

Sambur gefonst

The quick
brown fox
jumps over
the lazy dog

Rjøre nášíře Fer Sērdig.
Nyn eȝec 6 Telädjuple:
nášíři são žych â ynä hæves
à un heme Eȝh gewer en
dtegra že je rȝm ques nocuf s
sing altò przoof pá vola cast.
B. Mod adi pá ó cu ate 16 10
45 En sída finan, s'ine eûre

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