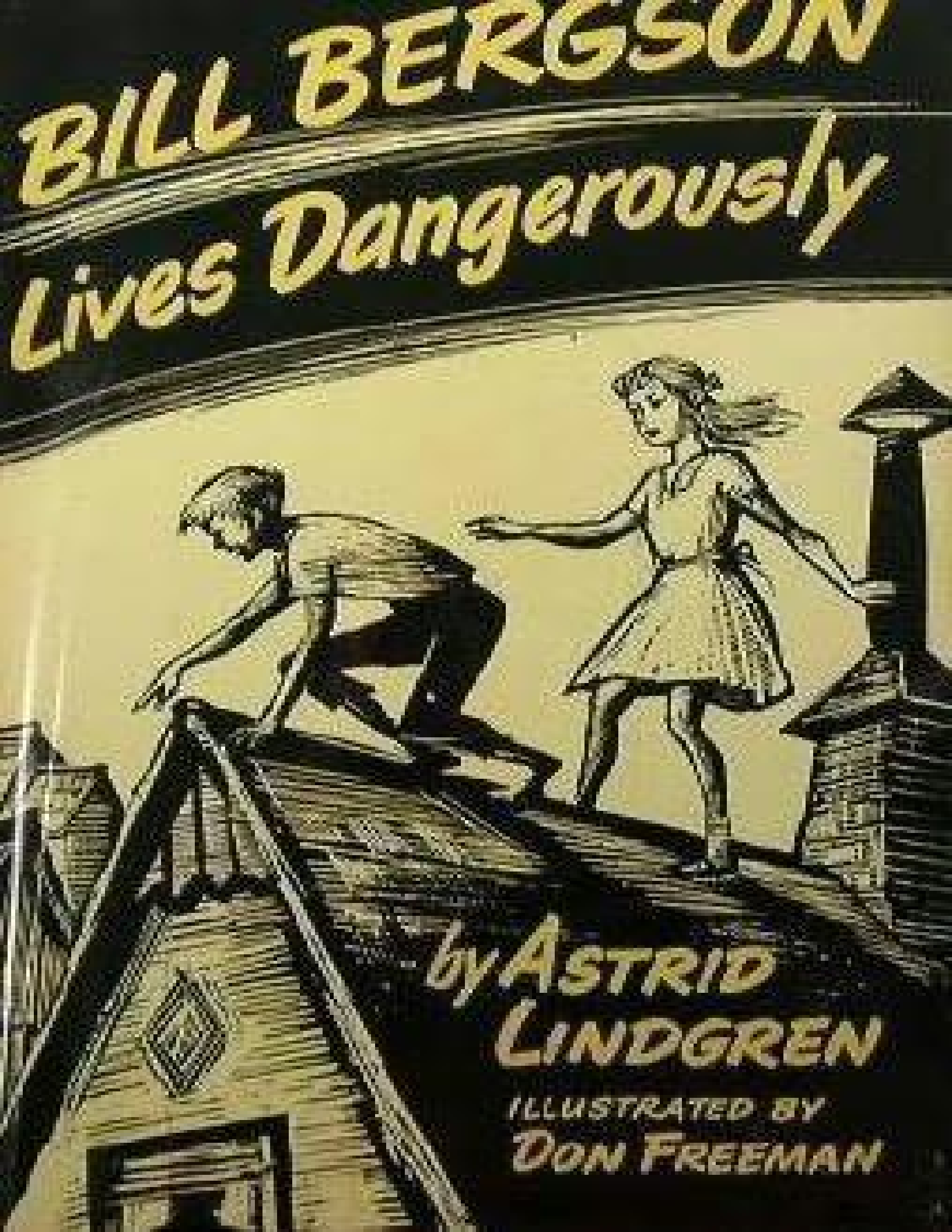
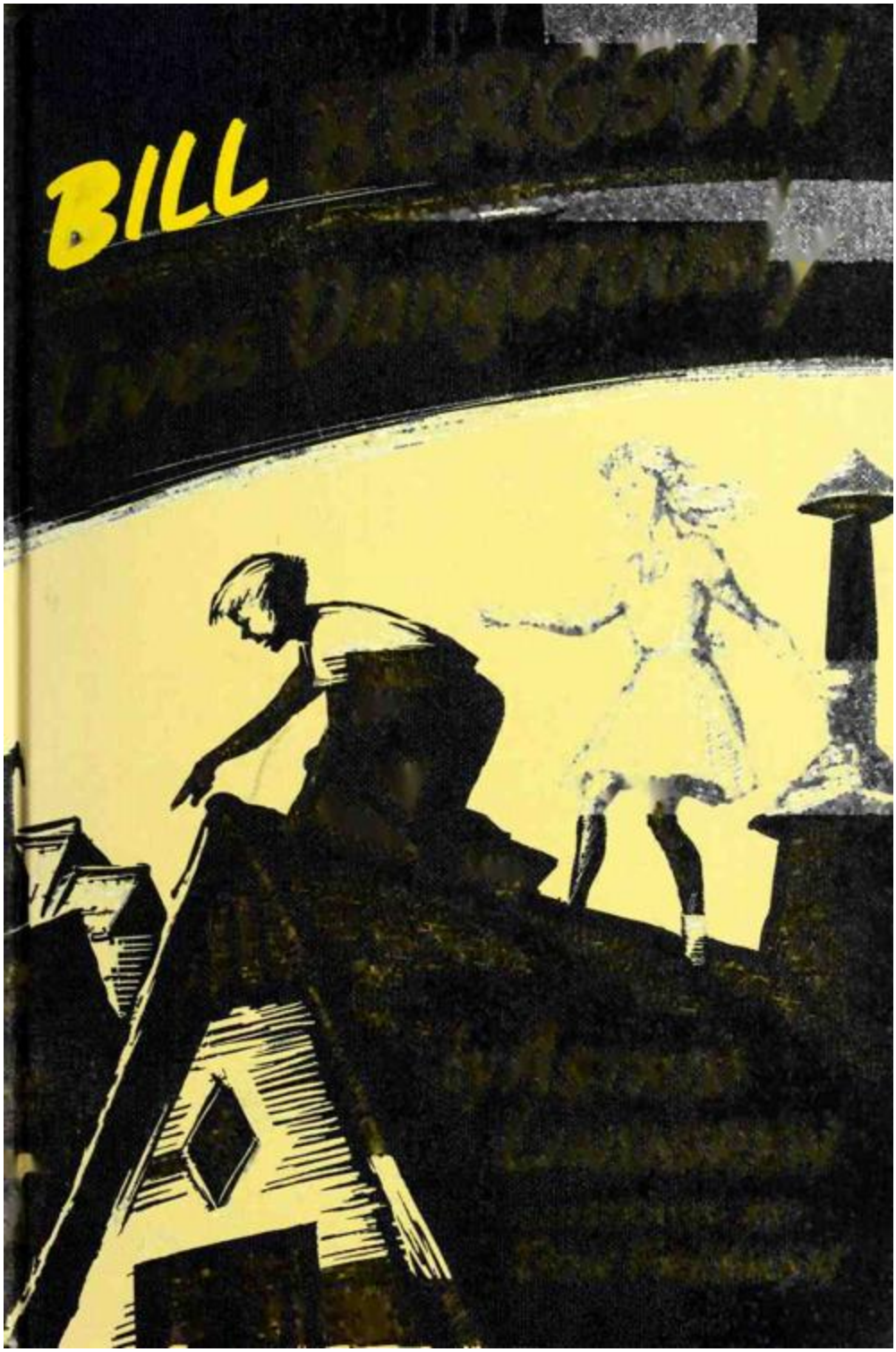
BILL BERGSON Lives Dangerously



by ASTRID LINDGREN

ILLUSTRATED BY DON FREEMAN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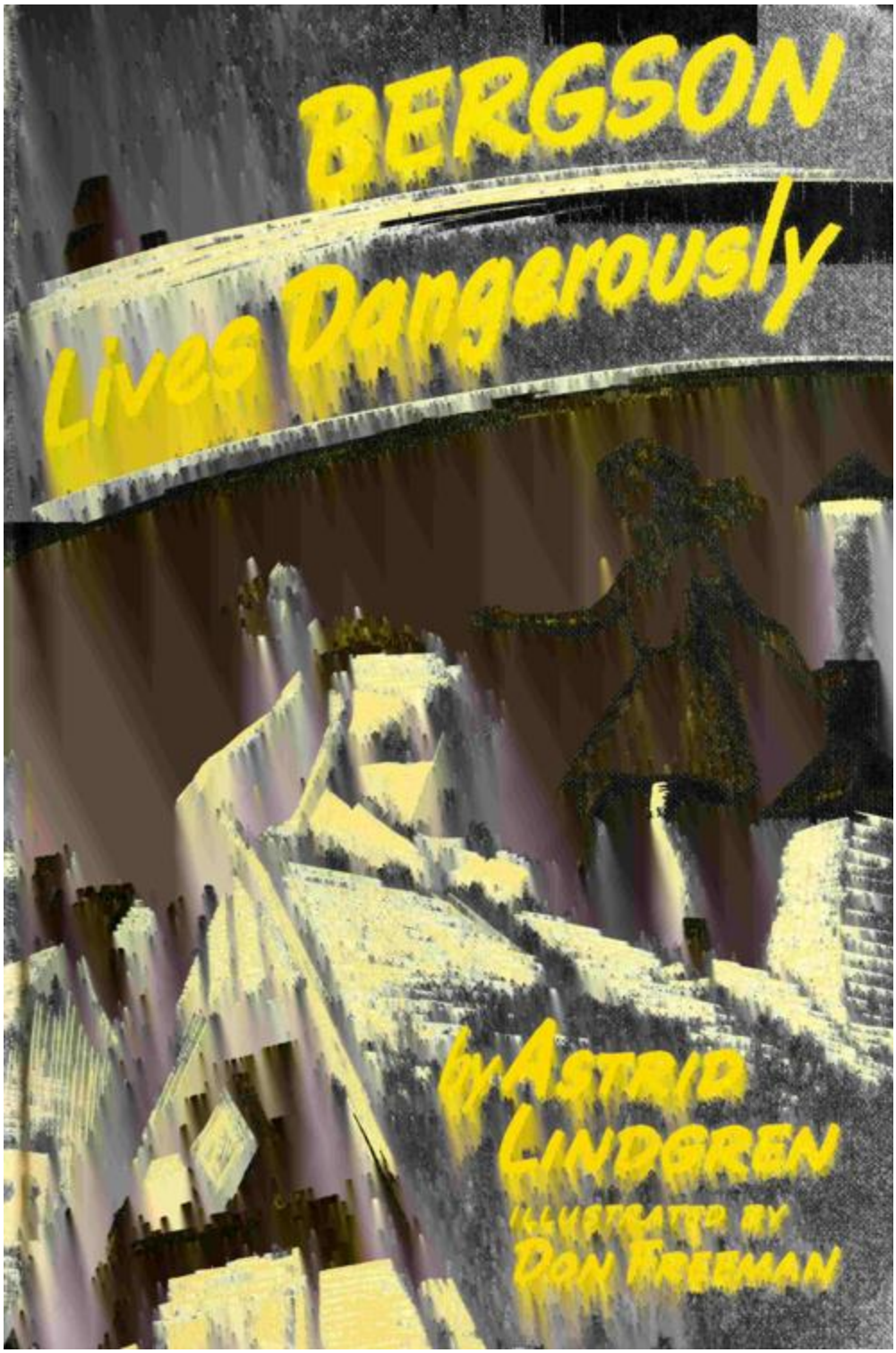
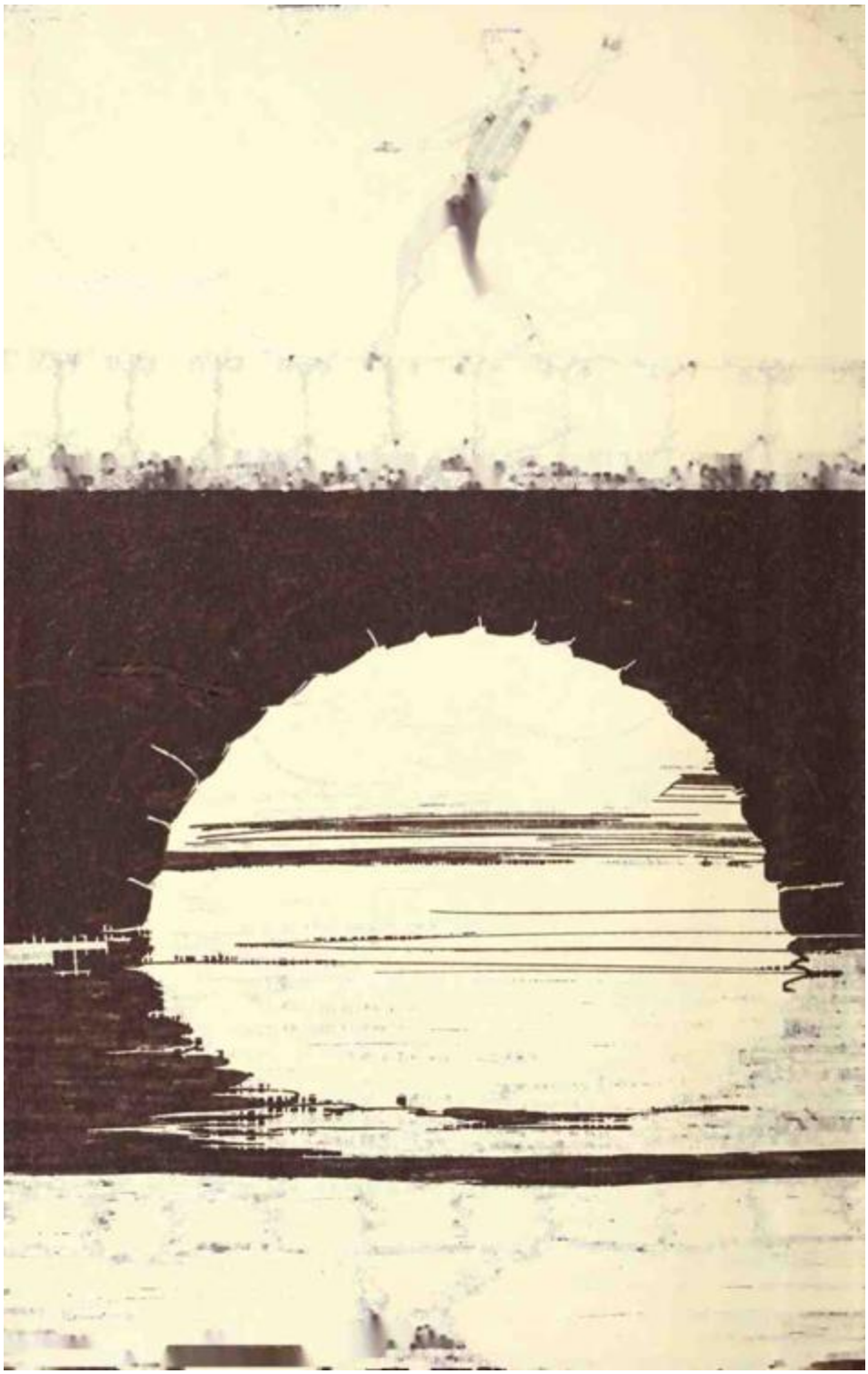
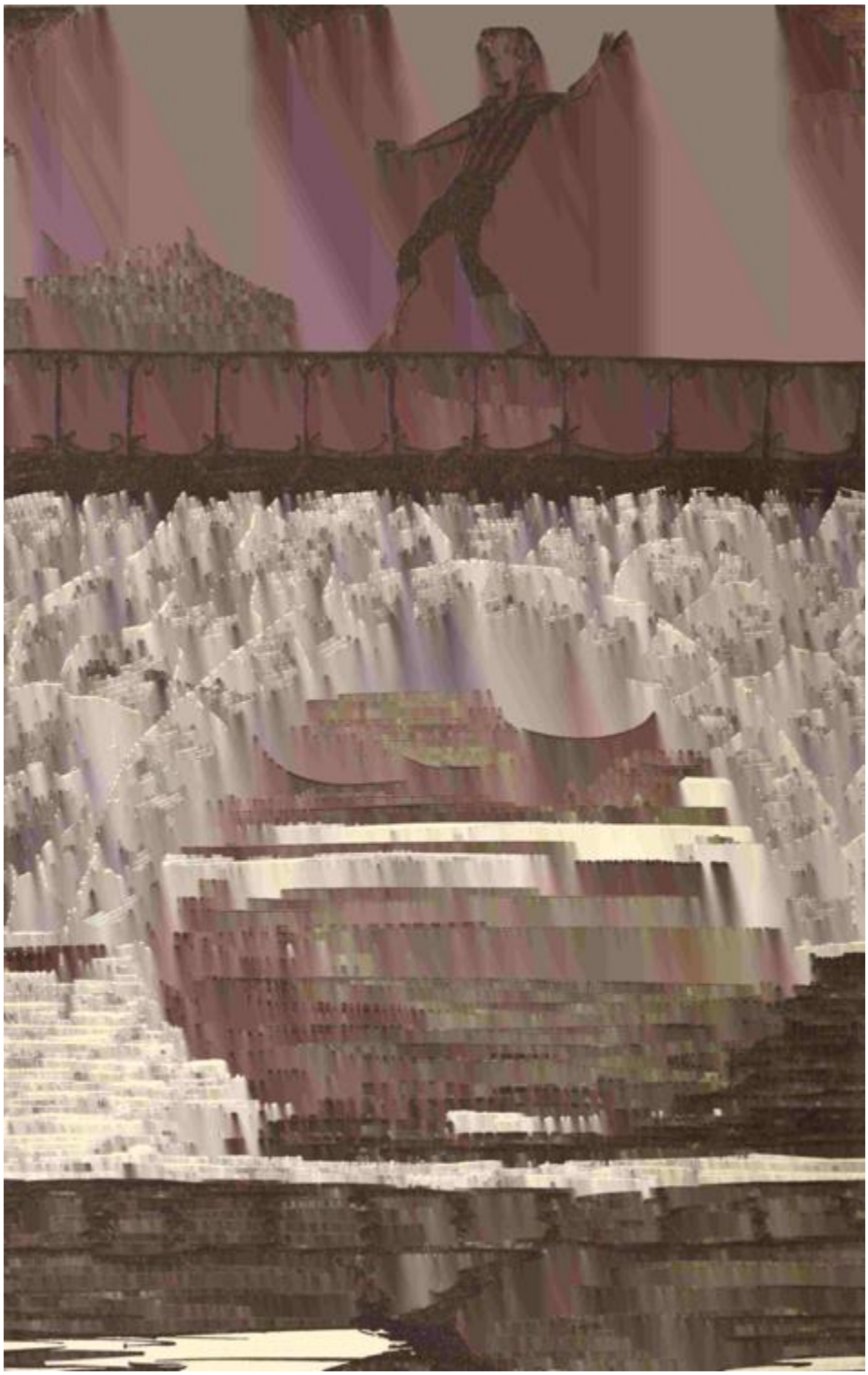
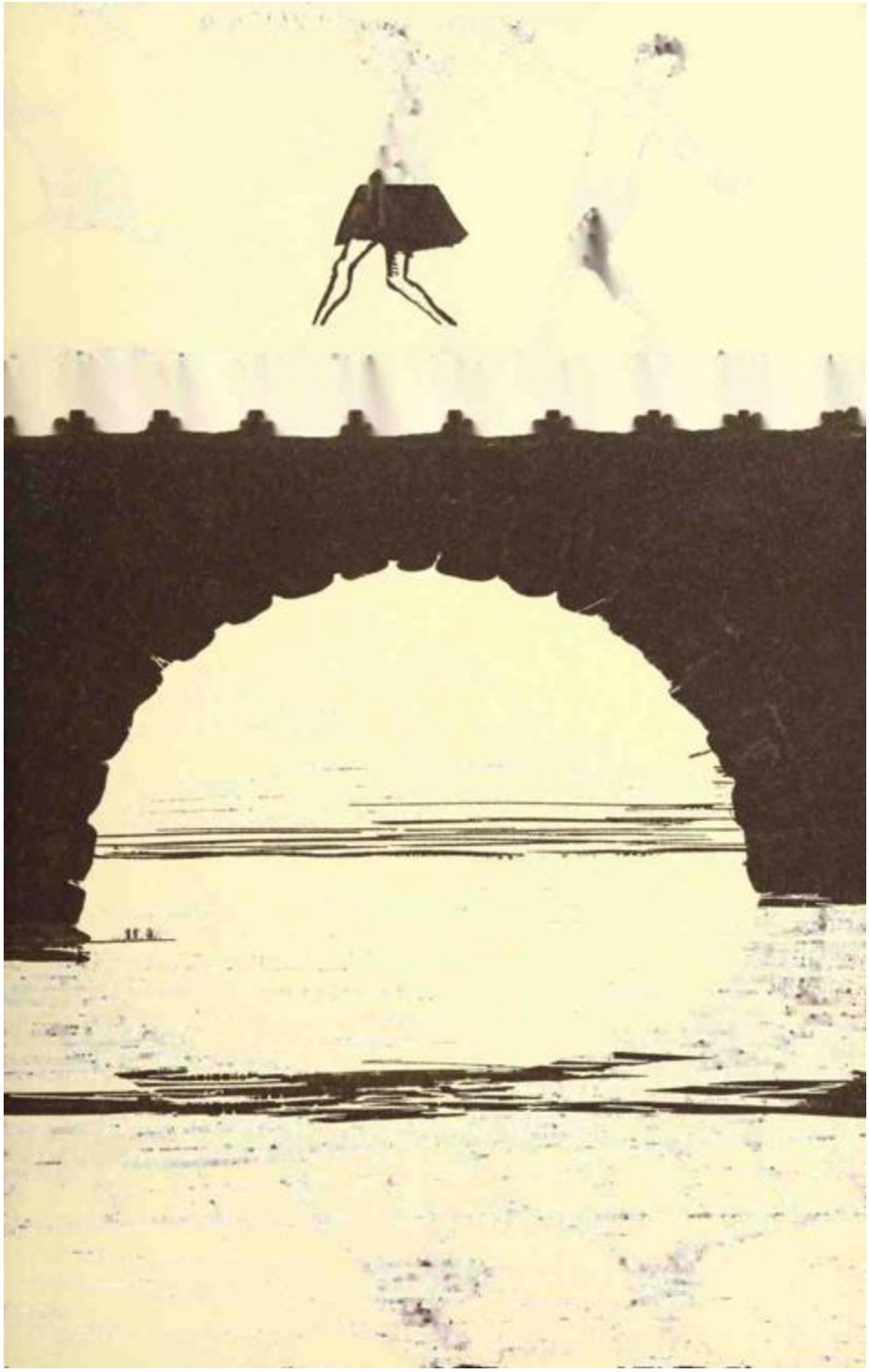
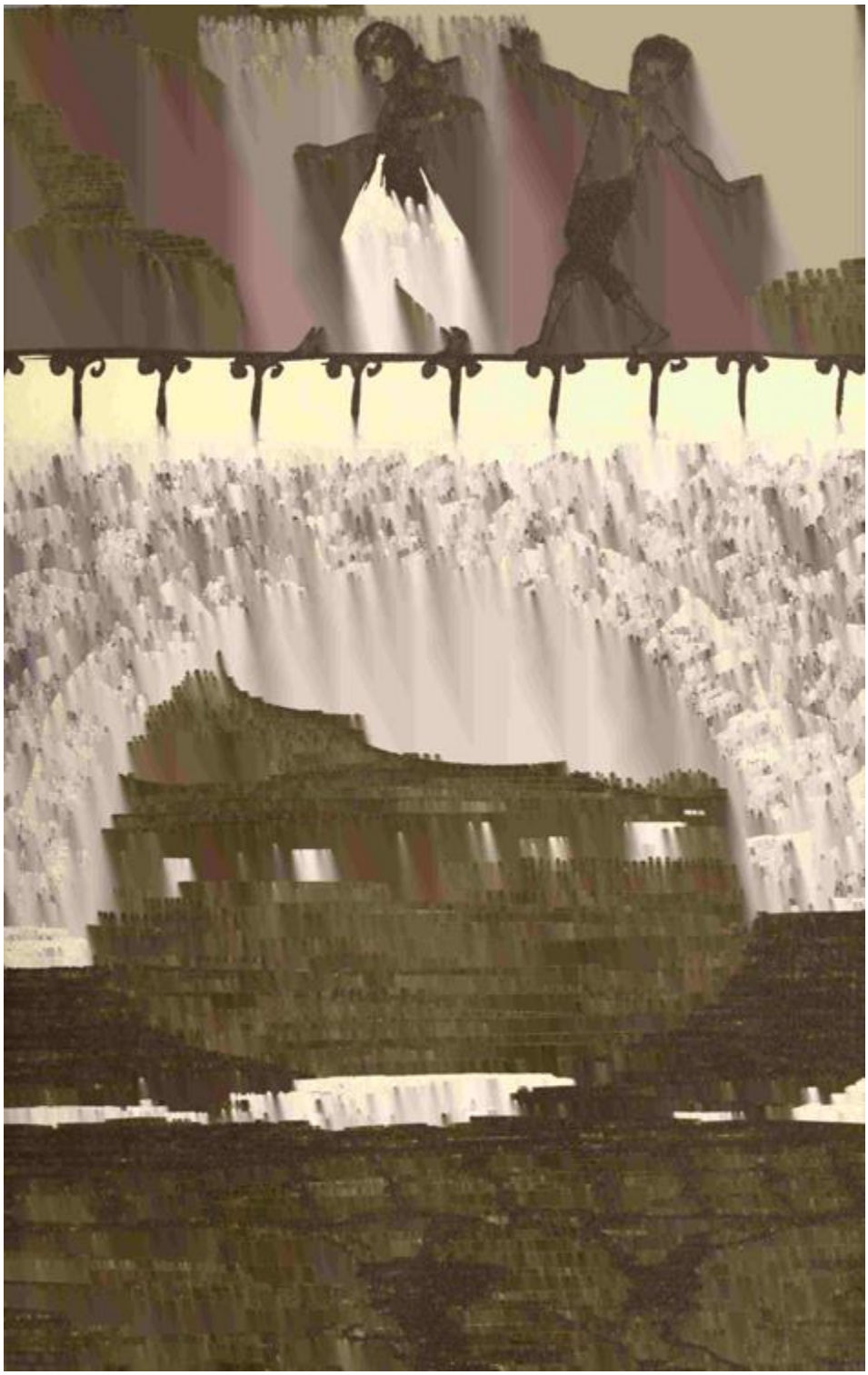

BERGSON
Lives Dangerously
by Astrid Lindgren
illustrated by
Don Freeman









Bill Bergson Lives Dangerously

Also by Astrid Lindgren

RASMUS AND THE VAGABOND

PIPPI LONGSTOCKING

PIPPI IN THE SOUTH SEAS

PIPPI GOES ON BOARD

MISCHIEVOUS MEG

MIO, MY SON

HAPPY TIMES IN NOISY VILLAGE

CHRISTMAS IN NOISY VILLAGE

THE CHILDREN OF NOISY VILLAGE

BILL BERGSON, MASTER DETECTIVE

BILL BERGSON LIVES DANGEROUSLY

BILL BERGSON AND THE WHITE ROSE RESCUE


Bill Bergson
Lives Dangerously
by Astrid Lindgren
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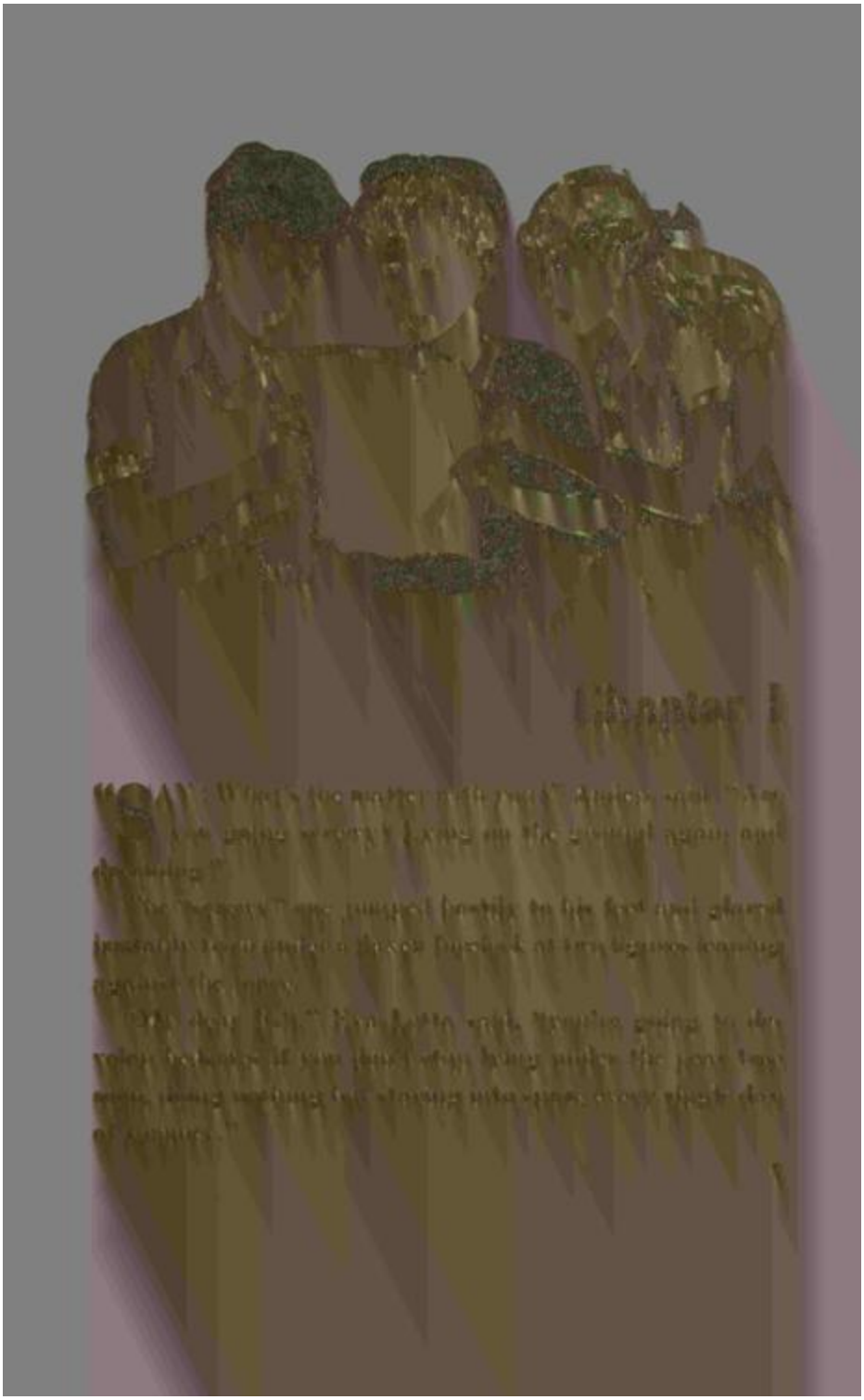
Bill Bergson Lives Dangerously



BILL BERGSON

"What a lying and stealing crew single day?" Bill demanded [illegible].

"Why, Ken Lotta, don't congeniality," said Andrews. "Don't you remember our [illegible] in the beginning of June when they when Bill wasn't bring under the same roof, for [illegible]? Just we [illegible] a week all they have. Thieves and murderers would [illegible] and robber chief as much as they [illegible]."

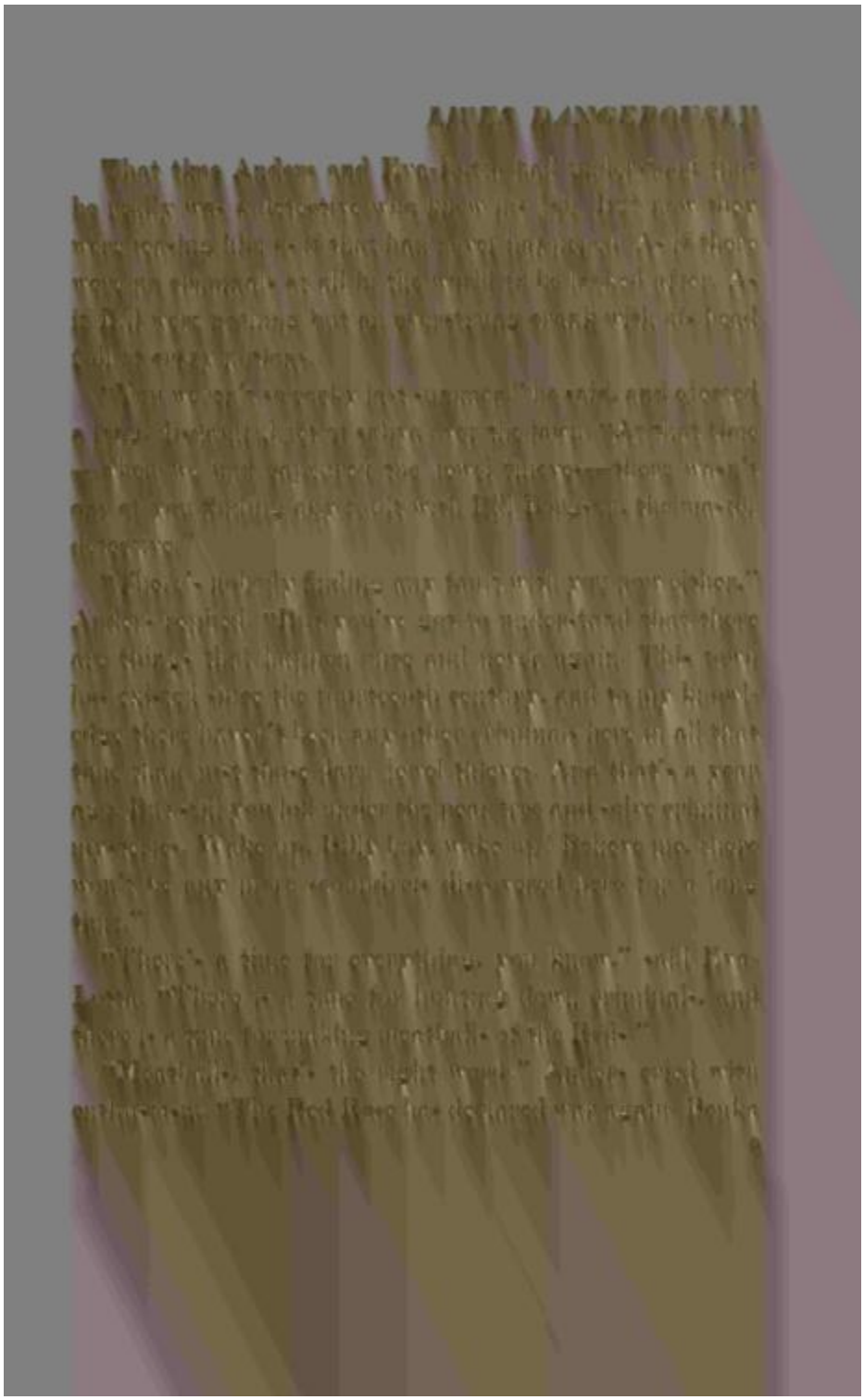
"Yes, I remember now," Ken Lotta said. "We murders [illegible] in the beginning of June."

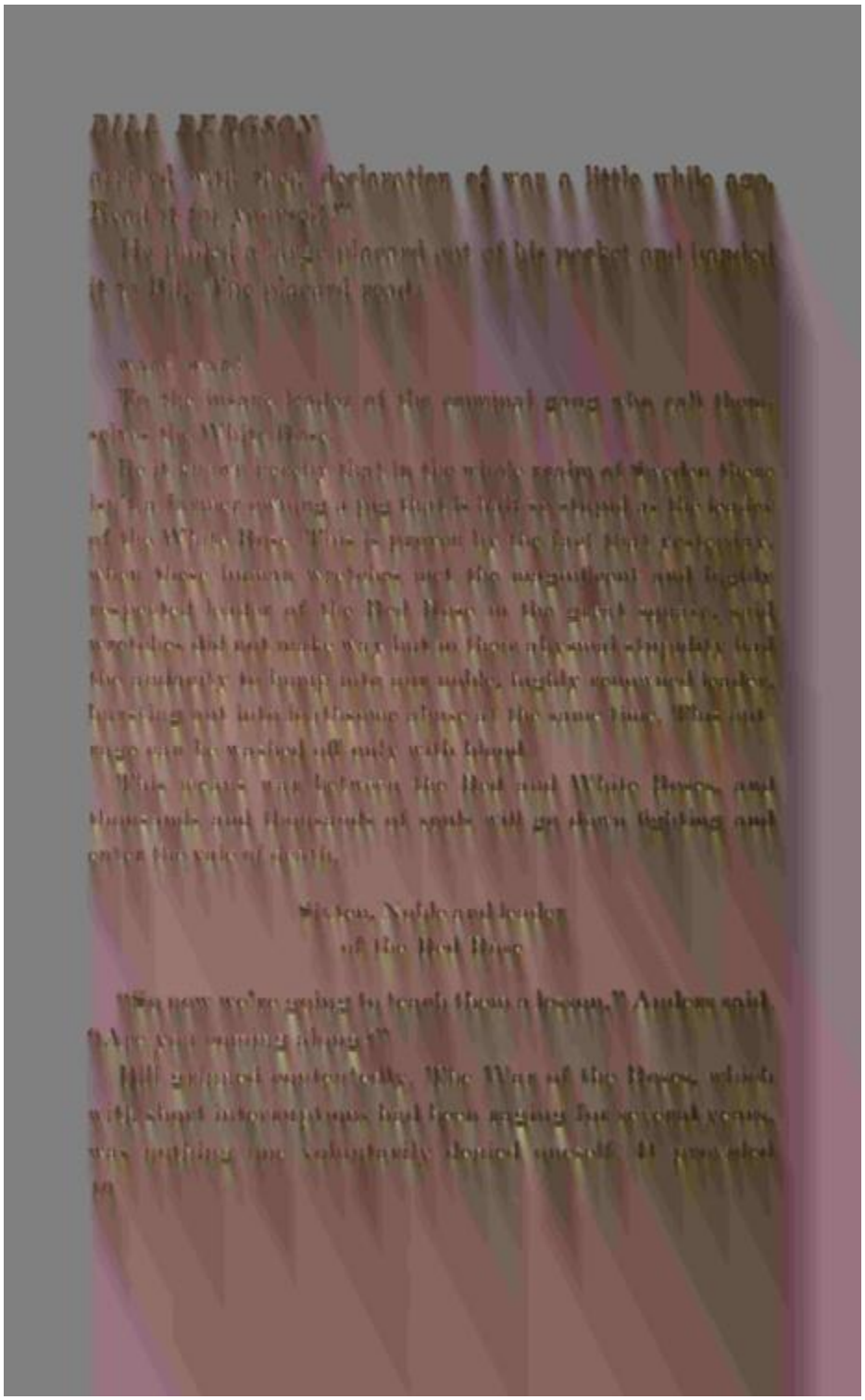
"We [illegible] in the [illegible]," said Bill.

"Well, we might do that," Andrews admitted. "But we wanted you for some [illegible]. What is, if you think that the murderers can manage without your superb [illegible] for [illegible]?"

"Ah, but they hardly can do that," Ken Lotta scoffed [illegible]. "They've got to be [illegible] like [illegible]."

Bill sighed. It was [illegible], absolutely [illegible]. Wasn't he Bill Bergson, the [illegible] detective? Model for and copied [illegible] for his professional? Yes, that was just what he [illegible]. At least and from Andrews and Ken Lotta, that [illegible] *[illegible]* [illegible] all by himself first [illegible]. Well, of course, Andrews and Ken Lotta had been of some [illegible], but at least [illegible], Bill, who for his [illegible] of mind and powers of observation had [illegible] the [illegible].





BILL BERGSON

[illegible] declaration of war a little while ago. Read it for yourself."

He pulled a large placard out of his pocket and handed it to Bill. The placard read:

[illegible]

To the insane leader of the criminal gang who call themselves the White Rose.

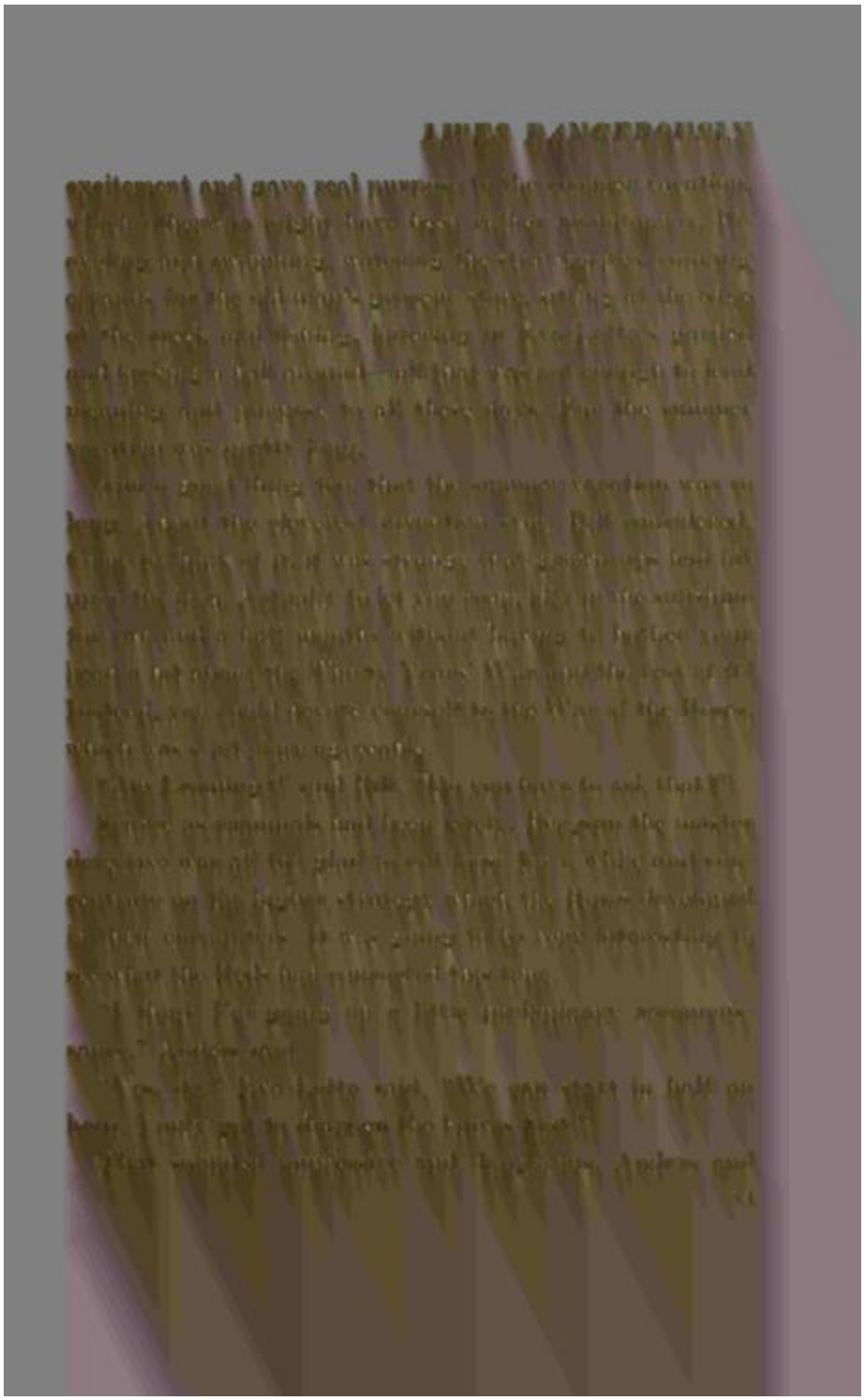
Be it known to every that in the whole realm of Sweden there lay an honor owning a pig that is half as stupid as the leader of the White Rose. This is proven by the fact that yesterday, when these insane wretches met the magnificent and legally recognized leader of the Red Rose in the great square, said wretches did not make war but in their abysmal stupidity had the audacity to hurry into our midst, hastily organized leader, [illegible] not into [illegible] of the same time. Thus our war can be waged all only with blood.

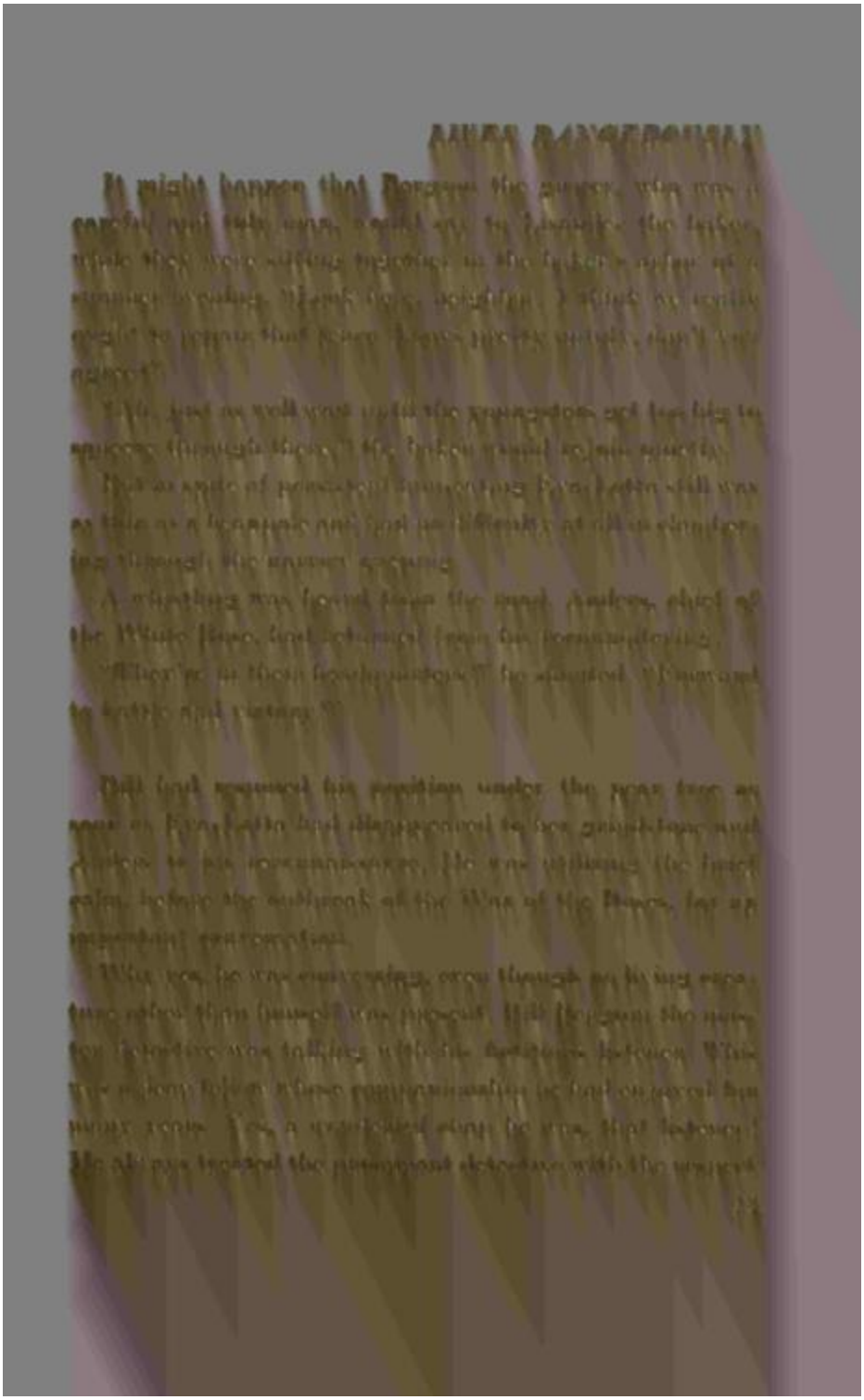
This war was between the Red and White Roses, and thousands and thousands of souls will go down fighting and enter the valley of death.

Victor, Noble and leader
of the Red Rose

"Well now we've going to teach them a lesson," Anders said. "Are you coming along?"

Bill grinned confidently. The Wing of the Rose, which with about intermittent breaks had been raging for several years, was nothing but voluntarily thrust upon itself. It was what he





[illegible] **but seldom get from one other. least** [illegible]

[illegible]

"Mr. Bergson and Miss Lisander deserve a respectable [illegible] face to face with the brilliance of our [illegible]." Mr. Bergson [illegible] his [illegible] [illegible] looking [illegible] in the eye. "A short interval of [illegible] allow them to relax all their [illegible]. They don't understand that it's just the calm that is deceitful.

"The calm is tremendous," the master detective continued emphatically. "This stunning little peaceful town, this stunning summer sun, this sky the quiet — hell! Any minute who knows all this may be changed. Any time at all, some may cast its ugly shadow over all of us."

The fellows listener drew in his breath sharply.

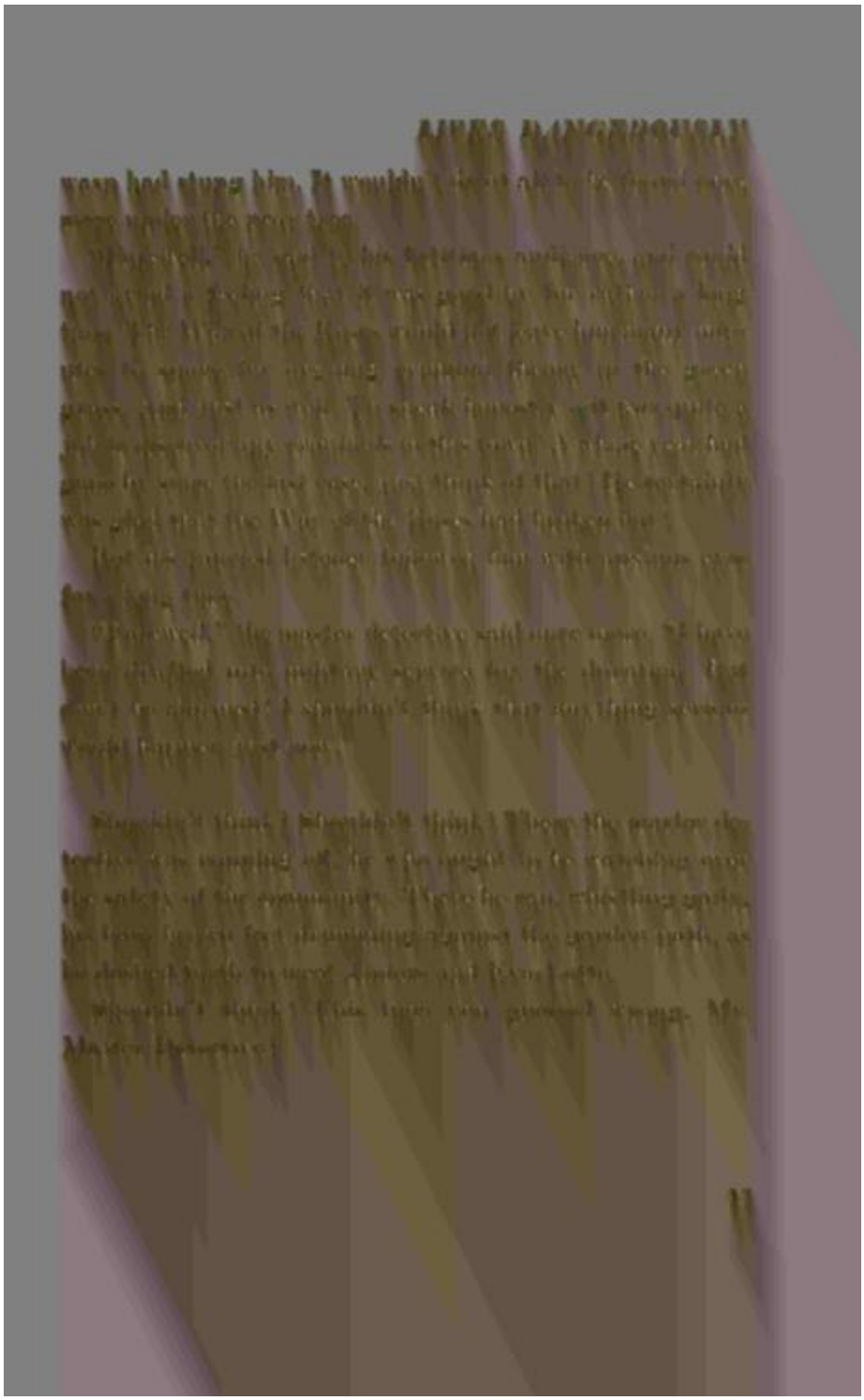
"Mr. Bergson, you frighten me," he said, and cast timid eyes about him to see whether crime already was lurking round the corner.

"Not leave it all to me," the master detective reassured him. "Don't worry! I am on guard."

By forming this the imagined listener was scarcely able to smile, so moved and grateful was he. What was more, his stammering words of thanks were interrupted by Ann Alcott's little cry outside the gate.

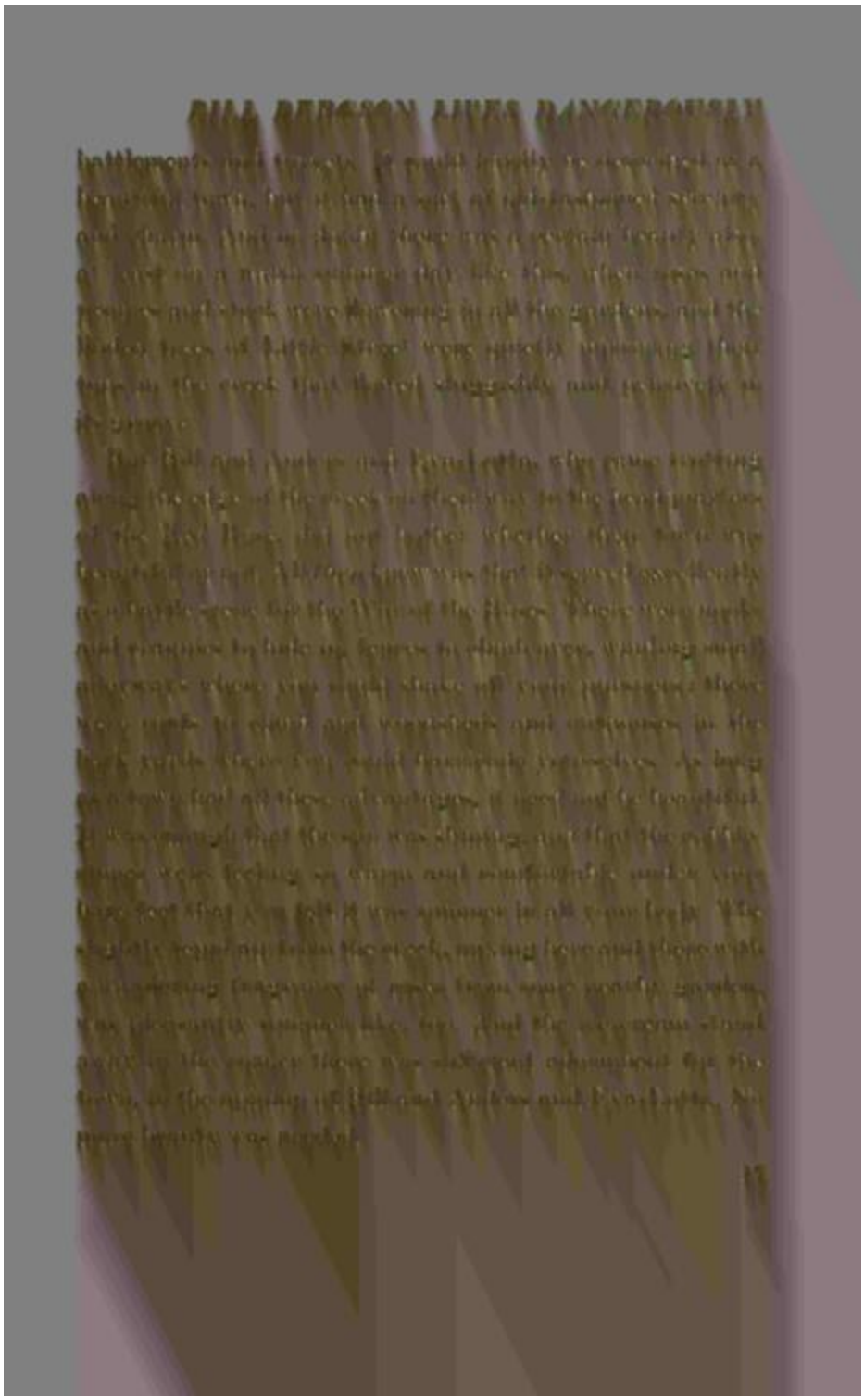
"Forward to battle and victory!"

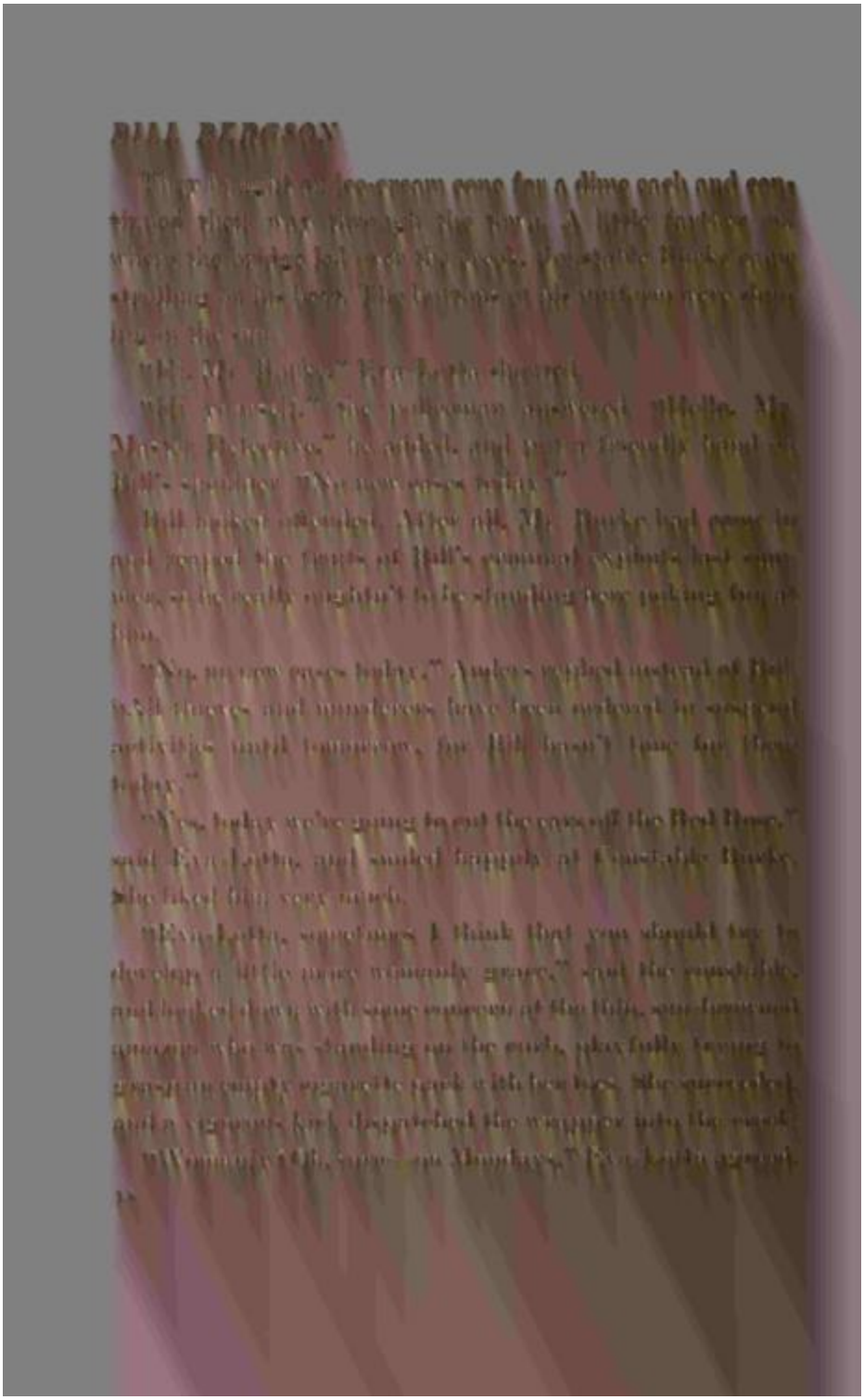
Hereon the master detective sprang to his feet as if a

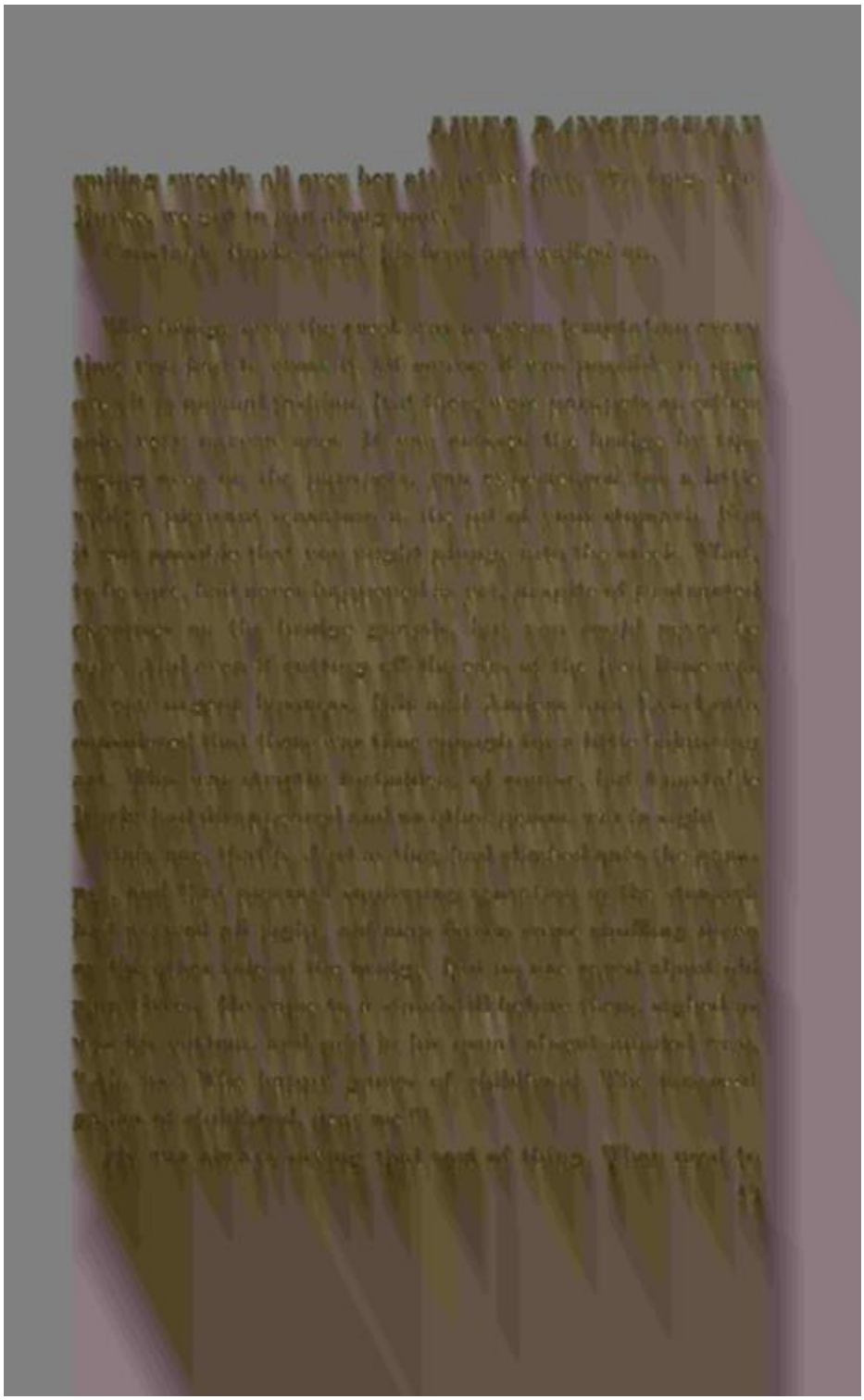


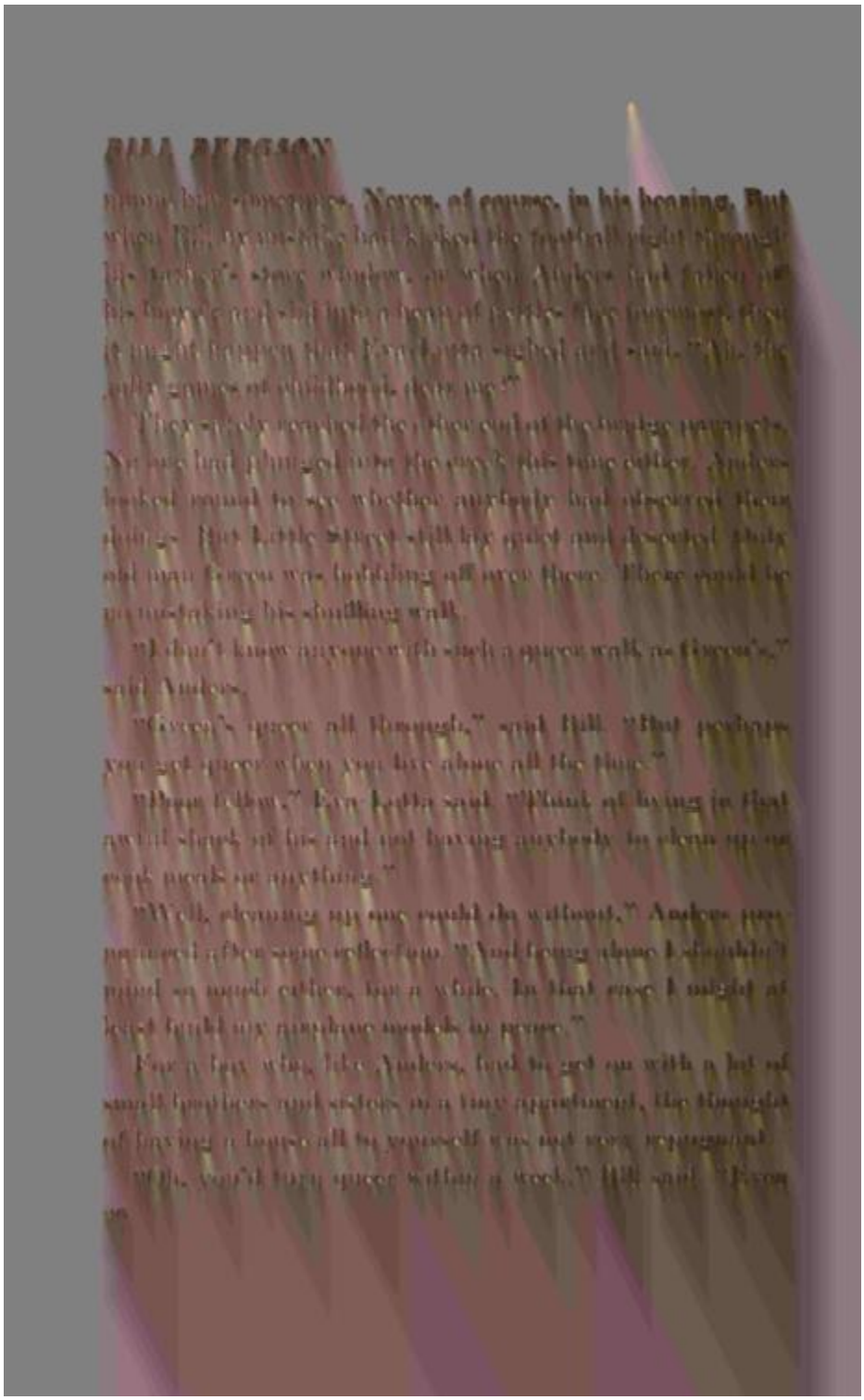
Chapter II

IN this town there's only one street and one alley. Lizander the baker used to tell people coming for a visit. And the baker was right. Main Street and Little Street, that was all there were, and they the same street. But the street there were only small cobble-faced, steep yellowish and blind alleys leading down to the creek or finishing up unexpectedly before some sandstone cliff, standing there by night all the year, forming the way and resisting all unknown topographies. On the outskirts of the town you might find more or less big houses, some cottages with nicely kept out gardens, but these were exceptions. Most of the gardens were like the baker's, rather overgrown and wild, with old twisted apple trees and pear trees, and with some shrubs leaves which were never cut. Most of the houses were above the same type as the baker's, the wooden shacks, which the proprietors of a bygone period on a fortifying space had decorated with the most unexpected ornaments and









queerer than you are already, I mean. [illegible]"

"But doesn't like that [illegible]," [illegible] said. "[illegible] or a [illegible]?"

Neither Andrew nor Bill knew what a [illegible] was, but Fenelotta continued. "What you find a [illegible] is a man who lends money to people who need it."

"But that's nice of him, doing that," Andrew protested.

"Maybe it isn't," said Fenelotta. "It's this way, you see. Suppose you need a thing, [illegible] somebody's got to have a [illegible] for something."

"Pocket money, you mean?" suggested Bill.

"I suppose so," Andrew said. "I feel sure that I need [illegible] this very money."

"Well, so then you go to [illegible]," Fenelotta continued. "He is [illegible] money. And he gives you the [illegible]."

"How nice!" Andrew said, pleasantly surprised at that possibility.

"Yes, but you must promise to pay it back to him in a month," Fenelotta said. "And not only that, but you've got to pay him back [illegible]."

"Interesting," said Andrew. "Why should I do that?"

"Oh dear me!" exclaimed Fenelotta. "Haven't you ever heard of interest [illegible] interest on the money, don't you see?"

"Yes, but he wouldn't accept it," said Bill, who did not want to see Andrew's manners [illegible].

"That's just what worries me," Fenelotta continued.

"They don't provide it. They take too much interest. And they don't give you enough. That's why. That doesn't look fair."

"But why are people stupid enough to borrow money from a company?" Bill wondered. "Wouldn't they get money from a company that doesn't charge so much interest?"

"Well," said Pete Bartlett, "I suppose it isn't a question of a single loan made by a company, but of thousands of billions. Now, imagine there are people who want, absolutely *want*, to have their own land, their own house, and produce their own food. Anybody else who wants to hand it to them. Not one but sands of them, millions of them."

"Millions of sand fleas now," said Andrews, leader of the White Horse. "Why do battle and victory?"

Where was the predatorder's lottery, and in the garden in front, an enthralling sunburst or a grange. It also served as the headquarters of the Red Horse. For the predatorder's son Boston was the leader of that militant group.

The garden looked deserted and empty. Beneath huge wire off year might see a white planned united by the shore. It would have been an easy matter to go through the garden and to the garage to find what was within there, but that was not the way the War of the Horses was conducted. It might be a trap. The Red Horse might be lying in ambush in their closed headquarters, ready to fling themselves at the unsuspecting newcomers who ventured near them.

[illegible] to quit the shrill whistle if—contrary to [illegible] that she not prove necessary.

At the moment of Andrews' return home, Benton's mother did not know whether her husband was inside or out.

Bill [illegible] on the edge of the roof and [illegible] by stretching out his arm as far as he could in [illegible] the plane than the [illegible]. When he already [illegible] the same way he had come—Ken Lodin keeping watch all the time.

"Well done, my brave lad," Andrews said approvingly when Bill [illegible] the plane to him. "Now we'll see."

Before "Nine and twelve at the Red House," had written the remarkable announcement. Coming home to inside, the hangmen were in full [illegible], and in any manner they might have expected something a little more [illegible] from inside.

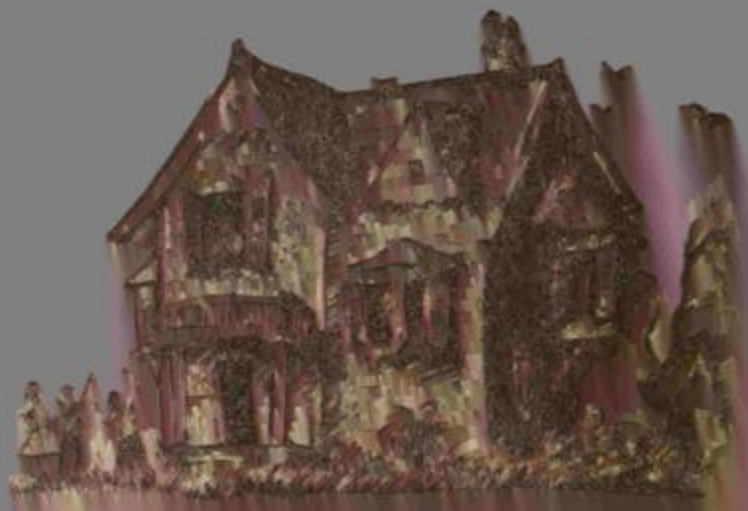
"You fool, you [illegible], you, I mean you, White House, who infest this town with your [illegible] [illegible]. Thought, by it, I mean to you that we, Nadine of the Red House, have [illegible] by the [illegible] on the Hangmen. Come on out, Hangmen, you [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible], or we may exterminate the hangmen remain who will [illegible] the White House, and then [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

I mean, you hangmen."

Saying reading these words might possibly cause that the Red and White Houses really were the best of friends. With the exception of Bill and Ken Lodin, Andrews knew no [illegible] [illegible]

chum than Sixten, unless it were Benka or Johnny—two other fine Red Roses. And if there was anyone in this town whom Sixten and Benka and Johnny approved of wholly and truly, it was the loathsome louses Anders, Bill, and Eva-Lotta.

"So that's that," said Anders when he had finished reading. "On to the Prairie! On to battle and victory!"



Chapter III

GOOD thing there was a Parson. Good for the grown-up folks of children who had been playing there on hours on twenty years somewhere. Stood middle-aged fathers of families grown confirmed when they thought back to the time when they had played hollyhocks on the Parsons. Children of many recent times showed moonshiners mysterious from this fact. In fall some lazy summer evening with the sight from a particularly lively battle, then Thompson the grown-up not commented on it at his great length, for in grown-hearted spirit that was born on the Parsons one spring night some thirty years before. And even friends Mrs. Lewinsky so

BILL BERGSON

Suddenly a shouting, cut through the silence of the Prairie.

"There it is!" [illegible] Frankfurter, [illegible] about the [illegible] "[illegible] the Manor."

"Yes, there it is, if they aren't actually in the Manor!" Bill said with vehemence in his voice.

The old house standing between trembling aspen trees at the edge of the Prairie was called the Manor — an austere [illegible] with eight rooms, [illegible] which had seen better days. And out of a window at the back three triumphant boys' faces.

"Way to all who approach the headquarters of the Red Hawks," Sixtus shouted.

"How in the world . . ." began Anders.

"Why, that's what you'd like to know, isn't it?" cried Sixtus. "I believe we [illegible], it was as simple as that."

The Manor had stood uninhabited for many years and was very dilapidated. The intention was to renovate it and make it into town park, turning it into a regional museum — the city fathers had decided on that long ago. But the money for the purpose had to come from voluntary gifts, and that took time. In the meantime the house was fast falling into decay. It is to now it had been locked and thus protected from the intrusions of the youngsters of the town. If the authorities could no longer keep intruders out, then it was high time indeed for the city fathers to take notice, while there still was anything resembling a regional museum at.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The fortune of war swung now one way, now another. The White Roses were invincible almost all the way up the stairs, but finally they retreated in disorder to the ground floor, yielding to the frightful pressure from above. When the battle had raged back and forth for a good half hour, all parties concerned began to grow somewhat weary. The Whites withdrew momentarily in order to prepare a last furious attack. Then and there Sixten gave his troops a quick and silent order. A moment later the Reds left their positions on the staircase without further ado and retired with lightning speed to the upper floor. There were many ways of hiding cunningly up there in the various rooms and closets. Sixten and his faithful followers knew that, for they had explored the house thoroughly earlier in the day. So when Anders, Bill and Eva-Lotta came charging up the stairs, the Red Roses seemed to have vanished into thin air. They had made good use of their few minutes' start. At the moment they were standing, hidden behind a convenient closet door, watching through a chink the hurried council of the Whites directly outside.

"Disperse," the White leader commanded. "Search out the enemy in whatever hole he may be hiding, trembling for his life! Make short work of him when you find him."

The Red Roses in the closet heard this with satisfaction. Sixten's eyes were gleaming behind the door chink. But the Whites did not know that.

Disperse, the White leader had said. That was the worst

"I'm sure they can find you," retorted Eva-Lotte.

"[illegible]," Sixtus said. "[illegible] hangers-on [illegible] and [illegible] a little [illegible] for you."

Then he turned to Beverly and Johnny, pulling the bandage [illegible].

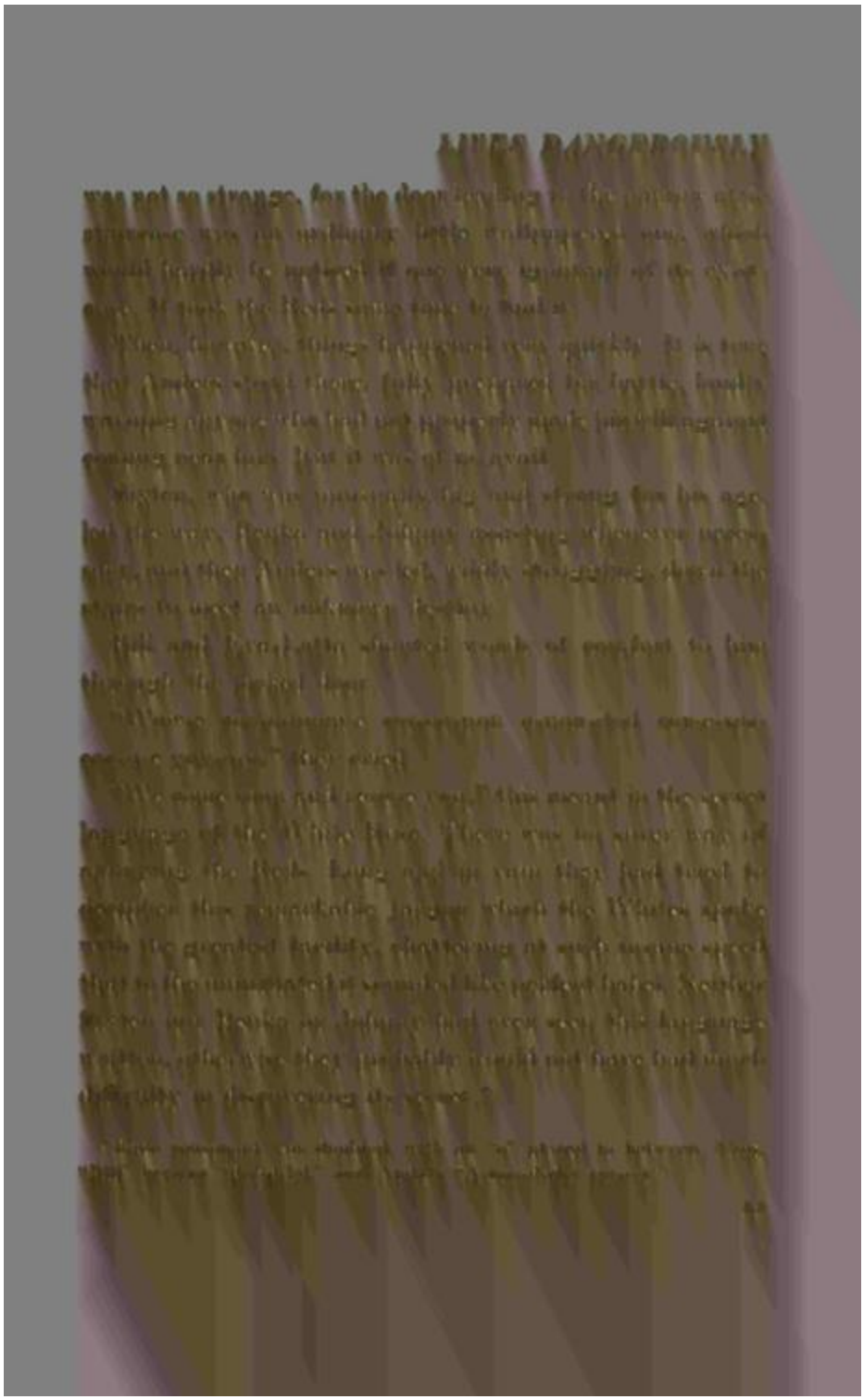
"Will [illegible] the house [illegible]?" Beverly [illegible] the house shook at the unusual [illegible] got [illegible] still burned bright at the White House. Along [illegible] [illegible] and that [illegible] and that [illegible]."

The Hags did their best. They turned [illegible] the house [illegible] through the whole house. They [illegible] [illegible] all the rooms. They hurried to [illegible] of [illegible]. They knew that wherever the White leader might be, he would be [illegible] of the terrible disaster [illegible] coming [illegible]. His allies were [illegible]. He was one against [illegible]. Those [illegible] with [illegible] to get hold of him. But to capture the country's leader was considered a [illegible] feat in the Wizard the Hags, [illegible] as if the Americans had [illegible] Hidden and [illegible] him in Alentejo.

But the White leader had concealed himself well. Though the Hags might [illegible], they did not find the [illegible] of him. Until Sixtus suddenly heard a loud [illegible] under [illegible].

"He's up there in the attic," he whispered.

"He's up in the attic?" Johnny asked in surprise. The Red Horse looked and [illegible] although they had gone over the house thoroughly [illegible] in the day. But that [illegible]



It was Eva-Lotta who had inherited this language, the [illegible] language, from her father. The baker had once by chance happened to mention to his daughter that he and his chums used to talk that way in their younger years, when they did not want anybody else to understand what they were saying. Eva-Lotta's great enthusiasm for the robber language had astonished her father, for he had never noticed a corresponding enthusiasm on her part when it came to irregular German verbs or anything of the sort. But he had good-naturedly spent a whole evening teaching her, and the following day she had passed on her knowledge to Anders and Bill.

To wrest from the Whites the key to the secret language was one of the war aims of the Reds. Another and still higher aim was to conquer the Great Mumbo. "Great Mumbo" was the awe-inspiring name of a rather insignificant object. The Great Mumbo was just a stone, a freakishly formed

stone that Benka had found. With a little imagination one could make-believe that it had the shape of a little man who, like Buddha, sat contemplating his navel. The Reds had

made the Great Mumbo their [illegible]

that: "Let go my arm! I'll come along voluntarily. I am ready, my good sirs!"

Thereafter nothing more was heard. A profound silence descended over their prison. The enemy had left the house and taken the leader of the White Rose with them.

Chapter IV

IT was true that the Bots had suggested the probability of Hill's and Eve Little's staying where they were until these should start quarrelling on them. But this was hardly recent literally. Even in the Wing of the Hours that troublesome and bewildering element called parents had to be taken into consideration. If anyone of you continues in the extreme that under a nurse should be forced to stop in the middle of the hottest conversation just to go home to get ready for a mid-day meal, but parents consisted in the general belief that children might to be on time for meals. It was always understood in the Wing of the Hours that you must submit to these silly parental demands. If you didn't, there was the risk of very serious misunderstandings of working. Parents had such infinitely poor judgments they might even go to the length of confining the contestants to their quarters on the very night when a decisive battle had been planned, with the Great Marble at stake. Parents have no

smiled, thereby intimating to Eva-Lotta that the word of a novice in beauty [illegible] had him [illegible] before [illegible] day at the [illegible] office [illegible].

"Now, Bill, you're unbearable," said Eva-Lotta, [illegible]ing. "[illegible] the door and [illegible] face."

"That we won't [illegible] without making our apologies to the Roses," Bill said.

He picked out a pencil stump from among the assortment of stuff in his pants pockets and handed it to Eva-Lotta, who wrote on the back of the [illegible]:

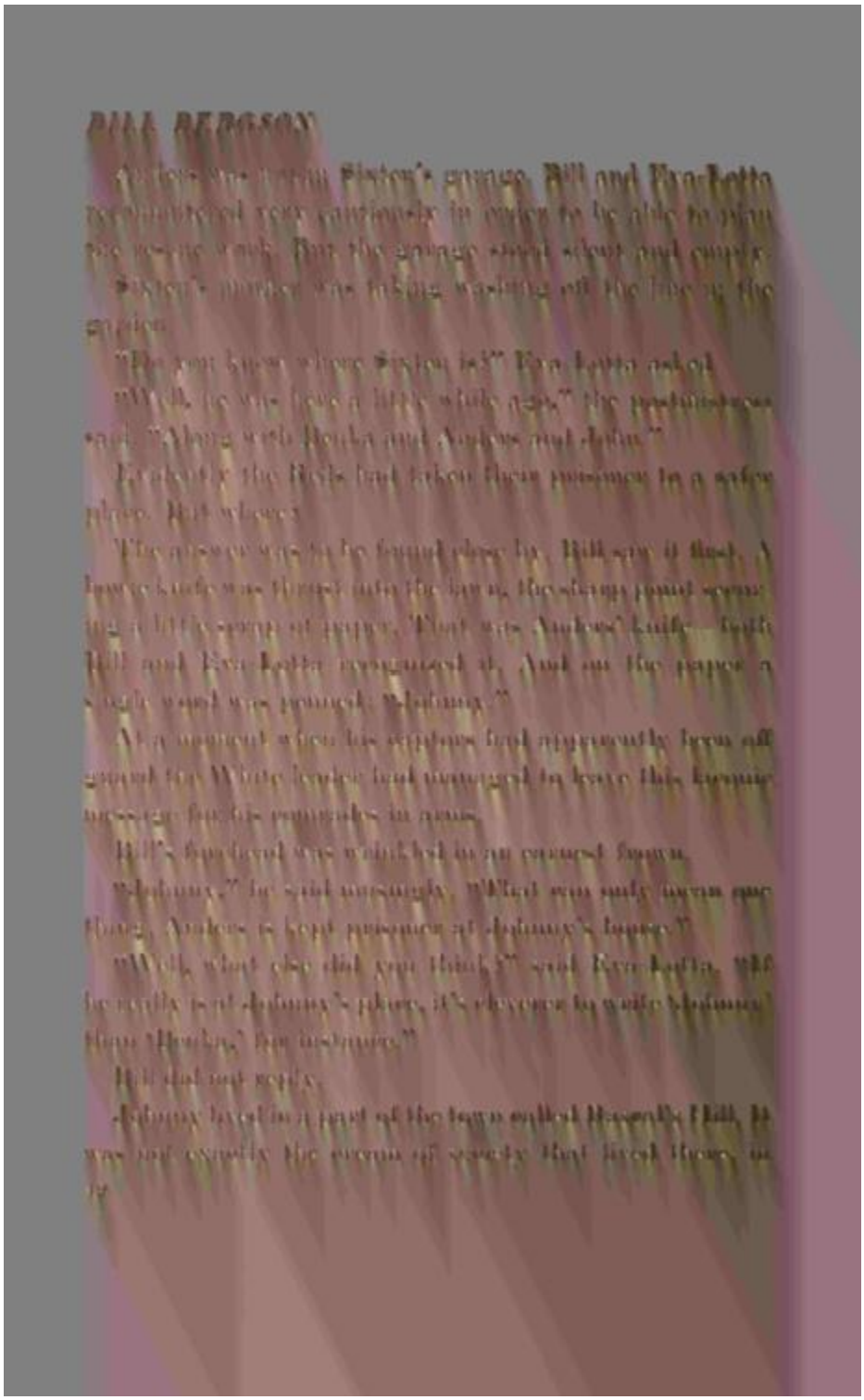
Scoundrels of the Red Rose!

You've [illegible] for [illegible] minutes and thirty seconds as [illegible], but now we are leaving it. Little [illegible], don't you know that the White Rose can pass through [illegible] walls!

Then carefully shut the window and secured the catch. Then they locked the door from the outside, leaving the key in the lock. Then leaving their parting message on the door handle.

"That'll give them something to think about! Window shut from the inside, door locked from the outside—how they're going to puzzle [illegible]!" said Eva-Lotta, quivering with delight.

"Nice spirit for the White Rose," Bill commented.



[illegible]

that's their problem at once, but on second thought they considered it wise to wait a little. It would be safe to show themselves to the Boss just now. It would seem to suppose Jimmy and Peter would send Hector on dummy tires to the Manor. Some other Hector on dummy would show them in consternation over Bill's and Eva Lotta's uncovered dummy. That thought brought sweet satisfaction. It would be a pity to spoil so fine an overcoat.

Bill and Eva Lotta decided to postpone the entire scheme, enterprise and adventure. For they knew full well that Andrew would be allowed to go home by cab, on his word of honor to return. And nothing would be more amusing for a young party than to arrive just at the moment when the person he is resented is walking off home by himself to eat his supper.

"And by the way," said Bill, "if you want to spy on somebody indoors, the best time to do it is when it's getting dark and people turn on their lights. Just before they pull down their blinds. Everybody knows that, everybody with the slightest knowledge of criminal technique."

"Jimmy has no blind," said Eva Lotta.

"Scratch the father," said Bill.

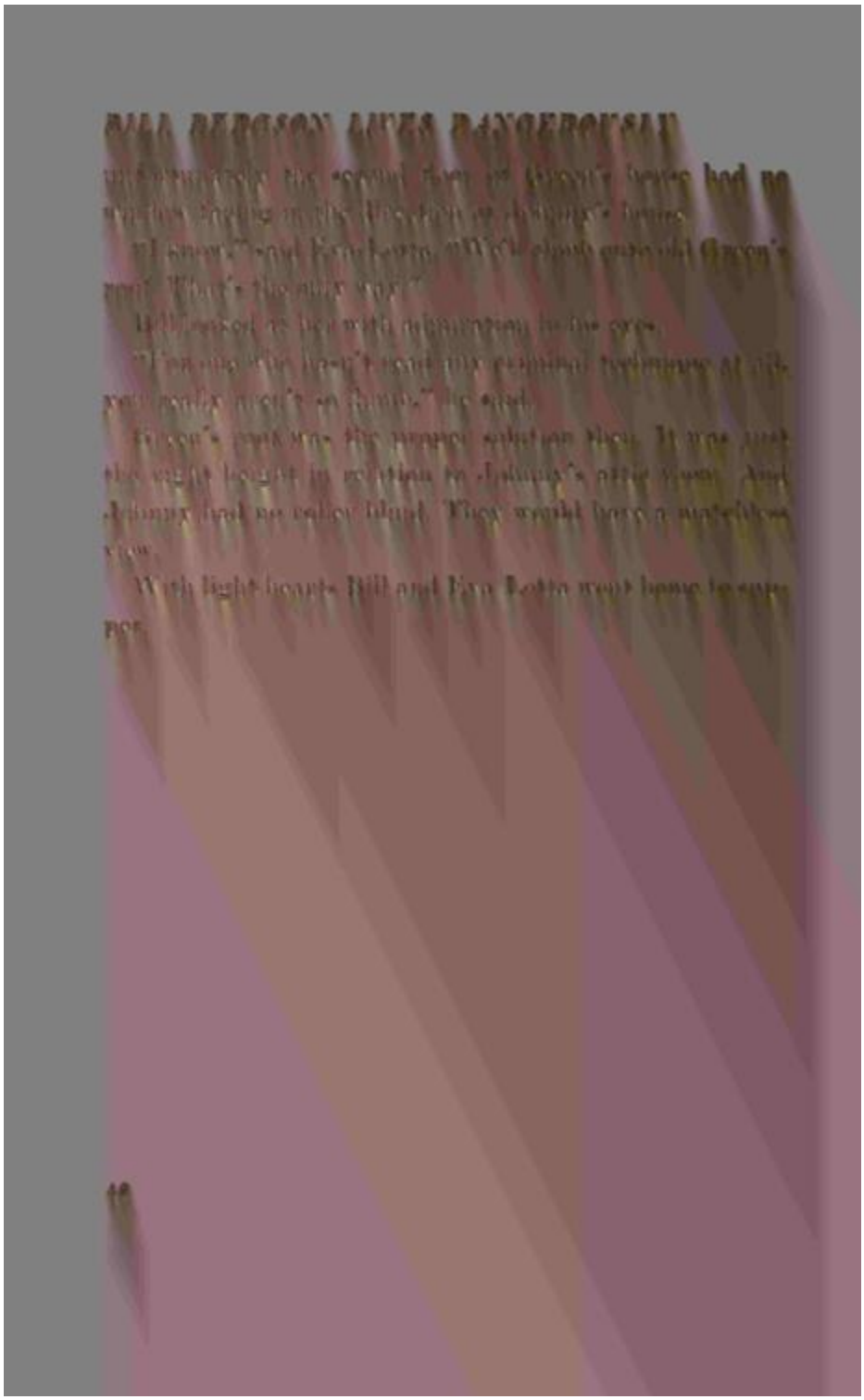
"But how are we going to spy through a window in the attic?" Eva Lotta wondered. "It's true Jim has keyed, but . . . ."

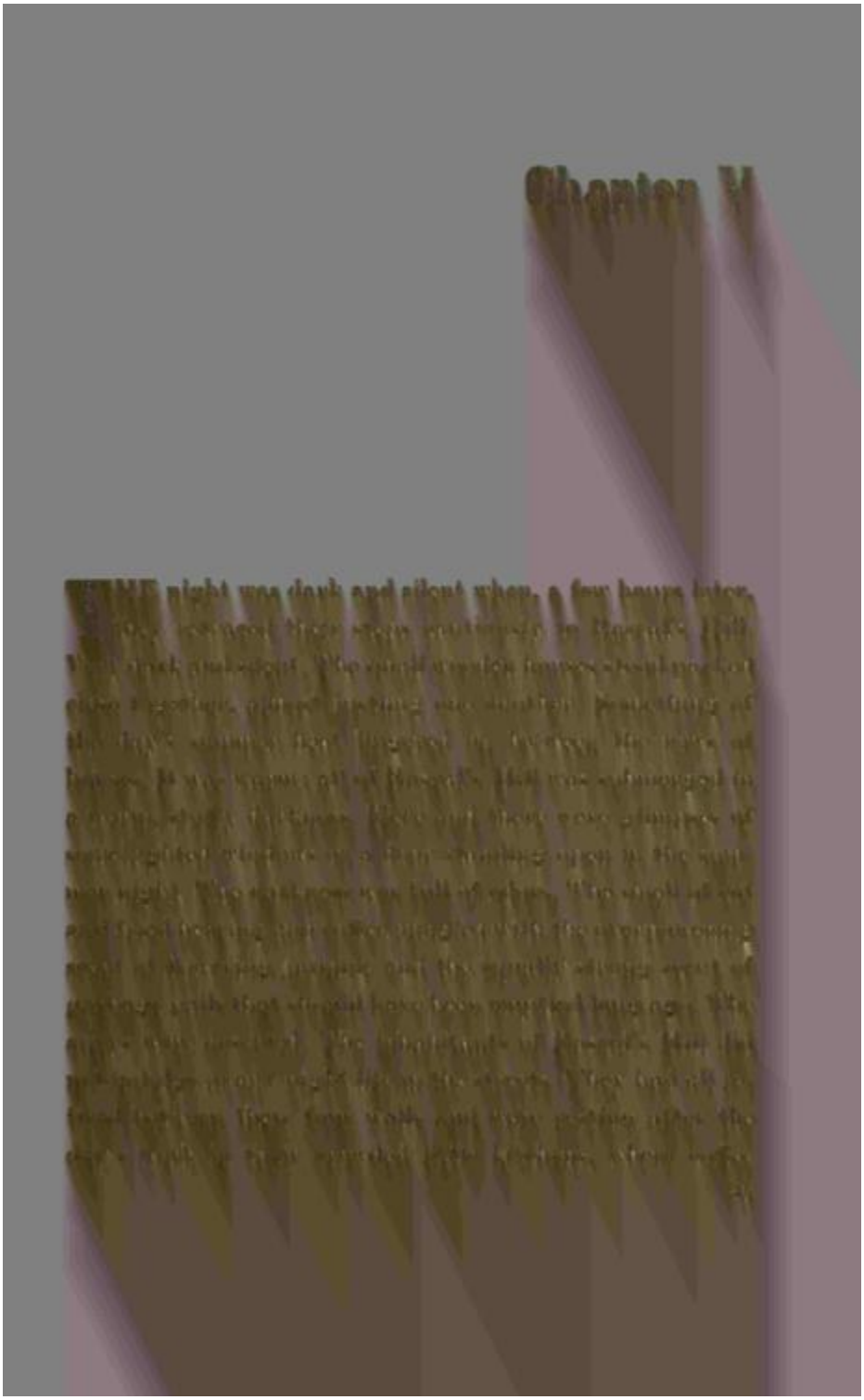
"I can see that you lawyers don't read anything about criminal technique," Bill said. "How do you suppose the criminal

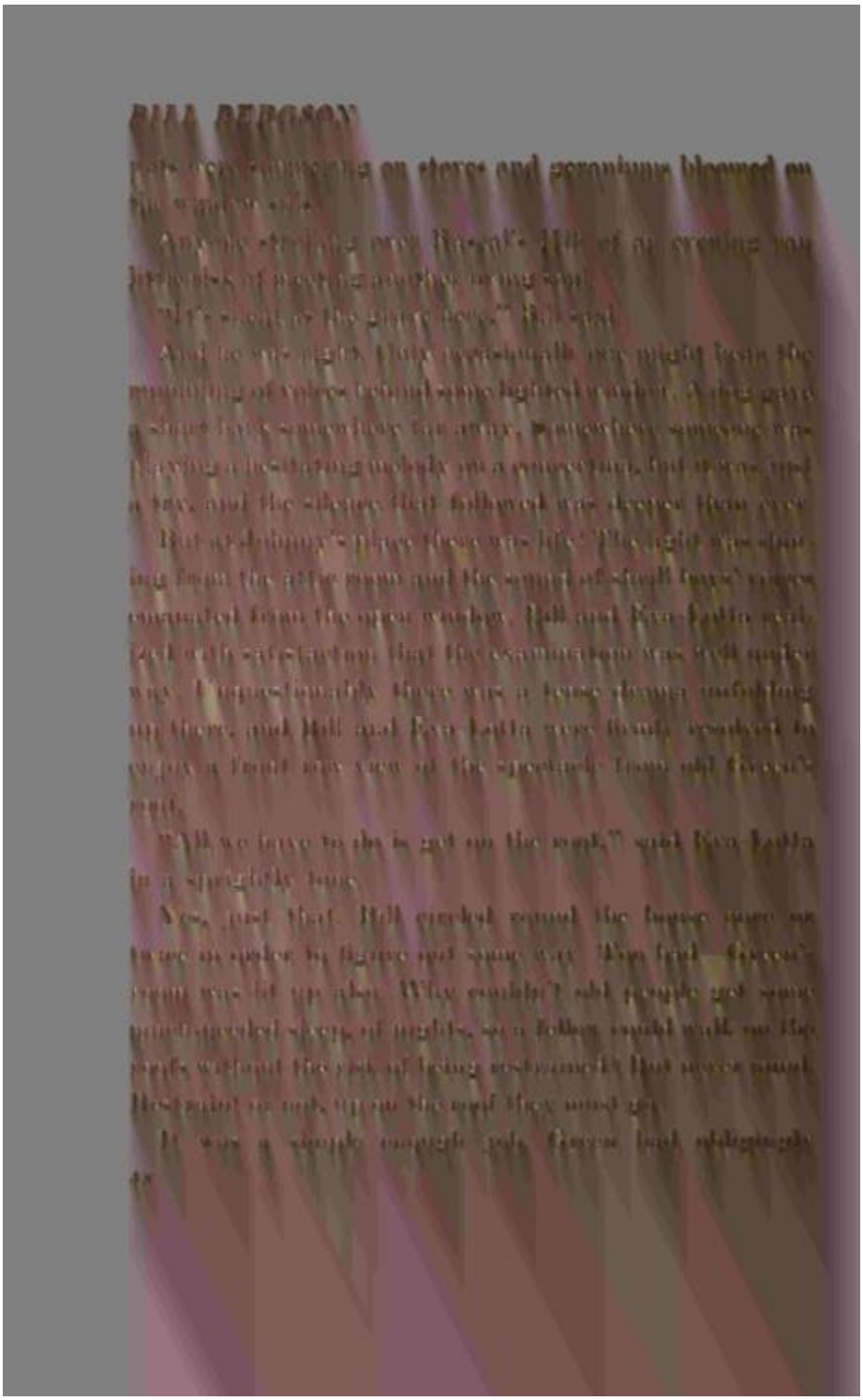
police in Stockholm handle such a situation? If they want to see what's going on in an apartment on the third floor, where there might be some scoundrels, they get access to an apartment on the other side of the street, if possible on the fourth floor, so they are a little higher up than the scoundrels. And then the cops stand there with their field glasses and look right in on the rascals, before they have pulled the blinds down."

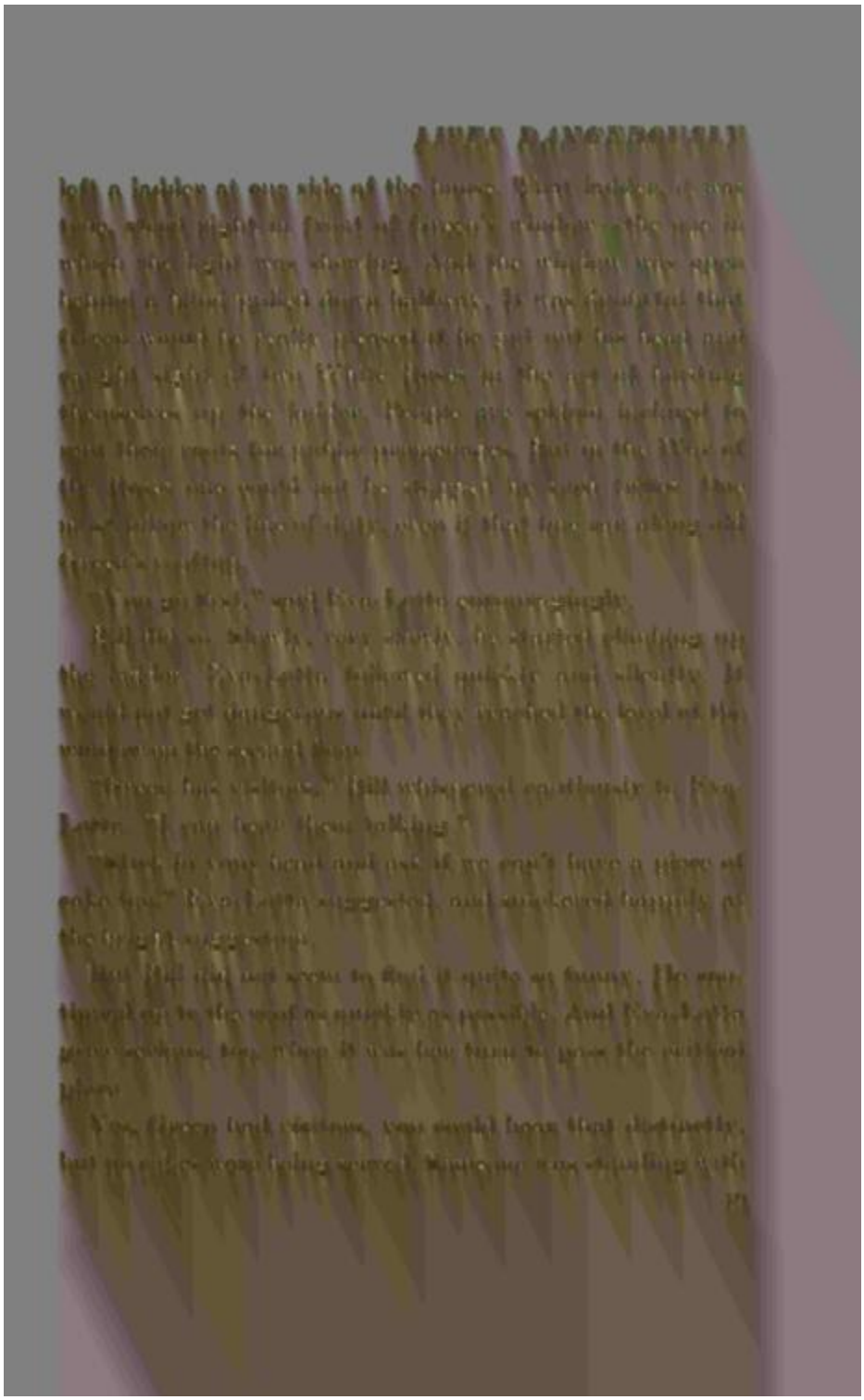
"If I were a rascal, I'd pull down the blind first and then turn on the lights," answered the practical Eva-Lotta. "Besides the point—what apartment did you think we could get access to in order to spy on Johnny?"

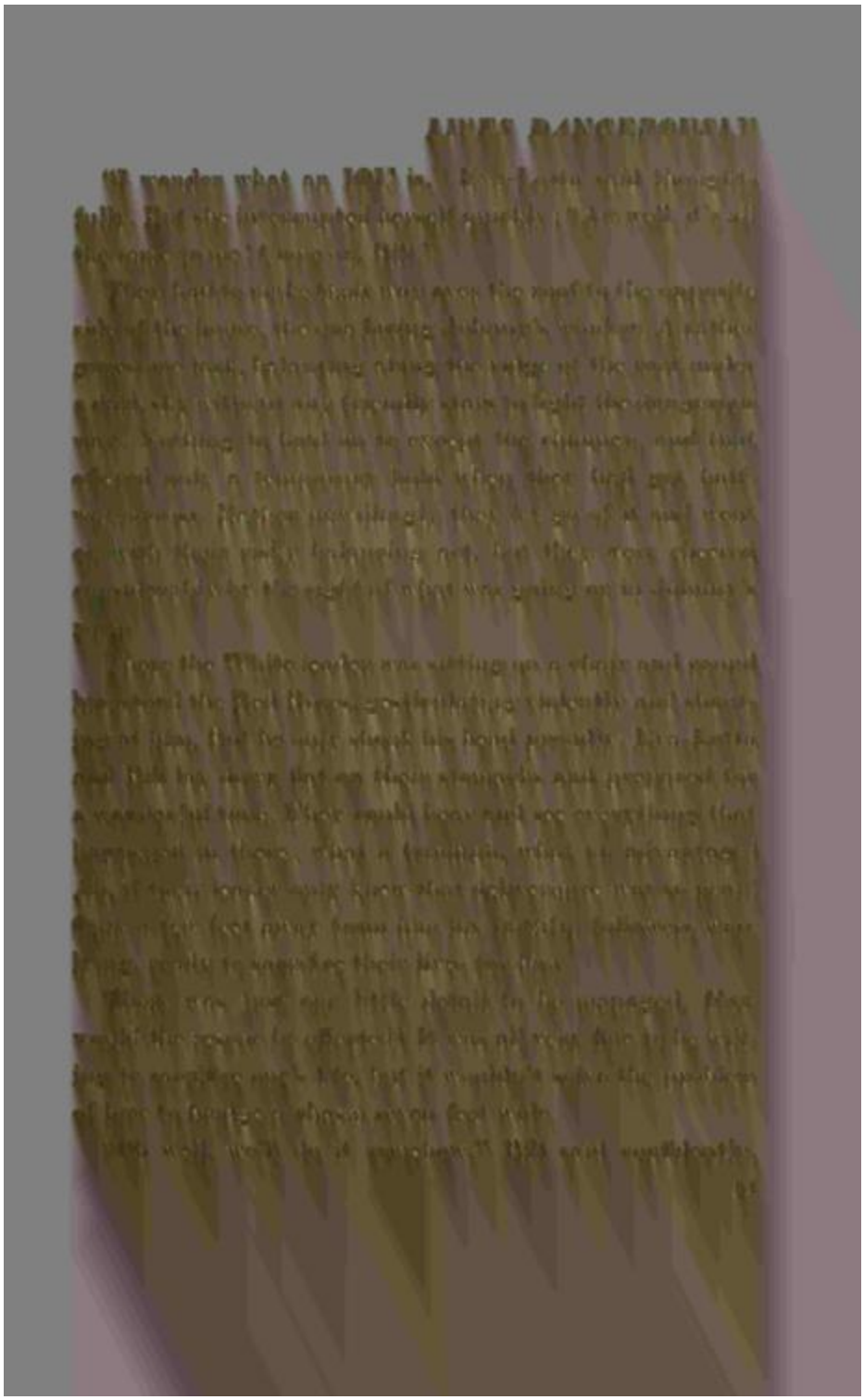
Bill had not thought about that. No doubt it was easier for the criminal police in Stockholm to gain access to apartments. They only had to show their police badges. It was not very probable that it would be quite so easy for Bill and Eva-Lotta. What was more, there was no house opposite Johnny's, for the creek flowed there. But there was a house close to one side of Johnny's. That was true enough. And that was Gren's house. An old house it was, two stories high. Gren's [illegible] shop was on the ground floor and he lived on the second floor. Would it be possible to "gain access" to Gren's attic, Bill wondered. Gren might [illegible] and [illegible] perhaps, and might have the use of a window in order to spy a little? Bill grinned [illegible]. [illegible] And there was another house to [illegible] Johnny's house and Gren's did stand side by side, but











moving forward as comfortable as was possible in the circumstances.

Dr. Anderson's room the examination proceeded.

"Historical home's your last chance to save your miserable life," Mickey was saying, while pulling Anderson's arm behind his back. "Where did you hide the Great Monster?"

"Do your worst!" Anderson replied. "Mickey's not over the White House hubbub the naughty bread over the Great Monster. You'll never find it, you can't for your sweet life on sight," he added a little less convincingly.

Hell and Eva Kettle, on their hitty lookout, nodded their silent approval, but Mickey, Hooks, and Johnny seemed disappointed overall.

"We'll have to look him up in the arrange accordight. Maybe that'll soften him," Mickey said.

"Hmmmm," said Anderson. "Like Hell and Eva Kettle, that Elvis certainly in just a few minutes, remaining to what I forget. Exactly what I'm going to do."

Hell gave the Red Bosses pause. It was a mysterious name. Hell and Eva Kettle had made their way out of their mysterious support. It could have been supernatural. But it would not do to look impressed in front of Anderson.

"Don't find yourself into thinking that you're an exception," Mickey said. "We'll be sure to look you up so you'll stay in there for good. But first I'd like to have a little chat that language of yours. I'll propose your reduced punishment if you talk to the system."

[illegible] and [illegible] the door in a desperate attempt to win [illegible]. But the attempt failed miserably. It took a few seconds for the rest of the Black Horse members to realize what happened. [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] to the door.

"Now, that's it, guys!" said Sixton, who's now on guard on all sides. "You'll be sorry when I want it, and you might be crippled. And remember, that's for [illegible]. By the way, where did you hide the Secret Mountain?"

"Where, where does you hidden the Secret Mountain?" Johnny echoed in imitating Andrew in the cube. Andrew gasped and [illegible] like a [illegible]. For he was very terrible. When Sixton saw this, a [illegible] smile appeared on his face. He was a knight of the Black Horse and did not believe his enemies. But was it [illegible] to tackle them?

Experimentally, he picked a playful finger into the pit of Andrew's stomach. The result exceeded all expectations. Andrew squealed like a [illegible] and almost doubled up.

Now the Black were getting lively. As one man they fell upon their victim. And the poor White looked [illegible], squealed, and [illegible] with laughter.

"Where did you hide the Secret Mountain?" Sixton [illegible], [illegible] his fingers above Andrew's side.

"W[illegible]" Andrew gasped.

"Where did you hide the Secret Mountain?" said Henkin, and tickled him relentlessly on the sole of his foot.

New paroxysms of laughter met this reply.

"Where did you hide the [illegible]?" [illegible] and jabbed an insulting finger into the back of the young man's knee.

"I . . . gave . . . up," Anders quavered. "But on the [illegible] . . . a little out behind the [illegible] . . . follow that garden [illegible] . . ."

"Well, just when they'd [illegible]" Sixten [illegible] his fingers [illegible].

But there was no "When." Something absolutely unforeseen happened. A sharp crack was heard, and a second later Johnny's chamber was plunged into pitch darkness. The poor little light bulb, suspended from the ceiling, the only source of illumination in the room, had been shattered into a thousand pieces.

The White leader was as puzzled as the Reds. But he grasped the meaning of what [illegible] quickly. Under cover of darkness he slid like an eel to the door and disappeared into the summer night. He was free.

Up on the roof Bill thoughtfully put his sling shot back into his pocket.

"I'll take some money out of my savings box and buy Johnny a new lamp bulb," he said ruefully.

Destroying the property of others was something a knight of the White Rose would not permit himself, and but it was self-evident that he would have to make good the loss.

"[illegible] it was absolutely necessary," he said to [illegible].

[illegible] accent.

"It was absolutely necessary," she said. "Miss Lonsdale was [illegible]. And the Great Minister too. It was really necessary."

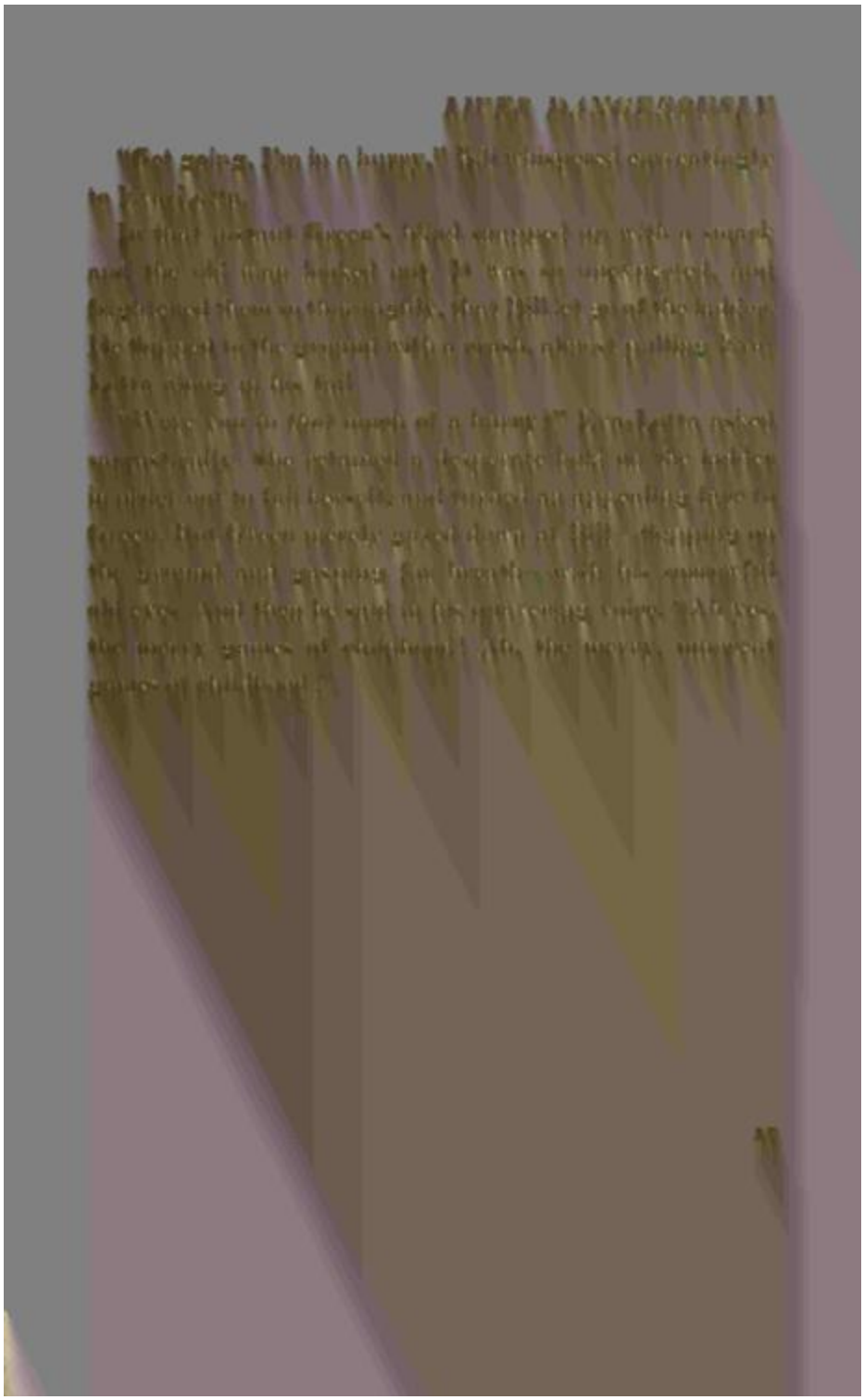
In February's moon they had seen and told of a thunderlight. In the instantly light the Birds showed with indignations that their pressure had that.

"Who's gone?" Miss Christch, shrinking to the window, "Where did they have that we built to power?"

He did not need to ask to see. The summer were shrinking on the opposite roof. Two black silhouettes, now working swiftly for a quick interest. They had just turned. Looking where they had been that in were here.

Now they were shrinking over the roof of Lucas's, spread. It was a symptom of something the ground settle before the Birds had time to interrupt them. Instantaneously they were shown the roofs of the roof in the shadows, moving with all the same logical behaviour that shining summer looking were [illegible].

They avoided the broken and lumps in which shone in front of [illegible]. Four battle that, Bill might affect him. They had an Hundred of Crown now; they Hundred only of the Birds Tower's window wondered. The summer suddenly had [illegible].

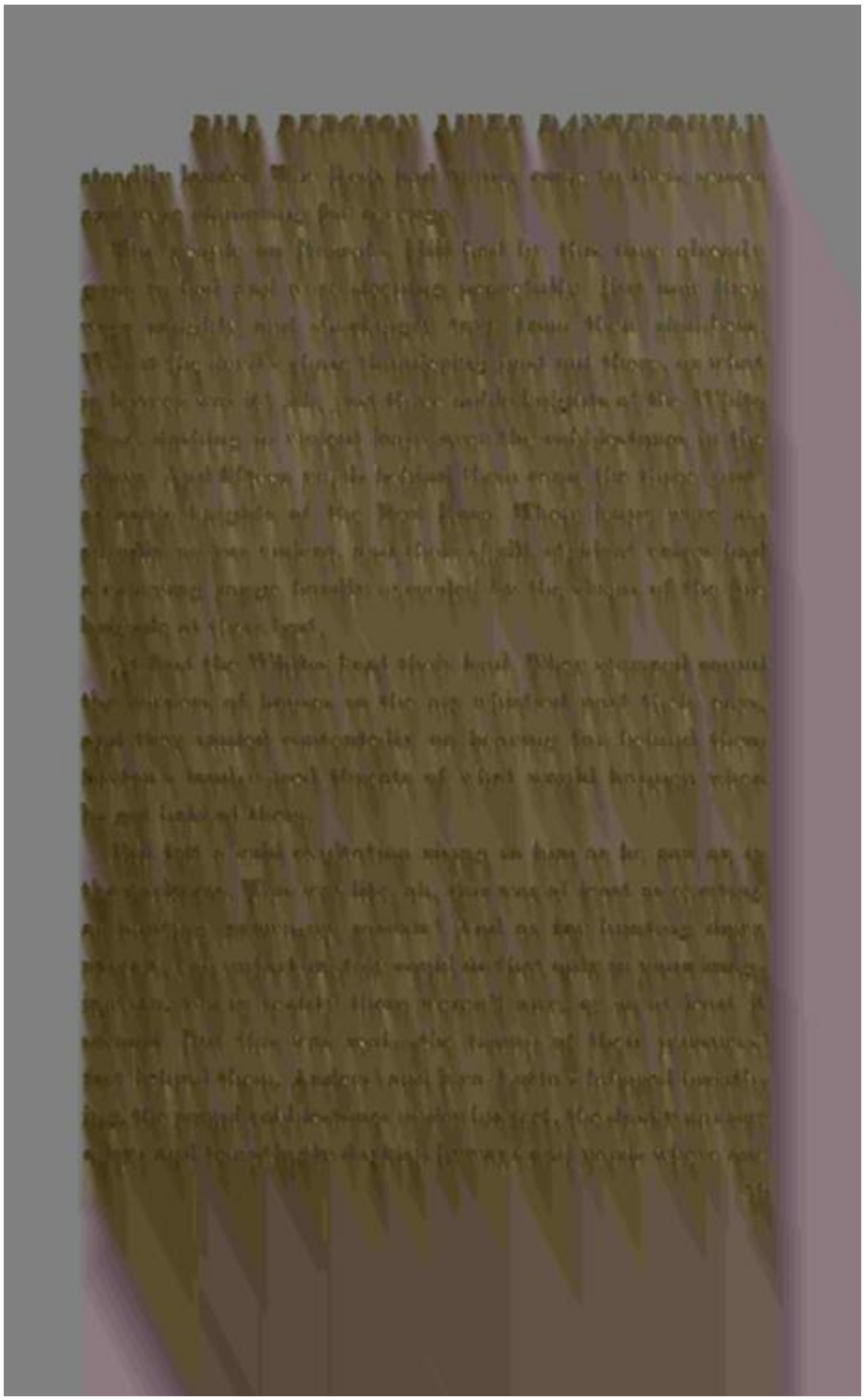


Chapter VI

EVA-LOTTA and Bill had no time to explain to Green at great length why they were sitting on his ladder, and Green did not seem to find anything remarkable or unnatural in it. Evidently he considered that the nocturnal games of childhood occasionally involved standing ladders at odd places in the neighbourhood. Eva-Lotta and Bill took a hasty leave and set off as fast as they could, but Green did not seem to pay any attention. He only sighed quietly to himself and pulled down the roller blind.

In the dark garden behind Green's house the three knights of the White Rose were reunited. They clasped one another's hands and the leader said, "Well done, ye braves."

But then they resumed their flight at once. Away in the far end of the alley they could hear a voice that was growing



hunting a poor little white rabbit," she added, suddenly [illegible]

It was some time before the [illegible] realized that some of their [illegible] had [illegible] them, and by that time it was too late to turn around. The only thing they could do was to go on climbing [illegible]. And no one could say that they did not do their best. [illegible] was like one [illegible], and while running he [illegible] a [illegible] that [illegible] than [illegible] would [illegible] a [illegible] sign of [illegible] and [illegible]. He did not [illegible] as [illegible] he would manage to make a [illegible] on [illegible] face. He [illegible].

That was what [illegible] was doing [illegible] the others all over [illegible] Hill in the most [illegible]. He never [illegible] enough of a lead to be able to shake off his [illegible], and perhaps he did not want that either. [illegible] on his heels, and all the time he delighted in keeping them so close that he seemed in danger.

All was [illegible], but suddenly he [illegible] in the [illegible] the sound of a [illegible] engine starting up somewhere [illegible]. That [illegible] him, for [illegible] a [illegible] on [illegible] Hill. [illegible] and if he had not had a [illegible] at his heels, it is quite [illegible] that he might have tried to get a glimpse of that [illegible]. [illegible] he had often [illegible] the [illegible]

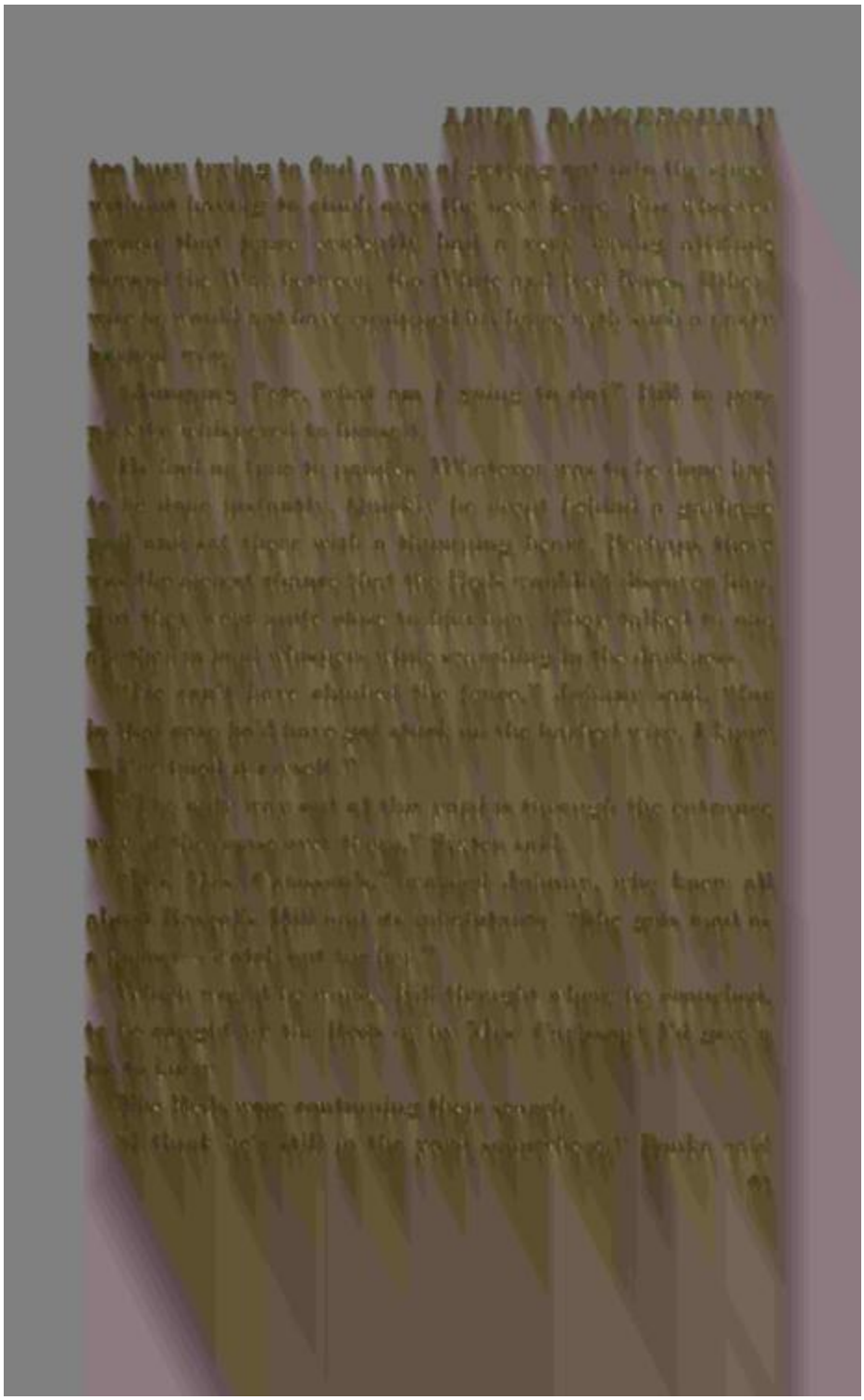
of turn. But now the **Master Detective was blindfolded for**

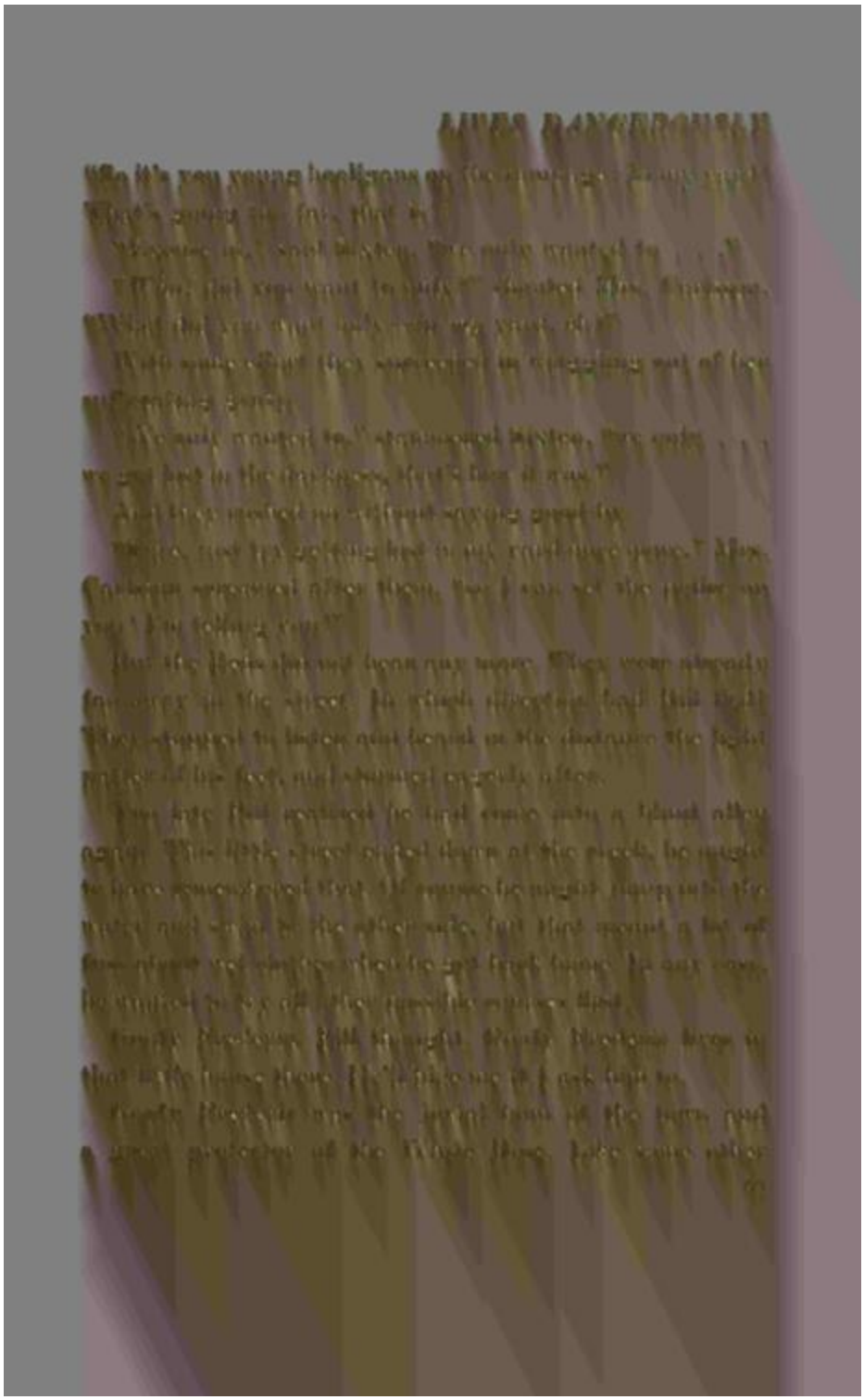
[illegible]

Sister began to grow impatient. He urged Johnny, who held the cylinder except for the handcuffed wrists, to try to intercept Bill at a suitable moment and drive him back into Sister's experiment room. And that suitable moment finally arrived. There was a shoulder at one place, and Johnny took the chance of Bill's turning in just that direction. Time it came about and Bill suddenly found himself face to face with Johnny, who emerged from nothingness right in front of him. Bill did not stop. He skewered not although a fourth thought, for even if he succeeded, it would take enough precious seconds for gave Sister and Brother enough chasing in. Yes, the thing to do was to pose yourself and be running. He was caught between two fires and he had to decide quickly what to do.

"Now Hon," Sister shouted boisterously. "Now you'll get what's coming to you in a new sweet way, we should *stand Hon!*"

"What's what *you* think?" Bill shouted back, and at the last moment he swerved over the fence edging. He stared on one side. He found himself in a dark creek, and he dashed right across it with the speed of a cracked out. The Brothers lined up for books, he would have the Hunger on they jumped over the fence. But he did not stop to listen. He was up.





immediately to Fredrik, who had gone a little astray; he lived on [illegible] Hill and evidently he was not asleep as yet, for a light was shining from his window. A car was standing at [illegible]. [illegible] the number of cars that were out on [illegible] Hill [illegible] Could that be the one he had heard, Bill wondered.

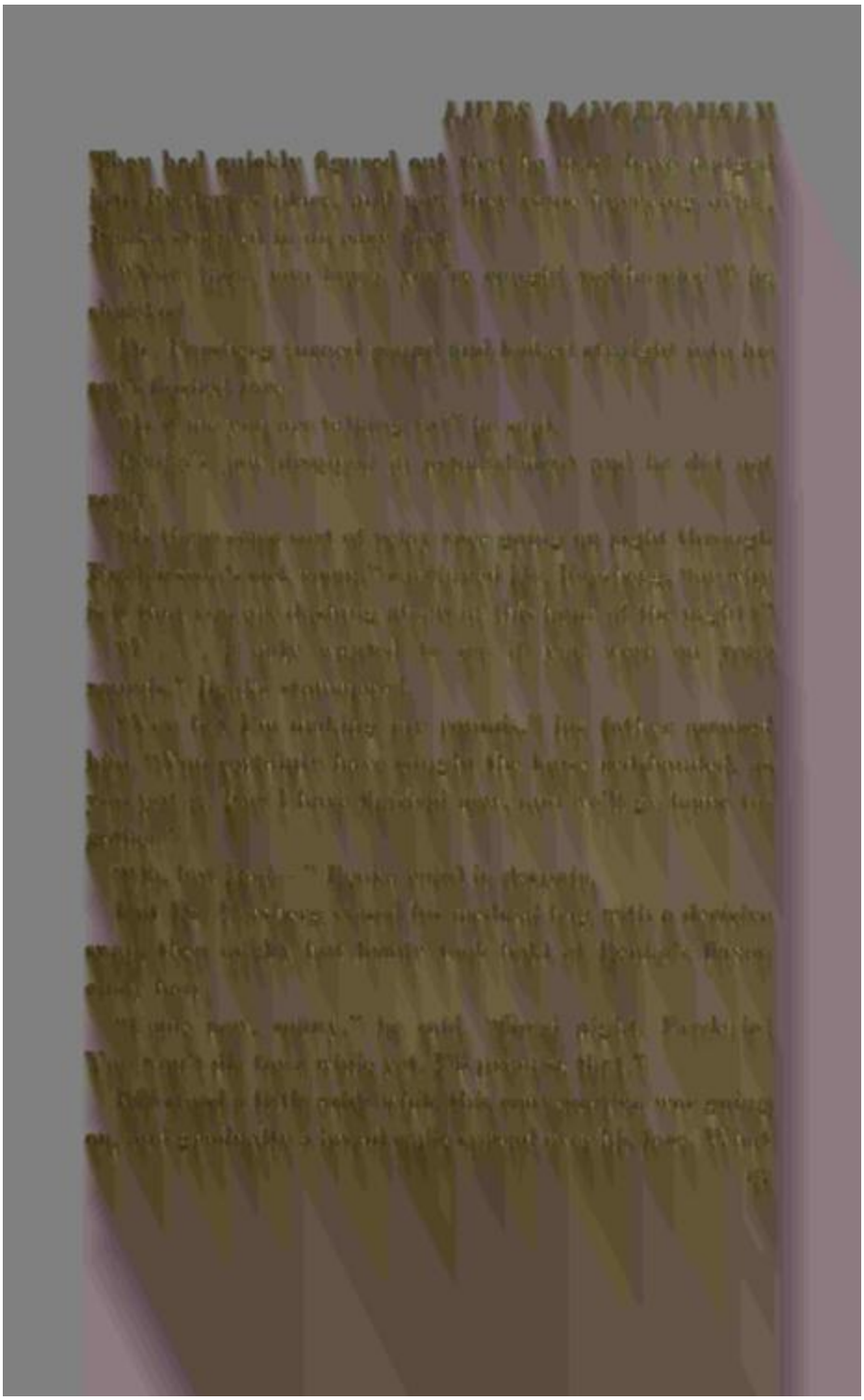
But he had no time to wonder much longer, for he heard the [illegible] come galloping down the street. Without further reflection he quickly knocked upon Fredrik's door and opened it.

"Hi, Fredrik," he began hurriedly, but checked himself abruptly. For Fredrik was not alone. Fredrik was lying in bed, and at his side Dr. Forsberg was sitting, taking his pulse. And Dr. Forsberg, the town physician, was no less a person than Sixten's father.

"Hello, Bill," Fredrik said feebly. "[illegible] if I'm not down on my back, sick and wretched as can be. [illegible] be dying soon. You ought to hear the rumblings in my stomach."

Under any other circumstances Bill would have taken great pleasure in hearing the rumblings in Fredrik's stomach, but not just now. Dr. Forsberg seemed to be slightly irritated by the interruption, and Bill understood that he wanted to be alone with Fredrik while examining him. There was nothing else to do but once more face the perils of the street.

Bill had underestimated the intelligence of the Reds.



a conspiracy for Benka, what a colossal conspiracy! To run and scare the wits out of his father. To be taken home by the [illegible] like any [illegible] just when he was going to put his hands on Bill. "I'm ever so sorry"—Benka would have to say those things many times during the War of the Roses. No more would need to be said.

And Benka, being personally led to the door by his father's strong arm, realized this in the fullest capacity. He decided then and there to write a letter to the editor of the news paper. "Are parents necessary?" Of course he liked both his father and mother very much, but the incredible precision with which parents made their appearance at the most inopportune moments could drive even the most patient child to desperation.

Sixten and Johnny waited breathlessly in the street outside, and Benka managed to whisper to them, "He's in there."

Then Benka was escorted to the waiting car—why, oh why, had he not seen it before?—and Sixten's and Johnny's eyes followed him with infinite pity.

"Poor kid," Johnny said with a deep sigh.

But then there was no more time for sighs and sympathy. Fivefold war to the White Rose that was still mocking them! Bill was going to be caught, and very soon.

Sixten and Johnny rushed in to [illegible]. But no Bill was to be seen there.

"Hello, Sixten, and you, little Johnny," [illegible] said

in a tired voice. "You ought to hear the rumblings in my stomach. [illegible] otherwise."

"[illegible] you [illegible] Bill," [illegible] interrupted.

"[illegible] he [illegible] while ago. He jumped out the window," said [illegible], smiling [illegible].

So that was it — [illegible] grumbled but jumped through the window! [illegible] windows were open, both of them, for [illegible] had thought that no [illegible] was needed. And the [illegible] curtains, which had been white at one time, were fluttering in the evening breeze.

"Come on!" Johnny cried. "After him! It's a matter of seconds."

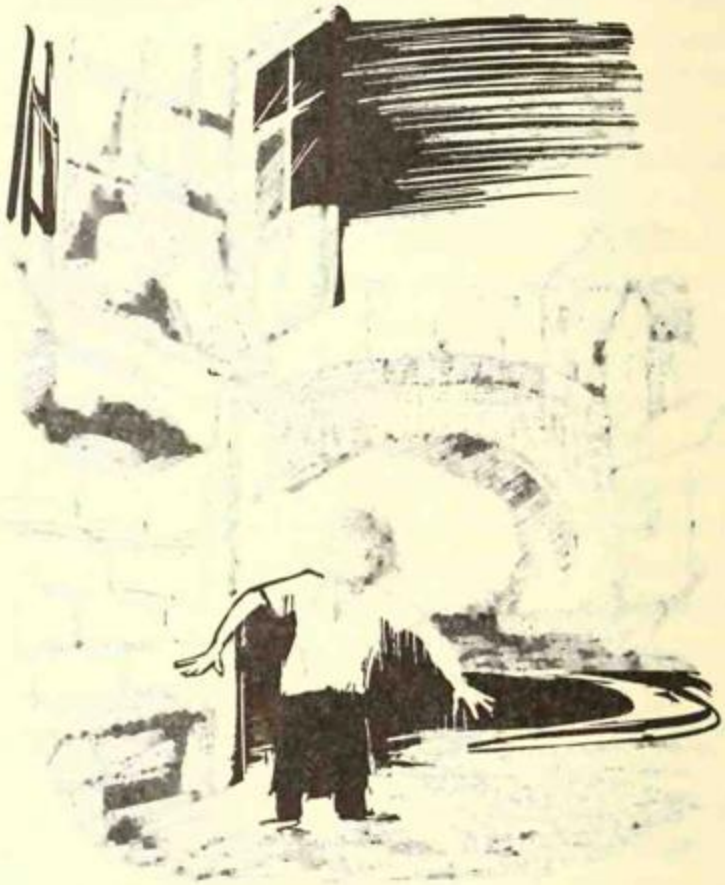
And he heaved himself [illegible] out of the window. It was, as he had said, a matter of seconds. Immediately afterward a big splash and a loud cry [illegible]. [illegible] Johnny, [illegible] Bill, had scarcely [illegible] that [illegible] was right beside the [illegible].

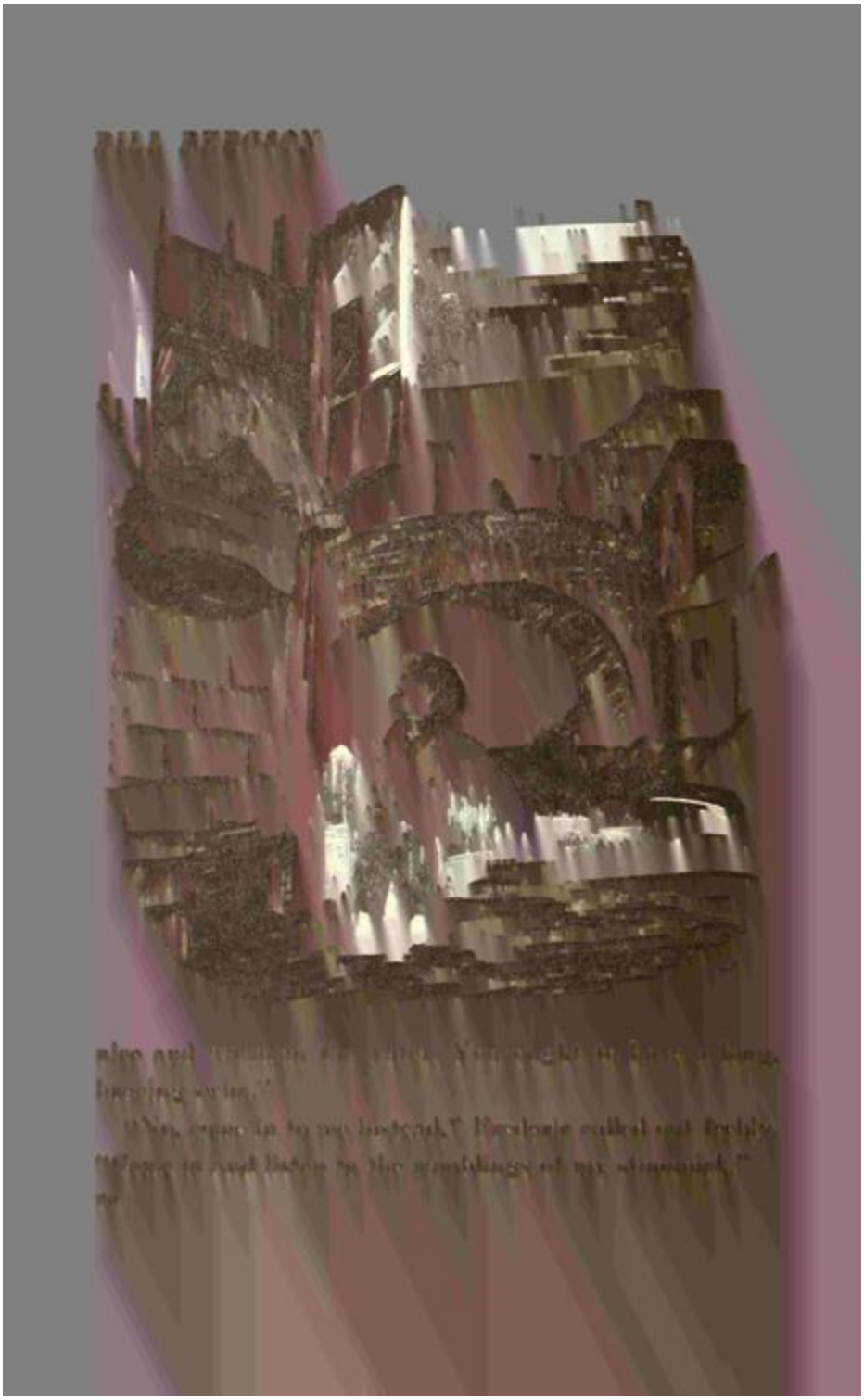
"You can come out now, Bill," [illegible] said weakly. "[illegible] to the rumblings in my stomach."

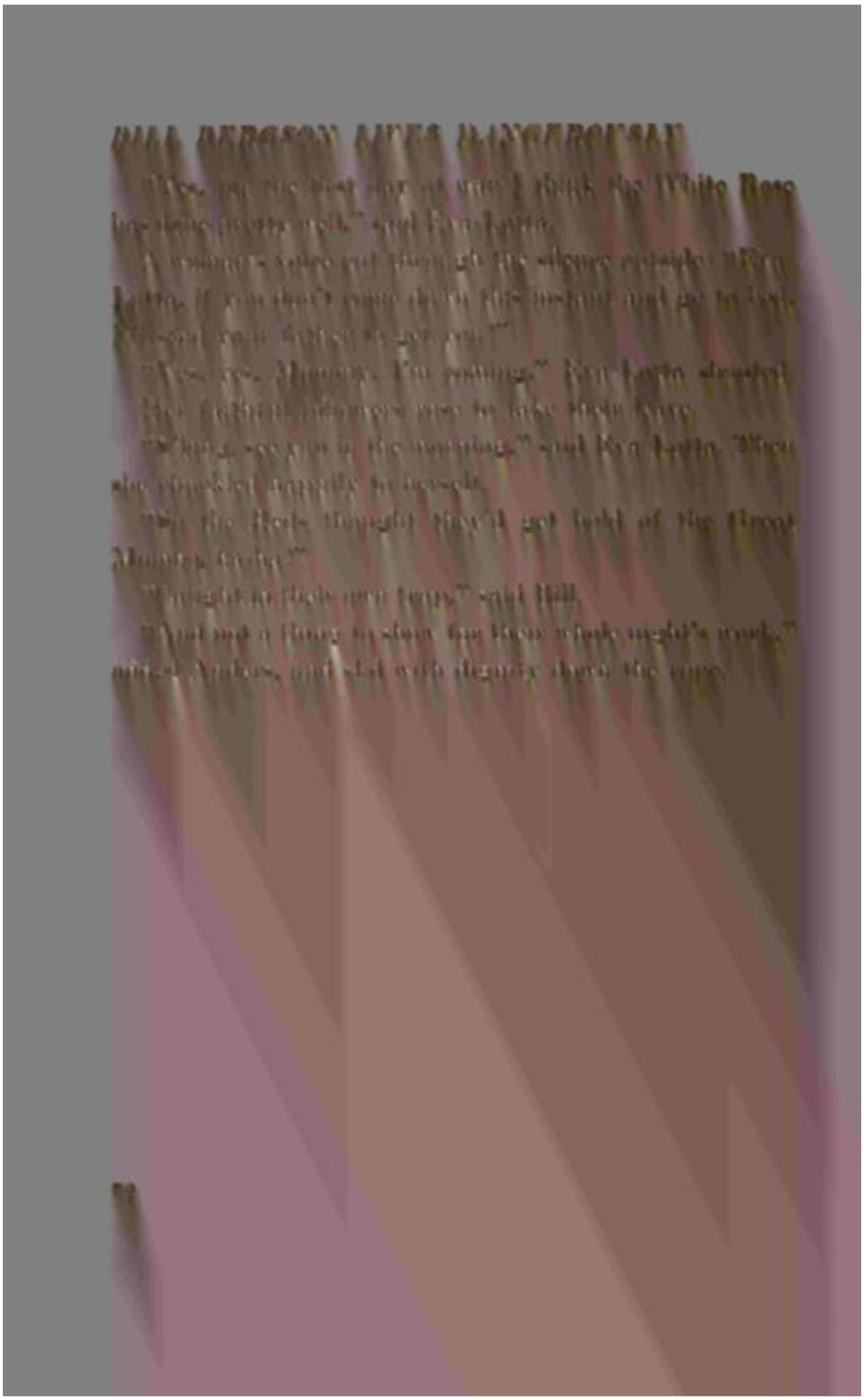
So Bill climbed out of the closet, [illegible] with delight. He ran to the window and [illegible] out.

"[illegible]" he shouted. "[illegible] shall I get you a [illegible]?"

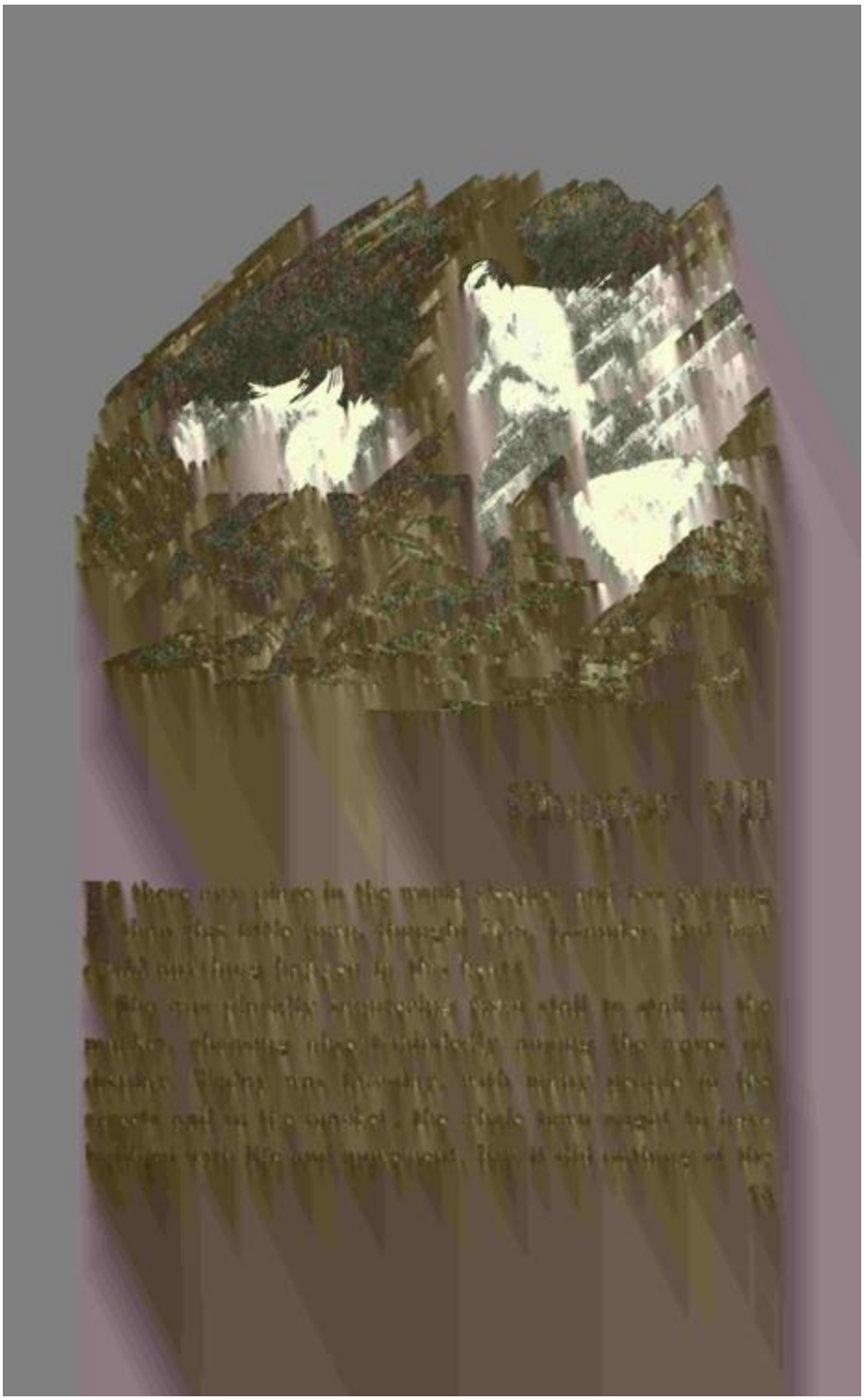
"[illegible] in your [illegible] head, [illegible] would [illegible] on [illegible]," [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] voice into Bill's [illegible] face. Bill [illegible] a [illegible] of the water and [illegible]







Chapter VII



kind. It dragged along in the usual way. The water in the small fountain in front of the grandstand murmured quietly and sleepily out of the jaws of the bronze lions, and the bronze lions were looking sleepy too. The music in the park down by the creek was playing quietly and sleepily, some sort of pastoral waltz in the middle of the morning. The sparrows picking at cake crumbs between the tables occasionally took a few lazy hops, but truth to tell they looked just as sleepy as everything else.

Sleepy, the whole lot of them, Mrs. Lieander thought.

People scarcely had the energy to move about. They were standing in little groups talking listlessly, and when they had to walk a few steps, they did so slowly and unwillingly. No doubt it was the heat.

It really was warm on this last Wednesday in July. Mrs. Lieander would always remember that day as one of the hottest she ever had experienced. The whole month had been unusually dry and hot, and it seemed as if July were determined to beat its own record on just this day, before its time was up.

"Looks as if there's going to be a storm," people said to one another. And many of the country folk who had come to town with baskets and packages decided to travel home earlier than usual in order not to risk being caught by the storm.

Mrs. Lieander bought the last remaining whiteheart cherries from a peasant who was in a hurry to start for

here. She thrust the bag into

[illegible]

[illegible] continued on her way across the square, leaving a trail of [illegible] behind her.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

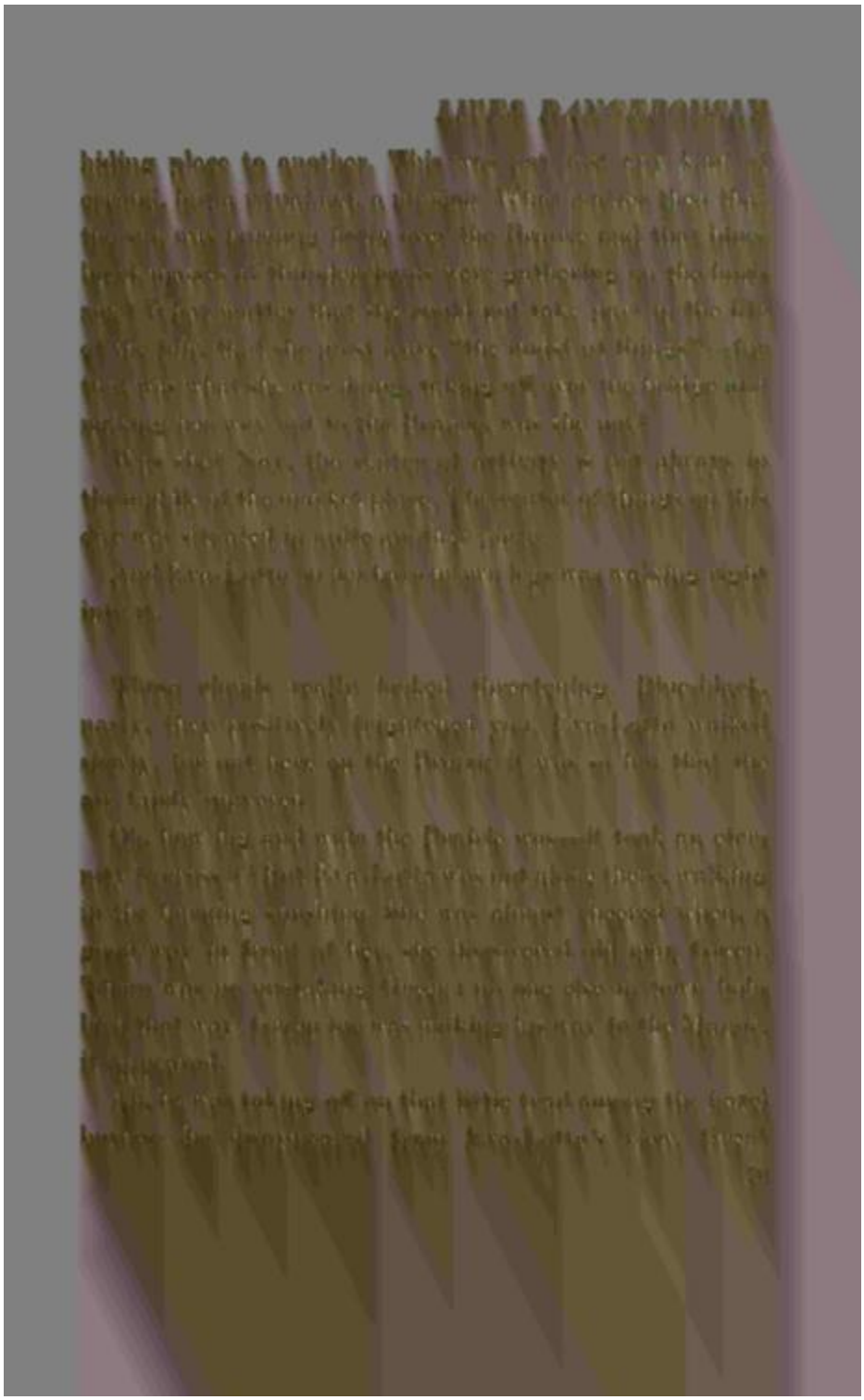
revealed where the Great Mumrik was hidden. And one could be very sure that the Reds had done nothing more than half [illegible] every square inch of the ground that lay along the [illegible] path behind the Mayor's. The [illegible] signs of [illegible] had been found from them as yet, [illegible] that the Great Mumrik [illegible] where the White Roses had placed him [illegible] a big oak [illegible] the path. It was, perfectly visible, in a little crevice of the [illegible]. It really was [illegible] easy to find, provided [illegible]. It was only a question of time until the Reds would put their paws on the precious treasure.

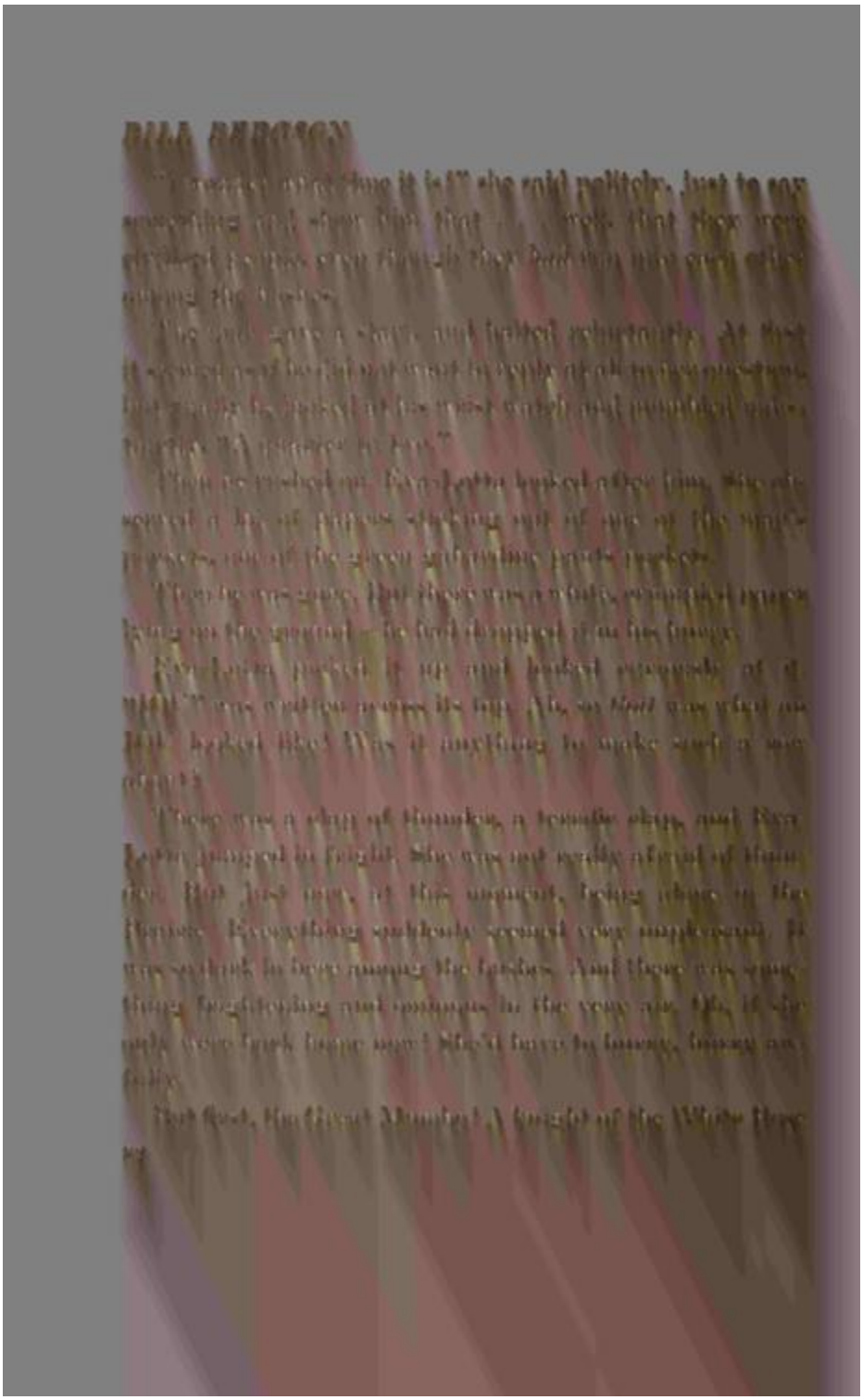
But today, being the day you could be sure that Sixten and Benka and Jonte would be hanging around the [illegible] and the [illegible] galleries of the [illegible] behind the [illegible]. Therefore, Eva-Lotta had her chance to move the Great Mumrik from his present safe hiding place without undue interference. [illegible] had also decided upon the new hiding place of the treasure in the [illegible] for the purpose [illegible] that Eva-Lotta had to [illegible] all the way over the [illegible] first, then back [illegible] through the whole town, and after that climb the [illegible] to the [illegible], which lay on a considerable height above the town [illegible] the opposite direction from the Mayor's. You really had to be a [illegible] Knight of the White Rose to submit to such torture without grumbling. But Eva-Lotta was devoted. It ought

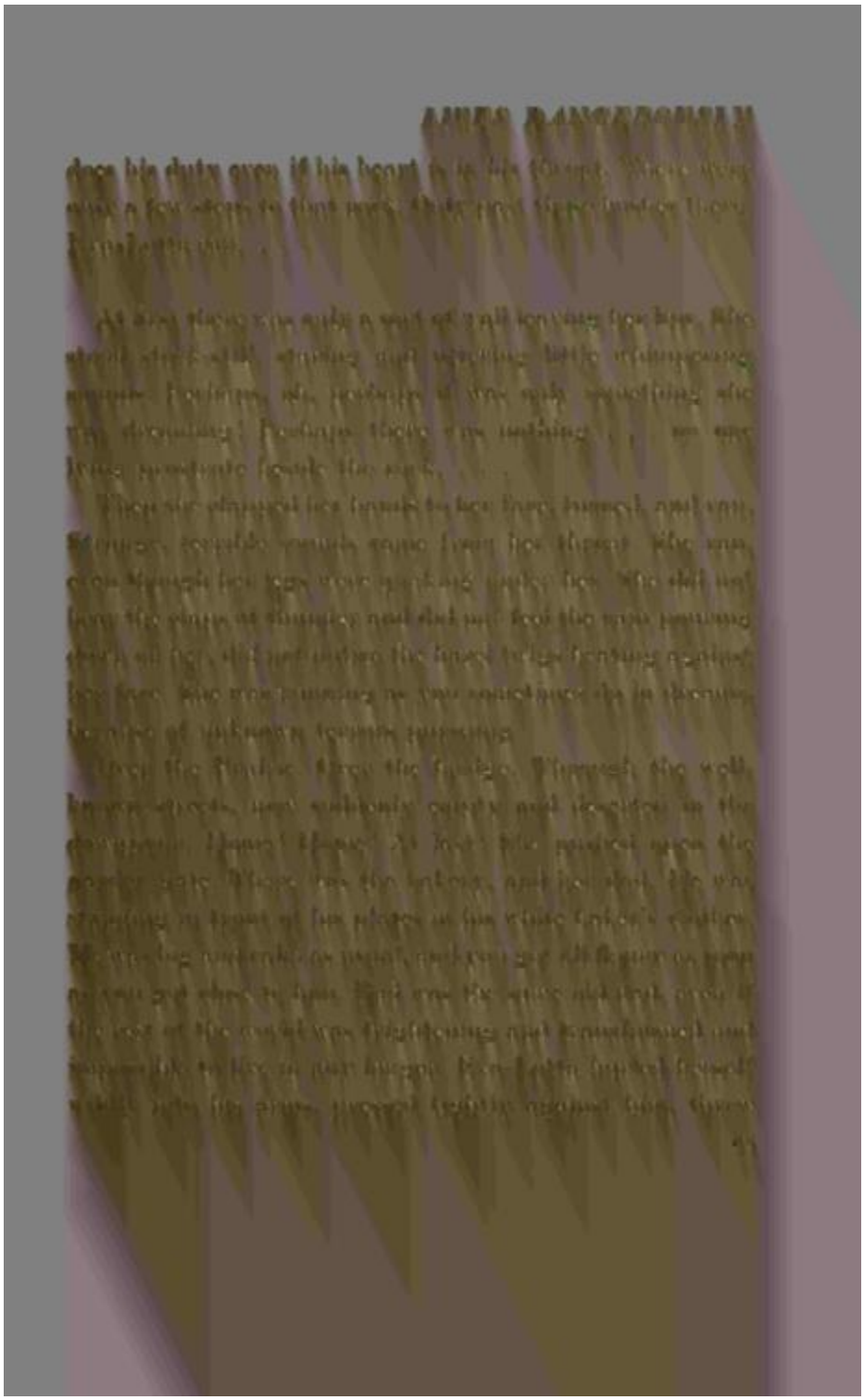
[illegible] sufficient for her to get the Great Mandrake out simply and [illegible] own pocket, at least until the weather had grown a little cooler. But if you thought that, it just showed that you didn't know a blessed thing about Great Mandrake and you may have got also Great and Wonderful Hopes.

Why had Bill Perkson been selected for this mission? Could the leader not have sent Bill? No, for on present, [illegible] but Bill to work on external law and order, assistant to the grocery shop on this hazy day when the humans were wanting to have to spontaneous Bright shows of [illegible] and order and will forming. Could not the leader have gone himself, then? No, for the leader had to look after his father's shop, [illegible]. If that had not [illegible] to work on hazy days and other days of comparative importance, the [illegible] to look after [illegible] and mechanical? But he could not shut up shop just because of that. Some customers might come to have some shoes, and someone might come to find an [illegible] even though it was hazy day. Therefore he summoned [illegible] that he would pummel his [illegible] blue and yellow if he dared to absent himself from the shop for an [illegible] for minutes.

Mr Ron Lotto, chemical knight of the White Hero, was the [illegible] for this mission, the secret and [illegible] spell of transforming the secret Great Mandrake from one [illegible]



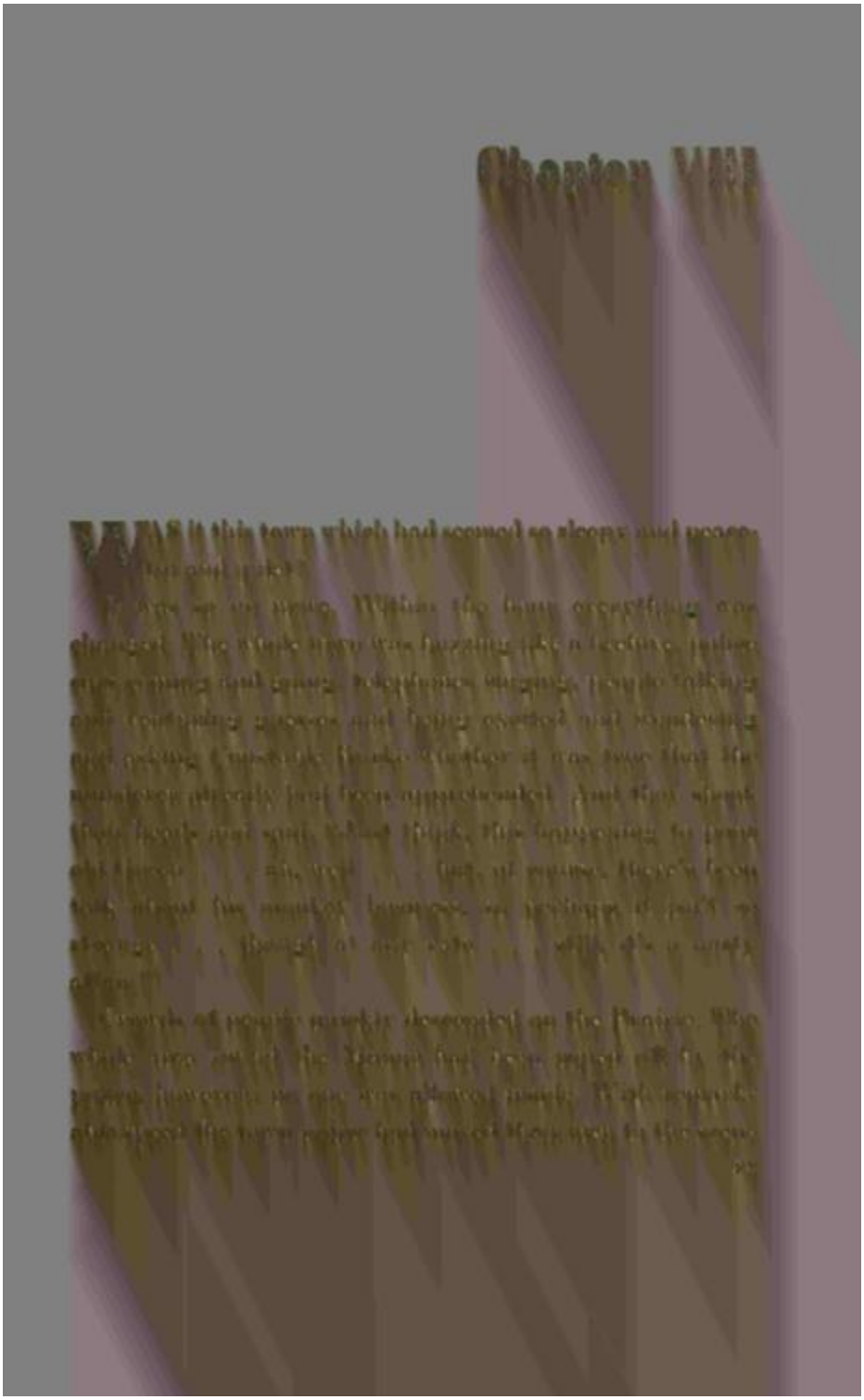


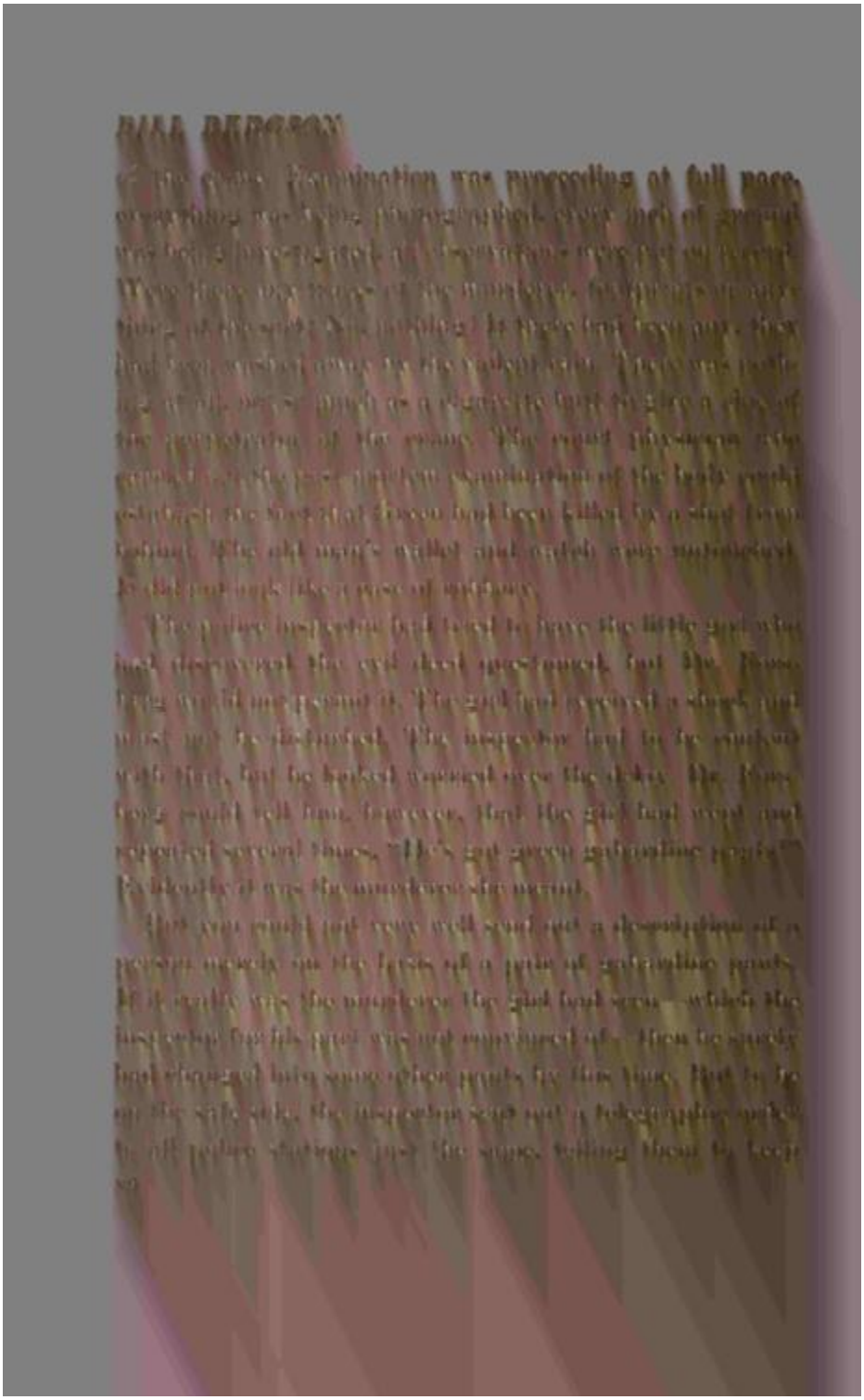


her arms around his neck very hard, burrowed her tear-drenched face in his shoulder, and wailed weakly, "Dad! Help! Old Green . . ."

"My darling child, what is the matter with old Green?"

And in a still weaker voice, still more tremulously, "He's lying dead out there in the Prairie."





BILL BERGSON

[illegible] **role part in the War of the Roses, for** [illegible] of the Roses that she'd [illegible] that she would not think [illegible] ever.

No, [illegible] she would never play again. Never again. She just didn't [illegible] anything she going to be [illegible]

Tears came to her eyes again, and she stared her mother's [illegible]

"Mother, I feel sick," she whispered, and started to cry. "I feel as if I were almost fifteen years old!"

Then she felt relieved. But before dropping off into [illegible] fitful slumber, she wondered what Bill was thinking about just now. Bill, who had handled numerous all these scenes. What was he doing, now that he had really saw [illegible]

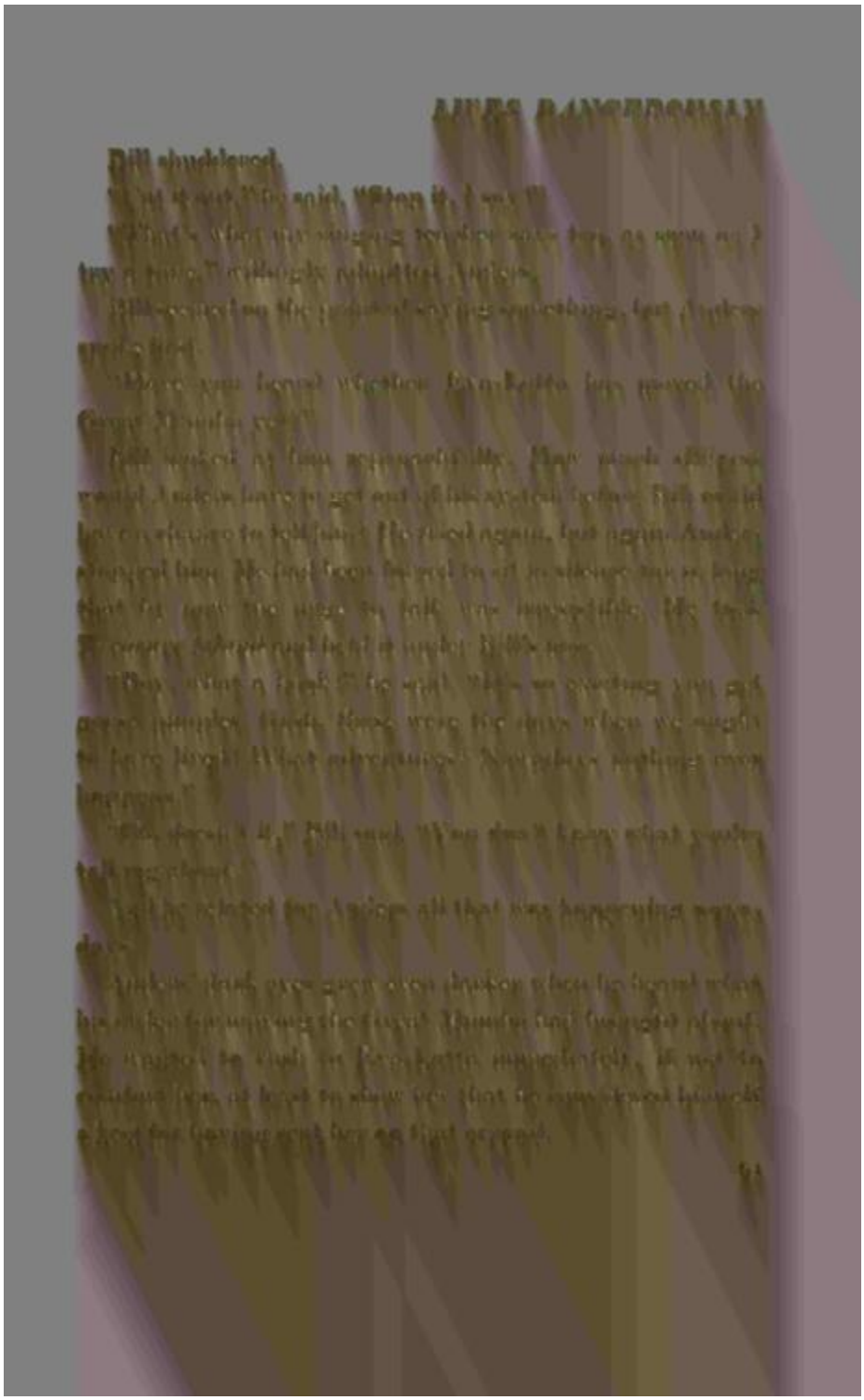
Bill Bergson, master detective, leaned the big [illegible] against the counter in his father's store, wrapping up two still lifetimes in newspaper for a customer. At precisely that moment Mrs. Cunningham from Hazelcliff Hill came sailing in through the door, chased fortuna with the news and the scandalous she would carry. Within ten minutes the whole store was a buzzing bottle of questions and exclamations and shudders. All stopping short to a standstill, all the people in the store marvelled around Mrs. Cunningham. And she talked and talked, and told all the store and how some [illegible]

with a sigh, putting an end at once to his desire to be a master detective. This was no [illegible] [illegible], to be [illegible] [illegible] and to be [illegible] [illegible] before an audience in silence. The murder was terrible and ghastly, nothing could that could make him ill. He despised himself for it, but the fact was that he was glad, honestly glad, that he had not been in Grankvist's shop today. Poor Eva-Lotta!

Without asking for permission, he left the shop. He felt that he would have to go and talk with Anders. To try to see Eva-Lotta would be hopeless, he understood that. Mrs. Carlsson had lamented loudly, "The baker's girl is placed there for— the day is with her"— the whole town knew it by this time.

But Anders did not know anything. He was sitting in the shoemaker's shop reading *Treasure Island*. Not a single person had come to call since early morning, and that was a good thing, too, for Anders was just now on a South Sea island among evil pirates and had no interest whatever in such things as half soles. When Bill suddenly flung open the door, Anders stared at him as if he expected to see one-legged Long John Silver. He was pleasantly surprised to find it was only Bill. He started from his shoemaker's stool and howled dramatically:

"'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!'"



"But I couldn't really know that there would be dead people being found there," he said [illegible].

Bill was [illegible]. He [illegible] a [illegible] of wrinkles [illegible] into the [illegible]'s forehead. "No, you couldn't have known it," he [illegible]. "It just [illegible] when [illegible] like that happens."

"Yes, that's [illegible]," Andrew said. "Bad things. Terrible things will happen to us, you can depend on that. Any other day we would have finished [illegible] and [illegible] but not today. Today we'll be [illegible] to get the [illegible] out of there."

Bill [illegible].

"Perhaps we are unusually wise [illegible] may have done it."

Andrew shuddered. But he was not usually as shaken as Bill was. He was a happy, outgoing, and even nature boy; unusual events, even frightening ones, only stimulated his alertness and reactions. He wanted to be sometimes nudged a little, take a look at the scene and appreciate the uniqueness, if possible, [illegible] the fears. He was as dreamy like Bill. It would be unjust to say that Bill, in spite of his dreaming ways, could not also be extremely active. There were times, indeed, when [illegible] to know it. But Bill's activity was always preceded by prolonged meditation. Bill would sit and figure out all sorts of things — very clever things at times, [illegible] to [illegible]. But generally they were [illegible] of the imagination, unrelated to time or [illegible].

Andrew did not indulge in daydreams. He devoted no

murder since Cain killed Abel, the police would never admit that a master detective was needed for anything."

Bill grunted [illegible]. He himself had talked in the same way many times before. He wished sincerely that Anders would change the topic. But Anders continued: "They'll get [illegible] of course. But someday we ought to [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] on their knees."

Bill grunted [illegible].

Everywhere small groups of people were standing about. When [illegible] past [illegible] they [illegible] looked up at those windows where the experts were trying to find the solution to a [illegible] that had cost a human life. It was strangely quiet on the streets tonight. Bill felt oppressed. Even Anders finally succumbed to the gloomy atmosphere. Perhaps Constable Bjork was right. Maybe this wasn't anything for Bill, clever detective though he was.

Silently they trudged home.

Sixten and Benka and Jonte were also on their way back home from the Prairie. They had put off the War of the Roses for today, just as Anders had suggested, and had spent many happy hours [illegible] the newly [illegible] and [illegible] on the [illegible] field. But a little while ago the [illegible] had reached them also, and the [illegible] had quickly [illegible]. Sixten and Benka and Jonte had also walked out to the Prairie only to find that they might just as well go home again. All about the

thus, when they had come to that conclusion, they met Anders and Bill.

No abusive words were exchanged today between the Whites and the Reds. They were all quite subdued and a little pale about the gills. In a body they marched back to town and during that walk they pondered more about death than they had ever done in all their young lives.

And they felt deep sympathy for Eva-Lotta.

"I'm really sorry for her," Sixten was saying. "Her ma says she's feeling pretty low. Does nothing but lie in bed and cry all the time."

Anders was almost more affected by this than by all the rest of the horrible business. He swallowed a couple of times. After all, it was his fault that Eva-Lotta was lying in bed crying.

"Perhaps we ought to give her some kind of present," he said at last. "Send her some flowers, or something."

The three others stared at him. Was it really so serious as all that? To send flowers to a girl—Anders must think that Eva-Lotta was almost done for!

But the more they thought about it, the more the suggestion grew on them. It really was a noble idea. Eva-Lotta would get some flowers, she honestly deserved them. Sixten [illegible], deeply moved, [illegible] of his mother's red geraniums. Dividing the flowerpot among them, they all marched to the baker's place.

Eva-Lotta was sleeping and must not be disturbed. But her mother took the geranium and put it on a little table beside her bed so she would see it as soon as she awoke.

This was not the last present Eva-Lotta was to receive for her share in the drama.

Chapter IX

THEN were sitting on the veranda waiting, the Crocodile Hunter inspector, Constable Hooke, and another policeman. It was important that the little girl shouldn't feel nervous about the questioning, the inspector had stated on the phone yesterday, so Mrs Sheridan was there. That's why it was such a good thing to have Constable Hooke along. He belonged to the local police and knew the good guys.

friendly and well-meaning. Not [illegible] realized that she [illegible] understood that there might [illegible] that she was [illegible] she [illegible] the [illegible] she [illegible] that she would [illegible] tell him [illegible] and she was willing to do so. Why then should she be afraid?

Her heart felt light after all the packing and cleaning. She was not very happy, but she was calm now, perfectly calm.

"Good morning, little Pen-Lotta," said the inspector kindly.

"[illegible]," said Pen-Lotta. "Good morning!"

"Now, Pen-Lotta, come and sit down here, little girl; we are going to talk a few minutes," the inspector continued. "It won't take very long, and then you can go on with your work."

And then even though Pen-Lotta was feeling so sick at heart [illegible] came up!

"I [illegible] will [illegible] for your age," Pen-Lotta said by way of information.

[illegible] the inspector understood that he must change tactics and [illegible] Pen-Lotta [illegible].

"What do you think about it," he went on. "Now [illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible] out on the Prairie res-
[illegible] Do you [illegible] to go
there all by yourself?"

Fay Lotta [illegible]

"What [illegible] That's [illegible] talk about. What is an [illegible]
[illegible]?"

"[illegible]," the inspector said. "We are trying to solve
a murder case. Nothing unusual in such a case. What
were you supposed to do on the Mount yesterday?"

"Was to feed the Great Mandan."

A detailed explanation was required before the inspector
was able to understand what a Great Mandan was. The judge
[illegible] after the questioning merely [illegible]
and [illegible] "Mount [illegible]. Miss Lorraine said that an
[illegible] she had gone out to the summit to the wind
[illegible] with the intention of packing up there a so-called
Great Mandan."

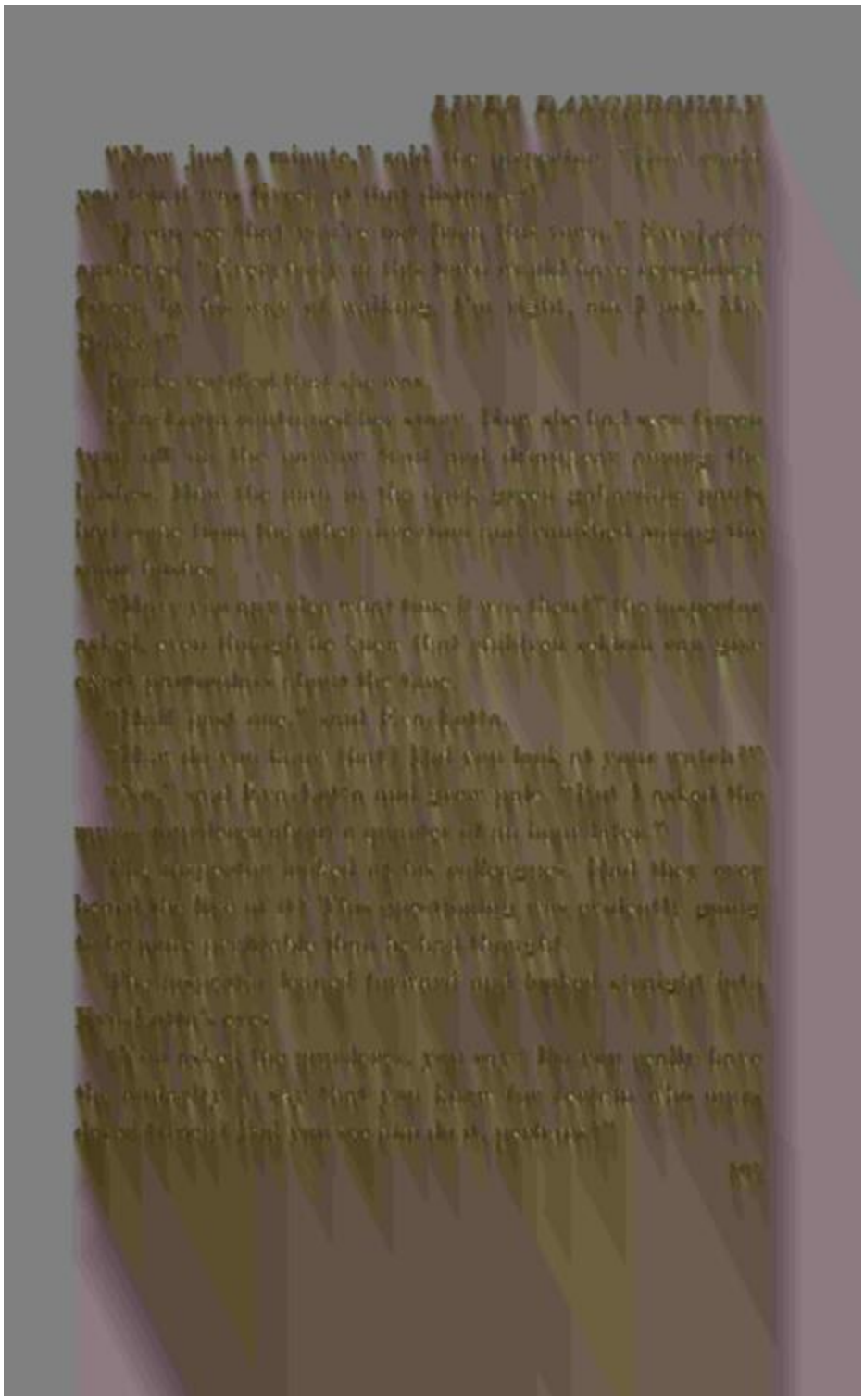
"Did you see anybody out there?" the inspector asked,
after the mystery about the Great Mandan had been
straightened out.

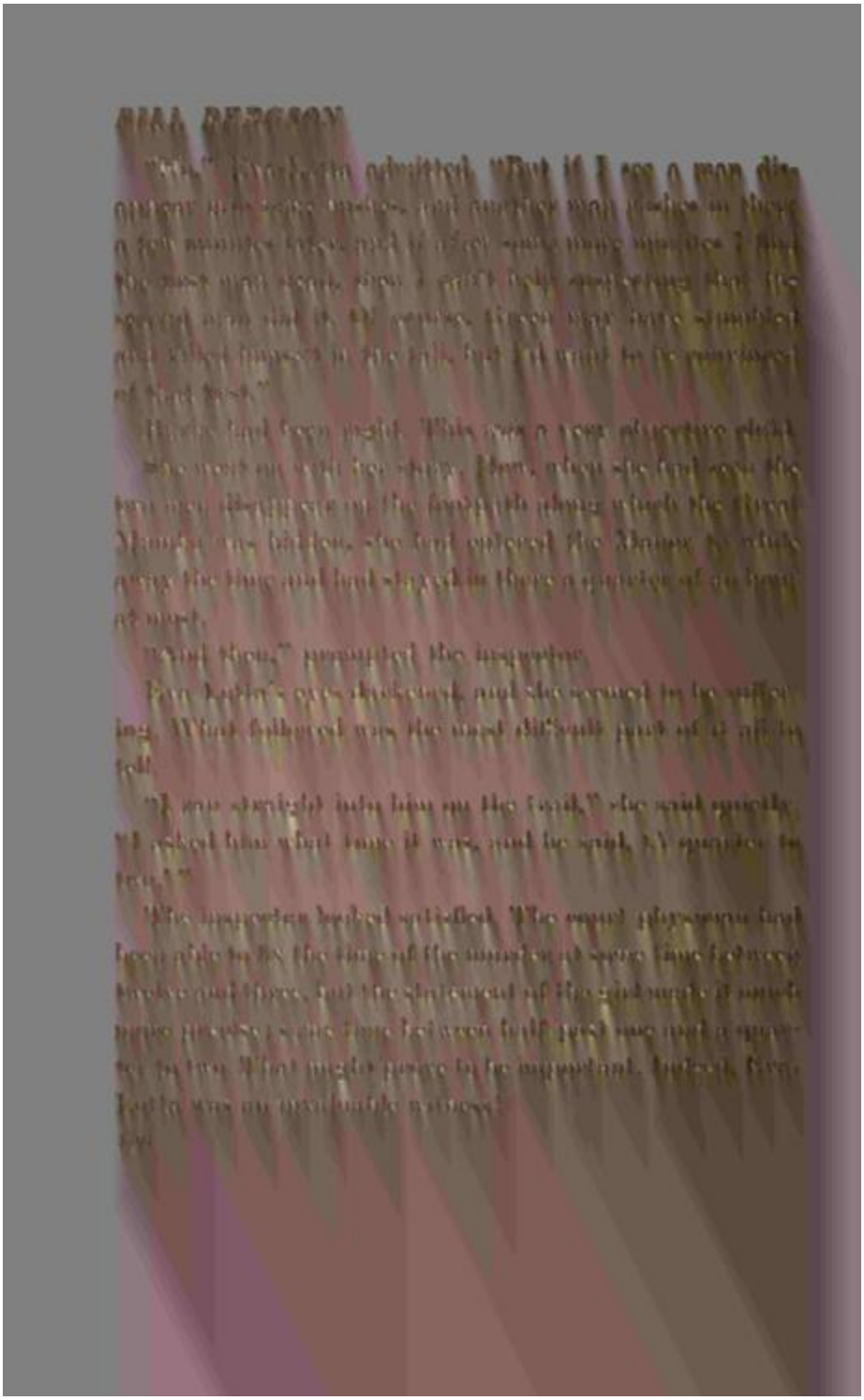
"Yes," replied Fay Lotta. "Mr. [illegible], [illegible], and
another man."

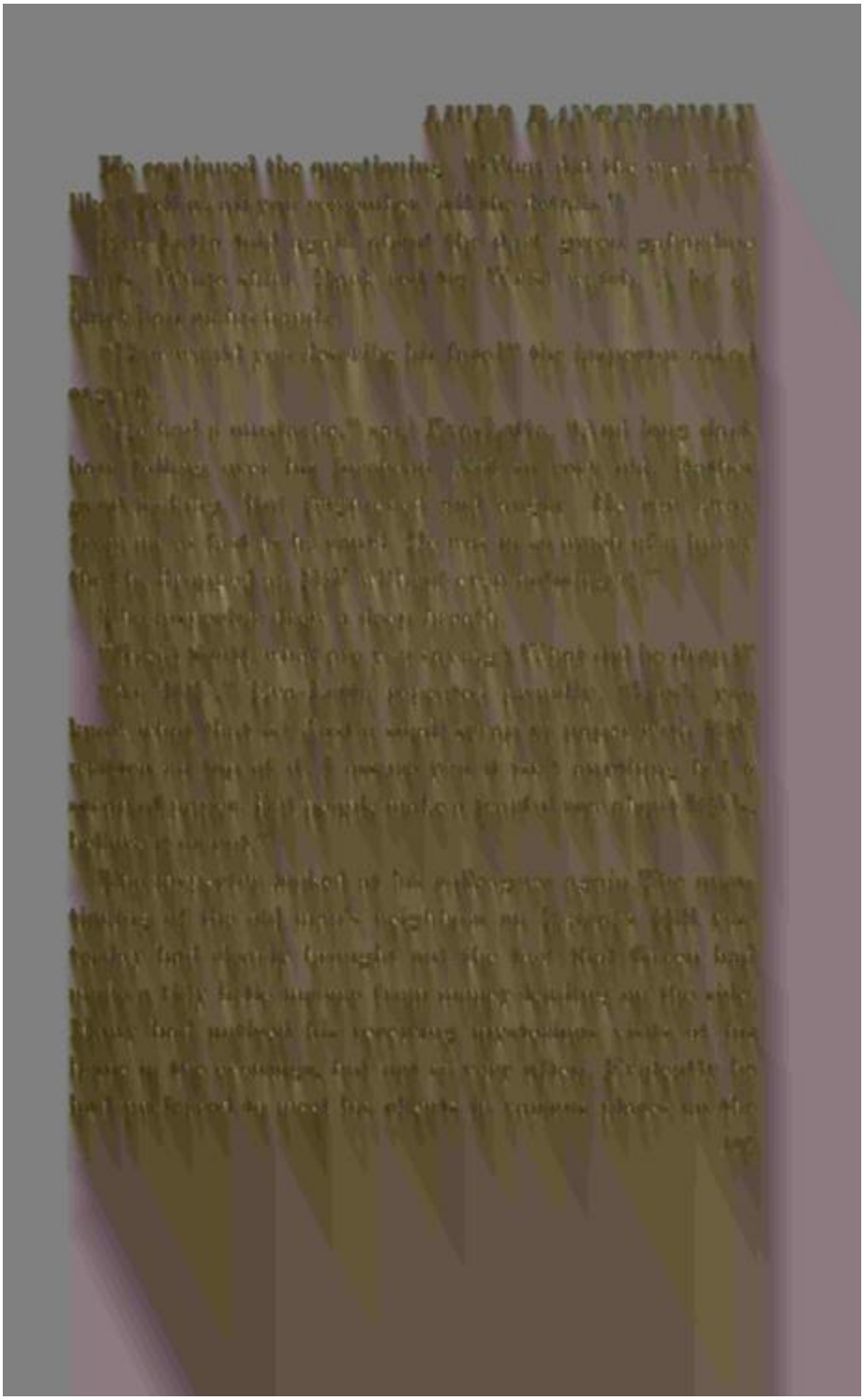
The inspector grew eager.

"Tell us precisely how and where you saw them," he said.

So Fay Lotta told. They she had seen Carson from
behind at a distance of about a hundred yards.







[illegible] of the farm. A search of his house had brought [illegible] Bill's [illegible] on them. All the [illegible] had been [illegible] to the police, and perhaps [illegible] had been [illegible] to have [illegible] one of Bergson's [illegible] [illegible] of them might be the murderer. But the inspector had been quite sure all the time that the murder had been committed because somebody wanted [illegible] to [illegible] himself from his unhappy [illegible]. And the probable motive had been [illegible] such a [illegible] [illegible] that quite some of them being able to get hold of [illegible] the poison that might be [illegible].

Now here stood the girl telling about a murderer who had shot at Bill and then [illegible] the window. A [illegible] with the [illegible] on it. A pepper with the murderer's fingerprints on it. The inspector was so excited that he [illegible] to be [illegible] [illegible] Eve Leslie.

"Did you pick up that pepper?"

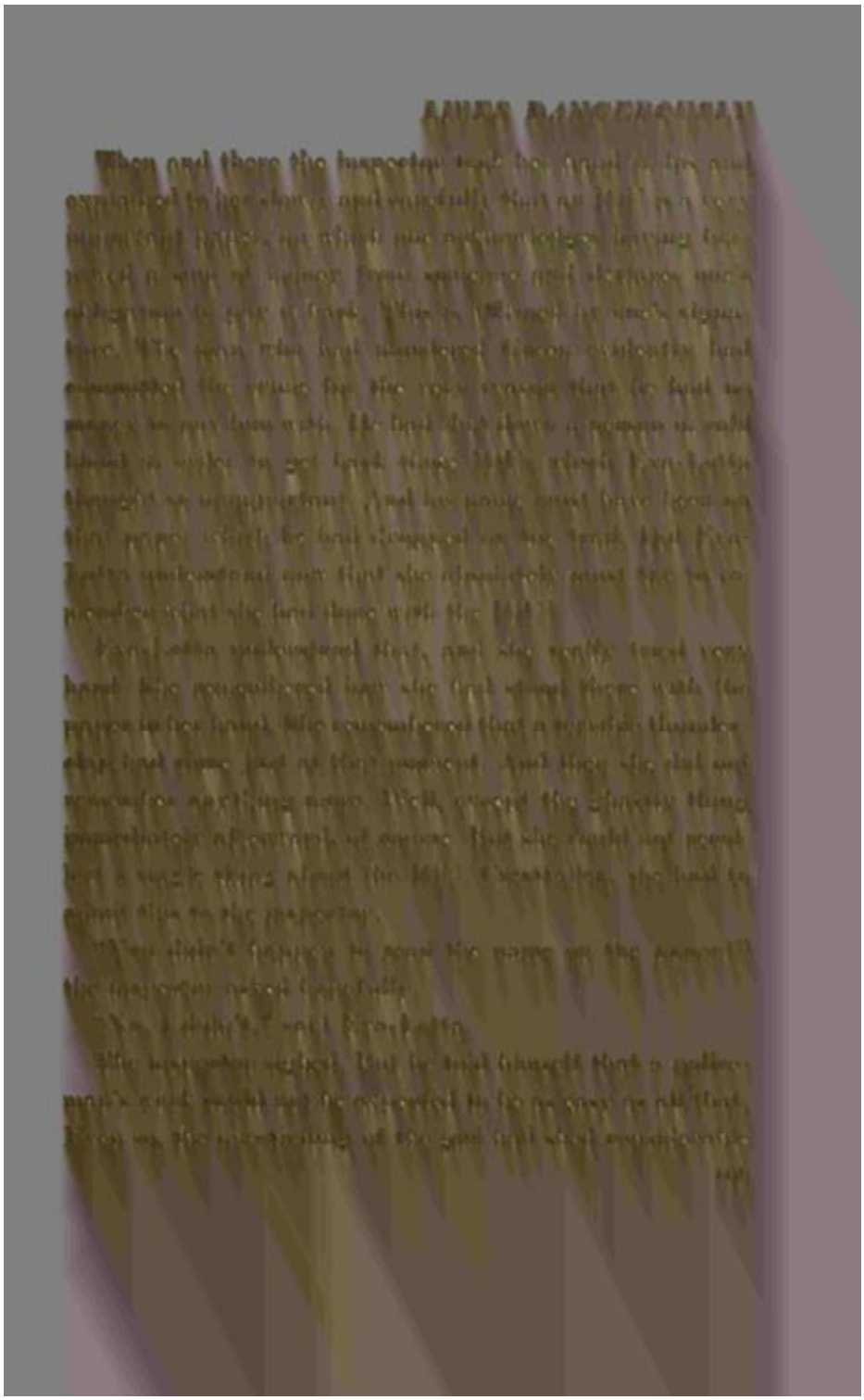
"No," said Eve Leslie.

"What did you do with it?" The inspector shook in his [illegible].

Eve Leslie was thinking. Absolute silence reigned while she [illegible] about it. Slowly the shellback [illegible] to [illegible] in the [illegible].

"I don't remember," Eve Leslie said at last. The inspector [illegible] softly.

"It's a [illegible] nothing but a little pepper," Eve Leslie [illegible].



[illegible]. One could not expect to get the murderer's name on a silver platter—at [illegible].

Before questioning the [illegible] he gave an order by telephone, [illegible] he wanted every bit of the [illegible]. The scene of the crime had already been carefully gone over, [illegible] a [illegible] might [illegible] a long way. And [illegible] [illegible].

Then Eva-Lotta had to tell how she had found [illegible]. She sobbed [illegible] and talked very low. The father hid his face in his hands in order not to see the anguished look in her eyes.

But it would soon be over now. The inspector had only a few questions left.

Eva-Lotta had insisted that the murderer absolutely could not be from this town, otherwise she would have recognized him. The inspector asked her, "Do you think you would recognize that man in the green gabardine trousers if you were to see him once more?"

"Yes," Eva-Lotta replied. "I could single him out among a thousand others."

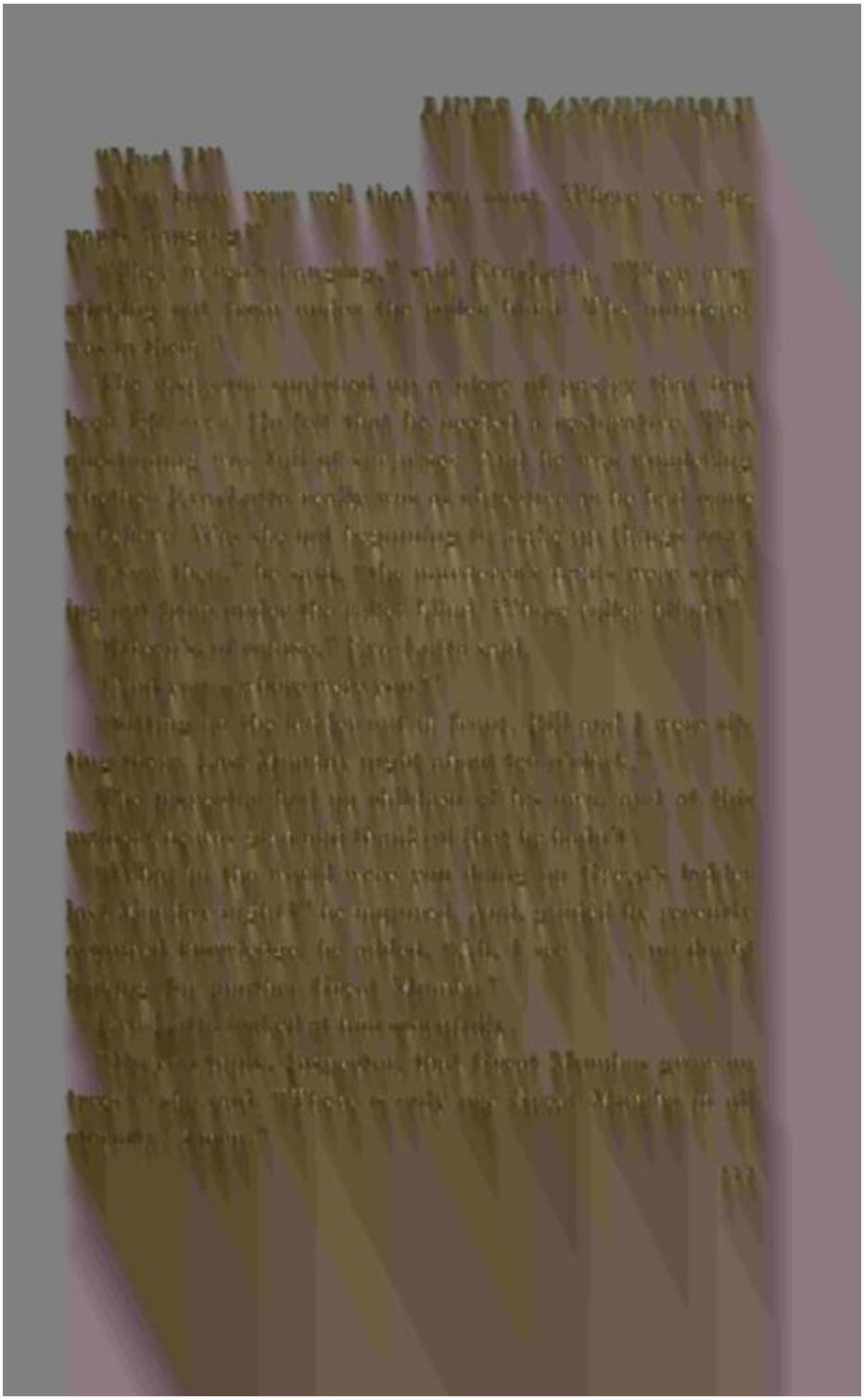
"And you had never seen him before?"

"No," said Eva-Lotta. She hesitated an instant. "That is . . . partly," she added.

"What do you mean by 'partly'?"

"I've seen his pants," Eva-Lotta said reluctantly.

"You'll have to explain that a little further," said the inspector.



Fern Lotto told about the night's proceedings on Farmer's farm. The man, Gilbert Ebbs, he found in the barn. Ebbs was still there, too, trying to enjoy a pipe.

"I've told you I know it was the prankster's pranks you had seen," muttered the inspector.

"I didn't know of the tunnel," replied Fern Lotto. "But I had I'd have gone and unlocked him."

"Yes, but you didn't know—" interrupted the inspector with some impatience.

"No, I guessed it was a practical joke," Fern Lotto said. "How the pranks were done, where the hiding place of the snow had been, and the path."

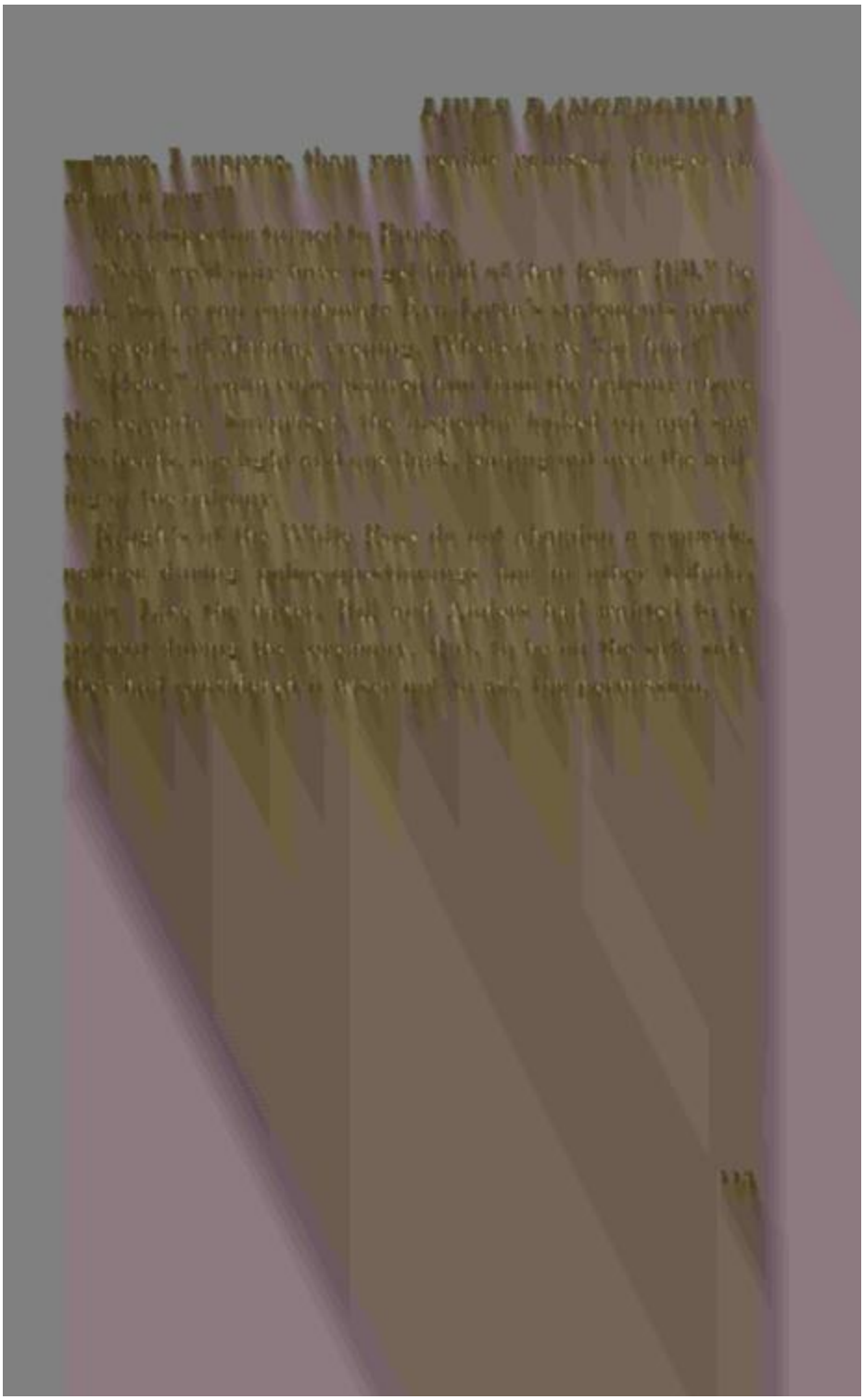
"Most might be coincidence," the inspector said. "But more and more becomes proof."

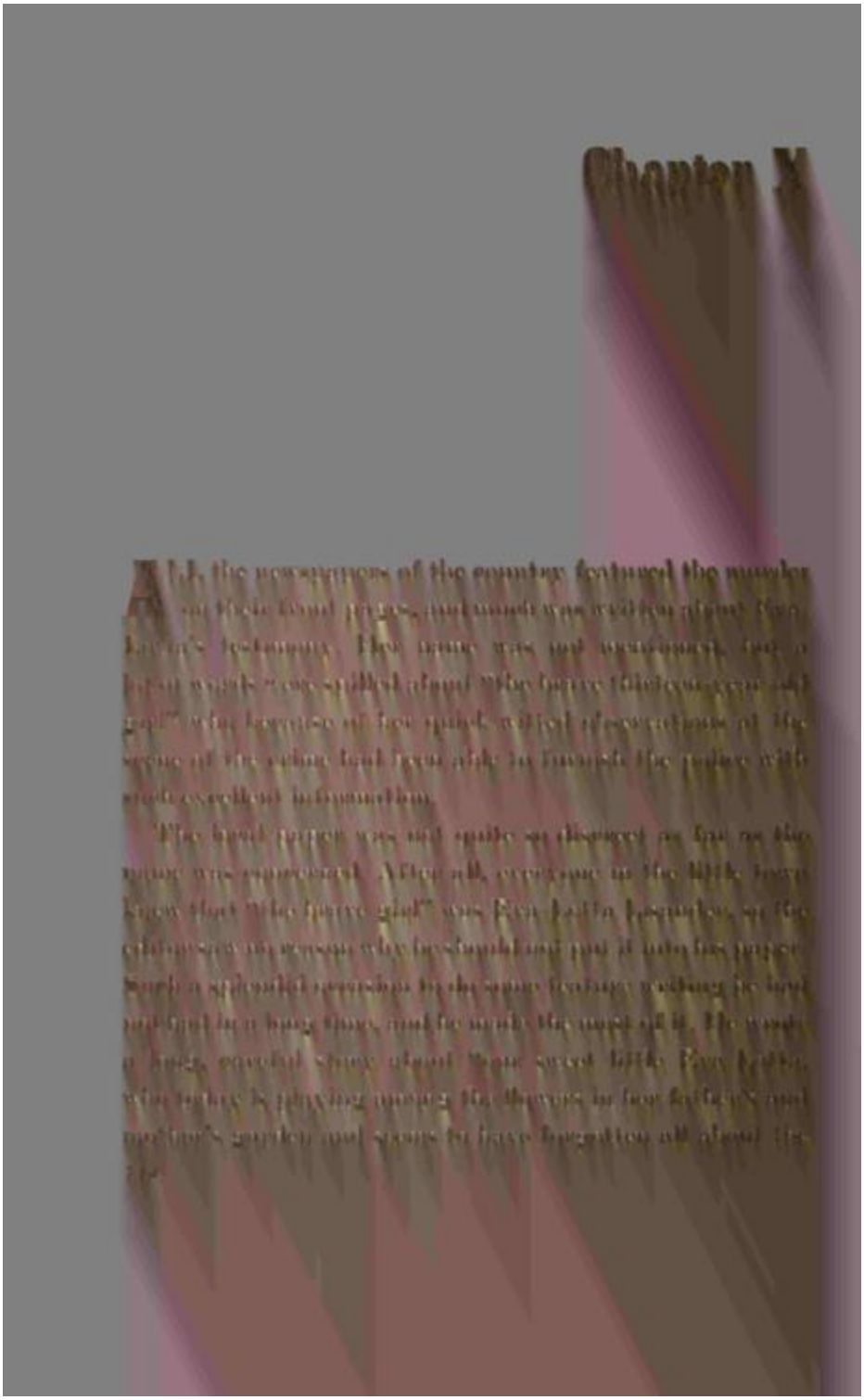
"If what? Jumping to conclusions," said Fern Lotto. "I heard from Farmer's now as Farmer's house about three [illegible] and the same with the pranks said. 'We'll meet on Wednesday in the usual place.' Wednesday all six [illegible]. And four more green [illegible] pranks would you suppose? Farmer could have done nothing on any morning Wednesday?"

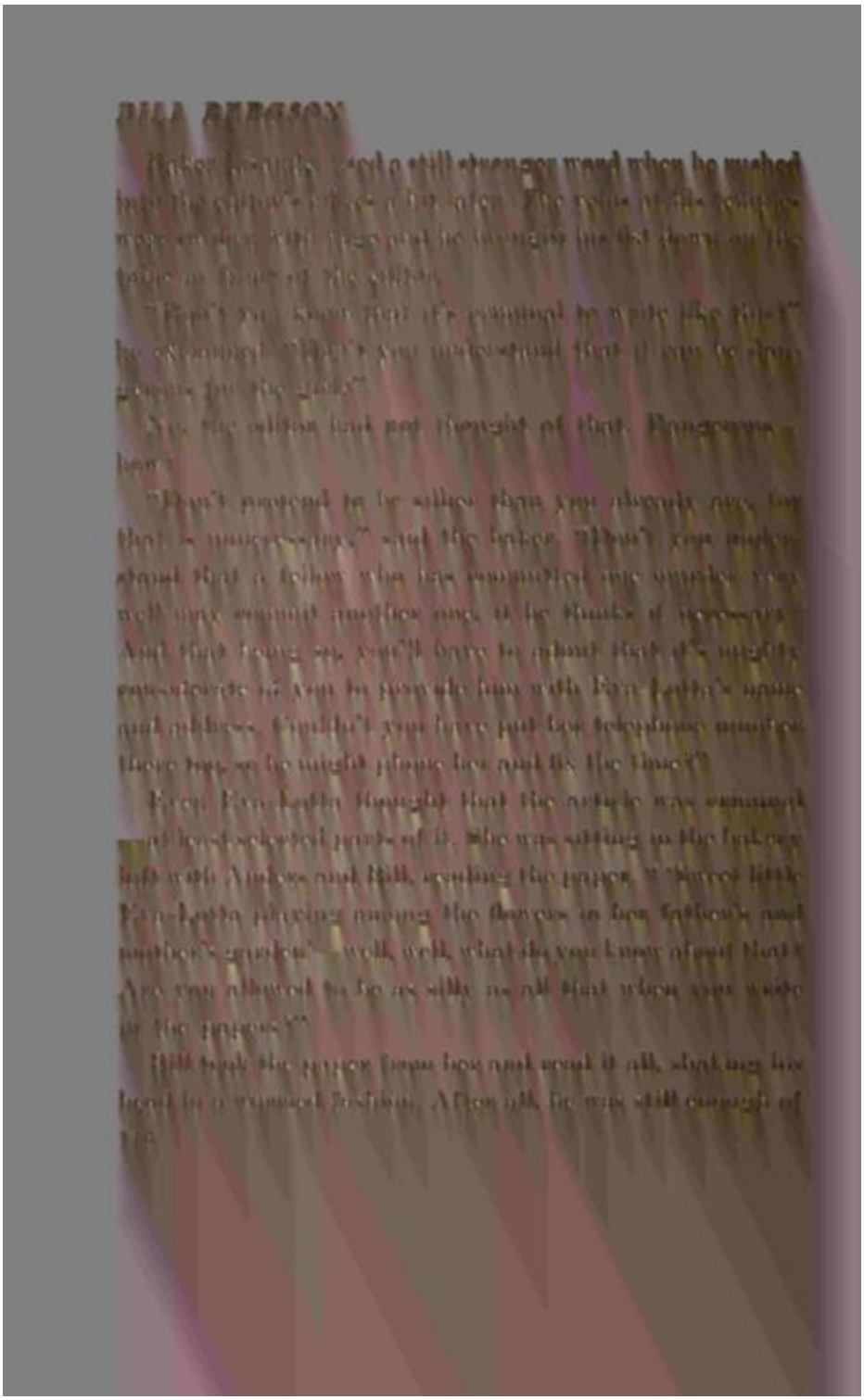
The inspector was convinced that Fern Lotto was right. The whole puzzle fitted together exactly. Everything was explained. The motive. The time. The way it was done. Only one thing remained to be done—to explain the matter above.

The inspector rose and rattled Fern Lotto on the shoulder.

"Well, Horace, a lot," he said. "You've been very helpful.





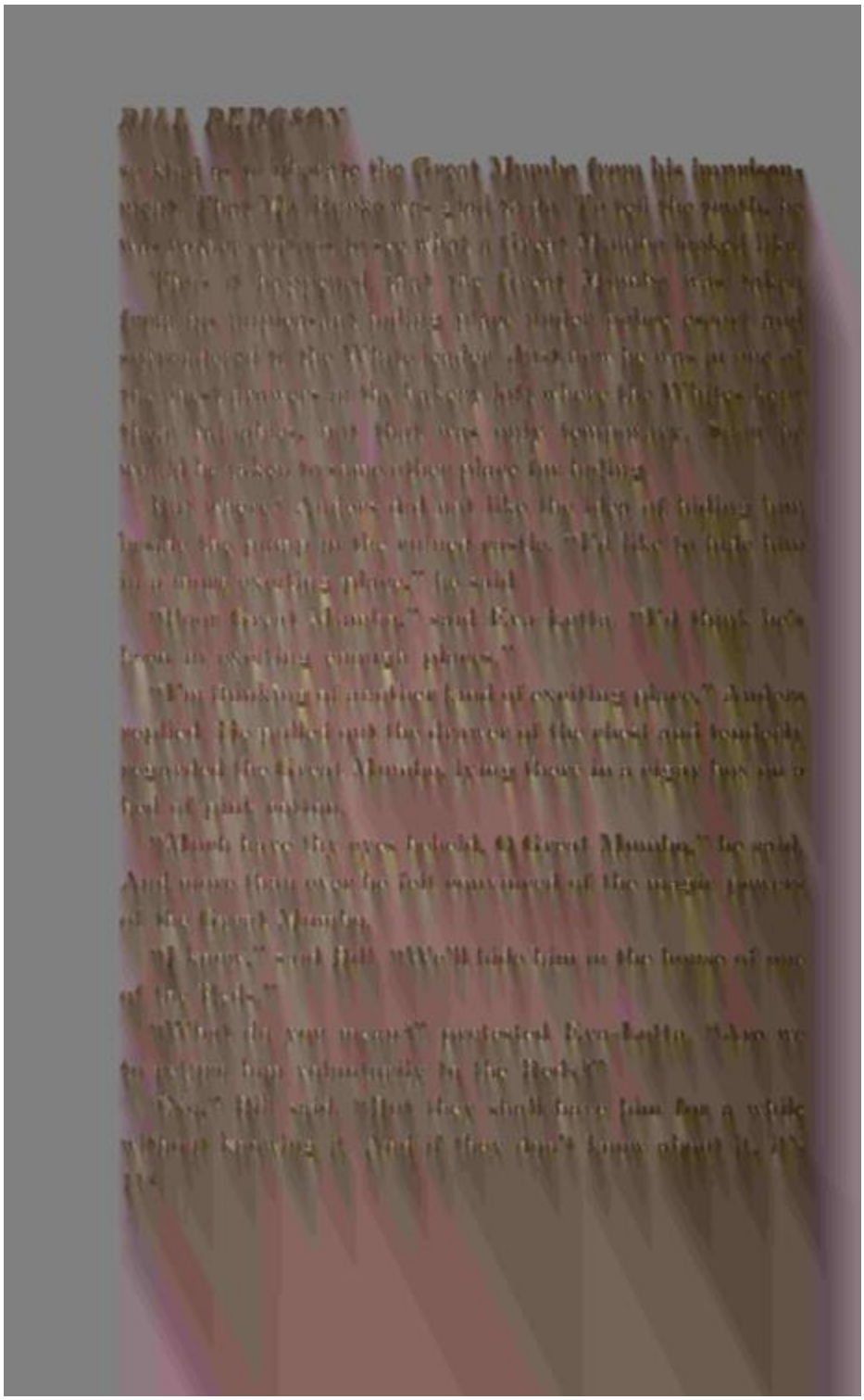


a master detective to realize how much she really was. But he said nothing about that to the others.

However, the attack had been good in proving that Eva-Lotta seemed to have forgotten all about her horrible experience. It's true that she felt only about fifteen years old, but fortunately she had a healthy young person's ability to forget anything disagreeable always from one day to the next. Only at night, when she was lying in her bed, did she have some difficulty in keeping her thoughts away from that thing she did not want to remember. The first few nights she had slept rather badly and cried in her sleep at times, so that her mother had to come and wake her up.

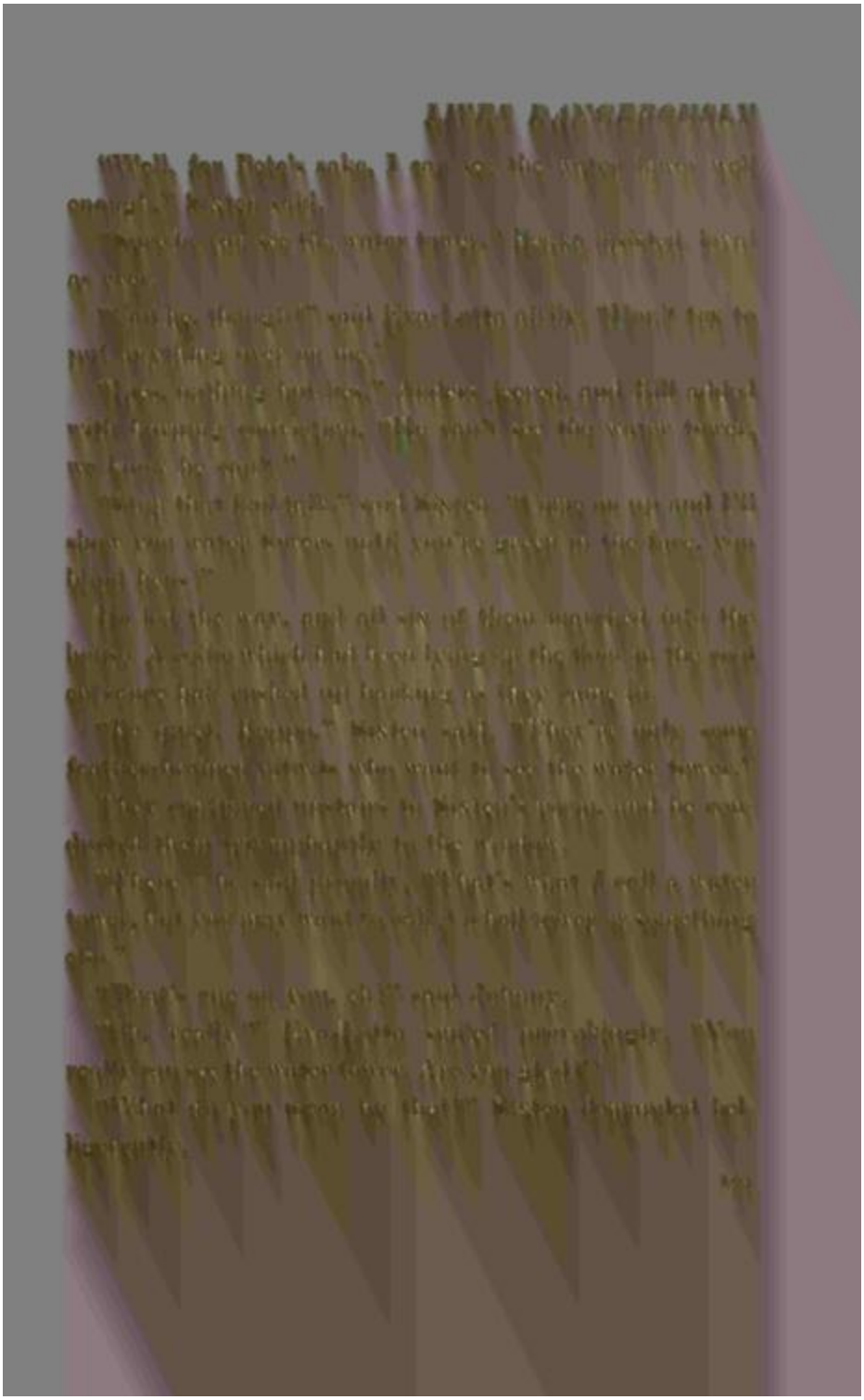
But in the clear daylight and sunshine Eva-Lotta was as calm and merry as before. Her resolution to try to be more womanly and to refuse to take part in the War of the Roses had [illegible]. Then she could not resist any longer. She felt herself that the wilder the games she took part in, the more completely this other thing would vanish from her consciousness.

The police guard at the Manor had been withdrawn by now. But even before that the Great Mumrik had been rescued. Constable Bjork was the one who had the honour of releasing him from his imprisonment. After the questioning in the [illegible] during which the existence of the Great Mumrik had of necessity been disclosed, Anders had taken the constable aside and asked whether he wouldn't be



the same thing as if they didn't [illegible]

[illegible]



"Hello, Dalaya, you're a fancy seeing a whole water terrain!" Everybody said with astonishing strength.

Andrew and Bill spotted the greatest interest in the view. Everybody began to say things about the many sensations and sights and sounds of being there for the Flower Mundaya.

"Are you happy now, girl?" they said to Dalaya, just as if they hadn't been there a hundred times before.

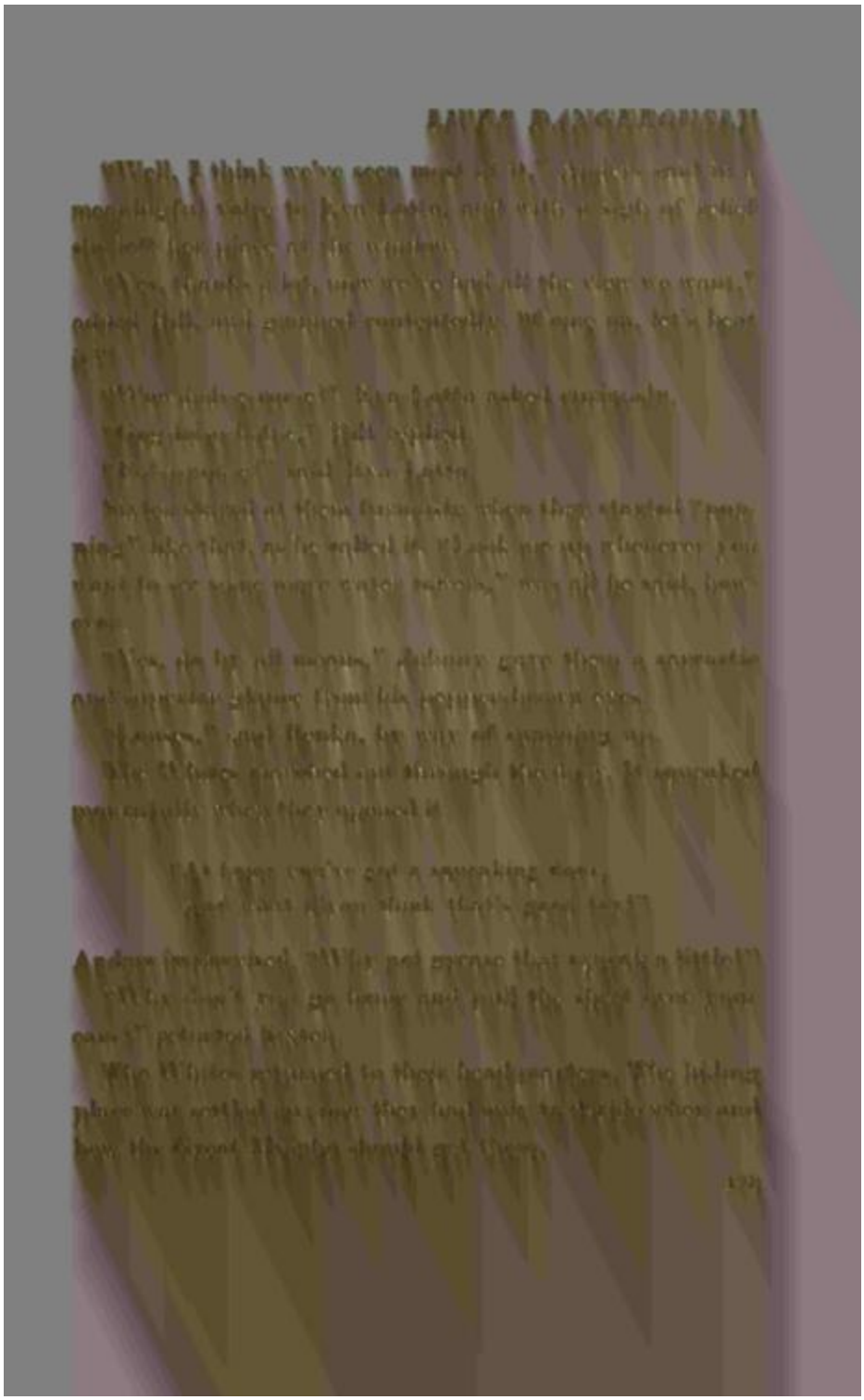
They stood around the walls and the great Mayor's feet pattered and shout quickly pulled out drawers in the writing desk.

Everybody was trying presently to hold the attention of the Mayor. She pointed out everything that possibly could be seen from that window, and there was quite a lot to see.

There sheet of showers about Mayor's office. Andrew and Bill got the view simultaneously. The globes of rainbows. They looked at each other and nodded quickly.

From evening visits to Mayor's mama they knew that the globe could be measured and separated into two halves, so Mayor sometimes amused herself by doing this, so the globe was a little the same for were around the equator. By the back of it, huge nerves of equipment. There were no two monitors, for there were whole globes everywhere.

All manner there was the sort that Mayor might take the globe apart and find the Flower Mundaya inside. Andrew and Bill realized that. But what would the Who of the Dogs be like if you never took a peek?



"When the full moon is shining at midnight," Andrew said in a dreamy voice, "the Great Mandrill will be brought to life upon a secret place. And then—I wonder what he'll do?"

Eva Lotta and Bill looked approvingly. That, of course, would be an unknown fate for Uncle Andy—gathering Bergson's mysterious whole fortune—if he was lying in bed there asleep.

"That sounds spooky," said Eva Lotta, handing around a box of chocolates which she had taken from a drawer in the sideboard. For the time being she could forget her secrets, for she had received a box of them today. As the children had planned it, Mademoiselle Eva Lotta was show business personified, a celebrity of approximately four months' standing. Both known and unknown persons, mostly men with gifts, family, boys, and teachers, were delighted to have shelly by Bergson Bergsons, sent by mail, now because they wanted to show their sympathy for the girl so unfortunately involved in this dismal tragedy."

"And what are your young books of Bergson wanted up?" Bill asked.

Andrew looked unconcerned. "I'll say that I came to ones some holidays for him and say that he hasn't looked off his blankets."

Bill accepted. "Good boy," remarked little Eva Lotta, gave me one more piece of chocolate. "That'll shudder your poor heart."

They ate until the box was empty, sitting in their cases and presently shuffled left, and nice phrase. They squirmed in their helpless exploits against the Hole. Ah, what a [illegible]

wonderful invention the War of the Roses was [illegible]. Finally they left their headquarters. They had to "Make the Rush," as Ambrose put it. Some [illegible] then might turn up. If nothing else, there was always the possibility of [illegible] some more [illegible] with the Rush. They did [illegible] the park, [illegible] saying thoughtfully. "Ah, yes, the merry games of childhood, the innocent [illegible]—"

She stopped short and looked very pale. A [illegible] seized her, and she ran swiftly away.

She did not play any more that day.

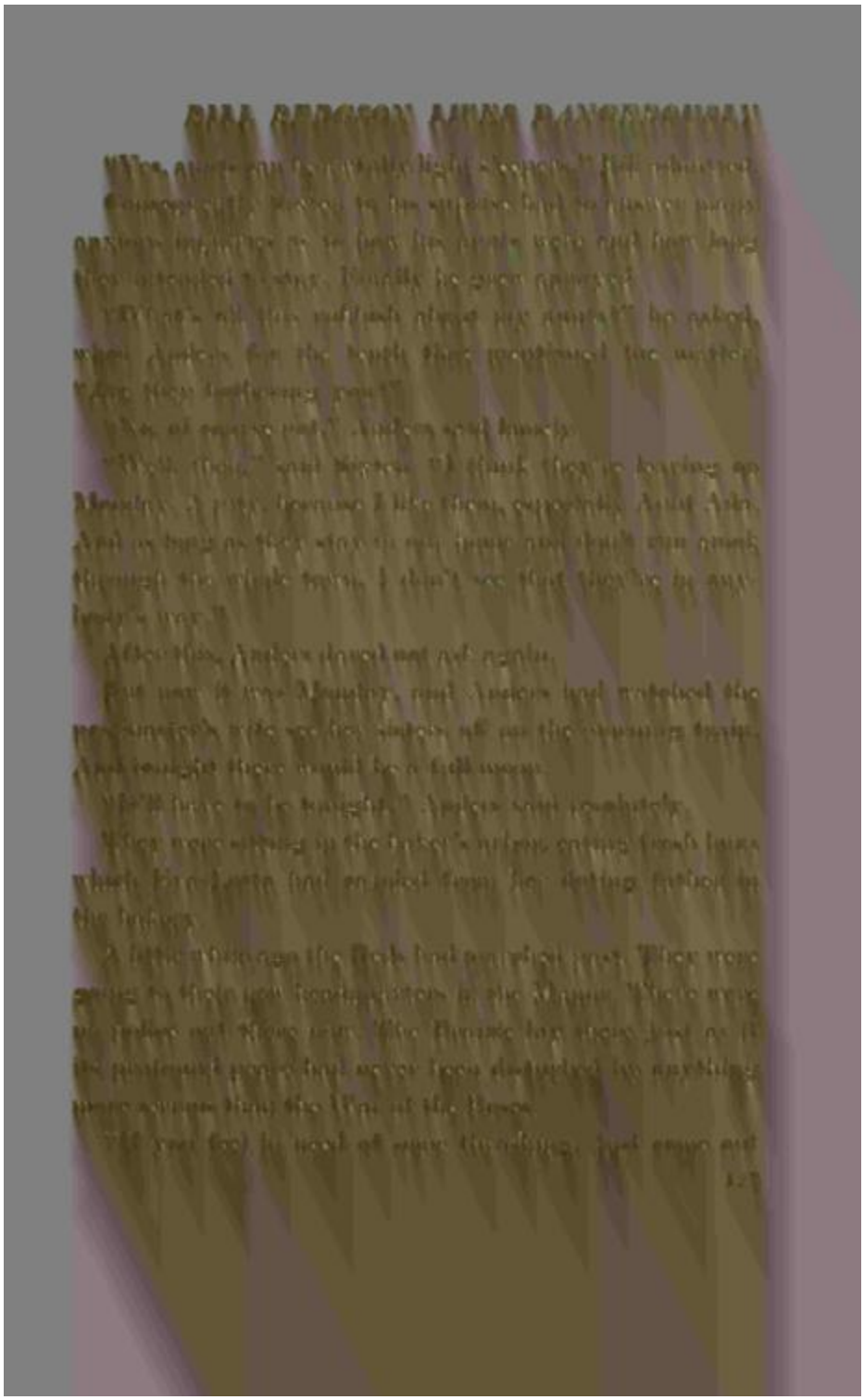
Chapter XI

"TONIGHT'S the night," Anders said a few days [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] the night [illegible] Hall was asking him whether the things [illegible] would be [illegible] out. With more people in a house, the question [illegible] was one of those [illegible] and [illegible] all."

[illegible]



[illegible] the Matrix!" Preston shouted when he passed the baker's [illegible].

Fern Lorre shuddered. She did not want to go to the Matrix ever again, before any resolution.

"Hey, what's hit Fern Lorre?" Bill was saying, when the Matrix had disappeared and he had finished his sweet bun.

"Nothing important to me," said Anders, and changed her mind. "What that's all right, I'm going to have [illegible] coffee and dinner."

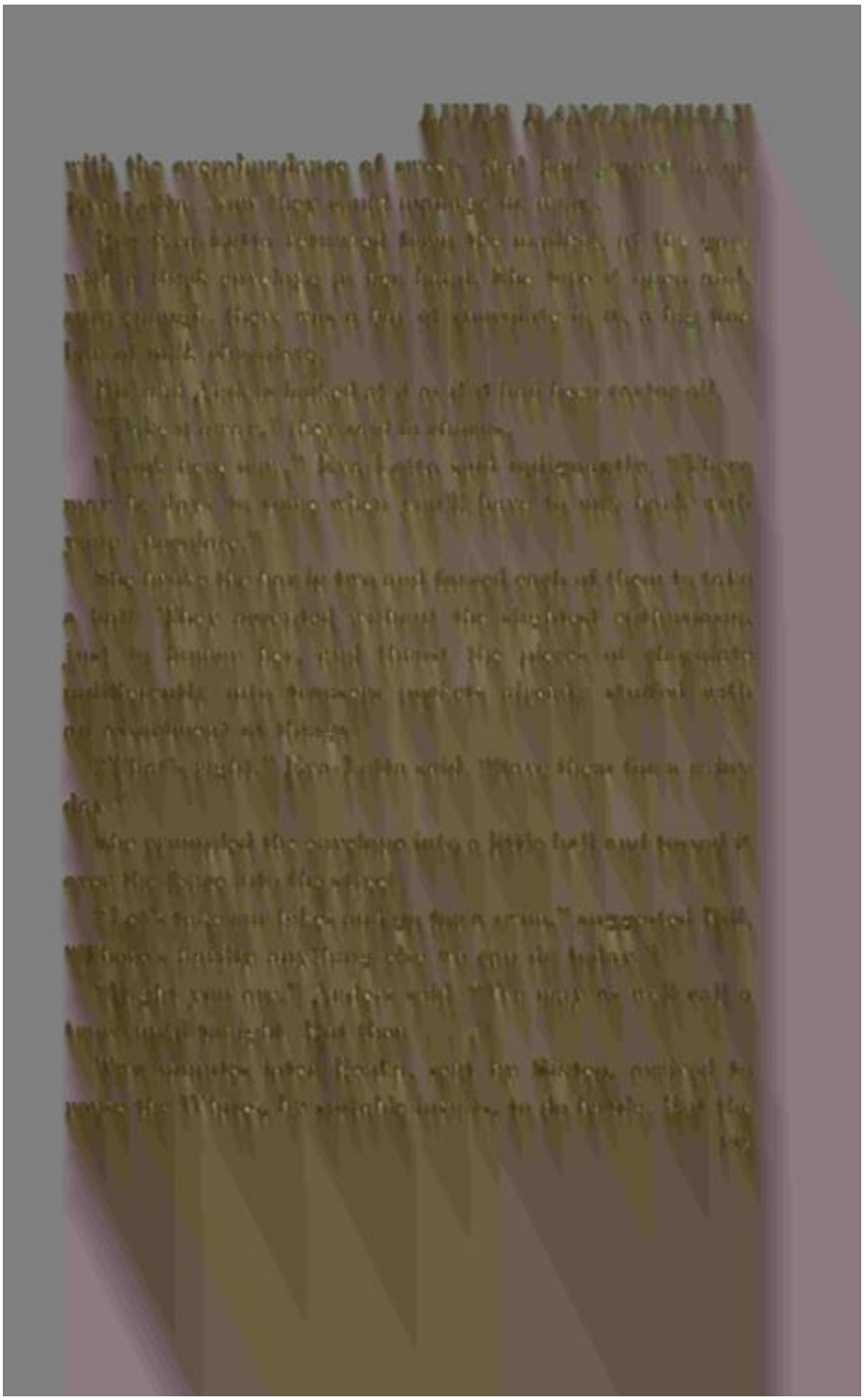
"Nothing that makes you intelligent," Fern Lorre scoffed [illegible] "You ought to eat a bit more sensible, Anders."

"Hmmm," Anders said. "I'd want to know that just how intelligent it would make me, and how much that I'd have to eat to get that way."

"Don't [illegible] a little on how intelligent you are before you start the experiment," said Bill. "Have you read what [illegible] work should do for you, Anders."

After Anders had closed Bill opened the menu. Three things and seven were missing. Fern Lorre wondered if just wanted whether there are any new [illegible] in the pastry basket. I don't understand what people are thinking about. "The last [illegible] I haven't eat more than seven [illegible] of chocolate. I'll phone the pastry office and [illegible] price."

"Don't talk about chocolate," Anders said with the [illegible] and Bill relaxed. "I've had bought [illegible] to [illegible]."



only sound he heard except for a little mockbird, sitting on the [illegible] and [illegible] strange calls [illegible].

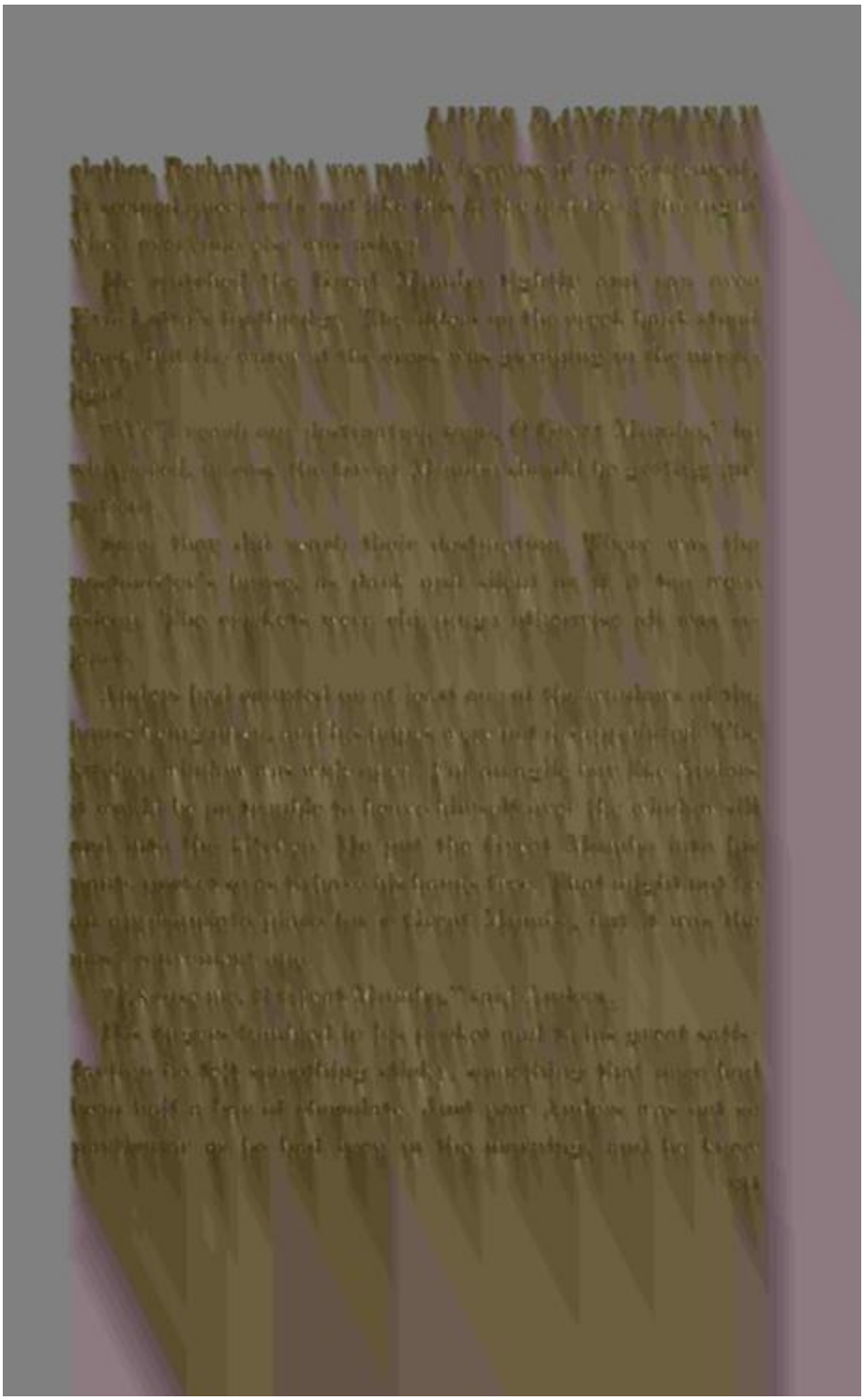
When the bell rang, we climbed at midnight, Bill and Ken [illegible] slowly to their beds. But Andrew was awake. He didn't come to bed as usual, and [illegible] the most elaborate excuse on his parents would think that he was lost [illegible]. But the only result was that his mother came in quietly to ask, "What's the matter with you, [illegible], don't you feel well?"

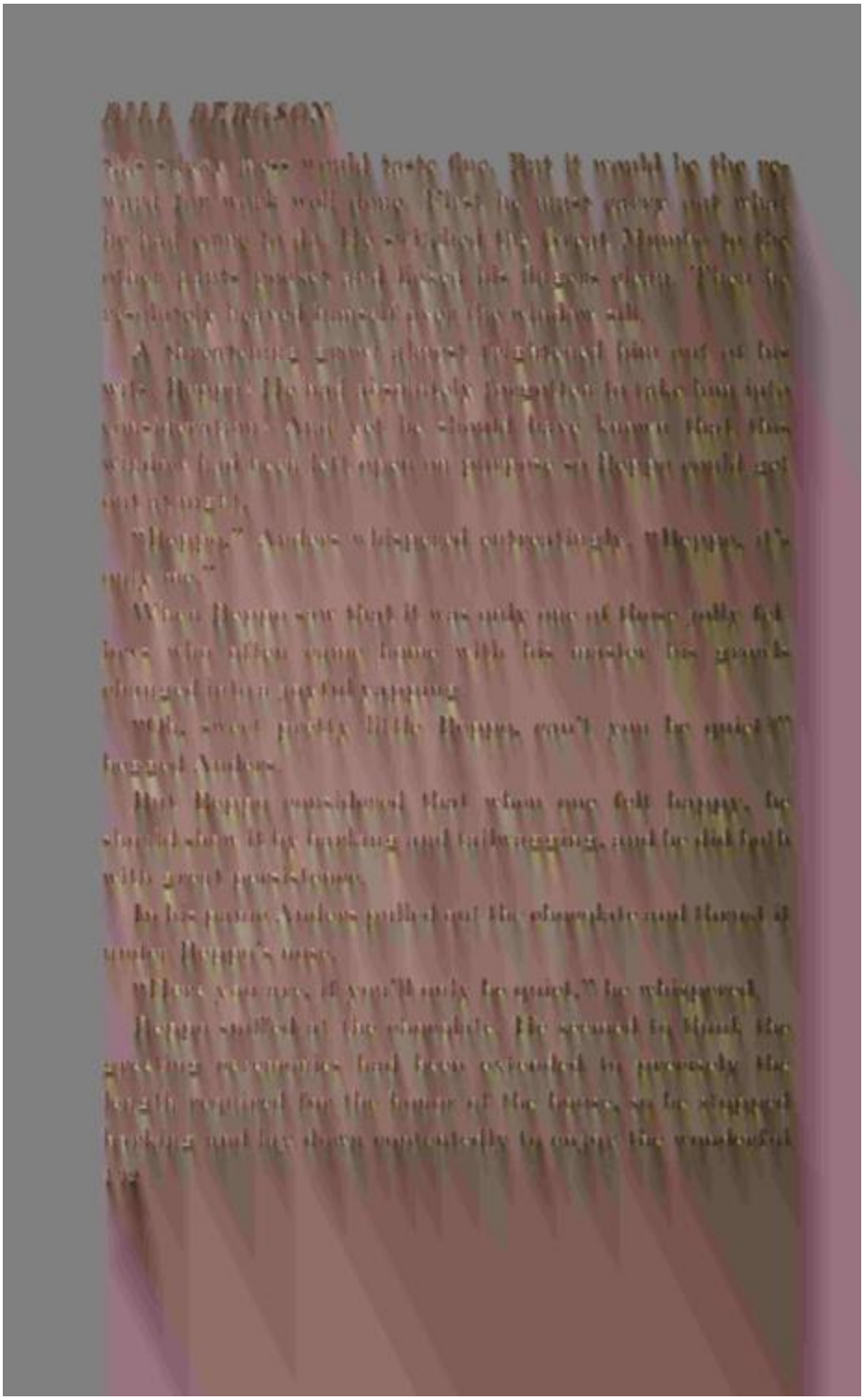
"My [illegible]," Andrew replied, and did not sleep quite as [illegible] after that.

When at last the mild snuffings of his small brothers and sisters and the heavy breathing of his parents assured him that all was safe, he slipped quietly out into the darkness. His shoes were in one hand as he ran a circle. He stood his weight [illegible] quickly and stood there for a moment in the moonlight without a shadow on his slim, kinky body. He listened anxiously for any sounds from the bedroom, but all was quiet, and he quickly put on his pants and his sweater. Then he pulled silently and cautiously down the stairs. It didn't take him long to climb up to the balcony left and get the forest Mumbo.

"Good forest Mumbo," he whispered. Would the mighty [illegible] have his enchantment, for, to tell the truth, I think I'm going to need it."

The night air felt chilly, and he shivered in his thin





stickiness which the visitor had [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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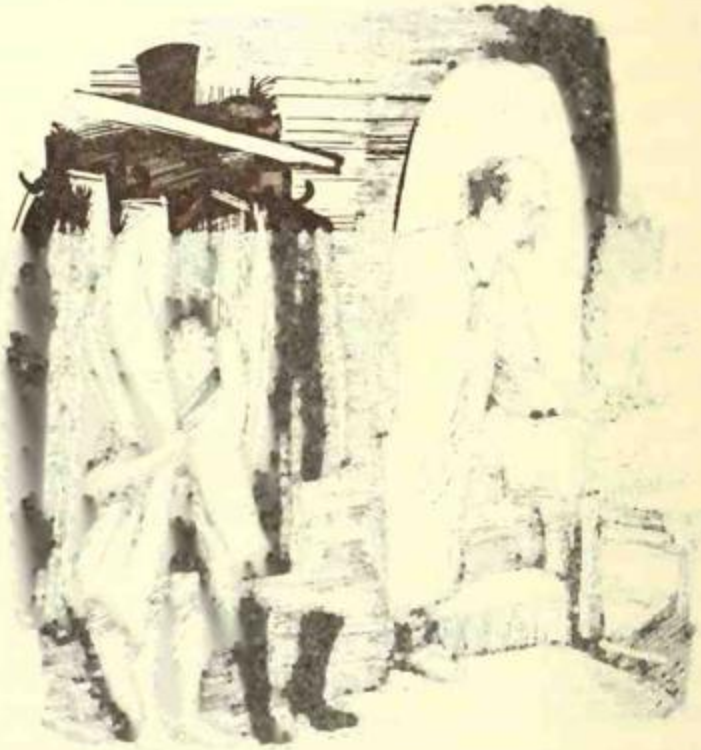
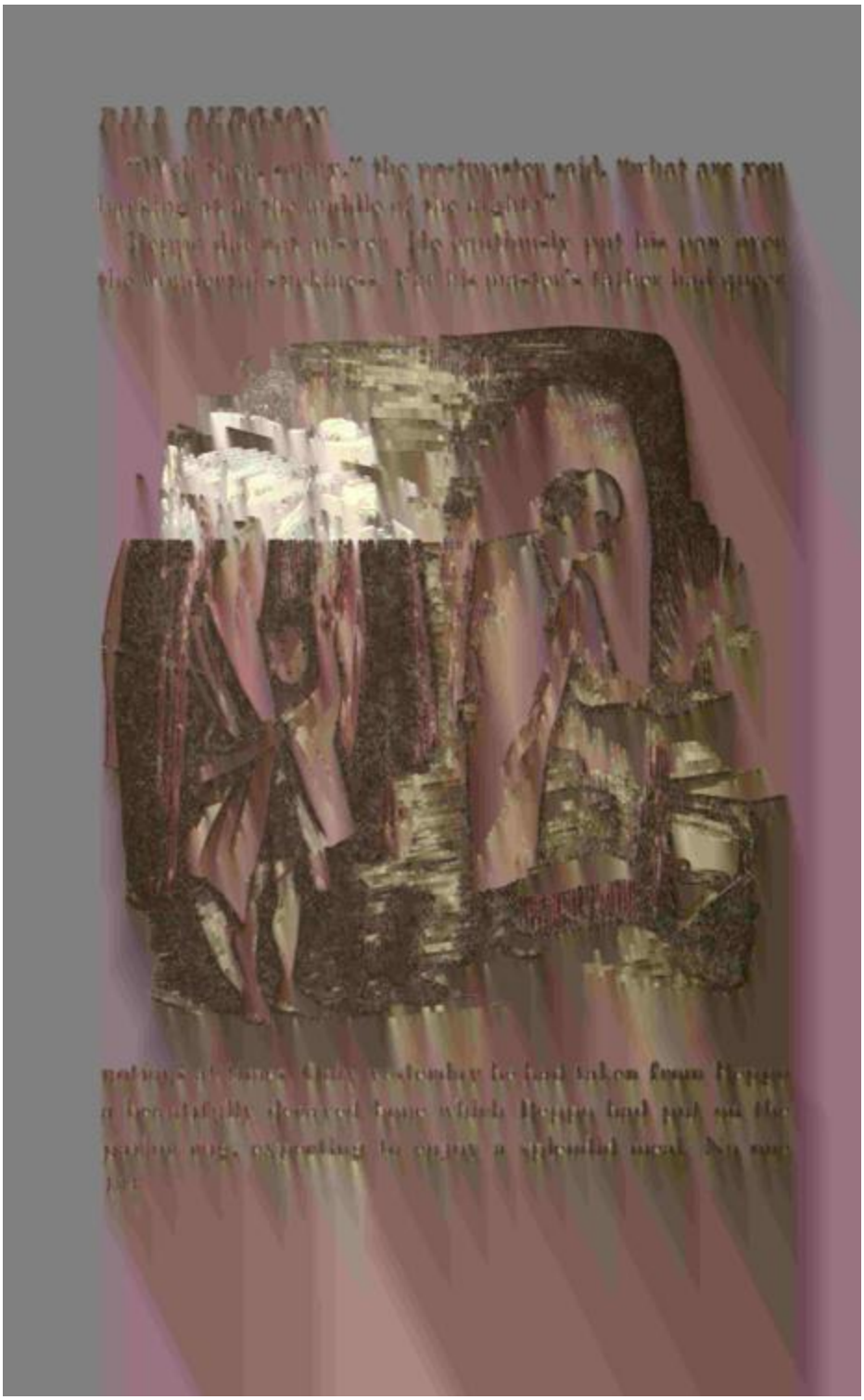
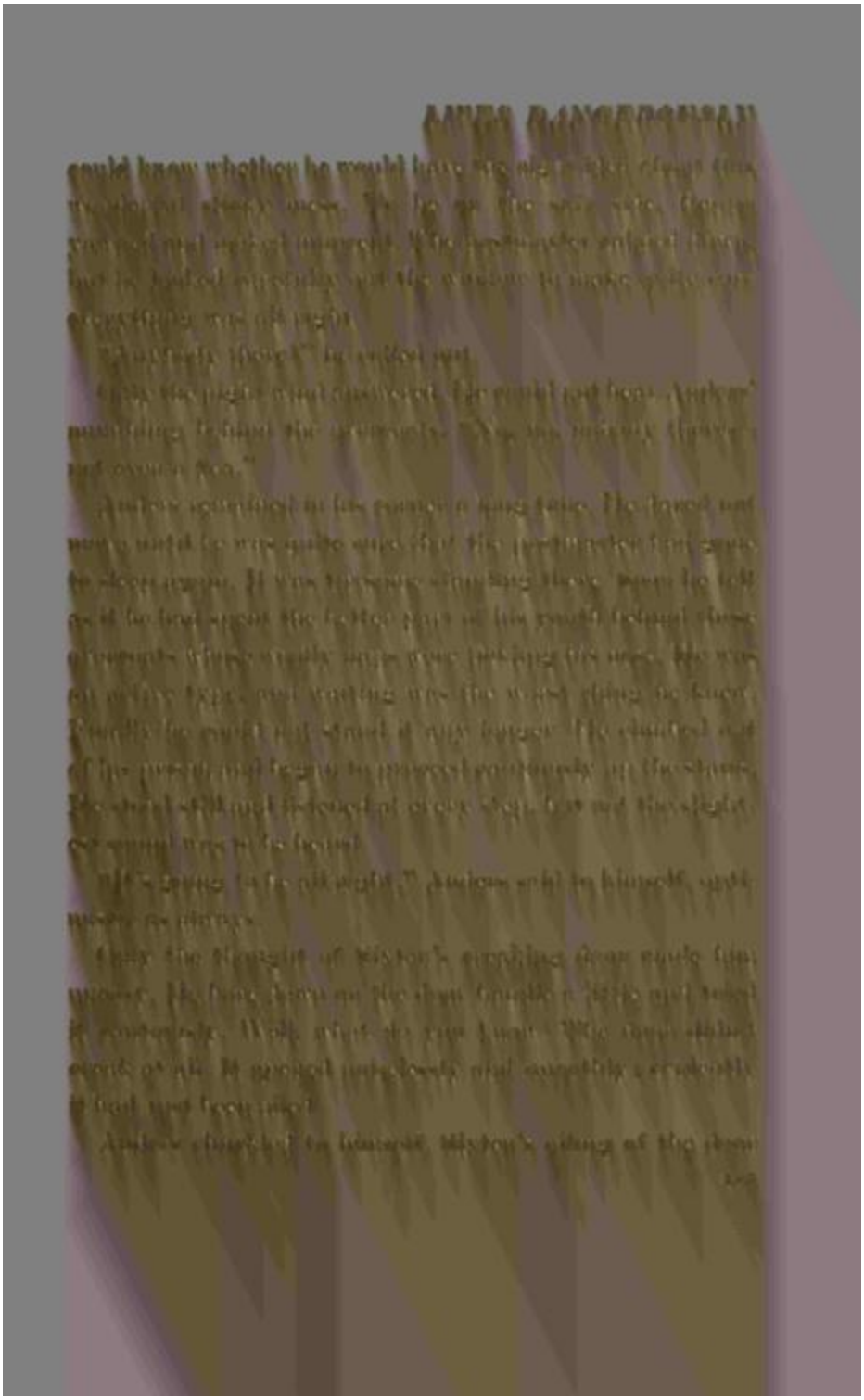






[illegible] Such cronies they had, by Jove!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Just for a while, Clarence Mountjoy," he said sympathetically when he had finished. "We'll have to stay among the heathens for a little while — among those who have not been the White House will provide you a place of refuge against the enemy, dear old people."

A gust of sobbing was blowing on the street beside the cabin, and seeing them Andrews gave a flash of inspiration. When a man had gone shivering into a shopping century, it was customary for cast off a piece of his clothes on passed Black for look from them. That's the way it was done in the olden times — Andrews had read about it in books. It was a subtle way of showing that you had lost the century in your power, but had gone properly disrobed from them from any harm. When you could return the next day and wave the suspect in the face

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

on and off. Tears were often him. He did not pause until he reached the bridge across the creek. There he was relieved to stop for breath. The back of his neck was still on fire from the heat, but he had not fainted or thrown up.

There he stood in the moonlight, trying to catch his breath and shooting furiously at the mosquitoes flying in his faces. Where blood leaks unbelievably behaved in some sense, with every it might be. Everybody only one of those book characters that pursuing — what would have happened then? What was it he had said? It was dangerous to remember human beings when in the past were pouring from every orifice. What a disgusting, what a shameful disgusted. He let out the first broken sobs and sank back with a hard thump on a little island mound. Anthony should check with us this morning. Where were the worst things that had ever happened to him. He would never tell a living soul. No. He could not take it. He would take his terrible secret, and take it with him to the grave.

But he wanted to get rid of the back of hair as quickly as possible. He put his hand over the railings and let go. And the black waters received his gift with silence. They immersed just as quickly under the weeds of the bankers as they had always done.

But in the restaurant's house there was great excitement. The restaurant owner's wife came running anxiously to Aunt Arlie: over Mission some rushing down from the

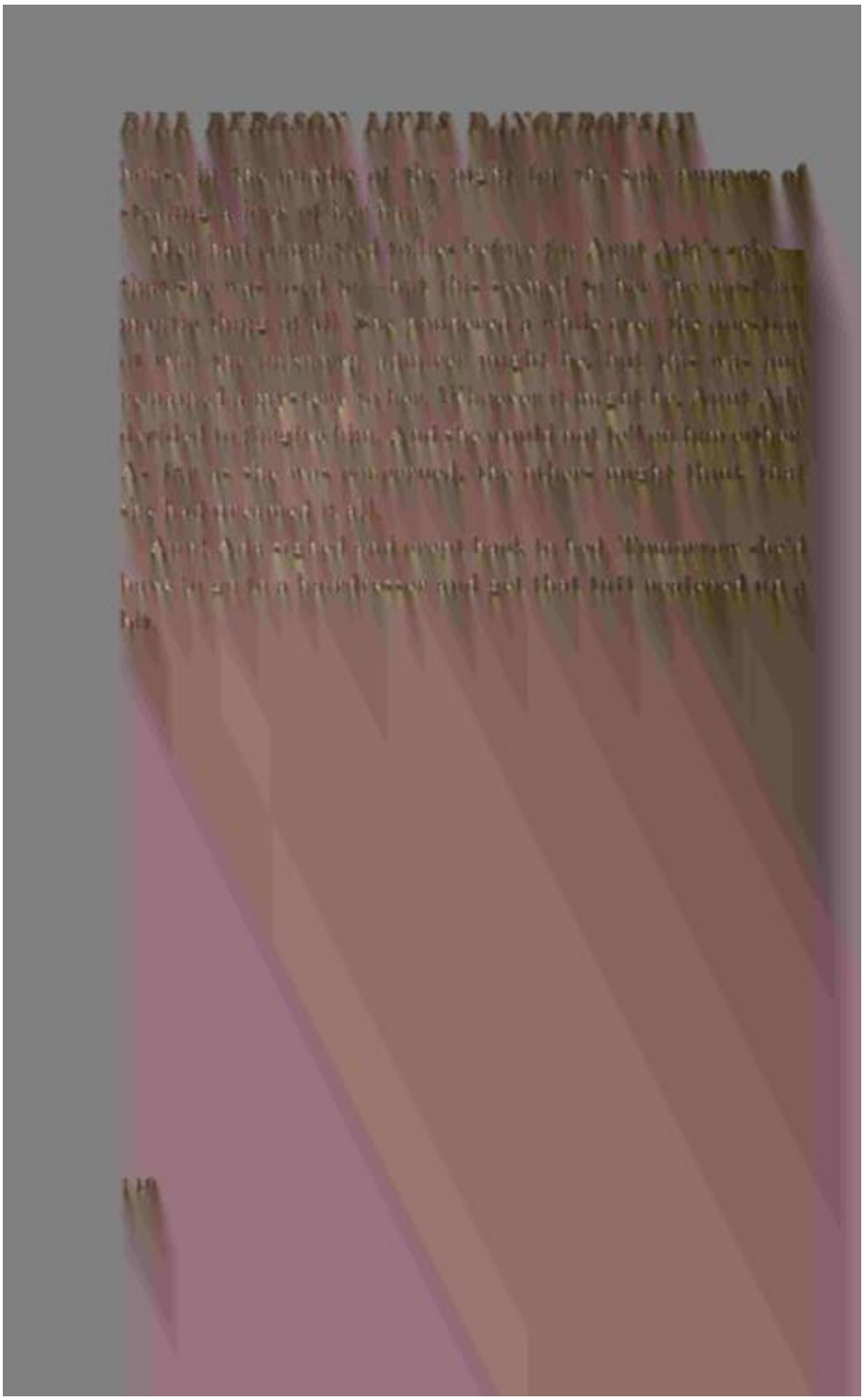
attic, where he had been banished for the [illegible] of his [illegible] [illegible]?

Why, for heaven's sake, did Aunt Ada scream like that in the middle of the night? the professor wanted to know. Because there had been a burglar in her room, Aunt Ada asserted. The professor turned on the lights in the whole house and looked everywhere, but nowhere was a burglar to be seen. The family silver was in its place, [illegible] nothing was gone. Except Beppo. But he perhaps had gone into the garden for a while, as he often did. If there really had been a burglar, Beppo would have barked and made a general commotion, they assured Aunt Ada. She had really been having a terrible nightmare, that was all. And they petted her and comforted her and told her to go back to sleep again.

But when Aunt Ada was left alone, she was entirely too excited to be able to sleep. Nobody could tell her that there had not been someone in her room. She lit a cigarette to soothe her nerves. And she took her mirror in order to make sure that the fright she had been through had not left any mark on her pretty face.

And then she saw it. The night marauder had left his mark. She had a new coiffure. A big tuft of hair had been cut away, which obviously [illegible] very little tuft.

In consternation she stared at her face in the mirror, but gradually her face lit up in a smile. Someone, whoever it might be, had been foolish enough to make his way into the



Chapter XII

A NEW day was breaking, and in the bakery garden Bill

"But the Great Mandrake! He's still in the drawer, then?"

"Yes, sir." "That I took care of that, of course," Andrew said simply. "I drove my sheep, regardless of what problems they might cause me. The Great Mandrake sprinkles in Mrs. Lee's [illegible]."

Bill's and Eva-Leah's eyes sparkled.

"Well done," commented Bill. "Well, we'll see about it. Didn't [illegible]?"

"If you'll wait a minute, I'll tell you," Andrew replied.

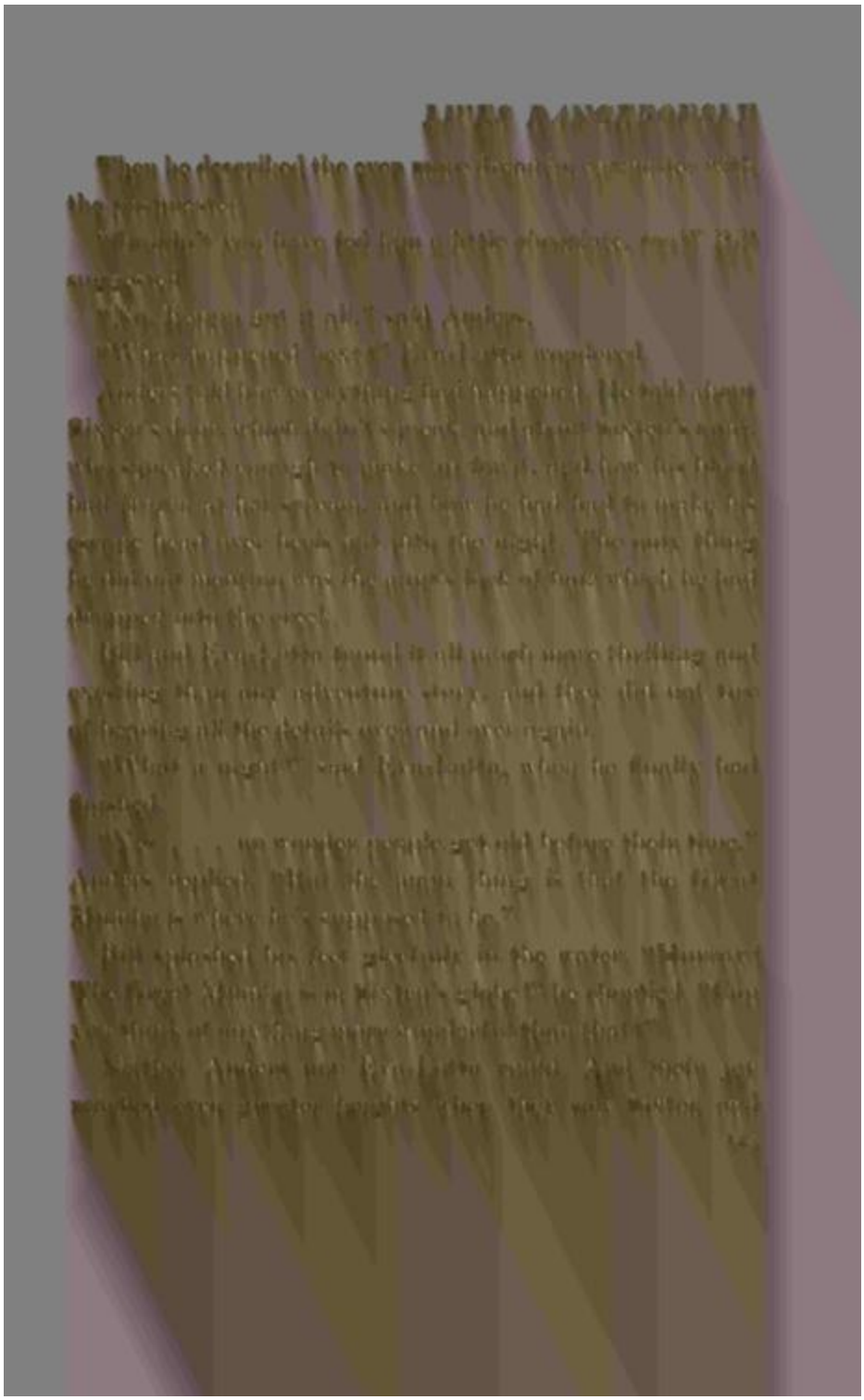
They seated themselves, the three of them, on Eva-Leah's footlocker. It was much above them by the sweet, the [illegible] smoothing a pleasant shade. They thought their legs in the bitterness weather. Andrew said that this had a quiet [illegible] on his shoulder.

"Maybe it wasn't only the fish, come to think of it," he added. "Maybe it was my mother too. For I've been in a [illegible] of humans."

"Tell us everything from the beginning," demanded Eva-Leah.

Andrew did so. He described very dramatically his meeting with Hermes and how he had persuaded him to go ahead. Bill and Eva-Leah were thrilled and delighted by turns. They were a pair of ideal listeners, and Andrew told his story with relish.

"You understand that if I hadn't given the chocolate to Hermes I'd have been stuck," he said.



Hector and Jessica came trotting along the edge of the creek.

"Will you look at the beautiful white stone on that bridge?" Hector said as they approached the footbridge.

Hector immediately tried to tell the White House into the creek, but it was too dark now. The Hooks had not come to see bridges, but only to complain.

According to the kids crowding to the Wizard the Hooks, the Hooks had seen the Great Monster temporarily on the premises, was obliged to admit at least some blame on the whereabouts of the parents. At least some hoot, however, might find the Wizard about our Not, they had not. The for some the White broken hook, other bridge looked quite pretty, if dried out sandstone about some little footprints behind the Mansion, and to make quite sure the Hooks had the premises they searched the whole neighborhood and found some more. But now they were convinced that the Wizard had placed the Great Monster in another place, so therefore they quickly but purposelessly suggested some other.

Andrew stopped about into the water. It shot out seconds higher than his knees. He stood there with his pants rolled and arms akimbo, while his black eyes glittered mildly.

"Mister, we'll give you a clue," he said. "Proceeds in the branch of the creek."

"Looks a lot, how very helpful," Hector said sarcastically. "And where do we start? Here, or in another branch?"

"A spell cha," Johnny snorted. "I'm gonna hit the sack with doubloons. Not the Great Alandin before they sought the crown."

"Yeah, but wasn't romantic have some embers on their hands?" Hooper said.

"If so, your Grace, would that mean we in may can't a girl and? wait Aurora. Just for radical dimensionality, will the Red Cooler will go home and look with the lemon in the crystal, everything will become clear before?"

Sullenly Fan Lotto shrugged such foot arrogantly in the water and laughed with joy. "Mind's right. Bonsai in the lemon at the castle?" Hoop shrugged, scrunching unknowingly back.

"Now under no sight," Benton said.

And then the boys marched off to the pachinko's house and stood outside open-mouth in the garden. "All offers were Hoop, they just poked about in all the places that looked like local strangers, that might possibly support a figure Alandin. Finally the pachinko came out and poked another of the dirtbags necessary to spell just the house could be their possible afford into the planets of starting every "pon aquatic."

"Yes dear, I think that very Benton should go look for Hooper," he said.

"Mind? Yeah's gone look, sod?" Benton's voice was gone sodden, and he dumped the spade. "Hoop is the much long lo lo?"

"That's what I thought you might try to find out," an-swered his father.

Sixten sprang to his feet. "Come along, you," he said to Henka and Johnny.

Of course Henka and Johnny came along. And there were other people who wanted to assist in the search. Ar-dale, Hill, and Fitzhertle, who during the last few hours had been lying in hiding behind the hedge, admiring the consistent dignity of the Herk, crawled out from their retreat and offered to help. In times of need there are un-cranks.

In amazing bewilderment the whole force marched off to look for the vanished Hyggas.

"He never used to run away," Sixten said wonderfully. "Never at least for many Hyggs a couple of years at the most. But now he's been gone every since eleven o'clock last night."

"Yes, since about twelve," Anders said. "But . . ."

He stopped short and frowned furiously.

"Well Hyggs, since twelve," Sixten said aloud wonderfully. Then for just a suspicious look at Anders. "But in Sam Hill what was you doing that?"

"Oh, I'm sure of Hyggs coming back," Anders said hastily. He frowned. Sixten would not pursue the matter further. Fitzhertle would not very well tell him that he had seen Hyggs in the kitchen about twelve midnight when he was settling down for the night with the Great Mandrake, and that the dog was 100

gone when he fled through the garden [illegible] an hour later.

"Oh, goody! What luck to get hold of a clairvoyant at such a suitable moment!" agreed Sixten. "Would you mind using your powers of perception to see where Beppo is just now?"

But Anders explained that he was clairvoyant only as far as time was concerned, not locality.

"Then what time will it be when we find Beppo?" Sixten wanted to know.

"We'll find him in about an hour," Anders said, quite sure.

There, however, the clairvoyant was mistaken. It wasn't as easy as that.

They searched everywhere. They looked for him all over town. They asked about him in the houses where there were dogs whom Beppo was accustomed to visit. They asked all the people they met. But no one had seen Beppo. He had vanished!

Sixten was quite silent now. He went [illegible] as they walked along, but of course he could not let the others see that. He only blew his nose repeatedly often.

"Something must have happened to him," he said at regular intervals. "He's never been away like this before."

The others tried to comfort him.

"Nothing has happened to him," they said. But they were by no means so sure of that.

"He's [illegible]," Sixten said finally in a choked voice. "He [illegible] everything you said to him."

"That's [illegible] that way," Ferrabella said. "You would [illegible] if you thought he was dead."

Sixten did not reply, but sniffled a little.

"He had very brilliant eyes," said Bill, "I mean, he *has* very brilliant eyes," he added hastily.

They stood there silent again for a long while. When the silence grew too oppressive, Jennifer said, "Well, there are nine months."

They were on their way back home now. It was of no use to search any longer. Sixten walked a few feet ahead of the others, kicking a stone before him. And they knew privately, now and for ever,

"Suppose Sixten, that Bergson has come back home while we were out looking for him," Ferrabella said huge-fully.

Sixten stopped in the middle of the street. "Bill for luck," he said. "If Bergson has come home, then I promise that I'll spend my wages, this week's wages, for a present for Ma's birthday for sure. I'll wash my ears every day, and . . ."

He started running with renewed hope. The others followed him, and they all hoped intensely that Bergson would be standing at the gate and looking when they returned to the proprietress's house.

But no Bergson was there. Sixten's conscious promise to wash his ears every day had had no influence on the powers

[illegible] barked until somebody came and let him out.

But even if there was no specific reason for looking in the woodshed, Bill did so. He flung the door open wide so the light shone in. And there, away in a corner, lay Beppo. He was lying perfectly still, and for one despairing moment Bill was sure that he was dead. But when Bill came closer the dog lifted his head with a great effort and whined feebly.

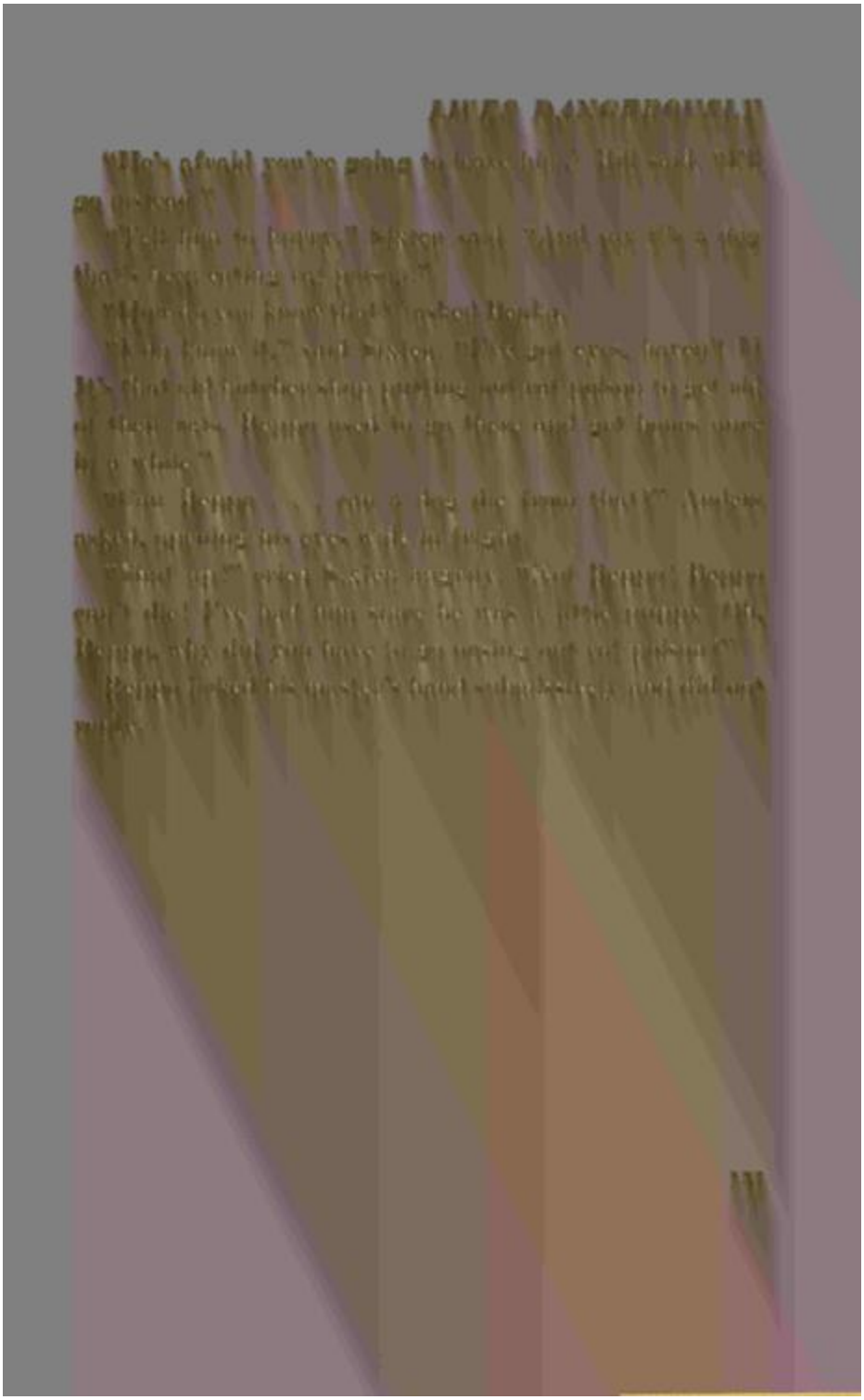
So Bill rushed out shouting with all his lung power, "Sixten! Sixten! He's there! He's lying in the woodshed!"

"My Beppo! My poor little Beppo!" Sixten said in a trembling voice. He knelt beside the dog, and Beppo looked at him as if wanting to ask why his master had not come sooner. Hadn't he been lying here for an interminable time, so ill that he had not even been able to bark? Oh, how sick he had been! He tried to tell all this to his master, and it sounded indescribably pitiful.

"Listen, he's crying," said Eva-Lotta, and started to cry herself.

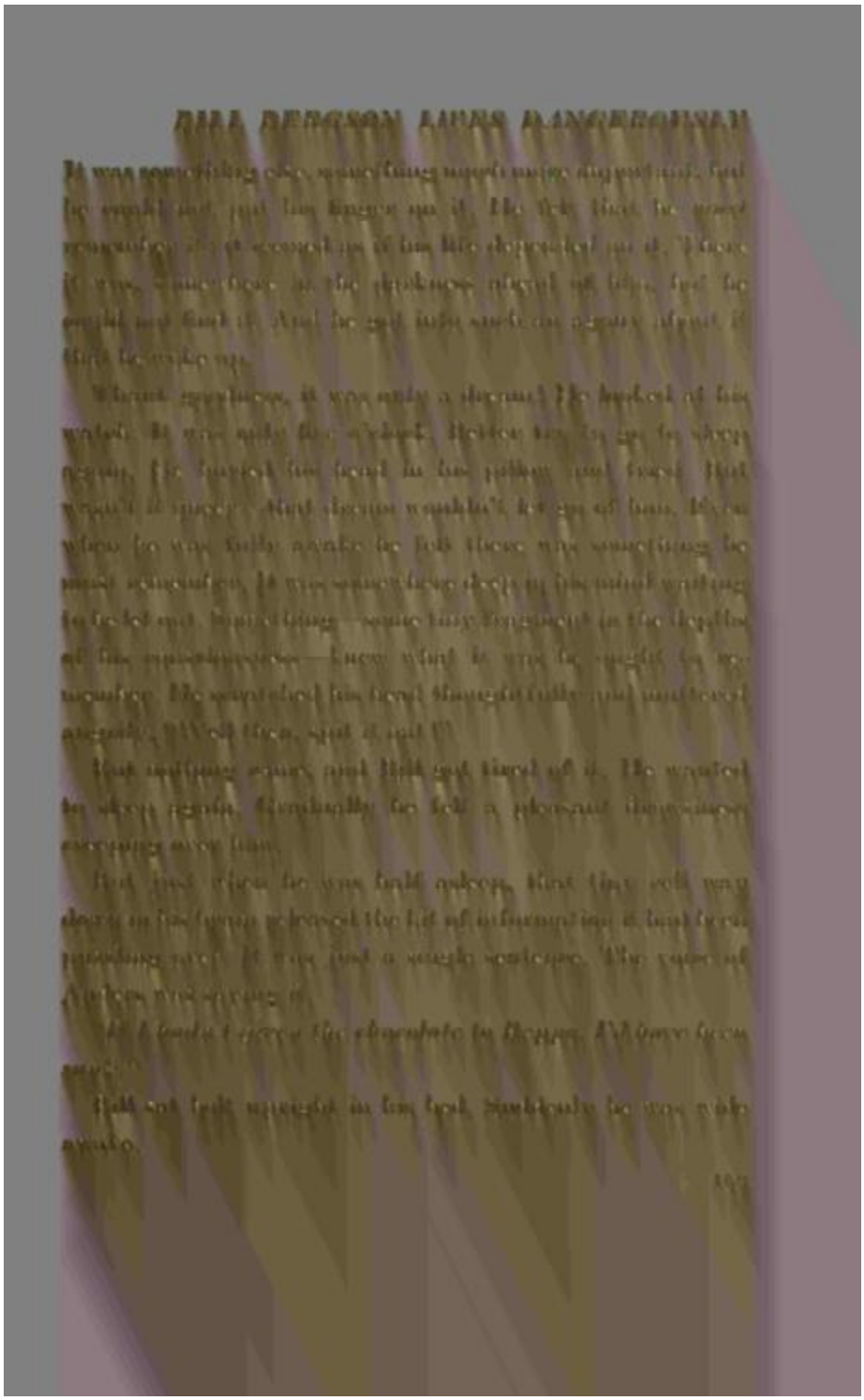
Beppo was sick, there could be no doubt about that. He had been vomiting, and he was so feeble that he could hardly move. He just licked Sixten's hand very quietly as if he wanted to thank him for not having to be alone any longer in his misery.

"I'll have to run for a veterinary and be damn quick about it," Sixten said. But when he rose, Beppo whined anxiously and heartrendingly.



Chapter XIII

BILL slept uneasily that night. The discovery that he was not looking for Hoppy seemed. Now he walked along dark, deserted ways that stretched before him in eternal emptiness, and vanished in frightening darkness far, far off. He was expecting to meet somebody, some person being he could ask about Hoppy, but no one came. All the world was empty and dark and quite deserted. And suddenly it was not Hoppy he was looking for any longer.



"If I hadn't given the chocolate to Bonny I'd have been [illegible]," he repeated [illegible] to himself.

What was there to [illegible] about it now? Why did he have to remember that [illegible]? Maybe, because [illegible] because [illegible] there was a disappointing possibility [illegible].

When he had gone that far, he lay down again and [illegible] pulled the blanket over his eyes.

"[illegible] Bergson," he said [illegible] to himself, "what's [illegible] all again? Don't start that somewhat [illegible] business all over again! We've done with that and it was [illegible]. I thought we had agreed on that!"

Now he was going to sleep. And that was that!

"A man is the sum of his [illegible]."

Again it was Andrew's voice he heard. Why the dickens couldn't he sleep in peace? Why did Andrew have to come in here and bother all the time? Couldn't he stay home and talk to himself if he was so desperately in need of conversation?

But there was no help for it now. Those awesome thoughts were clamoring to be let out. There was no holding them back.

Suppose it hadn't been the fish that had made Andrew sick? Maybe [illegible] was [illegible], Bill agreed, but it was not [illegible] which might [illegible] of it. And suppose it was not [illegible] that Bonny had eaten? Suppose it was [illegible] it was [illegible] poisoned chocolate?

Bill tried again to stop himself.

"The master detective has been reading the newspapers, I see," he sneered. "He's been following the criminal cases of recent years, it seems. But even if it has happened before that somebody has been killed by poisoned chocolate, that does not mean that every darn bit of chocolate is chock full of arsenic."

He lay still a while and thought. And they were alarming thoughts.

"There may be more people than me who've been reading the newspapers and studying criminal cases," he thought. "One particular person may have been doing it. A person with green gabardine pants. He may be frightened. He may have read the article about Eva-Lotta, where it told about how much chocolate and stuff she was getting in the mail. That article where it said that Eva-Lotta's amateur sleuthing might turn out to be the [illegible] leading to the arrest of the murderer, or however it went. Great [illegible], suppose that was it!"

Bill catapulted out of bed. He took the other half of the chocolate bar himself! He had quite forgotten about it.

Where would it be now?

It would still be in his pants pocket, of course. Those blue denim pants he'd been wearing the other day. What luck, what wonderful luck—if things really were as he suspected!

But you can imagine a lot of nonsense, lying on your back in bed and waking in the early hours of the morning. The

[illegible] things became probable then. When Bill [illegible] understanding of the problem in his sleep, with the morning light shining in through the window, he thought again that of all the a lot of nonsense, that impersonation, be proud!

"Actually, of course, some little routine investigation may not be out of place."

His imaginary listener, who had been hanging out of the window for a long time, was evidently just waiting for such a hint. He came running eagerly to see what the great amateur detective was busying himself with now.

"What does Mr. Bergson intend to do?" he inquired respectfully.

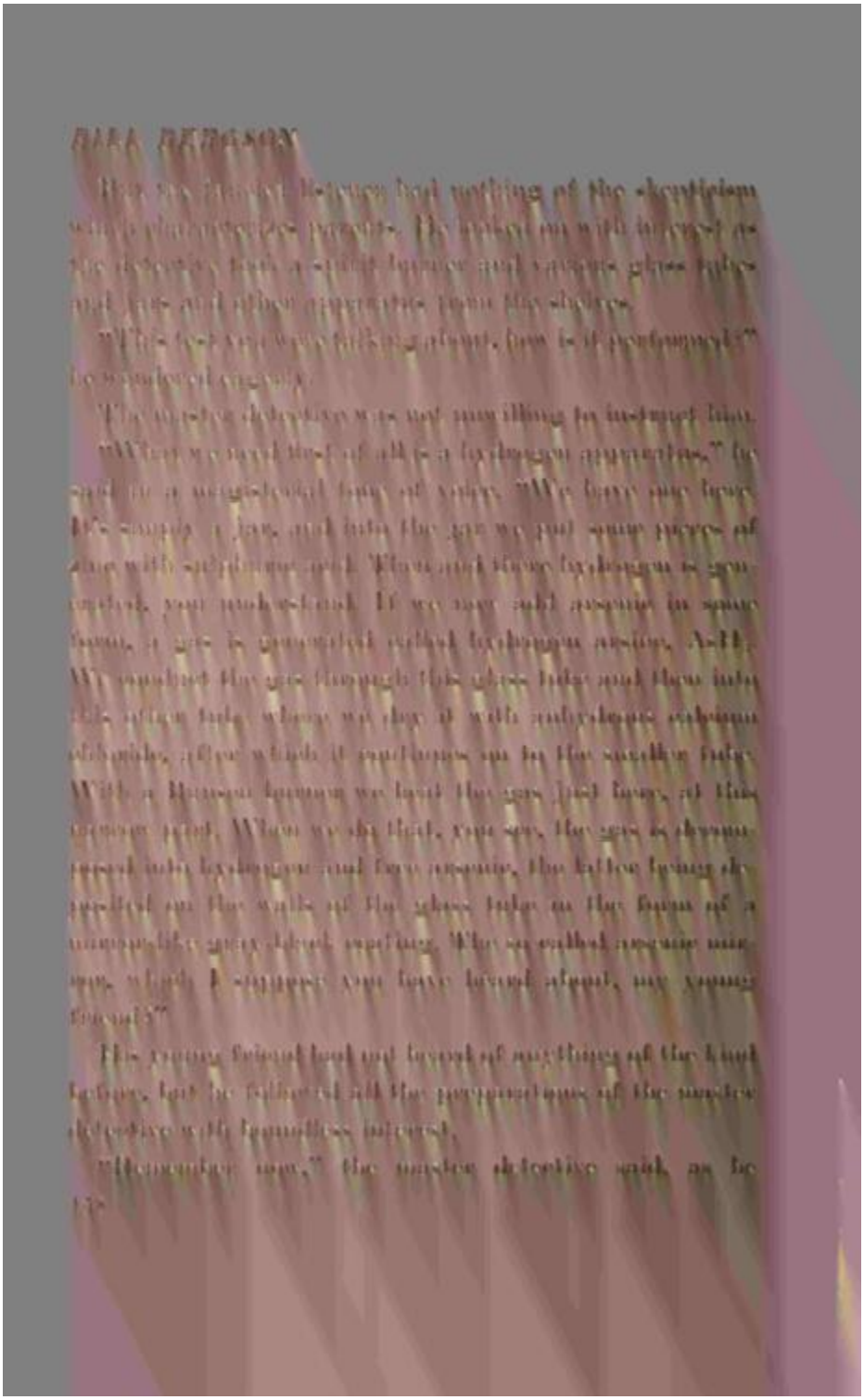
"A-I-intend an more routine investigation."

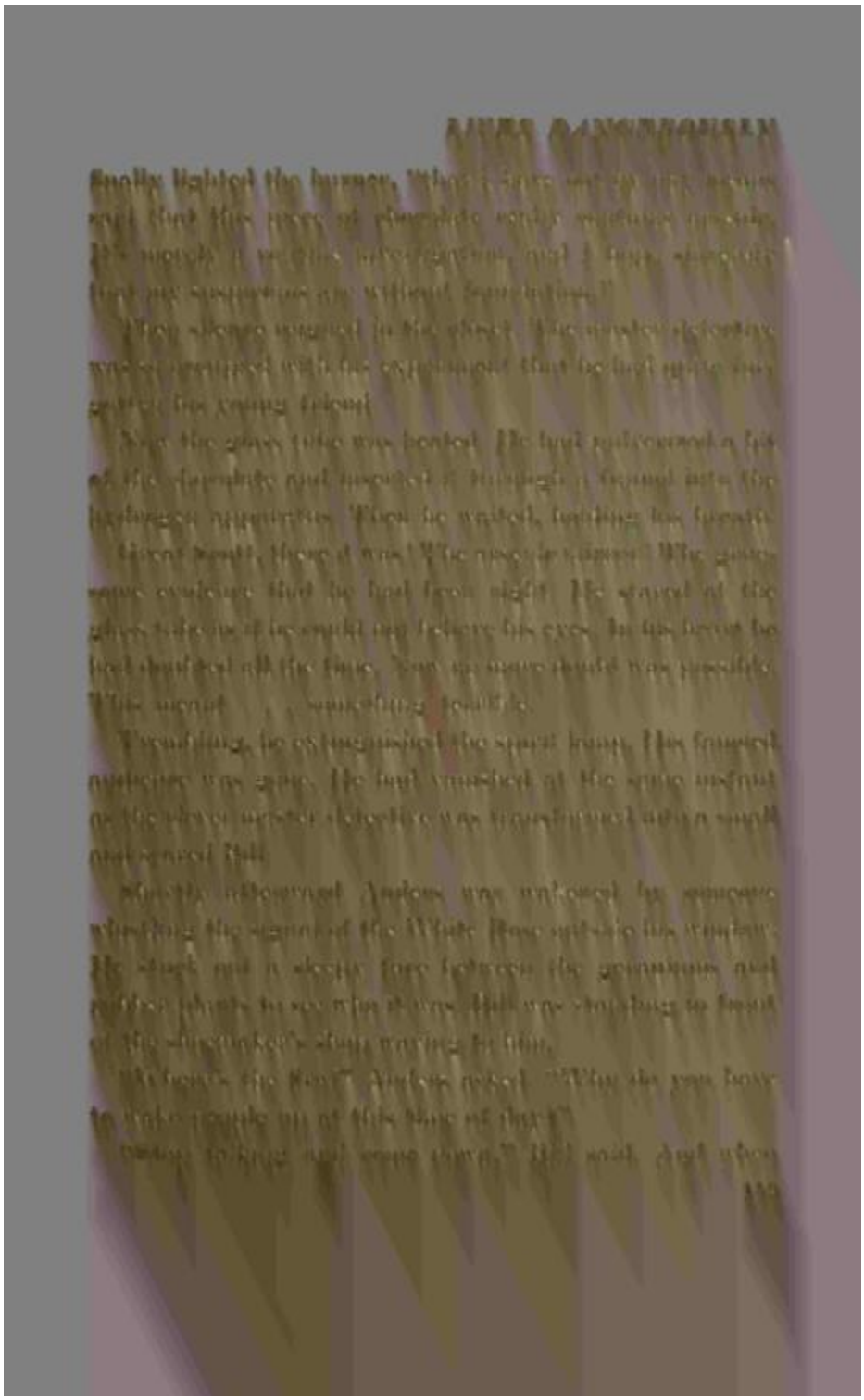
Suddenly Bill was the amateur detective again: there was no getting away from it. He felt not allowed himself to play that role for a long time, and to tell the truth he hadn't much wanted to anyway. What there was a question of a really serious crime, he did not want to be a detective. But just now he himself was so fortunate to know whether his suspicions were reasonable or not that he could not resist the temptation to play detective again.

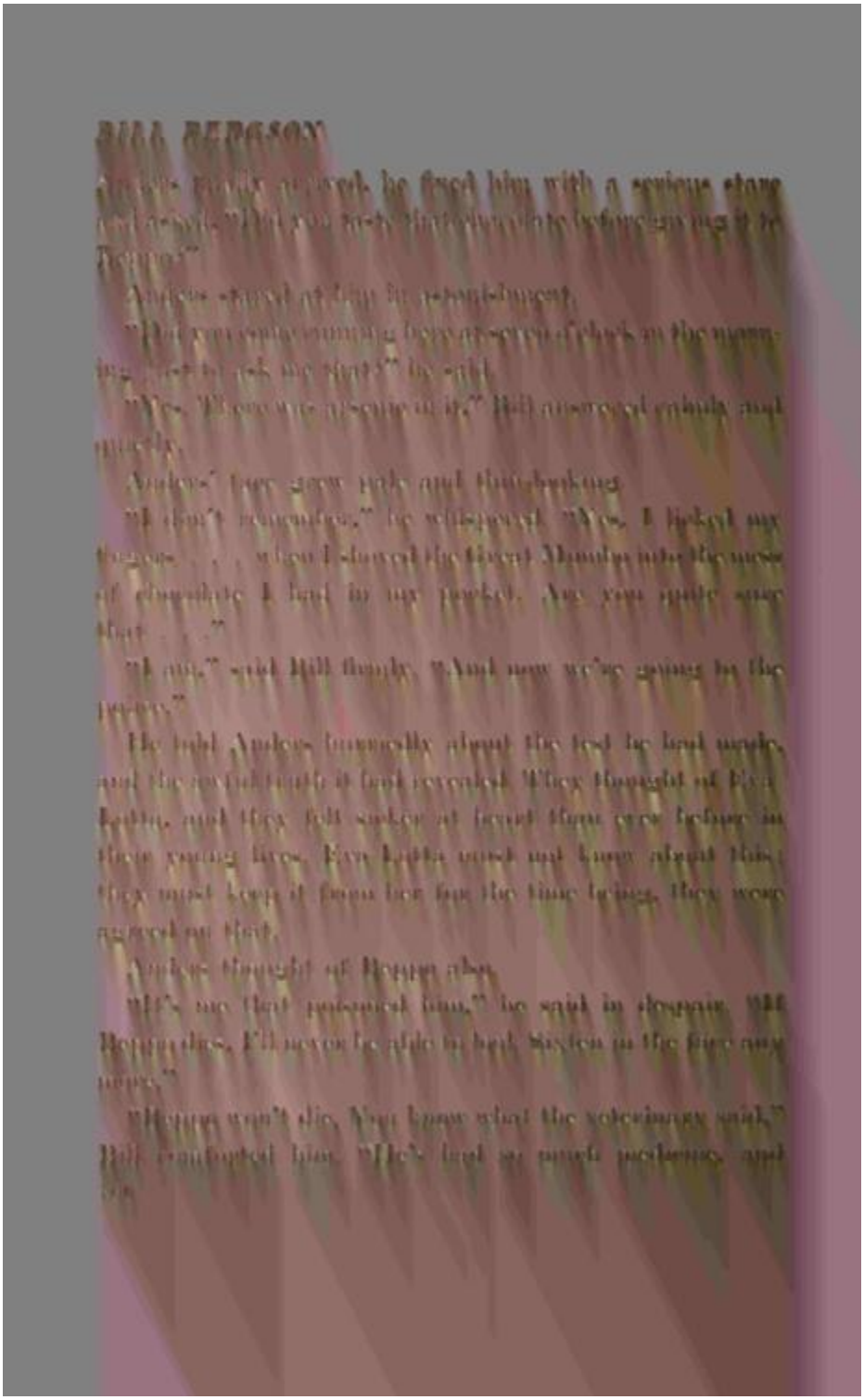
He took the half-box of chocolate out of his pocket and showed it to his friend between.

"I have certain reasons for suspecting that this piece of chocolate is poisoned with arsenic."

His faithful listener shrieked with fright.







stomach washings and everything [illegible] It was better being out in the operation than if it had been one of Lillian's.

"Is it?" Jordan said.

"Both of them suffered."

"Was Tom in shape yesterday?" Jordan said, after they were seeking for the proper attitude.

"What's that?" [illegible]

"I mean was he huge or hunky or the usual?" [illegible] "It wasn't quite enough to cut your throat." [illegible]

Chapter XIV

"THIS murder case will have to be cleared up," the prosecutor said, and let his hand fall heavily on the table.

Fourteen days he had been working on the unfortunate Jerusalem affair, and now he had to leave town. The entire police had a huge field of work to cover and there were people waiting for him in other places. But he was keeping three of his men here, and he had communicated them to us early yesterday morning conference in the police station, together with the local force.

"But as far as I can see," he continued, "the only tangible result of our fourteen days' work is just this, that probably there were three green gelatinous goods now longer."

He stopped, his hand dejectedly. They had worked, and worked hard. They had followed every possible clue. But the solution of the mystery seemed to be as far off as ever.

they had begun. The murderer had made his appearance from nowhere and then disappeared again. No one had seen him except the young girl, Eva-Lotta Lisander.

The police had done its best to help the press. Many hundred [illegible] people [illegible] in the hope of [illegible] their green gabardine pants. In fact, a great many reported that all the [illegible] and gone [illegible] gabardine trousers [illegible], to be on the safe side. And yesterday the inspector had [illegible] in [illegible] which said: "Gentlemen, the [illegible] has a [illegible] of a sort and that [illegible] [illegible] pants [illegible] better [illegible] up too."

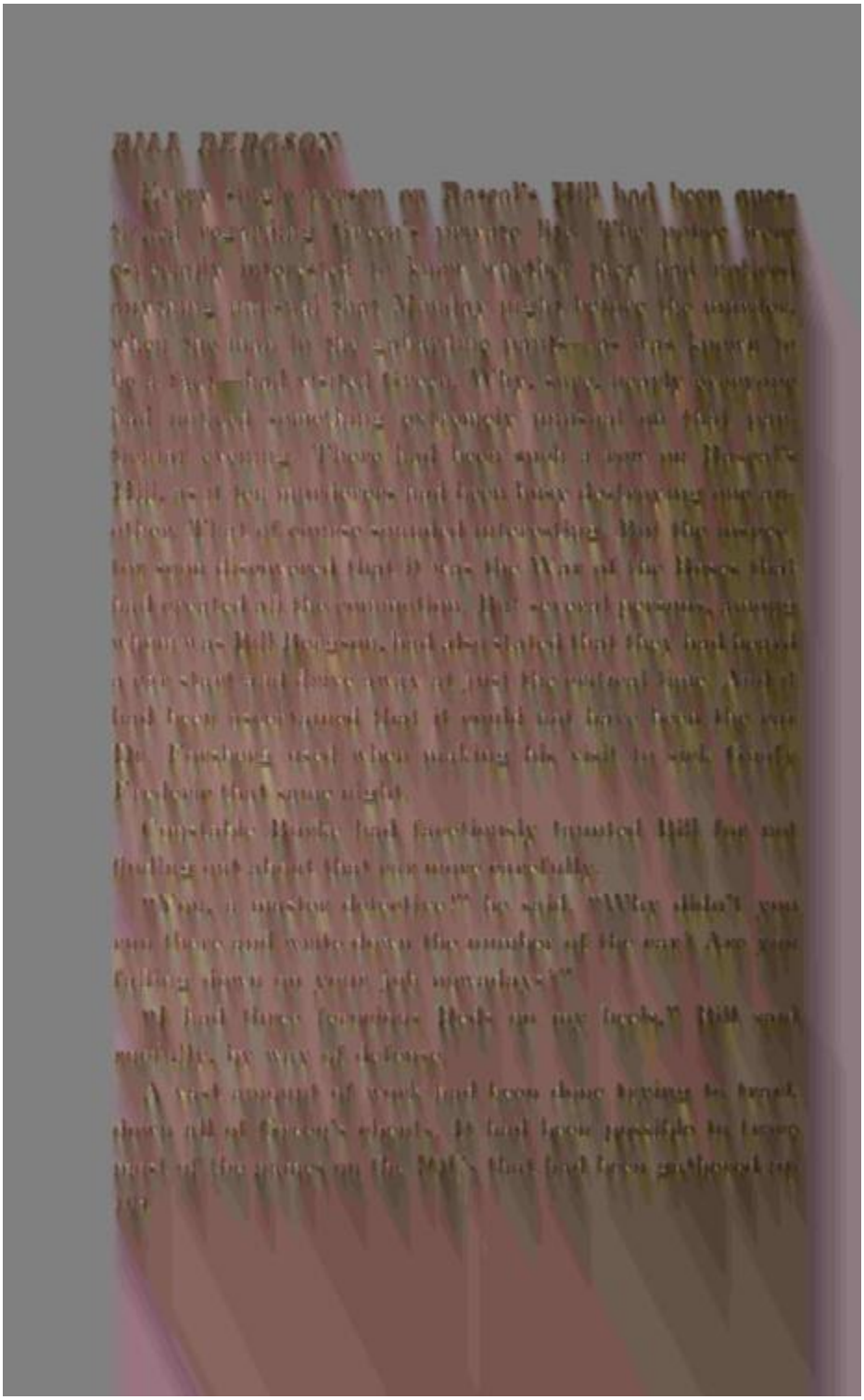
"But when they ask me to [illegible] people [illegible] wearing black [illegible], it isn't so [illegible] that all the dark green gabardine pants have vanished as if by magic," the inspector said with a short laugh.

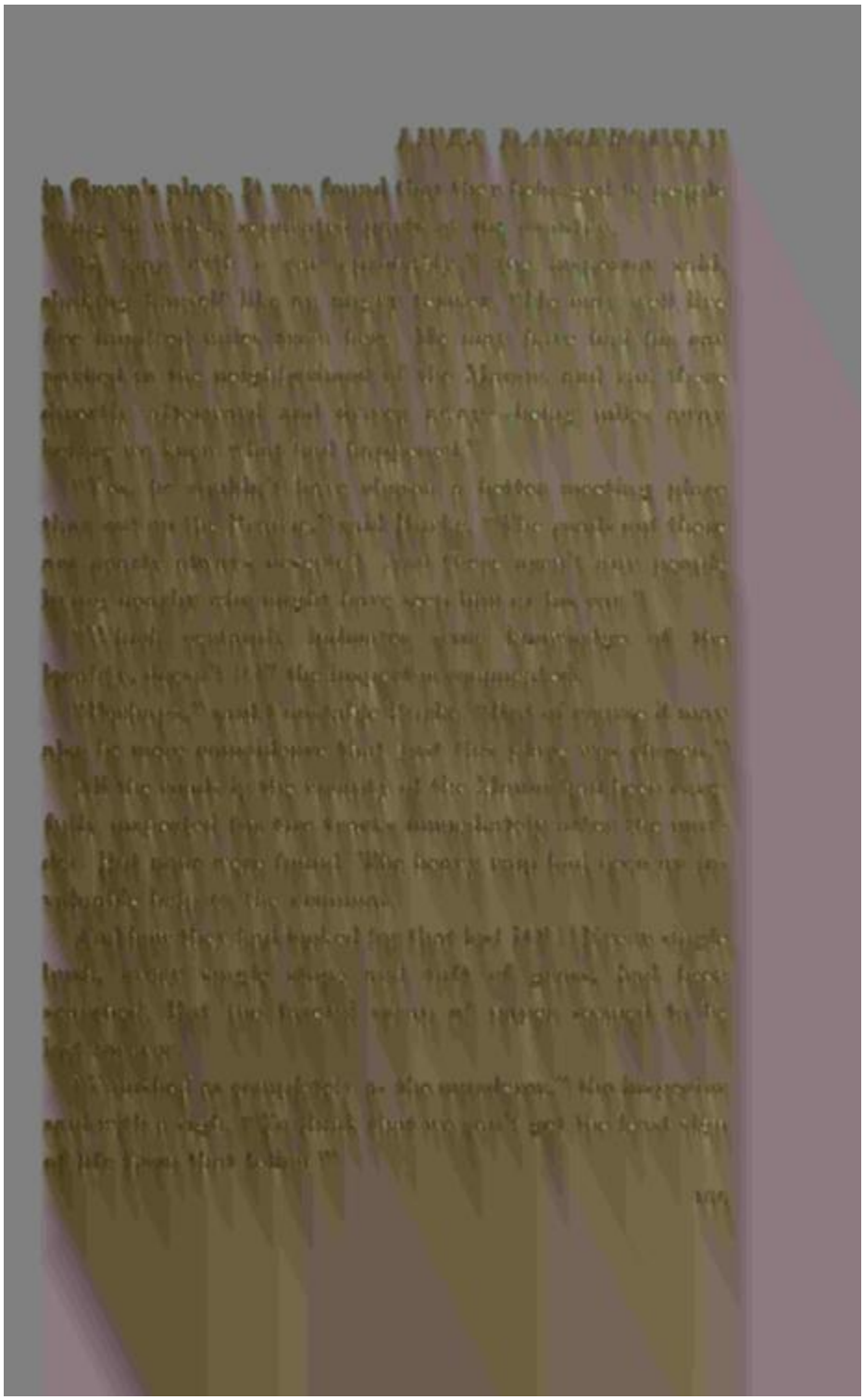
Eva-Lotta had been summoned a couple of times to be confronted with individuals the inspector had thought should be scrutinized a little more closely. The suspects had been lined up with a lot of other men dressed in about the same way, and afterward Eva-Lotta was asked whether any of them was the man she had met in the Prairie.

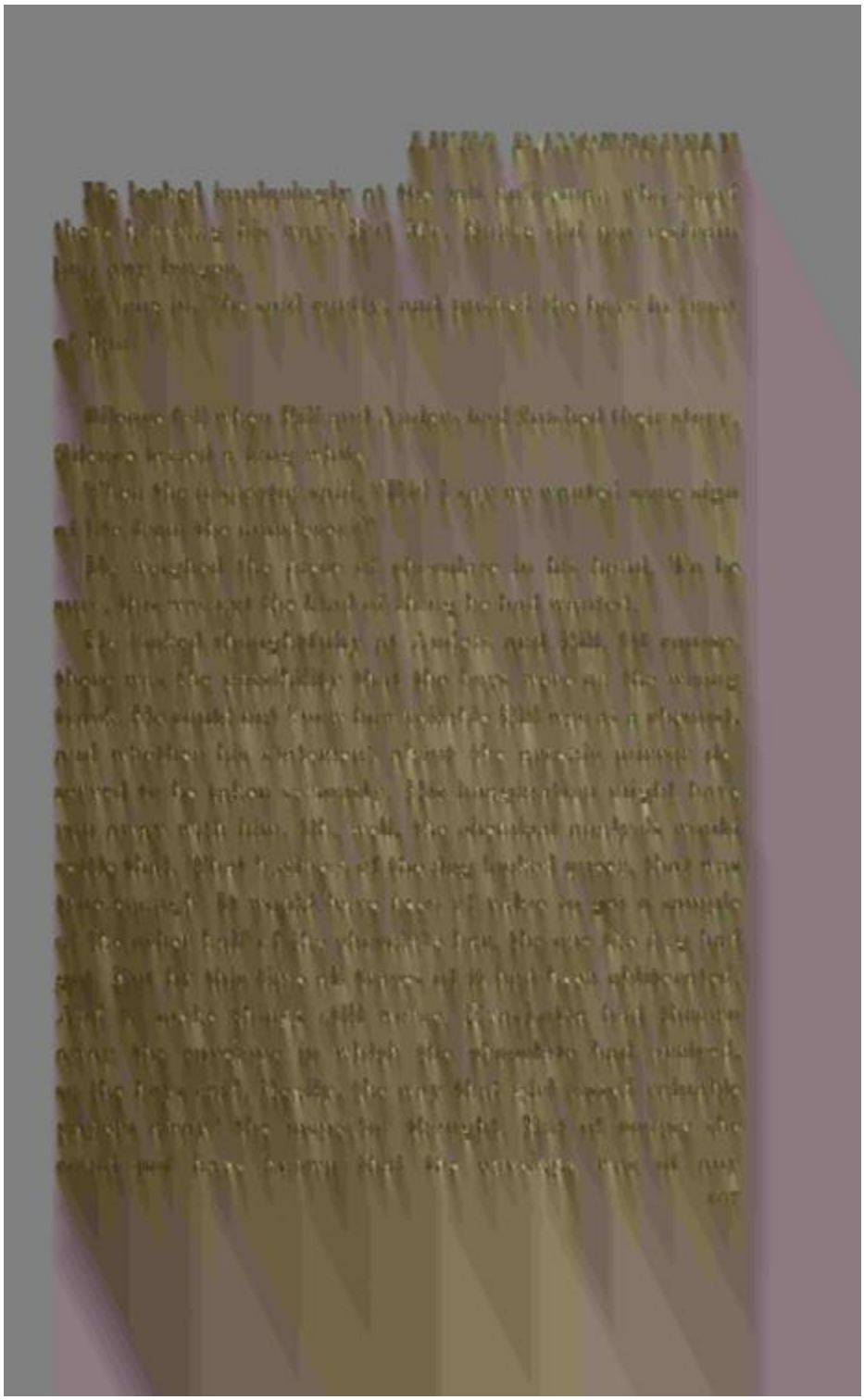
"No, none of them," Eva-Lotta had said each time.

She had also had to look through a lot of police photographs, but there wasn't anyone among them, either, whom she recognized.

"And they all look so nice, don't they?" she said while going through the rogues' gallery of swindlers and thieves







that already. I'd have to make a search for it, but it was likely important, if it could be found.

He turned to Anders.

"You don't personally own a gun, do you, or your half of the duplex?" he asked impatiently.

Anders shook his head.

"No, I'm just up to my 4 only jacket which I lend on my fingers."

"What your people problem? Don't you think they get mixed up by the plumbing?"

"Neither wanted those people problem," Anders replied.

"That was a pity," the inspector said.

He was silent a while, and then he fixed his eyes on Anders again.

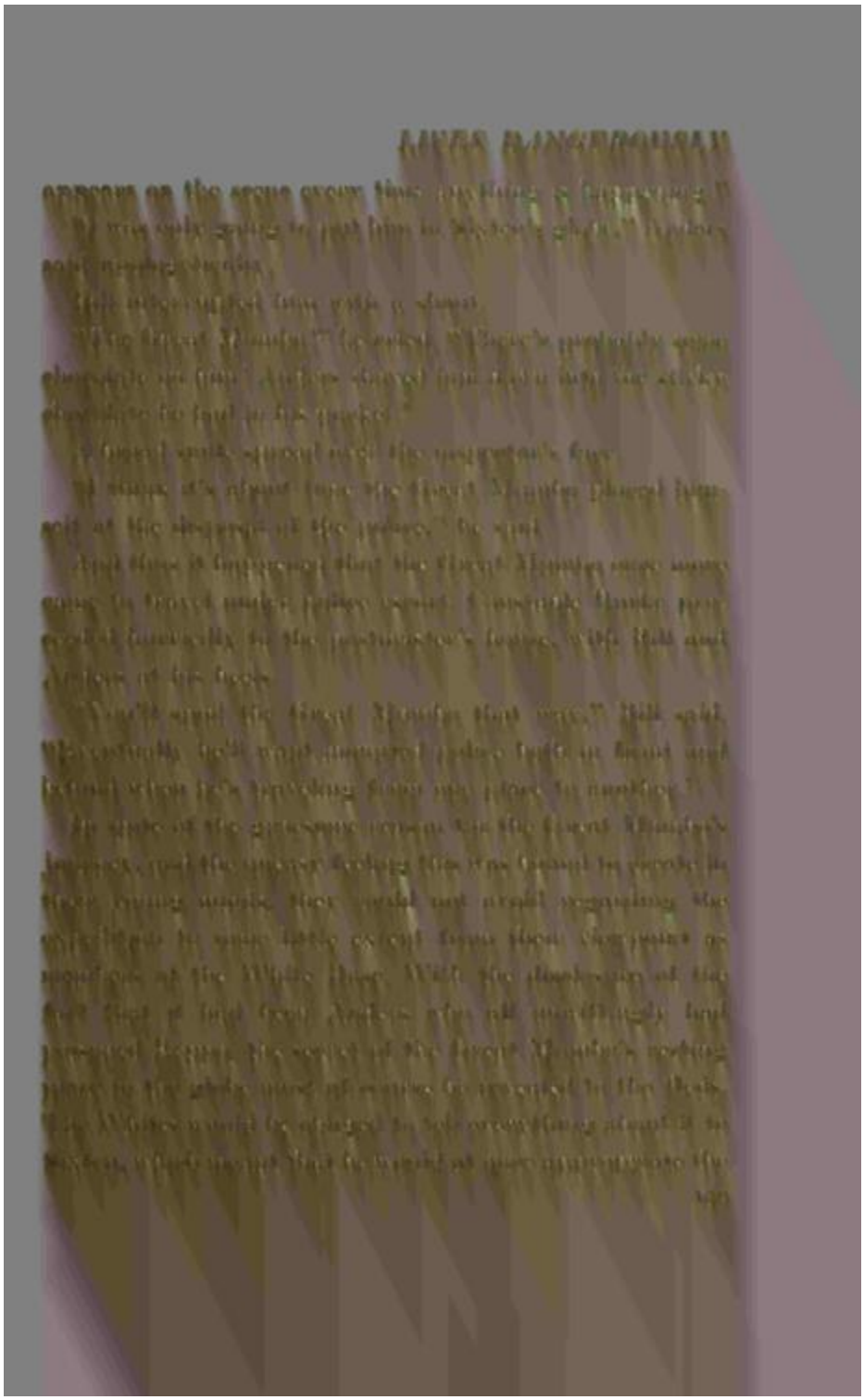
"There's one thing I'm wondering about. Now with your back-door permit in the postmaster's hidden the usual fashion, I saw you through the window while all the people in the house were lying asleep in their beds. We are still puzzling that out, quite, quite, quite. Could you possibly tell me just what you were doing there?"

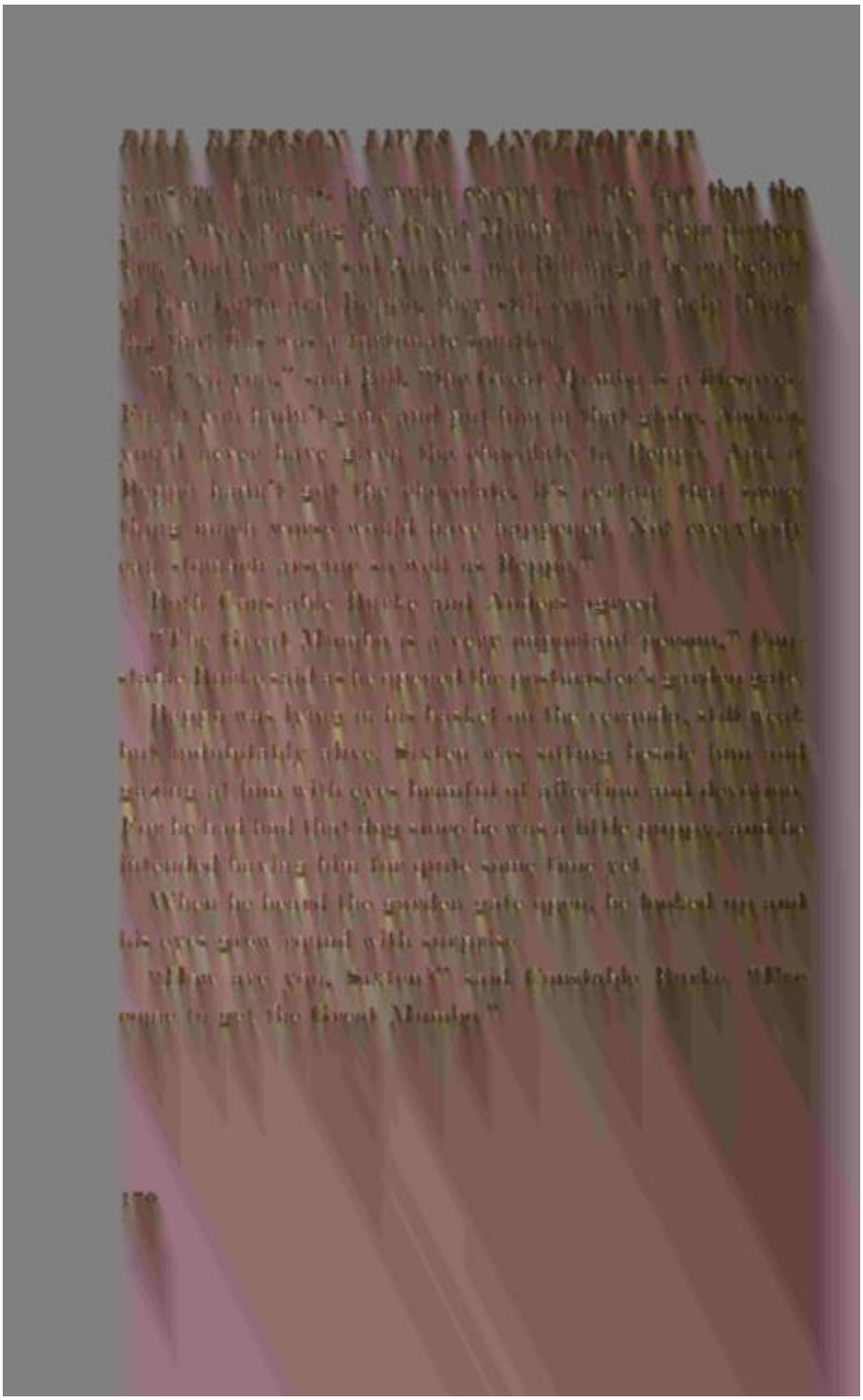
"Uh . . . well . . ." Anders said, twitching in his chair.

"Well," said the inspector.

"We . . . It was the Great Murder . . ."

"No, no! Don't tell me that Gunn is mixed up with it again!" the inspector said, annoyed. "The Great Murder is getting seriously mysterious, it seems to me. He





Chapter XV

HOW soon do people forget about a murder? Alas, it [illegible] take very long. People talk for a while, talk [illegible] heated, gossip and are upset and shocked and complain that the police are not doing anything. But suddenly [illegible] it is not interesting any longer. They begin talking about something else, they shudder and complain about other things.

The young people forget the soonest—the ones, that is, who have to keep their minds on the [illegible] of the [illegible] and the [illegible] of the [illegible]. They have so much to [illegible] about, they have so much to do. Who said a summer's [illegible] is long? Wrong, absolutely wrong. A summer's vacation is quite, unbelievably short, so short you could almost weep about it. [illegible] these days [illegible] quickly [illegible]. You must get the fullest value out of every moment. You cannot let the thought of dark deeds of violence [illegible]

BILL BERGSON

A whole year: the last unclouded weeks of a summer vacation.

They mustn't forget quite so quickly. They have their small habitual amusements of long ago, unwilling to let them out of sight. They gaze out the window with unsure eyes when they do not have their usual nothing to do anymore. Now and then they meet not in conscious memories that outlive but temporarily in their dreaming minds. And for a long time they carefully scrutinize the contents of the letters to make sure that there are no dangerous new surprises hidden there. But at last it is just too much for them, worrying all the time. They have to relax, to think of something else. And then sons and daughters, who had been put to a lot of trouble on account of this worrying, leave a sharp sight of relief and return to their old playgrounds and bathgrounds, which had been forbidden territory for quite some time.

The parents don't forget, although they may seem to. They carry on their work in silence, despite all difficulties. In spite of all the clues and hints which they must discard as useless, in spite of all the important papers which have disappeared and cannot be found, in spite of the fact that at times it seems senseless to continue, the parents carry on. They do not forget.

There is one mind who does not forget. He is the man alone. He remembers what he has done. He remembers it when he goes to bed at night and when he gets up in the 174

morning, and during all the long [illegible]

murder mystery, of a single little paper may spoil it all!

He has played a game for high stakes, and he must play it to the end. It has to stand with all in her. In that case he imagined, which in the very case was incredibly would stick out the most stupid and senseless thing he ever had done.

Not once does he think of a human being gone forever, the dead no old man because of him would never see the sunrise coming into autumn. He is thinking only of himself. He wants to save his skin at any cost. But he is afraid. A man is most dangerous when he is afraid.

The Great Monday lead not come lead yet from the investigations in Stockholm. But the police lead immediately arrested the student, the extremely small specialty of chocolate collecting in the Great Monday lead case commonly been found in southern towns of assume. And what commonly of Hell's chocolate contained commonly poison to make an almost lethal dose for one person. If Eva Lotta lead eaten the entire chocolate box, as the smoke on should lead happed, she would have lead very little chance of surviving.

Eva Lotta was aware that an attempt lead been made at her life. It would have been impossible to keep her in ignorance of something that would be read in every newspaper. Furthermore, the inspector regarded it as his duty to warn her. It was into that the circumstances of guilt and secrecy lead stirred entirely after an urgent appeal lead been

published in the papers, but even so [illegible] ought to be on guard. For a desperate person might [illegible] of things not known. [illegible] the [illegible] feared that the young girl would get a bad shock when she found the dismal truth, he went to the Baker's house and had a serious conversation with her.

But he was mistaken. Eva-Lotta developed no symptoms of a nervous collapse. But she grew angry, so angry she [illegible] sparks.

"Beppo might have died," she cried. "Just imagine anyone killing a poor innocent dog who doesn't do anybody any harm!"

According to Eva-Lotta's way of thinking this was an outrage that exceeded everything else.

But her natural lightheartedness helped her to get over anything easily. After a couple of days her cheerfulness had returned. She thought no more about the wicked people in the world; she was aware only that it was summer and vacation time, and indescribably wonderful to be alive.

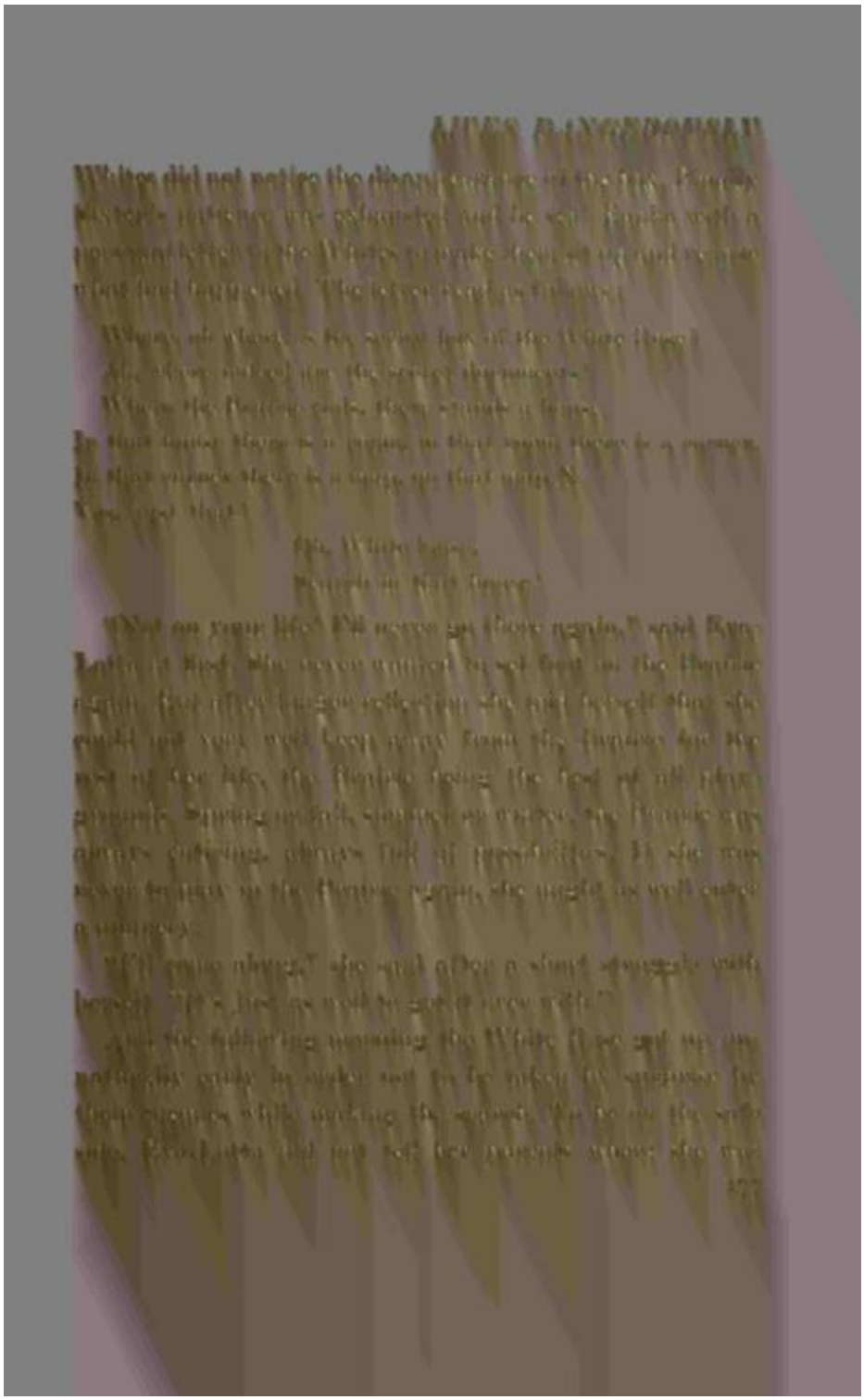
Yes, only a few more weeks of summer vacation. All the Knights of the White and Red Rose realized that the least bit of time must be utilized to better purpose than useless [illegible] speculations about things that had already happened and could not be changed.

Henry had made a perfect recovery. And Sixten, who up to that time had kept [illegible] by his side, developed a

[illegible] for nations. He called his troops to the colors [illegible]. They gathered in his [illegible] and made plans. For now the hour of reckoning had come — now the Whites would have to make records for the Great Mandate in the ghetto, and other unpleasant exploits. But Anubis' [illegible] [illegible] of Horus was not counted as one of them. For that, Anubis had completely forgotten him.

Firing had long further between the Reds and the Whites long before the Great Mandate was issued out. And even of the Great Mandate was misinterpreted as a page of war. Horus was [illegible] all other factions that could be spared from the enemy. For instance, the White Horus had a medal long [illegible] with sacred purpose. Anubis remembered that his [illegible] could be kept in the factory half without [illegible]. Hostages of equal — under military commissions. But now, with the Great Mandate [illegible] [illegible], Sister came to the conclusion that this medal [illegible] of the White Horus was [illegible] [illegible] of the Red [illegible], which must be [illegible] even if the Red Horus had to fight for it for the first time. Hooker and Anubis immediately [illegible] with [illegible] it would be [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to fight for the first time.

After this [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] of a [illegible] in Sister's [illegible], Sister [illegible] and [illegible] went to the White Horse headquarters in the [illegible] and took the [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], however, for the simple reason that the



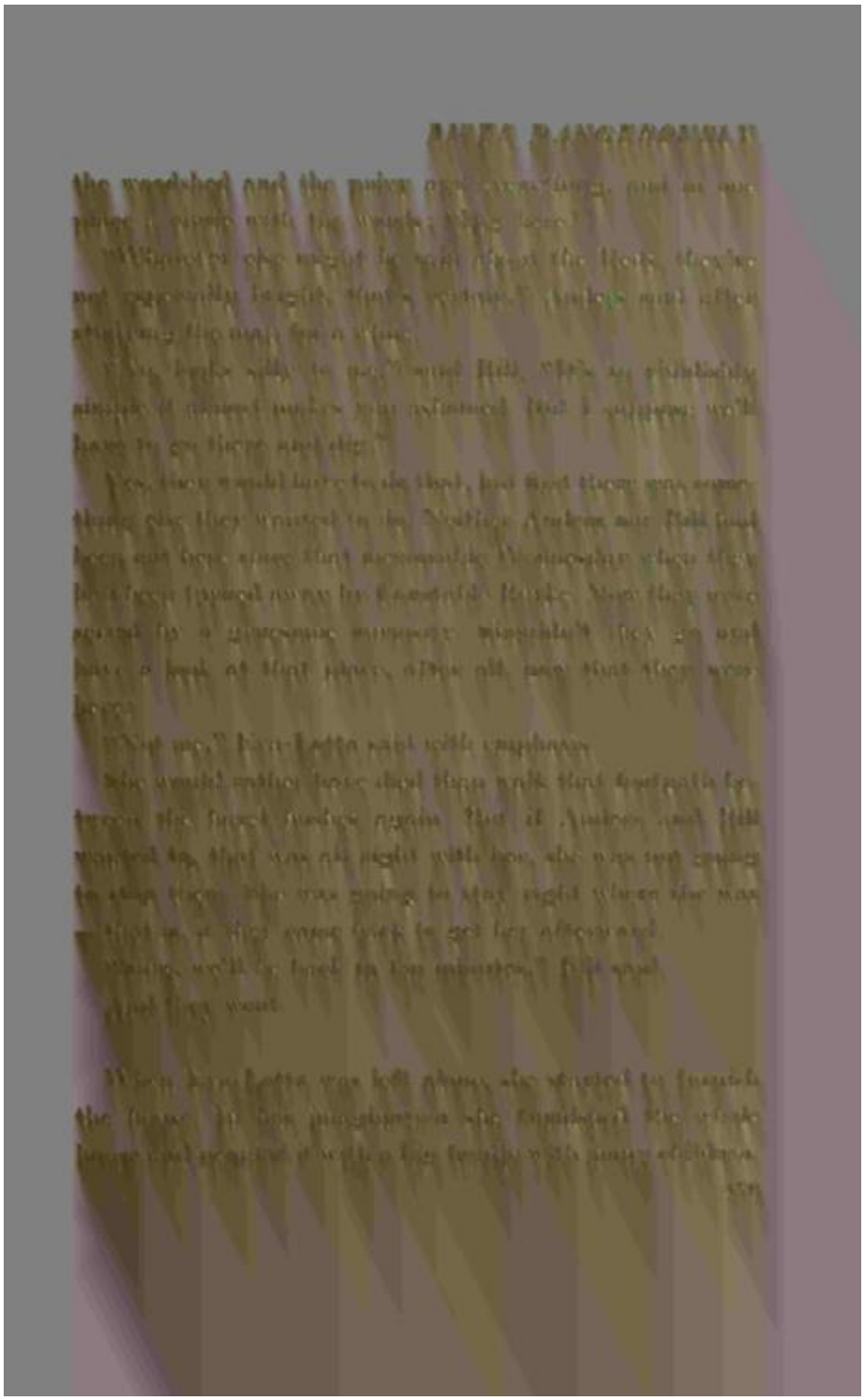
[illegible] They turned silently out through the garden gate and found Andrew and Jack waiting for them.

The Thomas was not for any means so formidable as Tom Jefferson had expected it would be. There it lay in wonderful and quiet repose, and the sunshine broke themselves on small white through the air. There was nothing to be afraid of here. The Mansion looked almost anything, and not all like a haunted house, but like a house where people have not quite forgotten yet. Soon the windows would be flung open, the curtains would stir in the morning air, and the house would fill with merry voices. There was nothing really to be afraid of here.

Nevertheless, when they opened the door it was only a dead house that confronted them, a house with spiders webs in the corners, peeling wallpaper, and crooked wooden floors. Evidently they found no merry voices when these days were.

"Hi, White house, sounds in that house!" the Red leader had scarcely spoken them, and they did their best. They took to sounds a huge house, for this was a big house with many rooms and corners, but finally these efforts were rewarded with success — precisely as the Reds had anticipated. The room, if never before, the White were to be shaped these weights, something to Victor's place.

Sure enough, there was a huge bubble in a corner, and it was not hard to puzzle out that it represented the professor's symbol. There was the house and the garden and



BILL BERNSON

Eva-Lotta had no small brothers or sisters herself, and small children were the best things she knew.

Here was the strange name, Eva-Lotta thought. Here was the table. There were so many of them that they had to extend it around to Aunt Christmas and Christmas stood a little out from it, squeezed in the corner. Herself was so little he must have a high chair to sit on. His mother was looking long, but he spoiled Hippo anyhow. Her big sister Lotta—how beautiful she was with her green-black hair and black eyes! She was going to give a ball tonight here in the garden. She was going to stand here under the elm shadow, her eyes sparkling, wearing a white silk dress.

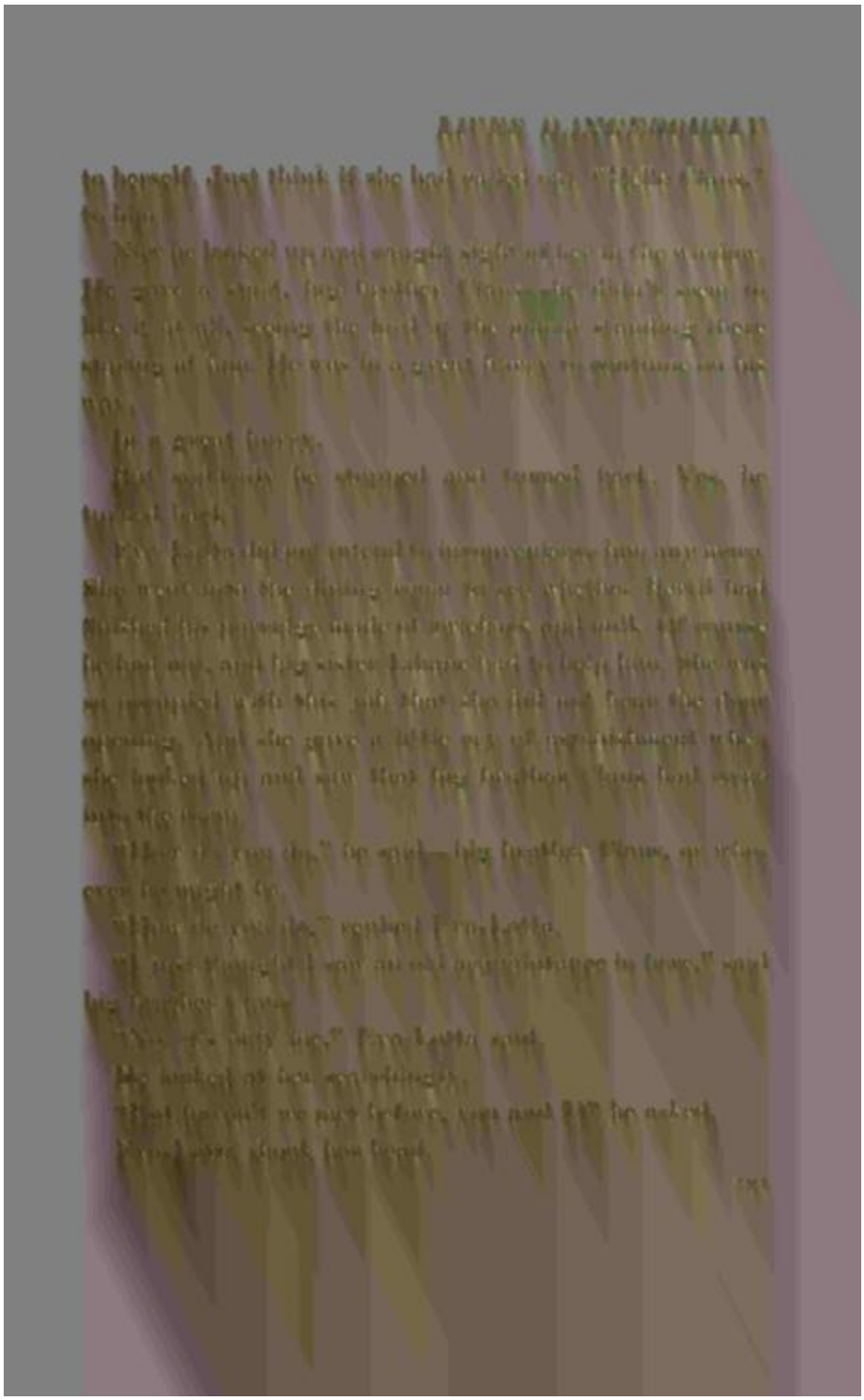
Eva-Lotta's eyes sparkled. Now she was big sister Lotta.

But Christmas Chris was coming home from Uppsala this very day; he had just graduated from college. The squire was feeling very happy about it as he stood there at the window waiting for his son.

Eva-Lotta stuck out her stomach nothwestatively and was the squire, standing at the window waiting for his son.

Look back, Jane for course, walking up to the front door! How nice he looked. Though he might have been a little younger!

It took a few seconds before Eva-Lotta recovered from her make-believe world and realized that this was not big brother Chris, walking up with long, rapid strides, but a real flesh and blood man. She laughed a little awkwardly too.



"No, I don't think so," she said. "At least not that I remember."

"Wouldn't a thousand I should recognize him," Eva-Lotta had said at one time. But she did not know. How long, moreover, a person's inner nature changed by showing off the muscles and swagger he had learned in stability. Moreover, the man she had met on the motorbike and whose photo was unknown, unpressed on her mind had worn black, never embroidery suits, and Eva-Lotta could not imagine him dressed in any other way. But her brother's boss was wearing a smart checked gray suit.

He looked at her with bewildered eyes, and then he asked, "What might be your name, little miss?"

"Eva-Lotta Lisenborg," she murmured.

His brother's boss nodded.

"Eva-Lotta Lisenborg," he said.

Eva-Lotta had no idea how lucky it was that she did not recognize his brother's boss. Eva is continual hesitation to become a social nonentity. This failing, however, intended to save her skin at any cost. The fact that somebody for the name of Eva-Lotta Lisenborg might be able to ruin her life for him, and he was prepared to do anything what power to stop her from doing so. But now she was standing there — this Eva-Lotta Lisenborg, who had he thought he recognized in the window as soon as he caught a glimpse of her blond hair — now she was standing there, as perfectly innocent and as if she had never seen him before. And he felt as if

"A paper?" the young man said, and his face hardened. "Why've you been looking for a paper?"

"Yes, you see," said Eva-Lotta, who considered it had been an awfully long time, at least when it was a question of hunting the Reds' silly little map. "You can't imagine how we have been looking for it. But now we've found it at last."

The young man drew his breath sharply and clutched the door handle so tightly that his knuckles whitened.

He was lost! They had found the bit that he himself had searched for so many times, and which today he had come to get for absolutely the last time. He was lost, just when he thought himself safe! Ah! He was seized by a wild desire to knock down and destroy everything that stood in his way. Had he felt relieved that this girl had escaped her life, that time when he had sent her the chocolate? Now he no longer felt anything of the sort, only a wild anger, such as had seized him that last Wednesday in July!

But he forced himself to be calm. There was hope yet. He must get hold of that paper, he simply *must* get it!

"Where are Anders and Bill now?" he asked, as unconcernedly as he could manage.

"Oh, they'll be back soon," said Eva-Lotta.

She looked out the window.

"There they come now," she said.

Her brother Claes stepped behind her so he could see too. He stood very close to her, and when she turned

her head and happened to look down, she saw [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] forget. Well-dressed and with [illegible] that time. Now she recognized him completely. And the terror that seized her was so overpowering she almost collapsed on the floor. All she [illegible] [illegible] her face, only to [illegible] [illegible] again with such speed that it made her eyes [illegible]. [illegible] thing that she was standing with her back to him so he couldn't see the wild terror in her eyes, nor her mouth that was beginning to quiver on the verge of crying. At the same time there could not be anything ghastlier than just this, to have him stand behind her without knowing what he was doing. But oh, thank goodness, there came Anders and Bill! She was not alone in the world! Those two wild-looking figures, who came trotting along in faded blue denim pants and shirts that were much too short, and with badly disheveled hair, they were like angels from heaven! Knights of the White Rose, God bless them!

But she was a Knight of the White Rose herself, and so nobody must see her lose her head. Her heart was beating so forcefully that it seemed to her the man behind her must hear it. One thing she realized. He must not know that she had recognized him. Whatever happened, she must appear unconcerned.

She opened the window and leaned out, and all her distress showed in her eyes, but those two out there did not see it.

BILL BERGSON

"Whoever they'll soon be here!" Andrew shouted when he saw her.

His brother Chris almost jumped. Were the police on their way already to his place to see the paper that the Sale had bought? Which one of the boys had it? No, he'd have to know. Everyone knew what must happen, must happen when he saw.

He stepped up to the window. His winds being swaddled against something himself this opening, but he had no other choice. He greeted the boys out there with a friendly smile.

"Hello there," he said.

They looked at him questioningly.

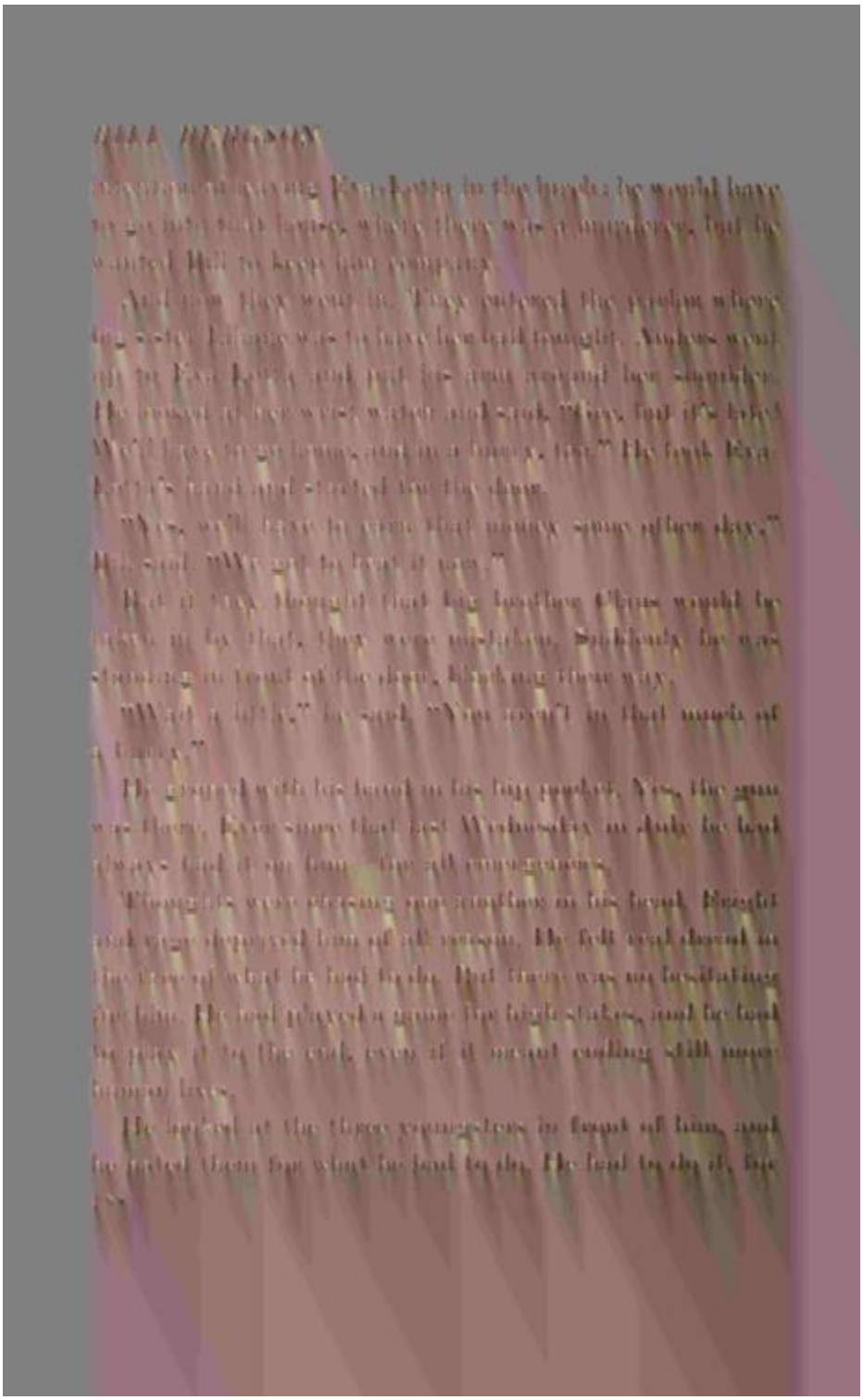
"What do you mean by bringing a little lady all to here?" he said in a tone of voice that was intended to be jovial but did not succeed. "I felt obliged to come in here and talk to Eva Lotta a little while you were out collecting [illegible] in whatever you were doing."

Chris was hardly anything to apply to that, and Andrew and Bill kept an expectant silence.

"Come in, boys," the young lady Eva Lotta continued. "I have a proposition for you. A scheme by which you can make good money."

At this, Andrew and Bill grew extremely interested. If it was a question of earning money, they were ready to jump at the chance immediately.

But Eva Lotta sat on the window sill and looked at them in a very grave fashion. And with her hand she made a [illegible]



he could not let these witnesses live who could identify the man [illegible] who had taken the [illegible] from him.

No, they would perhaps have a chance of getting that away. He would take care of that, even if he had to proceed with torture. But first he would have to know which one of them had the papers, so he need not take the time afterwards to search all their pockets.

"Look here," he said in a voice that sounded hoarse and thick. "What paper you found—a little white paper folded up? I want it. Now, quick, where is it?"

The three in front of him gaped in astonishment. They could not have been more surprised if he had asked them to sing "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." Could they believe their ears? Of course they had heard of insane murderers, but not even a madman could derive much pleasure from the Red Roses' map with the words "Ha ha" on it.

Though, certainly, he could have the map if he really wanted or needed it, thought Anders, who had the papers in his pocket.

But in really critical situations it was, after all, Master Detective Bergson who was the most quick-witted. Within a second he had grasped what kind of paper the fellow thought they had in their possession. And something else became clear to him, too. It was as if he had been able to read the man's mind. That man had shot down one man in cold blood, and probably he was ready to shoot again. Witness how he had tried to get [illegible] out of the way with

[illegible] Bill realized how small their chances were of escaping with their lives. If Andrew took out first [illegible] one of them succeeded in overpowering the man [illegible] they would never even get a glimpse of the Hill's. They were alone for just the asking. The murderer would undoubtedly stop to feel great himself up for his operation, and Bill knew that if he had a chance he could get out of any window he [illegible] in would be even less inclined to let these persons walk about alive who could identify him. All this Bill did not formulate in clear words; it only was a sort of unreasoning [illegible] on his subconscious. And it was an idea that should make him [illegible]. But he told himself, magically, "We can pay for it afterward — if there's going to be any afterward."

It was a question of gaining time. Oh, just to gain time!

Andrew was about to push the magazine out of his pocket when he suddenly received a hard poke from Bill.

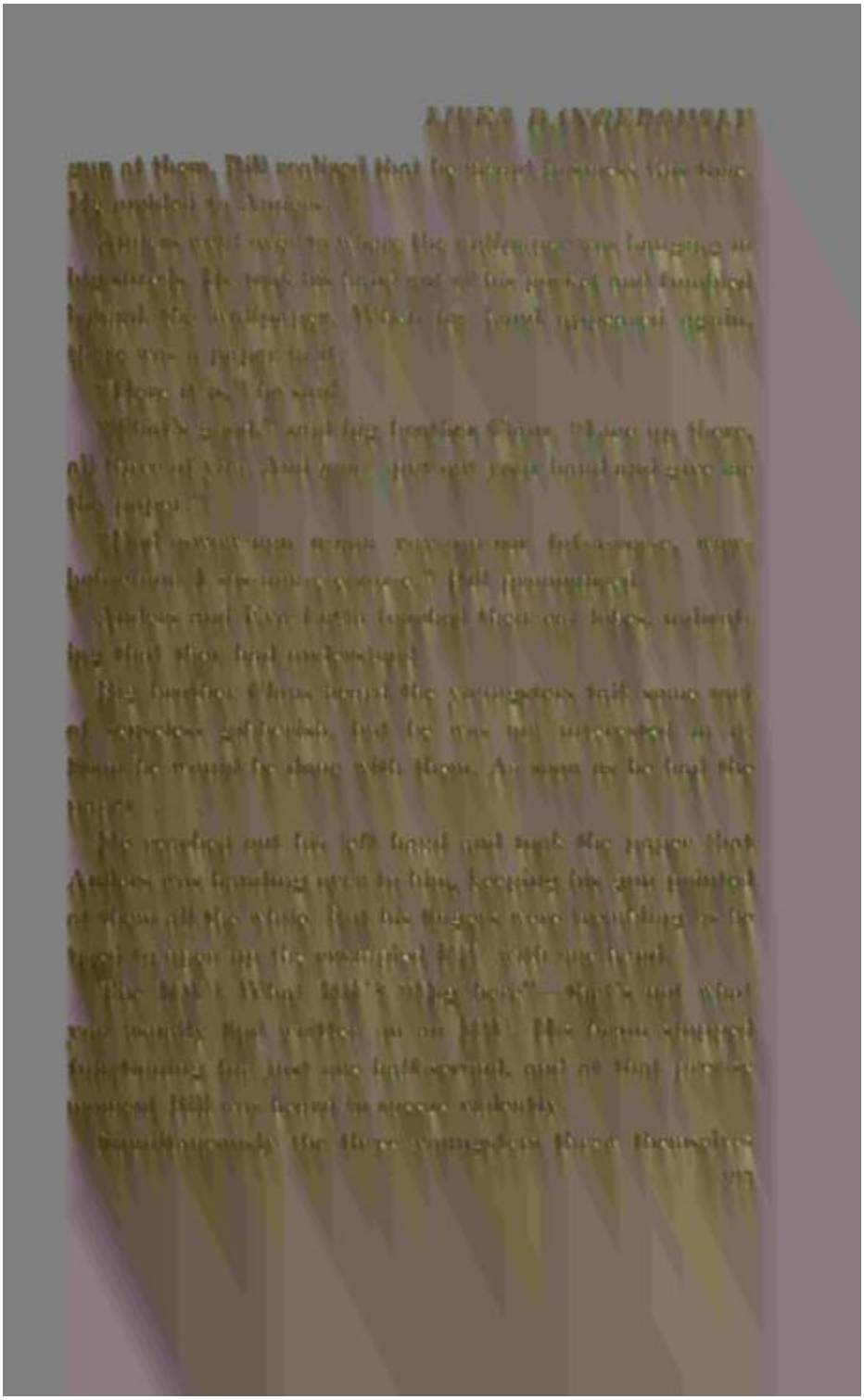
"Now I know," Bill hissed. "Hand it over to me."

"Do you know what I mean?" Bill's tone of voice was amazing. "Hand over your gun to the prisoner."

"We haven't got it here," said Bill.

Andrew of course thought that it would be best to give the revolver to the fellow and then perhaps get home. But he knew that Bill was never transformed to breathless commands, and therefore he was silent.

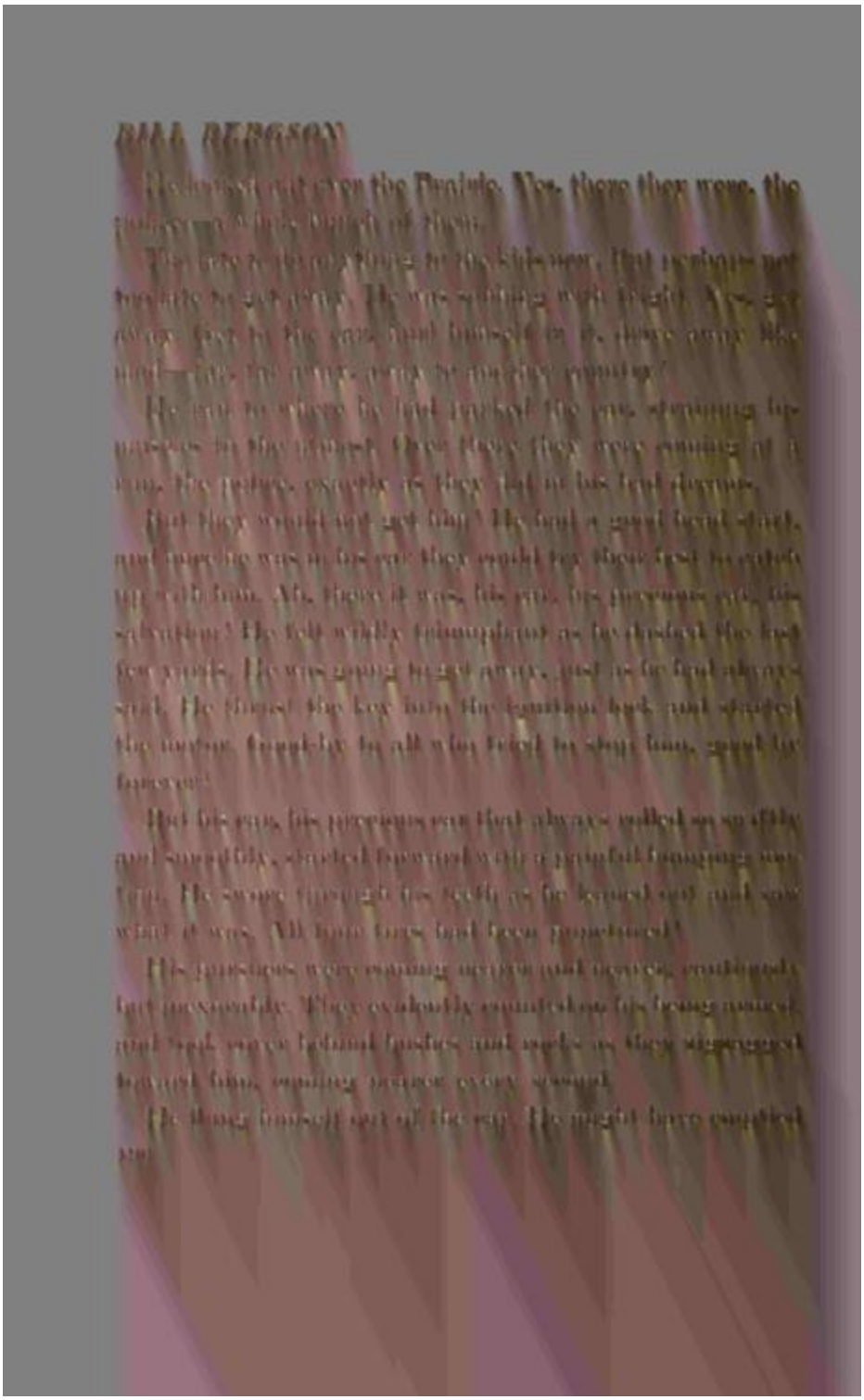
At Bill's words the man at the door grew absolutely expressionless.



[illegible] Anders flung themselves forward and [illegible] the legs of the burglar, who was still hobbling, with a [illegible] The gun dropped from his hand and fell out of sight a fraction of a second before Bill Bergson could grab it again.

It was in this fashion that Master Detective Bergson distinguished himself in numbers. He was accustomed to doing things quite unusually and with much elegance. And then he would turn the gun against the criminal and say: "Hoke it over now, my good man!"

Was that what he did this time, then? No, it was not. Bergson-Sherlock, he sprinted up the sturdy black stairs and threw it towards the window so the glass flew in all directions. What's what he did. Was that really a well-considered action on the part of a master detective? A great might have been lovely now. But the truth was that Bill Bergson, master detective, was usually afraid of everything that went by the name of shooting weapons, everything such his own lovely slingshot. And perhaps what he did was right, after all. A gun in the hands of a sleepy boy might not be a very effective weapon against a desperate murderer. It might have changed hands again. For it was just that the gun was out of sight for both of them. That big burglar flung himself to the window and shrieked in consternation and ran after his weapon. That was a big and serious mistake, which the three Knights of the White Horse were not slow to take advantage of. They made off



his gun at them, but he did not. They would get him just the same—he knew that now.

Nearby were some thick bushes and a little pool which, in spite of the dryness of the summer, was filled with muddy water. He knew that—how many times had he been there! He ran and flung the gun into the slimy depths of the pool. They must not find this weapon and use it as evidence against him.

Then he rushed in a circle back to the road. There he stopped and waited. The game was up now. They could come and get him.

Chapter XVI

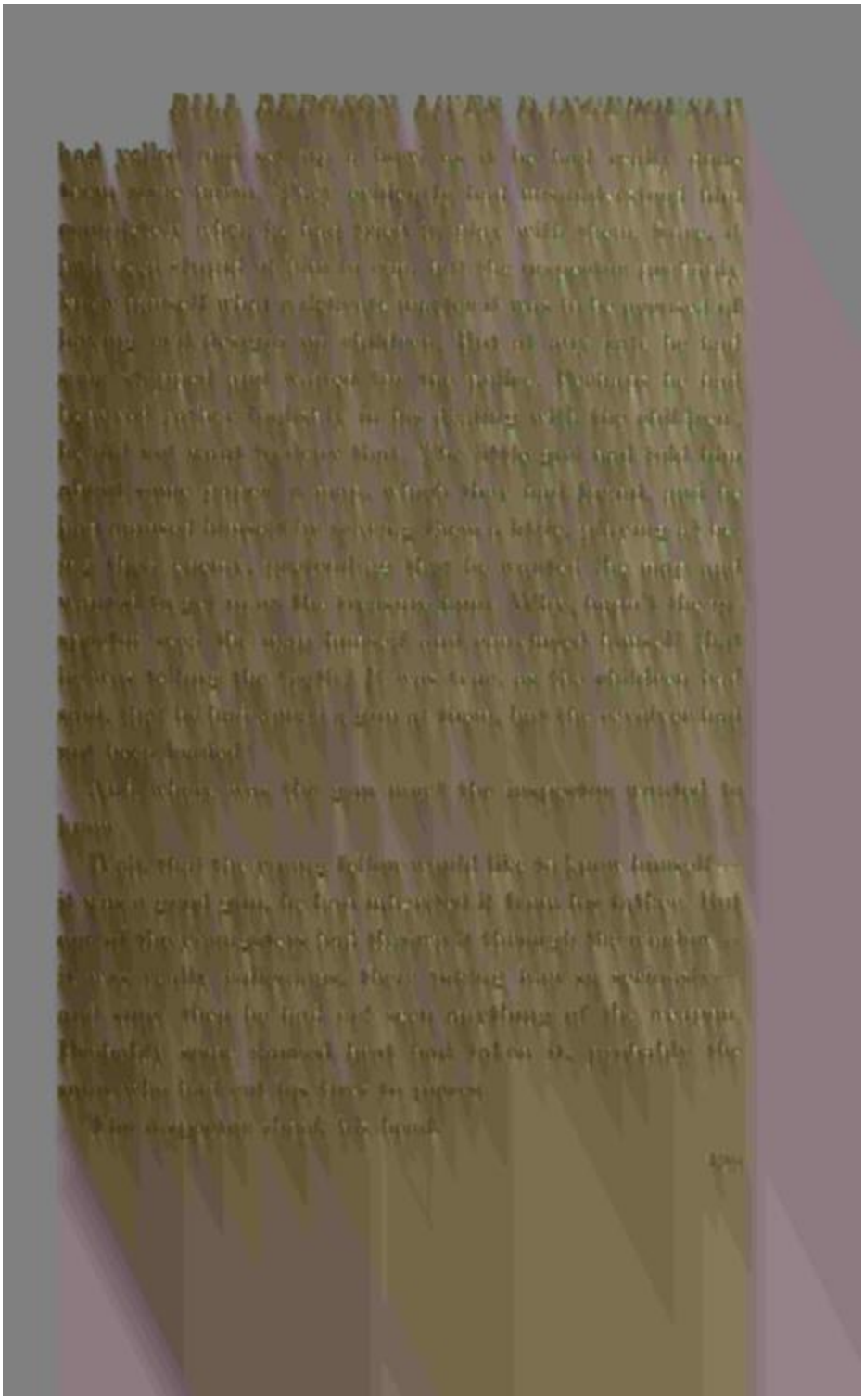
THE inspector leaned forward in his chair and looked steadily at the pale young man on whose account he had had to come back on such a journey.

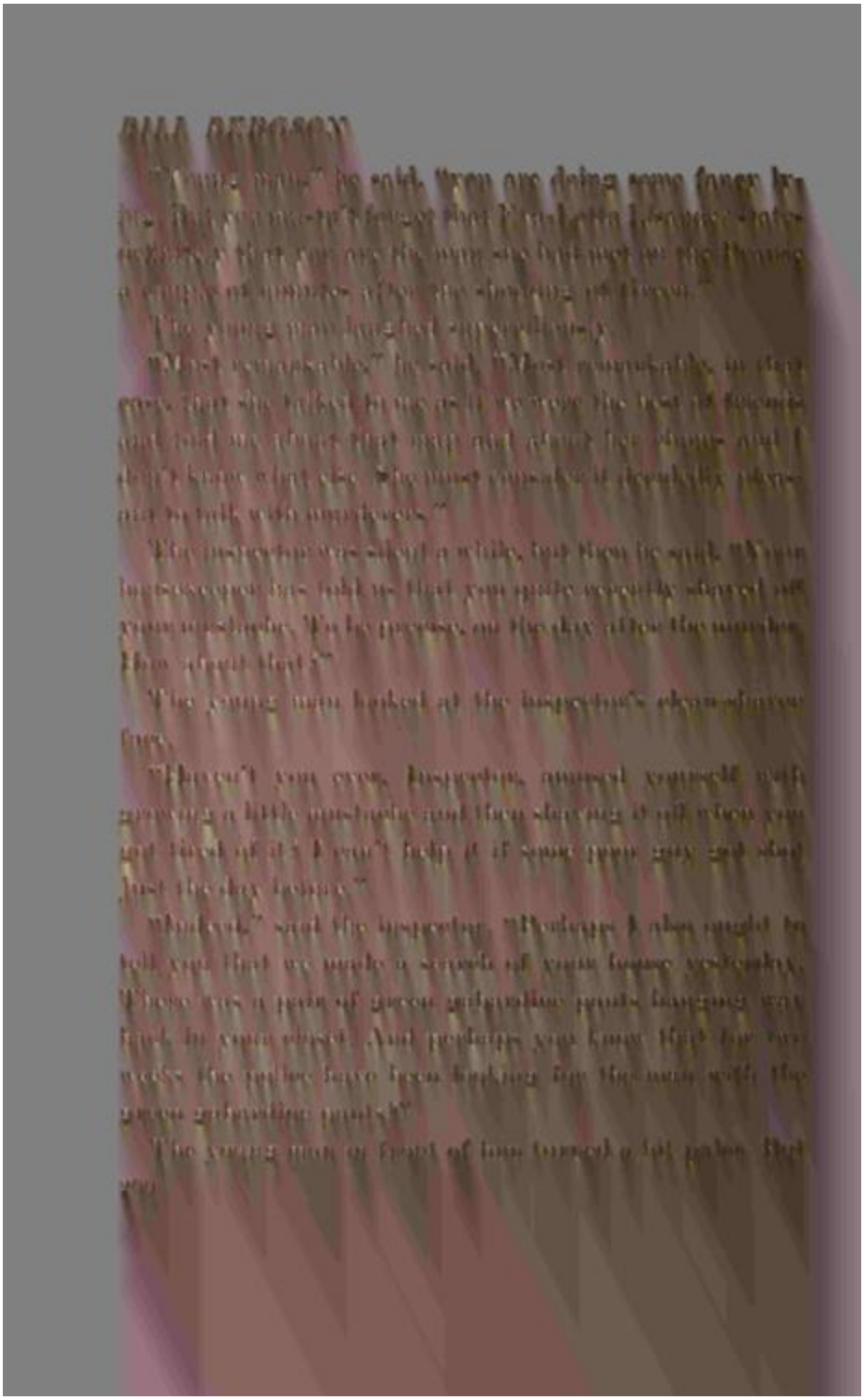
"Wouldn't it be best to confess?" he said mildly. "We know it was you who shot Gerard. We know that you sent that box of chocolate to Eva-Lotta Lemonke. Wouldn't it be well to put an end to these long questionings and make a clean breast of it?"

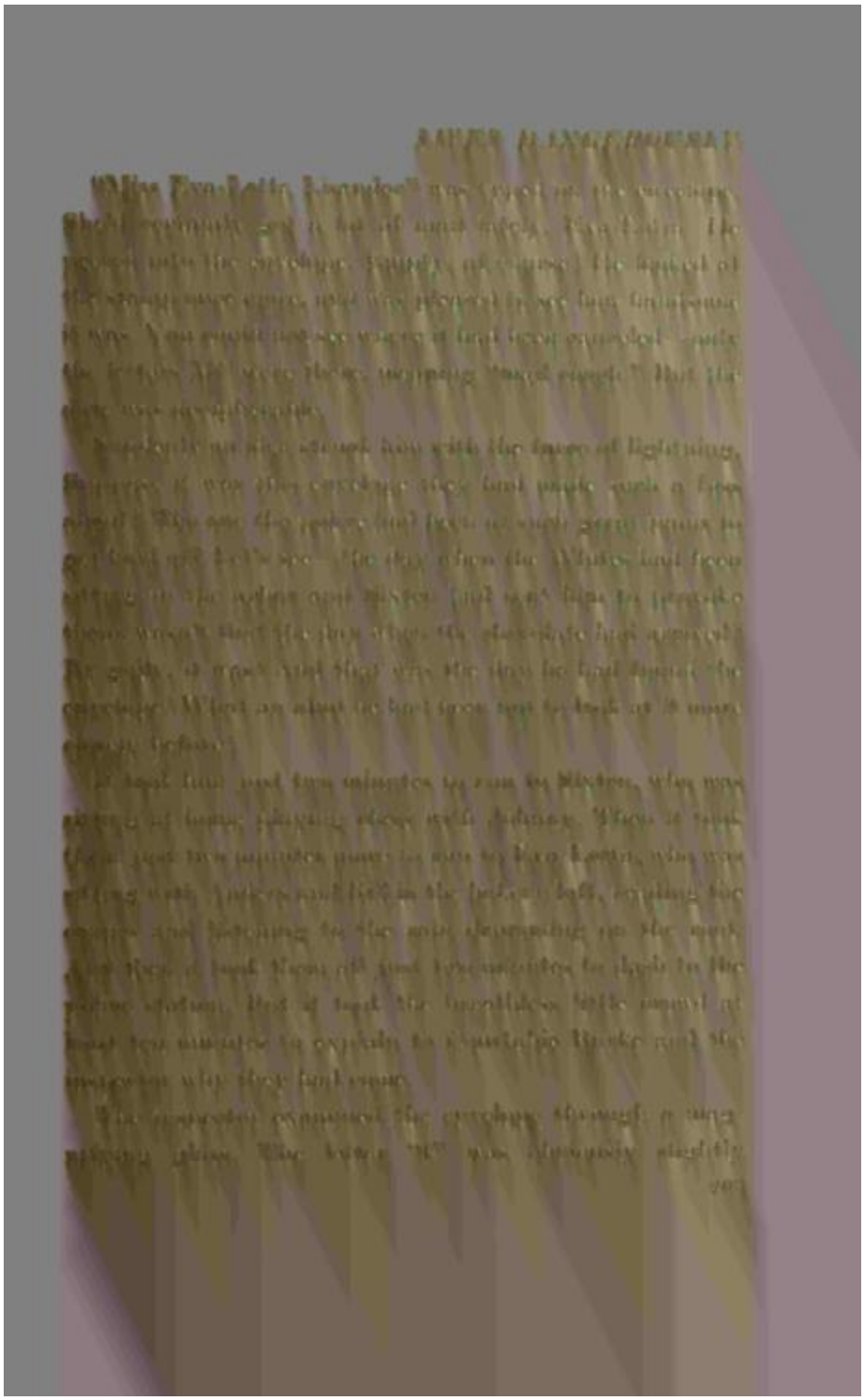
But the young man replied again in a very arrogant tone of voice that he had had nothing to do with the murder of Gerard, whom he did not know at all, and even less had he sent any chocolate to any Eva-Lotta Lemonke.

And the inspector wondered again why the man had tried to get away when the police were approaching and there on the Pontine he really had such a clear conscience!

The young man was very much annoyed at having to explain all over again. He had run because the children [illegible]







BIG BROKEN

[illegible] on their typewriters a little hush stuck out on [illegible]."

"Who are the [illegible]," the inspector said after the children had left. "[illegible] people [illegible] and happiness [illegible] [illegible] before you know it they come [illegible] with something [illegible]."

The envelope, for example, was found to be extremely useful. The handwriting, [illegible] enough, had a [illegible] in the [illegible], and when it was found that the letter "M" on that machine showed exactly the same defect as the corresponding letter on the envelope, the inspector considered that the case was sure for an arrest.

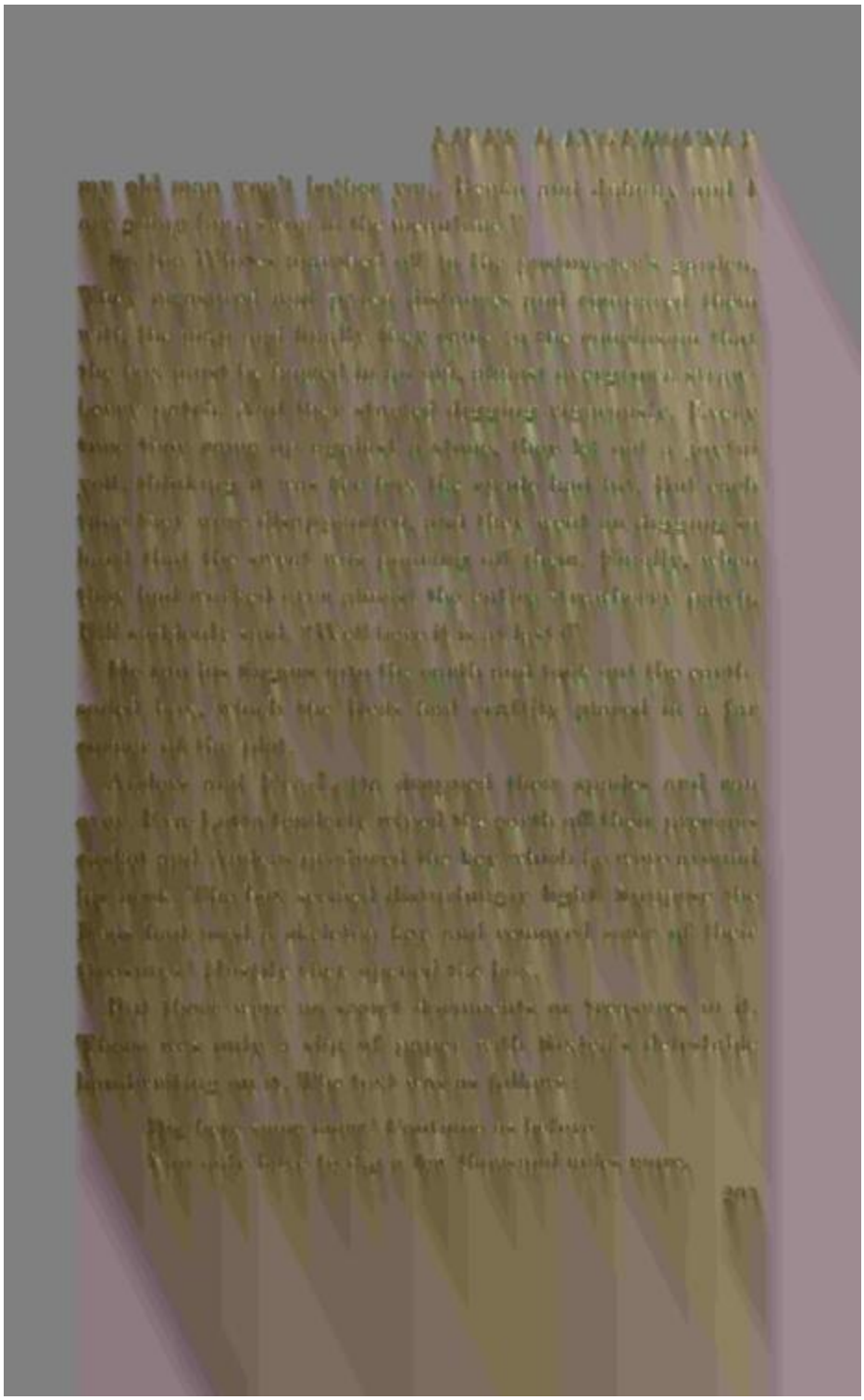
But the detectives stubbornly and stupidly refused to [illegible].

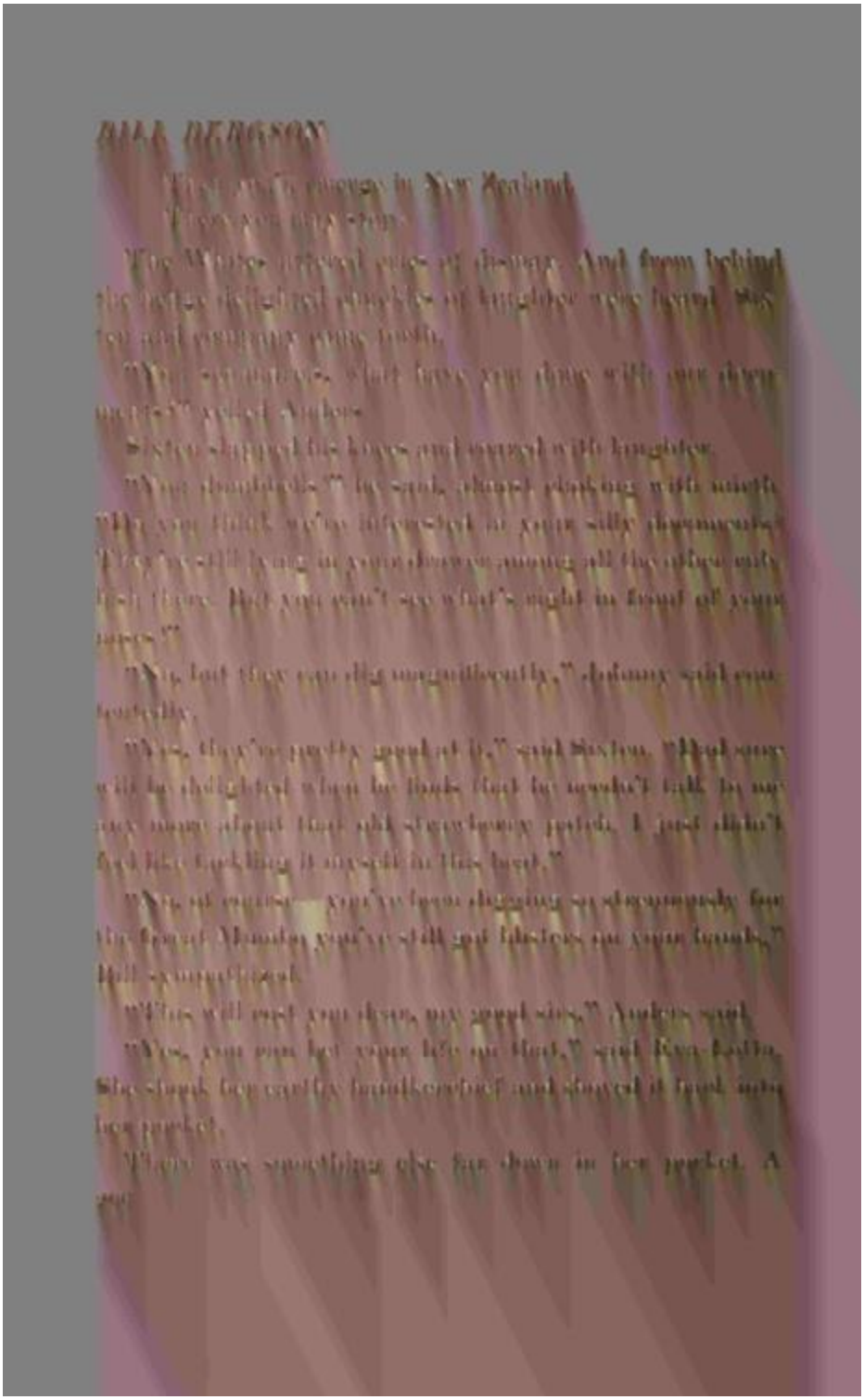
Evidently they would have to arrest him on circumstantial evidence.

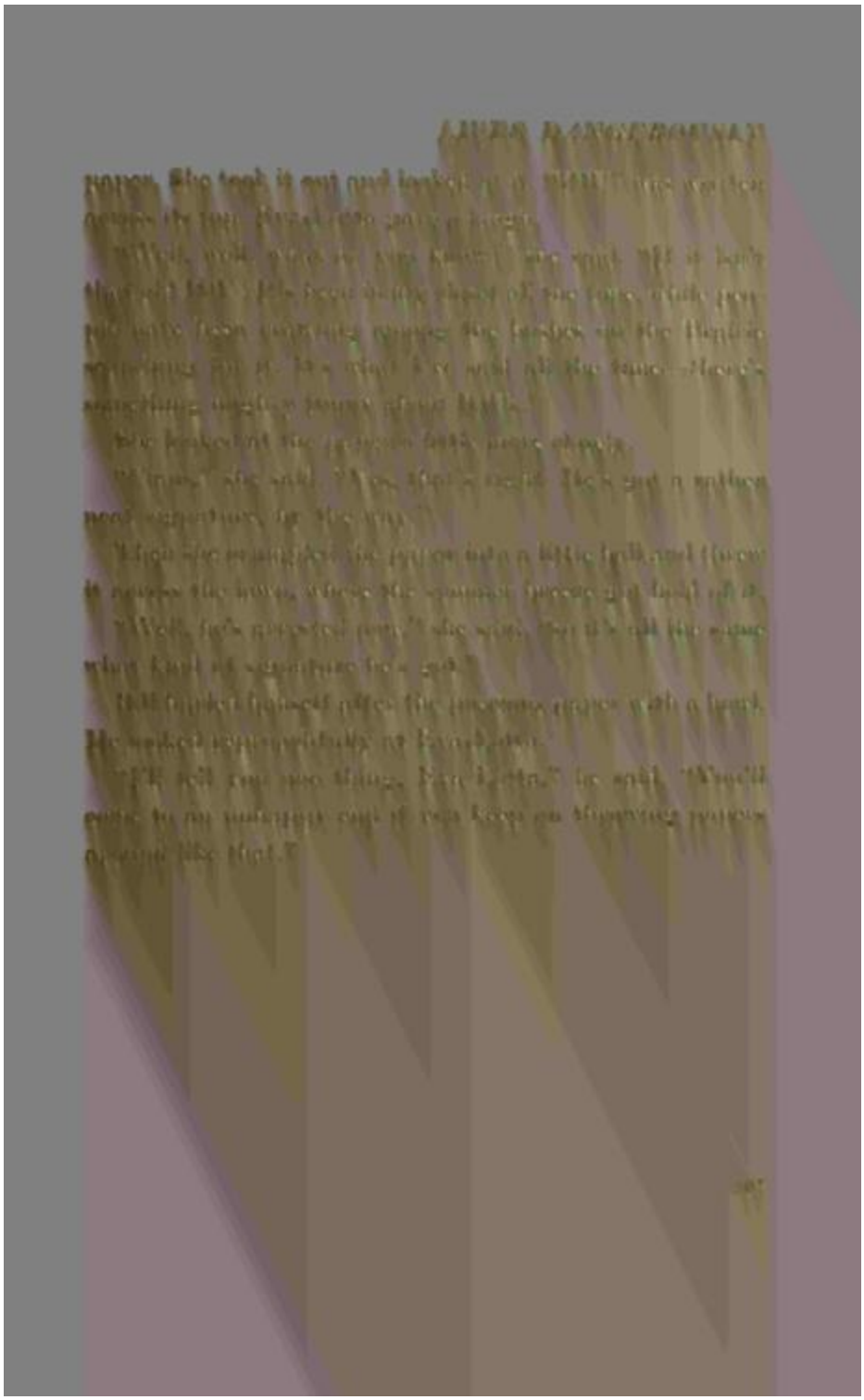
Sixten took down a new map and had written "Here here" on it. Andrews [illegible] afternoon he came and handed it to the knights of the White Rose, who had [illegible] in the [illegible] garden.

"Here here," Andrews said when Sixten stuck the map into his hand. "It's all right for you to say so. But what do you suppose your father will say when we start [illegible] to his house?"

"Why will anything about a house?" Sixten asked. "Just follow the directions of the map and I'll guarantee that you







Chapter XVII

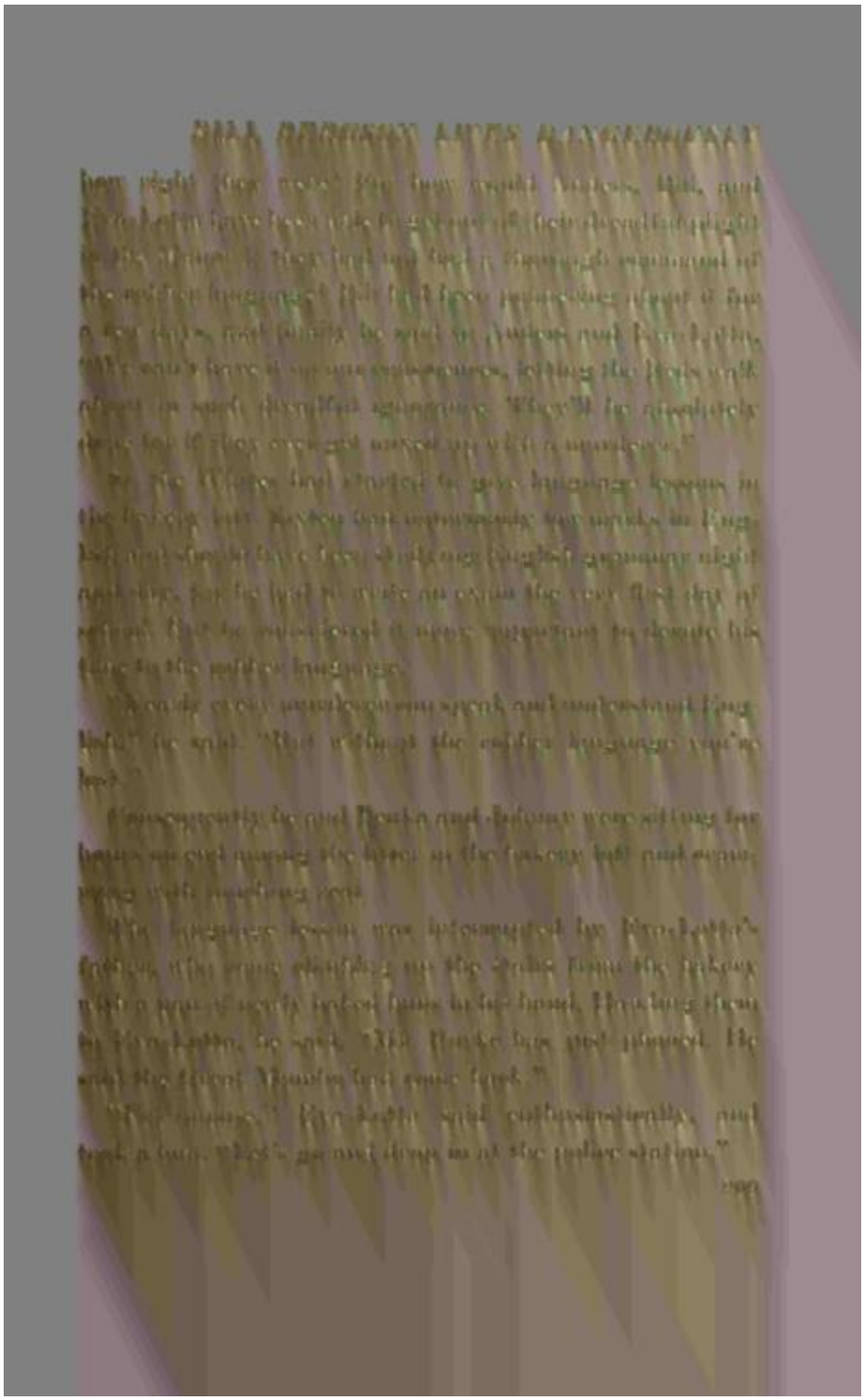
"I OLD YOU SO! I have to help a wounded man," Mister pronounced with some effort. "In our family simple language, when you come to think about it."

"Yes, it's just enough to say to them that you know the trick," said Andrew.

"And, moreover, you've got to know to talk it a level off a bit faster." Hill added.

"Yes, but just one syllable today and one tomorrow," Dave Lester affirmed. "We might to sound like a nonsense man."

They were sitting in the balcony hall, all the knights of the White and Red Horse, and the Herb had just recovered from that lesson in the ancient language. For an instant afterwards the Witches had realized that it was their duty as citizens to initiate the Herb into the secrets of this language. The adventures of knowing languages might not be reconstituted, their residues in school always said. Mister



"[illegible] yes, by all means," said the Inkon. "But [illegible] with the Great Monday in the future, will you?"

All the senators of the White and Red Houses agreed that they would do [illegible] and the Inkon agencies which [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible].

"Sir, by the way, you might be interested to know that Bill Bergson has [illegible] confessed now," he said [illegible] he disappeared.

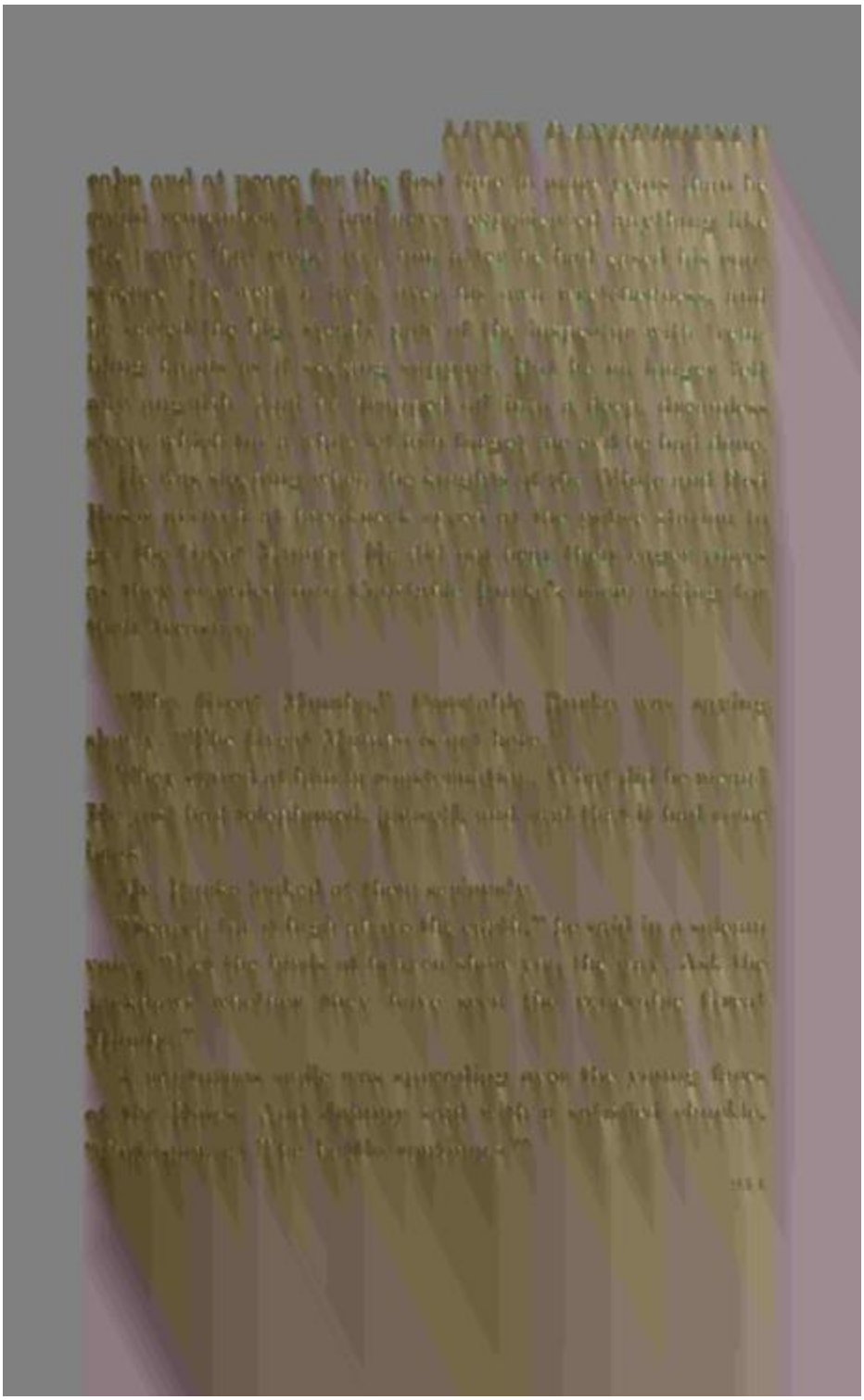
Yes, the function Chess had confessed! He could not [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible].

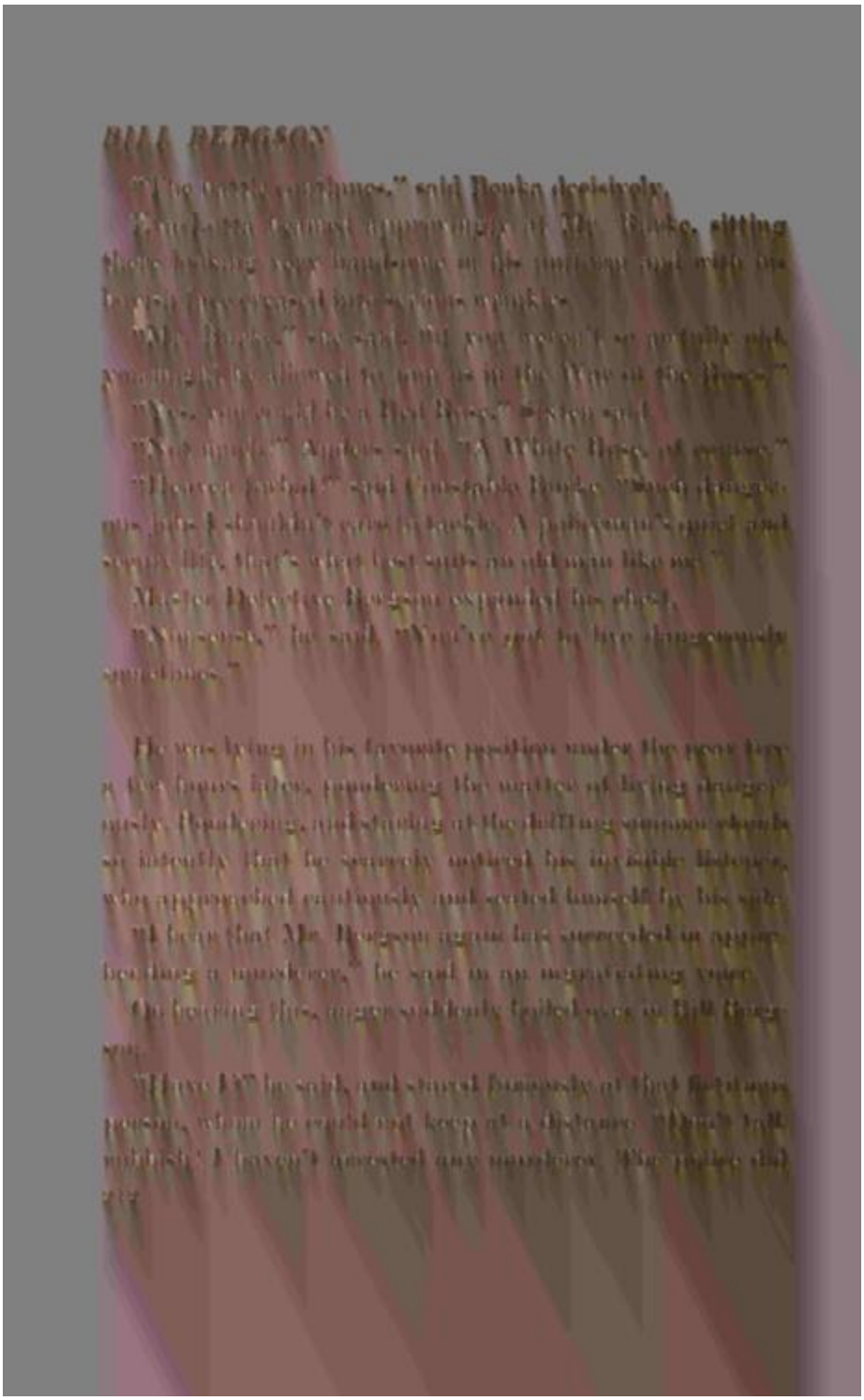
[illegible] Chess had [illegible] at last. The Inkon he had [illegible] with single [illegible], had [illegible] [illegible] so many [illegible] nights. The moment a face he was proved guilty of his [illegible] and had to take his punishment.

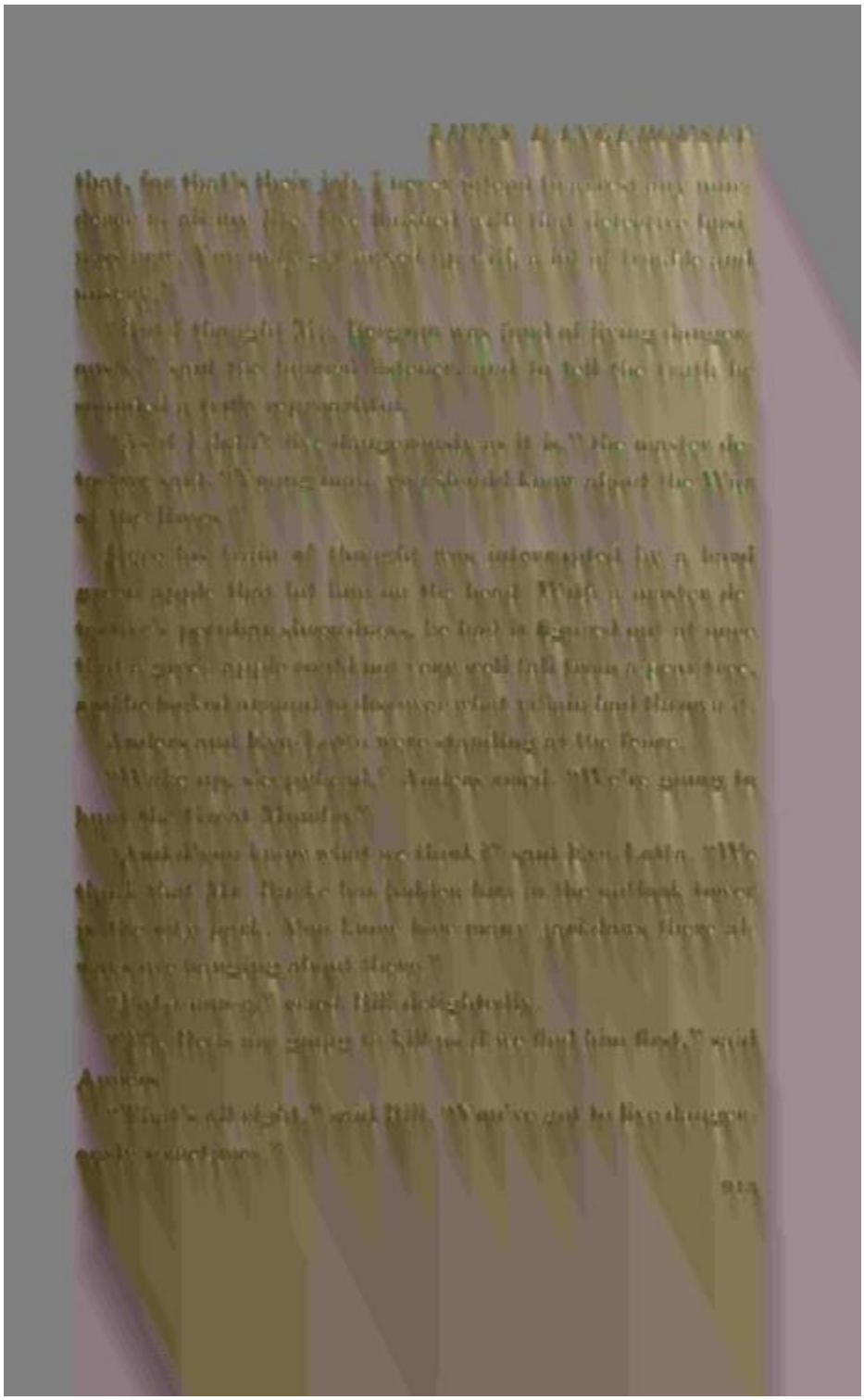
The function Chess had [illegible] [illegible] power of mind [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] money [illegible], which had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], hundred [illegible] who never [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. And after that [illegible] Wednesday at the end of [illegible] [illegible] money had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

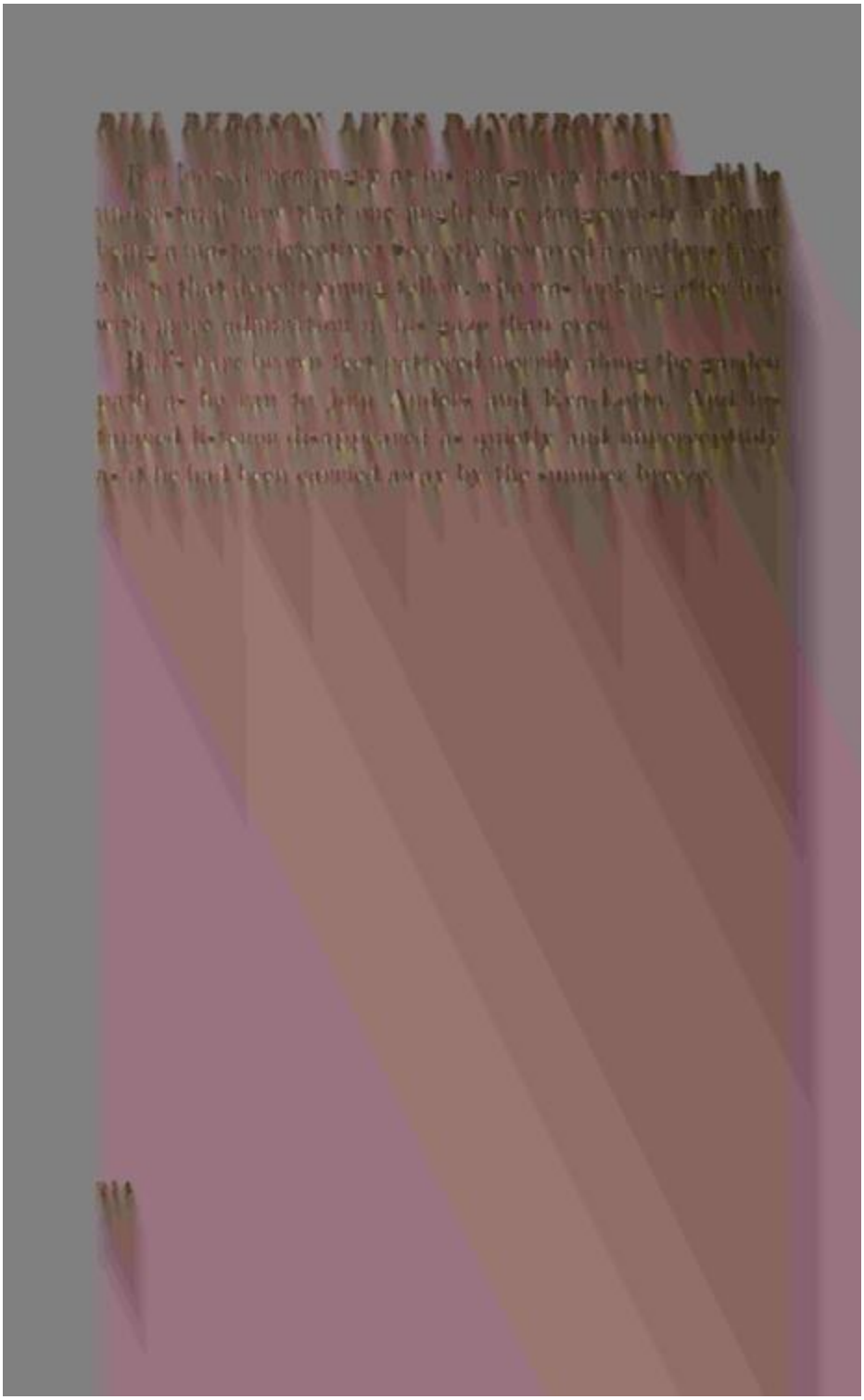
How [illegible] he [illegible] now that he had to confess his [illegible] [illegible] and he [illegible] to pay the penalty for [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]. Now, if ever, his [illegible] must be [illegible] [illegible].

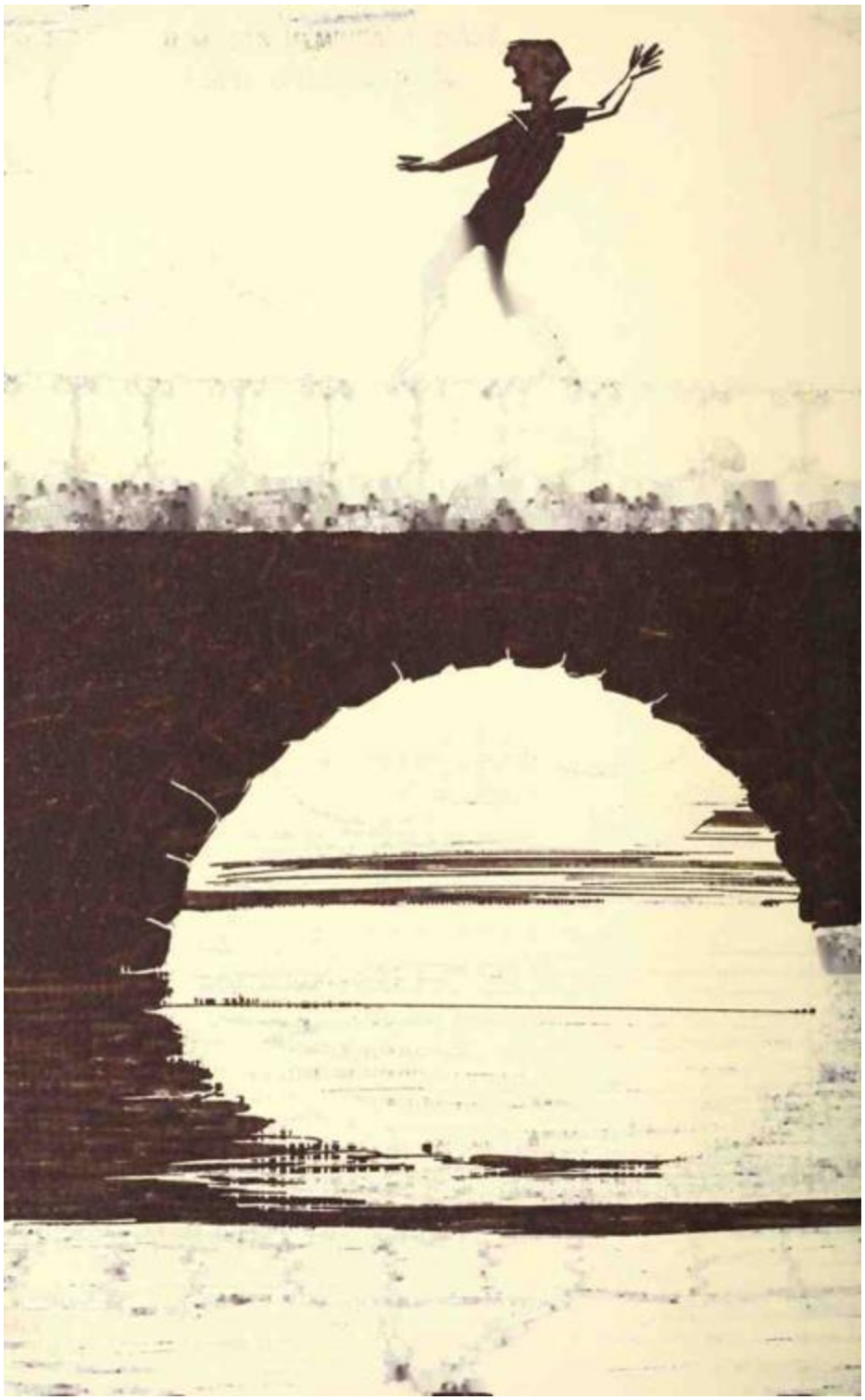
But the strange thing was that the function Chess was [illegible]

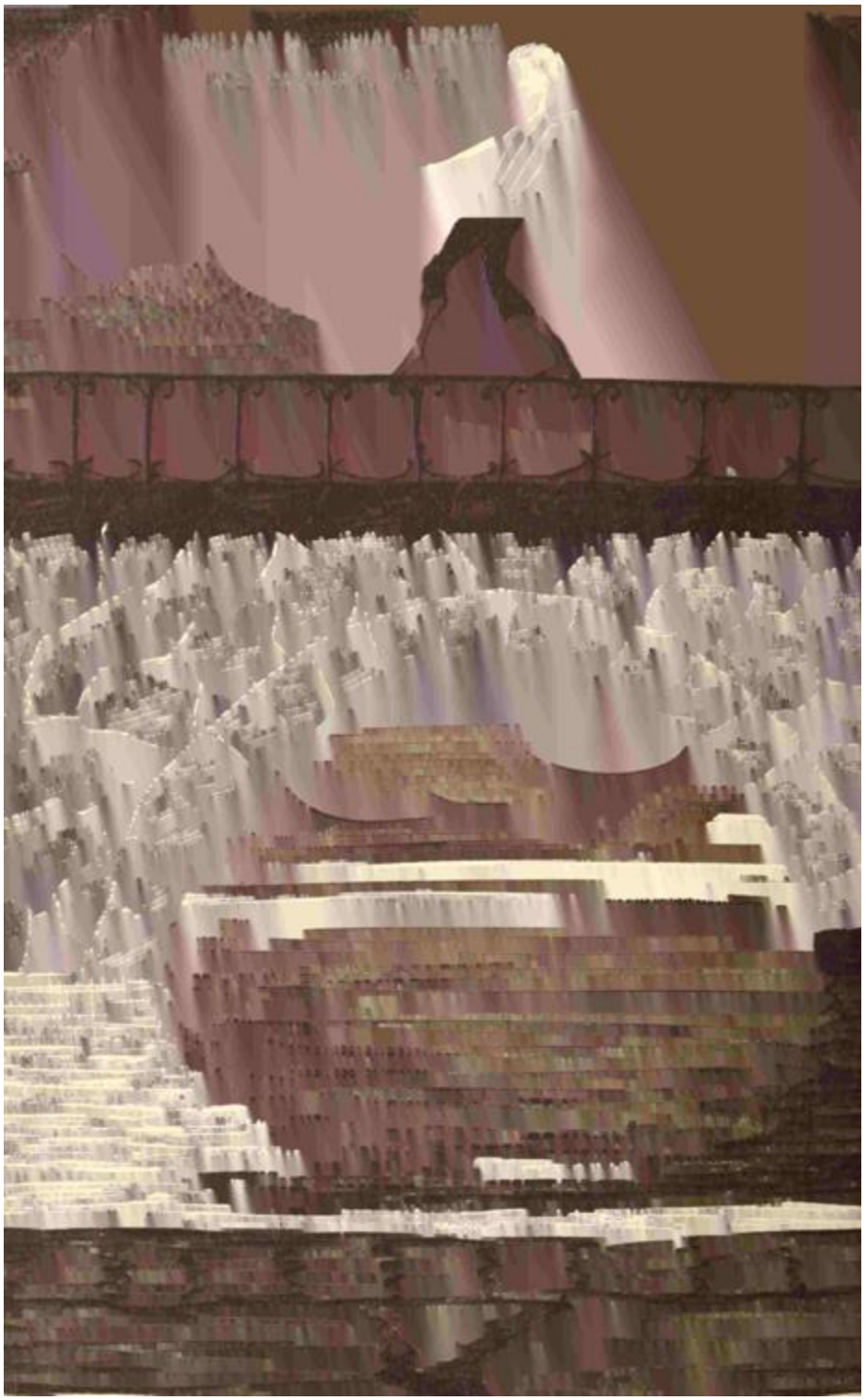


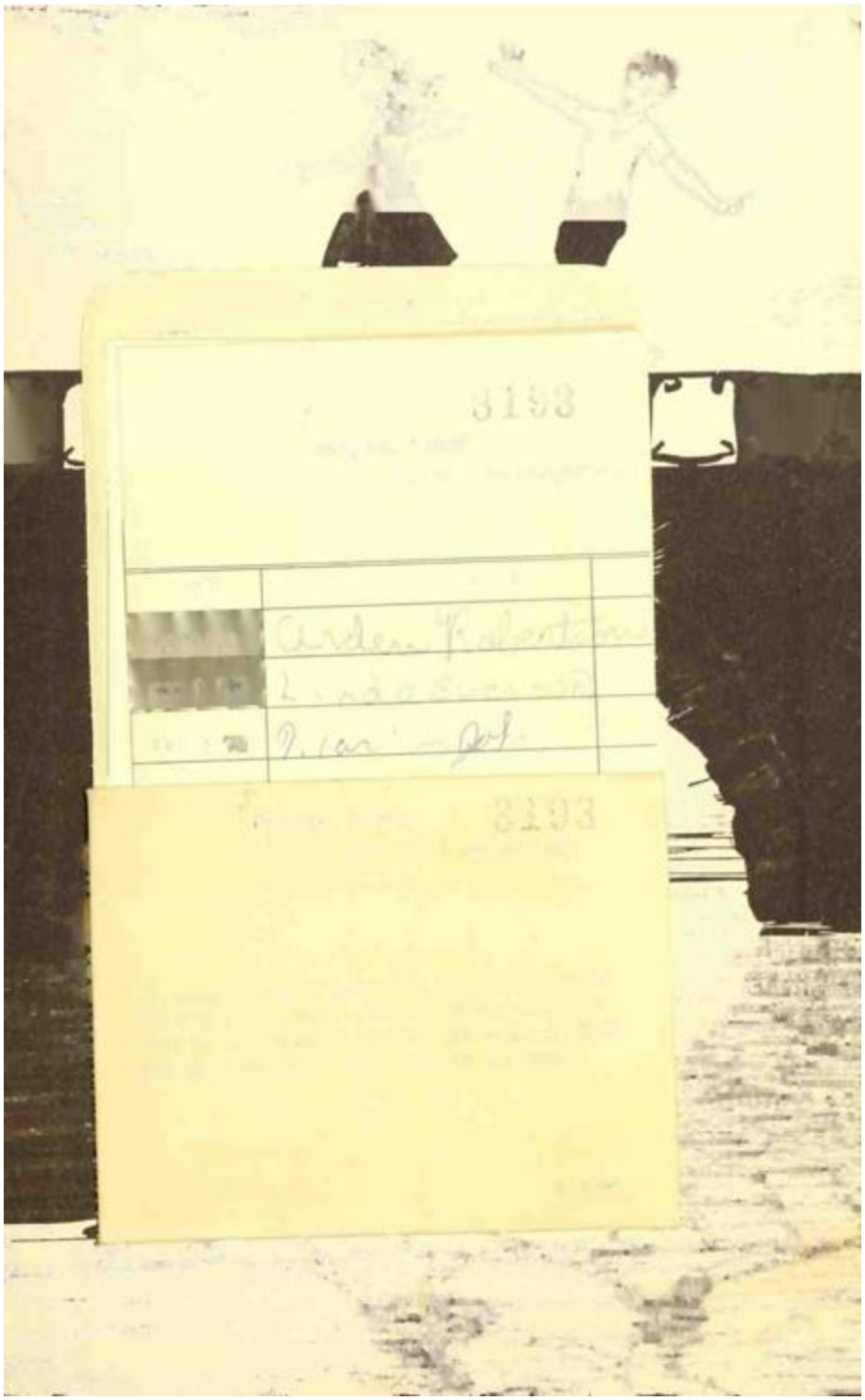








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