

Stable mates

by mazaher
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*I know, I know, Mycroft isn't I, and I really shouldn't have.
But I couldn't resist the temptation.*

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Mycroft Holmes has a secret passion.
Horses.

Not that he has many opportunities to cultivate it-- except when an occasional mission, regrettably involving leg-work, takes him to the racetrack. Even then, sparing a glimpse for the shining fight rolling along on the turf is all he can do.

But he was a good rider as a child, galloping with the Quorn on his section B Welsh pony mare since he was seven.

Even now, he tends to think about the world in general, and people in particular, in terms of horses.

Sherlock, for instance.

Sherlock is a thoroughbred, Mycroft thinks, tall and lean and quicksilver, lanky and crazy and unstoppable.

Their parents were children, and the Holmes brothers were not even a blip yet on the radar of life, when Ribot won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe for the second time in 1956.

But he keeps a file downloaded from YouTube, a grainy black-and-white video which he seldom watches, because every single time he does, he finds himself in tears at the power and sheer otherworldly grace of that final extension.

Sherlock is like that, once he engages the ungodly living machine of his brain. When he takes off he leaves everyone else behind, his stride a whole different dimension than even the best of the best.

But, like Sherlock, Ribot was a misfit.

Before he became a winner, he needed to find boundaries; he needed to find reassurance.

He needed Magistris --by Goyama out of Macchietta by Niccolò dell'Arca-- his quiet brave companion on the track and in the stable, at home and on the road.

Sherlock needs John.

But, Mycroft thinks, John is not a thoroughbred.

John is a stout hunter cob, fuzzy, with big feet and a swinging gait, who can go across country all day after the hounds and will still be able to pop over a 4'2" gate from a trot on the way home without turning a hair.

Mycroft remembers one such horse he knew, back in the early '70: Joyce Street, a gray.
He sighs.

Discipline, he tells himself. At least one of us must have some discipline.

Mycroft waits with relish for the time when his own racetrack days will come to an end.

He has plans, involving horses.

But for the moment, about this spot of trouble at Gaza...

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The YouTube video of Ribot giving six lengths to the pack can be found here:
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U13c45h__4Q (see 1'15" to 1'35").

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