

## Crack-shot

by mazaher

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One thing you never got right, not anyone of you. I am no marksman. Never been. I was a doctor in the RAMC, with minimal training at the shooting range. I was supposed to mend them, not break them.

I smuggled home the Sig because I thought to use it at some point. I was rather set on having an escape from myself at hand. That's why I took care to smooth off the serial numbers. The grinder was hell on my shoulder.

Now I'm old, you're retired, and Sherlock's been dead three years. I don't care if I'm found out now, and I believe you knew all this time anyway. What I wanted to do was make noise. Break some glass. Break the spell woven around Sherlock, like one would clap hands to fend off ghosts. But I got the cabbie's chest. I had never killed a man before.

Sherlock knew, of course. He asked me whether I was all right. I really was. Earlier that evening I had been a lost dog. After that single shot, I was in service again, half of a platoon of two. I didn't care that Sherlock needed me as a soldier more than as a doctor. By sheer chance, one Hope was dead, another was born. I was myself again, back into battle.

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screenshot at <http://sc.aithine.org/sherlock/101/27/sherlock-101-26121.jpg>