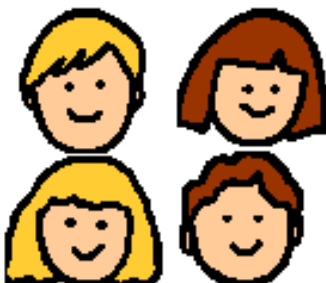
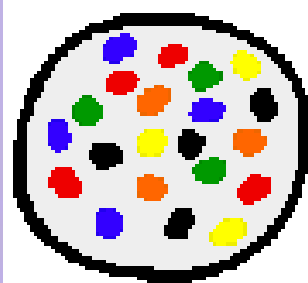


meninos



todas



cores



Meninos de Todas as Cores

De: Luísa Ducla Soares

Era uma vez

menino



branco



chamado



Miguel

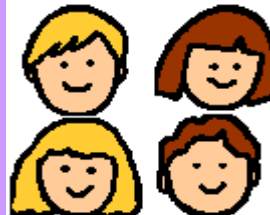
vivia



terra



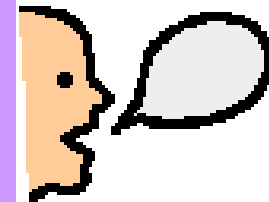
meninos



brancos



dizia



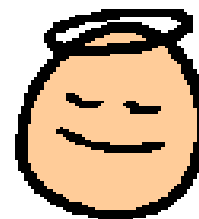
Era uma vez um menino branco chamado Miguel, que

vivia numa terra de meninos brancos e dizia:

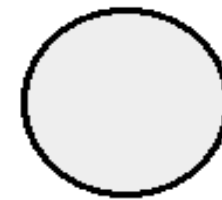


É bom ser branco

É bom

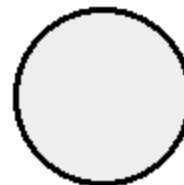


branco



**porque é branco o açúcar,
tão doce,**

branco



açúcar

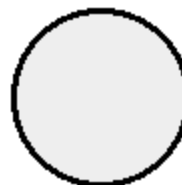


doce



**porque é branco o leite,
tão saboroso,**

branco



leite

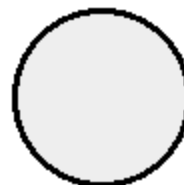


saboroso



**porque é branca a neve,
tão linda.**

branco

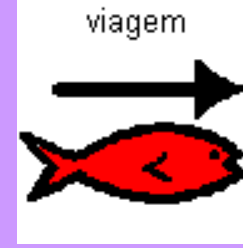
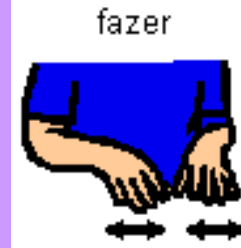
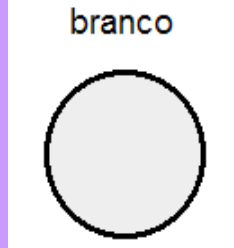


neve

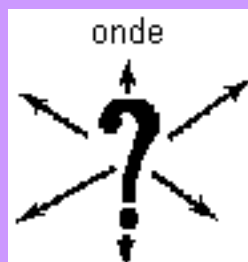


tão linda





Mas um dia o menino branco fez uma grande viagem,



e parou numa terra onde todos os meninos eram amarelos.



Flor de Lotus

Encontrou uma amiga chamada Flor de Lótus,

como



todos



meninos



amarelos



dizia



que como todos os meninos amarelos dizia



É bom ser amarelo

porque é amarelo o sol,

e amarelo o girassol,

mais a areia da praia.

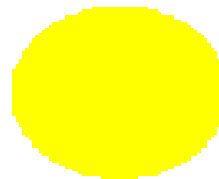
É bom



amarelo



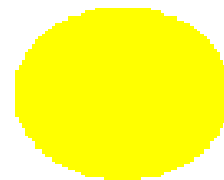
amarelo



sol



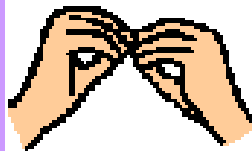
amarelo



girassol



mais



areia



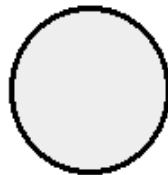
praia



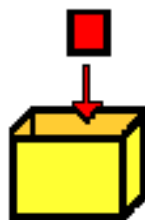
menino



branco



meter



barco



parar



terra



O menino branco meteu-se num barco e parou numa terra

onde



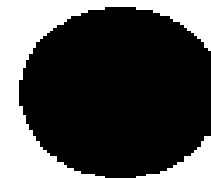
todos



meninos



pretos

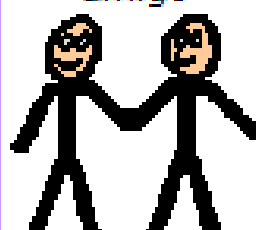


onde todos os meninos são pretos.

encontrou



amigo



caçador



chamado



Lumumba

Encontrou um amigo caçador chamado Lumumba que,





como todos os meninos pretos, dizia:

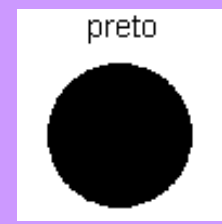
É bom ser preto



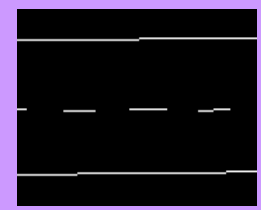
como a noite



preto como as azeitonas



preto como as estradas



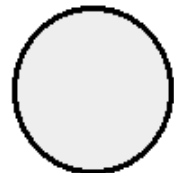
Que nos levam a toda a parte.



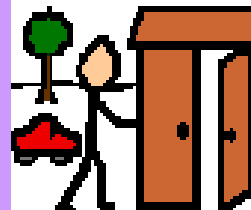
menino



branco



entrou



depois



avião



O menino branco entrou depois num avião,

que só parou numa terra

parar



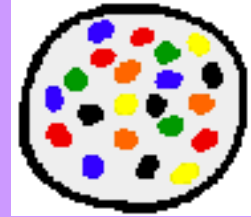
terra



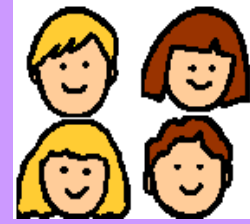
onde



todos



meninos



vermelhos



onde todos os meninos são vermelhos.



Pena de
Águia

Escolheu para brincar aos índios um menino chamado Pena de Águia.



E o menino vermelho dizia:



É bom ser **vermelho**



da cor das fogueiras



da cor das cerejas



e da cor do sangue bem
encarnado.

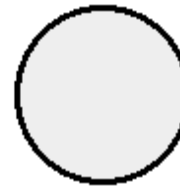


O menino branco correu mundo

menino



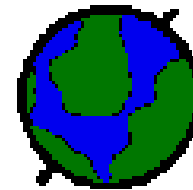
branco



correu

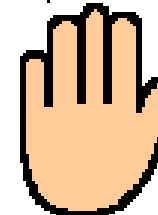


mundo



e parou numa terra

parar



terra



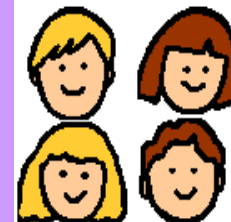
onde



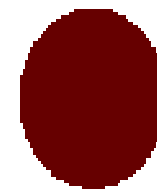
todos



meninos

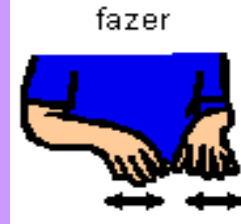


castanhos



onde todos meninos são castanhos.

Aí fazia corridas de camelo



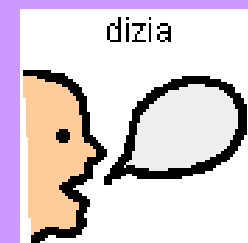
com um menino



Chamado Ali-Babá,



que dizia:





É bom ser **castanho**



como a terra do chão



os troncos das árvores.

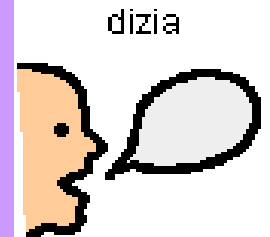
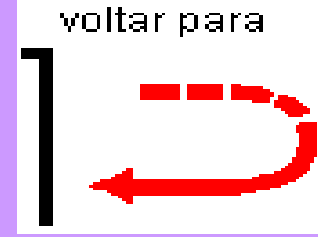


É bom ser **castanho**



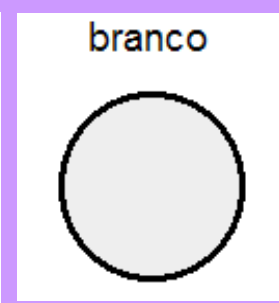
como o chocolate.



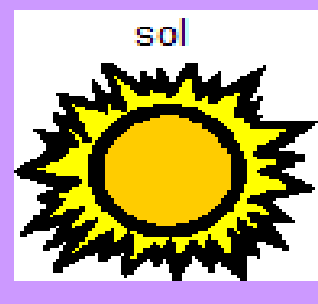


Quando o menino voltou para terra de meninos brancos, dizia:

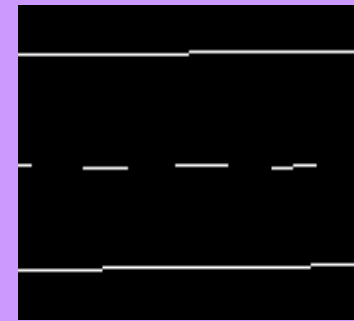
• É bom ser branco como o açúcar



• amarelo como o Sol



• preto como as estradas



• vermelho como as fogueiras



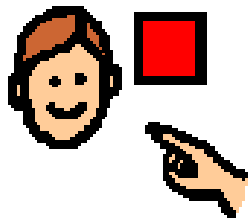
• castanho da cor do chocolate.



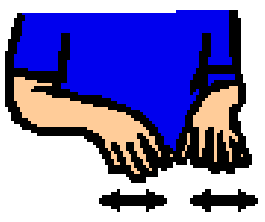


Na escola, os meninos brancos pintavam em folhas brancas desenhos de meninos brancos,

ele



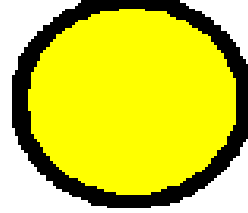
fazer



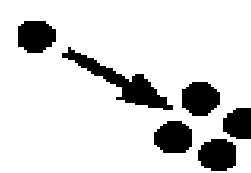
grandes



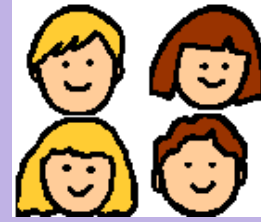
rodas



com



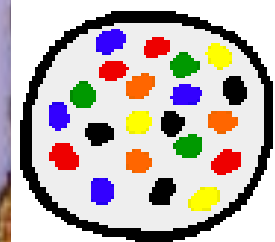
meninos



sorridentes



todos



cores



ele fazia grandes rodas com meninos sorridentes de todas as cores.

FIM



Agrupamento de Escolas de Darque
UEE- Eb1/JI Sr^a das Oliveiras
Adaptado com símbolos do SPC
Helena Delgado
Novembro 2009