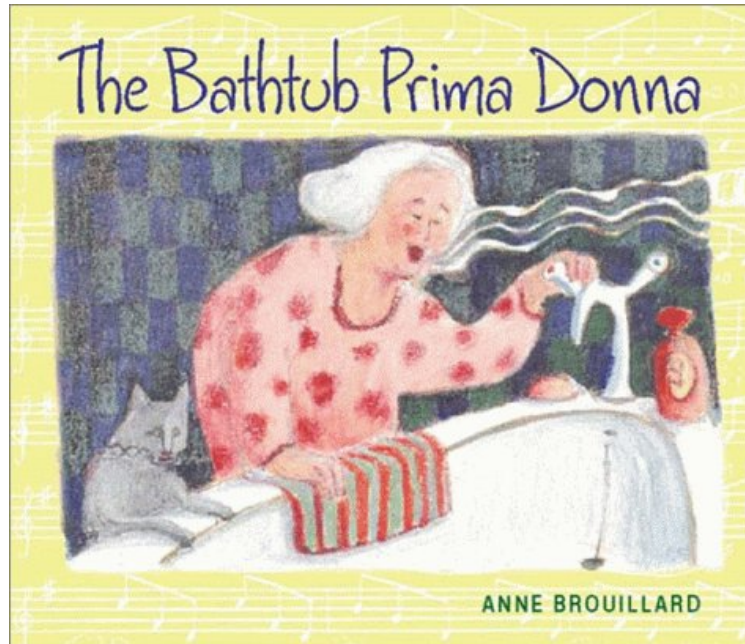


Bathtub Prima Donna

Anne Brouillard

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#6744070 in Books Harry N. Abrams 1999-09-01 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.50 x .38 x 7.251, #File Name: 081094093032 pages | File size: 34.Mb

Anne Brouillard : Bathtub Prima Donna before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Bathtub Prima Donna:

A self-absorbed songstress uses her voice to tickle the clouds into raining for her bath, but in the process a nearby village becomes flooded

From Library Journal PreSchool-Grade 2-A Belgian artist uses rhymed couplets, musical notes, and small, expressionistic pictures to tell her story. Unable to take her morning bath because no water flows from the tap, Prima Donna, a grandmotherly diva accompanied in every picture by her cat, mounts the highest hill, and sings to the clouds to set the rain free. The pictures turn appropriately dark and gloomy as rain begins to fall, and floodwaters rise and drown the village in the valley, while its inhabitants leave their warm homes and take to boats. Oblivious to the disaster she has caused, Prima Donna gleefully takes a swim. End of story. The pastel illustrations convey a strong sense of atmosphere and establish a compelling emotional tone, enlisting readers' sympathy for the homeless villagers. Such admirable art seems wasted on a satiric portrait of unrepentant narcissism, told in mediocre verse. Margaret A. Chang, Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts, North Adams Copyright 1999 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Kirkus sThis fine little enchantment from Brouillard follows the consequences of a prima donna discovering the tap will issue no water for her morning bath. ``When Prima Donna woke it was a beautiful day./That is what she ordered and she always had her way." She yodels to the morning and then runs into difficulty with that tub. So off she goes with a score and a music stand; ``she climbed the highest hill./She paused and took a deep breath, and then began to

trill" a rain song about a hollow where a village's inhabitants are accustomed to perpetual sunshine. They are surprised when rain begins to fall, then are driven from their houses as the storm waters rise: ``They quickly fled the village to seek a drier shore/while the waters swelled up to an even higher score." By the time she stops singing, Prima Donna has filled her landscape with a vast sea, in which she happily takes a good soak. Brouillard's illustrations are gems: a beckoning village square, a storm of operatic dimensions, and an unforgettable songbird. (Picture book. 4-8) --
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