

Title: The Strange Case of the "Turbo Light"

Post by: SherlockHolmes on December 06, 2006, 04:31:54 PM

"Holmes, Holmes, Watson shouted as he burst into the room, "have you seen the electrical coil invented by a Mr. Turbo.

Holmes looked up unexcitedly, took another puff.....and went back to his reading

"No Mr. Watson, tell me more."

He can light a 60 watt lamp with no apparent wiring to a utility supply?

Now Holmes lifted one eye from his reading material.

"He has also issued a challenge for anyone to prove how such an achievement could be faked!"

"Very interesting Mr. Watson, now this case is beginning to capture my attention."

"He also has an associate named Mr. X who has duplicated this achievement and has posted several videos showing this effect."

"mmmm I see, so he has documented his work?"

"Not exactly", said Watson, "he is somewhat secretive and talks about magic frequencies and special windings but has not disclosed the exact method employed in his coils".

"He is disclosing the information very slowly and urges his following to find the magic frequencies for themselves".

"I think I have seen this kind of activity before, it fits a pattern" said Holmes.

"So what do you think" said Watson

"Can you get me a copy of those videos, that I may review them" Holmes retorted.

"Yes, they are available, I'll see what I can get hold of"

"Good" said Holmes, "Then we'll take a closer look at this case of the Strange Turbo Light and Mr. X"

Watson was nearly out the door when he turned back and said to Holmes "Are such things possible ? Can a source of power be had that does not use coal or oil or the power of the expansion of a gas?"

Holmes turned and said "There are many things yet to be discovered in the sciences and as Mr. S said "There are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio".

"To answer your question, yes it is certainly possible. Just about anything the mind can dream of can be made real."

"A Mr. Arthur Clark said "any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic"

"The converse of this statement is also true "magic is indistinguishable from advanced technology" and this is why we must be wary of such claims."

"There have been many great discoveries found and lost again in the sciences."

"There have also been a number of charlatans that reappear from time to time selling to a gullible public their elixers with secret ingredients that they choose never to reveal."

"There are also scientific researchers that start out innocently enough and get caught up in public acclaim and begin to falsify their results. This is very common.....now off Watson, to fetch those videos.

Watson sped out the door and down the alley to the street.

On the corner stood a ragged young lad selling newspapers. "extra, extra, get your papers here!, read all about the Amazing Mr. Turbo and his Wireless Light!" .

Watson threw the lad a few bits of change and scanned the article. News travels fast, he thought. He had only heard of this discovery late yesterday afternoon while attending a science lecture by the famous Dr. Morbius. This esteemed local scientist of the Royal Academy had been following the work of a Mr. Tesla and reported to the group how it was possible to send electrical power with very low loss through some distance. Dr. Morbius performed a few demonstrations of such a device and after extolling it's virtues, cautioned the audience of fellow scientists and inventors. "Devices such as this can enable seeming feats of magic" Watson had almost forgot about that last line by Morbius.

A stiff wind was kicking up as he crossed Dover street heading toward Union avenue. The Dover-Union Marketplace. was just ahead. The market was not just for the buying and selling of things although many vendors surrounded the outer edges of the establishment. It was also a meetingplace where you could sit and sip some tea while conversing with kindred souls, so it attracted a wide range of persons from all walks of life.

In the center of market was a very large board where people pinned all kinds of notes. There was always a crowd of people hovering around the pin up board, so if you wished a peek, you would do well to come in the evening when there was less of a crowd.

The owner and proprietor of the establishment, a large jovial Germanic fellow named Nestaff kept thing well in line at the market, managing the day to day necessities and doing the mundane task of putting the riff-raff out on the curb and shooing the pickpockets and beggars. Most of the folks at the market loved him because he was generous in nature, an educated man, and they referred kindly to him as the "Hearty Berliner". Nestaff also loved science and was seen at some of the local lectures by scientists or dissertations by students and had a fine questioning mind. He could parlay with the best of the educated men and often raised their eyebrows with a few poignant

questions. He had recently been away on other business and the market had suffered a few squatters selling snake oil and such.

When Watson arrived at the marketplace, he was greeted at the entrance by a large banner which among other things read:

“Now Mr. TURBO has just replicated the Steven Mark’s TPU and can light a 60 Watts bulb with a 9 Volts battery.”

"details in aisle six"

Watson noted the location of aisle six, and hurried in that direction. Aisle six was in the less well lit area of the marketplace. There were many vendors along this row purveying rather exotic items not seen along the more highly travelled aisles of the establishment. Some were rather questionable devices for medical treatments as well soaps and ointments of foul odour with miraculous claims.

At the end of aisle six stood a tall man, well dressed and appearing rather aloof. He did not seem the least bit interested that Mr. Watson was at his table of display. Behind him pasted on a thin wooden prop were various impressive looking credentials, letters of endorsement of questionable origin, and complicated looking pictures and diagrams of electrical machinery.

Below the prop board was a row of very heavy books, all about the same height, stacked tightly together, looking like the whole assembly would weigh at least two hundred pounds. Watson thought to himself it must be difficult to travel from town to town with that load of books.

Watson introduced himself to Mr Turbo, who again remained rather distant and replied with a grunt. Looking at the display table, there was a finely crafted wooden box, much like the ones used for electrical instruments, with a hinged lid, brass clasps and leather handle on the front.

It had the words Electrical Generating Oscillator on it. The letters of these words were carved into the wooden top and the were adorned with gold leaf.

Watson asked if he might examine the instrument further, and Mr. Turbo pointed to a tapered, leather covered glass beaker of the type used for chemistry. It had the initials of the oscillator device embossed into the leather and impressed with gold leaf. The opening was too narrow for coins. Watson understood what he wanted and obliged him.

Watson then carefully raised the hinged wooden lid exposing a glass cover over some electrical components, a small battery, and an edison type lamp. Mr. Turbo then pushed a small lever that moved a wire to contact the lamp, which immediately illuminated. It looked quite bright until his eyes adjusted to it. When Mr. Turbo moved the lever again, the lamp extinguished. It took a while for Watson's eyes to readjust to the ambient light, which was rather dim in that section of the building. Watson estimated the lamp was illuminated less than ten seconds.

Although it was not possible to observe the exact type of components used in the device as the glass cover was slightly fogged, obscuring finer detail, Watson was satisfied that he had indeed seen a rather remarkable device. Something of this sort, he thought, could cause major problems for the current brokers of various fuels. Why was it being shown by Mr. Turbo in an establishment such as this? Surely the Royal Academy of Science would be interested in this device.

Watson thought about the fact that he had connections in the Academy and could make certain introductions and open doors for Mr. Turbo, but Turbo was not interested in conversation at this time. He glanced anxiously at his timepiece and became impatient and grumbled something about having to close down. Watson recognized the accent now as he had travelled in the Netherlands.

Watson thanked Mr. Turbo for the demonstration and left heading for his friends' flat who had the videos. On his way back past the Dover-Union market place, he saw Mr. Turbo carrying the fold up table, prop and books with little effort. This is curious, he thought.

Watson quickened his pace to try to catch Mr. Turbo before he boarded a carriage, but he was too late as the vehicle sped off.

Out of breath, Watson paused a while, then asked the newspaper boy “here is a penny boy, for anything you might have heard the tall gentleman tell the carriage driver”.

For two cents I’ll give you two sentences sir, for a five cent piece I can tell you a worthwhile secret.

“well start with two cents then as Watson rubbed the two copper pennies together between his fingers”,

“he said “take me to the the railroad station” sir”,
“he mumbled something about clever people here”

Watson paused taking in the information, then flipped the pennies to the boy. He then reached into his pocket for a nickel and held it slightly out of reach of the boy “and the secret?”

This time the lad beckoned to Watson to give him his ear, into which the boy whispered something that caused both of Watsons bushy eyebrows to form one large crescent shape.

While Watson was slightly stunned, the lad quickly grabbed the nickel and ran off.

Spend it wisely lad, Watson bellowed, with a volume that caused a lengthy echo to reverberate between the brick buildings on either side of the street.

Watson pondered what the boy had told him, walking briskly back to Holmes residence. How could this “worthwile secret” fit in with the events of the day?

Watson used the knocker on the door, then let himself in as usual calling out for Holmes as he poured himself a brandy from the complimentary table in the hall.

“Yes” , Holmes answered looking up from a pile of open books. The room was thick with the smell of Holmes favorite blend as his pipe sent a number of sequential smokerings up towards the ceiling chandelier. “ And how was your afternoon my dear Watson?”

“Well Holmes, I had the unique luck to actually run into Mr Turbo and his amazing coil down at the Dover-Union Marketplace. I was also able to witness a brief demonstration of this electrical apparatus.”

“Go on” said Holmes

And Watson went on to describe the box and the lettering but when pressed for more information said “I’m sorry, it was rather dark in that location and the glass cover was fogged, I’m afraid all I saw was a small battery, some components a coil and an edison lamp”

A small battery? said Holmes, I thought it was just a coil uniquely wound.

“No, Holmes this unit of Mr. Turbo’s does have a battery, but it’s a small one. It can’t possibly provide all that power to the lamp can it? It is Mr. X’s device that does not have a visible battery.

“Let’s take the devices one at a time and for now concentrate on Mr. Turbo’s device or coil, Holmes said.” Was he able to give you any documentation on the device a schematic or pictorial diagram?”

I’m afraid I only came away with what I was able to see for myself. This Mr. Turbo is not very talkative for one with such a magnificent invention, and I learned that just today he left after his demonstration on the rail to where ? a vacation I presume.

And can you approximate how long the lamp was lit?

Between 8 and 10 seconds Watson replied, not more than 10 seconds definitely! I’ve gotten good at counting time silently.

Can you describe the coil, Holmes asked ?

Yes it had both horizontal and vertical windings in what looked like a double layer affair. I’ve seen something similar on display at the Academy. These construction techniques were introduced into the art by Mr. Tesla and he makes some unique claims...

Watson interrupted himself as he saw a book on the table by the fire “Colorado Springs Notes...Nikola Tesla”

“Well I see from the bookmarkers you’re one step ahead of me as usual, Holmes”... “Are you planning to invent a coil too?”

“For this case, it may not be necessary”, Holmes replied

“There is something else”, said Watson, a “worthwhile secret” concerning Mr. Turbo’s entourage that I purchased at a bargain price from an enterprising lad at the Market”.

“Let’s save it for tomorrow Watson, its getting late and I’ve some errands to run in the morning.”

Holmes ran his errands early in the morning, then towards late afternoon procured some parts from the local electrical supply house of TOMAS & PESE. Watson arrived as usual after suppertime. They chatted briefly about the “worthwhile secret”, had a few brandies then decided on an adventure.

“Since a little off the wall information wouldn’t hurt at this point, perhaps we should pay a short visit to Dr. Maguula”, said Holmes

“That crazy gone mad scientist who works out of the run down Stokesbury Castle? Why would we want to visit that insane man”. retorted Watson “He was booted out of the Academy after making so many strange and unsubstantiated claims.

“He was not booted out as you say, Watson, but booted himself out, sort of, by his own bootheels !”

And what would be the point of that, Watson blurted? even if it could be done.

Exactly the point! said Holmes, he was trying to demonstrate his proposed violation of a conservation of energy rule in physics to the Academy. It was something about small “kicks” adding into larger “kicks”...

After weeks of trying to demonstrate to the Academy how to get this effect, he became very frustrated at one of the meetings and tried to communicate his idea by attempting to “kick” himself in the bum. In one sudden burst of energy, he dislocated both his knees, hit his head on the marble floor and hasn’t been quite right since.

Well that’s odd, Watson replied, so why would we want to talk with him?.

Information said Holmes, strictly information. Dr. Maguula was already quite brilliant and beyond the run of the mill physicist. That blow to the brain caused it to be rewired making him a true savant.

All his knowledge and training is still in there, it just comes out with completely new associations, in bits and starts like little technical jewels from a future civilization.

Let’s be off then shall we?

Watson and Holmes arrived at the Stokesbury just in time to catch a glimpse of a rather dark and foul smelling cloud of effluent issuing from one of the seven chimneys of the castle.

Observe the chimney, Watson, it leads to his basement lab where he must surely be.

Hunching to make their way down the narrow stone steps they found Dr. Maguula in his lab probing a small ball of sticky substance. A large vessel of what looked like the same substance boiled in a slow rising then falling pattern behind him. Maguula was mumbling to himself but was aware he had visitors and invited them in with a voice that sounded like Peter Lorey with a severe head cold.

Come in Come in you’re just in time to witness my latest invention Maguula said.

Well it looks just like some sticky glue, said Watson.

Ha! and Ha! again said Maguula, eyes getting wider now that he had their interest “have you ever wondered what holds the universe together?”

Before anyone could answer Maguula blurted out: You haven't !!

“You accept what they tell you at the Academy without question. First they tell you “like charges repel”, then they tell you “unlike charges attract”, but that doesn't explain how the nucleus of your atom of positive charge holds together or why your electrons don't fall into the nucleus. So you invent fictions, terms like, gluons, strong force, weak force, binding energy to explain it all away.

And you have a solution, an answer to this riddle? Watson said

Maguula's eyes got wide and he shouted out “GLUE”

And it's not just any glue, it's the “GLUE of the GODS” Maguula said, throwing his lab notes into the air in a gleeful burst “ and I've been able to brew up a small batch of it here in my lab... don't touch, it it won't come off... smells bad heh, ...but not as bad as the first batch...

Anyway, Maguula continued, it holds e..v..e..r..y..t..h..i..n..g together. Superglue can't even come close!

Interesting said Watson but we are here to get a little information and thought you might oblige us.

What kind of information would you like Maguula replied.

We wanted to know if you've ever heard of coils wound in such a way so as to produce their own power without external assistance.

“Coils...coils...coils...coils...coils...double bubble toil and trouble... I spent years on coils, with Mr. Faraday, all kinds of coils but that's not how I started with coils” said Maguula.

Did you have a success in developing one of these? Said Holmes.

Follow me replied Maguula, there's something you should see.

Dr. Maguula led the way up the winding stone staircase of the old castle.

He seemed to be humming a merry tune like a rhyme under his breath:

“e-lec-tro-sta-tic ex-ci-ta-tion
folds the waves of gra-vi-ta-tion.....”

Out of the basement, they walked around to the front of the castle. There Maguula opened a large oak door. Watson stopped for an instant to admire the engraved goldleafed lettering on the door. “CASTLE CLOVEN” He remarked: nice work Maguula, didn’t know you were an artist also.

Maguula replied “artsy wartsy” I don’t have time for that stuff...never did. I had a group of nomadic artisans camping out here over the summer. They were attending the folk festival in the valley below. They insisted on cleaning and polishing my lab equipment and keeping the castle ship shape...all in exchange for temporary boarding. One of them was practicing wood carving and gold leafing. He noticed the old worn carving on the oak door and asked if he could fix it and fill it in. It was barely visible before that.

He enjoyed practicing his craft on some of my old equipment.... stuff I had earmarked for the flea market. He seemed to enjoy making up strange names for the devices on a whim as he practiced his art.

Holmes reached into his vest pocket and pulled out a still photo captured from the “Turbo” video acquired by Mr. Watson.

Dr. Maguula, do you recognize this device?

Maguula adjusted his glasses peered for an instant and said, yes... yes... that old signalling device,

Electrical Generating Oscillator... Ha!...Ha!... that young fellow sure had an imagination!

Well what is it Dr. Maguula? Watson asked

It is just a remotely controlled signalling lamp. I used it to test the range of some small transmitters I was developing. It's nothing really, just a battery and a bulb and a RF switch activated by remote control. The artist fellow asked if he could have it.

How do you light a large bulb with such a small battery? Watson asked.

The bulb is a 12 volt bulb that looks like a standard Edison lamp. They are used in vehicles and other applications... Maguula replied.

The battery I used was a NiMh 9 volt. I only needed a short burst of light to give me the range indication. Kept it lightweight. Quite within the joule rating of the battery for short burst.

Would 10 seconds be a strain? Holmes asked.

10 seconds would be pushing it, you wouldn't want to go more than that. I only used it for one second bursts with a long off time, Maguula replied.

Holmes then said "as it is getting late and the weather seems to be turning do you suppose we could return again to see whatever it is you were going to show us"?

Maguula agreed, and said he needed to get busy right now on U.S... Universal Solvent.

Then Watson chimed "I thought this was the Stokesbury Castle, Maguula ?"

The Stokesbury's are recent owners. I have a rental agreement with them. The real name, to those who know, refer to this as "Castle Cloven".

Holmes and Watson said their goodbye's to the eccentric scientist and proceeded towards the carriage.

Well, I guess that solves the mystery of the Turbo light, Watson said.

Holmes entered the carriage, took out his pipe lit it, and after a long pause, he stared back at the castle, then softly replied:

"The "Mystery", my dear Mr. Watson, is just now beginning!"

The Prince was held in chain and lock
And sentence unjust he was given
Of 30 years in the Blood Kings cell
In the dungeons of Castle Cloven

On their way back to town Watson questioned Holmes as to what he meant.

"Holmes", Watson quipped, it is obvious now that Turbo is just a fraud, a huckster like so many of the type bilking investors with promise of a miraculous device to solve their energy requirements. Making a little pocket change from town to town for a peek at his device. The case is solved as far as I can see !"

"Not so fast Watson, things are not as they seem!"

"First, the accoutrements, the signalling device and the beaker that Mr. Turbo used in his demonstrations at the market were only recently acquired from the young carving artist who sold them for a bite to eat, and at a handsome price considering the gold lettering, carving and such."

"The lad was smart to adorn obscure junk with a few pennies worth of goldleaf and turn a handsome profit at the flea market."

Holmes continued...

"An unwary buyer would perhaps think it was exotic and rare. But most knowledgeable antique buyers would not purchase a homemade piece, just because it had goldleaf. The person who bought it had electrical knowledge and was trying to create an effect."

"If Mr. Turbo acquired it, it is because it fit his purposes of the moment, which were to improvise and create a different ruse. Our Mr. Turbo is a chameleon".

"Second, as you said, Mr. Turbo seemed impatient when you arrived at his booth. He was trying to attract something and you, Mr. Watson, were not it. You did not ask questions about the electrical diagrams nor did you question him on the operating principle. You appeared to him as just an average mildly interested person, slightly amazed, as if at a sideshow, which, in a way, it was designed to be."

"One good nugget of information is the "worthwhile secret" you were lucky enough to pry out of the young news boy."

Watson had earlier described to Holmes the "worthwhile secret" which was this:

While Mr. Turbo was boarding the carriage, the young lad, hoping to make a nickel, volunteered to help the carriage driver load the bookcase onto the carriage. The lad was easily able to lift one end of the case which should have weighed around two hundred pounds. This was the young lads secret, that Mr. Turbo may have also been able to defy gravity.

"So what about his anti-gravity machine, Watson blurted?"

Holmes retorted "It is an old trick of the industry to cut off the titles, the edge part close to the binding of a book and to paste a number of them onto a piece of thin wood. Now you have a lightweight library with no information, only titles. These "props" are used in the broadcasting industry to provide a backdrop for someone on camera that you want to have appear as a learned individual. It is a common propaganda tool that creates an instant image of respectability and knowledge. These backdrops are large, but very lightweigt and easily wheeled around to the various filming areas."

"So our Mr. Turbo wanted to appear a learned man? So what ? that was part of the swindle" Watson quipped again.

Holmes responded: "I suspect our Mr. Turbo is looking for something, and should he find it, he would have a ready made shipping box to conceal it and transport it away. I suspect whatever Mr. Turbo is looking for is longer than would fit into a standard travelling trunk. I also suspect there are others looking for this "something", so our Mr. Turbo would not have the time to go to a carpentry shop and have a container custom made. Mr. Turbo was using a certain kind of flower to attract a certain kind of bee... Now it's our job to find out more about this "bee" and what he might know."

"Do you think Mr. X knows something?" said Watson.

"I believe he is tied into this somehow. We shall see."

"Watson, tomorrow, It would be helpful if you could go on over to the library archives and see what you could find about the "CASTLE CLOVEN" and legends from that area."

See you at the usual time in the evening.

For long ago on Hallowed Eve
Humbly knelt he 'fore the Alter
A shaft of light to heaven opened
The Flaming Sword delivered him

The day went quickly as Holmes and Watson were busy with their usual workload. The Turbo case was just another puzzle to keep their wits sharpened.

Watson arrived at the Holmes residence at the usual time to find Holmes and Dr. Morbius studying an array of scientific items spread out on the dining room table. Holmes was counting as he held on to an Edison lamp.

...44...45...46...47...48...49...50... there, that's about it Holmes exclaimed.

Good evening Dr. Morbius, Holmes.
What are you up to, Holmes?

Holmes replied "We are doing two things, I am determining how long it is physically possible to hold onto a 60 Watt Edison lamp, while Dr. Morbius logs and records the temperature of the glass envelope".

How is that possible, Watson asked?

Dr. Morbius replied "we have a tiny thermocouple that Holmes is holding between his thumb and the glass envelope." So far we have logged a 15 degrees centigrade temperature rise over ambient.

"I thought a 60 Watt lamp would get a lot hotter than that", Watson replied.

It does, Dr. Morbius interjected, when only the thermocouple is fastened to the glass envelope we can log a temperature rise of 67 C over ambient after 60 seconds for a total rise to 90 C.

Dr. Morbius continued "When you first touch a 60 Watt lamp that has been illuminated a while, it will nearly burn you because the small mass of the glass envelope has been able to absorb considerable heat. Considering a 20 C ambient, the final glass temperature will be about 125 C, and can cause a nasty burn"

If, however you are holding the cold lamp and power is turned on, your fingers will act as a heatsink and you will be able to comfortably hold onto the lamp between 50 and 60 seconds. At the end of 60 seconds, your circulatory system, acting as a heatsink, will have limited the temperature rise to 15 C or 20 C over ambient.

Dr. Morbius and I were reviewing the videos, and noticed that Mr. X releases the lamp far too soon. He typically feigns burning after only 10 or 15 seconds, far too short of a time. He could have easily held onto the lamp for another 30 to 45 seconds before it would be uncomfortable.

Why would he do that, Watson asked?.

"I believe several things are possible", Holmes replied.

“Either our Mr. X did not do his homework as his theatrical skills and performance were not technically accurate...

...or he expected his performance to be obviously dismissed by the scientifically minded.”

Then he would be creating a stir to a less inquisitive audience ? Dr. Morbius chimed. , What would be the point of that?

“There is a third possibility, perhaps the lamp was a higher wattage and would heat up faster”, Watson interjected.

Dr. Morbius has photography as a hobby. Perhaps he can explain.

Dr. Morbius went on to say that if anything, the light output was much less than what a 60 watt lamp would supply. Also the casting of shadows from the lamp was nowhere visible. The light spectrum and level was wrong for the videos of Mr. X.

Dr. Morbius suspected that Mr. X was using a cooler white emitting lamp typical of the type used by magicians. These devices have a built in battery, the circuit needs only to be completed by shorting the base of the lamp. I have a few here.

Dr. Morbius continued....there are newer types of these magicians lamps that have higher light output. But let's not get too excited about Mr. X and his video's as he is not making any claims, he has just released videos for what reason.....that is to be discovered.

As a matter of fact, the latest word on the street is that Mr. X has attempted to clarify his position and has stated clearly that he does not have a coil that can deliver useful power, Watson said. This is to his benefit and we should be thankful for his sake that he did not paint himself into a corner.

Mr. Turbo on the other hand has released even newer videos implying fantastic claims of power. And feats of lighting lamps with one wire.

Is this something new Morbius, lighting lamps with one wire?
Holmes asked.

"No, it has been commonly demonstrated by Mr. Tesla and others that this can be done with high voltage high frequency currents,"
Dr. Morbius replied.

Watson interjected "I found some interesting information about the old "Castle Cloven" while at the library archives today.

Watson went on.....It seems there is a legend from the middle ages associated with the castle concerning a prince of sorts named Sir Nobyle and a magic book containing secrets of future technology and his imprisonment in the old castle. Let me read it to you:

The Prince was held in chain and lock
And sentence unjust he was given
Of 30 years in the Blood Kings cell
In the dungeons of Castle Cloven

For long ago on Hallowed Eve
Humbly knelt he 'fore the Alter
A shaft of light to heaven opened
The Flaming Sword delivered him

And when his solemn eyes were lifted
There placed upon the Alter Stone
A book with Sacred iron clasp
Hinged that only he could open

The legend of that mystic book
With cryptic Holy prophecy
Spread throughout the hill and val
And found it's way to Castle Cloven

The seers summoned to the Blood Court
With cautious counsel they conferred
"This book portends a future coming
Of deeds we have not knowledge of"

"Who can gain entry to this book
Wealth and pow'r he may posses
"But all therin that thou do'est covet
Unto our eyes for now is sealed.

And so it was the guards were spread
To find Sir Nobyle and the Book
The Book and body starving, beaten
Delivered to the Blood Kings lust.

If thou but cause the Book to open
And reveal the secrets held within
A seat beside my throne I'll give ye
And fair Evonne to fill your days.

Sir Nobyle silent, head bowed, broken
Clutched to his breast the iron clasp
Knew he the Blood King's lies were spoken
To lure him to a deathly trap.

The Blood King's rage rang through the castle
As tremored every heart within
While dragged to his cell Sir Nobyles silence
Would seal his fate with iron gates.

Oe'r a fortnight the castle oils
Burned brightly to illuminate
As magicians with their incantations
Circled the clasp that would not break

This clasp is fastened by his will
And as the very words were spoken
The demon plot hatched in his heart
Sir Nobyle's will, it must be broken !

They gave him bitter seeds to eat
And foul water from goblets crusty
And the light of day, it was withheld him
Yet still the Prince's silence ruled

“Was there a prison dungeon in that old castle”?, Holmes asked.

We will have to find out, I could find no references to it in the historical archives, but references to it may have been expunged.

Holmes took a puff long and deep on his pipe and managed to send a pair of counter-rotating smoke rings upward.....then he said “There seems to be a metaphor here, that only the pure of heart and noble soul will receive the gifts that heaven will confer upon them.

He went on... ”Nature, like a woman will only yield her deepest secrets to gentle persuasion, never to rape. Perhaps this is why the giant particle accelerators have never yielded more than an endless stream of new particles, smokerings of sort, and if you are lucky enough to have one named after you, then you are immortalized in the physics textbooks.”

Dr. Morbius interjected “A noted physicist running one of these accelerators, was asked when would he find the answer, and he remarked that we would be able to find the “ultimate stuff” of the universe when we could build an accelerator as large as the universe itself”. He is assured of a cushy salary and a job for life.

“The point” Holmes said, “is that one must become free of all egotistical and self serving motives to become even worthy of becoming blessed in this manner.”

“And if you would attempt to lead you had better be worthy of the task of leadership, or you will create only confusion and chaos”... chimed Watson.

“Well it’s getting late gentlemen, lets have another brandy and call it a night.

Thank you for your time Dr. Morbius, Mr. Watson”

Holmes and Watson finished their work early and decided to take the afternoon off and prepare a trip to the old castle. Their intention: to take Dr. Maguula up on his offer to show them “something interesting” and

to ask a few questions.

On the way to the castle, Watson relayed to Holmes information that was recently written up in the local newspaper.

“Holmes, have you read anything about the light that was seen in the valley below the castle? “

Holmes said “do tell, Watson”

“Well it seems that a very thin beam of bluish-violet light was seen coming from the valley and reaching into the clouds..... and far beyond when there was an opening in them.”

“ It was witnessed by a few of the surrounding neighbors and some of the local townsfolk. Descriptions varied only slightly. Some of the closer folk also reported a fresh smell, like ozone after a thunderstorm, and an intense swirling motion to the beam, like a thin but very stable twister or vortex.”

“Some jumped into their carriages to investigate, but the light extinguished before they arrived. They saw no one in the valley or the surrounding fields. Of course it was towards dusk so it is possible the perpetrators of the commotion were able to hide or remove themselves from the scene.”

“But what kind of device could have caused such a light? Carbon-arc or incandescent searchlights wouldn't do it ?”

“Yes, said Holmes, and a laser beam would not cause intense rotation of the beam, it would only produce patches of local ionization near the emission source.”

“We may have to ask Dr. Morbius, although I'm willing to bet he is already investigating the matter.

Upon arriving at the castle, there was no smoke from the chimneys, nor was there any visible light to be seen from the windows.

Watson went up to the large oak front door and rapped the iron ring

clapper briskly while Holmes was intensely studying the exterior of the structure.

Holmes then said” where do you suppose a dungeon would have been located in such a structure?”

Watson shrugged and as no one seemed to be coming to the door said “let’s take a little walk”

About halfway around the building, Holmes stopped in his tracks.....
“Whats this”?

He was pointing to a round stained glass window perhaps a foot and a half in diameter and about a foot off the ground.

“Looks like a window”, Watson replied, “and rather new at that.”

Watson it’s all wrong!

“I know” said Watson, “a stained glass window that low to the ground would surely easily be broken. They should have just boarded it up.”

“Watson, look again! A window in this location would never provide enough light to justify the expense. It is nearly shaded all day long by some of the buttresses. It belongs much higher, second or third level !”

Holmes knelt on the ground near the window, pulled out his magnifying glass and examined the opening around the window carefully. Then he picked up some fragments from the ground in the area and after studying them intensely, put a few in his pocket and stood up.

By Jove, what have you found there Holmes?

Holmes said quickly and in a low voice “we’ll discuss it later, I hear footsteps”

And sure enough it was Dr. Maguula coming through the field towards the castle he seemed again to be humming something.....

Watson called out,” Good evening Dr., sorry to just drop by but there

was no way to call. Could we have a few minutes of your time?"

"Ha!... I knew it..... Ha!..... I'm here all week no one comes, the minute I step outvoila.....visitors.....Well it gets lonely at times out here,.....visitors always welcome.....should I put on a beaker of hot water for tea?"

"Wellera....." Watson stammered, imagining what those beakers might have previously contained.

"Yes! Thank you kindly, Dr. Maguula, Holmes quickly picked up "that would be most generous to us thirsty travellers."

Maguula turned on some lights and led them into the hall. There was a cozy warmth in the castle, quite unlike what one would expect, especially since there were no fires in the fireplace and no visible heating system.

Maguula put some water on for tea. He then went into a seating area by the large fireplace and proceeded to light a small fire for ambiance.

Holmes and Watson surveyed the surroundings. It was not what one would have expected. A considerable library and reading area occupied two walls of the room. Most were scientific journals and texts, but there were a few historical books and documents concerning the area and the castle itself. The other walls contained tall, glass front cabinets filled with the most exquisitely crafted antique scientific apparatus.

"Some of those are originals pieces, used by the great trailblazers of science", Dr. Maguula explained then went on to describe a few.

They sat down for tea and Holmes started in immediately.

Dr. Maguula, I assume you are familiar with the legend of "Castle Cloven ?"

Maguula sprang out of his seat and went to the bookshelf, pulled a few items, returned, and spread them on the table in front of his guests.

Everything you need to know is in these books and documents, he said.

More than this is just hearsay.Take your time.....

Holmes and Watson passed the information back and forth to each other and after some time Holmes asked "so the legend of Sir Nobyle is true, that he gave his life in the dungeon here at Castle Cloven rather than open the lock on the "The Book of the Future" for the Blood King?

"Some say that it is true, others say that he escaped from the dungeon", Maguula replied. Who can know?

Dr. Maguula, have there been strange lights in this area recently? Have you by any chance seen anything like that.

Maguula replied "there are always young folks that camp in the valley below, especially during the festival" he went on "some of them have high intensity spotlights or small laser devices"

This was more recently, Watson replied, within the last week or so?

Maguula shrugged yet seemed to know more.

"Dr. Maguula, have you had any visitors here in the last two weeks, Holmes asked?"

"Well outside of the usual supply truck on Monday, there was a tall thin man, a Mr. Turbo, he was looking for lodging for the evening."

"I told him I was sorry, but there are no usable facilities for guests here at the castle."

"He said it was very important that he get some rest and further, the gratuity would be handsome....."

"...Maguula continued.... I told him that would not be necessary and let him stay the night on the sofa. He was a strange sort, eyes seemed to wander all over as if looking for something."

“In the morning, he walked around a bit, had some coffee and left. He said he would be heading into the city, but drove off towards the valley.”