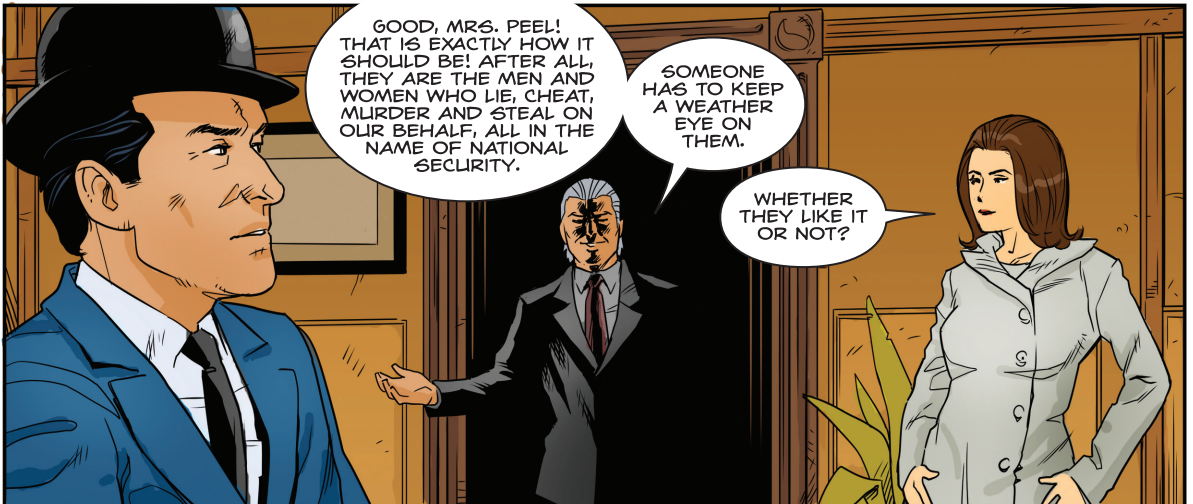
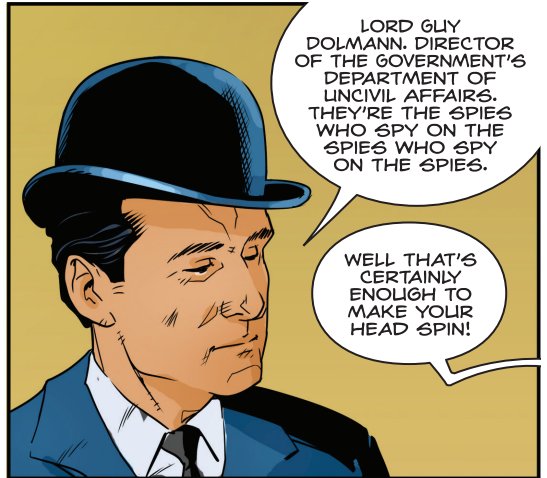
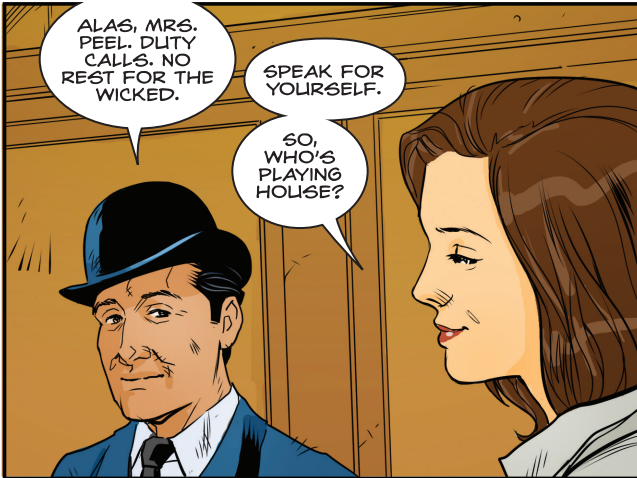


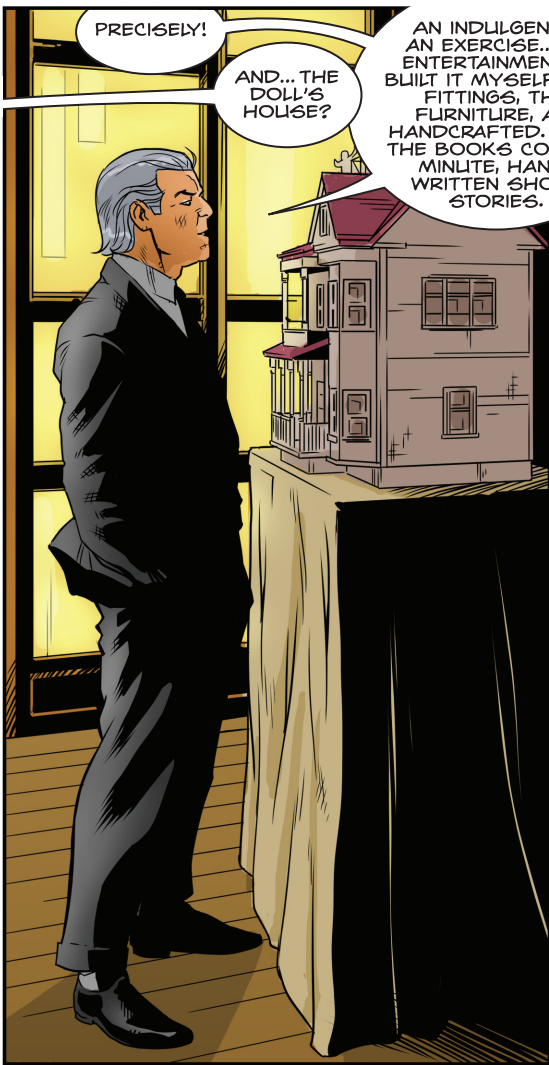
CLIRIOLISER
AND
CLIRIOLISER!

THIS ISN'T
QUITE HOW I'D
ENVISAGED OUR
AFTERNOON. I'D
RATHER HOPED WE'D
BE SMELLING THE
ROSES AND
COMMUNING WITH
NATURE INSTEAD
OF WATCHING
SOMEONE
PUSHING UP
DAISIES!

AN UNGENTLEMANLY ACT

STEED TAKES A HOLIDAY
EMMA TAKES THE STRAIN

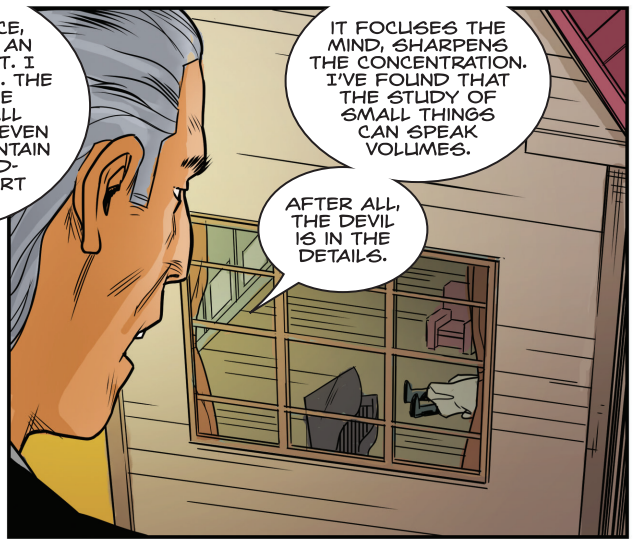




PRECISELY!

AND... THE DOLL'S HOUSE?

AN INDULGENCE, AN EXERCISE... AN ENTERTAINMENT. I BUILT IT MYSELF. THE FITTINGS, THE FURNITURE, ALL HANDCRAFTED. EVEN THE BOOKS CONTAIN MINUTE, HAND-WRITTEN SHORT STORIES.



IT FOCUSES THE MIND, SHARPENS THE CONCENTRATION. I'VE FOUND THAT THE STUDY OF SMALL THINGS CAN SPEAK VOLUMES.

AFTER ALL, THE DEVIL IS IN THE DETAILS.



AND I, FOR ONE, WISH TO KNOW WHAT THE DEVIL IS UP TO! DO YOU RECOGNISE HIM, MAJOR?



IT... IT'S JACK LEDGER. BUT IT CAN'T BE?

I ASSURE YOU IT IS. WHEN DID YOU LAST HAVE ANY CONTACT WITH HIM?

FIFTEEN YEARS OR MORE, BUT OF COURSE I'D HEARD ABOUT HIS EXPLOITS.



STEED, WHO IS HE?

JACK LEDGER, WE WERE IN THE GUARDS TOGETHER, THEN THE INTELLIGENCE CORPS. LAST TIME WE SPENT ANY REAL TIME TOGETHER WAS AT RAF CAMP 472 HAMELIN, BEFORE WE WERE ASSIGNED OUR MISSIONS OVERSEAS.

AFTER THE WAR, I LEFT THE ARMY TO JOIN THE MINISTRY WHILE JACK TOOK A SOMEWHAT MORE COVERT CAREER PATH. EVEN SO, HE WAS ONE OF OUR BEST AGENTS.