

FROM: Larry Nightingale (lnightingale@supermail.com)

TO: Jim (JimJimJim@supermail.com), Amanda M (PhoneboxAngel@supermail.com) Davey Smith (Davethedangerous@davemail.com) Sean (SnakesSean@supermail.com) Sofa Guy (thebigcahuna@sofaguy.co.uk)

SUBJECT: The Great confession. (I found the Easter egg guy).

Right boys (and Amanda), the search for the Easter Egg Doctor (yup he has been identified! More on that later) has gone on a while, but I'm gonna level with ya now. I met him last week. And those angels? About a year ago. But let's start at the beginning. The start of the search, the chase, the indecent exposure of one's self to a beautiful lady, and the adventure that lady and I went on. It's a comedy, a horror, and a love story. This is the story of Larry Nightingale vs. the Stone bastards.

And other tales... Ahem.

THE LONELY ASSASSIN

An Anthology of Mystery, by L. Nightingale.

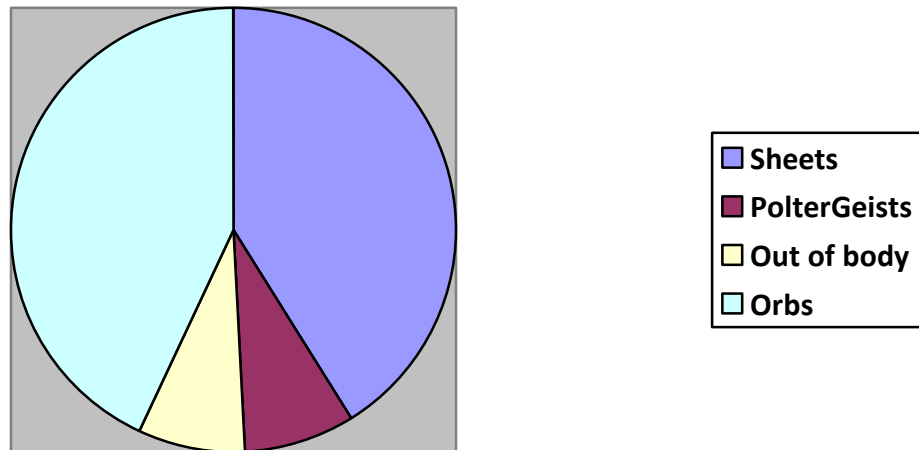
As you remember, after the above blog, I'd stopped blogging and posting and went searching for the angels. And yes, I remember your silly theories as to why I was posting less of my thoughts at the time. 'The angels got him' 'he's lost his bottle' 'he's topped himself' (did you really have to go so morbid for that last one?). Before we get to the angels or indeed the girl (oh Sally you utter beauty), let me talk you through some little oddities and adventures found on the way... This is the odd side of life that a bit of internet research into the improbable gets you.

The Pie Chart of 'Ghost Sightings' (an extremely short study)

Something short to start us off with. A bit of light research to warm me up. This this is the most common of 'strange and true' goings on in the universe. That classic – the ghost sighting. So I visited this forum that specialises in people telling their stories of ghosts. I'd checked a hundred threads. 40 were things that looked like sheets, 10 that were apparently poltergeists moving things, 10 out of body experiments and 40 were 'orbs'.

I thought it was an interesting and nicely divided set of results...

Thus;



NB: Look at the lines, kinda makes a 'peace sign'. Aww, isn't that sweet? Stop persecuting ghosts, you judgemental bigoted gits.

Doner Kebabs and the Psychic Homeless.

Recently I'd travelled into London with a couple of old school pals for a gig (Beck, if you're curious), and after the gig (it was awesome, if you're curious), I'd, in my tipsy state (£4 a flipping pint! Bankrupt!) I'd headed along to Camden with the boys. Even more drinks later, I was sloshed and we'd headed off towards Kentish Town. I say 'we', it turns out I'd walked off without them. Something I'd not noticed until reaching Kentish Town after blabbing on for about fifteen minutes.

I decided to pop into a Kebab shop and five minutes later I had a glorious bundle of supposedly-lamb-but-probably-unidentified meat in a pitta with some chili sauce. I thought I may as well head back to Camden and find the boys when a homeless looking girl stopped right in front of me, blocking my path.

"I know who your mind is on" she said, smirking.

"Oh yeah, who?" *Ha! How on earth could she?* I thought confidently.

"Becky at the Coffee shop, down the road from your work. Short, blonde, lovely smile."
*Sh*t. She was right, how did she know?*

"What... How?" I started, not getting the rest out.

"I'm psychic!"

"Yeah, right!" I laughed as I took another mouthful of the random meat collection in bread.

I went to move, but she wouldn't budge.

"First, gimme a bite of that, and I'll prove myself, then send you back to your mates..." she said. I obliged, begrudgingly, and ripped about half of it off which she began to eat.

"Okay, what else can you tell me about... me?" I asked her, genuinely fascinated that this girl could possibly read my mind.

"That you don't want them to make a film or TV show of 'A Song of Ice and Fire' as there's no possible way it'd work. And it'd be rubbish"

"You could have got that one from my blog!"

"I'm homeless, I can't access your bloody blog. Plus I've only just met you".

"True. What else?"

"You're wondering whether it's all a bit sad and you're wasting your life"

What a flipping cheek!

"Now you're just insulting me!"

She laughed at that.

"Okay, I admit that was a naughty one"

"Anything else?" I asked.

"This Easter Egg on a DVD you're searching for... Sure he's real and not some sort of prank?" She asked, sure nothing was going on.

And then it hit me. Maybe it was all a prank.

She had admitted that she wasn't really psychic. I'd been waffling on about stuff thinking the guys were with me, and she had followed, listened to everything I said. Cheeky kebab stealing mare. But she had no roof over head, homeless, so when we found my mates, I invited us to stay in the B&B with us that night, and it was a good laugh. She told the others about it all, and they ribbed me for weeks about that.

But it left me with an important thought. Perhaps he wasn't real. I won't lie, I was sad about this. Bit of a kicker. Still, I was interested in looking stuff up, between Cybermen and exploding electric stars, things were out there. I'd put the DVD guy to the back of my head, and thought I'd have one more look.

Turns out she was apprehensive re the Easter Egg Guy for a reason too. Her mum had come down from up North eventually to find her (she initially got in with a bad crowd, drugs and all that, but fine now, albeit homeless still) but ended up with this group called LINDA searching for some 'Doctor' but it sounds like nothing came of it.

"Don't go looking for something that probably isn't there" she said. She also said she "learned that fast when it came to drugs and stuff".

I hope her and her mum reunite. I looked that LINDA lot up, seems they're defunct now.

Bit more of a search later, I picked up something interesting...

Regarding Clive.

A few weeks before I finally met Sally and the Angels, I'd done more research. I'd kind of hit a wall when it came to looking for a Doctor looking for the angels (I'd hit more religious

blogs than you could ever believe), so I'd decided to take another angle, I'd looked for time travel, and seeing as this guy must have got about a bit, there might be traces of him somewhere. And then I'd found a blog.

It was a bloke in London called Clive. And he reckons these photos and drawings on the website were of this time traveller known only as the 'Doctor' (ding ding!). There was an artist's impression of him in Sumatra at the eruption of Krakatoa, then an old vintage photograph of him at the Titanic's launch, supposedly having stopped a family boarding, then finally he's there, in the crowd when Kennedy was assassinated.

In the end, it turns out he was killed when all those shop dummies attacked years ago! Damn. Shot down by a plastic menace. Poor fella.

Still, a potential name. Maybe time travellers could shape shift? He had a theory that it was father to son, but stranger things have happened. The Doctor. Seems a good name for a time traveller. After all, we had a fictional Doc Brown who time travelled in a DeLorian, so a phone box isn't out of the question. Well, I'm trying to marry that with reality. I wonder if he'll ever find his own Clara.

Unless he's just mad, and was taking off Bill and Ted. Nah, he seems genuine. So that's what I did initially (as you remember from the blog)- put the feelers out for this 'Doctor'. This, a few weeks later, had me receiving some odd correspondence...

The Short email Mystery of Miss Amy Pond.

A few after that, and a weeks before I finally met the angels, I'd got a strange email from a girl called Amy Pond. Somehow it didn't end up in my spam. The subject had read:

I'm looking for the Doctor too! Help.

Hmmm. Okay. Interesting. *click*

*"Hi Larry,
I think I'm looking for the same thing as you. The Doctor! Scruffy guy? Different to your pic but to be honest I was 7 at the time and could have remembered his face a bit differently!
Anyway, I think you should get in touch!*

Amy, in search of her raggedy Doctor"

Oh effing hell, a spam merchant, I thought. I looked up Amelia Pond on Facebook and it was some random girl in a policewoman's uniform. Next to a bloke dressed as a Roman (fella?). And she was hot too. Either this person is pretending to be this Amelia or Amelia is plainly a mental case.

Anyway, I got my answer - Probably a mental. I got an email days later from a Rory Williams telling me he's her boyfriend (the Roman?) seemingly confirming she is indeed mental. Well, he didn't say that, he basically said it's something that's been with her since she was a kid, but that's the implication, right?

I was tempted to ask him if she actually was that hot redhead. Thought better of it, but then if she was correct and this Doctor had yet another face, then my shape-shifter theory is correct. This guy has many faces!

Meeting my angel (okay, that was sappy - stop heaving! Okay I actually feel dirty saying sappy words...). And THE Angels.

Anyway, that's it for gap filling. Now for the juice – meeting the lovely Sally. So, you imagine meeting your perfect woman/man/combination of the above if that's your thing. How does it go? A glance across a café? Standing next to each other at a bar? A tube train? Maybe even an office romance (this doesn't apply when it comes to me though; it's just me and Banto at the comic shop. That would be... No). There's no end to the possibilities, this world is big and nuts, and anything can happen.

Me? Well this is how I met my perfect woman. Picture this: It's 1 or 2am, you need to take an epic wizz. You're sleepy (and possibly a tad stoned) so up you get, and off to the loo you go. You do your business. After you're all done in the bathroom you head back to your room and notice something in the kitchen. You turn and there she is. Phone to ear and armed with two cuppas, she smirks and confirms your worst fears: Your stoned self is butt naked and EVERYTHING is on show. *Brilliant.*

Anyway, later that morning Kathy and gorgeous woman (who was her friend I'd heard plenty about, Sally Sparrow, as Kathy has informed me via an angry text complaining about me, my lack of clothes, and exposed areas) popped off to some old decrepit house. A bit of a Scooby Doo adventure, not like Kathy at all! Sally must have convinced her. *Oo, the gorgeous one is into haunted houses? Wonder if she's into horror films...* I thought. Then felt put out that they'd not invited me, I'd have liked to have a look!

Yeah, well be careful what you wish for. But we'll get to that.

Then a juicy bit. Remember later that day we were in that big group chatroom talking about the discovery of the 17th DVD? That's when Sally turned up at the shop! She travelled to mine and Banto's little nerd hole! She had a message from Kathy, that Kathy said she loved me. Now the big sign was there that it was a weird day like no other. Why on earth would Kathy send her mate to tell her she loved me? I thought one of us must have been ill.

Sally had confirmed that neither were the case, so I put it down to Kathy having some sort of funny half hour or something.

Later that day, Sally phoned me at the shop, asking to meet her at some house nearby called 'Wester Drumlins'. I picked up my laptop, a couple of the DVDs (turns out those 17 was Sally's 'complete' collection – Only 17 DVDs?!), and the transcript and set off. Wester Drumlins is a dilapidated old hole, and was pleased to learn she didn't actually live there. We set the equipment up and put a DVD on...

So, here's what happened. Obviously you guys have your own version of the transcript, well his side, but we've got our side written down too.

Blue ink for me and Sally, original Black font for the Doctor. Completely different font for my thoughts.

Me: There he is.

S: The Doctor.

Me: Who's the doctor?

S: He's the Doctor.

Doctor: Yep, that's me.

A-ha! I was right!

S: Okay, that's scary.

Me: No, it sounds like he's replying, but he always says that.

Doctor: Yes I do.

Me: And that.

Doctor: Yep, and this.

S: He can hear us! Oh my God, you can really hear us!

Me: Of course he can't hear us. Look, I've got a transcript, see? Everything he says. 'Yep, that's me,' 'Yes I do,' 'Yep, and this,' next is...

Doctor - *and Me*: Are you going to read out the whole thing?

Me: Sorry.

S: Who are you?

Doctor: I'm a time traveller. Or I was. I'm stuck in 1969.

Martha: We're stuck. All of space and time he promised me. Now I've got a job in a shop, I've got to support him!

Doctor: Martha!

Martha: Sorry.

S: I've seen this bit before.

Doctor: Quite possibly.

S: 1969? That's where you're talking from?

Doctor: 'Fraid so.

S: But you're replying to me! You can't know exactly what I'm gonna say 40 years before I say it!

Doctor: 38!

By this point, my head was going into overload. A gorgeous nice lady was ACTUALLY interacting with this easter egg I'd tried to crack the those last few years. ACTUALLY responding to things each said.

Me: I'm writing this down! I'm getting in your bits.

S: How! How is this possible? Tell me!

Me: Not so fast!

Doctor: People don't understand time. It's not what you think it is.

S: Then what is it?

Doctor: Complicated.

S: Tell me.

Doctor: Very complicated.

Sally: I'm clever, and I'm listening, and don't patronize me, people have died and I'm not happy. Tell me.

Doctor: People assume that time is a strict progression of cause to effect... but actually, from a non-linear, non-subjective viewpoint, it's more like a big ball of wibbly-wobbly.... timey-wimey.... stuff.

S: Yeah, I've seen this bit before. You said that sentence got away from you.

Doctor: It got away from me, yeah.

S: Next thing you're gonna say is 'well I can hear you.'

Doctor: Well I can hear you.

S: This is impossible!

Me: No! It's Brilliant!

It really honestly was. My heart rate went up and my head was spinning but down these words got jotted...

Doctor: Well not hear you exactly, but I know everything you're gonna say.

Me: Always gives me the shivers, that bit.

S: How can you know what I'm gonna say?

Doctor: Look to your left.

Me: What's he mean by look to your left? I've written tons about that on the forums. I reckon it's a political statement.

Idiot.

S: He means you. What are you doing?

Me: I'm writing in your bits. That way I've got a complete transcript of the entire conversation. Wait until this hits the net! This'll explode the egg forums!

Doctor: got a copy of the finished transcript, it's on my autocue.

S: How can you have a copy of the finished transcript? It's still being written!

Doctor: I told you, I'm a time traveller - I got it in the future!

S: Okay, let me get my head around this. You're reading aloud from a transcript of a conversation you're still having?

Doctor: Oh, wibbly-wobbly, timey-wimey...

S: Actually, never mind that. You can do short hand (to me).

Me: So?

Doctor: What matters is, we can communicate. We have got big problems now. They have taken the blue box, haven't they? The Angels have the phone box.

Me: "The Angels have the phone box". That's my favorite; I've got that on a t-shirt!

That has since faded. Sad face.

S: What do you mean "Angels"? You mean those statue things?

Doctor: Creatures from another world.

S: But they're just statues.

Doctor: Only when you see them.

S: What does that mean?

Doctor: Lonely Assassins, they used to be called. No one quite knows where they came from, but they're as old as the Universe, or very nearly, and they have survived this long because they have the most perfect defence system ever evolved. They're quantum locked. They don't exist when they're being observed. The moment they are seen by any other living creature, they freeze into rock. No choice, it's a fact of their biology. In the sight of any living thing they literally turn to stone. And you can't kill a stone. 'Course, a stone can't kill you either, but then you turn your head away. Then you blink, and oh yes it can!

S: (to me, about the statue) Don't take your eyes off that.

Doctor: That's why they cover their eyes. They're not weeping, they can't risk looking at each other. Their greatest asset is their greatest curse. They can never be seen. Loneliest creatures in the Universe. And I'm sorry.

I am very, very sorry, it's up to you now.

S: What am I supposed to do?

Doctor: The blue box; it's my time machine. There is a world of time energy in there that they could feast on forever, but the damage they would do could switch off the sun. You have got to send it back to me.

S: How? How?!

Doctor: And that's it, I'm afraid. There's no more from you on the transcript, that's the last I've got. I don't know what stopped you talking but I can guess. They're coming. The Angels are coming for you, but listen -your life could depend on this- don't blink. Don't even blink. Blink and you're dead. They are fast, faster than you could believe. Don't turn your back, don't look away, and don't blink. Good luck.

Everything that happened next was the most frightening experience of my life. We'd both stupidly looked away from the laptop and window for just a moment, and then there was an angel in the room. Panic stations. Sally had me stay there to stare at it (*cheers!*) as she looked for a way out to find the police box. But the doors were locked. Wonderful. I must have looked away from the angel to blink for about a tenth of a second but it was enough for the angel to get right in my face. Nearly cacked my pants there and then.

Sally still dashed around the house to find a way out, finding nothing. She then realised there was a cellar. She walked down there as I kept my eyes on the angel.

It was painful. Imagine having to keep your eyes open, even a blink putting you in danger. It's okay for the first few seconds, but then your eyes begin to water. Then a few seconds later they start to burn. I had a thought. If I could back away, maybe blink as I turn a corner quick enough, I'd avoid getting caught. I backed off round to the cellar. It had managed to follow me round, but not catch me. Sally was down there with the box and three other angels. More sets of eyes to look at the angel. *Thank f*ck they can't even look at each other*, I think. Carefully we moved over to the box and entered (all the while they were trying to stop the lights working).

He wasn't lying when he said it was a "whole world inside". It was massive. Then we got a hologram telling us to stick one of the DVDs in the slot on the console thing sitting in the middle of this big room. I'd have gone straight over if we weren't getting thrown all over the place. I threw myself over and put managed to insert the DVD. Then it started whirring and flying... And left us behind. Sheer panic as the room faded away from us. We were certain we'd be taken by the angels, but as we looked at them, the penny dropped. The angels were stuck looking at each other. I double checked. Yup, they were in a position where they could never look away.

And then we got the hell out of there, grabbing the laptop, the transcript, and photos as we went.

So now, before we continue, I'd like to say... I "got the girl". It hadn't happened for ages as she had been distant, worrying that we may not have got it completely right and might never get the transcript to the Doctor. I was fine with that, it was good to be around her a lot (we run the shop together now) and I'm not one of those creeps who moans about the 'friendzone'. Not that I'd even approached her, we'd been through a traumatic event together so I hadn't the foggiest as to whether it'd even be appropriate. Her worrying about events occasionally was the bigger concern.

So apart from her anxieties about things working out, things were good. Then came the day we finally got to meet the Doctor. It was actually the first time I'd mentioned to Sally about 'things' but she declined. I completely understood, so then popped down the road to get stuff like Milk. I had no idea what I'd see a couple of minutes later. I'd walked back from the shop to see Sally outside talking to someone. He was kinda in the corner of my eye so when I looked over to see who she was talking to... It was him. The Doctor. And that Martha was next to him. They looked at me and he smirked at my presumably dumbfounded expression.

My heart beat even faster than when I first saw Sally. Is that weird? It's probably weird, yeah. Might delete this bit in a minute... Well it was either the Doctor meeting my gaze or Sally grabbing my hand. Thinking about it, it'll be the latter.

Anyway, it was the shortest of meetings and he and Martha ran off, transcript and photos in hand, to sort out a problem. Sally later told me it was something to do with a lizard, I think she was lost in a haze too so probably got that wrong. But it was a great day. We're happily together now that that weight has been lifted off Sally's mind, in fact if I remember rightly, we were still hand in hand when going back to work.

So there you have it. A comedy, a story of horror, and a story of love. Sally and I should totally write a book on this...