The Matchmaker's meeting

by PaperPrince

Summary

Little Sherlock is only dreaming of his soulmate when he meets a boy at the library...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Wait up Mummy.” Sherlock called as he untangled himself from his fussy older brother. Mycroft had been trying once again to flatten his wild curls into something more presentable looking, something Sherlock thought pointless as they were only going to town. Shoving his red wellingtons on Sherlock eagerly ran out the front door after his mother who had gone on ahead.

His mother’s lips turned up at the corners as he grabbed hold of her gloved hand, the one with father’s name written on it. Mycroft appeared behind them seconds later, his trusty umbrella in hand even though it had stopped raining during lunch.

They pass by father who is busy tending to the plants in his greenhouse as is usual for a Saturday. Looking briefly up from his prize winning vegetables he spots them and smiles waving at them with muddy hands as they pass.

It doesn’t take them long to get to the library, even though Sherlock insists on jumping in every puddle they pass and accidentally splashes a passer-by once or twice. Once there mummy kisses them goodbye outside, a long list of errands in her hands.
“Remember Mycroft is in charge!” She calls, not that Sherlock really cares as he runs inside eagerly, keen to not waste a second of the hour or so his mother allows him to pick more books for the week. Knowing his fondness for books Mycroft trusts him enough to wander freely through the sections without being constantly spied on. The local library wasn’t particularly big, nor was their selection that varied, but the librarians were able to order in nearly any book Sherlock wanted, so it wasn’t all bad.

Leaving Mycroft in his preferred section (romance of all things), reading some fluffed up novel set in a universe where people weren’t born with their soul mates name written on their hand, Sherlock wanders upstairs to look at the map books in the travel section. It seemed odd to others but recently Sherlock had expressed an interest in geography, particularly in reading books about real far off lands. So much so that even he cannot help but wonder if it has something to do with his other half. The idea of his soul mate living abroad is both exciting yet horrible. Exciting in the sense that he may have some adventures while looking for them and horrible in the sense that he may be old and wrinkly by the time he finds them.

In the quiet section of the library, Sherlock ran his fingers along the map books distractedly. Spending only a little time looking at the books stacked at his eye level before spying a red book higher up, just out of his reach on the bookcase.

With Mycroft happily sitting downstairs, Sherlock looks round for the kind yet shy librarian Lizzy. Her spot at the desk is empty and so is her handbag, it seems unfortunately that she may have snuck outside for a smoke again. She obviously stopped trying to quit then, leaving Bertie the cat alone in tending the help desk. Though why the cat is in charge Sherlock doesn’t know, as he doesn’t do much and the one time Sherlock asked for its help he had ran away. In Sherlock’ opinion it was a very lazy unhelpful cat. Glaring at him for bit, Sherlock walked back to the book section only to find someone else there.

But it wasn’t Lizzy. An older boy blond, in his early teens, wearing a somewhat lumpy handmade cardigan. It occurs to Sherlock that maybe they had fired Lizzy though Sherlock would have preferred they got rid of the cat. He seems nice enough though, he has a kind face and seems the sort of person who is at home among books. Yes, he would make a good junior librarian, coming closer though Sherlock notices a lack of name tag. Not a librarian then, especially as from the window nearby he can see Lizzy smoking with others.

Sherlock ducks just out of view along the end of another bookshelf trying to determine what action he should take. The blond shuffles closer to Sherlock’s book, his eyes scanning the titles on the nearby book spines intently. From the look of the pile of books by the floor near the other boy’s feet Sherlock deduces he is looking for information regarding a school project. Student then, smart and hardworking then if he is actually using books instead of the internet.

Sherlock studies him for a little bit longer trying to deduce some more, just like mummy taught him. As he watches the boy, he passes by the book Sherlock had wanted, and for some reason this annoys Sherlock more than if he had taken it. Mind made up Sherlock removes himself from his hiding position and makes his way over to the taller boy.

The words “Afghanistan or Iraq?” spill from his lips without warning, startling the teen slightly presumably he had thought himself alone in this section. Given the quietness of the room it is not surprising Sherlock thinks as the blond looks up from the book he had in his hands and to Sherlock’s surprise smiles at him.

“Afghanistan. How did you know?” He asks sounding genuinely curious. Sherlock stares up at him feeling suddenly shy. No one has ever reacted well to him deducing apart from his family.
“Your pile of books told me. Just like I can tell your granny enjoys knitting things for you although her eyes are getting worse as she’s mixed up red and orange half way though. …” He answers trailing off even though he has deduced a lot more about the boy, afraid to upset the strange blond, though he normally liked to show off.

“That was amazing. Why with those skills you could be a Finder!” Appeased by these words Sherlock smiles a little to boast.

“I am! At least I’m training to be…” Trailing off Sherlock wonders what he should say next to the stranger, before catching his eye on the red book again. “Oh. I wanted that book. You see it? It’s the one with the red cover.” Sherlock tells him pointing to the book which had seemed vital earlier.

“Here, let me. I don’t think there is anyone at the help desk right now. The librarian was quite insistent it was her break time when I tried to ask for help earlier.” The boy says leaning up and getting the book for him, before kneeling down to hand it to Sherlock.

“Here you go.” He says offering the book.

“No you keep it. You’ll need it for your project.” Sherlock says with a certainty that surprised even himself.

“No, no, you saw it first. It’s always good to be friends with a Finder after all. You might find my other half for me one day if I’m lucky.” The boy says holding out the book to him.

“I’m sure I could find your other half now even if I haven’t completed my training.” Sherlock says confidently, reaching out his hands towards the older boy’s blue knitted glove covered one. He pauses though before doing anything else, people can be touchy about their other’s name. His fingers twitched to try to hide the itch he had to see the name hidden.

John must have notice the hesitation as he carefully remove his gloves himself and return his right hand gently into Sherlock’s upturn palm. Swallowing Sherlock looks into the other’s eyes and then turns to look at the writing. The warmth that flares at their contact is ignored until Sherlock’s eyes widen in surprise. It was his name.

“John…”

“Um, that’s my name, but the name on my hand is actually-“

“Mine.”

“What?”

“That’s my name! Look I’ll prove it!” Sherlock cried removing his own fingerless rainbow coloured glove.

John stared at Sherlock in surprise, a smile growing on his face. “Wow you are good.”

End Notes

In case it isn't clear Sherlock is eleven at this point and John is thirteen nearly fourteen. Partly because I love older John.
Also Sherlock is training to become a Finder, or a matchmaker because it isn't always easy for people to find their other half so they use Finders to help them.

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