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*The Case Begins*

The September sun was shining brightly into the windows of 221B Baker Street, and London was enjoying a beautiful late summer. I had finished my breakfast and was reading the newspaper. As usual, Holmes had got up late, and was still eating. We were expecting a visitor at half-past ten, and I wondered whether Holmes would finish his breakfast before our visitor arrived.

Holmes was in no hurry. He was reading once again a letter he had received three days ago. It was from Dr James Mortimer, who asked for an appointment with Holmes.

'Well, Watson,' Holmes said to me, 'I'm afraid that a doctor from Devonshire won't bring us anything of real interest. His letter doesn't tell us anything about his business though he says it's very important. I hope we can help him.'

At exactly half-past ten there was a knock on our front door.

'Good,' said Holmes. 'Dr Mortimer is clearly a man who will not waste our time.'

We stood up as our visitor was brought into the room.

'Good morning, gentlemen,' he said. 'I'm Dr James Mortimer, from Grimpen in Devonshire, and I think you must be Mr Sherlock Holmes.' He shook hands with Holmes, who said: