

GEDEON
BY GLIDE FUMAGALLI

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In a little mountain village, where winter painted the world white, there lived a snowman who was different from all the others.

He was built by a group of children, but the snow that day was strange: too icy and too hard. The result? A crooked snowman with a wobbly head. They called him Gedeon.

The other snowmen, carefully made in nearby yards, looked at him from far away. They had straight noses, shiny black buttons, and fancy hats.

Gedeon, instead of a hat, had... an old cooking pot, and his scarf was patched all over.

Days passed, and as the winter sun gently touched the snow, Gedeon felt lonelier and lonelier. He thought, "Who would ever want to talk to me?"

One evening, as the sky filled with stars, a little bird landed on his arm, shivering from the cold.

"Why are you all alone?" the bird asked in a tiny voice.

"No one likes me," Gedeon sighed. "Look at me... no one wants to be near a crooked snowman with a pot on his head."

The bird tilted its little head and looked at him closely.

"You see the world differently, with your tilted head! And your red scarf—it feels like a warm hug. It will keep me cozy, and I can hide under your pot when the storm comes. With you, I feel safe."

The snowman stayed quiet. For the first time, he didn't feel different in a bad way. He felt special in a good way!

In the days that followed, more birds came to visit him. They rested on his red scarf or hid under the pot, and each time, Gedeon felt happy.

At the end of winter, as Gedeon melted into water and then became a cloud, the wind gently placed his scarf on a tree. The birds built a nest there. The pot stayed on the ground, filling with fresh water whenever it rained, like a gift for anyone who passed by, crooked or straight!



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