

I feel like a walk today. It's a beautiful morning for it. And no point in getting to the joint too early. The [] job was part of the cleanup. Someone told a very touching story, that our next job would make the Northampton Bank take look like some kid's lunch money. It turned out to be a bunch of cobblers, but we took the job anyway. We made some money, but more importantly we squared accounts with the reds by making a couple of Galleanists the fall guys. No more looking over our shoulders. But old habits die hard. I'll wait for an opportune moment.

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