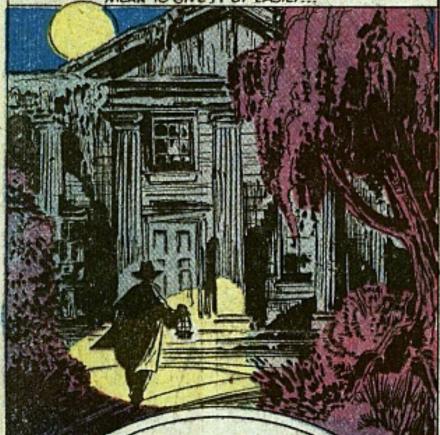
OF ALL THE WISHES IN A MAN'S THOUGHTS, WHY SHOULD HE WISH FOR THIS!

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 HETO 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



ALL THIS GREAT WEALTH OF
KNOWLEDGE TO HELP ME? TO
HELP ME KEEP WHAT SHOULP
BE RIGHTFULLY MINE?

AH...GOOD EVENING, HELLO, UNCLE--I'M LEAVING
WILLIAM-- I-I
WASN'T EXPECTING -- JUST THOUGHT ID DROW
YOU UNTIL
TO MORROW!

-- I MAY WANT TO CLEAR
OUT SOME OF THIS JUNK!