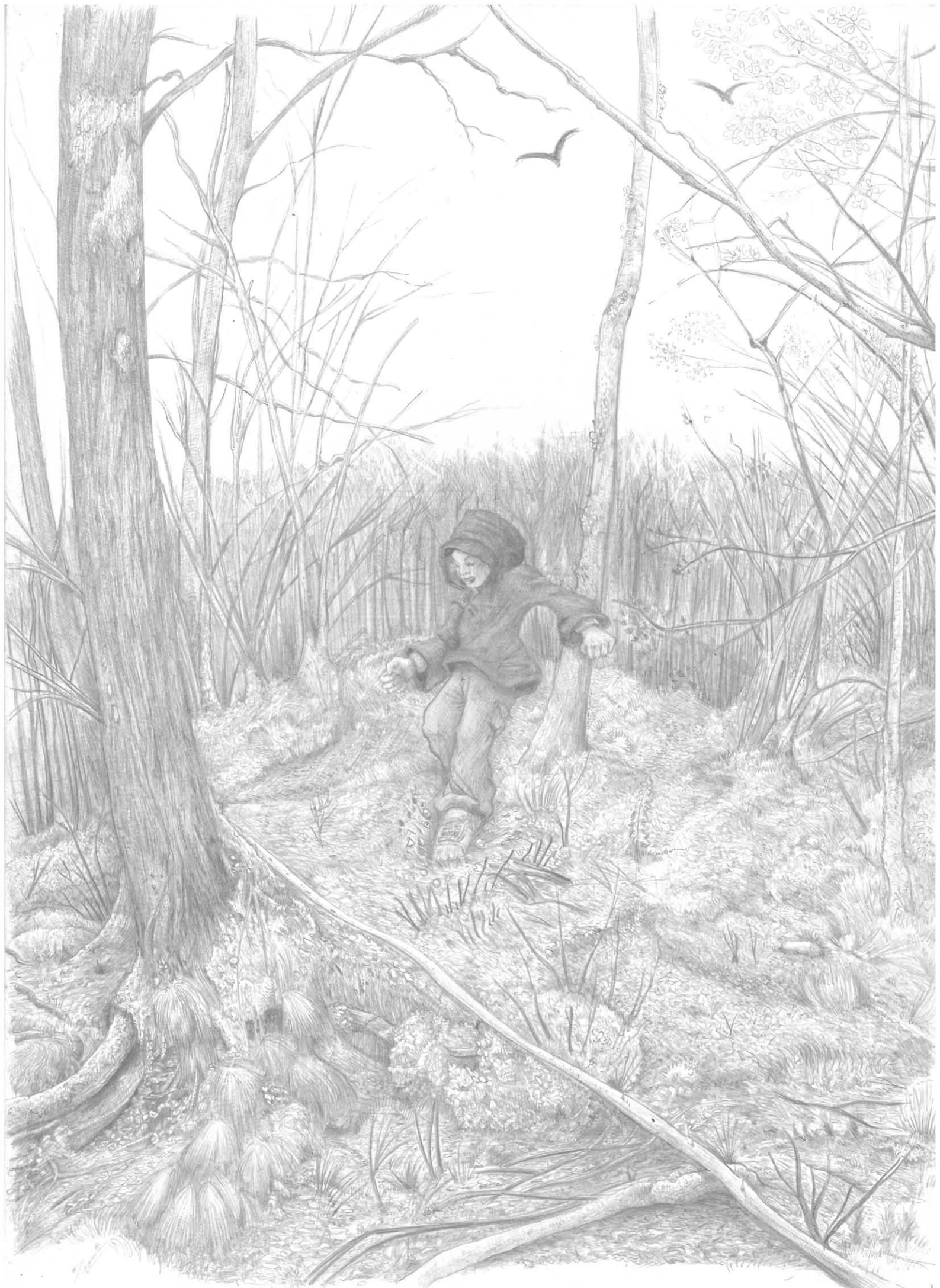


Le Trésor des insensés



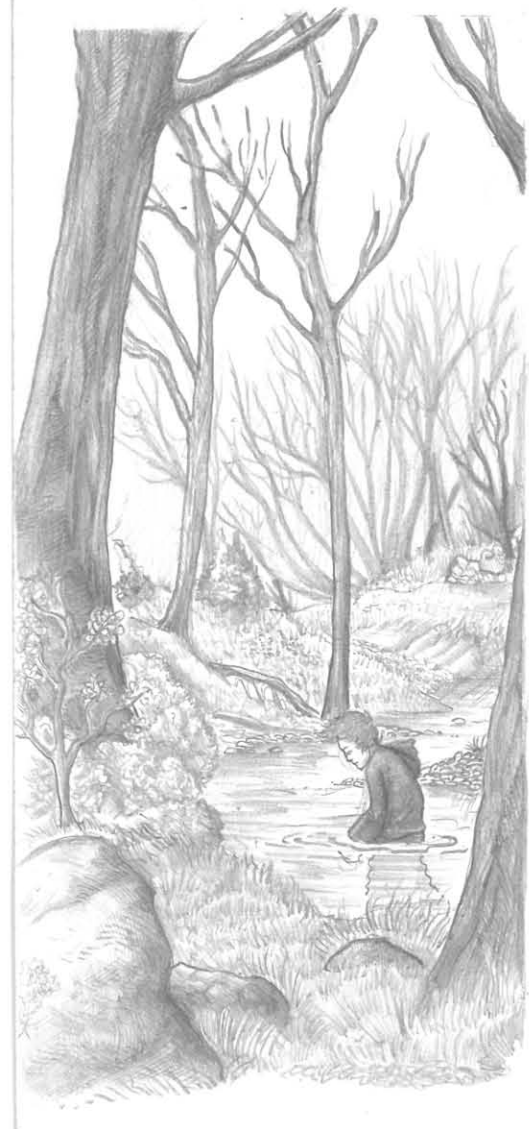
*Une bande dessinée par
Mathieu Rodriguez*

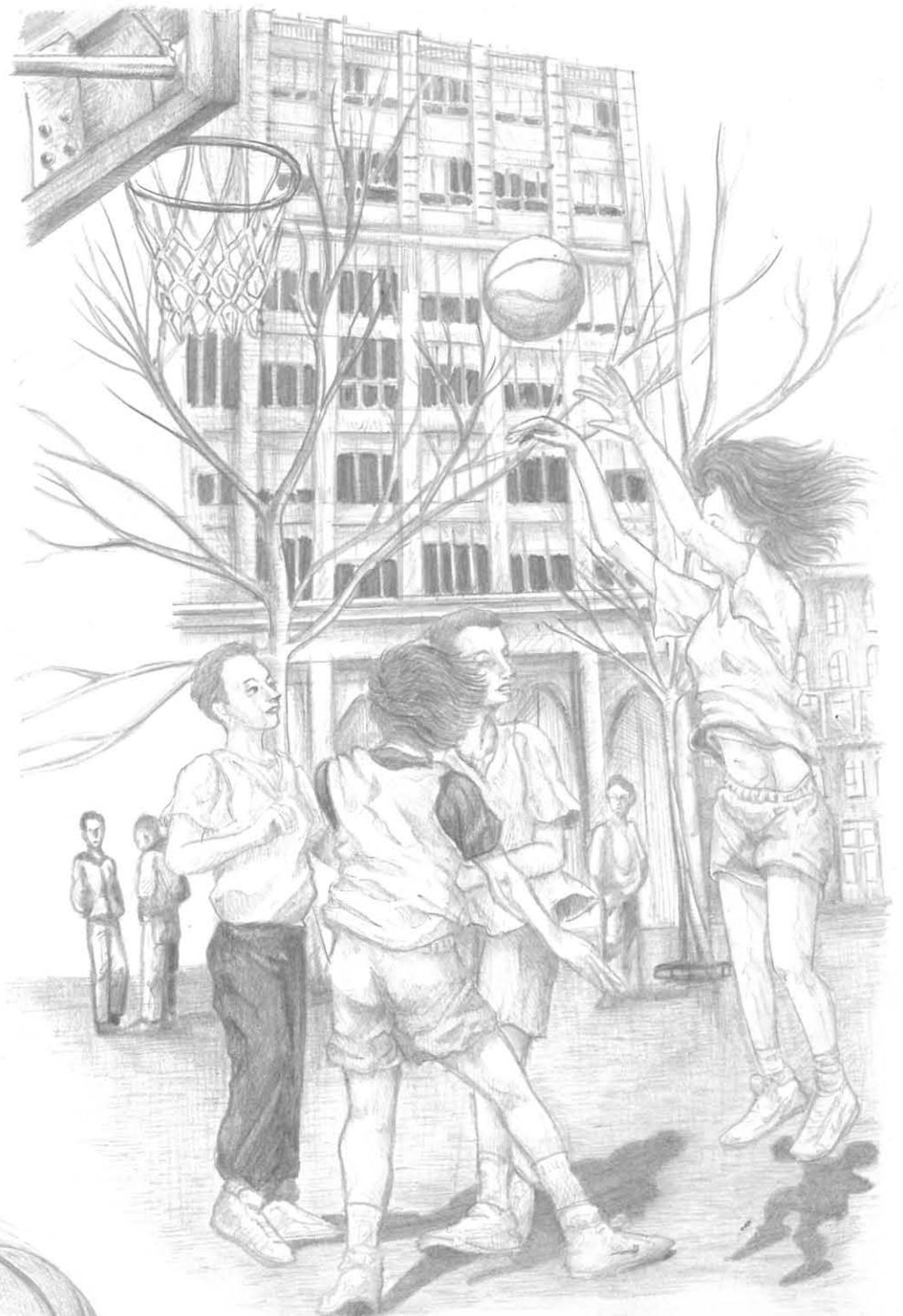


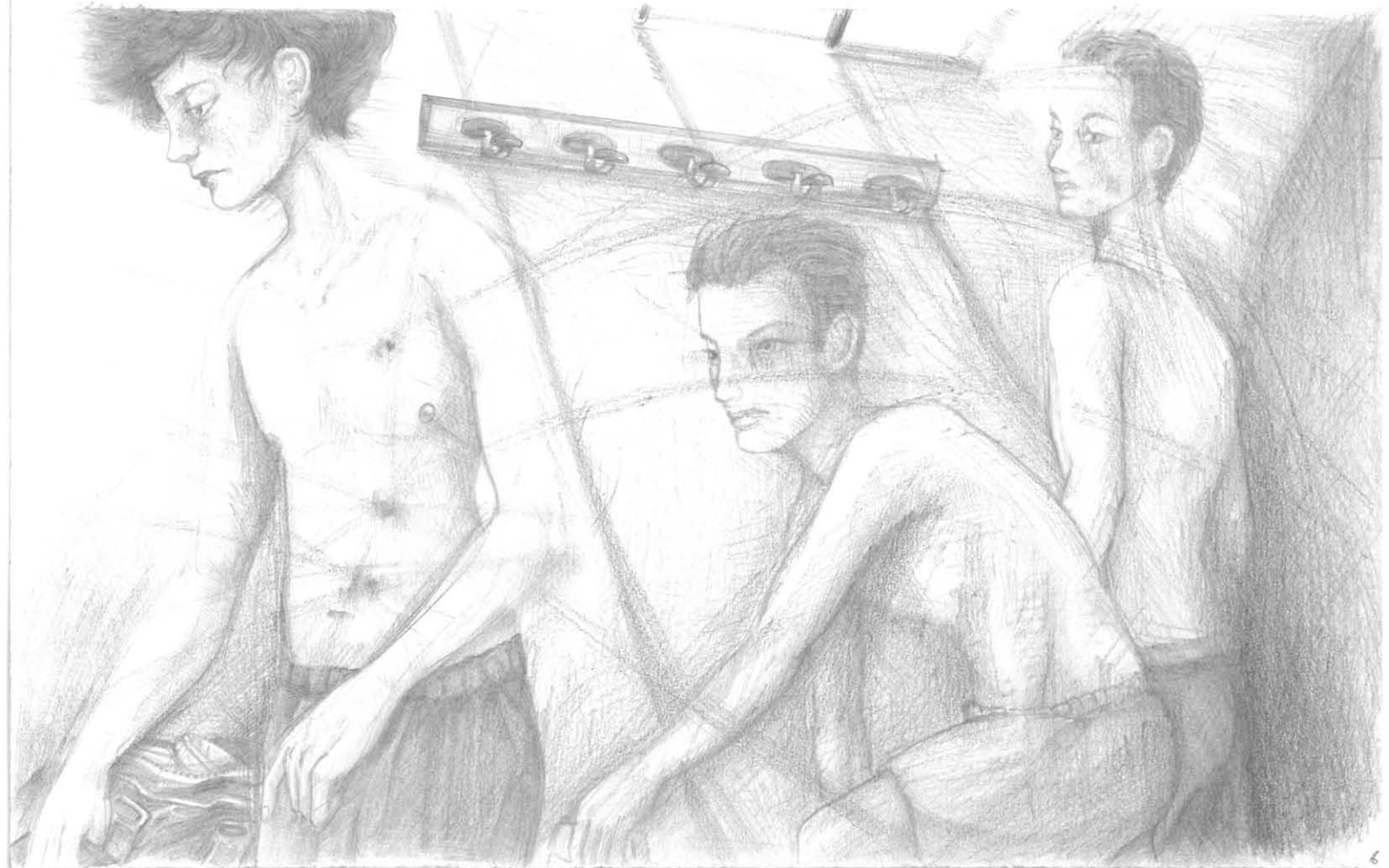
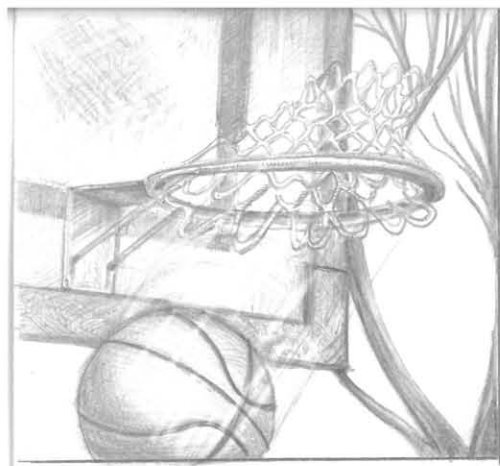
2/10/13 1









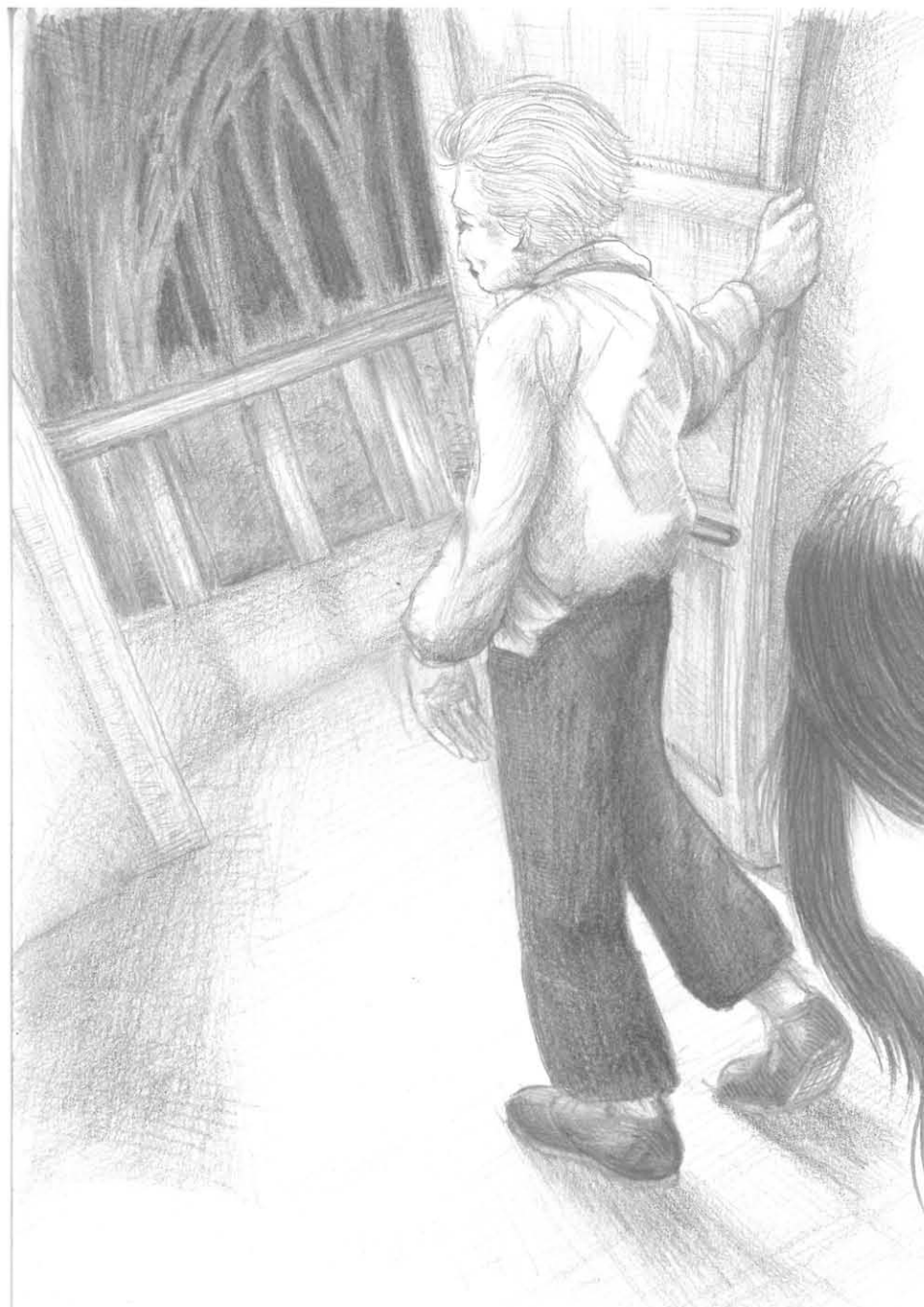












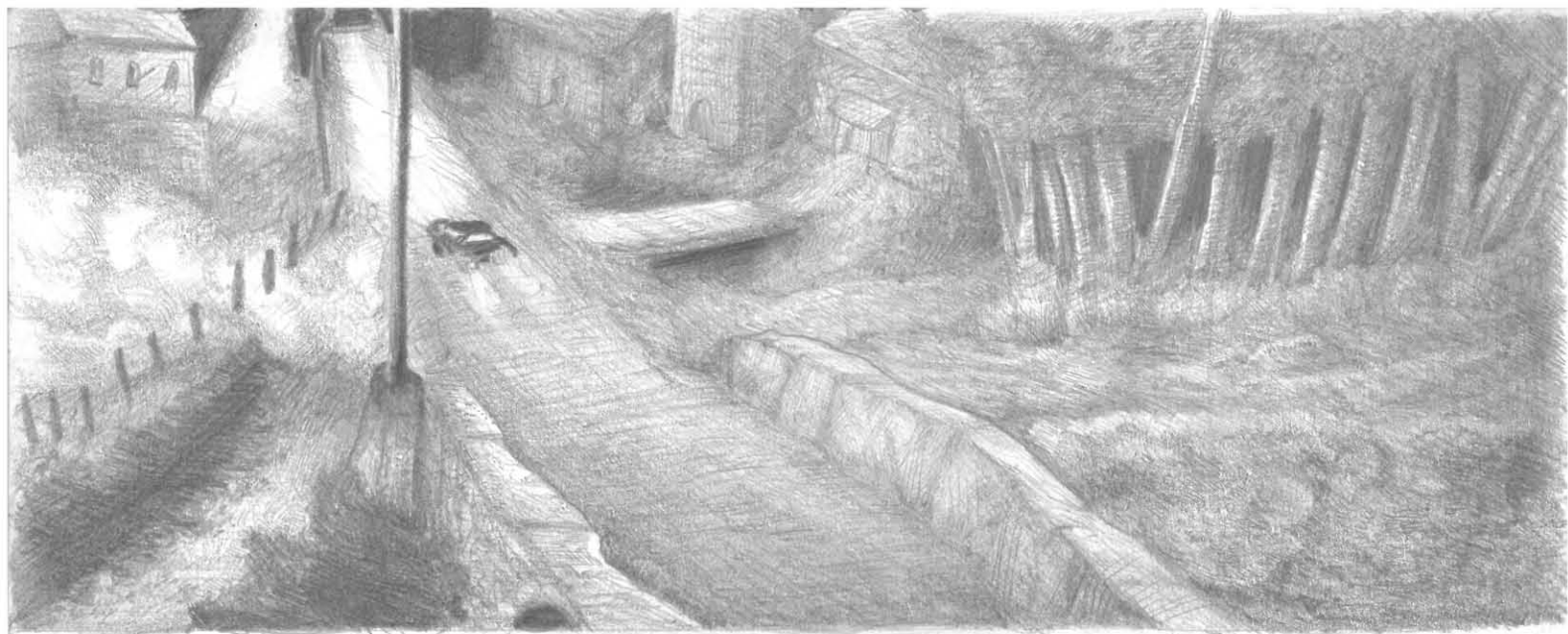


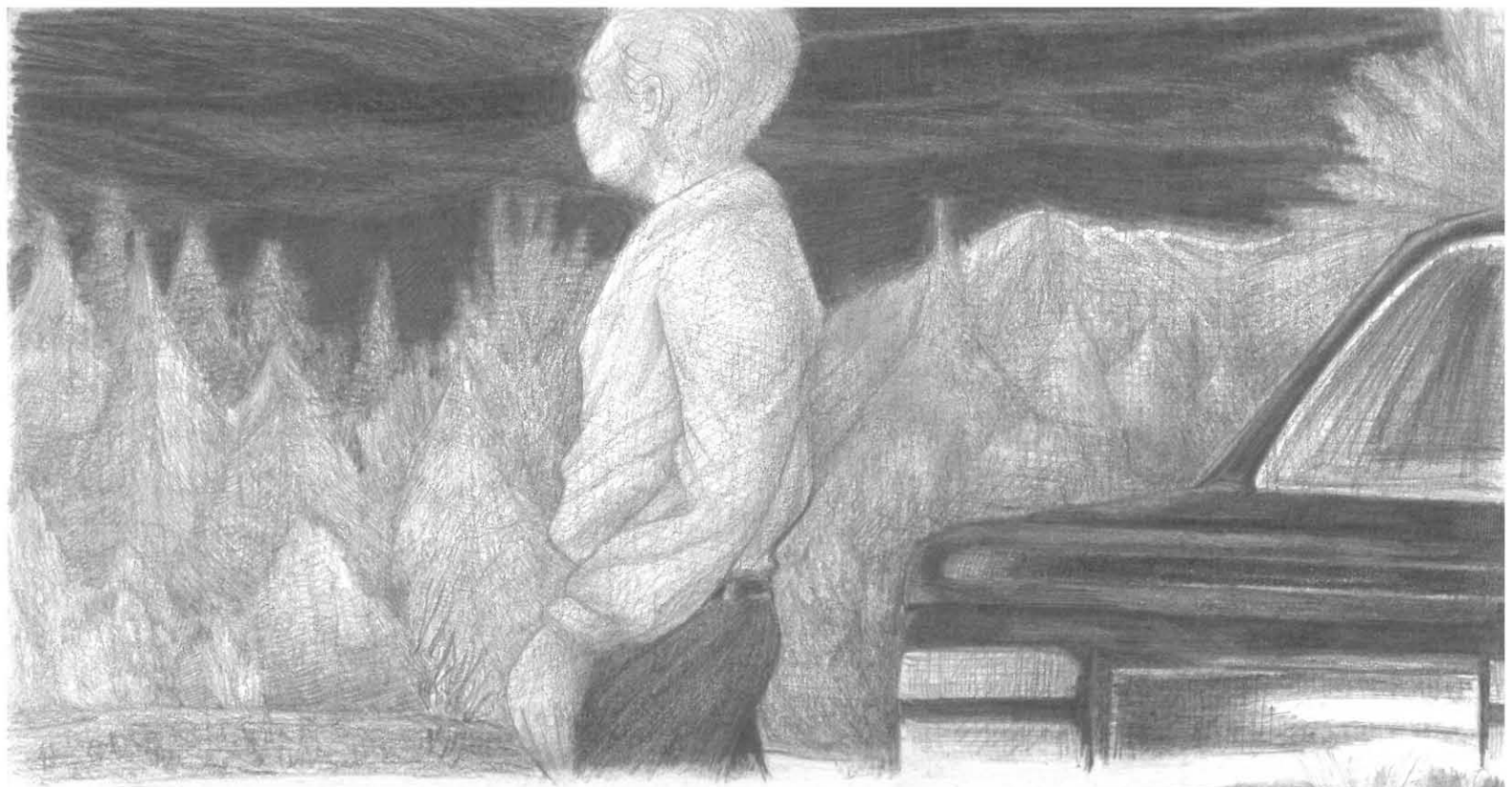
Solitude
absolue
de cet âge...



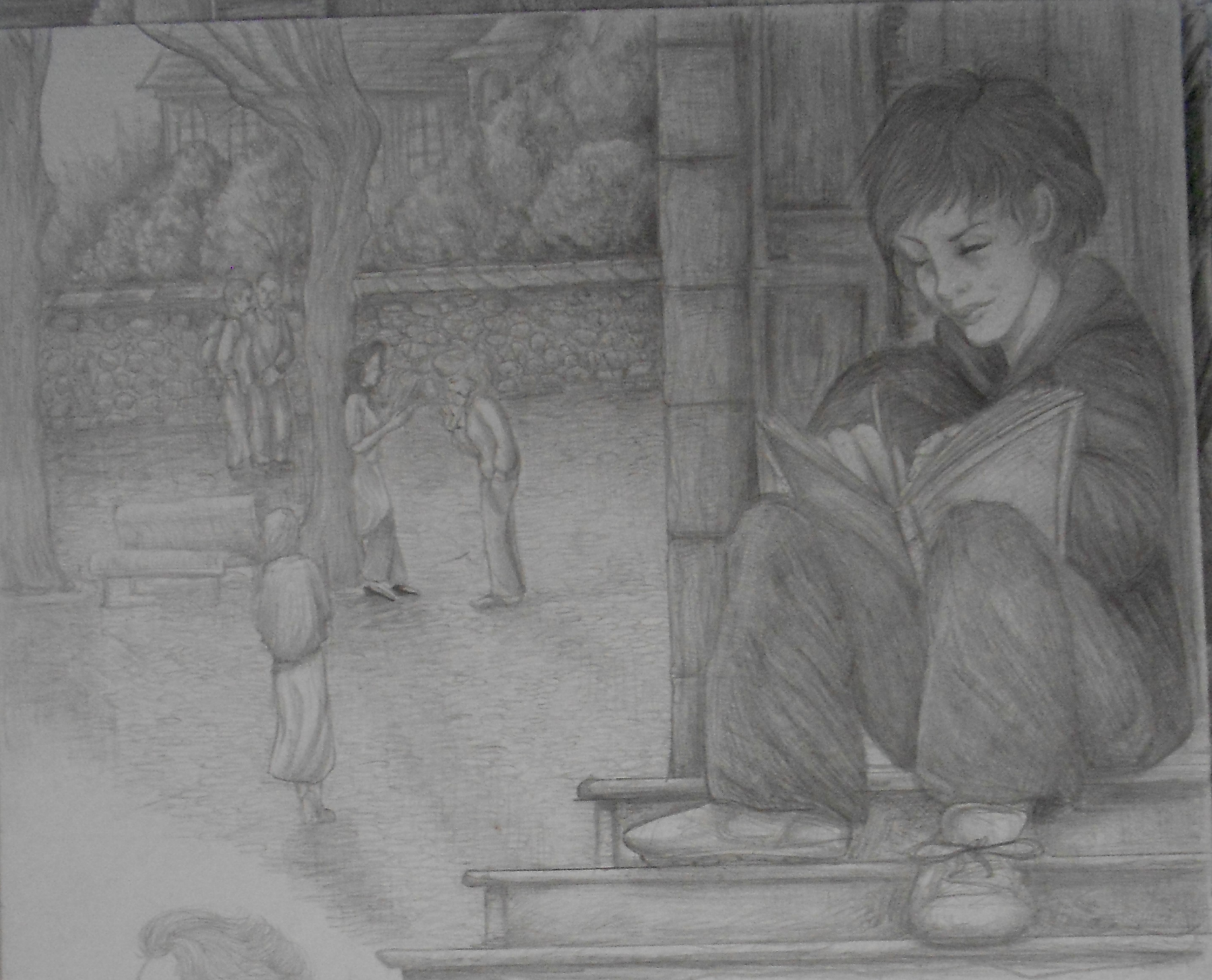
ou aucun
souvenir
de temps meilleur
ne peut
apporter
de réconfort



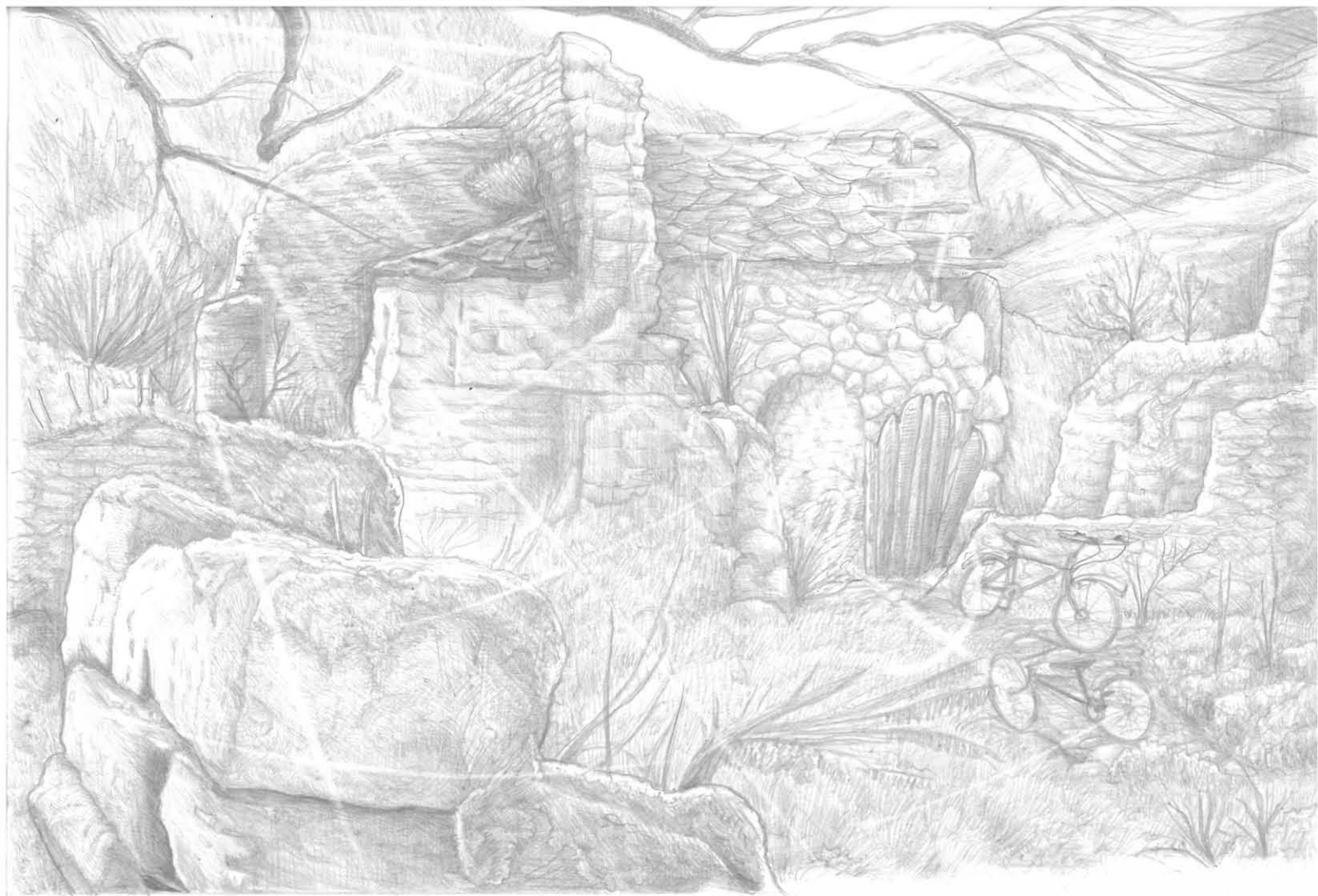




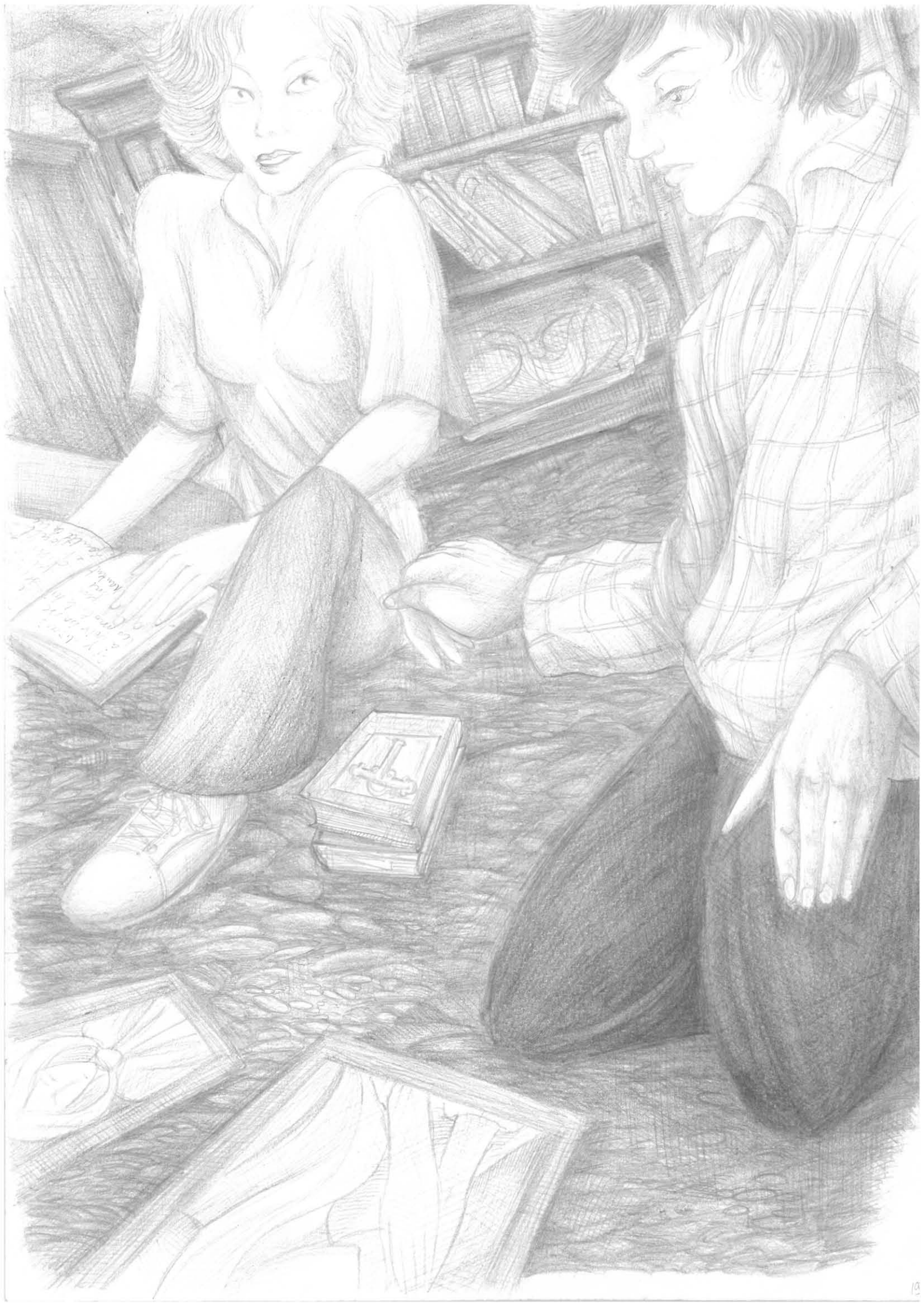












Sans doute sommes-nous sur les ruines d'un village abandonné
dont les chemins ont été
effacés par la végétation



Des cabanes d'ouvriers d'une
mine aujourd'hui épuisée



C'est un ancien piqueur où bergers
et vignerons venaient se recueillir



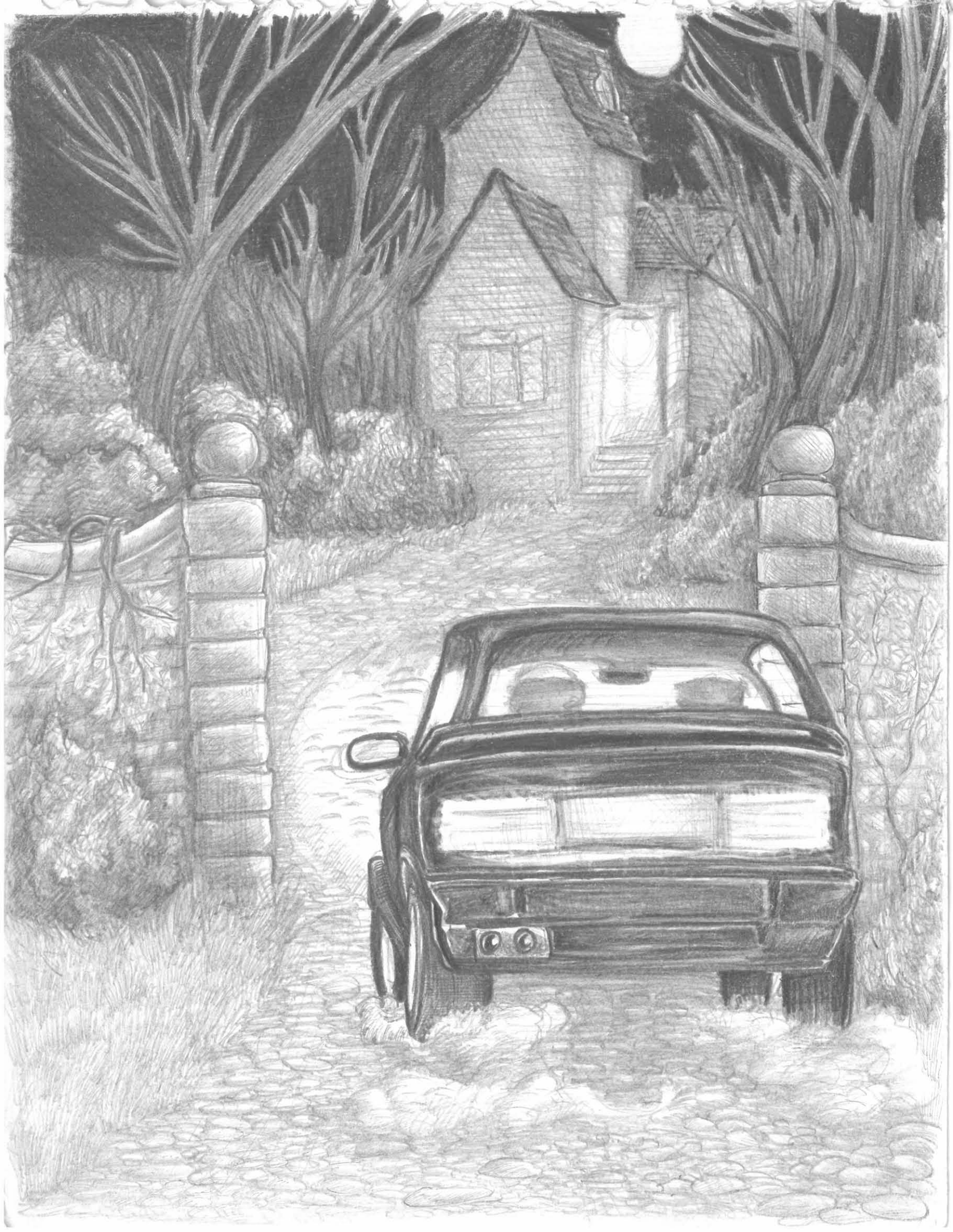
un repaire de
résistants





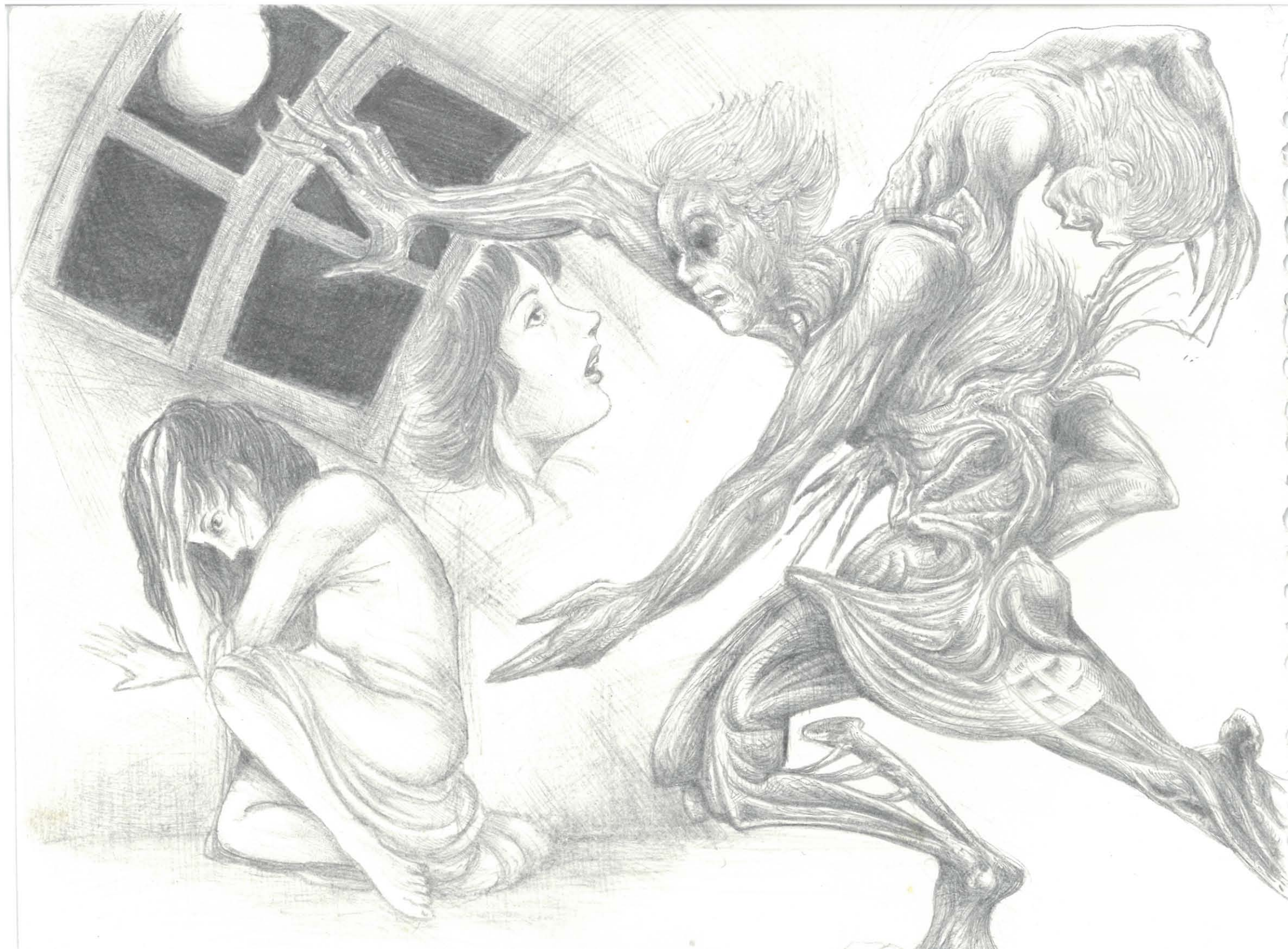






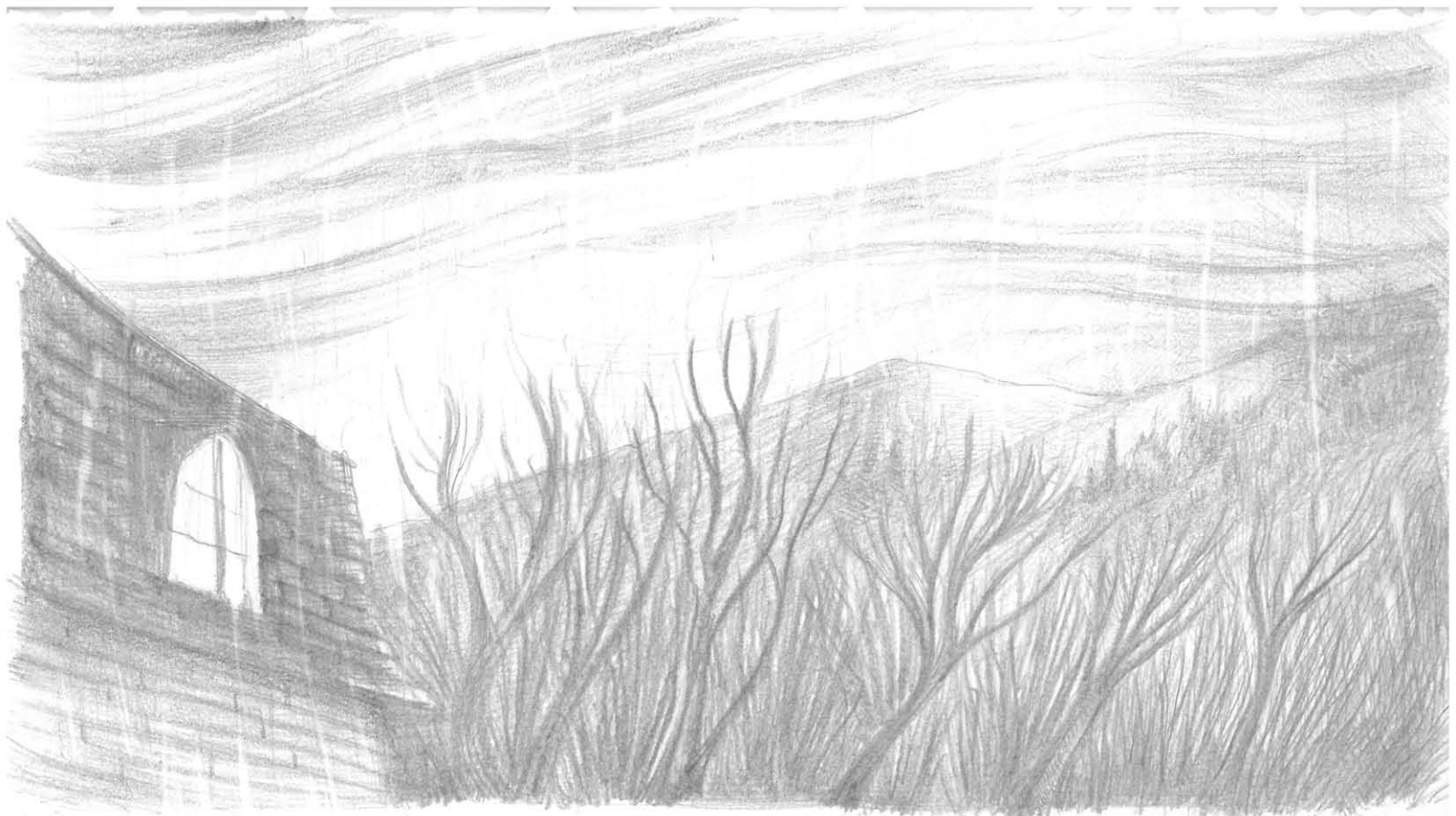








"Je t'aime" à mes parents seul dans mon lit le soir // IAN
- Ne sais la
même étoile

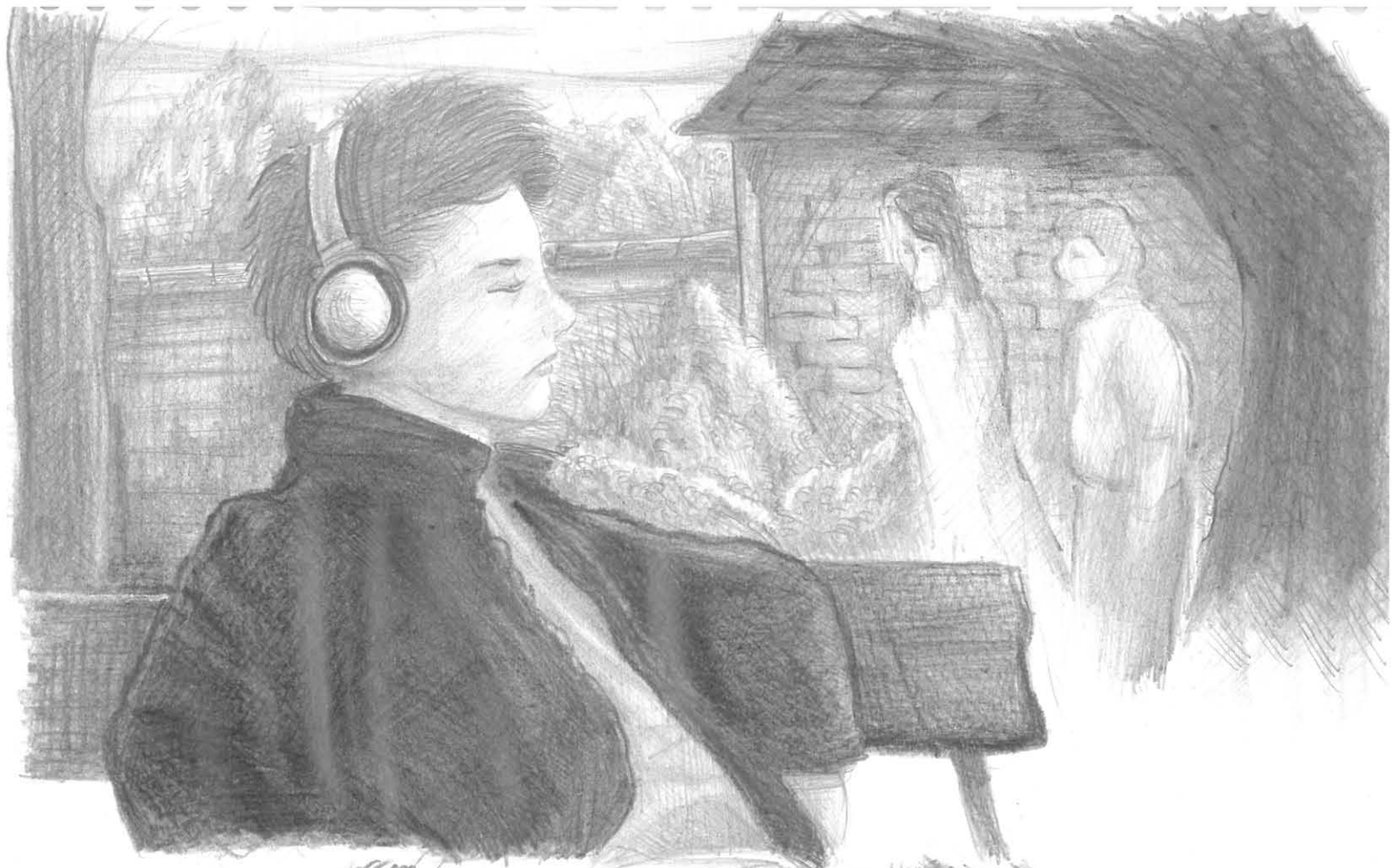










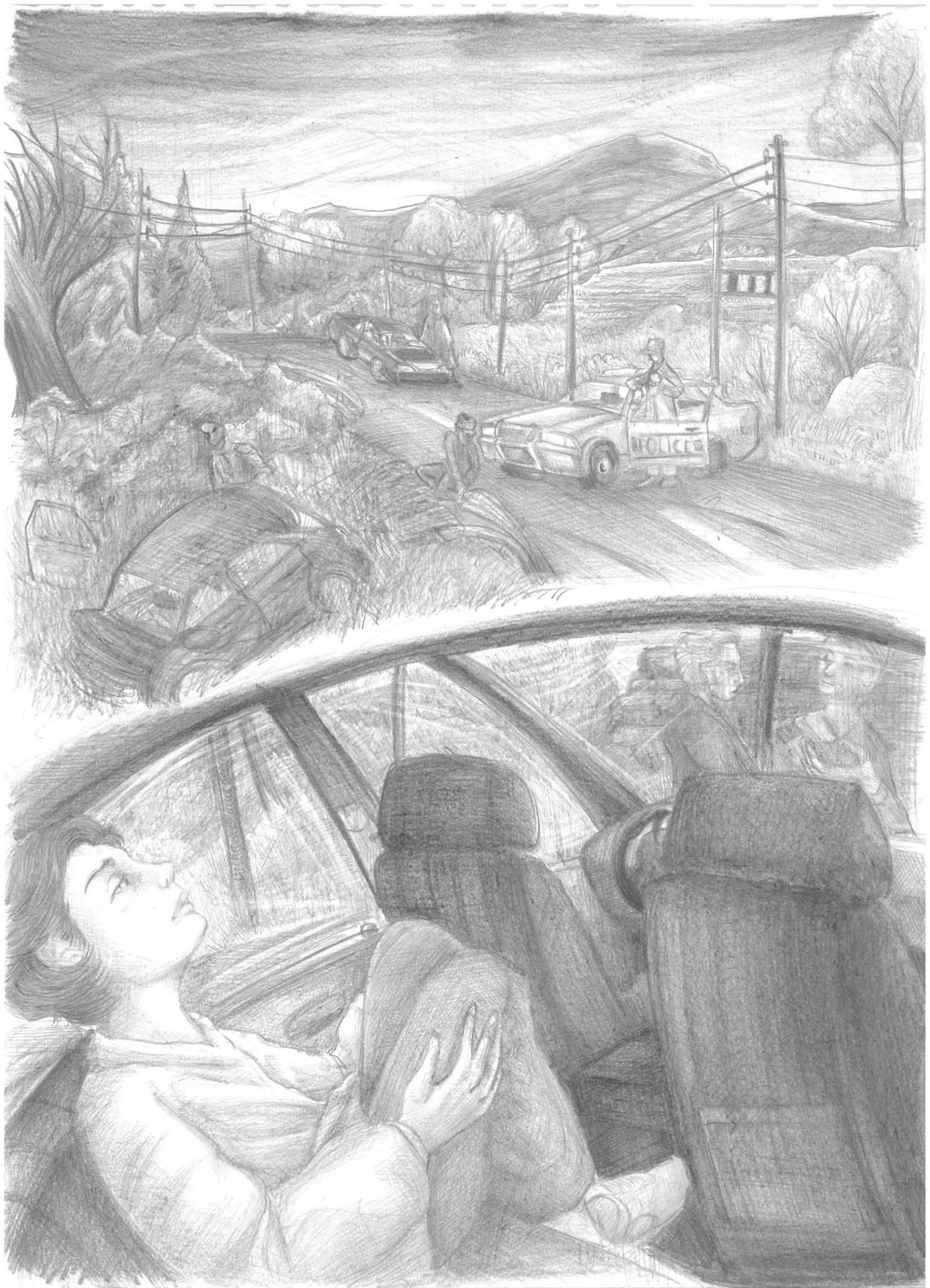




Ta mère a
eu un
accident

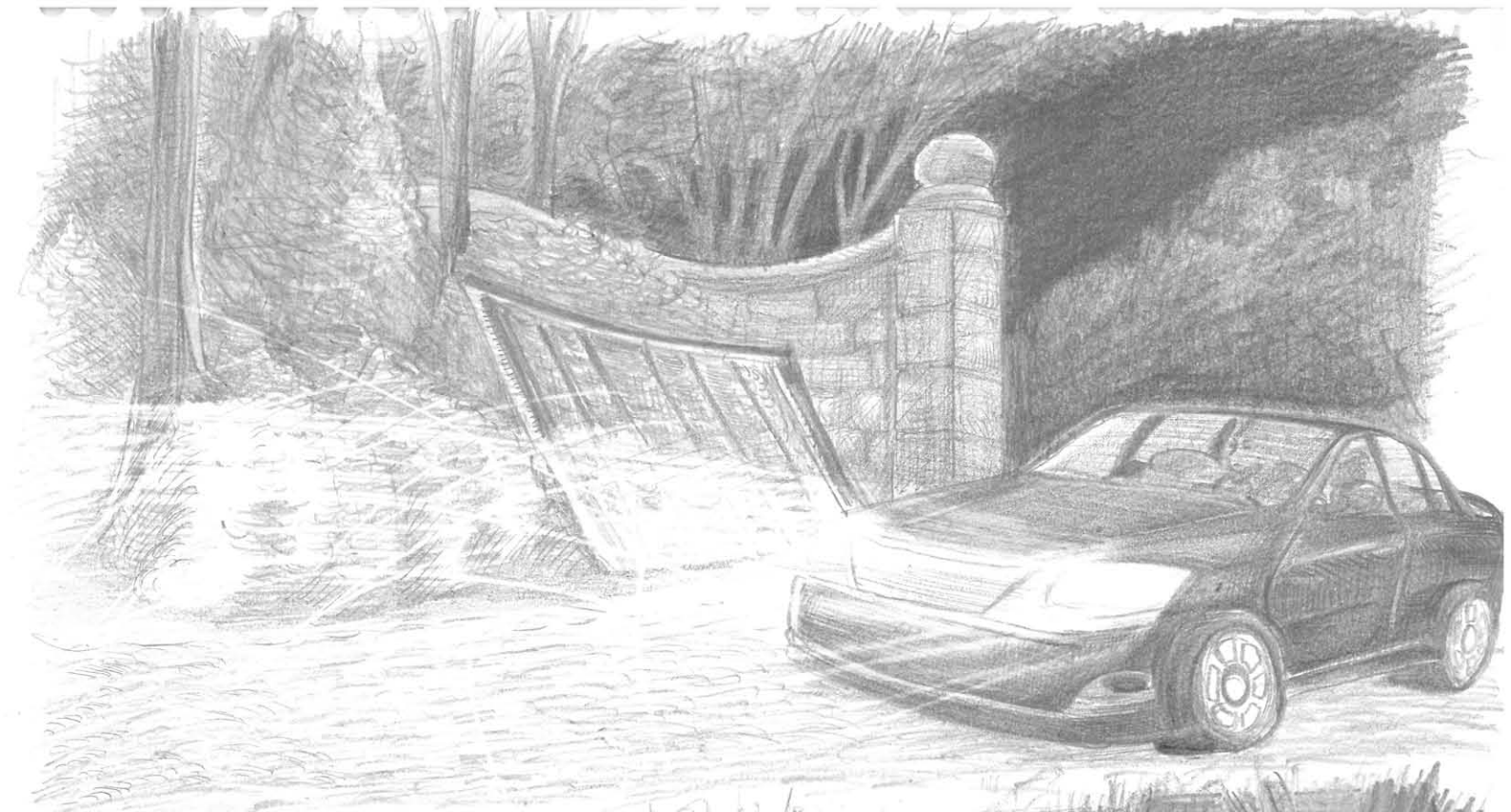




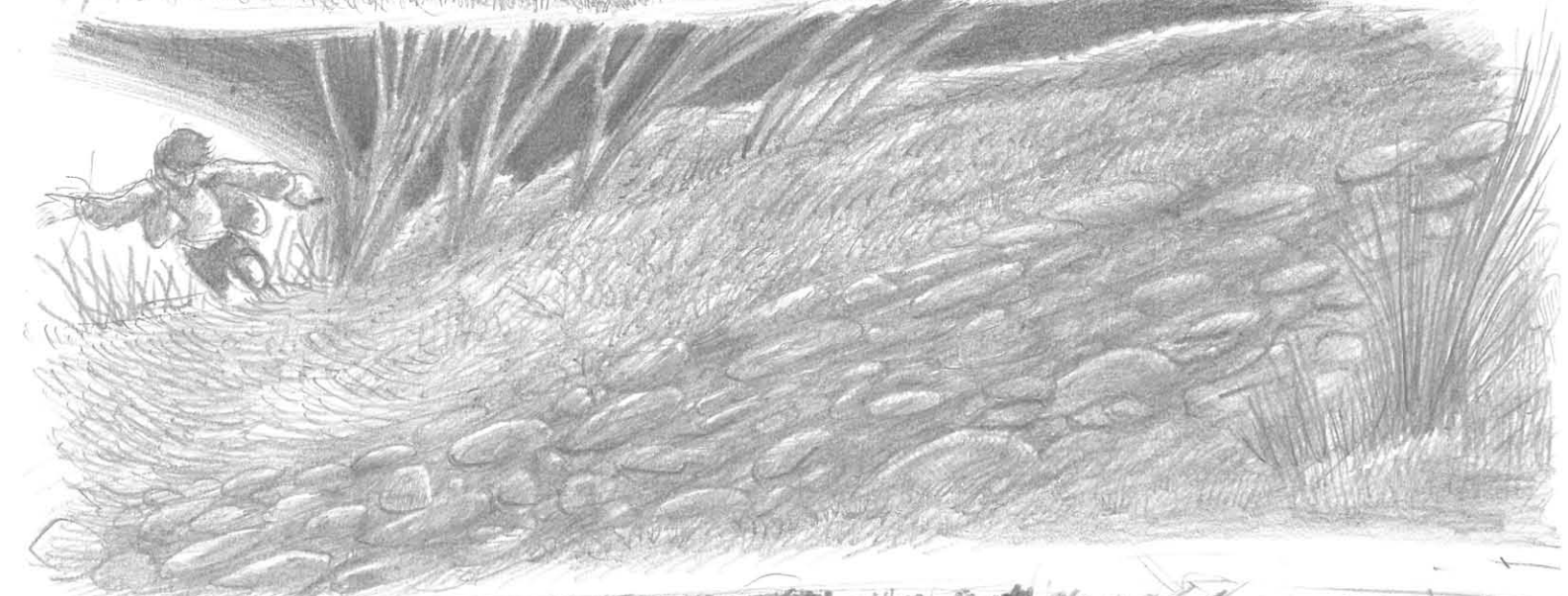




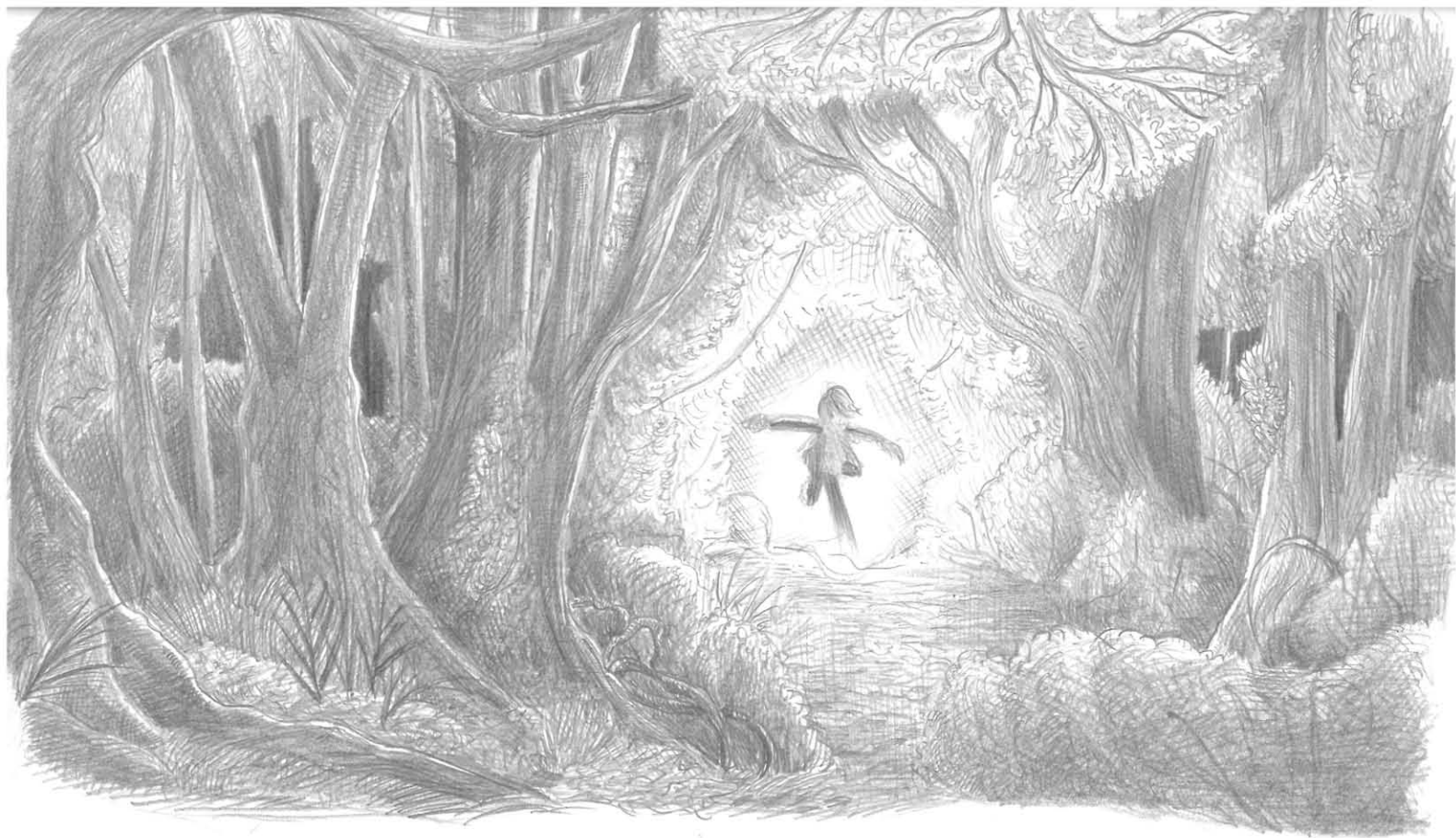




C'EST...
C'EST
À CAUSE DE
TOI^{ce.}

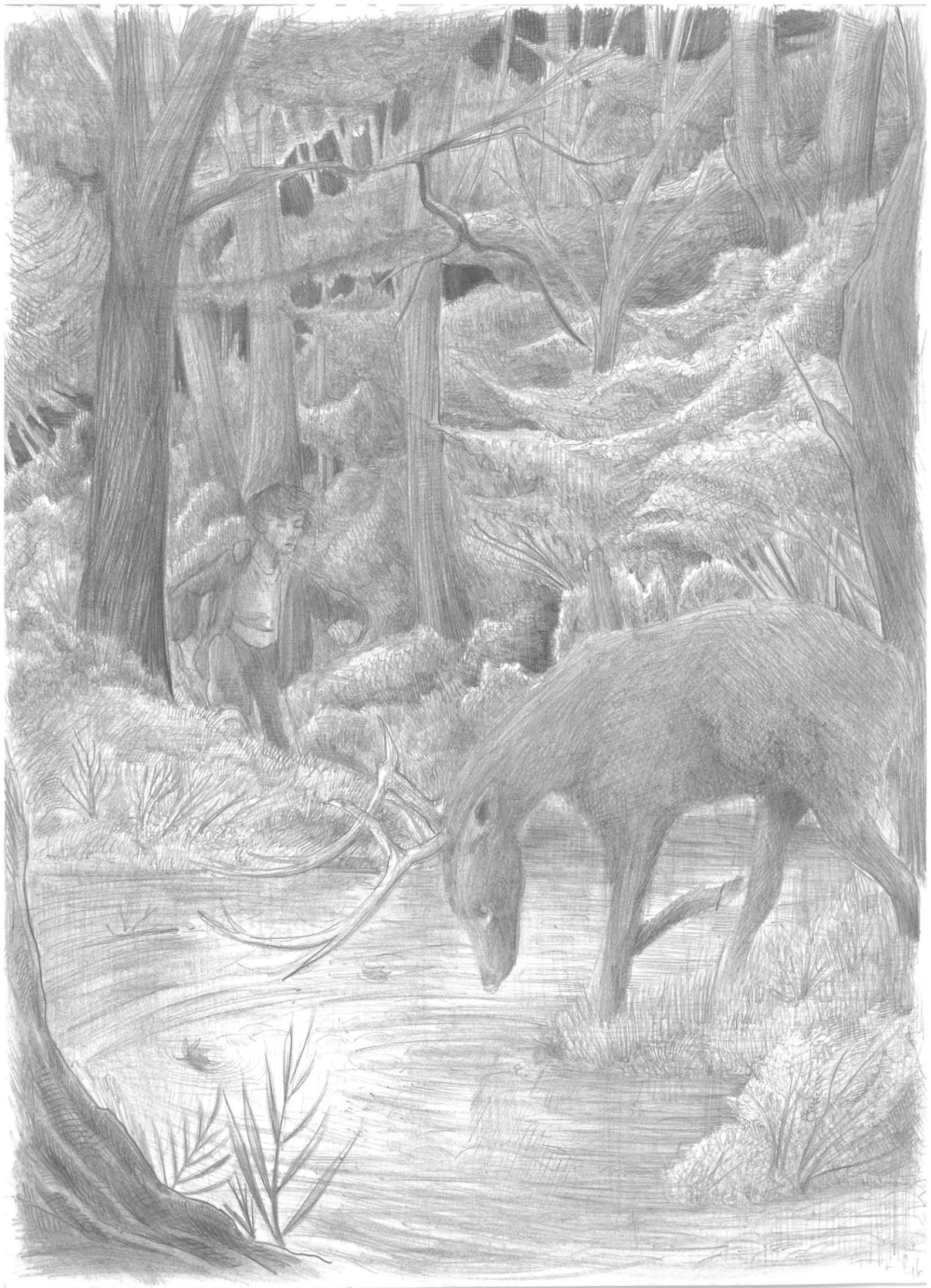














(la boncière à l'hotel
rouge)



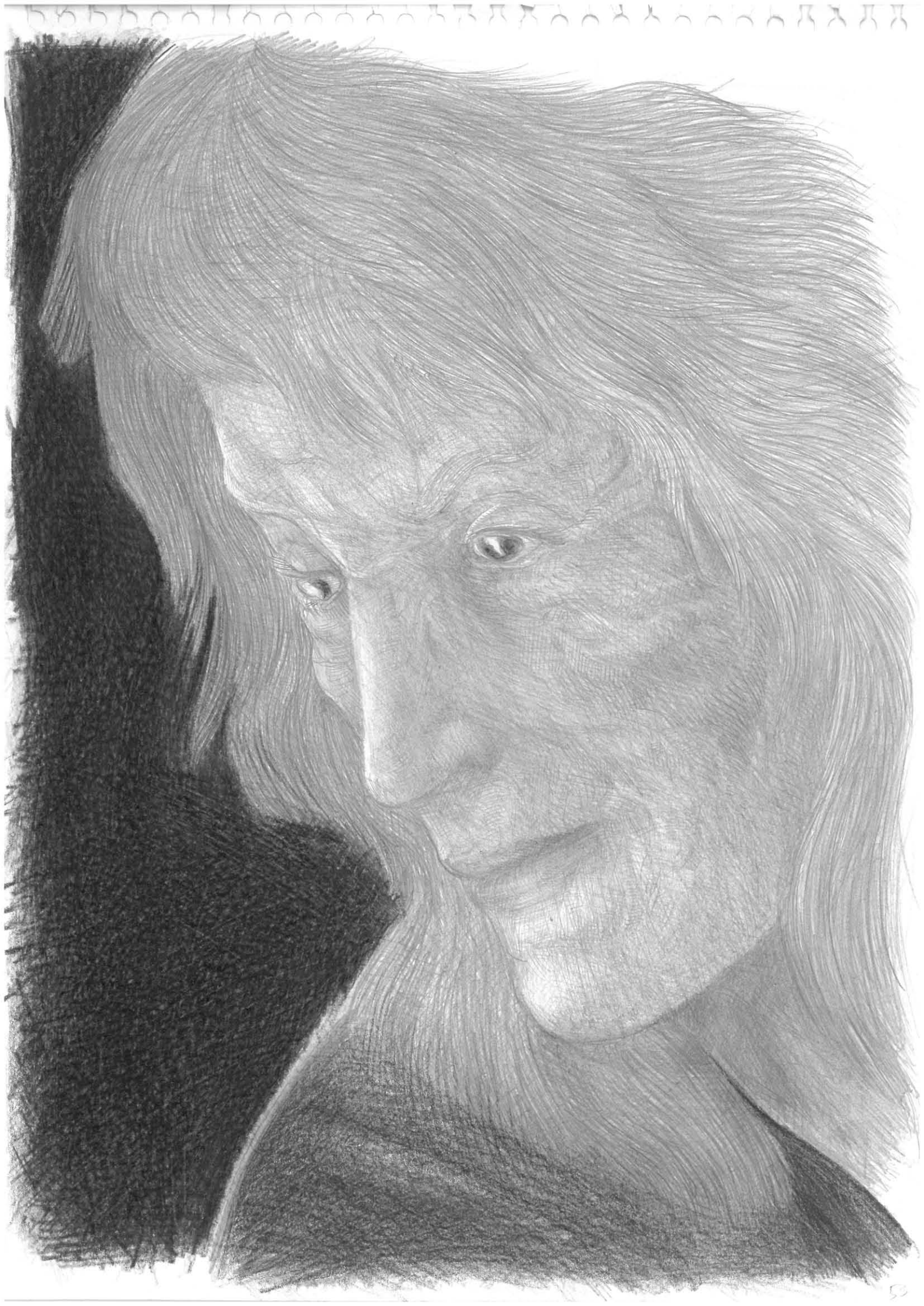


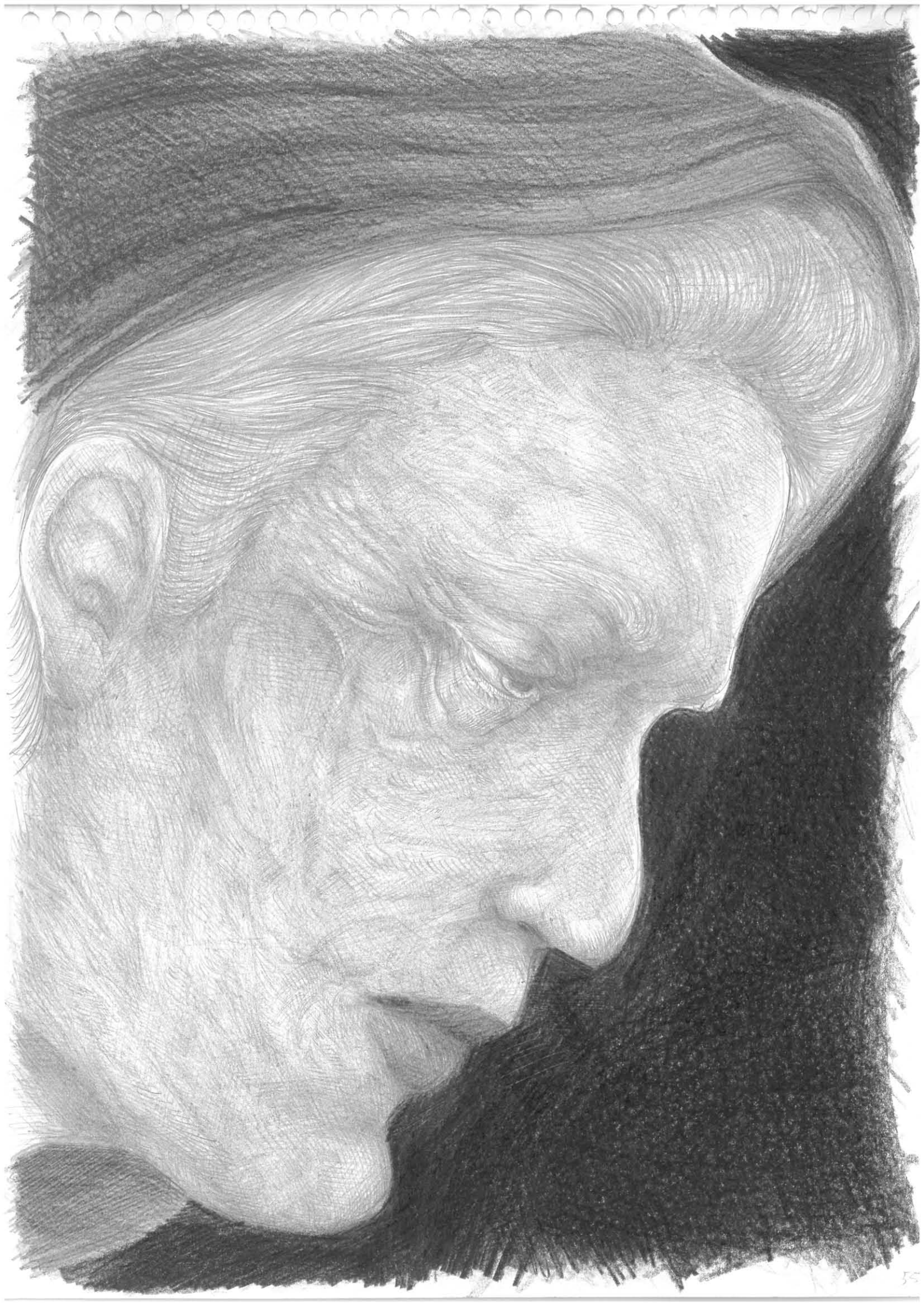








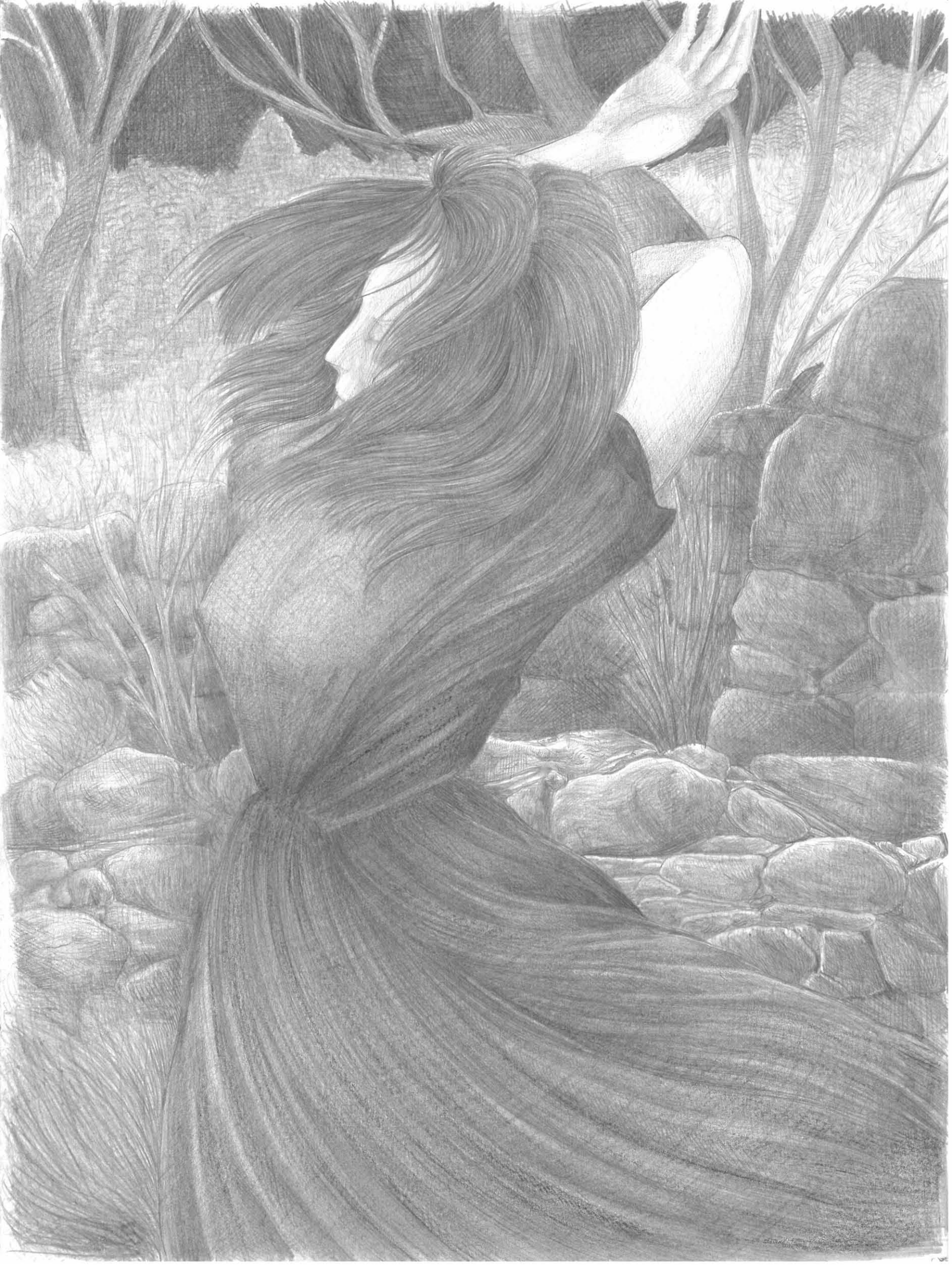












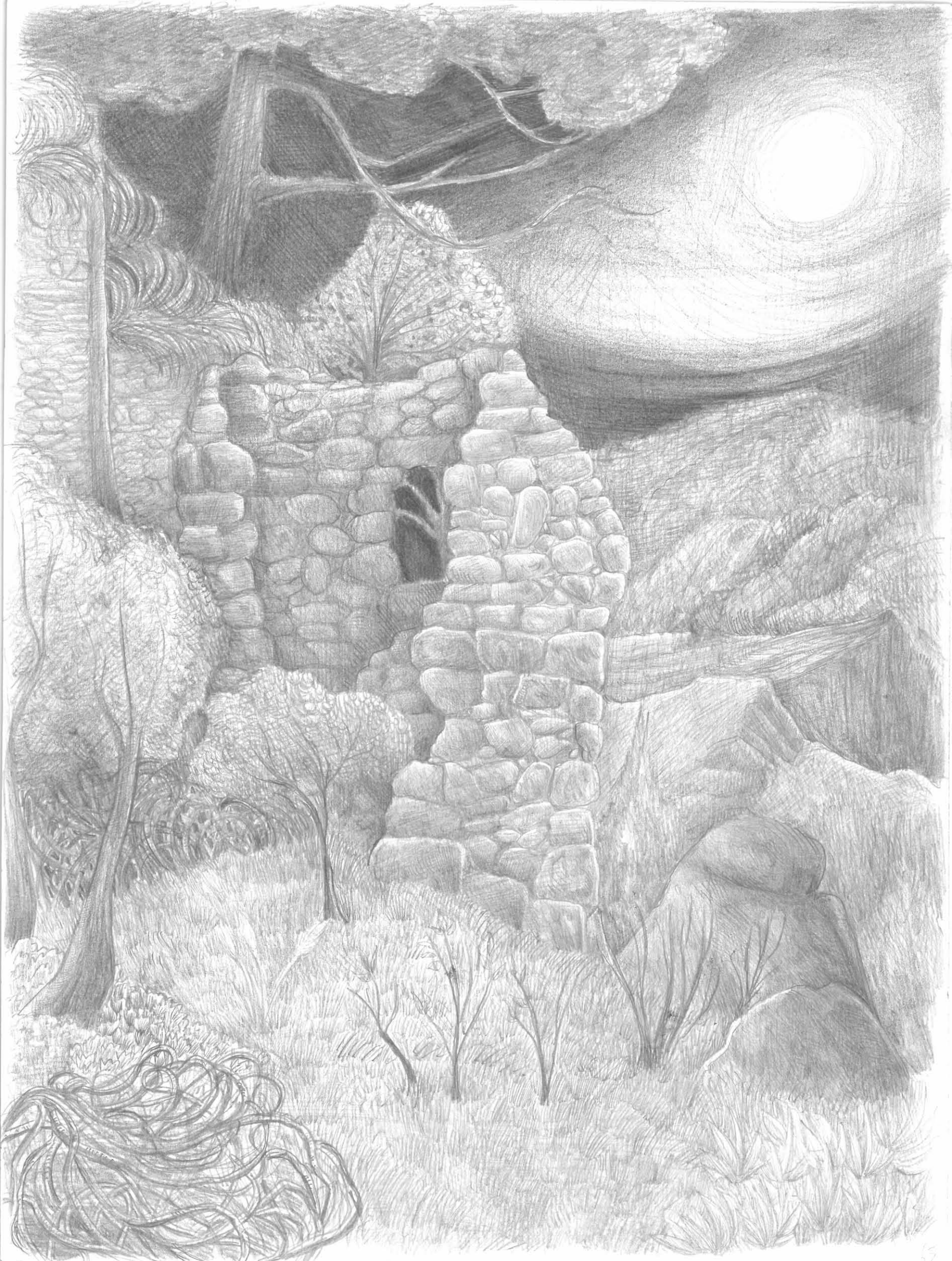


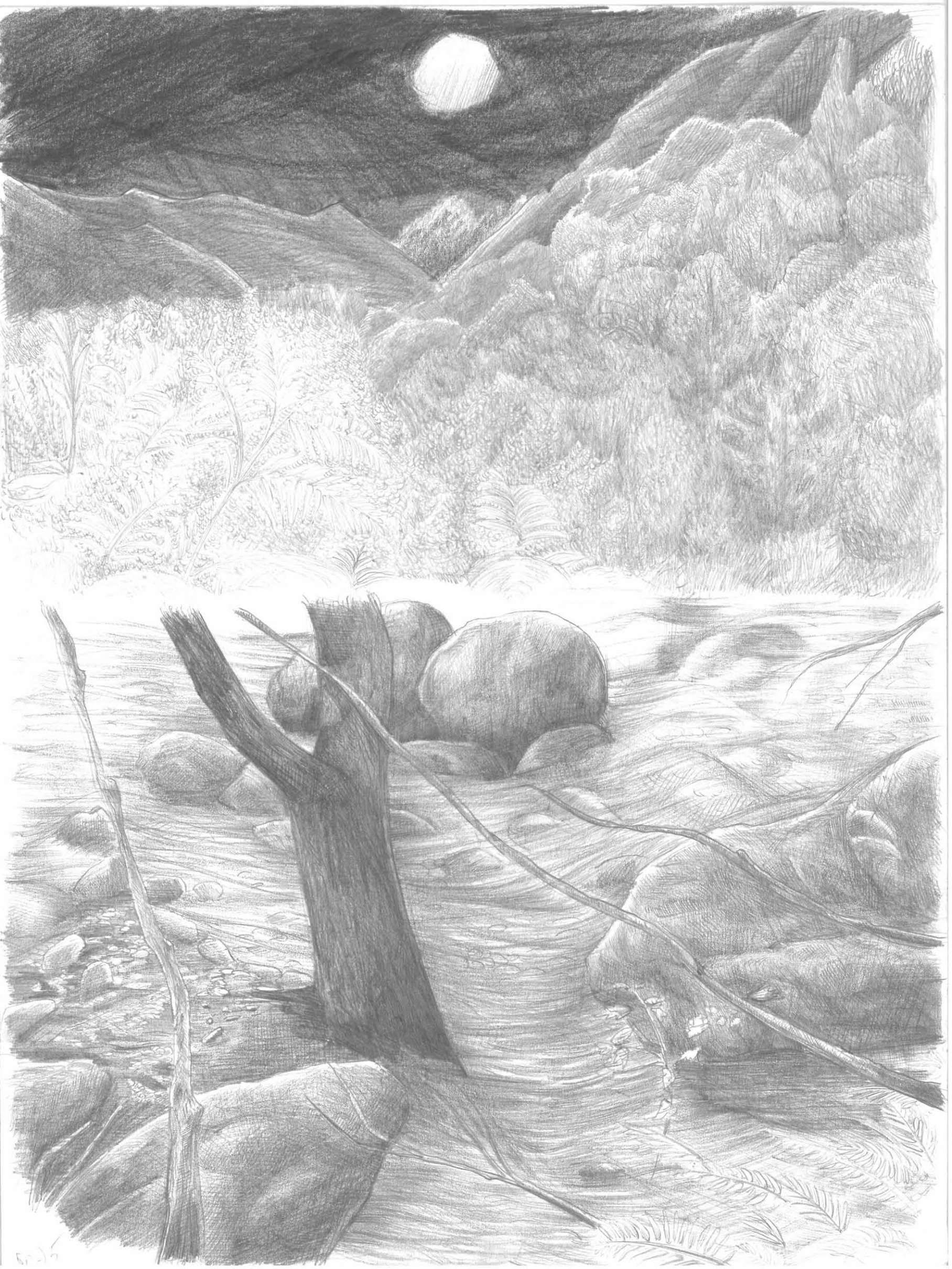


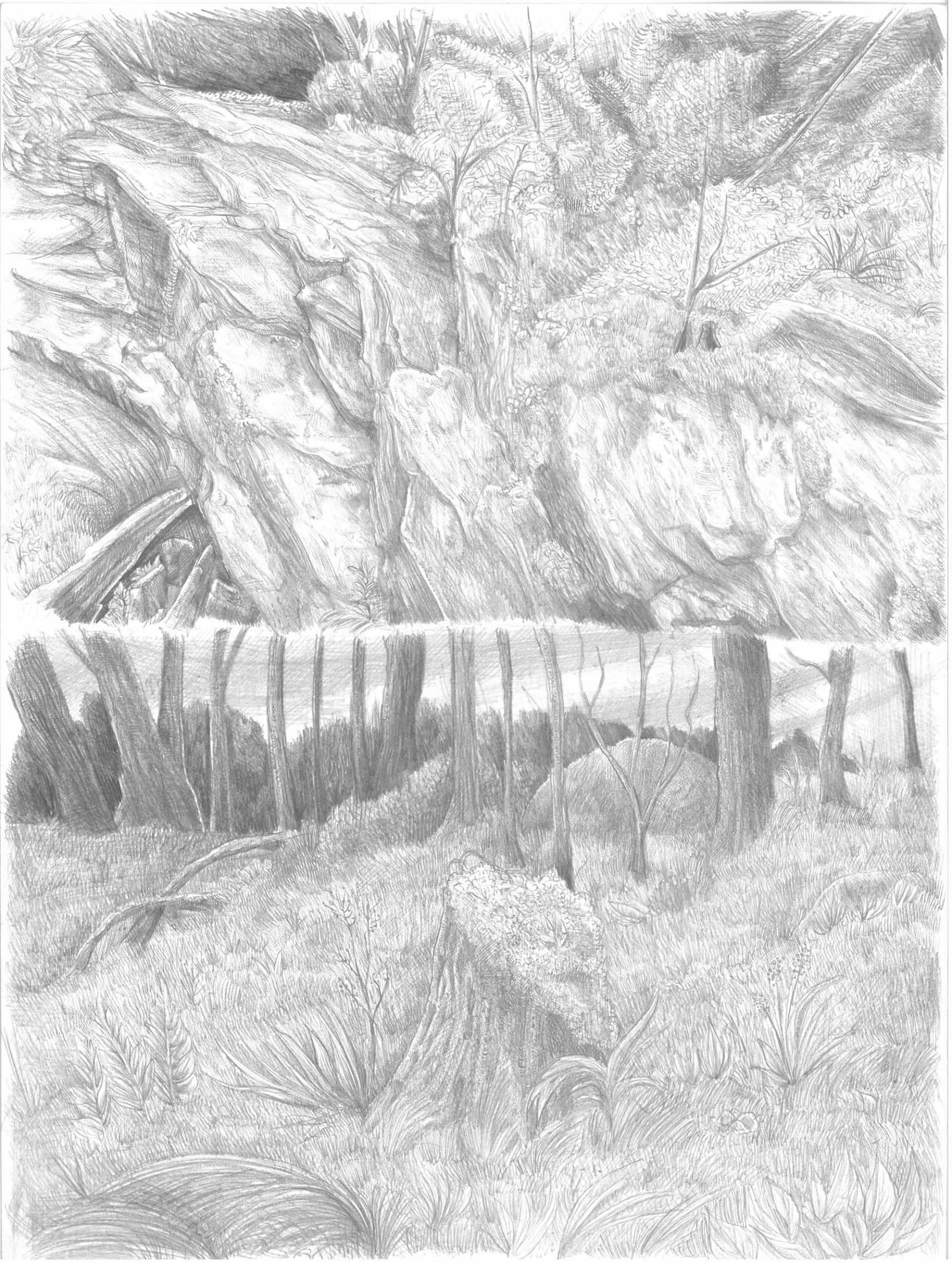
MAMAN...



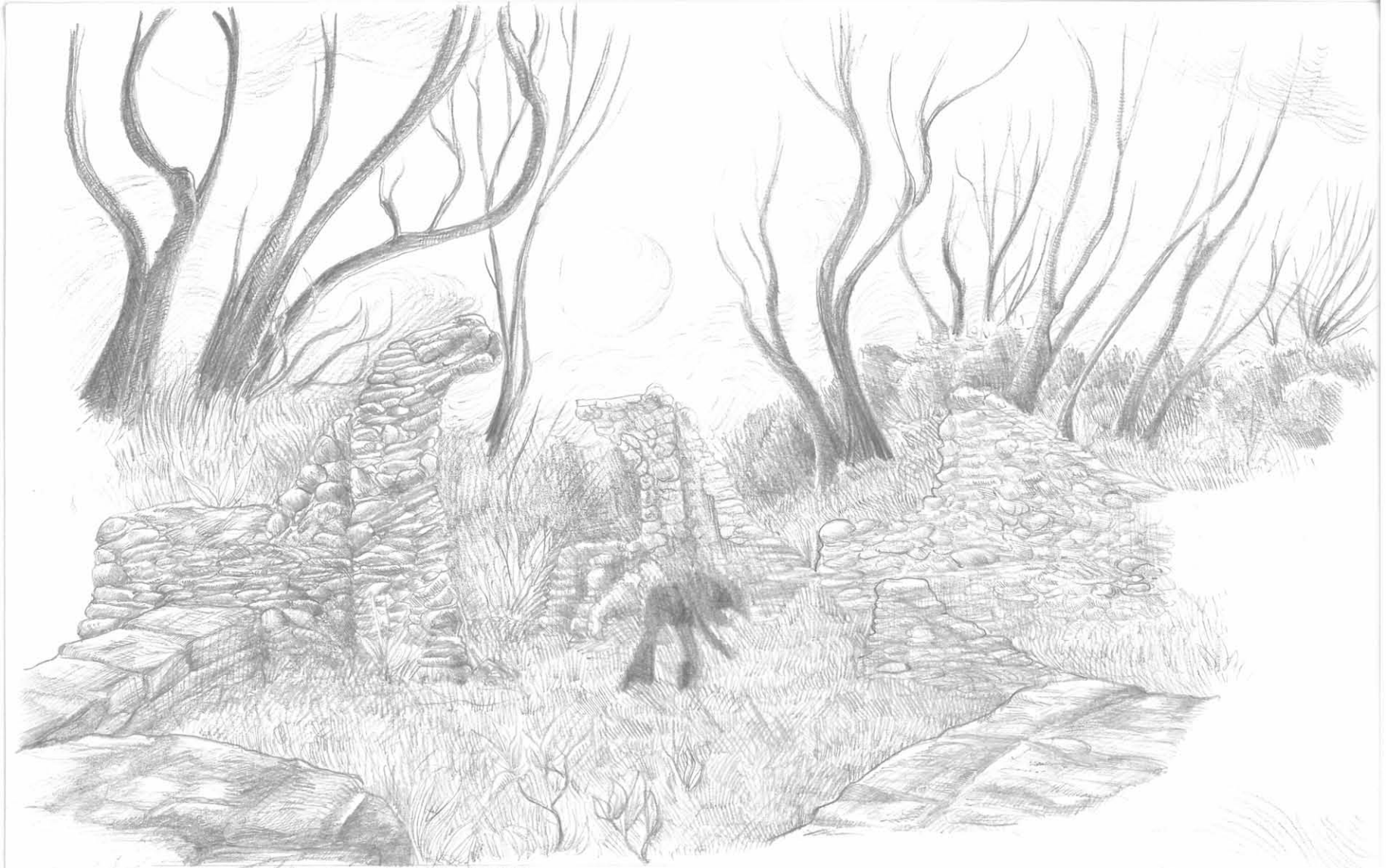


















Ne dis RIEN







Je suis là pour toi —

Printemps 2013 - Hiver 2016
18 Mars
22 Février



