

# Sherlock Holmes unravels the mystery of the Antichrist

written by Alfred Persson | November 8, 2024



- <sup>1</sup> Then I stood on the sand of the sea.
- And I saw a beast rising up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns,
- and on his horns ten crowns, and on his heads a blasphemous name.
  
- <sup>2</sup> Now the beast which I saw was like a leopard, his feet were like *the feet of a bear*,
- and his mouth like the mouth of a lion...
  
- <sup>5</sup> And he was given a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies,
- and he was given authority to continue for forty-two months. (Rev. 13:1-5 NKJ)

Sherlock Holmes sat in his Baker Street armchair, fingers steepled, eyes fixed intently on the flickering flame of the fireplace. The rhythmic tick of the clock and the distant clatter of hooves on cobblestones created a soothing backdrop as he contemplated a most curious theological puzzle that had captured his interest: the apparent contradiction of the “false Christ” who, as foretold, would deny the Father and the Son.

Dr. Watson, ever curious and keen to see Holmes’ agile mind at work, sat opposite, observing the detective’s contemplative silence. Finally, Holmes spoke, his voice low and measured.

“Watson, have you ever pondered how a being so antithetical to the essence of Christ could masquerade convincingly as the savior of mankind?”

Watson blinked, caught off guard. “The Antichrist, you mean? I must admit, Holmes, it’s a riddle theologians have long debated. A figure who denies the Father and Son, yet presents himself as Christ—it seems a contradiction.”

Holmes leaned forward, the fire casting shadows across the sharp angles of his face. “Precisely. The mind finds itself entangled in the very threads of this duality. I have traced the common solutions, yet they all fall short when subjected to rigorous scrutiny. Some speak of the Antichrist as mere metaphor, a symbol of ideological opposition, while others insist he is a literal being of deception. But none capture the

entirety of the tale.”

He paused, letting the tension hang in the air before continuing. “Consider this, Watson: the solution is not in choosing between these interpretations but in understanding them as a sequence. The Antichrist does not only pose as a Christ-like figure; he begins as one.”

Watson’s brow furrowed. “Begins as one? How so?”

Holmes’s eyes shone with the glint of deduction. “Picture, if you will, a figure who emerges amidst chaos, speaking the language of peace and unity, upholding doctrine with a subtle twist—permitting sin under the guise of progress and understanding. For the first 3.5 years, he upholds the façade, appearing almost orthodox. But there is a turning point, Watson. A point at which he reveals his true nature as the ‘Son of Destruction,’ the prophesied seed of Satan.”

“The moment of revelation,” Watson muttered, piecing it together.

“Exactly,” Holmes said, his voice tinged with satisfaction. “It is then that the second mouth of the Beast comes into play—the blasphemous one. The first, lion-like mouth spoke with authority and allure, drawing the masses with its charisma. But when the time is ripe, the second mouth unleashes blasphemies against the heavens.”

Holmes’s gaze drifted to the small library behind Watson, where a worn Bible sat atop a pile of tomes. “In *Daniel 9:27*, we see the ‘prince’ who makes a covenant for one week but breaks it halfway through. The initial 3.5 years represent the period of deceptive compliance, a mask of benevolence and faith. Only then does the true face appear—destroying, desecrating, and declaring war on the very doctrines he once seemed to uphold.”

Watson leaned back, the realization dawning on him. “That explains why scholars have struggled to reconcile the contradiction. The Antichrist’s phases—first the ‘false Christ’ who seduces and the latter phase, the ‘Son of Destruction’—align perfectly with scripture and prophecy.”

Holmes allowed a rare smile to tug at the corner of his lips. “Indeed, Watson. That is why the Beast rising from the sea has two mouths. One that speaks like a lion, commanding attention and respect; the other that blasphemes, declaring open rebellion against the divine.”

The room fell silent again, the fire crackling as if in approval of Holmes’s deduction. The detective’s piercing eyes softened for a moment, reflecting the flame’s glow. “It is in understanding the subtleties, Watson, that we unravel the most confounding mysteries. Even those that reach beyond the veil of mere earthly concerns.”

Watson nodded, admiration gleaming in his eyes. “As always, Holmes, you make the unfathomable seem almost elementary.”

