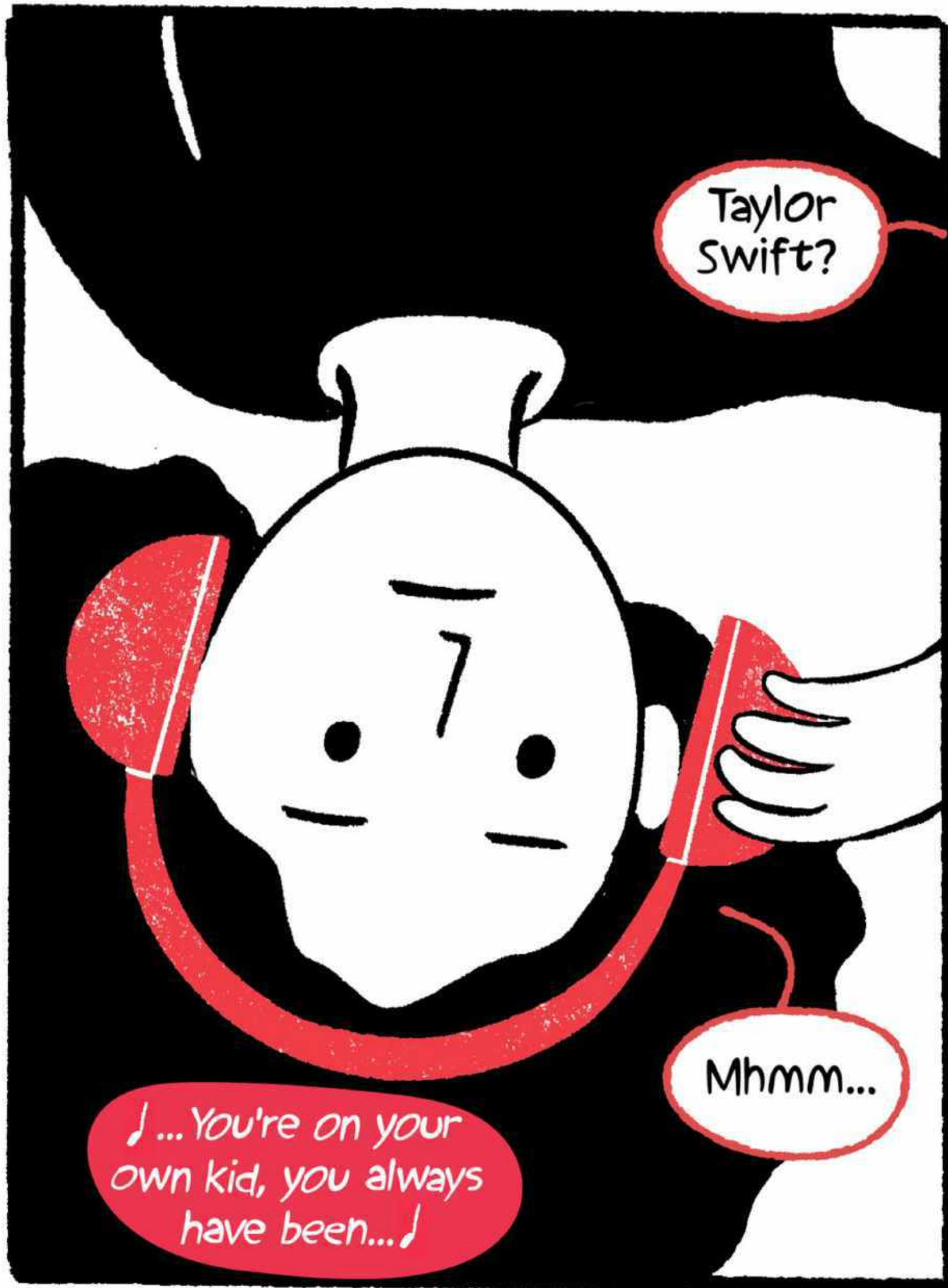
Go to your room, Jannah.



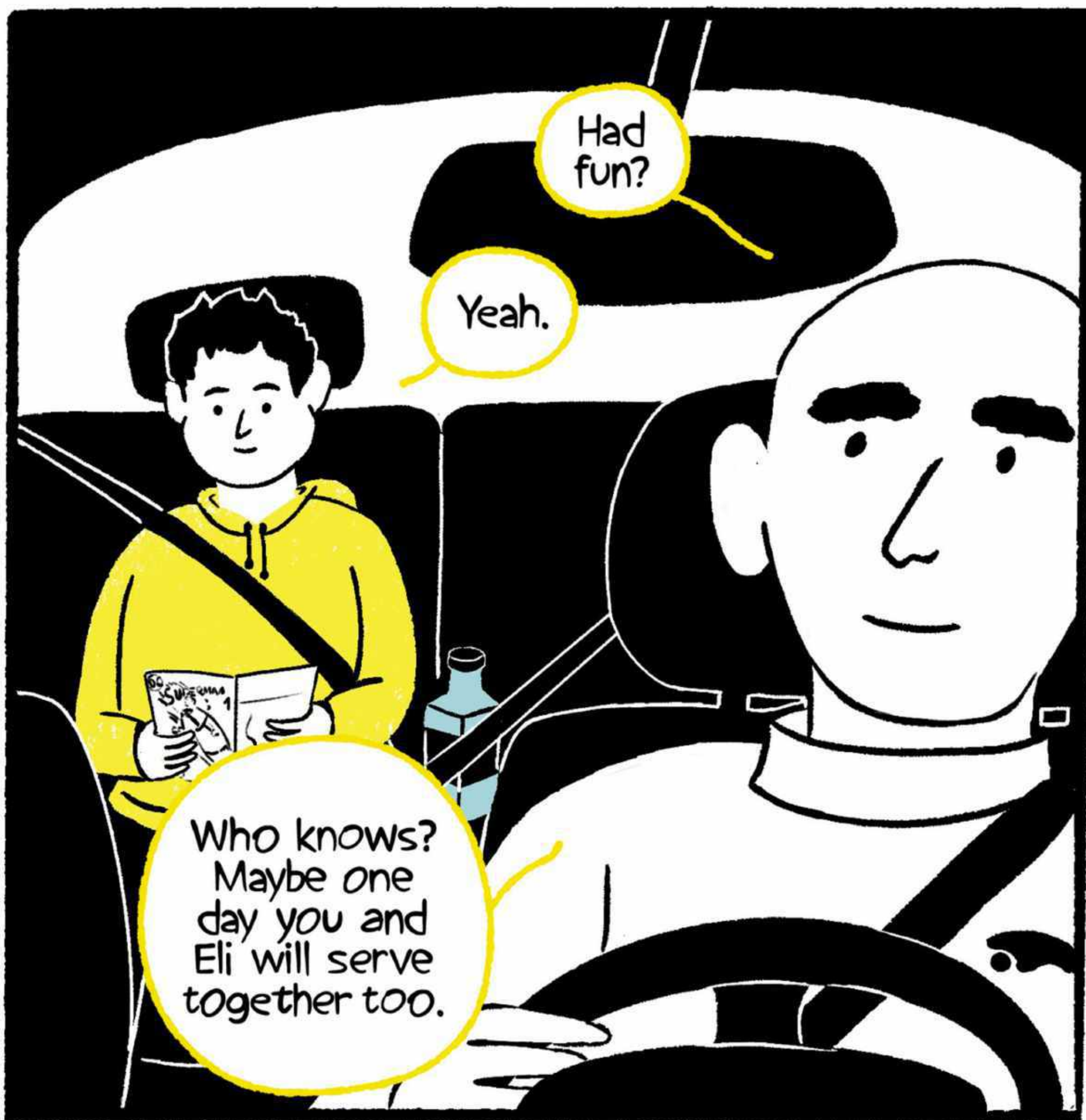
But Allah blessed you with a son to fight the Jews, yes?

Only... a small boy still, but Inshallah, already a warrior.

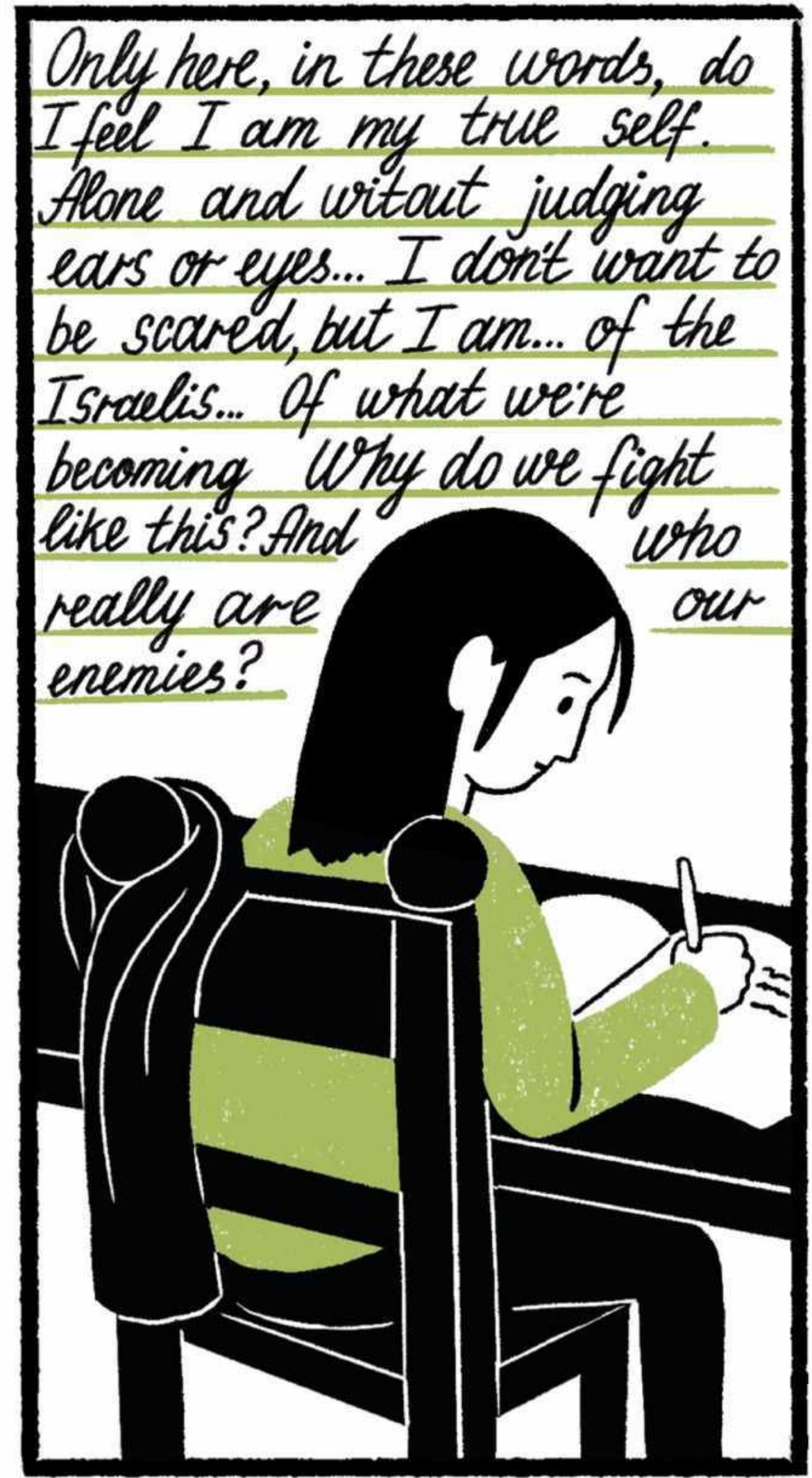








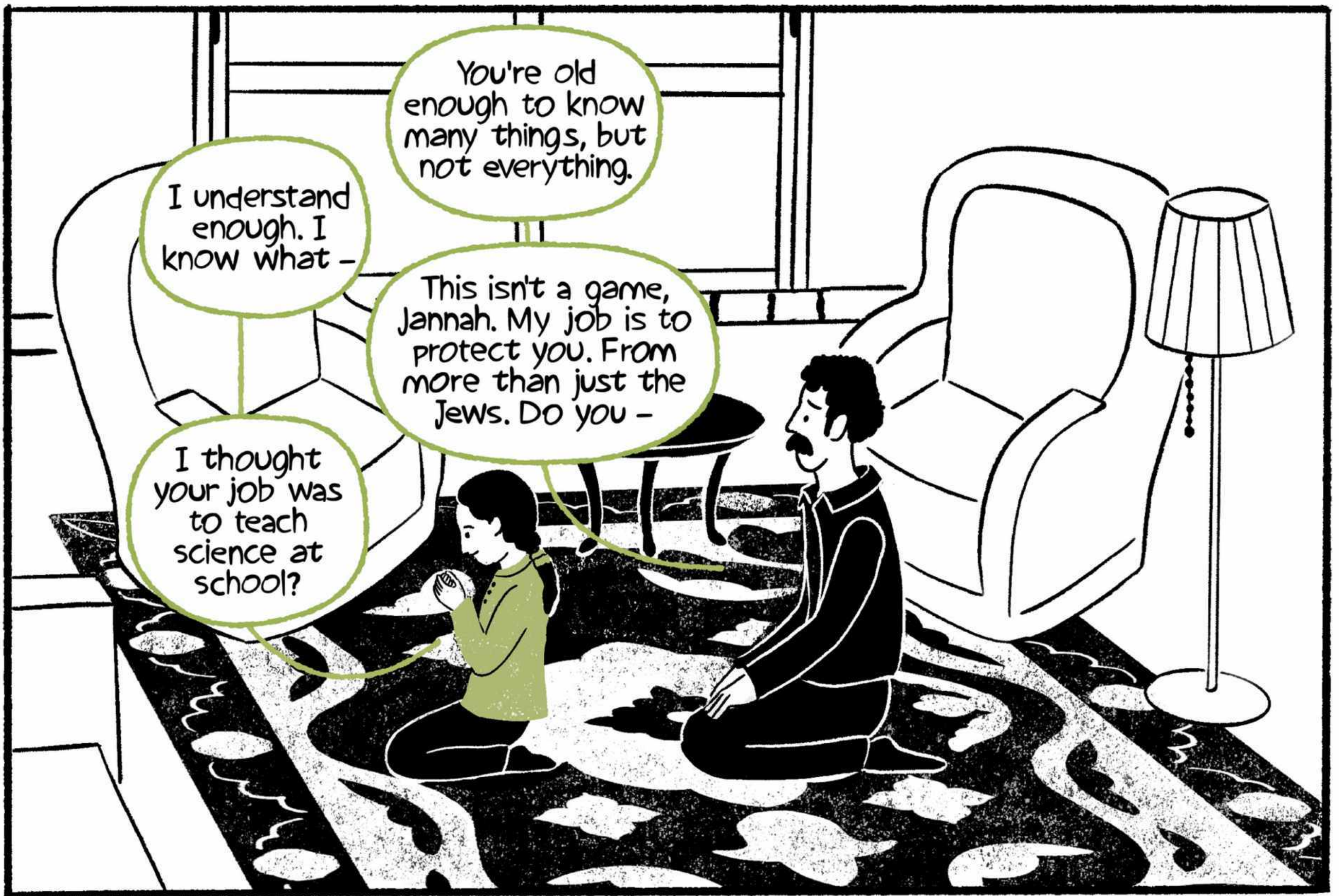












I understand enough. I know what -

You're old enough to know many things, but not everything.

This isn't a game, Jannah. My job is to protect you. From more than just the Jews. Do you -

I thought your job was to teach science at school?



I can fight for our people. Why don't... You always say that -

Your mind... Maybe one day you'll go to university. Would you like that?

Enough with your tongue! Our struggle comes in many forms.

Some must battle with guns and bombs, while others with their heads... and hearts.

It is a fortune to be able to choose.



Baba... why did you let them put that crate under the carpet? ...Baba?

We do what we must... Put your headscarf on when you're outside. You're no longer a child



# Northern Israel



It's... too... hard...

A little further, Amir, you can do it.

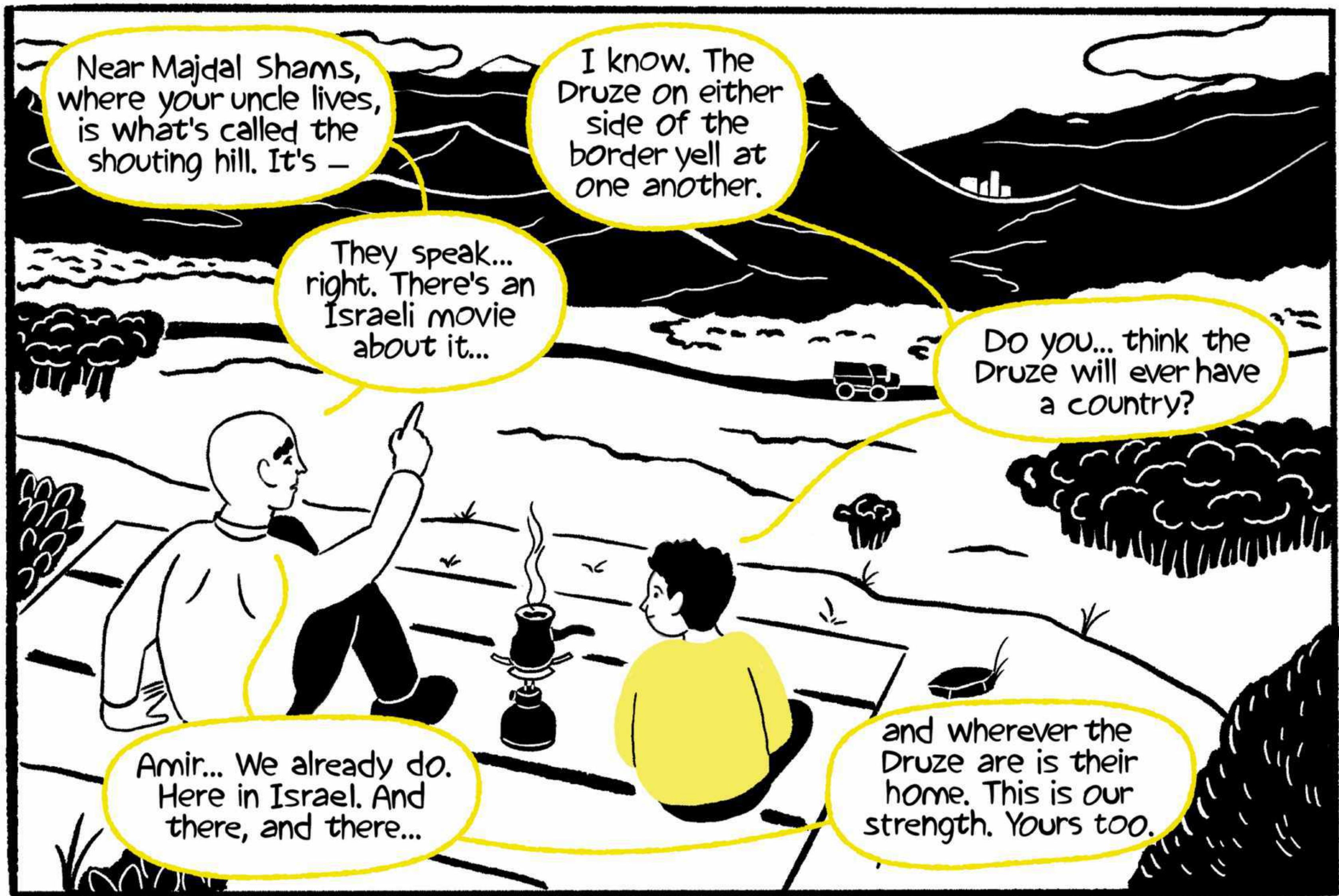


I... can't go further.

Look at that... such a beautiful country. Our country.

There. That's where my unit crossed into Lebanon... And there's Syria.

...does he even notice?



Near Majdal Shams, where your uncle lives, is what's called the shouting hill. It's -

I know. The Druze on either side of the border yell at one another.

They speak... right. There's an Israeli movie about it...

Do you... think the Druze will ever have a country?

Amir... We already do. Here in Israel. And there, and there...

and wherever the Druze are is their home. This is our strength. Yours too.





I miss home.

Yup... This is definitely not a Moose. Nor a beaver. But henceforth... I dub thee... Mountie.



I'm serious. I don't like it here.

Yet...

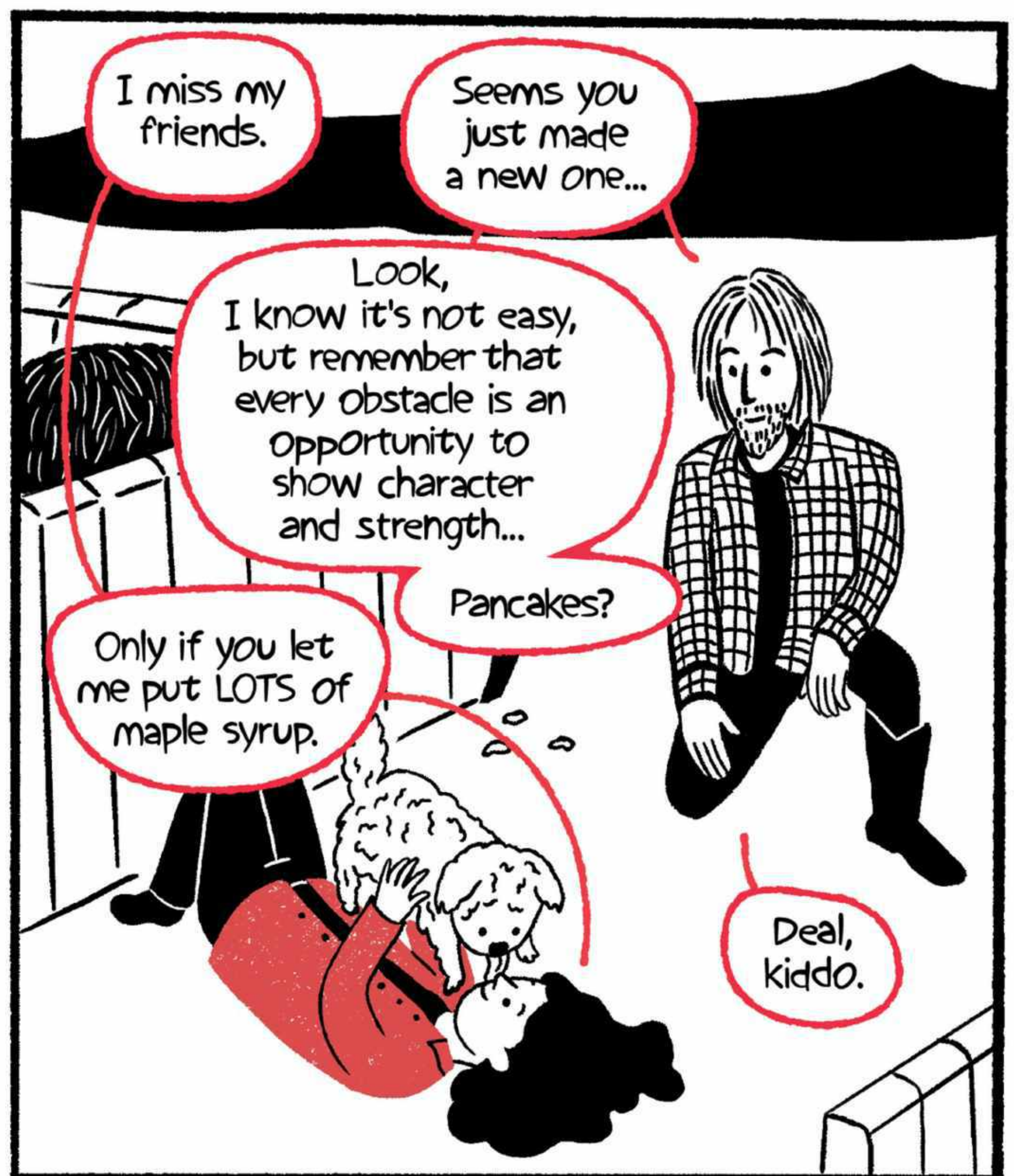
SNIFF  
SIFF

Ever.



Can't rush nature, Lily. Everything happens in its own time. Otherwise...

butterflies would never hatch from cocoons and flowers would never bloom.



I miss my friends.

Seems you just made a new one...

Look, I know it's not easy, but remember that every obstacle is an opportunity to show character and strength...

Pancakes?

Only if you let me put LOTS of maple syrup.

Deal, kiddo.



'My dreams...  
were so vivid  
and real.  
Clearer than  
life itself.  
Are they still  
possible?'

Eli



# *to be continued...*

Like what you see?  
Read the Full Story  
**July 2025**

email: [EchoesofOct7@gmail.com](mailto:EchoesofOct7@gmail.com) to  
share feedback, stay in touch and  
receive monthly sample pages, all free.





# Our Process

Page 14 (3 panels)

Panel 1 (wide): Jannah and her father are on their knees on the carpet in the living room having completed prayers – Jannah's hair is uncovered – It's long and tied back as she looks down to the floor while Jannah's Father looks out the balcony window.

JANNAH'S FATHER: "You're old enough to know many things, but not everything."

JANNAH: "I understand enough. I know what –"

JANNAH'S FATHER 2: "This isn't a game, Jannah. My job is to protect you. From more than just the Jews. Do you –"

JANNAH 2: "I thought your job was to teach science at school?"

Panel 2 (wide): Jannah and her father are on the balcony, looking out over Gaza... and far beyond in the distance, the border wall can be seen.

*Echoes of October*

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JANNAH'S FATHER: "Your mind... Maybe one day you'll go to university. Would you like that?"

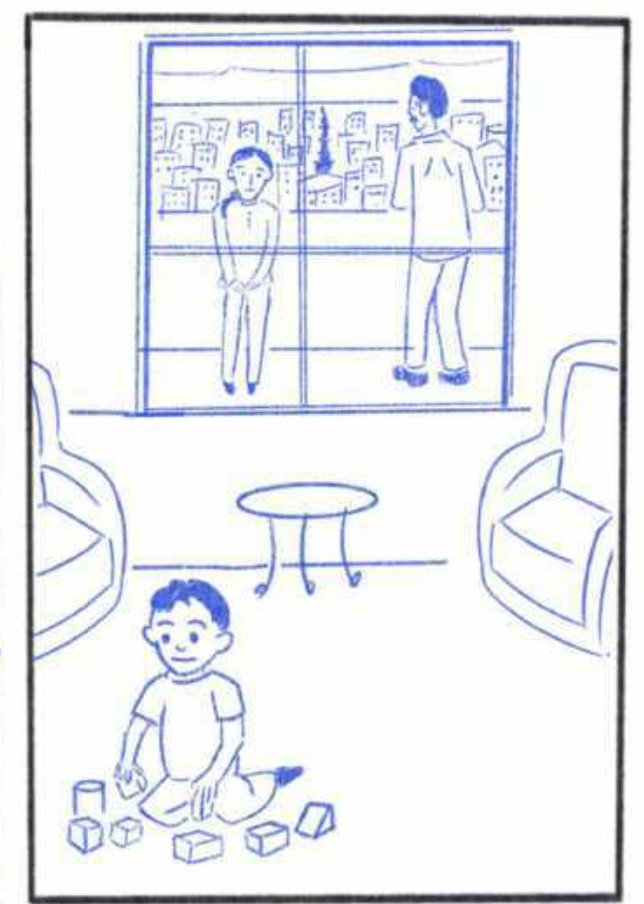
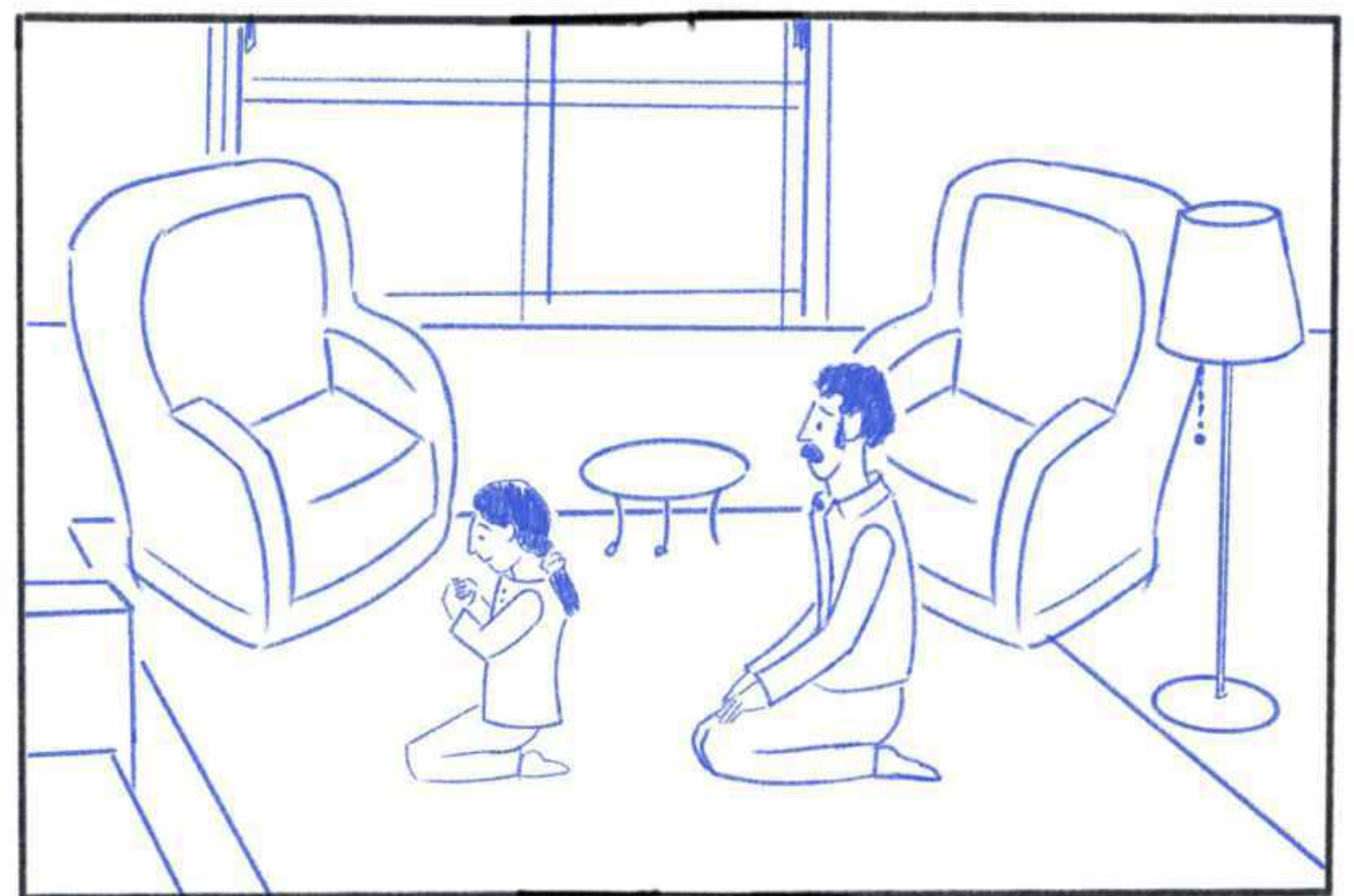
JANNAH: "I can fight for our people. Why don't... You always say that –"

JANNAH'S FATHER 2: "Enough with your tongue! Our struggle comes in many forms. Some must battle with guns and bombs, while others with their heads... and hearts. It is a fortune to be able to choose."

Panel 3 (wide): Still on the balcony, Jannah has turned round to face the house again, looking inside at her younger brother, seen playing on the carpet with blocks while Jannah's Father continues to look out into the distance, his head now lowered.

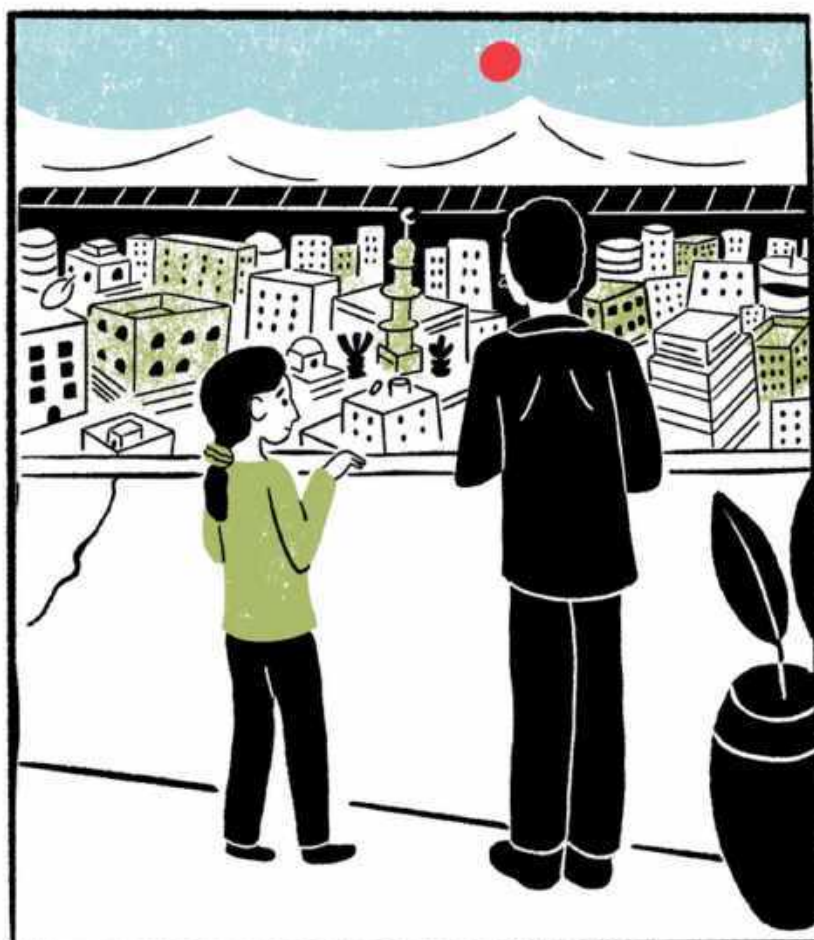
JANNAH: "Baba... why did you let them put that crate under the carpet? ...Baba?"

JANNAH'S FATHER: "We do what we must... Put your headscarf on when you're outside. You're no longer a child."



## 1 The Script

## 2 Pencil Layouts



## 3 Inks & Colors

## 4 Lettering Final



COMING JULY 2025

# ECHOES OF OCTOBER

"Echoes of October" is a powerful and poignant graphic novel intertwining the lives of four children, each from vastly different worlds: Gaza City, Toronto, Tel Aviv, and Dalyat Ha Carmel, as they grapple with the loss of their fathers on October 7, and reflect on the year that led to that harrowing day...

Ami Adan is the pseudonym for a group of creators united by a passion for authentic storytelling. Contributions were collected from Druze, Christians, Jews, and Palestinians, and for reasons of safety and to avoid personal biases shaping perceptions, the team has opted for collective anonymity.

Though inspired by real events, the book's characters are fictional and designed to reflect the diverse and shared struggles of many.

Apple Abraham seeks to provoke thought, foster empathy, and illuminate stories that resonate globally through this work.

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