



The Cheese Family and the Yellow House

By Sara Casatta



Once upon a time, in a cheese factory as big as a castle, lived a family of cheeses. There was Papa Gorgonzola, with his strong and bold aroma, Mama Philadelphia, sweet and creamy, and their little one, Stracciatella.



Their home was full of
laughter and cheese
cousins of all kinds.
Stracciatella loved to play
hide-and-seek among the
giant wheels of parmesan.
"Ready or not, here I
come!" she squeaked
happily.



But one day, a great silence fell over the cheese factory. The cheesemakers left, and with them, all their friends and cousins. The cheese family suddenly felt all alone.



"We have to find a new home," said Papa Gorgonzola. They tried a tiny little cheese factory, but it was so cramped that Papa Gorgonzola couldn't even stretch his rind!



Then they found a huge
one, but it was so big that
their echoes answered
when they called out.
"Mama?" called
Stracciatella, and the
walls answered "...ama...
ama... ama..."



Finally, they found a cheese factory that was just the right size. It was nice, but it wasn't home. The walls didn't smell of milk like theirs did, and the sun didn't come in through the same window.



Little by little, they got used to it and called it "home sweet home." But one day, an envelope slid under the door. It said: "Your old cheese factory has reopened!"



They rushed back, full of joy! But... what a surprise! The walls were no longer yellow like the sun, but blue like the sky. And the cheesemakers were new, with faces they didn't know.



"I want our old house back," whispered Stracciatella. Papa Gorgonzola looked at her gently. "But our home is wherever we are all together," he said.



Mama Philadelphia
hugged them both. And
in that hug, they
understood that the color
of the walls didn't matter.
Their home was right
there, where there was
love. And so, in their
slightly changed cheese
factory, they lived happily
ever after.