The Hound of the Baskervilles



A **dense**, white fog hung over the moor and it was drifting slowly in our direction. Holmes was watching it.

"It's moving towards us, Watson," he said **impatiently**.

"Is that serious?" I asked.

"Very serious, indeed. It's the one thing that could ruin my plans. Our success and even Sir Henry's life may depend on his coming out of the house before the fog is over the path. In half an hour we won't be able to see our hands in front of us."

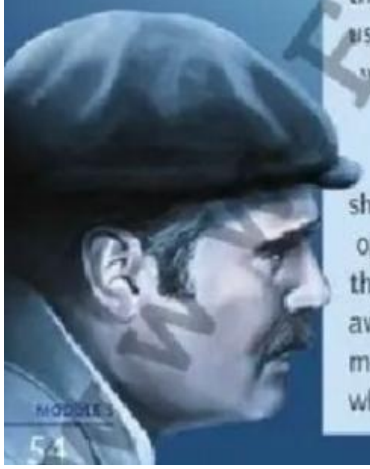
"Shall we move to higher **ground**?"

"Yes, I think it would be best," replied Holmes.

So we moved back until we were about half a mile from the house. Suddenly, the sound of quick steps broke the **silence** of the moor. Through the fog came Sir Henry. He walked by quite close to us, but he didn't see us. Then, we heard another sound coming from the white bank of fog.

"Look out!" cried Holmes. "It's coming!"

We stared into the fog, uncertain what horror was about to break from the heart of it. Then, a **dreadful** shape sprung out from the shadows. It was an **enormous** coal-black hound. Fire burst from its open mouth and its eyes were burning in the darkness. With long bounds the huge creature was **leaping** down the track, following our friend. Far away on the path we saw Sir Henry looking back, his face white in the moonlight, his hands raised in **horror**, staring helplessly at the thing which was chasing him.



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