Last Passage
The language packt, trees out 1 & 1 & 1. Pensel back in the box. This beene the waye the forest dimns, the woods buryd in the page.

There be fires, there be crossings, there be unmarked decks. There be passage to the foret. There be shadow of the monster and the trees.

All this book encovers, recompost. For all to passe on light foote. Read as followed, followed as read. Another shadow passing over.

This has been the book or the woods, 1 passed through another. So much for Y the monster, who disappears again behind a †.