A man in a dark trench coat and hat sits on a wooden bench in a room. He is holding a cane and looking out a large, arched window. The room is dimly lit, with light streaming in from the window, creating a dramatic atmosphere. The background shows a desk with various items and a bed with a dark coverlet.

***NO
REST
FOR
THE
WICKED***

A
SHERLOCK
HOLMES
MYSTERY

***BY
BRIAN
JOSEPH
MILLER***

NO REST FOR THE WICKED

A Sherlock Holmes Mystery

by

Brian Joseph Miller

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This book is a work of fiction inspired by the characters of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. John Watson, originally created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and now in the public domain. While these classic characters form the foundation of this story, the plot, original characters, incidents, and dialogues are products of the author's imagination. The setting of Parkridge Nursing Home in London, Ontario, and all events depicted therein are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

For permissions or inquiries, contact: Brian@bilinguru.com

Dedication

To my father, who always gets to the heart of the matter.

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EPILOGUE

ACT ONE

The Weary Traveler

Chapter 1

An Honour and a Pleasure

I had almost completed my rounds and was looking forward to a meal and some well-deserved rest. I was covering for my colleague, Dr. Menken, who had come down with a bug and, quite sensibly, was loath to spread it around the nursing home. The smell of eggs and bacon came wafting from the breakfast buffet set out for the residents and made my stomach grumble in anticipation. I sidled near the buffet table to see what else was on offer. The room was already quite full. Mealtimes at Parkridge were always highly anticipated.

I had been working at Parkridge for about a year now, covering shifts whenever Dr. Menken needed relief. It was good work---better than I had any right to expect, given how my life had unraveled since Margaret's death the previous year. Though I'd been born in England, I'd emigrated to Canada in 1947 to marry her and had never looked back. My medical training had kept me out of the Second World War---a deferment that felt more like cowardice as the years passed. When Korea came in 1950, I volunteered. Three years in a MASH unit had left their mark.

But that was years behind me now. Parkridge Nursing Home had become my sanctuary of sorts---a place where death came gently, expected, and I could do some good with what skills I had left. The facility had an excellent reputation, and much of that was due to the efforts of its administrator, Ms. Green, who ran the place with a combination of warmth and iron efficiency that inspired both affection and respect in equal measure.

The home was still buzzing with excitement from the summer's most extraordinary event. In July, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II had visited London, Ontario as part of her Canadian tour, and Ms. Green had somehow managed the impossible---arranging for the Queen to tour Parkridge itself. The visit had lasted barely twenty minutes, but those twenty minutes had transformed the facility's reputation overnight. Residents still spoke of it in reverent tones, and the photograph of the Queen speaking with Mrs. Patterson in the common room held pride of place in the entrance hall.

I had been absent on that special day. Matters related to Margaret's family needed attention, and though I had missed the honour of meeting the sovereign, Margaret had always been Queen of my heart, so no sacrifice was too great where she was concerned.

A dignified looking man, perhaps in his 80's, and a young lady possessively clutching at his elbow, were peering through the glass barrier that protected the food from potential coughs and sneezes. An innovation, with which the management of the facility took great pride and featured in their literature to prospective 'guests.'

"Look at the buffet, Uncle!"

"What's that you say?" the gentleman said somewhat distractedly as he fumbled with the inside breast pocket of a very tasteful jacket that seemed to belong to another era.

"I said, doesn't the buffet look wonderful?"

"Yes," he says, "It's a marvel."

I could tell he did not find it at all marvelous. I knew that he was touring our facility begrudgingly at the behest of his great-niece, who looked up at him scoldingly but protectively. Ms. Green, standing with brochure in hand and a gleaming smile frozen on her face, patiently bore the implied criticism with practiced stoicism.

I suddenly realized that the gentleman's gaze had turned on me, and I was taken aback by how penetrating that gaze proved to be.

"You look hungry, Captain" he said matter of factly.

"Beg pardon?" I let out.

"You need some sustenance as well as some rest, I should imagine."

"I do, but how did you spot me as a Captain?"

"Mere observation, sir. Tucked in your breast pocket is a folded handkerchief with a barely perceptible red cross embroidered in one corner---not the standard nursing home issue, but the exact pattern issued to Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps personnel. The thread is mercerized cotton, faded from repeated boiling in field sterilizers. And judging by your age, I judge you to have served as a captain in the Canadian medical contingent, Korean War."

"Uncle!" the young lady berated him with a whisper, a blush rising from her neck to her cheeks.

Suddenly, it dawned on me. I had seen the name 'Holmes' on the visitor list but hadn't made the connection until this remarkable feat of deduction. "Why, you are Sherlock Holmes, the famous London detective!"

"Consultant," he corrected. "I had some notoriety at one time, but that is a bygone era."

"You are too modest, Uncle Sherlock!" His great-niece chimed in.

"Indeed," I agreed. "Your exploits are legendary, Sir. It is an honour to make your acquaintance." I extended my hand and was impressed with the strength and conviction with which he clasped it.

"Thank you, my dear Doctor. The honour is mine. I also notice a slight list to the port side, compensating for an old shrapnel wound to the left gluteal muscle---common in medics who carried stretchers under fire at Kapyong. I extend my gratitude for your service in Korea. I'm afraid, however, that your meal will have to wait."

I was so struck by his incredible leaps of logic that I had forgotten myself.

"He's right, Dr. Watson," whispered Ms. Green who had circled to my side to speak in confidence and with constrained urgency. "Breakfast will have to wait. Didn't you hear the announcement? We have a Code Blue in room 306 - A Wing. Mr. Beech."

I had been so fully engaged in my encounter with this singular character that I hadn't heard the announcement or noticed the contained flurry of activity it had triggered among the staff. A Code Blue indicated a non-responsive patient. While Parkridge wasn't a hospital, Ms. Green, to her great credit, had adopted the code system to affect efficiency. It was an excellent system, provided that those working were paying sufficient attention.

"Please excuse me," I offered and quickly left the dining room to see if Mr. Beech had finally succumbed, or if it were still within my power to keep him alive a little longer.

When I reached room 306, a nurse stood transfixed before the tragic figure that was, quite clearly, the late Mr. Beech. The room was stifling, and an attendant had moved to the window to open it, letting in a welcome draft of cool November air. Beech was seated in a chair beside his bed, still in his pajamas. His eyes were open, but the light had gone out of them. Having served in the Army Medical Corps, I had seen my share of death. There was no doubt that the long-suffering Mr. Beech had expired. The only questions were: What had claimed him? And when had he departed this world?

I knelt beside the body, noting the advanced stage of rigor mortis. He had passed during the night, I estimated---perhaps shortly after retiring. I retrieved the chart from its compartment in the hallway and scanned the final entries. Last observation at 22:00 hours. Responsive, no complaints. The 02:00 hours check showed the same---no changes noted. The night nurse, Dr. Walsh, had documented everything properly.

When he had not emerged for breakfast, the morning attendant had entered and discovered him thus.

The expression frozen on his face bore a resigned anguish that troubled me. A drinking glass lay on the carpet near his slippered feet, and a water stain darkened the beige pile. A small white pill---which I recognized immediately as nitroglycerin---rested near the glass's rim like a tiny monument to futility.

The story seemed clear enough. Mr. Beech had awakened in the night, chest gripped by angina. He'd managed to reach his medication from the bedside table, secured a glass of water from the bathroom, and sat down to take his pill. But before he could place it on his tongue, the long-anticipated myocardial infarction had seized him.

I checked for vitals as a matter of form---the cool temperature of his skin, the fixed dilation of his pupils, the absence of any pulse. Then I looked at my watch and withdrew my pen from my coat pocket, preparing to make my final notation in Mr. Beech's chart.

"Time of death, estimated between 23:00 and 01:00. Discovered 07:14. Cause: Natural. Cardiac arrest secondary to coronary artery disease."

"One moment, Doctor!"

The voice rang out from the doorway with such authority that my pen froze mid-stroke. I turned to see the imposing figure of Sherlock Holmes filling the frame, one hand gripping his walking stick, the other

raised as if to halt the very progress of time itself. His great-niece stood just behind him, her hand at his elbow in that same protective gesture I'd observed in the dining hall.

"I think you will find," he said, his eyes glittering with an intensity that belied his years, "that the cause of death is entirely *unnatural."

"What do you mean?" The words came out more sharply than I'd intended, surprise giving way to professional defensiveness.

"Murder, my dear Watson!" He stepped fully into the room now, moving with surprising agility for a man who'd seemed so frail just moments ago in the dining hall. "This poor man did not die of a heart attack. Someone has hastened his demise."

Everyone in the room froze. The nurse's hand flew to her mouth. The attendant, still standing by the open window, gripped the sill as if he might fall. Ms. Green, who had followed them into the room, maintained her professional composure, though I saw her smile falter for just an instant.

"Uncle Sherlock!" The young woman's voice carried both alarm and embarrassment. She moved to his side. "You shouldn't---this isn't" She looked to me apologetically. "Doctor, please forgive him. He's not been well, and I think the shock of seeing---

"I am in full possession of my faculties, Kate," Holmes said, not unkindly but with unmistakable firmness. "And Dr. Watson will find, upon closer examination, that I am correct."

The great-niece---Kate---released his arm and stepped back, clearly mortified but deferring to her grandfather's determination.

We all turned to look upon the strained countenance of poor Mr. Beech. Alas, he could shed no further light on the matter.

"Mr. Holmes," I began, choosing my words carefully, "I understand you were once a great detective. But I am a physician. I've examined the body. Every indication points to cardiac failure. The man had a documented history of angina, hypertension---

"All true," Holmes interrupted. "Which makes him the perfect victim, does it not?" He moved closer to the body, leaning on his walking stick, and gestured with his free hand toward the scene. "Tell me, Doctor---you've noted the rigor mortis. You've estimated time of death. But did you observe the position of the water stain?"

Despite myself, I looked. The stain spread in an irregular pattern from where the glass had fallen.

"Or the fact," Holmes continued, his voice dropping to barely above a whisper so that only those of us in the room could hear, "that the glass is lying three feet from the chair? A man suffering a cardiac event would drop it directly downward, not throw it across the room."

I opened my mouth to object, then closed it again. I had to admit; I hadn't considered that detail.

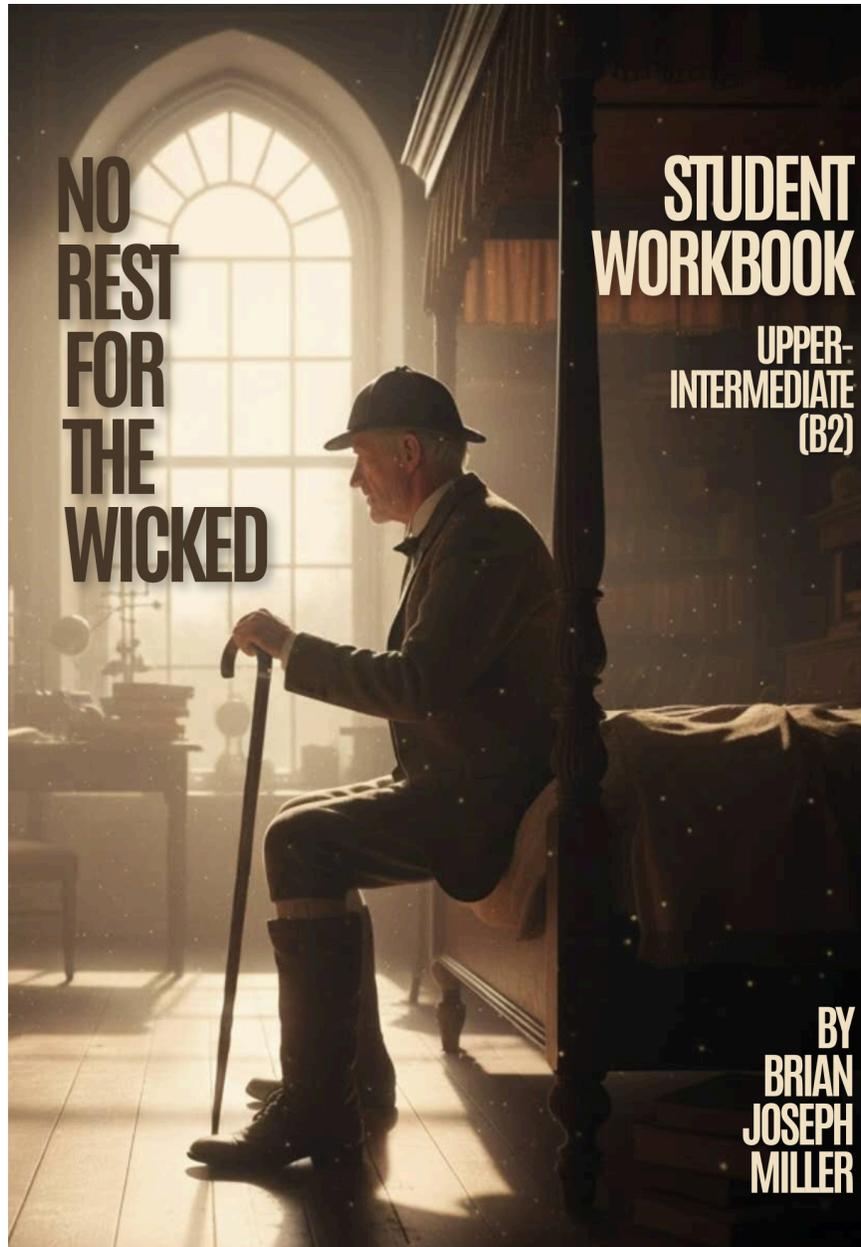
"Uncle, please," Kate said softly. "Perhaps we should let the doctor work. This is distressing for everyone."

"Quite right, dear girl," Holmes said, but he made no move to leave. Instead, he turned to Ms. Green. "Ms. Green! I believe I shall take up residence here at Parkridge after all. If only for a trial period."

Ms. Green's professional warmth returned, smooth as cream. "Mr. Holmes, we would be delighted to have you. Though I must say, this is rather unusual circumstances for making such a decision."

"The game is afoot, Watson!" Holmes's eyes were now fixed on me with laser intensity. "With any luck, we shall get to the truth before I follow the unfortunate Mr. Beech to the grave."

Kate placed a gentle hand on her great-uncle's shoulder, and he patted it absently. She looked worried---understandably so, given what we'd just witnessed, but said nothing more.



◆

English Language Learning Workbook

Upper-Intermediate to Advanced

CEFR B2-C1



Introduction

Welcome to the companion workbook for "No Rest for the Wicked," a Sherlock Holmes mystery set in 1959 Ontario, Canada. This workbook is designed for upper-intermediate to advanced English learners (CEFR B2-C1) who want to deepen their language skills while engaging with an original mystery narrative.

Each chapter includes vocabulary glossaries, comprehension questions at four levels, and discussion prompts that encourage critical thinking and textual analysis. The story explores themes of justice, mortality, memory, and the nature of truth—providing rich material for language learning and literary discussion.

How to Use this Workbook

Structure

This workbook is divided into three acts corresponding to the novel's structure. Each chapter includes:

- **Vocabulary Glossary** — Key terms organized by category with definitions
- **Reading Comprehension Questions** — Four levels of questions
- **Notes Section** — Space for your observations and ideas

Question Levels

Literal Understanding — Test your comprehension of basic plot points and facts

Inference & Analysis — Draw conclusions from textual evidence

Vocabulary in Context — Explore word meanings and usage

Critical Thinking — Evaluate themes, techniques, and deeper meanings

Discussion Questions — Engage with broader themes and personal interpretations

Recommendations

For Teachers: Use the vocabulary sections to pre-teach key terms before reading. Discussion questions work well for small group or whole-class conversations. The multiple question levels allow differentiation for mixed-ability classrooms.

For Self-Study Learners: Read each chapter of the novel first, then review the vocabulary and attempt the questions. Use the Notes section to track your thoughts, predictions, and favorite passages. Challenge yourself to answer all levels of questions, even if some seem difficult at first.

For Book Clubs: The discussion questions are ideal for group conversations. Consider assigning different question types to different members to encourage varied perspectives.





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EPILOGUE





ACT I

The Weary Traveler



Chapters 1-6

Chapter 1

An Honour and a Pleasure

Vocabulary Glossary



■ *Medical & Professional Terms*

locum (n.)

a temporary substitute, especially for a doctor

defer (v.)

to postpone or delay; to exempt from service

cardiac arrest (n.)

sudden loss of heart function

MASH unit (n.)

Mobile Army Surgical Hospital

■ *Period & Cultural Terms*

buffet (n.)

a meal where guests serve themselves

innovation (n.)

a new method or idea

stoicism (n.)

patient endurance without complaint

begrudgingly (adv.)

in a reluctant or resentful manner

■ *Military & Historical*

Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps

medical service branch of the Canadian military

mercerized cotton

cotton treated to be stronger and shinier

■ *Descriptive Language*

wafting (v.)

to move gently through the air

grumble (v.)

to make a low rumbling sound (of stomach)

sidled (v.)

to move sideways in a furtive manner

penetrating (adj.)

sharp, intense, piercing (of gaze)

singular (adj.)

remarkably unusual or unique

mortified (adj.)

greatly embarrassed

field sterilizer

portable equipment for sterilizing medical instruments

Kapyong

Battle of Kapyong (1951) in the Korean War

■ *Deduction Terms*

feat (n.)

an impressive achievement

deduction (n.)

reaching a conclusion through logical reasoning

exploit (n.)

a notable or heroic act

list (n.)

a tilt or lean to one side

gluteal muscle

muscle in the buttocks



Reading Comprehension Questions

LITERAL UNDERSTANDING

- Q1: Where does Dr. Watson work, and what is his relationship to Dr. Menken?
- Q2: What special event had occurred at Parkridge during the summer?
- Q3: How does Holmes deduce that Watson served in the Korean War?
- Q4: What is Dr. Watson's initial reaction when the Code Blue is announced?



INFERENCE & ANALYSIS

- Q5: Why does Watson describe his medical training deferment as feeling "more like cowardice"?
- Q6: What does Holmes's deduction about Watson reveal about Holmes's observational skills?
- Q7: How does the narrative establish Watson as a reliable narrator?
- Q8: What is significant about Holmes initially appearing "frail" during the tour?



VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

- Q9: The text says Watson "sidled near the buffet table." What does this word choice suggest about his behavior?
- Q10: Ms. Green maintains her smile with "practiced stoicism." What does this phrase reveal about her character?



CRITICAL THINKING

- Q11: The chapter is titled "An Honour and a Pleasure." To what does this title refer, and is there any irony in it?
- Q12: What narrative purpose does Mr. Beech's death serve in this opening chapter?



DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

- Q13: First impressions matter in mystery novels. What is your initial impression of Dr. Watson as narrator? Of Sherlock Holmes? Of Ms. Green? Of Kate Holmes?
- Q14: The story is set in 1959 Canada rather than Victorian London. How does this change affect the traditional Holmes story?
- Q15: Watson mentions that Margaret was "Queen of my heart." How does his grief establish his emotional state and reliability?
- Q16: Holmes immediately suspects murder while Watson sees natural death. What does this difference reveal about their characters?

