

## Some meta, with a 221B for free

by mazaher

February 8th, 2012

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Long note is meta:

*Following athens7's suggestion, in the last few weeks I've been watching sequentially the revived Who episodes with the 9th and now the 10th Doctor. Yesterday evening I got to The Lazarus Experiment written by Stephen Greenhorn, series 3 ep. 6 -- the one with Mark Gatiss, who btw is suitably gorgeous in his human form whatever his attire (or not).*



*When first aired, the episode was watched by 7.19 million viewers. The Reichenbach Fall, ep. 3 in Sherlock series 2, was watched by 7.9 millions, not counting those who watched online from abroad.*

*Although the estimate is largely left to guesswork, the two fandoms are known to overlap by a substantial share.*

*Until now, however, I haven't found any mention or elaboration in the BBC Sherlock blogs, comms and tumblrs about these surprising \*facts\*:*



*fact #1:*

*a DNA sample is collected from Lazarus/Gatiss for analysis by means of a handshake.*



*fact #2:*

*Lazarus/Gatiss dies falling from the top of a belltower.*

*My restless mind jumped to the conclusion that in The Reichenbach Fall Sherlock does fall all the way down, does get smashed into the pavement (no TARDIS on that scene!), and gets reconstituted/repared with the help of Molly Hooper, thanks to the sample of his own DNA, recovered from the hand of a dead (very dead, imo) Jim Moriarty.*

*Just saying.*

*Of course, as The Writers keep strict tabs on the fandom, they may change their plan along the way so as to be sure we'll be as surprised by The Empty House (or whatever they'll call ep. 1 in series 3) as we were by the outcome of The Great Game. The observer changes the observed phenomenon.*

*Speaking for myself, however, the thought that Sherlock jumped from the roof with full knowledge that he would, indeed, die, makes me appreciate even more the truthfulness of his choices. His lies are only in words ("Heroes don't exist"; "I'm a fake") and never, ever in actions.*

And here comes the bonus 221B:

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### **Splicing, knitting, and service packs**

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It *\*hurt\**.

Not the smash itself; the sudden shock was violent enough to disorganise proprioception. No, what hurt was the regeneration, pain shooting along my nerves as each connection was turned back online. Then the itch, a crawling all over and inside my skin while tissues knit back together. She had to tie me to the table, face down off the edge so that I wouldn't drown in vomit as my body fought to expel the toxins from the muscle waste.

Dr. Molly Hooper: a good head and a better stomach.

The worst was over after the first fifteen hours. Time was of the essence, and I set on my way when my CPK was still in the lower 700s.

The hardware was repaired, but what about the software?

I felt different, yet familiar. Then I got it: I felt like I had at twenty. A newly-installed operating system, preferences on default, no updates, no service packs, no antivirus.

Vulnerable. Exposed. Lacking competence.

I could have asked for Mycroft's help, but he works in a completely different OS.

So I turned to John. I re-read his blog, compared it with my website (mine, really?). I looked on as he visited my grave, said things I couldn't hear, saluted and went on his way.

John, my service pack. My antivirus. My backup.

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