Some time wrote short stories for magazines like Vanity Fair

I don’t think that I can’t write stories, said Agatha

How do you know, said her mother

You’ve never tried.

And she went to find a pencil and papel

Soon after Agatha

A strange story about dreams

You must try again said her mother

She was a little disappointed

oH dear

What whow i do now?

Mr Felpoth is a good writter

Agatha went to London in train

The train was not so fast in those date