## BOLLEGY VE BOBY

KL M M B KL MAG

Leaved out leaving hosping the room enclosed. Footsteps shoffled on the

Dander the firelight dander the brosh her hair spread out ial fiery polaits CLOWED IMPO WORDS THEM WOOLD BE SAVACELY STILL.

My Merves are rad to Micht. Yes rad. Stay with Me. Speak to Me. Why do you Mever Speak. Speak. What are yoll thinking of. What thinking. What I mever

I THINK WE ARE IN RATS ALLEY Where the dead men lost their bomes.

What is that moise.

THE WIAID DAIDER THE DOOR.

WHAT IS THAT MOISE MOW. WHAT IS THE WIMD

MOTHML ALAIM MOTHML.

YOU KAIOW AIGTHIAL. DO YOU SEE AIGTHIAL. DO YOU REMEMBER. MOTHME.

i remember

those are fearls that were his eyes. Are you alive or mot is there mothing im your head

THAT SHAKESPEHERIAN RAL its so elecant so intellicent

leaned out leaning HUSHIALE THE ROOM eatlosed. Footsteps shuffled om the stair. uaider the firelicht Daider the Brush Her hair spread out in fiery rolats elowed impowers

them would be SAVACELY STILL. my merues are bad to MICHT. YES BAB. STAY With Me. Speak to ME. WHY DO YOU MEVER speak. Speak. What are yoll thakial of. WHAT THINKING. WHAT I ALVER KAIGW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING.

THINK.

I THINK WE ARE IN RATS Where the bead men lost their bomes. What is that algist. the wind under the B668.

What is that moise MOW. WHAT IS THE