Mysterious Monologues

*Note: Holmes, Watson, and Jane Marple are British characters and you may wish to use a British accent*

**Sherlock Holmes on the Mystery of the Missing Eggplants**

 I had just finished unravelling a most intriguing and sinister plot by Professor Moriaty, in which he had planned to take over the world by writing a series of books on Eggplants. His scheme was so intricate, even I, Sherlock Holmes, had a difficult time discerning whether eggplant was a member of the squash family, the turnip family, or just a bad mistake. In his madness, he manipulated a goodly number of innocent citizens into believing they *could not* and *should not* live without eggplant. From London to Shanghai, people clamored for this purplish plant, leaving job, pleasure, and family aside all for the purpose of being one of the few to own such a squash. I mean to say, when was the last time you saw someone walking down the street holding an eggplant? They are rare indeed. Well, all of this left me rather tired and hungry. I ventured into the kitchen to find a bit to eat. Mrs. Hudson, my housekeeper, would usually leave a bit of cheese or biscuit for me to gnaw on (they’re always dry) should I decide to eat. When I reached the kitchen and flicked the light switch, my pipe fell from my lips and smashed against the floor, as I stood with mouth wide open! I was in shock! There in my kitchen stacked from floor to ceiling…were eggplants!

**Nancy Drew and the Bad Writing Episode**

I know, I know…it’s hard to believe that someone as cute, and well-put-together as myself, Nancy Drew, could be a part of such a poorly written series of books. Well, I do believe it’s important to remember why the Nancy Drew series was written. It was to make me look good. Had I not had perfectly curled blonde hair (by the way, my secret is Dippity Do hair gel) and wore pearls in every scene, the books just would not have sold. Had I had mysterious dark green eyes instead of crystal blue…the books would not have sold. Had I been forty years old, wore practical flats, and pulled my hair back in a bun like that British whodunit, Jane Marple, the books would not have sold. It’s as simple as that. Smart, blonde, and able to sport pumps while solving a mystery was very appealing at the time. Yes, the dialogue was a bit boring, but you have to admit it was also very polite…and that goes a long way. Did most of us know who the bad guy was by page six…well yes…but did you put the book down or did you keep reading? You kept reading and that’s why the series grew! Why did you keep reading? Because I was so smart and cute!

**Watson…Why me?**

 There have been many a day when I wished I had stayed in India…retiring there where the weather was warm and dry, not damp and cold as in London. Why, the number of times my umbrella flipped itself inside out due to the blustery wind is innumerable! And then of course, there is 3420 Baker Street. You know, the home of my friend, Sherlock Holmes. Oh yes, you’re probably thinking how exciting to be a part of his detective work and work alongside a genius game player. Well let me set you straight on that account. The man is a genius I will admit, and he has saved the day more times than not, and he notices every detail in a room before I can say “How do you do!” However, it is this gift for detail that leaves me undone! Imagine, walking into the dining hall morning after morning with nothing more on your mind than sitting down to a cup of tea, reading the Times, and waking up your tired feet; then having someone say, “Your spectacles are two centimeters lower on your nose than they were yesterday…it must mean you have a cold coming on. You should take better care of yourself, you are a doctor afterall.”, or, “Did you know there are five hundred and sixty two less hairs on your head than there were last Tuesday? Your baldness is catching up with you Watson.”, or, “Shall we go out and catch us a bandit today? It will be such a romp…however, I must tell you, the man is wanted on thirty-eight charges of arseny, twenty-cases of armed robbery, and twelve attempts at murder. Bring your umbrella, it might rain!” And off he goes with a smile on his face leaving me with my dangling spectacles in hand. And so the greatest mystery of all, in my own opinion, is why I stay with Holmes at all?

**Jane Marple is a Marvel!**

 Oh yes, I know it seems completely out of character for I am such a practical person. Even more practical than Mary Poppins! I suppose that is because I started out as a librarian. A sensible position for anyone. But libraries can be the worst of places to stay practical, you see, you are surrounded by story after story; interesting fact after fact; and the ability to study foreign land, people, or mystery to your hearts delight! As you can imagine, stamping *overdue* on library cards was not my only pleasure, it was just the beginning! Yes, I ventured into solving mysteries all along the British Isles. It was purposeful and unassuming for people rarely take librarians to be great eccentric sleuths…they leave that to that Holmes fellow. In any case, it has been a rewarding career, and I am glad to have done it…for there is nothing better than being a “whodunit” in my library book!