

SHERLOCK HOLMES YEAR ONE

THE BUTLERS DID IT

I hate mysteries.



And I need no second opinion as a diagnostician to pronounce that this boy before us is consumed by conundrums.

NASTY BUMP THERE, LAD--

LUCKY FOR YOU THAT THE CONSTABULARY RETAINS A PHYSICIAN...

My name is John Hamish Watson, doctor by profession, lately disposed to the needs of London's guardians...

WATSON!
A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME?

As well as those the guardians guard over, be they highborn or low.

YOU'RE A PHYSICIAN...

CAN'T YOU GIVE LADY SOMERSET SOMETHING TO EASE HER DISCOMFITURE?

BEG PARDON, LORD SOMERSET--

With no horses or carriages to convey them home, London's pampered princes and princesses will simply have to walk it off...

BUT ALL OF YOUR ILLS SEEM TO BE A RESULT OF TOO MUCH MEDICINE.

That is an expert opinion that requires no guesswork.

DOES THIS HURT?

EXCEEDINGLY.

LIKELY MORE SO IF MY CHEEKBONE WERE BROKEN, THOUGH IF YOU PRESS ON YOU'LL SEE THAT IT IS NOT.



DILATION
OF THE
PUPILS...

HAD A NIP
AT THE SAME
BOTTLE AS
THESE HAPLESS
GUESTS?

WRIT
LARGE ON MY
BLOODSHOT
EYES, IS IT?



I EXPECTED
TRIAGE ON THE
LAD, DOCTOR
WATSON--

YOU NEEDN'T
ASSESS HIS BLOODY
MEDICAL HISTORY.

UH.

OH, SORRY
THERE, SHOT
IN THE LAST
AFGHAN
CAMPAIGN,
WOTT?



ONCE IN
THE SHOULDER
AND ANOTHER
THROUGH THE
THIGH.



"BATTLE OF MAIWAND,
INSPECTOR FELLOWES.

"NOT THE ROYAL HORSE
ARTILLERY'S FINEST HOUR..."



"THE WOGS HAD US
IN FULL RETREAT..."



"WHAT BETTER
VANTAGE FOR A
SHOT IN THE BACK



"A JEZAIL BULLET ADDING
INSULT TO INJURY BY NICKING
MY SUBCLAVIAN ARTERY
AFTER SHATTERING THE
SHOULDER BONE.



"I BEGAN
MY COMMISSION AS
ASSISTANT SURGEON
OF THE ARMY MEDICAL
DEPARTMENT, 66TH
FOOT IN THE SECOND
AFGHAN WAR..."



"BUT I ENDED MY
MILITARY CAREER AS
A SIMPLE SOLDIER
DOING HIS LEVEL
BEST TO STAY ALIVE."















BUT I WON'T HAVE YOU RABBLE LEAVING MY MISTRESS'S KITCHEN IN SUCH A STATE...

EVEN IF I INTEND TO ROB THE SOW BLIND AND LEAVE HER TO UNCINCH HER OWN BLOODY WHALEBONE CORSET.



I COMMEND YOUR AMBITION.

IT IS ONE MATTER TO ASPIRE BEYOND ONE'S STATION.

BUT TO MAKE COMPLICIT THE STAFFS OF EACH HOUSE REPRESENTED HERE DEMANDS TRUST.



WE ALL HAVE OUR OWN COMPLAINTS, YOUNG MAN...



WHAT BETTER CURE FOR WHAT AILS US THAN A BIT OF LAUDANUM?

A SIP CAN CERTAINLY CALM MY NERVES--



AND LOOK WHAT IT DID FOR THOSE PREENING PEACOCKS IN THE GRAND DINING HALL WHEN ADDED TO THEIR SOUP?

