

'Hello, my dear,' he said to his sister, but it seemed to me that his voice was not completely friendly. 'I see that you two have already introduced yourselves.'

'Yes,' she said. 'I was telling Sir Henry that it was rather late in the year for him to see the true beauty of the moor.'

'I am sorry,' I said. 'You have made a mistake. I'm not Sir Henry. I am a friend who is visiting him, and my name is Dr Watson.'

Miss Stapleton was clearly angry with herself. 'I'm sorry,' she said. 'Please forget what I said. But do come with us to our house.'

The house was lonely and rather grim. I wondered why the two of them had come to live so far away from anyone else. Stapleton seemed to know what I was thinking, and said: 'You may think this a lonely, strange place to live, but the moors are very interesting, and we enjoy it here. I owned a school in the north of England, but I had to close it. I miss the boys and girls, but there is plenty to do here, and we have good neighbours. I hope Sir Henry will become one of them. May I visit the Hall this afternoon to meet him, do you think?'

'I'm sure he will be very pleased to meet you,' I said. 'I must go back to the Hall now, and I shall tell him immediately.'

I said goodbye to the Stapletons, and continued on the path back to the Hall. I had been walking for only a few minutes when I was surprised to see Miss Stapleton sitting on a rock ahead of me. She was breathing quickly, and I

realized she had run by a quicker way to get ahead of me. 'Dr Watson,' she said. 'I want to say sorry for the mistake I made. I thought you were Sir Henry. Please forget what I said. I did not mean you were in danger. Now I must go, or my brother will miss me.'

'I cannot forget your words, Miss Stapleton,' I said. 'If Sir Henry is in danger, I must tell him.'

'You know the story of the Hound?' she asked me.

'Yes, but I do not believe it,' I replied.

'But I think it's true,' she said. 'Please persuade Sir Henry to leave this place. So many of his family have died here mysteriously. He must not put his life in danger by staying here.'

'Sir Henry won't leave this place without a real reason,' I said.

'I can't give you a real reason. I don't know anything for certain.'

'One more question, Miss Stapleton,' I said. 'The story of the Hound is well known. Why didn't you want your brother to hear what you said?'

'My brother wants the head of the Baskerville family to live in the Hall,' she said. 'He wants Sir Henry to continue the good work that Sir Charles began. He doesn't want Sir Henry to go and live in another place. So he doesn't want me to talk about the Hound. I must go now, or my brother will guess I have been speaking to you. Good-bye!'

She turned and went back towards her house, and I walked on to Baskerville Hall.