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Stories of the late 19th century Sociene P. P. NJ, Vladimir Montenegro Content: Dedication to the Ashes Father of Serbia Eight twins in one wave came from the cradle of Belone, and on the ground showed: Napoleon, Carlo, Blicher, Prince Wellington and Suvorov. Karajordier, Vi Tirjana, Swarzenberg and Kutuzov. Arei, a great country, the glory of the battlefield, cherished his land for the stage to fight, he pointed out. From the bushes of the great lafa is not pregnant, in the great nations of the genius of the hedge: here he is especially material to the glory of his work and triumph, the divine v'jenac, to adore his head. But to the hero of Topolsky, Karajorj immortal, all crotches on the way to the road, to the goal of the great: the rise of the people, the baptism of the country, and the barbaric chains to overthrow, from the dead Serbs, to the soul of the Serbs. Here is the secret of the immortal: give the Serb permanent breasts; From masculinity rose in it, the hearts awakened. Pharaoh of the East before George was hesty, George was insured with masculinity! Ever since George, Stambol shakes, the bloodthirsty father of the plague, the saber swears to him - there are no curses in them. Killing is part of the trial, which is what they give! About Boris, The general thunder of anathema, the nasty name of Pisanova is not a mild month, for the Egyptian leadership is akin to the thunder of heavenly, The Oreestov court. Above the light of your grave, the evil smurfs of darkness, but the celestial ray that will extinguish your souls? Cryptic, grinding eclipses - can they hide light? The light is hiding, they're going to break it. Plum will forever remain a way of life, a glowing serb of your teeth. He knows Dusana Rodit Srpka, he can care for Cilic, but heroes to fire, divine and nobles, look, Serbs are now born ... The Blessing of the Serb breathes... Get out, curse the rogue, from relatives - the Serb oath is fulfilled! In Vienna on Nov. The Year of the Society of Lika Vladik Vladik Danilo Iguman Stefan Serdar Janko Djarashkovic Serdar Radovanya Serdar Vukota Serdar Ivan Knezan knez Rade, Brother of duke Dunillo Prince Rogan Prince Janko Knez Nikola Vojvodina Vojvodin Vojvodina Vojvodina Vojvodina Stanko (Love) Vojvodina Batrich Tomaszovitch Obrad Vuk Vuk Vuk , Kadia Skender-Aga Mutai-Kadia Arslan-Agha Mukhadinovich Kavazbaza Ferrat Ryzal Osman One baba Fasi, who was not on the list: Vuk Markovic, one Cook, one soldier, another soldier, Swat Montenegro, Valut Turks, students, students. The meeting, the night before the Troixin d'Italia, sleeps every night. Vladimir Danillo Som) Vie the enemy sous sedam biishah, sous two macha a sous dwi krune, Praunuka Turkou with the Koran! After it, swoot out the cursed crib to relax the ground to a jumper that relaxes the field! French not to shave, the Arabian Sea is sinking all! Hell of sleep surrounds Osman, giving him the moon an apple. Angry guest to Europe Orkan! The undersea is no different now from the frying of the young Theodore; Star black judgment over her. The paleologist calls on Murat to bury the Greeks with the Serbs His thoughts brankovic with Hertuk. Mohammed, this is for Hertuki! See Asia, they have a snatch, a diabolical tribe of possums, people - a day and people as they gawk: Murat Srpsco, and Bajazit Bosna, Murat Epir, and Mohammed of Greece, two Selima Sipar and Africa. Every thing, nothing is left; It's awful to hear what's going on! A small world to advertise in sorority, not eat it, let me eat it! Janko protects Vladislav dead; What to protect when he's not protecting him? Skenderbeg is the heart of Obilich, but dies with a sad exile. And what do I do, but who will I be with? Small sleeve, small and strong, one straw among the winds, syrup sad with no one ... My tribe sleeps with the dead, my tears are gone. The world has turned into an ad of my world and all the people of hell spirits. Black days, and black destiny! Oh cowardly Serb came out, evil has outlived your every day, and with the worst I want to fight! Yes, when you scratch your head in the body, the torment is exalt by chimes... A plague of people for God to kill you! But it is a little in the world that you poisoned you with your evil, but you poisoned your soul and this stone you were swolving? Your little sacrifice is everything. From Danuwa to the sea of tendons? You sit on the throne unfairly taken, proud of the sceptic bloody; You lash God from the holy altar, munarr oak on the cross to the crucifix! But the more it poisons, the worse for the utility and memorial to the relatives of the hero? It's already 100 times yours and a hundred of ours! Look at the work of the vile emperor, about which the devil learns about everything: The conqueror of Montenegro cannot be mine; They have to be made this way... Thus, the demonic messiah of false believers will give them treats. God swore to you, depraved, that the Turkish will believe among us? Where are you going with the Curse of Pradew? Once you go to Milos and other Serbian knights who live as long as the sun is greedy? - When I rethink the city today, I am delighted with the blues: the slaughter of brothers among themselves, and the bloodthirsty, strong and vile - the seed in the goat. God's days to kill you, who gave me to the world! I curse Lansky a hundred times that the Turks do not accept me in order not to deceive people's hopes. Vuk Mikunovich lies next to the owner; He lay low as he slept, but hears everything beautifully. Vuk Mikunovich No, Vladko, if you know God! What kind of accident did you cry like a coward and melting in Serbian accidents? Is this sanction not where you gather Montenegrins to clear the land of necrotates? And without it, it is our glory, to which peers buy their ability to fight, force the mouse and the speed of the feet; On a line outsmart and sewing in a bet of jerseys; listen to God's leturia and make rounds around the church to take their breasts to the oath. It's a spell of heroes, iron hearts Boys! It's a black-and-white conversation. People suffer, women say; There's no work in your head! You are not a self-corrected head: you see these 500 boys, what miracle of strength and lightness we see here today? Do you see them aiming towards the city they skillfully played by hooking their hats? Just like the wolves of mothers squidding, playing with their horrible teeth, they are already dying in a throat rash; He can no longer rest, but he flaunts his wress, grabs a straw and a half with him the way the sky works. It's all science! Without boys, it's six times more houses than them; It's a synthesizer, it's your own. As for the Turks to overcome them, many of them will be blackened; fighting against our goal will not lead to a Turkish investigation, but our ... Hope has no right to anyone but God and to its own hands; hope buried us in Kosovo in one grave. It's easy to be good, the characters know each other. They took the crosses out of Lovjen at the top of the Church, so they ate, fired rifles, and counted the number of roads that resonated. Serdar Janko Jurashkovic Strange Rifles, Your Man's Head! Each of our six times resonates, and Jefferdar Tomanovic-Vuka heard nine times. Serdar Radonia You see a miracle, Montenegrins! I've been here for 50 years, I've been in the Hunty air, I've been walking on this one hundred times I've seen clouds come out of the sea and cover this whole mountain, there, but there with sewing and big and with the destruction of terrible thunderstorms; I've been here 100 times, I've sat here, and he's quietly spraying the sun, and underneath from the lightning and thunder he's watching, listening Look at the city of terrible, let's with me with clouds of clouds, but this miracle I still do not see! You see, if you know how many seas and seas, flat Bosnia and Herzegovina, Armenia straight to the sea as far as our Montenegro, all pressure clouds are equal, there is so much noise and thunder everywhere below us thunders shine, and only the sun is grinding. And it was very good to get this hill of air cold. Do you see a miracle and a sign of two of them crossed? One son from Kom to Lovchen, the other son from Skudra to Ostrog, the cross of the living. Oh, it's great to see! In the world, no one has ever heard of him like that or who has seen it. Help, God, poor Serbs, and this is someone more important! Vuk Raslapcevic About what you mean by jeffrey, Drusco? Duke Dresko Hoch will have one coward, and my chips will be demurra compared. Vuk Raslapcevic not Drasko, so your life! It's not good to be a coward... But you don't know, rust, do you mean they were Lazarev's daughters? A herd of large grains on the top of the Church, on the north side of several lakes. Serdar Vukota, who you build, who are your wress, and here you are worse than the two of you! Vukota Mrvalevich Doleze is not a shoal of hunchback, and we catch every living person. That is why the seed of the herd stands among us. Everyone shouts from your throat: Let them go, manat you God, have a problem for them and you wouldn't catch any. They came to you to do it, and they don't have to kill them. They let go of the gourts and they came back with crosses where they got them. The Assembly at Malmø Ms. One on Cetinj, in view of some heads of Glawari swirling aside, and the people leads the way. Kolo God is dear to the Serbs to be angry at their mortal sins. Our the law prevents, bloodied pursuits, each other's eyes drawn alive; throws the government and the state, for the rule of madness chosen. Their untruthful servants have become and bathe in imperial blood. The great, their cursed souls, tore the empire to a coma. Great, their traces are healed, the seed is swoltering Greek, and with it a tribe of Serbian poisoners; The great, scolding cowards, became relatives of the traitor. Oh, damn in itself a Kosovo dinner, where the happiness of scolding maids of all need and their trail of death; If Milos had stayed with both brothers on Wednesday, the Serb would have been Serb today! Brankovic, lots of hair, that's how he served at home, is that how you rated with honesty? Oh, Milos, who's not jealous of you? You are a victim of kindness, a voyeuristic genius almaught, a thundering whaciferous crown of cheers! The majesty of the virulent soul outweighs the immortal achievements of beautiful Sparta and the great Rome; All the brightness of your shiny your proud fungus overshadows. What does Leonid and Sstevola want when Obilic is on stage? This muscle falls with one stroke of the throne and the tartar shakes. The fall of Milos, the miracle of the knights, sacrificed on the throne of the eyelashes of the world. Proudly puts the Great Duke under the keys of the tender blood, to a little before you proudly, the passionate mind of the breasts bloated, through the divine engines of the Asian, swallowing them with fiery eyes; to the grave of immortal life, despising human nothing and knitting an unscrupulous assembly. God is dear to the Serbs. To the break of the empires of heroic brilliance Glory of the past - the glory of the most famous of the brothers and cute kitten Djugovich. The Serbian cap is the name of the hull. They became lami rataris, they went out crying and litms - they are dairy! The more they are sent under the Saab of Turkey, which should not be sworn in, which should not be tied in chains, the more it is in these mountains that we can be lyin' and blood is spilled, that heroic amanet is preserved, a beautiful name and a holy swagger. All our heads are chosen! You guys are beautiful, the same with the stars; What they have done so far, all caught in bloody battles, fell on the frequent, name and swobod. Ours were also indulgent in tears the sound of more beautiful pirates. Our simple sacrifices are the pastor when ours is hard to find the tomb of the Turkish tomb nesita. What is this? They don't rust on guns, there's no headless land. I'm not going to cross my face... Sheep and roosters also joined the Turks with Montenegro, oy growing on flat Ceticinja! The stench catches the lafa in the tusk. Duke Millie Do you hear the Colombian sing? It was performed, it is not in people's heads. And they have a reason for Montenegrins to cheer the crowd on us. We can't start anything that would make the knights hesitate to okots the goddess, dance to the grave, and the geese we'd yell at something. Hit the devil, not he loses both worlds! Duke Stanko (Lubotian) You have a reason, Duke Milia. And we can have a snag when we live under that scarf! What will the devil do in a baptismal country? Why do we grow a snake in a herd? What brothers, God, when he's twerking his cheek in Montenegro, when he publicly spits on the cross! Serdar Ivan Why hasn't it come to you, Ozirnici, our endings? And without them, no business can be done; We're doing better. The Duke of Malian went to the Turks to change slaves; I work squirrels: they just come back, they go here, they're going to hit us so as not to lose, and it's not long. Dojos and Ozirnici Vuk Tomanovich What do you lose, people? We were scattered here in anticipation, not an arch in our wallets, and the tobins disappears into the tobooths: The neck is attached to the field. Serdar Vukot Heath we were going to come, we could not get there faster: no Pecirep and the old ballet gathered 233 others, and in a rainbow with a chat to the west, we we welched the carving of Niksicah; Slaughter on the road with the Turks, 14 visits to Turku and take 70 horses, and two of them catch slaves. So there is no book from Niksic, and in the book of ten brothers in Poland to meet to give them slaves for ransom; We so were on our way to the Turks, so we had a bit of a good time. Prince Baiko What is Hamza and Niksiki? Do they think it will be more than a millennium to stand in Rudin? Serdar Vukota, that you know, Baiko, they would be kind to them. The Turks do not want goodwill to spread sheep in the world? Prince Rogan said you would be among you about slaves, but around another? Prince Janko Bee, Rogan, harsh talk! Don't you know Nixic's Turks? In the small palm, we do not cut out that the dog always talk about our bloody meeting. Vuk Markovic And what are you fighting for? Who's the first to smurp on a date? Prince Janko Ka At first it was ridiculed. Vuk Mandusic and Vuk Mikrunovic start with Hamza, the trust's captain; Suddenly they are convulsing, they are strung with big words. He said to Hamza Michunovich-Vuk: I'm better, listen, Vlas, than you, I believe better than yours! Huta, I am a vacationer, I am the captain of the emperors of the city in which I ruled for 300 years; He was given to me on a saber saber, and his trail remains for the gentlemen. Mikrunovic Vucea falls apart, and Hamzy closes: What a slather, harsh mongrets! A traitor better than a knight? What sabers will you say to Kosovo? We're not on it together, so I'm fighting, and then now? You betrayed the forerunner and the pastor, twisted his cheek in front of the world, swore in Pradesh, captured yourself in the life of another man! For bragging about the city and the lordship - all the cities that are Turkish to us, I surrounded them with mammoths, and they are not for people, but cities and towns for reluctant coins? I am the beach of God for you to put on what you have done! The Serb still gives birth to him not from Kosovo and he does not ... Prince Janko still hasn't said we killed at the time. You know our team: wherever they come, they're all joking. Vraj brought to a meeting with an old man, Ogu Brunchevich; and he has a hairdresser, but he doesn't go away. He hung a rifle on his shoulder, then chich, there and there in the field, like everyone else; and from there some of our, amm, next to the bull mini and elbow roses in his cervix hair. God, three hundred others, all dead of jihad! What about oh I wonder what happens to as many people as he sees the gun. That's where we immediately shot each other with a gun; We made 15 stretchers, six of ours, nine of them. Bogdan Jurashkovic It's time to get ready, it's time for us to get in the way. Our business was all the time. When the brothers are seen unopciad, they will not stretch to me. Serdar Radonya Swak came in, who needs it, but not five Martinovich. And they are not without problems, and without them there is no way. Prince Baiko Hait, people that we do business, but go home not to scoff. So with the Turks as much as you can, and I know my paws are falling. And here we are. Dohos Martinovich Vuk Mikunovich Here you are, we have been waiting! And here we are, people gathering to what is said. It's a shame for you, because it's the most embarrassing of you in the future. Thomas Martinovich not, Vucho and other brothers! We'd have come to the meeting a long time ago, but something ugly happened, so we're a little offended. Prince Rogan, the wine of the guests quarreled, what's your name? Thomas Martinovich was not among the guests, but the Turks also caught the woman. Vuk Mikunovich What woman are you making fun of? Tell the day what happened, and don't be afraid, he will listen to you every day; then everyone listens with pleasur. Thomas Martinovich, I'll tell you about this devil. We play coke with guests, we run with the vine as far as the rifle shot one, and the man shouts: Who is the knight, who is the good hero! Take the slaves of Montenegro! We frown on that robber: that slavery is in the center of Montenegro! Pian, we said so he thinks he's going to go. How long have you two been After another. zik! Quote! And again, to exalts not a dash; and the gloating of man as a prequel. It's not without its problems! We have weapons, we'll run. When there, you have something to see: Mujo Alic, a Turkish cavasbesha, took us Rusa Kasanova and essence with his younger brother. You've got over a year to work out between you and your head. But who would have thought that the Serbian Turk would be taken? Prince Rogan Lud - funny female bot! A woman doesn't know who she is; 100 will change the trust to do what her heart longing for. Tomas Martinovic hasn't said anything yet. The hook to this soul, satisfied with the loss of Rose, and she gave Rose Cassano, closed the mansion in the attic. And you can hear me well, Montenegrins: the trail after me died, that the Serb was taken away, if I had to turn my head, this trouble gets better! Emma, when I heard she was going to the Turks, but we followed them. In Simuna we have arrived in the worlds, and we kill both Aika and the Turks the unfortunate bride. That's where we blackened our cheeks and lost some of God. Prince Janko God, dear, strange arrangement! It is going to be business? We don't have to do what we do, we don't have to be made public; Some thoughts around our necks are loaded with the idea that we shouldn't do what we should be doing. Whenever I think a lot, my vase is removed. Who is zaned, he does not know above us. Vladimir Danilo sees that everyone is gathered, and he is among them. Vuk Mikunovich doesn't hold us like this, Vlad, but rub so much masculinity. Everyone looks at what they will hear from you, and you have something sharp: a thread that you are not going to rub us, you like the face to face; I'm just -- I'm just - field without anyone, the thread you eat or sleep. You learn something big in your mind - your dreams of a Turk, and I have many opinions. Vladimir Daniel listens, Wolf and other brothers! I'm not amused by the black stretching of my mind, which comes down to my breasts with saliva. Who on the hill, if not a little, is worth more than one under the hill; I see more of you - it's the luck that made this accident. I'm not afraid of the diabolical crib. The Brotherhood is over; We only inside the country attack the Turks, they never let go of their own; the land dissolves into tribes, the carnage of the tribes, the devil to come into the worlds, and the serbian peace is extinguished! Evil suffers from the fear of the worst. which melts, is captured by a snake; Put your hands on your head! Prince Rhade (brother Vladimir) Why dark when you don't want to? What do you buy when you can't go to the lottery? You come up to them out of the skin, let them scamper on chengels! You regret something, and you don't know what you're sorry about; With the Turks you rank, and the Turks are your own, homework is for you, and equally, make no mistake! So if they could, if they could, your head would have been visited at that hour, but your living hands have been bound to torture you to make your heart resurgate. The crow's eyes do not come out; Brother of the Turks all over each other. But hit as much as you can, and don't spare anything in the world! Everything followed the diabolical path, the earth stinks of Muhammad. Vojvodina Batrich (Duke Radu) You have a reason, but not so much. It would be more absurd to say that you do not insult him like that, and you do not poison him with witchcraft in Greek. Everyone's tortured, no one's in the nose. The night is monthly; He sits around a mongrel and coil in Washing Goose Po. Kolo Cho'o Honey Don't drink what's in the cup, don't hug it; Tea from yellow stew from a kettle of mild, smiles are the easiest to drink. Escape Ivanbeg, the hand of the hero, fought like a luffe with the Turks everywhere in the blood. Half of the land is taken from him by the Turks, but it is covered in blood and after the loss of his brother, the dragon kicks the Duke of Uros, in a wide field of Omauski. He regrets Ivan's only brother: he regrets the Dukes of Uros, but both lose their sons; He regrets the Dukes of Uros, but he has lost all this land; He regrets the Duke of Uros, not his eyes, which he lost, so his eyes are on Brother Uros! The hero often wants a clear sky with a smile. Ivan hour toast revenge, holy drink. God crossed. B'heeled hair on his shoulders, shed, ate his beard to his waist; Hands old, sword and spear in them, blood on hands and hands; The steps count the Turkish troops, the old man jumps as he jumps. My God, do you think that sleep is cheating on you like this old man took off? Happiness is old: in Karusha, at the end of Crmnice, out of 15,000 turkas do not give alive. And today the marbles of the great glory of the Prince of Montenegro were beaten. God bless the soul of Uros! What a worthy sacrifice for her. Vuk Mikunovich without problems no decree, no trouble with sabers, no sabers! Heroic is the emperor of evil, and drink a sweet soul that is clogged. Luckily for someone who has always been alive, he had a good time and he was born! The criminal's teeth are a perennial thread of eclipse the thread of light loses. Vladimir Danilo (among all, as if he were one) Grain microbes were planted, there they can be. Instinct, but spiritual leader, this is where human knowledge is sworn in! Wolf on sheep has the right to a weak man. But to tyranny, to go around the neck, to lead it to the knowledge of rights, it is the human duty of the saints! If you kiss the saber, kiss the blood and swim in the night waves, it follows the dust of the sacred. The holy pulpit of Europe spits on the altar of Asia; He breaks the heels of the Asian world tower under the seed of crucifixes. The blood of the righteous smokes on the altars. The earth is rocked, and the skies are yellow ... The moon and the cross, two terrible symbols - their graves have an empire. Sworn in with a river of blood in their backyard, it must be one or the other. But the hula about the life of the monk who milked it - it turns my breasts into tartar. The knot should not be on the right of a young man; What will happen to the moon on the cross even worse, why the sun in the sun? You're right, you're a cowardly poor man! Terrible tribe, how long are you going to sleep? Someone, it's to none, as if she's more tortured. Devil's armor from everywhere; that there is a brother in the world to regret. Eclipse over me kings, the moon represented me. I'm thinking, where do I get it? Young quotes, applause classes, crossing the deadline came to you. I see beautiful victims in the crowd at the altar of churches and tribes; I heard Lelek's up there. The common name must be filed. Let there be a constant struggle, let it be something that can not be - let ad goo, mow Satan! Flowers will be distributed in the cemetery for slaughter. Serdar Vukota Is God with us and the angels of God! And here you are, vulgar. The vertiio vertical is after the dream. Vladimir Danilo hits the cross, on the cheek Who shoots a light weapon, who hears the heart in his chest! The Hutites of Christ's name are baptised with water, but with blood! Let's get out of Turin! Let the symbuss of the sororation, the altar all covered in blood! All heads jump to their feet with a big grain: So, not at all! Vladimir Daniil No... No... Let's talk about it. I would, brothers, from the general agreement summon the brothers' heads to a general meeting, give them the confidence to part, and then turn to the bloody flame to put out. Serdar Janko Hyde, Vladimir, and let's learn this from my path, to the trust of God! As for the black devil, he obeyed for good, they would come to us without being entrusted, among us, to be withered; What do these chiefs call the emperor's sons? He serves three of the other four to invite Turkish leaders. Colo eats the Evil Curse. The child's troubles will be cursed, and Ivanbegovets' daughter curses her son Stanisha Mara. She bites the in the possum, the heavenly drink spills in her. Parental curse is coming! Stanisha blackened his cheek, raved with the trust of Christ, the heroic tribe of Montenegro; He trains in blood and brotherly blood craves. Scattered braids on top of Sheshkopool! Two brothers fight for trust, and thousands of warriors around them. He has a son of a curse. Running machine control bajazito, there is a Hungarian nose with it. Oh, the wrath of the heroic oath, God is looking at you from the eyes? The leaders of Turkey, about 7 a.m., and they are visiting Montenegrins, all tormented and watching. Prince Janko, who looms? What the How not to start, but sleepy and icy? Haji-Ali-Medovich Kadia Bas afim, Prince of Osrin! I'll start, and the rest won't. Hundreds gathered, our Turak and Montenegrins. I know what's wonderful that we're here for: reconnent each other's blood. But come on, from the land of heads, among us, to see and reassure the two families, the Velestovich and the Turks, and Bajice and the Brotherhood of Alice - work to reconcile them, but to capture them from the world. I'll be the first to go in front of the best man. Let's calm down. Prince Rogan Effendia, you don't get into what it's about, but you start the tan. And you are a wise writer, they say. You studied a book in Carigrad, not some frog. But you still want to think about it - the difficulty in our school. He's tortured again, and every time he looks, he gives up. Vladimir Daniel is a dear god who controls all who sits on the throne, heavenly you will be able to look at all the lights of the car in space: you who have developed dust under the throne of light and have called it your world, and you are the dust of every man who revives it with more like-minded seeds; You have that book has a mirobith, in which the doomsdays are inscribed with the peace and mind of the fortress that kindly sheltered the children of the resurrection of small ants to the Gordum lough - spend more of Mount Black, removed from it by lightning and thunder and a tangled cloud of the mayor! Yes, they are not even guilty: it is believed that they did not fall into the devils' network. What is a man? To the weak bird! They look at the Turks with their own eyes. Mouth honey and cold adrienne, let's not be young and fiery! Honey Mom, but you'd like a drink. From the candle, but wait between the ears! Fear of the life of the cheek is often; Weaknesses are linked to the country, nothing but a hard line. But it is the weakest to hunt for light eye lesions, not an eagle hiding its eyes. After a more courageous brother, but the son let go of his own, he says he is little more than a man. found more desolate; for the struggle brighter sky, behind the weed is the soul, behind the tears more cheerful food. Oh, if I had eyes to see Montenegro, I'd be crazy so much! Then it would seem to me that Lazareva's crown would land in Mylos among the Serbs; My soul would then be as calm as the peaceful morning of spring, when clouds and clouds dried up in the sea attic. The Turks look dark. Skender-Aga, I'm surprised. See the court of two drinks, but two-sets hats? A smaller stream in the higher sees, the hub loses its name, and the busy sea of both. Ollie, are you going to take a hat to get the worst olive? No one from this country will eat-- You are chasing the badava stone

to the worst- The old tree breaks, wrong. I'm not asking about chicken and eagle, but what is a goose laffer, say! Prince Rogan, I am amazed by this and amazed by the rabbi! The priest of the sinner asks that the devil not hunt him down. Prince Janko, when my wife asks me if I was, I'll tell her I've shone. She's hooked if she doesn't believe it! Prince Baiko is coming to my mind now. I'm going to have a little roll in my nose, the damage will find me. Vuk Raslapcevic if we had kuams, we'd get a globe. Duke Millie TheGus rifle, wolf. What are you wearing, God-brother, Stanko? Vojvodina Stanko (Lubotinin) Tee, brother, because I hurt with it, that's the time that is not good for me. Serdar Janko How I made fun of myself last night! Two of my men came to my house, and the snail is white. This is a joke for the umi: how some elders have fenced their waterways and there is no water or crescent; When it's built, you can spot the water!

Vuk Mandusic Bhele is my sister-in-law, there are no roads to keep her! He opens her books to the prophets; some say: Splat is made of marjorie. He takes her all over the monasteries and reads her oil and vigil; Godface for all the monasteries to leave your daughter-in-a-bitch Angelica, godmoce-nothing helps! And I take a triple claw, a rope in the flesh of her carcasses: the devil goes somewhere for nothing, and the healing of the daughter-in-law is angelic. Vojvodina Batrich Turki brothers -, in a stone hit! What are we going to hide in the? The earth is small, from all over the place, with the ailment of one it may remain the way of his path; You don't have to think twice! But take the trust of the Pradeidian to protect the cheek of the ansel. The craving for defeat does not need a rooster! What would a hawk look like? But you destroy the moon and the mosque, so you're going to have tressed and carved Easter eggs, honoring the two quickly; For the rest of you are happy! If you don't listen to Batrich, I swear to you by The Confidence of Obilich and the Arms, I'm sure that in the blood of our trust will come, it will be better that he will not sing! Disagree with Byram on Christmas, is it like montenegrin brothers? All in a voice: That's it, not at all! Mutai-Kadia, what are you doing? Are you on your own? You're stretched on a healthy leg! What eggs, postage and Christmas Eve are you on a real believer? The work of the night is toothy, but what will happen under the sunlight? Allah, the sea, the wise talk! Cross and cross all over their mouths; they're snow that can't be. For God's surrealism, over the past two years have fallen to the trust we have accepted, the changes in Dino have become. You of peace, we are not in the mountains! What is a weak crossroads for limping in front of a rash of vital steel? The saint makes a wave if he waves from above, from blow to ground, playing empty on top of the pumpkin. Little man, what are you doing? You do not know pure paradise of sweetness, and you fight with God and people, without hope, you live and die. You serve the cross, and you live with the Cross! Cross the word shuphare, the cross throws into the unwinding of the people, but despite the precession. More of your day bowing one than baptizing for four years. Oh, hurricanes, blue eyes, and you mean I'm the one who sees me, what kind of eyeliner can stand in front of your eyes? before his eyes that the purpose that stone can melt, let a less weak man born to melt away from them; Before the eyes of the water beat, there are two predetermined drops of prestige spread you see the power of God than! With the mountain in the spring morning you see it for a clear shot! About Stambolbe, earthly fun, honey cup, worse than sugar, spa sweet human life, there are fairies in sorbet bathing; O Stambolbe, the holy palace, oriental and holiness - God from you only avoids the christening of the prophet with the earth to rule! Why are you going to tell me no? One hundred times in my youth, since dawn, I have fallen into your stream of clear and surprising, over which you see the face of the light sun, And months. In the sky, in the sea, I watched your towers and a rash of munnars, from which the heavens were raised at sunrise, in a wonderfully steep, thousands of clergy voices, voices of heaven the name of the archfistot, the earth's name of the terrible prophet. What does he believe in? What is the closest altar to the sky? Prince Janko Effendia, thank you very much! (He lifts his hat) Very good: what we were looking for, we found him! Vuk Michunovic Krst and topuzz be a hit, with him on the first day, nagging to him! The egg has a broken egg. What I get, you'll hear if I'm going to! Prince Janko Emma I will not, God's trust, listen more to the Jacqueline purpose of this stug with the purpose of rotting beech! Who does he call with these heads every morning, son? I actually called him because it's no easier for me to hide than to have it on my head. Prince Rogan Lee's ear is in my ear right now, I'm hoping for a cheerful voice. Vuk Mandusic Dana, Baiko, smoke in my eyes. Serdar Janko Kresse, who should smoke! This is the soul of prophecy, he will not regret the effendia. Tomas Martinovich Crows graze and struggle, prices will be fast! Vukota Mrvlevich does not cross my rifle, Baiko, but returns through it! Vuk Mikrunovic (ear-shawl Serdar Janko) This holds the tail of Aji-Aksha, and frees him will not until the bitch dies, but he is dead. Skender-Aga (see Vuka is not happy) What are these brothers of Montenegro? Who's on fire? How does this unfortunate missus of our prescience come to be? Without it, we're not brothers, are we together? Evil and good brotherhood. The bride's hair in the cemetery is a heroic bula in relation to the Serbs? Wolves about the bloody land, she's gone! Your name is scary and bad. Or I have a young knight, you snag him in your first youth; or I have a man to a person, everyone approaches me with a deadline; Or I have a whale of Vienna that crowns ancestors, you resent it in the cv'jet of youth. You've turned into my blood! The truth is that this is not the second to a pile of bones and a mammoth, on which the mole uns nuddly demonstrates the torment of the monastery. O Kosovo, in the middle of you, sodom has been supplemented! Vuk Mikunovitch Pi, hear, harsh talk! What are boys with fiery hearts beating blood scorched by the flames of pride? What's it? Victims of blessings move from the battlefields to the joyful realm of poetry, the pink light falls with cheerful rays into the heavens. Where will it be more of an age-old thing? The legs are a clone, and the eyes betray, the brains in the pumpkin, the cutting spot; grinding the shells of his face, murky eyes swolved in the head, death ugly under his forehead laughs like a frog under his bark. What do you say about Kosovo, Milos? We have lost everything fortunately; but mica, the name of Montenegrin resurrected from the Kosovo tomb over the cloud, into the Empire of the Vite, Dje Obilic over the seeds of governments. Serdar Ivan S Mohammed and stupidity in the head! It is hard, Turks, your souls, to shape the earth with their blood! The kids were going for two hats. Ferrat Zakir, Kawasbesha Jock, Serdar, you don't pollute the road! A trusting turkey subjunct cannot be until the head jumps. While the country is rewarded, the two trusts may agree to sahan that the broths agree. We live like a brother so far, so kissing doesn't need any more. Prince Janko Beo, Turks, but you can't! This is our love. Our eyes are very close, they can not look fraternally, but blood and a few wild: the eyes are delightful of their hearts. Vuk Mandusik Flote, folks, good sarucca! Buy, yes, amanan? Arslan-Aga Mukhadinovich I did not buy it, Vuce, but the vezer gave me when I was going to Travnik this year. Vuk Mandusic Love, give me one! I'll give the bull for him from the yacht. Arslan-Agha Mukhadinovich, I'll only give it to you, Vuk, if you're going to look after him; I'm so sorry with such a hero. Vuk Mandusik has no godless faith without the baptism of God, if you will. Arslan-Agha Shisano is the same for baptism. Vuk Mandusic Kum will be a god, but the collector will not! Great gray and justice among the Turks and Montenegrins, but wiser separates from the carnage, all closing, no one Kolo Tri Serdar and two leads with their 300 hawks, the Falcon Baio 30 mirages of the dragon will not be while the world lasts. Welch Schen'er vezinari the top of the apartment above The Gardenia and bets on a walk at noon. It is not the Serb's daughter who betrays the Serb that the world should give him an appeal, the key to his finger to Brankovic's incomprehensible home; But everyone falls on top of each other, sing and the Turks beat, and three men just overtake dead Turks, wounded by the Turks. Wonderful deaths, they're just dairy! God will make a monument to the soul and go to the grave! 3000 boys, equal Schengen adrift of the wesser as he approaches dawn on the Crusader field. God gives me waves! They cross the power of Schengen. It's not the wounds he was in, it's the Turk, which is not to blame. Knights, Serbs, will an airstrike on the grave of your preservation! There are ten cavazas from Podgorica from the vesird of the new, which is the citrus empire, and they give the Lord a letter, the master reads it, Imad Vojvodina Batrich Katz , Vladimir that vezier writes. We will not hide anything, everything, if the Turks are to blame! Vladaika (reads a letter from word to word): Selim Vivier, slave to the sun of the world, and deputy from all the emperor's lands. To your knowledge, maids with Vladimir! The Emperor of the Emperor prepared me to surround the earth with a sculpture to see the decree stand: do not overeat meat; that the sheep, which does not carry its run into the bushes on the road; incite something that is too long to throw overfished; Look into the mole's teeth so that the rose in the thorn does not lose so as not to hit the pearl in the rebalanc; and that the heavens recover, it is a paradise for the rest of the marv. So I heard about your upstairs. The family of the Prophet's World knows the heroism of the righteous price. They lie to people who say they are the least afraid of the carriages. Come to me under my tent, you, Vladimir, and the main senders, only that you emperor on the unfortunate, to receive gifts from me, and live like you. Strong teeth and a hard gap; Good vacations outside the door, let me tell you, kale head. What would it be to stop the cane from taking a gift in front of the killer whale? Who can stop streams from streaming in their seas? Who rises under the beautiful seed of the prophet's terrible barrage, the sun will burn it like light. With a fist, hope is not stretched! Musk in pumpkin - what is a snivele? Intestinal reins - breaking teeth! The sky has no bolt price. In the lukaik eyes raftered. Pusin cattle one frown -- good souls, when her They're s attracting. It's hard for the country, where the army goes! Prince Janko Merchant lies with laughter, a woman lies in tears spilling; No one near the Turk is lying! Serdar Janko, we don't keep these proteins, but rub faster to give them any madness. Let him know the story, so he does what he can! Vuk Mikunovich will write him off, as you know, Vladimir, and guard his cheek to you! Vladaika Danilo (written off): From Vladimir and the head of Selim Pasha to the letter. This is a hard fruit weirdo, do not break it, but break your teeth! It's not wine as it happens, it's not the world you think. The barricade gives Europe - a sin to think about it! Hanging pears in the throat in the west. Blood is a human wound upside down, nose begins to jump; They are filled with a mixture of greed! They'll put coke in the car under oath. The brave journey of Leopold, Sobyanin, Duke, savoy demon horns. Grain doesn't speak equally for two brothers-one man. Before Vienna Burkaw swerved, flipped the car to the side. There is no need for an empire for people to be in front of the world of roses. Wild brains and the craving of a poisoned boar is, not in humans. To whom the law lies in the gun, its traces smell masculinity. I remember what you said. The route is a lot on the peninsula - for high-altitude guests will not be fixed! Now there are no other thoughts in them to keep the herd from the beasts. It's a tear-door for snooker, for a snooker match. You still have land and sheep alike harrage and skins! You're swaying from all sides of evil, worse like god, under evil. I landed on my back, almost ran out of way and I We were senior friends in my head. Come on and read it aloud in front of all (Montenegrins and Turks) Prince Rogan This letter and now the way to the ears! Let him talk to him. Deputies vezinari, nevellski, go Vuk Mikunovitch Dz, ryzal, take this fissek, take it for a gift washer and tell him that it is the price that is dear to the heads of Montenegro. Regal Osman What a gift for the vezer, voluntary kavur hajduki! Don't talk about vezines like that, but they come, they bring fever, tears jump on their eyes and whine the ground! Vuk Mikunovich, if he hadn't come into the house, I'd know you well. I want something all the way. Aren't we guiding? He is a high-heeled slave, he is better than he has; I'm the one chasing you. I do not fry the ground and people, and many of the grinding tormentors on my nose have killed each other before my eyes; Many boo your nagging and then black grip. There's a kavasi vezizi. Two coconuts on the assembly. Prince Rogan you see these two devils! That these two were killed, dug each other's eyes out? There are 30 chickens behind them. And as far as their argument, I would like it to outmit less; And you, yes, your beards? Skender-Aga A likes to outweigh the above. Rasta gave it to God more when he is taller, make him strong! The night is monthly, sits around the dog and reels on the laundry. Kolo Novi Grad, you sit at the end of the sea, and the waves counts down the coop like an old man sitting on a stone that lists his rosacres. The lovely sleds you put down! Dairy seas take you, Montenegrins are a worse grind; They meet in your walls, they are covered in blood and Since then, you haven't smelled necromance. Topal Pasha 20,000 to help new shots; he was met by young Montenegrins in Kamenio, a field of indignation. Turkish hats killed, all fragment in one grave; power and today you see kosturnica. Polyilgashu Vuk Mikunovich (lying with Serdar Janko) Kud, Serdar, do you want this dog? Serdar Janko This methnem is the top target of the dress. Vuk Mikunovich (lying next to Serdar Janko) What is the purpose of your dress? Serdar Janko puts pressure on me all the unfortunate seas; How I fall asleep so as not to collapse. Vuk Mikunovic (lying next to Serdar Janko) What a sea and what a failure! There's no sea, no skill, but you're too fat, so fat when I'm lying down. I've never been clapped. Serdar Janko A is the one who caught me. I always wear the reins behind me, and prickly delightful in optics; But it is no better than a dog to give the dress a better purpose. (Prince Janko lies with Prince Rogan) Prince Janko smells of these squirrels! Do you see anything, Rogan? Prince Rogan Ka in an evil hour, my prince, I can't see! When I sit next to them in a meeting, I hold my nose in my hands all the time; If I didn't, I'd be the one to fold. So I'm on the end and I'm out of it and I wouldn't get anywhere near them. Here you see how far we are, and once again, that swarm of necrotise stinks here. Dead times of night, sleep all, someone going through a dream. Climb, Prince Janko and Prince Rogan to see who he is when Vuk Mandusic speaks with a word. Prince Rogan, who is your nationality, Mandusic, and you've been talking to someone all night? Prince Janko No, Rogan, don't wake him up. We'll ask him anything, at least we'll have a rue with him. Prince Janko Dana, Wolf, what are they doing for our Bana Milinich? How often do you get between the two? Vuk Mandusic is not, brother, anything between the two? Vuk Mandusic is his fairy! I don't have many walks. Did Prince Janko Rushe give you your heart? Vuk Mandusik has a rash, are you really making fun of me? There's nothing else in the world! If I hadn't been with Pan Milnich nine times, I'd have caught his young daughter-in-law, and then he'd run around the world with her. Prince Janko doesn't tell you your mother is whining! She really had all your brains. Vuk Mandusic Al devil, but they're crazy, but something more restless than both? When they see her laughing young, the world revolves around my head. Well, one night I'm going to burn the hell out of myself, in Milinich's cottage. When it's down and the night is monthly, the fire burns in the middle of the seed, and it comes to you from somewhere: fire sits there to retreat. He hears that he sleeps in the cabins every day. That's when Vienna grows, the hair falls on the lower waist; he's going to start his chest hair, brush his chest, and speak in a thin voice while celebrating from the dub branch. He is in the trial of a young man Andria, the 19-year-old son of Milonijc Pan, who died last year turak in Rainbow. So he didn't give his daughter a back snag; he regrets his daughter's latte, but his son Andria's head. She beats the bride, for a heart bite, her eyes burn, her front time is more beautiful than the moon, and I pay for a small diet. Andrew's treasure was killed - beautiful if his eyes weed him off, his mouth stripped... Prince Rogan (paw of Prince Janko) Don't ask him, the amanats, for such things until they disappear. It's dawn; They get up and get up. You're glad you That's what's in my way. People have risen a lot as we are about to be baptized somewhere; The sun stings for the eyes to jump, and the fortress is cured. As we descend to this field, we start under one apple, under which crescenia is also swathed. We're all in the shadows beneath it, we're going to get mature apples as nice as each of them sweet, pop clearly beneath it, evangelical. At the time, the five Martinovichs are one after one and three others. All people look at them when they go; And they pillar you, and up the church: the altar of the church rises and on it a cross of gold methamphetamine. The cross shines for the worst the sun, and all the people on their feet rise, the honorable cross is presented to the cross. That's what I wake up to. Vuk Mikunovich (lying next to Serdar Janko) Glad to be, you had a wonderful dream! It was a miracle that I had a dream, defending myself from some passages, and I cut five sixes with scissors. If I was on the move, I would really swear with the Turks. Serdar Janko Our church intersects, intersects, so we have them together. The Turks are all following each other, excited. Serdar Vukota. We went to 22 Ozrinjaks and we want a horse so much, we will take the stuffing arrangements. And come back with a drink from Kotor. They fluff people, they have a gun to arms. When we are on top of Cretacnah, but there are about 300 others; on every green dome, on every strange and weapon. Let's think, who will it be? What guests? When, but it's old Ozro is the one after him, Ozrinic. (none of them alive) They snap at us every frown of witchcraft that we don't build Aranjela in chevo church to help everywhere. Onden We don't kill a bit, and now I'm trekkin' with his fear! Vukota Mrvalевич I will stay and snow all night; By the time I know, I'm forgetting everything. Prince Baiko seeded, and Vuk Mandusic; they don't want to say anything. Prince Janko, Baiko, are you something? What will happen, it can not pass, but tell me that it is not very good. Prince Baiko, I want my prince, I'll have one thing. I had a bad dream last night: all the guns in Komato. Without evil, I can't get around my brother's ness, because whenever I watched a dream like that, he does his thing for hate. Prince Rogan Mandusic, why are you so unscrupulous? Why don't you talk about what you did last night? Vuk Mandusic did not sleep or speak to my mind, but I slept all night like a sworn sleeper. Prince Rogan I'll talk when you leave him: I've seen Drasko Popovich dream! And I'm in the corridors of the cathedral, and I'd say, here it is, down the field. Serdar Radonya Look at the wonders that the poor man! We still don't remember anything about our best duke. What about Drasko Popovich? Serdar Vukota Hodio in Milky Drasko. When Schengen gets to Kotor, what city to be with the top of the bouquet? Pop Sheppan then swerved into Kotor. Godly from one of the tops, Schengen hit a lubard in the throat with a grain and broke it in 300 comits. That's when he will receive a salary in principle, for a year a hundred checks. The priest became angry at old age, so Drusco came to the Milky Way to bring his salary from the Milky Way. Prince Rogan of the Navy these five six sheep to dine to return home. The Duke of Drasko comes, hugs and ceilings and sits among them. Prince Rogan says anything, Drasko, about Milka! What kind of people are they? Duke Drusco What people, you ask, Rogan? Ka! I don't want to be horned. Prince Rogan We know chocolate, they are not, but they are beautiful and rich? Duke Drasko Bie, brother, is many beautiful, and 10 times more; It's a hoax you can't look at. The richer it is to get hit; from wealth to semi-crazy, like a child, like babies. All nuggets are full of gaps; They torment, their eyes toast to scatter the crust of the loba sous. I looked at the two among myself, and the woman's body was dead and leaning (I would have a hundred eyes!) So they wear it on a city street in the middle of the day there and here. They are not afraid of being frequent and honest, just to get a camel wound. Prince Janko Bihau to hate, Drasko? Duke Drusco Bihau houses the world of greats! There is trouble and trouble: a scooter of unstable stench, the stench of a great and difficult stench, and no blood in the cheek. Vuk Mikunovich (lies next to Serdar Janko) And how is he really waiting for you? Duke Drusco Who in an evil hour to Welch, Wolf? I didn't even know anyone, let's not wait for me, but this ugly mixture didn't let me out of the house. Every day gray is all around me when I want to go out into town, as in us when the boys go to massacre. None of them would have been a friend, the head of the son of Mr. Grbicich, my home, but would have left the bones there. And he met me with his brother, took me all over the Milky Way. Vuk Mandusic A were heroes, Duke? Duke Drasko No, God's trust, Mandusic! There's no lottery about valor. But they fled to their homes, accepted them, and they were traps, poor falcon brothers, Dalmatics, and brave Croats; and then fill them with ships and keep them in peace, and drag the treasures out and click on the land and the city. Serdar Ivan And the courts are running after them? Duke Drusco Bihau, brother, to God save you! A little better than the Turks. There was a house too big to build ships; were thousands of reluctant men, all in angry iron likeans, and the construction of the principle of ships; Don't be afraid to invade a man. One of the passengers was attached to the roads on their boats, and they were travelling in the sea; There they are burned by the sun and drowning rain and time, I can not get out of the relationship, but, to pasha, when you refresh it for the Torah, there are boats and nights and nights. The worst part of their lives is the darkness under the courts; In the deepest among you know no worse than standing in them. The horse is going to go down to them, the man falls there, the candles do not regret it, let's not be sad; they bind everyone there and they are structuring into dark beams. I am all numb for God to kill them when I think of that scarecrow. No one regrets anyone, let me tell them what to do. When I see virgin trouble, my heart hurts, and I say, What, you're disgusting, do people do? Why don't you pull out the heroic people, why don't you hit them like this? Although Grbicic tells me: Don't say such words, there is no right to do here. Your happiness - you do not understand and hear me telling you today: I knew in these inclinations that the great crimes of God, and that their empire would die and better in the hands of invasion. Vuk Mikunovich Awakening you say so, do you think of the world, for whom? The Duke of Drasko is not afraid of anything, nothing obscures. They fear other nothing from zingers and from spying; each of them in the Milky Way is a trumpeter. When two Whatever's on the street, the third ear changes you, and this hour runs into the courtroom, says what they do, and gets whatever they want. The court catches the two of them, and then torments them in the galley. That's what killed you, lost you among yourself. As for the end of the Milky Way, there are no other people who hold each other's secret glands and spels. Grbicic swears to me that once pimps and spires citrus one principle in front of the Senate and all the people, and that they threw their heads right on the pillars of their palace. How other people won't be afraid of them when they can be put on a dash! Prince Janko And is there a game in the Milky Way where we play with you? Duke Dresko Bishko game, but another. One house gathers after dark and after dinner. The house is 1,000 light-years from the world; On the wall all over her, she evades the people, and the house remains; From across the wall, I saw the mish from the nibbles. When one of the shacks rises, a third of the house opens. Oh, my God, here to see the wonders. They invented some regiment. While they hide around the house, there is someone who claps their hands; I had a dead laugh! A little herd, they leave, and the rest come for them. Such ugliness, such swearing no one has ever seen before! They carried away from the area, outer eyes like tents, and zined to kuriahs hungry; and wooden feet were insured, and then idle as keys; Dressing in French fries and in volumes - in the middle of the day for a man to meet him, all his hair will goosh. As for someone, God will help him, out of his agony Get out, guys, the house's on fire! Oh, my God, you have to see this. Stadiums are tickling, claws and breaks, herd pees, hats fall, hundreds of them underfoot; It's all so cramped that the crums can't like cattle when the beast is after it. I play tomorrow when there's no one in the house, but the house is closed. And I'm going to tell you one more thing (and I know you won't)! I've seen people in the Milky Way jumping and dancing. Prince Rogan, that may not be true, Drasko, but your eyes are on the way. Duke Dresco I know nothing, but I looked at them; I think it's more rootless. Obedient Ada, who is more than an amateur! I heard from one of the cases in Boko, one of them came from Talia, or where else, our guards came out and shouted to people: Look at this coconut! When you look at that coconut, but your leg screws up. When at that hour, it's not a straw! Another shouts: Listen guys, every grave in your hand will have grapes that will give you a razor, but make sure witchcraft doesn't find you, don't fear the grapes off! As for each of them catches grapes, they take a razor razor; When you see the miracle undounded: everyone by the nose reaches, reaches the razor to the nose! As for the third top of the wall shouts: Look, people, don't drown! It is the bed of the river of fire, or men or women, every time to stand, lift dresses. When neither water nor water is traced, but he digs in clothes every day and moves to the water to escape! When they see them, people jump and they kill them, but the insurers in Kotor-Latin. Vuk Mikunovich Pjohajo, it is good for a goose? Duke Drasko What a Goose and An accident? That's where the goose and choir don't go! Vuk Mikunovic Ada for the whole game without the goose, I would not give you a couple of Turkish. There is no suffrage in the house, there are dead houses and people. Serdar Radonha for each of you we ask; And does he look at the principles, Duke? Duke Drusco I watched, brother, just like you now. Serdar Radonya A. Herzog Dresco Bie - a man of the middle hand; don't go under that name without fear of urn. Serdar Radonya What's his name, Voeva? Duke Dresco Vallerio... And I don't know how. Serdar Ivan asks you what for these areas? Duke Drusco Pita, brother, I don't even know how. I was in front of him with Grbicic, bowing as they told me. The way I am is to accomplish principle, ask me about our goals and I will say kiss Montenegrins, because it mentions all the warheads that helped the Milky Way. So the utility is going to start eating; asks me about our Aborigine people, for The Bosnians and arbans in front of them: They catch - says - Montenegro, whether alive but dead in hand, they will eat what they do? He eats, if you know God, how is man going to eat man? I heard it - it tells me again -- one man there eats snakes. What snakes, congratulations on the principles? And it's a bad road to look at - all the hair mountains on a man! Prince Janko, did I meet you very well? Duke Drusco No, but too good! He promises I didn't take it out. And I thought when I came from it: a treasure for me this morning and forever, here's luck for all Montenegrins, I'll give you a history of dust to be with the Turks. When it's done, it's all splattered and nothing's done. And the team won't believe him if he lights up the word bee. Prince Rogan A, when they hurt you, Did they get a good order? Duke Drasko Tu doesn't shy away from eating outside lesbians, but to bring some cutthro, the three enters as far as lunch. The two parts of the regiment were still young and obese, all lyin' these treats. Now I eat meat. Vuk Mikunovich Fala To God, it's a great miracle! Do you see here in which exactly this Sevra nod and other gentlemen milkman? Your love is chicken, but egg than ram, but a piece of cheese. What a miracle they can do in a year of chickens. So die in this grace, lower the carcasses, and mustache shavings, and splash over the head with ashes, and musers to the female ears. As 30 turns 30, everyone comes as babbling, you can't look at it; As you go a little up the columns, you get a little ruby and dance something under your throat, he would say that the hour dies! Slice the pastries and sit down for lunch. Serdar Janko asks if he has a lock in his shoulder and is told it's Martina Bays. Serdar Janko beautiful jerseys, and makes it point beautifully! Good for you, old man. Prince Rogan, who keeps us on the side, but it's from the cross, but is it from the pillar? Prince Janko We held the cross air. Prince Rogan, I was a thousand nobles, but I have not seen these accidents. Who am I knitting? His house went, he would not rein in; And in the middle of it there's gravel through which you made your way, and 20 graves and none of the house. Everyone looks at this knitting and wonders what it's like. They ask whose castle it is and tell them it's from Skender-Age Medovic castles. Prince Janko (looking at one shoulder and talking to him) He has these 20 beetles, he's very good at home, he's had enough He is strong, and he has good horses; I'd say there aren't many of them, and everyone in the house knows about them. Vukota Mrvaljev (story with heel) Strange one of fouls of gas, but it is bloody, for God to kill him: Kosovo is all around him! Vuk Mikunovich What do you think of as a fairy tale but grandmothers when they are back in bolsheigh? What do they learn about dead skeletons, how will it be with whom? Vukota Mrvlevich. And you speak in them more than a tenth of them. You don't give any jerseys to you, but you grab them from people's mouths; You took 100 of them from me to see the devil in them. It's something you've been through for a long time! Vojvodina Batrich Dana, Vuk of the Sheshev stare, take the goose to talk to us; When it's good, make it better. Wolf of Le'evostac (poje) Chevo apartment, gnaw heroic, and bloody human scam, many of you remembered, many of you, mothers crazy! Human bones are covered with these bones, you have been infected with human blood; You have been injuring VIDEOS since Vido Day with heroic and horsemeat crows and dark wolves! Scary to watch at once: the smoke of the black beetle edged, 100,000,000 pressed on Turaka, around you thunderbolt rifles, fristle of thousands of boys and gracaku on a funnel. Behind the spot and the sun: the night before you are carried out, the Turks are dead to you we believe you know where we can not get around the number, how much they beat them. Vojvodina Batrich Dana, Vuch, do not interrupt, there are no such conversations. The wolf of, I'm not dying, duke, so it's more condescending to leave her. They shoot guns on the field, people sing, there are 100 and 50 of them, Duke Drusco, who is this, where are the waves? Serdar Janko And the woman, Sushi, barricaded her son from the side of the caddie. Vuk Mikunovich Ma is not all Turks, but there are Montenegrins. Serdar Janko is a Black Janj just under half. Vuk Mikunowic Kud wants to need, Brankovics and Jysahani? What do they want from the Turks? Prince Janko And what is the marriage of this devil when weddings do not have, but they live in relation to other cattle? Serdar Janko doesn't have weddings in them, but the deal is to make the cow in half. They do not consider women in the Czechs, but they are held in the direction of slavery sold. They say: a woman is a sweet fruit of a man, but a fried lamb. As long as she is, let her in the house; She's not like that on the street with her! Prince Rogan, thank God, the dog millet, must be strange with evil and injustice! There is no law; The law is that his heart hurts, that he does not want to write in the Koran. There are swats up the field. Swat Turk Gergeles, the wing of the falcon, and the hut in paradise take off, voluntarily, without dawn, before the Prophet approaches to get out; Hurria captures you so late. Going out to us, without honors, to your winged robes! Don't forget your fog and your wings of hell, because Wlas ears are raised to collect cattle in Turin. Your wolves have excitement; Aren't you the son of the Damascus saab so as not to bark at the Prophet! Are you black, Marco, leaning over, Delio? Even if you're a Turkish accomplemer, but you're our feathers again. You run up, - Marco, yours, Sharina, do not eat anything from your weapon to your restless six; Allu is a good man among the heels, and in honor of the Prophet and Hurria! Swat Turk Alderime, father-in-twerp, you'd have a few crosses of confidence and among the west to run out of hat wings, Damashi, to get blood to become the most terrible shehit, but rise to the fatima of thirst, the unit of the Holy Prophet? This is where you sagraving to God and the Prophet; Who is wrong with them, he pays them disgusting! But it's just Dino's milk, when Bosnia breaks its horns, when it clogs everything that doesn't sink; Only the fakir leaves the fukar to serve us, and he beats us in front of the cross. The light of Montenegro is an obilic, the dragon fire that looks at you, you shine your eyes! You'll be sworn in as heroes! The darkened corona does not flow to us when a fallen herd falls under the jaws, when the dinu is in the soup. The clock sees you at the crane and you grow up in turka's tent. What will it be, who will do it? Srb and Turk disagree, but the sea will weaken earlier. Swat Turk, Alia, son of a bitch, the youth of Kotarka leave! It's a shame to have a gray falcon trust for a long falcon, rather than catching meat for yourself. Hit, Tal, with dried, ribs to nuts! You lose half your head, don't leave your hair in cavus; Fruits like that are not for coffee. Swat Blackgurn Bay, Commen, detained Delio when you caught such a deer! You've already rested your wings, you're not far away, Kotari; You trusted Haiki, she can't wait to be crossed out. Slaughter, Aldino Novak, the purpose of the gorge, you learned, because the ears of the dina are in poor condition; Wake him up with fleas in his skin. Don't let go, Bach, the living devil; Let there be no mountains without questioning your Lyme. Mutai-kadia comes out and begs the boys not to take in their ranks scum of Montenegro, not to be a maid, which I am sorry, but let them take matchmaking poses, and he begins to invent his own. Mutai-kadia don't cry, mom, dilber She is married, she is not painted; roses from the waist did not fall, but in a bostany condensed mine. Fatima will keep Sulio as his eyes are in his head. Fatima is great for her waista, her eyes have two stars, her face is pink, Danica burns under the vienne; Her lips are cut with a pair of lips, her lips strutt with roses, sometimes gyrations of snowy mana made of fine pearls; Her throat is a clean field, her arms are swan wings. Flowers float in the mirror, and the trains pallid silver. They go a bit where they start! The Swat Montenegro Hawk hawks dust fields, the falcon won't be a frog from Lucinda, the falcon wants to tall face, the falcon is looking for a little goat; goat is thin and fears as fire lives. Swat Turk Do not lose, Swat was the first born, today by years, Sul will refrain from us. God gave dearly for a few days to the earth; It is a sin to put them on subarm. Duke Stanko Strange humor, unpleasant mixture! Can you hear them coming out? They get condescending, make, all kinds of old objections: Milos, Marco - Mujo and Alia! He is on his way, while suddenly he is bursting; It's already overworked cover all over the place. Vuk Mandusic Emma that hangs with bloodsuckers, and in a crane crib to digest them, they will not laugh at them! Vuk Mikunovich, dirty, dirty sluts, pulls the cheeks! Heroes do not know their honesty, and they will not drag after the Turks. I hate them than the Turks, and I don't think of them or the Turks. He's a villain with the Turks when they're lolching, to pachad, sahan! Bogdan Jurashkovic they fought all the way, but not to give them a vile fox. See this carcass? The other is not in four countries. There's a honeyed word in him, he swerves to the devil around the cross, ama Lose and cunning; he's not killed by a Montenegrin rifle! There are all kinds of swearing - a little herd, that's repentance on the field, and beat Sister Batrick in front of them. Sister Batrick, where did you go, my falcon, from your beautiful falcon, brother early? Don't believe the Turks, God swore to them! Are they going to cheat on you? It's a beautiful head! My world is lost, sunny brother! My wounds, without getting over it, early blow! My eyes, my eyes! To whom you leave your brothers, brotherly praise, and old grandmother Pera, hook, pen! And your three young sisters, your underpants? Seven sisters in a man who has a swasbnit? empty, which did not hold a young head, the human fairy; What brings a bloodied to her, a fraternity dick? At first glance, you are an unbeliever! It's great if The Travnik ticks it, you pay for it! With a head, a hip, an ass, that will collect, talk, who will protect the wing, the brotherly wing, who will be the head of the Turkish, caustic vacation? To get lost in battle, the killer, the Serbian boys snagging, the boy, around the head and hands, simple wounds; But believe in the infidels, you are a trusting head! To get my head, my sister is back, that as I forget you, a coward, a posh head is going to go, little brother! What with emperor Sereds, wise head, venerable will be the emperor, sister sad; To the king of seeds, my young man, the general must be, my rose! If I could speak, my heart, and with your head dead, I would say it's my life! To see your black eyes, my eyes to kiss a dead head, place my brother to have a long wig, ooooh me! And the heroic hulme is fresh, sister bitch! In bloodied hands now, you paid for it! He's got a good head, You'll find us a lot of brothers, bitch! More hawks, hooks, brothers! Under the underwear of The Travnik, God swore to him! The head of the brotherly famous will not be empty for us! They were sworn in by their houses, unbelievers! Where will your young kisses be? Two of your crazy kids, orphans? What are you going to do, my boy, my Batrich, who took you? It's hard for him! Just your angry wounds, my Batricu, but the unchanging sorcerers, the rodeo hook! The earth is all, God has sworn! Heads are whimpering! By taunts! All the heads are crying, and when they hear the name Batrick, everyone cries in front of the prison. As they meet them, they know what it is. Sister Beatrice cuddles with Jeda Baik (prince), catches a knife for her dogs and plates himself; The tale overdid, and the granddaughter's back falls. Vuk Tomanovic Thank God, great regret that he finds us suddenly today! Every time he's yellow and crying. Vuk Mikunovich Oh, to God, and oh since that we were killed with our heads! Prince Rogan is 80 years old; I watched Montenegrins a hundred times, watching the Turks, and watching Latin young heads like I had never seen! Vuk Tomanovich has never been up like this in these tops. It's a hero under his wings! I saw him jump with the boys: he jumped from the 14th stage and withdrew from race 20 and 4; Three puzzles of a horse to jump. Vuk Mikunovich What is a feid to hide what it is? Such gravity of the falcon of Montenegro has not yet been. Man may not know, but he is beautiful, but he is beautiful, but he loves! Six times I tormented him, the dust burning in front of the heroic and the head of the dead shed - even more eyes of iron I do not see in one boy. And you don't For 20 years. And to hide, Montenegrins, my heart squinted my heart alive and blackened our country! Vuk Tomanovich not only came, but Montenegro already heroically beats all: 17, and 18 - the heads of visits of the Turks! Duke Batrich God is strong and dead kill him! How can I trust the Turks? Vuk Tomanovich Veran was a hero of the people, so Pasha zorovich somehow scared him by the brotherhood, and it is disgraceful that his black cheek was! Did Serdar Janko dig up his house? Vuk Tomanovich No, Serdar, but what about Faida? The other two children are men, and each other has no water; And they're hot up two apples. So who's going to wait? Prince Janko How much is left of his brother? Vuk Tomanovich Seven Brothers, all seven equal. Will Prince Janko avenge him, Wolf? Vuk Tomanovich Will, Prince, what about the fad? Prince Janko How why? What are you saying, man? So I can avenge him well so they can lift him out of the grave! Prince Janko Ada is this unfortunate unhappy girl, and today she is killed among us, more painful to my heart than Beatriceev's unfortunate head. Serdar Janko doesn't care about us, my prince, for those sorcerers! There have been no regrets like this in many places; But it breaks her heart in her chest and changes the world upside down for these pig falcons, so I can't help but grieve, but she will take her own life. It's Prince Rogan Smoot, brothers to kill! Kam would be the strangest of this nursing superiority, not a sister after brother like that, this is a wonderful way, ours! When he's afraid he's going where he's going, he puts on these streams, he has a red hand on his head, and he pans his perch down his shoulders, two rifles at his waist, and he puts on a blade to the belt, and in your hands, take the jeffrey, snail's face as tall as a spear! When I think about what they're going to do, they'll fall apart with me. Glacier sit Veljeg goose and talk, while here three hundred Ozzrini, Cucah and Bjelichac. Everyone sits in front of their heads and holds long rifles on their shoulders. Serdar Vukota Welcome! What happened, guys? You're going to the army! It's not without its problems; If it wasn't for someone's killing, for God's sake? Soldier No, Serdar, there's no carnage yet, Emma can be served. Another soldier, Papa Tsuki, the letter you wrote to them among all of us, and with him some conversations, we will stun them. Papa Micho writes a letter to Vladimir Daniel. Vladaika looks at him and says nothing. Prince Janko What was it? What does it say, Vladimir? You can't read it. He was given by the Priest to Prince Janko to bring him back. Prince Janko (watching him) Wonderful letters, jake kill him! It's amazing to see the map as if the chickens were towed. He laughs every day. Prince Janko writes a letter to the priest and tells him. Prince Janko Pope Miko, keep this letter to you, read you, so we know what it says! Pop Mizio takes the letter, watches it long and begins to read: Pop Mizio (read)... Um... Give... Morning... No... No..... On... Sha... Ra... Vuk Michunovic Beautiful, if this sabl reads, we're having great conversations today! Amanathi, so you're studying? Were you the hairdressers in the Milky Way? When you feel differently, what would you do to other people? Pop Miko You, Wolf, when do you make fun of me? What a science, for example, reading! If I had a better send, I'd read better today. yes, he's the guy I'm dealing with. Who's better, wide field! Vuk Mikunovich I wouldn't teach you the choice if I listened to the grain Pop Miko I do not give eye in hand, up to one and a half amounts of cheese; Well, they give it to me by force. You don't know our donor? Vuk Mikunovich Amanati, don't go for it! And how do you read their lesbia when you like it in a letter like this? Pop Miko Amanati, I don't read it, and I don't need a book, a thread when I open a church. I meterized it well for lethargy, Baptist and wedding, to other mentions of necessity; So when I need it, I take it in my mouth. Prince Janko strange priest, jade was not him, he is not in the world like this! All smiles and gray. Serdar Vukota Dana, tell the story you came to, send us so we don't freeze. One Tsuca we'll talk to and we've got enough! A simple saber 100 times Turkey, from Kosovo, snubs us if it is true. Here are six or seven years to the age of one oracle among us. It's from the bar. He smokes weed and heals something, and he records something that is built on a man's gun so as not to kill. Everyone holds it, forgive me, God to see through the spirit of the saint. There is a devil among us. 20 so far, she has shaped herself, more than 50 heads for ingesting them all and all the children who died and the boys killed you. So people are muttered, no one knows what they want to do; Everything darkened on top of each other. We were to a miracle, and we were separated so they didn't fall out. We barely entwined them here, Ed, as you threaten him, Vuk Michunovich Strange cattle, God cut them, about what was stabbed! Are you one of you an evil-blooded grandmother? Same Cuca Here we brought her with that you have it in front of you. She says she's going to say it all; And he says that God cut it to see that man looks at everything with his own eyes. There's prophetic and skill coming out. Prince Janko Say, Grandmother, are you a citizen? Baba yes, my prince, it doesn't disappear to hide. Prince Janko A, how do you build your skills? Bubba We have one pot for it, so we digest that pot of pot. There's skill behind it. Prince Janko So the last thing you do? Bubba, let's go out to eat, no one knows where we are. At the end of the march, we're on the march, taking action, hiding what evil we're going to do with anyone. The bird swerves each; We go on silver oars, our backbone is an egg crust. We cannot do evil hatred; And who is our love, except our own, the trace of it we dug up. Everyone in his voice can see how he knows nothing! True is all she said; I wouldn't have ordered if it wasn't for the character. So she repents, she has a soul, she sees a trail, and she's dug it up. Prince Janko Listen, baba, we believe you all: it can be medieval, you can drive from behind, no one believes you, no one will believe you. Baba Really, my dear, my soul! How would I get up today when I hang my feet in my grave? Once I repeated; I love going under the crowd with all the worlds and we did it like we've done so far, that's if it makes my soul easier. Prince Janko the Strange Devil, you see, brothers? Thank God, any skills? Prince Rogan Ima, Prince, a few horns, under the cloud will be an eagle! Vuk Mikunovich (Vladichi) You, Vlado, you know deep books; Do you find any skills in them? Vladimir Daniel Je What are you saying, Wolf! There's no one in the book. The purpose of me to swear is to babble history and wisdom; It's a lie, but it could be something else! All heads: Let's say Grandma, you've lied so much, but our souls are under the rocks! This is no joke you made: tormented by three jaded tribes and a bloody sword! Grandma in fear and trepidation. Baba, I'll tell you, but

would have deserved. Invasion is a welcome cross; seduced by the temptation of souls, early t'ing is the fire of electricity, and hope for a great soul with the sky lingering with the sun drip. He's a man, and he has to be a man! Fortress one country is changing you, and for him, look, this is not a country. A dream come true? If the name is often deserved on it, it has a lot to go on; And without it, what's the point? Slaughter for the opportunity, the fairies will be hooked in time to give you a trip: you, for example, will learn to sing with immortality! You have a very, very bad fight ahead of you: the tribe has given up this black bot Mammon! They fall on the curse of bladding. What is Bosnia and a half of Armania? Your brothers are from your father and mother; Everyone has a lot of rugby. Cross wearing you a terrible fight with your own and with another person! It's hard, but the fruit is sweet! The wax comb does not come without death. You've already seen under the shiny trench, frequent, popularity has increased, and the altar to the east has turned, there is a clear amount of smoke in it. It's nice when you have to die! Often wounded women with brave breasts, there is no disease in them. The jade altar of dyslexia will be on the chase of heaven! Everyone sleeps, and Abguman sits by the fire, considers the rosars and recites prayers among them all night. It's dawn, they're up, they're attaching weapons to get home. Miraculent starving old Aguman sits by the fire. He finds rosario and reads something in him, and they, as he rises, so approaches him and kisses him in the hand from more estemph, dissolves nicely and wisely. Serdar Ivan You are not blind, Ahuman, when you Wise and intelligent. Fools are blind-eyed who see, and they see the madman; they need them for simple needs, relative to the rest of the same animal. Serdar Vukota A, do you think, Serdar Agus, that he will be like this with his own eyes? A good sleep in the blinds, the look disturbs thoughts and tongues. The power to come when you want to talk: when talking to yours, the thing is shown to all the opposite faces. Sweetness and power loses conversations, minds get agitation, and the language of the typist; More often than not, you don't know what you're going to say. And blind eyes do not bother, but stick every time to pian when taken. Vojvodina Batrich Talking Dreams on the Move! I dreamed that I am not alone (I am happy for my weapons): tonight in San Obilic spring across the plains of Cetinski on the plains of Cetinski in the villa; Oh, fine, oh my God, he's coming! After 30, 40 others say your dreams: every dream equals that Obilic saw as the Duke of Batrich saw him. It's fun to go to church to swear all of them to mock the indigenous Turks. Entering the church, Vuk Mikunovich exposed the head, and then delivered him, and all in his hands got to the stadium. Vladimir Danilo Chui, Nicola Dupioski, and you will deliver your hand to the curse! You, you know, in Crmnica and the Turks in front of the house Crmnica. Don't swear at your house because he is sick of God for war! Prince Nicola I know, Vladiko, and all Montenegrins, I know how beautiful my house is; I have 300 Dupilanahs, let them betray me all, and will, I give you the trust of God hard - with the Turks we will kill if the seeds kill us! When I shed blood for my own good, I'm not afraid of a curse or something. As the gun bursts at Cetinia, the grohota would be at all The treasure of the one who is served by the heart, and who has not aged, will be a lot of work! Serdar Janko, we will not be betrayed, we must be defined by a curse; It's a healthy business. Vuk Mikunovich Cooney, Serdar Vukota, you, you are the best, and we will all shout: Amin! Serdar Vukota, in your opinion, are good Montenegrins! And who will be the best; And the one who betrays you starts, every time he's stretched! God is great and his power is in the seed in his seed, in his women he was scamened! It's made of lepers to tell people with their finger! The trail was dug up by his scattered horses! His rifle did not hang in his house, the men's heads were not dug out of the rifle; Wish him the house of man's head! Who betrayed, brothers, those heroes who begin with our bloodthirsty, aced the honorary post of Brankovic for the dog; His grave is in this world! Who betrayed, brothers, these heroes, do not teach charges or spheres, but trust the dog; His bloodied Christmas Eve tarnished his name, his children on his fried io; In the ghost wress, the beckoning has turned into beckoning! who betrayed, brothers, these heroes, rusted on his house; After his trail, penitentists kept whining until the last lie! Everyone in his voice shouts: Amen! They come out of the church and otolin every house. Christmas Eve Vladika Danilo and Abguman Stefan sit by the fire, and students, cheerful, dance around the house and find Christmas cards. Before Stefan you order them, the crossroots need methamphetamine? Nalocli, djedo, to the pier, dried them with white schnulom, and watered with red vine. Ahuman Stefan Now give me a glass of wine, good and a glass of eyes to fry the old man in front of the Buddhists. They give him a glass of wine, he toasts And drink it. August Stefan (mustache cleaning) God bless the merry holidays! Bring them, baby, these geese, my soul is a good place to drink; It's been a long time since I've been here. God forbid, for sin, that's how the old man learned. (Given him the sorcerer gusle) Iguman Stefan (poje) No day without sight or real glory without Christmas! I was celebrating Christmas in Bethlehem. The fire is better than any other, the straw is under fire, crossed on the bonfires of Christmas Eve; the cannon of the pouch, the sieve, the goose of the hume, and the stake of the pzhev, with the unhuday game, three passes of the art of the se at the Colo, - the se bi river of the chednydishnitsa, with the joy of the marvel of the head. And what I like most is to toast everything! Vladimir Danilo, you are happy, Higumn Stefan, as God cheerfully gave you! Abguman Stefan Young son, very good Vladiko himself today cheerful, and I soaked my soul drop, so the old game on top of the wine to the shining flame on the cognac. It wakes my old man sometimes, mentions them at my young age. Vladimir DanielLo Shepe has nothing in the world, but a face full of joy, personal to your place: with a silver beard to your waist, with silver hair to your waist, and your face blessing chronicles. Ahuman Stefan I sifted and horribly examined this world, poisoned his tea, he knew Greek life. Everything that happens and maybe nothing is unknown to me; Whatever happens, I'm ordered. Evil under the sky that every inch of the man roasted to the ground. You're young and young, Vladimir! The first drips out Poisons are the strongest and most persistent. Oh, yes, you know you're still waiting! Sv'yet is a tyrant, let no soul to be blessed! He is a solemn hellish scoundrel: he fights with his soul, in its war, in the sea with the mountains, in the war of winter and heat, in the war with the veterans, in their war with the bird, in the war with the bird, in the war with the people, in their war with the people, in their war with the night, in their war with souls with the heavens. T'eating rocks under the power of the soul, soul oscillations in t'meal. A sea of rocks under the force of the sky, oscillations in the sea of heaven; The steering wheel drinks terribly, shaving breaks both. No one is happy and no one is good enough, no one is calm and no one in the world. It's all a mockery of a man with a man: he looks at a monkey in a crimson! Vladimir Danilo Good fire, and even better wine; You're a little healed, you're cleaning up the world! Abuman Stefan Jae you were today, Amanati, and you know the house so well? He had been on the hunt for so long; You've been here before. And then there are your bodyguards, two Novaks and a flurry of Pims! He wasn't going to let them go. I'm afraid the Turks will lose you. 20, 30 hit tonight as your house will feel like they would do! Vladimir Danilo, don't be afraid of me, dynamite! It's not about the Turks. Well, even to get a hundred, I've got a dozen students here, we'd lock ourselves in the house, we'd be here, and you'd sing to us. Ahuman Stefan from this python, God will bury me! It would be more difficult than crying; Crying is a soothing cry! They'll fall asleep. They go up before dawn and go to church. Here they come. He talks to Ahuman Stefan in front of the church. Look, my little man, let me tell you something. When the first bells rang, I got up to go to church, but I hear something and I run faster at the end of the field. While this is a good time, the thinker jumps the water into the abyss. When I look at a bit of Ukrainian fields, but that's not what I think, but this hill at the end of the field is grim about how it will splurpin' in the clouds. Bushfires, heaven break, fiscal stands for young killers! I'm better on the field. When he comes to Gina Hill, but there is nothing on the hill, but there is nothing on the hill, but there is a bloody battle, and the reaction of the hill is resonant. Ahuman Stefan's fool a lot, isn't it Christmas? Already three swallowed pigs: now the guns shoot the most, and that hill to the caving of pumpkins, and voices captured from all over the world. It's been a long time and it doesn't take anything, but he repeats what he hears as overseas boobs. He's not, oh my God, so, but it's a massacre, and it's a big one; I've been listening for millennia! Smoke is a black heritage above Bajic to the thickest cloud of autumn. Abguman Stefan Hyde honed that sculptent sculp! Smoke at Christmas, great miracle! How will an all-international victim without a cloud of smoke do? There's a thick gun on the field. The helmsman Vladimir Daniel hat and in the box. When he's down the field, 56 hundred people. He controls the horse and gets better among them. They're all going around him in the round. When you see Vladimir Five Martinovich, Vuk Borilov and his three servants, all bloodied, start asking questions. Vladimir Daniel, tell me what was there: but you were handcuffed? Vojvodina Batric Funny Voices, Master, Bowing to God and Christmas. We congratulate Christmas with you first, congratulations on Christmas Gore We, five brothers out of five Martinovich and three of your servants, most likely with Falcon Borilovich - Vuk we killed the Turks last night. Help us who are approaching, gather armies like water. And why am I going to tell you a story? Like flat Cetica, he has no witness or witness, nor say how they were, and under the saber, he has no methnum that does not even cross his daughter; If he bows to Christmas, crossed by a Christian cross, we will take him for his brother. The houses of the Turkish fire burned down, no sign of an apartment or a sign of an untruthful domestic devil. We came from Chetiniir to Jaklic. Some of them visit their homes; After the match and the Turkish mosque, we made a hell of a crowd, let them stand behind the wedges. Vladimir Daniel Treasure for me, my falcons, treasure for me, heroic swobod! You're beautifully poking out of my graves this morning! He shoots Vladik's horse, hugs and ceilings of the heroes who started the battle with the Turks; And so they go down the field, sing and arms applause. When they approached the church, but Ahuman Stefan is in front of the church and another monk who holds the stricken oil in his hands. I don't see Ahuman, but I hear a lot. Come on, brothers, and join without training and without food, and I squeal at my soul. Access and accommodation of people who do not get lunch. Once conceited, you will roll up the pools and start leading the way. And Vladika invades the house and brings with him five Martynovitch, Vuk Borilov and three of his servants for them. Bakes, boys play every game and colo-ges. Colo White Cloud caught in the sun, the worse the darkness pressed up crying candello, throttle plucked, fairies hid in peshters - fearing the sun and moon; The human breast has cooled down, and in them, swobodan dies, to the rays of the mountain when the sun sets in the air. God, darling, the light of the holidays! As the souls of Pradeevska over Ceticije took off today! They play on the bee shallow water as a smear of beautiful swans plays on the cheek of the light of the lake. Falcons five Martinovich, one chest teeming with one stake, two Novak with a flurry of Pim, and knights Borilovich Vucci, who first strikes the Turks - who can land you v'jence? Monument to your prowess, Mountain Black and its swobod! Among the people there is Anguman Stefan, and they carry two boys, including one son and 20 of them, and on it 20 of them are eaten, mixed with grains of chips, well soar with vine and honey. People are wondering about his work and everyone is gathering around him to see what he's going to do. The guys put brass in the middle of a big goose, and Abguman talks. Ahuman Stefan Chui, everybody, get your hats off! I want to make the souls of the knights of our people. Today they will be the best of them, from Kosovo to anything like this today. Every time he takes off his hat and laughs. Ahuman Stefan (reads naissus) Trusting servants of memes, lords, rulers, madams: Invincible young Dusan, Obilich, Castriot Jur, zrinovic, Ivan, Milan, Knaninich, Ralya Krylatog, Krnovic Ivo and Urosh, Millanich, Vojvod Momcilo, Jankovic, Jankovic They eat the brakes, lunches and all Go away. The new Shetto Isidaly from the church sits by the fire, so something Ahuman himself Vladimir Daniello. But your driat started? Ahuman Stefan (reads naissus) not drien, but what I think, so I am amazed in the new year that it made people feel better today. Rashita is not in early spring when the sun from the south recovers and when the day begins to progress, when the country is dressed in zeal and thing every time it has a new life and a vision of everything new on it? Vladimir Daniil did not care then, but today: time is their own during the hodit, and these are arranged by the old. Who is it, he was not pleased. Enter one boy to them, celiva Vladika in hand, then Igumna Stefan. What is this, boy? Where are you now? What do you say? Boy, I velka, from River now; Serdar Janko sent me to you to tell you what we had. Vladimir Daniello says son as quickly as possible. Boy As we hear about the battle on Chetinya to be sworn by the Turks, Serdar Janko immediately serves two boys with the Turks of the river. Who doesn't think about Corran doesn't spit in his head no matter what! The Turks take the boys to their place and both are at the rim. This is what the heart of the screeching down the nahi! Every time he runs to the river city, but he's crazy - all the insulin Turks in chains the skadras way; Only Bogdan killed the Kadia River for a snail. It will be a heartboard with heads to tell you everything as it was, but nothing to leave: they destroy the city of Obodnik and all the Turkish towers and mosque that the fire does not smell necrotized. He kills the lantern, he again ceiling Vladik in his hand, beats his book on the scout and leaves. Vladimir Danilo encourages students to read that one hear from TheGuman Stefan ... Students (take the book and read) Prince Nicola and all dupilans we welcome our Vladik! We're writing you what we had. As we hear that in Chetinia, we swoop with our Turks. Day and night were day and night: there was a full Cromnik Turak, desserts, agaves. Few come to our aid; And we were badly killed, half were killed. The cemetery around the church disappeared, the sixth in one excavation. According to Turk, we cut the city of Bezak with land. Now you don't have any of our chynology Turkish ear in the troupe, but that's nonsense. Vladimir Danilo cries, and Abguman laughs. Vladimir Danilo T., Abumn, does not understand the letter, and you would also cry at it: they dig the sixth at a time! I understand him, but the poster can't. If I had a poster of joy, I would cry sweeter than I did, Al at my house, when my soul ate, my tears froze with joy. Someone will be in the doorway of the house to break them, they think they are crazy. Ahuman Stefan (reads naissus) Helps God and Little Christmas! When joy is on all sides, let it invade and that madhouse fill our house with laughter! The door opens when Vuk Mandusic is here. He swolled and his black moustache included broken thrusts. Jeffrey's in his hands, and he's sitting behind a hedge, all bloodied. No one can help God. They had awe to see him like this. What's this, Wolf? You look like shi! They see that you are from a bloody field, you have been trodding the fire alive, and God knows, for you, on your own, someone outlassed him alive; Because without a problem they do not sprinkle cylinders or break taka jefferdars and thin wires. Vuk Mandusic (dark history) She said: Here are the harakli in ztarar to buy harraces! and I gather 50 boys and west with them under the stouts to scour the Turks. Shot with Sleyan Nahi. I mean, the Turks go to Haras, and they're in heaven with horror. When I hear the color in Proganovice, I come with this company. And when there's trouble and trouble! He hit two harakli, a sturgeon, angry Arnaut, on the bloodied Radunov Tower. Radun was in the tower alone and with him his wife, Lyuica; A young woman, ama falcons, ama falcons, full of rifles to her master. Radun shoots from the window of the tower, he kills the seventh on the tin. But there was a siege: the Turks had straw and sienna around the tower b'ale, and then fell on each side. Plum rises to heaven, and the tower reaches for it. And he has a gun to arms, he does not stop: drinks, thin, glossy, prepi Bach and Novak, choruses, Drasca and Vukota and two wooks of the vial of Trangine, Markovic and Tomanovich, and cliches both alive and dead - see the terrible consumption before your eyes! Our living hearts burst, we ran to Radonon's kuila, we killed the Turks around her. We saved us from Raduna, but the tower burned down. Another assistant jumps up to us from the tower, we want the Turks; in Kokota, more than Sheshkopula, 83 visits. And in the color of the blue tower lead breaks my stream, and in the individual colors of blood, the bloodied, most dog that breaks the Turkish - jefferdara I keep before my eyes - cuts it, runs out, (wee) in memory when the living runs away! I'm more sorry for the release of Jeffrey than my hand was turned! My father is a son, my father's brother. He's happy, and he's deady. Around him, my hands don't fold, it's like a mirror every day; in a thousand other smokers, famous people tug at him when he cracked. And I came to you, Vladimir - a handyman in the sea so that we could use a rifle! Vladimir Danilo Mrki Wolf, raise your mustache to see the toxins on your chest, count the beans from the rifles he breaks! A dead head does not rise from the grave or an excess of clever jeffrey. Hi, your head is on your shoulders, you will get another rifle and in the hands of Mandusic Wolf will be every shot of the rifle! Vladika gets up and gives Mandusic from the boat of his good jeffrey. Jeffreydar. gorski vijenac pdf cirilica

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