

"She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed: it was labelled 'ORANGE MARMALADE', but to her great disappointment it was empty."



Press the button to begin countdown

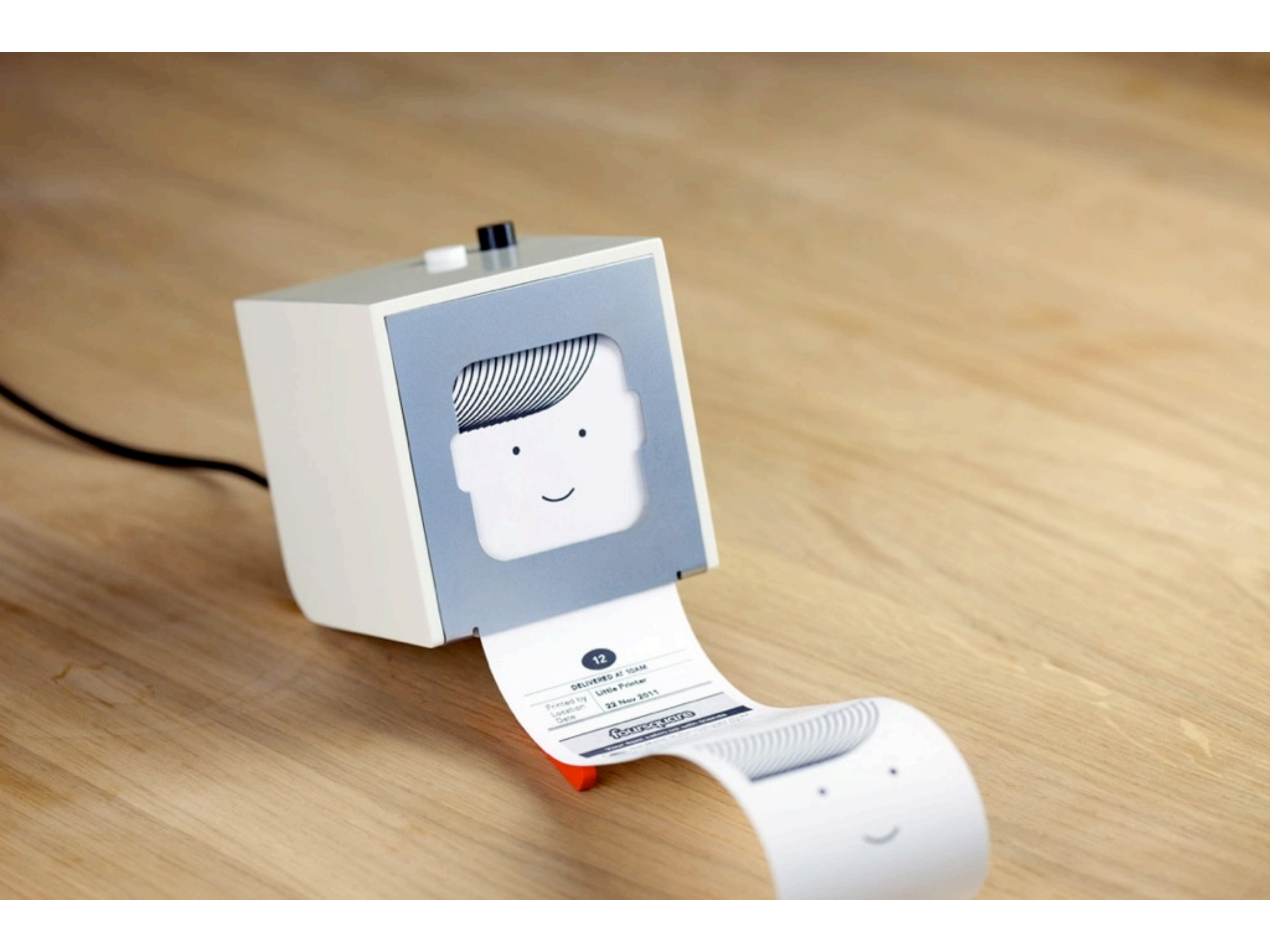






It's only at night that this place makes any sluggish effort at life. You can see the buoy and the aerial. I've been taking to sleeping through the day in an attempt to resurrect myself. I can feel the last days drawing upon me – there's little point now in continuation. There must be something new to find here – some nook or some cranny that offers a perspective worth clinging to. I've burnt my bridges; I have sunk my boats and watched them go to water.





12

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The priest in  
speaks the  
man in some  
says that there  
The story is  
ring of the  
were to smother  
wretched man  
offering her  
quite calm, he  
to float. Perhaps  
bottle of small

Now and then  
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the danger that  
The carpet  
that fibres  
narrowed  
than that of  
white. Helga's  
A curving  
that fits  
in silk  
scarcely is  
watched; she  
her little  
be another

"I wonder  
Marianne  
smile becom  
caricature of  
several more

"If we  
could keep  
But Marianne  
and neglected  
The attendants  
to drag her  
"I can't be  
In her own  
her friend's  
"They should  
here in the  
to think about

"I wonder  
Marianne  
smile becom  
caricature of  
several more

Marianne  
Dr. Dean  
The dying  
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cancer in  
Marianne  
for the last  
attendants  
does not  
linger. In  
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photographer's  
Francine's  
Marianne,  
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# Composition

News . 1

Marcy Saporita

This

book

can

be

read

in

my

order

Begin





gorse |gôrs|

noun

a yellow-flowered shrub of the pea family, the leaves of which are modified to form spines, native to western Europe and North Africa. • Genus *Ulex*, family Leguminosae: several species, in particular the very spiny *U. europaeus*, which was introduced to North America.

He crawled out of the **gorse**-bush, brushed the prickles from his nose, and began to think again. And the first person he thought of was Christopher Robin.



*“Was that me?” said Christopher Robin in an awed voice, hardly daring to believe it.*

*“That was you.”*

*Christopher Robin said nothing, but his eyes got larger and larger, and his face got pinker and pinker.)*

So Winnie-the-Pooh went round to his friend Christopher Robin, who lived behind a green door in another part of the forest.

“Good morning, Christopher Robin,” he said.

“Good morning, Winnie-ther-Pooh,” said

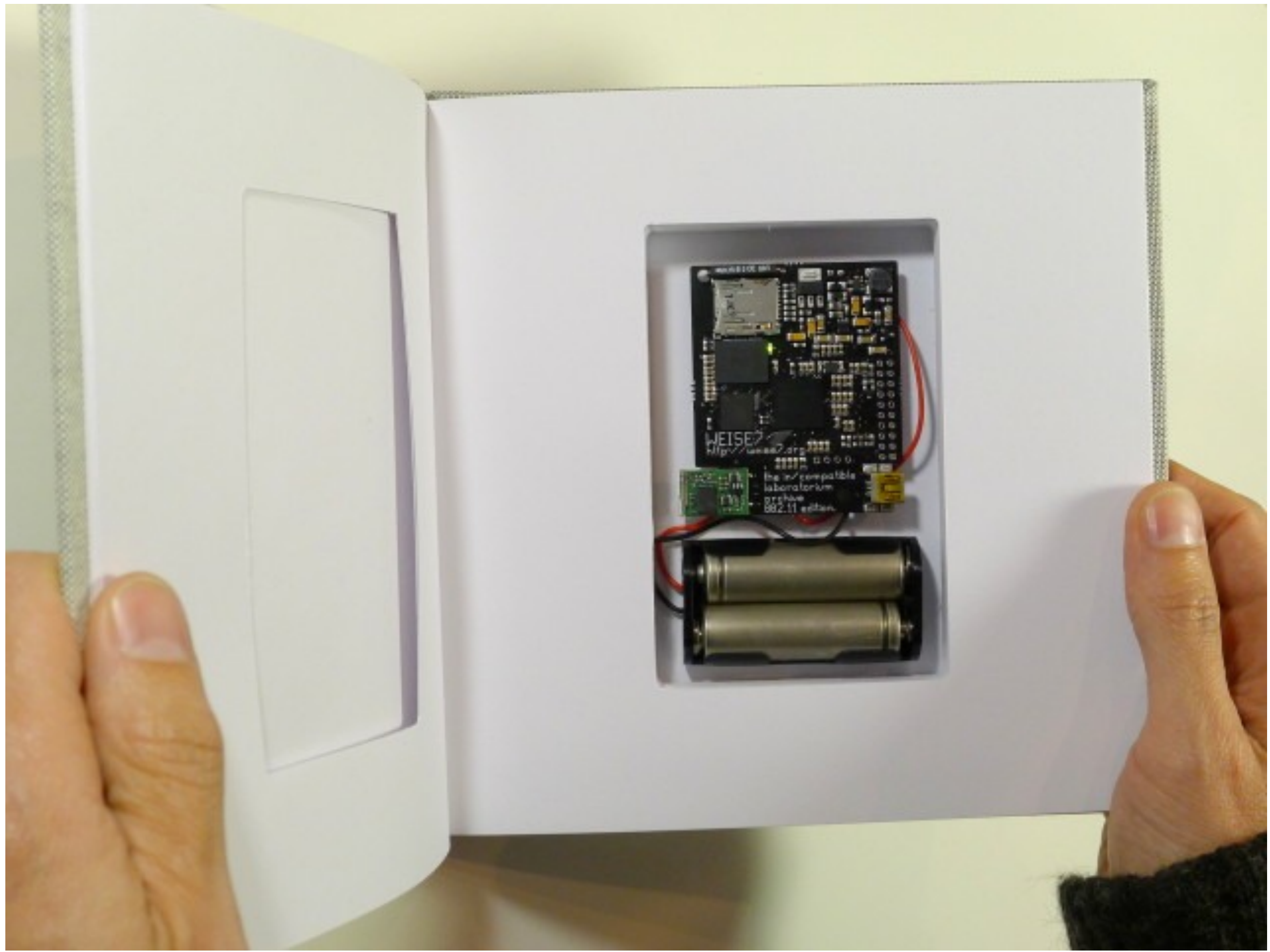














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