

## **Proxemics**

by mazaher

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*...as observed in my own calico cat Lina.*

*This 221B is for irisbleuific, who definitely needs more luck.*

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Sherlock has a definite personal space and a very definite need for privacy.

John and he don't sleep in the same room.

They take carefully arranged turns using the bathroom.

They've been sharing the flat for a few weeks now, but still they take care to avoid brushing against each other in the kitchen.

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John is categorical: "I'm going out with a \*girl\*, Sherlock. I may stay the night. I won't take you with us!"

He slams the door on his way out.

Sherlock rolls on the sofa and remains there.

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John steps into the flat at 7:15, humming under his breath.

"Oh, good, you're back."

Sherlock rushes out.

John takes a shower and goes to work.

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John returns home at 18:56.

The flat is empty and dark. No sign that Sherlock has been at home at any time of the day.

John turns on the light in the kitchen and cooks himself pasta.

He eats watching the telly from his armchair, drinks two beers.

At 23:34, Sherlock is not yet home.

John switches the telly off and goes to bed.

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John wakes up at 3:13; he needs to go to the bathroom.

Half-asleep, he tries to roll out of bed but bumps into something.

Sherlock is fast asleep, fully clothed, on the duvet next to him.

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*Look, I've managed to break a 221B into chapters. (...should I be worried?)*