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For the next eight or ten months, Oliver was the victim of a systematic course of treachery and deception. He was brought up by hand. The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities. there was no female then domiciled in 'the house' who was in a situation to impart to Oliver Twist, the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities replied with humility, that there was not. Upon this, the parish authorities replied with humility, that there was not. that he should be dispatched to a branch-workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws, rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food or too much clothing, under the parental superintendence of an elderly female, who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week. Sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for a child; a great deal may be got for sevenpence-halfpenny, guite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable. The elderly female was a woman of wisdom and experience; she knew what was good for children; and she had a very accurate perception of what was good for herself. So, she appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her own use, and consigned the rising parochial generation to even a shorter allowance than was originally provided for them. philosopher. This Free eBook is in English ONLYOliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress is author Charles Dickens's second novel, and was first published as a serial 183739. The story centres on orphan Oliver Twist; born in a workhouse and sold into apprenticeship with an undertaker. Artful Dodger", a member of a gang of juvenile pickpockets led by the elderly criminal, Fagin.Oliver Twist is notable for its unromantic portrayal by Dickens of criminals and their sordid lives, as well as for exposing the cruel treatment of the many orphans in London in the mid-19th century. The alternative title, The Parish Boy's Progress, alludes to Bunyan's The Pilgrim's Progress, as well as the 18th-century caricature series by William Hogarth, A Rake's Progress and A Harlot's Progress and A Harlot's Progress. In this early example of the social novel, Dickens satirises the hypocrisies of his time, including child labour, the recruitment of children as criminals, and the presence of street children. The novel may have been inspired by the story of Robert Blincoe, an orphan whose account of working as a child labourer in a cotton mill was widely read in the 1830s. It is likely that Dickens's own youthful experiences contributed as well. Oliver Twist has been the subject of numerous adaptations for various media. 160,252 words (9 hours 43 minutes) with a reading ease of 70.23 (fairly easy) No 30 in the Telegraph's Greatest Villains in Literature set. Oliver Twist, or The Parish Boy's Progress was Charles Dickens' second novel, following The Pickwick Papers, and was published as a serial in the magazine Bentley's Miscellany between 1837 and 1839. It details the misadventures of its eponymous character, Oliver Twist, born in a Victorian-era workhouse, his mother dying within minutes of his birth. He is raised in miserable conditions, half-starved, and then sent out as an apprentice to an undertaker. Running away from this situation, he walks to London and falls under the influence of a criminal gang run by an old man called Fagin, who wants to employ the child as a pickpocket. The novel graphically depicts the wretched living conditions of much of the poor people of Victorian times and the disgusting slums in which they were forced to live. It has been accused of perpetrating anti-Semitic stereotypes in the character of Fagin, almost always referred to as "the Jew" in the book's early chapters. Interestingly, while the serial was still running in the magazine, Dickens was eventually persuaded that he was wrong in this and removed many such usages in later episodes. He also introduced more kindly Jewish characters in such later novels as Our Mutual Friend. Oliver Twist was immediately popular in serial form, with its often gripping story and lurid details. It has remained one of Dicken's best-loved novels, and the story has often been made into films and television series, as well as into a very popular musical, Oliver!. This ebook is only thought to be free of copyright restrictions in the United States. It may still be under copyright in other countries. If you're not located in the United States, you must check your local laws to verify that the contents of this ebook are free of copyright restrictions in the country you're located in before downloading or using this ebook. Read the full change history. Anyone can contribute to make a Standard Ebook better for everyone! To report typos, typography errors, or other corrections, see how to report errors. If you're comfortable with technology and want to contribute directly, check out this ebook's GitHub repository and our contributors section. You can also donate to Standard Ebooks to help fund continuing improvement of this and other ebooks. The full text of Charles Dickens's 1838 novel, Oliver Twist, can be obtained online at The Literature Network 's website. The novel is copyright-free and in the public domain. Explain that Oliver Twist is a fictional character Charles Dickens created to tell a story. The story begins, just after Oliver is born, with his mother's death in a workhouse for the poor. people never saw. From Chapter II, "Treats of Oliver Twist's growth, education, and board" The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities. The parish authorities inquired with dignity of the workhouse authorities inquired with dignity of the workhouse authorities. house" who was in a situation to impart to Oliver Twist, the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved, that Oliver should be dispatched to a branchworkhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws, rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of an elderly female, who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week. Sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for a child; a great deal may be got for sevenpence-halfpenny, guite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable. The elderly female was a woman of wisdom and experience; she knew what was good for children; and she had a very accurate perception of what was good for herself. So, she appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her own use, and consigned the rising parochial generation to even a shorter allowance than was originally provided for them. Thereby finding in the lowest depth a deeper still; and proving herself a very great experimental philosopher. Everybody knows the story of another experimental philosopher who had a great theory about a horse being able to live without eating, and who demonstrated it so well, that he got his own horse down to a straw a day, and would unquestionably have rendered him a very spirited and rampacious animal on nothing at all, if he had not died, four-and-twenty hours before he was to have had his first comfortable bait of air. Unfortunately for the experimental philosophy of the female to whose protecting care Oliver Twist was delivered over, a similar result usually attended the operation of her system; for at the very moment when a child had contrived to exist upon the smallest possible food, it did perversely happen in eight and a half cases out of ten, either that it sickened from want and cold, or fell into the fire from neglect, or got half-smothered by accident; in any one of which cases, the miserable little being was usually summoned into another world, and there gathered to the fathers it had never known in this. Occasionally, when there was some more than usually interesting inquest upon a parish child who had been overlooked in turning up a bedstead, or inadvertently scalded to death when there happened to be a washing—though the latter accident was very scarce, anything approaching to a washing being of rare occurrence in the farm—the jury would take it into their heads to ask troublesome questions, or the parishioners would rebelliously affix their signatures to a remonstrance. But these impertinences were speedily checked by the evidence of the surgeon, and the latter of whom invariably swore whatever the parish wanted; which was very self-devotional. Besides, the board made periodical pilgrimages to the farm, and always sent the beadle the day before, to say they were going. The children were neat and clean to behold, when they went; and what more would the people have! From Chapter V, "Oliver mingles with new associates. Going to a funeral for the first time, he forms an unfavourable notion of his master's business." Oliver, being left to himself in the undertaker's shop, set the lamp down on a workman's bench, and gazed timidly about him with a feeling of awe and dread, which many people a good deal older than he, will be at no loss to understand. An unfinished coffin on black tressels, which stood in the middle of the shop, looked so gloomy and death-like that a cold tremble came over him, every time his eyes wandered in the direction of the dismal object: from which he almost expected to see some frightful form slowly rear its head, to drive him mad with terror. Against the wall were ranged, in regular array, a long row of elm boards cut into the same shape: looking in the dim light, like high-shouldered ghosts with their hands in their breeches-pockets. Coffin-plates, elm-chips, bright-headed nails, and shreds of black cloth, lay scattered on the floor; and the wall behind the counter was ornamented with a lively representation of two mutes in very stiff neckcloths, on duty at a large private door, with a hearse drawn by four black steeds, approaching in the distance. The shop was close and hot. The atmosphere seemed tainted with the smell of coffins. The recess beneath the counter in which his flock mattress was thrust looked like a grave. ... Nor were these the only dismal feelings which depressed Oliver. He was alone in a strange place; and we all know how chilled and desolate the best of us will sometimes feel in such a situation. The boy had no friends to care for him. The regret of no recent separation was fresh in his mind; the absence of no loved and well-remembered face sank heavily into his heart. But his heart was heavy, notwithstanding; and he wished, as he crept into his narrow bed, that that were his coffin, and that he could be lain in a calm and lasting sleep in the church-yard ground, with the tall grass waving gently above his head, and the sound of the old deep bell to soothe him in his sleep. ------ Oliver was awakened in the morning, by a loud kicking at the outside of the shop-door: which before he could huddle on his clothes, was repeated, in an angry and impetuous manner, about twenty-five times. When he began to undo the chain, the legs desisted, and a voice began. "I will, directly, sir," replied Oliver: undoing the chain, and turning the key. "I suppose yer the new boy, ain't yer?" said the voice. "Ten, sir," replied Oliver. "Then I'll whop yer when I get in," said the voice; "you just see if I don't, that's all, my work'us brat!" and having made this obliging promise, the voice began to whistle. Oliver had been too often subjected to the process to which the very expressive monosyllable just recorded bears reference, to entertain the smallest doubt that the owner of the voice, whoever he might be, would redeem his pledge, most honourably. He drew back the bolts with a trembling hand, and opened the door. For a second or two, Oliver glanced up the street, and down the street, and over the way: impressed with the belief that the unknown, who had addressed him through the keyhole, had walked a few paces off, to warm himself; for nobody did he see but a big charity-boy, sitting on a post in front of the house, eating a slice of bread and butter: which he cut into wedges, the size of his mouth, with a clasp knife, and then consumed with great dexterity. "I beg your pardon, sir," said Oliver at length: seeing that no other visitor made his appearance; "did you knock?" "I kicked," replied the charity-boy. "Did you want a coffin, sir?" inquired Oliver, innocently. At this the charity-boy looked monstrous fierce; and said that Oliver would want one before long, if he cut jokes with his superiors in that way. "Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, Work'us?" said the charity-boy, in continuation: descending from the top of the post, meanwhile, with edifying gravity. "No, sir," rejoined Oliver. "I'm Mister Noah Claypole," said the charity-boy, "and you're under me. Take down the shutters, yer idle young ruffian!" With this, Mr. Claypole administered a kick to Oliver, and entered the shop with a dignified under any circumstances; but it is more especially so, when superadded to these personal attractions are a red nose and yellow smalls. Oliver, having taken down the shutters, and broken a pane of glass in his efforts to stagger away beneath the weight of the first one to a small court at the side of the house in which they were kept during the day, was graciously assisted by Noah: who having consoled him with the assurance that "he'd catch it," in fulfillment of Noah's prediction, followed that young gentleman down the stairs to breakfast. "Come near the fire, Noah," said Charlotte . "I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, shut that door at Mister Noah's back, and take them bits that I've put out on the cover of the bread-pan. There's your tea; take it away to that box, and drink it there, and make haste, for they'll want you to mind the shop. D'ye hear?" "D'ye "what a rum creature you are! Why don't you let the boy alone?" "Let him alone!" said Noah. "Why everybody lets him alone enough, for the matter of that. Neither nor his father nor his father nor his mother will ever interfere with him. All his relations let him have his own way pretty well. Eh, Charlotte? He! he! he!" "Oh, you queer soul!" said Charlotte, bursting into a hearty laugh, in which she was joined by Noah; after which they both looked scornfully at poor Oliver Twist, as he sat shivering on the box in the coldest corner of the room, and ate the stale pieces which had been specially reserved for him. ... They walked on, for some time, through the most crowded and densely inhabited part of the town; and then, striking down a narrow street more dirty and miserable than any they had yet passed through, paused to look for the house which was the object of their search. The houses on either side were high and large, but very old, and tenanted by people of the poorest class: as their neglected appearance would have sufficiently denoted, without the concurrent testimony afforded by the squalid looks of the few men and women who, with folded arms and bodies half doubled, occasionally skulked along. A great many of the tenements had shop-fronts; but these were fast closed, and mouldering away; only the upper rooms being inhabited. Some houses which had become insecure from age and decay, were prevented from falling into the street, by huge beams of wood reared against the walls, and firmly planted in the road; but even these crazy dens seemed to have been selected as the nightly haunts of some houseless wretches, for many of the rough boards which supplied the place of door and window, were wrenched from their positions, to afford an aperture wide enough for the passage of a human body. The kennel was stagnant and filthy. The very rats, which here and there lay putrefying in its rottenness, were hideous with famine. There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, gropping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs. Stumbling against a door on the landing, he rapped at it with his knuckles. It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in; Oliver followed him. There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching, mechanically, over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess, opposite the door, there lay upon the ground, something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for though it was a corpse. The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly; his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled; her two remaining teeth protruded over her under lip; and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man. They seemed so like the rats he had seen outside. Page 2Charles Dickens A friend and ally of his era's Unitarian thinkers both in England and the U.S. (for example, William Ellery Channing and Ralph Waldo Emerson), Dickens for decades attended a Unitarian church in London. However, he had been raised in the Anglican church and belonged to an Anglican church at the end of his life. Find a detailed biography by Wesley Hromatko on the Dictionary of Unitarian Universalist Biography website. A 2005 UU World article, "Ebenezer Scrooge's Conversion," by Michael Timko, describes how Charles Dickens's story, A Christmas Carol, exemplified 19th-century Unitarianism. The website Charles Dickens" was the Hibbert Assembly web site, supported by the Hibbert Trust, founded in 1847 under the will of Unitarian Robert Hibbert. In addition to extensive children's worship and religious topics. Dickens, find resources on other noted Unitarians and spiritual and religious topics. Dickens Literature Resources on other noted Unitarians and spiritual and religious topics. summary, copies of the original illustrations and more details from the 1843 publication of A Christmas Carol. The website also provides extensive information and links to other resources for Oliver Twist. Dickens works. SparkNotes offers a plot summary for Oliver Twist. DVD include the 1970 musical film, Scrooge , starring Albert Finney, and 1951's Scrooge , starring Alistair Sim. A 2005 Disney DVD, Classic Cartoon Favorites, vol. 9: Classic Cartoon Favorite of Oliver Twist in 1948; Roman Polanski directed another film version in 2005. Oliver!, the musical, premiered in London's West End in 1968 Academy Award for Best Picture. It was revived at the Royal Drury Lane Theatre in London in 2008. "The Invisible Poor" In a March, 2000 article in New York Times Magazine, James Fallows addresses the discomfort economically comfortable Americans feel in the presence of people who are poor. He writes, in part: Because I had a long commute I often stayed late to wait out the traffic. Around 9 p.m. I'd hear a knock on the office door. A woman in her 60s, wearing a stifffabric vest with the logo of an office-cleaning company, stepped into the room to empty my wastebasket and collect Mountain Dew cans from the recycling bin. She would barely understand, and I would not back. It seemed that she was Russian. She walked as if her feet hurt. She did not have the bounce of the people I saw during the day. She kept making her rounds until about midnight. Eventually I started leaving the office to go home as soon as I heard her a few doors down. I was willing to read articles about the travails of the working poor or the adjustment problems of older, unskilled immigrants. I just didn't want to watch her limp. Hurricane Katrina Many emergency relief workers and volunteers who went to the Gulf Coast after Hurricanes Katrina and Rita bore witness to poverty that had preceded the natural disaster. Their reports brought the economic inequities to national attention. Writing in a Vanderbilt University magazine in 2005 (America needs to face the "invisible poor"), J. Mark White shared what he had seen in Washington Parish, Louisiana. We spent a lot of time clearing brush and fallen trees from people's yards, straining all kinds of muscles many of us had long forgotten. The greatest strain came, however, in visits to particularly poor areas on Monday morning of the trip. At one residence, the home of the Burch family, the ceiling and roof were infested with brown recluse spiders, the floor of the house in some places revealed the crawl space below, and the roof dangled precariously off the back porch in disrepair. It was difficult to tell if the house had been affected by the hurricane, since there was so much prior damage. The 4-year-old boy of the house ran around the yard dodging broken glass, a pig pen, loose chickens, and a dead rat.... The list of appalling details goes on and on. In meeting the Burch family, I faced the poverty before; I had driven through poor neighborhoods in Chicago, Boston, New York, and poor areas of rural Tennessee. Virginia and West Virginia . But I had never stopped and talked to the people, played with the kids, and witnessed the daily devastation that is their lives. In a September, 2005 article, "Katrina Exposes the 'Invisible Poor,'" on the NAACP Legal Defense Fund web site, Theodore M. Shaw writes: The nation watched as New Orleans was evacuated—or so we thought Those who could left by the tens and hundreds of thousands. Those who could not —the "invisible" poor—stayed. As the hurricane hit, most people thought that a relatively small number of people who could not or would not leave were safely ensconced in the Superdome to ride out the storm. The ugly reality, that those who were too poor to own cars and who had no place and no means to go numbered in the hundreds of thousands, only became apparent as New Orleans descended into a hellish nightmare that most Americans like to think could happen anywhere but here. Yet it did. As the faces of the "invisible" poor were revealed, they were overwhelmingly black. Once again, race exploded openly into the national conscience. Social Reform Photography "The poor are always with us and almost always seen," writes Vicki Goldberg in a 1995 New York Times article about contemporary exhibitions of social reform photographs by Jacob Riis, Dorothea Lange and others. Find a slide show of Jacob Riis photographs and other multimedia resources on the web site, Documenting "The Other Half": The Social Reform Photography of Jacob Riis and Lewis Hine, developed by Kay Davis at the University of Virginia in 2000.

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