

éditions MeMo

fiction





THE READERS
LIKE



Illustrated novel.
Petite Polynie. From age 7
Collection director: Chloé Mary
72 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback. €8

Émile Cucherousset Camille Jourdy

Truffe et Machin (Snout and Thingy)

Snout and Thingy, the rabbit brothers, have run out of ideas and find themselves short on adventure today. They can't think of a single silly thing to do. Their situation is desperate. Especially since Thingy has made Snout lose his train of thought just when he was about to come up with an idea, on account of his eternally empty stomach. Short of a miracle, these two are condemned to get bored to death in their joke of a burrow. All of a sudden, Snout glimpses a dayglo thing hiding under a blackberry bush. The game is on for Snout and Thingy!

Enjoy these three tales lavishly illustrated by the delicate and joyful pen of Camille Jourdy, starting with the story of a lost idea and ending with the tale of the quest for fallen teeth, via the conquest of a rebel shadow.

Adventure • Tribulation • Brotherhood



— I promise you that we will find them again, these teeth of ours.

— And how exactly do you plan on managing that, big brain?

— We're going to concentrate and think about them real hard. With a bit of luck, we'll hear their distress call. Ain't that a cunning plan, huh?

— I don't know, Snout. It probably is...

— So let's concentrate, Thingy. Let's pay attention to their desperate complaint.

Closing their eyes to train their ears, holding their hands as if praying, Snout and Thingy waited for their teeth to manifest themselves.

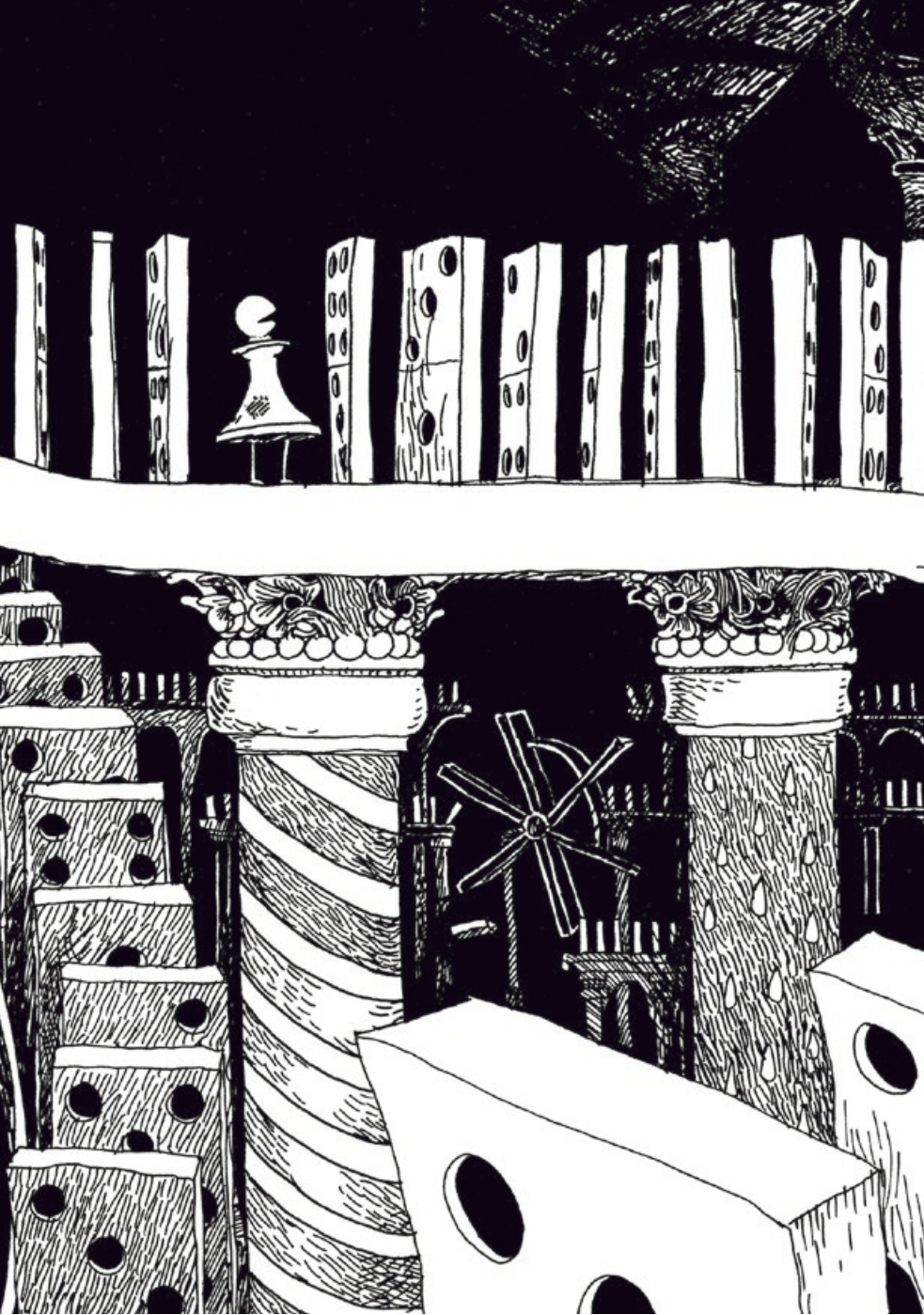
[...] They were just about to change tactics when a tiny voice startled them: « Hey rabbits, 'you sleeping standing up now? »

A long-teeth litte gerbil was in front of them. Snout and Thingy started, considered her with extreme caution. They whispered to each other:

— Snout, this close-cropped "mini wachacallit" has something in her mouth that looks familiar to me.

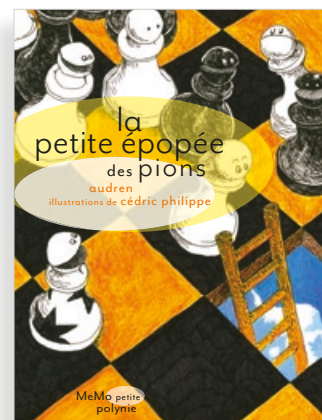
— I can see it, Thingy. But we need to make sure that this thing does belong to us. It wouldn't be fair to take what isn't ours. Let's get a little bit closer, let's check it out first hand...

— Let's be careful though, Snout. We don't want to get bitten by our own teeth eh.



Audren
Cédric Philippe

La petite épopée des pions (Pawns – A Small Odyssey)



Illustrated novel.
Petite Polynie. From age 8
Collection director: Chloé Mary
48 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback. €8
Rights sold : Simplified Chinese

Sasha lives in a beautiful rose wood box surrounded by other black and white Sashas. Sometimes The Hand takes him out for a breather and moves him along a chessboard, then It puts him away back inside carefully. Sasha, like all the other Sashas, knows that he must abide by the rules: once on his square he must obey. For sure the Giant-World exists in the distance, but aiming for it would mean taking chances, probably dying, and –most of all– turning his back on the best of worlds. One day, nonetheless, Sasha decides to leave it all behind... Audren is the author of many books that have consistently met with success in France. This book was illustrated –with what skills!– by Cédric Philippe, a MeMo find.

Adventure • Freedom • Journey • Quest



— When there's a will there's a way!, Sasha went further.

— I am going to leave the box and... I may not even come back.

As he said these words, he felt a strange chill cross his wood. He dreaded not being able to find his way back and getting lost forever. The wish for another life was stronger than fear, though. So was the wish of being different from his peers, the wish of breaking away from The Hand —and probably the wish for true freedom.

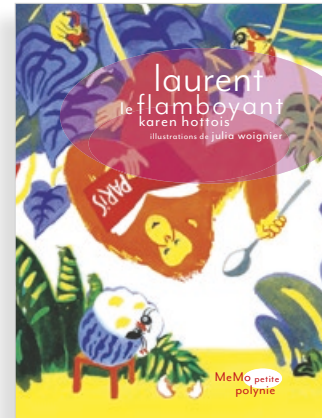
— You must be dreaming! One of the Sashas exclaimed. You think that life is more fun elsewhere, that everything is possible there, but we are happy here. We live in the best possible world. You don't know what awaits you elsewhere.

— That's precisely what appeals to me! proudly replied Sasha.

— If you go, there won't be enough of us on the board, noted a far-sighted Sasha. Let me remind you that your presence is man-da-to-ry on the board. The game can't take place if a square remains empty.

Sasha could see why he was being a bit irresponsible, but he chose not to take to heart the fate of his group and announced in a strangled voice: "All the same, I will go. Nobody is irreplaceable."

He knew in his heart that The Hand would find him and take him back to the box. The Hand was keeping an eye on him. He dreamed of travelling further than Sasha—the-Hero. He dreamed of doing more and being the strongest. They started calling him Sashallucinated, because such wishes could only be the product of a deranged pawn.



Illustrated novel.
Petite Polynie. From age 7
Collection director: Chloé Mary
84 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback. €9

Karen Hottois
Julia Woignier

Laurent le Flamboyant (Laurent the Flamboyant)

Just like every morning, Utang Laurent wakes up on the wrong side of the bed. He may swing from branch to branch throughout the Sumatra jungle, he may steal eggs from the white-eyed Trognon, he may even cook himself his terrific lichee tart, something –or rather someone– is missing. He misses little Parisian children.

With them around, Laurent could climb up trees even higher than the Eiffel Tower and properly enjoy his tart. Without them, he finds himself listless.

One silvery night though, Laurent makes the acquaintance of a little ant that is buzzing with not a care in the world for his blue mood. Worse still, she tells him that little children are in the habit of eating toasted sandwiches in front of the telly, far away from the jungle. That is just too much for Lolo, he doesn't see the point of getting up in the morning any more... But this courageous little ant is a force to reckon with, as she sets about changing his life.

Jungle • Friendship • Humor



Émile Cucherousset
ill. Clémence Paldacci



Illustrated novel.
Petite Polynie. From age 7
Collection director: Chloé Mary
48 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback. €9

Pombo Courage (Fearless Pombo)

There's nothing Pombo enjoys more than spending the day sipping a fruit juice with scum, toes warm in his slippers. From time to time, hunger or sleep make him stretch an arm to reach a crust of bread, or take a little nap in his rocking-chair. But nothing can disturb him when he daydreams, sheltered from the world. Thus when his intrepid friend Java asks for his help to build a hut at the top of a dizzy oak tree, at far horizons, Lazy Pombo shows no interest. For him, to look at far horizons are in imagination, with your eyes closed. But Java has another plan. A delicate one involving a tomahawk and dangerous acrobatics. A perfect plan for Fearless Pombo.

**Fear • Bravery • Forest • Friendship •
Growing up**



THE READERS
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Illustrated novel.
Petite Polynie. From age 7
Collection director: Chloé Mary
72 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback. €9.50

Pierre Zapolarua
ill. **Anastasia Parrotto**

Hamaika et le poisson (Hamaika and the Fish)

Under her skinny coat of feathers, Hamaika is a very curious little hen. She likes to leave her house and venture far, far, ever further away. The way her hen sisters see her, Hamaika is missing an acorn — and not an acorn to eat, given that Hamaika regularly forgets to feed herself. No, Hamaika is missing an acorn at the top of her endless neck: Hamaika is always all over the place because she is wild at heart. In her dazzled eyes, everything and everyone is a constant wonder. And so it is that, on one of her day-dreaming days, Hamaika treads on the tail of a fish washed up on the beach. Something happens between them. Something hypnotic, magical. Just like her, he is curious and one of a kind. Delighted to make each other's acquaintance, they decide to introduce each other to their friends. What a catastrophe! They will have to get real.

Society • Identity • Humour • Friendship



Francesco Pittau
ill. Catherine Chardonnay

Petit Garçon (Little Boy)



Illustrated novel.
 Petite Polynie. From age 7
 Collection director: Chloé Mary
 72 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
 Trade paperback. €9.50

Tonight, the little boy metamorphosed into a fly. Since then, with his head upside down, the world all topsy-turvy, he's been walking on the ceiling.

Today, or maybe before, he ate a lot of mashed potatoes, platefuls and platefuls of it, he became round like a ball that wouldn't stop rolling around. He didn't want to be a little boy anymore, smaller than the dog and the cat, he wanted his head to touch the moon.

Especially because he's already been to the moon to look for the tooth he lost, without a rocket or anything, just by closing his eyes. It's even better than talking to a chick with very small eyes, who is afraid of getting sick.

Now, the little boy is making his way through the most enormous forest in the world. There are unsettling noises and aromas of grilled fish. And above all, a tall tale for a growing boy.

**Identity • Growing up • Freedom •
 Morphosis • Game • Dream • Fantasy**



THE READERS
LIKE



Illustrated novel. From age 7
88 pages. 15 x 22,2 cm.
Hardback. €16
Rights sold : Polish, Russian

Claire Lebourg

Pull (Jumper)

It is early summer and Jumper has lost his master at the train station. Having ventured ahead to go and sniff a trash-can, Jumper has to face the fact: Francis has gone missing. Jumper sets off on a tracking mission and follows the rails all the way to a little station in the suburbs. He is there picked up by Groucho who takes him to a derelict train which serves as a shelter for abandoned dogs. But Jumper refuses to admit that has been abandoned; it has been his fault if he got separated from his master...

Review from Téléràma

Not only does Claire Lebourg have the art of grasping the endearing weaknesses of her animals, a sorry bulge here and there, an apologetic nostril there. But in addition, she knows how to tell the absurd instability of life, how to capture the irony of fate, how to deflate tragedies and instill laughing. Fine, funny, light, heartbreaking.

Friendship • Abandonment

Once on the parking lot of the station, Jumper had the bad idea to go sniff a row of garbage cans. As usual, he had thought only of himself. When he had returned, his master was gone. He had called him of course, he had shouted his name running between the cars.

– Francis, Francis!

Then, guided by his sense of smell, had pursued his crazy run to the docks. A train had just left. Without thinking, Jumper had got on the track and ran along for hours on dozens of miles.

In the evening, he had arrived in front of a quiet, empty suburban train station. Only a chihuahua dog, sitting on the platform, was screaming with laughter in a mobile phone, much too big for her paw. When she saw Jumper, she had put a serious face and said a few quick words on the phone.

Groucho had appeared shortly after. Jumper, sweaty and terribly tired, had let himself be guided towards the nearest grove.

When Groucho had laid a plate containing a club sandwich beside his truffle, Jumper swallowed it with a whiff of his teeth.

– Tell me what happened, old dog, Groucho had suggested.

– I only went for a ride, explained Jumper, and when I came back, he was no longer there. No car, no master, nothing.

– Listen, said Groucho in a soft voice, it's not your fault, it happens very often, I was abandoned on a parking lot and all of us here...

– No, interrupted Jumper, I'm entirely responsible. I abandoned my master. I should never have gone and sniff the trash. I should have sat quietly on my plaid, as good dogs do. Just a small pee nearby, eventually...

Someone had knocked on the door. A skinny pussy cat had entered.

– Time to eeeeeaat! We've been waiting for you too long, so please lift your hindquarters and kindly join the dining room, she grumbled, annoyed.

In a noisy atmosphere, about fifteen dogs surrounded a central table. Groucho and Jumper sat side by side in front of two steaming plates.

– I'm a bad dog, Jumper kept saying, and bad dogs do not deserve to eat.

After clearing his throat, Groucho said in a cheerful voice:

– Friends, this is Jumper. He is very happy to be here with us and to share this delicious mash.

– I really do not deserve to eat this mash, I abandoned my master and then...

I don't like mash too much, added Pull, on a lower tone.

In a fraction of a second, the group of dogs was silent and all the heads had turned to him.

– You... you don't like mash? had stammered Groucho, stunned.





Sigrid Baffert
Adrienne et Léonore Sabrier

La marche du baoyé
(The March of the Baoye Tree)



Illustrated novel.
 Polynie. From age 9
 Collection director: Chloé Mary
 60 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
 Trade paperback. €9

Nothing much remained from the life of Tiago, his brother Big Ouji, his Mum and Dad, of the whole Manké farming family. A watering can, a sewing machine and a hair brush –just a few objects discarded on a rickety cart next to the last baoye tree, the tree that gives eleven juicy fruits and whom they called Mister B. The Uprooters had swallowed it all, down to the last scrap of their farm. Tiago and his family had to take to the road then, it was a case of do or die. By dawn a kouré had disappeared. Eleven kourés minus one – that wouldn't take them far on their way. All the more as, high in the desert sky, rats in feathers were already casting a beady eye on the blue fruits.

Experienced author Sigrid Baffert has worked hand in hand with the painting and sculpting Sabrier sisters to offer a powerful and delicate depiction of this family's exile.

Exil • Journey • Family • Dream

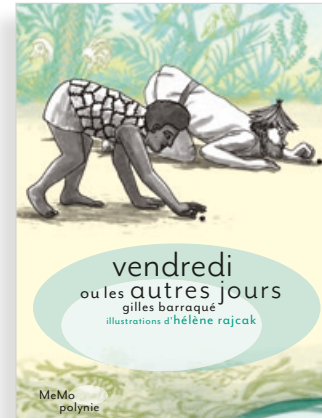


All five of us left the farm in the morning by foot. D'ad was pulling the cart, Mum, Big Oujji, Mister B in his barrel transplanted, and me. The sunny day was marked by a silence belonging to the night. There was nothing left but a red desert around us. Everything had been torn down. Trees, roots, plants, bushes –not a single vertical line stood up to the horizon. Our corner of the earth had been skinned thinner than a pancake. Soon flowers would stand to attention above the surface, like a wig over a bald skull. The Uprooters were still enjoying their meal as the sunrays pierced through. They opened a somnolent eye and watched us pass with the self-satisfied smile of old full-up predators: two Manké farmers, their disparate descendants, and the last baoye tree. We tramped away, treading the road dust, draped in our dignity, and then a loud gurgle broke the silence.

— I'm hungry, Big Oujji said. I could do with a kouré.

— Later, Mum replied. We need to ration ourselves.

Nobody protested. Even though every single one of us had spotted them, Mister B's kourés. There were eleven of them on its branches. Eleven sweet kourés for four people starving, it was almost as if Mister B didn't know how to count.



Illustrated novel.
Polynie. From age 10
Collection director: Chloé Mary
132 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback. €10

Gilles Barraqué
Hélène Rajcak

Vendredi ou les autres jours (Friday or the Other Days)

Seven days of complete stillness spent staring at bamboo shoots. Friday is stricken with an illness that is eating away at him, his eyes are wandering all over the place and his mood has plummeted. His damned beardo of Robinson may have cooked him a sunny thigh of crucru –a creature as rare as a coffer of gold–, Friday has refused to even open his mouth. Not even to play one of his famous oboe tunes. So, when the fluttering white sails of a ship appear on the horizon with the promise of taking them away from this forsaken rock, Robinson predicts a hell of a party...

With this cheerful pastiche of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Gilles Barraqué invites us to share the tribulations of a Robinson hell-bent on not leaving his island! The winner of many a prize, illustrator Hélène Rajzac lends her quill to this story.

Adventure • Freedom • Fellowship • Wild life



THE READERS
LIKE



Illustrated novel.
Polynie. From age 9
Collection director: Chloé Mary
108 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback. €11

Prix Sorcières 2020

Agnès Debacker
ill. **Anaïs Brunet**

**L'arrêt du cœur ou comment
Simon découvrit l'amour
dans une cuisine**
(When Your Heart Misses a
Beat, or How Simon
Discovered Love in a Kitchen)

Since Simone left, Simon comes to his building caretaker Françoise's office every day for coffee and, more importantly, to hear about Simone's story. Three buzzer rings, the faint sound of the radio in the kitchen, and Simone's head in her bowl of café-au-lait. Simon can still hear Françoise's wail. Simone was an old lady and died of a heart attack and Simon is finding it very hard to cope with his broken heart. Simon and Simone were two sides of a crazy friendship and had a magical object: their wishing kettle, overflowing with bits of paper. Simon comes to the conclusion that this kettle will do him good. He must go and fetch it from Simone's flat. He must read its written secrets. Simon doesn't know yet that a messy kitchen can hide a great, beautiful mystery.

Lovestory • Humour • Death • Memories • War



Sigrid Baffert
ill. Jeanne Macaigne



Illustrated novel.
 Polynie. From age 9
 Collection director: Chloé Mary
 84 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
 Trade paperback. €11

La Chose du MéHéHéHé (The Thing from MéHéHéHé)

On the surface of the sea's blue belly, things are serious. A Thing, with red and white stripes, hard as a giant shell and yet soft like seaweed, is floating. Something is up. Something big is up and, this time, it's not sinking down. Mo, Saï, and Vish have seen some freaky things fall out of the sky. Pointy things, square things, mounds of plastic and sticks, black blobs raining down on their octopus heads. But a Thing like this, never. What's more, there seems to be a surprise inside, something alive. Worse still, this Thing is almost as big as Krakenko, the orca ogress. Worst of all, the Thing has a mouth, and it's probably a bit hungry. Time for an emergency Tcha-kou-tcha with the albino anemones, the horned crab and the entire colony of puffer shrimp. The hideyhole is buzzing with questions. What if the answer lies in the MéHéHéHé?

**Identity • Community • Ecology • Sea •
 Communication • Weird**





Black & white illustrations.
From age 11
192 pages. 15 x 22,5 cm.
Trade paperback. €16

Cédric Philippe

Les fleurs sucrées des trèfles (The Sweet Flowers of Clovers)

Have you ever been convinced you're going to win by scratching a lottery ticket or drawing a card from the pile? To feel the king at the top of the pack, to swear that the number scratched with the little spoon will win a prize? At that moment, a fire radiates within you, a confidence: you hold a thousand glitter of luck at your fingertips. But who lights this fire, who sows these glitter?

To save her uncle, Agathe goes in search of luck. In the heart of a wild garden full of eyes and secrets, she meets the fox and the flying fish, which accompany her in a world where dreams and reality are one. Who knows what happens when you open the smallest doors?

Keep your eyes open: to search is to create your own luck.

Agathe's adventure is both a novel and a visual quest. Black and white illustrations convey a mysterious and attractive atmosphere. A sensitive fantasy novel about a resourceful character.

Luck • Quest • Fantasy • Illness

A matter of luck

The Sweet Flowers of Clovers is a book about luck. Cédric Philippe deploys this original theme by exploiting all the possibilities offered by the graphic novel.

The question of luck appears from the prologue as the main thread of the narrative: a mysterious little man leads the narrator into a fairground game, and to justify his luck, tells the story of little teasers who indiscriminately distribute happiness according to events. Cédric Philippe loves the unpredictable: at this stage of the book, the reader also wonders what can await him in a reading that is immediately under the sign of chance.

In the main story, the theme of luck is developed through a clover hunt, the stakes of which are much higher than the prologue suggests. One summer evening, in the family garden, Agathe learns that her uncle Yvon has cancer. His chances of survival? One in a million. Agathe then launches into a hunt for four-leaves; if her little sister takes part too, with the exasperating luck of the carefree, Agathe, haunted by the stakes, lives this child's game as a real quest.

The illustrations are themselves sprinkled with motifs of luck, in the mode of the game: the dice which are directly addressing the reader, the clovers to be found from one page to another. But Cédric Philippe takes the interaction of text and image one step further, by also proposing a real graphic treasure hunt, on which the whole story seems to depend: on many images, small signs indicate possible paths to follow to explain or enrich the adventures of the narrative, according to the well-known principle of the books in which the reader is the hero.

The narration then becomes tree-like. In the end, it is perhaps less a question of chance rather than choice in this novel: the choice that is left to the reader, as a last resort, to trace his or her own imaginary and reflexive path in this teeming novel.

The paths of imagination

All the resources of imagination are also deployed in the face of the reality of death. In her garden as in her dreams, Agathe multiplies encounters, and is thus drawn into a round of marvellous characters: an optimistic flying fish, a fox lost in winter, building garden gnomes, a talkative duck and a sententious cat, accompany her in her solitary quest.

As suggested by the little man who returns in the last pages to close the story, *The Sweet Flowers of Clovers* is an ode to imagination, as well as an ode to childhood. In the family domain where adults are rarely present, Agathe and her sister enchant with their fresh eyes all the familiar things that surround them: following them, the reader is invited to explore the dreamed territories of childhood.

A philosophical quest

Agathe's quest for luck is also a philosophical quest. Confronted with the threat of losing her uncle, Agathe grows up well in spite of herself, and her imaginary escapes are now inseparable from a questioning of life and death. The marvellous characters she meets embody philosophical postures, and the children's novel then takes on that depth of reading that will allow it to touch adults and children alike.

Cédric Philippe not only sows clovers, but also keys to interpretation for the benefit of its readers. References to *Alice in Wonderland* are obvious, for example, when Agathe discovers a pocket watch lying next to a burrow of Easter bunnies. In the same way, vain and peremptory tulips are similar to the Little Prince's rose: Cédric Philippe gives us to read a graphic novel at the crossroads of inspirations and genres, whose universal scope is not without recalling the aims of the apologue.

It is also the crossroads of tonalities and viewpoints that give rise to reflection in Cédric Philippe's graphic novel: the death of the uncle is thus announced in the form of a banter by a delightfully caricatured lady. This is the author's vision, which supplants the point of view of the child who is unable to express himself or herself under shock. In the same way that text and images dialogue and take turns to advance the narrative, fantasy and gravity alternate in a deep and stunning novel.





MAISON
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CHÈNE
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Frédéric Boudet

Surf



Grande Polynie. From age 15.
Collection director: Chloé Mary
Cover illustration: Brecht Evens
224 pages. 15 x 21 cm.
Trade paperback. €16

For Adam, home for the holidays, Brest does not have a lot to say for itself. The cranes of the port are still there in the distance, closer, in between the rooftops, the same piece of ocean, closer still the family home, decor the same as ever, with his strange unicorn of a mother at the heart of it, in her fitted grey coat, an escapee from his mental zoo.

Here, Adam will have to while away the hours which drag on and on, just as he skips classes at the school of graphic design, just as life carries on without enthusiasm.

Out of sight, however there are embers crackling under the ashes. Wrapped in plastic, a bundle of letters brings the echo of his father's voice to his ears. His father who vanished into thin air and was well and truly gone for good. His telepathic friend, Jack-Nathan, a two-metre tall giant, who, from behind his Ray-Bans, hunts down these poor surfers like ducks, before tearing off across the sand and escaping again, urges Adam to stop confiding in his popcorn and extract himself from his little hell of forgiving and forgetting. Aeka, who is just as wildly nuts as Jack, makes recordings that capture life in its most private, broken down voice, and there are the searing words of Katel, waves of childhood memories. In fact, everyone and everything has something to say. Now, it's Adam's turn to talk

**Friendship • Madness • Love • Father-Son
• Journey • Wandering**



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