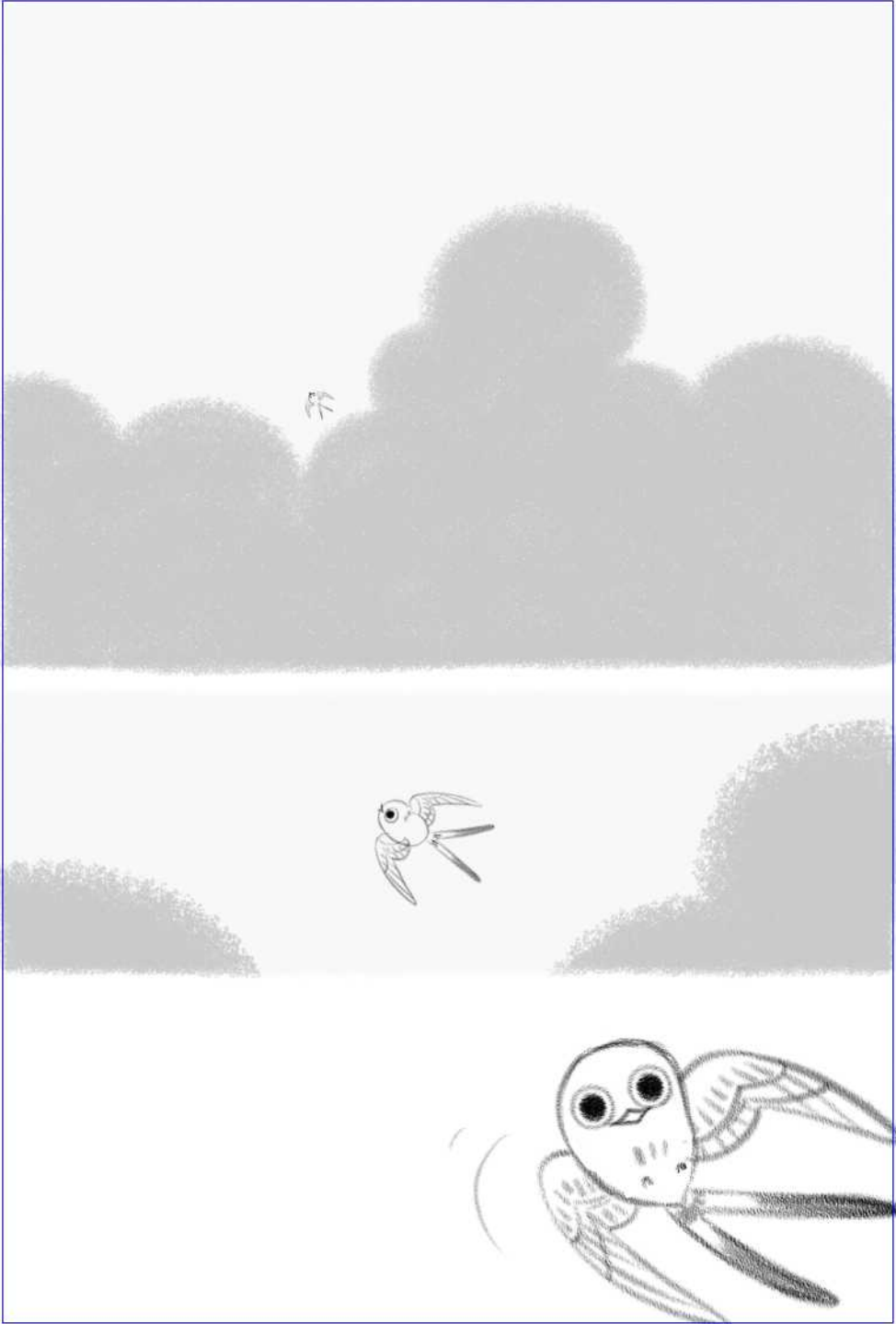
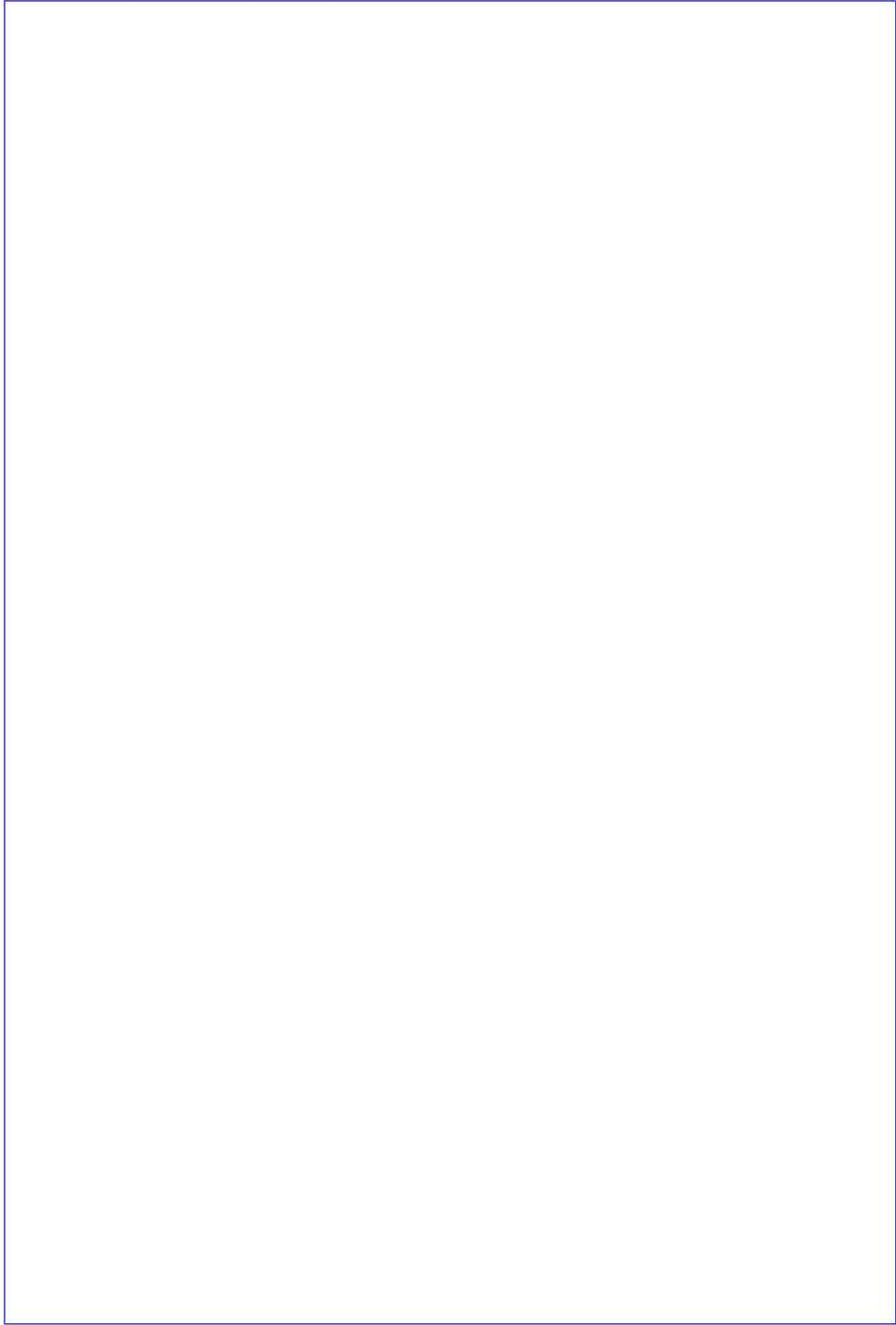
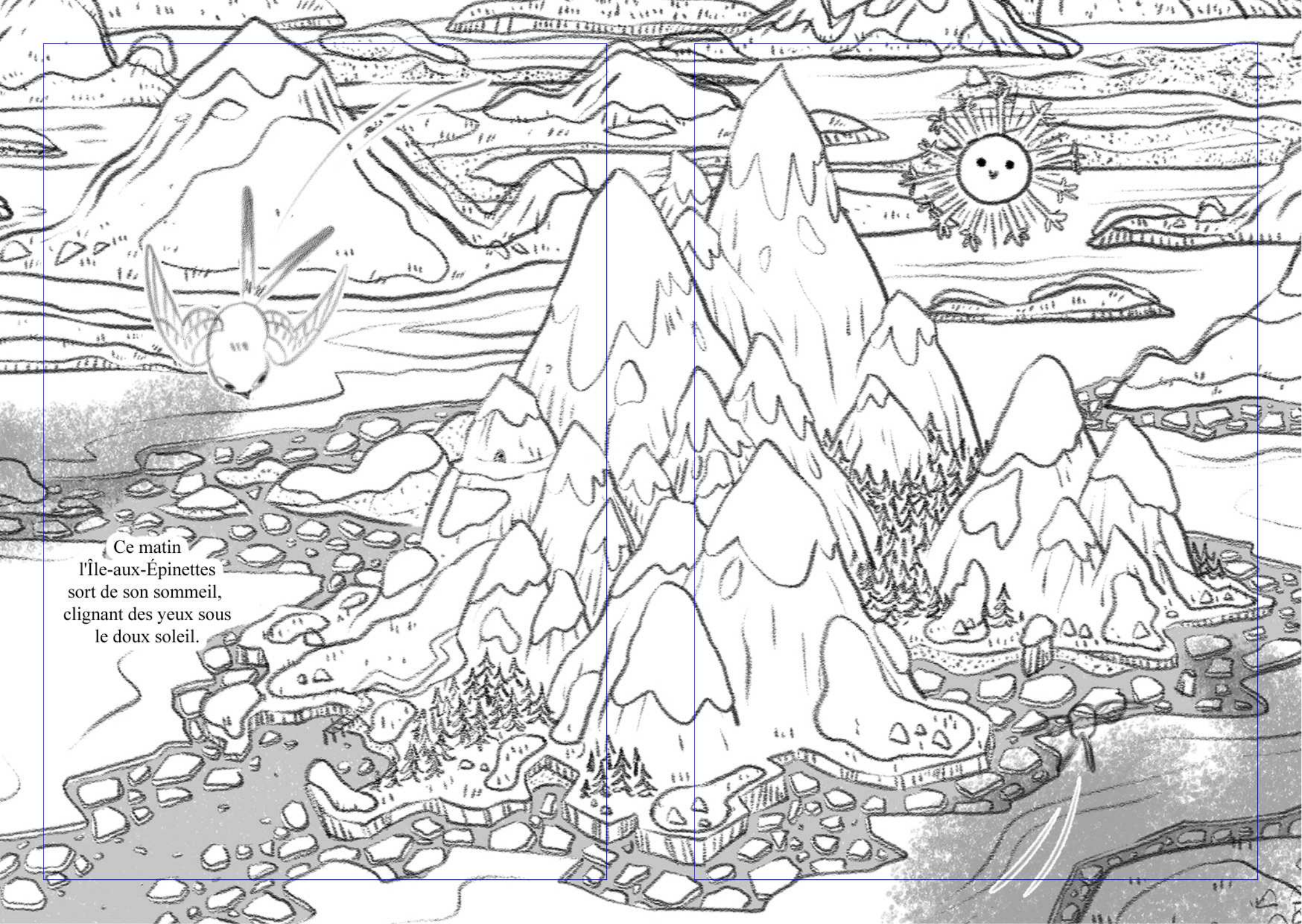
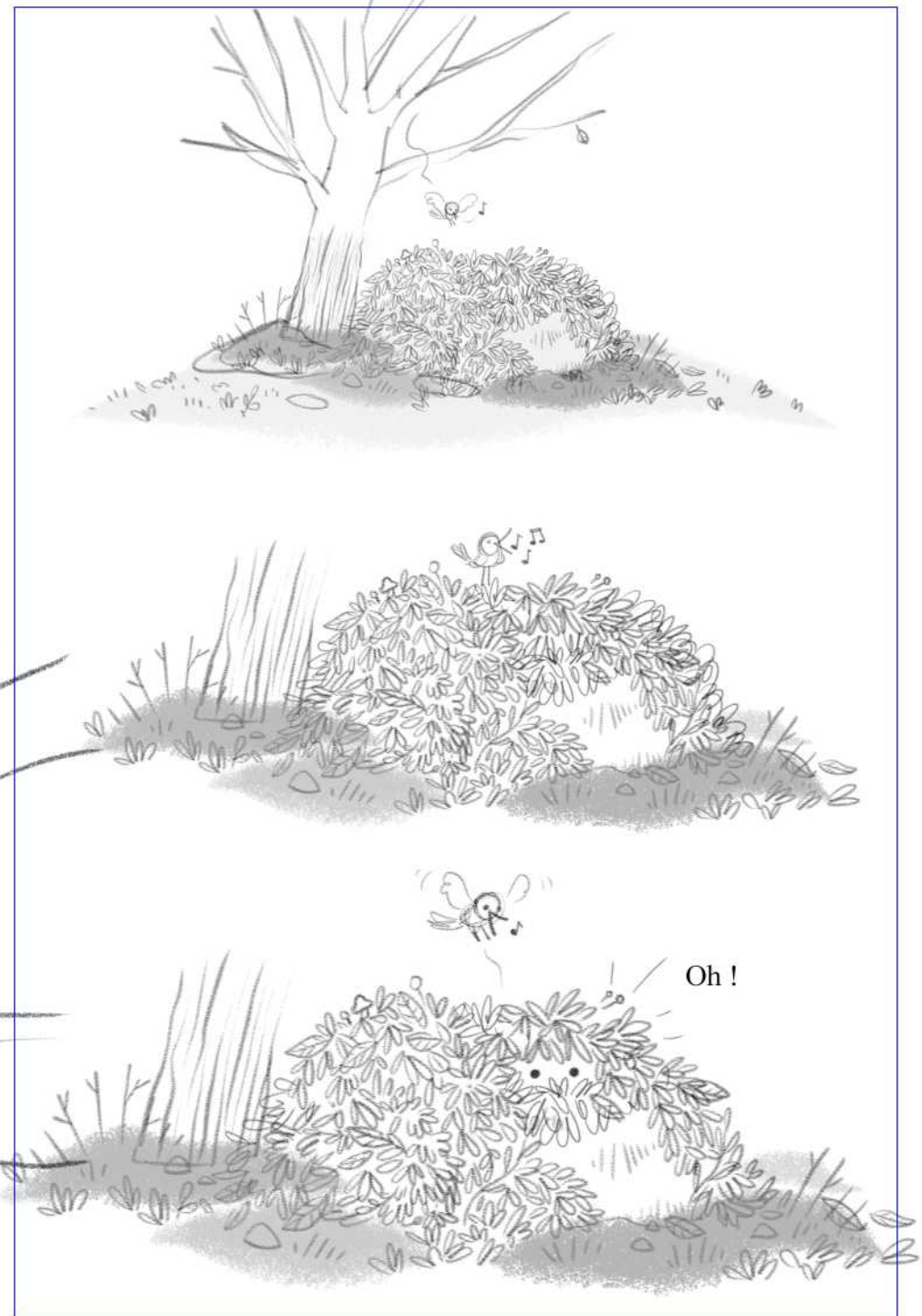
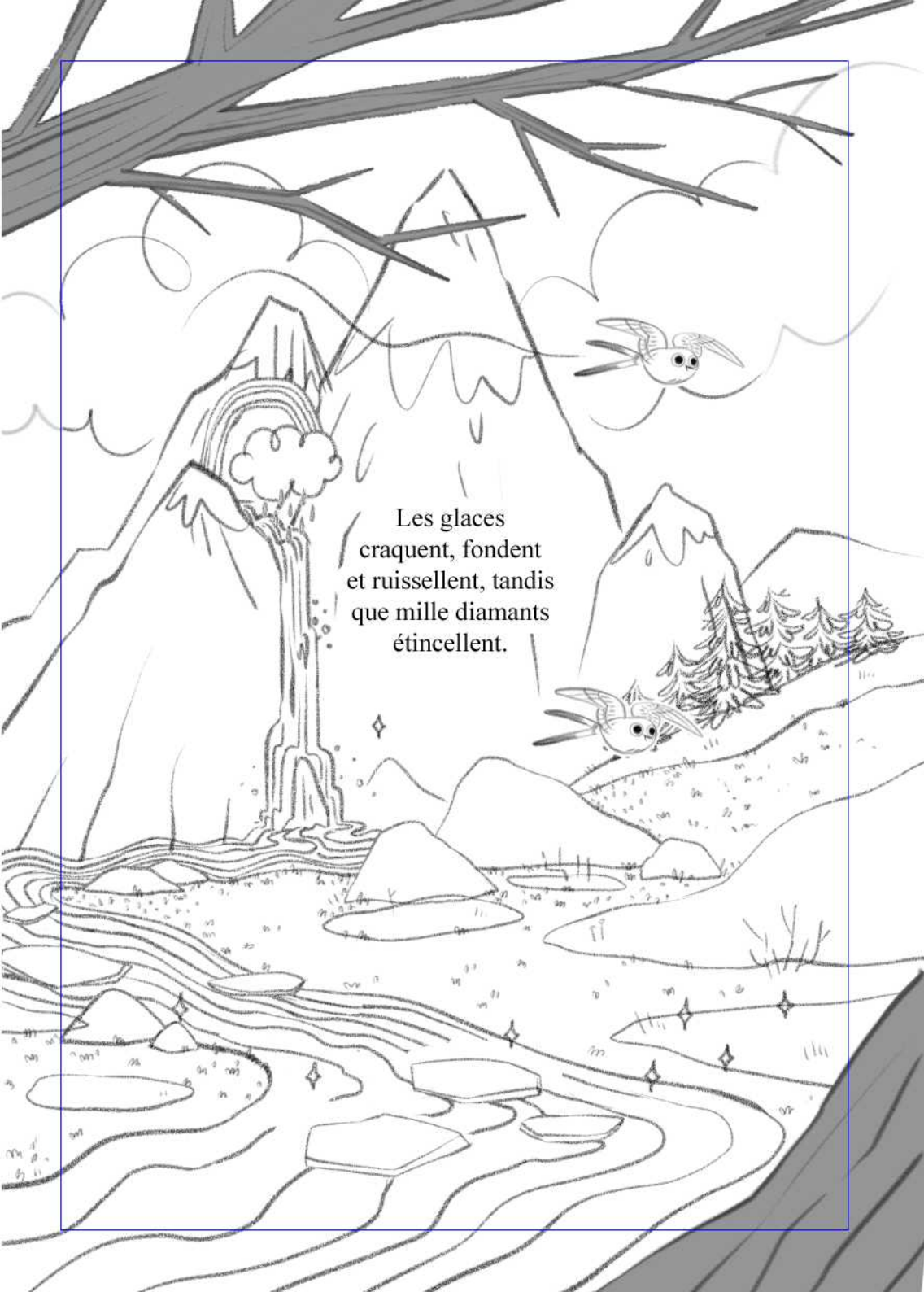






Ce matin
l'Île-aux-Épinettes
sort de son sommeil,
clignant des yeux sous
le doux soleil.



Voici le
Printemps !



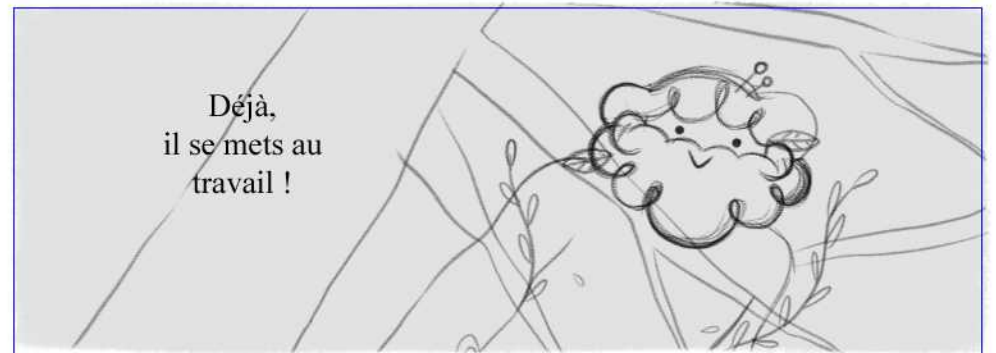
Il s'éveille...



Géant vert au cœur
bienveillant.



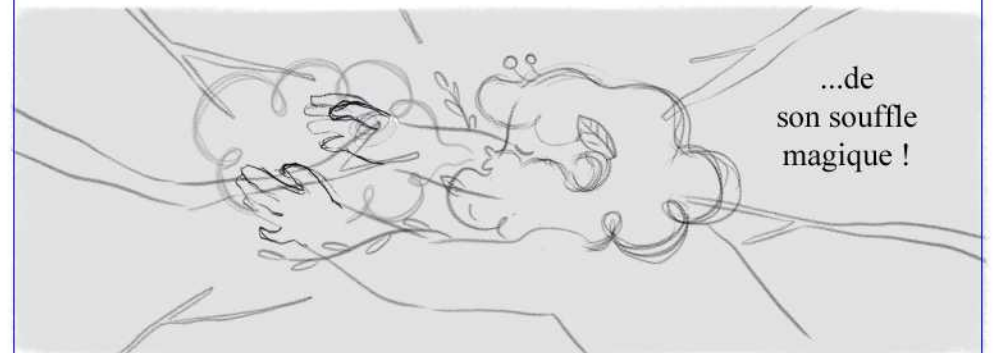
Déjà,
il se mets au
travail !



Il caresse
l'île de ses
doigts
...

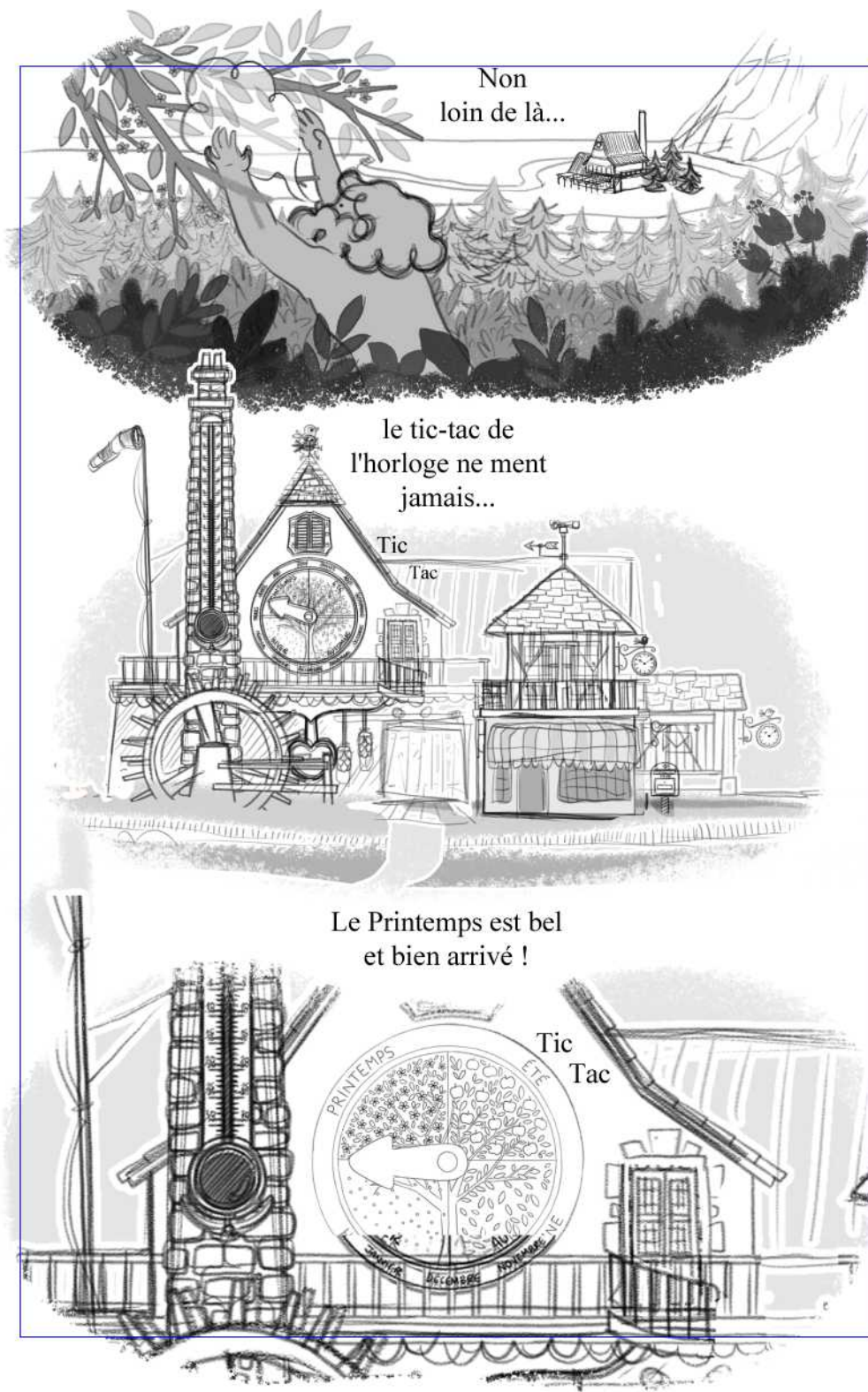


...de
son souffle
magique !



Et partout ça
pousse !







Et enfin,
blottie au
creux d'un
vallon,


Une caravane
au milieu des
moutons.