

numbers on the wall of the booth. *What the hell had Eadie been blithering about?* "Did he mention what circumstances he had reference to, Becky?"

"No, he didn't. All he said was that doctors were like lawyers—if you could afford to pay for the right ones you could prove anything you wanted to. He said he thought you'd understand. But *I* didn't."

"We're in the same boat. It's Greek to me. But I'll see if I can work out a translation. Did Quinton know it was the precinct calling me?"

"Oh no. I took the message in shorthand. The sergeant was looking over my shoulder but I guess it was Greek to him."

"No doubt." He realized that Eadie's crack about doctors must mean that the girl had been certified sane at the Psyk Ward. But then why had she been released . . . with a thousand dollars or so of mutilated merchandise still to be paid for? *Well, hell, you've more important fish to fry. Her case will have to wait.* "Anything else on the fire, Becky?"

"Mister Stolz has been calling about those damaged alligator bags."

"Has he, now?" *With a hundred-thousand-dollar coat numbered among the missing, Stolz has to worry about a slasher? What goes?* "Just let him stew; it's his normal condition."

"Right. And what'll I say to the sergeant if he asks whether I've heard from you?"

"Lie like a lady. Sib'll get in touch with you after lunch." As he left the booth, he had to sidestep an elbowing woman who muttered something about "people who spend their lunch hour on the phone."

Baisha grasped his arm as they struggled to the street. "Why do they want to arrest you, Mister Cadee?"

"They think I know a lot more about My Grolheim than I really do. And by the way, they're looking for you, too."

"Eeee!" She squeaked in excitement. "For me?"

"To find out what you know about his disappearance."

"But—I don't know anything about it."

"You do, though. And you have to be careful not to tell them . . . about the crown sable coat."