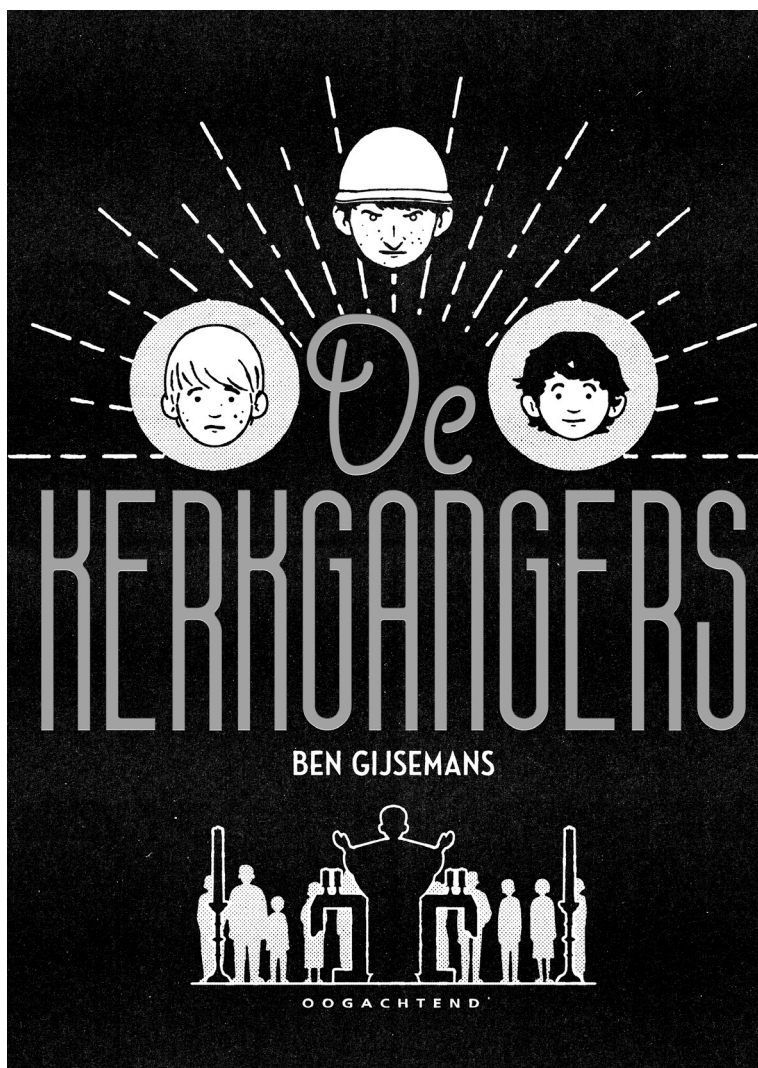




Visit www.flandersliterature.be for information about translation grants.

“With *The Churchgoers* [Gijsemans] boldly goes his own way, proving that he is no one trick pony who relies on previous successes”

9E Kunst

Graphically [*De Kerkgangers*] bears similarities to Chris Ware’s work, but where Ware forever wonders his own graphic universe, Gijsemans continually looks for new forms

NRC handelsblad

The Churchgoers

BEN GIJSEMANS

1994 – the summer holiday is agonizingly long. The 14 year old Harold is particularly bothered by the boredom. He and his little brother Carl are staying with their grandparents during the week. The only excitement comes from Peter, Harold’s up-to-no-good classmate who takes the brothers on adventures after church on Sundays. But on one such afternoon the boys discover something that puts a strain on their friendship...

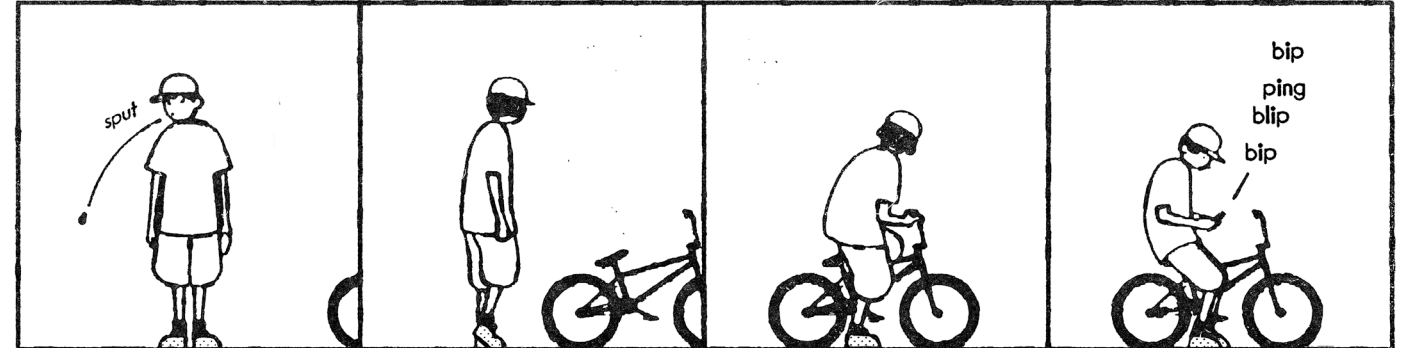
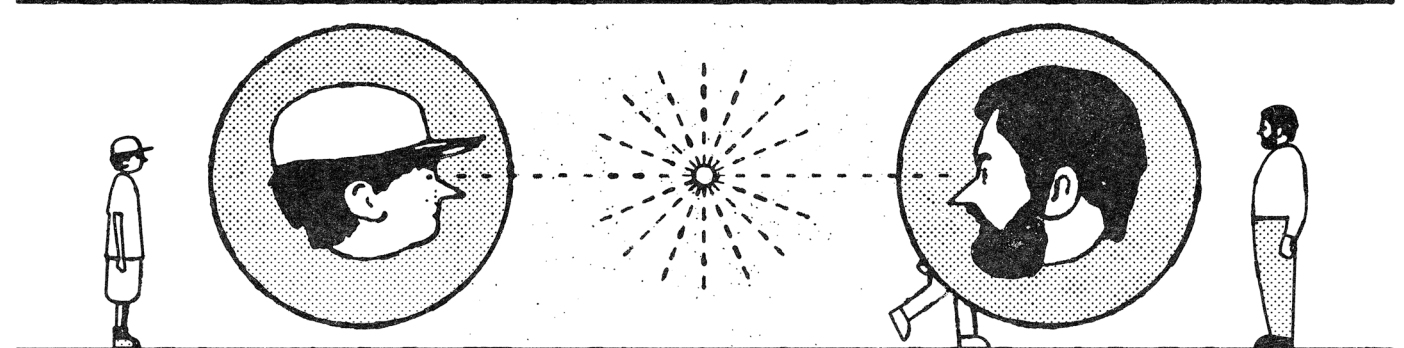
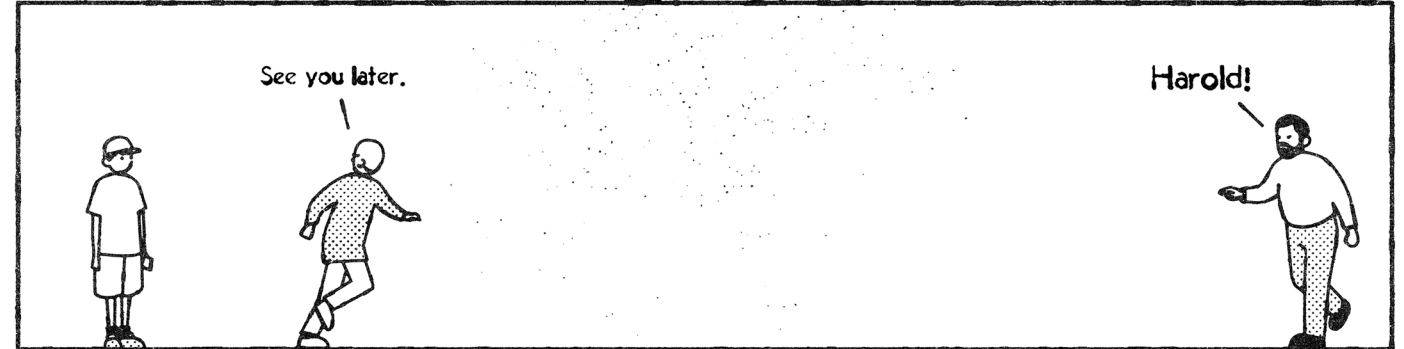
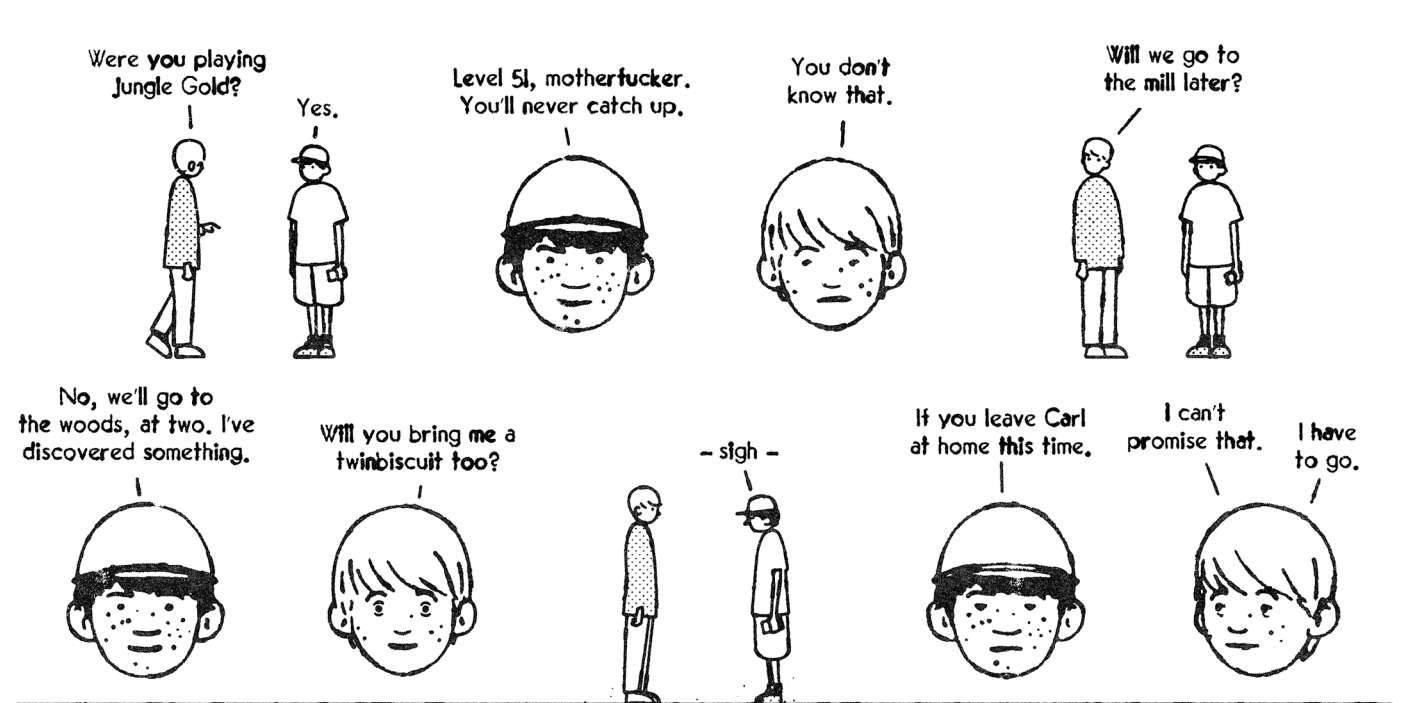
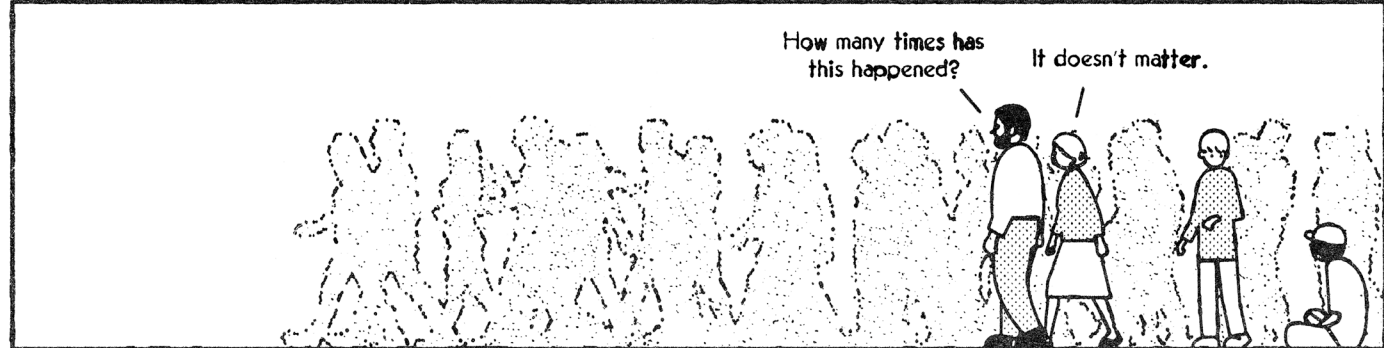
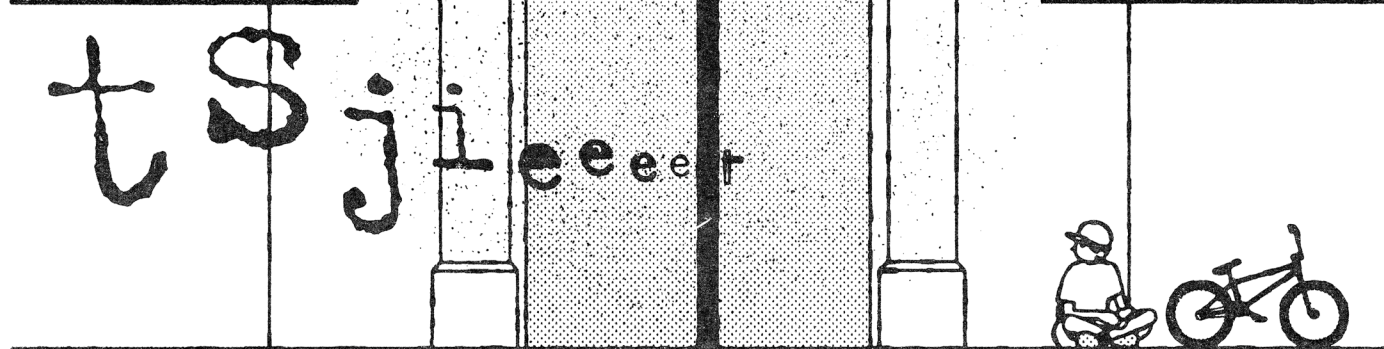
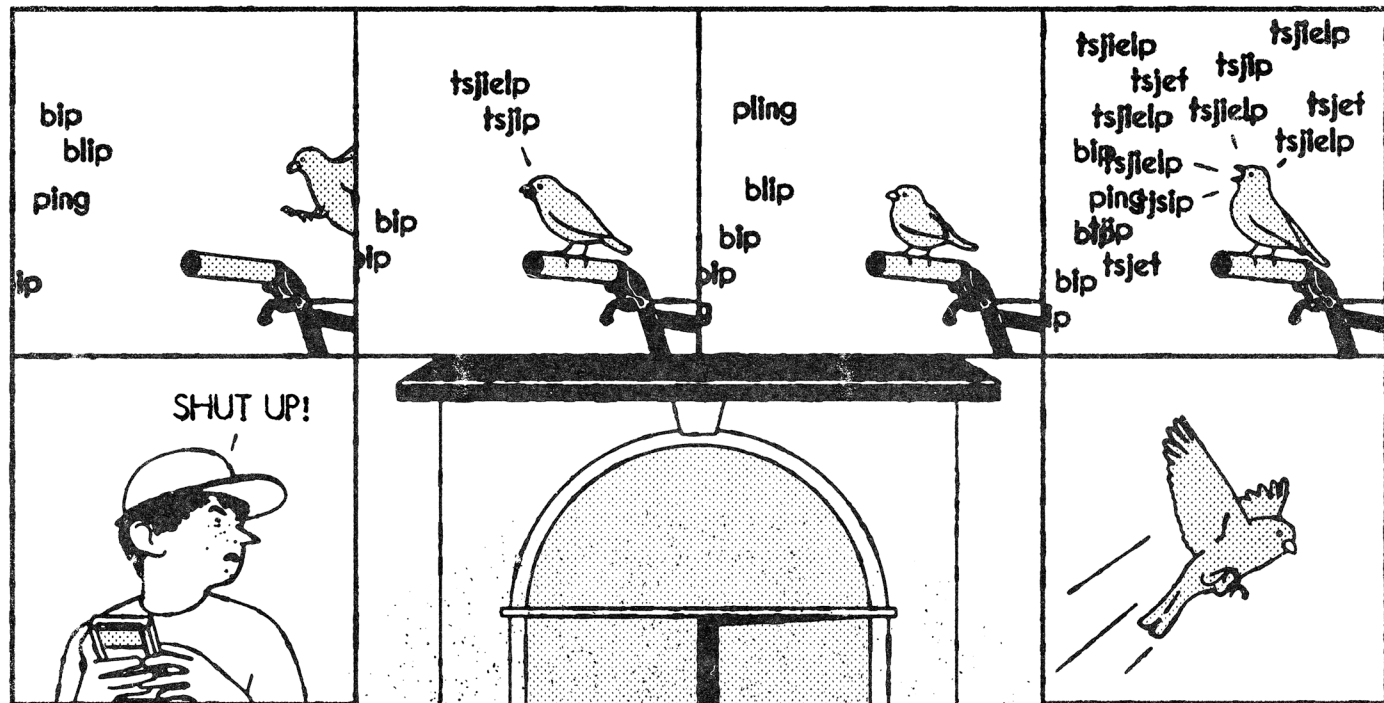
*Ben Gijsemans (b.1989) studied audiovisual arts and comics in Ghent and Brussels. The first chapter of his debut *Hubert* was his thesis. It was very well received at home and abroad. Gijsemans’ drawings are incredibly detailed, and more often than not depict loners who feel out of place among other people.*

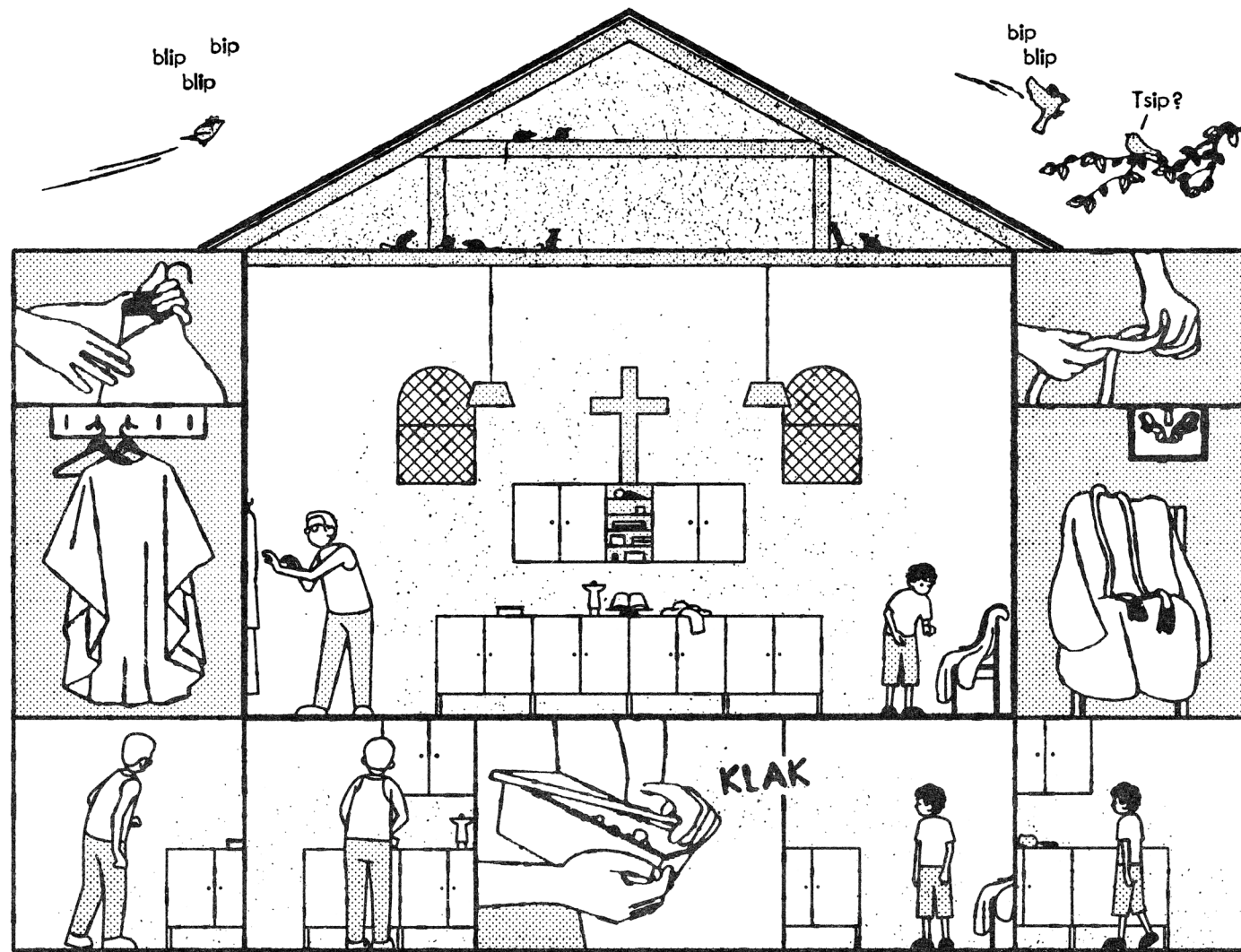


www.oogachtend.be
elaine@elami-agency.com

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Rights sold : French (Dargaud)





Wait a minute before you take a sweet, Carl.

I want to talk about something first.

Do you have any idea what it could be?

Erm... The bell?

You were late ringing the bell again, weren't you, Carl?

Yes, mister pastor.

Hm, right, and that wasn't the first time.

No, mister pastor.

You know, Carl, if you don't want to be an altar boy anymore, you can tell me.

You don't have to do it if you don't want to.

Okay.

Hm...

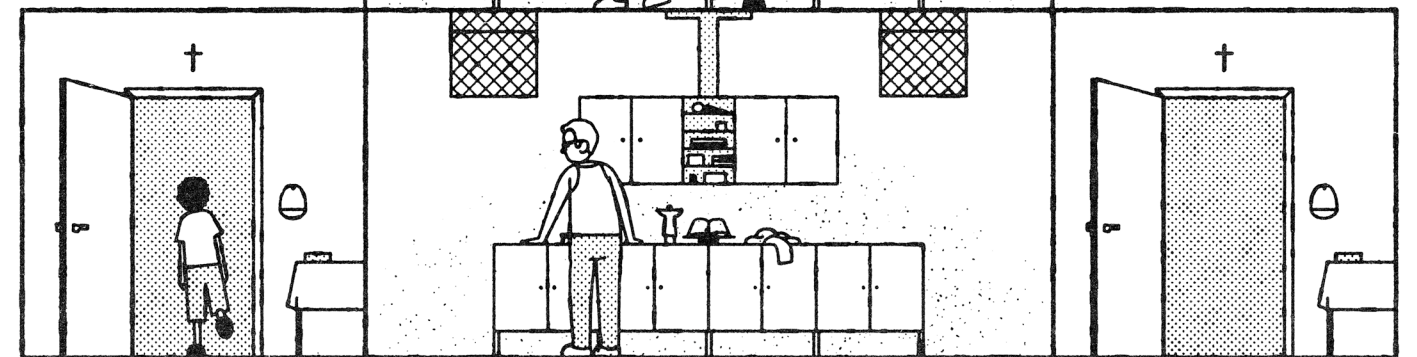
Discuss it with your parents.

Thank you, mister pastor.

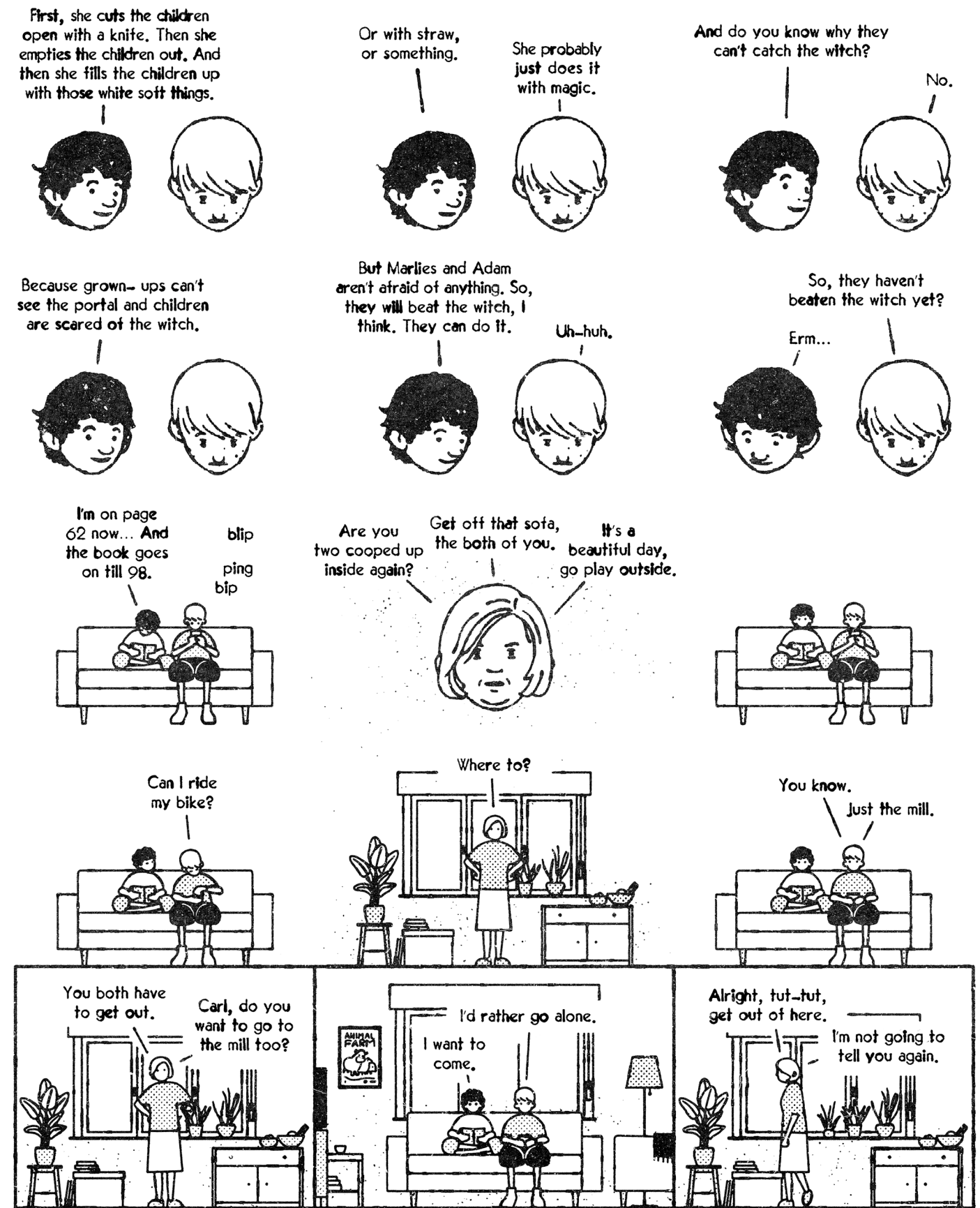
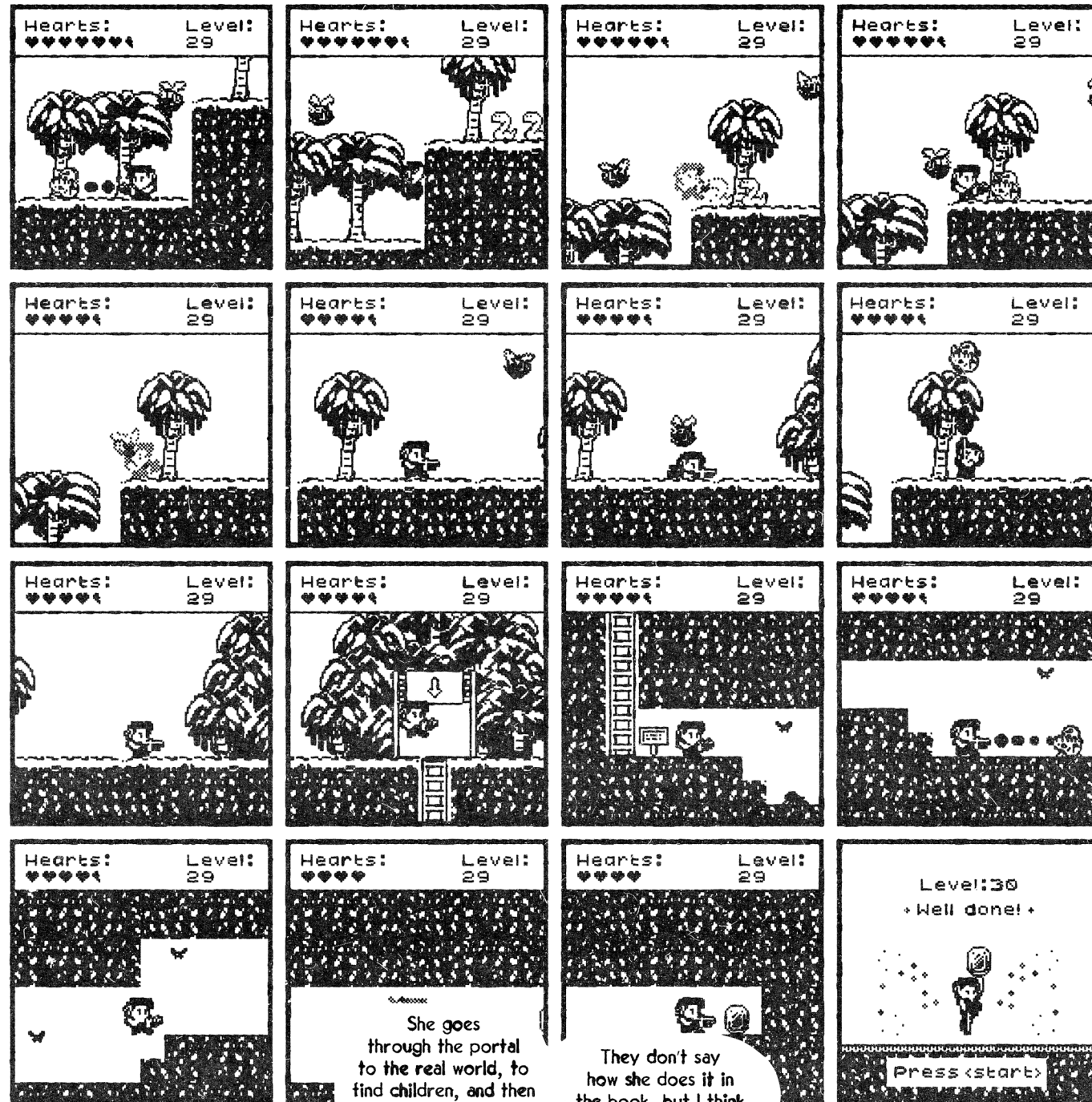
Go now. Your parents and brother are waiting.

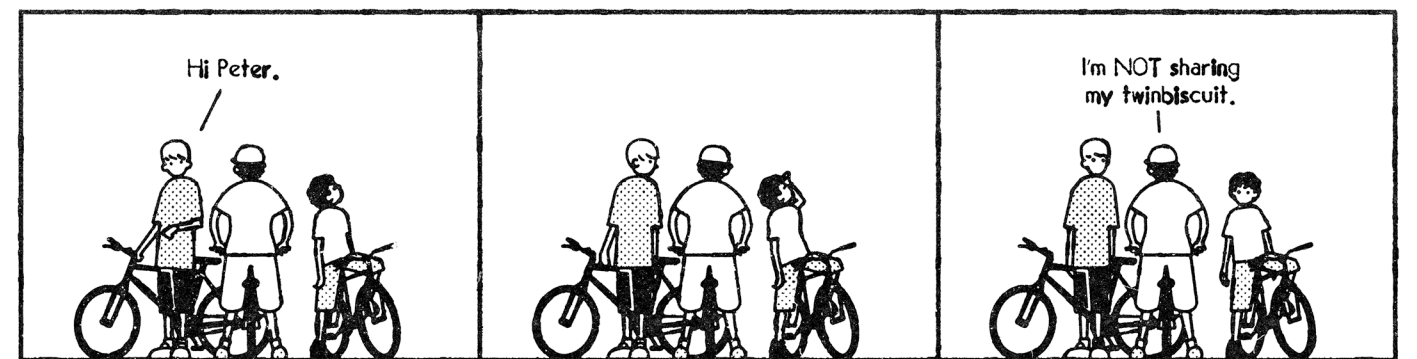
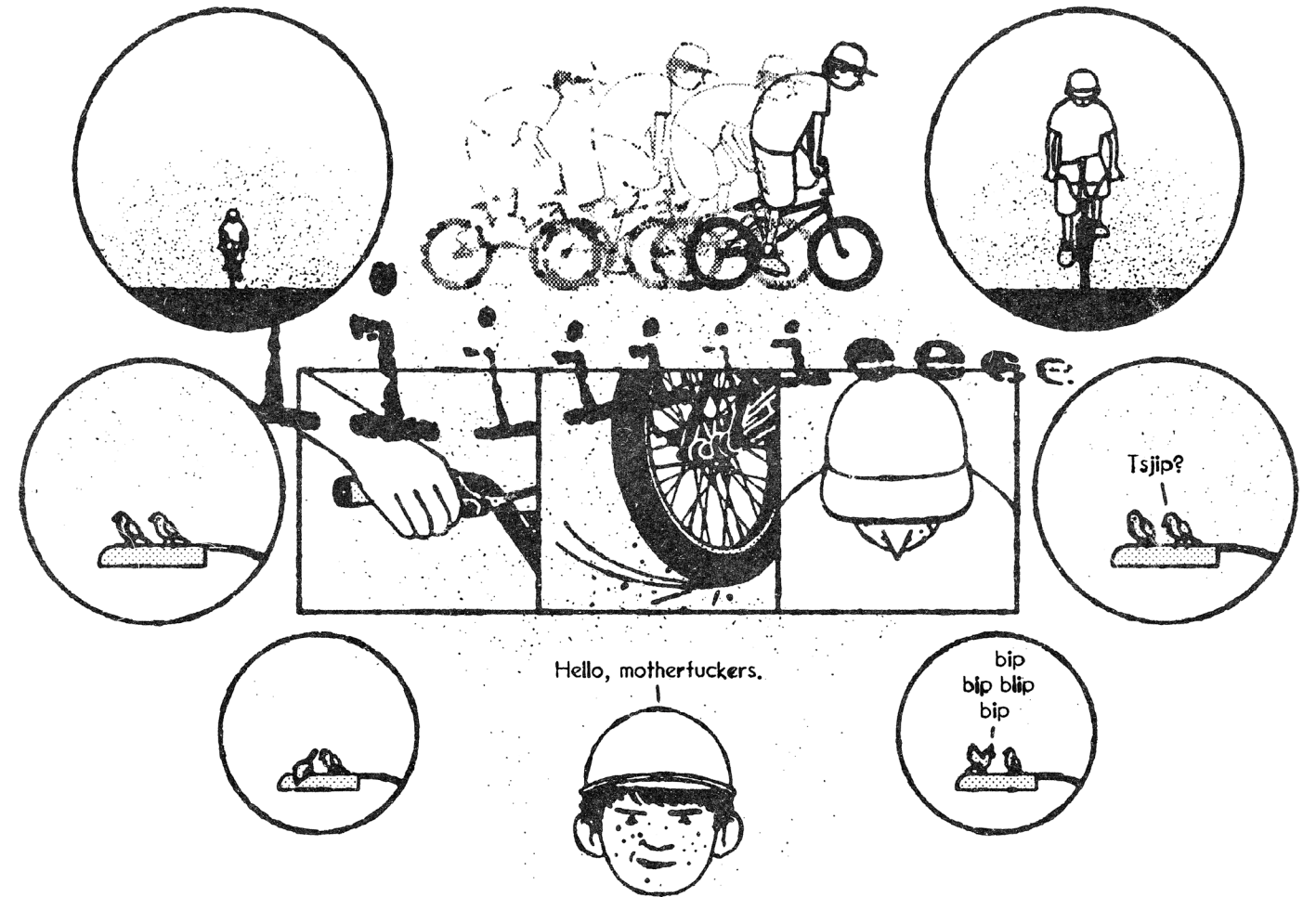
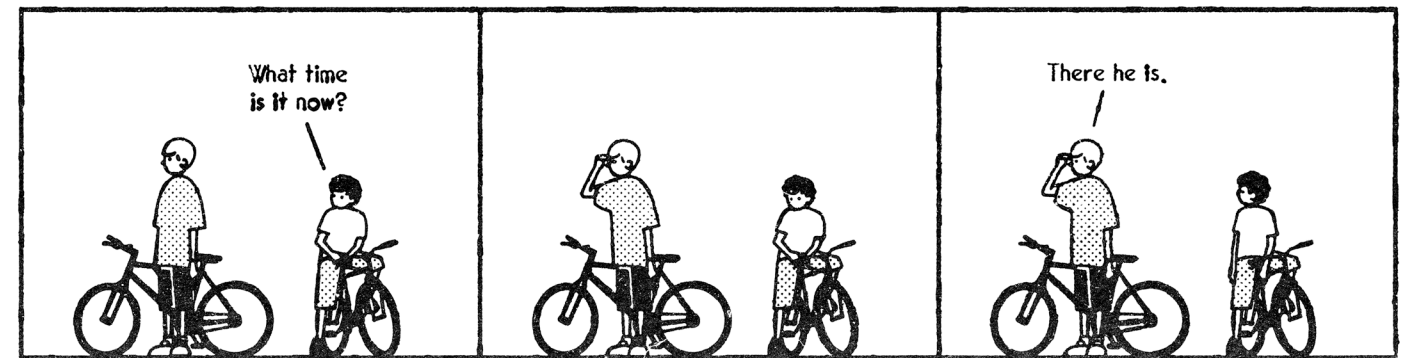
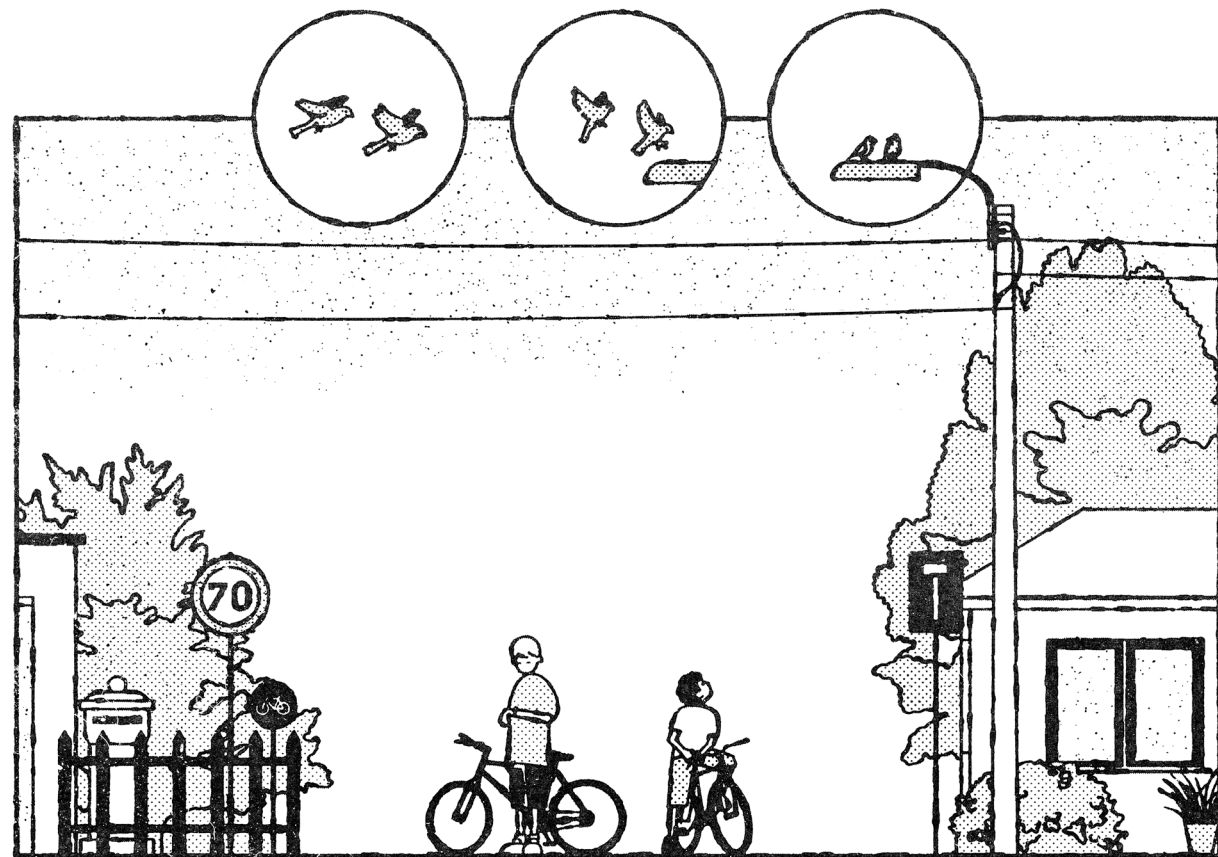
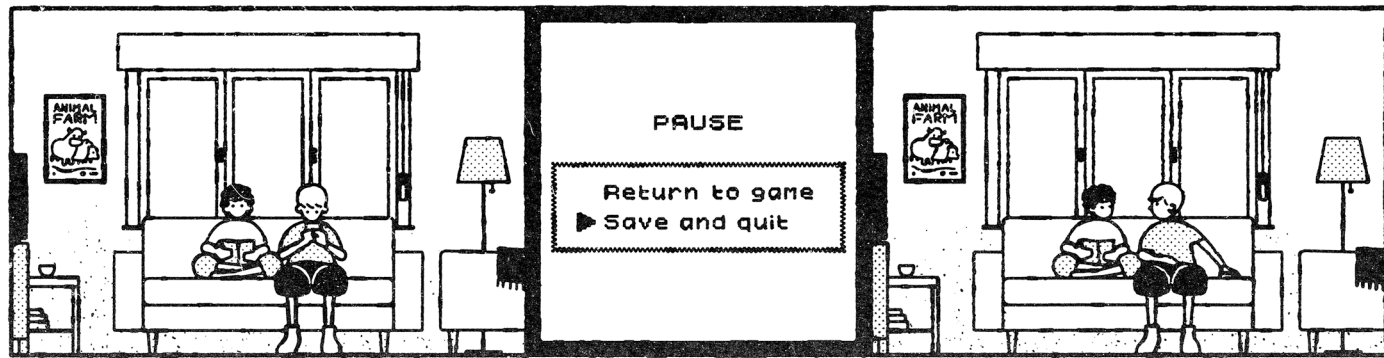
Bye mister pastor.

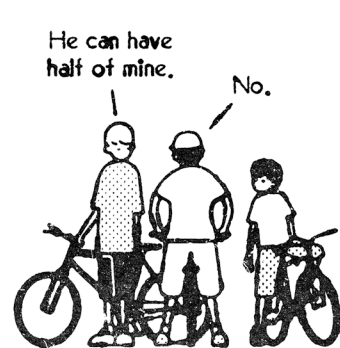
Next week it's David's turn and then it's yours again. Don't forget.



Dammit. Stupid shirt.



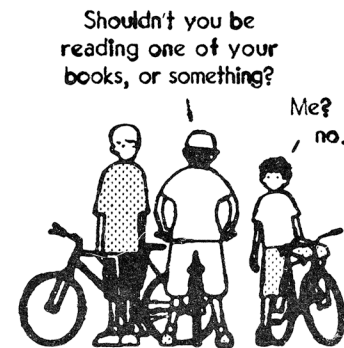




They are MY
twimbiscuits, I decide
who gets one and
who doesn't.



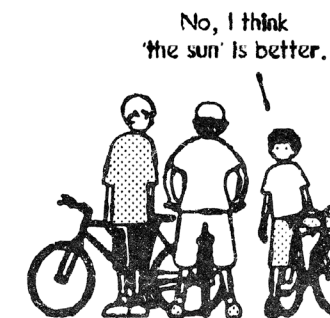
Do what you want.



Why don't
you correct
him then?



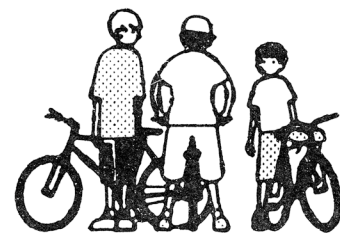
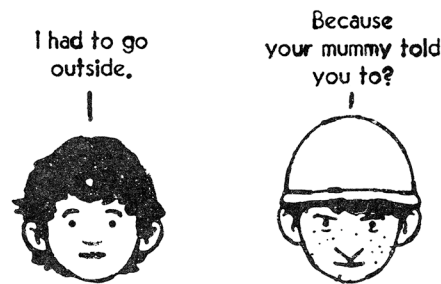
I have done,
multiple times.



Yes, he thinks
it's better.



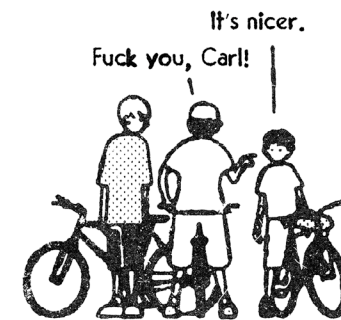
-sigh-



No.



Yes.



It doesn't matter
what you think!



It does, sun
is better.



No.

Do you even know
where we are going?



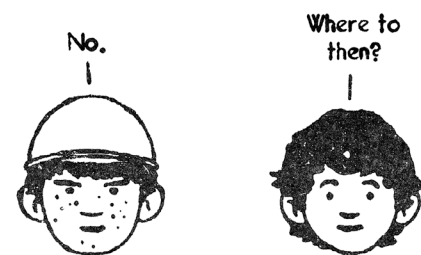
Erm... Yes.



Where then?



The mill.



I'm not
afraid of
anything.



They don't
call me the sun
for nothing.

Huh?
What?



Do you know what
they really call you?



No.



NERD!



No.



And a wuss.

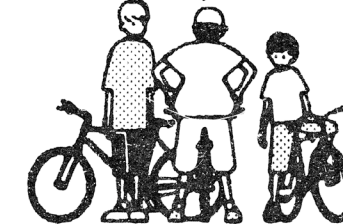


That is
not true.



It is!

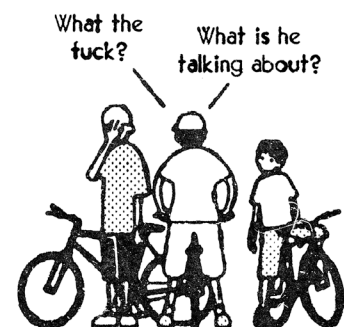
Because you're always
wearing a dress in church.
Like the girls do.



I don't wear
dresses.



Hahaha!
You do too!



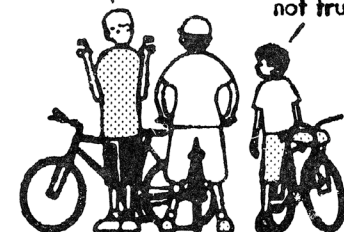
It's silly.
He's trying to be like
you, he thinks you're
saying 'the sun'.



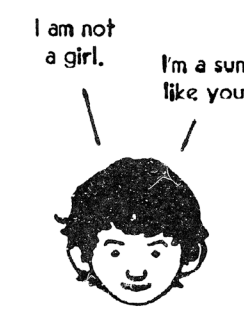
The sun?
What kind of
bullshit is that.



When you say they call you
the son of a gun, he thinks
you're saying the sun.



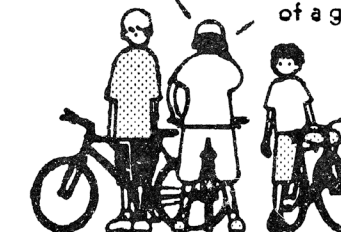
That's
not true!



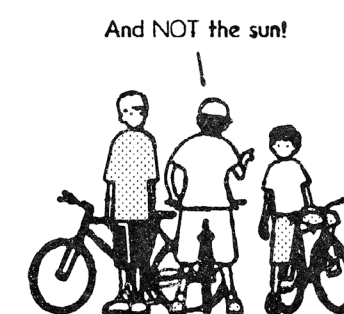
I am not
a girl.

I'm a sun,
like you.

Shut up! I'm not a sun,
I am the son of a gun,
no I mean, fuck you!



They CALL
me the son
of a gun!



Shall we go?



