

Can't believe I'm doing this.

"Dear Santa..."

Please do not let anyone walk in right now...

"Thank you for the dolls, and the pencils, and the fish. It's Easter now, so I hope I didn't wake you, but honest, it is an emergency."

Got that bit right. My credibility is dying here. Somebody call for a doctor.

"There's a crack in my wall."

And I wish it would swallow me up.

Fish Fingers and Mustard

by Paul Parncutt

Look at me though. Down on my knees at the edge of the bed like I was a kid again. Can't remember the last time I prayed to anyone, let alone Santa. Must be getting desperate.

Honestly though, what am I doing? I mean, this stuff was cute at seven maybe, but at what? Almost seventeen? Not quite so much.

Still. You went and started this thing kiddo, might as well finish it. Back to the script...

"Aunt Sharon says it's just an ordinary crack, but I know it's not, because at night there's voices."

Laughing their heads off probably.

"So please, please could you send someone to fix it. Or a policeman. Or..."

And, cue Police Box...

Nope. Didn't think so.

Honestly, leave me in this house on my own for five minutes and I'm dangerous.

Thinking I could just say the words again and he'd just drop in from the sky...

Must be crazy.

Pretty popular opinion that one actually. Not exactly been a shortage of people wanting to poke around in my head since I last saw the Doctor. I ever see him again I'll be sure to let him know how it all worked out, believe me.

"Back in five minutes."

Such a liar.

You know what? This room needs a clear out. Enough with all the "Raggedy Doctors" everywhere. No more schoolgirl shrine. Time to grow up and face the facts, Amy Pond.

You got stood up.

You got stood up and you need to move on.

I mean, a girl can only wait so long you know.

Hang around a while and you start doing crazy stuff like praying to Santa at the end of the bed like you were -

waitaminute

is that...?

no way

that sound

No. Way.

that sound...

it sounds like...

WOAH!

What the -

"Back in a moment."

Stay calm, stay calm, stay calm... It might just be the wind, come on, stay calm and check the windOHMYGOD! IT'S REALLY HIM! IT IS! IT'S THE DOCTOR! HE'S HERE!

And he just really killed the shed again...

Okay, okay, okay. What do I do?

You get a grip, all right?

Don't panic. Don't blow your cool.

You've run this through in your head a thousand times. You're gonna be fine.

Wow, but really though.

The Doctor's here. The Doctor's here at last.

Forget about Easter kiddo. This is Christmas!

Oh, and -

"Thank you Santa!"

Pretty cold out here tonight. Makes me think I should've maybe stopped five seconds, thrown on something warmer. Let's face it, school uniforms aren't exactly known for their thermal heating ability. Especially not the way I wear them...

Focus, idiot. Forget about the fashion show. This is the Doctor we're talking about. He doesn't care what you're wearing, alright?

Besides, no time to mess around with outfits anyway. Only just about managed to fix up my hair...

oh

Wow.

That is some impressive landscape gardening action.

Not the kind of thing you look for in a shed I suppose, the ability to withstand a Police Box bombardment. Definitely a gap in the market if you're gonna garden in Leadworth.

Least he missed the potted plants this time. Must've been taking driving lessons. Maybe that's why he's been away for so long. Been trying to pass his test. Should've lent him my skirt, he'd have passed it first go...

Okay, seriously rambling now. Nervous. Why the hell am I nervous?

This is the Doctor. He's come back for me, just like he said he would. A little later than he said he would, sure, but he's here now, right? Here somewhere anyway...

"Doctor?"

Get a load of that vibration. Never actually touched a time machine before. Feels alive. Not that it looks that way right now, lying crashed out on its backside. Again.

And I thought my parking was bad...

"Doctor! Are you in there?"

I'm guessing not. Doors are open, grappling hook's been deployed.

Means the Doctor's already out here...

Must be mad if he is though. Bloody freezing. Can even see your breath.

Especially if it's orange and made out of space dust...

Over there, another cloud of the stuff. Where's it coming from? Behind the tree?

"Doctor...?"

Either way it's definitely the same stuff as last time. Like someone puked a bunch of Tinkerbells. Not the sort of thing you forget.

Especially when you know what it means...

"Doctor...?"

Hope he doesn't have a craving for apples again. I mean, I have one if he wants it, it's just that Mum keeps carving faces in them which is actually pretty embarrassing at her age.

Plus, you know. School uniform. Mixed messages.

Rambling!

Okay, so, there, between the trees. Is that...?

"Doctor..? Is that you...?"

"Hmm, I don't know -"

Sexy voice if it is him...

*" - I mean, I did just drop out of the sky in a burning blue Police Box, but what do I know? Maybe *all* the cool kids are doing that nowadays."*

"Not on a school night they don't..."

Really? That's the best you can do? "School night?" What are you, seven?

"Well then -"

His voice is moving. Where is he?

"- I guess that must make me the Doctor."

Behind you idiot! Turn around and -

wow

"Ta-dah!"

Okay, so... "Jazz hands" and "Ta-dah" excluded...

Generally hot.

Bit of bad boy stubble, bit of "I just fell out of bed, wanna help me back in?" hair, whole lot of devil in the smile. Not sure about the Victorian page boy wrapping paper, but the parcel's definitely worth investigating.

Though why is he still just stood there smiling at me?

Because you're staring back at him like a slack jawed muppet, maybe...?

Quick, you moron. Say something cool.

"New face."

Great job Pond. Bravo. That didn't suck at all.

"New everything. What do you think?"

I think you're pretty fine but I'm not gonna let you know that...

So get off the back foot, dummy. Far as he's concerned, you've been waiting out here with a suitcase all your life. Go get him, tiger.

"I think you took your time."

"Nope! My time got taken. There's a difference."

"Still means you're late."

"Oh, and I intend to make up for it. Starting now."

What the hell did he just put in my hand?

"Present for you, hope you like it. I put a lot of thought into it."

Oh. Great. An antique pocket watch. Just what every girl dreams of. Nah, can't just be that though can it? This is the Doctor. Plus, all those weird symbols, like... Oh, okay, fine. I'll just ask.

"So what is it?"

"Broken."

Oh. "Ha" very much.

Okay then Doctor. Hope you packed your suitcase. 'Cause I'm about to send you on a guilt trip...

"You're telling me. You said you'd be five minutes."

"And when did I say that?"

"Ten years ago."

"Did I now? Oh well, there I go again. Letting people down. All those tiny little lives. So sad. Bad Doctor."

Well that was a shorter trip than I thought it'd be. Like all he cares about is that bloody Police Box he keeps looking at. And what is with that outfit? Time to find out -

"So where've you been all this time? The planet Dickensia?"

"Had a bit of car trouble."

Yeah sure. Like I'm gonna fall for that one.

"Oh yeah? Like how?"

"Like zero car. Lots of trouble. You know you ask an awful lot of questions."

"I've had an awful lot of time to think them up."

Yeah, that's right. Just 'cause you drop out the sky in a time machine looking like a sexy Bob Cratchit don't think I'm just going to stand here and listen to your excu -

"There was a war on and I got stranded."

Okay then. Opening up. At last. Now this is progress...

"Washed up on the shores of the Silver Devastation, which, by the way, is nowhere near as devastating as it thinks it is. I'm like an old man out there, it's so dull. Honestly, I was out of my mind! Then, bam! The TARDIS shows up, and I'm like my old self again! I clock off, I get changed, and yada, yada, yana, here I am. Wherever *here* is..."

Wait a minute. Rewind. You mean -

"You don't remember?"

"Well... You know what it's like. You get past 900 and all the sheds in your life start to blur into one..."

Forget the bloody shed. I mean -

"You don't remember *me*?"

"Sheds, people, whatever. Why? Any reason I should?"

If you have to ask? Then I guess the answer's -

"no..."

"So why did she bring me here? Of all the places in the universe? Why?"

Safe to say this isn't how I've seen this playing out all those times in my head. I'm like an afterthought to him. Not even that probably. Unless you're 6'4", blue, and made out of wood, right now you might as well be invisible.

Though, if he can still hear me -

"Maybe she knows I'll take care of you."

Okay. That got his attention. Maybe too much attention?

"Oh really?"

Just got a chill down my spine. Not sure it's to do with the temperature... Maybe it's that "bad boy" scowl he's got going on.

"And how do you intend to... "take care"... of me?"

And now his skin's back to glowing. As if this wasn't freaky enough. Except -

Of course.

New face.

That'll be why he's cranky.

Well, that's easy.

I know just how to put an end to that mood...

"You're still cooking."

"So?"

"So... You must be hungry."

Okay, so off the menu so far we've had:

Half of an apple, all of my Easter egg, a spoonful of baked beans, an entire grilled cheese sandwich, a swig of some orange juice, a lick of the mustard, an accusation of poisoning, and a mouthful of muesli. Oh, and lashings of sarcasm. Which is the only part of the meal he's actually bothered to dish out.

Still, at least we actually got past the baked beans before he accused me of trying to poison him. Good to see I'm improving...

"Oh airs or um an add?"

Nope. I have no idea what he's trying to say. Which is gonna happen when you try and talk with a face full of "All-Bran."

"Say again?"

"Aye edd --"

And, swallow...

-- So where's your Mum and Dad?"

And wipe you mouth with your cravat. Smooth.

"They've gone out to rent a movie."

"Well isn't that a relief? For a horrible second there I thought you were going to say you're an orphan."

Wow, he really has forgotten everything about my life hasn't he? It's like he ditched his old memories same time he ditched his old face. Hey, what do I know, maybe that's what he does. I mean, if you're gonna just abandon everybody all your life, you probably want to forget...

Doesn't mean I'm not going to remind him.

"No, I've got parents alright."

"Good to know."

"Yeah. They are."

"'Cause I just *hate* orphans! Always so needy, the whole bloody lot of them. And this desire of their's to burst into song. What's that all about? I tell you, next one that tries that with me, only thing they'll burst into is flames."

Okay so that was a joke right? I think he's joking...

"I'm joking! Of course. Silly. I'm the Doctor. Of *course* I love orphans! I mean, I must've *made* about a million of them! The little scamps."

"Funny."

"Am I? Good. Funny's good isn't it?"

"Funny "ha ha," yeah. Funny "weird" not so much."

"So which one am I?"

I can smell the electricity coming off of his skin. Guess I should really stop him coming so close, tell him I'm -

"Not really sure right now..."

Only, now he's just staring at me, those eyes that've probably seen all forever, that wicked smile playing over his lips and the only thing between us in the whole of time and space is -

"Fruitcake?"

Yep, that's right. I just offered fruitcake to the Doctor. It's been that kind of a day...

"Don't mind if I do."

And there it goes. The last piece.

Only thing left to do now is talk.

"So, dropping in like this. It was just an accident?"

"Bit of a falling out with the TARDIS. But then I climbed back in and here we are! Just need to get the steering wheel unlocked and I'm - mmm..."

I think he likes the fruitcake.

"Mmmm!"

Yep. Definitely likes the fruitcake. Uh oh, look out, he's off, spinning back round the kitchen...

"This is good. This is *really* good. I can feel the juices flowing, feel my appetite coming back to me. I'm hungry now, hungry for all of it!"

"Well we're out of the custard, but I could still do fish fingers..."

"What do I look like, insane?"

Yeah, the jury's still out on that one.

"I'm not talking *food*. I'm talking death, destruction, power."

And the jury's running back in.

"You look surprised."

"What, that you're craving death and destruction? Yeah, I am just a little."

"Well I don't mean *mine*, stupid... I mean..."

Yeah, go on. I'm waiting... Oh, and here comes the smile.

"I mean *stopping* it obviously."

Uh huh.

"Cause I'm the Doctor. And that's what I *do*. Because I'm nice, and good, and all that stuff."

Yeah, and that's what you tell all the girls.

"You should come with me in the TARDIS. Be my *companion*. I've always wanted a companion! Why have I never had a companion before? It's so quaint. We can solve crime and have packed lunches and stop the death and destruction! What do you say?"

What do I say? I guess I say the only thing girl in my position can say:

"I say, Doctor..."

"Yes..?"

"You need to come upstairs with me. Now."

Welcome to the "schoolgirl shrine."

Try not to trip over yourself there Doctor, there's a lot of you about. Oh, and, mind the toy TARDIS. Think there's another one just, yep. Completely trampled it.

Ah well.

As cringe-inducing as this is, he needs to see this. Needs to feel the ripples that he leaves when he just drops into a young girl's life. Needs to see the mess he leaves behind him when he leaves her.

Needs to really stop laughing...

"It's like a terrible museum! Of me! Look at them all! Look at these!"

"Yeah, they're the early ones. They get slightly better as you go along the line."

Great, now I'm defending "Raggedy Doctors" from a critical mauling. Not really part of the plan...

Sarcasm senses are tingling. Here comes another critique...

"Oh yes, a vast improvement. You can really see what the artist was trying to say with *this one.*"

"And what was that?"

"I'm rubbish with faces!"

Funny. Really.

"I mean, don't get me wrong, I've left some lifeless dolls behind in my time, but at least they still *looked* like people..."

"You're missing the point..."

No sure, just walk past me, help yourself to the drawings too. Least he isn't laughing at those ones. In fact, he's seems impressed...

"You know, you're right. I have a newfound admiration for the work on display."

Really?

"Seriously. I'm in awe. I mean, to take a young girl's life like this and warp it in just one evening. The thought had never even occurred to me before. Oh Doctor, Doctor, Doctor..."

What is he... crying?

Yep. Definitely crying.

Crying with laughter.

"The Secret Diary Of Amelia Pond.' Oh, you really did a sweet number on this one, didn't you Doctor..."

What did he just do, read it all in one flick?

Sure, just throw it down on the bed like it's nothing. I'm sure there's loads of girls in the universe who pour their feelings for you into a diary anyway. Why should this one be special?

Oh, look out, here comes the charm offensive again.

"Amelia, Amelia, Amelia..."

"Amelia's gone. She grew up."

"Yes, so I see. And in all the right places..."

Maybe the bedroom wasn't such a great idea after all...

"Amelia Pond... All this talk about 'fairy tales' in that diary of yours... How about we write it a happy ending?"

"You mean...?"

I probably should've tried harder not to look at the bed just then. Oh, great, now he's looking too. Way to send mixed signals, idiot.

Oh, that's okay. He's looking disgusted.

Awkward silence over, and... we're back.

"I mean, come *with* me. Seriously. In the TARDIS. There's so much more that I could do with you."

"Do? Like how?"

"I don't know, but let's find out together shall we?"

Don't even need to think this through. Decision's made. Decision's -

"No."

"You're turning me down?"

Wow. Not used to rejection this one. Let's help him understand shall we?

"You never came for me. All this time I've been here and you NEVER came for me!"

"I was busy! Probably. You know how many useless lives out there need saving all the time? It's like somebody left the lid off the moron jar and I'm the only person with the mop. How the universe ever got dressed in the morning before I started laying out it's clothes and drawing it a diagram I do *not* know..."

"You MISSED me!"

"Of *course* I missed you..."

Spare me the over sincere act. I mean -

"You missed me growing up."

"So? Who wants a little kid getting under their feet in the TARDIS?"

ow

That hurt.

That really hurt.

Hurt the Doctor more though... He's only just getting up.

Punching the Doctor.

It's been that kind of a day.

"You're going to regret laying hands on me, little girl."

“Not as much as laying eyes on you, probably. You could’ve been my hero, you know that?”

He looks pretty shaky actually. Not sure I hit him that hard... Not hard enough to stop him talking anyway...

“Oh *please*. Spare me the daddy issues. So Prince Charming let you down. Well guess what, *Amelia*? We’re not in a *fairy tale*. We’re in a “*life’s not fair*”-y tale. So boo hoo you.”

Yeah, this is bugging me. I need to let him know -

“It’s not my name. *Amelia*.”

Not sure why that makes him smile, but hey.

“Of course it’s not... You grew up. Had to change your name to something ‘*cooler*,’ probably.”

“And what’s so funny about that?”

“I did the same thing too.”

He looks old all of a sudden, new face or not. Just sat there on the bed like he’s ancient.

“So why’d you chose ‘The Doctor?’”

Laughing again. Though kind of sad too...

“Because ‘The Killjoy’ was already taken, probably. I don’t know. So why did you chose yours?”

“To stop people looking at me funny.”

“So what do I call you *now* ‘Amelia Pond?’”

And at last he asks my name...

“You can call me Mels if you like. It’s short for Melody.”

See, now that’s the reaction I was looking for -

Looks like he’s about to go into shock...

“Doctor...?”

His hands are trembling. Body trying to process it all.

“Everything all right?”

“My regeneration...”

He can’t even stand now, just keeps slumping back on the bed.

“What *about* your regeneration?”

“It’s failing...”

Yeah, he's not kidding with that one. It's like he's falling apart at the seams. Who'd have thought it though? At last, a proper "Raggedy Doctor" in the schoolgirl shrine.

"Maybe it was something you ate?"

Or, more like everything you ate. Oh, wait a minute, what's he trying to say now...?

"Get me back... to... the TARDIS..."

"I don't think so, do you?"

Woah. Check out the eyes again. I think he's actually trying to hypnotise me. How sweet is that? Shame he's having a coughing fit at the same time, but still...

"I am the m... u... stard... and you will... o... b... u... gger..."

And back down he goes.

Funny, but I never thought I'd be the kind of girl who actually does this. I don't mean the killing the Doctor bit, I always knew I'd do that. Though, if he'd actually bothered to turn up sooner I could've probably been swayed... But no, I mean the gloating bit. The kind of speech that every bad guy makes in movies, just before the hero gets back up. I always swore I'd never do that. That I'd just be classy. Yet here I am. About to get with the preachy.

Just goes to show; you can take the girl out of the fanatical religious order...

"Oh, it wasn't just the mustard. It was all of it. A composite poison. Amazing what a girl can rustle up in a pinch. Every part completely undetectable, until the final piece drops down the hatch, then... Boom. So guess what, Doctor? You didn't finish off the fruitcake. The fruitcake finished you."

Wait, that sounds like I'm the fruitcake.

See, forget the toxicology lessons. This is the kind of stuff Madame K should've been teaching me; how to give a monologue without sounding deranged.

Honestly, you spend every day of your life fixating on killing one man, last thing you want to do when you get the chance is make him think you're some kind of lunatic.

Nothing much I can do about it now though. The moment's passed.

And...

Yep.

So has the Doctor.

No breathing, no hearts beats, no nothing.

The Doctor's dead.

wow

The Doctor's properly dead.

And I killed him...

How cool is that!

Okay, okay. Relax. Time to celebrate later. Right now let's stay professional.

Like the way I just killed the Doctor!

Careful Pond, you almost broke into a snoopy dance there.

Got it out of your system? Good. 'Cause it's time to call in the clean up crew.

Plus, I promised Mum I wouldn't mess up her room while she was out. She's always banging on enough as it is about me leaving Raggedy Doctors lying about. Leaving a dead one on her bed is gonna really wind her up.

Oh, and I need a new shed.

"Hate to leave you Doctor, but I gotta go call some people, let them know the news; Melody Pond just finished off her homework."

"Is that so?"

ohmigodhesstillalive

"Because it looks to me like you rushed it."

On his feet. So fast. Need to move before -

ugh

can't shift his hand from my throat

squeezing hard

hard to breathe...

while he's just...

ranting in my ear...

"Here's a lesson they *don't* teach in Home-icidal Economics; tamper with a Time Lord's food while he's still regenerating, and the only thing you're going to waste is good poison."

can't...

get..

Free! He let me free, just breathe, deep breathes, keep breathing...

Keep watching.

Because he's off again. Shouting, smacking his fingers on his skull like... what? Some kind of code? A reaction to the poison? A making-me-nervous tic?

"Still. In. My. HEAD!!!"

Or a total insane person.

“Do you hear them? Hear them beating? The drums, the drums, the *constant* drums! Tap, tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap, tap.”

Gotta say, all I'm hearing right now is the blood rush in my head. Still trying to catch my breath. Just shake my head...

“No? You don't hear them? What, not a rattle, not a patter, not a single, pounding beat that NEVER ENDS???

Oh, okay. Well... That's awkward. Now you probably think I'm some kind of crazy person.”

Yeah, that's the impression your fingers left my throat with anyway, you wacko. Hurts to try and speak. Not that he's gonna stop babbling anytime soon...

“Wait a minute, though, what am I saying? This isn't about me. How egotistical am I, banging on about the rhythm, when what we *really* need to focus on... is the Melody. Because, whoops! She just picked the wrong man to murder...”

Don't need him getting any closer. Try and talk. Buy some time.

“Listen, Doctor...”

“There you go again, getting me all wrong. I'm not the Doctor. Never have been, never will be...”

“So why'd you pretend...?”

“Cause I'm like you, silly. I like to play with my food. Though who knew a young girl could be so bitter! Honestly, I'm in awe.”

That cloud of dust he just spat. Darker stuff than before... like... like poison.

So he wasn't lying about the still regenerating protecting him. Okay, so better hold fire on plan “B” for a bit. Shame though; I was looking forward to that lipstick seeing some action.

“So tell me, Melody... You poisoned me. Who poisoned you?”

“Why should *you* care?”

“Oh, I don't. I'm just curious.”

“Yeah? Well that makes two of us. Who *are* you?”

“I'm the *question* master - and you're avoiding it. Who turned you into a weapon?”

“You won't have heard of them.”

Kind of true I guess. Not that that's gonna stop him. He's getting closer, moving hands towards my head, his voice getting lower, hypnotic...

“Well, let's find out shall we? *Somebody's* slipped some ugly thoughts into your pretty little head. I think it's high time I looked into it.”

“^{melody}, Melody, Melody...”

whoa.

That was trippy.

Like his fingers didn't stop, they just went through my temple, touched my brain.

Unlocked my head space.

I felt him walking inside my mind. I saw him do it. Except...

It didn't look like him at all. Looked like this little mop-topped kid, out in the snow. Lost and searching for the Doctor...

Snap out of it, idiot. You don't have snow in your skull. Rocks in your brain maybe, but no ice. The cold was him. Whipping through your attic, blowing the dust off your recollection collection. Pulling out secrets.

So what do we know?

We know we're back in the bedroom. We know his hands are off of my head at last. And we know they're rubbing together with glee.

Which means that he knows...

Everything.

“Silence will fall.’ I think I want that on a T-shirt.”

Listen to him. Taking the bliss out of our credo. Laughing it up. So get back in the game Melody. He wants to talk religion? Give him hell.

“We're just a joke to you, is that it?”

“Not at all! I love religious orders! I used to give them all the time...”

“Oh yeah? You don't really look like the ‘dog collar’ type.”

“Oh but I was. I was making Daemons run before you could walk.”

Throwing his hands up to his lips in mock embarrassment. I can see where this one's going...

*“Oops. Sorry, Melody... Slip of the tongue. Didn't mean to bring that one up. “Demons Run” though. The infant child, snatched from her parents, right beneath the Doctor's nose. What a *tragic* waste of youth...”*

“I'm over it.”

"That's not what my taste buds are telling me."

At last. He's sitting back on the bed. A moment of calm.

So then. Options.

I could make it outside, get away, but then what? Have Mum and Dad come back to a another psychotic Time Lord in the house? Not a chance. I need to see this through.

Oh great. He wants me to sit down next to him.

"Come along Pond, take a pew. Better still, take a doll! Here, you be Amelia, I'll be the Doctor. Oh no, mistaken identity! It's like a West End farce!"

And now I'm playing dolls with a crazy Time Lord. This day just doesn't do "normal."

"You see, Melody? *This* is more like it! So *you* poisoned *me*. So *I* strangled *you*. So? Are we gonna let a little bit of attempted murder come between us? Call me crazy, but this could be the start of a beautiful friendship."

"You wanna 'kiss and make up?'"

"Put the lipstick *away*, Melody."

Damn.

"We're the *same*, Melody. You and I. All our lives, *obsessed* with him. Devising new ways in our head to make him suffer, to kick away that pedestal, watch him eat the dirt when he falls. And then, to end him. I mean, *really* end him. Some days I wonder... If I could actually do it. Actually bring my old friend's life to an end. I mean, what would I *do* without him?"

"Get a boyfriend?"

ah.

Little bit awkward. Should probably try and clear that up -

"I mean, *me*. Obviously. *Me* get a boyfriend. I've never really, you know... Because of the work and..."

Oh god, shut up Melody. You're about to start talking boys with a 900 year old virgin.

Not that he's listening. Too busy bouncing on the bed and shouting -

"And then there's other times I say 'Are you crazy? Kill him! Kill him good!' The do-good, Jiminy Cricket, holier-than-thou, MILK MONITOR OF THE UNIVERSE!!!"

Look out, he's sitting down again, leaning in close. Too close actually. Whispering -

"I like to call those days 'win days.'"

Okay...

“Think about it though, Melody. The drumming in my head. ‘Silence will fall.’ It’s a sign, isn’t it? We want the same thing.”

“Noise reduction?”

“The Doctor. Dead.”

Can’t argue with that. It’s what I was born for. I have a destiny, like it or not. And I like it a lot. Only...

I dunno. Might be fun. Old Time Lord. New tricks. Bit of work experience.

If he can really do it, that is. I mean, he talks a good fight, but there’s been about a million mouths through history who made their last words “Goodbye, Doctor.”

So the question you need to ask this guy is -

“You really think that you can beat him?”

And there it is again. The devil in the smile.

“Trust me. I’m the Master.”

Oh he is good, I’ll give him that. “The master of disguise.”

You wouldn’t think that handsome charmer on the TV screen was even close to being the same lunatic who tumbled out the sky all those months ago. Have to say, he scrubs up pretty well for a psychopathic murderer.

New suit, new wife, new name.

New job.

Still got the devil in his smile, though. Look at him, sucking up to the camera. Oh, and sucking face with the Missus too. He really is a master of disguise. Still, he always wanted a “companion.” Hope she makes a better packed lunch than I do.

And he’s off, addressing the press. This should be good. Turn it up a sec, hear what our new Prime Minister has got to say for himself...

“...needs medicine. In fact I’d go as far as to say that what this country really needs, right now, is a Doctor.”

Ha, nice. You hear that Doctor? You just got called out.

Wherever he is, he’s gotta know by now that “Saxon’s” won this. Though what he won’t know is how.

And that’s the power of television.

You see Doctor, nobody watches moon landing stuff anymore. But they do watch the “X Factor.”

Mr Saxon sandwiched between Simon Cowell and a couple of Munsch-skins. There's a party political broadcast no-one's ever gonna remember. And a subliminal message no-one's ever gonna forget.

"Vote Saxon."

And thanks to the Archangel Network we're pumping out our PR twenty-four-seven. Making a bigger impression than Neil Armstrong's footprint ever did.

Working to the master plan; a coalition with a common goal.

We deliver him the election, he delivers us the Doctor. Silent partners.

Not that it'll last of course. This is politics after all. I'm sure there'll soon be the inevitable betrayal.

Only, next time?

I won't go so easy on the mustard.

DOCTOR WHO

CLASSIC MONSTERS - BRAND NEW ADVENTURES

FISH FINGERS AND MUSTARD



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