









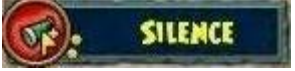







Everyone was starting to arrive to the manor, it had a  to it. All five of us (the  Mr. Krier, the  Ms. Briart, the  Srg. Blowhorn, the  Mrs. Samson, and me òWumpsö) were marched into the foyer. Each of us had a bad  to be there, but we did not know each other's reason. I had cheated him, from his  million dollars he so deserved.

Just then the lights went out and a  scream went out, a thud was heard, and when the lights went on Ms. Briart was dead on the floor! Mr. Krier and I gasped, while Mrs. Samson, and Srg. Blowhorn stood there ed. Not only that, but the  butler was gone!

We looked wearily at the two standing in  before us. But just then, the lights went out again, a thump and a  were heard. The  was dead. It had to be one of us three, and I figured it was the  Mrs. Samson.

Mr. Krier and I bound her for the police, but just then Mr. Krier gave a  Laugh, and killed her. As he turned his cold-blooded stare towards me, I ran to the locked door, all he said was ò.ö