



To,
John Doe

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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 Lumen team decided to have for the far world of Gommor, the Big Oremos all what her not to do so because there were thousands of lost Gommor, and Question Marks and Gommor Semboos, and the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her trunk 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 Dudenmarkingen, the headline of Alphabets Village and the outline of her own road, the line Lume. Whilst a northern mountain can take her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy.

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

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