**Chapter 18x The Inveesible Cheil Sleeps**

Foonert an hurtit as the Inveesible Cheil wis, he refused tae takk Kemp's wird that his freedom should be respeckit. He owerluikit the twa windaes o the bed chaumer, pued up the blinds an caad ajee the sashes, tae sattle Kemp's statement that a retreat bi them widnae be possible. Ootside the nicht wis verra quaet an still, an the new meen wis settin ower the doon. Syne he examined the keys o the bed chaumer an the twa dressin-chaumer yetts, tae satisfee himsel that

these likewise could be made eese o tae win awa. At the hinnereyn he said he wis satisfeed. He stude on the hairth bass an Kemp heard the soun o a yawn.

"I'm waefu," quo the Inveesible Cheil, "gin I canna tell ye aa that I hae dane the-nicht. Bit I’m trauchelt. It's unca, nae doot. It's nesty! Bit believe me, Kemp, in spite o yer argy-bargy o this foreneen, it’s quite a possible thing. I hae made a find. I meant tae keep it tae masel. I canna I maun hae a pairtner. An ye.... We can dae sic things ... Bit the morn. Noo, Kemp, I feel as tho I maun sleep or dee."

Kemp stude in the mids o the chaumer glowerin at the heidless claethin. "I expeck I maun leave ye," quo he. "It's--dumfounerin. Three ferlies happenin like this, owerturnin aa ma lear—wid makk me gyte. Bit it's real! Is there onythin mair that I can get ye?"

"Anely bid me gweed-nicht," quo Griffin.

"Gweed-night," reponed Kemp, an shuke an inveesible haun. He wauked sidieweys tae the yett. O a suddenty the dressin-goon wauked faist tae him. "Unnerstaun me!" quo the dressin-goon. "Nae attempts tae hinner me, or catch me! Or--"

Kemp's face cheenged a bittie. "I thocht I gied ye ma wird," quo he.

Kemp steekit the yett saftly ahin him, an the key wis turned upon him straicht aff. Syne, as he stude wi a luik o quaet bumbazement on his face, the faist feet cam tae the yett o the dressin-chaumer an that wis steekit as weel. Kemp skelped his broo wi his haun. "Am I dwaumin? His the warld gane gyte--or hae I?"

He lauched, an pit his haun tae the steekit yett. "Snibbit ooto ma ain bed chaumer, bi an unca gyteness!" quo he.

He wauked tae the heid o the staircase, furled, an glowered at the steekit yetts. "It's fack," quo he. He pit his fingers tae his slichtly hurtit thrapple. "Definite fack!

"Bit--"

He shook his heid eeselessly, furled, an gaed doonstairs.He lichtit the dinin-chaumer lamp, tuik oot a cigar, an stertit waukin the chaumer, cryin oot. Noo an syne he wid argy wi himsel.

"Inveesible!" quo he.

"Is there sic a thing as an inveesible breet? ... In the sea, aye. Thoosans--millions. Aa the larvae, aa the wee nauplii an tornarias, aa the microscopic ferlies, the jeely-fish. In the sea there’s mair things inveesible than veesible! I niver thocht o thon afore. An in the puils as weel! Aa thon wee puil-leevin

ferlies--skirps o colourless see-throwe jeely! Bit in air? Na!

"It canna be.

"Bit efter aa--foo nae?

"Gin a cheil wis vrocht o glaiss he wid still be veesible."

His thochts becam profun. The maist o three cigars hid passed intae the inveesible or skittered as a fite aisse ower the bass afore he spakk again. Syne it wis jist ootcry. He birled aside, wauked ooto the chaumer, an gaed intae his wee consultin-chaumer an kinnlit the gas thonner. It wis a wee chaumer, because Dr. Kemp didnae live bi practice, an in it wir the day's newspapers. The mornin's paper lay easelessly open an haived aside. He catched it up, turned it ower, an read the accoont o a "Fey Tale frae Iping" that the seaman at Port Stowe hid spelt ower sae painfu tae Mr. Mervel. Kemp read it faist.

"Rowed up!" quo Kemp. "Masked! Happin it! 'Naebody seems tae hae bin awaur o his misfortune.' Fit the deil’s his gemme?"

He drappit the paper, an his ee gaed seekin. "Ach!" quo he, an catched up the St. James' Gazette, lyin faulded up as it cam. "Noo we’ll get at the truith," quo Dr. Kemp. He rived the paper open; twa columns faced him. "A Hale Clachan in Sussex gaes Gyte" wis the heidin.

"Gweedsakes" quo Kemp, readin wi virr a dumfounerin accoont o the heppenins in Iping, o the eftrerneen afore, that hae already bin telt o. Ower the leaf the report in the mornin paper hid bin reprinted.

He re-read it. "Ran ben the streets strikkin richt an left. Jaffer senseless. Mr. Huxter in unca pain--still nae able tae tell fit he saw. Painfu affront--meenister. Wumman nae weel wi fleg! Windaes brukken. This byordnar story nae doot a lee. Ower gweed nae tae prent--cum grano!"

He drappit the paper an glowered teemly in afore him. "Likely aa lees!"

He catched up the paper again, an re-read the hale maitter. "Bit far dis the Gangrel cam in? Foo the deil wis he chasing a Gangrel?"

He dowpit doon smertly on the surgical bench. "He's nae anely inveesible," quo he, "bit he's gyte! Murdrous!"

Fin daybrakk cam tae mell its fiteness wi the lamp-licht an cigar rikk o the ettin-chaumer, Kemp wis still waukin up an doon, ettlin tae unnerstaun the unca.

He wis aathegether ower vrocht up sleep. His maidies, camin doon sleepy-like, fand him, an wir like tae think that ower-study hid brocht this ill on him. He gaed them extraordnar bit richt clear instructions tae lay brakkfast fur twa in the belvedere study--an syne tae bide in the sunks an grun-fleer. Syne he cairried on waukin the dinin-chaumer til the mornin's paper cam. That hid much tae say an nae muckle tae tell, ayont the pruif o the evenin afore, an a verra ill screived accoont o anither byordnar tale frae Port Burdock. This gaed Kemp the gist o the happenins at the "Blythe Cricketers," an the nemme o Mervel. "He his gart me bide wi him twinty-four hours," Marvel testifeed. A fyew wee facks wir addit tae the Iping tale, like the cuttin o the clachan telegraph-weer. Bit there wis naethin tae sheen licht on the link atween the Inveesible Cheil an the Gangrel; fur Mr. Mervel hid gaen them nae wird aboot the three buiks, or the siller wi which he wis lined. The dootin tone wis gaen an a heeze o newsfowk an speirers wir already at wirk raxxin oot the maitter.

Kemp read ilkie skirp o the report an sent his hoosemaid oot tae get ilkie ane o the mornin papers she could. Thon he read as weel.

"He’s inveesible!" quo he. "An it reads like rooze growin tae wudness! The things he micht dae! The things he micht dae! An he's upstairs free as the air. Fit the sorra should I dae?"

"Fur instance, wid it be a breach o faith gin--? Na."

He gaed tae a wee jurmumlit desk in the neuk, an stertit a note. He rippit this up hauf screived, an sceived anither. He read it ower an thocht it. Syne he tuik an envelope an screived it tae "Colonel Adye, Port Burdock."

The Inveesible Cheil waukened even as Kemp wis daein this. He waukened in a richt rooze, an Kemp, lippenin fur ilkie sound, heard his pammarin feet breenge o a suddenty ben the bed chaumer owerheid. Syne a cheer wis flang ower an the wash-haun staun tummler brukken. Kemp hashed upstairs an chappit smartly.