

Dr. Jaro,

I have the information you requested.

I did as you suggested and monitored the entrance of the palmist's. Our interesting Mr. Tanabe, it seems, is the palmist's most frequent customer, and once I had seen the door firmly shut behind him, I hurried to the basement apartment where my assistant had already begun recording the transaction.

It was a simple exchange. His cash loosened her tongue, which proceeded to wag with rambling drama until, as if the very clock on the wall controlled her mouth, a half hour had passed. When she had grown silent he left her with not even so much as a "good day, madam."

Here is the information you seek:

Mr. Tanabe will out live us all

His period of indecision is at an end

His lust for knowledge is limitless and well founded

We at the bureau have no doubt he will succeed.

As his decisions are grounded in matters of the heart he will defeat you.

I beseech you, old friend, give up your quest.

Signed,

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