

The bellissima story of cappuccett red...

One maddin her mamma dissed:

'Dear Cappuccett, take this cest to the nonn, but attention to the lup that is very ma very kattiv! And torn prest! Good luck! And in bocc at the lup!'

Cappuccett didn't capit very well this ultim thing but went away, da sol, with the cest.

Cammining cammining, in the cuor of the forest, at a cert punt she incountered the lup, who dissed: 'Hi! Piccola piezz'e girl! 'Ndove do you go?'

'To the nonn with this little cest, which is little but it is full of a sacc of chocolate and biscots and panetton and more and mirtills', she dissed.

'Ah, mannagg 'a Maruschella' (maybe an expression com: what a cul that had) dissed the lup, with a fium of saliv out of the bocc.

And so the lup dissed: 'Beh, now I dev andar because the telephonin is squilling, sorry.'

And the lup went away, but not very away, but to the nonn's House. Cappuccett Red, who was very ma very lent, lent un casin, continued for her sentier in the forest.

The lup arrived at the house, suoned the campanel, entered, and after saluting the nonn, magned her in a boccon.

Then, after sputing the dentier, he indossed the ridicol night berret and fikked himself in the let.

When Cappuccett Red came to the fint nonn's house, suoned and entered.

But when the little and stupid girl saw the nonn (non was the nonn, but the lup, ricord?) dissed: **'But nonn, why do you stay in let?'**. And the nonn-lup: **'Oh, I've stort my cavigl doing aerobics!'**. **'Oh, poor nonn!'**, said Cappuccett (she was more than stupid, I think, wasn't she?).

Then she dissed: **'But...what big okks you have! Do you bisogn some collir?'**.

'Oh, no! It's for ved you better, my dear (stupid) little girl', dissed the nonn-lup.

Then cappuccett, who was more dur than a block of marm: **'But what big oreks you have! Do you have the Orekkions?'**.

And the nonn-lup: **'Oh, no! It is to ascolt you better'**. And Cappuccett (that I think was now really rincoglionited) said: **'But what big dents you have!'**.

And the lup, at this point dissed: **'It is to magn you better!'**. And maged really tutt quant the poor little girl.

But (ta dah!) out of the house a simpatic, curious and innocent cacciator of frod sented all and dissed: 'Accident! A lup! Its pellicc vals a sac of solds'.

And so, spinted only for the compassion for the little girl, butted a terr many kils of volps, fringuells and conigls that he had ammazed till that moment, imbraced the fucil, entered in the stanz and killed the lup.

Then squarced his panz (being attent not to rovin the pellicc) and tired fora the nonn (still viv) and Cappuccett (still rincoglionited). And so, at the end, the cacciator of frod vended the pellicc and guadagned honestly a sacc of solds.

The nonn maged tutt the leccornies that were in the cest.
And so, everybody lived felix and content (**fors not the lup!**).

