

# ENGLISH DETECTIVES

## A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN M. FAE GLASGOW

I have based this story on the books alone, and with no reference to the television adaptations, but you, obviously, must feel free to bring any interpretation of your own to this. I've taken information given in several of the books, most notably details given of Lord Peter's relationship with Bunter, the terms of affection used (although I took the liberty of stealing Lord Peter's affectionate 'acushla' from Parker and giving it to Bunter), also the triggering-point of Lord Peter's nightmares. I have chosen to expand upon subtle, doubtlessly entirely innocent details in the books (such as Lord Peter's pleasure over 'charmin' things' written to him in a letter from Mervyn Bunter; Lord Peter reaching out to Bunter and then racing off to his bath upon being ignored by someone 'too well-trained to notice' such things; the fact that Bunter's heart leapt in his breast when his master chose him instead of his new bride; the occasion upon which Bunter was so fearful of Lord Peter's life that he quite forgot himself and neglected to add 'my lord' at the end of every sentence uttered). Of such small innocences are large degeneracies built.

"YOUR MAN BUNTER is an absolute treasure, isn't he, Peter old bean."

Lord Peter Wimsey waved his recently-removed boutonniere in the vague and general direction of his confidential man and assistant. "He's my right hand, couldn't do a thing without him, don't you know. He's my only bastion against falling into the dread Abyss of utter Chaos. Without my Bunter, life would be simply too, too dreadful to contemplate."

Mr. Bunter, the perfect gentleman's gentleman of the imperturbable sort, merely said: "More coffee, my lord?"

"M'm, an' once that's over the old palate, I do rather think we shall have a new bottle of brandy. Perfect way to end our little adventure in sleuthin', what? A fine 1800 Napoleon, absolute heaven an' quite the right reward. Have you finished potterin' about in the dinin' room yet?"

"Not quite, my lord."

"Well, when you have, do join us for a spot of brandy an' then a cigar before bed, why don't you. After all, without you, Bunter mine, we would all be sittin' up to our necks in the muck an' mire of that damned ornamental pond instead of sittin' here at our ease an' in luxury, secure an' dashed content with ourselves. You shall," he added expansively, "have that new-fangled camera lens after which you have been pinin' so silently. Or anythin' else that has stolen your fancy away, Bunter dear."

There was real affection in Lord Peter Wimsey's grey eyes as he observed his servant, and then real concern as he observed the slight puffiness under that worthy's eyes. As he was so fond of saying himself, beware theories, for if a man has a theory, then one can be quite certain the man will see nothing that he does not fully expect to be there. Signs of mere mortal fatigue were not something he had ever thought to see on the redoubtable Bunter's face, and therefore, his theorem that Bunter was unique and above human weakness kept him blind. Now, however, the scales were taken from his sight, and he saw that which he might well have noticed before. "Have I been deuced beastly to you recently, Bunter?"

"No, my lord," this said as Bunter made his rounds of the room, refilling the other two brandy glasses, that of the Honourable Freddy Arbuthnot and that of Mr. Parker, Lord Peter's policeman friend.



















