

LAS MIGAS DE LA ISIDORA



BY CHILDBOOK.AI

Isidora woke up with a smile. Today she would make her special migas! She walked to her cozy kitchen and tied on her favorite apron. The morning sun streamed through the window. 'Today I will cook for my grandson,' she said softly. She gathered flour, olive oil, and garlic from her cupboard. Everything was ready. Isidora felt happy and excited to begin.



Isidora poured flour into her big pan. She added olive oil and watched it sizzle. The kitchen filled with a wonderful smell. 'Slowly, slowly,' she whispered to herself. She stirred and stirred with her wooden spoon. The flour began to turn golden brown. Her arms were tired, but she kept going. The migas were almost ready! Isidora tasted a tiny bit. 'Perfect!' she said with a grin.



Knock, knock! Someone was at the door. 'Abuela!' called a young voice. It was her grandson, Miguel! 'I smelled something delicious,' he said, giving her a big hug. Isidora laughed warmly. 'You are just in time, mijo.' Miguel's eyes grew wide when he saw the golden migas. 'Did you make these for me?' he asked. 'Always for you,' Isidora replied, squeezing his hand.



Isidora and Miguel sat at the small kitchen table. She served the warm, crumbly migas on two plates. Miguel took his first bite. 'These are the best, Abuela!' he exclaimed. Isidora smiled proudly. They ate together, talking and laughing. The kitchen was filled with love and warmth. 'Will you teach me to make them?' Miguel asked. 'Of course, my dear,' Isidora said. 'Next time, we cook together.'



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