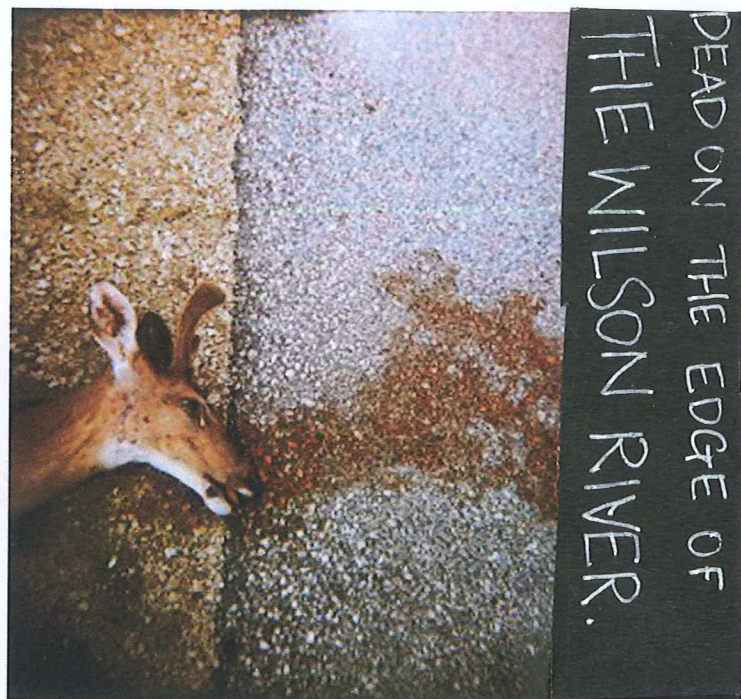
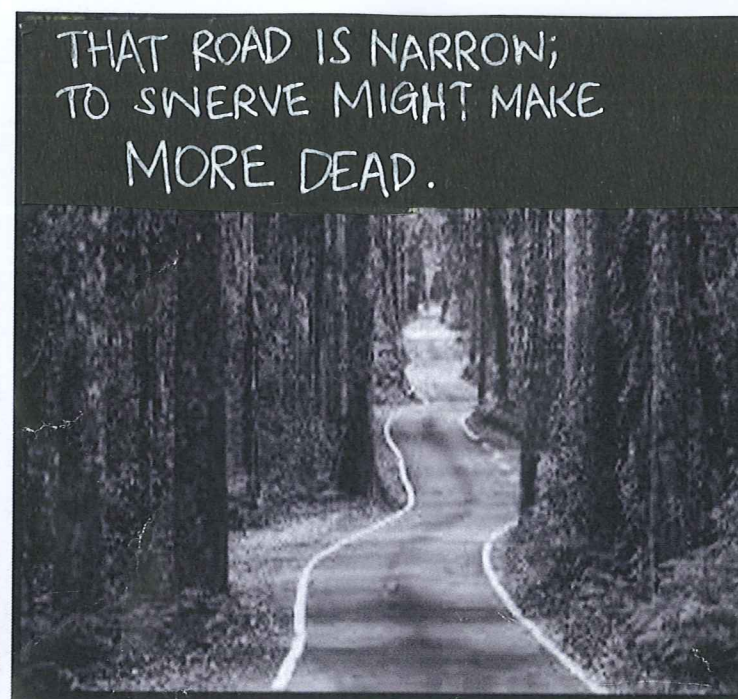


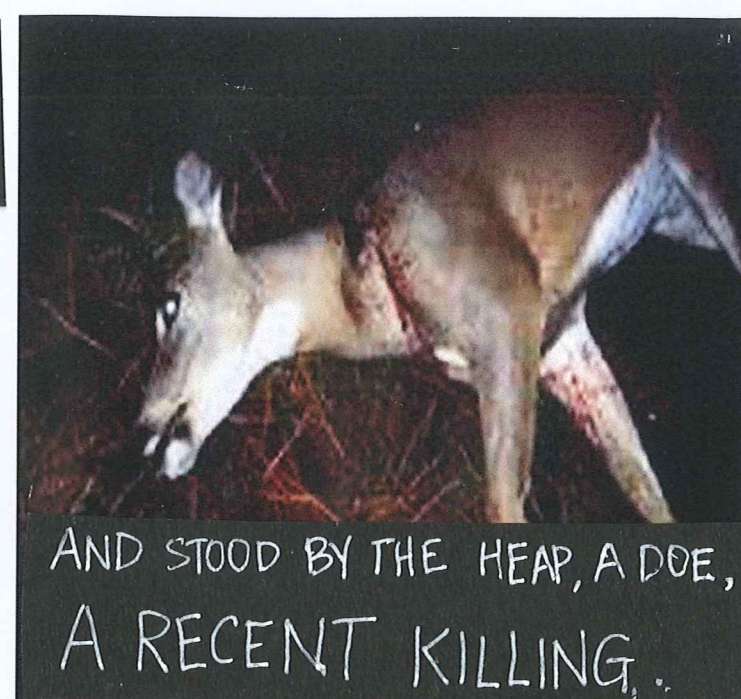
TRAVELLING
THROUGH
THE DARK.



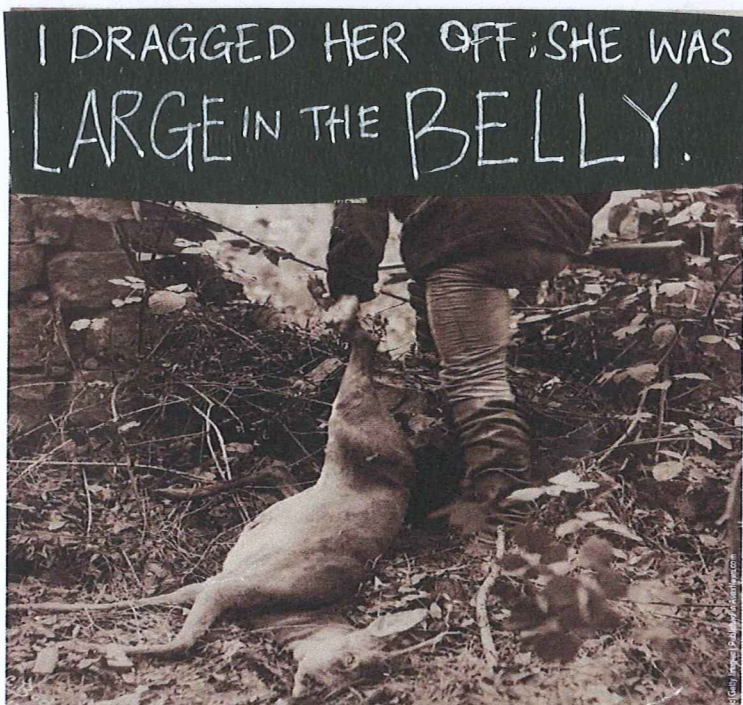
DEAD ON THE EDGE OF
THE WILSON RIVER.



THAT ROAD IS NARROW;
TO SWERVE MIGHT MAKE
MORE DEAD.



AND STOOD BY THE HEAP, A DOE,
A RECENT KILLING.

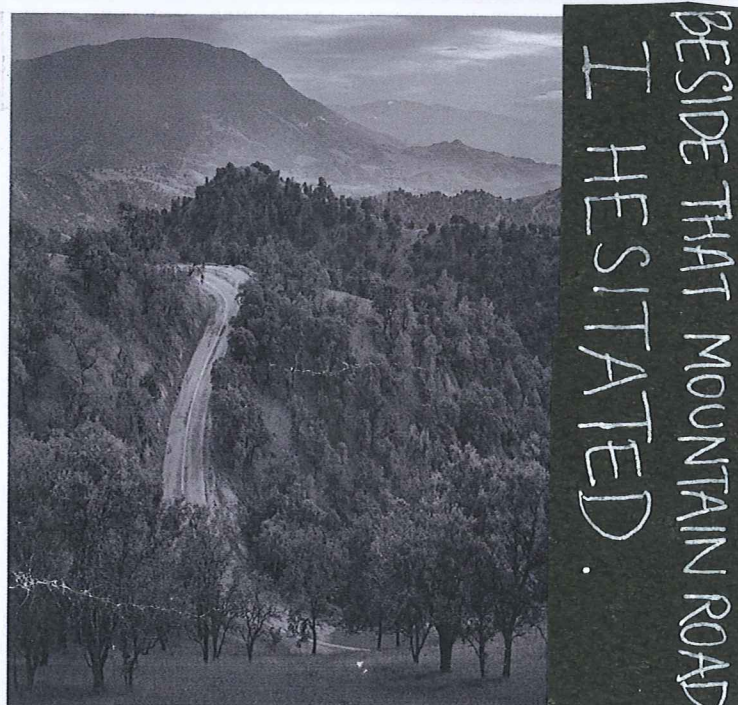


I DRAGGED HER OFF; SHE WAS
LARGE IN THE BELLY.

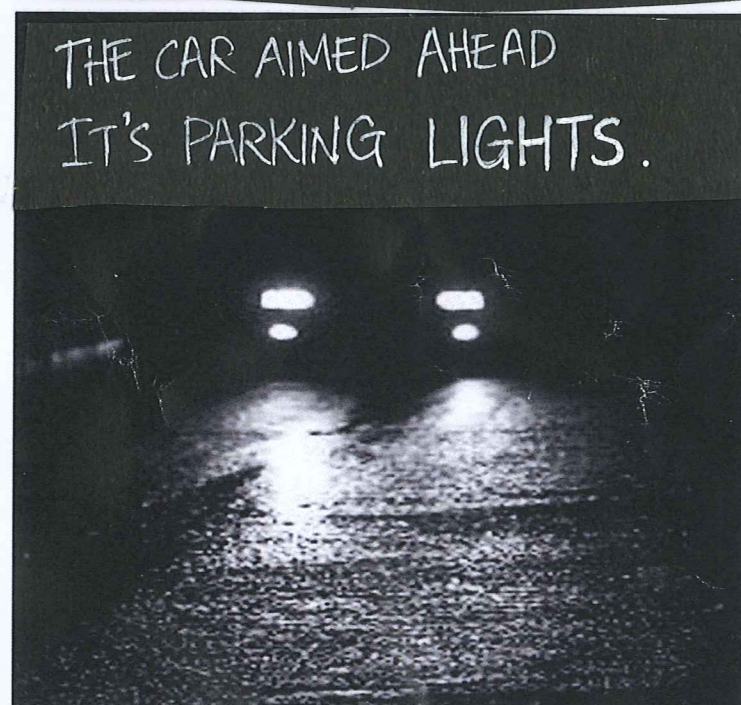


ALIVE, STILL, NEVER TO BE

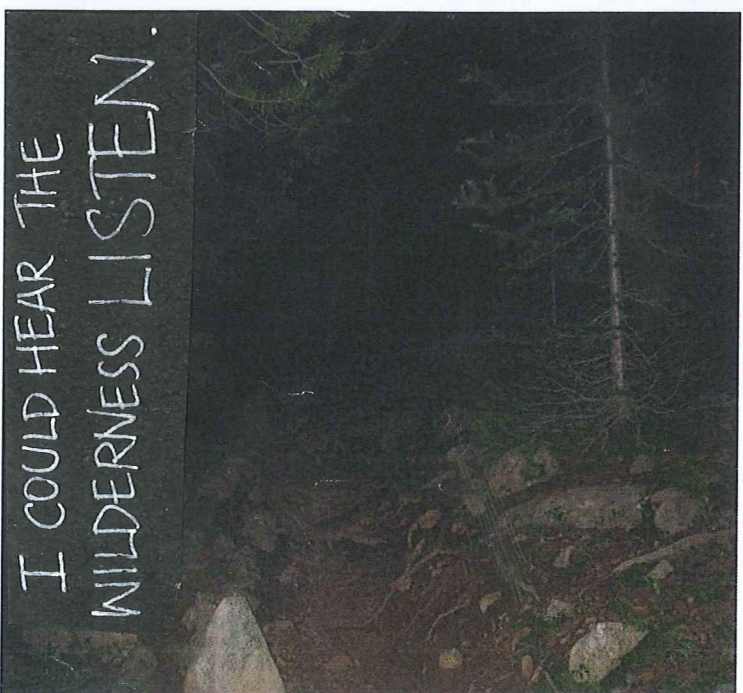
BORN.



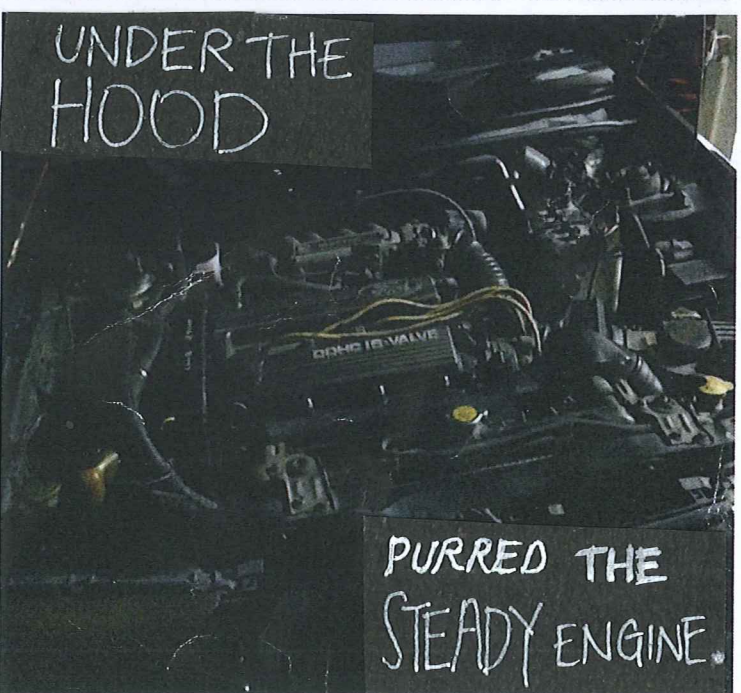
BESIDE THAT MOUNTAIN ROAD,
I HESITATED.



THE CAR AIMED AHEAD
IT'S PARKING LIGHTS.

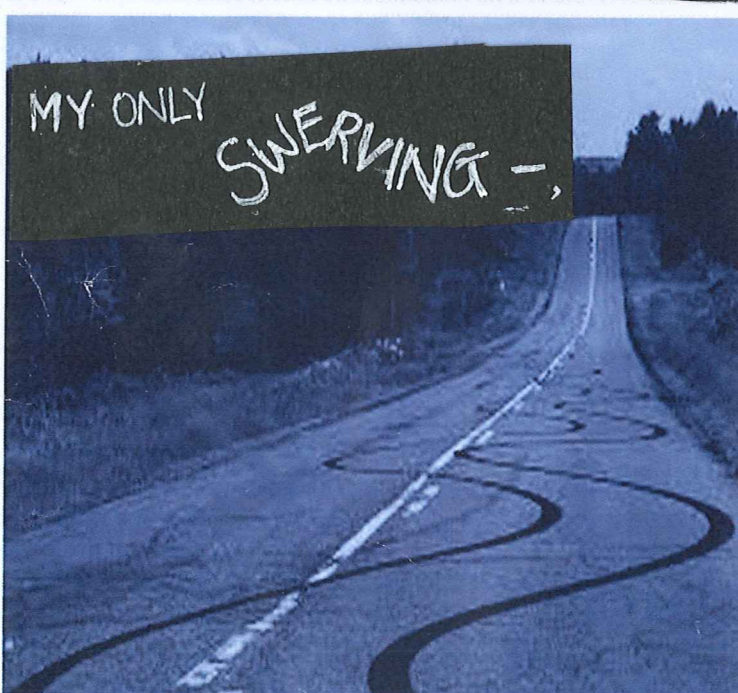


I COULD HEAR THE
WILDERNESS LISTEN.

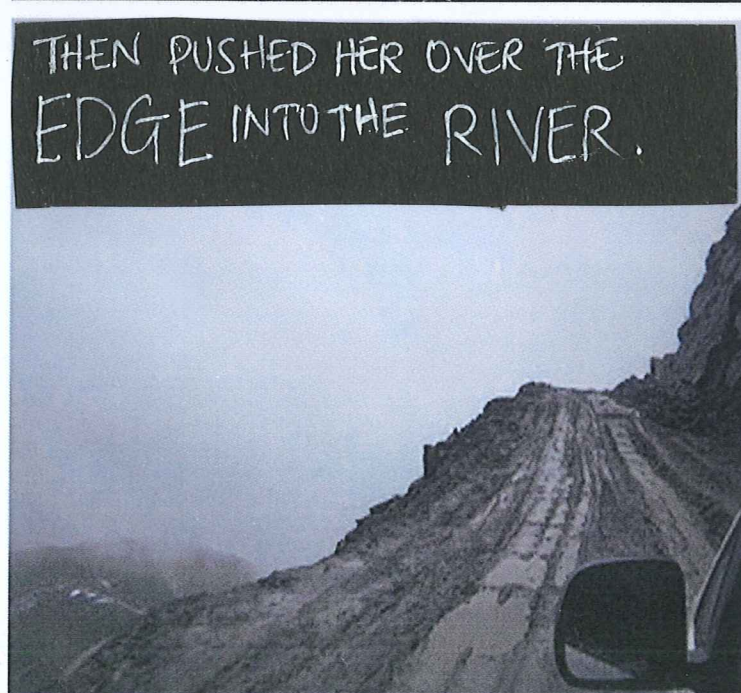


UNDER THE
HOOD

PURRED THE
STEADY ENGINE.



MY ONLY
SWERVING -



THEN PUSHED HER OVER THE
EDGE INTO THE RIVER.