



*task 2:*

## CHAPTER 1

### The first meeting

Talking to the press was not Detective Inspector Lestrade's favourite part of being a police officer, but it was a necessary part of the job. And on a day like this, when the body of a politician, Beth Davenport, had been found dead, the press were hungry for information.

Lestrade was sitting at a long table at the front of the room, with one of his officers, Sergeant Donovan. She was explaining the facts about the politician's death to the waiting reporters in New Scotland Yard's press room.



'Apparently the death was suicide,' she said. 'Certain elements were similar to the recent suicides of Jeffrey Patterson and James Phillmore. Because of this, we believe that there may be a connection between the three deaths.' Donovan's voice was flat – she was just giving the information as plainly as possible. But the reporters all knew that something unusual was happening here.

One of them raised his hand. 'Detective Inspector Lestrade, how can there be a connection between three suicides?'

'Well, they all took the same poison,' began Lestrade carefully. 'They were all found in places where they had no reason to be. None of them had been acting strangely before their deaths ...'

'So what is the connection between them?' asked another reporter.

## Reading extracts

Lestrade moved uncomfortably in his chair. This was a difficult question to answer. 'We don't know yet, but there *has* to be one.'

Suddenly the room was filled with electronic sounds as every mobile phone there received a text message. The reporters all looked down to see the same message on their phones, just one word:

WRONG!

Sergeant Donovan received the same message on her phone. She looked up at all the reporters. 'If you've all got text messages, just ignore them,' she said crossly.

The reporters had more questions to ask. 'If the deaths are suicides, what are you investigating?'

'As I said, there's clearly some connection between these suicides. It's an unusual situation and we've got our best people working on the case ...'

Again, the room filled with the sounds of text messages arriving. Again it was just a one-word message:

WRONG!

A female reporter had her hand in the air now. 'Is there any chance that these deaths are *murders*?' she asked.

Lestrade took a deep breath. 'I know that you all like writing about killers,' he said carefully. 'But these do appear to be suicides. We do know the difference.'

'But if they *are* murders,' continued the woman reporter, 'how do people keep themselves safe?'

Lestrade chose his words carefully. 'Obviously this is a frightening time,' he began. 'But people just have to be sensible. We have no reason to feel unsafe.'

For the third time, every phone in the room received the same message:

WRONG!

'No more questions, thank you,' Donovan told the reporters quickly, standing up.

As he joined her, Lestrade received another text message. This one went to his phone only.

YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME. SH

**task 6a:**

Slowly John Watson began to walk away from the flashing police lights. This had been the most unusual day since he had left the army. The most unusual and yet he had also found it strangely enjoyable. But what about Donovan's warning about Sherlock Holmes? Was it all true – was Sherlock a dangerous man?

As he walked in the direction of the main road, John could hear a telephone ringing. The sound was coming from an empty phone box on the other side of the road. John just ignored it and continued to the main road.

It was much busier here, but John had no luck getting a taxi. Every one that passed by already had a passenger in the back.

He walked in what he thought was the right direction. Suddenly he heard it over the sounds of the traffic and all the people on the street – a telephone ringing again. He looked around and saw that it was coming from another empty telephone box.

'Strange,' thought John.

He didn't like to walk too far with his walking stick on busy roads, and so he turned into a quieter street. He was wondering how exactly he was ever going to find a taxi to take him home, when he heard it again – a phone ringing, this time from a *third* empty telephone box. Like the others, the ringing had only begun as John passed the telephone box.

He went inside and picked up the phone. 'Hello?'



The voice that replied sounded like that of an intelligent, confident man. He spoke in a soft voice. 'There is a CCTV camera on the building to your left. Can you see it?'

'Who is this?' asked John. 'Who's speaking?'

'Can you see the camera, Dr Watson?' the man repeated quietly.

John looked outside. There, halfway up the corner of the building, was a white camera. They were such a common sight in London that John usually never even noticed them.

'Yes, I can see it,' John said into the phone.

'Watch,' said the voice on the other end of the line. A moment later the camera began to move until it was pointing directly at the telephone box.

'There is another camera on the building opposite you,' continued the calm voice on the phone. 'Can you see it?'

John checked quickly – it was true. Another camera was now pointing straight at him.

'And finally, another camera at the top of the building on your right,' said the man on the phone.

John didn't even need to check to know that this was true. 'How are you doing this?' he asked.

'Get into the car,' replied the voice, sounding both reasonable and dangerous at the same time. 'I'm sure you understand that you are not able to escape.'

As the voice said this, a long black car stopped outside the telephone box. The smartly-dressed driver got out and opened the passenger door at the back for John to get in.

There was a woman sitting in the back of the car. She hardly looked up from her mobile phone as John got in next to her. The car began to move quietly through the dark streets of London.

'Hello,' said John.

'Hi.' The woman was in her twenties, attractive and well dressed. She gave him a quick smile before returning to her phone.

'What's your name then?'

The woman paused. 'Anthea.'

'Is that your real name?'

She smiled again, still looking down at her phone. 'No.' She didn't seem very interested in continuing the conversation.

'I'm John.'

'Yes, I know.'

John looked outside. He didn't know London well enough to have any idea where they were now. 'Is there any point in asking where I'm going?'

Again Anthea managed to pull herself away from her phone for a few seconds. 'No point at all,' she said sweetly, and smiled.

Soon the streets outside were quiet. They had entered a business area that few people visited after business hours. The car turned into a large building. By day, trucks drove here to pick up huge boxes. But now the place was empty and dark. As John got out of the car, there was just one man with a single chair in front of him.

The man was tall, and it was obvious to John that his dark suit was very expensive. With his black shoes, perfect tie and long umbrella, he looked like an important and old-fashioned businessman. But John knew that businessmen did not bring people to places like this in the night. He began to wonder how much danger he was in right now.



'Have a seat, John,' said the tall man, politely pointing to the office chair with his umbrella.

John ignored him. 'You know, I've got a phone,' he said, making no effort to sound polite or friendly. 'That was very clever, what you did with the phone boxes and the camera, but why didn't you just phone me ... on my phone.'

The tall man just smiled. 'When you are avoiding the attention of Sherlock Holmes, you must do things a little more secretly.' His eyes met John's. 'Your leg must be hurting – sit down.'

John was still annoyed. 'I don't want to sit down,' he said.

'You don't seem very afraid,' said the tall man.

'You don't seem very frightening.'

Again the tall man smiled. 'How brave! I think that *brave* is the kindest word to describe somebody who is being stupid.' The smile disappeared. 'What is your connection to Sherlock Holmes?'

'I don't have any connection to him,' answered John. 'I hardly know him – I met him yesterday.'

'And since yesterday you've moved into a flat with him and now you're investigating crimes together.'

John looked up at the tall man. 'Who *are* you?'

The man thought about this for a moment. 'I'm someone who is ... interested in what happens to Sherlock Holmes.'

'Why?' continued John. 'I'm guessing that you're not friends?'

'You've met him,' the man answered calmly. 'How many friends do you think he has? I'm the closest thing to a friend that Sherlock Holmes could ever have.'

'And what's that?' asked John.

'An enemy.'

John was surprised. 'An enemy?'

'In *his* mind, certainly. If you asked him, he would probably call me his greatest enemy.'

Suddenly there was an electronic sound – a text message on John's phone. He looked down at the message on the screen:

*Come to Baker Street at once, if possible*

*SH*

It was from Sherlock. Why did he want John's help now?

'Do you plan to continue your connection with Sherlock Holmes?' asked the tall man.

John looked up. 'I don't think that's any of your business,' he said.

'It *could* be my business,' said the man. His voice was still quiet but it was the quietness of a man who knows that he doesn't need to shout.

The tall man had pulled a diary from his suit pocket. 'If you do move into 221B Baker Street, I would be happy to give you a regular payment for any information. Just tell me what Sherlock Holmes is doing.'

'Why?' asked John. He still had no idea who this enemy of Sherlock's was.

'Because I worry about him,' said the tall man. 'All the time.'

Just then, a second text message from Sherlock arrived:

*Even if not possible, come anyway*

John looked at the man. 'I'm not interested,' he said.

The man opened the diary in his hand. 'It says here that you have problems trusting people.'

John stared at him. He couldn't understand how this man had got private information about him from his therapist.

'Perhaps you've decided to trust Sherlock Holmes of all people?' the man continued.

'Are we finished here?' said John. He turned and began to walk back to the car.

'I imagine that people have already warned you to stay away from him,' the tall man called after John. 'But I can see from your left hand that you're not going to.'

John turned and held up his hand. 'What's wrong with my hand?'

'Since you returned from the army, your left hand hasn't stopped shaking. Your therapist thinks that your terrible memories of war are the reason.'

'How do you know that?' John was getting angry now. 'Who *are* you?'

'Your therapist is completely wrong,' said the tall man. 'Look at your hand now. It isn't shaking at all. Your hand doesn't shake because of the awful memories of the war – it shakes because you miss the excitement of the war.'

John looked down at his phone. A third message from Sherlock had arrived:

*It could be dangerous*

John turned and walked back to the car.

'Time to choose a side, Dr Watson,' the tall man called after him, but John didn't look back.

extracts taken from:

Helbing Readers Movies: *Sherlock. A Study in Pink*, Adapted from the script "A Study in Pink" by Steven Moffat, Scholastic Ltd. 2013.