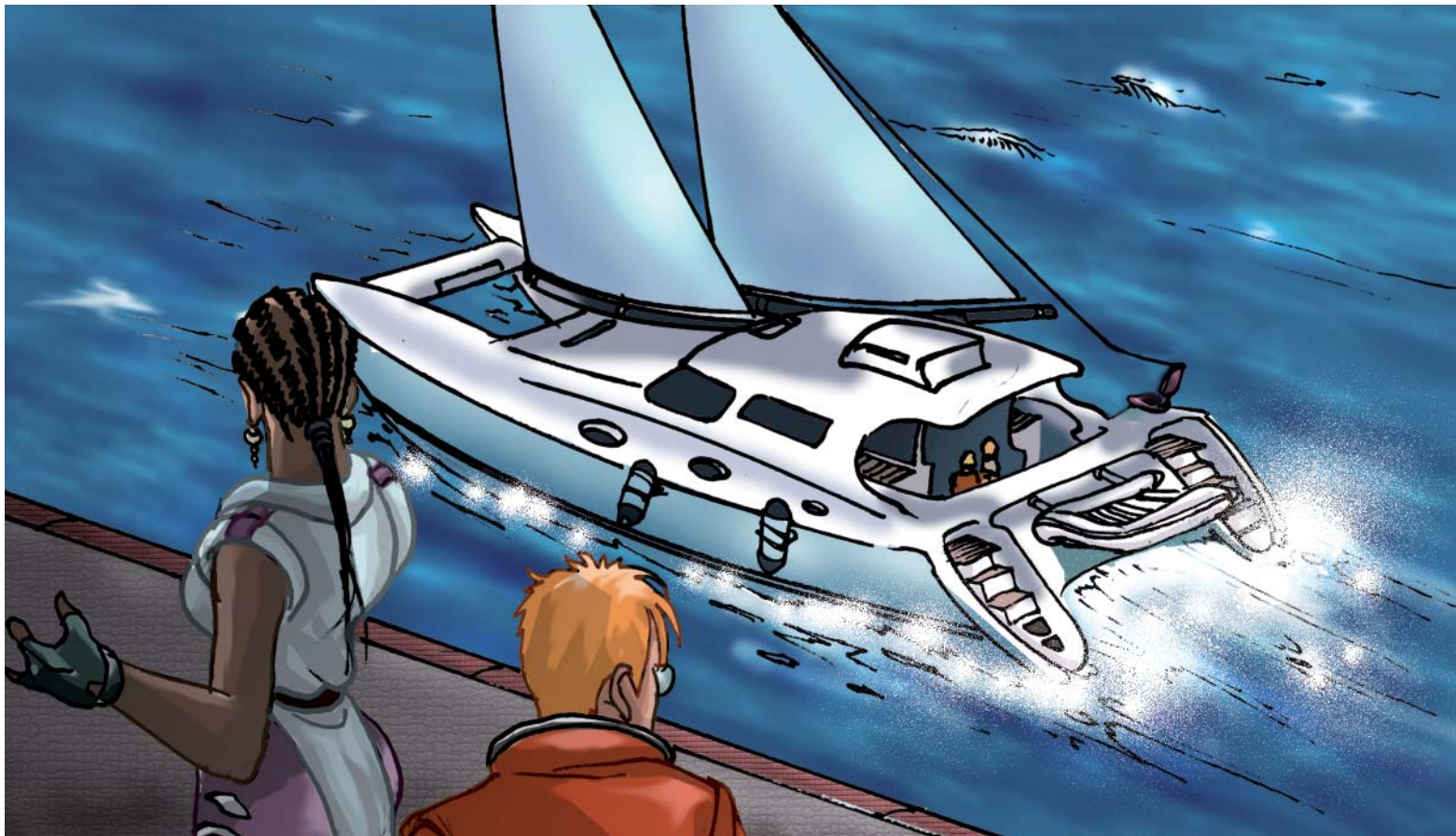


CHAPTER THREE

The next morning, Turnbull dragged Parker up onto the roof of a tall building. The building looked down onto the River Thames.



"Why are we up here, Laura? You know I'm scared of heights," said Parker.

"Agent Parker, seeing is believing," said Turnbull.

"I'm keeping my eyes closed."

"Open them,"

"I'm too dizzy."

"Open them or I will let go of your hand."

"OK, have mercy."

"So what do you see?"

"A large flat roof with a 300 foot drop onto water."

"But do you see the big boat, just there?"

"Yeah, very nice."

A minute later she got up. She was alive! But where was Parker? She went to look for him in the tunnel.

Turnbull jumped him from behind.



It was then she came upon the headless ghost. He was sitting by one of the fountains.

"You're nicked!" she shouted in his ear.

"Get off me," begged the ghost. "You're pulling my head off."