



*(LESTRADE opens the portfolio.)*

LESTRADE. You are Adam Worthington? Who taught literature at Ashford Preparatory School in Hampshire?

WORTHINGTON. Teach. Currently.

LESTRADE. Taught, I say. Adam Worthington *taught* literature in Hampshire. He is now a seventy-eight-year-old man, living out his retirement in the south of Wales. Are you a seventy-eight-year-old man living in the south of Wales, sir?

WORTHINGTON. Well. All credit to Mycroft Holmes and his cleverness in unmasking me, but this is one of my more hastily assembled constructions. I wasn't expecting to use it for very long.

LESTRADE. You admit that you are not Adam Worthington?

WORTHINGTON. I congratulate you on your diligence, Inspector.

LESTRADE. You are under arrest, sir.

WORTHINGTON. Yes, I suppose that would normally be the case ... if one did not allow one's personal feelings to cloud one's judgment.

LESTRADE. And what is that supposed to mean?

WORTHINGTON. I simply observe that were you not so eager to prove your worth to Miss Sherlock Holmes, you might have taken greater precautions—

LESTRADE. I need no precautions for the likes of you.

WORTHINGTON. Unfortunately, my dear inspector, you are no Sherlock Holmes. She would not have been so careless as to engineer an opportunity to gloat over a bested rival. Is this how you imagined it?

LESTRADE. She would have caught on to you eventually.