

DEATH COMES TOO SLOWLY LIKE ANTS TAKEN TO A FALLEN FIG.

mirrors enclose us, I said to the croupier, with the scenery of our despair

I slapped a filthy and shuttling thing that ran across my mouth. the cat leaped and snatched it up as it spun upon its back rifling and kicking its thousand legs.

George Raft walked in. hello kid, he said, back again? I placed my last few coins upon the chest of a dead elephant South and West of Denver, and the lightening flared, they were stabbing grapefruit in the backroom, somebody dropped a glove and the place, the whole place, went up in smoke.

we walked to the car and fell asleep.