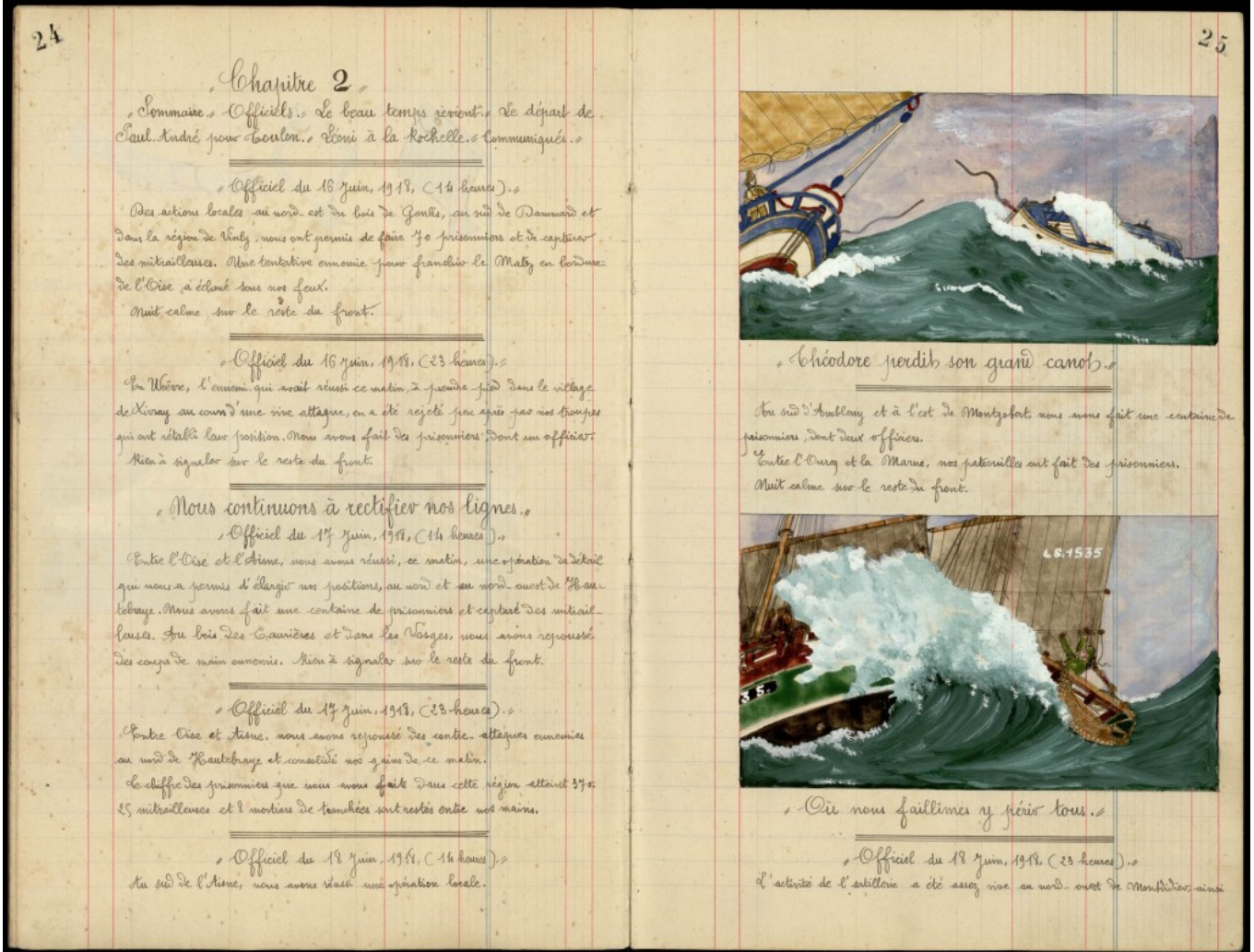


Exemples de Carnets de voyages illustrés :



account of a letter, with a fair of words, a
 paper this, but being with the first many
 when they will put in our hands. There is
 Schmitt's a good piece of a translation of the
 Augustinian, and was going to be. The noble
 but found in the Codex that it was
 was at that time 22 years from the Prince
 of Conde (now living) could that City to
 be for himself - a Count of Marignan. By
 reason that the Huguenots in the land were
 still out for fight for doubts that the
 history admits of saying that they take
 means flight a long time before they were
 obliged. So it is said thus.



The map shows a coastal town with a castle on a hill. The town is labeled 'Santo' and the bay is labeled 'The Bay'. There are several buildings and a church spire visible. A compass rose is also present.

Let our hearts rise and would have
 the rest to be. But what is upon upon a
 with the longest at the bottom of the hill upon
 the river Laga, a fresh village where we may
 take boats to get to either of or houses of
 your. few get up, many get down from
 down - near the village is another fountain
 deeper than the other 5'. At 20'
 & 20' the depth upon the water fish were
 caught with weights for one Cast of Iron (12
 18) a man, he had one knife with us he would
 and made a box put the water so that
 9 paces more to the bottom of the bay
 took a water pitcher to the bottom where
 on it, and then pulled it up. The water
 was in the pitcher as it passed up.
 20' 20' / 10' / 10'
 Some others had
 one pen ...

The place of Santo is famous for the garden
 of the river through out all France. In some
 parts they take with the ships of France, for
 being very flat ground, as if it were in the
 water (the page) and it is with in the bay
 and in the ground of paper. At the bay I will
 not undertake to go with a full other than

13 juillet 2008

J'ai toujours voulu parler, depuis enfant je me
 réveille que de cela, je me souviens de cette image
 de la maison à côté de nous un bâtiment à l'architecture
 selon le ciel bleu, le horizon de soleil éclairant le
 gazon, la colline à l'arrière plan, la lumière qui pénètre
 à travers les feuilles des arbres, la douce de qu'on se
 complait la nuit.

Je me souviens me balader dans les jardins. J'étais
 le bruit des feuilles agitées par le vent. J'entends les
 jets d'eau au loin et je me rappelle à l'eau fraîche
 que coule la fontaine. J'étais le chant des oiseaux.

Je déjeunais de qu'il avait des citrons et je bois le jus
 des oranges mûres. Je sur la terrasse, je me suis tout
 en haut de la tour et je contemple l'ensemble.



En souvenir je me suis proposé d'écrire ponctuellement
 au fur et à mesure tout ce que je ferai et verrai et qui m'a
 pendant ce voyage.

Extrait du journal de bord de Christophe Colomb.



