

AGATHA CHRISTIE
THE ADVENTURE OF
EGYPTIAN TOMB



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The Adventure of the Egyptian Tomb

By Agatha Christie

Level 2

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Chapter One

The Tomb and the Curse

It was a warm and quiet afternoon in London. I was sitting in the garden of my good friend, Hercule Poirot. Birds were singing softly in the trees. The air smelled like summer flowers. Poirot, as always, was sitting in his favorite chair. He held a small cup of herbal tea in his hands and looked very calm and peaceful.

“I find peace in simple things,” Poirot said. “Tea, order, and silence.”

But that silence did not last long.

Suddenly, the garden gate opened. A man rushed in. His face was pale, and his eyes were full of worry. He looked like he hadn't slept for days.

“Excuse me,” the man said. “Are you Monsieur Poirot?”

Poirot stood up and gave a small bow. “Yes, I am he. Please come in.”

“I am Dr. Toswill,” the man said. “I work with Sir John Willard. Something terrible has happened in Egypt. I need your help.”

Poirot invited him to sit. I could see he was shaking.

Dr. Toswill took a deep breath. “Sir John Willard died suddenly in Egypt. He was working on opening the tomb of King Men-her-Ra, an ancient Egyptian ruler. After his death, strange things began to happen.”

Poirot narrowed his eyes. “Go on, Doctor.”

“Shortly after Sir John's death,” Toswill continued, “his friend Mr. Bleibner also died. And then, his nephew, Rupert Bleibner, committed suicide in New York.”

“Three deaths?” Poirot said softly. “That is no small matter.”

“Yes,” said the doctor. “People now believe it is a curse from the tomb. They say no one should have entered it.”

“A curse?” I asked. “Surely you don't believe that, Poirot?”

Poirot said nothing. He just looked down at his tea. Then, very quietly, he said, “Sometimes people use the idea of a curse to hide something more real. Something like... murder.”

He looked at me with those sharp grey eyes. “Hastings, we must go to Egypt.”

“Egypt?” I said. “Really?”

“Yes. There is something strange here. I want to see the tomb with my own eyes.”

Dr. Toswill looked relieved. “Thank you, Monsieur Poirot. I will arrange your travel. Please come as soon as you can.”

Poirot turned to me. “Pack your bag, mon ami. The adventure begins.”

Chapter Two

Shadows in the Sand

The next day, Poirot and I arrived in Cairo, Egypt. The sun was hot, and the sky was blue. People in long robes walked through busy markets. The city was full of noise, colors, and life. But Poirot had no time for sightseeing. His mind was on the tomb.

We met Dr. Ames at the hotel. He was the leader of the tomb project now. He had dark hair and kind eyes, but he looked tired.

“Welcome to Egypt,” he said. “It’s good that you came. Everyone here is afraid. They speak of nothing but the curse.”

Poirot nodded politely. “Tell me, Doctor, who is here at the dig site?”

Dr. Ames listed the names: Mr. Harper, the American architect; Lady Willard, the wife of Sir John; her son, Guy Willard; and a few Egyptian workers.

Poirot asked about the deaths again. “Tell me, in order, what happened.”

Dr. Ames explained, “First, Sir John died of a fever—so we thought. Then Mr. Bleibner, his sponsor, died back in the U.S. And after that, Rupert Bleibner, his nephew, took his own life.”

Poirot folded his arms. “Interesting. And what was Rupert doing at the time?”

“He was sick with tuberculosis,” Dr. Ames said. “He didn’t want to be a burden.”

Poirot thought for a moment. “Perhaps. But I do not like coincidences.”

That evening, we visited the tomb itself. The desert was golden in the setting sun. The tomb entrance was large, with ancient symbols carved into the stone.

Lady Willard met us at the site. Her face was sad but strong.

“My husband believed in this tomb. He wanted to show the world its secrets,” she said.

Poirot bowed. “Madam, I will do everything to discover the truth.”

Inside the tomb, the air was dry and cool. Long shadows danced on the walls. Ancient writing covered every inch. It felt like the past was watching us.

Poirot stood in silence. “Something is wrong here,” he whispered. “I feel it.”

That night, back at the hotel, Poirot sat quietly, his eyes on the stars outside.

“Hastings,” he said, “this is not the work of spirits. This is the work of man.”

Chapter Three

A Dangerous Plan

The next morning, Poirot was already awake when I came to breakfast. He was sitting with a small notebook, writing carefully.

“Hastings,” he said, “I have a plan. But it is a dangerous one.”

“A plan?” I asked. “What kind of plan?”

Poirot looked serious. “There is a killer among us. I am sure of it. We must watch the others very closely. Someone is using the idea of a curse to hide murder.”

I felt a chill. “So you think all three deaths were murders?”

“Possibly,” he said. “And we must be careful. The killer may strike again.”

Later that day, we returned to the tomb. Poirot asked questions to everyone. He spoke to Guy Willard, Lady Willard’s son. Guy was young, proud, and angry.

“My father died for this tomb,” he said. “But now everyone talks about curses. It’s nonsense.”

Poirot smiled. “You are a brave young man. But sometimes anger hides fear.”

Next, Poirot spoke to Mr. Harper, the architect. He had big hands and a nervous smile.

“I don’t believe in ghosts,” Harper said. “But it’s true—strange things happen here. Tools go missing. Lights go out. And sometimes... I feel like someone is watching me.”

Poirot nodded. “Very interesting.”

Then we walked with Dr. Ames again. Poirot asked about Rupert Bleibner’s will.

“He had a small fortune,” Dr. Ames said. “I believe he left it to a distant cousin.”

Poirot raised an eyebrow. “Do you have a copy of the will?”

“Yes. I can show it to you later.”

That night, Poirot made his plan clear. He wrote two telegrams. One went to New York. The other went to Scotland Yard.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“I need facts,” he said. “Soon, we will know who the killer is.”

He paced the room.

“We must act quickly, Hastings. If we wait too long, someone else will die.”

I nodded. Poirot was right. A shadow of danger hung over the tomb.

Chapter Four

The Secret Revealed

Two days later, Poirot received answers to both telegrams. He opened the envelopes slowly, read each letter, and smiled.

“Hastings,” he said, “the mystery is almost solved.”

I leaned forward. “What did you learn?”

“The cousin who received the fortune,” Poirot said, “was a man named Bernard. And Bernard is already here—in Egypt.”

My eyes widened. “But... who is he?”

Poirot held up a photo. “Dr. Ames.”

I was shocked. “The doctor?”

Poirot nodded. “Yes. His real name is Bernard Ames. He changed his name long ago. Rupert Bleibner was his relative. When Rupert died, Bernard inherited the money. But Rupert only inherited it after the sponsor, Mr. Bleibner, died. Do you see the chain?”

I nodded slowly. “So Dr. Ames killed Mr. Bleibner in America, then caused Rupert to die?”

Poirot replied, “Rupert had tuberculosis. Dr. Ames did not kill him, but he pushed him—made him feel hopeless.”

I asked, “But what about Sir John Willard?”

Poirot said, “That is where the doctor made a mistake. He tried to give Sir John a rare poison, making it look like a fever. But the signs were too clear.”

Poirot gathered everyone at the hotel lounge. Dr. Ames was calm as Poirot spoke.

“I now know the truth,” Poirot said. “There is no curse. There is only murder. And the murderer is Dr. Ames.”

Dr. Ames stood still. “You have no proof.”

Poirot smiled. “Ah, but I do. The telegram from New York confirms your identity. And the will shows your motive.”

For a moment, no one moved. Then, Guy Willard stepped forward and grabbed Dr. Ames’s arm. “You killed my father!”

Dr. Ames looked away. “He got in the way.”

Later, the Egyptian police took Dr. Ames away. Lady Willard thanked Poirot with tears in her eyes.

“Thank you, Monsieur Poirot,” she said. “You gave us peace.”

Poirot bowed. “Madam, there is no curse. Only men who do evil.”

As we left the hotel, Poirot whispered, “It is always the little details, mon ami. That is how we find the truth.”

— THE END —

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