
The Adventures of Holmes and Bond



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The rain was pouring on the floor of Whitechapel. It had already been one week since we had not seen the sun rising in the sky of London. Days were dark and nights were cold, Sherlock and Watson were still in their office, talking about Watson's retirement. They were both grieved by his departure but it was a reasonable decision taking into account Watson's old age. He had well deserved his rest with all his years of loyal dedication to his friend and this town. Even if he loved his job so much, it was a hard decision to make because it's always complicated to leave one's best friend behind. He was to take the train in the morning and Sherlock wouldn't admit that his departure would annihilate him.

The following day Sherlock would not go with him to the train station because he didn't want a heartbreaking farewell. Wishing not to feel the pain of his departure Sherlock began taking opium to appease his loneliness.

After a few weeks passed in opium, alcohol, debauchery and isolation, Sherlock could barely say these few words: "Why did he leave so far away? Did he go because of me ? Did I disgust him that much ? Why did he abandon me like that ? Wasn't I enough for him ? Big Bad Sherlock struck again !"

He let out a sarcastic little laugh after taking a few sips of his whiskey glass. He was about to continue complaining about his life when the house phone rang. He suddenly stopped moving and gave a blank stare for some seconds before reacting and moving forward to the calendar to see how many days he had stayed in his office. He realized with astonishment that it had already been several days since he had been cloistered in his sadness and his addictions that allowed him to escape reality.

August 31st, Sherlock was called by the officer. A body had been found in an alley. For Sherlock, it was an ordinary case, nothing special. But once there, he was shocked by the cruelty of this murder. It was a lady's corpse, her throat was severely cut, it almost looked like her head was separated from her body. Sherlock's eyes started to blur, he walked away from the crime scene to take a deep breath. Watson wasn't here anymore, he was the only person able to help Sherlock stay focused. The Officer put his hand on Sherlock's shoulder and he asked him : « Are you alright, sir ? » Sherlock, as blade as death, answered, « I... I have to go, sorry... ».

Sherlock came back to his house, his hands were shaking, he took the first thing he saw and it was a bottle of whiskey. He served himself a drink, two drinks and even more until the bottle was empty. Alcohol was his only way to forget Watson and be stronger, but in fact he really missed him and this was his biggest weakness. He was slumped on his sofa with the empty bottle in hand when the phone rang. The sound of the ring echoed in his head, he was so down to answer this call so he told himself « It doesn't matter, it must not

be that important ». But calls were repeated and it twisted Holmes' nerves. He stood up and he dragged his feet to reach the phone. « Hello ? » Sherlock's voice was rasped, he didn't even open his eyes. « Sir Holmes, we really need you in this case. We know that since Watson's retirement you are not in your best days but we have an idea... ». The officer didn't have the time to finish his sentence that Sherlock yelled through the phone « Listen, I don't want to hear anything which comes from your mouth ! Leave me alone and ask someone else to solve this case ! »

Sherlock was about to hang up but the officer quickly announced « We have someone to work with you ! », Holmes stuck his ear on his phone and listened to what the officer had to say. « You didn't hang up ? Alright, this case is really important, so we asked another genius like you. I don't know if you've ever heard about him but his name is James Bond. ». Sherlock laughed, « Are you serious ? I'd rather work alone than work with this narcissistic and egocentric scammer. ».

“ But sir, with all due respect, you won't solve it alone, and you need the genius of James Bond added to yours otherwise you won't ever catch him ! Come tomorrow on the crime scene at Whitechapel, Bond will be here.”

Sherlock hung up and broke the Whiskey bottle, which was still in his hand, against the wall in front of him.

The next day, Sherlock came to the location where Bond was waiting for him. Holmes saw him from far away, his little smirk had the power of irritating the detective. Next to him, Sherlock looked like a homeless man. James Bond held his hand out to him and said “ We don't need to be friends to solve this case, we will only talk about work.”, Sherlock answered him coldly “Fine by me.”, he shook his hand briefly before turning his back to him to go to the crime scene. The scene was shocking, the body was lying on the floor with the head almost ripped off and blood was splattered everywhere around it. It was one of the most violent crime scenes they had ever seen.

After analyzing the scene, they got back to Sherlock's office. Bond was shocked by the state of the office, it was so messy, he couldn't believe someone that intelligent could live in a place like that. There were clothes on the back of the chair, empty bottles on the furniture next to the door, on the floor and the desk, some glasses, old empty food's boxes everywhere,...

“Whiskey?” Sherlock asked

“I only drink Vodka Martini ! Shaken not stirred” Bond answered arrogantly.

“You tosser.” he answered while serving himself a glass.

They spent the whole night in a tense atmosphere reviewing newspaper articles and old files related to the case.

Sherlock ended up falling asleep, drunk, while Bond continued until the morning when he found a first potential lead.

Nothing. 8 days and not even a little something. The leads did not lead to anything and they failed to foresee the murder of a second woman coming.

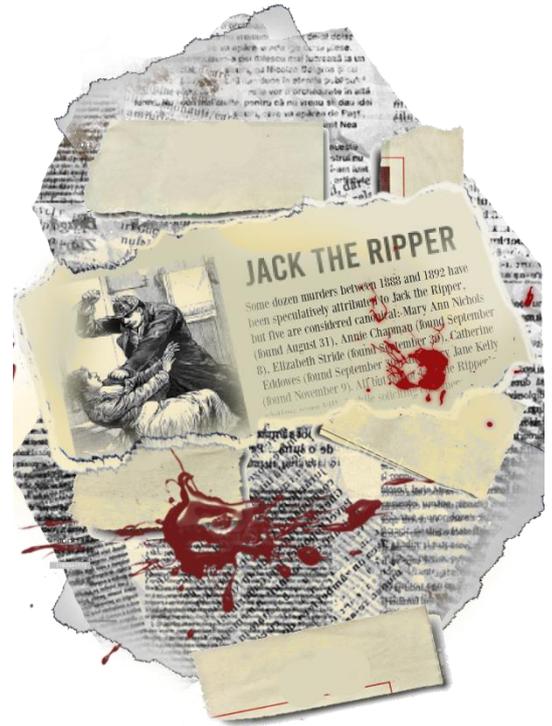
September 8th, at 5:45 a.m, the phone-ring woke them up so they immediately went to the crime scene, which was more violent than the first one. Sherlock didn't feel good at all and he almost fainted from seeing this. James approached and Sherlock, hallucinating, saw Watson, just in front of him, but when he gathered his senses, tears were drowning his eyes. It was not Watson but probably the only person he didn't want to see at this moment.

After a little while, both detectives watched back at the crime scene and interrogated the only witness who turned out to be useless.

During the two weeks after the second murder, nothing. Not a clue, not even something like a lead. The two detectives were starting to lose hope about ever finding that murderer, Sherlock didn't qualifie him as a serial killer because he only killed two people. On top of that, they were always fighting each other, never a little calm moment between the two of them, they were too busy hurling barbs at each other all day. Maybe, it's because of all those egos and winning thoughts that they still hadn't had any lead... But they had to be united and stand together to catch this killer.

They were about to give up when James jumped out of his chair where he had been sitting for a few hours as if he'd been electrocuted and shouted "I've got something, Sherlock! I've got something!". Suddenly awake from a deep sleep, Sherlock looked at him with a death stare but smiled as soon as he understood what was happening.

"Would you please stop screaming? My head hurts so bad, I may have had a little too much to drink..." Sherlock said while getting on his feet, not without difficulty, to get to Bond who was about to go scream in the hallway.



James showed Sherlock the clues he had just found on the case. These would probably help them to solve it, a little bit but enough. They found some blood under the nails of the two victims but there wasn't enough to establish a link. But this time they found something more : a coin! It was hidden in the body and was mentioned in the file but they had never seen it before because they were too focused on going faster than the other one. So because of their rage of victory, which in this case wasn't good, they had missed a detail that turned out to be important.

These days, coins were found most of the time on the eyes of the dead ones as it was a superstition, according to which you could pay demons with these coins for a service they would do for you.

They were special coins though, they were the former one, so not everyone still had these but you could still buy in some specific shops.

So both detectives searched for the coin in the evidence bags and they easily found where they were from. They took the car and drove in the direction of the antique store which sold them.

After two or three punches in the face, some threats and a little questioning, they had an identity: *Aaron Kominski, a 23-year-old barber of Polish origin*. Unfortunately, they couldn't arrest him yet, they didn't have enough proofs so they had to continue searching for evidence. They had to go faster now because before fainting the store manager told them he had bought 4 coins like the one they had brought. So a third murder could be committed anytime soon !

For two days they were gained of energy again, moving and running everywhere, going back on the two crime scenes, following any potential leads to the murderer, they were doing literally everything to find him as soon as possible. And during this time, they were finally collaborating! Even if Sherlock was still trying to be the first, at least he accepted to work a little more with Bond so what a progress it was !

Unfortunately, despite all their efforts during these two days and the week that followed, another victim was discovered on September 31st. How come they were at the same time so close and so far from catching him? This was the most discouraging thing of the week or even of the past month. Three murders in one month. It was getting too much for Sherlock who was drinking more and more each day, for Bond who could not stand Sherlock's mood swings because of alcohol, and that criminal who was now known as Jack the Ripper was slipping away from them a little more each day.

This third murder was much more violent than the first two crimes. So much that Sherlock could not handle the scene of what used to be a woman's body. He ran outside because he got sick.

"Are you feeling better now?" a voice said

"Watson?"

“Who else? Listen to me, you will have to stop all of this nonsense if you ever want to catch him, this drug and alcohol addiction of yours will lead to your downfall if you do not stop ! So you keep your head up, you stop acting like a child and get back inside to find some new clues!”

“But Watson I can’t see you, where are you mate ?” Sherlock was now turning on himself, he looked like a lost baby animal in the middle of the forest

“Are you okay mister Holmes?” an officer interrupted

Sherlock became so aggressive when he found out it wasn’t the real Watson but again an hallucination, probably due to alcohol.

He started shouting in the street that no one could understand him, that no one could challenge Watson, or even think about reaching his level, that he was alone as always. He seemed like he really cared about Watson in a way that no one could ever understand, they had a special bond together.

It took three men and Bond to calm him down that night, he started banging on the walls and breaking everything he could find, cursing and yelling at everyone who tried to calm him down. Even Bond had never seen him like this, even though he often got angry, he had never been so violent towards himself or someone else.

After a while, they finally got back inside to analyze the body and get some new clues. Not only Sherlock had lost his mind but Bond was starting to lose his own at this moment, they had to find him as soon as possible in everyone’s best interest.

After some new researches, they had found something else, something that could link Jack or Aaron to at least one of the murders. There was obviously the coin hidden in the body, but this time, he had left a button. One could say it’s nothing but not for our two detectives ; they only had to find where the logo that was on the button was from. So they just went to the shop.

Once more, only one person had bought those types of shirts in the past few weeks. It was an old collection that they were about to throw into the bin when “a young man with dark black hair and a scaring face” jumped on it, the shop manager said.

He probably had lost it during the fight with the latest victim and she found a way to hide it in her last breath they guessed. They could now build an operating procedure: he goes to the victims’ houses or he raps them when they’re searching for money in the streets, he cut her throat from left to right, and stabbed

them from the throat to the spine and after their death he set up the horrific scene. From that moment, he wasn't only wanted as a murderer but as a "serial killer" in the whole country.

They had now two big leads that were actually leading down to the same person: "that Aaron something" as Sherlock would say with nonchalance. He wasn't even sure that his colleague was telling the truth about Aaron even though he had approved this deduction some days before.

It was now November 5th and winter was slowly coming in the streets of Whitechapel. People were starting to wear big coats again, a little snow was on the ground every morning when Bond was having his coffee, Sherlock was angrier than ever because "he doesn't like winter, it's cold and useless because it's harder to solve crimes when it's outside" what a grumpy man he was!

The news were so harsh with them to top it all off, they were all printing things like "a chaotic collaboration to solve the biggest case in history" or even "bad collaboration, bad results" or again "Jack the Ripper won't ever be found if they don't get help". But, the one on that morning was the worst: "Sherlock and Bond drowning against the enemy".

This time it was too much, Sherlock couldn't handle the criticism over him anymore, the people who looked at him with a bad eye when they passed him in the street, the laughter in the café about him and Bond, it was enough, it had to stop !

This is when he had an epiphany, he had to stop playing like a child to try to be the first and he had to work with Bond, not against him. This thought made him laugh "whatever, I'm going off the rails" he said to himself before getting back to the office where he didn't find Bond at first.

Bond was actually not here so Sherlock poured a glass of whiskey for the second time of the day already, and it was only 8:00 a.m.! He was about to sit in his big armchair when Bond entered the office opening the door so fast that it broke one of the panes. Sherlock, who had been scared, had spilled his drink on him, and he was about to get into a fight with Bond when the latter stopped him by putting his hand in front of his face like a child so he could speak.

"Before you start shouting my friend-"

"We are not friends." our drunk coldly answered

“Whatever, before you start screaming at me, I have something to show you !”

Upon these words, he walked towards Sherlock with a piece of paper in his hand. On this paper there was an address.

“ It’s his, the police officer gave it to me”

“ But how ?”

“Well, actually i took it on his desk when he was drinking his coffee”

These words made Sherlock laugh, but he stopped himself in his laugh when he remembered how badly he was supposed to hate James. Holmes took the paper and hurried to put his jacket on, Bond followed him with a smile on his face. After weeks and weeks of searching this asshole, they had finally found him.

Arriving at The Ripper’s house, James and Sherlock were astonished by the size of the house. It was curiously very big for someone who was living alone. James walked in first because he was the one who could defend himself against any danger. The lights were off, it meant that they were alone, but Bond didn’t put away his weapon, just in case.

After hours and hours of searching for any clue or any proof, Sherlock found out that there was no dirt on one of the library shelves, as if it was often used. He started to look at it closer, one of the books was really damaged below. He took it and made it slide which enclosed a system that made a door open. Sherlock looked at James and pushed the door. The two men entered the room, it was dark and it was impossible to see anything. Bond found the light switch and turned the light on. What the light revealed shook James and his sidekick. Thousands of pictures of naked women, multiple knives and a couple of jars with bloody things inside it. With no time for them to react to what they had in front of them the light switched off.

« Sherlock, where are you ? » the spy screamed while searching for the switch. When he finally found it, he was able to see his colleague with a knife on his throat, a knife held by the ripper himself. « Did you know that it’s forbidden to enter a private house without permission ? » The Ripper’s voice was horrific to hear. Bond aimed at the murderer with his gun, he looked at Sherlock, the detective was begging for him to leave him here and go away. But James Bond didn’t listen to him and shot in the Ripper’s leg which made Sherlock able to let go of his grip. Before James had the chance to even touch the murderer, the Ripper hit James’s head with a crowbar which made him fall on the ground, unconscious. The Ripper escaped with difficulty because of his wounded leg.

Sherlock, consumed by the shock, was curled up on himself on the floor, everything was messing in his mind : « I'm so weak », « Why wasn't I able to defend myself ? », « I killed James Bond », all these questions were popping in his head. But he hadn't killed Bond as the spy moved and opened his eyes.

« Oh lord! You scared me you tosser ! »

« It's always pleasant to wake up to such a beautiful compliment » Bond said ironically.

But when he completely woke up and when he could stand up, their duty was to find The Ripper. He wasn't far away because he was badly injured, so our two detectives went around the block hoping to find him before he did something. But nothing, nothing until they heard a shrill scream coming from a lost alley.

The rain was pouring on the floor of Whitechapel which made it slippery. Sherlock almost slipped but his will to save this person and catch the Ripper made him stay on his feet. It was there, just in front of them, victory after weeks of search and drinking gallons of Whiskey. All of that without Watson.

Upon arriving where the scream came from, they found a body lying on the floor. It was too late, she was dead and Jack was surely very angry because of the intensity of this murder. The murder was horrible, it was the worst they had ever seen in their life. She was almost decapitated. She was naked and parts of her body were scattered all around her like her breasts or thighs but most importantly her heart was missing. She was unrecognizable because of the multiple cuts her face suffered. She no longer had the appearance of a human being. The blood was mixing with the rain on the floor and on the face of the victim there was a tear still showing.

After a few seconds watching the scene, Bond's hearing focused on repetitive sounds coming from the neighboring alley. He turned his head and saw a man holding his limp leg, he was dragging a crowbar. Immediately, Bond left Holmes to run in the direction of the murderer. The Ripper saw Bond and sped up but not enough. When James was just behind him, he jumped on him, made the Ripper fall on the floor and drop his crowbar. The spy was trying so hard to keep him on the floor, but the Ripper gave him a punch on his face and he found himself on top of Bond. The Ripper put his hand around James's neck and started to tighten the grip. Bond started to turn red and to run out of air.

Sherlock took the crowbar which was 6 feet away from them, he held it tightly in his hands and knocked the Ripper's head with it. Jack fell on the ground, his head was bleeding hard.

James caught his breath.

"Thank you my friend" said James Bond, still searching for his breath.

Sherlock let the crowbar fall from his hand, nodded and held out his hand to him.

“You’re welcome” Sherlock Holmes said gently and calmly.

Bond took his hand and stood up with his help. Once he was on his feet, he took the handcuffs out of his pocket and put them on the Ripper’s wrists. This is the moment that our detectives had been waiting for so long. Dwellers of Whitechape were finally safe in their neighborhood.

James and Sherlock stayed with the Ripper while they were waiting for the police to come. After a few minutes, the murderer woke up and started to fight back, but Bond put his gun on his temple.

“If you move one more time, I shoot, do you understand?”

The Ripper stopped moving after this terrifying threat.

Once the police arrived they wrapped his head with bandages to stop his wound from bleeding and they took him to the police station. A police officer came forward with a big smile on his face.

“Good ? Gentlemen ! Well, you’ve accomplished your mission. Thank you so much !The locals can finally sleep peacefully and it’s thanks to you two. I don’t know how it would have ended without your help”

The policer gave them a smile and carried on :

“We’ll send the corpse to get it analyzed. I think that this lady was just in the wrong place at the wrong time, like all the others. It’s horrifying. It’s a rampage, her body is completely shredded. It’s really the devil’s work at this point. Well, I have to say goodbye ! Maybe see you next time !”

The officer left them on the side of the road.

“It’s good to see you happy, Holmes. Since we’ve known each other it had not happened once !”

“I think it’s because I finally know where the murderer is and where he will be tomorrow. But it’s mostly thanks to you, you’ve helped me much more than I expected.”

“Oh come on, you’ll make me cry !” James laughed “Do you want to celebrate with a drink ? Whiskey?”

“No, I only drink Vodka Martini ! Shaken not stirred”

“You tosser”

The two detectives laughed and left the crime scene to the forensic. They chose the first pub and spent the rest of night in it, laughing and singing to celebrate the end of the mission.

The day after, it was time to question that coldblooded type of thing to try to reveal to the world why he did those horrible things. Our two new friends came back to the police station because they were the only people that were allowed to talk to him.

They entered the little dark room like kings and sat on their respective chairs while waiting for the policemen to bring The Ripper to them. They were about to start talking about the night before when a crackling voice said “gentlemen, be careful, the murderer is entering the room, please stay in your chairs, do not try to engage a physical contact with him, do not try to take his handcuffs off”. The door opened and one policeman at each of the Ripper’s arms entered.

They both gave him a death stare and looked at him from the moment he entered the room to the moment he sat on his chair in front of the two detectives.

“So, you’re charged with the first degree murders of four women in the first degree with aggravated circumstances. Can I ask you a question?” James said with a touch of mischief in his eyes when he turned around to Sherlock.

After a moment of silence, James took up his question.

“Did you even feel something while killing those women? Have you ever had a single instance of regret after murdering the first one? Or even the last one?”

The Ripper mumbled something under his breath.

“Can you speak loud and clear so we can hear your horrible voice please ?” Sherlock said, as his colleague at his side, rose in pressure.

“I didn’t kill those women!” shouted The Ripper suddenly, which first surprised the detectives.

“Oooh of course you didn’t kill them!” said James ironically standing up to put his two hands on the metal table as cold as his stare right now “ and you want to know the funniest part? We only gave you a chance to speak but if you had kept the silence, it would’ve been the same!” James said while throwing all the evidence on the table.

“Guards! Take him back to his cell!” Sherlock screamed looking straight in The Ripper’s eyes. The two policemen entered the room and took him away. After Sherlock was really sure that the Ripper was away in his cell, he sighed.

Him and James left the police station. Down the stairs in front of the entrance, Bond said to Holmes : “Well, it was an honor to work with you on this mission ! Oh and by the way, I’m Holmes, Sherlock Holmes.”

He held out his hand to him, smiling like a child. His sidekick looked at his hand and shook it “My name is Bond, James Bond”. They laughed and started to walk away from the police station, side by side.

And I, myself, couldn't be happier for my friend to be finally over his obsession for me and his addiction to adrenaline. Or so I thought...

J.W.

London