

I BAMBINI DI QUINTA LEGGONO PER NOI...





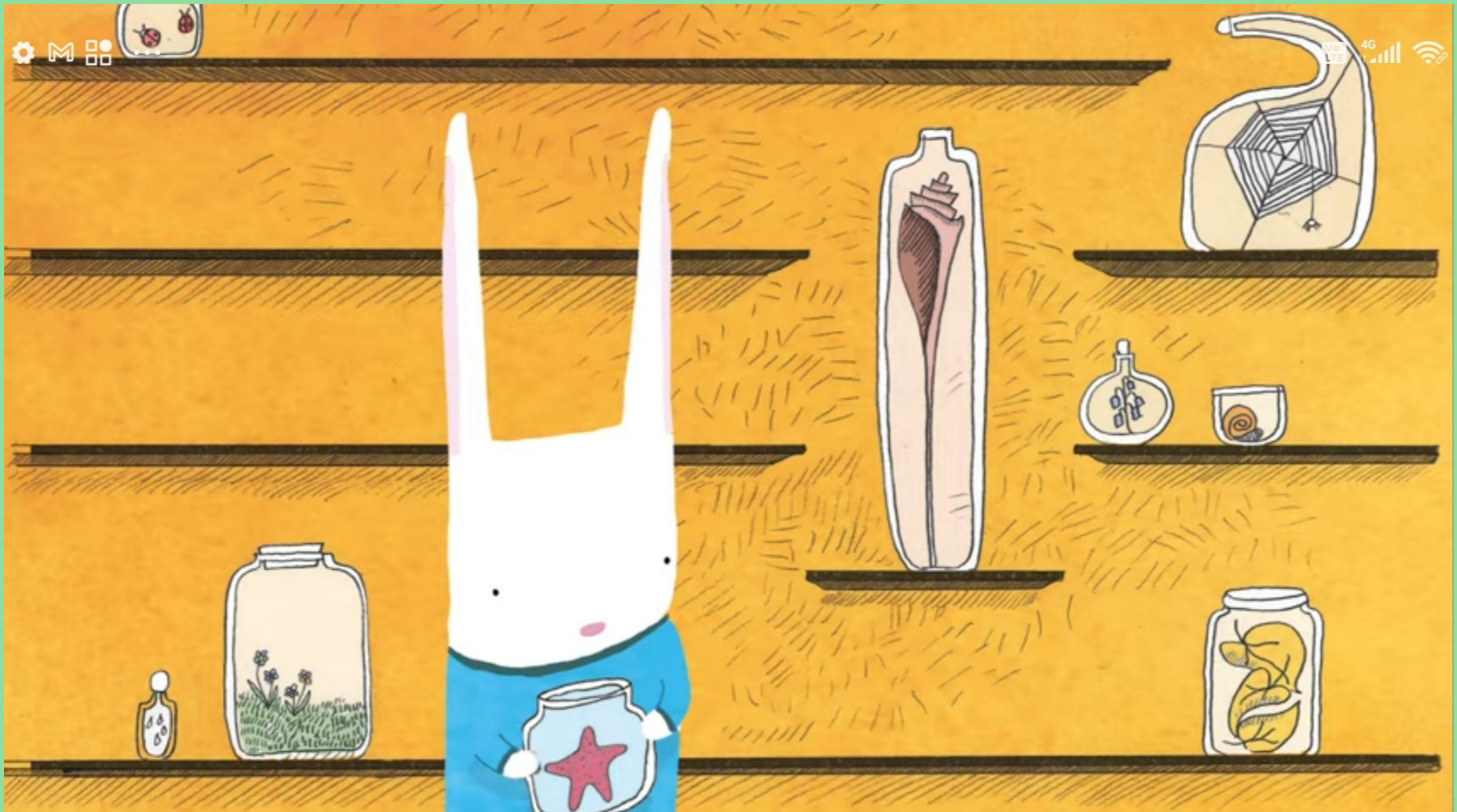
UN BARATTOLO DI STELLE

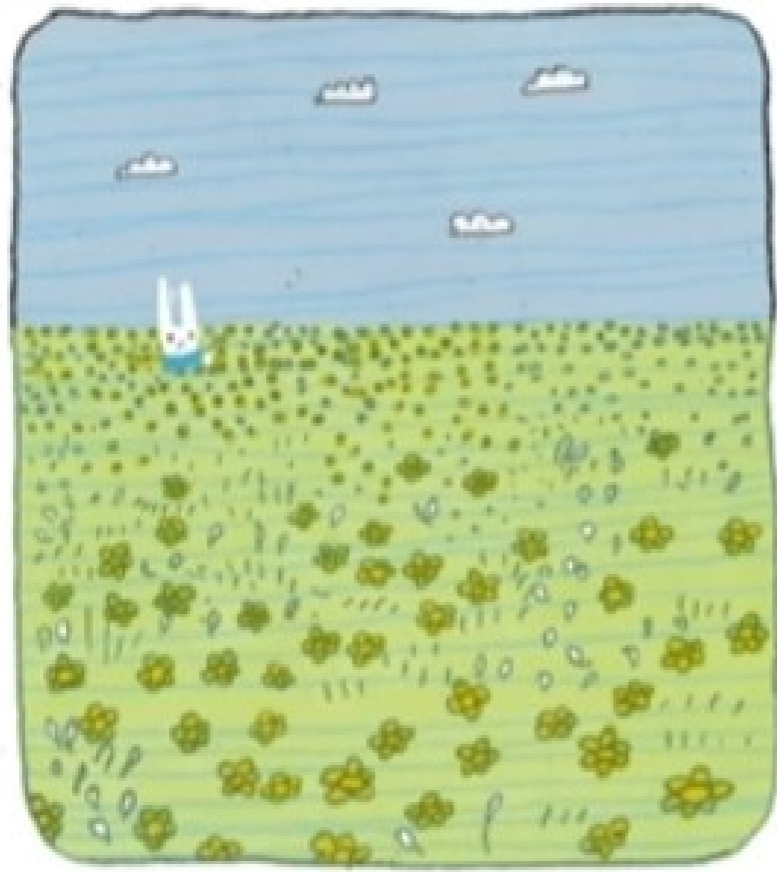
Deborah Marcero







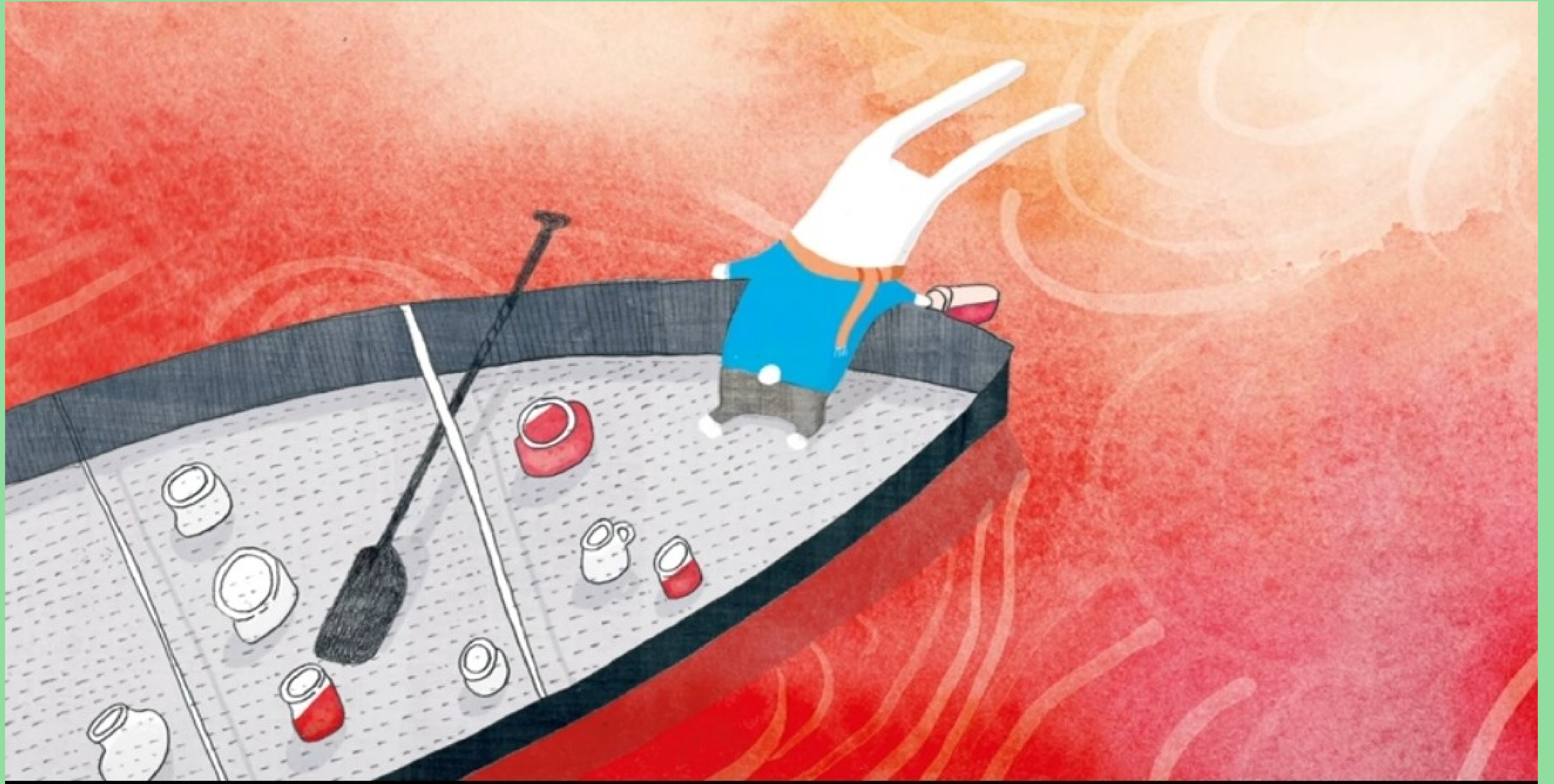




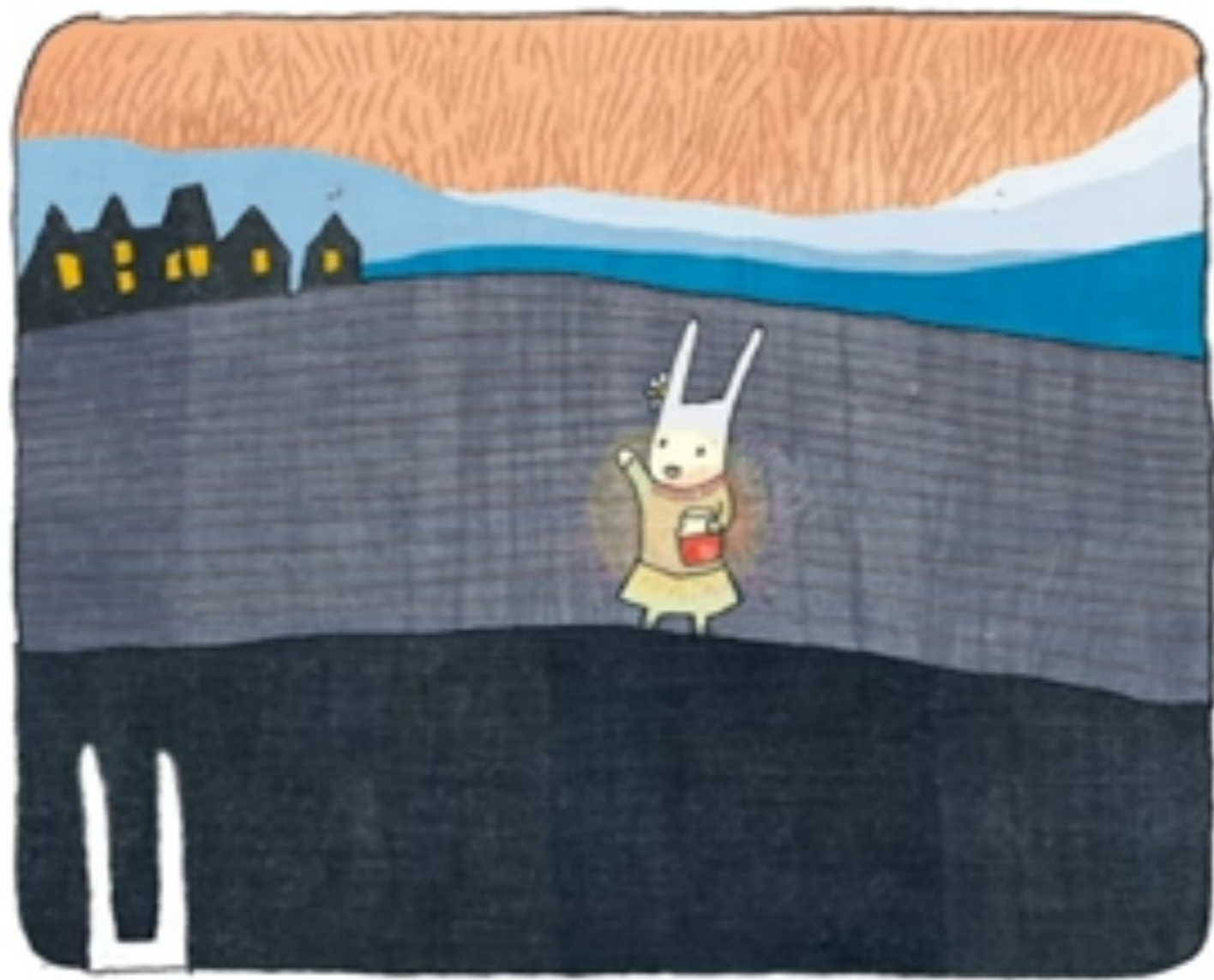








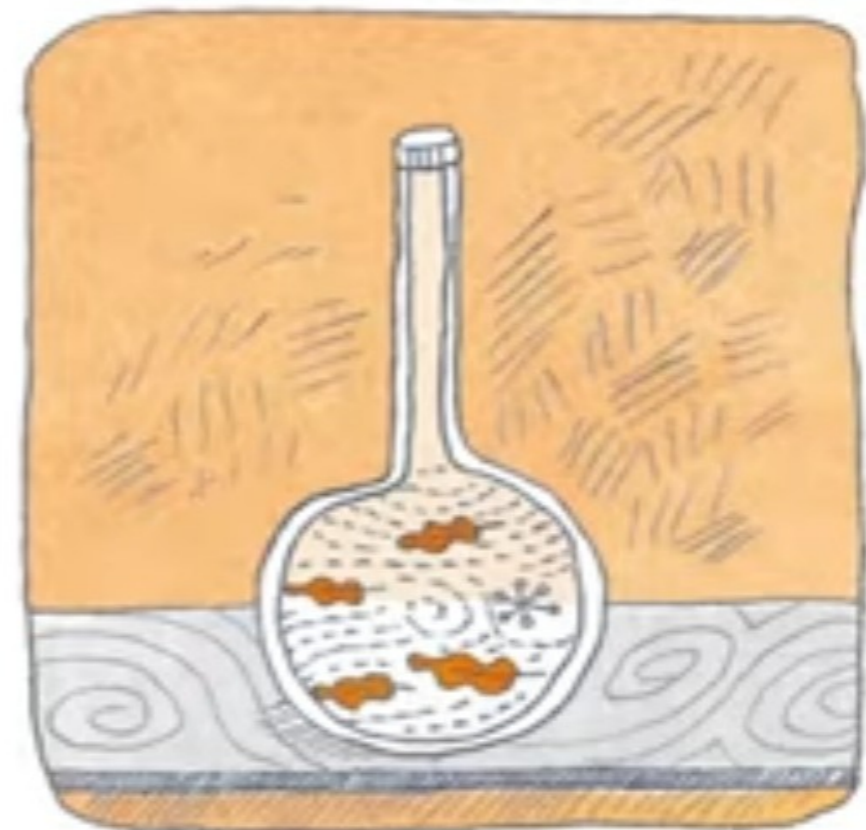






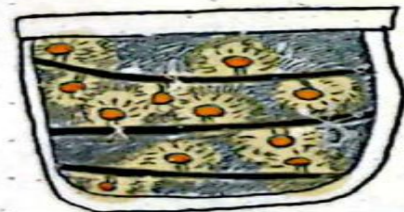
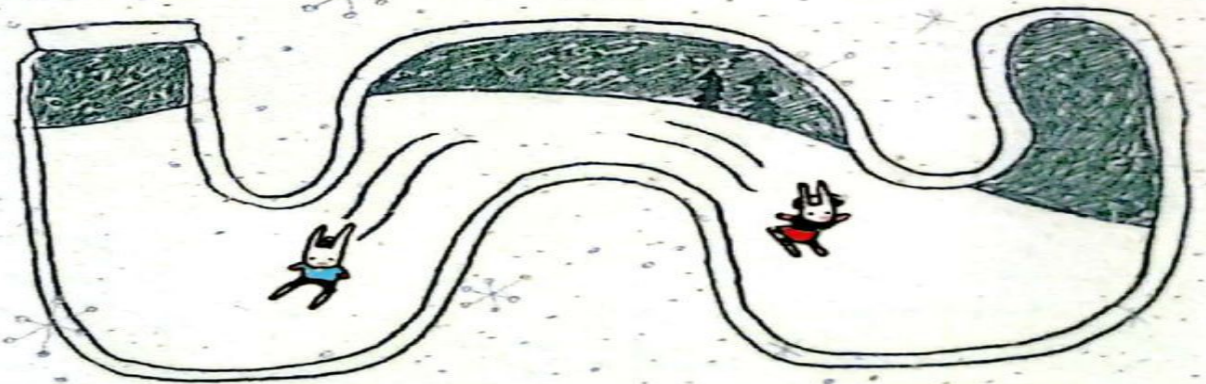
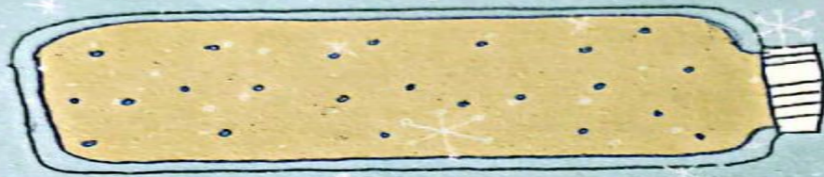
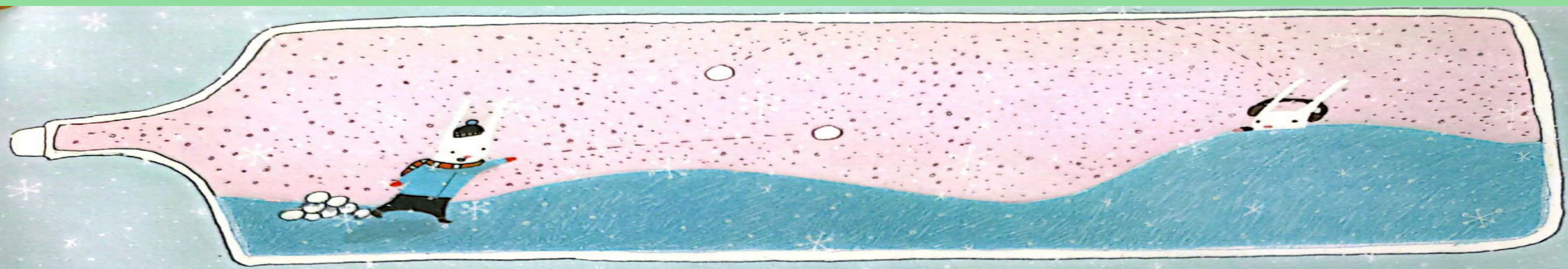




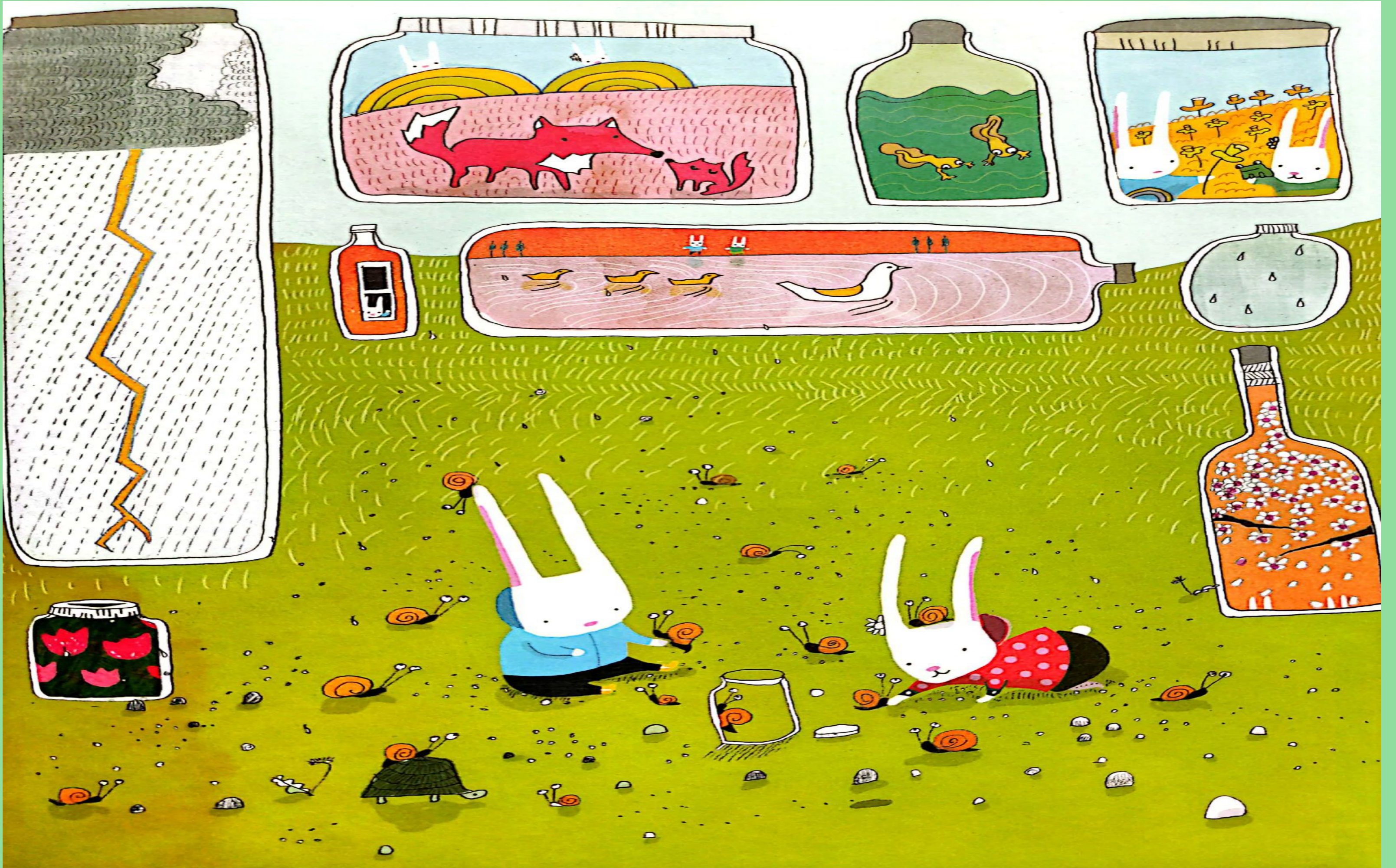


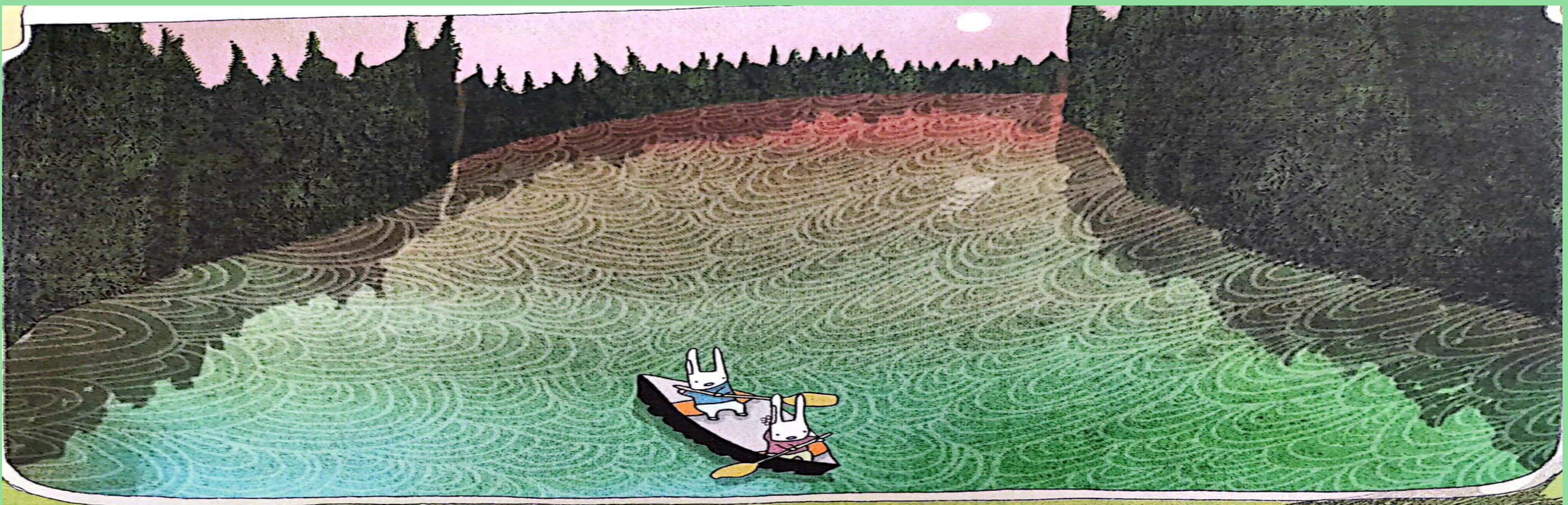




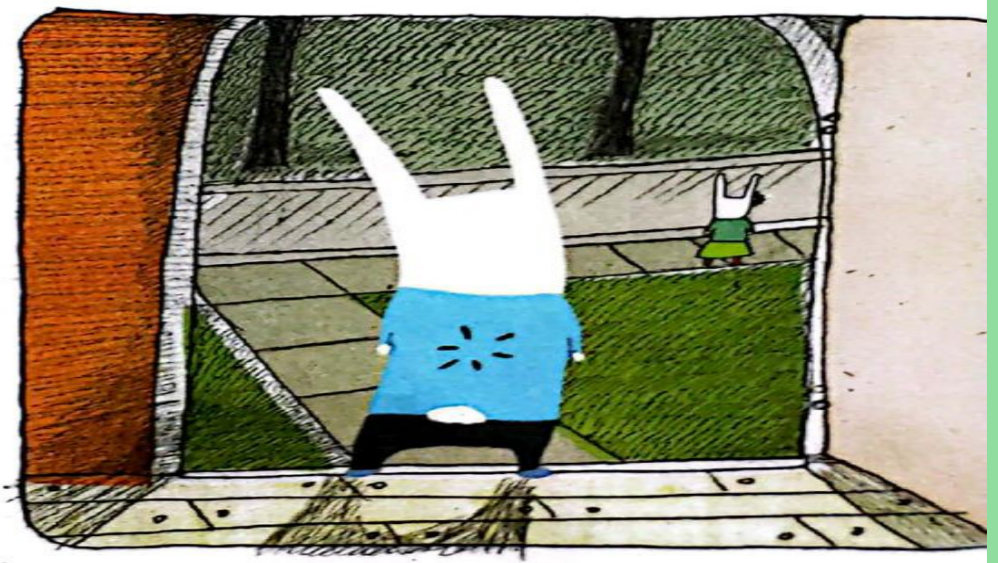
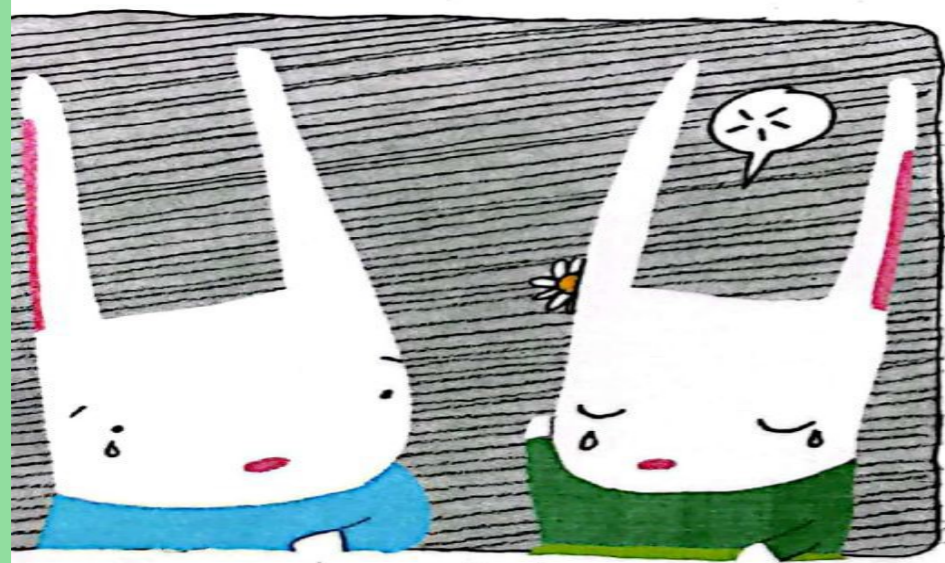
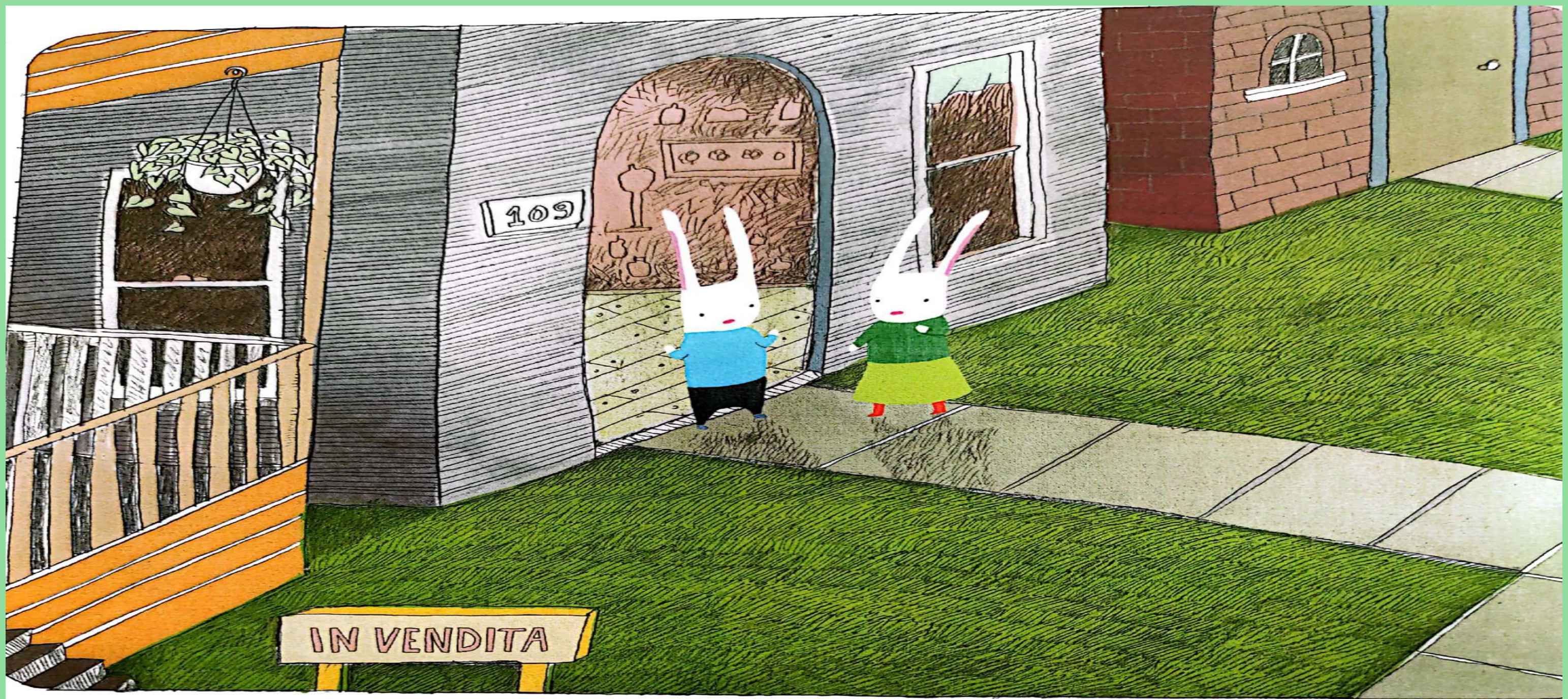




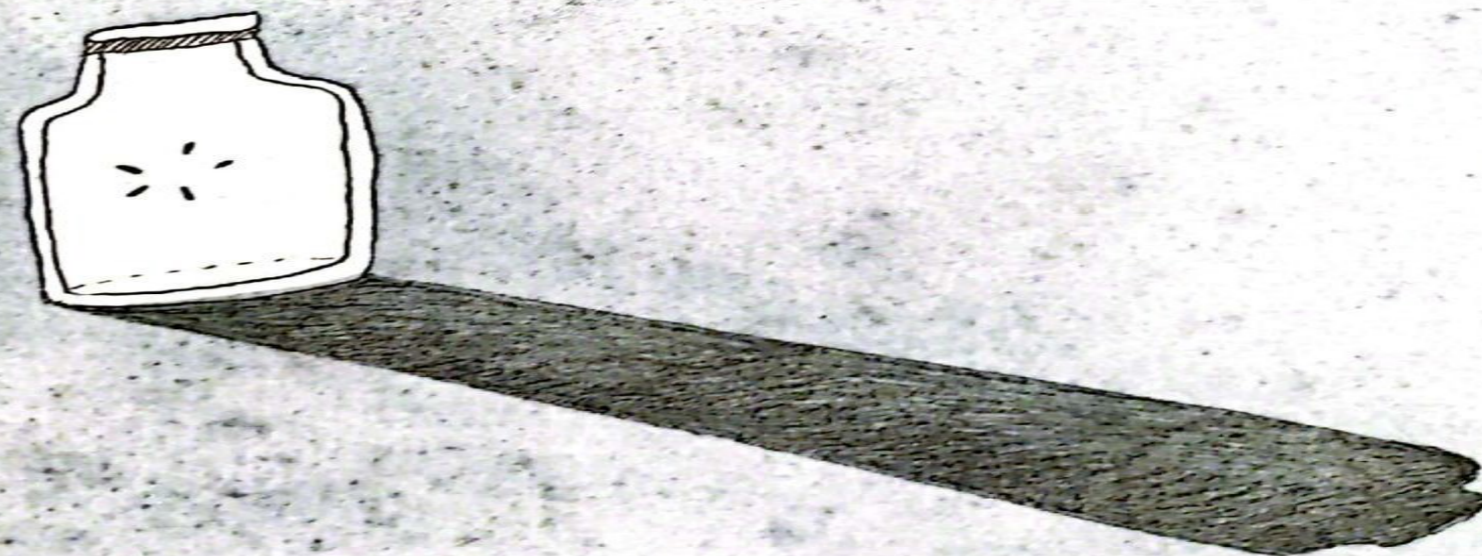






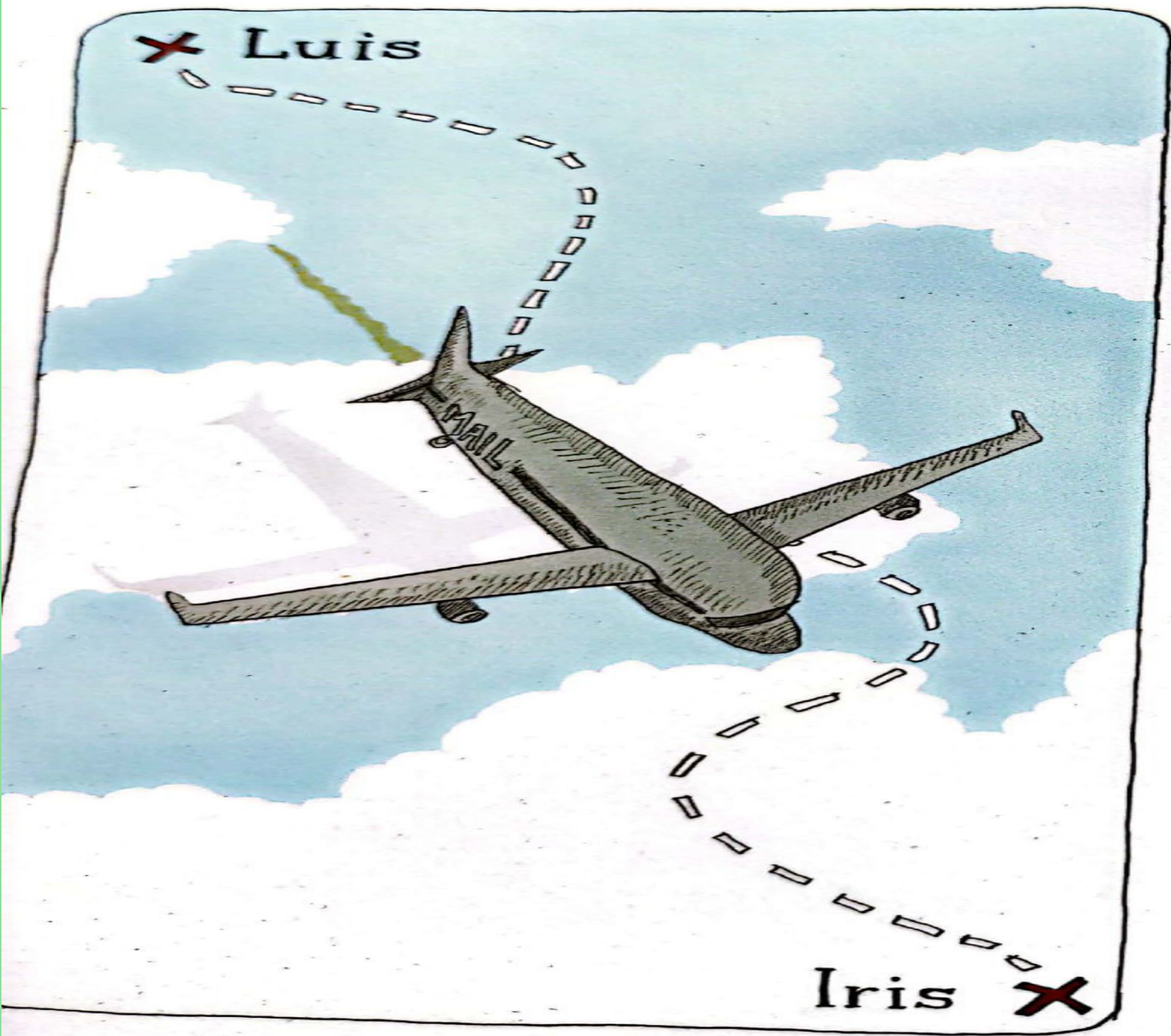
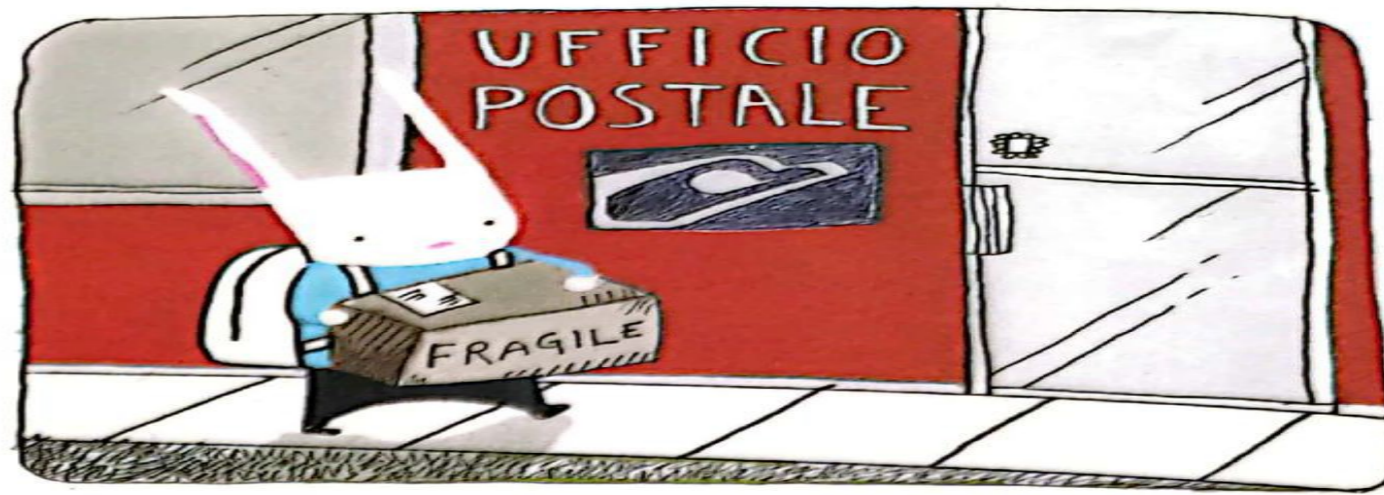
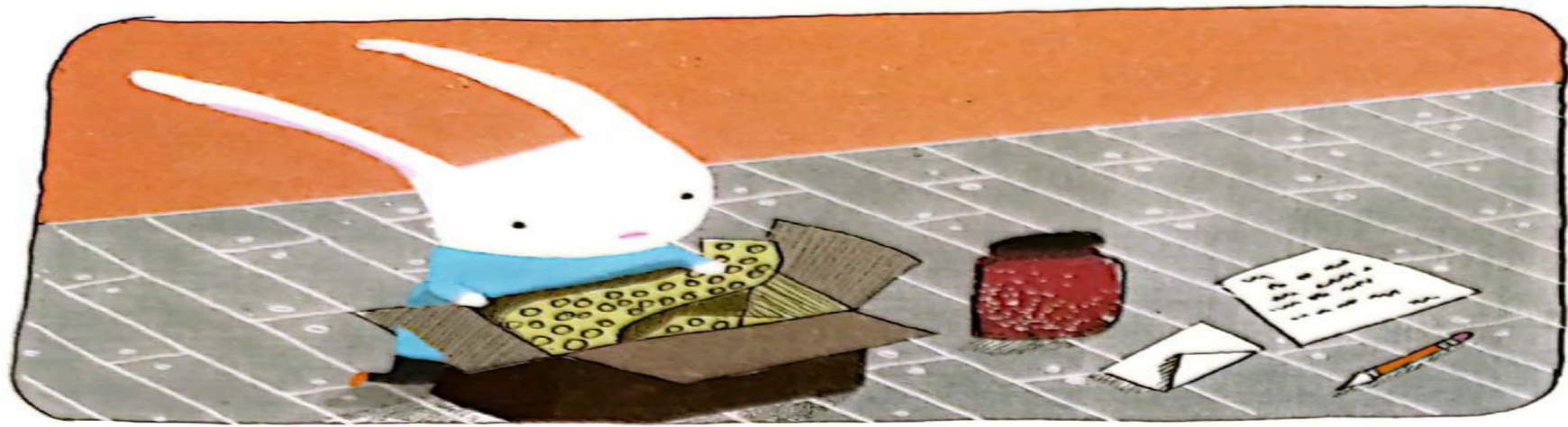






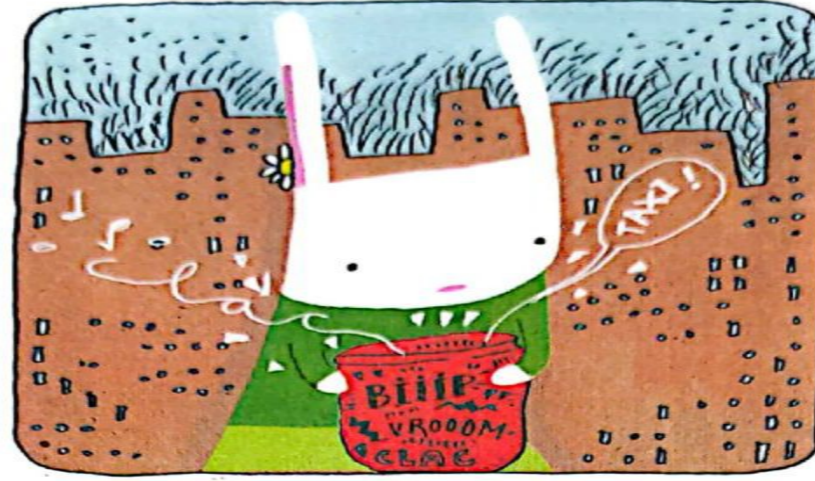
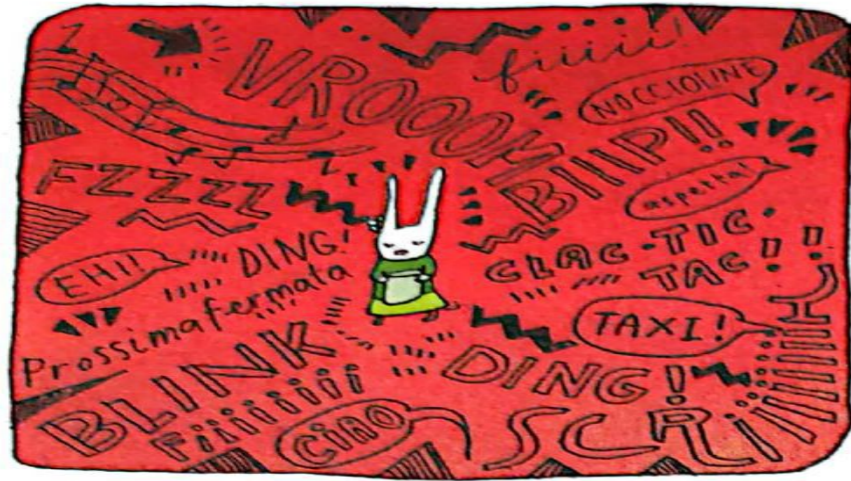




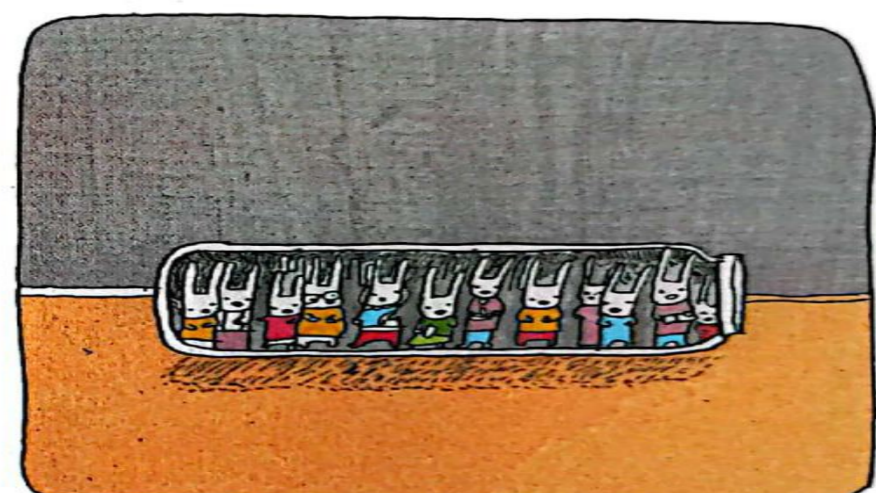




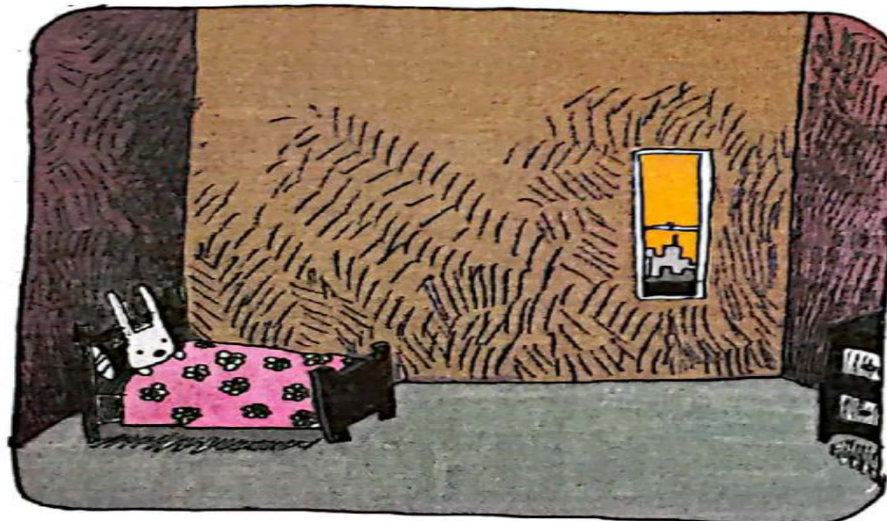
Iris sapeva cosa fare.
Chiuse dentro un barattolo i rumori,

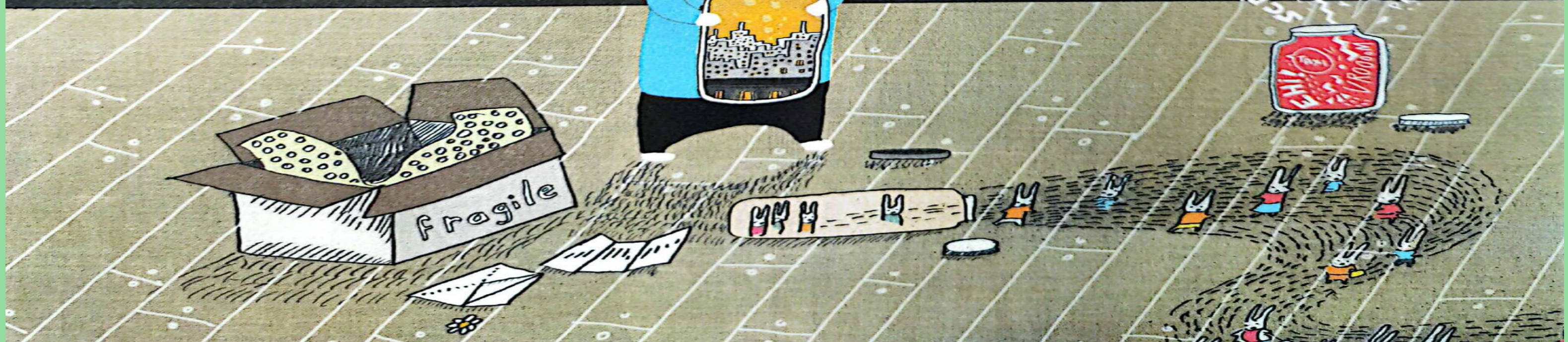


le voci,



la folla e le luci scintillanti della sua nuova città,











Deborah Marcero

UN BARATTOLO DI STELLE

TERRE



GRAZIE PER L'ATTENZIONE