Big Brother is Watching You

by orphan_account

Summary

"Big Brother is watching you." -George Orwell

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

"Big Brother is watching you." -George Orwell

Sherlock sits under the small bridge that has become his home. It's gated off to prevent people from doing exactly what he has done, but it took merely a cheap pair of pliers to pry the metal weaving from the ground. No one searches, because no one would suspect a thick aluminum cage would be the chosen home for anyone, homeless or less so. He feels safer under this bridge than he does his old home.

Sure, from time to rare time, he misses his flat. He misses John, and Mrs. Hudson, and Molly. But, be it simply a house, he had to leave. If anyone were to know, were to find out, they'd be killed before they could do anything with the information.

00101001101001010010100100001111000001100011000. The pattern. The key. He'd fit it all together in his mind. Moriarty claimed Sherlock a fool for believing such nonsense. Moriarty had claimed that they were just a random conglomeration of 0s and 1s that were set together in a pattern to deceive, to trick. They were so much more. Moriarty died, thinking he left Sherlock with the belief that the numbers were just numbers indeed, but as the months passed, as the thoughts grew, Sherlock understood. He understood just what the legacy that Jim had left behind was.

Sherlock pulls his knees to his chest, his bottom soaked in the puddle of rainwater that he'd sat on
by accident, the sky's tears that had dripped down from a small manhole above his head. Excess water gathered into droplets that fell into his greasy mess of dark hair on his head. He understood one thing:

Big Brother is watching you.

End Notes

First of hopefully many short fanfics. Please tell me in the comments if you love it, like it, hate it with a passion, or just didn't care. As my first work, it can't get any better without your help. ((I think it's safe to say I don't own George Orwell or any of his characters, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or any of his characters, aside from on the paper they were printed on. [The numbers I wrote mean absolutely nothing, and they aren't even the exact digits from the show. For that I apologise.]))

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