

And I need no second opinion as a diagnostician to pronounce that this boy before us is consumed by conundrums.

NASTY BUMP THERE, LAD--

LUCKY FOR YOU THAT THE CONSTABULARY RETAINS A PHYSICIAN...



My name is John Hamish Watson, doctor by profession, lately disposed to the needs of London's guardians...

WATSON!

A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME?



As well as those the guardians guard over, be they highborn or low.

YOU'RE A PHYSICIAN...

CAN'T YOU GIVE LADY SOMERSET SOMETHING TO EASE HER DISCOMFITURE?

BEG PARDON, LORD SOMERSET--



With no horses or carriages to convey them home, London's pampered princes and princesses will simply have to walk it off...

BUT ALL OF YOUR ILLS SEEM TO BE A RESULT OF TOO MUCH MEDICINE.



That is an expert opinion that requires no guesswork.

DOES THIS HURT?

EXCEEDINGLY.

LIKELY MORE SO IF MY CHEEKBONE WERE BROKEN, THOUGH IF YOU PRESS ON YOU'LL SEE THAT IT IS NOT.







"THE WOGS HAD US
IN FULL RETREAT..."



"WHAT BETTER
VANTAGE FOR A
SHOT IN THE BACK?"



"A JEZAIL BULLET ADDING
INSULT TO INJURY BY NICKING
MY SUBCLAVIAN ARTERY
AFTER SHATTERING THE
SHOULDER BONE.

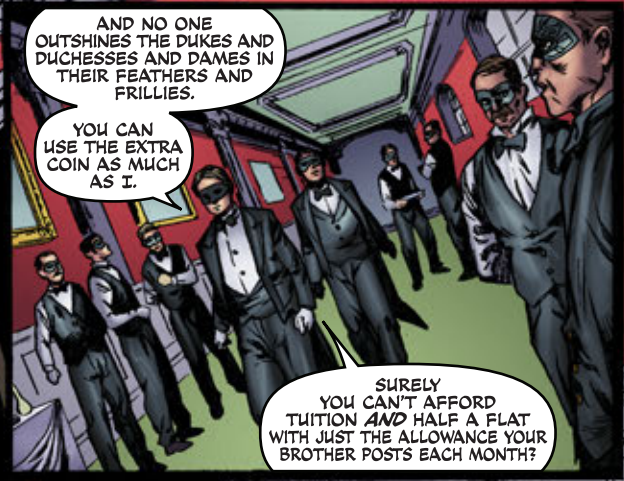


"I BEGAN
MY COMMISSION AS
ASSISTANT SURGEON
OF THE ARMY MEDICAL
DEPARTMENT, 66TH
FOOT IN THE SECOND
AFGHAN WAR..."



"BUT I ENDED MY
MILITARY CAREER AS
A SIMPLE SOLDIER
DOING HIS LEVEL
BEST TO STAY ALIVE."





AND NO ONE OUTSHINES THE DUKES AND DUCHESSES AND DAMES IN THEIR FEATHERS AND FRILLIES.

YOU CAN USE THE EXTRA COIN AS MUCH AS I.

SURELY YOU CAN'T AFFORD TUITION AND HALF A FLAT WITH JUST THE ALLOWANCE YOUR BROTHER POSTS EACH MONTH?



TAKE THIS, BOY. AND DON'T DAWDLE.

THE MASTERS AND MISTRESSES HAVE RICH APPETITES THIS NIGHT...



AN UNDERSTATEMENT TO BE SURE...



JEEVES...

THASH YOUR NAME, RIGHT?

I MEAN TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE SERVISH...



THE SOUP...



TOO MUSH SALT...