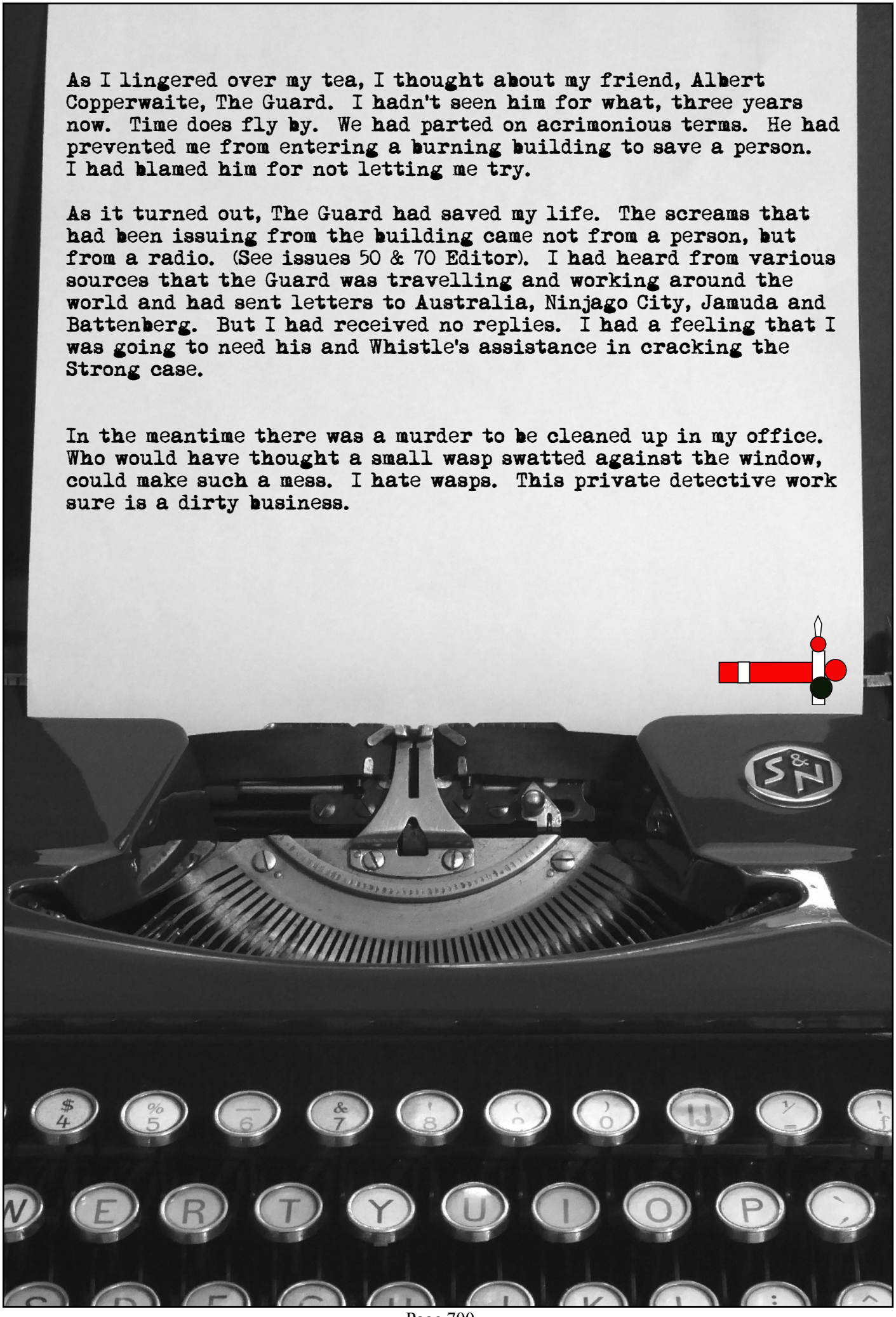
As I lingered over my tea, I thought about my friend, Albert Copperwaite, The Guard. I hadn't seen him for what, three years now. Time does fly by. We had parted on acrimonious terms. He had prevented me from entering a burning building to save a person. I had blamed him for not letting me try.

As it turned out, The Guard had saved my life. The screams that had been issuing from the building came not from a person, but from a radio. (See issues 50 & 70 Editor). I had heard from various sources that the Guard was travelling and working around the world and had sent letters to Australia, Ninjago City, Jamuda and Battenberg. But I had received no replies. I had a feeling that I was going to need his and Whistle's assistance in cracking the Strong case.

In the meantime there was a murder to be cleaned up in my office. Who would have thought a small wasp swatted against the window, could make such a mess. I hate wasps. This private detective work sure is a dirty business.