

Shine Bright 6^e

File 8 Pet stories

“It was love at first sight” – Doc 1, p. 124

Bertie was a boy in South Africa and he had a lion cub¹ in his farmhouse. The lion cub slept² at the end of Bertie’s bed. Wherever³ Bertie went⁴, the lion cub went too – even to the bathroom. They were never apart. For the first time in his life Bertie was totally happy. The lion cub was all the brothers and sisters he could⁵ ever want, all the friends he could ever need.

Adapted from Michael Morpurgo, *The Butterfly Lion*, 1996.

1. baby 2. *dormait* 3. everywhere 4. *allait* 5. *pouvait*

“This is what happened”, p. 129

My name is India Opal Buloni, and last summer my daddy, the preacher¹, sent me to the store for a box of macaroni-and cheese, some white rice, and two tomatoes, and I came back with a dog.

This is what happened: I walked into the produce section² of the Winn-Dixie grocery store to pick out my two tomatoes and I almost bumped right into³ the store manager. [...]

“Who let that dog in here?” he kept on shouting⁴. “Who let that dirty dog in here?”

At first, I didn’t see a dog. There were just a lot of vegetables rolling around on the floor, tomatoes and onions and green peppers. [...]

And then the dog came running around the corner. He was a big dog. And ugly⁵. [...]

He skidded⁶ to a stop and smiled right at me. [...] He pulled back his lips and showed me all his teeth. Then he wagged⁷ his tail so hard he knocked⁸ some oranges off a display⁹ and they went rolling everywhere, mixing in with the tomatoes and onions and green peppers.

The manager screamed, “Somebody grab¹⁰ that dog!”

Kate DiCamillo, *Because of Winn-Dixie*, 2000.

1. *pasteur* 2. the food section 3. *j’ai failli bousculer* 4. *il n’arrêtait pas de crier* 5. *laid*
6. *dérapa* 7. *remua* 8. *fit tomber* 9. *d’un étalage* 10. *attrape*

Test your skills, p. 133

The day Steve got his dog

It was on my 8th birthday, last June. It was hot outside and cool inside. I was in on the couch, relaxing on a Saturday afternoon, reading *Batman Killing Time*. My father walked through the door. He was back from the gym. There was something in his sports bag.

My father said, "Happy birthday Steve!" and passed me the bag. I opened it and a little ball of fur jumped out and licked my hand.

"A dog!" I shouted. The puppy started running around the house and skidded all over the floorboards.

My home was now its home. It barked a lot, a happy bark, it sounded like this: "Ruff, ruff!" So I called it "Ruff".

Patrick Moore, *Steve's dog*, 2024.

Évaluation – Guide pédagogique

Once there was a cat called Mog.

She lived with a family called Thomas.

Mog was nice but not very clever.

She didn't understand a lot of things.

A lot of things she forgot.

She was a very forgetful cat. [...]

Sometimes she thought of something in the middle of washing her leg.

Then she forgot to wash the rest of it.

Once she forgot that cats can't fly.

Judith Kerr, *Mog the Forgetful cat*, Harper collins children's books, 2006 [1970].