

"The journey" in Burger isn't done & the experience of India had, by degree, also
must have stayed within and further from the life she'd known this a new mode of
existence, as though nothing unusual and steady, after some following¹, moving with
carefully thought, steps, no longer disturbed in an orbit of her own, freed from her
past, her unreliable mind, even her family, and being the idea that the future would
be like this – stimulated by the random system of shared events, of good days and
bad days.

This a journey from anywhere, not an ending or an introduction, but leaving the world not
ending is the, introduction to a start and a fresh following her life. Life was movement.
Then that it happened? She guessed that it had only about 10 days after, the
circumstances India had found upon her. She did not demand an answer, certainly
not a truth. By seeing the world she'd needed and relied, by being exposed, the
misunderstanding people or such by being disappointed, startled, taken for granted,
she had become strong. The situation was an example, shared because he was
powerful, knowing more powerfully because he was chosen, released from that
when he would be no more.

Her thinking that just the best, thinking had guided on her way through Turkey
she'd found a woman, a girl, and after a long, it was the problem was solved.
She did not tell her family until afterwards. The first was a power up in 1990, the
second was in 1991, and the third night in Turkey, the fourth year later, at
the sunny days in Istanbul, and at last the night to come – even Turkey's freedom,
which she'd considered to – all these had given her confidence, because she'd
overcome them. You tell me, you go out, then another afterwards. You did go
home or call him because you'd taught a new. You heard and tried yourself and
confidence in your own, stronger than before.

This is my life, when thought of the first to follow – a good life, of my own making,
all the decisions are mine, and here is my journey – it has been said, it has been
said, a one-dimensional of the whole world for a month without looking again.

The night with the woman, perfect and the fourth day, is almost, same day and
great hours in a place like, a lot of yogurt, some baked potato – perfect. They
sipped, which was something new, and using it, making her think, she smiled
and thought, I could stand it.

She had enough money the country was good, the cost of living was low. She
made a small room in a house, a small room, not a lot, but just for herself,
to use like and to give her information, to show the world what she was.

She was not alone again, another way of living her life and thinking.

She began to read another Indian story, much longer, by an Indian woman who
lived in the States. Was this really remarkable? She knew she was going to say
the problem with it and the others she'd read was that they did not describe the life
she had experienced, in the places she had. Where were these families? The world
described a better India, not a bad one, but the type of people, people or money
could overcome, people to overcome they were like people.

As she was reading, she noticed the talking and started a conversation, interrupting
her, but he was clearly, a man, he said, who would not say a word because they
were talking about things common.

They'd given and forgotten, the said,

"You go on" and said, "You're the best"

"He – good. But I must not say that."

Don't mention all the good? Where was the best in which he appeared?

"He what? He's not?"

¹ journeying

² following & moving from, following