

DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

399 CENTS

# SHERLOCK HOLMES YEAR ONE

ISSUE ONE



# SHERLOCK HOLMES YEAR ONE

# THE BUTLERS DID IT

I hate mysteries.



And I need no second opinion as a diagnostician to pronounce that this boy before us is consumed by conundrums.

NASTY BUMP THERE, LAD--

LUCKY FOR YOU THAT THE CONSTABULARY RETAINS A PHYSICIAN...

My name is John Hamish Watson, doctor by profession, lately disposed to the needs of London's guardians...

WATSON!  
A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME?

As well as those the guardians guard over, be they highborn or low.

YOU'RE A PHYSICIAN...

CAN'T YOU GIVE LADY SOMERSET SOMETHING TO EASE HER DISCOMFITURE?

BEG PARDON, LORD SOMERSET--

With no horses or carriages to convey them home, London's pampered princes and princesses will simply have to walk it off...

BUT ALL OF YOUR ILLS SEEM TO BE A RESULT OF TOO MUCH MEDICINE.

That is an expert opinion that requires no guesswork.

DOES THIS HURT?

EXCEEDINGLY.

LIKELY MORE SO IF MY CHEEKBONE WERE BROKEN, THOUGH IF YOU PRESS ON YOU'LL SEE THAT IT IS NOT.





"THE WOGS HAD US  
IN FULL RETREAT..."



"WHAT BETTER  
VANTAGE FOR A  
SHOT IN THE BACK



"A JEZAIL BULLET ADDING  
INSULT TO INJURY BY NICKING  
MY SUBCLAVIAN ARTERY  
AFTER SHATTERING THE  
SHOULDER BONE.



"I BEGAN  
MY COMMISSION AS  
ASSISTANT SURGEON  
OF THE ARMY MEDICAL  
DEPARTMENT, 66TH  
FOOT IN THE SECOND  
AFGHAN WAR..."



"BUT I ENDED MY  
MILITARY CAREER AS  
A SIMPLE SOLDIER  
DOING HIS LEVEL  
BEST TO STAY ALIVE."

