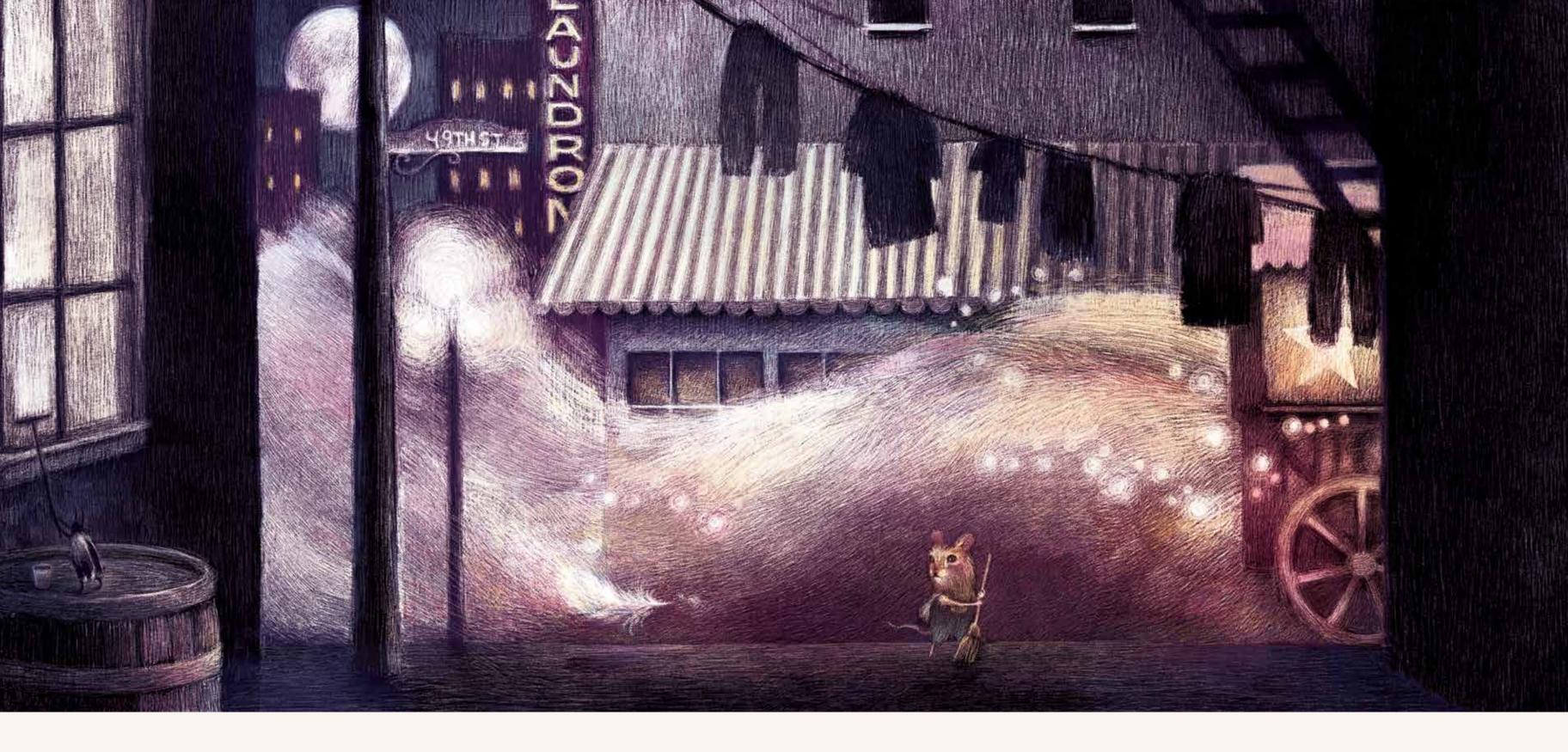




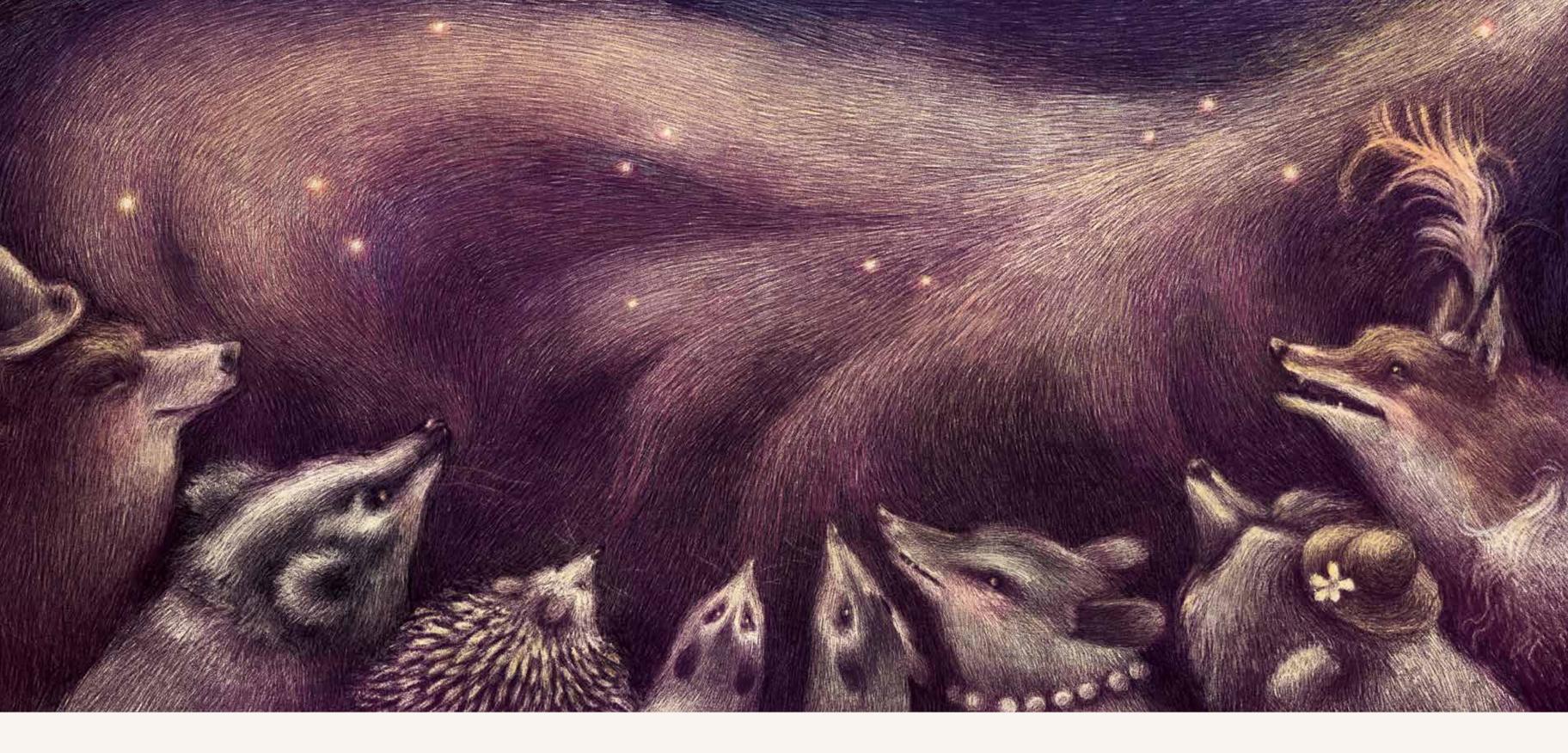
Clip clop, a midnight moon.

The night lunch cart rolls in.



Sweep sweep, dust and leaf.

Windows all aglow.



Drip drop, coffee's hot.

Noses sniff the air.



Shuffle yawn, bellies growl.

The night lunch bell is ringing.