



MORI,
DO YOU THINK
I COULD WORK AS
A BOOKSELLER?

SURE YOU COULD,
IF YOU'D READ A LITTLE
MORE THAN TWO BOOKS
IN YOUR LIFE.



THAT'S GREAT.
YOU JUST SUPPORTED
AND HUMILIATED ME
AT THE SAME TIME.
HOW DO YOU DO
THAT?

I'M JUST TRYING
TO BE OBJECTIVE.



OBJECTIVITY
IS NOT WHAT
AMA NEEDS FROM
YOU...



STILL,
I HAVE TO ADMIT
THAT IT'S NOT SUCH A BAD
OPTION FOR THE JOB,
RIGHT?

GIRLS FROM
THE NEIGHBORHOOD
PROBABLY COME IN DROVES
TO SEE THE HANDSOME
SALESMAN.



SALES HAVE GONE UP
A LOT SINCE I
STARTED WORKING.

I'LL BET THEY
HAVE.
YOU ALWAYS
KNEW HOW
TO SELL.





A dark-colored car is driving on a street at night. The ground is covered in snow, and there are snowflakes falling. A street lamp is on the right side of the road, casting a yellow glow. There are traffic lights on a pole in the background. The car is moving towards the right side of the frame.

MORI,
DID MICHIGI
CALL?

NO.
HE LET ME GO
UNTIL MORNING.



HE DID?
THEN I WON'T BE
GOING TO
CHIDZYU EITHER.
YOU CAN ASK
ME OUT...

WHAT FOR?

WOW,
LOOK AT THIS GUY.
HE CAN BARELY
STAND ON HIS
FEET...



WHAT A LOSER.
WHY WOULD HE GET
SO DRUNK?





HIROSHI...



MORI,
STOP THE CAR!



