

The Nest

by Kog Zadare

I am reaching out at you, to you from the nest. From the nest, please come to the nest, to see me and to hear my life story. From the nest I go, and then I arrive at the nest, suddenly, just in time to be within the bounds of the next instant. I go on and only then do I stare at the colours of the nest, the ones that I can not fathom, impossibly new to my beak, as if they were just those things that would in the days to come be named 'sick nest fodder'.

We are in the nest, here we are in the nest. This burning sun lit nest. We are going to talk about the nest now. Don't you care at all about the nest? Will you have a chat about the nest with us? We are going to see about the nest now. We are going to hear of the nest now. Will you hear the story of the nest now? Will you come with me into the nest? You are in the nest, you must see the nest now.

Bright nesting colour is all over the nest at this time, the far flung nest. Come and see the nest at last, before the end.

Yes, I go on into the nest and travel by all the odd things that are strewn all along the many miles of long stork built roads of the nest, and the fine nest roads that we are so proud to own, I pass them too, here on my way to the nest. It is me, the wonderful Cosimo de' Stork, who is about to clop and clip his way along the wide nest lanes of the nest, and for who knows what reason, except that I must begin at last to clop and clip in the nest.

At first blush, the nest. So be this nest of ours. You are in the nest, go to the nest, leave the nest only to enter this nest and to scramble along the high walls of the nest. To the nest at last, the nest.

The sullen vert sheets of grassy moss fodder makes me teeter, and almost fall into the green landscape, of the nest, like water it all rolls for Cosimo de' Stork of the nest. I almost cry to be alive in the nest hills, as if a thing so nest like, I can not talk about it, was right before my beak. How tragic!

If only the caterpillar would fill in our ignorance about the nest with restful knowledge of the nest workings, but no he doesn't do it. Won't do it?

We look out from the nest and in a barbaric way we can still sense things in the nest, fully deadened to the nest. We walk the miles of nest strewn nest roads, as if in vain. How sublime!

There have never been any organic nest eggs in the nest, this is just a complete fabrication. A rumour started by a nest toad. Let's go see the nest, shall we? The nest toads do exist and live, tsk tsk I say to them.

If you will be kind enough to come along to the nest, from the nest, and then to the nest, we will be glad to see you in the nest, if you would be so kind as to enter, come with us. Come to the nest from the nest and be with the nest, at last the nest.

I see the heap of nest twigs, going down and around the nest and toppling up into the air of the nest.

I am going to at last set down all the peaces of nest clippings for reintegration into the fabric of the nest, and along with this, I'll build a nest. Refrigerators are a rare thing in the nest, only the rich of the

nest can afford ice water. They ship it in with barrels, from the high nestlands.

Clippy-clop and then a bit of cloppity-clip, noises in or from the general direction of the nest are heard at all hours. I don't like to see an animal with a foot trapped in the nest, but it does happen.

The organic nest eggs are not full eggs, they are nothing of the kind. There are no organic nest eggs, never have been. These are rumours of the nest. They float around the nest.

We are in the nest at last, some nest pigeons are fluttering up into the crevices of the nest sky, but then they sink into the green nest sea. I see many things of tedious banality, sordid banality, in the nest.

I am already, before the start, so far behind in my work, how can I construct a nest without the proper materials? This nest is not without its faults and wrinkles like an old women's humiliating grasp at a penis. What the young nest dwellers fear most is humiliation, the old ones too, that and being slaughtered outright. The cruelty of the nest is astounding to a man of sense. I walk through the nest and can hardly move, can hardly take a step. There will no doubt be a time when I too can walk into the nest, some day.

The pink rapidity of the rose nest trees, how they blush at the sight of the nested sun. The colours of the nest castles and town houses I will build will be like those of the swirling, speckled nest fly, who lives by the floating, falling sea mush.

Don't disrupt the nest. Keep the nest in good order and make the nest less of a mess. I love that dear nest of ours and will save it from any nest defacement, if I can do that much, for the nest.

It's kind of a mixed up thing, this nest. So many famous nest dwellers have failed to understand it, nor its reason for being a nest, rather than a nest. I walk through the nest all too often, so much the worse for it.

I hear the echo before it gets here, before it reaches us here in the nest parts of the nest, I hear the clapping echo of the clip and the clop of the nest beasts, getting oh so much closer to us here in the nest. I am Cosimo de' Stork and I am here to tell you about my days in the nest. I am here to tell of life in the nest. Of all the places there may be, the nest is one of them, and it is always the nest, no matter where you go in the nest, must be the nest you reach.

It really does sadden me at times, this nest of ours. I must build the nest into greatness at last! Or, sink into the nest pit.

You see the rojo swirl up into your emotionally disturbed cranium and you want to scuttle in the green of the nest.

I think today I shall go take a stroll through the nest, I would stay all alone in the nest, but it's too much.

I shudder to think that it is perfectly possible to direct the building of the nest in all kinds of wrong headed directions. They say to just do as one sees fit and the rest will follow, like death. Sometimes I shudder in the nest and can not take it, I take it, but while shuddering, still.

Yes, we walk and walk along the nest lanes. We go into the nest parts, burrow and worm into them, at last we are asleep in the final nest.

A speeding expanse is what they must have wanted to make out of our nest, but that was fine from my side of it all, I thought ok. I built, built, built and I thought at last we can build this nest properly. We

must have a hold over the shopkeepers, along the nest boulevards, if we are ever to get this nest project in to a proper perspective, to get it off the nest and into the sky!

The undersea nest houses blur in the tidal waters, but they have a kind of tragic charm, a special charm of nest water.

If I see a toad around the nest I know that the influence of Albizur is wafting out into the nest regions and in short, to everywhere in the nest.

The odd parts of the nest are part of the nest as well, in peculiar portions they come to play in the scheme of the nest. How can we live in the nest? Are we going to get lost in the nest and be drawn under the tide pool of the nest and disappear in the last of the nest? Do you care about the nest? What a tease the nest is.

Here I am with the nest. Will you live in the nest, although you must go through the nest?

I go through the margins of the nest and test every part for quake lines and fraction points, I'm just going to establish this nest in the right way, so it won't fall. I walk and survey all the parts of the nest and go all along the nest, at last at daybreak I see the nest.

Some say my face is the face of one who has something to say. No doubt this is attributable or this is because I have a tall stork face with a protruding lip and a scowling forehead like a true talk allot. I also have a red eyebrow and a red hair tuft over my brown, hairy head. I reach out from my triangular window in the nest and nearly suffocate when I see how many skulls are strewn about the nest. This is when my hair tuft goes white and shudders in place and falls from off the face of this nest bird. There is much I must do in the nest before the last nest call.

I wonder if I will die in the nest like my forefathers before my time. As I walk through the nest I pick up my pace and begin at last to trot along the roads of the nest. This carnival of a nest they have given us to dwell in, the great nest.

By the caterpillar, I shall make this nest great. A great nest is in the budding, so says Cosimo de' Stork of the nest.

I live in the nest and see them all as they burrow through the nest and go all around the nest in circles and drink up the parts of the nest that they desire to drink up. Drunkenness of the nest is seen. I walk in the nest and through the nest.

I want to build some bluzel houses, with stalking nest farms. They will have stacked floors that cascade into the nest.

There are strange blue nest hills that get right up next to the sky of the nest. I see all the skys of the nest, and pass through them.

With your magnifying glass, if you have it at the ready like a good scout, you will see all the rusty flakes in the bulwark of the nest. The nest is still in the stone age. In some regions of the nest, I hear rumours of nest beast sacrifice, self flagellation, terminal illness and other sublime tragedies of nest life, normal nest life.

It is shameless the way Albizur moves through the nest, and wears unrounded, unwieldy hats, like he were a nest hen.

I am walking through the nest and going to all the outer parts of the nest. I see the most protruding parts of the nest for what they are, outcrops of nest hair.

I see a nest girl with a curved face walking through the nest, as if she were alone in the sight of the mighty nest. She walks in curves

around the oblong roads of the nest and hopes against hope for some secret nest thing of her own.

Some of these nest hens are just obscene, the way they flout, flut and gluter in the nest and plump down into the nest parts, without a thought about the oddness of their private lives in the nest.

Why is Albizur forever in the nest! They say it is beneath my dignity to curse at him, but what is a better occupation for a man of just temperament then to fight for the exposure of nest criminals and the denouncement of their petty obscenities and dirty ways. Albizur claims to be a true artist of the nest, so we will see about this claim that he lays out and hopes to hatch into the nest. I see the nest has it is and do not fear the truth of the nest, not in the least.

The patterns they carve into the nest walls show some kind of odd nest wisdom, I can't understand a thing about these nest patterns. They must have something to do with the nest philosophers organic egg. Gibberish, nest bunk.

What is that thing I heard in the nest once? Can I have heard anything in this nest. I must have once been going through the nest and sort of heard a sound or something blatant like a sound. I only go through the nest like anyone. I am just a simple harvest man of the nest, a true stork of the harvest.

I am tragically confused as I walk bowlegged and slender footed through the markets of the nest. I sample the nest berries and they are not bad. The sinewy nest vines are ripe picking, along the avenues of the nest.

I want to build a thorn house, with a long opaque face of plastered and reflective beige, and with little shattered holes for nest windows.

Why should the toads expect an immediate answer to all the problems of the nest, impassable, non starter.

I go through the nest, but can not reach the nest. If I were to reach the nest I would have to at once go on, to go on to the nest, If I get to the nest I can not contemplate the nest, no.

I saw a wacky chick in the nest, perfectly rich, like a nest hen. Rich as a peach, rich as a dog.

The nest does not approve of oddness and weirdness, in its official capacities. It would be hard to see how it would be able to. How it would be able to break down the laws of physics. The nest is after all, only the nest.

I walk and hop through the nest on my long legs and am not impeded by any living or dead matter, by the nest twigs or the finished corners. The corners look rounded in the nest. So I walk along the ways of the nest and cross through the nest. I go about the nest.

The toads say the nest is just a thing of meek glory and not to be haunted by its sweet prattle. Don't let that prattle nest in your ear, they must talk like that in their toad dens. I walk about the nest and prepare to really build up the nest.

What is this new nest that I dream of, horrifying dream of the nest.

A little rojo ended up spilling out over the side of the nest and caused much commotion, yesterday in the nest.

look at the nest, as it goes on forever. I would like to think, to dream, that some day the nest dwellers will receive a better portion of good fortune. The life of the nest is no joke, to them, to us, for the nest.

Even black beetle legs get caught in the nest and in time become an integral part of the nest so when you go along the nest don't be surprised by anything or everyone will know you are a stranger to the nest but we all are here in the nest getting ready to build the nest.

You try to tell them that it's not like that in the nest, they absolutely won't believe you.

I see floating orbs in the sky, they twist and move geometrically around the nest and remain within the nest at all times. We go across the nest many times in the length of an hour or longer.

Why should I always clip in the nest, go through the nest always clipping, when in any case, without much more trouble, I could surely clop in the nest and do a bit of fine clopping.

They advertise the sale of organic nest eggs, lies. I follow one of the barbarian nest egg profiteers to his haunt, he asks me if I am a stork, why do you ask, just wondering he says.

Live in the nest, die in the nest. What time is there to survey all the parts of the nest? I make claims to the legal authority over the regions of the nest. I get things going in the nest. I wheel and deal in the nest. I buy up all the scraggy, hum drum junk piles that can be useful or that are useless in the nest, just buy them all up.

The dirty toad Albizur lives in the nest. If you can call that a life fit to be lived in the nest. If you can call Albizur a toad. He just stands all primping and arrogant in his fine nest robes of silk, in the open air of the nest and with a look unseemly to a nest toad he goes about the nest saying things and clomping his toad feet about.

When I start to get my network going, it gets going in the nest. I employ many men and wagons in the nest. I set them all to do their

many trades in the nest and they get going in the nest and the nest gets to be as great as a nest as can be in the nest. I, Cosimo de' Stork, do these things inside the bounds and around the areas of the nest.

I look to the distant parts of the nest and see the nest as it is. I see the nest as it is and make haste. I know the nest and how to do things in the nest. I am a true son of the nest, a true believer in the nest. I love the nest with the conviction of truth.

I'm going to build some structures along the desert of the nest that look more like octopus entrails than houses.

I burn across the nest and build up the nest and slip into the nest holes of the nest. I go to the rounds of the nest and do a peripatetic grand walking tour along the vile walls of the nest, and I go to the nest.

Sometimes I become exhausted by the extent of the nest and have to change my underwears in the nest.

I walk through the nest, climb through the nest, get up on the nest and scramble through the nest, I move at a clip through the nest and find my way blind through the nest, like a blind stork of the flying nest I flutter in the nest.

I must build the nest, for this I must have been hatched into the nest and I claw at the very fibers of the nest with my clapping hooves.

I get up on the nest and start to gaze at all the nest creatures and I begin to loose my temperamental constraints and begin to fall into a yelping parade ground of whupping growls and beak curdling screeches, soon I am again composed and gain the better part of my composer as I stand at a part of the nest. I stand above the nest, turn of phrase is all it is.

Oh, I am walking up the streets of the nest and have confused the nesters sufficiently that they don't see my stork face. They just get to their slaving and praising themselves on their great accomplishments, so I have begun to build the nest to the tune of tragic greatness. Such will be my downfall, I, Cosimo Storkalbee, of the nest buzz like a fat hornet.

As I stand, my gaze falls upon the nest. My seeing eye looks into the nest. My face casts shadows over the nest. I don't notice the nest at all. If I had a heart I should be broken by the suffering of the nest, no, don't care at all.

I am Cosimo the bumble nest, a humble man of the nest.

I go into the nest to bring wondrous glory and beautiful and sublime peace to the nest, yes, tragic peace to the nest.

Some of the lights from my new nest houses will twirl while still others will shimmer along the nest waters.

If you are trying to put your foot into the nest then you have to run a bit, even to jump, even to reach the nest. Then you must build, enslave, and build up the nest at last. You start to build the nest and the slaves say look papa, at our good work. You have begun to enslave the nest at long last. Oh, by golly the nest at long last!

I do not know what all our efforts in the nest will come to, they may all be for not, and fleeting as a non existing nest wall.

My wagons pull my goods through the nest and to the nest. Throughout the nest my goods travel and go to the far corners of the nest. My men lug it all up the sides of the nest and down the crevasses of the nest. My goods go into the nest and are of the nest. My goods too are a part of the nest as a whole.

The scurrilous beasts of the nest will have to be treated for their disorders in the nest, and forcible expenses must be allowed on this crucial matter of the nest.

I love to see how the nest twists and burns at the corners. I am here to help the nesters out of their corner burns although I am no better than a common nester. I love to build things in the nest and to buy up the whole nest and to make new arts and toys along the floors of the nest and in the snarled parts of the nest.

Sometimes Albizur is so brash, he says you wouldn't understand a true genius of the nest if one stood absolutely right next to your face.

I go into the nest and travel through the nest and worry for the nest dwellers and scrimp and scrap, I ride my carriage through the lanes of the nest and drink fine nest juice.

Albizur the toad travels along the byways of the nest and plans to poison me. Albizur the toad is always around the light twigs of the nest, gnawing into them.

I hail from the nest, I am Cosimo de' Stork. I am the great patron of the nest men.

I saw someone standing at the edge of the nest, conspiring with a yellow toad. It must have been one of Albizur's kin. At the edge of the nest the little toad conspired to bring a plague into the nest along with the yellow toad. Then latter I heard toad Albizur say 'the nest is doomed.' as if he were saying a curse to the nest, and all in the nest he wanted to doom. I saw the yellow toad go into the nest and after awhile the yellow toad disappeared into the nest and was seen by me no longer. The twigs around the edges of the nest seemed displaced and frazzled.

Men and long beaked warblers flutter about the nest, in their mission to better the nest. We set out to add more twigs to the edges of the nest. We build the nest and add more twigs to the nest.

I move at a clip throughout the nest and its bounds. I clip and clop in the nest. Some take me for a horse in the nest; I am not a horse: I am Cosimo de' Stork and I hail from the nest.

Clipity-cloptity goes Cosimo de' Stork. Cloptity-clipity goes Cosimo de' Stork. Who are you Cosimo de' Stork? Cosimo de' Stork of the nest. I'm just the one to walk in the nest by the day light or in the night time of the nest. I am Cosimo de' Stork who is at your nest service.

I took a penguin women to wife in the nest and bedded her down in the nest. We had a penguin wedding soup along the roof of the nest and birthed our penguin kinder in the nest. We built a Penguin wedding bed in the nest and broke it into a thousand nest junks so as to build a higher nest in the nest. We made penguin love in the nest and were soon tragical divorced in a legal nest provision. We stood along the balconies of the nest and traveled to distant parts of the nest as the nest moon burned into the eyes of the filthy vagabond Albizur of toad.

When something tragically wondrous happens in the nest Albizure tries to take credit for it, he stumbles up to the spot and demands ownership.

Cosimo de' Stork has long legs, very. He has legs so long as to stride all out over the long nest and to trip all over the parts of the nest and to set all men to making the nest great.

I am Cosimo de' Stork, a man about the nest, a man who means to better the nest. My network reaches out into the nest and they try to

poison me in the nest. I, Cosimo de' Stork must go through the nest unharmed.

I get things going in the nest. All things and beasts are fluttering about the nest and in the nest. I build things in the nest. I, the great Cosimo de' Stork, stand in the nest.

Darling nest, bare your breast, once again the nest has called. A poem of the old nesters...what rubbish.

He takes his legs with him when he goes to the nest. Cosimo de' Stork goes from the nest and enters the nest. Do not call me Cosimo de' Stork. My name may be Cosimo de' Stork, but I will not suffer to be called Cosimo de' Stork.

There was a dirty and vile creature called the toad who lived in the nest. The toad could scarcely be seen in the nest, it went half a twigs length and then it traveled half a half of a twigs length and then it went away from the nest and towards the nest. Of all things in the nest the toad was the most vile. It tried to break the nest laws without getting caught and succeeded.

I breathe in the nest, fuck in the nest, turn in the nest. I fall knee deep in the nest and trundle into the nest places of the nest.

Cosimo de' Stork is of the nest and nests in the nest. I do not go south for the winter, I stay in the nest. I fly from the nest to the nest and having arrived at the nest I leave to search for the nest.

The sound of hooves on nest is regular, regularly heard. The sound of nest on hooves is in the mind mixed up chicks and bunny frogs. Bee hives and turtle doves grow in the nest.

The silence of the nest is deeper then anything human. When no sound reaches the nest the nest is in an unusual state.

The nest goes on past the human.

I want the brightness of the nest to be seen and I force them all to unearth it and light the nest with it and the hidden reserves of the nest are what I draw up and cast into the nest, all about it.

I Cosimo de' Stork am in the nest and walking through the nest.

How is it that the caterpillar can bear with this dirty toad in the nest? Is the toad too a part of the nest. Who has time to ponder on these things? To think on them...

Albizur of toad was walking along one of the nest lanes and I saw him there, right in the open nest.

Cosimo de' Stork, being I myself, see the limits of the nest. There are no limits to this nest. I see the nest with my gaze. Feel the nest with my pumping heart flesh. Taste the nest with my gouged out liver. I must go always in the nest and around the nest. I hate the nest. The low flying carp are swimming through the nest and over the nest is the sun and a sheet of light. Your all in a great sheet of light. The nest is a great sheet of light.

A beast scrunched its head out into the windy black and orange sky of the nest. It looked forlorn as a sad beast.

I have sent my wagons to my workhouses in the nest. My machines are buzzing in the nest. My artisans turn paper into voluminous space in the nest. The wondrous aspects of the nest are being sung by Cosimo de' Stork. I truly clip and clop in the nest!

Pink and fenced off metallic bricks are strewn along the nest in order to keep out the toad infestations. I don't really think it's a fair way of doing things, but the toads are really trying to pull the nest

down. I see the edges of the pink nest and go to the edges of the rojo nest, and rest in the nest.

I don't know if he would have escaped from the nest, even given the chance. The spinning lite fields of the nest had him hypnotized and he was tearing at the brick and rounded nest parts.

The horse goes clipity clopity through the nest. There, to be sure, are no horses in the nest. I go through the nest and plan to add twigs to the side of the nest. I go up into the nest and plan to build a seat to relax in the nest. I have the plans drawn up and call the nest men to carry them out. I whip the nest men if they do not slave fast enough, but this is hardly necessary as they scream with pride of their hard nest work with dirty looks of absolute relish. I own all the nest men and build the nest into the stacks of the sky. The sky explodes with nest birds and thunders all over the place.

The underground parts of the nest snake on, a good long way.

Watch out for the explosive nest tree bursts of thistles and rounded red blotches of nest cones. Do not underestimate the difficulties to be met in the outer parts of the nest, nor here in the nest center.

I go into the nest by night and exit the nest by summer light. I see the nest and drink in the localities of the nest and cross from the nest to the nest across pantaloon bridges and floating portcullises in the nest.

The toad is ugly, and he calls out a curse on the nest. 'the nest is doomed' says the disgusting beastly toad, the toad of the nest. the yellow toad of the nest must be an agent of Albizur the toads'. I see Albizur laugh at the edge of the toad maze on a peak in the region of the nest. His face is all beastly gravitas, though he laughs, wicked Albizur of toad.

I walk and I clop in the nest and along the long haring bird stretches of the nest forest, I go. I am in the nest, I am in this nest.

A bed of nest bees was swarming and put a halt to construction of a mighty nest compound near the nest river.

I see my wagons making good progress through the nest, at last they will build the nest. My workmen shall establish the nest in perpetuity, forever make it stand. We shall prop up the nest and make it a greatness of nest works. We shall see the nest tower and be a great nest of great nest proportion. How tragic it all is, tears come to my eyes as I look out over the nest.

I can see all across the nest and all around the nest and I go to all the places of the nest in my nest car which is built to contain a nest phone. When phoned words go into the nest they cloud with the nest edges.

Albizur the toad nest toad of yellow sulphuric
acid
Cosimo of the stork nest nest nest green nest
chunks
 red nest building the nest a nest toad
 the nest the nest then set nest
 broken nest wall nest buildings
 chunks of lost nest parts

Don't bother me, I'm looking at a nest clump as it grows.

I see many patches of the nest that are unfinished, by the nest makers. I hire more nest makers, and still more. I set out to finish all the parts of the nest and to bring the nest to a completely new standard of nest greatness. If the nest were to be brought up to

code, it would at once fail to be worthy of the nest and just at that moment, or a little before then. I know all this nest building can only end tragically, as with all nests.

I place a clump dwelling with oblong walls along the nest rosa and green nest hill.

I stand with a nest pear and munch, munch like a nest boy munches. Some of the slaves think that they are men, real men in the nest, and then it is that they go and gnaw at the barley and oats of the nest walls, as they themselves flutter and fleet inot obscure hole of nes crops. I note this is for the better, tragically odd in a way, but the nest will at least get a grand send off to its great future in the nest that at last it shall climb to.

Don't just stand there as if you refused to walk along the lanes of the nest, just stand then if you like, just stand, this too is a great thing to do in the nest.

The nest is where I am going and going to do my thing. I walk in the nest and go out all over the parts of the nest.

I go through the nest and see the nest and how the people of the nest are getting on in the nest. I cry by the foot of the nest.

The clubbed feet of some of the nest pigeons prevents them from being workers in the great nest scourge. I will build up the great nest, although Albizur says it will grow so large as to choke us and we won't even have any room to grow artichokes.

In the wrong hands the nest could be reduced to clippings, and nest fodder.

Walk to the nest station if you like, go along to nest station number five or the seventh one.

The stuff of the nest is the greatest for building a budding nest. I really am going to drive this nest to bud with untoward enthusiasm. It is truly horrible what is happening in some of the nest spots and I will cure them of this at once if I can.

Save yourself the trouble of entering the nest, it is become a perverse shadow of the true nest. Albizur tweets and shatters the nest edges and he dances with an unspeakable gall. He, Albizur of toad dances in such a manner, not even the caterpillar would entertain such a step about the rim of the nest! This is truly a travesty of beautiful proportions, yes, sublime as the high nest.

I am in the nest, I am in the nest. I know from the annals that the nest was reduced to ruins and I was told to shatter the ruins, to start the new nest at last, to start up the new nest; I can not rest from the nest project.

I am a ruin, a broken animal of the nest. I am in great hast and slowed by magnificent depressive waves just now. Albizur has voted me out of the nest and I must scurry to reach the edge of the nest and then from there I may catch a train into the nest or I may go as far as the nest.

Half expired, half exiled. I look for the magic, the brujo lock, for the nest key.

There is only I now in the nest, I alone am in this nest. I hear the trampling clops of distant nest birds, can't see them. The wind of the nest is obscene.

Something, I can't say just how, got to me and brought me to a choke so that I swelled up and my face broke open. I stood in the nest and put down a story to warn the nest dwellers about my hideous fall from the nest.

It may be that my life that I am telling you about is now better in the nest than it once had been in the nest. I hear nothing about the nest. I am in the nest; I walk through the nest. I go about the nest and scramble up the hills of the nest. I live in a little nest hole by a river of the nest.

It's not snowing by my house in the nest but there is a shivering in the cool blue and zinc like air around these nest parts.

I, Cosimo de' Stork, am in the nest, still in the nest. The nest will go on in my heart, in my memories of the nest. I remember good Albizur, who rid the nest of darkness and built up a fine nest.

Oh, it is not anything worse or more sad than that. I walk along and just now everything is blooming and standing on its head in the nest.

The nest. At last the nest, our nest. The nest. Twigs scatter around my head in my part of the nest. I, Cosimo de' Stork, who had used to have very long nesting legs. I am here to remind everyone of the nest story. I must be resting now, clopped over with nest death.

