

Sherlock Holmes and the Putin Affair

A two hundred and seventeen year old British woman who had managed to stay in good health by reading the Daily Mail alone had allegedly just before she died (and no one outside of the dubious segments of society has ever proved she existed) had her breakfast ruined because Vladimir Putin had maliciously added a tiny bit of salt when she wasn't looking, having flown in from Moscow and sneaked into her home in Cheam.

When Holmes was called in it was with all the pomp and circumstance of a coronation. The real plot unfolding, Holmes pointed out to me as he calculated how best to have fun with the whole thing, was the plot to con millions of British people into declaring themselves enemies of people all over the planet. The reason for the plot? The reason for all plots. A combination of money and money, tempered by emotion potentially, but in the end centring on, starting with and finishing with money.

The Prime Minister had asked Holmes to find evidence that Putin was guilty so that world war three could be launched and a justification for killing billions of humans and destroying organised society could be credited to Holmes. Holmes had other ideas. "Of course, Prime Minister," he had said to the perverted sadist's face, and then gave me that knowing look I knew so well. The one he had when he convinced Boris Johnson to hide inside a fridge from the press, claiming nobody would notice, and then he alerted someone appropriate.

"The sheer insolence of such people," Holmes complained. "Look at this, Watson. A copy of Putin's fingerprints and a finger print kit. Hmm. What are the odds they have planted finger prints matching or similar to Putin's by the alleged victim's salt cellar?"

"Is it not more shocking, Holmes, that they actually turned to you to specifically endorse genocide, not imagining that you were the one person most likely to foil their goonish malarkey?"

"I like the expression goonish malarkey, Watson. If you don't mind I'll use it."

I allowed Holmes to use the expression. Holmes locked himself away for a few minutes in order to maximise his capacity to deal fiendishly in kind with these arch fiends from hell.

"The fiends!" I heard him yell, from time to time, within the recesses of his private thinking space.

And then he came out looking smug, having already come up with a plan so devious, so mindblowingly cunning that you may not believe that this really happened and may instead imagine that what you are reading here is fiction.

Seven minutes later Holmes had leaked evidence to the entire right wing press proving apparently that Putin had set up an operation to frame Putin in the ruining of a meal of a non-existent fantasy Briton. The sheer deviousness of the plan caused the entire right wing press to decide to go into business with Putin and to censor the

entire story and use their control over governments to censor it in the allegedly-not-right-wing press also.

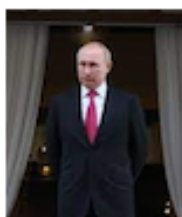
The next morning the Prime Minister was forced to resign and was replaced by another Prime Minister who was given the task of attempting to convince the victims of world war three to not stop them from starting it by convincing them that they should risk all dying out of an emotional and largely thought-free and hormone-packed hatred of some bloke they actually know nothing at all about and hundreds of millions of other people who will be killed as a result of allegedly 'dealing with' that one allegedly evil person. Holmes decided we should make a survey of the known universe as soon as possible.



Matt Berry, as
Sherlock Holmes



Richard Ayoade,
as Doctor Watson



Vladimir Putin, as
president of Russia



Liz Smith, as
alleged 217 year old