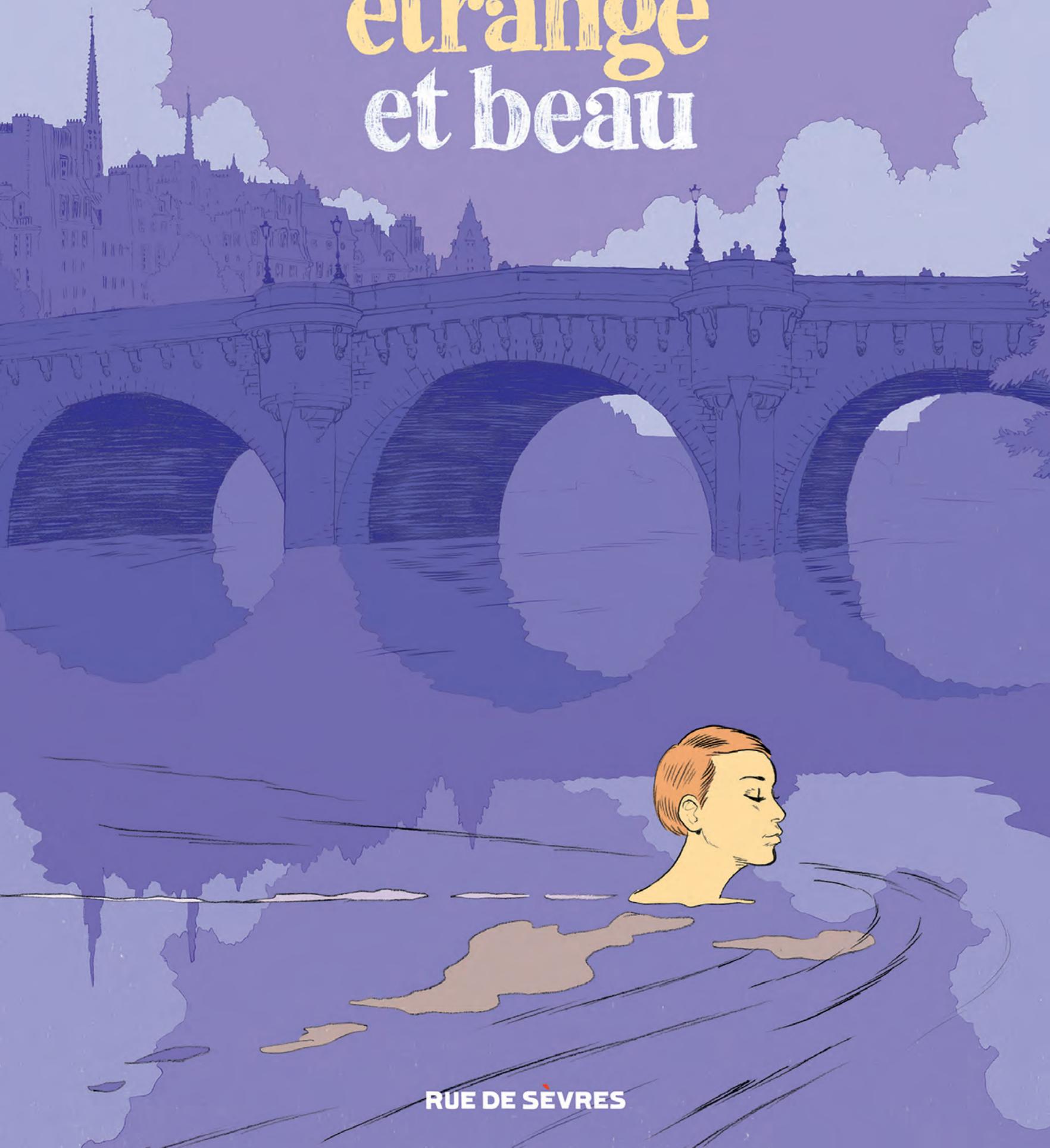
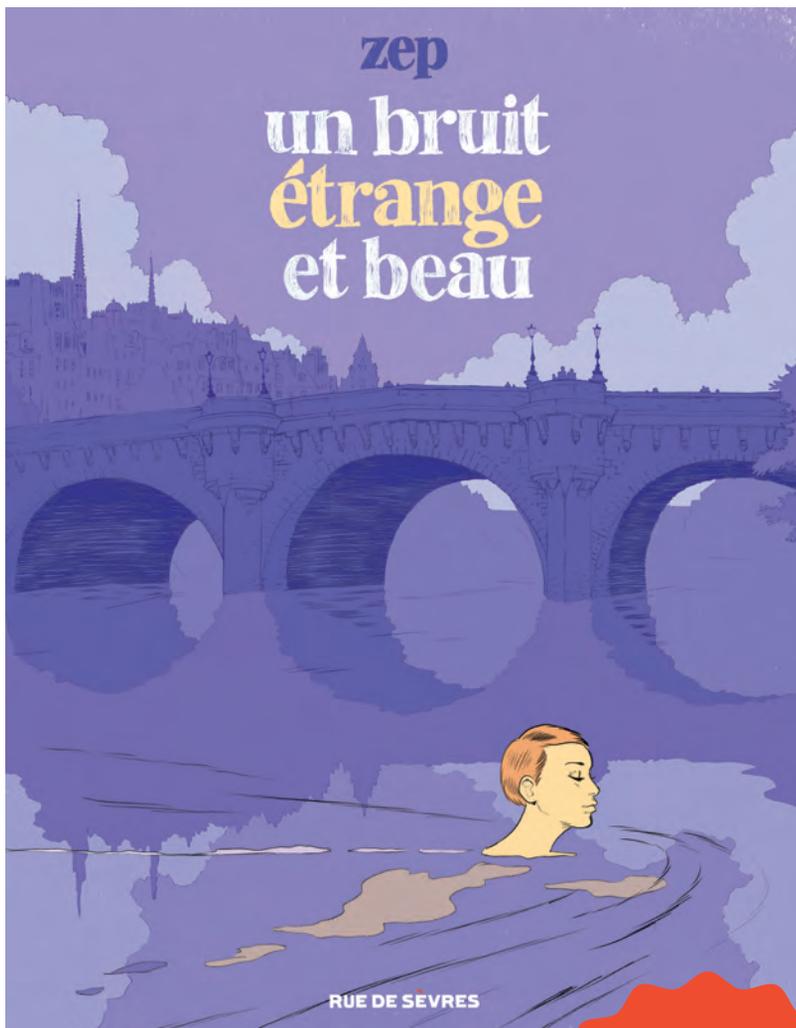


zep

un bruit
étrange
et beau



RUE DE SEVRES



A STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL SOUND

ZEP

◆ OCTOBER 2016 / ONE-SHOT

◆ 88 pages / 240 x 320 mm / €19

A universal theme: our life choices and what remains in the end.

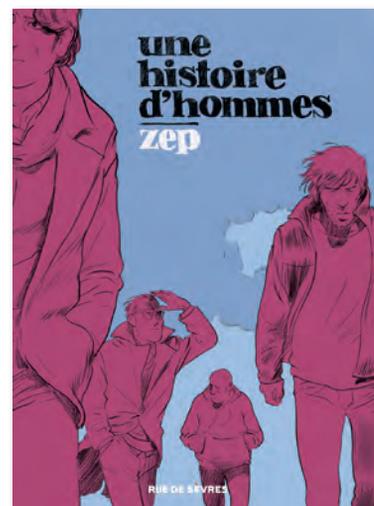
Where is the value in life? In the noise and fury, or in the silence and contemplation? In the battles or the renuncements? William chose silence 25 years ago by joining the Carthusian religious order. When an inheritance forces him to leave the monastery for Paris, he must master a whole new world and question certainties forged long ago. He meets Méry, a young woman whose days are numbered due to an incurable illness. She is resolutely decided on making the most of the time she has left. This in turn will force William to face new questions and complicate his choices.

A new vein for the ever-changing Zep: a mature and sensitive album.

BIO

ZEP has been drawing and telling stories since he was 14. He has made generations of students laugh with 20 years of the *Adventures of Titeuf*, and he won the Grand Prix d'Angoulême at age 37. He has since conquered adult readers with his *Happy Books*, and, in 2013, he started a whole new vein of work with *Une histoire d'hommes* and comic strips on his blog on *Le Monde*.

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RUE DE SÈVRES

Rue de Sèvres is a comics and graphic novels publisher for children and adults. Created in 2013, it belongs to *l'école des loisirs* group, one of the main French children books publishers.

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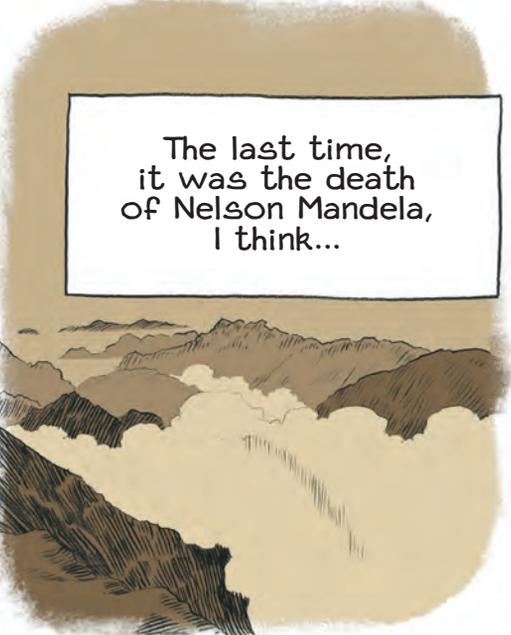
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I think it is 2016...



Only the father superior receives news from outside.



The last time, it was the death of Nelson Mandela, I think...

He shares it with us. Sometimes.



That doesn't hold much importance in here.

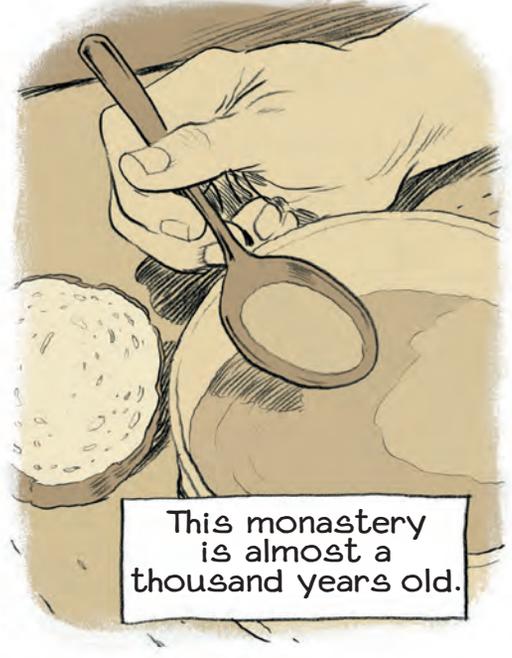


He also announced the death of my parents to me.



I am already dead to this world.

I am at peace here.



This monastery is almost a thousand years old.

Some days...



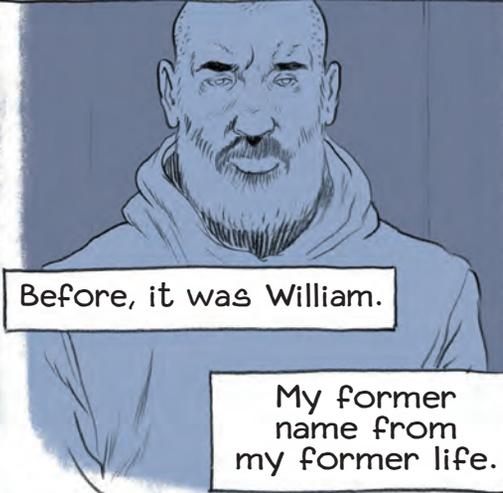
... I have the impression I'm the same age.



Enter, Don Marcus.

Marcus.

That's what my name is.



Before, it was William.

My former name from my former life.



I must inform you of the death of Madame Élise Turnelle...

your aunt.

My former family.



We have received a letter from Maître Odier, in Paris. He summons you to the reading of her will and testament, in one week.



Hum...

I am a monk. I have nothing to do there...

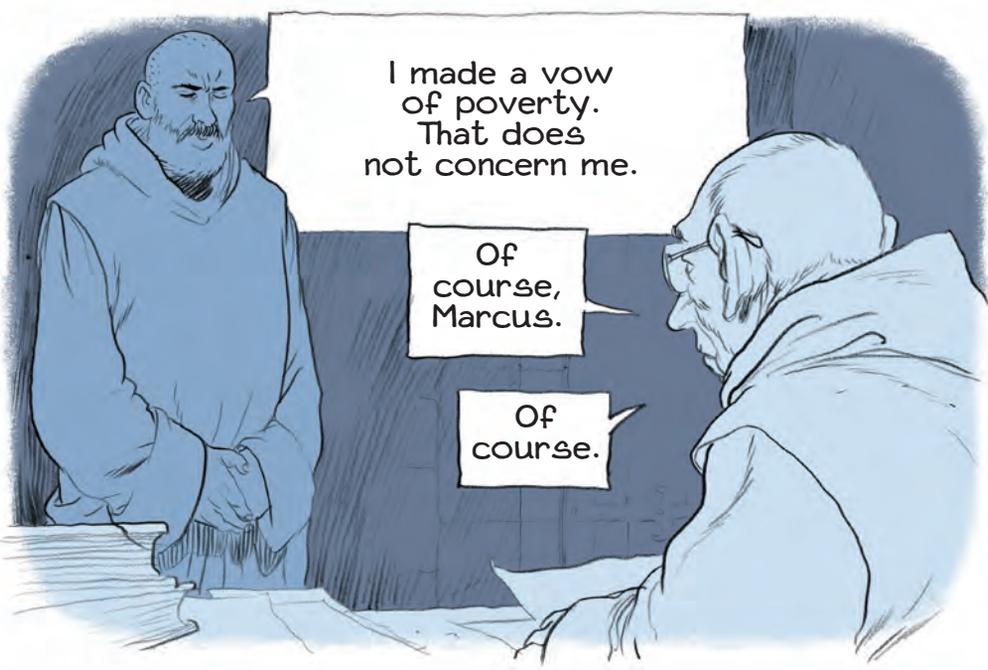
The last time I saw her was 26 years ago. I will pray for her soul.



Yes.



Hmm.
Your aunt is leaving an inheritance of several million...



I made a vow of poverty. That does not concern me.

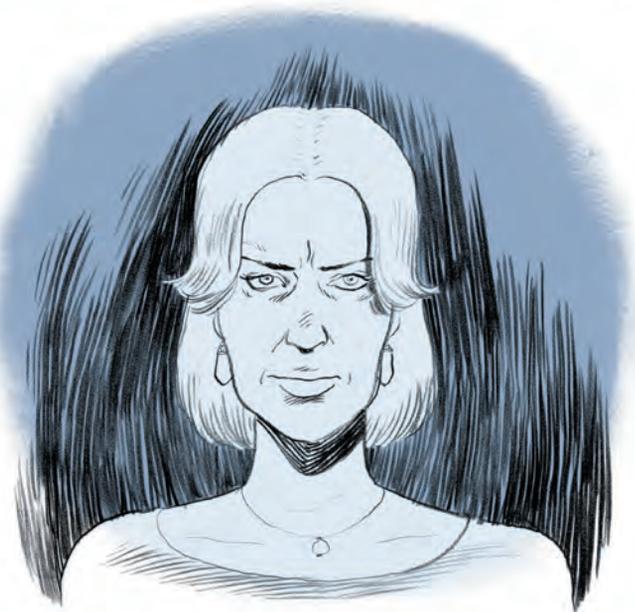
Of course, Marcus.

Of course.



But the roof of the south wing is in a pitiful state.

Is this inheritance perhaps an answer from the Lord to our prayers?



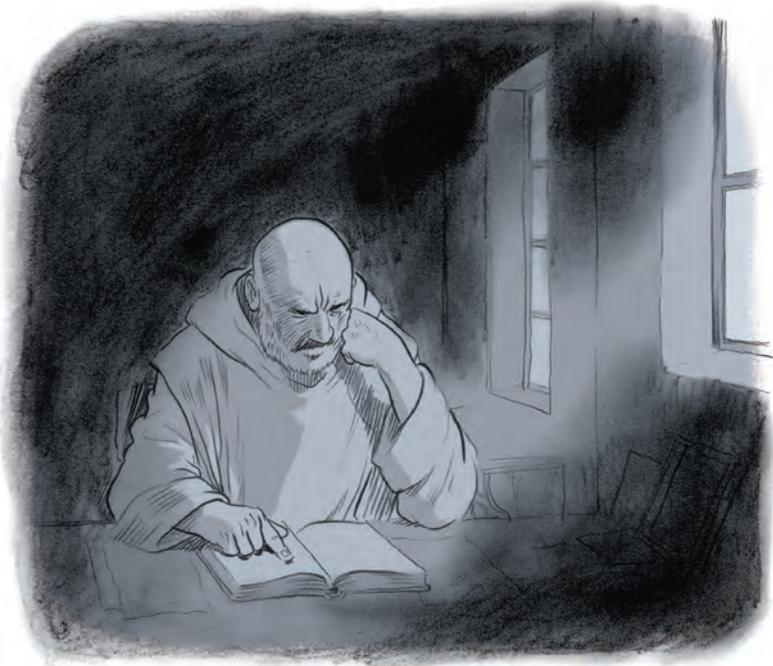
Don't worry, Marcus...



you will not have to go there.



Sign this power of attorney and Maître Zuffrey, the diocese lawyer, will represent you.





But...



I thought that my signature sufficed.



I am sorry, Marcus. In her last wishes, your aunt asked that all the heirs be present.

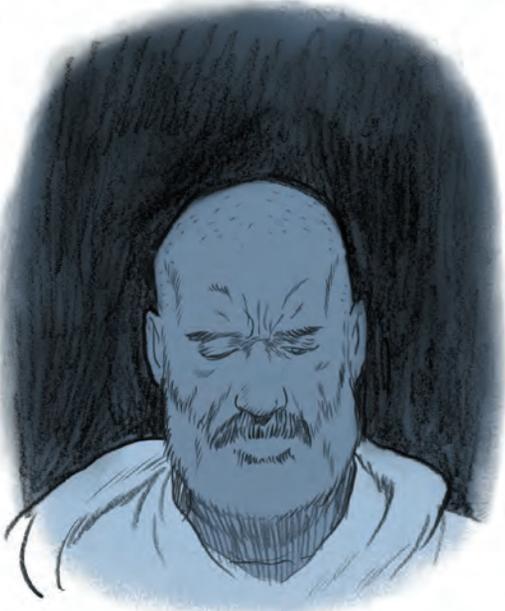


I cannot force you...

... but the lawyer made it known that the trip would be well worth it.



That's all he said. Of course.



Do you think you're a knight of purity because you are going to lock yourself up in a monastery?



But you're just running away! Running away from this world that scares you, William!



Aunt...



You are brilliant, William. You should continue your studies, take up your uncle's business...

... instead of ruining it all by remaining forever silent!



The business of this world doesn't interest me.

And I do not at all wish to shine...



... unless it is to reflect the love of God.

William, William...



... stop talking as if you no longer existed.



Why are you so afraid to live?

And you, Aunt Élise...

... why are you so afraid of silence?



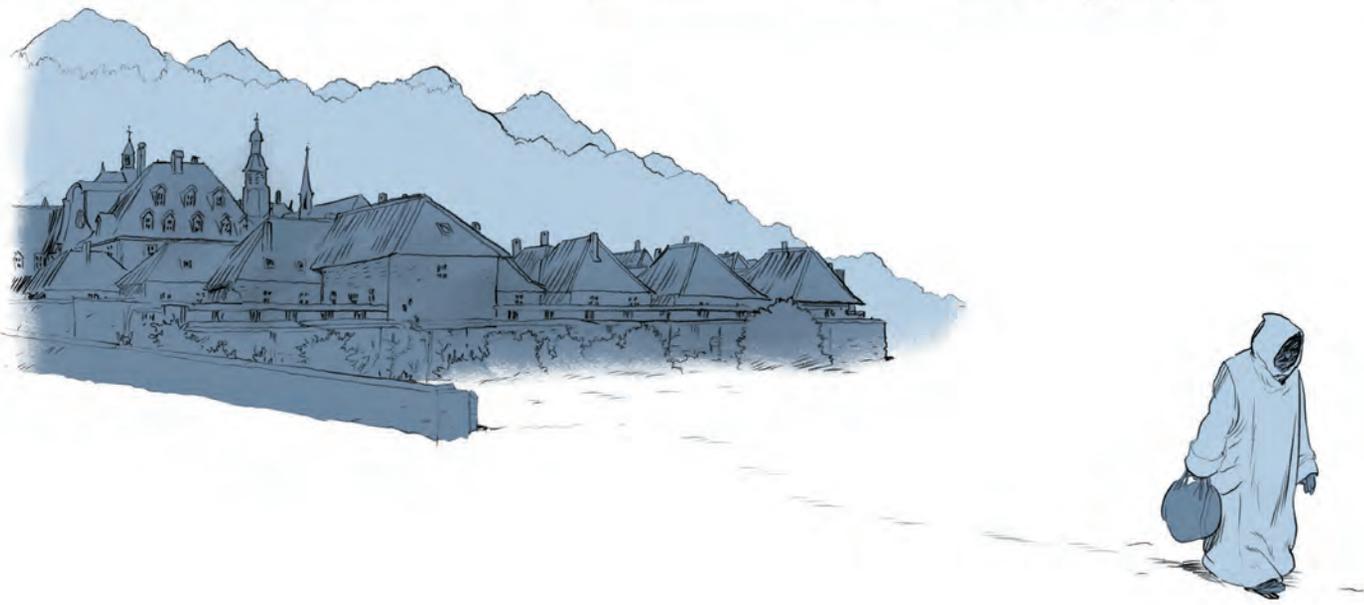
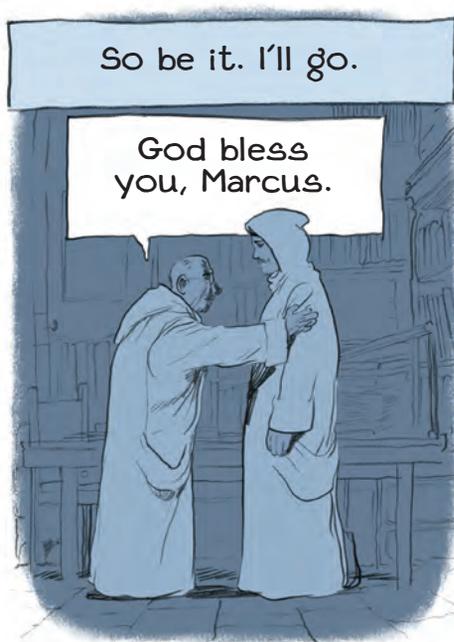
You must confront it now.



And once again you're inflicting one of your tests on me...

To return to this world...

... your world.



The noise...

... the colors...

After all these years, I thought that my skin had become stone...

I go forward nude...

... it's as fragile as it was in the past.

... stripped bare by the racket of a world I no longer know.

You succeeded in bringing me out...

Are you satisfied, my aunt?

The scents...



Close your eyes.



Of course, the scents...



Taste.



I am a ghost.



I was no longer of this world, and now I am, once again.

I have not seen a woman for years.

Beautiful.



... You call that a phantom.