

A note of thanks

by mazaher

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Post-Reichenbach, pre-return. Sherlock is still in hiding, working on the eventual fall of Sebastian Moran. Mycroft tries to be helpful.

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ETA: many thanks to chapbook, who must have been there to listen and reminded me of Mycroft's exact wording =)

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"Once you'll be back, you must tell him, brother mine. At least," Mycroft adds as an afterthought, "if you can ever manage to have him forgive you."

"He's gone and gotten *married*, for god's sake. Even you should be able to deduce what it means."

"You should pay better attention to your data for once, given it is your own interests that are at stake here. Dr. Watson made Ms. Mary Wiggins' acquaintance while treating her for early symptoms from AIDS after she turned up at The Doctor Hickey Surgery in Arneway Street. Given the remarkable personal qualities of the lady, I regret the marriage will not last forever. On the other hand, it is in fact very likely that Dr. Watson's sentimental involvement stemmed originally from the lady in question being most closely linked in his memory with his own lost true love. I do believe you're going to have a fair chance, Sherlock. If only you can bother to survive long enough."

Sherlock doesn't even raise his eyes from the violin whose strings he's plucking, testing, tuning. Not his Stradivarius, but a quite tolerable Blomkamp that Mycroft has just fetched for him. The violin has the drawing of a flaming phoenix with open wings on the back.

"Of course, you're having it much easier with Lestrade, given that I've jumped off a building to keep him safe and sound. For your convenience, it would appear." Sherlock glances at his brother, scanning him quickly from head to toe. "What was it in the last two days, once --no, twice on the rug in front of the fireplace, taking turns I may add, once in the shower, and--" Sherlock grimaces "--once in bed, missionary position? Really, Mycroft, I'd have thought you'd know better."

"Oh well, I'm glad to see you're not losing your knack altogether." Mycroft taps the tip of his umbrella twice on the floor, then stands up to go. "Think about it. I find I can indeed recommend heartily the joys of civil partnership. And, Sherlock--"

Mycroft waits until his brother raises his eyes.

"--there is absolutely nothing wrong with you."

As he makes his way to the door, he is followed by the fast, spiteful notes of the *Ötödik Tancz*. For some reason, it sounds like thanks; it sounds like blessing.

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Notes:

Ötödik Tancz (folk tune with sexual overtones from *Codex Caioni*, popular in the XVII century at marriages in Transylvania) from CLEMENCIC CONSORT, *Danses anciennes de Hongrie et de Transylvanie*, at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YFOeIkUxCW8>

Caryl Blomkamp, violin maker in Cape Town, at: <http://www.vozantigua.com/>