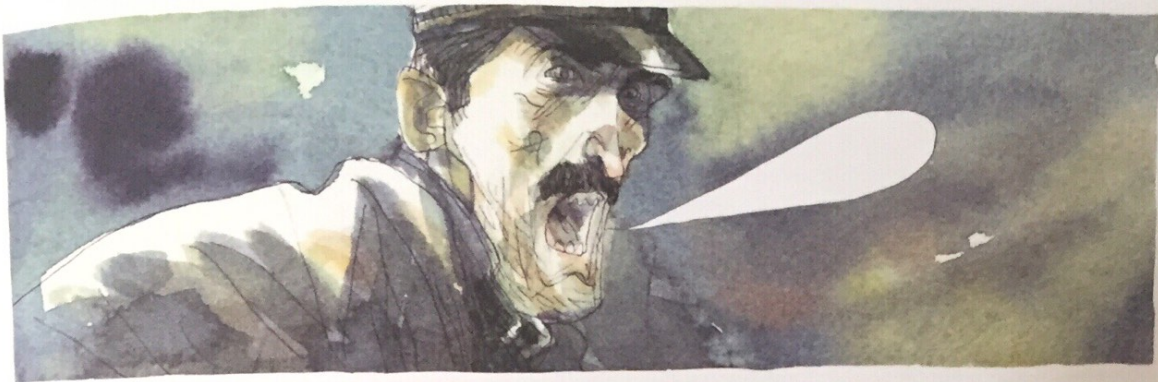
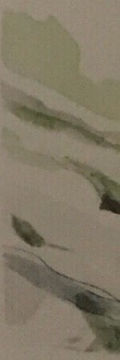
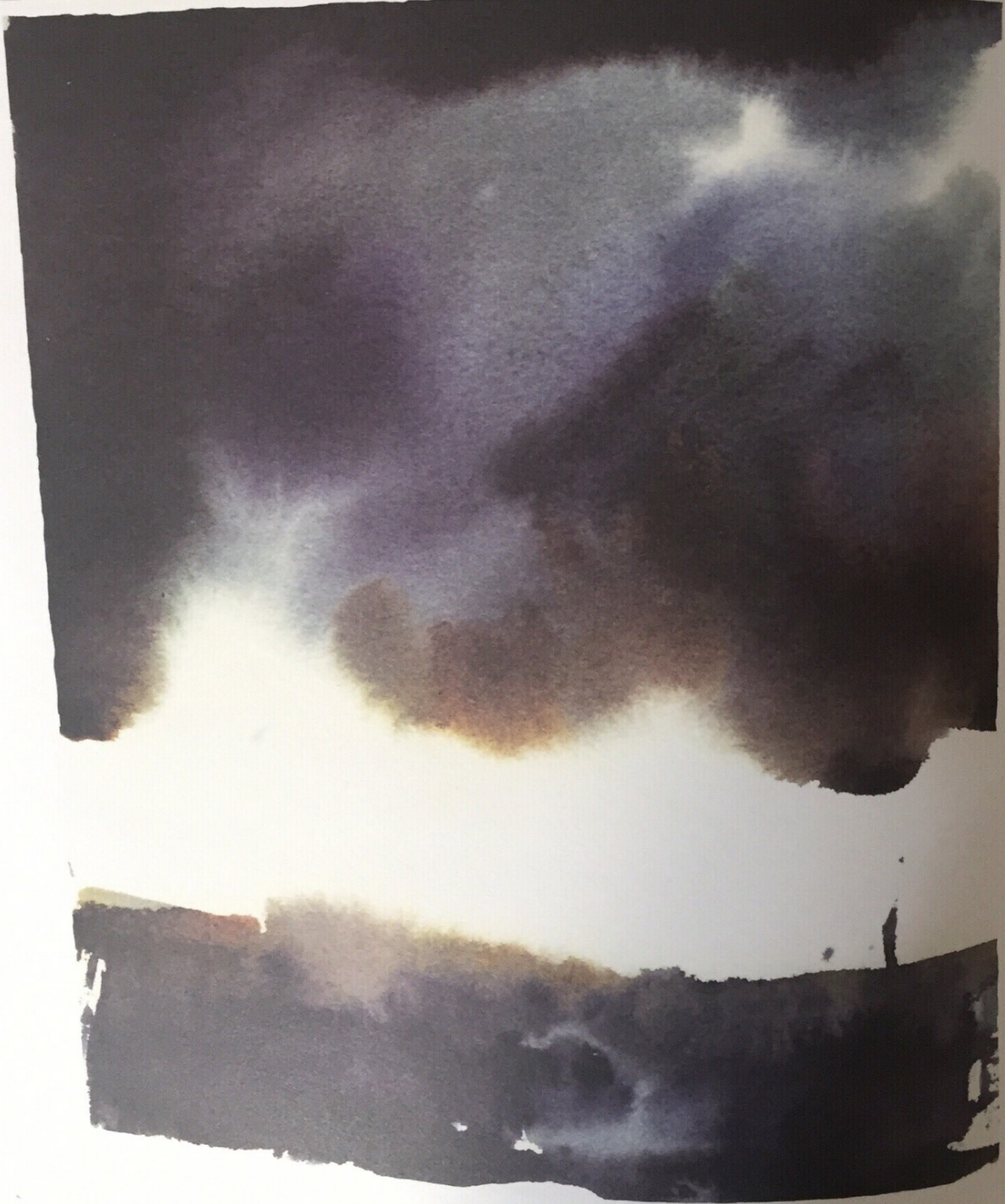
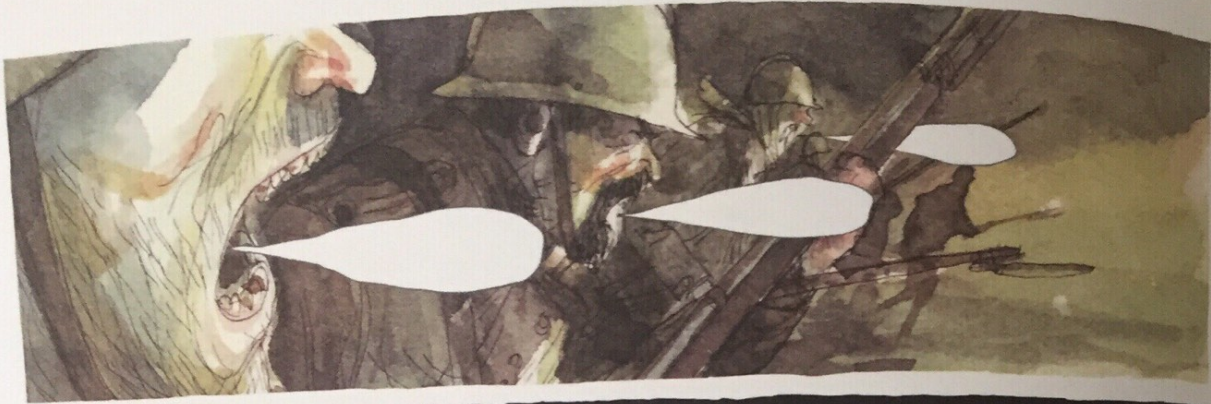


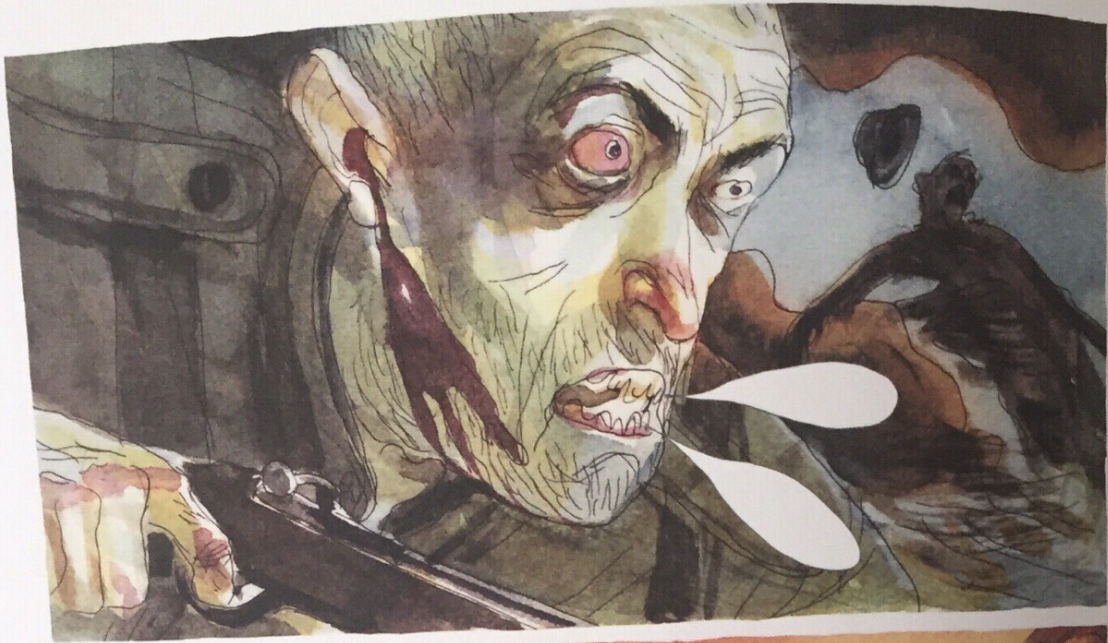
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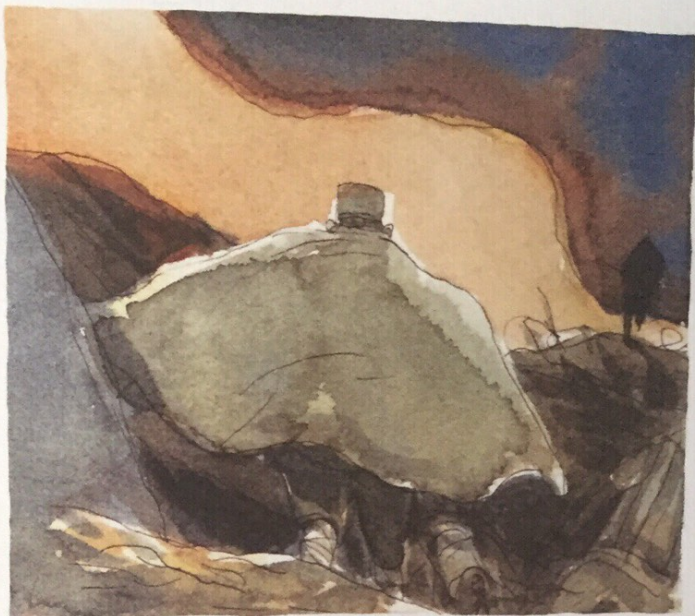
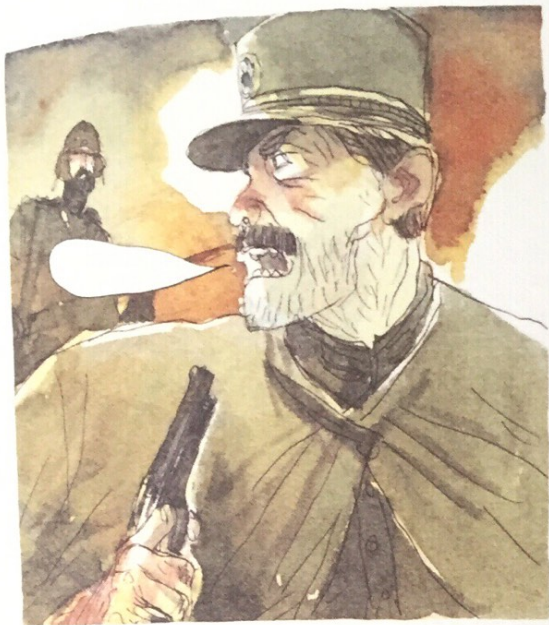
NIENTE

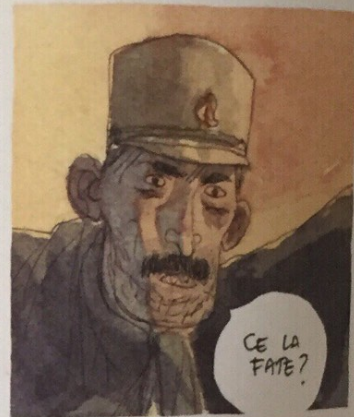














ERA UN
POETA -

SENTI
QUESTO
PASSAGGIO -



"IL CIELO POSSIEDE UNA LUCE SUA."

SENTI



"NON DALLE STELLE CHE SON TROPPO LONTANE..."

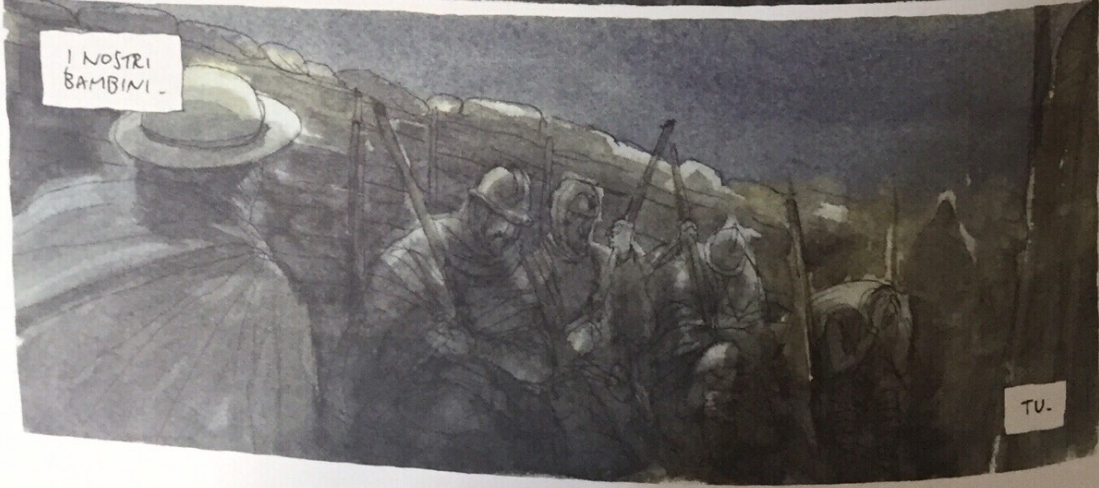
"NON DALLA LUNA, ASSEME."

VIENE DAI NOSTRI DESIDERI, FORSE? CHE SIANO I NOSTRI CUORI, LE SPERANZE, A ILLUMINARE IL CIELO?



O LE NOSTRE FAMIGLIE

LE LORO PREGHIERE.



I NOSTRI BAMBINI.

TU.

"DA DOVE
VIENE QUESTO
CHIAVORE?"

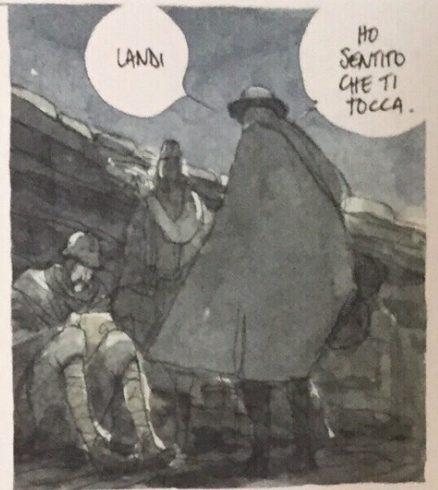
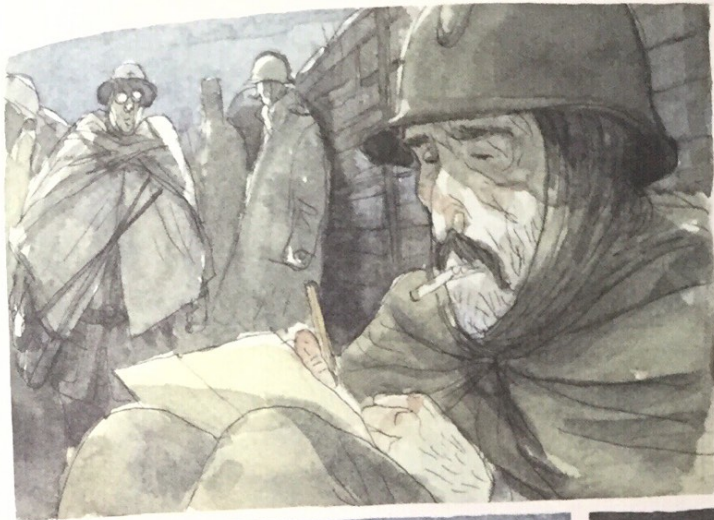
COSE'?

"NON
DALLA
LUNA,
ASSENTE."

ARE IL CIELO?

E LORO
REGHIERE.

TU.





È
NORMALE.



VERO,
LANZI?



IO NON
HO PAURA.

RAGAZZI!

CI
SIATTO.



PERCHE'
DOVREI?

IO HO TE.

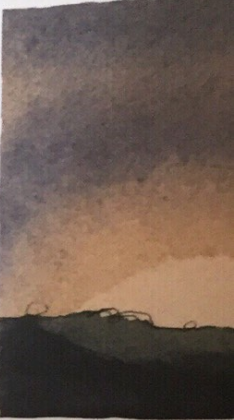


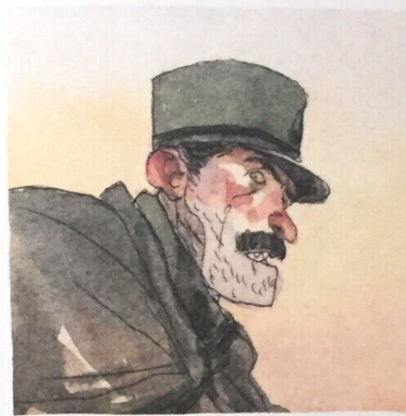
TI RICORD





TORVED







GLI UOMINI CHE RESPIRAVANO FINO AD UN MOMENTO FA, ADESSO NON LO FANNO PIÙ _



AMORE

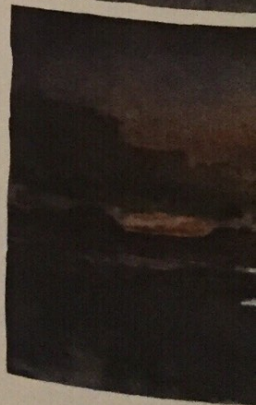
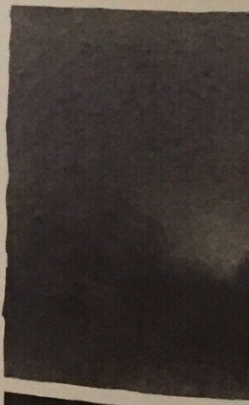
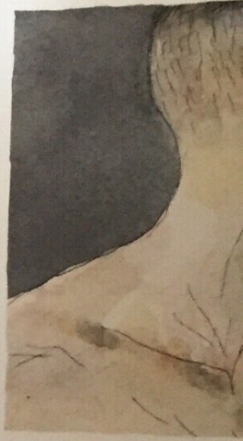
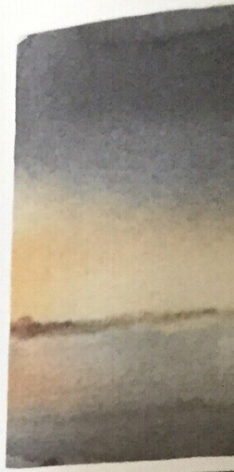


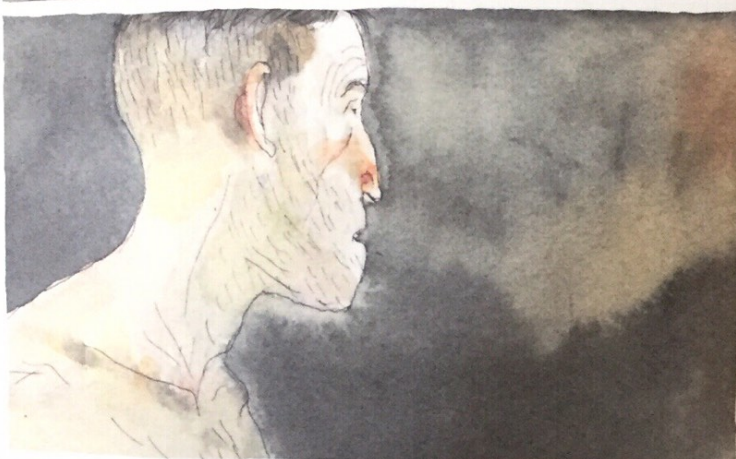
DOVE VANNO I LORO DESIDERI?

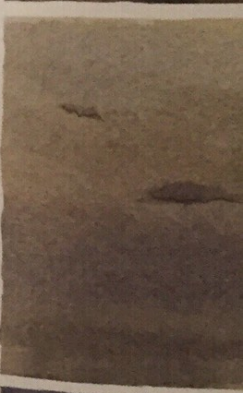
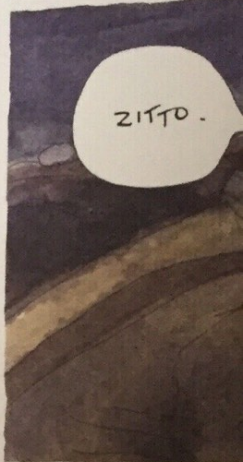
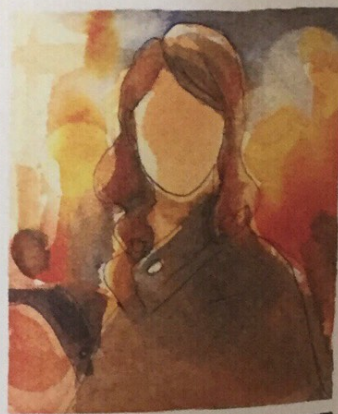


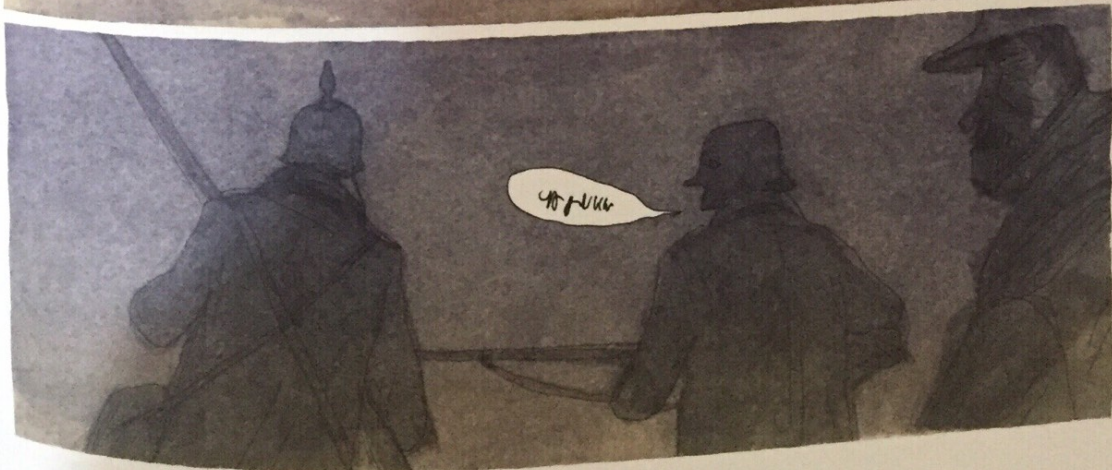
AMORE

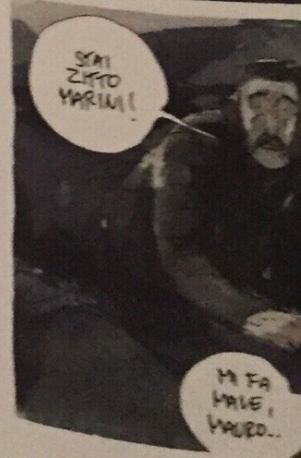
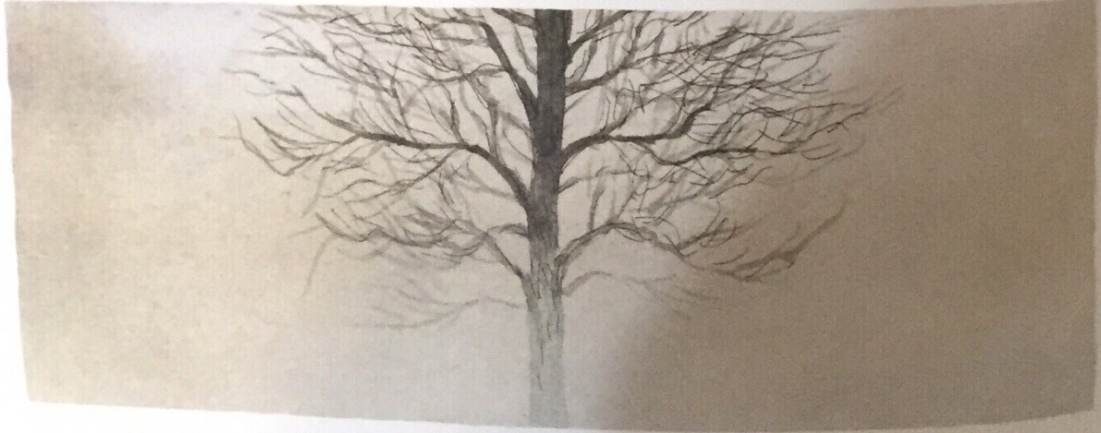
SIDERI?

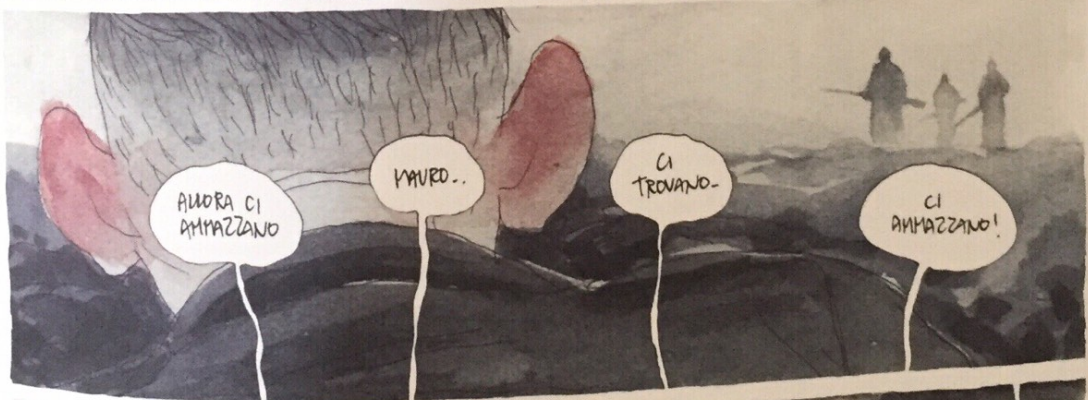
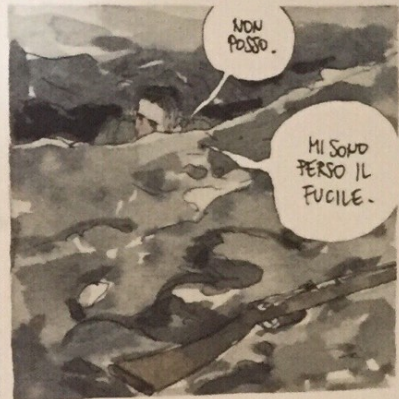
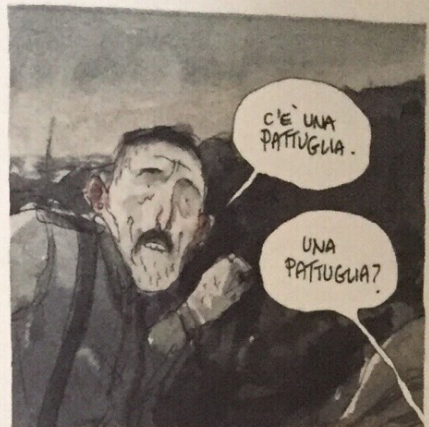














NON DEVI GIURARE.

PERCHÉ NO?

NON DIPENDE DA TE.

SI, INVECE.

VORREI CHE FOSSE COSÌ.

È COSÌ.

