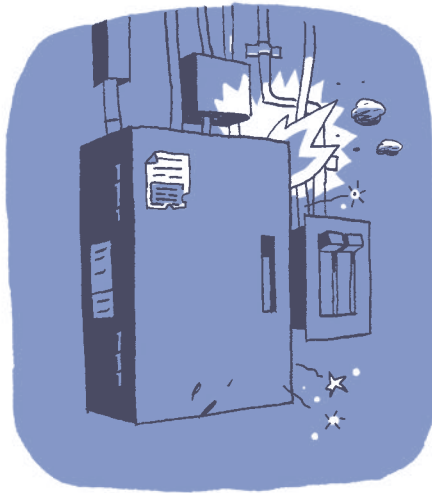
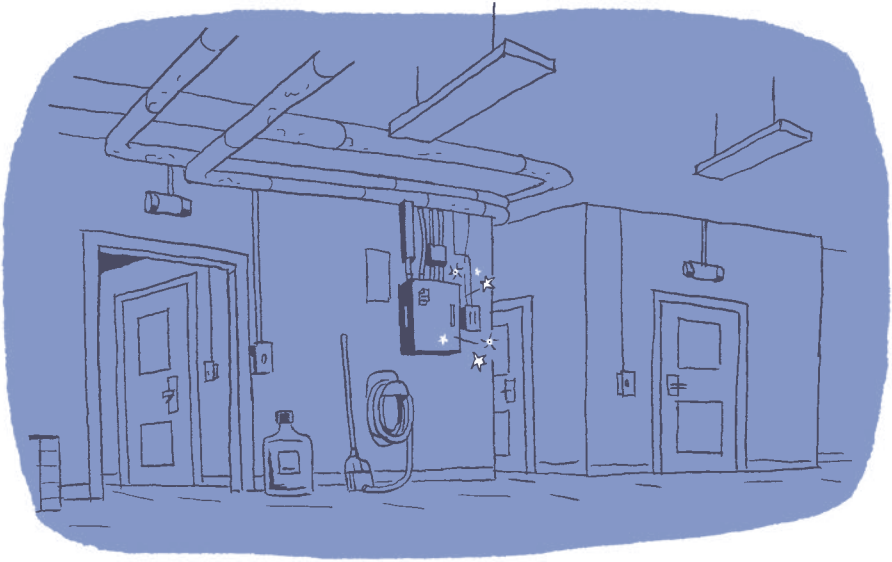
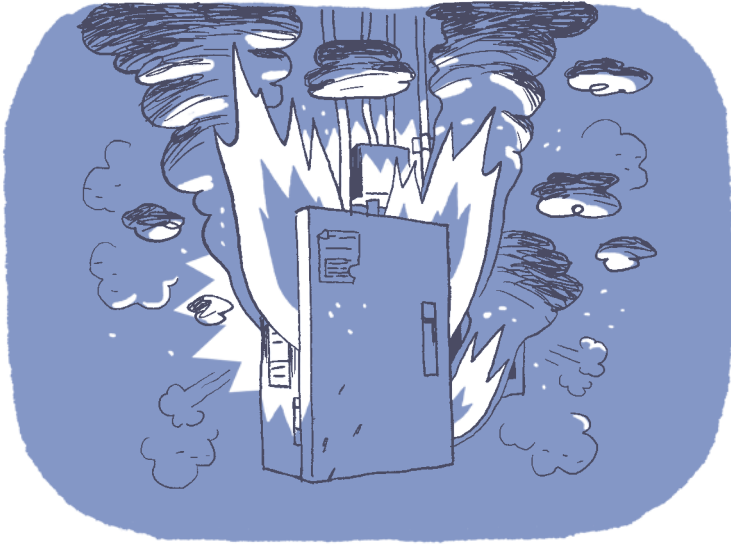






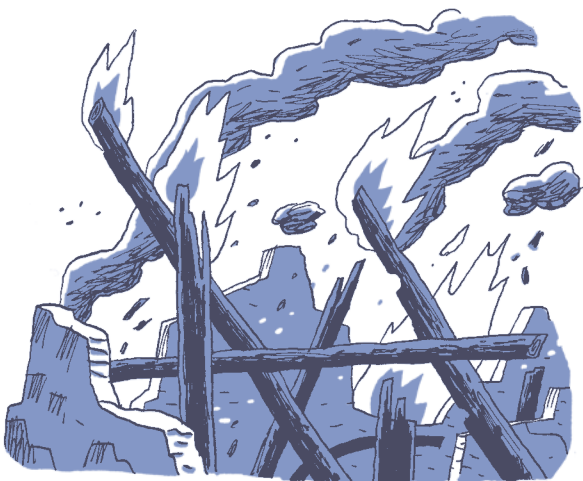
since everything had burned...



—furniture, mother...



and the photographs of mother—



for Fabre and son Paul

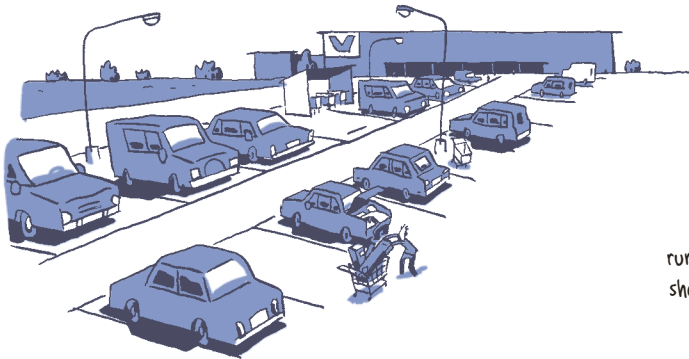


it immediately meant a lot of work...



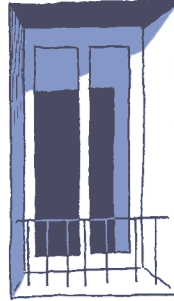
so much ash and mourning,

new home,

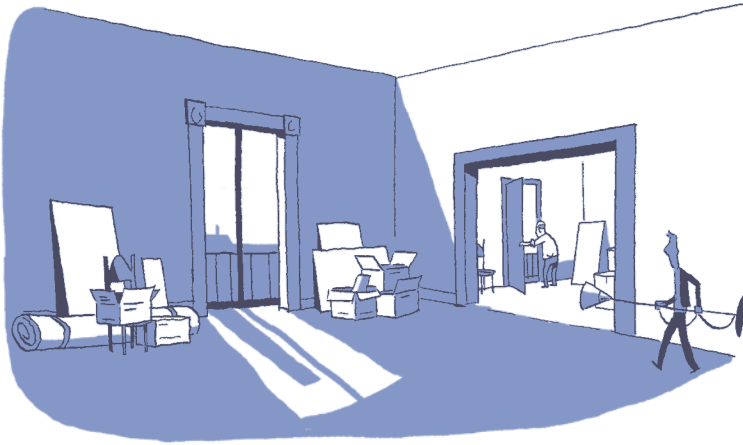


running around
shopping malls
to restock.

All too quickly, Fabre found something less enormous:



two rooms with
interchangeable
functions



beneath a brick smokestack



whose shadow told the time.

It had the advantage of being
near the Quai de Valmy.



Evenings after dinner,
Fabra would tell Paul
about his mother...

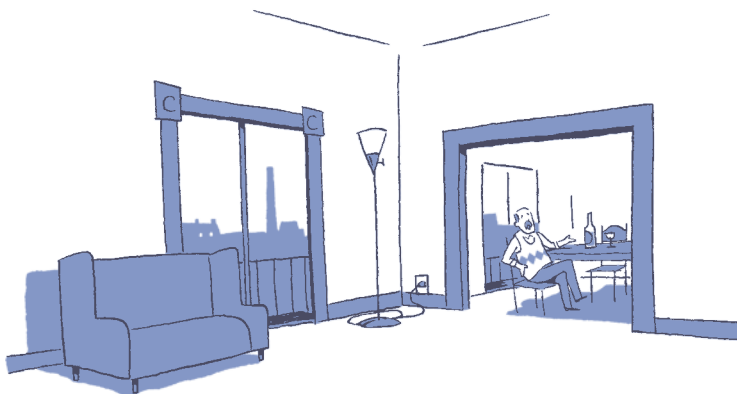


—that is, Paul's mother;



sometimes even
during dinner.

As they no longer owned a single likeness of Sylvie Fabre,



he wore himself out
trying to describe her,



each time more accurately:

holograms sprang to life
in the middle of the
kitchen,



deflated by the
slightest imprecision.

It doesn't come out right,

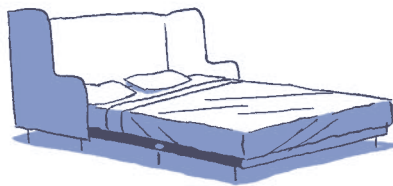


sighed Fabre, laying a hand on
his forehead, over his eyes,



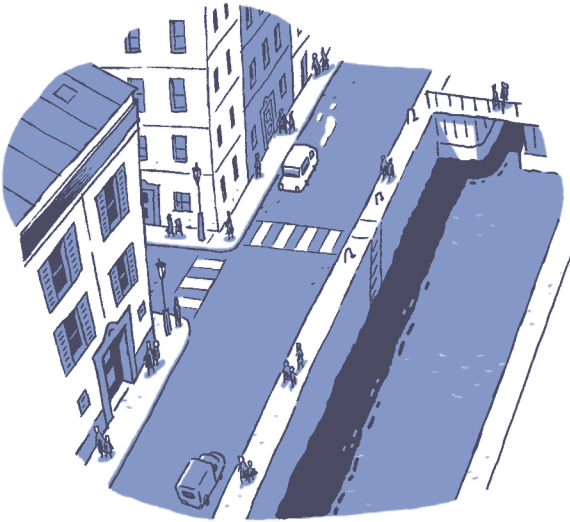
before discouragement
rocked him to sleep.

Often it was up to
Paul to fold out the
convertible couch,



transforming things into a bedroom.

On Sundays and
certain Thursdays,



they would take the Quai de Valmy toward
Rue de Marseille, Rue Dieu;

they went to see
Sylvie Fabre.

she watched them from on high, held out to them
a bottle of Piver, Forvil perfume...



smiled in fifteen yards of blue gown.