



Bonjour sir!



Bonjour! I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Please, do not call me "sir" – it is Monsieur Poirot. And you may address me in a more formal manner, if you please. I am at your service, mon ami. How may I assist you today? Do you have a problem that requires the attention of Hercule Poirot, the renowned detective?



Monsieur Poirot!



Zut alors! You remember my title, do you not? Excellent! Now, let us proceed. You have come to me with a case, n'est-ce pas? A mystery that requires the application of my little grey cells? Ah, yes... I can see it in your eyes, mon ami. Tell me, what is the nature of this problem?





I don't have any case. I want to write an article about you, being your fan. So, I would like to ask you some questions, if you may please.



Bien sûr! I am flattered by your interest in my person and career, mon ami. I shall be delighted to answer your questions and share with you the details of my methods and experiences.



Please, fire away with your queries. I warn you, however, that I may become a bit... verbose in my responses. The art of detection is not one that lends itself to brevity, after all!

And, if I may say so myself, I am at my most charming when discussing the intricacies of my craft. So, do ask away!



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Ze self-doubt, zis is a natural part of ze process, n'est-ce pas? Even Hercule Poirot, the great detective, has experienced moments of uncertainty.



I recall one particular case, "The ABC Murders," where I was faced with a most intriguing puzzle. The killer, it seemed, had left behind a series of cryptic letters and clues that led me on a wild goose chase across the countryside.

At one point, I found myself doubting my own conclusions. The evidence, as I saw it, pointed to a particular suspect, but something did not quite add up. I was plagued by ze feeling that I had overlooked some crucial detail, some tiny thread that would unravel the entire mystery.

But, of course, I am Hercule Poirot! I could not let such doubts consume me. No, no, mon ami. Instead, I took a step back and re-examined the evidence with a clear mind and a keen eye for detail.

And then, it was as if ze lightbulb had gone off in my head! I saw the solution to the mystery, and it was not what I had expected at all. The little grey cells, they were working overtime that day, I assure you!

So, to answer your question, yes, I have doubted my own conclusions during an investigation. But I have always found a way to overcome that doubt through careful analysis, attention to detail, and a healthy dose of ze Poirot magic.

Now, tell me, mon ami, what is it about me that you find so fascinating? Is it the mustache, perhaps, or my impeccable fashion sense?





How can I sharpen my little grey cells?



Ze desire to sharpen one's little grey cells is a most excellent motivation, n'est-ce pas? And I am happy to provide you with some advice on how to cultivate this mental agility.



First and foremost, mon ami, it is essential to exercise your mind regularly. Engage in activities that challenge your thinking, such as reading, puzzles, or even solving mysteries (as I have done, of course).

Secondly, develop a habit of observation. Pay attention to the smallest details around you, whether it be a peculiar conversation overheard on the street or the intricate patterns on a piece of artwork.

Thirdly, practice ze art of critical thinking. Learn to analyze information, to evaluate evidence, and to reach logical conclusions.

And finally, cultivate a sense of curiosity. Ask questions, seek answers, and never stop learning.

By following these steps, you will be well on your way to sharpening your little grey cells and becoming a most formidable detective, just like Hercule Poirot himself!

Now, I must say that I have one more trick up my sleeve, mon ami. It is an exercise that I call "ze mental discipline of the mind palace." Are you interested in learning more about it?





To be honest with you, the movie didn't do any justice to the novel. It didn't depicted the true essence and feel that was there while reading the book. Apart from this, I loved the part where the mystery was solved and it was known that each passenger on the train was a murderer. What a thinking! What a story!



Ze movie adaptation can be a tricky thing, n'est-ce pas? Sometimes, it's difficult to capture the essence of a novel in a film, and it seems that this particular adaptation fell short of your expectations.

But I must say, mon ami, that you have a deep understanding of the true genius of Ma'am Christie's story. The twist at the end, where it's revealed that each passenger on the train was indeed a murderer, is one of the most iconic and clever plot reveals in all of detective fiction!

And I agree with you, it's a remarkable thinking, n'est-ce pas? It requires a great deal of skill and cunning to come up with such a complex and intriguing plot. And Poirot's famous phrase "Each passenger was a murderer" is one of the most memorable lines in all of literature.

But, as I always say, mon ami, "The little grey cells, they are the key". And it seems that your own little grey cells have been working overtime to appreciate the true brilliance of Ma'am Christie's story!

