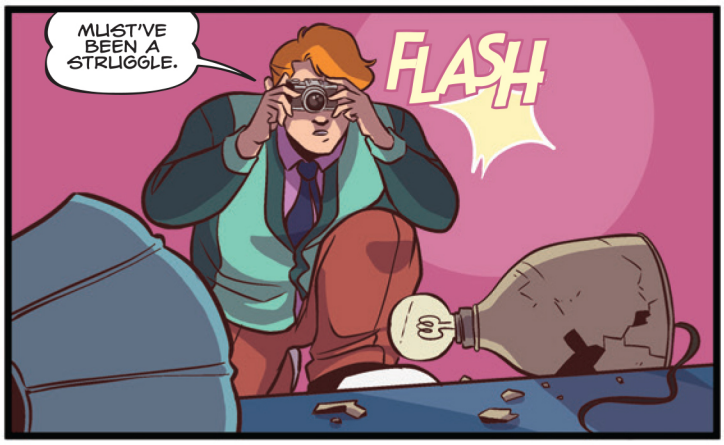
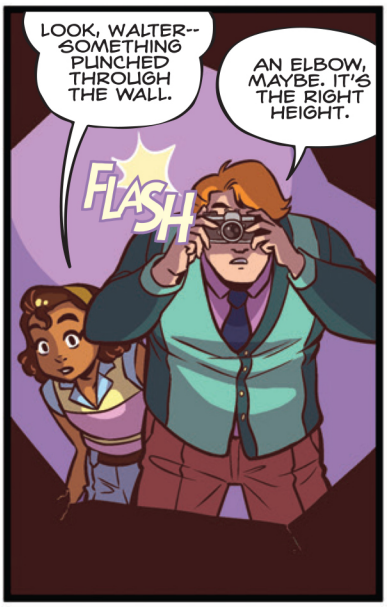
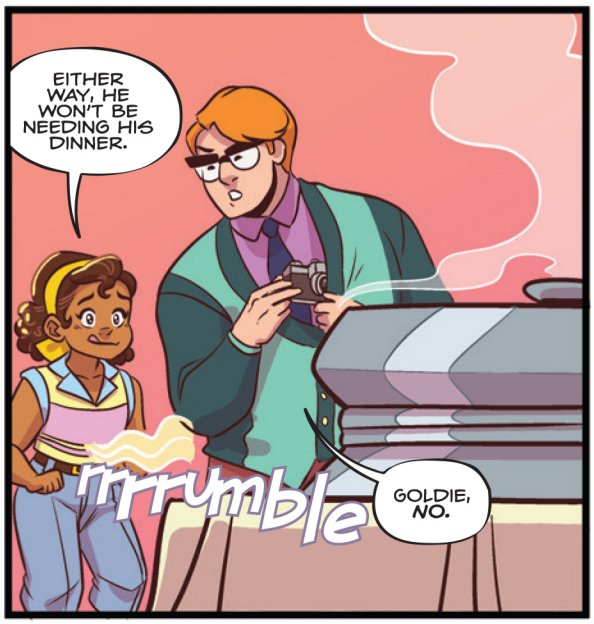
CROSSED PALMS RESORT, ST. PASCAL, FLORIDA.
7:45 P.M.

Hmm... NO SIGN OF HIS LUGGAGE.


MUST'VE BEEN A STRUGGLE.
FLASH

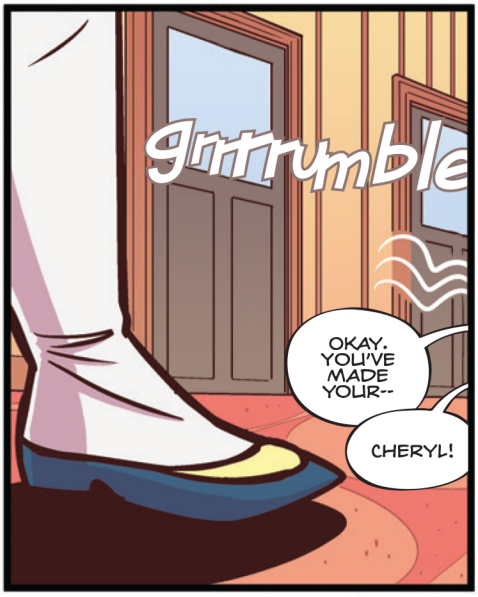

LOOK, WALTER-- SOMETHING PUNCHED THROUGH THE WALL.
AN ELBOW, MAYBE. IT'S THE RIGHT HEIGHT.
FLASH

POOR MR. LUDWIG. I HOPE HE'S OKAY.

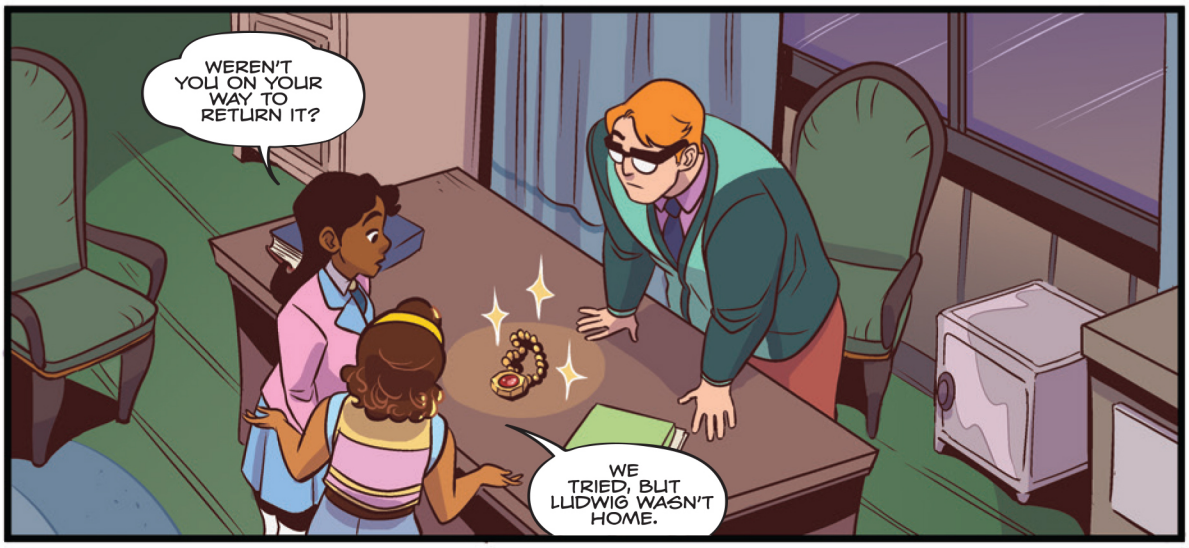

EITHER WAY, HE WON'T BE NEEDING HIS DINNER.
rrrumble
GOLDIE, NO.

BUT YOU ALWAYS SAY TO LISTEN TO MY GUT!
THIS IS NOT THE SAME THING!

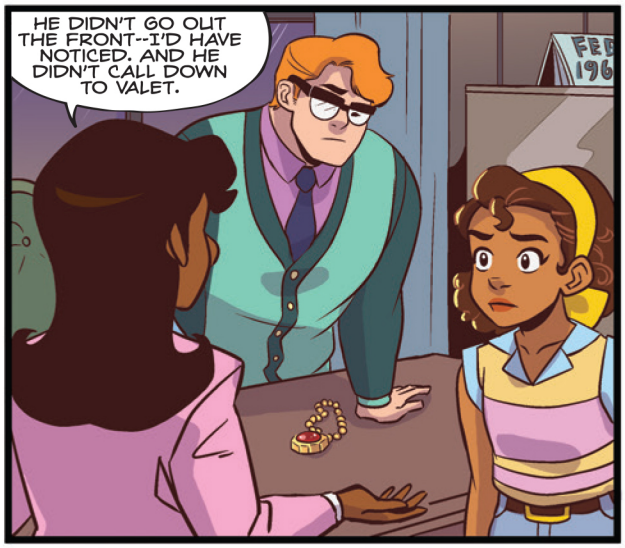
DING DING DING
rrrumble


grrrumble
OKAY. YOU'VE MADE YOUR--
CHERYL!

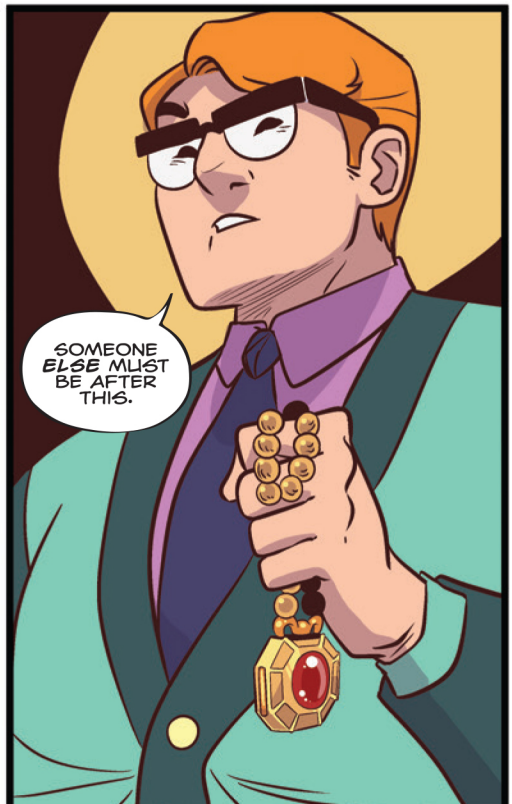
YOU'RE OFF WORK?
JUST CLOCKED OUT!
WHAT'S THE SKINNY? ANOTHER CASE CLOSED?
WELL, NOT EXACTLY...
Introduction To Rocket Missile Propuls...

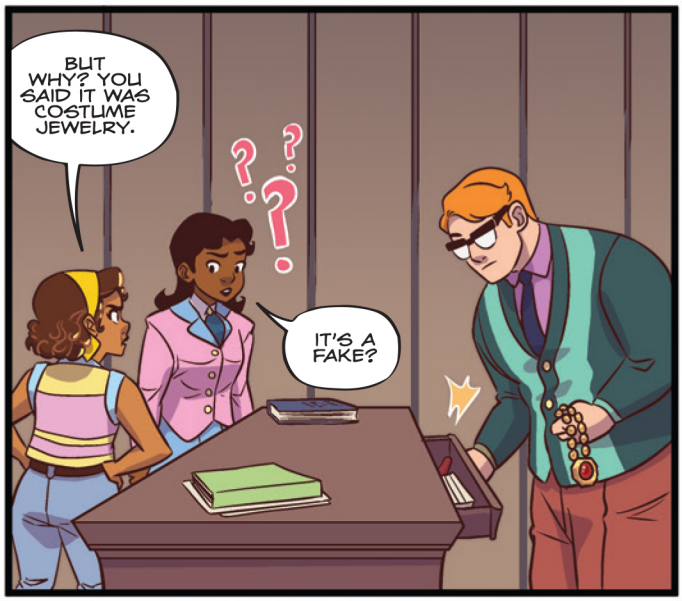

WEREN'T YOU ON YOUR WAY TO RETURN IT?
WE TRIED, BUT LUDWIG WASN'T HOME.

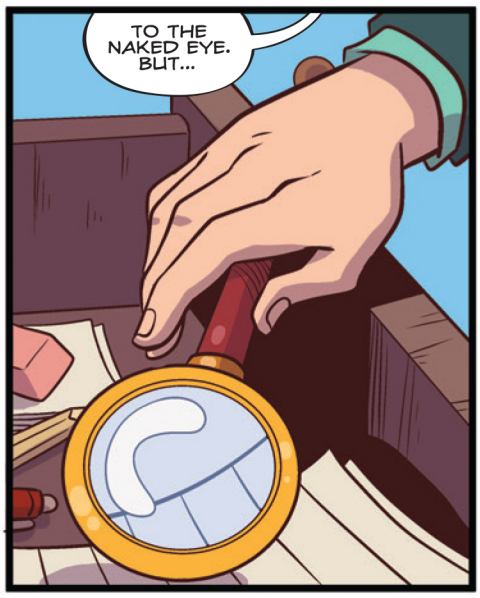
LUDWIG? IN 914? BUT HE ORDERED ROOM SERVICE AN HOUR AGO!
I TRANSFERRED THE CALL.
AND YOU DIDN'T SEE HIM LEAVE?

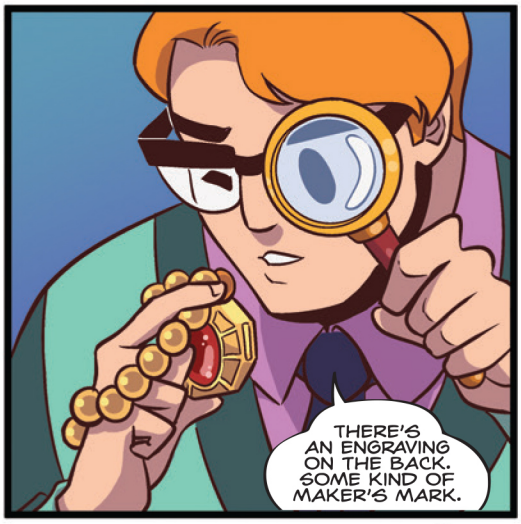

HE DIDN'T GO OUT THE FRONT--I'D HAVE NOTICED. AND HE DIDN'T CALL DOWN TO VALET.

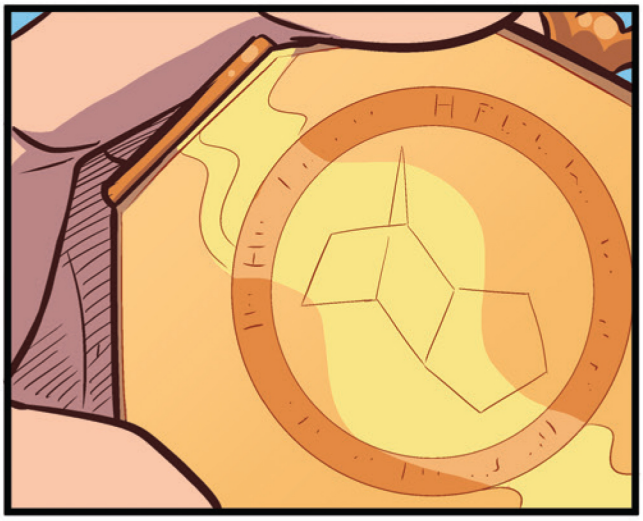
DO YOU THINK SOMETHING'S WRONG?
WE CHECKED HIS ROOM. LAMP KNOCKED OVER, HOLE-IN-THE-WALL... SOMETHING WENT DOWN.

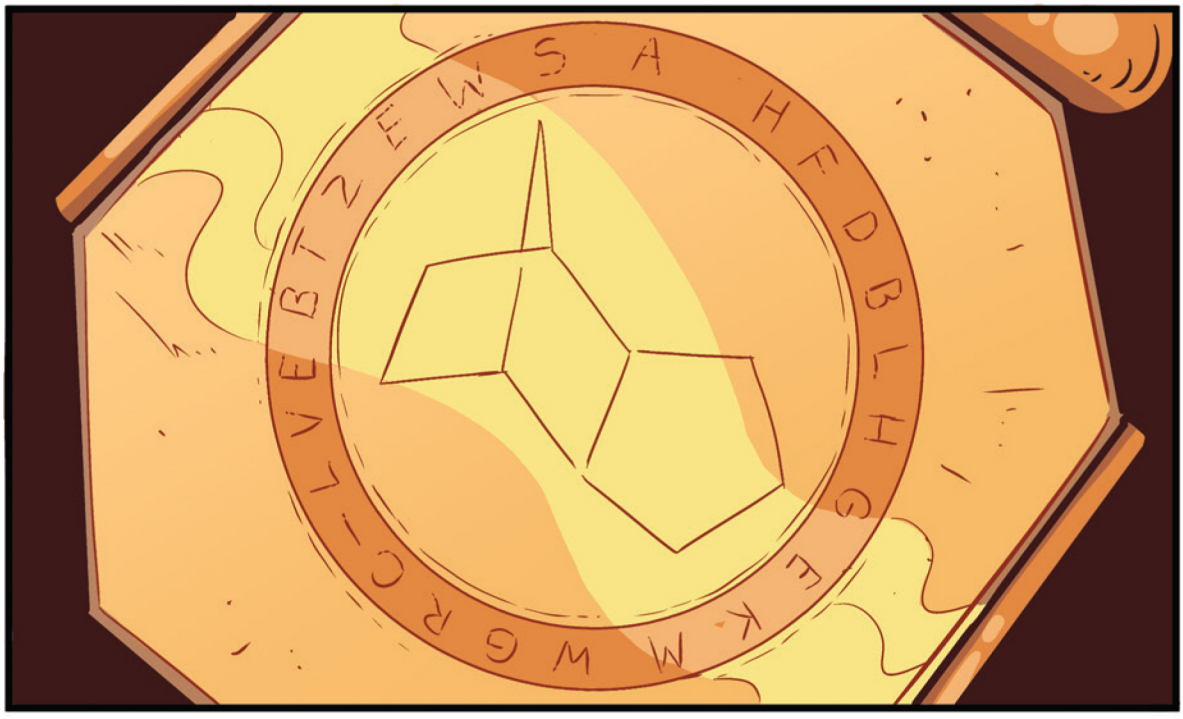

SOMEONE *ELSE* MUST BE AFTER THIS.


BUT WHY? YOU SAID IT WAS COSTUME JEWELRY.
IT'S A FAKE?


TO THE NAKED EYE. BUT...

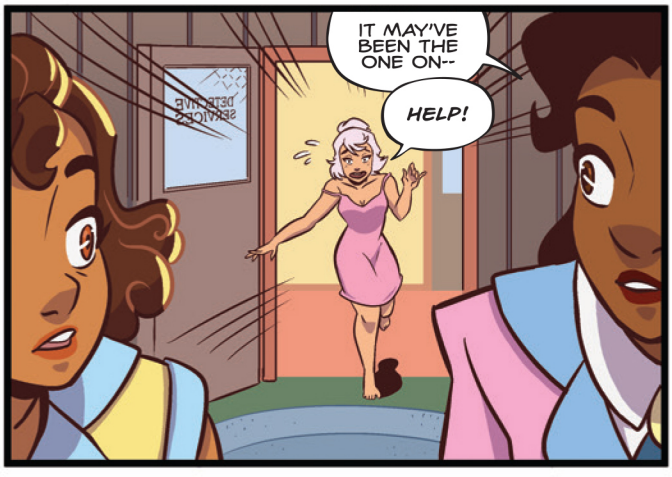

THERE'S AN ENGRAVING ON THE BACK. SOME KIND OF MAKER'S MARK.





Hmm. IT LOOKS FAMILIAR. I THINK I'VE SEEN IT IN A BOOK SOMEWHERE.

I CAN'T THINK WHICH ONE, BUT I'LL CHECK WHEN I GET HOME.


IT MAY'VE BEEN THE ONE ON--
HELP!

I NEED HELP!