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Pocket Guides
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The phrases were infinitely useful. Each language with its peculiar emphasis. Where. Where is your rocket fuel? Where is your oldest daughter? Where is your Prophet? Should. I should be so lucky. I should try harder. Trains racing from state to state when pocket guides once fell, like lace handkerchiefs, to the side of the track. It was an ignorant age—litter, broadcasts, unnecessary travel. The things they found to talk about. Want. I want somewhere to live. I want to be happy with you. I want to speak my own language. Each with its peculiar emphasis. The phrases were infinitely useful.