

Devon Holmes

The Letter Of Scarlet



Bonita Highley



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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 importance 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 hair 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?"

John, reshift his position. "Well I wasn't aware of that at the time."

Devon, reshift her position. "Well, it's like anyone can pick a lock, but will respect keep a person from entering? Now can you imagine me just placing the wire inside your key hole, then, just walk in? It is exceedingly fun."

Miss Haley, gives her an uneasy expression, "Right. John, nice to have seen you again."

John looks at Miss Hayley. "Yes."

Miss Hayley walks away in ladylike scruples.

John, veered back at Devon. " Exceedingly FUN??"

Devon, in clarity. "Yes. Don't you think it's fun to pick a lock, it gives me a thrill."

John, taking a big sigh. "Devon while in the presence of that kind of others, its best to keep it to a level of reasoning. You know, diversity."

Devon's brows lift in his statement. "Oh come on John. I bet she couldn't even pick a lock, let alone find the keyhole. Honestly, ripping the carpet out because of a stain?"

John took a big breath, exhaled. "I was referring to her. She wouldn't leave, she had her sight on another businessman with us."

Devon, humble, "I see."

John, took her hand. "Look Devon. This is your night. Let's forget about it." He held her close.

Devon, looking up seeing a man looking inside the window at her. "John. I saw him."

John, "You saw who?"

Devon, pulled away from him to get a clearer view. A man that resembles a photo in the canons. Mr. Moriarty."

John, goes to the window, pulls back the curtain, peers outside. "Are you sure? I mean you only saw the illustrated drawings of him."

Devon, stood adamant. "Very sure."

John, takes her hand in comfort. "Well, who ever it was, that person is gone now. Let's dance ok?"

Devon, still staring out the window while by his side.

John, reassured her. "Devon?"

Devon, looked at him as they began to sway to the music.

John, at ease with her. "There we go. This is nice isn't it?"

Devon, concurred with a nod of yes.

Their eyes locking with each other as if a partnership of trust to each other.

John, kissing her on her forehead. "Let's go out to the marketplace tomorrow, and tonight I'll help you get through the rest of the canons, alright, but now, let's just be carefree, ok."

In Devon's bedroom. Detective John Watson, stands next to the filing cabinet, in his hands are the file documents. Looking over the legal documentation, he carefully reads.

Devon, taking out yet another file, she examines the contents, every name, date, place of location as she paces back and forth in front of him.

John, flipping over another page, he begins to read yet another page. "Inspector Lestrade was prolific in his profession I see."

Devon, giving her attention. "The man was quite inquisitively facilitative in his involvement. Always trying to outwit Sherlock and Dr. Watson." Continued her pacing.

John briefly looked at her pacing, then back at his paper. "You going to make yourself go crazy doing that one of these days."

Devon, coming back around. "I suppose you are right. Very accurate sequence of events that took place back in those days, these accounts of clients. For example. Miss Violet Hunter of The Copper Beeches, Sherlock called her, a 'most exceptional woman'. And his touching of her chestnut hair, much like mine. The closest thing to a quiet romance indication in those days. Miss Irene Adler, with her Scandal in Bohemia apparently, she was known as 'The Woman'. And Miss Hudson, the housekeeper. He must have drove her to wonder." She kept her pace on his sidelines.

John, with another quick glance at her. "Yes, retracing the facts, mind you....

Devon, "And along with logic."

John, "Um, yes, of course."

Devon, suddenly stops. "Will you look at this?" She went to him to show and old photograph. "It is Sherlock and Mycroft's family."

John, getting weary of standing for over an hour, sits down on the floor amongst the already seen outdated old manuscripts on the floor. "Devon, here is something of worthy attention, is this the man you saw?"

Devon sits on the floor next to him to get a closer look sitting amongst the small amount of documents, papers, as she sat closer to him to see the picture in the old newspaper. "Yes that's the man I saw." Her long hair drape over her shoulder, fell gracefully.

John, looked at her with intrigue. "You, my dear Holmes deserve a bed of roses." Taking his hand, he gently pulls back her long auburn hair to see her face.

Devon, losing her focus, looks at him, then linger. "Watson, that's very nice of you."

John, reshifted getting closer to her. "I suppose I should say, that I am very honored to be sitting here with you, on this floor sifting and sorting through all this wonderful history we call family, together."

Devon, gives him a friendly smile. "Yes, I suppose you could say that."

John, gets closer to her, face to face. "I guess you can say we, both of us, are making our own history, right now."

Devon, barely nodding her head "Yes"

John, as close to her as can be. "Are you ever afraid of just anything about to happen?"

Devon, swallows hard. "How can I know, of what can happen, unless it happens?"

John, up close. "Precisely." He swooped in to kissed her tenderly onto her lips, then again a little heavier as he clutches her face with his hands, then as they fell like two light feathers falling onto the papers, they lay softly in a bed of rose like victorian stationary of sweet smelling perfume.

In the marketplace...

The following day, Devon, and John, walking hand in hand into the crowd of people side by side window shopping. Into the sporting store.

John, interested. "Great store."

Devon, interested. "Great idea."

Entering inside the sporting goods store, they pick up a log bow and arrow.

John, admiring the long bow as he pick one from the wall display. "Sleek in all its glory."

The clerk hollered out. "Thief, thief!!!"

They spy, witnessing a thug began to run off with goods.

John, taking a look at Devon.

Devon, taking a longbow from John, lifts it to her eye's view, aims, pulls back the arrow, steadily aims it at the man, releases her fingers as the arrow, like a heat-seeking missile, flies through the air, hits the wall with a hard thud, pinning the thief's shirt to the wall, held him hostage from escape.

The people around clapping their hands in cheers.

Devon, looking at John. With humbleness, she tilts her head at them in thanks.

John, looking at her in a proud moment, taking his cell phone, calls the police.

Devon arrived home in high spirits. Entering inside her home , smiles, her smile dimmed as she witnessed an assortment of scattered papers shrewdly scattered on the floor. Her paced slowed to see some were the documents from the file cabinet leading a trail from the extra room to her room. taking slower paced steps toward her room to investigate, having in mind the whereabouts of her uncle, stepping inside her room, she spies upon a man sitting next to her uncle, this man, in serious constraint to her uncle.

Her uncle, in his own calm containment. "Devon. Look who came to visit."

Devon, recognizing the situation, she ever so slowly taking steps next to the center of the room. In awareness of this situation, and noticeable attention the nemesis placed upon her, in her sense of calm dignity, she stalled for moment, then quickly turned a veering look at this man in question. "May I be of assistance to you Sir and what is it that you seek within my room?"

The man in black suit stood, taking his steps over to her. "I think you already know the answer to that, Miss Devon Holmes." He came close to her, eye to eye.

Devon, not budging, Keeping her stance of position, squinted her eyes in question. "You must be some special kind of stupid, for me to just hand something over that I have not acquired, nor would I give to you..get that. And If I were you, I'd leave the premises before something dreadful happens-- Mr. Moriarty." She rounded out his name in heavy adamant pronunciation.

Mr. Moriarty, wryly clinched his mouth, "So you know me by name. You must have been a real brat growing up.

Devon, stood her ground. "I wear it like a badge of honor."

Mr. Moriarty, with wry mouth. "This I assure you. There will be a next time."

Devon kept her position. "Let's hope for your sake, not so."

Mr. Moriarty, backs off, leaves the home.

Devon connects her vision with her uncle as they follow him to make sure of his departure.

She reaches for her cell phone, taps numbers. "John Watson, he was here. Come over to take witness statements." She taps off her phone, turns to her uncle. "Uncle, What have you gotten yourself into?"

John, walking in. "I came as soon as I could!. Sir, are you alright?"

Harold, ""Yes, for sake."

John, at ease. "Good, as long as everyone is. Now what was he after?"

Devon, in a 'as you were' position. "Of that part I can not be certain yet to divulge at this time, without the facts."

Harold, stood in once again calmness. "Yes. And someone has to retrieve all these papers from the floor. Right. I'm getting my cup of tea." He leaves to the kitchen.

John, at attention. He gives her the look of participation.

Devon, Turned to John. "Right! Are you ready?"

Together, they crouch down picking up one document at a time, then another, then another, as the papers accumulated into their hands.

John, grabbing another paper. "What was Moriarty after?" Taking steps from the trail of papers leading back to her bedroom, then crouching down again to pick up more.

Devon, following in his footsteps, picking up the papers. "I suspect his family name."

John, picking the last few papers surrounding her bedroom door. "Please elaborate?" He stood to stare at her.

Devon, picking up the last paper next to the door. "He obviously has taken these papers that we have already been through. "He's searching for some sort of evidence to what took place, that could clear his name perhaps. To my deducement will find out." She stood to stare at him.

John, in a moment of great admiration for her. "Right. We'll look into it tonight, together... again." He gives her the look of anticipation.

Devon, giving the look back to him. "Right. Together."

John, letting loose of the papers in his hands, as they spewed back unto the floor, closing, locking the door, reaches for her hand, pulls her close to himself. "Yes indeed." Clutched her face with his hands, in non stop kissing her mouth.

Devon, in her consent, does likewise to him, the papers falling from her hands, she reaches for him.

The sun turn into evening, John in her bed, his unbutton shirt as he lay next to her, his loving arms around her in love and protection. Devon, her half exposed shirt under the covers, looks at him in tender affection.

John, with love. Looks at the clock. "I'm going to be late for work. Can you manage the search by your self today?"

Devon, grinned. "Well of course."

John, getting out bed, refitting his clothes buttons up his shirt, puts his shoes on, applies his trench coat. Gives her one last kiss. " Right, I'll give you a call., bye for now love." Quietly leaves the room.

Devon, getting out of her bed, her long shirt looking like a dress. She looks down to the piled papers, sees one paper she does not recognize. Picking up the letter, she slowly paces back and forth..pulled it out it read:

July 15, 1895

Dear Mycroft, this letter I must send to you, it is of most importance. In this letter after a discreet ceremony of Violet Hunter and Sherlock as they moved into 221B Baker Street.

I had a separate residence as part of my current medical practice. I continued to be a frequent visitor to Baker Street. I had saw the visits to family concerts, operettas and sporting events, with the concert hall and long hours of work.

Violet left Holmes' commonplace—after assessing the look he gave, when she took note of attention to his work, Nor did address on anything connected with a current case, after all, genius must be allowed its own methods.

However, she soon developed an efficient filing system for records of past cases that she filed. A remarkable data system jointly by Violet and Mycroft Holmes.

What started as a most invigorating conversation over a cup of tea soon turned into an enthusiastic joint discussion of data organization and life, leaving Sherlock catching up on a badly-needed nap. Before long, the Holmes to Holmes data system was sufficiently retrieved proficient.

Life was increasingly busy as the months went by, yet for Violet something was lacking. The spring of romance that had sprung up between her and Sherlock, unexpected and fragile, was waning. Sherlock had fallen back into his natural, reserved ways. Violet, with the help of Mrs. Hudson organizing the rest of the house, but Violet became restless and drew away from Sherlock; she found herself dreaming of new worlds to conquer.

But as it turned out, I needn't have worried that Violet and Sherlock agreed to an amicable separation. Each could still be counted on to be as true friends in times of difficulty.

With her connections to Mycroft, Violet found it easy to secure a position in education, and it was then that she was appointed to the position of headmistress at Walsall, near Birmingham in the West Midlands. Over the years, they fall into the habit of taking vacations together—vacations with benefits. They figure a bit of recreation from time to time will not do any harm and, after all, they are married. Then, the news came, what should have been of happy occasion, the announcement of Violet with child. Soon, a child was birthed to them, a daughter, named Scarlet Holmes. It's hard to say whether or not Violet Holmes, née Hunter, proved the truth of the old saying in a letter: "For better or for worse."

Signed,

Dr. Watson

Devon, lift her vision into the distance. She pulled out another overlooked letter, out from the envelope as it read:

Dear Mr. Holmes,

'As my mother, Violet Holmes knows well of my pending childbirth of motherhood, I am at odds with a most unsavory decision to make. But I must. Though I was proposed marriage by a Mr. Moriarty with such generous offering, but I must say my love for another man conquers and will soon marry....'

Post Script:

'She is a beautiful little girl. Her name, Myra, suits her. But I'm afraid of what is to come for her future. So, in her best interest, to my despair, I have decided much to hand her over to my relative Harold Holmes, to raise her in America as it is much too difficult under the circumstances to raise her here in England.'

Devon, reading the sentence at the bottom of the letter, she raised her face in straight illumination. "Signed, Scarlet Holmes."

The following day....

John Watson sits in car, taps on his phone, holds it to his ear. "Devon, I'm leaving you a message. The curator, Mr. Macky messaged me, he found another book we overlooked, yah, I know, another book. Meet me at The Museum, bye for now love."

Few minutes later.....

Devon entered inside the museum. Mid day sunrays shone into the silence of the room."Mr. Macky, I'm here. You have another book for me?" She saw a note attached on the office door. As it read:

'Miss Devon Holmes, I'm sorry, I could not be present, I've been called away for an hour. My new assistant will substitute for me, be back later.'

Devon, for an awkward moment, in her questionable mind of deducement, her thoughts of reasoning do not betray her as she slowly treads amongst the center of the room to see everything around her. Her women's intuition telling her, something seems not quite right. Her gaining insight in each and every step taken, in a moment of her intellect mind of clarity declaring of, 'The game is afoot.'

Seeing nobody. She heard heavy footsteps of boots coming near. A sigh of relief. "Watson, good. You're here. Let's get that last book, go back home to find the rest of the answers, I promise not to pace this time." In the sound of the heavy footsteps, she realizes are not the same as his. She carefully treads a few feet into the dark shadows to investigate the whereabouts of the sound, daring not to say another word.

Then, suddenly, something in the darkness crept up behind her, this dark silhouette, imaged man taking his robust arm, with a hammered wham of his hand onto her back, slammed her mercilessly down to the floor.

The sun's rays shifted, Devon, awoke conscience, lay on the floor. Her wrist tied together. The rope lifting her up by her arms over her head, immediately pulls herself up onto her feet, the rope a few feet off the ground level. The sound of a man's steps approaching her. She looks up to see Moriarty stand in front of her.

Moriarty, self assured. "Miss Devon Holmes the descendant of the legend Sherlock or is it, Mycroft Holmes. It's nice to see you hanging around for a visit. I'd say it's time for answers. Give me the key to the file cabinet and I shall reward your escape. I want the letter of Scarlet."

Devon, keeping her dignity. "Well, I was about to ask you for the same I have no key, therefore, no letter."

Moriarty, stepped closer. "Then I will retrieve of what knowledge you possess. You will hang there until you scream out bloody saree, begging for my mercy until you give me the information. I'll be back in one hour." He turns to the room, shuts the door.

Devon, viewing the rope around her wrists, her eyes follow the rope going up to the attached chandelier, to the balcony end part of rope tied to a column. With a big breath of air, she lifts her legs, then downward. Then once again, lifting up, then down. In slow motion, she lift up and brings down again, and again until gravity pulling her weight back and forth, she began to swing her body like a pendulum, swinging back and forth, her hair gracefully flowing across the room. Once again she lift her legs, then down until gaining faster momentum as she approached the wall, taking her feet, she pushed off hard with her feet as she swung across with great magnitude back to the other side, one more hard push from the wall, she

swung down, then upward toward the balcony, lifting her legs to a final undefeated escape as she landed hard onto the balcony's floor with a –"OOF GH!" She looked down from where she was, seeing John Watson staring up at her.

John, giving her a mischievous look. "Devon Holmes...how the heck did you manage to get up there?"

Devon, standing up. "It's all in the wrist." She skillfully untied the rope from the column, pulling the rest of the rope into her hands. "Meet you downstairs." Taking it with her, she left the balcony. Stepping down the stairs, she sees John Watson, giving each other a stare.

John, giving her a naughty look, taking the rope, he wrangled her over onto himself, unties the rope from her wrist. "So the phone call was to lure you into a trap,

Devon, slipping the rope from her hands. "It was Moriarty's doing, to use Mr Macky's innocence to entrap me. And I tell you. The game is truly afoot."

Back at home...

Devon with John Watson, in line together standing in attention once again.

Harold pacing back and forth. "Devon Myra Holmes! What were you thinking Missy!?"

Devon, in her own disappointment. "To claim the last book I needed to solve the missing clue to the mystery, namely my missing relatives, including my mother."

Harold, seeing her red wrists, unamused. "You have a delightful sense of ingenuity, don't you!"

Devon sighed. "You mean to get myself out of trouble?"

Harold, quickly turned to her. "Oh Devon that's enough and I mean it this time! For your sake! For all our sake!"

Devon, in calm. "Uncle. I need to go back to claim that last document. And then I will cease."

Harold, giving her his graceful understanding. "Very well then. But no more after that. Just live your life in peace. That is why we moved here."

Devon, goes to him. "Thank you Uncle, for that most generous answer." She leaves

John, leaves to take her.

Later that day.....

A knock on the front door, Harold answered it.

Mr. Moriarty, pushes his way through, knocking him out of the way .”Where is she? That vixen of yours?”

Harold, grabbing his long black coat, pushing to the wall. “I think you had better leave now!”

Mr. Moriarty, pushing him back in retaliation, slugging his fist at his stomach.

Harold, stunned for a moment, took after his sword from the fireplace mantel display, poised himself in front of Moriarty.

Moriarty, taking the other sword, hurling it at him.

Harold, parried his sword.

Moriarty, swooped his sword at Harold’s leg, injuring him, as he fell to the floor, his sword drops to the floor next to him.

Moriarty goes toward the cabinet.

Devon, just coming home, sees her Uncle on the floor, his back leaning against the wall, goes to him. “Uncle, What happened!? Are you ok?”

Harold, lamenting. “It’s Moriarty, he’s going after the documents!”

Devon, began to rise.” Right, stay here I’m going after him!”

Harold, grabbing her arm, pulling her back down. ”No Devon! You will do no such thing!” He yelps in pain. “AHHHH!”

Devon, taking her cell phone, taps on it. "Watson, you must come now, it's Uncle he needs our help STAT!" Hangs up. Looks him over.

A noise in the hallway sounded as they looked toward it to see Moriarty leaving the scene at the end of the hallway.

Devon, like an eagle on its prey, firmly stood, stretched her hand out to retrieve her uncle's sword, stands, goes after him in fury.

Harold, tried to grab her again, futile. "Devon, get back here.!" " He yelps out in more pain.

Devon, in endeavoring fury, goes after him, nothing can get in her way as she keeps her eagle eye on him, sees him turn a corner she continues to pursue him in unwavering hot pursuit. Her mission, to keep Moriarty, the families' nemesis of impending knowledge, continues her quest.

Meanwhile, Detective John Watson arrives, comes to her uncle's aid. Crouches down to him. "Are you alright Sir!?"

Harold, gritting his teeth in deep pain. "Well I'm not gone yet. Apart from my broken leg, yes!"

John looking him over. "Where is Devon!?"

Harold, tempered. "She went after him!"

John raised his brows. "She what!?" He stood. Tap onto his phone. "We need an ambulance at 2251 Bakersfield street!"

Harold grabbed his arm. "John, I will be alright. You must go after Moriarty. Do not let him get the documents! John, you love her?"

John Watson, with enduring eyes. "Yes sir, very much."

Harold, "I will no longer going to be able to protect her for much longer, this day is of proof. Go get her, fight him, then take Devon as wife."

The EMT arrives, looking him over.

John Watson stands to go after Devon.

Devon meets up with Moriarty, standing adamant in front of him. "Mr. James Moriarty, The Napoleon of Crime."

Moriarty, with sly smug on his face. "So, you read the canons well. My Great Grandfather has said that Sherlock was always looking beneath at him."

Devon's mind activates of one of the canons, mentioning of the word 'beneath', the possible location of where the key is.

Moriarty thrusts his sword directly at her.

Devon lifts her sword above her head to parry in defense, then with a hard thrust plunges his sword downwards.

Moriarty swings ferociously at her again.

Devon, blocking his sword again.

Moriarty, taking his foot, swipes it at her foot as she lands hard onto the floor. Her sword next to her. "The documents. I want them!"

John Watson, races in to her rescue, takes her sword, continues his fight against him.

Moriarty swung his sword at him.

John quickly ducks his head, letting the sword fly by, then stands to swing back at him.

Devon, creeping among the floor, once again, another passage from the canons in her mind, from within one of the books, the possible location of the key. In her crawling, gets up, staggers toward the cabinet as she mobilizes down the hallway to the file cabinet. Pulls the drawer number one,

flipped it over, key is not there, then pulls out drawer number two, dumping all the contents of old manuscripts, as papers spewed out all over the floor flipped it over, suddenly, a Victorian skeleton key, adhesively taped beneath to the bottom drawer falls out from the drawer, onto the floor, her eyes in astonishment, she sees the silver key gleam, quickly picks it up, goes to the third drawer, swiftly embeds the key, into the keyhole, turns it, places her fingers into the handle, pulls it open with a quick yank-opens! There, daylight hit upon the letter of the name, Scarlet Holmes. As she seizes her eyes upon the letter, grabs it.

Moriarty, grabbing her from behind.

Devon, holding tight the very document with the answer, of which of the two men is her great grandfather. Sherlock or Mycroft Holmes.

Moriarty, pinning her to the floor, trying to take the document away from her. "Give me that document NOW!"

Devon, gripping the letter hard, not yielding. "NO! Sherlock fought your Great Grandfather, your Great Grandfather fell to his demise at the Reichenbach Falls and your grandfather tried to blackmail my grandmother into marrying him, for the inheritance but my grandfather had no choice but to marry her, leaving him without a shilling but he still kept pursuing them in obtaining this letter.

Moriarty, not yielding. " My great-great grandfather may have fallen in the Falls, but his son, my grandfather kept searching for the key, like a hand-me-down, to my father, then to me, to find that letter of knowledge to rid of the malign of my family name your so called precious Sherlock

and Mycroft try to ruin! All that proof of Scarlet against my great grandfather! The scandal will be destroyed!!”

Devon, adamantly struggled. “But you neglect the memory of truth! SCARLET WAS MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER!!!, SHE AND MY GREAT GRANDFATHER WENT MISSING!!!!!! Myra was my Grandmother, my Grandparents and mother Clara and father went searching for them, NEVER TO RETURN!!!!”

Watson coming up behind Moriarty, grabs his black suit, pulling him off from her with force, not letting go, taking his fist, hitting once, twice, thrice time across his face until he surrendered, as Moriarty fell down to the floor, no movement came from him.

Devon, rolling over to catch her breath, slowly gets up as John helps her to her feet, in never defeat, as they shared a moment in time to see Moriarty defeated.

John Watson, stood in reverence to Harold. "Thank you for this most brilliant assignment Sir. I shall be going now."

Harold stood by him. Giving their farewell to him. "You are a fine detective John Watson. Your great grandfather, Dr. Watson no doubt would have been proud." Giving him a manly hug.

John goes to Devon. "Devon. It was a pleasure serving you. I am so honor to have protected the great granddaughter of the two great legends, the one and only, Sherlock and Mycroft Holmes. And now, I bid you farewell. " He looked her over to remember her by. Then left out the door, closing it behind him.

Devon, taking her steps to the door, leans up against it in memory of him, her fingers reach up to touch the door knob, caressing it in care, she looks to the side in sadness.

Harold sees her. "You must sort it out with him. Your feelings for him between fact, logic and of human love. " He walks away.

John Watson, getting into his car. About to leave. But yet something so deep inside kept him from reaching for the ignition, as he sat in deep thought. Something so deep in his mind not yet answered. He reopens the car door, gets out, shuts it. Walks back up to the Holmes' residence door. Rings the doorbell.

Devon, removes herself from her leaning, opens it back up for him. " John Watson, Yes? Did you forget something?"

John with questionable wry mouth. "Yes actually. The real answer." He walked back in, began pacing back and forth around her.

Devon, staring at him. "Now who's pacing back and forth?" With cheerful wry mouth back to him.

John, coming back around to her again. "You never told me the name of who is your true great grandfather."

Devon, concurred. "That's right."

John continued his solution to the clues, then stops in front of her. "Your great-great grandfather. Is Sherlock Holmes."

Devon, giving him a realistic look of conclusion. "You are correct."

John, steps up to her. "Case closed." John Watson, takes Devon's hand. As long as Moriarty is alive. someone needs to keep you protected."

Devon, looking at in same way. "Yes, you are right."

John, looks down at her hand, takes it into his. "And any heirs conceived by us, with such immeasurable powers of deducement?"

Devon looks at him concurred.

The next day...

In the garden stood a pastor, his bible in hand. " John Watson in his dark suit, Devon Holmes in her white Victorian wedding dress, stood side by side. The pastor, handing to Devon, a note. "This is for your Devon. It's from your mother and father."

Devon, taking the note, reads:

Dear Devon, your father and I wish you a happy wedding. We shall be with you all soon. Scarlet and husband are alive and well, living in England." Enlightenment washed over their faces. She places the note just inside the top part of her dress.

The pastor stood pleased. " John Hamish Watson, Devon Myra Holmes, The powers invested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife. I announce to you all, John and Devon Watson."

John placing his hands lovingly upon her face, as they happily kissed in celebration, placed his forehead onto hers, smiling. "Devon Myra Holmes Watson, my wife."



Bonita Highley

Bonita Highley Lives in Oregon, USA

Dear Mr. Harold S. Holmes,

This letter is to inform you of your rightful acceptance of your Great Niece, Devon Myra Holmes. However, I regret to not disclose the true nature of her Great-Great Grandfather of which of the two, Mr. Sherlock Holmes or Mr. Mycroft Holmes.

Signed, Scarlet Holmes

Bonita Highley



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