Summary

Telepathy can be a hard thing to adjust to when you are a human novice. When the Doctor and Rose embarks on a tour bus to visit a waterfall made of sapphire, her new heighten senses will be put to the test.

Notes

A deep journey into the spiritual symbolic of the episode. My own take on telepathy, the universe, and our true design within the cloth of life.
"Voilà!" The Doctor swirled towards the Tardis doors with the same manic energy he always had. Rose smiled, letting go of the console on which she spent the last minute holding on for dear life. Those rides were not getting smoother as time passed, and after staying on house rest, in the Tardis, for what seemed to be an eternity, Rose couldn’t wait to feel the amazing rush of adventure once more.

“We’ve just landed on the wondrous diamond planet, Midnight; second planet in the system of the star Xion. No atmosphere, Rose, and bombarded by X-tonic radiation. Such an inhospitable planet, but nothing can deter you, little humans.” The Doctor’s contemplative gaze fell on her, and as she joined him near the closed doors, he beamed in awe. “Against all odds, you strived and colonised this hostile rock, transforming the place in a lively tourist attraction for all curious eyes to see.”

His excitement was palpable and for a second Rose worried this wasn’t the long awaited breather he promised her. Just as it did every time she approached those doors toward a new world, she could feel her fingers and toes tingling with anticipation. She was ready to start travelling again. She really was… wasn’t she?

Suddenly, the idea of lying around a pool while being served cocktails made of exotic fruits, was not so bad after all. Then, she would be far away from the assault of too many buzzing minds. “How lively are we talking about, Doctor? We are here to relax for a few days, yeah?”

“’Course we are!” He asserted, a bit too fast for Rose’s taste, but before she had the time to protest, he was already pulling the doors open, making a mess as brooms and buckets fell all over the place. Rose guffawed, watching the Doctor stepping over the pile of cleaning supplies with careful strides and wide awkward movements. “Doctor,” she said, pushing away two bottles of liquid soap with her foot, “We’re in a broom closet.”

“’Course we are!” he repeated, closing the Tardis doors behind them. “I couldn’t just land, slam bam, right in the middle of the resort, now, could I?”

Rose knew him too well to believe he actually did plan to land in this jammed space and sighed, giving a soft smile at her feet who were still trying to clear a path through the rubble. “So far in the future and they still use brooms and mops and buckets.”

She changed the subject but the Doctor was no fool either, at least not when it came to reading Rose Tyler. “Hey,” he called with a soft voice, “come here.” He offered his hand and Rose took it, falling into his arms; the only place in the universe where she really felt at home.

She used to think that home was this little flat in the Powell Estate with her mom. But now that Jackie Tyler was on the list of all the people lost during the battle of Canary Wharf, the concept of home seemed pretty vague.. and this universe so vast.

Losing her mother had been rough. Jackie Tyler was the only family Rose had, the only thing keeping her grounded and tied to Earth. The Doctor held her hand through the storm and offered her everything he was. Getting through this grief brought them closer together; it was the final straw that they needed to quit dancing the line of friendship and become the lovers they were meant to be.

She burrowed her nose in his chest, smelled through the layers of clothes this familiar warmth that soothed her worries and calmed her heart. Still a bit giddy about the fact that she could call him
husband and he would smile at her and call her wife in return, Rose decided they really needed those few days of tranquility as she squeezed him tighter. Sweet relief.

"Don't worry, my Rose," the Doctor whispered against her hair. Because he did feel the worry leaking out of her in waves. Her whole foundations were still a bit shaky but she was getting there.

He had to admit, the last few months had been rough. He still felt guilt over what happened. Way before losing her mother to the parallel universe, she was already open to the idea of them exploring her telepathic potential. His precious Rose.

So they did, one step at a time, one exercise after the other, they succeeded in reviving this latent sense you can find in all human beings. They played with it and explored it and their relationship grew as did the link they shared. It was just another blessing for him to be able to feel Rose Tyler in his mind.

But it was still a one way link. She was human... a 21st century human. Her brain wasn’t wired the same way as his, maybe not evolved enough for a full bond with a Time Lord. And with all the practice and carefully planned sessions, Rose still wasn’t able to feel him as he could feel her.

Then one night, everything changed: They were both tired but glad to be alive after saving an entire town from a hoard of rat-like fluffy invaders that made their homes in the sewers of a city. The mayor and his family invited them to spend the rest of the night in one of their spare houses, since it was already so late and the TARDIS was on the other side of the town.

That night, more than a year and a half after they started Rose’s training, after months and months of trying to form a bond without any success: “Doctor, I can feel you... your emotions, I can feel them.”

His hearts soared. She could feel him. One giant step toward their bond had just been overcome and he reveled in it. Her mind finally opened to him, he took the plunge. How could he not?

It was as magnificent as he had expected it to be; her golden presence overwhelming him in such a perfect combination of love and desire and trust and strength. Rose Tyler was brilliantly simple yet such a pleasure to discover over and over again.

Then one thing led to another and he was already losing control.

“Don’t stop.” She whispered.

And he didn’t. He danced with her, body and soul, twirled in a maddening rush of adoration for this new golden presence within. He didn’t stop, until she was him, and he was her, and they were one.

He had experienced all kind of telepathic links in his 900 plus years, but bonding with Rose Tyler... the passion, the onslaught of emotions... one heart; her whole being so fragile yet miraculously strong. Never had he experienced a connection like this with anyone.

And it reached a level that left him awestruck, completely vulnerable, if not a little concerned. The experience had been hard on Rose. He saw her golden energy, turning dull and quivering with uncertainties.

This was all too soon for her. Her mind and body wasn’t ready for such an intense connection. And as she cried in his arms, he cursed himself for his lack of consideration.

He kept forgetting his Goddess was a human. Even if the fact that she was human was what made the experience so wonderful; the unshielded passion mixed with the febrile fragility of it all. He never
stopped to take into account the consequences such a connection could have on a human brain with no telepathic antecedent.

Bonding with Rose Tyler had left her broken. The forceful blow had fragmented her natural mental shields keeping her widely open and vulnerable.

There was no way he was letting Rose go back to their life of travelling in the condition she was. Being surrounded by all kinds of energies would’ve been more than disturbing for her.

Even the trip back to the Tardis from the Mayor’s house, the morning after, had been a challenge. It was so early that only a few people were going about in the street of the city but he could already sense her mind buzzing with thoughts and emotions that didn’t belong to her. It was clear that she was at a lost with the gale her new and wide-open telepathy gusted in her head.

She spent the whole walk back hugging his midriff, with her head against his chest. His fingers flew over her face and temples to bring some comfort and supply the little protection his own shields could offer.

They spent the following weeks in the vortex. She reminded him of the alienated Rose, drifting through Platform One, swallowing back tears in front of her burning planet. Even then she handled herself like a queen.

He never stopped to think about everything the humans traveling with him had to cope with while he shattered every belief they ever had about their place in the universe. Of course he revealed them the absolute wonder and magnificence and beauty, but also the fright and danger and frailty of it all.

And there he had gone and done it all again; forcing his own way into her, trying to show her the wonder and magnificence and beauty but bringing with him the fright and danger and frailty of everything a telepathic bond could come with.

Telepathy was such a common sense for him but for someone who had never experienced it… he couldn’t imagine how dreadful it could be. Like seeing for the first time and not understanding depths and dimensions.

Before going back out there, Rose had to learn it all; the depths, the dimensions, the shielding, the comes and goes, and the gives and takes that went with this wonderful new ability. And in a selfish point of view, it made him giddy because there it was; their precariously banal link had evolved into a full grown bond that would continue to grow and last for as long as love endured.

They had been on Tardis rest for more than two months now, and even if he had good reasons to ease her back slowly into their normally hectic life, his feet were tingling with the need to run for his life with his new bondmate by his side. But Rose needed practice first. A few encounters with non-telepathic beings while resting around a pool, eating at nice restaurants, and visiting the wonders of beautiful and peaceful worlds would have to do for now.

"Rose," he cupped her cheek, stroking his thumb over the soft skin. Forehead touched, then lips, then he let the golden warmth of her mind envelop him. Sweet relief, indeed. "Don't worry, my Rose, it'll be fun."

"Relaxing, Doctor," she murmured against his lips. When he looked at her with a puzzled look, he met her closed eyes, still anticipating the kiss.

"What?" He absentmindedly asked before grabbing her lips between his and plunging into her, mind and soul and tongue, his whole body readying for the rush of feeling that usually came with kissing
Rose Tyler.

But it didn't come, because Rose was already pushing against his chest, away from the snog of a lifetime he planned on giving her, looking at him with an angry, suspicious glare that made him swallow back his rising arousal as fast as it came.

"Relaxing, Doctor." She repeated more firmly, her hand still on his chest to keep him from crashing into her once more. Which was a good thing to do, because, in spite of the menacing look she gave him, snogging her senseless was the only thing he wanted to do right now; in a broom closet surrounded with Rose Tyler's enticing golden essence. "It'll be relaxing."

"Yeah, yeah." He breathed deep, rubbing a hand against the back of his neck to get out of the lustful state he was in, surprised at how easy it had been lately getting completely overwhelmed by his need for Rose Tyler. "Relaxing... Fun... All of the above."

She rolled her eyes at him, tongue poking out of her smile and, oh God, how he only wanted to kiss her again; kiss her against those shelves filled with gallons of detergent, between the vacuum cleaner and what looked like a futuristic beat up lawn mower - whatever it was doing in the broom closet of a planet made of diamond.

"Come on," she cut his fantasy short. "Let's take a peek into this brilliant diamond planet of yours."
Chapter Notes

M really not a fast writer and I don’t want to keep you waiting so I’ll keep my chapters short. This chapter: Telepathy! Yay!! Hope you enjoy my beliefs on the workings of our universe ;)

The moment Rose opened the closet door they were greeted by blinding, sparkling light. It felt huge and tiny all at once; familiar and scary and dizzying but so wonderful. Rose was awed and wondered how, after five years of travelling across the universe, she could still get so amazed and curious and exhilarated. The Doctor’s been at it for so much longer, did he still felt the same way?

“Midnight!” the Doctor whispered, his lips brushing the edge of her right ear. She shivered as his arms encircled her from behind, inviting her whole body to rest against his. They both stared at the glorious view that was presented to them; through the wide glass laid a boundless world of mountains and pikes and pillars of shimmering diamonds.

This planet’s sun shone its rays, dark blue across the land, giving it an eerie feeling, casting shadows that contrasted against a light so bright it made them blink when staring for too long. Rose shivered again, thrilled by the sight of this new and unknown planet for them to discover.

She could feel the Doctor beaming at her, seeing this outstanding planet for the first time all over again through her eyes. He always did that. Since ‘It also travels in time’ and ‘Welcome to the end of the world’; even after all these years of travelling with her, he still never let an ounce of her amazement wander off without his noticing. He drank it in like fresh water to his battered soul. And, right now, she was feeling it first hand through their bond; how much he needed this, how much he prided himself into filling her life with wonders.

“Excuse me,” Both the Doctor and Rose were startled out of their moment by a short man in a tux. Rose courteously smiled at him, not sure how to act. She just stood there, facing someone else than the Doctor for the first time since her empathic senses kicked in. The attendant’s vivid blue eyes made her feel a bit awkward and bare. Of course, there was no way the man knew about her new found skills but she still felt as though she had something to hide. “May I offer you assistance with anything?”

The gentleman was holding himself up straight to appear taller and more confident than he deemed, looking between the couple and the closet door they just came out of with a frown.

Rose could clearly feel the unease seeping through his semblance of professional confidence. It was a strange feeling; so different from what she usually received from the Doctor. A raw self consciousness that transcended the cold blue ocean in his eyes. This man was so much more than a simple attendant. He was a lover, an artist, a bohemian free spirit; stuck in this role to pay the high price of a beans on toast life: Everyone lives their life in the confines of fear.

Rose felt for him, for the brilliant soul filled with dreams, and brimming with possibilities, hidden from its owner’s knowledge. She was just like him, once upon a time, stuck in a dead end job, bills to pay and expectations to fulfill. (Did the Doctor see all this potential in her when they first met in the basement of Henricks?)
Worlds and centuries apart and here she was, facing her own mirror, seeing a part of her in someone else. This first on hand experience with her new skill made her understand how profound empathy really was: connecting with each other at the highest level, touching the soul, the fundamental energy that linked us all together to create the web of the universe.

Rose could almost see him again, the Doctor, telling her one of the first lesson he taught her about telepathy:

“Telepathy…” He was trying to find the right words to explain the fundamentals of it. His index finger tapped a rhythm on his chin and his eyes wandered around pensively. When they connected with hers again, they were filled with a contemplative wonder that struck her to the core: “Everything is linked and related, Rose. The galaxies and the stars, plants and rocks, Time Lords and humans, even Daleks; all made of the same cloth of life, the same basic energy. It dances inside of us. It comes to life and dies inside of us. Not only are we born from it, we also carry its treasures, its atoms, its molecules, and its infinite wisdom and eternal memories. We are matter and just as everything made of matter, we receive and give light and knowledge. Feel it, this web connecting you with everything, play with its matrix, experience its full spectrum. That’s what it’s all about.”

And Rose felt it for the first time, right there, on this deserted planet made of diamond, her whole being soaked in the substance of life, her heart bursting from the beauty and perfection of its design. She could almost see the intricate web of golden energy flowing around her, and inside her, connecting her with everything around, meeting far away galaxies and coming back to her core faster than the speed of thought.

The atmosphere around her felt warmer and thick enough to float in; particles of matter weaving a secure and comfortable feeling all over her skin. Heavy and light, she didn’t know if she wanted to laugh or cry or fly or fall. She was everything. She finally saw it; she was part of everything… meant to be.

She wondered why she never felt it before? What was so different, so special about this moment that made her finally understand what the Doctor has been trying to teach her for years?

The Doctor moved beside her and took her hand, still beaming proudly in Rose’s direction. Could he feel the blow this new revelation had on her? He answered the gentleman: “I’m the Doctor, and this is my Rose. We will be spending a few days here. We are already registered in room 224.”

Rose smiled, and just like that the charm was broken, as fast as it came. She was back in her normal perception of reality where air was just air and this man in front of her was just a young attendant looking at them suspiciously.

This was amazing. She was after all, just an ordinary human. A few years back she thought telepathy was a thing of science fiction. But after seeing the Doctor use it a few times during their adventures, and mostly when she heard that Madame De Pompadour did actually read some of the Doctor’s childhood memories during a telepathic exchange, Rose wanted to learn more about it.

And here she was, after years of practice, feeling the attendant’s careful suspicion as he reached for a flat device hidden beneath the lapel of his suit and started tapping on the large screen. “The Doctor and Rose from room 224. I see. You are both awaited in the west wing, area D, door 17” he pointed them to his left. “Your alcove is ready and the evening lights should begin in less than twenty minutes.”

The Doctor’s smile couldn’t be larger as he bounce on his heals. “Ah yes! Thank you. This will be brilliant!” He extended an arm towards Rose in invitation. “Dame Rose.”
“Sir Doctor.” She wrapped her arm around his and they both started walking toward the same direction the gentleman was pointing.

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