

To,
Sherlock Holmes,
221 B Baker Street,
London,

When BBC decided to start this show, they would have never probably known how they were going to infect our lives because sadly, we still lived in a Sherlock-less reality; never known that there were so many of us out there still waiting to realize our potential to love a TV series so much, as much as we have loved you. They may have never thought that years later, there'll be more fan fiction episodes, comics, and everything else to compensate the lack of actual one's.

But then, there you were, in the face of Benedict Cumberbatch, the best of the best, in 221 B Baker Street, with the cutest landlord of the century. When you and John met, it was like somehow our dull, boring reality was fused with the ever fantastic world of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and gave us the new definition of getting bored.

As the seasons progressed, we found ourselves smeared more and more in the 'Pleasure of Murder' than in the grime of it.

More than a hundred times, we all found ourselves trying to master the science of deduction on almost everyday, in the metro, in college, looking over through office cubicles at every potential client, some to go as far as to their blind dates.

Being a Sherlock fan had never been easy though, we had to deal with a lot, a lot. Not more than four episodes in a row, years to wait to see the next one, 'YOUR DEATH', even though we never believed that to be true, and not even knowing that you're going to get a new season ever again or not.

But then who knew what more could be made out of this High Functioning Sociopath?

The perfect detective?

A high maintenance best friend to help you "clue for looks"?

The awesomest fandom of the 20th century?

Most desired roommate of the decade?

All the more reason to miss-spell Benedict's name?

The best fictional series in modern day television?

I guess, all.