

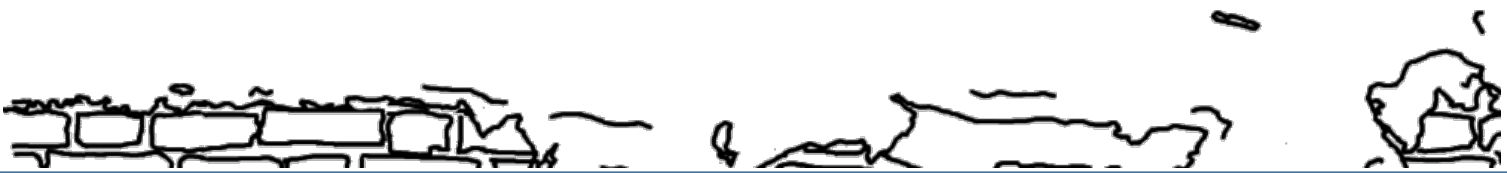
*HALLOA, JOHN. COME TO INSPECT OUR
HAUL FROM THIS MORNING'S RAID?*

*JUST THIS MORNING?
THAT IS IMPRESSIVE.*



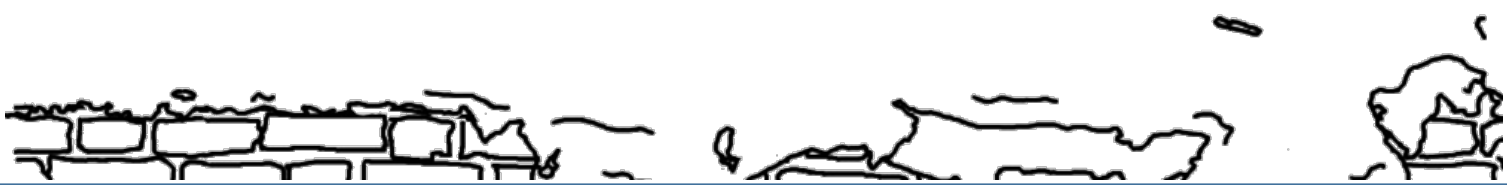
*WITH KEEN INTUITION,
DEDICATION TO HARD WORK,
AND A GOOD ANONYMOUS TIP...*

*...ANONYMOUS... TIP?
FROM WHOM... WOULD...*



WHOM? WELL NOW, DEAR JOHN, THAT
WOULD DEFEAT THE PURPOSE OF
"ANONYMOUS", NOW WOULDN'T IT.

um... THAT BAG... IS FAIRLY LARGE...
WHERE WAS IT OBTAINED?



IT'S A GREAT SEIZE. MAYBE IT'S PART OF THE GREAT GOLD ROBBERY, OR FORGOTTEN SECRET TREASURE FOR A LOST AGE. JUST THINK, THIS SACK OF COINS WAS JUST BURIED IN THE PLAY YARD.

PLAY YARD?!? OH... THAT CANNOT BE...



NOW, WE JUST NEED TO FIND WHO
WOULD STASH A BAG OF COINS IN
THE...

BUTTONS?

WAIT... NOT
BUTTONS...



WHAT'S THAT?

ARE WE HAVING AN EARTHQUAKE...?

*IF ONLY... I FEAR
YOU HAVE INCURRED
THE WRAITH OF
THE YOUNGINS'*



*WAIT GREGSON, SURELY WE
CAN REASON WITH THEM...*

*HURRY "PERFECTS"... BEFORE
THE HORDES CATCH YOU...*

*HOLMES... WHAT ARE
YOU DOING... WAIT
DO NOT TELL ME.*



*NOW THAT SHOULD KEEP
THEM OCCUPIED FOR A BIT.*

*BY THE WAY, IT'S
"PREFECTS..." WHY ALL THIS
WORK, EVEN PROVIDING
THE TIP, I PRESUME...*



"PREFECTS", "PERFECTS"... YOU KNOW I CANNOT WORK WITH PRYING EYES. THIS SHOULD GIVE US TIME TO INITIATE OUR NEXT GRAND EXPERIMENT.

YOU SCARE ME MORE AND MORE!

