

The quiet and the whirlwind

by mazaher

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Here she is at last: the Mummy. A 221B from her pov.

It began as a BBC Sherlock story, then I realised that it can also work for canon!Holmes.

Listen here to Yehudi Menuhin and Adolf Baller:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dPRWshWq9E4>

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I have two sons. The elder plays the piano. The younger threw tantrums until given a violin. I believe playing saved their sanity when their father died. It certainly saved my life. That whole hot summer they passed the day each shut in his own room. Half-alseep, half-dazed on my unmade bed, I would hear snatches of notes played by the one, then the other: a broken, wordless dialogue beyond locked doors.

When darkness came, and with it the thin chant of crickets through French windows, the immense Sussex countryside and ink-black sky and scattered stars all invisibly pressing in on us, then they would come out, and play for me.

The only words, a whispered agreement on the chosen piece, or a reminder of the key.

I closed my eyes and listened. The piano exact and steady, a grid of evenly-spaced stepping stones in a brook; the violin dancing across, skipping and leaping in unexpected flourishes and unpremeditated harmony.

One evening they played Paganini, *Il Moto Perpetuo*, op. 11. The promise of eternity without events, which made me choose life because then I would have **that** forever.

They have grown apart since the elder went to college, and began looking down on his brother. But I still have two sons, and they are one piece of music, beautiful and brave.

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