Chapter Three

In which Inspector Lestrade springs a surprise

Holmes and I arrived at Sunbury House in the glare of bright winter sunshine, and found the small, wiry figure of Inspector Lestrade standing in the doorway, as if he had been waiting for us. A glint of excitement and amusement gleamed in his dark eyes.

“Mr Holmes, Doctor Watson! Very good of you to venture out! If you will come into the parlour here, there is a fire and Mrs Carrington will no doubt provide us with some tea.”

“The scene of the murder?” asked Holmes.

“No, no, Mr Holmes. I thought we might have a word or two about where matters stand before we go any farther. Do come in,” he said, and ushered us through a tiled hallway into a small, brightly lit parlour. It was a comfortable room, with windows to the front of the house that overlooked the gates and Belgrave Square itself.

“So, Lestrade,” began Holmes, “at what precise point has your case run aground?”

“Not at all, not at all, my dear Mr Holmes,” said Lestrade, trying, it seemed, to suppress a note of triumph in his voice. “The case is quite straightforward and I am expecting a telegram confirming the arrest of the murderer at any moment.”

“So our summons was entirely unnecessary?” said Holmes.

“Well, it was merely a request, Mr Holmes; a request only,” said Lestrade, his small, sharp features still drawn into an affable smile. “I thought you might be interested to hear how I came to solve the case, for I must admit that I did not solve it alone.”

“Indeed.”