



HOW TO PLAY

SUDOKU NUMERIC

One of the thrills of Sudoku is its simplicity. All you have to do is place any number from 1 – 9 in each of the unoccupied cells. The trick is to ensure that you only use each number once in any of the nine cell boxes or in the vertical and horizontal lines. Easy?

SUDOKU ALPHABETIC

The letters you require are contained in the unique nine letter word supplied with each puzzle and then it is exactly as NUMERIC

DIFFICULTY

The puzzles are graded into five difficulty levels: -

- 1, Quickie
- 2, Therapeutic
- 3, Brain Teaser
- 4, Mind Bender
- 5, Einstein

Solutions are on pages 196-219

INDEX

How to Play	1
Holiday Day One	17
The Shipping Forecast	40
The Social Secretary	68
Sanctuary	93
Avarice and Greed	124
Sudoku Addict	177
Other Books by Albert Able	192
Win a Fabulous Prize	195
Solutions	196
Order Form	220

Quickie # 1 Target Time=10 Minutes

8		6				3	9	7
				8				4
	4		7		6			
4		9					6	
6			1		7	4		5
						2	1	
3				7	5		8	
1								6
	6	8			1	5	4	3

Quickie # 2 Target Time=10 Minutes

					8			
	8			2	3			1
	5		9		1	7	4	
9	2		7			6	3	
		6						
						8		9
3	1					9		
	4	8			6	3		
6		2				1		

Quickie # 3 Target Time=10 Minutes

			5		3	2	6	
9		5						
		3		7	2			
	1	4					3	
	7	9	2	3		1	4	
8				1				
6					4			2
	5			2	1			6
				6	5	3		

Brain Teaser # 57 Target Time=30 Min. RHEUMATIC

				R			E	
	H					T		C
	T			A			M	U
	C			M			U	
			I			E		
I				T			R	H
H	U					C		R
			U				H	
R	A		M					

Brain Teaser # 58 Target Time=30 Min. SIMPLETON

			E	L				M
	T		P					
					O			L
				E	I	S		
	S	E	N		P	O		
							I	
	L					M		I
S	P					L		N
E		O	M			P	T	

Brain Teaser # 41 Target Time=30 Minutes

	6	2						1
		8	4		2			
			7	1	5	2		8
				5	6		8	9
2		7		3				4
			8					
			9	2		8		
		3					9	
	4	1		8				

Brain Teaser # 42 Target Time=30 Minutes

6		9						4
					1			8
8	3	4		7			5	
		1	4	3				
7					2	8		
		8			6		2	1
							1	5
9				1				
		7				6		3

Brain Teaser # 43 Target Time=30 Minutes

							7	
						1		
5	3			9	7			
9			3			4		
	7	5	8		6			
				4			6	
1		9		3				
		2			8	9	4	
	8				5	3		

Einstein # 96 Target Time=40 Min.

		8					6	7
9			6					4
		2			8			1
		9				1		
					1		4	2
1					5		3	
2	5			9	6			
8		7			4			
3		4						5

Mind Bender # 76 Target Time=40 Min.

		9	3			5	2	
	2						3	
7	5							1
9	1				5			
2	3			4	9			6
			6					2
5	8				6	3		9
		1				6		8
					1			

Therapeutic # 21 Target Time=20 Minutes

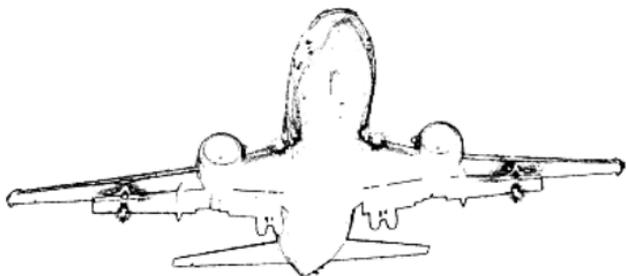
			8			2	4	
	4	9	7				5	
8		5						
4	2	6	5	8		3	9	
		7		4				
5	8		9	1				2
7	1		6			9	2	
	5		1				3	
6		4						7

Therapeutic # 22 Target Time=20 Minutes

	8	2				7		
					5	2	3	
9								
		3		2		1		
7				9				6
				6			2	4
	5		3			6	8	
	6							
3		9			2		7	

Therapeutic # 23 Target Time=20 Minutes

			8				4	2
6		2	9					7
7	8							
3	2	4	7	8			5	6
9				2				
	7	8	6	1		4		
	9	1	3				6	4
		7	1					5
2	3					9		



Holiday...Day One

The traffic was one continuous snaking line of flickering red lights, as far as they could see along the entire length of the motorway. “We’ll never get there at this rate!” muttered the harassed driver through clenched teeth and to give more weight to his words he thumped the steering wheel impotently. “I told you we should have made an earlier start!” he added accusingly.

His wife looked at him calmly. “I know but who insisted on staying in bed a little longer than usual?” She smiled and placed her hand gently over his on the steering wheel. The merest trace of a smile spread across his face replacing the scowl as he briefly savoured the memory of those ‘extra five minutes’.

She closed her eyes, leaned back in her seat and smiled inwardly as she also remembered that ‘We’re ok for five minutes’ decision. ‘Yes, ‘*Love Boy*’ you moved into the holiday mood early and I’m not complaining’.

For the rest of the journey they sat in silence, each with their own thoughts as the traffic moved forward in fits and starts until eventually they pulled into a long stay

car park at Gatwick Airport. The courtesy bus collected them and trundled toward the terminal at a frustrating crawl. The anxious passengers looked repeatedly at their watches.

The couple struggled to fit their luggage onto the one remaining small trolley at the entrance to the departures hall and pushed it inside. Like many of its kind, the trolley had a mind of its own and insisted on dragging them to one side with the aid and guidance of a wobbling bouncy wheel. Between them the couple persevered and finally pushed and pulled the obstreperous vehicle towards the British Airways checking-in desk; they were almost thirty minutes late.

The husband looked anxiously at his watch for the umpteenth time.

“It all depends on whether we get a bitch or an angel.” He informed his wife out of the corner of his mouth.

A smartly dressed BA attendant standing at the beginning of the long winding queue approached them and smiling politely asked. “Where are you going and what time is your flight?”.

“We’re on the eleven-twenty to Barbados.” The man said with a troubled look at his watch. It was almost ten thirty five. “Sorry we’re so late; are we going to be ok?” His voice croaked anxiously from his parched throat.

“You better come with me.” The attendant unhooked the rope barrier and ushered them forward.

“This way” he said and headed to the nearest check-in desk.

“These good people have been delayed; they need to be on the eleven-twenty to Bridgetown Barbados.” He told the attractive young lady seated behind the counter. She immediately tapped the keyboard. “No Problem sir.” She assured them as she looked up and took the proffered passports. “So what caused the problem today then?” She enquired with a friendly smile.

“The dammed traffic, we just couldn’t seem to move in it.” The man replied. She nodded her understanding. “I know exactly what you mean.” She replied and returned her concentration to her screen.

A little more relaxed now the husband looked towards his wife and mouthed silently ‘Angel’.

The young lady’s fingers seemed to fly across the keyboard. Streams of labels pumped out of the printer and the baggage check was quickly completed; finally she looked up again “That’s all ok now sir.” She passed over the passports and boarding cards. “There we are; you will be called in about ten minutes, now you can relax. Have a nice flight.”

“Thank you so much.” They replied in unison and moved quickly through the security system and into the Departure lounge. “Well we made it!” He gripped his wife’s hand. “Now at last we’re in the system we should be able to relax.” He said it with genuine feeling and with even more conviction added, “and first things first, I must

get something to drink I'm so parched after all that excitement."

"Do you think we have enough time for a quick cup of tea before we're called?" His wife asked.

"I don't see why not. Over there." He pointed to a kiosk. She stopped, looked up at him and gave him a gentle kiss on his cheek. Suddenly she felt so happy and was about to whisper something in his ear when the public address system broke the spell.

"This is an announcement for passengers travelling to Bridgetown Barbados on flight BA 2155. British Airways regret to announce...." The announcement that every passenger on long haul flights dread filled their world "that due to technical reasons this flight will be delayed for approximately four hours. A further announcement will be made at approximately eleven-thirty. Passengers are advised not to leave the terminal building."

In that moment and unable to believe what she had heard, his wife put her hand to her mouth as tears welled up into her eyes. The man's reaction was different "Damn it!" he muttered with real feeling, but instantly noticing his wife's anguish put his arms around her and held her tightly. "Hey," he comforted her. "Don't forget what I said we're in the system now so let's look on the bright side." He held her away "That gives us some time to look for that anniversary present I promised you"

She wiped the tear away and smiled meekly. “Sorry darling I just wanted to get on with it, do you know what I mean?”

He hugged her again “Come on let’s see what we can find.” He took her hand firmly in his and headed towards the Mappin & Webb shop.

About an hour later they were sitting at the Sea Food Bar sipping a cool glass of Chablis. “Twenty five years!” The man raised his glass and saluted his wife. He leaned across and unashamedly kissed her full on the lips “and loved every minute of it.” He pronounced for all to hear.

“Bravo!” a passer-by called out; two other people at the bar raised their glasses “Congratulations!” they toasted the couple.

The couple smiled across the counter raised and drained their glasses. “Thank you” the wife replied “and I love you too” She raised her left hand for all to see the new ring. “Especially if you keep spoiling me like this!” She teased.

He was about to reply when the Public address system boomed into life. “Passengers travelling on BA 2155 to Bridgetown Barbados.” Her expression froze; he winced in anticipation, “may now proceed to gate number 63 where your aircraft is ready for boarding.”

The relief was instant and seemed to sweep all around the departure lounge. The man looked at his watch and then at the bill the waiter had just placed in front of him. “Well that four hours passed pretty quickly.” He

raised his eyebrows at the piece of paper and placed his American Express card on it.

They passed W H Smith on the way to the gate and something on the front of the counter caught her eye. "Oh look!" She exclaimed. "They have Albert Able's latest best seller. I must get it," and she let go of his hand and darted into the shop before he could say a word. She returned after only a couple of minutes. "It's called 'Diamonds, Girls Best Friend or Foe?' appropriate don't you think?"

"Yeah, yeah, now come on let's go, we don't want to miss the flight now do we?"

They approached the departure gate and handed over their boarding cards; as they were fed into a machine on the desk a white light flashed. The security man standing near by moved over and consulted the screen. "Mr. & Mrs. Rayburn?" he looked up his brow wrinkled in a questioning gesture.

"Yes! I'm John Rayburn, is there a problem?" His wife held her breath what could be the matter now she wondered her pulse quickened.

"Would you mind waiting over here a moment please?" They were directed to a small block of seats away from the others. "We won't keep you a moment." The security-man added and returned to the desk.

"What's happening?" The wife whispered anxiously.

"I really don't know." Her husband replied whilst nervously tapping his knee.

As soon as the last passenger had been admitted to the departure gate area the security man re-appeared; he was holding their boarding passes. "Sorry to keep you." He smiled for the first time. "Now let me see, do you have a daughter who works in BA Admin?"

"Yes we do, is she alright?" It was the natural question for a mother to ask. Her pulse had quickened and she felt anxious.

"Oh no, nothing like that, it's just that we've managed to up-grade you to Traveller Plus for the outward journey and Club for the return; I'm sure you'll find it much more comfortable for your" He consulted the paper again "your twenty fifth wedding anniversary?"

"That's fantastic" Her husband reacted first. "Just fantastic."

"This way please." The security man led them to the aircraft.

They were soon settled into comfortable seats. "The aircraft isn't full today so you'll be able to spread out once we're on the way." The cheerful airhostess advised them.

About twenty minutes after take-off and reaching their cruising altitude the hostesses were busying themselves with the needs of their passengers.

"A drink from the bar?" A cheerful voice requested.

"Champagne I think, don't you?" Rayburn looked at his wife. She nodded agreement and they leaned back in their seats, savouring the sparkling liquid.

“Compliments of British Airways” They looked up again this time the hostess passed over a small paperback book. “SUDOKU TRAVELLER, with our compliments.”

“Thank you.” The husband reached out and accepted the book.

“I nearly got that for you when I bought ‘Diamonds Best Friend or Foe’” His wife told him with a grin, “glad I didn’t now!”

The husband returned her smile. “It’s been quite a day hasn’t it? First we nearly miss the plane then, and please don’t misunderstand me, we spend a fortune on food and presents, and now we’ve been up-graded for free and we get SUDOKU TRAVELLER thrown in for good measure! Not bad for the first day of the hols, eh?” He looked at his wife contentedly. “I wonder what comes next?”

“For the rest of the time we simply relax.” His wife purred and snuggled into his shoulder.

He settled back into the comfortable reclining seat. “Yes,” He said quietly “now that is a good idea.” He slipped his hand into hers and closed his eyes.
