

“Inspector,” Toad said with a grin,
We lost our goose, we lost our Min!
This morning, Min is gone I say!
Not the farmer, she went away!”

“Oh dear,” she said, “that is not good.
I would get Sherlock, yes, I would.
To find your goose before it is dark
And we cannot see her foot mark.”

“What could they want?” he asked from inside.
A creak, a moan and then he sighed.
He had been sleeping, taking a nap,
When they had pulled open his flap.