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**FAX Transmission from SW70B1M1S64050**

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To: **SPL** From: **SPL**  
Fax: **+19725329272** Pages: **6 + Coversheet**  
Date: **01/21/2026** eMail: **jleone@spokanelibrary.org**

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Comments: **TEST**

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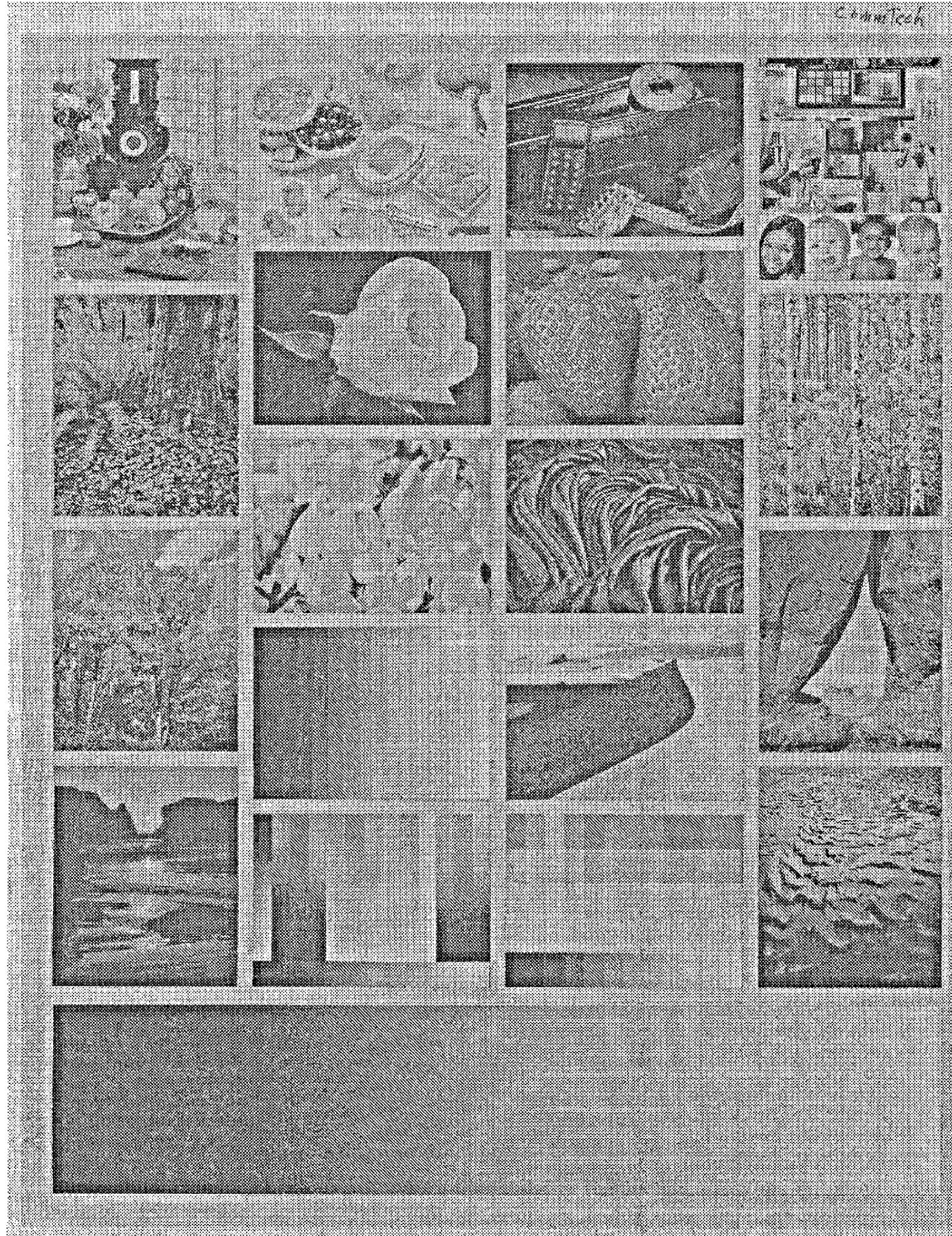
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Hello WorlD.

hello worlD.

hello worlD!

Cocin was Her...-



Sam halted before the closet. "I'll hitch a ride." He regarded his hanging clothes, reached his hand out and stopped. What could he take without being obvious?

"Sam?" She edged in front of him.

"I'll just take a coat," he muttered, pulling it off the hanger. Her face was desperate, gaze bewildered, mouth trying to smile but failing miserably. She could read his mind. All the hopes she'd nursed were groundless, and all her fears were coming true. He was abandoning her.

Sam froze with the coat in his hand. Lindy was his inspiration, the beginning of his journey. What was he thinking?

"Sam—" She spoke softly, like a young girl.

All at once, fleeing with her seemed to Sam the greater act of courage, and the greater devotion to them both. He clasped her and kissed her deeply, then drew back to look in her eyes. "Let's go." He grabbed his duffel bag from the closet and threw it on the bed.

She smiled tentatively, uncertain what he meant. He pulled the dresser drawers open and they dipped in, loading the duffel.

"Are we coming back?" she wondered.

"No." He grabbed a wad of currency from the bottom drawer.

"Where are we going?"

"North and west." He straightened himself and unstacked the Alaska Spartan magazine from above the bed, tying the ram. "When he's threatened, he seeks higher ground."

"Inseep a shank, toe a hex!" she said, using their secret language.

"Unguligrade," Sam completed the phrase. He strolled the magazine in the duffel.

Lindy laughed like a child. It was running, flying, never coming back. But this time she was with someone, going hand in hand.

"I've got a car. That's why Josh was here." Sam unclipped the

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She smiled tentatively, uncertain what he meant. He pulled the dresser drawers open and they dipped in, loading the duffel.

"Are we coming back?" she wondered.

"No." He grabbed a wad of currency from the bottom drawer.

"Where are we going?"

"North and west." He straightened himself and untacked the *Alaska Sportsman* magazine from above the bed, eying the man. "When he's threatened, he seeks higher ground."

"Inseep a shank, toe a hoof," she said, using their secret language.

"Unguligrade," Sam completed the phrase. He stashed the magazine in the duffel.

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She smiled tentatively, uncertain what he meant. He pulled the dresser drawers open and they dipped in, loading the duffel.

"Are we coming back?" she wondered.

"No." He grabbed a wad of currency from the bottom drawer.

"Where are we going?"

"North and west." He straightened himself and unstacked the *Alaska Sportsman* magazine from above the bed, eying the ram. "When he's threatened, he seeks higher ground."

"Inseep a shank, me a hoof," she said, using their secret language.

"Unguigrade," Sam completed the phrase. He stuffed the magazine in the duffel.

Lindy laughed like a child. It was running, living, never coming back. But this time she was with someone, going hand in hand.

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She smiled tentatively, uncertain what he meant. He pulled the dresser drawers open and they dipped in, heaving the duffel.

"Are we coming back?" she wondered.

"No." He grabbed a wad of currency from the bottom drawer.

"Where are we going?"

"North and west." He straightened himself and untacked the *Alaska Sparsman* magazine from above the bed, racking the ram. "When he's threatened, he seeks higher ground."

"In step a shank, toe a hoof," she said, using their secret language.

"Unguligrade," Sam completed the phrase. He studied the magazine in the duffel.

Lindy laughed like a child. It was running, flying, never coming back. But this time she was with someone, going hand in hand.

"I've got a car. That's why Josh was here." Sam unclipped the