

Cat's in the belfry!

Cat swung himself on to the big clapper . . .



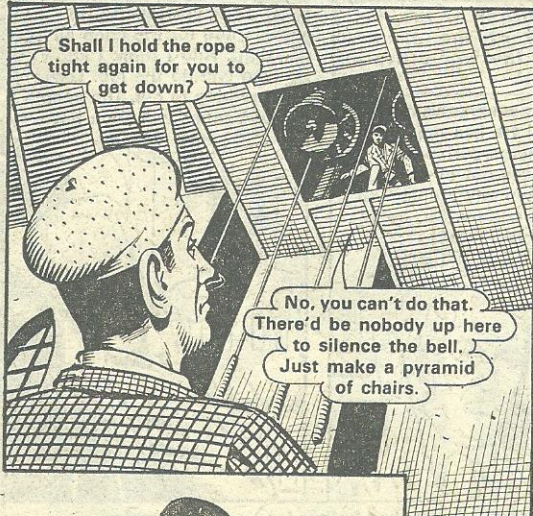
If Mouse lets the rope go it will surely clang out . . .



Now! Let it go!

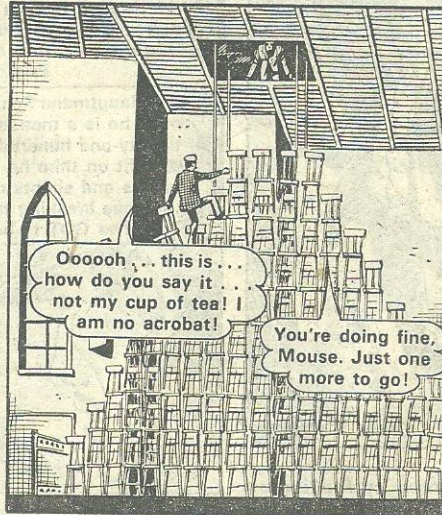


Ah, yes . . . just the thing for us. Now we can fix it!



Shall I hold the rope tight again for you to get down?

No, you can't do that. There'd be nobody up here to silence the bell. Just make a pyramid of chairs.

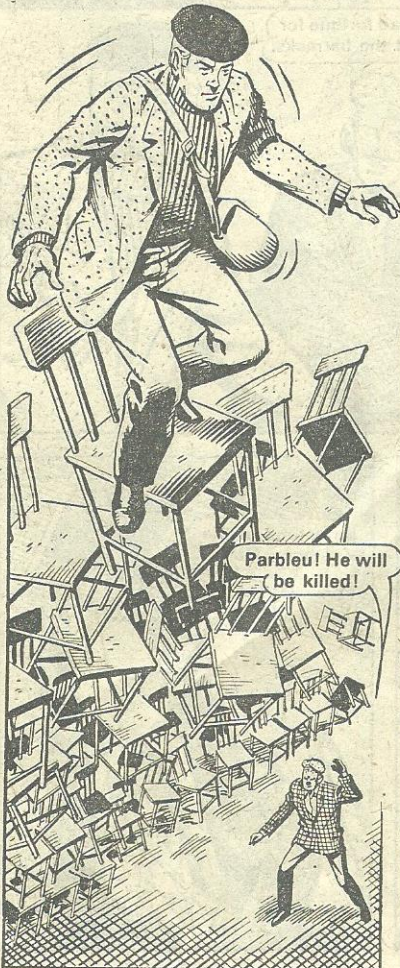


Ooooooh . . . this is . . . how do you say it . . . not my cup of tea! I am no acrobat!

You're doing fine, Mouse. Just one more to go!



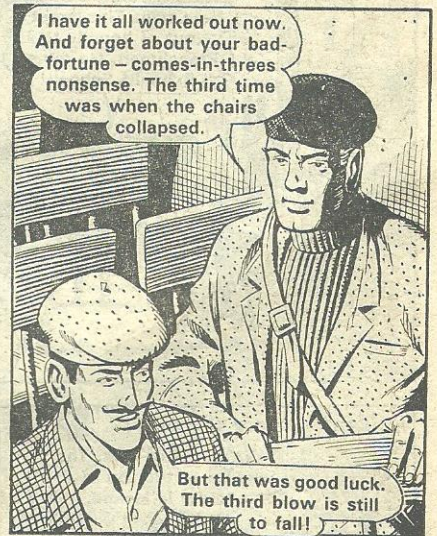
Mon dieu! Be careful Cat! It is collapsing!



Parbleu! He will be killed!



But I should have known! A Cat always lands on its feet!



I have it all worked out now. And forget about your bad-fortune - comes-in-threes nonsense. The third time was when the chairs collapsed.

But that was good luck. The third blow is still to fall!

From the tower, Cat had spotted the metal manhole cover beside the sentry box. That night, just before curfew hour . . .

