

Stay sitting on the other side of the table, in front of your seat. Your chair is empty. Pick papers and distribute game for two people before me and before your seat. Letters before your seat stand alone having cold because no one picked up the hand that you fainted. Taking over my papers, and closed his eyes. With eyes closed to see you sitting in your chair and we hand you the letters of the game which feel very happy. Thou, fixed in front of me with a tender one when you realize that as I usually do with foul play. Mother comes in your left arm and likewise as bone tana letters to my boss tells me. Dad, what have you? Letters of the game to fall bi table and hand shakes more effective chest. Eyes to swell. Power leaves, grap the chest and say ...my eyes oppend. See towards the chair which is empty. Teardrop falls on the table and fills a space formed, but your chair is empty. I continued crying on that table which was witnessed as you went near the Lord. I look back on the other side and I see you be supposed to come to me, but a glass and a frame stopped you. You sit there frozen in that file browsing greedily your seat to which you can not sit. It seems as if to hear the steps, opened the door, but inside you enter here. Introduced a measure air filled with boring. You can not enter the doors opened from me, because you have entered the door of paradise that it has opened for. Peter. I have only one message for you dad. Say hello to my grandmother.