

some of it had been built more recently and was of grim, black stone. A dull light shone through the heavy windows. Black smoke was coming from one of the high chimneys of the main building.

'Welcome, Sir Henry! Welcome to Baskerville Hall,' Barrymore, the butler, and his wife were waiting on the steps at the main entrance. They came down and took our suitcases into the house. Dr Mortimer left us to go home, and we went into the hall, where a fire was burning. It was a fine room, large and high.

'It's exactly as I imagined an old family home,' Sir Henry said.

Barrymore showed us to our rooms. He was a tall, handsome man, with a full black beard. After we had washed and changed our clothes, he brought our dinner. The dining room was not very welcoming. It needed more lights to make it brighter. On the walls were the pictures of the Baskervilles of the past. They looked down on us silently, and did nothing to make us feel happier.

After dinner we went to our rooms. Before I got into bed, I looked out of my window. A strong wind sang sadly as it bent the trees in front of the Hall. A half moon shone through the dark, flying clouds on to the wild and empty moor.

I could not sleep. Then, suddenly, in the middle of the night I heard very clearly the sound of a woman crying. It was the crying of a person who was hurt by some deep sadness. The sound was not far away, and was certainly in the house.

*The Stapletons of Pen House*

The next morning was sunny, and we were much more cheerful.

I told Sir Henry about the crying I had heard. He rang the bell to call Barrymore, and asked him if he could explain the crying. Barrymore's face went white when he heard Sir Henry's question.

'There are only two women in the house, Sir Henry,' he answered. 'One is the maid, who sleeps on the other side of the house. The other is my wife, and she was certainly not crying.'

But he was telling a lie. I saw Mrs Barrymore after breakfast. The sun was full on her face, and it was clear she had been crying.

Why had Barrymore lied? What deep sadness had made his wife cry? There was a mystery surrounding this black-bearded, handsome man. Was it possible that Barrymore was in fact the man who had been watching Sir Henry in London? I decided I must check with the local post office that the telegram had really been put into Barrymore's own hands.

While Sir Henry worked at some papers, I walked to the post office. It was in the nearest village, which was called Grimpen. I spoke to the boy who had taken the telegram to the Hall.