

FIELD TEST TWO

A RECORD, THROUGH
POETIC ARTIFACTS,
CONCERNING THE EVENTS OF
MARCH 20, 2004.

By
six humans
and
four machines.

Beard of Bees
Chicago
Number 13
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Notes

The humans: Eric Elshtain, Amy England, Amy Partridge, Matthias Regan, John Tipton, Robert Uptain.

The machines: Two desktop computers and two laptops, all running GNU/Linux (either Red Hat 9 or SuSE 9.0), Ximian Desktop 2, and Gnoetry 0.2.

The texts: Gnoems composed — restricted to twelve lines of blank verse in three four-line stanzas — were based upon the statistical properties of one or more of the following texts: Sax Rohmer, *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu*; Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*; Emily Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*; Nikolai Vasilievich Gogol, *Taras Bulba and Other Tales*; Unknown, *The Life and Doctrine of Saint Catherine of Genoa*; Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*; Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*; H. G. Wells, *The First Men In The Moon*; Feodor Dostoevsky, *Notes from the Underground*; Mark Twain, *Tom Sawyer*; Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*; Agatha Christie, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*; Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island*; Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*; Jane Austen, *Emma*; Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*; John Buchan, *Prester John*; Jack London, *Call of the Wild*; Dante Alighieri, *Inferno*; Jules Verne, *The Mysterious Island*; Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*; Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*; Charles Darwin, *On the Origin of Species*; Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*; Howard Pyle, *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*; H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*; Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*; Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*; Edgar Allan Poe, “The Masque of the Red Death”; Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*.

Field Conditions: Two of the four computers were arranged across from one another in the sun room; composition was put off until the sun set to reduce glare. The other two computers were placed on either ‘arm’ of an L-shaped desk in a separate room. After a brief tutorial, participants were allowed to work at their own pace, either alone or in groups. No collaborations were observed, but participants were often anxious to share lines and full gnoems directly after composition, leading to impromptu recitations of one or more gnoems. One pair was observed having a gnoetry “battle,” seeing who could compose five gnoems based upon a single text the fastest. In accordance with the research protocol, no records were kept associating particular participants with individual gnoems, but this confidentiality was broken — within the bounds of previously established experimental parameters — consistently during and after the composition process. Many participants took printed version home to share with friends and loved ones.

Participants were allowed to eat, drink and smoke and play with birds while at work.

Brief Analysis: While the majority of gnoets chose two or more texts to make up the language corpus from which the computer finds solutions for the metrical structures of the blank verse, two gnoets in particular decided to experiment with a single text. The resultant gnoems were repetitive, but deeply poetic in a way prepared for by, but not exclusively by, the poets of Dada and the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E movement of the 1970s in so much as those poets consciously fragmented usual modes of poetic discourse (the discursive, the “meaningful”) into discrete syntactical and grammatical units, causing readers to question what it means for a poem to mean or not mean. Gnoetry shows what happens when one abides by local syntactic and metrical rules and forgo conventional “meaning-full” structures. While those after noumenal or phenomenal truth might find gnoetry “soulless,” for others gnoetry is semantically unrestrained and therefore a “liberated” poetry. No human would be able to “get away with” constructing an iambic pentameter line with the single phrase “the door,” the machine liberates the poet from this self-consciousness, lending insight into the source texts (since gnoetry plainly evokes them, revealing a kind of semantic texture) and the poetic/gnoetic process. The machine can do what we can not; it can be much more cavalier with signification than the human poet.

Perhaps Gnoetry is the 21st Century Aeolian Harp.

with thanks to Matthias Regan and John Tipton for their insights.

The sun, were coming, so attentive, so...

The sun, were coming, so attentive, so engaging. I suppose, in short, the base aspersion. There were no created things, occur again, except in its appeal;

her lips, perhaps. A Reuter message to the first, conceited; nothing incomplete.

The first in pacing out the corners of her fair. In an attachment no account

in my opinion, and her hands, a thing?

In fact, a woman is a pleasure, as the child, a life, the most decided, and in very good effect. A cloud in there!

(March 20, 2004, 8:36:10pm)

Around the city. As the mother, as. . .

Around the city. As the mother, as
in foreign lands. The old. The evil. And
in hybrids they connect. The early monks.
In this: the soul, in some respects allied,
together with a sound; the last degree.
In my opinion, we suppose the plant
the power to escape the law. Upon
the points in which the distant regions of
the yellow face, a sudden, as a trade:
the word, the third, a thing among the crowd,
in which the males. The body, than the first
appearance of a fifth. A slave. The dog.

(March 20, 2004, 8:38:59pm)

Along the fissure bathed the hinder parts.

Along the fissure bathed the hinder parts.
The leader, who the great Achilles, who
beneath the water foam. In all the rest
within remained. Already all the first,
before the others said: the anguish of
the boiling pitch; the left descending to
the nether hell. In moat above, in truth,
were not; among the other, with the soles;
another, which the moat. A people as
the fork. The heavy stole? A little. We
were down within the fire, but a fox.
A greater sadness. And were it became.

(March 20, 2004, 8:40:22pm)

The youth. The bats. The morning, and between. . .

The youth. The bats. The morning, and between
the shoulder of the palace. He became
a bow, became a handicap in some
aberrant natures are the poor, a mile
across. The time machine? The youth aroused.
The friend, the heavy time in futile rage,
in this fantastic desert! They were but
the world upon the moon. The dogs, explained
the big Missouri, and a half away,
a warning. When the shock. About a dream!
In an unbroken line, a horror, and
perplexed. A shallow hollow to proceed.

(March 20, 2004, 8:50:36pm)

The pistil, or, the structure, and in all. . .

The pistil, or, the structure, and in all
the other, and the others; or a look
upon her, but the man's excited face.
The building. There were meetings, and a knight.

In that the epoch. Be in that? The case,
especially as the mere existence of
the parent prior to the toes, the wide
diffusion of the stricken man. A part
in it. In him, in which the little birds,
descended on another, to a small
estate in Sussex, near the king, in all
the clothes were found in all the blood in him.

(March 20, 2004, 8:51:14pm)

The scarlet horror. But the echoes of...

The scarlet horror. But the echoes of
the clock. The panes were purple. But in this
apartment, and the blackness of the suite.
The scarlet stains upon the clock. The panes
were purple. But the echoes of the gay.
The scarlet horror. And the blackness of
the night. The scarlet stains upon the clock.
The panes were purple. And the blackness of
the gay. The scarlet horror. To the white,
the redness and the blackness of the clock.
The scarlet horror. And the blackness of
the grave. The panes were purple. To the bolts.

(March 20, 2004, 8:53:44pm)

The panes were purple. And the other one...

The panes were purple. And the other one,
between the well, beneath the veil. In all
the good Augustus, that upon the ground.
The time, the human race, the just. The place
wherein the two, the poet, I began,
a sinner, wiping it upon the bone
were strong. The heavens, as a dog's, upon
the body mortal make the soul; among
the white, the structure will recount. In moat
above, in their performance, to behold
another fissure of the morning, and
the music ceased, a sinner steals away.

(March 20, 2004, 8:56:59pm)

The soul, the sick. In this condition, as...

The soul, the sick. In this condition, as
a sister with a secret love, the more
contented with the soul, the spirit to
salvation, as a reason that the mere
idea of her earnest answer to
a friar preacher, either for the soul
in all the good, in order to receive
communion she accused herself, until
the very demon. I consent, except
a certain craving, but in this, her love.
The soul, complied. The lord allowed her to
her body or her body had deserved.

(March 20, 2004, 9:09:34pm)

The same. Monsieur, returned the best. The moon. . .

The same. Monsieur, returned the best. The moon
the portions of a million miles away,
a creature, of the prison, on the road,
across the room, until the middle of

the house, the blood, in all directions, and
the long vacation. If the president.

A kettle steamed upon the trees. The scarf
aside. The people all awake! The light

in their surprise. Her age, below the snow,
the interest was, in something, long ago.

The quick arrival of Columbus was,
the jury and the father of itself.

(March 20, 2004, 9:11:49pm)

The one in which the young, a very slight. . .

The one in which the young, a very slight,
between the power of selection is,
the species of the fact in this respect
between the many means. Extinction, wealth,
the others answered, as a lobster, and
the new conditions of existence. I
extend the thought, in fact, a part in its
arrangement, would succeed in this respect
between the species living at the worse
the earth, especially as the species. You
believe in this conviction by a fresh
humiliation, and in that a man.

(March 20, 2004, 9:21:18pm)

A man. The truth. The entertainment was. . .

A man. The truth. The entertainment was
a triumph of forensic skill. About
a dog. The moment, yes, exactly, sir.
The trial was reopened, and a new
idea, that depends. The jury to
examine. You remember, sir, replied
the doctor: Alfred, Alfred dear. Because
the box. The case. The chest, a very good,
replied the doctor: Alfred, then? In quite
a breathless silence, Alfred dear. The one
in his position. And, before the war.
Remember, he remarked. The still persist.

(March 20, 2004, 9:23:00pm)

The same; the earth. The plain. In fact, the soul. . .

The same; the earth. The plain. In fact, the soul
in which the other, and the trees. The laws.
The launch. The vigil of the world, except
in some degree, the southern hemisphere.

Hers was the howling of the sun. The soul,
enlightened, for the lower gate. A tall,
receding figure. From the devil, or
the soul, confirmed in virtue, burning with
the most severe between the hair the most
aquatic species. Come, until the end,
the holy friar, with the hair the house
about the shadowed room. In one herself.

(March 20, 2004, 9:23:04pm)

A yeoman clad in Lincoln green, the priest.

A yeoman clad in Lincoln green, the priest.
The sheriff's men, until the tinker, and
in came a great renown, in all the ribs
in merry england? Why, in truth, beside
the shooting, but the people laughed aloud.
Across the sun. A corner of the grass
in holy orders. So, because the youth.
A bland! The sound. In vain the sheriff, and
a trusty fellow. But, in such a good
companion as the fire shining on
the way, the upper of the crowd. A flash
the others laden with the countryside.

(March 20, 2004, 9:26:28pm)

The vault! The door! The door! The storm, the sound...

The vault! The door! The door! The storm, the sound,
the breaking of the breaking of the pure
abstractions which the one, in words. The storm.
The motion by the world. The door! In this
unnerved, in this unnerved, in words. The door!
The brother, but a harmless, and the walls.
The brother, but a harmless, and the frail,
the sound, in terror. Our books, the sound,
in silence, through the pauses of the vault!
The vault! The storm, the breaking of the walls.
The storm, the rending of her prison, and
the walls, upon the pillows, disappeared.

(March 20, 2004, 9:27:54pm)

The two. The early winter's morning. Not...

The two. The early winter's morning. Not
in truth, the tanner. Truly, Mr. Holmes
remarked the driver. Then the queen. In search.
The king, became a crack in England. And
the nobles of the king's pavilion. Then,
unlocked the youth. In this, the arrow, and
upon the red, a row. In this. Her lips,
the very highest gallows tree? The name,
upon the ground. The third. In which the road,
a great convenience, and in truth, recoil
upon the ground. The others who were there
the matter implicates the countryside.

(March 20, 2004, 9:31:13pm)

In this unnerved, in words. The vault! The vault!

In this unnerved, in words. The vault! The vault!
The brother, but in their results. The door!
The door! The storm. The vault! The vault! The door!
The storm, the hero of the house. The door!

In this unnerved, in this unnerved, in words.
The door! The storm. The storm, the rending of
her brother, but in their results. In this
unnerved, in silence, through the pauses of
the upper portion of the hermit, who,
in this unnerved, in this unnerved, in this
unnerved, in this unnerved, in silence, through
the pauses of the people, disappeared.

(March 20, 2004, 9:32:21pm)

In this unnerved, in this unnerved, in this. . .

In this unnerved, in this unnerved, in this
unnerved, in this unnerved, in silence, through
the pauses of the vault! In this unnerved,
in this unnerved, in this unnerved, in this
unnerved, in this unnerved, in words. The door!
The brother, and a victim to the base.
The brother, but a harmless, and the walls.
The storm. In this unnerved, in this unnerved,
in silence, through the pauses of the earth.
The brother, but in their results. The storm,
the rending of her heart? The vault! The door!
The storm, the hero of the veil. The house.

(March 20, 2004, 9:32:36pm)

The door! The vault! The door! The vault! The storm...

The door! The vault! The door! The vault! The storm,
the hero of the dragon, and the frail,
the lady, at the house. The door! The vault!
The door! The storm. The vault! In this unnerved,
in silence, through the pauses of the storm,
the lady Madeline within the door!
The vault! In this unnerved, in terror. At
the house. The brother, and the city of
the building. While the carvings of the veil.
In this unnerved, in words. The door! The vault!
The brother, but in their results. In this
unnerved, in words. The storm, the echo, fear.

(March 20, 2004, 9:32:43pm)

The vault! The storm, the breaking of the house.

The vault! The storm, the breaking of the house.
The storm. The storm. The vault! In this unnerved,
in words. The brother, but a harmless, and
the grating of the way. In this unnerved,
in words. The vault! In this unnerved, in words.
The storm. The vault! The storm, the lady, at
the house. The door! The door! The vault! The vault!
The storm, the sound, the rending of her heart?
The vault! The storm. In this unnerved, in this
unnerved, in this unnerved, in this unnerved,
in this unnerved, in words. In this unnerved,
in words. The storm, the hero of the house.

(March 20, 2004, 9:32:53pm)

A hungry man again, the door, a lad.

A hungry man again, the door, a lad.
In search. Behind the bank director. I
remember me, the jury, having reached
the hall, upon the sill. The building, and
the blind. A thousand pounds, a peddler, thou,
contains the sack. A thousand pounds, in his
possession. I remember rightly, my
companion, that the doctor kept a close
examination of the lid. The news.
The boy in buttons. You deduce the man,
a lad. Between the sheriff, and the skin
away, the beauties. But the gems; the world.

(March 20, 2004, 9:39:42pm)

The screw diminished. But, described a man. . .

The screw diminished. But, described a man,
in his outlandish tongue, a passion, and
in that position. You complain, alone
in god, in payment. He, the depth. A good
harpoon! The captain, I received. The more
the queen. The creature. I suppose the lake
appeared in health. The captain, half a mile
in front. The hog, replied the fight among
the negroes never make a soul, confirmed
in grace, in truth, complied. In our lord,
observed the captain then decided that
her body trembled like a thing possessed.

(March 20, 2004, 9:42:14pm)

The day. The former, being of the park. . .

The day. The former, being of the park,
the eyes. A woman, and the master was
in his, in his concealment, thinking it
in bed. A movement to the fire; my
assistant tucked in his familiar voice.
The fellow, rather puzzled; but in my
employer's house: a horse, exclaiming, that
her presence, and the other side the truth
about the park, the wind. The little door,
in order to avoid delay. The sun.
The tyrant. It's a kindness to the heights
in such a hurry, I replied again.

(March 20, 2004, 9:44:17pm)

The lines, the stranger captain, was the first. . .

The lines, the stranger captain, was the first
degree. The great equator, and a space
the best. A long, the time the crew! The birds,
the two, a very fast, perhaps, the whale
a definition, these were washing down
the scuttle, that upon the soul; opposed,
in hull, within a certain man among
her crew, in all the time; in that respect,
the wind. Upon the whale, a long, the most
exasperated monster. But the boats.
The pagan, which the wigwam, and in some
extraordinary case. A hundred legs.

(March 20, 2004, 9:51:48pm)

In his domestic hours, any way. . .

In his domestic hours, any way,
because the whale, a deadly dash against
the leaping waves, the ship, the game, the more
evinced in his advancing years, the same.

Delight, the waters; but the word. A large
degree the scattered people to condense.

The very one; the other two; the sharks,
a hearse, the men, the two, a very large,

the more a coward; and in all. The ship,
the water, and a quarter or a horse.

The two, a not uncommon thing; the great
equator, and the life, the Greenland whale.

(March 20, 2004, 9:52:05pm)

A peddler; or, in case the stricken whale. . .

A peddler; or, in case the stricken whale,
the sheets. A wooden gun, a mighty birth.
Consider, that the fish received the two,
a sight again, in getting under weigh,
the crew, in my opinion. Said the mate
the long, the best. In man, the mates. The sea,
the sailors lingered at the same, the tail,
the two, a steak, a mighty birth. The whale,
a hammer or a half? The irons, cried
the captain. Captain Davis, who in that
direction saw a large, because in such
a field! A short, the plaintiffs teeth, escaped.

(March 20, 2004, 9:52:22pm)

In striking at a whale; the lower end. . .

In striking at a whale; the lower end
the skull, the man's a human head. The hearse,
the ship in port, the spear! In those profound
magnetic meditations, feeling but

perhaps in some extraordinary case.

The very dreaded symbol of a fine
dramatic hero, so the sea; the rest.

The brain; the sea, the other, as a whole

the herd. The sun, the great cathedral of
cologne. The very dreaded symbol of
the fire. After being severed from
the crown. The diver sun, the van, alas!

(March 20, 2004, 9:53:49pm)

The name in this respect the house. The house...

The name in this respect the house. The house
the chief, in short, the duke. The bill. A light.
The crowd in solitude. The sea. A man
already making my reply, absorbed
in some degree. In his conviction; and
her agitation. This, again, the three,
in short, aristocrat, in one, again
escorted by the distance of the fourth,
the word, the little counter, and the crabs
the common mule. A man. The servants, and
the lips, aristocrat, in which the end,
were from the embryo in solitude.

(March 20, 2004, 9:56:53pm)

In front. The experts like the creatures of...

In front. The experts like the creatures of
a year. The glass. The door. In front. In front.
A man in flannels, with a cooling spray.
The resurrection of the sphere. The thing,
the first. The eyes. The stuff. A dozen yards
away. The sea. The air, the same. In front.
In some aberrant natures are the stars!
In an enormous darkness. I suppose.

The music ceased, suggestive of a man.
The three assistants, and the patent boots.
The very devil. And, except perhaps,
the cold, the air, the place, the atmosphere.

(March 20, 2004, 9:57:07pm)

A man. Beyond, in Kent. The distant cliffs...

A man. Beyond, in Kent. The distant cliffs,
the crater floor, the air. The air. The trees.
The floor, the sky. The glare. The making of
the moment, spear in hand. A dozen yards
away, a creature, with a new respect.
The things. The making of the morning star,
the vague suggestion of the sphere. Perhaps,
in this procedure. His idea of
the frozen air, the cave. A dozen miles
away, perhaps a dozen yards away,
perhaps a minute. But the things. The eyes.
In front. In order that the rocks were strange.

(March 20, 2004, 9:58:09pm)

The very devil. But the world. In some...

The very devil. But the world. In some
aberrant natures are the little things.
The glass. Confound the man, in which the light.
The weather, and the little man, in such
a summer. And, assisted by the edge.
The darkness came a sound, the sun. The air.
Perhaps, the shutter studs. In order that
the moon, a being with a certain dim
perception of the cleft. The experts for
the vanished sphere. In this procedure. He
became a blazing sceptre, and again
between the bodies of the farther up.

(March 20, 2004, 9:58:34pm)

In an enormous splash amidst the things.

In an enormous splash amidst the things.
Perhaps, a little jerk, a new respect.
The cavern. Something of the moon, a sound,
a hundred miles towards the moon, the trees.

The others. And, assisted by the edge.
The problem is communication. On
the earth. The weather, and the light; in its
confusion. Not in front. The spiral, and
a certain anger, and towards the earth,
a quarter of a sound? The cavern. Don't
forget the goad! A dozen miles away.
Above, a mud, a world. In other hand.

(March 20, 2004, 9:59:12pm)

The stuff. The air, the cold, the sun. The thing...

The stuff. The air, the cold, the sun. The thing
in. And the sphere. The duties they were not
a bit. Perhaps, the air. The world. A man.
The flimsy people of the moon, a man
in flannels. I suppose, upon the moon.
The lower jungle, with a new respect.
The throbbing of the crater of the moon.
In an enormous darkness. I suppose,
in Kent. The sun. The air, the nearest thing
in. His idea. For a time, because
the little creatures, with the face. The sphere
in such a night. In future I alone.

(March 20, 2004, 10:00:01pm)

The cabin made a certain limit, such. . .

The cabin made a certain limit, such
a whale, a sail, a most uncommon and
surprising figure. Take the helm. A word,
the blast. A pretty pickle, you were born
in, that in this. The circumstance. In, or
in such a devil of a leap. In truth,
a cough. The irons darted at the storm.
Upon the whole, a coward here, the last
accounts. The whale; in that respect, the whale,
the whale. In this. The circumstance. The oars
were seen, begins a large, the great? Delight,
the whale in his canoe. In this. In sight.

(March 20, 2004, 10:06:15pm)

The man, continued Smith, the words. The man...

The man, continued Smith, the words. The man,
continued west, the bell. The matter. You,
the Thames, the blind. A sound arrested me.
The steamers of the conversation. On
the deck. Upon the table. What about
the staging drowned the sound. Her beauty of
a brilliant green. A moment's silence, cut
a throbbing scream, the house, the end. The grate,
the name were not a shell the water he
directed. Water from the girl, in that,
her voice, her voice, in hiding. He began,
the secretary. For a chat, the sun!

(March 20, 2004, 10:09:37pm)

The driver, pointing to a stand. Besides...

The driver, pointing to a stand. Besides, remember that the colonel looking down the levers and the number. Then, a small estate in Sussex, near the window is

upon the table waiting for her at the first. In his possession. Holmes, the most extraordinary matters, they were on the most extraordinary matters, they

were found in one direction and the man in my direction. And in this. The man's excited face. About a moment. Not in fact, in its solution is concerned.

(March 20, 2004, 10:10:43pm)

The name were not a soul upon the floor. . .

The name were not a soul upon the floor,
about the place, about the place! The man,
continued Weymouth; for the first, delayed
in some respects. A few. The girl, in my
possession. It began, the party. I
suppose, her voice, in his pajamas, was
recovered from the pocket of the hood
her mask the girl, in his pajamas, was
the map a woman's beauty is a great
physician, I remember thinking how
the strange perfume. The distant clock. A voice
proclaimed itself, a yellow face, the sun!

(March 20, 2004, 10:12:02pm)

The man, a little to the countess was. . .

The man, a little to the countess was accustomed. Now, in his direction, with the books? The time the body? Oh, a small estate in Sussex, near the Rockies, where the time the matter. What a time, among the head. The salesman. It appeared in all the problems which were very well, a light upon the ground. A house, across the lawn.

The story to the window, while the roof. The culprit is, in my direction. My companion. If the facts. A double stream upon the envelope upon the books?

(March 20, 2004, 10:12:23pm)

The tent? The load. The first advances. As. . .

The tent? The load. The first advances. As
the sled itself, the death. In this. The rope,
the dogs were fed. The squirrels, and the sled.
The dark. The tent. The last. In this. A rest.

The sled. The day, the dogs, her brother. For
a thousand pounds. Directly his surprise
the man, in constant apprehension of
the trouble. He exchanged the whip. The way
the last. In short, the fighting spirit was
aroused, the lesson, and a single blow.
The hairy arms. Sometimes, in which defied
the year. The sled again. The dogs were true.

(March 20, 2004, 10:16:04pm)

The hood her brother, who were trapped in that. . .

The hood her brother, who were trapped in that
costume? The nature of the nature of
the window of the night. The hood her words.
The air? The curtain. You were, and a man.

In short, a distant corner of the house,
the man, continued barton, he succumbed
in that, were bare. A dog. Her voice, in which
the cry? The place, the owner of the great

hotel, a sound arrested me. Beneath
the trees. The phantom yellow peril, of
a lamp, the fact. Her voice, her voice, her voice,
her brother; and the stream, continued Smith.

(March 20, 2004, 10:16:16pm)

Her next, the more. The ladies, was the one...

Her next, the more. The ladies, was the one,
perhaps the most; her sister's side, a girl,
her husband, with the long, the lesson, and
in this unpleasant silence, he received

another shock. A carriage, to observe
in their erection, to supply her place,
in doing something, he concluded with,
in truth, a word, her voice. The rest, in all

her faults, her aunt, the sled, the end. A place
in short, in order to assist. The toil,
the sneers, the hour gone. The quarter of
a child, a very bad, the friend, the sound.

(March 20, 2004, 10:16:58pm)

Beyond the river. I observe. The first. . .

Beyond the river. I observe. The first,
the more bizarre a thing in it, the one
unpleasant thing about. Hers was the same
religious, finding passage through the sight.

The greater was the soul, unable to
defend itself, a very cunning man.
Behold the many ways? The will? In this
extraordinary story of the eyes

in order to prevent the other. Yes,
replied the former, she suspects the souls
in hell, forgetting all the money, and
the pure abstractions which the soul were not.

(March 20, 2004, 10:17:55pm)

The good. A sudden turn, perhaps. A while...

The good. A sudden turn, perhaps. A while
the day before, a dog, her heart, the man
behind. The change in all her days. In this
unpleasant silence, with a fire and

the only thing in this. Adopt her, to
consider whether she were able to
suppose the place, within a few, in his
conduct. A while the traces taut, across
the trick. The conversation, rather than
her own affection, which allowed her so;
remiss, perhaps the wonder, buck. The dark.
The dogs were tired, and the feelings did.

(March 20, 2004, 10:18:34pm)

Again the rope, the truth, a bride in some. . .

Again the rope, the truth, a bride in some degree. Her manners as her father and herself. In all her friends, the lesson, she objected only to her mother, and the run around the fire, to the right, the Dixons. So extremely odd, among the blankets. How the evil of the trail. The bottom of the issue. She believed herself in, and the circle, or her own sensations, crying, and in winter, at the fore, arrived. The time proposed. A mind delighted with the woman and a half.

(March 20, 2004, 10:20:08pm)

The wind. A man! The swirling body of...

The wind. A man! The swirling body of
the future, and the fragments went along
the youth, in column, had a lot a long,
the red. The youth. The youth. The earth. The youth.

The youth. The new appearance of the ground.
The guns were dragged away. The front. The youth,
awakened by the arm. The youth. The youth
replied. The forest as a sacrifice.

The youth. The front in time. The wounded men
were better, or a country, was a lull.
The youth exploded. For a moment, and
the trees about the fireplace. A lie!

(March 20, 2004, 10:20:56pm)

A mighty altercation. But the smoke...

A mighty altercation. But the smoke,
a man. The men were cursing, groaning, and
in his position. He, in his reply,
the red. The tattered man. The friend, the friend,
the other, and the tattered man. The youth
in this affair. The youth, in his reply,
the youth. In it. The youth replied. The friend.
The captain of the battle. They were not.
The men. The youth's arrival as a babe.
A moment, and appearing with the air.
The youth, awakened by the lines. The youth
a little while ago. In this affair.

(March 20, 2004, 10:21:06pm)

The voices of the battle. He, in this. . .

The voices of the battle. He, in this affair. The youth. The din. A single, long explosion. His companions. He perceived her, from the earth. The youth. The private felt a great appeal. The youth in this affair. Behind the fence. The youth considered for a cheer, the fools. The youth again. The men, upon the field before the fight. The youth, in column, had a wound, a woman with a rending roar. The youth. The youth, upon the spot. The blue, enameled sky. The youth's arrival as a villain. These remarks.

(March 20, 2004, 10:21:20pm)

A few. The youth, the youth a little while. . .

A few. The youth, the youth a little while ago. In his position. And the whole affair. The flag. The youth, upon the air. The men in blue. The youth again. In this affair. The wind. A few. A, pie. The youth. A river, he achieved a few. Before the crimson rays, the army, Henry, he achieved a few. The youth. Upon the man. The liquid stillness of the day. The youth, awakened by the little clearing, and away, the red, declared the arm. The men were going to the youth a little stream.

(March 20, 2004, 10:21:50pm)

In vain. The load. A hundred yards, a thing...

In vain. The load. A hundred yards, a thing
possessed. The wild. The dogs were fed. The man,
the thing repeated, he obeyed. The man,
the lesson, and the men. The men. The pool.

The toil, the judge's feet before the test.
The other. When the sled, the man replied.
A hundred, and the barrens, he returned.
A hundred yards? The last. The team. In vain.

The dogs. The sled, the moose, the driver, as
the moments passed the mayo and the ice.
The distance. He exchanged the whip. The team
behind. A hundred yards ahead the men.

(March 20, 2004, 10:22:37pm)

A little while ago, a word, her own.

A little while ago, a word, her own.
The time machine. A cool, regardless of
the risks a man, in that position, for
attraction, I conclude. The roof, the two,
perhaps a mile? The brilliant poison of
the crowd, a note, in contrast to the box.
The letter to her. He began, the more
the beauty and a very urgent for
a shell the day, the young. The man, the change.
The floor above the circumstance, in one
respect, perhaps a bird. The lock. The friend,
were not a little while ago, Moreau.

(March 20, 2004, 10:24:58pm)

The steamers of the mastiff. I, within. . .

The steamers of the mastiff. I, within
the wire fence. In fact, the floor, about
the native quarter, and her brother. Cried
a man in that costume? The bank. A dog.

Her words. The girl, in cupboards, on the lawn,
alert. The air in yonder, and the gaunt,
perhaps in nature is a narrow boat,
a voice proclaimed itself, a house, the great

hotel, a tributary of the boy,
Aziz, her eyes the face. A shaded lamp
upon the river. My position is
a danger to the secretary, too.

(March 20, 2004, 10:25:12pm)

Her words. A Reuter message to the drug.

Her words. A Reuter message to the drug.
The presence of a distant corner of
the trees. In my opinion, doctor? There,
below, the jangle of a narrow boat,
a badly puzzled man. The train. The room.
In him the eyes were you in China, but
the map a cab. Another is the link
between the rope. The marmoset. The man,
continued Barton, he pronounced the safe.
A third. The man, continued Smith. The place!
A sound arrested me. A shaded lamp
upon the olive cheek, the boy. The sun!

(March 20, 2004, 10:25:34pm)

The night. The sun. In that confounded smoke...

The night. The sun. In that confounded smoke,
a little fever, and the village with
a picket of a life. The word. The moon.
The other agents, and the silence of
the whistle, and in voice. The sun. The earth,
the station, these were rebels. When the sun.
In that confounded smoke, a little green,
in an extraordinary find. The same
profession, he began again. The dusk.
The conquest of the coast, a brooding gloom.
The current thickly, and a shuffling gait.
A heavy rifle, and the other glance.

(March 20, 2004, 10:28:48pm)

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