A Picture Is Worth a Thousand Chirps

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A Picture Is Worth a Thousand Chirps

by Oakenbee

Summary

Harris is just keeping up with the latest Tiktok trends. This week he's getting the guys to sign old photos of themselves. It's really not his fault Ilya decides to help.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Harris walked into the dressing room armed with a stack of photos and a handful of sharpies.

“Hey Roz. Can you sign this?”

“Ooo I have seen these videos. This will be good.”

Harris handed over a photo showing a 17 year old Rozanov shaking Hollander's hand in the World Juniors handshake line.

Ilya looked over the picture with a small smile.

“Aw look at this guy. So young. So handsome. Very hot. Oh and Hollander is there. Do not worry. I will make this perfect.”

With a flourish and a smirk, Ilya signed his name directly over Hollander’s face.

Wyatt walked over from his stall. “Oo memory lane. Is that when you met?”

Ilya’s smile returned “A few days after. But Harris this is boring. Why do I not get a fun picture?”

“I was just giving the fans their daily dose of Hollanov. I have more. Try this one.”

Harris handed over another photo face down this time. Giddily, Ilya flipped it over revealing a 14 year old Ilya in full hockey gear standing on the ice. With a shaved head and the whispiest hint of facial hair.

Wyatt looked delighted by this development. “Oh Roz no. That is cursed. It’s good to know you had an awkward phase.”

“Bah. Is not awkward. I am still hot. Much better Harris. Good job. I will hold on to this yes.”

Ilya quickly folded and pocketed the picture. “Ok, who is next. I will help. I will be your assistant. Cannot make you carry all of those yourself.”

“I probably shouldn’t have started with you, should I?” Harris winced, realizing his mistake.

“Do not know what you mean. I am being a helpful guy.”

Harris leafed through the stack of photos Ilya had commandeered. “You're up Wyatt. Can you sign this?”

This one showed an 8 year old Wyatt on the ice wearing hockey skates, a Superman costume, and welding a tiny goalie stick like a sword.

“Oh man. Capes really make skating better. Do you think it would help block shots or would this be an Incredibles situation?”

Ilya stared blankly at his goalie while Harris smiled warmly.

“No capes. Anyway I’m split 50/50. It would help take up space in the net but wouldn’t want to trip.” Wyatt wandered back to his stall deep in thought.

Ilya called after him. “Never change Hazy.” He pulled out a photo “This one next. Come Harris!”

Harris really made a mistake starting with Ilya. We would apologize to the guys later, but this was going to be fun.

“Hey Bood! Can you sign this?”

“What ya got Harris?” Flipping over the picture with a good natured wince. “Damn was this on facebook. That's tough”

The picture showed a 13 year old Bood leaning against a locker with all the coolness of a 13 year old. Blue striped polo, gold chain, and hair in an almost fro.

“First day of school swagger. I think that was my first profile picture. Wow. 0 out of 10 man.”

“That's a good head of hair what happened?” Ilya chirped with all the confidence of a man who wasn’t hiding a photo in his back pocket.

“Hairline is too good.” Bood chuckled, shaking his head.

“Troy next! Come Harris!”

Troy looked up from his phone and smiled brightly at Harris. Noticing the shit-eating grin on Rozanov’s face, his expression grew skeptical. “Hi?”

“Hey Troy” Harris tried to reassure his boyfriend, but he could only do so much with Ilya grinning like the Cheshire Cat over his shoulder. “Can you sign this?”

“What is it? I don’t want to flip it over” Troy grabbed the photo hesitantly before turning it slowly. “Oh no! Why? How?”

Ilya let out a cackle at the picture Troy held. It was a mirror selfie showing a teenage Troy holding up his phone in a locker room. The too cool smolder doing nothing to distract from the bright yellow choppy bleached haircut.

“Your mom sent it to me.”

Ilya rocked back gleefully. “Typical hockey bro! That guy would not have won over Harris!”

Evan Dykstra leaned over from the stall next to Troy. “Oh man what a flo! We’ve all been there.”

Ilya was having way too much fun with this. Harris pulled out the next picture. “D can you sign this?”

Dykstra flipped over the page to show what must have been a prom picture. He was wearing a camouflage suit coat with a blaze orange vest and bowtie.

“Is this from my instagram? Wow you dove deep. At least get the acne out of there.”

Ilya looked deeply offended by the outfit. “Were you hiding from your date? What is that?”

“Hey! I wasn’t the only one wearing camo!”

Ilya shivered, “I am sorry for you. NEXT!”

Luca froze like a deer in the headlights as Rozanov and Harris approached. “Hey Luca. Can you sign this?”

Luca flipped over the picture. A very young Luca was shown wearing a Boston Bears jersey that looked suspiciously to have number 81 on the shoulder.

“Harris! Is not fair. That was taken yesterday!” Ilya clapped Luca on the shoulder.

Luca blushed and stammered slightly. “Oh um. Are we actually signing these?”

“Yes! I will hang it on my wall” Ilya said cheerfully as Luca’s blush deepened.

Shane walked into the dressing room a moment later and Ilya’s eye took on an evil twinkle. “Come Harris!”

Shane narrowed his eyes as his husband approached. “Why are you smiling? I don’t trust that smile.”

“I do not know what you mean.This is my normal smile” Ilya tried to say innocently.

“Exactly.”

Harris broke through the standoff. “Hey Shane, can you sign this?”

Shane held skeptical eye contact with Ilya as he reached out to take the paper. It showed a 3 year old Shane glaring at the camera, face scrunched up in 3 year old anger.

“Look at your cheeks! So chubby.” Ilya cooed.

“Hey! I’m cute!”

Ilya pulled the picture closer. “I have not seen this one before! Why are you angry?”

“I think it was after my first practice. I didn’t want to leave the ice”

“Nothing has changed. You make that face every day.”

Shane’s eyes narrowed in a grown up version of that expression as Ilya’s smile widened. Shane snatched the picture back and Ilya cried “No I have to keep it!”

“That wasn't too bad. What picture did Harris have of you?”

Ilya pulled out the World Juniors photo. “Only good photos of me out there. I am perfect. Next!”

“I don’t believe that.”

“Come Harris! Next.”

“Don’t worry Shane. I printed doubles.” Harris said, pulling a second copy of the cursed shaved head photo out of his bag.

“Betrayal!” Ilya tried to grab the photo.

“Oh god. Oh my god!” Shane sputtered. He batted Ilya’s hand away when he tried to snatch the picture away. “No! I’m keeping this for the next time you tease me.”

Ilya successfully grabbed the picture back.

Shane smiled triumphantly “Too late! That is burned into my memory. Wow. Just wow!”

“I do not like this game anymore.” Ilya stalked off.

Shane turned to Harris still smiling. “He’s probably plotting his revenge, you know?”

. . . . . .

A little while later

Shane ran his fingers through Ilya’s hair. “I was kidding. Only you could pull that look off.”

“You are sure?” Ilya nuzzled into the feel of Shane’s hand.

“Well…we would have avoided a lot of trouble if we met at that age.”

“Hey!”

End Notes

Ilya's picture inspired by Artemi Panarin's bald phase

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