

## The proposal

by mazaher

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My try at a 221B, i.e. 221 words, the last beginning with "B".

More or less in the same vein as the "Horse and carriage" series by flawedamythyst at <http://archiveofourown.org/series/643> (minus the collateral shredding of women's feelings).

I'm not particularly fond of marriages, irrespective of the gender of the parties involved. But I just remembered something (see author's note at the end) and this is the result.

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It comes out of the blue, one Sunday afternoon in May, three weeks after they've been dismissed from hospital after the explosion and fire at the pool.

"We should get married."

John peers out from the side of the *Observer*.

"Why?"

"Mainly because I don't want Mycroft to organise my funeral," Sherlock huffs.

"Sounds like a plan. I don't want Harry to organise mine, either. Nor Mycroft, truth be told."

John disappears once again behind his newspaper.

Sherlock resumes plucking softly on his violin.

"However," John adds after a while from behind the sporting page, "you *\*are\** aware that not even the best of friends can attend, much less organise, each other's funeral."

"I'll risk it. You agree, then?"

"Erm. Yes, I rather do."

"Excellent. I've been finding mushroom impersonation quite dull."

"Mushroom?"

The *Observer* comes down to rest on John's lap with a puzzled rustle of rugby result pages.

"Cryptogams, John. I have a definite preference for Phanerogams, don't you? You should.

Spores tend to disperse in quite unpredictable ways. Just last week I picked up the spare

teapot and all my Amanita caps... No, you don't want to know that. Anyway, as we are

together --we are, I think-- it's just as well that it be public. To be on the safe side."

"And sex would be...?"

"Bonus".

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### *Author's note:*

My great-grandfather proposed to my great-grandmother on the train they both took to work.

"Uma spusès inséma?" he asked her in the local dialect: "Shouldn't we get married together?"

My great-grandmother was nothing if not careful.

"Inséma l'stès dì, o inséma mi e lü?" she questioned, that is: "Together as in on the same day, or together as in you and me?"

"Inséma mi e lée," he answered, "Together as in you and me".

"Ah ben," she assented: "Oh, fine."

So they did. And, in due time, I was born.