

A Sherlockian Toast (posted 2025-5-4)

Subject: Baker Street Irregulars
Audience: Norwegian Explorers of Minnesota
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An invisible force, in old London,
Goes everywhere, sees everything, hears everyone.
Around each corner, you'll find one lurkin'—
A dirty, ragged, street-savvy urchin.
Barefoot, destitute, prone to abuse,
'Til our Great Detective puts them to use.

For a schilling a day, they share all they know
With Wiggins, a "disreputable little scarecrow."
At least, that's what their leader was called
By Dr. Watson, who was *appalled*
That Sherlock Holmes was so determined
To rely on the work of "a pack of wild vermin."

Even dear Mrs. Hudson spoke of them poorly.
YET ... they captured the heart of Christopher Morley.
Though the gang appears in just a few tales,
Morley's club made sure they're always regaled.
To Sherlock's extra eyes and ears:
The Baker Street Irreguliers. Cheers!