



Vapo and the Magic Wind of Trigoria

Luca Bellardinelli



Vapo sat on his bed, staring blankly at his laptop screen as another fantasy football season came to an end. All around him, mock-up trophies and celebration messages from his friends popped up on the group chat, leaving him feeling utterly defeated and lonely.



He looked out his bedroom window at the glowing Roman night, sighing deeply because he had never once tasted the sweet flavor of victory. Year after year, he watched his friends hoist the champion cups high into the air while he remained at the bottom of the league standings.



Suddenly, a soft rustling sound on the windowsill caught his attention. There sat a tiny, wise-looking little owl named Malagò, proudly wearing a cozy Giallorossa scarf wrapped around its neck. The owl looked at Vapo with bright, knowing eyes and a gentle, comforting smile.



Malagò spoke in a soft, melodic voice, telling Vapo that the upcoming year would mark a historic centenary for Roma. The magical owl promised that this special year, he would personally help Vapo break his losing streak and finally achieve his dream.



With a renewed spark of hope in his heart, Vapo carefully selected his fantasy football lineup for the new season. Sitting on his shoulder, Malagò watched closely, nodding his little head in approval as they strategically picked each player together.



When the matchdays began, things were entirely different. Whenever Vapo's players took the field, Malagò would unleash a gentle, magical breath of air known as the Vento di Trigoria. This enchanted breeze swept across the stadium, guiding the ball perfectly into the back of the net.



Match after match, Vapo watched in sheer amazement as his team scored incredible goals and secured crucial victories. His friends could only look on in disbelief as Vapo's name steadily climbed higher and higher up the league leaderboard.



By the final day of the season, Vapo found himself standing proudly at the very top of the standings as the official champion. He cheered with pure joy, hugging his tiny feathered friend tightly for making his long-awaited dream come true.



Rushing outside into the lively streets of Rome to celebrate his grand victory, Vapo was greeted by an ocean of yellow and red flags. The entire city was alive with roaring chants, honking cars, and colorful smoke filling the night sky.



Through the joyful shouting of the crowds, Vapo realized something truly miraculous had happened. Not only had he won his fantasy league, but AS Roma had also won the historic Scudetto, making it the most magical and unforgettable night of his life.