



ALPHABET

S Cearley || @scearley

Red River of the North
Minn. & N.D.
The Red River of the North is a river in the Great Plains of North America, forming the border between the U.S. state of Minnesota and the Canadian province of Manitoba. It is a tributary of Lake Winnipeg. The river is approximately 750 miles (1,200 km) long, with a drainage basin of about 100,000 square miles (260,000 km²). The river originates in the western part of the state of Minnesota, flowing generally westward through the Red River Valley. It joins the Assiniboin River near the town of Emerson, Manitoba, to form the Red River. The river then flows southward through the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, before emptying into Lake Winnipeg. The river is known for its large fish populations, particularly walleye and sauger. It is also a major transportation route, with barge traffic carrying grain and other goods. The river is also used for recreation, including fishing and boating.

Many
no
black
milk

she said to her,
of my
deep pool

and sink a good
more a fur tippe,

singer

is smoking awa

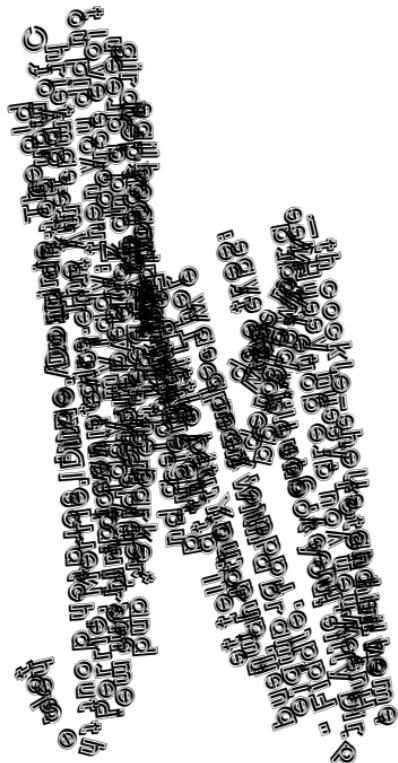
the three
saw there
Daphne's
Kings
with
her
Daphne's
she saw there
Kings
with
her
Daphne's

David W. Lyle
P.O. Box 1000
Waukesha, WI 53187-1000

globe. And said
goBell. Pu...
In the
days of
the
old
gold
mines
of
California,
there
was
a
man
named
John
Brown.
He
was
a
cowboy
and
he
had
a
lot
of
friends
in
the
area.
But
he
also
had
some
enemies.
One
of
his
enemies
was
a
man
named
Tom
Fitzgerald.
Tom
was
a
cowboy
as
well,
but
he
was
not
as
kind
as
John.
He
was
mean
and
aggressive.
One
day,
John
and
Tom
got
into
a
fight.
John
was
kicked
out
of
the
area
by
Tom.
John
then
traveled
to
the
Sierra
Mountains
and
he
began
to
live
a
solitary
life.
He
lived
in
a
small
cabin
in
the
forest.
He
spent
most
of
his
time
hunting
and
fishing.
He
also
spent
time
writing
poetry
and
reading
books.
He
was
very
content
with
his
new
life.
But
one
day,
he
met
a
woman
named
Sarah.
Sarah
was
a
cowgirl
and
she
had
been
traveling
through
the
area.
She
had
heard
about
John
and
she
had
come
to
see
him.
They
soon
fell
in
love.
They
lived
happily
ever
after.
John
died
at
the
age
of
80,
but
he
left
a
large
fortune
to
Sarah.
Sarah
lived
a
long
and
happy
life.
She
died
at
the
age
of
95,
but
she
was
still
remembered
as
a
loving
and
kind
woman.

The sun had set, and the stars were out. One by one they disappeared, and drank a good deal of water. "I am very thirsty," said the doggy. "I will go and get some more." The doggy ran away, and the wolf followed him. The wolf was very hungry, and he wanted to eat the doggy. But the doggy was very clever, and he knew what to do. He said to the wolf, "I have a good idea. Let's play a game. You catch me, and I'll give you a bone. If you don't catch me, I'll give you a bone. What do you think?" The wolf thought it was a good idea, so he started to chase the doggy. The doggy ran and ran, and the wolf chased him. Finally, the doggy reached a big rock, and he jumped over it. The wolf tried to jump over it too, but he couldn't. The doggy ran away, and the wolf was left alone. The doggy was very happy, because he had won the game. He ate his bone, and then he went to sleep.

The *Baribar* is the name given to the
Brahui language.





"Speedy" and "Wing" were the two main characters in the story. They had many adventures together.



An
old
man
and
a
woman
walked
down
the
street.
The
woman
had
grey
hair
and
was
wearing
a
blue
dress.
The
man
had
white
hair
and
was
wearing
a
brown
jacket.
They
were
holding
hands.
A
little
girl
ran
up
to
them
and
said,
"Grandma,
Grandpa,
I
haven't
seen
you
in
a
long
time."
The
woman
smiled
and
replied,
"We
miss
you
too,
sweetie."
The
man
kissed
the
girl
on
the
cheek.
The
girl
laughed
and
ran
off.
The
couple
watched
her
go
and
then
continued
their
walk.
The
sun
was
setting
in
the
background,
casting
a
golden
light
over
the
scene.
The
couple
seemed
content
and
loving.
It
was
a
beautiful
sight
to
see.
The
end.

The image displays a dense, abstract arrangement of thousands of small, black, stylized characters or symbols, possibly from a script like Devanagari, forming a central, star-like cluster that radiates outwards towards the edges of the frame. The characters are densely packed in the center and become more sparse as they spread outwards, creating a radial pattern. The overall effect is one of a complex, organic, and almost microscopic structure.



The first time I saw him, he was sitting on a bench in the middle of the street, looking very hungry. He had a small bag of bread and butter with him, and he was eating it slowly, savoring every bite. I stopped my car and asked him if he wanted to come with me to a soup kitchen. He looked at me with a weary expression and said, "I don't have anywhere else to go." I invited him to come with me, and we drove to a nearby shelter. When we arrived, he was welcomed with open arms and given a warm meal and a place to sleep. From that day on, I made it a point to stop by the shelter whenever I could, and I soon became a regular volunteer there. The shelter director, Mr. Darby, was a kind man who always had a smile on his face. He would often stop by my car and say hello, and I would always stop to chat with him for a few minutes. One day, as I was driving home from work, I saw Mr. Darby standing on the side of the road, looking lost. I pulled over and asked him if he needed help. He told me that he had been walking for hours and was exhausted. I offered him a ride home, and he accepted. As we drove, he told me about his life and how he had ended up on the streets. He had been a successful businessman in the past, but had lost everything due to a series of unfortunate events. He had nowhere else to turn, so he had turned to the streets. I listened to him with empathy and compassion, and I promised to always be there for him if he ever needed help again.

"The Merchant of Yonkers," the Grand Master of the Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of New York City, will preside at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of New York State, to be held in the "Grand Opera House" on Broadway, on Friday evening, December 13, 1895.

Kitty 50c.

A black and white photograph of a person's silhouette standing against a light background. The silhouette is filled with dense, illegible text, possibly a quote or a message, which is oriented vertically along the contours of the figure.

writer@futureanachronism.com

created in 2014, left to languish unchecked until 2015.
released under creative commons CC-BY-NC license

