

LES VOYAGES DE

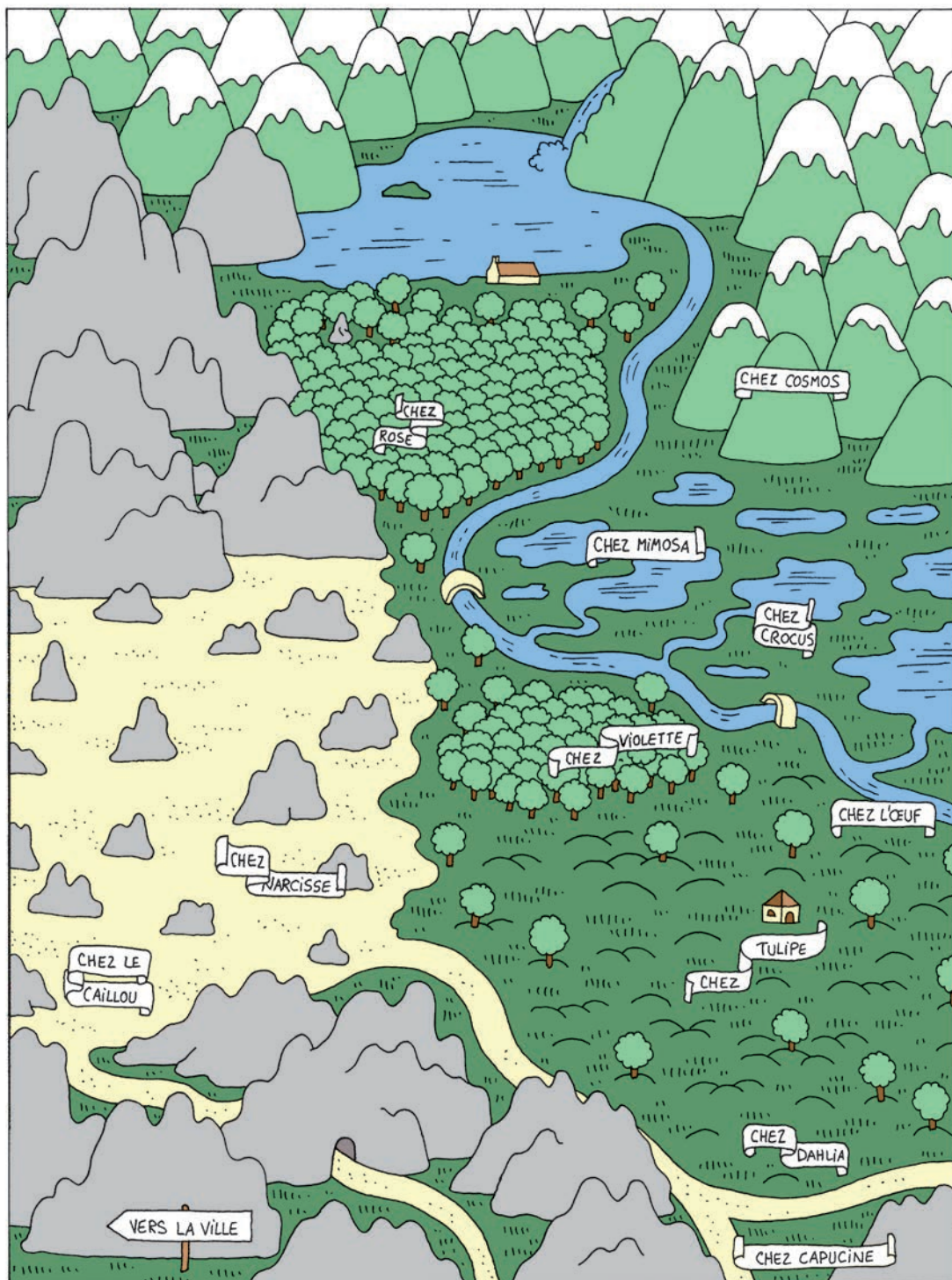
# TULIPE

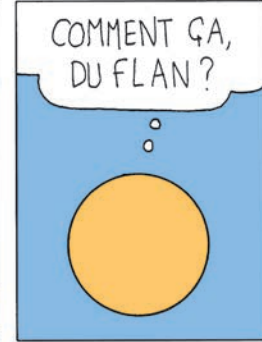
SOPHIE GUERRIVE

2024

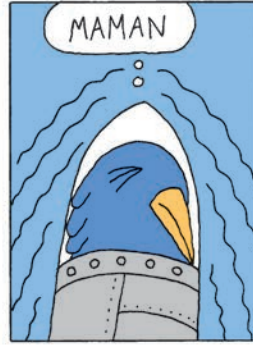
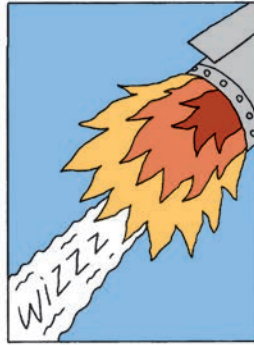
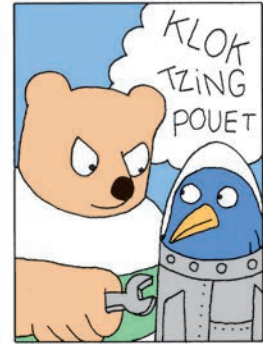
PARDON AUX ARBRES

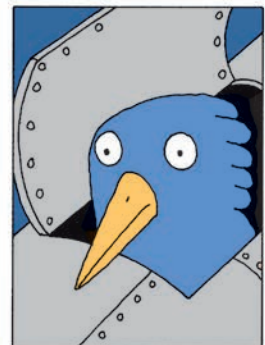
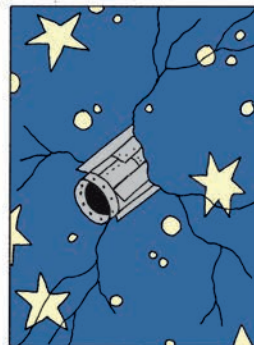
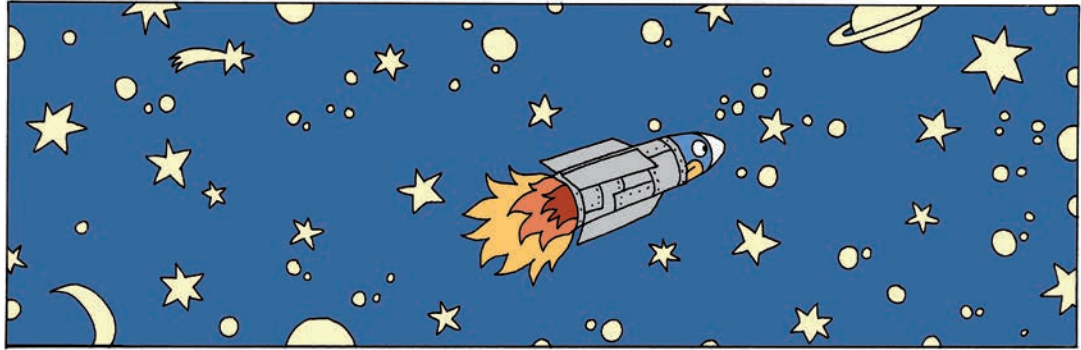










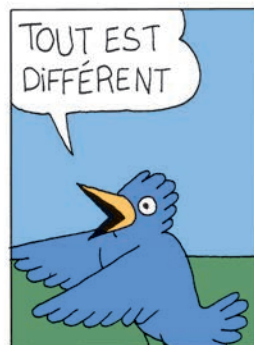


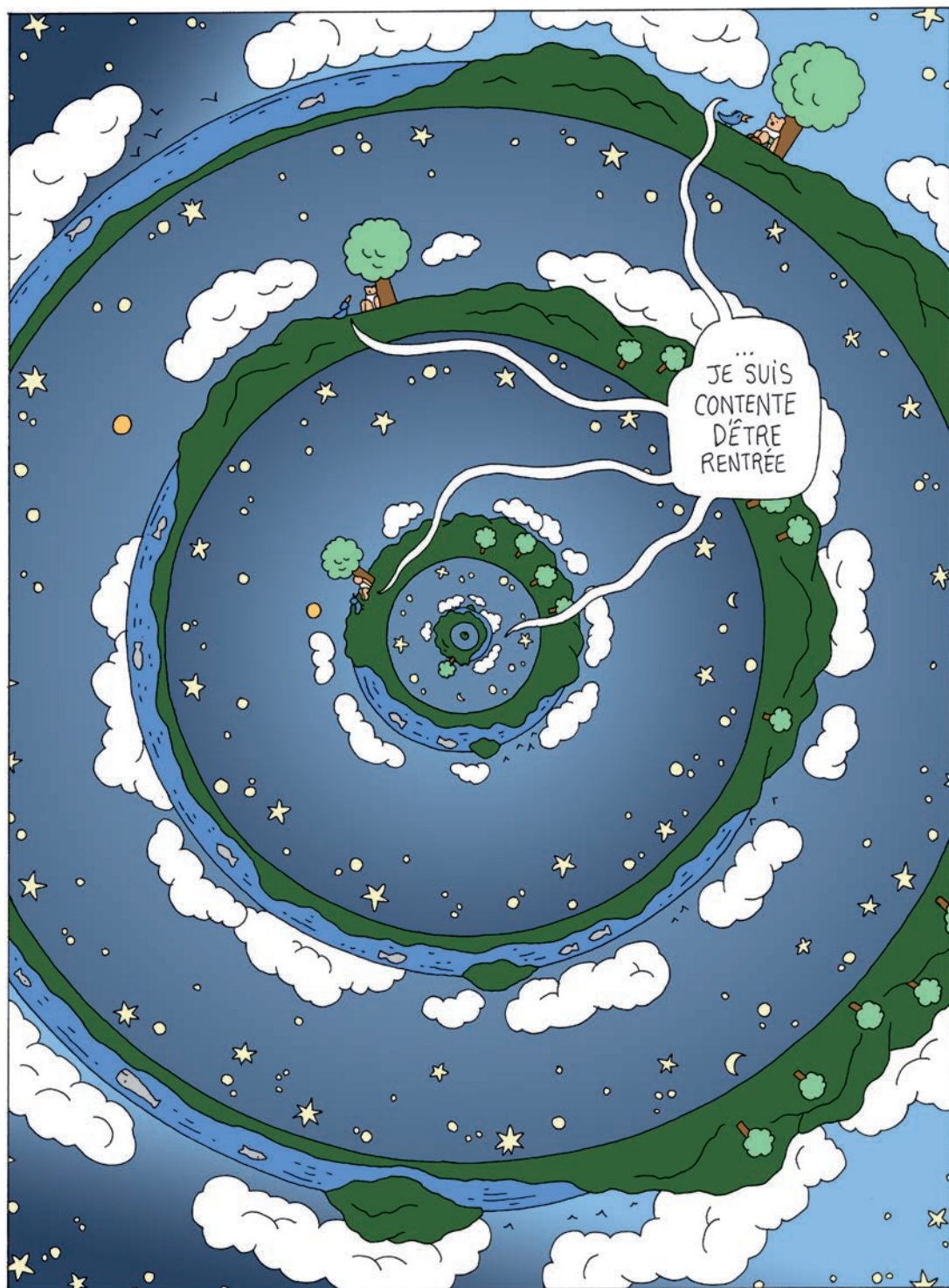






















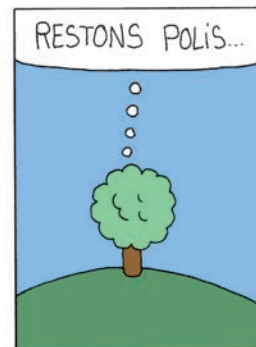








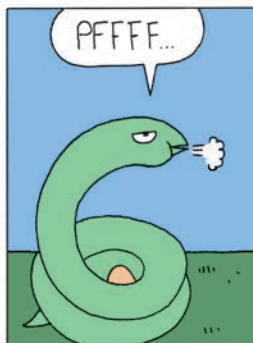




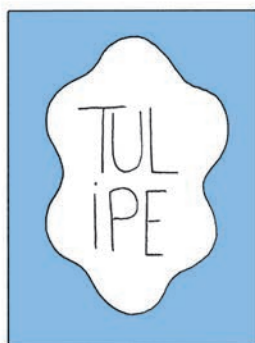








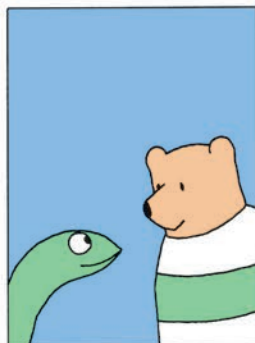








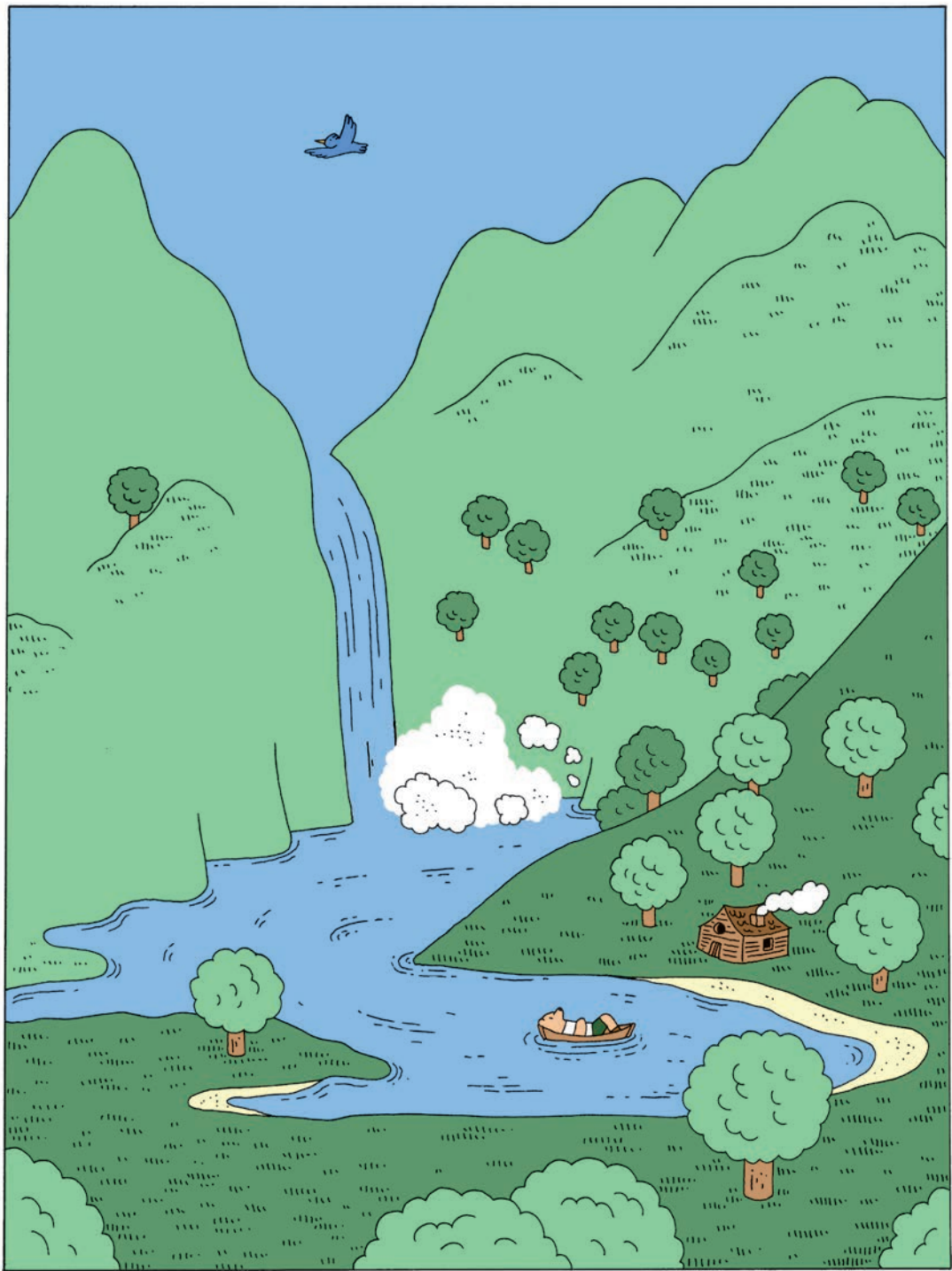




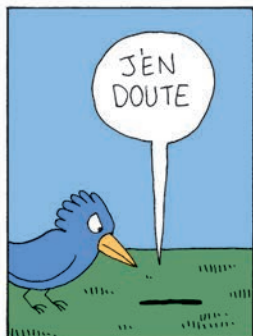




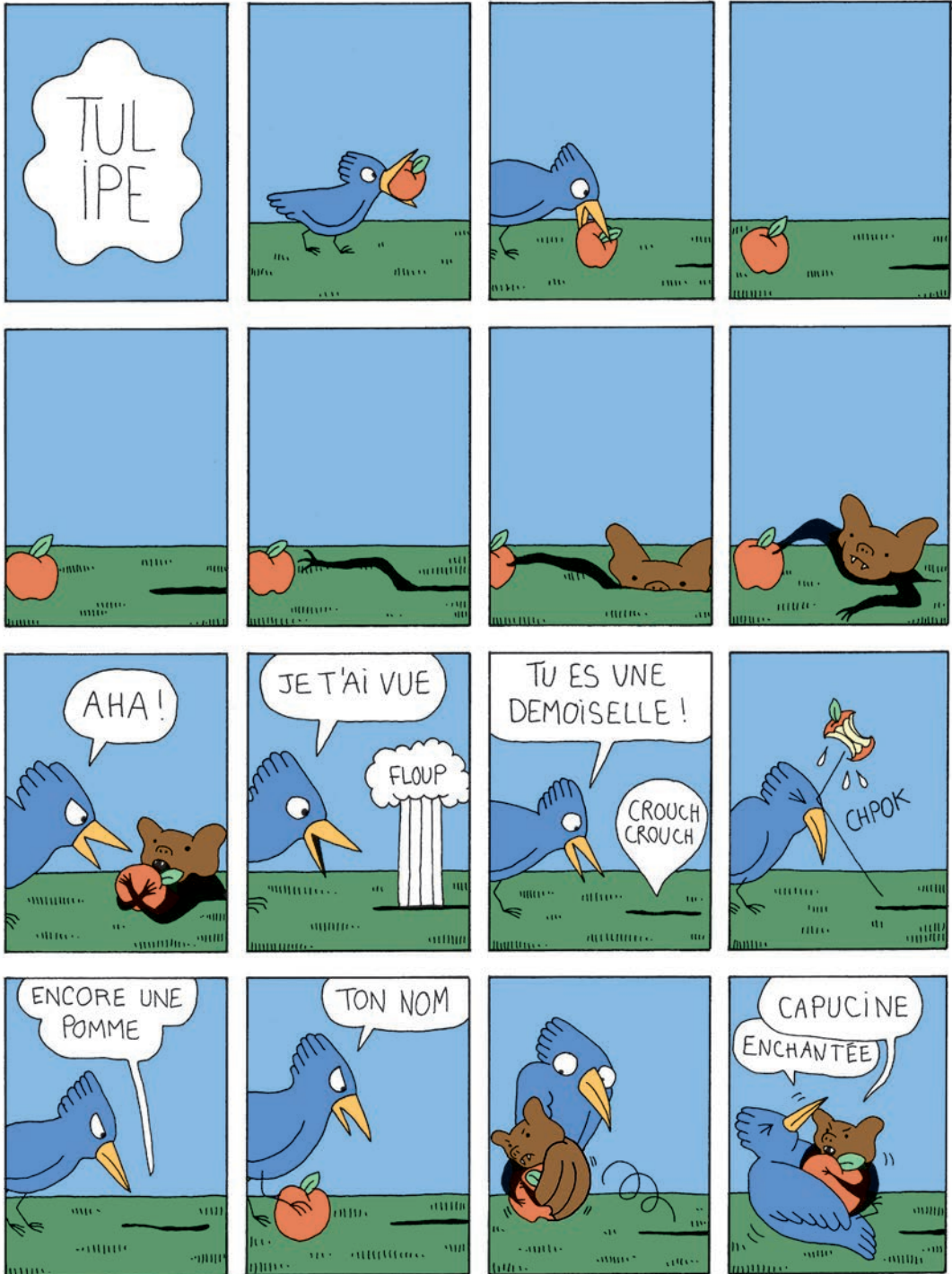


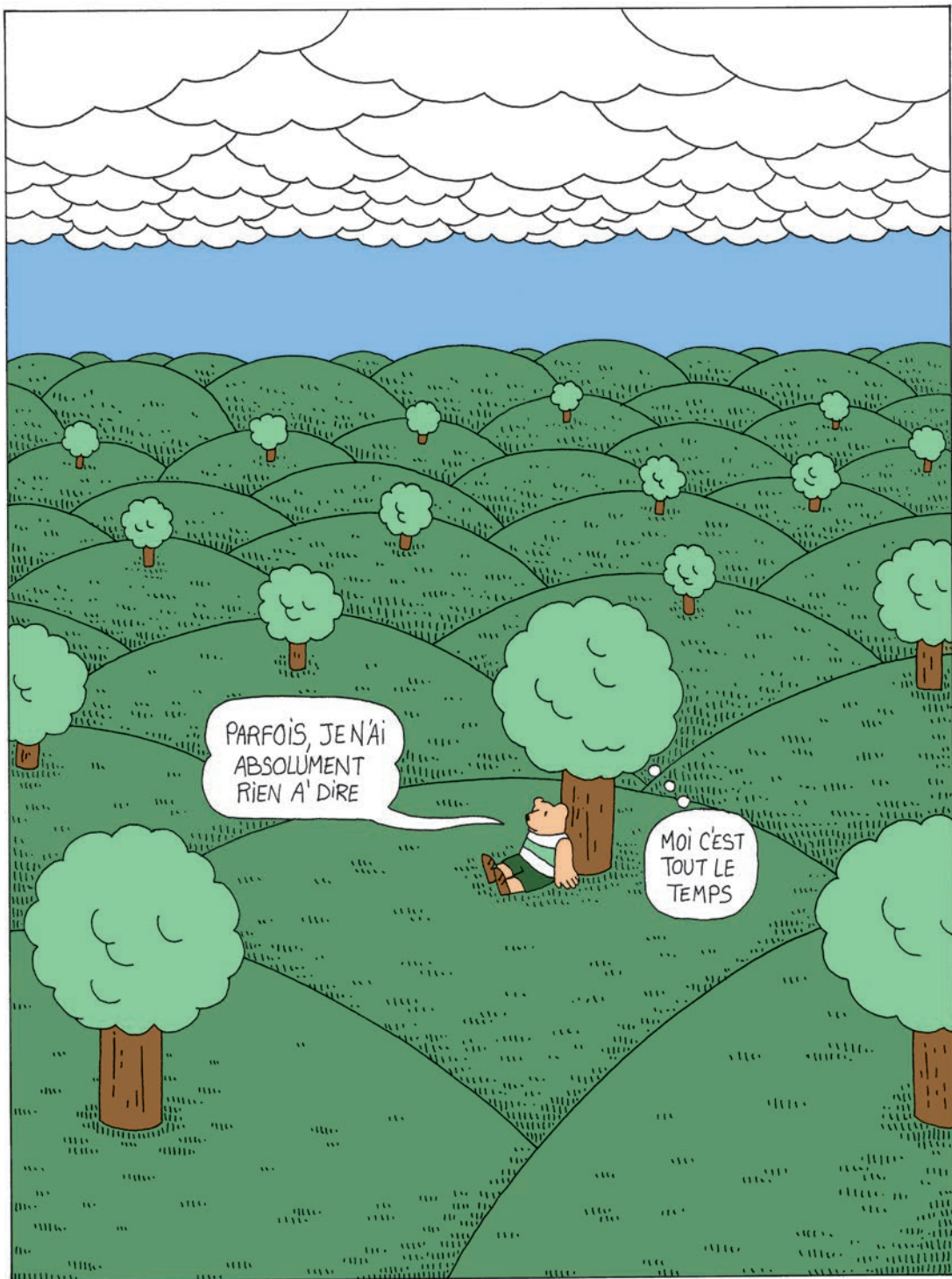


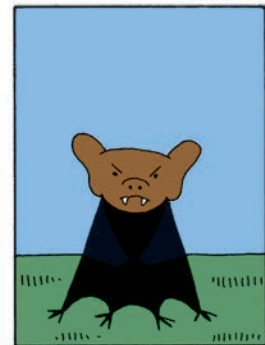
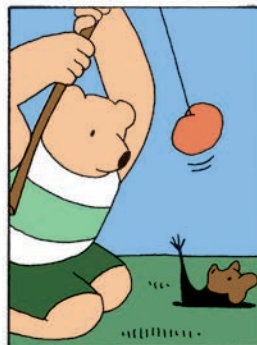




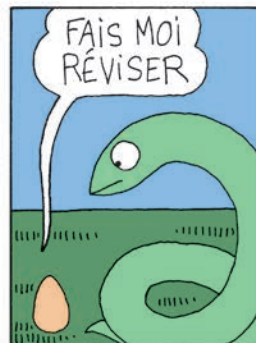










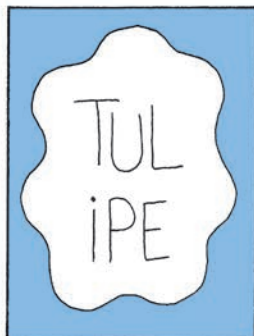








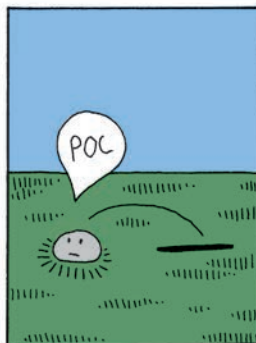


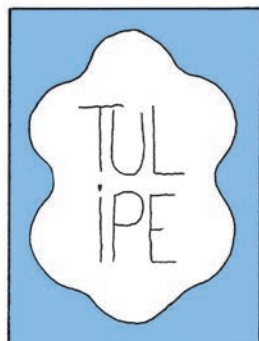








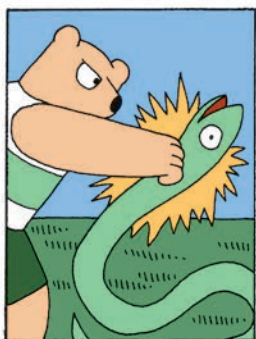


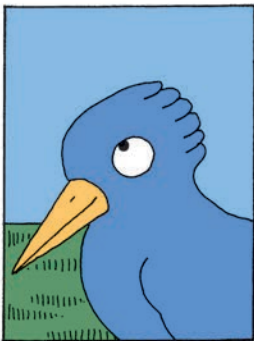










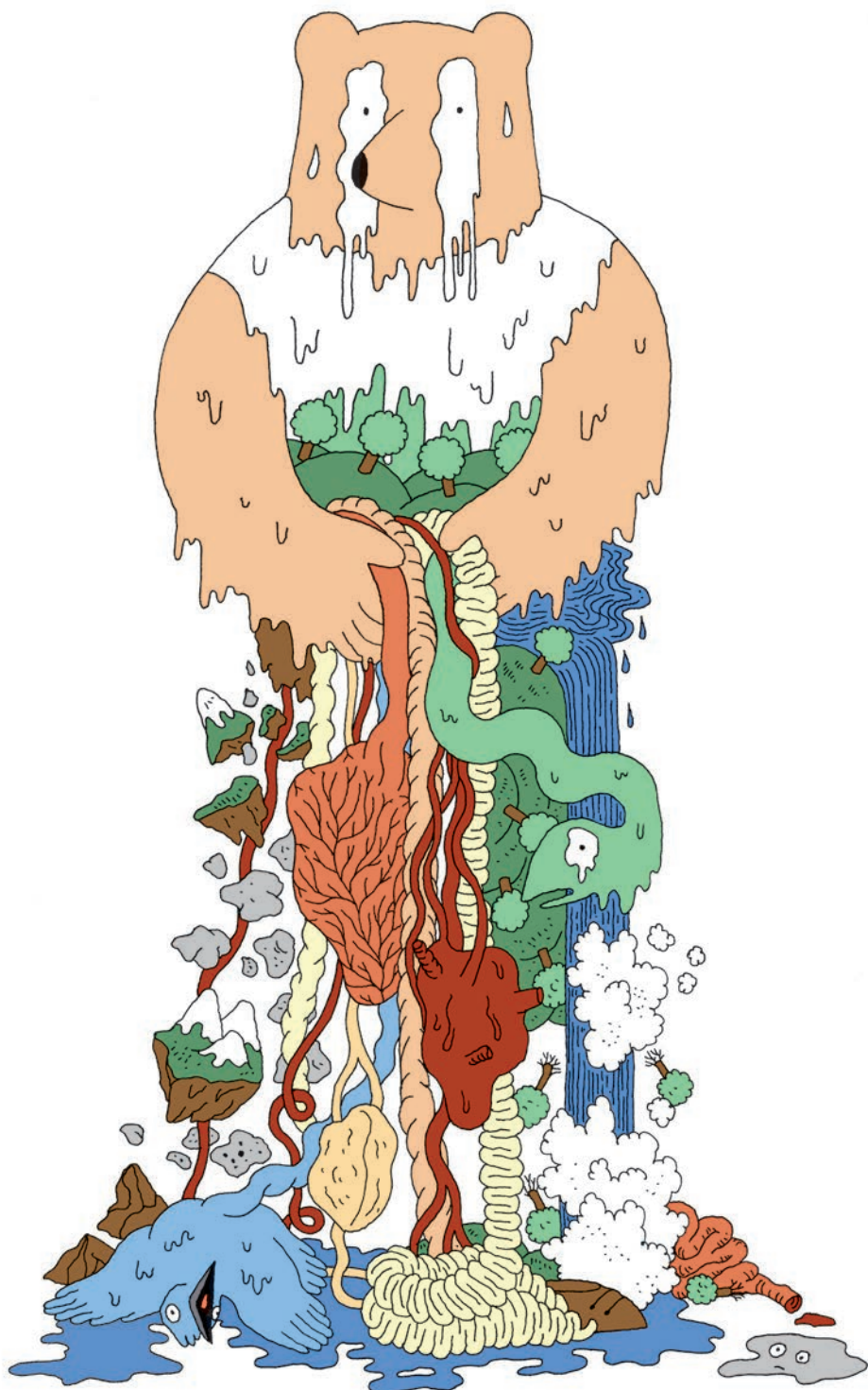














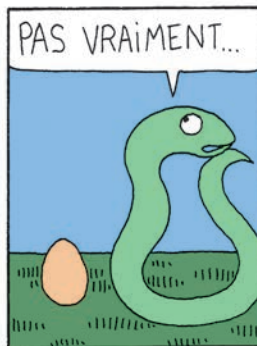




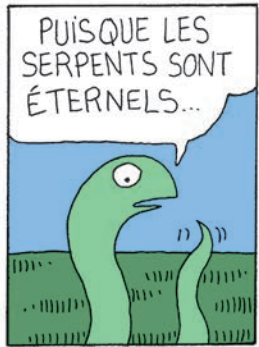










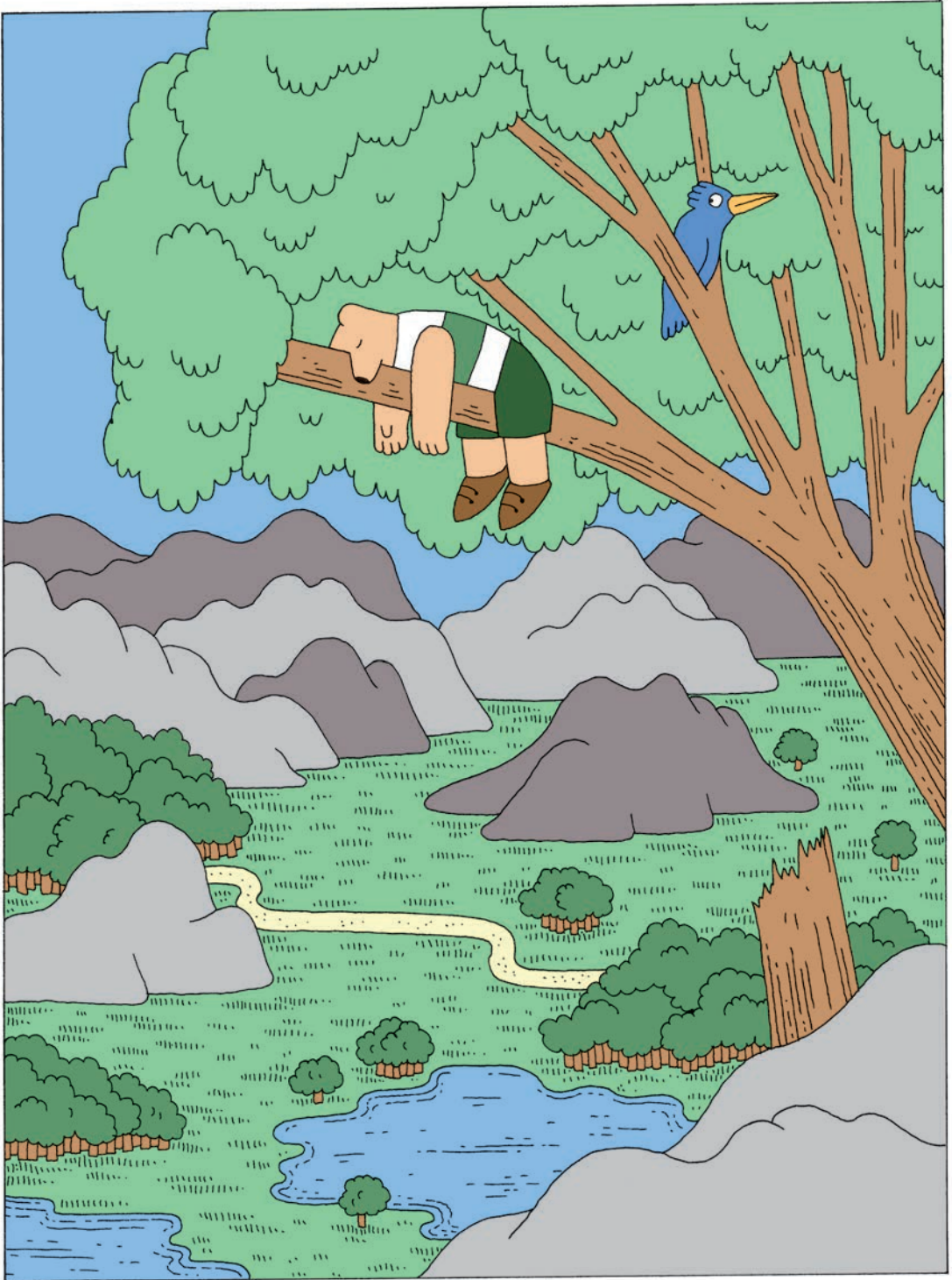


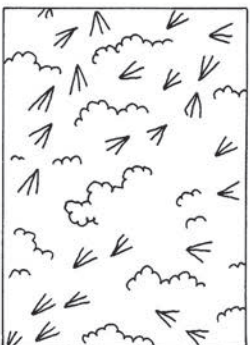
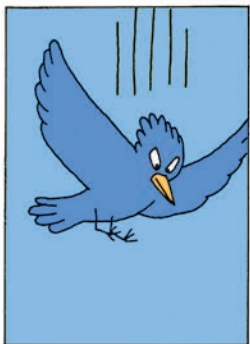




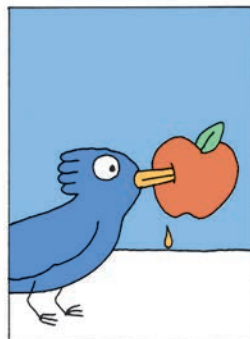
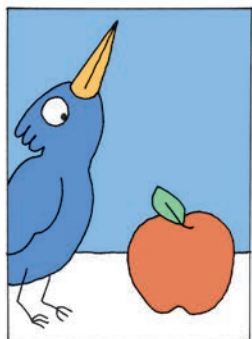
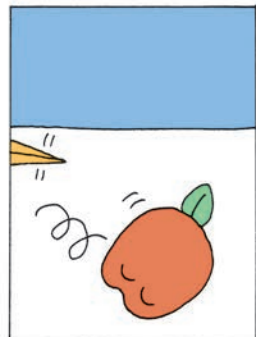
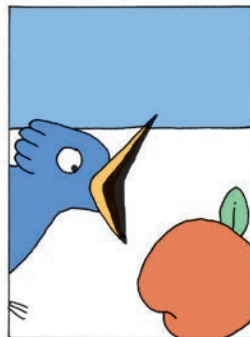
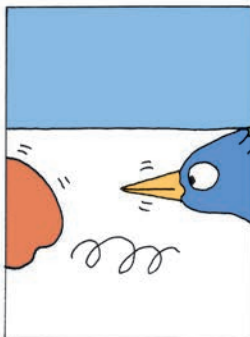
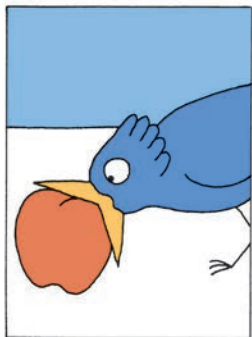
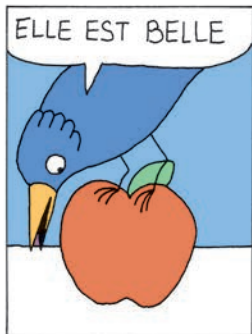
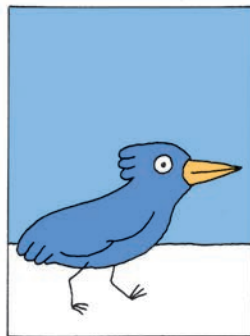


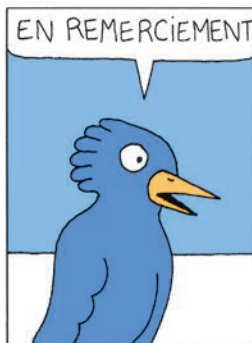
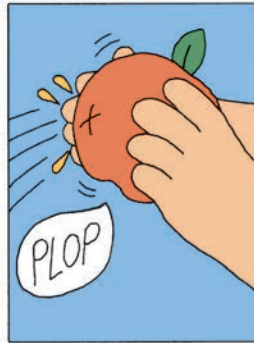
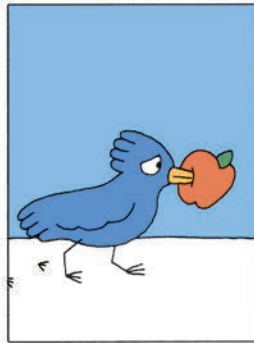


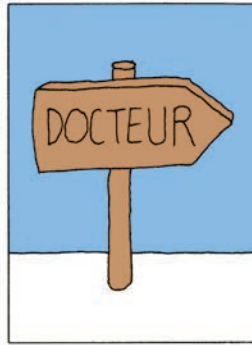
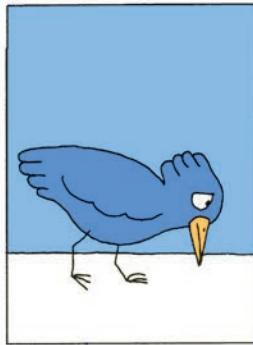
















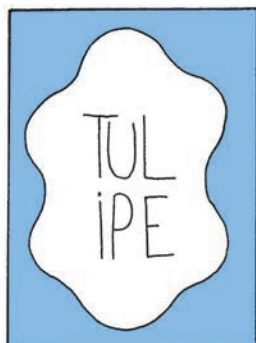




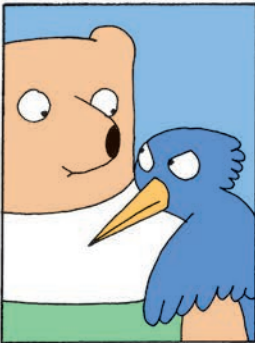




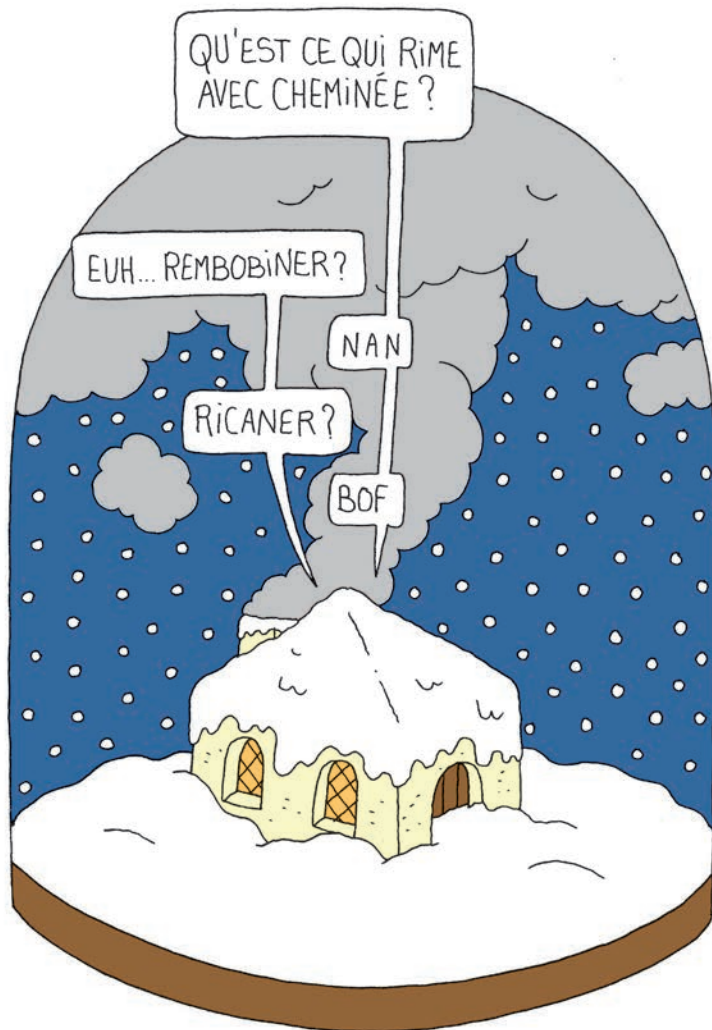












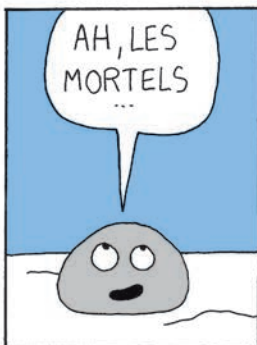
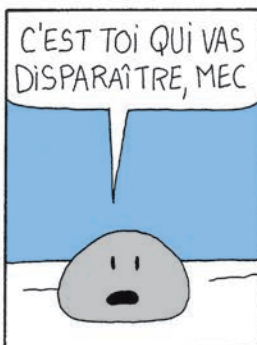
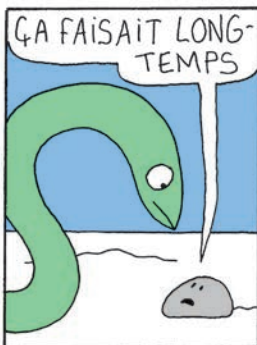
QU'EST CE QUI RIME  
AVEC CHEMINÉE ?

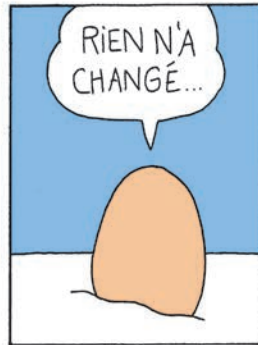
EUH... REMBOBINER?

NAN

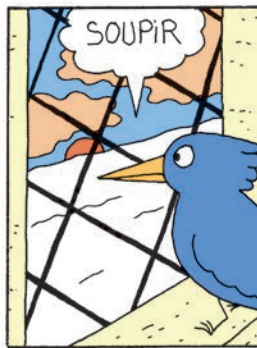
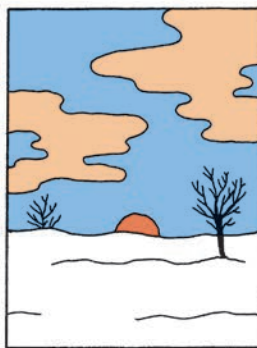
RICANER?

BOF









LE SOLEIL EST PARTI  
ET CHACUN DANS SON NID

ENTEND LE LOUP  
QUI FAIT LE FOU

ET LES LIMULES  
QUI PULLULENT.

LA NUIT, C'EST POURRI  
LA LUNE EST UNE VIEILLE PRUNE.

SOLEIL, REVIENS  
SANS TOI, ÇA CRAINT.

C'EST PAS  
TRÈS SYMPA

BERK BERK BERK

CROCUS ?

QU'EST CE QUE TU  
FAIS LA' ?

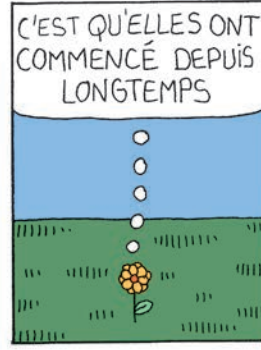
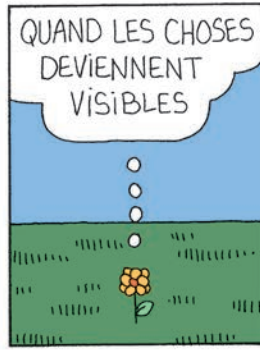
PAS QUESTION DE RESTER  
DEHORS S'IL Y A DES LIMULES



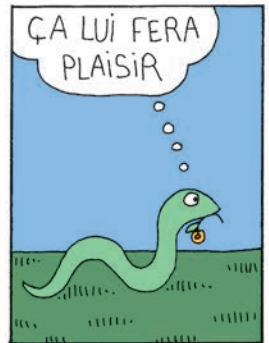
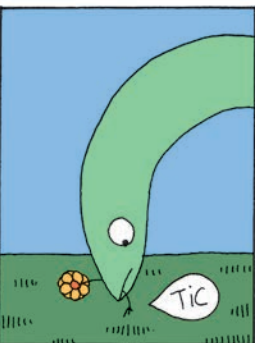
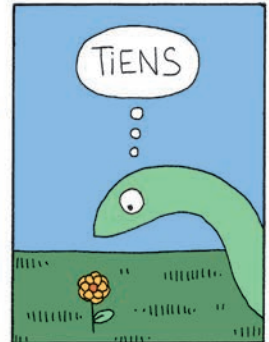
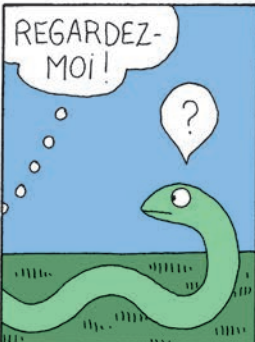
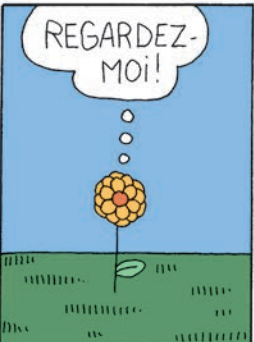




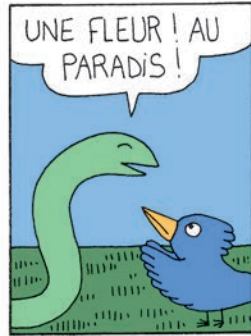
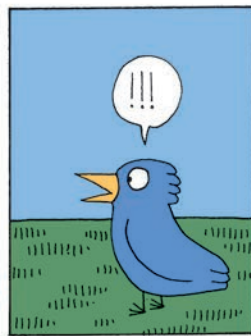


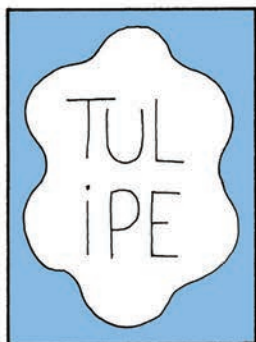




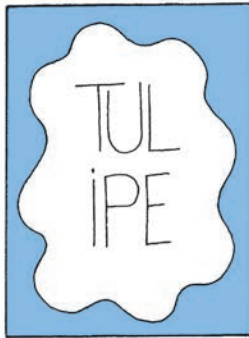










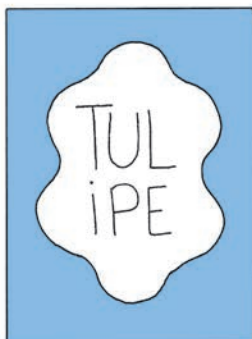
















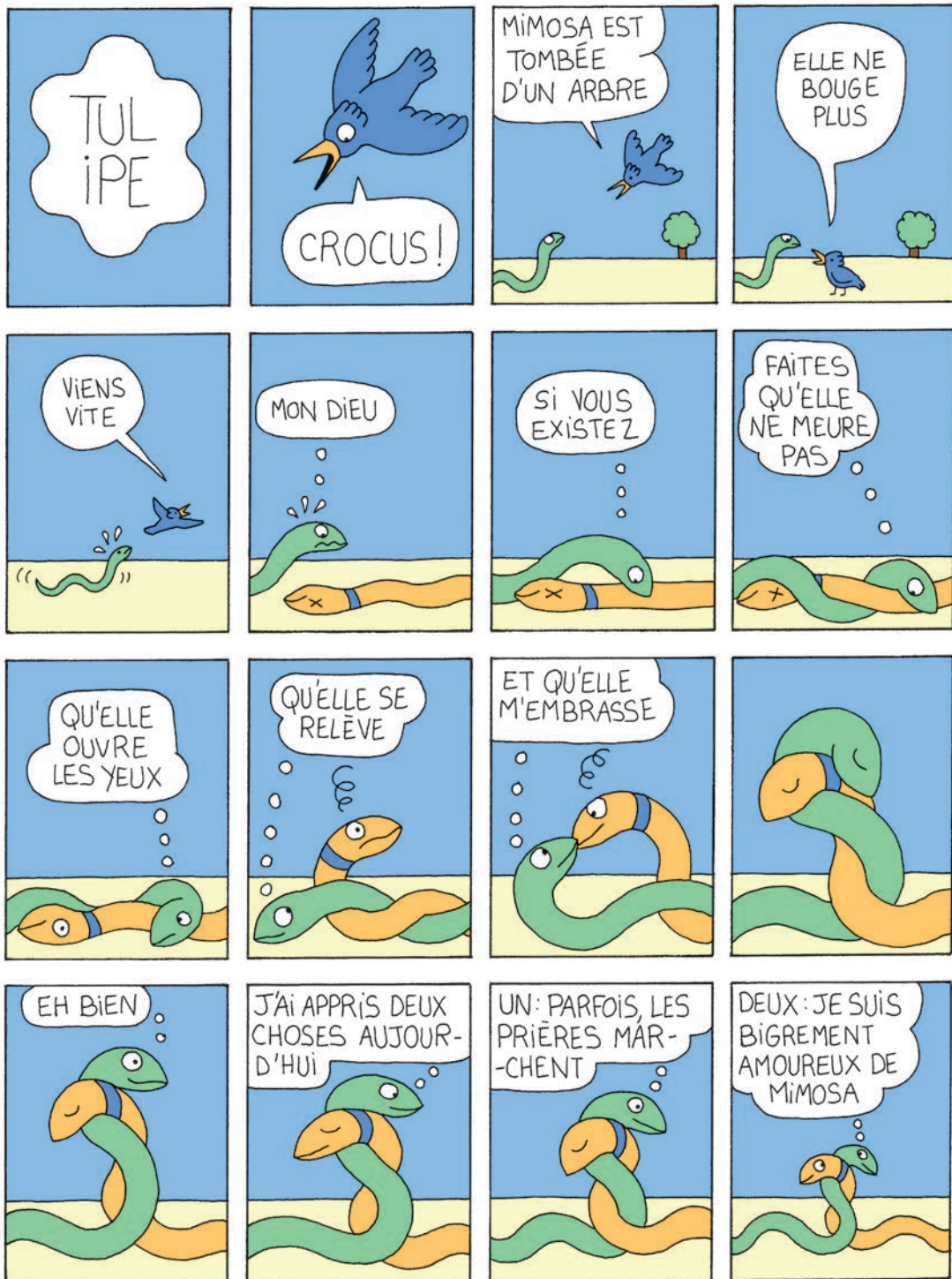




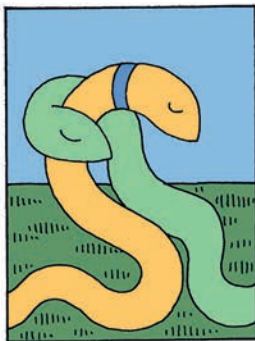
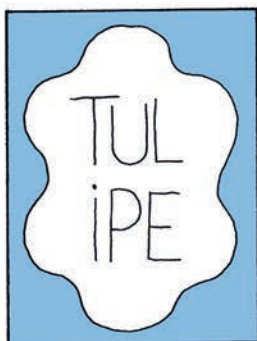




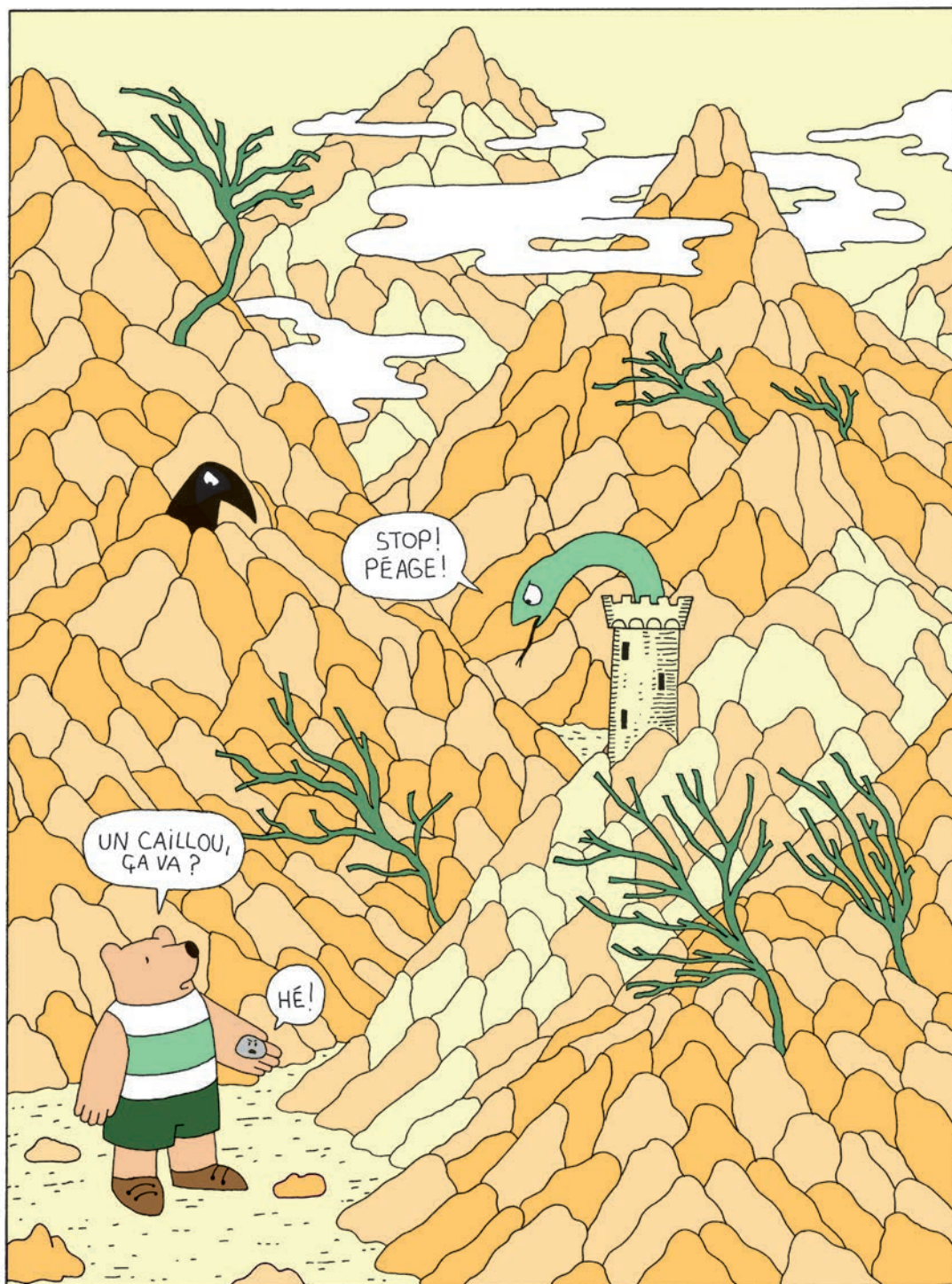






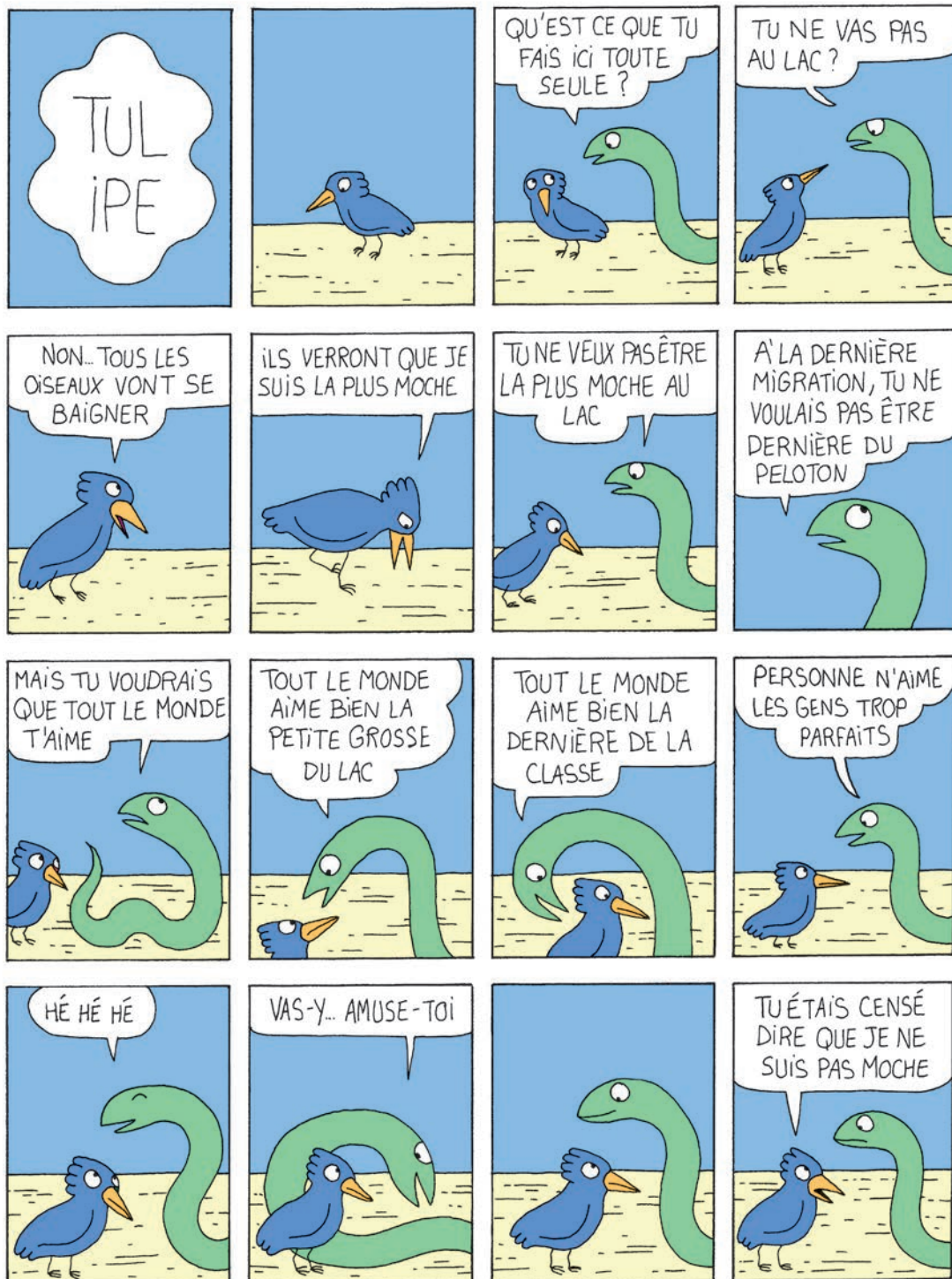














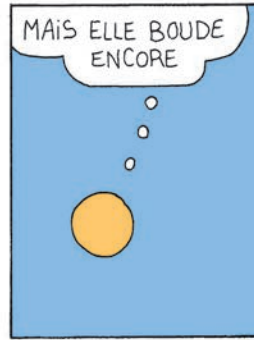






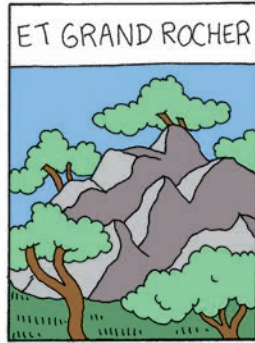


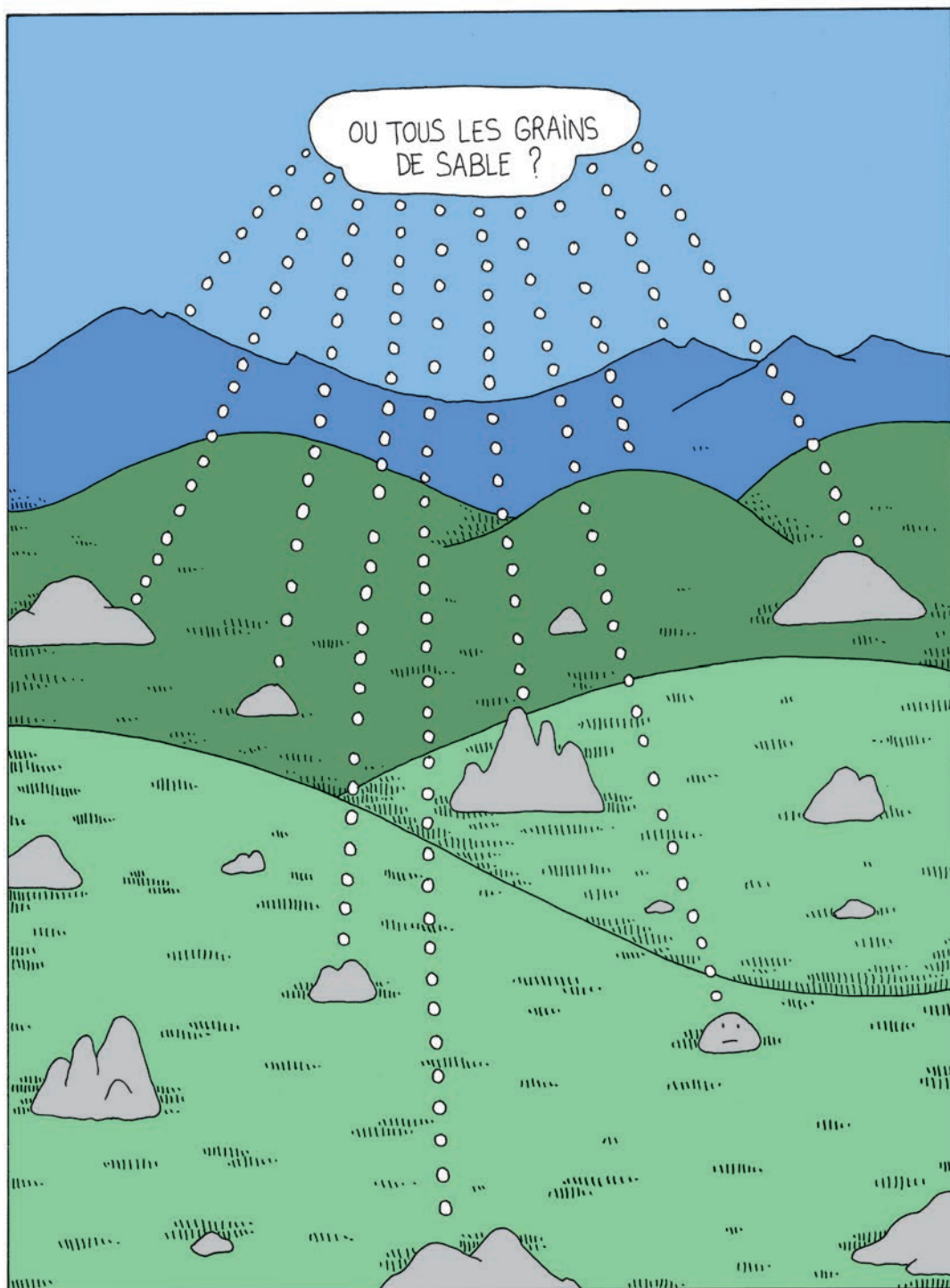






















Chère Violette,  
me voici sous mon arbre avec mon  
colocataire. Il y a aussi ce requin qui  
m'a arraché la plume caudale juste  
après ce cliché.

Malgré ça, on m'est pas mal ici. Il  
fait bon et il y a du champagne.  
Tu devrais venir un de ces jours !

Je pense à toi presque tous les  
mercredis. C'était le jour où je devais  
t'emmener à ta leçon de vol.

Tu m'étais pas très douée. Dieu merci,  
ce qui est fait m'est plus à faire.

Donne-moi de tes nouvelles

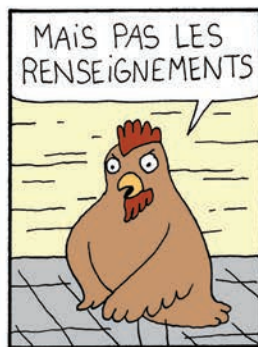
maman



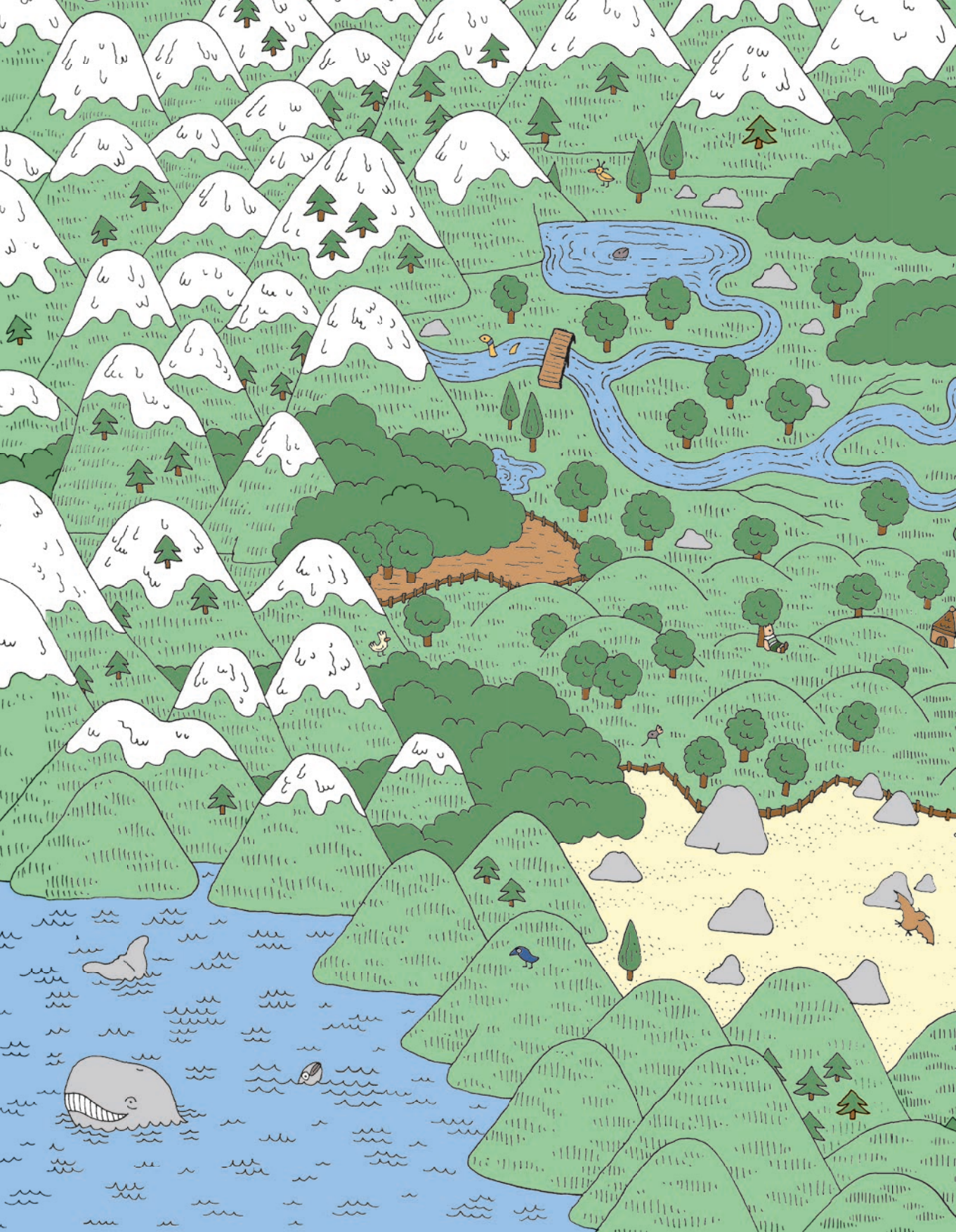
Violette Oiseau  
cinquième arbre après  
la petite mare  
vers le milieu de  
la plaine



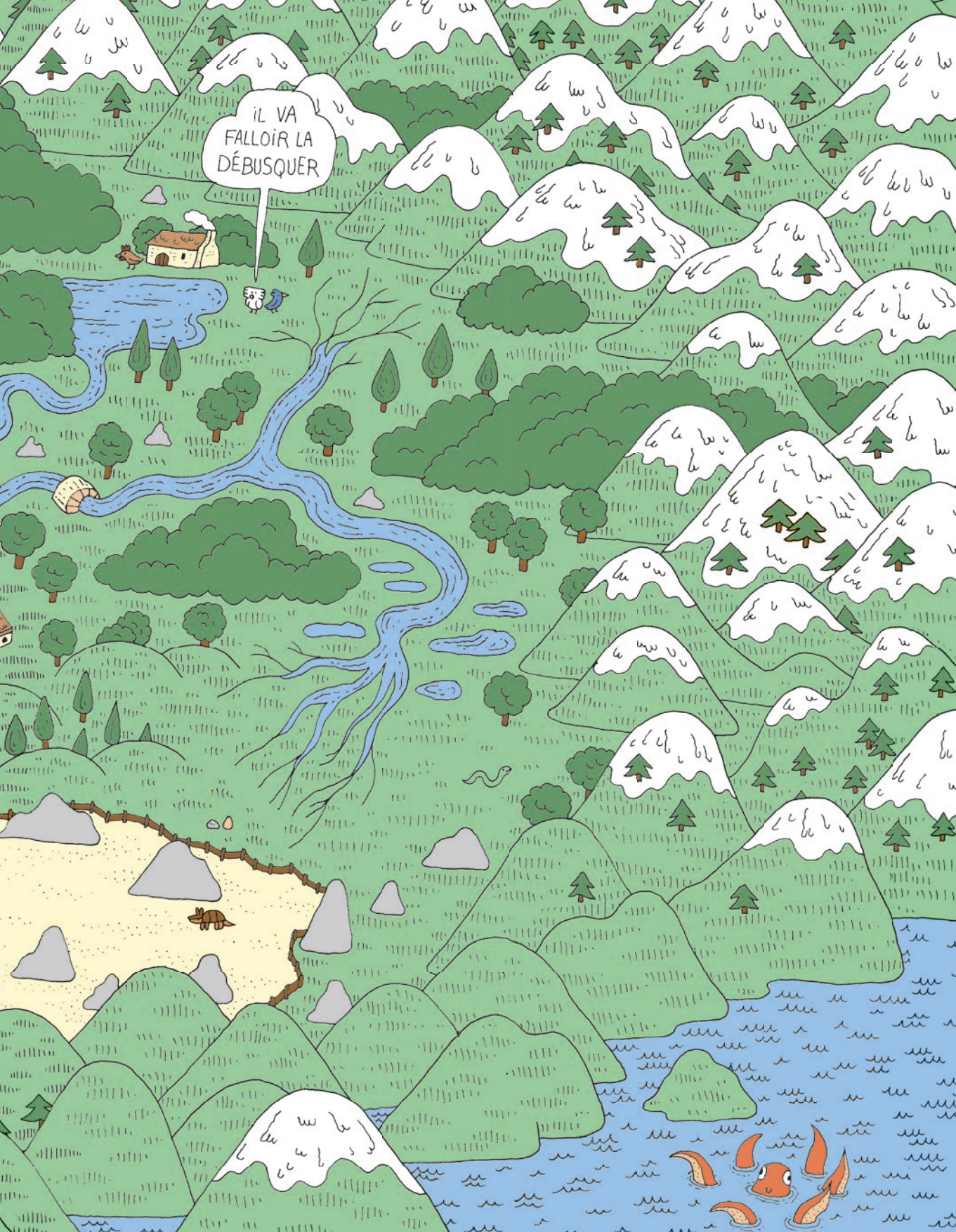








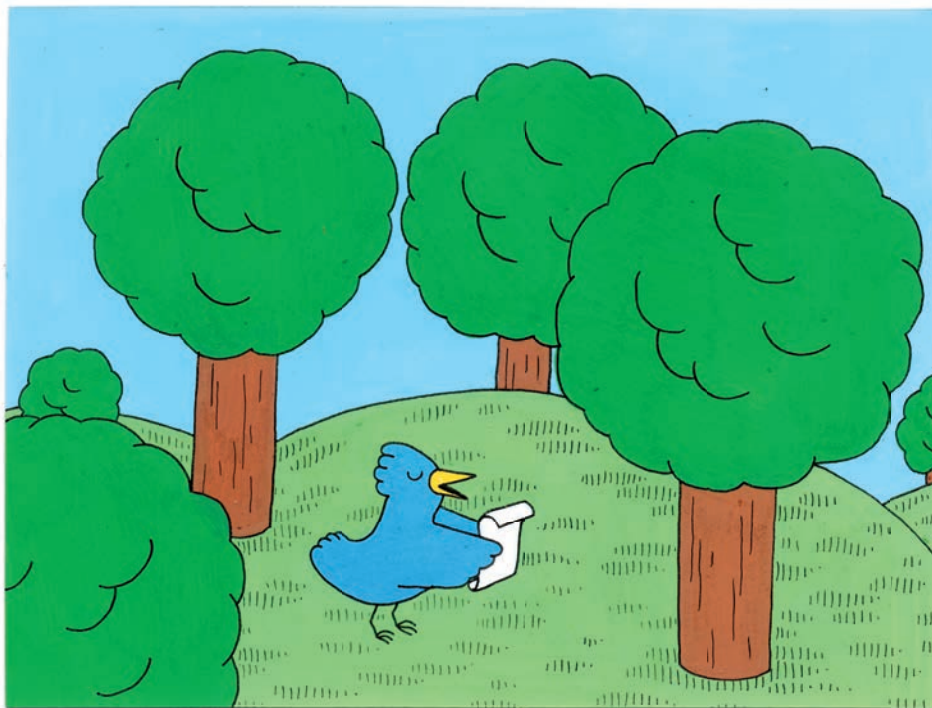




IL VA  
falloir LA  
DÉBUSQUER





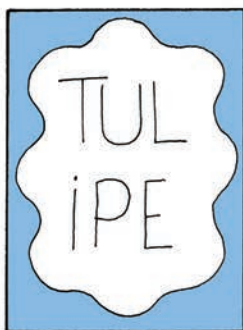


Chère Maman,  
 Merci pour ta carte.  
 Me voici en train de lire mon  
 "ode aux arbres". C'est mon  
 poème à succès du moment :  
 même les sapins du  
 Mont Félou en ont entendu  
 parler.  
 Quand les journalistes me  
 demanderont d'où me vient  
 cette sensibilité, je dirai  
 que ma mère m'a  
 abandonnée.  
 Je t'embrasse,  
 ta fille, violette



Jasmin Poulet  
 la ferme près du lac  
 faire suivre à  
 Marguerite Oiseau





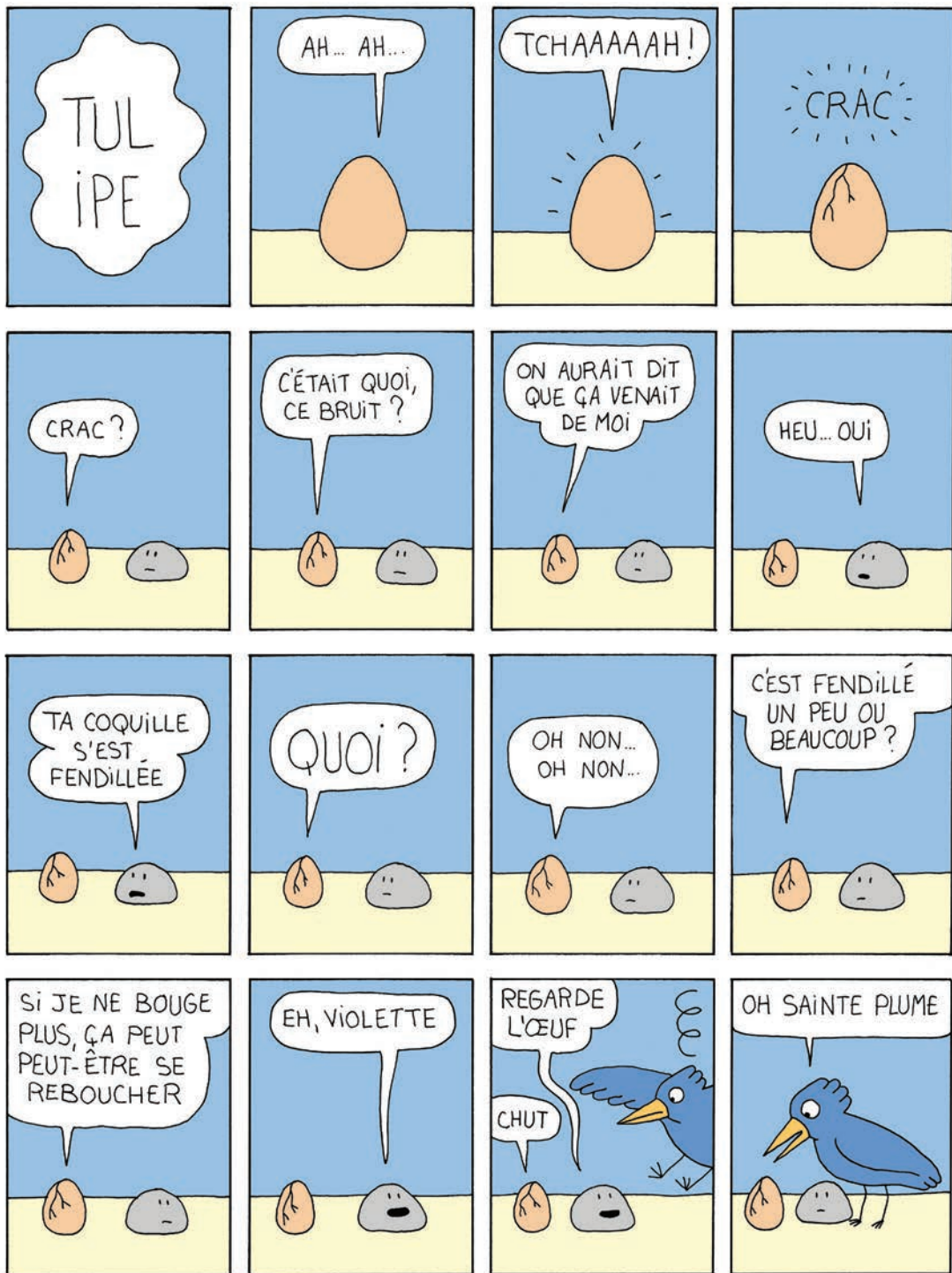




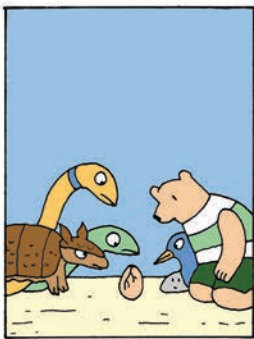






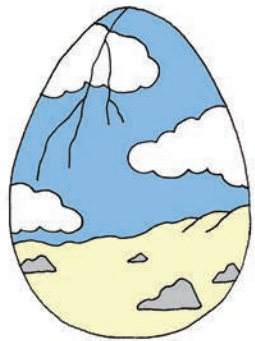
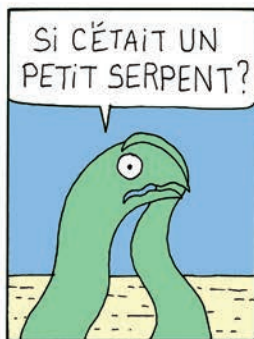




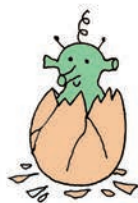






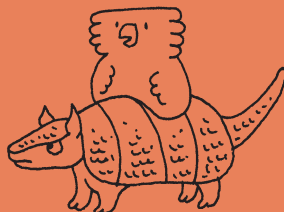












Les voyages de

## TULIPE

de Sophie Guerrive

a été achevé d'imprimer  
en octobre deux mille dix-sept,  
en quadrichromie sur un papier Munken Print White  
de cent quinze grammes et d'une main de quinze,  
par les imprimeries OZGraf, à Olzstyn, en Pologne,  
pour le compte des éditions 2024,  
sises quelque part sur la route d'Oberhausbergen,  
à Strasbourg.

Cet ouvrage bénéficie du soutien du ministère de la Culture et de la Communication –  
Direction régionale des affaires culturelles d'Alsace-Champagne-Ardenne-Lorraine,  
ainsi que du soutien du Centre National du Livre,  
et de la Maison des Auteurs d'Angoulême.

Dépôt légal troisième trimestre 2017

ISBN 978-2-919242-81-8

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