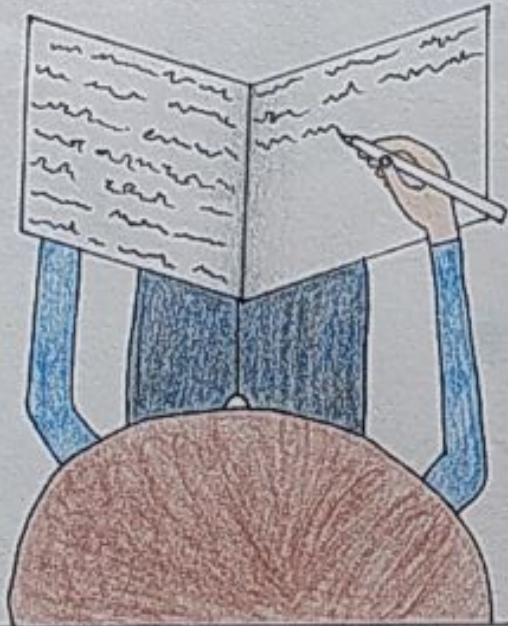


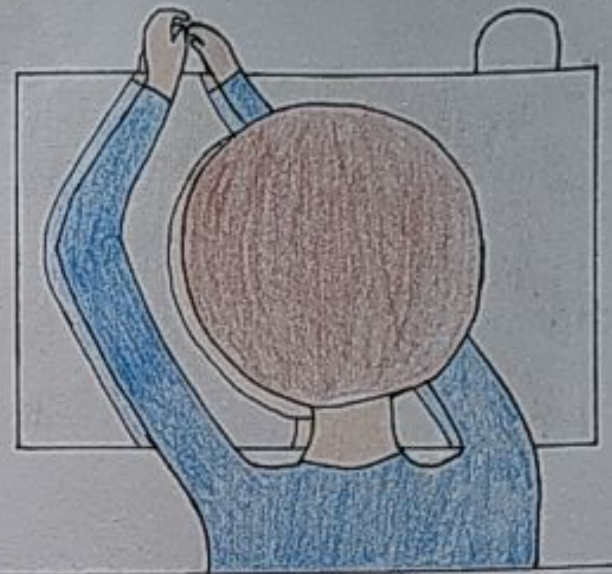
I began to fear as I wrote in this book that I was writing in too much detail.



I only slept a few hours when I went to bed, and feeling that I could not sleep any more, got up.



2 AM



I had hung my shaving mirror by the window, and was just beginning to shave.

Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

