



This is the fourth part of the story.
 Read it and then... Create it!

UNCLE VIRSONY

Uncle Virsony lived in Grandpa's street. Uncle Virsony was a blacksmith. And he was a big big man. It took Bobula as long to get her gaze from the toe of Uncle Virsony's foot to the top of his head as it did to lick a moderately large lollipop. Uncle Virsony had a big, round belly, and if it rained, Bobula could hide under it, if she had the guts. Uncle Virsony's legs were funny. Small and agile, like a pug. It wasn't easy for them, carrying Uncle Virsony around day after day.

Instead of walking, Uncle Virsony usually got on his old bicycle and pedalled past Grandpa's house. Twice a day. Bobula later learned that Uncle Virsony had horses and was pedalling to feed them.

The only creature who didn't like Uncle Virsony or his rattling bicycle was Zamat, Grandpa's dog. One day, when Zamat was new on the street, Uncle Virsony rode in front of their house and Zamat ran out into the street to bark at Uncle Virsony's tiny, nimble legs. Zamat was about to get a piece of cloth from his trousers, but Uncle Virsony thought he had enough holes in them and didn't need another. He got off the bike briskly and addressed Zamat in a low voice:

- What's the matter, little pumpkin-seed?

Only then did Zamat realise that he hadn't been careful enough, because Uncle Virsony's tiny legs were accompanied by a huge belly, which now towered threateningly over him. At that moment he turned on his heel and ran behind the fence. Uncle Virsony, now in complete composure, mounted his bicycle and rode on.

Pipin the rooster, who often crowed around the world, witnessed the incident:- Zamat, the rabbit-hearted dog! - Zamat later tried to be a hero, but it's easy to bark from behind a fence.

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.

