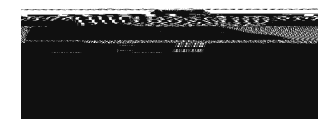
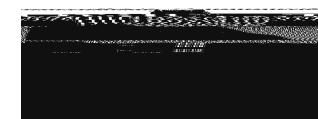




ONE:









**I RETURN HOME. I AM SLEEPLESS. MY ART
DIRECTOR AND I EMAIL EACH OTHER IDEAS IN THE**



WE CRACK IT. IT'S BRILLIANT. NO ONE HAS EVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE IT. NOT IN THE CATEGORY. NOT IN THE COUNTRY. NOT IN THE WORLD. (WE CHECK). WE ARE SO RELIEVED WE MOVE FROM THE COFFEE SHOP TO THE PUB TO CELEBRATE. WHEN WE STUMBLE OUT, WE REALIZE WE ONLY HAVE 18 HOURS LEFT BEFORE WE PRESENT.

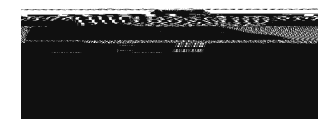


**I WRITE REAMS. MY ART DIRECTOR SCRIBBLES
PAGES OF ROUGH LAYOUTS. WE SNAP AT OUR STAFF.
WE FORGET TO EAT LUNCH. WE FORGET TO EAT
DINNER. AT 2 AM WE SURVEY THE WRECKAGE. WE
HAVE TWO RADIO SPOTS. A TV SPOT. THREE
MAGAZINE ADS. FOUR TRANSIT SHELTER POSTERS.
A MAILER. AN FSI. A GUERILLA MARKETING STUNT.**



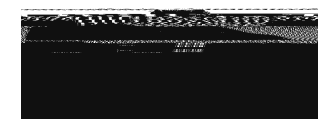
**OUR “SUIT” HAS STAYED WITH US. JUST SO HE CAN
CHECK EVERYTHING. HE PERFORMS USEFUL
FUNCTIONS LIKE ORDERING PIZZA. AND**

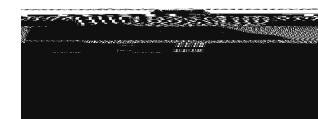




TWO:







THANK YOU.

FROM A WORKSHOP PRESENTATION MADE BY GAVIN BARRETT



