

The Winged Capuchin

by Jen Matteis

“I am not a missing animal detective.” Sherlock Holmes puffed on his pipe, disinterested. He held open the door, clearly implying the young woman should leave. I watched the spectacle from the comfort of my armchair.

“He’s not an *animal*.” Miss Lillian Bryce threw the word back at Holmes. “It’s Peter. My closest confidant, my dearest friend ever since childhood.”

“Miss Bryce, as far as I am concerned, those days are not so far behind you as you might imagine.” Holmes tapped his pipe onto a tray to empty the bowl and stared at her with the same withering look that had reduced Mrs. Hudson to tears that very morning.

Miss Bryce simply returned his gaze. “Mr. Holmes, are you or are you not the best detective in London?”

Holmes gave her a look of disbelief. “In London? Miss, I am the best detective in all of England. Perhaps all the world.”

“Well,” Miss Bryce strode back into the sitting room and dropped herself onto the chair next to me. “Then you are the only one for this case. Because as I’ve tried to explain, it’s not a simple missing animal case.”

“As you have failed to explain. Please, if this is anything beyond the loss of a common type of monkey, then do elaborate.”

“Peter is not just a monkey.” Miss Bryce took a deep breath. “My father is a professor at the University of London’s biology department, and Peter was one of the brightest animals he ever worked

with. He didn't have the heart to experiment on him, so he took him home. Peter is likely the smartest capuchin in England." She glared at Holmes, then dropped her voice an octave in imitation of him. "Perhaps all the world."

Predictably, this failed to improve Holmes's impression of her. He said with icy courtesy, "Miss Bryce, I have your description of the little beast. If I run across it in my work," he emphasized the word, "I will inform you of it. Now please be on your way." Miss Bryce threw up her hands in surrender and walked out. Holmes shut the door behind her with rather more force than was strictly necessary.

"Watson, why do people think I am a missing animal detective? This is the fourth visit in a week." Holmes threw himself onto the sofa and put an arm over his face. "One does not put one of the greatest minds to work trying to figure out 'Now, where's Fluffy run off to?' I am tired of arguing with fools who keep animals soundly locked within their homes and yet still manage to lose them."

"Why not appease them? It's not like you have any other cases right now. Besides, she was offering quite the reward."

"Do you know what reward she was offering us? That of having a thousand other fools hear of my success and then come running to me about their own lost Fluffies. That is a case I do not want to solve, Watson."

"What if they are related, Holmes? After all, most are coming from Battersea. Perhaps had she not affronted you, the hint of something bigger might have had more appeal."

Holmes let out a sigh. "I know, and you are right. But I don't want them, Watson. Don't make me say it again."

The pet owners had been so distraught, and my heart went out to them. I tried to think of a way to draw in Holmes. "You are reacting as if it were more trouble than it's worth. But if it is trouble, then it's a challenge, correct? Something you cannot solve in an instant, at any rate. I thought you enjoyed a challenge."

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Holmes had his arm over his face again. “Your ways are transparent to me, Watson. You have a soft heart. But I am only interested in interesting cases, or at the very least boring cases that will lead to interesting cases, and this is neither. At the least, not yet. If there is more to it, it is not yet ripe for discovery.” His tone brokered no argument. That was the end of it—until later that year when the case became very interesting indeed.



It was during those long summer months when heat sapped ambition from even the career criminals. Holmes practiced his music, smoked his pipe, even read a few dusty tomes that I had never seen him touch before, but none of it satisfied him without a case to ponder.

Miss Bryce’s reappearance came like a long-awaited thunderstorm after too many hot dry days. A familiar energy sparked on Holmes’s face the moment she walked in the door. Her face was pale; dark shadows limned her eyes. She looked a shadow of the angry young woman who we had met before.

“Miss Bryce.” Holmes took in her appearance in his careful way. “I see that, much to your detriment, your case has reached a point where it would be interesting to me. Please, sit down.”

“No one else would believe me. After this, you simply must.” She sat in the armchair and fixed a look of resignation on Holmes.

“I believe anyone who walks in that door with an expression like yours.” Holmes crossed his legs and sat back in a loose-limbed way that I knew contained boundless energy. “Please, begin.”

Miss Bryce clasped her hands together and leaned forward. “Yesterday was a day like any other. It happened last night, perhaps an hour after I’d gone to bed. I woke to the window rattling in its frame, as if in a strong wind. Then I heard a loud tapping on the glass, the exact sound Peter made when he wanted to be let in. I lit the lamp and ran to the window. I saw two eyes staring back at me, and I knew them

immediately. I was certain it was Peter. I threw open the window.” Lillian Bryce took a deep breath, then looked up at Holmes.

“Pray continue,” he said. “What did you see?”

“It was something else. It had Peter’s sweet sad eyes, but it wasn’t him. The face was a mess of stitching and scars, lumpy and misshapen. It had long ears and the stoutmuzzle and thick jaws of a dog. Most bizarre of all, it had wings—bright green like a parrot’s. It dragged itself over the sill and landed at my feet, howling piteously in a voice that spoke only of suffering.” She wiped her eyes.

“What did you do?”

“The worst thing I could have done,” Miss Bryce said bitterly. “I thought myself in a nightmare, so I screamed. I grabbed for the lamp but only knocked it off the table in my fright. Father heard me and came running. He burst through the door in his pajamas, carrying his hunting rifle. The lamp had lit a corner of my sheets on fire, so I stamped it out. I admit I was only too glad to look away from the monstrosity and have my father deal with it. But then Father shot it. I cried out at the sound of the shot. I was horrified in case it was Peter. The creature moaned and crawled out the window, landing with a terrible crash. We ran outside to find it, but it was gone.” She looked up at Holmes. “I need you to believe me, and I need you to find whatever it was I saw. I don’t think I can sleep until it is found.”

“You did not drink before this episode or take any medications, I presume?”

“No.”

“What about your father? Did he see it too, or did he shoot at it blindly?”

“He saw it. He will give you the same description that I did.”

I snorted in disbelief; Holmes stood and put on his coat. “Come, Watson, let us speak with her father and examine the spoor while the trail is fresh!”



Professor Harlin Bryce was a morose, pious man who corroborated his daughter's story and added his own colorful interpretations of God's intentions for the beast and whoever was responsible for it. Once Holmes had confirmed the details, he asked for permission to explore the grounds. They left us to it.

It was a sizeable estate, and Holmes seemed determined to point his hand lens at every rock, twig, and leaf. Occasionally he knelt to examine something, heedless of the dirt. When he was satisfied that his search was complete, he sat by himself on a bench in the garden smoking his pipe. I too looked but did not see, I am sure, what Holmes saw. I found one big dog print, a clump of dark brown fur, and several spots of red where the thing had bled on the lawn. When I was done with my own examination I went to Holmes.

"I saw the dog print," I began.

"Yes?" He looked up at me. "What else?"

I shrugged and sat down beside him. "A little blood and bent branches where something fell into the hedge below the window. There was a clump of fur in the bush, but whether it is from a monkey, a dog, or something else is beyond me." I took out the fur and showed it to Holmes.

Holmes shook his head. "The prints showed the rear paws of a dog, the front paws of a monkey, and wing drag marks in the mud as well. I found more than hair." He pulled a bright green feather from his pocket with a flourish, his eyes glittering. "A macaw feather, I believe. As for the trail, it ends abruptly." He laughed at my expression. "Not because it flew away, Watson. The pavement yields no further clues. This is more likely the work of a madman than a miracle worker. It is impossible to knit the flesh of different beasts and have it bind. There's no such thing as a chimera, but some poor beast made to look like one came through here last night."

"Do you think it was Miss Bryce's monkey?"

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“I do not doubt it, from her description of the eyes and its propensity to head straight into her bedchamber.”

“Who would steal a monkey and do that? To what end?”

“I have not the slightest idea.” Most people would say that in a despondent fashion; Holmes stated it as a welcome challenge. “But I know the obvious place to start: the University of London, where the monkey originated.”

“Do you think a student is playing a gruesome prank on her?” I asked.

Holmes glanced back at the hedge under the window. “Yes, or a most extraordinary one.”



The next day we visited the university, where Holmes had arranged to meet the head of the Biology Department. Holmes shook his hand. “Professor Rockingham, I’m delighted you could meet us on such short notice. I am Sherlock Holmes, and this is my friend and associate, Dr. Watson.”

“Mr. Holmes! It’s an honor to meet you, and your friend.” Rockingham had broad, warm hands and a bald head like an Easter ham, red from too much drink. He bade us sit in two plain chairs in front of a grandiose mahogany desk. “Please, explain these concerns of yours.”

“I am looking for a vivisectionist who has taken his practice outside the university.” Holmes launched into a detailed account of our adventure. Halfway through, he stopped abruptly. “You have someone in mind.”

Rockingham nodded. “There are several possibilities, unfortunately. We have a limited number of animals to work on. The sad fact is that my staff members and students often seek... alternative sources.” He leaned forward in his chair and pushed his glasses higher on his nose. “None of it illegal, mind you. But they pick up the odd

stray dog, or corpses from a veterinarian. This mutilation of a pet though... that is a sorry business. While the lab had dire need of research subjects, I met Peter and quite understand the Bryces' love for the little beast."

Rockingham turned to the filing cabinet behind him and shuffled through several folders. "Here's your most likely culprit. Dr. Henry Moreau. He's a talented physiologist; very well-respected in certain circles. However, he has more rejected research proposals than a dog has fleas." Rockingham handed a thick file folder to Holmes. "You may find this relevant to your case. I'd get rid of him in a heartbeat, but then I'd have to bring the same criticism about the source of their animals upon half of my department heads as well."

"Thank you." Holmes stood. "Where can I find him?"

"At this very moment? Teaching physiology to the undergraduates in the Marshall Lecture Hall. Any of the students can point you the way."



"He turned him over rather handily, don't you think?"

Sherlock Holmes didn't reply. His brow furrowed in thought. He leafed through the files as we walked across the grassy quad with its squat hedge-rimmed brick dormitories. "Yes, a little too handily. I can't help but note Rockingham's signature on all these grant rejections."

"So now you don't think Moreau did it?"

"Oh, I am convinced he did it." Holmes paused. "Watson, we are about to meet a rare character," he finally said. "I'm afraid we are about to meet not a villain, but a victim."

"Whatever do you mean? Who would consider Moreau a victim, after what he did to that poor monkey? Not to mention the macaw, dog, and whatever other missing animals went into that monstrosity."

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“From looking at these rejections, I believe Dr. Moreau would consider himself one.”



Holmes and I slipped in the back of the lecture hall and took a seat. Moreau was delivering a lecture on the spinal cord to an audience of spiritless youth. He had pale hands that he wrung anxiously as he spoke—whether as a permanent feature of his lectures or due to our presence, I will never know. Not long after he spotted us, he wrapped up the lecture abruptly and disappeared out a side door.

“Did he recognize you?”

“Most certainly. You know, it would be easier to do my job if you weren’t forever writing about it.” I could offer no sensible response.

We pushed our way through the tide of students just in time to see Moreau’s back disappearing down a stairwell.

“A word, Dr. Moreau!” cried Holmes. “We are not here to apprehend you. I simply have one question for you: did the wings work?”

Moreau froze, then turned around. His face was pale and his eyes shifted between me and Holmes. “They did.”

Holmes laughed. “I don’t believe you.”

Moreau edged closer. “They worked. It was too heavy to really fly—the wings mostly got in its way—but I assure you it had use of them. I couldn’t find wings large enough in Battersea.”

Holmes crossed his arms. “You cannot bind the flesh of different animals one to another.”

Moreau flashed a cautious grin. “*You* can’t. I can.”

“No one can.” I added. Holmes waved a hand to silence me.

“You are a thief and a liar,” proclaimed Holmes.

“I am a thief, but only if stealing back something taken from the university is a crime.”

“Perhaps some other animals as well,” Holmes said. Moreau said nothing, but he allowed us to approach. Holmes’s gaze took him in from scuffed shoes to worn cravat. I noticed several half-healed scratches on his knuckles and wrists; there was no doubt Holmes noticed as well. “You do not have the usual manner of a thief,” said Holmes, not without some amusement.

“Nor do you seem inclined to arrest me.” He glanced at me, then fixed his eyes on Holmes. “The capuchin. It is a wonder. It shows the potential to combine the best traits of beasts to form something fabulous: the bird’s mastery of flight, the superior senses of the dog, and most importantly, the intelligence of an exceptional primate who learned to use the gifts I gave him.”

“Then I suppose you did not hear that Professor Harlin Bryce shot it,” I interjected. “The poor thing is either injured or dead thanks to you. His daughter is miserable over it and traumatized besides.”

Moreau scowled; it seemed a natural expression for his face. “I would call that the fault of the man who shot it. My only crime was trapping it with a banana in the garden, then returning it in a much improved state.”

“Much improved state?” I began in disgust. Holmes held up a hand to cut me off. I stopped, more out of surprise than anything else.

“Dr. Moreau, why did you wish to draw so much attention to yourself? Releasing a creature altered in such a dramatic way could only draw more ire down upon you.” Holmes showed him the folder he carried. “You already know how academia feels about your work.”

“Yes. But the results I have—”

“Are likely rotting in a hedge right now. There’s only your word to say it was anything more than a monstrous failure. What did you hope to get out of it?”

He swallowed. “Recognition, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, such as that which you enjoy in London, with a face known by criminals and lawmen alike. The nature of my work means that my achievements are solitary ones. After weeks of careful labor, a reattached limb may

twitch after I bind it, then never move again. A blinded cat may open the eyes of a dog and see the world for a moment before the parts unbind. But such success is hidden from my colleagues, visible only to those willing to put in countless hours of diligent toil.”

“Success and horror both, and not in equal measure, I would guess,” I said. “I can only imagine how many animals one must torture to obtain a single instance of your so-called success.”

Moreau fixed his unnerving gaze on mine. “How many have you eaten for a lesser purpose? I intend to discern the nature of man and his soul.”

He infuriated me. “How do you intend to do that? By crafting a monstrosity out of someone’s dear beloved pet? By killing several animals just to torture another?”

Moreau’s pale face twisted into an unpleasant smirk. “You are a doctor, Watson. Open your eyes. To advance the field of medicine, atrocities have always been done.”

“There is a difference between science and atrocities!” I took a step in his direction, fists raised. An uncommon rage stirred in me; Moreau’s ability to unnerve me was unsettling.

“Forgive my friend.” Holmes turned to me abruptly. “Watson, he is right in a way—that’s why you find this so maddening. Your ability to save lives is founded in the bloody but necessary work of countless predecessors who followed practices similar to Moreau’s own. Take a moment and think, my friend.”

I did think. I thought of Holmes’s predilection for poisons, and one poor dog he’d tested a fatal pill upon. To Holmes, pain was a surmountable obstacle in the advancement of knowledge. I swallowed my reply.

Moreau nodded as Holmes spoke in his support. “Indeed. Suppose you stitched wings to a dog? Would it learn to use them, or would they hang loose forever? If it used them, would it think like a bird or a dog? If you shaped a dog like a man, what thoughts would it

have then? Will we never answer these basic questions, out of squeamishness?"

In my rage at this impeachment of science and my profession, I confess I was unable to form an opposing argument. "I call it humanity, not squeamishness," I finally managed. "An atrocity is an atrocity, no matter what else you may try to call it."

Holmes stepped in. "Science is a perpetual balancing act between mankind's morality and the search for truth." He turned back to Moreau. "But we stray far from the topic at hand. You have been accused of abducting a beloved pet and mutilating it. As a fellow scientist, I understand the value the capuchin had for you. As a detective, which I am foremost, and as a gentleman, I abhor it. What are we to do with you?"

Moreau clenched his jaw. "The animal was originally taken from the lab by Professor Bryce, who had as little right to it. It was meant for science."

"And the dog and the macaw?"

Moreau scowled. "If that unimaginative oaf Rockingham had seen fit to approve any of my proposals, I could have obtained them through legitimate channels. The fault is his."

"Hah!" I said. "We will get you expunged from here in short shrift." That won me a stern look from Holmes.

I shook my head and calmed my temper. I imagined myself and Holmes later, discussing Moreau critically together over a drink after we'd stopped him in some subtler fashion. "I apologize. That was unkind of me."

"Are you going to charge me for stealing the animals I needed for my research?" Moreau feigned indifference but his eyes flickered between us nervously.

"There is no point. The law would give you less than a slap on the wrist for that. But if you continue, I will find a way to stop you. A petty thief is still a thief, and the pain you are causing those animals is deplorable," said Holmes.

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Moreau turned his back and walked away. I was furious when we left, whether at Holmes for doing nothing or at myself, I could not say. By the end of the day, my anger had cooled somewhat, if not my helplessness. “Is that the end of it?” I asked Holmes.

“It is only the beginning,” he said. “Moreau will not change his ways.”

“Well,” said I, “if he continues to practice in London, he will eventually be lynched.”

“Indeed.” Holmes took a puff from his clay pipe and watched the smoke spiral up to the ceiling. “The problem, Watson, is what to do with a man like that.”



When I woke in the morning, Holmes was gone. The room still smelled of tobacco. All day I argued with Moreau and Holmes in my head. I knew I was right: the mutilated monkey was an abomination. I can't imagine the pain it must have suffered during its creation and afterward, much less that of the other animals Moreau had used so cruelly in the process.

Holmes finally reappeared in the late evening. “Where were you?” I demanded. He refused to discuss it and simply went to bed.

The next day I insisted on accompanying Holmes back to the university to return Rockingham's files. We did not speak but to argue. I felt I bobbed above him like a buoy in the everyday world of sense and reason, while Holmes sank like an anchor to unknown depths below, where daylight truths did not hold their normal easy meaning.

Holmes was gone yet again the following day when I awoke and he did not return until late that evening. For the remainder of the week, he had few words for me, instead preferring the company of his violin. I assumed that dealing with Dr. Moreau was behind us—at least until another atrocity of his became public. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

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One day like any other at the end of fall, Holmes announced abruptly, “Watson, it is time we paid Dr. Moreau a final visit.” He swept on his coat and opened the door.

“Has he done some new vile thing?” I asked.

“No doubt. Put this in your pocket, will you?” It was a Spratt’s dog cake.

I asked further questions as we descended the stairs, and during the carriage ride that followed. Holmes was not forthcoming with answers.

Holmes stopped the carriage on the broad drive leading to the main building where we’d met Rockingham. The stern brick building with its myriad turrets and windows gazed down on us solemnly on the grassy expanse, as if conferring silent judgment. “Wait here with the carriage, Watson. If you see a dog coming, call it and grab it. Get it in the carriage as quick as you can.”

I waited. Several students ambled by in the direction of the quad. Soon, a steady stream joined them; it seemed there was to be some sort of event. Eventually a band struck up. Then I heard a scream. If I hadn’t known Holmes better, I would have run to the commotion. Instead, I shifted my weight and readied myself for whatever might come.

Someone else screamed, then many voices joined in. They shouted and hollered, but I could not make out the words at this distance.

Suddenly I spied a small mongrel dog racing across the lawn. It came running at me, leading a crowd of shouting students. The dog looked normal at a distance, but as it approached it became apparent it was a horror. Blood soaked its coat and dripped from its jaws. Its flesh was torn away in places revealing pale muscle underneath. The dog had a strange waddling gait, like something was deeply wrong with it. Students streamed after it, shouting at each other, shoving, with some trying to grab the dog, then turning away at the last moment in revulsion.

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“What has Moreau done to it!” I roared. “Here, boy!” I steeled myself to grab it. “I am a doctor! Make way. Let me have it. Here!” It ran into my arms. The force of it rocked me back; blood and bits of loose skin flew all over my coat. I wrangled it into the carriage.

“Watson!” Holmes ran up to the carriage, the mob of students surrounding him. “Thank goodness you are here! Please, I fear this animal has been grievously injured. Do you think you can save it?”

I glanced at the dog, which sat in the corner of the carriage happily eating a bit of flesh that had dropped off it. Holmes saw my face and leaned in. He touched a finger to the dog’s skin, then to my utmost horror, he licked it.

“What atrocity is this?” I felt sick to my stomach.

“None at all, unless tomatoes have suddenly gained the same rights as animals. You’re looking at a dog covered in ketchup and chicken skin,” he whispered. “Don’t let on.” He winked.

He turned back to the crowd. “Another victim of Henry Moreau’s cruelty,” he pronounced. “Sadly, the justice system turns a blind eye toward animal cruelty. There is nothing to be done about Moreau, but we will try and save the dog if we can.”

One of the students, a woman in a blue skirt, shouted, “He can’t do this!” Other voices supported her. “Drive him out!” someone shouted.

“Where is he?” shouted a man. “Where is Moreau?” The crowd seethed, finally settling on a direction toward the biology building. Holmes watched the students for a minute with a look of satisfaction on his face, then hopped calmly into the carriage and bade the driver take us home. He patted the dog on the head then wiped his hand on his trousers. Some of the loose skin dropped off, revealing familiar features. “Is that Toby?” I asked in disbelief. The dog had helped us track a scent in the *Sign of the Four*.

Holmes grinned. “Despite all my powers of deduction, I never foresaw wanting Toby for his odd gait rather than his remarkable nose.

Do you still have that dog cake, Watson?" I offered it; Toby ate it greedily.

"Would you mind telling me what that was all about?"

"Certainly. Thank you for playing the part of the outraged doctor so well. I believe I have succeeded in my goal."

Flustered, I tried to make sense of it. "You engineered this scene? But, why, Holmes?"

"Moreau will be forced to leave London. For good or ill, he will continue to do his work no matter where he may be. You couldn't make him change occupations if you offered him a crown and told him he was king of England. Our problem, Watson, was what to do with a man like that."

"Let him be hanged," I said without hesitation.

"Ah," said Holmes. "That is what might have happened had I revealed his actual lab, not a dressed-up dog. I almost did want him hanged, after I saw it." He frowned for a moment.

"Did you track it down, or did he show it to you?"

"I spent those nights we talked convincing Moreau I was in agreement with him. We drank, we talked. One foggy night, his resolve broke and he took me to see it. His pride overwhelmed his fear of discovery."

"What did you see?" I was unsure I wanted the answer, and Holmes obliged me.

"Better it remain a secret. A wealth of horrors, but each with some noble cause glinting among the blood and suffering. The crux of the problem is that Moreau is too valuable for the hangman's noose, and too pig-headed to reign himself into the normal boundaries of science." He shook his head. "Moreau seeks knowledge that no one else will find. I hope he finds it far from London, and through experiments upon the natural world instead of the urban one. You may think it wrong, but sometimes we must harden ourselves to an avenue of learning when no other method will reveal certain truths. It is neither

good nor evil but a necessity of man's progression, if we are to understand the world."

I snorted. "That is not progress, but a descent."

"Science will be a bloody sport until the human body is fully understood and perhaps long after, until we have discerned the nature of both the body and the soul."

"To keep my soul, I will have to disagree with you, Holmes. You have done the world a great wrong in letting that man free."

"I've done a great good, too, Watson."

"How is that?"

"I have saved legions of soft-hearted Londoners the pain of losing their pets. So, I suppose, in a way I am a missing animal detective—in the preventative sense."

I couldn't help but laugh. "And so you are!" The carriage had arrived at our home; Toby followed us in. Apparently, he was now our guest.

"I have had my fill of missing animal cases, Watson. They are too much for me." Holmes got out a bowl of water for the dog then poured us both a glass of whiskey. "I burned the lab," he admitted, morosely.

"What will happen to Moreau?" I asked.

"He will be a victim of the sensational press, thanks to a friend at a paper with which you may be familiar, who was delighted to lend her help today. It will make a return to England impossible. I convinced him that he should prearrange passage on a boat with most of his equipment already stored upon it, in case something like this should happen. I even found a suitable destination."

"Professors don't earn much. How could he afford to keep a boat on hand?" Holmes took a sip of his drink and said nothing. Toby made himself comfortable by the hearth. "You helped him, didn't you?"

"Men like Moreau are a necessity, Watson. Science is built on suffering. Even worse, the rote repetition of suffering to establish a fact

when we are well-nigh certain of it. There is no way around it. You will remember when we first met, my fingertips were dotted with plaster from my experiments with corrosive chemicals.” He rubbed his fingertips, remembering.

“You also stuck yourself with a bodkin,” I interjected.

Holmes smiled. “Indeed, but only in the finger. Isaac Newton stuck one in his eye to see what effect it might have on vision. Corpses can teach you much, but not everything you need to know.” He sat in his armchair and crossed his legs before him. “Don’t look so glum, Watson. Moreau’s techniques could one day gift a cripple with a new leg, or a deaf man with the ability to hear. Should we hamstring the greater good, because nerves must register pain? What would modern science be if Galen hadn’t put a knife to spinal cords, vocal cords, circulatory systems in living pigs and monkeys and other beasts to determine their function?”

“Did Newton and Galen have to do such things?” I asked. “Was there no other way?”

“They did not have to do it.” Holmes glanced at Toby, content on the hearth. “But I’m glad that someone did.”

Sir Arthur and the Time Machine

by Gretchen Altabef

It was one of those rare experiences which can be looked upon as educational. Yet, at the time, it seemed to be leading to my very downfall. Now, with time behind me, I can acknowledge that I gained — well, as I tell you the story, you will learn what I gained. You