

Jude Kraft

The Reichenbach Tragedy

Based off of Sherlock Holmes, The Final Problem, by Arthur Conan Doyle

From the Police Report of Inspector Lestrade, May 7th

It is with a heavy heart and moistened eyes (which I try to hide as best I can to, but to no avail) that I take up my pen to write **these** the last words in which I shall ever record the singular gifts **by** which Mr. Sherlock Holmes was distinguished. I have worked with **him** on many cases, and have known him to be erratic in his behavior at times, a tobacco addict, a complete dramatizer, and the most brilliant detective this great city of London has ever known. As such I feel it would be inappropriate not to write these words in his honor. I alone know the absolute truth of the matter. It rests with me to tell for the first time what really took place between Professor Moriarty and Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

This story takes place after Sherlock Holmes and John Watson depart on their fatal vacation.

From the personal diary of John Watson

We arrived at our destination by train on May 3rd. A small secluded village called Meiringen, near southwestern Germany. We found lodgings in a hotel near the country. Our hotel keeper spoke excellent English as he had stayed in London as a hotel lobby man. We rented a rather large room, as there was no visitors other than an old man, whom the landlord said had been there since yesterday on a hunting trip. After we had our bags moved into our rooms we told the landlord we were going out on a walk and he suggested we go by Reichenbach Falls. We thanked him and departed.

We walked for hours along the woods and beautiful countryside working our way to the falls. The falls were terrifying. But, they had a sense of wonder about them that inspired a feeling of simultaneous fear and awe. We were both hypnotized by the swirling churning chasm. Through the fog it was impossible to see the bottom.

“It is sights like these that men get out of their studies and hideaways just for a glimpse of nature’s grandeur,” said Holmes. We saw a figure in the mist and spray. It was a boy from the hotel. “Mr. Watson, Sir!” he said with a thick German accent. “The hotel owner’s wife is deathly sick and he requests your services! I knew there was not a moment to lose if that was the case. I started along the hillside downwards as I wondered what the cause for the distress was and why

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it bothered me. Then I remembered. The landlord told me he lives out in this country because he has no family of his own. With a pit forming inside me and a growing sense of fear I ran back up the hill and saw the old man from the hotel standing over my friend with a bloody hunting knife.

I don't have much time. I was stabbed in the right lung and physical movement will worsen my condition. If any poor man happens upon this diary send it to London's Scotland Yard. Ask for inspector Lestrade and tell him John said tell Mary I'm sorry. Tell him the man was Moriarty, he is unstable, he said he killed Sherlock because he was bored with him. He stabbed me after I nearly knocked him off the cliff, please Lestrade, catch that devil and stop him by whatever means you can, I got a shot of my revolver into his leg, but he got away. He is a threat to all of London. I cannot write any longer but Sherlock in his last dying breath told me to say goodbye for him to Mycroft. He requests all his personal belongings go to his brother. I request all my belongings go to my wife and daughter. Goodbye, Mary.

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Two great men have fallen. Mrs. Watson has not come out of her room since she heard of the tragedy. I feel I must mention the raise of criminal activity. I think it was because Mr. Holmes acted as London's guardian angel, protecting this great city from criminal activity. Now that he is gone I am terrified of the future, for all of us. Until I must write again, this is the end of a great age, that of Sherlock Holmes.

Inspector Lestrade, S.Y.