The failure of binary code
by mazaher
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Coda to Aftershocks.
Mainly because someone wrote something absolutely brilliant that suggested the title.
Therefore, this is dedicated to athens7, even though we don't quite agree about Sherlock's
driving license or Sherlock's ...personal life.
Btw, the title is athens', but the cherries are mine.

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"John."
"...Hm?"
"I was wrong."
Dr. John Watson and his flatmate, Sherlock Holmes, are enjoying a quiet evening at home,
each typing and clicking on his own laptop and picking cherries from a bowl set on the tea-
table between armchair and sofa. A fortnight has elapsed since they returned to 221B Baker
Street, following release from hospital after the explosion which almost killed them both.
Physiotherapy is working, and the both of them are moderately more mobile, with much less
pain.
Sleeping is still hard at times, especially for Sherlock, but getting better. If anything, it seems
they are synchronising their nightmares: damn convenient, as it gives them more of a margin
to avoid terminal insomnia while they comfort each other.
On the whole, Sherlock's mental wellbeing seems to be improving; that's why John can't help a
pang of worry, listening to him admit to a mistake for the second time in, what? only five
weeks?
So he's wearing a slight frown as he raises his eyes from the monitor.
"Wrong...?"
"Epistemology. The map not being the territory. The impossibility to make 1:1 maps. The
relevance of biologically determined *a priori.* The fallacy of black-and-white thinking. The need
for a human-compliant language in order to describe human consensual reality. The ultimate
failure of the binary code."
"Are you implying that you consider admitting you may share a number of neurological
structures with the rest of *Homo sapiens?*"
"...Yes."
"Would you do me a favour?"
"What?"
"Check the weather forecast. I'm sure it's going to snow tomorrow. Or rain frogs."
A cherry stone hits him with ruthless precision on the tip of his nose.

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