Martina and Ratoncito Pérez
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Color your story / Colorea tu cuento



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A Play Aprende preschool reimagining of a traditional tale.

Once upon a time, in a tiny house with a bright blue door, lived a little cockroach named Martina. Martina loved her home.

Every morning she opened the window, stretched all six legs. Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis. And swept the floor. *Swish*, *swish*. Barremos juntos. Will you sweep with me? Ready? *Swish*, *swish*, *swish*.

Then one morning...

"¿Qué es eso? What was that?" Something shiny rolled out from under her broom. A coin.

"What should I buy? Something sweet? No, I might eat it all at once. A noisy toy? Not today, ya sé! I know a beautiful ribbon, one that makes me smile."

Martina chose a bright yellow ribbon and tied it in a bow. She looked into her little mirror. "Amarillo como el sol, yellow like the sun."

Then she sat outside her blue door feeling sunny too. Before long, *Clip clop*, *clip clop*. Who is coming? It was Señor Caballo, Mr Horse.

"Buenos días, Martina. What a sunny ribbon. Will you marry me?"

"One question first. ¿Cómo suena tu voz? What does your voice sound like?"

Do you know what a horse says? *"Neigh!"* "Ay, that voice is too big for my little house."

"Fair enough. Adiós, Martina." And away he went.

Clip, *clop*, *clip*, *clop*. Soon, Martina heard, *tap*, *tap*, *tap*, *tap*. Who is coming now? It was Señor Perro, Mr. Dog.

"Hola, Martina. Will you marry me?"

"You know the question."

"My voice? Listen." What does a dog say? *"Woof! Wooooofff!"*

"My antennae are wiggling. Too loud for me."

"No problem. Hasta luego." And away he went.

Tap, *tap*, *tap*, *tap*. Then, step, step, step. Who could it be? Señor Gallo, Mr. Rooster.

"Martina, will you marry me?"

"Primero, tu voz. First, your voice." What does a rooster say? *"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"*

"Ay, ay, ay, much too loud."

"I'll sing somewhere bigger. Adios." And away he strutted.

Then everything grew still. Martina listened. *Tip*, *tip*, *tip*. Can you make your fingers tiptoe?

Tiny footsteps. Who was coming? It was Ratoncito Pérez.

"¡Hola, Martina!" "Hello, Pérez." "Your ribbon looks like a little ray of sunshine. Would you like to share stories with me? And dances? And maybe a home?"

"I would, but one question first. ¿Cómo suena tu voz?"

"Mi voz suena así. *Squeak, squeak*. Suave y dulce. Soft and sweet."

"That sounds just right to me."

Martina and Ratoncito Pérez chose each other. Soon they had a tiny wedding. They laughed together, they danced together.

Un pasito aquí. One little step there. Can your shoulders do one tiny dance?

And they cooked together. One afternoon Martina stirred a big pot of vegetable soup. Stir, stir, stir, stir. Ready? Stir, stir, stir.

Ratoncito Pérez sniffed the air. *Sniff, sniff.*

"Mmm, que rico. That smells delicious." He climbed onto a little stool.

"Pérez, the pot is hot. Please stay back." "I will."

Pérez leaned one tiny bit closer. "Mmm." And one tiny bit closer. "Mmm."

Uh-oh. Should Pérez move closer or move back? Back. Atras, Pérez! But the little stool began to wobble.

"Pérez!" Wobble, wobble. *Plop!* Into the pot he went. "Ratoncito Pérez!" For one little moment, everything was quiet.

Then two round ears popped up. Two bright eyes popped up. "I'm okay. The soup isn't boiling. But please help me."

Martina grabbed the longest wooden spoon in the kitchen. "Hold on, Pérez." Listo. Ready. We need everyone to pull with us. Can you help?

Grab the spoon, feet stay safe and still. Ready? Pull! ¡Hala! Pull! And *pop!*

Out came Ratoncito Pérez. *Drip*, *drip*, *drip*.

Martina looked at Pérez. Pérez looked at Martina. He had a carrot on his head. "Sombrero nuevo, a new hat. Very orange."

From that day on, whenever Pérez helped Martina cook, he remembered one very important rule.

Olores ricos. Delicious smells!
Desde lejos. From far away.

Can you show us faraway? Far away! And when dinner smelled especially delicious...

Pérez used the longest spoon in the house, muy largo, very long, perfecto. And together they stirred safely. Swish, stir, smile.

The End

