

FBI TRADE AGREEMENT

This Agreement swaps two planets.

Planet #1:		
Planet #2:		

(Planets can be real or imaginary). (BUT THIS DOCUMENT IS TOTALLY REAL.)

No givebacks.

THE FINE PRINT

CHAPTER 1. Loomings.
Call me Ishmael. Some years age—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to see as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistel and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws half upon his sword; I quielly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the occean with me.

now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and he streets take you waterword. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a ours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China's some high aloth he rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landsmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster—tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then

Once more. Say you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries—stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will infallible, lead you to wather; if water there be in all that region

Should you ever be athirst in the great American desert, try this experiment, if your caravan happen to be supplied with a metaphysical professor. Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever.

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the Saco. What is the chief element he employs? There stand his trees, each with a hollow trunk, as if a hermit and a crucifix were within; and here sleeps his metadow, and there sleep his cattle; and up from ynader cottage goes a sleepy snoke. Deep into distant wooeldnask with a mazy way, reaching to averlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their hill-side blue. But though the picture lies thus tranced, and though this pine-tree shakes down its sighs like leaves upon this shepher? shed, yet all queve vain, unless the shepher? see yever fixed upon the magic stream before him. Go visit the Prairies in June, when for scores on scores of miles you wade knee-deep among Tiger-lilles—what is the one charm wanting?—Water—there is not a drop of water there! Were Nigar-abut a calaract of stand, would you ravel your thousand miles to see it? Why did the poor pope of fennesse, pons suddenly receiving two handfuls of robust healthy boy with a robust healthy soul in him, at some time or other crazy to go to sea? Why upon your first voyage as a passenger, did you your-self feel such a mystical vibration, when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the old Persians hold the see holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity, and own brother of Jove? Surely all this is not without meaning. And still deeper the meaning of that story of Nariessus, who because he could not graps the tormenting, mild image he saw in the Countain, blunged into it and sdrowned. But that same image, we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life; and this is the key to it all.

Now, when I say that I am in the habit of going to sea whenever I begin to grow hazy about the eyes, and begin to be over conscious of my lungs, I do not

All 100% legally binding and real.

This is not fake.

Valid across the entire Universe.

FINER PRINT

THE FINEST PRINT

SIGNATURE #1

(sign here in your fanciest handwriting)

SIGNATURE #2

(sign here in your fanciest handwriting)

Alternative paw-to-paw signature zone:



