

**Chapter 1 : Hercule Poirot's Christmas by Agatha Christie on Apple Books**

*Hercule Poirot's Christmas was adapted for radio by BBC Radio 4, featuring Peter Sallis as Poirot. This was the second adaptation of a Poirot story for radio, aired 24 December This was the second adaptation of a Poirot story for radio, aired 24 December*

In An Autobiography, she admitted that she already imagined him to be an old man in At the time, however, she had no idea she would write works featuring him for decades to come. We left the main road and wound into the leafy fastnesses of the hills, till we reached a little hamlet and an isolated white villa high on the hillside. An alternative tradition holds that Poirot was born in the village of Ellezelles province of Hainaut, Belgium. Christie wrote that Poirot is a Catholic by birth, [29] but not much is described about his later religious convictions, except sporadic references to his "going to church". Apart from French and English, Poirot is also fluent in German. I have dealt with policemen all my life and I know. He could pass as a detective to an outsider but not to a man who was a policeman himself. As Poirot was often misleading about his past to gain information, the truthfulness of that statement is unknown. It was in he and I worked together " the Abercrombie forgery case " you remember he was run down in Brussels. Ah, those were the days Moosier. Then, do you remember "Baron" Altara? There was a pretty rogue for you! He eluded the clutches of half the police in Europe. But we nailed him in Antwerp " thanks to Mr. Poirot admits that he has failed to solve a crime "innumerable" times: I have been called in too late. Very often another, working towards the same goal, has arrived there first. Twice I have been struck down with illness just as I was on the point of success. Nevertheless, he regards the case in "The Chocolate Box", [34] as his only actual failure of detection. Again, Poirot is not reliable as a narrator of his personal history and there is no evidence that Christie sketched it out in any depth. During his police career Poirot shot a man who was firing from a roof into the public below. Poirot also became a uniformed director, working on trains. So much had he become the rage that every rich woman who had mislaid a bracelet or lost a pet kitten rushed to secure the services of the great Hercule Poirot. On 16 July he again met his lifelong friend, Captain Arthur Hastings, and solved the first of his cases to be published, The Mysterious Affair at Styles. It is clear that Hastings and Poirot are already friends when they meet in Chapter 2 of the novel, as Hastings tells Cynthia that he has not seen him for "some years". Particulars such as the date of for the case and that Hastings had met Poirot in Belgium, are given in Curtain: After that case, Poirot apparently came to the attention of the British secret service and undertook cases for the British government, including foiling the attempted abduction of the Prime Minister. He moved into what became both his home and work address, Flat at 56B Whitehaven Mansions. Murders , Chapter 1. According to Hastings, it was chosen by Poirot "entirely on account of its strict geometrical appearance and proportion" and described as the "newest type of service flat". The Florin Court building was actually built in , decades after Poirot fictionally moved in. His first case in this period was "The Affair at the Victory Ball", which allowed Poirot to enter high society and begin his career as a private detective. Between the world wars, Poirot travelled all over Europe, Africa, Asia, and half of South America investigating crimes and solving murders. Most of his cases occurred during this time and he was at the height of his powers at this point in his life. However he did not travel to North America, the West Indies, the Caribbean or Oceania, probably to avoid sea sickness. It is this villainous sea that troubles me! The mal de mer " it is horrible suffering! She claims to have been a member of the Russian aristocracy before the Russian Rebellion and suffered greatly as a result, but how much of that story is true is an open question. Even Poirot acknowledges that Rossakoff offered wildly varying accounts of her early life. Poirot later became smitten with the woman and allowed her to escape justice. Poirot had never been able to rid himself of the fatal fascination that the Countess held for him. In The Nemean Lion, Poirot sided with the criminal, Miss Amy Carnaby, allowing her to evade prosecution by blackmailing his client Sir Joseph Hoggins, who, Poirot discovered, had plans to commit murder. Poirot even sent Miss Carnaby two hundred pounds as a final payoff prior to the conclusion of her dog kidnapping campaign. In The Augean Stables, he helped the government to cover up vast corruption. In Murder on the Orient Express, Poirot allowed the murderers to go free after discovering that twelve different

people participated in the murder. The victim had been responsible for a disgusting crime which had led to the deaths of no fewer than five people. There was no question of his guilt, but he had been acquitted in America in a miscarriage of justice. Considering it poetic justice that twelve jurors had acquitted him and twelve people had stabbed him, Poirot produced an alternative sequence of events to explain the death. After his cases in the Middle East, Poirot returned to Britain. Apart from some of the so-called "Labours of Hercules" see next section he very rarely went abroad during his later career. He moved into Styles Court towards the end of his life. While Poirot was usually paid handsomely by clients, he was also known to take on cases that piqued his curiosity, although they did not pay well. It has been said that the twelve cases related in *The Labours of Hercules* must refer to a different retirement, but the fact that Poirot specifically says that he intends to grow marrows indicates that these stories also take place before *Roger Ackroyd*, and presumably Poirot closed his agency once he had completed them. If the *Labours* precede the events in *Roger Ackroyd*, then the *Ackroyd* case must have taken place around twenty years later than it was published, and so must any of the cases that refer to it. One alternative would be that having failed to grow marrows once, Poirot is determined to have another go, but this is specifically denied by Poirot himself. Another alternative would be to suggest that the Preface to the *Labours* takes place at one date but that the labours are completed over a matter of twenty years. None of the explanations is especially attractive. In terms of a rudimentary chronology, Poirot speaks of retiring to grow marrows in Chapter 18 of *The Big Four* [43] which places that novel out of published order before *Roger Ackroyd*. He is certainly retired at the time of *Three Act Tragedy* but he does not enjoy his retirement and repeatedly takes cases thereafter when his curiosity is engaged. I am Hercule Poirot. The time when cases had drawn him from one end of England to the other was past. Beginning with *Three Act Tragedy*, Christie had perfected during the inter-war years a subgenre of Poirot novel in which the detective himself spent much of the first third of the novel on the periphery of events. In novels such as *Taken at the Flood*, *After the Funeral*, and *Hickory Dickory Dock*, he is even less in evidence, frequently passing the duties of main interviewing detective to a subsidiary character. *Crooked House* and *Ordeal by Innocence*, which could easily have been Poirot novels, represent a logical endpoint of the general diminution of his presence in such works. He assumes a genuinely inactive lifestyle during which he concerns himself with studying famous unsolved cases of the past and reading detective novels. He even writes a book about mystery fiction in which he deals sternly with Edgar Allan Poe and Wilkie Collins. In *Hickory Dickory Dock*, he investigates the strange goings on in a student hostel, while in *Third Girl* he is forced into contact with the smart set of Chelsea youths. In the growing drug and pop culture of the sixties, he proves himself once again, but has become heavily reliant on other investigators especially the private investigator, Mr. Goby who provide him with the clues that he can no longer gather for himself. Nobody told me you were so old. Death[ edit ] On the ITV television series, Poirot died in October [50] from complications of a heart condition at the end of *Curtain*: In both the novel and the television adaptation, he had moved his amyl nitrite pills out of his own reach, possibly because of guilt. He thereby became the murderer in *Curtain*, although it was for the benefit of others. Poirot himself noted that he wanted to kill his victim shortly before his own death so that he could avoid succumbing to the arrogance of the murderer, concerned that he might come to view himself as entitled to kill those whom he deemed necessary to eliminate. The "murderer" that he was hunting had never actually killed anyone, but he had manipulated others to kill for him, subtly and psychologically manipulating the moments where others desire to commit murder so that they carry out the crime when they might otherwise dismiss their thoughts as nothing more than a momentary passion. Poirot thus was forced to kill the man himself, as otherwise he would have continued his actions and never been officially convicted, as he did not legally do anything wrong. It is revealed at the end of *Curtain* that he fakes his need for a wheelchair to fool people into believing that he is suffering from arthritis, to give the impression that he is more infirm than he is. His last recorded words are "Cher ami! The TV adaptation adds that as Poirot is dying alone, he whispers out his final prayer to God in these words: Hastings reasoned, "Here was the spot where he had lived when he first came to this country. He was to lie here at the last.

Chapter 2 : Hercule Poirot's Christmas by Agatha Christie (, Hardcover) | eBay

*Directed by Edward Bennett. With David Suchet, Philip Jackson, Vernon Dobtcheff, Simon Roberts. The tyrannical patriarch of a dysfunctional but wealthy family summons his adult children for a Christmas reunion, but prior to the holiday his throat is slashed apparently by one of them.*

It is the 20th book in the canon of 45 featuring the diminutive Belgian detective whom she invented. Agatha Christie was well into her stride by now, and this is a fairly typical mystery for her, of the locked room variety. In the introduction she states that she had been asked to write "a good violent murder with lots of blood", since her readers at that time felt that the murders in her novels were getting too refined and abstract. There is certainly a lot of blood in this one, although the story itself is still more of a jigsaw puzzle to use an analogy made by one of the characters than anything else, and the copious amount of blood view spoiler [proves to be a bit of a red herring. There is no life to Hercule Poirot himself - no depth, or even lively characterisation. In the early novels, which feature his good friend Captain Hastings, there is a dynamism about such a chalk and cheese relationship. We watch gleefully as Poirot uses Hastings as his sounding board, and frequently - inadvertently - as his straight man. In these Poirot speaks English only in a rudimentary fashion, and does not appear to care how his intellectual arrogance appears to strangers. We constantly see his gaffes smoothed over by the genial Hastings. The story is set in a country house, the home of the elderly Simeon Lee, a multi-millionaire who has amassed his fortune by means of a ruthless business empire. Hated by nearly all the members of his family for his selfishness and cruelty, this eccentric patriarch has unexpectedly invited each of them to a family gathering at his home for Christmas. Most of the family have not been on good terms with each other for many years. We are introduced to each of the three sons and their wives in turn. All six are poles apart in terms of what they want out of life, and most have a history of spiteful or petty attitudes. All they seem to have in common is what they see as their unfair treatment by their father. They are then all equally shocked by the invitation of a fourth son, Harry. We gather that Harry is in disgrace, and had been banished from the family for some time. The guests keep arriving. Tresillian the butler a doddering character with a welcome smattering of humour is confused by a further unexpected guest. By the middle of the book we see that every single character is uneasily walking on tiptoe round the others, and apparently in dread of whatever Simeon Lee has up his sleeve. There is a family who are all at loggerheads with each other, trapped together in a mansion for a short but finite space of time. There are heightened emotions very near the surface: The whole is well set up for the murder, which occurs halfway through the book, our favourite detective only entering at that point. We are aware of several questions. Who killed the victim? How were they killed inside a locked room? And what is the significance of the "small bit of rubber and a small object made of wood"? There is confrontation, and a surprise denouement where the murderer proves to be the person least suspected, followed by a closing scene, where the reader is told what happens to each of the characters. A quotation from "Macbeth", "Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? It is then used by one of the characters on discovering the corpse, and repeated several times more during the course of the novel. It is almost as if Agatha Christie has taken this a motif, and worked a plot - a procedural mystery using her regular pattern - around it. In this kind of detective novel, the interest lies almost entirely with the ability to accurately and logically deduce the answer from recorded facts, within a drama played out by characters we recognise as believable human beings. The fewer elements of luck or coincidence employed the better. This mystery contains rather too many. It has to be said though, that the actual device for the murder itself is ingenious - both devious and clever. The scene is dramatic, with the view spoiler [crashing of furniture, followed by a wailing and hideous scream, before the body is revealed to have its throat slit, and to be lying in a great pool of blood. One clue, a small triangle of rubber and a peg, also involves a double bluff, hide spoiler ] so that the reader is unlikely to guess correctly. As one critic said, "Agatha Christie once more abandonedly dangles the murderer before our eyes and successfully defies us to see him. Interestingly, this novel has exactly the same premise as its immediate predecessor, "Appointment with Death", in that view spoiler [the victim - a parent - was a sadistic tyrant, whose nature led directly to their murder. However I do feel that the

Dame cheated somewhat. It is not merely that she broke one of the major rules of detective writing, in her choice of perpetrator. After all she had done that before in a different way quite brilliantly with her early novel "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd". But here she has view spoiler [no less than three characters, all of whom - quite independently - were not who they appeared to be. And blood - an insistence on blood There is - how shall I put it? Blood on the chairs, on the tables, on the carpet Oh, this is a good one. Superintendent Sugden has his work cut out for him, but with the expertise of Hercule Poirot, they make quick work of the interviews to sleuth out the culprit. Thank you Agatha Christie; adding this one to my favorites! Fast moving with a few good twists along the way! All my children around me. Children, children, everywhere, and every one a suspect! But the epigraph, even before we meet him, is telling: Whom everyone hates, as it turns out, inheritance notwithstanding, and he hates them all in return, so there. Simeon has a box full of uncut diamonds worth thousands of pounds in , now millions? I guess a lot of people fantasize about murdering their family members. This was fine, but not a favorite Christie. I preferred the short story that is also Poirot having an old-fashioned English Christmas at a country estate, even it I read the edition of this book thanks, library! I preferred the short story that is also Poirot having an old-fashioned English Christmas at a country estate, even it is even less plausible. But when Simeon decided to call his sons and their wives home for Christmas, no one could know what was about to occur. As the family gathered on Christmas Eve, the bickering and hatred flowed through the house. The summons from the sick room for his family to be by his side " then the demand that no one bother him until morning, was common place. But it would be the last time his family saw the old man alive! Hercule Poirot joined the local police in their investigations " he was currently on holidays in London so offered his little grey cells. But would this one baffle him? It seemed that it would. I thoroughly enjoy the little detective and his uncanny skills " he employs his little grey cells well. Enjoyable holiday read from the formidable Agatha Christie. All his family is over, along with a few unexpected last minute guests. Or maybe the butler did it.

Chapter 3 : Hercule Poirot's Christmas (Audiobook) by Agatha Christie | [blog.quintoapp.com](http://blog.quintoapp.com)

*Hercule Poirot's Christmas is a detective novel, written in by the so-called "Queen of Crime", Agatha Christie. It is the 20th book in the canon of 45 featuring the diminutive Belgian detective whom she invented.*

What gifts can a dysfunctional family and some guests, none of whom have a deep fondness to the evil old man give him? Apparently somebody thought a cut throat is a good idea to get the spirit going. The wealthy Simeon Lee has demanded that all four of his sons be present with their wives for Christmas that year. The four brothers are very different in disposition. Alfred is a doting son, David still mourns over his mother, Harry is the prodigal son returning home after being believed to be dead, and George is the incredibly thrifty son. Simon Lee ridicules and bad mouths his children when they meet him and that night he is found dead in a pool of blood. The suspects are many- Lee being a man who has a lot of enemies and was not much loved in the family circle. Enter the best detective in town, the Belgian, Hercule Poirot, to solve this Christmas mystery. There were a lot of twists and turns which made this one an enjoyable read. I was not bored for a minute, especially towards the end of the book. I did think that the book is a bit jam-packed towards the end instead of the twists being distributed uniformly. The characters lacked in-depth descriptions. Often the same sentences were repeated by different characters, and ended up feeling repetitive instead of validatory. An example is the branding of Harry as the prodigal son several times, often worded the same way by different characters. Such a technique did not create the emphasis that the author must have hoped to create. Christmas seems to be only an excuse for a family get together. If a family has a reunion after so long, a warm decorated welcome is certainly expected which was missing in the book. I could guess the killer half way through the book. I take that as a lucky guess because I threw the dart at the most unlikely and very often, the actual killer in crime books character. This book is a nice read, but not Agatha at her finest Title:

*Hercule Poirot's Christmas: A Hercule Poirot Mystery and millions of other books are available for Amazon Kindle. Learn more Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.*

Plot summary[ edit ] Multi-millionaire Simeon Lee, frail in his old age, unexpectedly invites his family to gather at his home for Christmas. The gesture is met with suspicion by the guests. Simeon is not given to warm family sentiment, and the family are not on good terms, in particular, with the black sheep of the family, Harry. Simeon searched out his orphaned granddaughter, Spanish -born granddaughter, Pilar, to live in his house. Stephen Farr arrives on Christmas Eve, a surprise guest. Simeon calls his family together that afternoon, to hear him on the telephone with his attorney, saying he wants to update his will after Christmas. This incomplete information stirs up negative feelings among his sons and their wives. When they get to his door, they find it locked and they have to break it down. The sight revealed includes heavy furniture overturned, crockery smashed, and Simeon Lee dead, his throat slit, in a great pool of blood, a grisly and shocking sight. The local police superintendent is already at the front door, before anyone could call the police. Superintendent Sugden notices Pilar Estravados pick up something from the floor. He insists that she give the small bit of rubber and a small object made of wood to him. Sugden explains that he is at the house by prior arrangement with the victim, who confided to him the theft of a substantial quantity of uncut diamonds from his safe. Poirot accompanies Colonel Johnson to investigate this murder. The murder generates many questions. How was the victim killed inside a locked room? Was the murder connected to the theft of the diamonds? And what is the significance of the small triangle of rubber and the peg first noticed by Pilar? Each son, and perhaps one of the wives, appears as a suspect to the investigators. Poirot finds the uncut diamonds mixed in with the stones of a decorative outdoor garden, which takes theft away as a motive. This leaves Pilar with nothing, as her mother died a year earlier, and his granddaughter is not specifically named. Alfred, David and Harry agree to pool their inheritances and make a share for Pilar. This warm gesture, based on what is just, as Lydia tells her, upsets Pilar, and she refuses it. The final major clue comes from Pilar. She and Stephen are playing with balloons and one bursts; she mentions that the pieces are like what she found on the floor after Simeon Lee was killed. Poirot warns her to be "on her guard", as she knows more than she realises. Soon she is almost killed in another murder attempt, of a stone cannonball perched above her bedroom door. After that, Pilar reveals the story of the death of the real Pilar as the two crossed Spain during its civil war, and her own plan to arrive in England in her stead. With this knowledge, Sugden tries to blame the murder on Pilar. Then Poirot takes over and explains the crime. Poirot reveals that Sugden was another illegitimate child of Simeon Lee, from an affair with a local girl. Sugden hated the man who abandoned his mother, paying her off. Sugden planned his revenge carefully and murdered his father hours before he set off the noisy sound effects. David Lee is relieved of his years of anger toward his father for mistreating his mother. Lydia will invite them to a proper English Christmas.

**Chapter 5 : Hercule Poirot's Christmas [Delicious Death]**

*Hercule Poirots Christmas Agatha Christie POIROT Mystery Crime Radio Drama - Duration: Audio Drama By Owl 37, views.*

Finally, in desperation, he pounded on the knocker. A scared Walter at length opened the door. A look of relief came over his face. He came into the room without anyone being aware of his entrance. As he entered he saw Pilar bend forward and pick up something from the floor. He saw David Lee standing with his hands over his eyes. He saw the others huddled into a little group. He stood now quite close, looking down. His face was blank. George Lee was saying importantly: That is most important! He pushed his way forward, gently thrusting the ladies aside. Alfred Lee recognized him. Magdalene began suddenly to sob hysterically. Superintendent Sugden held up a large official hand. Superintendent Sugden intercepted Pilar suddenly. Stephen Farr said impatiently: She stared and said incredulously: His voice was just a little firmer. There lay in it a wisp of rubber and a small object made of wood. Superintendent Sugden took them, enclosed them in an envelope and put them away in his breast pocket. It was as though he had underestimated the large handsome superintendent. They went slowly out of the room. The guest raised a polite hand in negation. Colonel Johnson, Chief Constable of Middleshire, might be of the opinion that nothing could beat a wood fire, but Hercule Poirot was of the opinion that central heating could and did every time! Enormous charm of manner. Why, when he came here with you, he had us all eating out of his hand. Always a difficult case to take to a jury. No, if one must have murder which heaven forbid! It is there your preference lies? Hope I never have another. Anyway, we ought to be safe enough during your visit. But Johnson had gone on. He joined his fingertips. He studied his host thoughtfully. What if we do like the old ways, the old traditional festivities? It is all most charming! But let us for a moment examine facts. You have said that Christmas is a season of good cheer. That means, does it not, a lot of eating and drinking? It means, in fact, the overeating! And with the overeating there comes the indigestion! And with the indigestion there comes the irritability! There is, at Christmas, a spirit of goodwill. Old quarrels are patched up, those who have disagreed consent to agree once more, even if it is only temporarily. Now under these conditions, my friend, you must admit that there will occur a great amount of strain. People who do not feel amiable are putting great pressure on themselves to appear amiable! Poirot beamed upon him. It is I who am putting it like that, not you. I am pointing out to you that under these conditions "mental strain, physical malaise" it is highly probable that dislikes that were before merely mild and disagreements that were trivial might suddenly assume a more serious character. The result of pretending to be a more amiable, a more forgiving, a more high-minded person than one really is, has sooner or later the effect of causing one to behave as a more disagreeable, a more ruthless and an altogether more unpleasant person than is actually the case! If you dam the stream of natural behaviour, mon ami, sooner or later the dam bursts and a cataclysm occurs! Poirot smiled at him. Not in the least am I serious! But all the same, it is true what I say "artificial conditions bring about their natural reaction. He returned some three minutes later. His face was grave and perturbed. On Christmas Eve, too! Oh, no other solution possible! Murder "and a brutal murder at that! Made his money in South Africa originally. Gold "no, diamonds, I believe. He sunk an immense fortune in manufacturing some particular gadget of mining machinery. His own invention, I believe. Queer sort of chap. But of course he is one of the big figures of the county. I must get over to Longdale as fast as I can. Poirot answered the unspoken question: But, well, you know how it is! Should like very much, as you are here, benefit of your advice. You can count on me to assist you in any way I can. We must not hurt the feelings of the good superintendent. It will be his case "not mine. I am only the unofficial consultant. VI It was a constable who opened the front door to them and saluted. Behind him, Superintendent Sugden advanced down the hall and said: There was a telephone there and a big desk covered with papers. The walls were lined with bookcases. The chief constable said: You may have heard of him. Just happened to be staying with me. He saw a tall man with square shoulders and a military bearing who had an aquiline nose, a pugnacious jaw and a large flourishing chestnut-coloured moustache. Sugden stared hard at Hercule Poirot after acknowledging the introduction. Its luxuriance seemed to fascinate him. You were in this

part of the world some years ago, if I remember rightly. Death of Sir Bartholomew Strange. Not my district, but of course I heard all about it. A clear case, you said. These are the circumstances: Moreover, he instructed me to say to the butler that I was collecting subscriptions for some police charity. Well, naturally, Mr Lee is an important person, and I acceded to his request. The butler went away and returned to tell me that Mr Lee would see me. He was wearing a dressing-gown. When the butler had left the room and closed the door, Mr Lee asked me to sit near him. He then said rather hesitatingly that he wanted to give me particulars of a robbery. I asked him what had been taken. He replied that he had reason to believe that diamonds uncut diamonds, I think he said to the value of several thousand pounds had been stolen from his safe. I asked him various routine questions, but his manner was very uncertain and his replies were somewhat vague in character. Either the diamonds are missing or they are not missing – one or the other.

**Chapter 6 : An in-depth book review of Hercule Poirot's Christmas by Agatha Christie | Good Mystery**

*Hercule Poirot's Christmas is a work of detective fiction by Agatha Christie and first published in the UK by the Collins Crime Club on 19 December (although the first edition is copyright dated).*

Someone thought a cut throat inside a locked room would be appropriate! The entire Lee family had good motive and plenty of opportunity to kill the nasty Simeon Lee, but which one actually ruined the holidays! Only then did this amazing two decade stretch begin to falter during the later years of the war. All of which suggests that this should be a full five star mystery, but is it really that simple? Simeon is getting old and is now rather frail, but his mind is still as sharp and dangerous as a razor. None care to attend, yet none dare to refuse the rich old man! The third brother, George, is the MP for Westeringham, a bit of a pompous windbag and a Scrooge, who is married to the lovely Magdalene. The only daughter of this peculiar family was Jennifer, who ran away with a Spaniard many years earlier and never returned. Pilar is now brought to Gorston Hall on a permanent basis, once more upsetting the delicate status quo. Simeon has created a perfect season of discontent for his estranged family, and takes full advantage of the familial discomfort by gathering the family together early on Christmas Eve and deliberately provoking each one with barbed insults, innuendo, and the threat of a new will. Sugden pays a visit to discuss the matter, only to be asked to return an hour later. Simeon has it in his mind that one of two unnamed members of his household are responsible for the theft " and while one family? The entire household rushes to his door, only to find it firmly locked from within, but when the door is burst open, the only one inside is a very dead Simeon Lee! The corpse lies in the middle of a copious pool of blood with the throat sliced from ear to ear, surrounded by broken vases and ornaments, as well as upturned furniture, all testifying to some form of intense struggle. Initially, the most mystifying problem is that there was no other exit, with only one locked window and another open only a few inches " and securely fixed in place come rain or shine. This theory is supported by some fine scratches on the key, which indicate that someone turned the old fashioned key, which was on the inside of the lock, from outside with a pair of pliers. Pilar had been caught trying to palm this odd object, but Superintendent Sugden had just reached the scene, and retains it as a curious piece of seemingly irrelevant evidence. It is here a family affair. It is a poison that works in the blood " it is intimate " it is deep-seated. There is here, I think, hate and knowledge". This is really a fairly straightforward Golden Age mystery, which closely follows the Christie formula for Poirot novels, where the solution never lies in shards of forensic evidence, nor in unravelling the mechanics of the crime, but is instead found in the human relationships that surround even the most macabre deaths. Poirot first studies the psychology of the victim, who he is and how he relates to those around him, always with the basic assumption that we usually reap what we sow. Poirot makes the BAU look like a bunch of failed Psych students, though, to be fair, it is always the more down to earth evidence, in this case his knowledge of genetics and his careful observations, that allow him to finally prove these psychologically questionable theories. This family has arrived at Christmas Eve with all the decorations still in storage! There is no tree, no Christmas pudding, nor a goose " just a big old goose egg! There are not even any gifts, in fact, Simeon the Grinch plans to take away some of the bling! It seems quite incredible that Christie could write a Christmas mystery with so few holiday references! The Lees seem quite determined to ignore all the best traditions of an English Christmas, leaving poor Pilar to finally ask for a re-do with all the trimmings " rather than this nasty celebration that never quite happened. I find this just a little too odd to not be suspicious. Assuming Christie wanted to demonstrate that the familial hatred had twisted their souls and destroyed every last vestige of the the Christmas spirit, would it not have been better to litter the plot with empty symbols that contrast the warmth of Christmas with the intolerable chill of the Lee family relations? This seems to be clearly indicated by all the garden scenes and outdoor balloon follies, images that otherwise seem so out of place at this horrifically dysfunctional Christmas reunion. I do not want to issue a spoiler alert, but after you finish this tale, ask yourself why the murder would remove the weapon and not provide a potential exit from the crime scene? Could one really turn a key from outside fast enough to make this great escape? There is also a serious issue concerning what all the witnesses thought they heard, and what Poirot eventually reveals.

Without spoiling this novel, I can only note that pigs really do fly maybe this device worked better in the day? The second attempt at murder is another absurdity. The motive makes no sense, the device is ridiculous, and the reason for the failure is too silly to be worthy of comment! Then there are all those too amazing coincidences, but that is just a normal part of the Christie formula, which was certainly the recipe followed in this case! To complete this too long review, despite the glowing praise this Agatha usually excites see below , I am not going down that path, and the adaptation for the Poirot TV series is only marginally better. Maurice Percy Ashley in the Times Literary Supplement 17 December had a complaint to make after summarising the plot: First, there is always a group of suspects each of whom has something to conceal about his or her past; second, there is a generous use of coincidence in the circumstances of the crime; third, there is a concession to sentiment which does not necessarily simplify the solution. Mrs Christie makes one departure here from her recent practice, as she explains in her dedicatory foreword. The complaint had been uttered that her murders were getting too refined " anaemic, in fact. Poirot in his retirement is becoming too much of a colourless expert. I think it is, and that in spite of a piece of quite irrelevant tortuosity in the matter of the bewitching Pilar Estravados, and in spite of the fact that the business of the appalling shriek will probably make no mystery for the average reader. The main thing, is, surely that Agatha Christie once more abandonedly dangles the murderer before our eyes and successfully defies us to see him. I am sure that some purists will reverse my decision on the ground that the author to get her effect, has broken what they consider to be one of the major rules of detective writing; but I hold that in a Poirot tale it should be a case of caveat lector, and that the rules were not made for Agatha Christie. In this kind of detective novel, depending almost entirely for its interest on accuracy of logical deduction from recorded fact and yet with the drama played out by recognisable human beings, Mrs. One may grumble that she depends a little too much upon coincidence and manufactured effect but how small are such blemishes compared with the brilliance of the whole conception!

### Chapter 7 : Hercule Poirot's Christmas - [blog.quintoapp.com](http://blog.quintoapp.com)

*"Poirot" Hercule Poirot's Christmas (TV Episode ) cast and crew credits, including actors, actresses, directors, writers and more.*

### Chapter 8 : "Poirot" Hercule Poirot's Christmas (TV Episode ) - IMDb

*Hercule Poirot (UK: / Maurice Denham and Peter Sallis have also played Poirot on BBC Radio 4 in The Mystery of the Blue Train and in Hercule Poirot's Christmas.*

### Chapter 9 : Book Review: Hercule Poirot's christmas by Agatha Christie

*But when Hercule Poirot, who is staying in the village with a friend for Christmas, offers to assist, he finds an atmosphere not of mourning but of mutual suspicion. It seems everyone had their.*