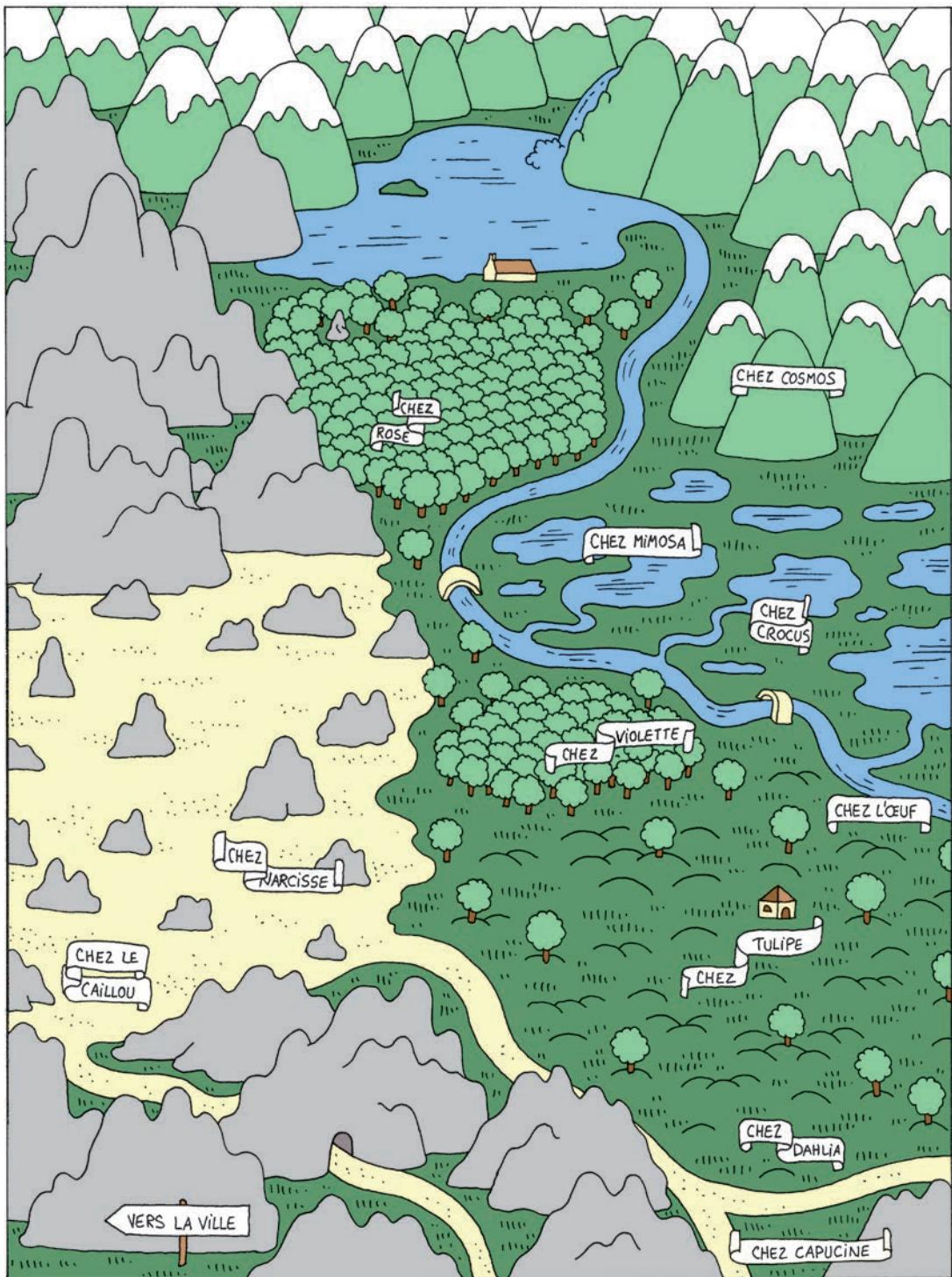


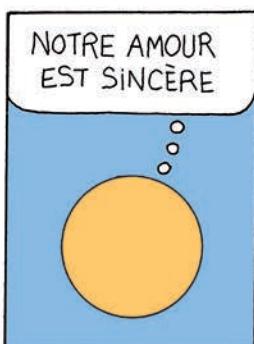
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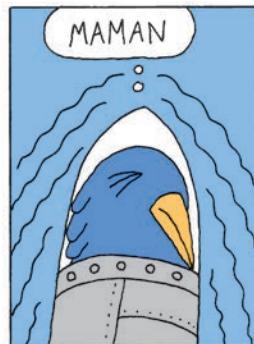
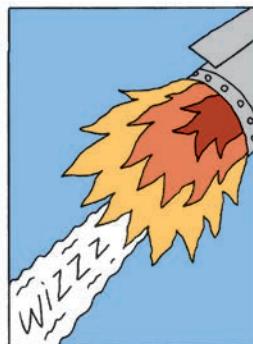
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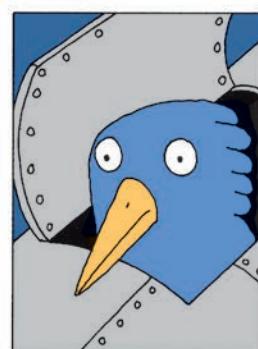
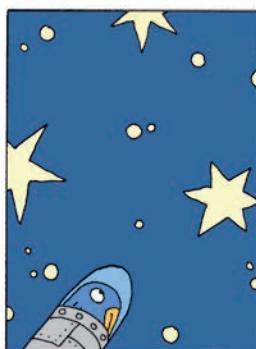
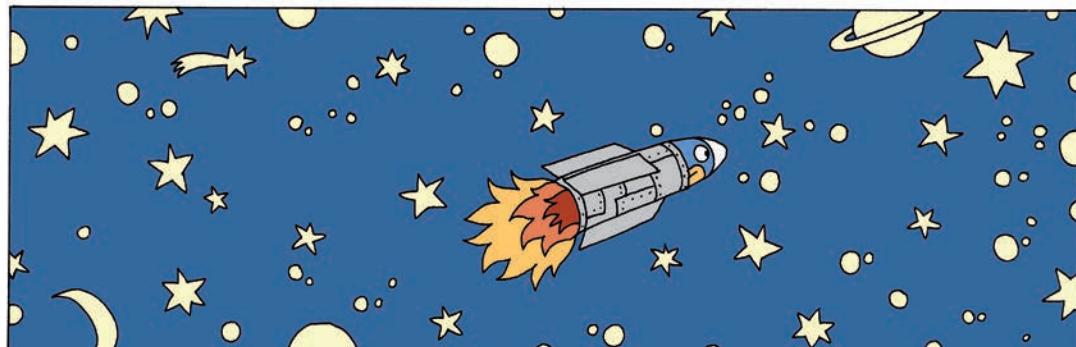
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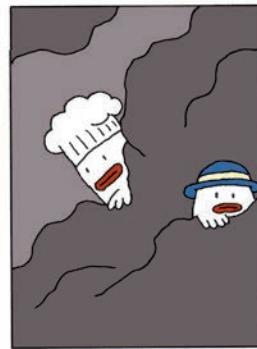




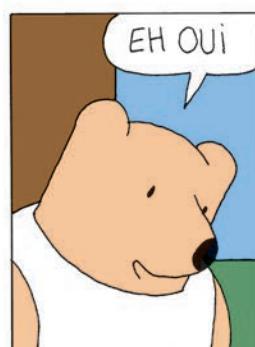
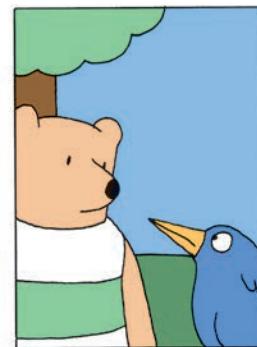


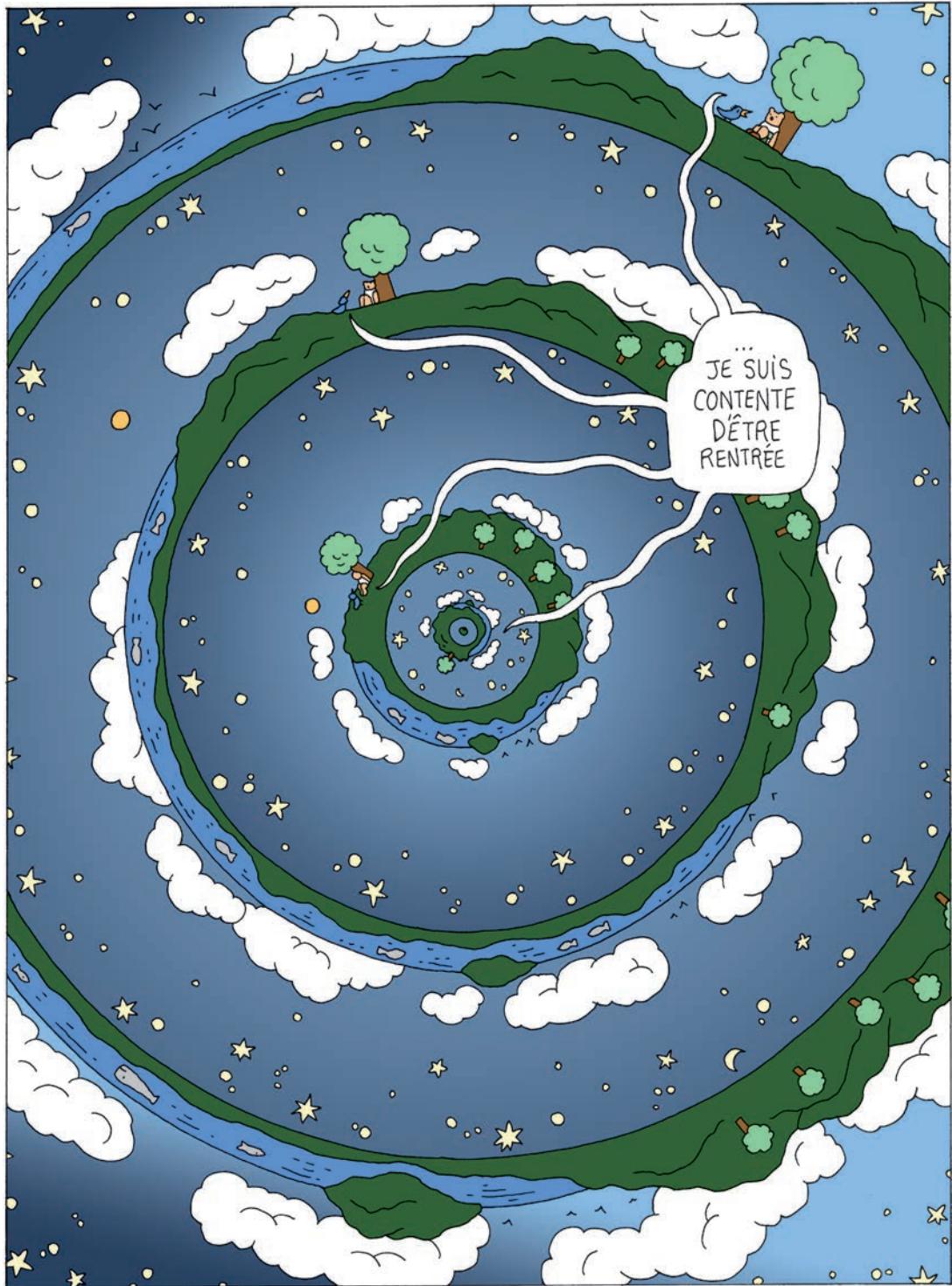


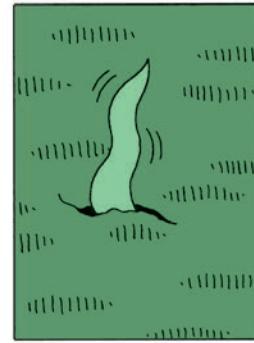
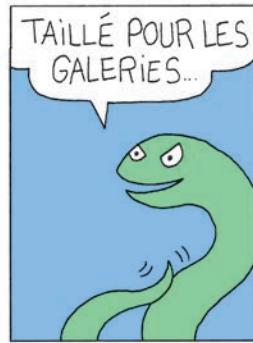
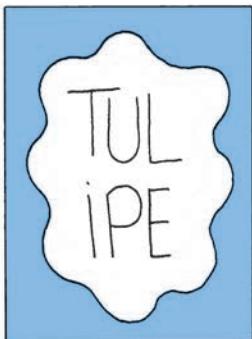


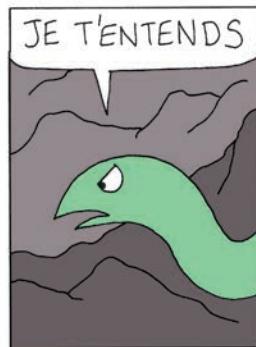
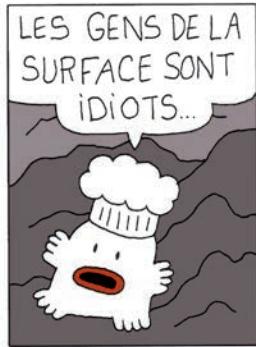
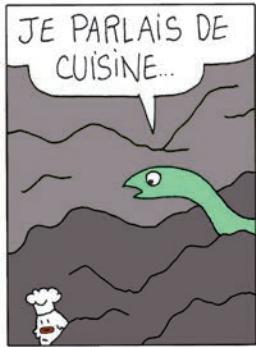


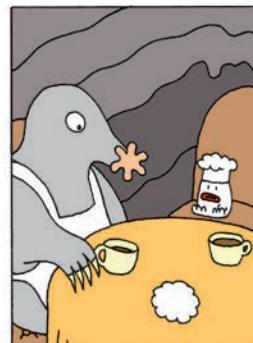








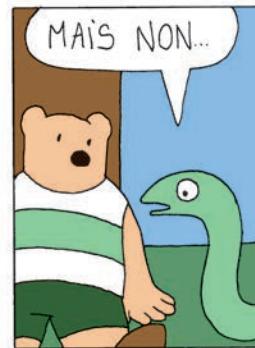
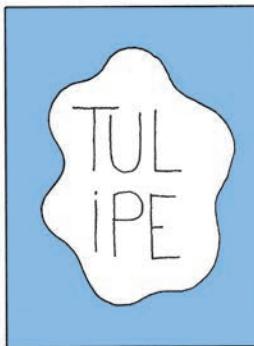




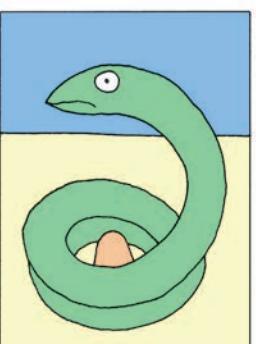
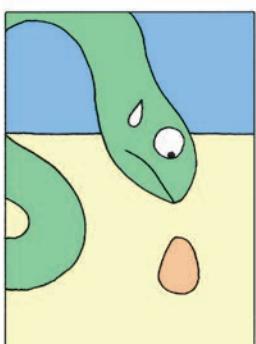
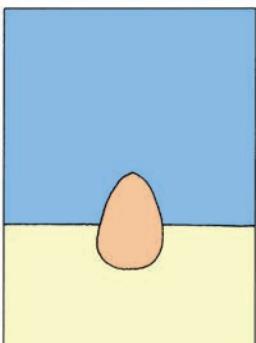
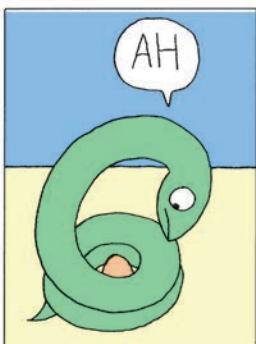
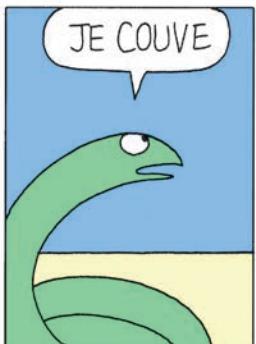
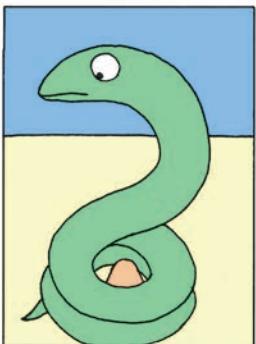


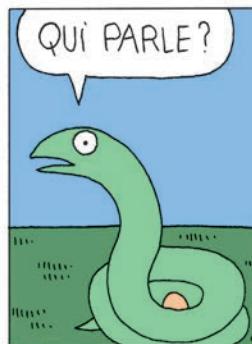
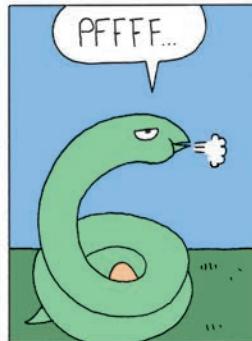
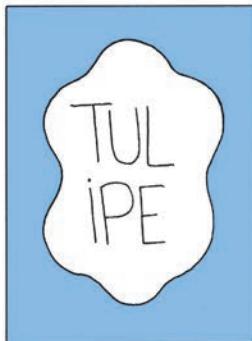


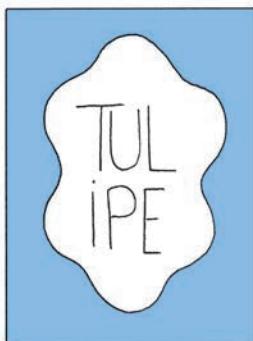






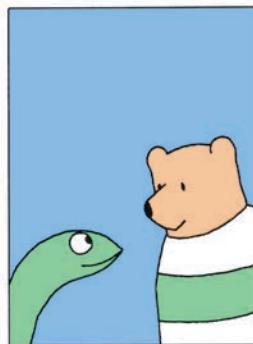
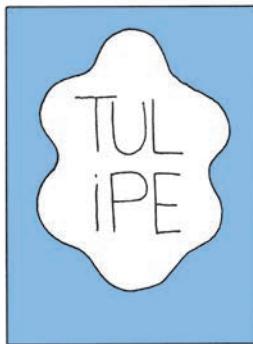




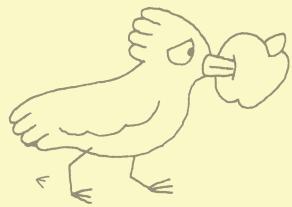


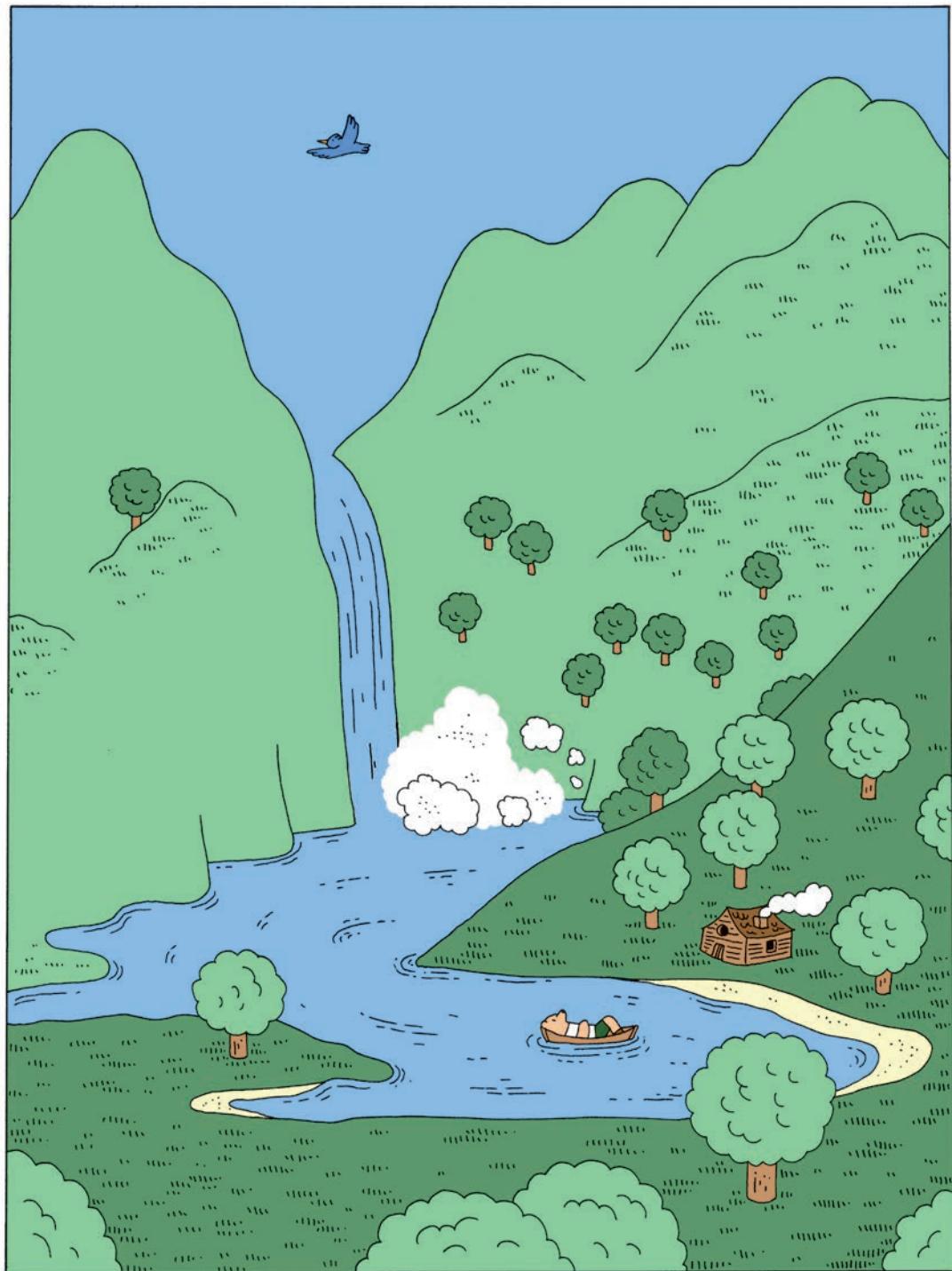








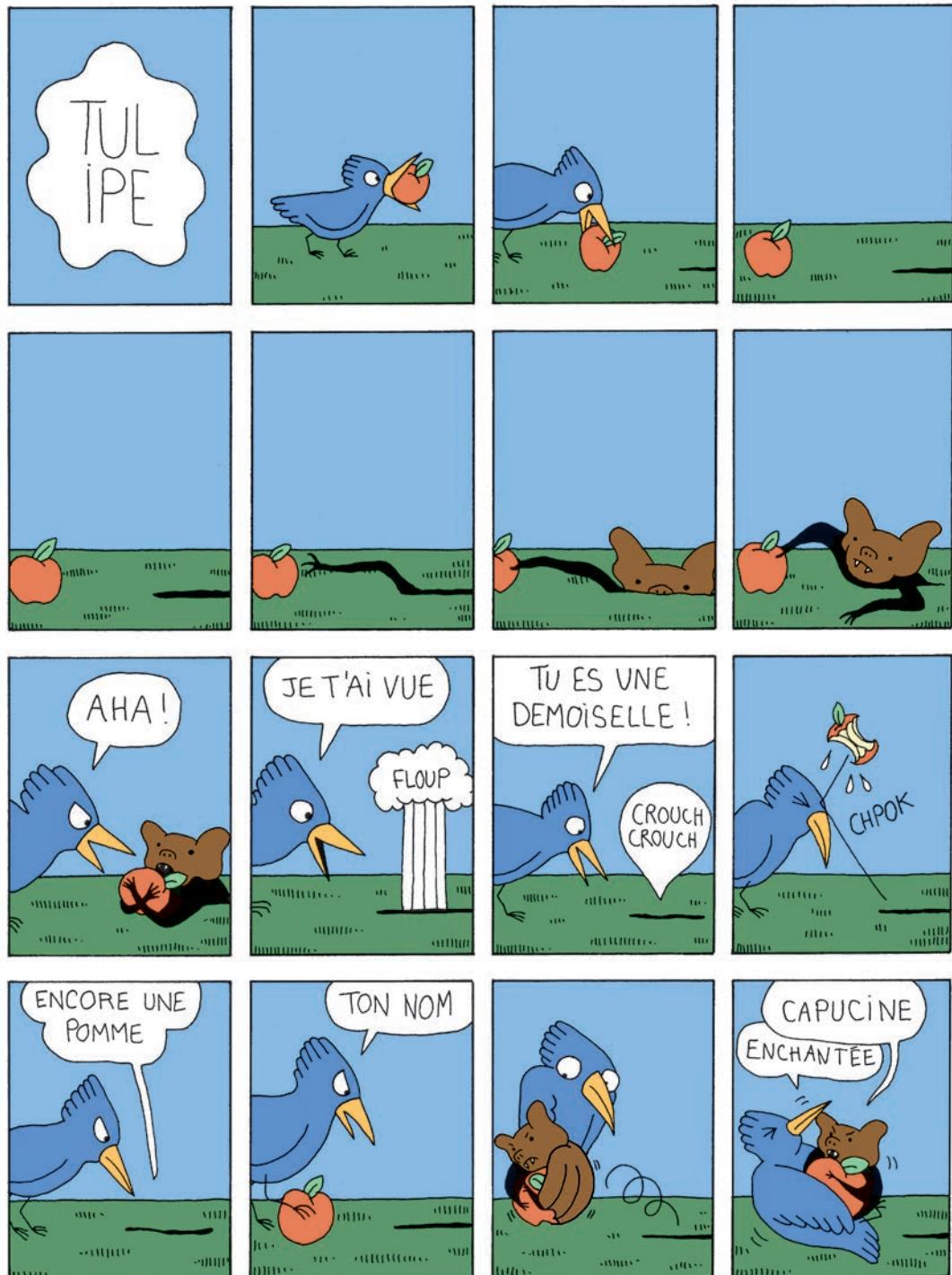


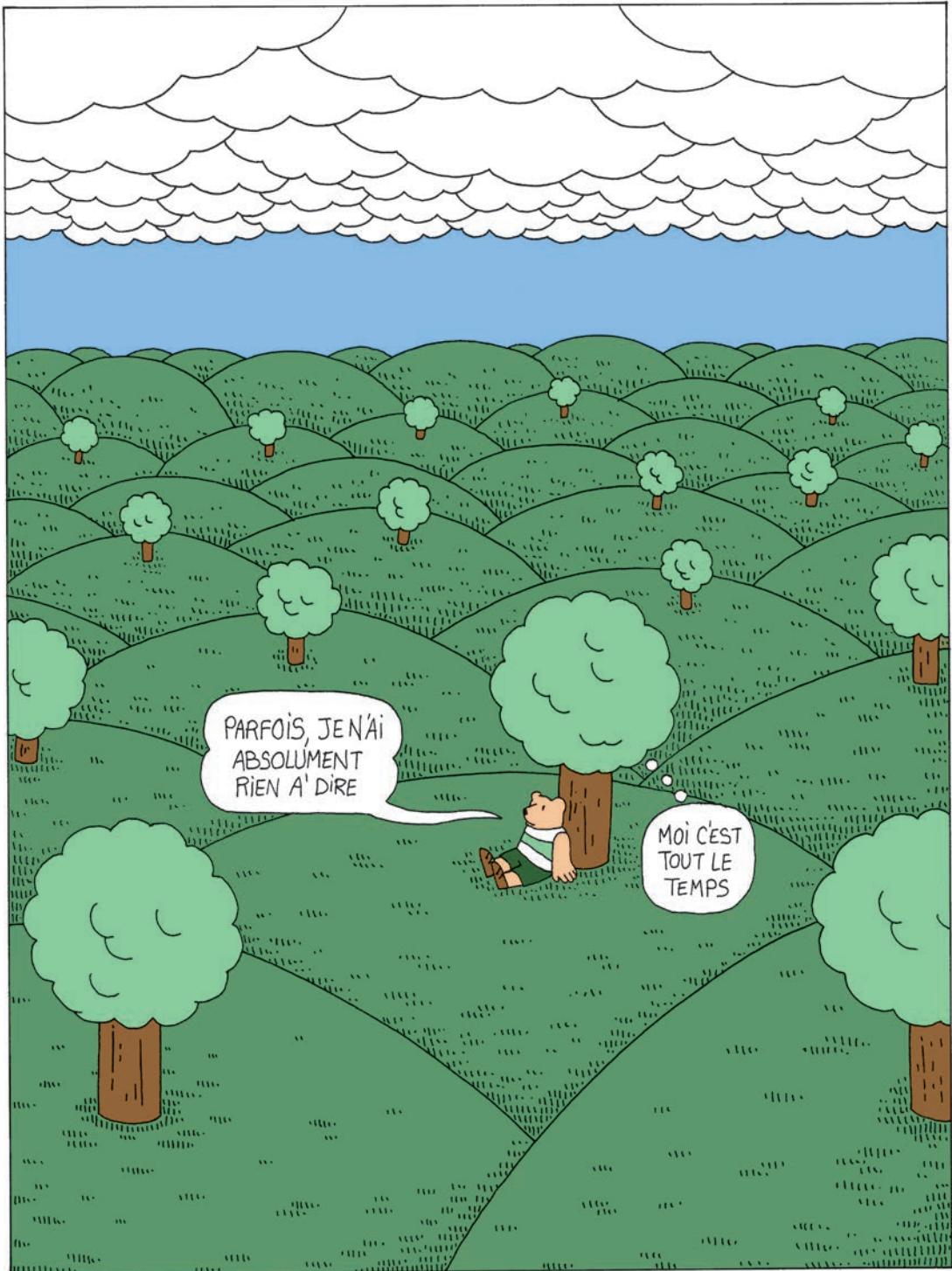




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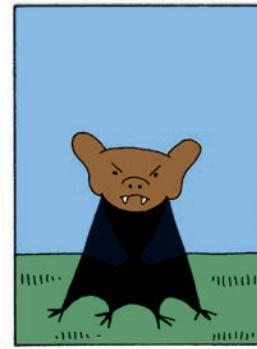
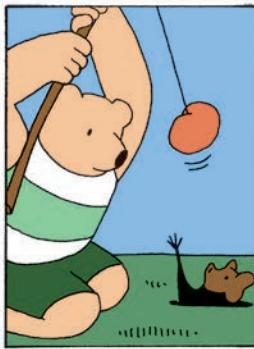
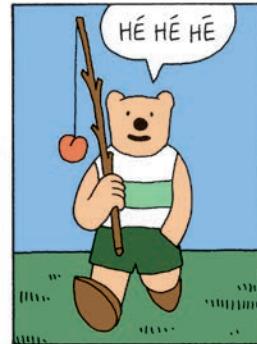


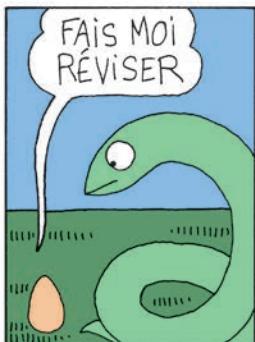
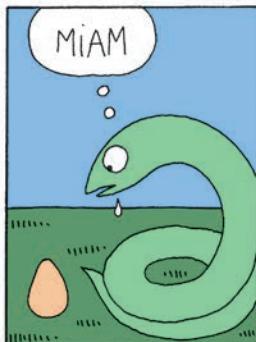




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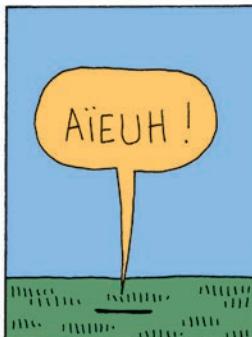
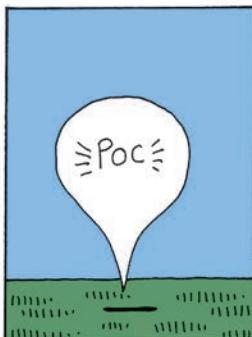
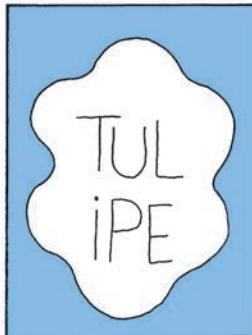


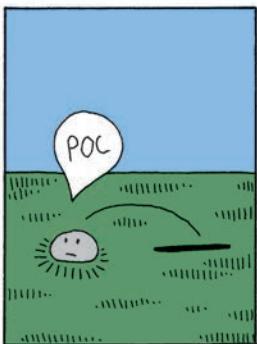
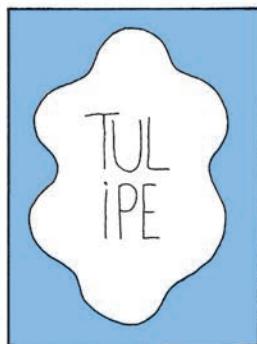


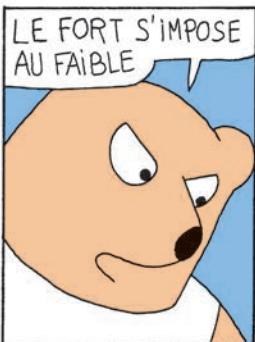
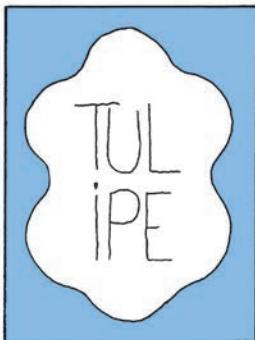




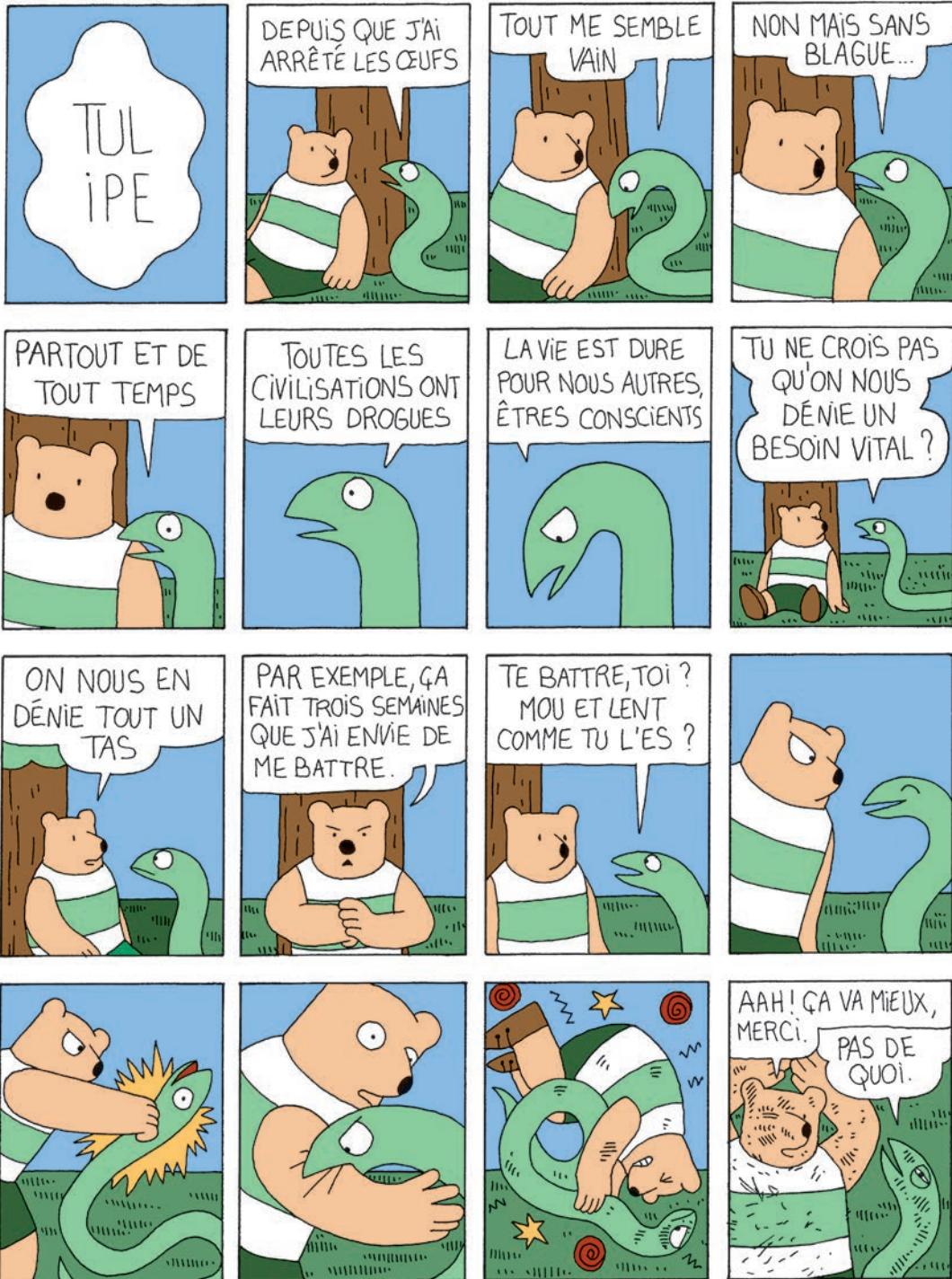












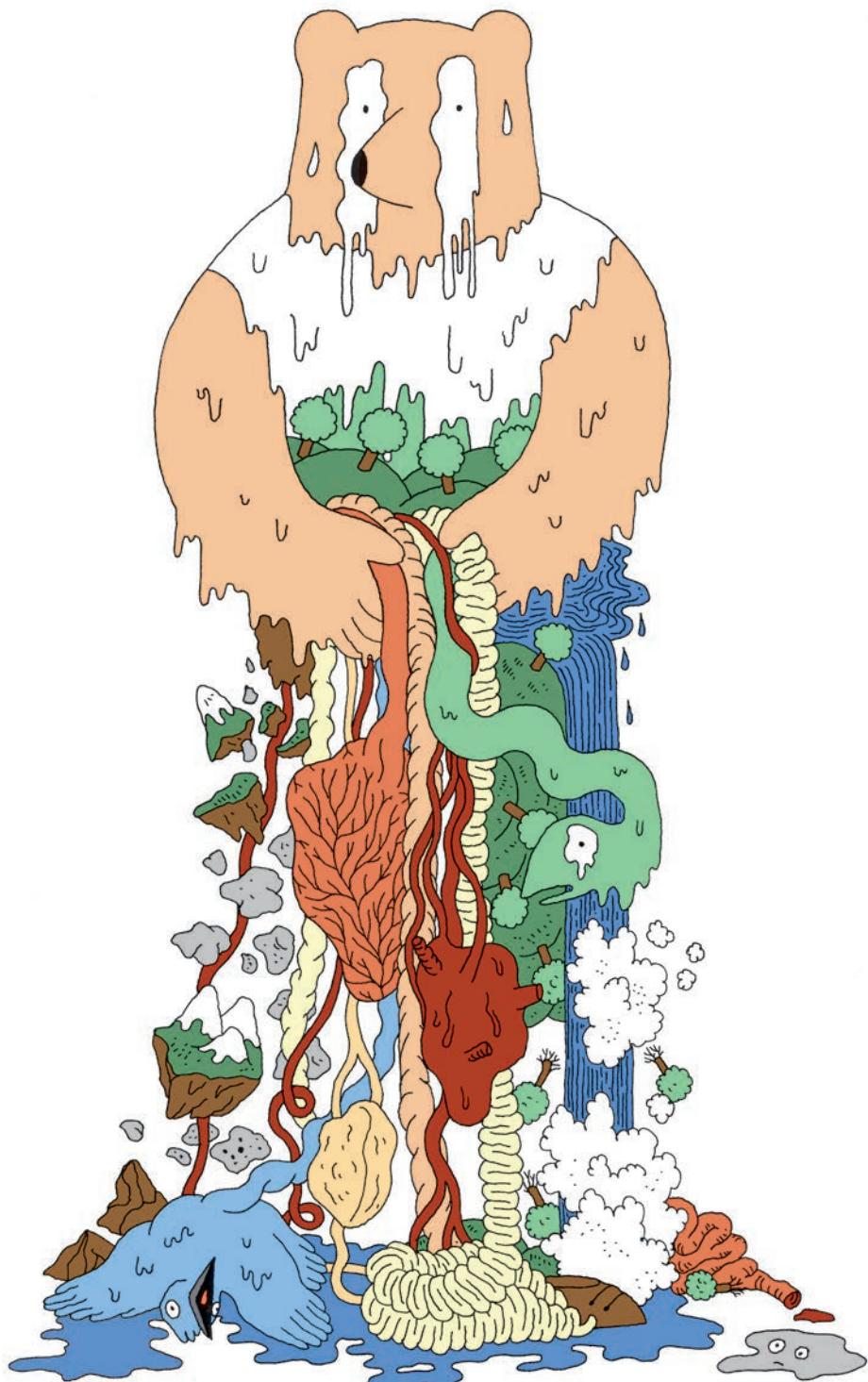


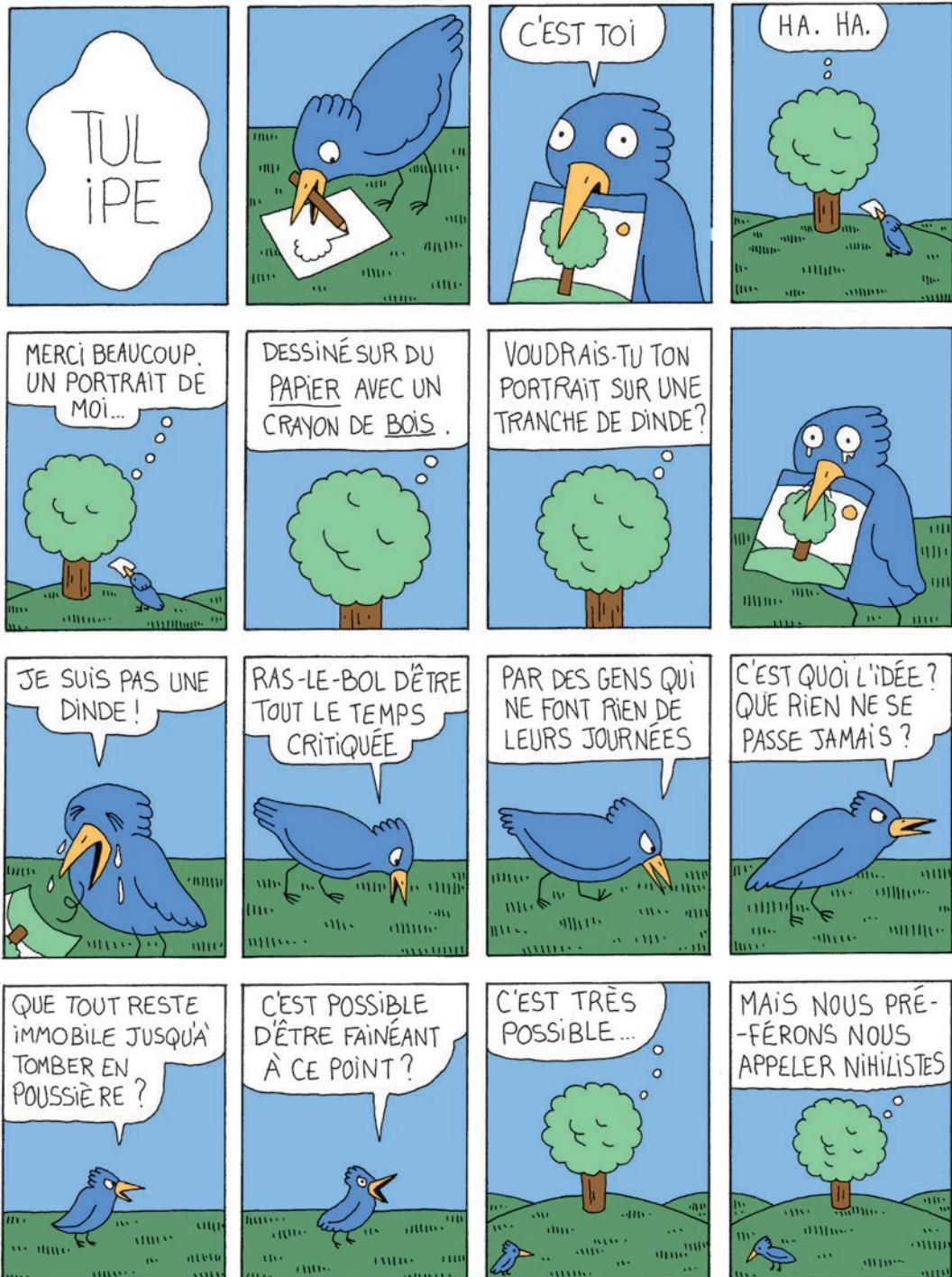
TRÈS LOIN SOUS LA TERRE,
JEAN-TAUPE S'ENTERRE.
MANGE DES VERS ET MANGE DE LA TERRE,
LOIN DE LA MER ET LOIN DU GRAND AIR!
GALÉRER DANS LES GALERIES,
POUR JEAN-TAUPE
LA VIE C'EST PAS TAUPE.

TU AS LU CELUI
SUR LES ABEILLES
QUI VEILLENT ?
C'EST MON
PRÉFÉRÉ.

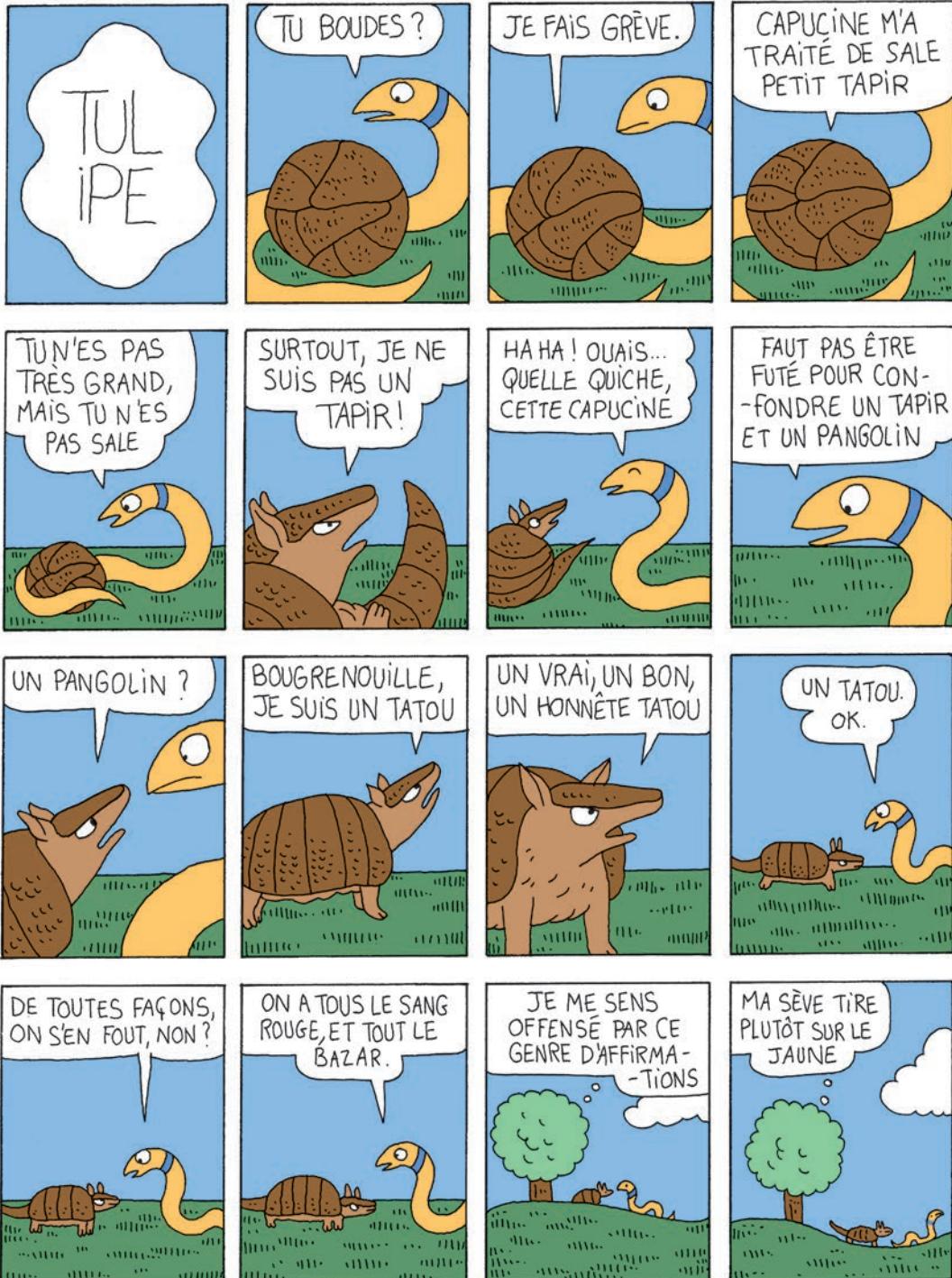


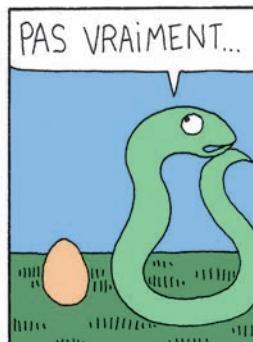
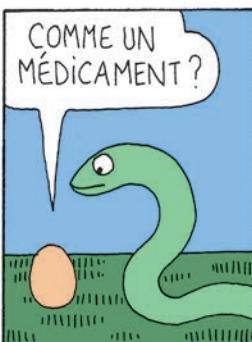
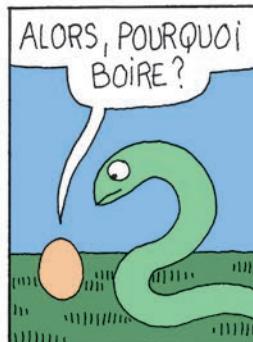
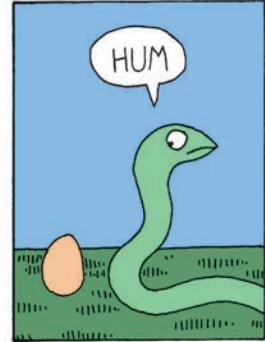


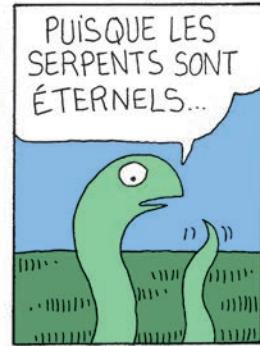
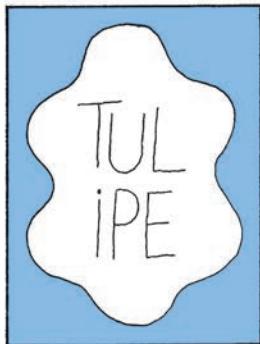


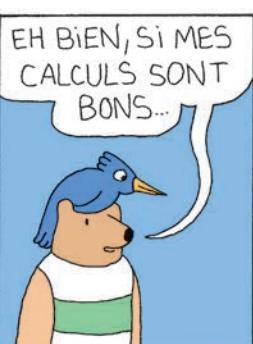




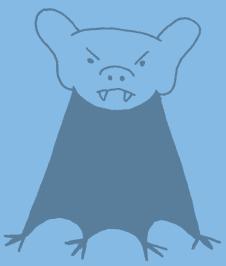


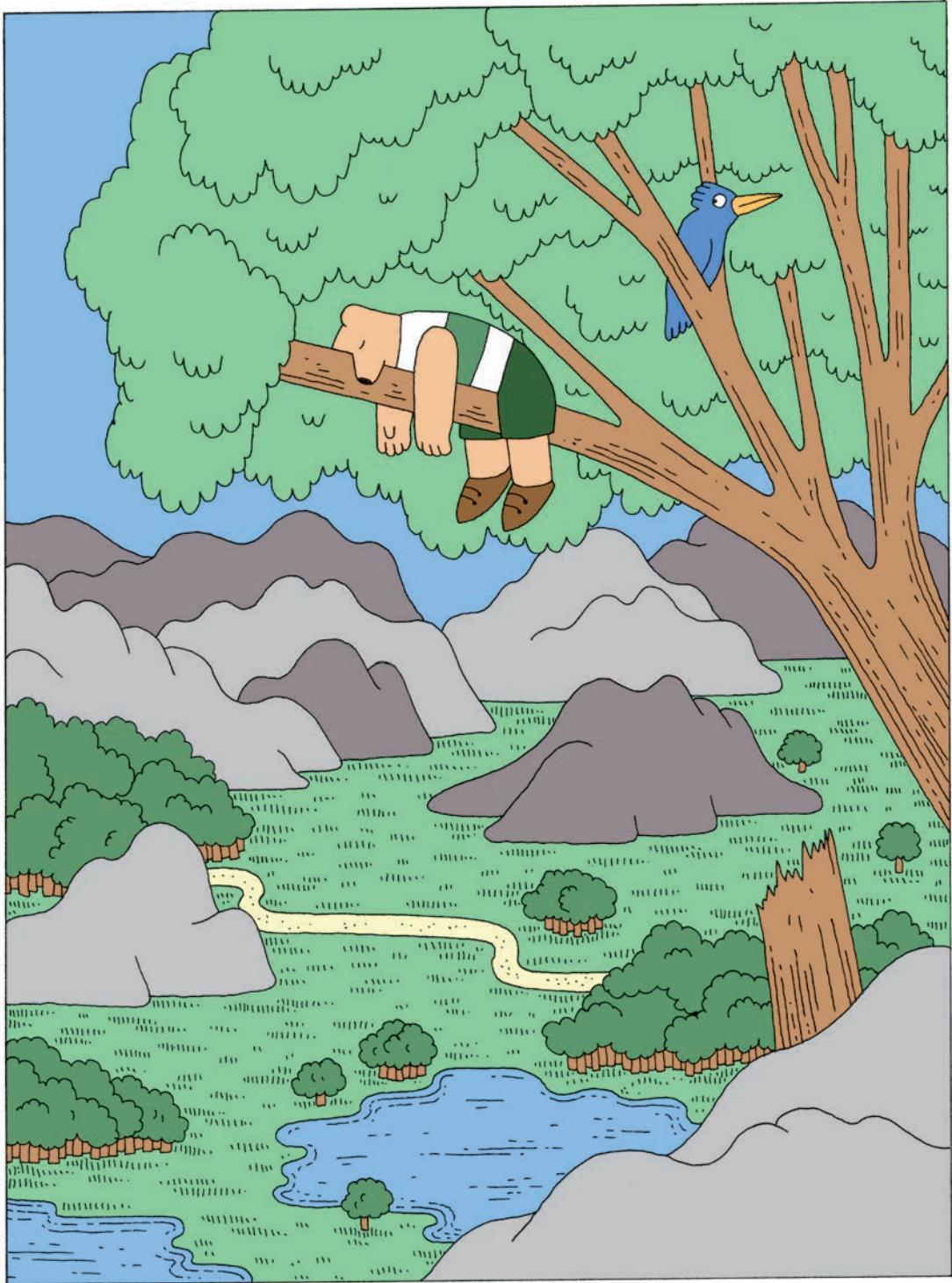


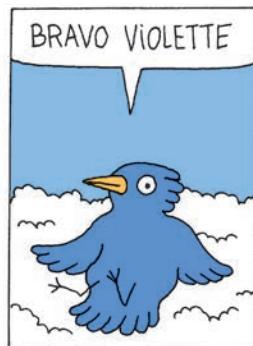
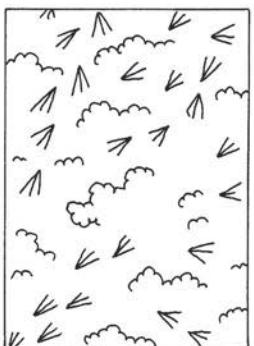
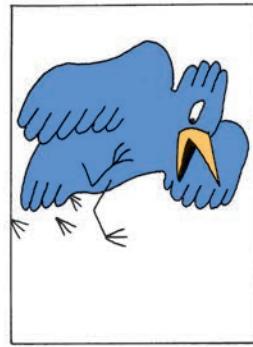
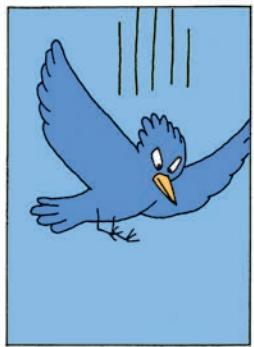
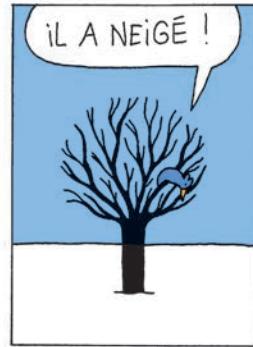


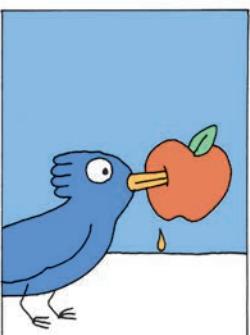
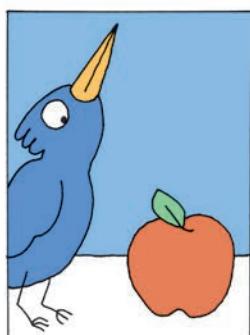
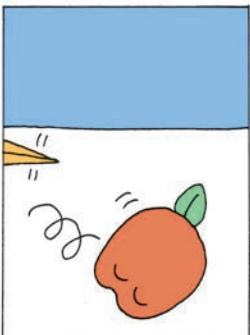
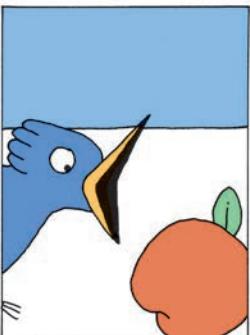
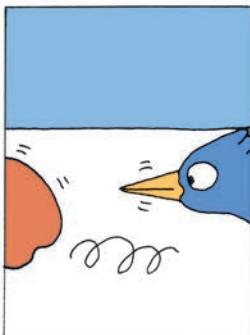
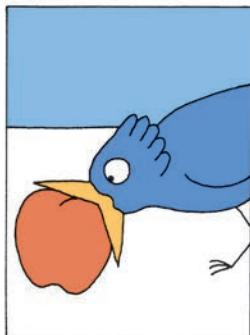
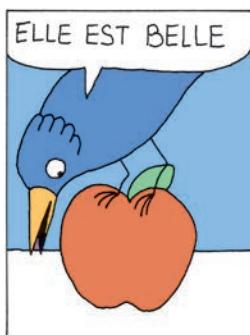
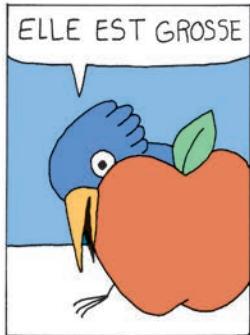
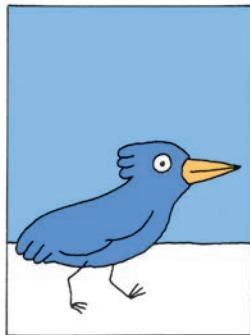


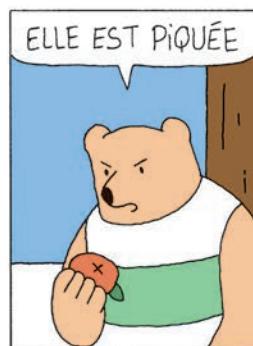
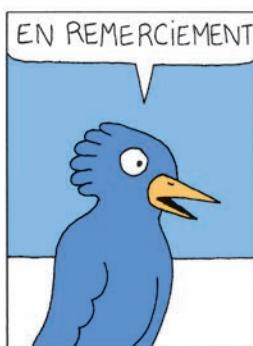
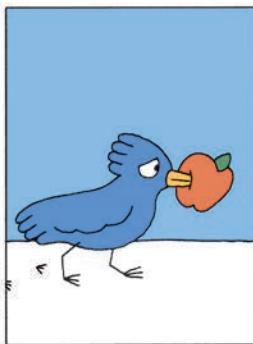


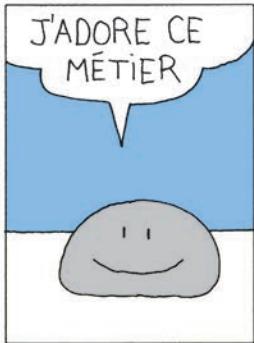
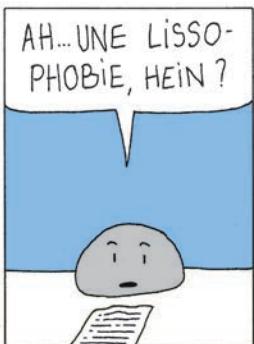
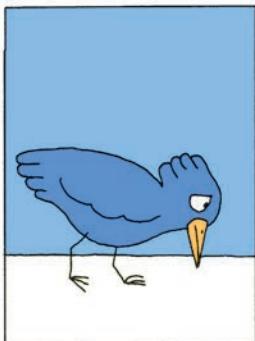
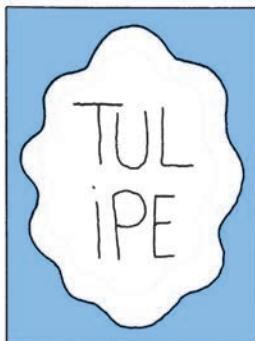


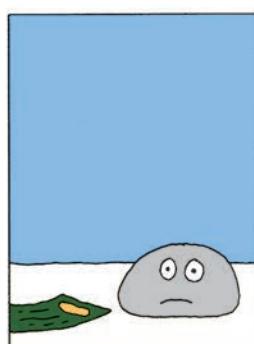
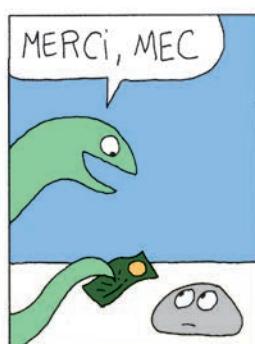
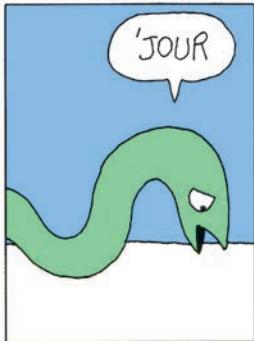
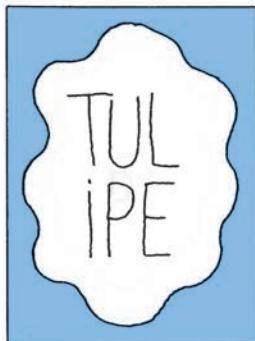


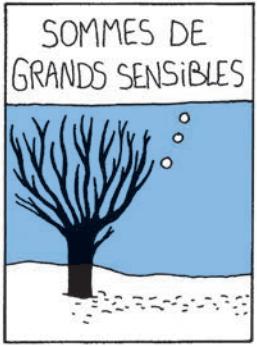
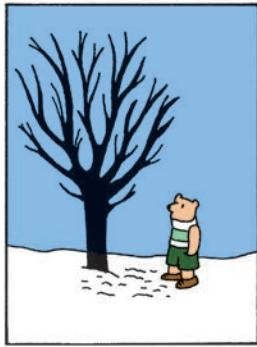
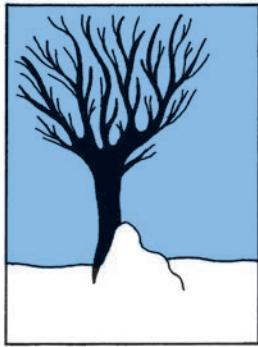
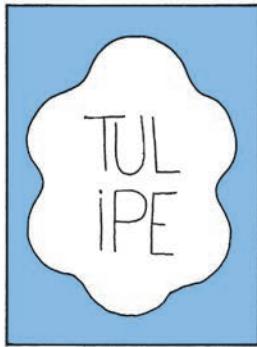


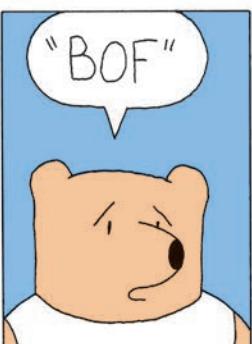
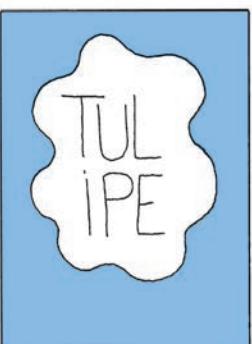




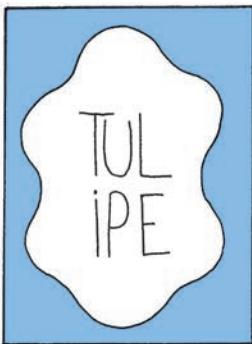


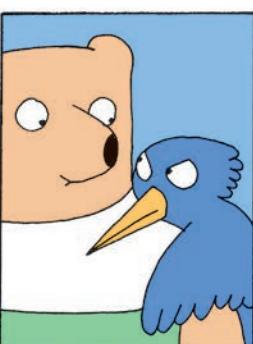


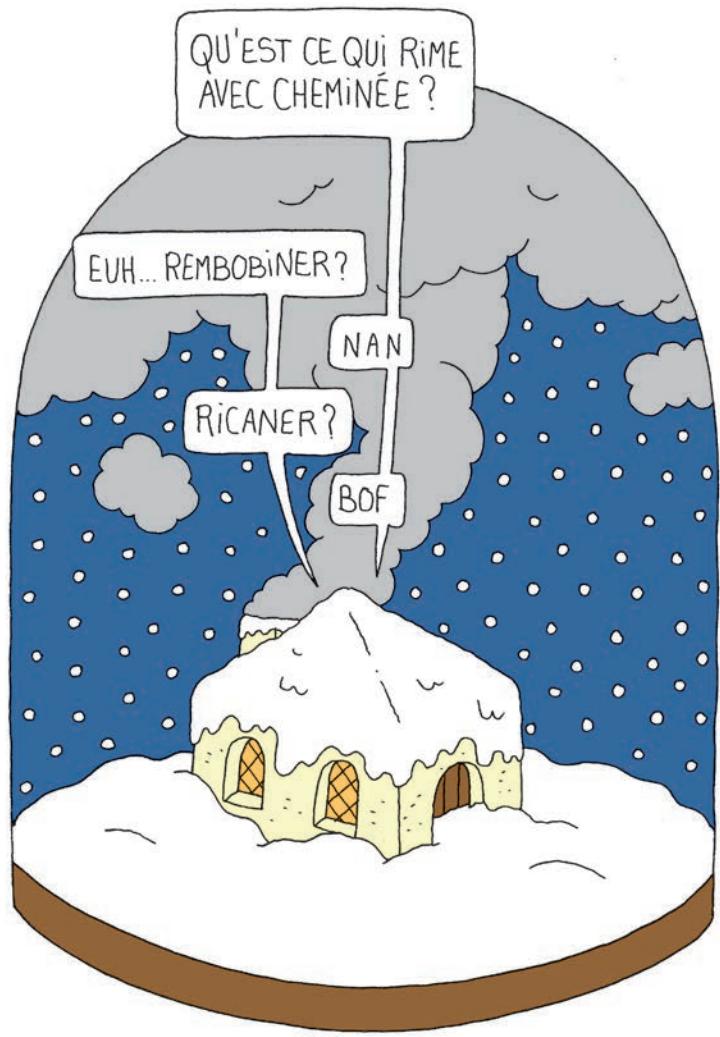


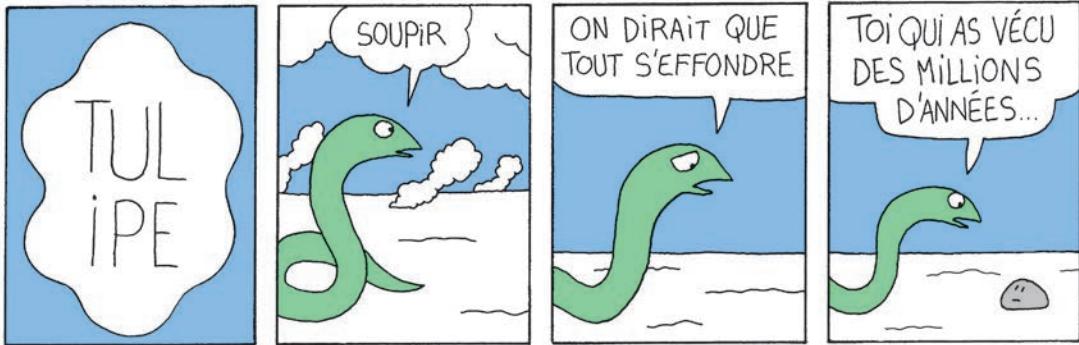


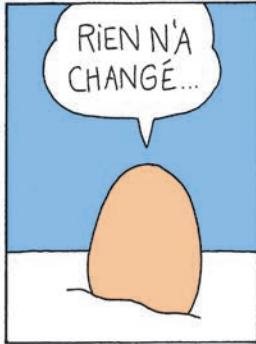
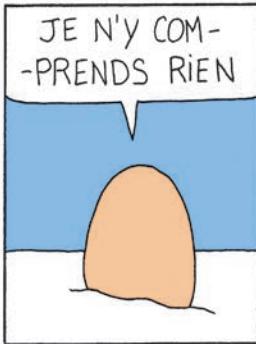
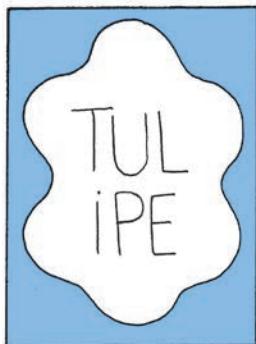


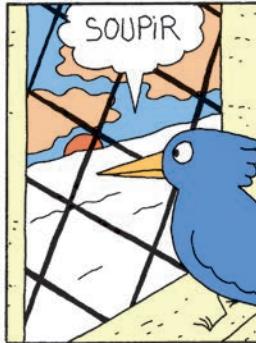
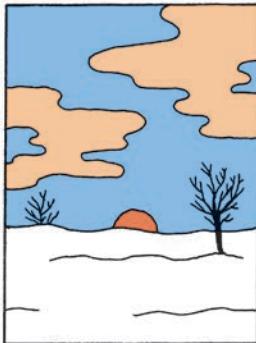
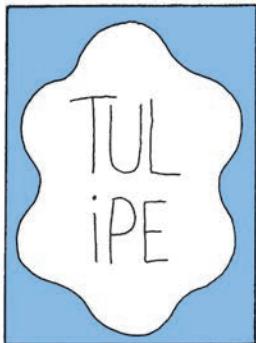












LE SOLEIL EST PARTI
ET CHACUN DANS SON NID

ENTEND LE LOUP
QUI FAIT LE FOU
ET LES LIMULES
QUI PULLULENT.

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

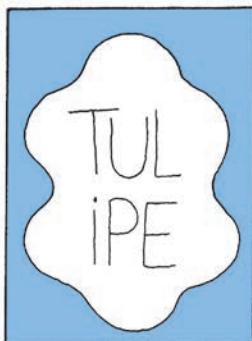
SOLEIL, REVENS
SANS TOI, ÇA CRAINT.

C'EST PAS
TRÈS SYMPA

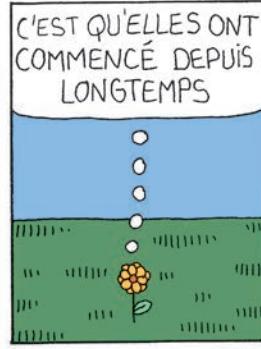
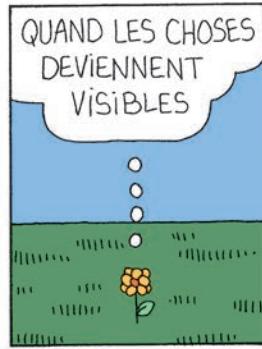
BERK BERK BERK

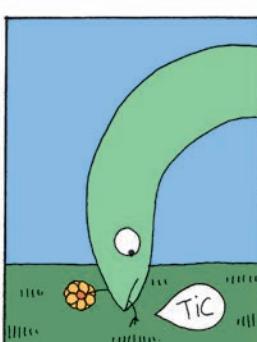
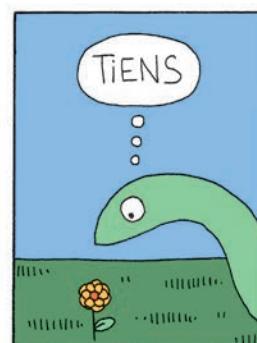
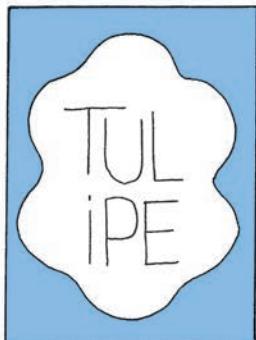
CROCUS?
QU'EST CE QUE TU
FAIS LA`?

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

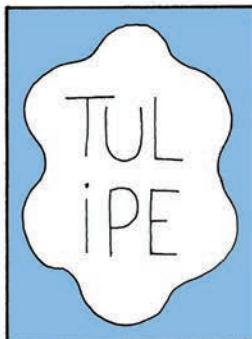


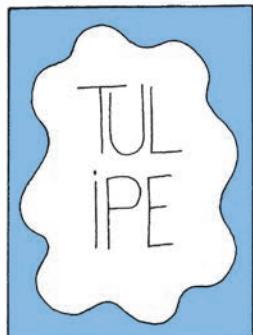






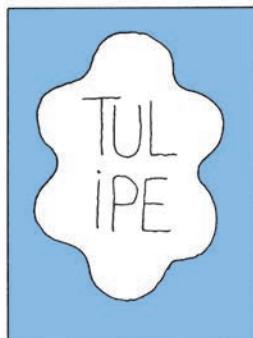
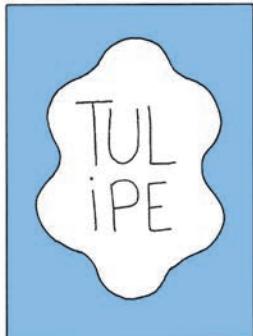


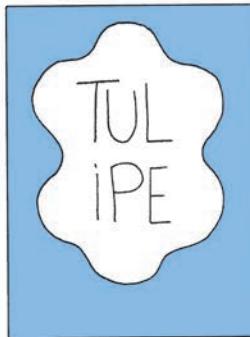


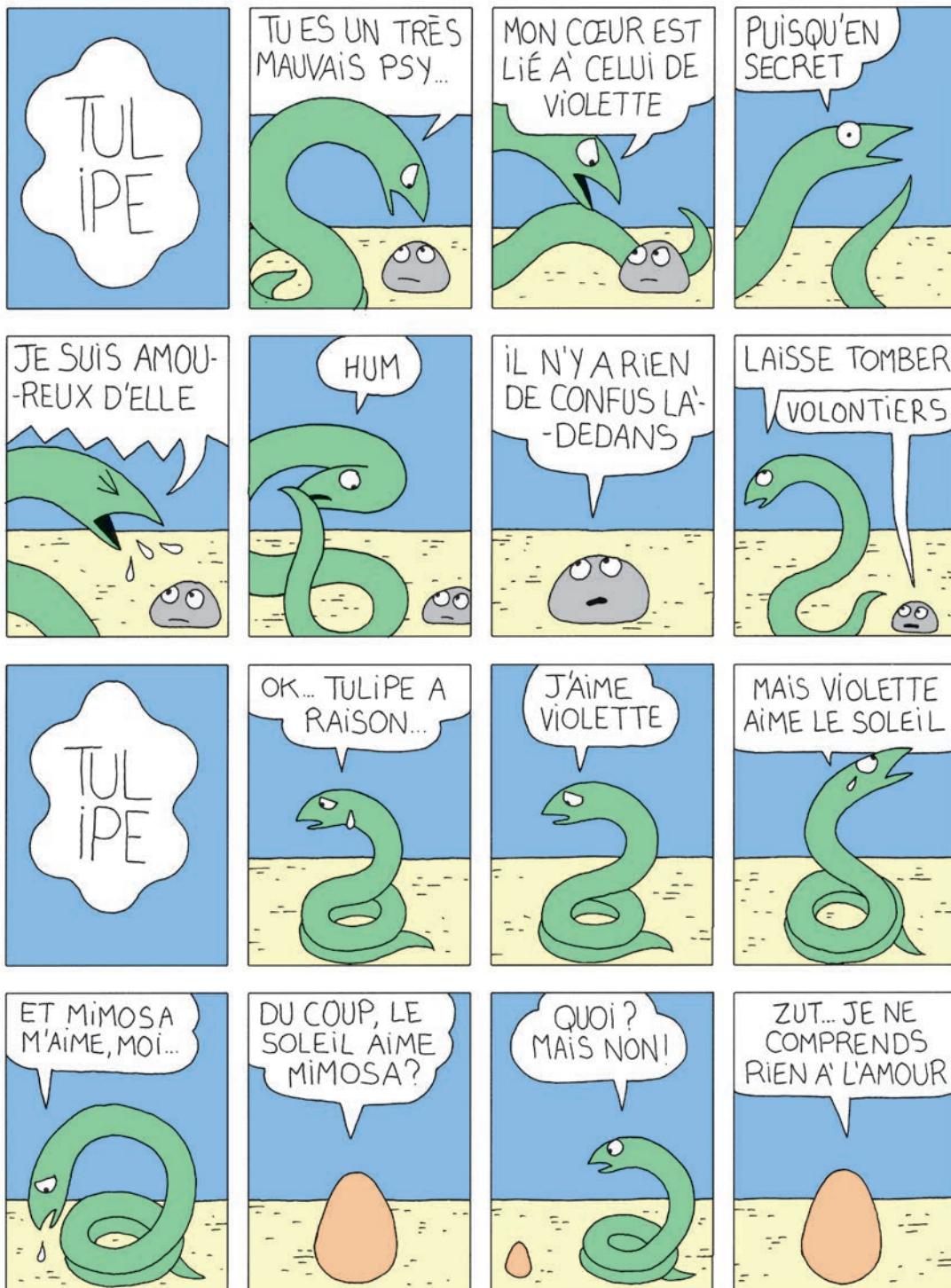




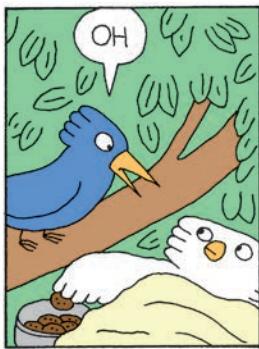
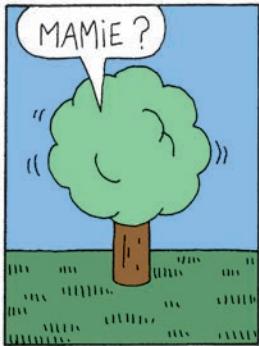
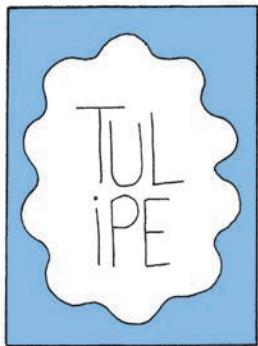


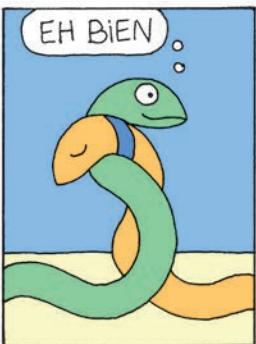
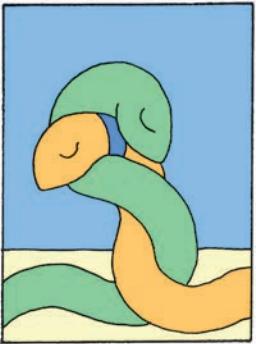
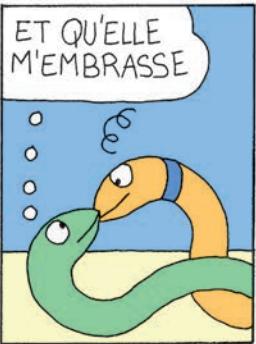
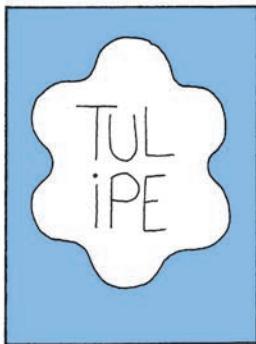


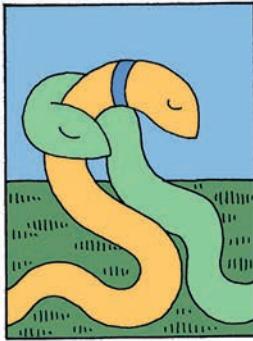
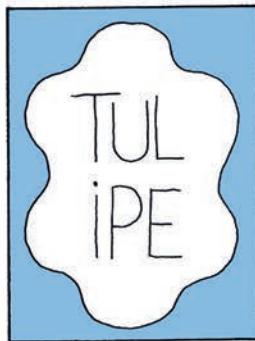


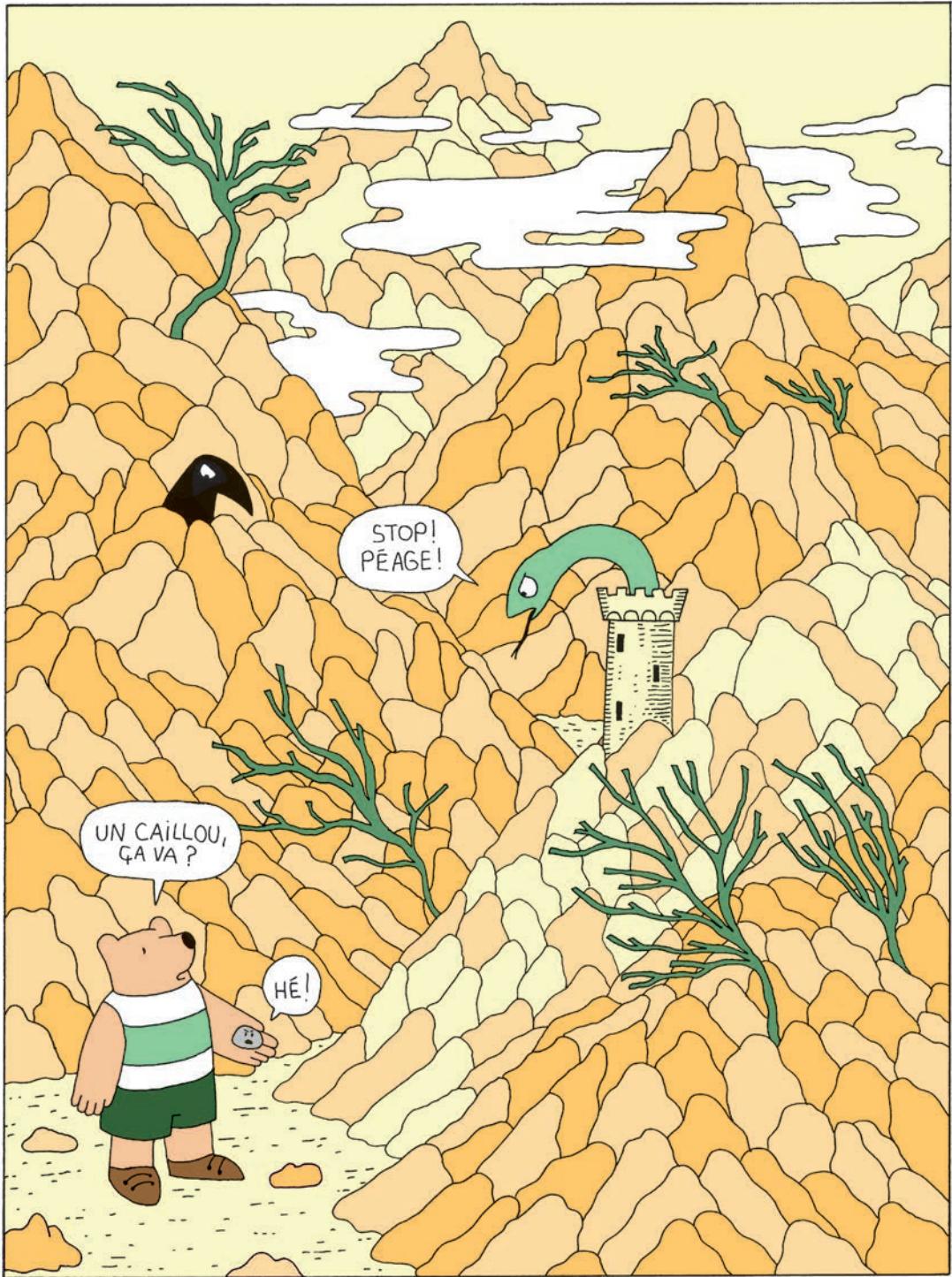


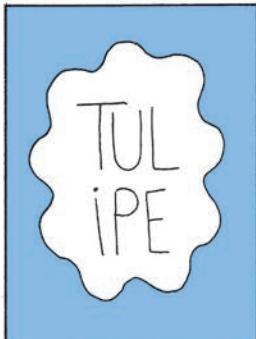


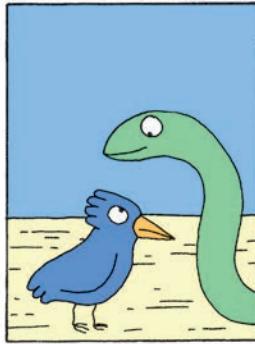
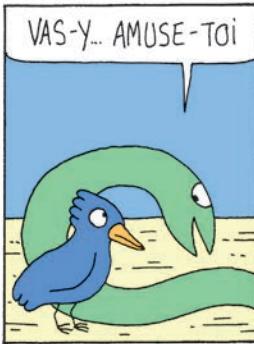
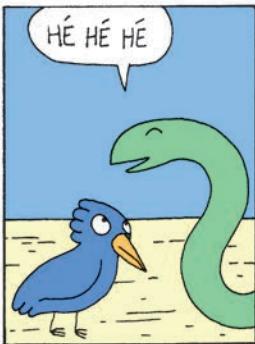
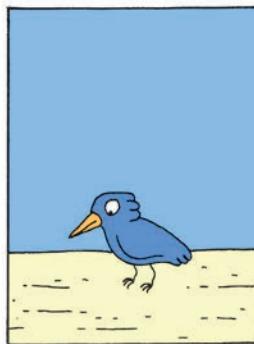
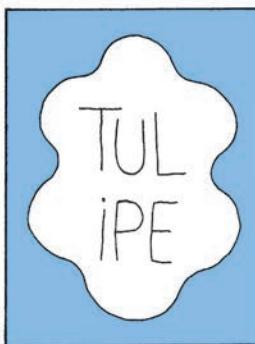




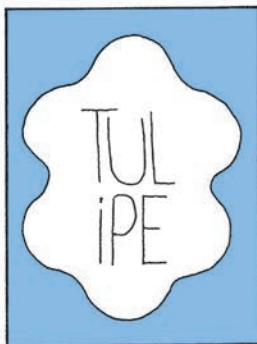






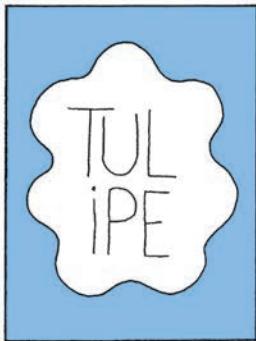


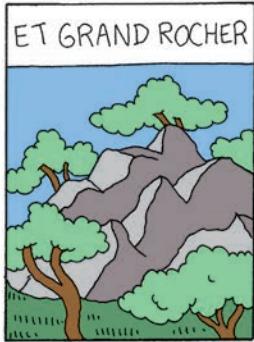


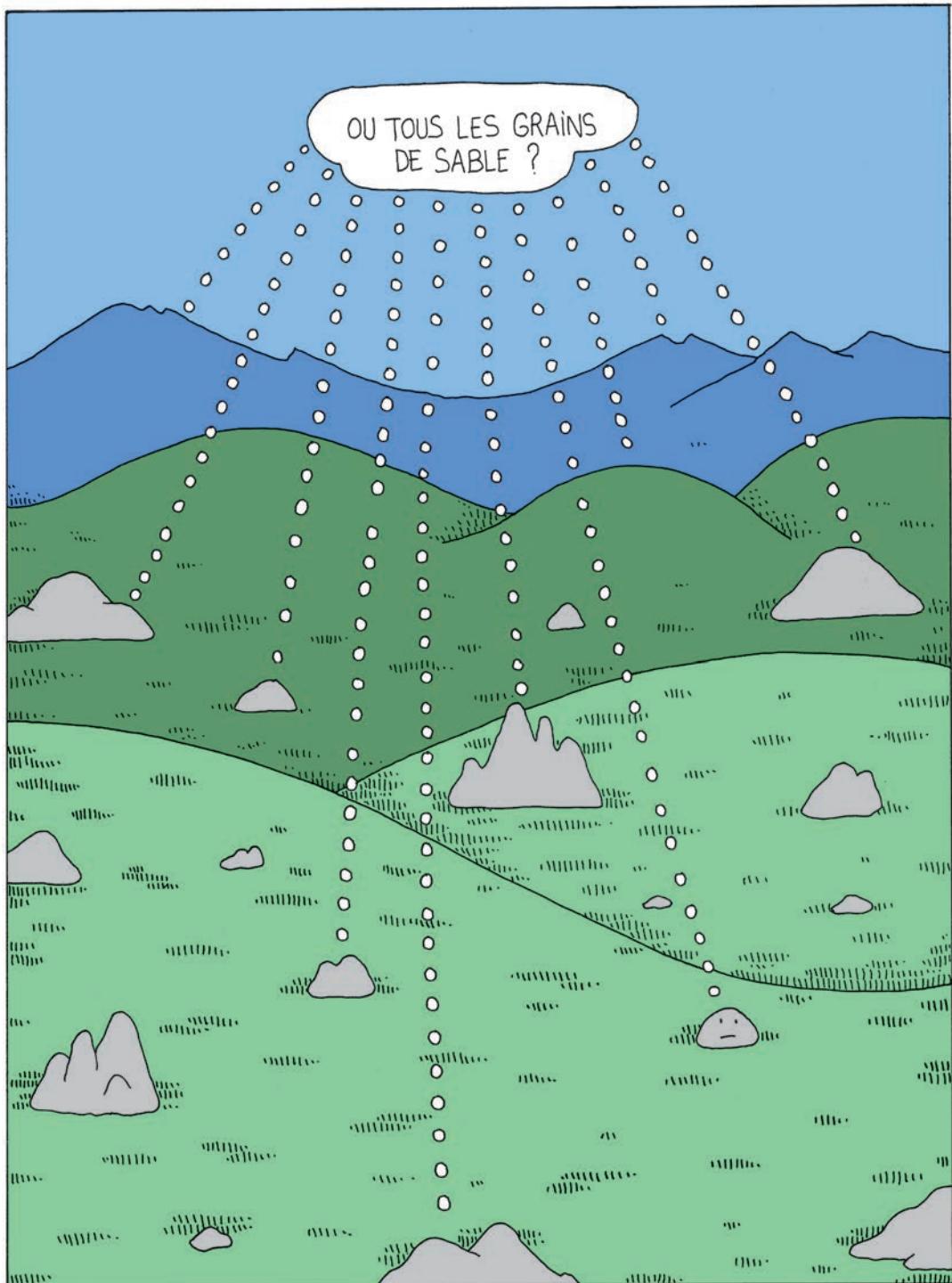














Chère Violette,

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 devrais t'emmener à la leçon de vol.

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

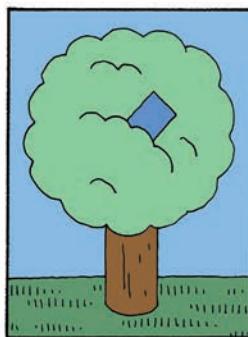
Donne-moi de tes nouvelles

maman

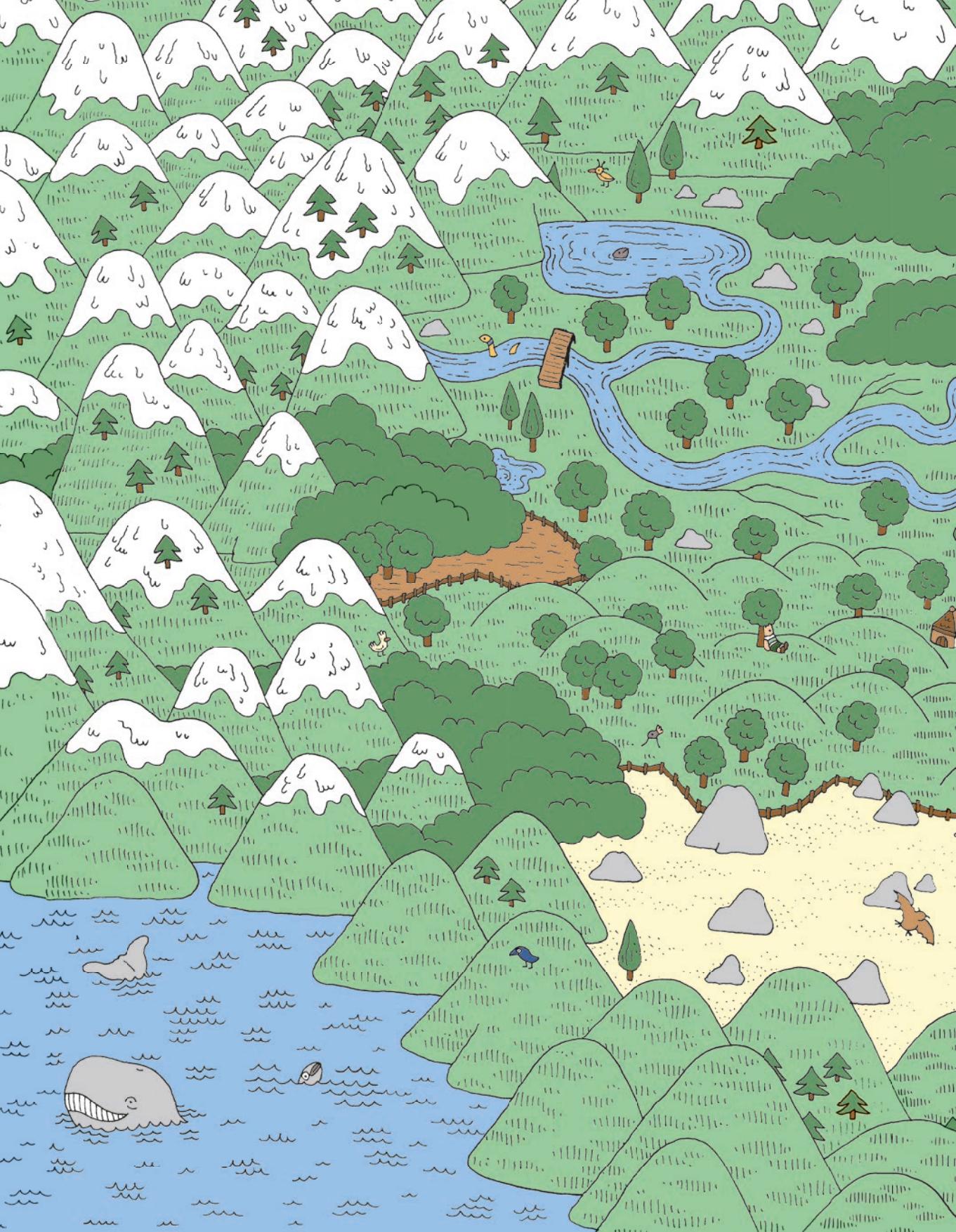


Violette oiseau

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

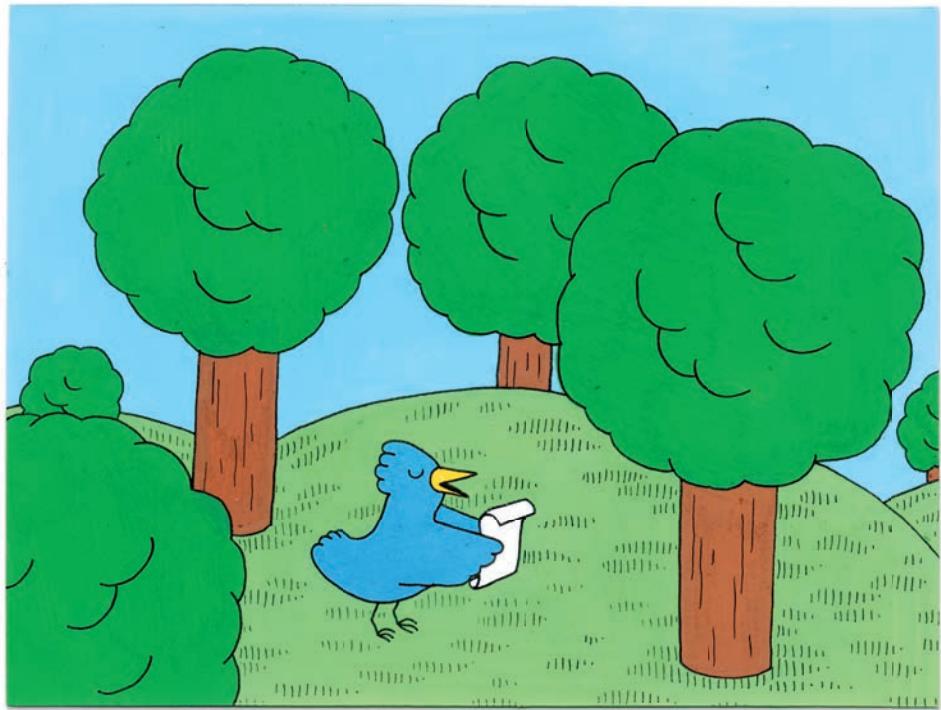






IL VA
FALLOIR LA
DÉBUSQUER





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 Félon en ont entendu
parler.

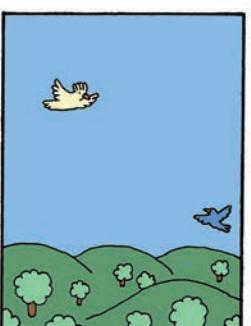
Quand les journalistes me
demanderont d'où me vient
cette sensibilité, je dirai
que ma mère m'a
abandonnée.

Je t'embrasse,
ta fille, violette



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

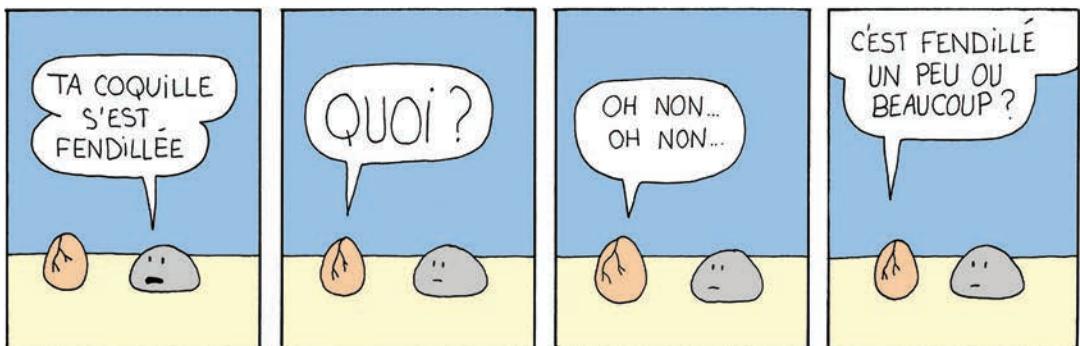
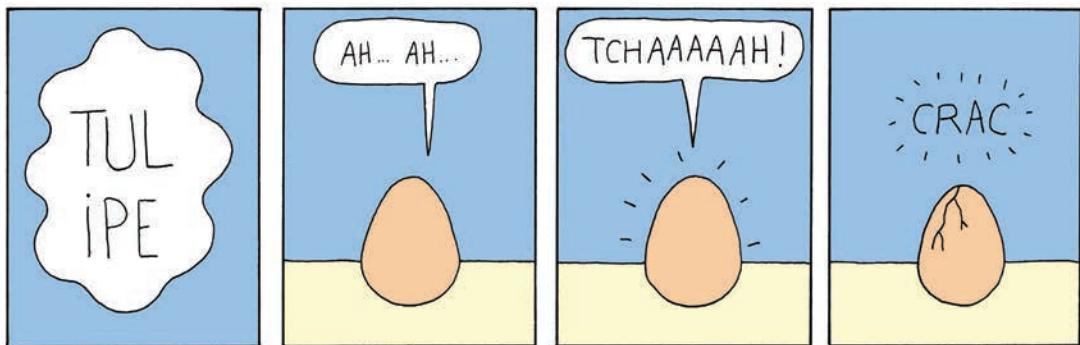




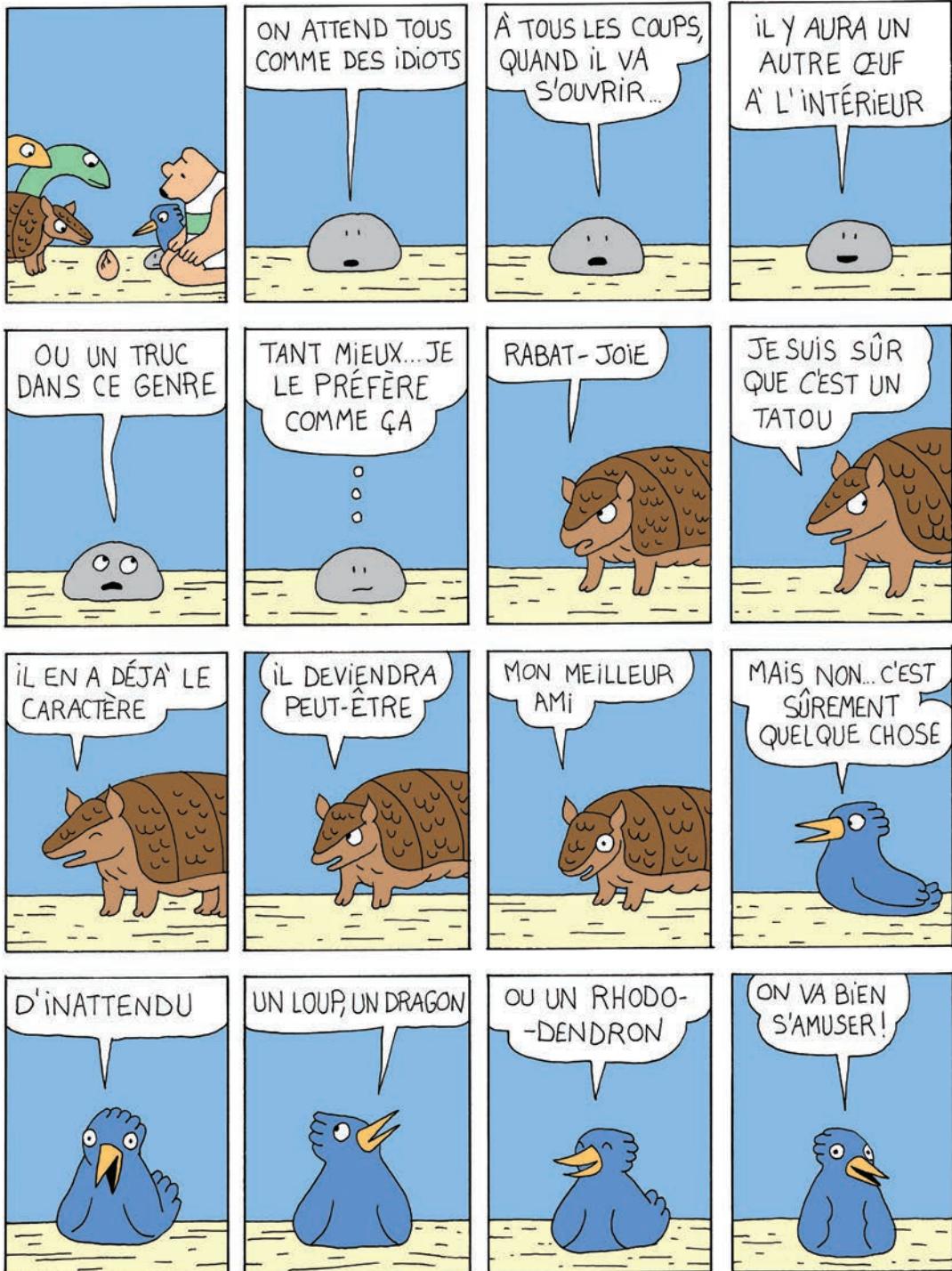


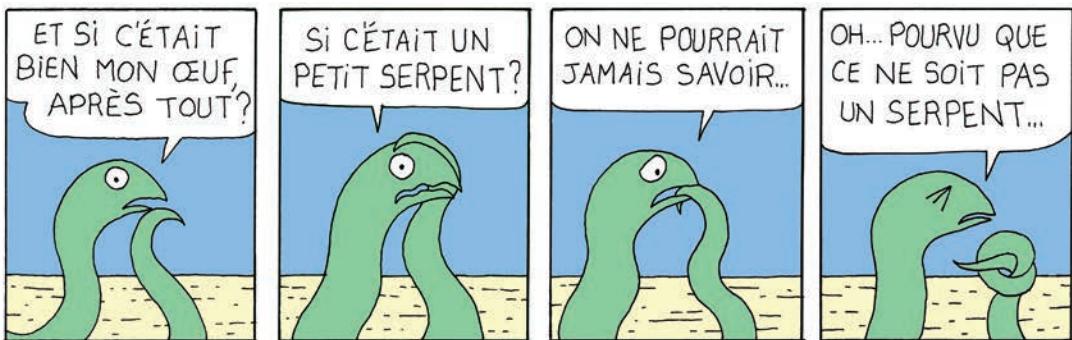
JARDIN POULET
EPICERIE - DROGUERIE -
MÉCANIQUE - PHOTOS -
POSTES - LOCATION DE
BARQUES - DISCOTHÈQUE

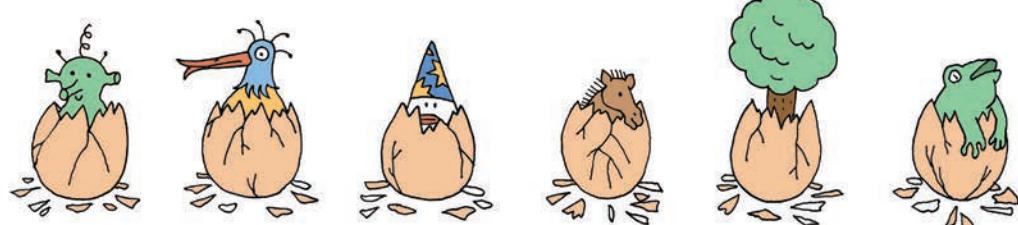
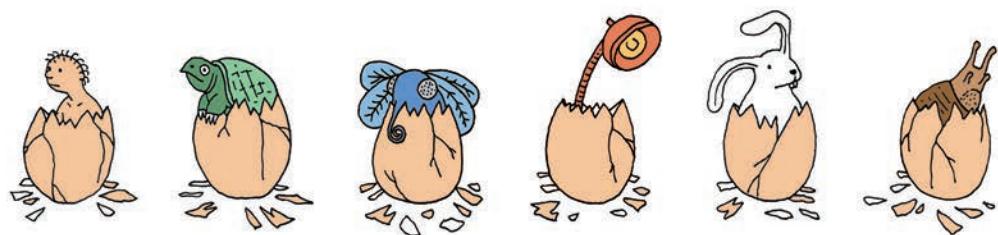
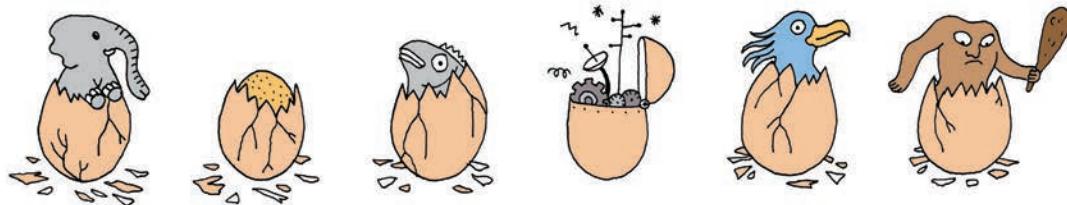
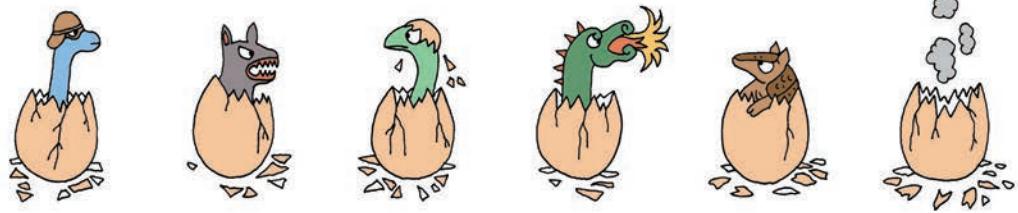


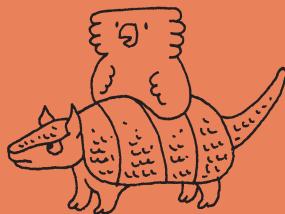












Les voyages de

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.

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Direction régionale des affaires culturelles d'Alsace-Champagne-Ardennes-Lorraine,

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