

UNKOWN DICKENS MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERED

“Yer lookin' a bit pale, Nance. And yer've got a prime black-eye there. 'As 'e bin thumpin' yew agin?”

“Yerst.”

“Why don't yer leave 'im, for Gawd's sake?”

“Oh, I dunno. I still like 'im, I s'pose. 'Cept when 'e thumps me.”

“Well, leave 'im then! Or at least, 'ave a talk wiv Fagin abaht it.”

“I fink Fagin's scared of 'im.”

“Wot did 'e thump yer for this time then?”

“Well, it's like this, see. You know 'e likes three-legged dogs. Well, 'e's started collectin' 'em.”

“Wot! 'E's stark ravin' mad!”

“Well, yeah. Sometimes, I fink 'e might be a bit wrong in 'is 'ead. 'E's got thirteen three-legged dogs nah! They don' 'alf make a lot of noise.”

“Gor blimey! 'E's barmy. Look. There's Fagin with the Artful. Fagin?”

“Vot can I do for you, my dears?”

“Nance 'ere reckons Bill Sykes 'as gone orf 'is 'ead.”

“Careful, my dear. He might hear you say that.”

“'E's started collecting three-legged dogs! 'E's got thirteen of 'em”

“Thirteen three-legged dogs? Do you know why, Nancy?”

“I fink 'e just likes 'em. Seems to like 'em more'n me, these days.”

“That is most regrettable, my dear.”

“Scuse me, Mister Fagin.”

“What is it, Artful?”

“I reckon as 'ow if Nance wants to get rid of them dogs, I could do that for 'er.”

“Is that so? And what is your interest in the matter, Artful? Such kindness is unusual in you.”

“I can flog 'is three-legged dogs darn the market. Three-legged dogs is fashionable at the momint. Weird, innit?”

“Very strange, Well, Nancy. What do you think about Artful's offer?”

“I dunno, Fagin. Bill'd go mad an' start lashin' art. I'd be the first fink 'e'd 'it.”

“Then you must leave him for a while, Nancy. You may come and stay with my Aunt Ethel for a few days.”

“There yew are, Nance! I told yew Fagin would fix it for you. Come 'ere, Artful, an' let me give yew a kiss!”

“Er, fanks very much but me muvver's waiting for 'er dinner.”

UNKNOWN SHERLOCK HOLMES MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERED

If there's one thing I don't like at all about taking breakfast with Holmes it is that, between the kipper and the scrambled eggs, he takes up his violin and starts playing something. To my ears, at that time of the morning, a violin - no matter who is playing it - sounds like a cat screeching. Quite frequently I have to invent an excuse to avoid taking breakfast with him.

On this particular morning, we had consumed some kippers, excellently cooked by Mrs. Hudson, when Holmes stood up to reach for his violin. At that very moment we heard a loud crashing noise on Baker Street, right outside Holmes' window. We leapt to the window and looked down. A sleek gleaming motor-car had collided with a rag and bone man's cart. The motor-car's uniformed chauffeur was offering a fistful of new bank notes to the filthily-dressed rag and bone man. A most elegant young woman, clearly the owner of the motor-car, was gliding across the road towards Holmes' front door. We repaired hastily to our respective arm-chairs and took up the morning newspapers. It was not long before Mrs. Hudson announced our visitor. "A Miss Elisabetta Delapole to see you, Mr. Holmes," said Mrs. Hudson. "Show her in," said Holmes.

We jumped to our feet as the most beautiful creature I have ever seen glided into the room. She was tall, willowy, with a perfect complexion, gray expressive eyes and a mountain of gold hair piled high on her head. Although far from knowledgeable in such matters, I believed she was dressed in the latest Paris fashion. I looked at Holmes. He appeared shaken, his eyes fixed, his hands trembling.

"Please sit down, Miss Delapole," I said.

Holmes shook his head and muttered 'Good morning.'

I waited for Holmes to speak but he did not. He was pale.

"Please tell Mr. Holmes the purpose of your visit," I said to this dazzling creature.

"I 'ave come for your 'elp," she replied.

I assumed from her accent that she was French. I stole a look at Holmes. He seemed dumb-struck. And then he shook himself and spoke.

"Mademoiselle comes from the southern part of France, possibly Tarn et Garonne, is from a wealthy aristocratic family, is contemplating marriage but is unsure of her suitor who is a man of mystery."

"Ow can you know this?" exclaimed the vision.

"So I must help you," he said. "It will be my sincere pleasure, mademoiselle. You can rely on my best endeavours. I assure you."

He wiped his brow with his handkerchief. I coughed.

"Oh. Ah, yes. Allow me to present my esteemed colleague, Dr. Watson."

"Ow do you do?" she said, fluttering her eye-lashes.

The effect of this on Holmes was astonishing. His normally pale features flushed and I am almost sure his ears twitched.

"What is the name of your suitor?" asked Holmes, pulling himself together.

“Sebastien de Moriarty,” she replied.

“Moriarty!” exclaimed both Holmes and myself, astonished.

“You know of 'im?” asked the vision.

“Indeed we do,” replied Holmes. “Please excuse us for two minutes, Mademoiselle.”

Holmes indicated to me to follow him to the ante-room. There he turned to me, with a most serious expression on his face.

“Watson. We must do everything in our power to save this young woman from that dreadful villain.”

“Of course,” I replied. “You may rely upon my complete assistance. We must save her from such a terrible marriage.”

“Indeed we must,” said Holmes. “I want her for myself!”

UNKNOWN DEE CHILD MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERED

The four guys spread across the dirt road in front of me. They were big. Bulky, with small eyes and unshaven faces, bad teeth and stringy dirty hair. They stood there staring at me. I figured that before I took them out, I should be sure they had no guns or knives. I made a quick visual inspection. These guys were all heavy and it was flab pushing against their pants and shirts. There were no unusual bulges in their pockets. I flexed my shoulders and stepped forward.

“Where ya goin', bud?” asked the biggest guy, presumably their leader.

“To the diner behind you. Would you mind stepping aside?”

The big guy sneered and turned to his mates.

“Ya hear that?”

“Why don't you guys remove yourselves and go get a bath?” I suggested.

They didn't like that, their scowls deepened.

“You ain't never gonna have another bath in your life-time, dumb-ass,” said the leader.

“I'm giving you a choice. Either you get back in your filthy truck and leave fast, or you can spend the rest of the day in the local hospital,” I said.

They balled their fists and their eyes flicked from side to side.

“It's a limited time offer. So sharpen up and choose. Or I'll choose for you.”

“Oh yeah?” said the leader, presumably temporarily stunned by my offer.

“Yes,” I said.

Then I leapt forward and smashed my right fist into his nose, all my weight behind it, then I swung to the right and hit the next guy with two fingers in his throat, shoving out my left leg to stop the third guy from getting too near. I swivelled and hit him hard with my left, straight in the mouth, not improving his bad teeth. As the fourth guy came on I kicked him in the stomach. All four were down, retching but trying to get up. I kicked each one in the ribs, twice, and went on to the diner.

At the door was another big ugly guy, but bigger and uglier, this one holding a

machete. I bent down, picked up some dust and gravel and threw it in his eyes. Then I kicked the machete out of his hand, gave him a power-blow in the chest with both fists. As he fell I grabbed him by his clothing and threw him head first against the wall of the diner. I looked back at the other guys – still down.

I went into the diner and ordered coffee and hominy grits.