

The first thing you should probably know about old people is that we don't all smell. Well okay, I think we probably don't all smell. It's hard to tell, my senses ain't what they used to be, but never mind all that, this is about him, again! It's always about him, the impossible man, and his impossible blue box that travels through time and space. I'm not going to lie, I've seen better days, and I'm an old woman with very little in the way of things to look forward to, so remembering my past is all I have. Before you start thinking it, that's not sad, not at all, everyone gets old... it's our past that makes us, so hold onto it... forever.

Anyway, I'm losing direction: that can happen, or rather always happen nowadays. I was nineteen years old, all blonde hair and a big old gob (not that I've lost the gob, mind) and I'd just met the most incredible man in the whole of the world, the Doctor. He took me to see everything and anything, and really changed my whole perception. Then we lost each other, but that's a story for another day. What I want to tell you about today is just a little thing. But it's about family, and strangeness, and not really ever knowing what was going to happen next, or what had happened just then. In other words, it's about the Doctor.

Hallowe'en on the Powell Estate

by Andrew Wyllie

I wanted to visit my old Mum, just to say hello. I worried about her, I kept half expecting to come back and find she'd been done with sexual harassment! Plus there was Mickey... anyway I asked the Doctor, nice and casual and with my best smile on display, if we could pop back and have a quick chat. He did his usual,

stropped around for a bit banging on about domestics, before eventually agreeing.

“Only if it’s an occasion!” he whined. I thought he meant like a wedding or a funeral or something daft like that, but the Doctor had other plans. He was thinking more along the lines of Christmas, or Easter – before I pointed out he never quite landed on the right date (“It’s always moving around!”) – so after more of that, we agreed on Hallowe’en.

The TARDIS (the Doctor’s time machine) found itself in its favoured spot on my old Powell Estate. I was excited: after all it didn’t really matter how often I ran off and saw the sort of stuff most people couldn’t imagine, coming home was a bit nice, It was just so... normal, and in a way that was the most comforting thing of all. It’s like when you go off on holiday and it’s the most amazing time you’ve had in ages, and even though all your problems are still waiting for you at home, it’s nice to come back. Not everybody can explain why, and nor could I really. The Doctor had opted to kick around the TARDIS, saying he had repairs and whatnot to do. I didn’t believe him for a second, he was just being huffy, but it hurt in a way, he was shunning part of my life, the parts that didn’t suit his lifestyle! For being so amazing, he could be equally frustrating. Anyway there I was, back home, racing up the stairs (surprised actually by how fit I’d become since I’d left) and knocking on the front door, grinning like mad.

“It’s a bit early for trick or treat!” came the familiar cry of my Mum as she unlocked our front door. “Rose!” She pulled me into the biggest hug and just held me for ages, the sort of hug that make you feel safe even when there isn’t really anything to be frightened of. I could only match her excitement with a –

“Happy Hallowe’en!” She hugged me again after that. The last time the Doctor brought me home he’d skipped twelve months and opened a whole can of worms... and you know what it’s like trying to put the worms back in a can!

“Where is he then, hiding?” I knew it wouldn’t last long. My Mum wasn’t exactly the Doctor’s biggest fan, after all he’d stolen her only daughter away in the night and didn’t bother bringing her back at a reasonable time... like I said twelve months. Thinking back on it the Doctor’s attitude was a bit lax for someone who’d turned more than one life on its head, but I was about to plead his innocence and

ask Mum to lay off him when another voice rung in my ears. Another call of "Rose!" this time from Mickey. He was running towards me smiling, arms wide open. We hugged: it was nice to see him again. That's probably what the Doctor meant when he said domestics! Anyway, he didn't matter right now, I was home with my Mum and Mickey and it was nice, but like all things Doctor concerned it was about to be short lived.

"Oh and here's himself – can't wait to pounce in can he?" It was my Mum, and she was aiming her attack firmly on the Doctor, who (as seemed to be the pattern of the day) was running towards her.

"Hello Ricky! Rose, we have to go!" I was fuming, he promised I could stay a few hours and here he was minutes later telling me I had to be on my way.

"I'm with my Mum!" I protested. "And it's Mickey"

"Yes you are, and who's Mickey? Bye then!" That was his reply. It was, as I remember, incredibly cold. I was stupid, afraid of losing him, he could very well run off and I'd never see him again, so as he set off I tore after him, tugging at his leather sleeve like a lost child.

"A couple of hours you said" I sounded silly and slightly selfish but I didn't care, it wouldn't do anyone any harm. He sighed holding his arms and leaning back against the wall, he was ready to put on the sulk, classic Doctor...

"Right now the TARDIS is going wild... picking up all kinds of things..." he was teasing me, and I have to say, he could very well have won on any other day, but this was my Mum, and I didn't want to completely miss her.

"Doctor!" I was stern enough with him this time. Our eyes met, I'll never forget that ice blue intensity, but I knew I'd won then.

There we were, the four of us in the living room, sipping tea or coffee in an awkward silence. My two worlds touching each other for just a moment, because there was my Mum, and Mickey – they represented a sort of safety, my love and my warmth – but then there was the Doctor! Oh he was exciting and new, and he offered a new life, a brilliant, better life. He'd say my old life was... beans on toast and nine to five. He might have been right, life with him was better, even if it did hurt to admit that. I

mean there was nothing wrong with my old life, except, well, nothing ever really happened at all. The silence broke...

“It’s Hallowe’en tonight.” It was my Mum, quite possibly just desperate to make any conversation at all. I nodded, I didn’t want to turn around and say we’d only come cause the Doctor wanted to see an occasion unfold – after all, their relationship was already hard enough.

After tea my Mum insisted on cooking. His Lordship wasn’t happy of course, but I gave him my best pleading smile once more, and once again I was victorious. But I was certain it wouldn’t last very much longer. I’d already pushed my luck far enough!

The Doctor dotted around the TARDIS for a while, whilst my Mum cooked our dinner, so I decided that me and Mickey should go for a walk. It was quite for a while, like the way it is when you meet someone for the first time, or even a first date and no one knows quite what to say, but this was Mickey! He’d been my mate for years, and more than that, we’d been boyfriend and girlfriend, or however you want to put it, we should have been chatting away and just... being normal, but we couldn’t! I’d hurt him, that was easy to understand. I’d hurt everyone that time. The first time the Doctor has brought me home, he’d skipped twelve months and everyone thought I was dead! Some people even blamed Mickey, it’d been a hard time for him, and yet despite it all, despite me disappearing in the middle of the night with another man, he forgave me. He even made an effort with the Doctor. I was grateful even if he never knew it.

When the silence was eventually broken it was over the silliest thing. Just as we’d past the bins we saw it, old and faded but relatively easy to make out, a chalk drawing! To most people walking by it’d mean nothing – some folk might not even notice anything at all – but not for Mickey and me. For us, it was important, a piece of our past. The chalk drawing, whilst old and faded, was still easy enough to make out, if you looked hard enough. It amazed me if I’m honest about just how it had survived the years. I leaned in closer: it was the drawing of a bank. Well, a chalk ATM anyway. When we were younger we’d role play life, including banks, funny how we could be so wrong at the time, but hey, who knew a time traveller would fall out of

the sky? The little buttons of the ATM were still visible, as was the bank brand... "Bad Wolf." Who knew? I never read that in the morning horoscope. We chatted about that for ages, an old chalk bank and childhood games by the bins on the old estate, which eventually opened the flood gates to some of the more difficult questions. I let Mickey speak and did my best to answer. It wasn't always easy and sometimes running away felt like an option but I owed it to him to do my best. I think he appreciated it, like a sort of closure. Pretty soon, after a few hours of chatting it began to get dark, and the smell of burnt chicken hung in the air. I just prayed it wasn't *my* chicken!

"Come on, you!" I linked arms with Mickey and we headed back to the flat.

The Doctor was waiting for us when we got there, standing at the door, arms crossed, a serious expression plastered across his face. I ignored it, hoping it was nothing.

"You can go in, you know," I told him.

He smiled that simple smile and gave a quick nod of the head. "Change of plan," he replied bluntly, grabbing my arm and spinning me around. He pulled me along the landing.

"Oi! Get off! No, you promised me!"

The Doctor sighed, like he was about to lose the rag. "Rose, this is important!" His eyes sparkled, something had lit the fire: danger! I so wanted to be angry at him for ruining the family meal! I wanted to turn my back on him and head inside, I just wanted that proper normal family meal with my Mum! Despite that I felt my lips curling into a smile. I couldn't help it, I was just so tempted, and oh it was Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en and trouble, possibly, Hallowe'en, trouble and aliens... on Hallowe'en! Just perfect!

"She's your mum!" It was Mickey. He could see it, he could see it in my eyes, and he knew what he knew what I was about to do. We said nothing, just stared at each other. The Doctor was bouncing up and down at this side, desperate to get going. I just shook my head slightly ashamed, breaking my gaze.

"I'm sorry." It was as meek and pathetic as it sounded: they were just empty hollow words. I slipped my hand into the Doctor's and then we were off. Just like it

always was, running off into danger...

“What have you got then?” I was eager to know just what I’d abandoned my Mum and a home cooked meal for.

“No idea,” beamed the Doctor. “Massive energy trace, spread out right across London! Fantastic! Sort of, animated!”

“OK...” I was grinning again. I loved it when he was like that, all jumpy and excited, and on the trace of something. We ran down several flights of stairs, laughing away until we burst out into the court yard under the dark, moonlit sky. As we went on our way the children of the Powell Estate were taking their empty carrier bags eager to fill them with sweets and more sweets. We sped past the Ghosts, Princesses, Zombies and Vampires without a single thought. If only we’d stayed for just a moment longer we’d have witnessed what happened next, as each of those dressed up children dropped their carrier bags to the ground without a second thought or care for the sweets that might have filled them. One by one the children headed towards the flats of the Estate.

The Doctor was waving the sonic screwdriver back and forth, frowning as he went. He was getting more and more annoyed with it.

“What is it?” I asked.

“I can’t get a fix.” He lifted it to his ear, sonic-ing away, before he decided to give it a few precise smacks. That’s clever, I thought: if it doesn’t work properly, break it, that’ll just make everything so much better. He was like that.

“There must be something we can look out for, like some sort of signs or something yeah? Like um... oh I dunno, a space ship hitting Big Ben or something!” I was trying to be helpful. He tucked the screwdriver away, running at me, arms spread wide.

“Fantastic! Oh yes, that’s it!” He kissed my forehead and I laughed. “Signs!” He belted off again.

“Wait up!” I yelled after him, but he either didn’t hear me or just decided to ignore me. He kept running off, and out of sight. I jogged off after him.

He’d literally vanished: the Doctor was nowhere to be found. I wandered off into the sprawling flats of the estate. I thought with or without the Doctor I’d look

for some clues myself. I headed up some stairs, but only got half way when I decided to cut off down one of the landings. There was a kid half way along, dressed in a long black robe, with a plastic pumpkin head. Trick or treat? He/she with the Plastic Pumpkin Head went to knock on a door.

“Excuse me,” I interrupted him/her, “sorry... have you seen a man, leather jacket, sort of big ears?” Plastic Pumpkin Head ignored me. I tried again. “Hello? Mr Pumpkin Head?” Again I was ignored. Plastic Pumpkin Head knocked on the door again. The time it opened. I couldn't see the occupant and the only reason I knew the door was opened was thanks to the pool of light that flooded the landing. I might have missed the occupant but I couldn't miss what happened next. Plastic Pumpkin Head raised his little arm and shot a cloud of black smoke into the flat. A shrill shriek cut the night briefly and the black smoke faded as quickly as it'd come. I stuttered back, my heart in my mouth. I couldn't believe it, fear flooded my system. I had no idea what that black smoke did then, and I had absolutely no intention of finding out. Plastic Pumpkin Head turned towards me then, but it wasn't any plastic Pumpkin mask, it was a real Pumpkin, with carved out mouth and a set of eyes. A bright red light burned behind them! “Oh my God” was all I could manage.

I fell back further. The Pumpkin Boy was coming towards me now, his full attention fixated on me. I was paralysed with fear. He was getting closer and closer, holding his hand out, aiming it right at me. I had to move... but I only managed a few more stuttering steps backwards, and he was still gaining. I moved back again, more pace and urgency to my movements. My heart was thumping so hard it felt like it'd blow a hole in my chest. I wanted to cry, as you always find you do in these situations, but I was stronger than that, I had to be.

I fell back even further. I should have run, but it was too late for that now, he could shoot me with the black smoke before I'd even turned on the spot. “Stay back!” I yelled, my voice cracked with the fear. I knew then just how unconvincing I sounded. I tried with one eye to judge the distance to the stairwell, but I didn't want to crank my head away from the Pumpkin Boy even for a second.

It was then that I noticed a door, ever so slightly ajar. It wasn't the most obvious thing in the world which probably explained why I'd missed it on the way

down, oh god if only I'd noticed it then I could have avoided this whole stupid mess. Keeping one eye on Pumpkin Boy and another on the door, I nudged it open further with my foot. Beyond the door came the sound of crunching and scraping, the sort of sound that turns the blood cold without you ever really being certain why. I peered further beyond the opening (and ignored the slight pain that was building up in my eye) and found what I'd assumed to be the remnants of the occupant, a victim of the Pumpkin Boy and his black smoke. A pile of dirt ash and broken shards of bone covered the ground. My stomach churned, and I felt sick. I threw my hand to my mouth as the Pumpkin Boy loomed in over me.

"Play nice!" said the Doctor from behind me, like he was telling off children fighting over a toy. At once every tension and fear in my body seemed to float away, despite the ever-remaining threat of the Pumpkin Boy. He quickly pulled me behind him, out of harm's way and observed the Pumpkin Boy coldly. "Hello, I'm the Doctor, what's your name then?"

The Pumpkin Boy said nothing. He just watched us blankly, and kept his arm held high. There didn't seem to be any apparent weapon, which means the black smoke must have been coming from within. A moment passed. I gripped the Doctor's arm, breath held, watching and waiting for the next move, for any move... whoosh! A plume of black smoke rocketed from the Pumpkin Boy's out held arm. It was fast, but the Doctor was faster, pulling himself and me to the ground. The smoke rocketed overhead before evaporating into nothing. The Pumpkin Boy was already repositioning his arm, aiming at our crumpled bodies on the cold, hard surface. We didn't wait around them, we took the limited opportunity and we ran for our lives!

We burst into the stairwell, panting for breath, both taking a minute to re-adjust. Then the Doctor burst into laughter: it was infectious, because I found myself laughing too that was until it hit home just what murdering Trick or Treat-ers actually meant!

"I need to get to my Mum! What if one of those Pumpkin heads turns up at her door? She wouldn't stand a chance Doctor!"

"Oh I dunno. Have you met your Mother?"

I slapped his arm. "I'm being serious. We need to warn her!"

He frowned, scanning the stairwell. "It's not just Pumpkin Heads, it's all of them! Every single kid in a Hallowe'en costume. Like they've been brought to life." He sounded almost sad.

"What about that thing earlier, the TARDIS thing? They could be connected, yeah?" He nodded, grabbing hold of my hand, and we ran again!

I was too late: there was almost nothing I could do now, there was already a trick or treater at my Mum's door. A stubby little arm reached out from inside a Giant Peach costume and knocked on it.

"They like their fruit and veg around here," grinned the Doctor. Typical of him to joke when my Mum was about two seconds from life's exit door. The little hand knocked again.

"Stop, please, just stop it!" I yelled. But it was irrelevant. The Giant Peach ignored me, as the Pumpkin Boy had done before, and continued to knock on the front door of my Mum's flat.

"Oi! Peachy! Over here!" roared the Doctor.

"How is that helping?" I shouted, and gave him another thump for good measure. Just then, powerless as we were, the front door opened.

"Oh hello, aren't you a cutie?" gushed my Mum. Jackie Tyler, as she stood in the front door staring into the face of evil (well, technically it was the face of a Giant Peach, but you get what I mean). The Giant Peach said nothing, lifting its stubby little hand to meet her. My world felt like it was ending then, like this was really the end for us.

"Get down!" screamed the Doctor. She did it immediately, proof if proof be needed that she trusted the Doctor, even if only slightly. The black smoke fired off ahead of her, and boy oh boy did she scream! I lunged at her, wrapping myself around her like a human shield. The Doctor dived forward after me, spinning the Giant Peach round and round, in some bizarre attempt to make it dizzy. I wondered then whether giant murdering peaches got dizzy: that's the type of thought wave you inherit when you travel with him.

We rushed inside the flat, the Doctor slamming the door shut, and slamming every available lock closed before spinning round with his usual boyish grin.

“Oh Rose!” my Mum said. “I was so frightened, that thing was going to kill me. A little bit of wee got out!”

I ran my hand through her hair, trying to calm her down, but she was having none of it. She turned on the Doctor. “This is you, isn’t it?”

“Mum, be fair. How can be it his fault?” I was trying to be the voice of reason, but I knew how it must have looked. Every time the Doctor is in town, London gets invaded!

“He’s killed Hallowe’en, sweetheart,” she moaned.

The Doctor crossed his arms and rolled his eyes. “Is there an off switch?” he joked, or at least I hope he was joking.

The hallway filled with the sound of a flushing toilet and Mickey rushed out brandishing the toilet brush. “What the hell happened?” he shouted. “I just heard you scream but I was on the toilet! I came as fast as I could!”

“Ricky the idiot, running to the rescue with a toilet brush, how poetic,” the Doctor sneered. “Get that door barricaded and answer it for no one, do you understand me? No one.” Mickey nodded, running right to it, not even bothering to argue about the fact the Doctor had got his name wrong once again.

“What is it though? What’s actually happening?” asked my Mum. I took her to sit down, offering to pop the kettle on, whilst the Doctor and Mickey built a fortress at the front door.

I snuck into the kitchen. I couldn’t answer any of my Mum’s questions and it just made me feel useless, not to mention the fact that since I’d run off with the Doctor she was always facing situations of peril. However, sneaking into the kitchen did nothing to cure my guilt: it was cluttered with pots and pans, most of which still had a massive amount of leftovers. The food she’d been cooking for the four of us, gone to waste. I tried to shake it off, standing there feeling sorry for myself wasn’t going to help anyone, so I filled with kettle with water and started setting out some cups. It was only then that I noticed it, the strangest thing I’ve ever seen from my kitchen window. A child dressed to resemble Dracula was soaring through the air, his cape billowing in the wind. My mouth hung open: these things could fly! This was bad, really, really bad.

The Doctor burst into the kitchen behind me, like he'd sensed the impending arrival. "Fantastic!" he boomed, his eyes wide with wonder, and a smile equally as wide to match.

I watched the Dracula Child rise further. It was creepy. I mean yeah it's a flying child, but that wasn't what made the situation creepy. No, what really freaked me out was the child himself. It's like when you see kids at Halloween and they're dressed as terrible scary things, but beyond that you can still see the playful happy child: that was missing from the Dracula child. His expression was void of anything, cold and... cold and dead. There was nothing of the child there, just the evil of Dracula. My Mum and Mickey were right behind us now, the four of us witnessing the Dracula Child. He started to move in closer

"What the hell is going on here?" asked Mickey.

"It's alien, I mean it's got to be alien," I replied. It was a stupid reply to be fair: it didn't really answer anything at all.

"Oh, listen to you, you sound ridiculous!" That was my Mum, getting in another dig, but I was way too busy, too focused to start a slanging match. After all, a blood sucking vampire child was floating close to our window.

I asked the Doctor then if he had a plan. He shot back with a forced smile that told a whole story. We were trapped in the kitchen, with no means of escape, but at least, I supposed for then, we were safe.

Or so I'd thought. Just then, the Dracula Child tilted his head back and let out a low grumbling howl, which slowly magnified in pitch, stinging my ears. The howl had more of a physical affect than that on my ears, as the kitchen window, slowly began to crack. The glass structure creaked and whined as the cracks spread out and grew in width.

"Doctor?" was all I could manage. We needed a plan and he had to be the man to hand us one.

He said nothing, just watching as the glass struggled under the howl and shattered into hundreds of tiny fragments. The cold night air flooded the room, every single bone in my body shuddered in the icy temperatures, although I did wonder if it was more than that, if the mere presence of a Vampire (albeit a child) was enough

to freeze even the blood in my heart.

The Dracula Child paused for a moment, observing us coldly. He hissed, and once-plastic fangs shone in the moonlight. This was it – or so I thought, as in one swift movement Mickey barged me out of the way, brandishing handfuls of garlic! The reaction was instant! The Dracula Child hissed and recoiled, screeching out in terror, whilst over that the Doctor burst into roaring laughter.

“Ricky the idiot, that was just fantastic!” he boomed, scooping some garlic free of Mickey’s hold. One after the other, he threw the garlic at the hissing Dracula Child, and when Mickey joined in, I suppose the Vampire guessed his chance was over and made a retreat back to ground level.

“No offense, Doctor,” Mickey said, “but your aliens, I mean, they ain’t up to much, are they? First you got ones that explode on vinegar contact, and now this lot running away from a little bit of garlic, what next?” He was laughing, but I could tell by the way he said it that he was still in fear of these things.

“It’s not afraid of the garlic,” said the Doctor. “It isn’t the garlic!”

I was confused: we’d clearly just seen the Dracula Child flee from the garlic, what else could it be? “So what is it?” I asked.

“It’s the costume,” he roared.

“What does he mean?” asked my Mum. For some reason she didn’t address the Doctor directly.

“Every child, out for Hallowe’en, in a costume... they became the costume. Like the Pumpkin, and the Giant Peach... probably afraid of time, and the rot, and then Dracula Boy, oh yes!” cheered the Doctor.

“So what you're saying is they take on the role completely, ambitions, weaknesses, all that?” I was smiling: we might just have been able to crack this thing. The Doctor grinned, slipping his hand in mine, and we ran for the front door.

“No, Rose, don’t go! Please, sweetheart!” I could hear my Mum’s pleas but I ignored them, pretending that I’d never heard, because this was the right thing to do. We were about the save Hallowe’en!

The Doctor and I ran back into the Estate courtyard. It was like running into a slaughter house, children as far as the eye could see, dressed as everything from

Frankenstein to Zombies. Which was scariest? Probably the Princesses I decided. They must have picked up on our panting breaths or the sound of our footsteps as we ran, because each and every one of them was watching us, waiting, arms outstretched. More children came in from behind us, closing off any possible exits. They did nothing, seconds passed that felt like hours and then –

“Hello, I’m the Doctor and you’re the creatures of Hallowe’en. Now then, tell me, what do you want?” It was concise and straight to the point. The Little Frankensteins, Little Zombies, Little Ghosts, Little Tigers and Little Princesses, as well as all the Little Fruit and Vegetables, said nothing. “Alright then, never mind, see ya!” he said, and we ran again.

I shut my eyes tight, afraid to look at what might happen next, My legs moved as quickly as I could make them, as the Doctor dragged me blindly through the murderous crowd. I could hear the familiar poof-ing noise that filled the air whenever the Costume Wearing Kids fired their black smoke. It was constant, and firing off in all directions: all I could think was that in any moment, the smoke would hit me and that’d be it. Or it'd hit the Doctor, and the world really would be in danger. I had to be brave.

I opened my eyes: we had run down an alley, temporarily losing the kids. I would have smiled then had my foot not caught something hard that sent me flying through the air. I soared forward, flinging my hands out, an instant reaction, as I came crunching down on the hard alley floor. My palms stung. They’d been pretty badly grazed, not to mention probably infected from the dirt and tiny stones that littered the wounds. I wiped them down as best I could on my top. I looked round, expecting the Doctor to be looming down on me, giving every inch of me the once over. He was otherwise occupied. I don’t think he’d even noticed that I’d fallen.

“Doctor, what is it?” I asked. I got up slowly, joining him.

He was crouched over a little boy in a shabby Bear costume. “He hasn’t changed. Rose, he hasn’t even changed!” The excitement flooded the Doctor’s voice. He hugged the boy. “Although best not tell your parents, questions’ll be asked,” he laughed.

“But I mean... how?” I asked. “How come he hasn’t changed like the rest of

“em?” If anyone was going to know the answer to that it'd be him.

“Oh I dunno. Hello little normal bear wearing boy, how come, unlike the rest of your peers, you're the normal one?”

But the Bear Wearing Boy just shrugged. “I don't want to be a Bear. I wanted to be Batman, but my Mum said she couldn't afford a Batman costume, and I had to wear this. It was my sister's and she wore it four years ago AND it smells!” As if attempting to confirm it, the boy tugged at a piece of the fur and inhaled. He choked.

“That's it Rose!” he boomed. “The children, all of them, it's more than just a costume! It the basic belief behind it, being something else, believing you're Ghandi, or the Loch Ness Monster!” All I could think of then was what kind of kids he was used to dealing with... Ghandi? “And our little friend here, he doesn't believe he's a bear, he believes he is a miserable little kid in a smelly, smelly bear costume.” He laughed. “It's fantastic, and completely the key!”

“And how is that the key?” I asked. Call me stupid, but the Doctor's brain works a lot faster than mine does – not that that would be hard.

“It's about belief, Rose. The kids believe in the costumes they wear, with a little help of course, and all we have to do is believe we're the solution!” He grinned, pulling the little boy in the Bear costume to his feet. “Come on, I'm going to make you the King of Hallowe'en!”

This was possibly the Doctor's barmiest and most easy to go wrong plan ever! We took our positions (of course our bit was easy) behind the bins and watched. The Hallowe'en Children patrolled like soldiers, arms held high like the little guns they were. The boy in the bear costume, whose name I'd learned was Billy, came out of the alley way, out of hiding. He did not look frightened, nor was very much like a bear. His appearance, and the way he moved was a strange blend between royal and horrid.

“Come on Billy, you just have to believe!” whispered the Doctor. He squeezed my hand, and looked into my eyes, and I knew then from his expression that the plan was as risky as I thought it was. It was one big gamble.

The Hallowe'en Children spotted him at once. I held my breath. I was

expecting a mass of black smoke to be launched at Billy right away, but instead, they lowered their arms, like a mass surrender. Or rather they recognised a superior force – the King of Hallowe'en.

Billy really took to the role, giving a massive speech about each and every single one of their responsibilities and the spirit of Hallowe'en, rounding off with a mission statement. It was very clear by the time the King (Billy) concluded, Hallowe'en was firmly about having fun, and eating so much sweets that your belly hurt and your teeth fell beyond dental repair. The kids, once soul-less in their old roles were renewed again. The King had spoken.

I just shook my head, totally baffled by everything we'd seen that night. But the Doctor smiled and explained. "Whatever made the kids the way they were in the first place was replaced by a higher force. A King," he beamed. We laughed, linking arms, and sauntered back to mine.

By the time we reached the flat you'd have thought the night's events had never occurred. Mum was at the door, dishing out sweets and laughing with the kids. She spotted us and waved, trying her best to pleasant.

"Is that it then?" she asked, actually addressing the Doctor this time.

"Yup, the King has spoken," he replied. She just shook her head. It was lost on her. But it made me laugh, properly laugh, as only the Doctor's words could.

"Come on you, I fancy chips," I said. I flashed him a smile and led him back to the flat. We pushed through the crowd of children, following my Mum back inside. That was Hallowe'en on the Powell Estate, and that was the first and last time I got that Doctor to share a meal with my old Mum.

And that's it. Laughs and sneers, adventures and ears. That's him.

All my love,

Rose x x

DOCTOR WHO

CLASSIC DOCTORS - BRAND NEW ADVENTURES

HALLOWE'EN
ON THE POWELL
ESTATE



by Andrew Wyllie



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