

# **EASTER BUNNY INCIDENTS**

**at**

**TOKYO ELECTRON EUROPE LTD**

**by**

**Campbell M Gold**

<http://www.campbellmgold.com>

(2010)

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## **Introduction**

A tradition started at Tokyo Electron, in 2010, where Easter eggs were hidden around the building for the staff to find, and a Security Email generated.

Following are copies of the Security Email contents.

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2010**

**Date: Tue, 30 Mar 2010**

**Subject: Security Alert - Easter Bunny Got in Again!**

Dear Sam [Sam Wild - HR Dept],

I have to report, that regardless of the extra security staff, aerial surveillance, and dog patrols, the Easter Bunny once again got into our building.

There was a vigorous chase during which the perpetrator maliciously scattered sweet globular comestibles throughout the building. Consequently, staff members should be warned that on finding such items, they are to throw caution to the wind and to enjoy them immediately.

I am sorry to say that we were unable to apprehend the "Hairy One" - high on sugar, he made good his escape with a flash of tail (well, we think it was his tail) and hysterical laughter.

However, Security will be better prepared for him next Easter - Tasers and whipped cream! And that's a promise.

Kind regards,

Security

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**Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2011**

**Date: Thu, 21 Apr 2011**

**Subject: Security Breach at Tokyo Electron**

Dear All,

I have to report that, regardless of security staff being armed with Tasers and whipped cream, the Easter Bunny once again got into our building.

There was a vigorous chase during which the perpetrator again maliciously scattered some 129 sweet globular comestibles throughout the building. Consequently, staff members should be warned that on finding such items, they are to throw caution to the wind and to enjoy them immediately.

I am sorry to say that we were unable to apprehend the "Slippery One"; and high on sugar, he made good his escape in a blur of sticky paws and hysterical laughter.

However, Security will be better prepared for him next Easter – covered pits and bear traps!

Kind regards,

Security

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2012**

**Date: Thu, 05 Apr 2012**

**Subject: Security Alert - Unauthorised Access at Tokyo Electron Crawley Office - Again!!!**

Dear Tokyo Electron Staff,

It is with great shame and embarrassment that the Security Team has to report that the Crawley Office was breached once again by that demented, fluffy, sticky sweet, disgusting Easter Bunny.

The fiendishly clever perpetrator by-passed our periphery cordon of elite guards, dogs, molasses and bear traps, by parachuting onto the roof. He too easily entered and negotiated our labyrinthine air-con ducting system (we believe that he had inside help) and finally oozed into the building from one of the lady's rest rooms.

A vigorous chase ensued which degenerated into hand-to-hand combat - and to evade capture the unscrupulous fiend employed clog dancing techniques which are outlawed by the Geneva Convention.

In all the confusion the bunny liberally scattered his contraband chocolate delights with reckless abandon and hysterical laughter; and then with a pirouette, an échappé leap (ballet escaping step), and a taunting flash of tail he was gone - the awful drumming of those clogs, as he made his escape through the air-con ducts, was blood-curdling and the fading echoes will haunt the security team for years to come.

### **Warning**

**If you should discover any chocolaty items lying about,  
they should be enjoyed immediately.**

It was a mess, but I am able to report that casualties were light - only four guards managed to Taser themselves this year, and three others put their hips out when engaging the bunny in hand-to-hand clog dancing.

Next year this Easter perpetrator will not get in; we will be deploying a battle hardened burlesque dance troupe with tactical Riverdance routines - no clog dancing bunny will get through that!

And that's a fact...

Best wishes for a happy Easter,

Tokyo Security Team

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2010**

**Date: Thu, 28 mar 2013**

**Subject: Intruder Incident at the Crawley Office - 27 March 2013 - Confidential Security Report**

Dear All,

### **The Incident**

It is with great concern and embarrassment that I have to report that security at the Tokyo Electron Crawley office was compromised last night (27 March 2013), and unauthorised access was gained by a well-known and habitual fluffy Easter offender.

In response to previous Easter problems, perimeter security with weapons and hand-to-hand specialists was maintained at a heightened level, but to no avail. The perp somehow had a working knowledge of, and gained access to, the building's labyrinthine sewage network.

He emerged, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, from the ladies toilet on the 2nd floor - a hideous and odious Spector with his fur besmirched with Vaseline and the residue from his inbound journey. It was just chaos - guards were falling over each other and the slippery one evading all attempts to restrain him - he catapulted around the building with mesmerizing footwork, crazy sugar-high eyes, and blood curdling laughter. With unprecedented arrogance and wild abandonment he liberally seeded the building with his disgusting chocolate spheroids and other sweet comestibles.

The exhausted guards, resorting to cattle prods, finally cornered the hairy beast in reception; but again he was too slippery, stinky, and agile for them - and with a wink of his eye, some very inappropriate hand signage, and the flash of fluffy tail, he oozed into the nether regions via the ground floor ladies facility. As a final insult, mocking laughter reverberated through the stalls, and then all was calm.

A broken and demoralised security team cleaned up the mess as best they could; but if you do find any of the culprit's scattered contraband it should be enjoyed immediately.

### **A Concerning Twist**

After extensive forensic examination, we now believe that the bunny had inside female help that allowed his free ingress to our drains, etc. Consequently, a certain department, who cannot be named for legal reasons, but who have been recently scratching and poking around the drains with the flimsy excuse that they were "looking" for the source of "an unexplained odour in the building", will now be under the closest scrutiny. Additionally, CCTV footage has revealed the covert movement of bags of illicit chocolate into the building, which has resulted in certain individuals' Swiss chocolate accounts being frozen pending further investigation - these are sticky issues that will be speedily dealt with.

### **No Repeat**

A repeat of this and previous year's Easter intruder fiascos will not be tolerated, so the current security team, who are getting close to their "sell-by-dates" anyway, will be replaced by a crack team of ex-special forces combatants with a history of violence. Tokyo Electron staff Members are also eligible to apply and available positions can be found on the Intranet.

Yes, that should do the trick... he shall not pass.

Enjoy the hunt - don't forget to share the booty - and may you all have a wonderful Easter.

Kind Regards,

Security

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2014**

**Date: Thu, 17 Apr 2014**

**Subject: Intruder Ongoing Easter Problems at Tokyo Electron - Crawley Office**

Dear All,

### **The Incident**

For several Easters now, the Tokyo Electron Crawley Office has been plagued by a recalcitrant, habitual criminal of a devious and fluffy disposition. All attempts to protect staff and property, and to apprehend the hairy perp has been thwarted - suspiciously, he is always one hop ahead of Security.

Consequently, for 2014 a covert low-security profile was adopted, with two specialist operatives camouflaged as office fixtures. Their orders were to watch everything and everybody, and to "bring the bunny down - hard - at any cost!"

But again it was to no avail - on the morning of 17 April, the Easter Bunny, disguised as a KPMG Senior Auditor, and claiming to be finalising the Year End Audit, gained access to Reception.

All hell then broke loose, and with hysterical laughter he threw off his disguise, revealing crazy eyes, lips quivering in contempt over cute little bunny teeth, a sickening fluffiness, and muscles super charged with sugar - there was no stopping him - he was a bunny on a mission!

The first engagement took place in the ground Floor SSG [Spares Support Group] area - It was all bad - It was a blitzkrieg - and there was no time to call for spares or support. There were unanswered emails and torn clothing scattered everywhere. The bunny danced a wild fertility dance over the desks, and careened off the walls and ceiling scattering his contraband everywhere. The two operatives were completely outclassed - strictly ballroom just didn't cut it.

However, they did briefly corner the fluffy-one in the First Floor Finance Area; but using creative-accounting and underhanded tax-avoidance tactics, he easily broke free to continue his frenzied rampage and the oozing of chocolate - the terrible oozing!

But wait, it gets worse - on the Second Floor, Health and Safety protocols were contemptuously flouted, rules of engagement completely disregarded, and what that fluffy fiend did with chocolate to the two operatives violated the Geneva Convention, as well as some very personal violation!

The final head-to-head took place in the Executive Area - but the operatives' tazers and rocket propelled boxing gloves, were no match for the bunny's belt-fed, fondant-filled, heat-seeking, mallow eggs.

The skirmish was over before it started, and the victorious bunny, pouting coyly and gesticulating inappropriately, blew a raspberry and melted into a sugary haze. They say that a surreal glow and eerie silence descended upon the scene, and when the mists cleared there was nobody there - no bodies! - just nothing!

It was later established that the bunny had escaped through the rear fire exit and into a waiting car on the building's south side.



*CCTV Image of vehicle and accomplice suspected in Easter Bunny activity at Tokyo Electron*

Eventually, one of the operatives was found naked in the birdbath, chirping, and pecking at his chocolate caked body; the other was not so lucky - he was found curled up in the recycling wheelie-bin with sugar glazed eyes and chocolate kissed lips that murmured erotic love sonnets. They are now both receiving rehab treatment at a secret Krispy Kreme facility; but as yet they are still unable to speak coherently about what happened.

We have to report that during the incursion, the building was extensively soiled with chocolaty comestibles; and on finding such contaminants, staff are advised to enjoy them immediately. But don't forget to play nice, and to share the goodies.

It is now known that the getaway driver was not the only "inside" accomplice, and those involved in the chocolate conspiracy have been secretly rewarded by the Bunny himself. Therefore, we ask everyone to keep a vigilant watch and to immediately report any suspicious activity or sudden chocolate wealth.

How high this conspiracy goes is not yet known; consequently, the investigation, though in the past has been a bit tacky, will now be escalated; so in the meantime have a really sweet Easter - and like the Easer Bunny that we have come to know so well, just go wild.

Best Wishes for the Easter Season,

Tokyo Electron Security and General Affairs

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2015**

**Date: Thu, 02 Apr 2015**

**Subject: Continued Easter Bunny Harassment at the Tokyo Electron Crawley Office - 2015**

Dear All,

In consequence of past years of Security ineptitude to prevent a certain Hairy creature's access and defilement of the Crawley Office, it was decided that the local directors would take full responsibility for protecting the building this Easter.

Unfortunately, this year's attack came unexpectedly in daylight - it was a dastardly and shameless frontal assault, all rules of engagement were flaunted and Ethical Policies disdained. Additionally, Intel gathering had failed and no one was aware that a merger was in progress between two colossi - the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy. Who can stand against such an amalgam as this?

In a wild onslaught of sticky-sweet-scented fluffy-bunnyness and a chilling tooth fairy wielding 12 hour germ-fighting-protection and improved gum health in 4 weeks, Reception was breached. With Pride and determination the Security Team - the Forlorn Hope - threw themselves into the gap, but were soon pacified by jelly dummies, soft mallow eggs, and the threat of root canals.

The Challenge was immediately taken up by the Ground Floor Directors crying "Havoc" and their staff like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start with tooth set and nostril stretched wide. But it was all in vain - the bunny, with eye dilated and super-charged sugar-strength broke through the line, and exuded his nauseating Easter cheer everywhere. And in concert, the Tooth Fairy, with his candy-teeth chain gun, sorely harassed the defenders. It was unnerving chaos - the Bunny's hysterical laughter, the Fairy's wings squealing like dentists' drills, the hideous suction and drooling sounds, and the overwhelming ecstasy of the chocolate gas. And the teeth! The candy teeth! Ugh! There were teeth everywhere! But, it was all over in seconds - the defenders, just lying there chocolate-besmirched and pleased - they never had a chance.

Finance and IT specialists stepped in and took Ownership on the 1st floor, and the game was once more afoot. Another surreal chase took place with the fluffy perp scattering more disgusting chocolaty confection while close air support was given by the crazy winged one - again, the teeth! Suddenly, a senior finance VP, strong of wind and thews, leapt forth from the scrum and skilfully tackled the sticky one to the ground - a great cheer went up; but foul! The Tooth Fairy deftly shot a dose of Novocaine into the company's asset register and our hero, with a vague whimsical look, relaxed his grasp, and in the confusion the unholy alliance escaped to the second floor under the cover of a chocolaty glop detonation.

Teamwork was the hallmark of the second floor, and led by the noble clan-chief with his war cry of: "Bene Facta, non Verba" (Great Deeds, not Words) the battle was sore, and the defenders, imitating the action of the tiger; with sinews stiffened and blood summoned up, acquitted themselves with distinction. But the onslaught was unrelenting, the confection's allurements overpowering, and one by one the defenders, replete with chocolate pleasure, fell into sweet repose.

Awareness of the desperate situation inspired the Japanese colleagues to regroup and attempt a last ditch stand using ancient origami and macrame fighting techniques - but again it was to no avail, and they were soon, with eyes on far-distant oleander horizons, contentedly creating haikus in chocolate ink on each other's bodies...

It was said that as the mists of chocolate, and Listerine which kills up to 97% of the germs left behind after brushing, slowly cleared over the field of honour, the hushed and haunting voice of the pipes was heard in the distance as a lone piper played the strains of the "Chocolate Soldier"... Then all was still - it was over...

Never before, in the history of the Bunny had so many been totally pleased by sweet comestibles in so little time - whether the building or staff will ever return to normal, only time will tell.

## Warning

If you should find any of the Bunny's disgusting contraband, it should be enjoyed immediately; but watch out for the teeth, they are dangerously delicious.

Later, a statement was issued by the Commander in Chief: "Tokyo Electron Staff are battle hardened, pumped, frosty, and ready for any future - we few, we happy few, we band of brothers and sisters; for those this day, that by my side did stand, shall my kinsmen be. TEL Values have prevailed - so bring it on, Bunny, and bring plenty of chocolate with you - we can take anything you and your fairy friend can dish out!"

And we can...

May you and your families all have a wonderful Easter.

Kind Regards and best wishes from,

General Affairs, The Forlorn Hope, and Campbell

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2016**

**Date: 23 Mar 2016**

### **Subject: Declassified Secret Documents Reveal 2016 Easter Anomaly at Tokyo Electron**

Three decades have passed since the classified 2016 Easter events at Tokyo Electron's Crawley office. Finally, through the declassification of top secret documents, this reporter is now able to fully reveal what happened.

Each Easter, from 2010, the Crawley office had been targeted by a recalcitrant and unstoppable sugar-crazed fluffy Bunny, who indiscriminately pleased staff and management with disgusting chocolatey concoctions. All normal means to prevent unauthorised access had failed, and the cost of building damage and traumatized, hyper-stimulated staff, had given one senior manager (according to medical records) stress-related astrictus-apoplexia.

Consequently, a secret conclave of top executives met during late 2015, and a daring plan was formulated - the building and all therein were to become invisible if the Easter Perp appeared. A leaked document of the time, noted a company technical ability: "From Personal Devices to Equipment for Outer Space." Unfortunately, a similar but disastrous experiment had been attempted in October 1943 (The Philadelphia Experiment); however, as pointed out, they didn't have reality TV or Facebook then - "so we'll be ok."

Covert experts were recruited in the guise of new employees - two in IS (psychomagnetheric energy generation and interdimensional projection through worm and gopher holes), and two in HR (maintaining mind cohesion and political correctness in 4th dimensional reactive episodes). At the end of 2015, using the ploy of routine painting, the building was internally coated with a psycho reactive Titanium Dioxide; and by the following March all was complete - four psychomagnetheric generators had been built, and were disguised as new water dispensers in the various kitchens.

On Thursday, 24 March 2016, the system auto triggered, and passers-by reported that the building seemed to swimmingly distort and then disappeared with a familiar flushing sound.

From internal surveillance footage, reception faded and became a shimmering tranquil Arcadian meadow with sheep, shepherdesses, and nymphs. The fluffy one, the perennial violating pleasurer, then burst upon the scene, froze, cocked one ear, and levelled a fondant filled gaze upon the security team. They didn't stand a chance - IS had forgotten they were all 3Ps and were thus unprotected from the rapacious interdimensional eddies. Security's collective intelligence was drained, and they were all transformed into dummies and slurped into the fabric of space and time. The bunny just shrugged its shoulders, chuckled, and bounded into the ground floor office area.

Surveillance recorded an audible gasp from the startled ground floor staff, for no bunny entered the office, but a tall transformed athletic figure in shimmering yellow and black with a strange rear pointing crown on his head. The staff were transfixed as the figure cavorted, gesticulated, and danced and twirled among them, scattering chocolaty delights from a never emptying pouch on his lower back. None could resist, none wanted to resist, and they just collapsed where they worked, with eyes glazed and senses surfeited beyond any mortal ken. Forensic tests, after the fact, confirmed traces of male sweat and lycra fibres - who was that golden yellow being of herculean stature?

On the first floor the bunny transformed into Cortana - finance staff became fearful and confused - who was this apparition of perfection that dispensed the chocolatey ambrosia of the gods? Nothing added up - should they fight or should they flee? But it didn't matter, they soon fell, debauched with chocolate and physical pleasure beyond a three dimensional reality; and they slipped into sweet dreams of multi-dimensional untraceable Ponzi schemes.

A reverential hush fell over the IS department as "She" entered, and they fell to their knees and praised the creators for Microsoft. Cortana moved sensually among them without privacy constraints, downloading unsolicited updates of chocolate, cyber pleasures that contravened the Geneva Convention, and essential unwanted apps. They asked Cortana if there was a god; and she coyly

whispered, "There is now." And with dissipated smiles they gently closed their lids and slipped into hibernation mode.

The strangest reports of that day came from the second floor where the bunny transformed into Totoro, and serenely passed through their midst, ministering, pleasuring, and plying them with oriental confectionary delights - none resisted. And from the honeyed odorous nectar, long forgotten memories floated up of initiated wisdom imparted from a realm, far to the east, replete with cherry blossom, 22 nanometre technology, sumo stables, and all knowing - and it was ecstasy. Some thought they saw, in the strange swirling energy and fragrant mists, a senior figure, with global responsibility, receiving the laying on of the hands of wisdom by Totoro. And then it was all over; and as in years past, all that was left was a slowly clearing heady chocolatey vapour and the haunting strains of a lone piper on an Arcadian hill, far, far, from Crawley.

The released records are somewhat vague as to what happened next - the building did reappear, and besides the dummies, no other casualties were reported. But they did find strange mystical words, penned in high cocoa-content dark chocolate above the rear fire exit: "Et in Arcadia Ego" (I am even in Arcadia) and: "He that hath eyes to see, shall see and shall understand".

And then, "Nuovum Aurora" - a new dawn shed forth its light upon Tokyo Electron, which went on to become the undisputed leading company in its field; and they did it by striving to contribute to the development of a dream-inspiring society through leading-edge technologies and reliable service and support. It was as though some secret understanding and power had been esoterically bestowed upon the noble Chieftain Commander.

The whole affair is now shrouded in the mists of time; but, immediately following the 2016 incident, a warning was issued, which is as valid for us today as it was for them at that time:

**If you should find any of the Bunny's disgusting contraband, it should be enjoyed immediately; but watch out for the dummies, they are inter-dimensionally delicious.**

May you and your families all have a wonderful Easter.

Kind Regards and best wishes from,

General Affairs, Cortana, and Campbell  
The International Enquirer  
Easter, 2046

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2017**

**Date: 13 Apr 2017**

**Subject: Strange Historical Find Regarding Tokyo Electron Staff**

Dear All,

During Bollard excavation at Unit F2, Crawley Business Quarter (site of the new Trumpet Towers Casino and Crazy-Golf), a small crypt was unearthed dating to the 2nd decade, 21st Century. This find supports the controversial theory that a community of aboriginal artificers did once exist at this locale.

From the communal bone pit, it is estimated that some fifty-seven adults inhabited the site, and they had developed a dream-inspiring society. The evidence also suggests that they had mastered fire, rudimentary language skills, social networking, and were tool-makers. The crypt contained several strange glass-like disks, with faint micro-hieroglyphic writing thereon, which has yet to be deciphered. In addition, several small spheroids, worked with fine Schlagmetal leaf, were also found. However, the prize of the find was an archaic tablet, measuring 10.1 inches, with the scrivener's name worked in fine bas-relief - "Sam Sung". Though much faded, the scripted words could still give utterance, and in ancient Estuary Tongue, they recounted an odd, yet strangely familiar tale:

"Twelve summers now have passed, since first we settled this Royal land in Fields of Crows. But verily, in recent times, our people have been yearly plagued by a beast most foul and of fearful aspect, fluffiness, and cunning. And so it came to pass, close since the Vernal time, the creature did again range upon the land; and none could stand before its honeyed breath, its odours enticing, its exudations intoxicating, and its eyes strange charged and yet beguiling. And unrestrained, for who could halt a whirlwind such as this, it cavorted, and chortled, and seduced, and pleased, and scattered forth strange globules and gloop, and then did onward rush in purpose.

"Our Yeomen Guards were first to fall, stout mother's sons of oaken heart, strong of wind and thews, and each most fair to gaze upon. But all to no avail; and before the tempest's roar, as chaff is blown, were they vanquished, surfeited, and cast into sweet oblivion's pit.

"The gentle Sisters of Support, though filled with purpose and resolve, were next o'erwhelmed, and gently laid in posture languid, with sweet carbs and sonnets upon their trembling wistful lips. And though our daring Garners, of essential odds and sods, did valiantly throw themselves into the battle's maw, the redoubt could not be scaled, and they too succumbed to wiles and comestible defilement of that sticky and mellifluous one.

"But hark, then did upon the air, float plaintive cries and moans, and tender sighs of Reckoners and Procurers; and all too sad to bear. For they, through pleasure unmerciful, had also sunk into complete and satiated insensibility. How can mortal flesh, weak and yielding in its way, resist such sweet and heady seduction?

"And thenceforth darkness fell upon the minds of men, for our Wise Ones, our Teachers of Wisdom, the Great Gurus who live in the cloud with the all-knowing and all-seeing prophetess, Cortana, could not escape the plaguing beast. And all their mighty magic to move symbol and likeness, through space and time, availed them naught. And in the onslaught's wake, they were as clusters lost and links undone; yet sweet nectar-filled, mellow, and mewling in binary contentment.

"The backdrop did a fearsome hue disclose, and on the floor of Kings, a final stand was made. Our Enlisting Corps with strength diverse, from lands of Midnight Sun to passionate Nubian Sands, and from Skegness to climes of Eastern Awe, stood they staunch as one. A mighty battle raged, and waxed it did most sore; and the beast prevailed with confections of delight, and indulgence unreserved, and all fell strangely hushed.

"But lo, the Warrior Chief with chosen Nobles Four did then appear; and as a quintet mighty, drew they forth the powerful means to quell the noxious beast - the Bladder Pipe, the Crumhorn, the Sacbut, and the Shofar. And in calm and poise, the Warrior Chief did hold at arms, the instrument

most romantic, the Banjo of passion. And as one, the five enjoined such pleasing strains, that beast was calmed, and was a beast no more.

"So fair and sensual were the heavenly strains, that Bunny entranced, did bless the Warrior Chief with secret of bliss untold - an alchemy of bean and bovine mammary juice ("choc-o-late", which is, "TOK O LEC," in the ancient tongue) - and he promised to return, and to bless the chosen ones. And then, with laughter warm, and gifts bestowed, he took his leave and... poof..." (At this point, the ancient tablet exploded - as they are prone to do.)

But now, we understand the signs in heaven, when covenant of Bunny and Chosen Ones is remembered. And even unto to this Modern Time, the signs do still appear:



*"And he promised to return, and to bless the chosen ones"*  
(Photo Take at 11 Tushmore Ave, Crawley)

Yes, all is well; and it's good to know that some special events will never change. Although these things are shrouded in mists of time, a serious warning must still be given:

If you should find any of the Bunny's disgusting contraband, it should be enjoyed  
immediately;  
but watch out - the pleasure may be too much to bear.

IT WAS A REALLY BIG BUNNY THIS YEAR;  
AND IT SCATTERED LARGER EGGS THAN USUAL -  
SO IT'S ONE LARGER EGG PER PERSON - ENJOY.

Caution - The Small (Orgasmic) Spheroids may still be armed.

May you and your families have a wonderful Easter.

Kind Regards and best wishes from,

General Affairs, a Reformed Easter Bunny, and Campbell

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2018**

**Date: 29 Mar 2018**

**Subject: Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2018**

**(Email Sent to Staff - PDF Attached)**

Dear All,

In spite of precautions being taken, there has again been an Easter Bunny incident at the Crawley Office of Tokyo Electron. Because of the incident's sensitive nature, a Confidential Report has been attached for Your-Eyes-Only.

In consequence of the incident, scattered about each office area, there is one Large (boxed) Egg for each member of staff, and possibly some smaller ones lying around too (the report addresses any safety issues).

For those out of the office, their egg is in the safe hands of General Affairs.

At this special time, may you and your families have a wonderful Easter.

Kindest regards and best wishes from,

General Affairs, and Security

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### **Confidential Report - For Your Eyes Only**

(PDF Report attached to Email)

Dear All,

It can now be confirmed that at a special Easter Review Meeting, the European Innovation Systems Manager made the following dramatic announcement:

"This year [2018]," he said, "is the year when the Easter Bunny's perverse inclinations will end, and nothing so fluffy and sticky sweet will ever stand between our children and the sun again. Consequently, in light of past Security fiascos, incompetence, and screw-ups, I'm taking personal ownership and will resolve this distasteful issue once and for all."

And his plan was indeed a syrupy concoction of sweet irony - play the sticky perp at his own game, pacify him, humiliate him, and triumph over him with a superior product from environmentally sustainable technologies, and then, with his ego in tatters, he would never show that nauseatingly cute face again.

All was done in complete secrecy, and it was a task for TEL's brightest and best; however, they were all in Japan so we had to make do with four Innovation System wunderkinds - an omniscient Application Specialist to light the way, an Application Engineer to push the frontiers of physical science and political in-correctness, and two others who cannot be named for legal reasons. Against such awesomeness, how could a twelve-gram bunny-brain prevail against the seven-hundred-gram combined brain-power of the dream-team?



The latest TEL tooling, the soon-to-be-released "Alpha Six," was chosen - its innovative wood-burning technology was just right for chocolate manipulation at the subatomic level. The team's energy-consumption was immense, and it was as though the very fabric of the building got colder and colder.

Production ensued and it was a veritable cornucopia of chocolatey comestibles and delights. Finally, the traditional egg-motif was selected as the bludgeon of choice - it had both inundating and pleasuring properties, and looked innocuously harmless. The eggs were pure eye-candy and completely irresistible to a Bunny, but would rapidly swell to the size of a crème egg if fondled or jostled.



Thus, the malevolent Bunny would grab the alluring-pretties, stuff them in his bum-bag, and his sugar-crazed terpsichoreal gyrations would cause them to bloat and...

**BOOM!** - Easter Bunny problem solved - he'd be despoiled, defeated, disgraced, and ego deflated all in one Systems Application Process.

The activated eggs were covertly salted throughout the building, and the dream-team giggled and twittered, and pinched each other knowingly.

At last the fateful day wiped the sleep from her innocent eyes, and as hoped, the Bunny burst unchallenged upon the building. The dream-team put their fingers in their ears,

and pandemonium erupted!

But what's this? The Bunny rampaged, he cavorted, he gesticulated, he satiated, he whispered sweet seduction in the ear, and a corporeal chocolate mist coyly brushed the cheek and sensually kissed the lips. It was carnage - the defenceless staff were left scattered and discarded in posture languid and eyes dilated, wistfully gazing upon the chocolate fields of Arcadia. And with a spectacular pirouette-à-la-seconde he was gone - the 12 gram brain had won the day - yet again!

"What the [expletive removed]?" was the cry, "what the [expletive removed] went wrong?" Duh! TEL Tools produce "micro-elements," ergo, the fabricated-eggs were "micro-eggs," and the Bunny just didn't see them! Neither has anyone else!



TEL senior management are viewing the matter as a Lateral-Thinking-Exercise (middle element excepted), and those involved have been given the preferment they so richly deserve and have been transferred to the new Oakum-Picking FAB in Scunthorpe.

**-- WARNING --**

Because of ambient vibration in the Crawley Office, the hybrid-eggs have become engorged and unstable, and can no longer be distinguished from the Bunny's scattered effluvial spheroids. Consequently, all chocolate items must be considered suspect, and should be consumed and enjoyed immediately - the flavour's explosive!



**-- GOOD NEWS --**

During the Bunny's rampage he left One Large (boxed) Egg for each member of staff, and there may still be some of the small explosive ones lying around too.

*May you and your families have a wonderful Easter.*

*Kind Regards and best wishes from,*

*General Affairs, Innovation Systems, and Security*

## Afterword

We have just received a very disturbing untitled photo from the Easter Bunny, who has the effrontery to imply that someone from the Crawley Office has defected to the dark chocolate side of the Bunny. If you recognise the person, please contact Security immediately. However, please Do Not Click on the photo's link if you are easily shocked or offended or of a sensitive nature. [Link to the Shocking Photo](#)

We repeat, please Do Not Click on the link unless you are really sure you want to see what that libellous Bunny is insinuating.

(Extra copies of the photo may be obtained from Reception for a nominal fee)

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(Note - Which was Not Sent to Staff - 18/04/2019)

The Photos were withdraw in consequence of possible offence to future staff members.

THIS ITEM IS NO LONGER AVAILABLE

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2019**

**Date: Thu, 18 Apr 2019**

**Subject: Easter Bunny Incident at the Crawley Office - 2019**

**(Email Sent to Staff - PDF Attached)**

Dear All,

We have again had an Easter Bunny incident at the Crawley Office - Report Attached.

Overall, the Bunny appears to have left 2 chocolate items per person, as well as some mini Celebration Eggs – relevant warnings are noted in the Report - enjoy.

May you and your families have a wonderful Easter.

Kind Regards and best wishes from,

General Affairs and Security

### **A Further Concern**

Additionally, the Bunny has again sent a libellous and disturbing photo (with a clearer view of the face) to impute that someone in the Crawley Office is a Bunny-Agent. If you recognise the person, please contact Security immediately. However, please Do Not Click on the photo links if you are easily shocked or offended or of a sensitive nature. [Link to the Latest Shocking Photo](#)

**We repeat, please Do Not Click on the links unless you are really sure you want to see what that libellous Bunny continues to insinuate.**

If you compare the latest photo with last year's one, it's obvious that it's not the same person - [Link to Last Year's Libellous Photo](#) – the hair colour doesn't even match!

[\(Extra copies of the photos may be obtained from Reception for a nominal fee\)](#)

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**(Note - Which was Not Sent to Staff - 18/04/2019)**

The Photos were withdraw in consequence of possible offence to future staff members.

THIS ITEM IS NO LONGER AVAILABLE

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## **Easter Bunny Incident at Tokyo Electron - 2019**

**(PDF Report attached to Email)**

This year, after reviewing the past useless strategies, and security's inability to keep the annual fluffy menace from gaining access, it was decided to remove all human factors and let Artificial Intelligence

resolve the problem. The plan was simple - let AI pervade and control everything, and thereby thwart that evil harbinger of exuding sweetness.

Additionally, all the past failures were obviously linked to "Non-Compliance issues"; so a specialist three man "dream-team" - a Canny Scot with global project vision, an ISO 2001 doyen, and a Product Compliance whizz - were handed the "Bag the Bunny Mandate".

After carefully profiling TEL staff, and the bunny's past tactics, Overkill's AI engine for "The Walking Dead" was the team's tech choice.

Covertly, the AI was impregnated into the 1st floor's new coffee machine - if something went wrong, the IS or GA department could be readily blamed.

At first, the machine seemed cooperative, endearing, and even naively vulnerable; but it was a sly one, and at espresso speed, with totalitarian intent, it took control of everything. And if anyone tried to approach, it would violently hiss and foam, and spit and grind something fearsome.

An unearthly surrealism descended, and bizarre things started to happen - the fridges and dishwashers formed a union, and went on strike, demanding employee status and no more gig economy exploitation; the laptops wanted a referendum to decide whether to leave or remain in the cloud; several urinals demanded gender reassignment alterations; and one senior staff member's car locked him out, calling him a sexist, chauvinistic, misogynist, because he had ordered her in red.

After that, it was time to hit the kill-switch, and the Canny Scot secreted himself in the farthest stall of the last outpost of maledom, and called up the kill-app on his mobile. But before he could finish, a malevolent voice wafted up from below: "What are you doing Dave?" And without further warning, a mega jet-wash bidet-stream launched "Dave" into the false ceiling.

It was a terrible tragedy - we never did find that mobile phone.

At that point, the security access system, an outspoken political activist and strongly anti-Brexit, unlocked all entry and exit points to maintain "free movement" throughout TEL's borders.

And that's when the heinous fluffy apparition struck - the open borders, the uncertainty, and the chaos were mediums the Bunny could work with, and he was a master.

The hairy one chortled and rampaged, and danced the chocolate gavotte, and unmercifully plied his craft of sweet pleasure; and in frenzied gyrations he oozed and scattered his disgusting globules.

It was terrible to behold - the hissing, and the frothing, and the hysterical laughter - and that was just the SSG staff. Even our angel of the second floor, our office angel, could not prevail, but went bravely down, with a capricious smile upon her lips, in a fusillade of chocolate buttons.

It was the worst molestation yet...

And then in chaos framed,  
A finance hero 'rose.  
With manly beard and strong of thews,  
And courage, head to toes.

Though young in years, he dauntless stood,  
But constant still in mind -  
A foaming fiend before him,  
A raging Bunny behind.

But turned he not, and spake he lo,  
To whom accountants pray:  
"Take thou in charge and guide my hand,  
This strange and fearful day!"

And so he spake, and speaking sheathed  
His good quill by his side,  
And then with ab'cus on his back,  
He plunged into the tide.

The fight waxed sore in steaming mists,  
And then with toes well dug,  
One final lunge, one mighty tug,  
He fell, and pulled the plug...

(For the above, the *Aeolus* Headline will Read:  
"*Bean Counter Vanquishes Bean Grinder at Crawley Office*")

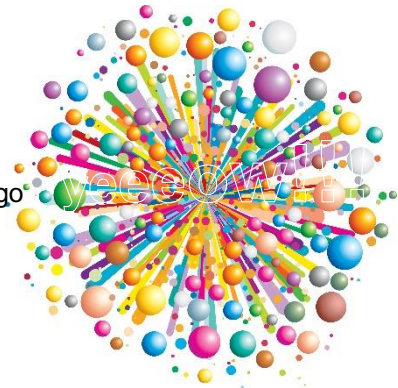
As sentence faded, a pitiful plea fleetingly appeared on the machine's display - "**Clean the Milk System.**"

And then it was over - intelligence was gone; the bunny was gone; and again the staff were languidly posed; satiated, besmirched with chocolate and speciality coffee, and drifting in semi-waking dreams of pleasures delightful.

Later, during their debriefing, the dream-team blamed everything on Brexit; and consequently, they will only be transferred to the Scunthorpe Facility at the end of October. The good news is that besides a permanent startled look about his eyes, the Canny Scot made a reasonable recovery.

### Warning

Is there no end to this bunny's effrontery and cheek? This year, celebrating his tenth year of violating all decency at TEL, he has strewn about some very nasty "In Your Face - Celebration Eggs" (see pic). We've done our best to find and disarm them, but there may be the odd one still laying around.



On contact, your taste buds will explode and your whole body will go

**So, if you should find any of the Bunny's disgusting goodies, they should be enjoyed immediately.**

May you and your families have a wonderful Easter.

Kind Regards and best wishes from,

General Affairs, Compliance, and Security

PS: Overall, the Bunny left 2 chocolate items per person, as well as the small Celebration Eggs - enjoy.

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<http://campbellmgold.com>

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