



## COLLECTION OISEAU-MOUCHE

**TITLE:**

**PINCE-NEZ, LE CRABE EN CONSERVE**

**AUTHOR:**

**FRANÇOIS BARCELO**

**ILLUSTRATIONS:**

**NADIA BERGHELLA**

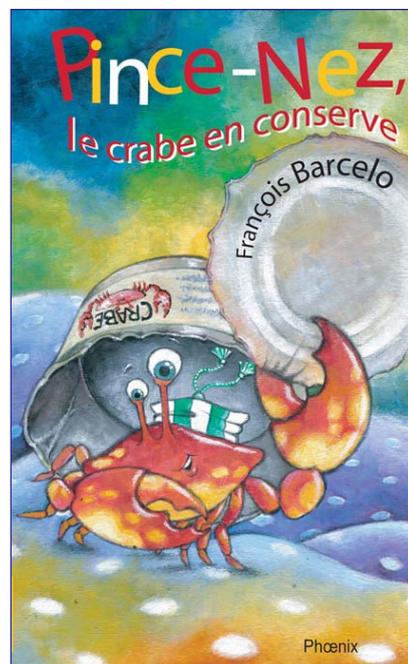
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**Author :**

Born in Montreal, François Barcelo holds a Master's degree in French Literature from the Université de Montréal. In 1981 he published his first novel. That was followed by several collections of stories and twenty novels that received critical acclaim. In 1998, he became the first Quebec author to be published in Série Noire in France. The father of four and grandfather of four girls, he has also dabbled in children's literature, publishing thirteen novels and albums since 1998. In 1999 he received the **Grand Prix littéraire de la Montérégie** for his literary skill, and in 2003 he was awarded the **Grand Prix du livre de la Montérégie**. In 2005, he received the prestigious prize offered by the TD Bank Financial Group (TDBFG) and the Canadian Children's Book Centre (CCBC), the **2005 Prix TD de littérature canadienne pour l'enfance et la jeunesse, for the overall contribution to children's literature.**

**Story : (6 years and up)**

You go to the supermarket with your mother. Suddenly, from a shelf you hear a voice that seems to be speaking to you from a half opened can. Inside is a French speaking crab who wants you to take it home. You hide your new friend in your pocket and that is the start of many funny adventures. Pince-Nez tells you its story. But a crab cannot live away from the ocean for very long. What will happen?

**A brand new edition, improved by the author and entirely refreshed by Nadia Berghella's illustrations, of a novel filled with humour that tells about a friendship out of the ordinary: between a child and a crab, that is never at a loss for words.**

**Excerpt:**

— Surveille le chariot pendant que je vais chercher les oeufs, dit ta mère.

Et elle s'éloigne en t'abandonnant avec le chariot qui n'a pas tellement besoin d'être surveillé, parce qu'il n'y a dedans que deux pains, un rôti de porc, quatre yogourts, une boîte de céréales et un ananas frais. En plus, rien de tout ça n'est payé. Qui serait assez fou pour voler votre chariot et être obligé de payer son contenu à la caisse, de toute façon ?

— Aimes-tu ça, le crabe ? fait tout à coup une voix toute proche de ton oreille.