

## *“A Violet in the North Pole”*

*by Gianni Rodari*

*One morning, at the North Pole, the white bear sniffed an unusual smell in the air and told it to the great bear. The teddy bears had found a strange being who was shivering with cold, but still scenting the air. Everyone began to try to understand what that being was but, before evening, the news that a strange, fragrant being, of a violet colour and that had only one leg had sprung up in the desert of ice spread all over the Pole. All the animals went to see this strange being, everyone smelled it but its scent never faded. A seagull managed to discover that it was a flower and that it was called purple, but no one knew how it got there. That night he ran all over the Pole one scary crunch. The eternal ice shook like glass and cracked in several places. At dawn the viola died but it is as if she had made it clear that one day there will be millions of those violets, the ice will melt and houses and children will go to live there.*