

AGATHA CHRISTIE



EASY
READER

HERCULE POIROT



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AGATHA CHRISTIE
HERCULE POIROT
THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR
AT STYLES
ZJEDNODUŠENÁ
VERZE

*** INTERMEDIATE/PRO POKROČILÉ

ANGLICKÝ TEXT
SLOVÍČKA S PŘEKLADEM
GRAMATICKÉ PILULKY



KNIHA NAHRANÁ BOHEMŠTI MLUVÍCIMI
KAPITOLY 1-13 VE FORMÁTU MP3

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Agatha Christie

Hercule Poirot

The Mysterious Affair at Styles

Computer Press
Brno
2011

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The Mysterious Affair at Styles

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Computer Press, a.s., 2011. Dotisk prvního vydání.

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Computer Press, a. s.,

Holandská 3, 639 00 Brno

Objednávky knih:

<http://knihy.cpress.cz>

distribuce@cpress.cz

tel.: **800 555 513**

ISBN 978-80-251-3211-1

Prodejní kód: KEJ277

Vydalo nakladatelství Computer Press, a. s., jako svou 3617. publikaci.

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Obsah

Chapter One	4
Chapter Two	12
Chapter Three	13
Chapetr Four	23
Chapter Five	35
Chapetr Six	55
Chapter Seven	67
Chapter Eight	76
Chapter Nine	88
Chapter Ten	100
Chapter Eleven	113
Chapter Twelve	128
Chapter Thirteen	139

Chapter One

One of the most **famous** and **fascinating** cases I was involved in was The Styles Case.

I had been injured during the war and while I was getting better I went to stay with an old acquaintance, John Styles, at Styles **Court**. He was fifteen years older than I was, about forty-five, and I had often stayed at his mother's home, Styles in Essex, when I was a child. I was looking forward to the peace and quiet after all the death and terror I had seen during the **fighting**.

“Mother will be happy to see you,” said John. “Did you know she married again.”

Mrs Cavendish had first married John's father whose own wife had died leaving him with two sons. She always treated her stepsons as her own and gave them everything they needed.

She was a lively, **bossy person** and liked to support charities. She was also very rich. In his will, her husband had left her Styles and most of his own money. She was about seventy years old now.

The youngest son, Lawrence, had been ill as a child. He became a **doctor** but then said he wanted to be a writer instead, though he wasn't very successful.

John became a **barrister** but decided to live life as a country **gentleman**. He married two years ago and lived with his wife at Styles. She worked in the grounds of the house, getting up at every day at five o'clock to milk the cows. John could not afford to buy a house of their own because his mother controlled all the money.

slovička			slovička zadarmo		
court	[ko:t]	<i>dvůr (domu)</i>	famous	[feiməs]	<i>famózní, slavný</i>
fighting	[faitiŋ]	<i>boj</i>	fascinating	[fæsineitiŋ]	<i>fascinující</i>
bossy	[boʃi]	<i>panovačný</i>	person	[pə:sn]	<i>osoba</i>
barrister	[bærɪstə(r)]	<i>obhájce, advokát</i>	doctor	[dɒktə(r)]	<i>doktor</i>
			gentleman	[dʒentlmən]	<i>džentlmen</i>

“I don’t like her new husband,” said John angrily. “His name is Alfred Inglethorp. He has a big black beard and always wears leather boots even when it’s hot. He’s making life **really** difficult, Hastings.

“He appeared one day saying he was Evie’s second cousin or something,” continued John, “But nobody believes him. Then all of a sudden, mother said she and Alfred were going to marry! He’s at least twenty years younger than her. He’s only after her money! Anyway, now she’s known as Mrs Inglethorp.”

Evie, short for Evelyn, was Mrs Inglethorp’s **assistant**.

John also told me about Cynthia, who was the daughter of one of Mrs Cavendish’s old school friends. She had married a **solicitor** who lost his money and Cynthia had become an orphan and was **penniless**. Mrs Inglethorp allowed the girl to live at Styles. Cynthia had been there for two years and worked as a volunteer in the Red Cross hospital in Tadminster about seven miles away. John met me at the station and drove me to Styles, which was a large, old house. When we arrived Evie Howard was working in the garden. She was about forty years old, with a **tanned** face, blue eyes, a deep voice and handshake almost like a man’s. She had a large, square body and she spoke in short, sharp sentences.

“Weeds keep growing,” she said to me after we had said hello. “Enough’s been done for today though. Let’s have tea in the back garden.”

slovíčka

solicitor	[sə'lisitə(r)]	<i>advokát</i>
penniless	[penilis]	<i>bez peněz</i>
tanned	[tænd]	<i>opálený</i>

slovíčka zadarmo

really	[riəli]	<i>skutečně</i>
assistant	[ə'sistənt]	<i>asistent</i>

gramatická pilulka

To work as a volunteer. Pokud hovoříme o tom, že pracuji v reálném povolání jako lékař, hasič, nebo jako dobrovolník, použijeme předložku *as*. Když hovoříme obrazně, použijeme předložku *like* - I have been working like a dog.

There I met John's wife. I shall never forget my first sight of Mary Cavendish. She was a tall, slim woman with fire in her **hazel** eyes which were very **different** from any other woman's I had seen. She appeared to have an intense power inside her and a wildness in her spirit.

As we started tea, Mrs Inglethorp appeared. She was still an **attractive** woman with white hair and looked to be completely in charge at Styles. Behind her a man followed.

"Mr Hastings," she said shaking my hand. "It is so good to see you again. This is my darling husband, Alfred."

Alfred had a huge black beard, a deep voice and wore **gold-rimmed pince-nez**. He looked strange and his appearance did not seem **natural**. He reminded me how an actor would look.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr Hastings," he said, sounding like a servant too eager to please.

Emily Inglethorp smiled lovingly at him as though she worshipped him.

But there seemed to be a lot of tense and angry feelings among the others.

Then Mary Cavendish turned to me. "What you do **plan** to do after the war, Mr Hastings?"

"I'm not really sure," I replied.

"What would you really like to do?"

"Well, you'll think this is strange, but I'd like to be a **detective**."

"Really?" said Mrs Cavendish. "Do you mean like Sherlock Holmes?"

slovička			slovička zadarmo		
hazel	[heɪzəl]	<i>ořechově hnědá barva</i>	different	[dɪfərənt]	<i>diferentní, odlišný</i>
gold-rimmed	[gəʊld rɪmd]		attractive	[ə'træktɪv]	<i>atraktivní</i>
pince-nez	'pæns,nei]	<i>cvíkr (monokl) se zlatou obroučkou</i>	natural	[nætʃrəl]	<i>naturální, přirozený</i>
			plan	[plæn]	<i>plán, plánovat</i>
			detective	[dɪ'tektɪv]	<i>detektiv</i>

“Yes, why not? I met this very famous man once in Belgium. He was a great detective. He told me it was all a matter of **method**. He was a **peculiar** man, quite short and a neat **dresser**. But very clever.”

“I like murder stories,” said Miss Howard. “But you would find out much quicker who was guilty in a **real crime**. I mean, the family involved would know who was responsible.”

“So, do you think that if you were involved in a crime you would know who the murderer was? I asked.

“Of course. I could sense him - the murderer is usually a man.”

Mrs Cavendish interrupted: “People who use **poison** are usually women. Dr Bauerstein told me yesterday that, because we don’t know enough about poisons, there were probably many cases of poisoning which we think are mysterious deaths.”

“Oh, be quiet all of you,” said Mrs Inglethorp. “It’s an awful **subject** to talk about. Look, here’s Cynthia. Cynthia you’re late today.”

I saw a young slim woman with **wavy auburn** hair, dark eyes and **eyelashes** and wearing her women’s **medical** volunteer’s **uniform**.

She sat down on the grass and took a sandwich and a cup of tea. She smiled as we said hello to each other and asked me to sit next to her.

“You work in Tadminster, don’t you?” I asked.

“Yes, but I’m not a nurse, thank goodness,” replied Cynthia. “I work in the **dispensary**.”

“And how many people have you poisoned?” I said laughing.

slovička			slovička zadarmo		
peculiar	[pi'kju:liə(r)]	<i>zvláštní, mimořádný</i>	method	[meθəd]	<i>metoda</i>
dresser	[dresə(r)]	<i>muž, jenž se pečlivě obléká</i>	real	[riəl]	<i>reálný, skutečný</i>
poison	[poizn]	<i>jed</i>	crime	[kraim]	<i>zločin</i>
wavy	[weivi]	<i>vlnitý</i>	subject	[sabdʒekt]	<i>subjekt</i>
auburn	[o:bən]	<i>světlehnědý</i>	medical	[medikl]	<i>lékařský</i>
eyelashes	[aɪlaeʃɪz]	<i>řasy</i>	uniform	[ju:nifo:m]	<i>uniforma, uniformní</i>
dispensary	[di'spensəri]	<i>lékárna, výdejna léků</i>			

“Hundreds!” “Cynthia replied smiling.

“Cynthia!” “called Mrs Inglethorp. “Would you mind writing a few notes for me?”

“Of course not, Aunt Emily.”

I remembered then that Cynthia was at Styles as a dependent and realised that Mrs Inglethorp wanted to make sure that Cynthia remembered that **fact** too.

“Mr Hastings, John will **show** you to your room. Supper is at half past seven. We have stopped having a late supper. Lady Tadminster, our Member of Parliament’s’ wife, has done the same. We must set an example and economise during the war. We don’t throw away anything either. Even waste paper is sent away to be re-used.”

John and I went into the house and up the wide staircase. Half way up, the stairs divided to the left and right, each of which went to different wings of the house.

My room was in the left wing and I could see the park from my window.

After John left me, I saw him through the window walking arm-in-arm with Cynthia across the grass.

I heard Mrs Inglethorp call out ‘Cynthia!’ quite impatiently and Cynthia ran back into the house.

Then a man appeared from behind a tree and followed her. He was about forty years old and looked sad and quite **emotional**. He looked up at my window and I recognised him immediately even

slovička zadarmo

fact	[fækt]	<i>fakt</i>
show	[ʃəu]	<i>šou</i>
emotional	[i'məʊʃənl]	<i>emoční</i>

gramatická pilulka

Supper is at half past seven - Povšimněte si a znovu si uvědomte, že v angličtině u jídel (breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper) nepoužíváme členy.

though it had been a long time since I had last seen him.

It was John's younger brother, Lawrence Cavendish. I wondered what he was thinking about.

That evening nothing unusual happened and I slept quite peacefully, dreaming of Mary Cavendish.

The next day was bright and sunny and Mrs Cavendish offered to show me the grounds of the house.

When we returned John called us and I knew from the look on his face that something was wrong.

“Mary, there's been some **trouble**. Evie had a row with Alfred Inglethorp and she's decided to leave.”

“Leave?”

At that **moment**, Evie came in carrying a small suitcase, looking determined and excited. The others followed her, except of course the Inglethorps.

“I've told her“ she said. “I said some things she won't forgive me for. I told her that she was old woman. I said; 'He's twenty years younger than you. Don't believe he married you for love. Money! Farmer Raikes has a pretty young wife. Ask Alfred how much time he spends over there. I'm warning you. That man would murder you in your bed rather than look at you. He's a bad man! Just remember that!'.”

“She said I was a **wicked** woman to talk about her darling Alfred in that way,” continued Evie. “She told me to leave. So I'm leaving.”

“Now?”

slovička

wicked [wikid] *zlý, prohnilý, hříšný*

slovička zadarmo

trouble [trabl] *trable*
moment [məʊmənt] *moment*

gramatická pilulka

I *wondered* what he was thinking about. Pozor! Snadno si spletete hlavně ve výslovnosti slovesa wonder (vyslovujeme /wanda/, divit se, žasnout, dohadovat se, rád vědět a wander /wonda/ putovat, potulovat se, „vandrovat“.

“Now.”

Suddenly, Mrs Howard looked at me and said: “Look after her, Mr Hastings. Many people are trying to get her money. And watch that devil - her husband!” And Evie Howard was driven away in a **car**.

As the car disappeared, Mrs Cavendish left us quickly and walked across the lawn to meet a tall **bearded** man.

“Who’s that?” I asked.

“Dr Bauerstein,” said John not very respectfully.

“Who is he?”

“He had a **nervous breakdown** and is staying in the village to have a rest. He’s actually a **specialist** from London and very clever. He’s supposed to be one of the greatest living experts on poisons.”

“And he’s a good friend of Mary’s,” interrupted Cynthia.

John Cavendish quickly changed the subject. “Let’s go for a walk, Hastings.” It’s been a bad day.”

We went across grounds of the house, through the woods which were on one side of the estate and then towards the village. On our return we saw a pretty young woman, who looked like a gypsy, coming in the opposite direction.

“She’s pretty,” I said smiling.

John didn’t smile. “That’s Mrs Raikes.”

“Oh,” I replied and stopped smiling.

“Styles is such a nice place,” said John as we came up to the house. “It would have been mine by now, if my father had made a proper will. Then I wouldn’t need money.”

slovíčka

bearded [biədɪd] vousatý
breakdown [breɪkdaʊn] zhroucení

slovíčka zadarmo

car [kɑ:(r)] auto (kára)
nervous [nɜ:vəs] nervózní
specialist [speʃjəlɪst] specialista

gramatická pilulka

He is a *specialist* - pamatujte, že v angličtině vždy uvádíme neurčitý člen před povoláním - a specialist, a doctor, an architect. I pokročilí angličtináři na to často zapomínají.

“Are things very bad?” I asked.

“I don’t mind telling you that I’m **desperate** for money, Hastings.”

“Can’t Lawrence help you?”

“Lawrence? He doesn’t have any money either. Our mother’s always been very good to us, that is, until her marriage...”

I realised that it was indeed a bad day. Evelyn Howard had left and Styles seemed less secure without her. There was something unpleasant in the **atmosphere**. I remembered Dr Bauerstein’s strange, wicked face. I was afraid that something evil was **about to happen**.

slovička

to be about
to happen

*něco se má
stát*

slovička zadarmo

desperate [despərit] *zoufalý (desperát)*
atmosphere [ætmosfɪə(r)] *atmosféra*

gramatická pilulka

Something evil was about to happen - zapamatujte si slovní spojení *to be about to happen*.
Použijeme v případě, kdy tušíme, že se něco má stát. Jiný příklad: It is about to rain -
má pršet.

Chapter Two

A few days after, Evelyn Howard wrote to tell me that she had found work in a big hospital in a town fifteen miles away. She also asked me to tell her if Mrs Inglethorp ever wanted to be her friend again.

The only matter I worried about was Mary Cavendish's relationship with Dr Bauerstein. I could not understand what she liked about him and they often went out for walks together.

Then about ten days later there was trouble.

It all began on a Saturday evening with a **bazaar** in the village hall which was being held to raise funds for **charity**. Mrs Inglethorp planned to read some poetry, there would be some entertainment and we all helped to **decorate** the hall.

We had a rest in the afternoon before the bazaar started. I noticed John looked very excited. After tea Mary Cavendish and I had a tennis match. At quarter to seven, Mrs Inglethorp told everyone to change for supper which was going to be early that night.

The bazaar was a success and we all went home happily, except Cynthia who stayed to a supper party and then spent the night with some friends.

The next day, Mrs Inglethorp stayed in bed until **midday** because she was tired from the bazaar, but shortly after she took Lawrence and I to lunch at a friend's house.

Mary had been invited too but she said she had already arranged to meet Dr Bauerstein.

slovíčka

midday [mid'dei] *poledne*

gramatická pilulka

slovíčka zadarmo

bazaar [bo'za:(r)] *bazar*
charity [tʃæriti] *charita, dobročinnost*
decorate [dekəreit] *dekorovat, zdobit*

Mary had been invited too but she said she had already arranged to meet Dr Bauerstein. - Zde se pohybuje v nejhlubších časových tóninách, hlouběji už to nejde. Dobrá zpráva je, že v angličtině **neexistuje „předpředminulý čas“**. Časovou souslednost tedy sledujeme jen ve vztahu minulost a „předminulost“.

On the way back from lunch, Lawrence suggested we visit Cynthia in the dispensary in Tadminster.

Mrs Inglethorp agreed to drop us off because she wanted to return to Styles to write some letters.

Cynthia met us and took us to the dispensary where she worked.

“I know what you’re thinking,” said Cynthia. “What a lot of bottles and how many people have you poisoned?” I laughed.

“If you knew how easy it is to poison people you wouldn’t joke about it,” added Cynthia. “Lawrence, that’s the poison cupboard, keep away from that.

“Come on, let’s have tea.”

After tea I followed Cynthia out on the small **balcony** from where we could see the other buildings of the hospital.

Lawrence stayed behind for a few minutes but soon Cynthia asked him to join us.

Lawrence was a difficult person to get to know. He was shy and reserved, yet he and Cynthia **chatted** together like two children.

We used the pony and **trap** to return to Styles. On the way, we stopped at the **post** office so I could buy some stamps. As I came out I **collided** with a little man just entering.

“Mon ami, Hastings!” he exclaimed.

“Poirot!” I cried. “Miss Cynthia, this is my old friend **Monsieur** Poirot. We haven’t seen each other for years!”

slovička			slovička zadarmo		
chat	[tʃæt]	<i>povídat si</i>	balcony	[bælkəni]	<i>balkón</i>
trap	[træp]	<i>bryčka, kočár</i>	post	[pəʊst]	<i>pošta</i>
collide	[kəˈlaɪd]	<i>kolidovat, vzájemně si odporovat</i>			
Monsieur	[mɒsˈjɜː]	<i>pan (z francouzštiny)</i>			

“Yes, indeed, ” said Poirot. “I know **Mademoiselle** Cynthia. I am here because of the kindness of Mrs Inglethorp. She has helped seven of my fellow countrymen and I who are now refugees. We are very grateful.”

Poirot was an odd looking little man. He was about five feet four inches though he always walked in a **dignified** way. His head was the same shape as an egg and he always held it to one side. His moustache was **stiff** and like a soldier’s. His clothes were **extremely** neat. I think that even the tiniest amount of dirt on his clothes was more **serious** to him than being shot. He had been one of the most famous detectives of the Belgian police. He had great style and solved some of the most difficult cases.

I was upset to see that Poirot was **limping** quite badly.

He pointed to the small house where he and his countrymen were staying and, after promising to go and see him, we parted **company**.

We were quite cheerful when we reached Styles but then we met Mrs Inglethorp who looked upset.

“Is anything the matter, Mrs Inglethorp?” asked Cynthia.

“Oh. It’s you. Of course nothing’s the matter,” said Mrs Inglethorp quickly. “I’ve some letters to **finish** in my **boudoir** and then I shall go to bed after supper.”

At the same time Lawrence turned round and went out of the house.

Cynthia and I decided to play tennis before supper and I ran upstairs to fetch my **racquet**. I met Mrs Cavendish on the stairs. She also looked upset.

slovička			slovička zadarmo		
Mademoiselle	[ˌmædɒməˈzɛl]	<i>slečna (z francouzštiny)</i>	extremely	[ɪkˈstriːmlɪ]	<i>extrémně</i>
dignified	[dɪgnɪfaɪd]	<i>důstojný</i>	serious	[sɪəriəs]	<i>seriózní, vážný</i>
moustache	[məʊˈstɑːʃ]	<i>knírek</i>	company	[kəmˈpəni]	<i>kumpánie, spoločnosť</i>
stiff	[stɪf]	<i>strnulý</i>	finish	[fɪnɪʃ]	<i>konec, dokončit (fíníš)</i>
limp	[lɪmp]	<i>kulhat</i>	boudoir	[ˈbudwaːr]	<i>budoár (dámský pokoj)</i>
racquet	[rækɪt]	<i>raketa</i>			

“Did you have a good walk with Dr Bauerstein?” I asked.

“I didn’t go,” she replied **abruptly**. “Where’s Mrs Inglethorp?”

“In her boudoir.”

She appeared to prepare herself for a difficult meeting and then went into Mrs Inglethorp’s boudoir, closing the door behind her.

I passed the open window of the sitting room as I went out to the tennis court. I could hear Mrs Cavendish sounding quite desperate.

“So you won’t show it to me?”

“Mary it has nothing to do with that matter,” replied Mrs Inglethorp.

“Then show it to me.”

“It is not what you think. It does not concern you.”

“I knew you would **protect** him,” said Mrs Cavendish bitterly.

Cynthia was waiting for me, looking very excited.

“There’s been a **terrible** row,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

“Dorcas the maid told me. It was between Aunt Emily and him. I hope she’s found out about him at last. Dorcas heard them. I hope Aunt Emily sends him away.”

I wanted to ask John what had happened but I could not see him anywhere. I also wondered what the **conversation** between Mary Cavendish and Mrs Inglethorp had been about.

slovička

abruptly [ə'braptli] náhle

slovička zadarmo

protect	[prə'tekt]	chránit
terrible	[teribl]	hrozný (teror)
conversation	[konvə'seɪʃən]	konverzace

gramatická pilulka

Než budete číst dál, naučte se šikovnou frází *It has nothing to do with* -s tím to nemá co dělat

During supper, Mrs Inglethorp looked upset and Alfred Inglethorp was quieter than usual. He normally paid a great deal of attention to his wife making sure she was **comfortable** and had everything she needed.

After supper, Mrs Inglethorp went back to her boudoir.

“Send my coffee in here, Mary,” she said. “I just have five minutes before the post is collected.”

Cynthia and I sat by the open window in the drawing room. Mary Cavendish brought us **coffee**. She seemed to be excited.

“Will you take Mrs Inglethorp her coffee, Cynthia? I’ll pour it out.”

“There’s no need,” said Inglethorp, “I’ll take it to Emily.” He poured out the coffee and carried it out of the room.

Lawrence followed him.

Mary Cavendish, Cynthia and I sat without speaking in the heat and quiet of the summer night.

Then we heard Dr Bauerstein in the hall. It was a strange time for him to call round, I thought.

I looked at Mrs Cavendish and saw her **blush** at the sound of his voice.

The doctor came in laughing as he apologised for his appearance. His clothes were splashed with mud.

“What have you been doing, doctor?” cried Mrs Cavendish.

“I’m really very sorry,” replied Dr Bauerstein.

slovička

blush [blaʃ] *červenání, červenat se*

slovička zadarmo

comfortable [kəmˈfɔ:təbl] *komfortní, pohodlný*

coffee [kofi] *káva*

gramatická pilulka

I am really very sorry - Chcete-li se v angličtině omluvit, můžete začít jednoduchou omluvou *I am sorry*. Intenzitu můžete podle potřeby stupňovat: *I am really sorry, I am really very sorry, a můžete říci i I am really very very sorry!* Nezapomeňte přitom, že v mluvené řeči hraje pochopitelně ještě větší roli tón a barva hlasu!

John arrived and offered the doctor some coffee. The doctor told us he had found a rare **species** of **fern** growing in an area difficult to reach. He had **slipped** and fallen into a pond.

Just then, Mrs Inglethorp called to Cynthia to carry her writing case upstairs because she was going to bed. John, Cynthia and I could see Mrs Inglethorp in the hall carrying her coffee which she had not started to drink yet.

Mr Inglethorp said he would **accompany** Dr Bauerstein to the village as he had to **discuss** the estate **accounts** with the family's **agent**.

“There’s no need for anyone to stay awake for me.” Mr Inglethorp told John. “I’ll take a latchkey.”

slovička			slovička zadarmo		
species	[spi:ʃi:z]	<i>druh (rostlin, zvíře), odřůda</i>	discuss	[di'skas]	<i>diskutovat</i>
fern	[fə:n]	<i>kapradina</i>	agent	[eidʒənt]	<i>agent</i>
slip	[slip]	<i>uklouznout</i>			
accompany	[ə'kampəni]	<i>doprovázet, doprovodit</i>			
accounts	[ə'kaunts]	<i>účty</i>			

Chapter Three

During the night I was woken up by Lawrence Cavendish. He held a candle in one hand and was very upset. I knew something was wrong.

“Mother’s very ill. She’s having some kind of fit, but she’s locked herself in her room.”

I jumped out of bed and putting on a **dress**ing gown I followed him along the corridor and the **gallery** to the right wing of the house. John Cavendish was there and two frightened servants.

“What shall we do?” Lawrence asked me, sounding helpless.

John **grab**bed the door handle and shook it hard but it was no use. The door was obviously locked or **bolt**ed on the inside. Everyone in the house was now awake. We could hear worrying sounds of distress coming from inside the room.

John decided to go through Mr Inglethorp’s room which had a connecting door to his wife’s room.

I realised then that Alfr ed Inglethorp was not in the house and his bed had not been slept in. Unfortunately the connecting door was also locked on the inside.

“We must break down the door,” said John. “It’ll be difficult. Tell one of the servants to fetch Dr Wilkins while we try to reach mother. Just a **minute**, isn’t there a door between mother’s room and Cynthia’s room? We’ll try that.”

Mary Cavendish ran to Cynthia’s bedroom where, surprisingly, the girl was still in a deep sleep.

slovíčka

dressing gown [gaun]
grab [græb]
bolt [bəʊlt]

župan
uchopit, popadnout
zastrčit, dát závoru,
zavřít na petlici,
"zaryglovat"

slovíčka zadarmo

gallery [gæləri] galérie
minute [minit] minuta

But we found that her connecting door was also bolted.

“We’ll have to break down mother’s door,” said John.

We pushed and **banged** against the door with all our strength. Finally it broke open and John, Lawrence and I fell into the room.

Mrs Inglethorp lay on the bed, her body was **twisting** and turning violently in a convulsion. The **table** next to her had overturned probably because she had struck it during a **seizure**. John lit the gas **lamp** and ordered one of the maids to bring some brandy. Then Mary Cavendish arrived with her arm around Cynthia who looked still quite sleepy and very scared.

I looked at Lawrence, who was still holding the candle, and saw he was in a terrible state. His face was as white as a sheet and the candle was shaking in his hand. He looked terrified as he **stared** just over my head at a point on the wall. I looked at the same **spot** but I could see nothing unusual, just some ornaments on the **mantlepiece** and below the dying **embers** in the **grate** of a fire. But Lawrence looked as though he had turned into stone.

I could see from a clock in the room that it was now five o’clock.

Then Mrs Inglethorp cried out loudly and we watched helplessly as she was overcome by another violent seizure.

Mary and John tried to give her some brandy but it was no use.

At that moment Dr Bauerstein pushed his way into the room. He stared at Mrs Inglethorp. The old woman cried out once more as she looked at the doctor

slovíčka			slovíčka zadarmo		
bang	[bæŋ]	<i>tlouci, bušit, třískat</i>	table	[teibl]	<i>tabulka, tabule, stůl</i>
twist	[twɪst]	<i>kroutit se, svíjet se, otáčet se</i>	lamp	[læmp]	<i>lampa, svítlna</i>
seizure	[si:ʒə(r)]	<i>záchvat (nemoci)</i>			
stare	[steə(r)]	<i>zírat, civět, koukat</i>			
spot	[spɒt]	<i>bod</i>			
mantlepiece	[mæntlpi:s]	<i>krbová římsa</i>			
embers	[embəz]	<i>žhavý popel</i>			
grate	[greɪt]	<i>ohnišť, krb</i>			

“Alfred! Alfred!” Then she fell back on the bed and remained still.

Dr Bauerstein tried to revive her but we all knew that no one could help Mrs Inglethorp now.

Dr Wilkins then arrived and Dr Bauerstein explained to us that he had been passing the gates when he saw the servants driving from Styles to fetch Dr Wilkins.

Dr Wilkins **sighed**. “I warned her,” he said. “I told her that her heart was too weak but she insisted on doing all this charity work.”

“The **convulsions** were peculiar,” said Dr Bauerstein quietly to Dr Wilkins. “The **spasms** were very intense and painful. May I speak to you in **private** please?”

We left the doctors in the room while the rest of us went slowly downstairs.

Mary Cavendish and I walked together.

“What do you think Dr Bauerstein means?” she asked.

“I think - don’t tell the others, but I think she’s been poisoned. I think Dr Bauerstein suspects the same thing.”

“What do you mean?” she cried. “No! No!”

She ran back upstairs. She had turned extremely pale and I thought she was going to faint so I followed her to the top of the stairs.

“Leave me! I want to be alone. Go downstairs to the others.”

I obeyed though I wanted to stay with her. I joined John and Lawrence in the dining room.

slovička

sigh	[sai]	<i>povzdechnout (si)</i>
convulsion	[kən'valʃən]	<i>křeč</i>
spasm	[spæzəm]	<i>křeč, záchvat</i>

slovička zadarmo

private	[praɪvɪt]	<i>privátní, soukromý</i>
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“Where’s Mr Inglethorp?” I asked.

“He isn’t in the house,” replied John.

Where was Mr Inglethorp? I remembered his wife’s dying words, ‘Alfred. Alfred’. Had she been trying to tell us something?

Finally the doctors came downstairs. Dr Wilkins looked excited and Dr Bauerstein looked calm and serious.

“Mr Cavendish, I would like your permission to carry out a post mortem,” said Dr Wilkins.

“Is that really necessary?” asked John.

“Definitely,” said Dr Bauerstein. “Neither of us could give a death **certificate** after what has happened.”

“Then I must agree,” answered John.

“Thank you.” said Dr Wilkins. “I suggest it should take place today, tonight. I’m afraid there will also be an **inquest**.”

Dr Bauerstein gave John the two keys to Mr and Mrs Inglethorp’s rooms and told John that the doors had to be kept locked. The doctor then left.

I was aware that John didn’t like any kind of publicity and I had an **idea** of how to avoid attracting attention to this terrible event.

“John, do you remember me telling you about my friend Poirot? The Belgian detective who’s here?”

“Yes.”

“Let me call him to investigate the matter.”

“What, before the post mortem?”

slovíčka

inquest [inkwest] vyšetřování

slovíčka zadarmo

certificate [sə'tifikət] certifikát
idea [ai'diə] idea

gramatická pilulka

Death certificate. V češtině běžně užíváme slovo „certifikát“, které znamená osvědčení. Ovšem pozor, spojení death certificate znamená úmrtní list. A rodný list se řekne podobně - birth certificate, oddací list - marriage certificate.

“Yes. We have time especially if - well if - there’s been - some foul play.”

“Nonsense!” said Lawrence angrily. “This is just some **rubbish** from Bauerstein. Wilkins didn’t think any such thing until Bauerstein put the idea into his head. Bauerstein’s hobby is poisons so he thinks everything has some kind of poisonous connection.”

I was surprised at Lawrence’s manner. He was hardly ever passionate about anything.

“I disagree,” said John. “We should let Hastings call his friend. But we don’t want a **scandal**.”

“Oh no!” I said. “Poirot is a very careful man.”

“Then call him.”

It was six o’clock and I planned to go and see Poirot as soon as possible. But before I left, I went to the library and found a medical book on **strychnine** poisoning.

slovíčka

rubbish [rabiʃ] *nesmysl, "blbost"*
strychnine [striknin] *strychnin (prudce jedovatý alkaloid)*

slovíčka zadarmo

scandal [skændl] *skandál*

gramatická pilulka

I found a book on strychnine poisoning. V angličtině používáme předložku *on* i ve smyslu „na téma“, ohledně, o. Do češtiny bychom tak tuto větu překládali s předložkou „o“: Vyhledal jsem knihu o otravě strychninem.

Chapter Four

The Belgians lived in a house near the park gates. I took a short cut and went along a narrow path through some long grass rather than walk along Styles' winding drive. As I came closer to the house I saw a man running towards me. It was Mr Inglethorp. Where had he been?

“My God!” he cried. “My wife! My poor wife! Wilkins has just told me.”

“Where have you been?” I asked.

“The accountant, Denby, and I finished discussing the accounts at one o'clock in the morning. I realised I had forgotten the latchkey. I didn't want to wake anyone up in the house so Denby let me stay the night. My poor Emily! She always sacrificed herself for others. She worked too hard.”

I was disgusted at his attitude. I thought he was a **complete hypocrite**. We went our **separate** ways and I went to **Leastways** Cottage, where my friend was staying.

Poirot was surprised to see me. He came downstairs to let me in and I told him all the details while he changed. I also told him about the conversation I had overheard and the **argument** between Mrs Inglethorp and Evelyn Howard.

“We must remain calm, mon ami“ said Poirot kindly. “We will arrange the facts in the correct order. We will keep important facts and examine. Facts which are of no importance - **pouf!**”

slovička			slovička zadarmo		
hypocrite	[hipəkrit]	<i>pokrytec</i>	complete	[kəm'pli:t]	<i>kompletní, úplný, hotový</i>
leastways	[listweiz]	<i>alespoň</i>	separate	[sepɹit]	<i>separátní, oddělený</i>
pouf	[puf]	<i>pcha (cítoslovce posměšného odfouknuti)</i>	argument	[a:gjʊmənt]	<i>argument, hádka</i>

“Yes, but how are you going to decide what is important and what isn’t?” I asked. “It’s difficult.”

“Voyons! Ask! ” he said carefully arranging his moustache. “Does one fact fit with the next? Yes? No? Is something missing - a link in the chain. We examine and search. Even a little **detail**. Then we put it there!” He waved his hand **extravagantly**.

“Mmm, I see - I think.”

“Ah!” Poirot waved his finger at me. “Be careful! Always the little details. Every little detail matters. You have told me everything and I am pleased that you did. The order was not so good, but you are upset. It is for that reason that you forget one important fact.”

“What do you mean?”

“You did not tell me if Mrs Inglethorp ate a full meal last night.”

I stared at him thinking that the war had **affected** his brain. Poirot concentrated on brushing his coat before putting it on.

“I don’t remember. Anyway why is it so important?”

“Why is it important? It is very important.”

“I don’t understand why,” I answered annoyed. “I don’t think she ate a great deal. She was upset and she had lost her **appetite**. It’s only natural.”

“Yes, ” said Poirot looking thoughtful. He took a small case out of a draw and we were ready to leave. “It is believed at the moment that Mrs Inglethorp died of strychnine poisoning, probably in the coffee. What time was the coffee served?”

“At eight o’clock.”

slovička

affect [ə'fekt] *ovlivnit, zapůsobil na*

slovička zadarmo

detail [di'teɪl] *detail*
extravagantly [ik'strævəgəntli] *extravagantně*
appetite [æ'pɪtaɪt] *apetit*

“Therefore she drank it between eight and half past eight. Strychnine, mon ami, is a quick poison. Its effects would be felt very soon, perhaps within an hour.

“Yet Mrs Inglethorp did not begin to feel ill until five o’clock the next morning. Nine hours! A heavy meal can delay the affects of the poison, but you say she did not eat a great deal. The **autopsy**, of course, may reveal a little more.

“Let us go and examine the details. Excuse me, mon ami, you dressed too quickly this morning. Your tie, it is not straight, permit me. Now we shall start our journey.”

Poirot commented on the beauty of Styles’ grounds as we walked up to the house. “The park is so beautiful, yet so much in **contrast** to the family in **grief**.”

I realised then that I had missed something. Was the family sad? Her death had been a **shock** but nobody said how much they had loved her.

“She was kind and generous to the Cavendish family,” continued Poirot looking at me, “but she was not their real mother.”

John met us as we approached the house. “Hello Monsieur Poirot. Has Hastings told you about this terrible **business**? We don’t want any publicity. We have no **definite** proof of anything.”

“Yes, I understand completely.”

John turned to me: “Inglethorp’s back. I don’t know how to treat him. It’s very difficult.”

“That will not last long,” said Poirot quietly.

slovíčka			slovíčka zadarmo		
autopsy	[o:tɒpsi]	<i>pitva (soudní)</i>	contrast	[kɒntrɑ:st]	<i>kontrast</i>
grief	[gri:f]	<i>žal</i>	shock	[ʃɒk]	<i>šok</i>
			business	[biznis]	<i>byznys, obchod, záležitost</i>
			definite	[definit]	<i>definitivní, konečný</i>

John looked questioningly at Poirot, but then simply gave the keys to the locked rooms to me and told me show Poirot upstairs.

We went to Mrs Inglethorp's room first. Poirot moved quickly from one **object** in the room to another, like a **grasshopper**. I stood by the door without moving so I wouldn't destroy any valuable clues he might find.

“Why are you standing there like, how you say, a **stuck pig**?”

“I don't want to destroy any clues or footprints.”

“Footprints? I can see an **army** has already been in here! Come, mon ami, help me in my search.” He put his small case on a round table by the window but the top was loose and it **slid off** and onto the floor.

“What is this?” cried Poirot. “A big house yet there is little **luxury!**”

Poirot proceeded to examine a purple writing case, with a key in the lock, on the writing table. It was an ordinary key with a bit of twisted wire through the handle.

Next he examined the door we had broken. Then he looked closely at the door leading to Cynthia's room which was bolted. Poirot **unbolted** it and bolted repeatedly and as quietly as he could. Then he saw something in the bolt itself and taking out a pair of **forceps** he withdrew a small green particle and put it in a tiny envelope.

slovička			slovička zadarmo		
grasshopper	[gra:shəʊpə(r)]	<i>kobylka, luční koník</i>	object	[ɒbdʒɪkt]	<i>object, předmět</i>
stuck	[stak]	<i>zapíchnutý, uvíznutý</i>	army	[ɑ:mi]	<i>armáda</i>
slide off (slid slid)	[slaid, slid, slid]	<i>sklouznout, klou- zavě spadnout</i>	luxury	[lʌkʃəri]	<i>luxus</i>
unbolt	[anbolt]	<i>otevřít petlici, uvolnit zástrčku</i>			
forceps	[fɔ:seps]	<i>kleště</i>			

Poirot then inspected a small chest of drawers on which was a tray with a lamp and a small saucepan on it. There was a small amount of dark liquid inside. Next to the saucepan was an empty cup and **saucer**.

I could not believe I had not noticed this before.

Poirot **dipped** his finger carefully in the saucepan and made a face.

“**Cocoa** and, I think, **rum**.”

He looked at the objects by the bed where the table had overturned when Mrs Inglethorp had been overcome with convulsions. A reading lamp, some books, matches, a **bunch** of keys, and the crushed remains of a coffee cup.

“Hastings, this is **curious**. You see the lamp is broken but the coffee cup is **smashed** and is like powder.”

“Someone must have stepped in it and crushed it by accident,” I said.

“Yes, **exactly**.” Poirot looked thoughtful as he went to the mantelpiece and, as is his usual habit, began straightening some ornaments and vases. “Hastings, ” he continued, “it was crushed because someone knew that strychnine was in the cup - or because it did not contain strychnine!”

I was too confused to reply. Poirot picked up the keys and chose one to open the writing case. He stopped and said only someone with proper **authority** should read Mrs Inglethorp’s private papers.

slovička			slovička zadarmo		
saucer	[so:sə(r)]	<i>talířek (pod číši nebo koflík)</i>	cocoa	[kəukəʊ]	<i>kakao</i>
dip	[dɪp]	<i>ponořit, namočit</i>	rum	[rʌm]	<i>rum</i>
bunch	[bʌntʃ]	<i>svazek (klíčů)</i>	curious	[kjʊəriəs]	<i>zvědavý (kuriózní)</i>
smash	[smæʃ]	<i>rozbít, roztržít</i>	exactly	[ɪg'zæktli]	<i>exaktně, přesně</i>
			authority	[ə'θɔriti]	<i>autorita</i>

He crossed the room and noticed a round stain by the left hand window on the dark carpet. He knelt down and even smelled it.

Finally he put a few drops of the cocoa into a test tube and sealed it carefully. He took out his **notebook**.

“There are some interesting findings in this room,” said Poirot as he wrote. “One, the coffee cup has been ground to powder. Two, a writing case with a key in the lock. Three, a stain on the floor --“

“That could have been done a long time ago,” I objected.

“No,” insisted Poirot. “It is still slightly **damp** and it smells of coffee. Four a fragment of dark green **fabric**. Five, this!” and Poirot pointed to a large **splash** of candle wax on the floor by the writing table. “It must have been done yesterday, otherwise one of the maids would have cleaned it.

“We might have done that,” I said. “We were all very upset, Poirot. Or Mrs Inglethorp might have done it.”

“Mrs Inglethorp only had a reading lamp. The candle that Lawrence carried last night was pink. It is still on the dressing table. This stain is white.

“Six,” continued Poirot, “I will keep to myself for the moment.”

Suddenly Poirot got down on his knees and began to examine the ashes in the grate. “Quick Hastings! Bring me the forceps!”

He took out a small piece of half burnt paper. “Well mon ami, what do you think of this?”

The paper was quite thick not at all like notepaper.

slovička

damp	[dæmp]	<i>vlhký</i>
fabric	[fæbrɪk]	<i>látka</i>
splash	[splæʃ]	<i>postříknutí, cákanec</i>

slovička zadarmo

notebook	[nəʊtbʊk]	<i>zápisník (jako přenosný počítač)</i>
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gramatická pilulka

Na Poirota si dejte pozor, je to Belgičan, občas dělá v angličtině drobné chybičky! Zde například říká: I will keep to myself. Schází mu tam předmět. Správně má být: *I will keep it to myself* - nechám si to pro sebe.

“Poirot!” I exclaimed. “This is a piece of a will!”

“Precisely. I expected it.”

He put it away in his case as I wondered about the will. Who had destroyed it? How did they get inside the room? Who was the person who had left candle wax on the floor?

“We must ask Dorcas the parlourmaid a few questions,” said Poirot. “Come Hastings.”

We went out through Alfred Inglethorp’s room where Poirot made a brief examination before locking both doors.

We went downstairs to Mrs Inglethorp’s boudoir and Poirot, looking out of the window, praised the flower beds. I did not think it was the time to discuss flowers and was glad when Dorcas arrived.

“We need to find out the truth about the death of your **mistress**, Dorcas”, began Poirot. “Tell me about quarrel she had yesterday afternoon.”

“Well, sir. It was about four o’clock. I was in the hall when I heard very angry voices in here. The door was shut, but I could here the mistress speaking quite clearly. She said, ‘You have lied to me and deceived me’. I couldn’t hear what Mr Inglethorp said. Then she said, ‘How dare you? I have paid for your clothes and your **food** and let you stay here. You owe everything to me. Yet you repay me by bringing **disgrace** on my name.’ Mr Inglethorp said something then she said, ‘I have my duty and my mind is made up. I am not afraid of any publicity or scandal between a husband and wife.’ Then I went to do my own duties, sir.”

slovička

mistress	[mistris]	<i>paní (titul v oslovení)</i>
food	[fu:d]	<i>jídlo</i>
disgrace	[dis'greis]	<i>hanba, ostuda</i>

gramatická pilulka

Flower beds - květinové záhony, doslova „květinové postele“

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