

Before The Whistle

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Before The Whistle

by [alimariereads](#)

Summary

Ilya has never hesitated on the ice.

Until the one time he does.

A moment of hesitation during a heated game changes everything, leaving Shane unconscious and Ilya reckoning with the truth he never meant to face.

Notes

This was inspired by “Crooked the Road” by Mon Rovia :)

Sometimes love shows up as a hesitation, and the road bends whether you’re ready for it or not.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

*“Some love comes crooked,
some roads you don’t mean to follow.”*

-Crooked the Road by Mon Rovia

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Ilya's POV

Ilya has never believed in accidents on the ice.

Mistakes happen. Bad timing happens. People misjudge angles or overestimate their own strength. But accidents suggest randomness, and there's nothing random about hockey at this level. Everything has a cause. Everything is a choice, whether the person making it realizes it or not.

That belief has served him well. It's carried him through seasons of hard hits and harder games, through bruises that bloomed purple and yellow and through the particular satisfaction of putting Shane Hollander on his back and skating away like it meant nothing.

Until tonight.

The play is fast and ugly, the kind of stretch where both teams are already tired and tempers are running thin. Shane cuts down the boards with his head up, skates digging in hard, body angled just right. Ilya reads it instantly. He always does. He knows exactly where Shane is going to be and exactly how to meet him there.

This is familiar. This is easy.

He closes the distance, lines up the hit, feels the moment coiling in his muscles.

Then Shane looks at him.

It's only a glance. A flicker of recognition through the cage of his helmet. But something in Ilya's chest tightens in a way he doesn't have time to examine.

The whistle hasn't blown. Yet Ilya slows. Not enough for the refs to notice. Not enough for the crowd to react. Just enough that his shoulder doesn't drive through Shane the way it always has. Just enough that he tells himself he's still making the right play, just cleaner this time, more controlled.

The question comes too late.

What am I doing?

Shane doesn't need to be protected. He's not careless or fragile. He's spent years meeting Ilya's aggression head on and giving it back twice as hard. There's no reason to pull back now.

Except that the image flashing in Ilya's mind is all wrong.

It's not Shane slamming into the boards or cursing under his breath as he scrambles back to his feet. It's Shane afterward, pressed close in dim hotel rooms, breath warm against Ilya's neck. It's Shane's hands, steady and familiar. Shane's voice, low and unguarded, saying his name like it's not a challenge or a dare.

The hesitation lasts less than a second.

It's enough.

Shane's edge catches. Another player barrels in from the side with too much speed and no restraint at all. The sound when Shane hits the ice is sharp and hollow and immediately, horribly wrong.

The crowd keeps cheering. That's what makes it worse.

For a moment, Ilya can't move. His heart is pounding so hard it feels like it's shaking his ribs loose. All he can see is Shane, twisted slightly on the ice, helmet knocked askew, one glove lying a few feet away like it's been discarded.

Get up, he thinks. Stupid and desperate. *Get up. You always get up.*

Shane doesn't move.

The whistle finally shrieks, loud and piercing, and the sound cuts straight through him.

Before the whistle, everything made sense.

After it, nothing does.

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Ilya is over the boards before he realizes he's moved, skates digging in hard enough to burn his calves. Someone grabs his arm, shoves him back, says something sharp that he doesn't register.

“Move,” Ilya snaps, rough and loud. He's not sure if it came out in English or Russian. He barely recognizes it as his own voice.

Shane's eyes are closed.

That detail lands heavier than it should. Ilya's seen Shane hurt before. Bloody, bruised, grinning through pain like it's a private joke between him and the ice. He's never seen him like this. Still. Silent.

Trainers are talking now, fast and clipped, words tumbling over each other.

"Concussion protocol..."

"Stretcher..."

"Careful with the neck..."

None of it sticks. Ilya's mind keeps circling back to the same brutal thought.

I should've hit him.

He swallows hard, throat tight. He should've finished the check. Should've trusted his instincts instead of whatever this was. Whatever weakness made his body slow down when it mattered most.

This is not how it was supposed to happen. Not like this. Not because he hesitated.

As Shane's lifted onto the stretcher, Ilya watches every movement, feeling as though if he were to look away even once, something worse will happen. His hands are clenched at his sides, nails biting into his palms, grounding him in the only way he knows how.

He's never felt this way before.

The realization settles in his chest, heavy and undeniable, and it terrifies him more than the sight of Shane unconscious on the ice.

Ilya's always believed that hesitation is weakness.

He doesn't yet understand that what stopped him out there was not weakness at all...but another feeling altogether.

And it chose the worst possible moment to make itself known.

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The game finishes without him.

Ilya knows this because someone tells him later, because the score updates on a screen he's not looking at, because eventually the arena empties and the noise drains away. None of it registers in the moment. Time stretches thin and strange, snapping in places and blurring in others.

He watches Shane disappear down the tunnel on the stretcher and feels something in his chest pull tight, like a thread being yanked too hard.

The locker room is too bright.

Helmets clatter. Skates scrape. Someone laughs, sharp and brittle, like they're trying to prove the night is still normal. Ilya sits down heavily on the bench and stares at the floor between his skates. His hands are still shaking. He presses them together and tells himself to stop.

They don't.

A trainer passes by and claps him on the shoulder, says something about tough luck, about how it happens fast out there. Ilya nods automatically, even manages to say something back that sounds right. The words feel detached from him, like they belong to someone else entirely.

He keeps seeing it. The way Shane looked at him just before. The split second where Ilya chose control over instinct. The way the ice seemed to tilt afterward, like the world itself had lost its balance.

He showers quickly, scrubbing his skin raw, as if that might wash the feeling off him. It doesn't help. Shane's face is still there when he closes his eyes. Still and wrong.

Someone asks if he's coming out with the team. Someone else mentions a bus schedule. Ilya shakes his head and doesn't bother explaining. No one pushes.

He doesn't remember deciding to go to the hospital. He only knows that at some point he's in a car, fingers clenched tight in his jacket sleeves, watching the city lights smear past the window.

The hospital smells like antiseptic and coffee that's been sitting too long. It's quiet in a way that feels disrespectful, like the building doesn't understand the gravity of what it's holding.

At the desk, a nurse asks for Shane's name. Ilya gives it without thinking, full name and all, like it's something sacred. She looks at him briefly, assessing, then nods and tells him to wait.

Wait.

The word lands hard.

The chair is uncomfortable, plastic and too small. Ilya sits anyway. He leans forward with his elbows on his knees and stares at the floor. He counts tiles. He counts his breaths. He tells himself that Shane's strong. That Shane's always been strong. That this will be another story they never tell anyone.

Minutes pass. Or hours. He's not sure.

He's not supposed to be here. That thought comes unbidden and sharp. He's not family. He's not a teammate. He's not anything official that would justify the way his chest aches with every passing second.

He stays anyway.

When a doctor finally approaches, Ilya's on his feet before the man finishes saying Shane's name. The words come carefully. Stable. Serious concussion. Additional injuries they're still monitoring. He hears unconscious and his vision narrows dangerously.

"How long," Ilya asks. His voice sounds wrong to his own ears.

"We don't know yet," the doctor says gently. "Could be hours. Could be longer."

Ilya nods. He doesn't trust himself to speak again.

They let him sit with Shane eventually. He doesn't remember asking, but somehow he's there, standing awkwardly at the side of the bed, looking down at the person who's occupied more of his life than he's ever admitted.

Shane looks smaller like this. Pale. A bandage wrapped around his head, lines taped carefully to his skin. His chest rises and falls steadily, the only thing keeping Ilya anchored.

He sits.

The chair is closer than it needs to be. Their knees almost touch.

Ilya rests his forearms on his thighs and leans forward, watching Shane breathe. He counts each rise, each fall, like if he loses track, something bad might happen.

"I am sorry," he says quietly, before he can stop himself.

The words hang in the air, useless and insufficient.

He presses his lips together and stares at Shane's face, memorizing it. The slope of his nose. The faint crease between his brows, even in sleep. Details Ilya has pretended not to know by heart.

This is what love looks like, he thinks distantly.

Not the thrill. Not the heat. Not the way Shane says his name in the dark.

This.

Waiting.

Staying.

Wanting him to wake up more than anything else he's ever wanted.

And knowing, with absolute certainty, that when Shane does, Ilya will never pretend again.

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The room settles into a rhythm after a while.

Machines hum softly. Somewhere down the hall, someone laughs too loudly, then stops. Time loses its shape. Ilya watches Shane breathe and tells himself not to count anymore, because he'll drive himself insane if he does.

He fails.

He reaches out without thinking, stopping just short of touching Shane's hand. His fingers hover there, uncertain, like he's waiting for permission that's never going to come.

"You would hate this," Ilya says quietly.

His voice sounds too loud in the small room, so he lowers it. He tries again.

"You hate hospitals. You always say they smell like bad coffee and regret."

A corner of his mouth twitches despite himself. It doesn't last.

Ilya lets his hand settle over Shane's, careful around the tape and the IV. Shane's skin is warm. Solid. The contact sends a sharp, almost painful wave of relief through him.

"You should be yelling at me," he murmurs. "You should be awake and pissed off and telling me I did it on purpose."

He swallows hard.

"I didn't," he says, like Shane might argue. "I swear I didn't."

The words come easier once he starts. Like something breaking loose.

"I saw you," Ilya continues. "I always see you. I knew where you were going to be. I just... I couldn't hit you like that."

He shakes his head slowly, disbelief curling into something bitter.

“I don't know when that happened,” he admits. “When you became someone I couldn't bare to hurt.”

The memory comes uninvited.

A hotel room in another city. Months ago. Maybe longer. The curtains half drawn against the early morning light. Shane still asleep, face turned toward Ilya, one arm thrown carelessly across his chest like he belongs there.

Ilya remembers lying awake, cataloging the details the way he always does. The faint scar near Shane's collarbone. The way his breathing deepens when he sleeps on his side. The ridiculous domestic thought that they have a game that night and Shane should probably eat something real.

At the time, Ilya had laughed it off. Told himself it was nothing. Familiarity. Habit.

Now it feels like a warning he ignored.

“I should've known,” he whispers. “I should've stopped pretending.”

His grip tightens, just a little.

“I keep telling myself this is my fault,” he says. “That if I had just played like I always do, you would be fine. And I hate that part of me, the one that thinks love is the problem.”

He exhales shakily.

“You don't make me weaker,” he says. The certainty surprises him. “You never have.”

The machines continue their steady hum. Shane does not stir.

Ilya leans closer, resting his forearms on the edge of the bed. He lowers his forehead until it almost touches Shane's hand.

"I am so scared," he admits, the words barely more than breath. "I've played hurt. I've lost games that mattered. I've lost things I wanted very badly."

He laughs softly, broken and humorless.

"This is worse."

Silence stretches.

He stays.

He talks, sometimes. Sometimes he just sits there, thumb tracing slow, unconscious circles against Shane's skin. He tells him about nothing. About the game he didn't finish. About the way the crowd sounded wrong after he went down. About how quiet the ice felt when he left it.

At some point, exhaustion catches up with him. His eyes burn. His shoulders ache from holding himself too tightly for too long.

He does not let go of Shane's hand.

When his eyes finally close, it's only because his body gives out, head tipping forward, cheek brushing the edge of the mattress.

He dreams of whistles and empty ice.

And the terrible idea that the next time he hears one, Shane might not be there to answer it.

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The knock on the door is quiet.

Ilya still startles, lifting his head too fast, heart kicking hard against his ribs. For a second he forgets where he is. Then he sees Shane again and everything settles back into place, heavy and immediate.

“It is okay,” he murmurs, habit more than intention. He carefully shifts, easing his hand away, though he lingers longer than necessary. “I am here.”

The door opens.

The woman who steps in first pauses just inside the threshold. She has Shane’s face in softer lines, the same dark eyes now clouded with worry. She takes in the room quickly. The bed. The machines. Ilya, too close to be incidental.

“Oh,” she says, very quietly.

A man comes in behind her, hand resting briefly at her back. He looks older than Shane in a way that feels inevitable rather than distant. His gaze lingers on his son, then flicks to Ilya with calm curiosity.

“I’m Yuna,” the woman says, after a moment. “This is my husband, David.”

“Ilya,” he replies, standing awkwardly. He doesn't know what he's supposed to do with his hands. “I’m sorry. I didn't mean to be in the way.”

“You’re not,” David says easily. He steps closer to the bed, his voice steady in a way that suggests practice. “Thank you for staying with him.”

Ilya blinks. “Of course.”

Yuna moves to Shane’s side, her touch careful and practiced as she smooths a hand through his hair, avoiding the bandage. She watches his chest rise and fall, counts at least one breath before she speaks again.

“The doctors said he hasn’t woken yet,” she says.

“No,” Ilya answers. “But his breathing has been steady.”

She nods, as if filing the information away, then glances at Ilya again. Not sharp. Just observant.

“You were with him when it happened?” she asks.

“Yes,” Ilya says. The word feels heavier than it should. “On the ice.”

David studies him for a moment, then gives a small nod. “That can be hard to watch.”

Ilya swallows. “Yes.”

There's a pause. Not uncomfortable. Just quiet.

“You don’t have to leave,” Yuna says finally, gentle but certain. “If you want to stay.”

“I do,” Ilya admits. He hesitates, then adds, “If that's okay.”

She smiles, small and tired. “It is.”

David pulls a chair closer to the bed and sits. After a beat, Yuna gestures toward the one Ilya had been using.

“Please,” she says. “Sit.”

Ilya does.

For a while, they don't speak. They watch Shane breathe. The quiet feels shared rather than heavy. When Yuna's hand briefly settles over Ilya's on the edge of the mattress, it's not questioning. Just kind.

“He's stubborn,” she says softly. “Always has been.”

Ilya exhales, something almost like a laugh catching in his throat. “Yes.”

David nods. “That's probably what'll wake him up.”

They stay a few minutes longer, then excuse themselves to speak with the doctor. When the door closes behind them, the room feels different. Calmer. Less lonely.

Ilya reaches for Shane's hand again, more carefully now, as if the act has been quietly sanctioned.

“You scared everyone,” he murmurs, thumb brushing lightly over Shane’s knuckles. Over the faint scatter of freckles he knows by heart. “Including me.”

He leans in slightly, voice low and steady.

“Come back,” he says. “Please.”

He stays there, holding on, listening to the steady rhythm of Shane’s breathing, waiting for the moment everything changes.

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Ilya notices the change because he's been watching too closely.

Shane’s breathing shifts first. Just slightly. A hitch on the inhale that wasn’t there before. Ilya stills immediately, every muscle going taut.

“Shane,” he says, quietly.

Nothing.

He waits, barely breathing himself. He's learned patience the hard way tonight.

Then Shane’s fingers move.

It's small. Almost nothing. A faint curl against Ilya’s hand, like his body is remembering something before his mind catches up. Ilya’s chest tightens so hard it almost hurts.

“Hey,” he whispers. “Hey. I am here.”

Shane frowns, brow creasing. His lashes flutter once, twice. When his eyes finally open, they are unfocused and dark, glassy with confusion. He blinks slowly, like the light itself is an effort.

For a long moment, he just stares.

Ilya doesn't move. He doesn't let go.

“Easy,” he murmurs. “Don't try to sit up.”

Shane swallows. His mouth opens, then closes again. When he speaks, his voice is rough and quiet, like it hasn't been used in a while.

“Why,” he says, then stops. Tries again. “Why are you here?”

The question lands harder than any hit ever has.

Ilya's throat tightens. He forces himself to answer honestly.

“Because you got hurt,” he says. “Because I wanted to be.”

Shane blinks at him, clearly working through layers of fog. His gaze drifts, takes in the room in pieces. The machines. The IV. The bandage wrapped around his head. Then it comes back to Ilya and stays there.

“Oh,” Shane says.

It's not accusation. It's realization.

“Game’s over,” Shane murmurs.

“Yes,” Ilya says. “A while ago.”

Shane exhales slowly, eyes slipping closed for a second. When he opens them again, they're clearer. Focused on Ilya’s face like he's anchoring himself there.

“You look like shit,” Shane says.

A laugh breaks out of Ilya before he can stop it. It's quiet and shaky and feels dangerously close to something else.

“You should see yourself,” he replies.

Shane’s mouth curves faintly. The expression fades just as quickly, replaced by something more serious. His fingers tighten again around Ilya’s hand, this time deliberate.

“What happened,” he asks.

Ilya hesitates.

“I pulled back,” he says finally. The truth tastes strange and necessary. “I should not have. You lost your balance.”

Shane watches him closely. Too closely for someone who just woke up. His thumb brushes once, weak but intentional, over Ilya’s knuckles.

“Why,” Shane asks.

Ilya meets his gaze. He doesn't look away.

“Because I didn't want to hurt you.”

The silence stretches.

Shane stares at him for a long moment, then lets out a slow breath. His eyes close again, but this time it looks like relief, not exhaustion.

“Idiot,” he says softly.

“Yes,” Ilya agrees. “Probably.”

Shane's lips twitch. He opens his eyes again and looks at Ilya like he's seeing him clearly for the first time in a long while.

“You stayed,” he says.

“I am still here,” Ilya replies.

Another pause. Shane's grip tightens, just a little, like he's making sure Ilya is real.

“Don't go,” Shane says. Not a demand. Not dramatic. Just honest.

Ilya feels the last of his defenses give way.

“I won't,” he says. “Not anymore.”

Shane nods once, satisfied. His eyes drift closed again, exhaustion pulling him under. But his hand doesn't loosen its hold.

Neither does Ilya's.

For the first time since the whistle blew, the waiting ends.

And neither of them wastes another second pretending this is anything less than what it is.

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Shane's POV

Shane wakes more slowly this time.

The fog has thinned. Not gone, but manageable, like something he can push through instead of drown in. His head aches in a deep, unpleasant way, but it feels contained now. Real. He blinks a few times before opening his eyes fully, letting the room come back to him piece by piece.

Hospital.

Machines.

That quiet hum that means someone is being carefully kept alive.

And Ilya.

He's still there, folded awkwardly into the chair beside the bed, shoulders rounded like he's been holding himself in place for hours. His hair's a mess, curls escaping in every direction. There are shadows under his eyes that Shane has never seen before, and something about that lands heavier than the IV in his arm.

"You're still here," Shane says.

His voice comes out rough, but Ilya hears it immediately. He looks up like he's been waiting for permission to breathe.

"Yes," Ilya says. "I don't want to leave."

Shane lets that sit. He closes his eyes briefly, then opens them again, grounding himself in the sight of him.

"Okay," he says.

The word feels important.

They sit in silence for a moment. It isn't awkward. It never really is with them. Shane shifts carefully, testing the limits of his body. Everything hurts, but nothing feels wrong in a way that alarms him. He notices, distantly, that Ilya's hand is close to his. Not touching. Just there.

"I was confused," Shane says finally.

Ilya doesn't argue. "I know."

Shane exhales slowly. "No, on the ice. I was confused. I remember the hit. Or... part of it." He turns his head slightly, eyes on Ilya now. "I remember you pulling back."

Ilya stills.

“You remember that,” he says.

“Yeah,” Shane replies. “It stood out.”

“You don't usually notice when I hesitate,” Ilya says quietly.

“That’s because you don’t,” Shane says. He pauses. “Except you did.”

Ilya looks down at his hands. Shane has the sudden, sharp awareness that this might be the most honest Ilya has ever been with him.

“I did not want to hurt you,” Ilya says.

The words are simple. Unadorned. They land anyway.

Shane swallows. He had suspected, sometimes. In the way Ilya hovered too close after games. In the way his hands lingered like he was memorizing something he pretended not to need. Shane had never pushed. Some things felt too fragile to poke at directly.

“Oh,” Shane says quietly.

Ilya looks up then, searching his face for something Shane isn't sure he's prepared to give.

“That's... okay,” Shane adds.

Ilya blinks. “Is it?”

“Yeah.”

The pause that follows feels careful. Ilya’s shoulders tense.

“You can relax,” Shane says.

Ilya gives a small, humorless huff. “I am.”

Shane tilts his head. “You don’t look like it.”

Ilya is quiet for a beat. Then, “I’m still here.”

Shane’s feels himself soften. “I see that.” He looks at Ilya. Really looks at him. At the tension in his shoulders. The way his eyes keep flicking back to Shane’s face like he's checking that he's still real.

He reaches out then, careful with the IV, and takes Ilya’s hand. Ilya inhales sharply, like the contact has knocked something loose.

“I don’t want to keep doing this halfway,” Shane says. “Whatever this is.”

“I don't either,” Ilya replies immediately.

Their hands tighten together, mutual and steady.

The decision doesn't feel dramatic. It feels inevitable.

Shane leans back against the pillow, exhaustion pulling at him again. But this time, when his eyes close, he's not afraid of what he will wake up to.

He knows Ilya will still be there.

-

Ilya's POV

The room feels different on the last morning.

Not quieter, exactly. Just lighter. Like it's no longer holding its breath.

Shane is sitting up now, dressed in his own clothes instead of a hospital gown, hair still a little too soft from days without product. The bandage is smaller. The machines are gone. There's a clipboard at the foot of the bed and a nurse who keeps smiling at them like she knows something they haven't said out loud yet.

"You're cleared," she tells Shane. "No skating. No training. And no doing anything stupid."

Shane smiles faintly. "I'll try."

She gives them both a look and leaves.

Ilya exhales slowly once the door closes. His phone is heavy in his pocket. He hasn't checked it in hours. He doesn't need to. He already knows what it will say. Missed practices. Missed

games. Messages from coaches that started concerned and ended clipped.

His team is not happy.

His agent will be worse.

He should care more than he does.

Shane shifts on the edge of the bed, careful and steady. He looks up at Ilya like he's bracing himself for something familiar.

“So,” Shane says. “This is the part where you disappear.”

It's not an accusation. It's habit.

Ilya steps closer instead.

“I'm not going anywhere,” he says.

Shane studies him. He's looking for the usual signs. The jokes. The half-truths. Ilya lets him look and doesn't offer any of them.

“You sure,” Shane asks quietly.

“Yes,” Ilya says. “I am.”

He reaches out and cups Shane's cheek, thumb brushing lightly over the freckles he knows by heart. The simple contact steadies him.

"I have upset a lot of people," Ilya admits. "My team. My coach. Probably my agent." His mouth curves faintly. "My contract is probably being ripped up right now."

Shane's brows knit together. "Ilya-

"I know," Ilya says gently. "I should worry. I will. Later."

He leans in, resting his forehead against Shane's.

"I thought I lost you," he says quietly. "Hockey can wait."

Shane's breath stutters. He reaches up, fingers curling into Ilya's jacket like he's anchoring himself.

"I thought I understood what mattered," Ilya continues. "Winning. Control. Never hesitating." He shakes his head. "I was wrong."

Shane nods slowly. "Yeah. Me too."

"I don't want secrecy anymore," Ilya says. "Or rules that keep us halfway. I want you. All of this. Openly."

Shane smiles then. Soft and real. "Okay."

Relief floods Ilya so fast it almost makes him dizzy.

“We’ll take it slow,” Shane adds. “At least until I’m cleared.”

“I can do slow,” Ilya says.

“I don’t believe you.”

Ilya huffs a quiet laugh.

Shane leans in and presses their foreheads together, eyes closed.

“Stay with me,” Shane says.

There's no hesitation this time.

“Yes,” Ilya says. “Always.”

They leave the hospital together.

Ilya does not check his phone.

There is no announcement. No crowd. Just the quiet understanding that whatever comes next, they will meet it side by side.

The whistle has already blown.

Neither of them are going back to the game they were playing before.

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One Year Later

The first thing people notice is not the press release.

Its the way they stop pretending.

They arrive together when they can. They leave together. They no longer bother with separate hotels or careful exits or the choreography of denial. Someone catches a photo of Ilya's hand at the small of Shane's back and that's when it becomes unavoidable.

It goes how everyone expects it to.

Some fans are loud. Some sponsors disappear. A few headlines are worse than others. Ilya's coach benches him for a game under the guise of "discipline," and Shane pretends not to read the comment sections even though Ilya knows he does.

They talk about it. They fight about it once. They stop fighting about it after.

Both of them are still here.

Still playing.

Still starting.

Still good.

People adjust. They always do.

A year after the hospital, they are sitting in Shane's apartment, legs tangled on the couch, a game on mute in the background. Ilya's phone buzzes with something work-related. He ignores it without guilt.

Shane glances over. "That important?"

"No," Ilya says easily.

He means it.

Shane smiles, soft and familiar, and leans in to press his forehead against Ilya's shoulder. Ilya reaches for him without thinking, thumb brushing lightly over freckles he's memorized in better moments now.

The world did not end.

The ice did not crack open and swallow them whole.

They lost some things. They gained others. What mattered stayed.

Ilya kisses Shane's temple and exhales, content in a way he never expected to be.

Whatever else comes next, they will handle it together.

End Notes

In my head, the credits roll to “Bloom” by Troye Sivan. Happy, queer, and so them!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!