



Topic → Here to Where

GLIMPSES OF US

Hercule Poirot sat on his agreeably cosy flat in White Hall Mansions. He had already had his breakfast - broochie and a cup of hot chocolate. Hercule was eagerly thinking how could he waste his time. Ostensibly. After retirement he waited every moment to get out ^{of} his house. Mrs. Poirot had nothing to do, so she started searching for knitting needle. Mr. Hercule ~~then~~ glanced ⁱⁿ to the study table and grabbed "The Times" kept meticulously aside. A few minutes later "The Times" were laid aside. The International news was as usual ~~deppx~~ depressing. A lot of people died here and there. The news pointed out the truth that women in this modern world are still not secure. Hercule walked through the room and peered through the windows. Mrs. Poirot called his husband from the ~~to~~ nearby room saying she had

found something Mesmerizing. Mr Poirot felt unbothered as ~~his~~
~~never~~ ~~but~~ all the things his wife had ever find were
uninteresting or utter rubbish. Anyway Poirot went to the bed-
room to find out why she was calling. There she was sitting
on the floor holding a photograph. Seeing her ~~the~~ husband she
said "Oh, look how handsome you were then!". Mr Poirot
glanced into the photograph she was holding and observed
solemnly. The photograph was all about two men, smiling through
their eyes and hands on the shoulders. He knew what his
loving wife had said was nothing but a pure lampoon, so he
laughed ~~smiled~~ through his lips but not with his eyes. Mrs.
Poirot made a small tuck on Poirot's cheek and left the room.
Mr Poirot started to think. 'who is the other man, whom
he was standing with? It seemed like he had also lost his
memory after retirement. The other gentleman had ~~precious~~
cold blue eyes. "Blue eyes" Poirot murmured. ~~Soon~~ Suddenly
a flash of memory struck into his mind. He started to
think about those winter nights in Eastern London.

It was a cold, misty night, Mr Hercule Poirot had
only started his medical practice in St Alaba hospital near
by. He had already had his dinner and was settling down to
sleep. He started to read a comic book "The Diary of Wimpykid"
by Jeff Kinney which his very dear friend gifted him.
He was very tired and slipped into deep sleep. but he couldn't



Sleep for too long. He was awakes by long slapping...
sounds and calling from the front door. He ranned
through the stage case ~~then~~ and opened ^{the door} and there
a man in his thirties, of about six feet tall,
strong build, ~~and~~ long grey turning straight hair
brushed back ~~to~~ from the big forehead with brown
eyes waited for him. Now he wore an expression of
anxiety mixed with helplessness. He addressed himself
'Dr. Poirot, I have heard a lot about you, I am Mr.
Hastings, the city Policemen, I am helpless, I need your
help. It should be ^a great oblige if you would come
with me'. Hercule was astonished. How the hell would
he know his name. Mr Poirot had never seen this man
anywhere in his entire life. Hercule ~~then~~ knewed
nothing about the stranger or the situation but
the helplessness in the speaker's eyes prompted him
to accompany the Police man. He went upstairs and
changed his ~~clothes~~ to ugly but comfy sweat pants
to a black leather suit and went with the stranger

Hastings drove his police jeep carelessly through the subways to the countryside where Hercule Poirot thought about his adventurous life. He thought about the all unusual and interesting paths his life is taking him sitting in a Police Jeep with a completely strange man on a strange mission. Hastings drove through the Eastern Manhattan roads very fastly and clumsily. For a second Poirot thought that he will be never be able to reach the his destination safely. A few minutes later, Hastings decided to open his mouth and said "Doctor, while I was patrolling through the countryside, a middle aged lady called out for help. She stated that a delibruant youth had tried to hang himself and was fighting ~~to live~~ for life. I need your medical help to bring him back to life." Hercule replied nothing but he made a gesture of ^{an} assent. Finally the Jeep stopped in front of a luxurious, beautifully furnished cottage with a splendid garden ⁱⁿ front ^{consisting} with shrubby bushes. Both of them ~~to~~ ranned through the stairs and reached an elegant room. The room was undoubtedly a piece of art with white curtains on french windows and an old fashioned clock (seemed to be an antique) hanged on the wall. Hercule saw a youth of sandy hair and muscular biqure laying on the floor fighting for life. A middle aged lady of black long hair falling through her eyes stood aside ~~in~~ not knowing what to do.



..... After a lot of efforts and best old treatments the youth was brought back to his life. After quenching his thirst ~~we~~ he started to say his story. He was Richard Amory, the son of a great, rich money lender. See, Claud Amory. Hercules had surely heard about Amory, as he was quite really famous among in England. He had lived his all life in all ^{luxurious} ~~luxurious~~ and plenty of never ending money which his loving father gave him. He completed his high school and ~~in London~~ moved to eastern part of London for his higher studies. He was all alone left with lot of money and friends who seemed to die for him. He lived his life to fullest and often spend spent his night in parties, club, and dancing bars. He started to dabble played playing cards along with his alcoholic life. Now not only he had lost all the games he played, he had also made a huge debt. All the friends, who seemed to die for him ~~have~~ vanished ~~att~~ and he was

left all alone. He was too embarrassed to ask his father money and felt depressed. He was left nowhere. He had no hope to live and ^{pain of} ~~beared~~ solitude. He was left with despair and loss. He felt that he had no visions to live. He was left in a condition "Here to where" and doubted himself. ~~As~~ As a solution to all of this he decided to end his life all at once and ^{to} escape from the questions he ^{has} ~~was~~ to face. He tried to hang himself.

The three, the lady who was the house owner of the cottage, Hercule Poirot and Hastings were astonished by the story he said. ~~The~~ Richard Ammony broke off and wept on ~~the~~ Poirot's shoulders saying "I don't want to live, I don't deserve to live, I'm such a fool". Hercule felt terrible, he glanced himself to cold depressed eyes of Richard's sullen face. Poirot tried to console him and ~~but~~ he felt a small spark burning deep down in his heart. Hastings started to advise him by saying his personal experiences. ~~of being a~~ ~~the~~ The three of them decided to help him to ~~the~~ break the shackles of life. Hercule ~~sayed~~ said that life was all about failure, acceptance and success. Hastings replied him, 'Everybody in the universe wants to be unique and that is you but every one else in the world is trying their level best to make you Everybody else'. Hastings said he would ~~offer~~ offer every kind of



... legal help for his business startups and Hercule
Poerot delivered an amount of twelve pounds
which was the debt money he wanted. And
the house owner lady promised that she never wanted
the rent money till the despair youth still stood
all by himself. Richard Amroy was brought back
to spirit and he promised ~~him~~ he will never
give up and one day become the best investment
Hercule had ever made. Hercule Poerot left the
scene with immense satisfaction and heart full
of happiness.

... 'Mr. Husband, I am starving, don't you
need a lunch, what are you doing in the room?
called out Mrs. Poerot and Hercule Poerot was
brought in the present from the past. He laid
solemnly the photograph in the cupboard and
went downwards. Later that evening, Edward
Raynor, Hercule's Secretary ~~visited~~ appeared
appeared saying that Hercule had a visitor.

Hercule asked 'who?' and the Secretary replied, ^{that} the visitor
himself addressed that He is the best investment
Piorot had ever made. Mr Hercule Piorot ranned
through the stair case crying and Edward Raymond
stood still with his mouth wide open. He exclaimed
'Has this gentlemien got mad!'