

CHAPTER 1

A new case

'I need a case!'

Sherlock Holmes was bored. It wasn't easy being the most brilliant detective alive. He needed something to keep his brilliant mind interested. He needed a new case!

He looked at his friend John Watson, who was calmly reading the newspaper. Their flat in 221B Baker Street was full of books and papers. Sherlock kept anything that might be useful for a case, and anything *might* be useful for a case.

'I wish that I could be like you, John!' said Sherlock. 'Your mind is so normal. Mine is like a sports car, always racing ...'

John looked up from the newspaper. Sherlock was always like this when he didn't have a case.

'Have you checked the website?' he asked. Sherlock had become quite famous as a detective and more and more people were emailing his website with interesting cases.



But not today. Sherlock read the only email on the website to John. '*Dear Mr Holmes, Please can you help me to find my pet rabbit Bluebell? And listen to this part, John: Before Bluebell disappeared, he started to glow in the dark. Thank you from Kirsty Stapleton.*'

Holmes gave the laptop to John angrily. 'Quick, call the police! Little Kirsty's rabbit is lost!'

Suddenly there was a knock at the front door. Sherlock smiled. 'A case!'

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Minutes later Henry Knight was sitting opposite Sherlock in the untidy flat.

'I live near Grimpen village, on Dartmoor,' Henry began. 'When I was a boy, my dad and I used to go for walks on the moor. There's a place there called Dewer's Hollow. I never liked it. It was always dark and foggy there. That's where my father was attacked by a terrible monster. It was huge and black with red eyes, and it killed him.'

'Was it a big dog?' asked John. 'Or another animal?'

'Or maybe it was an experiment that had gone wrong?' said Sherlock keeping his eyes closely on Henry. In that part of Dartmoor there was a top-secret government centre called Baskerville. Nobody knew exactly what the scientists there did, but there had been frightening stories about Baskerville for years. Some people said that there was a dangerous and strange 'monster of the moors' in that part of Dartmoor.

Henry was unsure. Was Sherlock being serious or was he just another person who didn't believe his story? 'Are you laughing at me, Mr Holmes?' he said. 'People laughed at my father too. But he knew about the experiments at