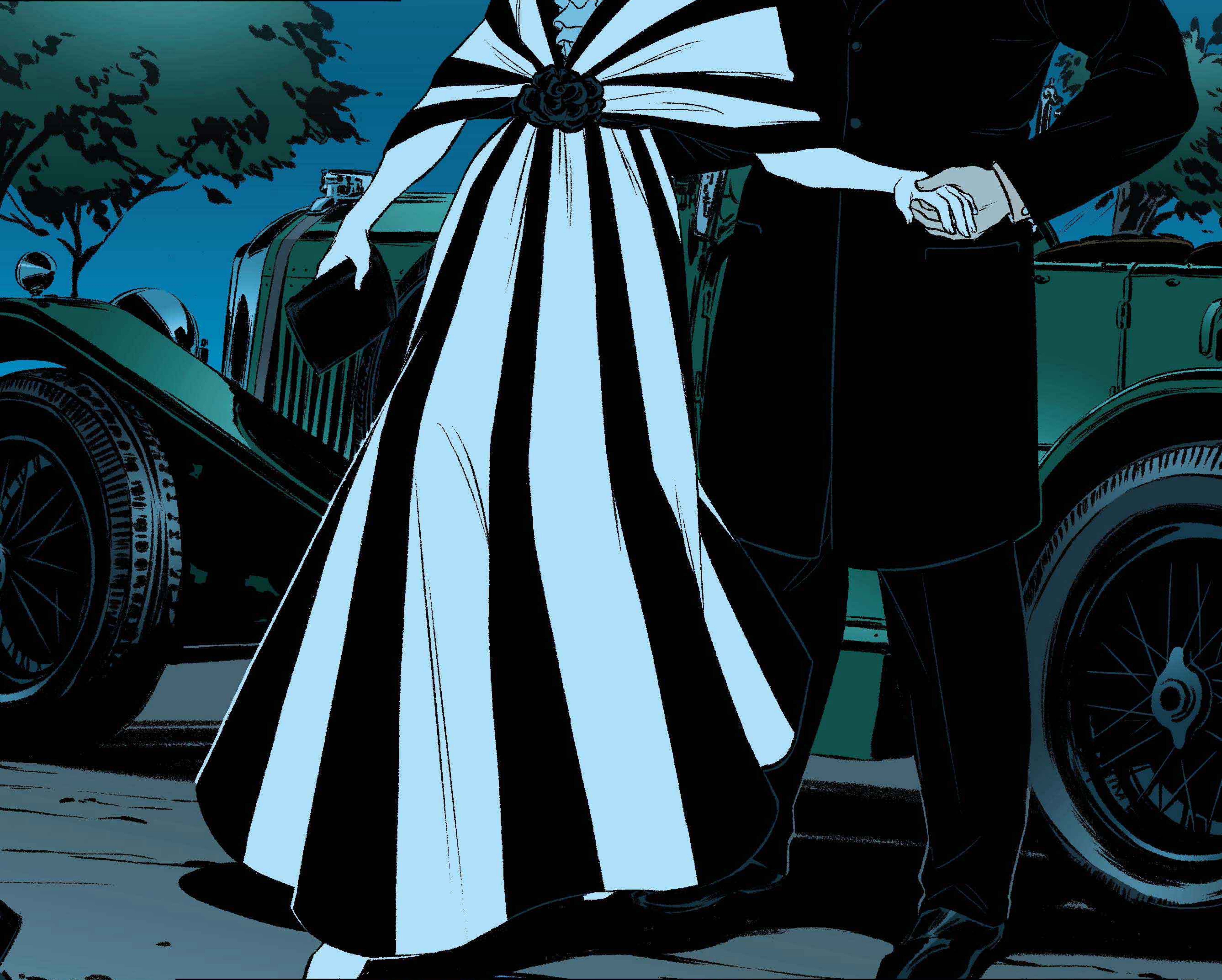




FOR THE ONE YOU LOST.

AND YOU? ANYTHING TO WEAR?

"OH, I'M SURE I CAN SCOURGE UP SOMETHING."



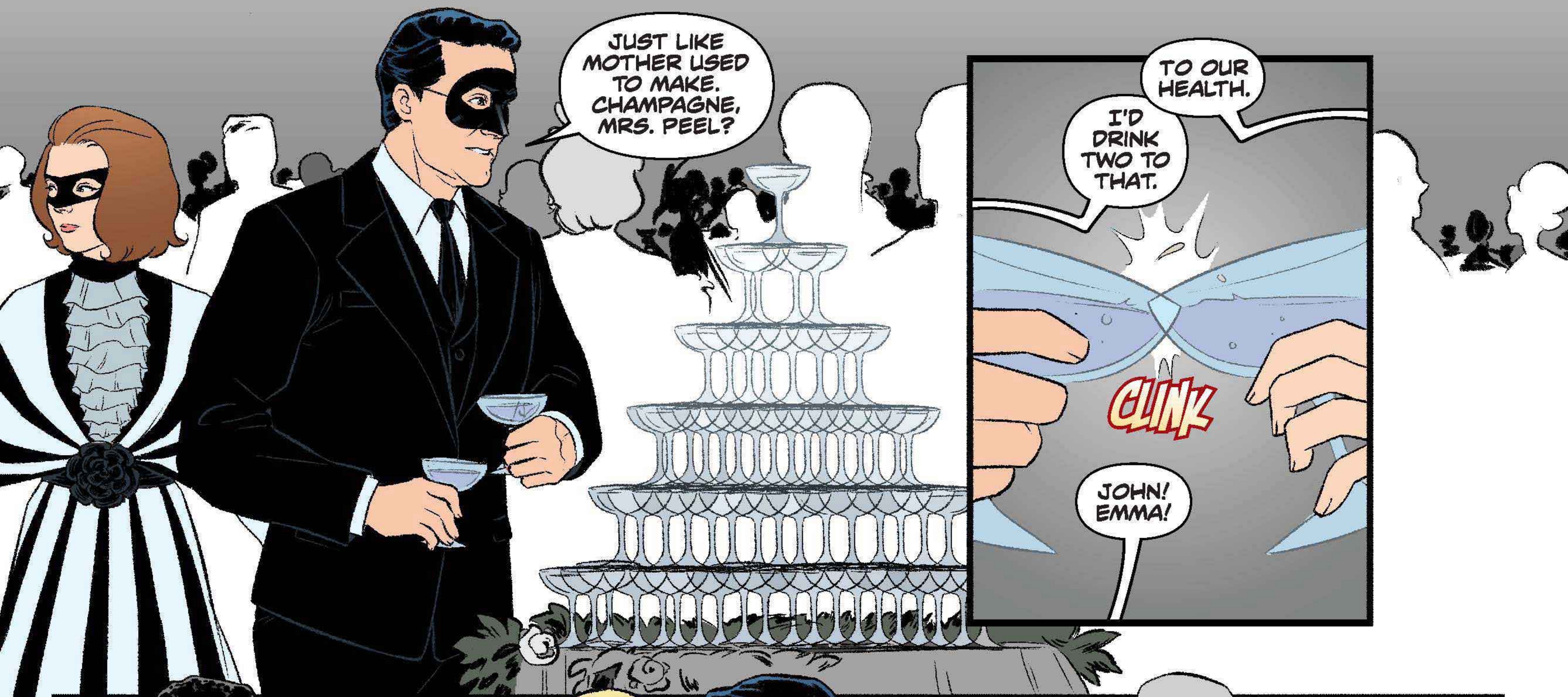
I FEEL UNDERDRESSED NEXT TO YOU.

YOU FEEL FINE TO ME.

BALLROOM DANCE FU

**STEED DRESSES UP
EMMA STRIPS DOWN**





JUST LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE. CHAMPAGNE, MRS. PEEL?

TO OUR HEALTH.

I'D DRINK TWO TO THAT.

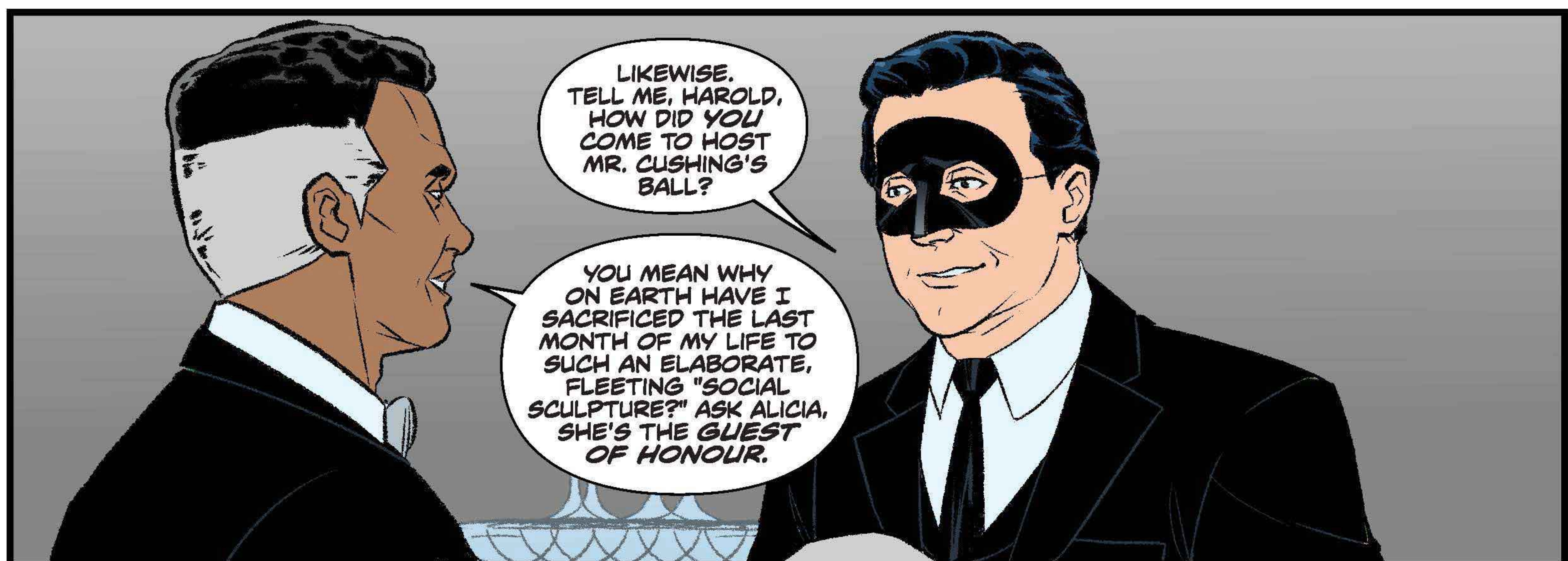
CLINK

JOHN! EMMA!



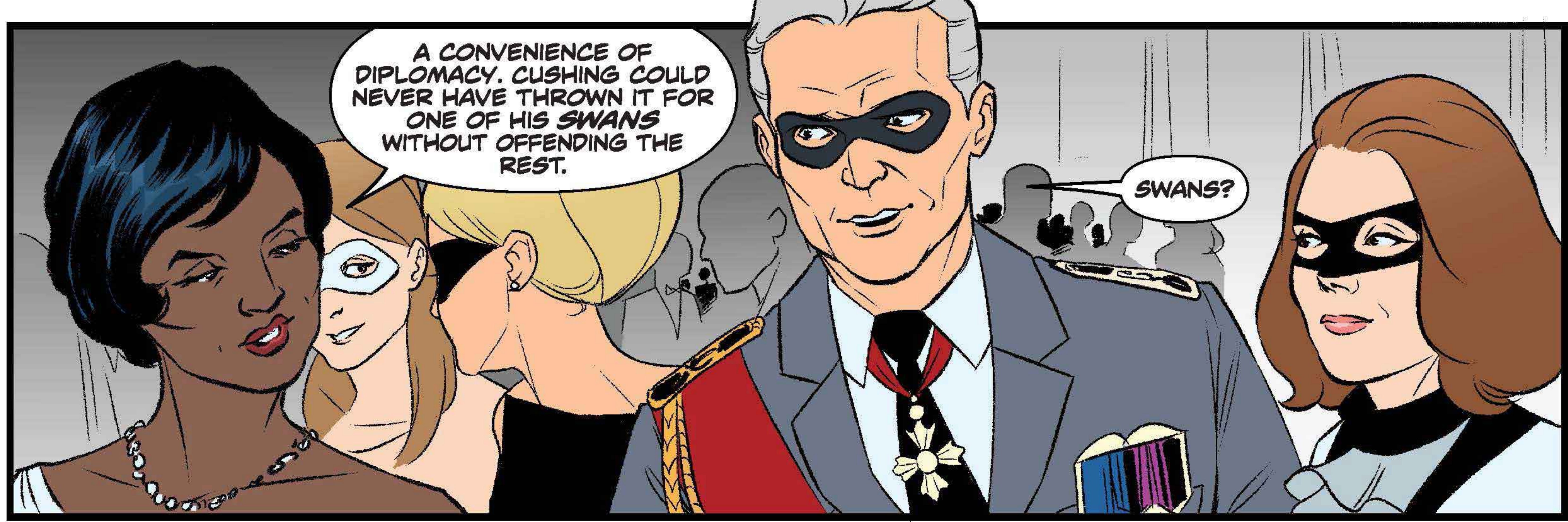
SO GLAD YOU CAME! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY WIFE, ALICIA, AND AIR CHIEF MARSHAL TREVOR SEABROOK, HEAD OF OUR NATIONAL SPACE PROGRAMME.

A PLEASURE.



LIKewise. TELL ME, HAROLD, HOW DID YOU COME TO HOST MR. CUSHING'S BALL?

YOU MEAN WHY ON EARTH HAVE I SACRIFICED THE LAST MONTH OF MY LIFE TO SUCH AN ELABORATE, FLEETING "SOCIAL SCULPTURE?" ASK ALICIA, SHE'S THE GUEST OF HONOUR.



A CONVENIENCE OF DIPLOMACY. CUSHING COULD NEVER HAVE THROWN IT FOR ONE OF HIS SWANS WITHOUT OFFENDING THE REST.

SWANS?

