

"The story got more and more scary. I guessed who did it, but not how or why." Grace, 9



THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

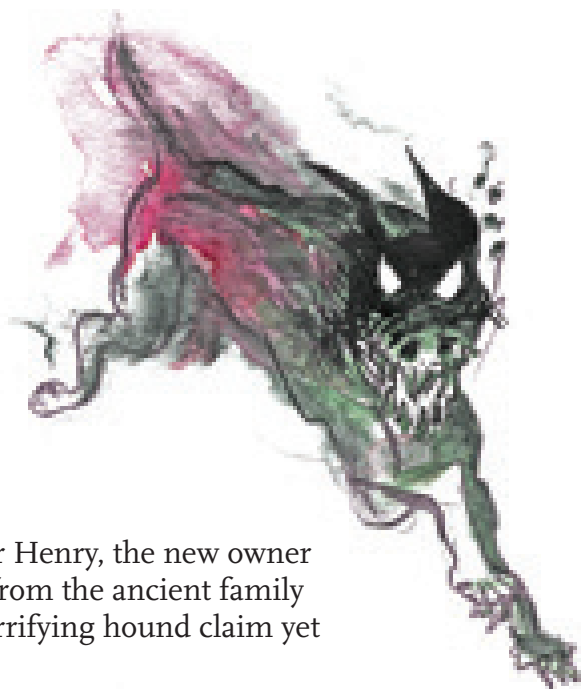
Upon the ground around the body were the footprints of a gigantic hound.

When Sir Charles Baskerville is found dead, his face distorted with shock and horror, Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson are faced with a sinister and difficult puzzle.

A fearsome creature stalks the wild and barren hills of Dartmoor. Is it a demon from the spirit world? Will it defeat their skill and courage?

Who is the tall, mysterious figure seen lurking on the moor at night?

Can Holmes save Sir Henry, the new owner of Baskerville Hall, from the ancient family curse? Or will the terrifying hound claim yet another victim?



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Lexile® Level	AR Level	Word Count
920L	5.6	5,589

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Retold by Tony Evans
Illustrated by Felix Bennett



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CONTENTS

The Characters	4
The Hound of the Baskervilles	7
Taking things further	55



THE CHARACTERS

Sherlock Holmes

The famous and brilliant private detective. Will he be able to solve the terrifying mystery of the hound?



Dr Watson

Sherlock Holmes' friend, dependable and brave. What strange discoveries will he make in Devonshire?



Sir Henry Baskerville

Sir Henry has inherited the Baskerville Estate. He is willing to face any danger. But will his good fortune end in disaster?



Dr Mortimer

A young country doctor who examines the first victim. Will his evidence help to prevent another tragic death?



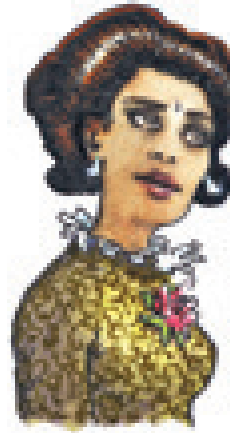
Mr Stapleton

A clever butterfly collector who lives near Baskerville Hall. What does he know about the frightening creature that stalks the moor?



Miss Stapleton

Miss Stapleton is a fascinating and beautiful woman. Why is she so afraid?



Barrymore

Barrymore has been the faithful butler at Baskerville Hall for many years. What guilty secret is he hiding?





THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

Sherlock Holmes reached across the breakfast table for the silver-plated coffee pot.

‘Our visitor should be arriving soon, Watson,’ he said to me. ‘I wonder what problem Dr Mortimer will bring for us?’

The doorbell rang and our housekeeper showed a young gentleman into the room. He was very tall and thin, with a long nose like a beak, which jugged out between two sharp, grey eyes, set closely together and sparkling brightly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

‘Dr Mortimer, allow me to introduce you to my friend and colleague, Dr Watson,’ said Holmes. ‘Do sit down, and please let me take your walking stick.’

As I poured Dr Mortimer a cup of coffee, Holmes took out his magnifying glass and looked closely at the heavy cane. ‘Have you left your dog at home today, Sir?’ he asked.

Our visitor looked up in surprise. 'He is downstairs with your housekeeper, Mr Holmes. But how did you know that I keep a dog?'

Holmes smiled. 'Elementary, Dr Mortimer. My reasoning is simple. The marks of your dog's teeth are very plainly visible on your stick. He has clearly been in the habit of carrying it for his master. But perhaps you would now be good enough to explain why you have called upon me today?'

Dr Mortimer looked anxiously at Holmes. 'It is a difficult problem to explain. As you know, I work as a family doctor in a wild and remote part of Dartmoor, near Baskerville Hall. If you will allow me, I would like to start with an ancient legend from that place.'

Holmes agreed, and Dr Mortimer began his story. 'The legend is believed to date from the time of Charles I, over two hundred and fifty years ago. The Baskerville estate was at that time held by Sir Hugo Baskerville, by all accounts a wild and godless man. One dark and



stormy night Sir Hugo and some of his wicked companions kidnapped a young woman, the daughter of a local farmer. Sir Hugo locked her up in Baskerville Hall, but she managed to climb down from a window and escape across the moor. Mad with rage, Sir Hugo released his pack of hunting dogs and galloped after her.'

'What about his friends?' I asked. 'Did they not try to stop Sir Hugo?'

'They rode after him,' our visitor continued, 'but when they reached Sir Hugo

Back in time

Late-Victorian Britain was a land of contrasts. One of these contrasts was between London and the other big cities – with their bright gas lights, busy streets, shops, offices, and theatres – and the isolated countryside. In *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (set in 1887 and published in 1901) Dr Watson can travel from London to Dartmoor by steam train in just a few hours, but when he arrives he has to follow rough paths on foot or by horse and cart. The cosy rooms at 221B Baker Street are replaced by a wild, gloomy and haunting landscape which would have thrilled those who read the story when it was first published, and still excites us today. Although modern Dartmoor is a much tamer place, Conan Doyle's skills as a story teller can take us back to the days when there were no tarmac roads, cars or mobile phones to help the lonely traveller, and when even the richest person would use a flickering candle to light their way to bed.

Another contrast of the time was between the Victorians' great advances in science and technology and their continued fascination by myths, legends and folklore. Conan Doyle would have heard many traditional tales of ghostly black dogs and other phantom creatures. One of the things that makes *The Hound of the Baskervilles* such a gripping story is that the reader is never quite sure, until the end, whether the hound is real or supernatural! Although Sherlock Holmes seems to think that such legends are 'fairy-tales', Dr Mortimer – himself a man of science – and the others are not so certain. Further scientific progress has not stopped the modern reader from sharing, and enjoying, the spine-tingling encounters with a beast that may not be of this world.

