



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

My nerves are load to night. Iss load. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak, Speak, What are YOll thinking of. What thinking, What I never know what you are thinking. Think.

I think we are in rate alley 115 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.

 $\bigcirc \circ$

Tou know nothing, @o you see nothing, @o you remember, Mething,

I remember

These are pearls that were his eyes. Are you alive or

not le there nothing in your head

Sut

o 0 0 that Shakespeherian Rag lts so clegont

So intelligent

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