



Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson outside their home in Baker Street.

The Six Napoleons

Mr Lestrade, a detective from Scotland Yard, often visited my friend Sherlock Holmes and me in the evening. Holmes enjoyed talking to Lestrade because he learned useful facts about Scotland Yard – London’s most important police station. Lestrade liked these visits too, because Holmes was a good detective. Holmes always listened carefully if Lestrade had a difficult case. He often helped Lestrade.

On one of these evening visits, Lestrade talked about the weather and other uninteresting things for a long time. Then he stopped talking and sat quietly. Holmes was interested in his silence.

‘Have you got a good case for me today?’ he asked.

‘Oh, nothing important, Mr Holmes,’ said the detective.

Holmes laughed. ‘Please tell me about it,’ he said.

‘Well, Mr Holmes, there is something, but it doesn’t seem very important. I don’t want to trouble you with it. I know you like difficult problems. But I think that this will perhaps interest Dr Watson more than you.’

I was surprised when Lestrade said this. I like helping Sherlock Holmes with his detective work, but I am really a doctor, not a detective. So I said, ‘What’s the matter? Is somebody ill?’

‘Yes, I think so. I think that somebody is very ill,’ was Lestrade’s answer. ‘I think that he is completely mad! Someone is stealing cheap busts of Napoleon Bonaparte and breaking them. I think he hates Napoleon. Four days ago, he went into a shop in Kennington Road. The owner’s name is Morse Hudson and he sells pictures and other works of art. When the shop assistant was busy, the madman ran in. He picked up a bust of Napoleon, broke it into pieces and then ran away. Nobody saw his face.’

‘Why are you so interested in this?’ said Holmes.