

THE DANCING MEN

One summer morning, I was visiting my friend Sherlock Holmes. He was studying some strange drawings on paper. I asked, -“What are those?”

Holmes answered, -“They are dancing men. Look.”

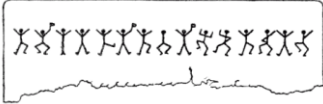
The drawings showed little stick figures, some with hats, some without. They looked like they were dancing. At that moment, a man knocked on the door.

-“Good morning, Mr. Holmes. I am Hilton Cubitt, from Norfolk. I need your help.”

Holmes invited him in.

Cubitt said, “I married an American lady, Elsie. She was very kind and sweet. But before we married, she told me: *‘Never ask me about my past life in America. Promise me.’* I loved her very much so I promised.

We were very happy. But some weeks ago, strange pictures started to appear near my house. They were



drawings of dancing men. They were on the garden wall, on the door, even on paper left in the window. My wife saw them and became very pale. She was shaking. She cried, ‘Oh no, they found me!’ But she refused to explain.”

Holmes asked, “Did you copy the drawings?”

Cubitt gave him some papers. Holmes looked at them carefully. He was smiling.

-“Watson, this is a code. Every dancing man is a letter.”

Holmes began working. The sun was setting, but he was writing, comparing, and thinking. His eyes were shining. Finally, he said:

“The code tells us something dangerous. We must go to Norfolk at once. I am afraid for Mrs. Cubitt’s life.”



BECOME A DETECTIVE! CONTINUE THE STORY

- WHAT DID THE DANCING MEN MEAN?
- WHO WAS SENDING THEM?
- WHAT HAPPENED TO HILTON AND ELSIE CUBITT?

YOUR NAME:

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