

**time. (how dare you)**

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# time. (how dare you)

by [writerofbaddecisions](#), [Z3PHYRU5 \(writerofbaddecisions\)](#)

## Summary

Karl stands at the edge of time, he's been standing here since he was born. He's nervous, his arms jitter with nerves and panic as he stands here. It's not really a cliff, merely a void that people can stand on, see the timeline sprawl out beneath them. He wants to scream, wants to shout and punch at the people who told him *he could save people*.

Spoilers?

*He couldn't.*

## Notes

Read the tags!! There's blood and death in this so don't read if you don't like that type of content!!

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He couldn't. He's tried everything, he's tried preventing Wilbur from ever pressing the button in L'Manberg, but that simply killed them all off and Manberg ruled over as the puppet of Dream, something that the revolutionaries would have found distasteful.

He's tried to prevent the red, white, and blue of the revolutionaries from ever reaching the top of the flag-pole, and the red ended up staining his clothes for weeks as he watched ~~his fiancée?~~ Sapnap's breath slows to a halt. He's tried forcing the Dream Team's side to let the revolutionaries win, convincing them that maybe it would work out for the better. He's tried small things, never letting Techno on the server, forcing Dream to open up the end, never meeting ~~his fiances?~~ Sapnap and Quackity, and it never seems to work.

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He's a time-traveler, he wants to scream at himself. He is Isaac of the 4 fishermen who died in Mizu, he is Icarus of the Greek myths, who plummeted to the sea that bears his name, he is everyone from different centuries, and different times and spread throughout the land, the line.

No one needs to know, is the first rule of Time Travel. No one needs to know the egg that has taken so many people on the SMP, was his own doing, his own demise that he's choreographed for the SMP.

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***"Do you regret traveling?"*** A voice comes from behind him. He vaguely recognizes the voice, was it- his? It's soft, with a sort of deep voice. He doesn't know what to think about the voice, he doesn't like it that much.

***"Well, do you?"*** It prods, Karl's afraid to turn back, to see who had the voice. Does he regret it?- It's a strong word, for the phantom pains that ache when he moves after being shot in different timelines, for the people he seemed to harm, to do more harm than good. He thinks he does. He thinks maybe that he would like to be forgotten. Maybe his legacy isn't worth keeping, what would it be? a legacy of white flags, hung on burnt flagpoles- or a legacy of smiles that never seem to be real.

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***"It's not uncommon for people to dislike this. It's a great sacrifice you must make as someone with this power, this power to change the course of history, for good, or for bad."*** Karl remembers the same words being said to him as a young traveler when he was naive about changing the course of history. He believed that he could bring back the dead, without any consequences, and he was wrong. He was wrong about everything.

He doesn't want to travel anymore, he doesn't want to have this power anymore. A legacy can be damned, the pain he's spread throughout the server isn't worth the little bits of light he can save.

The voice halts for a second, seemingly thinking about the words that Karl was thinking. It talks again, and it says, ***"You don't want to travel anymore do you? I have a way you can save the SMP, but I don't think you'll like it."***

He-he can save the SMP, - it- it can be saved? ***"Yes it can, go forward in time and I will show you."*** The voice says to him.

He walks forward, feet walking upon the void that is time. He doesn't hear his own footsteps and it's freaky to him. Karl sees the world sprawled out beneath his feet. He sees Dream run through the Nether with George at his heels, he sees Bad fishing with Sam in the river that the community house cuts through. He sees the history of the SMP, from the control room at the edge of L'Manberg to the stand for the execution he helped build.

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***"This is the history of the SMP, Karl. Everything is written down here, this is what the timeline looks like right now."***

He sees the memories he never got to see in the first place, of Sapnap burning down the lemon tree, of Ponk building it. He sees Alyssa noogie a tired Sam on the head, who playfully punches her on the shoulder. He's the beginning of the server, a time where it was just 8 friends vibing.

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***"Do you see the separate paths? These are the different timelines your decisions have made."***

Karl sees the button room, the one on the side of the hill that now stores his own library. On the walls, the lyrics of the anthem are scribbled with a stick, jagged and misshapen. He sees the singular chair in the middle, dented with holes that looked like fists. Some blood is splattered on the walls, he doesn't want to know who's blood it is. Suddenly, he sees himself, grabbing the wooden button sitting on the wall and booking it out of the room again.

The scene changes, it becomes Manberg again, and he sees Schlatt give a speech. He sees the Pogtopians chained up nearby, seemingly waiting for an execution. Purpled stands near Schlatt, wearily holding the bright orange X on black that is the flag of Manberg. In the distance he can see Technoblade stand on the hill, eyes glimmering with bloodlust, a wave of anger that only the god of blood could hold in his eyes.

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***"Time does not make the decisions for humans, it's up to them to decide which path they go down."***

It shifts to Doomsday, he watches in horror as withers come raining down from the sky. Techno stands on the hill with Philza, whose eyes hold- is it regret?- no it can't be. Philza never seemed to regret his choices, not in any timeline he's ever seen him in.

Karl watches as TNT comes raining down from the sky, pouring ashes down into the crater that L'Manberg became. He watches as people scramble for cover, some don't make it as the gunpowder licks at their feet, damaging the armor of the soldiers.

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***"There are certain, "big" decisions people can make, to change everything. That could change the course of history as we know it. For this SMP? The conflicts first began to arise as Dream invited more people onto it. The Disc Wars that have left people broken, and damaged were caused- not by the original 8- but by people from the outside."***

The scene shifts again. Dream's sitting at his desk with a list of people in his hands. A pen is stuck in his mouth, as he taps out a rhythm on top of the desk. This was it, isn't it. Dream's decision to bring people onto the server was the cause of all of the wars and conflict. If he convinced Dream not to bring people onto the server- maybe- just maybe he could save the SMP. The SMP could be saved, it wasn't gone just yet.

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***"You can change his decision to bring people onto the server, it will change the course of this SMP's history. But here's the catch. You'll also erase the good parts of the SMP, the parts of the SMP that.....maybe aren't as bad."***

It shifts again, to Bad falling asleep on top of Sam after a long day, and the creeper not moving an inch, letting his friend sleep. Dream whispers to Alyssa to take a photo of their two friends with a smile, telling her it's for "blackmail".

It shifts again, to Purpled running through the prime path, while Tommy and Tubbo run from him with 20 diamonds in their hands. He screams at them to halt, but Karl can hear the smile in his voice. They end up in the flower field, Purpled tackling Tommy and snatching the

diamonds back, to which Tommy responds by tickling him to get him to loosen his hold on the diamonds.

The flower field turns into the haunted house that Karl's built, - what seems like a million years ago. The radio plays a slow but happy melody, and two people are standing in the middle, gently swaying with the melody of the old radio. It is a person with a white bandana wrapped around his head, dancing with another person in a colorful hoodie- he thinks he recognizes the people, but he isn't too sure.

The haunted house's walls change into another scene, white background with chests scattered about, and decorations occasionally surrounding the collection. Two people stand in front of another being, a creeper and a sheep stand in front of an- automated version of the creeper? The automated creeper says gibberish to them, which barely registers in his ears, and sends a message in the world chat, "I AM SAM NOOK- MY JOB IS TO PROTECT TOMMYINNIT."

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***"You've seen how this world heals people, and how the world breaks people. Do you think it is worth it? The love, or the pain?"***

For every conflict on the server, he's seen the love of all kinds too as well. He's seen the way Ant talked about Velvet, the love in his eyes. He's seen the smiles that grace Niki's face when any of the original members of L'Manberg come into her shop for warmth, for comfort. He's seen the way Eret rambles about their castle and their museum, for their journey to redemption.

Is it worth it? Erasing all of the server's history, for nightmares that plague only a few? Maybe it's worth it, as he sees the egg that seeps into people's mind and turns everyone against each other. Maybe it's worth it, he's seen the way the history book changes everything, takes the SMP's legacy and destroys it, breaks it.

Who is the person to tell him to do this? The voice seems recognizable-

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***"Turn around Karl."***

He turns around and is greeted with himself. His own voice echoes back to him, as his hoodie switches color, and the voice's body glitches in and out of existence. It's him- but as a ghost?

***"So, what do you choose? Erasing history or continuing their suffering."***

"I want to erase the SMP's history, everything after new people joined."

***"That would include you."***

"If it means I can stop the wars, I would do anything."

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Karl stands at the edge of time again, he's been standing here since he was born. He's nervous, his arms jitter with nerves and panic as he stands here. It's not really a cliff, merely a void that people can stand on, see the timeline sprawl out beneath them. He stands here again, as he watches the SMP from the cliff of the void.

History plays out peacefully, but Karl's name is nowhere to be found.

*How cruel of time, to erase history.*

*How cruel.*



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