

my name's Dr Watson, and I'm a good friend of the M famous detective Sherlock Holmes. "There were some young men in the street in front of them. Suddenly one of them hit the tall man's hat off his head and it fell into the road. Then the tall man tried to hit the young man with his walking stick but by accident he broke the window of a shop behind him. At that moment Peterson ran to the man to help him. but the tall man ran away. Perhaps he felt bad about breaking the shop window. Perhaps that Peterson –in his doorman's coat and hat– was a policeman. 'When he ran. he left his Christmas bird in the street next to his hat. The young men ran away at the same time. so Peterson took the goose and the hat home with him, and the next day he brought them here. There was an interesting little ticket on the goose's left leg,' said Holmes. 'It said "For Mr and Mrs Henry Baker" We can find the letters H.B. in the hat too. It was cold out in the street, but it was nice and warm in Holmes's sitting room.' But my dear Watson this doesn't help us very much. He was by the window with some newspapers next to him. There was an old hat on a chair near him, and he had a magnifying glass in his hand. No, said Holmes. Holmes laughed. I got it from Peterson. the doorman at the Baker Street Hotel. He found it in the street and brought it here On Christmas Day for me to look at. He also brought a dead bird with him –a good fat Christmas goose – at the same time. Yes, answered Holmes. There are hundreds of Henry Bakers in London. Two days after Christmas last year I went to his house – 221B Baker street. I wanted to say 'Happy Christmas!' to him. When arrived. I found him in the sitting room. you're working on something, I said. 'Shall I go?' Sit down and look at that interesting old hat over there. I sat down. Why are you interested in that old hat? Is it something to do with a crime?' I asked. 'Not a crime, no,' he said. Oh...the owner of the hat and the goose is called Henry Baker,' I said.