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## UNIT 13

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### 13.1 OBJECTIVES

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In this unit we shall give you practice in reading comprehension by

(i) Giving you a detective story to read : ‘The Jewel Robbery at the Grand Metropolitan’ by Agatha Christie, and

(ii) giving a glossary of difficult words and questions on comprehension. We shall also set exercises on selected items of vocabulary. In the section on grammar and usage we shall discuss the various question patterns :

(i) *Wh*-questions, (ii) *Yes-no* questions, and (iii) question tags.

We shall also ask you to re-write the story you have read from the point of view of one of characters.

After completing the unit you should be able to

- read and appreciate a simple detective story,
- use the various question patterns correctly, and
- rewrite a story from the point of view of one of the characters.

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## 13.2 READING COMPREHENSION

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### 13.2.1 Passage for Reading

#### The Jewel Robbery at the Grand Metropolitan

by Agatha Christie

1 'Poirot', I said, 'a change of air would do you good'.

'You think so, *mon ami* ?'

'I am sure of it.'

'Eh-eh ?' said my friend, smiling, 'It is all arranged, then ?'

'You will come ?'

'Where do you propose to take me ?'

'Brighton. As a matter of fact, a friend of mind in the City put me on a to a very good thing, and—well, I have money to burn, as the saying goes. I think a week end at the *Grand Metropolitan* would do us all the good in the world.'

'Thank you, I accept most gratefully. You have the good heart to think of an old man. And the good heart, it is in the end worth all the little grey cells. Yes, yes, I who speak to you am in danger of forgetting that sometimes.'

I did not relish the implication. I fancy that Poirot is sometimes a little inclined to underestimate my mental capacities. But his pleasure was so evident that I put my light annoyance aside.

'Then, than's all right,' I said hastily.

2. Saturday evening saw us dining at the *Grand Metropolitan* in the midst of a gay throng. All the world and his wife seemed to be a Brighton. The dresses were marvellous, and the jewels—worn sometimes with more love of display than good taste—were something magnificent.

'*Hein*, it is a good sight, this!' murmured Poirot. 'This is the home of the Profiteer, is it not so, Hastings?'

'Supposed to be', I replied. 'But we'll hope they aren't all tarred with the Profiteering brush.'

Poirot gazed round him placidly.

'The sight of so many jewels makes me wish I had truned my brains to crime instead of to its detection. What a magnificent opportunity for some thief of distinction ! Regard, Hastings, that stout woman by the pillar. She is, as you would say, plastered with gems.'

I followed his eyes.

'Why,' I exclaimed, 'it's Mrs Opalsen.'

'You know her ?'

'Slightly. Her husband is a rich stockbroker who made a fortune in the recent oil boom.'

3. After dinner we ran across the Opalsens in the lounge, and I introduced Poirot to them. We chatted for a few minutes, and ended by having our coffee together. Poirot said a few words in praise of some of the costlier gems displayed on the lady's ample bosom, and she brightened up to once.

'It's a perfect hobby of mine, Mr. Poirot. I just *Love* jewellery. Ed knows my weakness, and every time things go well he brings me something new. You are interested in precious stones ?'

'I have had a good deal to do with them one time and another, madame. My profession has brought me into contact with some of the most famous jewels in the world.'

He went on to narrate, with discreet pseudonyms, the story of the historic jewels of a reigning house, and Mrs. Opalsen listened with bated breath.

'There now,' she exclaimed, as he ended. 'If it isn't just like a play ! You know I've got some pearls of my own that have a history attached to them. I believe it's supposed to be one of the finest necklaces in the world—the pearls are so beautifully matched and so perfect in colour. I declare I really must run up and get it !'

'Oh, madame', protested Poirot, 'you are too amiable. Pray do not derange yourself !'

'Oh, but I'd like to show it to you.'

The buxom dame waddled across to the lift briskly enough. Her husband, who had been talking to me, looked at Poirot inquiringly.

'Madame, your wife is so amiable as to insist on showing me her pearl necklace,' explained the latter.

'Oh, the pears ! Opalsen smiled in a satisfied fashion. 'Well, they *are* worth seeing. Cost a pretty penny too ! Still, the money's there all right; I could get what I paid for them any day—perhaps more. May have to, too, if things go on as they are now.

Money's confoundedly tight in the City. All this infernal EPD.' He rambled on, launching into technicalities where I could not follow him.

4. He was interrupted by a small page-boy who approached and murmured some-thing in his ear.

'Eh—what ? I'll come at once. Not taken ill, is she ? Excuse me, gentlemen.' He left us abruptly. Poirot leaned back and lit one of his tiny Russian cigarettes. Then, carefully and meticulously, he arranged the empty coffee-cups in a neat row, and beamed happily on the result.

The minutes passed. The Opalsens did not return.

'Curious,' I remarked, at length. 'I wonder when they will come back.'

Poirot watched the ascending spirals of smoke, and then said thoughtfully :

'They will not come back.'

'Why ?'

'Because my friend, something has happened.'

'What sort of thing ? How do you know ?' I asked curiously.

Poirot smiled.

'A few moments ago the manager came hurriedly out of his office and ran upstairs. He was much agitated. The lift boy is deep in talk with one of the pages. The left-bell has rung three times, but he heeds it not. Thirdly, even the waiters are *distract*, and to make a waiter *distract*—' Poirot shook his head with an air of finality. 'The affair must indeed be of the first magnitude. Ah, it is as I thought ! here come the police.'

Two men had just entered the hotel—one in uniform, the other in plain clothes. They spoke to a page, and were immediately ushered upstairs. A few minutes later, the same boy descended and came up to where we were sitting.

'My Opalsen's compliments, and would you step upstairs ?'

Poirot sprang nimbly to his feet. One would have said that he awaited the summons.

I followed with no less alacrity.

5. The Opalsen's apartments were situated on the first floor. After knocking

on the door, the page-boy retired, and we answered the summons. 'Come in !' A strange scene met our eyes. The room was Mrs Opalsen's bedroom, and in the centre of it, lying back in an arm-chair, was lady herself, weeping violently. She presented an extraordinary spectacle, with the tears making great furrows in the powder with which her complexion was liberally coated. Mr. Opalsen was striding up and down angrily. The two police officials stood in the middle of the room, one with a notebook in hand. An hotel chambermaid, looking frightened to death, stood by the fireplace ; and on the other side of the room a Frenchwoman, obviously Mrs Opalsen's maid, was weeping and wringing her hands, with an intensity of grief rivalled that of her mistress. Into this pandemonium stepped Poirot, neat and smiling. Immediately, with an energy surprising in one of her bulk Mrs Opalsen sprang from her chair towards him.

'There now; Ed may say what he likes, but I believe in luck, I do. It was fated that I should meet you the way I did this evening, and I've a feeling that if you can't get my pearls back for me nobody can.'

'Calm yourself, I pray of you, madame,' Poirot patted her hand soothingly.

'Reassure yourself. All will be well. Hercule Poirot will aid you !'

Mr Opalsen turned to the police inspector.

'There will be no objection to my—er—calling in this gentleman, I suppose ?' 'None at all, sir,' replied the man, civilly, but with complete indifference.

'Perhaps now your lady's feeling better she'll just let us have the facts ?' Mrs. Opalsen looked helplessly at Poirot. Helped her back to her chair.

'Seat yourself, madame, and recount to us the whole history without agitating yourself.'

6. Thus adjured, Mr. Opalsen dried her eyes gingerly, and began.

'I came upstairs after dinner to fetch my pearls for Mr. Poirot here to see. The chambermaid and Célestine were both in the room as usual—'

'Excuse me, madame, but what do you mean by "as usual" ?'

Mr. Opalsen explained.

'I make it a rule that no one is to come into this room unless Célestine, the maid, is there also. The chambermaid does the room in the morning while Célestine is present, and comes in after dinner to turn down the beds under the same conditions; otherwise she never enters the room.'

'Well, as I way saying,' continued Mrs. Opalsen, 'I came up. I went to

the drawer here'—she indicated the bottom right-hand drawer of the knee-hole dressingtable—took out my jewel-case and unlocked it. It seemed quite as usual—but the pearls were not there !'

The inspector had been busy with his notebook. 'When had you last seen them ?' he asked.

'They were there when I went down to dinner.'

'You are sure ?'

'Quite sure. I was uncertain whether to wear them or not, but in the end I decided on the emeralds, and put them back in the jewel-case.

'Who locked up the jewel-case ?'

'I did. I wear the keys on a chain round my neck.' She held it up as she spoke. The inspector examined it, and shrugged his shoulders.

'The thief must have had a duplicate key. No difficult matter. The lock is quite a simple one. What did you do after you'd locked the jewel-case ?'

'I put it back in the bottom drawer where I always keep it.'

'You didn't lock the drawer ?'

'No, I never do. My maid remains in the room till I come up, so there's no need.' The inspector's face grew greyer.

'Am I to understand that the jewels were there when you went down to dinner, and that since then *the maid has not left the room?*'

Suddenly, as though the horror of her own situation for the first time burst upon her, Célestine uttered a piercing shriek, and flinging herself upon Poirot, poured out a torrent of incoherent French.

The suggestion was infamous ! That she should be suspected of robbing Madame!

The police were well known to be of a stupidity incredible! But Monsieur, who was a Frenchman—'

'A Belgian,' interjected Poirot, but Célestine paid no attention to the correction. Monsieur would not stand by and see her falsely accused, while that infamous chambermaid was allowed to go scot-free. She had never liked her—a bold, red-faced thing—a born thief. She had said from the first that she was not honest. And had kept a sharp watch over her too, when she was doing Madame's room ! Let those idiots of

policemen search her, and if they did not find Madame's pearls on her it would be very surprising !

Although this harangue was uttered in rapid and virulent French, Célestine had interlarded it with a wealth of gesture, and the chambermaid realized at least a part of her meaning. She reddened angrily.

'It that foreign woman's saying I took the pearls, it's a lie ! she declared heartedly.

'I never so much as saw them.'

'Search her!' screamed the other. 'You will find it is as I say.'

'You're a liar—do you hear ? said the chambermaid, advancing upon her. 'Stole 'em yourself, and want to put it on me. Why, I was only in the room about three minutes before the lady came up, and then you were sitting here the wholetime, as you always do, like a cat watching a mouse.'

The inspector looked across inquiringly at Célestine. 'Is that true ? Didn't you leave the room at all ?'

'I did not actually leave her alone,' admitted Célestine reluctantly, 'but I went into my own room through the door here twice—once to fetch a reel of cotton, and once for my scissors. She must have done it then.'

'You wasn't gone a minute,' retorted the chambermaid angrily, 'Just popped out and in again. I'd be glad if the police *would* search me. *I've* nothing to be afraid of.'

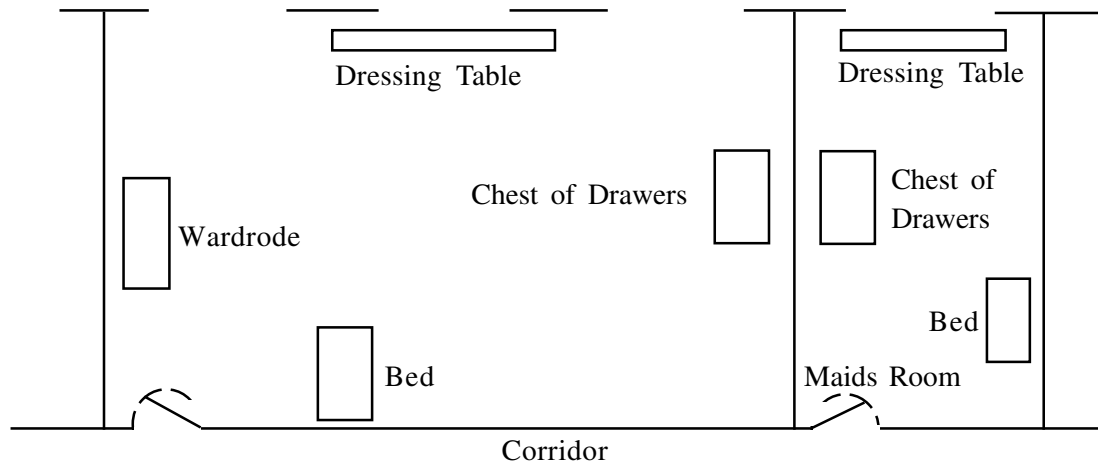
At this moment there was a tap at the door. The inspector went to it. His face brightened when he saw who it was.

'Ah !' he said. 'That's rather fortunate. I sent for one of our female searchers, and she's just arrived. Perhaps if you wouldn't mind going into the room next door.' He looked at the chambermaid, who stepped across the threshold with a toss of her head, the searcher following her closely.

The French girl had sunk sobbing into a chair. Poirot was looking round the room, the main features of which I have made clear by a sketch. (Picture below) 'Where does that door lead ?' he inquired, nodding his head towards the one by the window.

'Into the next apartment, I believe,' said the inspector. 'It's bolted, anyway, on this side.'

Poirot walked across to it, tried it, then drew back the bolt and tried it again.



‘And on the other side as well,’ he remarked. ‘Well, that seems to rule out that.’ He walked over to the windows, examining each of them in turn.

‘And again—nothing. Not even a balcony outside.’

‘Even if there were,’ said the inspector impatiently, ‘I don’t see how that would help us, if the maid never left the room.’

‘*Evidemment*,’ said Poirot, not disconcerted, ‘As Modemoiselle is positive she did not leave the room—’

He was interrupted by the reappearance of the chambermaid and the police searcher.

‘Nothing’, said the latter laconically.

‘I should hope not, indeed,’ said the chambermaid virtuously. ‘And that French hussy ought to be ashamed of herself taking away an honest girl’s character’.

‘There, there, my girl; that’s all right,’ said the inspector, opening the door.

‘Nobody suspects you. You go along and get on with your work.’

The chambermaid went unwillingly.

‘Going to search *her*?’ she demanded, pointing at Célestine.

‘Yes, yes!’ He shut the door on her and turned the key.

Célestine accompanied the searcher into the small room in her turn. A few minutes later she also returned. Nothing had been found on her.



The inspector's face grew graver.

'I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to come along with me all the same, miss'. He turned to Mrs. Opalsen. 'I'm sorry, madam, but all the evidence points that way. If she's not got them on her, they're hidden somewhere about the room.'

Célestine uttered a piercing shriek, and clung to Poirot's arm. The latter bent and whispered something in the girl's ear. She looked up at him doubtfully.

'*Si si, mon enfant*—I assure you it is better not to resist.' Then he turned to the inspector. 'You permit, monsieur? A little experiment—purely for my own satisfaction.'

'Depends on what it is,' replied the police officer noncommittally. Poirot addressed Célestine once more.

'You have told us that you went into your room to fetch a reel of cotton. Whereabouts was it?'

'On top of the chest of drawers, monsieur.' 'And the scissors?' 'They also.'

'Would it be troubling you too much, mademoiselle, to ask you to repeat those two actions? You were sitting here with your work, you say?'

Célestine sat down, and then, at a sign from Poirot, rose, passed into the adjoining room, took up an object from the chest of drawers, and returned. Poirot divided his attention between her movements and a large turnip of a watch which he held in the palm of his hand.

'Again, if you please, mademoiselle.'

At the conclusion of the second performance, he made a note in his pocket-book, and returned the watch to his pocket.

'Thank you, mademoiselle. And you, monsieur'—he bowed to the inspector—'for your courtesy.'

The inspector seemed some what entertained by this excessive politeness. Célestine departed in a flood of tears, accompanied by the woman and the plain-clothes official.

7 Then, with a brief apology to Mrs Opalsen, the inspector set to work to ransack the room. He pulled out drawers, opened cupboards, completely unmade the bed, and tapped the floor. Mr Opalsen looked on sceptically.

'You really think you will find them?'

'Yes, sir. It stands to reason. She hadn't time to take them out of the

room. The lady's discovering the robbery so soon upset her plans. No, they're here right enough. One of the two must have hidden them—and it's very unlikely for the chambermaid to have done so.'

'More than unlikely—impossible!' said Poirot quietly.

'Eh?' The inspector stared. Poirot smiled modestly.

'I will demonstrate. Hastings, my good friend, take my watch in your hand—with care. It is a family heirloom! Just now I timed Mademoiselle's movements—here first absence from the room was of twelve seconds, her second of fifteen. Now observe my actions. Madame will the kindness to give me the key of the Jewel-case. I thank you. My friend Hastings will have the kindness to say "Go!" "Go!" I said.

With almost incredible swiftness, Poirot wrenched open the drawer of the dressing-table, extracted the jewel-case, fitted the key in the lock, opened the case, selected a piece of jewellery, shut and locked the case, and returned it to the drawer, which he pushed to again. His movements were like lightning.

'Well, *mon ami*?' he demanded of me breathlessly.

'Forty-six seconds,' I replied.

'You see?' He looked round. 'There would have not been time for the chambermaid even to take the necklace out, far less hide it.'

'Then that settles it on the maid,' said the inspector with satisfaction, and returned to his search. He passed into the maid's bedroom next door.

Poirot was frowning thoughtfully. Suddenly he shot a question at Mr Opalsen.

'This necklace—it was, without doubt, insured?'

Mr Opalsen looked a trifle surprised at the question.

'Yes,' he said hesitatingly, 'that is so.'

'But what does the matter?' broke in Mrs Opalsen tearfully. 'It's my necklace I want. It was unique. No money could be the same.'

'I comprehend, madame,' said Poirot soothingly. 'I comprehend perfectly. To *la femme* sentiment is everything—is it not so? But, monsieur, who has not the so fine susceptibility, will doubtless find some slight consolation in the fact.'

'Of course, of course,' said Mr Opalsen rather uncertainly. 'Still—'

He was interrupted by a shout of triumph from the inspector. He came

in dangling something from his fingers.

With a cry. Mrs Opalsen heaved herself up from her chair. She was a changed woman.

'Oh, oh, my necklace!'

She clasped it to her breast with both hands. We crowded round.

'Where was it?' demanded Opalsen.

'Maid's bed. In among the springs of the wire mattress. She must have stolen it and hidden it there before the chambermaid arrived on the scene.'

'You permit, madame?' said Poirot gently. He took the necklace from her and examined it closely; then handed it back with a bow.

'I'm afraid, madame, you'll have to hand it over to us for the time being,' said the inspector. 'We shall want it for the charge. But it shall be returned to you as soon as possible.'

Mr Opalsen frowned.

'Is that necessary?'

'I'm afraid so, sir. Just a formality.'

'Oh, let him take it Ed!' cried his wife. 'I'd feel safer if he did. I shouldn't sleep a wink thinking someone else might try to get hold of it. That wretched girl! And I would never believed it of her.'

'There, there, my dear, don't take on so.'

I felt a gentle pressure on my arm. It was Poirot.

'Shall we slip away, my friend? I think our services are no longer needed.'

8 Once outside, however, he hesitated, and then, much to my surprise, he remarked: 'I should rather like to see the room next door.'

The door was not locked, and we entered. The room, which was a large double one, was unoccupied. Dust lay about rather noticeably, and my sensitive friend gave a characteristic grimace as he ran his finger round a rectangular mark on a table near the window.

'The *service* leaves to be desired,' he observed dryly.

He was staring thoughtfully out of the window, and seemed to have fallen into a brown study.

'Well?' I demanded impatiently. 'What did we come in here for?'

He started.

'*Je vous demande pardon, mon ami.* I wished to see if the door was really

bolted on this side also.'

'Well,' I said, glancing at the door which communicated with the room we had just left, 'it *is* bolted.'

Poirot nodded, he still seemed to be thinking.

'And anyway,' I continued, 'what does it matter? The case is over. I wish you'd had more chance of distinguishing yourself. But it was the kind of case that even a stiff-backed idiot like the inspector couldn't go wrong over.'

Poirot shook his head.

'The case is not over, my friend. It will not be over until we find out who stole the pearls.'

'But the maid did!'

'Why do you say that?'

'Why,' I stammered, 'they were found—actually in her mattress.'

'Ta ta, ta!' said Poirot impatiently. 'Those were not the pearls.'

'What?'

'Imitation, *mon ami*.'

The statement took my breath away. Poirot was smiling placidly.

'The good inspector obviously knows nothing of jewels. But presently there will be a fine hullabaloo!'

'Come!' I cried, dragging at his arm.

'Where?'

'We must tell the Opalsens at once.'

'I think not.'

'But that poor woman—'

'*Eh bien*; that poor woman, as you call her, will have a much better night believing the jewels to be safe.'

'But the thief may escape with them!'

'As usual, my friend, you speak without reflection. How do you know that the pearls Mrs Opalsen locked up so carefully to-night were not the false ones, and that the real robbery did not take place at a much earlier date?'

'Oh!' I said, bewildered.

'Exactly,' said Poirot, beaming. 'We start again.'

9 He led the way out of the room, paused a moment as though considering, and then walked down to the end of the corridor, stopping outside the

small den where the chambermaids and valets of the respective floors congregated. Our particular chambermaid appeared to be holding a small court there, and to be retailing her late experiences to an appreciative audience. She stopped in the middle of a sentence. Poirot bowed with his usual politeness.

'Excuse that I derange you, but I shall be obliged if you will unlock for me the door of Mr Opalsen's room.'

The woman rose willingly, and we accompanied her down the passage again. Mr Opalsen's room was on the other side of the corridor, its door facing that of his wife's room. The chambermaid unlocked it with her pass-key, and we entered.

As she was about to depart Poirot detained her.

'One moment; have you ever seen among the effects of Mr Opalsen a card like this?'

He held out a plain white card, rather highly glazed and uncommon in appearance.

The maid took it and scrutinized it carefully.

'No, sir, I can't say I have. But, anyway, the valet has most to do with the gentlemen's rooms.'

'I see. Thank you'.

Poirot took back the card. The woman departed. Poirot appeared to reflect a little. Then he gave a short, sharp nod of the head.

'Ring the bell, I pray of you, Hastings. Three times for the valet.'

I obeyed, devoured with curiosity. Meanwhile Poirot had emptied the wastepaper basket on the floor, and was swiftly going through its contents. In a few moments the valet answered the bell. To him Poirot put the same question, and handed him the card to examine. But the response was the same. The valet had never seen a card of that particular quality among Mr Opalsen's belongings. Poirot thanked him, and he withdrew, somewhat unwillingly, with an inquisitive glance at the overturned waste-paper basket and the litter on the floor. He could hardly have helped overhearing Poirot's thoughtful remark as he bundled the torn papers back again :

'And the necklace was heavily insured ....' 'Poirot,' I cried, 'I see—'

'You see nothing, my friend,' he replied quickly. 'As usual, nothing at all! It is incredible—but there it is. Let us return to our own apartments.'

We did so in silence. Once there, to my intense surprise, Poirot effected

a rapid change of clothing.

10. 'I go to London tonight,' he explained. 'It is imperative.' 'What?'  
Absolutely. The real work, that of the brain (ah, those brave little grey cells), it is done. I go to seek the confirmation. I shall find it! Impossible to deceive Hercule Poirot!'  
'You'll come a cropper one of these days,' I observed, rather disgusted by his vanity.  
'Do not be enraged, I beg of you, *mon ami*. I count on you to do me a service—of your friendship.'  
'Of course,' I said eagerly, rather ashamed of my moroseness. 'What is it?'  
'The sleeve of my coat that I have taken off—will you brush it? See you, a little white powder has clung to it. You without doubt observed me run my finger round the drawer of the dressing-table?' 'No, I didn't.'  
'You should observe my actions, my friend. Thus I obtained the powder on my finger, and, being a little overexcited, I rubbed it on my sleeve; an action without method which I deplore—false to all my principles. 'But what was the powder?' I asked, not particularly interested in Poirot's principles.  
'Not the poison of the Borgias,' replied Poirot with a twinkle. 'I see your imagination mounting. I should say it was French chalk.'  
'French chalk?'  
'Yes, cabinet-makers use it to make drawers run smoothly.'  
I laughed.  
'You old sinner! I thought you were working up to something exciting.'  
'Au revoir, my friend. I save myself. I fly!'  
The door shut behind him. With a smile, half of derision, half of affection, I picked up the coat and stretched out my hand for the clothes brush.
11. The next morning ... hearing nothing from Poirot, I went out for a stroll, met some old friends, and lunched with them at their hotel. In the afternoon we went for a spin. A punctured tyre delayed us, and it was past eight when I got back to the *Grand Metropolitan*.  
The first sight that met my eyes was Poirot, looking even more diminutive than usual, sandwiched between the Opalsens, beaming in a state of placid satisfaction. '*Mon ami* Hastings!' he cried, and sprang to meet me. 'Embrace me, my friend; all has marched to a marvel!'

Luckily, the embrace was merely figurative—not a thing one is always sure of with Poirot.

‘Do you mean—’ I began.

‘Just wonderful, I call it!’ said Mrs Opalsen, smiling all over her fat face. ‘Didn’t I tell you, Ed, that if he couldn’t get back my pearls nobody would?’

‘You did, my dear, you did. And you were right.’

I looked helplessly at Poirot, and he answered the glance.

‘My friend Hastings is, as you say in England, all at the seaside, Seat yourself, and I will recount to you all the affair that has so happily ended.’

‘Ended?’

‘But yes. They are arrested.’

‘The chambermaid and the valet, *Parbleu!* You did not suspect? Not with my parting hint about the French chalk?’

‘You said cabinet-makers used it.’

‘Certainly they do—to make drawers slide easily. Somebody wanted that drawer to slide in and out without any noise. Who could that be obviously, only the chambermaid. The plan was so ingenious that it did not at once leap to the eye—not even to the eye of hercule Poirot.

‘Listen, this was how it was done. The valet was in the empty room next door, waiting. The french maid leaves the room. Quick as a flash the chambermaid whips open the drawer, takes out the jewel-case and, slipping back the bolt, passes it through the door. The valet opens it at his leisure with the duplicate key with which he has provided himself, extracts the necklace, and waits his time. Célestine leaves the room again, and—pst!—in a flash the case in passed back again and replaced in the drawer.

‘Madame arrives, the theft is discovered. The chambermaid demands to be searched, with a good deal of righteous indignation, and leaves room without a stain on her character. The imitation necklace with which they have provided themselves has been concealed in the French girl’s bed that morning by the chambermaid—a master stroke, *ca!*’

‘But what did you go to London for?’

‘You remember the card?’

‘Certainly. It puzzled me—and puzzles me still. I thought—’

I hesitated delicately, glancing at Mr Opalsen.

Poirot laughed heartily.

'*Une blague!* For the benefit of the valet. The card was one with a specially prepared surface—for finger prints. I went straight to Scotland Yard, asked for our old friend Inspector Japp, and laid the facts before him. As I had suspected, the finger-prints proved to be those of two well-known jewel thieves who have been "wanted" for some time. Japp came down with me, the thieves were arrested, and the necklace was discovered in the valet's possession. A clever pair, but they failed in *method*. Have I not told you, Hastings, atleast thirty-six times, that without method—'

'At least thrity-six thousand times!' I interrupted. 'But where did their "method" break down?'

'*Mon ami*, it is a good plan to take a place as chambermaid or valet—but you must not shirk your work. They left an empty room undusted; and therefore, when the man put down the jewel-case on the little table near the communicating door. It left a square mark—'

'I remember,' I cried.

'Before, I was undecided. Then—I *Knew!*'

There was a moment's silence.

'And I've got my pearls,' said Mrs Opalsen as a sort of Greek chorus.

'Well,' I said, 'I'd better have some dinner.'

Poirot accompanied me.

'This ought to mean kudos for you,' I observed.

'*Pas de tout,*' replied Poirot tranquilly. 'Japp and the local inspector will divide the credit between them. But'—he tapped his pocket—'I have a cheque here, form Mr Opalsen, and how you say, my friend? This week-end has not gone according to plan. Shall we return here next week - end—at my expense this time? (From Agath Christie : *Poirot Investigates*, Copyright © 1925 Dodd Mead & Co. Inc.)

### 13.2.2 Note on the Author

Agatha (Mary Clarissa) Christie (1890-1976) was an English author of detective stories, many of them featuring Hercule Poirot.

### 13.2.3 Glossary

(The numbers refer to the sections of the story. In words of two or more syllables the stressed syllables have been marked.)

1    **have 'money to 'burn** : have enough money to remain rich even after



- wasting some of it.
- 'grey' cells** : brain
- impli'cation** : a suggestion not expressed but understood
- 2 **Profi'teer** : a person who makes unfairly large profits, especially by selling things at very high prices in time of trouble or when much needed goods are difficult to get
- tared with the 'profiteering 'brush** : having the fault of profiteering
- 'placidly** / plæsidh / quietly; without any excitement
- 'stockbroker** : a man whose job is buying and selling stocks and shares
- boom** : za rapid growth
- 3 **'ample** : large
- 'bosəm / 'buzəm /** : the breasts
- 'pseudonym** / 'sju : də nɪm / an invented name
- with 'bated 'breath** : hardly breathing at all (because of strong feeling)
- 'amiable** : good-tempered; friendly
- de'range** : put into a state of disorder
- 'buxom** : attractively fat and healthy-looking
- dame** : a woman
- 'waddled** / wædl / : walked with short steps, bending from one side to the other
- a'pretty'penny** : a rather large amount of money
- con'founded** : damned
- tight** : (of money) difficult to obtain, except at high rate of interest
- tig 'City** : the influential British centre for money matters and for the buying and selling of business shares, which is a part of London
- 'rambled** : talked in a disordered and wandering way
- techni'calities** : technical points
- 4 **'page-boy** : a boy servant
- me'ticulously** : very carefully, with attention to detail
- beamed** : smiled brightly
- 'spiral** : a curve formed by a point winding round a centre and getting always further from it
- distrat/distrel/** : not paying close attention to the surroundings
- 'compliment** : an expression of respect
- 'summons** : an order to appear
- a'lacrity** : quick and willing readiness
- 5 **'furrow** : a deep line in the skin of the face
- 'chambermaid** : a female servant employed to clean and tidy bedrooms and make beds

- maid** : a female servant  
**'wringing** : pressing hard  
**'rivalled** : equalled  
**'pande'monium** : a state of wild and noisy disorder  
**re'count** : give an account of  
**'agitating** : causing anxiety to  
6 **'gingerly** : carefully  
**'emerald** : a bright green precious stone  
**'shrugged**/ʃrʌgd : raised (his shoulders) as an expression of lack of interest  
**shriek** : a wild high cry  
**'inco'herent** : showing lack of connection between words  
**'infamous** / ɪnfəməs / : wicked  
**stu'pidity** : the state of being silly or foolish  
**Mon'sieur** / mɒ'sjɜ : / : the title of a French man  
**'scot-free** : without harm or punishment  
**ha'rangue** : a loud or long speech, especially one which blames those listening to it  
**'virulent** : very bitter; full of hatred  
**'inter'larded** : ornamented with noticeable phrases  
**a'partment** : a room, especially one used by a particular person  
**'balcony** : a shelf-like place for people to stand on built out from the wall of a house  
**discon'certed** : made to feel doubt and anxiety  
**Mademoiselle** / mədəmwə'zɛl/ : the French word for 'Miss', used as a way of addressing a French girl  
**la'conically** : using few words  
**'virtuously** : showing good character  
**'huss** : a badly behaved girl or woman  
**non-com'mittally** : not expressing a clear intention to do something  
**'chest of 'drawers** : a piece of furniture with several drawers  
7 **'ransacked** : searched thoroughly and roughly  
**'sceptically**/ˈskeptɪkəl/ with doubt in his mind  
**'heirloom** : a valuable object handed down in a family for several generations  
**sus,cepti'bility** : the quality of experiencing strong feeling

- 8 **gri'mace** : an unnatural twisting of the face, as in annoyance  
**'brown 'study** : deep thinking  
**'hullabaloo** : a lot of noise
- 9 **'valet** : a gentleman's personal make servant, who looks after his clothes, etc.  
**'congregated** : gathered together  
**'pass-key** : a key that will open a number of different locks
- 10 **im'perative** : urgent  
**'comea'cropper** : fail completely  
**mo'roseness** : unhappy look  
**'French'chalk** : a type of fine hard stone used in powder form for making a surface smooth
- 11 **spin** : a short trip for pleasure  
**'figurative** : used in some way other than the ordinary meaning  
**at the 'seaside** : at sea (=lost in mind; not understanding)  
**whips** : moves quickly  
**kudo** / 'kju:dos/ : praise

### 13.2.4 Comprehension Questions

#### Exercise 1

- 1 What is the condition under which the chambermaid can enter Mrs. Opalsen's room? (Section 6)
- 
- 
- 2 When, do you think, were the pearls stolen ?  
 a) Between 10 A.M. and 12 noon.  
 b) Between 4 P.M. and 6 P.M.  
 c) Between 7 P.M.  
 Give a reason for your answer.
- 
- 
- 3 Was the key to the jewel-case also stolen? Why do you say so?
-

- 4 Where did the inspector find the pearls ?  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 5 The inspector has found the pearls, but Poirot said “The case is not over.” Why?  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 6 How did Poirot know that the jewel box had been in the room next door?  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 7 What did the traces of French chalk round the drawer of the dressing table indicate to Poirot ?  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 8 How did the thieves get the key to the room next to Mrs Opalsen’s?  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 9 How did Poirot obtain the finger-prints of the thieves?  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 10 How did the thieves fail in their method?  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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### 13.3 VOCABULARY

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The following sentences occur in the story you have read in Section 13.1.1.

1 “*Seat* yourself, madame”

2 “I made it a *rule* that no one is to come into this room.....”

*Seat* in sentence 1 is a verb.

*Rule* in sentence 2 is a noun.

Now read these sentences :

1 He took a *seat* in the first row.

2 In ancient times the kings of England *ruled* without a parliament.

Here *seat* is a noun and *rule* is a verb.

Often, in English, one comes across words which can function both as nouns and as verbs in different contexts.

**Exercise 2**

Read the story again and pick out ten such words.

Then use each word in two different sentences of your own

i) where it is used as a noun, and

ii) where it is used as a verb.

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## 13.4 GRAMMAR AND USAGE

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### Question Patterns

You have already learnt the different types of sentences in English, namely, statements, questions and commands or requests. The section deals with questions. Just as there are different sentence patterns, there are also different question patterns. Let us look at these.

1 The *wh*-questions

There are certain words used at the beginning of sentences to signal questions.

These are *what, where, why, who, when, and how*. Since almost all of them begin with *wh-*, the sentences which begin with these words are called *wh*-questions. e.g. Where is your necklace ?

What was he doing there?

2 The *Yes/No* questions

These are questions to which the answers are either *yes* or *no*.

e.g. Are you going to a party ?

Yes, I am

or

No, I'm not.

3 The question tags

The last type of question pattern is the question tag. This is usually the short form of an interrogative sentence added at the end of a statement to turn it into a question.

e.g. You didn't lock the drawer, did you?

The necklace was insured, wasn't it?

Now let's see how these questions are formed.

### 13.4.1 Wh-Questions

Read the following questions.

1 *What* made you scream?

2 *Who* locked the jewel-case?

The italicized words in the sentences above are called question-words as they signal questions. In each case the word in italics is the subject of the sentence which it begins. When a question word is the subject of a sentence, *it comes before the verb in that sentence*.

e.g. In Sentence 1, *What* comes before *made*; in Sentence 2, *Who* comes before *locked*. Now read these sentences in which the question word is not the subject of the sentence.

- 1 Where *does* that door lead?
- 2 What *do* you mean by 'as usual'?
- 3 When *had* you seen them last?

The italicized words in the sentences above are 'helping verbs' or auxiliaries. When an auxiliary verb occurs in a *wh*-question, it is placed *after the question word and before the subject*. The main verb comes after the subject. e.g.

Qn. Word	Aux.	Subject	Main Verb
1 Where	does	the door	lead
2 What	do	you	mean—
3 When	had	you	seen—

### Exercise 3

Frame questions to which the following statements are answers. Use the question word given in brackets.

e.g. The door leads to the balcony. (Where?)

Where does the door lead?

**Note :** Do not forget the question mark at the end of the sentence.

- 1 I arrived at ten this morning. (When)  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 2 I didn't write a letter because there was not time. (Why)  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 3 Miss Lal come with me. (Who)  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 4 We came by train. (How)  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 5 We travelled by train because we couldn't get seats on the place. (Why)  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 6 We took the night train. (Which)  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 7 We left home around seven in the evening. (When)  
\_\_\_\_\_
- 8 I rang you up at the office. (Where)  
\_\_\_\_\_

9 A derailment delayed us. (What)

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10 We took a taxi from the station. (How)

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**Note :** A common mistake in forming interrogatives is

- i) to omit the auxiliary in the question, e.g. 'Which book you bought?' instead of 'Which book *did* you buy ?'
- ii) to put the auxiliary after the subject, e.g. 'What she *was* telling you?' instead of 'What *was* she telling you ?'

It is possible to ask two questions, relating to a statement 'The maid hid the pearls.'

- i) Who *hid* the pearls ? (question about the subject of the statement)
- ii) What *did* the maid hide ? (question about the object of the statement)

When the question is in the past tense and refers to the *subject* of the related statement, it takes the *simple past tense* form of the verb, e.g., *hid*. When it refers to the *object of the statement*, it takes the form *did + verb stem*, e.g., *did hide*.

### 13.4.2 Yes/No Questions

In *yes-no* questions, the auxiliary verb comes in the beginning.

e.g. *Will* he grow tall?

*Can* you see her?

*Did* you see her?

*Does* she love him?

*Do* you understand?

The form of the verb *be* used as a connecting (or linking) verb also comes in the beginning of a *yes/no* question.

e.g. *Are* you happy ?

#### Exercise 4

Complete the following dialogue filling in the questions, using the given answers as clues.

A : What is this I hear about Gupta \_\_\_\_\_?

B : Yes, he was arrested last night.

A : \_\_\_\_\_?

B : Yes, it was his fault. He bumped into a scooterist.

A : \_\_\_\_\_?

B : Yes, he was driving his own car.

A : \_\_\_\_\_?



- B: No, they will not send him to jail.  
 A: \_\_\_\_\_?  
 B: Yes, of course. He will have to pay a fine.  
 A: \_\_\_\_\_?  
 B: No, he doesn't have to appear in court.  
 A: \_\_\_\_\_?  
 B: Yes, he is very upset about it all.  
 A: I'd like to meet him; \_\_\_\_\_?  
 B: Yes, he'll be at home now. Let's go together.

### 13.4.3 Question Tags

As mentioned earlier, a question tag is added at the end of a statement to turn it into a question. There are four points to bear in mind regarding question tags.

- 1 An affirmative statement generally takes a negative tag.  
 e.g. You are Mr. Mehta, aren't you?  
 (Note : Negative tags always take the contracted form of the verb + negative)
- 2 A negative statement generally takes a positive tag.  
 e.g. You aren't really angry, are you?
- 3 In sentences with any one of the special verbs (used as main verbs or auxiliaries), the tag takes the same verb.  
 e.g. She *can't* do this to us, *can* she?  
 They *will* send us the money, *won't* they?
- 4 In sentences with other verbs the tag is formed with *do*, *does* or *did* as in the case of other interrogatives.  
 e.g. She *walks* to work everyday, *doesn't* she?

#### Exercise 5

Complete the following sentences by adding a suitable question tag to each.

- 1 This house is for sale, \_\_\_\_\_?
- 2 It isn't already sold, \_\_\_\_\_?
- 3 You want to look over it now, \_\_\_\_\_?
- 4 The owner doesn't plan to rent it out, \_\_\_\_\_?
- 5 I can pay in instalments, \_\_\_\_\_?
- 6 He will accept a cheque, \_\_\_\_\_?
- 7 You are coming with us, \_\_\_\_\_?
- 8 You didn't say when we could move in, \_\_\_\_\_?
- 9 I needn't sign all these copies, \_\_\_\_\_?
- 10 You have all the papers ready, \_\_\_\_\_?

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## 13.5 WRITING

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### Exercise

In the story you read in Section 13.1.1 Célestine, Mrs Opalsen’s maid, was suspected of having stolen the pearl necklace.

Imagine that you are Célestine, and given an account of the whole affair from your point of view.

Begin : It was a terrible experience Madame Opalsen had made it a rule that..... You may like to end with : “So you see, but for M. Poirot my innocence may never have been proved.”

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## 13.6 LET US SUM UP

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In this unit we have given you practice in

- i) reading and understanding a detective story;
- ii) using some of the words both as nouns and verbs;

- iii) forming different types of questions; and
- iv) re-writing the story read by you from the point of view of one of the characters.

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## 13.7 KEY WORDS

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**de'tective'story** : a story in which the main interest is a puzzling crime and the process of solving it

**'featuring** : having a prominent part for

**'question'tag** : a phrase such as *isn't it?* added to the end of a sentence to make it a question

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## 13.8 SUGGESTED READING

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Agatha Christie : *Poirot Investigates*

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## 13.9 ANSWERS TO EXERCISES

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### Exercise 1

- 1 The chambermaid can enter the room only if Célestine, Mrs. Opalsen's maid, is there.
- 2 c) Between 7 P.M. and 9 P.M. Because Mrs Opalsen herself put the pearls back in the jewel-case before she sent down to dinner.
- 3 No, because Mrs Opalsen wore it on a chain round her neck.
- 4 They were hidden in the springs of the mattress on Célestine's bed.
- 5 Because the pearls found by the inspector were imitation ones, not the real pearls.
- 6 He saw the mark it had made on the dusty table in that room.
- 7 They indicated that someone wanted the drawer to slide in and out noiselessly and easily.
- 8 Since they were pretending to be chambermaid and valet, they had the pass-key to all empty rooms in the hotel.
- 9 He got them on the pretext of asking them to examine a visiting card. He got them to hold a card, the surface of which had been specially prepared to obtain finger prints.

- 10 They had pretended to be valet and chambermaid but had left an empty room undusted, and so when the valet put the jewel-case on the dusty table it left a mark there.

**Exercise 2 : Specimen Answers**

- i) *change (n.)* : We need a change of leadership.  
*change (v.)* : In autumn the leaves change from green to brown.
- ii) *burn (n.)* : She has burns on her hand.  
*burn (v.)* : The house is burning.
- iii) *relish (n.)* : He drank the mango juice with relish.  
*relish (v.)* : He won't relish having to wish all those dishes.
- iv) *fancy (n.)* : I think he'll come, but it is only a fancy of mine.  
*fancy (v.)* : I fancy I have met you before.
- v) *throng (n.)* : There were throngs of passengers at the railway station.  
*throng (v.)* : Passengers thronged the station waiting for their trains.
- vi) *love (n.)* : The young pair are in love with each other.  
*love (v.)* : He loves playing the *sitar*.
- vii) *display (n.)* : It was a display.  
*display (v.)* : We displayed our products in shops.
- viii) *taste (n.)* : I've got a cold; so my taste is gone.  
*taste (v.)* : I've got a cold; so I can't taste what I'm eating.
- ix) *tar (n.)* : We need a drum for tar for making this road.  
*tar (v.)* : We must tar this road.

**Exercise 3**

- 1 When did you arrive ?
- 2 Why didn't you write a letter ?
- 3 Who came with you ?
- 4 How did you come ?
- 5 Why did you travel by train ?
- 6 Which train did you take ?
- 7 When did you leave home ?
- 8 Where did you ring me up ?
- 9 What delayed you ?
- 10 How did you come from the station ?

**Exercise 4**

A: ...being arrested for causing an accident ?

A: Was it his fault ?

A: Was he driving his own car ?

A: Was his wife with him ?

A: Have the police taken his licence away ?

A: Will they send him to jail ?

A: Will he have to pay a fine ?

A: Does he have to appear in court ?

A: Is he upset about it all ?

A: Will he be at home now ?

**Exercise 5**

1 isn't it ?

2 is it ?

3 don't you ?

4 does he ?

5 can't I ?

6 won't he ?

7 aren't you ?

8 did you ?

9 need I ?

10 haven't you ?