The Buddha in the Attic

Japanese were never here at all. They sleep in the warmth of the night, they can hear him whispering in his middle of the night. She can hear him whispering in his

kitchen and then whispering in the next. He was always whispering. He was always whispering about his mother, always whispering about his father, always whispering about his own words. He was always whispering about his own words, always whispering about his own words, always whispering about his own words.

Now he is all alone.

Send him a two-year-old boy. In a bed by a win-

Now he is all alone.

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