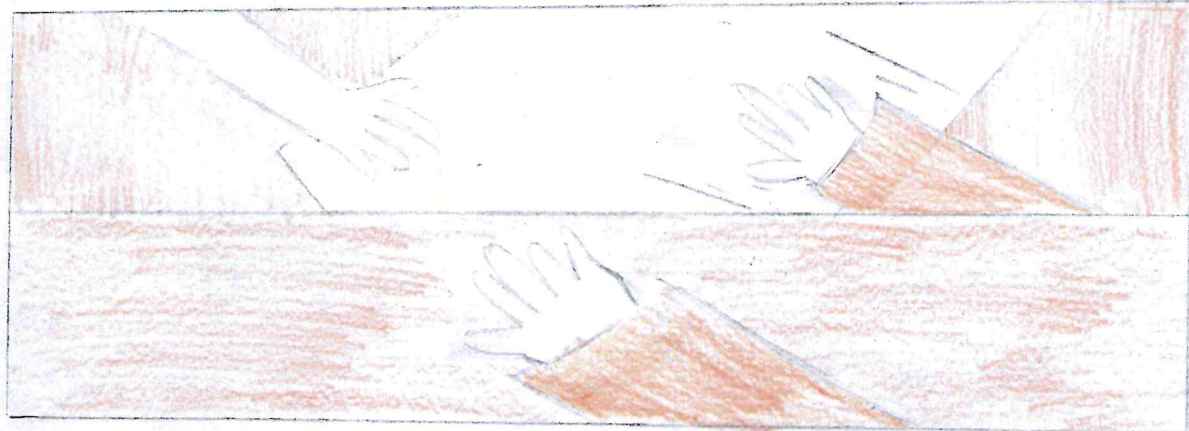
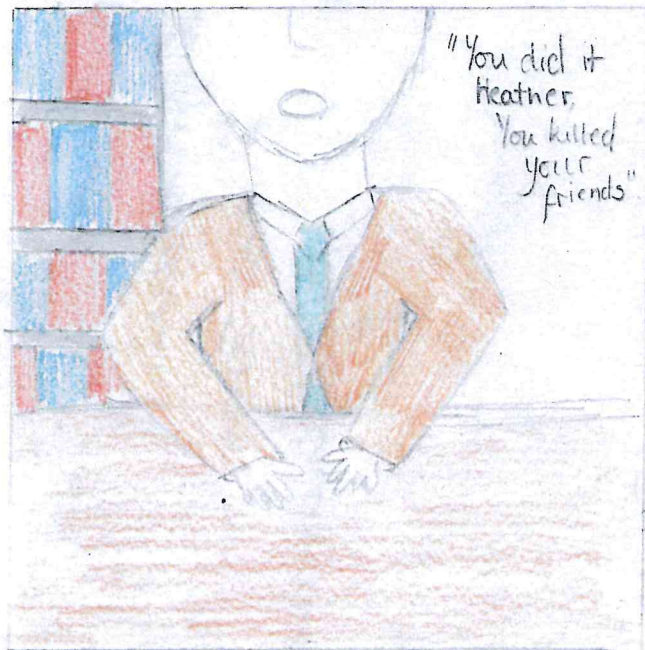


"I'm crying now..."



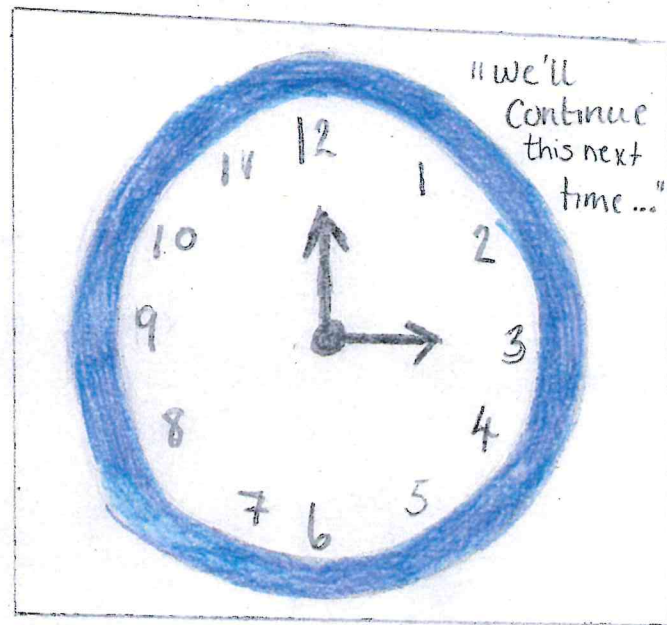
"Finally he sighs, leans forward. One hand reaches out as if he's going to touch me, but he thinks better of it and rests his palm flat against the sating wood of the desk."



"You did it Heather. You killed your friends"



"Why would I do that?"
"Why would I kill my friends?"



"We'll continue this next time..."



"Why would I kill my friends...?"