

A Sherlockian Toast (posted 2025-5-4)

Subject: Prof. James Moriarty
Audience: Norwegian Explorers of Minnesota
Date: 2023-12-7
Author: Jeff Falkingham

London. Eighteen-Eighty-Five.
A marvelous time to be alive.
But let's jump ahead a year--or three,
And examine closely what we see:

Sherlock's work has taken its toll.
The criminal element was under control!
BORED out of his gourd, addled by drugs,
Holmes dreams of blackmailers, killers and thugs.
When a Worthy FOE he cannot find,
He begins to CREATE one—in his MIND.
He always said he'd make a grand criminal.
So, he became one—in his subliminal!

What would he look like? No mystery here;
All Holmes had to do was look in the mirror.
A scholarly man. Tall, balding and thin,
With TWO personas, at WAR within.
ONE who felt JUSTICE was sublime,
The other, a "Napoleon of Crime."
Reptilian lips, slithering eyes,
Child's play for a master of disguise.
ADD drooping shoulders from years of study,
Voila! The ideal imaginary buddy.

Holmes tried him out, and fooled Le Strade.
No one else even found it odd
They hadn't heard of, had never seen,
This diabolically evil thinking machine.
But the doppelgänger wouldn't stay put,
And now The Game truly was Afoot.
Valley of Fear, Baskerville Hall,
Empty House—he was behind them all.
The cocaine needle went back on the shelf,
As our Great Detective matched wits with—HIMSELF!

Shame on you, Monica Schmidt,
I'm shocked you haven't TALKED of it.
Like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,
Moriarty was Holmes's DARKER side.
**So raise a glass, and welcome to the party:
Sherlock's ALTER-ego ... MORIARTY!**