

Getting the numbers wrong may be regarded as a misfortune. Disrespecting the paperboys was harder to put right. Of course I had to shuffle him out of the way for a while. Shunt him out of the way, you could say. For his own good. And while he was laying low I still needed someone to take care of the day to day. And who did I know who would go everywhere with me? And, let's not forget, had just put the numbers right. We really needed those numbers. Yes, I have the letters. But I intend on using them myself.

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