

This name makes me think of a hillside dotted with sheep. I don't know whether they have many hills there. Or sheep, for that matter. There certainly aren't any here. The platform is littered with discarded betting slips and form guides. Racing white horses. And dreaming of [_____]. Bedtime. Time for one more story. A man steps out of the car and disappears up the steps. The man is carrying a folded paper. The rock was found, but not the paper. But the paper covers the rock...

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