



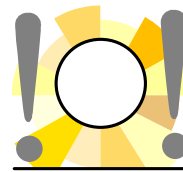
A



LENDA



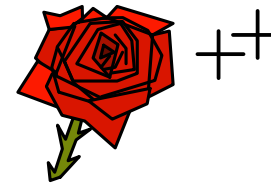
DO



MILAGRE



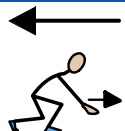
DAS



ROSAS



Tudo



começou



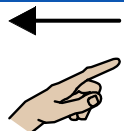
quando



o



rei D. Dinis



foi



informado



que



a

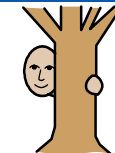


rainha D. Isabel

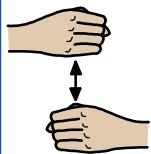


praticava,

às



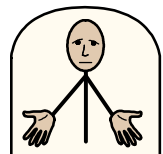
escondidas,



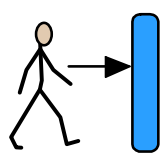
ações



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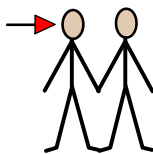
caridade



para



com



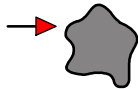
os



mais pobres.



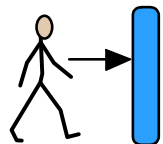
Como



isto



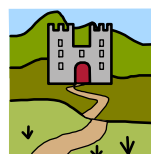
trazia despesas



para



o



reino,



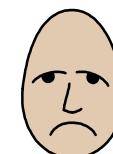
o



rei



andava



insatisfeito



com



este



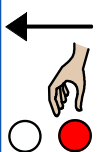
comportamento



da



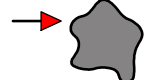
rainha.



Decidiu,



por



isso,



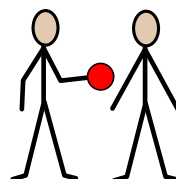
surprendê-la



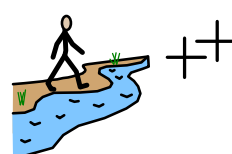
num



dos



seus



passeios,



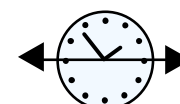
uma vez



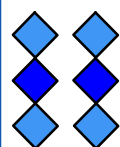
que



era



durante



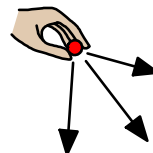
os mesmos



que



D. Isabel



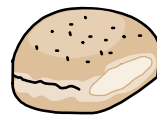
distribuía



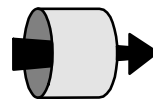
esmolas



e



pão



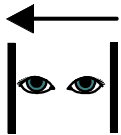
pelos



mais pobres.



D. Dinis



reparou



que

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rainha



procurava



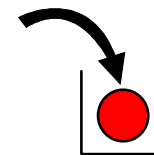
disfarçar



o que



levava



no



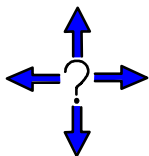
regação

e

e



perguntou-lhe:



Onde



vai



com



tanta



pressa?

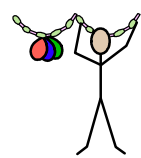


Vou

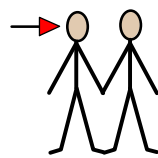


ao

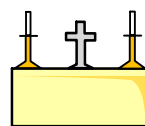
mosteiro



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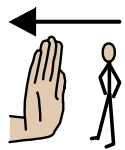


altares.

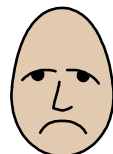
O



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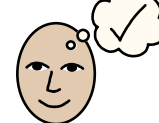


resposta

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quis



saber



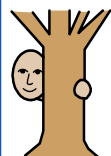
o que



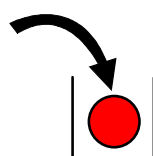
D. Isabel



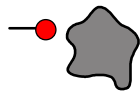
levava



escondido



no



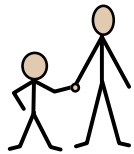
seu



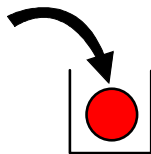
manto.



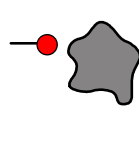
O que



leva



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seu



manto ?



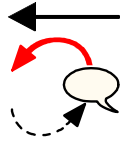
Aflita,

D

D.

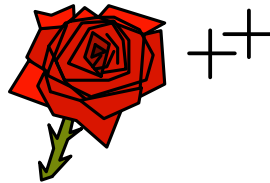


Isabel



respondeu:

—



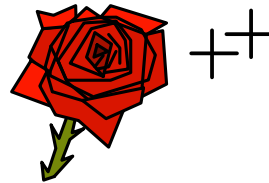
São

rosas,



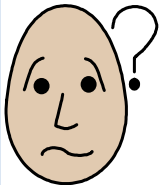
meu senhor!

—



São

rosas!



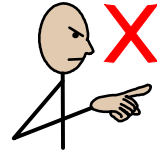
Desconfiado,

O

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rei



acusou-a

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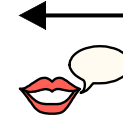
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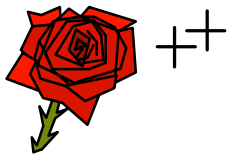
mentir

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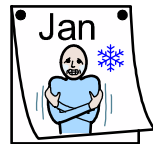
disse:



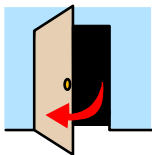
Rosas ?



Em



janeiro?



Abra



já

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manto!



Apesar de preocupada



com

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reação



do



rei,



D. Isabel



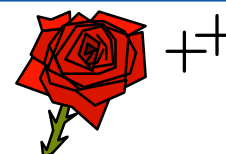
disse



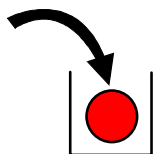
que



levava



rosas



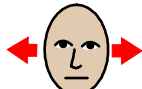
no



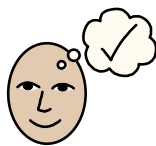
regação.



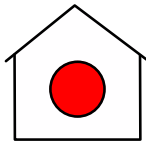
D. Dinis



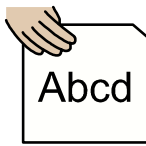
não



acreditou



na



palavra



da



rainha

e

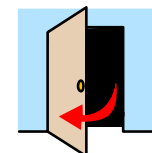
e



obrigou-a

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abrir

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manto.



D. Isabel



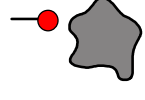
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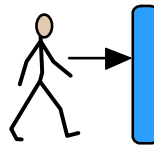
seu



pedido

e

e



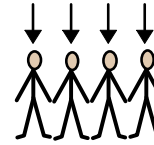
para



espanto



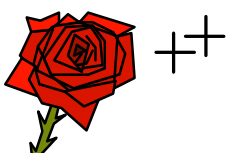
de



todos



caíram



rosas.



Por



milagre,

o

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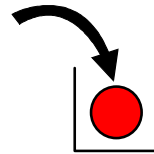
pão



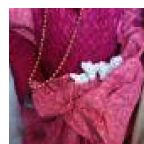
que



levava



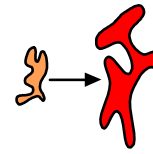
no



regação



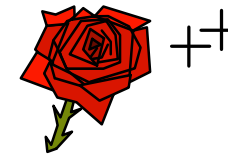
tinha-se



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O



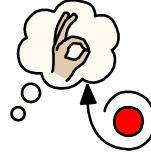
O

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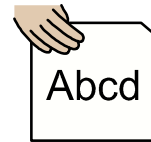
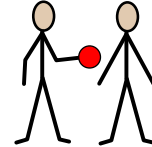
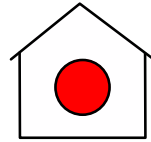
por

pedir

perdão

à

rainha.



Desculpe,

minha

rainha!

Por

não

ter

confiado

na

sua

palavra!

—



Está

perdoado,

meu

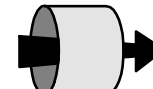
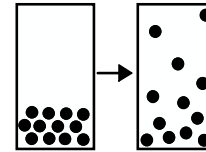
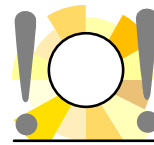
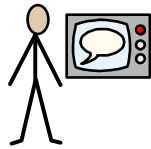
rei!



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Diz

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notícia

do

milagre

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espalhou

pela

cidade de Coimbra

e



O



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e

que

o

povo

proclamou

Santa

a

rainha Isabel

de

Portugal.

Agrupamento de Escolas Coimbra Sul
E.B. 2,3 Dr.ª Maria Alice Gouveia

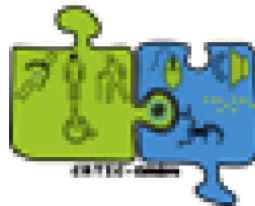
Trabalho elaborado no âmbito do projeto



"TODOS JUNTOS PODEMOS LER"

Ano letivo 2012/2013

Orientação



CRTIC Coimbra

