

"Doctor Emanuel, I presume?"

"Yes," I replied. "Where is my patient?"

"Here," said the old man, pointing to a couch on which a figure was strapped down.

Instantly I concluded that the surmises about Mr. Brabazon's state of mind were correct. He was, then, not only mad, but dangerously mad. The old man perhaps guessed my thoughts, and, a trace of a smile overspreading his features, he observed,

"Mr. Brabazon is suffering from nothing but the result of his accident. He would insist on ignoring the fact that he can't walk, and he wanted to walk. He is very obstinate, so I was obliged to have resort to strong measures."

I was about to speak when a voice from the couch—a thick, guttural voice, which seemed to have nothing human in it, tightened my already highly strung nerves.

"Ashcroft is quite right, Doctor. He always is quite right. See to my ankle, please. It burns like the pains of hell."

I knelt down by the couch. As I did so Mr. Brabazon's eyes looked straight into mine with a hideous yellow glitter. In some unaccountable way they brought back to me the fearful creepy sensations I had experienced the first night I had seen the light staring into my study window. So unnerved was I that my hands trembled violently as I endeavoured to undo the bandages which had been placed round my patient's ankle. A tremulous movement pervaded