

221B Baker
Street,
London W2
December 9th 1911

Dear Lieutenant Light,

I am afraid I have some bad news for you: it was your fiancée Anne who murdered your father the bishop. She killed him because he had tried to murder her in the Haymarket on December 6th. Your father failed to kill Anne on that occasion only as the result of an accident: by mistake he stuck his poison-coated pin into Mr Hubert Walpole, the man Anne was with. Mr Walpole died immediately, and your father went on to stick the pin into Anne's hand, but because now there was not enough poison left on the pin to kill, she was only partially paralysed. That was why when Anne stabbed your father two days later with the kukri you had given her she used her left hand.

Returning to the death of Mr Walpole in the Haymarket, it is clear that the man involved was your father. The police found curare on the pin, and curare is a poison from the Amazon, where Bishop White spent several years. In case you still have any doubts that it was your father who killed Mr Walpole, let me remind you that the girl in the Haymarket called the man Big Ben, and your father's name was Benjamin.

The reason your father tried to kill your fiancée was that, unknown to you, Anne was a prostitute and he didn't want you to marry her. He might of course have taken an easier option and, without resorting to murder, just explained the situation to you. But that would have involved him in disclosing how exactly it was that he was so sure that Anne was a prostitute, and from your father's silence we must deduce that he had known her professionally before you yourself met her. Big Ben was your fiancée's pillow-name for your father.

Please accept my sympathies for the tragedy which you have undergone.

Sherlock Holmes