

Rosalba and the Magic of Giving

traduzione de: Rosalba e la magia del dono
di Elide Fumagalli
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1

Rosalba was small, shy and a little chubby,
with eight long legs she often tripped over.
Whenever she ended up on her back, she would stop and look at the clouds.
That day, they looked like the hair of a blue fairy,
so she made a wish:
to find a special gift for her dad.

Evening arrived, and the first stars lit up the sky.
In the meadow, everyone whispered softly as they prepared their presents.
The stars seemed to wonder:
“What will they give their dads?”

2

The little millipedes, with all their tiny legs,
were sewing shoes for their dad.
Each pair was different,
but he would recognise who had made them.
Dads know their children well—
the colours they love,
the dreams they keep in their hearts.

3

The little ants had been saving crumbs for days and days,
and now they were preparing a *“tort-mountain”*:
a mountain-shaped cake for their dad!
Each ant had chosen a different crumb:
cheese-bread, sweet-bread, raisin-bread, sesame-bun,
and flower-bread, also called *“rosetta”*.
All together it made a strange little smell—
a smell that felt like family.

4

Night fell.
Moths have no colours,
but the moon lights up their lively thoughts.
They wanted to surprise their dad,
so they jumped right into the flower pollen
and coloured themselves all over!
But would he recognise them?
Of course he would.
Dads are like the moon:
with their words they light up their children's thoughts,
and they recognise them from the way they smile.

5

Little Rosalba still couldn't find a gift for her dad.
He could make wonderful spiderwebs,
he walked without ever tripping,
and he had eight legs!
Anything she thought of
felt not special enough.
The sun was rising,
soon her dad would wake up
and find nothing for his celebration.
Tiny tears of sadness fell onto the web
just as the sun peeked out from behind the hill.

6

Its rays touched the tears
and created rainbows
right when her dad was waking up,
stretching and opening his eyes.
He widened them in amazement!
It lasted only a moment,
but that didn't matter.
Some images stay forever
in our eyes and in our hearts.

Just like love,
which turns into sadness
only to become a rainbow...
in an instant.
Like a dad
when he sees his child
for the very first time.

7

And you, little girl or little boy—
what will you give your dad?
A drawing is always a good gift.
This year you could paint butterflies,
ants, millipedes
and bright colourful spiderwebs.
And above them, a sky with no blue fairies—
because the magic, for your dad,
is you.

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