

Mia Petrucci

## Chapter One The Letters

Detective Ernest Doyle and Dr William Worthington are the greatest detectives I have ever met and I have met quite a few. I enjoy playing games with them, not that they know they are playing.

Dr William, a short portly man he wears a well-loved navy-blue wool suit where only the top button is able to be fastened. His kindly face, which no one can help but trust, is complimented by his sparkling periwinkle blue eyes which are framed with laughter line. His bottle brush moustache doesn't quite hide the rosy completion, and a double chin, that wobbles while he laughs. Never one for much personal grooming, his salt and pepper hair, is clean but only quickly brushed to the side.

Detective Ernest on the other hand was tall with dark hair and brown eyes who never went anywhere without a notebook and pen. A precise man who believes everything should have a logical conclusion, is ironically excited by the improbable, and will not rest until he finds the solution. An impeccable, starched silk black bowtie was his identifying feature; he took great care to tie it perfectly. A matching waist coat and trench coat finishes his look. Tight brown curls, that will never be flattened by a hat, softens his long oval shaped face, which would be rather quite handsome were it not for his broken nose, a souvenir from a past escapade.

One August morning Ernest Doyle sat in his flat in London, reading the 'The Times'. It was a perfectly ordinary morning until two letters came in the post, he opened the first one and much to his surprise it was an invitation. The card, which was gilt edged, had a family crest featuring a majestic rearing horse, he would recognise this crest anywhere. It took him back to one of his most puzzling cases.

Mr and Mrs Milton  
cordially invite  
Detective Ernest Doyle,  
to Dinner at Darlington Manor  
on August 25<sup>th</sup>

*Please do join us for the weekend, and advise us of your train times.*

the second only said 5 words

*Darlington Manor. Come please  
Danger*

Far from alarming him, these words intrigued him, and his day was about to get a lot more interesting.