



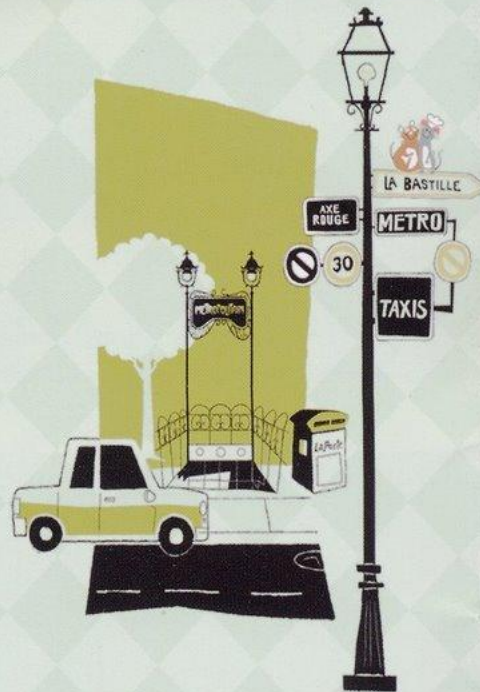
# Read-Along



24 Page  
Book  
Plus  
Audio CD

WALT DISNEY RECORDS

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Everybody has dreams – even rats. If you'd like to find out what happens when a rat named Remy travels to Paris and pursues his dreams of becoming a great chef, read along with me in your book. You'll know it's time to turn the page when you hear this sound...

Ready? Your story is about to be served.

In Order of Appearance:

Narrator: Roy Dotrice  
Remy: Patton Oswalt  
Django: Brian Dennehy  
Emile: Peter Sohn  
Auguste Gusteau: Brad Garrett  
TV Announcer: Adrian Alita  
Linguini: Lou Romano  
Larousse: James Remar  
Skinner: Ian Holm

Colette: Janeane Garofalo  
Mustafa: John Ratzenberger  
Reporters: Laura Simms, Sean Spann and Adrian Alita  
Anton Ego: Peter O'Toole

Read-Along Story Produced by Randy Thornton and Ted Kryczko  
Engineered and Co-produced by Jeff Sheridan  
Adapted by David Watts  
Creative Direction by Steve Gerdes  
Design by Steve Sterling



**W**e begin in the French countryside. It's here in a quaint old farmhouse where we meet our hero Remy, a rat with a highly developed sense of smell and taste. In fact, his nose was so good that his dad, Django, made him the official 'poison checker' for the rat colony. His job was to smell every piece of garbage to make sure it was safe to eat. "Clean... Clean... Clean-eriffic... Cleanerino."

Remy loved delicious food and didn't understand why the rats stole garbage. He tried explaining his feelings to his father. "We're thieves, Dad. And what we're stealing is, let's face it, garbage. If we're going to be thieves, why not steal the good stuff in the kitchen?"

But Django wasn't having it. "Stay out of the kitchen and away from the humans. It's dangerous."



Remy couldn't help himself. Humans *cooked* – they took delicious, fresh food, and did wonderful things to it to make dishes that were even more delicious. Remy wanted to be able to

cook too, just like his hero: Auguste Gusteau, the greatest chef in Paris. The only one who knew about Remy's secret love for cooking was his brother, Emile.

One day Remy coaxed Emile to sneak with him into the farmhouse kitchen. The old lady of the house was sleeping in the next room in front of the TV. Emile was nervous. "Not good. Don't like it. She's gonna wake up."

"I've been down here a million times. She turns on the cooking channel – boom, she never wakes up."

Just then, Remy noticed Chef Gusteau on the TV in the next room. "Great cooking is not for the faint of heart. Anyone can cook... but only the fearless can be great." Remy felt like the great chef was talking just to him.

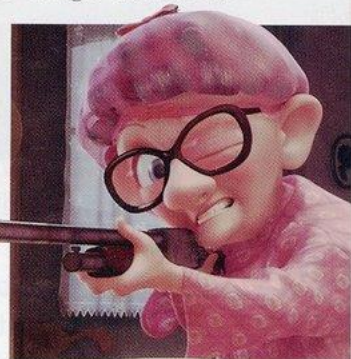
The narrator of the TV program continued with some bad news. "Gusteau's restaurant lost one of its five stars after a scathing review by France's top food critic, Anton Ego. It was a severe blow to Gusteau, and the brokenhearted Chef died shortly afterwards."



But Remy had no time to be sad because the old lady was now awake and aiming a shotgun at them. "Run!" She narrowly missed them, but continued to blast huge holes in the ceiling until finally, a massive chunk of the ceiling came crashing down. And with it came the attic floor and all the surprised rats of the colony.

Django remained calm and barked out orders. "Evacuate! Everyone, to the boats!"

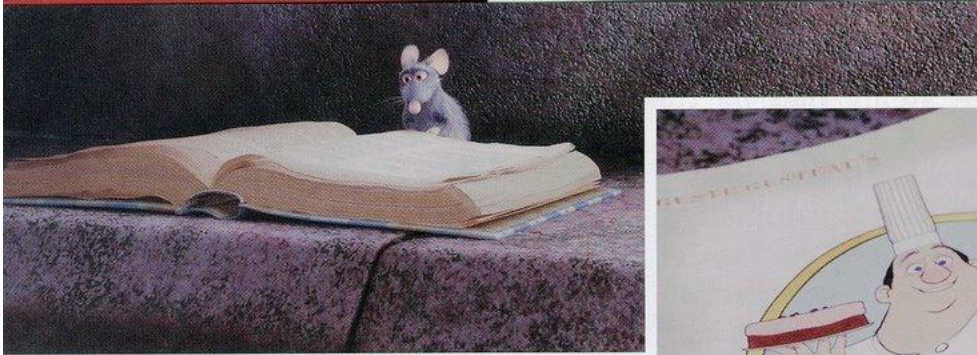
As the rats evacuated, Remy darted back to the kitchen to retrieve his beloved cookbook by Chef Gusteau.



Meanwhile, on the riverbank, Django directed the rats into makeshift boats. The boats pushed off, leaving Remy behind. "Hey, wait for me!"

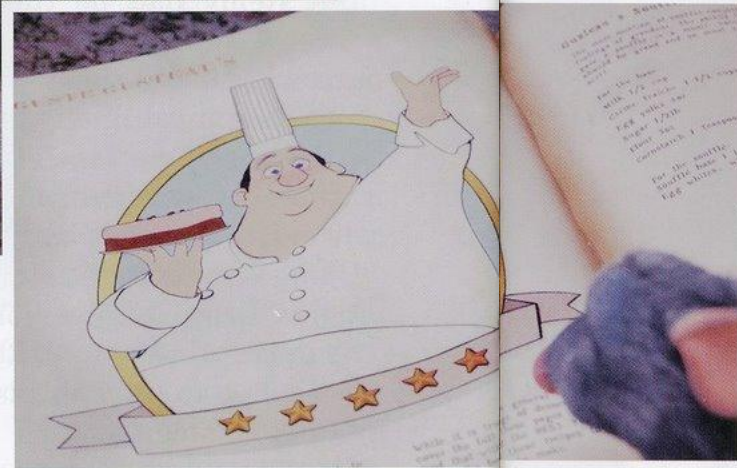
But things went from bad to worse as the old lady reappeared. The shotgun blast hit so close that it knocked Remy into the water. He climbed onto the book and paddled into a drainpipe after the other rats. But he never caught them. Then, before he could catch his breath, Remy found himself at the crest of an enormous waterfall! He tried to paddle away but the current was too strong. He tumbled over the edge and into the water. Then, everything went black.





That night, Remy awoke in a sewer tired and hungry. He pulled his cookbook boat ashore and flipped through it. His stomach growled as he looked at the tasty dishes. Then, as he gazed at a drawing of Gusteau, something weird happened. The illustration came to life and spoke to him! "If you are hungry, go up and look around, Remy." "Well, I... You are an illustration. Why am I talking to you?"

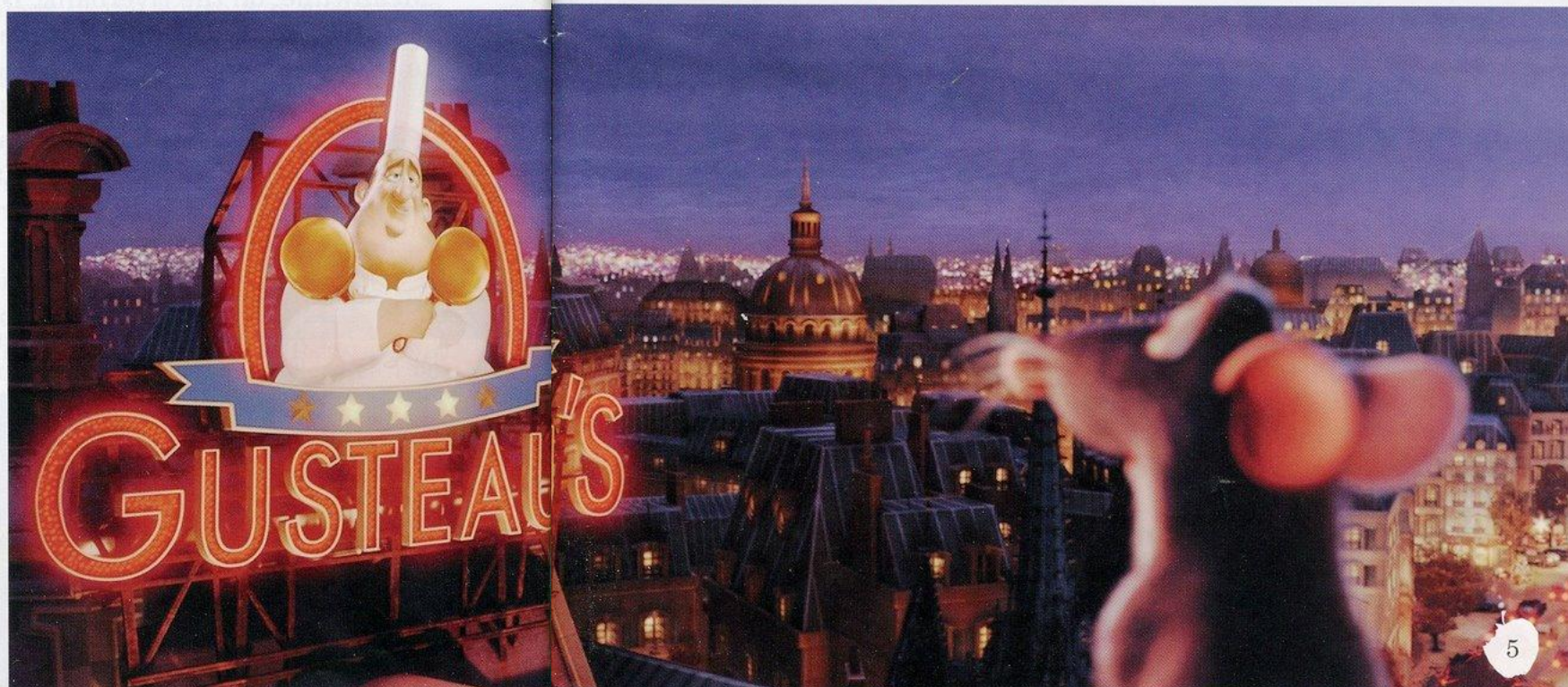
"You just lost your family. You are lonely. If you focus on what you've left behind, you will never be able to see what lies ahead. Now go up and look around."



Remy looked through the sewer grate and decided to go up. He scurried along when a sprite in the form of Gusteau appeared, glowing and transparent. The sprite spoke. "Food will come, Remy. Food always comes to those who love to cook."

Remy continued on until he finally emerged onto a rooftop. There laid out before him like a vast luminous jewel was... "Paris? All this time I've been underneath Paris? Wow!" As Remy scanned the city, his jaw suddenly dropped. "Gusteau's? You've led me to your restaurant."

"It seems as though I have. Yes."





Remy and the Gusteau sprite arrived at a skylight high above the kitchen. There, Remy watched as a short, nasty-looking man burst in. It was Skinner – the head chef. A cook introduced Skinner to a nervous young man named Linguini, who held out a sealed envelope. It contained a letter from Linguini’s mother, who had been Gusteau’s girlfriend many years ago. “She left it for you. I think she hoped it would help. Me, you know, get a job.” Skinner didn’t want to hire Linguini. He didn’t even bother to open the letter.



But, Larousse, one of the staff, told Skinner, “We’ve already hired him. We needed a garbage boy.”

“Oh. Garbage... well. I’m glad it worked out.”

As the staff set about their work, Remy watched with horror as Linguini accidentally knocked over a soup pot and began scooping water from another pot to refill it. “No! No! He’s ruining the soup!”

In his excitement, Remy leaned forward and the skylight panel tilted, sending him falling into the kitchen. Luckily he landed in a sink filled with dishwater. Remy climbed out and dashed for an open window. But on his way, he passed over the stove where he spied the soup Linguini had ruined. Out of nowhere, the Gusteau sprite reappeared. “You know how to fix it. This is your chance.”





Gusteau was right, Remy decided. He washed his hands and began to add ingredients to the soup until the pot bubbled with delicious smells. Everything seemed fine until

Remy realized that Linguini was watching him. Suddenly, Skinner entered. “The soup! Where is the soup?”

Remy dashed for the window, but Linguini trapped him under a colander. Skinner stormed over to Linguini. “How dare you cook in my kitchen.”

Just then, a waiter named Mustafa accidentally served the soup. Skinner was furious. “Linguini! You’re fired! F-I-R-E-D! Fired!”

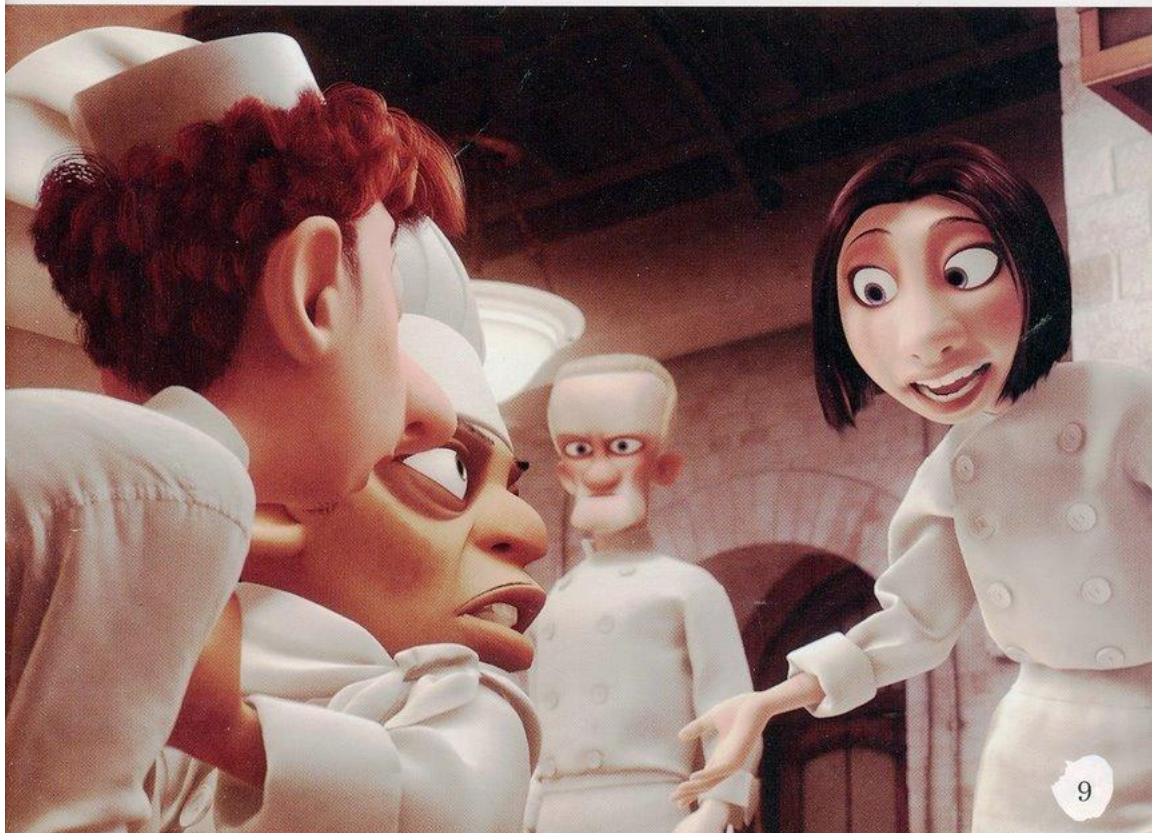
But Colette, one of the other cooks, tasted the soup. It was delicious! A few moments later, the waiter returned to the kitchen. “What did the customer say?”

“It was a critic. She likes the soup.”

Linguini sheepishly asked Skinner, “Am I still fired?”

Colette stood up for Linguini, reminding Skinner that Chef Gusteau believed that “anyone can cook.” Skinner reluctantly agreed to let Linguini stay. Suddenly, Skinner spotted Remy by the window. “RAAAAT!!!”

After a mad scramble, Linguini forced Remy into a jar. Skinner ordered him to take the rat away and kill it.



Linguini hopped onto his bicycle and peddled off with Remy. “Don’t look at me like that. You aren’t the only one who’s trapped... they expect me to cook it again! I don’t know how to cook and now I’m actually talking to a rat as if you – huh! Did you nod?? You understand me??”

Remy nodded. “Whatever you did they liked it! Do you think you could do it again?” Remy nodded again.

The two agreed to work together and the next morning Linguini entered the kitchen with Remy hidden in his clothes. Skinner approached him. “Now, recreate the soup.”



Linguini set about trying to recreate Remy’s soup. Remy popped out of his shirt cuff to see Linguini reaching for the wrong spice. With no other way to stop him, Remy bit him on the arm. Yelping in pain, Linguini took Remy into the food safe. “This is not going to work, little chef! We gotta figure out something else.”

Suddenly, Skinner opened the door. But before he could see Remy, Linguini shut off the light. Skinner flicked it back on and yelled at Linguini who was now standing alone. “What are you doing in here? Get out.”

Linguini returned to the kitchen with Remy hiding beneath his chef's hat. Suddenly, Remy looked up and noticed Linguini was about to crash into a waiter carrying a tray piled high with dishes. Remy yanked on Linguini's hair like a horse's reins. The yank jerked Linguini backwards in an almost impossible limbo-arch under the tray of dishes. At first, Remy and Linguini didn't know what had happened. But soon they realized that Remy could control Linguini like a puppet by pulling on his hair. It was the perfect solution!

Linguini and Remy went home to practice cooking together in this new way. After a lot of practice, Remy was able to "pilot" Linguini with ease. No one could tell that it was really Remy who was doing the cooking from under Linguini's hat.



The next day, Linguini was able to make the soup for Skinner. "Hmm. Congratulations. But you will need to know more than soup if you are to survive in my kitchen, boy."

Linguini didn't know it, but Skinner had finally opened the letter from Linguini's mother. The letter told Skinner a secret – that Linguini was actually Gusteau's son. This meant that the restaurant really belonged to Linguini, not Skinner. Skinner wanted to keep the restaurant for himself, so he didn't tell Linguini. He decided to be so mean to him that Linguini would leave the restaurant forever.

First, he assigned Colette to teach Linguini how to work in the kitchen. Colette was the toughest chef in the kitchen, and Skinner thought Linguini would give up. But Colette and Linguini became friends. Linguini worked hard and did a good job.



Then Skinner came up with a new plan to make Linguini fail. “Now is your chance to try something worthy of your talent, Linguini. A forgotten favorite of the Chef’s: “Sweetbread a la Gusteau!” Colette will help you. Now hurry up.”

Linguini and Colette didn’t know that Skinner was playing a mean trick – the recipe was actually one Gusteau had given up on because it tasted so bad. But Remy could tell that something was wrong with the recipe, so he decided to invent his own version of the dish. Linguini tried to follow the instructions, but Remy used Linguini’s hair to force him to make the new version instead. The whole kitchen was shocked that Linguini had changed the dish, and waited anxiously to see what the customers would think. Mustafa soon returned. “They love it. I have seven more orders.”

Remy was very happy and very proud.



That night, Remy was out by the garbage cans behind the restaurant. Suddenly, he heard a noise. What a surprise – it was his brother, Emile! Remy and Emile were thrilled. Both of them had been worried they would never see each other again. Emile took Remy to visit the rest of the rats, who had started a new colony in the sewer. Remy’s father greeted him warmly. “My son has returned!”

But Remy told him that he couldn’t stay. Remy didn’t tell his father, but he wanted to go back to the kitchen and cook. Django suspected Remy was doing something dangerous. He told him to be careful and stay away from humans. But Remy wouldn’t listen. “I want to make things! I want to add something to this world.” And with that, Remy returned to Gusteau’s.



Later that day, Emile surprised Remy by showing up with a bunch of hungry rats. Remy scowled at his brother, then disappeared into the kitchen to gather some food. But the food safe was locked. He searched Skinner's office for the key. As he scampered onto the desk, a framed portrait of Gusteau spoke to him. "Remy, what are you doing in here?"

Just then Remy found the key under a file labeled 'Gusteau: Last Will and Testament.' As Remy scanned the document, he noticed something curious. "Linguini? Why would Linguini be filed with your will?"

Remy opened Linguini's mother's letter and began to read. He couldn't believe his eyes. "He's your son?!"

## DNA TEST REPORT

REPORT 010311N

Monsieur Skinner,  
My name is Revata Linguini.  
I have never met you but I have  
heard of you from many years  
ago. I and I were very close



Without warning, Skinner entered. Remy snatched both the will and the letter in his mouth and dashed away. Skinner chased after him on a moped. By the river, Remy leapt from one boat to another with Skinner hot on his tail. Then, in one last desperate leap, Remy launched himself into the air. The documents in his mouth spread like wings and he sailed across the water to safety.

Later, when Skinner returned to his office, he found Linguini sitting at his desk. "You? Get out of my office."

But Colette calmly held up the will. "He's not in your office. You are in his."

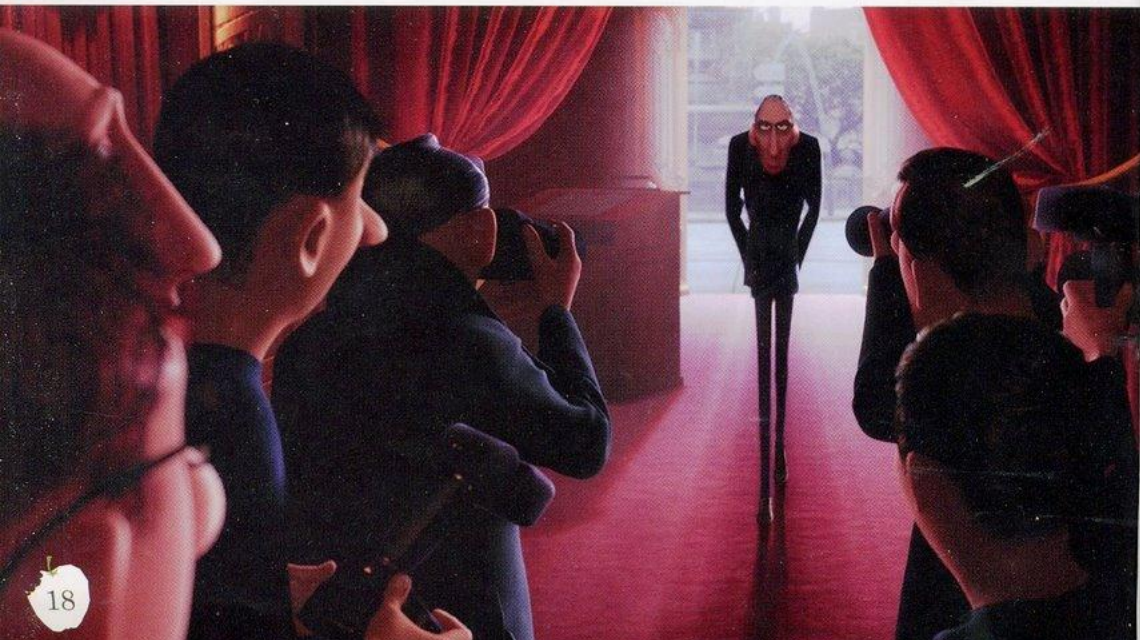
When word got out that Gusteau had a son, Linguini was mobbed by reporters. “Chef Linguini! What is the secret to your genius?”

Linguini smiled. “I am... uh... Gusteau’s son. It’s in my blood, I guess.” Inside Linguini’s toque, Remy yanked on Linguini’s hair. Just then a shadowy figure appeared. The crowd grew still. Linguini recognized the man. “You’re Anton Ego.” It was the same food critic who had taken away one of Gusteau’s five stars.

“I will return tomorrow night with high expectations. Pray you don’t disappoint me.”

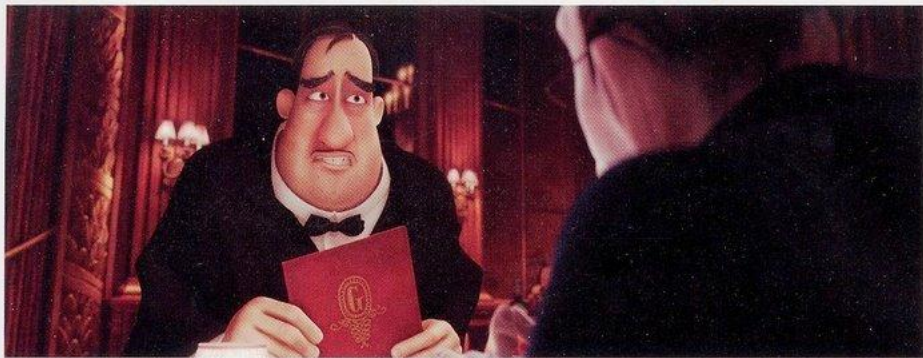
After Ego left, Linguini spoke angrily to Remy. “You take a break, little chef. I’m not your puppet.”

Unknown to Linguini, Skinner was secretly watching the whole scene from the roof. He was amazed. “The rat is the cook!”



The next evening, Remy watched through the window, as the kitchen prepared for Ego. Suddenly, Emile surprised Remy. “You really shouldn’t be here during restaurant hours. It’s not safe.”

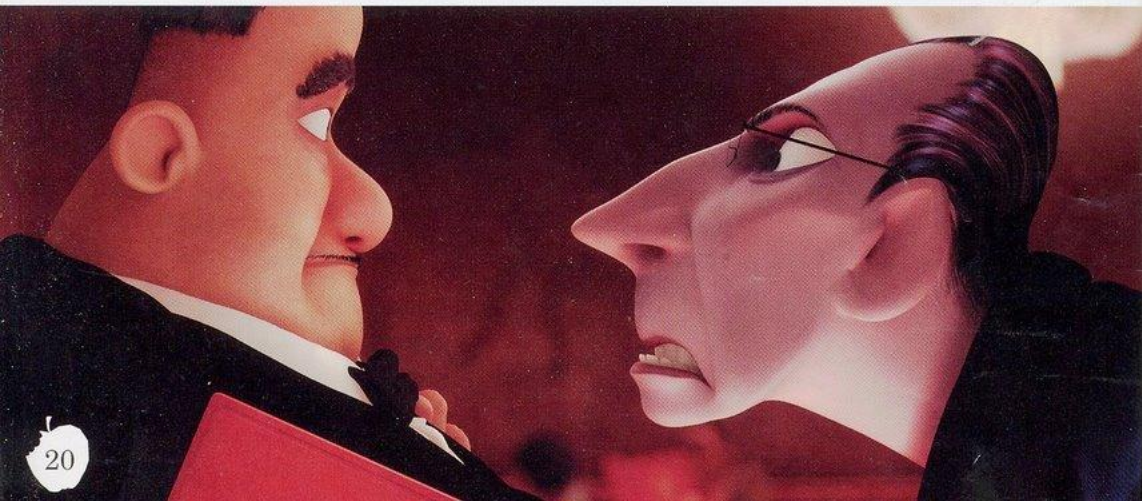
“I’m hungry! And I don’t need the inside food to be happy.” Emile lifted a tarp, revealing a large piece of cheese. Remy noticed instantly that it was inside a trap. But as Remy ran to knock Emile away from the cage, he fell into it himself. Before Emile could get help, Skinner appeared and locked the trap in the trunk of his car. “Au revoir... rat.”



Meanwhile, Ego had arrived at the restaurant. As the cooks worked in the kitchen, Mustafa nervously approached his table. “Do you know what you’d like this evening, sir?”

“Tell your ‘Chef Linguini’ that I want whatever he dares to serve me. Tell him to hit me with his best shot.”

Back in the cage, Remy heard a loud noise. Remy’s dad and Emile had caved in the trunk by pushing stone gargoyles onto it from a nearby cathedral. Django jumped into the trunk and opened the trap. Remy sprung out and raced back to Gusteau’s. When he arrived, the kitchen was in chaos.



Just then, everyone in the kitchen froze. There, in the middle of the doorway like a tiny gunslinger, was Remy. The other cooks tried to kill Remy, but as they closed in, Linguini threw himself between the cooks and his friend. “Don’t touch him! I know this sounds insane. But this rat... he’s the one behind these recipes. He’s the cook. We can be the greatest restaurant in Paris. And this rat, this brilliant little chef, can lead us there. Whaddya say? You with me?”

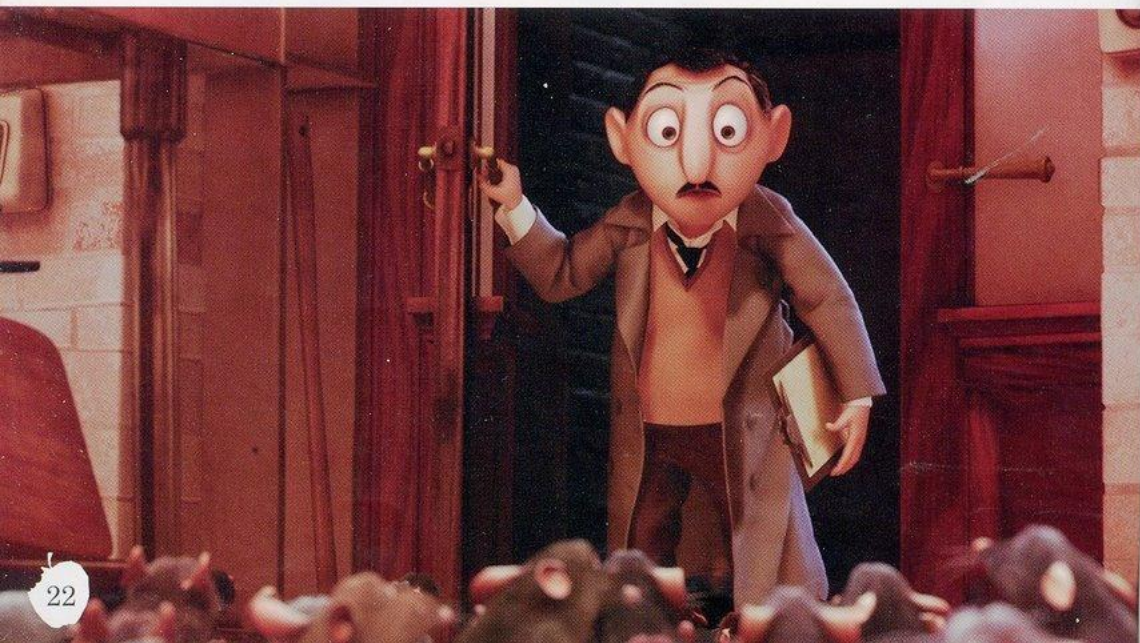
The kitchen staff stood silently for a moment, and then one by one, they walked out on Linguini in disgust. Even Colette left, disappointed that Linguini had been lying. Defeated, Linguini sadly went to his office, leaving Remy alone.

A moment later, Django stepped out of the shadows. He had seen the whole thing. “I was wrong about your friend and, about you.” Django whistled and summoned the rest of the rat clan. “We’re not cooks, but we are family. You tell us what to do and we’ll get it done.”

Before Remy could speak, the door opened and the rats looked up to see a health inspector staring at them. Then, he bolted! Remy shouted, “Stop that health inspector!”

Django barked out orders. “Delta-Team – go, go, go, go! The rest of you stay and help Remy!”

Remy took command. He had all the rats take a bath in the dishwasher so they would be nice and clean. Then he divided them into groups so each group could work in a different part of the kitchen. “Get to your stations! Let’s go, go, go!” Linguini put on a pair of roller skates and swept through the dining room as the only waiter.



Back in the kitchen, Remy oversaw every detail. “Less salt! More butter! Whoa, whoa!” Just then, the back door swung open and the bound and gagged health inspector was floated across the floor on a cushion of rats. The rats dumped him in the food safe and slammed the door.

The rats were working together like a well-oiled machine when Colette came back to the kitchen. She had remembered Gusteau’s motto – “Anyone can cook.” Even a rat!

Remy put the finishing touches on the special dish he chose to make for Ego – Ratatouille. A hush fell over the dining room as the meal was served. Then came the moment of truth. Ego placed a forkful of food into his mouth and closed his eyes. He loved it.

After finishing his meal, Ego spoke to Linguini. “I can’t remember the last time I asked a waiter to give my compliments to the Chef. And now I find myself in the extraordinary position of having my waiter be the chef.”

“Thanks, but I’m just your waiter tonight.”

“Then who do I thank for the meal?”

Linguini asked Ego to wait until after the restaurant closed. When everyone else had left, Linguini went into the kitchen and returned with Remy. At first, Ego thought it was a joke, but as Linguini continued his story, Ego’s smile disappeared.



The next day Ego’s review appeared and it could not have been more glowing. But the health inspector swiftly closed down Gusteau’s.

In time, Linguini, with the help of Colette and Anton Ego, opened a new restaurant called ‘La Ratatouille’. It quickly earned a reputation as one of the finest in all of Paris. And who do you think was the genius behind its success? That’s right, Remy. Which proves that dreams can come true – even if you’re just a rat.

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