

Toast to Breckinridge

By Regina Stinson

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(Given at the Illustrious Clients of Indianapolis)

Breckinridge owned a stall with geese in the Covent Garden Square.
A horsey-looking man, perhaps, but his fowl were beyond compare.
He sold some geese to the Alpha Inn and figured that deal was done.
Within a few days, however, he felt pestered by everyone.
“Where are the geese, who got the geese, what did you sell them for?”
So vexed was he by a rat-faced man, that he very nearly swore.
“Go ask the King of Proosia!” he said, “Now, you get out of here!”
Cringing, the crestfallen creature scurried away in fear.
But Holmes observed the pink’un along with the vendor’s looks
And tantalized him with a wager that caused him to get out his books.
These geese are country bred, Holmes bet, which proved to be no use.
Holmes got what he was after, all right, **BUT** Breckinridge got ***HIS*** goose!