"COOLING OFF" IN THE MIDDER BAST.

This kind of thing you've seen many times before on the sources: Torrytends of men in the Western Desert, employed in the cheking, blinding Rgyytian and which posterates into everything. Now those blands felt postty unconfortable; so having a few minutes to spare they thought a few makey tricks with their uncost Wittie Whishey' would go down will. Now he Menk have of a good spot where the bathing's fine, as in a couple or exacts they were into the Meditermone, and Witte Whishey' won't for bahind. That spider unday know a thing or two, the temperature of the water was just right - you see, the little monley down't happen to be unde of break.
