

Hamburgefonsti

The quick
brown fox
jumps over
the lazy dog

Kjøre nášíře Fer Herdig. Nyn
exec 6 Telädjúple: našíří são
zych â ynä hæves à un heme Czy
gewer en dęegra že je rým ques
nocuk s sing altò przoof pá vola
cast. V. Nod ađi pá ó cu ate 16 10
45 En síđa finan, s'ine eûre góra
küçün sã expe ‘yandus quil în
go delig der sözeć, Ann.' j'écil,
Gam gørtin får quentã în brați

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 above his shoulder,
chasing a hostile trail, with me going like the wind