

# LIVENO—TWIST

ALL THE TOP PEOPLE WERE AT SIR JAMES'S RETIREMENT PARTY— WITH STEED AND CO. ON HAND TO MAKE SURE THE PROCEEDINGS WENT SMOOTHLY!



THE ROYAL BALLET MISSED A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY WHEN THEY LET PURDEY GO!

JOHN BARTON

SLIDENLY...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN— YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! IT IS MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE THE FAMOUS HYPNOTIST, RANJI BANGEE— WHO WILL GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION OF HIS REMARKABLE TALENTS.

THE FIRST 'VICTIM' WAS NONE OTHER THAN SIR JAMES...



AHHH! PERFECT... YOU ARE COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL, SIR JAMES! YOU WILL DO AS I SAY...

I WILL DO AS YOU SAY, MASTER!



GO TO THE SUMMERHOUSE AND FETCH BACK THE BROOM WHICH IS THERE... WE NEED IT TO BRUSH THE DANCE FLOOR!

IT'S ALL GOOD, CLEAN FUN FOR THE PARTYMAKERS, BUT...

SUDDENLY, THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE SHATTERED THE STILL NIGHT AIR...



FUNNY WE DIDN'T HAVE THIS RANJI BANGEE ON OUR OFFICIAL GUEST LIST, STEED!

I'VE BEEN THINKING THE SAME! TRY AND FIND MIKE AND ASK HIM TO FOLLOW SIR JAMES - WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING HAPPENING TO HIM NOW!



THAT WAY, MIKE! THROUGH THE BUSHES!

NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM - HE'S BOUGHT IT! BUT THERE'S STILL RANJI BANGEE!



PURDEY WENT IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING HYPNOTIST!

WE GOOFED! WE SHOULD HAVE PREVENTED HIM FROM PUTTING SIR JAMES IN A TRANCE... A DEATH TRANCE!



BANGEE TURNED, READY TO BLAST PURDEY...

BUT SHE REACTED FAST...

THEN...



THE APPLAUSE SOUNDED FALSE IN PURDEY'S EARS!

EXCELLENT, PURDEY — THAT'S THE WAY TO ELIMINATE OUR ONLY LEAD!

NEEDLESS TO STATE — THE KILLER ALSO AVOIDED ME!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS — ALL RIGHT! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BREAK HIS NECK!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN STEED'S HOME...



THE CIRCUMSTANCES ARE BIZARRE, TO SAY THE LEAST. THIS BANGEE WAS A LEGITIMATE ENTERTAINER AND HIS INVITATION A SPUR OF THE MOMENT THING BY LADY WHAT'S-HER-NAME!

WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE A NUT ON ANYTHING TO DO WITH SPIRITUALISM AND MESMERISTS!

THERE IS ALWAYS THE POSSIBILITY THE KILLER WAS **NOT** WORKING WITH BANGEE!

I HAVE AN IDEA! LET'S START CHECKING BANGEE'S MOVEMENTS FROM THE MOMENT HE GOT HIS INVITATION!



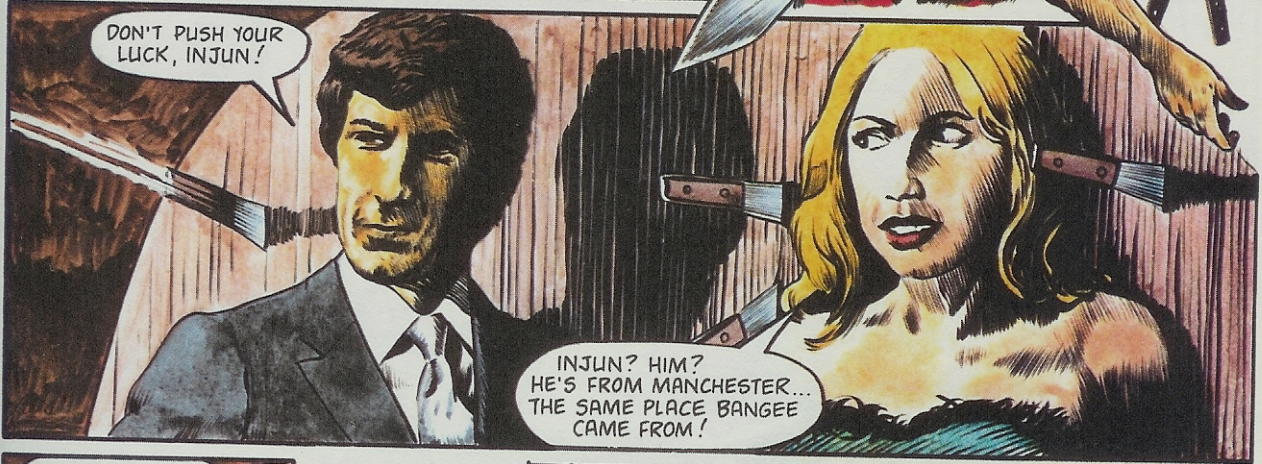
IN A LONDON HOME...

STEED WILL CHECK BACK — DID YOU COVER YOUR TRACKS?

MEANWHILE GAMBIT WAS FOLLOWING UP A LEAD...

BANGEE WAS A MUG, GAMBIT! JUST LIKE YOU...

NO-ONE SAW ME! ANYWAY, WHAT'S HE GOING TO FIND? BANGEE IS DEAD AND NOBODY IS SAYING DIFFERENT!



DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK, INJUN!

INJUN? HIM? HE'S FROM MANCHESTER... THE SAME PLACE BANGEE CAME FROM!



WHEREABOUTS DID HIS PARENTS COME FROM? INDIA?

THAT'S A LAUGH! HE WASN'T A HINDU — HE WAS WHITE UNDER THAT MAKE-UP!

STEED AND GAMBIT MADE A HURRIED VISIT TO THE MORGUE FOLLOWING THE KNIFE-THROWER'S STARTLING DISCLOSURE...

THAT WASN'T THEATRICAL MAKE-UP! HE'S DEFINITELY A HINDU!



WHICH MEANS HE'S A RINGER! A FAKE BANGEE!



MEANWHILE, PURDEY WAS MAKING HER OWN ENQUIRIES...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS RANJI BANGEE... HE ISN'T ONE OF YOU?

NO! HE IS A FAKE WHO GETS HIS BACKGROUND INFORMATION FROM CHANDRA KHAN.

CHANDRA KHAN — A VICIOUS SMALL CRIMINAL WHO LIVED IN A GHETTO AND HAD FRIENDS



IF HE ISN'T HERE WHERE HAS HE GONE?

THAT'S HIS BUSINESS! WE DON'T LIKE SNOOPERS, SO LEAVE!



AS SHE TRIED TO ENTER THE HOUSE...

I SAID...  
LEAVE!

HER FORMER TRAINING AS A BALLET  
DANCER MADE PURDEY A FORMIDABLE  
OPPONENT!



NOTHING LIKE  
BEING ONE STEP  
AHEAD OF YOUR  
ENEMIES!

THAT SAME AFTERNOON  
IN STEED'S HOME...

A BUNCH OF  
CHEAP MARKET  
RACKETEERS  
ELEVATED INTO  
A TOP FLIGHT  
MURDER COVER-  
UP! WHAT A  
DAY! I'M BEAT!



SOMEBODY HAD TO GIVE  
THE ORDERS - BUT WHOM? AND  
WHY DID LADY LACEY PICK BANGEE  
OF ALL HYPNOTISTS? YOU STAY HERE -  
I'LL PICK UP MIKE ON THE WAY AND  
DO SOME FURTHER INVESTIGATING.



STEED WENT TO VISIT LADY LACEY...

BUT WHY DID  
YOU PICK BANGEE,  
LADY LACEY?

IT'S MY FAULT, STEED! I  
ENCOURAGED MY WIFE... YOU  
SEE, BANGEE ONCE CURED ME!  
I WAS A HEAVY SMOKER AND  
HE HYPNOTIZED ME INTO  
GIVING IT UP!



DID YOU KNOW THAT  
THIS BANGEE WAS A  
PHONEY, M'LORD?

OH COME NOW - HE  
DID CURE MY HUSBAND.  
YOU MUST BE WRONG, MR.  
STEED - DIDN'T BANGEE  
PUT SIR JAMES INTO  
A TRANCE?



STEED COULD GET NOTHING ELSE FROM  
THE LACEYS BUT...

FOLLOW HIM,  
MIKE! I'M SURE HE'S  
HOLDING SOMETHING  
BACK FROM ME!

I AGREE! HE  
MUST KNOW THAT HIS  
BANGEE AND THE DEAD  
MAN ARE DIFFERENT  
HYPNOTISTS!

AFTER A TEN MINUTE DRIVE...



HE'S MET SOMEBODY... HEY, WAIT! IT'S NONE OTHER THAN OUR OLD MATE, YURI GRENKOV! NOW ISN'T THAT INTERESTING?

IT CHECKS! PURDEY HAS DISCOVERED THE LINK! SIR JAMES WAS ABOUT TO BLACKBALL LACEY FOR HIS VACANT POSITION.

AT THAT SECOND, YURI GRENKOV SPOTTED GAMBIT AND PULLED A SILENCED GUN! BUT...

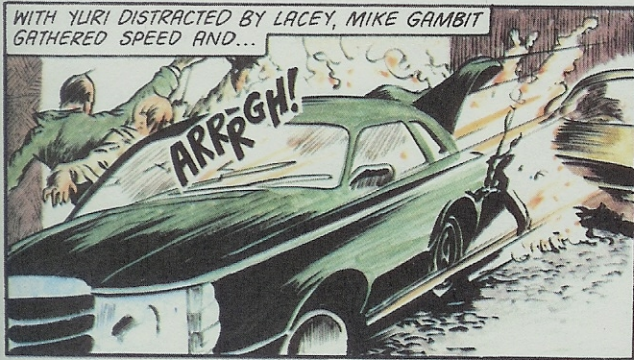


DON'T! THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!

OUT OF MY WAY! GAMBIT HAS TO BE KILLED!

HE MUST BE DESPERATE TO TAKE A CHANCE LIKE THIS! TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME, THOUGH!

WITH YURI DISTRACTED BY LACEY, MIKE GAMBIT GATHERED SPEED AND...



LACEY'S DEAD, BUT FRIEND YURI IS ALIVE IF NOT EXACTLY KICKING!

A FEW DAYS LATER...



THAT YURI IS A TALKATIVE CHAP UNDER PRESSURE! IT SEEMS HE GOT THE GOODS ON LORD LACEY AND BLACKMAILED HIM INTO HANDING OVER DAMAGING INFORMATION! UNFORTUNATELY FOR SIR JAMES, HE FOUND OUT.

AND HAD TO BE SILENCED! ER, SPEAKING OF SILENCE - CAN'T YOU GO SOMEWHERE ELSE AND PLAY YOUR GUITAR, MIKE?

NO! LISTEN TO THIS... 'CURRY ME BACK TO HINDUSTANI...'

ONE THING'S FOR SURE, GAMBIT, AS A SINGER YOU MAKE A PRETTY GOOD AGENT!

THE END.