





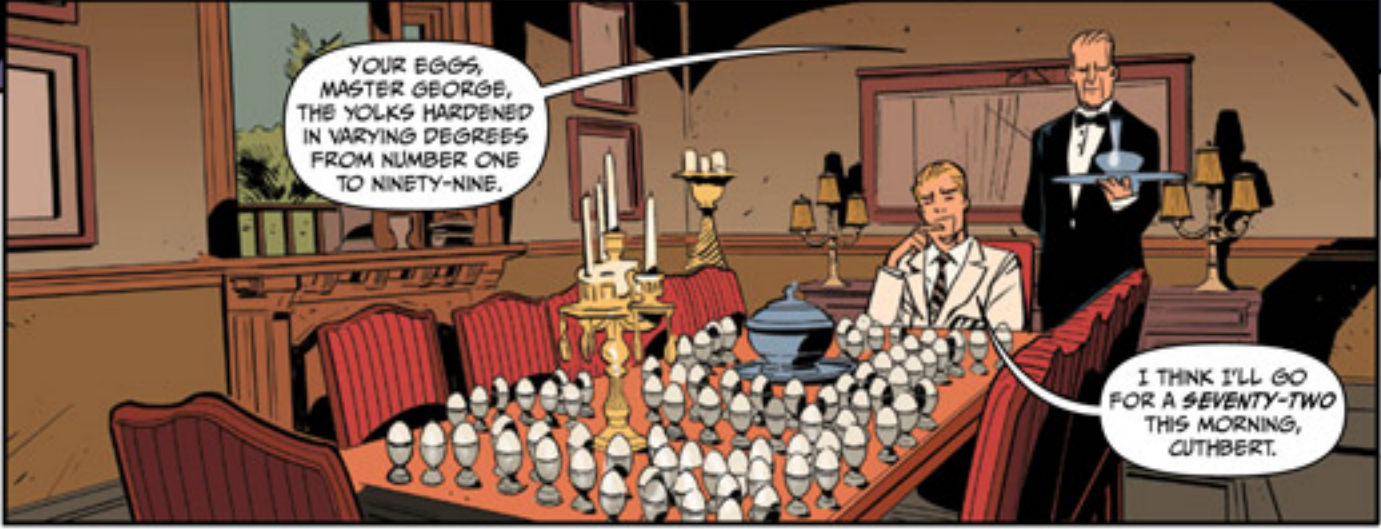




CUTHBERT THE BUTLER IS A BIG PART OF THE PROBLEM. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT GEORGE GETS UP TO, CUTHBERT'S ALWAYS THERE TO PICK UP THE PIECES.



YOUR EGGS, MASTER GEORGE, THE YOLKS HARDENED IN VARYING DEGREES FROM NUMBER ONE TO NINETY-NINE.



I THINK I'LL GO FOR A SEVENTY-TWO THIS MORNING, CUTHBERT.

BUSY DAY AHEAD, SIR?



JUST MAKING PLANS FOR LIFE AFTER DEATH.







I'M NOT REALLY SURE I WANT TO BE BURIED AT SEA ANYMORE.

ANY PARTICULAR REASON, MR. HUTCHENCE?



I'M JUST UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA OF BEING EATEN BY A FISH AND THEN BECOMING FISH EXCREMENT THAT GETS SWALLOWED BY A PRAWN.



I'LL END UP IN MAYONNAISE THAT GETS NIBBLED BY A PRETTY GIRL AND SO IT CONTINUES. I CAN'T END UP IN SOME PERPETUAL WASTE CYCLE.

GEORGE, WE'VE GOT AN HOUR TO GET OUR WILLS DONE. WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST PICK CREMATION OR BURIAL?



I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THE IDEA OF BEING EATEN BY WOLVES.