

Sherlock and the Lady's dilemma.

As Watson and Holmes were breakfasting having
Toast and preserves there was a low knock at the door
With an Estee Lauder aroma around her Lady Jemima
Stone walked in, both men sensing the lady wasn't poor.

Good morning said Holmes I got your brief note
Earlier, so welcome to 221b Baker Street
Thank you said Jemima my errand boy Rafferty knows
Baker Street well by coming over the River Fleet.

Mr Holmes, said Jemima, myself and some girlfriends
Were dancing in Maxims with some smart mashers
I caught the eye of William Sykes in a blue velvet
Jacket, as he performed in an impressive Lancers.

His group were known as Teddy Boys and I took him
Home where I allowed him a kiss in the drawing room
My refusal then made him hit me with a knuckleduster
But fortunately, I still have my beauty and face in bloom.

With a laugh he threw the weapon at me and went off
To his Kensington home where his mother spoils him
But I understand you kept it, asked Watson, as reminder
Of my folly replied Jemima, her face slightly grim.

Let me extend your story said Holmes gravely, the sacked
Chambermaid Eliza Higgins stole the weapon?

Yes, said Jemima, her tears running through her baby blue
Eyes, a blackmail note arrived, why am I so put upon?

And when the blackmail note arrived you worried about
Your engagement to foreign Prince Nick Ferrero Rocher
Yes, said Jemima reflectively, my father would be quite
Unhappy, nevertheless she recovered her quiet composure.

So, the blackmail suggests using the weapon to expose
A story to the press thus adding to your sad plight
And unless you give the blackmailer 100 guineas on
Monday vile publicity will ensue, am I right?

Sherlock again looking wise, competent and sympathetic

His measured voice sounding extremely kindly

Said dear Lady, kindly leave 20 guineas on the table

Myself and Dr Watson we'll solve this quite easily.

The tall graceful and stylish Lady Jemima said thanks

Please take care and be discreet in the matter

By all means said Holmes opening the door with fingers

Crossed and a slightly misleading patter.

Mrs Hudson shortly came in with the offer of the

New Edwardian Royal Blend of expensive tea

Certainly, said Sherlock, looking at Watson and saying

"Crickey" John this villain brought a memory back to me.

Yes, continued Holmes I remember when I was at St

Mamelukes College Oxford and living in my prime

The word went around the rooms that he had got

Two town girls pregnant at the same time.

Quite a lot of skill required there reflected Watson
Pity no one stopped his gallop with a length of twine
Holmes, if I read you correctly, we're to leave Baker
Street and head to Fitzrovia past a pub named the Vine?

Good thinking Watson said Holmes we'll go across to
Paddington St Carburton St and on to Fitzroy Square
Then Grafton St past UCL then Virginia Woolf's Tavistock
Square house and we'll be almost there.

Come on Watson let's head to Euston Road and the Midland
Grand Hotel where the movers and shakers go
Great Scott said Watson I think you have inside knowledge
And it's amazing how your research puts you in the know.

On arrival at the Hotel they spotted Sykes having
Tea with Emmeline Pankhurst and beauty Mrs Keppel
A word in your ear sir said Holmes please pass me your
Knuckleduster to which Sykes said lowly go to hell.

Easing forwards John Watson said I take exception
To your insolence and sneering attitude sir
If you would kindly remove your preposterous Jacket
I'll be happy to punish you like a whipped cur.

The beefily built gent started laughing at Watson
Saying who do you think you are you're fat and tubby
And with a fierce blow smashed Watson's face saying
Now you're not handsome enough to be a girl's hubby.

Whilst pretending to help Watson off the ground
Sherlock used a dagger to stab the villain's arm
As Sykes fell over screaming in pain Sherlock deftly got
The knuckleduster whilst protecting John from harm.

They briskly headed home with Holmes saying forget
Dr Arnold's motto play up play up and play the game
Just make sure you're in it to win it and don't
Worry about who finally gets the blame.

Mr Michaels Potboiler Poetry

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