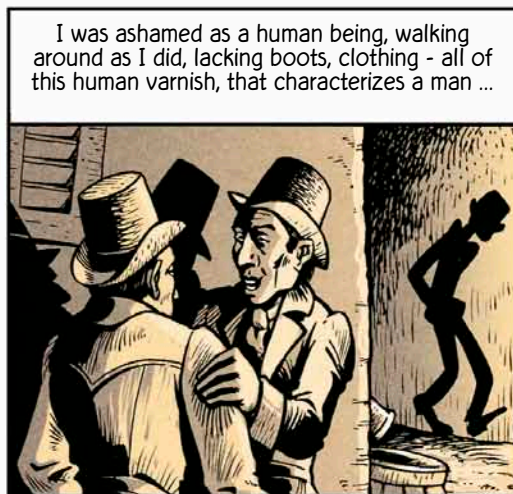
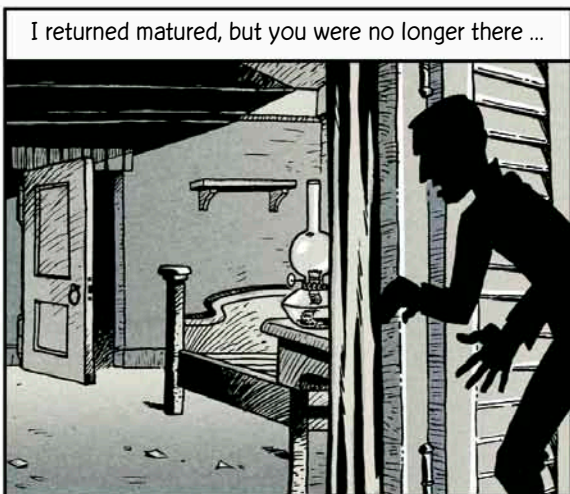
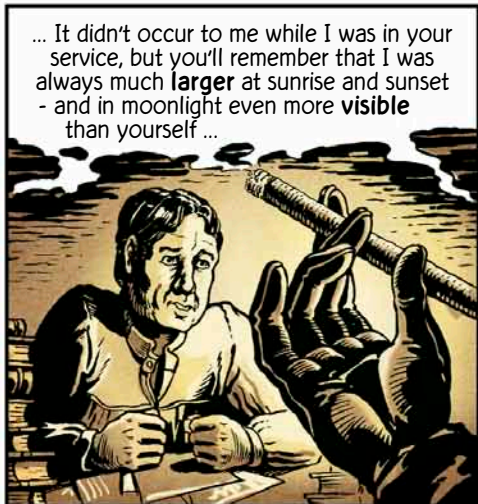


Previously: As a young man the writer lost his shadow on a trip to southern Europe. It has now come back for a visit...



I ran around in the moonlight and stretched up and down the walls ...
It tickles your spine with delight!



I peeked in through the highest windows, into the halls
and on the roofs ...

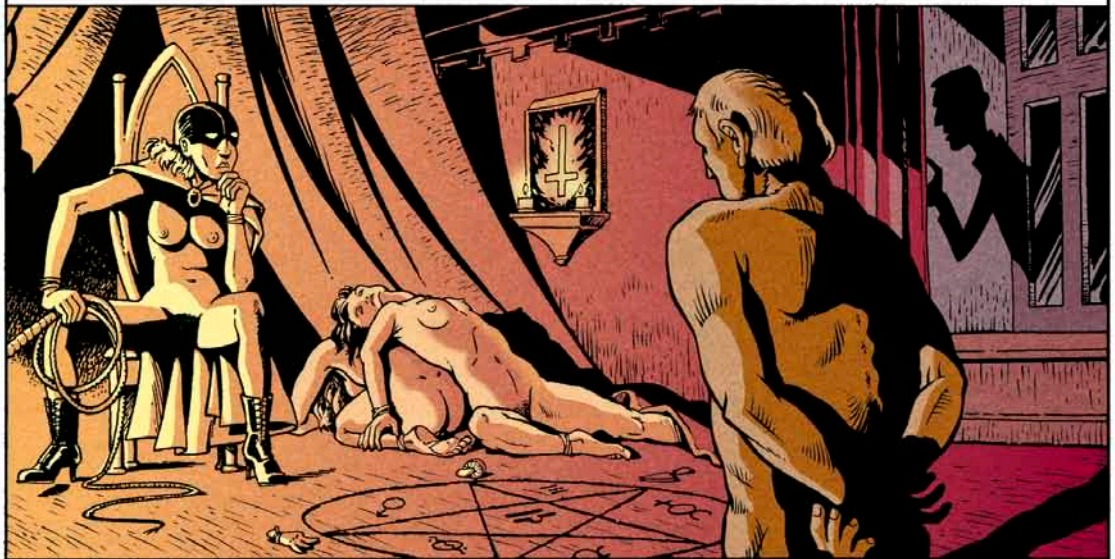


I looked where nobody
could see, and I saw
what no one else saw ...



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- I saw the utmost unthinkable, of women, of men, of parents ...



... and of the sweet, innocent children ...



When you think of it, what a cruel world this is! - I would not seek to be a man, had it not once been concurred, that this is something desirable!



I learned, what no one was meant to know, although everyone was eager to know: The wicked conduct of their neighbours!



So I began sending letters to people implying my knowledge ...



... and fear spread in all the cities
I came upon ...

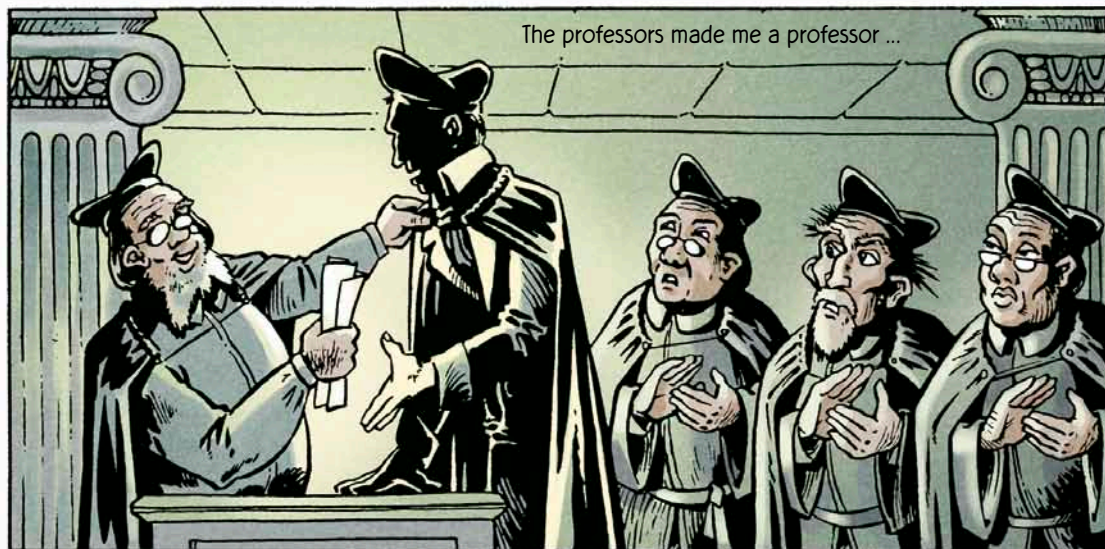


They were so **afraid** of me - and yet how
dearly they loved me. The tailors gave me
new clothes - I'm well supplied ...



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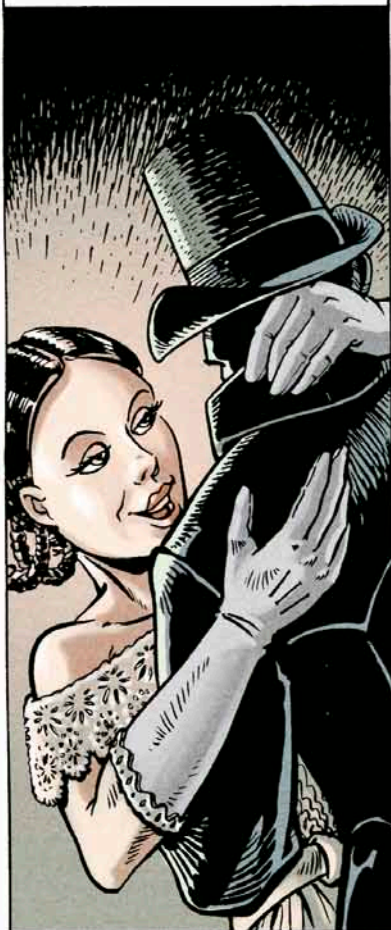
The professors made me a professor ...



The overseer of the mint struck coins for me ...



... and the women found me very handsome ...



- thus I became the man I am! And now I say goodbye. Here is my card. I live on the sunny side of the street, and I'm always home when it rains!



... how very strange ...



Next: Years later the Shadow returns with a proposition...