

Verb Tense Review: Trouble in Bohemia, Adapted from Arthur Conan Doyle

READING
TEXT

Whenever Sherlock Holmes spoke of Irene Adler, it was with great respect. He was not in any way sentimental about her, but throughout his long career Irene Adler had been one of the few people who had proven to be just as clever as he was. Here is the story.

I was in Holmes' apartment one day when a tall, handsome man, dressed in the uniform of a foreign country, came to see him. The man wore a mask and pretended to be someone else, but Holmes soon recognized the man. Holmes addressed him as "your Majesty", and the fellow then admitted that he was the King of Bohemia. He had come, he said, to ask Sherlock Holmes' help in a matter of great importance. Five years earlier, he had fallen in love with a beautiful American actress, Miss Irene Adler.

"I was Crown Prince at the time," he explained, "and I was young. Shortly thereafter, I became King. Irene Adler was not of royal blood. My family and the members of the government found out about the matter and naturally insisted that I no longer see Miss Adler. I loved her deeply, but my first responsibility was to my country."

The king went on to explain that he was now about to be married to a princess of one of the neighbouring countries and that Irene Adler, who was still apparently in love with him, had said that she was going to write to the princess and tell her all.

"Is it money Miss Adler wants?" asked Holmes.

"Heavens, no!" said the King. "She is not that kind of person. She simply insists that she still loves me, and she refuses to let me marry anyone else."

"I suppose she has some letters of yours; we will have to prove that they are false," said Holmes.

"They are written on my own private paper and in my own handwriting. She also has my photograph."

"We can prove that the paper was stolen and that your handwriting was copied. Anyone can buy your photograph."

“Unfortunately, she and I are both in the same photograph together,” said the King.

“That is another matter altogether,” said Holmes. “Have you tried to get the photograph from her?”

“I have had the police go through her apartment. I have had her stopped on the street and also while travelling, but nothing has been found in her purse or in her luggage. You see, Mr. Holmes, not only is Irene Adler a beautiful woman, but she is also intelligent and highly resourceful as well.”

Holmes obtained all the additional information he could from the King, and the next day the detective left home early. I happened to meet him that night just as he was returning home. I naturally did not recognize him because he was disguised as an old cab driver. It seems that he had spent all day in and around Irene Adler’s home talking with other cab drivers and with anybody who seemed to know anything about her. He had seen her personally and, by one means or another, had even talked with her.

“She is all that the King says she is and more,” he said. “She is a beautiful woman. I also discovered a surprising fact. Irene Adler got married at five o’clock today to a Mr. Godfrey Norton, previously her lawyer. I do not know whether this makes the matter simpler or more complicated. Although she herself is an honourable person, who knows what advantages her husband, a lawyer, may see in a photograph of her and the King of Bohemia together. We must get the photograph. I am sure it is in her house, and tomorrow, Watson, you must help me to go there and secure it.”

While Holmes was telling me this, we stood at the front door. A young man in a long overcoat passed in the street.

“Good night, Sherlock Holmes!” said the young man.

“Now, who the devil could have recognized me in this disguise?” said Holmes. “And that voice sounds familiar, too.”

The next day at five o’clock in the afternoon, Holmes, now disguised as a priest, was walking in front of Irene Adler’s home when Miss Adler arrived from her daily ride in the park. As she stepped out of her cab, Holmes pretended to faint. Several people came to help him, and Miss Adler finally told them to carry him into her living room. As Holmes had directed, I stood

waiting during all this time in the garden, just outside the living room window, and at a signal from Holmes inside, I threw some lighted pieces of paper into the room through the window. One of the servants cried “Fire! Fire!” Then I disappeared. Several hours later Holmes returned, quite pleased with himself and the satisfactory way everything had turned out.

“It’s an old trick, Watson,” he said, “but it worked just as I expected. When someone cried “fire”, Irene Adler ran, automatically, to get the one thing of greatest importance to her —the photograph. It is hidden in a secret place in one of the walls. She did not remove the photograph from its hiding place because she saw that the fire was only a matter of a few burning papers. She did however do what was necessary to show me exactly where the photograph is hidden. Tomorrow we shall go there with the King and with several policemen and get the photograph.”

The next day, however, when Holmes went to Miss Adler’s house, he had one of the greatest surprises of his long career. There was no one at home, and Miss Adler and all her servants had apparently left for good.. Holmes went at once to the secret place in the wall. The photograph was there, but there was this message with it.

Dear Sherlock Holmes,

I had been told the King would probably go to you for help in getting the photograph. Therefore, I was expecting you any day. First, I recognized your disguise as a cab driver and then followed you to your apartment just to make sure it was you. I was the young man who passed you in the street and spoke to you. Don’t forget that I, too, am a master of disguises and an artist! Yesterday I also recognized your little trick of gaining entrance to my house and forcing me to show you where the photograph was hidden. But it is not important now. The photograph is here for you. I am married now to a better man than the King, and we have gone away to start a new life together. My husband loves me deeply, and I am in love with him. Clearly, I have no need of the photograph any longer.

Yours truly,

Irene Adler

Identify all of the VERB TENSES used in the above story. Why is each of them used?

Write a sentence with each of the following words and expressions.

1. **SENTIMENTAL** _____
2. **A DETECTIVE** _____
3. **TO BE DISGUISED**
AS _____
4. **PREVIOUSLY** _____
5. **HONOURABLE** _____
6. **TO PRETEND** _____
7. **SATISFACTORY** _____
8. **TO GAIN**
ENTRANCE TO _____
9. **CLEARLY** _____
10. **TO SECURE** _____
11. **RESOURCEFUL** _____
12. **AUTOMATICALLY** _____
13. **TO DIRECT** _____
14. **A SIGNAL** _____

Answer the following questions.

1. Who came to Holmes' apartment one day?

2. Why did the man wear a mask?

3. What did Irene Adler say she was going to do?

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4. What important photograph did Irene have?

5. What particularly surprising fact did Holmes discover about Irene Adler?

6. How did Holmes gain entrance to Miss Adler's house?

7. What happened the next day when Holmes and the police went again to Miss Adler's home?

8. What message did Miss Adler leave for Holmes?
