

Baker Street Elementary



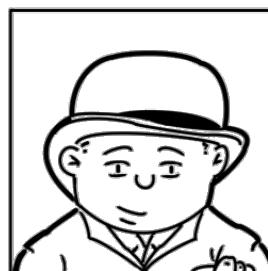
Miss Irene Adler
Master J. M. Barrie



Master Arthur Ignatius Doyle
Master William Gillette
Master Tobias Gregson



Master Sherlock Holmes
Master "Greg" Lestrade
Master George Newnes
Master Christopher Morley



Master Sidney Paget
Master Stamford
Master John Watson
Master Wilhelm Ormstein

Baker Street Elementary

Baker Street Elementary – 2017 -- The Third Year

Copyright 2017 © by Joe Fay, Rusty Mason, and Steve Mason

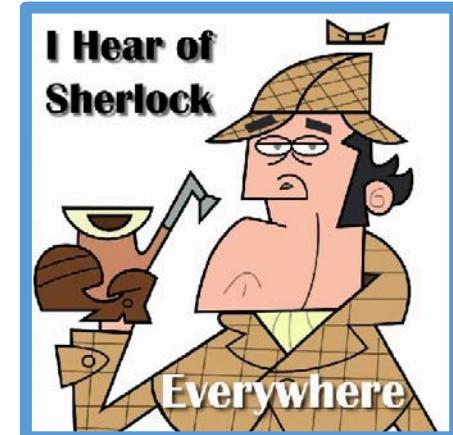
1st Edition, Published in Dallas, Texas.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored, or transmitted in any form or by any means without prior permission of the authors (which isn't too difficult), except for brief excerpts for reviews.

Bound in the surelox style, apropos of the subject matter.

This year, we were honored to have "I Hear of Sherlock Everywhere" (IHOSE) start carrying our strip on a bi-weekly basis. Thanks, Scott and Burt, for believing in us. We have included excerpts from Scott's introductions for the episodes. They are very imaginative, and add a wonderful flair to the strips.

Visit IHOSE at <http://www.ihearofsherlock.com>



Baker Street Elementary

FOREWORD

There must have been speculation about the early years of Sherlock Holmes before W S Baring-Gould's influential (and, it should be said, highly inventive) biography *Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street* was published in 1962. Goodness knows there's been plenty since, but nearly all of it concerns the young detective's adolescence, the period when he was either at boarding school or being tutored at home.

Think, for instance, of the 1982 TV serial "Young Sherlock: The Mystery of the Manor House," or the rather more famous movie "Young Sherlock Holmes."

Or of Andrew Lane's *Young Sherlock Holmes* novels (now rather confusingly marketed as *Young Sherlock*). Or Shane Peacock's novels about *The Boy Sherlock Holmes*. Even that charming Japanese TV series, set at "Beeton School", whose title translates as Puppet Entertainment *Sherlock Holmes*.

But what of the great detective's pre-teen years? How did his remarkable talents and his unusual personality manifest themselves then, at school and at home?

Perhaps because a young boy's talents, however extraordinary, were unlikely to have been employed in tackling serious crime, that period of Holmes's life seems to have been ignored - except by a few who have realised the opportunities for comedy.

The late comic genius Miles Kington wrote a short-short story in which the schoolboy Holmes claims to have made a special study of German accents. The task was made simpler by the fact there is only one: the umlaut. (I love that joke!)

The Sherlock Holmes Journal rarely publishes fiction, but in 2013 we were delighted to do just that when I received a story from Chennai, India.

The author, Professor S Subramanian, is not only a devotee of Sherlock Holmes: he knows more about popular British literature than most British people do, and "Just Sherlock" is a dazzlingly clever and very funny amalgam of Conan Doyle with Richmal Crompton's tales of the unruly eleven-year-old William Brown.

Dazzlingly clever and very funny are words I'd also apply to Baker Street Elementary. These adventures of the young Holmes, Watson and their schoolfellows are a delight.

Co-writer Steve Mason, as many know, is Third Mate (or, as one might say, President) of the Crew of the Barque Lone Star, a scion society of the Baker Street Irregulars in Dallas, Texas. Steve's son Rusty, who draws the strip, is the Crew's Webmaster. Steve's co-writer and creator of the series, Joe Fay, is a bookman: for eight years he had the sort of job so many of us can only dream of, as manager of Rare Books of Heritage Auctions, and has worked for the past three years in the retail book trade, at the venerable William Reese Company in New Haven Connecticut.

It's hardly necessary to mention that the three of them are more than tangentially acquainted with Sherlock Holmes and his world. Just as important is that they haven't forgotten how children's minds work. And they have a great talent for comedy! Often, even as I chuckle over a new absurdity or wisecrack perpetrated at Baker Street Elementary School, I'll find myself thinking, "How true..." I love it!

Roger Johnson, BSI, ASH
Editor, The Sherlock Holmes Journal
Springfield, Essex

SO THEY POSTED THE LINE-UP FOR THE HOLIDAY PLAY, "A CHRISTMAS CAROL." YOUNG PETER E. WILL BE DIRECTING THE PRODUCTION.

MY MIND BOGGLES AT THE POTENTIAL CASTING CHOICES.



I GET TO PLAY MARLEY, SCROOGE'S DEAD PARTNER.

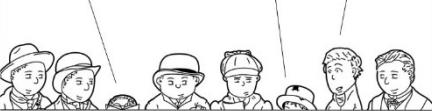
I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE.

... SCROOGE'S NEPHEW, FRED.



CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
I AM A NATURAL FOR TINY TIM.

WE EVEN ARE HAVING THE GIRL'S SCHOOL HELP OUT ON THIS ENDEAVOR. A MISS LYNDASAY WILL BE THE ANGEL, CHRISTMAS PAST.



IRENE HAS BEEN INVITED TO PLAY BELLE, SCROOGE'S FORMER FIANCE, AS WELL AS SCROOGE'S SISTER, FAN, AND MRS. CRATCHIT...



THREE DIFFERENT PARTS...

SHE IS A VERSATILE ACTRESS... BUT THREE PARTS?



OTHER YOUNG'UNS WILL FILL THE ROLES OF CRATCHIT'S OTHER CHILDREN.



I DIDN'T NOTICE WHO IS PLAYING BOB CRATCHIT?

IT IS I...

MASTER GILLETTE HAS SHOWN AMAZING TALENT ON THE BOARDS IN HIS THREE SHORT YEARS AT OUR SCHOOL.



KRISTINA, IRENE'S ROOMMATE, WILL PLAY MRS. DILBER, HIS GREEDY CHARwoman.. IT WILL BE A STRETCH, AS SHE IS SUCH A SWEET GIRL, BUT WE HAVE FAITH SHE CAN IT OFF...



YOU DID NOT MENTION WHO HAS THE LEAD, OL' SCROOGE HIMSELF...



oh... BLAZES !!!



FIRST REHEARSAL IS TODAY AT 4:00... DON'T BE LATE, OR YOU WILL SUFFER MY WRATH !!



WHERE IS HE? STAMFORD IS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE TO MEET IRENE AND THE OTHER GIRLS...



STAMFORD, WHY ARE WEARING THAT OUTFIT? YOU REMEMBER LAST TIME YOU WORE THAT THING?

OH, COME NOW, JOHN. YOU SAW THE REACTIONS OF THE GIRLS THE LAST TIME I WORE THIS. I AIM TO WOO MISS IRENE THIS TIME.



HELLO LADIES, WE ARE HERE TO ESCORT YOU TO THE "CAROL" REHEARSALS.

GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN. I, OF COURSE REMEMBER YOU, DEAR JOHN, HOWEVER, I MUST CONFESS, YOUR FRIEND IS UNFAMILIAR TO ME.



OH SWEET IRENE, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM STAMFORD, ONE OF SHERLOCK'S MOST TRUSTED ADVISORS, AND MENTOR TO A VAST MAJORITY OF THE YOUNG'UNS.

STAMFORD, A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU. YOU ASSIST SHERLOCK ON HIS "CASES?"



um... IT SMELLS?... I MEAN, THAT'S MY COLOGNE

THE UP-TURNED COLLAR ADDS A BIT OF INTRIGUE, BUT THE CHEEKBONES...

IS THAT YOUR REAL LOOK, OR ARE YOU TRYING TO "MAKE A MOVE" ON US?



WELL, I WAS JUST... I MEAN... FIRST IMPRESSIONS, YOU KNOW...

EXCUSES, STAMFORD... I BELIEVE THE YOUNG'UNS HAVE THE BETTER OF YOU.



OH, DO NOT LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, JOHN. WHAT IS THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?

WELL, FOR ONE... hmm... WHY DO I EVEN TRY ANYMORE?



THAT IS CORRECT. I AID SHERLOCK ON HIS MOST DIFFICULT MYSTERIES, AND...

HAS THAT THING ON YOUR HEAD MET ITS DEMISE?

IT WOULD EXPLAIN THE FOUL ODOR.



IT IS PERFECTLY ALRIGHT, JOHN. EVERYONE HAS SOME WEAKNESS. IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, YOU FAINTED LAST TIME I SPOKE TO YOU.

huh... OH YEAH. I... I JUST TRIPPED OVER MY BOOTS...

OH, WE'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU!



DO I GET TO DRINK REAL CHRISTMAS PUNCH, OR JUST COLORED WATER?



THOSE CHAINS ARE GETTING HEAVY TO DRAG AROUND... COULD I INSTEAD BE TIED DOWN WITH STRING OR TWINE?



I DON'T EVEN GET TO SAY A WORD AS THE 'GHOST OF THINGS TO COME...' MY PARENTS ARE TRAVELING IN JUST TO SEE ME STAND ON STAGE LIKE A MANNEQUIN...



WHO WAS THE MORON WHO THOUGHT I COULD PULL OFF THREE ROLES... MY HAIR WILL NEVER SURVIVE ALL THESE COSTUME CHANGES...

... such a diva...



5 MORE DAYS TO PULL THIS OFF... AND WE HAVEN'T MADE IT THROUGH ONE COMPLETE REHEARSAL YET...



HOLD IT... WHERE'S STAMFORD AND THE YOUNG'UNS... WE CAN'T HAVE A REHEARSAL WITHOUT THEM...



DON'T WORRY STAMFORD, YOUR PART IN THE PLAY WILL BE STUPENDOUS... IT WILL BRING THE HOUSE DOWN...

THERE WON'T BE A DRY EYE IN THE HOUSE...

<< snicker >>



SERIOUSLY? I PLAY THE DEAD SCROOGE... AND I AM COVERED WITH A SHEET DURING THE ENTIRE SCENE.

... such a diva...



WHY DO YOU FOUR TORMENT ME SO?

I HAVE A LIST... THIS MAY TAKE A WHILE...



"STAMFORD'S SCENE, THE MOST POIGNANT MOMENT OF THE NIGHT..."

"...NOT A DRY EYE IN THE HOUSE DURING YOUR DEATH PORTRAYAL..."



MISTER STAMFORD, I HOPE ONE DAY TO FIND A 'PRINCE CHARMING' JUST LIKE YOU...

...oh, STAMFORD, IF ONLY EVERYONE HAD YOUR ACTING SKILLS, ESPECIALLY THE WILLIAM FELLOW...



STAMFORD, YOU ARE THE GREATEST...

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL WAS A HIT,
ALL DUE TO YOU...



ACTORS WORLDWIDE WILL LOOK UP TO YOU...

YOU MAY HAVE SINGLE-HANDELY RUINED THE SHOW..

WHAT WOULD ENTICE TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT?



PETER IS STILL HAVE CRYING. YOU MAY DESTROY HIS CAREER... DIRECTING...

HEY STAMFORD... WAKE UP, YOU WERE DAYDREAMING AGAIN...

NEXT TIME STAMFORD, REMEMBER, DEAD PEOPLE DO NOT SIT UP IN THE MIDDLE OF A SCENE AND WAVE TO THEIR PARENTS...



AT LEAST STAMFORD DID NOT GET INTO AN ALTERNATE REALITY OF THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE...



I DON'T ACCEPT DICKENS' INTERPRETATION OF THE FUTURE AS THE ONLY ONE... THERE ARE MANY OTHER POSSIBLE FUTURES...

... BUT ONLY ONE SCRIPT TO FOLLOW...

I SHOULD HAVE PORTRAYED SCROOGE... SHERLOCK LACKS THE FINESSE TO DO REAL ACTING...

...um...



YOU PRESUME TO BE ABLE TO ACT BETTER THAN ME, MASTER GILLETTE?

FORGIVE ME SHERLOCK, I COULD PORTRAY A BETTER YOU WITHOUT SPEAKING A SINGLE WORD...

HAS ANYONE SEEN KRISTINA SINCE THE PLAY? I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO FIND HER...



I AM GLAD I GOT TO PLAY THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST ANGEL, BUT I AM GETTING TIRED... STAMFORD, ARE YOU LOOKING UP MY DRESS... !?!

EVERYONE WAS MUCH NICER IN MY DREAM...



... STAMFORD, DID YOU ENJOY YOUR CHRISTMAS?



... OH, AND WHY NOT?

NO MA'M... NOT AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD THINK...

MY PAPA THOUGHT IT WOULD BE CUTE TO GIVE MY MUM ALL THE ANIMALS FROM THE "12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS..."

1 PARTRIDGE, 2 TURTLE DOVES,
3 FRENCH HENS, 4 CALLING BIRDS,
6 GEESE, AND 7 SWANS...
THAT TOTALS 23 FOWL...

... OH, THAT'S SWEET...



YOU WOULD THINK SO... GUESS WHO GETS TO CLEAN UP AFTER THEM?

I MAY NEVER EAT POULTRY AGAIN...

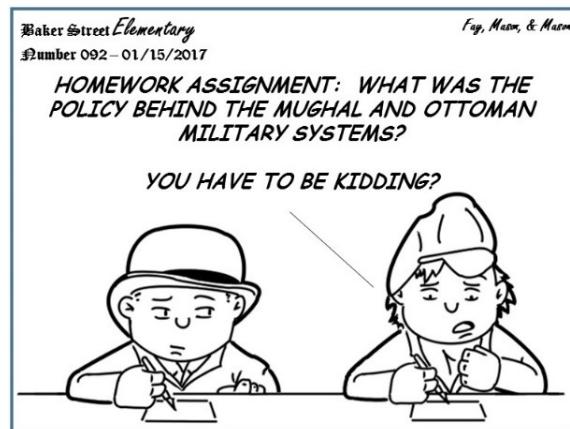
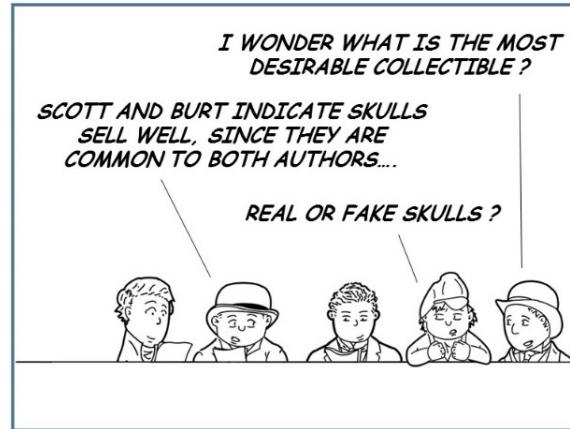


SO THE TEACHER WANTS US TO LIST OUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS...



I'M A KID... I DON'T HAVE TO CHANGE ANYTHING...





SHERLOCK, AS YOU CAN SEE, THE REVIEWS FOR YOUR PORTRAYAL OF 'SCROOGE' WERE VERY IMPRESSIVE... I HAVE ALREADY CAST YOU IN OUR SPRING PLAY.



AND WHAT ROLE WILL YOU BE FORCING ONTO ME?



WE ARE DOING SHAKESPEARE'S "ROMEO AND JULIET." YOU'RE THE LEAD...

ROMEO? I DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF VERY ROMANTIC, BUT I COULD GROW INTO THE PART...

THIS WILL BE A MALE-ONLY CAST... SHAVE YOUR LEGS AND PLUCK YOUR EYEBROWS... CAN YOU ACT IN HEELS?



WHAT IS THAT?

IT IS A MEMBER OF THE APIS MELLIFERA, OR COMMON HONEY BEE, WHICH ORIGINATED IN EAST AFRICA...



WITH ANTS, THEY ARE ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT AND EFFECTIVE WORKING INSECTS WE HAVE. BEES POLLINATE OUR CROPS, AS WELL AS PROVIDE US WITH HONEY, THE NECTAR OF THE GODS...



I HAVE AN ANT FARM AT HOME...

YOU SEEM TO KNOW QUITE A BIT ABOUT THE LITTLE GUYS... YOU SHOULD WRITE A BOOK...



I HAVE A RELATIVE IN FRANCE WHO RAISES THEM...

MY ANTS LIKE TO ESCAPE FROM THEIR FARM INTO THE HOUSE...

I INGEST 'BEE POLLEN' AND 'ROYAL JELLY' EACH DAY AS A NUTRIENT...



MY MUM THINKS I SHOULD GET A DOG INSTEAD...

MY MOTHER BELIEVES THE NUTRIENTS MAY KEEP ME ALIVE FOREVER...

OH JUST WHAT WE NEED, AN 'IMMORTAL' SHERLOCK HOLMES...



MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL RAZE BEES WHEN WE GET OLDER...



AT THE PARENT/TEACHER CONFERENCE, MY TEACHER DECLARED TO MY PARENTS I AM NOT EVIL...



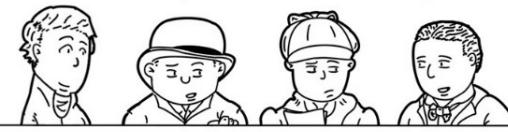
COPYRIGHT 2017 / Fay, Mason, Mason
...HOWEVER, I AM APPARENTLY GIFTED AT DISRUPTIVE BEHAVIOR.. CAUSING THE TEACHER DAILY TENSION HEADACHES.. WHATEVER THAT MEANS...



FOR THE LAST TIME, IT'S MAGIC... IF I SHOWED YOU HOW IT'S DONE, IT WOULD CEASE TO BE AN ILLUSION...



WELL, NEVIL, YOU HAVE A NATURAL TALENT AT THIS...



I HOPE TO BE A PROFESSIONAL MAGICIAN WHEN I GET OLDER...

WITH YOUR CURRENT ABILITIES, MASTER MASKELYNE *, IT IS SAFE TO SAY YOU WILL BE THE MOST TALENTED ILLUSIONISTS ANY OF US WILL EVER MEET, OR HAVE AS A FRIEND...



* LOOK HIM UP

OH, THERE WILL BE OTHERS WHO WILL BE JUST AS GOOD, IF NOT BETTER...

HEY, I KNOW A MAGIC JOKE...



DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE UNDER-SIZED FORTUNE-TELLER WHO ESCAPED FROM PRISON...

THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE READ,
"SMALL MEDIUM AT LARGE..."



CAN YOU POSSIBLY MAKE ME DISAPPEAR BEFORE HE TELLS ANY OTHER JOKES...



DEFINE THE TERM, "TRIAGE"

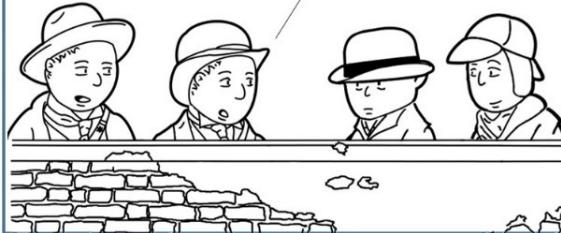


THE METHOD BY WHICH MY MUM DECIDES WHICH CHILD TO WHACK FIRST WHEN WE MISBEHAVE...



MORE STUDENTS HAVE GONE HOME WITH A STOMACH AILMENT...

MAYBE WE SHOULD CHECK INTO MRS. HUDSON, THE MAIN LUNCH LADY...



DON'T BOTHER... I ALREADY HAVE... THE LADY BENEATH THE HAIRNET WOULD RATHER SUFFER THE WORST STOMACH ACHE OF ALL TIME, THEN SEE ONE OF HER STUDENTS IN DISTRESS...



INTERESTING... WHAT DID YOU LEARN ABOUT HER...

I KNOW SHE IS RECENTLY WIDOWED, LEASES A FLAT IN BAKER STREET, NEAR REGENTS PARK...



I ALSO KNOW SHE HAS THE PATIENCE OF 'JOB,' BUT CAN DISPLAY A TEMPER WHEN NEEDED... SHE IS CONSIDERING LETTING SPACE TO A TENANT, BUT HAS NOT FOUND A SUITABLE ONE YET... I BELIEVE HER TO HAVE SCOTTISH ROOTS, AND HAS A SISTER-IN-LAW, A MRS. TURNER, WHO SHE IS FOND OF... AND BY THE WAY, HER FIRST INITIAL IS "M," WHICH MAY STAND FOR 'MARHTA', AND SHE CAN PREPARE A MEAL FIT FOR ROYALTY AT ANY TIME, DAY OR NIGHT...



AMAZING DETECTIVE WORK, SHERLOCK... A MASTERFUL BLEND OF OBSERVATION AND DEDUCTION...

MAYBE IT WAS MURRAY WHO TAINTED THE FOOD...



YOU IMPRESS THEM, AND ME, WITH YOUR TALENTS EVERY DAY...

SAVE YOUR FLATTERY... SOMETIMES YOU MUST EMPLOY THE MOST BASIC OF DETECTIVE SKILLS... I SIMPLY TALKED TO HER AND GAINED THIS INFORMATION...



Three Sheets to Baker Street and Straight on 'Til Morning

by Joe Fay and Steve Mason

Deep into the night, on a Thursday morning about 4:00 a.m., during the BSI Weekend 2014, the grade school world of Holmes and Watson came to life inside a cramped room at the Roosevelt Hotel. Joe was slightly inebriated. OK, he was feeling no pain. He had just thrown down about a dozen pints at O'Lunney's with Don Hobbs and that crew. Steve was impressed Joe was still functioning and alert. For those who've been there, we salute you.

And we had just inhaled two outsized slices of corner-shop pizza (open 24 hours). We were rooming together because New York City is expensive for two regular ol' Texas boys.

Joe had been thinking about a certain concept for a while. He knew Holmes and Watson could present well as a three-panel comic strip arranged basically like this: intro / punchline / smartass remark. Joe had played around on Strip Creator for years, and had much more fun with creating comic strips than he ever thought possible before.

Joe had also always wanted to explore the lives of Holmes and Watson as kids. Growing up, both of us had an unusual attachment to *Young Sherlock Holmes*. The idea of the boy-genius-becomes-eccentric-genius-detective was always intriguing. He also knew the bully had to be Moriarty. And Mrs. Hudson to be the lunch lady.

But Joe was stuck. That's all he had. "I wanted to start a comic strip with Holmes and Watson in elementary school. Elementary school," I thought. "Holmes, Watson, ELEMENTARY school! It was just too good to be true."

So Joe gave the idea a moniker: **Elementary Elementary**.

"I thought it was clever at the time. But it turned out to be one of those titles that seemed like a good idea at the time, and ultimately just wasn't."

But as far as we knew, there hadn't been a comic strip to explore the Deductive Duo in grade school (and if we're wrong, we expect to hear about it any minute now).

Joe decided to bring the idea up to Steve that night while we lay in separate beds (just thought that should be clarified, not that there is anything wrong...) And as soon as the words were out of Joe's mouth, Steve, jumped on the idea like Holmes on a coke vial.

Steve suggested characters, scenarios, compositions, and so on. Lestrade and Gregson would be the hall monitors. Irene would be the red-headed girl on the playground with whom the great boy detective was smitten, Conan Doyle would be included, and of course, Stamford would be the loveable character that never quite gets it straight. And so on.

Steve suggested "It's Elementary, Sherlock," as a working title, but once Joe came up with "Baker Street Elementary," we both agreed that was the perfect title.

We quickly realized neither of us could draw, though. And drawing is kind of important for a comic strip.

"Not to fear," Steve said, "I have a son for that." His name is Rusty. And Rusty Mason became the artist, and now creative partner in the strip.

We all decided against detailed backgrounds and long narratives. Instead, we would focus on the dialogue and expressions of the characters, following the example set by the great Charles Schultz.

So we volleyed ideas back and forth (almost all of the strips would be set at an outdoor stone wall overlooking the playground, or in the classroom), until we both passed out that night, and Baker Street Elementary was born. Now, we're 100 installments into the game, with Rusty doing the illustrations, and all of us writing the scripts.

So many good ideas come to lubricated Sherlockians during BSI Weekend. Thank goodness Joe had the wonderful original idea, Steve is a teetotaler, Joe mentioned the little idea to Steve, and Baker Street Elementary made it home.

WELL, HOLMES, I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU ARE GIVING THE I HEAR OF SHAKESPEARE EVERYWHERE (those) DISPATCH A CHANCE...

SEEING HOW ALL OF YOU KEEP RAVING ABOUT IT, AND THEY HAVE TRANSMITTED OVER 100 DISPATCHES, I FANCY THERE IS SOMETHING MAY INTRIGUE ME ...

SPEAKING OF MILESTONES, WE HAVE REACHED ONE WE SHOULD SHARE WITH EVERYONE.

MILESTONE? WHAT MILESTONE? AND WHOM ARE WE SHARING THIS WITH?

WHY THEM OF COURSE... WHO HAVE BEEN WITH US SINCE THE BEGINNING.

THEM? um... WATSON... I DON'T SEE WHO YOU SPEAK OF...



Copyright 2017, Top, Mean, More

I THINK I SEE SOMEONE... oh... IT IS MASTERS DOYLE AND BARRIE IN THE BUSHES...

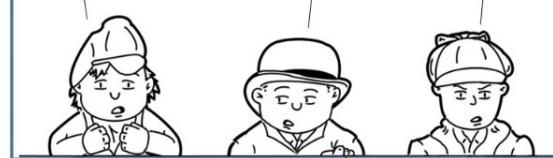
NO, NO... NOT THOSE TWO... I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE OTHER PEOPLE.



I SUSPECT THEY ARE HUNTING FAIRIES ONCE AGAIN. IS THAT THE MILESTONE YOU REFER TO? THE TWO OF THEM HUNTING FAIRIES FOR THE 100TH TIME?

huh? NOT AT ALL, STAMFORD...

IS THAT... MY MAGNIFYING GLASS AND NET THEY POSSESS?



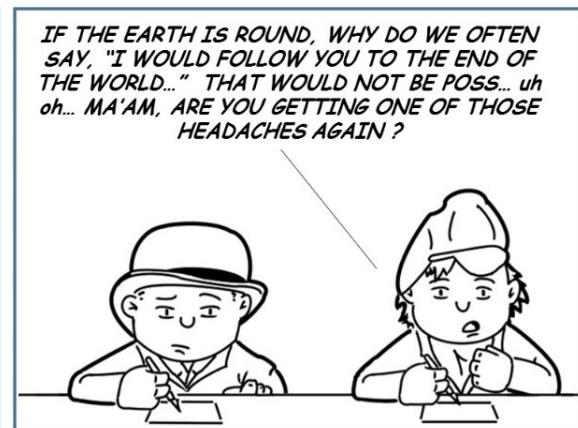
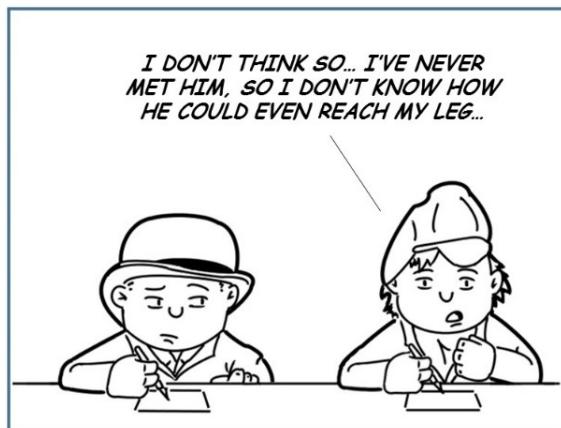
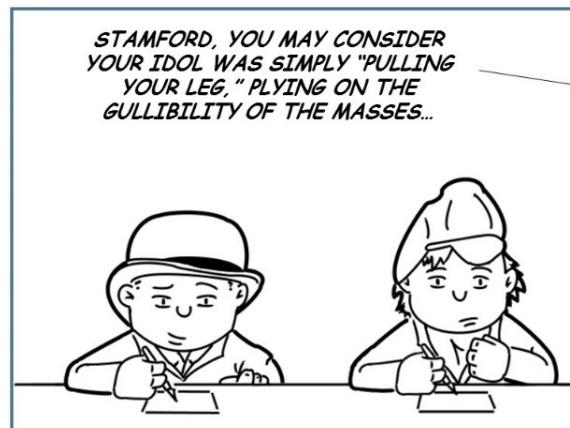
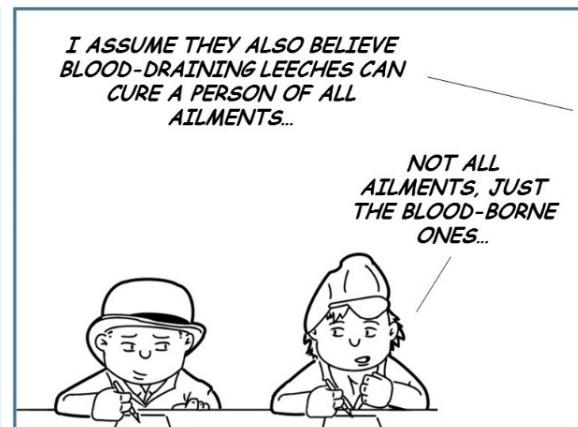
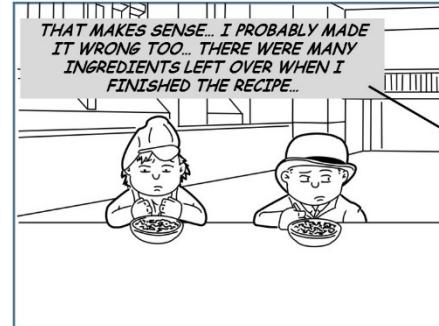
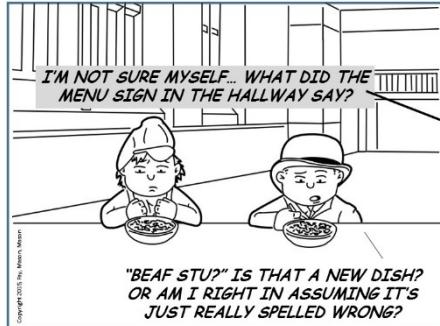
IGNATIUS! JAMES! YOU DARE USE MY HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED DETECTIVE TOOLS FOR CHASING DOWN IMAGINARY FIGURES !?



... AND HE WONDERS WHY WE DON'T CELEBRATE MILESTONES, LIKE BIRTHDAYS, AROUND HERE?

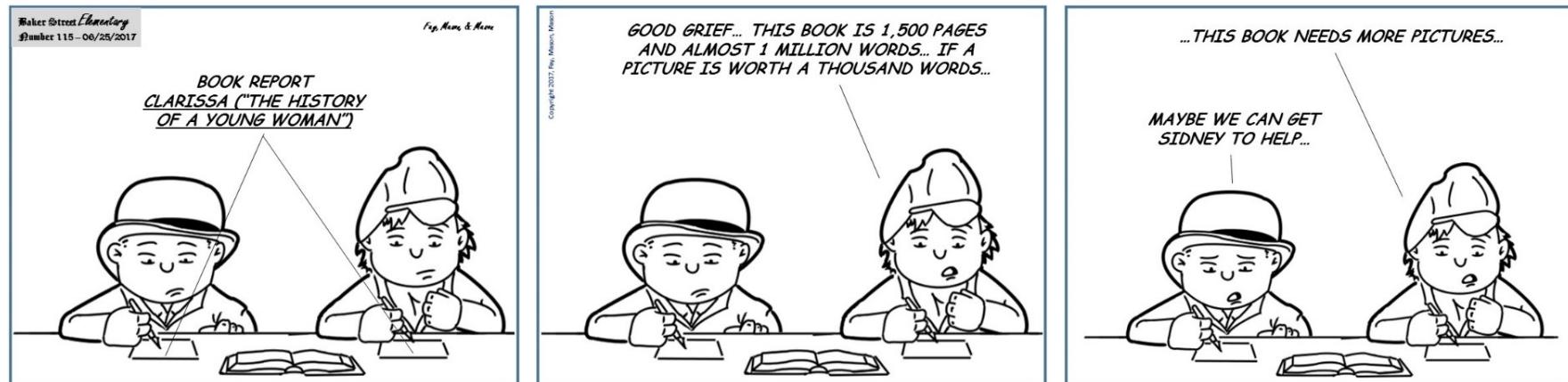
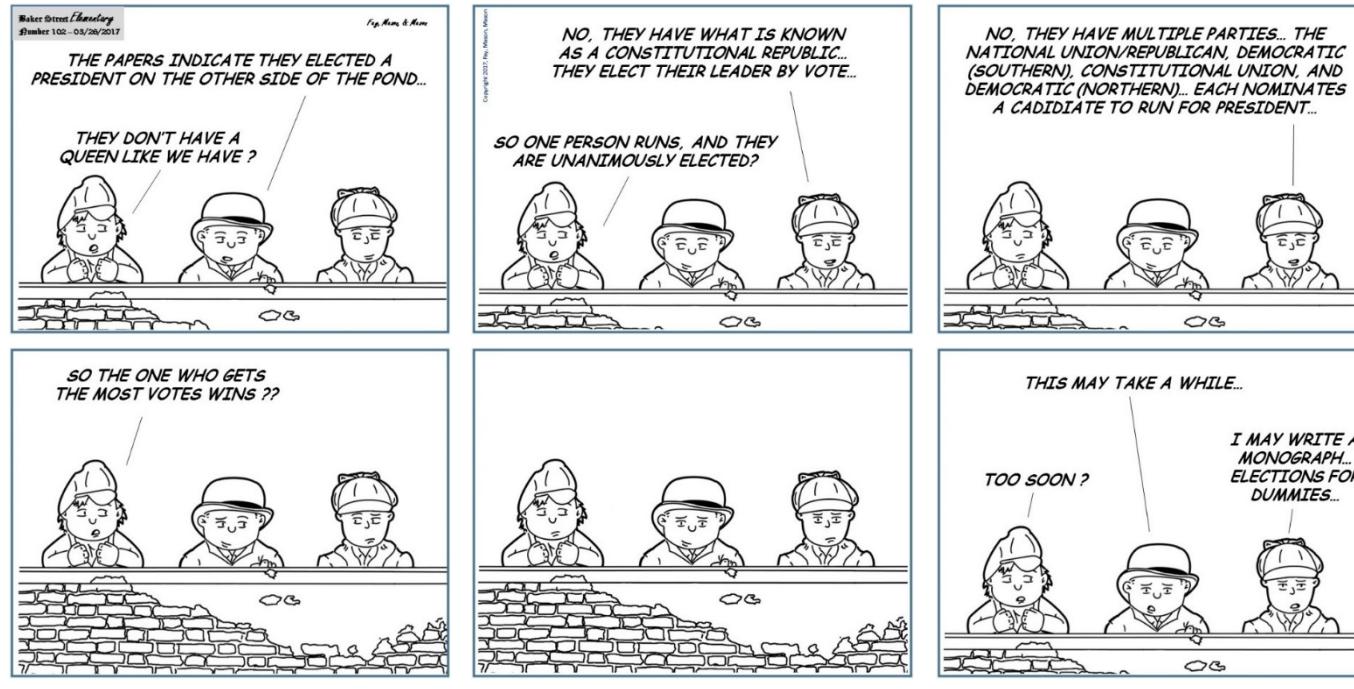
WE CAN'T HAVE BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH CANDLES, 'CAUSE YOU TWO ARE BANNED FROM OPEN FLAMES.





We all know that, according to Watson's account of Sherlock Holmes's limits as catalogued in *A Study in Scarlet*, his knowledge of politics was "feeble."

However, this glimpse into the daily conversations at Baker Street Elementary may indicate otherwise. In this case, young Sherlock Holmes seems to be the most knowledgeable of the schoolyard gaggle when it came to politics. (IHOSE)



ALRIGHT, SHERLOCK,
LET US HONE THOSE
DETECTIVE SKILLS OF
YOURS... I HAVE A
MINI-MYSTERY FOR
YOU TO SOLVE.

YOU CAN TRY TO
SOLVE IT TOO...
JUST USE YOUR
IMAGINATION AND
COME UP WITH AN
ANSWER.

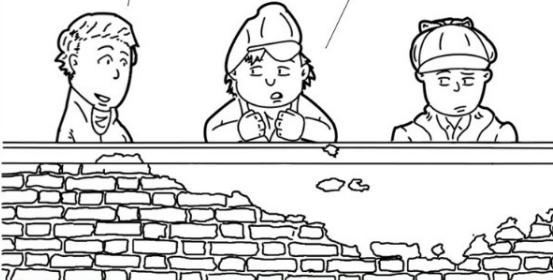


um... OKAY... YOU TWO CAN
TRY ALSO...



HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE ? JUST REMEMBER,
FUTURE EARNINGS FOR OTHERS MAY DEPEND
ON YOUR ABILITY TO SOLVE SUCH CASES...

THIS IS A STUMPER...



I LOVE MYSTERIES !



ELIAS, GODFREY, GRIMESBY, AND VICTOR
RESIDE IN THE SAME ROOMS AT
UNIVERSITY. ELIAS AND GODFREY GO TO
THE THEATER, AND WHEN THEY RETURN,
GRIMESBY IS LYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR IN
A PUDDLE OF WATER AND BROKEN GLASS.



IT IS OBVIOUS THAT VICTOR
MURDERED HIM ON PURPOSE, BUT
YET VICTOR IS NOT PROSECUTED...

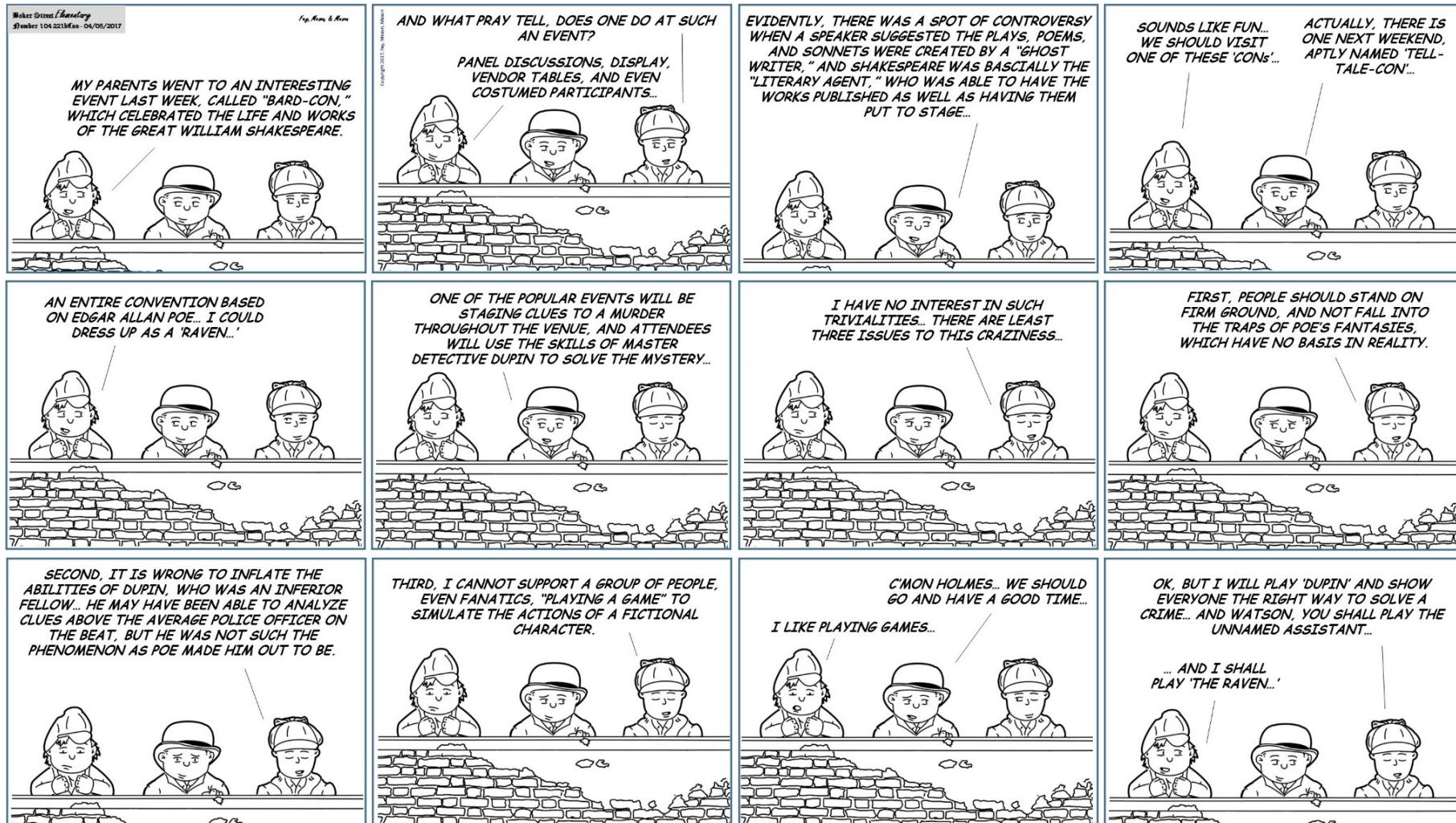


THIS ONE IS EASY... GRIMESBY IS THE
HOMES' GOLD FISH, AND VICTOR IS THE
PET CAT. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME...



Sherlockians descended on Atlanta this weekend to celebrate 221B Con. Hundreds of Holmes fans of all types, ages, and predilections gathered to celebrate everything they love about Holmes. From panel discussions to performances, there was a bit of everything, so the newest convert to the most curmudgeonly dyed-in-the-wool aficionado could find something to occupy themselves.

Even the Baker Street Journal — that "one fixed point in a changing age" — got into the act, tweeting quotes of relevance with the #221bcon hashtag throughout the weekend. Did it help drive interest in subscriptions? The jury is out, but we hope some of the newer attendees took notice. Even our friends at Baker Street Elementary got into the act — in terms of producing a relevant comic strip and by being on the ground at the event. Without further ado... (IHOSE)



THERE IS A SMALL BRIDGE NEXT TO MY HOUSE, WITH A SIGN WHICH READS, "WEIGHT LIMIT: 2 TONNES"... HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY KNOW WHO MUCH THE BRIDGE CAN HOLD?

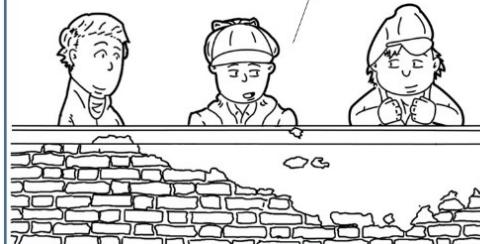


THE SOLUTION TO YOUR PUZZLE IS BOTH SIMPLE, AS WELL AS AMAZING...

THIS SHOULD BE FUN...



FIRST, AN ENGINEER DESIGNS THE BRIDGE... THEN A CREW BUILDS THE BRIDGE TO HIS SPECIFICATIONS...



THEN THEY PILE ROCKS ON THE BRIDGE, ONE AT A TIME, UNTIL THE BRIDGE COLLAPSES...

THERE'S THE TRAIN WRECK...



THEY THEN WEIGH EACH STONE, INDIVIDUALLY, AND TOTAL THE WEIGHT...



THEY THEN KNOW HOW MUCH BRIDGE CAN WITHSTAND, THEY REBUILD THE BRIDGE, AND POST THE SIGN...

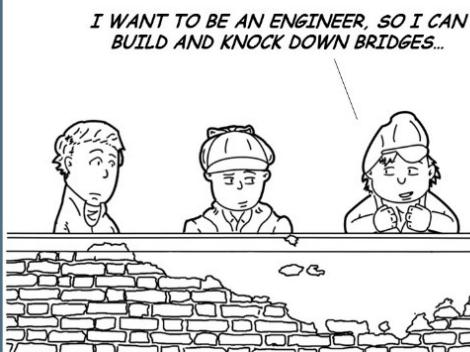
I SHOULD HAVE FIGURED IT OUT MYSELF...



STAMFORD WILL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS GRADE, WITH YOU AND WATSON'S TUTORING...



I WANT TO BE AN ENGINEER, SO I CAN BUILD AND KNOCK DOWN BRIDGES...



OH, I THINK YOU SHOULD STRIVE TO BE ON THE ROCK CREW...



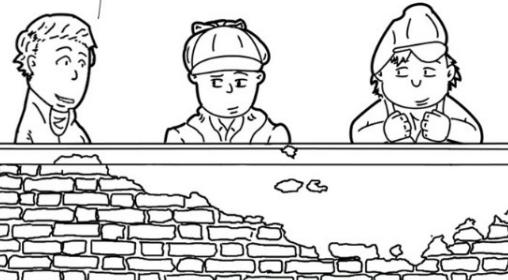
Victor Hatherley was a bit of a hybrid of the two: a hydraulic engineer. He needed to understand physics but his job also required some working knowledge of a type of engine controlled by the flow of water.

Just what do such professionals need to know, and how do they make their calculations? One such answer lies within the walls of Baker Street Elementary... (IHOSE)

Have you ever wondered how engineers do what they do? We're not referring to the type of engineer in the overalls and striped cap behind the controls of a locomotive, although that's a very literal definition of an engineer.

No, we're talking more along the lines of civil, mechanical, and structural engineering — the kind who make mathematical calculations concerning volume, mass, torque, load bearing, and more.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY IS HOLDING A BOOK FESTIVAL THIS WEEKEND... WE SHOULD GO...



WHAT DO THEY DO AT SUCH A FESTIVAL...??

THEY WILL CELEBRATE BOOKS, AND ALL THINGS RELATED TO THEM...



I BELIEVE THEY WILL HAVE A PANEL DISCUSSION ON RECENT NOVELS AND STORIES THAT IMITATE THE ORIGINAL STORY OR CHARACTER...



PEOPLE DO THAT?

SURE, A GOOD 'PASTICHE' HONORS THE ORIGINAL WORK...



OF COURSE, A BAD PASTICHE CAN MAKE THE ORIGINAL CHARACTERS APPEAR OUTRIGHT SILLY...



THEY WILL ALSO HAVE PEOPLE PROVIDE REVIEWS ON RECENT BOOKS... IT HELPS YOU DECIDE WHAT TO READ...

HOW CAN SOMEONE KNOW WHAT I WANT TO READ? I DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE WHAT I LIKE...



WE SHOULD GO AND SUPPORT THE FESTIVAL... AS MARCUS CICERO STATED, "A ROOM WITHOUT BOOKS IS LIKE A BODY WITHOUT A SOUL."



...AND JEFFERSON WROTE, "I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT BOOKS..."

HE NEVER SAW MY GREEK LITERATURE BOOK...



HAI THIS IS BRILLIANT!

THIS NEW FEATURE
MAKES SHAKESPEARE
SO AMUSING.

SHAKESPEARE ?
FUN ?



OH, QUITE SO. THE
GENTLEMEN AT IHOSE
CREATE A NEW FEATURE,
CALLED UNNECESSARY
BARD CENSORSHIP.

I JUST FIND HIS
WORKS SO
BORING. HOW CAN
YOU MAKE IT FUN?



BURT AND SCOTT TOOK A SECTION FROM
"ROMEO AND JULIET IN THIS DISPATCH.
WE WILL READ IT FOR YOU, AND YOU
TELL US THAT IT IS NOT RIVETING...

I GUESS, IF YOU
THREE THINK SO...



ROMEO: IF I PROPANE
WITH MY UNWORTHIEST
"BLEEP" THIS HOLY
SHRINE. THE GENTLE
FINE IS THIS: MY
"BLEEP", TWO BLUSHING
PILGRIMS, READY
STAND, TO SMOOTH
THAT ROUGH TOUCH
WITH A TENDER KISS.

JULIET: GOOD PILGRIM,
YOU DO WRONG YOUR
"BLEEP" TOO MUCH,
WHICH MANNERLY
DEVOTION SHOWS IN
THIS; FOR SAINTS
HAVE "BLEEP" THAT
PILGRIMS "BLEEP" DO
TOUCH, AND "BLEEP" IS HOLY
PALMERS' KISS.



HAVE NOT SAINTS *BLEEP*,
AND HOLY PALMERS TOO?

AY, PILGRIM, *BLEEP* THAT
THEY MUST USE IN PRAYER.



O, THEN DEAR SAINT,
LET *BLEEP* DO WHAT
BLEEP DO; THEY
PRAY, GRANT THOU,
LEST FAITH TURN TO
DESPAIR.



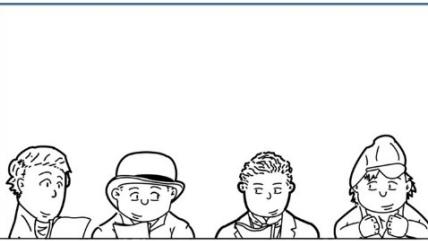
THEN MOVE NOT,
WHILE MY PRAYER'S
EFFECT I TAKE.
THUS FROM MY
BLEEP, BY YOURS,
MY SIN IS PURGED.

THEN HAVE MY
BLEEP THE SIN THAT
THEY HAVE TOOK.

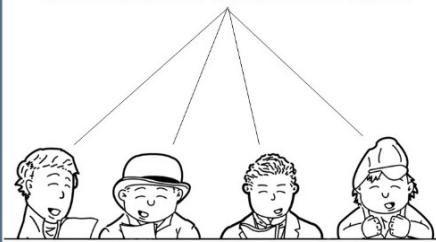


SIN FROM THY
BLEEP? O TRESPASS
SWEETLY URGED!
GIVE ME MY SIN
AGAIN.

YOU *BLEEP* BY
THE BOOK.

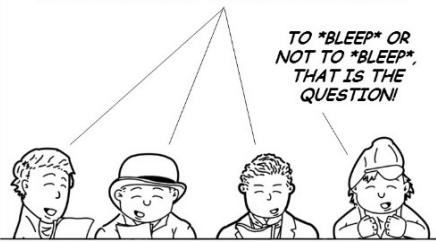


HAI HAI



HAI HAI

TO *BLEEP* OR
NOT TO *BLEEP*.
THAT IS THE
QUESTION!



NEVER HAS SHAKESPEARE COME ALIVE
SO WELL !

MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE ACTORS...
HOW ABOUT "MACBETH" NEXT TIME ?



In a recent episode of *I Hear of Sherlock Everywhere*, we debuted a feature called "*Unnecessary Pastiche Censorship*."

Well, two of our 10 fans must have been listening, as it has resulted in the boys at Baker Street Elementary chattering about it in the schoolyard. They've taken the concept to a new level and have decided that rather than having to suffer the slings and arrows of the original works of William Shakespeare, they're spicing things up a bit with the censor's trademark.

And no need to worry; it's nothing nearly as profane as *The @#%*ing of the Shrew...* (IHOSE)

ALRIGHT SHERLOCK,
TIME FOR ANOTHER
MINI-MYSTERY FOR
YOU TO SOLVE...

REMEMBER, YOU
CAN PLAY ALONG...



POLICE ARE CALLED TO A ROOM, WHERE A SUICIDE HAS TAKEN PLACE. A VERY SMALL PERSON HAS HUNG HIMSELF, KNOCKING OVER A TABLE IN THE PROCESS... OTHER THAN THE BODY AND NOOSE, THE ONLY ITEMS IN THE ROOM ARE A PARTIALLY BURNT CANDLE, A PAIR OF DARK-TINTED GLASSES ON THE BED...



...AND A WHITE STICK IN THE CORNER,
WITH SEVERAL SMALL PIECES OF THE
STICK IN ANOTHER CORNER... WAS IT
SUICIDE, OR SOMETHING MORE SINISTER...

THIS MAY TAKE
AWHILE... TIME FOR A
COMMERCIAL... FRIENDS,
DO YOU EVER SUFFER...



ACTUALLY, I HAVE THE
ANSWER ALREADY...

THIS WILL BE
INTERESTING...



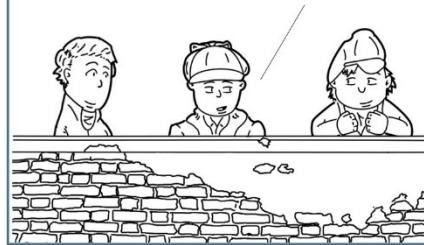
YOU INDICATED THE
VICTIM WAS A VERY
SMALL PERSON, AS WE
MAY CALL A "DWARF..."



SADLY, MANY OF THESE
PERSONS MUST FIND
WORK IN TRAVELLING
CARNIVALS, WHICH IS
HUMILIATING WORK...
BUT ALSO EXTREMELY
COMPETITIVE...



OUR VICTIM MUST HAVE GAINED AN
ENEMY, WHO DEVISED A PLOT, TO
GET OUR VICTIM TO 'OFF' HIMSELF...



THE DARK GLASSES
INDICATE HE WAS
ALSO BLIND, AS WELL
AS AFFLICTED WITH
SMALL STATURE...



EACH WEEK, HIS
NEMESIS WOULD
SNEAK INTO HIS
ROOM, LIGHT
THE CANDLE (OUR
BLIND VICTIM
WOULD HAVE NO
NEED FOR SUCH
LIGHTING...)



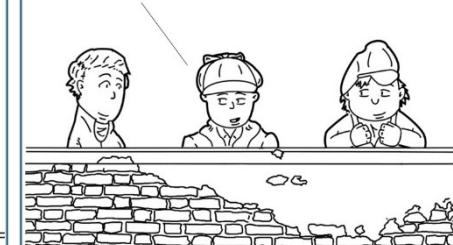
...AND THEN SNIP
OFF A SMALL PIECE
OF THE VICTIM'S
WALKING CANE...
EACH WEEK, OUR
VICTIM NOTICES
THE SHORTENING
CANE... SADLY, HE
MIS-DIAGNOSED
THE ISSUE, BELIEVING
HE WAS GROWING...



KNOWING THIS WOULD RUIN HIS LIFE IN THE
CARNIVAL, AND WITH NO OTHER RESOURCES OR
TALENTS TO FALL BACK ON, OUR VICTIM
DETERMINED SUICIDE WAS HIS ONLY WAY OUT...



QUITE AN INGENIOUS WAY TO GET
SOMEONE TO 'MURDER THEMSELVES...'

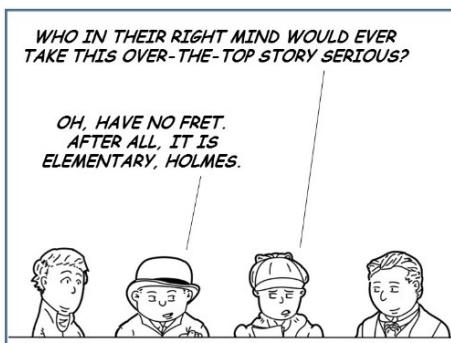
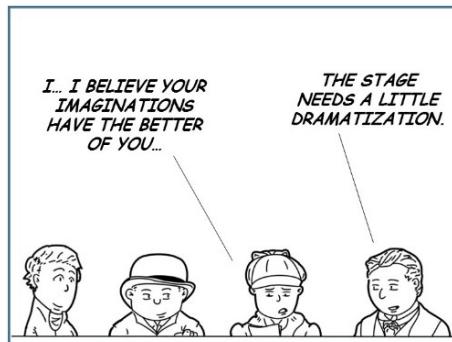
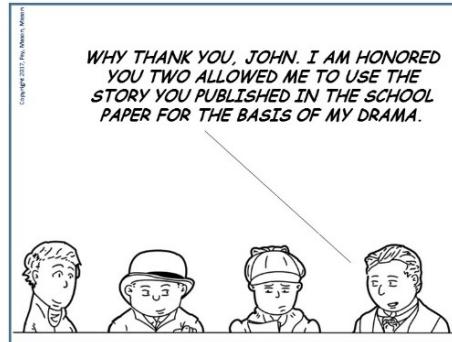
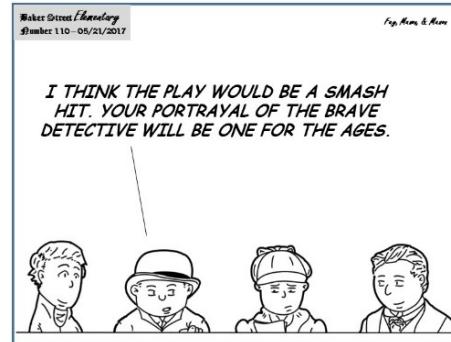


Bringing stories to life in the minds of readers or theater-goers can be a challenge.

We know that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was a talented storyteller who managed to do just that, particularly in the former medium (and did attempt the latter at least twice).

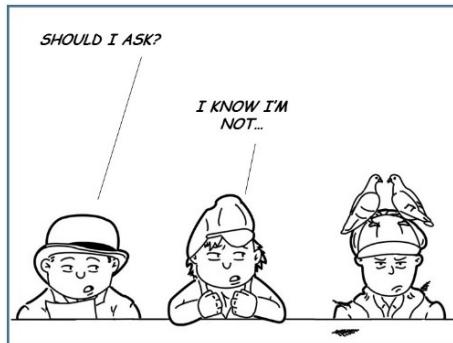
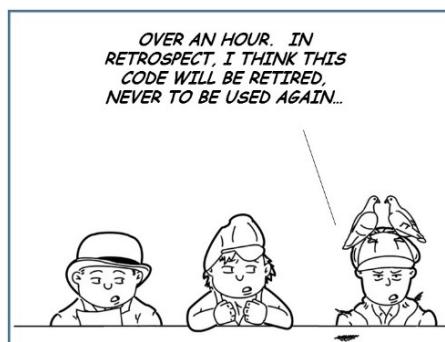
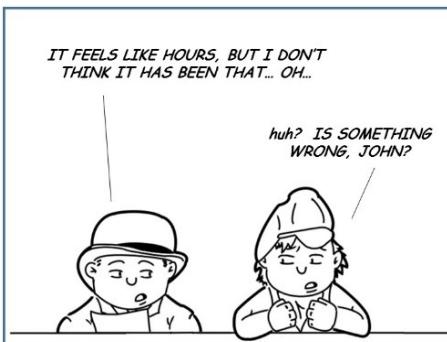
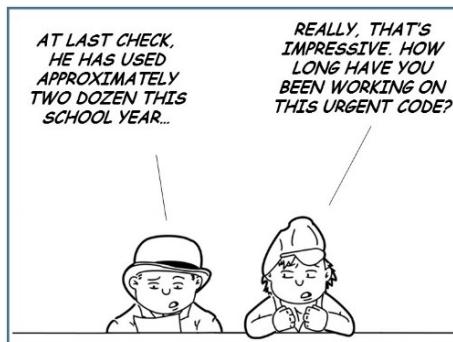
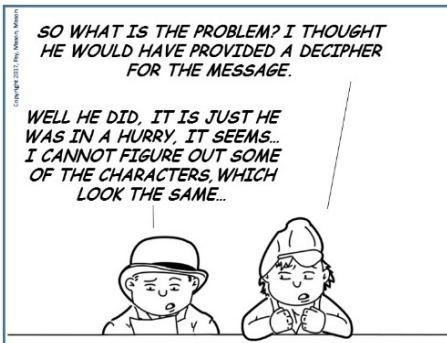
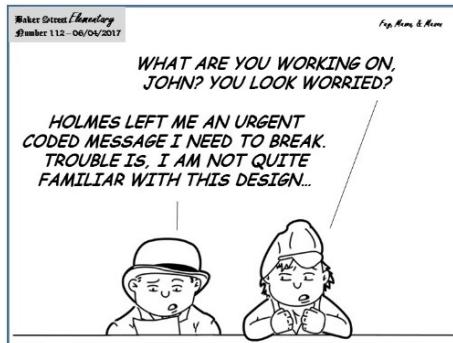
When William Gillette sought Doyle's approval to make some nominal changes to Holmes's personal situation in 1899, Doyle replied, "You may marry him, murder him, or do whatever you like to him."

It's not clear what Holmes and Watson had to say about this development, but in the minds of the team at Baker Street Elementary, we have the opportunity to see how it might have played out during an earlier stage of their lives... (IHOSE)



If you're not into cryptography, codes can be vexing. In all fairness, that's what they're designed to do. And we know of a number of times that codes or ciphers are used in the Sherlock Holmes stories. Indeed, in "The Adventure of the Dancing Men," Holmes himself tells us

"I am fairly familiar with all forms of secret writings, and am myself the author of a trifling monograph upon the subject, in which I analyze one hundred and sixty-three separate ciphers."



But when the uninitiated are on the other end of a code, cracking that code can seem a nearly impossible task. Of course, the creator of the code likely thinks its foolproof, as Abe Slaney did in DANC. But Holmes reminded him that there's always a way: "What one man can invent, another can discover."

Young Stamford, Watson and Holmes find out quite the same thing... (IHOSE)

MY MOTHER TOOK ME TO A MUSICAL CONCERT THIS LAST WEEKEND...

SOUNDS FUN, WHO WAS PERFORMING?



A FRENCH VIOLINIST, JEAN-DELPHIN ALARDO.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN TO A CONCERT... DO THE MUSICIANS JUMP INTO THE CROWD, AND BE CARRIED ABOVE THEIR HEADS?



NO, NOT HARDLY...



DOES THE CROWD HOLD UP CANDLES OR MATCHES AT THE PERFORMANCE END, TO ENCOURAGE THE MUSICIANS TO PERFORM ENCORES?

WHERE DO YOU GET THESE IDEAS?



WELL AT LEAST DO THE MUSICIANS SMASH THEIR INSTRUMENTS AT THE END OF THE CONCERT?

OF COURSE NOT !!



SOUNDS BORING TO ME...

IT'S A CONCERT, NOT A SOCCER MATCH !!



CONCERTS WOULD BE MORE EXCITING IF I WAS IN CHARGE...



STAND STRONG, MANCHESTER !!



STAMFORD, I UNDERSTAND YOU WANT TO TRY AND IMPLEMENT WHAT YOU CALL 'CASUAL FRIDAY,' BUT THIS IS JUST A BIT TOO MUCH...

OH JOHN, IT HAS POSSIBILITIES. HOWEVER, I AM HELPING SHERLOCK ON A CASE.



REALLY? THAT'S WONDERFUL, BUT WHY THE BROWN DRESSING GOWN?

I'M IN DISGUISE, YET, YOUR EYES ARE MISLEADING YOU. THIS IS MY DAD'S 'MOUSE-COLOURED' GOWN, AND IN FACT IS GRAY.



IN THIS LIGHTING, IT APPEARS BROWN. BESIDES, WHAT TYPE OF CASE REQUIRES SLEEPWEAR AS THE DISGUISE?

SHERLOCK CALLS IT "THE CASE OF THE SLEEPING NURSERY," HENCE THE SLEEPWEAR. I FIT RIGHT IN TO CATCH THE CULPRIT.



"THE CASE OF THE SLEEPING NURSERY? WHY DO I FEEL YOU LEFT SOMETHING OUT FOR POOR STAMFORD.

ME? MISLEAD OUR JUNIOR DETECTIVE? WELL, IF YOU INSIST, THERE ARE TWO ITEMS I MUST POINT OUT.



FIRST, I MUST RESOLVE THE MATTER OF THE DRESSING GOWN'S COLOR.

YOU MUST?

QUITE SO, WATSON. A GOOD DETECTIVE DOES NOT LET THE SMALLEST MATTER GO UNRESOLVED.

INDULGE US WITH YOUR OBSERVATION.



BOTH OF YOU ARE HALF-RIGHT AND HALF-WRONG ON THE COLOR...

HOW SO...

SIMPLY PUT, IT IS TAUPE.

GRAYISH-BROWN?

...NITPICKER

CORRECT.



AND THE SECOND ITEM?

USING THE WORKING TITLE, YOU MISUNDERSTOOD WHERE THE CASE WOULD TAKE PLACE.

BASED ON THE TITLE, I THOUGHT IT WOULD INVOLVE WHERE THE YOUNGINS' TAKE NAPS...



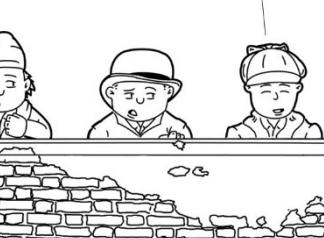
IT DOES INVOLVE THE YOUNGINS'. SOME HAVE BEEN ENTERING THE GREENHOUSE, WHERE A PLANT THEY SNIFF INDUCES Fainting. I PROPOSE STAMFORD HELP ME WITH THIS.

SORRY, SHERLOCK, THAT TITLE IS MISLEADING.

AGREED.



I'LL REMIND YOU OF THIS YEARS FROM NOW, MASTER 'SUSSEX VAMPIRE,' 'DEVIL'S FOOT,' OR 'LION'S MANE...'.



Language binds us together as a society. Words mean something.

Although we're constantly observing language changing right before our eyes, from new words being introduced (as always) and even more visual elements being introduced (such as emjoi).

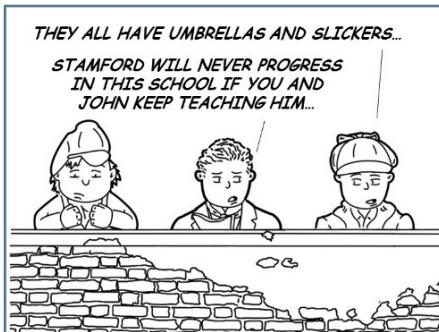
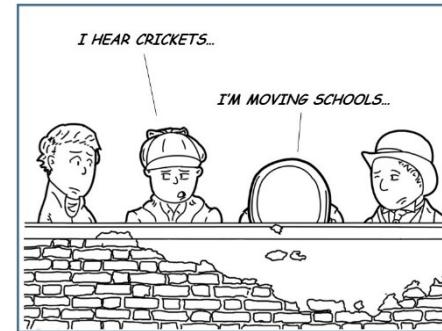
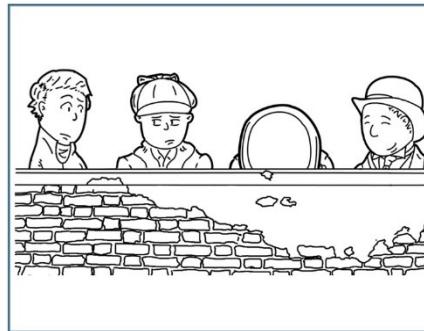
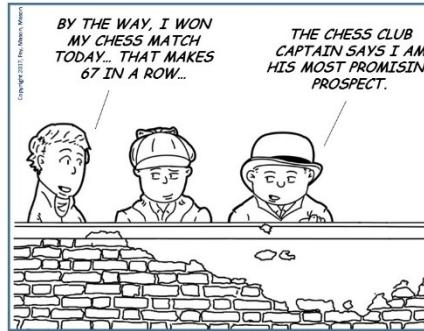
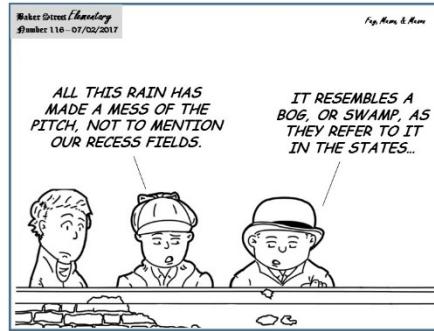
But one of the most vexing things about the English language, aside from the spelling and pronunciation of certain parts of speech, must be the existence of homophones and homonyms. If you thought these words were interchangeable, the short answer is that they're not.

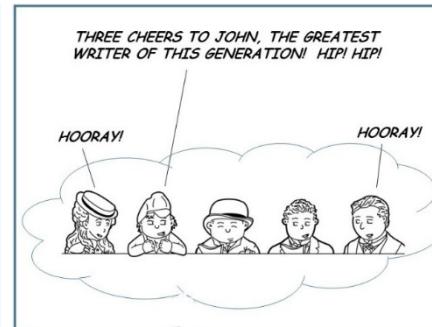
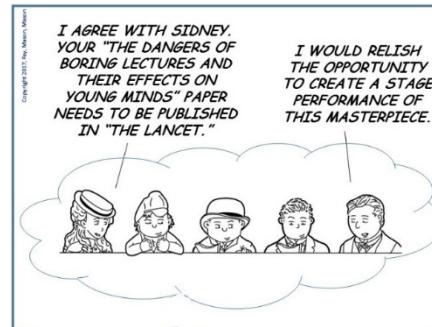
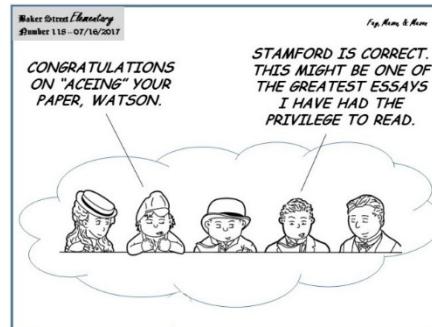
Homonyms are words with the same spelling and pronunciation, but have different meanings.

Homophones are words with the same pronunciation, but different spellings and meanings.
Homographs are words spelled the same, but have different pronunciations and meanings.
The boys are still learning a thing or two about the language, and this lesson comes not from their English or Language Arts teacher, but from Sherlock Holmes himself... (IHOSE)

While the games and rules of play may vary from continent to continent, sport is prevalent throughout the world, and has been for millennia. In fact, your editor can recall a course in his days as a classics major: Sport in the Ancient World.

But cricket itself is one of the more complex and nuanced games. And while sport contains legions of admirers and fans worldwide, the game of making puns is another thing entirely...

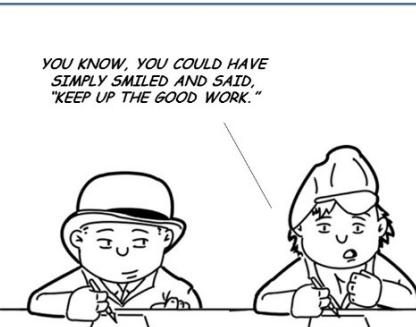
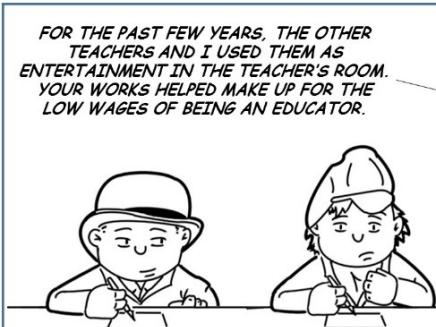




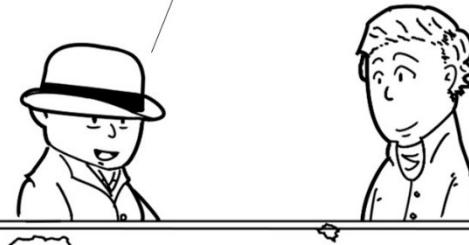
It's always a daunting task when preparing a paper. Whether it's a grade school theme, a high school research paper, or a presentation to be given before one's peers at an event, it's something that one puts quite a bit effort into.

Of course, poring over the material from which the paper is derived is another story. We recall the heavy oak card catalogs at our town's library containing the descriptions and Dewey Decimal numbers of countless books lining the shelves that led us to adventure after adventure, like 3 x 5 treasure maps, encoded with the coordinates of our loot.

Then again, collecting material from classroom lectures didn't always hold the same level of intrigue... (IHOSE)



SO IGNATIUS, IF YOU EVENTUALLY BECOME AN AUTHOR, WHAT WILL YOU BE FOCUSING ON ?



I HAVE A PASSION FOR HISTORICAL NOVELS, ESPECIALLY THOSE OF OUR ANCESTORS OF THE MEDIEVAL AGES. AND YOU?



I DO LIKE A GOOD MYSTERY THOUGH. MR. POE INSPIRES ME.

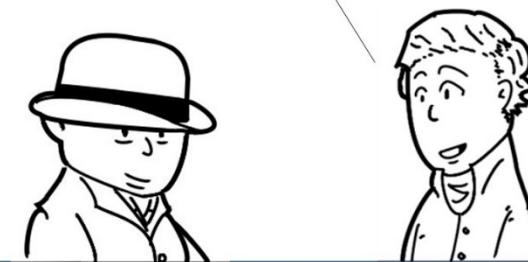


BUT WILL HISTORICAL NOVELS "PAY THE BILLS?"

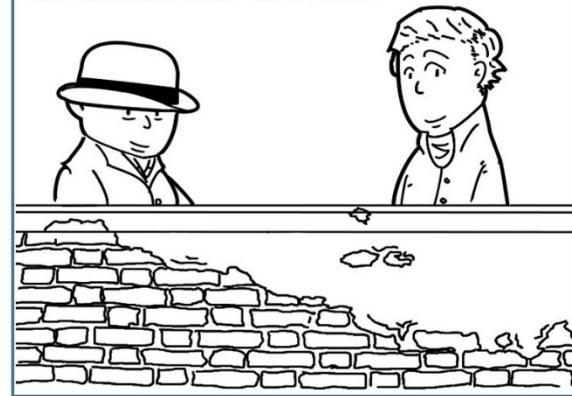
PROBABLY NOT...



...BUT I WILL HAVE MEDICINE TO FALL BACK ON.



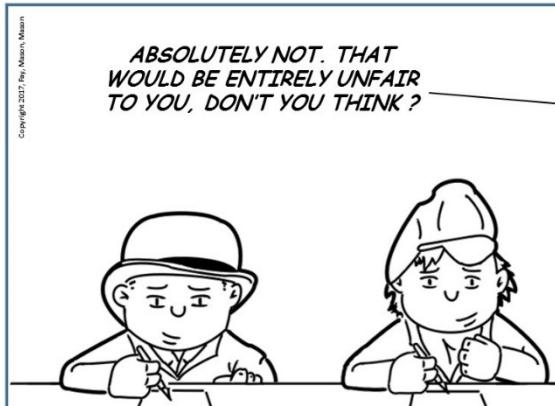
THE FORESHADOWING CONTINUES...



Umm... MA'AM... WOULD YOU EXPECT TO PUNISH ME FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO ?



ABSOLUTELY NOT. THAT WOULD BE ENTIRELY UNFAIR TO YOU, DON'T YOU THINK ?



GREAT, THAT'S A RELIEF... I DIDN'T DO MY HOMEWORK AGAIN.



The scenes we develop in our mind's eye when reading are as unique as each one of us.

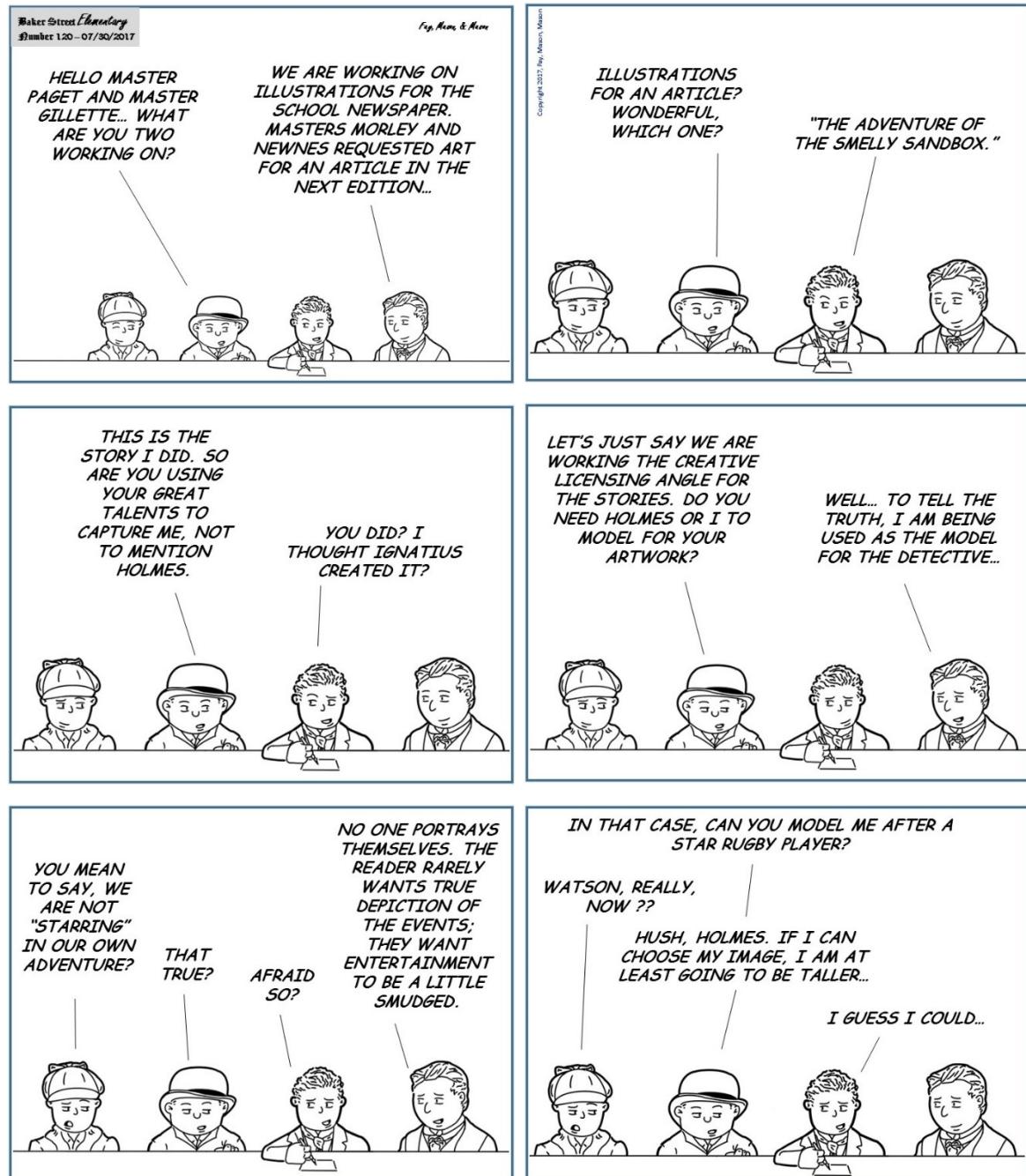
We make a mental image of setting, scene and characters, and absent any other kind of visual cues, that becomes our reality of the fiction we enjoy.

Artists' depictions bring those scenes to life, but of course, we're at the mercy of the artists, who are invariably bringing to life the image in their minds.

But just imagine if a work was based on a real-life adventure or actual people.

Then the depictions might be scrutinized just a little more by the protagonists...

Oh, and for the uninitiated, "Ignatius" is Arthur Ignatius Conan Doyle. (IHOSE)



<< psst >> JOHN, CAN
YOU HELP ME WITH
QUESTION NUMBER 4?



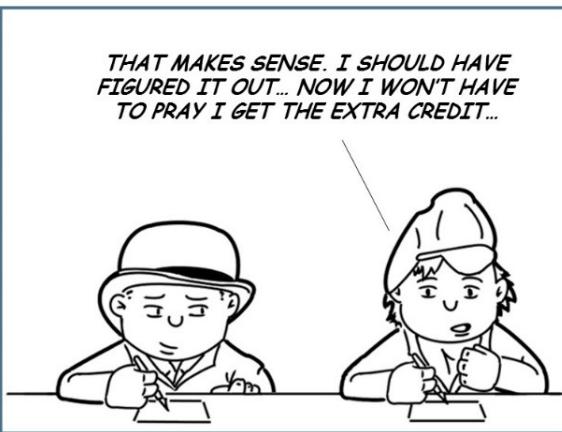
WHAT IN THE WORLD
IS A PRONOUN?



A NOUN WHO GETS
PAID TO PLAY...



THAT MAKES SENSE. I SHOULD HAVE
FIGURED IT OUT... NOW I WON'T HAVE
TO PRAY I GET THE EXTRA CREDIT...



Being considered knowledgeable and trustworthy comes with inherent dangers.

For the entire run of the *Sherlock Holmes* stories, it is Dr. Watson who is a trusted friend and confidant of the great detective, and through whose eyes we see the action and plot.

We have no reason not to trust his judgment (except when later Holmes indicates what he missed).

After all, he is a medical man, with a certain knowledge of the world. So it's not too much of a stretch to imagine his classmates relying on Watson for academic help...is it? (IHOSE)

OH NO, THIS LIBRARY BOOK
WAS DUE THREE DAYS AGO...

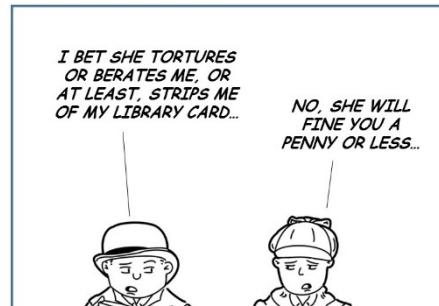


DO YOU NOT KNOW WHAT THAT
LIBRARIAN WILL DO TO ME?



DO TELL ...

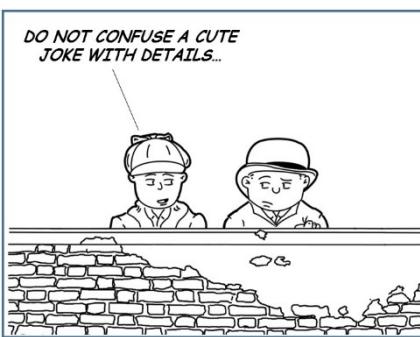
I BET SHE TORTURES
OR BERATES ME, OR
AT LEAST, STRIPS ME
OF MY LIBRARY CARD...



NO, SHE WILL
FINE YOU A
PENNY OR LESS...

INTERESTING... I WOULD HAVE
ASSUMED A MUCH WORSE OUTCOME,
BASED ON THE WAY SHE GLARES AT
ME WHEN I TALK TOO MUCH...





English is a strange language. For many of us who first met Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson on the printed page, we were exposed to words that were strange to us, either by their antiquated nature or because they were foreign.

Some might even say *outré*.

For those who didn't have the benefit of family members or friends who spoke French, Latin or German, and who weren't yet exposed to broader subjects in school, the dialog and pronunciation existed only in our minds. So how is one to know what *recherché* sounds like? Or that *pince-nez* is not pronounced "pins-nez," but more like "pons-nay"? Or that Goethe does not rhyme with "both"?

Such are the pains of childhood.

So when we come into contact with fellow Sherlockians, we might surreptitiously learn for the very first time how certain words are pronounced.

And the polite Sherlockian will not necessarily stop you and upbraid you for mispronouncing a word, but will simply use the word as part of the conversation, in something of a retort courteous, thereby demonstrating its proper pronunciation.

They demonstrate rather than remonstrate.

But there is a certain familiar word in the Sherlock Holmes stories that, like so many other English words, has multiple meanings and pronunciations. Beware the dangers of homographs... (IHOSE)

HALLOA, MASTER REDMOND
AND MASTER KEEFAUVER...

GOOD TO SEE YOU,
MISTER WATSON.



WE ARE HERE TO UPDATE
MISTER HOLMES ON OUR
LATEST
RECONNAISSANCE...

I HAVE OFTEN
WONDERED, WHAT IS
THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A "MISTER"
AND A "MASTER"?

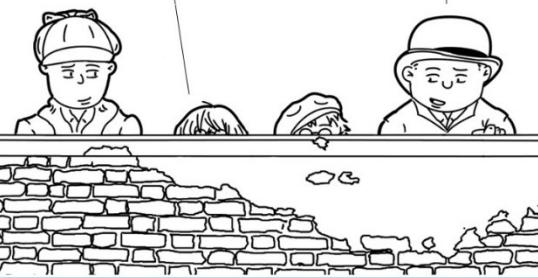


HERE, "MISTER" REFERS TO AN ADULT... "MASTER"
REFERS TO A CHILD. IN THE STATES, YOU ARE
CONSIDERED A "MASTER" UNTIL THE AGE OF 12,
AND A "MISTER" ONCE YOU REACH 18...



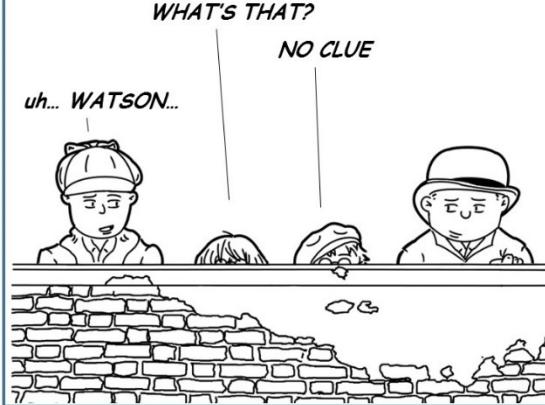
SO WHAT DO THEY
REFER TO THE MALES
BETWEEN 12 AND 18?

"MS" ???



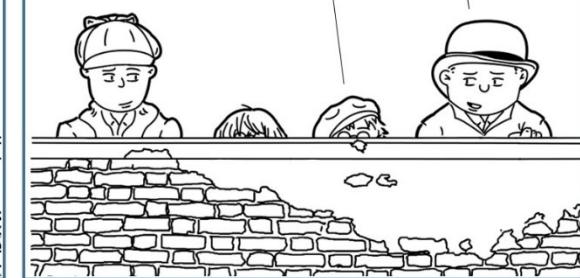
WHAT'S THAT?

NO CLUE



THAT SHOULD KEEP THOSE CARDS
AND LETTERS COMING IN...

... I WONDER IF I CAN GET
A JOB IN ANOTHER STRIP...



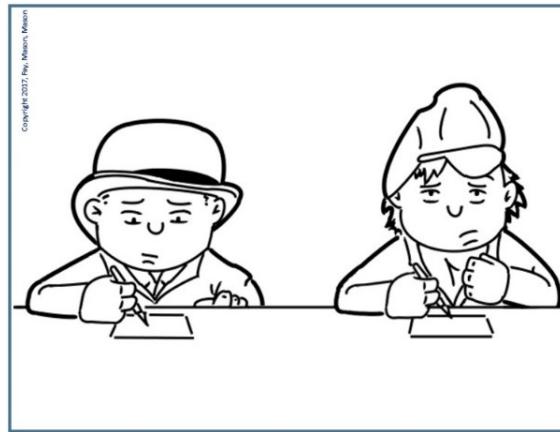
YES MA'AM... I FINISHED MY ESSAY ON
CHEMIST HUMPHRY DAVY... DOCTORS COULDN'T
HELUM, SO THEY HAD TO BARIUM AFTER HE
HAD SULFURED ENOUGH.



SHE LOOKS "PUNNY"... LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
GETTING ANOTHER SUBSTITUTE TOMORROW...



CREATIVE WRITING ASSIGNMENT: WRITE A SHORT STORY, IN AS FEW WORDS AS POSSIBLE, CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING ELEMENTS... RELIGION, SELF-ASSESSMENT, AND MYSTERY

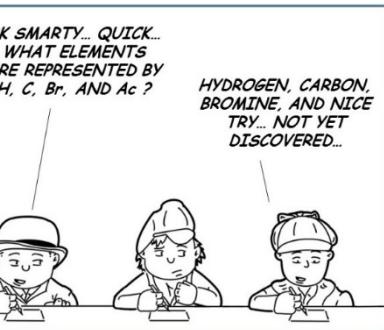
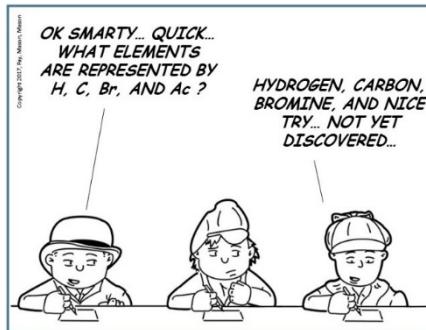


At some point, we've all experienced the humorless, information-rich decorations of a classroom. From the instructive white and green cursive alphabet to the classic "Age of Reptiles" mural from the Yale University Peabody Museum of Natural History. But the grand-daddy of them all has to be the *Periodic Table of Elements*.

That multi-column, multi-row chart with all of the known elements, grouped by metals / non-metals, then further by subcategories such as alkalis, noble gases, etc.

For those not predisposed to appreciate the logical arrangement of the elements on the chart (or even the logic of their abbreviations), there's Tom Lehrer's "*The Element Song*" which sets the periodic table to the tune of "*I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major General*."

Meanwhile, at Baker Street Elementary, the boys seem to be having a gas... (IHOSE)



WHILE YOU SHOULD BE, HONESTLY, IT WAS ELEMENT-ARY, MY DEAR WATSON...



AROUND YOU TWO, I BELIEVE I MUST POSSESS A BRAIN-CELLAR...

THIS DISPATCH OF 'I
HEAR OF SHAKESPEARE
EVERYWHERE' IS
INTERESTING...

THE TYPES OF GAME KIDS
PLAY DURING WARTIME,
QUITE ENLIGHTENING...



SEEMS LIKE THE KIDS IN THE U.S.
PLAY MORE WAR THAN PEACE-
THEMED GAMES. I WONDER WHY?

AS WE HAVE DISCUSSED
BEFORE, PAGET, IT
PROBABLY IS DUE TO NOT
ENOUGH ROLE MODELS
FOR KIDS TO EMULATE.



I DO NOT SEE THE ISSUE... WE
PARTICIPATE IN MANY PEACE GAMES...



WHAT... ???



WE TRIED PLAYING MERCHANT SHIPS ALONG
THE MARITIME ROUTE OF THE SILK ROAD.
YOU HAD A FLEET OF PIRATE SHIPS RAID US
AND PLUNDER OUR GOODS AND SUPPLIES...

IT'S CALLED BEING
AN ENTREPRENEUR.



YOU TOOK OUR WOMEN AND
MADE ME WALK THE PLANK...

IT'S KNOWN AS A HOSTILE
TAKEOVER, WATSON...



THEN THERE IS THE TIME WE
PLAYED 'SENATORS OF ROME...'

WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM THERE... I
LOST THAT TIME...



YOU WANTED MORE POWER... YOU
DESIRED TO BECOME A CAESAR...

...SO, YOU KILLED OFF EVERY
OPPONENT, AND BECAME A CAESAR...

...SO, ULTIMATELY WE
KILLED YOU AS A
CAESAR SHOULD DIE...

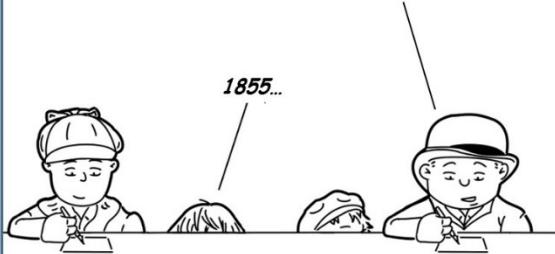


HOW ABOUT A QUICK GAME OF 'ATTILA THE
HUN' VERSUS THE ROMANS... THAT'S A
CHARACTER I COULD GROW IN TO... I'LL SPOT
YOU THREE YOUNGINS' AS SOLDIERS... JUST
BE WARY OF MY SINGLE-STICK PROWESS...

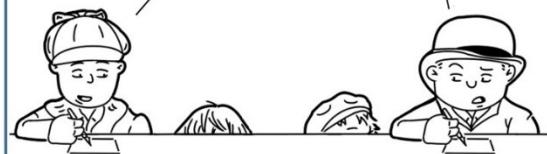


OH, JOY... BACK TO TUTORING, HOPE YOU TWO HAVE BEEN STUDYING... LET'S SEE, FIRST QUESTION: WHAT HISTORIC EVENT ENDED AT THE START OF 1856?

um... IT IS TRUE IT DID, BUT I WAS LOOKING FOR THE CRIMEAN WAR... HOLMES, HAVE YOU BEEN 'HELPING' THEM AGAIN...?



CAN'T HELP IT IF THEY ARE EAGER TO LEARN FROM ME.



WHERE WERE THE SURVIVORS OF THE GREAT POTATO FAMINE BURIED?

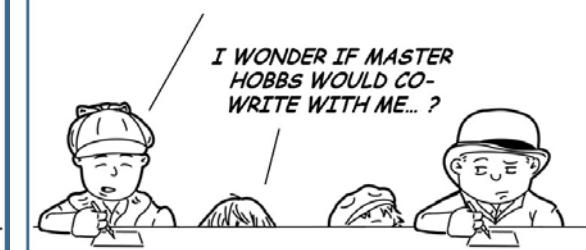
NOWHERE... DON'T BURY SURVIVORS...

SOMEONE CHANGED THE QUESTION.



OK, HOLMES, I KNOW YOU ARE TEACHING THE YOUNGINS' THESE ANSWERS... WHAT IS YOUR END GAME IN ALL OF THIS?

IT'S SIMPLE... MASTERS KEEFAUVER AND REDMOND HERE WILL BE LEADERS IN THEIR FIELD, AND A WELL-GROUNDED, SARCASTIC SENSE OF HUMOR WILL HELP THEM SUCCEED... ESPECIALLY IF THEY DECIDE TO WRITE A BOOK OR DO A NEWSLETTER...



SO STAMFORD, HOW IS YOUR 500 WORD ESSAY ON THE MESOPOTAMIA WARS GOING?

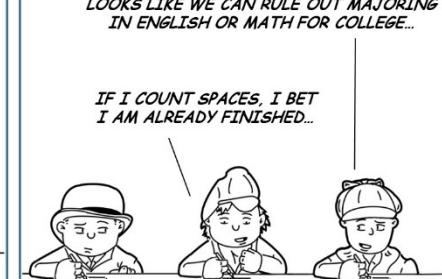
I ESTIMATE I AM ABOUT FIFTY PERCENT COMPLETED.

IF I USE "THE" AT LEAST 25 TIMES, "AND" ABOUT 20 TIMES, "BUT" TWO OR THREE TIMES, AND IF DESPERATE, "IF" AND "WHEN" A FEW TIMES, I AM MORE THAN HALFWAY DONE, BEFORE I EVEN START WRITING...



LOOKS LIKE WE CAN RULE OUT MAJORIZATION IN ENGLISH OR MATH FOR COLLEGE...

IF I COUNT SPACES, I BET I AM ALREADY FINISHED...





LAST WEEKEND, MY MOTHER READ ME SEVERAL GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. THEY WERE VERY DISTURBING...



THE BROTHERS ORIGINALLY WROTE THE STORIES FOR ADULTS... ONLY LATER EDITIONS WERE "SANITIZED" TO BE MORE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN...



ARE YOU SURE? HUMPTY DUMPTY DOESN'T END WELL EITHER...



ONLY IF YOU DON'T PLAN ON SLEEPING AGAIN UNTIL YOU'RE AN ADULT...



The Crew of the Barque Lone Star was founded as a scion society of the Baker Street Irregulars in April, 1970. Through the years, the society has been home for many authors of fiction, Sherlockian criticism, and other non-fiction pieces of work.

So, as we approach our 50th anniversary of existence, it just seemed appropriate to have our present members develop a Sherlock pastiche.

The theme for a book was borrowed, having Holmes and Watson solve nursery rhymes and Grimm's Fairy Tales...

When approached, several members of our society enjoyed the idea of trying their own skill at the same type of pastiche.

Thanks for your efforts. (IHOSE)

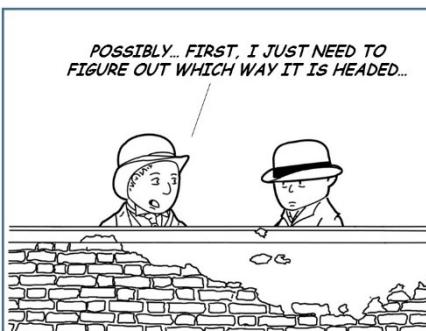
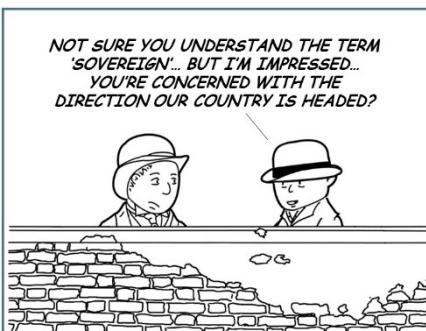
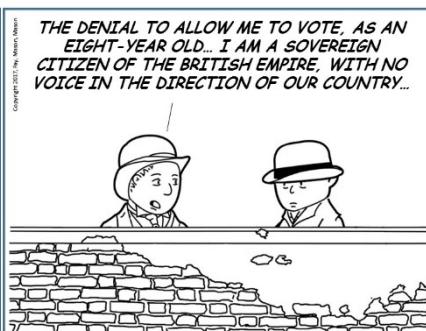
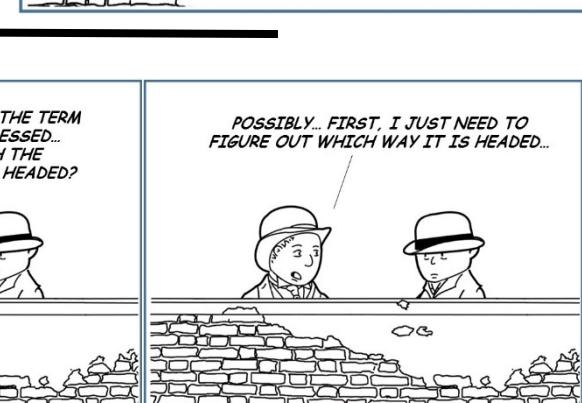
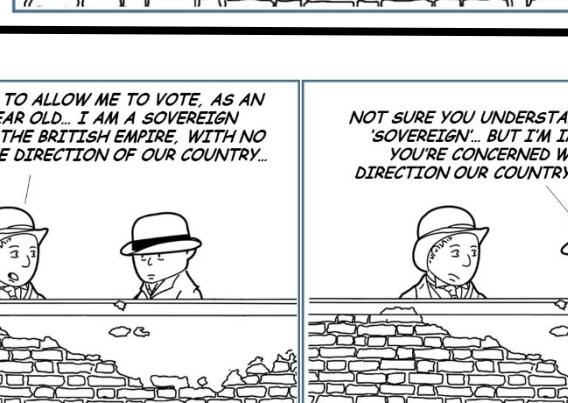
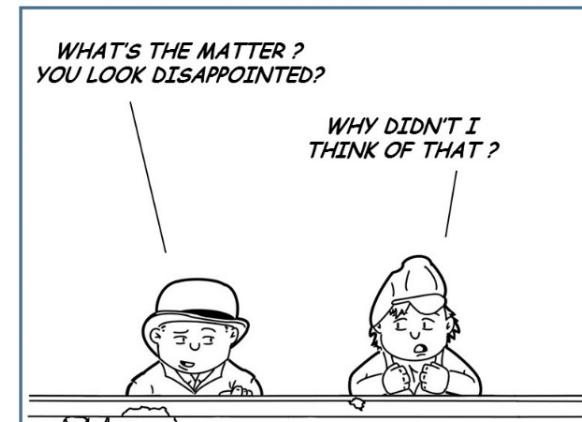
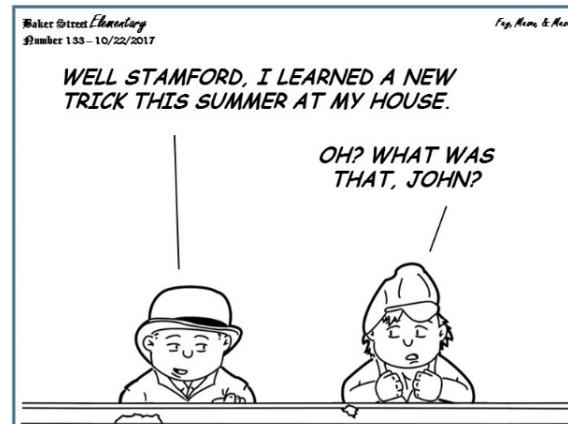
In 1922, Doyle himself wrote a Holmes parody. Until that time, he had suffered at the hands of parodists who created versions of Holmes in stories, comics, plays and more.

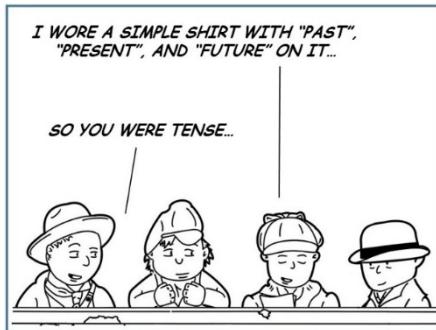
But Doyle's story "How Watson Learned the Trick" was unique addition in that it was created specifically for *Queen Mary's Dolls House* — a project that called for top artists and craftsmen to contribute to the building of and possessions within a doll house for Queen Mary, wife of George V.

Doyle wrote the 503-word story, taking up 34 pages, which was bound into a tiny volume for a bookshelf, measuring 1.5 inches high by 1.25 inches wide.

The "trick" Watson supposedly learned was Holmes's methods of observation and inference, only to have Holmes bat down his every assumption.

Meanwhile, the boys of Baker Street demonstrate a much early trick Watson learned... (IHOSE)

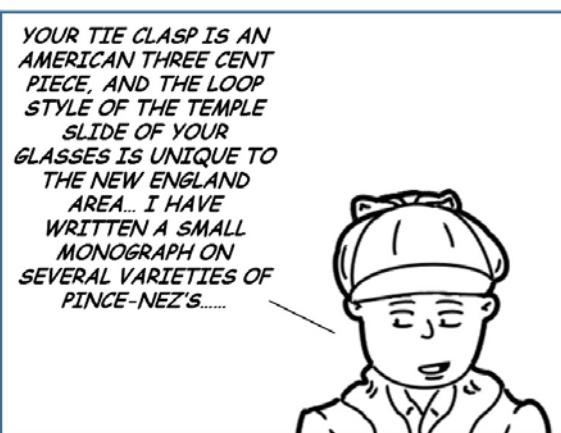
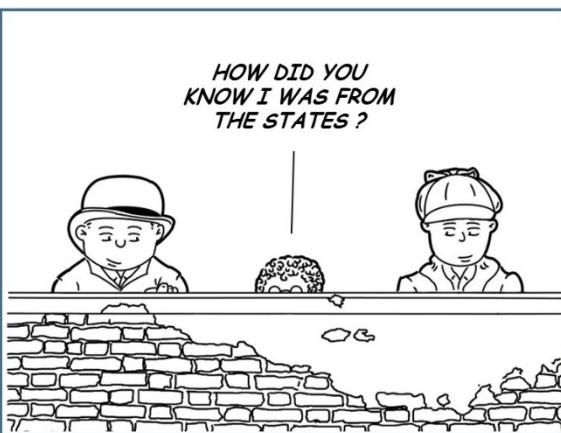
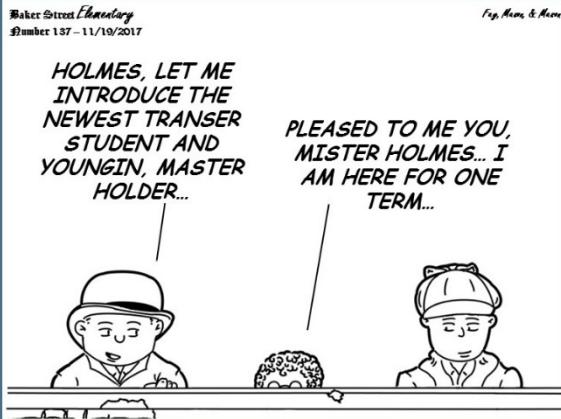




Halloween has just passed (something we just acknowledged in *Trifles* Episode 44: *The Supernatural*) and *Sherlockians* and the public at large enjoyed the spectacle of costumes and candy that pervade neighborhoods across the land.

The notion of things that go bump in the night, from a spectral hound, to possible vampires and devilish influences should be familiar to anyone who was read the Canon. And with it comes the opportunity to put one's faith in the known world and to dismiss that which is ethereal, glowing, or even effervescent. But over at Baker Street Elementary, it's not quite as easily dismissed as we're exposed to the typical humor of prepubescent boys... (IHOSE)





One of the advantages of having powers that are uncommon is that one's peers might tend to think toward the fantastical.

Sherlock Holmes's clients, and even Dr. Watson on occasion, thought that the conclusions he drew were otherwise impossible to attain.

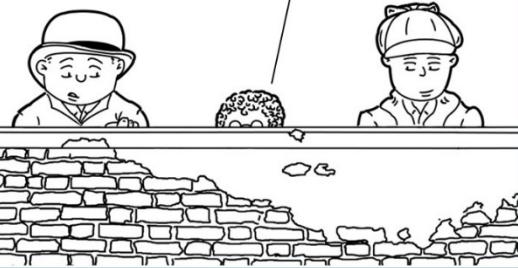
Holmes of course set them straight with his explanation of the details that he observed.

But to the mere common folk, it might appear as witchcraft or sorcery.

If we look throughout the Canon, there are a number of mentions of the cultish.

Over at Baker Street Elementary, we can see the humble beginnings of such a reputation... (IHOSE)

I SHOULD POINT OUT, MY NAME IS ACTUALLY "WOLDER", NOT "HOLDER", MISTER WATSON...



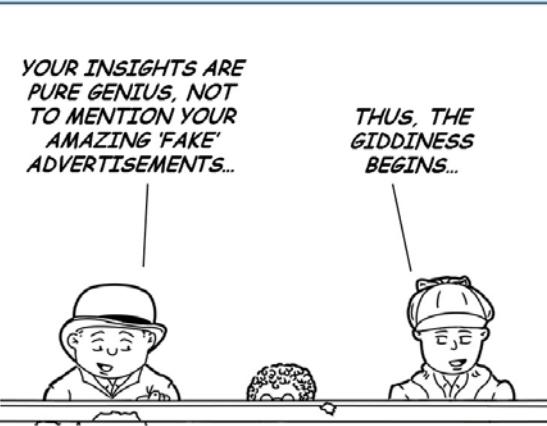
WAIT, SURELY NOT THE WOLDER WHO IS THE CREATIVE GENIUS BEHIND "I HEAR OF SHAKESPEARE EVERYWHERE"?

WELL, I DO PARTICIPATE IN A SMALL WAY, BUT MASTER MONTY PLAYS A VERY IMPORTANT PART IN THE PROCESS TOO...



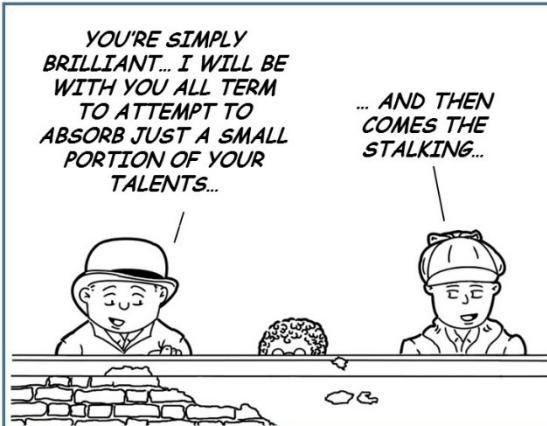
YOUR INSIGHTS ARE PURE GENIUS, NOT TO MENTION YOUR AMAZING FAKE' ADVERTISEMENTS...

THUS, THE GIDDINESS BEGINS...



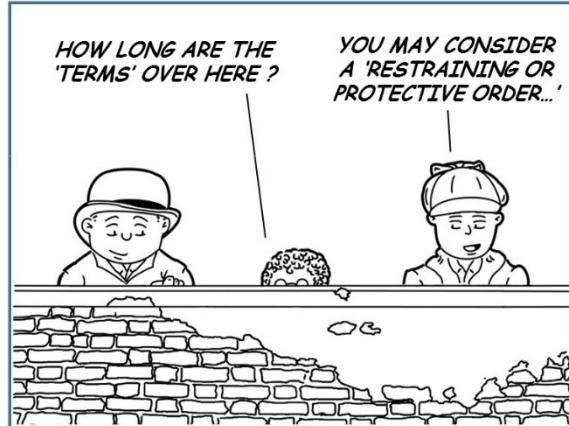
YOU'RE SIMPLY BRILLIANT... I WILL BE WITH YOU ALL TERM TO ATTEMPT TO ABSORB JUST A SMALL PORTION OF YOUR TALENTS...

... AND THEN COMES THE STALKING...

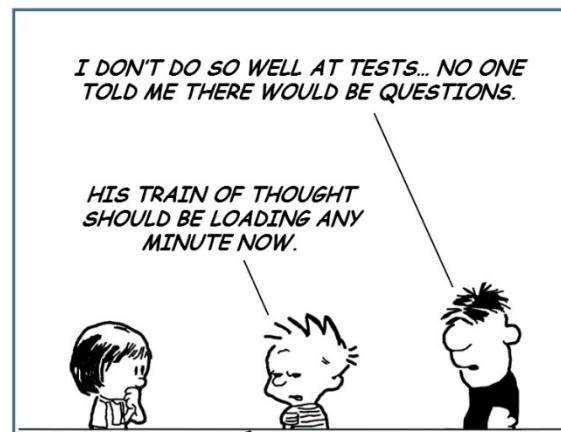
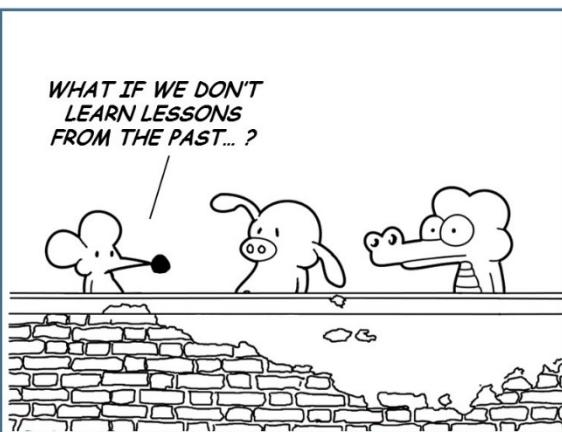
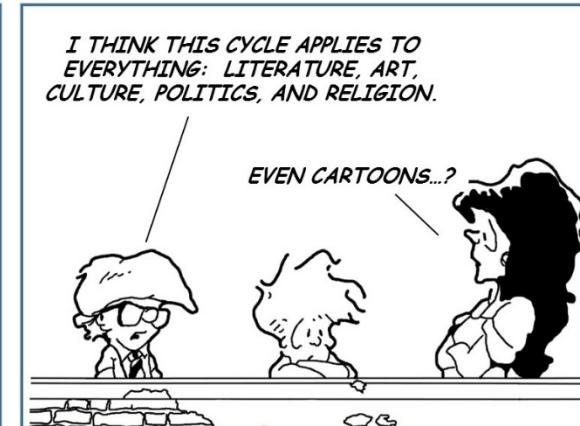
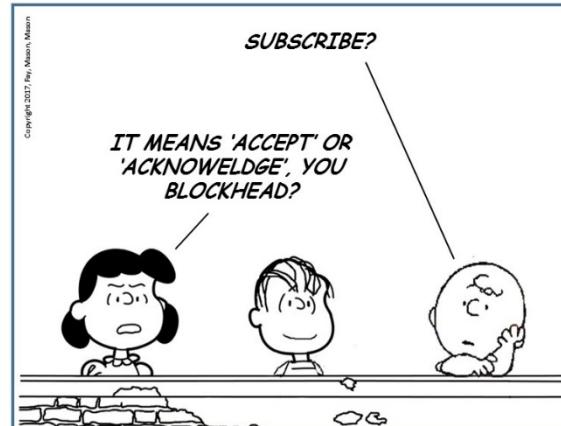


HOW LONG ARE THE 'TERMS' OVER HERE?

YOU MAY CONSIDER A 'RESTRAINING OR PROTECTIVE ORDER...'.



PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS TO ME... FOR MY BOOK REPORT, IF I COPY FROM ONE SOURCE IN THE LIBRARY, IT IS PLAGERISM, BUT IF I COPY FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, IT'S RESEARCH?



The Sunday funnies. Perhaps you recall the golden days of childhood when you'd awaken on Sunday mornings and you'd rush outside to pick up the multiple-pound Sunday paper and bring it inside to rifle through the sections until you got to the comics. Or perhaps you'd find dad already downstairs, comfortably slouched in his favorite chair in his robe and slippers, already enjoying the same.

But childhood is irrevocably linked with the Sunday funny pages. We all had our favorites, whether it was Peanuts, Garfield, Dilbert, Terry and the Pirates, Beetle Bailey, Hi and Lois, Hagar the Horrible, Cathy, Doonesbury, the Far Side, Calvin and Hobbes, Stone Soup, Dick Tracy, or any of the hundreds of others that have had their color panels appear in papers across the land over the years.

And so it is over at Baker Street Elementary, where history comes to life... (IHOSE)

Home of the Hoards



Master Curtis



Master David
Master Brad



Miss Kristina
Master Les
Miss Lyndsay



Master Peter
Master Chris
Master Burt

