# Sherlock Holmes: <br> Reading Like a Detective 

## Grade 8 Text Packet



## TNCore

Selected Works (in order of appearance)
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## The Hound of the Baskervilles <br> (Close Reading)

## Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Doyle, Arthur C. The Hound of the Baskervilles. New York: Grosset and Dunlap, Pubs. 1902. Project Gutenberg. Web. 8 Dec 2008.
[http://www.gutenberg.org/files/2852/2852-h/2852-h.htm](http://www.gutenberg.org/files/2852/2852-h/2852-h.htm).


Close reading excerpt: The Hound of the Baskervilles Chapter 1
"Interesting, though elementary," said he as he returned to his favourite corner of the settee. "There are certainly one or two indications upon the stick. It gives us the basis for several deductions."
"Has anything escaped me?" I asked with some self-importance. "I trust that there is nothing of consequence which I have overlooked?"
"I am afraid, my dear Watson, that most of your conclusions were erroneous. When I said that you stimulated me I meant, to be frank, that in noting your fallacies I was occasionally guided towards the truth. Not that you are entirely wrong in this instance. The man is certainly a country practitioner. And he walks a good deal."
"Then I was right."
"To that extent."
"But that was all."
"No, no, my dear Watson, not all - by no means all. I would suggest, for example, that a presentation to a doctor is more likely to come from a hospital than from a hunt, and that when the initials 'C.C.' are placed before that hospital the words 'Charing Cross' very naturally suggest themselves."
"You may be right."
"The probability lies in that direction. And if we take this as a working hypothesis we have a fresh basis from which to start our construction of this unknown visitor."
"Well, then, supposing that 'C.C.H.' does stand for 'Charing Cross Hospital,' what further inferences may we draw?"
"Do none suggest themselves? You know my methods. Apply them!"
"I can only think of the obvious conclusion that the man has practised in town before going to the country."
"I think that we might venture a little farther than this. Look at it in this light. On what occasion would it be most probable that such a presentation would be made? When would his friends unite to give him a pledge of their good will? Obviously at the moment when Dr. Mortimer withdrew from the service of the hospital in order to start in practice for himself. We know there has been a presentation. We believe there has been a change from a town hospital to a country practice. Is it, then, stretching our inference too far to say that the presentation was on the occasion of the change?"
"It certainly seems probable."
"Now, you will observe that he could not have been on the staff of the hospital, since only a man well-established in a London practice could hold such a position, and such a one would not drift into the country. What was he, then? If he was in the hospital and yet not on the staff he could only have been a house-surgeon or a house-physician little more than a senior student. And he left five years ago - the date is on the stick. So your grave, middle-aged family practitioner vanishes into thin air, my dear Watson, and there emerges a young fellow under thirty, amiable, unambitious, absent-minded, and the possessor of a favourite dog, which I should describe roughly as being larger than a terrier and smaller than a mastiff."

I laughed incredulously as Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his settee and blew little wavering rings of smoke up to the ceiling.

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## Close reading excerpt: The Hound of the Baskervilles Chapter 2

"They had gone a mile or two when they passed one of the night shepherds upon the moorlands, and they cried to him to know if he had seen the hunt. And the man, as the story goes, was so crazed with fear that he could scarce speak, but at last he said that he had indeed seen the unhappy maiden, with the hounds upon her track. 'But I have seen more than that,' said he, 'for Hugo Baskerville passed me upon his black mare, and there ran mute behind him such a hound of hell as God forbid should ever be at my heels.'
"So the drunken squires cursed the shepherd and rode onward. But soon their skins turned cold, for there came a galloping across the moor, and the black mare, dabbled with white froth, went past with trailing bridle and empty saddle. Then the revellers rode close together, for a great fear was on them, but they still followed over the moor, though each, had he been alone, would have been right glad to have turned his horse's head. Riding slowly in this fashion they came at last upon the hounds. These, though known for their valour and their breed, were whimpering in a cluster at the head of a deep dip or goyal, as we call it, upon the moor, some slinking away and some, with starting hackles and staring eyes, gazing down the narrow valley before them.
"The company had come to a halt, more sober men, as you may guess, than when they started. The most of them would by no means advance, but three of them, the boldest, or it may be the most drunken, rode forward down the goyal. Now, it opened into a broad space in which stood two of those great stones, still to be seen there, which were set by certain forgotten peoples in the days of old. The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the centre lay the unhappy maid where she had fallen, dead of fear and of fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three daredevil roysterers, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye has rested upon. And even as they looked the thing tore the throat out of Hugo Baskerville, on which, as it turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them, the three shrieked with fear and rode for dear life, still screaming, across the moor. One, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen, and the other twain were but broken men for the rest of their days."

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Close reading excerpt: The Hound of the Baskervilles Chapter 6

Over the green squares of the fields and the low curve of a wood there rose in the distance a gray, melancholy hill, with a strange jagged summit, dim and vague in the distance, like some fantastic landscape in a dream. Baskerville sat for a long time, his eyes fixed upon it, and I read upon his eager face how much it meant to him, this first sight of that strange spot where the men of his blood had held sway so long and left their mark so deep. There he sat, with his tweed suit and his American accent, in the corner of a prosaic railway-carriage, and yet as I looked at his dark and expressive face I felt more than ever how true a descendant he was of that long line of high-blooded, fiery, and masterful men. There were pride, valour, and strength in his thick brows, his sensitive nostrils, and his large hazel eyes. If on that forbidding moor a difficult and dangerous quest should lie before us, this was at least a comrade for whom one might venture to take a risk with the certainty that he would bravely share it.

The train pulled up at a small wayside station and we all descended. Outside, beyond the low, white fence, a wagonette with a pair of cobs was waiting. Our coming was evidently a great event, for station-master and porters clustered round us to carry out our luggage. It was a sweet, simple country spot, but I was surprised to observe that by the gate there stood two soldierly men in dark uniforms who leaned upon their short rifles and glanced keenly at us as we passed. The coachman, a hardfaced, gnarled little fellow, saluted Sir Henry Baskerville, and in a few minutes we were flying swiftly down the broad, white road. Rolling pasture lands curved upward on either side of us, and old gabled houses peeped out from amid the thick green foliage, but behind the peaceful and sunlit countryside there rose ever, dark against the evening sky, the long, gloomy curve of the moor, broken by the jagged and sinister hills.

## TNCore

## Close reading excerpt: The Hound of the Baskervilles Chapter 9

And it was at this moment that there occurred a most strange and unexpected thing. We had risen from our rocks and were turning to go home, having abandoned the hopeless chase. The moon was low upon the right, and the jagged pinnacle of a granite tor stood up against the lower curve of its silver disc. There, outlined as black as an ebony statue on that shining background, I saw the figure of a man upon the tor. Do not think that it was a delusion, Holmes. I assure you that I have never in my life seen anything more clearly. As far as I could judge, the figure was that of a tall, thin man. He stood with his legs a little separated, his arms folded, his head bowed, as if he were brooding over that enormous wilderness of peat and granite which lay before him. He might have been the very spirit of that terrible place. It was not the convict. This man was far from the place where the latter had disappeared. Besides, he was a much taller man. With a cry of surprise I pointed him out to the baronet, but in the instant during which I had turned to grasp his arm the man was gone. There was the sharp pinnacle of granite still cutting the lower edge of the moon, but its peak bore no trace of that silent and motionless figure.

I wished to go in that direction and to search the tor, but it was some distance away. The baronet's nerves were still quivering from that cry, which recalled the dark story of his family, and he was not in the mood for fresh adventures. He had not seen this lonely man upon the tor and could not feel the thrill which his strange presence and his commanding attitude had given to me. "A warder, no doubt," said he. "The moor has been thick with them since this fellow escaped." Well, perhaps his explanation may be the right one, but I should like to have some further proof of it. To-day we mean to communicate to the Princetown people where they should look for their missing man, but it is hard lines that we have not actually had the triumph of bringing him back as our own prisoner. Such are the adventures of last night, and you must acknowledge, my dear Holmes, that I have done you very well in the matter of a report. Much of what I tell you is no doubt quite irrelevant, but still I feel that it is best that I should let you have all the facts and leave you to select for yourself those which will be of most service to you in helping you to your conclusions. We are certainly making some progress. So far as the Barrymores go we have found the motive of their actions, and that has cleared up the situation very much. But the moor with its mysteries and its strange inhabitants remains as inscrutable as ever. Perhaps in my next I may be able to throw some light upon this also. Best of all would it be if you could come down to us.

## TNCore

Close reading excerpt: The Hound of the Baskervilles Chapter 12

All my unspoken instincts, my vague suspicions, suddenly took shape and centred upon the naturalist. In that impassive colourless man, with his straw hat and his butterfly-net, I seemed to see something terrible - a creature of infinite patience and craft, with a smiling face and a murderous heart.
"It is he, then, who is our enemy - it is he who dogged us in London?"
"So I read the riddle."
"And the warning - it must have come from her!"
"Exactly."
The shape of some monstrous villainy, half seen, half guessed, loomed through the darkness which had girt me so long.
"But are you sure of this, Holmes? How do you know that the woman is his wife?"
"Because he so far forgot himself as to tell you a true piece of autobiography upon the occasion when he first met you, and I dare say he has many a time regretted it since. He was once a schoolmaster in the north of England. Now, there is no one more easy to trace than a schoolmaster. There are scholastic agencies by which one may identify any man who has been in the profession. A little investigation showed me that a school had come to grief under atrocious circumstances, and that the man who had owned it - the name was different - had disappeared with his wife. The descriptions agreed. When I learned that the missing man was devoted to entomology the identification was complete."

The darkness was rising, but much was still hidden by the shadows.
"If this woman is in truth his wife, where does Mrs. Laura Lyons come in?" I asked.
"That is one of the points upon which your own researches have shed a light. Your interview with the lady has cleared the situation very much. I did not know about a projected divorce between herself and her husband. In that case, regarding Stapleton as an unmarried man, she counted no doubt upon becoming his wife."
"And when she is undeceived?"
"Why, then we may find the lady of service. It must be our first duty to see her - both of us-to-morrow. Don't you think, Watson, that you are away from your charge rather long? Your place should be at Baskerville Hall."

The last red streaks had faded away in the west and night had settled upon the moor. A few faint stars were gleaming in a violet sky.
"One last question, Holmes," I said as I rose. "Surely there is no need of secrecy between you and me. What is the meaning of it all? What is he after?"

Holmes's voice sank as he answered:
"It is murder, Watson - refined, cold-blooded, deliberate murder. Do not ask me for particulars. My nets are closing upon him, even as his are upon Sir Henry, and with your help he is already almost at my mercy. There is but one danger which can threaten us. It is that he should strike before we are ready to do so. Another day - two at the most - and I have my case complete, but until then guard your charge as closely as ever a fond mother watched her ailing child. Your mission to-day has justified itself, and yet I could almost wish that you had not left his side. Hark!"
"The Pair of Gloves"

Charles Dickens

Dickens, Charles. "Three Detective Anecdotes: The Pair of Gloves." Household Words. 1850. Reprinted Pieces by Charles Dickens. South Australia: University of Adelaide, 2014. Web. 12 Mar 2014.
<http://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/d/dickens/charles/d54rp/ chapter15.html>.

## The Pair of Gloves

## Charles Dickens

'It's a singler story, sir,' said Inspector Wield, of the Detective Police, who, in company with Sergeants Dornton and Mith, paid us another twilight visit, one July evening; 'and I've been thinking you might like to know it.
'It's concerning the murder of the young woman, Eliza Grimwood, some years ago, over in the Waterloo Road. She was commonly called The Countess, because of her handsome appearance and her proud way of carrying of herself; and when I saw the poor Countess (I had known her well to speak to), lying dead, with her throat cut, on the floor of her bedroom, you'll believe me that a variety of reflections calculated to make a man rather low in his spirits, came into my head.
'That's neither here nor there. I went to the house the morning after the murder, and examined the body, and made a general observation of the bedroom where it was. Turning down the pillow of the bed with my hand, I found, underneath it, a pair of gloves. A pair of gentleman's dress gloves, very dirty; and inside the lining, the letters TR, and a cross.
'Well, sir, I took them gloves away, and I showed 'em to the magistrate, over at Union Hall, before whom the case was. He says, "Wield," he says, "there's no doubt this is a discovery that may lead to something very important; and what you have got to do, Wield, is, to find out the owner of these gloves."
'I was of the same opinion, of course, and I went at it immediately. I looked at the gloves pretty narrowly, and it was my opinion that they had been cleaned. There was a smell of sulphur and rosin about 'em, you know, which cleaned gloves usually have, more or less. I took 'em over to a friend of mine at Kennington, who was in that line, and I put it to him. "What do you say now? Have these gloves been cleaned?" "These gloves have been cleaned," says he. "Have you any idea who cleaned them?" says I. "Not at all," says he; "I've a very distinct idea who DIDN'T clean 'em, and that's myself. But I'll tell you what, Wield, there ain't above eight or nine reg'lar glovecleaners in London," - there were not, at that time, it seems - "and I think I can give you their addresses, and you may find out, by that means, who did clean 'em."
Accordingly, he gave me the directions, and I went here, and I went there, and I looked up this man, and I looked up that man; but, though they all agreed that the gloves had
been cleaned, I couldn't find the man, woman, or child, that had cleaned that aforesaid pair of gloves.
'What with this person not being at home, and that person being expected home in the afternoon, and so forth, the inquiry took me three days. On the evening of the third day, coming over Waterloo Bridge from the Surrey side of the river, quite beat, and very much vexed and disappointed, I thought I'd have a shilling's worth of entertainment at the Lyceum Theatre to freshen myself up. So I went into the Pit, at half-price, and I sat myself down next to a very quiet, modest sort of young man. Seeing I was a stranger (which I thought it just as well to appear to be) he told me the names of the actors on the stage, and we got into conversation. When the play was over, we came out together, and I said, "We've been very companionable and agreeable, and perhaps you wouldn't object to a drain?" "Well, you're very good," says he; "I shouldn't object to a drain." Accordingly, we went to a public-house, near the Theatre, sat ourselves down in a quiet room up-stairs on the first floor, and called for a pint of half-and-half, apiece, and a pipe.
'Well, sir, we put our pipes aboard, and we drank our half-and-half, and sat a-talking, very sociably, when the young man says, "You must excuse me stopping very long," he says, "because I'm forced to go home in good time. I must be at work all night." "At work all night?" says I. "You ain't a baker?" "No," he says, laughing, "I ain't a baker." "I thought not," says I, "you haven't the looks of a baker." "No," says he, "I'm a glove-cleaner."
'I never was more astonished in my life, than when I heard them words come out of his lips. "You're a glove-cleaner, are you?" says I. "Yes," he says, "I am." "Then, perhaps," says I, taking the gloves out of my pocket, "you can tell me who cleaned this pair of gloves? It's a rum story," I says. "I was dining over at Lambeth, the other day, at a free-and-easy - quite promiscuous - with a public company - when some gentleman, he left these gloves behind him! Another gentleman and me, you see, we laid a wager of a sovereign, that I wouldn't find out who they belonged to. I've spent as much as seven shillings already, in trying to discover; but, if you could help me, I'd stand another seven and welcome. You see there's TR and a cross, inside." "I see," he says. "Bless you, I know these gloves very well! I've seen dozens of pairs belonging to the same party." "No?" says I. "Yes," says he. "Then you know who cleaned 'em?" says I. "Rather so," says he. "My father cleaned 'em."
""Where does your father live?" says I. "Just round the corner," says the young man, "near Exeter Street, here. He'll tell you who they belong to, directly." "Would you come
round with me now?" says I. "Certainly," says he, "but you needn't tell my father that you found me at the play, you know, because he mightn't like it." "All right!" We went round to the place, and there we found an old man in a white apron, with two or three daughters, all rubbing and cleaning away at lots of gloves, in a front parlour. "Oh, Father!" says the young man, "here's a person been and made a bet about the ownership of a pair of gloves, and I've told him you can settle it." "Good evening, sir," says I to the old gentleman. "Here's the gloves your son speaks of. Letters TR, you see, and a cross." "Oh yes," he says, "I know these gloves very well; I've cleaned dozens of pairs of 'em. They belong to Mr. Trinkle, the great upholsterer in Cheapside." "Did you get 'em from Mr. Trinkle, direct," says I, "if you'll excuse my asking the question?" "No," says he; "Mr. Trinkle always sends 'em to Mr. Phibbs's, the haberdasher's, opposite his shop, and the haberdasher sends 'em to me." "Perhaps you wouldn't object to a drain?" says I. "Not in the least!" says he. So I took the old gentleman out, and had a little more talk with him and his son, over a glass, and we parted excellent friends.
'This was late on a Saturday night. First thing on the Monday morning, I went to the haberdasher's shop, opposite Mr. Trinkle's, the great upholsterer's in Cheapside. "Mr. Phibbs in the way?" "My name is Phibbs." "Oh! I believe you sent this pair of gloves to be cleaned?" "Yes, I did, for young Mr. Trinkle over the way. There he is in the shop!" "Oh! that's him in the shop, is it? Him in the green coat?" "The same individual." "Well, Mr. Phibbs, this is an unpleasant affair; but the fact is, I am Inspector Wield of the Detective Police, and I found these gloves under the pillow of the young woman that was murdered the other day, over in the Waterloo Road!" "Good Heaven!" says he. "He's a most respectable young man, and if his father was to hear of it, it would be the ruin of him!" "I'm very sorry for it," says I, "but I must take him into custody." "Good Heaven!" says Mr. Phibbs, again; "can nothing be done?" "Nothing," says I. "Will you allow me to call him over here," says he, "that his father may not see it done?" "I don't object to that," says I; "but unfortunately, Mr. Phibbs, I can't allow of any communication between you. If any was attempted, I should have to interfere directly. Perhaps you'll beckon him over here?' Mr. Phibbs went to the door and beckoned, and the young fellow came across the street directly; a smart, brisk young fellow.
""Good morning, sir," says I. "Good morning, sir," says he. "Would you allow me to inquire, sir," says I, "if you ever had any acquaintance with a party of the name of Grimwood?" "Grimwood! Grimwood!" says he. "No!" "You know the Waterloo Road?" "Oh! of course I know the Waterloo Road!" "Happen to have heard of a young woman being murdered there?" "Yes, I read it in the paper, and very sorry I was to
read it." "Here's a pair of gloves belonging to you, that I found under her pillow the morning afterwards!"
'He was in a dreadful state, sir; a dreadful state. "Mr. Wield," he says, "upon my solemn oath I never was there. I never so much as saw her, to my knowledge, in my life!" "I am very sorry," says I. "To tell you the truth; I don't think you are the murderer, but I must take you to Union Hall in a cab. However, I think it's a case of that sort, that, at present, at all events, the magistrate will hear it in private."
'A private examination took place, and then it came out that this young man was acquainted with a cousin of the unfortunate Eliza Grimwood, and that, calling to see this cousin a day or two before the murder, he left these gloves upon the table. Who should come in, shortly afterwards, but Eliza Grimwood! "Whose gloves are these?" she says, taking 'em up. "Those are Mr. Trinkle's gloves," says her cousin. "Oh!" says she, "they are very dirty, and of no use to him, I am sure. I shall take 'em away for my girl to clean the stoves with." And she put 'em in her pocket. The girl had used 'em to clean the stoves, and, I have no doubt, had left 'em lying on the bedroom mantelpiece, or on the drawers, or somewhere; and her mistress, looking round to see that the room was tidy, had caught 'em up and put 'em under the pillow where I found 'em.

That's the story, sir.'

## TNCore

# "Social Media Sites Look to Help in Boston Marathon Bombing Investigation" 

(Close Reading)

## Aaron Schachter from The World interviews professor of journalism Alfred Hermida

Hermida, Alfred. Interview by Aaron Schachter. "Social Media Sites Look to Help in Boston Marathon Bombing Investigation." The World. PRI. 18 Apr 2013. Radio. [http://www.pri.org/stories/2013-04-18/social-media-sites-look-help-boston-marathon-bombing-investigation](http://www.pri.org/stories/2013-04-18/social-media-sites-look-help-boston-marathon-bombing-investigation).

## Close reading excerpt: "Social Media Sites Look to Help in Boston Marathon Bombing Investigation"

Investigators are still sifting through thousands of videos and pictures, both amateur and professional, taken at or around the time of the bombing at the Boston Marathon on Monday.

So too are users of websites such as 4chan and Reddit. The social media sites are crowdsourcing the Boston investigation by asking users to post and analyze photos on their own, and then turn that information over to the FBI.

Some aren't too happy with this, likening the effect to vigilantism, or a witch hunt, that may be implicating innocent people.

We speak with Alfred Hermida, a professor of journalism at the University of British Columbia.
Aaron Schachter: I'm Aaron Schachter and this is The World, a coproduction of the BBC World Service, PRI and WGBH in Boston. The investigation into the Boston Marathon is proceeding. In the words of Homeland Security Director, Janet Napolitano, apace. Investigators are sifting through thousands of videos and pictures taken by professionals and amateurs alike at the crime scene, but some websites are also getting involved. Sites like 4chan and Reddit are asking users to pour over pictures and video of the bombings to try and help with the investigation. To get more on this, I spoke with Alfred Hermida, and associate professor at the University of British Columbia's graduate school of journalism. I asked him first to tell me a bit more about sites like Reddit and 4chan.

Alfred Hermida: Think of it like online collectives of people who are usually very tech savvy. Quite often they tend to be male. They are usually younger, and they have an interest in all sorts of things that are going on. But what we've seen recently is places like 4chan, like Reddit, or even the anonymous collective taking on issues of social justice, that they see things that are happening that they feel frustrated either at the official response or that they feel they can help, and they start interceding.

Schachter: I took a look at the Reddit channel. They're calling themselves now the RBI, the Reddit Bureau of Investigation. And it's kind of a funny, quirky name, but some are really concerned because if you look at their page, there are a whole lot of pictures of people with backpacks circled. It creates suspects out of people who were just watching the race.

Hermida: It really depends on how you view this. When you look at something like Reddit, what's happening is a conversation, a discussion. It's like being a fly on the wall in the newsroom or in a police office, and you're listening to that discussion. So look at it less like they're publishing information and more like they're discussing information. They're saying I've seen this picture, what do you make of it? And collaboratively working together trying to identify what's going on and figure out what's happening there. They're trying to provide information for the FBI.

Schachter: That sounds helpful. It sounds benign, and yet pictures that these groups have put together were on the cover of the New York Post, or at least the online version of the New York Post. Certainly seems like it may have made suspects out of a couple of guys.

Hermida: Well then, think about who'd made the decision to post it on a mainstream media outlet. What happens is that picture is then taken out of context. What's happening there is that somebody may post a picture, saying, 'what do you make of this?' And asking the collective to bring their brains together and saying, 'let's sort of figure out what's going on here.' The problem becomes is when you take that image out of context and you then publish it saying Reddit says this is a suspect. That's not what the Reddit users are saying. What they're saying is 'we're trying to help in whatever way we can,' and part of what I was noticing on the conversation of Reddit was a backlash against mainstream media for taking some of their discussions and taking it out of context, and misrepresenting what they were trying to do.

Schachter: And how about people who might try to do that on the sites themselves?
Hermida: This is what's really interesting when you look at these discussion, is when somebody tries to do that and, say, engage in, say, racial profiling or try to make allegations for which there's very little evidence, there's a real backlash from the community and often quite a vicious one. What tends to happen is you get this very self-correcting mechanism taking place when others jump in and tell that person to shut up, tell them not to spread this information.

Schachter: I wonder, professor, if there's any indication that what these sites are trying to do actually works and if perhaps officials, the FBI, and others are tapping into them.

Hermida: I think it's very hard to know at this stage. This is all very, very new and I think the initial reactions from authorities is to be rather suspicious of this kind of activity. After all, we're used to a world where police investigate, and we watch from
the outside and expect them to tell us what are the results of that investigation. But much like what's happening in journalism, what's happening in other disciplines where individuals can take on some of those roles, we're seeing here individuals who are very tech savvy, who might have the digital forensic skills that are highly needed for this kind of investigation. But they're coming together and saying we have something to contribute. So the big issue really is, how do you channel that? And in some ways the authorities don't have a way of channeling the discussions happening on Reddit, don't have a way of channeling the expertise of some of these people who might be able to actually help with identifying what's happening in some pictures, help the police deal with the mass of information.

Schachter: Alfred Hermida teaches journalism at the University of British Columbia. Thank you.

Hermida: My pleasure.

# "Social Media Vigilantes Cloud Boston Bombing Investigation" <br> (Close Reading) 

NPR host Audie Cornish interviews NPR's technology correspondent Steve Henn and The Atlantic's technology and social media correspondent Alexis Madrigal

Henn, Steve, and Alexis Madrigal. Interview by Audie Cornish. "Social Media Vigilantes Cloud Boston Bombing Investigation." NPR. 22 Apr 2013. Radio. [http://www.npr.org/2013/04/22/178462380/social-media-vigilantes-cloud-boston-bombing-investigation](http://www.npr.org/2013/04/22/178462380/social-media-vigilantes-cloud-boston-bombing-investigation).

## Close reading excerpt: "Social Media Vigilantes Cloud Boston Bombing Investigation"

CORNISH: The events last week in Boston played out live on television, on the Internet and all over social media. In online chat forums, such as Reddit and 4chan, would-be sleuths pored over photos of the bombing site, attempting to identify suspects. Again and again, these Internet rumors found their way into mainstream media.

On Thursday, the New York Post ran a front page photo of two individuals with the headline, Bag Men. And a missing student from Brown University was even named online as a suspect. Both these reports were inaccurate and all of them took root on the Internet. Joining us now to talk about how so many people got so much wrong is NPR's technology correspondent Steve Henn. And Steve, first, for folks who don't know, what are Reddit and 4chan?

HENN: Well, 4chan and Reddit are social media sites that let users post content more or less anonymously. And early last week on both of these sites and some others, people began discussion groups dedicated to finding the Boston bombers. I spoke with Alex Madrigal. He covers technology and social media at The Atlantic. And he started watching this from the beginning.

MADRIGAL: People decided that they could help with the investigation by taking all the photos that had come out of the bombing, combing through them and looking for I'm sort of air-quoting here-"suspicious" characters, people carrying backpacks, people who might look like terrorists.

HENN: At the time, Madrigal compared this to online vigilantism.
CORNISH: But what did these online discussions look like?
HENN: Well, one of the most popular appeared on 4chan and it was a collection of photographs with, you know, these, quote/ unquote, "suspects" circled. In some cases, notes were scrolled next to the photos explaining the reason why the person circled was allegedly suspicious. And some of the reasons in the posts were that the person was, quote, "brown." In the end, none of the people who were circled in this post turned out to be at all related to the bombing.

But that individual post attracted more than 2.5 million hits by late afternoon Wednesday last week. And it's clear some of these forums affected both the investigation and the media's coverage of it. On Thursday morning, the New York Post ran the front-page headline you mentioned, Bag Men. And it included a large color photographs [sic] of two high school athletes who were featured in one of the 4chan photos.

The Post later said they'd been given that photo by law enforcement.
CORNISH: All right, Steve, but how did all this online sleuthing actually affect the investigation?

HENN: Well, over the weekend, investigators in Boston said one of the reasons they decided to publicly release images of their suspects Thursday evening was to try and tamp down on the Internet rumors and this kind of speculation, which by late last week had become a distraction. Unfortunately, shortly after the FBI's press conference, folks on Reddit began speculating that one of the suspects looked like Sunil Tripathi, a 22-year-old student at Brown University who's been missing since mid-March.

That rumor began to spread online. And in the middle of the night, several people on Twitter tweeted out that Sunil's name had been broadcast on a police scanner and he had been named as a suspect. There's no evidence that happened, but starting about three in the morning, Tripathi's family was besieged by media requests. Reporters were calling both his sister and his parents, increasingly confident that their missing son was somehow involved.

Major websites printed Tripathi's name as a suspect. And again, these accusations were completely wrong, but this was obviously a horrendous experience for a family that was already going through a very, very difficult time.

CORNISH: All right, Steve, now that it seems pretty clear that the prime suspect is in custody, do you see any contrition online?

HENN: Yes, actually. Immediately after the suspects' names were released by police in Boston, individuals who had participated on Twitter and on Reddit in naming Sunil Tripathi reached out to the family and apologized. And just this afternoon, the general manager of Reddit, Eric Martin, apologized publicly to the family, saying that he regretted the pain that they had to endure. And he expressed hope that the entire community would learn from this experience, and he promised to do a better job policing Reddit's own rules in the future.

And even last week, during the events unfolding in Boston, there were those on Reddit and in some of these other forums that were warning some of the participants that what they were doing could seriously injure innocent people and that they needed to be more careful. Obviously, those warnings weren't heeded at the time.

CORNISH: NPR's technology correspondent Steve Henn. Steve, thank you.
HENN: You're welcome.

# "Sherlock Holmes Can Teach You to Multitask" 

Maria Konnikova

Konnikova, Maria. "Sherlock Holmes Can Teach You to Multitask." Wired UK. 17 Feb 2013: n. page. Web. 12 Mar 2014. [http://www.wired.co.uk/magazine/archive/2013/02/ideas-bank/sherlock-holmes-can-teach-you-to-multitask](http://www.wired.co.uk/magazine/archive/2013/02/ideas-bank/sherlock-holmes-can-teach-you-to-multitask).

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## Sherlock Holmes Can Teach You to Multitask Maria Konnikova

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## TNCore

# "Do You Think Like Sherlock Holmes?" 

Maria Konnikova

Konnikova, Maria. "Do You Think Like Sherlock Holmes?"
Slate. 3 Jan 2013: n. page. Web. 12 Mar 2014. <http://www.slate.com/articles/health_and_science/science/ 2013/01/how_to_think_like_sherlock_holmes_see_and_observe to_fight_attention_blindness.single.html>.

# Do You Think Like Sherlock Holmes? 

Maria Konnikova

I do not think like Sherlock Holmes. Not in the least. That was the rather disheartening conclusion I reached while researching a book on the detective's mental prowess. I'd hoped to discover that I had the secret to Sherlockian thought. What I found instead was that it would be hard work indeed to even begin to approximate the essence of the detective's approach to the world: his ever-mindful mindset and his relentless mental energy. Holmes was a man eternally on, who relished that on-ness and floundered in its absence. It would be exhausting to think like Sherlock. And would it really be worth it in the end?

It all began with those pesky steps, the stairs leading up to the legendary residence that Sherlock Holmes shares with Dr. Watson, 221B Baker Street. Why couldn't Watson recall the number of steps? "I believe my eyes are as good as yours," Watson tells his new flatmate-as, in fact, they are. But the competence of the eyes isn't the issue. Instead, the distinction lies in how those eyes are deployed. "You see, but you do not observe," Holmes tells his companion. And Holmes? "Now, I know there are seventeen steps," he continues, "because I have both seen and observed."

To both see and observe: Therein lies the secret. When I first heard the words as a child, I sat up with recognition. Like Watson, I didn't have a clue. Some 20 years later, I read the passage a second time in an attempt to decipher the psychology behind its impact. I realized I was no better at observing than I had been at the tender age of 7. Worse, even. With my constant companion Sir Smartphone and my newfound love of Lady Twitter, my devotion to Count Facebook, and that itch my fingers got whenever I hadn't checked my email for, what, 10 minutes already? OK, five - but it seemed a lifetime. Those Baker Street steps would always be a mystery.

The confluence of seeing and observing is central to the concept of mindfulness, a mental alertness that takes in the present moment to the fullest, that is able to concentrate on its immediate landscape and free itself of any distractions.

Mindfulness allows Holmes to observe those details that most of us don't even realize we don't see. It's not just the steps. It's the facial expressions, the sartorial details, the seemingly irrelevant minutiae of the people he encounters. It's the sizing up of the occupants of a house by looking at a single room. It's the ability to distinguish the
crucial from the merely incidental in any person, any scene, any situation. And, as it turns out, all of these abilities aren't just the handy fictional work of Arthur Conan Doyle. They have some real science behind them. After all, Holmes was born of Dr. Joseph Bell, Conan Doyle's mentor at the University of Edinburgh, not some, well, more fictional inspiration. Bell was a scientist and physician with a sharp mind, a keen eye, and a notable prowess at pinpointing both his patients' disease and their personal details. Conan Doyle once wrote to him, "Round the centre of deduction and inference and observation which I have heard you inculcate, I have tried to build up a man who pushed the thing as far as it would go."

Over the past several decades, researchers have discovered that mindfulness can lead to improvements in physiological well-being and emotional regulation. It can also strengthen connectivity in the brain, specifically in a network of the posterior cingulate cortex, the adjacent precuneus, and the medial prefrontal cortex that maintains activity when the brain is resting. Mindfulness can even enhance our levels of wisdom, both in terms of dialectism (being cognizant of change and contradictions in the world) and intellectual humility (knowing your own limitations). What's more, mindfulness can lead to improved problem solving, enhanced imagination, and better decision making. It can even be a weapon against one of the most disturbing limitations that our attention is up against: inattentional blindness.

When inattentional blindness (sometimes referred to as attentional blindness) strikes, our focus on one particular element in a scene or situation or problem causes the other elements to literally disappear. Images that hit our retina are not then processed by our brain but instead dissolve into the who-knows-where, so that we have no conscious experience of having ever been exposed to them to begin with. The phenomenon was made famous by Daniel Simons and Christopher Chabris: In their provocative study, students repeatedly failed to see a person in a gorilla suit who walked onto a basketball court midgame, pounded his chest, and walked off. But the phenomenon actually dates to research conducted by Ulric Neisser, the father of cognitive psychology, in the 1960s and 1970s.

One evening, Neisser noticed that when he looked out the window at twilight, he had the ability to see either the twilight or the reflection of the room on the glass. Focusing on the one made the other vanish. No matter what he did, he couldn't pay active attention to both. He termed this phenomenon "selective looking" and went on to study its effects in study after study of competing attentional demands. Show a person two superimposed videos, and he fails to notice when card players suddenly stop their game, stand up, and start shaking hands - or fails to realize that someone spoke to him
in one ear while he's been listening to a conversation with the other. In a real-world illustration of the innate inability to split attention in any meaningful way, a road construction crew once paved over a dead deer in the road. They simply did not see it, so busy were they ensuring that their assignment was properly carried out.

Inattentional blindness, more than anything else, illustrates the limitations of our attentional abilities. Try as we might, we can never see both twilight and reflection. We can't ever multitask the way we think we can. Each time we try, either the room or the world outside it will disappear from conscious processing. That's why Holmes is so careful about where and when he deploys that famed keenness of observation. Were he to spread himself too thin-imagine modern-day Holmes, be it Benedict Cumberbatch or Jonny Lee Miller, pulling out his cell to check his email as he walks down the street and has a conversation at the same time, something you'll never see either of these current incarnations actually doing-he'd be unable to deploy his observation as he otherwise would. Enter the email, exit the Baker Street steps - and then some.

It's not an easy task, that constant cognitive vigilance, the eternal awareness of our own limitations and the resulting strategic allocation of attention. Even Holmes, I'm willing to bet, couldn't reach that level of mindfulness and deliberate thought all at once. It came with years of motivation and practice. To think like Holmes, we have to both want to think like him and practice doing so over and over and over, even when the effort becomes exhausting and seems a pointless waste of energy. Mindfulness takes discipline.

Even after I discovered my propensity for sneaking over to email or Twitter when I wasn't quite sure what to write next, the discovery alone wasn't enough to curb my less-than-ideal work habits. I thought it would be. And I tried, I really did. But somehow, up that browser window popped, seemingly of its own volition. What, me? Attempt to multitask while writing my book? Never.

And so, I took the Odyssean approach: I tied myself to the mast to resist the sirens' call of the Internet. I downloaded Freedom, a program that blocked my access completely for a specified amount of time, and got to writing. The results shocked me. I was woefully bad at maintaining my concentration for large chunks of time. Over and over, my fingers made their way to that habitual key-press combination that would switch the window from my manuscript to my online world - only to discover that that world was off-limits for another . . . how long is left? Has it really been only 20 minutes?

Over time, the impulse became less frequent. And what's more, I found that my writing - and my thinking, it bears note - was improving with every day of Internetless interludes. I could think more fluidly. My brain worked more conscientiously. In those breaks when, before, there would be a quick check of email or a surreptitious run to my Twitter feed, there would be a self-reflecting concentration that quickly rummaged through my brain attic. (You can't write about Holmes without mentioning his analogy for the human mind at least once.) I came up with multiple ways of moving forward where before I would find myself stuck. Pieces that had taken hours to write suddenly were completed in a fraction of the time.

Until that concrete evidence of effectiveness, I had never quite believed that focused attention would make such a big difference. As much research as I'd read, as much science as I'd examined, it never quite hit home. It had taken Freedom, but I was finally taking Sherlock Holmes at his word. I was learning the benefits of both seeing and observing - and I was no longer trading in the one for the other without quite realizing what I was doing.

Self-binding software, of course, is not always an option to keep our brains mindfully on track. Who is to stop us from checking our phone mid-dinner or having the TV on as background noise? But here's what I learned. Those little nudges to limit your own behavior have a more lasting effect, even in areas where you've never used them. They make you realize just how limited your attention is in reality - and how often we wave our own limitations off with a disdainful motion. Not only did that nagging software make me realize how desperately I was chained to my online self, but I began to notice how often my hand reached for my phone when I was walking down the street or sitting in the subway, how utterly unable I had become to just do what I was doing, be it walking or sitting or even reading a book, without trying to get in just a little bit more.

I did my best to resist. Now, something that was once thoughtless habit became a guiltinducing twinge. I would force myself to replace the phone without checking it, to take off my headphones and look around, to resist the urge to place a call just because I was walking to an appointment and had a few minutes of spare time. It was hard. But it was worth it, if only for my enhanced perceptiveness, for the quickly growing pile of material that I wouldn't have even noticed before, for the tangible improvements in thought and clarity that came with every deferred impulse. It's not for nothing that study after study has shown the benefits of nature on our thinking: Being surrounded by the natural world makes us more reflective, more creative, sharper in our cognition.

But if we're too busy talking on the phone or sending a text, we won't even notice that we've walked by a tree.

If we follow Holmes' lead, if we take his admonition to not only see but also observe, and do so as a matter of course, we may not only find ourselves better able to rattle off the number of those proverbial steps in a second, but we may be surprised to discover that the benefits extend much further: We may even be happier as a result. Even brief exercises in mindfulness, for as little as five minutes a day, have been shown to shift brain activity in the frontal lobes toward a pattern associated with positive and approach-oriented emotional states. And the mind-wandering, multitasking alternative? It may do more than make us less attentive. It may also make us less happy.

As Daniel Gilbert discovered after tracking thousands of participants in real time, a mind that is wandering away from the present moment is a mind that isn't happy. He developed an iPhone app that would prompt subjects to answer questions on what they were currently doing and what they were thinking about at various points in the day. In 46.9 percent of samples Gilbert and his colleagues collected, people were not thinking about whatever it was they were doing - even if what they were doing was actually quite pleasant, like listening to music or playing a game. And their happiness? The more their minds wandered, the less happy they were - regardless of the activity. As Gilbert put it in a paper in Science, "The ability to think about what is not happening is a cognitive achievement that comes at an emotional cost."

Thinking like Sherlock Holmes isn't just a way to enhance your cognitive powers. It is also a way to derive greater happiness and satisfaction from life.

# "Do You Think Like Sherlock Holmes?" <br> (Close Reading) 

## Maria Konnikova

Konnikova, Maria. "Do You Think Like Sherlock Holmes?"
Slate. 3 Jan 2013: n. page. Web. 12 Mar 2014.
<http://www.slate.com/articles/health_and_science/science/
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