

# Hometown Surprises

Von Ikeuchi\_Aya

## Kapitel 2: In the TARDIS

### CHAPTER II: IN THE TARDIS

'Ich kann nicht mehr,' I called accidentally in German while I blew out the used air, hoping my diaphragm would release a bit of the tension. No. Still hurting.

And the worst part of it was that I could not stop running. The Doctor pushed and pushed forward. He still held my hand and so I could not do anything else than keeping the track.

'I know, but you *have* to,' he insisted. Yeah, thank you, TARDIS. Always translating everything. Wait. Of course, I could talk in German the whole time and it would not matter, right? Instinctively I had switched to English. Well, now I could go on with it, could not I?

'W-What is it we're running from, anyway?' I wanted to know. I was not allowed to look back and I was sure, I did not want to know either, so I wanted to hear an explanation from the Doctor himself at least.

'We're not running away. We're running into it.'

'What?' That sounded even more surreal.

'We're heading right into the disaster.'

'Okay, STOP,' I yelled and put all my strength together to get a halt. I set my feet on the ground with all my might and tried to pull my hand back. The timelord did not let go of it, but for once he had to stop with me, 'What is it you're talking about? What's the big deal?' When I looked him straight into the eyes I knew that it was irresponsible to start talking about the running issue *right now* and *here*. I knew it was a mistake. I really *did* know. Still, humans are the race who know too much and still make it to the top of stupidity. Thank you, for your appreciation.

'I *will* explain it to you, okay? I *will* explain everything to you. When we get to a *safe* place.'

The TARDIS.

There was no other place the Doctor would rather be if it comes to "safe places". It was his sanctuary. His exit for almost every danger he might face.

I could not object. If the situation was that worse ... I should just accept it and trust him. Trust his decision.

And it was hard not to trust someone who you started fancying a long time ago. Not because it was the Doctor or that the Doctor was played by David Tennant but because both men remind you of your husband-to-be you love so much.

'Okay,' I answered meekly.

The Doctor sighed in relief, his eyebrows pulled apart and then he turned around

again, 'Let's go.'

It was not a long run. We had only 50 m left until we reached the underground station. The impressive grey and beige coloured building, which reminds one of Greek architecture because of the four columns (actually built in 1902 by an architect called Paul Wittig), was right in front of us, but the Doctor did not want to enter it. Instead, he walked further on. We passed the station's building, crossed the street which was not crowded with cars but nearly dead, turned left and then rushed through an archway - the entry of an old tenant-occupied house, one of the popular Altbau kind of houses in Berlin.

It was dark and the big double doors were only ajar, so I stumbled with my right shoulder against the heavy wood and felt the pain immediately through my whole body. Ouch.

For a second.

Because you know what?

Sometimes pain can be absolutely forgotten. *It is demanded to be felt* but sometimes... it just is not.

Right in front of me was the one thing that let me feel in disbelief.

'It can't be...' I whispered, unable to move forward. The Doctor snapped his fingers and the door of the dark blue police box opened itself.

Light emitted from the inside and lit up the dark floor around us.

'Come on, no time to waste!' the Doctor invited me in and had finally let go of my hand. He stood right in the doorway and waited for me to follow.

Right. No time to lose control. No time to stand here and admire the TARDIS.

I had seen one once, when I was in London, visiting the "Doctor Who" shop. I suddenly remembered the overwhelming feeling when the key was given to me and I could open up the door myself. It was only a mock-up, of course, but my imagination had gone crazy. *What, if it is the real one? What would you do now? Imagine, the Doctor gave you the key!* And so on.

I felt my heart racing, the temperature reaching my cheeks, blood rushing in my ears. Step by step I made it to the entrance, holding my breath when I was just before going in the box. The Doctor already did and so it was my turn.

I took a deep breath and then marched on.

That.

I stood in the TARDIS.

'It's, er.... bigger on the inside?' I could not suppress the urge to speak that quote.

I knew how the TARDIS looks like from the inside. I knew it well. Nevertheless, it was something totally different to see something with your own two eyes. I never had a "Doctor Who experience" in Cardiff, never visited the filming's set and so it was as astonishing as for every other one to stand inside the ship of the Doctor.

I was shifty-eyes, could not get enough of every detail here.

'You won't go insane?'

'No, don't think so.'

'Good.'

I did not take notice that the Doctor was already on his feet, maintaining the TARDIS' control desk. Now I watched his every step and suddenly, in the middle of his doing, I realised what would happen next. Of course, he would not flip switches and pull on the lever for nothing, would he?

'Doctor, where do we go?' My voice was near shrieking and the Doctor looked at me with a stern expression on his face. He was checking if I was freaking out.

I was not. Well, maybe a bit. Because I did not think it through. The running, the *escaping* ... of course, entering the TARDIS meant, we would go further. Much further. 'Far enough to avoid the danger right now,' he answered as calm as you could be, 'Don't worry. We'll come back.'

Well, that was exactly what I was worrying about: Going away with the TARDIS could mean five minutes or a year. It could mean earth, Mars or the end of the universe. Even if I imagined from tie to time how it would be to travel with the Doctor, I was not prepared for doing so. Not now.

But I could not object. Not at all. And what would happen if I did? Nothing.

He would have keep going. Because it was the only thing that was right to do at the moment. 'I'm sorry.'

And even if I had imagined traveling with him, I had never wanted to hear these words coming out of his mouth. That "sorry" that left his lips too often.

I felt the stuttering under my feet and heard the typical sound of the blue telephone box. Signs that we would leave the place and end up... I do not know where.

I could only hold on the backrest which looked like the pilot's seat, hoping that the journey - wherever it would lead us - would go smoothly, no obstacles, no trouble.

'You shouldn't be,' I pressed through my pursed lips, 'Better than getting caught by... whatever it was you've been running from.'

The Doctor looked up when he was hitting another bottom and could let go of the control desk for a second.

We looked each other in the eye and said nothing. Finally, he dropped his gaze and cleared his throat.

'That may take a while.'

'I think I have that time now.'

'You do.'