

Lisette

*Lisette reveals her true feelings about her neighbors*

It's like living in a barnyard. Leopold told me not to come and he was right. I should have stayed home. We don't belong with these people. Once you've tasted life on an ocean liner and have to return to this, well...It's enough to make you weep...I can still see myself stretched out on the deck chair, a Book of the Month in my lap...And that lieutenant who was giving me the eye...My husband says he wasn't, but he didn't see what I saw...Mmmmmm...That was some man. Maybe I should have encouraged him a little more...And Europe! Everyone is so refined! So much more polite than here. You'd never meet a Germaine Lauzon in Europe. Never! Only people of substance. In Paris, you know, everyone speaks so beautifully, and there they talk real French...Not like here...I despise every one of them. I'll never set foot in this place again. Leopold was right about these people. These people are cheap. We shouldn't mix with them. Shouldn't talk about them. They should be hidden away somewhere. They don't know how to live. We broke away from this and we must never, ever go back. Dear God, they make me so ashamed!