

Oh no, our leadfooted gopher is at the lunch counter over the way. I'm sure that's him. Yes, I can see his eyes in the mirror above the counter. Give him a little wink. Well, if he can see me, he's not letting on. Why is he here? Having a meal on the company dime? *You're* Mickey Mouse, Mr Carter. Mr Carter, hah! He's bound to see me the moment I step out of here. No, I'll just pop it in my handbag. I don't suppose there's a back exit? Another customer, of course, I understand. Mr. Porter, I could have said.

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