







Hey...  
Excuse me?



I think someone  
dropped their  
knife...in my  
general direction.



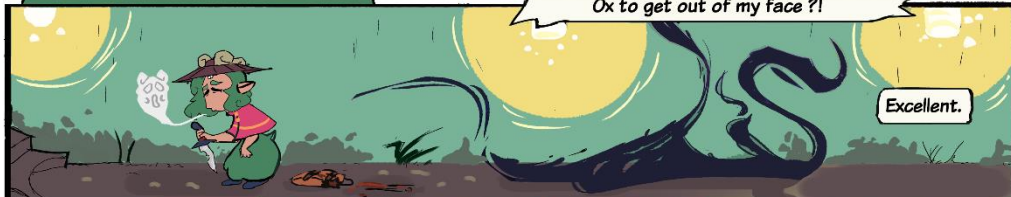
The  
Dawn-bound  
Ox offers you  
The End.  
Do you accept  
this offer?



Ah!  
Maybe?  
Y-yes...  
I don't --



OKAY, OKAY! I, uh -- tell that  
Ox to get out of my face ?!

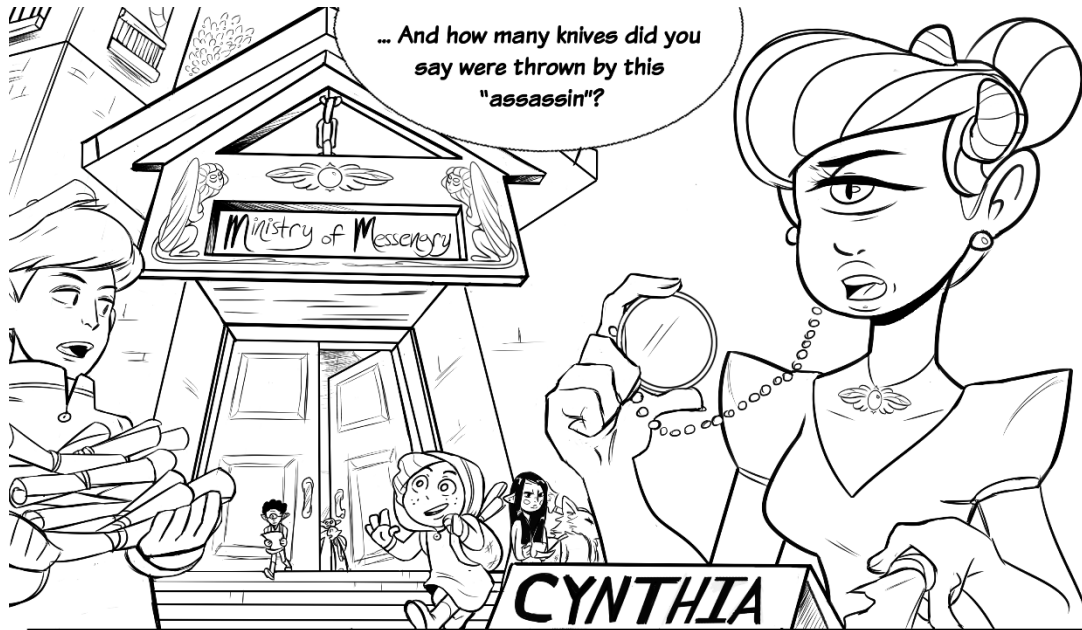


Excellent.



... what a jerk.





... And how many knives did you say were thrown by this "assassin"?

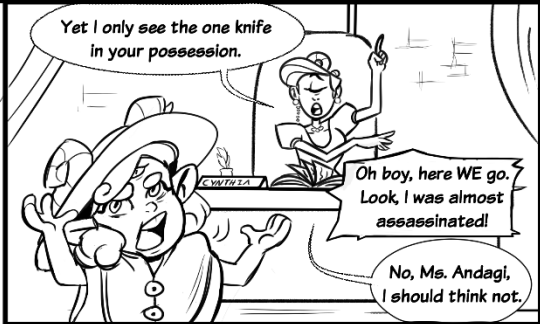
Ministry of Messengers

**CYNTHIA**



I dunno, at least fifty! But probably more. Definitely more.

And that one like... screamed at me.



Yet I only see the one knife in your possession.

Oh boy, here WE go. Look, I was almost assassinated!

No, Ms. Andagi, I should think not.



And why is that?

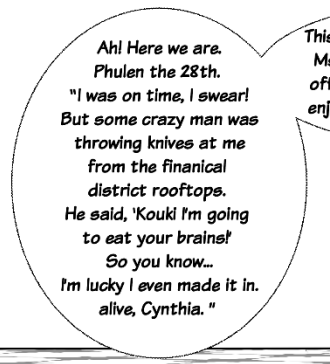


Arnus, 3rd. You missed check-in by four hours.

Your excuse? "My bed broke. I was trapped."

My sheets were like serpents!

**YNTHIA**



Ah! Here we are. Phulen the 28th. "I was on time, I swear! But some crazy man was throwing knives at me from the financial district rooftops. He said, 'Kouki I'm going to eat your brains!' So you know... I'm lucky I even made it in. alive, Cynthia."



This book is a record of your shortcomings, Ms. Andagi. And as of today, you have officially run out of excuses. I do hope you enjoy explaining this to Master Leovold on your way in.

Why you always gotta be the biggest --

"Jerk?" Why, Ms. Andagi... I live for this.