



the last cigarette

alex nikolavitch • scenario

marc botta • drawing

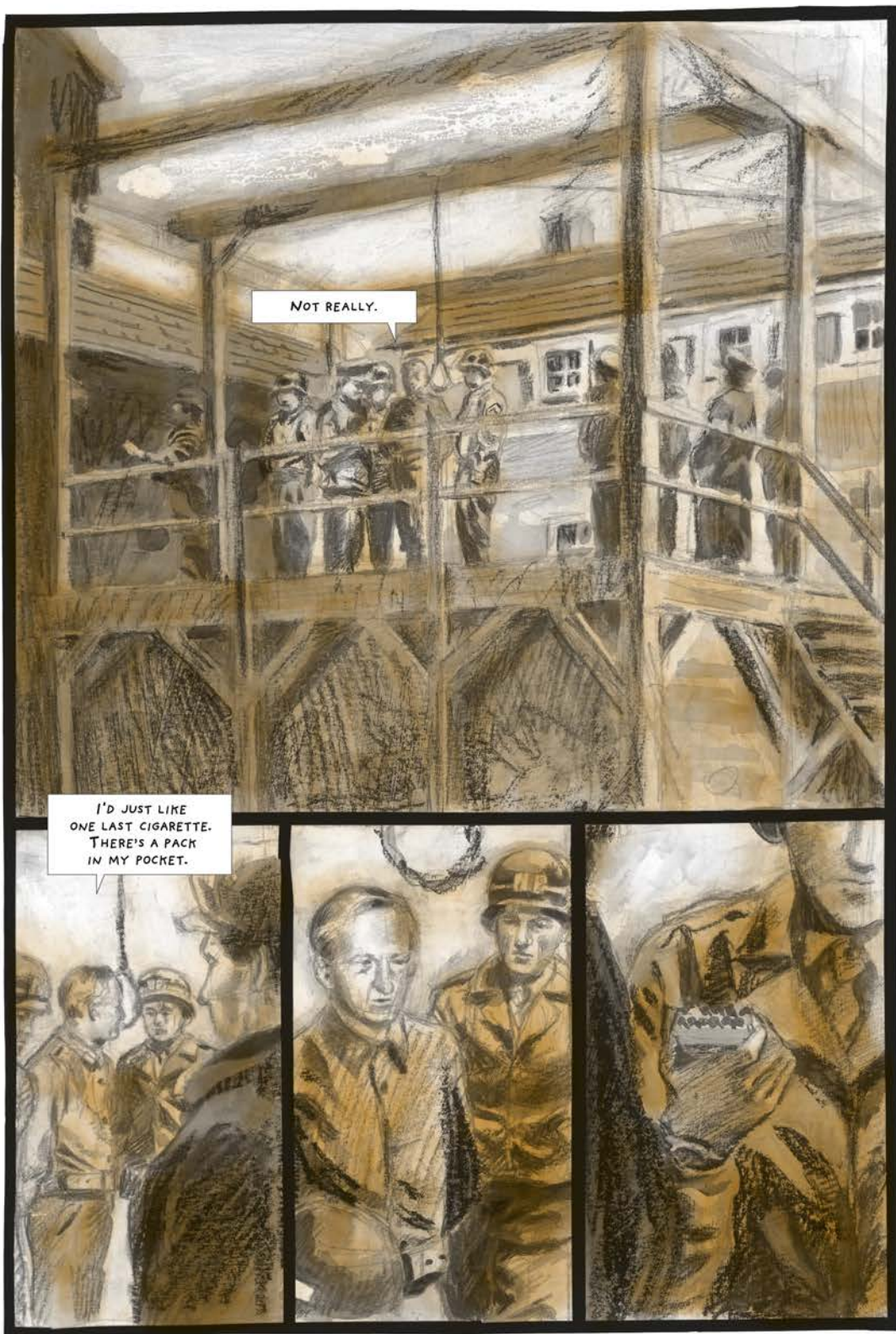
la Cafetière



Alex Nikolavitch
thanks Charles Baron,
Hélène Dauniol-Remaud and
Mathieu "Sergent Pépère" Doublet
for their clarifications

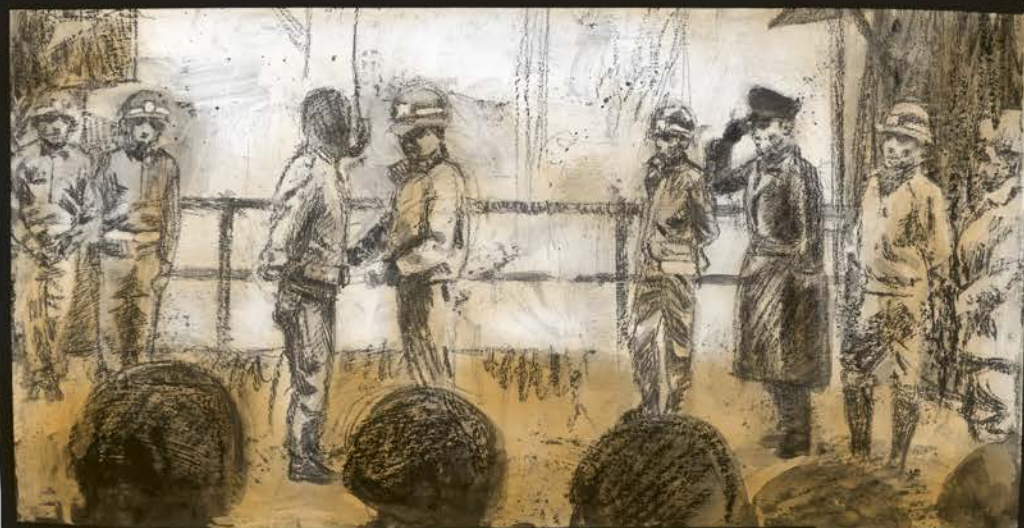


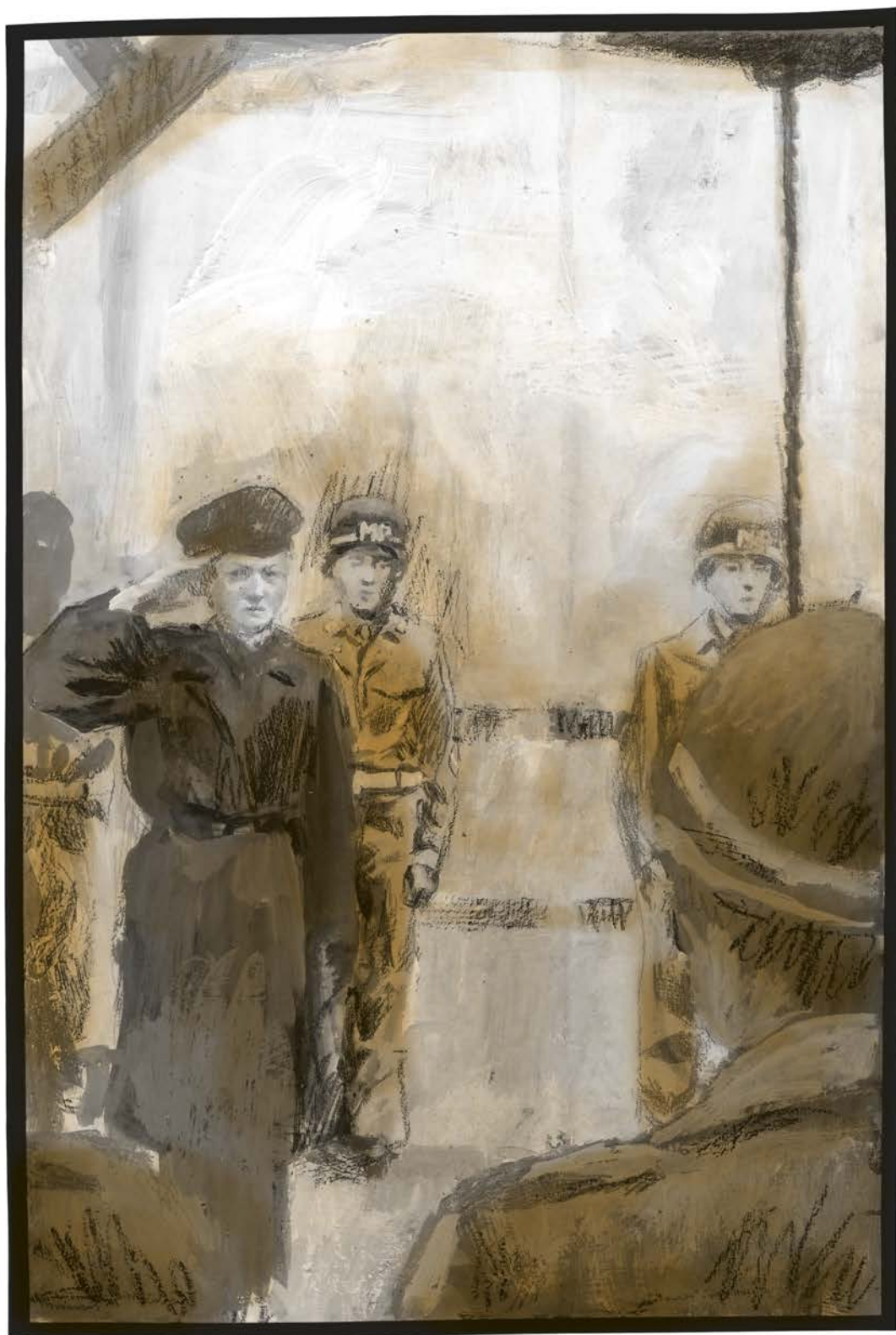
ANY LAST WORDS?

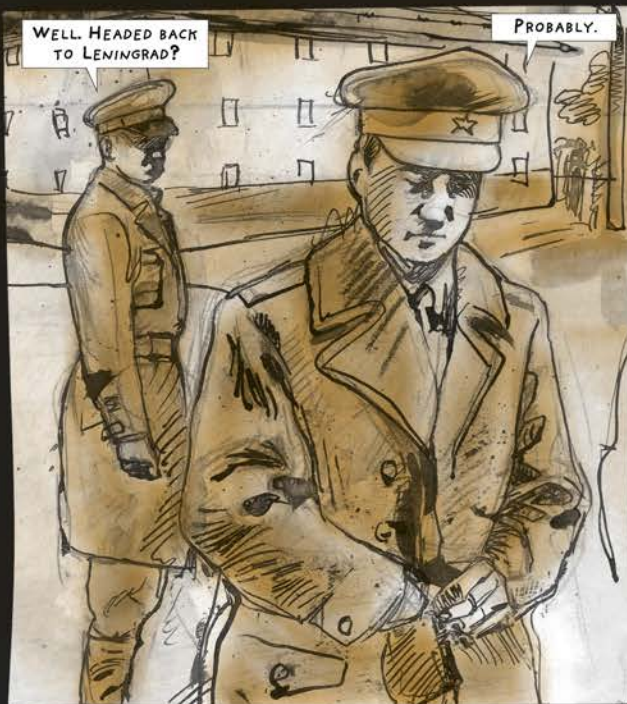


NOT REALLY.

I'D JUST LIKE
ONE LAST CIGARETTE.
THERE'S A PACK
IN MY POCKET.









Dorscheid was dead. We signed the treaty almost two years ago, but for me, it was like the war hadn't ended till this very moment.



A war that had begun for me in November of '43, in the hills around Kiev.

Bald Mountain proved to be a Golgotha
to the men of my infantry battalion.
I was their political commissar.



It was my first time seeing combat.
Cut off from my men,
my only option...



...was to find shelter
till the bombing was over.



Shelter of relative safety.
For example, a cellar.



There we were, underground at night,
in the middle of November,
and I was still bathed in sweat.



But between a Wehrmacht officer
and the bombs raining down,
I didn't know what to choose exactly.



WE COULD WIND UP SITTING HERE
LIKE THIS ALL NIGHT, YOU KNOW.
GIVE ME A LIGHT,
IF YOU HAVE ONE.



I'LL GIVE YOU
A CIGARETTE
IN EXCHANGE.



A FAIR DEAL,
I THINK.



ALL RIGHT.
A BIT EARLY FOR
A CHRISTMAS TRUCE
ISN'T IT?



IT'LL HAVE TO DO.
WHO KNOWS WHERE WE'LL
BE BY YEAR'S END...



OR INDEED, THE START
OF THE NEXT...
IS THAT AN OIL LAMP
I SEE OVER THERE?



RIGHT, THE NEW YEAR...
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN.

SEEMS TO BE
IN GOOD SHAPE.



And that is how I met
Colonel Dorscheid.

