

DOCTOR WHO



The Doctor on My Shoulder

By Daniel Roth

Part One

It had been nearly four hours since Mason Valentin managed to convince his mother to let him stay home from school. Every moment since then seemed to tick away with the weight of eternity. He wasn't sick exactly. His fifteen year old heart though was very sick. Love sick, that is. Staring out the bay window, his thoughts wandered to Ana Comparetto, the American girl who'd only just transferred that year.

Since the first day Ana arrived, Mason drank in every detail about her: the streaks of purple that shocked through her otherwise long, brown hair, her unfettered laughter that rang above everyone else's, the incredulous way she would say "What!?" at even the least astounding of revelations. While she longed for something called "Swiss Miss" he longed only for her. She lived just across the way and, gazing towards her house, he ran through all the countless times he'd nearly spoken to her but never quite could. "Coward," he thought to himself.

Before he could dwell a moment longer, Mason caught a glimpse of something peculiar out of the corner of his eye. It didn't seem like much at first, just a few vans passing down the road, but a few turned into a fleet, a seemingly endless parade travelling along every street for as far as the eye could see, white, nameless, and all identical. That wasn't normal at any time, certainly not midday when everyone was at work or school. It was almost as if it were planned that way, something so strange in plain sight but only when no one was looking.

It wasn't long before several of the vans pulled to the side of his street. The drivers all filed out simultaneously with a synchronicity that was almost eerie. Fear growing in the pit of his stomach, Mason's instincts took hold as he dove from the couch, dashed up the stairs, and perched himself silently beneath his parent's window, his eyes peeking out ever so slightly from beneath the curtain. The obstructed view was a small price to pay for Mason to feign at least a hint more safety.

A few moments later, the sound of barking dogs began to ring out in the cold air. Unaffected by the cacophonous warning, the drivers methodically went from house to house, dropping a single parcel at every doorstep. Mason could feel the hair bristle at the back of his neck. As one of the couriers walked towards Mason's front door he instinctively drew in a sharp breath and held it. Mason waited, quiet as he

could, for what might happen next. "What if the man tried to enter?" Mason thought. Casting his gaze away from the window, Mason looked to see if there was something he might use to defend himself. A lamp shade, a heavy book, a cricket bat, anything would do.

The sound of doors slamming snapped Mason out of his panicked planning. As the vans' engines revved, Mason clambered back towards the window just in time to see a few remaining cars slowly disappear around the corner. The entire bizarre event had ended almost as quickly as it had begun and, thinking it over, Mason felt incredibly silly crouched in the corner of his parent's bedroom. "No wonder I can't even work up the courage to talk to a girl. Scared of a few vans... I really am a coward," he moaned aloud. With that final, self-pitying thought, Mason crept back down the stairs to retrieve the package that had been left on the front stoop.

The lock on the door made what felt like an unnecessarily audible 'click' as it turned. Finally pushing back his unwarranted fears, Mason opened the door. There, at the top of the steps, was a small, brown, thoroughly unremarkable box. Its only distinguishing feature was an envelope taped to its side. Retrieving it, Mason, having had enough of fear for one day opened the envelope and emptied its contents. In it was a simple note that read: DO NOT OPEN 'TIL XMAS.

What a laugh! What sort of kid would ever heed such a warning? "You are so opened, box!" Mason announced, addressing the package as though it were a defendant to be sentenced. He picked the box up with triumph and closed the door behind him.

Crumpling into the sofa, Mason heard the tinkling bell of Max, his Himalayan cat. "You reckon this present's meant for you, Max?" Mason asked as Max curled up beside him looking on curiously. Mason didn't spare another moment, tearing into the tape that sealed the hidden treasure within. Pulling aside the tissue paper, Mason finally laid eyes on his prize: a tiny figurine about six inches high. "What's this meant to be then?" Mason thought aloud, "Some sort of action figure?" Picking it up in his hand, Mason was astonished at all the points of articulation it had. In fact, inspecting it closer, it was almost like a doll. Its brown suit with blue pinstripes was all real cloth as were the white trainers that adorned its feet. Even the hair was incredibly lifelike. It was like holding a tiny, sleeping person which was no end of weird, Mason thought.

Not all that sure of what to do with the doll and thoroughly unimpressed with the final result of all the earlier drama, Mason plopped the figurine back into its brown, cardboard home. "All yours, Max," he said, turning himself round to flip on the telly for a while. As the screen sparked to life, Mason heard the familiar music from "The Snowman". "This again?" Mason muttered. "How many times in a day do I need to see a flying snowman before the entire planet knows it's Christmas?"

As Mason stared, dully, at the dancing snow people, Max crept slowly towards the box, tail bouncing back and forth with each step. Peering in, there was the tiny man in his rumpled suit seemingly curled up in a ball, wrapped in a blanket of tissue paper. Cautiously, Max nudged the figure with his paw. To the cat's absolute shock, the miniature doll responded by batting away the paw and muttering, "Oye, can't a Time

Lord rest in peace?" Max's tail shot up to attention and he let out a low, burbling "meow".

Mason turned round at the sound of Max's agitation. "What are you on about then?" Mason said as he slouched over to investigate. "It's just a stupid doll. Nothing to get riled up about." Mason patted Max on the head reassuringly as he turned his gaze towards the inside of the box. That's when he saw what Max was so upset about. The doll was moving! Mason actually rubbed his eyes in disbelief but there, plain as day, was a living doll slowly coming out its slumber. After a long pause, Mason finally managed a weak "Hello?"

The doll wiped away the sleep from its eyes and yawning, responded, "Hello, I must've fallen..." He paused suddenly. The figure's eyes were wide open now. Struggling to get to his feet, amidst the soft tissue paper, the doll pulled out a pair of glasses from his coat pocket and squinted at Mason. "Oh, dear," he said. "I don't suppose there's any chance I'm dreaming, is there? Or, alternatively, woken up on a planet of giants?"

Mason stared blankly for a moment, not quite sure of what to say. "Who are you?" was the only response he was able to muster.

"Right." The doll retorted. "Not actually an answer to the question but never mind. Hello! I'm the Doctor and, hold on..." The Doctor paused, "Are you watching The Snowman? Oh, love The Snowman, me." He smiled. "Flying around, dancing with Father Christmas, it's brilliant but, if you're watching The Snowman, then that means I'm on Earth which is definitely not a planet of giants. Well, not last time I checked, anyway, which means that I've been shrunk. How did I get shrunk then?"

"I dunno," Mason said, finally finding his voice. "I just got a package and you were inside it. Is there one of you in every box?"

"What do you mean?" the Doctor asked, looking very concerned suddenly. "Cuz there's only just the one me and, believe me, I've checked."

"Well, there were these vans," Mason explained, "and they left a package just like yours at every house. If there's only one of you then what's in all those other packages?"

"No idea," the Doctor said, "but, whatever it is, I can guarantee it isn't good." The Doctor paused a moment, sighing, and then reaching out his arms towards Mason. "Look, this is a bit embarrassing but do you think you could help me out of this box?" Mason smirked and reached out to pick up the Doctor. "Careful there, Gulliver!" the Doctor moaned. "Blimey, I suppose this is how a Lilliputian feels." Mason lifted the Doctor and perched him on his shoulder.

"My name's not, Gulliver, Doctor, it's Mason and if there's people in danger then I reckon we..." Mason paused, uncertain. "Well... oughtn't somebody do something about it?"

The Doctor smiled. "Yeah. Who knows how many people could be in danger? What do you think, Mason? Fancy saving the day with me?"

Mason stared at the Doctor for a moment before suddenly finding himself smiling. "Yeah," Mason said. "Yeah, I think I would."

The Doctor pointed towards the front door. "Only one thing for it, then. Time to find out what the neighbours got for Christmas. Allons-y!"

There was no turning back now. "Ana," Mason thought to himself. "One of those packages was left outside of her house, too! We'll start there." Stealing away his trepidations, Mason opened the door while the Doctor hung on for dear life.

Running across the street, Mason noticed immediately that there was no brown box in front of Ana's house. That didn't make sense. There were boxes at every other house he'd passed. That meant that someone else had already picked it up and brought it inside! Fear sent a shiver through him. Not only was there a mysterious danger lurking beyond the door but it was also the home of the girl he'd spent countless hours mooning over. Hesitant but determined, Mason reached out to knock on the door just as it opened seemingly of its own accord. There, standing in her jim jams, was Ana.

"Mason?" she asked, scratching her head "What's up? I didn't know you were home sick too. And why is there a doll on your shoulder?"

"You know my name?" Mason replied in shock. "But I haven't ever..." Mason's voice trailed off as he peered past Ana to see an open, brown box sitting on the table behind her. "This is the Doctor." Mason gestured to his shoulder as the Doctor waved. "He's very small. Do you mind if we pop in for a mo'?" Ana, dumbfounded, nodded as Mason was already rushing past her towards the package.

Peering into the box, Mason and the Doctor saw another figurine. This one, though, was decidedly less human looking than the Doctor. Its metal body was cloaked in a long, black robe, its face looked distorted like it had been melted, and a long, reptilian tail stretched out from behind like a metal whip. Tight in its grasp was what appeared to be a magic wand.

Mason carefully placed the Doctor in the box so he could inspect the tiny monster that lay within. "Oh, look at you!" the Doctor said. "Robot mercenary all trussed up for, what, some sort of fancy dress party? What's with the robes, eh? And a magic wand? Seriously? What's that all about?"

"Just looks like a normal toy to me," Ana said.

"Well, he does, doesn't he?" the Doctor said, scratching his head. "Oh!" the Doctor shouted. "I am so thick. Of course he looks like that. Think about it: how else do you trick someone into letting a robot into their house? You shrink them down and make them look like something everybody knows. Oh, that is clever. But what's it all for?" The Doctor brandished his sonic screwdriver. "If I can just work out where it came from," he said, scanning the robot, "then maybe..."

Suddenly, the eyes of the robot opened and glowed red. Its arm extended as it aimed its weapon directly at the Doctor.

"Uh oh, that's trouble", the Doctor said, changing the settings on his sonic screwdriver in an attempt to send the deadly toy back into its slumber. No luck. The wand began to make a low humming sound. "Get out of the way!" the Doctor exclaimed as he ducked and rolled to get out of the way.

A sliver of electrical energy bolted out of the robot's weapon with a loud "Zap!"

With only seconds to react before another round went off, the Doctor swapped settings again. "Come on, come on, come on!" he growled to himself, tinkering with the sonic screwdriver, looking up just in time to see the robot looming over him, ready to attack again.

"A ha!" the Doctor shouted as he leapt to his feet and jammed the sonic screwdriver into the monster's face. The blue, ghostly glow of the sonic screwdriver lit up against the robot's cheek, sending it into a fit of convulsive shock before it finally powered down. "That was close," the Doctor said, breathing a sigh of relief.

"Doctor..." Mason murmured, sounding as though he'd just seen a ghost.

"It's alright now, Mason. The mechanism must've reacted when it detected my alien technology."

"No, Doctor," Mason said again, more forcefully this time. "It's Ana - she's vanished."

The Doctor finally spun around to see Mason standing on his own. "What?!" the Doctor exclaimed.

"That thing," Mason began, "it shot her and then she was just gone!"

Part Two

Mason and the Doctor stood in shocked silence for a moment. "Doctor," Mason croaked, a lump forming in his throat, "Is Ana... did that thing just..?" Mason couldn't even complete the sentence.

The Doctor pulled the magic wand out of the robot's lifeless hands and examined it. "I don't think so," he began. "This kind of technology isn't made for destroying things, it's made for moving them. It's a transmat beam. A tiny transmat beam for a toy robot that reacted when I activated my sonic device. Whoever is controlling these machines is looking for some kind of alien technology."

"What do we do, though, Doctor?" Mason pleaded. "Ana can't just be gone forever."

"You want to find her," the Doctor said, twirling the wand in his hand, "then we have to go wherever she went. And the only way to do that is..." the Doctor pointed the wand at Mason.

"How do you know that won't just land us straight into danger or out into the vacuum of space or something?" Mason said, concerned. "I've watched enough telly to know that zapping yourself with the alien ray gun is a very bad idea."

"Bad idea? Oh, but those are my favourite kind," the Doctor grinned. "Come on, Mason. Nobody ever said saving the world would be as easy as popping round the neighbour's for a cuppa, did they?"

Mason nodded and braced himself.

"Off you go then!" the Doctor said, zapping Mason. Then, with the moment to himself, the Doctor breathed a heavy sigh. "Humans," he said before firing off a shot at himself. The wand he'd been holding dropped to the ground and the Doctor was gone.

Mason hit the ground with a thud. Looking around him, he had no idea where he was. He stood on a grated, metal platform at the end of a long hallway. Piping and long, gray wires travelled along either wall. The air was acrid and Mason could see steam circling beneath the dim, crackling lights. Before Mason could take another step he heard the buzz of an electrical current.

Spinning around, Mason saw the Doctor, his tiny legs slipping through the cracks in the grated floor. "A little help here, Mason!" the Doctor groaned. Mason obliged, picking the Doctor up and placing him back on his shoulder.

"Now what?" Mason asked.

"Judging by the electrical infrastructure," the Doctor said, "this could be... well, it could be anybody, really. We could be anywhere... No distinctive markers or symbols. In fact, if it weren't for the artificial atmosphere, I'd say the only thing on board this cargo vessel was robots like the one we found back at Ana's."

"Well Ana isn't anywhere I can see," Mason whispered, just in case anyone or anything was within earshot. "We'd better try and find her. Should we have a look round, you know, do a bit of investigating? Maybe we can figure out where we are."

"Yeah," the Doctor said, through his teeth. "Let's do a bit of snooping, find out the where's and the why's and the whom's and the, oh, you get the picture. Quiet, though, like a mouse. Or a teeny, tiny Doctor."

"You," Mason said, biting back a laugh, "are the polar opposite of quiet like a mouse." With that, Mason crept slowly down the long corridor. Terrified of the sound of his own footsteps, he nearly leaped when steam shot out at him suddenly. The Doctor, having almost tumbled to the floor, grabbed onto the fabric of Mason's jumper and climbed back upon his shoulder.

As Mason was about to poke fun at the Doctor's predicament, a robot walked out from round the corner. Nearly gasping at the sight of a very human-sized metal man, Mason ducked into a tiny alcove in the side of the wall and waited for it to pass. Once it had, Mason slowly peeked round the corner to see if there were any other robots to be seen. Seeing that the coast was clear, he checked down the corridor where the robot had come from.

There, behind glowing beams that acted like an electric prison, was Ana. She sat, head in her hands, in an oddly plush, almost regal chair. In fact, aside from the fact that she was imprisoned, Mason could easily have mistaken her surroundings for a kind of make-shift throne room.

"This is all really familiar," the Doctor mumbled. "It's right at the edge of my mind..." He scratched his head furiously.

"We've got to get her out of there," Mason said. "Looks like there's some kind of controls over here." He hurried over to an elevated panel and was greeted by all manner of buttons, knobs, and screens. "Don't think I've ever played this video game before," Mason mused. "You reckon there's just an off switch or something?"

"Not likely..." The Doctor's brow furrowed, deep in thought. "Although... Mason," he said, "Can you jimmy open the panel on the top left?"

Mason went to work immediately, tearing at the metal, until it slowly loosened and gave way just enough to fit the miniaturized Time Lord.

"Oh, well done!" the Doctor said. "Now! All I've got to do is sneak round inside, find the activation circuit and, well, deactivate it. Easy peasy."

The Doctor scurried into the opening. Mason, meanwhile, rushed over to the electric bars that held Ana just out of reach. "Ana!" he called out.

Ana, hesitantly, looked up, her face moist and her eyes puffy from crying. "Mason?" she called out, not believing it could possibly be him. "Mason!" She ran to him. "I can't believe it. How did we get here and, while we're at it, where is here?"

"You got shot with some kind of kind of transporting gun and the Doctor used it on us both so we could come after you," Mason explained quickly. "We're on some kind of spaceship but that could put us anywhere. Don't worry, though. The Doctor's working on a way to get you out and then we'll figure out a way to get home."

"You're awfully sure of yourself," Ana said, smiling in spite of herself.

"You'd be amazed how much confidence a Doctor on your shoulder can bring you," Mason replied when, suddenly, the energy bars powered down.

In an instant, Ana embraced Mason. He stood, frozen for a moment before he hugged her back. Who knew what the next moment might bring, but in this one, they were both there, safe, and together.

The moment passed very quickly as Ana's grip stiffened. "I think we're in trouble!" she said.

Mason pulled away from her slowly and turned around to find a host of robots standing in a row staring intently at them.

"Well, that ought to take care of that and..." The Doctor popped his head up from inside the panel to see a small robot army. "Oh! Right then. Mason, have you got Ana there with you?"

Mason nodded, gripping Ana's hand tight.

"You will let the princess go and step away!" the robots said in unison.

"What?!" Ana and the Doctor exclaimed in unison.

"What are you talking about?" Ana asked. "Are you talking about me because, yeah... not a princess."

"Step away!" the robots repeated.

"And leave her with you?" Mason challenged. "Not a chance. We're not going anywhere except home. Right, Doctor?"

The Doctor was silent. Then, after a long time, he said, "I remember it. I remember everything. These robots are sentinels charged with the task of protecting Princess

Cilia of the Ulian Empire. They had to take her away on this ship two years ago when the Ulians went to war with the Quintani. Anonymous threats were being made on the princess's life daily so no one could know where she was escaping to. That's why they only used robot forces; to keep her safe but something went wrong. After the war ended, the Ulians couldn't make contact with the ship. It was just... gone. There was a distress signal that had gone out, the TARDIS picked it up and I, well, I said I'd help."

"And?" Mason said. "What happened?"

"Well, I found the ship," the Doctor answered. "Thing is, though... the princess wasn't on it, was she? I tried to sort out what had happened but, you, you great big, robot dummies, fat load of good you were. They attacked me and, next thing I knew, I was Mason's Christmas present."

"Step away!" the robots said a third time.

"Oh, or you'll what?" the Doctor yelled. "This isn't your princess and that means you've got no reason to keep us here. You want to find her, then you need my help. Mason, don't be afraid. You and Ana come over here and get me. Blimey, I'm tired of being small."

Mason and Ana moved slowly, watching the robots, their gleaming red eyes looking on menacingly. Mason plopped the Doctor back on his shoulder.

"Now then," the Doctor said. "You going to show us what's going on or what?"

For a moment the robots just stood there, unmoving, unflinching, and utterly terrifying. Then, as though they'd suddenly lost interest, they simultaneously walked off.

The Doctor nodded towards where the robots were headed so Mason and Ana followed. All the way at the opposite end of the ship they discovered a large portal, like a mechanical doorway to nowhere and next to it a large, wooden police box.

"The TARDIS!" the Doctor announced, sounding relieved. "And what's all this then?" The Doctor nudged Mason over towards a bank of controls. "Looks like some sort of homing signal, but it's scrambled and all over the map."

"She is here." One of the robots walked over to the control panel, pressing a few buttons until an image appeared of the inside of someone's house with a huge Christmas tree.

"Well that narrows it down," Ana said sarcastically.

"Right!" the Doctor said. "Oh, it's all so simple. Look, here. They can tell that their missing princess is somewhere near, they just can't tell where exactly. All they do know is that she's indoors where there's a Christmas tree. That's why they dropped presents on all those doorsteps. One of them has to be the one where the princess is and then, ha! Oh, that really is clever. You were missing one very important thing

though, weren't you? Me. Well, my handy, dandy sonic device anyway. Perfect for tracking down wayward royalty. Still, if it's all the same to you, I'd sort of like to be proper sized again."

One of the robots reached out and plucked the Doctor from Mason's shoulder, placing him in front of the looming, metal door before activating something at the control panel. A blue light formed around the Doctor as he slowly grew back to his usual stature.

"Hope you aren't going to get back on my shoulder, Doctor!" Mason said, laughing.

"Nah," the Doctor said. "Tell you what, though, why don't we have a pop round here?" The Doctor retrieved a key from his pocket and, inserting it into its home at the front of the TARDIS, turned it and opened the door.

Mason and Ana stared, trying not to get a case of vertigo as they gaped at what was before them: there was a whole other world inside the blue box, bigger even than the ship they were already in.

"Come on if you're coming," the Doctor said. "Oh and, before you can say it, yes, it's bigger on the inside, yes, I'm an alien, and, yeah, I am pretty amazing. That about cover it?"

Mason and Ana just nodded. What else could they do? It wasn't exactly the usual day home from school. They boarded the TARDIS and the Doctor, with a manic grin, began poking away at the console in front of him, pressing this, turning that, banging on something, and just being sort of madman. Suddenly, the column in the centre of everything began to churn and the whole place felt as though it was humming to life.

As quickly as it had started, all the noise and the craziness stopped. The Doctor was already off and running out the door before Mason or Ana could ask for an explanation.

Dashing after him, Mason and Ana burst through the doors of the TARDIS to discover they were back on Earth. Not only that, they were back on their street!

"But that's impossible," Ana said.

"Yeah, and alien space crafts and robot men are just, what, typical? Come on!" Mason grabbed Ana's hand and they both chased after the Doctor.

Not far ahead, the Doctor was scanning each and every house. "Come on, come on, come on," he growled. "You're so close, where are you?" The Doctor spun to and fro, with his electrical device and its tiny dish until he heard a beeping sound. "Ha! Gotcha. Come on, you two. You don't want to miss this."

The Doctor, Ana and Mason came to the front of another ordinary house. "Hello?" the Doctor called, banging on the front door. "Anybody home? No? Right then, I'll just invite myself in then, shall I?" He brandished his sonic screwdriver and, in two seconds flat he'd opened the door.

Wasting no time, the Doctor centred in on the Christmas tree. "I meet more Christmas trees this way. Well, at least this one isn't trying to kill me. That's a small comfort."

"Doctor!" Ana called out. "I think I know where she is."

Ana pointed upward and there, at the top of the tree, was a lovely angel. No, not an angel, a beautiful, young girl, dressed all in silver.

"Princess Cilia, I presume," the Doctor said.

"Please," the girl replied, "I need to wait here for Father Christmas. I've been so lonely. All I could do is search for a way home and when we were passing through this system I plugged into Earth's internet and discovered all these stories about Christmas, and people getting what they want. I got to thinking if I could just wait right here I could ask Father Christmas to take me back home again."

"Well," the Doctor said, reaching up to Cilia, "it must be your lucky day because that's me. Well, sort of anyway."

Cilia hesitated. She didn't know whether to trust him.

"I know exactly how you feel," Ana said suddenly. "Me and my dad moved here only six months back and there isn't a day that I don't miss home. The Doctor's right, though. Your people, they aren't at war anymore. You're safe."

Cilia recognized the same pain she felt in Ana. She hovered above the tree and slowly landed, pressing series of buttons on a device of her own and slowly growing to the size of an ordinary, human girl.

Mason pulled out the familiar box from the front of the house that contained one of Cilia's robot sentinels.

"Will this do, Doctor?" Mason asked.

"Yeah, that's perfect," the Doctor said. "No use in letting a good plan go to waste, eh? Now, Cilia, you just need to instruct your robots to take you back to Ulian Alpha. Do you think you can manage?"

Cilia nodded, tearing up a little bit. Seeing this, Ana reached out and hugged her.

Mason unwrapped the box, revealing the robot inside. Seeing the princess it immediately powered up its transmat beam and fired. A moment later the robot, too, disappeared.

The Doctor, Mason and Ana quickly left the neighbour's house before anyone got home and demanded an explanation. The trio marched back to the TARDIS. This time, the Doctor turned round, facing Mason and Ana before opening the door. "Well," he said. "I can honestly say I've never been in that big a trouble before. Then again, I've never been that small before, either."

"You're welcome, Doctor," Mason said, stretching out his hand.

"Thank you, Mason," the Doctor replied, shaking Mason's hand and smiling.

"What did you mean before, Doctor?" Ana asked. "You said you were sort of Father Christmas but there's no such thing."

"Who ever told you that, Ana Comparetto," the Doctor said, smiling, "is a great, big liar. In fact, here: Christmas present a bit early." The Doctor pulled a box out from his coat pocket. It was blue with a small cup on the front and white wording that read "Swiss Miss Hot Chocolate".

"That is the most miraculous thing I've seen all day!" Ana shouted. "You really are amazing. I'm going to go make some. Mason, you want?"

"Yeah, I'll meet you in a minute," Mason said.

Ana ran off with her prize held tight in her hands.

"What'll you do now, Doctor?" Mason asked.

"Dunno. There's something I've been avoiding. Something..." the Doctor's voice trailed off. "Do you know like we were talking about before with The Snowman?"

Mason nodded.

"Well, after all the flying around, having fun, and doing the impossible I've realized something: I'm the Snowman and..." the Doctor suddenly looked very grim, "time's up."

Mason sensed a profound sadness coming off in waves from the Doctor. He couldn't even think of what to say except, "Merry Christmas, Doctor."

"Merry Christmas, Mason," the Doctor replied, smiling weakly. With that he closed the door to the TARDIS leaving Mason behind. He stood in wonder as he heard a sound that he could only imagine must have been what the whole of creation coming into being must've sounded like. Then, just like that, the Doctor and his wonderful machine were gone and Mason stood, alone, in the melting snow.

THE END

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