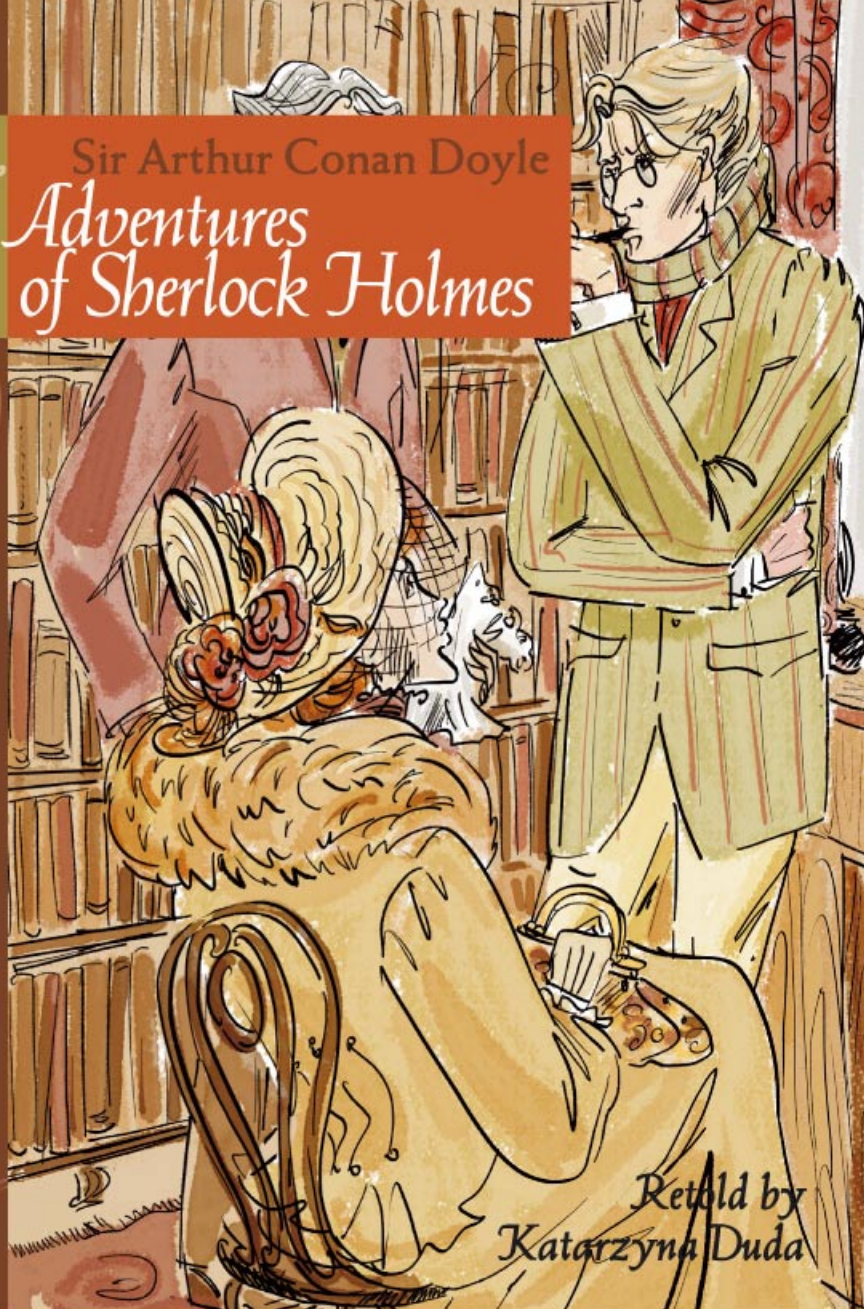


Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
*The Adventures
of Sherlock Holmes*



Retold by
Katarzyna Duda

w o r y g i n a l e

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Chapter I

A Scandal in Bohemia



Late one evening as I was passing by Sherlock's window, I decided to pay him a visit. He was working as usual, and, as it happens, he was expecting a new client.

When the man arrived, I was surprised by his appearance. He was a tall man wearing very expensive clothes and a mask. He spoke with a strong German accent and introduced himself as Count von Kramm speaking on behalf of the King of Bohemia. Before long, Sherlock discovered that the mysterious masked man was in fact the King himself using the disguise and a fake name in order not to be tracked by the press.

The problem he had was of a very delicate matter. About five years ago he had been in a close relationship with Irene Adler, a well-known adventurer, who still had some evidence of their relationship, such as papers, letters and a photograph. The King had tried to buy this evidence from her, but she wouldn't sell it. Five times he had arranged to have it stolen for him, but to no effect. The problem now was that he was soon to get married to the daughter of



the King of Scandinavia, and he was afraid that Miss Adler would blackmail him by sending the evidence to the press on the day of his wedding.

Sherlock reassured the King that the papers and letter could be proven to be forgeries, but, unfortunately, the photo could not. However, Sherlock assured the

King that he would do his best to win this picture back and do this in a most delicate way without the press finding out. After he took the address of the lady, the King left, and Sherlock and I arranged to meet the next day.

The next day when I showed up at Baker Street, Sherlock hadn't yet arrived, but appeared shortly in the disguise of a drunken-looking groom.

„I suppose you were watching the habits and the house of Miss Adler,“ I replied.

„Yes, exactly. And I have found out many useful things about her. She lives a very quiet life, leaves her home in the morning and then comes back every day at five. She has only one visitor – a man named Mr Godfrey Norton, who is a lawyer. Nothing too interesting so far, but listen to this. While I was hanging around the house, I saw her leaving in a hurry and shouting to the driver that he would get extra pay if he reaches the church of St. Monica within 20 minutes. Of course I didn't hesitate in getting into a carriage myself and following

her. When I got out in front of the church I saw Mr Norton running towards me, and before I had realised it, he had grabbed me and dragged me to the altar where Irene Adler was already waiting. That is how I became a witness of their secret marriage.“

„This is a very unexpected turn of affairs,“ I said. „What now?“

Sherlock shared with me his plan, according to which I was supposed to help him by going with him to the house of Miss Adler (or most likely Mrs Norton) and then, on his signal, throw something into the room and shout „fire!“. As I trust my friend's methods more than any other and do not have a single doubt that he is right in everything he does, I agreed to the plan.

Not long after, with Sherlock disguised as a priest, we made our way to Irene Adler's house and waited for her carriage to appear. But the moment she arrived, something rather unexpected happened. The driver rushed to open the carriage door for her, hoping to get a tip, but was pushed away by a beggar also after some small change.

They began fighting, and it was then that I saw Holmes come to life. He rushed over to protect the lady, and in the confusion, he fell to the ground holding his head.

Irene Adler rushed into the house and ordered her servants to bring the poor wounded man inside immediately. Holmes was laid on the sofa and the window was opened to let the fresh air in. Then, when nobody was looking, he raised his hand giving me the signal to throw a smoke rocket into the room. "Fire!" I cried and threw the rocket in. All I could see in the clouds of smoke were running figures for a time, followed soon after by the calming voice of Holmes reassuring them that it was only a false alarm.

Soon Sherlock left the house thanking Irene for her help. On our way back home he explained everything that had taken place at Irene Adler's house.

"You see Watson, when a woman thinks her house is on fire, her instinct is to rush to the things she values the most as to secure them. Now I know where she keeps the photograph.



We shall visit her tomorrow with the assistance of the King himself and collect it."

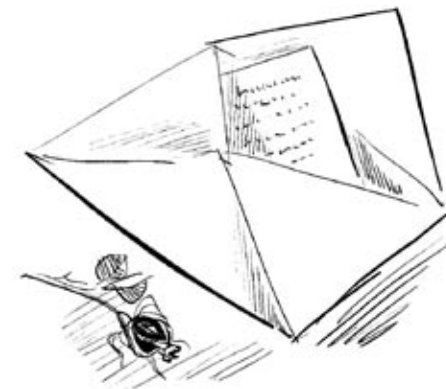
Sherlock did as he planned, but to his great surprise when the three of us turned up at Irene Adler house, we were told that the lady had left England. But to his much greater surprise there was the photograph of her together with the King and a letter addressed to Sherlock himself.

"Dear Mr Holmes, you did very well. Until the alarm of fire I had no suspicions at all. Yet with all this, you forced me to reveal to you everything you wanted to know. As for the photograph, your client may feel safe. I'm in love now, and I'm loved by a man so much better than he. Until now I kept the photograph to secure myself, but it is all his now. He may do with it whatever he wishes. Truly yours, Irene Adler Norton."

And so, a great scandal was avoided, the King could safely plan his marriage, and Sherlock was beaten by the wit of a woman. Since then I have never heard him laughing at a woman's wit - and when he spoke of Irene Adler, he always called her „the woman“.

Chapter II

A Case of Identity



„Life is much stranger than anything which the mind of man could invent,“ said Sherlock one day looking out of the window.

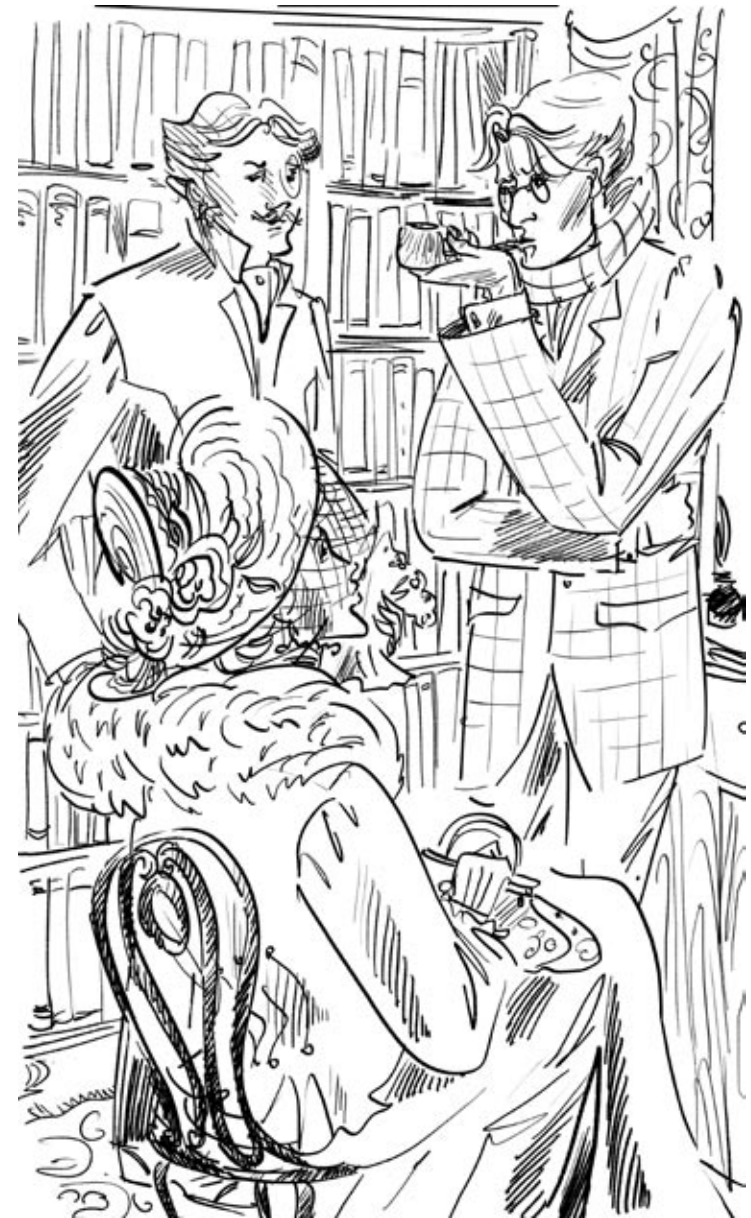
„I may have something interesting in a minute, for I have a new client, unless I am very much mistaken.“

I walked up to him to have a look and saw a large woman wearing a heavy fur around her neck and looking nervously at Sherlock’s window. Suddenly she hurried across the road and we heard the bell.

„I have seen these symptoms before. She would like some advice, but she is not sure whether the matter isn’t too delicate.“

Just as these words were spoken, Miss Mary Sutherland was brought in.

„What was the matter in which you wanted to consult me, Madame?“ Holmes asked his client, and Miss Sutherland started her story. She lived with her mother and her stepfather. Her real father was a plumber and had a business on Tottenham Court Road. After his death, her mother carried on the business, but then she married



Mr Windibank, a man 15 years younger than herself, and following his advice, she had sold the business. Mr Windibank did business in wine and felt too superior to be the owner of a plumbing company, even though the income he had from wines was no more than what they used to gain from Mr Sutherland's business.

Young Miss Sutherland had a small sum of money left by her uncle, from which she could take the monthly interest, and, as well as this, she was bringing in some money by typing.

Even though her father was dead, they were occasionally sent invitations to balls or meetings by his old friends. Mr Windibank didn't want to take part in any of these and didn't want his wife or stepdaughter to attend either. However, while he was away in France, Miss Sutherland decided to go to a ball, and there she met Mr Hosmer Angel, a cashier from an office in Leadenhall Street. They fell in love, wrote letters and saw a lot of each other during Mr Windibank's absence. At first they kept

it a secret, but then they decided to get married, and Mr Angel came to their house for approval. As Mr Windibank was away at the time, Miss Sutherland's mother gave her approval.

„What office did he work for?“ Sherlock interrupted her.

„That's the worst thing. I don't know, Mr Holmes. Neither do I know the address.“

„What address did you use then to send letters to him?“

„To the Leadenhall Post Office. I type-wrote them because he didn't want his colleagues to know he was receiving letters from a lady. He type-wrote his letters too.“

Miss Sutherland continued her story saying that the wedding had been scheduled for Friday morning. Mr Windibank was in France again, so there was only her mother, the bride and the groom. Mrs Windibank and Miss Sutherland took a carriage to the church and, as there were only two seats, Mr Angel took another.

„We reached the church first and were waiting for him. But when the carriage

drove up, there was nobody in it but the driver. This was last Friday, Mr Holmes, and I haven't heard a word from him since then," she finished with tears in her eyes.

"It seems you have been shamefully treated," Holmes commented.

"Oh no! He was too good to leave me like this," she protested.

"What did your mother say about this?" he asked.

"She was angry and refused to talk about that matter."

"And your stepfather?"

"He seemed to think that something had happened to Hosmer, but he forbade me to go to the police or talk to you about it."

"All right, Miss Sutherland, I'll look closer into your case, but take my advice and let Mr Angel vanish from your memory and heart as he vanished from your life."

Miss Sutherland was very sad to hear this, but she left an advertisement she had put in one of the papers and some letters from him. Holmes also asked her to leave him



the address of her stepfather's office and repeated his advice.

„I shall be true to Hosmer,“ she answered and left.

Holmes then had a closer look at both the advertisement and the letters. The advertisement stated that Mr Angel had a moustache and wore tinted glasses. Looking at the letters he noticed that even the signature of Hosmer was type-written, and so he decided to write two letters that would settle the matter - one to the firm in the city and another one to Mr Windibank, inviting him for a small talk the following evening.

The next day I came and asked him:

„Have you solved it?“

„Oh, yes!“

„Who was he then, and what did he want with Miss Sutherland?“

But Sherlock didn't manage to answer my question because Mr James Windibank, the girl's stepfather, entered the room.

„Good evening Mr Windibank. I have received a type-written letter from you

confirming today's visit. As you know, your daughter asked me to help in finding her fiancé. And I have every reason to believe that I will succeed in discovering this mystery.“

„I'm delighted to hear it,“ he said rather angrily.

„There is a very interesting thing I would like to draw your attention to. In the letter you sent me I found that the 'r' is slightly unclear, as well as there being a mark over every 'e'.

„That is the type-machine from the office,“ he said nervously.

„But what is really interesting is that there are exactly the same marks on the letters typed by Mr Angel.“

„I cannot waste my time over such ridiculous talk, Mr Holmes. Catch the man and let me know.“ Mr Windibank sprang from his chair intending to leave.

„But I've already caught him,“ Sherlock replied with a calm satisfaction easily heard in his voice. Then he explained to us both the whole mystery.

Mr Windibank had known that Mary's marriage would cause a loss of money from their monthly income, and he did all he could to keep Mary at home by forbidding her to go to the parties. Once she had finally decided to go to the ball, he disguised himself and, with a help of his wife, became the young Mr Hosmer Angel, whose only job was to make Mary fall in love with him and therefore keep off other lovers. Unfortunately Miss Sutherland turned out to be an affectionate person and wanted the marriage, which would spoil the whole plan.

So the mystery was solved, and Mr Windibank left a free, but rather ashamed, man. There was no evidence to punish him, and so he was only left with a terrible feeling of guilt for playing so heartlessly with a young girl's feelings.

Chapter III

The Boscombe Valley Mystery



„Do you have a couple of days to spare, my dear Watson? I am about to go to Boscombe Valley to solve the case of the son of a murdered man. I would be delighted to have you with me to have somebody to share my observations with.“ I willingly agreed to Sherlock’s offer, and he briefly went over the details of the case.

The story involved the two families of Mr John Turner and Mr Charles McCarthy. They met while working in a gold mine in the British Colonies in Australia. They both became incredibly rich and brought their new found wealth back to England where they settled in Boscombe Valley. Of the two, Turner was richer and McCarthy became his tenant. They were both widowers, Turner had an 18-year-old daughter and McCarthy had a son of the same age.

On Monday, 3rd of June, McCarthy left his house at Hatherley Farm going in the direction of the Boscombe Pool, but he never came back. There were two witnesses who confessed seeing him walking alone, one of whom added that



he saw the son, James McCarthy, walking in the same direction as his father a little later. They were also seen in the woods by a 14-year-old girl, who saw them arguing. Soon after, she saw the young McCarthy running and screaming for help because he had found his father dead in the woods. The dead man looked as if somebody had beaten him on the head with a heavy, blunt weapon. There was nothing around the body but James's gun.

James was immediately arrested but denied committing such a terrible crime. In his statement he said that he had come back from a three-day trip from Bristol, and, as his father hadn't been at home, he had gone over to the rabbit warren. On his way there he saw his father standing by Boscombe Pool and approached him to have a talk, but Mr McCarthy seemed surprised to see his son, and they had started to argue over a matter which the suspect didn't want to reveal. After the argument James left, but shortly afterwards he came back hearing his father's scream.

Not long after we checked into the hotel room, there was a visitor for us. It was the daughter of Mr Turner.

„Oh Mr Holmes! I know James didn't do it! I have come to tell you this.“

„But you have read the evidence.“

„But these charges are absurd. And the reason why he doesn't want to say anything about their argument is because I'm involved in it.“

„In what way?“ asked Holmes.

„James and I have known each other since we were children, and we love each other like brother and sister, but his father wanted us to get married.“

„Was your father in favour of the marriage?“

„No, only James' father wanted this marriage to happen.“

„Can I talk to your father, then?“

„If only the doctor allows it.“

„A doctor?“

„Yes, he's very ill. He only has a few months to live.“

Sherlock assured Miss Turner that he would do everything to clear James McCarthy's



reputation if he is truly innocent. We then both left to go and examine the scene of the crime. The traces left there revealed to Holmes that the old man was murdered with a big stone by a left handed man who has a limp on the right leg. I myself didn't have the slightest idea how he came to these conclusions. Holmes also paid a visit to the prisoner to hear the whole story directly from him in person.

James McCarthy retold him what we had already read in his statement, but there was something else: even though he was in love with Alice Turner, about two years earlier he had married a barmaid from Bristol, which is where he had spent the three days before the murder of his father. There was another fact that only reassured Sherlock in his opinion of a third person – the real murderer. Young McCarthy, while running to see what had happened to his father, noticed some kind of a grey material lying on the grass very close to the edge of the woods, but it was gone when he looked around later. Sherlock

kept quiet about these but back at the hotel simply said:

„We are about to go back to London my dear Watson, on the evening train.“

„And leave the case unfinished?“ I looked at him shocked.

„It is finished.“

„But the mystery?“

„It is solved.“

„So who is the criminal?“ I asked surprised.

„Mr John Turner for Mr Sherlock Holmes,“ cried the hotel porter opening the door before the tall impressive figure of man who, slowly limping, approached our table.

„You got my note?“ Sherlock asked him.

„Yes, Holmes. You wanted to see me if I wished to avoid a scandal.“

And during a short conversation the whole truth was revealed. Mr Turner and Mr McCarthy had met in Australia not as gold miners, but in totally different circumstances. John Turner was known back then as Black Jack of Ballarat, and together with his band of thieves, he used to stop the gold convoys and rob them.



Once, during such a robbery, there was a fight, and although three of his band were shot by the convoy, he spared the life of the driver – Charles McCarthy. Years passed, Turner came back to England, bought land and lived an honest life until he met McCarthy again. McCarthy blackmailed

Turner, threatening him that he would reveal the whole truth to the police if he didn't get financial support for his son and himself. As such, they lived rent free on Turner's best land and had anything they needed or wished for. It lasted until McCarthy came up with the idea of the marriage of their children. This was something Turner would never agree to and so had planned the murder in the woods.

On our way back home I asked Sherlock: „How did you work all this out?“

„Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary. You know my method, dear boy, observance of trifles.“

Turner's statement had been written down and handed to the high court, and James McCarthy was released from prison. Turner himself didn't suffer any imprisonment as he died shortly after the mysterious murder of Charles McCarthy was solved by Sherlock Holmes.

Chapter IV

The Man with the Twisted Lip



One evening in search of one of my patients, Isa Withney, who had got addicted to the terrible habit of smoking opium, I ended up in Upper Swandam Lane. After finding him there at a place called the 'Bar of Gold' and persuading him to come back home to his wife, I heard somebody saying to me in a low whisper:

„Walk past me, and then look back at me.“

I examined the stranger carefully, and after a moment I recognised my dear friend Sherlock Holmes in disguise.

„Holmes, my Lord! What are you doing in here?!" I cried in surprise.

„Hush, be as quiet as you can.“

We left the horrible place and made our way to the Cedars where Sherlock was staying in Mrs St Clair's house as he was in the process of solving a case involving her husband. On the way Sherlock gave me an account of the mystery.

Mr Neville St. Clair had led a very normal life and hadn't done anything which anyone could describe as strange for the past three

years. He had no occupation, but every day he used to leave his house in the morning and come back home about five in the afternoon. He had many friends in the neighbourhood, and he was known as an affectionate husband and a good father.

Last Monday though, he left home earlier than usual, telling his wife that he had some matters to deal with, but also that he planned to bring home some toy bricks for his boy. After he had left home, his wife received a telegram stating that a parcel had arrived for her and was waiting to be collected. Mrs St. Clair went into the city and got the parcel. While walking down Swandam Lane on her way home, she heard a cry and saw Neville's face in the second-floor window in the same building as the opium den. He waved to her, but then suddenly his face disappeared as if he had been pulled back inside by someone. Naturally worried by this, she rushed to check what had happened only to be pushed out into the street by a man running out of the building. Feeling that something must



be wrong, she rushed to find a policeman. On arrival, it was clear to see that the only person around was the well-known cripple, Hugh Boone. Mr St. Clair was nowhere to be seen, but his clothes were found behind a curtain, the box with the toy for his son on the table, and there were traces of blood on the floor in the bedroom and on the window-sill. The victim's coat was found in the river with the pockets full of coins, so naturally the police came to the conclusion that the body of Neville St Clair must also have been thrown into the river through the window.

The police were sure it wasn't Hugh Boone. He was always easy to spot as he had bright orange hair, a horrible scar on his upper lip and was always seen selling matches on the street. But, having no other suspects, the police arrested him and took him in for questioning.

Sherlock finished telling me the details of this mystery just as we reached Mrs St Clair's house. Our host served us dinner and asked Holmes:

„Do not worry about my feelings. I need to know your honest opinion.“

„Upon what point Madam?“ Holmes asked.

„Do you think that Neville is alive?“

„Frankly, madam, no, I don't think so.“

„Murdered?“

„Perhaps.“

„On Monday?“

„Probably.“

„So explain to me, please, how come I have received a letter from him today?“

„May I see it?“ Sherlock was obviously surprised by the news.

He examined the letter carefully and noticed that although the writing in the letter did in fact belong to the victim, the one on the envelope didn't, and as there was no stamp, the letter must have been brought by a messenger. In the letter, Neville explained his disappearance by some troubles that might last a couple of days.

Sherlock then discussed, once again, every single detail of the case with Mrs St Clair and spent the whole night pacing

up and down his room, smoking his pipe and trying to draw conclusions in order to solve the mystery.

At 6 am I awoke to find him standing over me.

„I may be the biggest fool in Europe! But I may have the key to the mystery now. Will you come with me?“

„So where is the key?“

„In the bathroom,“ he answered, but added nothing more and closed the front door behind us. Once again I was totally confused.

From Mrs St Clair's house we went directly to the police station where Holmes asked to be allowed to see the suspect Hugh Boone.

„He gives us no trouble, but he's a dirty beggar alright. He's washed his hands, but his face is still as black as a chimney-sweep's,“ the police officer said as he showed Holmes to Boone's cell. The suspect was lying there sound asleep.

„Yes, he definitely needs a wash. How good of me that I brought the necessary

equipment with me," said Holmes with a grin on his face.

To everyone's amazement, Holmes took out big sponge, got it wet and started forcefully rubbing the prisoner's face with it. After some time Sherlock stood back and announced:

"Gentlemen, let me introduce you to Mr Neville St. Clair."

Boone's face had been peeled off, and behind the fake scar and dirt, there was the face of the missing man.

Neville, terrified by suddenly being revealed, told us the whole truth as follows: As a young man he had had many different jobs, among others an actor and a journalist. Working for a newspaper, he was once assigned to write an article about beggars and street-sellers. To carry out his research successfully he made use of his make-up skills and became one himself for a couple of days. Some time later he was desperately in need of money, and the job of a street-seller seemed like an easy way of earning a bit of extra cash. As years passed



he became loved by the community and, as such, earned quite a good living. He used the disguise to protect his family from the embarrassment, but there was one man who knew his secret, the one who pushed Mrs St Clair onto the street to stop her from seeing her husband.

That day when St. Clair saw and waved to his wife, he didn't realise his wife may come over to the building and discover his secret life. Frightened that she would discover the truth, he put his disguise on, threw his coat out through the window and accidentally cut himself. In the end, as he didn't want his wife to worry so much, he wrote the letter which helped Sherlock to solve this case.

There was no missing man, and there was no crime, but there was another adventure solved by the famous detective.

Chapter V

The Blue Carbuncle



The second morning after Christmas, I decided to visit my old friend Sherlock Holmes and found him sitting on the sofa with a big, old, torn hat lying on the chair next to him.

The mysterious hat looked like the beginning of an interesting case but was only something Peterson, the doorman, came across in an extraordinary way. While Peterson was coming home on Christmas morning, he saw a man whose hat had been knocked off his head. He was carrying a big fat goose, and when he raised his stick to reach the hat, he smashed a shop window. Peterson, who saw the whole situation, wanted to defend him in case of any accusations, but the stranger, seeing Peterson approaching, ran away, leaving the hat and goose. So Peterson became the owner of the Christmas goose, and Sherlock the owner of the old hat.

While I was listening to this adventure, Peterson himself arrived at Baker street.

„The goose, Mr Holmes! The goose!” he cried.

„What of it?”



„Look what was inside the bird!“ Peterson stretched out his hand revealing a brilliantly shining blue stone.

„I suppose you know what you have got?“ Sherlock asked him.

„It is a precious stone.“

„Not only it is a precious stone, it is the blue carbuncle that was stolen recently from the Countess of Morcar. The young plumber John Horner has been accused of this theft on the basis of the statement of James Ryder, the upper-attendant at the Hotel Cosmopolitan. There is a reward for a person who finds and returns it.“

So the mysterious hat then became the beginning of a new case. Sherlock ordered Peterson to buy a big fat goose and to put advertisements in every newspaper that a goose and a hat had been found, and the owner is welcome to collect his belongings that day at Baker Street.

Later on, at the exact time announced in the advertisement, a tall man appeared at the front door of Holmes' house. He introduced himself as Henry Baker.

„We have held onto your belongings for some time as we expected you to put an advertisement in the paper,“ offered Sherlock as an explanation.

„I don't have much money, and I didn't intend to spend any more of it in an attempt to recover my loss,“ came the reply.

„Indeed. We were also compelled to eat your bird.“

„You ate it?!“

„Yes, but we bought you a new one, hopefully as big and fat as the last one. We still have the remains of the old one if you wish to keep them.“ Sherlock carefully observed the face of the stranger to see if his comments would have any effect, but Baker only laughed at the idea of taking away an eaten goose and simply took his belongings, thanked them for their kindness and left.

„So much for Mr Baker. He certainly didn't know much of the matter. He must be innocent.“

Sherlock continued his investigation by going to Covent Garden where he

knew that only the best geese were sold. Before long, Sherlock and I found Mr Breckinridge, the man who apparently sold the finest birds. He turned out to be a very impatient type who became very aggressive when Sherlock started asking detailed questions about where he got the bird. It wasn't until Sherlock used his old trick by bribing a pound that he told us everything we needed to know. In the end, he showed us the full list of his suppliers from which we found out that the mysterious jewel fed goose had come from Mrs Oakshott's farm.

We were just about to leave for the farm when we heard a salesman shouting at a trembling figure of a man standing in front of him.

„Stop asking me about the geese! I've had enough of you and your stupid questions!"

„But one of them was mine!" begged the little man.

„Well, then, ask Mrs Oakshott for it!"

„But she sent me to talk to you!" he said, but the salesman had already walked away.



As we observed the whole situation, Sherlock decided that instead of going to Mrs Oakshott, we should talk to this man.

„Excuse me,“ said Holmes, walking up to him, „but I couldn't help overhearing what you gentlemen were talking about, and I think that I may be of assistance to you.“

„And who are you? And what do you know about this matter?“

„My name is Sherlock Holmes, and my business is to know what other people don't know.“

The stranger seemed convinced by these words and accepted Sherlock's invitation to come to Baker Street.

„What is your name?“ Sherlock asked him.

„Er ... er ... John Robinson,“ he answered.

„And your real name ...?“

„Well ...,“ the stranger said, turning an interesting shade of red, „my name is James Ryder.“

„Head attendant at the Hotel Cosmopolitan.“

„How ... But how do you know...?“

„The game's up, Ryder. We know about your theft. There's no point denying anything.“ At this point Ryder turned rather pale and simply stood shaking in the corner of Sherlock's sitting room while Holmes retold the whole story. The Countess had been staying at the Hotel Cosmopolitan, and her maid had befriended Ryder and told him about the precious stone belonging to her lady. Together they had arranged a little trap, in which Ryder purposely broke something in the Countess' apartment and sent the poor plumber Horner to fix it. Right after Horner had left, Ryder came in to take the stone and to raise the alarm that the room had been burgled.

Then Ryder told us the part we didn't know of how the stone got into the goose. It turned out that Mrs Oakshott was, in fact, his sister, who fattened birds for the market. One day, when Ryder was visiting his sister, she offered him a bird as a Christmas present. He chose one with a barred tail as it would be easily recognisable

and used it as a hiding place for the stone. The only fault he made at this time was not spotting that there was another goose with a barred tail, exactly the same as the one he had chosen.

When Mrs Oakshott sent all the geese to market, she was only too sure to keep the goose which she thought her brother had chosen. Ryder's happiness at collecting the goose soon disappeared when he discovered that the goose had no stone inside.

And you know the rest of this story ...

Chapter VI

The Speckled Band



Early one April morning, I was woken by my friend Sherlock Holmes.

„Very sorry to wake you up so early,” said Sherlock. „It’s a client. It seems a young lady insists on seeing me. Young ladies do not generally go wandering alone at this hour of the morning, so it is sure to be something important and may turn out to be an interesting case.”

Sherlock introduced me and himself to the lady, who was dressed all in black with a veil covering her face. Sherlock immediately invited her to sit closer to the fireplace as she was shivering quite noticeably.

„Thank you, but it is not cold that makes me shiver, Mr Holmes. It’s terror.” She then raised her veil revealing a face showing such fear that she looked as if she were a small animal being hunted down.

„Do not fear. We shall soon set matters right,” Holmes reassured her. The young lady then told her story. Her name was Helen Stoner, and she was the step-daughter of Doctor Roylott. This family

used to be one of the richest in the country, but now the only thing left was a two-hundred-year old mansion and few acres of land. Doctor Roylott had spent his younger years in India where he had had a large medical practice, and there he met and married a young widow with two children: Julia and Helen. Shortly after they came back to England, Mrs Roylott died, leaving the Doctor so heart-broken that he abandoned all his work. As time passed, he became very bitter, disappointed, even aggressive. He had no friends other than the wandering gypsies he allowed to camp at his property. As for the two sisters, they had no-one else to look after them, and the only money they had was the money left by their mother, which the Doctor kept for them.

„So you can imagine what life we had, my sister and I. She was only thirty when she died, but her hair had already begun to whiten,” Helen continued.

„Your sister is dead, then?”

„Yes, she died two years ago, and, well,

this is what it is all about. A few months before her death, she met a man who she fell in love with and intended to marry. When my father learned about this, he didn't object to it at all. Then, about two weeks before the wedding, something terrible happened which took the life of my one true relative."

"Please, tell me every detail of this matter," said Sherlock.

"In our mansion there is only one part where all three of us live. There are three bedrooms on the ground floor, the first belonging to my father, the second was my sister's, and the last one is mine. There is no connecting door between them, but they all open out into the same corridor, and their windows open out onto the lawn. That fateful night, our step-father went to his room early, and Julia came into mine for a while. She didn't want to go to her own room because she so hated the strong smell of the Indian cigars that our father smokes. She also asked me a strange question, whether I had heard the sound of

a whistle during the last few nights. I said I guessed it must have been the gypsies, but to tell you the truth, I myself wasn't sure. Anyway, later she went back to her room, and I heard the key turning in the lock.

"Do you always lock yourself in at night?" asked Sherlock.

"Always, because my father kept a baboon and a cheetah walking freely on the grounds."

"I understand. Please continue."

"I couldn't sleep that night. The wind was howling outside, and the rain was beating against the windows, when suddenly I heard Julia scream the most horrible scream you can imagine. I'll never forget that sound for as long as I live. I jumped out of bed, and as I was opening my door, I was sure that I heard a little whistle and then the sound of something metal falling. I rushed into my sister's room and saw her there, her face filled with fear and terror. She fell to the ground screaming: "O, my God! Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!" She clearly wanted to say something else and



pointed in the direction of the Doctor's room, but then she passed out and died shortly afterwards." Helen stopped speaking for a moment as the memory of the tragedy brought tears to her eyes. „The county coroner couldn't find any cause of death as there was no evidence of either violence or poison."

„Tell me, my dear," Sherlock said calmly, „are you sure about the whistle and the metallic sound?"

„I am fairly sure, but what with the storm, I don't know, maybe I was imagining it."

During the two years following her sister's death, Helen had met somebody and was now engaged to be married before the end of the coming spring. In the meantime, some repairs were being made to the mansion, and Helen was forced to move to the bedroom of her late sister.

„Imagine how terrified I was yesterday when I heard the sound of a whistle, the very same sound I heard on the night of her death. So I got dressed immediately and came to see you this morning, Mr Holmes."

Sherlock, who had been listening to the story very carefully, promised to visit the house in the afternoon when Doctor Raylott was to be out.

As promised, Sherlock and I met Miss Stoner in the mansion and started investigating. He checked the room where Julia had died and found a few mysterious things, such as a bell-rope used to communicate with the housekeeper's room hanging down beside the bed. This wasn't out of the ordinary, but what was strange was that this rope wasn't actually connected to the bell. Moreover, the bed was attached to the floor and couldn't be moved. There was also one more strange thing – the ventilator was built to connect this bedroom with the Doctor's room instead of leading to the fresh air from outside.

The next thing Sherlock did was to examine the Doctor's room. It was very plainly furnished apart from a iron safe and a small saucer filled with milk. On the corner of the Doctor's bed was a kind of

whip with a short rope and a small loop at the end. After these detailed examinations, Sherlock said to Helen Stoner:

„It is very essential, Miss Stoner, that you follow my advice in every respect.“

„I shall most certainly do so, Mr Holmes.“

„Very well then. Your life may depend on this. My friend and I have to spend the night in this room.“ Sherlock then told Helen to go to her sister's room as usual that evening, and as soon as the Doctor goes to his room, to put a candle in the window, go to her old bedroom and stay there, keeping the door locked.

That night, Helen did exactly as she was told. We hid close by where we could see the candle being placed in the window. This was our sign to move in. Sherlock and I entered quietly in the dark. I sat on the chair with my pistol ready, and Sherlock sat on the edge of the bed with the box of matches and some candles lying next to him. We stayed like this for what seemed like hours when suddenly we heard some movements in the

Doctor's room and saw some light through the ventilator. This was followed by a sound similar to the sound of steam escaping from a kettle. Immediately Holmes struck a match and rushed to the bell-rope.

„Did you see it, Watson?“ he yelled. Then came a scream of pain like no other from the other room.

„What can it mean?“ I asked.

„It means that it is all over. Take your pistol, we are going to Doctor's room.“

In the room we found the Doctor's body with his eyes fixed in a blank stare and with a yellow band covered with brownish speckles around his neck and head.

„The speckled band,“ whispered Holmes.

As we got closer, the head of giant yellow snake appeared from behind the head of the dead Doctor.

„It is a swamp adder, the most dangerous snake in India. The Doctor couldn't have lived for more than ten second after being bitten.“ Sherlock used the small loop of the whip to catch the animal and put it back into the iron safe.



He then explained how he had solved the whole mystery. The marriage of each of the daughters would mean that the money they had would be split between them, and the money left for the Doctor would be much smaller. Therefore, he decided to overcome the problem by killing Julia when she decided to get married and to do the same with Helen. The ventilator was for the snake to go into the middle bedroom, and then it used the bell-rope to get down to the bed. That night, when Sherlock saw the snake coming down the rope, he put a burning match to its head, and the angry animal rushed back to the Doctor's room and attacked the first person it saw.

And this is how this dangerous game ended for Doctor Roylott.

Chapter VII

The Engineer's Thumb



Soon after I got married, my wife and I moved to a house very near to Paddington Station and this is where I had my medical practice. One morning I was woken early by one of my maids to tell me that I had a patient waiting for me downstairs. I got dressed and went downstairs to find a man of about twenty-five who looked so pale and in such shock that I knew this wasn't an ordinary problem. He had a handkerchief wrapped round one of his hands which was covered with bloodstains.

„I am sorry to wake you up so early, Doctor,” he said. „But I had a very serious accident during the night, and I came here straight off the night train. My name is Victor Hatherley.”

„I regret that I have kept you waiting after such a tiring and monotonous journey,” I replied.

„I could hardly call this night monotonous.” He then started laughing as if in a state of a shock, so I poured him some water, added a bit of whiskey and told him to drink up. As the colour began to return to his cheeks and

he started to relax, I unwrapped his hand and looked horrified at the sight in front of me. He had four fingers and a horrible red sponge-like surface where his thumb had been. It was as if it had been torn out.

„Good God! What happened? It must have bled horribly!”

„It did. I fainted after the accident and was unconscious for a long time. But when I came round, I wrapped the handkerchief tightly around my wrist.”

„Very wise of you. It must have been a sharp instrument ...”

„Like a cleaver.”

„An accident, I presume?”

„An attempted murder, actually.”

I cleaned the wound and dressed it with clean bandages. The poor man thanked me and said that he had better go and see a police officer to state what had happened to him. Instantly I offered to arrange a meeting with Holmes for him if he really wished his case to be solved. As such, we went round to see Holmes and joined him for breakfast.

It turned out that Mr Hatherley had a small practice as a hydraulic engineer, but he had recently had very few clients and was thinking about closing the business. But one day just before closing time, he had a visitor who introduced himself as Colonel Lysander Stark. He was a very thin man who spoke with a German accent. His offer was a simple, but unusual one. He wanted Mr Hatherley to visit his house that very night to fix a hydraulic press, which was used, as the Colonel said, to make earth into bricks. The payment he promised was a generous fifty guineas, partly because he would have to travel out of town, but also because the matter was to be kept strictly silent.

Young Hatherley accepted this unusual proposition and took the night train to meet his employer at Eyford station. The journey from the station took them over an hour, but they finally arrived at a dark house in the middle of nowhere. They were welcomed by a frightened woman who said something in German to the Colonel. The Colonel asked the engineer to wait patiently



and then disappeared. The woman held up a finger to tell Hatherley to keep quiet and said in broken English:

„You should not stay here. I would go. You have time. Go from here before it is too late!“ But at the sound of two men approaching, she quickly left.

The men were the Colonel and another man, short and fat, who was introduced as the Colonel's secretary, Mr Ferguson. They went together to the machine and ended up in a small chamber where only two of them could get in at a time. It was the press itself. Mr Hatherley took an oil lamp and examined the press thoroughly and soon recognised by the sound it made that there must be a slight leakage. He then took a closer look at the chamber and noticed a layer of metallic deposit all over the floor. It was then that he realised that they were not using the machine for making bricks.

„I can't believe you tricked me into coming all this way! I know exactly what you are using this machine for, and I know

it's not legal!“ The engineer said to the Colonel.

„Very well then. Since you know the machine so well, you can get to know it better,“ the Colonel replied, and before Mr Hatherley realised it, the Colonel had jumped out, locked the door and turned on the machine. The ceiling of the chamber began to slowly come down on him. What could he do? The engineer quickly looked around and noticed that the walls were made of wood. He then found that one of the wooden panels actually opened out into another room and, moving as quickly as possible, he managed to escape just before the machine squeezed him to a pulp.

He was now alone in a narrow corridor with a stone floor, but just then the woman who had tried to advise him to leave suddenly appeared. She quickly tried to show him the best way to get out, but they could hear the Colonel and the other man running towards them. He had no option but to try and jump out of the window. It was quite high, so he lowered himself

down, holding onto the window ledge. Just as he was about to let go, he heard the woman shouting.

„Fritz, no! You said it won't happen again!"

„Let me pass, I say!" He pushed her away and jumped towards the window with a cleaver in his hand.

When Hatherley realised what had happened, he was lying down in the garden with one of his hands bleeding heavily. He passed out at the sight of it, only to come round in the train station. He had no idea how he had got there but was thankful to be alive. He wrapped his hand in a handkerchief and took the first train back to London.

After he had finished this incredible story, Sherlock took him directly to Scotland Yard, and then, together with two of their officers, we all went to Oxfordshire to find the criminals.

Later when we reached Eyford station, we saw a cloud of smoke coming up from behind the trees in the distance.



We rushed towards the scene of the fire and discovered that the house where the engineer had escaped from the night before was in flames. Sherlock said that the oil lamp that the engineer had been using in the chamber was the most likely cause of the fire. He also managed to find evidence to suggest that Hatherley was taken to the station by the mysterious woman and the short fat man. From Sherlock's analysis, the police were able to say that the men were, in fact, forgers of silver coins, wanted by the police for many years.

The three criminals escaped without a trace, and it was the last we heard of them since all evidence of them and their business disappeared up in smoke.

Glossary

to abandon – porzucić
absence – nieobecność
account – relacja, sprawozdanie
accusation – oskarżenie
to add – dodać
adder – żmija

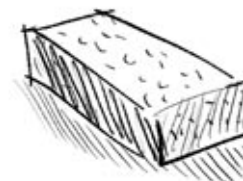


to addict – uzależnić się
adventurer – poszukiwacz przygód
advertisement – ogłoszenie, reklama
affectionate – czuły, tkliwy
afterwards – później, potem
aggressive – agresywny
to allow – pozwalać
amazement – zdumienie, zaskoczenie
angrily – gniewnie
to announce – ogłosić
appearance – wygląd
to approach – zbliżyć się
to argue – kłócić się
to arrest – aresztować
to assign – wyznaczać, przydzielać
assistance – pomoc
attempt – próba

to attend – brać udział
attendant – służący
to avoid – unikać
baboon – pawian



ball – 1. piłka, 2. bal
band – 1. opaska, pas 2. grupa
barmaid – barmanka
to befriend – zaprzyjaźnić się
to beg – błagać
beggar – żebrak
behalf, on ~ of – w czyimś imieniu
belongings – własność, dobytek
bitter – zgorzkniały
to blackmail – szantażować
bloodstain – plama krwi
blunt – tępy
to bribe – dawać łapówkę, przekupić
brick – cegła



bride – panna młoda
to bring somebody in – wprowadzić kogoś
to burgle – włamać się, okraść
carbuncle – karbunkuł
carriage – powóz



cashier – kasjer
to catch – złapać
to cause – powodować
cell – cela
charge – oskarżenie
to check in – zameldować się
cheetah – gepard



chimney-sweep – kominiarz
circumstances – okoliczności

cleaver – tasak



coin – moneta
colony – kolonia
to collect – odbierać
to come across something – natknąć się na coś
to come round – odzyskać przytomność
to come up with something – wymyślić coś
to commit – popełniać, dopuszczać się
community – społeczność
to compel – zmuszać
conclusion – wniosek
to confess – wyznać
confused – zdezorientowany
confusion – zamieszanie, zamęt
to convince – przekonać
convoy – konwój
coroner – koroner
corridor – korytarz
court – sąd
crime – zbrodnia, przestępstwo
criminal – przestępca
cripple – kaleka, kulawy
cry – krzyk

curtain – zasłona
to defend – bronić
den – nora, melina
to deny – zaprzeczać
deposit – osad
disappearance – zniknięcie
to discover – odkryć
disguise – przebranie
doorman – portier
to draw attention to something – zwrócić na coś uwagę
to draw conclusions – wyciągnąć wnioski
to earn – zarabiać
edge – krawędź, brzeg
elementary – prosty, podstawowy
embarrassment – zakłopotanie, skrępowanie
equipment – wyposażenie, sprzęt
even though – pomimo, chociaż
evidence – dowód
to examine – badać
extraordinary – niezwykły
fake – fałszywy
to fall in love – zakochać się
famous – sławny
fateful – fatalny, zgubny
to fatten – tuczyć
favour, to be in ~ of something – być zwolennikiem czegoś

fiancé – narzeczony
financial – finansowy
to fix something – naprawić coś
to forbid – zabraniać
to force – zmuszać
forger – fałszerz
forgery – fałszerstwo
frightened – przestraszony
to furnish – meblować
goose – gęś



grin – szeroki uśmiech
groom – 1. stajenny 2. pan młody
guilt – wina
gypsy – Cygan
habit – zwyczaj
to hand – przekazać, wręczyć
handkerchief – chusteczka
heartlessly – bez serca, nieczule
to hesitate – wahać się
honest – uczciwy

housekeeper – gospodyni
to howl – wyc
to hunt down – polować, ścigać
to hurry – spieszyć się
immediately – natychmiast
impressive – imponujący, robiący wrażenie
imprisonment – uwięzienie
income – dochód
incredibly – niewiarygodnie
innocent – niewinny
to insist – nalegać
to intend – planować
interest – odsetki
to interrupt – przerwać
to introduce – przedstawić
investigation – śledztwo, dochodzenie
to involve – angażować, mieszać
jewel – klejnot



journalist – dziennikarz
to keep off – trzymać z dala
to knock off – strącić
to last – trwać
leakage – przeciek

ledge – parapet
limp, to have a limp – utykać
living – 1. żywy, żyjący, 2. utrzymanie
to look around – rozglądać się
loop – pętla
maid – służąca
mansion – rezydencja, dwór
marriage – małżeństwo
match – zapalka



messenger – posłaniec, goniec
mine – kopalnia
miner – górnik
moustache – wąsy
murderer – morderca
mystery – tajemnica
to notice – zauważyć
neighbourhood – sąsiedztwo
observance – obserwacja, uwaga
occupation – zawód, zajęcie
to overcome – pokonać, przezwyciężyć
to overhear – usłyszeć przypadkiem
to pace – przemierzać, chodzić
pale – błady

parcel – paczka
to pay a visit – odwiedzić
to persuade – perswadować
pipe – fajka



plainly – prosto
plumber – hydraulik
poison – trucizna
porter – portier
practice – praktyka, ćwiczenie
press – prasa
prisoner – więzień
to protect – chronić
to protest – protestować
to punish – karać
pulp – papka
purposely – celowo
questioning – przesłuchanie
rabbit – królik



to ran away – uciekać
to reassure – zapewnić
to receive – otrzymać
to recognise – rozpoznać
to recover – odzyskać
to refuse – odmawiać
relationship – związek
relative – krewny
remains – resztki, pozostałości
to reply – odpowiadać
reputation – reputacja
research – badanie
to reveal – ujawnić
reward – nagroda
to rob – okradać, rabować
robbery – napad
rocket – rakieta
rope – lina, sznurek



to rub – trzeć
to rush – pędzić, spieszyć się
salesman – sprzedawca
satisfaction – satysfakcja
saucer – spodek
scar – blizna

scene of crime – miejsce zbrodni
to schedule – planować
to scream – krzyczeć
to settle – 1. osiedlić się 2. rozstrzygać, załatwiać
to shake – trząść się
shamefully – haniebnie, karygodnie
shortly – niebawem, wkrótce
signature – podpis
sill, window – parapet
slightly – nieco
to smash – roztrzaskać, rozbić
to solve – rozwiązać
to spare – oszczędzić, uratować
speckle – kropka, cętką
to spoil – zepsuć
sponge – gąbka



to spot – zauważyć
to spring – skakać, zrywać się
to squeeze – ścisnąć
statement – oświadczenie
stepdaughter – pasierbica
stepfather – ojczym
to succeed – odnieść sukces

superior – lepszy, wywyższający się
support – wsparcie
suspect – podejrzany
suspicion – podejrzenie
to suffer – cierpieć, doznawać
tail – ogon
tenant – lokator
theft – kradzież
thief – złodziej
tinted – przyciemniony
to threaten – grozić
to throw – rzucać
thumb – kciuk
totally – całkowicie
toy – zabawka



trace – ślad
to track – tropić, śledzić
trap – pułapka
to treat – traktować
trembling – drżący, trzęsący się
trick – sztuczka, trik
trifle – drobnostka, drobiazg

Contents

to turn out – okazać się
twisted – skrzywiony, skręcony
to type – pisać na maszynie / komputerze
unclear – niejasny
unconscious – nieprzytomny
unfortunately – niestety
to vanish – zniknąć
veil – welon
ventilator – wentylator
victim – ofiara
violence – przemoc
to wander – wędrować, przechadzać się
warren – nory dzikich królików
to wave – machać
weapon – broń



wedding – ślub
whip – bat, bicz
whisper – szept
widower – wdowiec
willingly – z chęcią
wit – rozum
witness – świadek
wood – las
to wrap – zawinąć

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