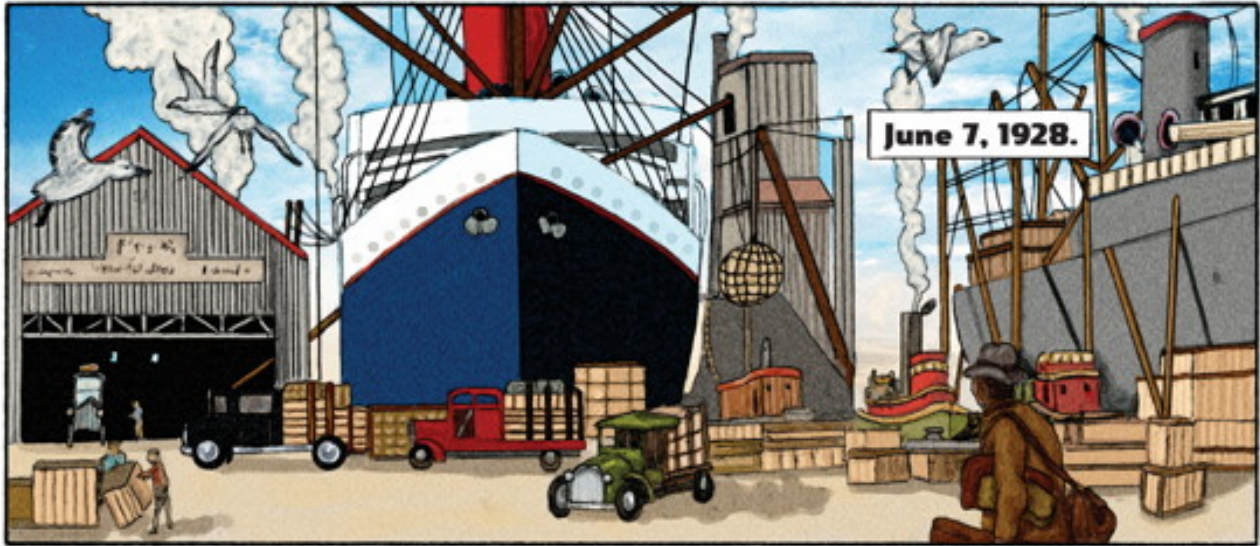


MICHAEL HAGUE'S

THE APOSTOLICAL





June 7, 1928.



I am delighted you have begun your journey. We will meet at my home. It is a modest castle but I think you will find it interesting. Your itinerary is enclosed.



After boarding the RMS Olympic in New York you will sail to Southampton where my representative, Mr. Weatherby, will meet you when you disembark.



He will escort you to the Hotel Metropole and make certain your accommodations have been prepared.



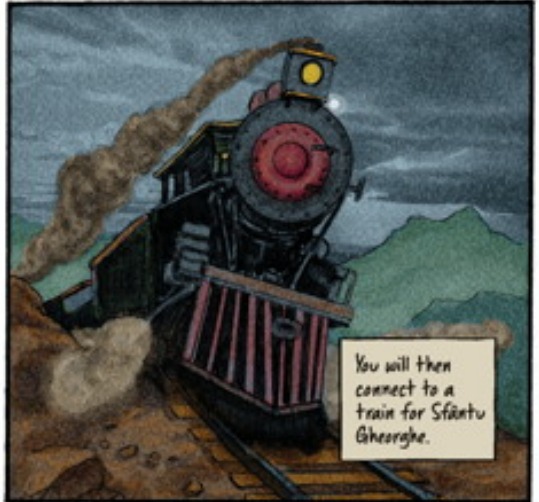
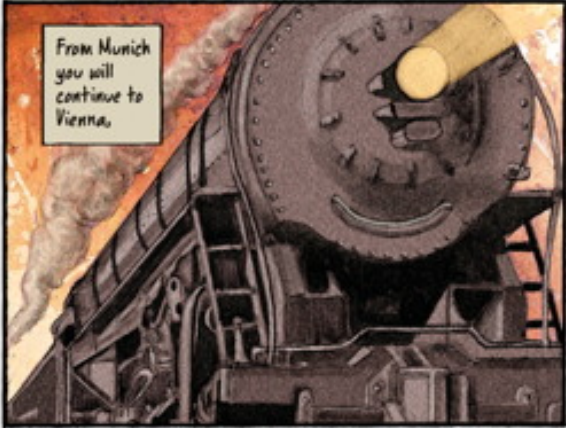
I have been assured of Mr. Weatherby's competence and he will serve as your guide around London.



MR. WEATHERBY, WHAT IS MY HOST LIKE?

NO IDEA, OLD BOY. NEVER MET THE CHAR. ALL I KNOW IS I AM BEING PAID A YEAR'S WORTH OF WAGES TO TAKE CARE OF YOU AND ACT AS YOUR GUIDE WHILE YOU ARE HERE IN LONDON, AND GET YOU TO THE FERRY IN THREE DAYS' TIME.







I KNOW I COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN
EVEN ANOTHER HOUR TRAVELING
IN THAT DAMNED CARRIAGE
ACROSS THESE PITTED ROADS.
I ENJOY WALKING LIKE ANY
REAL NEW YORKER, AND IT WILL
DO ME GOOD, GIVE ME A
CHANCE TO CLEAR MY HEAD.



SUCH BEAUTIFUL
COUNTRY! I WISH
CLAUDIO HAD AGREED
TO JOIN ME. I'D LIKE
TO HAVE HEARD MORE
ABOUT THIS STRANGE
PLACE AND ITS PEOPLE
AND HISTORY.



ODDLY QUIET. I FEEL
LIKE I'M BEING WATCHED
FROM THE SHADOWS.
KEEP IT TOGETHER,
MEEKS--DON'T LET YOUR
IMAGINATION GET THE
BETTER OF YOU.







WHAT FASCINATING COUNTRYSIDE.



IS THAT THE CASTLE?



I AM BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN DROPPED INTO A DARK FAIRYTALE.



IT'S LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER SEEN. IT APPEARS TO HAVE GROWN OUT OF THE EARTH.



IS THIS A
DREAM OR
REAL?
WHATEVER THE
CASE, THOSE
DOORS ARE
THE STUFF OF
NIGHTMARES.





INDULGE ME, MR. MEEKS, AS YOU WILL DISCOVER I'M QUITE FOND OF THEATRICALS. PLEASE ENTER.



OF COURSE. I'M AFRAID THAT THE SUPERSTITIOUS VILLAGERS AND MY FERTILE IMAGINATION HAVE LEFT ME RATHER UNEASY.



COME IN FROM THE COLD AND INHOSPITABLE WORLD AND ENJOY THE COMFORTS OF MY HOME. WITHIN THESE WALLS YOU ARE TRULY SAFE FROM ALL HARM.

