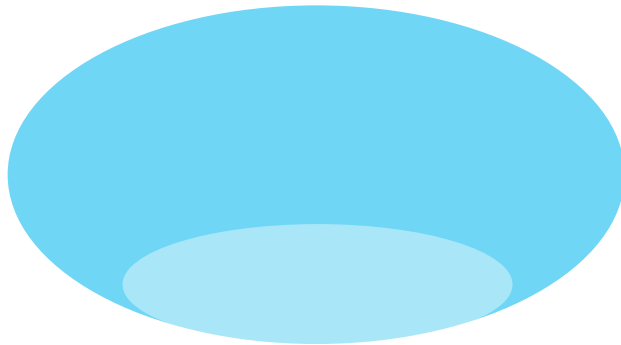
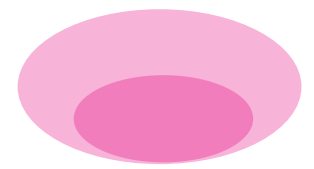
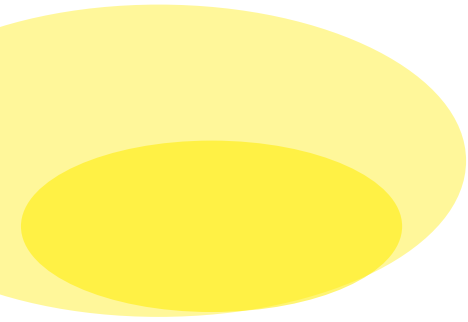


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bologna book fair 2018

polynies

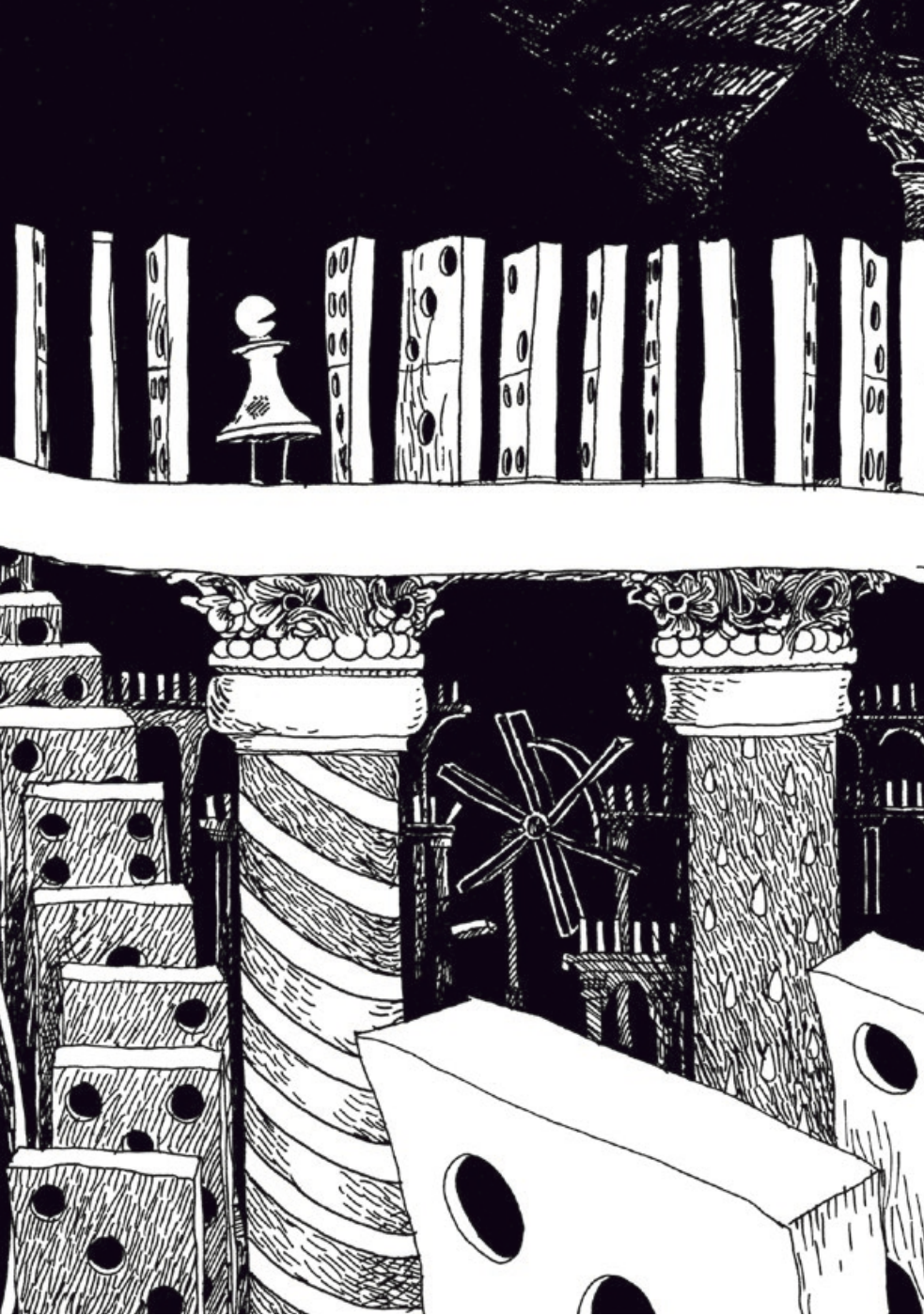




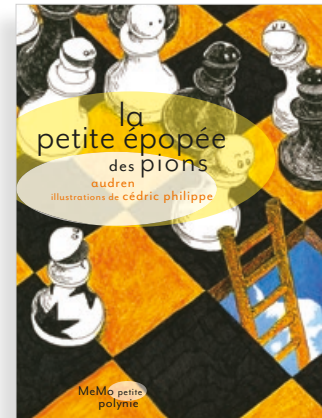
A **polynya** is an area of unfrozen sea within the icepack; it is a sort of water oasis full of life. This year, MeMo and Chloé Mary, as a collection director, have produced for young readers aged six to twelve three series of novels upholding the most demanding of literary standards. Brimming with humour, whimsical adventures and emotion, they will sustain their reading pleasure with texts that may vary in form but obey the same imperative: the imperative of quality.

The illustrators who gave life to these novels may at times have already been published by MeMo, and may at times be graphic artists that we have admired for a long time and with whom we wanted to work. In each case they have all endowed these books with their unique stamp, making their reading experience a unique one.

Chloé Mary, Christine Morault
& Yves Mestrallet



Audren Cédric Philippe



Colour illustrations
48 pages, 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback, January 2018
ean 97823528936533. €8

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

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 Sashes 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.



Sigrid Baffert Adrienne et Léonore Sabrier



Colour illustrations
60 pages, 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback, March 2018.
ean 9782352893721. €9

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

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. Dad was pulling the cart, Mum, Big Uji, 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 Uji 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.

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...

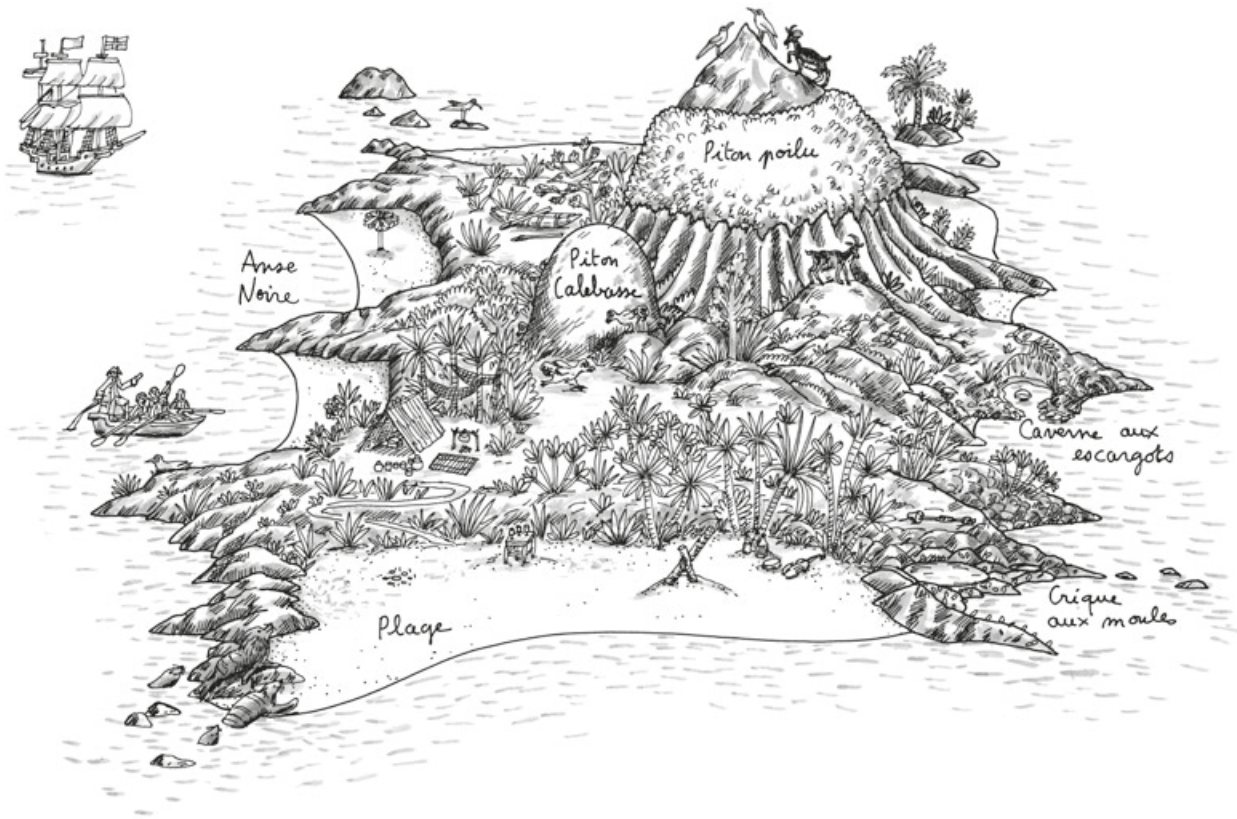
With this cheerful pastiche of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Gilles Barraqué invites us to share the tribulations of a Robinson hell-bent on not leaving his island! The winner of many a prize, illustrator Hélène Rajcak lends her quill to this story.

Adventure • Freedom • Fellowship • Wild life



Colour illustrations
132 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
Trade paperback. May 2018.
ean 9782352893738. €10





Friday, standing still on the beach, his arms crossed, waited for the newcomers. As the canoes approached, he started counting them: maybe a little over twenty of these savages...? One of them, at the rear of the first ship, didn't have a paddle –it must have been the chief.

At last the hulls scraped against the sand. The savages disembarked onto the shore in their own special way. As soon as they set foot they jumped around to the rhythm of a war cry making faces in a visibly well rehearsed fashion. Friday studied the crew. No doubt, that lot looked seriously wild: their teeth had been sharpened, their small eyes were bloodshot, and they brandished a whole selection of clubs and spears... Judging by the sound of their raw voices, you could be sure that their baggy flasks did not contain fresh water.



Colour illustrations
 72 pages. 14 x 19 cm.
 Trade paperback. January 2018.
 ean 9782352893646. €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.

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