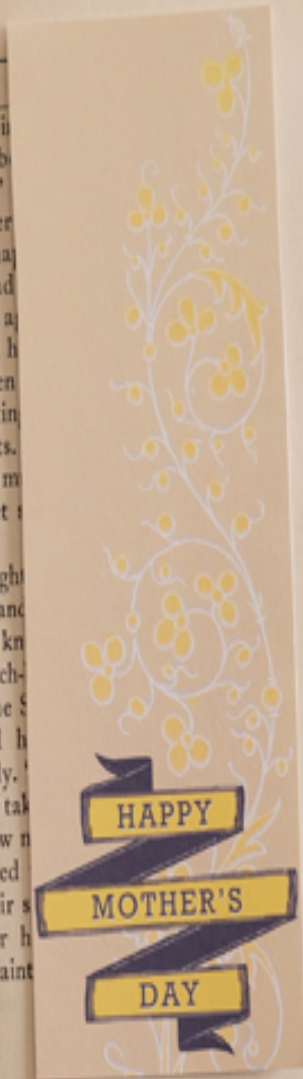


88
 mere st. I mother, femi
 enfant au monde. I malle d
 MOM
 go. He
 word.
 He d
 she co
 "De
 make l
 you." I
 do you
 little h
 "I
 Maybe
 any me
 be a be
 "Se
 ish. Pe
 really
 father,
 and fi
 which
 I love
 used to
 someth
 you fro
 you tri
 lighter
 nice bo
 to sche
 my lif



e coming i
 re spirit b
 d to you."
 pressed her
 tears of ha
 at she had
 the while a
 unt of all h
 of it, even
 elf drifting
 eart-beats.
 ent she m
 gain. Yet
 time.
 was a light
 away and
 always kn
 h his latch
 ether the S
 an told h
 at quickly.
 I shall tak
 me a few n
 appeared
 the chair s
 ing, her h
 to the faint