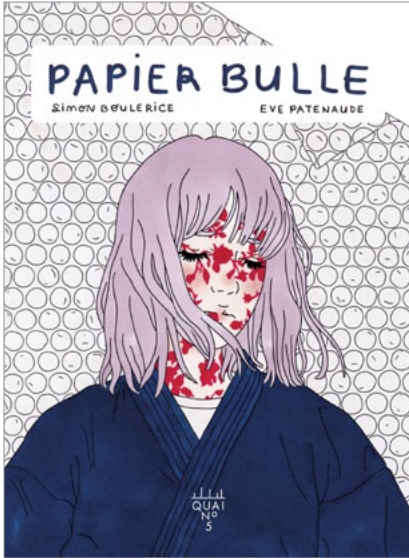


# BUBBLE WRAP

## Papier bulle

Simon Boulerice & Ève Patenaude



A lesson in resilience whose manga-inspired illustrations, done in alcohol-based marker, exploit the concept of “bleeding”. Turn over each page to find a different version of the sketch from the previous page, as if the art has somehow unexpectedly bled through the paper. Sometimes revealing more than the controlled image dared to show.

A sensitive, original, colorful and surprising graphic novel.

CATEGORY: FICTION/  
GRAPHIC NOVEL

FORMAT: 7.6 x 10 po

PAGES: 88

PUB. DATE: August 2021

RIGHTS HELD: World

A deeply moving depiction of how great strength can be drawn from what may seem a weakness. *Bubble Wrap* is a universal story that will resonate with readers for its portrayal of difference and exclusion.

Hortense’s parents have always been overprotective: if they could, they would pack her in bubble wrap like a precious ornament. It makes sense, though. Hortense is a hemophiliac, and the slightest injury could be life threatening.

And yet, she won’t let her disease get in the way of living life to the fullest. Bursting with imagination, Hortense—an avid martial arts fan—vows that she will have the upper hand over her body.

SIMON BOULERICE is an accomplished jack-of-all-trades. A regular contributor to radio and TV, he juggles parallel careers in acting, directing, and writing. Boulerice is the author of plays, poems, novels, and children’s books. His work has been translated into seven languages and nominated for multiple literary awards.

EVE PATENAUDE is an author and illustrator, as well as a copy editor and content reviser. She loves books, drawing, needlework, animals, winter, cozy knits, and watching the world go by while sipping a hot cup of tea.

À L'EXTÉRIEUR DE MA CHAMBRE, LE SEUL MOMENT OÙ ON ME CRAINT,  
C'EST QUAND JE ME BLESSE. QUAND JE BAISSÉ EN CLASSE, TOUT LE MONDE  
S'ACTIVE AUTOUR DE MOI. ON Pousse LES PUPITRES SUR MON PASSAGE, ON ME  
FAIT UNE HAÏE D'HONNEUR. JE DEVIENS LE CENTRE DE L'ATTENTION POUR MA  
VULNÉRABILITÉ, ET JE N'AÏME PAS ÇA. JE VOUDRAIS QUE CE SONT MES APTITUDES,  
DE KARATÉKA-NINJA QUI TERRIFIENT MES CAMARADES DE CLASSE.



UN JOUR,  
EN VENANT VIDER  
MA COBBELLE, MA  
MÈRE ME SURPREND  
EN TRAIN DE FAIRE  
DES KATAS.



ELLE ME GRONDE  
UN PEU POUR LA FORME  
(« ARRANGE-TOI PAS  
POUR TE BLESSE! »),  
MAIS COMME MON  
PÈRE N'EST PAS  
DANS LES PARADES,  
ELLE ME POSE  
DES QUESTIONS.

ELLE COMPREND  
QUE JE JALOUSÉ  
MON FRÈRE.

