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Foreword

Why this document was created
This compilation of royalty-free scripts was created to assist professional and novice voice-over talent, providing them with public domain copy that they can record, free of charge and royalties. Each script within this document has been screened, adjudicated, and approved by the Voice Talent Development Department at Interactive Voices, ensuring quality, variety, and most importantly, a readily available resource for voice-over talent, organized alphabetically by genre and application.

Content
These scripts and excerpts have been gathered from contemporary, early 20th century, Victorian, and ancient texts covering all voice-over applications including fiction and non-fictional narratives, commercials, imaging, public service announcements, dramas, poetry, telephony, technical readings, and personal correspondence.

How to use these scripts
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Has your hair lost its lustre? Missing its bounce? Need some Va-va-va-voom? Let me tell you about this new shampoo I’ve been using. It’s not like your ordinary, run of the mill, “I share this with my husband” shampoo - no, this one goes beyond the call of duty to tame frizzies, banish split ends and most importantly, it gives you the confidence you need (and a little bit of va-va-va-vooom!). Why use your old shampoo when you can experience the power and endurance of Va-Va-Va-Voom shampoo? Call or click for your free sample today.

Curtis has little league, Jenny has swimming, Greg has violin lessons... when am I ever going to get out of the house?! Hmm, what’s this? Mother Goose’s Nannies and Sitters... this could be just what I need - rest and relaxation away from the kids. I could spend more time with my girlfriends, go to the doctor’s office, or even take my husband out to the show, thanks to Mother Goose’s Nannies and Sitters. (dialing the number) "Yes, hi, I would like to book...."

(Dreamy) Maybe it’s the way the sun kisses his skin or maybe it’s the gentle shoulder rubs before bedtime. It could be the homemade Fettuccine Alfredo he prepared last night, or perhaps it’s the load of laundry you found neatly folded on the landing. Maybe it’s just because he’s there. Those actions say so much, even when words are hard to find. Let him know how much you love and appreciate him with a double decker grill, a large plasma TV, and let him renovate the basement into a sports bar... (spoken by wife “Honey, I can hear you, and please, just take your Nocturnal Rest already!”) Announcer: For those night’s when you just can’t get to sleep, try Nocturnal Rest and get to sleep fast!

Ready for some fun in the sun? Not without our oversized beach towels! Scott’s Surf Shop has everything to cover you at the beach, including swimming apparel, sun block, scuba gear, flip flops, and oversized beach towels made with shake-away technology that makes sure you leave the beach at the beach. Before you drive to the cottage, stop by Scott’s Surf Shop to start your summer off right.

Are you ready for this? Valleyview Automotive’s got all the hottest SUVs you’ve been looking for! This week only, enjoy a test drive and the opportunity to drive one of these powerful vehicles off the lot for half the price! Yes, half the price! Now’s the time to get yourself to Valleyview, by car, on foot, or even by air to take advantage of this outrageous sale - you’d better get here quickly, 'cause this promotion is only going on for 24 hours and the automobiles are leaving the lot faster than you can say 4 wheel drive! Valleyview Automotive, SUVs you can depend on.
Promos

Ever wanted to know what it's like to go flying through the air on a dirt bike - for a living? Watch our series chronicling the journey of one man, one bike, and candid interviews with some of his paramedic friends, tonight on the Extreme Summer Sports Network.

To be a one of today's top models, you need poise, beauty, and that elusive 'je ne sais quoi'. Do you have what it takes? Find out on Wednesday's episode of “So, you wanna be a supermodel”, only on Fashionista TV. Call your local cable provider for more information.

You're Fired! Find out who the next candidate to get the boot is on The Recruiter, tonight on Jaguar, Cable 47

Exclusive reports on the state of the nation, climbing gas prices, and the national childcare program, all coming up tonight on your evening news.

Imaging / Station Identification

You're listening to Jimmy Radio, your golden oldies station - keep tuned in to Jimmy, and let the good times roll.

We've got all the hits from the 80s, 90s, and whatever! You’re listening to Frank FM.


For the smoothest, grooviest jazz, keep your ears tuned in to the West Coast, COOL 98.1 FM. Catch the vibe. Be cool.

Advisories and Public Service Announcements

The following program contains questionable language that may not be appropriate for younger audiences. Viewer discretion is advised.

The following counties are on high alert for tornado warnings across the southeastern United States...

All school buses servicing elementary and secondary institutions in Middlesex and Elgin County have been canceled due to deep snows. Please make alternate arrangements for students attending the following schools: St. Aidan's, Meadowbrook Elementary, The Canto School of the Performing Arts, Sir John A. MacDonald, Huntingdon Downs, St. Faustina, St. Gianna Beretta Molla, etc...

Keep our earth green. Don't be a litter bug. This has been a message from the Environmental Legacy Foundation of Westerville Oaks.

Give the gift of literacy. Give a book. This message has been brought to you by the Word By Word Literacy Association.
When she heard the sure proofs Ulysses now gave her, she fairly broke down. She flew weeping to his side, flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him. "Do not be angry with me Ulysses," she cried, "you, who are the wisest of mankind. We have suffered, both of us. Heaven has denied us the happiness of spending our youth, and of growing old, together; do not then be aggrieved or take it amiss that I did not embrace you thus as soon as I saw you. I have been shuddering all the time through fear that someone might come here and deceive me with a lying story; for there are many very wicked people going about. Jove's daughter Helen would never have yielded herself to a man from a foreign country, if she had known that the sons of Achaeans would come after her and bring her back. Heaven put it in her heart to do wrong, and she gave no thought to that sin, which has been the source of all our sorrows. Now, however, that you have convinced me by showing that you know all about our bed (which no human being has ever seen but you and I and a single maidservant, the daughter of Actor, who was given me by my father on my marriage, and who keeps the doors of our room) hard of belief though I have been I can mistrust no longer." Then Ulysses in his turn melted, and wept as he clasped his dear and faithful wife to his bosom. As the sight of land is welcome to men who are swimming towards the shore, when Neptune has wrecked their ship with the fury of his winds and waves; a few alone reach the land, and these, covered with brine, are thankful when they find themselves on firm ground and out of danger—even so was her husband welcome to her as she looked upon him, and she could not tear her two fair arms from about his neck. Indeed they would have gone on indulging their sorrow till rosyfingered morn appeared, had not Minerva determined otherwise, and held night back in the far west, while she would not suffer Dawn to leave Oceanus, nor to yoke the two steeds Lampus and Phaethon that bear her onward to break the day upon mankind.
Theseus displaying not only great strength of body, but equal bravery, and a quickness alike and force of understanding, his mother Aethra, conducting him to the stone, and informing him who was his true father, commanded him to take from thence the tokens that Aegeus had left, and to sail to Athens. He without any difficulty set himself to the stone and lifted it up; but refused to take his journey by sea, though it was much the safer way, and though his mother and grandfather begged him to do so. For it was at that time very dangerous to go by land on the road to Athens, no part of it being free from robbers and murderers. That age produced a sort of men, in force of hand, and swiftness of foot, and strength of body, excelling the ordinary rate, and wholly incapable of fatigue; making use, however, of these gifts of nature to no good or profitable purpose for mankind, but rejoicing and priding themselves in insolence, and taking the benefit of their superior strength in the exercise of inhumanity and cruelty, and in seizing, forcing, and committing all manner of outrages upon every thing that fell into their hands; all respect for others, all justice, they thought, all equity and humanity, though naturally lauded by common people, either out of want of courage to commit injuries or fear to receive them, yet no way concerned those who were strong enough to win for themselves. Some of these, Hercules destroyed and cut off in his passage through these countries, but some, escaping his notice while he was passing by, fled and hid themselves, or else were spared by him in contempt of their abject submission; and after that Hercules fell into misfortune, and, having slain Iphitus, retired to Lydia, and for a long time was there slave to Omphale, a punishment which he had imposed upon himself for the murder, then, indeed, Lydia enjoyed high peace and security, but in Greece and the countries about it the like villanies again revived and broke out, there being none to repress or chastise them. It was therefore a very hazardous journey to travel by land from Athens to Peloponnesus; and Pittheus, giving him an exact account of each of these robbers and villains, their strength, and the cruelty they used to all strangers, tried to persuade Theseus to go by sea. But he, it seems, had long since been secretly fired by the glory of Hercules, held him in the highest estimation, and was never more satisfied than in listening to any that gave an account of him; especially those that had seen him, or had been present at any action or saying of his. So that he was altogether in the same state of feeling as, in after ages, Themistocles was, when he said that he could not sleep for the trophy of Miltiades; entertaining such admiration for the virtue of Hercules, that in the night his dreams were all of that hero's actions. and in the day a continual emulation stirred him up to perform the like. Besides, they were related, being born of cousins-german. For Aethra was daughter of Pittheus, and Alcmena of Lysidice; and Lysidice and Pittheus were brother and sister, children of Hippodamia and Pelops. He thought it therefore a dishonorable thing, and not to be endured, that Hercules should go out everywhere, and purge both land and sea from wicked men, and he himself should fly from the like adventures that actually came in his way; disgracing his reputed father by a mean flight by sea, and not showing his true one as good evidence of the greatness of his birth by noble and worthy actions, as by the tokens that he brought with him, the shoes and the sword.
John Chapter 3: Christ's discourse with Nicodemus. John's testimony.

3:1. And there was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews.

3:2. This man came to Jesus by night and said to him: Rabbi, we know that thou art come a teacher from God; for no man can do these signs which thou dost, unless God be with him.

3:3. Jesus answered and said to him: Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

3:4. Nicodemus saith to him: How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born again?

3:5. Jesus answered: Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

3:6. That which is born of the flesh is flesh: and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

3:7. Wonder not that I said to thee: You must be born again.

3:8. The Spirit breatheth where he will and thou hearest his voice: but thou knowest not whence he cometh and whither he goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit.

3:9. Nicodemus answered and said to him: How can these things be done?

3:10. Jesus answered and said to him: Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?

3:11. Amen, amen, I say to thee that we speak what we know and we testify what we have seen: and you receive not our testimony.

3:12. If I have spoken to you earthly things, and you believe not: how will you believe, if I shall speak to you heavenly things?

3:13. And no man hath ascended into heaven, but he that descended from heaven, the Son of man who is in heaven.

3:14. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of man be lifted up:

3:15. That whosoever believeth in him may not perish, but may have life everlasting.

3:16. For God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten Son: that whosoever believeth in him may not perish, but may have life everlasting.
The New Testament

1 Corinthians Chapter 13
Charity is to be preferred before all gifts.
13:1. If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.
13:2. And if I should have prophecy and should know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.
13:3. And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.
13:4. Charity is patient, is kind: charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up,
13:5. Is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil:
13:6. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth:
13:7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.
13:8. Charity never falleth away: whether prophecies shall be made void or tongues shall cease or knowledge shall be destroyed.
13:9. For we know in part: and we prophesy in part.
13:10. But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.
13:11. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But, when I became a man, I put away the things of a child.
13:12. We see now through a glass in a dark manner: but then face to face. Now I know in part: but then I shall know even as I am known.
13:13. And now there remain faith, hope, and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity
Victorian Texts

Frankenstein

English Literature - Science Fiction
Author: Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797 - 1851)
Excerpt from Chapter 5

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs. How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same color as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shriveled complexion and straight black lips. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life. Oh! No mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then, but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived. I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others, I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror, I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete! Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court, which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although drenched by the rain which poured from a black and comfortless sky. I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavoring by bodily exercise to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing. My heart palpitated in the sickness of fear, and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me:

Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.
[Coleridge's “Ancient Mariner.”]
THE appearance of the island when I came on deck next morning was altogether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly ceased, we had made a great deal of way during the night and were now lying becalmed about half a mile to the south-east of the low eastern coast. Grey-colored woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow sand-break in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others--some singly, some in clumps; but the general coloring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spy-glass, which was by three or four hundred feet the tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from almost every side and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on. The HISPANIOLA was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking, groaning, and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight to the backstay, and the world turned giddily before my eyes, for though I was a good enough sailor when there was way on, this standing still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing I never learned to stand without a qualm or so, above all in the morning, on an empty stomach. Perhaps it was this--perhaps it was the look of the island, with its grey, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming and thundering on the steep beach--at least, although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from the first look onward, I hated the very thought of Treasure Island. We had a dreary morning's work before us, for there was no sign of any wind, and the boats had to be got out and manned, and the ship warped three or four miles round the corner of the island and up the narrow passage to the haven behind Skeleton Island. I volunteered for one of the boats, where I had, of course, no business. The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order, he grumbled as loud as the worst. "Well," he said with an oath, "it's not forever." I thought this was a very bad sign, for up to that day the men had gone briskly and willingly about their business; but the very sight of the island had relaxed the cords of discipline.
Adventures of Tom Sawyer

Mark Twain (1835 - 1910) Samuel Langhorne Clemens

Part IV

After breakfast they went whooping and prancing out on the bar, and chased each other round and round, shedding clothes as they went, until they were naked, and then continued the frolic far away up the shoal water of the bar, against the stiff current, which latter tripped their legs from under them from time to time and greatly increased the fun. And now and then they stooped in a group and splashed water in each other’s faces with their palms, gradually approaching each other, with averted faces to avoid the strangling sprays, and finally gripping and struggling till the best man ducked his neighbor, and then they all went under in a tangle of white legs and arms and came up blowing, sputtering, laughing, and gasping for breath at one and the same time. When they were well exhausted, they would run out and sprawl on the dry, hot sand, and lie there and cover themselves up with it, and by and by break for the water again and go through the original performance once more. Finally it occurred to them that their naked skin represented flesh-colored “tights” very fairly; so they drew a ring in the sand and had a circus—with three clowns in it, for none would yield this proudest post to his neighbor. Next they got their marbles and played “knucks” and “ringtaw” and “keeps” till that amusement grew stale. Then Joe and Huck had another swim, but Tom would not venture, because he found that in kicking off his trousers he had kicked his string of rattlesnake rattles off his ankle, and he wondered how he had escaped cramp so long without the protection of this mysterious charm. He did not venture again until he had found it, and by that time the other boys were tired and ready to rest. They gradually wandered apart, dropped into the “dumps,” and fell to gazing longingly across the wide river to where the village lay drowsing in the sun. Tom found himself writing “BECKY” in the sand with his big toe; he scratched it out, and was angry with himself for his weakness. But he wrote it again, nevertheless; he could not help it. He erased it once more and then took himself out of temptation by driving the other boys together and joining them.
CHAPTER TWO: A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Jo was the first to wake in the gray dawn of Christmas morning. No stockings hung at the fireplace, and for a moment she felt as much disappointed as she did long ago, when her little sock fell down because it was crammed so full of goodies. Then she remembered her mother's promise and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book. She knew it very well, for it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guidebook for any pilgrim going on a long journey. She woke Meg with a "Merry Christmas," and bade her see what was under her pillow. A green-covered book appeared, with the same picture inside, and a few words written by their mother, which made their one present very precious in their eyes. Presently Beth and Amy woke to rummage and find their little books also, one dove-colored, the other blue, and all sat looking at and talking about them, while the east grew rosy with the coming day. "Where is Mother?" asked Meg, as she and Jo ran down to thank her for their gifts, half an hour later. "Goodness only knows. Some poor creeter came a-beggin', and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never was such a woman for givin' away vittles and drink, clothes and firin',' replied Hannah, who had lived with the family since Meg was born, and was considered by them all more as a friend than a servant. "She will be back soon, I think, so fry your cakes, and have everything ready," said Meg, looking over the presents which were collected in a basket and kept under the sofa, ready to be produced at the proper time. "There's Mother. Hide the basket, quick!" cried Jo, as a door slammed and steps sounded in the hall. "Merry Christmas, little daughters! I'm glad you began at once, and hope you will keep on. But I want to say one word before we sit down. Not far away from here lies a poor woman with a little newborn baby. Six children are huddled into one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. There is nothing to eat over there, and the oldest boy came to tell me they were suffering hunger and cold. My girls, will you give them your breakfast as a Christmas present?"

They were all unusually hungry, having waited nearly an hour, and for a minute no one spoke, only a minute, for Jo exclaimed impetuously, "I'm so glad you came before we began!"

They were soon ready, and the procession set out. Fortunately it was early, and they went through back streets, so few people saw them, and no one laughed at the queer party. A poor, bare, miserable room it was, with broken windows, no fire, ragged bedclothes, a sick mother, wailing baby, and a group of pale, hungry children cuddled under one old quilt, trying to keep warm. How the big eyes stared and the blue lips smiled as the girls went in. "Ach, mein Gott! It is good angels come to us!" said the poor woman, crying for joy. "Funny angels in hoods and mittens," said Jo, and set them to laughing. In a few minutes it really did seem as if kind spirits had been at work there. Hannah, who had carried wood, made a fire, and stopped up the broken panes with old hats and her own cloak. Mrs. March gave the mother tea and gruel, and comforted her with promises of help, while she dressed the little baby as tenderly as if it had been her own. The girls meantime spread the table, set the children round the fire, and fed them like so many hungry birds, laughing, talking, and trying to understand the funny broken English. "Das ist gut!" "Die Engel-kinder!" cried the poor things as they ate and warmed their purple hands at the comfortable blaze. The girls had never been called angel children before, and thought it very agreeable, especially Jo, who had been considered a 'Sancho' ever since she was born. That was a very happy breakfast, though they didn't get any of it. And when they went away, leaving comfort behind, I think there were not in all the city four merrier people than the hungry little girls who gave away their breakfasts and contented themselves with bread and milk on Christmas morning.
Alice in Wonderland

Lewis Carroll (1832 - 1898)
CHAPTER V: Advice from a Caterpillar

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice. 'Who are YOU?' said the Caterpillar. This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, 'I--I hardly know, sir, just at present--at least I know who I WAS when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.' 'What do you mean by that?' said the Caterpillar sternly. 'Explain yourself!' 'I can't explain MYSELF, I'm afraid, sir' said Alice, 'because I'm not myself, you see.' 'I don't see,' said the Caterpillar. 'I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly,' Alice replied very politely, 'for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.' 'It isn't,' said the Caterpillar. 'Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet,' said Alice; 'but when you have to turn into a chrysalis--you will some day, you know--and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?' 'Not a bit,' said the Caterpillar. 'Well, perhaps your feelings may be different,' said Alice; 'all I know is, it would feel very queer to ME.' 'You!' said the Caterpillar contemptuously. 'Who are YOU?' Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such VERY short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, 'I think, you ought to tell me who YOU are, first.' 'Why?' said the Caterpillar. Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a VERY unpleasant state of mind, she turned away. 'Come back!' the Caterpillar called after her. 'I've something important to say!' This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again.
Chapter 26

Mrs. Gardiner's caution to Elizabeth was punctually and kindly given on the first favorable opportunity of speaking to her alone; after honestly telling her what she thought, she thus went on: “You are too sensible a girl, Lizzy, to fall in love merely because you are warned against it; and, therefore, I am not afraid of speaking openly. Seriously, I would have you be on your guard. Do not involve yourself or endeavor to involve him in an affection which the want of fortune would make so very imprudent. I have nothing to say against him; he is a most interesting young man; and if he had the fortune he ought to have, I should think you could not do better. But as it is, you must not let your fancy run away with you. You have sense, and we all expect you to use it. Your father would depend on your resolution and good conduct, I am sure. You must not disappoint your father.” “My dear aunt, this is being serious indeed.” “Yes, and I hope to engage you to be serious likewise.” “Well, then, you need not be under any alarm. I will take care of myself, and of Mr. Wickham too. He shall not be in love with me, if I can prevent it.” “Elizabeth, you are not serious now.” “I beg your pardon, I will try again. At present I am not in love with Mr. Wickham; no, I certainly am not. But he is, beyond all comparison, the most agreeable man I ever saw—and if he becomes really attached to me—I believe it will be better that he should not. I see the imprudence of it. Oh! That abominable Mr. Darcy! My father's opinion of me does me the greatest honor, and I should be miserable to forfeit it. My father, however, is partial to Mr. Wickham. In short, my dear aunt, I should be very sorry to be the means of making any of you unhappy; but since we see every day that where there is affection, young people are seldom withheld by immediate want of fortune from entering into engagements with each other, how can I promise to be wiser than so many of my fellow-creatures if I am tempted, or how am I even to know that it would be wisdom to resist? All that I can promise you, therefore, is not to be in a hurry. I will not be in a hurry to believe myself his first object. When I am in company with him, I will not be wishing. In short, I will do my best.” “Perhaps it will be as well if you discourage his coming here so very often. At least, you should not remind you mother of inviting him.” “As I did the other day,” said Elizabeth with a conscious smile: “Very true, it will be wise in me to refrain from that. But do not imagine that he is always here so often. It is on your account that he has been so frequently invited this week. You know my mother’s ideas as to the necessity of constant company for her friends. But really, and upon my honor, I will try to do what I think to be the wisest; and now I hope you are satisfied.” Her aunt assured her that she was, and Elizabeth having thanked her for the kindness of her hints, they parted; a wonderful instance of advice being given on such a point, without being resented.
Contemporary Texts

Documentary

A young elephant takes its first wobbly steps after birth in the heartland of Kilimanjaro, named after its majestic mountain, also the highest peak in all of Africa. This little elephant will enjoy all that the region has to offer, including semi-arid savannas and wetlands, growing up amidst several diverse ecosystems that connect the circle of life in Kilimanjaro. Other inhabitants, great and small, of this beautiful heartland are lions, cheetahs, the striped hyena, giraffes, and an assortment of avian creatures such as the eagle and hawk, all of which will influence the life of our little friend. Following behind her mother, the young elephant learns to follow her elders, gaining a sense of safety and belonging. She is the newest member of her herd, and will some day establish herself as the leader of her own herd, but her time will come soon enough.

Financial

International Finance by Hartley Withers (1867-1950)
In the beginnings of international trade the older countries exchange their products for the raw materials and food produced by the new ones. Then, as emigrants from the old countries go out into the new ones, they want to be supplied with the comforts and appliances of the older civilizations, such as, to take an obvious example, railways. But as the productions of the new countries, at their early stage of development, do not suffice to pay for all the material and machinery needed for building railways, they borrow, in effect, these materials, in the expectation that the railways will open out their resources, enable them to put more land under the plough and bring more stuff to the seaboard, to be exchanged for the products of Europe. The new country, New Zealand or Japan, or whichever it may be, raises a loan in England for the purpose of building a railway, but it does not take the money raised by the loan in the form of money, but in the form of goods needed for the railway, and sometimes in the form of the services of those who plan and build it. It does not follow that all the stuff and services needed for the enterprise are necessarily bought in the country that lends the money; for instance, if Japan borrows money from us for a railway, she may buy some of the steel rails and locomotives in Belgium, and instruct us to pay Belgium for her purchases. If so, instead of sending goods to Japan we shall have to send goods or services to Belgium, or pay Belgium with the claim on some other country that we have established by sending goods or services to it. But, however long the chain may be, the practical fact is that when we lend money we lend somebody the right to claim goods or services from us, whether they are taken from us by the borrower, or by somebody to whom the borrower gives a claim on us.
Real Estate

This lovely four bedroom home is nestled amongst rolling hills situated in the heart of the River Valley. Solid hardwood floors reminiscent of the Edwardian era grace all of the living space in the home, complete with original windows, doors, and heating grates, endowing the entire residence with a personality that you will not find anywhere else. The gracious dining room is adorned with crown mouldings and comes complete with french doors and a glorious chandelier that any hostess would be proud of. One of the greatest features is the newly updated kitchen with two sinks, ornate cabinetry, and a gourmet cooking area fit for the chef in the family. This home has 2 full baths and updated copper plumbing and wiring, a rare find for a home built in this era. Built on a mature treed lot, you will wake up to the songs of birds every morning, and settle down to the quiet sunset from the porch facing West each night. A finished basement, attic, and additional storage in the garage make this home the perfect fit for your family. Start a new life with the quality and assurance of the past. Inquiry about this property today.
Oscar Wilde (1854 - 1900)
Poem: Theocritus - A Villanelle

O singer of Persephone!
In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily?
Still through the ivy flits the bee
Where Amaryllis lies in state;
O Singer of Persephone!
Simaetha calls on Hecate
And hears the wild dogs at the gate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?
Still by the light and laughing sea
Poor Polyphemus bemoans his fate;
O Singer of Persephone!
And still in boyish rivalry
Young Daphnis challenges his mate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?
Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,
For thee the jocund shepherds wait;
O Singer of Persephone!
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Poem: Greece

The sea was sapphire colored, and the sky
Burned like a heated opal through the air;
We hoisted sail; the wind was blowing fair
For the blue lands that to the eastward lie.
From the steep prow I marked with quickening eye
Zakynthos, every olive grove and creek,
Ithaca's cliff, Lycaon's snowy peak,
And all the flower-strewn hills of Arcady.
The flapping of the sail against the mast,
The ripple of the water on the side,
The ripple of girls' laughter at the stern,
The only sounds: when 'gan the West to burn,
And a red sun upon the seas to ride,
I stood upon the soil of Greece at last!
I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
"Guess now who holds thee!"—"Death," I said, But, there,
The silver answer rang, "Not Death, but Love."

But only three in all God's universe
Have heard this word thou hast said,—Himself, beside
Thee speaking, and me listening! and replied
One of us . . . that was God, . . . and laid the curse
So darkly on my eyelids, as to amerce
My sight from seeing thee,—that if I had died,
The death-weights, placed there, would have signified
Less absolute exclusion. "Nay" is worse
From God than from all others, O my friend!
Men could not part us with their worldly jars,
Nor the seas change us, nor the tempests bend;
Our hands would touch for all the mountain-bars:
And, heaven being rolled between us at the end,
We should but vow the faster for the stars.

Yet, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed
And worthy of acceptation. Fire is bright,
Let temple burn, or flax; an equal light
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed:
And love is fire. And when I say at need
I love thee . . . mark! . . . I love thee—in thy sight
I stand transfigured, glorified aright,
With conscience of the new rays that proceed
Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing low
In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
And what I feel, across the inferior features
Of what I am, doth flash itself, and show
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.
Hamlet

To be, or not to be,–that is the question:–
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?–To die,–to sleep,–
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,–'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,–to sleep;–
To sleep! perchance to dream:–ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,–
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,–puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.–Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia!–Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.
King Lear
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pемicious daughters join
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this! O! O! 'tis foul!

Helena
How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedly haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and show'rs of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again
Viola
I left no ring with her; what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm’d her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord’s ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man; --if it be so,--as ’tis,--
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women’s waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master’s love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie
TO COUNTESS GIULIETTA GUICCIARDI
Morning, July 6, 1800.
MY ANGEL! MY ALL! MY SECOND SELF!

Only a few words to-day, written with a pencil (your own). My residence cannot be settled till to-morrow. What a tiresome loss of time! Why this deep grief when necessity compels?—can our love exist without sacrifices, and by refraining from desiring all things? Can you alter the fact that you are not wholly mine, nor I wholly yours? Ah! contemplate the beauties of Nature, and reconcile your spirit to the inevitable. Love demands all, and has a right to do so, and thus it is I feel towards you and you towards me; but you do not sufficiently remember that I must live both for you and for myself. Were we wholly united, you would feel this sorrow as little as I should. My journey was terrible. I did not arrive here till four o'clock yesterday morning, as no horses were to be had. The drivers chose another route; but what a dreadful one it was! At the last stage I was warned not to travel through the night, and to beware of a certain wood, but this only incited me to go forward, and I was wrong. The carriage broke down, owing to the execrable roads, mere deep rough country lanes, and had it not been for the postilions I must have been left by the wayside. Esterhazy, travelling the usual road, had the same fate with eight horses, whereas I had only four. Still I felt a certain degree of pleasure, which I invariably do when I have happily surmounted any difficulty. But I must now pass from the outer to the inner man. We shall, I trust, soon meet again; to-day I cannot impart to you all the reflections I have made, during the last few days, on my life; were our hearts closely united forever, none of these would occur to me. My heart is overflowing with all I have to say to you. Ah! there are moments when I find that speech is actually nothing. Take courage! Continue to be ever my true and only love, my all! as I am yours. The gods must ordain what is further to be and shall be!

Your faithful
LUDWIG.

Monday Evening, July 6.
You grieve! dearest of all beings! I have just heard that the letters must be sent off very early. Mondays and Thursdays are the only days when the post goes to K. from here. You grieve! Ah! where I am, there you are ever with me; how earnestly shall I strive to pass my life with you, and what a life will it be!! Whereas now!! without you!! and persecuted by the kindness of others, which I neither deserve nor try to deserve! The servility of man towards his fellowman pains me, and when I regard myself as a component part of the universe, what am I, what is he who is called the greatest?—and yet herein are displayed the godlike feelings of humanity!—I weep in thinking that you will receive no intelligence from me till probably Saturday. However dearly you may love me, I love you more fondly still. Never conceal your feelings from me. Good-night! As a patient at these baths, I must now go to rest [a few words are here effaced by Beethoven himself]. Oh, heavens! so near, and yet so far! Is not our love a truly celestial mansion, but firm as the vault of heaven itself?
July 7.
GOOD-MORNING!
Even before I rise, my thoughts throng to you, my immortal beloved!—sometimes full of joy, and yet again sad, waiting to see whether Fate will hear us. I must live either wholly with you, or not at all. Indeed I have resolved to wander far from you [see No. 13] till the moment arrives when I can fly into your arms, and feel that they are my home, and send forth my soul in unison with yours into the realm of spirits. Alas! it must be so! You will take courage, for you know my fidelity. Never can another possess my heart—never, never! Oh, heavens! Why must I fly from her I so fondly love? and yet my existence in W. was as miserable as here. Your love made me the most happy and yet the most unhappy of men. At my age, life requires a uniform equality; can this be found in our mutual relations? My angel! I have this moment heard that the post goes every day, so I must conclude, that you may get this letter the sooner. Be calm! for we can only attain our object of living together by the calm contemplation of our existence. Continue to love me. Yesterday, to-day, what longings for you, what tears for you! for you! for you! my life! my all! Farewell! Oh! love me forever, and never doubt the faithful heart of your lover, L.
Ever thine.
Ever mine.
Ever each other’s.
Technical

Legal

Legal Status of Women in Iowa compiled by Jennie Lansley Wilson, LL. B in 1894. Where there is no special declaration of the statute to the contrary, the homestead of every family, whether owned by the husband or wife is exempt from judicial sale, [§3163.] A homestead right may exist in property purchased under abond for a deed, if payments have been made and the purchaser is in possession. Actual occupancy is necessary to invest property with the homestead character, but as the exemption right is for the benefit of the whole family and not alone of the owner, the fact that the head of the family is absent, and may even have acquired property and residence in another state with the intention of removing his family there, will not divest the homestead of its exemption right, so long as the family continues to occupy it. And the fact that the husband has abandoned the homestead will not affect the homestead right, so long as the wife and family remain in occupancy. The homestead right may belong to one of several tenants in common of undivided property, or in a leasehold interest. It may attach to portions of a building—as where rooms or floors in a building are used for homestead purposes and the rest of the building is not so used. Where part of a building is owned or occupied by a family as a home, and the other part is used for a different purpose, that part used as a home may be exempt, while the other portion may be sold under execution. The exemption right may be lost by the execution of a mortgage or contract expressly making the homestead liable, in which both husband and wife join; or it may be forfeited when the homestead is used as a saloon or for any other purpose in violation of the prohibitory liquor law, with the knowledge and consent of the owner, and this is true even though such unlawful use is without the consent of the wife of the owner. In such case it is subject to judgment obtained because of such illegal use. [§2419.] If the homestead is sold, the proceeds are exempt only when invested in the purchase of another homestead, but the exemption does not follow the proceeds out of the state, and where the homestead was sold and the proceeds invested in a homestead in another state, and this was afterwards sold and the proceeds again invested in a homestead in this state, it was held that the homestead exemption did not attach to the second homestead in Iowa. Removal from the homestead without intention of returning will be sufficient to forfeit the homestead right, but the length of time of absence, in itself, will not constitute abandonment, so long as the intention to return exists.
The Evolution of Modern Medicine by William Osler (1849-1919) THE Greek doctrine of the four humors colored all the conceptions of disease; upon their harmony alone it was thought that health depended. The four temperaments, sanguine, phlegmatic, bilious and melancholic, corresponded with the prevalence of these humors. The body was composed of certain so-called "naturals," seven in number— the elements, the temperaments, the humors, the members or parts, the virtues or faculties, the operations or functions and the spirits. Certain "non-naturals," nine in number, preserved the health of the body, viz.) air, food and drink, movement and repose, sleeping and waking, excretion and retention, and the passions. Disease was due usually to alterations in the composition of the humors, and the indications for treatment were in accordance with these doctrines. They were to be evacuated, tenuated, cooled, heated, purged or strengthened. This humoral doctrine prevailed throughout the Middle Ages, and reached far into modern times—indeed, echoes of it are still to be heard in popular conversations on the nature of disease. The Arabians were famous for their vigor and resource in matters of treatment. Bleeding was the first resort in a large majority of all diseases. In the "Practice" of Ferrari there is scarcely a malady for which it is not recommended. All remedies were directed to the regulation of the six non-naturals, and they either preserved health, cured the disease or did the opposite. The most popular medicines were derived from the vegetable kingdom, and as they were chiefly those recommended by Galen, they were, and still are, called by his name. Many important mineral medicines were introduced by the Arabians, particularly mercury, antimony, iron, etc. There were in addition scores of substances, the parts or products of animals, some harmless, others salutary, others again useless and disgusting. Minor surgery was in the hands of the barbers, who performed all the minor operations, such as bleeding; the more important operations, few in number, were performed by surgeons.
One of the most important aspects of search engine optimization (SEO) is optimizing your page content. "Optimizing" simply means putting the keywords you've selected into your web pages in the right places, with the right formatting. The first thing to understand is that you should only use 1-2 search terms to optimize each page. Once you've selected a page to optimize, and the search terms you are going to use, all you have to do is put those words in the right places of the HTML code and you're done.

Where the search terms go:
1. Your page's title tag
2. Your "keywords" and "description" META tags
3. In the first paragraph of body text
4. In the text of any links that point to the page
If you need ideas for words that you can use to describe your services, view our list of keywords.

Computer Terminology
Basic Computer Terminology (Mac / PC)
- access time - The performance of a hard drive or other storage device – how long it takes to locate a file.
- active program or window - The application or window at the front (foreground) on the monitor.
- alert (alert box) - a message that appears on screen, usually to tell you something went wrong.
- alias - an icon that points to a file, folder or application.
Telephony

Abigail Jane’s Flowers

Auto Attendant
Thank you for calling Abigail Jane's Flowers, your friendly neighborhood florist for weddings and all of your special occasions.

IVR
To speak with a floral consultant, press 1
To place an order, press 2
To speak with Genevieve Thompson in arranging, press 3
To speak with Abigail Jane Frailey, press 4
To leave a message in the company mail box, press 5

On-Hold
Are you getting married this year? Let our consultants sweep you of feet and create the bridal bouquet of your dreams. Thank you for holding. We appreciate your business. It’s almost Valentine’s day... Does your lady love have a dozen roses ordered for her already? There’s still time, so make sure you ask your floral consultant when we return on the line.

Voice Mail
Hi, you’ve reached the private voice mail for Abigail Jane Frailey. I’m not in the office at the moment, but please leave your name, phone number, and your request, and I will return your call as soon as I can. Talk to you soon!
The Herculean Fitness Club

Auto Attendant
Thank you for calling The Herculean, the fitness club that goes the extra mile for you.

IVR
To learn about our club memberships, press 1
To start your fitness experience at The Herculean, press 2
To book a personal trainer, press 3
To listen to our contact information, press 4
To return to the main menu, press the pound key

On-Hold
Need a place to go to get away from it all? The Herculean is your destination to build muscles, tone up, and keep your fitness in check.
Thank you for holding on the line. A representative will be with you shortly.
With warmer weather comes outdoor activity, and not to mention shorts and summer clothes. Keep up appearances on the golf course, at the office (or the beach!) by joining the number one fitness club, The Herculean.

Voice Mail
Greetings, you have reached the corporate voice mail for The Herculean team of fitness professionals. Please leave your name, phone number or email address and we will get back to you within twenty-four hours.
Grimsby Developments

Auto Attendant
Thank you for calling Grimsby Developments, developers of strikingly beautiful heritage homes at remarkably reasonable prices.

IVR
To setup a meeting with a member of the Grimsby Developments team, press 1
To listen to homeowner testimonials, press 2
To speak with Mike Grimsby, press 3
To speak with the billing department, press 4
To leave a message in the company voice mail box, press 5
To review your options, press 6

On-Hold
Looking to build a new home in desirable Mountain's Peak? We have 6 lots still available to build your family dream home on. Come visit us today to explore the possibilities. Thank you for holding. We appreciate your business. Hard wood flooring, cathedral ceilings, open concept living spaces... you can have it all with a home designed and built by Grimsby Developments. Inquire about our model homes when we return on the line.

Voice Mail
Thank you for calling Grimsby Developments, the leader in heritage home development. All of our lines are busy, so please leave your name, phone number, and your request, and a representative will return your call as soon as they can. Thank you, and have a nice day.

Evening Message
Thank you for calling Grimsby Developments, the leader in heritage home development. The office is currently closed, so please leave your name, phonenumber, and your request, and a representative will return your call as soon as they can tomorrow morning. Thank you, and we look forward to serving you.
Murphy's Bakery

Auto Attendant
Thank you for calling Murphy's Bakery, home of Murphy's Mile High Pies and the Murphy Culinary Institute.

IVR
To place an order, press 1
To learn about our specialty pastry classes, press 2
To speak with an instructor, press 3
To leave a message in the company mailbox, press 4
To review your options, press 5

On-Hold
Welcome to Murphy's Bakery and Culinary Institute. We specialize in catering, with a focus on baked goods and pastries. We appreciate your call, so please hold on the line until a representative can serve you.

Are you an aspiring chef? Need to learn the tools of the trade? Register for our classes and be instructed by world renowned pastry chef Anastasia Murphy.

Thank you for holding. Your call has been placed in a priority sequence. A representative will speak with you shortly.

Voice Mail
You have reached Murphy's Bakery and Culinary Institute. All of our lines are busy, so please leave your name, phone number, and your request. A representative will return your call as soon as they can. Thank you, and have a nice day.

Evening Message
Thank you for calling Murphy's Bakery and Culinary Institute. The office is currently closed, so please leave your name, phone number, and your request. A representative will return your call as soon as they can. Thank you, and we look forward to serving you.
Additional Prompts

Please hang up and try your call again. This is a recording. Please hang up and try your call again... (looping)

The number you are trying to reach is no longer in service. Please hang up and try your call again.

I'm sorry. The extension you have dialed is unavailable. Press 5 to leave a message now.

I'm sorry, you have pressed an incorrect key. Please try again, or press 3 to return to the main menu.

The number you have dialed is currently busy. If you would like us to notify you when the line is free, press 4 now.

Please enter your password. You have 3 new messages. To listen to your messages, press one.

The following message will be deleted from your voice mail box. Press 6 to re-save this message.