

On l'appelait Bebeto

By Rey

GRAPHIC NOVEL

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Everyone called him Bebeto.

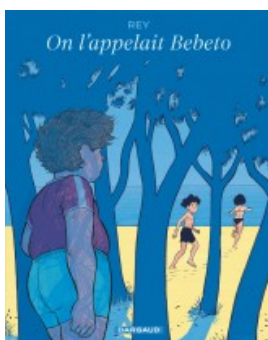
He was 15 when I met him, and always surrounded by younger children. He would hang out with them on the soccer pitches of Sant Pere, a small town on the outskirts of Barcelona, where I spent my youth in chasing the ball.

We all made fun of him: of his physique, which was all out of proportion; of his clumsiness; of his inability to grow up. Being too impatient ourselves to leave our childhood behind and enter the adult world, we never really tried to understand him.

I was 12 and had just lost my big brother when I first approached him, out of curiosity. In fact, I wanted to get to know his cousin Sorrow, a striking girl who had worked in a beach bar the last two summers.

That was the start of an unusual friendship, which ended in 1996, the year Miguel Induráin failed to win his sixth Tour de France. It was a strange and fleeting relationship, which is now gone forever but which I will never forget.

In this series



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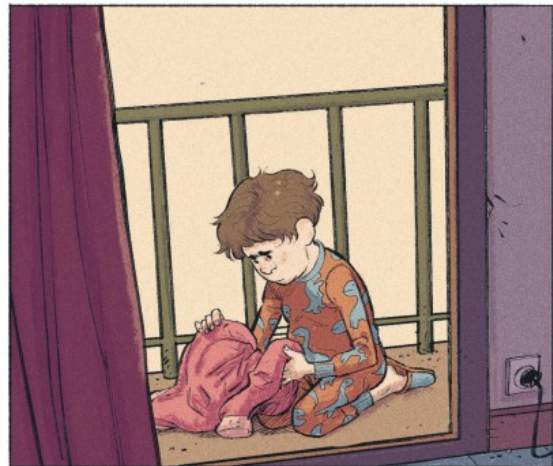
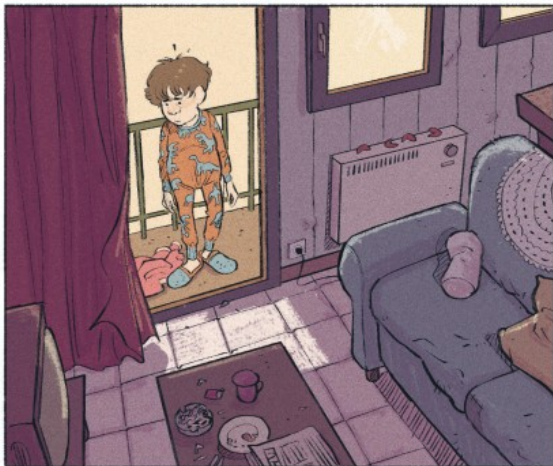
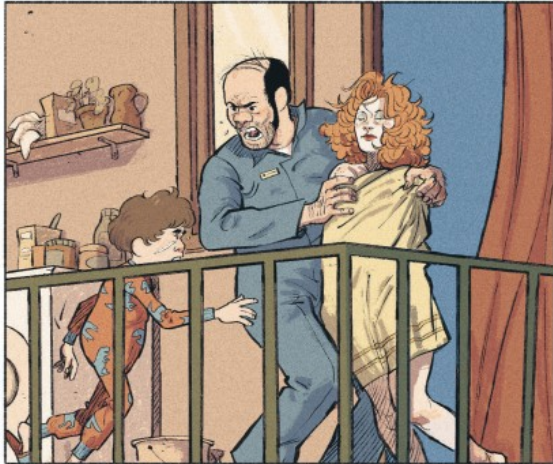
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Été 1995

Oiseaux urbains de Saint Pere

*Sa tristesse était de celles
qui sont patientes et sans espoir.*

William Maxwell – *Au revoir, à demain*

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Quand mon père avait quatorze ans, même Ilu s'est mise à faire des trucs bizarres. Les années qui ont suivi ont été des années d'impuissance, de traitements inefficaces et de rechutes. Il faut dire qu'à cette époque les médecins étaient tout aussi désespérés que la famille.



J'ai juste connu la phase endormie de la maladie de même Ilu. Ses grandes crises, elle les avait eues avant ma naissance. Depuis ma chambre, il m'arrivait de saisir au vol des bribes de la conversation des adultes, qui se remémoraient cette époque. Mais dès que j'apparaissais, ils se taisaient...

