

Devon Holmes

The Silhouette's Shadow



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By Bonita Highley

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Devon Holmes sat on the floor taking old newspapers from the cabinet, sorting through the remnant belongings to her Great-Great Grandfather Sherlock Holmes. Each paper in its present state...through the passage of time as she ever so carefully sift the mound. "Is everything in life so black and white with reality? Or is it that in the invention of color made it come to life?"

Detective John, sorting out his our papers. "The only black and white I know of is these documents in my hands. Police reports, missing person reports. You name it, its here."

Devon, "And these. Old black and white faded in the past newspapers from the 1846 to 1915. Remarkable." Places the paper down. "John. Do you ever think about your Great-Great Grandfather? Dr. John Watson?"

John, taking a brief look at her. "There has been times yes."

Devon, continued sorting, then placing the old paper into a cardboard box. Layering them neatly in a stack.

John, "Oh, I just.. And how was your exams for graduation into the world of detection?"

Devon, steady on. "It went well. I past my exam. Or though they said. It seemed there wasn't a suitable description to describe my score...like an off the richter scale going off the chart. My professor didn't know what to do with me after. He was so petrified in telling me my score, but by the look of his facial expression, I'm somewhere between under qualified, in making mistakes and over qualified to take over his job." She flipped a discarded paper over her shoulder.

John chuckled. "Really?"

Devon stop to look at him. "Yes, really." She went back to shuffling the crinkled old newspapers.

John placed down his work papers. "Well, Mrs. Devon Myra Holmes Watson, graduate of the year 2023. Come this way. I've got something to show you my love." He extends his hand out to her in invitation.

Devon, giving him a questionable look. "What is it?" She places her hand into his.

John, lovingly takes her hand into his. "Come on, let me show you." Playfully pulling her up off the floor. Leading her to the other side of the room to see a curtain covered area.

Devon, reassured him. "If it's about to find the cleaner to that dreaded curtain you can't find, Well I nearly found it."

John, stood in amazement with her. "No love. Do you remember from the canon books?"

Devon, "Yeessss. And?"

John, "Right. Devon Holmes, I give to you, your graduation gift." Taking his hand, he grasped the covering, pulling it down.

Devon looking straight at high antique wooden bookcase full of each canon neatly placed in order from one end to another. Almost speechless she tightened his hand in excitement. "John Watson. It is extraordinary beautiful!"

John smiled. "You like it?"

Devon, overjoyed.

John, "Your mum help set it up while you took your exam. They all line up according to each year going back to 1846 to 1915."

Devon, "You are the brilliant one. I have a brilliant husband. Thank you John!" She turned giving him a kissing smack on his lips, then, turned back to gaze at the bookshelf.

John, "And that's not all. It also comes with a bulletin board to help solve cases." He showed her next to the bookshelf.

Devon, "Clever one you are. Now John Watson. It's time to go to class."

John , "Oh, what class is this?"

Devon, "Elementary, my dear Watson. The A.B.C.'s of who, what, where and why."

In the office, pictures from newspaper clippings lined the board.

Devon pacing back and forth while observing the old photograph. "Is it just a case of mistaken identity?"

John stood observing the picture. "You do recognize him? This young man in black and white. It was so long ago. It's hard to tell. This is indeed a challenge."

Devon, "I am most certain we will solve this clue." She continued her pacing.

John, "You're pacing again."

Devon, "Oh, so I am." She stopped to look closer at the photo. "There is something very familiar with this man. As though I've seen him before. I'm sure of it, yet can not place it."

John, "I have to take these documents back to the office at my work. I'll be back. Perhaps we should share this office?" He leaves.

Devon smiles.

John Watson entering back into the room, seeing Devon throwing darts at the bulletin board at the photo of Sherlock's nemesis, professor Moriarty. "Are we having any luck on findings?"

Devon, "I'm focusing on the investigation." She kept aiming with perfect precision, then throwing yet another ten darts at the board.

John, "It is after hours."

Devon, focused. Aimed, throwed, aimed throwed, aimed, throwed.

John, "Our son is wanting us."

Devon, focused. Aimed, throwed, aimed throwed, aimed, throwed

John, "DEVON!"

Devon stopped. Looked at him.

John, "I said, our son needs us."

Devon, "Of course. Sorry." She began to walk off, placed the dart on the bookshelf, looked directly at a book, 'The Final Problem,' then in a moment, stop in thought. Suddenly she swiftly turned to throw the last dart at the board with such a thrust at an angle as it hit right at the target, smack dab into the circle upon the face of Mr. Moriarty.

John, quickly turned to see the dart had hit bullseye centered. "Bloody hell." He went to the board to see for himself. "Amazingly accurate."

Devon, "It was just in a matter of time."

Little John runs to them. "Mommy, Daddy!"

Devon, "John. Our son beckons us."

John picks his son up into his arms with a pecking kiss on his head.

Little John points his finger at the board. "Shadow."

Devon kisses their son. "That's right son, it's a shadow."

They notice the sun's casting shadow's line going from Moriarty's pictured face, across Sherlock's silhouette, unto Devon's much younger photo of family on the wall next to the board.

John, "We'd better get going, it's getting late."

Devon, "Right. Let's go see grandma and grandpa!" She tenderly touched his little hand as they left the room, closing the door. The sun's ray beamed a light upon the dart-shone a shadow of the past photo.

In the livingroom.

Clara, Myra, granddad, smiled with joy. "Where is that grandson of mine. John Sherlock Hamish Holmes Watson, where are you?"

Harold, "Everyone ready for our outing?"

John and Devon preparing their son.

Later that night.....

On the arrival back to their home, Harold unlocking the front door.

Little John runs straight inside.

John, "He had a great time, he's still excited."

Devon, "Yes, or maybe it was all that sugar he ate."

Clara, "He'll be up tonight."

Myra, like her husband, smile in agreement.

Clara, "I'll read him a bed time story to get sleepy."

John, in the hallway. Stops to see something unusual in the office. "Devon. Come see this."

Devon goes to him. Looks at the fully open door. "Didn't I close that door?"

John, "Yes you did. And we all went out at the same time."

Giving each other a brief look, they proceeded to walk inside the office. Inside, half the books from the bookshelf ransacked covered the floor, as if in the scene of crime unfolds. They walked around carefully to inspect. They stood. Confounded.

John, observing the room. goes to the window. Sees a note on the floor. Picks it up, It read:

'I'm coming after the shadow'

~ Nemesis

John, concluded. "He leaves no name. The window was pry open. It's Obvious."

"You have made a good conclusion Detective John Watson. I will take it from here." A man in long black trench coat stood in observation.

John and Devon turned to look. Indented their brows in question.

Devon, recognizing him. "Detective Lestrade. Good to see you again sir. And what brings you here into our home?"

Detective Lestrade continues into the room. " I have personally taken on this assignment. We have been tracking this nemesis from day one. He is the cause of this monstrosity. He is my responsibility."

Devon, "Detective Lestrade. I assure you. I along with my husband, Detective John Watson, are perfect capable to solve this case ourselves."

John, in courtesy. "But we could benefit with a little help from you."

Devon looking at John.

Detective Lestrade, taking a few steps toward them, stopped. "Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Holmes. I take pride in my work. I will not forfeit, nor nagate unto another as I stand on my oath in capturing this nemeses. This criminal is solely mine to take. I believe you have important information regarding this criminal and I need proof of evidence to put him away behind bars for good. But since this is special case, I suppose it would be an exclusive honor to work with the descendant of the

great master detective of Sherlock Holmes.” He gazed at Devon.

Devon, with grateful poise. “Yes indeed. I would be a great honor to work with you also Detective Lestrade.”

Detective Lestrade, “Right. There is no need to dust for fingerprints, I have already known this nemesis wears gloves. He’s highly professional. You may clean up” He goes to the board, see the dart still embedded. “Right. I shall be back.” He turns to leave the room.

Devon looks at John.

John looks at Devon giving each other a cocky wry expression, as they began to pick up the books placing them back inside the bookshelf.

Later that evening...

Devon as in a dream state...Tossing and turning in bed, she slowly running from room to room, no answer to be found. She turns to see another door opening before her, the silhouette steps into the midnight's moonlight, as she becomes, like an eclipse, into a shadow. She suddenly awakes. Her eyes open, then heavy again, falls back asleep.

John and Devon, seeing their son playing outside in the dirt, lifts up a rock, taking a closer look at them.

Devon, in retrospect watching her son play. "These shadows I've been seeing. Some sort of dark imagery, black apparation perhaps. Though I can not deduce who it is. It is through our son I feel his presence. A mere little boy. And when our son playing in the hard dirt, digging for clues. Much like an archeologist digs in search for answers."

John Watson, in perspective. "Perhaps the shadow represent something important. They say your dreams unlock the mysteries of our hearts and minds. In our inner soul you can find the answers."

Devon, "The even more question. But why does these shadows haunt me so?"

John, "You are merely seeing ghost from the past from your inner mind, that's all. Don't let it cloud your judgement of login."

Harold Holmes opened the door at the address of 2251 Bakerstreet. Sees The Detective Lestrade at the door. “ So it begins. They are in progress.” Invited him in.

Detective Lestrade, tips his respectful head to him. “And not a moment too soon, thank you.”

Lestrade walks inside and into the office. Seeing more newspaper clippings pinned to the board. “I see your progression. Well done.”

Devon kept observing a clean shaven, man of about sixty years old.

John, stood by him. “The newspaper photo says it is around the year 1846 to 1915 we can not be sure. He looks familiar but can’t place him.”

Devon, taking steps backward at a distance, to observe.

Detective John, with Devon on his other side. “Now I’ve seen this man before. Right. Now let’s age him backwards.”

Devon, taking a black marker, applied it to darkening the hair of the unknown man. With each stroke of black lines, aging him backwards by applying more. Taking a few steps back, the picture slowly becoming clearer to image. For a moment in time, her eyes meeting the man’s in the photograph. “Sherlock.”

Detective Lestrade, with guiding pride. “Well done Miss Holmes. Both of you figured it out.”

John. “We found another black and white photo in a 1915 newspaper. An unusual photograph showing a silhouette of Sherlock Holmes. So we placed that on the board. And when

Devon cast her dart at the photo of Sherlock's nemesis, professor Moriarty, it left a surprisingly casting shadow running across from Sherlock's photo onto Devon's photo on the wall next to the board. We just didn't take any notice at the time we had left with our family."

Detective Lestrade confounded. "Indeed. Most curious mysterious." Miss Holmes. Your conclusions?"

Devon, "In the eyes of a child, our son pointed it out to us. Thinking it to be child's play of the imagination. But is this silhouette's shadow somehow correlated?"

Detective Lestrade, satisfied. "Right. I shall leave and come back. I am beginning to enjoy my stay here in the states. Most welcoming for retirement. I myself may just decide to take up residence. But we shall see after this case is solved." He places his hand upon Devon's shoulder. "Well done Miss Holmes. Just don't forget to keep your login in place with common sense." He leaves.

The next day...

Harold phone rang. He answered it. "Hello. Who is this? This stranger just hang up. He said he was coming to get the shadow. Evacuate our family now, the nemesis is inside our house, has invaded."

Lestrade, "They will go to my rental home until the nemesis is caught."

Clara, taking grandson with her, Myra, granddad, leaving....

John, in protection. "Is everyone out?"

Lestrade, Harold, "Yes."

John ,Harold, you must go with them."

Harold, " I will not." He protested.

Devon, "Uncle, I insist." She stared him down.

Harold, walked out.

John, hearing a noise coming close. Goes into another room.

The nemesis steps into the room with rapier in hand. "Devon Holmes. Let me introduce myself. "I'm Jack Moriarty. The long lost great nephew of James Moriarty you destroyed. The last of surname. You really didn't think you got rid of all the Moriarty's now did you? I've come to avenge in my estranged surname sake of Moriarty. I've come for the Silhouette's shadow. I've come for you."

Devon, stunned.

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