

Snowstorm

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Written for a fandom stocking.

Chapter 1

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A Doctor Who/Torchwood Flashfic

When you go into a cramped tourist shop, it's shelves heaving with key rings and postcards, you'll always find snowstorms. Famous monuments, trapped in plastic domes, waiting for you to shake them and watch the snow fall.

This particular shop doesn't serve the usual kind of tourist nor does it sell the usual kind of memorabilia.

Jack was browsing when a snowstorm caught his eye. He watched two dancing figures emerge from the snow that fell as he shook it: a small blonde girl, face alight and smiling, and a tall, gangly man in a blue suit. They laughed into each other's eyes and whirled against the darkness.

"You buying then?"

Carefully Jack put the artifact, which was definitely not a snowstorm, back on the shelf.

"Not today, no."

He left the shop humming an Edith Piaf tune under his breath. Sometimes he regretted his decisions, but Ianto was waiting.