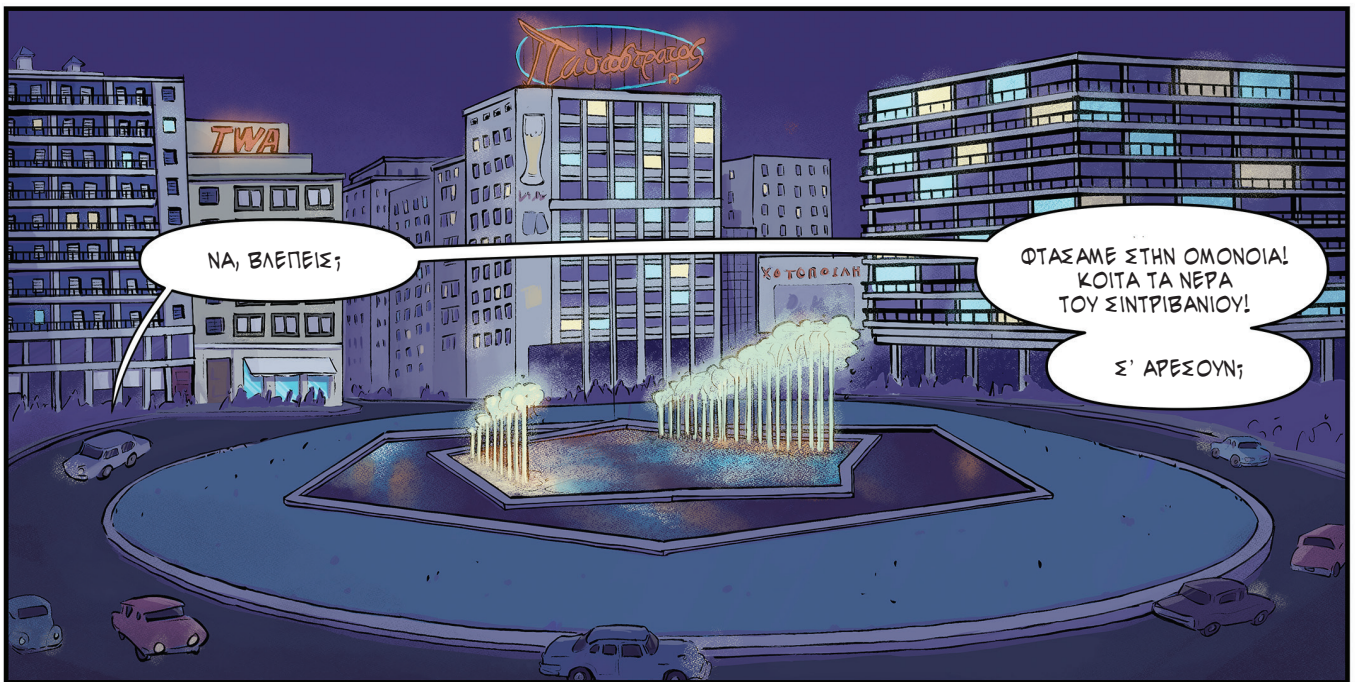


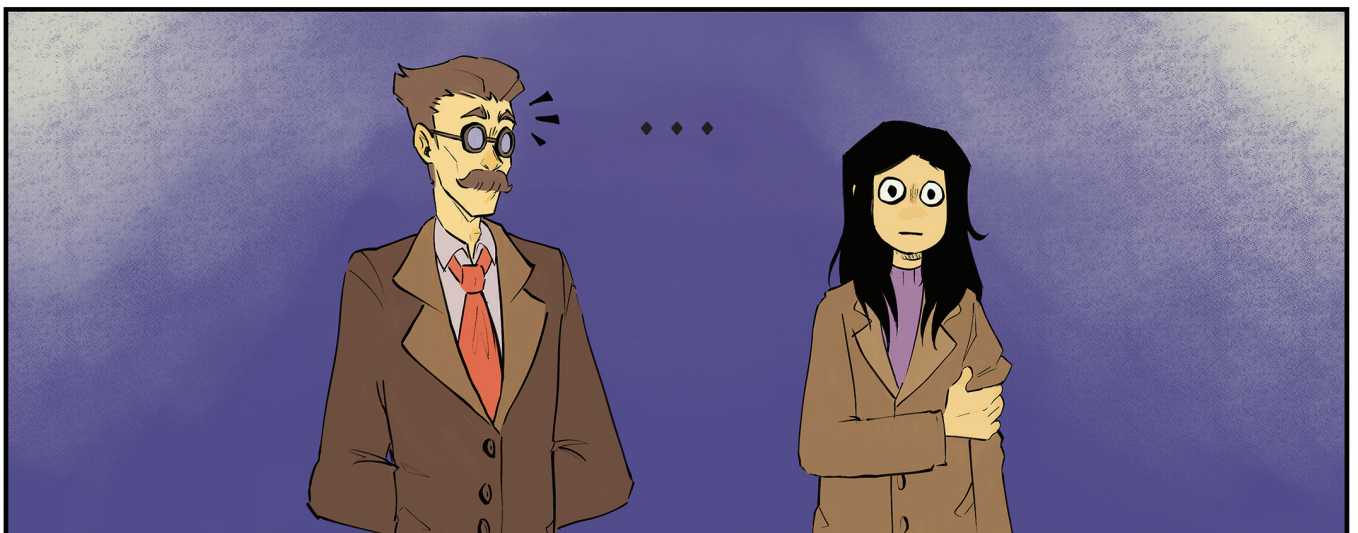
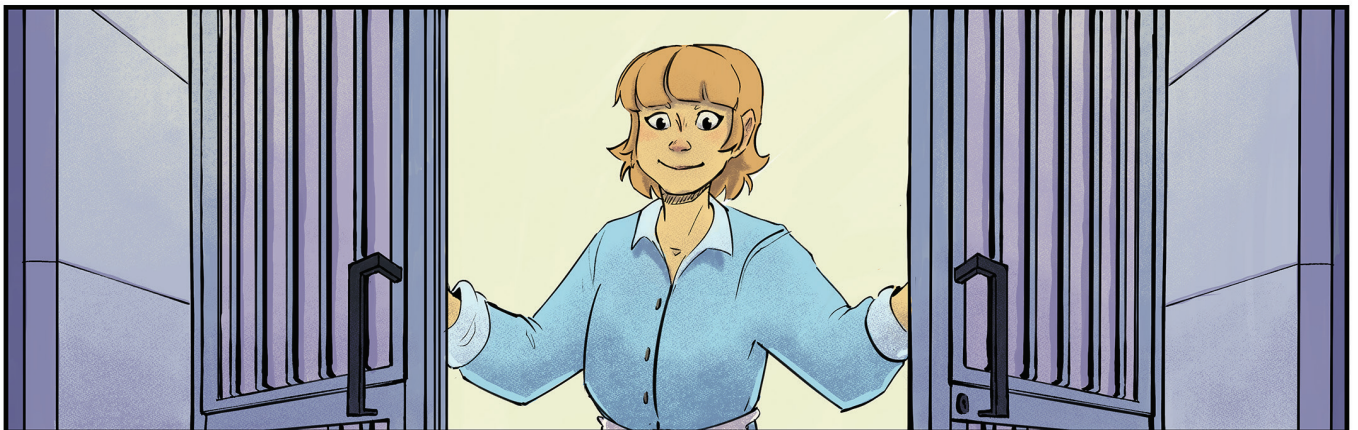
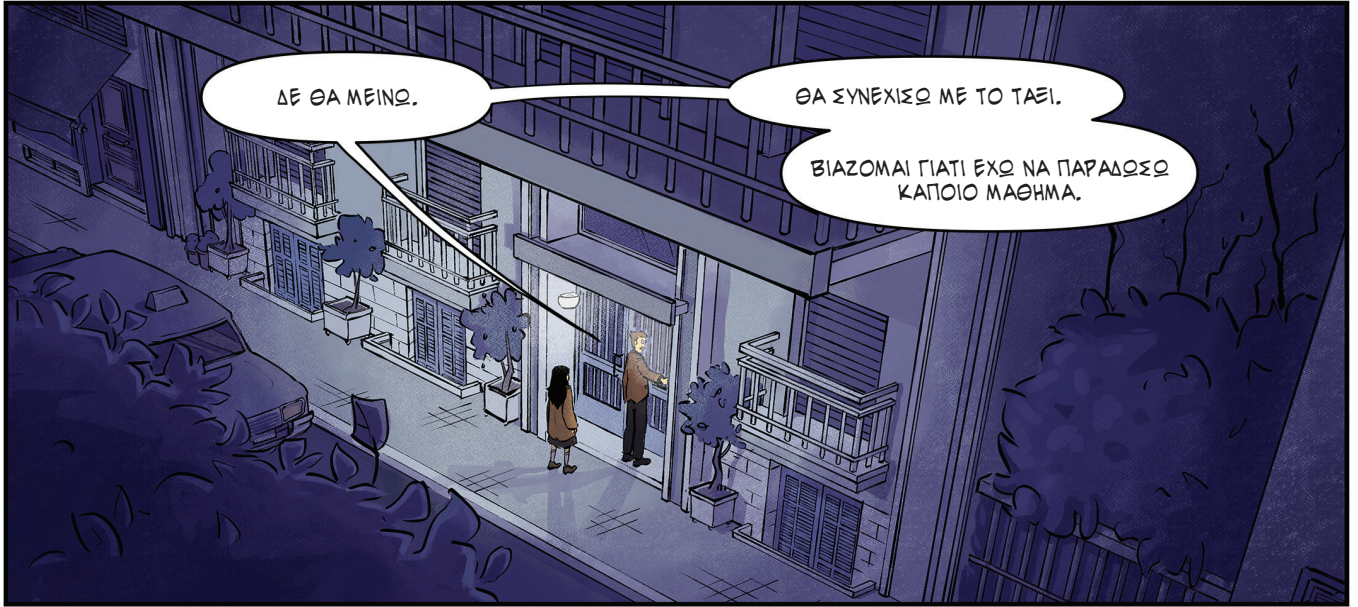
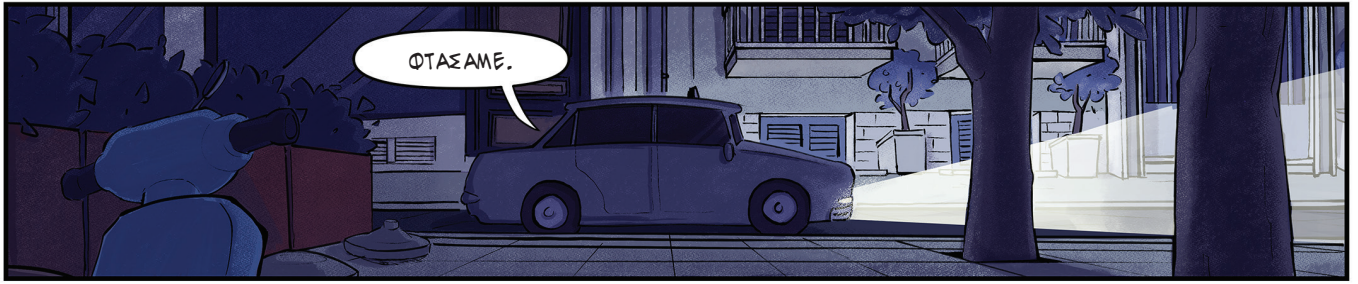
1. Η ΧΡΙΣΤΙΝΑ ΣΤΗΝ ΑΘΗΝΑ

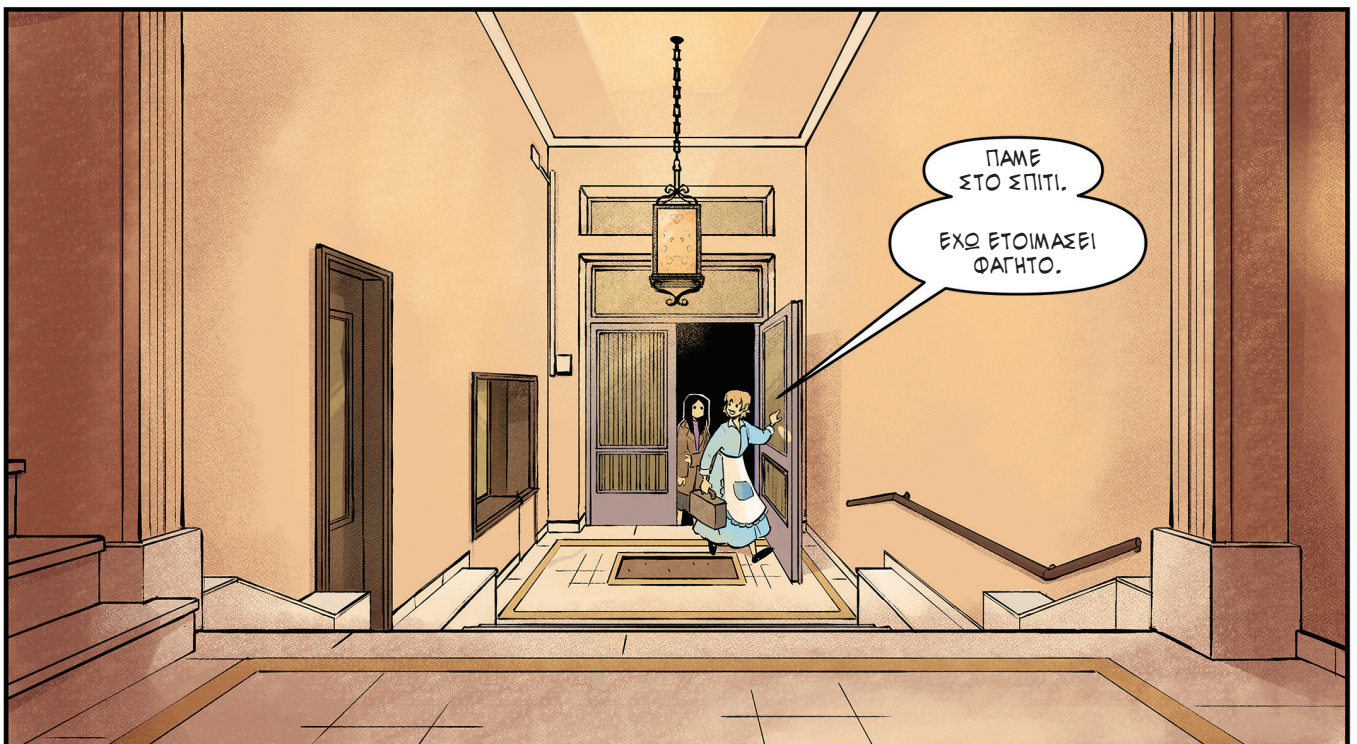
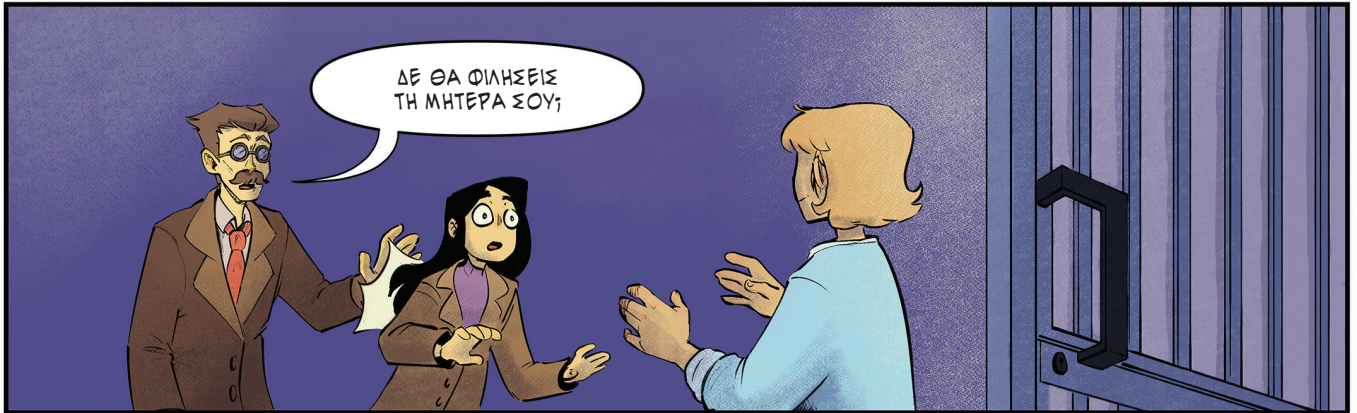






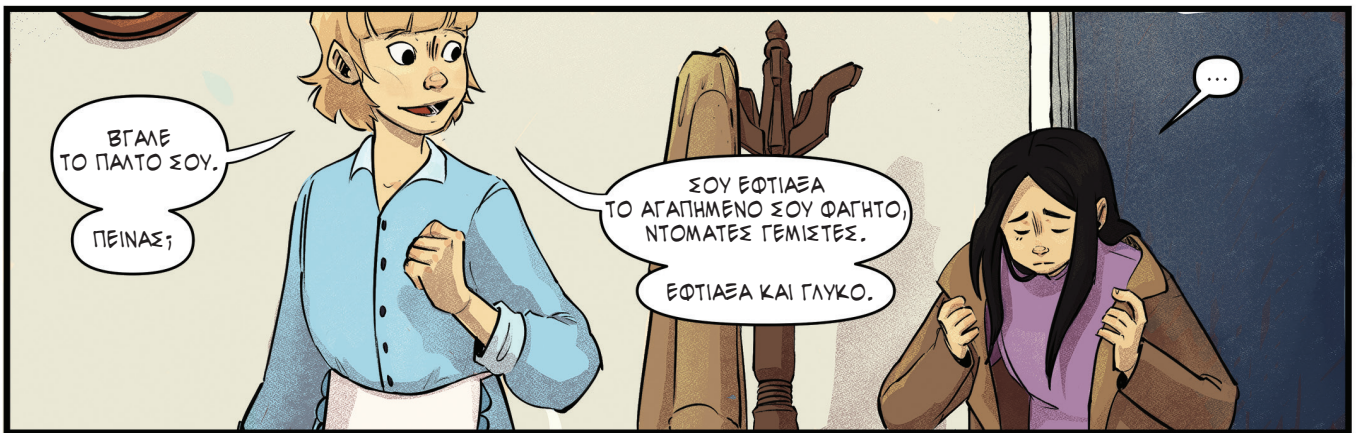
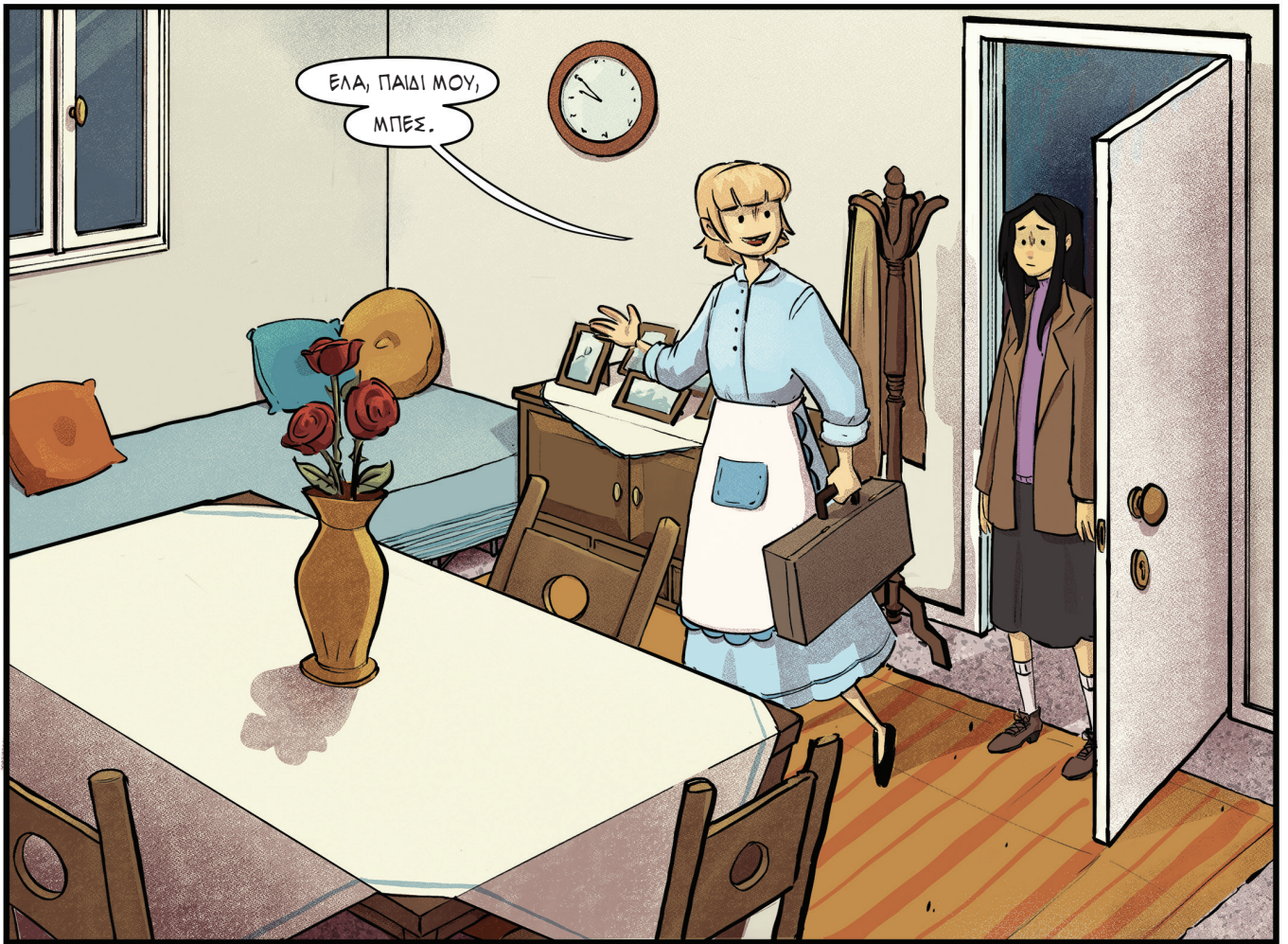


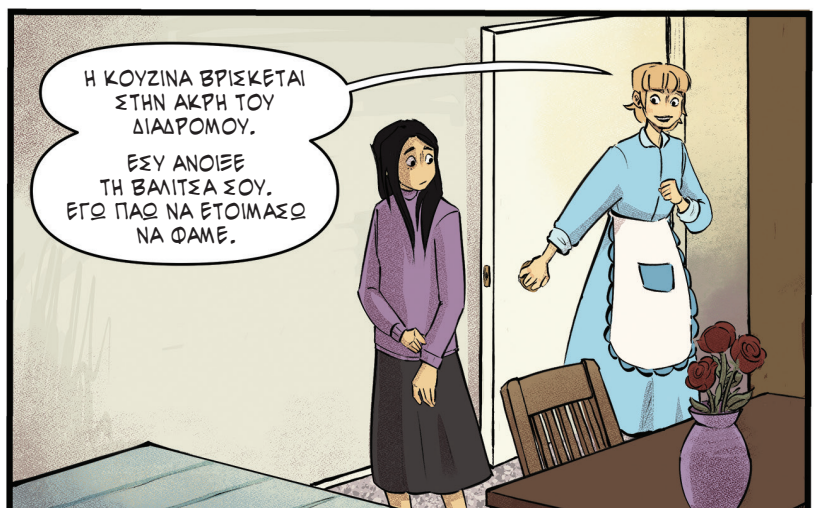
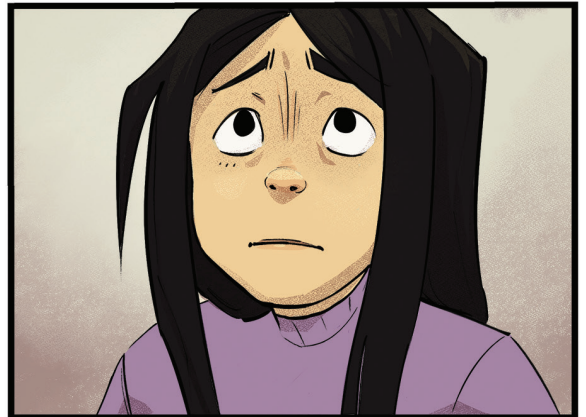
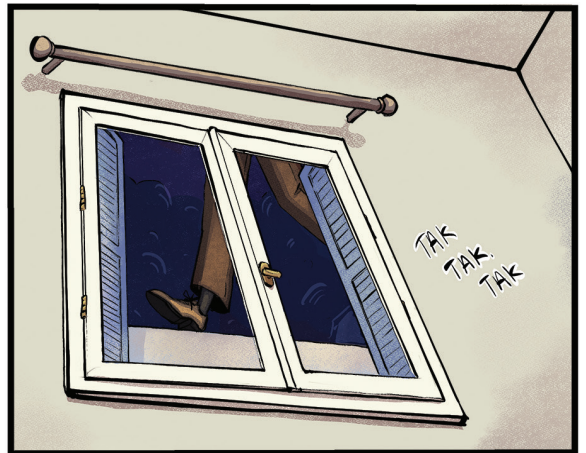
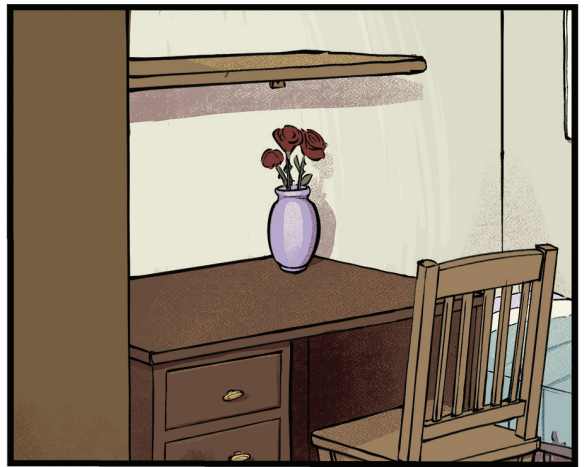
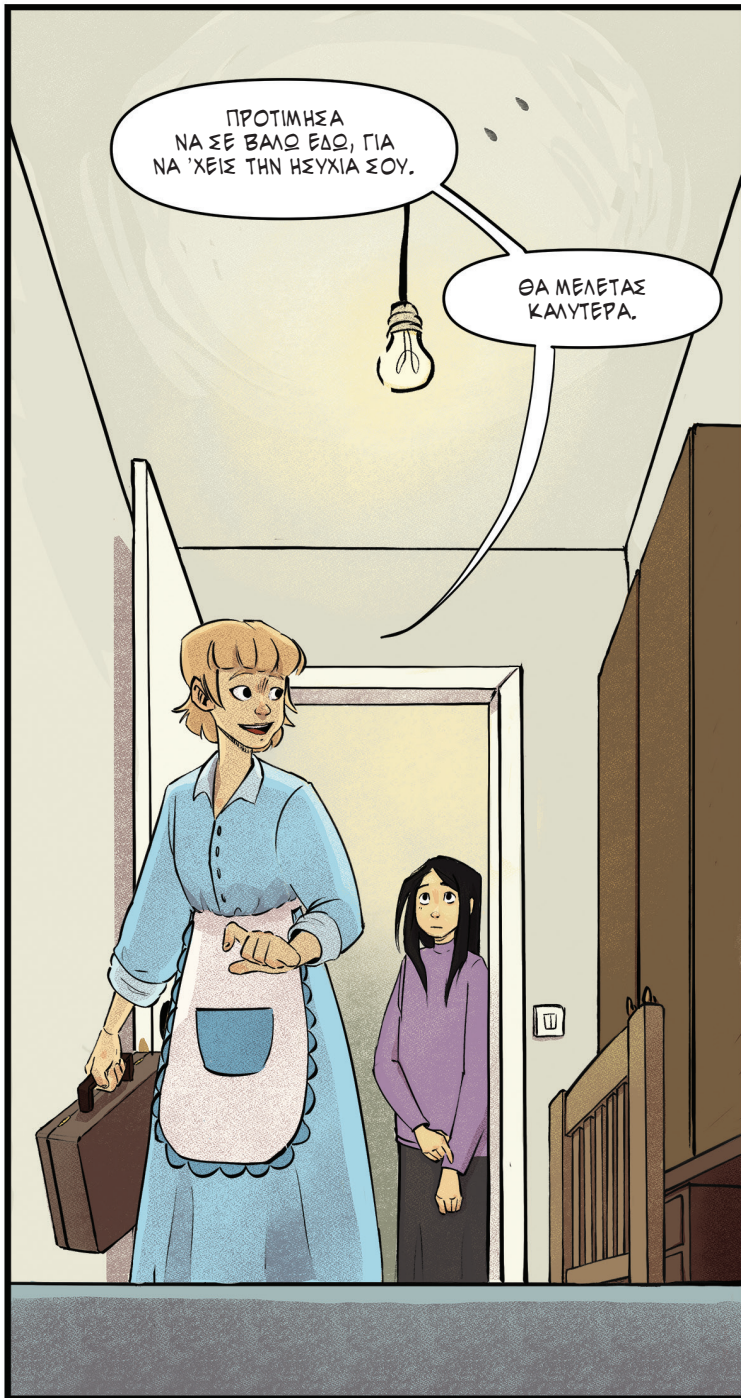


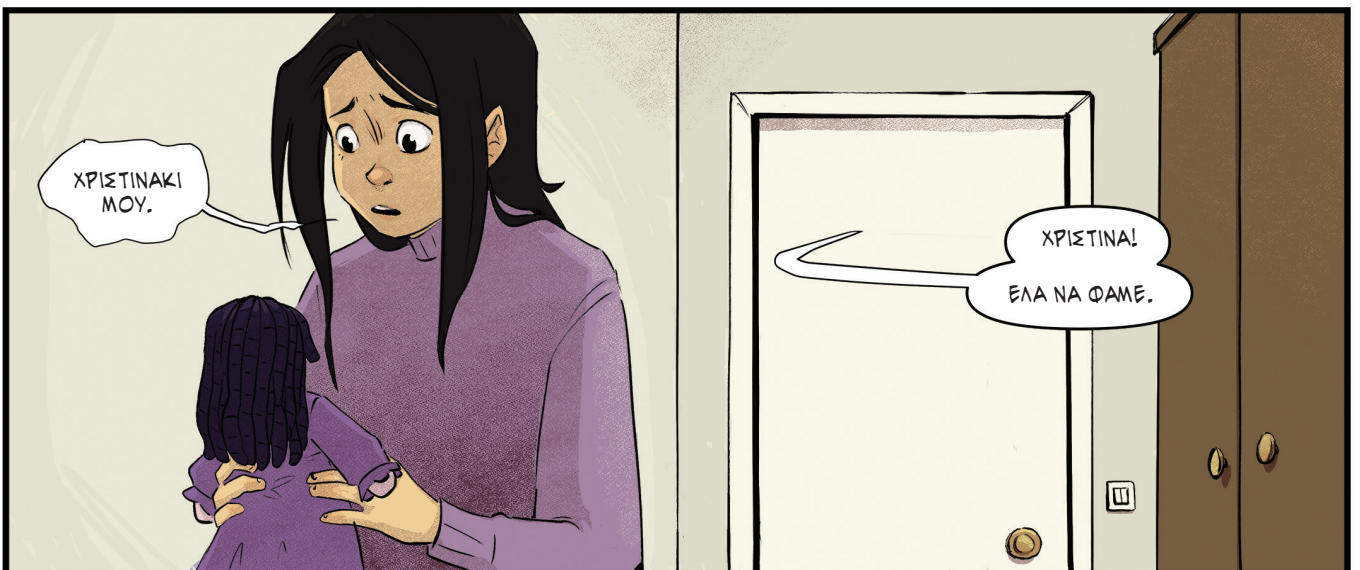
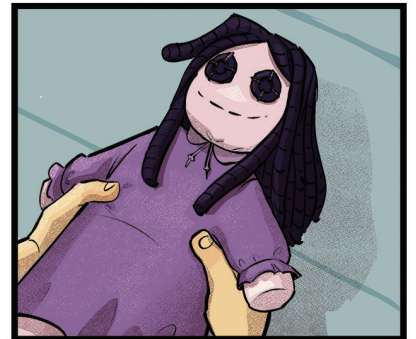
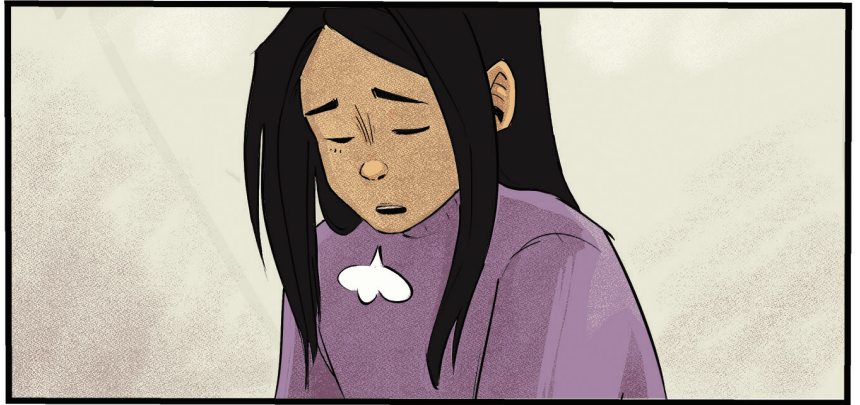


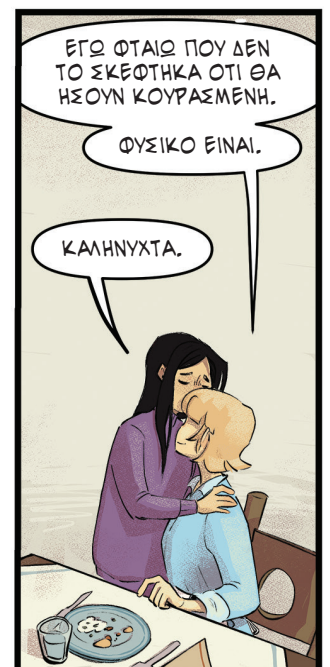
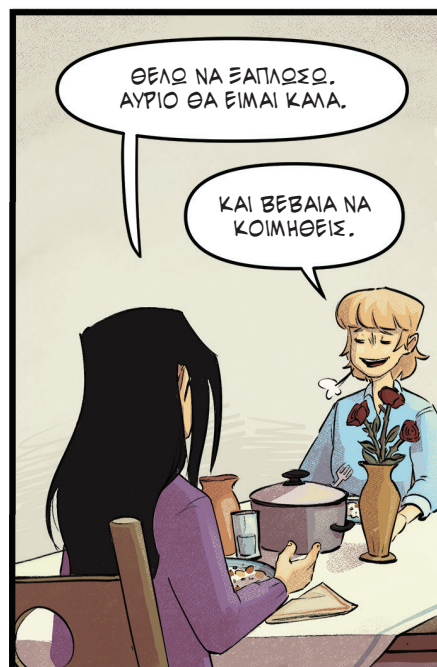
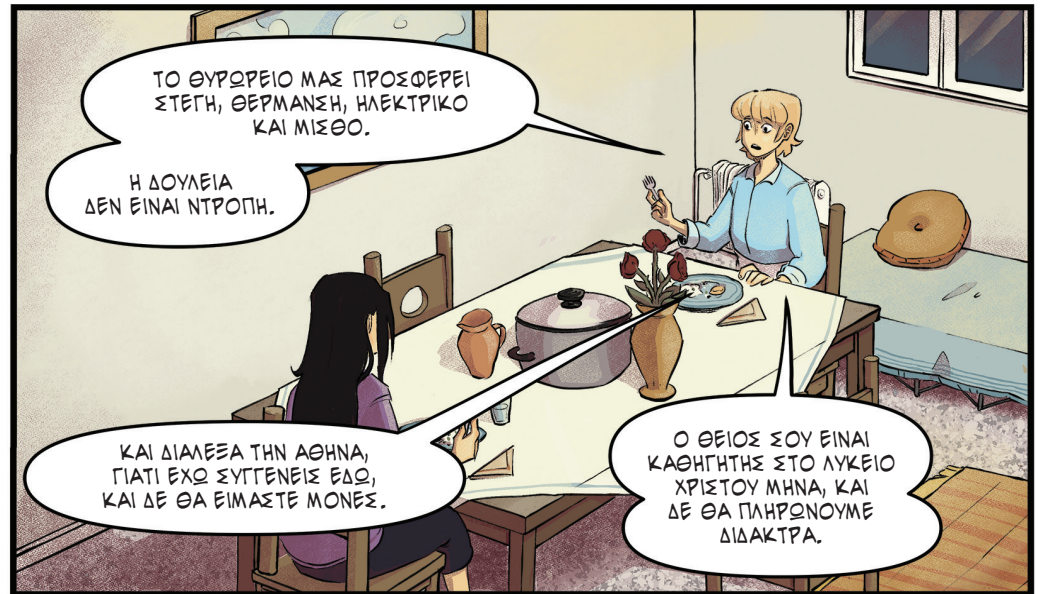
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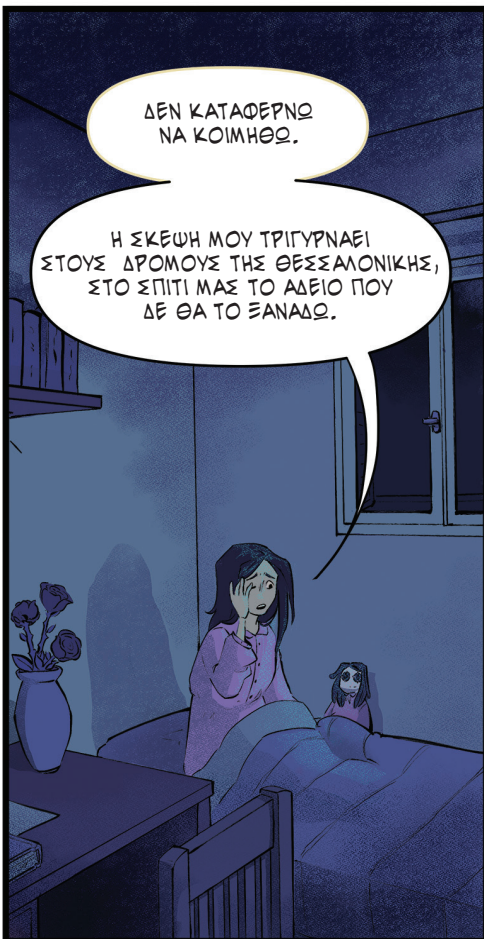






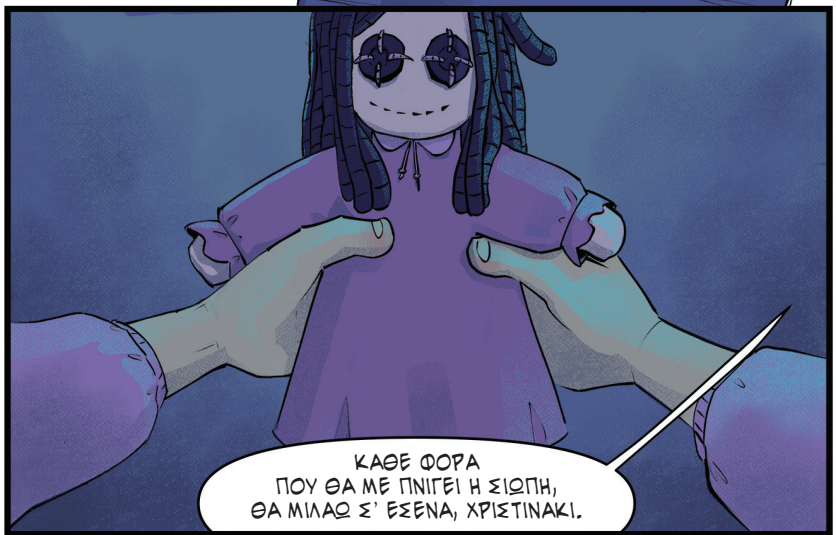






ΔΕΝ ΚΑΤΑΦΕΡΝΩ
ΝΑ ΚΟΙΜΗΘΩ.

Η ΣΚΕΨΗ ΜΟΥ ΤΡΙΓΥΡΝΑΕΙ
ΣΤΟΥΣ ΔΡΟΜΟΥΣ ΤΗΣ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗΣ,
ΣΤΟ ΣΠΙΤΙ ΜΑΣ ΤΟ ΑΔΕΙΟ ΠΟΥ
ΔΕ ΘΑ ΤΟ ΞΑΝΑΔΩ.



ΚΑΘΕ ΦΟΡΑ
ΠΟΥ ΘΑ ΜΕ ΠΝΙΓΕΙ Η ΣΙΩΠΗ,
ΘΑ ΜΙΛΩ Σ' ΕΞΕΝΑ, ΧΡΙΣΤΙΝΑΚΙ.



ΤΙΠΟΤΑ
ΔΕ ΜΟΥ ΕΛΕΙΠΕ,
ΚΑΙ ΞΑΦΝΙΚΑ
ΤΑ ΄ΧΑΣΑ ΟΛΑ.