

THE CASE OF THE BEHEADED

SMUGGLER

The following is a summary of the events so far, as detailed by the pen of Doctor Watson

".... I had called upon my friend, Sherlock Holmes, merely to ascertain his state of health. However, I was soon drawn into this strange chain of events, which was about to unfold before me. It began when I called upon Holmes, in late January 1899

I found Holmes in deep conversation with a young man of no more than five-and-twenty. He was well groomed, trimly clad, with something of refinement and delicacy in his appearance. His expression was somewhat different, with a definite look of fear in his eyes. This fear was not, however, for his own well-being, as I was about to find out. "Excuse me Holmes, I shall wait till you have finished," said I. "Nonsense! You could not have called at a better time, my dear Watson," he said, while gesturing to a chair beside the fireplace. "When you have seated yourself I shall ask my client to retell his tale for you. If you are wondering, Watson, this is Mr. Victor Wathley, who is the nephew of a Mr. George Wathley, a tea-importer at the Albert Docks. Please go ahead Mr. Wathley". "Well good day to you Dr. Watson, I suppose I should start at the beginning. My uncle is George Wathley, as Mr Holmes has already explained, and he has been in the business of importing for some years now ... I would say about twenty at least. However his recent found prosperity is due, not to the importing of tea, but .." Here he then paused, glancing at Holmes for a response. "Please continue Mr Wathley, we shall not let your uncle's story be heard by any other ears but our own," said Holmes in a reassuring manner. "Very well Mr Holmes. To continue, my uncle has made a fortune, for the last year only, by smuggling various goods concealed amongst the vast quantities of tea his ships carry. Such goods as alcohol, tobacco, diamonds, opium and others. I am sure he only does this because someone has an unfair hold on him, maybe by blackmail or threats". "But surely the cargoes are checked at some stage when they come into port?" I asked him. "My uncle has built up a good reputation by his, formerly good, trade methods. It is a matter of trust between him and the customs officers. Even if one does wish to see the cargo he is soon dissuaded by a hefty bribe." "Such practices should not be allowed!" I exclaimed. "Watson! Please let Mr Wathley continue, as we have only touched the surface of his story," said Holmes, in a somewhat condescending manner. "Thank you Mr Holmes. Well for the past few weeks my uncle has remained in his country house like a snail in its shell. Puzzled as to why this should be, I journeyed there and asked him why. He replied by telling me to mind my own business. Normally we get on very well, so I was taken aback at this attitude towards me. Anyway he then opened the front door, pushed me outside and told me to go. As he did this a crumpled note fell from his pocket and when the door closed, I picked up the note and read it. Why I have even brought it with me. Dr Watson, would you care to read it?" he asked. "Yes, certainly!" I then took the note and read it. It was written in a curious 'Gothic' style and simply said

"REMEMBER JOHNSON, YOU WILL GET THE SAME." It was signed with the initials F.O.S. "Do you remember a Mr Nathaniel Johnson, Watson? He was found some weeks ago, decapitated and dumped outside his house. His murder remains unsolved." asked Holmes. "Why yes! That was a particularly savage affair, they found the note pinned to his body and if I remember rightly, there were two crossed swords drawn on the note," I exclaimed with a large smile. "I am impressed Watson, your recollections are correct but you forgot the vital fact that Mr Johnson was the owner of a tea parlour imaginatively called 'Johnson's Tea Rooms'," said Holmes knowingly. "If I may continue Mr Holmes, this happened yesterday so I went to my friend Henry Matley and told him what had taken place. He recommended you, so I came here this morning," said Victor Wathley. "You have done well Mr Wathley. Where is your uncle at present, at home I presume?" asked Holmes. "Yes, but I do not think he is safe there. I fear something may happen to him soon. I will pay you any fees that you may need, so please accept the case Mr Holmes." "I will be more than happy to help you Mr Wathley. I hope you will be free to accompany me Watson." smiled Holmes

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".... I stood up, brushed the sleeve of my jacket and replied "Of course I will!" Victor Wathley then arose and walked towards the door. "Here is my uncle's business card. I have some business to attend to but I shall meet you in Horsham. Good day to you, and thanks," he said before leaving the room.

"Well was that not an interesting tale?" enquired Holmes. "We can catch the 12.15 train from Victoria, so prepare yourself Watson." "What is on the card, is there an address?" I asked. "It says 'GEORGE WATHLEY, 26 RYDER LANE, HORSHAM, SUSSEX.' It also says that visitors are by appointment only," replied Holmes. He then glanced at the clock, which had reached 11.50 a.m. "Well Watson, what do you make of it?" asked Holmes. "I think his uncle certainly has genuine reasons to be afraid for his life, though I am not too sure what the initials F.O.S. stand for," I pondered. "Fellowship of Swords. They are a 'masonic -type' society, which even I know very little of." said Holmes. "Come now, we had best waste no more time as I fear Mr George Wathley is in deep danger."

A long carriage drive and an even longer railway journey brought us to the small country station at Horsham. There we met Victor Wathley and together we walked the short distance to his uncle's house. From behind the large gates I could see the house quite clearly.... It was a large straggling building, very old in the centre, very new at the wings, with a pair of towering tudor chimneys and a lichen-spotted, high pitched roof of horsham slabs. Wathley opened the gates and we followed him in and down the gravel path towards the house. The front entrance was around the corner of the building and Wathley led the way. When we rounded the corner what befell my eyes was the most grotesque sight it has ever been my misfortune to see. There, in a scarlet pool of blood, lay George Wathley, his decapitated head lying beside his body

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As SHERLOCK HOLMES, the world's most renowned detective, you must solve this case by finding the KILLER or KILLERS, the MURDER WEAPON and the MOTIVE behind it all. Use your 'famed' expertise to unravel the mystery and to piece together the numerous clues that will lead to the solution you seek.

The game is in TWO parts, though there is no need to complete Part One before commencing Part Two ... however it will be necessary to use knowledge gained in Part One to solve and complete Part Two.

Special Commands

In both parts it is possible to engage characters in conversation by simply inputting TALK TO (followed by the name of the character you wish to converse with). However in Part One you will be able to locate certain characters by asking a companion to FIND (followed by the name of the character you wish to find) or to QUESTION (followed by the name of the character you wish to question). In part two you must use ACCUSE (followed by the name of the character you wish to accuse). Use RS and RL to save or load to and from memory, though use the standard commands SAVE and LOAD to store a more permanent record to tape ... you may use the abbreviations TS and TL if you wish.

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