

CHAPTER 4 To Mr Breckinridge
Holmes and I put on hats and we our coats and H out into the cold winter street. We walked east and in a quarter of an hour stood in front of The Alpha, the door and an hour we Holmes opened the we went in. In the pub the owner. Holmes put his pound into Breckinridge's hand angrily. But those geese weren't our geese. They came from a man with a little shop in Covent Garden Breckinridge is his name. Now for Covent Garden, said Holmes, and we walked down the street past the British Museum. but it finishes with seven years in prison for young Mr Horner. Breckinridge and a boy were at the door. Here are Mrs Oakshott. What can you see for December 22nd? All twenty four to Mr Windigate at the Alpha. Mr Windigate. Holmes asked him. I ask because know your geese are very good. my good man,' said Holmes. We paid for our beer and drank it. Then we walked out of the warm pub and into the cold night again. Remember Watson, it all began with a goose. Perhaps we can learn more about this interesting case in Mr Breckinridge's shop. We walked south and soon came to Mr Breckinridge's shop. said Holmes. asked Breckinridge. Holmes looked at the empty shop window. 'No geese. Ah, but I came to you because I hear your geese are very good.' Breckinridge's birds are the best. 'Where are the geese?' 'Twenty-four geese from Mrs O.' read Holmes. said Breckinridge. The sky was dark over our heads. gave us some beer 'Is this beer good?' Mr Henry Baker told us all about your goose club. Ah, yes. Thank you. It was nearly time to close for the night. Good evening. It's a cold night. 'How can I help you?' 'I see,' he said. 'There are some in that other shop—there behind you.' 'How much do you want for them?' 'Who did you sell them to?'