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"Vande Wiele trusts the power of suggestion. A high-class adaptation"

Knack

"Cold, dispassionate and spine-chilling. Vande Wiele is a complete natural at turning prose into a graphic format"

9E Kunst

Madame Catherine

MAARTEN VANDE WIELE

After her house in Paris was destroyed by a fire that killed her lover, **Madame Catherine** moves to her country home on the banks of a river. One day, on a ship passing by, she espies a ghost waving at her and begins to be consumed by nightmares. A presence watches her, follows her, and touches her in the night. Only when she leaves her country home is she released from the phantom who has it in for her. Catherine gradually loses her mind. Or is something genuinely afoot? She only sees one way out.

Maarten Vande Wiele (b. 1977) *works as an illustrator, but his true passion is comic art. His international career really took off with his book Paris. Vande Wiele enthusiastically incorporates his passion for fashion, soap operas and the 1980s into his graphic novels. The combination of strikingly stylised drawings with a strong sense of humour characterises his work.*

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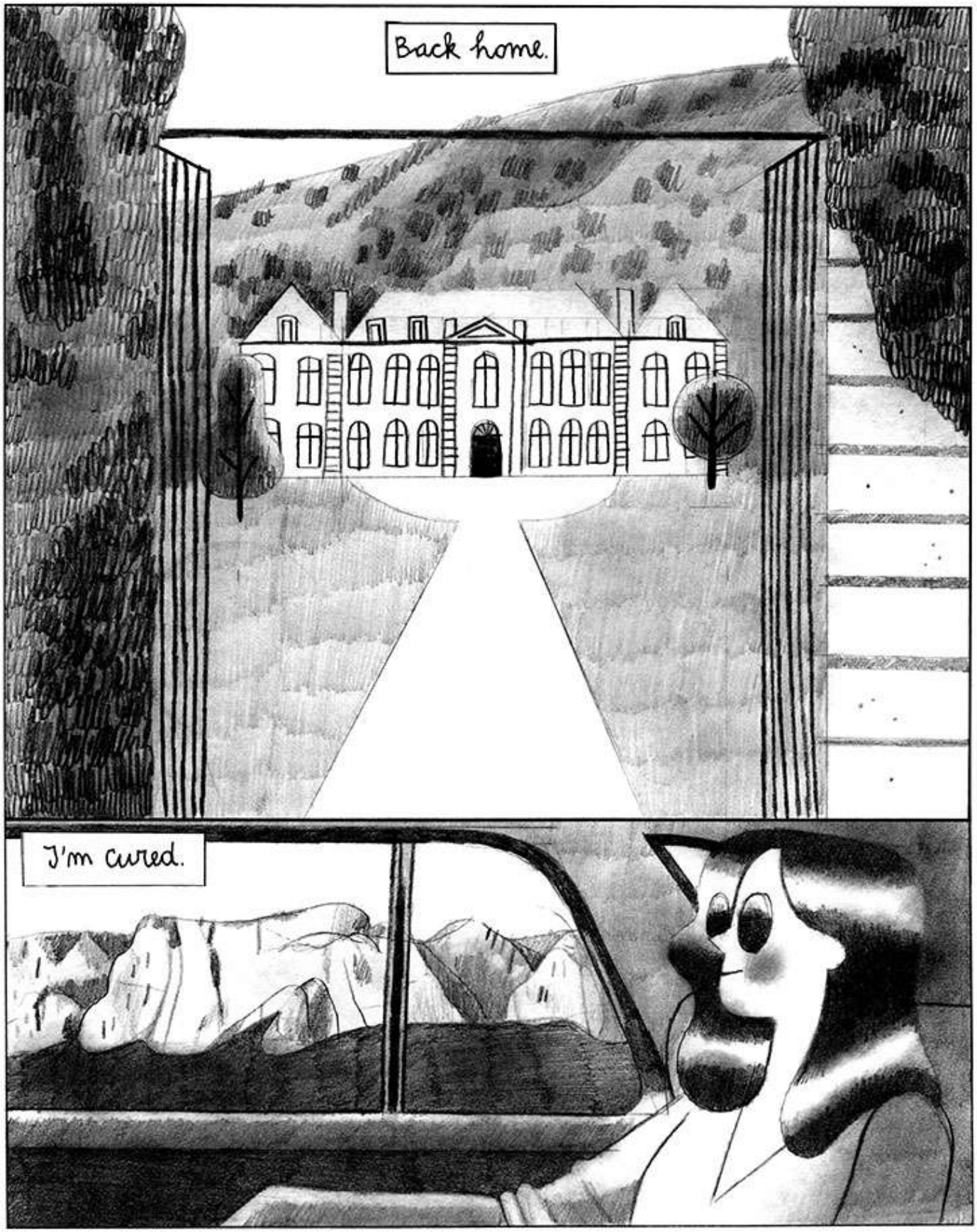
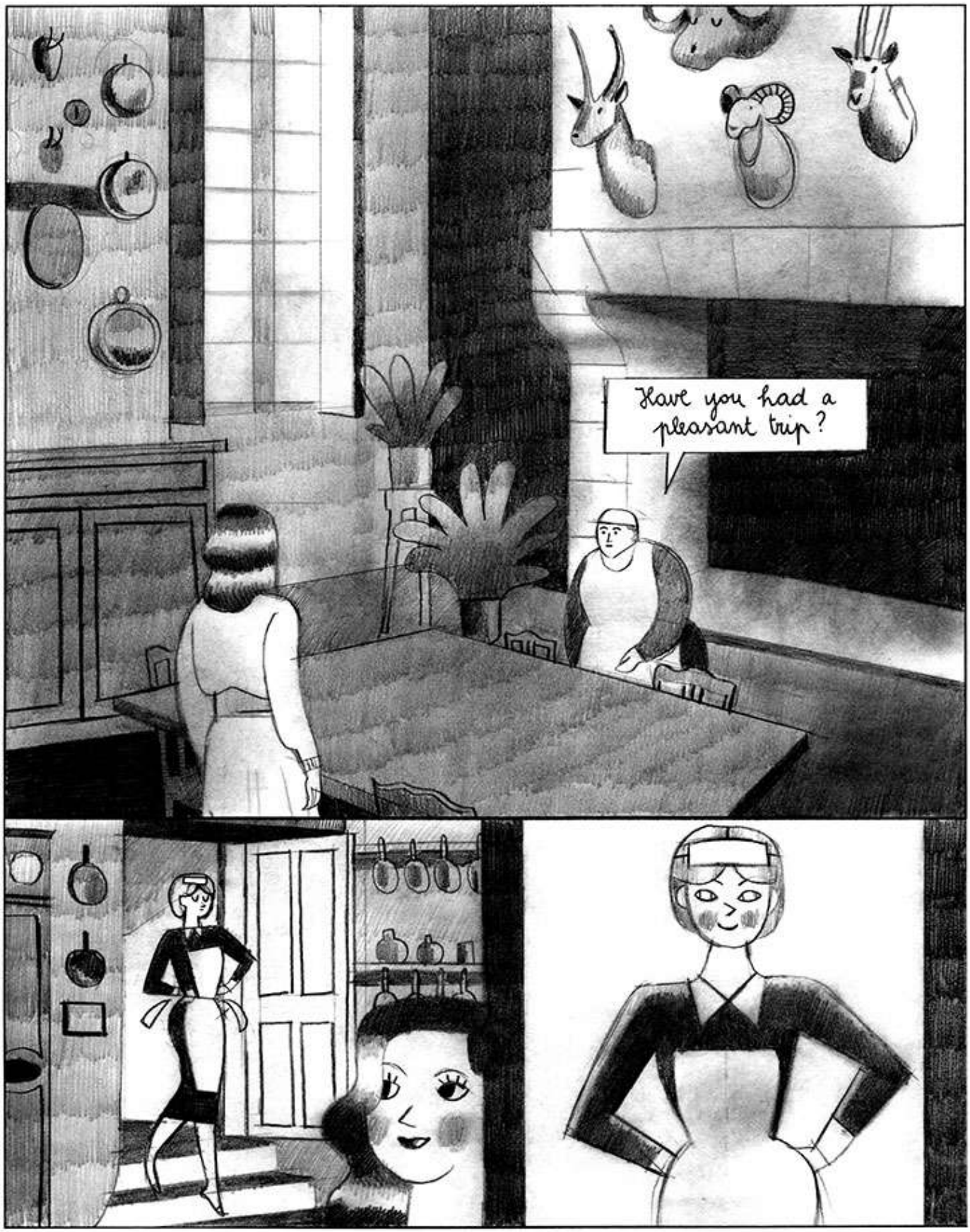
elaine@elami-agency.com

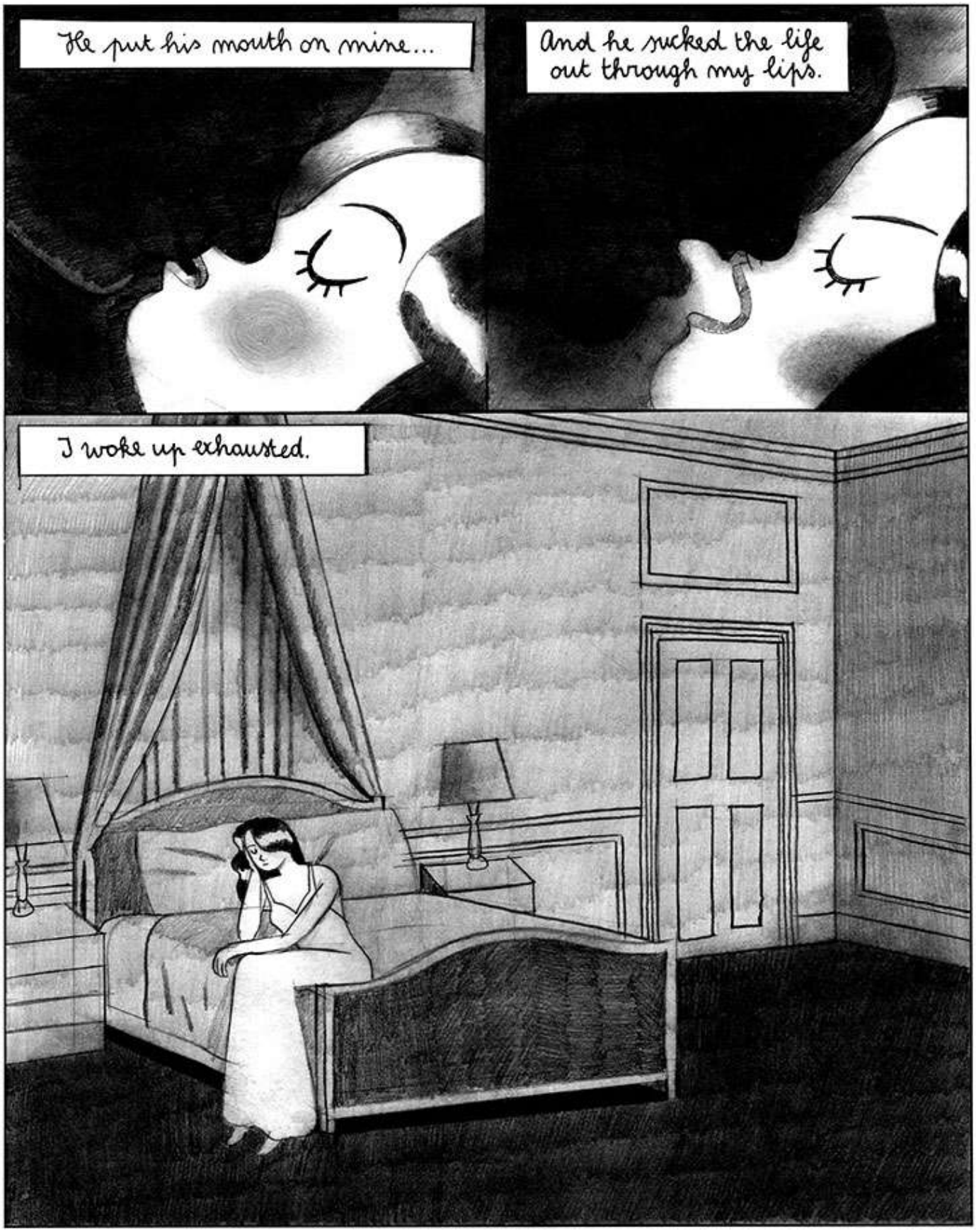
Original title : Madame Catherine (Oogachtend, 2020. Softcover, 21x26 cm, 104 pp.)

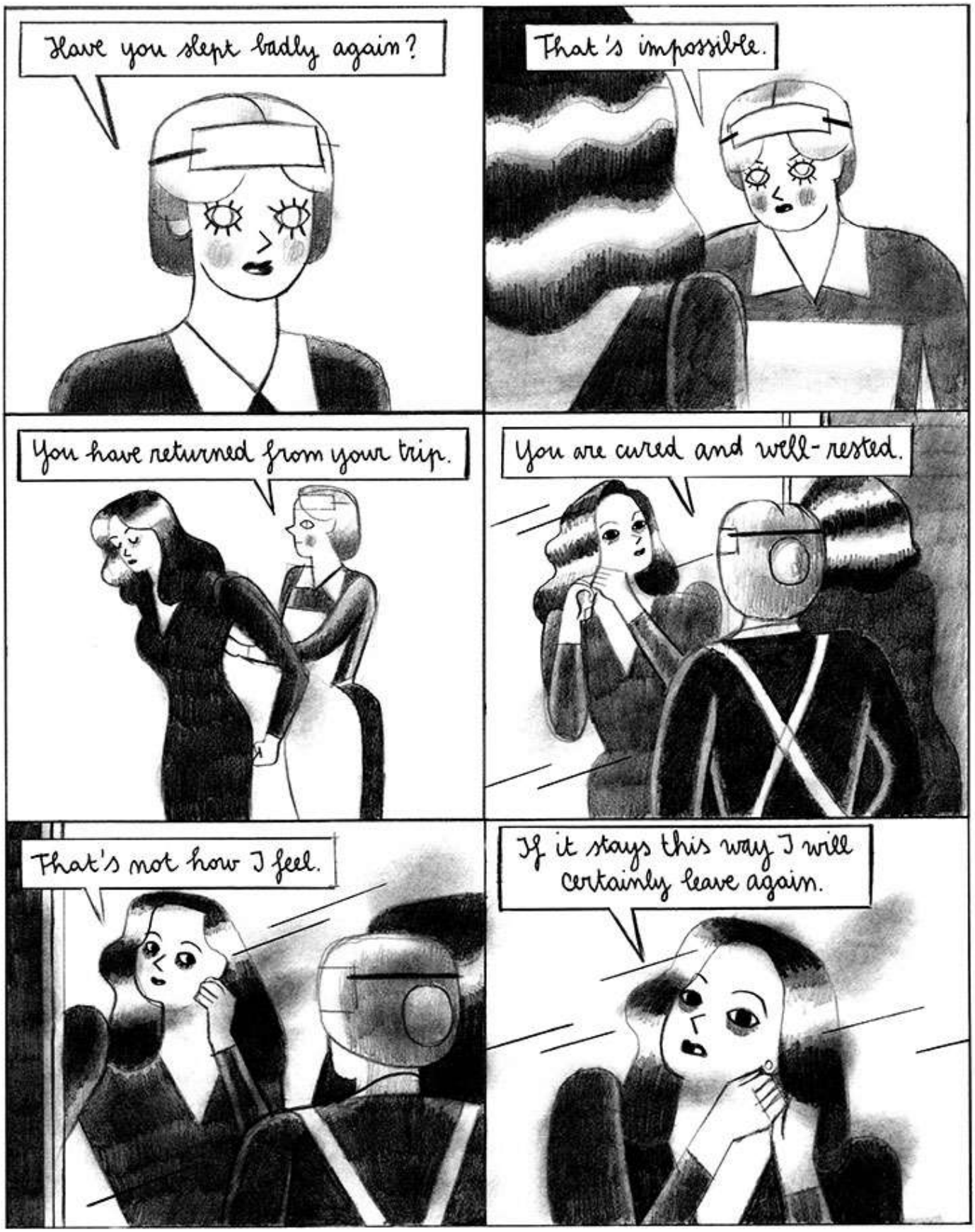

Back home.
I'm cured.

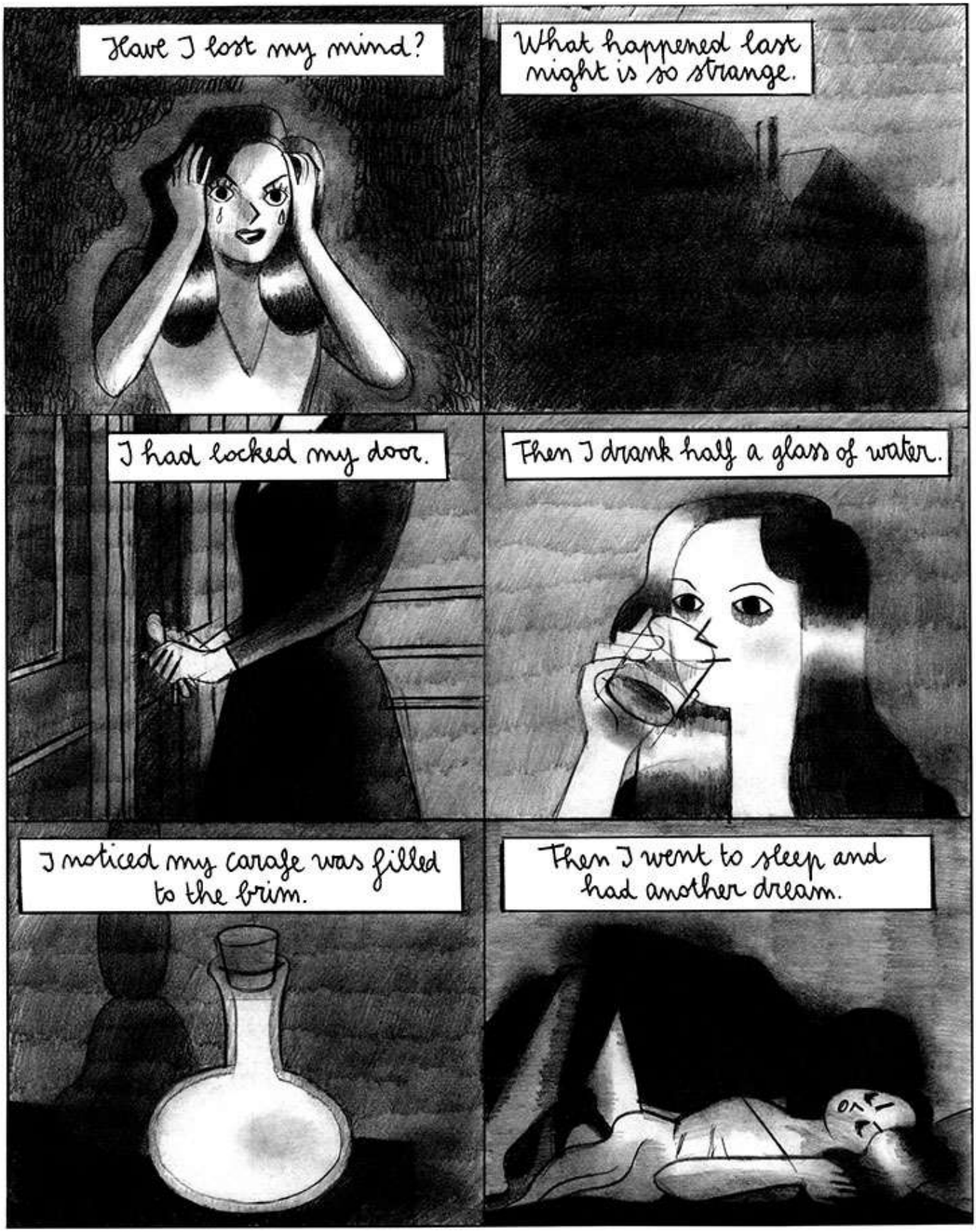

Have you had a pleasant trip?

It was a beautiful journey.
But you... you look so pale.
Well ma'am, I can't sleep anymore.
I haven't slept a wink in nights since you've left.
I fall asleep, and that's when the dreams come.
The man with the glowing eyes.

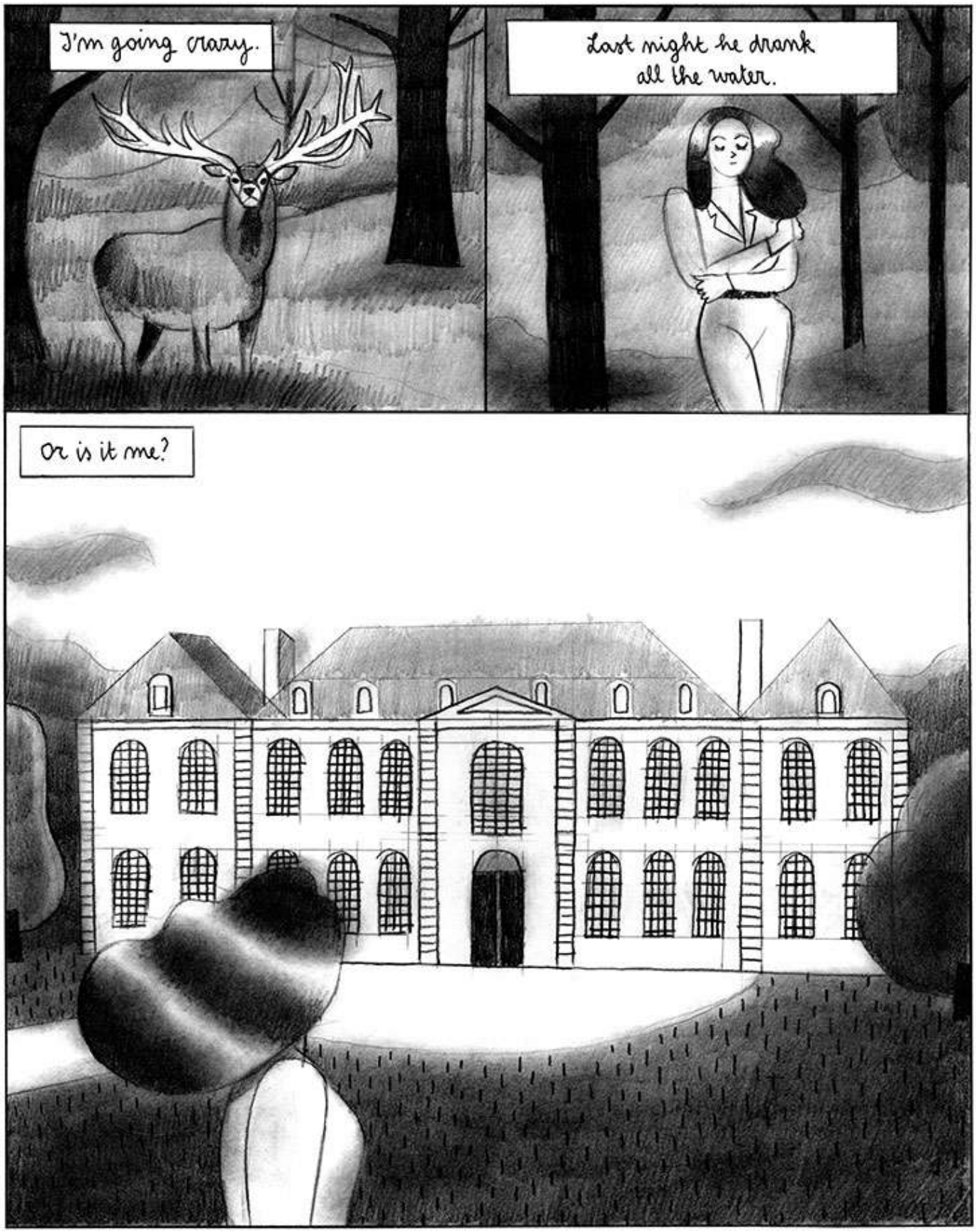
It's got me in its grip again.
My old nightmares have returned.
Last night I felt somebody crawl on top of me.

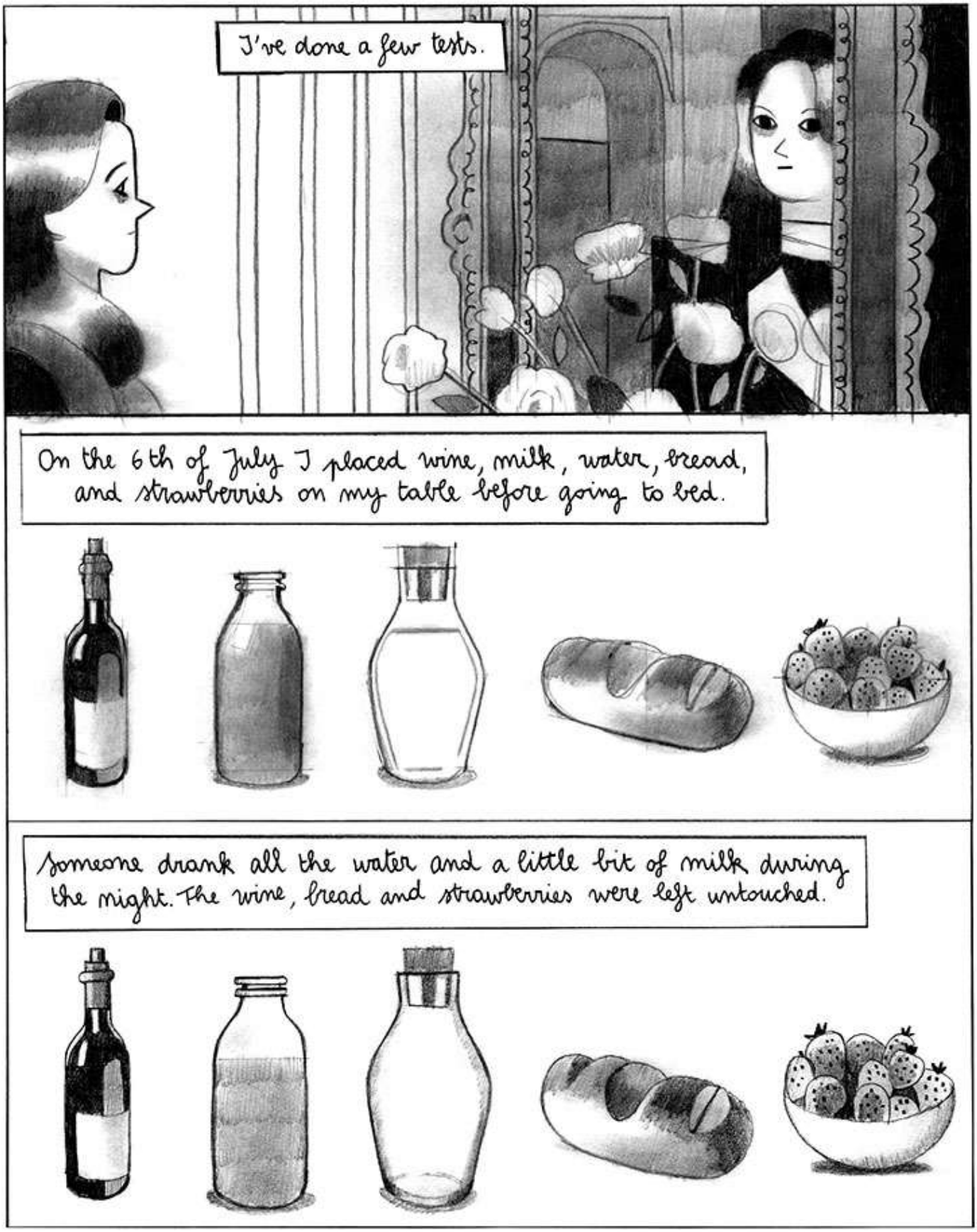

He put his mouth on mine...
And he sucked the life out through my lips.
I woke up exhausted.

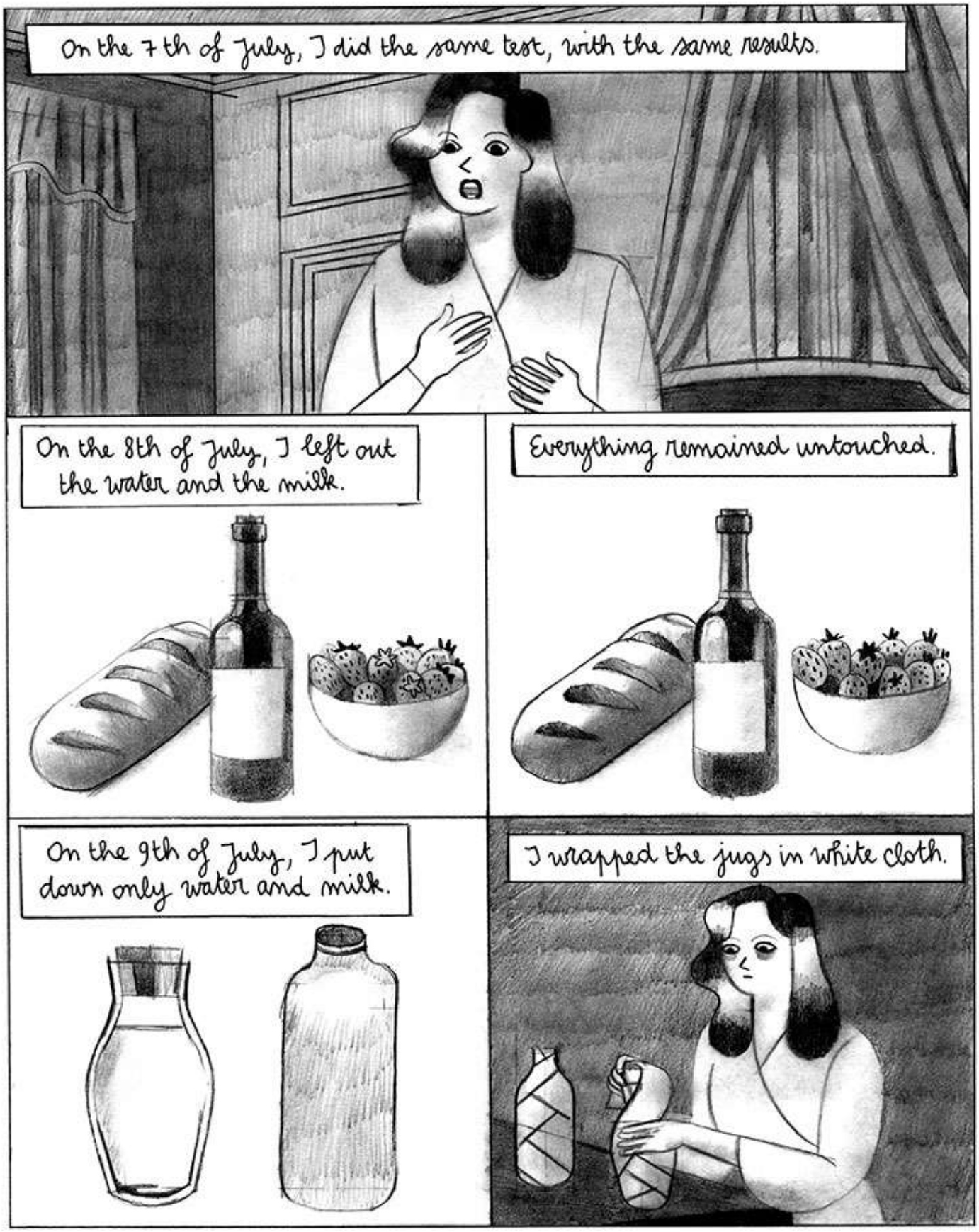

Have you slept badly again?
That's impossible.
You have returned from your trip.
You are cured and well-rested.
That's not how I feel.
If it stays this way I will certainly leave again.


Have I lost my mind?
What happened last night is so strange.
I had locked my door.
Then I drank half a glass of water.
I noticed my carafe was filled to the brim.
Then I went to sleep and had another dream.

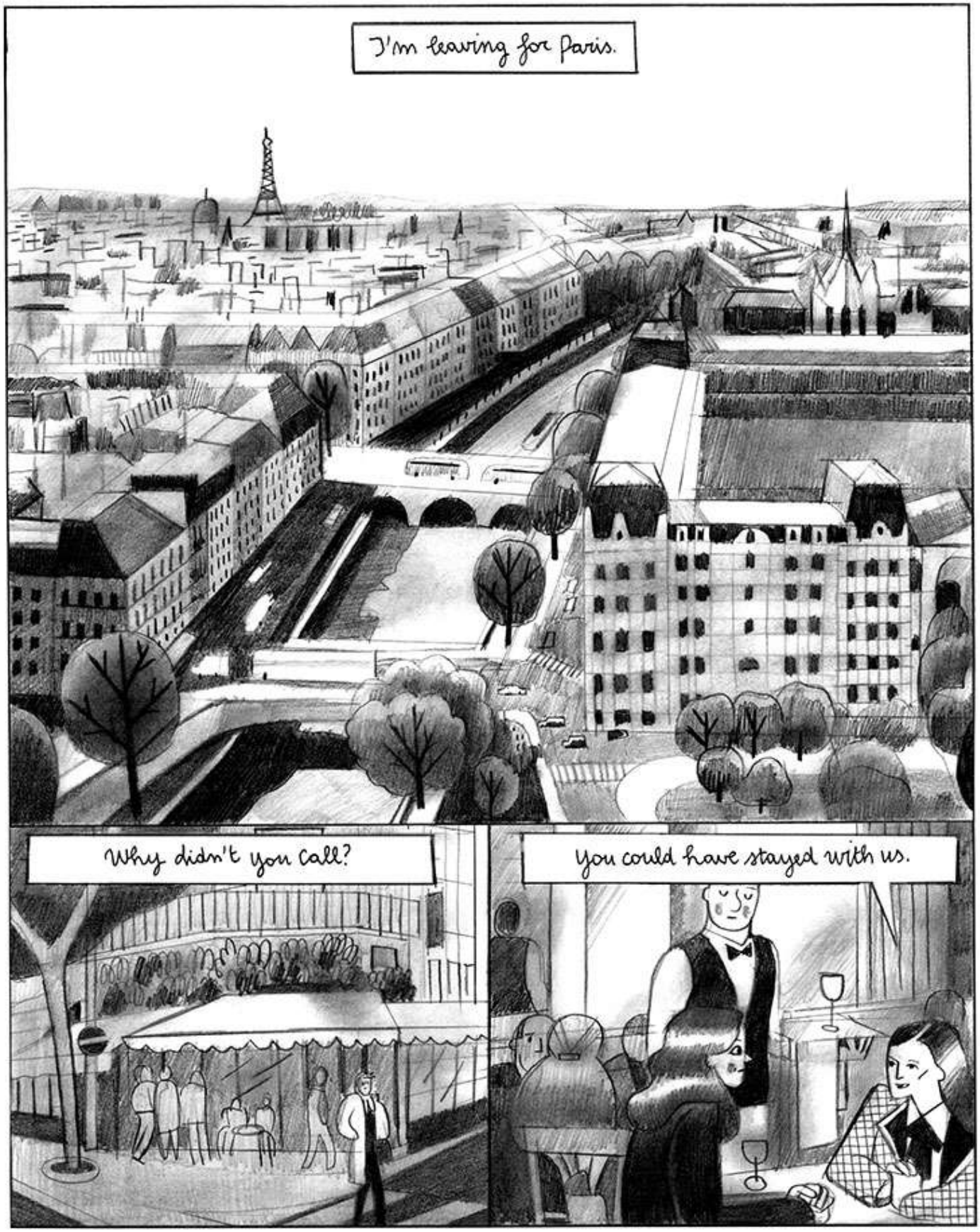
When I woke up I was thirsty.
Nothing.
Empty!

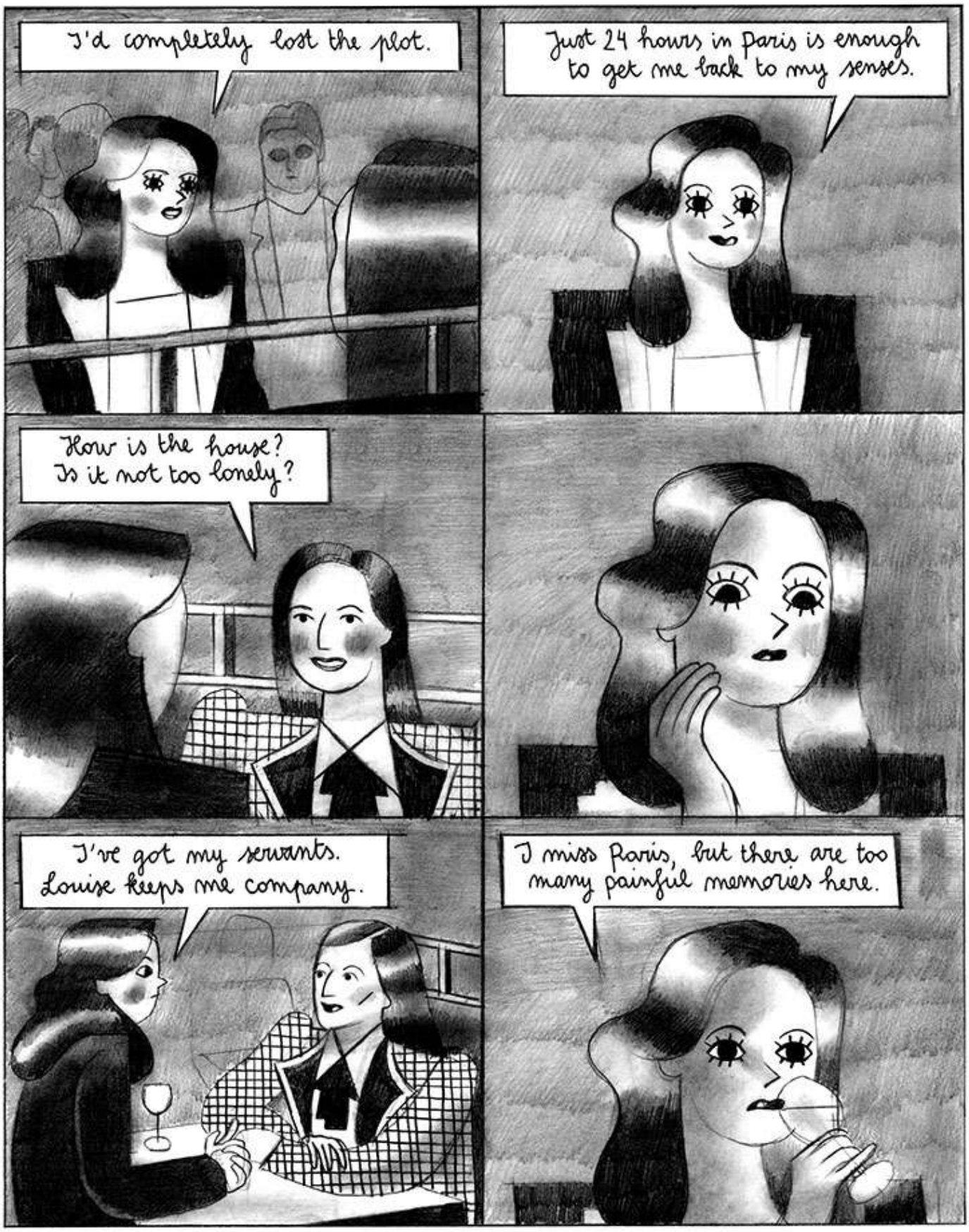

I'm going crazy.
Last night he drank all the water.
Or is it me?

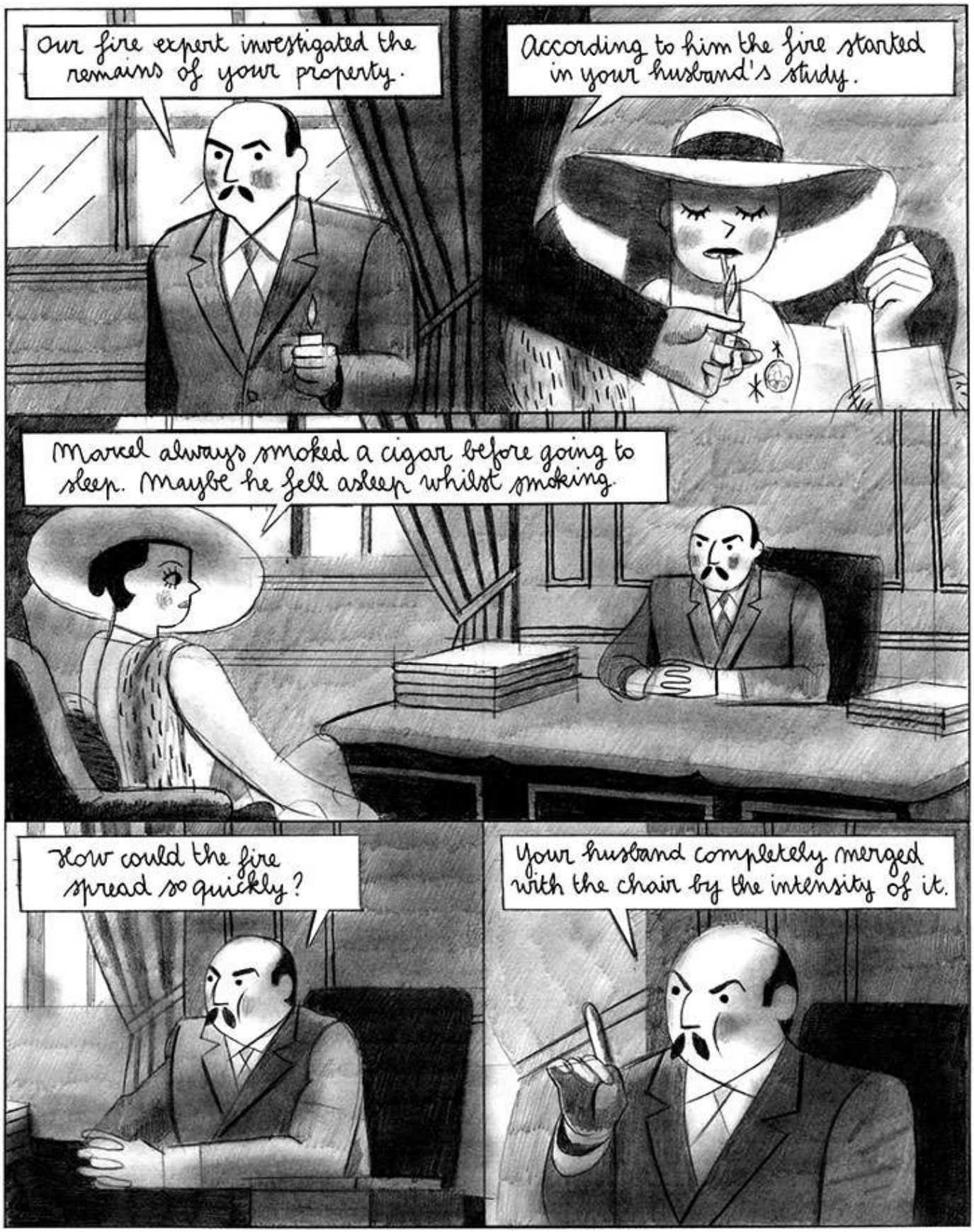

I've done a few tests.
On the 6th of July I placed wine, milk, water, bread, and strawberries on my table before going to bed.
Someone drank all the water and a little bit of milk during the night. The wine, bread and strawberries were left untouched.


On the 7th of July, I did the same test, with the same results.
On the 8th of July, I left out the water and the milk.
Everything remained untouched.
On the 9th of July, I put down only water and milk.
I wrapped the jugs in white cloth.

Then I covered my lips and hands in red lipstick and went to bed.
Oh!
The cloth was immaculate.
All the water had been drunk.
All the milk was gone!


I'm leaving for Paris.
Why didn't you call?
You could have stayed with us.


I'd completely lost the plot.
Just 24 hours in Paris is enough to get me back to my senses.
How is the house? Is it not too lonely?
I've got my servants. Louise keeps me company.
I miss Paris, but there are too many painful memories here.


Our fire expert investigated the remains of your property.
According to him the fire started in your husband's study.
Marcel always smoked a cigar before going to sleep. Maybe he fell asleep whilst smoking.
How could the fire spread so quickly?
Your husband completely merged with the chair by the intensity of it.