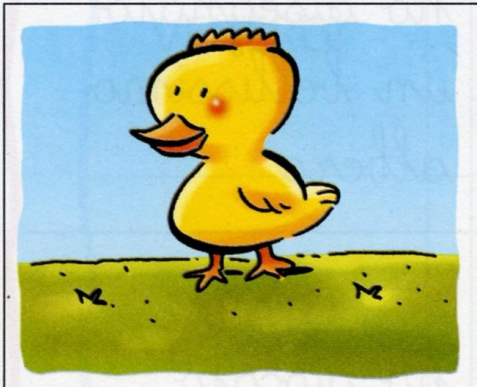


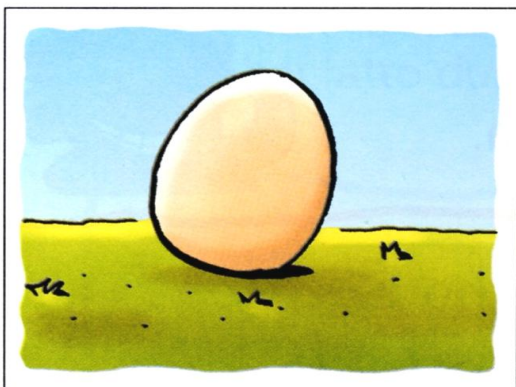
Poesia: la settimana del pulcino

Lunedì chiusin chiusino.
Martedì bucò l'ovino.
Sguscìò fuori mercoledì.
Pio pio fa giovedì.
Venerdì un volettino.
Beccò sabato un granino.
La domenica mattina ,
aveva già la sua crestina.

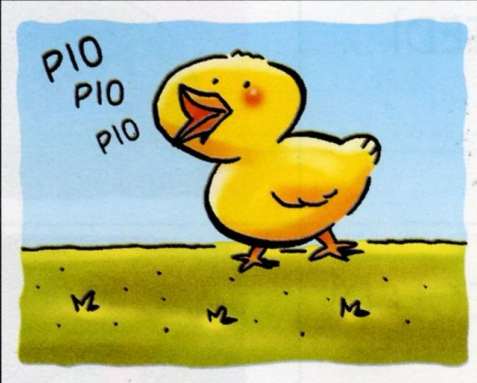
Riordina le vignette e aggiungi la didascalia



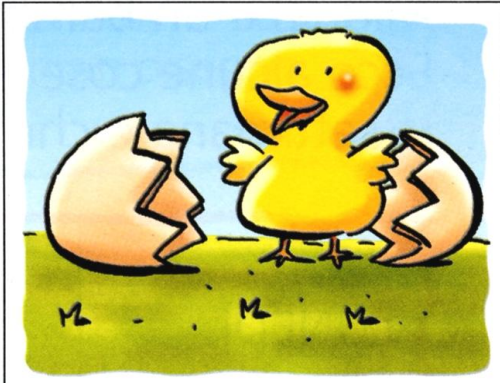
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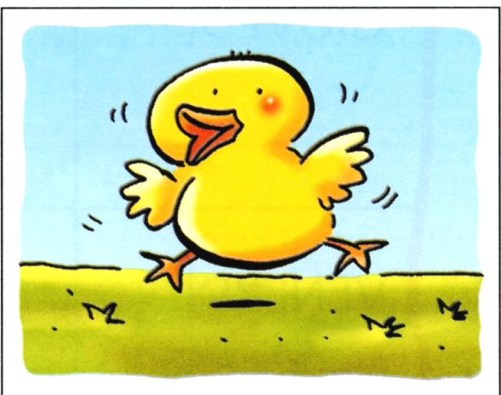
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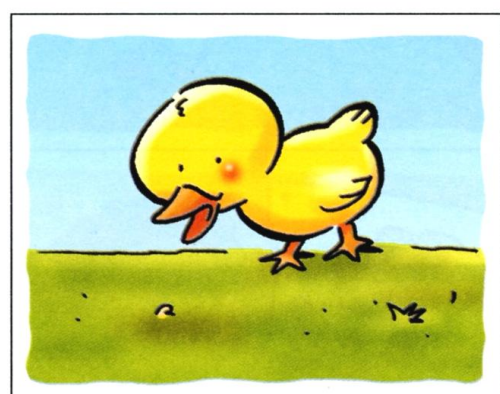
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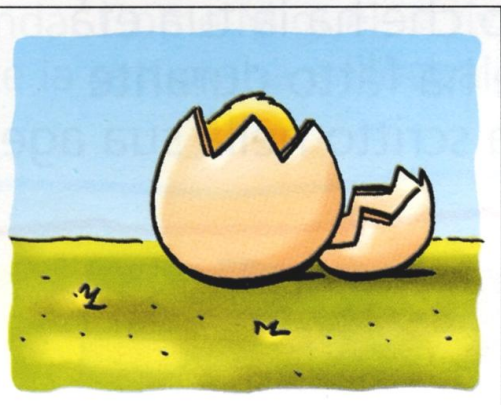
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