

AGATHA CHRISTIE

THE JEWEL ROBBERY AT THE GRAND METROPOLITAN




COOLTURA

“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 mine in the City put me on to a very good thing, and - well, I have money to burn, as the saying goes. I think a weekend 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 gray cells. Yes, yes, I who speak to you am in danger of forgetting that sometimes.”

I did not quite 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 slight annoyance aside.

“Then, that’s all right,” I said hastily.