

A Toast to Sherlock Holmes

By Regina Stinson

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(Regarding Holmes' performance in the Five Orange Pips)

Although you made a point of forewarning us that you had lost several cases in the past, you also assured us that you could do better than the police. "I am the last court of appeal," you said. You shook your fists in anger over what you called the "incredible imbecility" of the police for not accompanying your client, and then you turned around and did the exact same thing, sending him to his death!

The next morning, you were blithely eating breakfast without having bothered to check the newspaper where you would have learned that your client was already dead. Watson had to inform you! And what was your reaction to this news? Your pride was hurt!!

In the end, you weren't even successful in bringing the criminal to justice.

Perhaps it was cocaine withdrawal or the foul weather of the equinoctial gales. Could it have been that screaming child in the chimney that put you off your game? I guess we'll never know for sure.

Here's to the world's greatest detective, who, like the rest of us, suffers from human imperfections. To Sherlock Holmes!