

Hamburgfestiv

The quick
brown fox
jumps over
the lazy dog

Kjøre nåsire Fer Herdig. Nyn
exec 6 Telädjuple: naširi são žych â
ynä hæves à un heme Czy gewer en
dlegra že je rým ques nocuk s sing altô
przoof pá vola cast. V. Nod ađi pá
ó cu ate 16 10 45 En siđa finan,
s'ine eüre góra kücün sã expe 'yandus

I am Buffalo Bill's horse. I have spent my life under
his saddle—with him in it, too, and he is good for two hundred
pounds, without his clothes; and there is no telling how much he
does weigh when he is out on the war-path and has his batteries
belted on. He is over six feet, is young, hasn't an ounce of
waste flesh, is straight, graceful, springy in his motions, quick
as a cat, and has a handsome face, and black hair dangling
down on his shoulders, and is beautiful to look at; and nobody
is braver than he is, and nobody is stronger, except myself.
Yes, a person that doubts that he is fine to see should see him
in his beaded buck-skins, on my back and his rifle peeping

Jim Nightshade