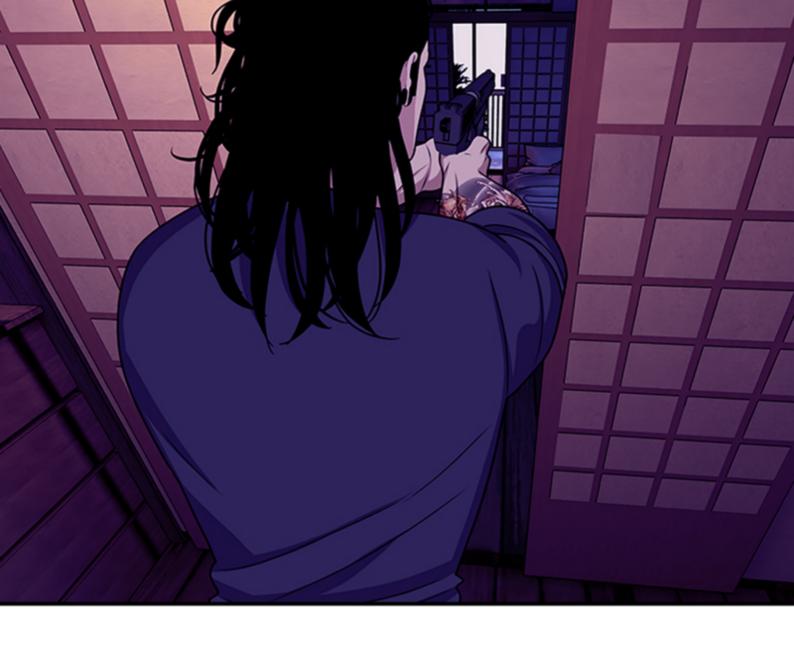




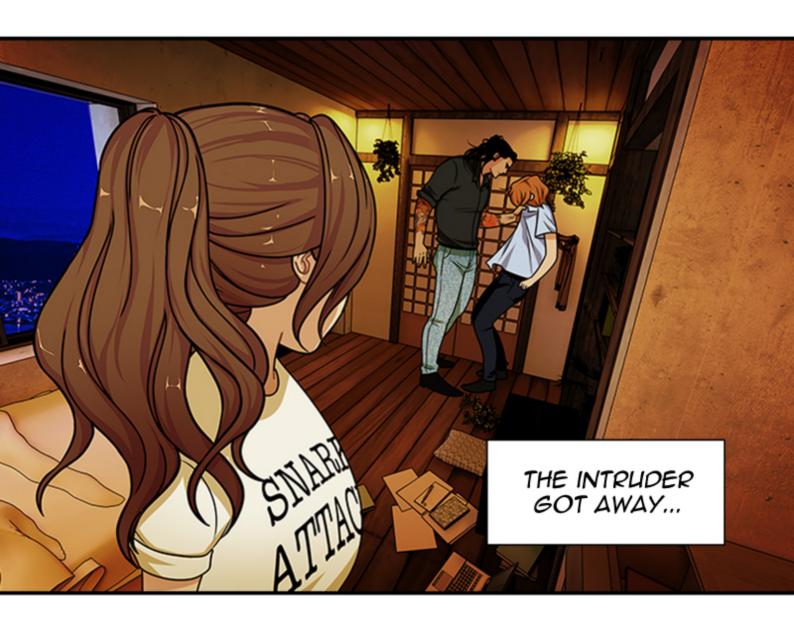


AS MY LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, SOMEONE BROKE INTO MY HOUSE AND ATTACKED ME, THAT NIGHT.

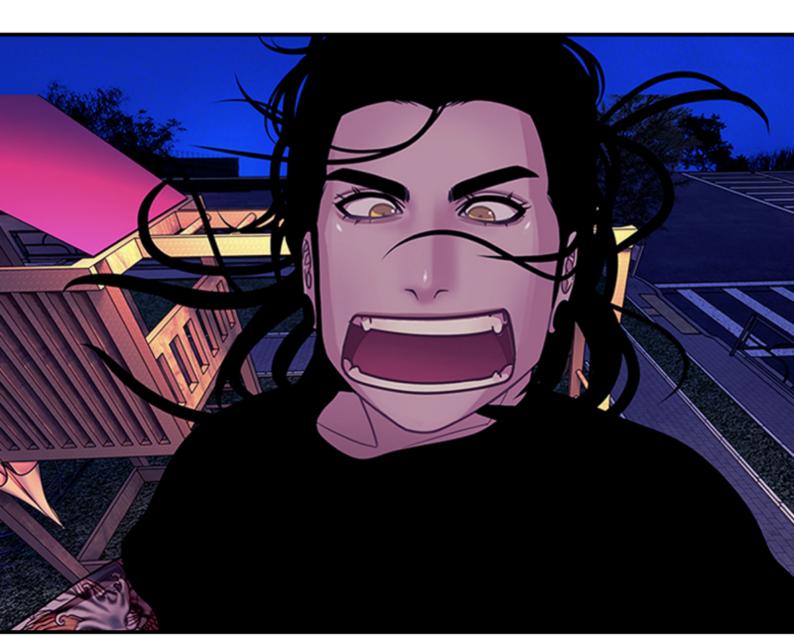












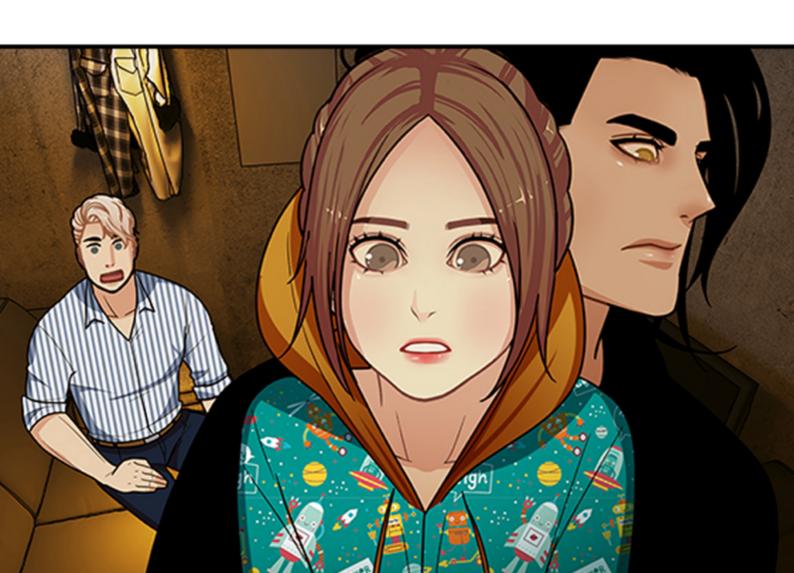








AND FINALLY, AFTER A
WHIRLWIND OF EVENTS,
TORA 'FESSED UP ABOUT
EVERYTHING HE'D BEEN
HIDING FROM ME.



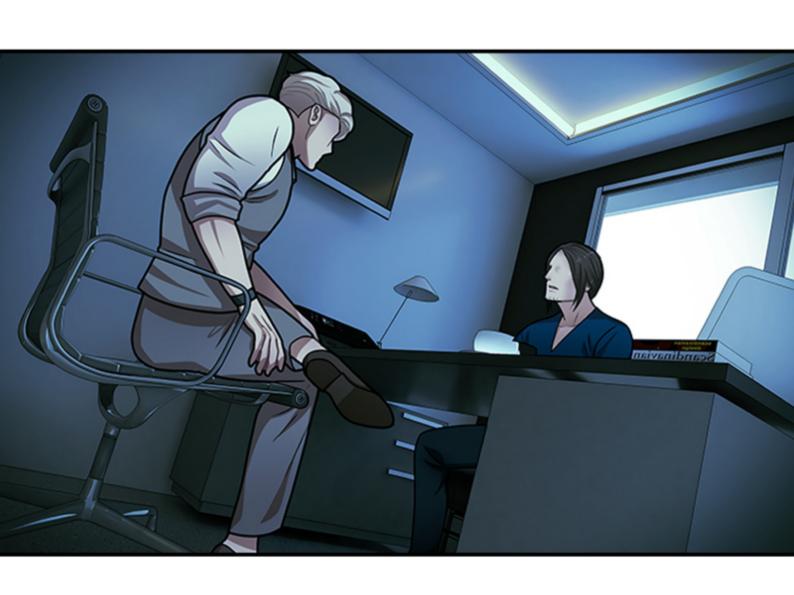
APPARENTLY, I'M IN TROUBLE WITH THE MAFIA BECAUSE OF A NOTEBOOK, I'D PICKED UP BY ACCIDENT...

...AND IT COULD'VE BEEN PREVENTED FROM DAY ONE, IF TORA HADN'T MADE THE WORST JUDGEMENT CALL, EVER.



I ALSO FOUND OUT WHY MY BOSS, GIL, GAVE ME SUCH WEIRD, CREEPY VIBES.

> OR RATHER... MY **EX-BOSS**, GIL.







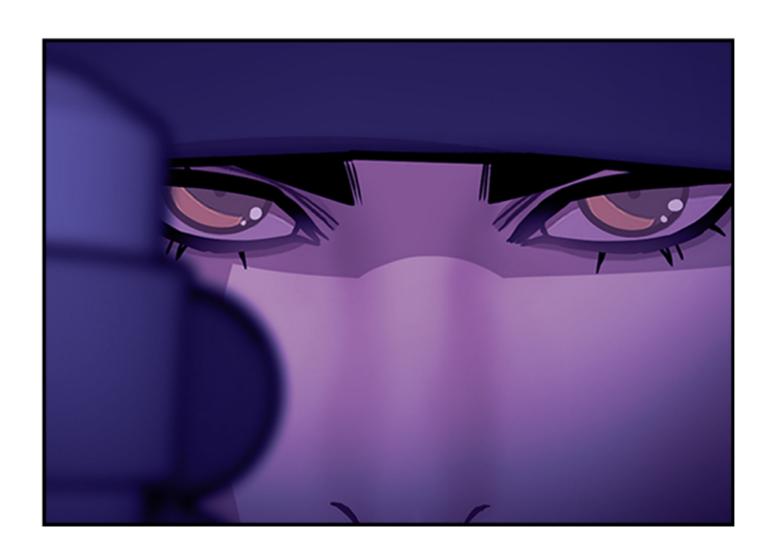


THEN GIL HAS THE NOTEBOOK NOW.

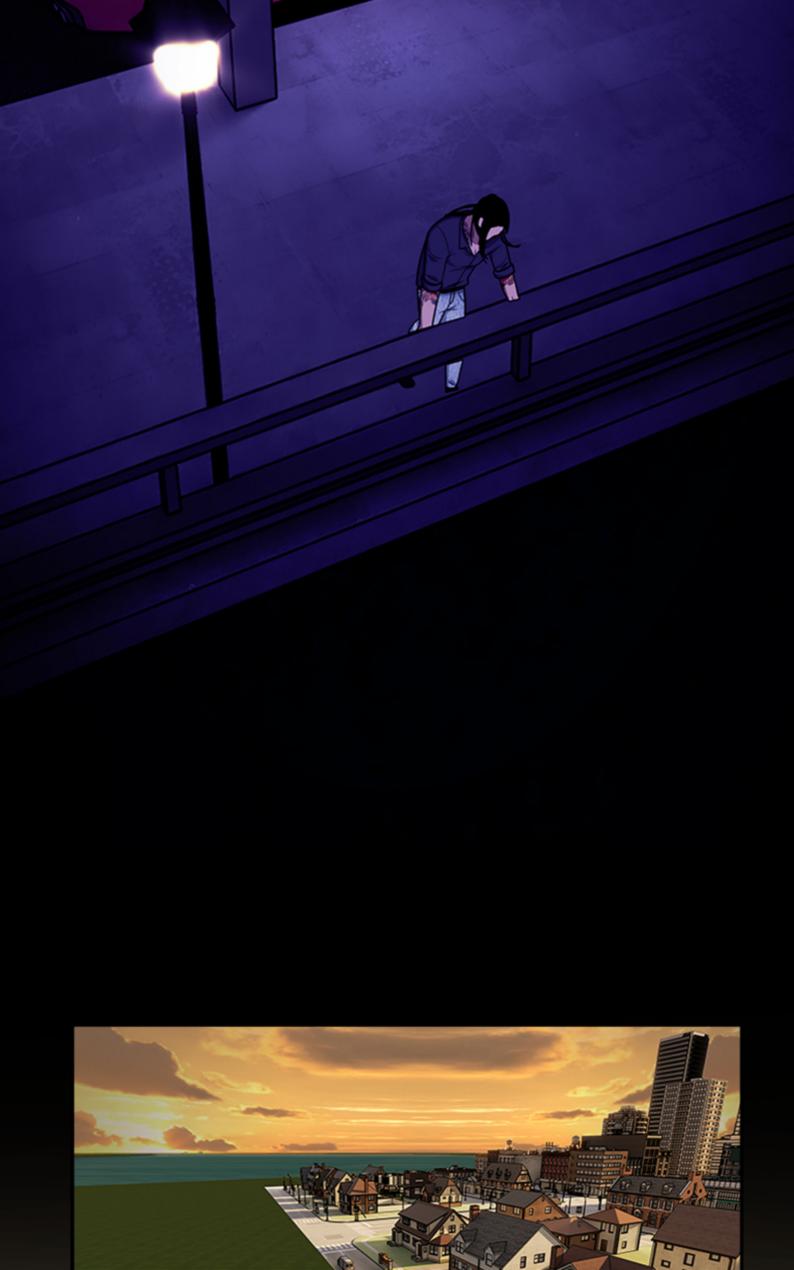










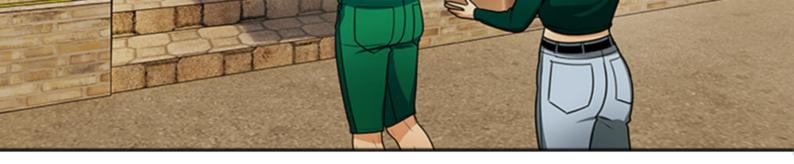


TO BE SAFE, I'M TAKING COVER AT TORA'S HOUSE OUTSIDE OF THE CITY WHILE HE SORTS OUT ALL THE MAFIA STUFF.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL OLD MANOR, AND IT FEELS LESS 'HIDING' AND MORE 'VACATION'...

> BUT...I'M NOT EXACTLY IN PARADISE, EITHER.





...I'M JOBLESS NOW, AND SOON TO BE HOMELESS.

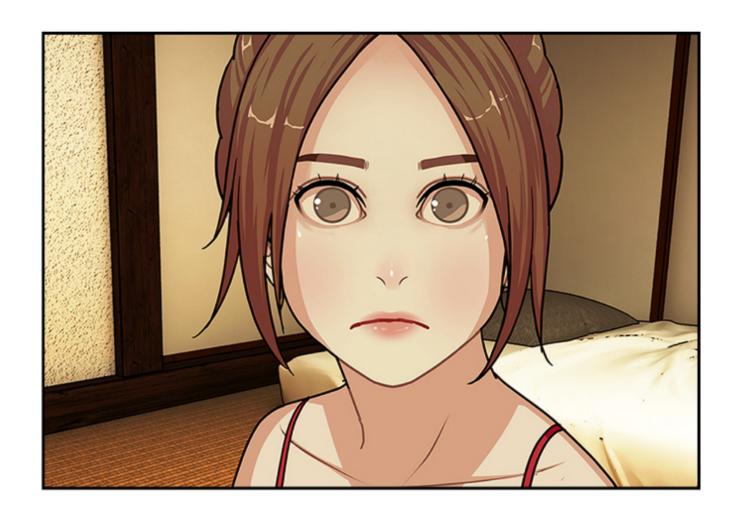


AND ERDENE AND JACOB ARE STILL BACK AT THE CITY, AND I'M WORRIED ABOUT THEM.



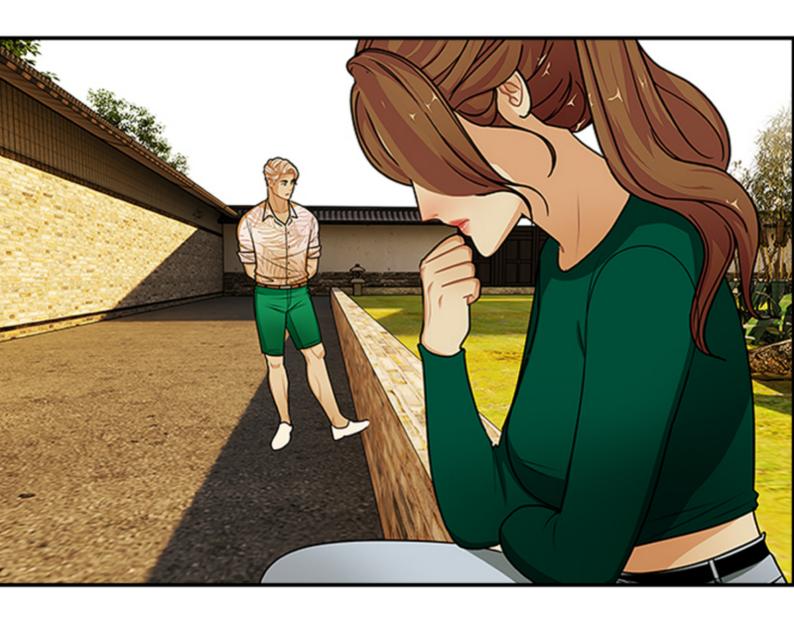








AND THEN THOUND OUT ABOUT THIS ENTIRE NOTEBOOK THING, AND I JUST LOST IT.



...THANKFULLY, WE BROUGHT A PUNCHING BAG ALONG WITH US.

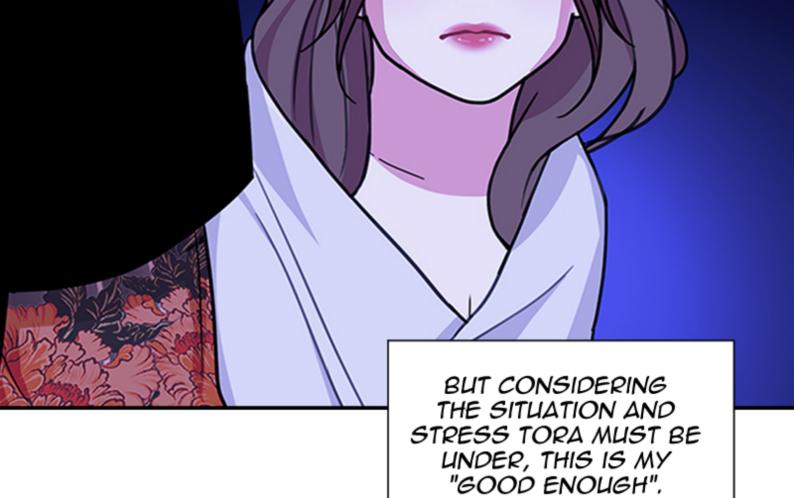




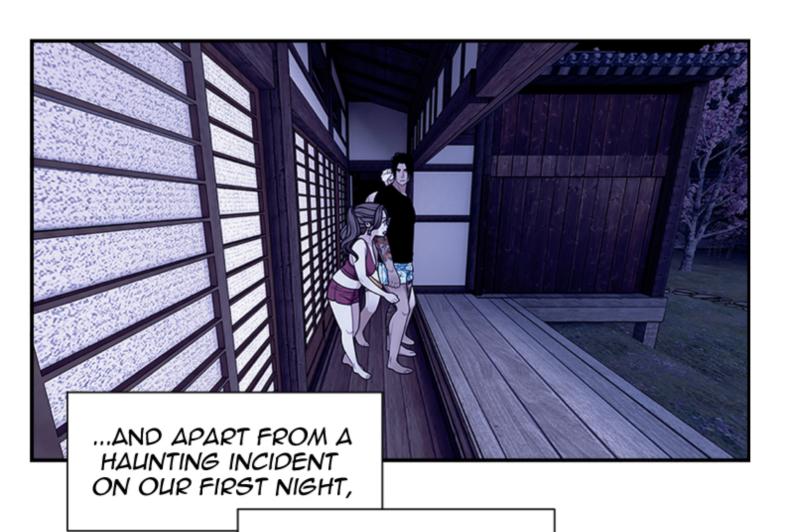
OKAY, JOKES ASIDE.

WE MANAGED TO THRASH THINGS OUT LAST NIGHT, AND I'M GLAD WE DID.





FOR NOW, AT LEAST.



EVERYTHING'S BEEN QUIET AND PEACEFUL, OVER HERE. 50 I GUESS...





...THIS IS EXACTLY WHY I'M WAITING FOR THE OTHER SHOE TO DROP.

