

# Chapter 11

## THE TRUTH

- Why I am here?

He said, suspicious.

- Now, I will tell you...let's get to the point...
- I don't understand...

He interrupted Mr Crawford, tense.

- Are you sure that Mr Jones assigned you his estate?
- Yes, sure. Why do you ask me this?
- Because you aren't between the hereditaries.

The man gaped, bewildered.

- Pardon? This is impossible...
- But this is the truth.

After a long silent, the man stood up.

- Well, so did you call me only for this?
- No. Sit down, please.

The man obeyed.

- The notary told me that, in that evening in which Mr Jones went at him, he was very agitated. He told him that he must have cancelled your name in his testament. The truth is that convict is you, Mr Humpton.
- A convict? Me? And with this? You haven't sufficiently evidencies!
- Yes, I have them. We made inquiry and we found strange credits in the current account and we investigate about phone calls which the killer did...  
Now, you can't uphold yourself anymore.

The murderer lowered the head.

- You employed the crazy to kill Mr Jones for your profit, and you believe that, if the police wouldn't have closed the case, it would have imprisoned Mr Ring, 'cause the story with the poker and the bad relationship between him and his uncle... but you couldn't have known what Mr Jones would have done, at least...