

Guillaume
Chauchat

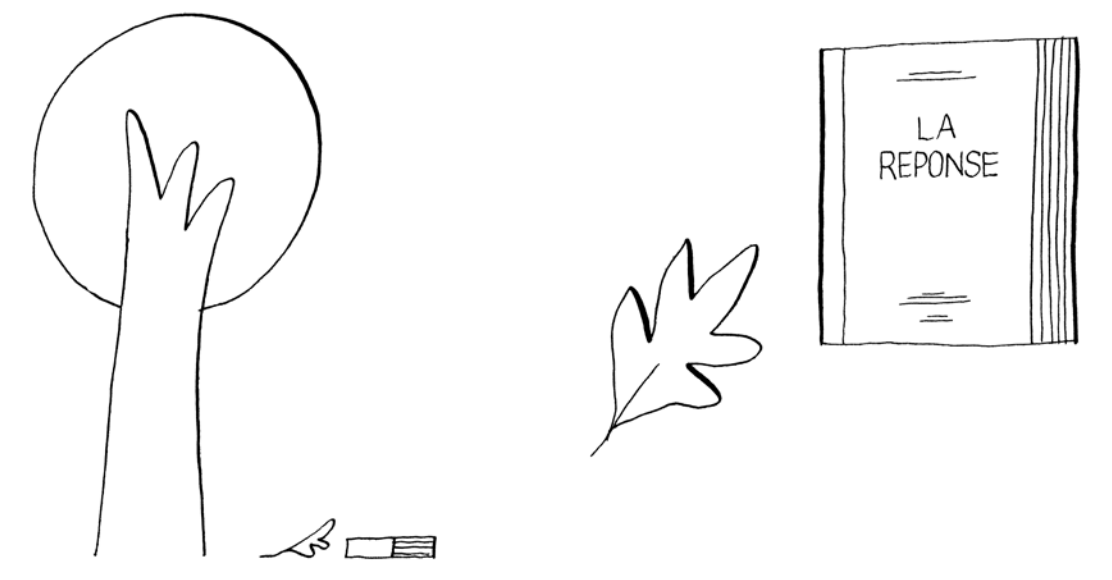
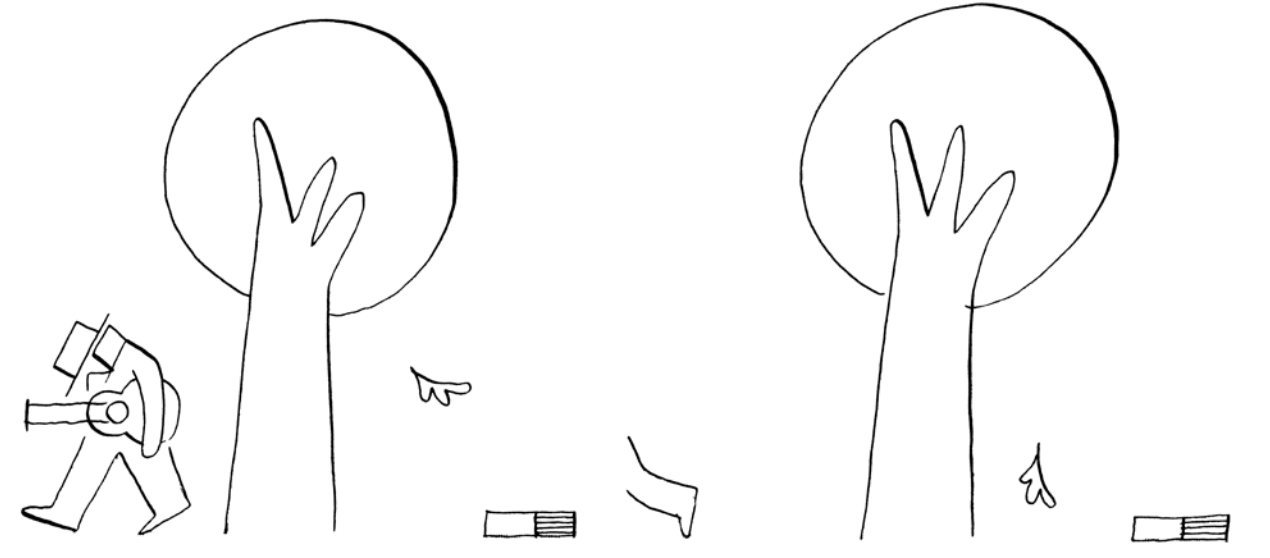
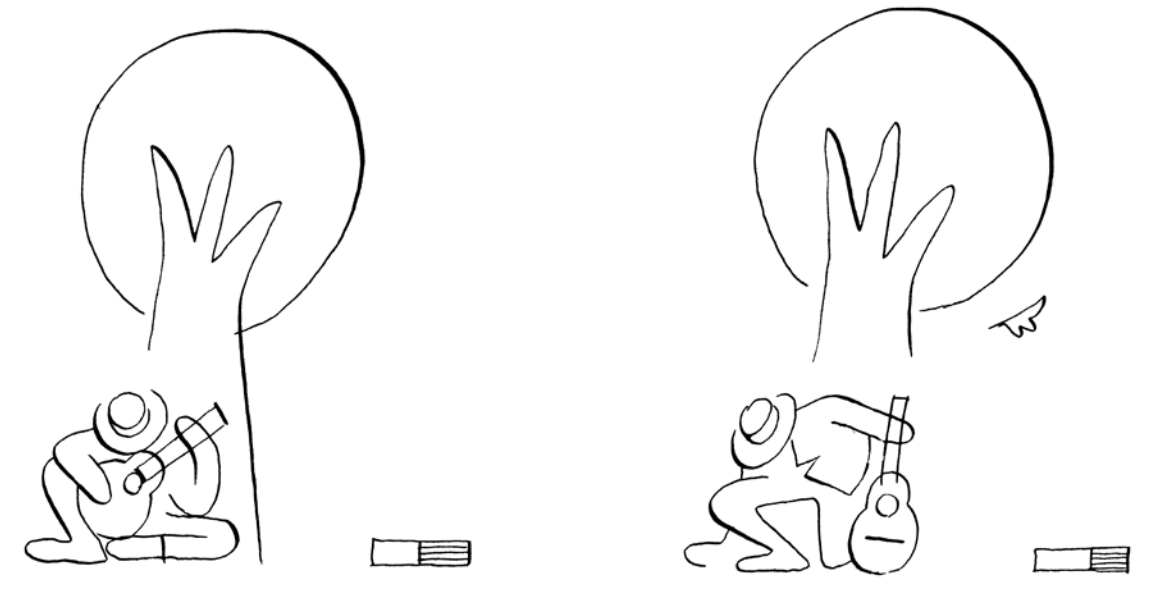


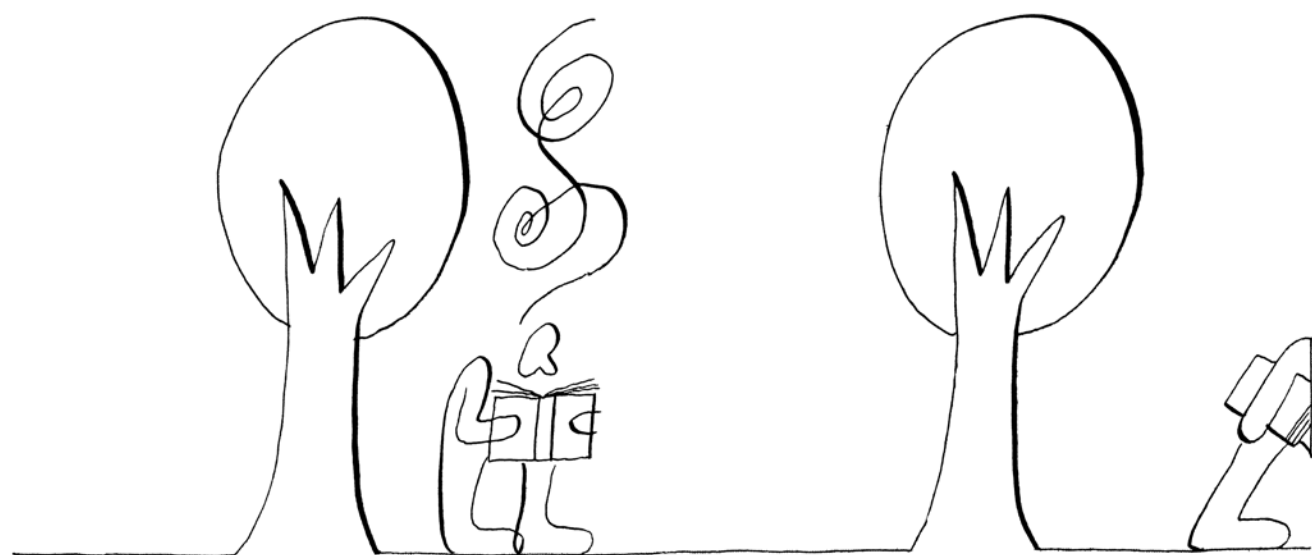
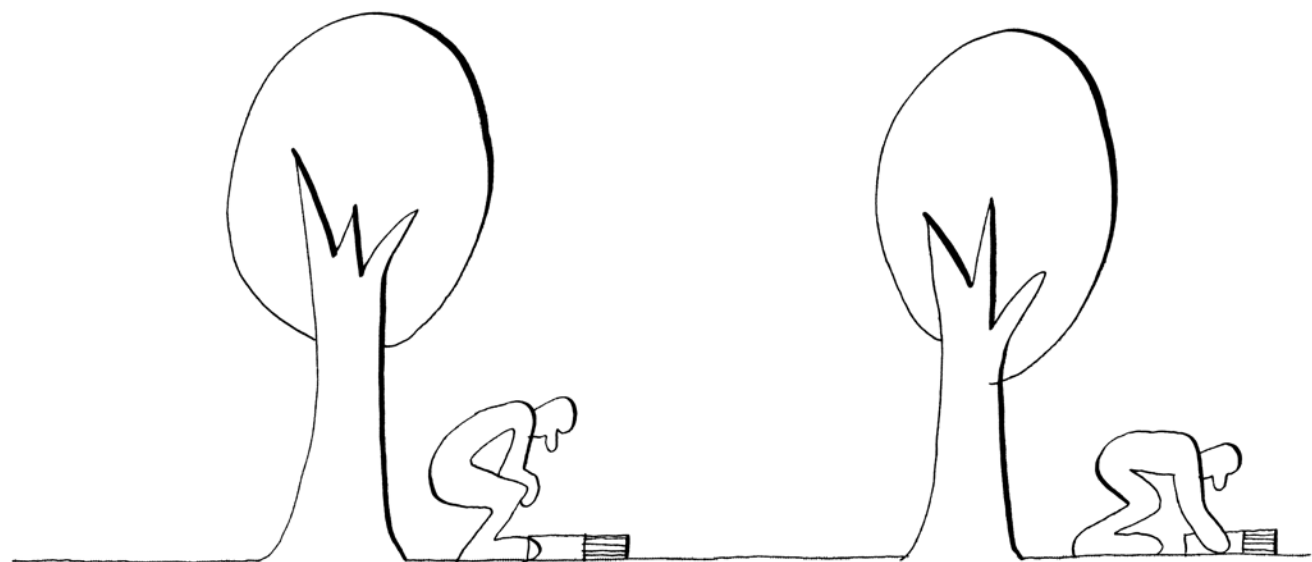
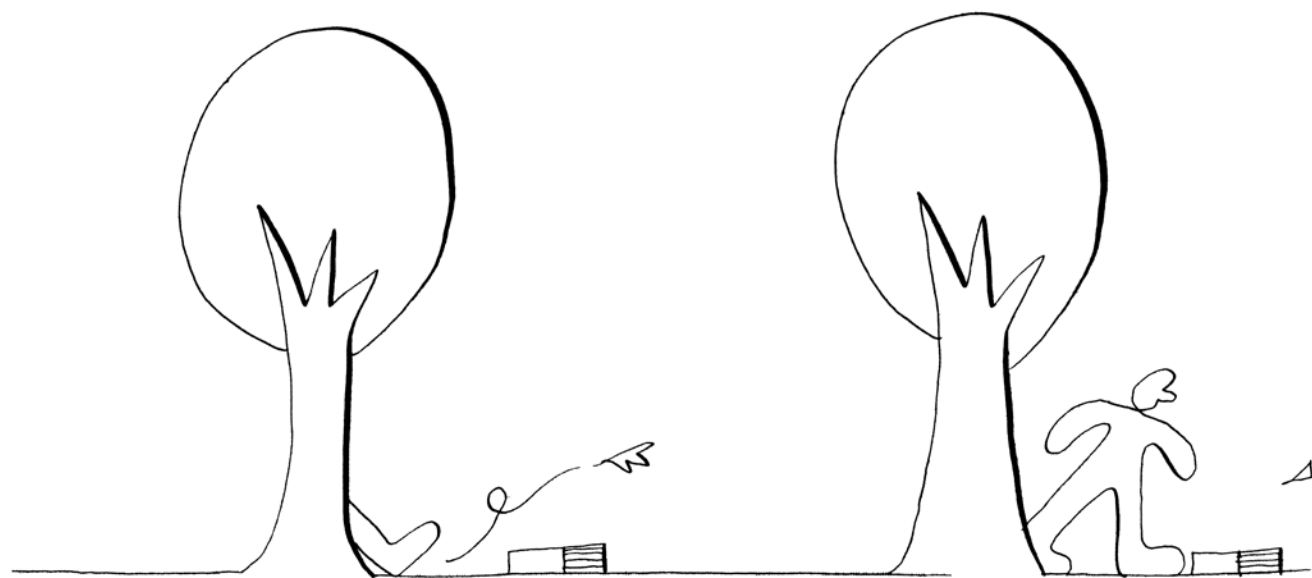
Guillaume Chauchat



J'ai été changée en caoutchouc.

2024





eh!
t'as mis la langue.

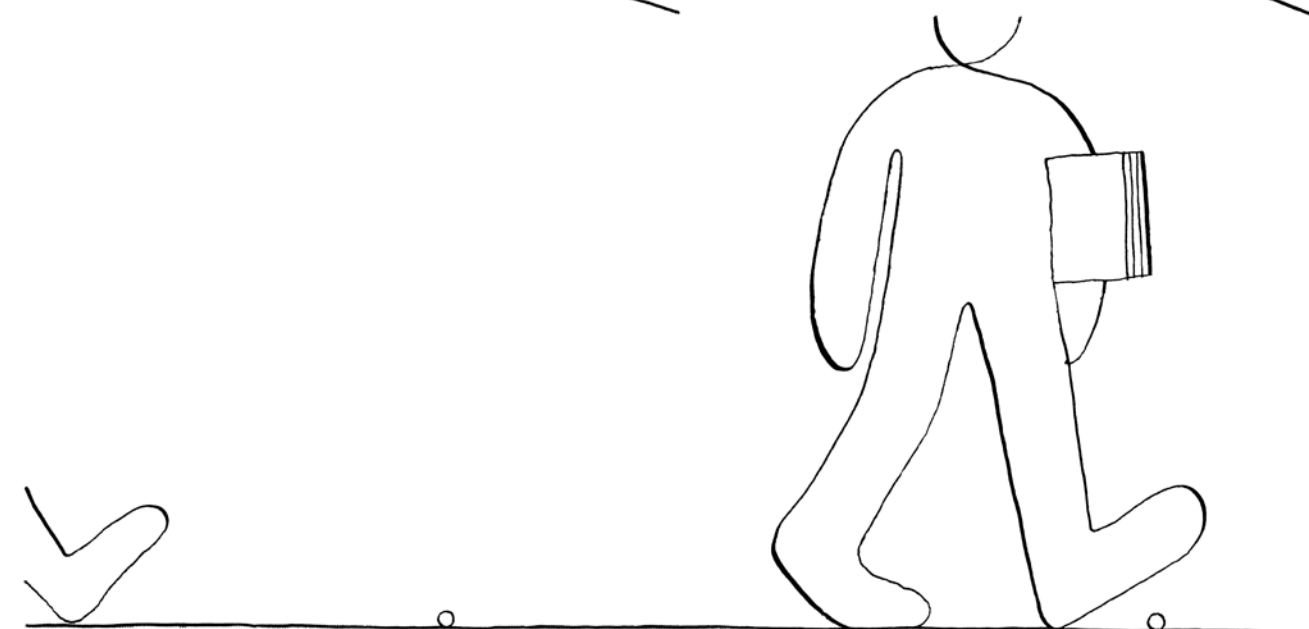
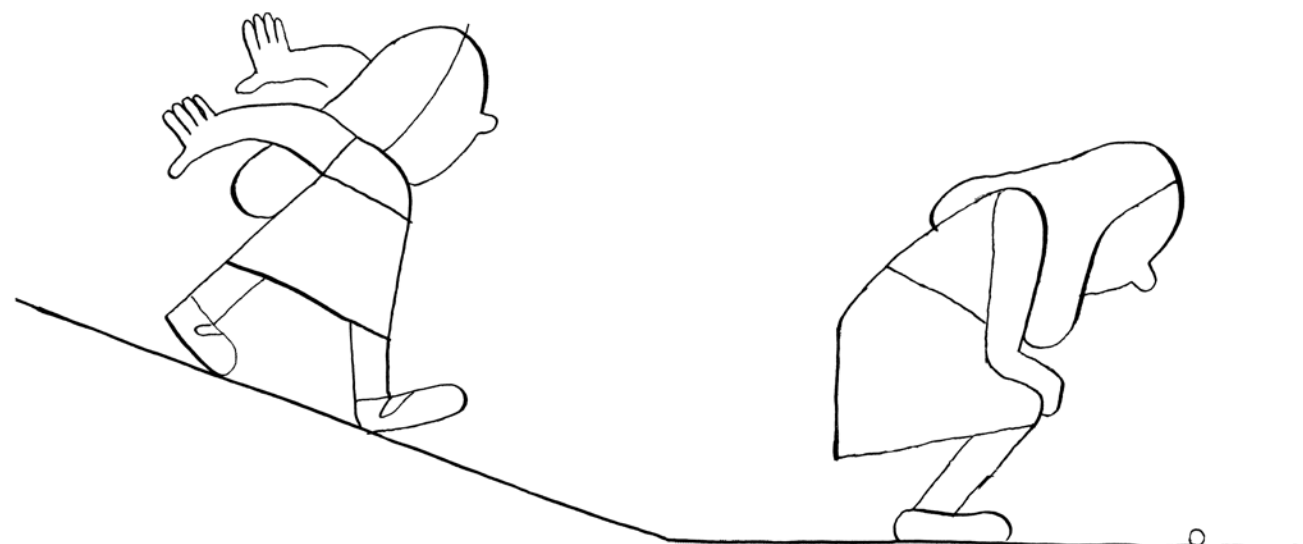
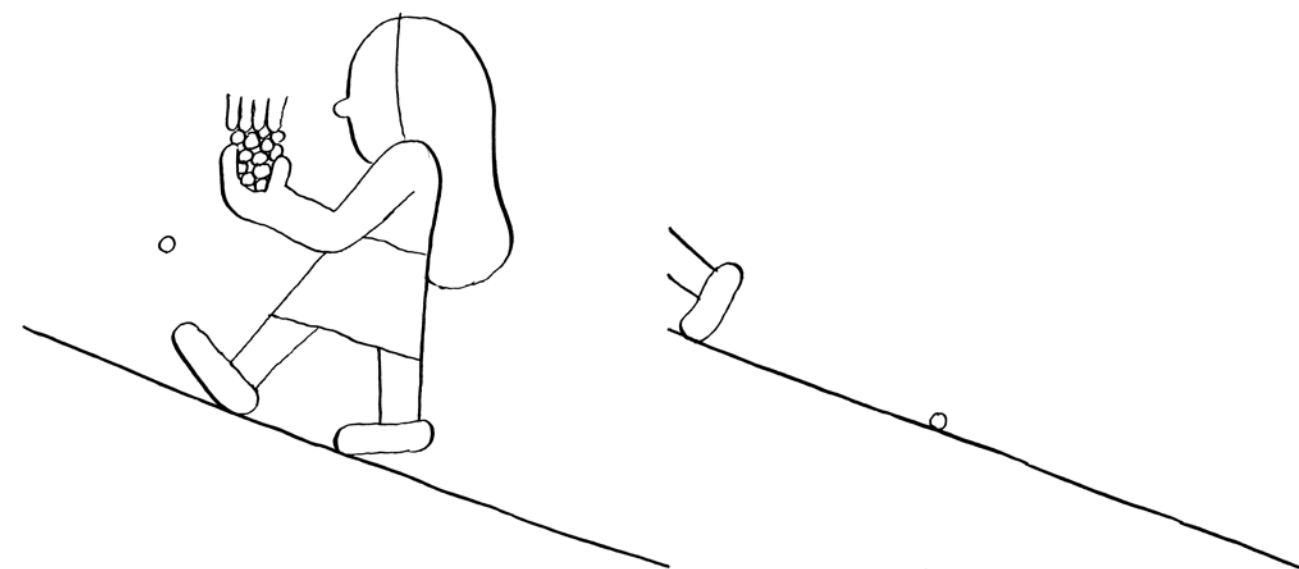
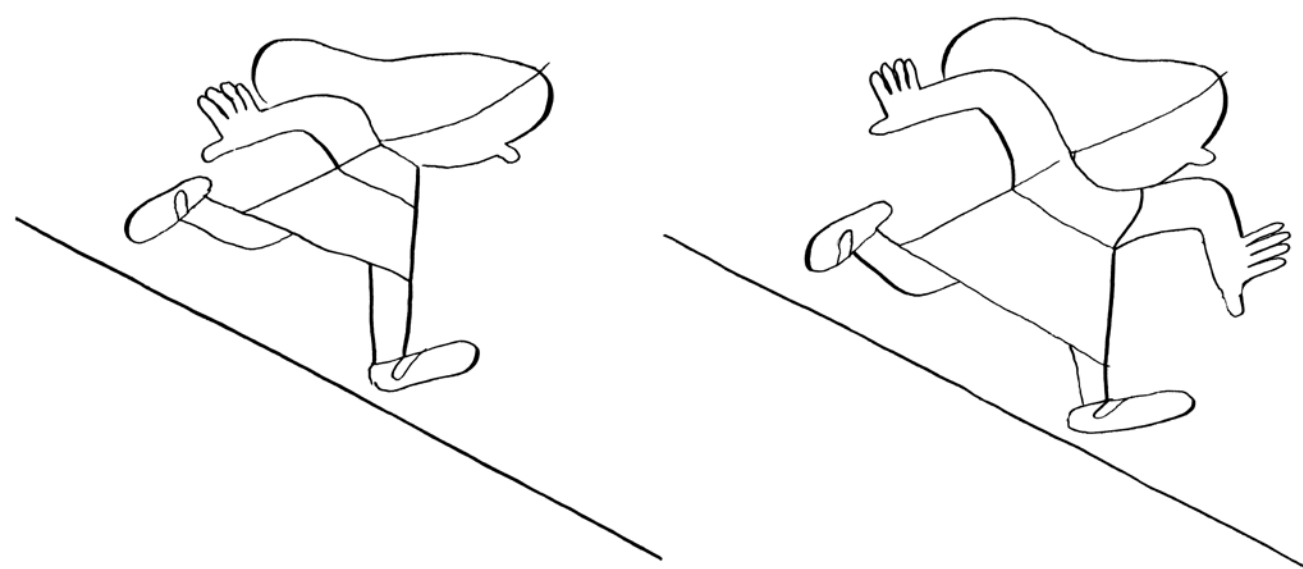
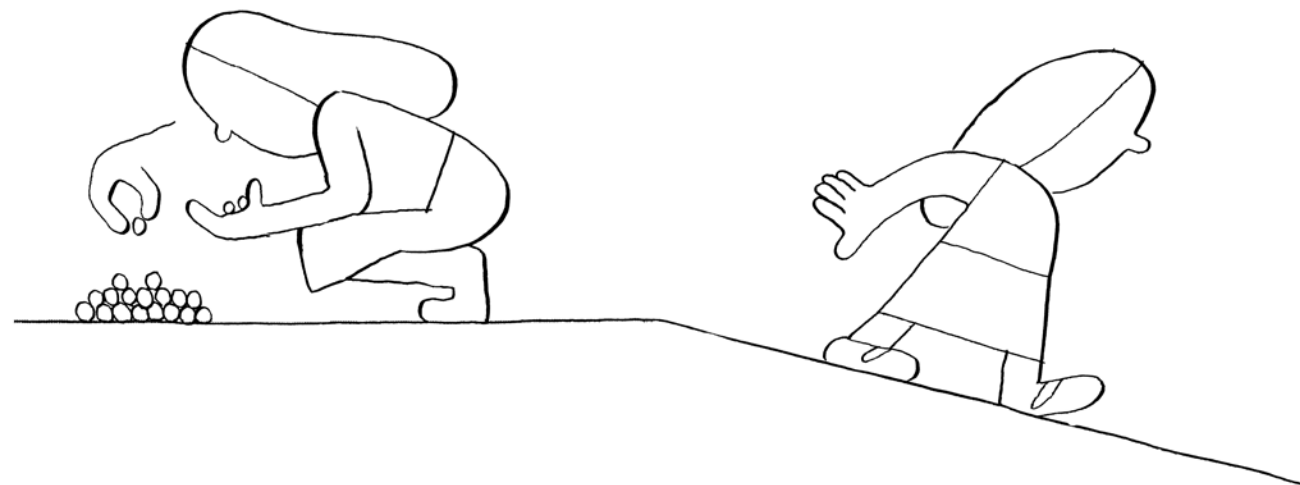


non
si
non



- non, c'est pas vrai.
- si, t'as mis la langue.
- non
- si





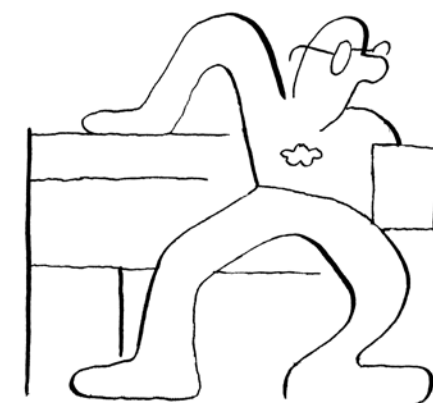
ce crapaud ! on croirait



qu'il va rater



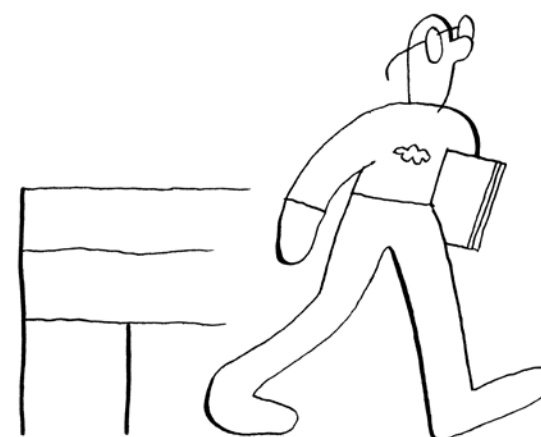
ce crapaud !



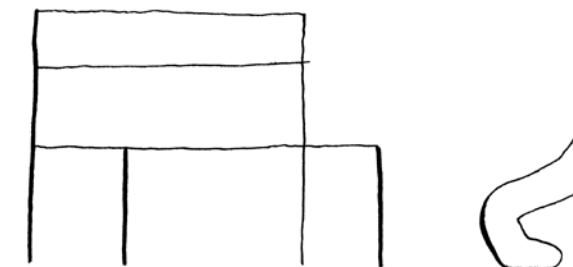
un nuage !



on croirait



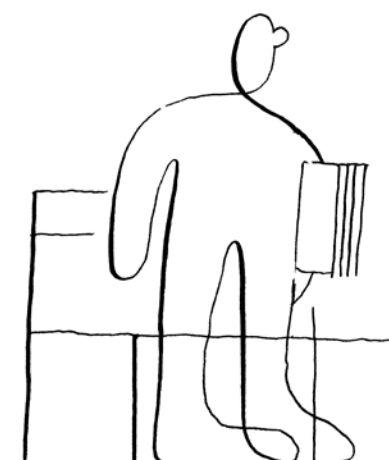
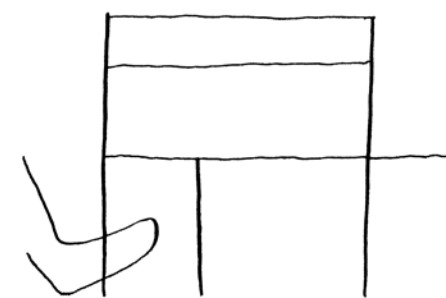
qu'il va rater



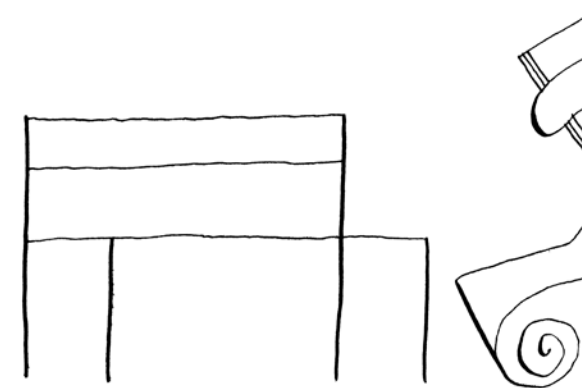
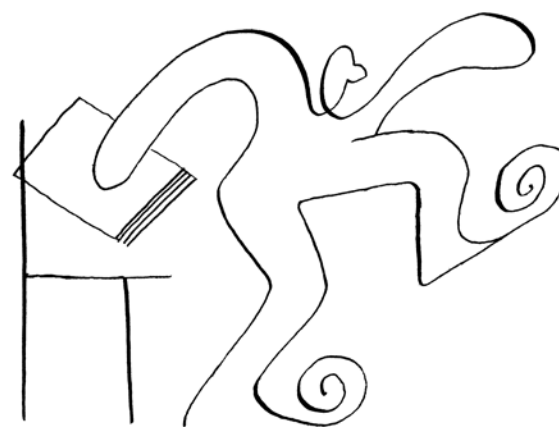
*ce crapaud ! on croirait
qu'il va rater
un nuage !*



*un nuage ! **



** haïku de Kobayashi Issa*



ils ont oublié,
moi aussi, ils m'ont
oublié. mais moi, j'ai
pas oublié.

- qu'est ce que
tu racontes ?

- je dis :
MOI, J'AI RIEN
OUBLIÉ.

- tu connais ?
les femmes ?

- ... j'ai oublié

- ouais, ben
t'inquiète. moi, je me
souviens pour deux...
elle s'appelait Dalila...

- comme la chanteuse ?

- ah d'accord.
ben c'est bien.

- je me souviens.
je me souviens de
tout

- tu ferais mieux
de te taire et de me
laisser raconter.

- je m'étais
installé dans la vallée
de Sorec.
tu connais Sorec ?

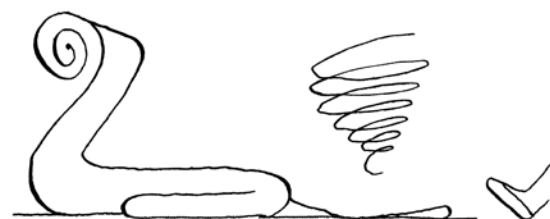
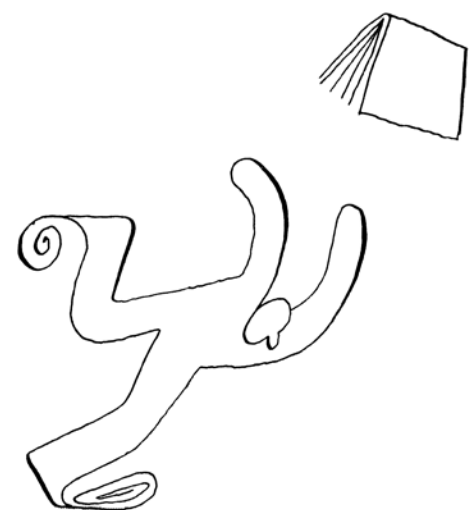
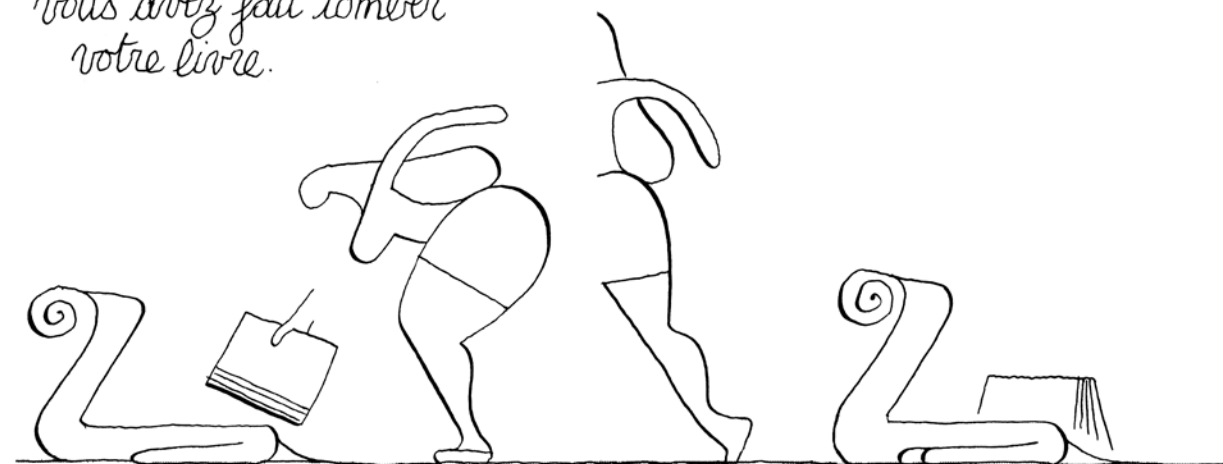
- c'est pas grave.
c'est pas une histoire de
lieu. c'est une histoire
de femme.

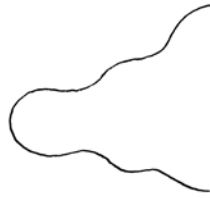
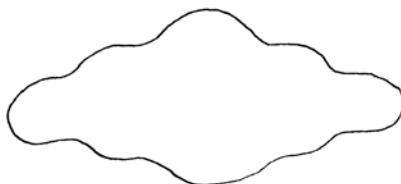
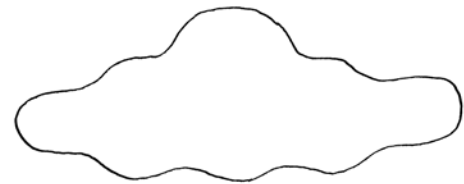
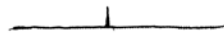
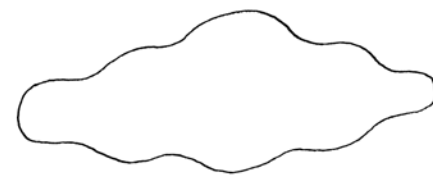
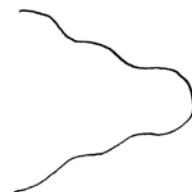
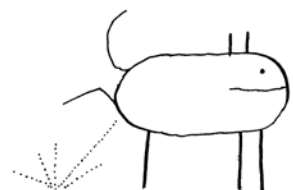
- elle s'appelait
donc Dalila, ... et je
l'aimais.

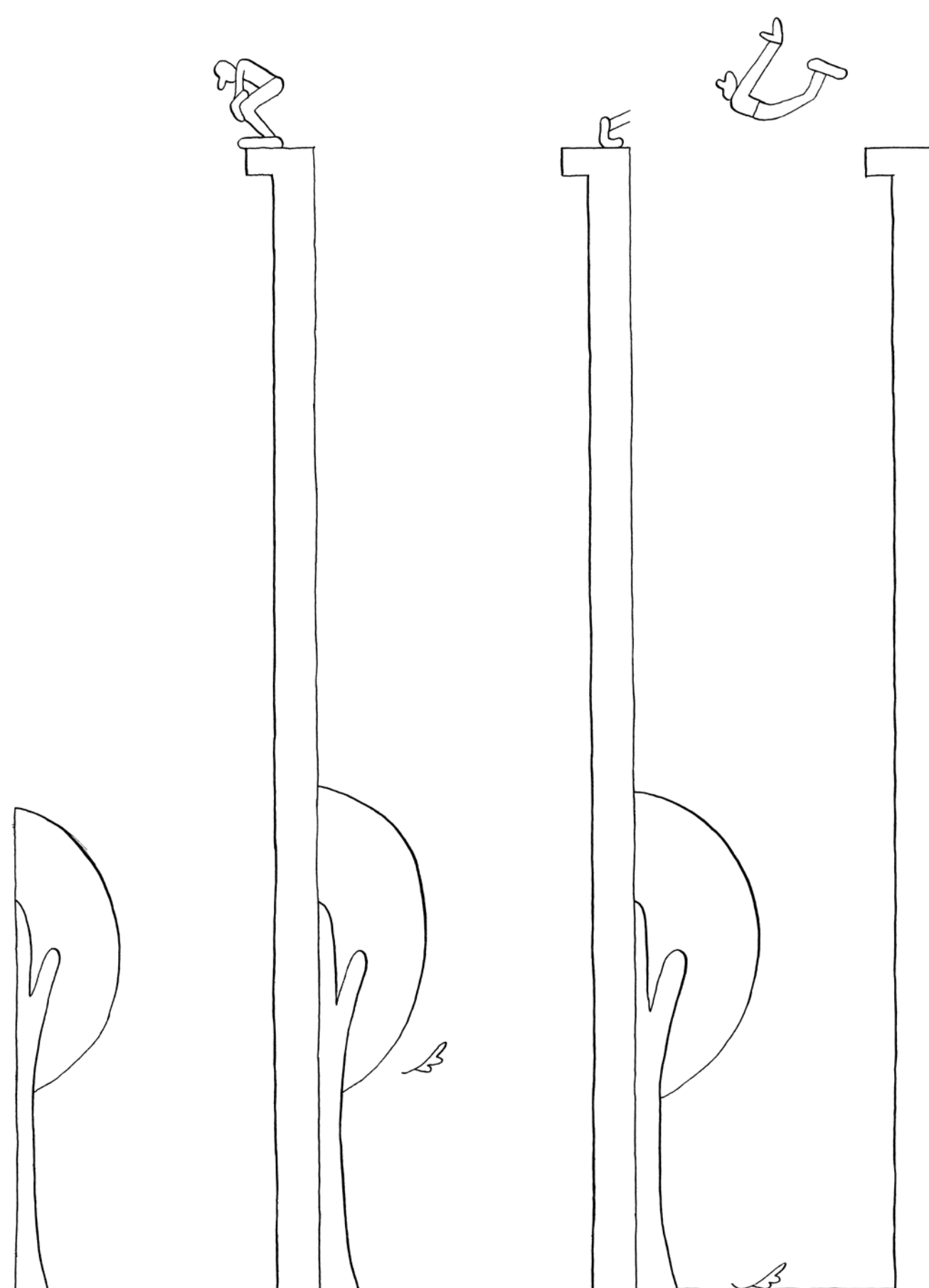
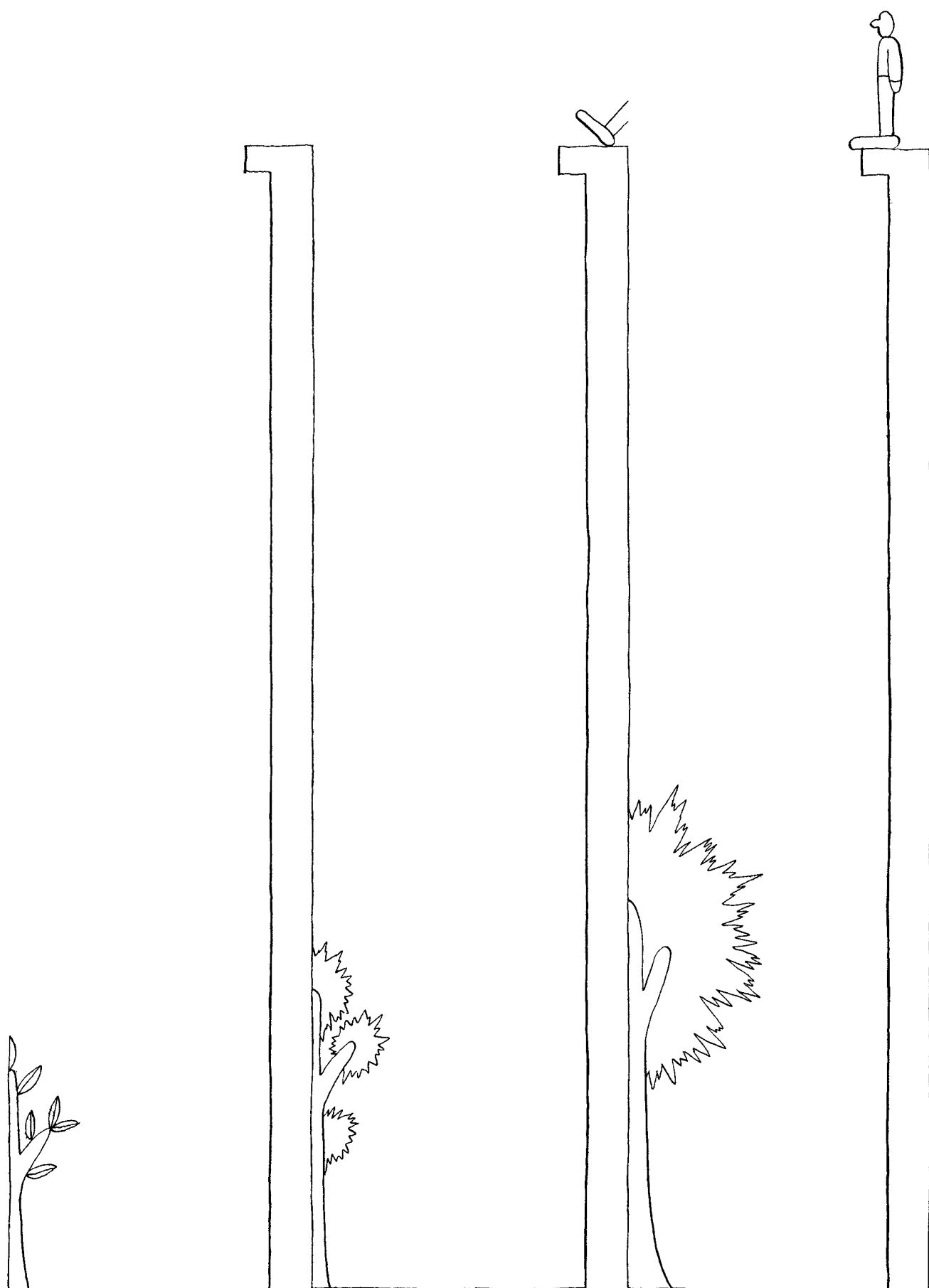


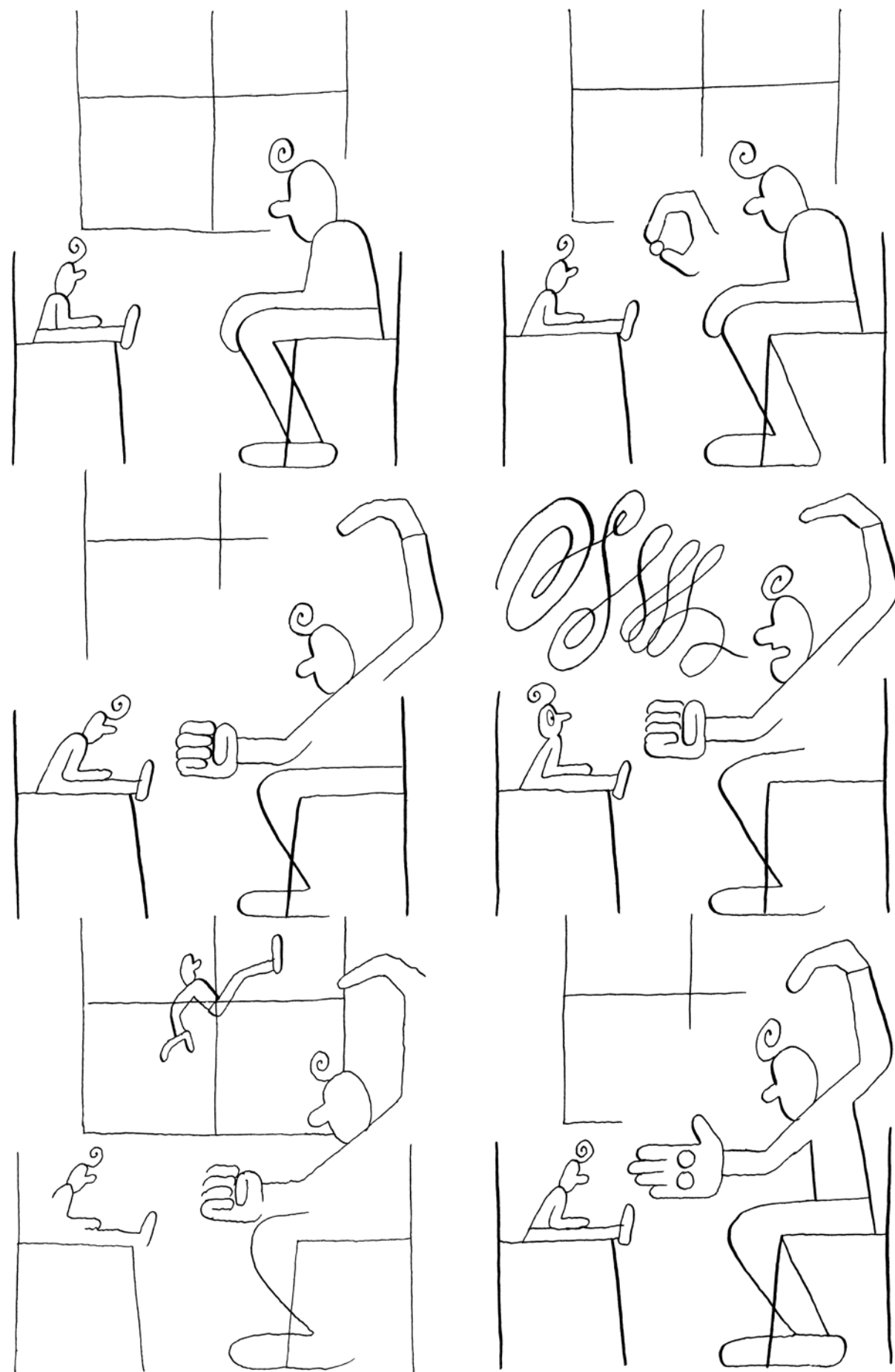
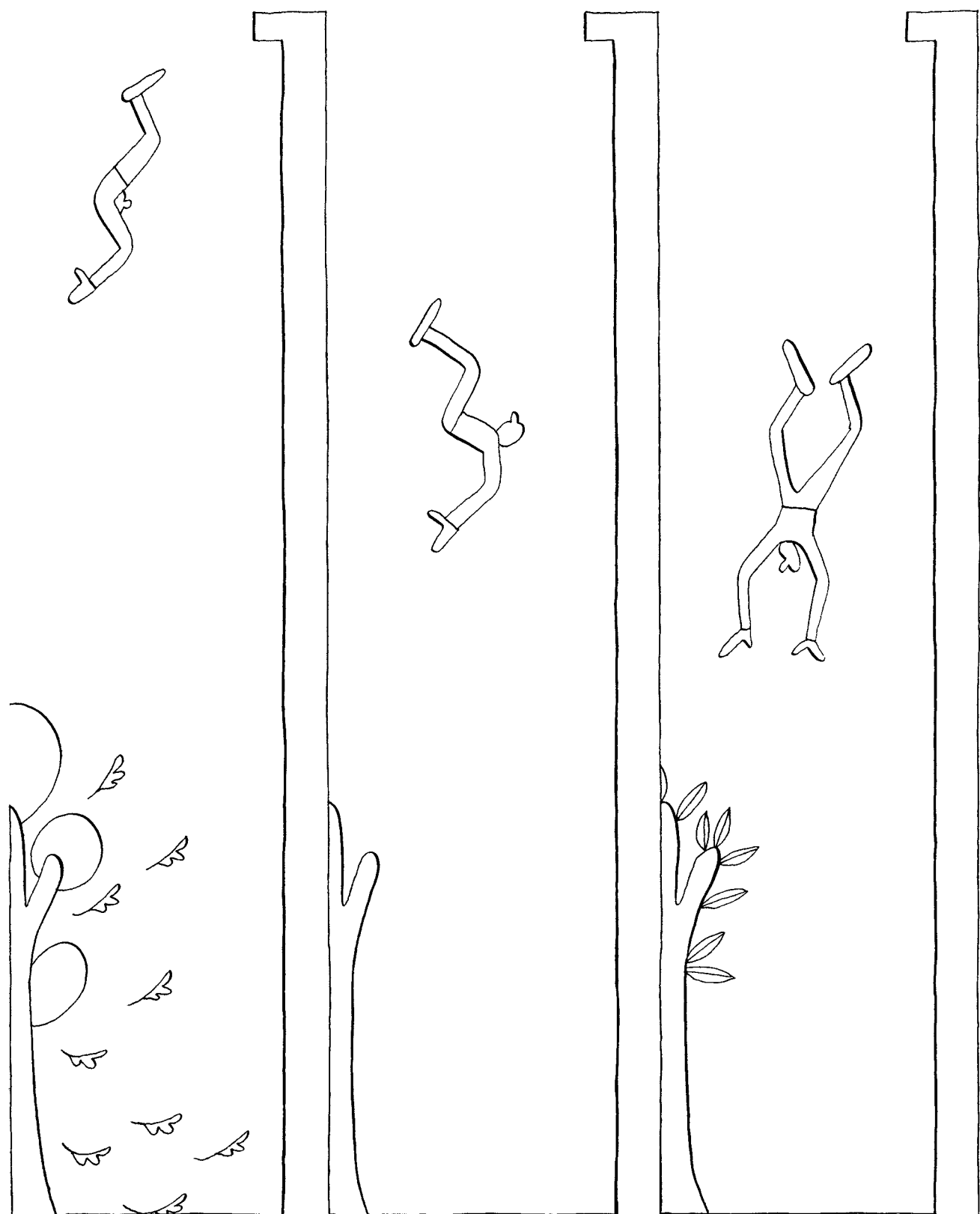


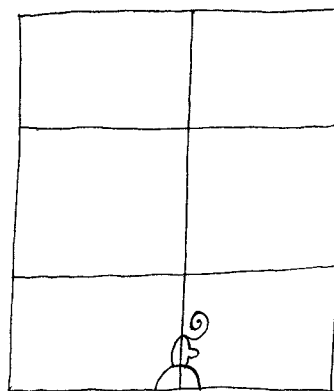
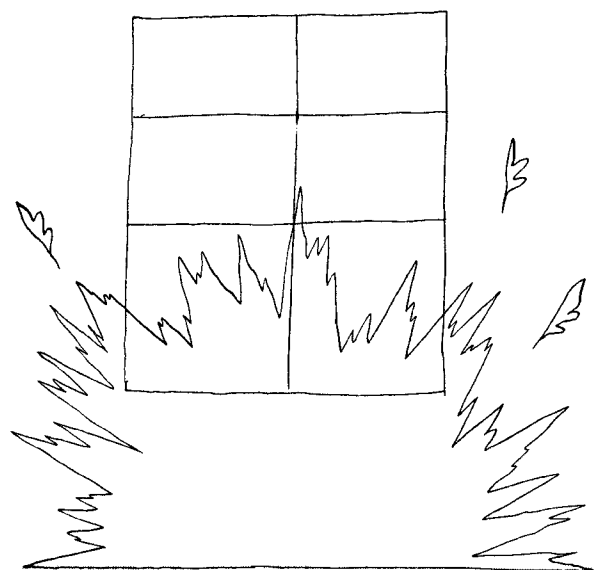
- dites monsieur,
vous avez fait tomber
votre livre.



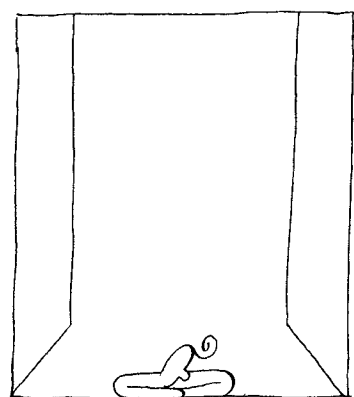




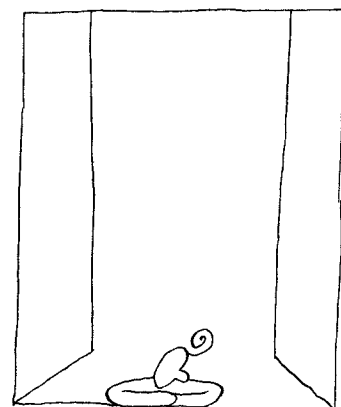
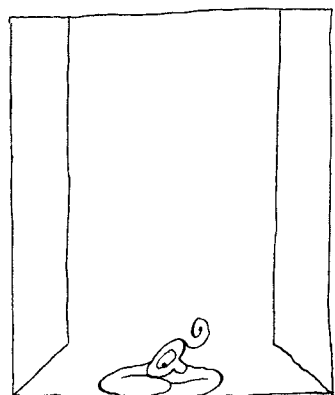
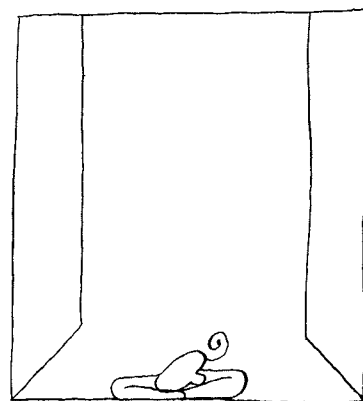




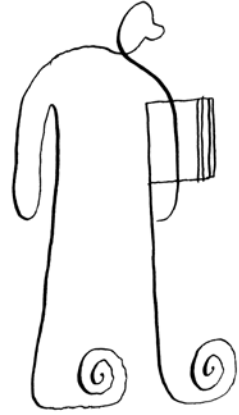
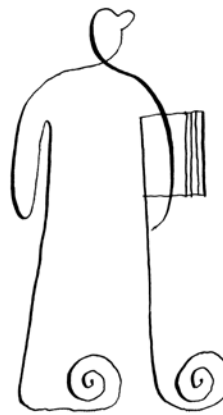
- Mon dieu! t'as vu ça ?
- ...

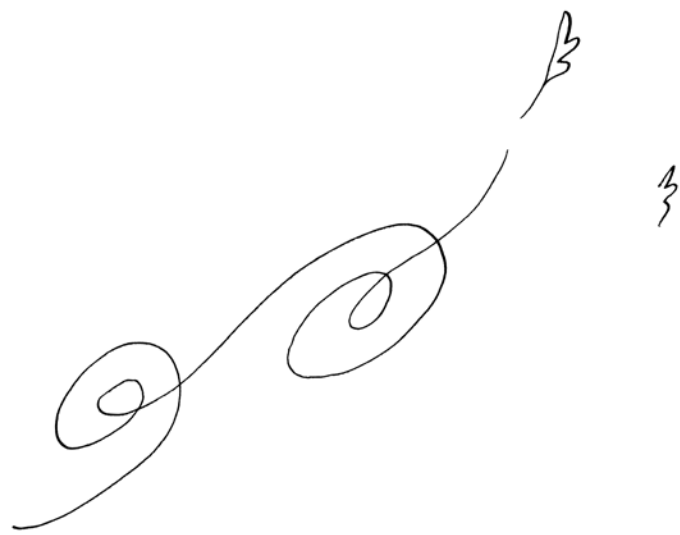


- mais pourquoi il a fait ça ?
- je sais pas.



- eh! t'as encore mis la langue !
- non





still waitin'
for an answer...



i asked a
leaf, why you
fallin'?



i asked
a student,

why you
readin'?

i asked
a couple,
why you kissin'?



but here i am
with m'
blues



waitin'
for an
answer
blues



i asked a child, why you
playin'? i asked a gangster,
why you be so mean? i asked
a drunk, why you drinkin'
but here i am waitin' for an answer blues
with m' blues, waitin' for an answer blues
i asked a dog, why you
barkin'? i asked a woman, why you so prett'
hen i aska her, why men so dumb are
you? an here i am with m' blues...
waitin' for an answer blues
i asked a man on a ledge,
why you jumpin'
a magician - why you trick me



sometimes i
ask myself,
what's
with
all the questions...



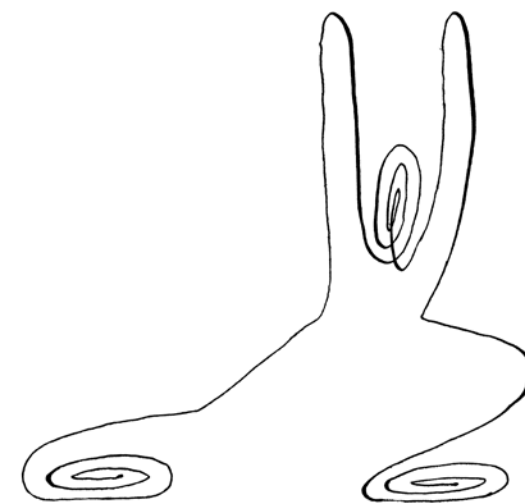
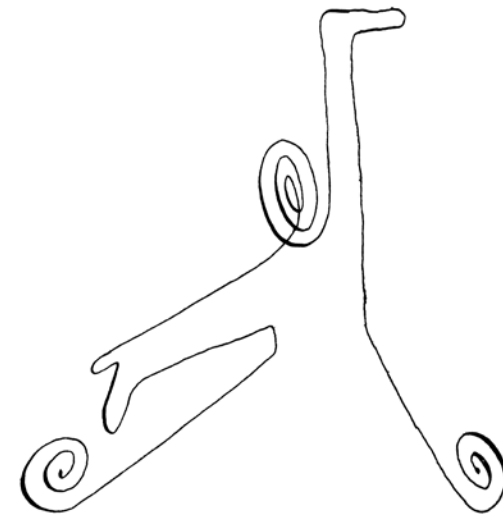
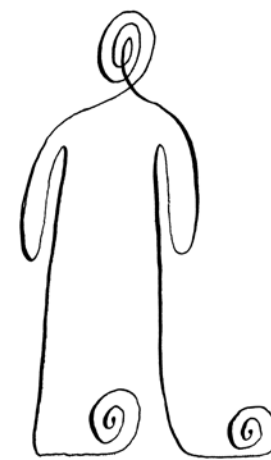
but here i am...



still ...

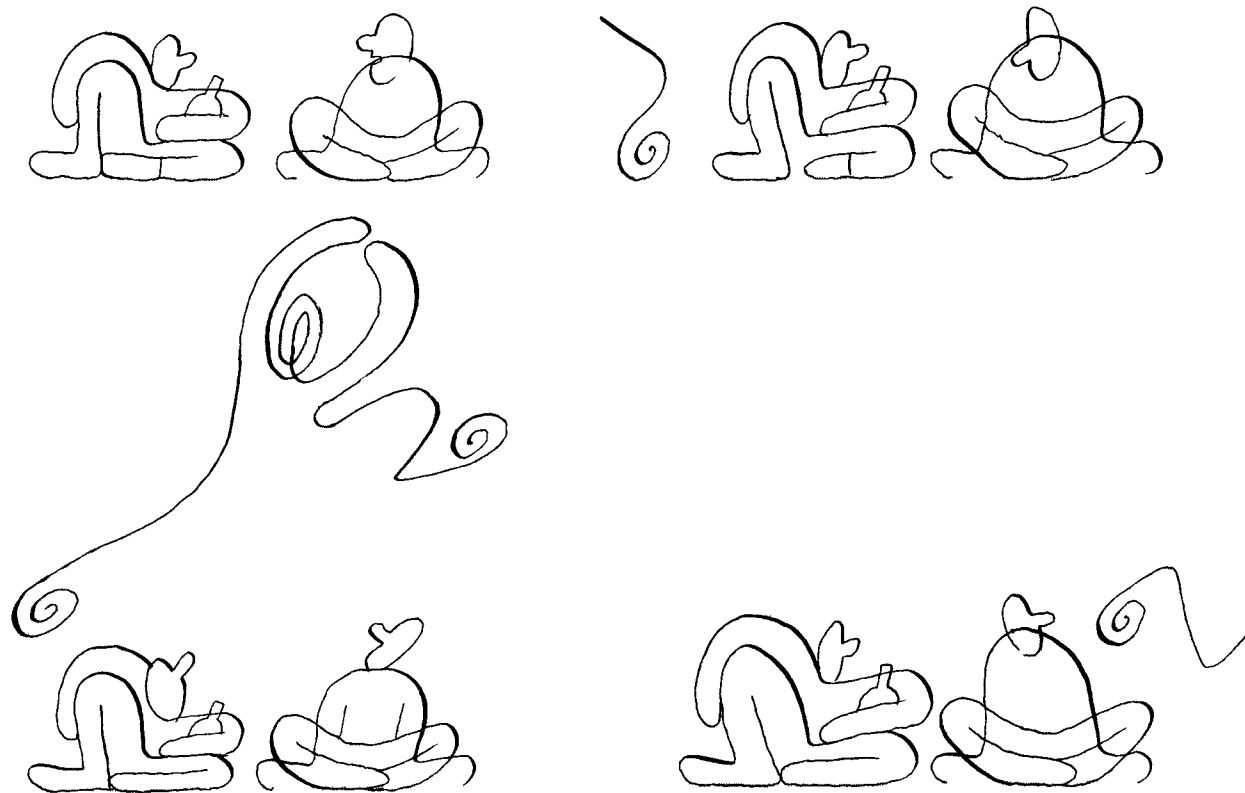


waiting
for an
answer*



* Waiting for an answer blues de William Harriet Young

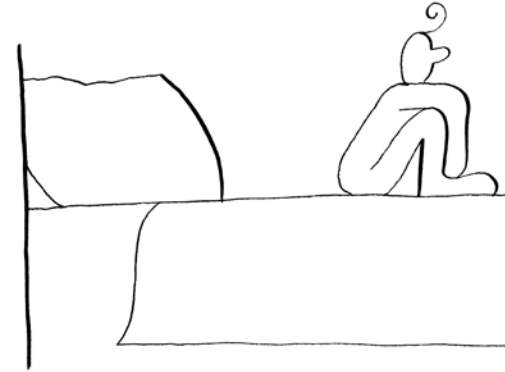
- et alors tout
le monde a cru
que j'étais mort.



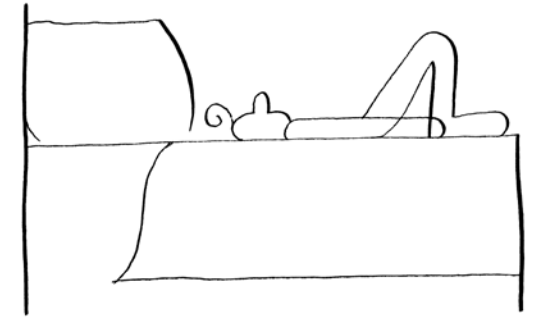
- eh ben...
sacré histoire.



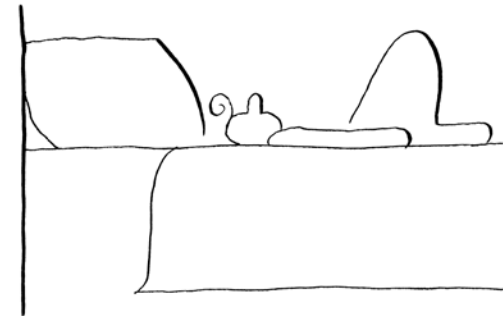
aujourd'hui, j'ai
eu sept ans.



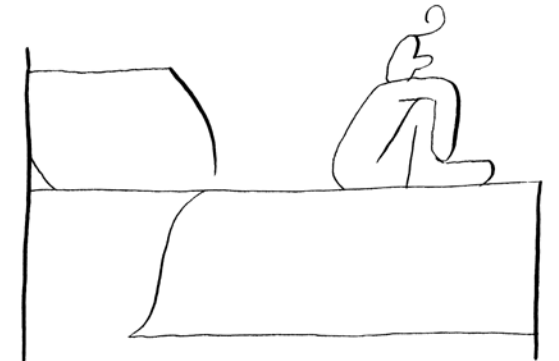
et ma vie a
basculé.



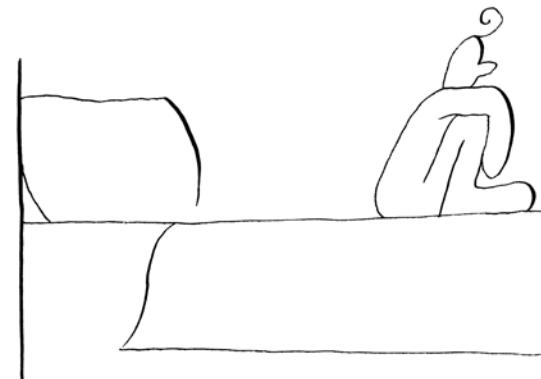
hier encore, tout
était normal.



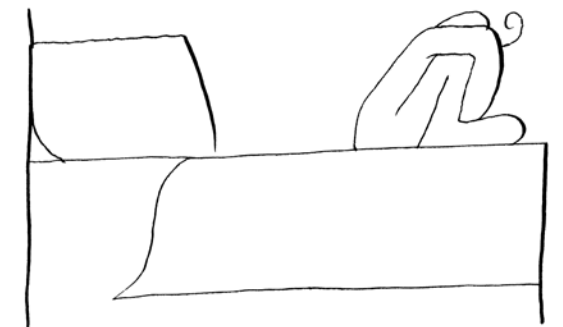
j'attendais chaque
jour nouveau avec
impatience.



et puis j'ai eu
sept ans.

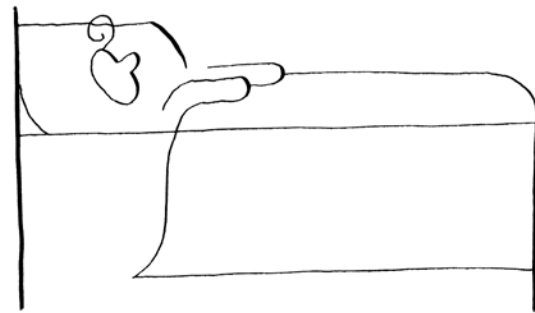
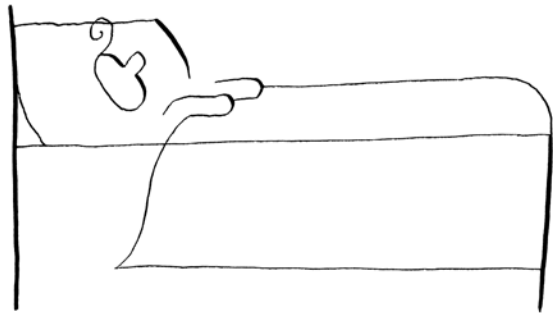


je donnerais n'importe
quoi pour être encore hier.



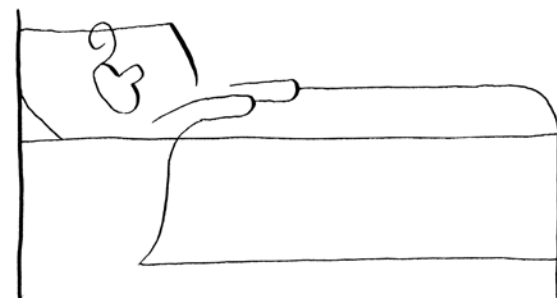
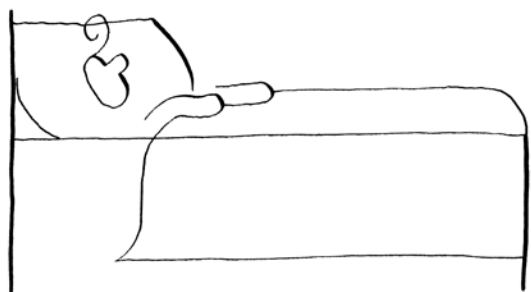
La veille...

demain, j'aurai
sept ans,

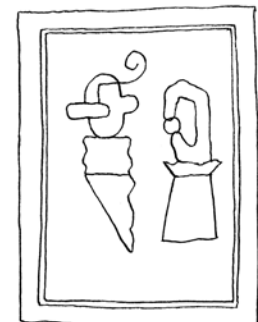
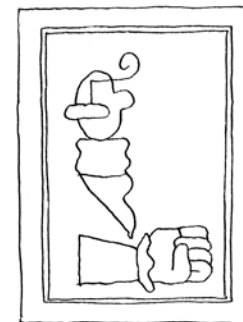
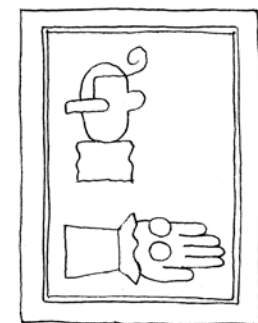
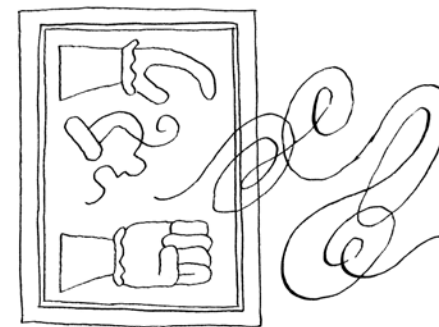
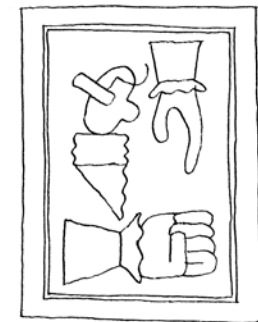
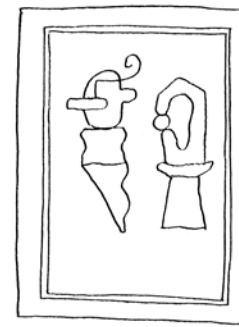
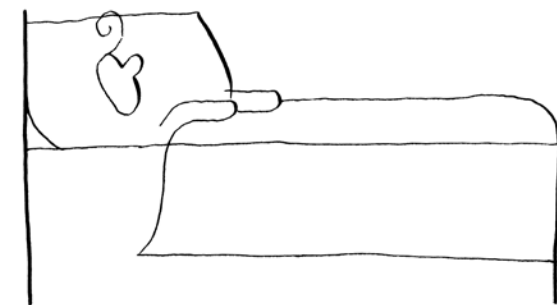
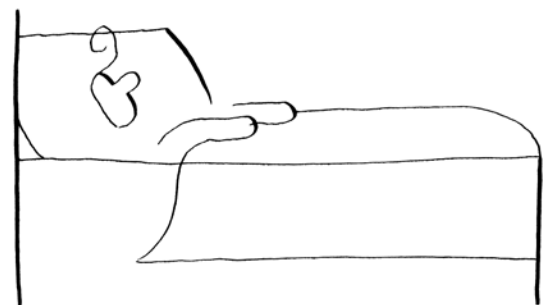


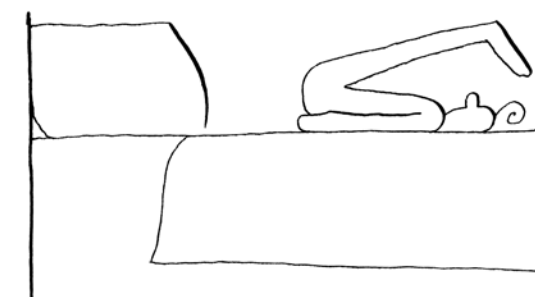
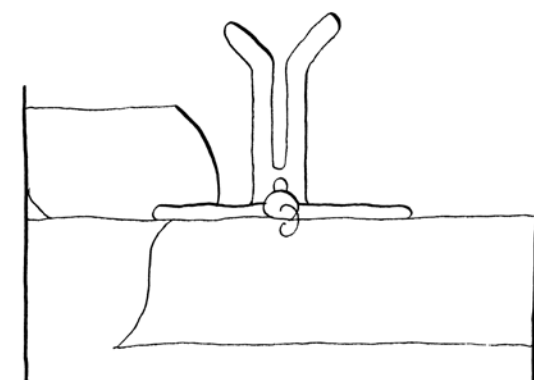
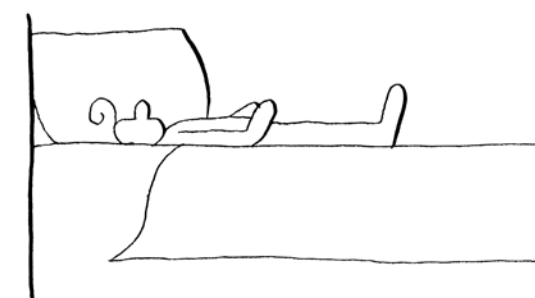
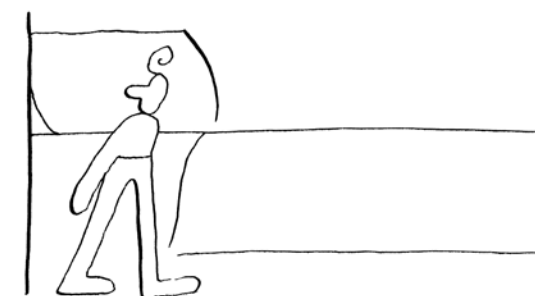
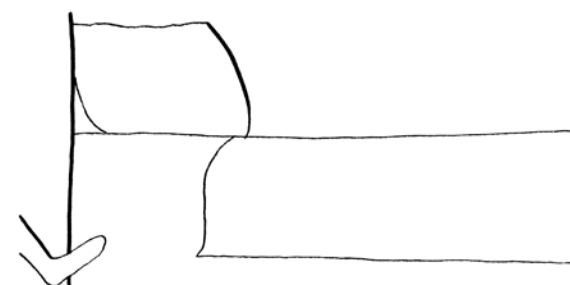
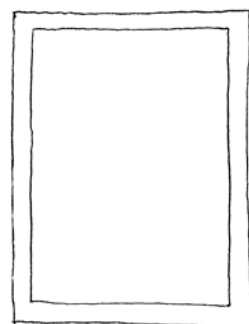
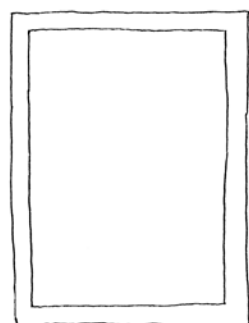
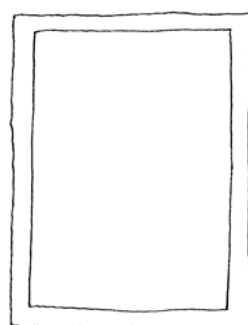
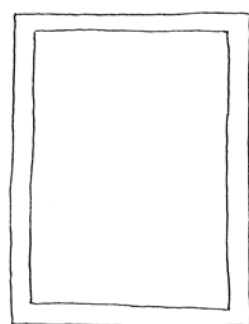
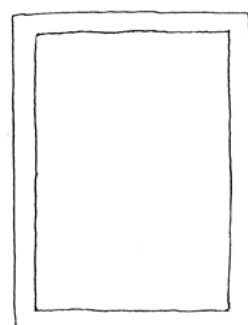
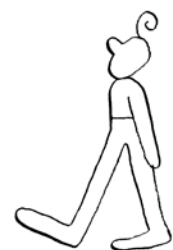
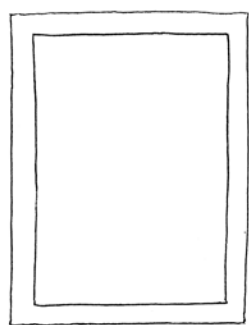
et enfin, je saurai.

j'ai hâte d'être
demain.

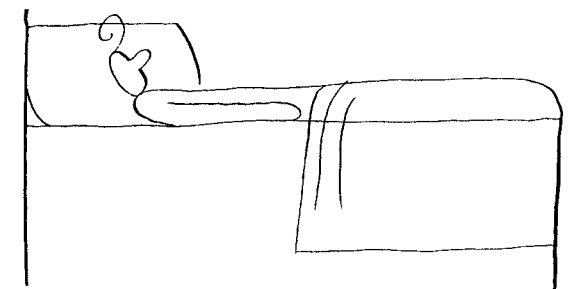
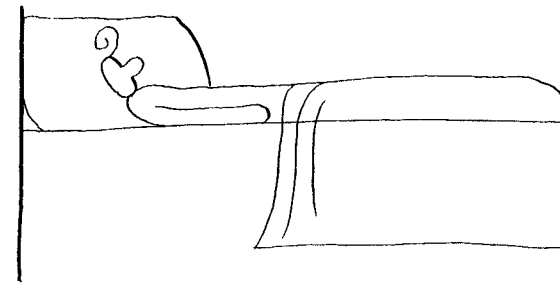
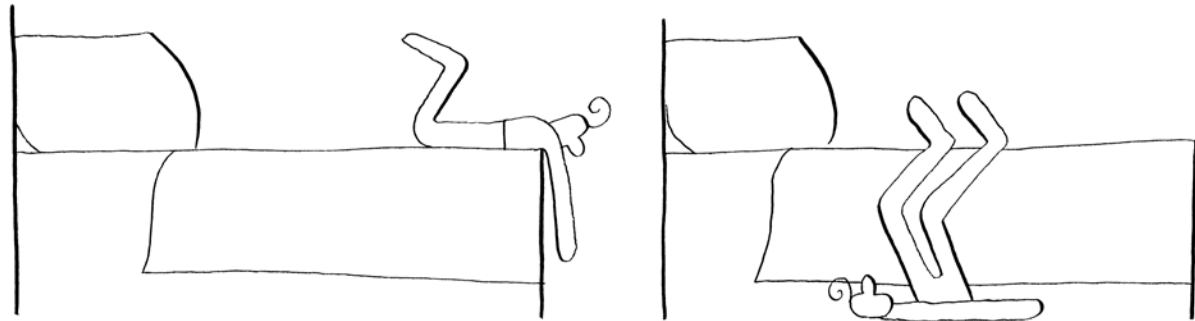


demain,
je saurai.

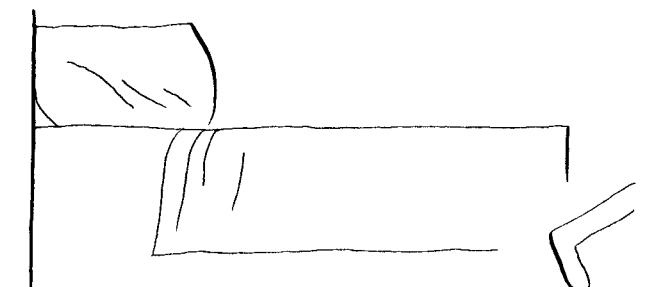
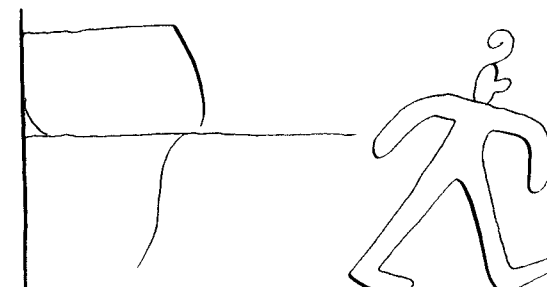
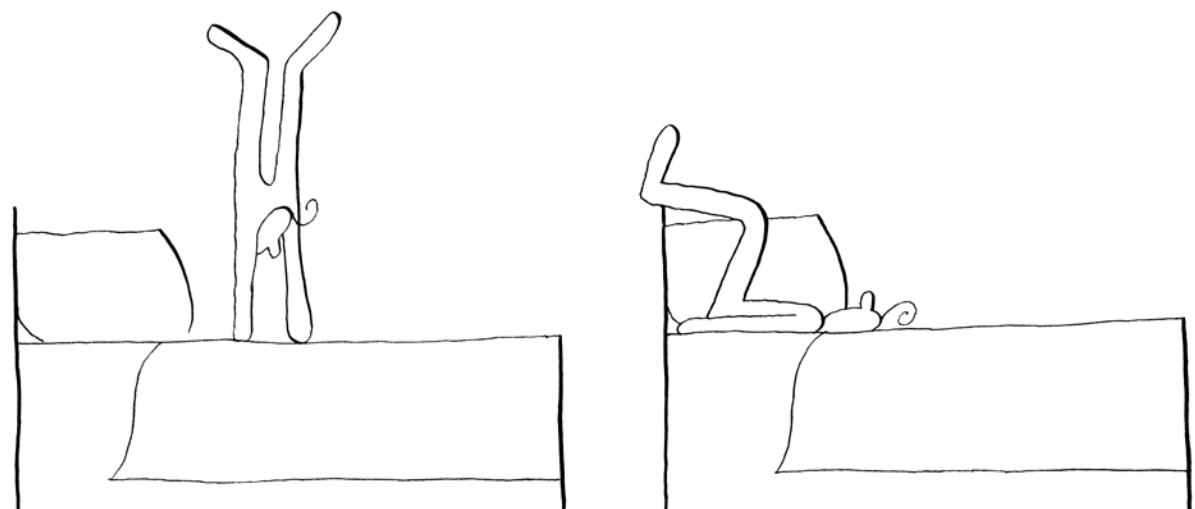
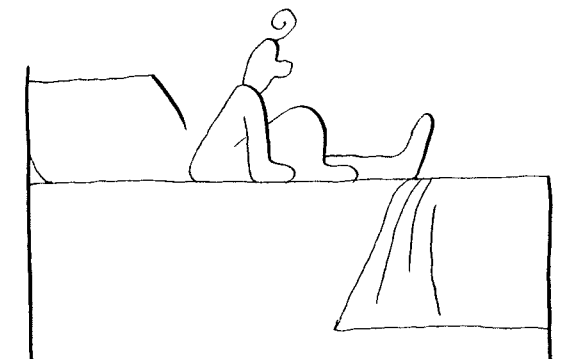
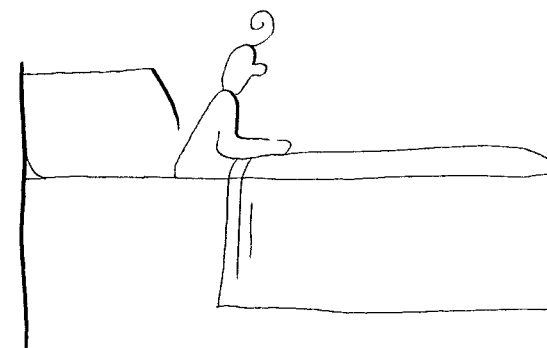
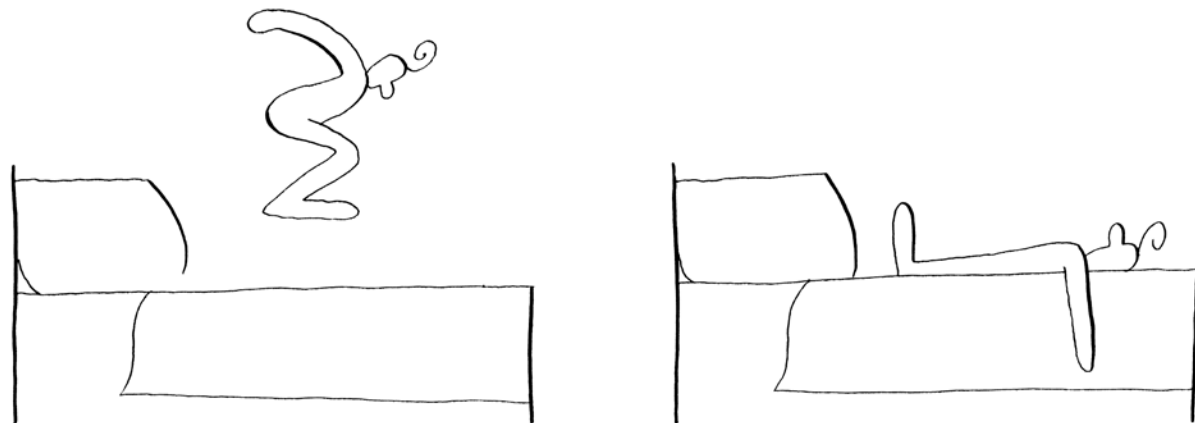


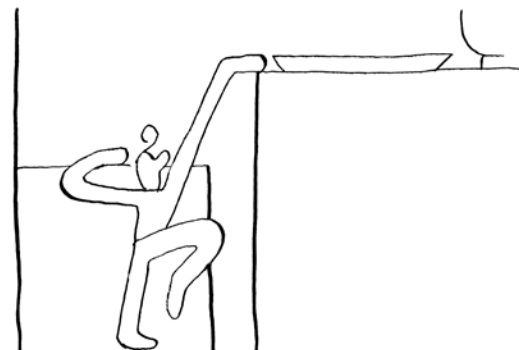
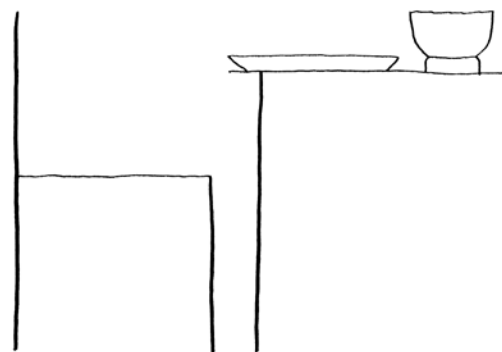


*allez, debout !
il est l'heure.*



*dépêche-toi, on t'attend
pour le petit déjeuner.*





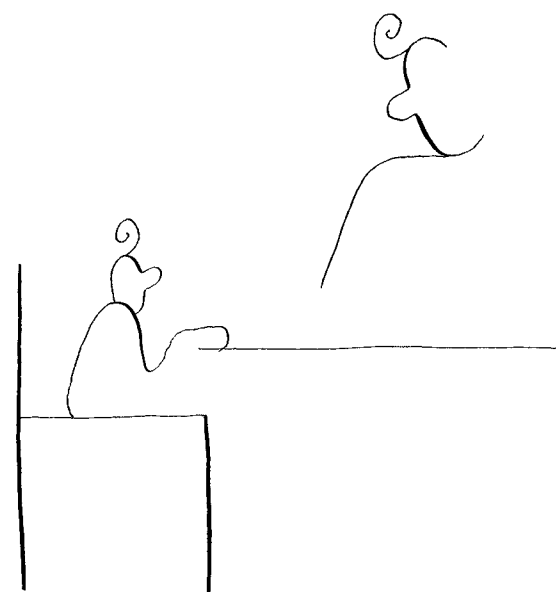
alors, bien
dormi ?

oui
oui

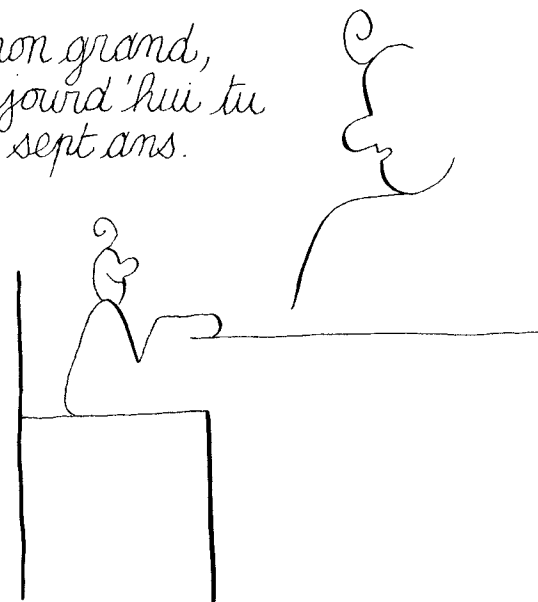


bon anniversaire
mon grand.

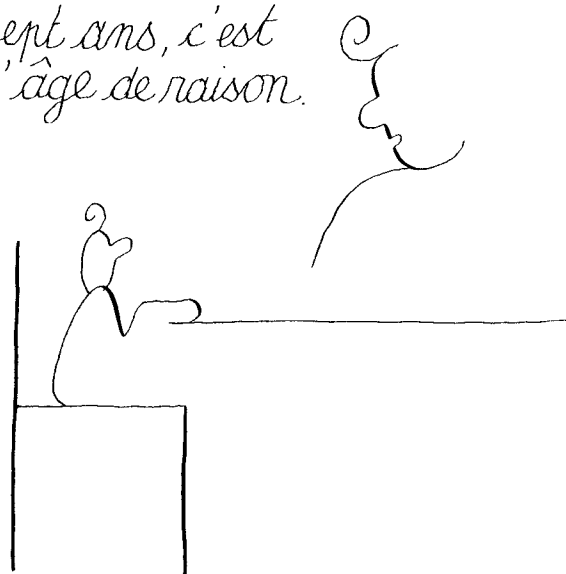




mon grand,
aujourd'hui tu
as sept ans.



sept ans, c'est
l'âge de raison.



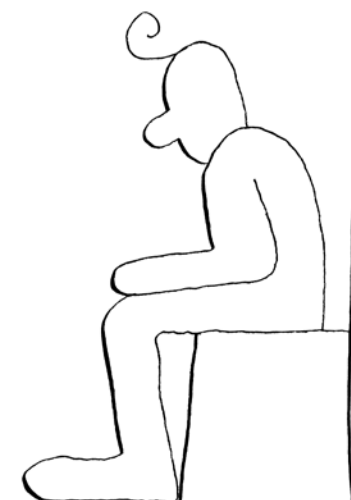
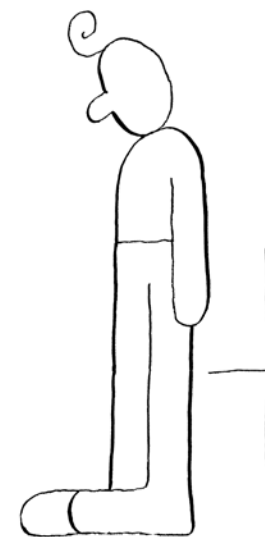
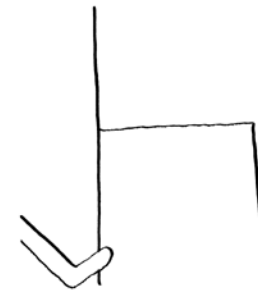
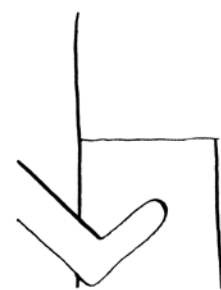
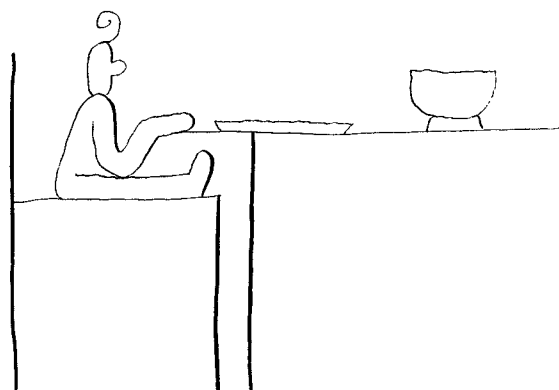
dans la
famille, c'est
aussi l'âge où
l'on rentre
dans le secret.

aujourd'hui tu vas
apprendre ce que mon
père m'a appris; un secret
qui se transmet de père en
fils depuis des générations.

un secret qui
nous a permis de
vivre à l'abri du
besoin.

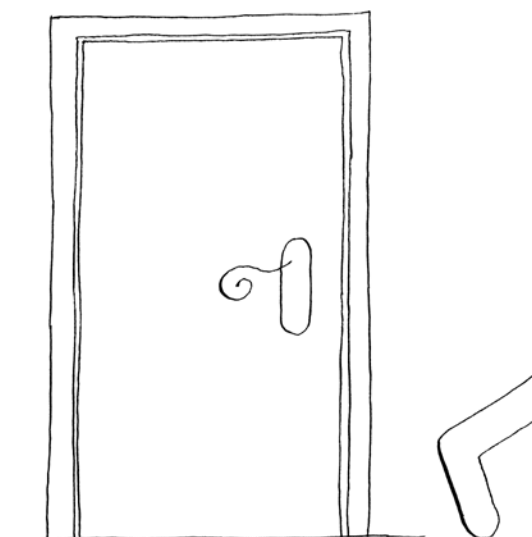
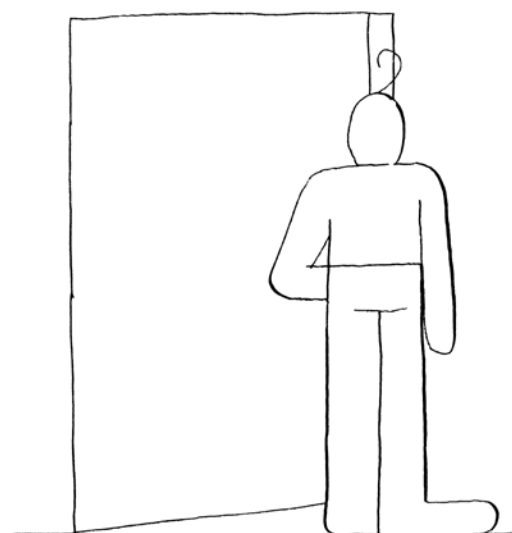
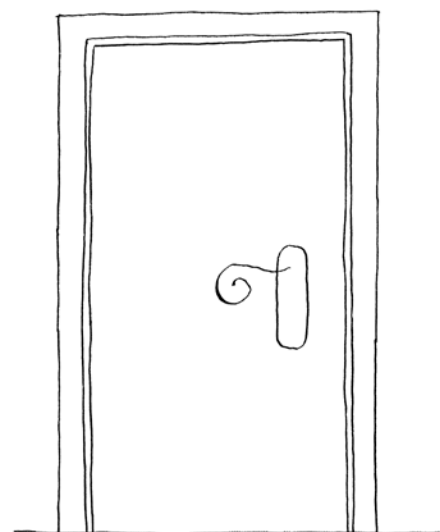
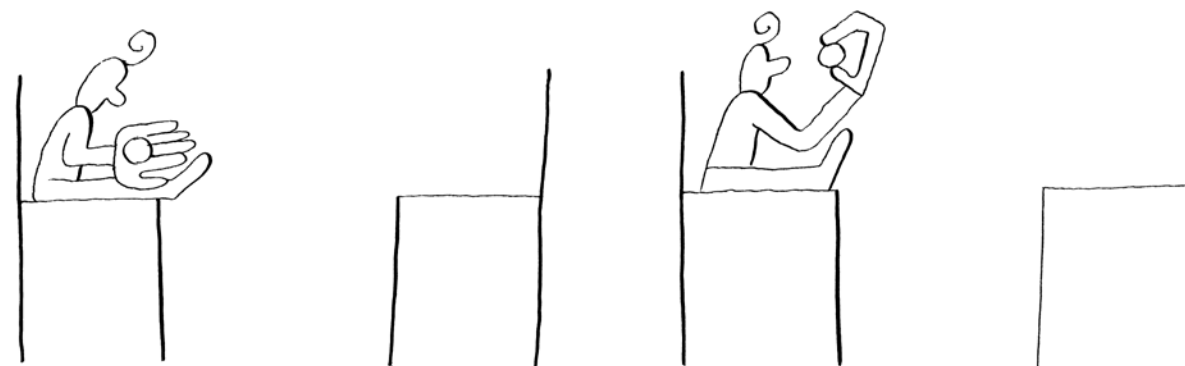
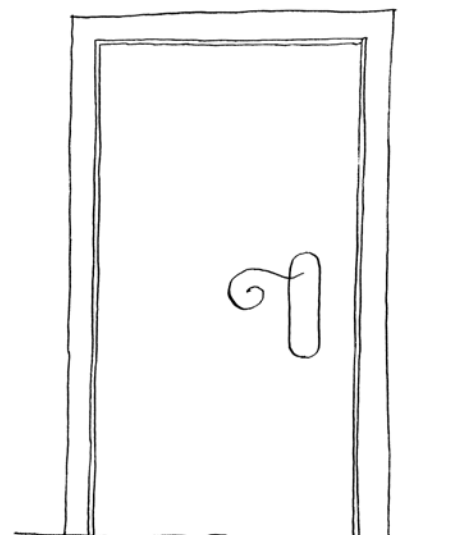
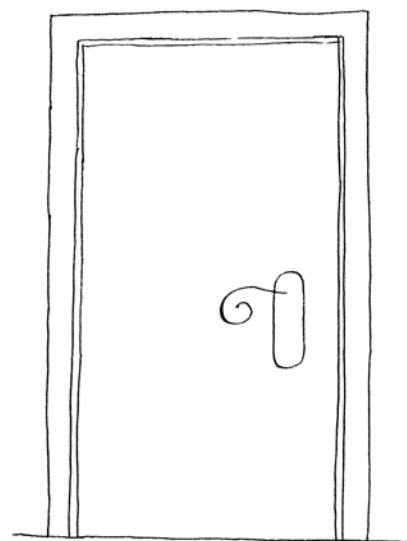


tu as fini ton
gâteau? alors suis-moi.

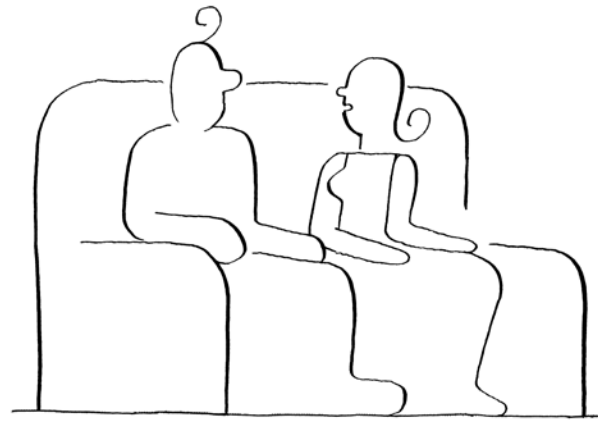
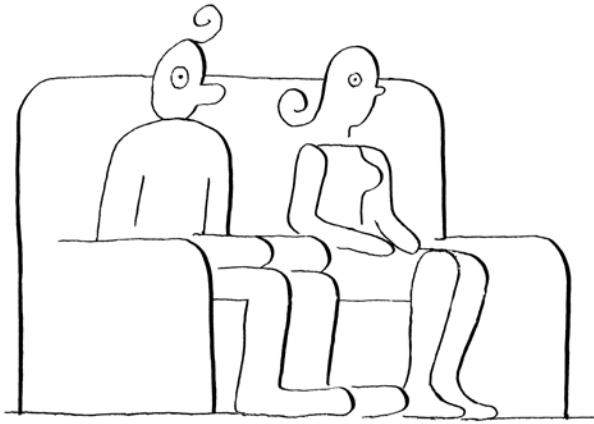


tu vois cette pièce?
ça s'appelle
un louis
d'or.



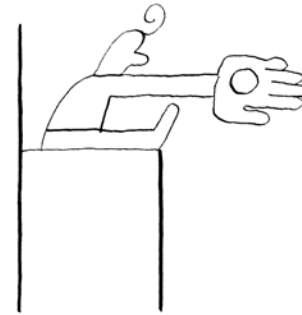
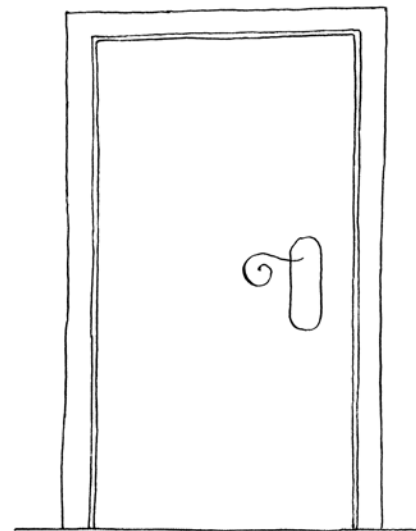
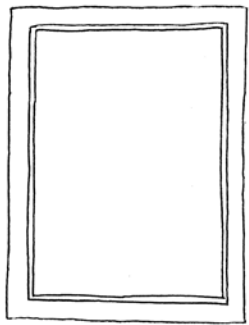
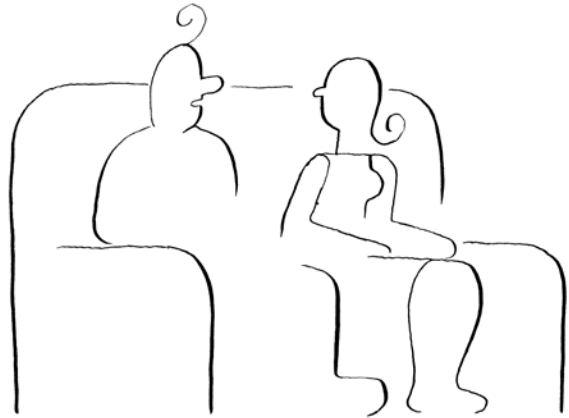


tu crois qu'il va y
arriver ?

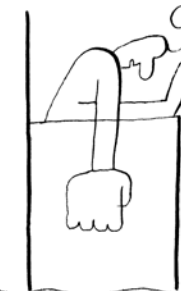


il n'y a pas de raison.
on y est toujours arrivé.

on y arrive depuis
trois cents ans.



j'y arriverai
jamais.



ça avait pourtant
l'air si simple.



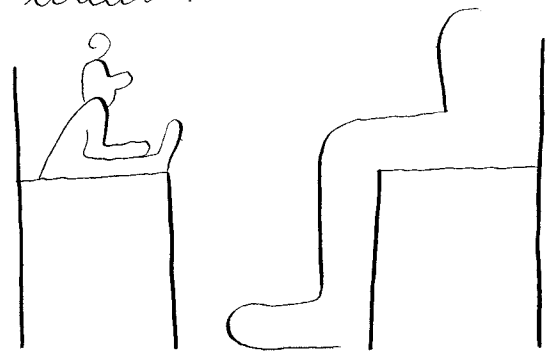
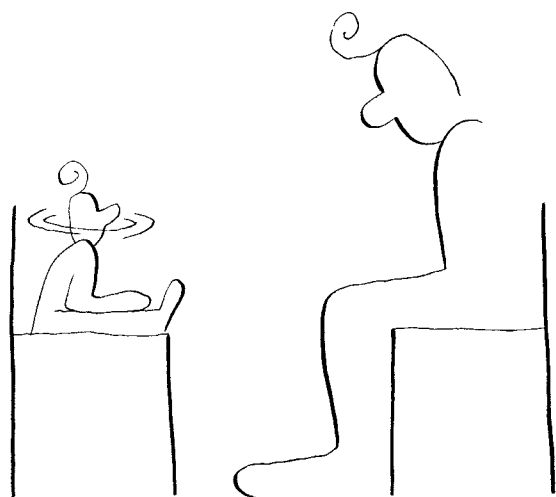
ce n'est pas n'importe
quel louis d'or...
c'est une pièce
qui appartenait
à ton ancêtre
Jean-Guillaume



tu vois qui c'est
Jean-Guillaume ?



Jean-Guillaume, c'est
ton ancêtre dont le portrait
est accroché dans le
couloir.



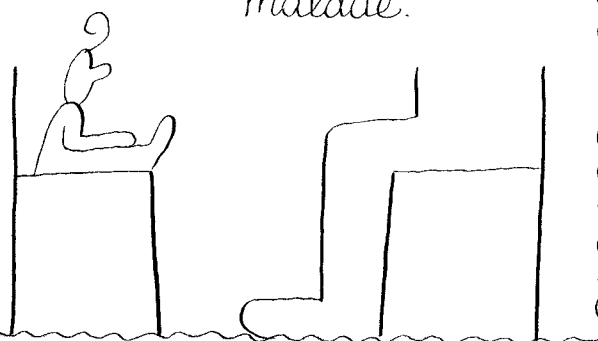
eh bien Jean-Guillaume
était un grand voyageur,
et il a longtemps vécu
aux colonies.



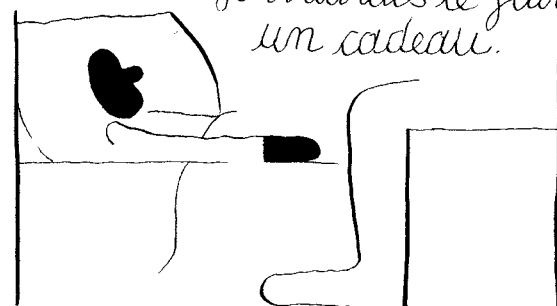
quand il est rentré en
France, il était accompagné
d'un sauvage, qu'il avait
pris sous son aile.



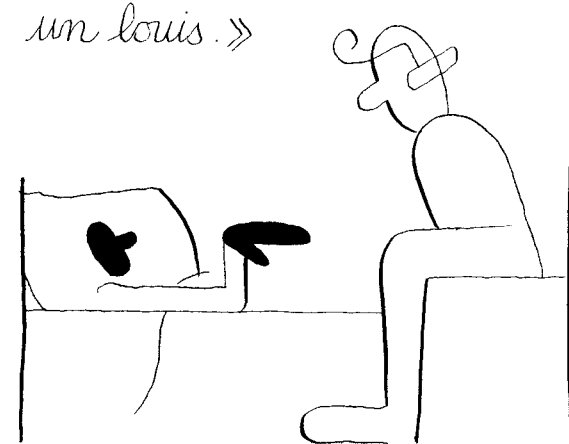
peu de temps après
son arrivée sur le
continent, le sauvage
tomba gravement
malade.



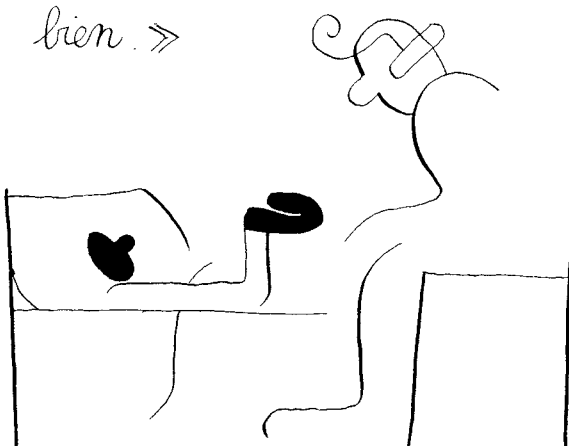
sachant qu'il allait mourir
il appela Jean-Guillaume
et lui dit : « mon ami, je me
sens mourir, mais avant
de partir pour l'autre monde
je voudrais te faire
un cadeau.

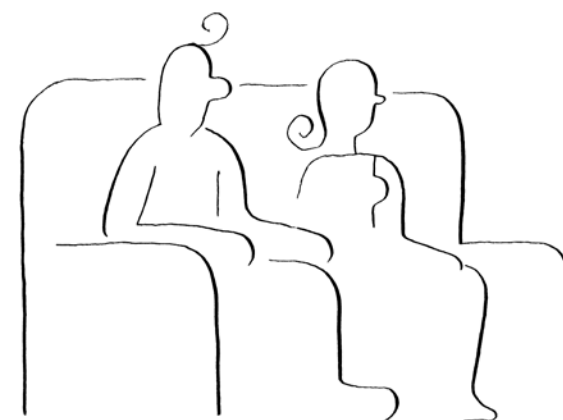
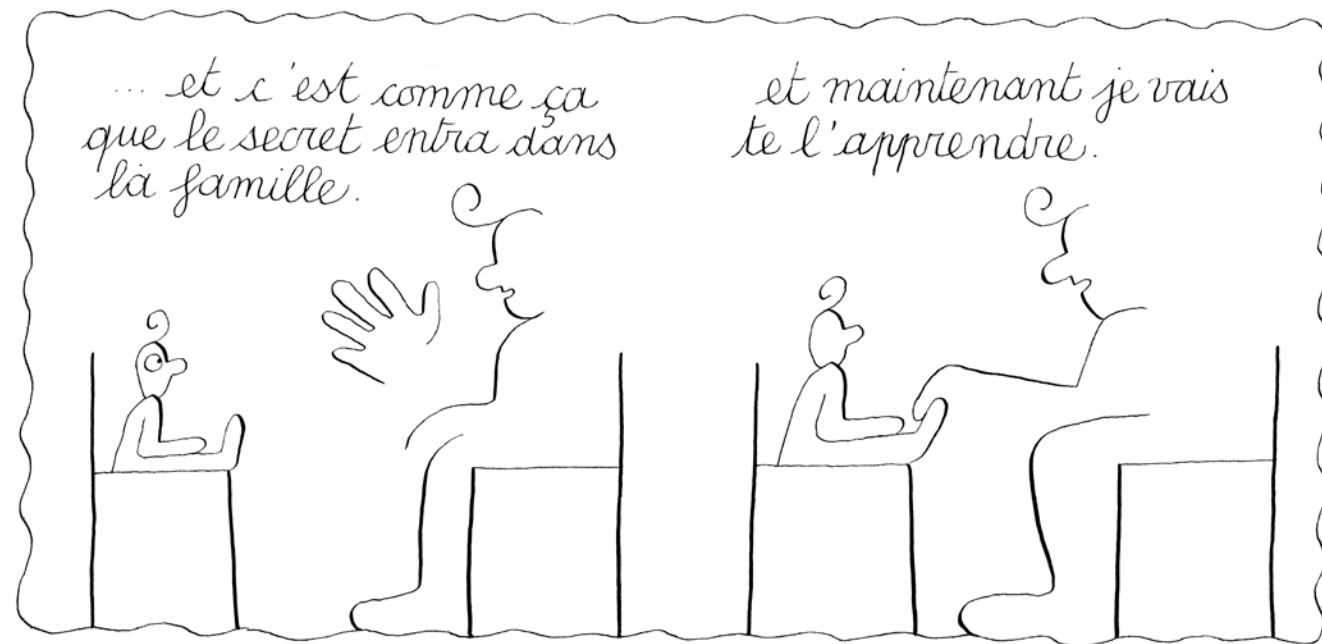


« pour ce faire,
donne-moi
un louis. »



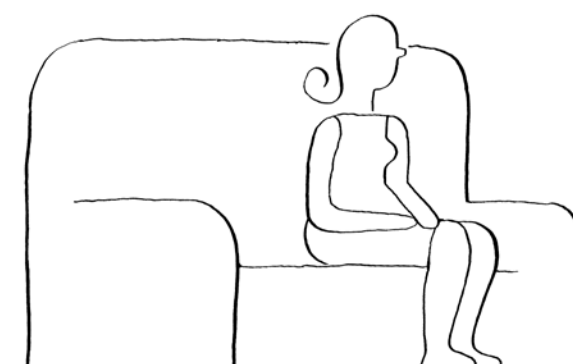
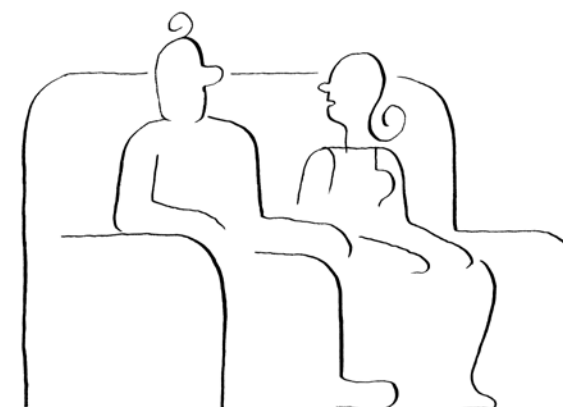
« et maintenant,
écoute-moi
bien. »

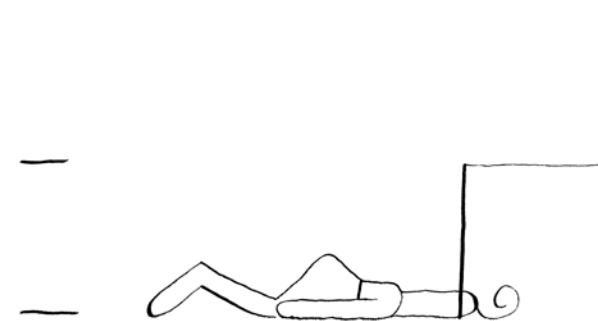
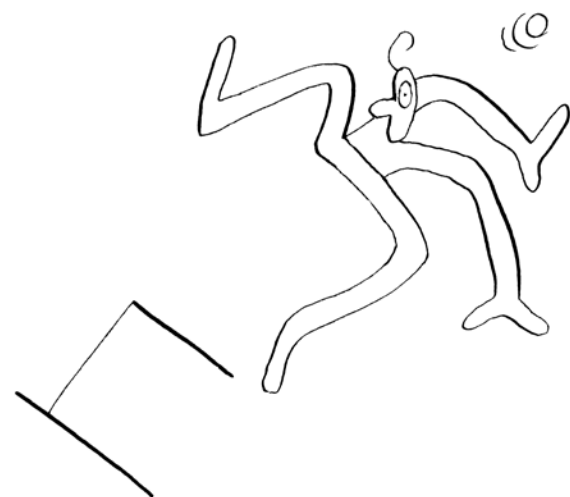
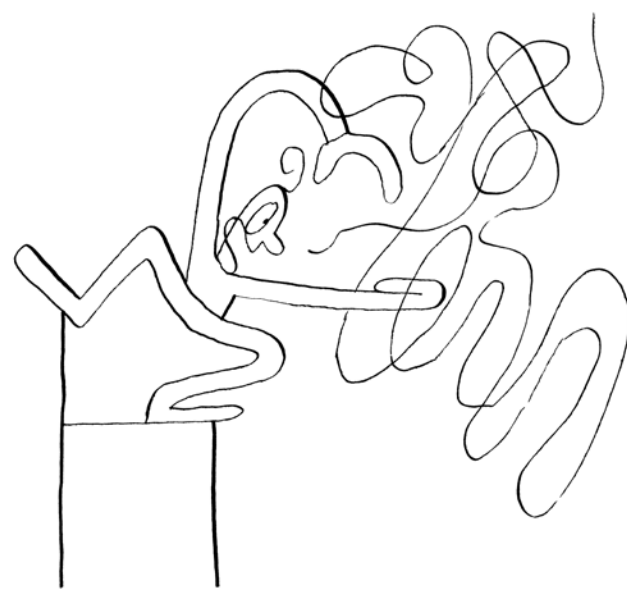




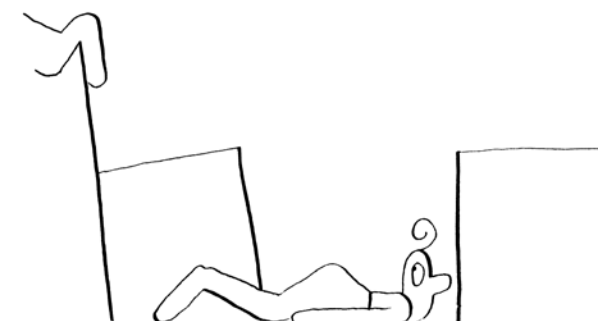
ça va faire une heure.

je vais aller voir.





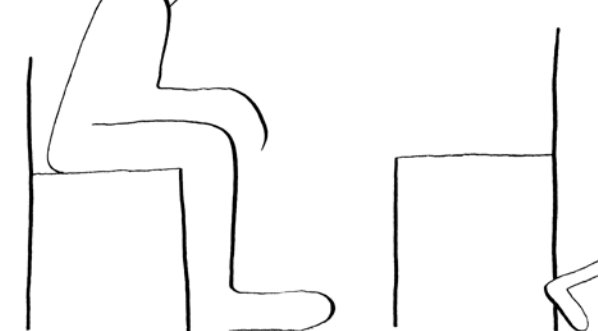
c'est pas si facile que ça, hein ?



va ramasser la pièce, on va essayer ensemble.



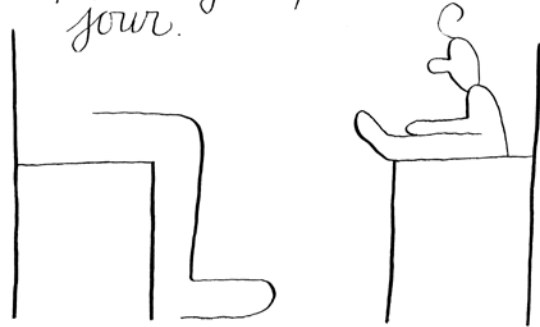
tu sais, moi non plus, je n'y suis pas arrivé du premier coup.



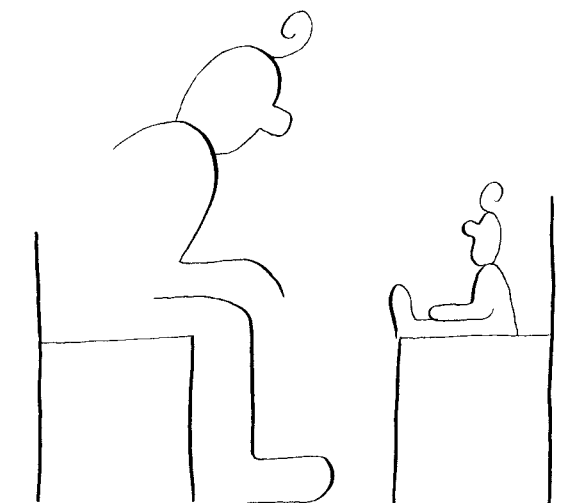
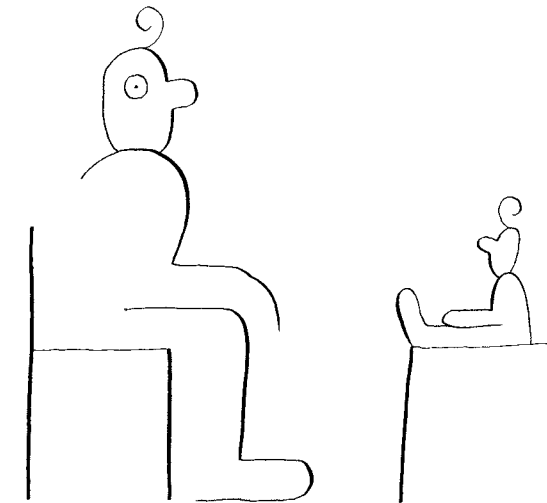
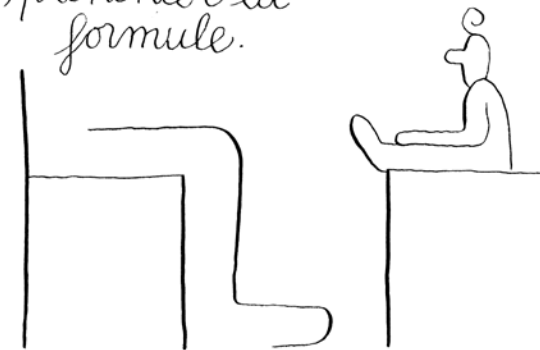
mais tu vas voir, avec un peu de concentration, tu y arriveras.



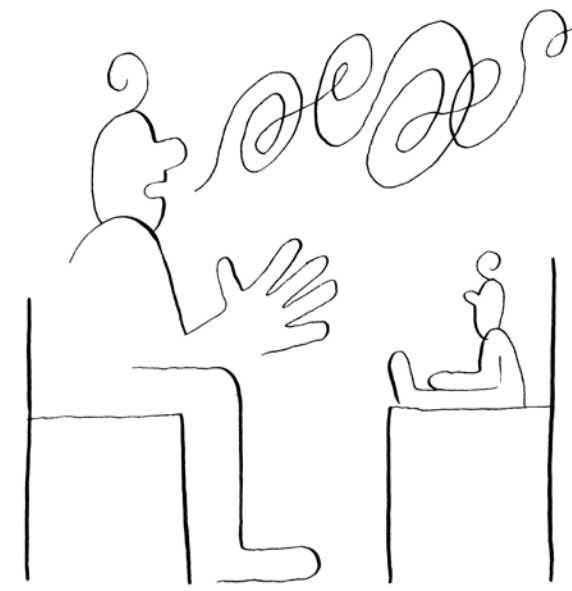
je ne peux pas le refaire,
parce que comme je te
l'ai dit tout à l'heure,
on ne peut le faire
qu'une fois par
jour.



mais je peux te guider.
le tout c'est d'arriver à
faire le vide, de se concentrer
sur la pièce et de bien
prononcer la
formule.



écoute bien.
ça se prononce
...



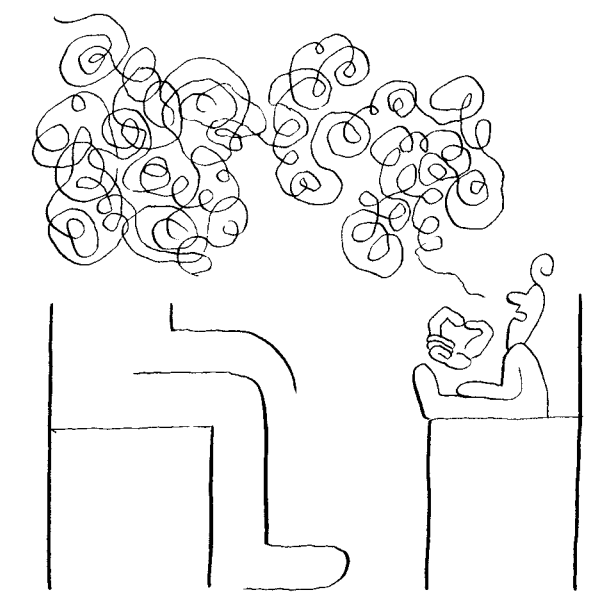
oui, bon.
concentre-toi
un peu et
écoute bien.



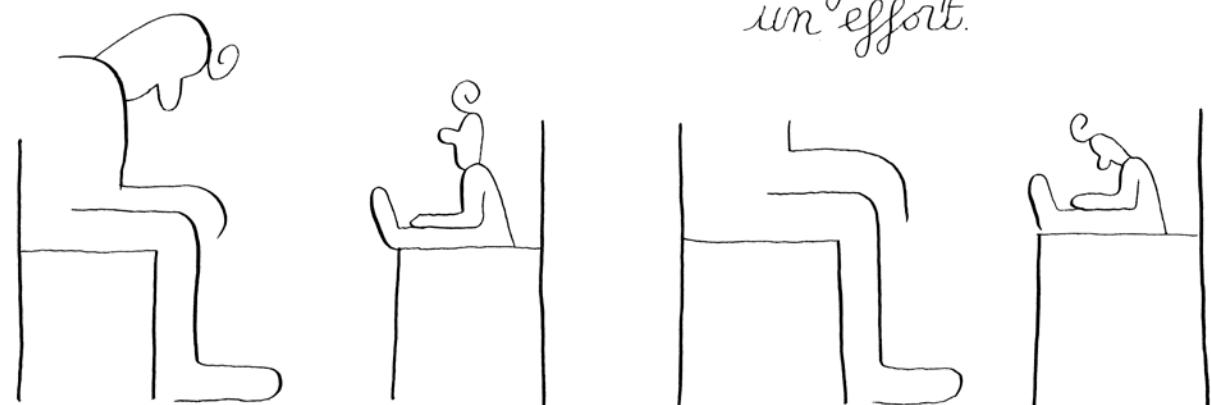
à toi.



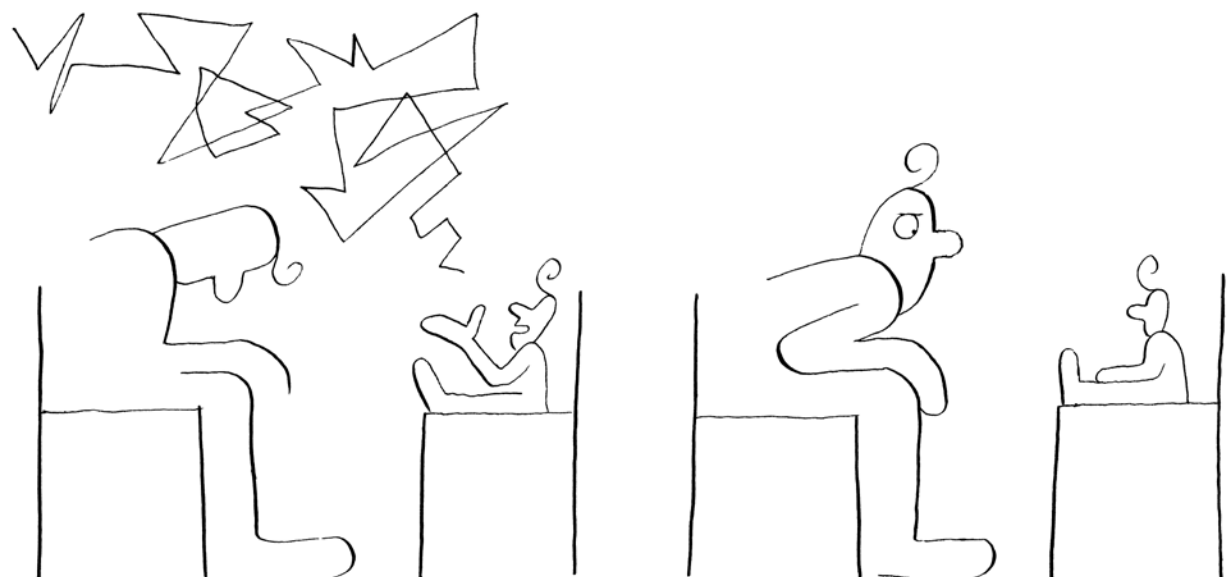
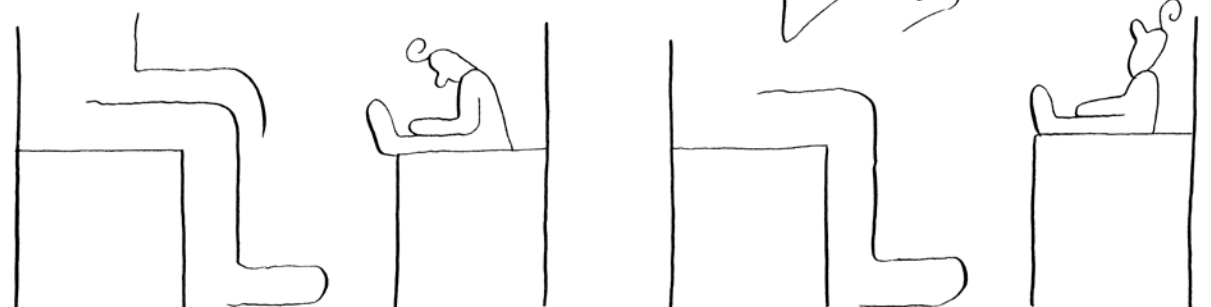
allez, à toi.



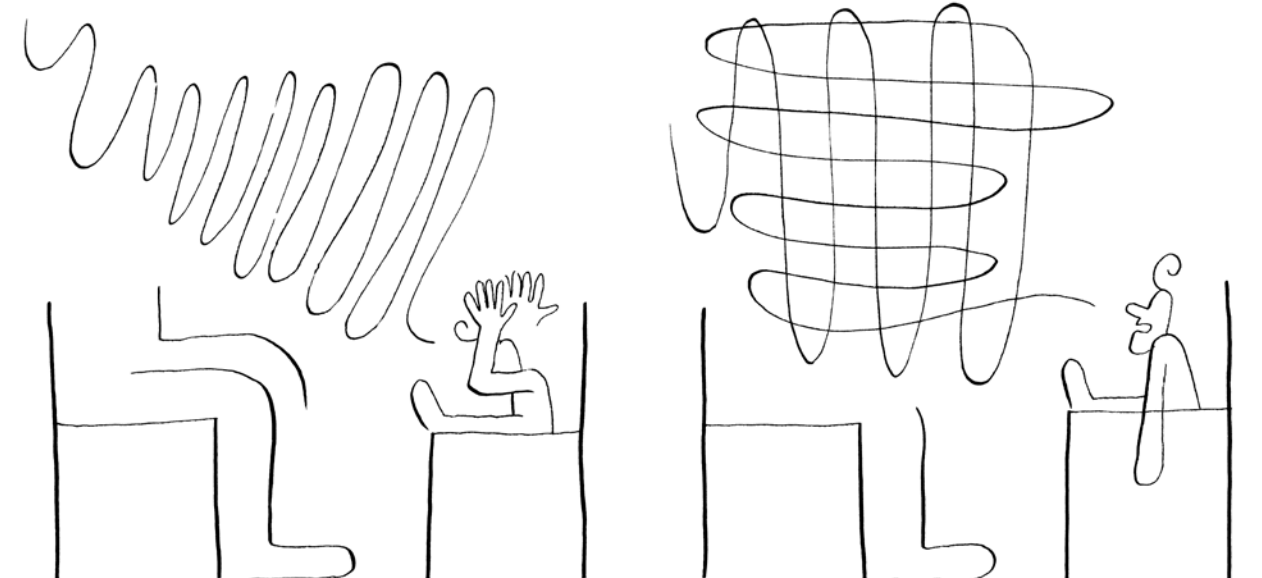
bon, je veux bien que
ce ne soit pas facile,
mais fais quand même
un effort.

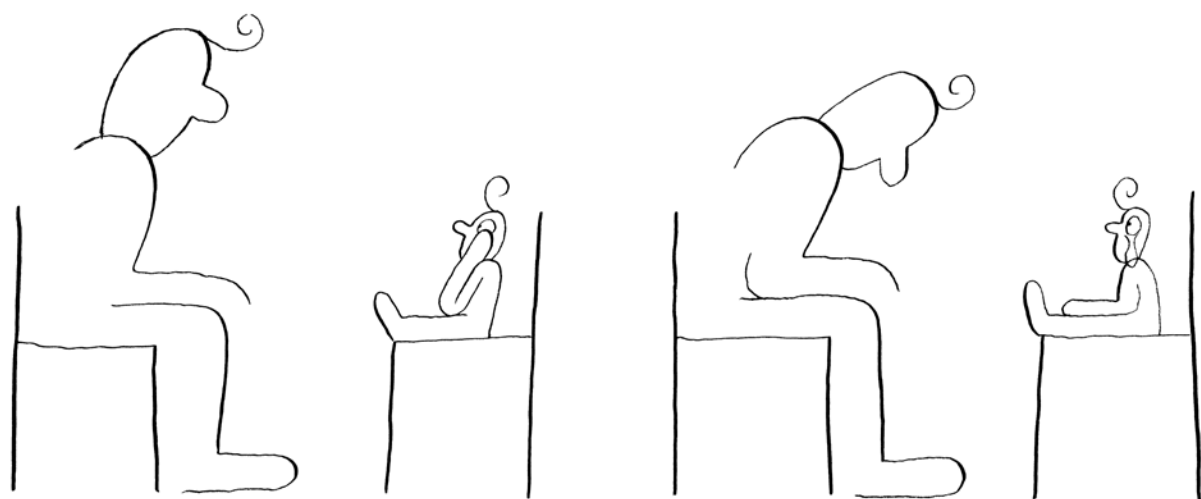


parce que là tu m'y
es pas du tout.
mais alors pas du
tout.



tu le fais exprès ?





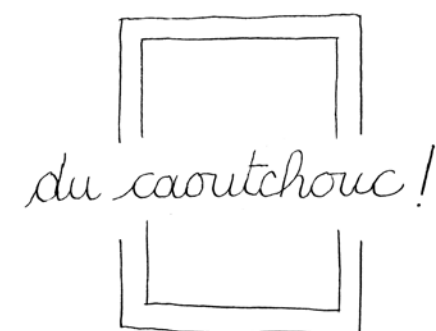
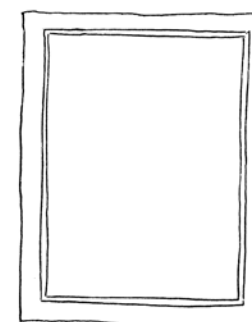
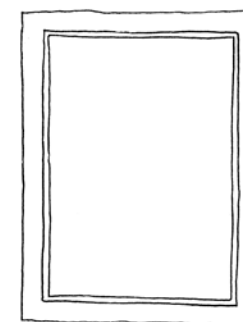
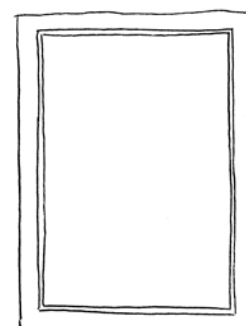
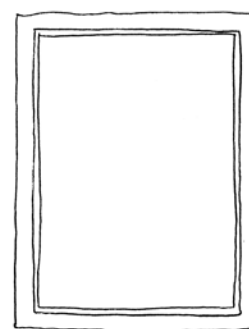
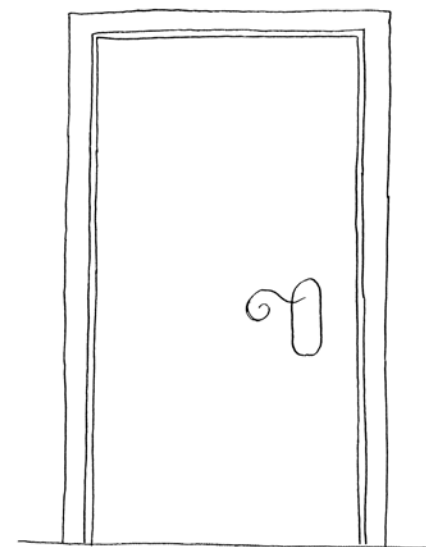
écoute mon grand...
je n'aurais pas dû
m'emporter. excuse-moi.
mais c'est important
que tu y arrives.



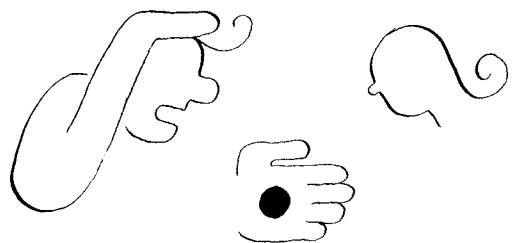
le secret doit être transmis
le jour même du septième
anniversaire. tu dois donc
réussir à dédoubler la
pièce avant
minuit, ce
soir



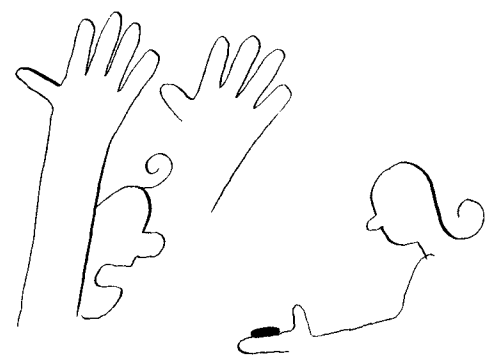
après, ce sera
trop tard.



du caoutchouc...

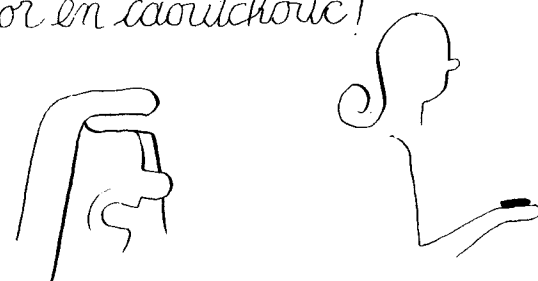


non seulement il n'a
pas réussi à dédoubler
la pièce de Jean Guillaume
- ce que, soit dit en passant,
dix-huit générations ont
réussi avant lui à faire -
mais en plus cette andouille
nous a ruinés...



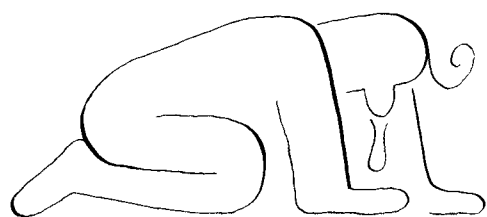
on est foutu!

ton fils transforme
l'or en caoutchouc!

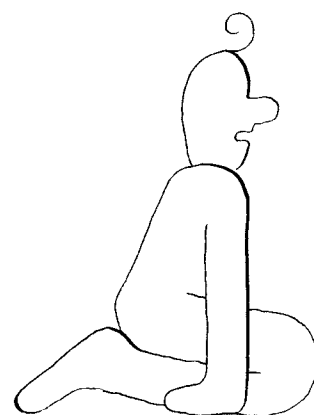


l'imbécile!

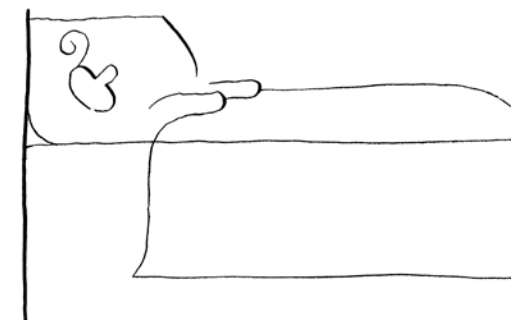
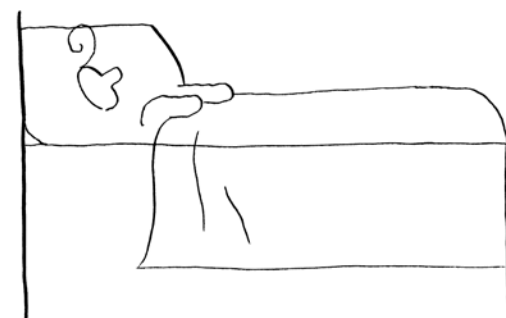
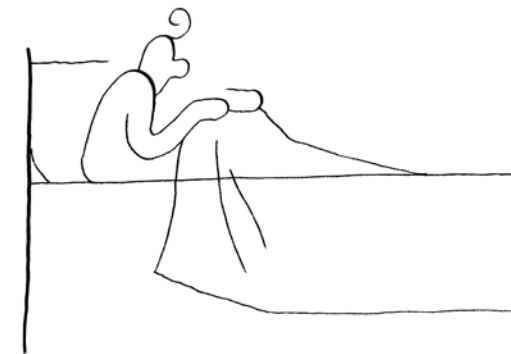
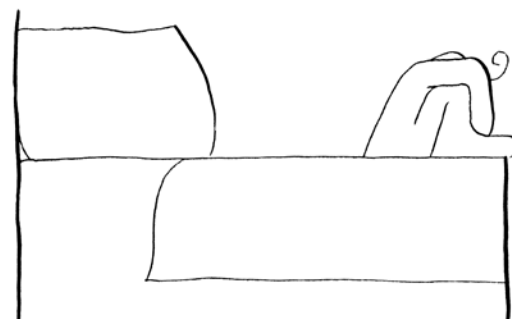
mais qu'est-ce que
j'ai fait au bon dieu
...



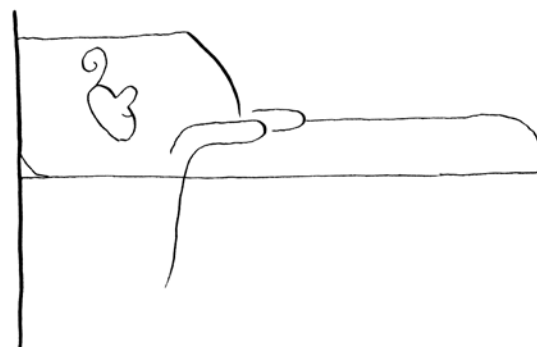
chérie ?



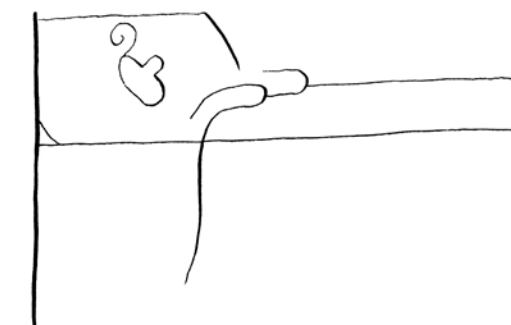
je donnerais n'importe
quoi pour être hier.



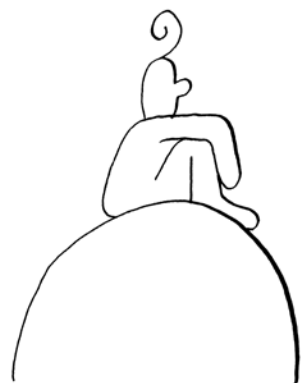
hé hé...



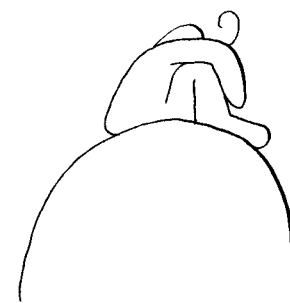
du caoutchouc...



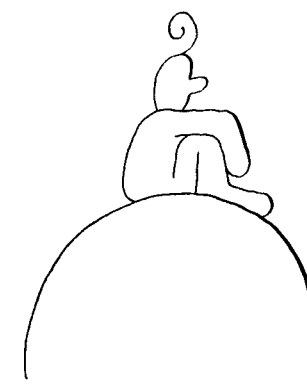




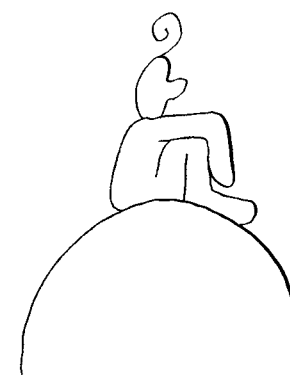
*ils doivent
être furieux.*



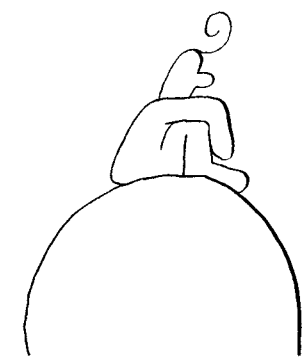
*ils ont dû s'apercevoir
de mon départ maintenant.*



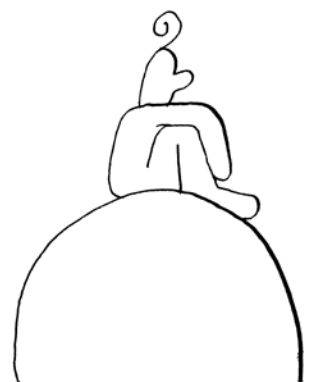
*je devrais peut-être
rentrer.*



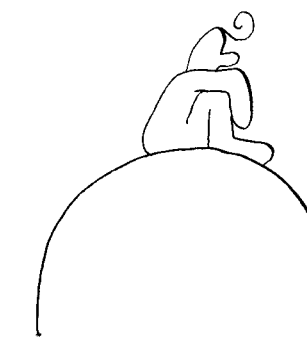
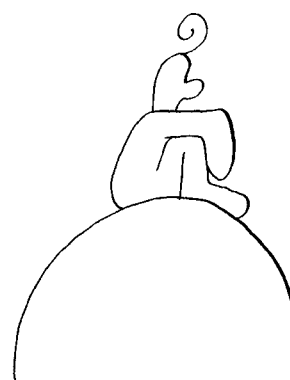
*ils sont peut-être
pas fâchés.*



*il ne manquerait
plus qu'il pleure.*



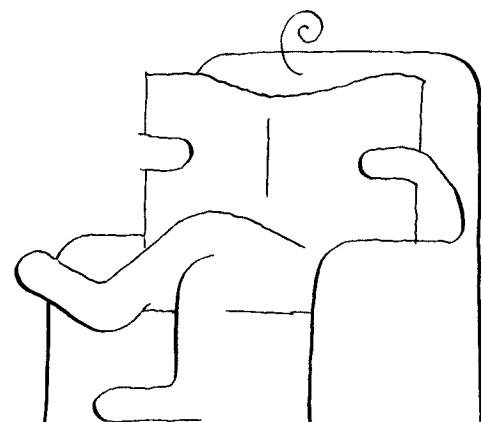
*qu'est-ce que je raconte...
bien sûr qu'ils sont
furieux.*



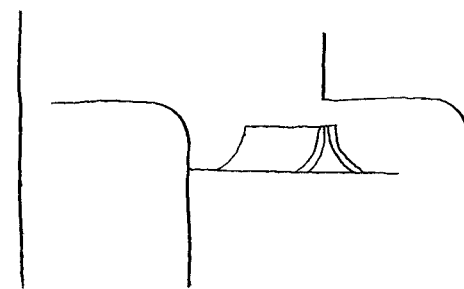
chéri ? tu ne sens pas
comme un courant d'air ?



hmm...

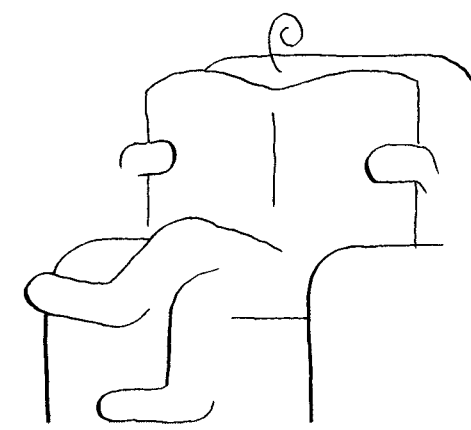


- c'est comme si une
porte était ouverte...
tu es sûr d'avoir
d'avoir bien fermé
la porte ?

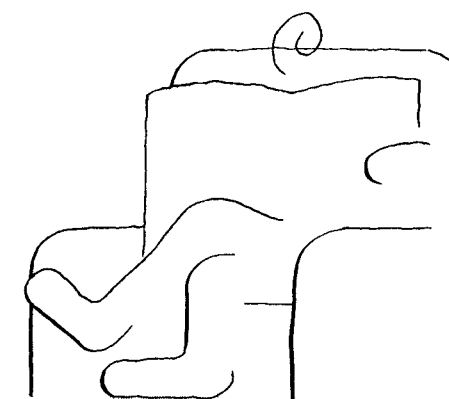
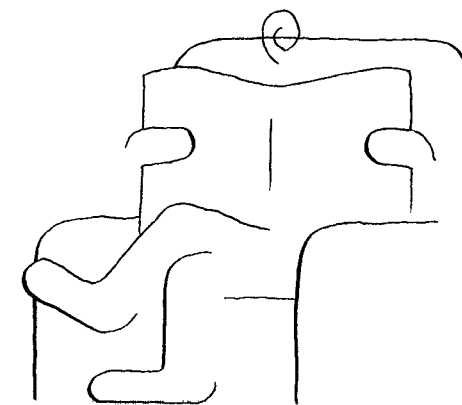
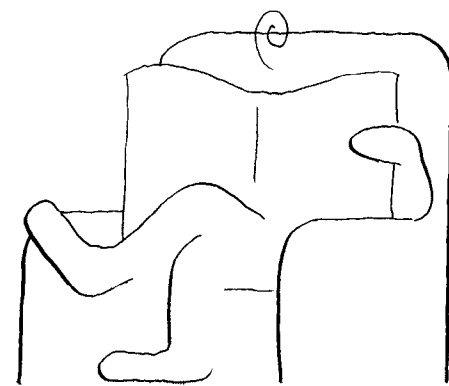
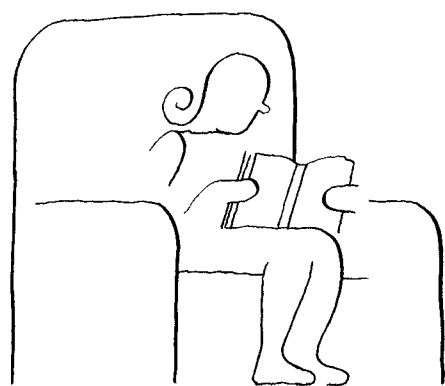


- chéri, la porte d'entrée
est grande ouverte.

hmm...



hmm... eh bien tu
n'as qu'à la fermer.

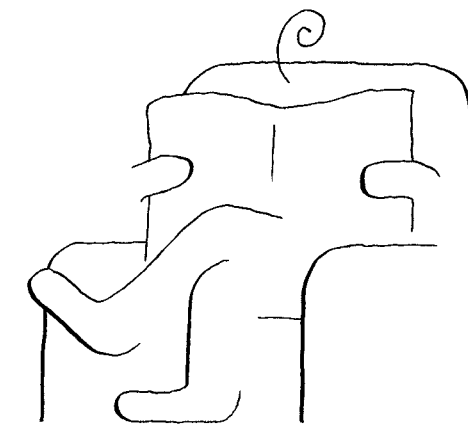
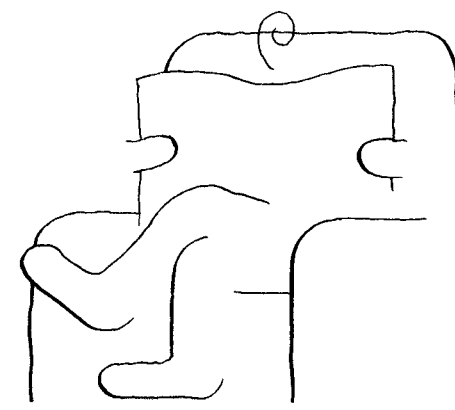
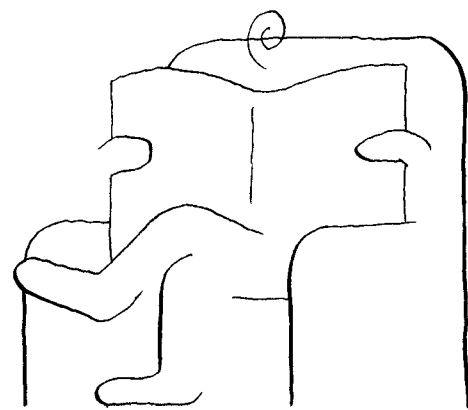
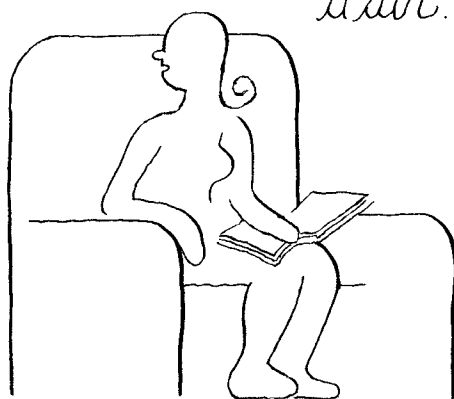


mais si, je t'assure...
il y a comme un courant
d'air.

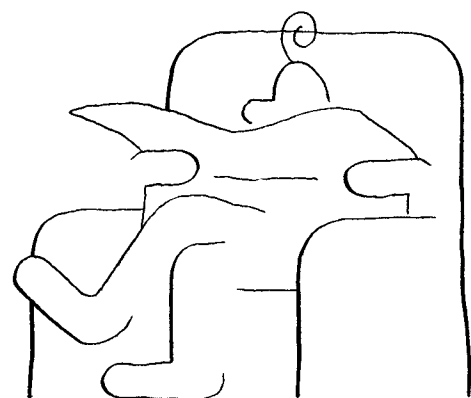
... mets un chandail.

- chéri, tu n'as pas vu
le petit ? il n'est pas
dans sa chambre.

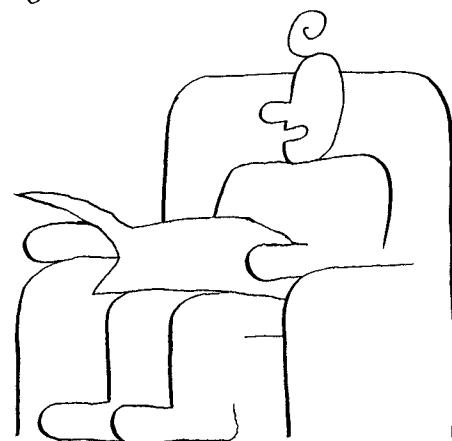
il doit être dans
le jardin...



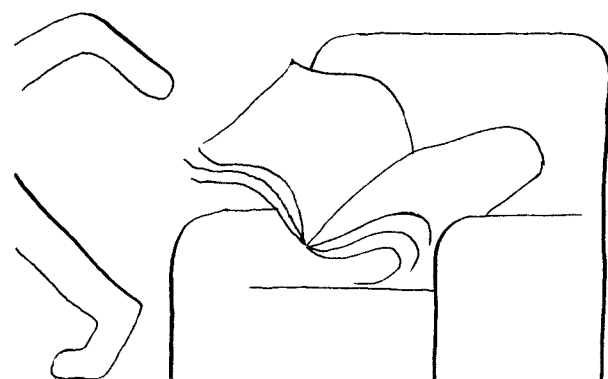
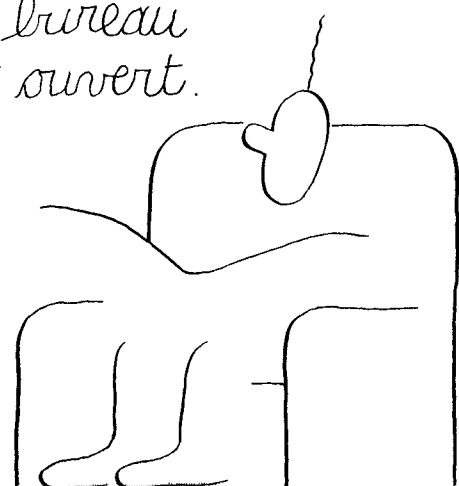
- chéri ?



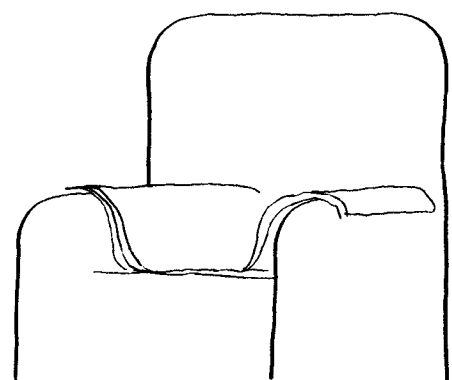
qu'est-ce qu'il
y a encore ?



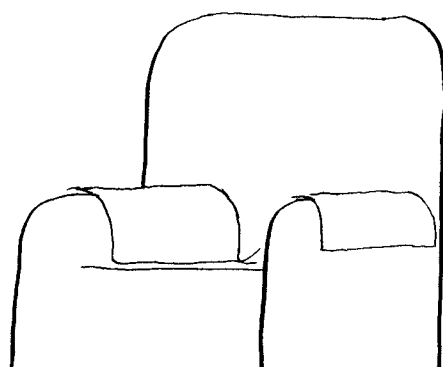
- le tiroir de
ton bureau
est ouvert.



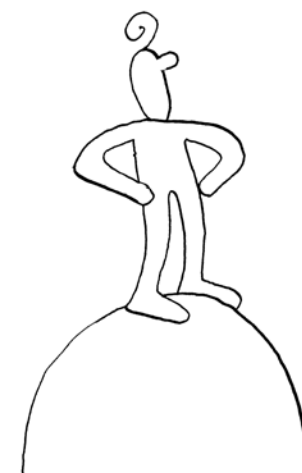
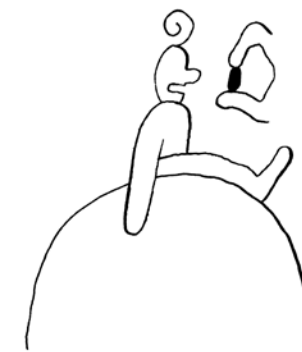
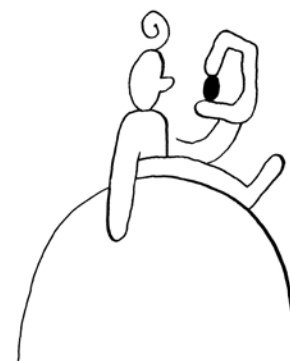
- et la pièce ?



- où est la pièce ?



fichue pièce.



« fiston... »



« fini les bêtises. »



« l'heure est
venue de
grandir ! »

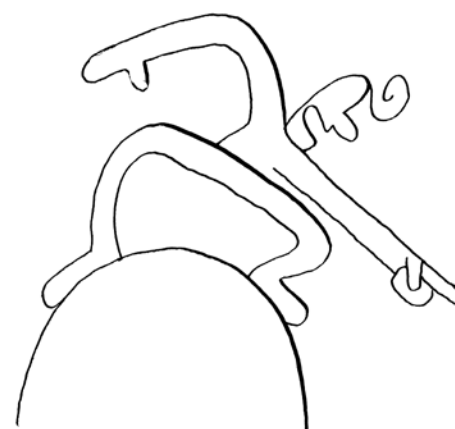
« tu as envie d'aller
jouer dehors ? »



« tu resteras à la
maison ! »



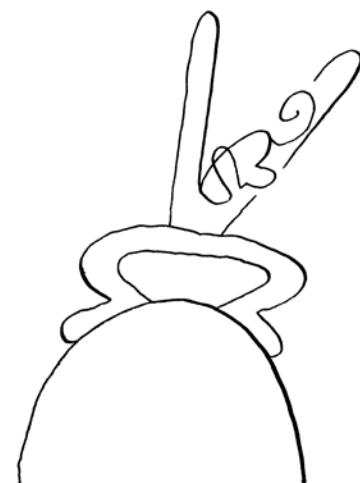
« ce louis d'or, c'est
ton destin. »



« tu veux aller faire le
pitre avec tes petits copains ? »



« niet ! »



mais
papa...



« rien du tout !
fini la
rigolade ! »



regarde ce que j'en
ai fait de ton précieux
louis : du
caoutchouc !



ha ha ha
ha ha



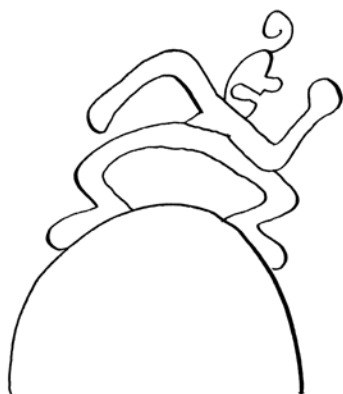
je suis le roi
du caoutchouc



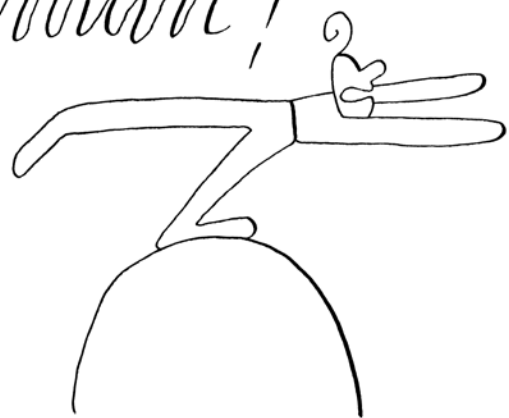
je suis...



t'as un problème ?
t'es pas content ?



caoutchouc-
man !



je te transforme
en caoutchouc !

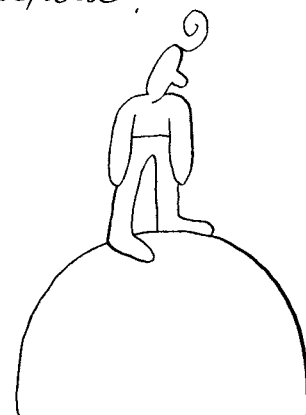


hé hé...

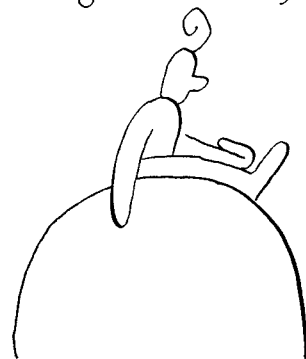


...
caoutchouc-
man...

hé hé... le super-héros qui
transforme ses ennemis en
caoutchouc !



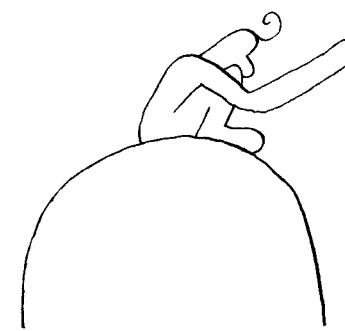
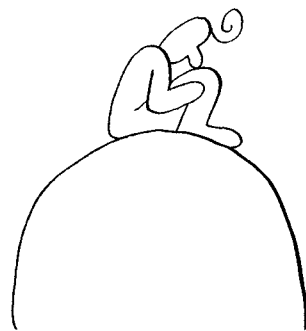
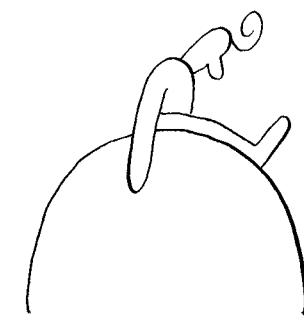
♪ caoutchouc-man !...
• ta ta tada !...
♪ ♪



hé hé...

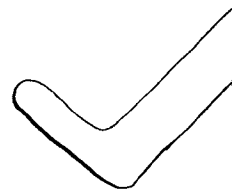


- au secours ! j'ai un problème !
- pas d'inquiétude...
caoutchouc-man va tout régler...

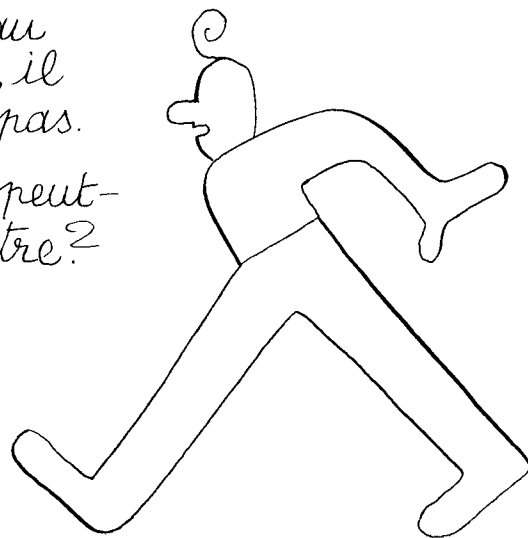
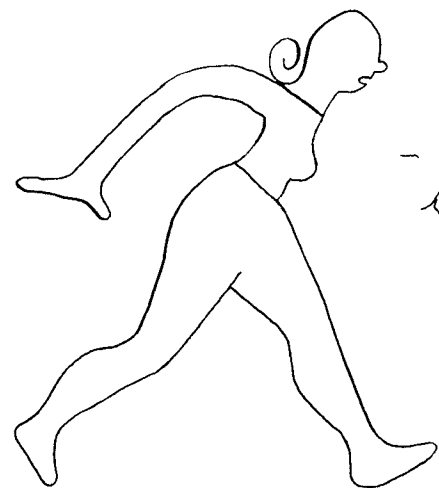


tu as cherché
dans le jardin ?

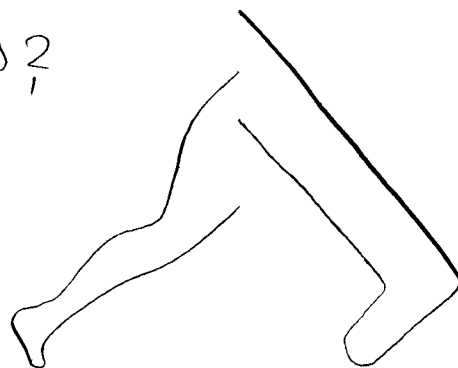
oui.



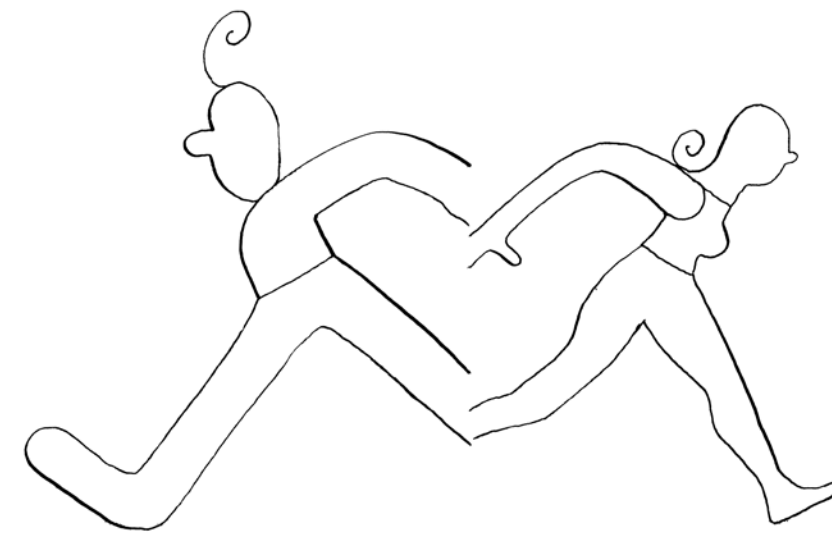
- je suis allé
voir au
grenier, il
n'y est pas.
- mais où peut-
il bien être ?



tu es allé
demander
aux voisins ?



ils n'ont rien
vu... personne
n'a rien vu.

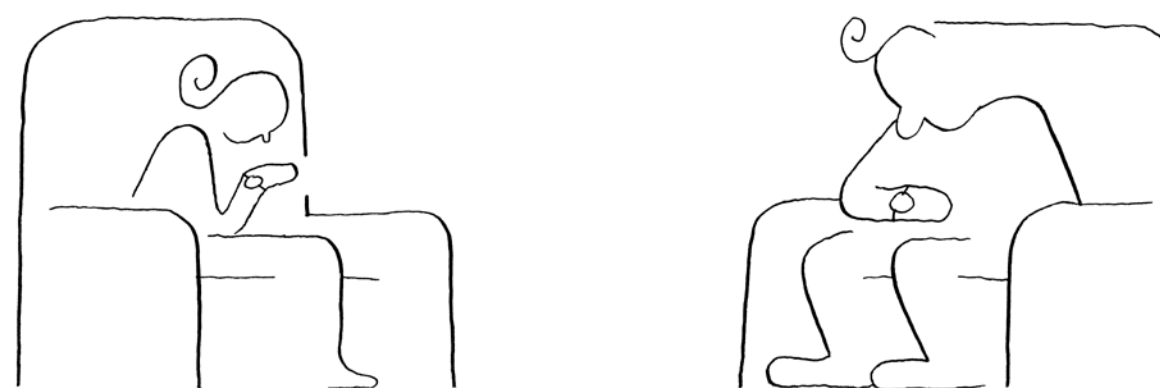
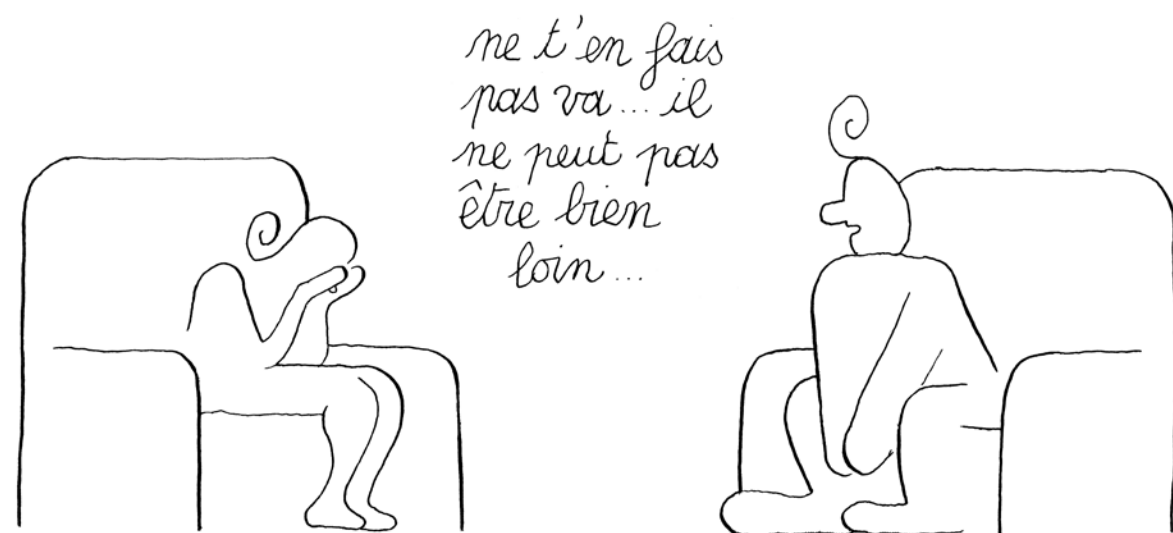
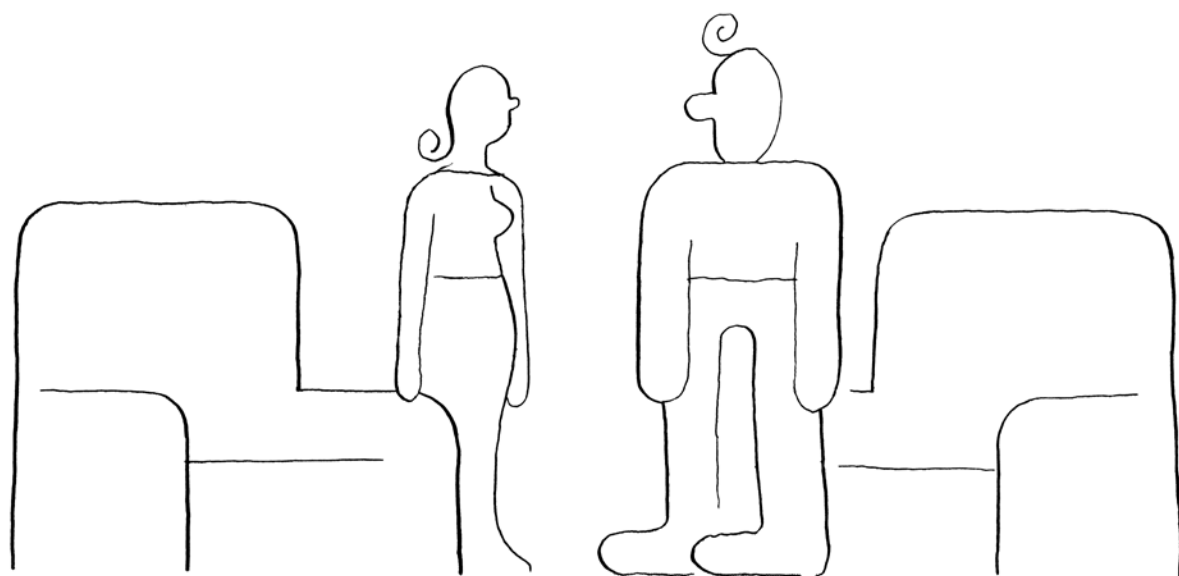
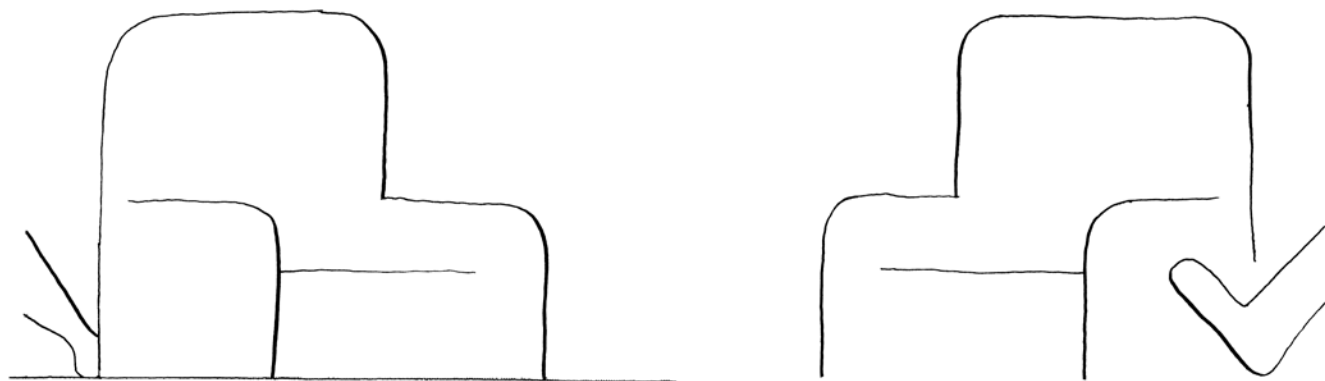


- tu as regardé
sous les tables ?
- je vais aller
voir sous celle
du salon.



mon grand...
où es tu ?

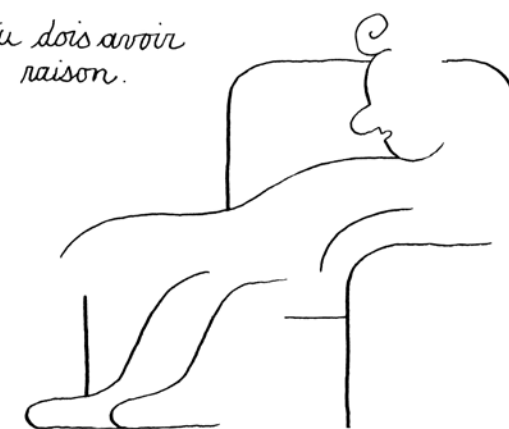
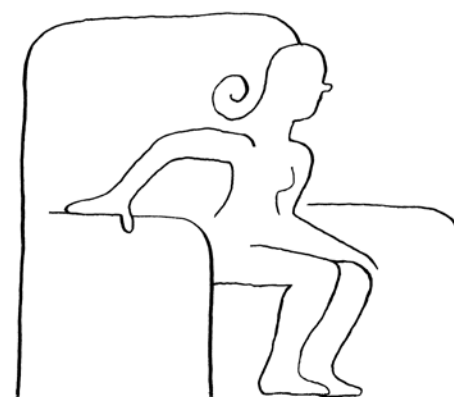
on est pas
fâchés...
reviens !



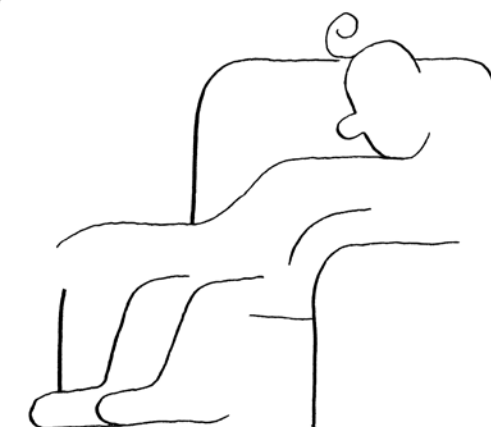
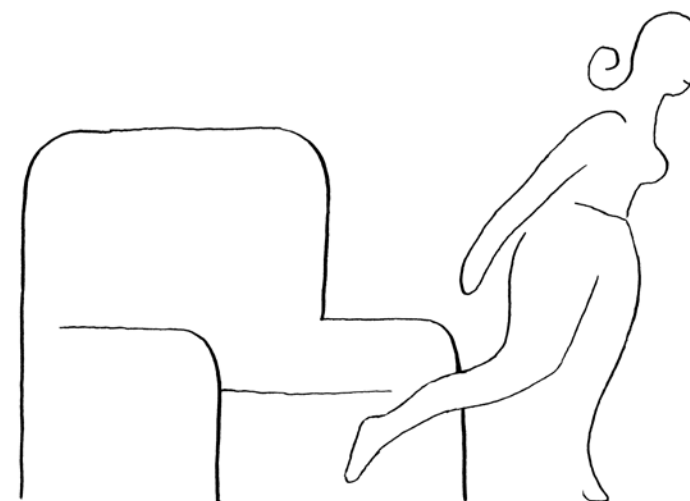
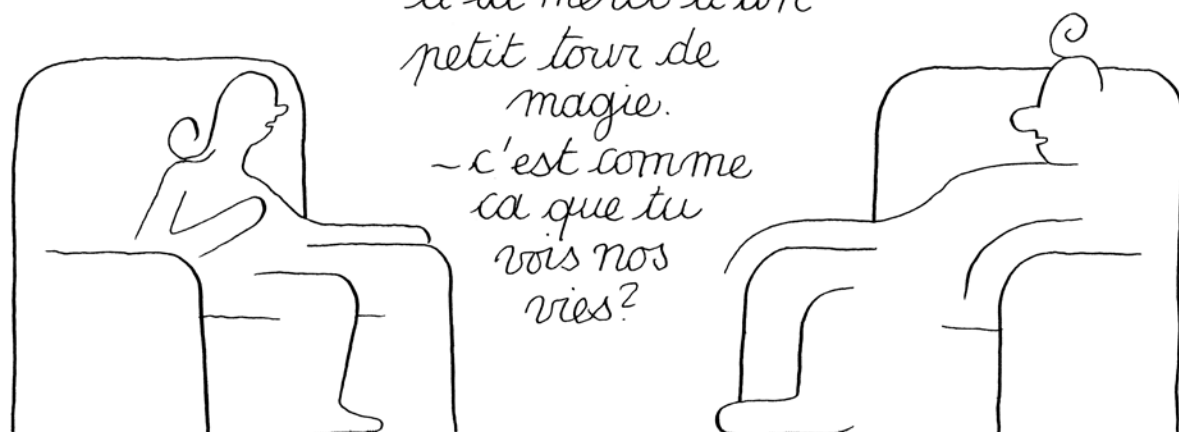
tu sais pour la
pièce, c'est peut-
être mieux comme
ça ...
plus de pièce,
plus de secret.



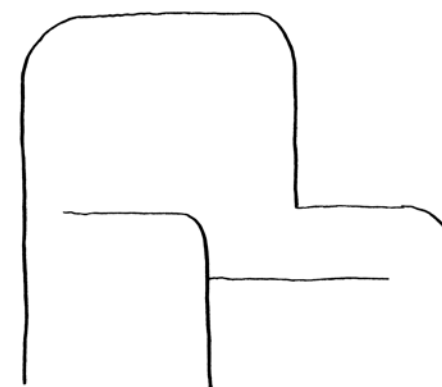
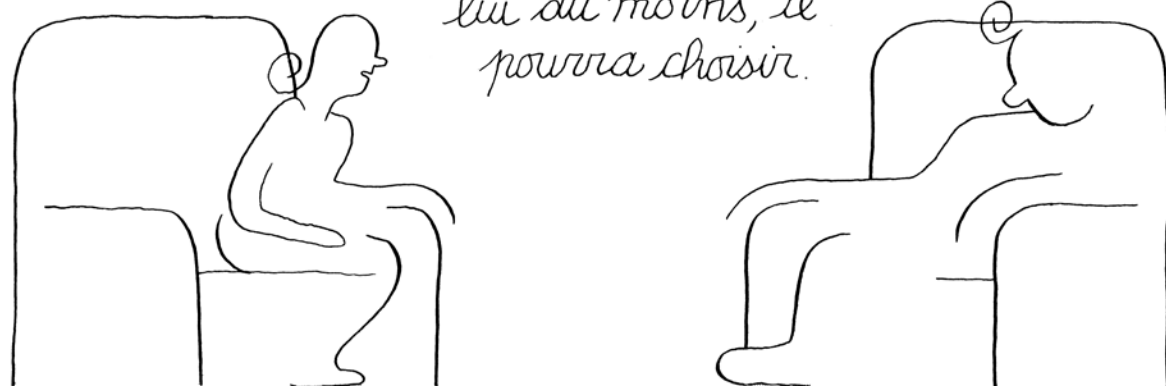
peut-être ...
tu dois avoir
raison.



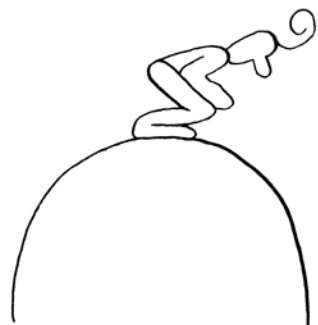
- sa vie ne sera pas
à la merci d'un
petit tour de
magie.
- c'est comme
ça que tu
vois nos
vies?



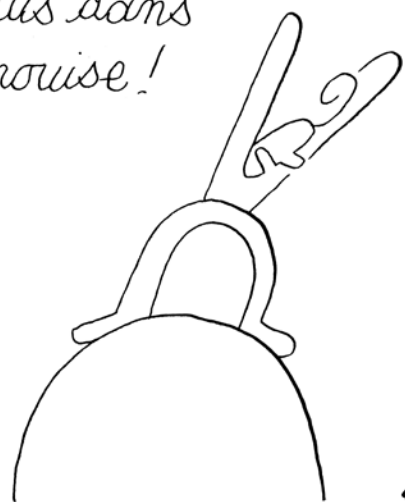
ce n'est pas ce
que je voulais dire.
tu m'as compris.
lui au moins, il
pourra choisir.



maudite pièce !



à cause de toi,
je suis dans
la mouise !



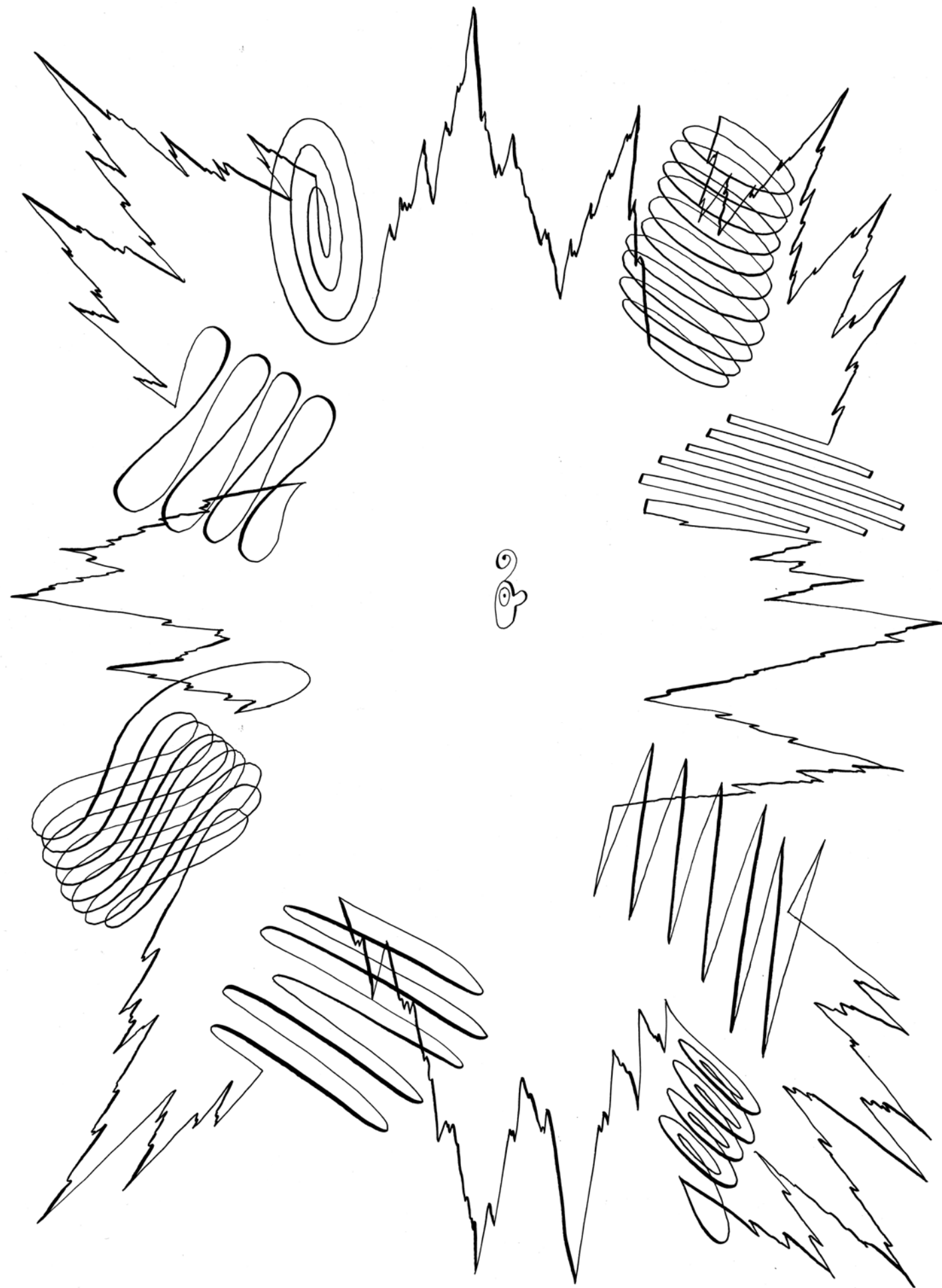
j'avais rien
demandé,
moi...

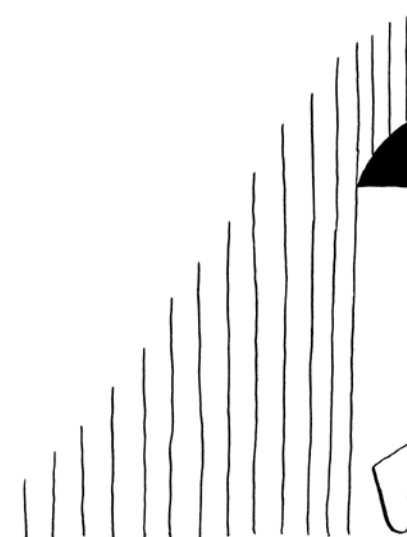
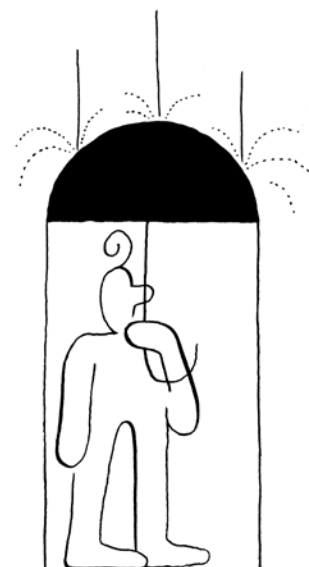
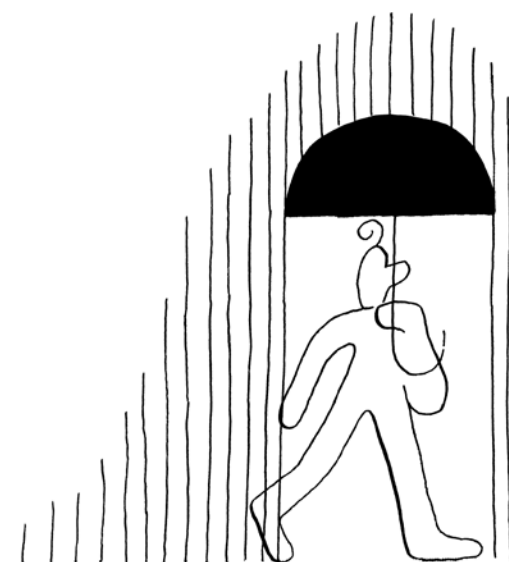
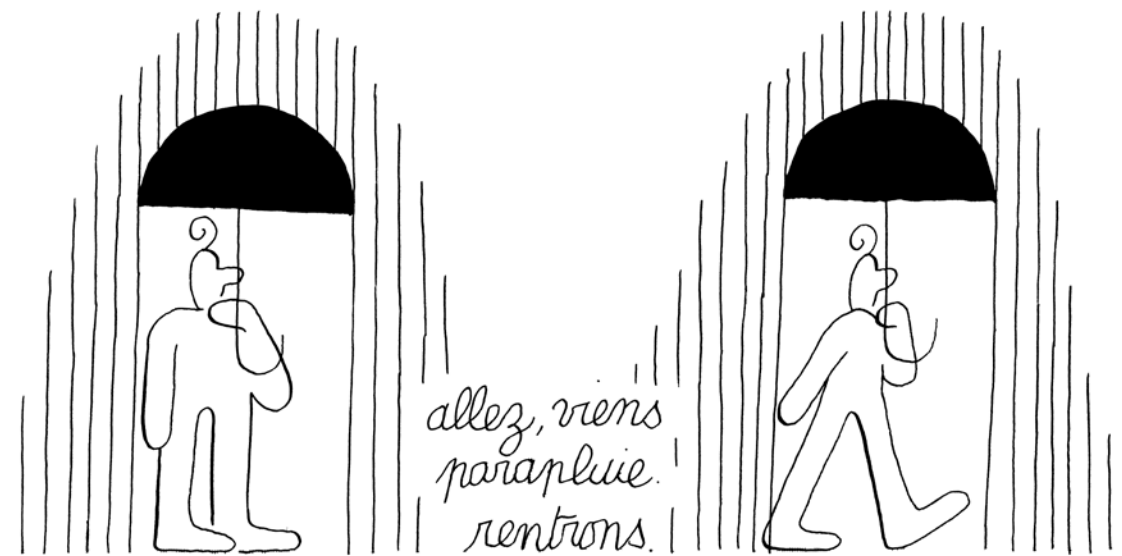
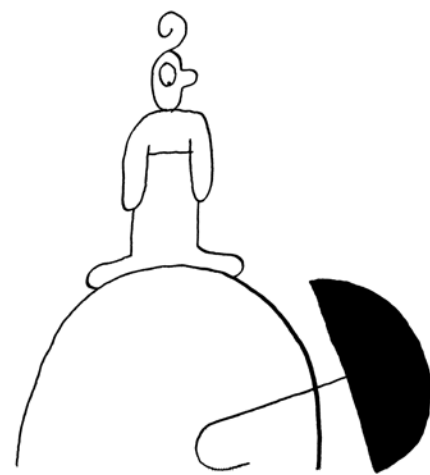
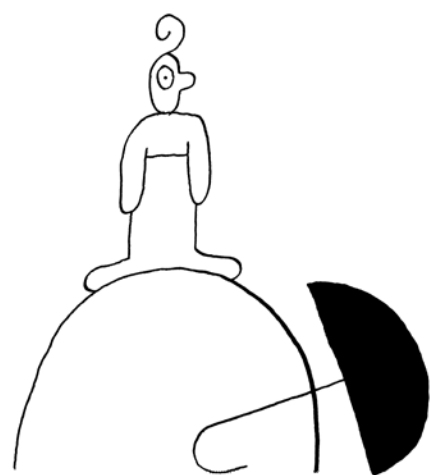


tout est de ta
faute !

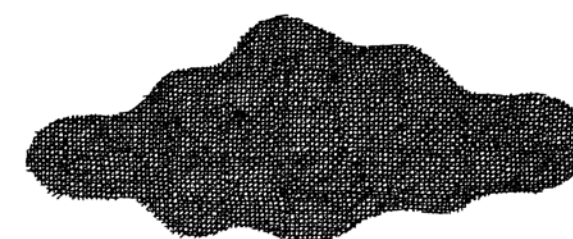
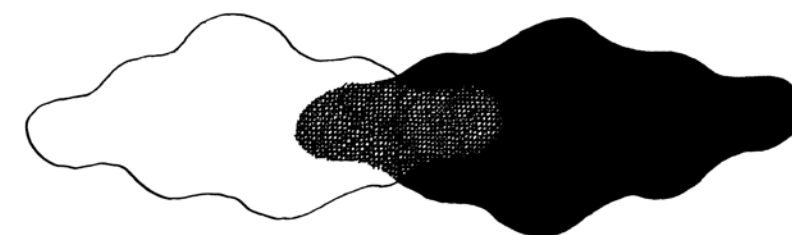
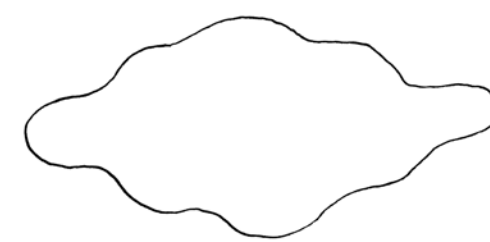


maudite
sois-
tu
!





ça va être
l'heure du
goûter.



- tu sais,
j'invente rien



- je sais pas...
le petit garçon,



le portrait
au mur,...



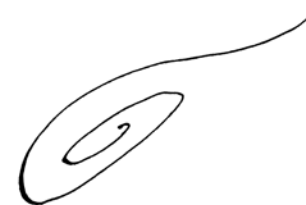
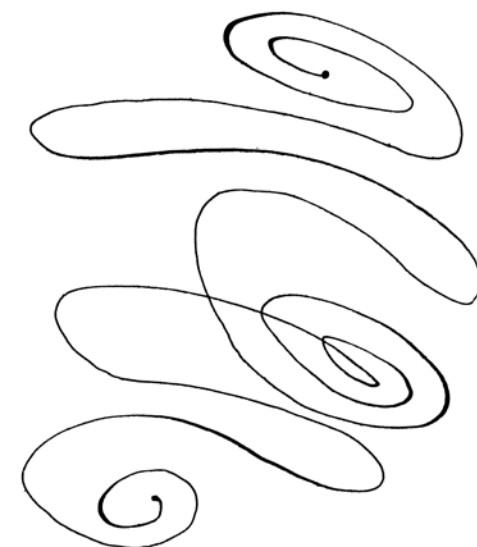
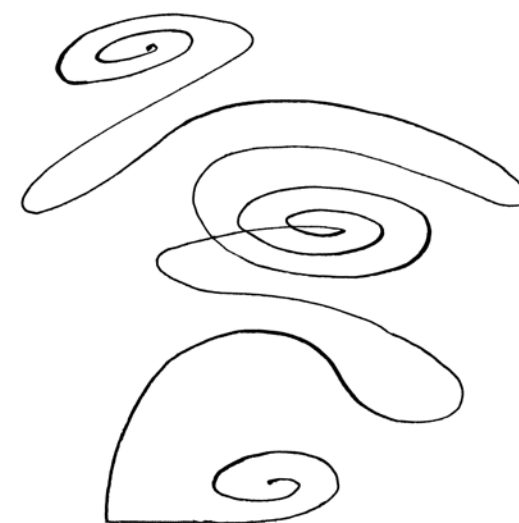
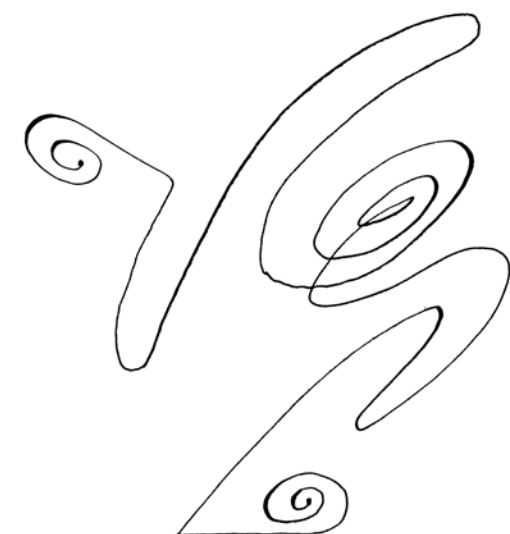
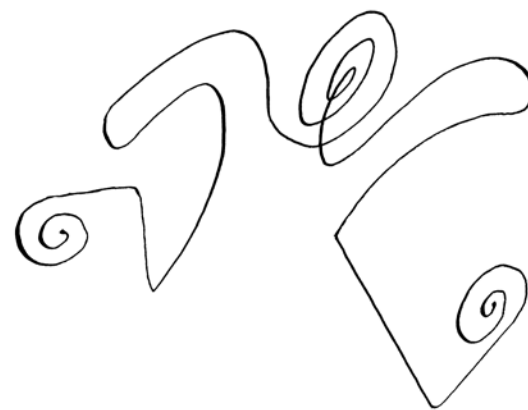
... et le louis d'or,
ça collait.

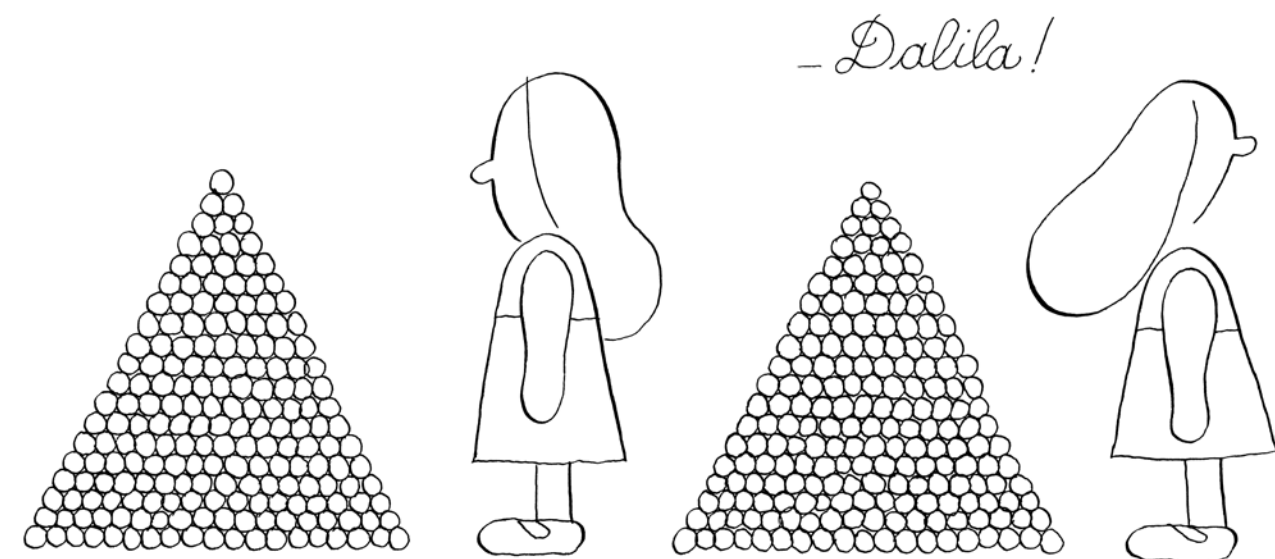
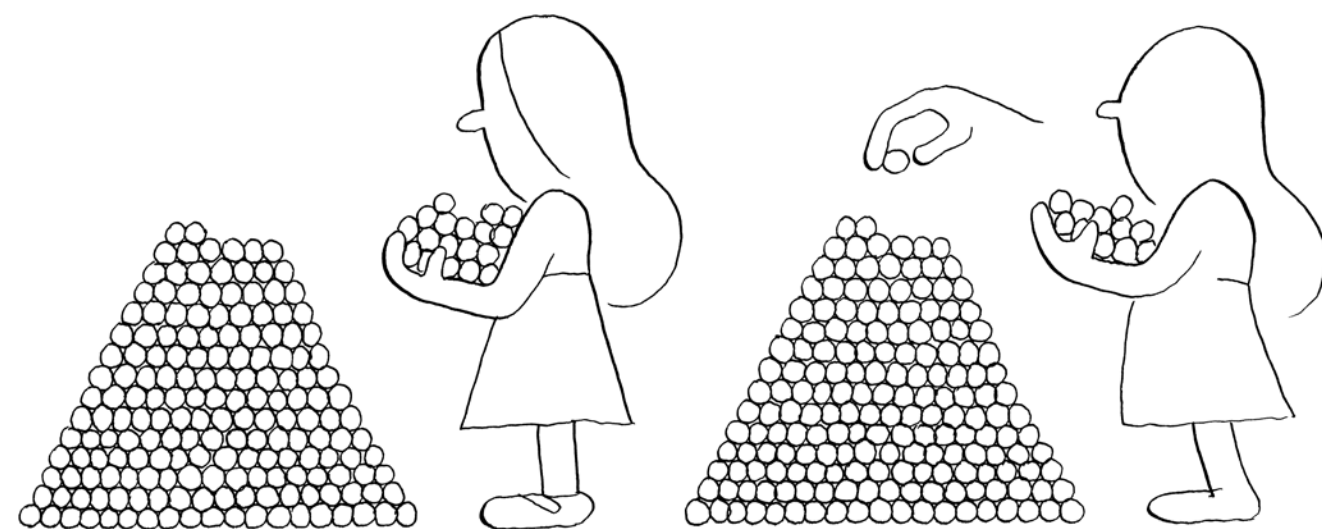
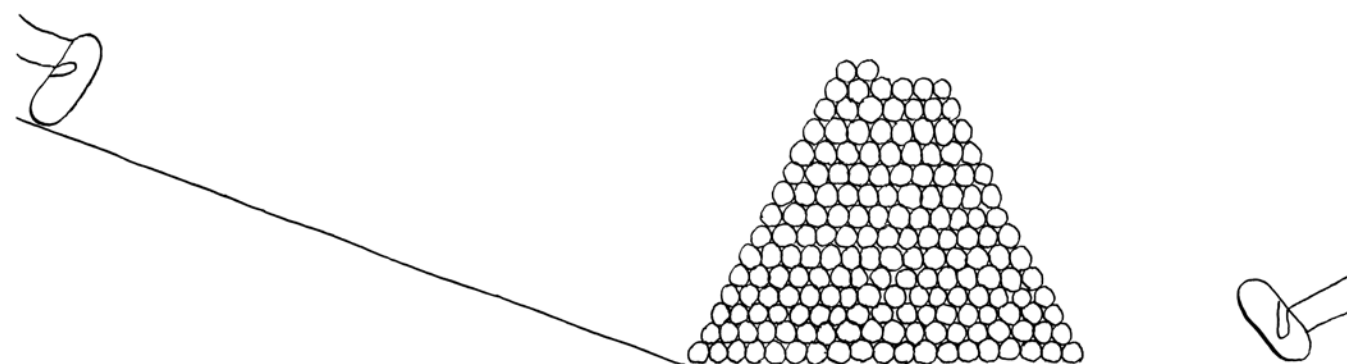
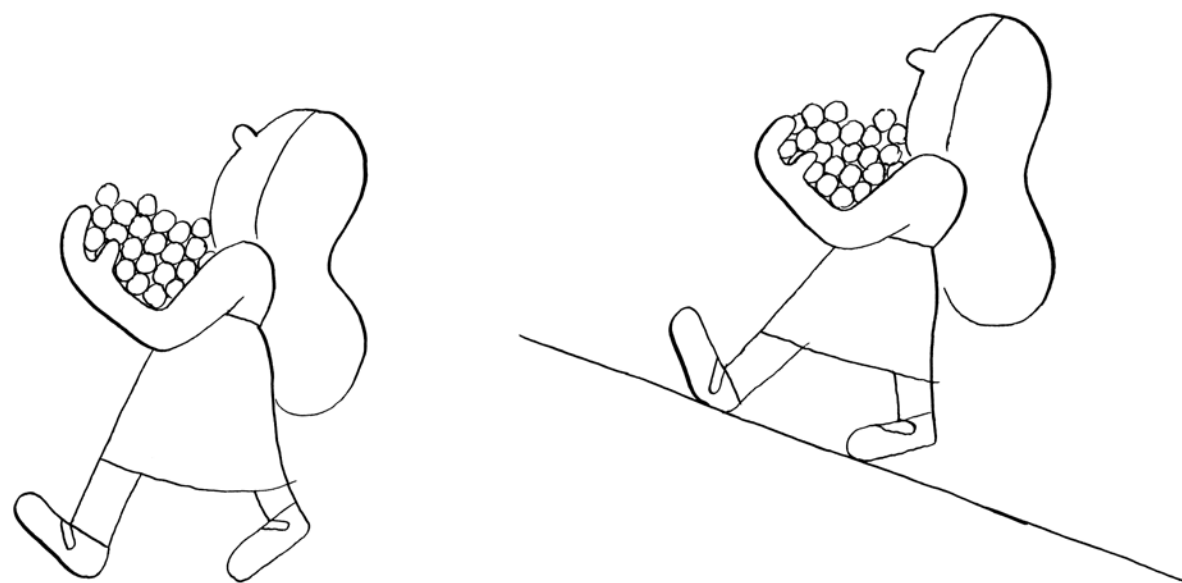


mais le coup de
la formule magique,
t'y es allé un peu
fort...

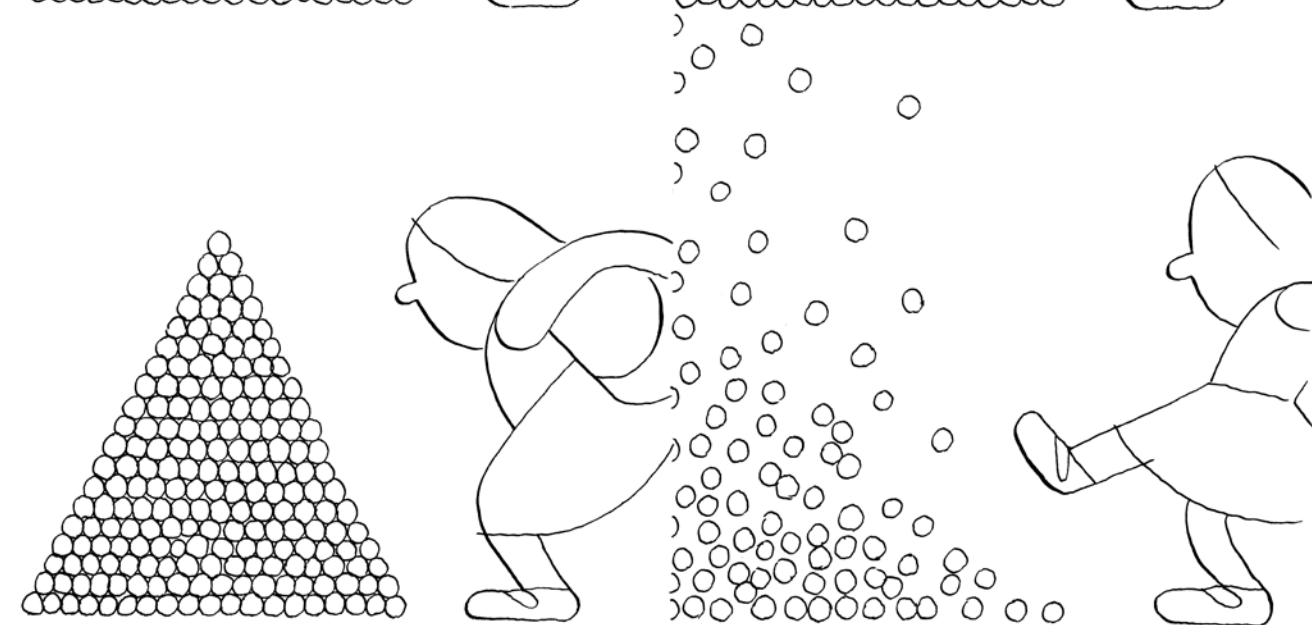
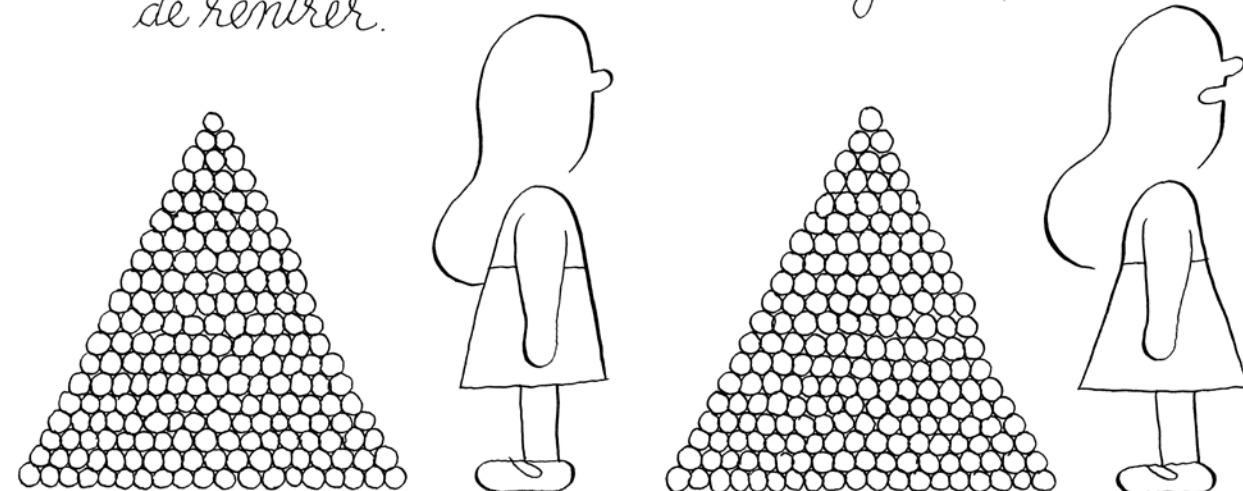


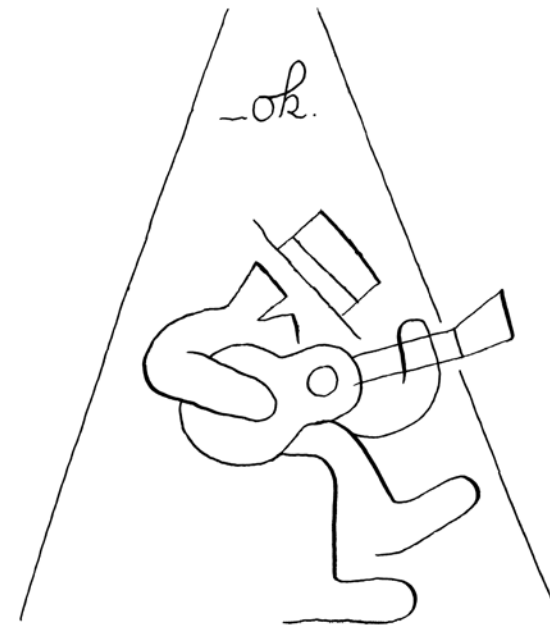
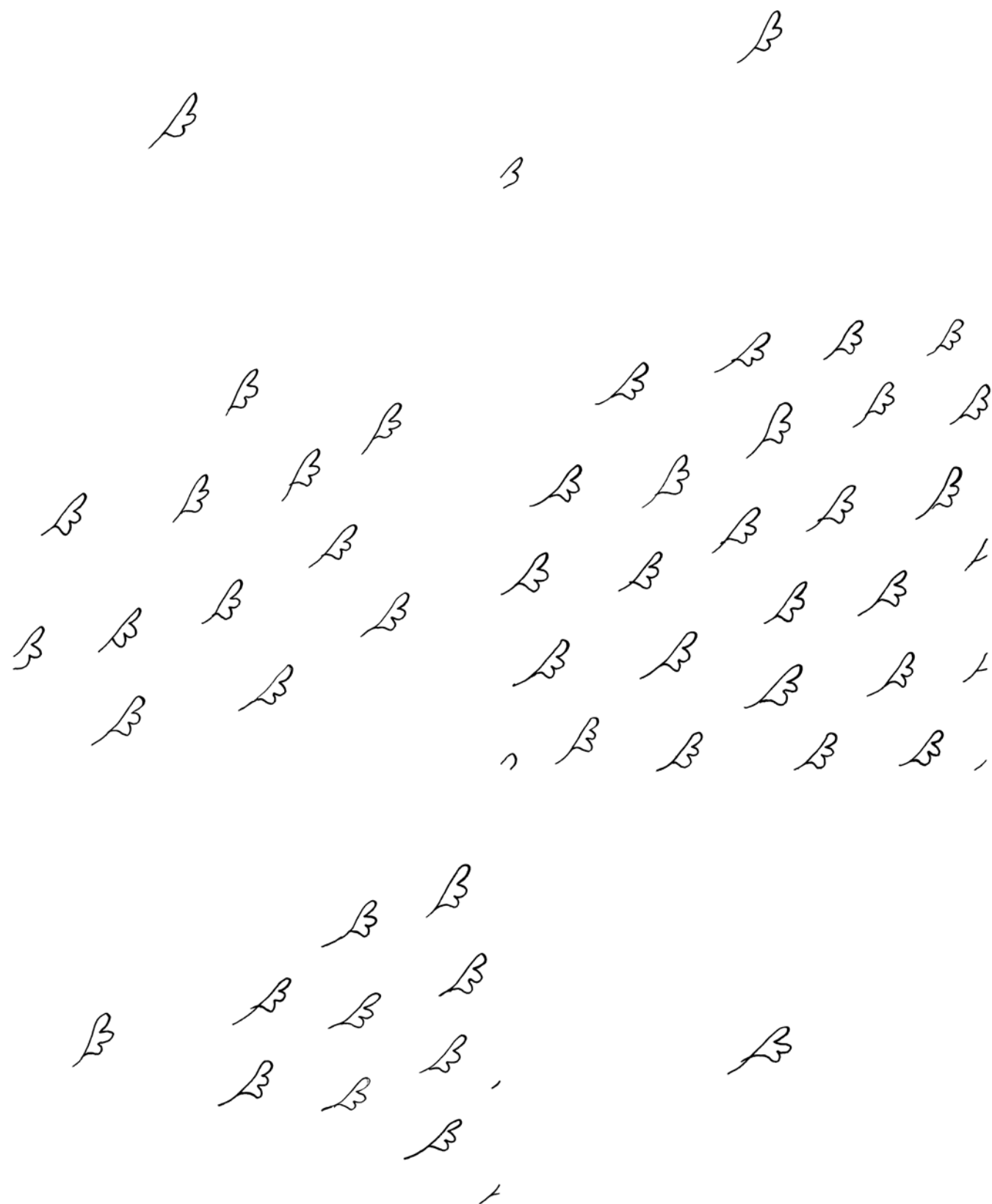
- j'invente rien
je te dis. je
raconte, c'est tout.



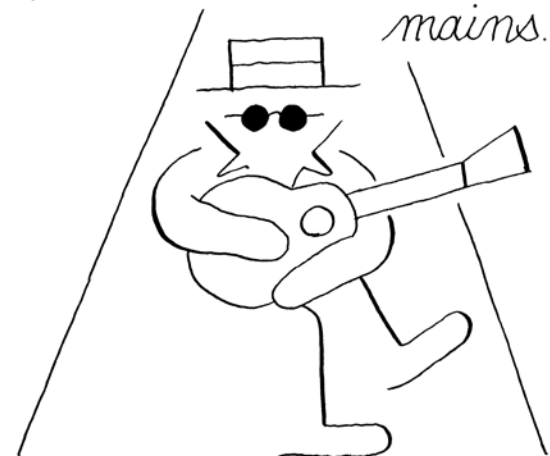


- c'est l'heure
de rentrer.

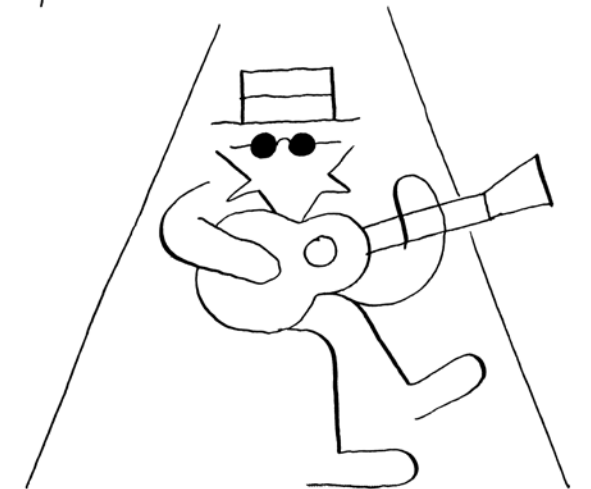




toutes les choses sont en place et dehors de nos mains.



- c'est tout ce que j'ai pour maintenant.



le infernale machine peut fait sa travail.





sa na...

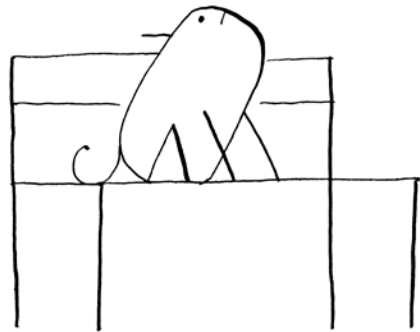
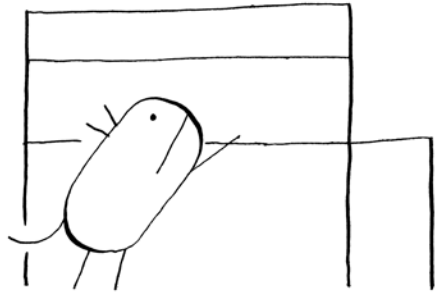
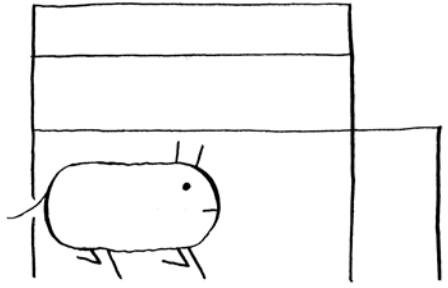
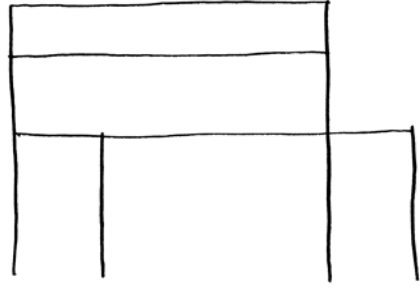
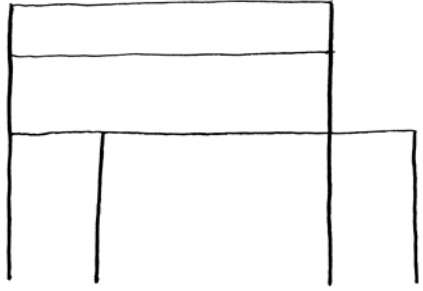


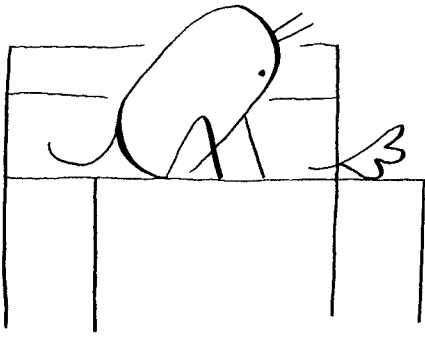
...mal...



...se finis..







*Il se passe des choses #1 a été imprimé
sur un papier Munchen White Print de cent quinze grammes
par les imprimeurs New Goff, en Belgique
au mois de mai deux mille treize
pour le compte des éditions 2024
sises au premier de la rue de Verdun, Strasbourg.*

** * **

*www.editions2024.com
ISBN 978-2-919242-13-9 dépôt légal 05/2013*