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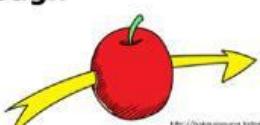
## *My friend Auguste Dupin*



*My first meeting with Auguste Dupin*

I [ ] Monsieur Auguste Dupin while I was living in Paris during the spring and summer of [ ]. This young Frenchman [ ] from an old and famous family, but the family [ ] now very poor and Dupin only [ ] a little money to live on. He [ ] and [ ] very little, [ ] no clothes, and [ ] very quietly. Books [ ] the love of his life, and in Paris it is easy to get books.

**through**



He often said, with a laugh, that people had windows in their faces and that he could see through them. Sometimes he read *my* thoughts in ways that surprised me very much.



**through** the box

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## *The murders*

Not long after that night, we were looking through the *Gazette*, an evening newspaper, when we saw this:

**TERRIBLE MURDERS**



At the moment, the police say, there are no answers to this horrible mystery.

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### *What the witnesses said*

Dupin [ ] nothing about these horrible murders that evening, but I [ ] he was interested, because the next day he [ ] the morning newspaper at once. There was a lot more about the mystery.

## THE TRAGEDY IN THE RUE MORGUE

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### *Auguste Dupin visits the Rue Morgue*



Dupin read all this with great interest, and was the first to open the evening newspaper when it [ ]

He read silently, and then said, 'There is nothing new about the murders, but the police have arrested Adolphe Le Bon. Why, I don't know.' He [ ] at me. 'Well, my friend, what do *you* think about these murders?'

'It's a great mystery,' I said. 'It will be impossible, surely, to find this murderer.'



Dupin looked at everything very carefully.



Then we went inside, and a policeman took us up to the fourth floor. The two dead bodies still lay there, with the broken chairs and tables all around them. Again, Dupin looked at everything - the room and the bodies - very carefully. Then we went down into the yard at the back. It was dark when we left the Rue Morgue, and on our way home Dupin went in for a moment to the office of one of the daily newspapers.

That evening my friend would not answer any of my questions. But the next day he suddenly asked me, 'Did you see anything *peculiar* in that house in the Rue Morgue?'

I don't know why, but his question made me afraid. 'No, nothing *peculiar*,' I said. 'Well, nothing more peculiar than what we both knew from the *Gazette*.'