

July 14 7 p.m.

EVENT

July 14 _{7 p.m.}

EVENT

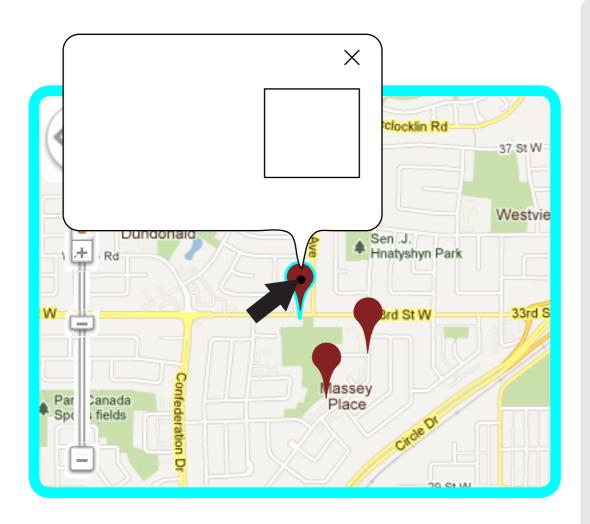
July 14

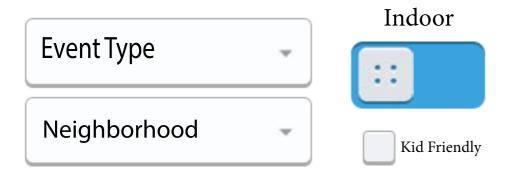
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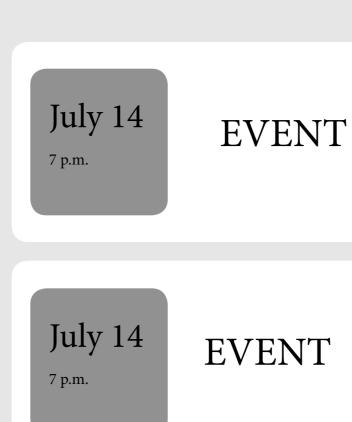
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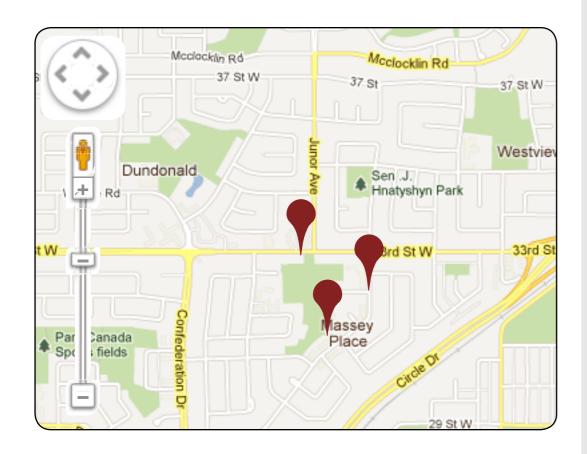








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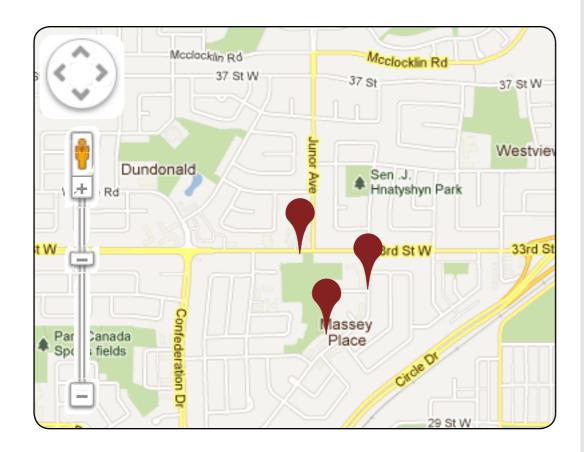
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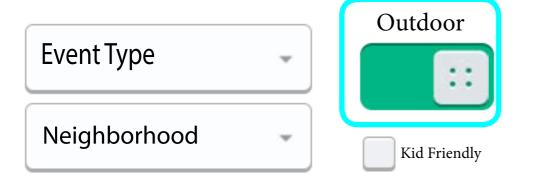
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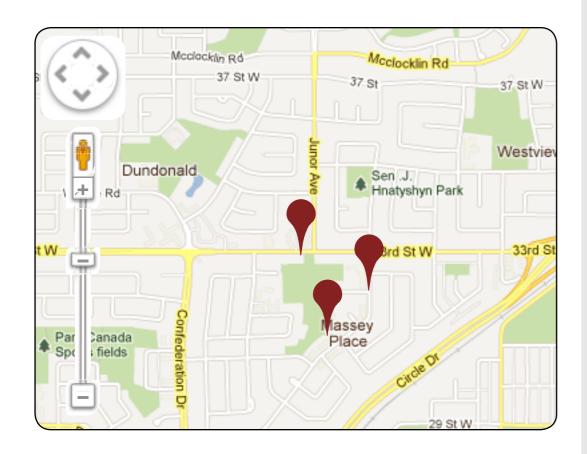
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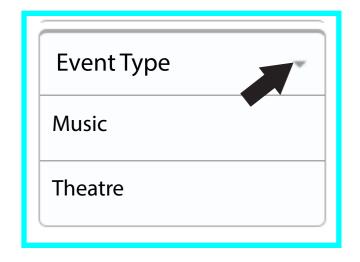
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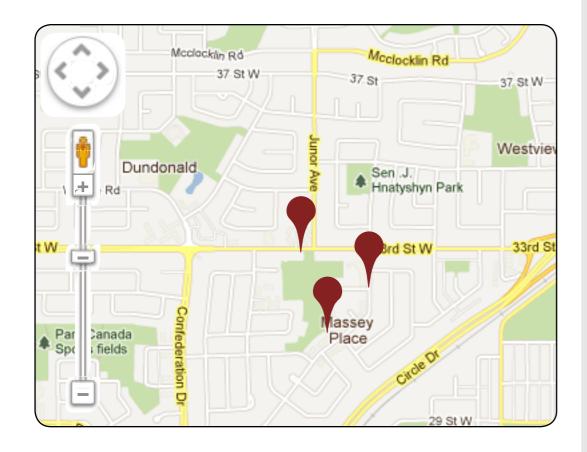
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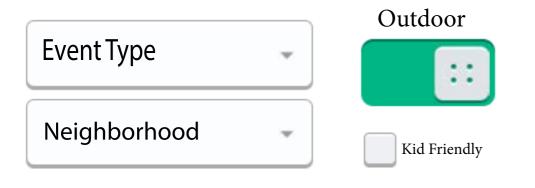
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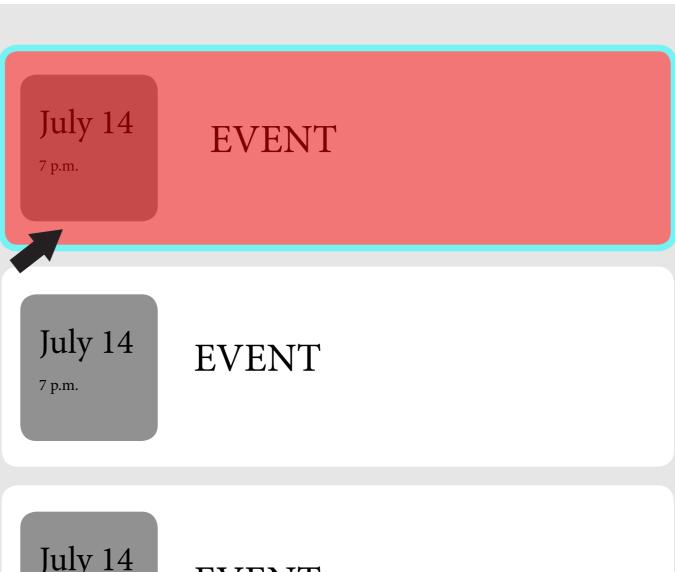
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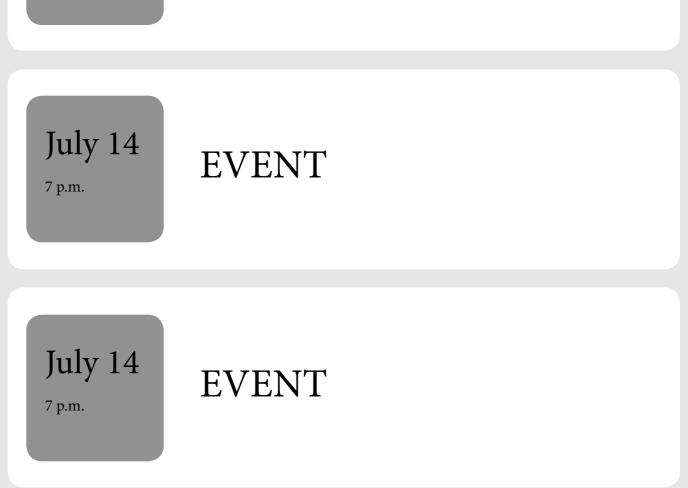
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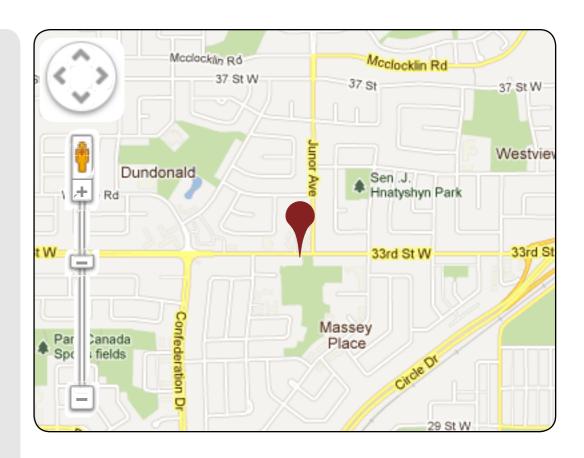


EVENT TITLE

July 14

7p.m.-11p.m.

Muldoon whisks in through the double doors. Hammond is right behind him. They go straight to the main console, where RAY ARNOLD fortyish, a chronic worrier and chain-smoker, is seated. "National Weather Service is tracking a tropical storm about seventy-five miles west of us." Hammond sighs and looks over Arnold's shoulder. "Why didn't I build in Orlando?" "I'll keep an eye on it. Maybe it'll swing south like the last one." "Ray, start the tour program." He punches a button on the console. "Hold on to your butts!"



Concierge Hall 487 West Hames Street Boston, MA 02134-1234