

OF ALL THE WISHES IN A MAN'S THOUGHTS, WHY SHOULD HE WISH FOR THIS?

# GET LOST!

THE BEAMS WERE SICK WITH DRY ROT AND THE WINDS WHISTLED THROUGH THE CRACKS... BUT THE OLD MANSION IN THE MARSHES MEANT EVERYTHING TO SILAS BLACK-- HE DIDN'T MEAN TO GIVE IT UP EASILY...



THIS WAS HIS HOME! IT WAS FILLED WITH HIS TREASURES-- HIS BOOKS-- GATHERED FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE! WAS HE TO LOSE ALL THIS BECAUSE OF A MERE SLIP OF PAPER?

TOMORROW MY NEPHEW WILL BE TWENTY ONE-- BY THE TERMS OF MY BROTHER'S WILL, HE WILL INHERIT ALL THIS! IT ISN'T FAIR!



IS THERE NOTHING IN ALL THIS GREAT WEALTH OF KNOWLEDGE TO HELP ME? TO HELP ME KEEP WHAT SHOULD BE RIGHTFULLY MINE?

AH... GOOD EVENING, WILLIAM-- I-I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU UNTIL TOMORROW!

HELLO, UNCLE-- I'M LEAVING ON A VACATION TOMORROW -- JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN TO LOOK OVER THE PLACE -- I MAY WANT TO CLEAR OUT SOME OF THIS JUNK!

