

WASHINGTONIENNE

I HAVE A "GLAMOUR JOB" ON THE HILL. THAT IS, I COULD NOT CARE LESS ABOUT GOVERNMENT OR POLITICS, BUT WORKING FOR A SENATOR LOOKS GOOD ON MY RESUME. AND THESE MARBLE HALLWAYS ARE SUCH GREAT PLACES FOR MEETING BOYS AND SHOWING OFF MY OUTFITS!

FRIDAY, MAY 28, 2004

What is this?

This is an exact reproduction (from Internet Explorer cache) of the notorious Washingtonienne blog.

Who created it?

The author is Jessica Cutler ([Wonkette interview](#), [WaPo interview](#), [pictures](#), [links](#)).

Who restored it?

The archive was saved from the dustheap of history by Kevin at [Wizbang](#) and restored to it's original (unedited) glory. The original Washingtonienne page was NEVER cached by Google.

Where do I start?

The entry below this is the last entry at Washingtonienne. If you'd like to start at the begining click [here](#) to view the first post.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 9:48 PM

TUESDAY, MAY 18, 2004

I just took a long lunch with F and made a quick \$400. When I returned to the office, I heard that my boss was asking about my whereabouts. Loser.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 2:10 PM

RS called last night. He had a visitor flying in from NYC who was stuck in a holding pattern over DC for an hour. (Who flies from NY to DC anymore? Take the train! Or the \$10 Chinatown bus.)

He was bored, so he picked me up and took me back to his house. His friend arrived around 11:30pm, and was exhausted from his hellish plan ride. So Rob and I went upstairs and got ready for bed.

Warning: the following passage is extremely corny. Get ready to vom.

So I get into bed and by then, it's midnight.

"What time is it?" RS asks.

"Midnight," I reply.

"Do you know what that means?"

"Uh...no."

"That means it's your birthday." And he pulls out this pink and green package, and I just know it's a new Lilly dress.

And it was. Then we fucked missionary. And he came. With a condom on.

Then he was like, "Who the hell comes missionary anymore?!"

Is that the quote of the day or what?

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 10:59 AM

MONDAY, MAY 17, 2004

Rec'd an e-mail from J today:

Hey there. Ughh, I broke up with my girlfriend last night. I hate that shit. There is nothing worse. Except when you work together!!! AH...what was I thinking?? Anyway, what's new with you??

I wrote back:

Ha. I knew this would happen.

So J is unattached. Too bad he lives in the middle of nowhere. Maybe he'll move out here. THAT would make my blog more interesting!

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 3:05 PM

A Syracuse girl makes good:

<http://www.nypost.com/gossip/21055.htm>

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 10:34 AM

First, I want to give a shout-out to my friend's blog, Clueless. It is much funnier than mine. I sent her an e-mail telling her this and she wrote back:

"You're crazy--my blog is so boring compared to yours. I'm like, ooooh, I made eye contact with someone today! Yours actually has action occurring on a daily basis. Trust me, it's very entertaining."

Not so today. I had a lovely weekend, but nothing awesome happened.

Like, on Friday, I ate a really good quesadilla and went to a movie. (So what?)

On Saturday, I went to Eastern Market with RS and we walked around holding hands. (Who cares?)

On Sunday, I did errands. (Bring a book!)

Oh, I forgot: I learned that RS has a twin! (Unf, nobody finds this as fascinating as I do.)

Getting involved in a new relationship really just means ruining your nightlife. I resolve not to let this happen to me: I got bored and restless in my last relationship, and look what happened. Call it Madame Bovary Syndrome. Going out and getting trashed at least three times a week is the only cure.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 8:56 AM

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 2004

I got a raise today! Now I make \$25K.

(Wasn't that what I was making before??)

Most of my living expenses are thankfully subsidized by a few generous older gentlemen. I'm sure I am not the only one who makes money on the side this way: how can anybody live on \$25K/year??

If you investigated every Staff Ass on the Hill, I am sure you would find out some freaky shit. No way can anybody live on such a low salary. I am convinced that the Congressional offices are full of dealers and hos.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 4:34 PM

Going to see the movie Troy tonight. RS told me to call him afterwards. Wants sex. We've only been dating a week, and we already have a routine.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 3:48 PM

MK found my half-empty bottle of K-Y last night. He will probably never speak to me again.

I feel bad about what I did to MK and I feel like our relationship deserves more than a short write-off, but we both need to move on. I never promised him a rose garden.

So I called RS after MK left in a huff. I ended up sleeping over in Bethesda for the third night in a row.

He wants us to get tested together so we can stop using condoms. Isn't that sweet? Hope I don't have anything!

So I don't know if it's getting serious or what. We're seeing each other every day now. I like him very much and he likes me. But can it go anywhere, i.e. marriage? I don't know. He's Jewish, I'm not. And we have nasty sex like animals, not man and wife. But we work together, so there is an incentive to stay together and avoid an awkward breakup. And after a few months, people around the office will start "hearing wedding bells."

I really just want to be a Jewish housewife with a big rock on my finger.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 9:53 AM

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 2004

Item! "The Real World: D.C."

See today's [Wonkette](#):

Like You Need Another Reason to Avoid Adams Morgan

Wonkette's Kalorama Citizens' Association operative writes to say that "The Real World: D.C." has found a location for its Ikea showroom/soundstage:

MTV has purchased the space above Maggie Moo's on 18th St in Adams Morgan.
Real World DC here we come. . .

Wondering if the cast will work for MoveOn or Club for Growth. . .

Or they could work at The New Republic with all the other recent college graduates who aren't paying their own rent.

Or worse, they could work on the Hill!

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 1:11 PM

I first learned about the SU logo/name change at last night's Chancellor's alumni reception. I bumped into a "contemporary" of mine from da 'Cuse who also works in da Senate--in da same office as that girl I saw MD with a few weeks ago.

So we had some drinks at the reception and I went to Red River to meet some people from his office. Unf, she wasn't there, but I learned that she thinks MD is as big of a chump as I do. My SU friend told me that MD was talking to her long before I came to the Hill. She recently broke up with her boyfriend, but SU Dude believes that she won't date MD, they're just friends.

(Not that I care anymore, but these things are good to know.)

So my friend AS met up with me at RR and I had two genius ideas:

1. We should go to Saki.
2. AS should meet RS.

So I called RS and told him to come over so AS could get a look at him. This morning she says (via IM), "He does look like George Clooney, but he's totally Woody Allen."

She also said, "He will do anything to make you happy."

Isn't that sweet? And it's true: he stood in line with us at Saki for 1 1/2 hours!

BTW, Saki has gotten really hard to get into. But I don't know of any other place that is more action-packed on a Wednesday night in Washington. However, AS and I have decided not to go back there for a few months: we actually recognized people from the last time we were there! Which is a v. bad sign.

Also, we will go home and change before we go to Saki. Next time, we will not wear our work clothes.

When Saki closed, we got some nasty Pizza Mart slices that tasted really good at the time. Then AS went home and RS took me back to his place for the second night in a row. I passed out as soon as I lay down, so we didn't do anything.

I woke up with an awful hangover and barfed up my Pizza Mart. (I'm losing weight!) Then RS drove me home and made me promise to call him again today. I need to take it easy tonight, which means I might not go out, and I am sitting out the taco contest for sure.

Sorry to disappoint any of my fans at Tortilla Coast.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 10:17 AM

From the D.O.:

"Syracuse changes nickname, logo"

<http://www.dailyorange.com/news/680748.html?mkey=414705>

I don't like.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 9:10 AM

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 2004

What is my position? I am a Staff Assistant, or "Staff Ass," as the men on the Hill like to say. It's the entry-level job in each office. (For those who don't know.)

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 4:20 PM

R (Threesome Dude) e-mailed me while I was out at lunch:

How are things on the Hill? I assume everyone's going nuts about the Iraq (and now Afghanistan) prisoner abuse stories and the execution of that young American.

Warm here, beautiful out...people trying to forget the state of the world and just enjoy life a little.

And thanks again for inviting me. Barring that final drink (and anything I said that might have made that a little awkward – for which I apologize), I really enjoyed it. And I hope to see you again.

Best,

R

Jesus, what a douche.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 12:59 PM

So I went to dinner w/ RS at Lebanese Taverna. He's really not mad about the gossip at all: he's actually joking around the office about it. Like, when he walks out of a room, he'll slap himself on the ass! Me, I'm just hiding in my office until this blows over.

We went to his house after dinner, a four bedroom in Bethesda. Needs work, but v. cute.

So it turns out that RS cannot finish with a condom on. He can barely stay hard.

So he ends up taking it off and humping away at me. Maybe I forgot to tell him that I'm on the Pill. Note to self...

I also learned that he was a cop, so he has scary police shit like handcuffs in his closet. He implied that we would be using them next time, which is intriguing, but I know I'm going to get scared and panicky. (Which would probably turn him on.)

So 9pm comes and goes, and I missed my date with MK. And I was missing ANTM! So I just watched it with RS. Meanwhile, MK is trying to call me on my cell (which is turned off inside my handbag.) MK left a very irrate message on my voicemail. He basically hates me now.

But when you're crushing on somebody new, that stuff doesn't affect you as much as it should. I slept over at RS's and he drove me home this morning to change. I'm supposed to call him again today. I'm afraid I really like him. I like this crazy hair-pulling, ass-smacking dude who wants to use handcuffs on me. Shit.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 9:28 AM

TUESDAY, MAY 11, 2004

RS just called again. Bad news: the rumor has spread to other offices. This is bad.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 5:57 PM

New stuff from Martha Stewart!

<http://www.marthastewart.com>

If you're like me and you're decorating a new apartment (because your boyfriend kicked you out), you need to stop hatin' on Martha: her stuff is the cutest! I'm getting the faux bois pattern throw pillows, and the seaweed and coral candles!

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 4:44 PM

Praise for Washingtonienne:

"This is pretty cool - she sounds like a 'fun' girl. I'd like to blog her."--James, San Diego, CA.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 3:39 PM

Oooh, RS just called me. He asked me out again tonight, but I have plans w/ MK @ 9pm. (We're watching the ANTM special together.)

Two nights in a row. I like him, but WTF?

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 2:42 PM

By popular demand, I have finally created a key to keeping my sex life straight.

In alpha order:

AJ=The intern in my office whom I want to fuck.

F=Married man who pays me for sex. Chief of Staff at one of the gov agencies, appointed by Bush.

J=Lost my virginity to him and fell in love. Dude who has been driving me crazy since 1999. Lives in Springfield, IL. Flies halfway across the country to fuck me, then I don't hear from him for weeks.

MD=Dude from the Senate office I interned in Jan. thru Feb. Hired me as an intern. Broke up my relationship w/ MK (see below).

MK=Serious, long-term boyfriend whom I lived with since 2001. Disastrous break up in March, but still seeing each other.

R=AKA "Threesome Dude." Somebody I would rather forget about.

RS=My new office bf with whom I am embroiled in an office sex scandal. The current favorite.

W=A sugar daddy who wants nothing but anal. Keep trying to end it with him, but the money is too good.

Shit. I'm fucking six guys. Ewww.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 2:21 PM

I am so busted.

Went out w/ RS after work yesterday. He took me out for drinks, took me back to my place, and we fucked every which way. THEN he tells me that he heard I've been spreading the spanking rumor around the office! He's not mad, but I am so ashamed of my behavior: I have such a big mouth. It got around and now EVERYBODY knows. Even our LD (who is sleeping with somebody in our office, too, BTW.)

But last night was fun. He's very up-front about sex. He likes talking dirty and stuff, and he told me that he likes submissive women. Good, now I can take it easy in bed. Just lay back and watch him do freaky shit.

We went to Tune Inn and ate some shit there because it was the only place open at 1am. He walked me home and kissed me at my door. I was like, "Aww, this is so adorable!" He called me "jaded" and told me to call him tomorrow (i.e. today).

Jaded? Moi?

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 9:19 AM

MONDAY, MAY 10, 2004

Must watch!

America's Next Top Model: The Runway Ahead, Tuesday @ 9pm on UPN!

http://www.upn.com/shows/top_model2/runway_ahead/index.shtml

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 6:25 PM

Updates

Went to "lunch" (i.e. iced coffee) and on the way back, bumped into both MD and RS! (But not at the same time, TG.)

I told MD I had some news, so he sat down with me in the cafeteria and I told him about RS. (I left out the sex. Also, I tried to frame the story like, "Isn't this a totally fucked-up situation?", not like I'm trying to make him jealous.)

He could not get back to work fast enough. I really don't care if he hates me or what. He isn't into me anymore anyway. If he was, he would call me more often. Also, he said he's trying to get a job off the Hill asap, so I can stop worrying about bumping into him everywhere I go.

So I leave the cafeteria and start walking back to the office, and I see RS. We stopped and talked in the hall and he asked me out for a drink tonight. (Except he doesn't drink?) I look really good today, so I'm glad I hit two birds with one stone during my lunch hour.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 2:08 PM

W just e-mailed me: How was your weekend? Thinking of you!

Ugh.

I wrote back: From now on, we should go out drinking before we go back to your place. I think that would improve everything.

I know I said it was "over," but it's not like it matters either way. What can I say, I like money.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 12:35 PM

I am done with W, for real this time. A man who tries to fuck you in the ass when you are sober does not love you. He should at least take you out for a few drinks to spare you the pain. Now I know that W does not care about me, only my asshole.

The whole situation depressed me so much, I turned down a free dinner and asked him to take me home. He peeled off a few hundred from that roll of cash he carries around, and put the hundreds in my hand as I was getting out of the car. I acted indignant, like I don't need his help, but I kept it: why punish myself? I should get something for putting up with his tired old ass.

So that's the end of W.

The intern did not show at the party on Saturday. I was disappointed, but it's probably for the best. I don't need anymore sex scandals at work. But I'm bummed that he is not as interested as I had imagined.

Had a good time with AS and her friend G. We got wasted and I passed out on my floor Saturday night.

Sunday, I laid out and got some good sun. Unf, I chose a popular tourist picture-taking spot on the Mall, and all these assholes kept trying to snap shots of me in my bikini. I know I'm hot and everything, but please: no pictures!

So I went home to take a nap. I opened the door and started walking towards my bedroom, past the kitchen. I noticed a new blender sitting on the counter.

BUT I DON'T OWN A BLENDER!

I started to call the police, but stopped to think. Who has a key to this place? F! But why a blender? More importantly, why didn't he call first? What if I was in bed with my intern and F popped in with a surprise blender?

F e-mailed me this morning to ask if I liked his gift. I just told him that I don't like surprises. I can't afford to stop seeing him, so I didn't bitch him out as much as I should have. I mean, is he crazy or what? Maybe I told him I wanted a blender and don't remember. Even so, why not call?

MK came home from his Iceland trip last night and we had another totally redundant and pointless argument about our relationship. We made up before The Sopranos started so I could watch w/o his pissy little distractions. Such a bitch sometimes. But I love him.

Back to work now...

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT [11:47 AM](#)

FRIDAY, MAY 07, 2004

I take weekends off from this blog. So before I go, this is the plan:

Take cab over to W's place in Georgetown. Fuck. Get dinner someplace expensive.

W drives me home to Cap Hill.

Go to keg party at coworker's house. (RS will not be there. Maybe fuck somebody else?)

Get 8 hours sleep.

Get crabcake Bennifer at Eastern Market before they stop serving breakfast.

Run??

Call my friend AS. Will meet up w/ her before party.

Hope intern will show.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 6:38 PM

Three weeks. That's how long it took for J for start it up again.

He's getting better at this long-distance thing. One month was the standard wait. Now it's down to three weeks. We must be getting serious!

I got an e-mail from him this afternoon, and we had some back-and-forth.

Still with his crazy girlfriend in Springfield, IL. But I shouldn't talk.

This is the last thing I need in my life right now: another distraction at work! I am so behind...

If it wasn't for e-mail, J and I would have forgotten about each other long ago. So effortless to stay in touch this way. Must wonder about those people who never e-mail you: they TRULY do not care.

But I like knowing that J still wants me. What makes him decide to send an e-mail after all this time? And not just today, but all those times before? Talk about crazy!

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 5:24 PM

RS just e-mailed me: Hey, had a nice time yesterday. going to NY tonight, but let's get some dinner or something next week. interested?

I said yes.

What am I getting myself into?

Yes, I like him, but am I attracted to him or the impending drama??

I really don't get myself sometimes.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 2:25 PM

The boss who pimped me out to RS just stopped by. She asked me what happened after she left us at the bar. I tried to be as vague as possible, but I implied that she should ask RS himself.

Then she mentioned that RS is very discrete, so I am taking that as a hint to keep quiet.

Finally, she asked me if I would say yes if he asked me out again. I told her that I would.

So it looks like I might have another boyfriend. I hope this does not end badly.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 2:02 PM

I told my coworkers about the spanking over lunch, but left out the nasty parts. (We were eating.)

So they were shocked. Not sure I should have told them. But they blame him for what happened: he is senior and should know better, esp since he was the sober one.

One of them told me that RS wore a purple turtleneck with a bright blue fleece over it at a recent staff retreat. Now I wonder if he's crazy or what.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 1:16 PM

OMG. RS just came in here to say hi.

But I got nervous and acted weird.

Shit!

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 11:03 AM

As per my IM discussion with my friend AS this morning, I resolve to:

Stop acting like I'm on Spring Break: I'm at work and I need to be more professional in my relations with coworkers.

But if that cute intern shows at the party tomorrow, I don't know if I can leave him alone.

Choices.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 10:22 AM

To answer The Question, no, RS and I did not fuck. (It is my "week off," if you recall.)

BUT...

RS looks just like George Clooney when he takes off his glasses. I am serious.

Has a great ass.

Number of ejaculations: 2

He likes spanking. (Both giving and receiving.)

I put the moves on HIM. That is, I brought him back to MY place, I was the one who jumped on HIM.

I was drunk, but he was totally sober. (At least I have an excuse for my behavior!)

So I'm seeing ANOTHER person on the Hill. At least this one is counsel, and not an aide.

Going to lunch with coworkers today. Have a feeling I was invited as the new star of Hot Office Gossip, like a press conference.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 9:35 AM

THURSDAY, MAY 06, 2004

Item!

A new contender for my fair hand. He works in one of the Committee offices. We will call him RS.

RS had my boss ask me out for him! She actually came in here and said, "He thinks you're hot." How junior high! So all three of us are getting a drink at Union Station after work. Looking forward to an evening full of awkward moments.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 5:54 PM

Also, W asked me out for Friday night. I owe him, so I said yes.

It's turning out to be another busy day for me.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 5:45 PM

Oh no. W just e-mailed me. We'll see what he wants...

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 4:56 PM

Cute earrings

http://www.bananarepublic.com/browse/product/539/mip_5398687.htm?cs_catalog=BR%5FSummer2%5F3%5F2004&cs_category=5001&cs_id=5398687

I'm getting both blue and peach. And, yes, I will wear them to the office.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 4:46 PM

Item!

I just got a phone call from Tortilla Coast.

Their Cinco de Mayo taco-eating contest (which I skipped) is rescheduled for 7:30pm, Thursday, May 13th.

The Tortilla Coast manager called to ensure my participation.

Whoever eats the most taco in 5 minutes wins a TV. I beat several grown men in the preliminary contest on Tuesday.

Bring it on.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 3:26 PM

What to hate/love about D.C.

"I hate the self-importance, the minor-league one-upmanship, and the incredibly stubborn resistance to glamour. I love it that you can get famous for just talking."--Ana Marie Cox (AKA the Wonkette)

So true.

I hate the pizza and bagels here. Hate D.C. sidewalks: not made for ladies in high heels.

Love how hard-up the men are. Love these easy gov jobs.

Now back to work. For real this time.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 11:32 AM

Item! (For those of you from da 'Cuse)

From the D.O.: "Konrad's closed amid chaos"

<http://www.dailyorange.com/news/678991.html?mkey=414705>

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 10:40 AM

So I did a little work so far this morning. Am satisfied enough with myself to blog briefly.

In summary, Wednesday was a revolving door of men, with me pushing one out after another.

Item! My period started today. Out of nowhere. Fuck. Am wearing a khaki skirt. Must find a tampon: a chance to bond with the girls in my office!

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 10:37 AM

Before I get to what the surprise was, let me set the scene:

So, like 15 minutes after I wrote yesterday's last post, MD calls me and asks me out for a drink, knowing that I have plans at 8pm. I met him in Hart and we walked down to my neighborhood on the House side.

We had a friendly drink at Politiki, which is about 2 blocks away from my place. BTW, that place was dead for Happy Hour. Everybody was getting their Cinco de Mayo Coronas elsewhere.

So he followed me home around 7:30. I told MD about R, and about R's surprise for me at home. I was pleased to find a bottle of champagne (Piper) and a note. I don't remember what it said, but R signed it with an "XO" at the end. I crumpled it up before MD could read it. MD was impressed I could be so mean and still get a present out of it.

Then MD tried to get some action, but I was too freaked out about MK coming over at 8. I would have had a quickie if I had shaved it, so I was "hard-to-get" instead. Unf, MD knows me better than that: he knew I really wanted it, but I kicked him out with his hard-on. A big one. Sigh.

So I got MD out the door, and MK came over shortly after. Went to Il Radicchio, had pizza and wine, then back to my place. MK leaves for Iceland today for a long weekend, so he slept over and we had lovely farewell sex this morning.

Now at the office, and must really start doing actual work.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 10:00 AM

WEDNESDAY, MAY 05, 2004

Just got off the phone with R. Making sure he is out of my apartment and on his way back to NY.

I have a date with MK tonight and do not need R to blow up my spot.

R is waiting for a train at Union Station. Says he left "a little something" for me at the apartment.

I can only imagine the worst: a bomb? A shit?

We'll see...

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 5:48 PM

I have a "glamour job" on the Hill. That is, I could not care less about gov or politics, but working for a Senator looks good on my resume. And these marble hallways are such great places for meeting boys and showing off my outfits.

POSTED BY THE WASHINGTONIENNE AT 5:32 PM

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