

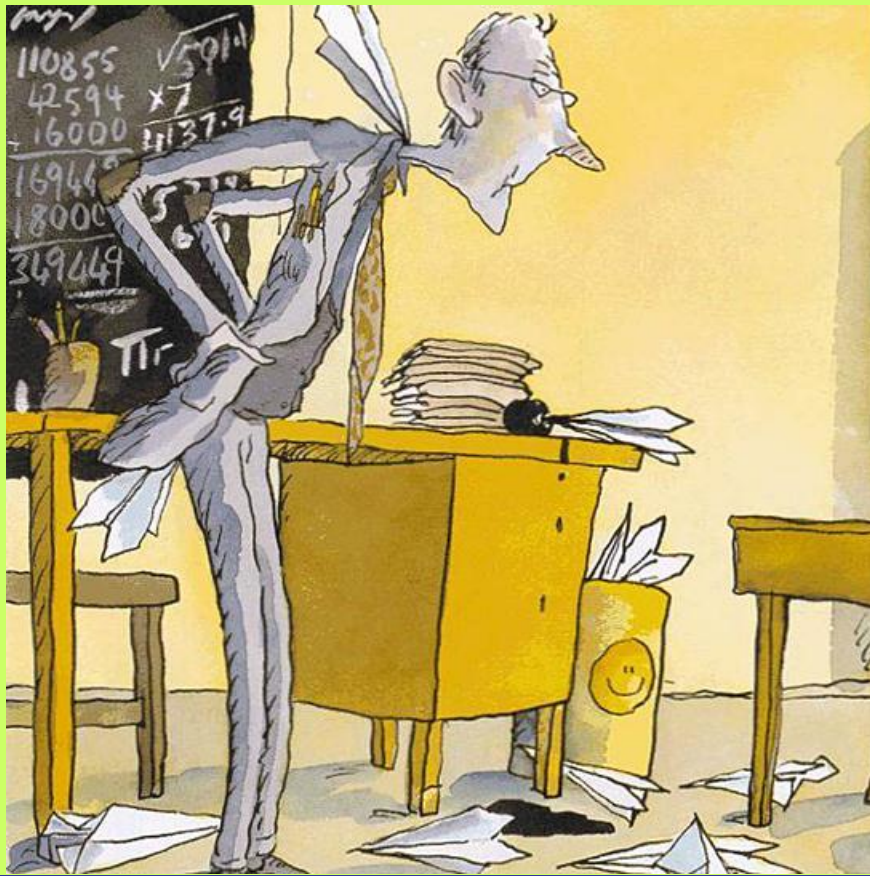
M i g u e l



Tony Bradman / Tony Ross



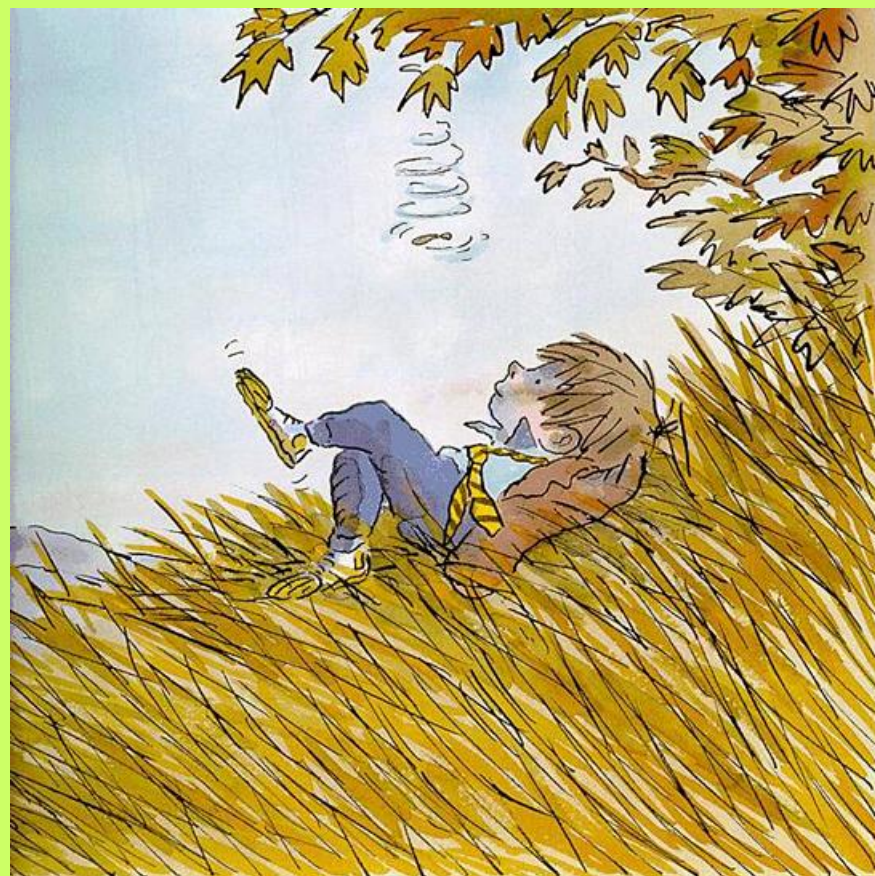
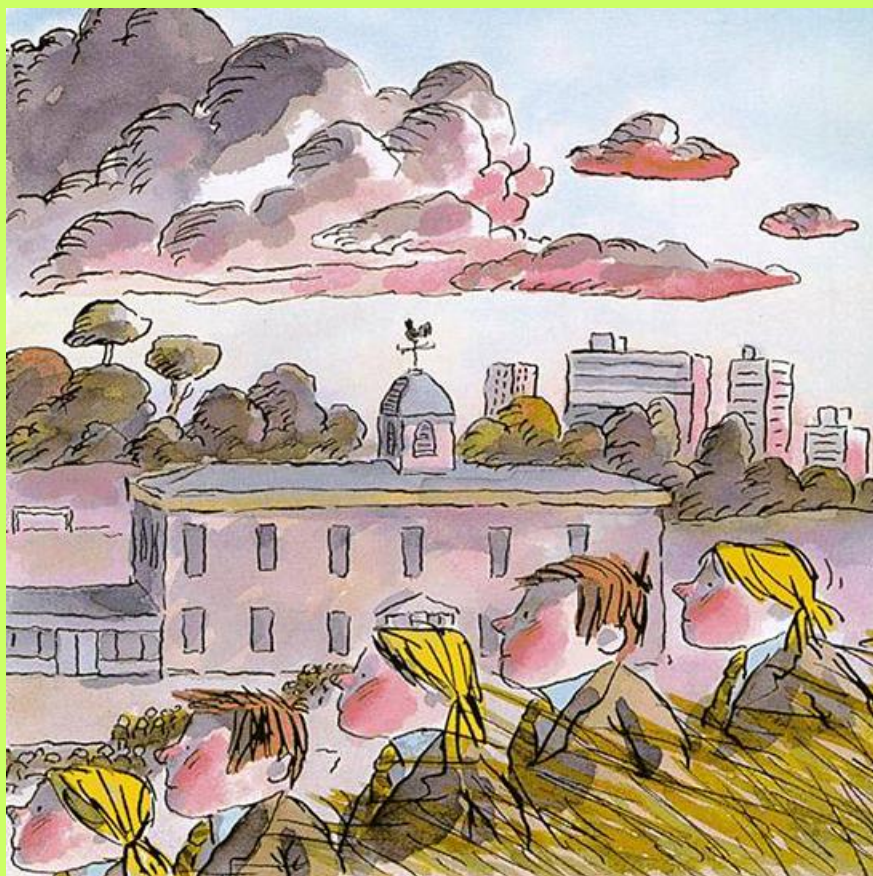
Miguel era diferente.



Os professores diziam ...

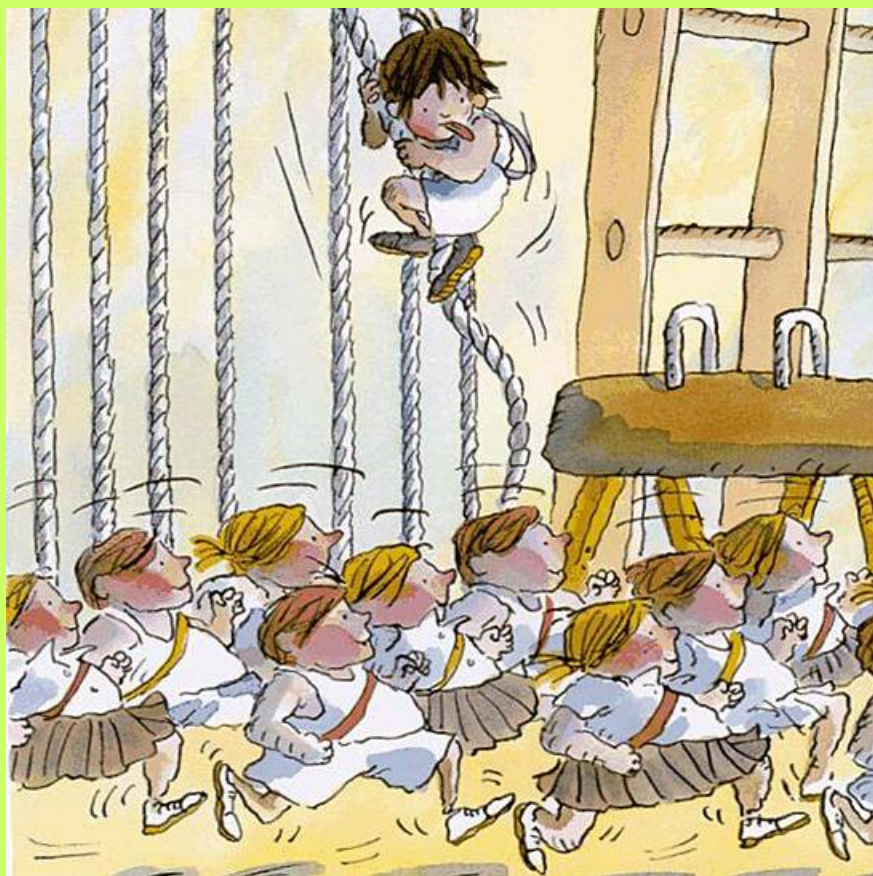


... que ele era o pior aluno da escola.

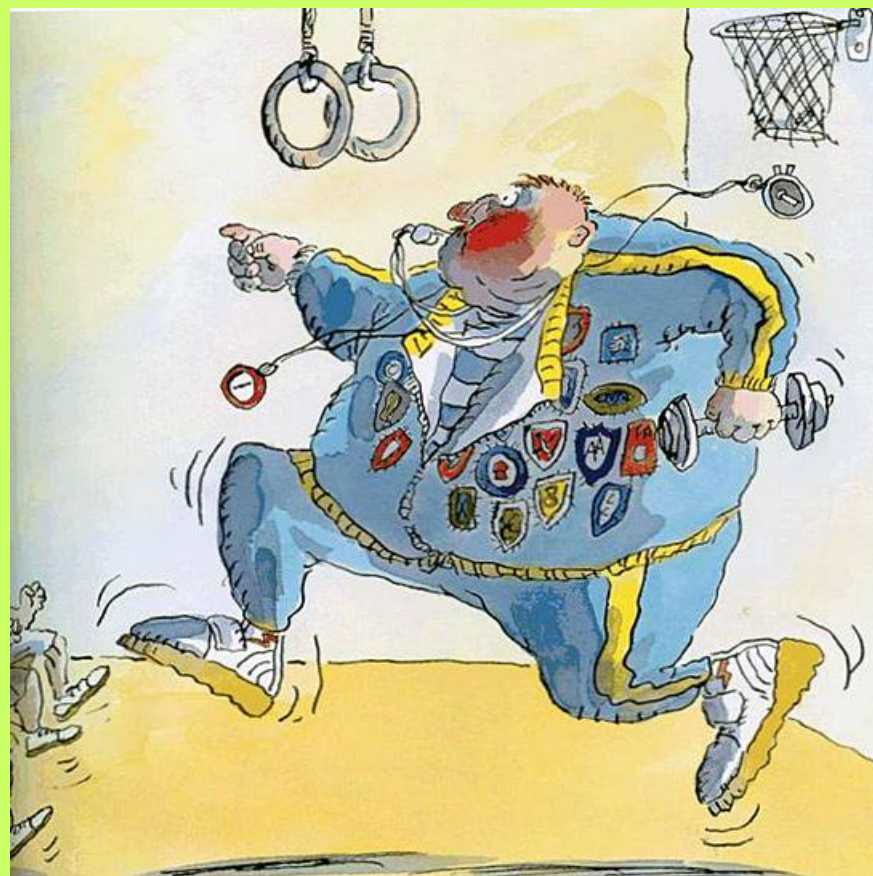


Ele chegava sempre atrasado ...

... e era meio desligado.



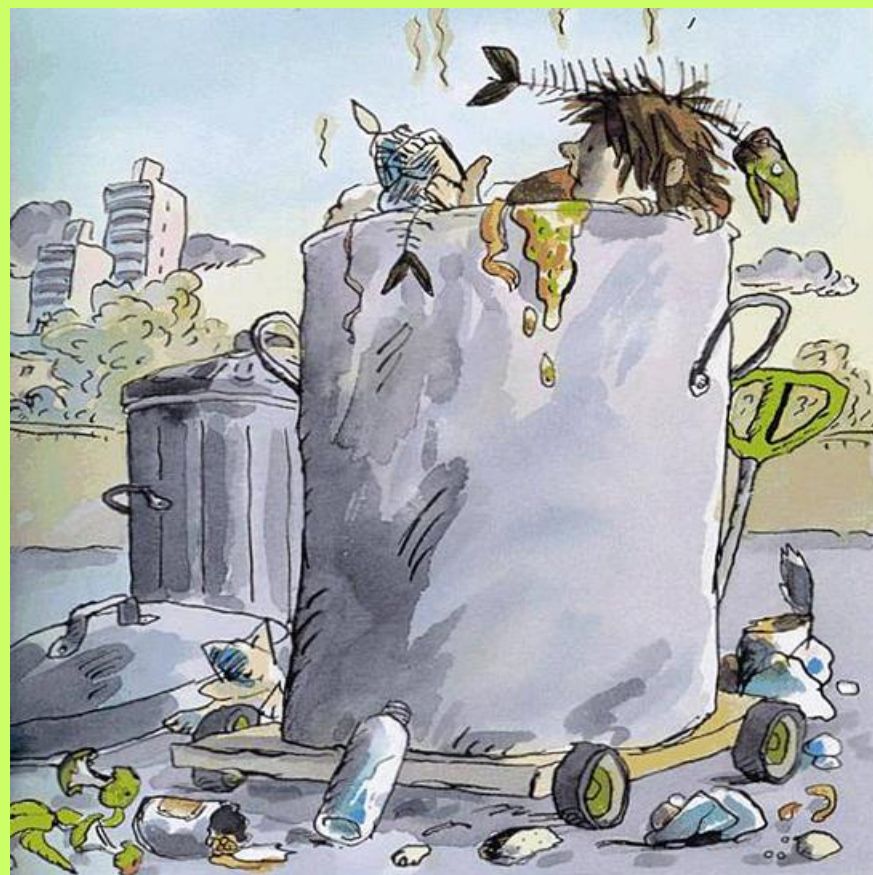
Ele também era atrevido ...



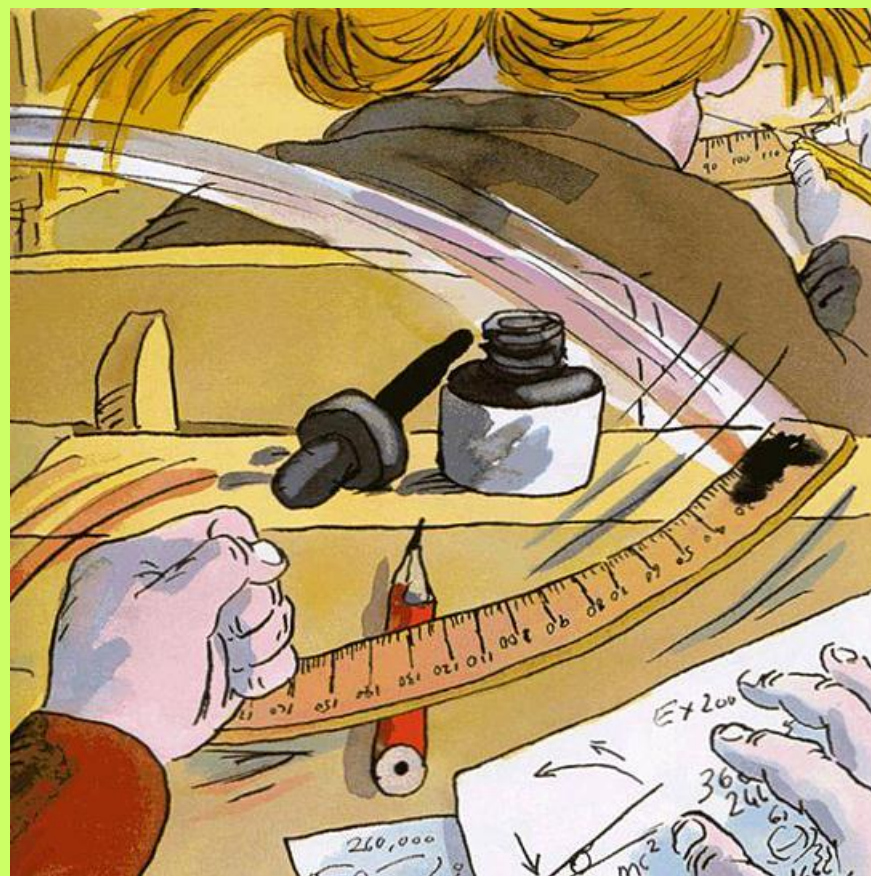
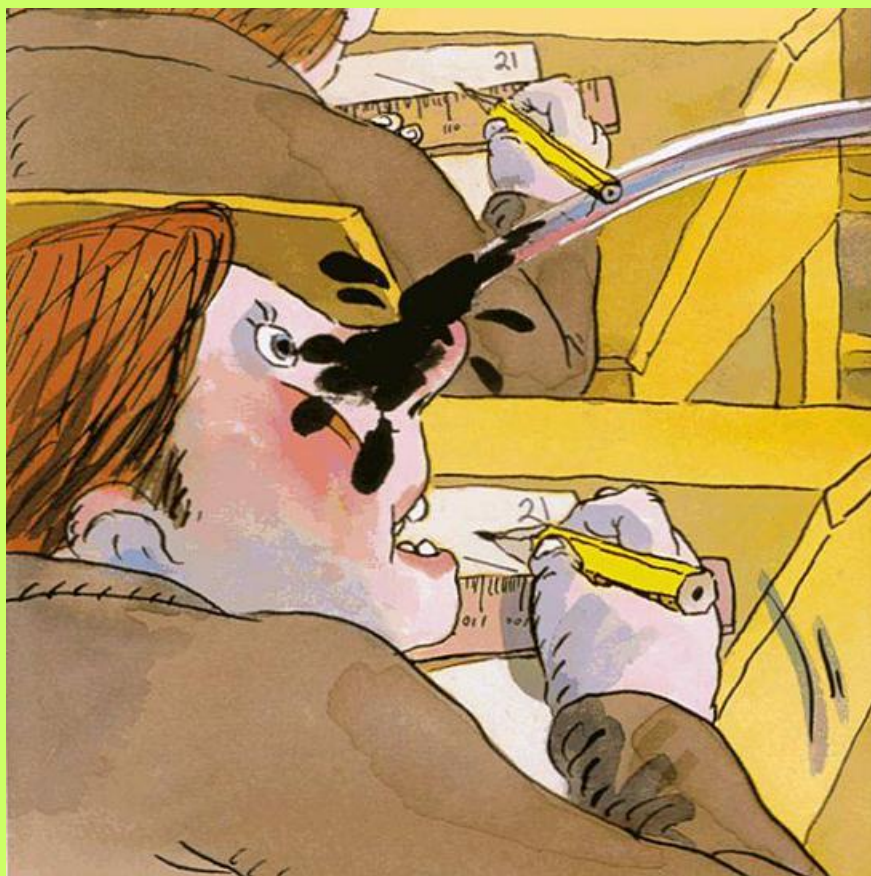
... e nunca fazia o que lhe mandavam.



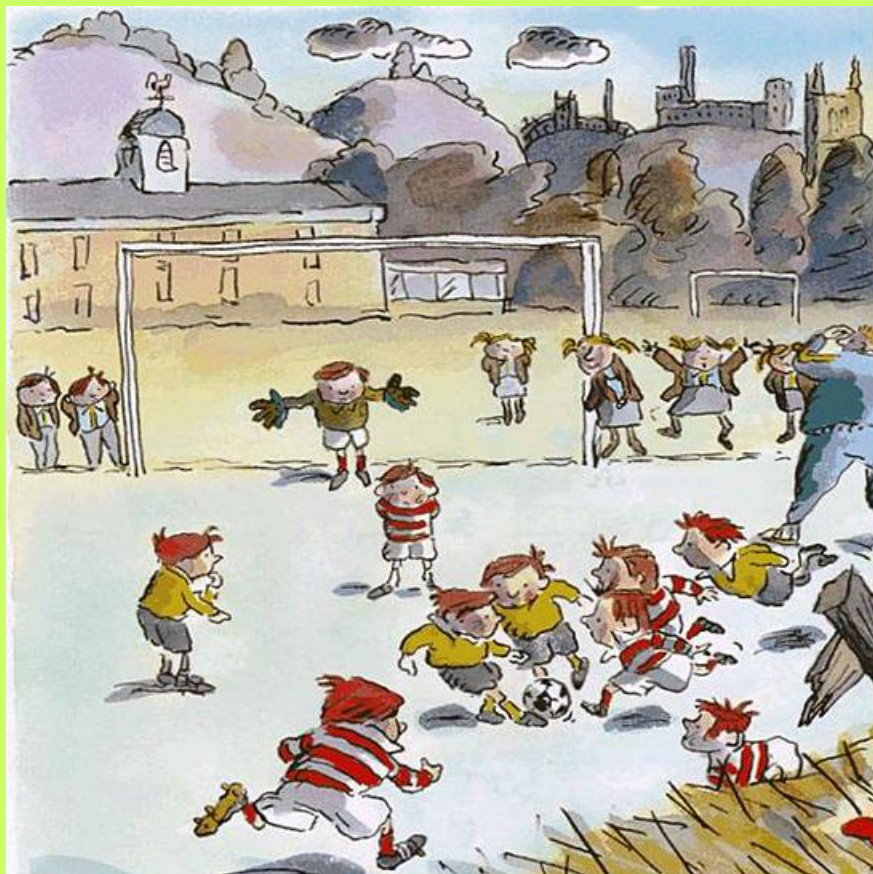
“Esse menino não vai dar em nada”, diziam os professores ...



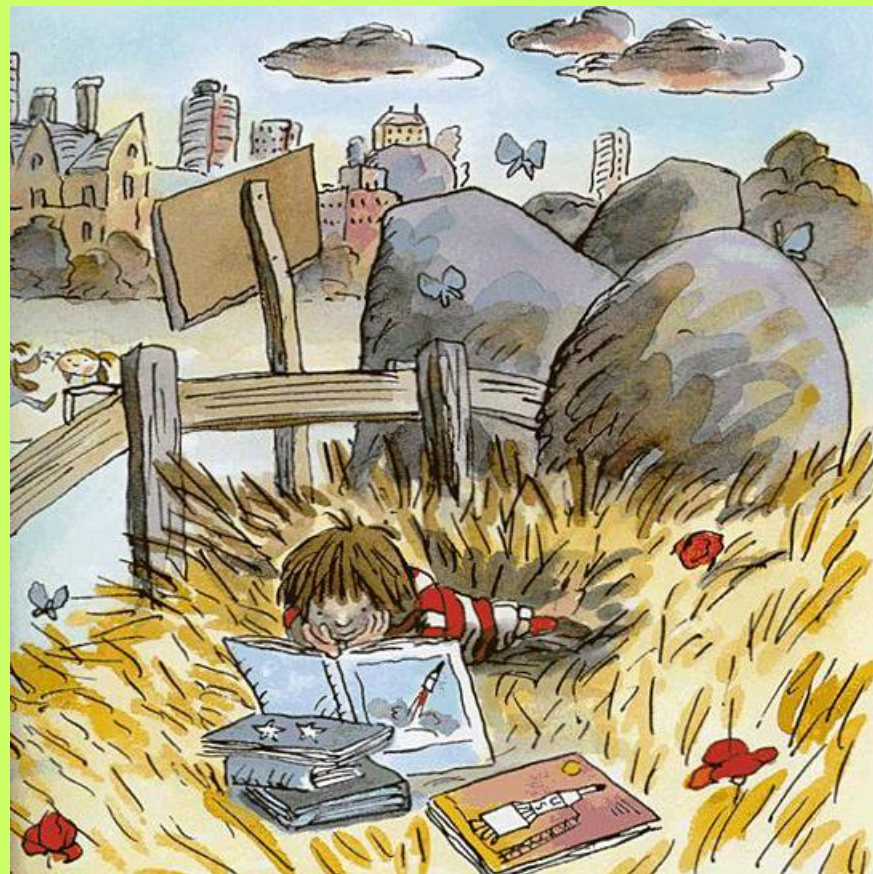
... mas Miguel não ligava.



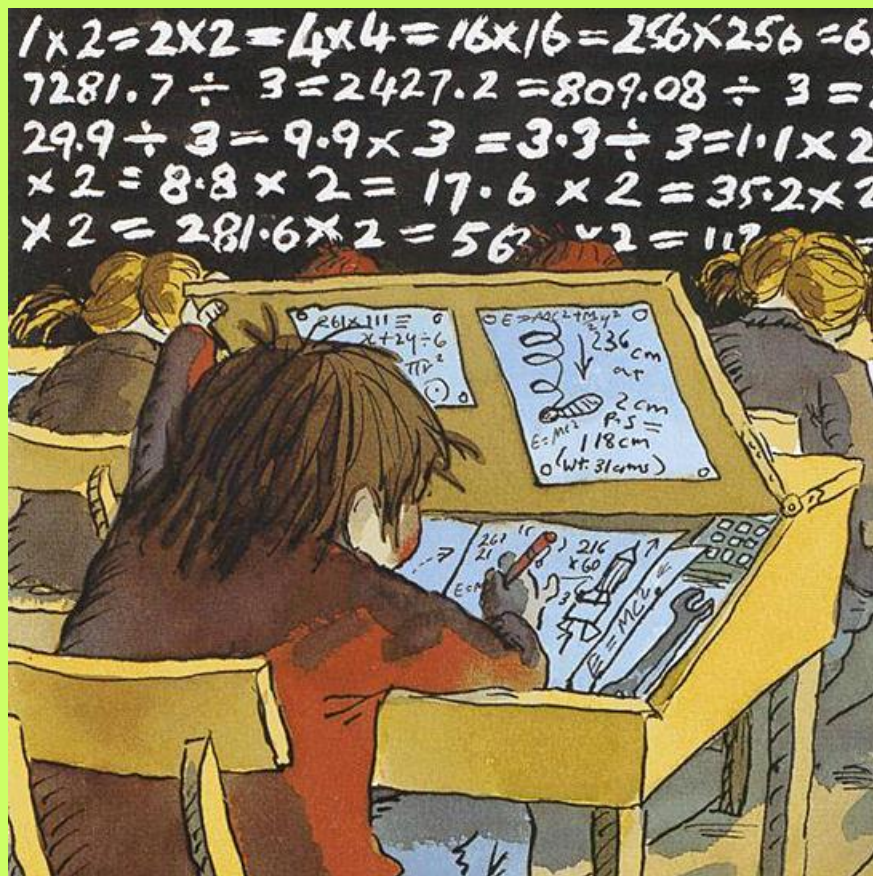
Miguel também não prestava atenção nas aulas.



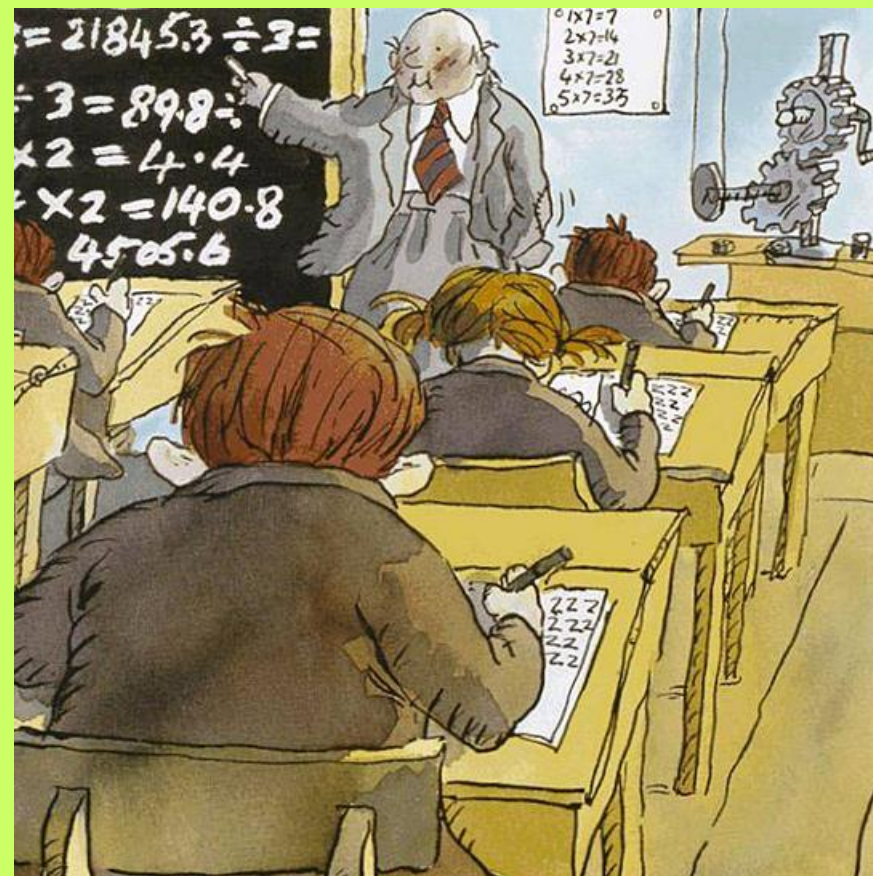
Ele adorava ler ...



... mas não os livros da escola.



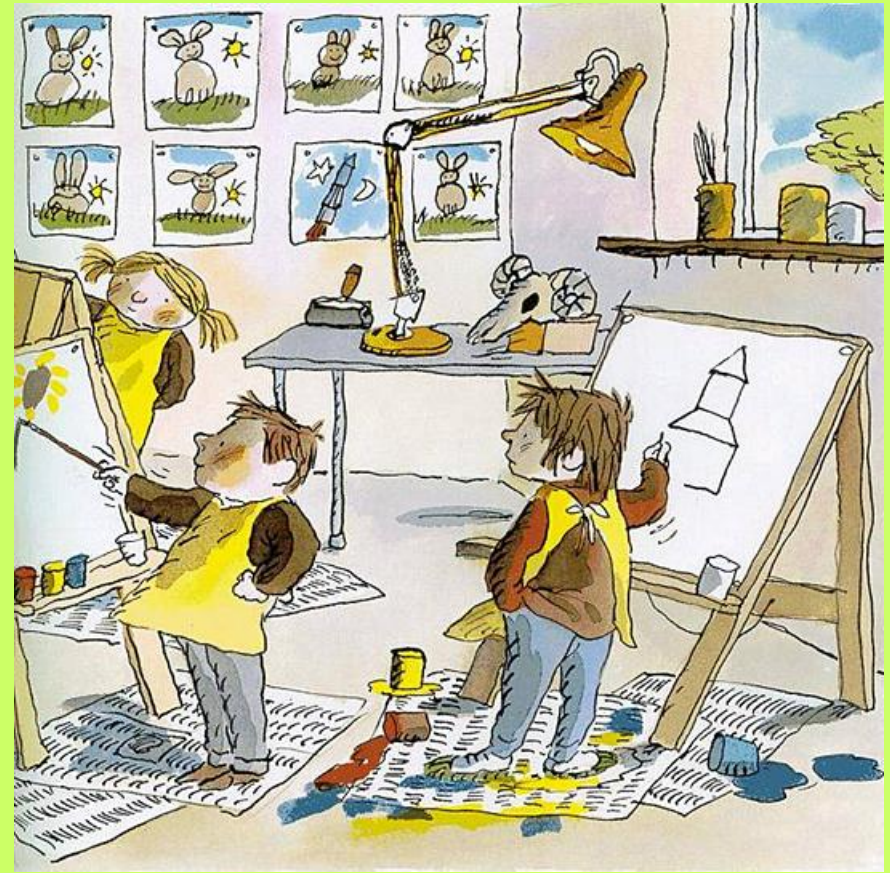
Ele gostava de números ...



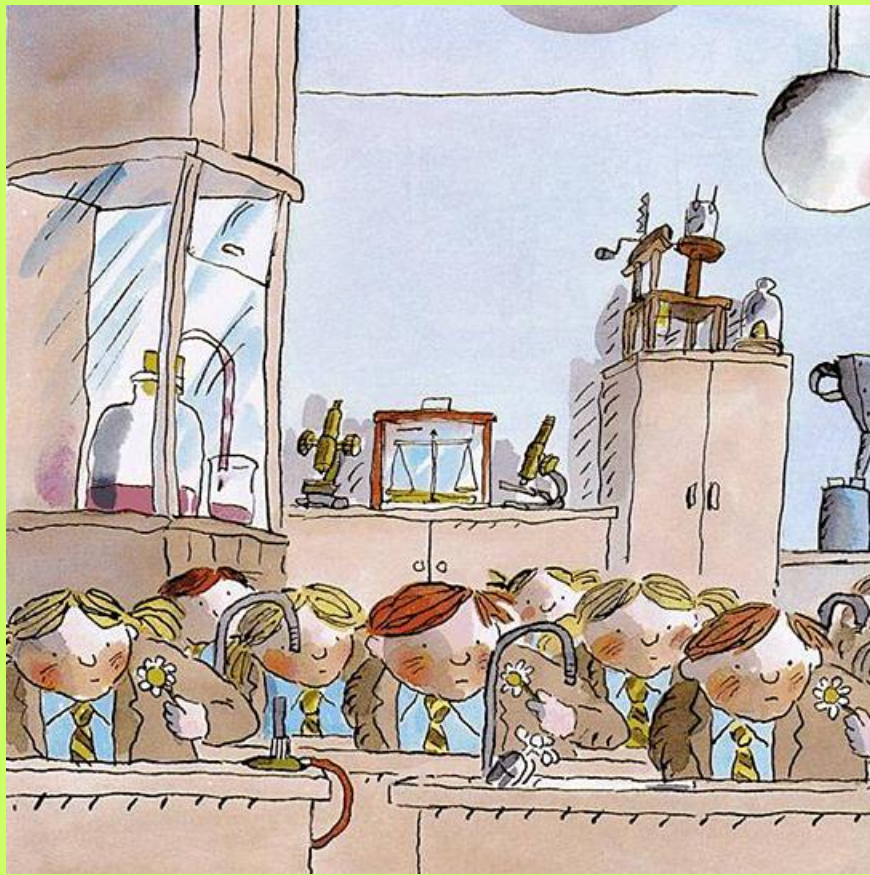
... mas não dos números das
contas da escola.



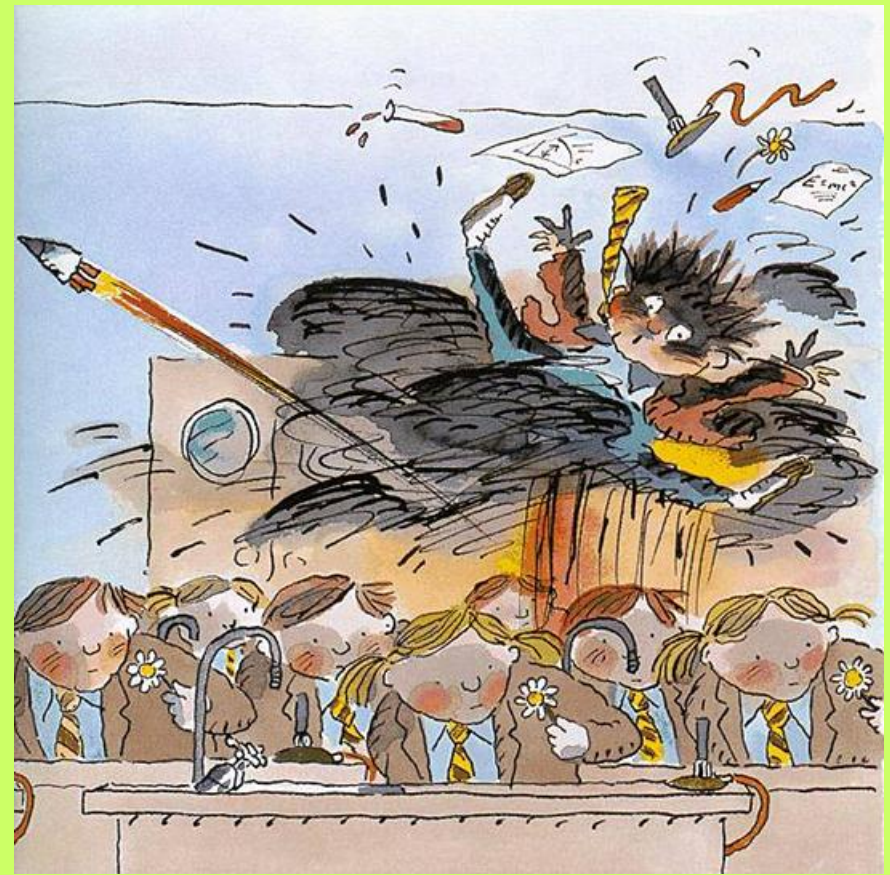
Ele gostava de arte ...



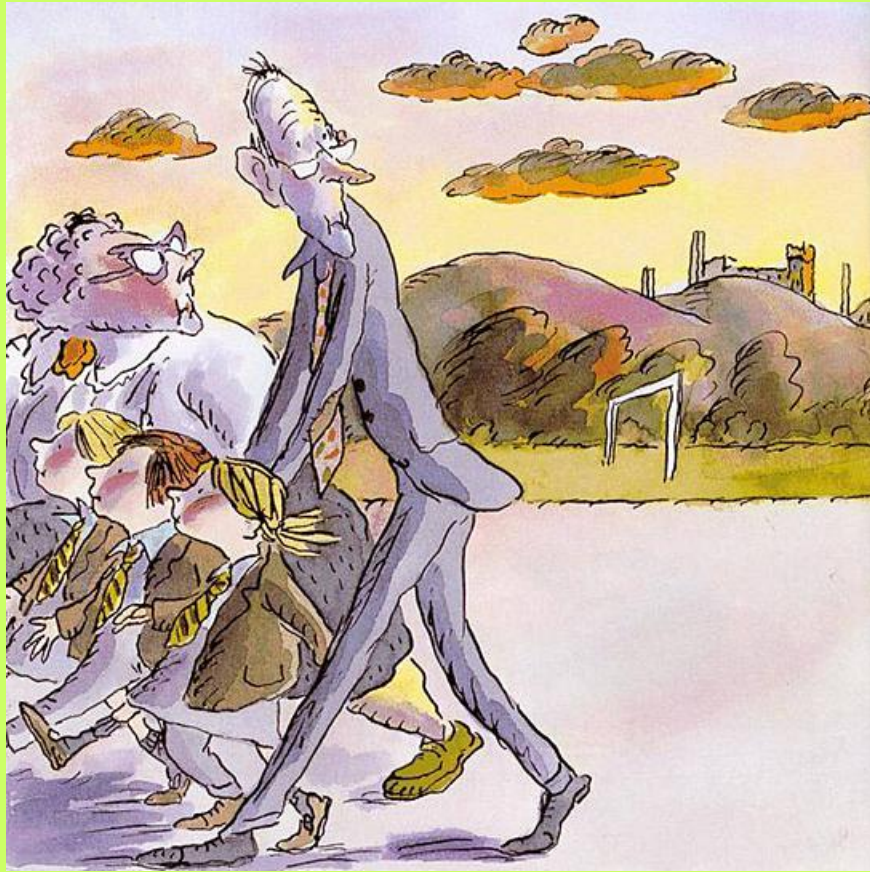
... mas não dos desenhos das aulas da escola.



Ele gostava de ciências ...



... mas não das experiências que faziam na escola.



“Nós desistimos!”, disseram os professores. “Vamos crianças!”



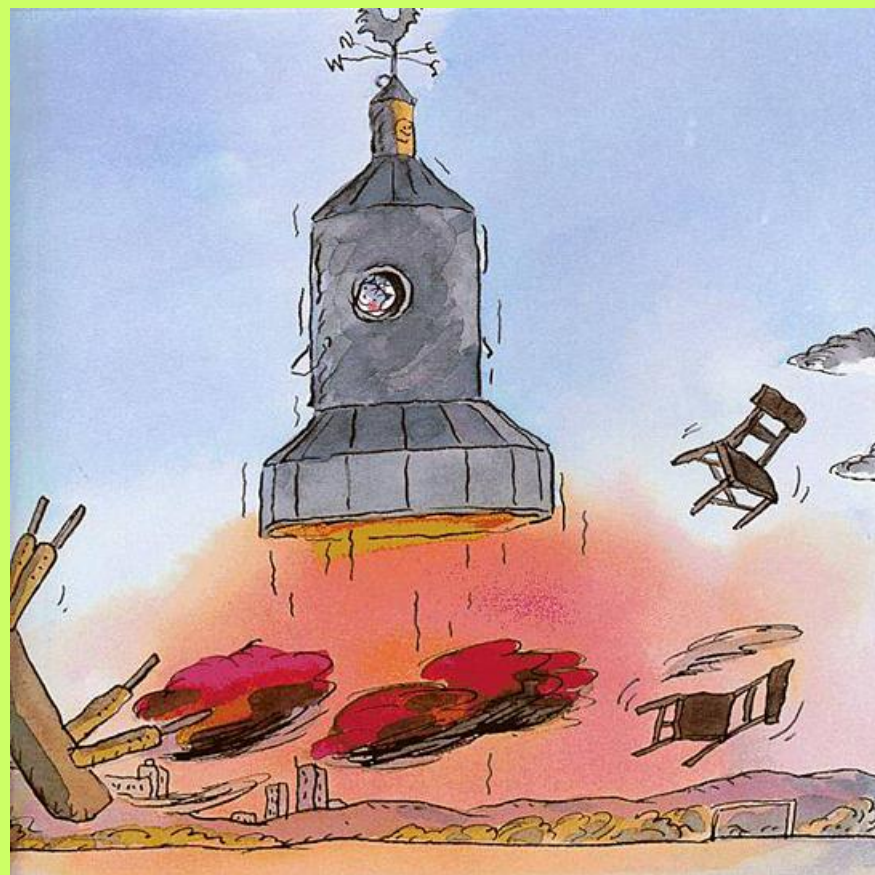
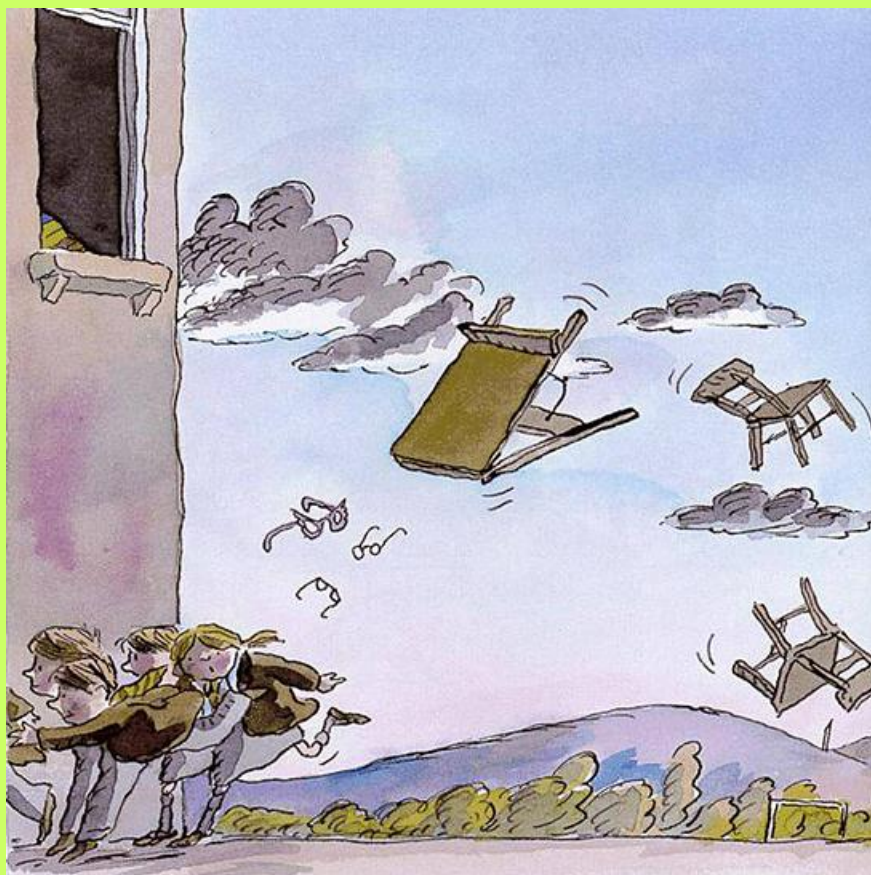
Miguel não se importou. Ele sabia o que estava fazendo.



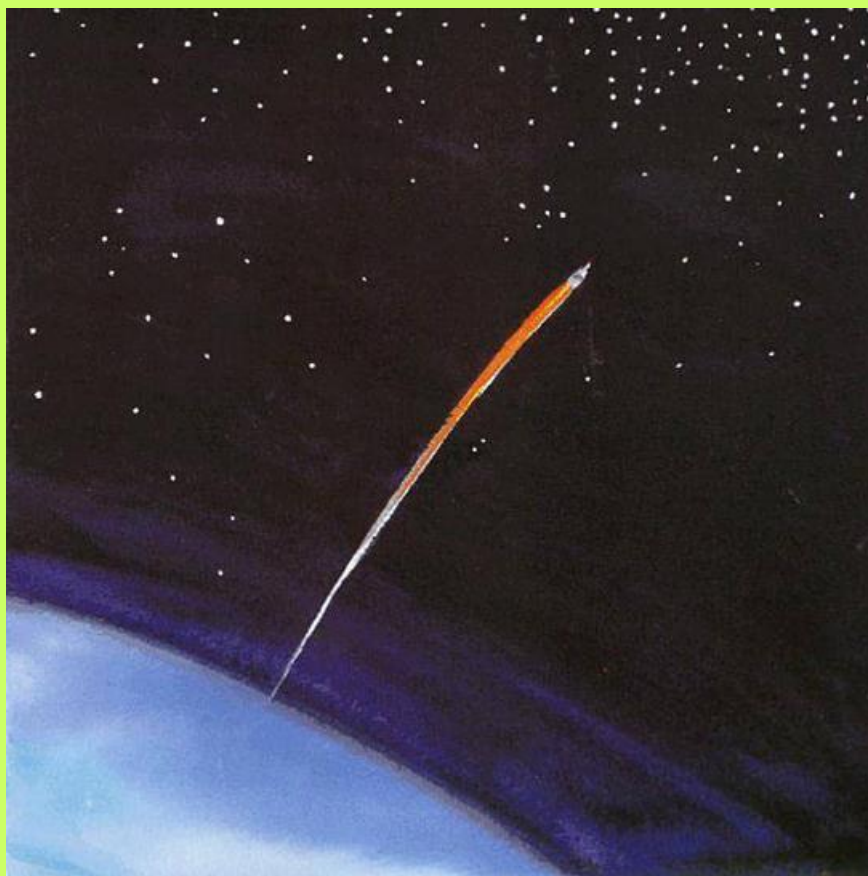
“Isso não vai funcionar nunca”,
disseram os professores ...



... mas Miguel só disse:
“Dez, nove, oito, sete, seis ...



... cinco, quatro, três, dois, um” ... Decolou!
E os professores disseram:



“Nós sempre soubemos que este menino ia longe.”