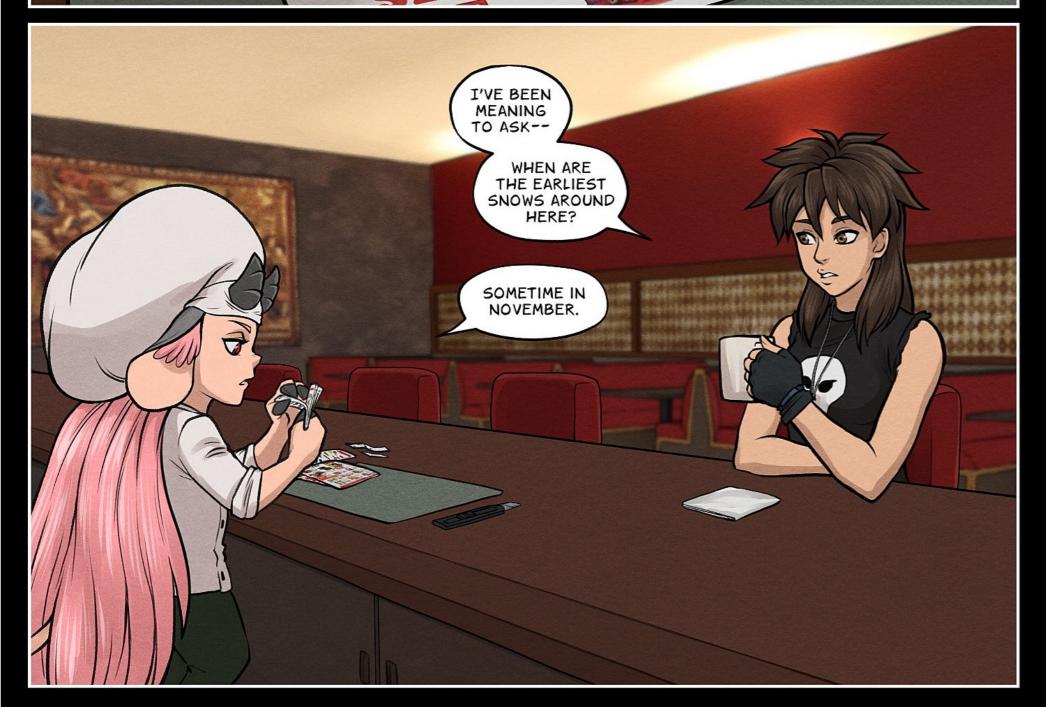
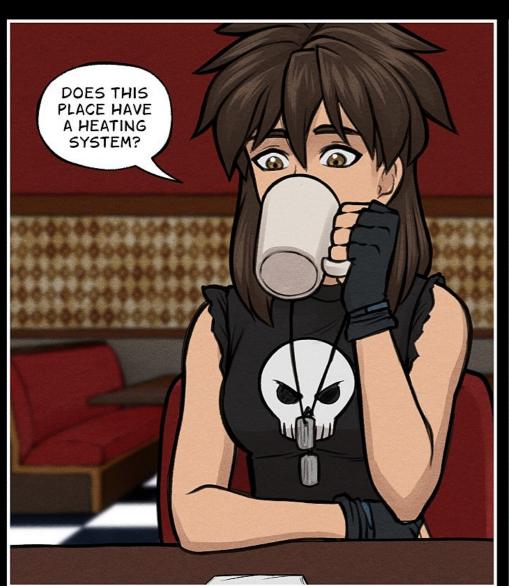


CHAPTER 10 SPICE of LIFE





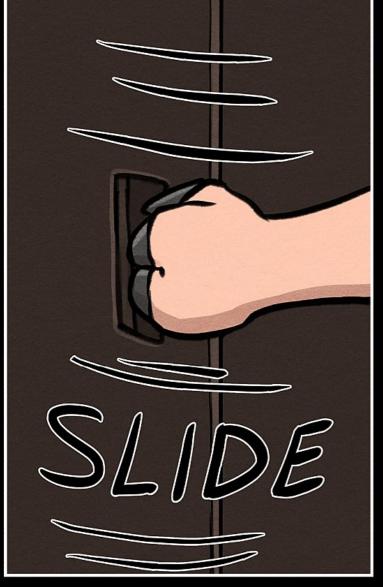


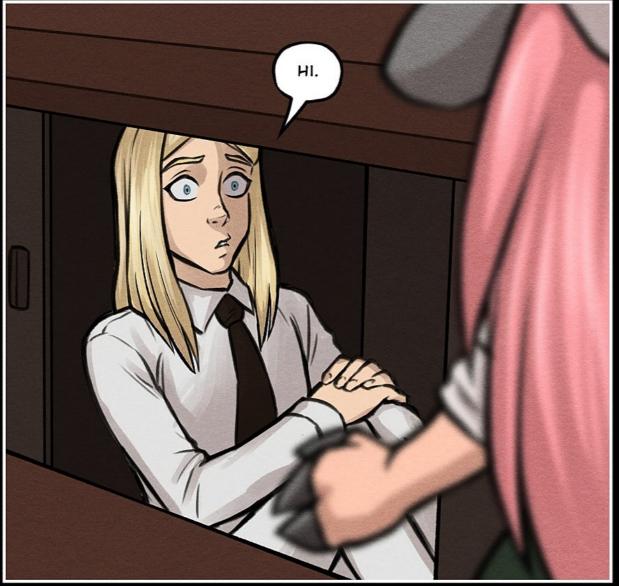


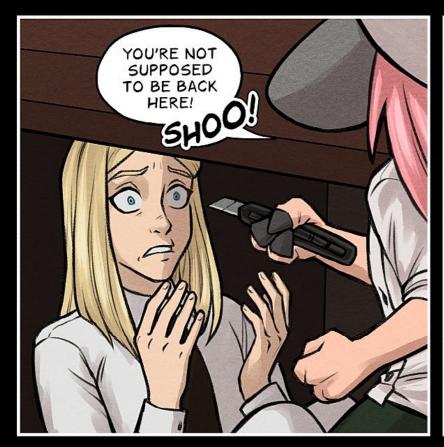




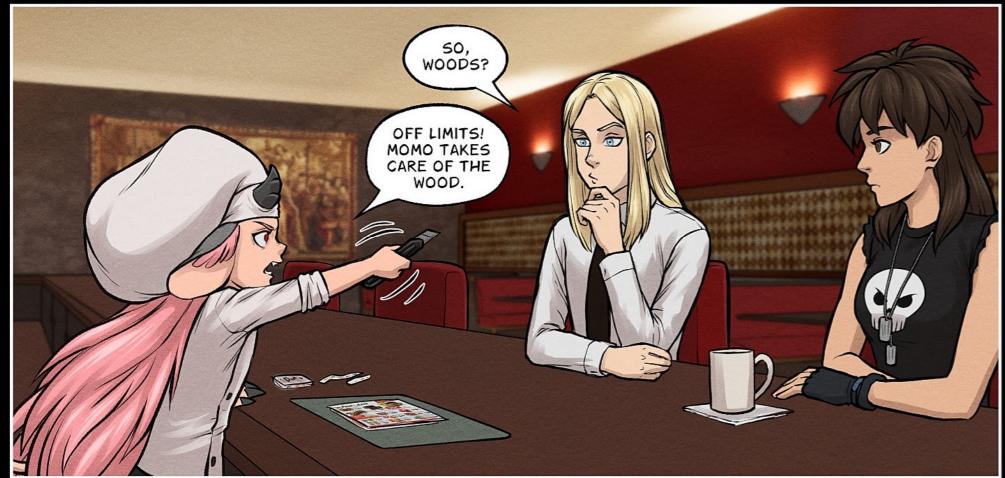














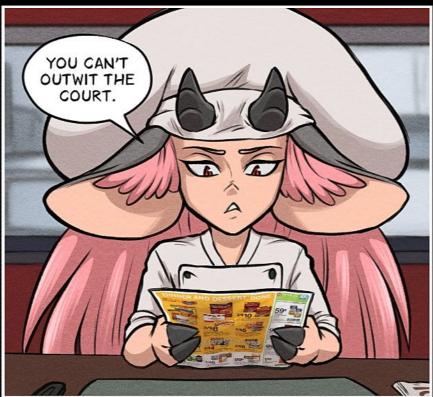


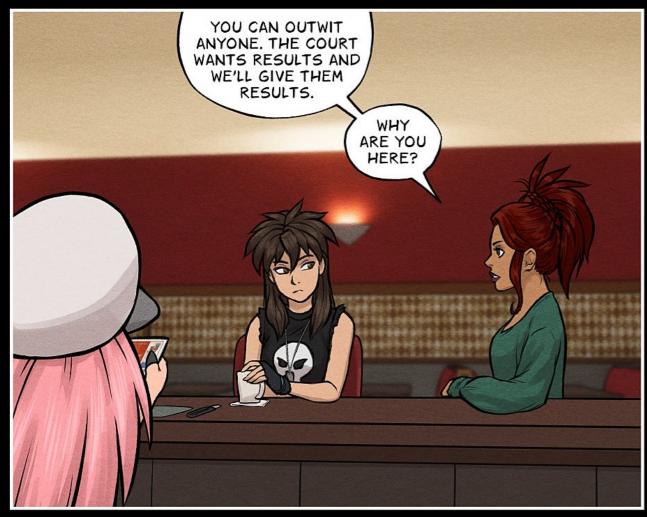












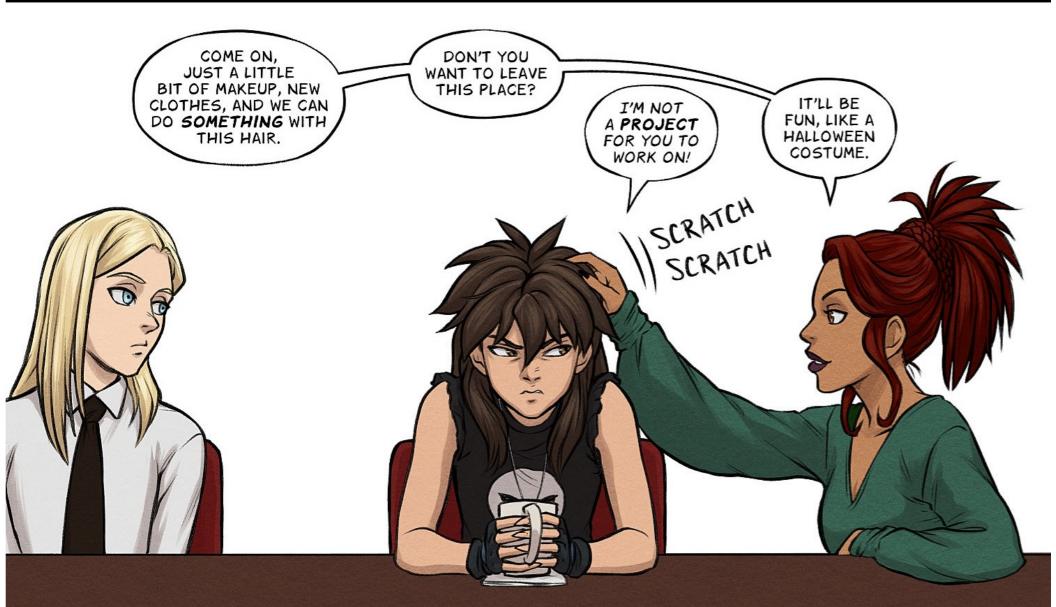








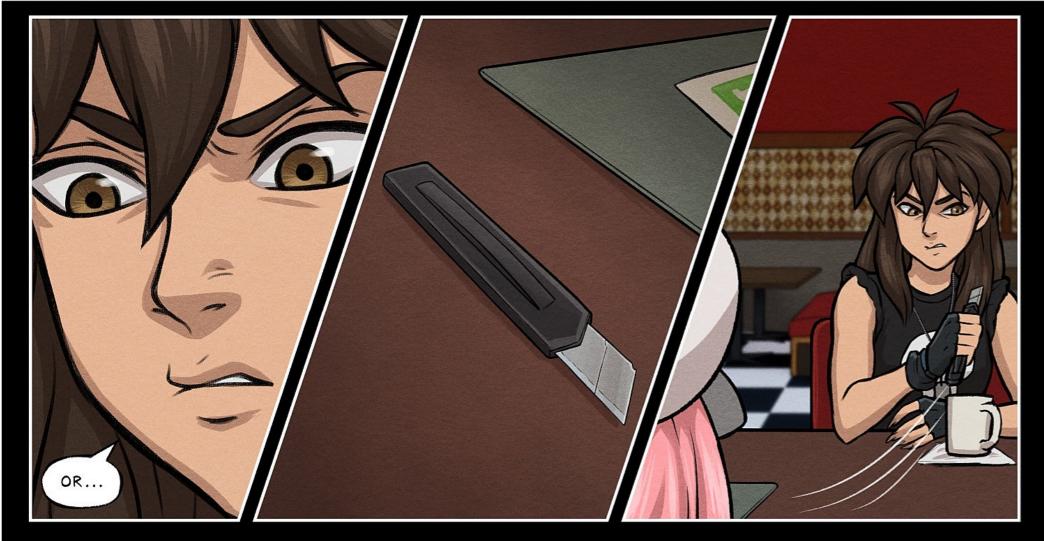


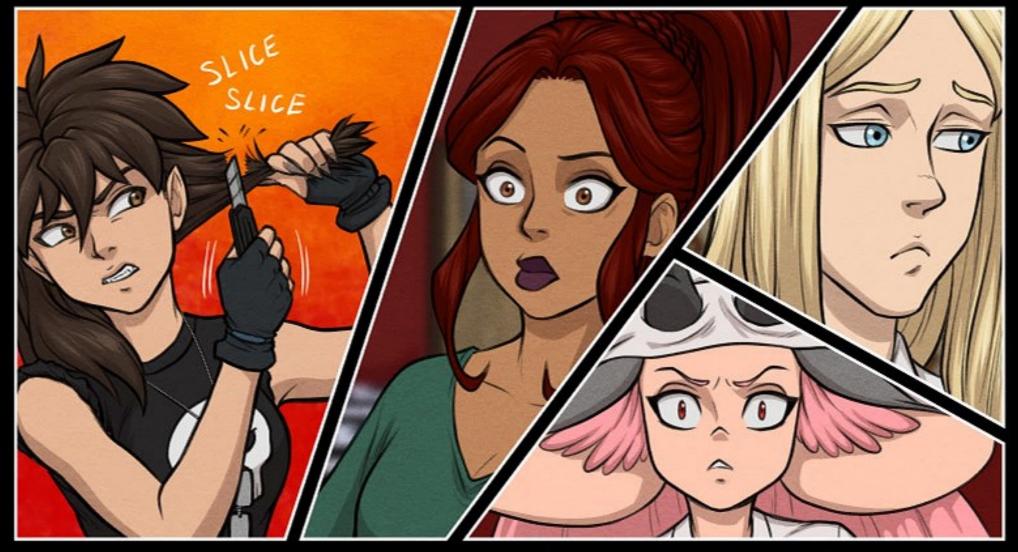








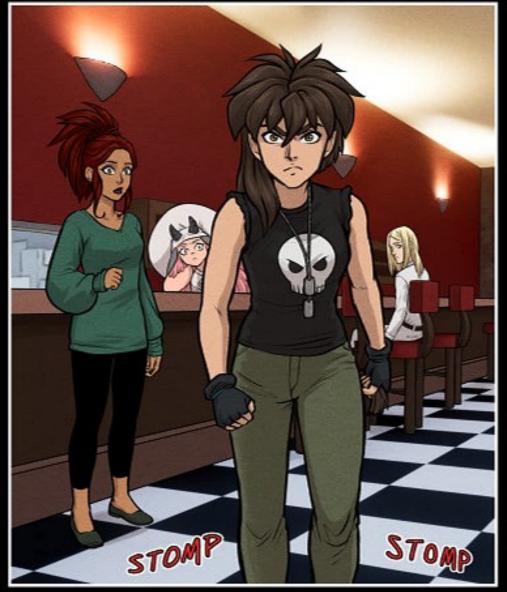










































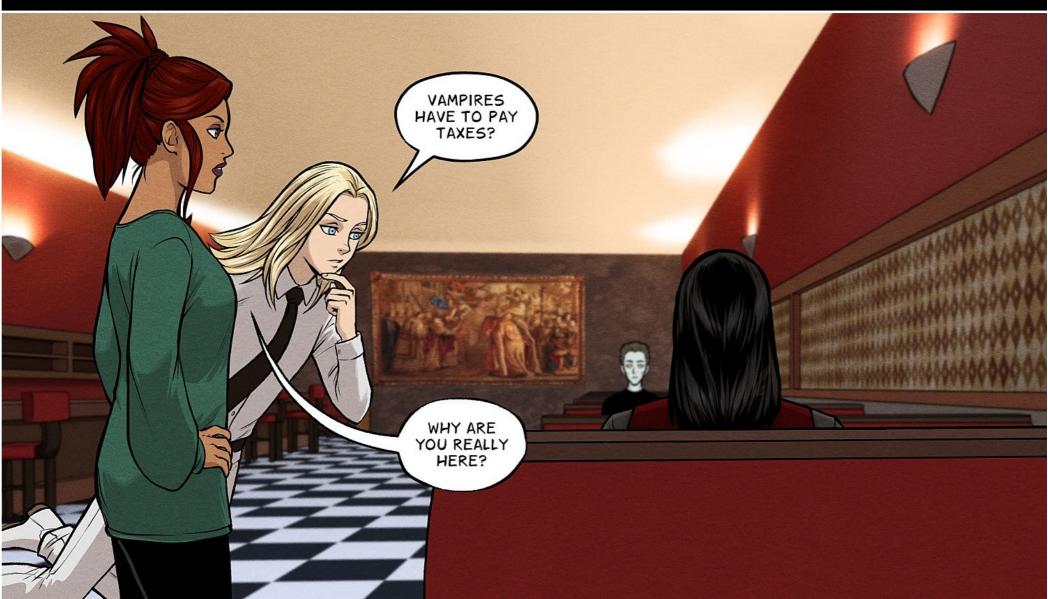






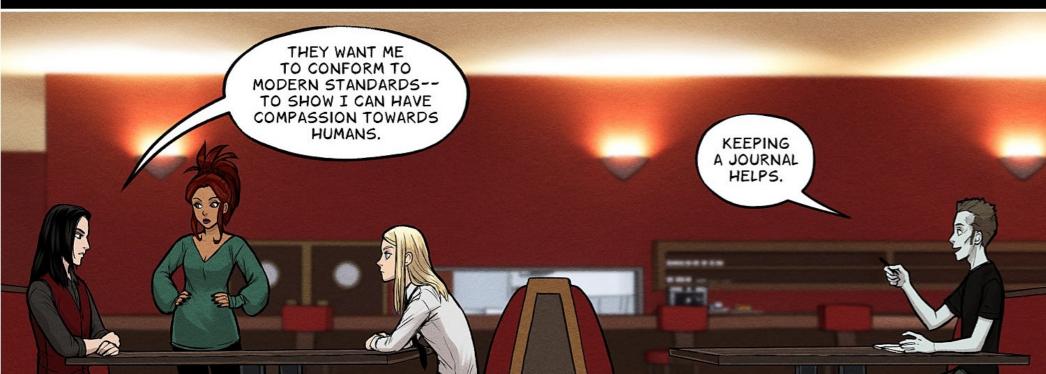


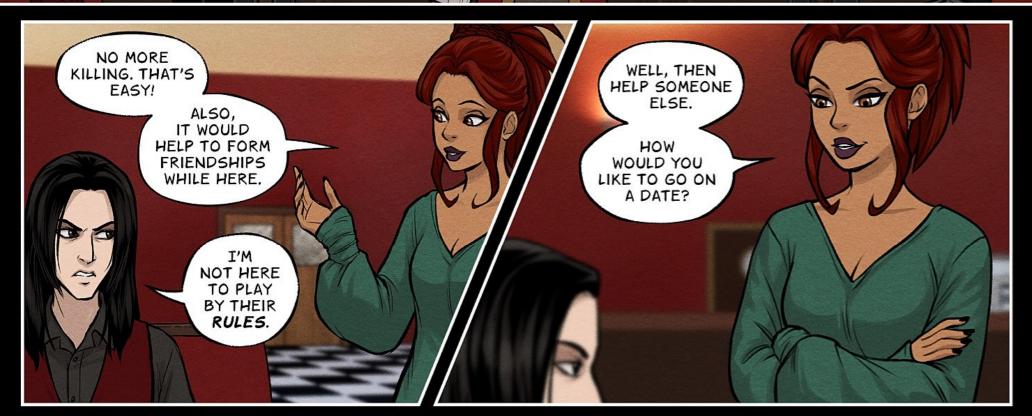


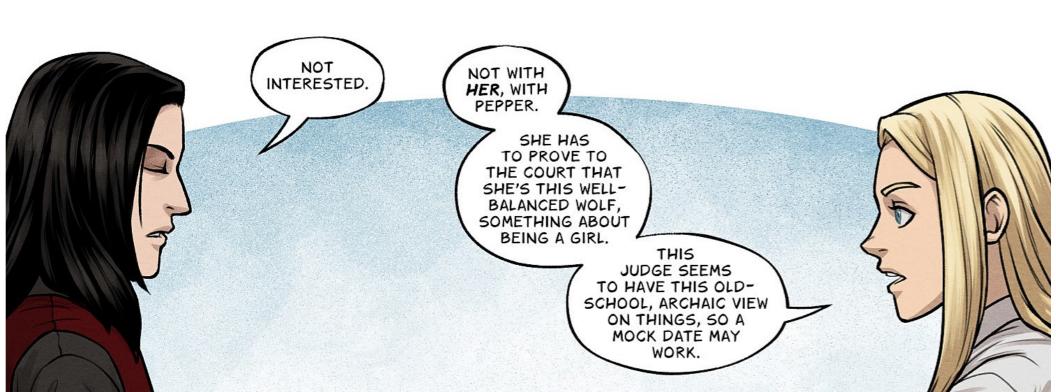














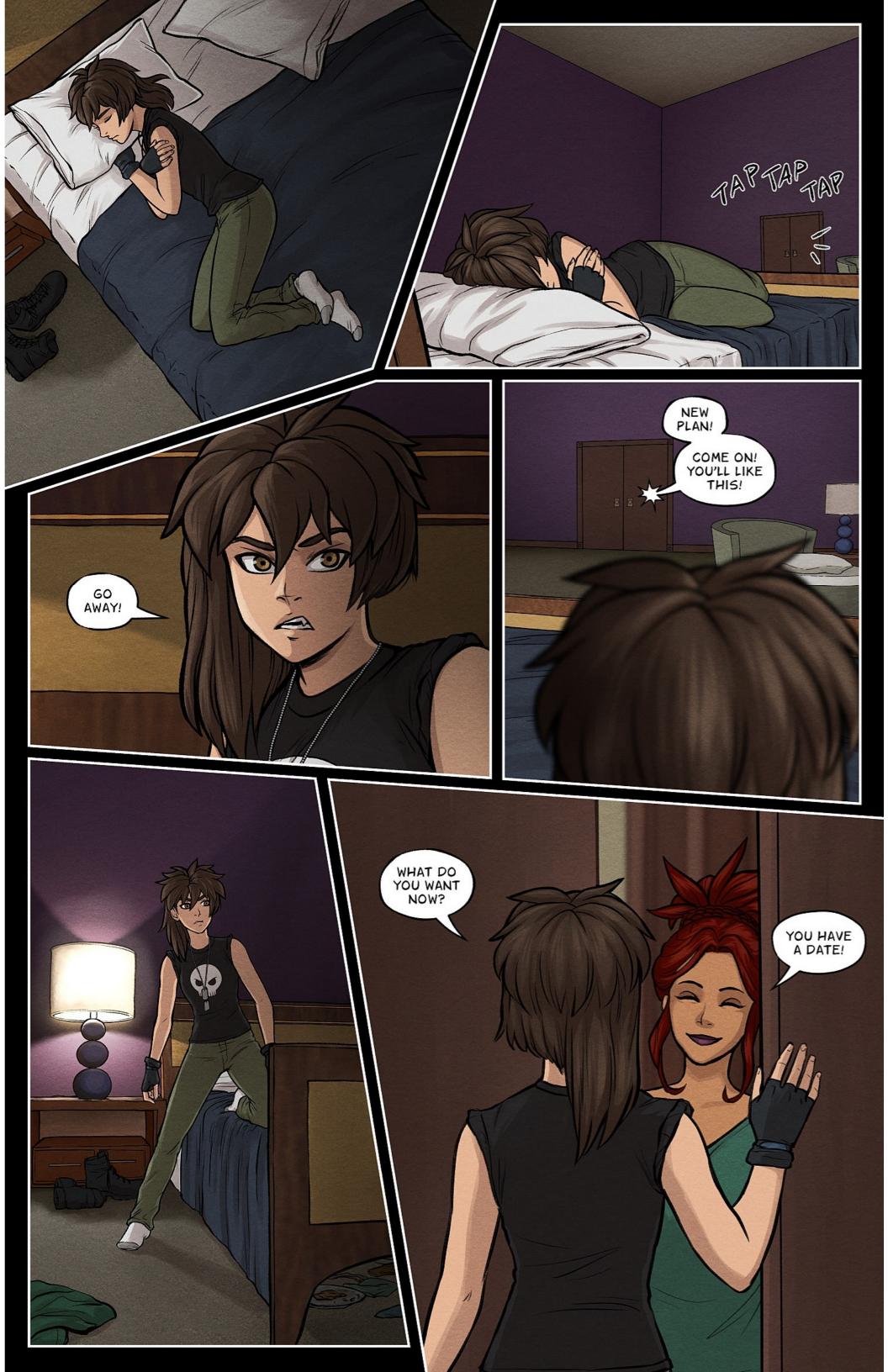












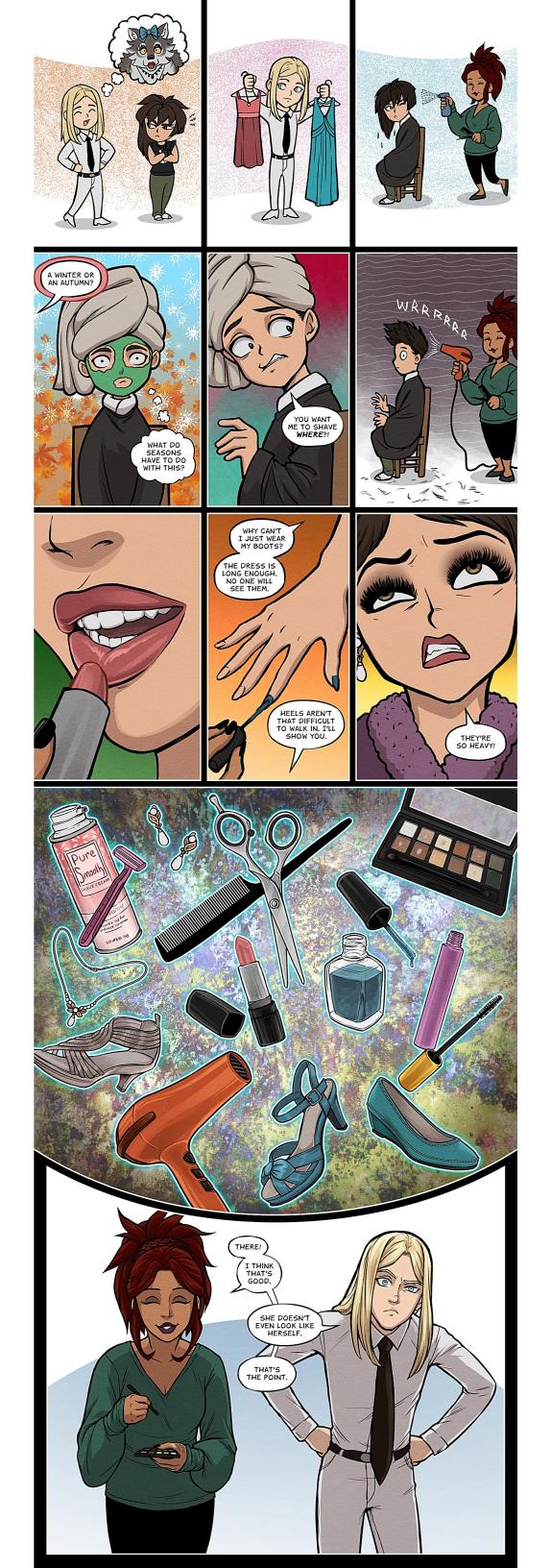


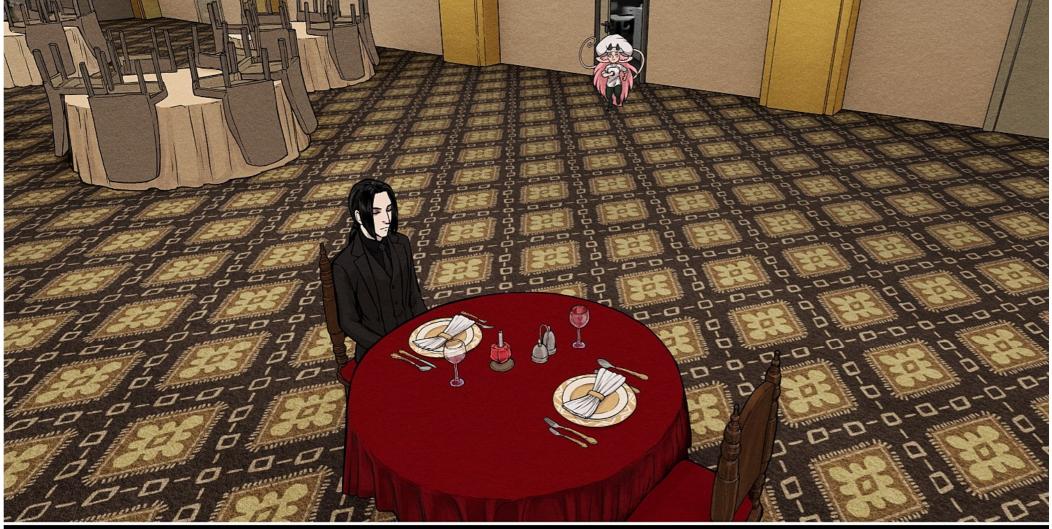


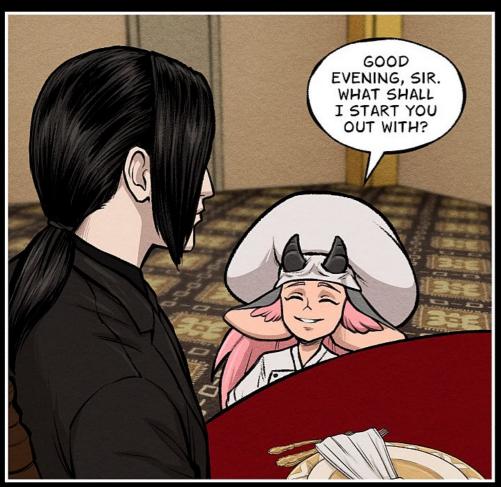






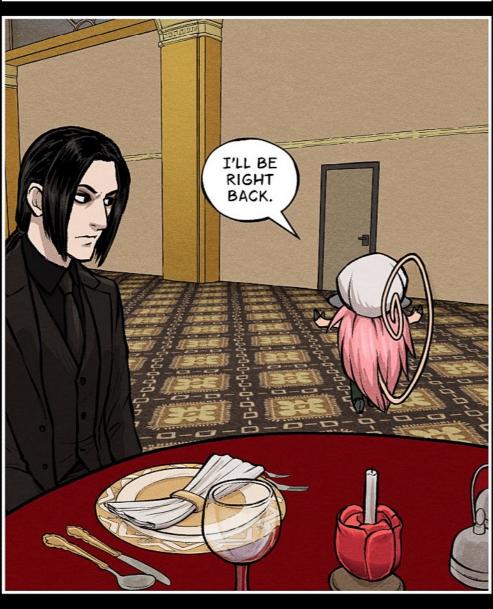






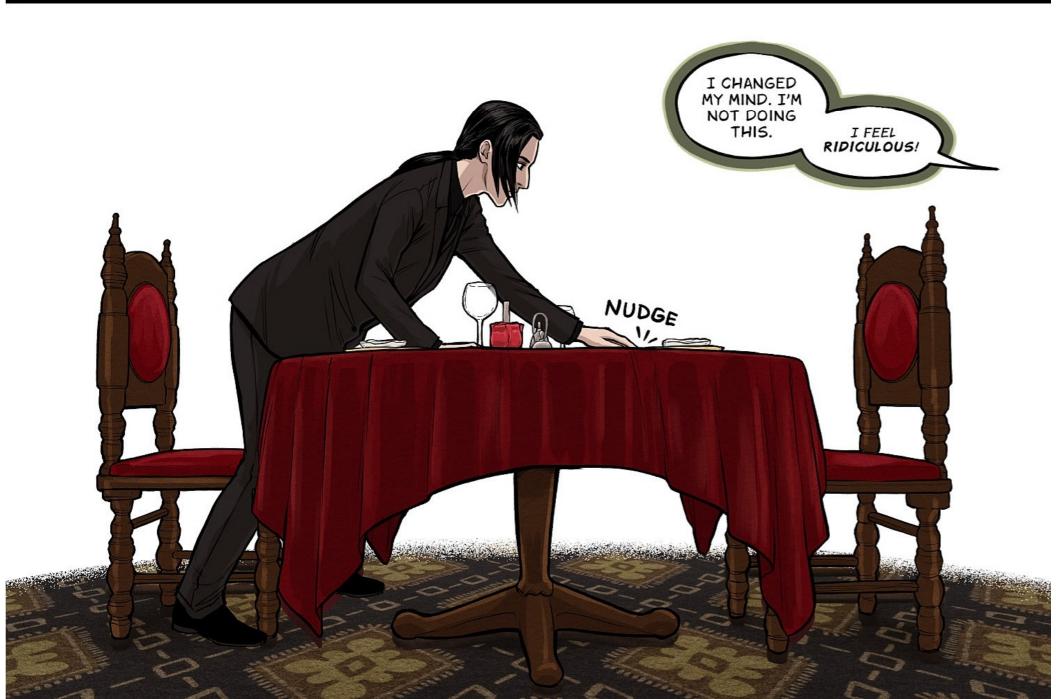


















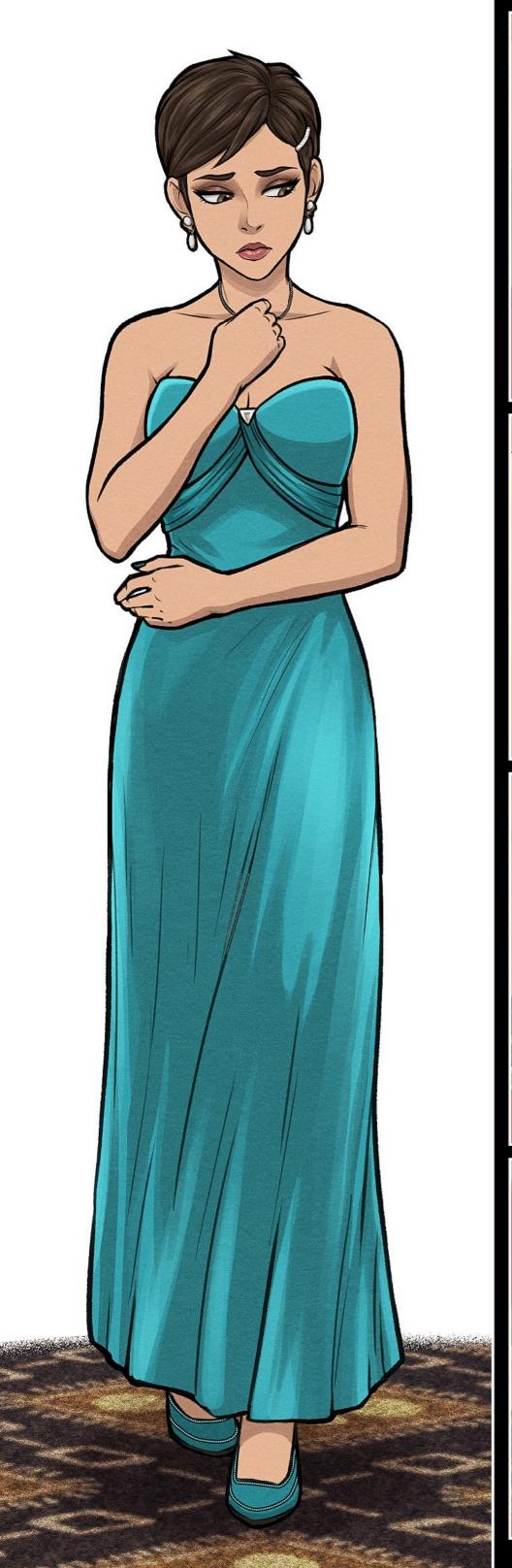
































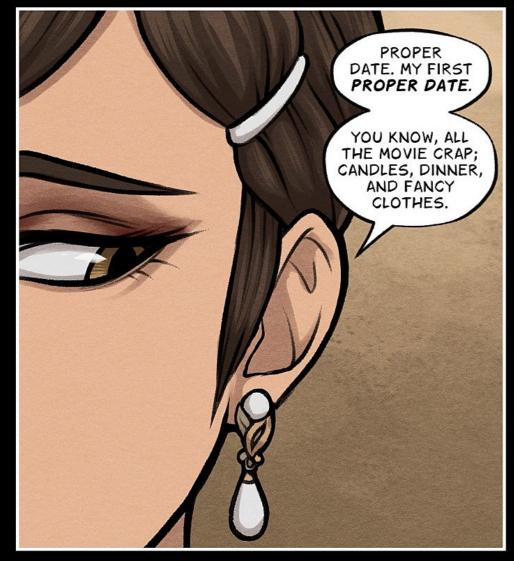
















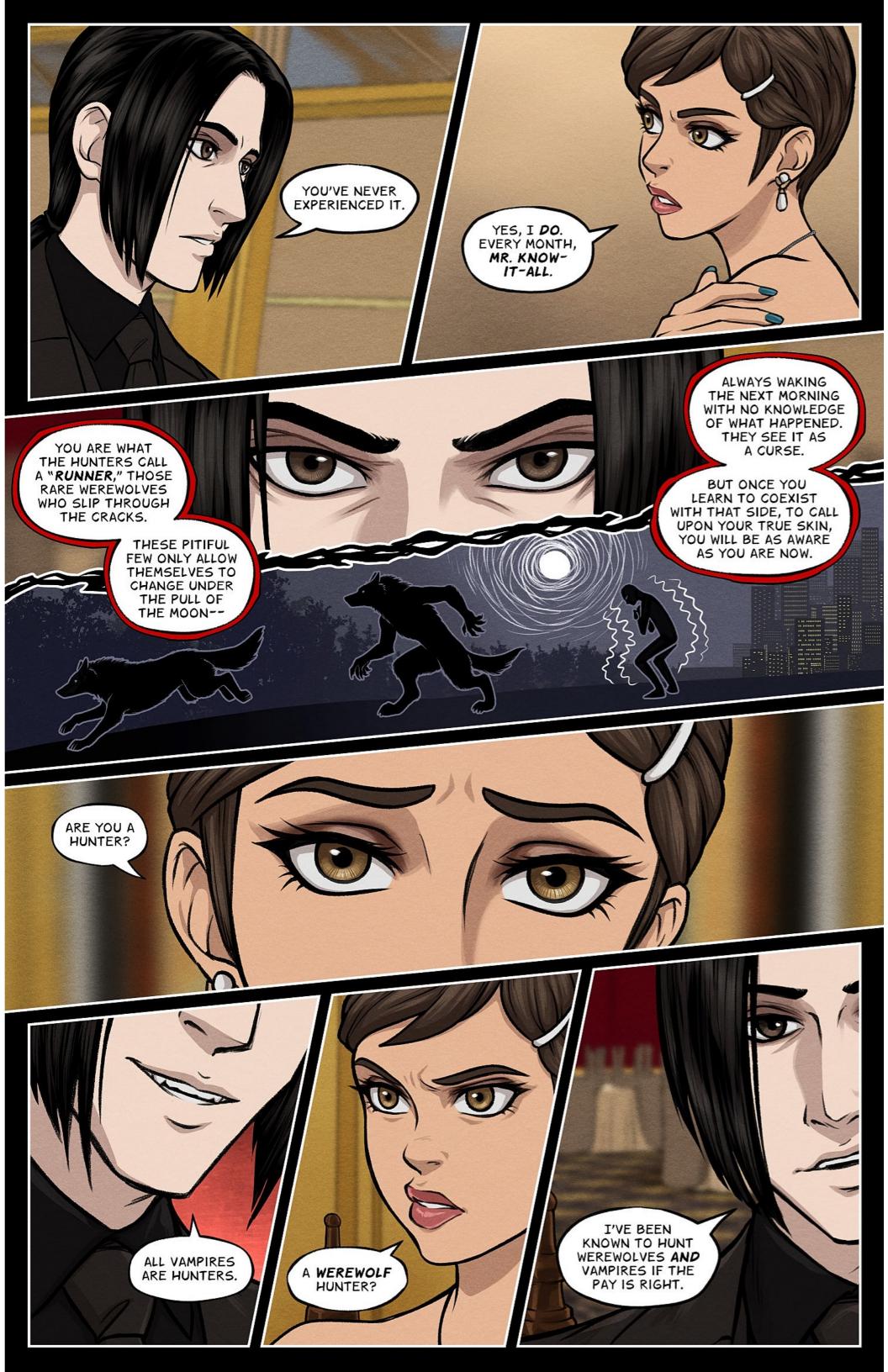


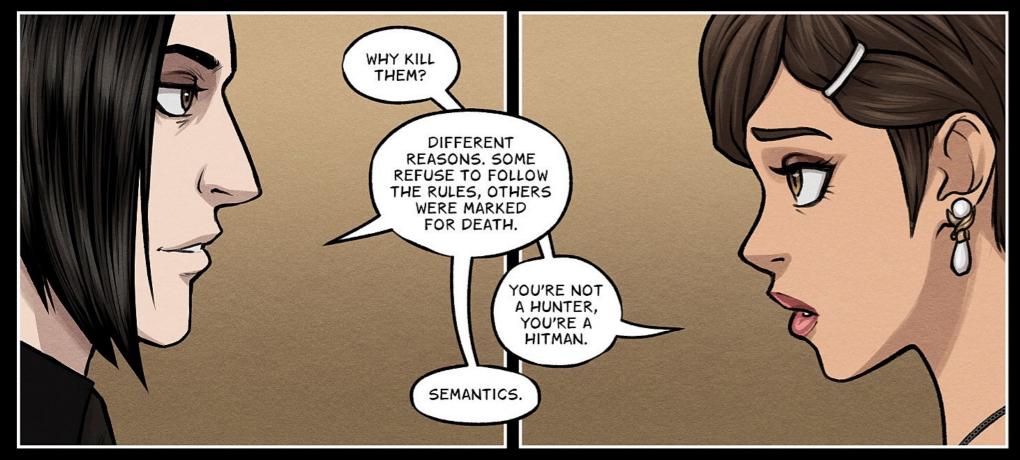


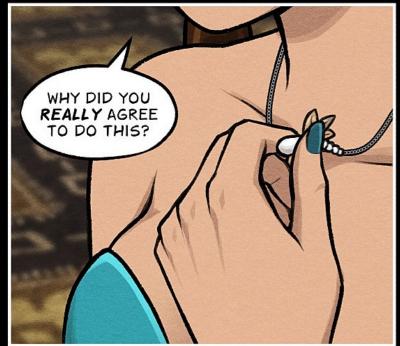


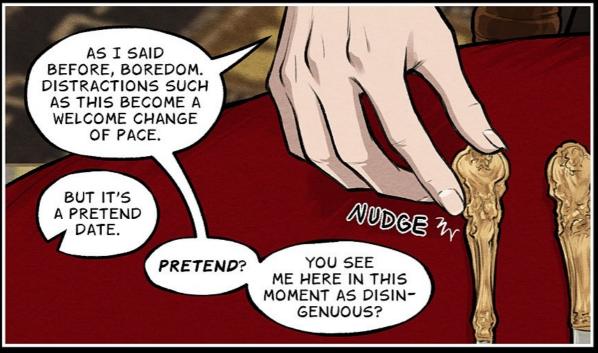














YOU LET THE
WITCH DRESS YOU UP
LIKE SOMEONE DESPERATE
TO WIN A BEAUTY PAGEANT,
YET YOU'VE BEEN FIDGETING
THE MOMENT YOU WALKED
THROUGH THAT DOOR.

YOU COULD HAVE SHOWN UP IN ONE OF YOUR WORN-OUT JEANS, RIPPED SHIRTS, AND BOOTS AND I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT NO LESS OF YOU.



