

The Cat Who Made Bad Breakfasts

Júlia loved to sleep in… but that morning she opened her eyes with a start because someone was shouting in the kitchen:

“ATTENTION, ATTENTION! Chef Frei is preparing the most extraordinary breakfast in the world!”

Júlia put on her slippers and ran inside. When she went in, she saw Frei, a cat with a stained apron and floury whiskers.

The cat smiled at her and said:

“Today you’ll eat the best soup of your life!”

But in the pot there weren’t carrots or potatoes… but two old shoes and a striped sock.

Júlia grimaced and shouted:

“Frei! This isn’t soup!”

And he, all proud, replied:

“It’s sure to taste like adventure!”

The next day, Frei appeared in the kitchen wearing sunglasses and carrying a tray.

“Today we’re making… bubble cookies!” he announced.

He grabbed flour, sugar… and a bottle of strawberry-scented soap.

As he mixed them, the cookies started going “blup blup blup.”

“Frei! Cookies aren’t supposed to make bubbles!” protested Júlia.

“That way you won’t have to brush your teeth!” he said, laughing.

On the third day, Frei was wearing a gigantic chef’s hat.

“Today I’m going to make the fluffiest omelet on the planet!”

He cracked eggs, added salt, and… instead of oil, he added a handful of colorful balloons.

When Júlia cut into it, the balloons started inflating and floating all over the kitchen.

“Frei! This isn’t an omelet, it’s a festival!”

“Well… long live the festival!” he shouted, leaping to catch them.

That night, Júlia thought:

“Maybe Frei doesn’t know how to cook… but I have so much fun with him…”

The next day, when the cat came into the kitchen with a jar of mustard and an umbrella, Júlia stopped him.

“Today we’re cooking together. I’ll teach you the recipe, and you’ll help me.”

They made toast with honey, cut fruit, and a glass of milk.

Frei tasted a strawberry and smiled:

“Mmm… I think I’m getting it right now.”

“See?” said Júlia. “Cooking together is easier… and much more fun.”

And from then on, every morning, Frei and Júlia made breakfast together.

Sometimes it was perfect… and sometimes not so much.

But it was always, always the happiest breakfast in the world.

Color the story:


SABÓ
SUCRE