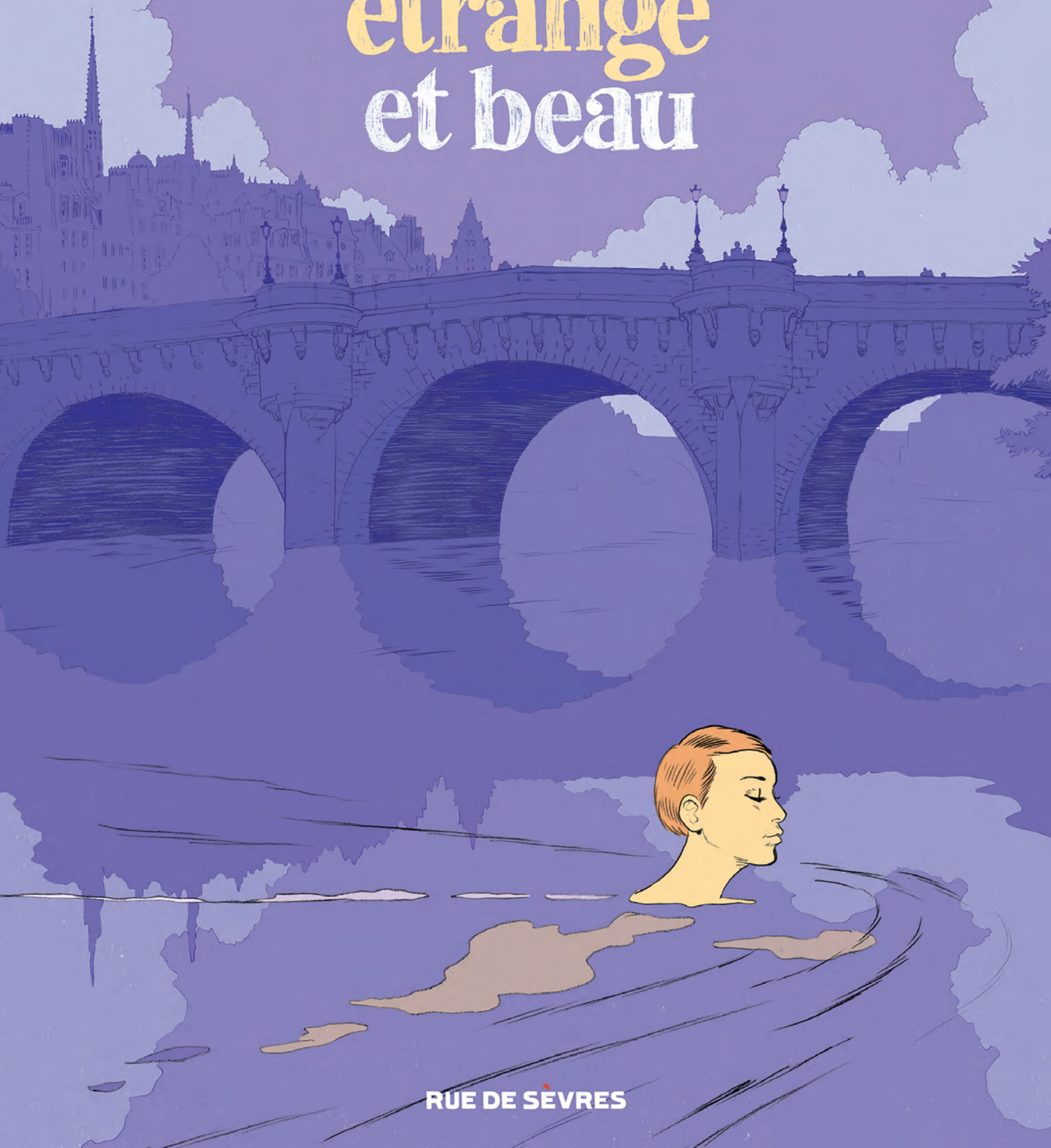
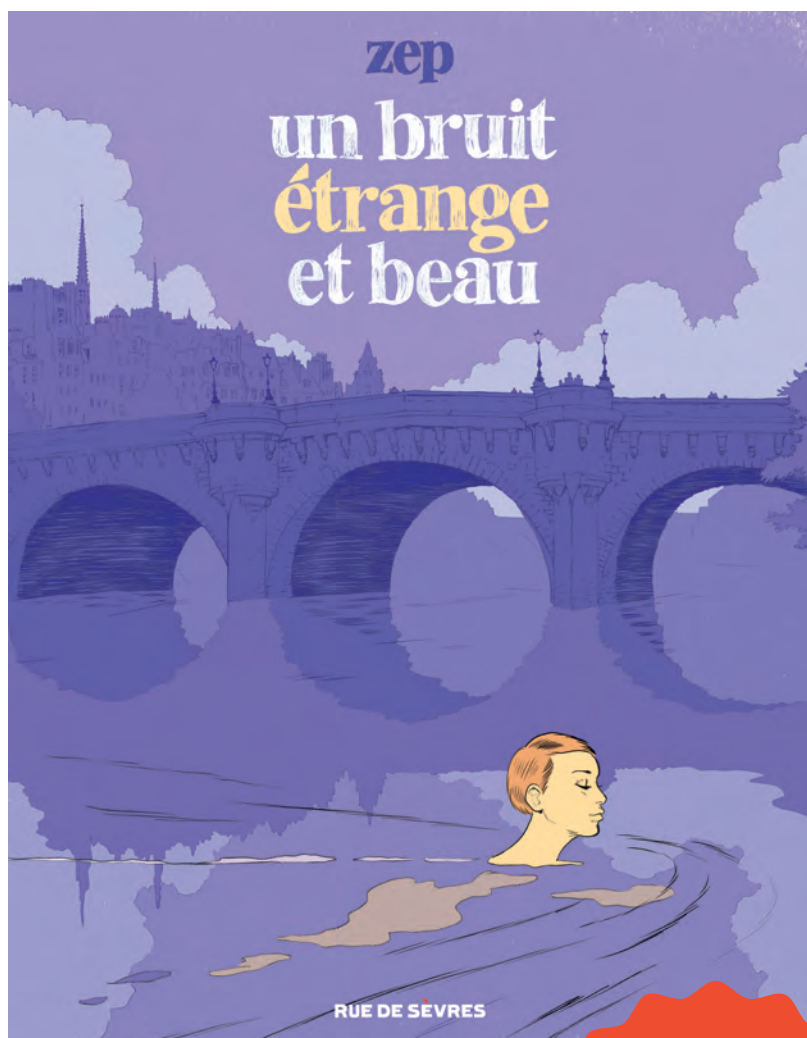


zep

un bruit étrange et beau



RUE DE SÈVRES



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*.

A STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL SOUND

ZEP

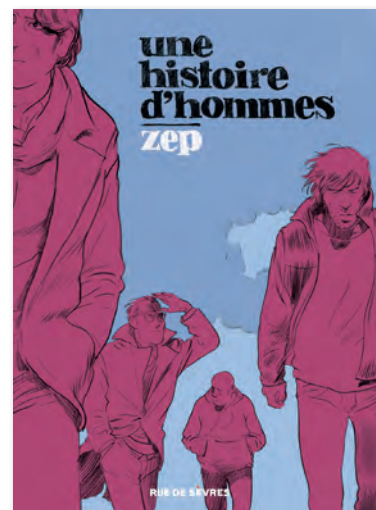
♦ OCTOBER 2016 / ONE-SHOT

♦ 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.

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED



SOLD:
Italian,
World
English,
World
Spanish

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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I think
it is 2016...



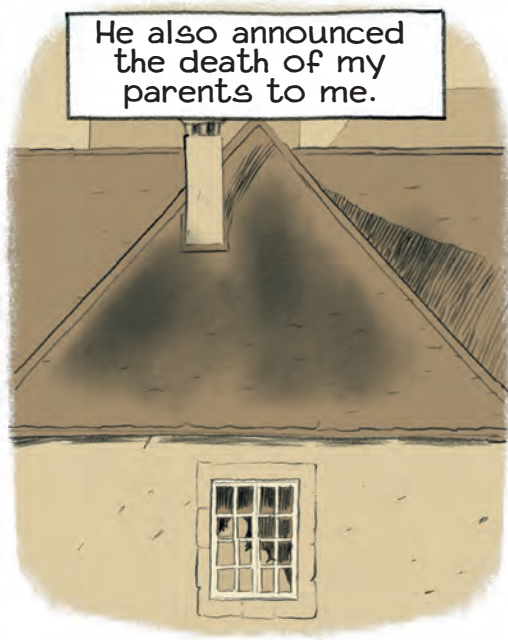
Only the father superior receives
news from outside.

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.

Marcus.

That's what my name is.

Enter,
Don Marcus.

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.

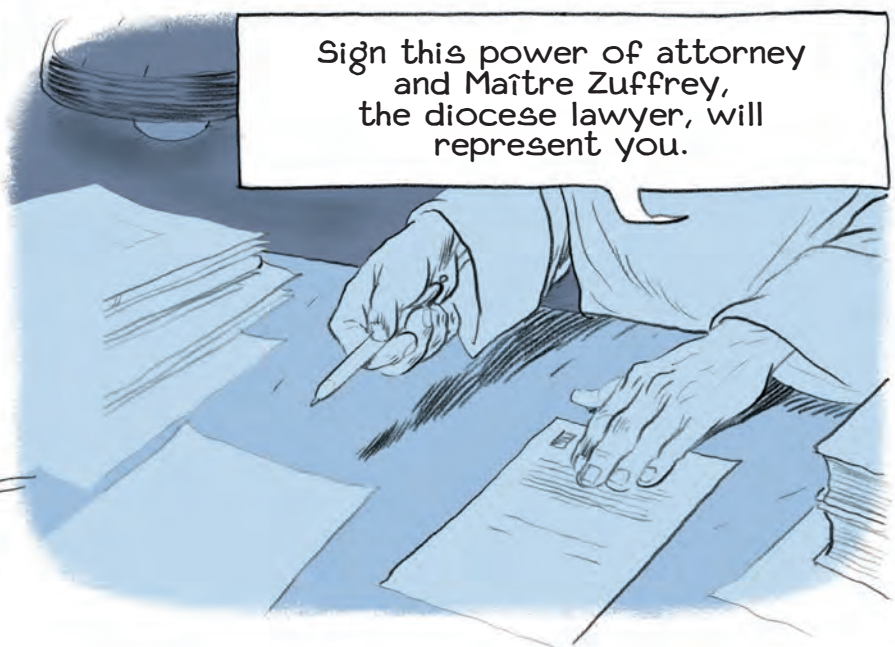
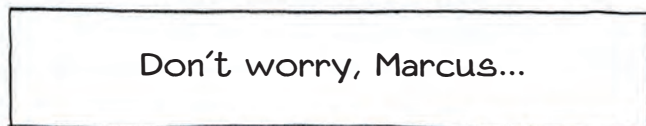
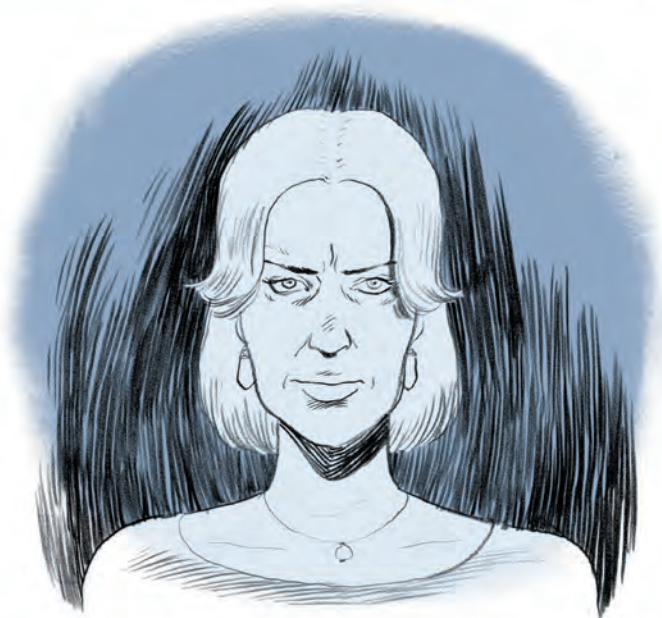
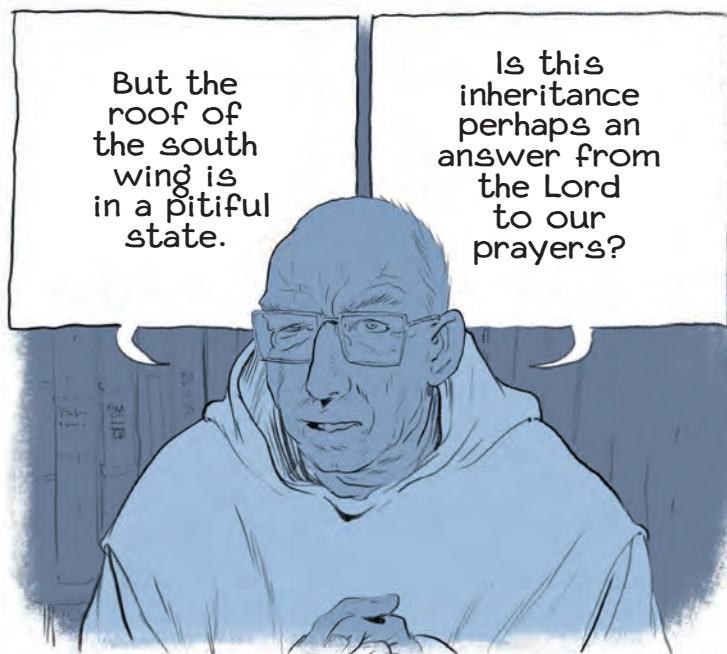
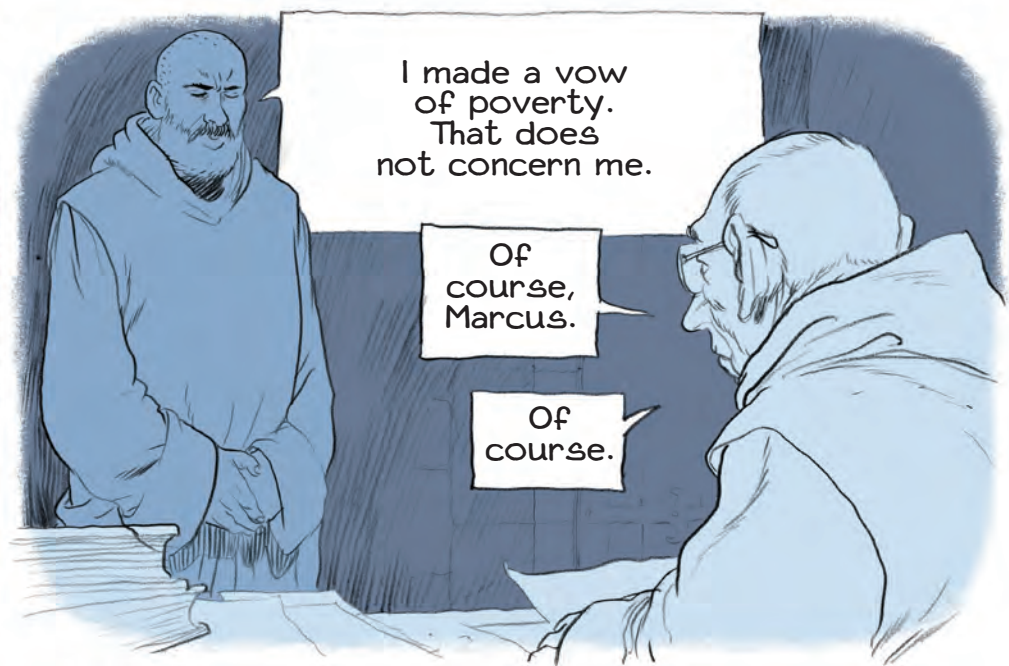
We have received a letter
from Maître Odier, in
Paris. He summons you
to the reading of her will
and testament,
in one week.

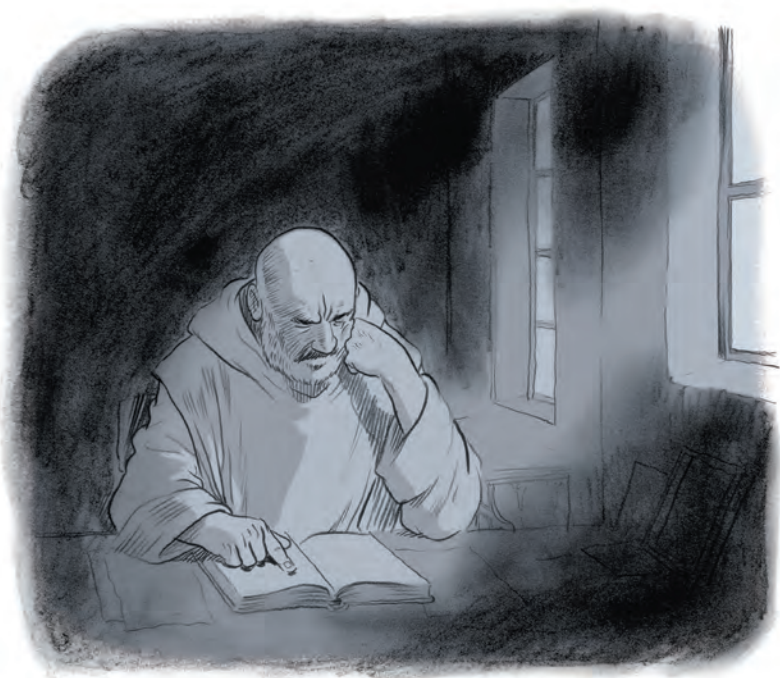
Hum...

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.







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.

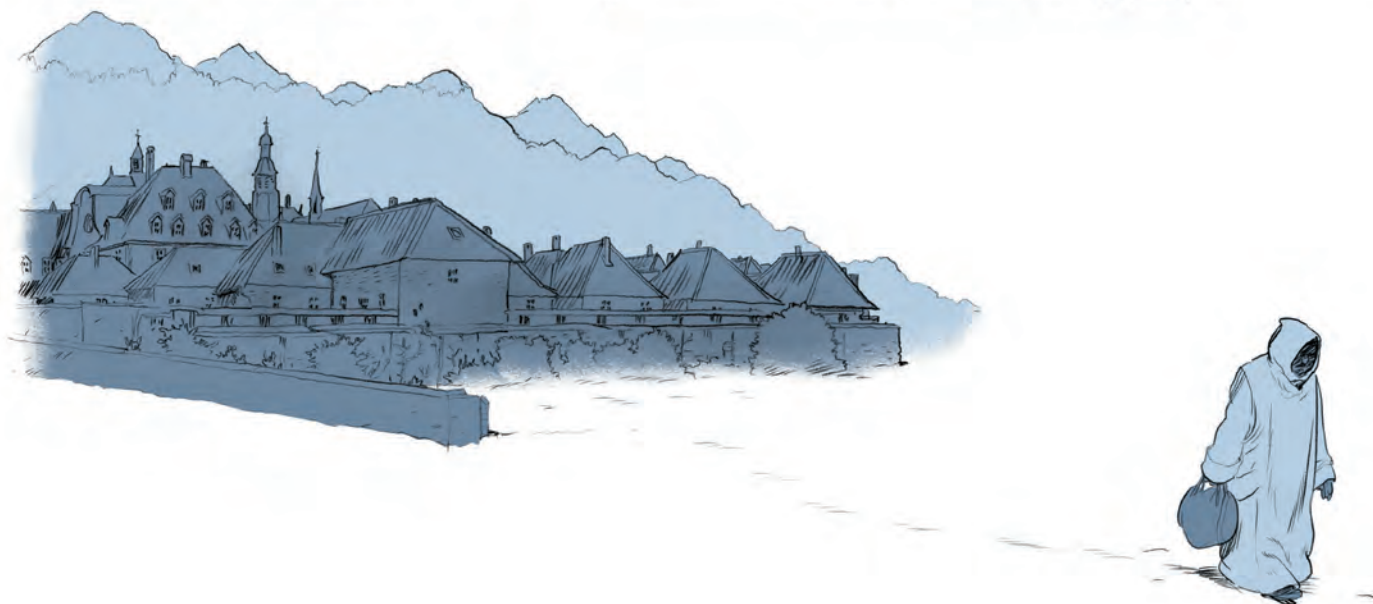
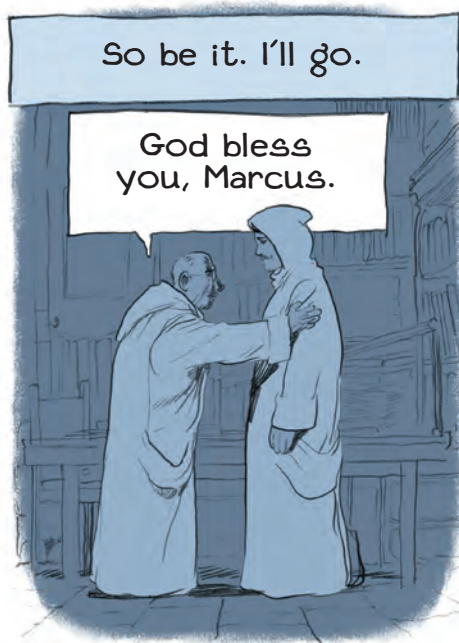


And once again
you're inflicting
one of your
tests on me...

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.

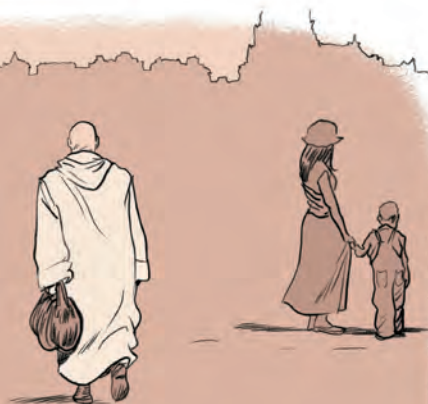


I am a ghost.

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.