

Hudson H.

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Herlock Sholmes

Herlock Sholmes was lounging outside, reading the newspaper in front of his home. He lived in a small town in Nebraska, on an even smaller red farm. He spent most of his days lying around; he rarely received visitors. Today was his lucky day. He was still lounging on his hammock when he saw a car pull up in the front of his house. He then watched a man in a police uniform hop out of the car, looking rather worried. Sholmes rose from his hammock, and introduced himself. The man was named Wactor Datson, he *was* a police officer who lived in the area.

“I heard that you are a detective,” Datson said. Herlock was, indeed, a detective, but he did not receive many clients. The officer told him that there had been a robbery in his house the night before, and that many of his valuables had been stolen. Herlock invited him inside, asking Officer Datson to tell him the whole story.

Datson started at the beginning. He was relaxing peacefully upstairs, about to go to bed, when he heard a clanging noise coming from downstairs. He told Herlock how he was not afraid, for he was a police officer and was used to being in dangerous situations. He recalled how he had heard a glass shattering, and clamoring to the ground. He heard the criminal curse under his breath. Datson tiptoed down the stairs and saw a man, dressed in all black, carrying a sack. The man immediately dashed out the door, hopped into a vehicle, and hit the gas, rocketing out of the neighborhood. Sholmes asked Datson if he had heard of the EAG, a major terrorist organization.

“The Elite Assailant Group? Of course I have heard of them,” Datson said.

“Well then, if you would allow me to drive to your house to investigate that would be amazing.”

“Of course,” the police officer told him. “We will leave at once!”

Herlock stayed sitting there a moment longer, looking rather troubled.

“Are you okay?” Woctor asked.

“Yes,” Sherlock assured him. “I am fine, thanks.” Herlock then climbed into his rusty old Ford, and slowly his car pattered down the the windy dirt road toward Officer Datson’s farm.

When Woctor and Sholmes pulled up at Datson’s house, Herlock hopped out of the car and walked briskly to the front door. When he entered the house, he immediately saw splintered glass everywhere. He knew that the criminal had either been in a rush or had been inexperienced. He ventured throughout the house noticing multiple blemishes inside of the otherwise tidy home. He looked around, finding clues that might help him find a suspect. Sholmes told Datson that he would return the next day with all of his equipment to further search the house.

The next morning, Datson heard a knock on the door. He went outside and was greeted by a frowning detective, who smiled at the sight of Datson, for he was still in his pajamas.

“Sorry if I woke you,” said Sholmes.

“No, I was sleeping in too late. Thank you for waking me.” Datson invited him into his lovely house. In Sholmes’s hands there was a very peculiar, modern-looking device that the police officer assumed was a fingerprint scanner. “It looks quite different from the scanner we have at the station,” he said, pointing to the strange device.

“Oh, they are very new. I just got them as a gift. My birthday was yesterday, and my brother who lives in Montana always sends me a little gift.”

“Happy birthday!” the officer said. Sholmes then asked Datson if he was able to leave the house, so the search would be easier. He obeyed, and soon it was just Sholmes in the house. He set to work, scanning every inch of the house from bottom to top. He looked everywhere trying to pick up information, up down, left, right, every which way until he was satisfied that he was done. Herlock called Woctor once he had finished his search.

When Datson arrived back at his house, Sholmes was doing a final check of the home. He heard the door open and packed up his equipment and strolled over to the front room. He told Datson who had committed the crime, then left, leaving the officer stunned.

The next day, Woctor Datson was staring at the big “H” on the front of Herlock Sholmes’s house. He knocked on the door, wearing an expression of pure confusion. Sholmes opened the door and let Datson in.

“I’m sure you have questions,” Sholmes said.

“Yes, I have many,” Datson replied.

Sholmes sat down on the couch, beckoning the officer to do the same. First off, Sholmes saw that he needed to tell the officer who had done it.

“It was the EAG,” Sholmes said, staring blankly at the wall.

“The EAG?” the officer said. “The EAG...” he repeated, as if trying to convince himself.

“Yes it was the EAG. My fingerprint scan said the criminal was Rimesby Goylott, whom I decided to research. I had to dig pretty deep, but I found a website that had several pictures of a man in all black. There have been many reports of robbery near this area, and all witnesses say it

was done by a man in a black suit. I immediately called your colleagues, and they are trying to locate him at this moment.

“That is incredible, Thank you so much.” Datson said. He got up to leave, and added, “I will give you your payment by tomorrow.” The officer then drove home, and went on with his day. That night he was in bed, thinking of what Sholmes had said about the criminal. He felt that if there was a member of such a secretive organization, they would have been extra careful and not made these rookie moves. He gave this some more thought and decided to research Rimesby Goylott on his laptop. To his surprise, a message popped up saying, “Awww shucks. Your search returned up no results. Please try again.” He was mystified. How could there return no results? He decided that he would try to conduct a search of his own, to see if he misspelled something, or perhaps Herlock had accidentally given him the wrong name.

The next day Woctor was on the floor, searching where there was broken glass, with his very own scanner from the station. It took him half an hour, but finally a name popped up on the screen. Watson almost fainted. He immediately called 911 and told them what he found with his private investigation. He took a moment to think about what he had discovered, and then quietly got up and went to his room to lay down.

A couple hours later the police pulled up at a run down red farm, containing one unsuspecting criminal, who was polishing his new valuables, thinking about how well he had fooled his latest client. When he heard a knocking coming from the front room, he walked up and opened the door. There he heard the last words he would ever hear as a free man.

“Your coming with me, Mr. Sholmes.”

