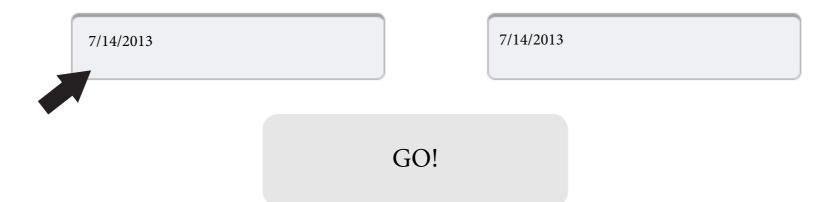
Logo



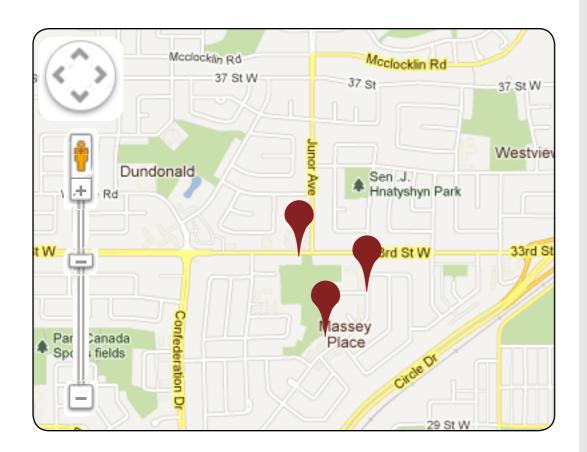
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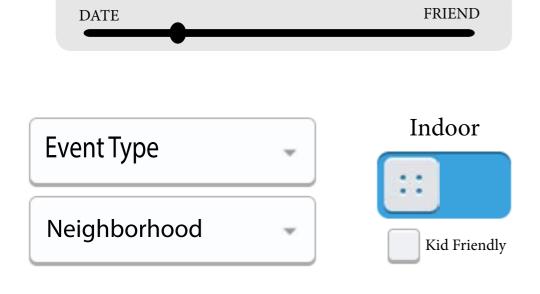


Logo

7/14/2013

GO!





July 14
_{7 p.m.}
EVENT

July 14 7 p.m.

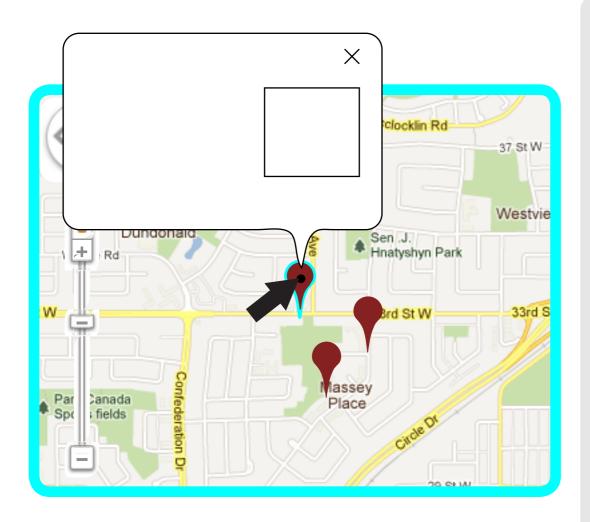
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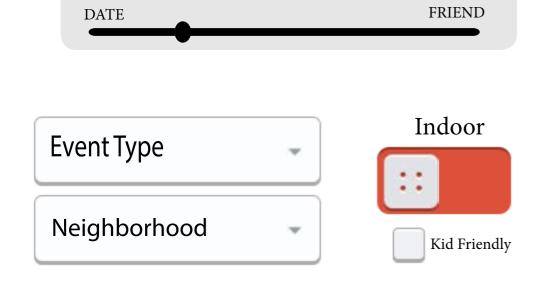
July 14 _{7 p.m.}

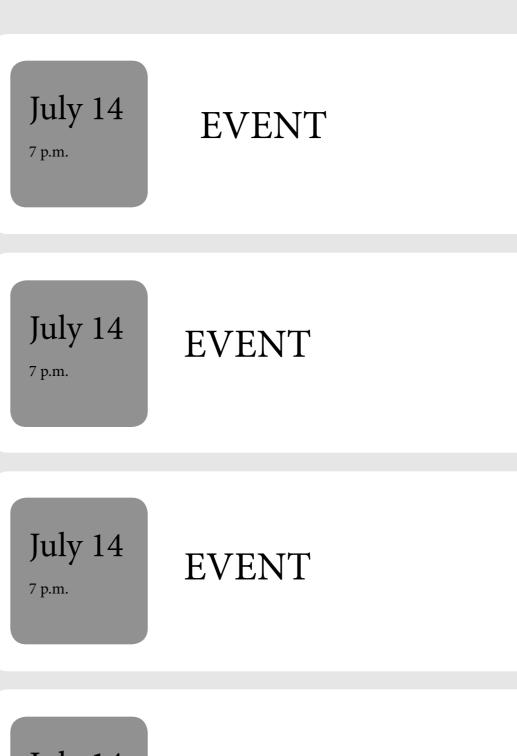
EVENT

July 14

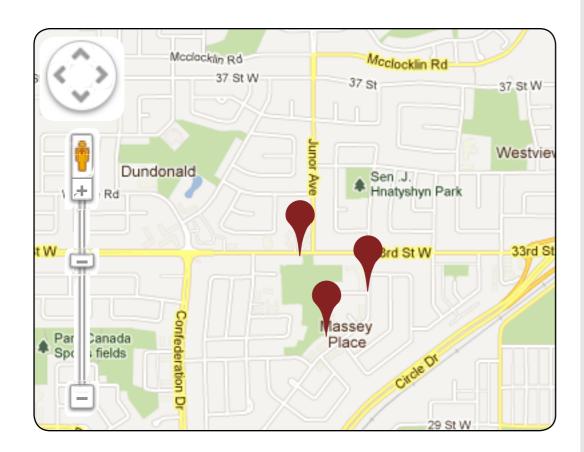
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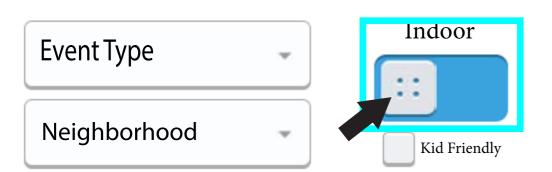




July 14
_{7 p.m.}
EVENT







July 14 _{7 p.m.}

EVENT

July 14 _{7 p.m.}

EVENT

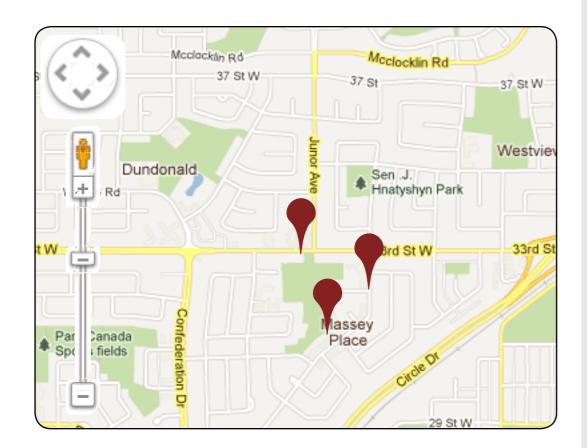
July 14

7 p.m.

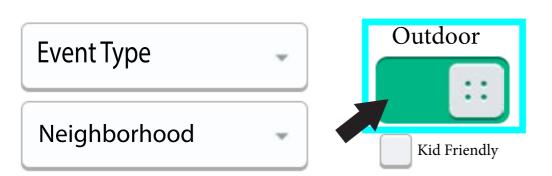
EVENT

July 14

7 p.m.







July 14 _{7 p.m.}

EVENT

July 14

7 p.m.

EVENT

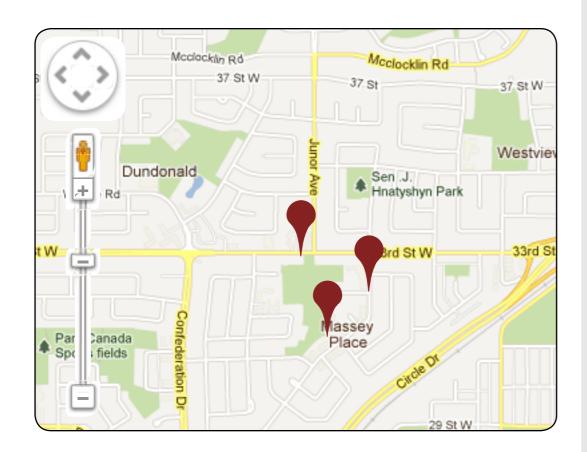
July 14

7 p.m.

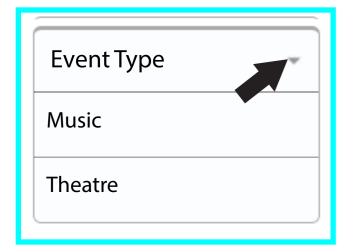
EVENT

July 14

7 p.m.









July 14 7 p.m.

EVENT

July 14 _{7 p.m.}

EVENT

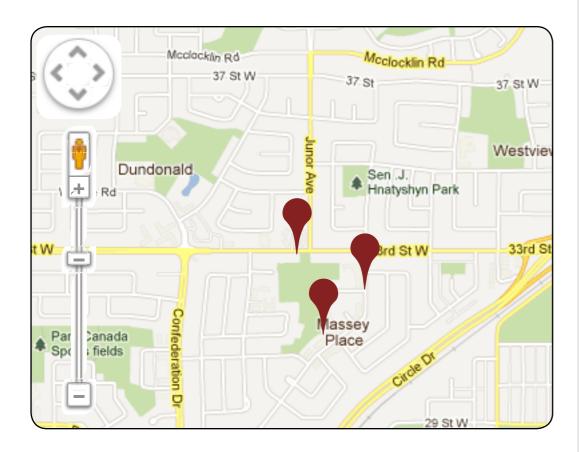
July 14

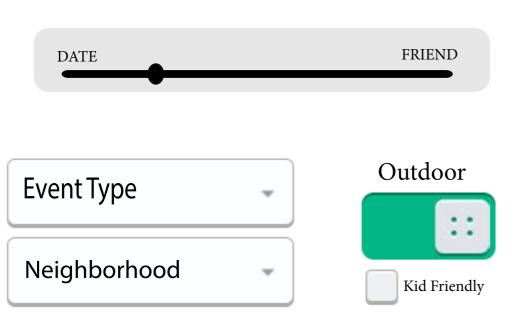
7 p.m.

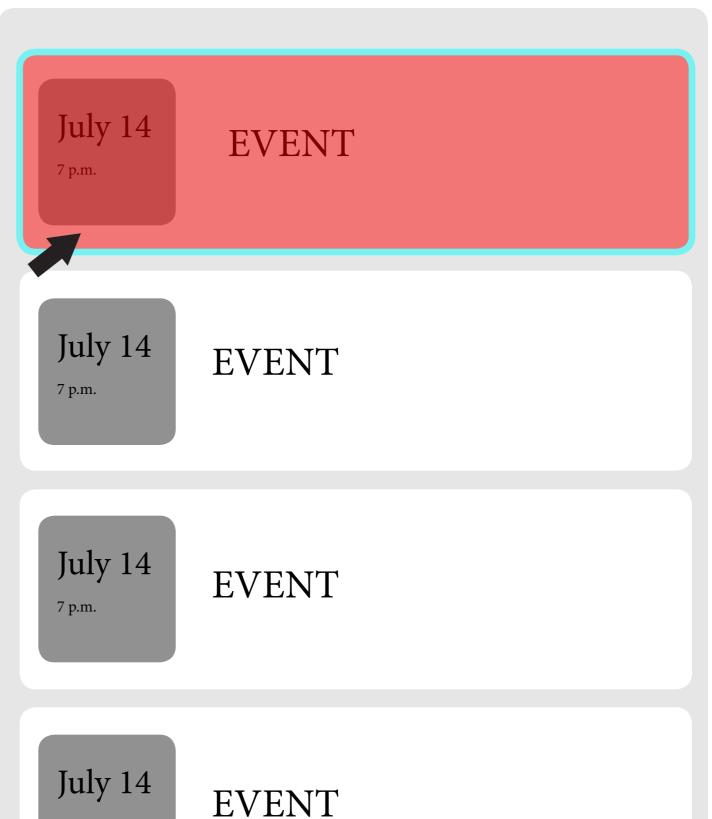
EVENT

July 14

7 p.m.







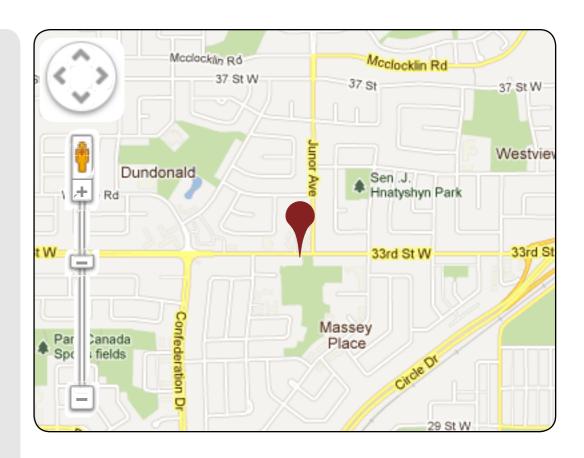
7 p.m.

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!"



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