

# VICTORIA'S MONDAY ADVENTURES

**SYLVIE MARCOUX**

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RELEASE: **SEPTEMBER 2009**

ISBN

**978-2-923425-94-8**

**NOVEL POCKET BOOK, 112 PAGES, PRICE 8,95\$**

For Victoria, Monday means liberty, discovery and creativity. It's the day she usually walks to the library, each time taking a different route. One week, on her Monday outing, she passes a printing shop and, fascinated by the hum of the press, decides to go in. While she's there, a graphic artist gives Victoria her old drawing materials. Where can Victoria keep all those precious gifts? Definitely not at home! She could hide them in the abandoned attic of an old teacher, Mrs. Françoise Ouellet. At least until she can find a safe place for it all. Theme of love and giving.

**Themes: Adventures, painting, family love and giving.**

**Author:**

Sylvie Marcoux worked for several years in the printing industry, first as a computer graphic designer and then as production manager. In 2002, she published her first novel for young people and won the Prix Abitibi-Consolidated literary prize for children's books. In June 2004, Sylvie left printing to join the team at the Saguenay-Lac-Saint-Jean book fair, where she acted as entertainment coordinator and in 2009 became General Manager. *Les Lundis de Victoria* was also finalist from Abitibi-Bowater, in September 2008.

Since her first children's novel was released, she has made regular visits to schools and taken part in book fairs. This allows her to meet a lot of interesting people and find inspiration.

**Excerpt:**

She dreamed of having a bedroom of her own one day. It didn't matter whether it was big or small. A little bedroom would suit her fine, with a bed covered with a pink-flowered bedspread, where she would sleep all alone and where, through the lace-curtained window, she could watch the clouds drift across the sky. She didn't want a computer or a television. She would be happy with a table, a chair, some pencils and huge sheets of white paper so she could draw and draw and draw some more. For Victoria, that would be more than enough to make her happy.

Victoria had a natural talent for drawing. When she was drawing, nothing else existed around her. It was as if she were transported to another world. To a marvellous place where she lived with the characters she created with her pencil. Her characters, both men and women, had the faces and clothing of the people she saw through the windows of their homes or sometimes met on the street during her Monday evening walks.

