Vic FLINT

by Michael O'Malley and RALPH LANE

York Melcroft's mansion, NUGGET HILL, was guarded by a human watchdog at the gates, but I finally made the grade.

IN THE LIBRARY, MR. FLINT. MR. MELCROFT WILL SEE YOU PRESENTLY.

CALL IT THE LIBRARY. THERE ISN'T A BOOK IN THE ROOM.

SAID HIS NAME WAS FLINT AND HE HAD CONFIDENTIAL BUSINESS WITH MR. MELCROFT. WONDER WHAT IT IS. THE BOSS IS PRETTY CHOOSY ABOUT WHO GETS IN.

I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HIM AS HE DROVE UP, MELCROFT. IT'S THE GUY THAT STILL WAS TALKING TO AT THE TAVERN LAST NIGHT WHEN I SLIPPED THE MICKEY IN STILL'S COFFEE.

IT MAY BE--AH--NECESSARY TO PUT A "MICKEY" IN MR. FLINT'S COFFEE TOO, TWILIGHT. WE'LL SEE HOW TOUGH HE IS.

CAN'T SAY THAT I'M CRAZY ABOUT MR. MELCROFT'S TASTE IN ART. EXPENSIVE, YES, BUT NOT--

SST!

SST! HERE IN THE SOLARIUM. QUICKLY--BEFORE HE COMES!

AH, MR. FLINT! SORRY TO HAVE KEPT YOU WAITING.

TOO LATE!

I didn't have a chance to see who was whispering to me. Melcroft got right down to business.

WE CAN TALK HERE WITHOUT FEAR OF BEING OVERHEARD. "INVESTIGATOR", YOUR CARD SAID, MR. FLINT. WHAT CRIME ARE YOU IN THE--AH--PROCESS OF THWARTING TODAY?

WE'RE A LITTLE PAST THE THWARTING STAGE, MR. MELCROFT. THE CRIME HAS ALREADY BEEN COMMITTED. A LITTLE MATTER HAS CROPPED UP WHICH INVOLVES YOU.

ME? INVOLVED IN A CRIME? SURELY YOU MUST BE JOKING.

NO, MR. MELCROFT. A MAN NAMED STILL WAS MURDERED. A PICTURE WAS FOUND ON HIM--A PICTURE OF YOUR DAUGHTER.

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME MELCROFT IS GOIN' TO HAVE ANOTHER TRIGGER JOB FOR ME--A JOB ON A GUY NAMED FLINT.

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