The Fabled Baguettes of Beauchamp



Quentin Flynn

Richard Hoit

Nelson Literacy Directions

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Written by Quentin Flynn
Illustrated by Richard Hoit

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Meet the Characters



Mademoiselle du Merle
A young female bluebird.



Monsieur Cheval
A male farm horse.



Monsieur Lapin
A male rabbit – and the baker!



Madame Minette
A female cat.



Monsieur Le Canard
A well-dressed male duck.

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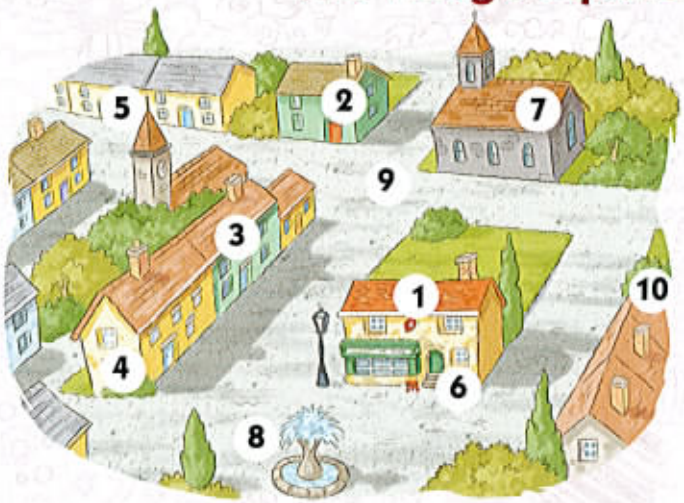
POST CARD

Dear Reader

One day, I was having my breakfast, when I thought about the bakers that had been working hard all night to bake bread for my toast. I wondered how many people appreciate the work that they do – so I decided to write a fable about baking. I hope you enjoy it!

Quentin Flynn
Author

The Village Square



1. Lapin et fils
2. Monsieur Le Canard's house
3. Madame Minette's house
4. The stables
5. The local school
6. Front porch
7. Mademoiselle du Merle's nest
8. Town fountain
9. Old crossroads
10. Monsieur Cheval's house

1 Lapin et Fils

Monsieur Lapin was the baker in the French village of Beauchamp.

Every morning, at two o'clock, Monsieur Lapin got up. He walked past the village's stone houses. He pulled back the bolts on the green door to his bakery, lit the gas lamps, and drew back the curtains.

He stood on his stool and cleaned the sign over the window.

"Lapin et fils," it said. Monsieur Lapin smiled. The sign was so old that the "fils" were not his sons; nor even his father's sons. They were his grandad and his great uncle, who had taken over the bakery from *their* father.

While everyone else was asleep, work at the bakery was just starting.



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Monsieur Lapin carefully measured his flour, water, olive oil, salt, sugar, yeast – and his secret ingredient. Next, he mixed the dough until it was smooth and round. Then he put flour on his bench, and kneaded the dough until he knew it was ready. He waited for the dough to double in size. Then he kneaded it again, and made it into long baguettes.

He waited for the baguette dough to rise again. Then, at just the right time, he put the bread sticks into the hot stone oven.

Monsieur Lapin's baking took all night. Finally, when the hot baguettes were cooling in baskets, and the main street was filled with the smell of freshly baked bread, Monsieur Lapin tidied his bakery. He sat on his wooden stool to watch the sun rise.

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HE sat *on his* **WOODEN STOOL** to watch *the sun* rise.