

khrazir does

LET'S DRAW SHERLOCK

a fanbook

Introduction

From March 2013 until February 2015, “Let’s Draw Sherlock” ([**letsdrawsherlock.tumblr.com**](https://letsdrawsherlock.tumblr.com)) delighted and inspired the Sherlock Fandom with monthly art challenges. Everybody was invited to take part regardless of artistic style or experience, and the results from a broad range of participants were often surprising, funny, inspiring, fascinating and altogether enjoyable. The monthly tasks challenged experienced artists to try out new things, encouraging them to tackle subjects outside their comfort zone. They also provided a platform for newbies in art to publish their works, or caused people who hadn’t created art in years to pick up the pencil, brush or digital equivalent again.

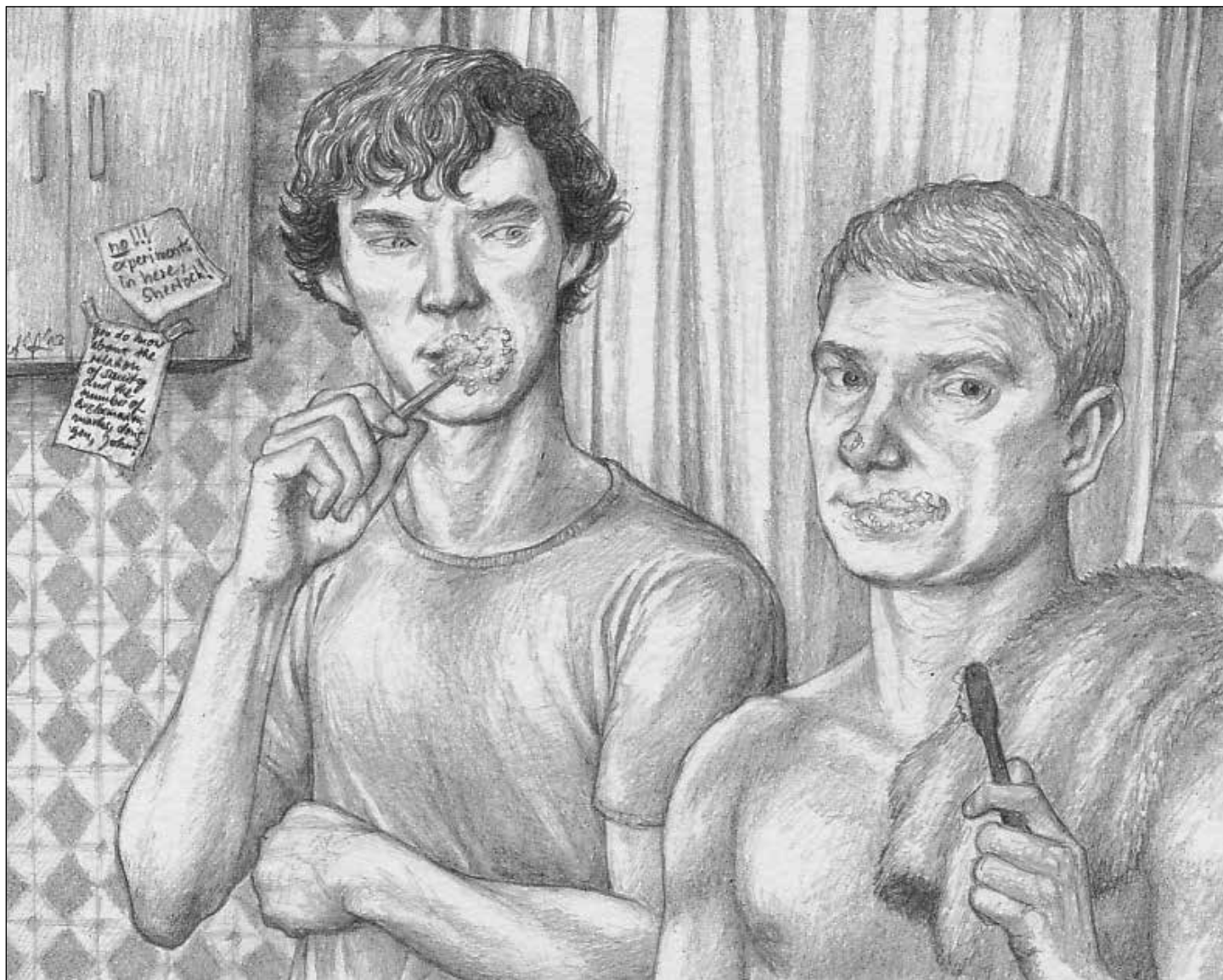
I loved the challenges and participated in all of them, sometimes contributing more than one artwork. Quite a number have accumulated over the years, as can be viewed on my tumblr at [**khorazir.tumblr.com/tagged/letsdrawsherlock**](https://khorazir.tumblr.com/tagged/letsdrawsherlock). The idea to make this artbook came from wanting a place to collect all the works apart from an online blog

Some entries are accompanied by bits of writing by me or others, or are illustrations for fanfiction stories. Some snippets of text are included in this fanbook, and I have added respective links to the original posts or the stories when they are featured on external sites. A few of my entries are actually animations, so do have a look at the original posts, or browse my [**#letsdrawsherlock**](#) tag for the complete list of posts including wips and sketches.

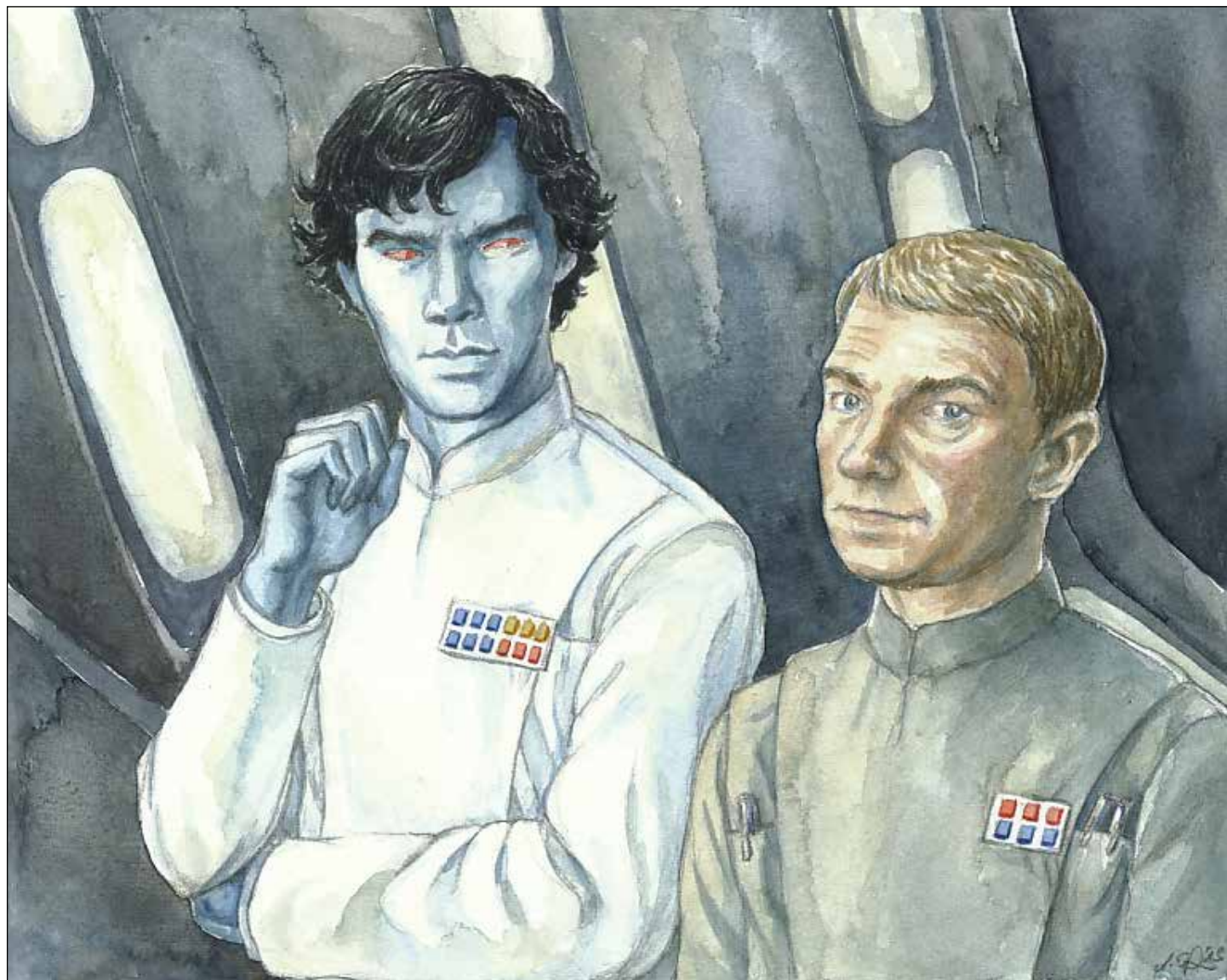
A big thank you goes to the tireless admins of “Let’s Draw Sherlock” for their hard work on this wonderful, challenging and always inspiring project, and to all the other contributors for their delightful entries.

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Draw the Photo



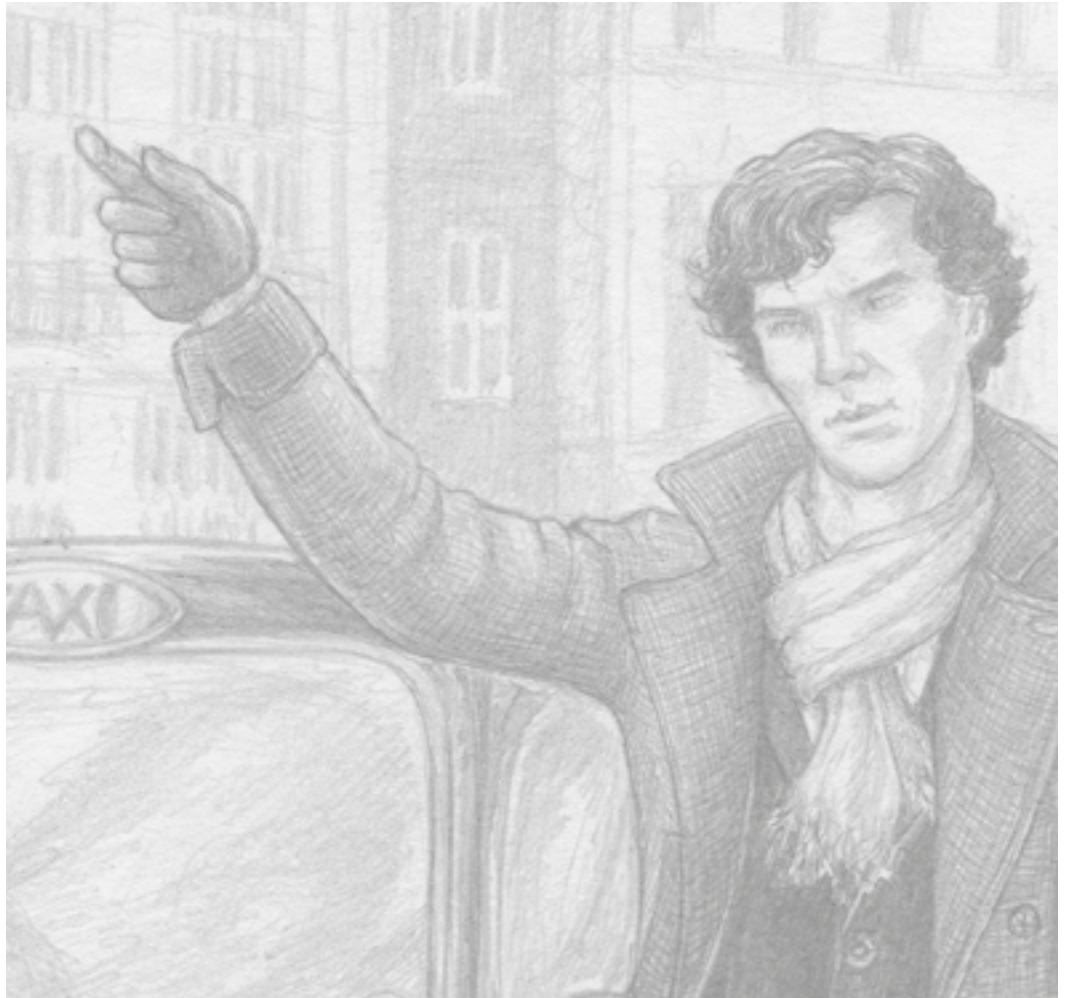
"Something on your nose"
(pencil)



"Thrawnlock"
(watercolour)

Famous Artwork

While the first “Let’s Draw Sherlock” challenge consisted to redrawing a still photograph in one’s own style, the second challenge was to recreate a famous artwork with *Sherlock* characters. I contributed three pieces.





"Taxi"
(pencil)

Inspired by the Roman sculpture
"Augustus of Prima Porta", marble, 2,04 m,
commissioned about AD 15 by emperor
Tiberius based on an older bronze version.

Famous Artwork

"The Deduction"
(watercolour)

Inspired by
"Die Sünde" (The Sin)
by Franz von Stuck,
oil on canvas,
1893



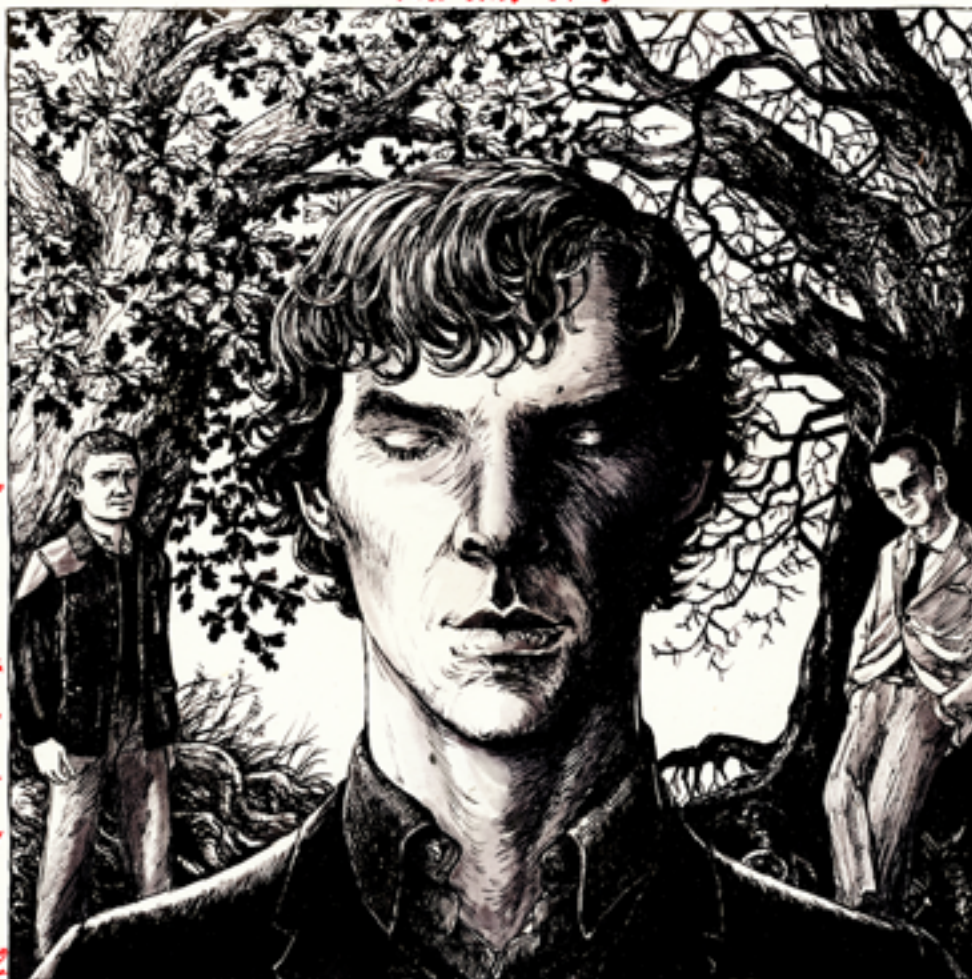


"Sherlock leading the murder investigation"
(watercolour)

Inspired by
"Liberty Leading the People"
by Eugène Delacroix,
oil on canvas,
1830

The Two Trees

Beloved, gaze in mine own heart,
The lady has no growing there;
From joy the lady
is smothered, short,
on all the trembling
flowers they bear
the champion's colours
of its force
then drenched the stars
with evening light;
The sun's eye of its
hidden root
has planted quiet
in the night;
The shadow of its
leafy head
has given waves their
melody,
And made my lips
and mother's word
harmonious a sign
telling for her
that she loves a
little girl
the passion's cry of
the dawn,
growing, growing
and for
in those great
ignorant days
remembering all that
children have
and how the longest sanctuaries start,
thence eyes grow full of tender care;
Beloved, gaze in mine own heart.



gaze us more in the
bitter glass,
The dreamer with his
sable pile,
Life no longer so
when day goes,
We only gaze a little
while;
For there a forest
savage grows
that the strong
might witness
Roots half hidden
under stones
broken branches and
hardened leaf.
For all things have
no distance
in the time glass to
kinship hold,
The glass of water
disappears,
Made when God kept
in hands of old
time, through the
broken branches, go
the arrows of memory
thought,
Flying, crying, for
and for
Good day, and
languor there
is the strong island
and drift the wind,
ragged, strong, alas!
They have eyes gone all mankind: beg no more in the bitter glass.

"The Two Trees" (Loreena McKennitt)
(ink)



"Bus Stop" (The Hollies)
(ink)

Culture Swap

My first entry for “Let’s Draw Sherlock” Culture Swap. Since composer Johann Sebastian Bach and his works are played and mentioned in the series, I set the scene in 1720s Germany, most specifically the city of Leipzig where Bach was conductor of the famous “Thomanerchor” (St. Thomas Choir) at the time. Apparently Sherlock can afford to receive violin lessons from the master himself, while John (or Johann, rather) has to earn his keep by copying notes.





"Sonaten und Partiten für Violine Solo"
(coloured pencil)

My second entry for the “Let’s Draw Sherlock” Culture Swap: Sherlock and John have made the cover of one of Germany’s most notorious newspapers, *Bild* (comparable to the *Daily Mail*).

The headlines and story read in translation:

Like a fairytale: trail of bread leads to the murderer

Superdetective Sherlock strikes again!

In a coup worthy of “Tatort” [long-running German crime series] superbrain Sherlock Holmes proves once again that he’s miles ahead of criminals and police alike: with his lightning-fast deductions and chemical expertise, yesterday he convicted wanted mass-murderer Müller. The decisive clue: bread. Like in the fairytale “Hänsel and Gretel”, the detective followed the trail of bread crumbs to the criminal. Similarly fairytale-like Holmes’ private life appears to be about which he maintains rigorous silence. Yet according to rumours he has already found the prince of his dreams in the shape of flatmate and assistant Dr. Watson. And they lived happily ever after ...

Top left is a headline about a dog (Rauhaardackel, “sausage dog”) inheriting a fortune; bottom left is an ad for Schiesser underwear as they’re Germany’s largest manufacturer of that kind of stuff. And since it’s the Monday edition ...

As for the bread, that’s another typical German thing. We have over 300 different types of bread and there are discussions of making it a cultural heritage. Also, whenever you ask Germans staying abroad about what they miss most, many will tell you “proper” bread.



"Bild"
(coloured pencil)

Movie Scenes



"Sherlock."
"What?"



"Sherlock!"
"What?"
"We're going to need to coordinate."



Based on a scene from *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*
 (fineliner on paper)
 animation > khorazir.tumblr.com/post/59798727626/

Another entry for the “Movie Scenes” challenge. The scene is based on the iconic rooftop scene from Jean-Paul Rappeneau’s 1995 film *The Horseman on the Roof* (*Le hussard sur le toit*).

Set in 1830s cholera-ravaged Provence, the story, based on the novel of Jean Giono, tells of the adventures of young hussar Angelo (played by a very yummy Olivier Martinez) who tries to make his way back to Italy, meeting an aristocratic woman who becomes his travelling companion (the equally gorgeous Juliette Binoche). In this scene, pursued by an angry mob accusing him of having poisoned a well, he takes to the roofs of Manosque to escape them.

One of the many things I love about the film (and the book) is the way the parched yet beautiful landscape of Provence becomes a character of its own, both hostile, exciting and serene – very much like the way London is made a vital character in *Sherlock*.





"The Detective on the Roof"
(ink and watercolour)

It seems to like my body heat. Interesting.”

“Yes, very nice, Sherlock. But nevertheless it’s high time we returned it to the zoo. Endangered species and all that, you know”

“You said you didn’t mind me keeping it for a while. Its saliva has fascinating effects on a variety of surfaces and I’d like to conduct more experiments.”

“I didn’t mind at first. But the thing is, it’s not the only one who likes your body heat. I think it’s my turn again now.”

“Oh.”





"Water Monitor"
(ink)

"You look dashing, dear."
(pencil)

The boys dress up as Nora and Nick Charles
of the fabulously sassy *Thin Man* films,
complemented by Asta the dog, of course.





"Mauslock"
(digital)

Another entry for "Famous Duos".
I chose Mouse and Little Blue Elephant
from one of Germany's most famous children's programs
Die Sendung mit der Maus
(*The Programme with the Mouse*).



"Master and Commander"
(ink)

The boys as Stephen Maturin and Jack Aubrey
of Patrick O'Brian's brilliant series of novels
and Peter Weir's equally brilliant film.

*Minor Character Mini Challenge:
Anderson*

"Not him again"
(ink)



*Minor Character Mini Challenge:
Anthea*



"Legwork"
(ink)

*Minor Character Mini Challenge:
Sally Donovan*

"Here."

"What?"

"Coffee."

"Not interested."

"I'm not going to poison you."

"Why are you doing this, then?"

"Because Dr. Watson will want you awake and functioning when he wakes up. He'll recover far quicker if he doesn't have to worry about you."

"What's in it for you?"

"Well, you're more manageable with him around. Almost human."

...

...

"Oh, very well. I hope there is sugar in it."

"Only if you get it yourself."

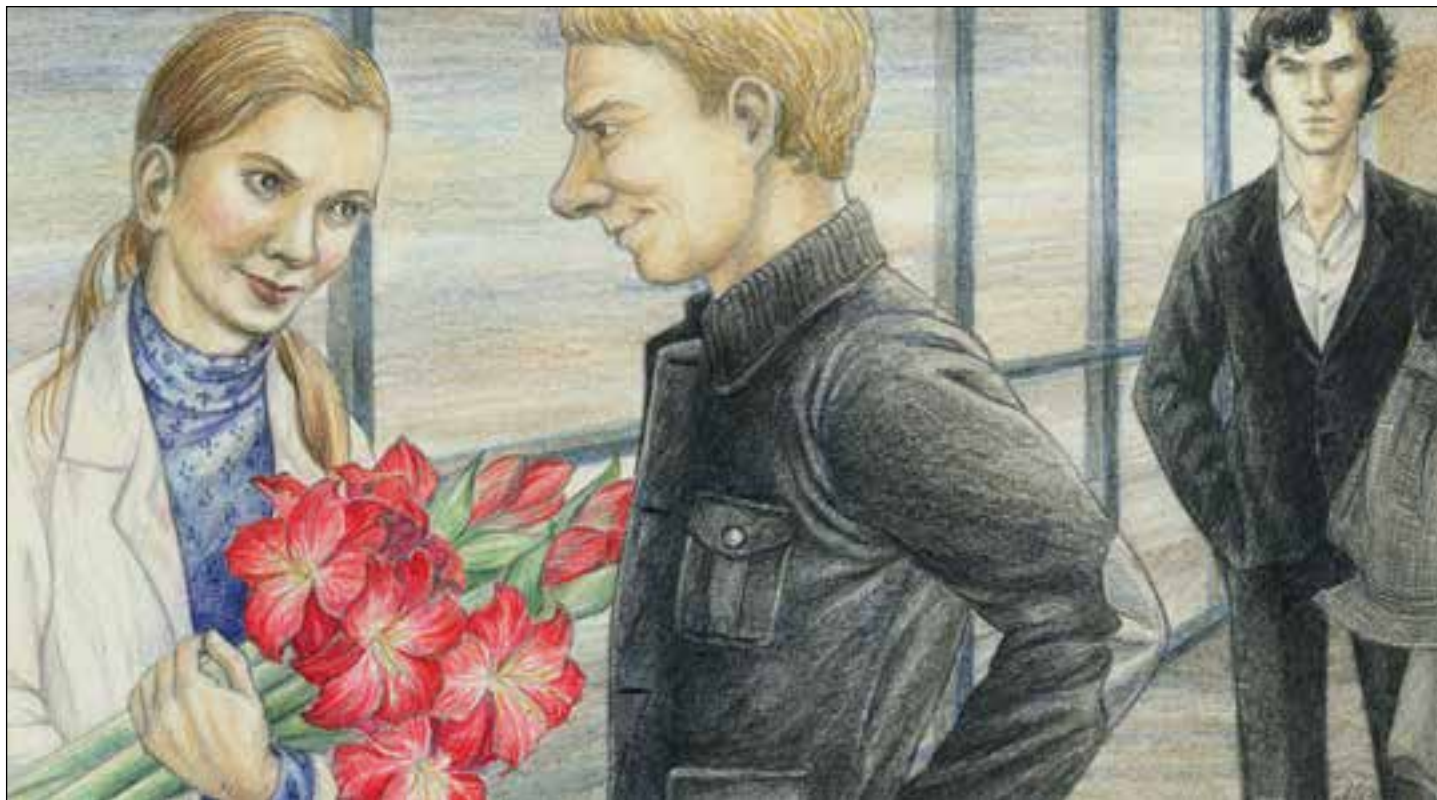
(ink)





*Minor Character Mini Challenge:
Mike Stamford*

"Mission accomplished"
(ink)



On the corridor to the lab at Bart's morgue he met Molly. She looked flushed and rather confused, carrying a bunch of amaryllis in the crook of her arm and a somewhat bemused expression.

"Oh, hello, John," she greeted him.

"Hi, Molly." He glanced at the flowers and grinned. "Someone's been generous."

Molly let out an irritated snort. "Don't ask. Sherlock gave them to me."

"So I guessed," replied John.

"There are plenty more. He told me to send some to Mrs. Hudson, too, and keep the rest or throw them away." She shrugged helplessly. "As much as I appreciate them – I mean, he's never given me anything before apart from a packet of Quavers and these are really lovely –, he wasn't very friendly about it. To be honest, I don't know what's going on with him at the moment. He's been behaving more strangely than usual."

"Someone's been generous"
(coloured pencil)

Based on my fanfic **Over Earth and Under Earth** (chapter 7)
> archiveofourown.org/works/964564/



"Happy birthday, little brother"
(ink and watercolour)

"Your right hand, John."

"Yeah? What about it?"

"It's very low. Again."

"Oh."

(ink)





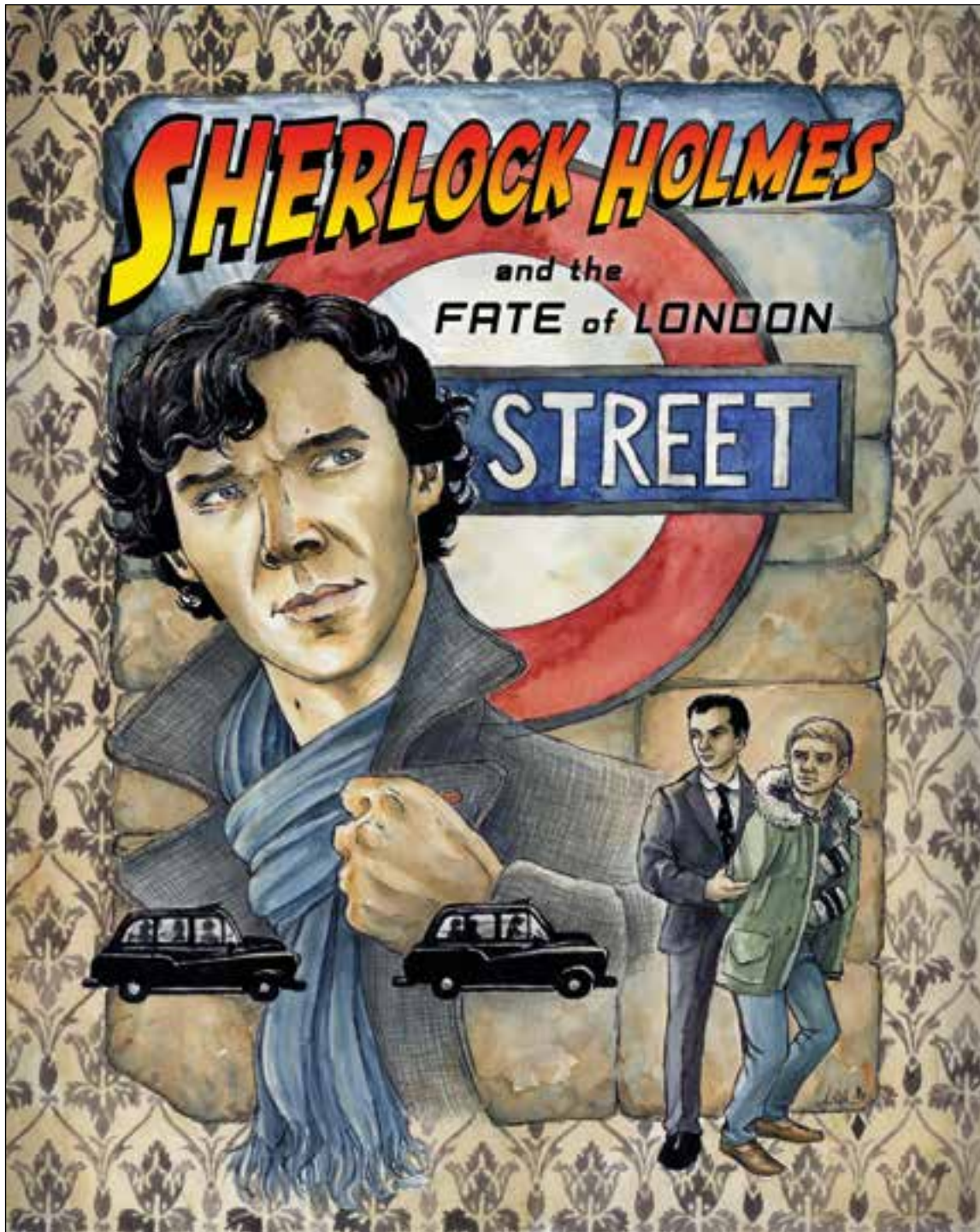
"The Fall"
(ink and watercolour)

The drawing depicts the Fall of the Berlin Wall in November 1989 when the GDR finally opened its borders for its citizens and a major step was taken towards the reunification of Germany.

For a while I wasn't sure whether to portray the boys as adults or at the age they would have been in 1989, but eventually decided on the latter as it seemed more authentic. So Sherlock is around 12, and John a few years older. For extra authenticity, there are also some ... interesting late 1980s fashion and hairstyles.



"Sherlemmings"
(digital)



"Sherlock Holmes and the Fate of London" (ink, watercolour and digital)

Inspired by William Eaken's cover-art of the LucasArts game *Indiana Jones and the Fate of Atlantis*.

Alternative Professions

Afghanistan or Iraq?"

John looks away from trying to locate the buzzer for 221A to see a tall man standing next to an expensive but well-worn bike. His hair is a riot of curls that are flattened on top, as if he'd been wearing his helmet for a long period of time. John also can't help but notice that his body is gorgeous, every curve of muscle defined by his tight bike jersey and padded shorts.

"Excuse me?" he asks, confused because he's pretty sure he's never met this man, yet the question is startlingly relevant.

The stranger then proceeds to rattle off a list of amazing deductions that prove how he knows that John is indeed a recently returned veteran and the only detail he can't deduce is whether John was in Afghanistan or Iraq.

"That was..." he pauses because something changes in the stranger's face, goes from curious to guarded. "...amazing," he finishes. "And it was Afghanistan," he adds, although he's not sure if the stranger heard him because he looks so surprised at John's choice of adjective.

"That's not what people normally say."

"What do they normally say?"

"Piss off," says the stranger with a smirk.

John laughs and then asks, "Where did you learn to do that? I mean, figure all that stuff out just by looking?"

The stranger shrugs. "I'm observant. And being a bike messenger, I've had plenty of experience observing people. I can also identify the contents of any wrapped package with 97.6% accuracy."

Ah, bike messenger. Makes sense, especially as John now takes in the courier bag strapped to the stranger's back. "Bike messenger, hm? So you're one of the crazy ones."

The stranger looks pointedly at John's truck idling in the street. "And you're one of the boring ones."

John sighs and wishes he could refute that statement, but the truth is that he finds it boring as well. In the silence that follows, the stranger looks John up and down.

"You know," he says, "The courier service I work for is looking to add a few messengers." He pauses and looks at John almost seductively. "Could be dangerous."

John clears his throat and looks away for a second. When he looks back, the stranger's eyes are shining like he's already won. "How would I, uh, go about inquiring about a messenger position?" John asks.

A grin spreads over the stranger's face. "I'll bring you with me when I check in tomorrow." He begins resealing his helmet.

"Just like that? We don't even know each other's names."

"My name, John," the stranger says, with a nod to the name patch on John's uniform, "is Sherlock Holmes, and the address is 221B Baker Street." He winks and slides his sunglasses on, and prepares to mount his bike.

"Wait, that's..." John gestures to the building he'd been in the middle of delivering a package to.

"Yes, Martha Hudson is my landlady. You'll have to come back later, I'm afraid, as she'll have already taken her herbal soothers for the afternoon and won't hear the bell." Sherlock eyes the package. "But don't worry, as the romance novels she's ordered won't spoil and she hasn't finished the one she's currently reading anyway."

"That's brilliant," John says, then adds, "The deduction about the package, I mean."

Sherlock quirks another smile and mounts his bike, looking out into busy London traffic. John gets caught a moment looking at Sherlock's ass and almost forgets to ask, "What time tomorrow?"

Sherlock doesn't look away from the street but answers clearly, "7 o'clock." He then pushes forward aggressively on his bike, sliding into a narrow gap in between cars. The vehicle he cuts off honks, but Sherlock just throws out a vaguely offensive gesture and continues to weave through traffic.

John grins to himself. This is going to be mad, and John hasn't been as excited about anything in his life for quite some time.

written by dinosaurswearingdior

> dinosaurswearingdior.tumblr.com/post/83214626808/

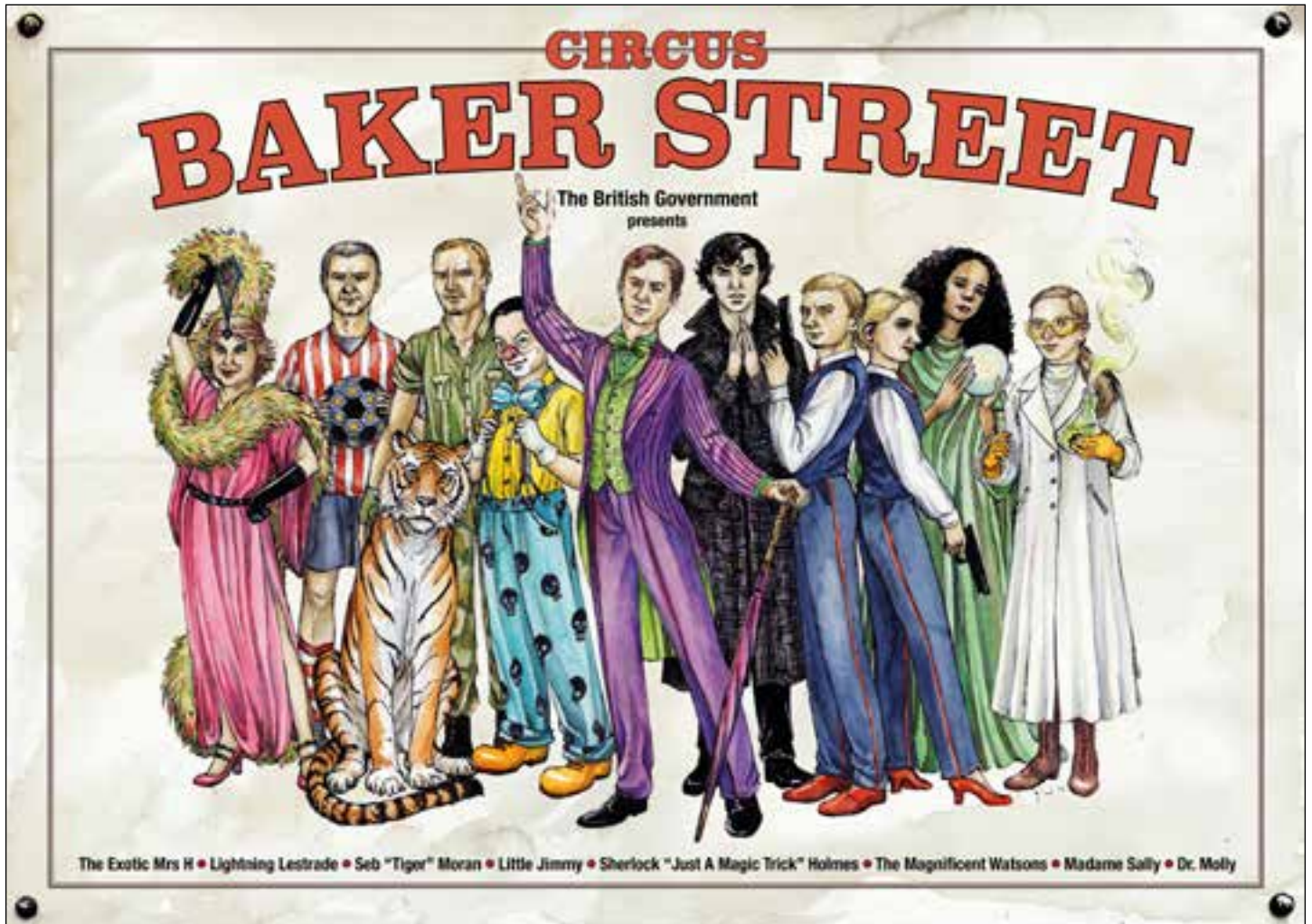


"Delivery for 221A"
(coloured pencil)

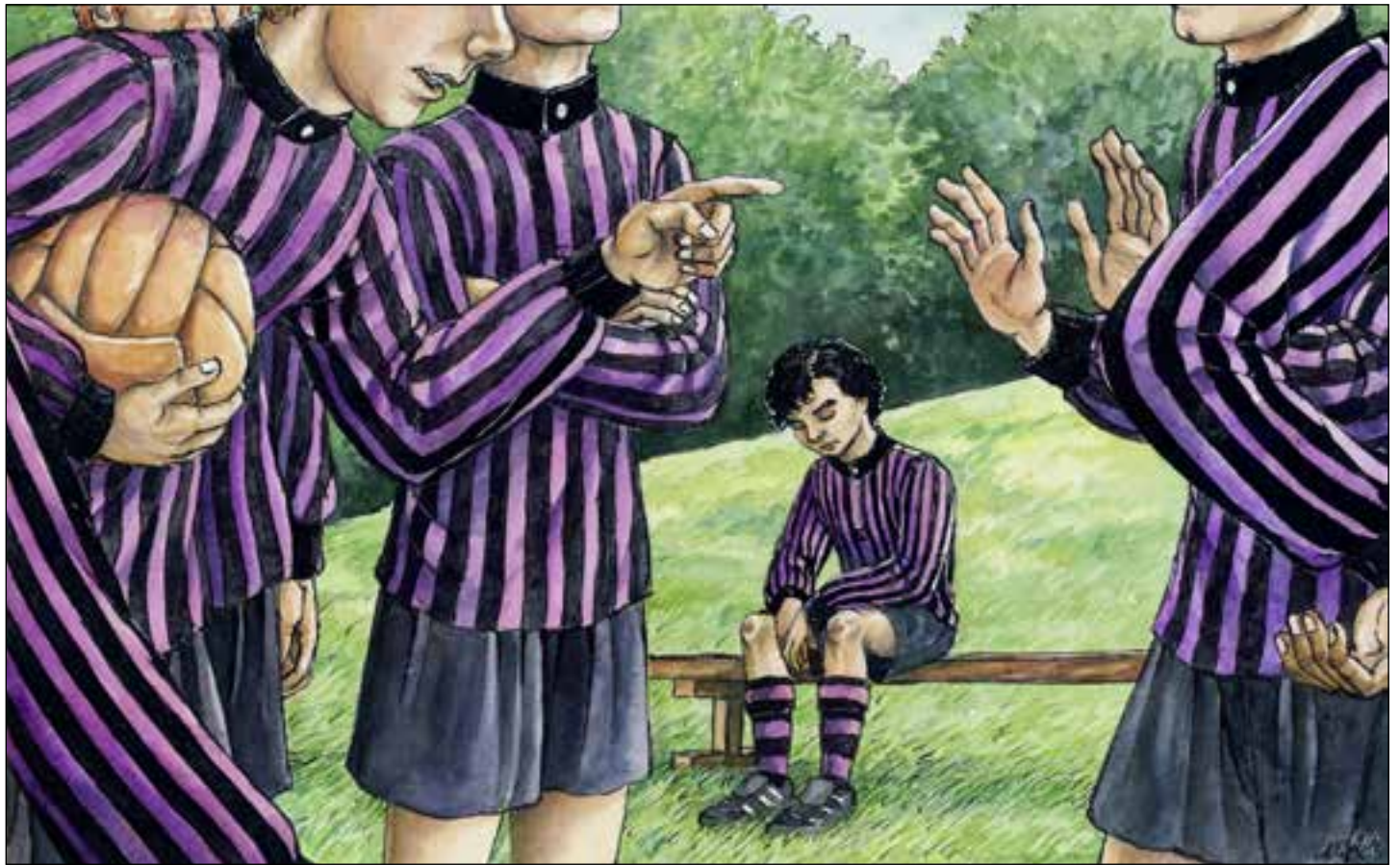
mysterious-thingy: The Reichenbach Bike
> mysterious-thingy.tumblr.com/post/83092497490/

nightshadedtears: Delivery for 221a
> nightshadedtears.tumblr.com/post/83109559022/

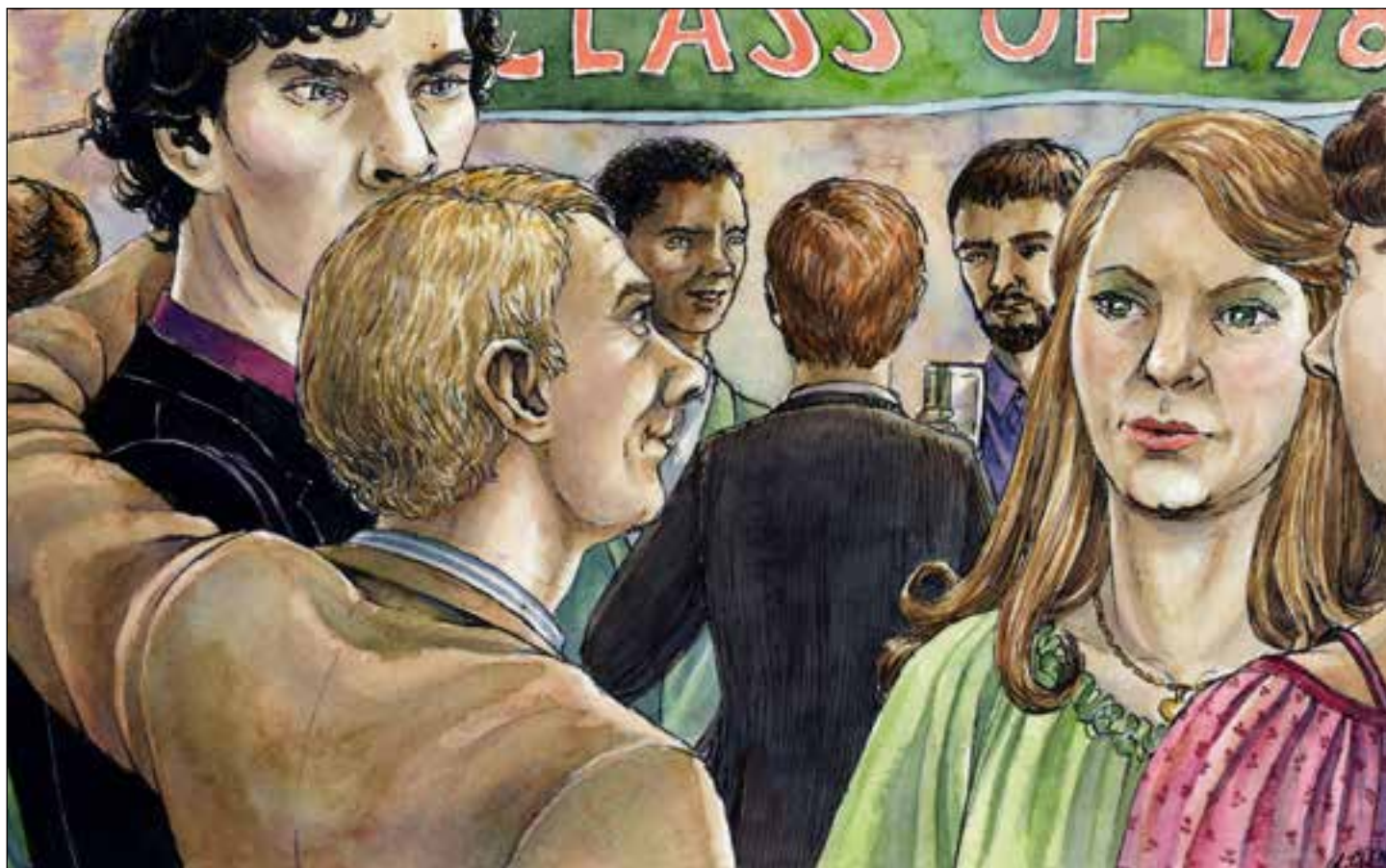




"Circus Baker Street"
(ink, watercolour and digital)



"This time, you take him"
(ink and watercolour)



"He belongs to me"
(ink and watercolour)

Meals

"John, John, wake up, John."

"I wasn't asleep. I was reading."

"Your eyes were closed."

"Cast down to read, not closed. What's so important anyway?"

"Try it."

"Try what?"

"Our first honey."





"Honey"
(ink and watercolour)

"Throughout the decades"
Some more Retirement!lock
(ink)

Colour Palette Challenge





"Distraction"
(fineliner on paper)

animation > khorazir.tumblr.com/post/91964213103/

Quite impressive, the place?" the doctor states. They have reached the manor, it's overcrowded Victorian facade with its mock-Gothic twirls and Italian pillars thrown into relief by the afternoon sun.

"I'd use another adjective," mutters Sherlock, causing Watson to laugh again. It's a pleasant sound.

"Which one? Ornate? Decorative? Eclectic?"

"Hideous."

The other cocks his head to one side as if to view the monstrosity from another angle. "Yeah, you're right. It is. Perhaps we should take a photograph and send it to Berlin to shock the Führer. I doubt he'd like it. I was in Berlin in '36 for the Olympic Games, and their architecture was all built to impress and overwhelm, huge and stark, with barely any ornamentation."

Sherlock considers this. "Oh, I don't know. According to what we know of him, he was an aspiring artist before he became an aspiring tyrant. He tried to get into art school and was refused due to lack of skill and aptitude. Lack of taste, too, perhaps, considering what kind of art is 'official' now in Germany. He might actually appreciate this building, ugly monstrosity that it is."

"If that's true, yes, he might. Should have accepted him at art school, though," muses Watson, gazing at Bletchley Manor with a grim expression. "It might have saved the entire world a lot of grief."

Sherlock nods gravely. He doubts it. If not Hitler, somebody else would have stirred Europe and the rest of the world into war again. Still, it's an interesting thought. What if ...

"Yes, it might," he agrees softly.



"In the park"
(ink and watercolour)

Based on my WW2/Codebreaker AU ***Enigma***
set in and around Bletchley Park in 1941

> archiveofourown.org/works/1991325/

Alternative Fashion Styles

My second contribution to the “Let’s Draw Sherlock” Challenge: Alternative Fashion Styles is “Sherlock throughout the Ages”. Because I couldn’t decide which one to depict, I decided to draw a slideshow of 2000 years of fashion, all modelled by Sherlock. The periods I chose are:

- (Sheetlock)
- Roman
- Early Mediaeval: Age of Migration
- Anglo Saxon
- Norman
- Mediaeval
- War of the Roses
- Tudor
- Elisabethan
- Puritan
- Restoration
- Georgian
- Regency
- Victorian
- Edwardian
- WWI: Officer
- 1920s
- 1930s/40s
- 1950s: Teddy Boy
- 1960s: Bondlock
- 1970s
- 1980s/90s: Harrowlock
- Contemporary: Coat
 Suit
 Beepants
 Sheetlock

(fineliner)

animation > khorazir.tumblr.com/post/95859301983/



Sheetlock



Roman



Roman



Early Mediaeval



Anglo-Saxon



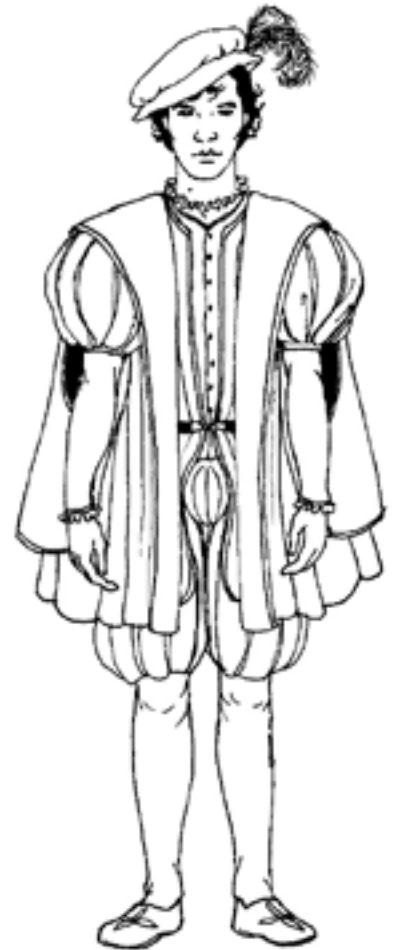
Norman



Mediaeval



War of the Roses



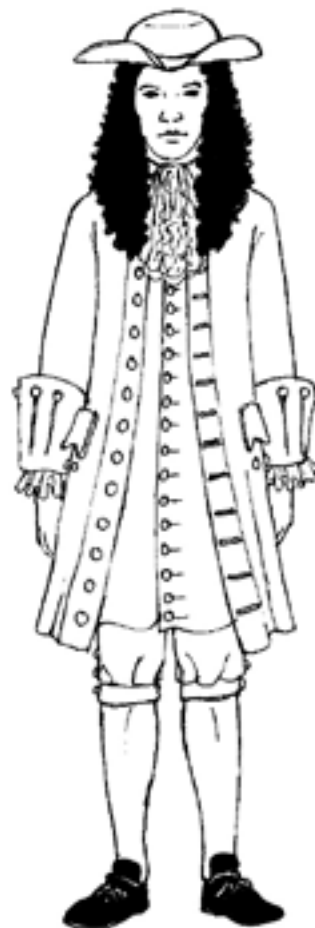
Tudor



Elisabethan



Puritan



Restoration



Georgian



Regency



Victorian



Edwardian



WWI: Officer



1920s



1930s/40s



1950s: Teddy Boy



1960s : Bondlock



1970s



1980s/90s (Harrowlock)



Contemporary: Coat



Contemporary: Suit



Contemporary: Beepants



Sheetlock

*Characters when they think
no one is looking*





*Characters when they think
no one is looking*

"Oh, Sherlock"
(ink and watercolour)

Resting his bike against a birch, Sherlock walks over. Jennifer Wilson lies on her front, her outstretched arms and gloved hands almost reaching into the water, her face hidden by her hair. When he saw her last it had been skilfully arranged in smooth waves fastened with hairpins and adorned with a pink ribbon. Now it is slightly dishevelled with a hat lying next to it. *Indicates rushing along the path and brushing at the hair to get rid of the gossamer threads.* One of her shoes is missing from her stockinged feet. It lies a few yards away, caked with clay. Likely the heel got stuck in the clingy mud near the water's edge and she walked on and so lost it. *Must have been in a rather desperate hurry, then, given how, according to Molly, she loved those shoes. They're not new, several years old, in fact, but well-kept and only recently polished.* She is wearing a skirt of grey and rose-coloured wool with a purple houndstooth pattern and a matching jacket, underneath with she has on a pink blouse with a bow and a frilly collar – the same clothes she wore the previous afternoon when Sherlock last saw her, apart from the jacket, which she must have fetched from her accommodation. Her hat is pink, asymmetrical, quite fanciful and stylish, adorned with silk flowers, pink glass beads, and pheasant feathers died purple, one of which has snapped and almost broken off. The stockings are expensive, nylon by the shine of them (*difficult to acquire indeed, even in London*), but they show runs where apparently thorns or branches have snatched the delicate material.

Enima, chapter 4



"In the quarry"
(ink and watercolour)

Based on my WW2/Codebreaker AU ***Enigma***
set in and around Bletchley Park in 1941

> archiveofourown.org/works/1991325/

Every evening he climbs the narrow stairs to the roof. Crawls across shingles. Sits alone, legs over the ledge, to watch the sunlight leave the city.

How easy, from this height, to leave with it.

*

He sits on the roof and he isn't alone.

His companion sits on his haunches, stares warily at John, looks away when John's gaze meets his. His wings are charcoal and rain, soot-dark brick, mist rolling over riverbank: London captured in filament and feather, streetlamps shining silver in the tips.

"Sherlock Holmes," says his companion. He flexes dark claws. "Afghanistan or Iraq?"

John seeks a punchline in fogged-glass eyes. Finds none.

"Afghanistan. Why?"

His companion—Sherlock—hums, stands, seems sure to fall but his wings spread wide, catch air, carry him safely from John's sight.

*

He sits on the roof and Sherlock joins him each night.

Your name, Sherlock asks, early on; over time adds, How was the date, did you know London from above's a battlefield, how do you feel about the violin.

John's quiet, content in the flutter of Sherlock's chatter. Asks once, months in, "You can reach every roof in London. Why come here?"

Sherlock tilts his head. "You don't know."

"Nope."

Feathers ruffle, settle. "Crows like what's luminous." Sherlock swallows. "You channel it, John. The light."

John takes Sherlock's hand. Blushes bright.

written by verymorstan

> khorazir.tumblr.com/post/101840666138/



"You could always come in, you know. Just for a bit, to get warm. Have something to eat, too, and some tea, if you drink that."

"I do not deal well with confined spaces, John."

"We'll leave the windows open. And even though it's small, my flat is not exactly a cupboard. Come on, you look like you could do with a decent bite and some rest. And that injured wing of yours needs some seeing to."

"Very well. I shall try this tea thing of yours."

"Crowlock"
(ink)

You know, sometimes I wish we could simply take a cab or even the bus on a day like this."

"Nobody hinders you, John."

"Yeah, right, as if any would take me like this, drenched to the skin and smelling of wet horse. Come on, get us home. And this time, I will light a fire, despite your objections to it."

"It's not the fire I object to, it's the fuel."

"You do know that this sounds completely irrational, don't you? Anyway, I don't care. I just want to get dry and warm."

"Centaurlock"
(ink)





"Done"

"Hey, you cheated."

"I didn't. There's no rule stating that you have to drink it through the straw."

"Well, then the rules are wrong."

Day 1: "Milkshake drinking competition" of the **31 Day Domestic OTP Sketch Challenge** as devised by kowabungadoodles.
(pencil)



"John."

"Hmmm."

"You can wear the antlers next year."

"Only if you wear my jumper."

"Deal."

Day 25: "Christmas Fluff" of the **31 Day Domestic OTP Sketch Challenge**
(pencil)

"Looks like somebody took care of
our special friends for us."

"Indeed. A thorough job, too. Interesting."

"Quite. Wonder who it was."

"Hudders and Mrs. T"
(ink)





"So, how's your splatter experiment going?"

"Oh, splendidly, John. It's rather like action painting, don't you think?"

"Er ..."

"John and Sherlock do 'Let's Draw Sherlock'"
(ink)

