

A promotional poster for the Doctor Who Christmas special 'The Daughter of Time'. The central focus is a blue police box (TARDIS) tilted at an angle. The top of the box is labeled 'POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX'. The background is a dark, greenish space with a large, glowing green planet or moon. In the upper left, a red, tentacle-like alien creature is visible. The overall color palette is dominated by greens and blues, with a red and white border.

DOCTOR WHO

The Daughter of Time

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

PLEASE NOTE
FREE
FOR USE OF
PUBLIC
MONEY RECEIVED
HEREIN IS
FOR THE
USE OF THE
POLICE

Merry Christmas !

Doctor Who

The Daughter Claus

*A Very Short
Christmas Story*

Christmas Eve, 20205. 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the Tardis, not a creature was stirring, no Daleks, no Sentories, no Ice Warriors, or Cybermen. Not even a mouse.

Inside of the Tardis, a red light flashed on the center console as a thumping noise was heard from outside. Two thumps, then three as the sound of objects hitting the outside of the Tardis had intensified. Lying unconscious on the floor was the Doctor, wearing red pants, a red trench coat and red shoes. He looked a bit like a starving Santa Clause in those clothes. The Doctor had started to awaken and stand up when he realized that the Tardis was traveling out of control through space and hurling towards the edge of the known Universe. As the Tardis spun in circles, the stars became fewer and fewer. The Doctor's eyes opened wide, he took his right hand, slid it under his hair (which was covering his face) and flipped it backwards so that he could see a little better. Then, he swiftly started pushing the Tardis stabilizer control buttons and pulling on the time matter lever to gain control of the Tardis's flight path. Kaboom! A flash of light and smoke emitted from the Tardis's flight console. Blue flames shot out

from the side walls as the Tardis made a hard landing. The Doctor fell backwards, but caught himself by grabbing at the edge of the console. Debris flew through the air from the main Tardis doors as white dust filled the room. The Doctor covered his mouth with his forearm as he choked on the white dust.

Doctor Who talked to his first love, that big bad, sexy blue telephone box, the Tardis. “Idris, sorry my Love for the hard landing.”

Idris responded **by** turning off the red flashing lights, turning on the normal operating lights, and venting the white dust from the room. It looked like a genie’s smoke being sucked back into a bottle as the dust disappeared into a sky vent.

“Fantastic job, Idris. Now, let us see what’s out that door,” stated the Doctor as he brushed the dust off his red trench coat and glared at the Tardis’s main door.

The Doctor looked down at the navigation panel. The date read December 24, 20205 on the digital date tracking display. A big change from Belgium 1879 where the he had just disguised himself as a fellow missionary from one of his favorite friends in time, Vincent Van Gogh. At the time Vincent had

not yet met the Doctor, not as the Doctor anyways. Vincent's early work was rough, but even for a man over 1000 years old like the Doctor, sneaking a peek was wondrous.

The Doctor hurriedly walked up to the Tardis door, opened it quickly, and stepped outside to explore.

Raising his arms wide and high above his head, the Doctor took a deep breath and yelled, "Magnificent! Any landing I can walk away from is a good one. Especially when you're landing on a planet like Elflunas".

On the horizon, the purple sun peaked over the distant grey mountains of the planet, a place the Doctor had not been to in nearly 20,000 years. Elflunas was planet populated primarily by Elfanians. Yes, the same elf-like creatures that Earth fables were based on. Most Elfanians were a medium shade of green, with pointed ears, green hair, sharp white teeth, and long finger nails. But like every intelligent being in the universe, they came in all sizes and shapes. Tall, fat, short, strong, weak smart, dumb, good and evil. The planet was also occupied by bright yellow, red, purple, green, blue and orange florescent-colored

birds and reptiles. The landscape on Elflunas was generally barren with scattered plant life over a grey desert terrain and only a few forests. If you landed in the barren deserts of Elflunas, it was not all that striking. Over 2 million years before Earth started to build civilizations, the Elfanians had already built self-contained cities under their planet's surface.

The Doctor smiled as he drew his sonic screwdriver from his coat pocket. He extended his arm and the screwdriver outward. The screwdriver's bright white lit tip flashed from a slow, blinking light to a solid light. He was able to zero in on a signal.

"Cunning hiding spot. There you are," he had bellowed as he approached a 20 foot high grey boulder that sat alone in the desert sand.

When he approached the boulder, the Doctor pointed his sonic screwdriver once again at the rock's outer surface and pressed a button as it made a buzzing noise. The Doctor knocked with his fist on the outside of the boulder and, in his zany way, jumped in the air, yelling, "Open up! The Doctor's in the house!"

Seconds later, the ground shook and a large silver cylinder about 10 feet around and 20 feet high

rose up from below the ground. As it stopped, it made a slight clunking sound and a door opened on the side to reveal a female Elfanain. She had a light green complexion, cute pointy ears, and fluorescent deep blue eyes. She was striking, calm and cool as she motioned with her hand for the Doctor to enter. She was wearing a mirror reflective type jumpsuit that sparkled in the afternoon light and was blinding at a distance.

The Doctor approached and said, “Very ingenious”.

“Ingenious?” she questioned.

“Yes, the last time I was here the cities were above ground and the pollution was horrible.”

“I don’t know when that was, but the Elfanians haven’t lived on the surface for 20 thousand years.”

“Oh! Time flies. You’re right. Where we headed?” Asked the Doctor as they the cylinder door closed and they started to descend deep underground.

Blink, blink, blink, as a yellow light indicated 100 feet of descent at a time. Crack! Swoosh! The

cylinder started to race out of control down into the depths of the planet. The Doctor jumped into action and pulled the plate off the control panel. He grabbed and yanked the wires out from the panel and began fiddle with the exposed wires. He pushed and twisted a red and yellow wire together. The wires sparked, flashed, popped and then the panel lights went dead. The cylinder stopped cold in its tracks.

“Yep, got it,” shouted the Doctor.

“Good. Good for you. A little slow though,” answered the Elfanain woman.

“Oh, so you could have done better?”

“Yes, I always do.”

“Really! Why do you think so?”

The Elfanain woman reached below her chin and started to pull at her face. The Doctor had thought, is this woman about to transform into some horrific space monster? The woman removed a latex mask to reveal her true identity.

The Doctor starred intensely as a girl with blonde hair and a pretty, wide smile as she starred back at him.

She stated in a chipper voice, “Hello Father!”

The Doctor ecstatically grinned, “Daughter, is that you?”

“Yep! Now, what took you so long? I sent you a message days ago.”

“You didn’t say it was from you and I was a tad busy.”

“Silly old man. Help! J. didn’t that ring the bells in that noggin of yours?”

“Oh, J. Help Jenny. Ahhh, got it. Now I got it.”

“E, you cheeky monkey. We have work to do. Let’s go, old man.”

Jenny grabbed the Doctors right hand and pulled him into the chamber hallway. They both energetically ran off into and down the dark, connected corridor.

The walls in the corridor began to crack and crumble as the Elfians pulled themselves from the walls. They groaned and moaned as they freed themselves and dropped to the floor from the ceilings above. One, then five, then ten more Elfians stood

up. They growled; their florescent white teeth glowed in the darkness as they looked angry and hungry.

The Doctor looked back from where they had come. It was now filled with advancing Elfanians.

The Doctor questioned, “J! Friends of yours?”

“Nope! We better run!”

Jenny and the Doctor were a little out of breath, so took deep breaths and kept running.

Bang! The Doctor slammed a heavy metal door behind them. Jenny quickly turned the metal wheel mounted in the center of the door to lock the door tightly. The Elfanians couldn’t get in. Inside the small control room were a couple of workstations and monitors.

The Doctor sat down in a chair, turned on the monitors, and said, “What was that? Elfanians? They seem to be mad, literally bonkers.”

“Not mad, father.”

“Not mad. Then what?”

“Not sure. That’s why I called for you. Something has changed them.”

Jenny turned on a monitor and pointed her pink tipped sonic screw driver at the screen. The screen displayed cities located inside the planet from a few days prior. The Elfanians were calm, working, playing and life was normal.

“See, father? Just a few days ago, they weren’t cracked,” Jenny stated.

Jenny pushed the button on her sonic screw driver a second time and the screen displayed the current state of the cities: pandemonium. Elfanians running wild in the streets, hitting, clawing at each other. A furious scene.

The Doctor leaned over Jenny’s shoulder to view the monitor and said, “Beaunezz disease? Tricoplopse syndrome? Zombitutus?”

Jenny turned around and looked back up at the Doctor.

“Zombitutus? Maybe! But that’s not the only reason I called for you.”

“No? Zombitutus acting like complete loons. There’s more?”

“Yes. The Elfanians are what make Christmas happen. They have old Saint Nick trapped in

the lower level of the City and if we don't get him out, that's it. No Christmas this year. Well, not unless you can fix this mess."

"Oh... Well certainly I can't let that happen," stated the Doctor.

The Doctor paced the room, circling around Jenny. He started waving his hands in the air as he thought aloud to himself, "Elfanians, Santa, Christmas. Wait! The Elfanians make the toys?"

The Doctor proclaimed, "Jenny dear, I've got it."

Jenny looked at the Doctor, "Got what?"

"The answer. Well, at least the answer to how to get out of this room."

The Doctor went to a small door hatch located on the floor and opened it. The Doctor started to climb down the ladder inside the hatch and looked up at Jenny.

"Coming?" he asked.

Jenny laughed and replied, "And miss all the fun?"

Jenny and the Doctor descended below ground another 50 meters and surfaced in the toy factory near the ceiling. The factory was enormous. From ceiling to floor, it was one thousand kilometers and you couldn't see the end as it went on beyond where the eye could see. Peeking over the gangway platform from high above, Jenny saw the possibilities. It was a toy factory filled with toy drones, electronics, bicycles, games and tons of exciting gadgets and gizmos.

“Very clever, father. All these toys. We should certainly be able to make something from them.”

“Yes, yes. That we will.”

Jenny pointed down below, “There. That area seems to be isolated.”

Swarming around the floor like rabid zombies, the Elfanians moved on the factory floor below. There was a work area with high walls that appeared to be isolated. The Doctor and Jenny walked for several hundred meters on the gangways and down ten floors of steel ladders until they reached the work area.

The isolated area was an assembly room filled with large toy Coldstream soldiers. They kind you might see guarding special location in England in the twentieth century. You know, the guys that cannot smile. Dressed with black high fur hats about two and half heads high, red coats and black pants, they were dazzling. Today in 20205, they are used more as decorations, to stand guard outside UK facilities. In England to the far reaches of the UK embassy on the planet of Nog, they still represent symbols of pride.

Jenny and the Doctor looked around the room at the soldiers in their various stages of assembly. Some were complete, standing upright and others were still unassembled. Heads, arms, legs and other parts were scattered on top of the work tables in the room.

Jenny grabbed a soldier's head and pointed the face at the Doctor. She joked, "He seems light headed".

They both laughed as the Doctor grabbed a leg and said, "Your soldier seems like he could use a leg up".

Working quickly and furiously, the toy soldiers were assembled into an army. Lined up in

rows of five by twenty, they managed to scrap together one hundred guards in total.

The Doctor looked at a monitor on the wall. A man dressed in a red suit with a white furry collar was there, staring at the doctor. Crackling and static noise could be heard as the image faded in and out.

The man looked directly at the camera on his side and tried to communicate, “You there? Hello. Hello.”

The Doctor pressed the blue button on the panel, “Yes, my friend. We’re here.”

“Doctor? Doctor Who!” exclaimed the man in a broken voice.

The screen stabilized and the image of the man displayed to the Doctor and the image of the Doctor displayed the man came into focus.

“Ho, ho, ho,” laughed the man in a jolly voice. “Thank you for coming, Doctor.”

“It’s that you, Fat Man?” joked the Doctor.

“Ho, ho, ho! You know it is, rail man,” he answered.

Jenny looked at the man on the screen and her father and asked, “Rail man? Fat man?”

The Doctor looked at Jenny and exclaimed, “Inside joke. Tell yah later, honey,” then turned back to the screen and asked, “Now, what’s your standing?”

“I’m trapped down here and I’m tied to a chair. Not sure how much longer I can hold out. Been days down here with no food or water, mate.”

Jenny tapped on the screen to get the man’s attention.

“Santa? Santa! That is you! Isn’t it? You jolly old bugger. Just hang on.”

The Doctor chimed in, “Just keep yourself locked in. We’re on our way!”

Jenny looked at the Doctor and said, “You knew?”

The Doctor answered, “That Christmas was jimmied up this year? Yes, just didn’t know you would be here.”

“Well, you silly old man. I, too, have friends, foes, and fans. People who constantly ask for my help in saving the Universes. When I got here, I saw the Elfanians and figured this might be a father and daughter job. There is about a million Elfanians going berserk. I sent word for you through Idris. So, of course I figured she would have told you I was the one asking for help.”

“Think she might have, but something attacked her on the trip here and sent her hurling out of control. I’m guessing the same force or entity that has affected the Elfanians.”

Jenny and the Doctor lined up the human-sized toy soldiers, creating a box formation around them. As the soldiers stood proudly at attention, the Doctor stated orders to make sure all of them were responding to their programming.

“Attention, soldiers,” commanded the Doctor.

Clank, clank, clank, could be heard as the metal toy soldiers feet slapped firmly on the concrete floor of the manufacturing plant.

Jenny asked, “You ready?”

The Doctor pointed with his right index finger in the direction they were to head and yelled, “Forward! March!”

The soldiers slowly and in unison moved out from the protected work area onto the main floor of the plant. Hordes of Elfanians moved toward them. Bang! Bang! Clunk! Could be heard as they attacked the soldiers. Piece by piece, the soldiers were being damaged and torn apart as the rabid Elfanians grabbed, kicked, clawed and pulled the soldiers’ limbs off. The soldiers were only equipped with toy rifles, so they could only push and strike the Elfanians away from them. Displaying no emotion, the toy soldiers continued on track as the Doctor ordered them to advance.

“Push forward! Push forward!” yelled the Doctor.

“Father!” yelled Jenny.

“Yes,” answered the Doctor.

“How much further?”

“To the other end of the plant. We can get into the lower tunnels from there.”

Slowly the outer rows of the toy soldiers began to fall.

Jenny ducked down as a toy soldier's arm was flung by an Elfanain in their direction. The Doctor reached above his head and grabbed hold of the arm.

"I guess this is what you would call de-arming the enemy," said the Doctor.

Jenny laughed at the Doctor's joke as both of them continued to duck to avoid being hit by toy soldier body parts. On the not so funny side of things, they were now left with just a single row of soldiers separating them from the crazed, attacking Elfanians.

"Father. We're not going to make it!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Jenny, love, of course we will!" replied the Doctor.

"You have another plan? I knew it. I knew there was a reason I asked you along."

"Sorry! I don't have one yet, but I'll think of something."

The Doctor and Jenny managed to make it to within a few hundred meters of the tunnel entrance. The soldiers were whittled down to just ten and they had made a circle around them. Not enough were left to move forward and they only had minutes before the Elfanians would penetrate the soldiers' perimeter.

Suddenly, lights flashed in the room. Green, red, white, yellow, and blue flashes of light lit up the room. An object started to descend from above the Doctor and Jenny as if it was going to land on their heads. As it got closer, they could see two rails on the bottom. It was some kind of small metal craft.

Jenny looked up and grabbed the Doctor's arm as she cried, "Look up! Look there!"

The Doctor and Jenny stared at the craft. As it got closer, they could see Santa's sled descending upon them. It appeared to be weightless as it floated downwards. No reindeer could be seen in front. It was a high-tech sleigh using anti-gravity technology to glide through the air above.

Jenny yelled out, "Santa?"

Then, to her surprise, a man leaned over the side and said, "Nope, Jenny. It's just me."

Jenny screamed out a second time and smiled.
“Captain Jack! What a beautiful surprise. You beautiful man, you.”

The Captain smiled right back with his bright blue eyes and dimpled chin.

In his charming voice said, “Really? Did you two think you were going to have all the fun on Christmas Eve without me? Now, give me your hands so I can pull you aboard.”

One at a time, Captain Jack pulled them up from inside the circle of battered toy soldiers into the sleigh. Just as they traveled upwards, the Elfanians overtook the soldiers and swarmed over them like flies.

“Thanks, Jack,” said the Doctor.

“Not a problem. So Doctor, what’s up your sleeve?”

The Doctor looked down at his own chest for second and then back at Jack.

“To the tunnels. My earlier scans show they weren’t overrun like the plant’s main floor. We have quite a bit of travelling to get to the Fat Man.”

“So Jack, do you know what’s going on?”
questioned the Doctor.

“Wish I did, Doctor. I was on the planet of Monar fighting off Gluguk fighters when I intercepted Jenny’s request for your help. I thought, hey, I can fight off Gluguks anytime, but save Christmas? That sounded like more fun. Hey, if there is a possibility it can be saved, I knew it would be by you and I wasn’t missing out. So Doctor, here I am. How can I be of assistance?”

“Captain, get us to that tunnel entrance,”
stated the Doctor as he pointed to the right far corner of the plant.

In the distance, you could see large glowing walls pulsating from deep red to bright red as steam poured from the tunnel entrance. The sounds of engine turbines pounded loudly as they came closer to their destination.

“Down there, I suppose?” asked Captain Jack.

“Down there, Captain. Into the depths of hell. Okay, maybe not hell. I think it’s just the

underground power generators giving off heat and making that racket,” stated the Doctor.

“Father, always so dramatic!” exclaimed Jenny.

“Yes, but if not for the drama, thou would not haveth so much fun solving the mysteries of time and space,” proclaimed the Doctor.

“That’s so true,” agreed Jenny.

They made their way to an old elevator entrance in the sleigh and landed a few feet away. It was made of heavy steel, worn and had rust around the edges. Jenny, Captain Jack and the Doctor jumped out of the sleigh and Jenny slapped the elevator door button. The door opened and they walked inside. As they looked back onto the floor, they could see Elfanians started to move in their direction. They were moaning, screaming and advancing quickly. The door of the elevator slammed close just in time. There were several Elfanians within arm’s reach of the door.

Swooshing down the elevator tunnel, they could hear the floors passing. Screeching to a halt, the elevator came to an abrupt standstill.

A deep sounding voice made an announcement on the elevators intercom, "Doctor. Doctor Who."

"Yes?" answered the Doctor.

"Doctor, come no further. For I am the Grinch. The new ruler of Elfanas," stated the voice.

"Well, Mr. Grinch, if you know who I am, then you know that's not possible. Telling me to not go somewhere is like inviting me to do so," answered the Doctor.

"Be warned. I am no mere mortal. I am indeed the most terrifying creature you could ever meet. With just the stroke of my pen, men die," warned the voice.

"I fear not, you cranky old Dodge. We will save Santa, Christmas and put a stop to your plan."

"Well then. We shall see," stated the voice.

The Doctor grabbed his sonic screwdriver, pointed it at the elevator and stated, "Back in action, elevator. We have work to do."

The elevator lit up and descended downwards, deeper and deeper into the planet's core.

Kaboom! The elevator had hit the bottom and shook as it came to a stop.

Captain Jack yelled, "Doctor, Jenny, I'll take the lead! Get behind me!"

"Why you?" asked Jenny.

"Pretty lady, you know I can't die. If the Elfanians kill me, I'll simply come back to life in a few minutes."

"Yes, true, but I can regenerate like my father."

"Alright, you two. I'll be the first one out of the lift," the Doctor informed them.

The door opened and it was pitch black inside. Across the room, they could see Santa Claus tied to chair. A skinny looking figure with long, green hair had his back to the group. It was the Grinch, dressed in a brown potato sack type material. He appeared to be interrogating Santa.

The Doctor held his hand up to signal Jenny and the Captain to be quiet, so they could sneak up

on the Grinch. Slowly, the Doctor snuck across the room until he was right on top of the Grinch.

The Doctor wrapped his arms around the Grinch and screamed out, “Got you! Don’t move! I’ve got you!”

Slam! The two side doors in the room swung open and hundreds of Elfanians started to walk into the room.

Pop, pop, pop rung out as confetti paper dropped from the ceiling. Sirens in the room went off and party lights turned on around the interior walls. Santa stood up and his restraints fell to the floor on their own.

Then, Santa, Captain Jack, and Jenny, along with all the Elfanians, yelled out, “Merry Christmas, Doctor!”

The Doctor’s face went blank. He was in shock. He realized this was a surprise Christmas party and he had just gotten pranked. As he laughed out loud, he cried, “Oh my God. This is wonderful. This was the most unexpected surprise. Whose idea was this?”

The Grinch turned to the Doctor, pulled off his wig, and laughed at the Doctor, “Mine!”

The Grinch was an old friend of the Doctor. It was Sci-Fi writer Steven Moffat dressed as the Grinch.

“Moffat, old pal, you truly have a hell of an imagination.”

“Yes, Doctor. Yes I do. You could say some even call me the Master. Well, Master playwright, anyways.”

“Well, Moffat, thank you. Thank you very much for a most wonderful Christmas. This is certainly going to be a Christmas I will never forget.”

Jenny and Captain Jack hugged the Doctor as they laughed and smiled.

“Merry Christmas, Father,” said Jenny.

“Merry Christmas, Doctor,” said Jack.

“Merry Christmas Santa, Jenny, Steven, Jack, and you wonderful Elfanians for playing along!” exclaimed the Doctor.

Merry Christmas by NSYNC starts to play as
this very short story comes to an end.

Play Song Click on the link:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oeLfulzF6v8>

MERRY CHRISTMAS ALL