

AGATHA CHRISTIE
THE VEILED
LADY




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I had noticed that for some time Poirot had been growing increasingly dissatisfied and restless. We had had no interesting cases of late, nothing on which my little friend could exercise his keen wits and remarkable powers of deduction. This morning he flung down the newspaper with an impatient:

‘Tchah!’ -a favourite exclamation of his which sounded exactly like a cat sneezing.

‘They fear me, Hastings; the criminals of your England they fear me! When the cat is