

## **We Do**

### **The Hounds of Baskervilles**

A sound of quick steps broke the silence of the moor. Crouching among the stones we stared intently at the silver-tipped bank in front of us. The steps grew louder, and through the fog, as through a curtain, there stepped the man whom we were awaiting. He looked round him in surprise as he emerged into the clear, starlit night. Then he came swiftly along the path, passed close to where we lay, and went on up the long slope behind us. As he walked he glanced continually over either shoulder, like a man who is ill at ease. "Hist!" cried Holmes. "Look out! It's coming!"

There was a thin, crisp, continuous patter from somewhere in the heart of that crawling bank. Holmes' face was pale, his eyes shining brightly in amazement. At this same instant Lesgrade gave a yell of terror and threw himself downward upon the ground. An enormous coal-black hound sprung into the scene with fire bursting from its mouth. Never in the delirious dream of a disordered brain could anything more savage, more appalling than that dark form and savage face which broke upon us out of the wall of fog.