

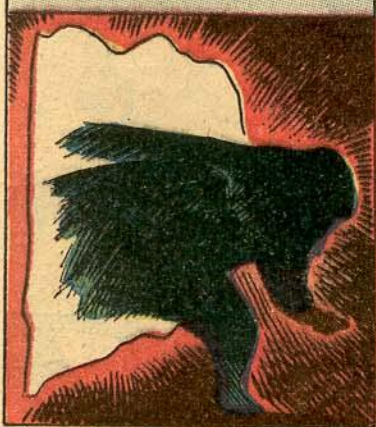
THE RAIDS HADN'T NETTED THE THIEVES. ANY BIG HAULS--IN FACT, THEY DIDN'T TAKE ANYTHING OF REAL VALUE. JUST ODD ITEMS LIKE A COMB, A CLOCK--THINGS LIKE THAT. THAT NIGHT, MAX AND I STAYED AWAKE AND ALERT--



SUDDENLY, IN THE DARKNESS, A STRANGE LIGHT BEGAN TO FLICKER. IT BECAME LARGER UNTIL IT TOOK ON THE PROPORTIONS OF A MOVIE SCREEN! THEN A KALEIDOSCOPE OF SHIFTING COLORS BEGAN TO MOVE ACROSS IT--



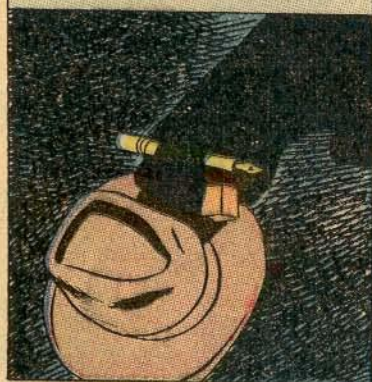
THEN THE COLORS VANISHED AND THE SCREEN WAS A GLARING WHITE--WHEN WE SAW SOMETHING COME OUT OF IT--



OUR EYES POPPED LIKE SAUCERS AS THE THING BLENDED WITH THE SHADOWS--



WE COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT IT WAS--BUT WE COULD HEAR IT RUSTLING ABOUT--IN FACT, IT WAS RUSTLING MAX'S CIGARETTE LIGHTER, HIS FOUNTAIN PEN AND MY NEW HAT!



THAT GOT MY DANDER UP! I HEARD MAX YELL AS I LEAPED FOR THE INTRUDER--



IT HEARD ME. IT MOVED LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING. IT LEAPED INTO THE BLAZING SCREEN, WITH ME, EDDIE MICHAELS, RIGHT ON ITS HEELS!

