

Victoria's Secret

OUR RESEARCH INDICATES THAT VICTORIA'S SECRET SELLS GARMENTS FOR USE BY HUMAN FEMALES. HOWEVER THE MALES ALL SEEM TO SLOW DOWN WHEN THEY PASS. INTRIGUING.

Victoria's so secretive, she won't even tell the whole truth in her private diary. After her last shopping expedition she wrote the following entry, but she deliberately left out nine words — then covered her tracks by closing up the spaces around each omitted word and respacing to form new words. Still, you should be able to deduce the missing words, because there's a clue for each word somewhere in the same sentence. (Not every sentence is missing a word, and none is missing more than one.)

Re-insert the missing words into Victoria's doctored diary, and write them in the spaces to the right in the order they occur. Then find your location.

Dear Diary,

You wouldn't believe the nasty, awful people they had working at the mall when I went over this morning to buy some new lingerie. The clerk said my denim pants looked skeezy, and in reply I said I thought my jeep leasing to the eye. She was so embarrassed! Rather than putting her on the sly wanted to make some purchases, so I left before she could brew up any more trouble.

From there, I went over to the craft store. I needed to make an artful choice of silvery strands for my Christmas tree, which I'm usually defecting. But this time I was having trouble deciding. So I asked for suggestion from the store manager, who seemed like an all-knowing type. Wouldn't you guess — he was totally useless.

I could hear some of the salespeople talking trash about me in the staff room, where there was a big placard saying "Employees." I didn't mean to disregard the saves drop on the staff but I just couldn't help myself. So with an ungainly lured my way into the back room and reamed out some guy wearing ugly tan slacks.

"Don't you know a stylish dresser when you see one?" I yelled. "My shoes are very fashionable, and as for this blouse made of silicon anyone with taste; it's not cheap, tacky crap."

Seeking other people's approach individual's responsibility, and in my case it doesn't always come easily. They refused to take my credit card, and made me pay in cash. I've never seen surfacing me — the cashier gave me a really mean glare when I tossed him a few coins.

STATE YOUR NAME: **TUZOETUS YUSSAPI**

STATE YOUR LOCATION: _____