

Chap.9 all went up at
the same time.



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Chap. 9 Lombard questions If they've been in the wrong all along.

Armstrong responds gravely.

Lombard brought up Anthony Marston's name and said he was a guy who would not commit suicide. There sudden was a pause, then Blore said " Mrs. Rodgers?" Yes. It's possible that it might have been an accident.

Philip didn't understand how it was an accident. Dr. Armstrong said " Doctors can't afford mistakes of that kind, my friend." He then went white. Mr. Justice Wargrave still in the same thing sour voice addressed Armstrong.

Dr. Armstrong said a woman has the capability of striking the blow that killed poor MacArthur. He said it calmly. He then said two deaths have been caused from drugs. Vera cried angrily " I think you're mad!" His eyes turned slowly till they rested on her.

The thought came to Vera that he doesn't like her much. Emily Brent said " surely, doctor, the woman would have been fast asleep by then under the influence of the drug you had administered?" Yes, but it was not a certainty said Dr. Armstrong. Lombard responded " Of course you would say that, doctor." again Armstrong's face darkened with anger.

Armstrong's passionless cold little voice stop the words on his lips. No good result came from recrimination. Facts are what we have to deal with.

Chap. 10 Outside the rain was pouring down and the wind howled. It howled in great shuddering gusts against window panes. Philip Lombard believe that the old Wargrave was right when he said it was one of them.

Philip Lombard made a grimace. He thought it was amazing. Vera thought it was incredible. There's no question now of accidents or suicides. Dinner came. All the food was eaten and cleared away.

It was a plain simple meal, most of it of it is out of tins. Lombard and Blore went upstairs with the two women. At the top there were two men. They watched the women go in their rooms and shut their doors. Suddenly the women heard the sounds of two bolts being shot and the turning of two keys. The men went to get some sleep an hour later.

They all went up at the same time. Rogers was setting up the table for morning breakfast. Rogers came out the dining room. He then went up stairs, but slipped halfway up. He saw four figures pass through four doors. He also heard the turning of four locks and the shooting of four bolts.

Chap.

11 Philip Lombard had a habit of walking at daybreak. He did so on this specific morning. The wind had somewhat abated but was still blowing. He didn't hear any rain.

At eight o'clock . The wind started to blow stronger. Still Lombard did not hear it. He was asleep again. At nine thirty he was at the edge of the bed looking at his watch.

Ex-Inspector Blore said in a low voice to Philip. " Know what I'm thinking?" Philip said it is not worth the trouble of guessing. Blore was an earnest man.

There was a case in America. When an old gentleman and his wife were both killed by an axe. It had occur in the middle of the morning. Breakfast is a curious meal. Everybody was polite.

There was six china figures. How many will there be by tonight? Who will have the last egg? " Marmalade?" It was six people acting perfectly normal at breakfast. Chap. 12 The meal was over. Mr justice had to clear his throat. He spoke in a small authoritative voice. Vera had began to set up the plates together.

The judge asked Miss Brent if anything was wrong. Blore said he was a domestic type of man. He said he'll give Miss Claythorne a hand.

Lombard had undressed to the skin and both his room and he had been meticulously searched by the other three men. Lombard would be in trouble if he had to give away his revolver. Wargrave said sharply. Mr. Lombard is considered as a strongly built and a powerful young man. Ex-Inspector Blore is also a man of powerful physique.

Lombard threw his head back. His teeth showed and it was almost a snarl. I don't know where the revolver is.

Blore said it forcefully. Blore said follow him. He opened the door. He also led the way around the house. A little distance Away from the dining room window he found the syringe. After they fully searched the house they still couldn't find the revolver.

Chap 13 There was five frightened people. They each watched over another. Each of the five were hardly troubled.

The five looked less like human beings. Mr. Justice body was motionless and his eyes were keen and alert. Blore seemed coarser and awkward in build. They were reverted to a more bestial kind. Five people had went into the kitchen.

Vera and Blore had drunk tea that had been made. The others had whiskey. The judge murmured with a reptilian smile. That indicated they must be careful. When they went back to the drawing room, it was dark even tho it was summer.

That was strange! Vera screamed. She screamed several times. If as wild desperate cries for help. She didn't hear any sounds below. She was conscious only of supreme terror.

A lot of strange things began to happen. Such as the lights flickering. Chap 14 They carried Mr. Justice Wargrave up to his room and laid him on the bed. Lombard said briskly that they have to eat something.

Again they went to the kitchen. They opened a tin of tongue. They had ate mechanically almost without tasting.

Vera said she'll never never eat tongue again. They finished the meal. Hugo must be forgotten.

This evening she felt that Hugo was in the room with her. She dazed at the ceiling. There she dazed a big black hook in the middle of the room. She never noticed it there before. She didn't like the hook on the ceiling.

It drew your eyes. Blore didn't think Armstrong was in his room. Wait a minute she said. Armstrong had went to the door at the end of the corridor. Here Armstrong tapped again. He raced back to Lombard's room.

He had a candle in his left hand. His right hand rested in the pocket of his pyjama jacket. Chap 15 Three people sat eating breakfast in the kitchen. Outside, it was lovely.

A lovely day. The change in weather had come in the mood of prisoners on the island. They felt now that as if people just woke from a nightmare. In the evening they could try a bonfire. Only there isn't much wood.

They Spent the morning on the cliffs. There were no signs! That anyone saw. There were no boats out. There was no trace on the missing physician. Out in the open, One feels safer. Let's go back into the house said Lombard.

Philip Lombard said thoughtfully It's fine weather. There will be a moon.

They must find a place maybe by the top cliffs. Lombard shrugged his shoulders. They've only have one danger and that's Blore.

Chap 16 Aeons passed worlds span and whirled. Time was if as motionless. It stood steady. It passed through a thousand ages. It was only a minute or so. Slowly Vera and Philip looked into each other's eyes. Lombard laughed. Vera said there was no one on the island.

No one at all except them. They were the only two. They wondered if they knew where they were.

Vera thought why she never see his face properly. Lombard panted. Not such an easy job. Vera told herself don't be a fool. Hugo was upstairs waiting for her. One little boy Indian left all alone.

She had came to her room. The little china figure in her hand fell from her hand. Hugo went and hanged himself and then there were none. This was the end . Epilogue There was ten people dead on an island. There was not a living soul on it. It did not make sense. Sir Thomas said someone must have killed em.

Macarthur's skull was fractured by a blow to the back of his head. Morris made all the arrangements at sticklehaven. Lombard has been in some very curious shows abroad. Lombard sailed very close to the law one or more times. He was Known for daring. Also, for not being over scrupulous.

Blore said Assistant Commissioner forcibly " was a bad hat". She then asked the sir if he thought so. The A. C said he always thought so. Manuscript Emma Jane realized in her earliest youth that her nature was a mass of contradictions. She began with an romantic state of mind. She was born with other traits beside romantic fancy.

She knew very strongly the lust to kill. Emma Jane remembers experiments with wasps with various garden pets. She loves reading every genre of detective story and thriller. She reads a lot. Emma Jane recognized this as the desire of the artist in crime. She wanted something unusual, something impossible. She kept telling herself she must commit a murder. That it must not be ordinary.

That it shall be a fantastical crime. She wanted to Kill! The innocent must not suffer.