

# Sentiment

## Undeleted memories

Von Tydarkpromise

### Popsicles

It was a school outing. The bunch of kids had been surprisingly good today, even though they were usually a pain in the... well, a pain to look after at their age. The teacher passed by the line of two-by-two kids and counted.

Two, four, six, eight...-

„John?“

The ten-year-old tensed up.

„Where's Sherlock?“

The boy made a strange grunting noise and turned around, his face a perfect mask of misery. His blue eyes were wide and swollen, shining with tears that streamed down his cheeks and dripped onto his school jumper. He sniffled and hiccuped before he was able to speak.

„He's go-o-one“, John whined and didn't even bother to wipe the wet off his face.

„Gone?“ Alarmed, the teacher looked around. „John!“, she lectured severely. „You have to stay together! Always – you have to take care of the younger ones!“ Especially of that strange, curly-haired, nosy five-year-old who never did what he ought to.

John was drenched in tears by now. „I kno-o-ow... But he – and then he was just – I looked everywhere!“

The teacher intended to say something, angry but also afraid that the poor boy might break down any second, but she hadn't quite taken a proper breath when a pitched indifferent voice asked, „John?“

The crying blond lifted his face, buried in his sleeve up until now, and blinked through his tears. Sherlock, a little smaller than the ten-year-old, stared up at him with cool grey eyes, curious and huge in the small pale face.

„Why are you crying? Don't be stupid.“

John teared up again and yelled. „YOU are stupid! You can't just run off – why did you-...?“

It was only then when he realized the younger boy was holding a cherry flavoured popsicle, calmly nibbling it, while he watched John being angry. „It's warm. I wanted some ice-cream.“

The blond started and stared, then rubbed his face vigorously.

„I HATE you!“, he hissed and rushed off to the front of the line of children, leaving a dumbfounded, confused raven-haired boy behind. The teacher, glad to have found the missing child, shuffled through the crowd, counting on.

Sherlock blinked, then followed his friend. His only friend – nobody but him would

have walked with him today and his sudden anger confused him to no extend.

„John.“ The blond walked on.

„John.“ No reaction.

„Jo~ohn...”

Finally, he stopped and turned around. „WHAT?”

Hesitantly, the smaller boy lifted one hand, holding the dripping remainders of another ice-lolly, his hand full of the sticky mixture of melted sugar, water and juice.

„I brought one along for you.”

The raven curls bobbed slightly when Sherlock tilted his head, taking another lick of his own ice-lolly and looking at John, who had been so angry with him when he just couldn't see why. The blond opened his mouth in astonishment.

„Oh.”

„...I'm sorry?”

Sherlock had never known the right timing for apologies. John accepted the lolly and grinned in spite of himself. „Anyway, you *are* stupid.”

The younger boy grunted indignantly. „I'm not! I'm smart!”

Johns smile softened and he gripped the younger boy's small sticky hand.

„Yeah... I know you are, Sherlock.”

The Consulting Detective made John start confusedly when he held out an ice-lolly to him in the middle of investigations, enjoying one himself.

The doctor blinked. „You don't like that kind of stuff.”

„But you do.”

John fell silent, taking the popsicle and eyeing it suspiciously.

„Not poisoned”, the detective stated and chuckled. „Promise.” He watched the doctor steadily, who hesitantly nibbled the ice-lolly.

„John...?”

„Yes, Sherlock?”

The detective lowered his gaze. „...nothing.”

When his friend shrugged and concentrated on the unexpected but welcome treat again, Sherlock glanced his way.

...*Do you remember, John?*