

London, 1903.

I'D LIKE TO SAY I DON'T OFTEN FIND MYSELF IN THESE SITUATIONS.



AFTER ALL, BRAWLING IN THE STREET WITH A TRIO OF SKULL-FACED CULTISTS IS RATHER UNBECOMING.

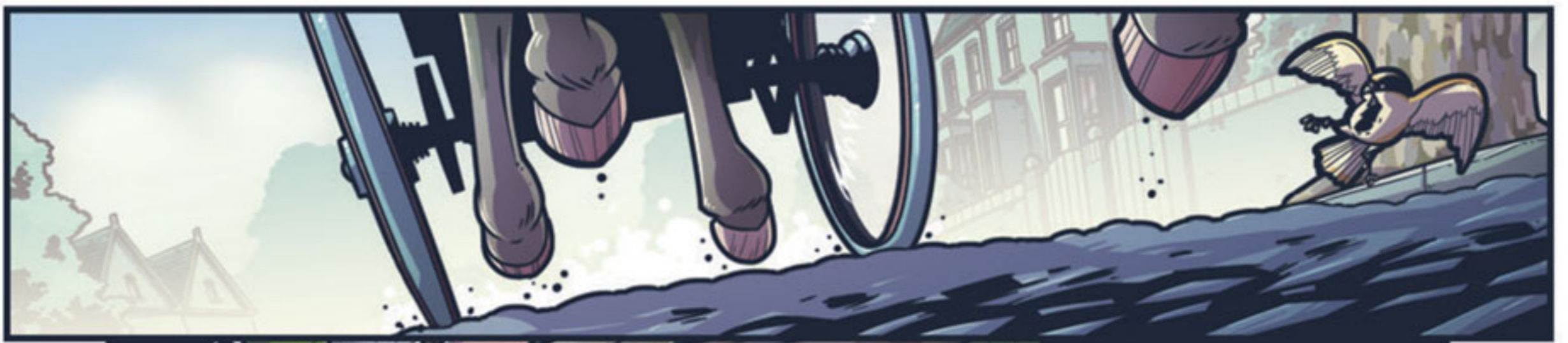


BUT I'D BE LYING IF I SAID THIS REPRESENTED ANYTHING OTHER THAN A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF MISS VERONICA HOBBS.



STILL, AT LEAST I CAN TAKE SOME SOLACE FROM THE FACT THAT, UNLIKE NEWBURY...





AH, SCARBRIGHT!  
DO WE HAVE  
COMPANY?

IT'S SIR  
CHARLES, SIR.  
HE INSISTED ON  
WAITING. HE'S IN  
THE DRAWING  
ROOM.

CHIEF INSPECTOR CHARLES  
BAINBRIDGE. HE'S ONE OF  
NEWBURY'S DEAREST FRIENDS,  
AND FELLOW AGENT TO THE  
CROWN.

NEWBURY, MISS  
HOBBS -- DON'T TELL ME  
YOU'VE BEEN GETTING UP  
TO MISCHIEF AGAIN?

EVENING, CHARLES.  
I SEE YOU'VE MADE  
YOURSELF AT HOME.

WELL, NEEDS  
MUST, DEAR CHAP.  
NEEDS MUST.

HE'S BEEN A STALWART COMPANION DURING  
MANY ADVENTURES. HE'S EVEN SAVED MY LIFE  
ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION.

YET RECENTLY I'VE HAD CAUSE TO  
QUESTION HIS MOTIVES. HIS RELATIONSHIP  
WITH THE SECRET SERVICE MAY HAVE...

...DIVIDED HIS  
LOYALTIES.



I'VE SEEN CORPSES BEFORE. MORE THAN I SHOULD EVER HAVE WISHED TO.

ANGELCHRIST IS RIGHT, THOUGH. THIS THING...

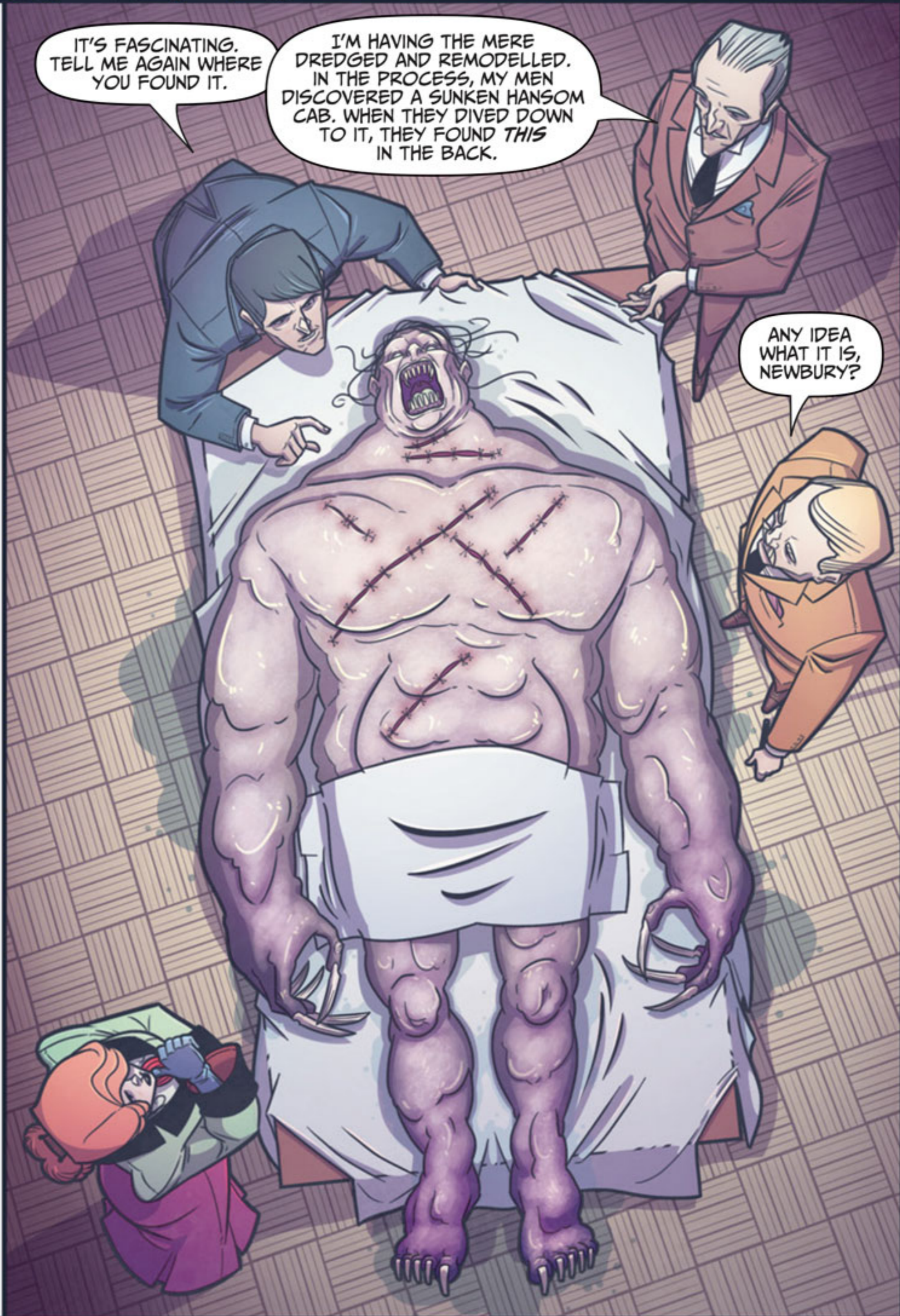
IT'S LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER SEEN.

GOODNESS. IT'S MONSTROUS.

IT'S FASCINATING. TELL ME AGAIN WHERE YOU FOUND IT.

I'M HAVING THE MERE DREDGED AND REMODELLED. IN THE PROCESS, MY MEN DISCOVERED A SUNKEN HANSON CAB. WHEN THEY DIVED DOWN TO IT, THEY FOUND *THIS* IN THE BACK.

ANY IDEA WHAT IT IS, NEWBURY?



NOT YET, BUT I MEAN TO FIND OUT. YOU HAVE DIVING EQUIPMENT, ARCHIBALD?

YES, BUT...

I WANT TO SEE *PRECISELY* WHERE YOUR MEN FOUND IT.

