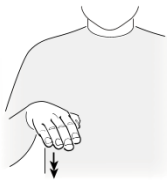


Tomtegubben som hade snuva Text Felix Körling



En

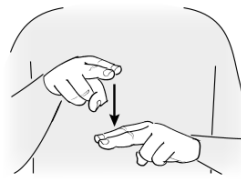
liten



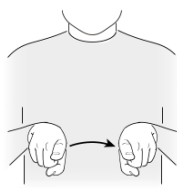
tomtegubbe



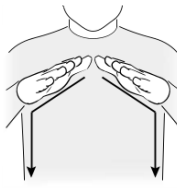
satt



en gång



vid



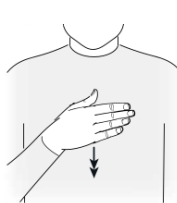
stugan

sin



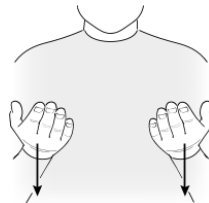
uppå

en tuva.



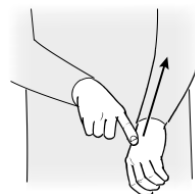
Han

tyckte

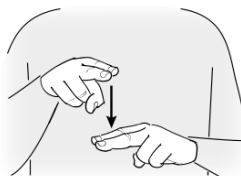


dagen

var så fasligt



lång,



han

satt

och



vände

på sin



luva.



Usch, han

frös

och han



nös,

atschi, atschi, atschi, prosit!



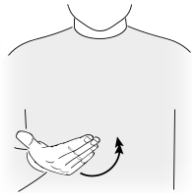
Usch, han

frös

och han



nös,



stackars



gubben

hade



snuva.

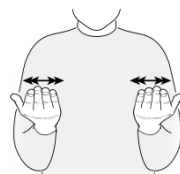


Men

tomte gumman



sade



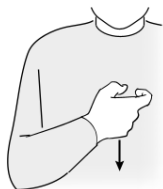
"Vad

står på?



Du

skrämmar både



mig

och



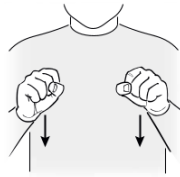
katten.



Till

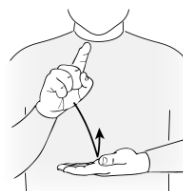
doktor

Mullvad

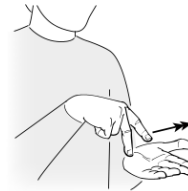


ska

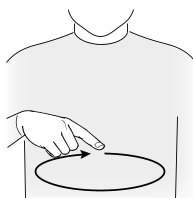
du



genast

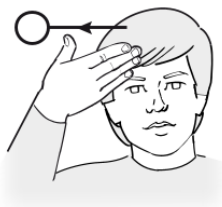


gå,



så att

vi

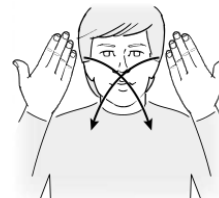


kan

få

ro

till

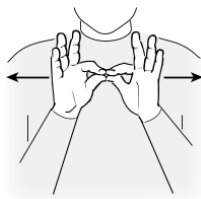


natten.



Gör

dig



fin,

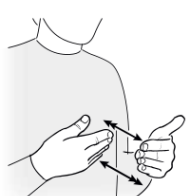


gubben



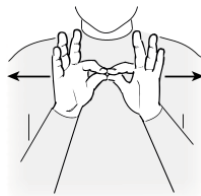
min,

atschi, atschi, atschi, prosit!



Gör

dig



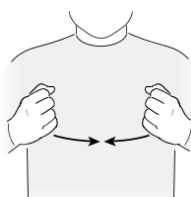
fin,



gubben

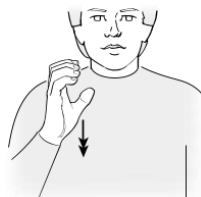


min,



och

ta på



dig

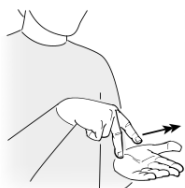


söndagshatten."



Och

gubben



gick

till



doktor

Mullvad in,



som

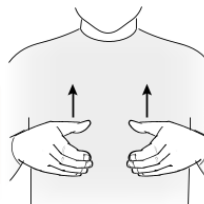
bodde



under

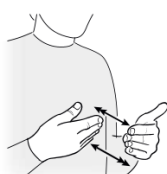


björkestubben.



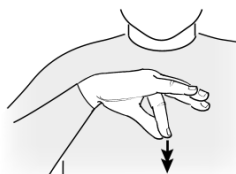
Och

doktorn

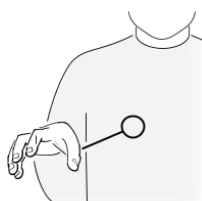


laga

genast



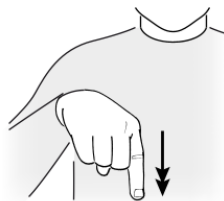
medicin,



som han

tog fram

ur källarskrubben.



"Hoppsan

sa,



nu

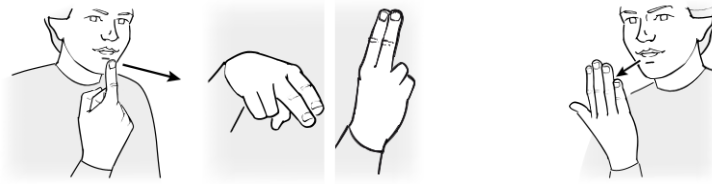


blir jag

bra!



atschi, atsch, atsch, prosit!



"Hoppsan sa, nu blir jag bra!"



det nös jag på," sa tomtegubben.

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