

*Kathleen Heil*

## If Lost, Please Call

You let me down

Saturday, August 6, 2011 11:52 AM

From: "Catherine Long live"

As: "Qiu Seth"

I place in Madrid Rocinante found lying unconscious on the street, I look for him. This is what I can do to try to stop their crying. I was dead, lying on his side, waiting for me to embrace him. I look for him, and I hugged him, because there is no one there to do so. Who are no more than fraud, the responsible person's work, caring for nothing. I went to him, I cried biological, I turned to me, the impression that I choked laughter and told me to stop, I was afraid of his own laughter. It hurt too much. I think he is probably the most lonely creatures in the world. I want to do my work in such a way, so I kind of feel part of it. Somehow, I think, it might give the meaning of the whole project. A busy woman in a coat in our rush to strengthen and said: "Damn!" I thought he Retiro his body weight than mine however big, so I can not do this, we their novel intervention on our lives than we realize, this is my opinion, thought or anything, I think, leave a fair life more real than the novel, which is not fair, all the adults say, such a good for them to find out, they have found out to achieve something like the injustice the failure of all children after the visit, all his disappointment, of course, is impossible to imagine any unfair way is appalling, a terrible improvement. Even the voice of heaven reaalllly really unusual when you think about angels or virgins or playing, or dust, but the birds do not visit my worry, they do not send a message, they move on to our screens Entre Rios Entre Rios, and their homes, as an internal information. Is it my home, no matter what I, which is why I walk, perhaps, why I cry for the Rocinante. Have you ever seen such a thing, dead

horses in the primary streets in mud weight than what you had somehow re-imagine it as it noted on the space and people go down the neck of curiosity shops peers, their work, China, it looks as if his neck had been cut off, but no wound, thin body and long snout, leaving only the hollow bones seem to fill a heavy sand sun overhead, and not on the horizon. The second has been uncertain. I thought there might be to send a message, but when I send the daemon, they told me that the user is unknown. Understand that life is short and our movement is urgent. Said that if the lost badge on his neck, please call. Let hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools contend, is to promote the art and science in our land prosper and progress of socialist culture policy. Said that if lost, please call. Please call.