

INVASION

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PREFACE



I have reached the age that my grandmother was when her first grandchild was born. This has made me become even more interested in history. About four years ago, Robert de Bosmelet encouraged me to draw and write my version of this story. Then, a year ago, I had an idea to make an enhanced graphic novel – a novel in which the reader could click on various items and people within panels so that contextual background information would appear. This method of storytelling helps to keep words to a minimum, while allowing for in-depth storytelling if the reader chooses. I have placed the additional information at the end of this comic, so that it can be browsed separately if desired.

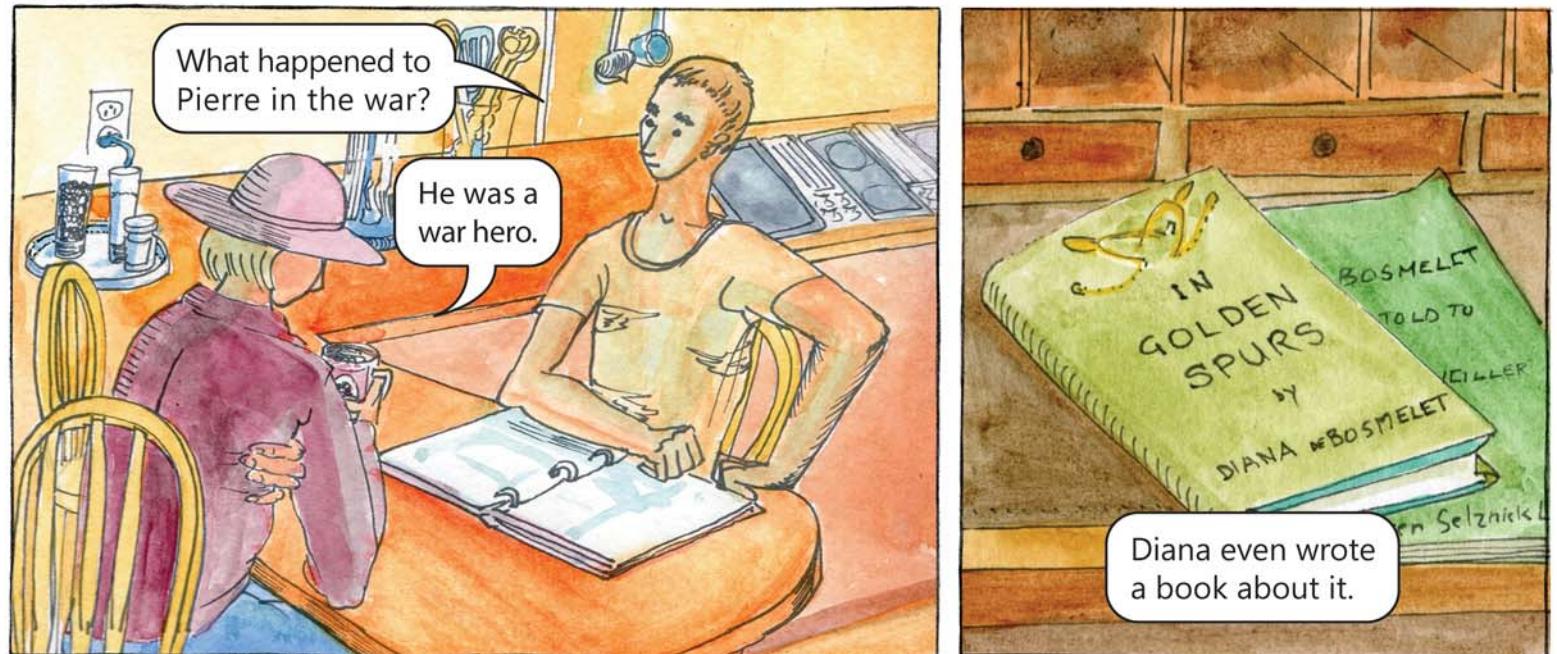
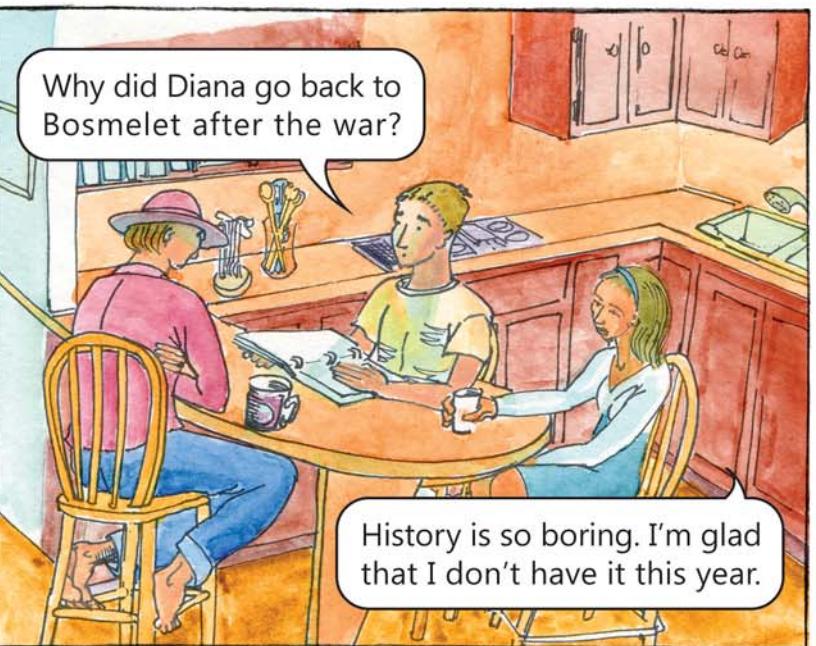
My admiration for my grandmother has grown as I explore her life and work. She could have taken the easy route and lead a pampered life, but instead she used her life force to clean up the mess that the Second World War had left. At the Château de Bosmelet, her home before the war, Allied forces had bombed the structure by accident while trying to rid the area of V1 and V2 bomb launch pads. Bosmelet, as it stands rebuilt today, is a monument to peace and enduring love.

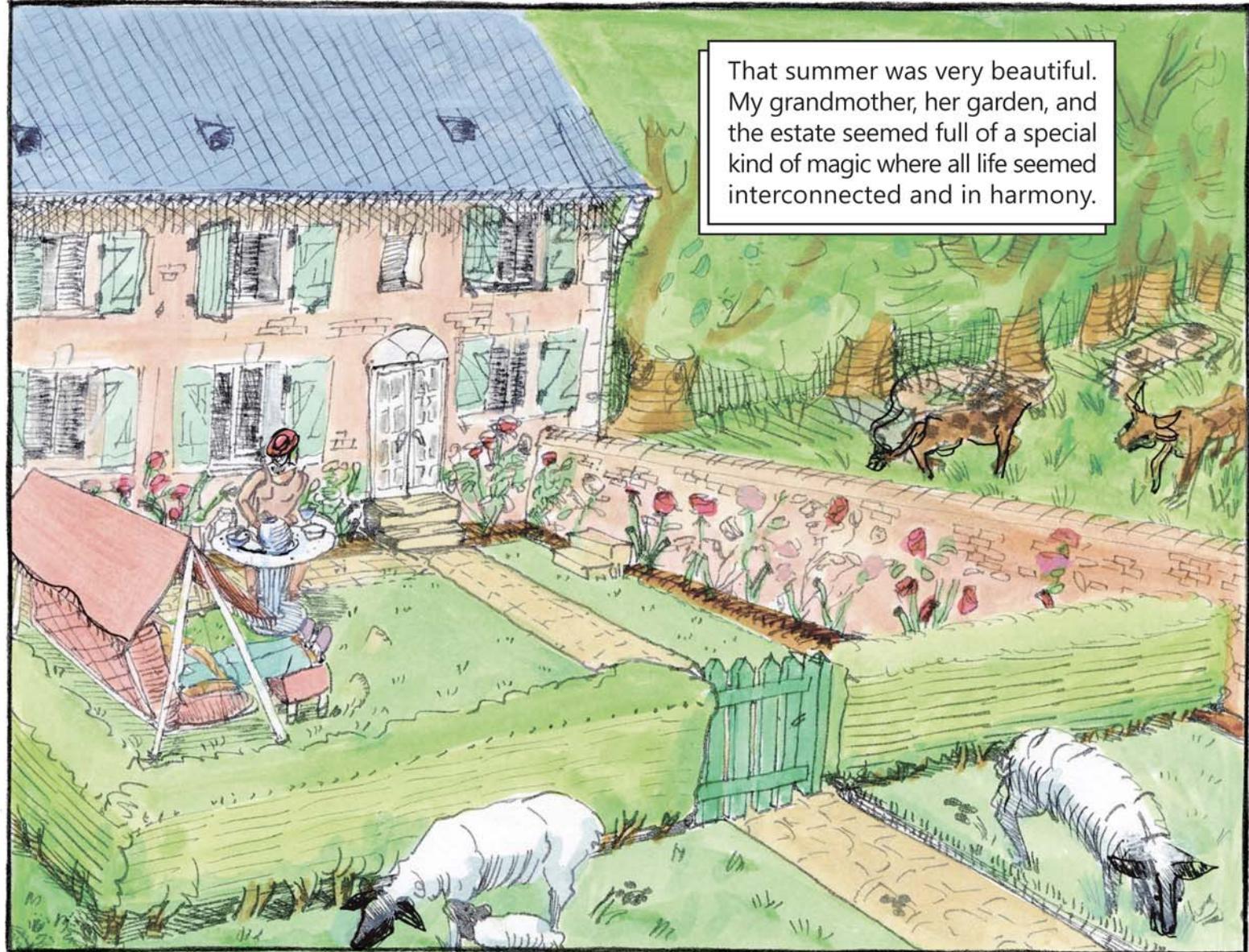
This vision has been made possible by a few special people and organizations: a grant from the Delaware Arts Council, the talents of my dear friend Nancy Breslin, and freshly minted illustrator David Boyd (BFA '12, University of the Arts).



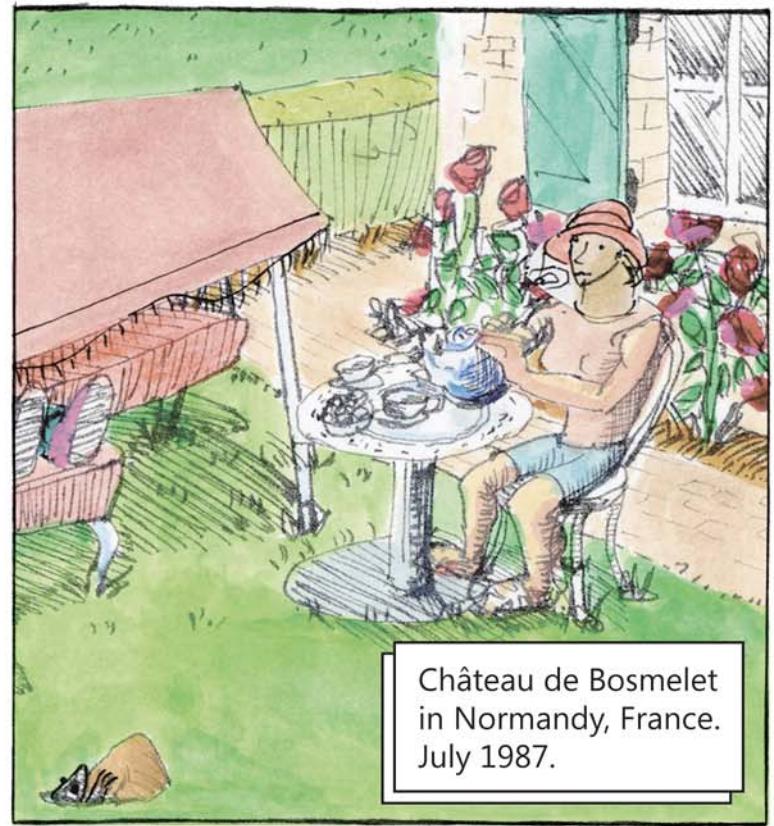
September 2012

Sitting around the kitchen table, I show the story to my children. Madhu is on a rare visit home from graduate school in California, and Diana has just begun her senior year of high school.

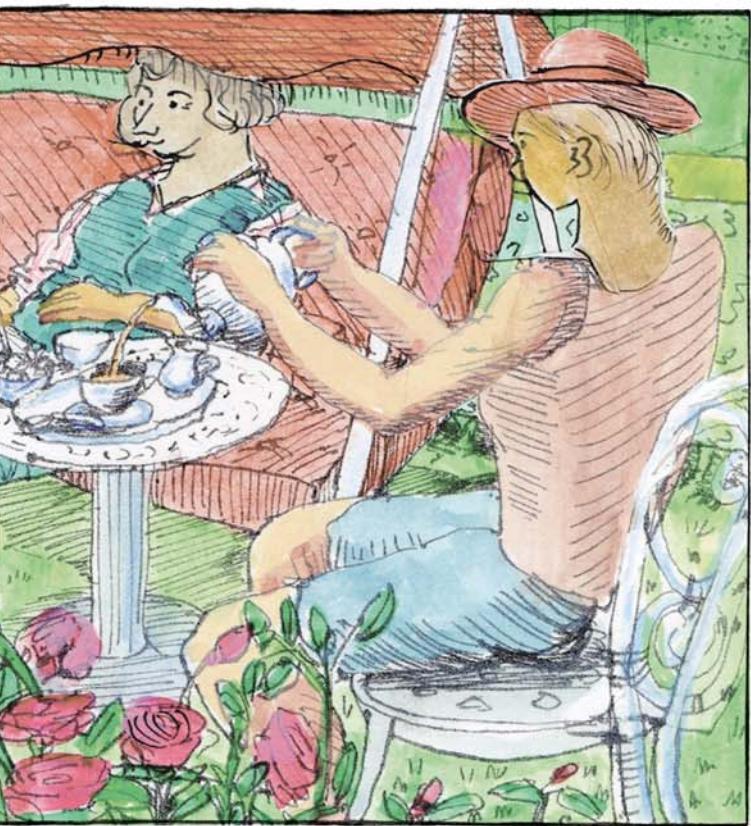


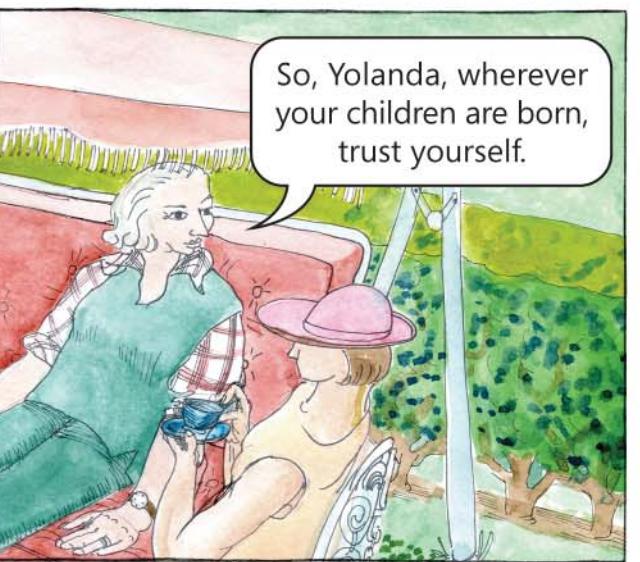
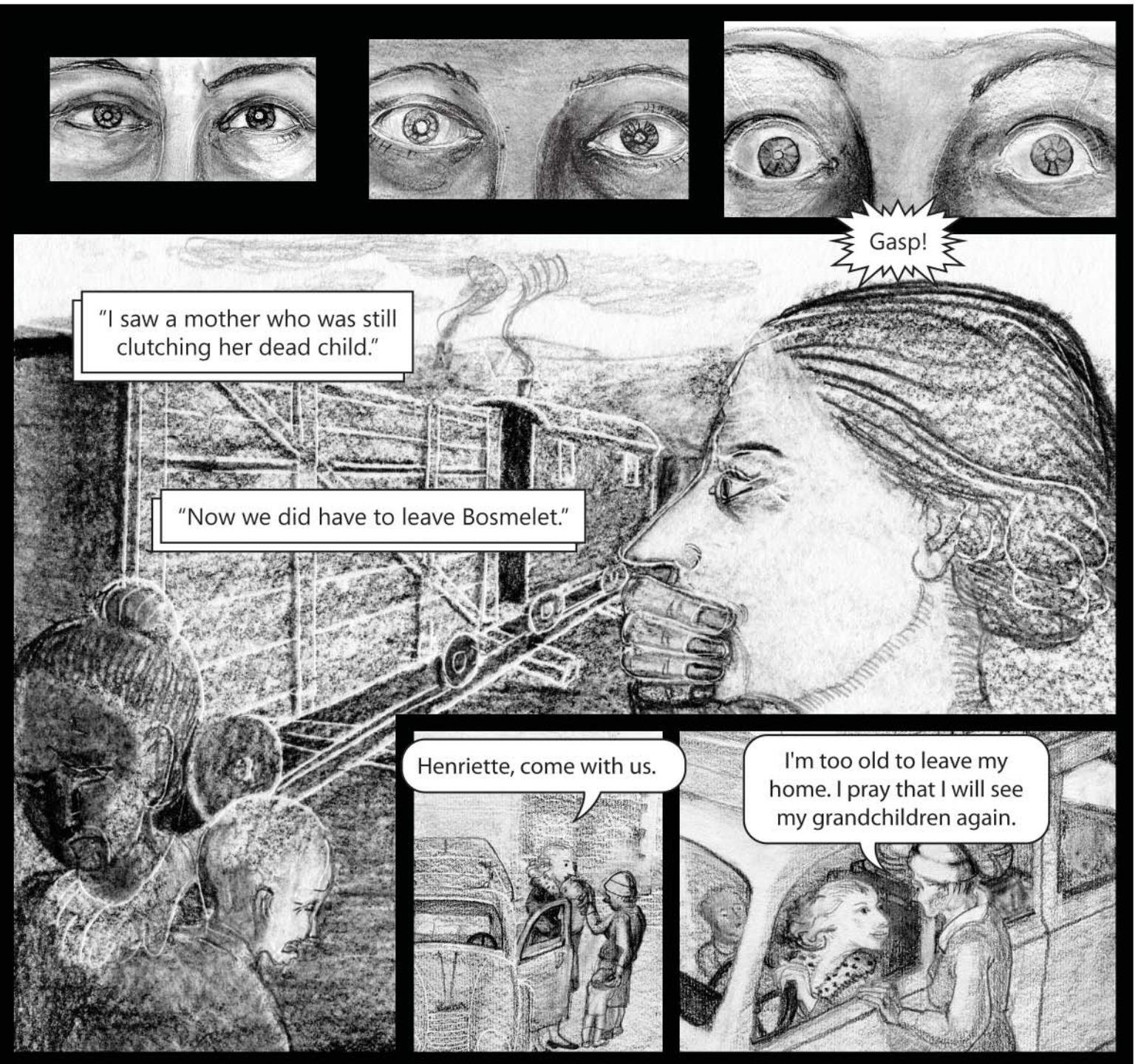


That summer was very beautiful. My grandmother, her garden, and the estate seemed full of a special kind of magic where all life seemed interconnected and in harmony.



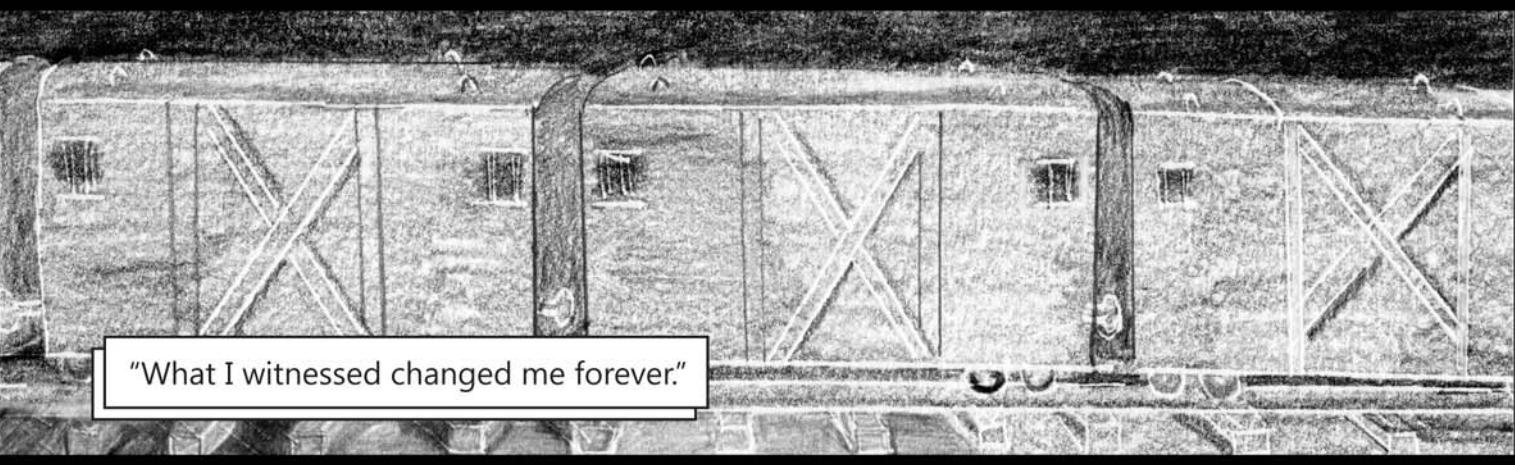
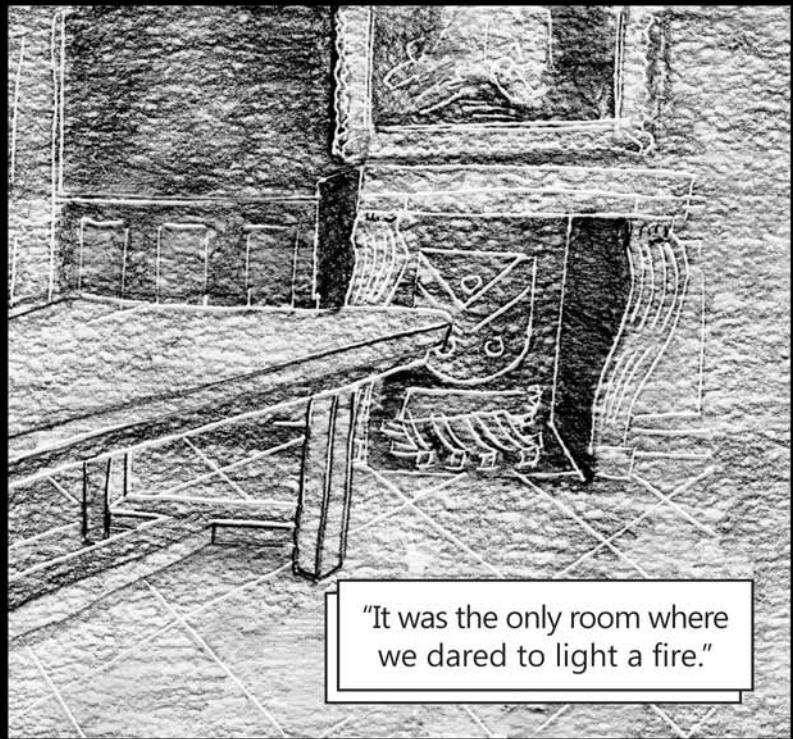
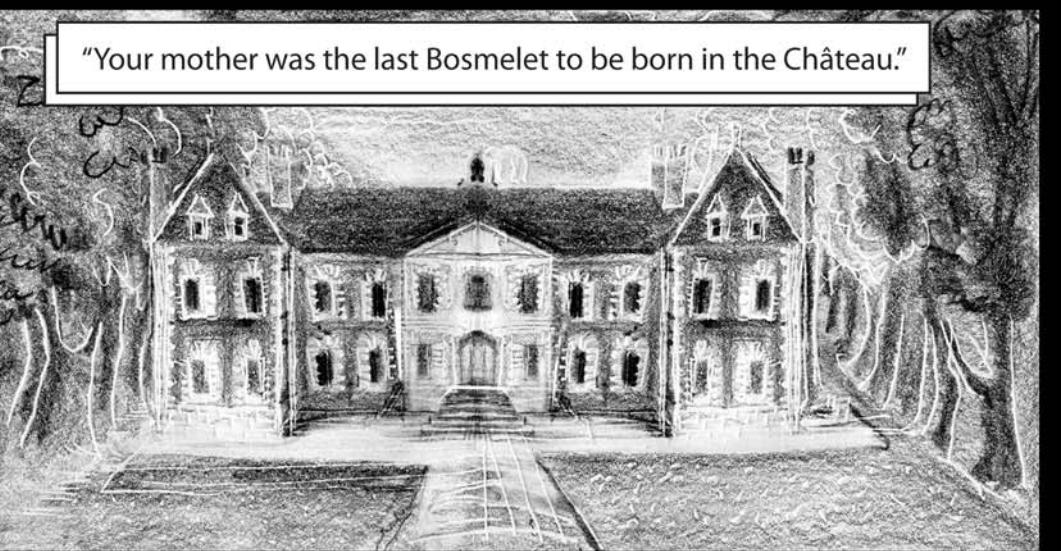
Château de Bosmelet
in Normandy, France.
July 1987.

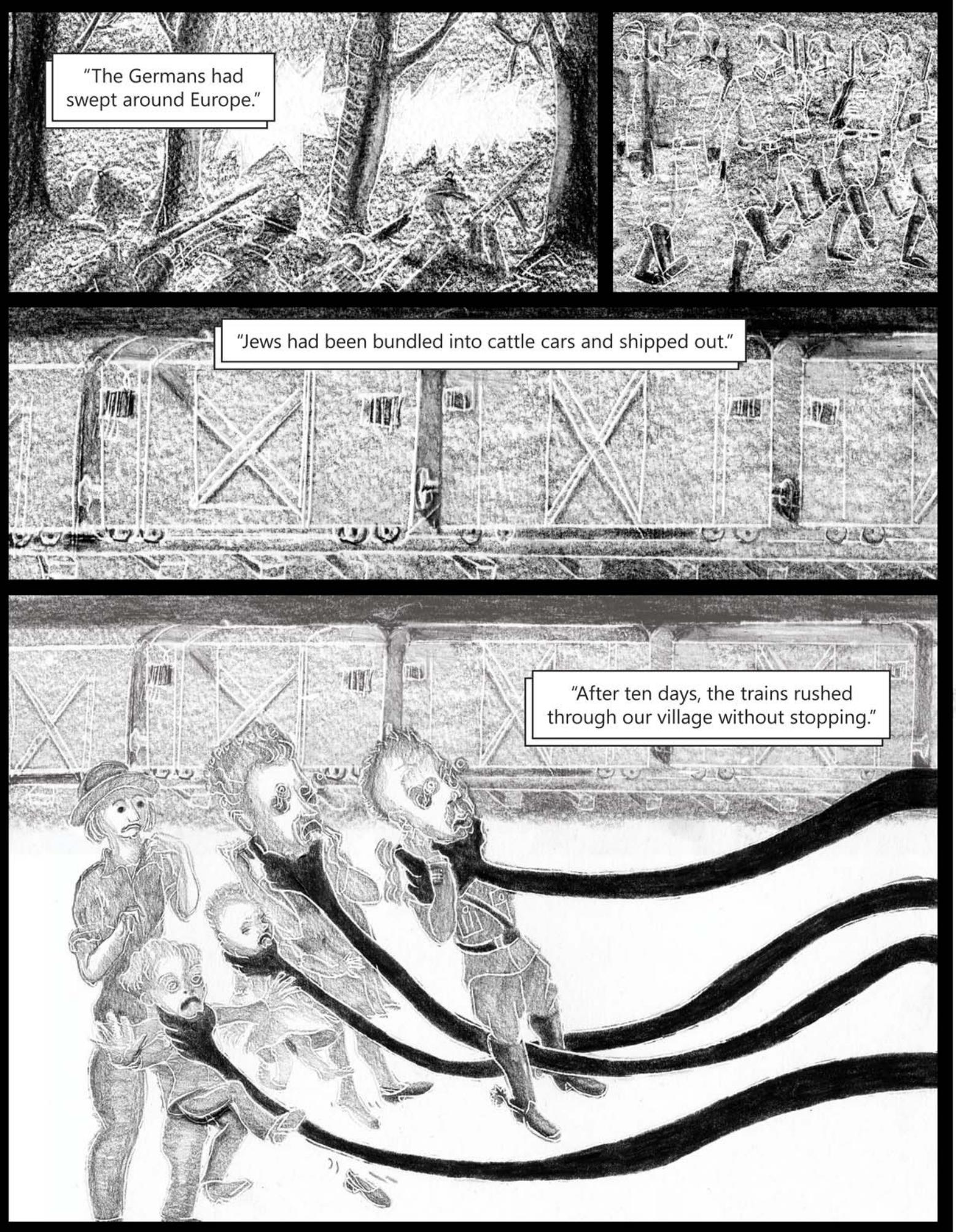




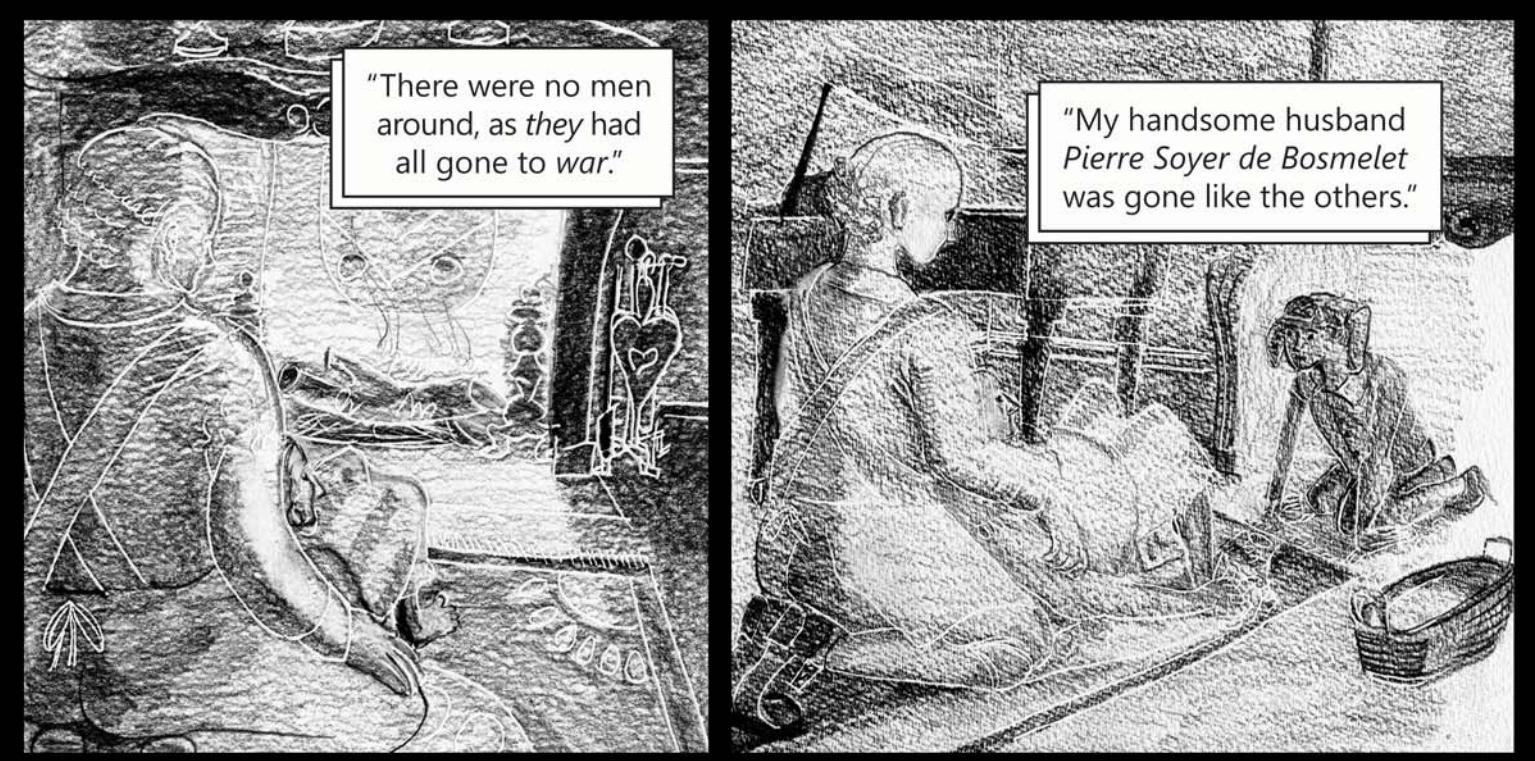
My grandmother began the story of my mother's birth forty-seven years and six months earlier.

It was January 1, 1940, on a cold winter night.





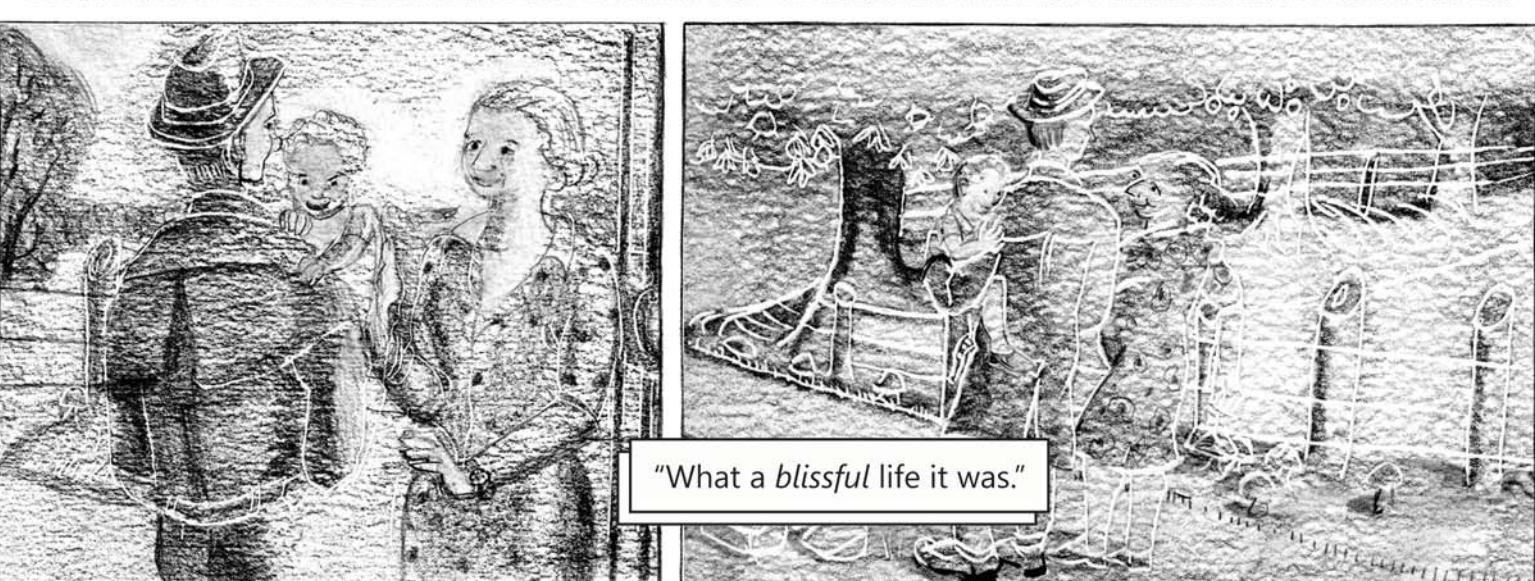
"The Germans had swept around Europe."



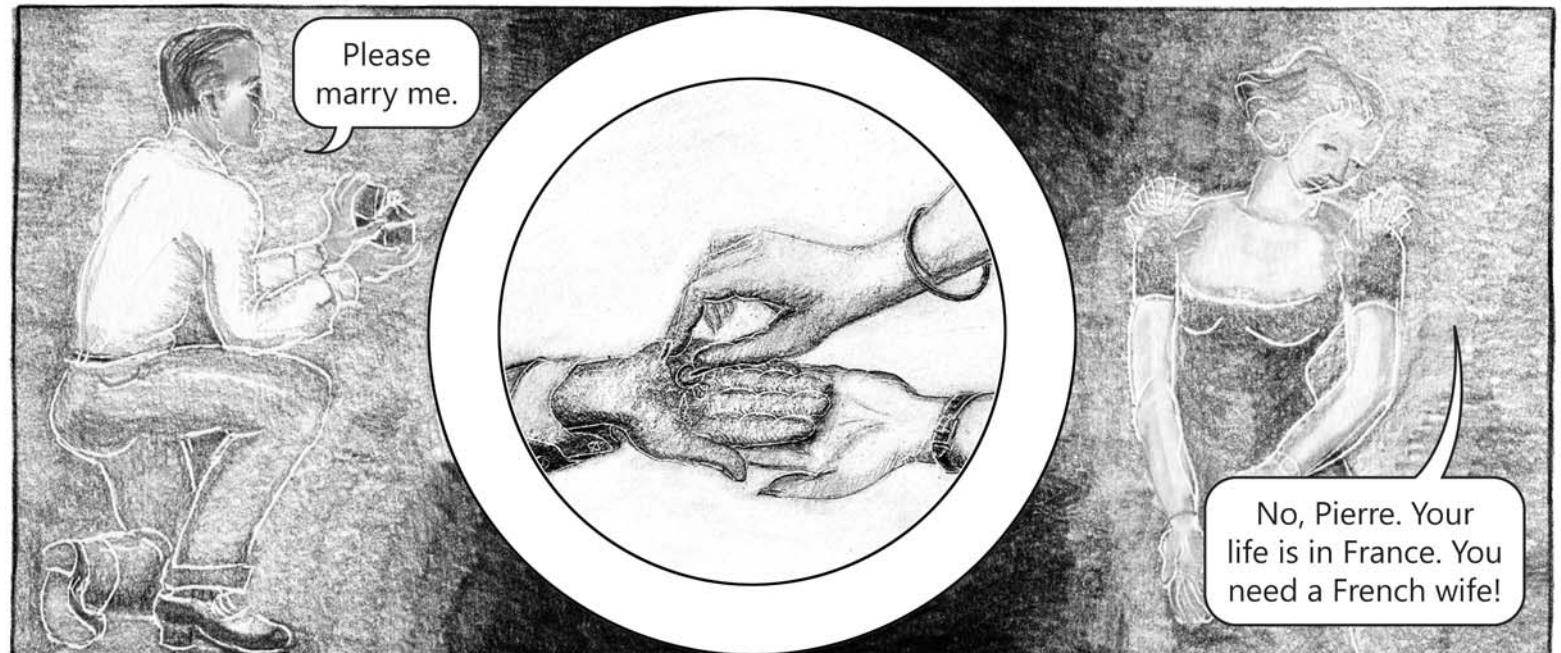
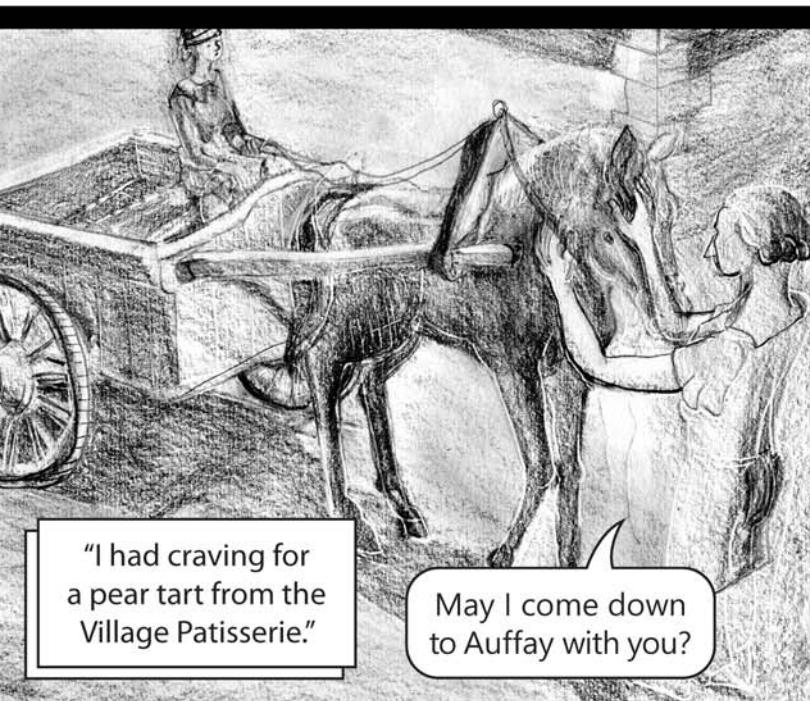
"There were no men around, as they had all gone to war."



"I thought back to our early married life."



"What a blissful life it was."



"I thought that the hedonistic Pierre was only marrying me for my money."

