

12 THE GREAT ADVENTURE

CARVE. Now, don't move. Remember you're a sick man, and forget you're a servant.

(SHAWN shivers. CARVE, about to put on his dressing-gown, changes his mind, and wraps it round SHAWN as well as he can. CARVE then puts on an oldish coat.)

SHAWN. (*Feebly.*) You've been very quick, sir.

CARVE. I found a red lamp only three doors off. He'll be along in half a minute.

SHAWN. Did you explain what it was, sir?

CARVE. (*Genially.*) How could I explain what it was, you fool, when I don't know? I simply asked to see the doctor, and I told him there was a fellow-creature suffering at No. 126, and would he come at once. "126?" he said, "126 has been shut up for years."

SHAWN. (*Trying to smile.*) What did you say, sir?

CARVE. I said (*articulating with clearness*) a hundred and twenty-six—and ran off. Then he yelled out after me that he'd come instantly. . . . I say, Shawn, we're discovered. I could tell that from his sudden change of tone. I bet the entire street knows that the celebrated Me has arrived at last. I feel like a criminal already, dashed if I don't! I wish