

The Ugly Duckling

traduzione de: Il brutto anatroccolo

riscritto da Elide Fumagalli
Casa editrice: Vivo di Fiabe

The Ugly Duckling

1

Spring was blooming with warm air and gentle scents.
Pink clouds announced sunny days, and the wheat grew among butterflies and a kind breeze.
In the morning, little birds sang love songs, and in the nests you could see the first eggs.

2

Under the big butterbur leaves, there was a duck's nest.
Mother Flora was sitting on her eggs, wondering who would come out.
She imagined soft peeps and happy swims.
She was especially curious about one strange grey egg, much bigger than the others.

Inside the eggs, little legs for swimming were growing, wings for flying, and hearts for living and loving.
In all four eggs — even in the one that looked grey and awkward.
Because everyone has a heart for loving, no matter their shape or colour.

3

One morning, you could hear *tap... tap*.
The ducklings were knocking with their beaks.
Their wish to discover the world helped them be born.
Out they came!

Surprise and hunger opened their little beaks wide.
The big grey egg opened three days later, and a different duckling came out.
He was not yellow like the others.
He was grey, strange, and bigger.

Mother Duck looked at him with worry.
He looked like a turkey... and turkeys cannot swim.

4

Mother Flora walked away, followed by her ducklings.
They were all happy — even the ugly duckling was happy.

It is often others who make you feel different.
You are who you are, and that is enough.

At the farm, the animals smiled at all the ducklings — except him.
Oreste the turkey whispered, “What a strange creature.”
Agatina, the old goose, looked at him and said, “What kind of duckling are you? Big and grey!”

Mother Duck said,
“Geremia, Sandrino, Rosetta and... you, let’s go to the river!”
Everyone had a name.
He did not.

5

At the pond, the little ducklings jumped into the water without fear.
The ugly duckling thought,
“If I am different, maybe I cannot do what the others do.”

While the others swam happily, he sat on the grass.
No one looked at him.
Sometimes, not being seen hurts more than being laughed at.
So he decided to leave.
Forever.

6

He arrived at a farm where Grandma Rosalinda lived, with a cat and a hen.
Looking for food and shelter, he went inside.

Bice the hen asked, “Can you lay eggs?”
“I don’t think so,” he answered.
Oscar the cat asked, “Can you catch mice?”
“No! I’m scared of them!”

“You are useless. This is not the place for you,” said Bice.
He would have liked to stay.
The soft snoring of the grandma felt kind and warm.
Maybe she would have loved him.

But he left, and never came back.

7

After walking alone for many days, he reached a forest.
It was autumn. The fresh air and coloured leaves made him feel calm.

A wolf and a fox came closer to eat him.
They looked at him, then walked away in silence.
“So ugly that they don’t even want to eat me,” he thought.

It was good to be alive,
but it hurt not to be wanted by anyone.

8

Winter came.
He saw a small pond — a gentle place that welcomed everyone.
He felt a strong wish to dive in.

Splash!
He could swim very well!

All the unkind voices and looks disappeared in the water's embrace.
Sometimes he slept, resting his head on a wing, dreaming of warm places and gentle white creatures.

9

Spring arrived again.
Flowers bloomed, butterflies returned, and the sky felt new.

He looked at himself in the water and saw one of the creatures from his dreams.
He was a beautiful swan.

He looked up and saw others like him flying in the sky.
His heart beat fast.
He did not care anymore about being ugly or beautiful.
He was happy, because now he knew who he was.

"I am Elios, the swan!" he cried.
His voice flew far away, to the painted horizon of dawn.

And you?
If you feel different, it is only because you are unique.
And the world needs the wonders you carry inside you.

*Il testo è utilizzabile esclusivamente con le tavole per kamishibook:
Il brutto anatroccolo di Elide Fumagalli. casa editrice Vivo di fiabe.
È vietato l'utilizzo o la diffusione in qualsiasi forma. Tutti i diritti riservati ©*

This text is to be used exclusively with the Kamishibook boards: King Midas by Elide Fumagalli. Published by Vivo di Fiabe Publishing House. Any use or distribution in any form is prohibited. All rights reserved ©