

'When I looked through the window, I could see the papers on your desk,' Holmes said. 'I'm a tall man. A shorter man couldn't see them. So, I looked for a tall man. And the black clay and the cut on your desk? I didn't understand them. Then I remembered something – Gilchrist likes running. There's clay out on the running ground. I know that because I found some there this morning. And running shoes have spikes on the bottom of them.'

'Yes!' I said.

'Gilchrist went past your window, Mr Soames,' Holmes told him. 'He looked inside. Because he's tall, he could see the papers. Were they exam papers? He didn't know. Then he went past your door and saw the key – Bannister's key. Suddenly, he had to see those papers! He had to know. He came into the room and – yes! – there was the Greek exam paper! Gilchrist put his running shoes on the desk –'

'And cut the desk with the spikes!' I cried.

'Yes, Watson,' Holmes said. He turned to Gilchrist again. 'What did you put on the chair near the window?'

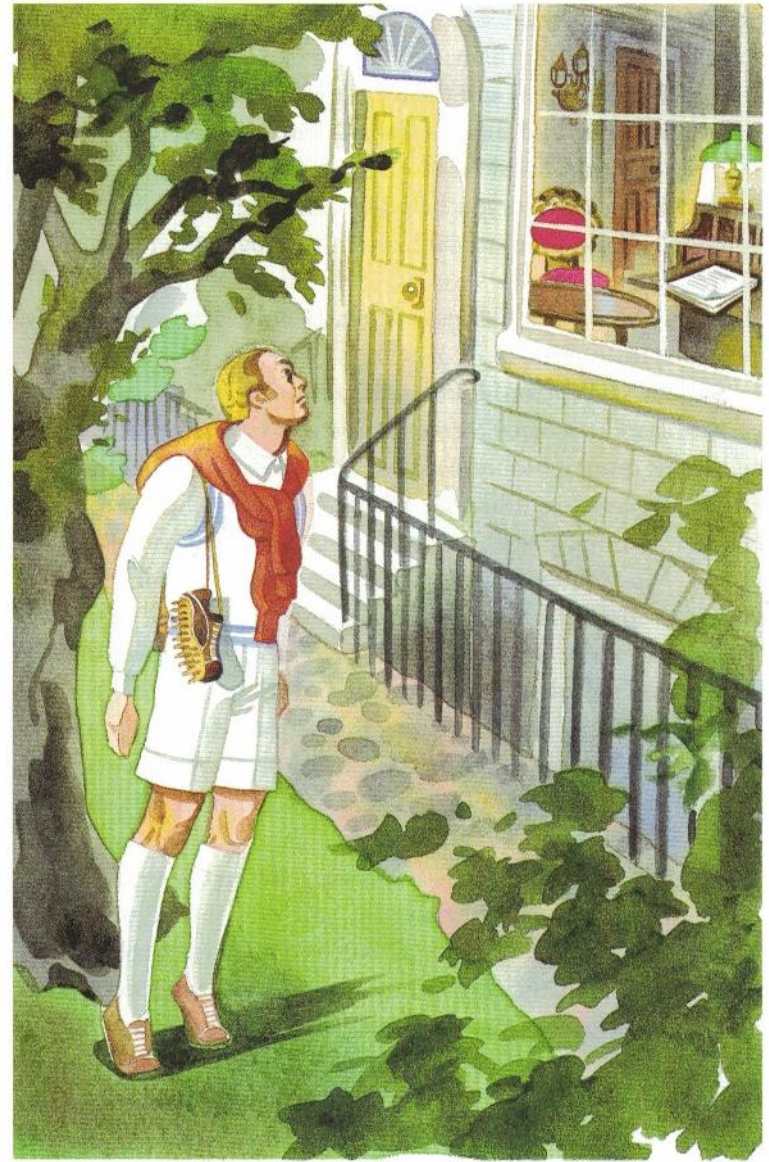
'My – my notebook,' Gilchrist said.

'You put your notebook on the chair,' Holmes said. 'Then you began to look at the first two pages of the exam paper. You watched for Mr Soames, but he came through the back door. What did you do? You took your running shoes from the desk. Then you ran into the bedroom and hid in the cupboard. *But you forgot your notebook.* Also, a piece of the clay from your shoes fell on to the desk. More fell in the cupboard.' Holmes looked hard at the student. 'Am I right, Mr Gilchrist?'

'Yes,' Gilchrist said. He looked at the floor. 'Yes, you're right. I'm very sorry. I made a mistake.'

'Is that all?' Mr Soames asked angrily.

'No, sir,' Gilchrist said. 'I have a letter here, Mr Soames. I wrote it to you early this morning. It says that I'm not going to take the



'Because he's tall, he could see the papers.'