

The surf sometimes was like the froth of hell. (qte on surf shaking S's house.) Other times, celestial.

Muddled as he was,

There was something far wrong here.

This day, though,

into the bargain

sceptre

— (a rope who) lacked only a...

yaw

The wind breathing...

perpetually baptized by rain

toeing in

Beston, Outermost House, p. 32--"ancient faith and present courage"

Twice it happened, that...

High ideas (were nowhere in this). *Laverty...*

...inspected 00 as if noticing his existence for the first time.

used?

in water

It waited in machinery, it waited in horses, it waited in weather; the moment when a person grew forgetful, too deep in thought, and the waiting accident happened.

I have had my share. They just never managed to cripple or kill me, is all.

He wondered

assassin, as an adjective

Few's
(~~is there a title~~ My Assassin Heart?)

(Berneta's lungs the assassins of her health) (...the assaination within)

Which, the more he thought about it, the...

raw as a peeled potato

I suppose all wars become private wars, distinct only to those who were in them.

We have weapons of devastation that make the Black Death look like a pimple.

would remember it - length 1 his life

nerved themselves

1 man of 1 platoon

Man, he'd drink skunk blood.