

Benedetta Frezzotti



Le mie STORIES

EDIZIONI PIUMA

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My STORIES

Benedetta Frezzotti

Caution!

In this book, you will find many
QR codes, just like this one.



Use them with your parents, because
surfing the internet is an activity to do
with an adult.

DANIELE'S
MOM

Original title "**Le mie Stories**"
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© 2019 Edizioni Piuma sas
Via Fontana 24, 23885 - Calco (LC)
www.edizionipiuma.com

Printed by Booksfactory, Szczecin (Poland), september 2019
in compliance with international labor laws

ISBN 978-88-97443-25-4

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Chapter 1

How everything started

Something went wrong at school today. Something about our Friday essay. As usual I was the first to hand it in, usually my teacher Tilde likes very much what I write, but this was not the case: while she was reading it her head fell forward and she put her hands in her hair ... Then she looked at me like this 🤔 and said that she needs to talk to my mom at the end of the day ...

I must have made a very, very bad spelling mistake!

October 15th

Title: what I will do when I grow up

Essay:

When I grow up, I will be an Instagrammer. I will have millions of followers who will follow my "Stories". I decided it by talking to Carlo, the neighbors' son. I will have a hashtag of my own, I have not chosen it yet: I thought #DANIELE, but I would like something more beautiful, maybe something with "UNDERPANTS" in the name.

At the exit, the teacher showed the essay to my mom and she did this face. 😞

Then, tremendously serious, she thanked Ms. Tilde and said that at home we would talk about it with Dad. I must have done a huge spelling mistake.

After dinner, Mom told me to go and watch my three evening cartoons while she talked with Dad about the essay. They discussed for so long that I saw **five** cartoons!

But I didn't have much fun because I could hear pieces of words coming from the kitchen like *"but it's his future we're talking about"*, *"I don't understand how it could have happened"*... things like that... I think they're overreacting: what have I ever done? Written *"another"* like two different words? Forgot an *"H?"*

I can correct anything if you just tell me what I did wrong!

After a while, my parents joined me for a *"parent-child chat"*.

Apparently

the problem was not

a grammar error!



I read the essay, but didn't you want to be an astronaut when you grew up?

I changed my mind.
Now I want to be an Instagrammer!



But you were so sure...

I was also sure that when I grew up,
I would have been a dragon.



Then I grew up
and now I want to be Instagrammer.



But it's not even a job!

Carlo's cousin does it
and has millions of followers.



They are not millions, they are twenty-five...
And he's forty and still lives with his parents!

Well, I'll have millions!





And let's hear, how would you find all these followers?

I will follow the hashtag flow, like Carlo...



The hashtag flow!!!!
Now listen to me, your mother and I certainly didn't teach you this nonsense.

But you post your dinner every night!



Yes, well... this is entirely another matter!
And then it's not my job: it's, let's say, well, it's my vice ... At work, Dad is a computer technician, which is a real job!

Ok, so when I grow up, I'll be a dragon with the Instagram hobby, okay?!



Fortunately, at this point Mom intervened and whispered to Dad: "Plan B", then she sent me to bed and before the goodnight kiss, she told me: *"If you really want to be an Instagrammer, tomorrow your mommy will take care of it..."*

It was supposed to be a cuddle, but for a moment it sounded like a threat ... I don't know why!