



A Publication of the Pleasant Places of Florida

# Communication

#198

New Series

Endings & Beginnings Special Issue

Volume 3 Issue 10

The theme of this special issue is appropriate given not only the lateness of the year, but also of the century (and we won't even touch on that "millennium thing").

Indeed, as we end this year, it does not go unnoticed that our second issue of the year 2000 will be the Pleasant Places of Florida's 200th numbered Communication. "The Papers" are delighted to continue to make offerings Sherlockian.

May we all have the wisdom to deduce what is right and good, and the power to achieve it. We wish everyone the happiest and most prosperous of new years.

*The Papers on the Sundial*

## GOING SOUTH

by Tom Takach

This was the hottest day in the year 1891 that he could remember. It was not a very prepossessing landscape that Professor Moriarty espied as he curiously peered out in all directions. He seemed to be in a valley surrounded by a bleak and dreary mountain range on all sides. What few trees there were looked as though they had been blasted and withered by the searing heat that was oppressing him at this very moment. No sign of anything green or living was evident anywhere. To make matters worse, the large body of liquid — it couldn't be *water*, as the smell of sulfur was overpowering. (cont. page 4)

## TIME ENOUGH

"First, Mr. Holmes, let me tell you how much I have admired your work."

Holmes waved a cigarette in the air and looked bored at our latest client.

"Second, I must confess that I had hoped to never have to use your tremendous talents."

Holmes managed a small smile and said, "As do most of my clients."

"Yes, well, I would presume so."

"Pray continue," said Holmes.

"Well, my watch is slowing down."

"Your watch?" I said.

"I am hardly a clockmaker, my dear Mr. Vremya"

"But this is no ordinary watch." Mr. Vremya reached into his jacket and pulled out a gold watch on a long chain. He clicked open the cover and looked at it. He turned the watch so that we could both see it.

The second hand indeed was moving slowly between the roman numerals showing the hours. I counted to five before the thin hand clicked from one number to the next. (cont. page 3)

## Match the Quote to the Story

1. The first faint winter's dawn was beginning to appear.
  2. Mary was the first to rush into my room.
  3. It's my first chance and I am at my wit's end.
  4. He looked up at last with the expression of one who has seen his adversary make a dangerous move at chess.
  5. Now, then, what's the last entry?
  6. It is the Lady Eva Blackwell, the most beautiful debutante of last season.
  7. Now we have at last obtained permission to ventilate the facts which formed one of the very last cases handled by Holmes before his retirement from practice.
  8. Because it was the first in which I was ever engaged.
  9. It reached the baronet, and gave him the first warning of his danger.
  10. My first task naturally was to note who was on the beach.
  11. At last he flung down the instrument and plunged into a detailed account of his misadventure.
  12. When I first came up to London I had some rooms in Montague Street.
- A. The Adventure of the Lion's Mane
  - B. The Adventure of Black Peter
  - C. The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton
  - D. The Hound of the Baskervilles
  - E. The Adventure of the Creeping Man
  - F. The Musgrave Ritual
  - G. The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet
  - H. The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle
  - I. The Adventure of the Abbey Grange
  - J. The Adventure of the Norwood Builder
  - K. The *Gloria Scott*
  - L. The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier

Answers: 1:I 2:G 3:B 4:L 5:H 6:C 7:E 8:K 9:D 10:A 11:F 12:J

"I hardly think this is the type of case for a consulting detective."

"But perhaps you could make use of the watch itself."

Holmes laughed and said, "I should purchase a watch that does not work from you. That is even of less use to me than such a case as this."

"Look out the window."

"You have wasted enough of my time, Mr. Vremya. Good day to you."

"Please, Mr. Holmes, look outside."

"I will not waste my time with this nonsense."

As Holmes continued to argue, I stood up and walked to the window and stared down at the scene below me. People were crossing the street in front of a hansom cab. The scene looked perfectly normal except that everyone was moving excruciatingly slowly.

"Holmes," I said.

"Watson, this is hardly the time—"

"Holmes, you must see this."

He stood up and walked over beside me. At first he stared in disbelief at the scene, nearly dropping his cigarette from his fingers. Then he walked to the window and jerked it open saying, "A cheap parlor trick."

He stuck his head out the window, and when he did, he immediately slowed down as the

other people had. I heard him say very slowly, "I know what you are up to." It seemed to take an hour for him to complete his statement, and then he retracted his head infinitely slowly from outside the window.

When his entire head was back in the room, he resumed his normal motion.

He turned and stared in amazement at our guest. Mr. Vremya held up the watch and smiled mischevously.

"It is impossible," Holmes said.

"You yourself have stated that nothing is impossible."

"But you can't just slow time down."

"I can." He paused and then said, "And so can you."

"What?"

"I'm offering the watch to you, Mr. Holmes."

"Why?"

"Think of it," Mr. Vremya said standing up. "You could stop all of London, solve every crime even before it happens. Think of the good you could do with it."

Holmes was frozen in place, staring at the watch. His eyes glinted and his mouth opened as if he were about to say something. He seemed to be weighing an infinite number of possibilities.

"Holmes, you can't seriously be considering his offer."

"Yes, Watson," Holmes finally said slowly. "Yes, I am. What do

you wish for it?"

"Holmes," I said again.

"Now, now, Watson, a detective must have a number of tools. This is nothing more than a dark lantern. Name your price, Mr. Vremya."

"A thousand pounds."

Holmes went to his desk and pulled out his checkbook. He scribbled out a check quickly and handed it to Mr. Vremya. The man slowly brought the watch out and looked at it with a mixture of fondness and horror. He handed it to Holmes.

Holmes took it and said, "How does it work?"

"Twist the winder this way to slow the time down. Move it this way and time returns to normal."

Holmes did as the man instructed and looked out the window. The traffic appeared to have resumed its normal motion.

Mr. Vremya walked over to the door and opened it, but Holmes stopped him.

"Tell me, did you find this watch or did you build it?"

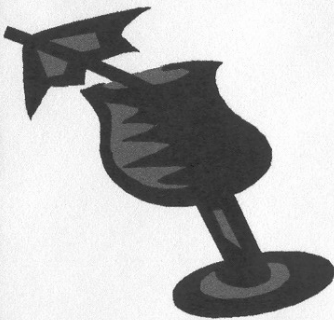
"I'll not say anymore, Mr. Holmes." And with that, Mr. Vremya stepped out the door and started down the stairs.

"Holmes, how could you—"

"How could I what, Watson? You are right that this is far too dangerous to allow a man such as Vremya to have. That is why I bought it." Holmes walked over to the window (cont. page 6)

ering— seemed to be literally boiling. Not a very inviting prospect, to be sure. How had he come to be here? The *last* thing he remembered was clutching at the air with both hands as he went tumbling over the precipice into the Reichenbach Falls. The learned man of science took a seat on one of a pair of nearby boulders imbedded in the soft ground to give the matter some thought.

Out of a blinding flash of light there appeared, to say the least, a most *unusual* apparition. A tall, thin man with a hawklike nose and a confident air, he looked like any number of men whom The Professor had encountered in



his time, except for the fact that he was completely red, had a horn on either side of this head, a pointed tail, and carried a pitchfork.

“Welcome to the abode of the damned” was the cheery

greeting offered by this most remarkable individual. Moriarty stared, his jaw dropping to his breast.

“You don’t exist. I am a man of science. I refuse to—” His words were cut short as the formidable figure held up his hand.

“Believe it or not, it is all the same to me. My good man, you are not in Kansas, er, London, anymore. You are in Hell, and nothing can change that fact. ‘The Napoleon of Crime.’ What a great honor to finally be able to welcome you to my kingdom. Of course, we have the *original* Napoleon here as well.”

“That wretched Holmes,” snarled the Professor. “Surely this is some trick of his. There is no way that I could have died in that struggle. I tell you ....”

Again the stern gaze of Old Scratch silenced The Professor. “I know it is hard to accept. I myself felt much the same way when a certain Archangel hurled me into this pit. But really, why fight it? It is a fact.” At that point the Infernal Overlord snapped his fingers and there emerged from the boiling lake of sulfur a servant carrying a tray with two glasses upon it. The glasses each contained the same vile-looking black liquid, smoking and bubbling. “May I offer you a drink?” asked The Devil. “It is our own special blend. I’m quite

certain you have never partaken of its like before.” With that the Hellish Host took a long and satisfying pull from his own glass.

Moriarty looked on with undisguised revulsion. “What about a cup of tea? Damned hot



as it is down here, that still might help me get acclimated to my new surroundings.”

Satan laughed with wicked delight. “Sorry. It’s this or nothing and, let me assure you, that as hot as this beverage looks right now, it just gets hotter as time passes. It is our unheavenly drink called pew, suitably named because of the pungent brimstone-like aroma. You will get used to it.” At that point, he nodded and the servant entered the lake once more.

“That man,” said The Professor. “He looks vaguely familiar. Who is he?”

“Ah,” replied his host. “The stage lost a fine actor even as I gained

(cont. page 5)

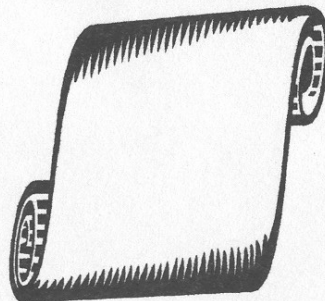
a competent assistant when Mr. John Wilkes Booth decided to cut short the life of that American President. Who was it? Millard Fillmore? James Buchanan? No, wait, that's not right. It was Abraham Lincoln."

"Accursed avocation," growled Moriarty. "Holmes fancied himself a bit of an actor, miserable rogue that he was." Satan again refreshed himself with an unhealthy draught of pew. "I have a feeling that if you could see into the future 100 years from now, a gift that I myself have, you might be even more upset with various practitioners of that avocation. Gentlemen such as William Gillette, Arthur Wontner, Basil Rathbone and Jeremy Brett to name but a few. But that is neither here nor there. It is time for you to get to work."

His eyes opening wide, The Professor stammered, "Work? Why, what do you mea—" There seemed to be a distinct pattern emerging in which it became clear to Moriarty that, unlike in his former existence, he was not going to be allowed to finish speaking his thoughts very often here. Gone were the days when his henchmen would be hanging on every syllable that he uttered.

"If my notes here are accurate," continued the Devil, "you had one of the greatest minds of your age or any other. Let me see... phenomenal mathematical faculty...treatise on the binomial theorem which had a European vogue...but James, really, so did War." Moriarty began to sputter. "Silence. Let's see what else... won the mathematical chair at a small university. Yes, that's quite correct. All right then. Let's see about getting you set up here."

The hospitable Ambassador of Evil then snapped his fingers as a new friend arose from the boiling lake. The Professor stared in surprise at a man garbed in clothes that were obviously from a few centuries before his own time. The figure himself had the appearance of a wild, profane and godless man. The unspeakable oaf was carrying a pen and several sheets



of foolscap in his hands. "Professor Moriarty," said the Devil, "Let me introduce you to

your new charge, Sir Hugo Baskerville. Sir Hugo was one of the stupidest men of his or any other age. Couldn't add any two numbers together and come up with the correct answer to save his life. You will be his tutor. I believe that you both have the time now to rectify this sad shortcoming in his educational upbringing. By my estimate, it should take you about 1,000 years to get him to the point where he can understand your rarefied theories, including your plodding on about the dynamics of an asteroid. I shall know when you have accomplished this, and will then expunge from his mind all of that arcane knowledge, allowing you to begin anew. Ah, it will be a most satisfying way in which to spend an eternity."

With that, The Professor and his pupil entered the lake, Moriarty not reluctant to take his glass of pew with him this time. Nothing could really make the task before him much worse, including imbibing this odious beverage. Old Scratch chuckled to himself as he lifted a magically appearing cigar with his fingertip and began to puff away contentedly.

*The year is 1899, and the world is poised on  
the brink of destruction. Only one man  
stands in the way.*



Paramount Pictures Presents  
A Kennedy/Marshall Production  
A Mike Nichols Film  
Leonardo DiCaprio Sean Connery Demi Moore  
**SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE Y1.9K BUG**

and looked out. "I would surmise that our friend found this and used it to his advantage. I'll have Lestrade pay him a visit. It may solve a number of crimes. But perhaps the burden of owning time proved too much for him." He looked at the watch and said, "It would for me."

"Why didn't he just destroy it?"

"Perhaps he did not know what would happen if he did."

"From where do you suppose it came?" I asked.

"I don't know, Watson. And honestly, I don't care." And with that, Holmes dropped the watch on the carpet. He stomped on it with the heel of his shoe, shattering the case. When he picked it up, the glass was broken, the minute hand frozen in place. We both looked out the window and noted that nothing had changed.

Holmes dropped the watch into the trash can and sat down.

"With any luck, that will be the last we see of Mr. Vremya."

## ALPHA AND OMEGA IN THE CANON

Holmes' First Case (by case date)	<i>The Gloria Scott</i> (1874)	First Reference to Irene Adler	<i>A Scandal in Bohemia</i> (1889)
Holmes' First Case (by publication date)	<i>A Study in Scarlet</i> (1887)	Last Reference to Irene Adler	<i>His Last Bow</i>
Holmes' First Cases (by collection)	<i>The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes</i> (1892)	First Appearance of Inspector Lestrade	<i>A Study in Scarlet</i>
Holmes' Last Case (by case date)	<i>His Last Bow</i> (1914)	Last Appearance of Inspector Lestrade	<i>The Adventure of the Three Garridebs</i> (1902)
Holmes' Last Case (by publication date)	<i>The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place</i> (1927)	First Appearance of Inspector Gregson	<i>A Study in Scarlet</i>
Holmes' Last Cases (by collection)	<i>The Casebook of Sherlock Holmes</i> (1927)	Last Appearance of Inspector Gregson	<i>The Adventure of the Red Circle</i> (1902)
First Reference to Professor Moriarty	<i>The Valley of Fear</i> (1888, case date)	First Reference to Mrs. Hudson	<i>A Study in Scarlet</i>
Last Reference to Professor Moriarty	<i>His Last Bow</i> (1914, case date)	Last Reference to Mrs. Hudson	<i>The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone</i> (as Mrs. Hudson) or <i>His Last Bow</i> (as Martha)
First Reference to Mycroft Holmes	<i>The Greek Interpreter</i> (1888, case date)	Stories Taking Place During 1899	<i>The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton</i>
Last Reference to Mycroft Holmes	<i>The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans</i> (1895, case date)	Stories Taking Place During 1900	<i>The Adventure of the Six Napoleons</i> <i>The Problem of Thor Bridge</i>

Case dates are from William S. Baring-Gould's chronology.

**The Pleasant Places of Florida**

*Founded: 1972  
by Leslie Marshall (dec.)*

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