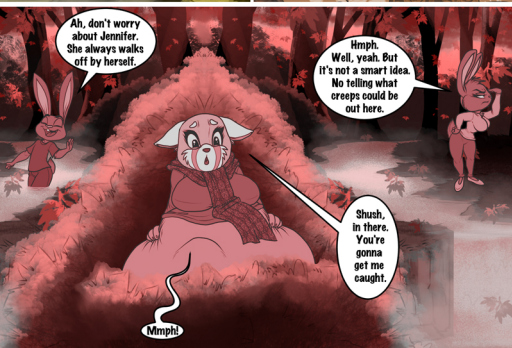


Retsuko  
the snow-panda  
weighed more than a ton. She  
looked like a fat cinnamon bun and  
an attitude of "totally done".  
\*chuckle\*

I'm  
freezing!  
Of course I'm  
done! Now lemme  
down from here!  
Also, your version  
of the song was  
too wordy.



Ah, don't worry about Jennifer. She always walks off by herself.

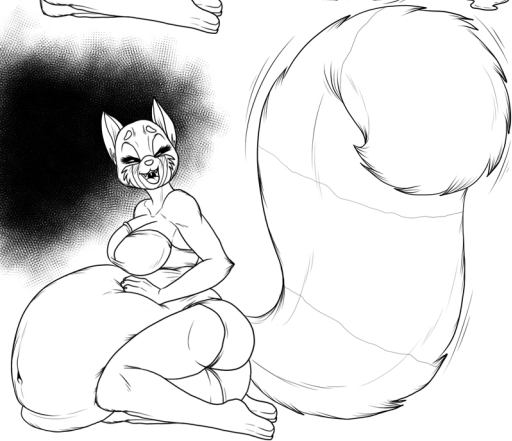
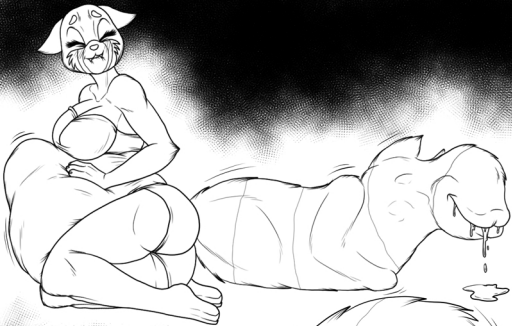
Hmph. Well, yeah. But it's not a smart idea. No telling what creeps could be out here.

Shush, in there. You're gonna get me caught.

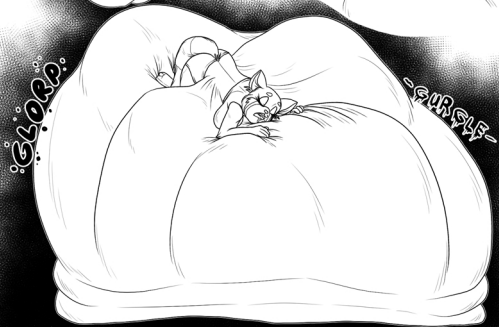
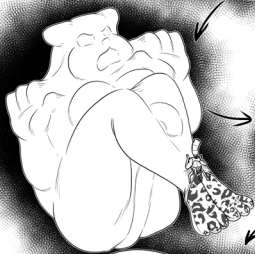
Mmph!













Where is Tsunoda, Retsuko? I asked her hours ago to make copies of those reports! We have a meeting in FIVE minutes!

Um...  
uh... I think she had to go out for lunch with the boss...maybe?

Then  
**YOU** make copies of the report **NOW** and hand 'em out as soon as possible!

O-okay.

**CRAP!**  
Gotta get rid of this belly, **BUT HOW?!**



