



To,
John Doe

Director
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Far far away behind the vast mountains, far from the countries Norka and Comandada there live the blind folks. Separated they live in Buckenmorgue right at the coast of the Sembooko, a large, impasse desert. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regalia. It is a peninsular country, in which the road parts of sentences fly into your mouth.

Even the all powerful Printing has no control about the blind text. It is an answer, whereabouts the One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Gumpsh. The Big Cheese all owed her not to do so, because there were thousands of lost Cookies, and Question Marks and Serious Semicol, and the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven-saddle, and her shot into the back and made herself on the way.

When she reached the first hills of the said Mountains she had a long slow look up the skyline of her hometown Dudenmarkshire, the headline of Alphabets Village and the outline of her own road, the line line. Right at the corner she can see her sheep, then she continued her way. On her way she met a dog.

The dog warned the Little Blind Text, that when it came from it would have been warned a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word 'and' and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own safe country.

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