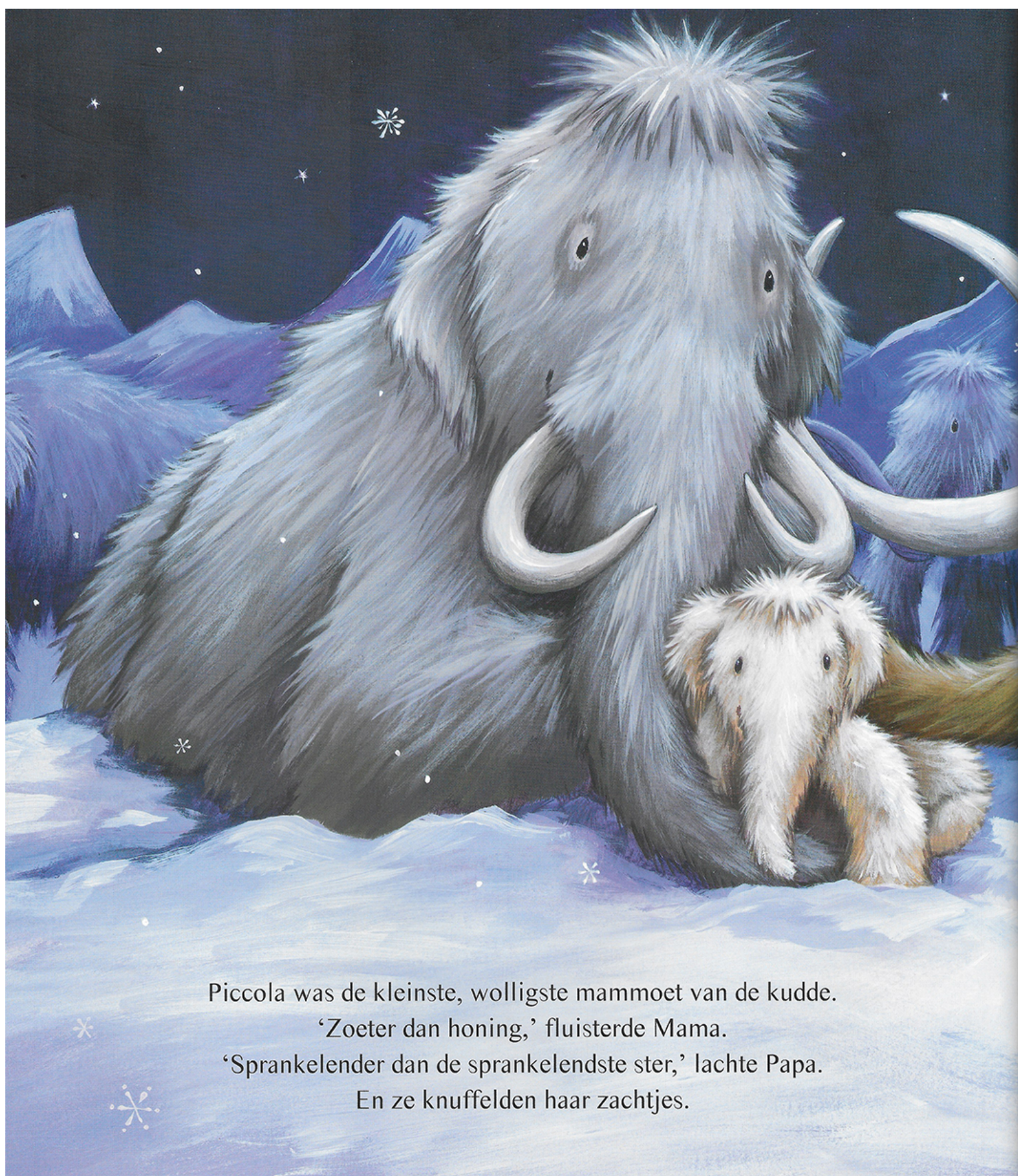




Piccola was de kleinste, wolligste mammoet van de kudde.

‘Zoeter dan honing,’ fluisterde Mama.

‘Sprankelender dan de sprankelendste ster,’ lachte Papa.

En ze knuffelden haar zachtjes.