Will I ever find it?

My search for 221B Baker Street continues as I hurry down the quiet walkways with only one destination in mind. I came to Baker Street for one reason and one reason only: to find Sherlock Holmes and his accomplice Dr Watson, for I am in dire need of help. You see, I was the holder of world's only 24 carat purple diamond. Up until the Tuesday just gone by, when a crook, a thief if you will; Broke into my supposedly un-penetrable safe and stole it while I was out of town. 3 days later and I still have no clue as to who stole it and where my jewel is.

So here I am, walking down this dismal street at a completely unreasonable hour of the night. Walking towards my only hope of salvation. For if my gem is truly gone then I have nothing. No means of income as my life truly did revolved around that one beautiful gem. So as you can now hopefully see 221B Baker Street, London was my only hope.

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"Hello?! Mr Holmes are you there?" I yelled up through the brown front door. Almost immediately a face that I assumed must be that of Sherlock Holmes appeared in the doorway.

"Ah, Mr Davies. How pleasant to see you!" Holmes grinned at me from the warmth of the apartment. "Would you be so kind as to join me?"

"It would be an honour Mr Holmes. But please, call me William," I replied with all modesty. I wiped my boots on the shaggy welcome mat, before I entered the warm and welcoming house.

"As you can see my accomplice Dr Watson is here at the moment,. He stopped by after work for a mug of tea. Would you care to join us?" He asked out of pure hospitality.

"Actually I'm in a bit of a rush as it was; I merely came to enquire about my purple diamond. Have you seen it?" I replied back quickly.

"I do actually have a surprise for you Mr Davies, so if you would be so kind as to come inside my apartment whilst I explain, I would be ever so grateful." He said and with that he turned in his heel and went inside his apartment. Left with no choice but to follow him. I walked through the threshold and into Sherlock Holmes house.

"Now Mr Davies I do have a surprise for you!" And with that Sherlock Holmes revealed his palm and on it was my very own Purple 24 carat diamond.

"How...what...where...where on earth did you find that?!" I spoke directrly to Holmes as if his quiet accomplice was no longer there.

"Well... let's just say that I know some people,"

"Thankyou Mr Holmes I can never repay you the amount of gratitude that I'm feeling in this moment!"

"Was no trouble Mr Davies, it was fun to try and re-connect some of the old ties that I share," He replied with all modesty. I got up and started to leave, my precious purple diamond tucked under my arm.

"Thankyou Mr Holmes, Dr Watson," I nod my head in both their general directions. "But I must be going now," And with that I walked out of the room and back down the street. When I reached the alleyway that shimmered slightly but one could only notice it if they knew where to look, I turned with a small grin on my face and walked straight into the shimmering patch of air. And back into the future