

## The Hideaway

Silentium

Over here, miss. Here he is. He wasn't in he's  
room at the inn last monday, right, and I  
went looking for him. I found him here in a poor fettle.  
I thought I'd better fetch you, miss  
Prudence.

My god it's him...Antracon...my love  
Their eyes so hollow so hollow  
What's happened to you? Why are you all  
covered in blood?

Every whore shall burn...every whore shall  
burn

Hickson, help him up to the street and into  
my carriage. We've...

Here we go sir Prudence...got to get him out  
of town. We'll take him to my father's  
hunting lodge.