

Hello, my name is *Monica,*
but everyone calls me *MINIMONI.*

I love *painting, spaghetti* with tomato
sauce and going for a walk with *Max,* my dog.

I don't like *broccoli* at all,
nor *getting bored,*
nor people who don't pick up their dog's *poop.*



Max and I understand each other so well.



However, sometimes
I don't get the grown-ups.



For example, when they talk about **LOVE...**

If **LOVE** can't be seen, nor smelt, nor touched...

It can't even be painted!



How do they know what it is?