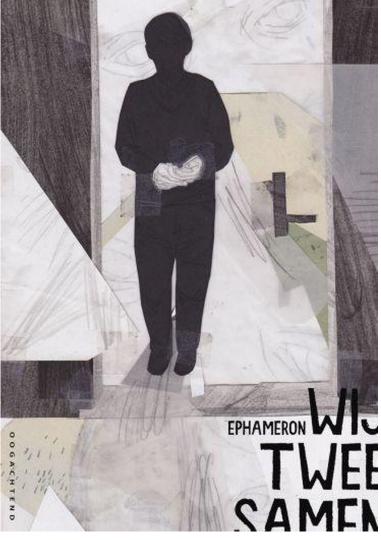
OOGACHTENC



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

"Bursting with pent-up emotion"

De Standaard

"Without grand gestures but all the more impressive for that".

Cuttung Edge

Us Two Together EPHAMERON

At the age of 56, Ephameron's father was struck by primary progressive aphasia, which meant that he lost his speech and language and gradually succumbed to dementia. His family decided to take care of him at home. **Us Two Together** is his daughter's autobiographical account of the last ten years of his life. In her distinctive collage style, in which no line or plane of colour is wasted, the author tells a touching story, with words and pictures coming together to form a kaleidoscopic whole.

Eva Cardon (b. 1979), who goes by the pseudonym of **Ephameron**, graduated in fine arts and illustrative design. She is currently teaching at two art colleges in Belgium while working on her PhD in the visual arts. Her narrative work explores a sensitive side of the world, documenting the small and intimate dramas of life. Her illustrations have been published in many newspapers and magazines, and she has curated and participated in group and solo exhibitions all over the world.



www.oogachtend.be sammy@oogachtend.be

Original title : Wij twee samen (Oogachtend, 2015. Hardcover, 18x25cm, 224 pp.) **Rights sold** : English (Penn State University Press)



I've written somewhere about a thread in my head that broke ...



my husband asks me if I'd like to be able to see into the future



but if I had superpowers I'd want to look into the past





to be with my father again before he became ill



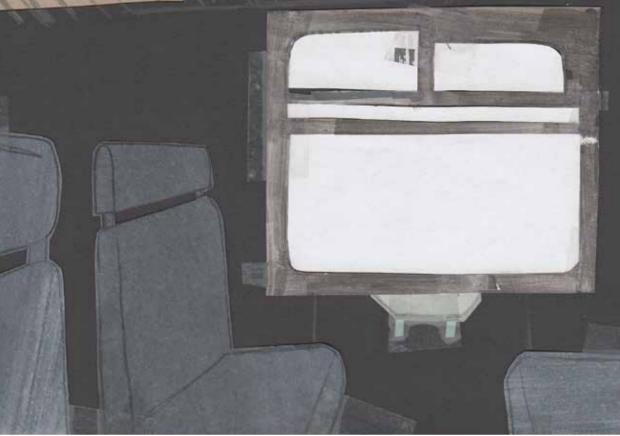
WELL YES... ABOUT TWO MORE

old memories have now been replaced by new ones and I've lost him in my mind forever.

EHRM...

THERE THERE THERE

THOSE TWO THERE THERE







They're moging, they're moving not. Never



every week I travel up and down once or twice I always take a seat on the left side of the train



sometimes I sit on the right and don't recognize as much





as if I'm on a different train headed for a place without sorrow