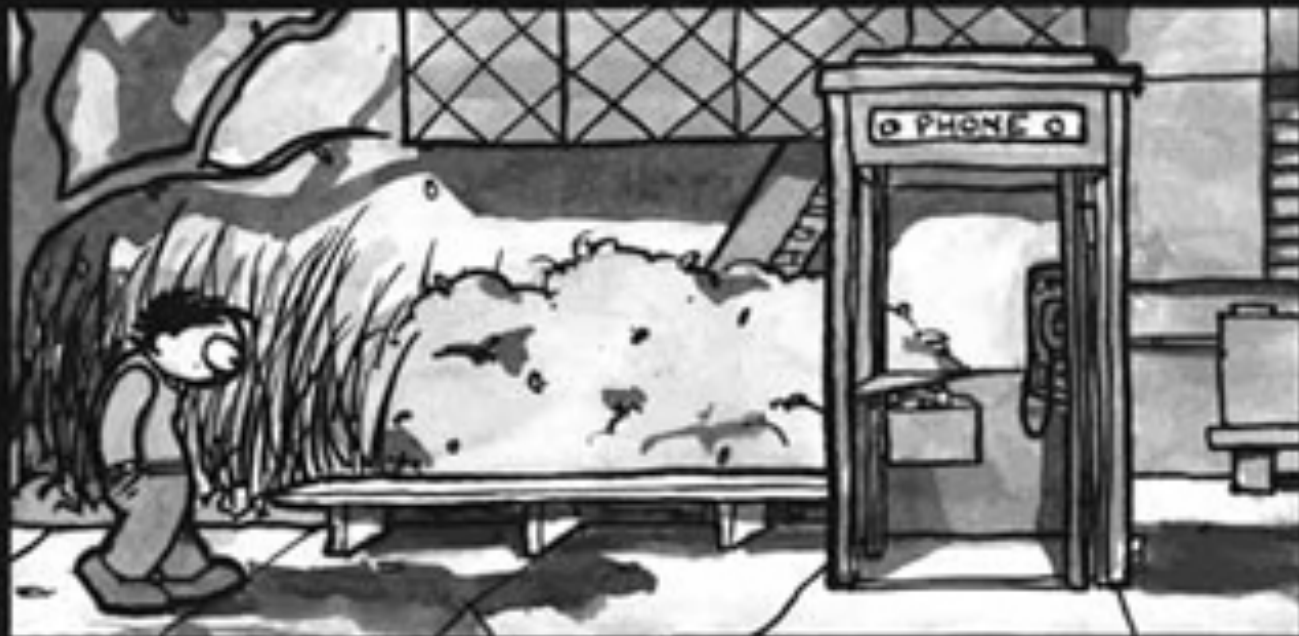


● FLEEP ●



The last thing I remembered, I was going to give Jenny a call and tell her I was running late.

Next thing I know it's pitch black, I'm laying crumpled on the ground and it feels like my head's being squeezed in a clamp.

After several minutes of blind groping (of myself and my surroundings) my hands eventually stumbled across the familiar curve of a telephone receiver.

I wonder how long Jenny's been waiting.

It took a while, but I finally managed to stand up.



It took a few more moments to find the front of the booth.



I tried pushing the door open, but it wouldn't budge.

Eventually, I decided to pull the door shut.

