

SCOFF AT ME! LAUGH AT THE ANCIENT ARTS OF MAGIC—WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE, MR. TRACY! WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE!

THE HAG'S EYES BLAZED, BUT TRACY ONLY LAUGHED AT HER CURSES, AND WENT HOME WITH HIS PRIZE...

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT NO ONE IS AT HOME!

OF COURSE NOT! HAVE YOU GONE OUT OF YOUR MIND, LOOMIS? OR DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR OWN EMPLOYER?

EMPLOYER? I DON'T KNOW YOU, SIR. THIS IS THE HOME OF WILLIAM TRACY.

YOU HAVE LOST YOUR MIND! I'M WILLIAM TRACY! THIS IS MY HOUSE! GET OUT OF MY WAY!

PLEASE, SIR! I ABHOR THE USE OF VIOLENCE!

LOOMIS!

TRACY HAD NOT UNDERSTOOD AT FIRST. HIS OWN BUTLER HAD BARRED HIS WAY, SO...

SWANSON, YOU KNOW ME! I LIVE IN THIS BUILDING!...

NOT IN THIS BUILDING! I KNOW MY TENANTS! YOU, I NEVER SAW BEFORE!

AFTER THAT, IT HAD BEEN A NIGHTMARE...

JAMIESON, YOU'RE MY LAWYER! I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU!

YOUR NAME IS TRACY? I'M AFRAID YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE! I DON'T HAVE A CLIENT BY THAT NAME.

TELEPHONE

TRACY HAD EVEN ATTEMPTED FORCE, IN THE END...

LET ME IN! I TELL YOU I'VE GOT TO SEE JAMIESON! HE'S MY ATTORNEY! NO ONE ELSE REMEMBERS ME!

AND NEITHER DOES MR. JAMIESON! HE REFUSES TO SEE YOU. GET OUT!