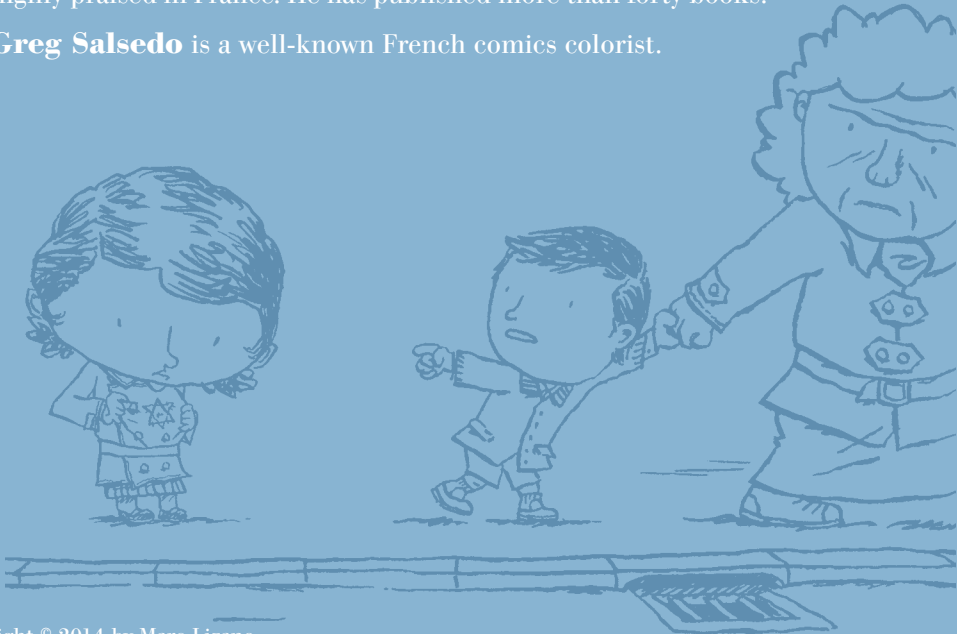


Like every grandmother, Dounia was once a little girl herself. Tonight, she's finally ready to tell her granddaughter a secret about her childhood—something she never even told her son. Tonight, Dounia is ready to share her memories of Paris in 1942. Memories of wearing a Star of David, of living in fear, of the kindness of strangers. Memories of being hidden.

Loïc Dauvillier is a widely published French comics writer whose credits include children's books as well as adaptations of literary classics.

Marc Lizano's work illustrating children's comics has been highly praised in France. He has published more than forty books.

Greg Salsedo is a well-known French comics colorist.



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Cover design by Colleen AF Venable



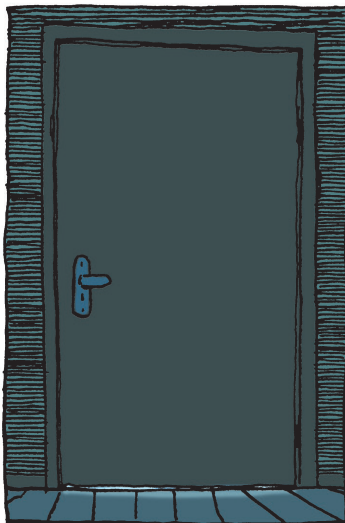
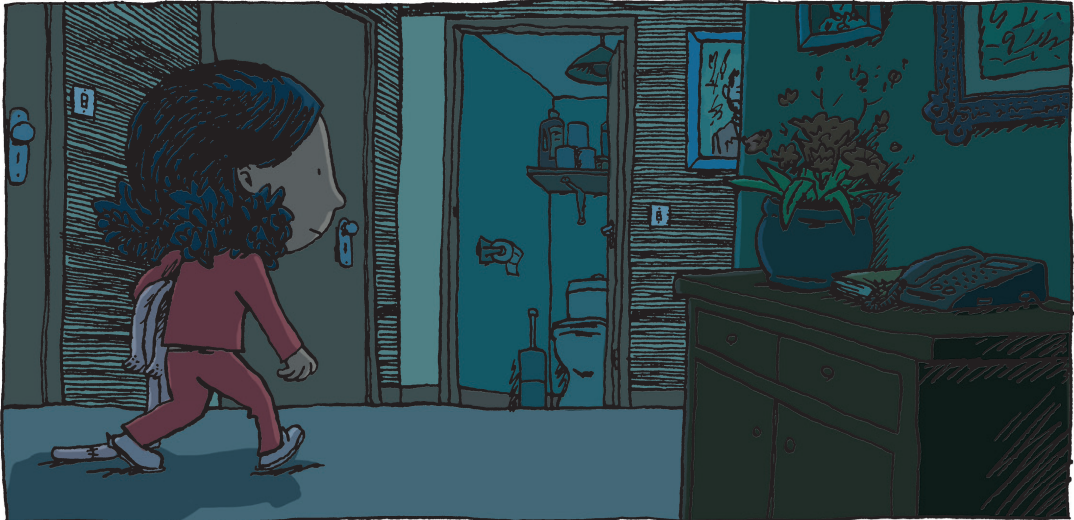
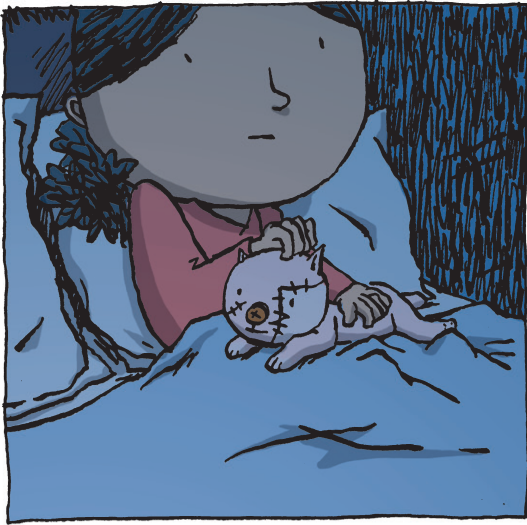
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And you're sad?

A bit.

That nightmare must've been really scary.



You know, when I have a nightmare, I tell Mommy about it and that makes me feel better.

You want to tell me?



You're a sweetheart, pumpkin, but...

Come on!

Tell me!



It was a long time ago. Grandma was still a little girl. I must have been around your age.

So you wanted pink shoes, too?

Not really, sweetie.



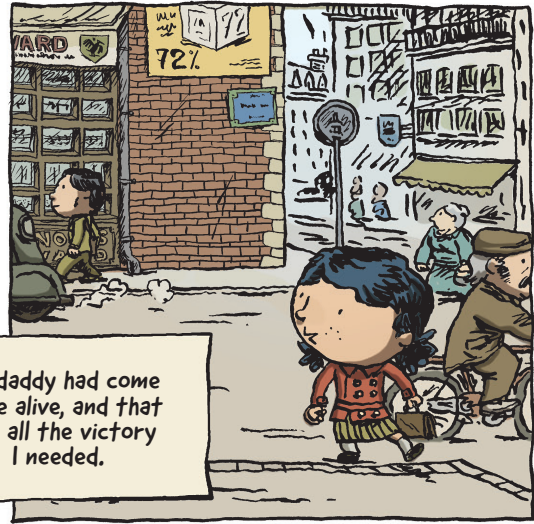
We thought the war was over...

...because we had lost.

I didn't care who had won or lost.



My daddy had come home alive, and that was all the victory I needed.



In the mornings, I'd walk to school on my own.



On the way, I'd meet up with my best friend...

Morning, Dounia!

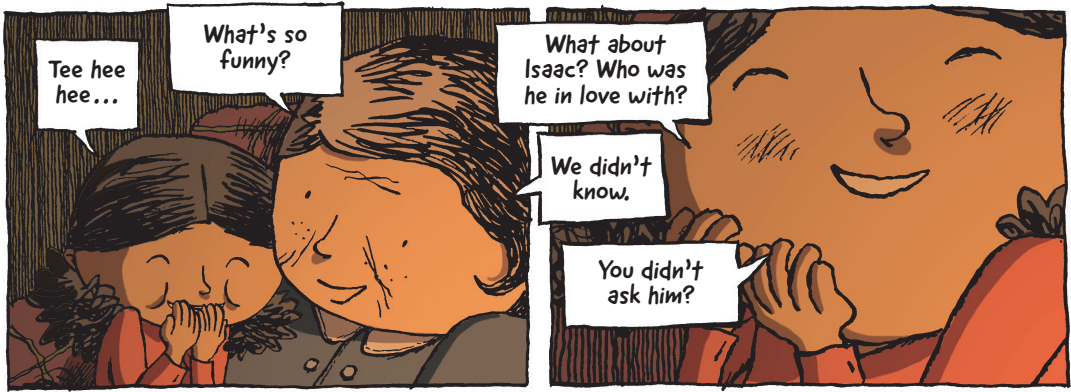
Hi, Catherine!



...and Isaac.



He was so handsome! Catherine and I were both crazy about him.



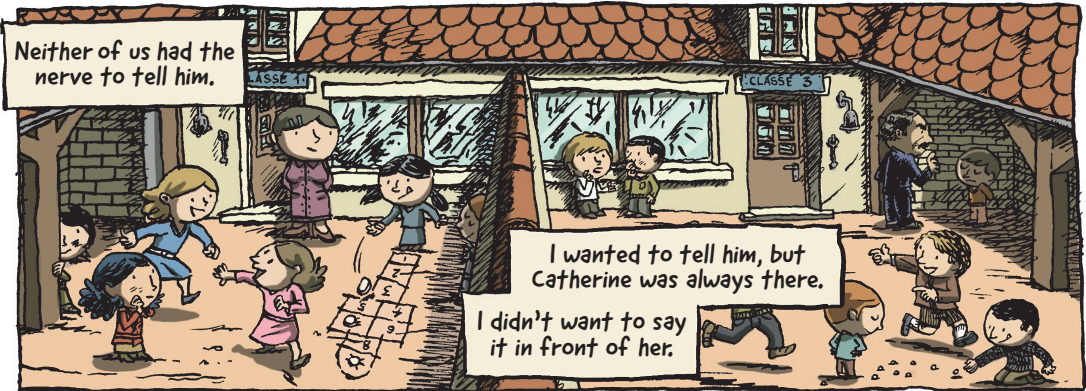
Tee hee hee...

What's so funny?

What about Isaac? Who was he in love with?

We didn't know.

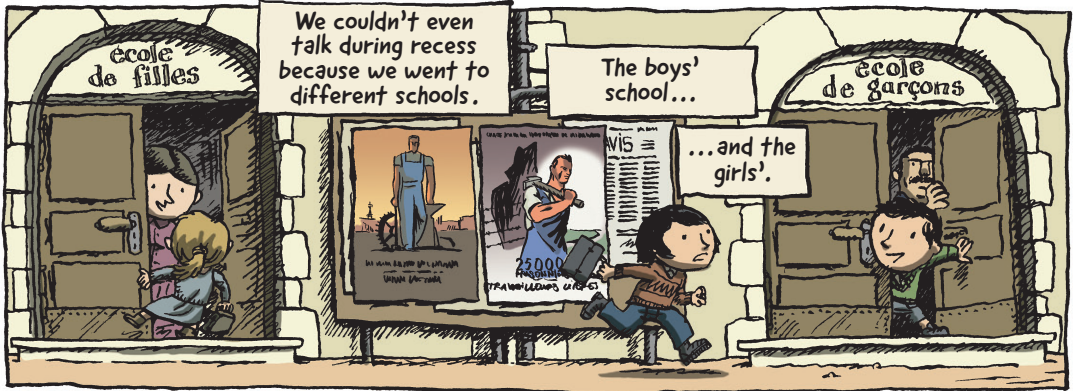
You didn't ask him?



Neither of us had the nerve to tell him.

I wanted to tell him, but Catherine was always there.

I didn't want to say it in front of her.



We couldn't even talk during recess because we went to different schools.

The boys' school...

...and the girls'.

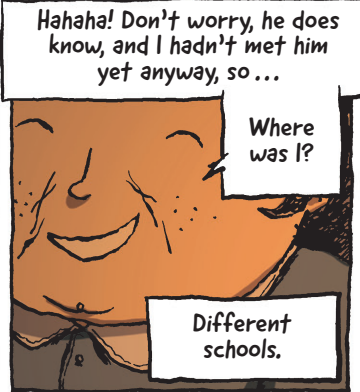


???

What's the matter?



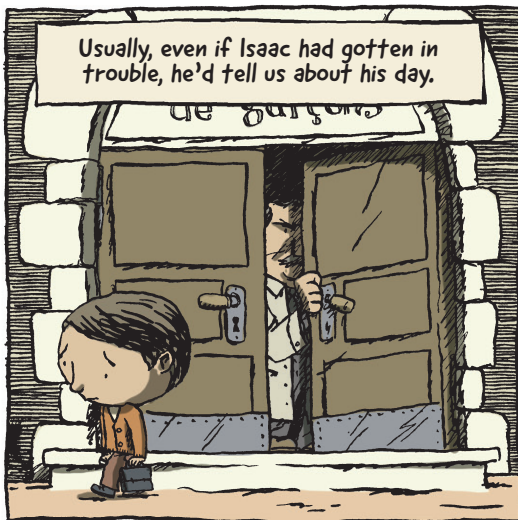
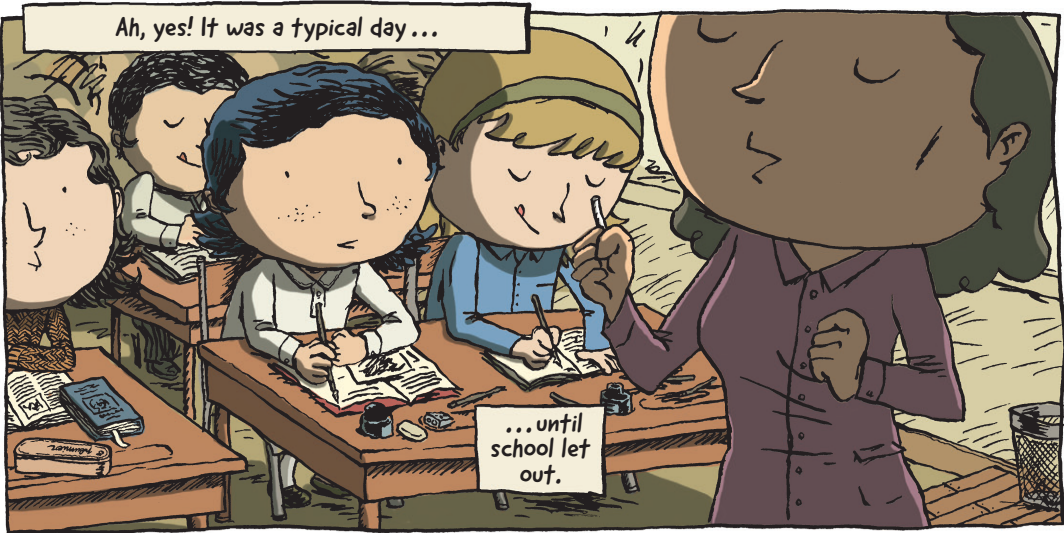
Does Grandpa know you were in love with another boy?

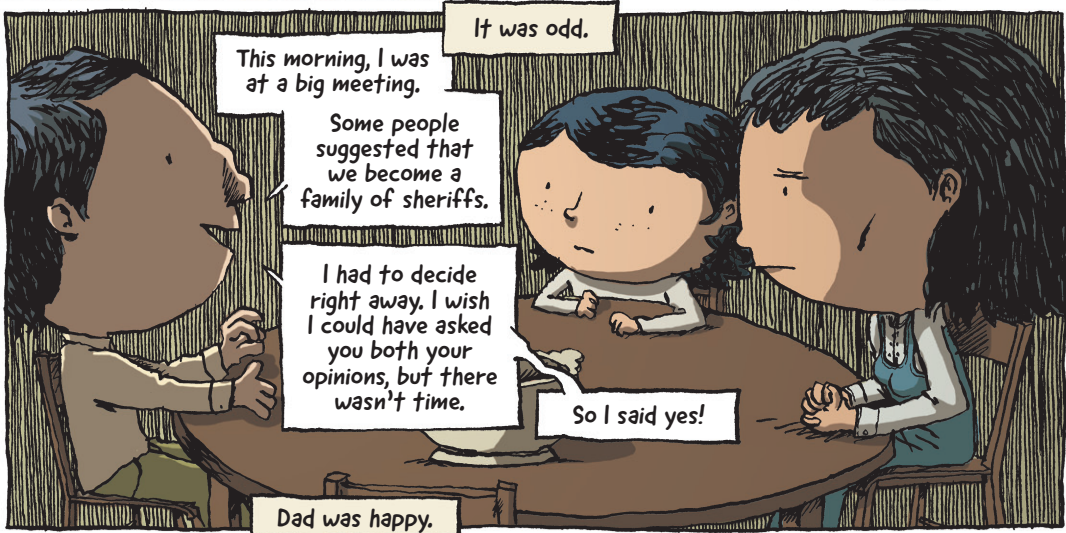


Hahaha! Don't worry, he does know, and I hadn't met him yet anyway, so...

Where was I?

Different schools.







Being a sheriff...

...is more of a boy's job.



But I didn't mind.

