

Devon Holmes

The Letter Of Scarlet



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This is my tribute to Jeremy Brett, 'Sherlock Holmes'



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The door bell rang at the Holmes' residence at 2251 Bakersfield street. United States Of America.

Mr. Harold Scott Holmes, six feet tall, slender, grey hair of sixty-five, opened the door to see a man of equal height, blondish shoulder length hair, wearing a trench coat stands at the home at the door. Observing him thoroughly. "Yes, and you are?"

The man stood with respect. "Hello Sir. I'm Detective John Watson. I'm here to give important information to a Devon Holmes?"

Harold indents his brows. "Oh lord, it's not about that dreaded school again?"

John smiles. "No Sir, just a preliminary."

Harold, taking a deep breath, opens the door wider. "Come on in. your accent is British."

John, concurred. "Yes, I was transferred here from England." He steps inside, waits.: "And you must be?"

Harold with pride. "Her Great Uncle Holmes." Pointed his hand down the hallway "You'll see her in her studies to the left."

John, with courtesy. "Right thanks." He tread down the hallway in his swag steps. Then entering into the den, he fixed his sight on a young woman of 5'2", slender, long auburn hair, denim pants, dark T-Shirt. In her hand, a sword she holds as she practiced with her tutor. A great admiration washed

over his face in witnessing her great agile and strength as she finished up her study like apprenticeship.

John , ready to greet her. “Devon Holmes?”

Devon Holmes, bids farewell to her opponent, as he left.
“Yes.”

John steps forward then stops just in front of her. “This is for you.” He pulls out a letter from his trench coat pocket, hands it to her.

Devon takes the letter from him, looks it over in observation, then him. “You were in a hurry this morning, or you miscalculated where your mouth is located.”

John gives her a questionable expression.

Devon, with wryness. “You wear your breakfast on your lapel.”

John , taking a brief look at his lapel, brushing off the last bit of tiny toast crumbs with his fingers. “The letter was recovered from an old filing cabinet that was delivered from London, England, 221B to be precise.”

Devon lifts the letter to under her nose, takes a big sniff.
“Right. It is an old letter from the legendary Sherlock Holmes, presented to him by his older brother Mycroft Holmes, as Dr. Watson wrote it.” She said in observation.

John gave her an awkward look. “And how did you arrive at that conclusion?”

Devon amused. “Well it’s obvious isn’t it. The letter was written by Dr. Watson, while Sherlock smoked his pipe, the

smell of old tobacco, Mycroft's stale cologne. You never told me your name?"

John, straight faced. "Oh, it's Detective John Watson."

Devon verified. "Yes, I can see the resemblance."

John, amused. "Right I shall go back to work now. Nice to meet you."

Devon, quite intrigued by him, smiles at him. "Likewise." Sees him leave.

John, smiles back, leaves the room.

In the kitchen, she takes a kettle, places it onto the stove's burner, turns on the burner, a few minutes later, plumes of hot steam bursts from out the kettle's spout as she ever so carefully hovers the letter over the steam as the stream of steam curls rising up into the air then dissipates. The envelope's softened gum open up. She turns the burner off, carefully pulls out a very old paper, unfolds it to see the results. Like opening the doorway into the 1800's, the first word she sets her eyes on :

June 8, 1922

My Dear Sherlock,

It is of utmost importance that you should be notified of an unsavory decision made by Scarlet Holmes that I took it upon myself to present this letter to you. It is of vital important this letter of Scarlet to be delivered in the urgency of rightful hands. The letter of Scarlet will give you the answer.

Sincerely, Mycroft Holmes

Devon, satisfied, folding the letter up, replacing it back into the musty envelope. Leaves to her room.

Harold Holmes open the door to see a man in fine heavy work clothes, next to him, a very old looking filing cabinet. "Excuse me, what is this?"

The delivery man takes his clipboard, pen in hand, marks off the delivery. "It's a filing cabinet. As 'delivered.'"

Harold , with unamused wry expression. "Yes I know what it is. But why is it here?"

The delivery man, checks over for names on the clipboard for verification. "UMM, a Devon Holmes ordered it from an auction, in 221B,London England. please sign here." He extends the clipboard to him, along with pen.

Harold, recognizing the details, little apprehensive at first, then taking the pen, signs his name on the dotted line., places the pen back onto the clipboard, with big sigh, opens the door wider as the deliveryman proceed to wheeled in the old metal cabinet inside.

Harold, with hand of direction. "Go ahead and take it into this room."

The deliveryman did as directed, then wheeling the trolley outside to leave.

Devon Holmes, peering from out of her bedroom door, sees the deliveryman leave, then sees her uncle closing and locking the rarely used door's room, then leaving it behind going toward his room as she pulls back to a slight appearance of a closed but ajar door, sees his shadow walking past her door then into his room. She once again opened her door, quietly tread the hallway to the seemingly door of secrecy. Taking out a small wire from her pants pocket, she kneeled onto one

knee, inserted the wire into the keyhole, ever so carefully moving the wire inside the lock, as the lock unlocked. Grabbing the doorknob, she opened the door entering inside, closed it. Taking her hands, she postured them unto her hips in admiration as she gazed upon the old metal cabinet, the stain of dark round coffee rings still shown on top. Then taking her hand upon the first drawer handle, proceeded to open it, the musty smell of the 19th century of the year 1893 engulfed into her face as her eyes affixed upon an old artifact, a pipe, she took it, wiped it down with her shirt, placed it into her mouth. Then sees an old hat. Picking it up placing it onto her head. Another artifact, an antique violin. Nothing more to see, she closes the drawer, then opens the second drawer to see a file filled with very old documents, turn of the century newspapers from the 1890's and letters of all sorts. Taking a letter from the drawer, sees it never sealed, the address of 221B London, England addressed to Mycroft Holmes, stamped dated of 1860. Enthralled with her find, she turns to see her uncle in front of her.

Harold , unamused, "Now, how did you get into this room?"

Devon, deviously shows him the wire. "The key."

Harold , even more unamused. "You have a wicked sense of humor, niece mine. That, no doubt you get from Mycroft, your perseverance from Sherlock. Now, show me what's in your hand."

Devon, showed him the letter.

Harold , taking closer steps to her, taking a lock of her long auburn hair with love. "The beeches were copper indeed. Even your great grandmother had her wits of bravery to find

clues to answers to help solve a case.” Dropping her hat from hand, he turned ready to leave. “And do take that pipe out of your mouth before you choke on all that dust, TAKE OFF that hat they call ‘Deerstalker’, it looks silly on you.”

Devon, pulling both the pipe and hat off, she places her hands in back of herself. “Thank you Uncle, for that that most insightful answer.”

Harold straightly looked her. “I pity you. You were born with the blood of both Sherlock and Mycroft, their blood runs through your veins, yet it is still inconclusive to determine of which one is your true great-great grandfather. Yet, I love you like my own daughter. Oh Devon, what does it matter now, your need to know?” He leaves the room.

Devon, turned back to look at the letter, then continues to the third drawer but to discover it locked and without key. She once again opened the second drawer to find the key, rummaging throughout the many loose papers, but found no key. She came upon a stationary letter like note. On it read:

To be sent to auction at:

H. S. Barkley Company, The Library of Canons Museum

ITEM NO. 123-887-89 Holmes Estate

Phone No. 555-786- 9939

She looked into the room of silence. Taking her phone, she tapped upon it. “Watson. John, will you accompany me to The Library Of Canons Museum?”

The Library of Canons

At the Library of Canons Museum. Devon Holmes And Detective John Watson, standing tall beside each other, observing the vast lots of many old stored cannons of turn of the century books.

The curator went to greet them. “ Hello, I’m Mr. Macky. Those books haven’t seen much of daylight since the late eighteen hundreds. They were sent here from London, England. Apparently they could not find the rightful owner’s home address so they sent it to us, the closest location to you.”

John Watson, stood. “Fair enough.”

Devon Holmes paying attention.

The curator continued. “Because of limited space, we had to put them in an area for safe keeping.”

John Watson gave a ‘wait for it’ moment facial expression. “And where is this ‘safe keeping area’.”

The curator, in happy to serve smile. “Ah, let me show it to you. “

Devon looks at John in enthusiasm.

John looks at Devon in enthusiasm, as they both followed him to an undisclosed private part of the library’s museum, stopping just in front to view a darkened are of less toured. “ It is here, but you’ll have to use the platform ladder to retrieve them.”

Devon, John, with their view, followed the steps of the ladder going upwards, the twenty stair steps.

Devon, confident. "Right, let's do this."

The curator, in reason. "Actually, this is only the first of ladders. You will have three flights of ladders to obtain it all."

John, taking a double eye batted look of question at him. "Are you serious? And just how many books are there?"

The curator, stood proudly smiling. "Approximately, one hundred items. fifty-six canons. Diaries, the casebooks, another fifty of the accounts of clients."

Devon, kept confident. "Well I, no doubt can surely get through all that in no wasted time."

John, taking another double look at her. "We can?"

Devon, veering back at him. "Yes, we can. Ready?" She took the first step going up.

The curator, done proud with his job, moves onward.

John, with a big sigh, followed her lead.....

On the third platform, they searched. They looked high and low, then in a nook, daylight hit dimly upon a row of dusty, turn of the century hard back books. The first book obscured to be seen, John, with strong breath, blowing upon it, as dust flew from it, a book entitled, The casebook of Sherlock Holmes. Then another book next to it entitled, The memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.

John, steadfast in acceptance. "Right, here we go." He took one book.

Devon, taking the other book from the shelf, opened the cover, beginning with the first page, began flipping the pages.

An hour of time went by, like years passing by throughout the hundred years as they pulled yet another book each, the other previous books already looked through, placed onto the platform, they continued to look for clues from the past.

Devon, getting weary of search, takes another book, sighs. “ You know John. Your great grandfather would have said, ‘the pen is mightier than the sword’, but my great grandfather would have used the double edged sword. But of which of these two, Sherlock, Mycroft do I truly belong to, I.....” She suddenly quit her words as she saw a book marker marking an area of information on a page. “John. I found a clue!”

John goes to her to see for himself. “The memoirs are quite defined. Signed by Dr. Watson himself. Well done Devon. Next thing we should do, is transfer all these books to your home.”

Devon, with cocky smile upon her face. “Yes indeed, but how to get them down from here?”

John, in deep thinking mode. “I’ve got an idea. Throw them down to the floor.”

Devon, concurred. “My thought exactly.”

They began in a hurried flurry, taking the rest of the canons, grabbing each one, hurling them over the railing, as each book hit the bottom floor with a thud, the mount of books piling up until the last book showed an empty shelf.

John, reverence his gentleman hand out to her in the direction the ladder as Devon took his offer. “Ladies first.”

Taking the last step down from the ladder, they took a sizeable look at the small mount of books.

The curator, slowly creeping in seized his expressive eyes of horror upon the books. Stopped beside them, speechless.

John, taking out a business card from his trench coat, giving it to him. "Sorry about that. Could you please have them delivered to the residence of Mr. Harold Holmes at this address?" He leaves the premises with Devon.

John Watson with Devon, getting inside his car, they drove off.

Approaching her home, they saw a truck load of books ready to be unloaded next to the property.

Devon, John stalled.

Uncle Harold stood in unamused dismay at her. "Devon Myra Holmes! In my house now Missy!"

Clara, went to stand next to him staring at it all.

Devon, smile dulled. "Oh no, he's angry at me."

John, in conflicted manner. "How is that so?"

Devon verified. "He called me Missy." She goes into the house.

John, follows her, stands by her side.

Harold stands in front of him. "John, this doesn't concern you. You may go."

John, stood next to Devon attentive. "But I am Sir. I was with her."

Harold, accepted. "Very well then. The both of you. What were you thinking? What kind of shenanigans are you into this time, And what in thearnation am I supposed to do with all this?"

Devon with quick thinking. "Put it in with the other artifacts of the room you deemed undisclosed?"

Harold, unamused. "The sassiness precedes your grandmother."

Devon, with wry mouth. "Thank you Uncle. For that most sought after answer."

Harold sulking. "If it weren't for your special day they call 'of age,' I'd stay cross at you." He leans to give her a quick kiss on her head. And John. Be sure to come back tonight for the celebration."

John, of reassurance. "Well, thank you Sir, I'll be back." Closes the door on his way out.

Devon, entering into her room, on her bed lay a package. Her curiosity took her to investigate it. As she opened the box to see an off white garment. Taking out the garment, as it fully unfolded showed an 1890's gown, the fine details of exquisite delicate intricate lace of integrated small pearls lined the waistline, showed the love and care skillfully made. In her tomboyish mind, she held the gown up to her body while looking into the mirror. Her thoughts made her humble as she prepares for the special event.

The Party

In the foyer, uncle opens the door to Detective John Watson, looking dapper in fine attire of black suit, black shoes. "John, come in." He smiles.

John enters inside. "Thank you Sir. I must admit I'm not always included to these kind of events."

Harold, with understanding. "Well these events don't come often. And I must admit that I don't usually participate in them, but as I wanted to keep it simple, just for today for Devon."

John, in agreement. "Yes, simple is the key...." He abruptly stopped as he turned to see Devon, just coming out from the hallway in her off white Victorian gown. Her long auburn beautified with her hair bow, her enhanced rouge face like as if she just came from Victorian times. Seeing her never seen before beauty in a different light, he swallows hard with admiration for her in a lingered look.

Devon, observing her surroundings, stopped to see who showed up.

Two other men, went to her. One man inserted himself. "Hello Devon, and happy birthday. May I have this dance with you?"

The other man inserted himself over the other. "Actually, I was here first."

Devon, being of lady like manners. "Well...I..don't know."

Harold , with pride. “Now look at that. Did I do good or did I do good. She’s an image of her great mothers’ Beauty in all her splendor.”

John, seeing them fuss over her. Straight faced-No grinning in his department. “Excuse me Sir.” He goes to Devon, gently takes her hand into his. “Devon, You’re a vision of beauty. Gentlemen, I believe I am first in line. Miss Devon Holmes, would you do me the honor in a dance with me?” He pulled her unto the middle of the room, his hand with hers lifted, he pulled her close to himself, his other hand placed upon her waist, as she consented in same way.

Devon, slowly dancing with him. “I did have the situation handled, but thank you.”

John, smiled mesmerized standing in non motion. “You’re welcome.”

Devon, concurred. “ We’re not moving.”

John, in stillness. “You’re right. We’re just standing.”

Another lady, went to them, stood next to John.

John, looked at her. “Miss Haley. Nice to see you.”

Miss Haley taking a glanced look at Devon, then him. “John, it’s been awhile. Did you get that dark wine out of your carpet yet? That was fun night, wasn’t it?”

John, with careful words. “ No, I had the carpet ripped out after that. I tried to remove the stain, but for some reason, I found another stain.”

Devon, with her pride. “Perhaps it was The Second Stain?”

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