



**Le Vol Du Corbeau -
Tome 1**
(The Raven's Flight - Book 1)
by Gibrat

<http://comixinflux.com/influx/show/38>

Contributors

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Comix Influx - Spread The Words

Page 2

Page 4

[4:1] Strange that the Commissar hasn't already handed me over to the Germans. // [4:3] He seems cowardly, which isn't reassuring. The dogs that bite are the the scared dogs. // [4:4] Okay Miss. Slept badly I hope. // [4:5] Because your little affair broke my sleep. // [4:6] You pose me a problem miss, a big problem. All this because of an anonymous note. // [4:7] It appears that since the occupation they've recovered the taste for writing.

Page 6

[6:1] Do you know what the Gestapo does with people like you? // [6:2] Yes, I know it's ugly. One carries it forever in the heart. // [6:3] On the other hand today is not the day to deliver a resistance member to the Germans. // [6:4] One of them was found with three bullets in him near the harbour Metro. // [6:5] You certainly pose me a problem Miss.

Page 8

[8:1] Policeman: Get inside. // Francois: My word. It's the little red beret. // [8:2] Francois: Why are you here? Did you steal from your grandmother's butter dish? // Jeanne: Leave me in peace. // Francois: Ooooh, what a character. // [8:3] Francois: Perhaps you could provide a cigarette, if I'm not imposing too much? // Jeanne: I don't smoke. // [8:4] Got it. Well, I presume it won't put you out too much if I puff a little? // [8:5] Jeanne: I thought you didn't have a cigarette. // Francois: Well, I haven't got very many. So why are you cooped up here. You come across like a prostitute. // Jeanne: Thanks! How charming. // [8:6] Francois: No, it's true. You've got an air of distinction. // Jeanne: I'm not afraid to say the same of you. // Francois: Thanks! Charming. So, you've still not told me what you're doing here. // [8:7] Jeanne: They found weapons in my house. // Francois: Oh, that's good that is. // Jeanne: I know. They've already told me. // Francois: Oh he's smarter than he seems that Commissar. // Jeanne: He wasn't smart enough. Someone denounced me. // Francois: Ah! Well, that is the fashion. // Jeanne: So they've already told me.

Page 10

[10:1] I'd wanted to share this moment with her. I'd imagined a knock on the door, running up the stairs full pelt: "Jeanne... they've landed." My poor sister, provided they haven't stopped her. // [10:2] Policeman: There's a warning Commissar. // Commissar: I'm not deaf. I'll join you in the shelter. // [10:3] Francois: And we stay here? // Commissar: You're not at risk. These are your friends. // Francois: Bastard. // [10:4] Commissar: Ah, Pelletier. I forgot the dry on my desk. // Pelletier: I'll fetch it sir.

Page 12

[12:1] Jeanne: Over the roof? You think? Isn't that dangerous? // Francois: You can go back and wait around in the cell. You've always got that choice. // [12:2] All things considered, I prefer the guard at the entrance. I'll let you do the acrobatics. // [12:3] Sadly that solution had already been prevented. // Pelletier: I can't remember if the keys were in your jacket. They're up there. I can hear them. // [12:4] Francois: We're lucky this wasn't padlocked. // Jeanne: I'll never manage it. They're coming. // [12:5] Jeanne: No, no. I'll not make it over there. // Francois: Give me your hand. // Jeanne: No, I suffer from vertigo. Go without me. // Francois: In the name of God give me your hand. And don't look down.

Page 3

[3:1] My little Jeanne, you're left poorly. // [3:2] It's my first night in prison. And I'm hoping there might be others here. // [3:3] If I'd been picked up by the Germans I'd already be dead. // [3:4] Lucky it was the French police. That gives me a chance. A very slim chance.

Page 5

[5:1] Letters of denunciation arrive at the Commissariat by the wheelbarrow load. But your sort of prize has its charms. // [5:2] You've been denounced by a literary type. That's uncommon. // [5:3] I'll just read the ending. It's hardly poignant. // [5:4] Monsieur Commissar, this little walking informer doesn't grow on me, and I risk, like the Duke of Guiche, feeling the threshold of the tomb of the "thousand small disgusts that add to the sum of what's not remorse, but a vague unease." The struggle against the black market sadly has its price. // [5:5] Ah miss, I wish I'd found sausages and cheese at your place rather than a kit bag full of grenades and three revolvers. // [5:6] That's not to mention fake papers and other ration books. // [5:7] At the moment it's not looking good for the arms hidden under your bed.

Page 7

[7:1] Francois: Let me go! // Commissar: What's that racket? // [7:2] Policeman 1: A client for you Commissar. // Policeman 2: He's a pitiful deaf Commissar. // Policeman 1: We picked him up on the Rue Lepic, jewels in his pockets, three thousand francs in cash stolen from an antique shop. // [7:3] But that hasn't stopped the rubbish her spouts. // [7:4] Francois: Those are my mother's jewels. // Policeman: You see, he's carrying on. // [7:5] I assure you Sir, she's very ill. She entrusted me to sell them in order to pay for her operation. // [7:6] It's to remove her gall bladder. // Commissar: And the candlesticks and chandeliers in the bag? // [7:7] Are they to decorate the hospital room? // [7:8] I'm not in the mood to listen to stupid stories this morning. Throw him inside.

Page 9

[9:1] Francois: Do you work for the allies, beret? It's bad enough to be seen in the house. // [9:2] Me, in all modesty I work for myself. I'm accountable to no-one but me if you prefer. // [9:3] It's not good to be seen anymore. // [9:4] You might be the last to be shot by the Germans. That is if you're not the first to be liberated by the Americans. Now that they've landed there's a small chance. // [9:5] Jeanne: What's that? The Americans have landed! That's not possible. // Francois: Yes indeed Miss, this morning, in Normandy. // [9:6] It's... it's a joke. // [9:7] If you don't believe me, you can ask them. They won't stay up there. // [9:8] An air raid alert sounded in confirmation. They had finally landed. I didn't think about learning in this fashion, never mind in this place. I thought about my sister.

Page 11

[11:1] Francois: I thought you'd had second thoughts. At least give me a cigarette. This time it could be my last. // [11:2] Policeman: Look after the packet. // Francois: Thanks. // [11:3] You wouldn't refuse me a last request would you? Would you hand me my jacket with my lighter? The grey one there, on the back of the chair. // [11:4] Francois: Thank you very much. // Pelletier: Is that all? // Francois: Yes, thanks. // [11:5] I've lost my head, Pelletier. // [11:6] Commissar: -Luckyly, because you have the legs, you'll laugh, I forgot my lighter. You'll find it in my jacket, beside my desk. // Pelletier: It's not the grey one on the back of the chair, is it? // [11:7] Yes, why? // [11:8] Pelletier, reassure me. Don't tell me you... // [11:9] Francois: Not there. That's the way out. They've left a guard at the entrance.

Page 13

[13:2] Good work Pelletier. We'll tell the Commissar that that they're already too far away. // [13:3] and he's too near to retreating to take the risk of following them. // [13:4] Jeanne: Ooh. It's slippery. Listen. Sirens. // Francois: It's the end of the air raid warning. Your Americans haven't laid a rabbit. I think the Anglo-Saxons are gentlemen. // [13:5] And talking of gentlemen, Arsène Lupin wasn't waiting for me. He just lacks the cane and the hat. A siren passed close by and made me jump. I steadied myself by clutching a chimney. The vertigo almost glued me to it. My knees trembled. And he trotted along like a chimney sweep. I'd do well to follow on his heels. // [13:6] Francois: Don't hurry yourself. // Jeanne: I'm doing it because I'm afraid. // [13:7] I'm not used to this. // [13:8] Francois: This is a bit tricky. We're going to have to jump to the roof below. // Jeanne: What! No! I can't do it.

[14:1] Francois: It's just a couple of metres. // Jeanne: You're mad. You're going to kill us. // [14:3] Francois: Come on, jump. // Jeanne: I Can't. I'd like to go back now. // [14:4] I'm going to end up leaving you there.

[16:1] Right, under the cornice there. // [16:2] The shower chucked it down. The rain stayed in place. // Francois: At least we're staying dry. The wet zinc will be a skating rink. We can't get down to the town. // [16:3] Another alert. The sirens screamed and blew. This time the Americans were at the rendezvous. // Francois: In the name of God, that crashed down hard beside Saint Ouen. I wouldn't like to be down there. // Jeanne: They're aiming at the petrol warehouses at Gennevilliers. // Francois: That's great. The problem is, though, that they're falling to the side. If I were down there I'd run towards a petrol vat. It's the one place you'd be safe. // Jeanne: I trust you to be where it's necessary to be.

[18:1] Jeanne: So you prefer to flay the brave people for their own good. It's an idea like any other. A little pathetic perhaps. To be pathetic is pathetic, but to do something brave, one can't defend them? // [18:2] Francois: A sulky ideal becomes diluted among the people. Good ideas I mistrust like the plague. They start by inflaming the crowds and end in carnage. // [18:3] That's just a hotch potch of ideas. // [18:4] Hang on. Look at your friends who're coming to our rescue by throwing bombs down our throats. That's going to look very pretty. That puts the cost of liberty high. // [18:5] No, believe me, it's better to try and do something bad, but a little ladder and a good and conscientious workman makes months of damage good at all costs. // [18:6] What you're saying is ridiculous, and it's easy. Mister stays outside the fracas, Mister refuses to become involved. Rather than do anything Mister prefers to step back from everything. It's so much more convenient. // [18:7] Perhaps it is comfortable, but at least my petty little plans haven't killed anyone. // [18:8] Jeanne: Me neither, would you believe. // Francois: Oh, but it'll happen.

[20:1] I never closed an eye. I had the impression I was asleep, though. I became inexorably slippery beside the gutter and fell into a bed. A bed with twenty five metre feet. // Francois: And she's back with us. Is mademoiselle in a better mood now? // Jeanne: It's not raining any more? What's the time? // [20:2] Francois: It's not the time to drag our heels. Is it better? // Jeanne: Pardon? // Francois: Your ankle. // [20:3] I think so, yes. I can't feel it any more. // [20:4] Ah! No. It hurts like yesterday. // [20:5] Francois: We're in trouble. // Jeanne: It's all swollen. I can't even put my foot on the ground. // [20:6] Ah, the red army is beautiful. // [20:7] The red army will murder you!

[22:1] For a moment I almost had some scruples about picking her wallet. Let's see if there's anything of interest. // [22:2] That's not possible. // [22:3] How am I going to follow hi, that brute. // [22:4] Shit, shit shit. What a bastard. What a shitbag. // [22:6] It's really unbelievable. Well that changes everything. // [22:9] My word I've fallen into one of Joukov's avant-garde scenes.

[24:1] I can't see anything wrong with my ankle, but I don't think I can follow you. I'll stick on the roof until you bring back my papers. You're not an easy guy to get a hold on. // [24:2] Francois: It's a thief's best quality. Right, I'll try to carry you. // Jeanne: You can't be serious? // Francois: Certainly. Unless you prefer the alternative. // [24:3] Now we'll have to find something open to get down. // [24:4] Francois: It would be rude to turn down that invitation. // Jeanne: This little pair look good. // Francois: He looks good as well, there in the armchair. // Jeanne: Aie. I didn't see the dog. // [24:5] I don't know if it's a pure bred, that mutt, but he's lively. // [24:6] I don't trust dogs in apartments. They suffer from lack of exercise. // [24:7] There doesn't seem to be a dog here. It's already open.

[15:1] You see. No splat. // [15:2] Jeanne: I think I've twisted my ankle. // Francois: No. Come on, get up. We can't stay here and grow mould. // [15:3] Jeanne: I've told you I can't go on. I've broken my heel. It's all your fault. It was a fantastic idea to go over the rooftops. Thank you. Thank you very much. Without you I don't know how I'd have managed. // [15:4] Without me you'd still be in a cell. Calm down. // [15:5] Jeanne: I couldn't argue, because he wasn't wrong. Aie. You're hurting me again. // Francois: Shit. It can't be true. // [15:6] I felt a drop. // [15:7] Francois: Of course, it's got worse. With the rain it'll become even slipperier. // Jeanne: I'm staying here. I'm not moving. // [15:8] Instead of mouthing off, try to get up. You can support yourself on me. Over there we can find a place to shelter.

[17:1] You don't miss a chance to have a go at me. All that chaos there, but me I've asked nothing, I've done nothing to... // [17:2] And you've done nothing against it. // [17:3] Ah! That's true. I forgot. Madame is engaged. Madame fights for an ideal. Madame is without a doubt a Gaullist. // [17:4] No. Communist. // [17:5] Oh dear. It's worse than I thought. // [17:6] Night fell. A hostile night with sleep hard to come by in that place, but we were stuck there until tomorrow. The rain stopped and the gutters dripped their final drops of water. The sirens followed them and drowned any conversation.

[19:1] Jeanne: And you, the day you're caught by the proprietor on all fours behind his safe, I bet you wouldn't hesitate to sacrifice that good man. To preserve your freedom. // Francois: But that day won't come. // [19:2] Jeanne: And why's that? // Francois: Because I'll never be caught nose to nose with the proprietor. // [19:3] Oh, good news! // [19:4] Pray tell me why. // [19:5] That's my little secret. // [19:6] Then certainly you've taken the better spot, the better shelter. // [19:7] I'll leave it to you comrade. // [19:8] The rain faltered, then stopped. My companion annoys me. He's already asleep. The principles that have seen me through this disaster don't seem to trouble his sleep. The night goes on. A full misty moon // illuminates our shadows as tramps. My neighbour didn't so much as twitch a thumb. He slept there as if he did it every night. He just settled into position, deaf and comfortable. For him it was the little bivouac of the petty criminal. But what was I doing there?

[21:1] Why have I escaped with a similar sort? // [21:2] It's ridiculous that you were thrown into my cell and I understood I was going to have trouble supporting you. There's nothing in the way you're familiar with everybody. // [21:3] Now because I know you all the same you can say that I'm familiar with whoever. I don't know what kept me from leaving you there. // [21:4] Jeanne: You needn't bother yourself on my behalf. Bog off. Fly with the wind. I can see to myself all on my own. // Francois: You don't have to tell me twice. // [21:5] Jeanne: Nothing should give you the idea I want to see you again. My ankle's already feeling a little better. // Francois: Perfect. // [21:6] He's doing it, that bastard. What a bastard. // [21:7] Ah, she can stay by the chimney. She only has to manage on a leg. Storks can do it.

[23:1] Francois: Right, this is yours I believe. You left it in the Commissar's office. // Jeanne: Thank you. And you've returned for that? // Francois: Yes. Don't you need it? // [23:2] Francois: You can check I've not filched any money. I'm making progress. // Jeanne: Excuse me. On the Commissioner's desk beside the wallet... // [23:3] ...there was a fake identity card and a ration book. You left them? // [23:4] Francois: I didn't have time to scoop up everything. // Jeanne: Well, since you're always in the office, my sister has already been arrested. // [23:5] Don't worry. The fake papers aren't in her name I suppose. Nor her address. There's no risk. // [23:6] That's the problem. It really is her address on the fake papers. They were for her friend. She comes from the country. // [23:7] Ah, then you're right. There's the smell of burning for your sister. // [23:8] Francois: It's definitely her, the girl in the photo in your wallet. // Jeanne: Ah, because you took it. // [23:9] I said I wasa getting better. I didn't say I was cured.

[25:1] I don't sense any problem from Grandad. He walks on cloth pads, which is a good sign. We've stumbled on a grouch. His type never has kids round. Do you think? // [25:2] Jeanne: I think he's got a nice head. // Francois: What are saying about a nice head? // [25:3] He walks like a robot. He's looking at his slippers. // [25:4] He won't raise the alarm. Choose what you want, the old man or the big dog. Doesn't bother me, but choose. // [25:6] Okay, okay. Calm down. The grumpy old git. Don't move. I'll come back for you in five minutes. // [25:8] There. It's all arranged.

[26:2] Jeanne: I told you he had a good head. // Francois: A good head for the wrong ideas. He wanted to shop us to the Germans. // Jeanne: Where is he? // [26:3] Off to the side. He's sleeping. // [26:4] You knocked him out! // [26:5] Old folk are always falling asleep. Unfortunately that we're pressed for time... // [26:6] ...because little old folk with grey cheeks like that are never only smell of cats piss, they also have Louis d'Or in a box of sugar or Russian currency in a pile of linen. // [26:7] At least there's a few banknotes in a hat box. Damn. He's smarter than that. Where have you hidden your loot Granddad? Don't pretend to be sleeping. // [26:8] You've got a long time for it again.

[28:1] Francois: Right, now we're equipped, where should I drop you off. // Jeanne: I have to warn my sister urgently. // [28:2] You'd prefer that I drop you directly at the Commissariat. From what you told me the cops are already at your sister's. Let's start by finding somewhere to hide, then we can think about doing something for your sister. // [28:3] A hideout. You're daft. We can't improvise like that. Listen, I haven't come to poison your life forever. // [28:4] Jeanne: Let me off by a café or a square. I'll figure it out from there. // Francois: But you can't walk my poor dove. // [28:5] Francois: Right, I've had a good idea. Leave it to me. // Jeanne: Do I have a choice?

[30:1] Francois: Alright. Patched up? // René: It's my mate Francois. Huguette, come and see. It's Francois here. Don't dig your heels in there, come on up. // [30:2] Francois: What are you building? You're completing the Atlantic wall? // René: You don't believe what you're saying. Already two colleagues this week, sliced in their boat. Ah! These flying whores. I'm increasing the layers. Sheets of metal and concrete blocks. A small armoured vessel, what? // [30:3] And I'm doing it at the moment because the cargo business is quiet. // [30:4] Francois: Jeanne, can I introduce René, called Marine Foot. // Jeanne: Hello. I don't want to know your surname. // [30:5] Huguette! What's happened to her. They have the world. // [30:6] René, in this sunshine you should be wearing a hat. Ah! There's Francois. // [30:7] I feel a little faint. // [30:8] Huguette, go and find the Méusse water. She's fainting.

[32:1] He wasn't wrong, René. Huguette was a chatterbox. // Huguette: Dear Jesus, you gave us an awful fright. Is it any better? // Jeanne: Yes thank you. // Huguette: Then you slumped just like that. // [32:2] René just had the time to catch you. I should point out he's used to it. It's happened to me a few times. In my condition it's normal. Yes, I'm expecting a baby. // [32:3] Huguette: And do you know what René wants to call it? // Jeanne: No idea. // Huguette: Raoul! He wants to call it Raoul. // Jeanne: That's nice, Raoul. // [32:4] Huguette: It's you who're nice. I think it's nasty. For a little one in any case it'll be hard. Don't you think so? // Jeanne: Oh, for a little one of course. // [32:5] Don't you know, he won't stay small forever. // Jeanne: That's true as well. And if it's a girl? // [32:6] It's too ugly for a girl. I don't even know if girls named Raoul exist. // [32:7] Jeanne: That's not what I meant. If it's a girl, not a boy, what will you call her. // Huguette: Ah, I thought you were also suggesting Raoul for a girl. The girls name isn't common any more. He wants to call her Jeanne.

[34:2] Excuse me. I didn't think you'd wake up. // [34:3] Jeanne: How long have I been asleep? Is it night already? // Nicholas: Of course not. // [34:4] Nicholas: We're in the tunnel beneath the boulevard Richard Lenoir. // Jeanne: And Francois? What's he doing? // Nicholas: He left. // Jeanne: What? He's gone? // Nicholas: He had to work I think. // [34:5] I can imagine the type of work. Why did he dump me here? // [34:6] Nicholas: Are you in the same business as him? // Jeanne: Certainly not. // [34:7] Right. So why did Francois tell me "Hide her. The cops are after her"? // [34:8] That's not only thing he does, your friend Francois. He's also a poet. // [34:9] Nicholas: Because he's not your friend? // Jeanne: Not yet.

[36:1] Nicholas: Rue des Couronnes climbs up around the corner. I thought you wanted to go there on one leg. // Caption: Perhaps Commissar Foireux wasn't already there. There was a slim chance he'd let it drop. Perhaps with the Americans two hundred kilometres away he didn't have the zeal for occupying us. // [36:2] Or perhaps he'd already turned over the dossier to the Germans. We're almost there. I'm scared. Each turn of the pedal turns my stomach into further knots. // [36:3] Nicholas: The building doesn't seem to be under surveillance. // Jeanne: That's saying nothing. Perhaps the cops are waiting inside. // [36:4] Nicholas: Listen, wait for me here. I'll go quietly and listen at the door. I'll look through the keyhole, then come down and let you know. // Jeanne: I repeat, this is not a game. I don't know if it's wise to let you... // Nicholas: Don't worry. Let me do it.

[27:1] Lady: Isn't Monsieur Croton there? // Francois: He's sleeping. He celebrated his birthday yesterday night, so he's sleeping late. // [27:2] Lady: He needs to take back his velo-taxi. His son parked it like a pig again. I can't empty my bins. // Francois: Don't wake my Uncle, please. I'll do it. // [27:3] Lady: You're Bruno, I bet. // Francois: That's it. // Lady: And the little lady is Josette. // Francois: Right again. // Jeanne: Good day Madame. // [27:4] Lady: It's good that you've arrived from Brittany earlier than planned. // Francois: Indeed. // Lady: And you said to yourselves "We'll surprise Uncle". // Francois: Exactly. // [27:5] Lady: He'll be really happy to see you. And very surprised. // Francois: Especially that. // [27:6] Lady: And your lady, has she hurt her ankle somehow? Getting off the train, I'd bet. // Francois: Exactly. Getting off the train, stupidly. // Lady: They have the steps placed too high. When you're loading... // [27:7] It would have been wrong to stop the questions as she was supplying the answers herself. // [27:8] Go to see Monsieur Ripeux. He sets bones. He's astounding. 10 Lamarck Street at the bottom of the street. // [27:9] Don't you worry. I'll explain about the velo-taxi to your Uncle. // [27:10] Lady: Perhaps when you return he'll be awake. // Jeanne: Certainly.

[29:1] Francois: You've never been to the mountains? // Jeanne: Ah, because you're going to take me to the Alps in a velo-taxi. // Francois: Why the Alps? I was thinking the Himalayas. // Jeanne: Very funny. // [29:2] Because I'm small I dream of being Cinderella. I'd already lost a shoe. In the end it's all the same, a fairy tale of the fairy of occupation. // [29:4] After all, he could take me where he wanted. // [29:5] The gleaming carriage was transformed into a patched-up velo-taxi, Prince Charming into a suburban hoodlum, and it's not even eight hours. I fear the clock striking twelve.

[31:1] Jeanne: I regained consciousness without any shoes in a cabin kitted out like a Swiss chalet and as big as a drawer. // René: Welcome to the Himalaya. Don't worry about your vertigo at this altitude. Now, where did she hide it? // [31:2] Me as well. Let's see... but me, it's just for drink. She'll take a little drop? // [31:3] Jeanne: No thank you. // René: I did okay when the policeman turned his back. Because of Huguette, as you'll see, it's necessary to stuff it down here. // [31:4] René: Don't get me wrong, she's good, but she talks all the time. She makes me drunk. // Jeanne: So you drink to sober up? // René: That's it. Is she sure she doesn't want a little drop? // Jeanne: She's sure. // [31:5] René: And here we have the star. May I introduce my son Nicholas. // Nicholas: Mum needs you. // René: That surprises me.

[33:1] Huguette: René has a talent for picking silly names. // Jeanne: I wouldn't be able to say. It's my name. // [33:2] Oh, I'm sorry. It suits you. // [33:3] Jeanne: I don't know if that's a compliment! // Huguette: Ah! Yes! I always say names are like hats. It depends on whose head they sit. Take my sister in law... // Caption: She's certainly chatty. Huguette. // [33:4] So you're in the resistance. That's a matter of concern. For me it's the same at the moment. It's my size that worries me. He answers me back. It's simple. He has his father's character. Because René's not better. I can say nothing to him. Yesterday for instance, he was doing odd jobs in strong sunlight. "René, be sensible. Wear your hat", I told him. Do you know what he replied? // Caption: I don't remember René's response. I fell asleep at that moment.

[35:1] Jeanne: Do you think I can pedal with one foot? // [35:2] Nicholas: You're not well. Where do you want to go? // Jeanne: I need to warn someone. When's Francois coming back? // Nicholas: Perhaps in an hour, perhaps in a week. // [35:3] Jeanne: That's useful. // Nicholas: But I can help you. // [35:4] Nicholas: Is it her you want to warn? // Jeanne: Yes. // [35:5] Nicholas: She's great. Who is she? // Jeanne: That's my sister. // [35:6] Nicholas: In the velo-taxi I can take you to her house. // Jeanne: I don't want to involve you in all this. // Nicholas: Don't you worry. I can do it. // Jeanne: It's not a game Nicholas.

[37:1] I'll be back in five minutes. With your sister as well. // [37:8] What are you looking for? // [37:9] Show us your papers, my boy.

[38:1] *What's happening. He left twenty minutes ago. I should never have let him go in my place. // [38:3] He'll be back sometime. It's been more than an hour. Every time the cops are up there. Should I stay here? If they stopped him I can't do anything for him. // [38:4] No, I can't abandon him like that. I'm losing my head. I have to go and see what happened. // [38:5] The woman left without paying?*

[40:1] *The network slipped messages between the pages of luxurious tome that no-one would suspect of a subversive role: "A walk around the Louvre Museum". // [40:2] I clung to my last hope, to find between the Mona Lisa and the lacework a brief message from my sister. Just a few scribbled words, recognise her writing, and be reassured by a single glimpse. // [40:3] Nicholas: It's there. // Jeanne: Yes, but go on. Whatever you do, don't stop. // Nicholas: I already knew that. // [40:4] We need the police to get out of here before we come back. I told my father we were going for a little run. It's been two hours since we left. I'm going to be for it. // [40:5] Nicholas can swaggeringly insult the Gestapo, yet fears a paternal outburst. This new insight made me feel a little guilty for involving him in my mess. // [40:6] Huguette: Nicholas, do you know what the time is? I was worried sick. Where have you been? // Nicholas: At the dentist.*

[42:1] *Jeanne: I know where he works. He's a ticket collector. // Francois: On the Metro? // Jeanne: No at the back of a bus. On the platform. // [42:2] Tomorrow morning we'll look out for him at the depot. // [42:3] If he's been picked up by the Gestapo? You think the Boches take the same risks as us? // [42:4] Huguette: Francois's not wrong. // René: Don't you know his line number? // Jeanne: Yes. // [42:5] Oh good, then we can phone him. // [42:6] No, the number of his bus line. // [42:7] Nicholas left me his cabin to occupy a small hold at the front of the barge. Francois left "to visit" to recycle his elegant phrasing. The window was open, but the rustling of the leaves covered the whispers from the neighbouring cabin. I only picked up scraps. // [42:8] Huguette: I don't think my idea of telephoning was that stupid. // René: Go to sleep Huguette. // [42:9] It had been dark for two hours, but I couldn't sleep. Whenever I closed my eyes I was faced with the distraught image of my sister in the dirty shadows of a Gestapo jail. Another thought haunted me and triggered a shiver of shame at my considering abandoning Nicholas to their type. In the end I'd be no better than the bastard who denounced me.*

[44:1] *Jeanne: Someone has denounced us Michel. // Michel: What are you saying? // [44:2] Someone has betrayed us, I tell you. // [44:3] I wanted to warn my sister. The Gestapo were already there. // [44:4] Michel: Shit. Mathilde has been arrested? // Jeanne: I believe so. I'm afraid Michel. // [44:5] You've not heard any news? // [44:6] Nothing. Perhaps she's left a message in the book. // Jeanne: The bookshop's closed. I've been past it. // [44:7] Michel: That's baffling. Do you know where to hide? // Jeanne: For the moment, yes. You? // [44:8] Don't ask about me. I'll find a colleague who'll put me up for a few days. What happened to your ankle?*

[46:1] *We raised anchor when we returned. To strengthen his fortifications, René had a meeting at the Bir Hakeim bridge. He planned to trade some sheets of metals for a velo-taxi supplied by a generous donation. // René: Your Michel there, do you think he could have turned you in? // Huguette: Shut up. Don't listen to him. // René: Listen well. The letterbox is shut, the Germans have your sister, and someone's responsible. // [46:2] He's continuing his calm little life collecting tickets. // [46:3] René: It's fishy all the same. Am I right Francois? // Francois: Well... // [46:4] Huguette: They're not going to denounce each other all the same. // I don't know if it's sunstroke or mid-day madness, but you've lost your marbles my poor friend. // René: It's not as stupid as that. You've thrown him out and he's taken revenge. I've seen worse. // [46:5] Jeanne: Shut up. // René: You see, you've thought about it as well. // [46:6] I was afraid René was right. I was afraid for my sister. I was afraid for myself. I was afraid of everything. // [46:7] The fear existed before my arrest, but since it had grown. I knew the chase had begun, and had the impression I could hear the dogs. // [46:8] Huguette: But René, it doesn't stand up. They're in the same gang. // René: In the name of God Huguette, they're not playing bowls, it's more complicated than that. // [46:9] Huguette: To denounce each other, you're jumping to conclusions, my poor friend. You need more than going out without your hat. // René: Huguette, you're annoying me. // [46:10] Well I won't say anything more.*

[39:1] *Jeanne: Nicholas, what are you up to? You gave me a right turn. // Nicholas: The Krauts are in your sister's flat. They grabbed me just as I was about to come back down. // [39:2] Jeanne: And they released you? What did you tell them? // Nicholas: That I was going to the dentist and I missed a floor. I saw the plaque when I entered the building. // [39:3] Jeanne: Talk a little more quietly. // Nicholas: Okay. The reason I was so long is that they didn't believe me. They took me down to the next floor, to the dentist. // Jeanne: Aie! // Nicholas: What you said. // [39:4] Unfortunately I have three cavities. The dentist gave me what for, and told me not to come back soon. After that I'm not going to brush my teeth. // [39:5] I found it difficult to concentrate on Nicholas' dental miseries. He'd confirmed the worst possible case. Without a doubt my sister was in the hands of the Germans. // [39:6] We left the café as if it were a hospital. There was still a slim chance of getting news. The bookshop on Rue des Fontaines. It was our letter drop.*

[41:1] *Nicholas' epic story amused everyone, even his mother, who punctuated the recitation with outbursts of "Oh my God". At the end of the meal I was tempted to draw a moral. With big problems one tries to find the best side. Francois piled on the reassuring theories. // [41:2] Francois: I say even if the Krauts were at your sisters doesn't mean they're going to come back. And the closed shop? Perhaps the owners were out fishing. And the Bistro on the corner... // Huguette: And you, when you're not on the boat, we worry. // [41:3] Jeanne: And Michel! I forgot. // Francois: Who's Michel? // [41:4] A resistance comrade. I have to warn him as well. // [41:5] Nicholas: Don't worry. I'll take you there tomorrow. // Huguette: I don't think so. You should already be in bed. Go on, get to bed. // René: And brush your teeth! // [41:6] Francois: I'll sort out your Michel. Are there many others that need warned? // Jeanne: No, with my sister we're a trio. Outside us no comrade knows other members of the resistance, for security. // [41:7] René: Where does this Michel hang his hat? // Jeanne: I don't know. // Francois: Well you'll back quickly.*

[43:1] *Early in the morning on a bench on the Rue Réaumur, we waited for Michel's bus. Three hours and nine busses later we were still looking out for his friendly silhouette on the back platform. // Jeanne: They're going to end up making us. The shoe repairer opposite is looking at us strangely. // [43:2] So you say. Buses pass under our nose and we never get on one. Moving somewhere else would be wise. // [43:3] Francois: You're certain it's this route. // Jeanne: Certain. // [43:4] I'm starting to fear the Germans have caught up with your Michel before us. // [43:5] That's him. // [43:6] Jeanne! What are you doing here?*

[45:1] *It's a long story, too long to explain now. I'll get off here. If you have news of my sister you'll find me on the banks of the Seine. The Himalaya. // [45:2] Stop Michel, this isn't the time. // [45:4] Francois: It's daft that you don't know his address. You seem to know him well. // Jeanne: If I haven't got his address it's because he was living with me just last week. // [45:5] Francois: You changed it? It's certainly a week for unloading. // Caption: A ironic one, that Francois. He paraded me through Paris like the Queen of Tonkin. After 24 hours he cared for me a little without obligation. I perhaps jumped to conclusions about him too rapidly. He was better than his ideas. In coming down from the roofs he'd risen up.*

[47:1] *With discretion imposed, René ruled his affairs during the night. // Huguette: Listen, rather than parking the boat you can go looking for you sheet metal on the bike. // René: Thanks. You've seen the weight of them. You're generous with the efforts of others, you. // [47:2] René's right. Time's better spent moving the stool than the piano. // [47:3] Better to waste a little cement than to lose spirit. // [47:4] Listen René, during the night I was thinking about your accusation concerning Michel. I'm sorry, but it doesn't stand up. // [47:5] Jeanne: He would never denounce me for black marketeering. // Francois: Well said. // [47:6] René: I continue to believe it was your love that did it. // Francois: He doesn't like to be wrong. // [47:7] But René has a point. Why did he invent the story of the filth when Jeanne had the arms under her bed? // [47:8] But this story of the black market is certainly stupid, but it blurs the lines... Watch out. You're ruining the floor of the barge with the cement.*

Page 48

[48:1] What was I saying? Ah yes. There was a day when your Michel, to settle accounts, invented the story of you selling sausages and bacon to be able to deny it. Do you follow me? For a denunciation of being a member of the resistance he'd be the first choice. // [48:2] In any case, he's among the main suspects. // [48:3] I haven't understood anything. You complicate everything my poor friend. You don't need to think any more about it miss. // [48:4] René: You're in good form Huguette. It's forgotten like a parachute. // Huguette: I'll say nothing more. // [48:5] René: Whore. You should put yourself in my shoes now. You've made the cement too runny. // [48:6] You're sure you're right about that. Let me check it out. // [48:7] René: Huguette, have you seen my plub line? // Huguette: I've already told you. I'll say nothing more. // René: Don't make that face. // [48:8] René: Look, find us a bottle of rosé. We've earned a little break. // Huguette: For once you've got a reason.

Page 50

[50:1] We spent the night in large Augustins Quay. In the early hours the waves from passing morning barges awoke our boat, feebly shaking it and pulling with it cracks in the bad mood. // [50:2] Francois started his nocturnal visits. Like a good medical specialist in the treatment of his patients, he never counted his hours. // [50:3] You've only just come back from work? You'll ruin your health. // [50:4] Francois: Well? Any news? // Jeanne: Nothing. Nothing about anything. No sign of Michel. I can't wait until the end of the war in this barge like a porcelain jar. // [50:5] And that's not how I'll find Mathilde. // [50:6] Francois: What do you want to do my poor girl? You can't even walk. Listen, tomorrow I'll find news. I'll take the bus line. Perhaps your Michel has returned to work.

Page 52

[52:1] And the unloading? According to Francois the Germans never matched the allies at sea. But the way it turned out was like the result of a cricket tournament. I don't have all the details. // Francois: You tire me out with your Americans. Come on, take a card. // Jeanne: A hanging man. That started well. It's all me, suspended from a gibbet. // Francois: Forget that. It's the second card that gives the true meaning of the first. // [52:2] This certainly hasn't been fixed. It's not death, that horror. // [52:3] No. It's the nameless old one. After the hanging man it's excellent. It's a sign of important changes in your life. // Jeanne: So, changes. I'm already spoilt. // [52:4] Francois: Then falsehood. It's almost a sickle. What's more it's red. // Jeanne: So? // Francois: So, it's saying your little friends are going to seize power. It's the third card that interprets the second. Who's supporting the old one, the Soviets. // [52:5] Jeanne: The pope! With the communists? Are you sure you shuffled the cards. // Francois: Well, I grant you, it's a little strange, but let us not avoid the support of the cleric. // [52:6] Right, I'll take the final card. // [52:7] Jeanne: The Empress. // Francois: That explains it. The Empress is Mathilde, it's your sister. You see, you need not worry. // [52:8] And how can that be my sister?

Page 54

[54:1] My dear Cécile, if this letter reaches you, it's by the grace of Francois, a peculiar type, right common, yet neither common nor right. They team very well. It's an alliance of the sickle and the doe's foot. // [54:2] Letter: Thanks to him I'm safe aboard The Himalaya, or so I hope. // Caption: In fact, it's strange that he's not yet come back. // [54:4] For the first time I find myself worrying about him. I see the little red glow of his cigarette. All is well. // [54:5] I don't know if the catch is good, but the mariner has returned. // [54:7] I know well that after the Marseille tarot, Nothing needs to be done for Mathilde. I worry a little again about Cécile.

Page 56

[56:2] Because no-one will find you here, no-one risks getting shot. // [56:3] It's messy due to the chain links. It would surprise me if anyone searched inside there. // [56:5] German: Monsiuer Gerbault? // René: That's me. // German: We've been waiting for you. // [56:6/7] I awaited the hammering of boots above my head. Gripping the damp and oily chain that held the anchor, paralysed by discomfort and terror, I awaited the sound of sheet metal being pulled out... // [56:7/8] ... the dazzling light of a torch and the shouts of the soldier who would discover me. Huguette was right. The Resistance was a worry.

Page 49

[49:1] Don't look so worried. He's got a good head, your Michel. // [49:3] It's surely not him, the coward. // [49:4] Francois: I'll find them, the hypocrites. Remember the Grandad from yesterday on the roof? He was a snitch. You saw it on his face. It looked as if it had been kicked in through a window pane. // René: I stick by my theory. Your Michel isn't in the clear. Cheers. // [49:5] Huguette: Watch out miss. He sees badness everywhere. // Francois: It's true. You see everything as crooked. You even see the wall as crooked! // [49:6] To know if people are right, the plumb line wouldn't have been invented.

Page 51

[51:1] Francois: I'll walk past the bookshop. One never knows. // Jeanne: Thank you Francois. // Francois: It's nothing. I'm minded to go back to the resistance, me. // Jeanne: You're serious? // [51:2] Absolutely. It must be particularly well paid, that lark... // [51:3] ...without counting on doubling the salary by pssing pipes to the Germans. // Jeanne: Very funny. What's in that case? // Francois: It's for Huguette. // [51:4] He wasn't only funny, he was capable of being generous. Almost as much as René and Huguette, who offered a hiding place for three days without asking questions. // [51:5] Last night. Francois had visited a butcher, thus ensuring the continuing help of our stange little couple. // Francois: So, Huguette, this is for you. // Huguette: Francois, you are a saint. // René: Our St Francis of Assisi. // [51:6] The courts will pull off your nose. // [51:7] In the afternoon René finished his barge bunker. // Huguette: Aren't you afraid it's a bit grey? It's not very bright. With paint... // René: Ah! But you, you're pregnant. I didn't do this to make it pretty in the name of God. I'm not working for "Fashion At Work", it's to protet us. // [51:8] Huguette: Okay. I'll say nothing more. // Caption: Huguette and René were a couple nicely welded by rows without bitterness, as if their constant friction produced an electrical current that rendered them inseperable.

Page 53

[53:1] Francois: Look. It's crystal clear. You pulled the pope's card, and then the empress. // Jeanne: Yes, so? // Francois: And so the only Empress in history blessed by a pope was called Mathilde. An uncanny coincidence, don't you think? // [53:2] Jeanne: Unfortunately I don't know any empress of that name. // Francois: And Napoleon's wife, what do you make of her. // [53:3] Wasn't she rather Josephine? // [53:4] That was her second name, the one by which she was known to others. // [53:5] Francois: From coquettishness she imposed it on the court, but her real name was Mathilde De Beauharnais. // Jeanne: It's nice of you to try giving something other than bad news, but you haven't a chance. My sister's real first name is Cécile. Mathilde is her resistance name. // [53:7] And how the caards scattered, I suppose that has a significance? // [53:8] Ah yes. They tell you not to lose hope. Look at me. I know full well you'll never address me familiarly.

Page 55

[55:1] The vibrations of the motor didn't wake me. It's at least ten o'clock. // Jeanne: I had a letter to give to Francois. Has he already left? // René: Oh yes. That pays. Sleep well? Oh look, the Nelly's coming down. // [55:2] Bargee: René, be careful. The germans are at the Villette lock gates. I got the impression they were after you. // René: What are you saying? // [55:3] Bargee: I don't know. I don't understand German, but they mentioned the name of your boat several times. // [55:4] Jeanne: There it is, it's crap. It's Michel. What a bastard. He's the only one who knew where I am. // René: Okay, now's not the time to panic. // [55:5] Huguette. Take the tiller. // [55:6] Jeanne: It's all my fault. Because of me you'll all be shot. // René: But it's not going to be without a fight.

Page 57