



Welsh people keep emailing my bulk folder.

To whit:

### **Poor Gmay Bkoy Squcking GIGANTCBOCK In BkathtubM**

I believe this is the first line of the Lord's Prayer in Welsh

io offers up a truly pithy subject line: **\*mcLsb c0k"**

This may be Scots Gaelic. Not sure.

Meanwhile, ñì ll, writes <sup>231</sup>ζμÄ"èÜ. The last known speaker of Manx has contacted me! Honored, I am.

Ah, me. To live in an age that an anonymous Basque correspondent reaches out electronically to a foreigner across the sea such as my self, with the poignant cry rendered in his mother tongue: **"Ydoug HOQTGURLS In Jeans Tshong Swhowing On Vgoyeur Cham"**!

What on earth is happening in the Basquish Lands that a lone Basquish *locutor* feels the need to contact me, a distant doofus. Animals!

Whoever you are, O Brave Basque, I will do what I can to ensure that the hoqtgurls will vgoyeur on chams, the best chams that money can buy, just as soon as I find out what chams are.

Thankfully, **Arantxa Vanhooose**, a kindly Internet stranger, has assured via email that "She will make the night memorable for lifetime!!!!"

It's nice to know someone out there is looking out for me.

Labels: [alarming keywords](#) , [Ripped-Off Content](#) , [Trifles and Joshes](#)

