

Dydd Guener Hudref 17.

Shakespeare miswritten

He sat down on his oak chair thinking what to do next. He put down his quill, rubbed his chin ⁱⁿ wonder.

Looking out ^{of} the window, he saw children playing in the sun shine, slowly he turned

Robbie back to his dark room, his ink covered

hands; picked up the feathery quill and

turned to deathly fantasy. The smell of ink

blowted around the dust layered room. Old

books ^{upon} books piled on the rotting carpet.

The embers blew, smoke slowly skittered

up the black chimney.