

The Flying Seed

traduzione di: IL SEME VOLANTE E FOLLETTO MARTINO

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Casa editrice: Vivo di Fiabe

1

It was a fresh spring morning, one of those days when the wind ruffles your hair with a playful touch.

Martino, the little elf, stepped out of his tiny house, yawning and hopping in happy little twirls among the soft blades of grass and colourful flowers.

2

All of a sudden, something brushed against his palm.

He gently closed his fingers to keep it from flying away.

He wondered, "Could it be a little butterfly? Or maybe a ladybird?"

He tried to feel a tiny movement inside his closed hand, but... nothing.

Worried, he thought, "Oh no... have I squashed it?"

Slowly, he opened his hand, holding his breath.

It wasn't a ladybird, nor a butterfly.

3

It had no eyes, no mouth, only a tiny wing.

It was a flying seed.

He had never seen a seed like this before.

Martino whispered to it, "Where have you come from, little one?"

The seed lay on his palm, silent, as if waiting.

It had no eyes, no mouth. It was yellow, long in shape, and had only one tiny, almost see-through wing.

Martino understood at once: it was a flying seed!

He had never seen such a seed before.

Martino whispered, "Where do you come from, little one?"

The seed lay still in his hand, silent, as if waiting.

4

Buzzing closer, Carolina the bee, always curious, landed on the seed. She sniffed it a little and said,

"If you tell it a story, bzzzz bzzzz, it might turn into a flower as sweet as honey!"

Martino laughed. "What kind of story should I tell it?"

Carolina twirled in the air and answered,

"A story of sunshine, rain, and waiting... bzzzz bzzzz, for that is how seeds grow."

Then, with a gentle hum, the bee flew away towards a flowery meadow.

5

Hopping along came a red frog—Alfonsa! She stopped in front of Martino and, looking at the seed, exclaimed,

"This is no ordinary seed! Cra, cra! You must throw it into the stream!"

Martino, surprised, asked, "Into the stream? Why?"

Alfonsa replied, "Cra, cra! If it floats, it will become a water lily! And if it sinks... Cra, cra! Well, then it will turn into a fish!"

Martino laughed. "A fish? I don't think it works that way!"

The frog huffed. "Well, who can say? Nature is full of surprises! Cra, cra, goodbye!" And just as she had arrived, she hopped away.

6

From behind a bush, Gerardo the rabbit popped out.

He hopped closer to take a good look at the seed and then murmured,

"Do you know what you must do to make it sprout? Hop, hop! You must hop around it three times and whistle very loudly! Hop, hop! Then it will turn into a giant carrot!"

Martino burst out laughing. "Hop around? But it's a flying seed!"

Gerardo twitched his nose. "So what? Hop, hop! Maybe it's a flying carrot seed! Try it, try it!"

Satisfied with his advice, the rabbit hopped away, humming to himself.

7

Evening had fallen. Three butterflies—Violetta, Petunia, and Iris—fluttered around the little seed.

With delicate, melodic voices, they whispered together, "Shhh, shhh... what a strange little thing!"

Martino explained, "It's a flying seed!"

Violetta suggested, "Let it go into the wind tonight! Shhh, shhh... then it will fly high and turn into a star."

Martino replied, "I'd like it to stay here, with us."

The three butterflies flitted away, letting the cool evening breeze carry them into the night.

8

Martino had received so many suggestions, all different, some quite silly.

He looked at the little seed, so silent, and whispered,

"It doesn't matter where you come from, if you don't speak, or if you have only one wing. I think you need the same things as all seeds: soil, water, sunshine... and someone to take care of you."

With great care, he dug a small hole in the ground with his hands and gently placed the seed inside.

Then he covered it with soil and gave it a little water.

Speaking softly to himself, he said, "I will take care of you and keep you safe.

Whatever you grow into—a tiny flower, a thorny bush, or a mighty tree—it will be wonderful to see you grow."

9

Weeks passed, and the flying seed sprouted. A tiny green leaf peeked out from the earth. Martino felt his heart fill with joy!

The little sprout welcomed the sunshine on its leaves, the wind through its branches, and the rain into its roots.

And so, it grew into a great tree—a shelter, a home, and a haven for all who passed by, for those who wished to rest among its branches or under its shade.

And it was the tree that then took care of all the creatures of the forest.

This version is adapted for Italian children aged six who are learning English. The sentence structure is simple and clear, with repetition and familiar words to make comprehension easier. Let me know if you need further tweaks! 😊🌿✨

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