

Il cervo alla fonte

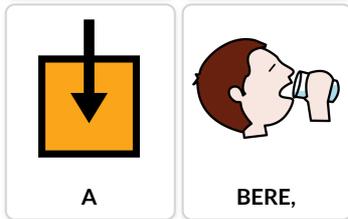
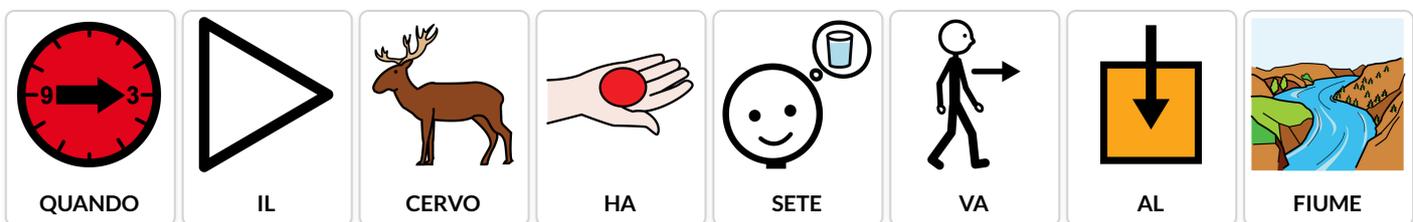
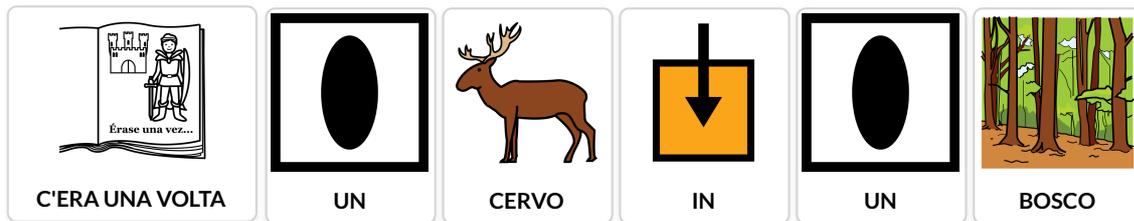
Progetto : CTS - Novara
Ordine di Scuola : Scuola Secondaria Primo Grado
Area disciplinare : Fiabe/Favole/Racconti
Realizzato da : I.C. Fornara - Ossola

Difficoltà Apprendimento : Studente Straniero

Ragazzino straniero in prima media che sta facendo alfabetizzazione

LA FAVOLA

"IL CERVO E IL LEONE" di Esopo

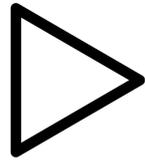




MA



NON GLI PIACCIONO



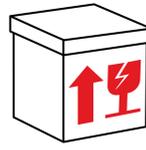
LE



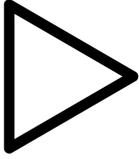
SUE



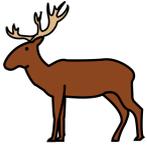
GAMBE



FRAGILI



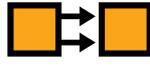
IL



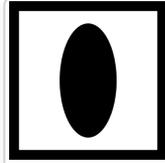
CERVO



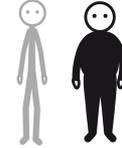
SI SPAVENTA



PERCHÉ



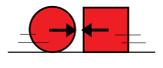
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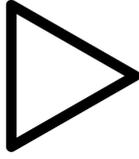
GROSSO



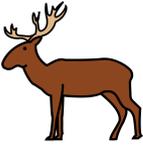
LEONE



SI AVVICINA



IL



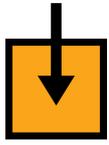
CERVO



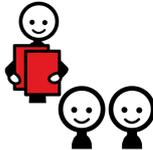
SI ALLONTANA,



GRAZIE



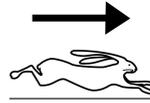
ALLE



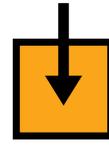
SUE



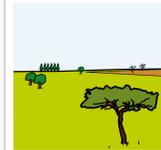
GAMBE



CORRE VELOCE



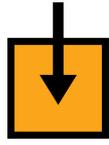
IN



PIANURA



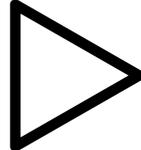
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NEL



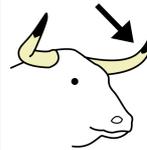
BOSCO



LE



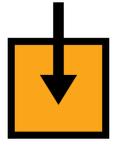
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CORNA



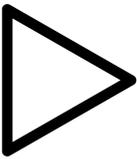
SI IMPIGLIANO



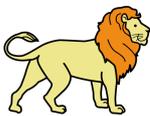
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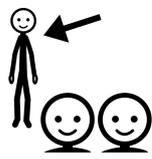
RAMO



IL



LEONE



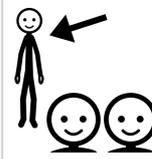
LO



RAGGIUNGE



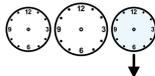
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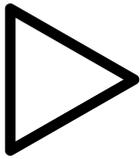
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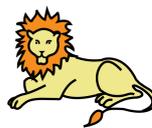
UCCIDE.



DOPO



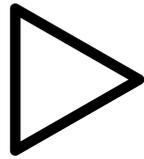
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LEONE



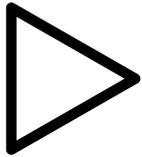
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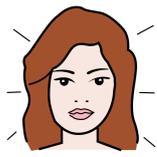
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CERVO.



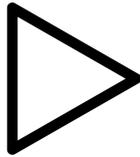
LA



BELLEZZA



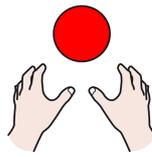
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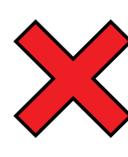
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FORZA FISICA



POSSONO



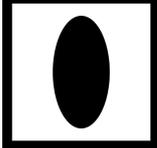
NON



BASTARE



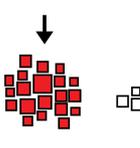
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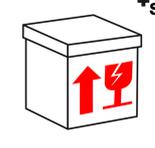
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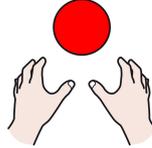
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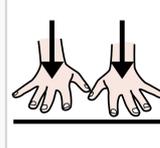
PIÙ



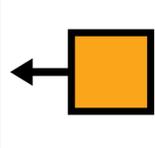
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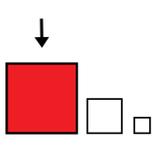
PUÒ



ESSERE



DI



GRANDE



AIUTO

IL CERVO ALLA FONTE E IL LEONE Esopo

Un cervo, assetato, andò ad una fonte per bere; lì, rimase ad osservare la sua immagine riflessa nell'acqua. Era fiero delle sue grandi corna, dai disegni intricati, mentre le sue gambe, proprio non gli piacevano: erano così fragili. Stava ancora riflettendo sul suo riflesso quando un leone si mise ad inseguirlo. Il cervo si diede alla fuga e, per un bel pezzo, riuscì a distanziarlo: infatti, le sue gambe correvano più veloci di quelle del leone sulla pianura. Ad un certo punto, però, il cervo si ritrovò in una fitta boscaglia, piena di rovi e cespugli. Aveva fatto poca strada che le corna gli si impigliarono tra i rami: tra gli alberi bassi, il cervo non riusciva a muoversi e il leone lo raggiunse in un attimo. In punto di morte, il cervo si disse tra sé: "Me infelice! Solo adesso capisco che quelle gambe che disprezzavo tanto potevano salvarmi, e queste corna di cui andavo tanto fiero sono state la mia rovina".

Spesso, ciò che riteniamo inutile si rivela più utile di ciò che ammiriamo ed apprezziamo.