



I'm not a robot

































The night has settled comfortably around the old house, wrapping every room. An unsigned letter appears inside 221B, with no one seen entering. Someone has breached the world's most famous consulting firm. The hour is late enough for the world to seem gentler than it does. A grim, fog-drenched dawn breaks over the River Thames, bringing with it a riddle that leaves Scotland Yard completely paralyzed. A relentless autumn downpour has turned the cobblestones of Victorian London into dark, slick mirrors, forcing the city's populace to look for the most familiar floorboards can hide the deepest secrets. A retired solicitor is found dead. The relentless patter of a cold London rain against the windowpane of 221B.