

# Hometown Surprises

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## Kapitel 1: Heading Home

### CHAPTER I: HEADING HOME

It was night. A warm and wet summer night. I hated that kind of weather and temperature. My head began to ache and I felt the dizziness which started to overtake my whole body.

The air smelt as if there would be another shower of rain soon. No surprise. The weather forecast had told us on Monday that there was not a chance of getting a real summer for the next 14 days.

I sighed and continued walking after the green traffic light for pedestrians lit up.

Today had been a busy day. I had to get up early because of my internship and after work, I had to go to several bureaucracy appointments I made in the past. Or they made for me in the past. I could not remember anymore.

The sleepiness became real after 5 PM and now, as it already was about 9 PM, I just wanted to close my eyes immediately and fell into sleep.

'Hey, watch out!' I heard a person's yell and got back to reality. I almost bumped into another person, a tall man with a striped suit and chucks on his feet. I turned my head and blinked as I walked on.

He had a slim figure, brown short and chaotic hair and over his suit, he wore a light brown trenchcoat. Was ist some kind of cosplayer? No. It could not have been. That kind of walk, that voice, ... that was impossible!

I blinked again and noticed that he almost got lost of my sight.

I turned around on my heels and backcrossed the road, quick, because the traffic light showed the helmeted red little man with outstretched arms again.

A sudden urge to follow that stranger packed me.

I could not resist. I was curious, I was anxious. My heart started thumping strongly against my chest and it was not just because I speeded up.

Faster, I made my way through the crowd which was so typical for Berlin, even at night.

The man just turned left to Tauentzienstrasse, a well-known road for (expensive) shopping here and dashed through the people.

'Dammit,' I expelled and tried to be on the scent.

My mind kept telling me the whole time that it could not be real.

*There was no chance, that HE was here after all.*

*He was a figure.*

*A simple figure from a long on-going story, shown on the BBC programme.*

*Nothing to be crazy about.*

*Well, okay, crazy, but only in your mind.*

*There was absolutely no bloody way that the Doctor could be here in our time and space.*

*End of the lesson.*

Yes, I know all that.

But sometimes your intestines tell you something else. That was a moment like that. I know all about the stuff and still, I felt it that it must be real.

That was why I kept following him. Just because I accidentally bumped into him and he apologised - more or less. Actually, he just shouted at me to prevent any further injuries, but that did not matter at the moment.

I continued to walk his footprints and recognised the surroundings. He kept going, passing the NIKE-store, Uniqlo, the whole long passage and the famous KaDeWe - it was the street where the subway station 'Wittenbergplatz' would appear within a few metres. And if I had been ever wondering how fast the Doctor walks... now I knew it.

I was a bit out of breath when the crowd finally lifted and only a few people were on the same pavement like us. Out of breath, hurting diaphragm and the fact that I was getting slower and slower as much as the running kept going.

He would disappear. He would disappear and I would never see him again.

Maybe it was that fear that let me shout out to him - in a squeaky voice, much higher than I usually sound, and also louder than I usually speak:

'DOCTOR!'

I should have done this so much earlier.

It was like a magic word, like *Abracadabra* or *Alohomora* that he reacted to it.

The stranger stopped, turned around and looked puzzled who on earth had called him. I felt his eyes on mine. There was no other one around who stood breathless in the way of others and tried to compose herself. It was only me.

'Yeah?' he answered, still surprised, but very calm. He just stood there and my heart was racing.

That was no Fata Morgana, no illusion. It really was him. A man walked by and did not pass through the Doctor, just *bypassed* him. He might be real. That was for sure.

'What is it?' the Doctor wanted to know, 'How can I help you?'

He even sounded like David Tennant and I shook my head to get a clear mind again.

I tried to answer in a much more normal way, 'Er... you... are the Doctor, right?'

Stupid question, but I did not know what else I should say. I really needed to know that I was not dreaming.

Now he turned wholly around and put his hand in the pockets of his trenchcoat.

'Well... it seems so' he suggested, 'Depends on what is your request?'

I continued walking, slowly, and I could not help but started smiling. Smiling because of the most unreal things became real.

After such an exhausting day.

With that kind of shitty weather.

Just in the middle of my hometown's city centre.

It became real: I met the Doctor. (My *favourite* Doctor, just for addition)

'Um... to be honest...' I could not come up with any kind of excuse. I just did not have one. So I tried to think of anything that would be reasonable why I stopped him while he might try to save the universe again, 'I don't know. Actually, I never thought I would meet you in person. Once. In my life. Well... in *this* life.' I talked myself more and

more into trouble, but in the end, I managed to walk up to him and at least he was not too bothered. The Doctor's expression was some kind of emotionless, but emotionless was good. It was *neutral*. It was *okayish*. I could continue, babbling around, but for our both's sake, I did not.

'Well, yeah, usually most of you don't' he simply said, nodding once, but did not blink for a bit. Maybe he thought I was some kind of enemy? Well... or at least some kind of lunatic. That would not surprise *me*. 'And you are?'

'Oh' I made and realised that I had not introduced myself yet, 'I'm Alex. I'm... living here. You know, not *here* exactly, but here. In this town.' I stuttered and it was not my thing to stutter, but the Doctor threw me off track, just with his presence.

'Then... nice to meet you, Alex. So... if you don't mind, er... do you wanna tell me why exactly you seem to know me? I don't think we met before?'

He was right. Of course, we did not. His brief scratching behind his ear and the big eyes, which lay on me, was an unbreakable evidence that his whole memory would not tell him anything else. But what should I have said? That I have known him from TV? Come on, Alex, that would you make even more look like a lunatic!

'Everybody knows you... more or less. You're... some kind of... popular?' I tried my best to explain, but earned a more questionable look from him,

'Popular? What? What year do we have?'

'2017.'

'There's no way, people know me like you suggest they do.'

'Well, I didn't say "everyone". Just... a certain among of people,' I tried to correct myself, but talked myself more into trouble. Again.

Now the Doctor overcame the last metres and we stood face to face.

'Who exactly are you?' he asked in his calm voice, but the seriousness of it gave me the direct order not to lie or to try anything else than telling the truth.

'Really, just a human being. Just a woman who had an awful day and wanted to go home to her boyfriend, cuddling up.'

He kept looking at me, looking me straight into the eyes and I just held on. Not avoiding the eye contact. *Please, hold the line.*

Then, suddenly, he looked in on me, behind me and the mood changed.

'You'll come with me.'

'What?' It was my turn to sound unbelievable.

'You'll come with me if you still want to cuddle up with your boyfriend. Else you *never ever* will again!' It was a threat, but not a threat he made on me. It was a threat I would understand much later. For the moment I just felt he was grabbing my wrist and took me with him.

I did not have a choice and I did not dare to look behind me.

The only thing I knew was that I had to trust the Doctor. That I could trust him like I trust my husband-to-be, who was actually waiting for me...

Here, in the centre of Berlin, on this sticky night, I had a change in my life nobody else would ever believe me.

If I would be ever able to tell it to *somebody*.

Between you and me: I was not so sure of it because *running* was almost *never* a good sign in "Doctor Who".