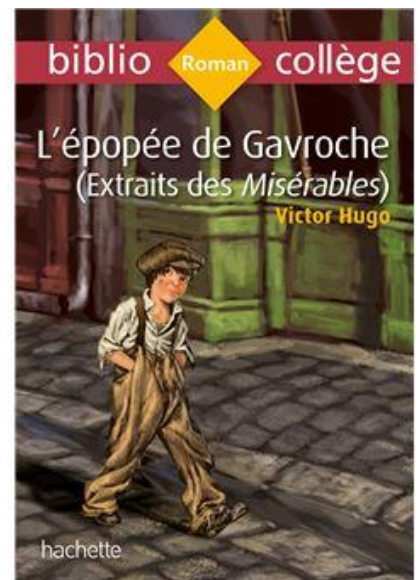
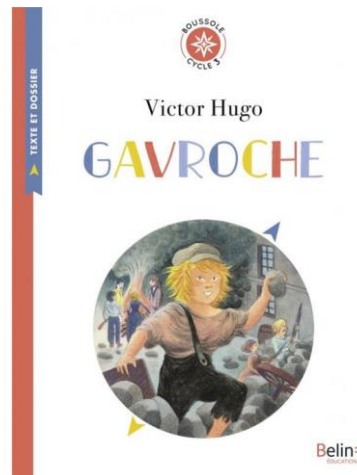
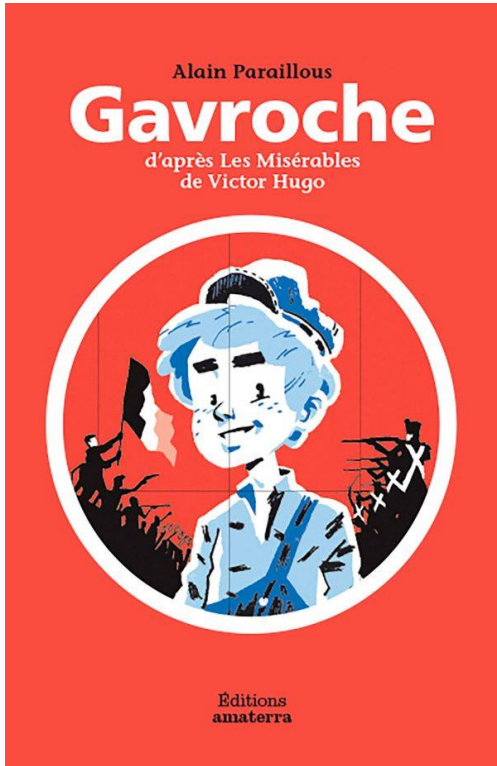


Gavroche:

a person from Victor Hugo's novel: LES MISERABLES

Gavroche is a child Parisian, character of novel of Victor Hugo, « *Les misérables* ». A child living in misery, fear, rats and mice as well as sewers, abandoned in the street by his parents, but nevertheless remained happy.

Outside, he manages on his own, earning a few cents by cleaning the gutters, not hesitating to rob the bourgeoisie. Places filled with crowds are profitable to him.



Who is Gavroche?

Born in 1820, he is the son of [Thenardier](#) who don't like him, don't want him and that's why he lives on the street (he usually says "I'm going into the street" when he comes out of a house). He only sees them once in a while, but he will help his father escape from prison anyway. Gavroche knows his older sisters, [Eponine](#) and [Azelma](#), but not his two younger brothers who were abandoned to be adopted at a very young age following a sordid negotiation by their parents. After the arrest of their adoptive mother, when the two children find themselves in the street, Gavroche takes them in without knowing that they are his brothers. But they get lost in Paris the next day and we see them only once, looking for food. The reader does not know what happened to them.

Gavroche is well acquainted with the "Patron-Minette" gang, criminals whom Thenardier solicits for his bad acts.

Gavroche died on June 6, 1832, shortly after [Eponine](#), almost the same [barricade](#) of the [rue de la Chanvrière](#), during' [Republican uprising in Paris in June 1832](#), by trying to recover unburned cartridges for his insurgent comrades and by singing a famous song that he does not have time to complete (Tome V. Jean Valjean - Book First: The War between Four Walls - Chapter 15. Gavroche outside): "

[...] Gavroche had taken a basket with bottles in the cabaret, had gone out through the cut, and was peacefully occupied in emptying in his basket the gallows full of cartridges of the National Guards killed on the embankment of the redoubt. [...] And with a bound, he plunged into the street. [...] About twenty dead were lying here and there throughout the length of the street on the pavement. About twenty gallows for Gavroche, a supply of cartridges for the barricade. The smoke was in the street like a fog. [...]; hence a gradual darkening which turned pale even in broad daylight. This obscuration, probably willed and calculated by the chiefs who were to lead the assault on the barricade, was useful to Gavroche. Under the folds of this veil of smoke, and thanks to its smallness, he was able to go far enough into the street without being seen. He robbed the first seven or eight cartons without much danger. He crawled on his stomach, galloped on all fours, took his basket with his teeth, twisted, slipped, undulated, snaked from one dead to another, and emptied the game or the cartridge pouch like a monkey opens a walnut. [...] On a corpse, which was a corporal, he found a powder pear. [...] By dint of going forward, he reached the point where the fog of the shooting became transparent. [...] As Gavroche was removing his cartridges from a sergeant lying near a terminal, a bullet struck the corpse. [...] A second bullet caused the pavement next to him to sparkle. A third overturned her basket. Gavroche looked, and saw that it came from the suburbs. He stood straight up, his hair blowing in the wind, his hands on his hips :

We are ugly at [Nanterre](#),

It's the fault of [Voltaire](#),

And stupid to [Palaiseau](#),

It's the fault of [Rousseau](#).

Then he picked up his basket, put back in it, without losing a single one, the cartridges which had fallen from it, and, advancing towards the shooting, went to strip another cartridge. There a fourth bullet missed him again. Gavroche sang:

I'm not [notary](#),

It's [Voltaire's](#) fault,

I am small [bird](#),

It's [Rousseau's](#) fault.

A fifth bullet only succeeds in extracting a third verse from him:

Joy is my [character](#),

It's [Voltaire's](#) fault,

Misery is my [clothing](#),

It's [Rousseau's](#) fault.

It went on like this for some time. The spectacle was appalling and charming. Gavroche, shot, teased the shooting. He seemed to be having a lot of fun. It was the sparrow pecking at the hunters. He responded to each discharge with a verse. We kept aiming at him, we always missed him. The National Guards and the soldiers laughed as they adjusted it. He would go to bed, then get up, reappear, run away, come back, shoot back the submachine gun with noses, and yet plunder the cartridges, aim at the cartons, and fill his basket. [...] The barricade was shaking; he was singing. He wasn't a child, he wasn't a man, he was a strange fairy kid. He looked like the invulnerable dwarf in the fray. The bullets were chasing him, he was nimbler than they were. He was playing some frightening game of hide and seek with death; every time the shadowy face of the specter approached, the kid would flick it. A bullet, however, better adjusted or more treacherous than the others, ends up hitting the wisp child. We saw Gavroche stagger, then he collapsed. The whole barricade uttered a cry; but there was Antée in this pygmy; for the kid to touch the pavement, it is as for the giant to touch the ground; Gavroche had fallen only to get up; he remained seated in his seat, a long trickle of blood streaked his face, he raised both his arms in the air, looked in the direction from which the blow had come,

and began to sing. Better adjusted or more treacherous than the others, ends up reaching the child wisp. We saw Gavroche stagger, then he collapsed. The whole barricade uttered a cry; but there was Antée in this pygmy; for the kid to touch the pavement, it is as for the giant to touch the ground; Gavroche had fallen only to get up; he remained seated in his seat, a long trickle of blood streaked his face, he raised both his arms in the air, looked in the direction from which the blow had come, and began to sing. better adjusted or more treacherous than the others, ends up reaching the child wisp. We saw Gavroche stagger, then he collapsed. The whole barricade uttered a cry; but there was Antée in this pygmy; for the kid to touch the pavement, it is as for the giant to touch the ground; Gavroche had fallen only to get up; he remained seated in his seat, a long trickle of blood streaked his face, he raised both his arms in the air, looked in the direction from which the blow had come, and began to sing. had fallen only to straighten up; he remained seated in his seat, a long trickle of blood streaked his face, he raised both his arms in the air, looked in the direction from which the blow had come, and began to sing. had fallen only to straighten up; he remained seated in his seat, a long trickle of blood streaked his face, he raised both his arms in the air, looked in the direction from which the blow had come, and began to sing.

I fell on the ground,

It's Voltaire's fault,

The nose in the stream,

It's the fault of ...

He did not finish. A second bullet from the same shooter stopped him short. This time he fell down with his face against the pavement, and did not move any more. This little great soul had just flown away. "

