Elementary, my dear Watson!

‘My name is Sherlock Holmes. It is my business to know what other people don’t know.’

Sherlock Holmes is the world’s most famous detective. He first appeared in 1887 in the story A Study in Scarlet. Readers loved him because he was very intelligent and he solved mysteries in a scientific way. Many readers even thought he was a real detective! Every week people sent letters to 221b Baker Street, Holmes’s address in London, asking him to investigate real crimes!

But after 26 successful stories Holmes’s creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, became tired of him. He wanted to write more serious literature. He decided to kill his famous detective in the book The Final Problem. Fans were shocked and furious. So, Conan Doyle decided to revive Holmes in 1902 in The Hound of the Baskervilles. After that, the detective appeared in many more stories and he is still very popular today. You can read the stories in more than 50 languages and Sherlock Holmes is the star of many films, TV series and plays. You can also visit The Sherlock Holmes Museum in London at 221b Baker Street.
One morning, Doctor James Mortimer visits detective Sherlock Holmes and his friend Doctor Watson at 221b Baker Street. Doctor Mortimer tells them about the mysterious death of his friend Sir Charles Baskerville. Local people think Sir Charles's death is part of a 200-year-old family curse. They believe the monstrous and supernatural Hound of the Baskervilles killed the old man.

Doctor Mortimer got up from his chair. While he was leaving Holmes said: ‘One more question, Dr Mortimer. You said that before Sir Charles’s death some people saw this strange creature on the moor.’

‘Yes, three people saw it,’ said Mortimer.

‘Did anyone see it after the death?’

‘No, I don’t think so.’

‘Thank you, Dr Mortimer. Goodbye.’

After Mortimer left us, Holmes sat down in his chair. I knew that he needed to be alone to think about the case. I went out for the day. When I came back Holmes was smoking his pipe and the room was full of smoke.

‘What do you think of this case?’ I asked him.

‘It’s hard to say. When Sir Charles died he was running – running for his life. He ran until his heart stopped and he fell dead.’

‘What was he running from?’ I asked.

‘That is a difficult question,’ said Holmes. ‘I think he was mad with fear. He didn’t know what he was doing. That explains why he ran away from the house instead of towards it. He was running away from help! The next question is: who was he waiting for that night? And why was he waiting outside?’