

## **Sherlock Holmes and the Kathy Burke cloning incident.**

Perhaps the least surprising case in the entire history of my friend Sherlock Holmes' forays into outing the criminal mindset so prevalent among the humans of Earth, was the Kathy Burke cloning incident.

It was a seemingly ordinary Christmas, with Israel marinating tens of thousands of Palestinians of all ages in their own blood, the United States' and Britain's populations insisting that climate change was beneficial because over hundreds of millions of years the extra carbon dioxide would come in useful for human survival as long as the humans didn't die out during the very short term intense and suffocating carbon dioxide excess period of a few hundred or thousand years.

And so, with nothing wrong in the world as far as Rupert Murdoch could see, almost everyone in Britain went along with their usual business of spending money they don't have at the behest of corporations they have no control over. Television shows promoted joy and love among those not being crushed under the heel of Christian Zionist genocide and managed to entirely forget about the fact that Jesus' own birth place and the places where he lived were being turned into mass grave yards by people waving tinsel, trees and self-righteousness at a world whose responses to their abuse they were censoring and silencing in the name of, allegedly, decency.

Therefore who could have truly been shocked when Holmes said to me, all of a sudden, "Watson I have counted twenty nine Kathy Burkes in Regent's Park alone. Something very dark is going on here"? Not I.

Insistent that we get to the bottom of the situation before it took a significant turn for the worse, Holmes dragged me through no less than fourteen postcodes of London wherein we tallied up over three hundred Kathy Burke clones. Holmes was careful not to make contact with any of them, fearing that even proximity to these clones could yield a particularly unfortunate outcome. When we returned to Baker Street more trouble had nonetheless found its way into the plot for Mrs Hudson had, it seems, when shopping at Sainsbury's, come too close to one of the Kathy Burke clones and was now herself a Kathy Burke clone.

"Woss yer poison Shirley," she said to Holmes, who was once again utterly aghast at being referred to by a woman's name (you may recall that when Mrs Hudson was being played by Marisa Tomei she used the same slapstick gag). Since he was by no means dealing with Marisa Tomei, however, Holmes kept tight lipped on the matter and let it go.

"A cup of tea, Mrs Burke, I mean Hudson," he said, cool as a pack of frozen peas. The Burke clone went off to fetch the teapot and cups so that the director could set up a homely shot with much clinking and lovely-looking fine china, but before she could return Holmes and I had beaten a swift retreat to the Diogenes club where Holmes' brother Mycroft was already working on the same case.

"I think you'll find," said Mycroft, in the voice of Adrian Monk, since they were one and the same person (not a clone, you understand - Mycroft had sublimated into Adrian Monk himself after a particularly spiritual encounter in South America), that

the real Kathy Burke was murdered by a seventy foot Venusian and her outer shell used in a Venusian cloning factory. As you can see from this spoon," he went on, producing the spoon found in the life of Brian by Eric Idle, "the Venusians have created a kind of pixie dust which if you breathe it in causes you to turn into Kathy Burke."

"There's nothing on the spoon," said Holmes, confused.

"Sorry, not the spoon, I was re-enacting a scene from the Life of Brian, earlier. In fact it's in this air tight medicine bottle."

He showed us a medicine bottle with pixie dust in it.

"What is the plan of these Venusians?" Holmes asked Mycroft, since the latter had clearly researched the matter extensively and had even assessed the claim that the entire situation was simply a right wing fake news outcome led by Joe Rogan and Karl Marx.

"They're just having a laugh, actually," said Mycroft. "In fact it'll wear off in two hours."

Two hours later the Kathy Burke clones had all vanished and the Venusians resurrected the original Kathy Burke and returned her to the humans of Earth so that she could continue to satirise the cretinous, thuggish nature of western women and men.

"You know," said Holmes, as we sipped tea served to us by the real Mrs Hudson, "in a way most people really are Kathy Burke."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Her characters. She plays almost all modern humans with her one single character - a mindless boor deeply in love with her own ugliness and intent on brow beating everyone into becoming like her or vanishing off the face of the earth."

"Thass a right load of bollocks," I said, for I had unfortunately become a Kathy Burke clone temporarily as not quite all the pixie dust Mycroft had analysed had been kept sealed in the air tight container and a tiny tiny particle had drifted onto my lapel and then fallen into my tea when I was drinking it. That was a few hours ago. Fortunately since the Venusians were only having a laugh I lived to tell the tale.



Matt Berry, as  
Sherlock Holmes



Richard Ayoade,  
as Doctor Watson



Kathy Burke, as all  
clones of Kathy Burke



Tony Shalhoub as  
Mycroft Holmes