

The adventures of Sherlock Holmes and Adolf Hitler

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The adventure of Sherlock Holmes and Adolf Hitler

A tale by Hell s Librarian

The Tale of the Missing Authors Part I Operation Black Hole

Chapter One

Sherlock! Where the frick did you put my painting? Hitler shouted as he came running down from his studio as he called it today. His room had many names such as the torture room, doorway to hell, origin of the holocaust, the monkey of tormented doom, so on and so forth. For weeks now he had been working on a new painting, putting his sweat and grime (literally) into the masterpiece. Well old boy after much scientific examination of your painting I came to the conclusion that it was a piece of crap and I threw it into the junk room where the rest of your paintings reside, Sherlock replied as he tried to fix his violin which had been broken once again in one Hitler s many fits of anger. It is not a piece of crap! he snapped, It s going to be one of- Sherlock snorted ok it s going to be my *only* finest piece of artwork ever created Hitler conceded. Sherlock put his violin down and realized he was going to have to try to explain just how bad it was. Really why did he have to pick this guy as his friend? Wait here for a minute and I will show you something. He got up and left the room for a moment before returning with two pieces of artwork. Ok Adolf now I know this is going to hurt you but I need you to *listen*, Sherlock pressed. Right now here we ha- HITLER I SAID PAY ATTENTION! Hitler, who had been playing with a piggy looked up startled. Wha..? oh right listening he sat down in front of Sherlock and put on his best I m Listening face which looked more like he had just swallowed some horse radish and onion tablets. Now as I was saying here we have a picture that is truly a masterpiece. Now Hitler can you tell me what this painting is? Sure I can it s the Mona Lisa we stole it last week remember? Yes that s right. Now, he turned the other picture around, can you tell me what this is? It s my picture! Hitler beamed with pride, Doesn t it look grea&oh. His face fell in dismay as he compared the two paintings. Sherlock looked at him and said Now let s see we have the Mona Lisa and then we have two stick figures eating bananas. Tell me old boy which one would you rather steal? Hitler chose this time to grab his painting and give it a couple of slashes with his knife. It was people like you who made me into a Nazi! I m going to go and read! with that Hitler stormed off upstairs. Ah and another case solved by the amazing Sherlock Holmes, he smiled as he lit up his pipe only to take a puff and cough and splutter everywhere. Dammit Hitler how many times do I have to tell you this is not the kind of pipe you put bubble mixture in! He raced upstairs grabbing a mace on the way so the damn Nazi would know how pissed off he really was. You re going to cop it this time you as- Sherlock paused as he saw Hitler standing in the doorway where they kept all the authors. He had a look on his face as if someone had just told him that his moustache wasn t in style. Obviously a very serious situation, Sherlock concluded. He walked over to stand beside Hitler in the doorway and he peered in and almost fainted from the horror of it all. Papers were lying everywhere. Desks were thrown across the room and the chains that kept the authors from escaping were gone. How&what the&its just not possible! Sherlock spluttered in disbelief. There was no possible way for the authors to break through their chains they had been forged out of spit from Hitler s gremlins and everyone knows that a gremlins spit when hardened is unbreakable. Its just common knowledge. Suddenly a thought occurred to Sherlock as they often did, Hitler did you have another fit of rage and do this? Hitler s head slowly turned from the scene in front of him to looks at

Sherlock and he said quite slowly just so the stupid detective could understand, How could I throw desks across a room and make authors and the chains, which you might ve forgotten are made out of gremlin spit, disappear? Hell I m not&.Wonderwoman! I don t know how this happened! Well I guess we better go and see the boss then he s not going to be too pleased about this They began to make their way downstairs to the basement . Hey Sherlock what s that for? he pointed towards the mace. What? Oh yeah! he hit him over the head and knocked him down the rest of the stairs. STOP PLAYING WITH MY PIPE IT S NOT A TOY!!!!!!

Chapter Two

The journey into Hell was always a pleasant one. Screams of tortured souls floated through the air and flames licked at your feet. Every now and then the occasional demon would try make you a sales offer you couldn t refuse though most did. Sir! Sir! How about some horrible disgusting face cream? It s guaranteed to get rid of all that unwanted facial hair! The best bit about this deal is tha- it was this unfortunate character that got knocked out cold by Hitler. You shouldn t have done that you know old boy, those demons belong to the mafia and no doubt they ll put a hit out for ya. Pffft what do I care you heard him he was making fun of my moustache! Sherlock just sighed and let it rest. He had learned the hard way how sensitive Hitler was about his mo. He was going to get married but his woman wanted him to get rid of the mo so he got rid of her. It took him many tubs of ice cream and lots of horror movies to finally recover from the little setback. Sherlock looked up ahead and heard screams of pain and torment. Ah sweet music to my hears, he smiled. Don t you love the sound of torture in the morning? Hitler asked happily as he skipped ahead playing with the bats and vampire piggies. Sherlock sighed and rubbed his temples in annoyance. How could one man be so evil and yet so stupid all at the same time? Obviously his parents were a couple of crackers, he decided. At this point in time it was the only plausible explanation he had about Hitler s unusual behavior. They walked through a wall of flame and stepped into the Devil s office. He looked up from his paperwork and seemed relieved to see them. Ah! There you are! I was wondering when you two would show up. Hitler looked confused and said to Sherlock I didn t think that we told him we were even coming. Sherlock rolled his eyes and just hit him over the head with the back of his hand, You idiot we didn t tell him but he s the Devil remember? He knows everything&geez I m living with a imbecile. Hitler wasn t even listening anymore his attention was focused on the torturing tools in the corner. Right then fellas take a seat and lets get down to business. The Devil sat down and relaxed as Hitler and Sherlock followed suit. He waited a few minutes for Hitler to stop playing with some of the knives sitting on the table before he began. Well don t worry about explanations I already know that your authors have been stolen. My undercover agent in heaven- they all hissed at the word has informed me that his high and mightiness GOD has sent out one of his top agents to stop all evil things from happening. He paused to give them some time to relay this information. The time was really for Hitler because he was a bit slow to register. Anyway the so called do gooder this time is somebody that you both know but I believe that Sherlock has had more closer encounters with the character. The name is Tracey. I believe that she was your old secretary right? Sherlock nodded as he remembered his last encounter with her. Damn those pink fluffy bunnies! They ruined all hope of ever finding Atlantis the lost city! It had been a horrible moment in his life. So what has she been doing this time? Sherlock asked. Sources say that she has been using her power of suckiness to destroy all things evil and return them to goodness or some kind of horrible thing that his mightiness wants. Just before you got here I found out that all of your authors have been returned to their homes and families But that s horrible! Sherlock stood up and began to pace to try and control his anger. A much better way of handling it than Hitler s way of breaking everything in sight. So let me get this straight. She sucks up all things that have been wronged in God s eyes and then sets them right?

That s just preposterous! How can someone be so sick and do that!? Yes well I must agree with you although has anybody actually proven that it actually has eyes? Anyway I am enlisting you and Hitler here to this task. Your mission, that you will accept or I ll send you heaven, is to locate Tracey and destroy her before she destroys everything bad and evil. You can locate her by looking for black holes or disappearing rainbows. I wish you the worst of luck for this mission and just remember that all of evil is depending on you. Hitler, who had been silent for a time thinking about pie, looked up and said, Hey wasn t Tracey our secretary?

Chapter Three

You put the boom boom into my heart, Hitler sang as they watched a rainbow. They had been waiting for hours for it to disappear because when it did that meant that Tracey would be nearby. You send my soul sky high when your lovin starts, Jitterbug into my brain yeah yeah! SHUTUP HITLER WHY DO YOU HAVE TO SING THAT DAMN SONG!!! Hitler looked up and just said quite calmly They say that secretary s love that song so I thought I should sing for two reasons. One- because she will come when she hears it and two because I m a better singer than you He smiled and began to screech, Wake me up before you go go! Don t leave me hangin- he halted as the rainbow disappeared. See! he said triumphantly, It does work! Sherlock rolled his eyes and muttered, I seriously doubt it old boy. It was at that moment that Tracey appeared she saw them and said, Alright which one of you sang the song? Hitler was beaming being so proud of himself because he finally got something right. Tracey looked at them seriously for a few moments and then realization dawned on her face as she recognized them. oh for my Lord s sake not you two again! Oh well this time you won t escape! She closed her eyes for a moment and suddenly Sherlock felt something sucking at his being. Hitler look out! She s using her suckingess ability to trap us! Suddenly everything went black as he was sucked away. Hitler in the meantime hadn t even been listening he was too busy trying to think of a way to dye Sherlock s hair blonde. Blonde hair was the way of the future. Only he was allowed to have black hair because he was Hitler! Owner of the monkey of tormented doom! Hmm I could use a piece of pie right now& he thought. Suddenly he felt the sucking feeling on his clothes and then everything went black.

Will evil be saved from the goodness? Will Sherlock ever finish fixing his Violin? Will Hitler get his piece of pie? Will Tracey ever stop sucking so much? Stay tuned for the next installment of The Tale of the Missing Authors Part II Torture by Pink Fluffy Bunnies!