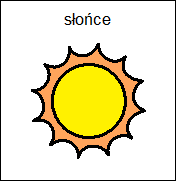
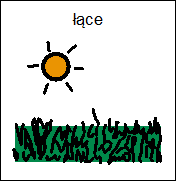
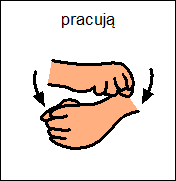
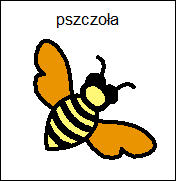
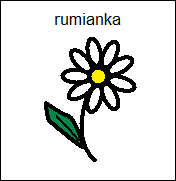
M. Buczkówny

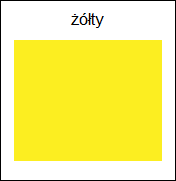
"Rano na łące"





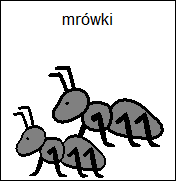
Na wszyscy od samego ranka:

  
 we wnętrzu

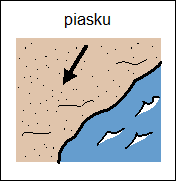


odkurza dywanik

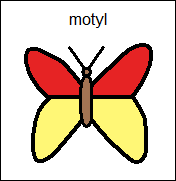
ze złotego pyłu.



– ścieżkę oczyściły



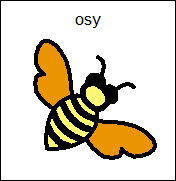
Aż świeci każde ziarnko .



skrzydełkami otrzepuje krople rosy



z .

 – polerują listki jaskrów,

Aż oczy bolą od blasku!