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THE STATION

CHAPTERS

No.			
I		Aa English Year	?
II		The Servant	?
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VI	VI Visiting	The distant, water, globe	?
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X	X	Rejection of Grants	
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XVII	XVII	Feast	
XVIII	XVIII	Metropolis	
XIX	XIX		

Note. Not a step to be used.

Here, in lush valleys, teem trees, figs and
olives. The inmates of the monasteries weave
cloth, stitch shoes and make nets. One turns the
spindle of a hand-loom through the wool; another
twists a basket of twigs. From time to time, at stated
hours, all essay to praise God. And peace
reigns among them, always and for ever.

Cristoforo Benvenuto, Traveller
in the last about 1420.

250
11
1610
250
272
3910

THE STATION

I
An English Year (Capp 4,000)

Despite the opposition of the dogs, whom
the twice daily ritual of ^{their joyful lives!} a lifetime cannot
reconcile to the post office, letters from
foreign countries arrive in the afternoon.
Each novel - of stamp & post mark - each
a break in the monotony of days; each
reveals or penetrates ^{only} before me
fact of a standard world. But lately
another kind has come, strangely addressed,
stranger ^{still} in their "we learn" news
one "that you are safely returned to
your own glorious country and are already
in the hands of your dearest ones, enjoying
the best of health. . . . P. S. we have
experienced no cold this year hitherto."
"Am proud" says another "that the
all-Countryful god has allowed us to see
you again. . . . may he guard you
from all evil world without end.
Send me your England 10 metres of
black stuff ~~to~~ ^{may} ~~can~~ make a gown."
As the unfamiliar hieroglyphics evolve, ~~into~~
~~language~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~into~~ ~~scar~~ ~~new~~ ~~eyes~~
^{comes} the sender, then follows ~~the~~ weeks of
their company. Till the whole scurrion into
then impalpable world stand defined as

where rested to
 a road ^{where we sat eating & drinking} ~~where we sat eating & drinking~~
 on a terrace. ^{wooden chalets} ~~chalets~~ the male inhabitants,
 each sheltered from the wind by a white woolly
 capote with a peaked hood. So that the
 effect was that of a party of ghostly
 witches. From here we were able to
 telephone for a car. As I sat at the
 instrument I said to the police officer:

~~"We have walked 40 kilometres. We
 are very tired."
 "So" he replied "am I."
 "We have come 40 kilometres from Ughia
 Roumeli."~~

"We are very tired."
 "So" he replied, "am I."
 "We've come 40 kilometres from
 Ughia Roumeli."

"I've been out shooting."
 "Shooting what?" I asked; "wild ibex."
 "No: bad men."

