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The sun runs like a squirrel in a tree.

What a beautiful day?

The sun is dropped to the seventh floor

Sky is blue as the mountain cornflower.

In winters the sun, neither

Neither is nor reaches, down to the earth

Here where I live in Stockholm.

I am much rested and climb up the intelligence stage.

Ladder one step up right now.

Morning walks to the lake, looks promising

The ducks will get many balls today.

Seventh alt rhymes with seven today

I am in the seventh heaven of joy

Seeing a day like this.

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