

# After The Fall

## BBC Sherlock John and the milk

Von Rose-de-Noire

### Kapitel 1: Milk

#### MILK

I saw you die on the hard plaster of reality.  
I saw the light blow out in your eyes.  
I saw the the red liquid of life trickle in to the gray of a dusty London street.  
And I begged for one more miracle while my heart was breaking in front of your black tombstone.  
And...  
... then I came back to my doss after seeing my psych... consultant; and found the first one.  
It sat there, all innocently, right on the doorstep of my newly rent one room apartment:  
a bottle of fresh French countryside milk. Still cold.  
It tasted utterly delicious in a champagne glass

The next bottle came three weeks later.  
Swiss land milk from Meiringen... again it didn't make the way into my tea.  
Too precious, too delicious.

Six weeks after the second milk delivery I discovered that there must be a milk bottling plant in Chile.

And didn't someone tell me once that they don't drink milk in Japan?  
Not that I believed it, but they make really pretty milk bottles to prove it wrong.  
Although the Chinese's almost topped them.  
And yes, the milk tasted fantastic, extraordinary in my new wine glass.

One year after the first milk-delivery the milk bottle came from the Canaries.  
This time I invited Mrs. Hudson and Greg over to have a drink.  
They wondered briefly why I served them milk in wine glasses.  
I didn't care.  
It tasted absolutely perfect and we had a nice evening, musing over old times.  
And Mrs. Hudson asked me to come back to live at home, she wouldn't mind to

lowering the rent a bit.  
I declined.

The milk from Arabia came in a blank bottle and with a note, scribbled in hurried letters and a handwriting I didn't know: Camel Milk.  
It tasted interesting and still very good in my wine glasses.

For the next bottle which arrived almost two years after the first one, I had to make some more room on my bookshelf.  
And it was from New Zealand.  
Again I shared it with my two best friends left: Mrs. Hudson and Greg Lestrade.  
Poor Lestrade, got kicked out of the yard.  
But he still likes the milk.

Two months later a bottle of fresh, cold Australian milk sat on the doorstep.  
And I once more didn't bother to ruin it with tea.

Then, one morning, you was dead for exactly three years, there was no milk bottle but the actual "the Times".  
I read the headline "Sherlock Holmes was real" and at the same instant my phone chimed.  
The text said:  
We're out of milk John, it's your turn. -SH

**END**