

I will tell you that I think Alexander knows how his father and sister died, and that their deaths were a result of events involving a person or persons unknown. It seems Alexander came particularly under the influence of a Mr. Lawrence Bera. Mr. Bera is an antique merchant with premises in Liverpool Road, 1 Stington but I believe he may also be a self-styled occultist. This information was gained at the behest of Alexander's brother, Graham, though a private detective lived at Wapping, a Mr. Vincent Tuck. I think Alexander would peek at Mr. Bera again if needed. It bears mention that I am sure that these matters had nothing to do with Alexander's carship with Miss Parker, no matter what you might have been told.

I feel that I have done the right thing in showing what I know, although I ask that you use ~~discretion~~ discretion for the sake of Alexander's family and possibly for your own security. I urge you to read the book and to contact me again as soon as convenient. I will tell you more of the grounds for my suspicion of Mr. Bera if you should consent to that meeting.

And lastly I bring myself to tell you what it was I saw in that small cell in the asylum. As Alexander spoke I was no longer there in the cell. I was walking in St. James's Park - I had just crossed the small suspension bridge to the south across the lake and I was looking at the buildings on Whitehall. I have made this walk almost every night for the last thirty years and there I was, everything was just as it should be. I knew it was not a dream; it was ~~undeniable~~ undeniable and the normally: the mallards setting up their noise on Duck Island and up ahead the paperboy calling. The summer setting. I reached into my pocket for my penny for the Standard, and as I did I heard a ~~soft~~ ~~soft~~ step behind me and I turned. I ~~saw~~ ^{saw} a sharp-faced man, quite tall, and his eyes held mine. "Keep still please, sir," he said and I felt a sharp pain and then I was falling. He helped me down as I clung to him. I closed my eyes and when I ~~opened~~ ^{opened} them I was looking up at the sky. And there was the paperboy's white face and I tried to say something to reassure him but couldn't. And I knew no more.

The Lord took me.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

Lionel Trollope