Piccola lived in Italy, where the oranges grow, and where the sun shines warm and bright, all year. I suppose you think Piccola is a very strange name for a little girl; but in her country it was not strange at all, and her mother thought it was the sweetest name a little girl ever had. She and her mother lived all alone in an old stone house that looked out onto a dark, narrow street. They were very poor, and the mother was away from home almost every day, washing clothes and scrubbing floors, and working hard to earn money for her little girl and herself. So you see, Piccola was alone for a great deal of the time. She had no playthings except for a very old, very ragged doll that her mother had found in the street one day. But there was a small round hole in the wall at the back of her yard and when she stood on a stone, and put her eyes close to the hole, she could see the green grass in the garden next door, smell the sweet flowers, and even hear the water splashing into their fountain. She had never before seen anyone walking in the garden. Until one day, when that changed.