The Blink of a Butterfly’s Wings

by Moon6Shadow

Summary

The Don’t Blink message is rather detailed, so what if it’s intended recipients weren’t the only ones who benefited from it?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

There are stories, many stories, about a Doctor and a blue box, but there are also other stories, just as outlandish, just as crazy and yet… and yet with a grain of truth to them. Some people laugh at easter eggs in a video, put it together, talk about it to their friends, some people become obsessed with decoding it, and some simply pass the joke around, useful for a few minutes laugh, particularly once youtube and other online video sharing sites take off. And yet, and yet… at the end of the day it doesn’t matter how or why, what matters is that it is there, what matters is that the message spreads, the fact that nobody takes it seriously a curse and a blessing, because it is irrelevant, a joke good for a few minutes, or perhaps longer, perhaps a scary ghost story to tell at a camp. The point is that nobody ever thinks to take it down, and that what once might have been a whisper is now a roar without sound.

It is part of the culture now, alongside the story about killer clowns, nobody believes, nobody knows and yet they all know. Perhaps a few more people watch the statues a little longer than they once did, perhaps less people think about having statues around. They can’t exactly stop the Angels from moving where they want to go but they can question them, they can have statues removed or not put them up at all, they can make it harder for Angels to blend in when there are no other statues around. They can grow wary of Weeping Angels, of the Angels that hide their face, they can wonder what happens when nobody is around, even if they never admit it outside their
nightmares.

People treat the Don’t Blink message as a joke, they laugh at the time traveller, or at least they try to, nobody likes to admit how sometimes the laugh is strained and the reason why it’s typically considered a ghost story type joke.

Kids love it.

Particularly the teenagers, it’s right up there with haunted houses and ghost stories and people remember… maybe not consciously but they remember… and they sense it. Just like they feel afraid of the dark and the vashta nerada that they insist doesn’t exist, that they forgot or perhaps never knew about in the first place. Perhaps sometimes, somewhere, someone will also release a clip about them too, easter eggs for those to hunt down clues with a chilly ‘ghost story’ at the end. Perhaps….

And so the story goes and so the message is passed on

She spreads it. She spreads the message far and wide, she hopes he’ll hear it, hopes he finds it, she needs him to find it, their lives depend on him finding it. And then, and then, just when she thinks she’ll never get actual confirmation that he ever receives it, she sees him, she finds him this time and she realises she always was the pivotal point in this story, that for all his mystery and time travelling, she was the one who saved them, who gave him the key and the tools to save them all and he had passed them on so they were there when she needed them, when he needed them, they had both saved themselves in the end. Communicating across time, hoping and believing the message would reach the other end.

And then, and then, it’s all over, really over, not for him not yet, but it is for her, at least, she’d saved them and so it should be over, shouldn’t it? But it’s not, it’s not, she lost a friend, her best friend, as well as someone she knew not very long at all and yet felt she knew so well, someone else who helped save her, who gave her the tools she needed, who passed on the message in bits and pieces so they would be there when she needed them.

It’s not over. Not by a long shot.

She keeps spreading the story, as a ghost story, a thriller, a horror story, whatever way works. It makes her cold, chilled to her bones, and people laugh and laugh and laugh. They think it’s funny, things that go bump in the night are always good for a laugh. Just as long as they aren’t real. She lets them laugh, it’s easier now, easier when she’s less desperate, she knows she’s safe now, or she will be, all those years ago. She’s in good hands now, the Doctor’s, Billy’s, Kathy’s and Larry’s. It’s comforting and yet not, regardless it makes her less panicked, she can bare the laughter now. It hurt before, it hurt and it hurt and it hurt, couldn’t they see she was screaming? Couldn’t they see how terrified she was?

She passes on the message because someone, someone might hear it, because someone, somewhere might be listening, even if they don’t know they need to, even if they don’t know they need it until they do, because someone, somewhere might piece together the clues.

She tells the whole story now, beginning to end, they don’t believe it, they don’t have to, what matters is that they heard it, even if they don’t understand yet, because one day they may have to. One day they may need it. One day, one day, and even if… even if the story doesn’t save them, even if they don’t have the Doctor and a blue box and a key, perhaps… just perhaps… one day
they will hear it and know they aren’t alone. Maybe one day, they will add their voices to her’s in an echo, in a symphony, in a whisper, in a roar that keeps getting louder. In a ripple, a ripple that already so many have sent through time, through so many hands, in so many forms so that they might reach her when she needed them and so she shall pass the ripples on, increasing, increasing, ongoing, even as they pass on.

End Notes

Inspiration: Doctor Who, Don’t blink Message.

Actually more like Ch. 33 of Heck, the Witch Formerly Known as Warlock by ModernWizard reminded me of the Doctor Who Don’t Blink message due to Ch.33, next paragraph has a tiny spoiler:

[Crowley almost but not quite says ‘big ball of wibbly-wobbly timey-wimey stuff’. Points to ModernWizard for managing to completely dance around the phrase without saying it but still cause you to hear the phrase plain as day.]

Then wondering if the message ever helped anyone else given how detailed it was in regard to the angels. It was originally going to be more focused on the message helping the odd person who ended up running into Weeping Angels and then it became more of a Silence and Moon Landing message type story.

- The Blink episode is like the personification of “They may forget your name, but they will never forget how you made them feel.” — Maya Angelou, I didn’t remember any of the characters names, but I remember them so clearly. So I got to name them in this. <3

Characters:
Main: Sally Sparrow
Officer/Easter Eggs Placer: Billy Shipton
Best friend: Kathy Nightingale
Best Friend’s Brother/Put together the Easter Eggs: Larry Nightingale

- Thank you everyone for reading!! <3

#Fandom for Fun, so not looking for critics but pretty much all polite feedback including Whisper and Murmur comments are totally welcome. If you've left feedback in the form of kudos, bookmarks and/or comments I likely won't see feedback immediately, but I will see it eventually so thank you!!

Open series to see my detailed LLF Comment Project statement or see Poetry and Short Stories series notes for my Blanket Permission Statement but basically, as long as you credit, yes you can.

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