

**Strak d Nobla Nol
OKO DID A SMA**

Trav rgi btina la bo blaki mers lu k trao mosi d "Dublin" e Norti Bents. Xismi xo e bo vax lita. Goto na la olbo tod sim vi lxo. La etra dosi kojim e to kviza b sda moada. Kal fogo e spro b rgi silen. Abita tod kdo nmobi. Rap. N spro ca...! Kuker n dso ned kd ... on varku tra port. La bolbo cl des kdo nc rpra. La sao e do a ned. Su tik limpi. Na la ado d exa za e luj fu. Des silen. Spro. Nox ygo c timi dosa e do b dolsi. Npro oj la fao d lad c kviza. La fagi, co a co do. La zdo. Kao zap e nc kro etra linza kao. Pulsu mino. Erz ks n do. Oj npro. Silen. Smo domo. Fag. La domo. Ned sao. B exa kta ida do a su tik. La tiko: N po so! La n pilo. La go rgi trur.

(dodes ...)

**Extract of the Novel Nol
EIGHT DAYS A WEEK**

Through the wide large windows, she scrutinizes dark tides in the distance that bring her memories of Dublin and the winds of the north. Snooping, she bends over in the carpet and aim under the bed. Savoring the moment, she forgets everything, and she couches in the splendid bed. She leans back among soft cushions, and it supports the head on the silk pillow. The heat is suffocating and she waits in an absolute silence. In the room everything is immobile. Suddenly. Unexpectedly it happens...! Anyone would silence startled when,... a ship warned from its arrival to the port. She returns herself after being left without breathing. It distinguishes it and she returns to the hole. Their mind is clean of thought. Momentarily she enjoys that tranquility and perishable luxury. Again. The silence. She waits. The night it arrives with a lukewarm softness, and she goes her sinking in a sweet sleepiness. Closing eyes, it sketches a light inclination with the head. Out, little by little, she gives way. It gives. Fall their shoes, and without seeking it, wrapped in sheets she leans toward a side. The pulse is reduced. The heart hardly beats. The eyes close. Silence. It seems to be sleeping. Fatigue. She sleeps. It's not known. It is during that still that an idea goes to its mind. She thinks: It cannot be!. She doesn't understand. It trembles. It is startled blind of terror.

(To be continued)