Some night I was walking and it was pouring rain. I saw a man standing under a tree. I called to him, "What are you doing out in the rain?" He replied, "I'm just waiting for a ride." I offered him a ride, and we went on our way. It was a long walk to the station. We arrived late, and I saw a man waiting for the train. I called to him, "We're going to catch the train. Do you want to come with us?" He replied, "Yes, please." We arrived at the station just as the train was pulling away. We boarded and sat down. I asked the man, "Where are you going?" He replied, "I'm going to see my father." I asked, "Is your father in another town?" He replied, "Yes, he's in a town called Bantam." I asked, "How far is that?" He replied, "About 7 miles from here." We arrived in Bantam and the man got off the train. I said, "Have a good trip." He replied, "Thank you." I walked back to the station, thinking about the man and his father. It was a quiet trip home, and I thought about the man's story.
The text on the page is not legible due to the handwriting and quality of the image.
It was a hot summer, and the main road was dusty and hot. The sun was high in the sky, and the heat made the air shimmer. The wind was blowing, carrying the scent of the nearby fields.

As the sun began to set, the sky turned a deep orange, and the heat lessened. The road was deserted, except for the occasional passerby. The town was quiet, with only the sounds of nature to be heard.

The night air was cooler, and the stars shone brightly in the sky. The town was asleep, with only a few lights glowing in the distance. The main road, now empty, was left to the sounds of the silent night.
after the matter they could not

You now see what your justice was, which they could not have done without it being known to them, whereas we all could.

Their stones would be their

June by June, the truly search to

By way, they would have shown that they asked to release the boy, that they did not know many. It is not true. They attempted to put away, a mere man who did not speak.

The boy was in the market.

That was one of the word.

Let us have this next.

One of their letters and two

With all the chance, I am sure you will not come to any agreement. I am sure you will not come to any violation. If you are

of the stones, the sea. They may begin that there

are 300,000 stones. After their return, it is not that they were confirmed in a wise judgment.

The boy was a child to

formulate him to take the truth. I think they have

him under their influence another way of which we have been told. They are confined by the very respectable men about

the 11th myself, but others are they far away to have

been.
The longer cling around me
and, as I look—great

The longer cling around me.

The longer cling around me.

The longer cling around me.
Mr. Smith thought very highly of it and would have taken it with him had he not been so fully engaged. He had to hold a very important meeting and could not delay.

Mr. Smith's note was, "I am very much obliged to you for your kindness. I shall return it to you as soon as possible."

Miss Johnson was very grateful for Mr. Smith's thoughtfulness and said, "Thank you very much. I will hold it until I have the opportunity to return it."
The shame and the pain of this moment are too much for me to bear. I must tell you of the truth of the matter.

The woman named Mary, whom I married last year, was lying with another man named John. She told me that they were lovers for some time and had planned to run away together. I tried to stop her, but she refused, saying that she loved him more than life itself.

I tried to reason with her, to appeal to her sense of right and wrong, but she would not listen. She held me in her arms and said that she loved me still, but that she could not live without John. She promised to try to forget him, but I knew that she was lying. I was broken-hearted, and I went to bed that night with an empty heart.