

Vincent Tuck's Strange Report

At three o'clock in the morning a man left 112, Liverpool Road, N1. Full moon and visibility good. First time I had seen him but knew him as Lawrence Bacon from descriptions from the neighbours: a broad man well over six feet tall with greying hair and a full beard. He walked via Liverpool Road and Copenhagen Street to the Regent's Canal taking the near towpath and going north. After a bit he went slower looking in alleys and doorways by the light of an electric torch. Finally he stopped before a sleeping tramp. I was fifty yards away. He lifted his arms and suddenly I heard from all over a whistling noise. The tramp screamed on and on but Bacon never touched him. Then both noises stopped. Bacon squatted down and then turned and came back past me. I let him go and went over to the place where he had stood. There was a body there, a man I think, the arms were held up to protect it and the face was frozen in fear -- mouth open. Poor sod died in terror and pain. I would think Bacon killed him but if he did he must be a black magician or something as the corpse was as dry as dust.