

NONNA DELIZIA



E

+

IL



PROFUMO



DI

>

NATALE



NONNA DELIZIA

E IL PROFUMO DI NATALE

di Alessandra Fraccon



Era
←
-

la
▶

vigilia
←
☀

di
>

Natale.
🎄 ☀

Nella
◼

cucina
🍳

di
>

nonna Delizia
👵

quel giorno
↓
🗓

c'era
←
-

un
1

profumo
👃 🌸

invitante
👉

Sul
◼

tavolo
🍷

una
◆

vecchia
👴

ciotola
🍲

con
🔗

quel
🎱

che
⬇

rimaneva
←
👤

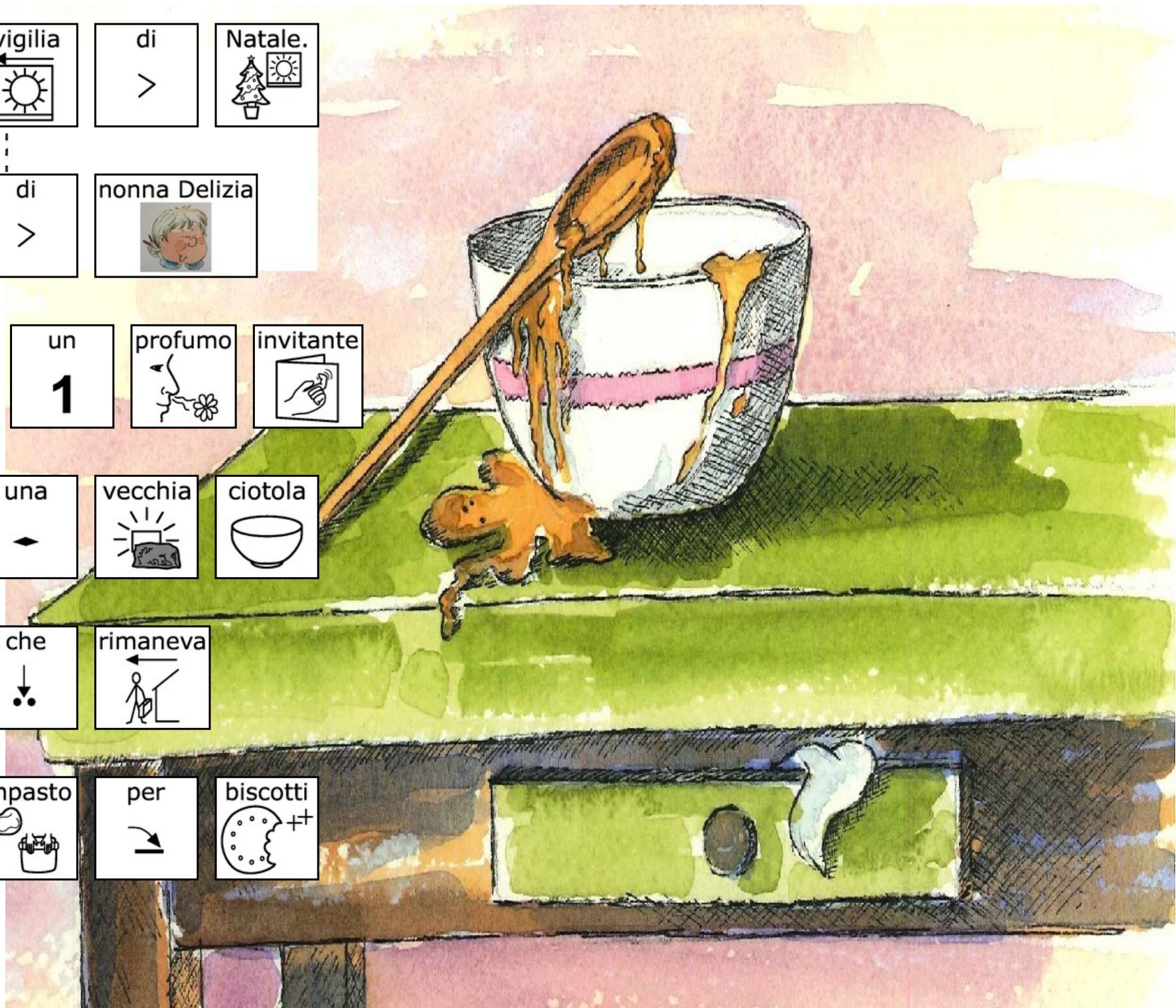
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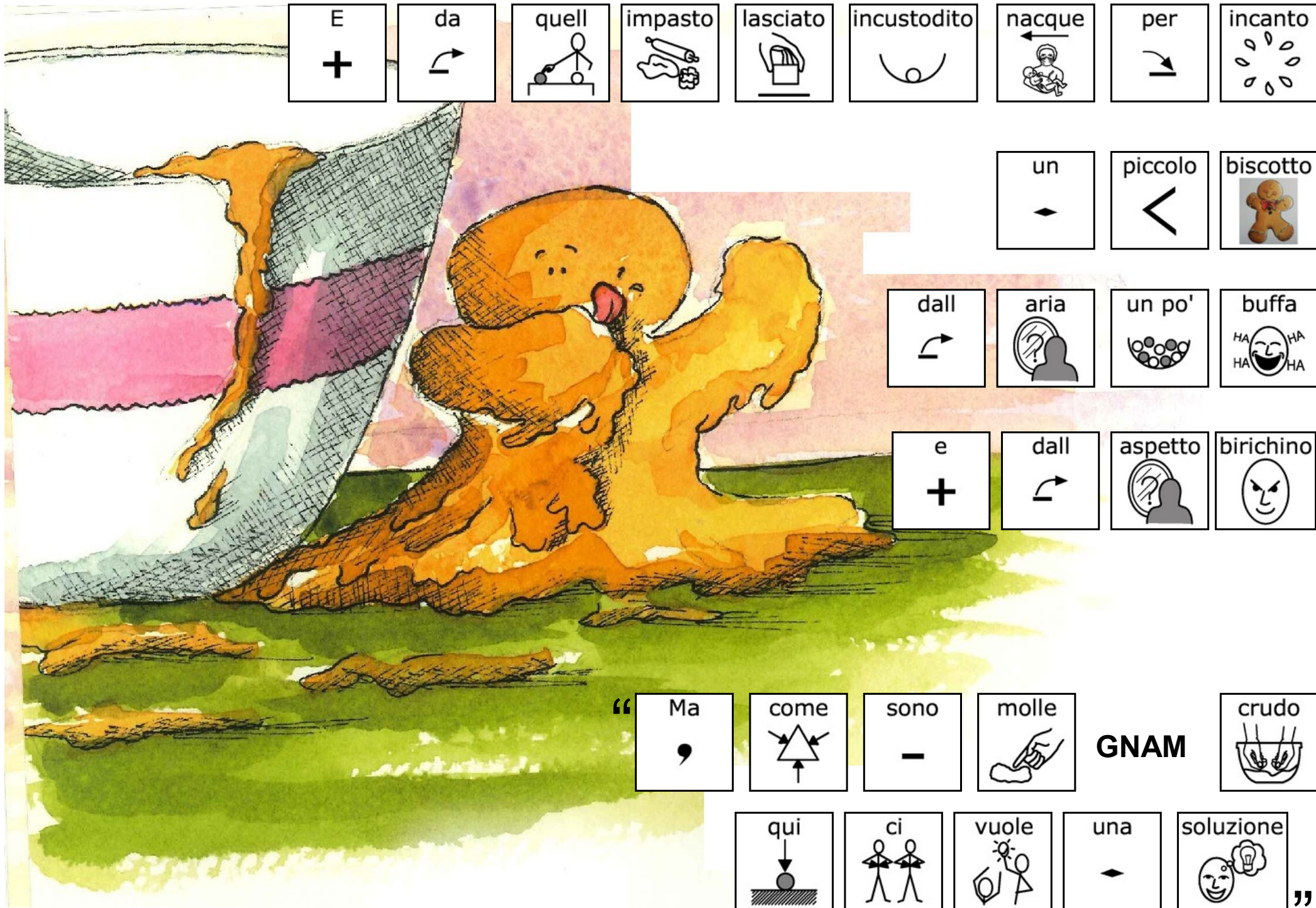
un
◆

impasto
🍪

per
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biscotti
🍪 ++





E
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da
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quell

impasto

lasciato

incustodito

nacque

per
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incanto

un
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piccolo
<

biscotto

dall
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aria

un po'

buffa

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aspetto

birichino

“ Ma
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come

sono
—

molle

GNAM

crudo

qui

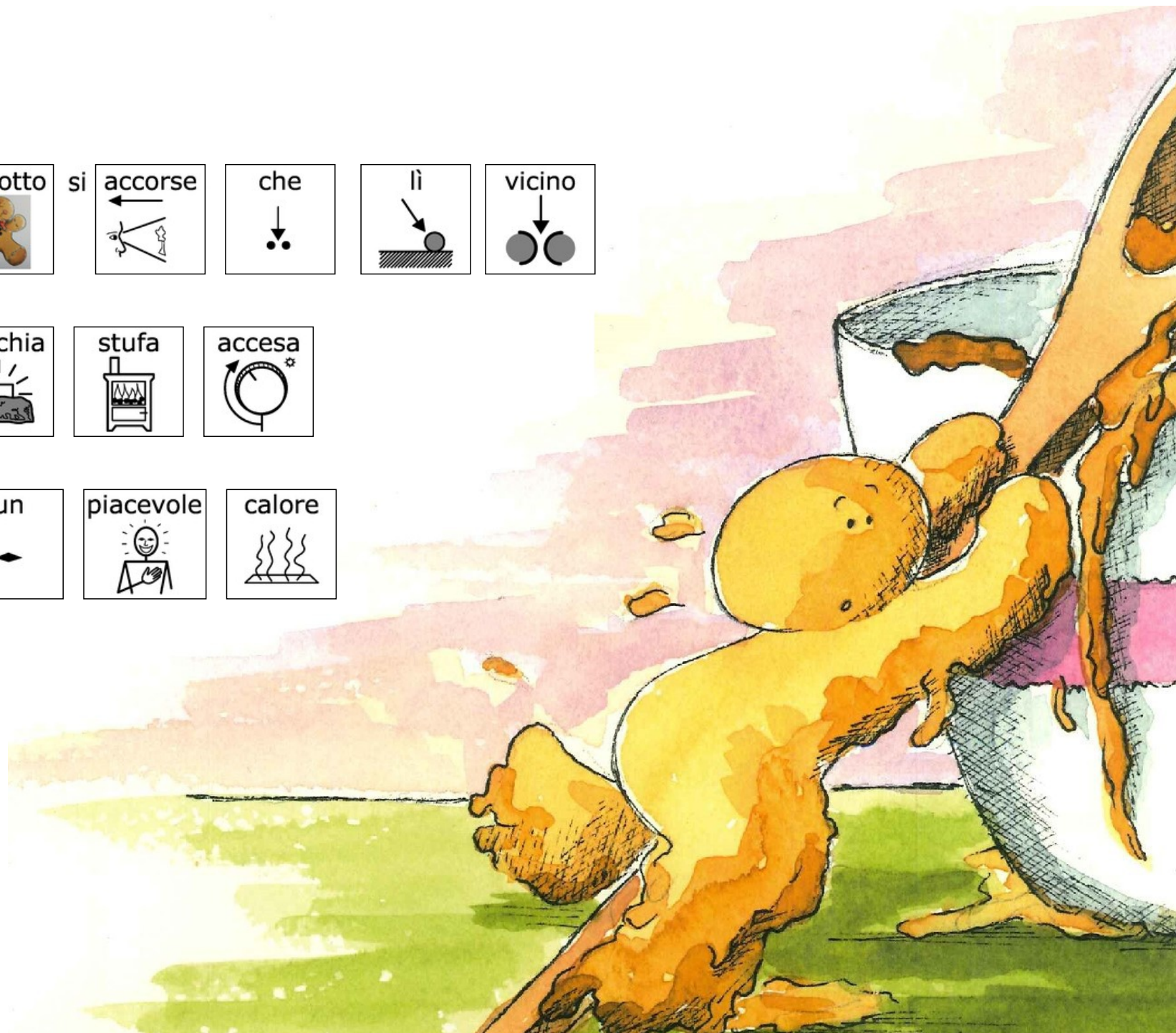
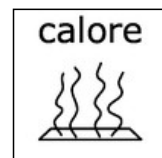
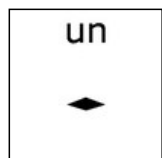
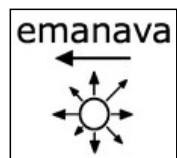
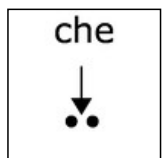
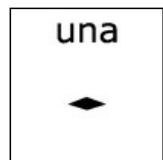
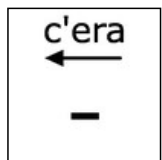
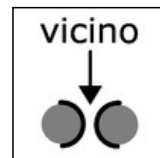
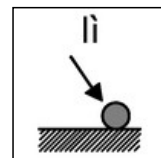
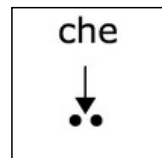
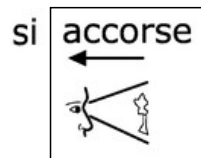
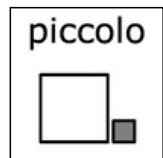
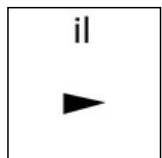
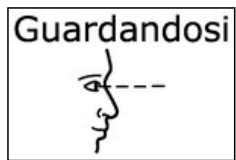
ci

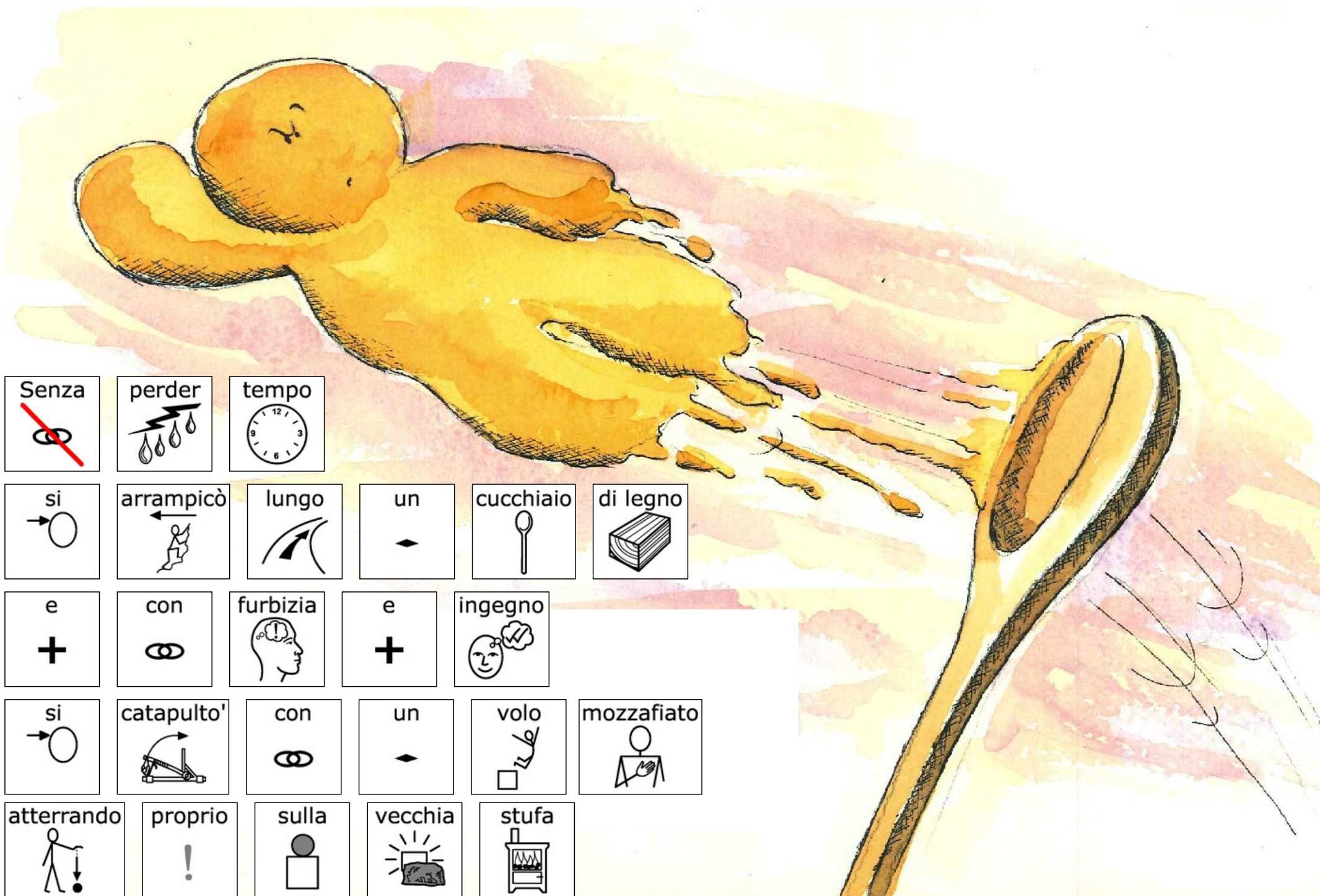
vuole

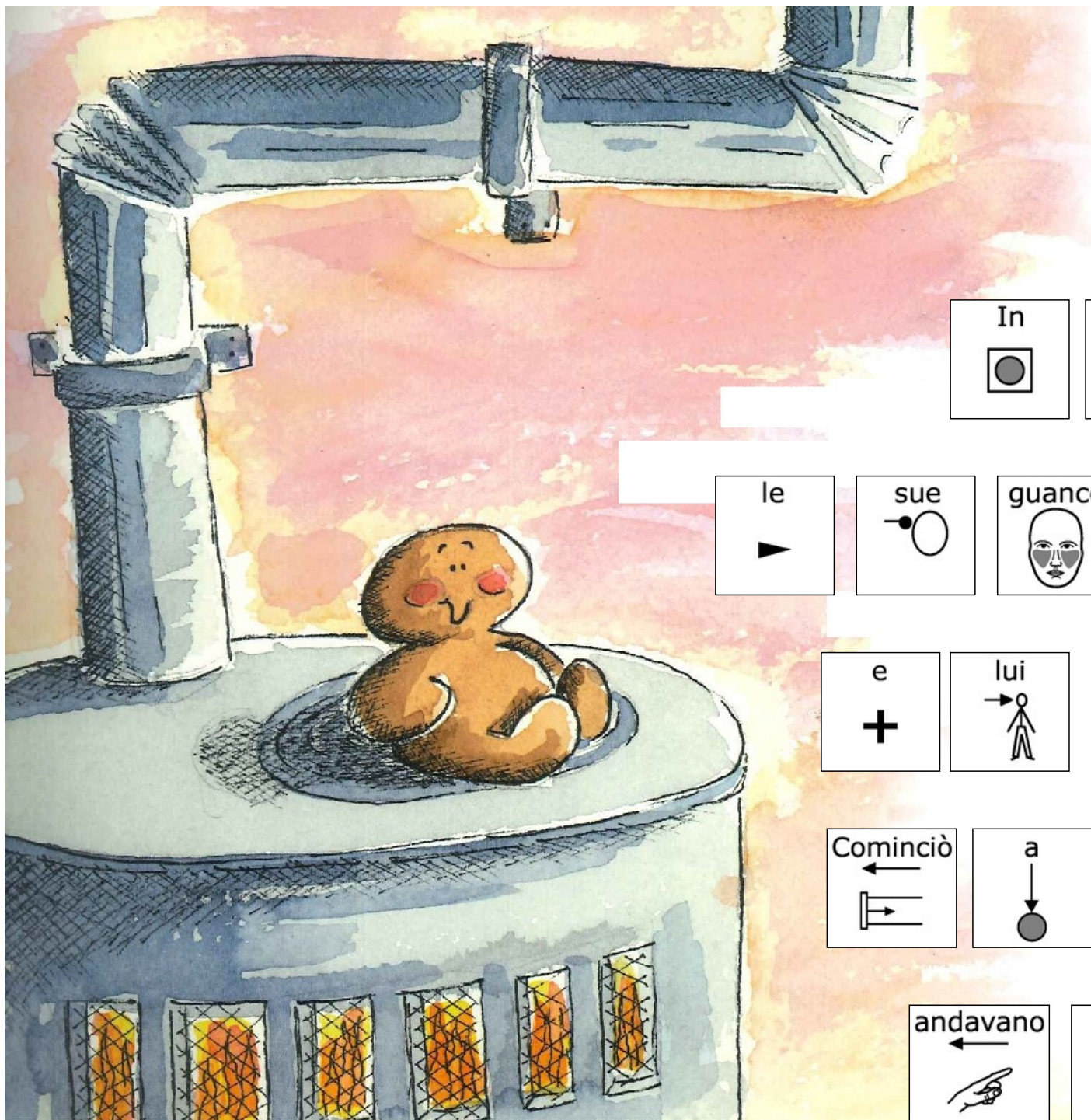
una
◀

soluzione

”







In
men
che
non
si dica

le
sue
guance
cominciarono
ad
arrossarsi

e
lui
diventava
sempre
più
dorato

Cominciò
a
muovere
braccia
e
gambe

andavano
che
era
una
meraviglia

Si	sgranchì 	un 	po' 	si	stiracchiò 	si	guardò 	intorno
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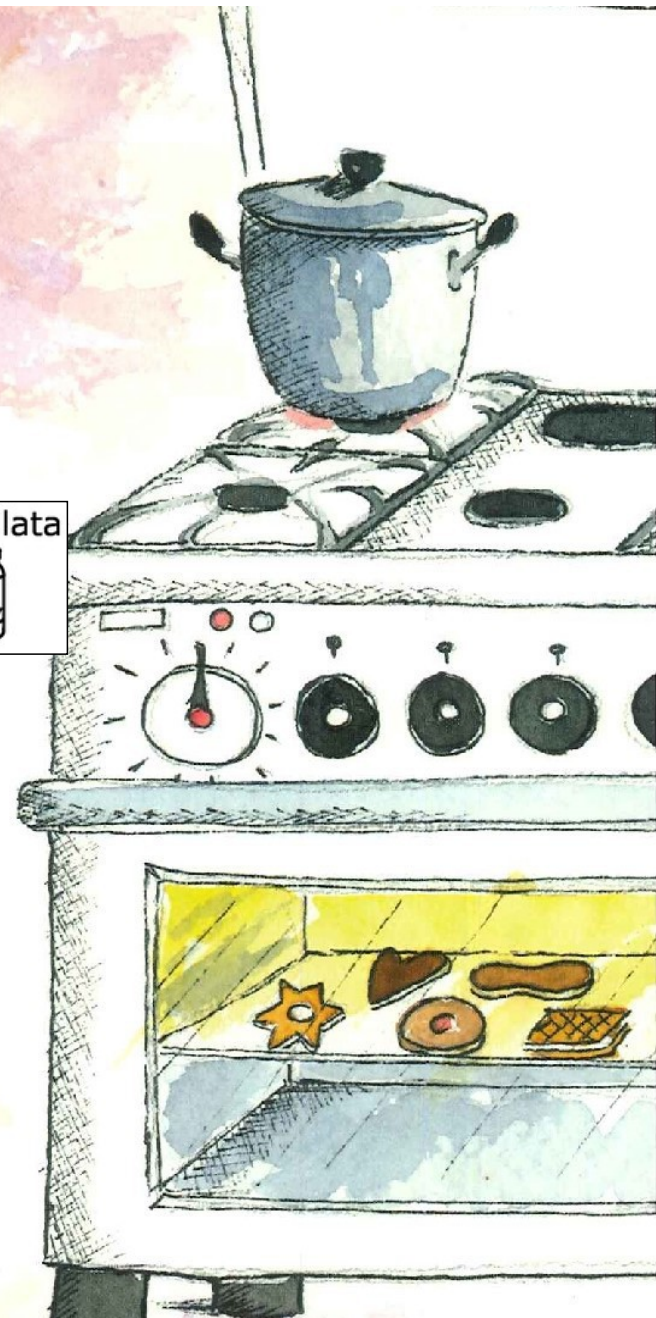
e 	scoprì 	che 	nel 	forno 				
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c'erano 	tanti 	biscotti 	di 	forme 	e 	colori 	diversi
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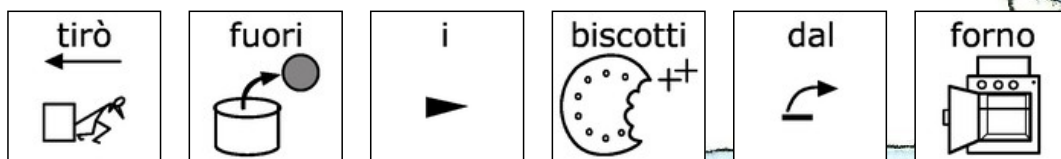
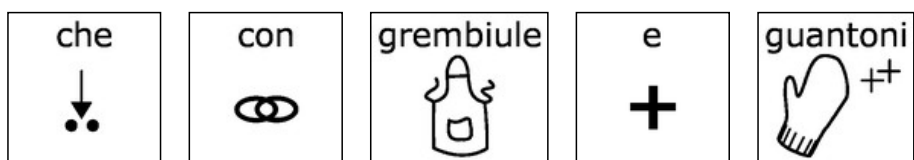
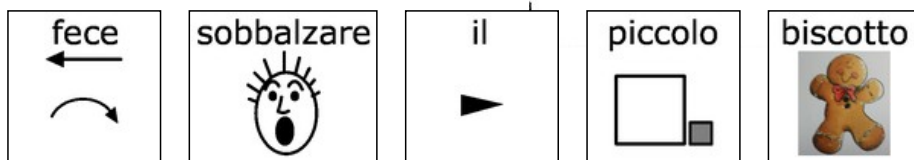
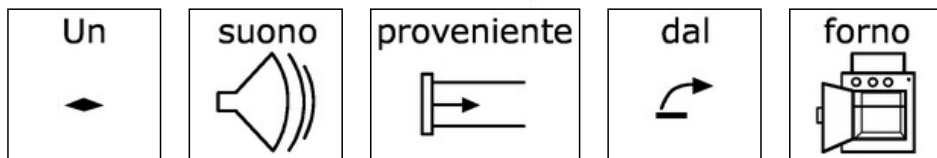
C'erano 	fiorellini 	cuoricini 	stelline 					
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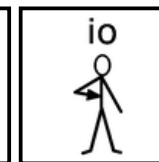
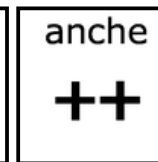
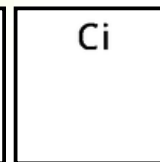
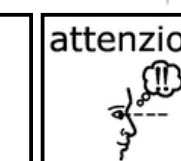
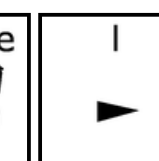
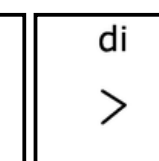
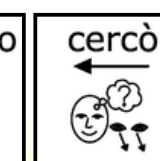
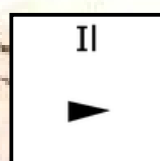
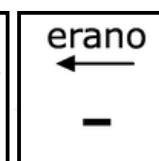
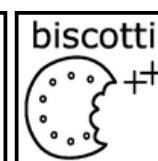
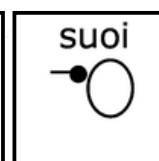
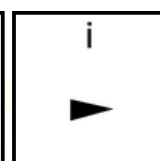
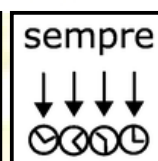
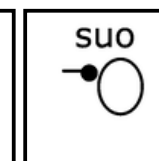
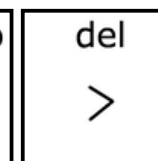
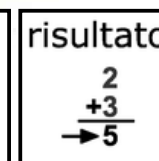
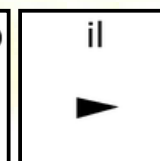
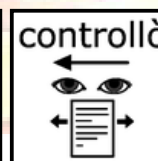
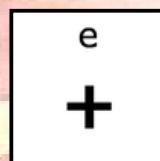
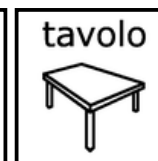
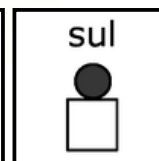
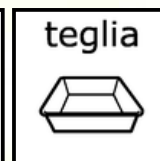
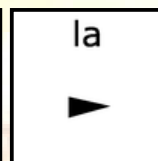
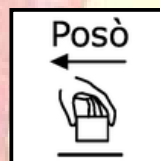
biscottini 	al 	cioccolato 	alla 	vaniglia 	con 	la 	marmellata
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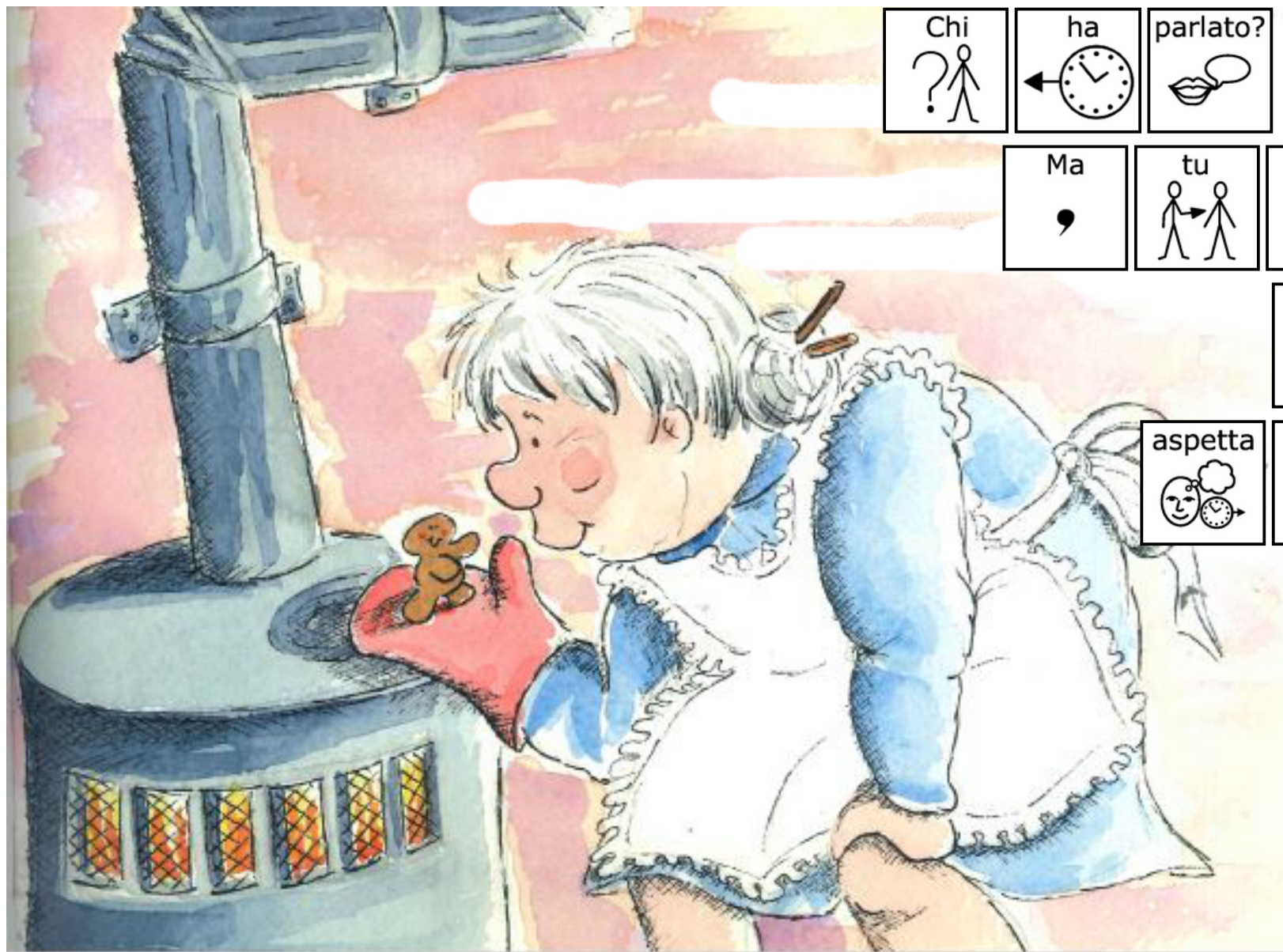
ma 	nessuno 	era 	come 	lui 				
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DRIIIIN...DRIIIINNN







Nonna Delizia



guardò



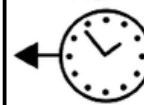
intorno.



Chi



ha



parlato?



Oh

guarda



Ma



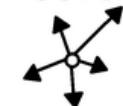
tu



da



dove



vieni?



Come



sei



bello,



aspetta



che



ti



sistemo



un



pò



Nonna Delizia



lo



decorò



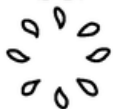
con



un



bel



fiocchetto



rosso,



un



pò



di



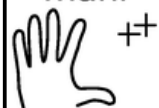
glassa



su



mani



e



piedi



e



gustose



gocce



di



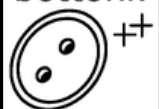
cioccolato



come



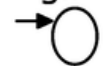
bottoni.



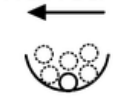
Adesso



gli



mancava



solo

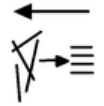
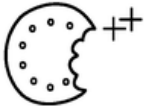
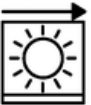
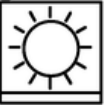
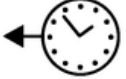
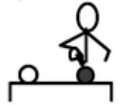
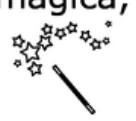
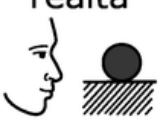
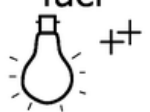
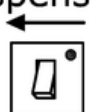
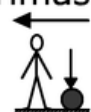


un



nome.



Con 	cura 	nonna Delizia 	lo 	sistemò 	insieme 	agli 	altri 	biscotti 			
su 	un 	vassoio 	d 	oro 							
perché 	l 	indomani 									
il 	giorno 	di 	Natale, 								
avrebbero 	occupato 	un 	posto 	d 					onore 	sulla 	tavola 
Dormite 	ora, 	piccini 	miei 	e 	sognate! 						
Perché 	questa 	notte 	è 	una 	notte 	magica, 	dove 	i 	desideri 	diventano 	realità 
Le 	luci 	si 	spensero 	e 	rimase 	accesa 	solo 	la 	speranza 	dei 	sogni 

Il ▶	frollino 	alla ↓ ●	crema 	fu ← —	il ▶	primo ↓ 1	a ↓ ●	parlare
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Ehi	amici 	cosa 	pensate?
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Domani 	ci	mangeranno? →
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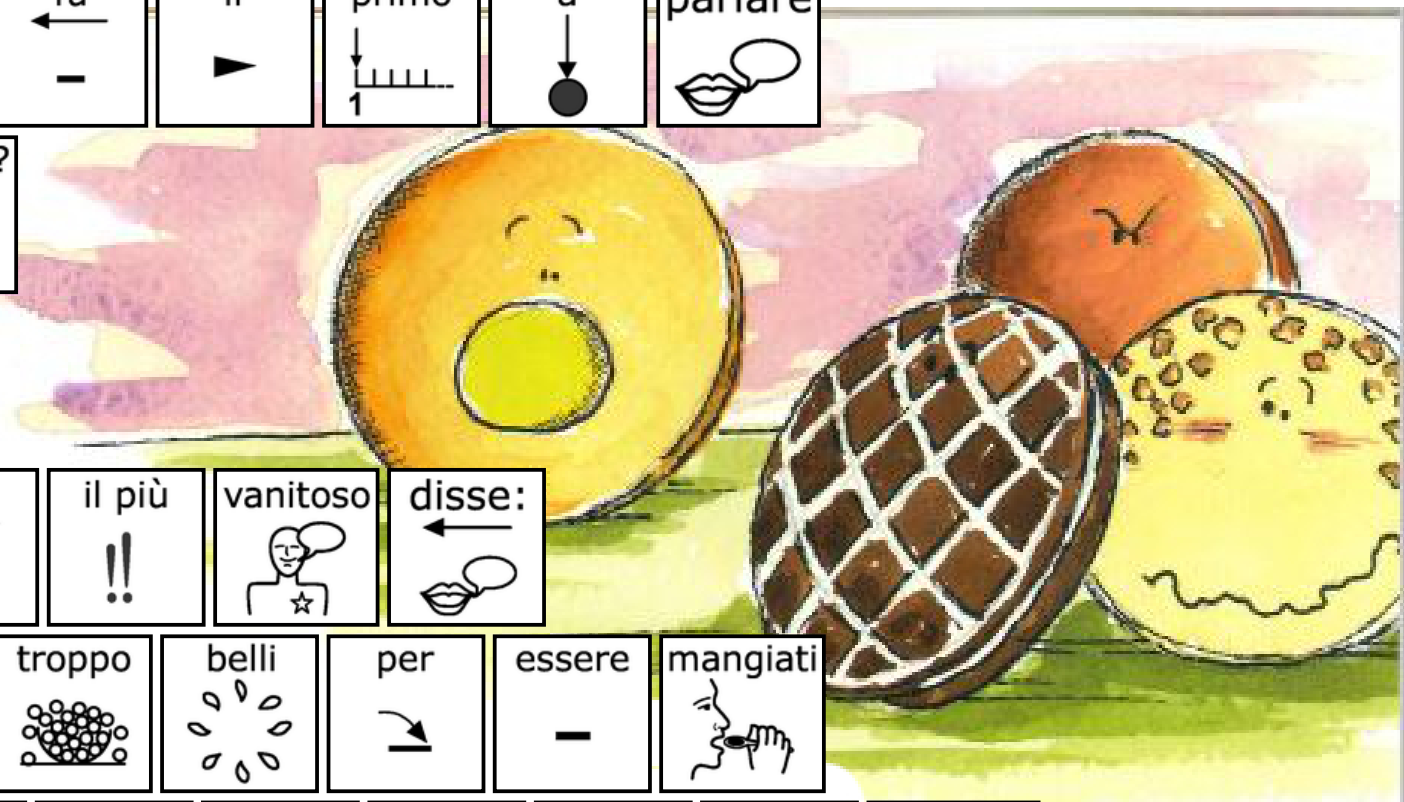
Il ▶	cioccolatino 	che ↓ ●	era ← —	il più !!	vanitoso 	disse: ←
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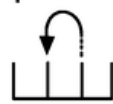
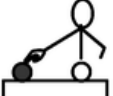
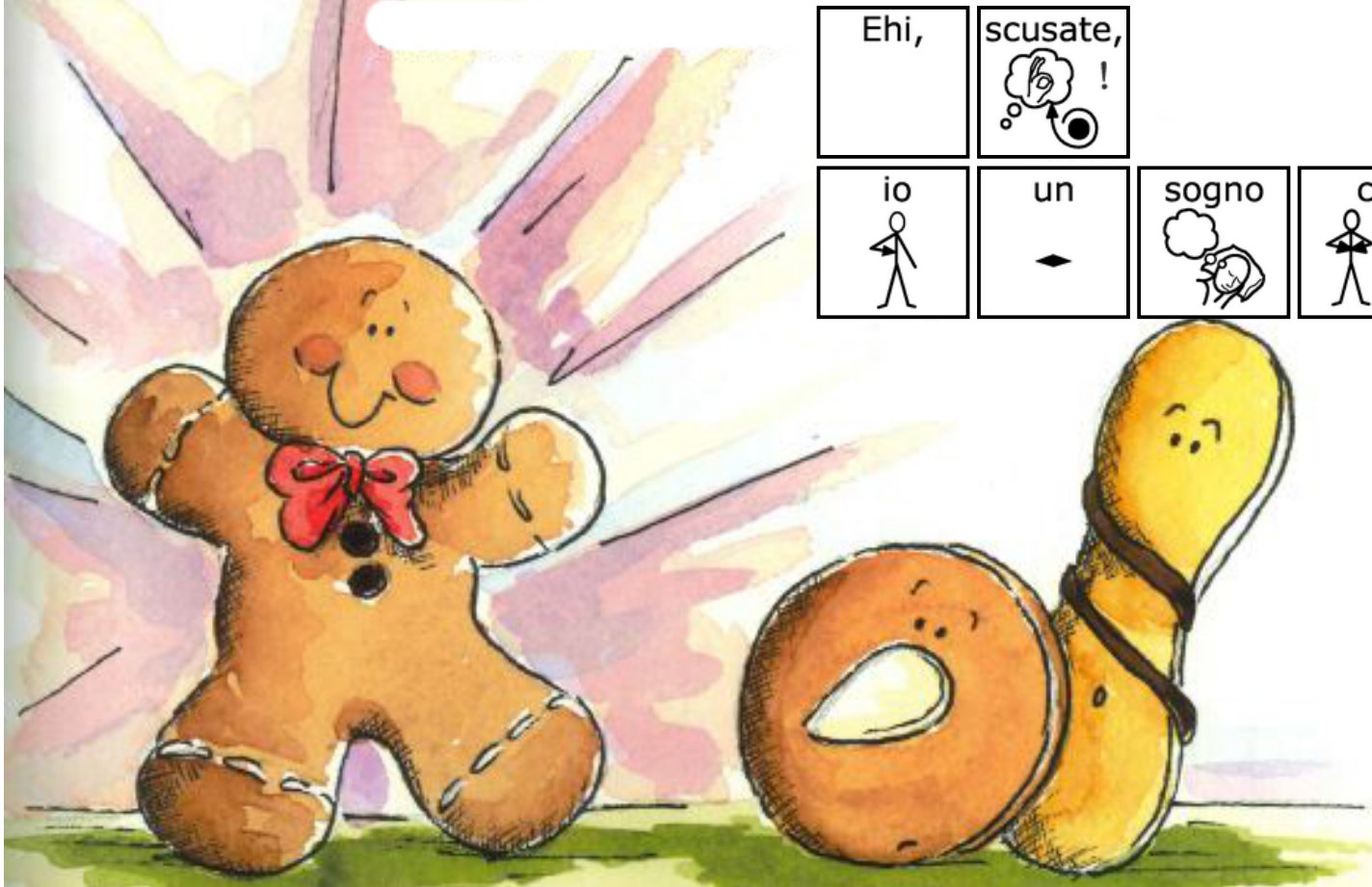
Non /	essere —	sciocco, 	siamo —	troppo 	belli 	per ↘	essere —	mangiati
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ma ,	il ▶	nocciolato	che ↓ ●	pensava ← 	di >	sapere 	sempre ↓↓↓↓ 	tutto, 	aggiunse ←
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Ma ,	cosa ?	dite? 	Siamo —	biscotti 	noi
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...	e +	i ▶	biscotti 	vengono ↓ 	mangiati
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Sciagura 	Appena 	nato 	e 	già 	mangiato 	prima 	vorrei 	essere 	un 	po' 	ammirato 
Si	disperò 	il 	piccolo 	biscottino 	con 	la 	granella	di 	nocciolo, 		
che 	tra 	tutti 	era 	quello 	che 	aveva 	un 	animo 	ripieno 	di 	bontà. 
		Ehi,	scusate, 								
		io 	un 	sogno 	ce 	l 	avrei! 				

Vorrei 	essere —	un ◀	biscotto 	speciale,
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magari 	con 	dei >	poteri magici,
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o 	forse 	diventare 	un ◀	SUPER	biscotto,
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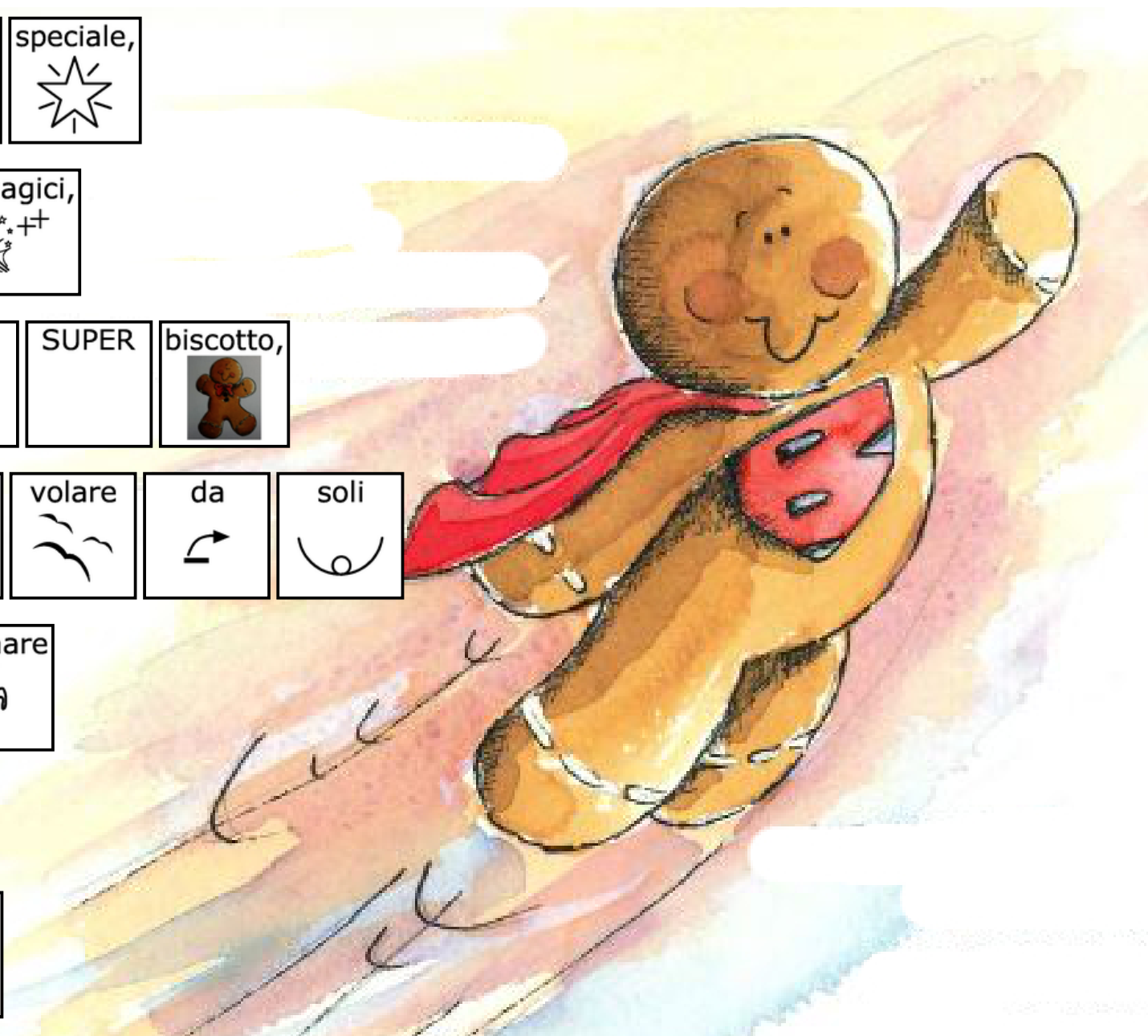
di >	quelli 	che ↓	possono 	volare 	da 	soli
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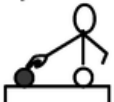
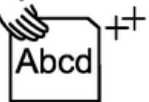
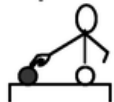
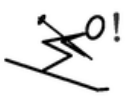
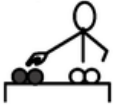
o 	che ↓	sanno 	trasformare
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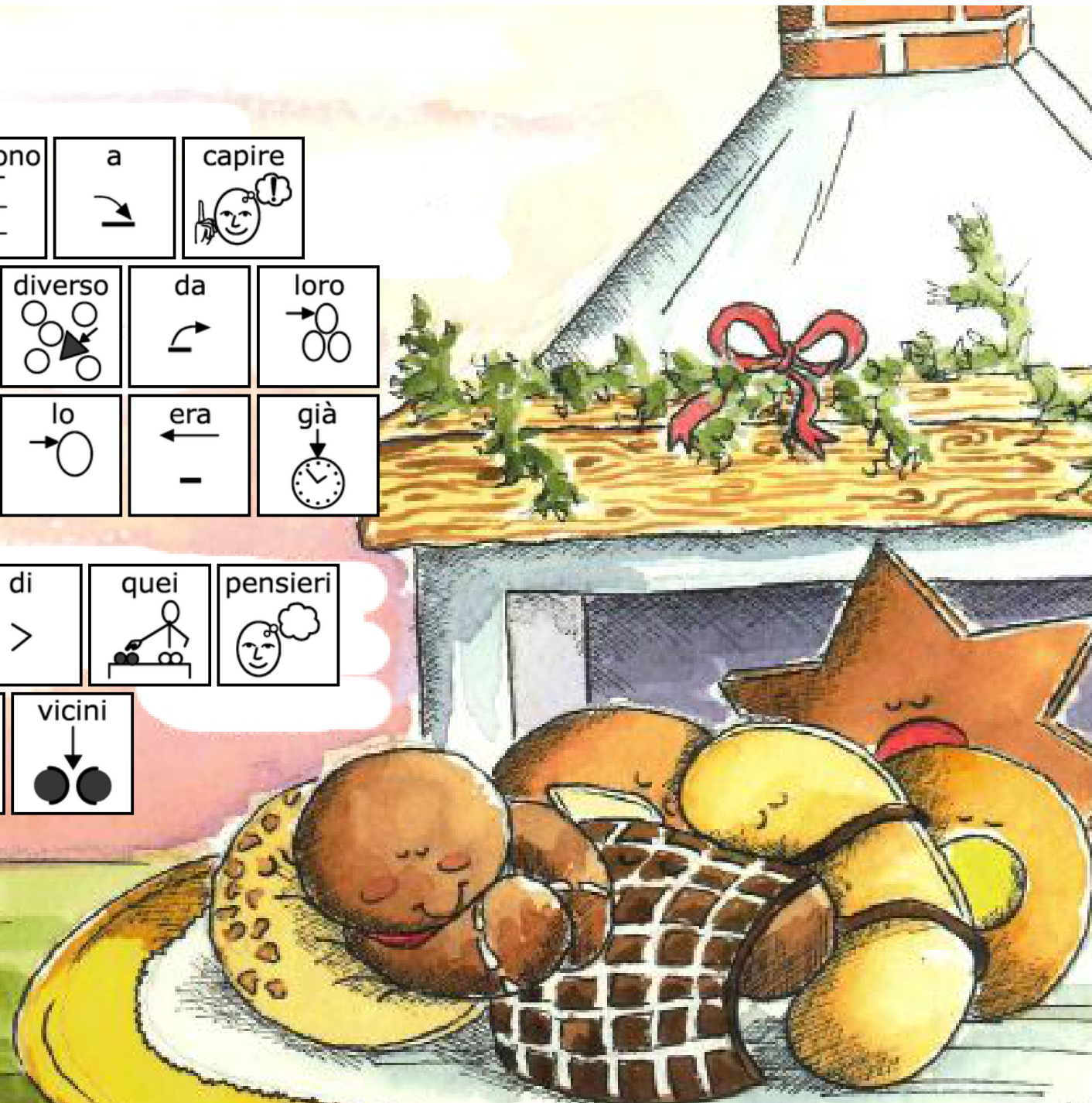
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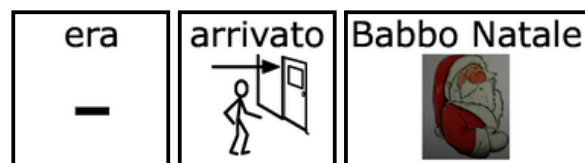
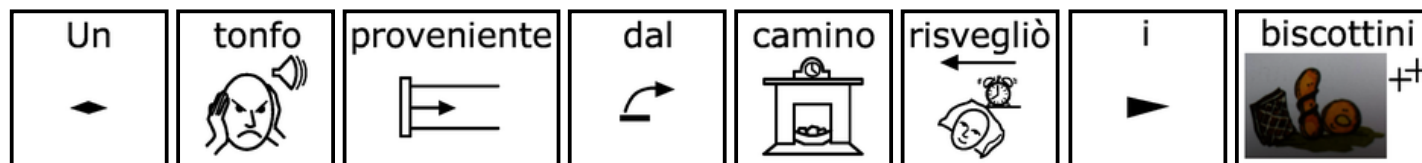
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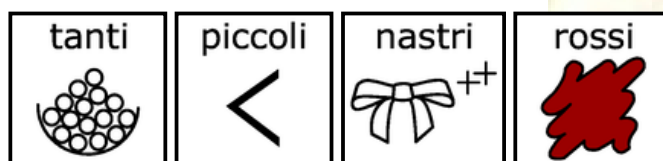
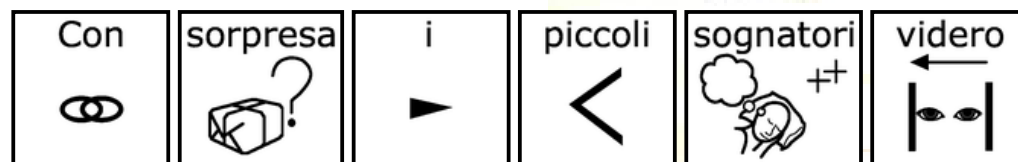
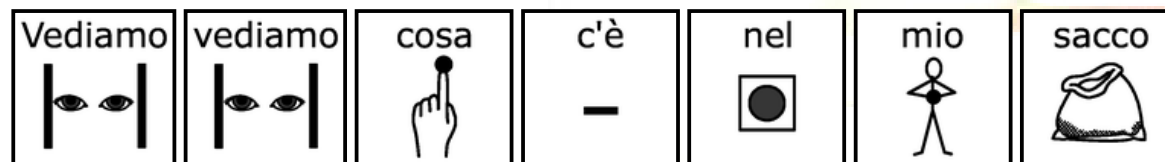
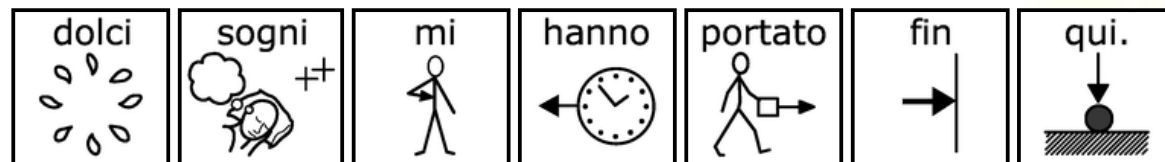


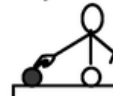
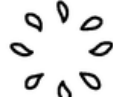
Ascoltando 	quelle 	parole 				
i 	piccoli 	dolcetti 	iniziarono 	a 	capire 	
che 	quel 	biscotto 	così 	diverso 	da 	loro 
forse 	un 	po 	speciale 	lo 	era 	già 
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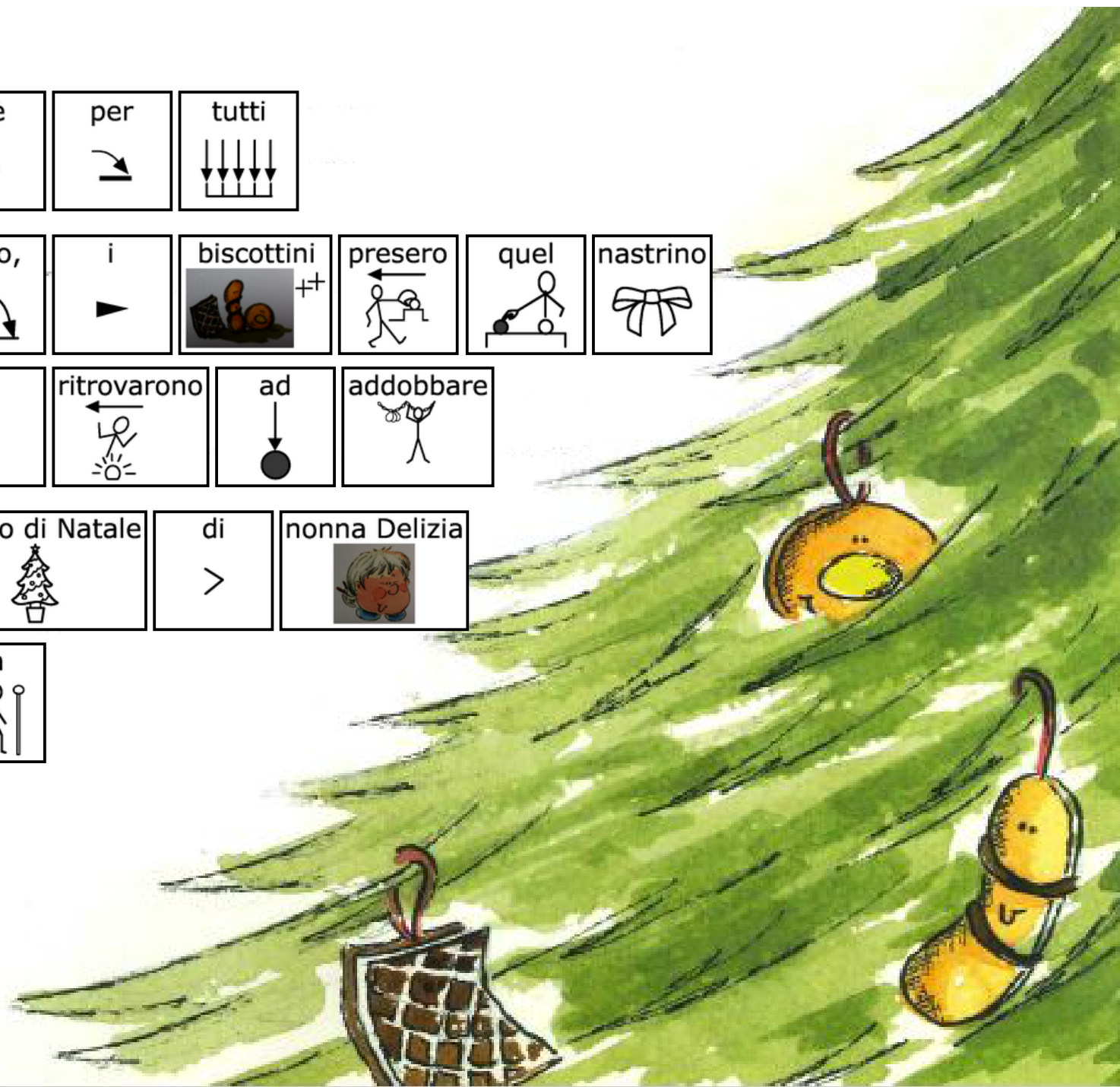


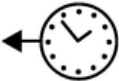
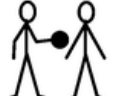


Oh Oh Oh!



Forza, 	venite, 	ce 	n'è 	per 	tutti 			
Uno 	dopo 	I 	altro, 	i 	biscottini  ++	presero 	quel 	nastrino 
e 	per 	incanto 	si	ritrovarono 	ad 	addobbare 		
un 	ramo 	dell >	albero di Natale 	di >	nonna Delizia 			
Rimase 	ultimo 	della >	fila 					
I 	omino 	biscotto 						

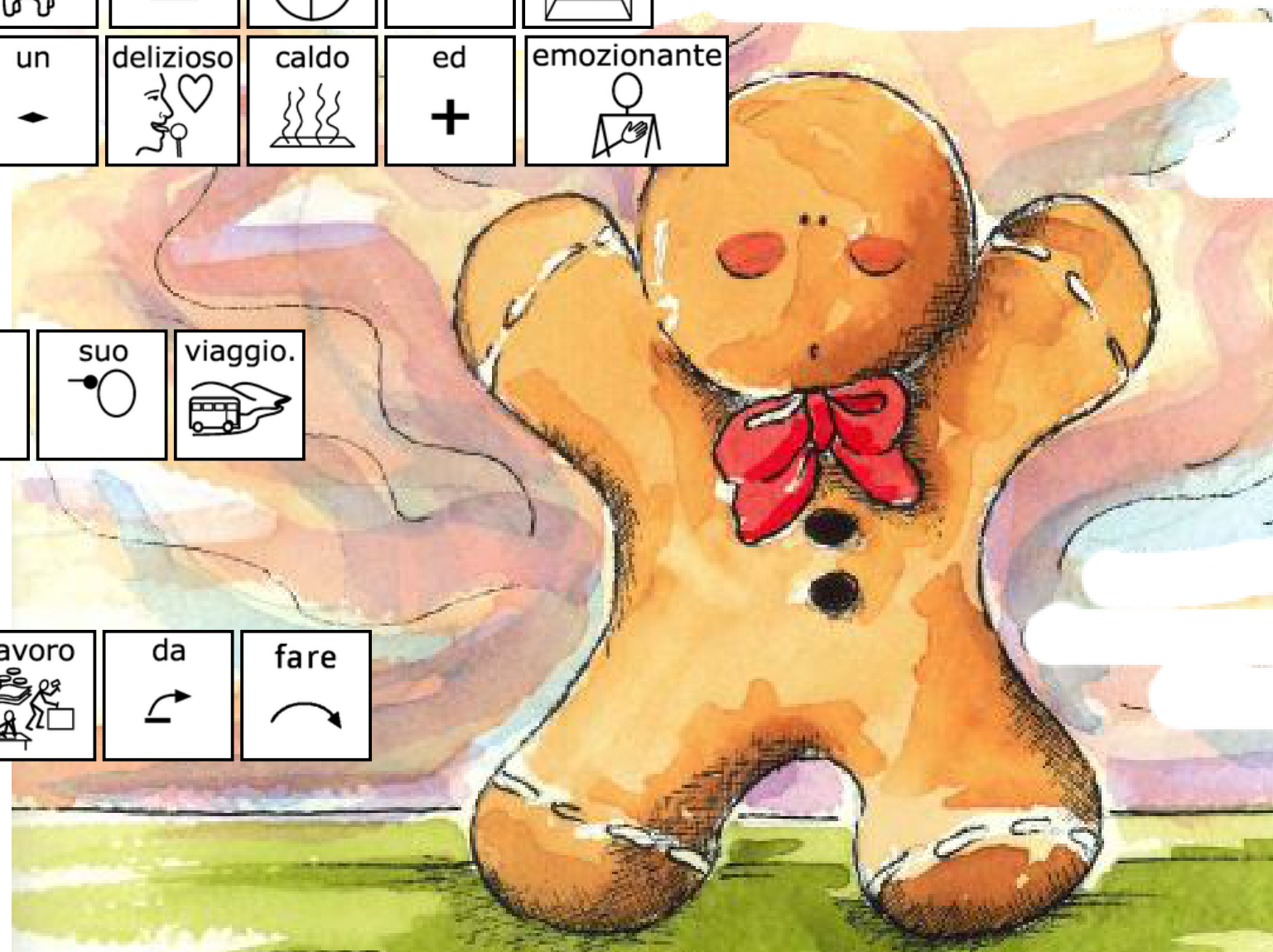
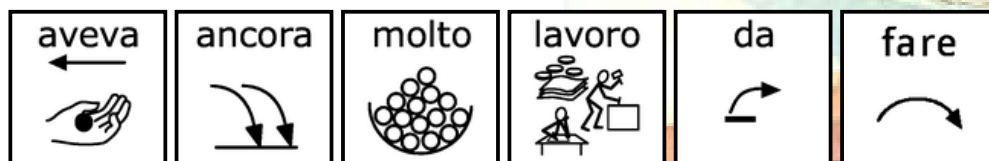
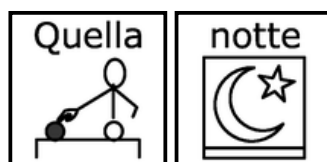
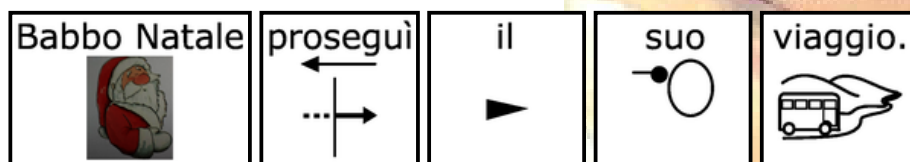
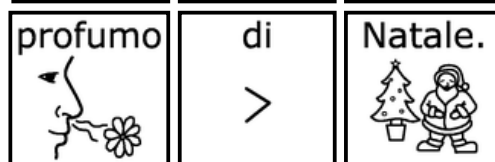


Ho 	ascoltato 	il 	tuo 	desiderio 	piccino 
e 	credo 	che 	un 	nome 	
lo 	meriti 	davvero 			

...GINGER...

e 	da 	oggi 	diventerai 
il 	vero 	ed 	unico 
biscotto 	di 	Natale 	







Il ▶	mattino 	seguente, 	il ▶	giorno 	di >	Natale,
nonna Delizia 	venne 	svegliata 	da 	un ◄	insolito 	profumo
			che ↓	la 	condusse 	dritta
						dritta
			al ↓	suo 	albero di Natale 	