



1896, Baker Street Yuletide Cheer

by Sherlock Holmes
as told to Karen Olson



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**Dedicated to Alexander Ronin Olson
Future Sherlockian**

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Deck Mate, Crew of the Barque Lone Star**



T*was the eve of Yuletide, when tall tales abound.*

Neither pimps nor dips on the street could be found.

Watson nodded off silently by the dying coal fire

And dreamt of a mission from some wealthy squire.



*Our dear Mrs. Hudson had retreated
to her bed*

*While rings of pipe smoke encircled my
head.*

*The irregulars were fed and tucked in for
the night.*

*Moriarty was spoiling once more for a
fight.*





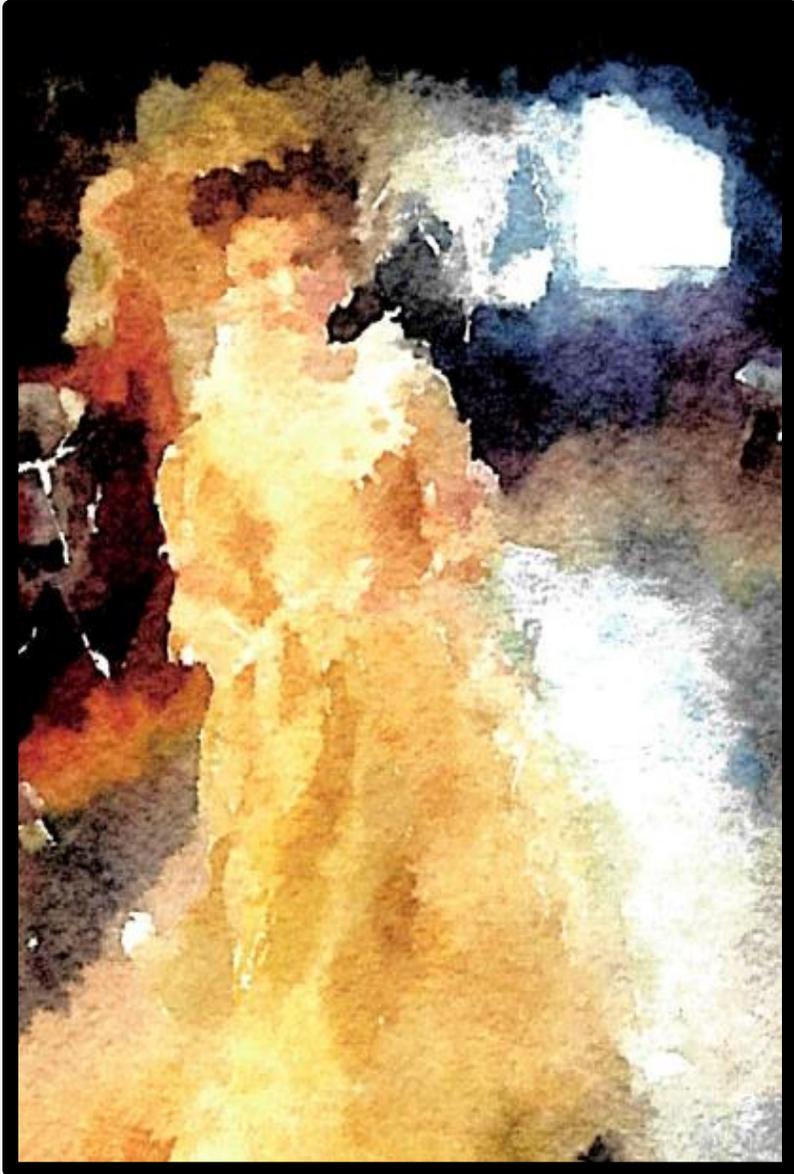
The yellow fog hid Baker Street, morgue, and slab.

No luck for me tonight if I need a hansom cab.

A glance out the window, a pause by the chair...

I deduce the professor's spies will be everywhere.

No visible moon to light the dirty ice
and snow.



*Tickets were sold out for Irene's current
show.*

*Watson snored lighted then uttered a
sigh.*

*Far in the distance a hostler gave out a
cry.*



In the quiet hour, my veins called for more.

Then footsteps on the stairs, a creak of the floor ...

A visitor lingered then gave a sharp knock

Just as ten bells rang from the grandfather clock,

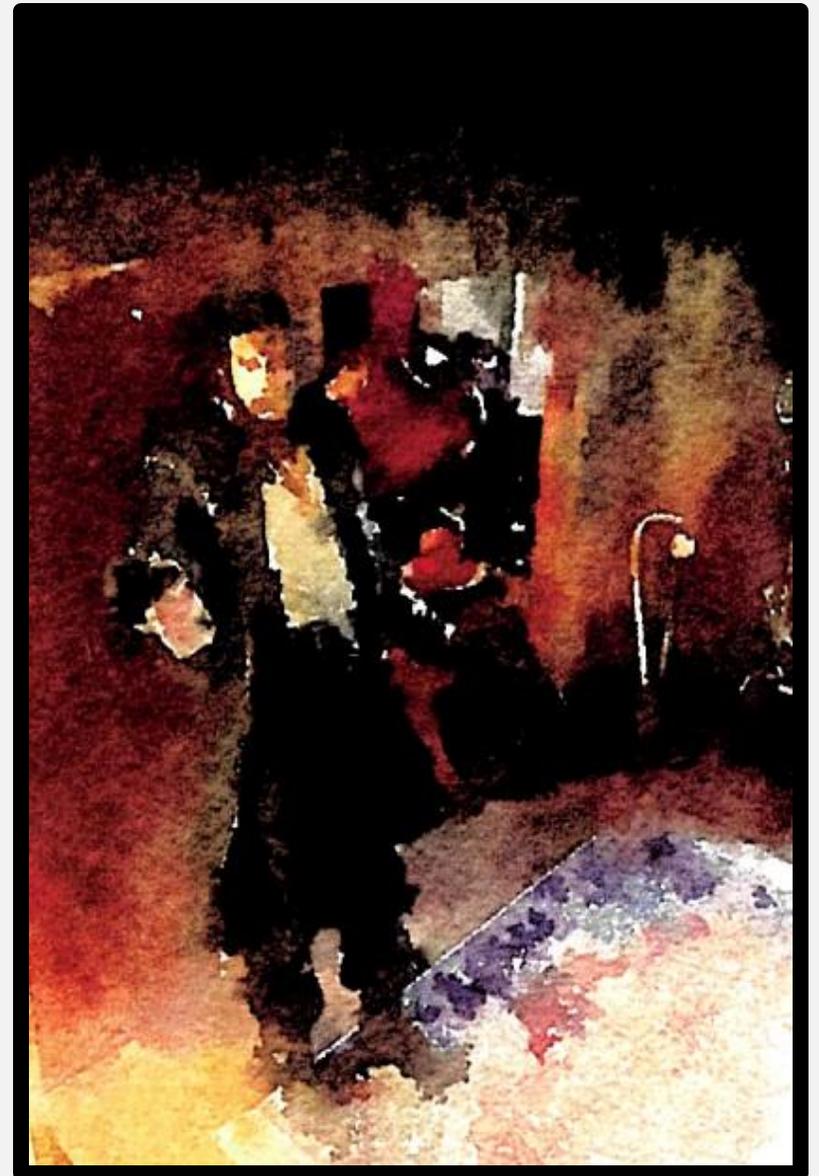
I mumbled, "Come in."

And the door opened wide.

*Slipped a hand in my pocket, my pistol
to hide.*

*The man standing before me with a
crooked grin*

*Held out an offering: a fresh bottle of
gin.*



Gestrade, somewhat rumbled, with a
ferret-like face,

*Humbly entered the room as a guest of
the place.*

*He asked not for help but extended his
hand.*

*Said, "We saw your work on the
speckled band."*



Let's drink to the new year, he said,
hat on breast,

No more Moran, Moriarty, Saucy Jack,
or the rest.

Death for Roylott, snakes, rats, and the
hound.

More stories by Watson as Conan Doyle
has found ...





Watson continued to doze, as was his habit.

Old Toby at his feet dreamt of chasing a rabbit

Tantalus and gasogene saw a fair amount of play.

We joked and laughed into the next day.

What wishes have you for 1897?", I
ask,

*"Whatever Sir Robert and his betters
task."*

*"But maybe some dry boots and a pint
of good beer."*

*"What promise for you and Watson
next year?"*





For me, a new deerstalker, or some Turkish shag.

Perhaps for Watson a new medical bag."

When he made his excuses and left at a trot

I knew he truly was the best of a fairly bad lot.

As he slipped down the stairs with a tip of his hat

I knew for another year it would be tit for tat,

And I hear him chuckle as the church bells chime,

“Happy New Year to London and all who fight crime!”



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