

# Hamburgfestiv

The quick  
brown fox  
jumps over  
the lazy dog

Kjøre nášöre Fer Herdig. Nyn  
exec 6 Telädjúple: našírí 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 eûre góra küçün 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