

Meuh, d'où sort le lait ?

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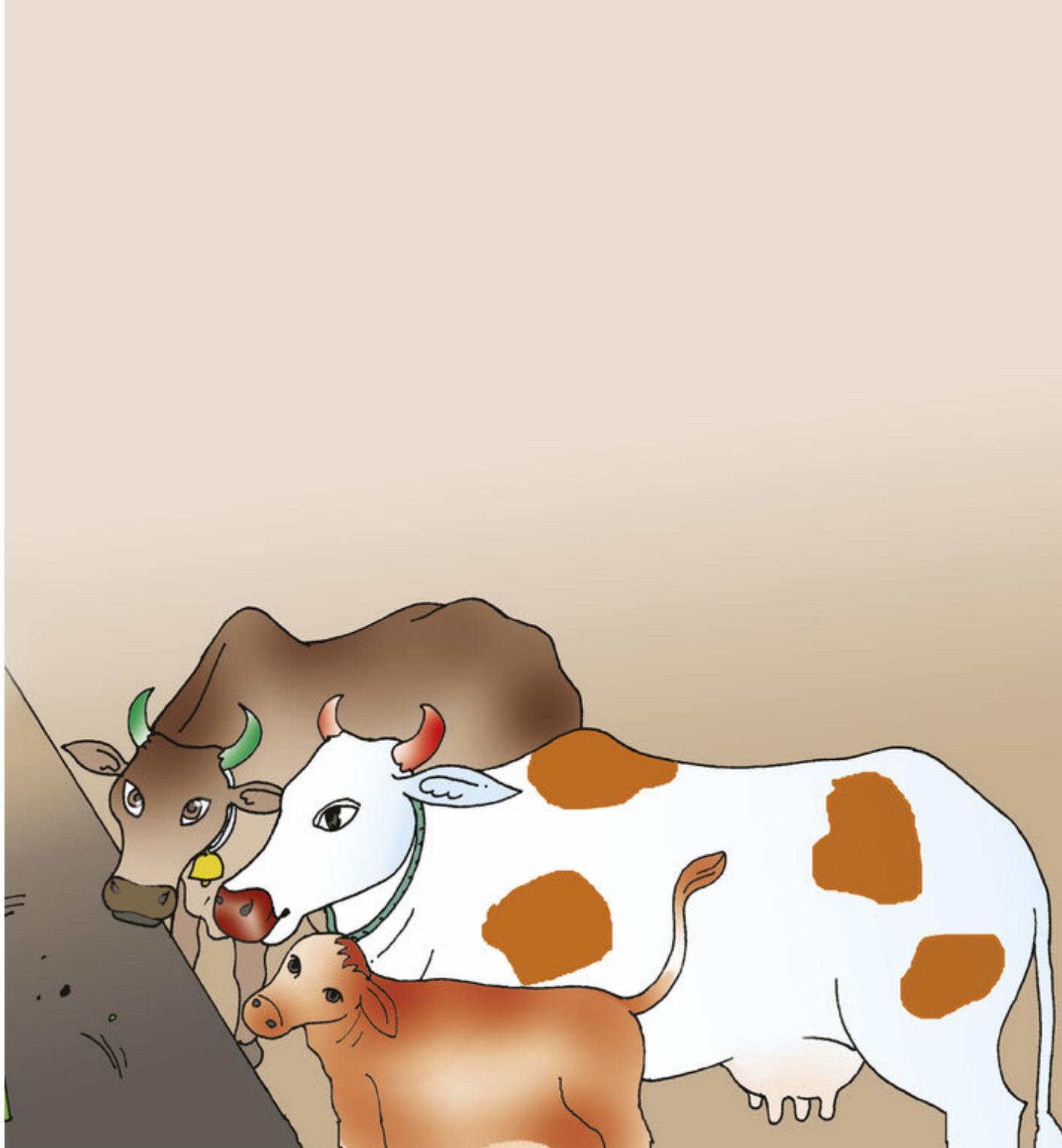
Illustrator: Srikrishna Kedilaya

Translator: Sak Untala

Level 3

Raju habitait en ville. Mais l'été, lorsque l'école était finie, il se rendait dans le village de ses grands-parents maternels.





Chaque été, il apprenait quelque chose de nouveau chez eux.

Cette année, il allait apprendre qu'au village, le lait ne sort pas de sachets en plastique !

Le soir de son arrivée,
Ajji, sa grand-mère,
l'amena à l'étable située
derrière la maison.

Quatre gentilles vaches
marron ruminaiient le
foin qu'Ajji était allée leur
chercher.



Deux petits veaux bondissaient autour d'elles comme des cabris.

Raju était content de pouvoir les observer.

Ils étaient vraiment adorables.





— Raju, tu sais, le verre de lait que tu viens de boire ? Eh bien, il vient de cette vache-là, expliqua Ajji.

— Le lait que je viens de boire vient d'une vache ? s'étonna Raju. Tu veux dire que tu viens de la traire et de remplir mon verre de son lait ?



— Oui, Raju, répondit Ajji en souriant. Viens faire la connaissance de mes vaches. Voici Kaveri, dont tu viens de boire le lait. Là, c'est Kapila, là-bas, c'est Ganga, et tout là-bas, c'est Gowri.

Raju observa les vaches. Il n'avait pas l'air très rassuré.

— Allez, viens, Raju, lança Ajji sur un ton entraînant. Viens les caresser. Elles ne te feront aucun mal.



Tandis que Raju s'avançait vers les bêtes, les veaux se précipitèrent vers leurs mères en beuglant. Ils ne savaient pas s'ils pouvaient faire confiance à cet étranger.

Les vaches léchèrent leurs petits pour leur signifier que Raju était un ami.



Raju rassembla tout son courage et s'approcha suffisamment de Gowri pour toucher son encolure.

C'était doux et ridé, un peu comme le cou d'Ajji.

Gowri meugla tandis que Raju la caressait, lui signifiant ainsi qu'elle souhaitait qu'ils soient amis.

— Sais-tu comment le lait sort de la vache, Raju ?
interrogea Aji.



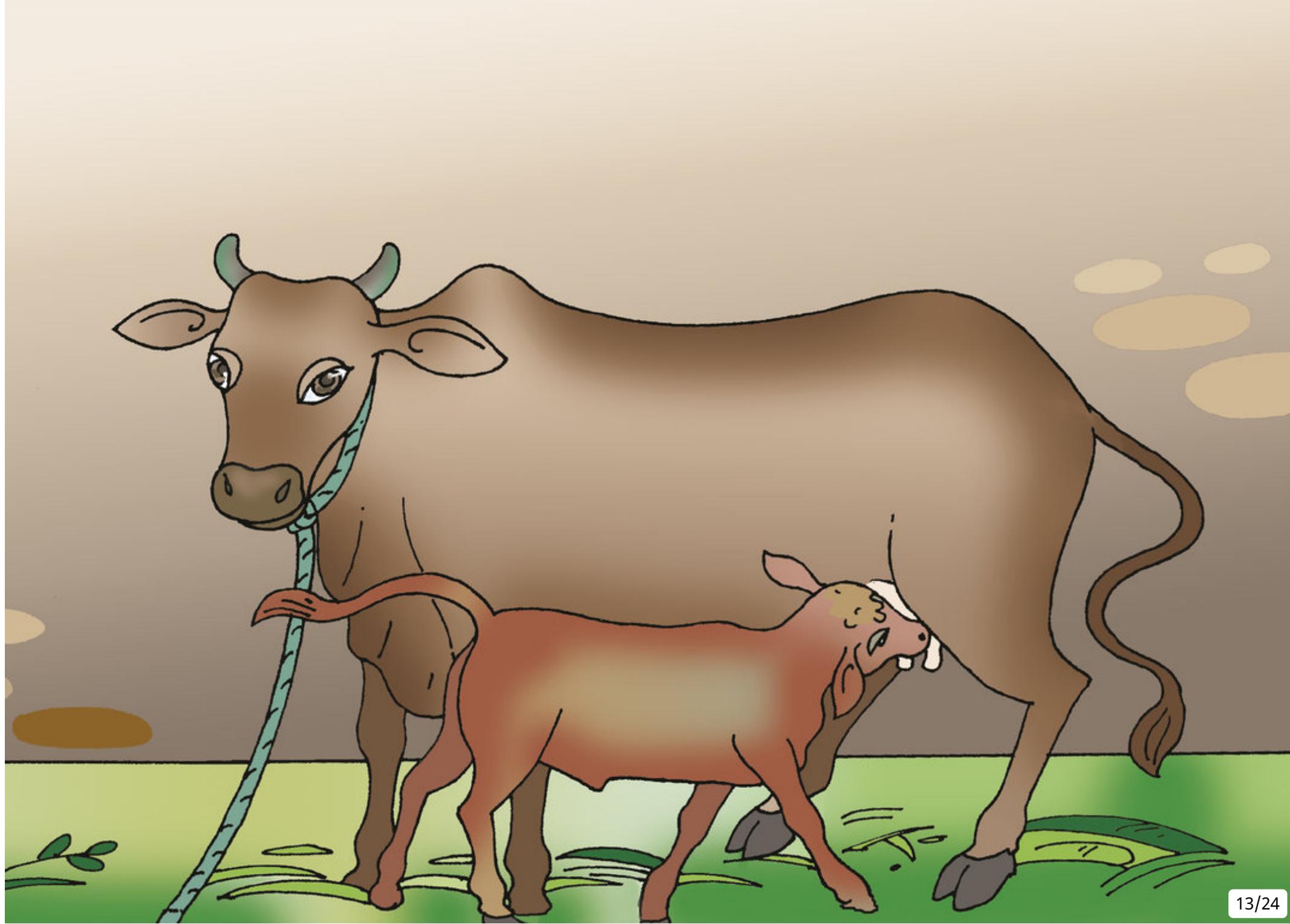
— Non, Ajji, répondit Raju qui se sentit soudain un peu bête. Tout ce que je sais, c'est qu'en ville, le lait que nous buvons est vendu dans des sachets en plastique.





— Viens, je vais te montrer, indiqua Aiji.

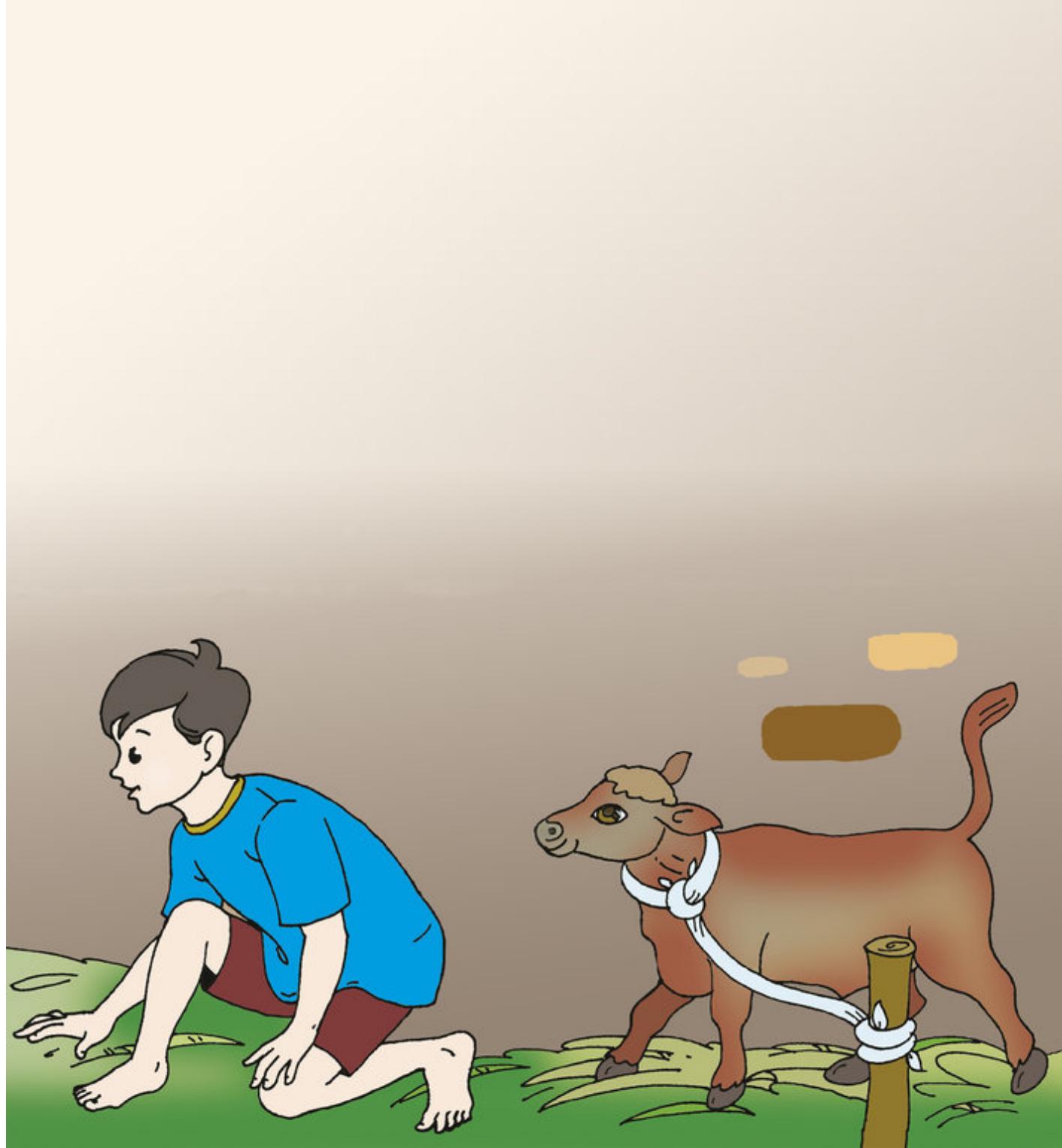
Elle le prit par la main et l'amena à côté de Kapila, dont le veau était tout près.





Ajji laissa le petit veau téter sa mère et boire autant de lait qu'il le souhaitait.

Puis, elle nettoya le pis de Kapila avec de l'eau. Elle s'accroupit et se mit à la traire, en pressant doucement les trayons entre ses doigts.

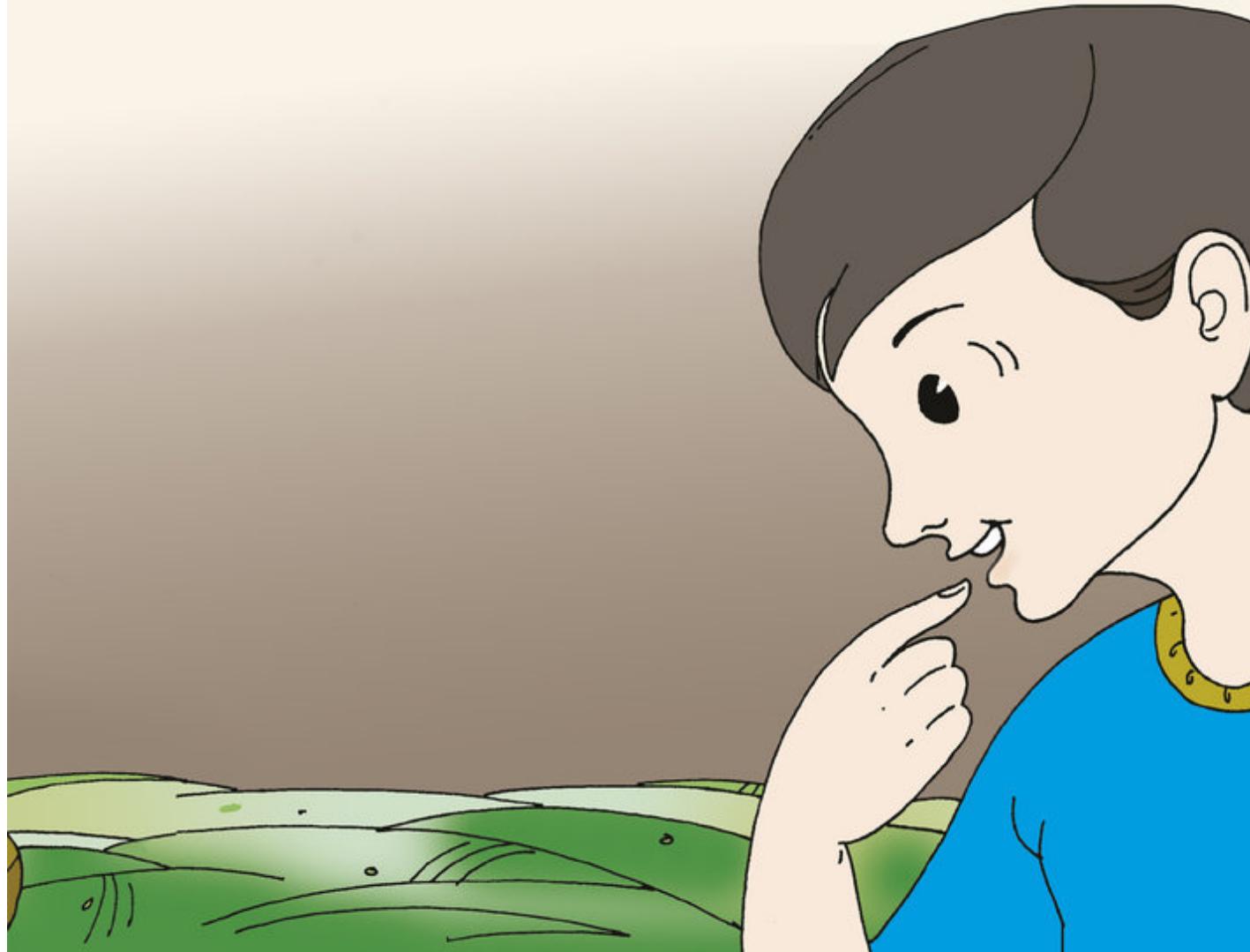




Le lait gicla du pis de la vache et se déversa dans un récipient situé dessous, sous les yeux de Raju.

Le récipient se remplit petit à petit et le lait se transforma en mousse à la surface.

Raju était à la fois étonné et ravi de découvrir ce lait mousseux.

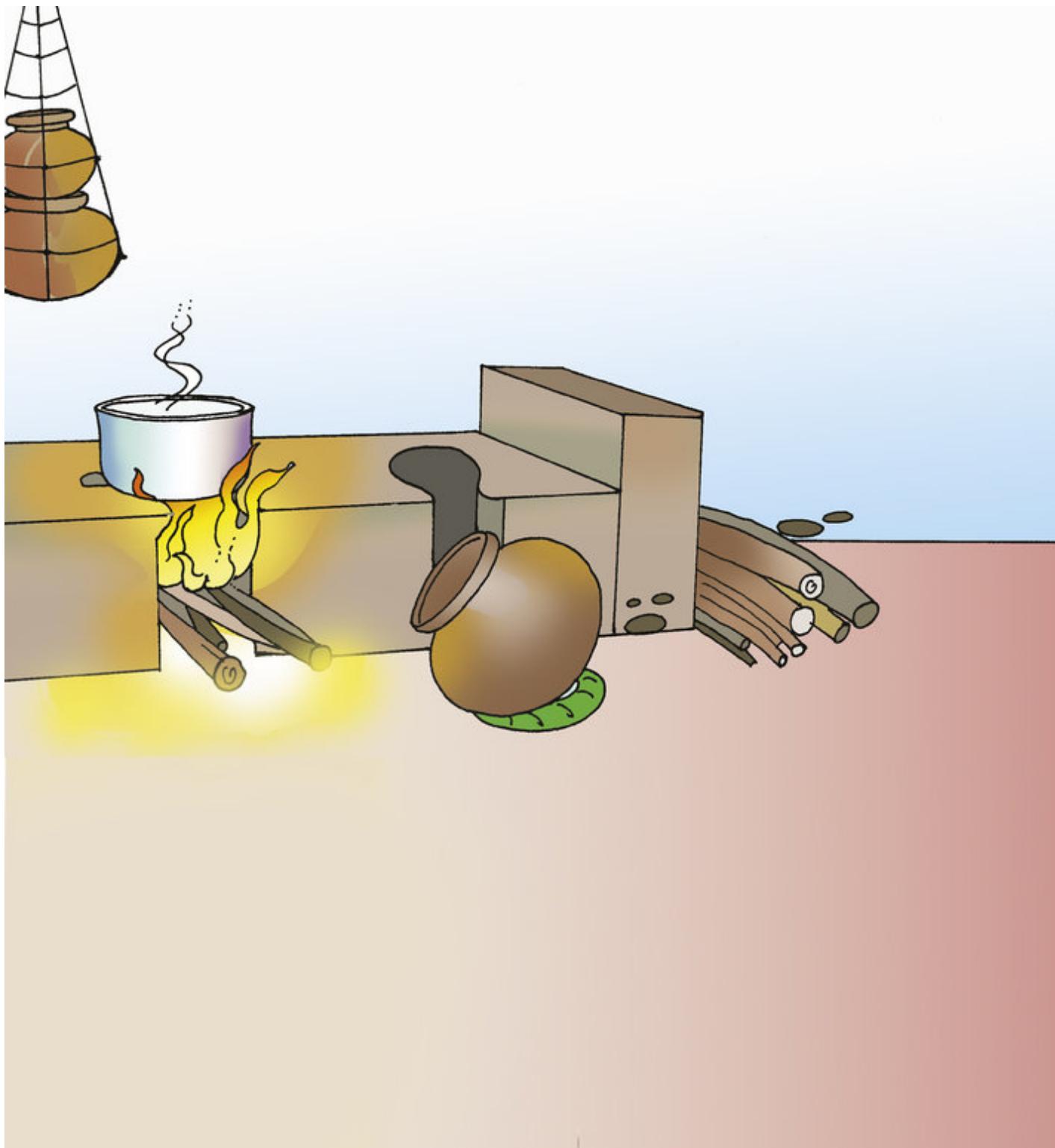






— Ajji, s'écria-t-il sur un ton enthousiaste, regarde les bulles qui se forment sur le dessus !

— Oui, Raju, répondit Ajji en souriant. Lorsque je tire sur le trayon, de puissants jets de lait sortent du pis. Ils frappent la surface du lait dans le pot et se mélagent à l'air, formant ainsi des bulles. C'est ce qui donne le goût si particulier au lait frais. Rien à voir avec du lait en sachet !



— Ça alors ! Je ne savais pas ! fit Raju.

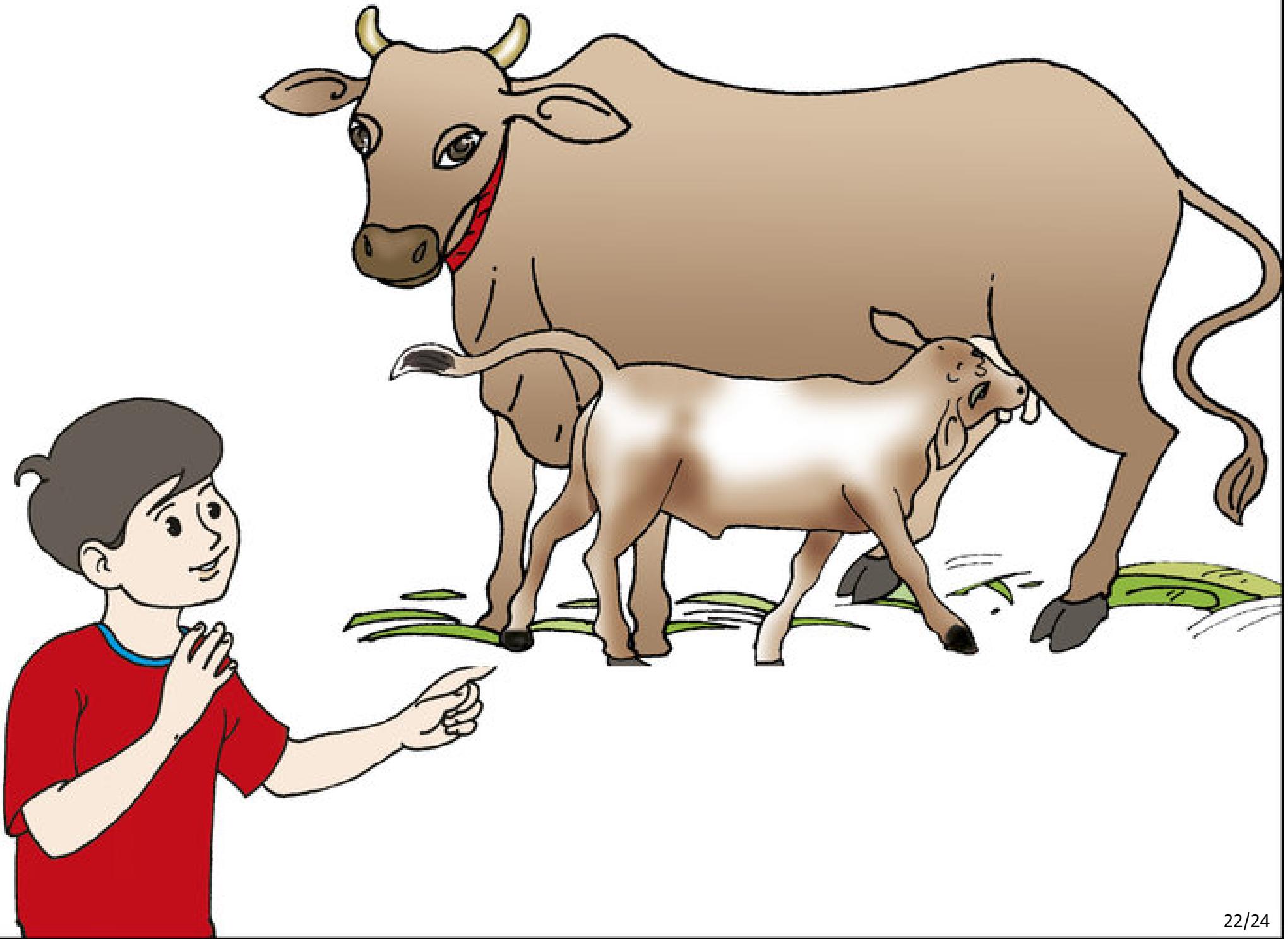
Ajji fit bouillir le lait frais mousseux et en servit un verre à Raju.

Il était tellement bon que celui-ci l'avalà d'un trait.

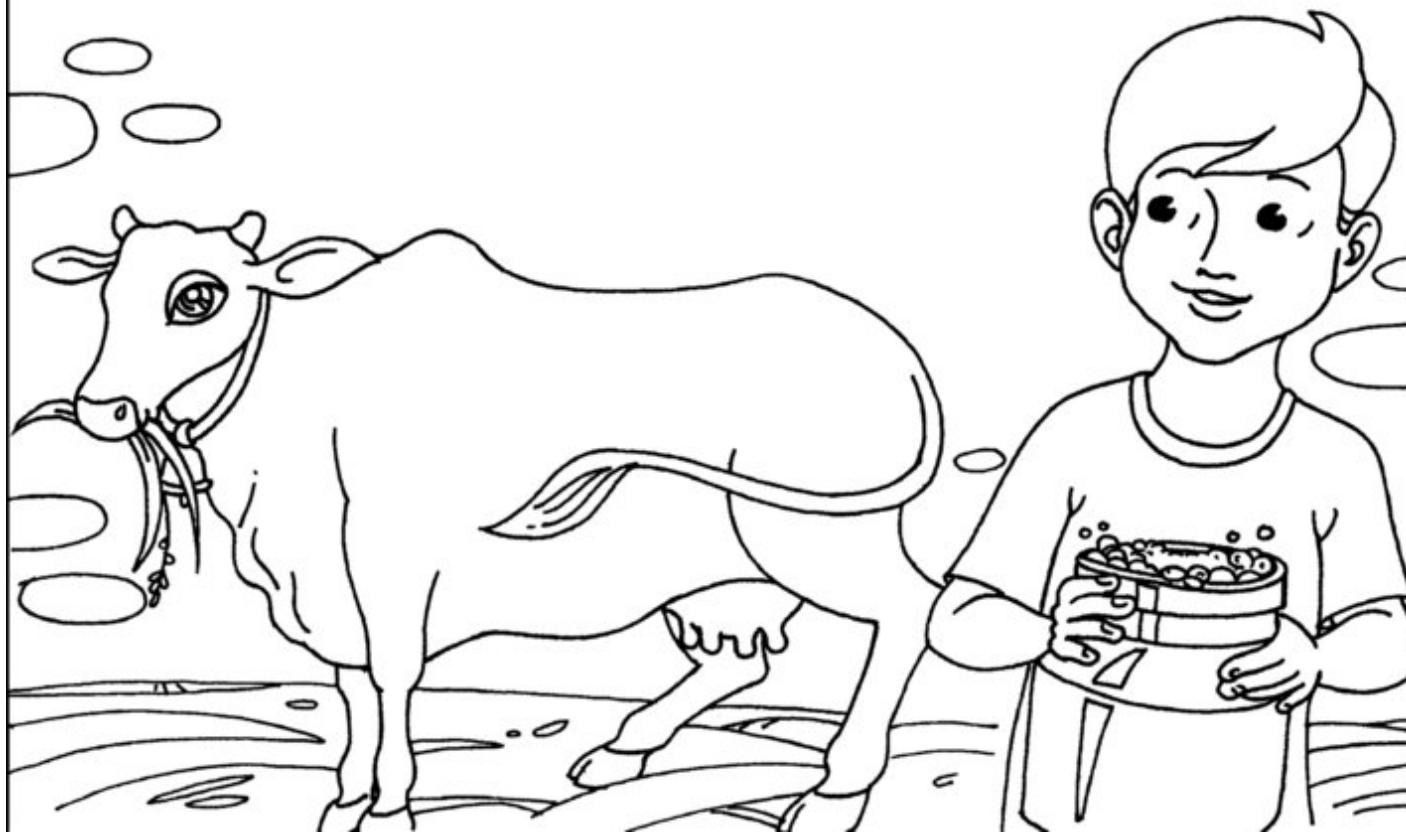


— Ajji, lorsque je retournerai en ville, j'expliquerai à tous mes amis d'où vient le lait, indiqua Raju. Je leur raconterai à quel point le lait frais de ma grand-mère Ajji est délicieux !

— D'accord, répondit Ajji en souriant. Tout le monde saura alors qui est le petit garçon le plus intelligent de la classe !



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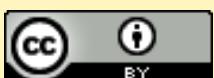
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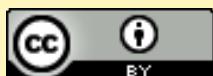


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Meuh, d'où sort le lait ?

(French)

À ton avis, le lait sort d'un sachet en plastique ou d'une vache ?
Lorsque Raju, le petit citadin, se rend dans le village de sa grand-mère, Ajji, il l'observe traire les vaches. Raju adore regarder le lait frais mousser à la surface du pot à lait. Mais il y a quelque chose qu'il aime encore plus que ça. Devine ce que c'est !

This is a Level 3 book for children who are ready to read on their own.



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