



LPS ZIŅAS



14.05.2015

**LPS kongress “Rīt – stiprāki nekā šodien” apstiprina rezolūcijas par izglītību, sadarbību ar Valsts kontroli, pašvaldību komercdarbību un vēlēšanu periodu**

"Never heard of such a whale. Cachalot Blanche! White Whale—no."  
"Very good, then; good bye now, and I'll call again in a minute."  
Then rapidly pulling back towards the Pequod, and seeing Ahab leaning over the quarter-deck rail awaiting his report, he moulded his two hands into a trumpet and shouted—"No, Sir! No!" Upon which Ahab retired, and Stubb returned to the Frenchman. He now perceived that the Guernsey-man, who had just got into the chains, and was using a cutting-spade, had slung his nose in a sort of bag.  
"What's the matter with your nose, there?" said Stubb. "Broke it?"  
"I wish it was broken, or that I didn't have any nose at all!" answered the Guernsey-man, who did not seem to relish the job he was at very much. "But what are you holding YOURS for?"  
"Oh, nothing! It's a wax nose; I have to hold it on. Fine day, ain't it? Air rather gardeny, I should say; throw us a bunch of posies, will ye, Bouton-de-Rose?"  
"What in the devil's name do you want here?" roared the Guernseyman, flying into a sudden passion.  
"Oh! keep cool—cool? yes, that's the word! why don't you pack those whales in ice while you're working at 'em? But joking aside, though; do you know, Rose-bud, that it's all nonsense trying to get any oil out of such whales? As for that dried up one, there, he hasn't a gill in his whole carcase."  
"I know that well enough; but, d'ye see, the Captain here won't believe it; this is his first voyage; he was a Cologne manufacturer before. But come aboard, and mayhap he'll believe you, if he won't me; and so I'll get out of this dirty scrape."



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AIZVĒRT RAKSTU



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