



# Le Sursis Tome 1

(The Sojourn Book 1)  
by Gibrat

<http://comixinflux.com/influx/show/15>

## Contributors

pikayev, Stephen Betts (thisissthenbetts)

Comix Influx - Spread The Words

## Page 6

[6:3] Good. // [6:4] I hope he's packed God in the luggage, because he'll not be happy with the ground. // [6:5] Remarkable, with two on a bicycle it easily picks up speed. Angèle will do her head in. // [6:6] Angèle is my Aunt. She raised me well.

## Page 7

[7:1] Everyone says that she's worried about me since the day I was born. // And I figure she's not finished yet. // [7:2] When I went catching crayfish at night she always kicked up a fuss. // [7:3] Poor Angèle // [7:4] I know you came to regret the time the river police visited. // [7:5] But today it's the militia and the police who're after me. // [7:6] Ah, there you are Pèpère.

## Page 8

[8:1] Yes, you're lovely Pèpère. // [8:2] Yes, yes, you're lovely, but let me sleep now. I've been walking for two days and two nights. We can play tomorrow. // [8:3] Angèle: Julien! How did you get in? // Julien: Through the window. // [8:4] Angèle: Through the window? What an idea! // Julien: I didn't want to wake you. // [8:5] That's considerate, but it's not safe. You could have killed yourself. // Julien: It's you that's not safe sleeping with the window open. Anyone could get in. // [8:6] Angèle: I've got Pèpère as always. // Julien: You don't say. // [8:7] Julien: If I hadn't stepped on his tail he'd still be sleeping. // Angèle: You poor thing. It's true he's no longer young. // [8:8] Angèle: He's getting a little grey, like me. I thought you were leaving for Germany yesterday. I'm sure you've not had breakfast.

## Page 9

[9:1] Julien: About Germany... I'm not going. // Angèle: How? They're exempt? Do want coffee? It's proper coffee you know. // [9:2] No, it's me that's exempt. // [9:3] Angèle: Good. And you're allowed to do that? // Julien: It's a good problem, that. // [9:4] Angèle: Yes, it's a fine one. What do you want me to do? // Julien: Hide me at yours. If they catch me they won't let me jump off the train a second time. They'll send me direct to the salt mines in Silesia. // [9:5] Angèle: At least no-one saw you. // Julien: Don't worry about that. Apart from Pèpère, but you won't say anything, will you Pèpère? // [9:6] You've been so clever. You started by leaving your case outside.

## Page 10

[10:1] Sunday June 27th 1943. Angèle's getting ready for mass at eleven. // Angèle: I won't ask you to come along. // Julien: For once I've got a good excuse. // [10:2] Angèle: All the same, you could have killed yourself jumping from the train. Have you seen my hat? // Julien: That was probably the moment I lost my papers. // [10:3] So there's more. You lost your papers. // [10:4] Now you know how serious it is. // [10:5] Ah, there it is. // [10:6] You can't stay here. It's too risky. // [10:7] Angèle: You know the police will start any search here. // Julien: Here, perhaps, but how about with Gérard? // Angèle: Gérard? My cousin Gérard? // Julien: Yes, the farm's isolated. // [10:8] So you think the police wouldn't think to forage around at Gérard's? They're incompetent, but all the same.. Let me by. I'm already late.

## Page 11

[11:1] Policeman: Your dog won't be bad, will he? You're Anègèle Fourcadelle? // Angèle: Yes, that's me. Has something happened? // [11:2] Policeman: I've come with bad news. Your nephew... // Angèle: My God, what's he done now? // [11:3] Ah, the pigs. They're already here. // [11:4] Policeman: It's a little delicate. You know he was conscripted to work in Germany. // Angèle: You're the one who told me, Sir. // [11:5] They'll certainly want to search the house. // [11:6] I'm sorry Madame Fourcadelle, it's a part of the job that we'd gladly give up. Anyway, here are his papers. // [11:8] What a story. What a story. // [11:9] Julien?

## Page 12

[12:1] Julien, you can come out now. Where is he, that animal? // [12:2] Aha. Is that what you wanted? They've already gone. // [12:3] Angèle: They delivered your papers. // Julien: You know, I was sure I'd lost them jumping from the train. // [12:4] My poor Julien, I've more bad news for you. You're no longer of this world. // [12:5] The train that was taking you to Germany was bombed. They recovered your wallet from one of the victims. // [12:6] All the same, poor boy, he never had the chance to use your stolen papers. // [12:7] And you, they said you had a hollow nose. You realise? If you'd stayed on the train... Oh my god! My God! // [12:8] Listen Angèle, don't think about that any more. And hurry up now, you'll spoil the mass.

## Page 13

[13:1] Angèle: At mass this morning I thought about things, and I had a word with the priest. // Julien: About hiding me in the cloisters. That's a good idea. // Angèle: You're daft. // [13:2] I've thought of something better. Why not Thomassin? // [13:3] Angèle: Thomassin? The teacher? You're completely mad. His house is sealed. // Julien: Exactly. It's the ideal place. No-one would think to look there. // [13:4] Julien: Shall we check? // Angèle: Now? // [13:5] Julien: Why did they arrest Mr Thomassin? Is he Jewish? // Angèle: No, communist, but I think he's Jewish as well. // [13:6] Julien: Quick, I'm not ready to be seen. // Angèle: And tell me how you plan to get in. // [13:7] Angèle: Be careful Julien. // Julien: I haven't done this for a while. Stay there and pass the lamp.

## Page 14

[14:1] Angèle: I'll never get clean. // Julien: You're as stubborn as ever. // [14:3] Jesus, Mary and Joseph. There's already a toothbrush here. // [14:4] Angèle: And look at this bazaar. // Julien: It's no risk. The blinds are closed. The air's not fresh in here. // [14:5] Julien: Not bad all the same. I think I'll be at home here. There's even an armchair for Pèpère. // Angèle: You're not taking Pèpère. Get that idea out of your head. // [14:6] Julien: Angèle, come and look. There's even an attic. Frankly, I'll never find anything better. // Angèle: You worry me Julien.

## Page 15

[15:1] So, I spent my first night in my new quarters, at the home of my old teacher, but not in his bedroom. The bed wasn't ready, and I didn't dare. // [15:2] I took a blanket from the cupboard like a thief, and I slept on a mattress. Then, adopting this place, half bedroom, half attic, I installed myself, discretely on tiptoe. // [15:3] The old iron bedstead had character. While half asleep I thought I was hearing creaking from the other end of the village. // [15:4] Ah, there you are. You stood guard all night? With soldiers like you I can't understand how we lost the war. // [15:5] Now give me your helmet, Maginot!

## Page 16

[16:1] My hideout was strategically placed. Through the shutters I could watch a side of the village square with the café, the linden trees, Bouyssoux's garage and the little fountain. // [16:2] The other window looked down into the valley, the road to Cambouian just as it branched off to Toirac, and in the distance Gréalou Plateau with the bluish shadow of the Auvergne mountains. // [16:3] In the middle of the room there was a unique source of light, a little skylight through which the sun shone. For reading it didn't reach Pèpère's armchair. // [16:4] This gap was filled without delay, but not without a struggle. // [16:5] I understand my dear Maginot why no-one came to yours to do any housework. // [16:6] Let's have a look. 'Tonkin's Travels', 'A Comparison of Milking Anatomy' What? Karl Marx, 'Das Kapital', 'Son of the People', Maurice Thorez. No chance I'll ever look at them again Monsieur Thomassin.

## Page 17

[17:1] Thomassin! What a bloke! He's kept all his pupils' exercise books, sorted into yearly classes. // [17:2] Part of the village's childhood sleeps in his sideboard. // [17:3] Even better! The class of 1933-1934. // [17:4] I can allocate a name and memory to each face without any problems. // [17:5] Hervé Marty isn't around anymore, poor bastard. // [17:6] He waited patiently for twenty years to see the sea. He succeeded. At Dunkirque. Serge Cadrioux! The beret, the snotty attitude... // [17:7] Now a small cog of the militia. And in the first row, Cécile. My Cécile. // [17:8] There was a time when all the guys in the village beat each other away to repair her bicycle. There was one year, the feast of St John... // The first kiss from Cécile, under the linden trees. On the radio Pierre Laval wished for victory against Germany, and I, more modestly, to conquer Cécile's heart.

Page 18

[18:1] The days standing behind the shutters or flopping on the bed, reliving the pearls of wisdom from my little schoolfriends... // "In the middle ages peasants were named serfs because the gentry had the right to hunt them down." He was already good, that Serge. // [18:2] Today the pearls are blossoming at the Linden Café. I took the opportunity to observe the author from the window. He'd not changed. // [18:3] Serge: The rabbit hunt finished just at new orders - the same for partridges - Now we don't have the right to hunt Jews any more. // Fernand: Come on now, the Jews are paying again. // Militiaman: Oh no, it's Serge's turn. // Julien: Everything's the same for Serge. And for me the life of a convalescent who's not allowed to leave the bedroom. // [18:4] Until when? That's the question. Until the end of the war, no doubt. And then that depends on victory. Don't think about the future. Take refuge in the past. Return to the school books. I found an arithmetical problem that most of the class failed. Let's see who got close. // [18:5] A train leaves Lyon at 13.52, crosses Paris at 16.38. Knowing that the train's speed is less than 25 kilometres per hour... Pay attention, please. // [18:6] Okay, it's not that difficult. Help me out Maginot. // [18:7] Then it irritated me. // [18:8] I'm getting on my nerves.

Page 20

[20:1] My goodness, Basile. // [20:2] He's come despite his bad leg. He liked me! It's not bad that I'm talking in the past tense as if it was him that's dead. // [20:3] Mr Bouyssoux's got a new car again. The black market must provide plenty of grease for his garage. // [20:4] And to the side, that's certainly Serge. I suppose through him the new Europe's come to pay me my last respects. // [20:5] It seems that he's particularly zealous about his new mission of purification. With his well ironed militia uniform he could well arrive at the cemetery before me. // [20:6] Nevertheless, he's polite like that. He's well capable of kissing Angèle. Winner! What an idiot.

Page 22

[22:1] That's it. I'm leaving the church. That was a quick send-off. // [22:2] I know that they didn't mean any disrespect in the last act. // [22:3] That would be tragic, huh, Maginot. // [22:4] And still no Cécile. // [22:5] She's upset none the less, it's good, the pain. I don't believe it they're already through the cemetery gates in single file. // [22:6] See them returning. // [22:7] Ah Bouyssoux has stopped beside Basile. He's well received. Ho, ho! It seems they're arguing.

Page 24

[24:1] Tonight we're going to celebrate my burial at Angèle's. My obsession: coming across anyone who was at the cemetery. I can just imagine: "Nice that you came this morning, my pleasure." In order to avoid heart attacks, I take the path around the village. // [24:2] Julien: Dear Basile. That Serge and his small character would do well to wipe his nose in public. // Angèle: You think! Fortunately Edouard headed off before it turned to vinegar. // [24:3] Anyway, talking of Serge, I never saw Cécile. // [24:4] Julien: Cécile? // Angèle: Yes Cécile. Cécile Cadrieux, his cousin. You know who I'm talking about now? // Julien: Yes, obviously. // [24:5] It's strange that she didn't come along. // [24:6] Angèle: Perhaps something held her up. // Julien: That's possible.

Page 26

[26:2] Oh well, I'll read it now. I don't have to hold on until home. // [26:3] "Dear Angèle, I know how fond you are of Julien, and you must guess from these few lines how I liked him". Come on Maginot, I'll read it to you one last time. // [26:4] At the twelfth reading (superfluous because I knew it by heart) I fell asleep. // [26:5] When I woke up I'd been dreaming again. I thought I heard her voice. // [26:6] But that's not possible. // [26:7] Maginot, look here's a result.

Page 28

[28:1] Cécile works at Lindens every day. It's the best news since the defeat at Starlingrad. // [28:2] At the end of the day, watching her serve the tables more gracefully than a ballet dancer, her every appearance... // [28:3] ...made me a little more amorous. // [28:5] Did you ever get married Maginot? It's terrible that with a life and soul like you she'd never have been bored for a second.

Page 19

[19:1] Today there's finally a good reason to be behind my shutters. There's a funeral. And it's mine. Look at the hearse. It seems funny, all the same, that whoever's replaced me in the coffin - poor sod - continuing the idea... // [19:2] He stole my wallet, and now he's stolen my place in the cemetery. // [19:3] Poor Angèle, what a performance! She's no need of comforting, but I'm sure she'll find the right tone. // [19:4] Be strong Angèle. He's looking down on us from where he is. // [19:5] Fernand. I think it's the first time I've seen him without his apron, and with a hat! The world will never be the same. // [19:6] But behind Mr Deplace there, it's Cécile. Oh no, it's the Bouyssoux girl.

Page 21

[21:1] I'm certain that Cécile will be late again. // [21:2] And voila, the entire procession goes into the church. Except Basile, anyway. // [21:3] Ah, no. He worries me. It's not the kind of event where one can consider God good. // [21:4] What's with Cécile? She'll be going directly to the cemetery, no doubt about that. // [21:5] She won't have wanted to take part in the mass. Frankly, I understand. To listen to everything the priest says...

Page 23

[23:1] Bouyssoux: Get in. Don't be a fathead. // Basile: Edouard, you're annoying me. I repeat: I prefer to walk. // [23:2] Sege: Don't beg Edouard. Mr Basile's afraid to soil his arse in a collaborator's car. // Bailse: Too right, my dear. // [23:3] I've already said the militia have dirty hands, but I'm not sure if they have clean arses. // [23:4] Yes, they're arguing. // [23:6] Poor Basil. He'll be the last to Cambeyrac, and I'm sure it's not me he's thinking of at the moment, but his son who died in Zarzogossa.

Page 25

[25:1] Angèle: Is that all you can say. Last year... // Julien: What about last year? // [25:2] Angèle: Well, last year it seemed to me that you and Cécile... // Julien: Are you having any more, or shall I finish it? // [25:3] Angèle: You're angry? I was just saying that you wrote to her as often as you wrote to me. // Julien: Okay, no more for you. I've finished it. // [25:4] Julien: Excellent. // Angèle: I'd hope so, because it cost me more than your burial. There's more. // [25:5] Since Laval's last talk, Miss Goucagnollehas tripled the price of her poultry. // [25:6] Well, I know it's of no importance, but Cécile didn't come because she's ill. // [25:7] Angèle: She sent me a few nice words anyway. // Julien: How's she ill? How is she? // [25:8] Hold on, hold on. It interests you now?

Page 27

[27:1] Edouard: Cécile, you knew Julien well, you were the same age. // Cécile: Two months apart. // Priest: I needed to keep my eye on you both during catachism. Always a good ten minutes late, and they prattled without stopping. I had to separate them. // [27:2] Oh, dear, it's bad all the same. // [27:3] Basile: Is that all you can think of to say my poor Edouard? You create some impression. // [27:4] You can arrest me if I'm deceiving myself, but it was your Laval who came up with the great idea to send our youngsters to Germany to take bombs in the mouth. And now they've arrived there. I'll repeat it to you: you create some impression. // [27:5] Edouard: Fernand, did you hear that? Everything that's happened is my fault again. // Fernand: Gentlemen, gentlemen. A day or two without alcohol and everything's political. It's the house motto. // Edouard: Alright, it's not bad Fernand. You should engrave it under the counter. // [27:6] Cécile: What would you like Mr Basile? // Basile: It doesn't matter. A pastis. // [27:7] Cécile: I'm sorry, today there's no alcohol. // Basile: It doesn't matter. Give it to me tomorrow.

Page 29

[29:1] I've always understood that when Cécile works at Lindens she stays with her grandmother at My Trinity. I'll just need to push the desk, then... // [29:3] ...to the sewing machine. It took a little acrobatics to locate My Trinity, just below the big bear. // [29:5] The small skylight to the left, that's her bedroom. // [29:6] Okay. Take a look at the right one. // [29:7] That's better. That's much better!

[30:1] You see Maginot, for my next life I'd do well to choose a cat. // [30:2] Don't have to move about much, don't have to work, not in Germany or anywhere else. // [30:3] You're just allowed to be pampered with your paws in the air. // [30:4] Shit! She's put the light out.

[32:1] You others with me to Bouyssoux. // [32:2] Bouyssoux's helping the resistance? That's a turn-up. // [32:3] It's not possible. I must have misheard. Or it's not the same Bouyssoux. // [32:4] I waited until they headed towards the village along Jonarde's path. // [32:5] Voila! Just under the garage. Strewth! We are talking about the same Bouyssoux. // [32:6] What are they doing? They're siphoning the tank. I'm not dreaming. // [32:8] Bouyssoux's helping the resistance and no-one knows. Him, but no-one else.

[34:1] At the Linden's tables the landing has become the main topic of conversation. // Cécile: So your worship, you think the war will be over by Christmas. // Priest: With the aid of God, perhaps. // Basile: He doesn't always help the Americans your God. // [34:2] Basile: ...and if that were up to me there would be accounts to render at the liberation. // Fernand: Come on Basile, those men have already crucified your son. You wouldn't want them to shoot the father as well. // [34:3] The following days dulled by optimism. The liberation timetable was put back. // Radio: Today, July 16th Palermo is the site of heavy fighting. The Americans are progressing quarter by quarter. // [34:4] Radio: During the night of July 23rd Palermo fell to the Americans. // Julien: Palermo. They didn't take the village. // [34:5] On the 15th of August Edouard started boasting again. // Edouard: You talk, your Americans are still in Sicily. // [34:6] Edouard: Are you ready to clink glasses with them? // Basile: It's not as bad as clinking glasses with the Russians, and before the grape harvest. They're already at Smolensk. // [34:7] They're trying to find a reason why victory won't be tomorrow. // Julien: Pull! But what are you waiting to pull? // [34:8] Cécile: I'm not playing any more with you, your worship. // Fernand: Come on Basile, you're dying by the jack, and I'm going to deliver the death blow. // It's necessary to recognise that in Cambeyrac the war still has supporters.

[36:1] And he didn't promise anything about justice. // [36:2] I couldn't see anything but the legs of those dancing. The little game consisted of identifying the horses and riders. // [36:3] Who was the girl in black dancing with Cécile? Shit! It's the vicar. Come and see Maginot, I think he's as talented at the tango as he is at pétanque. // [36:4] And it's Fernand who's tripping with Jamilou now. Ah, there's some ambiance. // [36:5] Ah, the fawn trousers, that's Paul. I'd mend them. That's three times he's danced with Cécile. // [36:6] That's the fifth now. He'd be better occupying himself with Bouyssoux's daughter. She's waltzing with the police. // [36:8] And now eight. Surely not another one.

[38:1] Angèle started back along the school path, how the grape harvest was achieved, the new wine placed in barrels in caves and cellars. The only vintage for drinking would be ready at the end of October. // [38:2] The resistance were visiting Bouyssoux's cellar to siphon their last drops of fuel. // [38:3] And just to finish in good spirits, they had a laugh by filling his tank with water. // [38:4] My dear Edouard, see how many litres of petrol you'd have had trouble selling on the black market. And it works for your mouth. // [38:5] And me, as I didn't want to be transformed into a pumpkin or an artichoke, I thought it best to go back... // [38:6] ...to the church bell tower. Dawn was in five hours, and people weren't slow to rise.

[40:1] The soup's good. Every three days Angèle leaves a little something by the basement window. // [40:2] But what is that? What's that noise?

[31:1] And how am I going to get her from My Trinity? Ah yes! Good idea! Fall in on Serge. It seems he sleeps there from time to time. Write to her there? What's the use? Since April she didn't reply to my last three letters. // [31:2] Wait. It's Marceau's dog. He thinks he's got the moon on the path. // [31:3] I count... like the thunderclap before lightning, to estimate how far away the storm is. // [31:4] Yes, three minutes before they're here. It's better to hide. // [31:5] Right boys, we're approaching the village. Less noise with the cans. Jules and Roland you're looking out down the Fossiac road.

[33:1] When July started summer was installed. Walks were hotter and hotter, and Cécile's legs became more and more tanned. The clientele left the Lindens for the harvest. // [33:2] It's the first time I've been exempt. It's strange: in years gone by I did anything to avoid it, and this year it seems a punishment. // [33:3] "Mr Sarlat, you didn't want to work in Germany like your little classmates, so you can stand in the corner until the end of the war." // [33:4] Saturday July 10th. I was starting my third week with Maginot. // Shit! Noon already. // [33:5] Radio: Tonight our troops landed in Sicily. // Julien: Oh! // [33:6] Julien: Did you hear that Maginot? They've landed in Italy. // Radio: The most violent fighting is actually in the South of... // [33:7] The war's finished, buddy. You can go back home. // [33:8] On the night of July 11th I organised a commando raid on the classroom to retrieve a map of Europe, indispensable in following the advance of the allies. "The Antarctic continent". I don't need rubbish about the South pole. // [33:9] They'll have to be quick to beat Germany in 40 days. In a week they'll be in Naples, Rome in ten days, and on August 15th we'll be dancing the Charleston with the Americans in the village square.

[35:1] The propaganda had ended, summer returned its apron, and France was still under German control. Cambeyrac consoled itself with the return of Paul and Jamilou, taken prisoner by the Germans, and graciously returned by them. // [35:2] Paul is Fernand's son. He ended his studies in medicine as the war escalated. The reason given was the scarcity of medicines since 1940. At least that's the official version. // [35:3] Jamilou's another matter. He's the village idiot. He worked at a farm in Baviere. When someone entrusted him with a bag of seeds, Jamilou dug a big hole, tipped the contents of the bag in, then carefully filled in the hole. Jamilou's method of farming was judged ruinous. The glorious Third Reich preferred he didn't continue. // [35:5] They arrived back in Cambeyrac on September 18th. // [35:6] Okay, four kisses is enough. // [35:7] Serge made use of the occasion to stumble through a speech of Laval's about the good spirit of the Germans, "the victorious nation that doesn't abuse its victory", but everyone thought him mad. // [35:8] To celebrate the return of his son, Fernand organised a small party. // Policman: We'll close our eyes Fernand, on the condition that the music doesn't disturb the police. // I'll mute the accordian and promise not to play loud. // [35:9] But he didn't promise to play fair.

[37:1] At the end of the day Cécile's smiles that escaped from the café knotted my stomach. Is it Paul making her smile like that? // [37:2] It wasn't wrong to escape them, but to play smart with the girls, that takes strength. // [37:3] The voyeurism to which I devoted myself every night didn't come without torture and torment. Desire replaced any fear of being caught when a spotlight revealed the embraced shadows of Cécile and Paul. // [37:4] More and more during the autumn, when night fell earlier I took to having dinner with Angèle once a week. I heard stories that changed my ideas. // [37:5] Fernand can't believe his luck in his son returning. // [37:6] But how he's slimmed down, Suits him well mind. Gives him a little more allure, like his father. You've hardly eaten a thing. // [37:7] The punishment for taking risks coming to visit me isn't as bad as the punishment for not touching my stew. Are you ill at the moment? // [37:8] I've put some tomatoes under the mushrooms. I hope you'll eat them this time. These days a kilo of vegetables costs almost as much as a bicycle. I can't let any tomatoes rot.

[39:1] I was curious to know where they were going, those guys there. They weren't from the village in any case. // [39:2] I didn't recognise anyone because I'd not seen them before. Their leader had a Spanish accent. Perhaps they were the bush maquis. I'd say they came from the vicinity of Tolrac... // [39:3] ...or Camburat for all I know. // [39:4] That's making an unholy noise. If it's them they're not already sleeping. I'm no so badly off here, finally. What are you thinking Maginot? It could be worse.

[41:5] Petrol. Quick. // [41:6] Certainly. I'll be right down. // [41:7] German: Faster, faster. // Edouard: Certainly Mr officer.

[42:1] It's basic stuff. // [42:2] Finally the wind's coming from the East. That's a very good sign. // [42:3] It's not luxury blend. // [42:4] Provided they get going again. // [42:5] German: Why are you waiting? // Edouard: She's like me. She's got a cold. // [42:6] Officer: What's happening? // Solider: She won't start sir. // [42:7] She's whimsical sometimes. // [42:8] I think your driver's flooded the engine.

[44:1] Officer: What's happening? I'll explain it to you, you whore. // Edouard: Let my daughter go, I beg you. // [44:3] Stop. No, not that. // [44:4] Officer: Shut up, dickhead. // Papa!

[46:1] After Bouyssoux's funeral Cambeyrac was in shock. Edouard was the only victim, but it was as if the Germans had shot the entire village. No-one crossed the square. The villagers stayed at home in fear. // [46:2] Chairs and tables disappeared from in front of the café. Henceforth Bouyssoux was a resistance martyr. // Feranand: He hid his activity well did Edouard. // [46:3] The children didn't hang around after their lessons. They fled the school like a flock of starlings and returned to their homes in a joyous stampede. // [46:4] Angèle didn't dare go out at night to leave me baskets of food. From now on the provisions were transported in plain sight. // [46:5] She arrived at the school a good half hour before the pupils. // [46:6] Crammed to bulging as they were, contained nothing to nourish the spirit. I requisitioned the two drawers of his desk as a larder.

[48:1] Of Cécile I never saw more than her white socks and the wrapped body on her bicycle. // [48:2] I saw Paul every week on Sunday as he came looking for Cécile to go for a walk. // [48:3] They're a couple, I'm sure. Weren't the Germans capable of holding on to this sod? // [48:4] There are a million prisoners, and they released him. They'd have done better to shoot him before he could take another guy's woman. // [48:5] Nevertheless, Cécile continued to spend her nights alone... // [48:6] ...or more precisely in the company of Zola. It was always a relief. // [48:7] But on one night the little skylight stayed dark and my last illusions vanished. My mood became as black as the windows of My Trinity.

[50:1] In a week it'll be Christmas. Once more Angèle rescued me. In order that I didn't need to worry about giving myself away by heating the place during the holidays, she decided to give catch-up classes to the dunces. // [50:2] Every day I saw three kids miserably trudging to training, their berets hanging off. Three innocents sacrificed on the altar of my small comfort. // [50:3] On Christmas Eve I made my way to Angèle's with my little Simca in my pocket, just finished. // [50:4] There was a little surprise for me. // Angèle: Get in quick before someone shows up. // [50:5] See how nice I look. It's a gift from Cécile. Listen, she's adorable. I lent her the complete works of Zola, and she's knitted me this scarf. // [50:6] And this is for you. Happy Christmas Julien. // [50:7] A penknife. Thanks Angèle. // Caption: But she was wearing my real Christmas present around her neck. // [50:8] Julien: Frankly, I'm embarrassed that I've nothing to give you. // Angèle: Don't worry about it. Come on, let's eat. // [50:9] I know Maginot, you think I'm a complete lout, right? It could be. If I'd given her the Simca 5, I couldn't give it to Cécile. Oh yes, my little chum, because there's a new one. You remember the scarf? Guess who she knitted it for?

[52:1] The bastards. They tricked us. // [52:2] I understand now how he was freed. He's one of the militia, that shitheap Paul. // [52:3] They hurt him. She didn't get there walking. And what do I do now? If I return to my hiding place I risk capture. Perhaps they're already there to meet me. And Angèle in the hands of the militia. // [52:4] Shit! Shit! Shit! // [52:5] Suppose I give myself up? At least they'd leave Angèle alone. Another car. // [52:6] It's Paul's old banger.

[43:2] Water. It's water. // [43:3] You French pig. Terrorist. // [43:4] Dad, what's happening?

[47:1] Sometimes I wrote my culinary comments on the blackboard. I erased them before the children turned up. // [47:2] Despite the facetious nature of the schoolgirls, the atmosphere overall remained resolutely morose. Life seemed to have abandoned the village. The shortened autumn days seemed longer and longer to me, and the nights interminable. // [47:3] To occupy myself, I started sculpting. Thanks to a photo found in "Science and Life" pinched from my Aunt, I tried my hand at a model: the Simca 5. If it's any good I'll give it to Angèle for Christmas. // [47:4] The brutal decline in the weather inflicted a supplementary punishment on me. Dark and rainy nights stopped me from taking the exercise I needed. // [47:5] During one of my rare nocturnal forays, when jumping a small wall at Pierre's I found I'd ripped Maginot's coat. // Julien: Oh well done. // [47:6] It was my introduction to sewing. // Julien: Maginot, I can't guarantee the result...

[49:1] It wasn't a question of morality. Whoever's kissing, the temperature is the same. The heating system at the school was the same as that at home. True, the stove in the classroom worked, but I was afraid to use it due to arousing suspicion. For the first time in my life I wasn't looking forward to Christmas. // [49:2] In November Cécile abandoned her reading for knitting. // [49:3] A few days later I understood why she was knitting a scarf, making it that long. // Julien: It's for that idiot. What do you say to that Maginot? It's not for you. It's not for me any more. // [49:4] Now she's back with Zola. Anyone want to tell me what's she's done with the scarf? // [49:5] Julien: Perhaps she's already given it to him. // Caption: I was waiting to see Paul appear on his bike, his trophy around his neck. // Julien: I hope he's strangled by it when it catches in the wheels. // [49:6] Always the same news from London didn't release the least enthusiasm. // Radio: Fifteen hundred Russian tanks have pushed through German lines over a front of fifty kilometres. // [49:7] Radio: The Red Army has reached the suburbs of Kiev. // Julien: Whoop-de-whoop. // [49:8] Towards the end of autumn I spent entire days laid out on the bed brooding sombre thoughts and listening to the rain ricochet off the windows.

[51:1] The next day I was struck by lightning behind my shutters. // Julien: Oh no! // [52:2] Paul picked up Cécile in a genuine Simca 5. // [51:6] The year ended in seasonal weather. The new year to be seen in at Angèle's for a change. // [51:8] Julien: Angèle! // Paul: We need to take her to Villefranche. // Man: I'll get in.

[53:1] Julien: Cécile. Oh no! She's not involved with them? // Cécile: I'll be back in a second. I'll leave the dog and shut the house. // Paul: Be careful it doesn't bite you. // [53:2] No. You know me, don't you Pèpère? Quietly. Don't push me over. I don't want to break my leg like your mistress. // [53:4] Cécile: You want to sleep by the fireplace in this weather my Pèpère. I'll come and tickle you and take you for a walk every day. // [53:5] It's not the best time to be going to the hospital in this snow. Serge will find it funny. I would have gone to his place, but I've already seen a sick person. // [53:4] She didn't stand a chance, poor Angèle. The first patch of ice. I found it there. // [53:5] Watch out. You don't have to imitate her. // [53:6] Lucky I came by to give you the tea leaves otherwise she might have spent the night hidden in the snow. // [53:7] Paul: Are you sure you don't want to celebrate new year at my place? // Cécile: Thanks very much, but I couldn't leave my Grandmother all alone. // [53:8] Anyway, the new year celebrations depress me.

[54:1] Dear Angèle, it's not possible. And I thought you were being tortured by the militia. // Julien: In an hour she'll be in fresh bandages and smiling at the nurses' jokes. // [54:2] But that doesn't prevent them from drawing blood. Because it's nice, but what will become of all this? // Julien: Pèpère will be okay. He'll be with Cécile being tickled and fed. // [54:3] Another happy new year awaits. The snow's blocked the entrance to the basement. // Julien: How am I going to get in now? // [54:4] If I clear the basement window with a shovel, someone's going to ask what's going on. I haven't got a shovel anyway. // [54:5] If I stay here, I'll be found. The first footing has started. // [54:6] When I saw the priest stop by Fernand I had the idea of sheltering in the church. I had to ask myself why it was even colder than outside. // Julien: I'm in a fine mess. Go back to Angèle, but it's likely the house is locked-up. A broken leg! That's great at the moment. And she's not ready to leave hospital. I'm not going to eat Pèpère's food while I wait for her to come home.

[56:1] The journey spared me nothing. There's the coup de grace. Under a thick coating of snow there was Paul's car. // Julien: He's already there, the bastard. It's not possible. This time she's surely sleeping with him. // [56:2] My legs trembled. I stayed for five minutes, my head buzzing, my arms dangling, staring at the house's dark windows. I didn't even feel the cold. // [56:3] I didn't have the guts to go up the drive. For what, anyhow. I crossed the courtyard on automatic pilot to take refuge in the barn. // [56:4] It stopped snowing during the night. Cambeyrac's church bell rang twelve times. // Julien: 1944 has really started well. // Continued in Le Sursis Tome 2

[55:1] After two hours of consideration I made my decision. // Julien: Okay, I'm ready. I'll go to Cécile. // [55:2] I'll explain everything. Can I let anyone else in on the secret? Even if it's her? // [55:3] Well, I haven't got a choice any more. Heads up Julien. Off to My Trinity. // [55:4] Provided she's there. // [55:5] I hope she hasn't changed her mind, that she's not dancing with her arms around Paul for New Year. // [55:6] No, she wouldn't leave her grandmother all alone. // [55:7] That can't be right. I don't see any lights. Oh no!