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Listening script

Sherlock was eating cold pizza for lunch at home one hot July day. His assistant Watson came in looking warm and exhausted.

"I'm so disgusted," he said. "Remember those eggs we saw in the turtle nest on the beach yesterday? I went over and covered it early this morning. While I was doing that I saw Freddie Stapleton. He was playing football on the beach with some friends. I just walked by now and the eggs are gone. This is the third time this week that eggs have disappeared."

"Why would anyone steal turtle eggs?" Sherlock asked. "What would anybody do with them?"

"Who knows?" Watson poured himself a glass of lemonade. "Probably some kids with nothing better to do. I suppose they don't understand how valuable the eggs are."

Sherlock looked at Watson. "Want to walk over and see what we can find out?"

"Not much there to see, only two tents on that whole beach, down at the end. Some young Spanish guy is staying in one and nobody knows anything about the other red one. "Maybe he saw something," Sherlock said. "Let's go ask."

Half an hour later the two men were walking toward the end of the beach. A pick-up truck was sitting on the road behind the beach. A stranger was standing nearby. He was taking photographs of the beach. They asked him what he was doing and he told them that he was a photographer and that he was interested in wildlife. Sherlock told him that he was trying to find out who took some turtles eggs from a nest on the beach. As soon as Sherlock told him this he drove off. Sherlock stared after the truck.

"Know what? He might have taken the eggs. Maybe he didn't want us to think he was a thief and told us he was taking photographs as a cover. You can put lots of things in the back of a truck." Watson nodded.

"Let's ask the Spanish guy if he saw anything this morning."

The Spanish guy came out of the tent as soon as the two called out. He was quite young and cheerful. "Oh, I think I know who might have taken those eggs," he told them. There is a guy called "Freddie something. I heard a noise while I was cleaning my tent earlier and when I looked out I saw him walking along the beach. He lives nearby, but I believe he's always up to mischief." He held the tent flap open as he was talking and Sherlock looked inside. He saw a heavy jacket rolled up in the corner and there was some sand falling out of it. The Spanish man's bags were sitting on the floor as if he was ready to leave but the tent was a mess. "I know Freddie," Watson said. "And I know where he lives. Let's go see him."

Freddie was putting a lawn mower in the garage when they reached his house. He wiped the sweat from his brow, as he talked to them. "Why would I take turtle eggs?" he asked. "Besides, I am a member of the Turtle Protection Society" Sherlock stared past him and noticed a nest in a small tree in the yard. There were no eggs in it.

As he and Watson were walking back to her house Sherlock thought hard about the missing eggs. His housekeep was washing the lunch dishes when they entered the house. "We think we know who took the eggs."