3
John Straker's pockets

'Mmm, very interesting,' I said. I gave the papers back to Holmes, and he put them away.

'So, Watson, what can you tell me?' he asked.

I thought for a minute. 'This cut on Straker's leg. Perhaps he did it with his own knife. When something hits you very hard on the head, and you have a knife in your hand . . . It can happen, you know.'

'Very good, Watson. And that's bad news for Fitzroy Simpson.'

'So did Simpson do it, do you think?' I said.

'Perhaps,' said Holmes. 'Let's look at it. Simpson puts opium in the boy's dinner. He goes away and comes back later in the night. He gets into the stables, takes the horse out, and leaves. But the trainer arrives at that moment, sees him, and follows him. The two men fight, and Simpson breaks Straker's head open with his stick. Then Simpson takes the horse – but where? Or did the horse run away? Is it still out on the moor? And how did Simpson get into the *locked* stables? I don't know, Watson, I don't know. We must wait and see.'

When we arrived at Tavistock station, two men came

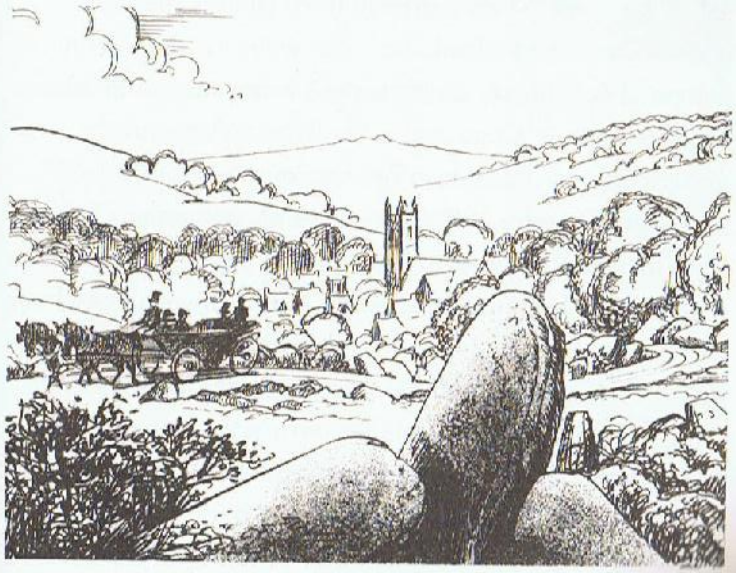
to meet us. Inspector Gregory was a tall, slow-moving man with blue eyes, and Mr Ross was small and quick. He was the first to speak.

'Very pleased to see you, Mr Holmes. The Inspector here is working hard, but we need help. We must find poor Straker's killer, and I want to find my horse.'

'Is there any news?' asked Holmes.

'Let's talk on the way,' the Inspector said. 'I'd like you to see everything in the daylight.'

We were soon out of the little town and up on the brown hills of the moor.



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