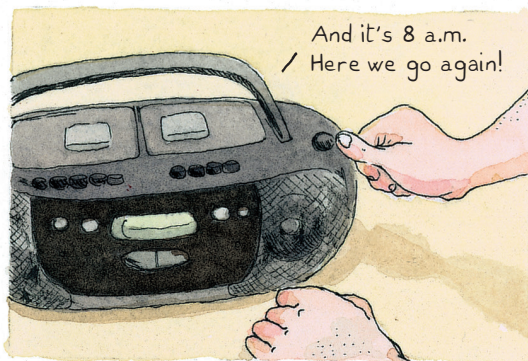
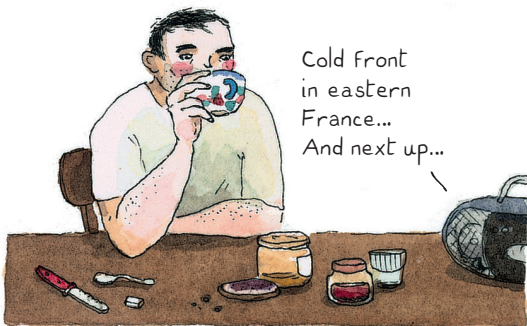
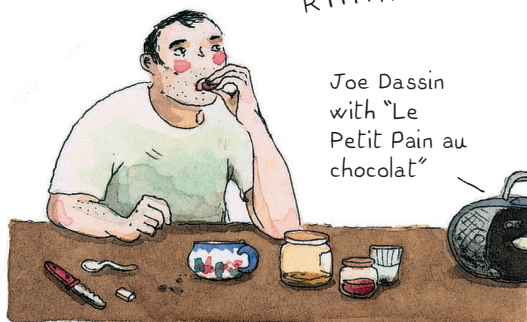




And it's 8 a.m.
/ Here we go again!

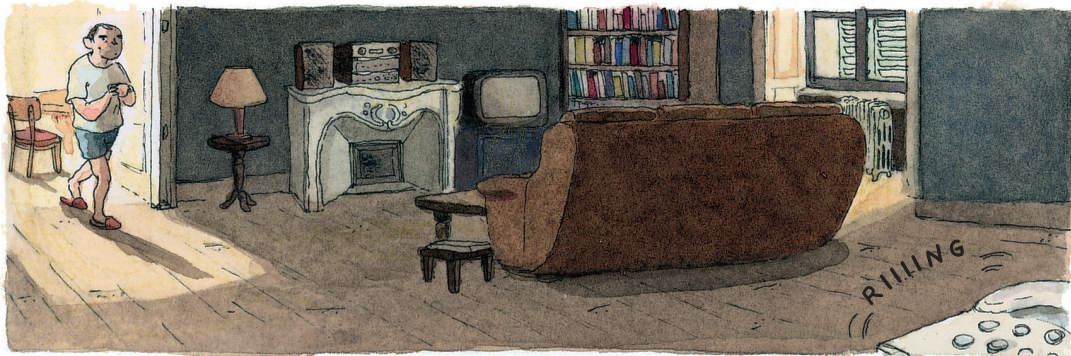


Cold front
in eastern
France...
And next up...



RIIIING

Joe Dassin
with "Le
Petit Pain au
chocolat"



RIIIING



Hello?



Yeah, of course I heard.



Oh well. I'll dress warm.



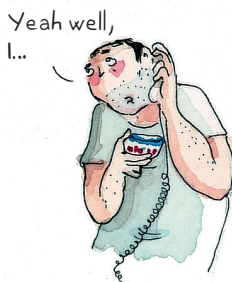
You turned on the heating?



Well, turn it on if you're...

Yeah, I'll call Mr. Girard about the furnace.

Okay well, I've gotta get going, Mom... Do you need bread for lunch today?



Yeah well, I...

BOOMBOOM

Mom! Don't bang like that!



It makes bits of the ceiling fall. Remember?

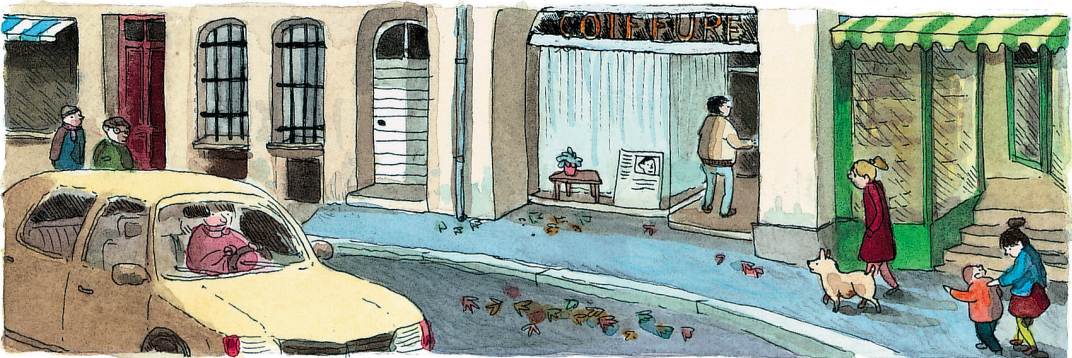
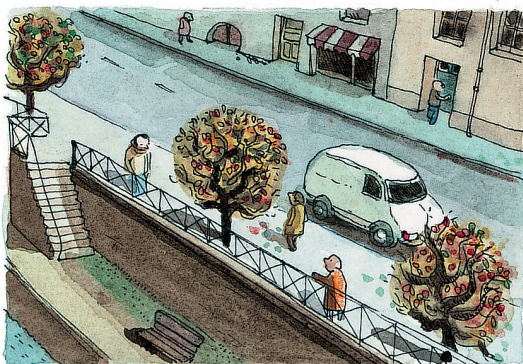
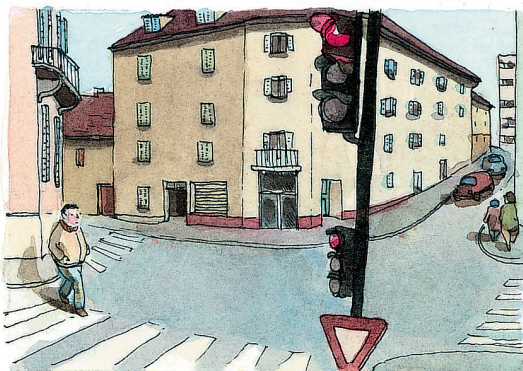
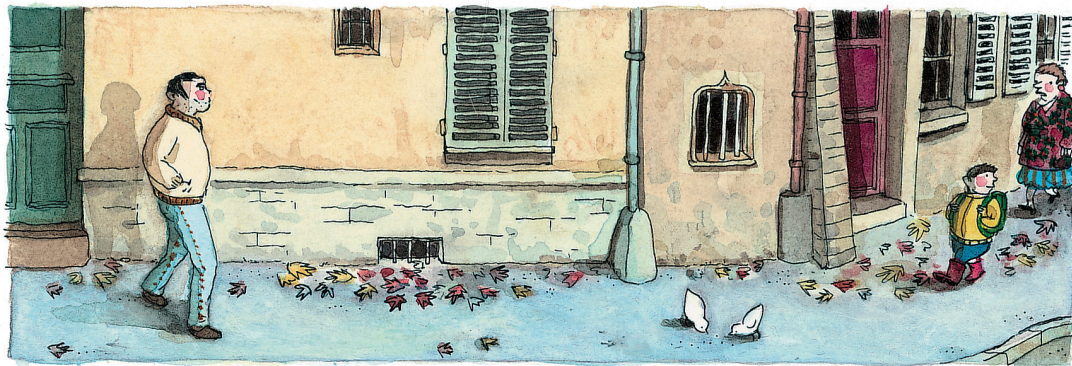
Well, I know you're just saying hello... But still...



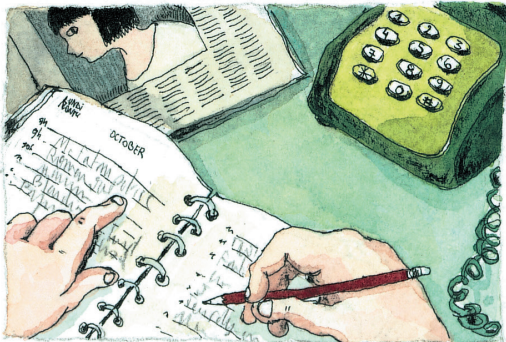
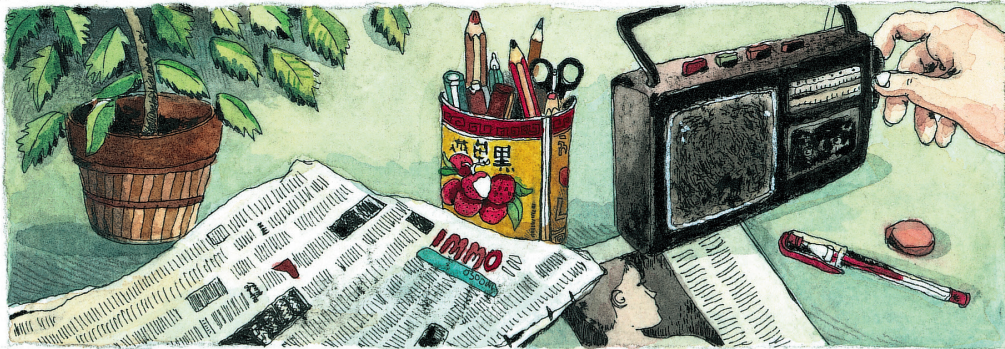
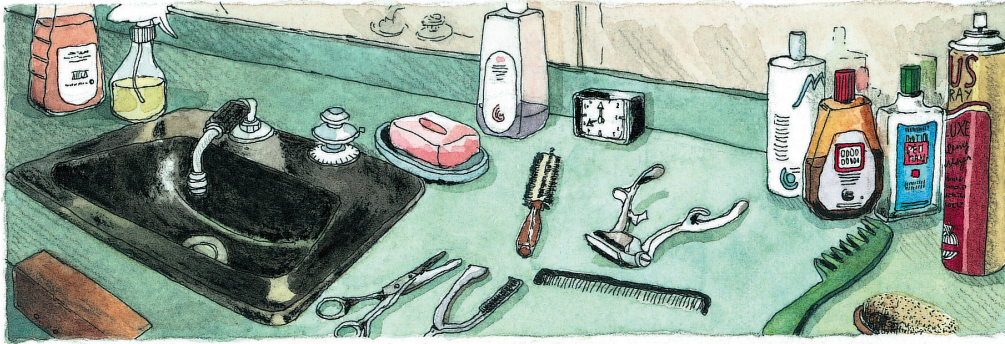
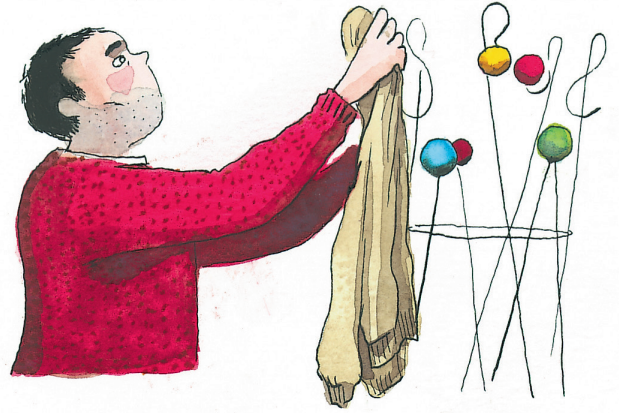
- Yes, hello.

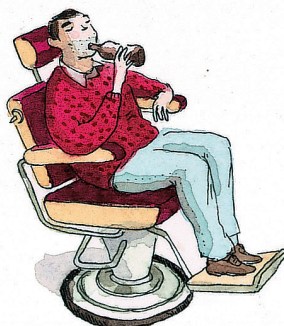
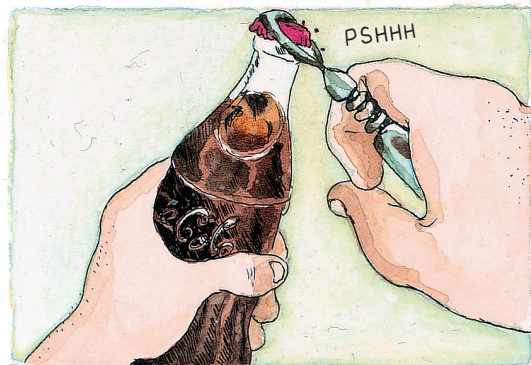
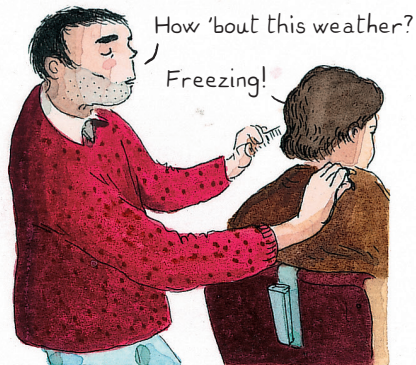


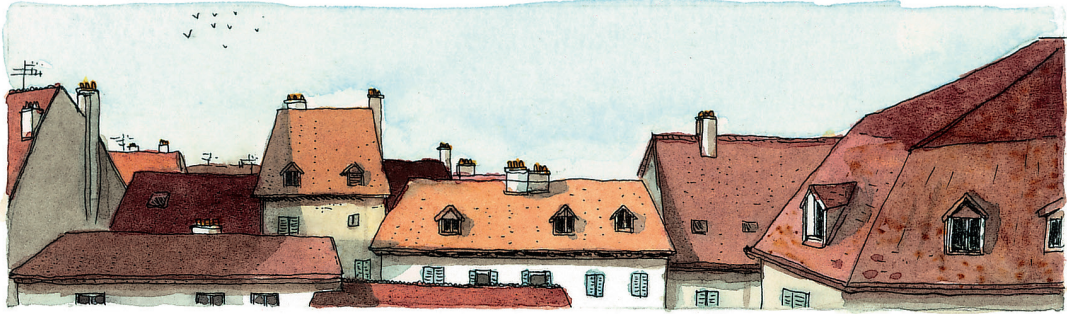
All right, I'm hanging up now.











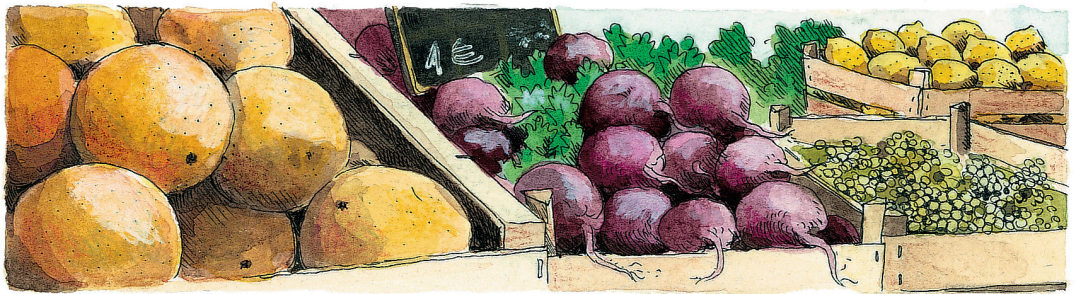
Her name was Marianne. I loved her but I wasn't exactly sure why.



Last June, she went to Paris for an internship. And I was starting to realize she wasn't coming back.



So what should I do?



Pick up and move? Leave everything behind to be with her?



I'd been here my whole life...



I did remind you twice, you know.



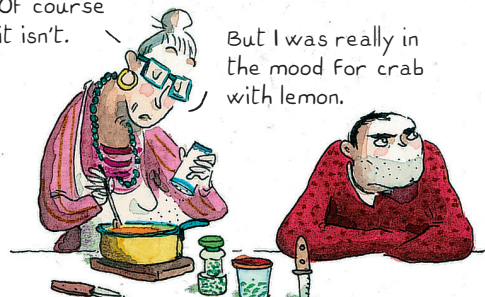
I know...
Sorry, I forgot.

It's all right. It's not a big deal.
But if you actually listened to me instead of pretending to, you wouldn't have forgotten.



Yeah. It's not exactly catastrophic though.

Of course it isn't.



But I was really in the mood for crab with lemon.

Really, really in the mood.
But I'm obviously not going to force you to go back out.

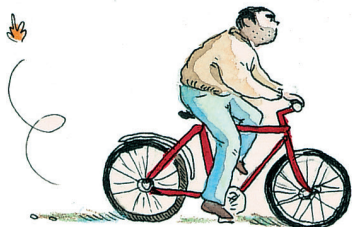


I'll go.

Why are you getting upset? I said it was fine.



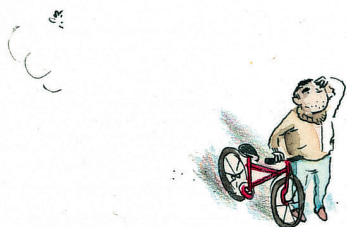
pfff...



There was a little grocery store \ bakery open on Sundays near the market.



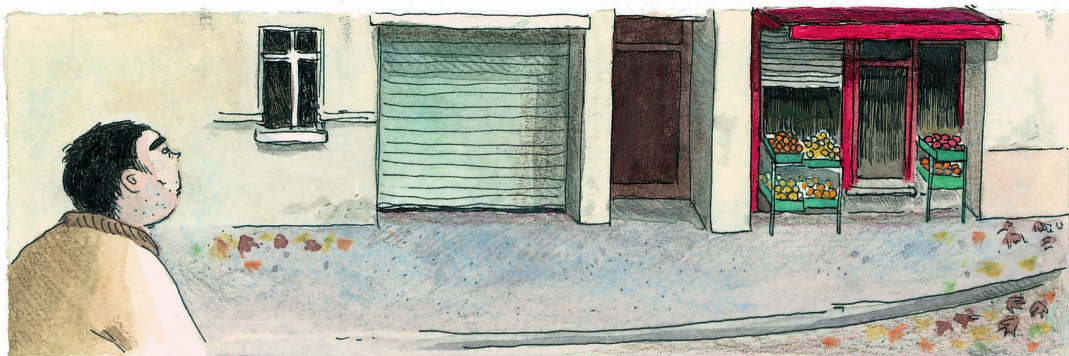
But that day, chance had different ideas...



Then I remembered this other store across town that was usually open every day.



I hadn't been to that neighbourhood for years...





That's when I spotted her... the grocer.



I felt like I recognized her from somewhere.

I must have seen her before...



I was sure I'd seen her face some place...



Somewhere other than this store, way back... way way back.



But where? When? I couldn't remember who she was. I couldn't even connect a memory to the face. I thought about it the whole way home. It's the kind of thing that really bugs me.

