



This is the first part of a story.
Read it and then... recreate it!

THE MOUSE WHO EXITS THE COMIC BOOK

A comic book mouse, tired of living between the pages of a comic book and eager to change the taste of meat with that of cheese, took a big leap and found himself in the world of flesh-and-blood mice.

"Squash!" he immediately exclaimed, smelling a cat.

"What did you say?" whispered the other mice, startled by that strange word.

"Sploom, bang, gulp!" said the mouse, who spoke only comic book language.

"It must be Turkish," observed an old bastard mouse, who had been serving in the Mediterranean before he retired. And he tried to address him in Turkish.

The mouse looked at him in wonder and said, "Ziip, fiish, bronk."

"No, It is not Turkish," the navigator concluded.

"Then what is it?"

"Vattelapesca."

So they called him Vattelapesca and kept him a bit like the village idiot.

"Vattelapesca," they asked him, "do you like parmesan or gruyere better?"

"Spliit, grong, ziziziir," replied the cartoon mouse.

"Good night," laughed the others.

The little ones, then, would pull his tail on purpose to hear him protest in that funny way, "Zoong, splash, squarr!"

Take notes of the most important
informations from the text!

Your notes might be

Mindmap

Table

Drawing, etc.

