

ENJOY YOUR OWN HELL, SCHEISSKOPF. PITY YOU NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO SAY...

CONFESSSION

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I HEARD SHOTS FROM THE UPSTAIRS ROOM...

YOU ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR?

...TURNED THE CORNER AND WALKED INTO A TOM MIX TWO-REELER.

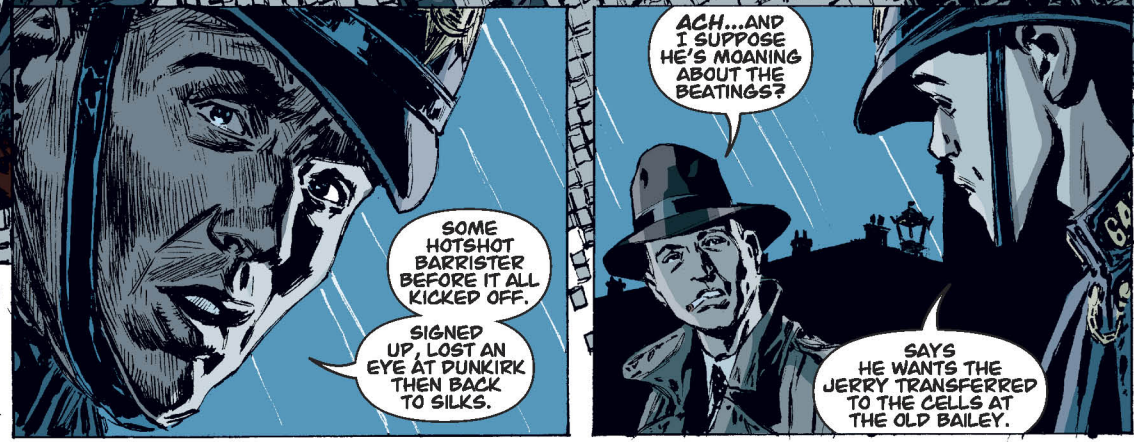


STRENGTH, A RIGHT BUNCH OF TOERAGS HERE.

AS LONG AS JERRY STAYS AWAY, I'D SAY THE EAST END'S A WHOLE LOT SAFER TONIGHT...

SPEAKING OF JERRY, SIR. THAT LUFTWAFFE SCUM YOU PINNED FOR THE LONGHARVEST MURDER--THEY'VE GIVEN HIM A LAWYER.

I DON'T ENVY HIS JOB. WHO'D THEY GET?



ACH...AND I SUPPOSE HE'S MOANING ABOUT THE BEATINGS?

SOME HOTSHOT BARRISTER BEFORE IT ALL KICKED OFF.

SIGNED UP, LOST AN EYE AT DUNKIRK THEN BACK TO SILKS.

SAYS HE WANTS THE JERRY TRANSFERRED TO THE CELLS AT THE OLD BAILEY.



SO HOW SHALL WE PASS THE JOURNEY, HERR INSPEKTOR?



MORE TALES FROM THE OLD COUNTRY?

BUT WHICH OLD COUNTRY? POLAND OR THE FATHERLAND?



YOU AND I, WE HAD AN UNDERSTANDING, YES?

CONFESS TO THE MURDER IN THE LANE AND NO MORE BEATINGS.



I'M STILL GOING TO DIE.

CLEAN AND QUICK. THANKS TO ME.



I'M GUESSING YOU KILLED THE MAN IN THE LANE. WHAT DO I HAVE TO LOSE BY TALKING?

OR GAIN FROM MY SILENCE?



KRRTHINK

