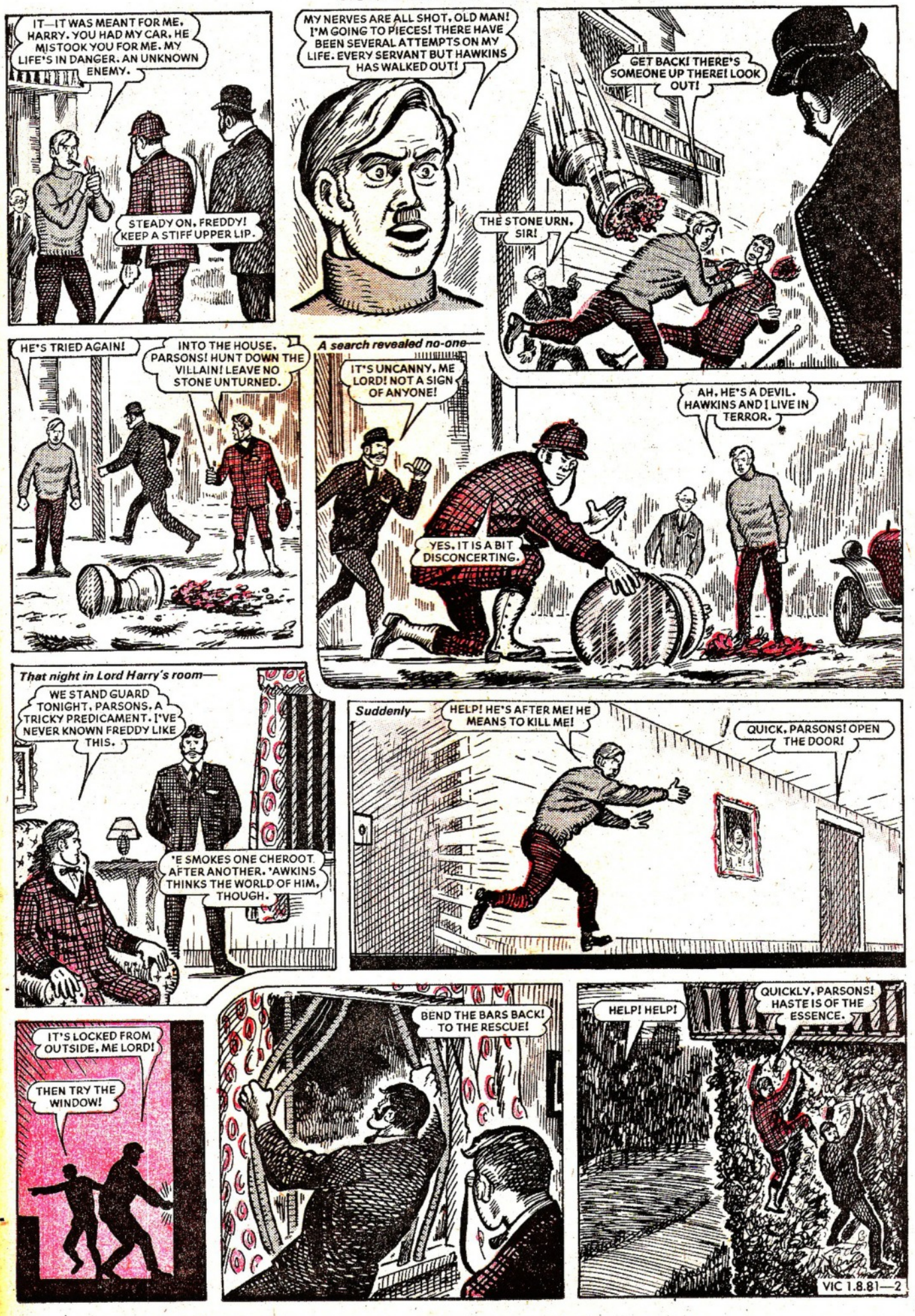
IT—IT WAS MEANT FOR ME, HARRY. YOU HAD MY CAR. HE MISTOOK YOU FOR ME. MY LIFE'S IN DANGER. AN UNKNOWN ENEMY.
STEADY ON, FREDDY! KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.
MY NERVES ARE ALL SHOT, OLD MAN! I'M GOING TO PIECES! THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE. EVERY SERVANT BUT HAWKINS HAS WALKED OUT!
GET BACK! THERE'S SOMEONE UP THERE! LOOK OUT!
THE STONE URN, SIR!
HE'S TRIED AGAIN!
INTO THE HOUSE, PARSONS! HUNT DOWN THE VILLAIN! LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED.
A search revealed no-one—
IT'S UNCANNY, ME LORD! NOT A SIGN OF ANYONE!
YES, IT IS A BIT DISCONCERTING.
AH, HE'S A DEVIL. HAWKINS AND I LIVE IN TERROR.
That night in Lord Harry's room—
WE STAND GUARD TONIGHT, PARSONS. A TRICKY PREDICAMENT. I'VE NEVER KNOWN FREDDY LIKE THIS.
'E SMOKES ONE CHEROOT AFTER ANOTHER. 'AWKINS THINKS THE WORLD OF HIM, THOUGH.
Suddenly—
HELP! HE'S AFTER ME! HE MEANS TO KILL ME!
QUICK, PARSONS! OPEN THE DOOR!
IT'S LOCKED FROM OUTSIDE, ME LORD!
THEN TRY THE WINDOW!
BEND THE BARS BACK! TO THE RESCUE!
HELP! HELP!
QUICKLY, PARSONS! HASTE IS OF THE ESSENCE.
VIC 1.8.81—2