85. Lion's Den

	ак 360
"What is this?" I demanded, pointing to the bifurcation. "I thought you said there is only one corridor, and it leads straight on." "I also mentioned that the plans were not up-to-date, if you	%
	å
	589 C
tea and biscuits. "There are two corridors. We are three people. Simple Arithmetic tells us the solution. We will divide our forces, and whoever discovers Dalgliesh's o ice or his personal safe will have to	
acquire the file and make it out of here." Karim, who had just been about to follow my example and kick the wall with all his force, stopped. I was rather glad. He might have	527 C
	680 C
while he searched for the proper pronoun. " this individua?" he concluded.	₽.ĸ
"No, Karim. We will not go together. You will go one way. I and Mr	ື່
Linton shall explore the other corridor." Something like hurt showed under the black curls of Karim's beard. I might have been sorry for him if I hadn't been so busy suppressing a	3.3K
gigantic grin. "You'd rather be accompanied by this creature than by me, Sahiß" the Mohammedan demanded.	23к 17к
Mr Ambrose made a terse movement with the head towards the second corridor. "I'd rather send somebody I can rely on where I cannot go myself, Karim."	822 0
Nice.The grin stopped trying to force its way onto my face. So he couldn't rely on me, could he?	235 C
Mollified by Mr Ambrose words, and probably also by the sour look on my face, Karim bowed. "I shall do as you command, Sahib"	a' a
	526 72
	a 231 d
"Come on." Mr Ambrose motioned down the other corridor and	121 45
I almost ran a er him. Not that I would ever have admitted, but leaving Karim behind sent a tingle of fear up my spine. No matter how many soldiers Lord Dalgliesh had at his command, I couldn't see	
any of them getting past the huge Mohammedan. Now that he was gone, all Mr Ambrose had for protection was his cane, which just now didn't seem as impressive to me as on the first occasion he had	
drawn its hidden blade. Suddenly, Mr Ambrose stopped and held up his hand. That was a sign which even I, with my very limited experience in burglary, had no	258 C
When, a er a few moments, nothing had happened, I whispered:	ซ ี ชื
"Voices," he said, in a low, but otherwise normal tone of voice. "Be quiet. And if you have to speak, don't whisper. We are soldiers, remember? We are supposed to be here, and if we whisper, it will	u
	ෘ ් ස්
"And don't call me 'Sir'," he added, still peering down the corridor, his back to me. "If somebody catches you doing it, we will be under immediate suspicion. We wear uniforms of the same rank."	122 d
"Mr Linton?"	af⁰ d²
"I can feelyour smile. Dispose of it immediately."	а ж 13к
"And don't call me mate. Only drunken sailors do that."	342 342 4K
"Yes?"	a' a'
I decided against giving an answer. I had run out of ways of address in any case, and I was just as interested as he to hear what was going on	A16
up ahead. Straining my ears, I tried to catch the voices he had mentioned. There was something Not voices, only indistinct noises. A clang of metal here, a dull thump there, that was it.	å
	134 12 12
Blast! had forgotten: no whispering. Quickly, I continued in a more	88 88
	ස් ස් ස්
"I am reluctant to venture a guess with only audible data at my disposal, Mr Linton. But it sounds very much like a dock. Like a ship	469
"But we're still a long way away from the docks, aren't we?"	ั ซื ซื
Yes? That's all you're going to say?	ਕੇ ਰੋ
Cursing inwardly, I hurried a er him. He still marched along the corridor as if the whole place belonged to him, as if he had a right to	
be here that nobody could dispute. I did my best to imitate him, but	
probably didn't quite succeed. Slowly, the noises up ahead grew louder, the voices clearer. It was clear now that things were being loaded. I could hear the recurring thumps of the load as it was let	
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I glared at the lions, meeting their bold, glittering gaze head-on. My	
eyes fell on a blue band that wound like a snake under the lions' paws. There were letters on it. Yet even though they were printed in	
bright gold, in the semi-darkness of the hall, they were nearly	
impossible to make out. Was this English? No, it looked more like a	
foreign language	a
Auspicio Regis Et Senatus Angliae	т _{тк}
What did that mean?	a
"By the authority of the King and Parliament of England."	759 C
Startled, my eyes flicked to where Mr Ambrose was standing, the perfect model of the British-Indian soldier.	168 C
"That's what it means," he said, again managing to speak in his cool, calm voice without his mouth even twitching. "The motto under the coat of arms of the East India Company that you were staring at. By the authority of the King and Parliament of England."	306
"How did you know that was what I was looking at?" I hissed.	a Ma
"Your lips were moving, forming the Latin words. When I say 'be silent', Mr Linton, that also means don't move your lips."	a M
Too preoccupied to argue, I gave a tiny nod, and swallowed. My eyes once more took in the soldiers on the gallery, then returned to the roaring lions on the giant tapestries, and to the words they shouted at the world. Auspicio Regis Et Senatus Angliae	40
No wonder Lord Dalgliesh felt justified in doing whatever he wanted. He had the Queen's O icial Seal of Approval.	215
Beside me, Mr Ambrose tensed. Tensed more than he was already	5
tensed, I mean – which, considering his normal stance, was an impressive feat.	å
"Out of the way! Quickly!" With those words hissed into my ear, he sprang away and pulled me a er him in a decidedly unsoldierly manner. We were behind a heap of crates before I could utter a word of protest. And then I heard his voice, and the protest died in my throat.	110
"have everything loaded onto the Persesimmediately, please, Captain. I shall await a full report in half an hour."	487 Cl
Ice flooded my heart, and I stumbled a er Mr Ambrose, not uttering a single word. Just before he pulled me out of sight, and we	
disappeared behind the heap of wooden crates, I saw it, out of the	
corner of my eye. I saw the golden mane and hawk's beak. I saw the steely glint of piercing blue eyes.	135 0
Lord Dalgliesh was here.	2.8K
	a²
My dear Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,	å
What do you think of Lord Dalgliesh's London lair? Is it worthy of	
a villain such as him? And will there be a big showdown between him and Mr Ambrose?	166 d
I await your thoughts, eagerly! :)	a
Yours Truly	å
Sir Rob	ä
P.S.: Beware of the Lion(s)! I've included a picture of the East India Company coat of arms for you to practice your heraldic	
skills on ;-)	170 d
	a

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