

"Then one day as he was passing an antique shop he thought he heard his name being called."



Tommy Wymmot! I'm here, look!

Oh, no!



I'm here whether you look or not. Whether you walk past with head turned aside, I'm always here—or hurrying on to the next mirror you pass!



You're admiring that mirror, sir? A very fine Victorian gent's dressing room mirror, rosewood frame, brass fittings, castors . . .

Buy it!

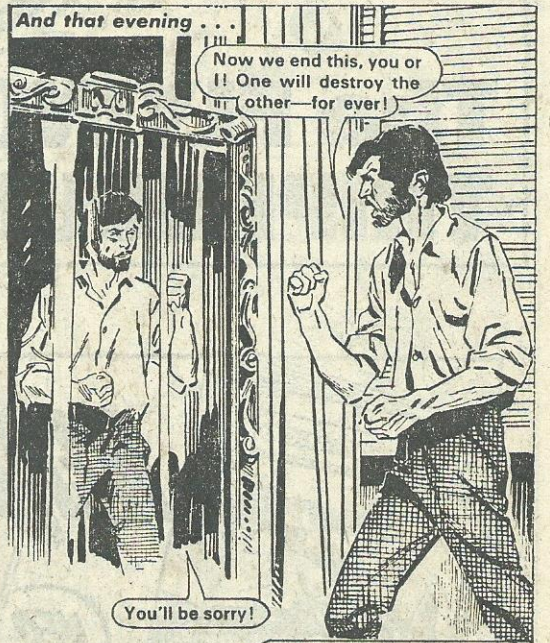
I'll buy it!



Later

A mirror, Tommy? But I thought you hated mirrors!

This one's different. This one will solve everything.



And that evening . . .

Now we end this, you or I! One will destroy the other—for ever!

You'll be sorry!



What was that?

Tommy?

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Tommy, where are you?

Tommy Wymmot was never seen again, nor of course was his reflection. On the last page in his diary, Tommy had written: "If a man destroys himself, he destroys his reflection; but what if he destroys his reflection? Does he destroy himself? I will soon know . . ." Look for me next week!

