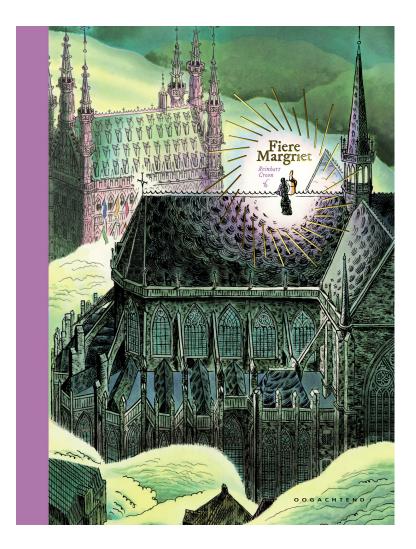
## OOGACHTEND



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## Proud Margaret

## Reinhart Croon

Leuven, 2 September 1225. The 18-year-old maid Margaretha is abducted and harassed by robbers, when she resists, the men murder her. They dump her body in the river Dijle. The young woman's body, however, floats back into the city, against the current, surrounded by a mysterious, inexplicable, bright light. Ever since that day, the Leuvenaars worship her as if she were a saint. This is where the legend ends, and Croon's graphic novel picks up. Because this proud young woman deserves a life after death.

Croon reinvents this age-old legend and focuses on the feminist elements of the story.

**Reinhart Croon (Leuven, 1971)** is full-time comic artist and illustrator, husband and father. For years, he brought work and family together in his light-hearted autobiocomic "Hunker Bunker".

Reinhart doesn't like hassle. Drawing calms him, with his pencil as his companion, he likes to create an honest and straightforward version of reality. The result is always both clean and warm at the same time.

"The drawings emanate a delightful, distinctive confidence."

Focus Knack



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Original title: Fiere Margriet (Oogachtend, 2025. Hardcover, 121x28. 136 pp.)

C

Over all those years - centuries! - much has changed.

Everything, really.

maybe that's why I cling to Him more than ever, he should know. He does know, of course.

A blind man could see. And the all-seeing is anything but blind, right?

10/11

My great love. The One. The Only.

I'm not exaggerating.

A big, bright, clear light in a dark, dark forest. The wilderness we call the world.

Of course, I'm not the only one who is drawn to Him. But the beauty is, He's there for all of us.

You don't get scraps, He gives himself completely, to everyone who so desires.

And really, also to the rest.

Faut le faire.

12

The rest seemed so futile, regarded in His light. And still does.

That's why I persist.

I was to be His bride. Step out of the dark forever. Be with Him, forever.

It was a matter of hours. HOURS!

It wasn't to be.

The Devil caught up. Or his friends, at least.

I was blind, naïve, but now I see them everywhere.

Through His eyes.

And they are legion, you wouldn't believe.

13

I will just have to suffer a little longer, and thus conquer His Holy Heart at last.

Love is a verb. The words of a professor from our city.

14

So, give me a little more time. With His help I will make it, certainly.

He gives me strength and courage, he keeps me keen and spy.

Forever young.

Yet, now I can feel something in me falter.

15

This test is taking an awfully long time now, you know. 800 years, exactly today.

One Stella.





