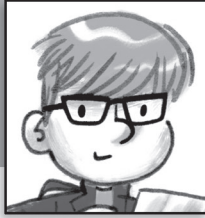


1



JOHN WATSON

Likes: reading, writing, doodling.
Wants to be a doctor. Maybe!

Adventure... Crazy... Trouble... It wasn't always like that though. At least not before I met Sherlock Holmes, I mean. I should probably start somewhere near the beginning, otherwise this is going to get a bit confusing!

My name's John. John Watson. Yep, that's me up there with the glasses and the goofy grin. To be honest, my first day at Baker Street Academy was a bit nerve-wracking! I'd been away for what seemed like my whole life, and I could only remember little bits and pieces from the last time I was in London and going to a proper school like this... But, yep, there I was, the completely, obviously sticking-out "new boy" with no friends – totally nervous, a little bit excited and to make it even worse...



Ah! John Watson.
You're rather late.
We were expecting
you this morning.



Uh-oh! That's Mrs Cavendish, my new head teacher. She seemed pretty annoyed with me. It's probably not the best way to start my first day at a new school. Oops!



↑ Beetroot red!

I went bright red and got all embarrassed, but luckily Mrs Cavendish got nicer pretty quickly. She must have felt sorry for me or something.

(Ms DeRossi)

Mrs Cavendish introduced me to my new teacher, Ms DeRossi.

Then the secretary, Mrs Staveley, gave me some new workbooks to start me off in my studies. I thought Mrs Cavendish would send me straight to class after that, but instead she said that one of the other students was going to come and show me around a bit.



Very Glamorous ↑

- KNOCK, KNOCK -

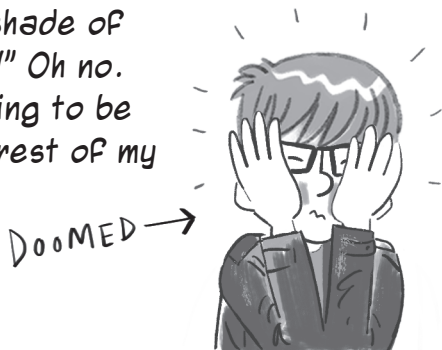
"Ah, Martha, there you are. This is our new arrival, John Watson. I thought you might like to show him the ropes a bit today as he gets settled in."



(This is Martha. Confident smile and mischievous eyes.)



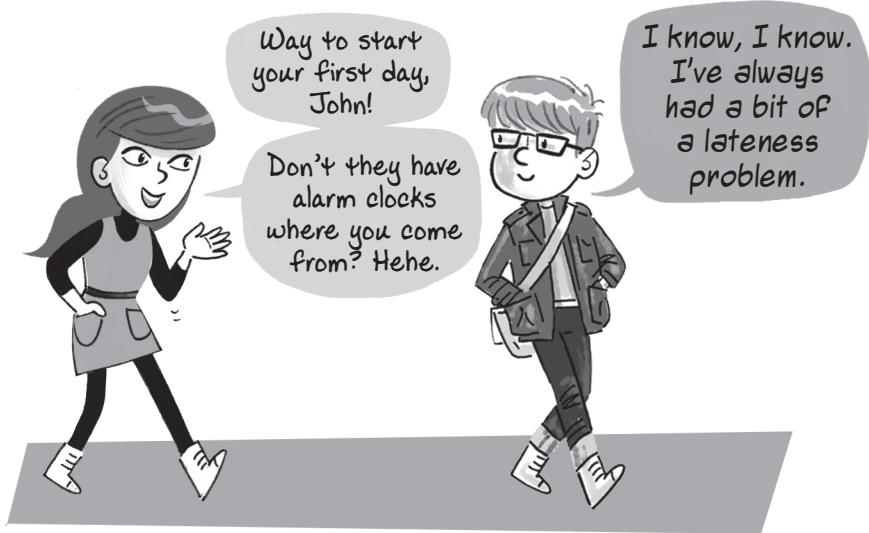
A good start, right? Yeah, I thought so too, but then she grinned cheekily and whispered, "Nice shade of red you've gone there!" Oh no. I'm doomed! This is going to be me every day for the rest of my life...



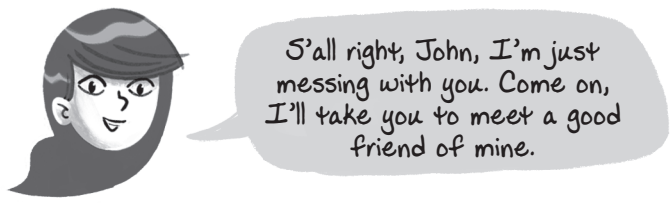


The
Baker
Street
Regulars

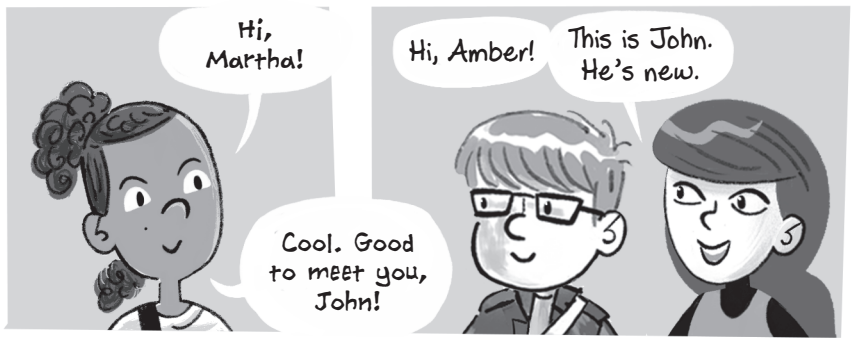




Mum's always joking that I was late for my own birth, so I'm probably double doomed. What can I say?

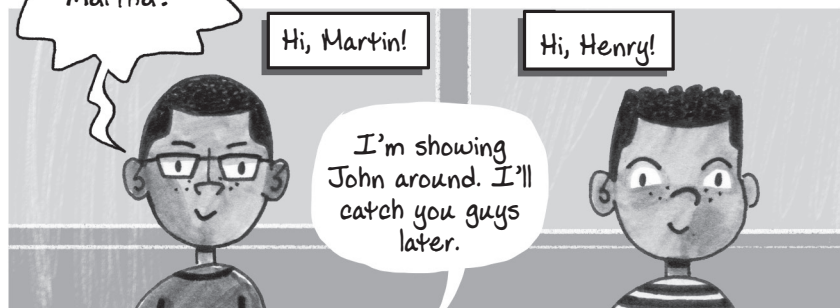


Martha smiled and gave me a friendly nudge, then we strolled our way through the school corridors.





"He's always losing stuff,"
whispered Martha as we
passed them by. "It's
so funny!"



Hey, Nisha! Hi, Ems!
Nah, I'll see you
later.



I'm on new-
kid duties. This
is John.

Cool. See
you later
then.



Nice to
meet you,
John!

Just then, a cool-looking teacher came out of a classroom in front of us.

Oh, hi, Mr
Gapp. This is
John. He's new
here today.



Hello, Martha. Hello,
John. Always nice
to meet a new face
at Baker Street
Academy!

I'll look
forward to
seeing you in
class, young
man.



"Always pays to be on the good side of the teachers," added Martha as he walked away. "That's Mr Gapp - he's one of the best."

So Martha seems pretty cool! Even if she did like to make fun of me a bit! She's totally funny and super confident, and from what I can tell, she knows pretty much everybody in the whole school, even the teachers!

"Hey, there's Bart," Martha pointed at a fresh-faced boy heading our way.
"Hi, Bart, this is John."



BART!!!



JOHN!

Oh, wow. Talk about weird! I can't believe I (literally) bumped into somebody at school that I knew already! Bart was one of my best friends from when I was young. Martha really does know everybody!



Bart! Wow, that's amazing. I haven't seen you since we were at Stamford Primary.

I know! It's crazy! Where have you been then, John? My mum said you'd moved away.



Yeah! That's a long story...

Mum and Dad are doctors. Dad works in the armed forces, so we've moved around a lot! We've lived in all sorts of places – England, Scotland, Germany, Spain – I don't remember all of them though. I was probably too young. I've just been in the Middle East, 'cos Dad was out in Afghanistan.

Wow! Cool. So now you're the new boy then?

Yep.
'Fraid so!

You'll like it here. It's pretty good fun at Baker Street Academy. Hey – talking of fun, have you met Sherlock yet?

SHERLOCK?

Ha! No, he hasn't. I'm saving the best bit till last.

Ha ha! Exactly! You should see what's happening in the science room... Catch you guys later.



"Who's Sherlock?" I asked as we left Bart and carried on to wherever it was Martha was taking me.



He's the good friend of mine I mentioned – you'll like him! Come on!



Ahh. There's a good boy! There's a good good boy. Come on, Mr Furry Pants! Who's a Mr Fluffy Trousers then?

Yeah, I know... I thought Martha was talking to me there for a minute as well. But it turns out that the school even has a dog! How cool is that?!

THIS IS BASKERVILLE



Martha said he belongs to the caretaker, Mr Musgrave, and his wife, but he's allowed to go pretty much wherever he wants by the looks of it! Martha said she gets to take him for walks sometimes too.



We gave him a good Fuss For a Few minutes until he ran off woofing after some other dog adventure, then Martha took me along to the science block to meet this mysterious Friend of hers...

We'd barely got through the classroom door when a voice called out From the Far side of the room...

