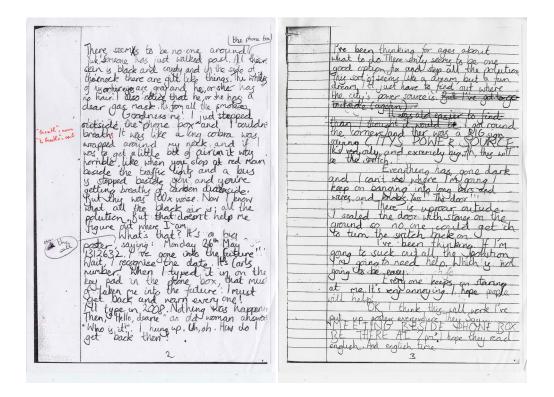
## **Text Encoding Example.**

The following example is taken from http://teibyexample.org/modules/TBEDo6voo.htm .

1 80/8/a	here and Back Again
well done! (	and believe it Carl has not written to or sent me a postegral once, since he's
I IM/	or sent me a posterior once since he's en away in Egypt It would be easier our prome his working it's been were prome his horting it's been were ages had can't fix it at the ment and we can't afford to buy a new
lel to	I me the address of the villa he was
Ear	one he right number turks.  If use next does phone on actually and to most won't it me use it they're next does neighbours. I know use phone too.
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sub-	act that is hupany line being is character to have a human is character to have been in the control of the cont
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th	indeng in a silver pod with some - ting that lacks like a shone him
1 20	les and some of them have want look be turny shaped cars whirming a mag trached to the motal poles of the top.





<body>

<pb n="1"/>

<dateline>
<date when="2008-08-26">26/8/08</date>
</dateline>

<head>There and Back Again</head>

I can't believe it. Carl has not written to me or sent me a
postcard once since he's been away in Egypt. It would be easier if our
phone was working. It's been broken for ages! Dad can't fix it at the
moment, and we can't afford to buy a new one. I would write to him,
but he didn't tell me the address of the villa he was staying in. If
only I had a mobile, I could phone his mobile number. Eureka!!! I
could use next door's phone, oh, actually, Mr and Mrs Crooel won't let
me use it (they're my next door neighbours). I know. I'll use the
phone box!!! (I think I've got some change).

Goodness me, this phone box stinks. EEAW, I don't even want to know

what that is. Anyway, I hope his phone is switched on. What's it again??? Oh, yeah, 1312632. Arrgh!! What's happening!!! Who's shaking the phone box!! Who turned out the lights!!!

WOW!!! Where am I? Why is everything so smokey? Everything is
silver except the air around me, it's black, and I'm standing in a
silver pod, with something that looks like a phone. When you look up
there are millions of metal poles, and some of them have what look
like funny shaped cars whizzing along attached to the metal poles at
the top.

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<pb/>
<figure>
<graphic url="phonebox_scan.jpg"/>
<figDesc>the phone box travelling through time</figDesc>
</figure>
<pb n="2"/>
```

There seems to be no-one around the phone box. Yuk! Someone has just walked past. All their skin is black and crusty and in the side of their neck are gitt like things. The whites of his or her eyes are grey and he, or she has no hair. I also notice that he, or she has a clear gas mask. It's from all the smoke.

Goodness me! I just stepped outside the phone box and I couldn't
breathe. It was like a king cobra was wrapped around my neck and if I
was to get a little bit of air in it was horrible, like when you stop
at red man beside the traffic lights and a bus is stopped beside you
and you're getting breaths of carbon dioxide. But this was 100x
worse. Now I know what all the black air is: all the pollution. But
that doesn't help me figure out where I am.

What's that? It's a big poster, saying: Monday 26th
May 1312632. I've gone into the future!!! Wait, I recognise the
date. It's Carl's number! When I typed it in on the key pad in the
phone box, that must have taken me into the future: I must get back
and warn everyone! I'll type in 2008. Nothing was happening. Then,
<quote>Hello, dearie</quote>, an old woman answered. <quote>Who is
it?</quote> I hung up. Uh, oh. How do I get back then?

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< pb n = "3"/>
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Ye been thinking for ages about what to do. There only seems to be one good option, fix and stop all the pollution. This sort of seems f(x) = f(x).

like a dream, but a fun dream. I'll just have to find out where the city's power source is.

I got round the corner and there was a BIG sign saying CITY'S POWER
SOURCE. It's very oily and extremely big. Ah, this will be the
switch.

Everything has gone dark and I can't see where I'm going. I keep on banging into long bars and wires and knobs. Yess!! The door!!!

There is uproar outside. I sealed the door with stones on the ground so no one could get in to turn the switch back on.

Ye been thinking. If I'm going to suck out all the pollution I'm going to need help. Which is not going to be easy.

Everyone keeps on staring at me. It's very annoying. I hope people
will help!

OK. I think this will work. I've put up posters everywhere. They
say... <quote>MEETING BESIDE PHONE BOX BE THERE AT 2pm</quote>. I hope
they read English. And English time.

</body>