



Sherlock Holmes and the Seven Deadly Sins Murders

Barry Day

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A killer hunts the members of an old Oxford club—and Sherlock Holmes's brother is the next target

Six months after the bloody return of Jack the Ripper, Sherlock Holmes is starved for entertainment. When a friend of Dr. Watson's suggests a shooting trip in Scotland, Holmes leaps at the invitation. But after nearly a week of dreary Scottish weather, and hardly any shooting at all, Holmes is worse off than before. Watson fears the holiday has been an utter bust—until they are confronted with a murder baffling enough to be worthy of the great detective.

One of the local gentry has been found dead in his library, suffocated in the safe where he kept his most valuable documents. Holmes recognizes the dead man as a member of the same secret society as his brother Mycroft—the Oxford group known as the Seven Sinners. One sinner down, six to go . . . but if Mycroft falls, so does England, and Holmes must be quick in order to save both his brother and his country.

Sherlock Holmes and the Seven Deadly Sins Murders Details

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From Reader Review Sherlock Holmes and the Seven Deadly Sins Murders for online ebook

Leslie says

3.5 stars.

M. White says

Disappointing

I usually enjoy the pseudo Sherlock Holmes books, but this one was very disappointing. The author has Doyle's characters behaving uncharacteristically, which I am willing to accept, but he also made significant time period errors which I cannot overlook. He has Sherlock using what he identifies as the 'Heimlich manoeuvre', which wasn't so named until the 1970s, and he also has his hero pretending to be American from the STATE of Arizona, which didn't achieve statehood until about 20 years later. While these may not bother some readers, for me they spoiled my enjoyment of the book.

Amy Sturgis says

I'm getting a feel for Barry Day's Sherlock Holmes pastiches now, and thus far I like them. This is a solid story with several things to recommend it, including a brief but effective cameo by Arthur Conan Doyle's Professor Challenger and an H. Rider Haggard-esque exotic leading lady.

To be honest, I read the Holmes stories more for the characterizations and atmosphere and history than I do for the technical mechanics of the mysteries themselves, so the times in which Day stumbles (mostly in the mystery department) don't trouble me as much as they might others. For example, in two scenes in which we knew Sherlock Holmes would appear in disguise, I immediately picked him out of the crowd, whereas John Watson did not. (Watson is not, I should note, portrayed as a simpleton in general, and his "three continents" of experience with the ladies comes in handy in this novel, as well).

I especially appreciated how Day handles the sometimes-poignant, sometimes-teasing repartee between Holmes and Watson. I also liked Mycroft's role here, which is a central one, including a star turn as a terminally ill man in true "Dying Detective" fashion. I also quite loved how much credit Day gives to Lestrade, and how he captures the history-making "Sherlockian moment" as one with Holmes, Watson, *and* Lestrade comparing notes and working together in the study at 221B Baker Street.

This doesn't go to the very top of my list, but I'm glad I read it, and I'll definitely be reading more of Day's Holmes novels.

Two favorite passages:

[Holmes, Watson, and Lestrade at 221B]

How often had the three of us sat here like this, I reflected, while events grave and gay, some of them affecting the highest in the land, were unfolding around us. How often had the decisions we had arrived at in this room changed the lives of hundreds, even though they were never to be aware of it?

We were an ill-sorted trio. Holmes, thin and angular, perched in his chair at a moment like this, as if ready to take flight. Lestrade, small, almost - if I'm honest - ferrety but as tenacious as any of that under-rated species when he had determined his target. And me - how did I view myself? A middle-aged ex-soldier of no particular distinction with a war wound that played up in the damp weather. And yet that remarkable man, Holmes had told me on more than one occasion that I completed him - so who was I to argue. Certainly the three of us had survived more than a few adventures together and it seemed as though we were about to embark upon another.

[Mycroft and Sherlock Holmes talking]

"...the strangest thing of all is that, deep down, they are the closest of friends. They need each other. The one *defines* the other."

"Rather like Watson and myself?" said Holmes and I fancy he was only half joking, which pleased me more than a little.

Mycroft let the remark pass.
