

## The Adventures of the Shocked Man

### A Sherly Holmes Adventure

By Clare Tuckwell

#### A Brief History

Sherly Holmes is a consulting detective. In fact, she is Britain's first female consulting detective. She is widely known throughout Britain and solves many of today's problems. Many people ask how this woman came to be who Sherly is. The answer is here, in these very pages.

Sherly grew up being a very bright girl, all throughout her schooling. Many said she would go far as an adult, and indeed she did. She was very inquisitive and curious girl. She was also an extremely good problem solver. She knew that these gifts were not given to everyone so she assured herself to do good with her skills. She decided to become a consulting detective.

Being a detective is an engaging occupation and juggling many mysteries can be tough. This is why Sherly has an assistant. Her name is Bertha Watson. Sherly and Bertha have known each other for a long time and work together to solve these complex problems. Together they live at 220 Baker Street, where the mysteries are solved.

Bertha is a talented writer and writes about all of the cases that she and Sherly work together on. These short stories are the recollections and notes that Bertha Watson gathered during her days of being a consulting detective.

#### The Adventure of the Shocked Man

It was in mid-June when this conundrum started. Early on a Saturday morning, Msn ANCY Clary came to visit us. Our housekeeper let her in and sat her warmly in the Parlour, for she was in an agitated state, then called on Sherly and me to come and see her. As we sat, I saw a faint air of excitement on Sherly's face. She always had this look about her before we consulted people about their problems.

"Good morning," said Sherly. "What might your name be?"

"Clary, Ms. My name is Nancy Clary." Our visitor said, still nervous.

"Lovely. SO what might be your problem?" Sherly questioned.

"Well it all started in the early hours of this morning, where I work, at Windchester Hall." She began. "I arose from my quarters at the usual time of six o'clock this morning. I went to do my usual morning chores. First I cleaned the entry hall. This took me approximately a half hour. The morning had a very odd start. The first odd thing that occurred was the butler, sprinting out of the house. He left with all his things and yelled, 'I must leave. Sorry I have a last minute trip that I have to go on. Goodbye Ms. Clary!'"

"He left without another word. I found it rather strange. After seeing him leave I thought I would tell Mr. Barkly, my employer, about the butler's curious departure. Mr. Barkly normally reads the paper and

receives his medication in the parlour with his doctor Mr. Montpantheon. As soon as I left the entry hall I went down the right wing hall to the parlour. As soon as I was halfway down the hall the doctor, that gives Mr. Barkly his medicine, came rushing out of the parlour. He sprinted up to me and started going on about a terrible accident that had occurred. I couldn't understand him, however, because he was speaking so fast and stuttering. I managed to calm him down and sat him down on a seat next to the wall."

"So," I asked. "What were you trying to tell me?"

"Well," shivered Mr. Montpantheon, "I was going down to give Mr. Barkly his daily medicine when I entered the parlour and I found him... I found him... I found him dead!"

"With these words, my stomach dropped. I decided on first going to find out what state Mr. Barkly was in and then to move him to a better spot. As we entered the room, I felt an eerie feeling about it. A feeling of forced death. A feeling of murder."

After these words she stopped speaking. We all sat in silence until Sherly broke the peace.

"Ms. Clary," she said gently. "Would you care to go on? When you feel up to it, of course."

"Yes, yes. I am so sorry." Ms. Clary said. "I will go on. It's best you know it all. Otherwise how can you possibly help me?"

"So, after entering the room everything was straight forward. Mr. Montpantheon assisted me by taking Mr. Barkly up to his bedroom. We laid him down on the bed and left him in peace. The next thing that I did was put my coat and hat on and walk up to the train station which brought me to London. I then made my way here and told you this sad story."

"Well, thank you for coming today and providing us with this information." Said Sherly. "If you would be so kind as to allow us to come to Windchester Hall to inspect and gather some facts, we will be able to solve this mystery."

Ms. Clary told us to come tomorrow and as soon as we could, for she wanted the dilemma sorted before the problem became bigger.

The next morning, we rose early and together departed for the train that would take us to Bristol. From Bristol we took a horse and trap to Windchester Hall. At the front door stood Nancy Clary, eagerly awaiting us. We paid the taxi and were greeted by Ms. Clary.

"Welcome to Windchester Hall." She said. "Would you like to follow me into the house and then to the parlour?"

"Yes, that would be lovely." I replied.

Inside we found the entrance hall, big and impressive. Mr. Barkly clearly used to be a rich man. As we walked, I noticed my partner Sherly taking in absolutely everything. We turned right and walked down a wide hall which lead us to the parlour. The room that held the answers to our problem.

Ms. Clary turned the handle and opened the door. Ms. Clary was right. There was a true feeling of coldness and uncertainty. In the room there were newspapers on the desk, small needles and one big

needle in their glass case, candles and a chair which Mr. Barkly had probably sat in, in his final hours. As usual Sherly had questions for her client.

“Why did Mr. Barkly take medication?” asked Holmes.

“Mr. Barkly was diagnosed with diphtheria. That is why we have the doctor Mr. Montpantheon. He provided help in whatever medical capacity he could to Mr. Barkly and regularly injected him with penicillin to help with his diphtheria.” Answered Ms. Clary.

“When did Mr. Barkly receive his medication last?” asked Sherly.

“Yesterday morning. Before he passed on.” She replied.

“What state did you find Mr. Barkly in and where did his body lie?” Holmes asked.

“I found him lying on the floor just next to the chair.” Responded Ms. Clary.

When she had finished asking her questions she walked over to the table which stood beside the chair and picked up a needle.

Sherly looked pleased about something. But how could she be? The whole story seemed to still have no answer. I was utterly bewildered at how she could be enjoying herself at a time like this. But, did she have the answer?

After I had finished giving the whole room a thorough look through Ms. Clary accompanied us upstairs to examine the body of Mr. Barkly. His living quarters were on the second floor of the house and were located down a hall lined in blue and fold leafed wall paper.

The room was neat and had a big desk and chair at the window. The extravagant bed lay next to the wall and lying in the centre of it was Mr. Barkly. He lay in the middle of his bed, looking lifeless as anyone I’ve ever seen in the same situation. The problem that we had to solve was tough. Nonetheless, it was clear as a blue sky that this death was not a natural one. It was a forced one. Murder.

Mr. Barkly showed no signs of being wounded but looked like he had experienced signs of great shock. He also had signs of his last injection which Sherly was now carefully examining.

Approximately one minute later, Sherly gave me a fleeting glance of certainty, straightened up and announced, “Well Ms. Clary, I think our investigation has come to a close. We have enough information to go, have a rest and then smooth this business out.”

“Yes. Thank you very much for coming. I fully appreciate all that you have done for us.” Concluded Ms. Clary.

So we departed from the Hall and walked into the village nearby. Holmes and I found a pleasant inn to stay at. We were shown to our room where we sat to discuss our findings from that day.

“So what did you make of the story Watson?” Questioned Sherly.

“I didn’t find too much out of the whole mess. The clues were hidden very deeply in the problem and I’m not completely convinced with my solution. In the end, I concluded that he was scared by something and died of a heart attack.” I replied.

“An interesting solution, Bertha. I found a completely different answer. Your answer is the solution I first turned to but then seeing Mr. Barkly’s figure lying on the bed like he was sent me in another direction. My summary is that Mr. Montpantheon was not as innocent as he claimed to be. I also found that Mr. Barkly was most unlikely to have died due to a fright. He died because of something else. Something quite cruel indeed.”

“Mr. Montpantheon is Mr. Barkly’s doctor and regularly injects medication into Mr. Barkly. On the day of his death he was not injected with his medication. We can tell this because of the red circle around the injection hole. Penicillin never leaves any marks when injected. I know this for I used to help inject people with the drug myself. He was injected with something that triggered his heart attack. That’s one thing you correctly assumed. Sadly, Mr. Barkly was double crossed and was injected with an overdose of adrenalin. He was shocked and his heart went mad. He therefore died of a heart attack. Mr. Montpantheon is deep inside the ‘injection applied medication trade’ so he has access to a staggering amount of drugs. He clearly used the on big needle to help overdose his employer with the thing that killed him.”

“As for Mr. Stephanelli, he could only have found Mr. Montpantheon in the act of the felony. He was threatened to have a dose of adrenalin if he didn’t keep quiet and run away. Mr. Stephanelli was frightened so he collected all his things and left in a frenzied flight. When Mr. Montpantheon left the room, he was discovered by Ms. Clary and was forced to make up a story. His frightful state was a cover for him. The time he had while having his meltdown was long enough for him to make up his story. He is an average actor and doesn’t know how to clean up his traces. Can assure you that he will be tried and sentenced by the Jury.”

The next day, Sherly and I went to deliver our findings to Ms. Clary. She was furious at Mr. Montpantheon and couldn’t believe what had happened under her watch. She also demanded that we imminently call on the local inspector and the other officers. They came and found Sherly’s theory to be the correct one. Sherly was thanked by the household and Windchester Hall and had to appear in Mr. Montpantheon’s trial later that month to prove that her philosophy was the correct one.

Mr. Montpantheon was sentenced to spending the rest of his life in prison and Mr. Stephanelli was found and welcomed back to Windchester Hall. Here he was to serve the next generation of Barkly’s that would live there due to the inheritance that they had gained.

A truly dreadful ending is what Mr. Barkly received.