

to Sykes's flat. He looked in through the window. The flat was dark so he broke the glass and went in.

Inside the flat Kimble saw some photographs of Sykes's children. He picked up a photograph of a man, about 35, a policeman. He looked at the man's face – the face of Helen's killer. Kimble quickly searched the flat. He found an artificial arm, a right arm with a new top, and some more photographs. These photographs showed Sykes on holiday by the sea. In one photograph Sykes was standing next to another man. Kimble looked carefully; he thought he knew the other man's face, too.

After a second or two he said, 'It's Lentz, Alex Lentz! That doctor at Devlin-MacGregor.'

In a cupboard Kimble found some papers about Sykes's job – he was a guard at the Devlin-MacGregor building in Chicago. Now he understood everything. Lentz, and the other people at Devlin-MacGregor wanted Kimble to die because he knew that RDU-90 damaged people's livers. He was still alive only because he went back to the hospital that night – and Helen died instead of him.

'Helen, oh, Helen...' he said. For the thousandth time Kimble wanted to die, too, but then he thought, 'No, it's better to live and catch this man.' He picked up the phone and rang Gerard.

'Kimble here,' he said.

Everybody in Gerard's office jumped. Poole immediately started to search for the number that he was calling from.

'Are you coming in, Kimble?' Gerard asked. Poole already had the first two numbers.

'I didn't kill my wife,' Kimble said.

'Not my problem,' Gerard said. 'Where are you?' Four numbers now – Kimble was in the south of the city.

'Fifteen seconds,' Poole said quietly.

'I must find some more things first,' Kimble said.



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