

Trust issues

by mazaher
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I was wondering about the actual reason for Watson's "trust issues"... and here it is, my first fic in the BBC Sherlock fandom.

*Un-Brit-picked and, quite possibly, linguistically questionable. I promise that the next time someone will make a mess of my own mother tongue I'll be *very* nice in my turn. Thank you.*

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*... all hazards and dangers we barter on chance
For the Queen has no scruples to send us to ~~France~~ Kabul
Where we would get shot without warning.*

THE PLANXTY, Arthur McBride (1977)

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Sherlock: *You're a doctor. Actually, an army doctor.*
Watson: *Yes.*
Sherlock: *Any good?*
Watson: *Very good.*
Sherlock: *Seen a lot of injuries then, violent deaths.*
Watson: *Well, yes.*
Sherlock: *Bit of trouble too, I bet.*
Watson: *Of course, yes. Enough for a lifetime. Far too much.*
Sherlock: *Want to see some more?*
Watson: *Oh God, yes.*

Episode 1, *A Study in Pink*, 2010

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"Gallipoli," says Sherlock, his voice matter-of-fact.¹

John, who is sitting in the armchair in front of the unlit fireplace, newspaper in hand, starts and turns to look at him questioningly.

"How do you know I was thinking about Gallipoli? And how do you even know where it is? I thought you made a point of, quote, 'avoiding to clutter your hard drive with rubbish', unquote."

Sherlock leans over, elbows on knees, his joined hands pointing toward John. He speaks quickly, marking each item on the list with small movements of his fingers.

"You watched a documentary about military operations in the Dardanelles during WW1 on History Channel yesterday evening. You retired later than usual, 47 minutes after the program ended. Your eyes betray a partially sleepless night. You consumed only three-quarters of your jam-and-butter toast at breakfast, but had two cups of Darjeeling instead of your customary one-and-a-half of Ti Kuan Yin, which you only do when you feel unwell. Your newspaper is open at the section with the news from Afghanistan, but your eyes are focused beyond the page that you are clearly not reading. You are sitting with the Union Jack cushion under your

¹ About the campaign in general, see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gallipoli_Campaign. The tactical choices of the British, leading to heavy losses among Australian troops, are heavily criticized in Peter Weir's film *Gallipoli* (1981).

right leg, which means it hurts. You are left-handed, so your left leg supports and your right propels; you feel you can stand almost anything, but you don't trust proceeding forward. Your psychiatric evaluation at dismissal mentions "trust issues". Walking into a war is an inherently dangerous endeavour, as what an enemy can be trusted to do is trying to kill you; being wounded, however seriously, does not warrant trust issues arising. Therefore the breach of trust must have come from the side you least expected, *id est* your own. You appear to be very much in command of your recovery, so it seems unlikely that said issues can be connected to medical treatment. Therefore, it must have been your command officers, possibly sending you into a trap. You are on average a forgiving enough person, as you still tolerate me as a flatmate after six-and-a-half weeks of cohabitation, therefore the order which eventually led to your injury as well as to the death of a number of your comrades was not issued by mistake, but through grave negligence or possibly on purpose, for some tactical reason which was obviously not shared with the parties directly involved or even merely in order to, as the saying goes, 'cover their ass'. So, Gallipoli. An unforgivable waste of lives."

"Wait a moment, how do you even know what my dismissal papers say?... No, forget it, I don't actually want to know. Damn."

John takes his right thigh with both his hands, moves it to the side, and pushes himself upright on the left, letting the newspaper slide down on the carpet. He carefully makes his way to the sink, fills the kettle for another cup of tea. Russian Caravan, heaped spoonfuls.

"For me too. Thank you."

John sighs.

In due time he comes over with a mug in each hand. It's not a day for trays and cups.

"Here, two sugars, I turned it already."

Sherlock takes the steaming mug and looks at him curiously.

"It will get better soon."

"What will?"

"Your leg. It will improve."

"Not what it feels like. Why should it?"

"Because you found me. And you trust *me*."

John frowns. He's really hurting today, any idea of improvement feels like wishful thinking, and he's tired of waiting for the impossible. But then he thinks of that first evening, when in no more than twenty-eight words Sherlock had made John take hold of his identity, sum up his purpose in life and reaffirm his own talent, and then had asked him to follow him into battle. Asked, not ordered. Like he was inviting John to some special treat. And he hadn't shielded himself behind John either, but had marched boldly forward in front of him.

John draws a breath and relaxes a little bit. Perhaps, yes, in the right lighting and if he squints just so, things may just be getting better...

Sherlock, sipping from his mug, gives him a quick sideways glance.

"About your former inquiries. Between 1:42, when you woke up from your first nightmare and went to the bathroom for a drink of water straight from the faucet, until 4:03 when you finally fell asleep after your third, I read up about the probable cause of your present distress. Also, I did not break into the locked second drawer in your wardrobe where you keep your medical record. I hacked the hospital databanks."

"I am repeating myself today, but, why?"

"Because caring for your sanity is beneficial to my own."

Sherlock gives him the smallest smile, and John smiles a wider one, because this is the nearest Sherlock may ever come to saying I love you, but the message comes loud and clear all the same.

Things are obviously getting better.

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