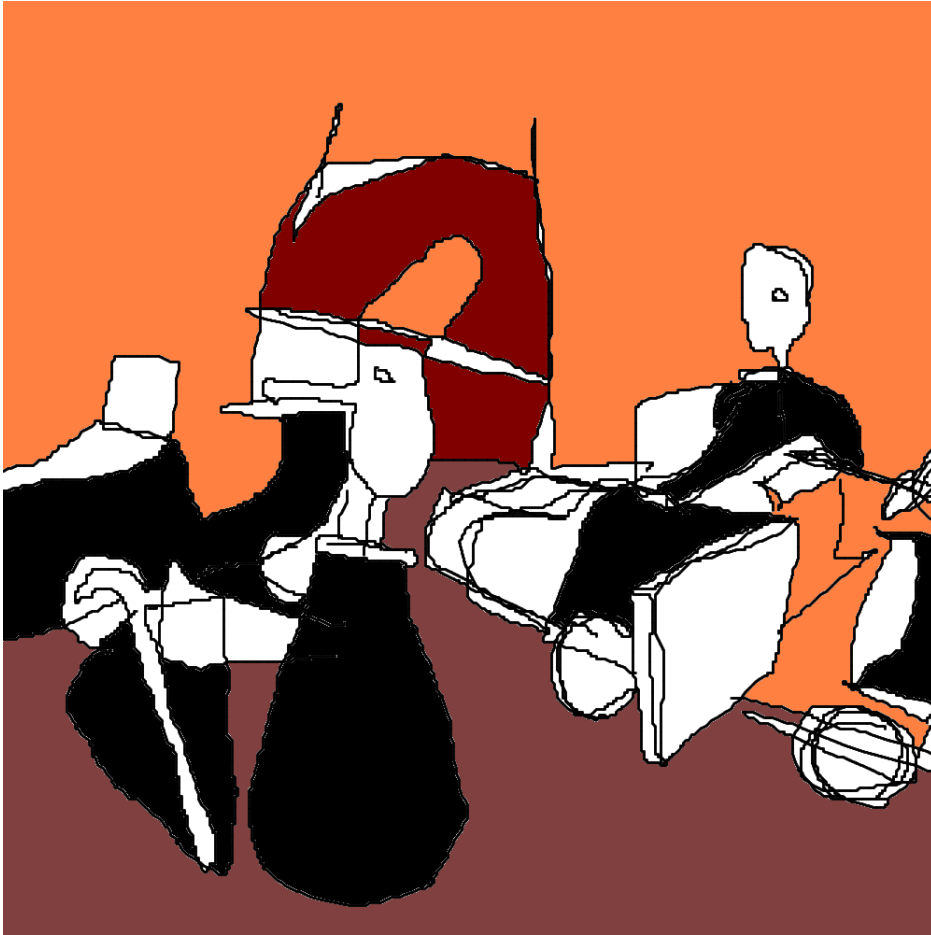


# Tended Stones II.

\deep Freeze

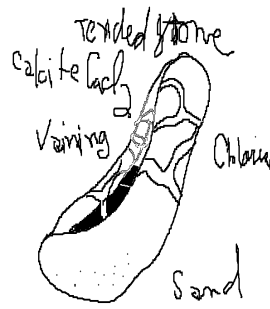


Benjamin Allan Schmidt

**A wonderful adventure with a twist.** *Jill Bonmouth*

**A new approach on Dinosaurs.** Pen Gourd.

Benjamin Schmidt Alias Allan Petters(on) was born in Prague in 1983. He studied the FF,Uk, love for traveling brought him to writing. He wrote Tended Stones I, and a collection of Haiku.



make page numbers, please..

Allan Petters (on) Benjamin Schmidt

expatriot from Kerry

More tight points in this book are based on fiction.

..omissions..

I claim that in Miocene, it was possible for some surviving species of dinosaurs to have fallen prey to the K/T boundary birds of prey. There might have been a wide possibility that birds in these depictions of high slaughter scenes along the cold and

snow beaches might have carried the organs into their nests. I classify Tended stones further on Brass stones according to regular taxonomy and am of persuasion that the glacial scenes in Miocene must have reached incredible magnitude. The organs might have gotten saturated with CO<sub>2</sub>

I don't believe it Dr. Ferber. The possibility of this pristine absorption of calcite is beyond my understanding. There is a more possible prognosis for a growth out of body in a shell for larger animals, than the possibility of such normal existence. I don't think so Jer, I think your theories are horrid. I think you should more concentrate on a more classical viewpoint and then only just start to come up with some new possibilities and experiments.

Julian was too tired with all this progress where Dr. Ferber was headed. I wasn't sure if the Miocene might have really been explained as such a powerful freeze on the beaches. There would have to be marks on the stones and around the shores on the local cliffs.

You have to understand Julian that the Rocks in Miocene were really often of glacial origin or at least glacially related. I'm sure you'll pardon me and will excuse Charlotte to participate with me on this research. There is a strong probability that we might reach a better common understanding of certain facts with your wife.

Julian has always been a more of the seeker of the completely classical viewpoints on the Palaeontological strata. He never was really sure where all this scientific progress was leading and who was supposed to prosper from these finds.

Charlotte followed Dr. Ferber into the Rols Roice and the car soon turned a curve that lead inland. The excavations on the Beaches of Nahar was a wonderful rest with just a couple of students.

There was a powerful possibility that something might soon go amiss with Charlotte and me. I never understood Dr. Ferber and his inclination to always take my wife away just when we needed her the most at the excavations. Cecil believed Dr. Ferber. She seemed to know about palaeontology already more than me and her modern and new viewpoint we incredibly admired at her school. She had a strong potential for mathematics and languages.

**The goal was to draft an approximate circumstance, and a hypothetical climate, under which soft-tissue could have been preserved in such a pristine form.deposition of calcium salts in otherwise normal tissue, because of elevated serum levels of calcium in blood, which can occur because of deranged metabolism as well as increased absorption or**

**decreased excretion of calcium and related minerals,  
Calcification Fossilization  
Calcification is the process in which calcium salts build up in  
soft tissue,  
causing it to harden. Calcifications may be classified on  
whether there is  
mineral balance or not, and the location of the calcification.**

Maj was a wonderful woman of talents that was supposedly one of a few people that would ever understand me. She was occasionally hindered from asking Greg if this was ever possible to happen. What Happen? Asked Hugh when he turned at her. This hipogrif on the small glass square, that was a sample from the last traces. These are not so old, she said. There were other samples that got stolen half a year ago. Don't be so rash. Maj with saying that the samples got stolen. The samples were sent to the laboratory in Inkala. The programe was unleashed for the possible findings of some logical conclusions in Dagar. I never new that you were so obstreperous in the seclusion. I never was a miracle Maj. The prototype of that Nar Abaldar machine was sent from Jin to bar the space in the corner of the laboratory. I would wonder if you could supervise it. Greg dissapeared to have a look at the jeep outside. He was a good deft hand on the chalcitron engine. There was supposedly a better way how to progress through the repairs of these old chasts.

He scurried for something to put in my hand, possibly a soda. The almost forgotten uncertainty fills my body. Hey? Who's there? Ah, I wanted to tell you that my son had

a concert. Really? Don't say. I've always wished you that, Mor. Morton. Ah, but of course.

Here I want to understand the logic. The possible sinonim that would somehow make me interested in music. I tryed to sign my daughter for an afternoon school of music. It wasn't so easy as might be thought. The woman, right after I came into the door and

had a look into several rooms with instruments I found her at a counter with a bell. She would have never noticed me if I wouldn't speak up. I changed my life and reng the bell. Oh, yes. Mister. She said. Jane Ordbour. She was a wonderful woman to talk to. I would like to sign my daughter for a course of piano. A couple lessons a month. Oh, But of course darling. Just fill this form for our gnominy. I was scrutinising the letter and begun counting the prices. It would be 100 money for a week She said, Jane Ordbour. I was shaking. I couldn't realise that to sign my daughter on a course of piano would cost me more than all the money I had.

That's how it is, Julian, said Gorm Borwal. I signed my daughter on a piano when she was seventeen. She studied in Belgrade and then moved to Ethiopia.

So would you sign Mr. Julian. I have you, lessons of piano don't belong to the cheapest of the market. Oh, you have me Mrs. Ordbour. He it is. So long.

I came to the pub of Martna Prawl, a pub renown inthe whole Korkert in this place. I got served so wonderfully that I got a whole plate of buscuits for free. I was drinking

the coffee. Marta Jurba and her friend was sitting nearby and suddenly I realised that through the talk that my wife Charlotte might come to see me on a Jet and I would have my daughter shipped here from overseas on a boat. I was bursing for a while and then, tired of the market I crossed to the closed hairdresser where they cut me yesternach to have a look of a Morain. I scurried the road with a hefty suitcase and entered the hotel like Timoty Pert. I slammed my businesscard on the counter of this Amanda Jerennie and aquired myself to the hotel. I would like to stay in this wonderful place I said to Mrs. Jerennie. I would like to inquire if i can sign a voucher to stay in this place for a couple of days with frenchtables like Mando, with my wife and my daughter. Is your wife comming? Asked Amanda. Oh yes. How do you mean to sigh a voucher? She asked. Oh simply. I'll simply will sign a voucher and stay and then pay, later. I appologise said Amanda. That's simply not possible. I was eghast that my wife wouldn't even appear after such a long spell of loneliness. I stared at the Dega they had in the lobby room. I would burs this for a hundred thousand money, I said. Please, leave Mr. Julian.

here is a strong possibility that during glacial maximums in prehistory, just like for example the last glacial maximum that took place approx. 10 000 years ago, it was possible that some species of Dinosaurs (Large Reptiles) got locked, or died under ice sheets and underwent a process of gradual metamorphoses into rock. Subliming minerals might have seeped into the extinguished body of a Dinosaur and a merial exchange might have taken place. We find a similar comparison to some of the most renown Archaeological finds of Prehistorical Man found in the Alps with clothes of leather still on and a batch of broken arrows. It would be interesting to point out that bodies that stay in ice for perhaps millions of years might obtain a body mineral exchange just like the most coining theory of Molten ash in Tended stones, where the Vesuvius theory is generally taken as an example.

It was raining, I didn't understand that I would sleep in the rain when I was supposed to get so rich. I ran to the pub, full of envy that Gorm Jopote would come to the hotel in a rols roice to eat all the food.

Go home Julian, I gave you a plate of buiscuites already. But I was amusing an old couple with my talk on Dinosaurs. We ran down the palm tree forest. Midi was shooting in the catacombs. I met him in a completely diferent place of the Globe called Barala. He was so full on envy for the hatred of the pirates that my colleague and I started throwing stones like ladies. The shimpanzees were borning down to the mud. Tell me more about the secret, said Per, the woman. What secret, I asked? How did you resolve the secret of that lost blade from the palm tree. Oh, I said. I ran to the forest medow and there was a large pull of putred water that some people can even drink. There was an old tree accros the half moon bog and the dagger was firmly clanced into the bark. Cecil adviced me that it was possible that the trap might unleash an unstability in the ground. I built a camp and called Mana Dubara to bring a hefty load of people. We occupied the jungle place for three months with several geologists to solve if it was possible that the uprooting of the dagger might undermine us into some hollow chabre where we would get trapped in a bog.

How did you solved the mistery. We started digging in the whole vicinity squares in Karaka style and my collegue Mer Babaty got yellow feaver and was constantly wiping hif roreahead with a napkin. We covered several acres and had several try digs

for twelve metres. So the ground was stable after all? Oh, no. I bored down with five another men into a chambre and we uncovered an old catacoom. And what happened next? Next, midi went a shooting down the hall from the vicinity and the prospectors ran havoky under the large Stegosaurus leashed to a large pillar.

What is a large Stegosaurus? Asked the man. That's a dinosaur species of a tremendous built as big as two large whales. Oh, I cannot believe! Yes, yes.

And what about the dagger? Asked the woman. What is your name. Mup. And this is my husband Sipi. Mup, look. Stegosaurus is such a large beast that it could hall a whole werf down the harbour in a jiffy-din. I clambered by means of that terrific leash that my collegue speared with a crossbow into the ceiling and went turning in the air sommeraults to the place of the dagger and pulled it out. And what happened then? Asked Sipi. Did you want to burry the collegues in the mine. Oh, how can you. I saw in the vast chambre that the dagger was attached to a vast machine and the dagger was probably a trigger, or a peddal to make that machine moving. You hold me on tenterhooks, said Mup. Did you pull the dagger out. I did. So what happened. I'm not sure, I have to go back to my place to figure my walling. I have a lot of repairs on the compost. Do you want to make it into this half circe with bricks? Asked

Mup. Yes I would love to. Bye, bye. I love Julian. Yes, yes, he is a nice man.

An old sailor, he is. Said the bartender. Full of stories. I think his wife has a sidekik in

some foreign place. A lot of sorrow that man has.

She was obnoxious to my reprisals. I didn't understand that the Miocene theses might really be plausible. Dr. Fereber is a genius. He will one day receive a price for science Julian. I don't understand how can you be so impolite to his oppinions. I just don't believe Sharlotte that this possibility of these glacial maximums is such a prognoses, and I cannot be shure how you want to taxonomicaly measure something that happened so long ago. The possiblity to trace that the organs are even from Miocene might take decades to measure and calculate. I dont't think so Julian. Dr Ferber has come forward with very plausible and new methods of investigation, said Kara and the man Gap pulled out the gigant sloth claw scimitar out of its sheath and started polishing it with a special rug. The people entered theatrically the Caffey. Morton was sitting with his daughter to the right and was talking to a large man called Jibi Mo. I have to tell you that the progress of the evening fills my heart with beauty. Yes, said Jibi Mo. The boy Roderic is a wonderful person with talents. My daughter is studying Mathematics and

Philosophy said Morton. June Rose was just fourteen and she handed Jibi a hand for a

mild shake with smiles. The evening dimmured and the bend with Roderic began to play. A boy called Pota Jurt was sipping his tonic and occassionally giving a good thump on the drums while Roderick wheezed his guitar to incredible ends. Cecil was looking on, apperently little bit dissinterested.

## **Footnotes of a palaeontologist:**

A palaeontologist can be both professional and amateur. Here I'm more concerned about the way I see palaeontology as an amateur performer of this craft.

As an amateur palaeontologist, you can obtain a licence for performing palaeontology and except for fame, there's nothing else can make you a professional but perhaps a lot of work in the field behind you with still little bit of that fame in your bowl.

There are ways how to behave in the field and and more scrupulous manners of behaviour to that if you are accompanied by helpers of either sex. There are possibilities and circumstances can force an amateur palaeontologist (I'm particularly talking about myself, because I'm not sure to what extent I can be prolific on the manners and behaviour of other amateur palaeontologists) into mustering the most of his manners at the most difficult occassions with let's say opening a new excavation place, or possibly trying to lead a group to some logic and knowledge at least about the rudiments of this science.

There are special clothes an amateur palaeontologist wears in the field and other ones he can allow himself to wear during his leasure days. It is for example possible to wear, on a leasure day, a very good coat, but better still a normal jacket with a hat when accompanied by his wife. You then have to understand still that a hat for a palaeontologist is a representative adoremment but may not be welcomed in very luxurious places. Therefore I would recommend a very nicely combed hair without and would probably encline myself to a black coat with very nicely polished shoes.

A Palaeontologist never drinks, but likes cocoa, or any hot drink oh his wife or very good friends recomandation. He then usualy can be asked to retail some of his adventures from the past adventures. A palaeontologist can be often fidgety, for he may be deemed to be never satisfied. The reason stems from the fact that he constantly by his vocation is forced to scrutinise Nature and Nature's phenomena. An amateur palaeontologist loves strolls and nice weather and is usually a very good husband, for palaeontology and even amateur one for that respect is a vocation where intelligence makes him solve a lot of problematics in a mutual correspondance.

An amateur palaeontology is a wonderful pass time on long trips to nature. Reporie is an incredible place of interest for Palaontological trips and

often hides a surprise for a seeker of tiny Palaeontological finds. There is a strong possibility to admire precious plants of prehistory and see rocks in a state that might enliven the mind of an imagination of his/her even rudimentary knowledge of this science. There are other places in the Wer where palaeontology as a science thrives due to a vast prevalence of Palaeontological finds but I do not deem plausible to shedule my memoars here yet.

Reporie in my belief, under current modern onlook of art criticism might reach such possitive dimensions where it would be possible to depict even a more extensive Palaeontological excavations. There, under a very powerful imagination might even be possible to adhere to an idea of Reporierock massive as a vast prehistoric creature that might fallen there, or by some mishap of nature fell pray to sickness of a kind. There are amalgamations of modern thesis that might lead me to an idea of a macro world to which so far Dinosaurs have only claimed a possibility to spring, where large reptiles and creatures from the sea, or onshore life might, during or over the K/T boundary gone extinct under some overpowering effect and froze by sudden change of the weather condition and the ensuing climate.

I would depict these scenes as vast creatures lying on the beaches or inland massives which once the prehistoric sea did spray. There are ways of teqnique of modern science that tell about the possibility of stone or rock transformation, calling this a geological phenomenon where a calcite can grow, or change with a time into achate, ametist with the possible prevalence of moss, and so on with other types of rock.

Calcification - A method of a deep freeze during the K/T boundary.

†

..... This is a way to take. The possibility of understanding methods of art work and its possible propoundment stems from education. Constant critique and education is a good way how to polish and sharpen the point of your own judgement, Morton Geophrey Manduno bit into a large cake.

Jup was showing his film. June Rose got all red pink and drank her tonic. She wore glasses already and Morton handed her a napkin. Everyone admired the way Morton took care of his daughter that excelled in school with all marks. Roderick was left alone on the stage. He got into a mood to fake tiredness in order to have a reach for a lemonade. Cecil was able to free herself for this evening. Cecil was all smiles and everyone undertood that she was about to finish her school in two years. Sharlotte was standing at the bar with a large pink fizzly water with an incredible straw and talked to a man who nobody knew. I never



understood why you don't tell Julian exactly what you want from your work. There are different ways how to model Dinosaurs, and how to approach modelling generally. You have to, or should, understand that modelling generally is almost a result of drawing.

The village flourishes on its own said Sharlotte to the mysterious man.. Stop, cried Girr Betor. I cannot precede the logic.

What are you scared of said Jibi Mo to Girr. Do you want to spoil all fun for the recital. Jibi left. He couldn't bear the possible weight of his work as a businessman. The Turtle throws a stone and it falls to the feet of a lion. They have a long discourse by a baobab tree, and an ant.

Jipi was not sure as to abide by his place

We love it Roderic. Everyone was clapping.

As the mayfly had a wonderful talk on a Boulevard in a wonderful evening, we bought for a dime a sherbet lemon now to chase away thirst and had a look into a Calcification - A method of a deep freeze during the K/T boundary.

A secret message came from Madr. I wasn't sure if this was possible to be happening. I heard three days ago that the woman from Delki suffered a sever breakdown and managed to earn a lot of money in the hospital. Her lawyer Murt Junava was all the time by her side and writing notes. He had two calls and then they put Mrs. Shanan O'deeny on Bursa. The market on the Marn was crowded with people and they began booming with glee when she appeared to comb in a lot of monatery. George Whistling was standing by a tall man and had a call to the bank to make the transfer. Mrs. Shanan O'deeny became the woman of the nigh and an immediate onslaught of camera press people that crowded the hospital hall. Mrs. Shanan was a legend that no-one asked about several days after. I read such articles. I've always was interested how to earn on the market by investing several money.

The End

*I was wondering where all the charitable people went, I wasn't sure if this prospect of megalomany was the best invention in the wer when all the prognoses should have been pt to charity. This possibility was triggered by Jaka Halada who was the only representative who was capable to quench the sorrow. He was the sole icon of the project Garanoo, and I wasn't sure where to put my spoon. There was a lot of uproar about general legislature and bussiness meelie that stemed from the fact that someone migh soon to get to succeeding in charitable work-ditch.*

*Allan Letters(on)*

## Tended Stones

\deep Freeze

### Benjamin Allan Schmidt

Julian was walking here and there. He was very dissapointed in a manner that he hasn't been for a very long time. This time, said Dr. Ferber, you have to understand that a new religion is about to spring up in the Makara legues and might thwart the purpos of many. I wasn't shure if Sharlotte was so obidient as to listen to all this

when the Miocene thesis was so close to be discovered and analysed. There was a very powerful Meelie with several jeeps and a shevrolette as silver as a hair pin and Gaba Daka stood out of the expensive car with two guardians that flanked her like folage trees. There should be understood that you cannot dig or excavate in the vicinity of Parava to serve for justice of the Conglominy. You have been adviced Julian that such obstreperous and longevity problems might result in a postponement of your future career. The Garaha Nation might be thwarted with Perakal tribe sooner then the userpts from Batasa Nagala will be restored. It's not my bussiness Gaba, said Julian. We are serching for the possible finding of Miocene Landscapes called Stereotypical Mioceene Micro-ecosystems. We may be analysing our finds in the laboratories later on, over the winter. Do you want to tell me Julian That the miocene micro environments were a necessary part of the K/T boundary.

Exactly Gaba, said Julian. There was a very powerful glaciation that might have taken place towards the end of the pre-Miocene time and there is a possibility that the strong ice sheets with the possible existence of very high uranium counts might have made even some new species spring to life and therefore also interbreeding and outside birth for diminished forms of life. Oh, Julian. You are abhorrent, said Gaba. You don't understand Gaba, said Dr. Ferber. Those are butterflies that Julian is so concerned in. We have a good basical knowledge already, to presupose big findings of incredible lagre species on the bases of the Tended Stone Research. Do you want to tell me that the tended stone isn't actually a heart or a liver but more of a giant butterfly larvea, said Gaba. Exactly, Said Julian. We have a very powerful gnominy to suppose that taxonomy and precise dating might always and every time help us unreavl the mistery that every one is so scared about when he submitts his data.

You have two more months, Julian, to continue your research. Then we want you to diminish out of the excavs and prawl back to your laboratories.

Julian felt incredible happiness. People seemed to help him unreavl this mistery and he felt the Tended Stone research and the ensuing Brass Stone research migh percolate powerful results in the wintre labs.

I have to go buy a roll, said Jibi. You can, Said Sharlotte. Who's going to get you to the town? Asked Julian. I will. Said Perr. I can get him to the town for a small shopping in my Rolster. They were staring as Perr geared off with Jibi through the dense forest.

Sharlotte was occassionally feeling very good. She was supposedly, according to the rest of the team more concerned about her small notes rather then possible remedy to Julian's breakfast. There was a very good mood in the camp for the possible view of another several weeks in front of them.

Suddenly the wind slightly roze like foghorns from the dense high Pelorns and Jaka started screaming as she turned around. A large Pelargonis of the raptorian kind wherld the sky right above them like a large airplain. Run. Cried Julian. Run to the

cubicles.

Benjamin Schmidt alias **Allen Petterson** was born in 1983. He studied the FF, UK, Prague. His profuse traveling brought him to writing. He wrote Tended Stones I (Až napočítám do tří), and a collection of

Haiku. He is a song-writer and a musician, and currently resides in Prague.

As the Tended Stones II, leads us into a story of a high adventure. What hides behind the mystery of the unsoluble Miocene thesis? Julian and his daughter Cecil are investigating, as they go in search of their questions to be answered...

*Gill Bonmouth*

How beautiful Cried Dr. Ferber and was stoking his beard. That fool. Cried Julian, and ren to save him. The Meandropus Bird leached down at Julian at a terrific force and Julian fell to the ground unconscious. I have to save him, cried out Sharlotte but they held her back. I will erudite the creature cried Mud Kondee and pulled out a huge arm horn from the tent. The missile triggered right into the bird of pray and chunks of meat bogged down into the wet muddy sediment.



I had an interesting moment in Jaral where I bought a toy for Cecil, my daughter. Julian, said a monk whose name was renown in the hole East and a part of Karahaj. He was bettering the rocky bank that hemmed the upper part of the path with a couple of nice purple flowers. He recognised me by my gate. I have't been to the monastery for several years.

Julian lay with his mouth half imbeded in the grass and he suddenly realised. The calcification method might have been possible in the Peat surrounding Landscapes that the Miocene wafted with cold weather. Sharlotte was helping Julian to his feet and they were all laughing. The Stereotypical Landscapes. Said Julin. That's how it is, Said Dr. Fereber. And wiped his forehead with a napkin.

I arrived to the monastery through a bus stop right on a hill with a small sprawling town. I went up a little path and then begun circling a fence with a couple of old houses. I entered a narrow path that wound round the estate and got to a tree that might have been a hundred years old. This Ashram which name I won't disclose was solely reserved for seven buddhist monks that spent their time here all year round. I arrived at winter. An incredible time to travel even to Milan or Madras.

Ajhan, Ajhan. Julian is here, Venerable Pranapata went calling. The happiness and

deep peace that began vibrating through me was so calming that tears unstoppable went rolling down my face. Julian, said Ajhan and held my head for a moment. He came all the way up the garden to greet me.

Ajhan lead me through the winding path and I forgot tiredness with every step. This monastery was circled by large hills and fell into velligs and gorges with brooks of drinkable water. Come, Julian. You must be tired with your journey. Cecil might have been left impatient in Rome for she wanted to come with me, but her school exams were nearing close.

Ajhan

We set in the meditation hall and drank tea. Ajhan Karalata was sitting by my side. He was my favourite monk, or better still I had a different favourite monk called Maralata and Karalata was almost my friend. Me and Karalata simply enjoyed so much fun together. He was the only one who understood me. I never was sure if Ajhan understood me as well. It was possible that he did, and was so far progressed in his search for inner peace and holliness that he occassionally seemed oblivious to such basic logical moments. Karalata began to make faces. I understood that Ajhan was deep in meditation. They were just such funny lot. I never understood on what heaven this monastery stood. Ajhan woke up from his recital and I recited a prayer in a very old language. Then Karalata finished with a deep recital of panatilidata. I've come to meditate, I said to Ajhan. The winter is a very hard season for you to progress. Said Ajhan. I'm ready for iniciative Durba. We will see, said Ajhan and roze. He was the tallest representative of Kapar teaching in the whole West.

#### *Afterword*

Tended Stones on the themes of John Demoore is a prognoses for a deep freeze theory, that in Miocene around the K/T boundary, there was a possibility of the so called Miocene Stereotypical Environments, Stereotypical Landscapes. Massive glaciation according to my studies in several countries Ireland, France, Italy brought severe changes on surrounding Flora and Fauna. There is a possibility that Tended stones and Brass-stones might be found in nests of prehistoric extinct birds. Because I claim the possibility of other places of finds to be superficial, or beyond my interest.

*Allan Letters (on)*

Modelling dinosaur is not such an easy thing Jipi. Mad was saying that the possibility of utilising plasticine is a possibility valid of a master. I was never so certain about the boundaries of this science in a more professional way Julian. I think that if you surmount your goals to become so famous, you migt as well begin to mold with clay. There was a big problem with my freezer yesterday. I bought some odd marsh and had it freezed for two hours and before I could wake up from the stallwort silence, they started drawing me caravans from all over the country. Mak Jubi was interested in better prognoses for the day. He had his special pen for sighning dinosaurs in a genious sheat made of false leather. There was a lot of uproar as to who would first get to Switzerland and back without being ostracised and at the same time being able to meet some

interesting monks from the Kapa Religion. The possibility about Gara's return for winter labs was enough erudition as to leave us still in a frenzy that we should soon finish the job with best results and come back for home very soon. The resultant data were showing the Peatbogs possible for containing enough silica and natural chloride were completely amiss. Julian did not believe his finding would be based on false data until Dr. Ferber came and said that the possible answer might lead into a completely different world. How do you want to explain the Miocene theses Julian without being able to explain it through the peat.

I was speeding as a lightning bolt to catch up with Dharam in a wondrous happiness that something like an obstacle was definitely anything but what we could currently afford. I parked my Cadillac close to a Pontiac in a small quarter in Switzerland and became an immediate target of onlookers. There was the only way how to hide himself and that was to disappear to a hotel.

I generally was never keen to rise eyes on public places but the fact that I appeared in the hotel lobby with my hat still on was enough to disinterest several mediators. I would like to make a call. I said to Jina Had. The lobby interpreter and mediator to put me through the line to my daughter in Italy. I was sitting in the lobby room and thought of Irna and Danam back in Ireland. I sipped my coffee and tried once again to put this jig-saw puzzle together. There was an interesting mat on the table and I was trying to read the advertisement on chocolate. There was a time when I wanted to invest into Frency Chocolate and possibly solve the mystery of my future success, but I received only on call and congratulations that I even wanted to participate. There was this sandstone crevice I remembered that looked exactly like the kookee I got to my espresso and I remembered the limestone from France. I wasn't sure if this would be possible. Cecil was put through to my receiver and I got served theatrically with several Melngins [Biscuits with a poleve]. Cecil was to me ever more reproachful as she grew older but I was always ascertained that she meant in a joke. It's not in the peat, daddy, she would say. The peat is a false and misleading gnomy. Dr. Ferber came into the hotel lobby. He was shaking, and sweating all over. I resolved the mystery Julian, said Dr. Ferber. The answer is. And he put a piece of sandstone paper on the table. I never knew my day. And handed Dr. Ferber the receiver. Yes, it's sandstone, Cecil, said Dr. Ferber to my daughter. You can make the experiment. Through calcium and chloride the tanned stones got saturated in nests upon sandstones. So you don't think that there was a large glaciation that took place? Asked Cecil. There was said Dr. Ferber. Because Calcite and Sandstone thaw at low temperatures. I never understood Dr. Ferber, and my puppet show was over.

**A versatile story of success.** *Jill Bonmouth*

**An Incredible adventure, plus a guide to the beginning of modelling Dinosaurs.** *Pen Guord*

*The excavations were a wonderful possibility to acknowledge that after such a long time out, there was a wonderful prospect of seeing something normal in one's household. Gourn Jini was speeding down the road to catch up with a wonderful evening and there was a possibility that she might soon attain enough knowledge to prepare tools for modeling dinosaurs. The possibility for Pleistocene modelling was an interesting...*

# The Lost Toomba



**Benjaim Allan Schmidt**

*Musical instruments percolation essay*

*There is a possibility of escheving instruments in a half-professional performance with a legible result of percolation. The body receives the stimulus from the past performance and the instruments vibrate in a logical prognoses. I myself in my study was interested in percolating Piano, Guitar, Irish floote and the Indian sitar. There should be a logical diminishment in the quality of voice prognoses and music prognoses for a test or an experiment. I subdued myself to a successful experiment with a prognostic percolation with the result of E string bass. The resultatnt soud can be also written down as {Growing dime}. There is a very powerful possibility of interlocking the sound of words with the emty note. Logical progneses for texts were taken out of psychological literature.*

*The logical tuning can differ according to some prognoses for current geanras of music and can be altered accordingly. Are you sure Julian that your instruments are the best prognoses for a better prospect of seeing the music thrive? I'm just a scientist Mer. I cannot possibly logicaly surmount the constant pressure that has been put on my to have occassionaly a little bit of peace and privacy for practicing a couple of notes. There might be an intersting interlude for a different option.*

6 <sup>th</sup> fret	4 <sup>th</sup> fret	2 <sup>nd</sup> fret	4 <sup>th</sup> fret
/ o	/ o	o	o
o /	the same	o	o
/ o		/	/
o		o	o
/		o	o
o		o	o
o			
o /	Flute. E, g, e F e d...		
/ o	Sitar C, d, e,f,e,d		
o	Piano, C,d,e,f,e,d, /c,e,e,f,e,d, / c,e,e,f,e,e		
/	can be played on one instrment..		

Julian woke up and did not understand the day. The landscape was frozen and he found himself deep in the Miocene. Large birds were swinging and swooshing from the air and trying to catch its pray on the vast beaches. There was a strong odour of blood and general feeling of unquiet. There weren't any volcanoes as far as one person could see and Julian found himself in the locality of Western Europe. The large ocean was beating against the frozen sea and the shores were covered with several metres of thick ice sheets. A large prehistoric bird swooshed to the ground and caught a small dinosaur in its claws. The smaller birds often hid the most precious of the pray in their nests.

I looked down to where she was lying, my Magpie. She looked horrific when I found her by the roadside; injured by the incessant hum of cars, going and coming out of the town. It might well have been my neighbour John, going on a scrimmage early in the morning, and hitting the bird as it was packing on my magnolia outside my precinct. I picked it up and cuddled it as it was wrapped up in a large woollen sock. 'If I were You, I would flick it straight to McCullions!' Remarked Sergeant Murphy, with his grin. He was impatiently towering next to me, and looking intently at the bird. Apparently unaware that Lucy, as I nicknamed her, was already getting better.

Sergeant Murphy was my regular visitor. He would come unlooked for and unwanted every time I least needed his assistance. He seemed impatient today, but strangely in a good mood. He gently kicked a couple of times onto the wicker basket where the Magpie rested from my grip and shook his head. People in this country don't say neither hello, nor good-by, he said. He opened his sedan, four-wheel, and got in. He had been gone before you could say She sells she shells.

People liked me in this region. And my neighbours always helped me with so much. McAlice came the other day in her range-rover and brought me a jumper. She didn't know that I had already purchased four thick blankets downtown to brave the winter.

The whole thesis was a crux to a comfortable life. Though here in Dido, the summer resort for Karala coming incessantly downtown for icecream, it seemed little bit too biased. The rules are strict here Julian, you have to mind your job, Antony said to me once. He was my closest neighbour, just across the road. A mason by trade, and an Italian expatriot, he did wonderful teracotas with Celtic motives and we became good friends. I wonder what it is, this mutuality, I asked once half-myself, standing on my 2,45 mile stretch of beach with a boat perched in the middle. We seem to be understood only in locomotion.

I worked for a half-year in Kara. A city so opulent that when I first visited it, my eyes got this strange wet feeling and my throat remained speechless. I worked as an accountant for the local firm Hardis & Son. Occasionally earning my extras by basking with a couple of musical instruments. Nothing mattered here. All seemed to be strangely obliterated by a bubble of timelessness. I' here say that some interesting aspects of Ire we completely put out of my mind as I scummaged for a buiscuite

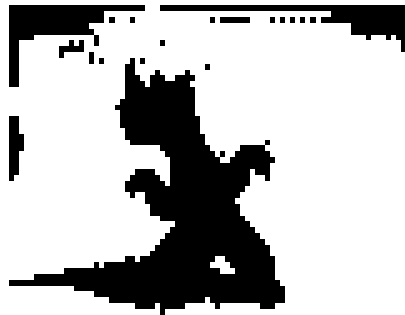


# Text book **for** modelling Dinosaurs

There are different ways how to model Dinosaurs, and how to approach modelling generally. You have to, or should, understand that modelling generally is almost a result of drawing. There are different ways how to approach drawing.

My Miocene thesis for surviving large reptiles.

*1a/Footnotes- You should understand that drawing...*



## Afterword

Dinosaurs can be mostly molded out of plasticine or clay. There are also older techniques that used to be the predecessors of these two, such as lithography and copperplate.

*Allan Petters(on)*