

Zig Zag is Copyright © Max Black Rabbit. Sabrina, Darke Katt and R.C. are Copyright © Eric W. Schwartz. James Sheppard, Marvin Badger, Rhonda Badger, Yohni, Alexi, Michael, Esteban, Mia, Wanda Vixen and Tamara Rabbit are Copyright © James Bruner. Jean LeBrun, Francois LeBrun, Marie LeBrun, Gabrielle Ryder, Theodore Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg the Third, Roxanne Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg, Timothy Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg, Malcolm Grazer, William Pongo, Captain Archibald, Peter Spermophilus, Miranda Spermophilus, ArseNick/Nicholas Babouin, Mr. Hammond, Leo Leon, Vincent Leon, Sergeant Otetiani, Lieutenant Black, Julie Black, Miriam Redtail, Lizzy Doe, Emma Grey, Rowena Spyke, Professor Nutkin, Professor Moose Nicholson, Lance Gulo, Henry Hippopotamidae, John Ferret, Charles 'Mouse' Mombay, Paul Donkey, Harley Davidson (Not the motorcycle manufacturer, obviously) and Pethouse Magazine is © Joan Jacobsen, 2005.

Legal Notice: This story is Copyright © 2005 by Joan Jacobsen. This story may not be sold or used for commercial profit in any form or fashion. This story may not be modified in any way. This story may not be posted on a mirror site or any other Internet site without the written permission of the author. This story may not be distributed on print, magnetic, electrical or optical mediums.

Permission to use characters that are Copyright other individuals was obtained prior to the appearance of said characters.

This is an independent work of fiction with no connection whatsoever to Max Black Rabbit, Eric W. Schwartz, E.S. Productions or James Bruner and is in no way meant to imply any connection with Max Black Rabbit, Eric W. Schwartz, E.S. Productions, or James Bruner. This story contains characters created by Max Black Rabbit, Eric W. Schwartz, James Bruner, Tigermark and Silver Coyote. Events and characters occurring in this story should not be considered part of the storylines for either 'Zig Zag', 'Sabrina Online' or 'Sabrina Online - The Story'.

In fact, as far as 'Zig Zag', 'Sabrina Online', 'Sabrina Online - The Story' and 'Zig Zag the Story' are concerned, this story does not exist. The artists disavow any knowledge of and do not officially sanction the events in this story.

XXXVIII - "And...cut!"

Gabrielle was sitting in the common room, with a cup of tea. Yohni and Esteban were there as well. They were all looking tired. It was nothing, however, compared to how tired they felt. It had been the last day of filming. The last bits of the movie were ready to go to the editing room, but at that moment, none of them felt in a celebratory mood.

"I've got aches in places I didn't even know I *had*," Yohni complained.

"Een a porn studeeo, amiga, that ees the *wrong* theeng to say, but I have to agree. I feel the same way," Esteban said and put his face in his paws.

"You think you've got it bad? I've got aches in places I'm sure medical science hasn't even *named* yet," Gabrielle whimpered and flopped backwards on the couch.

"Ouch. Sounds painful," Yohni said. "Want a massage or something?"

"Actually, I'm so horribly tempted by that offer I'm just going to have to say yes," the bronco answered and smiled, wearily.

Esteban reached down and rubbed his feet. "Esta bien...we are all done," he muttered. "Time for the cutteeng room furs to take over. How much time do they have?"

"Twelve days until I have to be in Denver. I think Zig Zag has decided against multiplying it just yet. She'll get thirty or so copies made and keep them in all sorts of safe places, and if anything should happen it'll be mass produced and sent onto the market *then*," Gabrielle explained and turned over on her front.

Yohni straddled her back and began giving the equine a good backrub. "That makes sense, really. She saves a *lot* of money that way. The expenses for this film will really plummet overall. Sets and salaries....those are really the only things she's paying for then," the mongoose said.

Gabrielle nodded and closed her eyes. "Yeah. Oh....ohhhh that feels *nice*," she murmured.

Esteban smiled. "I theenk I'm goeeng to get a hold of Jean and get her to do the same for me tonight," he muttered.

"Won't work, Esteban. She's got a study group tonight, unfortunately," Gabrielle murmured. She felt like she was melting already.

Esteban sighed. "Too bad, but weeth finals comeeng up she has no choice," he said and watched the two femmes for a moment, then got up and winked to the mongoose as if to tell her to enjoy herself. Finally he got up and headed out.

Yohni waited until the door closed behind the maned wolf, before leaning down to whisper into the ear of the equine under her.

"What're you doing tonight?"

Gabrielle's eyes shot open instantly and she turned her head to look at the mongoose. "I...don't really know. Nothing I guess. Why?"

"Because we just finished a movie...one that might save your life. I was thinking...maybe you'd like to celebrate?" the mongoose asked.

"Yohni, are you asking me out on a date?" Gabrielle asked, quietly.

"Would you protest wildly if I did?"

"I think that really depends on what you are looking for, Yohni. You're really nice and I like hanging out with you. I just happen to know your attitude to dating," the bronco answered.

Yohni nodded and kneaded Gabrielle's shoulders a bit deeper. "It's alright...I'm not trying to get your hopes up or anything. I'm just looking for a little fun, y'know."

"No strings attached?"

"Nope."

"Then I'd like to, just this once. If nothing else we can go somewhere and comment on everyone else," Gabrielle chuckled.

Yohni beamed. "Sounds like fun," she said and got off Gabrielle's back, heading for the dressing room to get her clothes.

###

Theodore looked at Roxanne and nodded, slowly. "I think we're just about prepared. Are you sure you are up for this?"

Roxanne nodded, sighing. "I am. You've won, Theodore. They made their attempt, you beat them off. They won't bother you again," she said, managing a weary smile.

Theodore smiled a slight smile and nodded. "I know, Roxanne. These last two weeks have been...strange."

"You can say that again. After that raid? I thought you had them but...they kept coming. And you kept beating them off. I don't think there's any more fight left in them," Roxanne said with a sigh. "But they've cost us so much."

"I know," Theodore said, quietly. "My business is...well...it'll take many years of hard work to reestablish. This fighting has attracted the attention of all the wrong types and there may even be some who think it's a good time to swoop in now that we're weakened. We may be looking at more battles in the future against other enemies."

Roxanne rubbed her eyes. "So be it. What is your plan, Theodore?"

"I'm going to wait until Gabrielle returns. When she's here, I will announce her wedding at the midsummer soiree. Her husband will be a young fur, strong and respected. I've decided to let her marry Jonathan Clifton-Rogers. His family is influential. It will give any would-be attacker pause. Once that is done...I intend to retire, and leave it to younger furs to continue the family business. You and I can enjoy old age in peace then," he said.

It took a moment before Roxanne really caught up with what had just been said. When she did she blinked and slowly shook her head. "You...of all furs...are *retiring*? Why?"

Theodore shrugged. "All good things must come to an end, Roxanne. If the family business is to survive, there are only two options left. Either we go strictly legit and cover our tracks, and that'll cost us immensely, or we make sure the new CEO of the board is unblemished and therefore not interesting for the FBI or other government agencies."

Roxanne nodded again. "I suppose that does make sense. I just never thought I'd see you retire, Theodore. What will you do with your time?"

Theodore turned around and faced the window, folding his paws on his back. "I don't know yet. There's a lot of the world you and I haven't seen, Roxanne. I haven't always...been very attentive to you, I admit that. We were married for convenience, as is the way with our families."

"I never blamed you for that, Theodore. I understand."

"Perhaps. But after thirty years of marriage...I've come to a realization, lately," Theodore said, ponderously.

Roxanne nodded. "Go on?"

"I suppose I've just begun to realize that while I may not have loved you initially...I have grown to do so. When the Yakuza abducted you, I realized that I would not *want* to continue without you anyway."

Roxanne smiled a little and folded her arms over her chest. Theodore still had his back turned to her and she suspected he did that because he didn't want her to see the look on his face. She just let him continue speaking.

It took a while before he did though. He kept looking at the gardens outside. "I don't regret anything. Some furs are born to rule. Some are born to follow. Others are born to make their own laws and bend everyone else to their will. I am one of the last kind. So are you. We make...a very good team. We have for many years, Roxanne. What I've done is illegal only by the rules of a society and nation that *believes* itself in control. We are beyond their reach and they know it. America is great *because* it leaves room for furs like us to carve out our niches like we have. But I am also old enough...and experienced enough...to realize that all things eventually come to an end. If I want this family to continue being successful, I must relinquish control," he finally said and turned around.

Roxanne nodded. "Let's go. The Yakuza is waiting, and you have a peace agreement to make," she said, smiling crookedly.

###

"I wish we'd be over this years finals already," Miriam said and looked at her half of the wishbone.

Jean held the shorter piece and chuckled. "I think the idea is to wish for something realistic."

"Doesn't say so anywhere," the red vixen said and stuck out her tongue. "Anyway...I'm glad you could come over tonight. All three of you. We've got some reading to do and it'll go much faster if we can share the load and talk about it."

Jean nodded and looked at the last two furs in the group.

Emma, a painfully shy mink with thick glasses, blushed and looked down. "It's nice of you that you'd have us over, Miriam," she said, quietly.

Lizzy, a doe with huge brown eyes and a winning smile, took another forkful of rice and winked. "Even if you didn't make a vegetarian dinner," she teased.

"I'm sorry Lizzy. I'm *such* a carnivore. I had no idea what to make if it wasn't going to include meat. I hope it's alright with just the rice and salad for you? I did get something nice for desert to make up for it...with you in mind, and all," Miriam said.

Jean leaned back in her seat and drummed her fingers on her stomach. "I think I ate too much. That was one amazing chicken."

"Hey...Jean...we're vixens. Chicken-rustlin' is in our blood," Miriam grinned.

Emma got up and started cleaning off the table but Miriam stopped her. "Don't...I'll take care of it. I'm not going to ask my guests to do the dishes, Emma."

"It's okay. I'd like to help a bit," the mink said with a shy little smile.

"Then I'll tell you what you *can* do. You can put over water for tea and coffee. Then I suggest we all move into the next room and make ourselves comfortable with the books and notepads?" Miriam said and looked at the last two.

She got nods of general consent from both of them. Emma smiled and got both the kettle and coffee-machine going.

Then they all moved into the bedroom. Miriam had only two rooms in her apartment. One was a tiny, but serviceable kitchen, and the other was a combined bedroom and living room. Lizzy flopped down on the bed and smiled.

"Hey, turn on some music?" the doe asked and stretched. "Let's just relax for half an hour before we really get going on the books?"

Miriam nodded and turned on the radio. Joshua Kadison's old hit single 'Jessie' came from the loudspeakers. The four femmes sat down and listened a bit.

Jean grinned crookedly. "I remember when I was really young, that single played on the radio and my mother would turn it up. I think she really liked that song."

"You always speak of your mother in the past tense, Jean..." Emma said, quietly. "I don't know much about her. Is...is she dead?"

"To me she is," Jean said with a shrug. "I'm hoping for a miracle...that one day she'll come back into my life but I don't count on it anymore."

The mink bit her lips and looked down. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry."

Jean reached out and gave the mink's paw a little squeeze. "Hey...chin up Emma. You've got nothing to apologize for. You didn't do anything wrong and I'm not hurt."

Lizzy nodded. "Yeah. Why do you apologize for everything? It's...almost like you don't believe we really want you here?"

Emma sighed and looked down, taking her glasses off and rubbing her eyes. "It's a bit difficult to understand. I've never had any friends before. You all treat me like I'm not some kind of nerd...or at least like it doesn't matter that I am."

Miriam laughed softly. "Nerd? Emma...you've got *glasses*. It's not the end of the world," she said.

"Yeah, if you want to talk about *disabilities*...look at *me*," Jean said. It came over her lips before she even realized it. Her eyes went wide open, instantly. The other three fell very, very silent and looked at her, shocked. She'd never cracked anything remotely resembling a joke about her own situation before.

"Whoa, Jean..." Lizzy said and sat upright, folding her legs under her. "That...is *definitely* a quantum leap if I ever saw one."

Miriam nodded, slowly. "Are you alright?" she asked and looked at the gray vixen.

"I'm fine. Hey...I've got body-parts that don't belong to me, but then I'm MISSING other ones. I suppose it evens out somewhere, if you think in a twisted enough way? I can't help it that I have someone else's reproductive organs." Jean said and smiled crookedly.

Emma just blinked. Lizzy reached out and put a paw on Jeans forehead. "Hello. I'm Lizzy Doe, who are you, and what did you do to my friend?" she asked amusedly.

Jean shook her head. "No...no you don't get it. It's okay...it's *okay*..." she said. All sorts of emotions were rushing through her. "It's safe here. I've got nothing to *hide*, don't you see? I've...I've run around for years...*hiding*..."

Miriam nodded. "And no one can blame you for that..." she tried, but Jean broke in and shook her head.

"NO... *I* can blame me. Don't you see? I've told everyone that I don't have anything to be ashamed of. I've told *everyone* that I'm alright. That I'm good enough. My boyfriend has told me I'm good enough. My father has told me. And I've started understanding what that means. But..."

Emma nodded slowly. "But...?"

"You know how the saying goes about leopards and their spots? It's the same for me. I've gotten so *used* to being afraid that I've *always* been afraid. And if I'm afraid, I let the Lance Gulos out there win. The John Ferrets. The Henry Hippopotamidae. They win if I stay scared. I've done NOTHING wrong. I'm surviving, that's all," Jean said and looked at her paws. She felt like she could faint.

"Where *did* this come from, Jean? My God, you sound...wow..." Lizzy said, blinking.

"I think it's been underway for a while, Lizzy," Miriam said. "I've seen a few changes here and there but I think we're witnessing the moment when the *realization* of it all sinks in with herself."

Jean rubbed her face furiously, trying to clear her head. She looked at the other three, still very serious. "Look at us. We've got the oddballs here. We've got me...who's admittedly the single most talked about student on campus, because I happen to run around with someone else's genitalia. And if that isn't enough, I correct the teachers and I script-write for a porn studio."

That got a few snickers from the other three.

Jean smiled widely and continued. "I'm not done. Next, we've got Emma, who thinks that because she wears thick glasses and prefers reading books to watching soap operas, that she's an outcast. A femme so convinced of her own inferiority that she apologizes for putting her paw up in class to answer one of the question NOONE ELSE has the faintest idea about the answer for. We've got Lizzy, who's a strict vegetarian but who *consistently* chooses to hang out with all the carnivores, and who spends her spare time going to political rallies. And Miriam who wears potato-print T-shirts, home knitted woolly caps and who thinks 'Make Love Not War' is the biggest truth in history."

"Well it is!" Miriam said, with a grin.

"You're a *hippie*, Miriam," Jean teased. "That's what I'm trying to say. And that's *great*. If more furs thought like you I think the world would be a friendlier place. But we're the most *unlikely* bunch of furs around. And as if our own oddities don't do it...we study history. If we went to Hollywood tomorrow, every production company in the city would line up to buy the rights to make this into a sitcom. Come on...can't you see the IRONY of this?"

Emma covered her muzzle and began to giggle. "I can," she admitted. "We should name ourselves the 'Society of Nerdy Femmes' or something."

"None of the sororities would touch any of us with a ten foot poker, that's for *darned* sure," Lizzy giggled.

"To the 'SNF' then! Let me get us the tea and coffee so we can toast to our own sorority," Miriam said with a laugh. "Future nerdy femmes on the history faculty can apply for membership, I take it?"

"Definitely. What say you three? Are we going to make a stand?" Jean asked.

"They can take our lives, but they can never take our sense of HUMOR!" Emma burst out and curled up giggling.

"Oh Gawd...we've got a Braveheart clone in here," the doe snickered and prodded Emma. "Horrible movie. Don't quote it. Professor Nutkin would throw a fit if he knew."

"Screw Nutkin," Miriam said and reentered, carrying a tray with both coffee and tea, as well as what looked like a home baked berry-pie with sour cream in a small pitcher next to it. "Dig in, femmes. We've got something to celebrate."

Jean poured herself a cup of tea and smiled, looking into the brown liquid. Then she raised her head. "If I grow to be a hundred...I hope I'll always stay in touch with you

three. You were the first furs in school who *accepted* me. I'll never be able to thank you enough."

"To friendship. Weirdoes of the world, UNITE!!" Lizzy said and raised her mug.

"I'll drink to that, even if I'm sure Karl Marx wouldn't recognize his own words," Miriam said with a smile and clinked her own mug.

Emma nodded. "To courage," she said and looked at Jean. "I have never...in my whole life met a femme as brave as you, Jean. *Never*. I think that is worth drinking to."

Jean blushed and smiled.

They all drank. They all smiled. They didn't really get to read a whole lot. But that was okay too, Jean thought later. It had been an evening to remember.

###

Zig Zag opened her front door and entered. The house was quiet but tonight she didn't feel like a lot of company anyway. She took out the first raw tape of the finished movie from her shoulder-bag and went into the living room, putting it into the VCR. She hit pause immediately and left it there.

Then she went into the kitchen and uncorked a bottle of red wine. She poured it into a decanter and left it to breathe for a moment. She didn't really feel like cooking and she had to take notes for the editing furs all evening anyway. She looked in the fridge on the odd chance that something might inspire her but she ended up closing it again. Her head was throbbing and food was not the first thing on her mind. It had been a very long day.

What was more...the fact that the actual filming was now over left a kind of anticlimactic feeling with her. They'd made it. In time...even ahead of schedule by a couple of days. But all the adrenaline that she'd built up over the last few weeks was starting to dissipate from her system and she felt incredibly worn.

She hadn't felt this tired since she stopped acting, herself. She took out a glass and grabbed the decanter and headed into the living room again. Putting the glass and the wine on the table, she went into the bedroom and got undressed. She slipped a silk kimono around her body instead. She returned to the living room and sat down. The automatic off-function had already kicked in and she restarted the VCR with the remote control, picking up a pen and a notepad from the table.

Scene after scene rolled over the screen in front of her. She jotted down notes here and there. She admitted that the movie was hilarious, but it wasn't the best she'd made, technically. Far from it. But it didn't need to be. It just needed to be convincing enough to tell the story. And that it did, as far as she could tell.

She poured herself a glass of wine and sighed, sipping it. The deep red liquid spread a warm sensation all the way to the tip of her tail as she drank a bit. Her thoughts were a bit clearer now.

There were plenty of furs in the world who'd sign any statement that she was immoral, sexually depraved and even a blight on society. There were probably quite a few who'd sign statements that she was a downright evil seductress. If they only knew what sort of work she really had to do. Sitting down with raw movies and taking down notes for postproduction editing was hardly glamorous.

"The Whore of Babylon..." she muttered to herself and chuckled, shaking her head. She remembered talking to Gabrielle about that a while ago. So be it. If that was what the world wanted to see her as, she couldn't really help it. Prejudice was something she was used to. Prejudice and pain.

"Amat Victoria Curam," she said, quietly, and leaned back. She thought long about those three words and the meaning of them, as Jean had explained them to her. She liked it. The idea that victory would eventually come if you could endure pain was comforting. She'd endured her share of it. She'd endured *more* than her share, in fact.

Her mind began walking down an unpleasant path to her past. At the end of it, her father's face was waiting for her. His voice, whispering...

"I love you, Tonya. It won't happen again, I promise. It'll never, ever happen again."

Zig Zag realized her own lips had formed the words as she remembered them. Her eyes narrowed. Sipping her wine again she put her glass down and got up. She turned the movie off for a moment.

"I love you, Tonya..." the voice said, again. It had a hollow, distant sound to it.

She shook her head, trying hard to clear her mind of it. But it didn't work.

"Get out," she snarled. "GET OUT!"

She felt a chilly sensation run down her spine. For a moment, she was certain she could hear her father's footsteps behind her. She spun around, her heart in her throat. It was pounding...rapidly.

"I love you, Tonya..."

"Go away..." she hissed. Fear was creeping into her voice. She knew it wasn't real. She knew she was alone in her home. That her father was long gone. Beaten, defeated, a part of her deep, dark past.

But she could hear him. She could smell his breath. It made her cringe. Stepping backwards, she tore her kimono off and brushed her paws over her fur, rapidly, like she needed to brush something away. It was almost as if his paws were all over her again, and she tried to scrub the feeling off.

Again, she could hear footsteps behind her. Was that her bedroom door she could hear opening? She spun around again to face in that direction. No...no it was still closed. It felt like someone ran a paw over her back.

Zig Zag bolted towards the bathroom. Halfway across the living-room, she forced herself to stop. She swallowed and gritted her teeth.

"Think rationally. Tonya isn't there, anymore. There's just Zig Zag," she said to herself, almost growling. "You won. You beat him. He's gone and he can't hurt you anymore."

She picked up her glass again and sipped the wine. Then she headed into the bathroom to wash the cold film of sweat that was coating her, off her body.

"I love you, Tonya..." the voice whispered.

"No you didn't," Zig Zag answered, aloud. "James loves me. You never even knew what the word *meant*."

The voice drowned in the heat of the bathtub. Zig Zag relaxed, reminding herself to be careful not to let her mind wander in that direction again.

###

"Mr. Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg the Third," a middle aged rabbit said "I must regretfully inform you that I am here to complete the peace negotiations on behalf of the Fuscata syndicate."

Theodore raised an eyebrow. "I was under the impression that Fuscata-san would join me, himself," he said.

"That will not be possible, Mr. Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg the Third...unless you have a way of communicating with the dead."

Roxanne gasped. Theodore remained in control of his emotions and nodded. "I see. How did Fuscata-san die?" he asked.

"He was dishonored by the failure to overcome a simple gaijin, and his family has suffered loss of face. He redeemed his family's honor by taking his own life a little over an hour ago. He committed 'seppuku', as honor dictated. I know this, since I stood as his second during the ritual," the rabbit said, calmly.

"I see," Theodore said, evenly. "And you are empowered to make peace?"

"No. I am not," the rabbit answered.

"Then I do not see what we are wasting time here for," Theodore said and got up.

The rabbit raised a paw and calmly beckoned for Theodore to take a seat again. "I am, however, empowered to make a substantial business proposal, Mr. Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg the Third."

Theodore stopped and looked at the rabbit. The small, almost shriveled fur, looked as if he'd break apart if Theodore prodded him forcefully. But he spoke with tremendous authority. It fascinated the bronco and he nodded.

"Speak then. Make it worth my while to listen," he said.

"We will supply you with narcotics at favorable prices. We know the prices of your own production facilities and we can match them and still make a nice profit. You will be able to literally drown Denver...indeed all of Colorado in narcotics, if you wish. And you will be able to sell your own produce to others at higher prices for distribution in different...areas," the rabbit said and took out some paperwork. "I have the details for you here. Please, do look at it. I am sure you will find it to be favorable for everyone."

Theodore took the paperwork and looked at it. He narrowed his eyes and looked at the rabbit. "The Yakuza never...*ever* gives anything away for free. What's the catch?"

"There is none. You do not get it for free. You pay for the goods, like every other fur would. This way we make money on Denver, and you make money on Denver, Mr.

Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg the Third. As you can see, we simply require that half of what you sell comes from us."

"Twenty five percent," Theodore said, coldly.

"Mr. Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg the Third...do not be unreasonable. You know we can't possibly accept such terms," the rabbit said, calmly.

"Twenty percent. And that is my final offer."

The rabbit blinked. "Normally, that is not how one haggles, Mr. Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg the Third. It is unsound business."

"Fifteen percent then, since you won't listen to final offers. And if you find this one unacceptable, you can get nothing whatsoever, and I'll make sure any Japanese gangster in Denver is sent back to you in fifty separate packages. Am I making myself *very* clear?" Theodore said and put the paperwork down.

The rabbit nodded and corrected his tie. "We have underestimated you, Mr. Bigglesworth-Farthington von Salzburg the Third," he said and got to his feet, bowing stiffly. "Fifteen percent is most acceptable."

Theodore nodded and looked at Roxanne. "I believe we are done here, my dear," he said and held out a paw to her. He looked over his shoulder. "Extend my condolences to Fuscata-sans family."

With that he left.

Roxanne looked at him as they walked down the hallway. "That was an impressive gamble, Theodore. I've seen card players bluff with a bad paw, but I've never seen anyone gamble without a single card to play."

Theodore smiled grimly. "Do you think *they* had any more cards to gamble?"

"I don't know. What about the prisoners? Those three femmes and their young that Heinrich brought back from the raid?" Roxanne asked.

"They'll be returned to the Yakuza. Fuscata made a critical error in underestimating how many furs I could muster in two weeks. And he made another error in believing that his ambush was going to work. Arrogance doesn't work in this line of business," Theodore said.

Roxanne nodded. "How very true..." she said, thoughtfully. She had a nagging feeling that their problems weren't over yet.