



Leaned out leaning hushing the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair. Under the firelight under the brush her hair Spread out in fiery points Slowed into words then would be savagely still.

My nerves are bad to night. Yes bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak. What are Yell thinking of. What thinking. What I never know what you are thinking. Think.

I think we are in rats alley Where the dead men lost their bones.

What is that noise.

The wind under the door.

What is that noise now. What is the wind doing Nothing again nothing.

10

You know nothing. No you see nothing. No you remember. Nothing.

Beanember

Those are gearls that were his eyes. Are you alive or not Is there nothing in your head

Bush

o that Bhakespeherian Rag Its so elegant

So intelligent

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POUR KROVE

ROW TO THE REPORT