YOU'RE A LITTLE 'UN FOR HARD WORK LIKE THIS.
I DO AS MUCH AS ANY OTHER NAVVY.
YOU DON'T WANT TO WORK AS HARD, MATE. THAT SHOVEL OF YOURS WILL MELT IN A MINUTE!

COME ON, YOU TWO. THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THREE OF US WORKING ON THIS SECTION. NOT JUST ME!
A MAN'S ENTITLED TO A BREATHER, MATE!

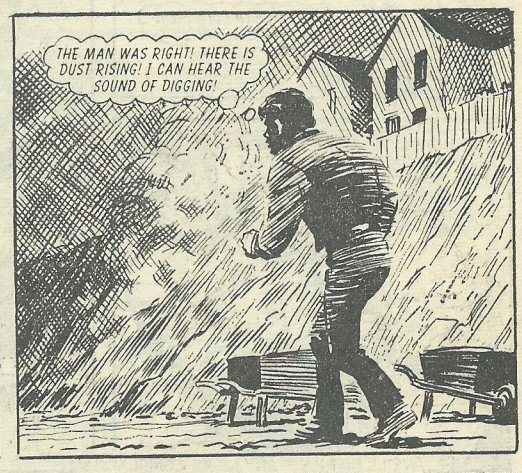
YOU'VE DONE NOTHING BUT REST ALL DAY. YOU BLOKES DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF WORK.
SEE THIS SHOVEL BLADE, MATE? SHARP AS A KNIFE—FROM HARD DIGGING! ANOTHER WORD FROM YOU AND IT WILL ACCIDENTALLY SLICE INTO YOU!

Later.
THOSE TWO BLOKES ARE LOAFERS TIM. WHY DON'T YOU GET BRAD TO FIRE THEM?
I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF DAD BEING GANGER. HE'LL SPOT THEM SOON ENOUGH.

BREAK IS OVER, START WORKING AGAIN. YOU TWO ALWAYS SEEM TO BE TIRED—
YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE, BOY! GET DIGGING AND KEEP THE BOSS HAPPY.

On the way back to the camp a couple of days later, Tim called into a shop for some bread.
STILL HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE DUST?
HUH! YOU NAVVIES GIVE US NO PEACE AT ALL. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HAVE TO WORK THROUGH THE NIGHT AS WELL.

That night.
WHAT DID THAT SHOOPKEEPER MEAN ABOUT US NOT GIVING THEM ANY PEACE? WE DON'T WORK AT NIGHT. HERE, I WONDER—


THE MAN WAS RIGHT! THERE IS DUST RISING! I CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF DIGGING!

YOU PAIR! NO WONDER YOU DON'T WORK DURING THE DAY! WHERE IS THIS TUNNEL GOING TO?
QUICK, GRAB HIM, FRED! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH, YOU YOUNG NIPPER! WE WERE JUST READY FOR THE BREAKTHROUGH!
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?