

A COFFIN-LID RISES AND DEATH STRIKES FROM THE . . .

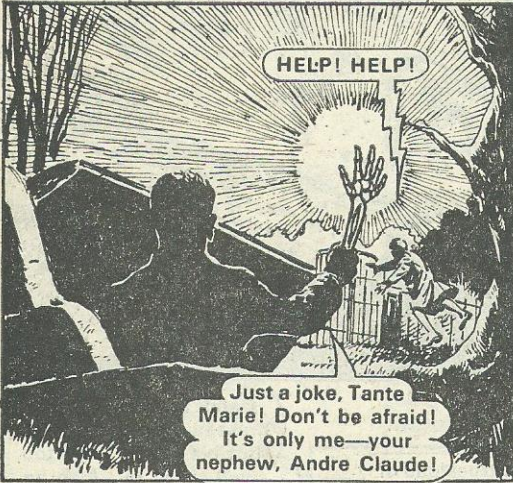
TRAITOR'S TOMB

A SIMON GAUNT STORY



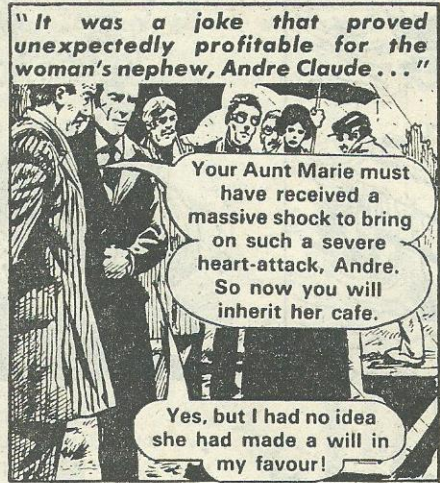
I AM your story-teller, Simon Gaunt. It was just before the last war when a Frenchwoman named Marie Claude received a nasty shock while visiting the local churchyard in the small village of Moutiers . . ."

Aaagghh—no! The lid . . . it's opening!



HELP! HELP!

Just a joke, Tante Marie! Don't be afraid! It's only me—your nephew, Andre Claude!



"It was a joke that proved unexpectedly profitable for the woman's nephew, Andre Claude . . ."

Your Aunt Marie must have received a massive shock to bring on such a severe heart-attack, Andre. So now you will inherit her cafe.

Yes, but I had no idea she had made a will in my favour!

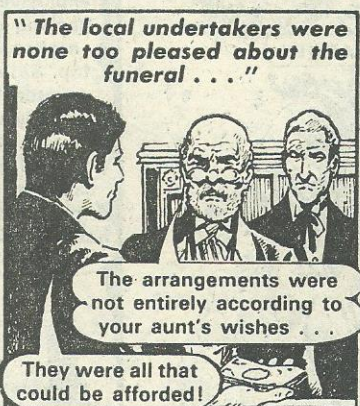


I didn't mean to kill the old girl but it's certainly turned out well for me!



"Back in the village square . . ."

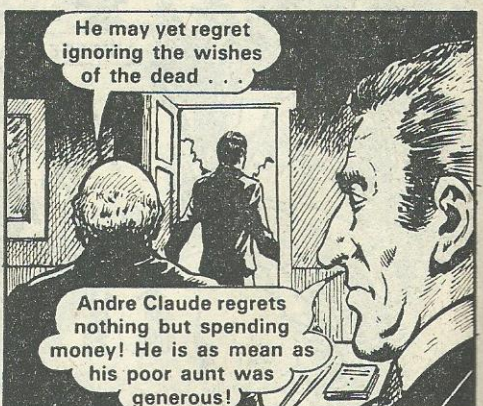
There it is—my very own cafe! To think I used to work there as a waiter!



"The local undertakers were none too pleased about the funeral . . ."

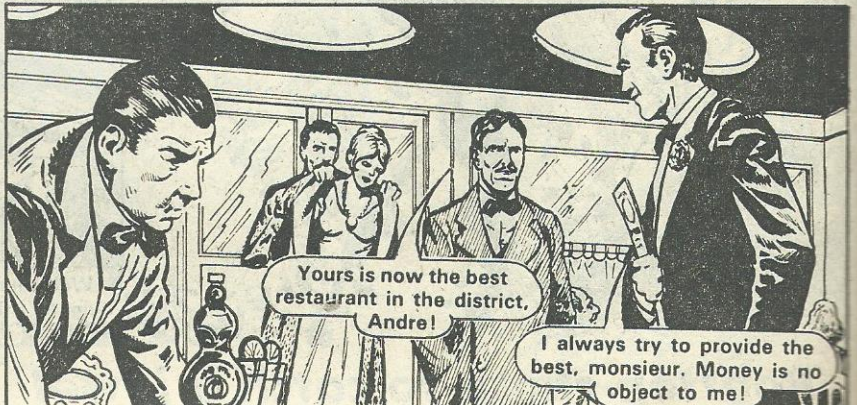
The arrangements were not entirely according to your aunt's wishes . . .

They were all that could be afforded!



He may yet regret ignoring the wishes of the dead . . .

Andre Claude regrets nothing but spending money! He is as mean as his poor aunt was generous!



Yours is now the best restaurant in the district, Andre!

I always try to provide the best, monsieur. Money is no object to me!