



A Murder Is Announced

Agatha Christie

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A Murder is Announced in a small-town newspaper advertisement—and Miss Marple must unravel the fiendish puzzle when a crime does indeed occur.

The villagers of Chipping Cleghorn are agog with curiosity when the Gazette advertises “A murder is announced and will take place on Friday, October 29th, at Little Paddocks at 6.30 p.m.”

A childish practical joke? Or a spiteful hoax? Unable to resist the mysterious invitation, the locals arrive at Little Paddocks at the appointed time when, without warning, the lights go out and a gun is fired. When they come back on, a gruesome scene is revealed. An impossible crime? Only Miss Marple can unravel it.

A Murder Is Announced Details

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Author : Agatha Christie

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From Reader Review A Murder Is Announced for online ebook

Madeline says

By this point, I have given up trying to play Guess The Culprit with Agatha Christie mysteries. It's just not possible. She's like a magician who tells an audience that she's going to make a coin disappear and reappear. The coin disappears, and she tells you to watch her right hand. You, who have seen magic shows before, think "Aha! Misdirection! I'll watch her *left* hand, and then I'll see how the trick is done." So you're watching her left hand, and everyone else is watching her right hand, and then suddenly the coin appears out of nowhere and no one has any idea how she did that. Meanwhile the assistant, who you've completely forgotten about, has just transformed into a dog and then your brain explodes.

That's what reading a good Agatha Christie book is like. This is one of the good ones. My favorite Christie stories are the ones where multiple people get murdered. A murder occurs, people start looking for the killer, and then BAM somebody else is found dead and you realize that whoever the killer is he/she is fucking nuts and you don't know who's going to die next. It adds a great deal of tension and urgency to the story, and I love it.

Now I have two complaints, one serious and one absurd, that contributed to this book's four-instead-of-five star rating.

The serious: Miss Marple is more present in this book than she was in *The Body in the Library*, but she still keeps to the sidelines a lot and it's frustrating. She's not even mentioned by name until page 95, and I think it'd be nice if she could solve a mystery on her own instead of waiting for the police to invite her into their Boys Only Mystery Solving Clubhouse.

The absurd: Quotes like this, when the police are discussing the inhabitants of the village where the murder took place: "Nice old pussies and retired colonels. ...Lord, I wish I had my own particular old pussy here. Wouldn't she like to get her nice ladylike teeth into this?"
'Who's your own particular pussy, Henry? An aunt?'"

Okay. I understand that Agatha Christie's definition of "pussy" is vastly different from my own. But this is like that part in *Arrested Development* where they actually got a character to call someone a pussy without it being censored, because they claimed it was a British term for a nice person. We all know what they're really doing, and that's delighting in being able to use that word freely on TV. (Speaking of *Arrested Development*, you should all be proud of me for resisting the urge to toss out an "It's an *illusion!*" reference during that magician analogy I made up there. You're welcome.)

Once would be understandable, and a sign that my dirty mind has gone too far, but then it happens *again*:
"'Ye gods and little fishes,' said Sir Henry, 'can it be? George, it's my own particular, one and only, four-starred pussy. The super pussy of all old pussies.'"

Oh come *on*, Christie. Now you're just messing with me.

"

Carol ?? says

3.5★

I seem to be out of synch with most of Christie's other fans, as, in spite of the very original scene setting beginning, I don't consider this one of The Divine Christie's better works.

Other than the beginning, the other pluses were some great dialogue, learning more about life in wartime Britain. and the unintentionally hilarious mentions of old pussies!

"Ye Gods and Little Fishes," said Sir Henry, "can it be? George, it's my own particular, one and only four starred Pussy. The super Pussy of all old Pussies..."

Ok, I know I'm being childish! :D

But every character was so dismissive of foreign refugee Mitzi's suffering. And coincidence was stretched a bit far with (view spoiler)

Still a good escapist bit of writing - just don't go in with big expectations!

Stephanie Anze says

"A murder is announced and will take place on Friday, October 29th, at Little Paddocks at 6:30 p.m. Friends please accept this, this only intimation."

Such is the ad that runs in the local gazette in the village of Chipping Cleghorn. Little Paddocks is the property owned by Miss Letitia Blacklock, a house she lives in with one of her dearest friends, two young cousins, her gardener and her cook. Everyone is shocked by the ad and denies having anything to with it. Still, Miss Blacklock feels compelled to host and on the set day and time neighbours simply "stop by casually". What everyone assumes is a party game takes a grim turn when a young man winds up dead. With many and differing accounts of the event, Miss Jane Marple is called upon to solve this mystery.

The last Miss Marple mystery I read was a bit of a letdown. This installment, however, is by far my favorite Marple to date. Published in 1950, a death occurs in Chipping Cleghorn a village not unlike St. Mary Mead. A strange ad is published in the local gazette luring all the neighbours to the house of Miss Letitia Blacklock. Not being able to contain their curiosity, the neighbours show up, the lights go out, a man enters the room, shots are fired and said man winds up dead. Emotions range from a great thrill to fear and the question lingers of whether the death was an accident or not. Enter Miss Marple. As Miss Marple gets to know the village and its inhabitants, she begins to piece together what actually happened that night. The red herrings in this plot were vast and varied and not one detail was left unchecked. I am not kidding, even a small detail as the placement of an object or the way a person was addressed played into this mystery. Without a doubt this is one of the best plots and characterizations done by Christie. The village and neighbours were both a source of comic relief and the force that moved the plot along.

I absolutely love the reveal. A few details I was able to figure out but as for the bulk of the mystery, it was a complete surprise to me. How everything tied in together, it was marvelously done. There is just one thing that bothered me with the book and that is the casual way in which the past of Mitzi, the Eastern European war refugee who is Miss Blacklock's cook, was overlooked. I do think Mitzi was depicted too harshly and her circumstances taken too lightly. Aside from that, this is as good as a book gets. Highly, highly recommended!

Sifat's Book KingdoM says

Fantastic murder puzzle novel. I would suggest it to mystery readers. Miss Jane Marple however appears late in the show and has little to contribute in this case. Everything begins with A notice, that shows up in the paper of a small English town, Chipping Cleghorn: "A murder is reported and will happen on Friday, October 29th, at Little Paddocks, at 6:30 p.m. Companions acknowledge this, the main implication." This comes as an astonishment to Letitia Blacklock, proprietor of Little Paddocks, as she has no clue what the notice implies; she didn't put it, and none of her sidekicks knows more than she. Miss Blacklock chooses to take it in walk and gets ready to have visitors that night. The villagers are captivated by the notice, and a few of them show up with cumbersome reasons yet clear intrigue. As the clock strikes 6:30, the lights go out and an entryway swings open, uncovering a man with a blinding light. The man requests they "Stick them up!" Most of the visitors do as such, trusting it to be a piece of an amusement. The diversion closes when shots are discharged into the room. The entryway pummels close, and frenzy grabs hold. It's found that circuits are blown, the shooter has been shot, and Miss Blacklock's ear is dying, clearly from a projectile touching her ear cartilage. Inquisitively, the shooter is perceived by Dora Bunner (known as "Bunny", an old companion of Letitia who lives at Little Paddocks as her friend) as Rudi Scherz, assistant at a nearby lodging, who had approached Letitia for cash only a couple of short days back.

The police are called to investigate. All pieces of information propose that the case is only a peculiar suicide or coincidental passing, yet Inspector Craddock is uneasy about the two conceivable outcomes. His uneasiness continues along with some shocking accidents from here on.

Rachel Hall says

A Murder is Announced is the fifth story to feature Miss Marple and the fiftieth novel that Agatha Christie published and the post-war era is very much in evidence in the picturesque village of Chipping Cleghorn which is home to many an elderly spinster. The weekly publication of "the Gazette", the local newspaper of Chipping Cleghorn, and primarily the Personal column is always a guaranteed must read in order to keep up to the minute on the potential for local gossip, services wanted and items for sale. However, the peculiar announcement of a murder due to take place that evening at 6:30pm at Little Paddocks catches the residents attention, with speculation that the young folk staying with Miss Letitia Blacklock have put together a "murder game" (lights out, person tapped on shoulder, screams and one person is appointment detective). The locals congregate, more for the opportunity of a little free hospitality in the form of sherry and the fleeting chance of local intrigue. As they descend under a variety of pretexts, the clock strikes 6:30pm, the lights go out, the door swings open to reveal a shadowy figure standing in the doorway. The figure then goes on to shines a torch across the room, shout "Stick 'em up!", only to be followed by shots being fired and the door swinging shut. When order is restored, it is revealed that Miss Blacklock is bleeding slightly from the ear and a masked man appears to have committed a rather bizarre act of suicide or simply bungled an attempt

robbery and become an unwitting victim. Detaching the mask reveals the young man and receptionist from the Royal Spa Hotel in Medenham Wells, a Swiss national by the name of Rudi Scherz who had visited only ten days earlier and gone away quietly when his request for money was turned down by Miss Blacklock. Detailing the party guests and locals won't add too much to this overview, but needless to say the stereotypical and eccentric are out in abundance from the Colonel who has spent time in India, the war widow and the refugee housekeeper with a persecution complex.

Chief Constable of Middleshire, George Rydesdale, appoints godson DI Dermot Craddock to investigate but he is dissatisfied with the pitiful motive and plausibility of Rudi Scherz for wanting to murder Miss Blacklock. However, someone else clearly does want Miss Blacklock dead and the revelation of a potential legacy due to come her way surely offers the motive. Thankfully, Sir Henry Clithering, a retired commissioner of Scotland Yard knows an "old pussy" who is amongst the very best of them (Miss Jane Marple). It is quite fortunate, therefore, that due to a rheumatic leg Miss Marple is staying at the hotel where Scherz worked and in on hand to recuperate with her goddaughter, the vicar of Chipping Cleghorn's wife, Diana "Bunch" Harmon. Expect knitting, endless tea and plenty of roguish twinkles in the eyes as Miss Marple swings into action. Her pertinent probing all under the "sweet elderly spinster" guise is an absolute pleasure and her pithy observations on everything from her knowledge of human nature to her tendency to believe the worst are a hoot. Without detailing further and spoiling the joys of reading the novel first hand, expect ruminations on the changing era where everyone no longer knows everyone's families and simply has to accept people at face value due to the displacement effect of the war. Likewise, women had well and truly entered the labour market, the black market trade was benefitting from the effect of rationing and guns had been brought home as war souvenirs and thus in good supply. The overriding issue which underpins this entire novel, however, is the question of identity and it is fascinating to see how the war has played its part and changed the status quo.

Miss Marple does not enter the novel until almost a quarter of the way through *A Murder is Announced* and it is not until she had offered her early insights that the process of working out, who and why begins in earnest. Almost one-hundred-pages is devoted to the evening and stalled investigation, however this does allow readers to get a handle of the characters. Again, I found myself outwitted by Christie, but I felt that the ingenious solution rested on a number of highly improbable conditions (notably that Dora Bunner would be so highly suggestible and that Mitzi would be able to assume any role other than her own). An absolute pleasure to read.

Susan says

Published in 1950, this is one of my favourite Miss Marple mysteries. It is set in the small village of Chipping Cleghorn, which is not unlike St Mary Mead, with its cast of local characters and, of course, a local newspaper – which is delivered every Friday. On Friday, October 29th, the paper is perused by the villagers, who discover an odd message in the Personal column: "A Murder is Announced and will take place on Friday, October 29th at Little Paddocks at 6:30pm. Friends please accept this the only intimation."

Of course, Miss Letitia Blacklock, of Little Paddocks, who lives with her old friend, Dora Bunner, young cousins Patrick and Julia, war widow Philippa Haymes and a volatile European refugee cook, named Mitzi, has no choice but to act as hostess to the gathering of local villagers who 'drop by' to see what will happen. What actually does happen is murder, when a young man holds up the room at the appointed time, and the stage is set for a wonderfully convoluted plot, involving the will of a wealthy financial, a great cast of

possible suspects and some romance.

The crime is investigated by Detective Inspector Dermot Craddock, who turns out to be the godson of Sir Henry Clithering, the ex-commissioner of Scotland Yard, who is a great believer in the powers of Miss Marple. Sir Henry is delighted when she turns out to be staying at the very hotel where the young man, who incongruously appeared at Little Paddocks, worked. By chance, she knows Bunch Harmon, one of the locals who turned up at Miss Blacklock's, so she immediately re-locates to Chipping Cleghorn, in order to aid the investigation.

One of the most notable things about this mystery is not only the classic Christie setting, and characters, but the fact that the author makes much use of the changing world after WWII. Whereas before, Miss Marple bemoans, you knew who everybody was and where they came from, now people are displaced, move away and you take them at face value. With people bringing back guns from their time in the army as souvenirs, not locking doors and allowing neighbours access to their homes and having to accept people are who they say they are, this allows Christie freedom to really enjoy herself with red herrings, identities and clues. A thoroughly enjoyable mystery, with Miss Marple highly involved in the action.

Carol. says

Taken from my blog post: <https://clsiewert.wordpress.com/2014/...>

I grew up on Christie. At the time, I was limited to whatever my local library branch physically had on the shelves, so it took awhile to work my way through her bibliography, and even now, I'm not sure I've read all of her books. There was that pesky problem of British and American editions with separate titles, leaving me hopelessly confused about what I've read. Thankfully, *A Murder is Announced* had the same title in both editions, which might be why I remember it so well. It might also be because it is an amazingly well written with a nicely tricky mystery.

Oh, Letty! A murder has been announced in the personals section of the local gazette. You kids may not know this, but that's like Craigslist in print form. And game murder mysteries were old-fashioned acted-out parties where guests solved the mystery. That's why the residents of the village of Chipping Cleghorn assume they are being invited. Nonetheless, a newspaper invite bit informal, so they contrive excuses to drop by Letitia Blacklock's home. As they're settled in, having a smoke and a sherry, a masked man holds them up. The lights go out. Shots echo in the dark room. When someone flips a light, the unknown masked intruder is dead. The police are prone to write it off as a burglary gone bad, except Inspector Craddock can't quite let it go. His godfather points him in the direction of the little old ladies of the case, citing his own Miss Marple as an example. Before long, we meet her in person.

Christie is in peak form here, displaying skill in every aspect of writing, balanced with atmosphere, character, mystery and philosophy, with not an excess word present. Oh sure, had Christie Sandersonized it, it could have been far beyond its 300 pages, filled with details about the village foliage or the design of their dresses. Except those details are there, and rarely does she tell us; we discover it in clever word choice or implicit in dialogue. This may be why *A Murder is Announced* is one of her better mysteries; though she provides a number of clues and red herrings, her details are so sparse that careful reading is needed. Come to think of it, Sanderson presents a symphony in a book, while Christie is the soloist, the violin virtuoso, each note given star attention.

Clues are dropped. I wish I could give an opinion on the mystery, but the truth is, I've read this enough times that I remembered the solution, just not the reasoning. Still, astute minds in the Goodreads Agatha Christie Lovers group pointed out Dame Agatha was dropping subtle clues from the beginning, along with plenty of red herrings.

Characterization is amazing. Scant descriptors, and yet every utterance hints at character. Check this brief oratory by an elderly gardener when being questioned:

“I've no idea,' said Craddock. 'I suppose this hold-up caused a lot of talk?’

“That it did. What's us coming to? That's what Ned Barker said. Comes of going to the pictures so much, he said. But Tom Riley, he says it comes of letting these furriners run about loose. And depend on it, he says, that girl that cooks up there for Miss Blacklock and 'as such a nasty temper—she's in it, he said. She's a Communist or worse, he says, and we don't like that sort 'ere.’“

All he does is talk, and with every sentence, Christie gives us the picture of the small town, the gossip, the dynamic between the young and the old, the long-time residents and the foreigners—or furriners, as he says. And so much about the man himself—what he chooses to share with police, his education, his speech pattern, his peer group. Clever, clever.

The sly humor is a nice touch for an adult read—I'm not sure I picked up on it when I was younger.

“And it isn't,' pursued Mrs. Swettenham, 'as though you were a worker. You don't do any work at all.’

‘That's not in the least true,' said Edmund indignantly. 'I'm writing a book.’

‘I meant real work,' said Mrs. Swettenham.’“

But I have no doubt that it was a great deal of work indeed, to craft a book that provides excellent entertainment, and yet such insight into the residents of a small English town. An enjoyable trip down memory lane that gives me all new appreciation for her skill.

Vikas Singh says

A Miss Marple story which has "delicious death" as its central plot. Once again Agatha Christie comes up with a superb plot for her 50th novel. The beginning is quite different from her other stories but intriguing. Though limited to a few characters, the reader is left guessing till the end who the murderer was. Delightful read

Sarah D says

Remember that rushing feeling in the good old days when you'd pick up the receiver of your kitchen phone and dangle it so that all the knots in the cord would come undone?

I am an avid reader of Agatha Christie. I mean, you'd think after reading over half of her works, I'd be able to tell who the culprit is and I did (by the third guess, but still)

However, the best thing about Agatha Christie, it's not just about finding out who the culprit is! It's about unraveling her wonderful plot of twists and tangles. Analogous to unraveling your kitchen phone cord -it's not enough to undo the biggest knot. That's why her books are so exciting! You know that it will all fit in - the million little details that bother you and frustrate you will all come back to you and make sense. I knew who the culprit was, but I was still shocked speechless at the end!

I can't leave Miss Marple out of it! She is the true brilliance of Agatha Christie. An old lady who always "just knows" and for reasons you don't expect. I don't know about you but when I read about Miss Marple, I feel like a genius-in-the-making. After all, I'll be an old lady someday too ;)

Moira Russell says

This totally has the best back jacket copy ever:

Then, as the clock chimed 6:30, the room went dark.

A gun exploded!

A body fell!

A woman screamed!

When the lights went on, a man was found lying on the floor. He was wrapped in a black cloak. He wore a black mask and he lay in a pool of blood -- dead.

(Just in case you weren't quite sure. -- DEAD.)

There had been thirteen people in the room -- thirteen witnesses who might have identified the killer.

OH BOY. These are like little deadlies.

Ahmad Sharabiani says

A Murder is Announced (Miss Marple #5), first published in the UK by the Collins Crim Club in June 1950.

Characters: Miss Jane Marple, the Inspector and vicar's wife Bunch, Swiss hotel clerk Rudi, Miss Letitia Blackstone houses scatty Dora, Cousins Julia and Patrick, gardener widow Phillipa, and paranoid cook Mitzi.

Abstract: Villagers expect a fun game after a Gazette announcement of murder, but when lights flash off, shots ring out, and a masked burglar falls dead, the Inspector and vicar's wife Bunch call in expert Miss Jane Marple. Was Swiss hotel clerk Rudi framed? Miss Letitia Blackstone houses scatty Dora, cousins Julia and Patrick, gardener widow Phillipa, and paranoid cook Mitzi.

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Lotte says

Really enjoyed this one! Agatha Christie at her best.

Melindam says

I prefer Poirot-novels to Marple ones, but this book has always been in the Top 5 on my Agatha Christie favourites list.

This time I actually put myself the question "why".
It is NOT because of the investigation or the solution of the crime, even though it is very well done in the classic Agatha Christie style: red herrings are there to lead you astray; real clues are hidden in plain sight and yet elude you completely.

The answer is characterization, which is perfect: concise and revealing. Dame Agatha depicts her characters without mercy (everyone has motive/potential/opportunity to commit murder) and yet with humour & a deep understanding (people are the same everywhere: we are all human with faults and foibles).

This insight into characters as well as the milieu they are placed in reminds me a bit of Jane Austen and what she wrote to her niece Anna on writing novels: "3 or 4 Families in a Country village is the very thing to work on". Also a quote from Elizabeth Bennet comes to mind: "Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies do divert me, I own, and I laugh at them whenever I can." So this mixture of Jane Austen & Agatha Christie which delights me in this particular novel.

James says

So... a murder is listed in a newspaper... foretelling it will happen at a certain date and time. Is it possible?
Yes. Does it happen? You'll just have to read it. Christie at her best... love her stories. love the concept.
Well-written. I'm on a kick to go back and read all the Poirot's and Marple's this year! The best part about this one is the murder takes forever to happen... and you wonder what the real mystery is for so long. I can imagine watching the clock waiting but not knowing what to do. Very inside one's head to figure this one out!

About Me

For those new to me or my reviews... here's the scoop: I read A LOT. I write A LOT. And now I blog A

LOT. First the book review goes on Goodreads, and then I send it on over to my WordPress blog at <https://thisismytruthnow.com>, where you'll also find TV & Film reviews, the revealing and introspective 365 Daily Challenge and lots of blogging about places I've visited all over the world. And you can find all my social media profiles to get the details on the who/what/when/where and my pictures. Leave a comment and let me know what you think. Vote in the poll and ratings. Thanks for stopping by. *Note: All written content is my original creation and copyrighted to me, but the graphics and images were linked from other sites and belong to them. Many thanks to their original creators.*

BrokenTune says

"A murder is announced and will take place on Friday, October 29th, at Little Paddocks, at 6:30 p.m. Friends accept this, the only intimation."

Little Paddocks is set in a typical village in the English countryside, where people enjoy the quiet life, away from the hustle and bustle of bigger towns, and where everyone knows everything that is going on in the lives of their neighbours. Or do they?

"In an English village, you turn over a stone and have no idea what will crawl out."

I have read *A Murder is Announced* three times now and I still count this as one of my favourite Christie novel - and, yes, even that sanctimonious old busy-body that is Miss Marple does not spoil the book for me. The reasons I like the story so much are quite simple: It's essentially a locked-room mystery, but in this one the motives for the murder are different from some of the other mysteries and caused me to think a lot about the effect that the one simple lie (I won't spoil which one) had on the lives of all the people involved - including on the perpetrator, who is very conflicted over the course of actions taken, when that lie is at risk of being discovered.

"It's what's in yourself that makes you happy or unhappy."

Unlike in some other Christie mysteries, the portrayal of characters is also much more sympathetic to the more ordinary characters who usually seem to be somewhat patronised or ridiculed - quite often by Marple, which is why I don't like her much. For some reason, she's not as quick to pass judgement in this book and the villagers are allowed to contribute to the story and to the solution.

"It's a fine murdering day, (sang Bunch) And as balmy as May And the sleuths from the village are gone." A rattle of crockery being dumped in the sink drowned the next lines, but as the Rev. Julian Harmon left the house, he heard the final triumphant assertion: "And we'll all go a'murdering today!"

Adrian says

[when Miss Marple hides in the cupboard (that bit is ok) but then mimics the dead Dora to unnerve Ms Blacklock. This to me sounded very unlikely, and indeed completely unnecessary as they had just caught Ms Blacklock trying to murder Mitzi (hide spoiler)]

Ashley says

Once again guessed the murderer by complete accident. I'm the mystery reader equivalent of those characters you often see in farces who are complete idiots (usually lovable) and bumble about doing everything so wrong they come back around and get everything right.

I really enjoyed this book, which was apparently Christie's 50th (although publishers had to count a book of short stories to make this true, and they really wanted to, because publicists never change). It starts out kind of like a game. An ad is taken out in the local paper of the small country village, Chipping Cleghorn (so British), announcing that a murder will be performed at Two Paddocks, the home of Miss Leticia Blacklock, an elderly spinster, at 6:30 that evening. Everyone who knows her assumes this is a murder mystery game being staged by Miss Blacklock herself, and conveniently show up "just to check in," all excepting one oblivious person who comes right out and says she's there for the murder, which Miss Blacklock then denies having any part of. They all wait to see what happens . . . and at 6:30 on the dot, the lights go out, and a murder is committed.

The rest of the book goes as Miss Marple books usually go. A local police inspector takes charge of the investigation, and Miss Marple does her thing* quietly in the background, aiding the police when possible, and using her old lady status to shake people down all gentle and quiet-like. A pool of suspects is soon determined, and the facts about inheritances and secret identities revealed.

**Language makes me laugh. Word usage just changes over time, man, and suddenly things written in 1950 take on a whole new meaning. For example, detectives repeatedly referring to Miss Marple as an "old pussy". I'm sorry, I giggled. I couldn't help it.*

I did have a bit of trouble keeping track of the differences between all the generic British people at first, because they aren't really identified beyond name, and in some cases, occupation (or wife of person with an occupation). That sorted itself out eventually, though, because Christie was very good at giving even her secondary characters personalities that shine through without exposition. Also, I listened to this on audio, and Emilia Fox is really good at voices.

As mentioned above, I did manage to perform a miracle and identify the murderer on my first guess, early on. This did not affect my enjoyment, because it was entirely a guess based on no clues or intelligence whatsoever. It was basically me spinning in a circle and pointing a finger at whoever I landed on when I stopped spinning. That I quickly abandoned my suspect is a testament not only to how bad I am at solving mysteries, but to Christie's skill at planting red herrings and misdirections all over the damn place. I think it's a rare person who could solve the mystery without guessing.

Sandy ***The world could end while I was reading and I would never notice*** says

There is nothing like settling down with an Agatha Christie, pots of tea and hot scones in the midst of winter storms....(Had pots of tea, but no scones unfortunately).

“A murder is announced and will take place on Friday, October the thirteenth, at Little Paddocks – at six-thirty p.m.” reads the advert in the local paper. The residents of Chipping Cleghorn are expecting a game of murder, but get a little more than they bargained for.

I have quite given up trying to fathom who is guilty when reading Christie....I just enjoy the ride. And a very enjoyable one this was.

Amalia Gavea says

‘People with a grudge against the world are always dangerous.’

An idyllic village in the English countryside is waking up, its quirky residents about to start their day with their favourite newspaper, where an invitation to murder is waiting for them. Can you think of anything more interesting? Leticia, the “queen” of the village, is completely unaware of the play supposedly staged in her house, but what the heck, let’s go with the flow. And a murder does take place but not in the way everyone has imagined. Thus, everything is ready for one of the finest mysteries by Queen Agatha.

In my opinion, this novel has one of the most interesting, vivid, quirky, memorable characters in all Dramatis Personae ever composed by Christie. From the lady of the manor, the disturbed veteran, the farm ladies in a relationship (Agatha never shied away from sexual dynamics), the alluring siblings, the kind-hearted friend who is there for everyone. My favourite characters have always been Philippa, the gardener, and Mitzi, the housemaid who escaped a war-ravaged country to find herself face-to-face with strange murders. As always, identities are mixed, unrevealed secrets kill by the dozen, relationships are broken and mended, lights go out to hide the faces of evil. This is one of the cleverest crimes conceived by the brilliant mind of the Queen of Crime. My grandma had a shepherdess memento from Italy. I remember that after reading *A Murder Is Announced*, quite a few years ago, I never looked at that porcelain thing in the same way as before. Not that I ever liked it but anyway...Revisiting this mystery always feels like reading it for the very first time.

Would you accept an invitation to murder?

‘People in the dark are quite different, aren’t they?’

My reviews can also be found on <https://theopinionatedreaderblog.wordpress.com>

Samia says

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