

With the season's greetings. A 221B

by mazaher
December 7th, 2012

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For irisbleufic, because of the best Christmas hamper ever, with my thanks and best wishes!

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It was dusk, and the first snow of winter was beginning to cover the streets with a thin, white layer, when Dr. John Watson opened the front door and climbed the seventeen steps of 221B Baker Street.

As soon as he stepped in, a sharp whiff of gunpowder filled his nose and a thin cloud of smoke made his eyes water. A copy of the *Annual Police Report* for 1895 dangled from a piece of string tied to a nail set into the architrave of the passage between sitting room and kitchen, its battered hardback cover ripped out and thrown carelessly on the floor. The two-inches thick book was pierced through with two holes from what looked like .577 Short Boxer cartridges, shot at about four yards.

Sherlock Holmes was standing in his second-best silk robe on the rug next to the fireplace, peering down the barrel of a Galand Velodog .204.

"Damn it, again?!" the doctor ejaculated.

"It's an experiment. I need to gauge the perfect caliber as well as the perfect distance..."

The detective poised the barrel of the small gun to graze the sadly hanging frontispice, and pulled the trigger. The shot reverberated, more smoke obscuring the view for a moment.

"...needed to perfect the paper for the Christmas card we're sending to Lestrade. Oh, finally! Right bullet."

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