Doctor Who drabbles

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by KB9VCN
The Eighth Doctor had decided to drop in on the Seventh Doctor, to see how "retirement" was treating him.

He was surprised to find that the Seventh Doctor had opened a shop just down the road from This Time Round. It looked like a charming little antiques store from the outside. But he didn't understand the name on the homey sign above the door.

"'All Things Scottish'?

As he opened the door, he heard the sound of bagpipes. "Oh, dear..."

He was loudly greeted by the Seventh Doctor. "Welcome to 'All Things Scottish.' If it's not Scottish, it's CRAP!!" The last word was spoken so forcefully that the Eighth Doctor's hair was blown back.

The Seventh Doctor beamed. "So... what do you think?"

The Eighth Doctor looked around at the abundance of plaid stuff. "Honestly? It's... silly. The most ridiculous thing I've ever seen. Why, it's a scheme worthy of the Master..."

Too late, he clapped a hand to his mouth, and then hung his head. "Oh dear..."

The Seventh Doctor fumed until he exploded. "Oh, I hated the Master... with his WEE BEADY EYES!! And that SMUG LOOK on his face!! 'Oh, I'm going to kill you, Doctor!' Oh-oh-oh..."
Hang On A Minute

Chapter Summary

Written March 2002; humor; 100 words.

The infamous Dragonfire scene revisited.

For no apparent reason, the Seventh Doctor climbed over the icy railing at the edge of the frozen chasm. The railing was too slippery for him, and he suddenly found himself hanging by his closed umbrella for dear life.

Glitz walked up. "Doctor? What are you doing?"

"We needed a cliffhanger to lead into the next episode," the Doctor hissed back.

Glitz grinned. "Doctor... there is no next episode. This is a one-hundred-word fan fiction."

The Doctor fumed as his hands slipped down his umbrella. "Well, it would be HELPFUL if someone would TELL me these things AHEAD OF TIME!!"
Just Shut Up

Chapter Summary

Written March 2002; humor; 100 words.

Even the nice Doctors can put up with only so much.

The Fifth Doctor dashed through the TARDIS doors and ran to the console. Gasping for breath, he frantically closed the doors.

"Doctor!" Adric whined. "What happened? Why were you gone so long?"

"Doctor!" Tegan shouted. "Don't tell me we're in trouble again!"

"Doctor?" Nyssa asked. She was wearing reading glasses and holding a folded newspaper and a pencil. "What's a three-letter word for 'umbrage'?"

The Doctor grimaced, and held his hands to his ears. "For once, would you all JUST! SHUT! UP!!"

He glared at three astonished faces, and then held his head again. "Curse my lethal allergy to aspirin..."
A Rare Mood

Chapter Summary

Written March 2002; humor; 100 words.
Sometimes you don't feel like fooling around.

The First Doctor faced a Dalek. Several other Daleks circled round him. "YOU WILL BE EXTERMINATED!!" the leading Dalek shrieked.

The old man harrumphed. "Stuff it, pepper-pot." He reached up and bent the Dalek's eye-stalk.

The Dalek began firing indiscriminately. It somehow missed the Doctor as he walked away, but it struck the other Daleks. They returned fire in confusion, and all were quickly destroyed.

Scowling, the Doctor walked past his companions and re-entered the TARDIS.

"The old boy must be in a rare mood today," Ian said to Barbara. "He usually waits six or eight episodes to get 'em."
The Third Doctor scowled at the Master. "What have you done with Jo!?" he asked.

The Master cackled. "Your foolish little companion fell for the oldest, the most irresistible, the most inescapable trap in the universe!"

The Doctor involuntarily shuddered. "You don't mean..."

Instead of answering, the Beard of Evil opened the nearest door. Cold air and a few drifts of snow blew in as the Doctor looked out.

A metal flag pole stood in the center of the yard. Jo stiffly stood behind it, her tongue solidly frozen to it.

"I'm thorry, Thocthor," Jo whimpered. "I thoulthn'th helth mythelth."
The Sixth Doctor had returned to Gallifrey, with Mel. He'd once again saved the oldest and most powerful civilization in the known universe from a handful of aliens armed with water pistols.

But this time, the Doctor failed to slip away afterwards. The TARDIS was "grounded" until he prepared a full report on his activities for the Gallifreyan bureaucracy.

The Time Lords didn't trust the Doctor with a computer terminal. Mel was helping him fill out several antiquated paper forms.

"These forms have to be filled out in triplicate," Mel said.

The Doctor's eyes widened in astonishment. "Triplicate? TRIPlicate!? TRIPLICATE?!?"
Two Dollars

Chapter Summary

Written April 2002; crossover/humor; 100 words.

Just an excuse to quote the movie Better Off Dead.

This contains a lame inside joke. Reader discretion is advised.

The Fourth Doctor and Sarah raced along a scenic country road. The Doctor was frantically putting Bessie through every evasive maneuver he knew, and Sarah was just hanging on for dear life.

"Doctor!" Sarah shouted. "Why don't we just give him what he wants— URK!" She sputtered as one end of the Doctor's scarf blew up and slapped her in the face.

"You don't understand," the Doctor replied. "That... thing... can't be... human!"

Sarah looked behind them and gasped. The boy on the bicycle was actually gaining on Bessie.

He shook his fist and shouted. "I WANT MY TWO DOLLARS!!"
Those Endearing Young Charms

Chapter Summary

Written May 2002; humor; 200 words.

The Master's tried everything else...

The Third Doctor entered the UNIT offices, followed by the Brigadier and Sarah. "You say that no one knows where this piano came from?"

"That's right, Doctor," the Brigadier replied between sips of his morning coffee. "Our only clue is that single handwritten sheet of music."

As his companions stood well back, the Doctor positioned himself in front of the piano and put his hand to the keyboard. "Right. Let's have a go, shall we?"

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E D C D C C E G F A ... B? B?
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The Brigadier choked on his coffee and spilled most of it on himself.

The Doctor frowned. "No, that's not it..."

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E D C D C C E G F A ... Db? Db?
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Sarah fell into a fetal position, pressed her hands to her ears, and quietly whimpered to herself.

The Doctor leaned down to look at the notes more closely. "Hmm..."

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E D C D C C E G F A ... B? B? ... Db? Db?
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The Master burst into the room, obviously agitated. "No, no! Like this!" He pushed the Doctor aside and quickly began to play.

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E D C D C C E G F A C ka-BOOM!!
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The Dish Of The Day

Chapter Summary

Written July 2002; humor; 100 words.

Sometimes you shouldn't eat your vegetables.

A hideous alien creature stood over the Fifth Doctor, and drooled as it spoke. "Now, Doctor, you shall experience the exquisite agony of being eaten alive, slowly, like... this."

The alien plucked the celery from his coat and bit into it.

"You shouldn't have done that," the Doctor said.

The alien laughed. "Do you threaten me?"

"No, no," the Doctor said mildly. "It's just that Earth celery is a fast-acting lethal poison to your race."

"Oh, drat," said the alien, as it fell over dead.

The Doctor breathed out in relief, and grinned to himself. "Let's see jelly-babies do THAT."
Police Boxen

Chapter Summary

Written July 2002; humor; 200 words.

And what's behind Door Number Two?

The Second Doctor, Jaime, and Zoe looked at each other.

"Doctor?" asked Jaime. "Did I, or did I not, tell you that the TARDIS was further down the road?"

"You did," the Doctor agreed.

"But," Zoe asked, "did you, or did you not, insist that THIS was the TARDIS?"

"I did," the Doctor recalled.

"And didn't you, in fact, push me and Zoe in, and close the door behind us, before we could stop you?" Jaime asked.

"Yes, that is quite so," the Doctor admitted.

"But is this not, in fact, an actual 1960s Earth police box?" Zoe asked.

"It would seem to be so, yes," the Doctor agreed.

"And now, the three of us are locked in, in a space that would be claustrophobic to one person?" Jaime asked.

"That's a fair assessment," the Doctor opined.

"And... just now... did you just tell us that you've left your sonic screwdriver in your other trousers!?" Zoe asked, her voice rising.

"That was my answer," the Doctor confirmed.

Jaime asked one final question, in complete exasperation. "So, WHAT are we going to do NOW!?"

Silence.

"I spy, with my little eye, something that begins with 'Z'."

Jaime sighed. "Zoe. My turn..."
The Doctor continued to swing in the net in which he was trapped. "Well?"
Romana looked back at him, grinning. "Well, what?"
"Are you going to help me out of this trap?"
Romana grinned wider. "What's the magic word?"
The Doctor sighed. "Please, Romana."
Still grinning, Romana pretended to be confused. "Pardon? I thought you wanted to call me Fred."
The Doctor sighed again. "Alright. Please, Fred."
Romana grinned even wider. "My name is Romanadvoratrelundar. Who's Fred?"
The Doctor groaned. "Fred is my imaginary friend, my very good friend, who never ever engages in pointless bickering when I'm in trouble..."
The Doctor handed a dead Polyphase Avatron to the Captain. "I'm sorry to have to, as they say, 'give you the bird'.'"

The Captain nearly had an aneurysm. "You shall 'walk the plank' for this!!"

"Oh, I don't think so," the Doctor said. He held up the small holographic projector from Queen Xanxia's room.

The Captain, his nurse and Fibuli gasped in terror.

The Doctor switched the projector on. "This is me at the hotel. This is me at the rest stop. This is me at..."

The Captain, his nurse and Fibuli screamed for mercy. "AAUGH!! Boring vacation pictures!! AAUGH!!"
The mysterious woman known as Vivien Faye stared at the smoking remains of her pet rock. She stood and spoke, rather nervously. "I will take the oath."

"What are you up to, Doctor?" asked Romana.

"Trying to find out who she really is," the Doctor replied, "and more importantly, how she keeps from falling out of a dress as low-cut as that, especially when she's covered herself in silver body paint."

"Is that important?" Romana asked.

The Doctor grinned. "You've got to admit that her clothing isn't very practical."

Romana sighed. "So says the Time Lord in the twenty-foot scarf."
Chapter Summary

Written October 2002; humor; 100 words.

In honor of the DVD release of "The Key To Time" box set. This is an out-take from episode 4 of *The Androids Of Tara*.

The defeated Count Grendel backed away from the Doctor. "Surrender? You forget, Doctor! I am a Grendel! We never surrender!... Next time, I shall not be so lenient!"

He threw down his sword, turned, and jumped from the castle. A moment later, the Doctor heard a metallic *clang*, followed by a stream of high-speed gibberish from an unhappy K-9.

The Doctor looked over the wall, to see Grendel's unconscious body, lying in K-9's boat. He had apparently knocked himself unconscious on K-9's body.

*Doesn't he know better than to go diving when there's no lifeguard on duty?* the Doctor thought.
Chapter Summary

Written December 2002; humor; 100 words.

In honor of the DVD release of "The Key To Time" box set. This is an out-take from episode 4 of *The Power Of Kroll*.

"But, Doctor," said Fenner. "Kroll destroyed the refinery food stores. What will I eat while I'm waiting for the rescue party to come from Delta Magna?"

"Well," the Doctor said, "if you don't like the natives' cuisine, there'll be quite a lot of giant squid about the place. I took this segment, but cellular regeneration will have already begun."

Fenner gulped. "You don't mean..." 

The Doctor smiled and handed him a pair of chopsticks. "That's right-- all-you-can-eat calamari!"

Then the Doctor grinned wider. "That's the spirit! Why, with that bright green color that you've just turned, you'll get on famously!"
Chapter Summary

Written December 2002; humor?; 100 words.

In honor of the DVD release of "The Key To Time" box set. This is an out-take from episode 4 of *The Armageddon Factor*.

"FIRE!" the Marshal said.
His pilot moved a hand to press the button.
"FIRE!" the Marshal said.
His pilot moved a hand to press the button.
"FIRE!" the Marshal said.
His pilot moved a hand to press the button.
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"FIRE!" the Marshal said.
His pilot moved a hand to press the button.
"Drat," the Marshal said. "Almost did it that time."
The Eighth Doctor had returned to Earth to replenish his supply of jellybabies. He stood in a small confectionery, in front of a large colorful display of assorted candies.

The store owner, an elderly woman with a kindly face, noticed that the Doctor was vacantly staring at the candy. "Is there something in particular that you're looking for, sir?"

The Doctor replied in a distant voice. "Knowledge... truth... A better understanding of the secrets of the universe..."

He suddenly came to himself, grinning sheepishly. "I suppose I should buy some jellybabies first."

The store owner sighed. "Yes, perhaps you should."
Chapter Summary

Written September 2003; humor; 100 words.

Beware foreign entanglements.

The Fourth Doctor threw the lever to open the TARDIS doors. As he turned from the console, the ends of his scarf flew out.

One end snagged the lever and pulled it back. The doors began to close again.

The other end of his scarf just came up to the doorway, and it was caught between the doors as they closed.

The Doctor was trapped between the console and the doors. He tried to pull the scarf over his head, but it was too tight.

Oh dear, he thought. I hope I can escape before Romana finds me like this.
Chapter Summary

Written October 2003; humor; 100 words.
In honor of the DVD release of *The Aztecs*. This is an out-take from episode 3.

Ian had brought a distraught Barbara to the Garden of Peace, to visit with the Doctor, after Tlotoxl had tried to poison her.

The Doctor whispered to Cameca, and she handed a bowl of cocoa to Barbara. "This should calm your nerves," Cameca said kindly.

Ian sipped from another bowl. "Oh, this is very good cocoa."

"A rare delight," the usually cantankerous Doctor said. "Why, I fancy that, if everyone could have some of this cocoa, everything would be alright."

Tlotoxl suddenly came up. "False goddess, I shall DESTROY you— OOH, COCOA!! Do you have any of those little marshmallows?"
"Professor!" said Viner. "Listen to me, for heaven's sake! The hatch is down again. We're trapped down here!"

"Trapped?" asked Parry. "But some of my party are up there. Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure!" Viner said. "You know how heavy that thing is. And we'll never survive in this cold!"

"Well," Parry said, "look at the bright side, Viner. At least this accident has solved one of the oldest mysteries known to man."

Viner gasped. "You don't mean—"

"Indeed," Parry said. "We've finally learned that, when you shut the freezer door, the light inside the freezer stays on."
Crown Of Thorns

Chapter Summary

Written November 2003; humor?; 100 words.

This is an out-take from the 1996 TV movie.

As Dark-Grace lowered the spiked metal brace towards the Doctor, the Master coughed. "This won't hurt... much."

"YEEAAUGH!!" said the Doctor, proving the Master wrong.

Lee gasped, and even the Master winced. "Grace!! I thought you knew how to put that thing on him!"

Dark-Grace held a hand over her eyes. "I can't see a damn thing through these dark contact lenses..."

She removed the lenses, and looked at what she had just done to the Doctor. "Eep!!"

Lee also stared at the Doctor, despite himself, as if he was watching a train wreck. "Ooh, that's gonna leave a mark."
In honor of the DVD release of *Vengeance On Varos*. This is an out-take from episode 2.

This contains mild adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

Quillam had begun his cell mutation experiment on Peri and Areta. But, just as feathers began to appear on Peri's body, Sil and the Chief Officer interrupted the experiment. They had come to offer a deal to Peri.

"If you would rather not be transformed," Sil said, "you can perform for our cameras instead."

A still-dizzy Peri gasped. "You don't mean..."

The Chief Officer explained. "The ratings sky-rocketed when you ran through the corridors, wearing that leotard, and we zoomed in on your bouncing—"

Peri scowled and sat back on her table. "Thank you, but I'd rather eat bird seed."
Joke In Space

Chapter Summary

Written November 2003; humor/parody; 100 words.

In honor of the DVD release of The Ark In Space. This is an out-take from episode 4.

See also The Breakfast Club.

"Marvelous thing about old Sarah. Terrific sense of humor." —Harry Sullivan

Sarah crawled through a long narrow conduit towards the Doctor. She began to recite a joke to herself, trying to take her mind off her ordeal.

"A naked blonde walks into a bar, with a poodle under one arm and a two foot salami under the other arm. She lays the poodle on the bar, and the bartender says, 'So I guess you won't be needing a drink with that.' The naked lady says... Oh no, I'm stuck!"

"Don't panic!" the Doctor said. "Ease 'round and try again."

"Not that!" a nearly hysterical Sarah said. "I can't remember the punchline!"
Time Loiterer

Chapter Summary

Written November 2003; humor; 100 words.

This is an out-take from episode 1 of *The Time Warrior*.

The Doctor had followed the matter transmitter's trail back to the Middle Ages.

He patted the front door of the TARDIS. "Well done, old girl. Absolutely on target... For once."

The TARDIS suddenly dematerialized by itself.

"Oh, come now!" the Doctor shouted. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings! Come back!... Pretty please?"

The Doctor sighed. *Well, he thought, I'll just have to wait for the twentieth century to come around again. Honestly, if there's anything more annoying than being exiled to twentieth century Earth by the Time Lords, it's being stranded in the Middle Ages by a petulant TARDIS.*
"Nothing can go wrong!" the punting Fourth Doctor said. "Just the water, the punt, and a pole—"

A Timescoop suddenly appeared. It dropped the Third Doctor heavily into the punt.

"...and a previous incarnation," Romana noted.

"Great balls of fire!" the Third Doctor said, as another Timescoop dropped the Second Doctor into the punt.

Romana gulped. "Doctors? I don't think this punt can hold another—"

A third Timescoop dropped the First Doctor into the punt.

"Oh, drat," everyone said, as the punt capsized.

—

Borusa giggled to himself. This was so much more fun than mucking about with the Death Zone.
Body Of Water

Chapter Summary

Written June 2004; humor; 100 words.

In honor of the DVD release of *Dalek Invasion Of Earth*. This is an out-take from episode 1.

Barbara paused to read a poster mounted on the collapsed bridge:

"Emergency regulations
It is forbidden to dump bodies into the river"

She returned to Susan's side, and spoke as she tended to Susan's ankle. "There's a strange poster on the wall, back there. It just doesn't make sense."

Then Barbara smiled slyly. "I guess I'll have to find another place to dump the bodies—"

A moment later, she was calling to Susan, who had scampered up the collapsed bridge girder like a frightened kitten. "Oh, come on! That was a joke! And I thought you'd hurt your ankle!?!"
"What are you doing, Doctor?" asked Leela, as the Doctor removed the Time Key from Greel's cabinet.

"I'm bringing the Zigma Experiment to an end," the Doctor said. He set the Time Key on the floor, and brought his heel down on the delicate crystal device— and nothing happened.

The Doctor frowned. He stomped on the key a few more times, and then jumped up and down on it with both feet.

Leela sighed. "Doctor? Would you like some help?"

The Doctor reached into his cape, whipped out a sledgehammer, and took aim. "No, no! I've got it, this time!"
The First Doctor and Ian stood in the TARDIS console room, gazing at a majestic view of the galaxy on the monitor.

"Is... that... why you're a fugitive?" Ian asked carefully.

The Doctor was unusually candid. "Quite so, my boy. How could I gaze upon the stars, but not travel amongst them? But no one understood. Even those closest to me couldn't understand."

"Ah," Ian said. "So it was a fight with the missus."

The Doctor sighed sadly. "One night out with the boys, fighting a Dalek invasion, and you're banned from home and hearth for the next few regenerations."

From Home And Hearth

Chapter Summary

Published 2-Aug-2004; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #28 "space travel" prompt.
The Producer

Chapter Summary

Published 8-Aug-2004; humor; 100 words.

For the **dw100** #29 "**spring**" prompt.

Just an excuse to name a particularly politically-incorrect title from a certain **Mel Brooks movie** and Broadway show.

Sarah followed the Fourth Doctor into a governmental building. "Where are we?" she asked.

"Germany," the Doctor said. "January 1933. There's something that I have to do here..."

The two travelers entered a room, and found themselves face-to-face with the chancellor of Germany— and one of the most despicable men in all of human history.

The Doctor handed a Slinky toy to the man, and turned around and guided Sarah away.

Sarah was dumbfounded. "But— why!?—"

"The Slinky won't be invented for another ten years," the Doctor said. "If I hadn't acted, there would never be a Springtime For Hitler."
"Doctor!?" asked Peri. "What's going on!?"

The Sixth Doctor was smiling kindly and wearing elegant velvet clothing. He held up a picnic basket. "I thought you'd like to have a relaxing vacation on the Eye of Orion. Oh, and I've found some sensible non-tight and skimpy clothes for you."

Peri screamed in sheer terror.

—

"Peri!! Wake up!!"

Peri found herself sitting up in bed. The Doctor stood at her doorway, wearing his usual garish outfit. "Do hurry up, you lazy girl! It's time to do battle with giant slugs again!"

Peri sighed in relief. It was only a good dream.
The Second Doctor eyed Jamie's legs, in a deeply disturbing kind of way. "May I say that your kilt suits you nicely."

"You may, indeed." Jamie pulled the small man close and tight. "So, how about havin' a Highland Fling?"

Jamie peeked over Zoe's shoulder. "Whatcha writin'?" he asked.

"YEEEK!!" Zoe slammed her notebook closed. "NOTHING!! Nothing at all!!"

Jamie grinned. "Oh, *I* know. It's your 'fan-fiction' again, isn't it? So, am *I* in any o' your wee stories?"

"Ha ha!! Of course not!!" Zoe said, with a painfully fake smile. "Why would I ever write a story about you!?"
A man walked out of an office building, carrying a box of 16mm film reels. He walked up to a garbage bin, and then held up the first reel. He read its label: "Doctor Who."

_Huh_, the man thought. _I remember watching this on television. Why, I was still in school..._ It seems a shame to 'junk' these films, he thought. _Maybe someone would like to see them again... someday..._

Then he sighed, and began to un-spool the film into the garbage bin. _Oh well_, he thought. _It's only a low-budget black-and-white children's TV show. No one will miss it._
The Thrill Is Gone

Chapter Summary

Published 31-Aug-2004; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #32 "challenge" prompt.

The TARDIS materialized near a Dalek standing near a staircase. The Fourth Doctor stepped out, shoved the Dalek down the steps, and left.

—

The TARDIS materialized near a Cyberman standing near a gold mine shaft. Romana-II stepped out, shoved the Cyberman into the pit, and left.

—

The TARDIS materialized in an abandoned amusement park haunted by a ghost. The Doctor stepped out, and ripped away the spirit's mask, to reveal the old caretaker and solve the mystery.

—

Romana sighed. "We haven't had much of a challenge lately."

"Mmm," the Doctor said. "You can't Save The Universe every day, I suppose."
The First, Second, and Third Doctors walked into This Time Round. "Where shall we sit?" the First Doctor asked.

"Booth!" said the Second Doctor. "Table!" said the Third Doctor.

—

"Shall we order an appetizer with our drinks?" the First Doctor asked.

"No," said the Second Doctor. "Yes!" said the Third Doctor.

—

"Well," the First Doctor asked, "what have you two been up to lately?"

"I've been conducting some fascinating experiments," the Third Doctor said, "with my rhondium sensor—"

The Second Doctor interrupted by playing his recorder loudly.

The First Doctor sighed. You can't take them anywhere, he thought to himself.
Number One With A Bullet

Chapter Summary

Published 14-Sep-2004; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #34 "revenge" prompt.

Revenge of the Brigadier.

As several UNIT soldiers surrounded an alien, the Third Doctor and the Brigadier crouched behind a conveniently placed bush.

"Five rounds rapid!!" the Brigadier shouted.

"Bullets won't have any effect on—" the Doctor whispered.

Shots rang out, and the alien fell lifeless to the ground.

"Oh," the Doctor said. "Well, never mind." He hung his head, and then sadly shuffled away.

Sergeant Benton walked up. "Sir? You are going to tell the Doctor that this alien was just a movie prop, aren't you?"

The Brigadier smiled. "All in good time, Benton. Let me enjoy the illusion of being useful, first."
Playing Doctor

Chapter Summary

Published 14-Sep-2004; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #34 "revenge" prompt.

"Revenge" of the Eighth Doctor, in an out-take from the 1996 TV movie.

This contains adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

The Eighth Doctor led Grace to the empty gurney in the TARDIS. "After you strapped me to this gurney," the Doctor said, "I said that it was no time to play doctors and nurses..."

"Yes?" Grace said.

"Well, now would be a good time— with your consent, of course. If you'd care to take off your clothes and lie down, I'll strap you in, and then we'll begin your 'examination'."

The Doctor held up his sonic screwdriver. It hummed, and then... vibrated.

Grace shivered with happy anticipation. If this is the Doctor's revenge, she thought, then revenge can be sweet.
Sarah met with the Fourth Doctor, as several UNIT soldiers boarded a large military vehicle.

"What's happening?" Sarah asked.

The Doctor explained. "This group of soldiers is riding to the nearby quarry, to do battle with hostile aliens."

Then the Doctor frowned. "Look at this vehicle. It's not very good. In fact..."

"This is a sorry quarry sortie party lorry."

Sarah groaned. "This has to be one of the worst drabbles that Eric has ever written."

The Doctor grinned. "You could say that it's a sorry quarry sortie party lorry story."

Sarah whimpered. "You could... but I wish you wouldn't."
Midnight Snack

Chapter Summary

Published 27-Sep-2004; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #36 "sleepless" prompt.

Rustling sounds were heard in a dark TARDIS kitchen. Suddenly, the light was switched on, and a throat was cleared loudly.

Mel gasped. The Sixth Doctor stood in the doorway, eyeing the milk and cookies that Mel had set out for herself.

"Um... I couldn't sleep?" Mel said, a bit weakly.

"I don't think so," a smirking Doctor said. "A glass of milk for a sleepless night, yes. But the cookies?"

Mel sighed. "You win. How about a week without carrot juice for you?"

"Two weeks," the Doctor countered.

"Ten days?"

"Agreed," the Doctor said. "And I get a cookie."
The Terileptil took aim at the Doctor's sonic screwdriver. ZAP!! The beloved plot device was melted to slag.

The Doctor looked on in disbelief. "I feel like I've just lost an old friend," he said sadly.

"Well, look what else I've found." The Terileptil held up the Doctor's cricket ball. ZAP!! The ball was burned to ashes.

Then the Terileptil held up the Doctor's yo-yo. "Oh, no!!" the Doctor pleaded, to no avail. ZAP!!

And then, the Terileptil held up an acoustic guitar. "PLEASE!!" the Doctor begged. "My grandfather made that guitar entirely out of matchsticks on his death bed!"
"It's this way," the Seventh Doctor said.

"No," Ace said, "it's that way."

"Let's flip a coin." The Doctor produced his favorite coin and flipped it into the air.

"Let's not and say we did." Ace snatched the coin from mid-air, and turned it in her fingers, to show that it had two heads.

"Alright," the Doctor said. "Let's try this." He held another toy. "O Magic Eight-Ball, are we going the right way?... Aha! 'Signs Point To Yes!'"

"Let me try." Ace grabbed the eight-ball. "Does the Doctor know what he's doing?... I thought so. 'Don't Count On It.'"
Leela pointed at the TARDIS console room monitor. "Doctor? Why is there an empty space in that group of stars?"

"Very observant, Leela," the Fourth Doctor said. "There's a black hole there."

Leela frowned. "Yes, Doctor, I see that. But why aren't there any stars in it?"

"Because, if a star comes too close to that space, it will be torn apart, and its gases will fall into a singularity with zero volume and infinite density. And its gravitational field is so strong that even photons can't escape."

Leela blinked.

The Doctor sighed. "In other words, it's a black hole."
It was Doctors Night at This Time Round. And Adric, the barkeep on duty, trembled with fear.

All eight BBC-canon Doctors were there, and the new ninth Doctor was welcomed loudly. The BBCi Ninth Doctor and the Comic Relief Ninth Doctor were also in attendance.

The Dalek movie Cushing Doctor was there, along with dozens of other apocryphal Doctors, fan-fiction Doctors, and quite a few Doctors who had never existed. Even the "Brain Of Morbius" faces were there.

And Adric had to tell all of those powerful, impatient, and thirsty Time Lords that the bar was out of ginger beer.
Chapter Summary

Published 8-Feb-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #51 "mirage" prompt.

This is an out-take from episode 1 of Vengeance On Varos. This would have been better if Varos had followed The Two Doctors, but, what can you do.

The Sixth Doctor, Peri, Jondar and Areta walked around a corner, and into a large open area bathed with purple light. They looked further ahead, and they all gasped. The Doctor paled in terror.

But Peri smiled. "Isn't that—"

"Everybody, close your eyes!!" the Doctor shouted.

"Why?" asked Peri. "It's only—"

"Close your eyes!! NOW!!" The Doctor pulled them along, despite his own fear. "Now, follow me. It's just an illusion. Whatever happens, Keep! Your eyes! Closed!"

"What's so scary about an illusion of a small man in a black coat playing a recorder?" Areta asked.

Peri sighed. "Don't ask."
Directionless

Chapter Summary

Published 15-Feb-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the wordoftheday100 "wanderlust" prompt.

An alien pointed up at a constellation with one of its tentacles. "Yes, I know where that planet is. Take the hyperspace bypass in that constellation, and then turn at the second star on the left. You can't miss it."

The Eighth Doctor bowed politely. "Thank you very much."

—

The Doctor returned to the TARDIS, still annoyed with himself.

He often lost his way, but he didn't actually mind being lost. And he had made peace with his wanderlust long ago.

But as a male driver, he found it extraordinarily difficult to bring himself to stop and ask for directions.
The Eighth Doctor stood at the TARDIS console, absent-mindedly flicking switches and checking gauges. "Where to next?" he said to himself.

He frowned. Talking to yourself is a bad habit, he thought... But there's no one else to talk to. I've been traveling alone.

And then, the Doctor thought yet again of the woman who had been the first "companion" of his current persona.

First, he thought, she stopped my heart in the operating room— and then, she wouldn't come with me.

It's a good thing Time Lords have two hearts, the Doctor thought, because Grace broke my heart twice.
Susan and the First Doctor were exploring the many rooms of the TARDIS that they had just "borrowed" from Gallifrey. They had just found the wardrobe.

Susan giggled, pulled out something skimpy and semi-transparent, and held it against herself. "Grandfather? What do you think?"

The Doctor scowled. "No granddaughter of mine is going to wear something like that."

Susan giggled again, and pulled out a large colorful coat that looked like a crazy quilt. "Oh, Grandfather! This would suit you!"

The Doctor smiled, despite himself. "Nonsense, child. I could never wear such a thing, even after half a dozen regenerations."
The Ninth Doctor found Rose sitting on the floor of her new room in the TARDIS, rummaging through a large dusty box in storage.

Rose smiled an apology. "My curiosity got the better of me... Oh, what's this?" She held up a star-shaped dull gold badge.

"It was for excellence in mathematics," the Doctor said quietly.

"It looks like it was crushed," Rose said. "But maybe it could be repaired—"

The Doctor gently took the badge from Rose, and put it back into the box. "No, I'm afraid not," he said. "Some things from the past can't be brought back."
You're The Wish You Are I Had

Chapter Summary

Published 1-Mar-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #55 "wish" prompt.

See also "You're The Wish You Are I Had" by XTC.

If Jo had been just a bit more willing to stand up for herself...

Jo stormed into the UNIT laboratory. "Doctor! You simply must let me help you! I am your laboratory assistant, and—"

The Third Doctor looked up from his work. "I was hoping that you would come round, Jo! You're just the girl I wanted to see!"

Jo's face lit up. "I am?"

The Doctor smiled. "Quite so. Fetch me a cup of tea, would you? There's a good girl."

—

The Brigadier overheard an angry scream, and then, equipment being smashed to pieces, from his office.

He sighed. I wish the Doctor would quit asking Miss Grant to make tea, he thought.
The Fourth Doctor stepped out of the TARDIS, followed by K9. They looked out across a yellow moonscape.

"Fascinating," the Doctor said. "I've seen planets of fire, and worlds where gold was as common as stone... but there aren't many satellites that defy improbability, and astrophysics, by actually being made of cheese."

He walked up to a small stalagmite, kneeled in front of it, and cut a sample with a pocket-knife. "It's like no cheese I've ever tasted," he said, as K9 rolled up beside him.

He held out a sample for K9's sensors. "See what you think. Wensleydale? Stilton?"
The Time Lord had gone to visit the Dream King.

The Second Doctor was admitted by the wyvern, gryphon, and hippogriff at the gate. He was led through endless corridors by Matthew the raven. At last, he stood before the throne of Dream of the Endless.

Only... it wasn't the Dream that the Doctor knew. This Dream seemed much younger, though his hair was white as snow.

The second Dream greeted the Second Doctor with an unexpectedly warm smile. "You have changed since our last meeting, Doctor."

The Doctor cleared his throat nervously. "Er, yes... but then, so have you."
You're Toast

Chapter Summary

Published 3-Mar-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the wordoftheday100 "perforce" prompt.

Inspired by a cringe-worthy line from Survival.

The Seventh Doctor and Benny looked at a nearly-empty plate.

"Oh, Benny," the Doctor said sadly. "Must it come to this?"

Benny blinked. "Huh?"

"If we can't resolve our problems with negotiation, and learn to compromise?... We must perforce resort to the use of force, and reduce ourselves to savagery."

Benny bit her lip. "Erm..."

The Doctor fell to his knees, threw out his arms, and shrieked. "IF WE FIGHT LIKE ANIMALS, WE'LL DIE LIKE ANIMALS!!"

Benny held the bridge of her nose and sighed. "Doctor, if you want to split the last slice of toast, then just say so."
Chancellor Flavia confronted the Fifth Doctor. "There is no one more qualified than you," she said, "to become the next President of Gallifrey."

"There must be someone," the Doctor said.

"Gallifrey needs a common man, and yet, an unusual man," Flavia said. "We need a man of honor, by instinct, by inevitability, without thought of it, and certainly without saying it. We need the best man in his world, and a good enough man for any world."

The Castellan suddenly ran past them, screaming. "NO!! NOT THE MIND PROBE!!"

Flavia sighed. "But all we have are useless twits like him."
Who's That

Chapter Summary

Published 7-Mar-2005; humor; 100 words.

Some people seem to have nine lives.

This is an out-take from *Rose*.

Rose had gone to see Clive about the Doctor and the Blue Box.

"If you dig deep enough," Clive said, "and you keep a lively mind, this 'Doctor' keeps cropping up all over the place... Political diaries, conspiracy theories, even ghost stories."

He pulled out a photo from a binder. "November 22, 1963. The assassination of President Kennedy." He pointed out the Ninth Doctor in the crowd.

"Must be his father..." Rose said. "Who's that old man with the long white hair, standing next to him? His grandfather?"

Clive sighed. "Come on, Rose! He has nothing to do with this."
The newly-regenerated Fourth Doctor was examining himself in a mirror, while wearing only a loose hospital gown.

The Doctor noticed his arm in the mirror. "Good heavens!" he said to himself. "I've lost my tattoo from my regeneration!"

His eyes widened. "I wonder if I've lost anything else..."

He looked down into his gown.

—

Sarah and the Brigadier walked into the Doctor's laboratory, and found a naked Time Lord paging through alien anatomy books, and checking off a hand-written list.

"DOCTOR!!" The Brigadier held a hand over Sarah's eyes. "WHAT on EARTH are you DOING!!?"

The Doctor grinned. "Taking inventory."
The Fourth Doctor brushed against a wall in the TARDIS console room— and it fell over, revealing the empty stage behind it.

Romana-II frowned. "We've had wobbly sets at the BBC, but this is unusually low-budget slapdash scenery."

The Doctor tried to set the wall back into place. "Production values have gone down since Eric began to write so many drabbles for all these LiveJournal challenge communities."

"That makes sense," Romana said. "More drabbles means less time spent on each drabble."

"And the quality of the scripts has fallen too," the Doctor said. "We're just churning out fourth-wall-breaking jokes. Literally."
You Know My Name (Look Up The Number)

Chapter Summary

Published 15-Mar-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #60 'anonymous' prompt.

See also You Know My Name (Look Up The Number) by the Beatles.

Using the "time-space telegraph" from Terror Of The Zygons.

Sergeant Benton entered the Brigadier's UNIT HQ office, and saluted. "Daleks, sir. And no stairs between us and them."

"Right," the Brigadier said. "I'll just call the Doctor on the 'time-space telegraph'..." He trailed off.

"Sir?" asked Benton.

"Drat," the Brigadier said. "I've forgotten his number."


"And exactly how do we look up an anonymous renegade Time Lord?" the Brigadier asked.

"He used to call himself 'John Smith,' sir," said Benton.

The Brigadier flipped through the directory. "You wouldn't believe how many 'John Smith's there are in this galaxy."
The Fourth Doctor had returned to Earth to visit the Brigadier.

"I heard that Miss Smith had returned to Earth," the Brigadier said. "Are you traveling alone now, Doctor?"

"Not exactly." The Doctor set a cabbage on the Brigadier's desk. "Brigadier? This is Fred."

The Brigadier raised an eyebrow. "Doctor? That's a cabbage."

"Actually, it's a highly-intelligent life-form," the Doctor said. "I can't travel with only cute female humans. That'd be sexist and racist. Or rather, 'species-ist'."

"Ah," the Brigadier said. "Well, if the vegetable patch is threatened during the next alien invasion, then Fred is our man... er, cabbage."
As Jo nervously paced in the Auderly House study, the Doctor carried on like a one-man wine-and-cheese society.

"Yes..." the Doctor said. "A good-humoured wine. Perhaps a touch sardonic, but not cynical. Yes, a most civilized wine."

Jo sighed. "I suppose you traveled back through time to stomp the grapes yourself."

The Master suddenly walked up. "No, Miss Grant, the Doctor didn't travel in time to produce that vintage. But *I* did."

The Doctor suddenly did a spit-take.

"Did you like its bouquet, Doctor?" said the Master. "I hadn't washed my feet for a week when I stomped its grapes."
Universal Susurrus

Chapter Summary

Published 7-Apr-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #63 "Across The Universe" and the wordoftheday100 "susurrus" prompts.

As a Time Lord, the Doctor wasn't truly telepathic, but he had extraordinary mental powers that bordered on telepathy.

He couldn't 'read minds', but he could comprehend every spoken language that he heard. And he could share this Time Lord gift with his human traveling companions.

And, although he couldn't read minds, he imagined that he could 'hear' them. The susurrus of uncountable thought-forms drifted through his open mind, inciting and inviting him... calling him on and on, across the universe.

But sometimes, when he was in a bad mood, the Doctor wished that they would all just shut up.
The Seventh Doctor and Benny were making tea in a TARDIS kitchen.

Benny opened a cupboard. "Doctor? We're out of tea."

"Open the door to your left," the Doctor said. "There's a crate of tea in the pantry."

Benny opened the pantry, and kneeled over a heavy wooden trunk. She read its water-stained label. "'H.M.S. Dartmouth—1773'? Oh, Doctor! You didn't!..."

The Doctor fidgeted in embarrassment. "Well... The protestors dumped forty-five tons of tea into Boston Harbor. There was no harm in saving one crate."

He rubbed his head. "Although... one protestor took a swing at me with a short-oar."
Several Doctors and companions had just watched "Rose" on the 'This Time Round' bar television. They gave the Ninth Doctor a warm round of applause.

The Ninth Doctor stood. "Thanks, everyone. But now, I'm off to regenerate. The next Doctor should be along shortly. I wouldn't want my actor to become type-cast."

The stunned crowd stared at the Ninth Doctor as he sauntered out the door. And then, most of the Doctors began to debate amongst themselves.

But the Eighth Doctor slumped over his drink. "I wish my actor could have had a chance to become type-cast," he muttered darkly.
"Right!" the Sixth Doctor said, as he dematerialized the TARDIS. "We're off!"

Peri rolled her eyes. "Well, you're certainly 'off'," she muttered to herself.

The Doctor suddenly turned on Peri. "Was that some kind of a joke!?"

"Wha— what?" Peri stammered.

"A joke!" the Doctor yelled. "A jape! A jest! A jeer! A rib, a rejoinder, a riposte! A wise-crack, a come-back, an attack of flak! An arrogant affront that insulted me, my abilities, my actions, and possibly my ancestry! WELL, WAS IT, GIRL!?"

"Yuh— yuh— yes," a terrified Peri whimpered.

The Doctor smiled cheerfully. "Oh, alright. Just making sure."
Tegan walked into the TARDIS console room. She found the Fifth Doctor gazing at the monitor. "Oh look! Rocks!" Tegan said dryly.

The Doctor ignored Tegan's snarkiness. "It's an alien asteroid belt, Tegan. Like the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter.

"A planet once orbited this sun, but it was destroyed by forces beyond mortal imagination. All that's left are these fragments, the detritus of a lost world, endlessly drifting through space."

Tegan shot the Doctor a dirty look.

"I had nothing to do with it!" the Doctor said in a hurt voice. "I haven't visited this planetary system in decades!"
The Fourth Doctor and Sarah stepped up to a counter together. The Doctor stared forwards distantly without speaking.

After a long silent moment, Sarah turned to him. "Is something wrong, Doctor?"

"There are so many choices," the Doctor said sadly. "Perhaps a human like you isn't aware of the complexity of the situation. But as a Time Lord, every choice that I make has uncountable consequences, like ripples in a pool of water, which can change history."

"We're holding up the line, Doctor," said Sarah. "If you can't decide on a flavor of ice cream, I'll pick one for you."
He Didn't Fall

Chapter Summary

Published 25-Apr-2005; humor/parody; 100 words.

For the dw100 #66 "inconceivable" prompt.

See also The Princess Bride.

This is an out-take from episode 4 of Logopolis.

The Doctor bolted from the Pharos Project antenna control room, to disconnect its transmitter cable, before the Master could blackmail the entire Universe. The Master returned to the antenna controls, and set the antenna in motion.

The Doctor crawled across a tilting catwalk, and disconnected the transmitter cable. But he lost his balance and fell from the catwalk. He clung to the loose cable for dear life.

The Master snarled. "He didn't fall!? INCONCEIVABLE!!"

Then the Master rubbed his chin. *I keep using that word*, he thought to himself. *I do not think it means what I think it means.*
Percussive Maintenance

Chapter Summary

Published 28-Apr-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the wordoftheday100 "sentient" prompt.

The Fourth Doctor stood at the TARDIS console, flicking switches and checking gauges. Romana-I stood across the console from him.

The Doctor suddenly made a fist and whacked a flat part of the console. "What was that for!?!" Romana asked.

"'Percussive maintenance'," the Doctor said irritably.

"You shouldn't treat a sentient time capsule so harshly," Romana said. "The poor thing just needs some tender loving care."

She ran a soft warm hand along one edge of the console. The TARDIS' hum grew louder— almost as if it was purring.

The Doctor frowned. All of a sudden, he felt strangely jealous.
The patrons of This Time Round suddenly dived for cover. Some hid behind chairs or beneath tables, and others dived head-first into the plot holes from which they'd come.

A smirking New-Adventures Ace swaggered into the middle of the suddenly silent pub, wearing her military uniform and sunglasses. She was holding a small Spacefleet-issue flame-thrower that was primed, lit, and ready for burnination.

"Oh, Benny..." Ace called out, in a teasing sing-song voice. "Where did you go? I'm just trying to give you what you wanted!"

Benny shouted back, without coming out of hiding. "Ace, I wanted a Bud Light!!"
Sarah followed the Fourth Doctor out of the TARDIS and onto the main street of a small town. "Where are we, Doctor?" she asked.

"Lake Wobegon, Minnesota," the Doctor said. "A little town that time forgot, and the decades cannot improve... where the women are strong, the men are good looking, and the children are above average. There's Ralph's Pretty Good Grocery... The Sidetrack Tap... and the Our Lady Of Perpetual Responsibility church."

"It feels like Minnesota," a shivering Sarah said. "It's cold!"

The Doctor took off his scarf and draped it over Sarah. "Yah sure," he said. "You betcha."
Charley found the Eighth Doctor sitting in his favorite reading chair near the TARDIS console, nibbling on a jelly baby and studying an open book.

"What are you reading, Doctor?" asked Charley.

"'Faust' by Goethe," the Doctor said. "But I'm having trouble reading the German text..."

"It's too dark in here," Charley said. "You need a reading lamp."

She fetched an antique lamp from another corner of the cavernous TARDIS control room, set it on the Doctor's reading desk, lit it carefully, and adjusted its wick.

"Thank you, Charley!" the Doctor said. "I've always enjoyed lighting for a Faust cause."
In Like Finn

Chapter Summary

Published 14-Jul-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the wordoftheday100 "tetchy" prompt.

This is an out-take from The Five Doctors. (It kinda scares me, how I remembered that line with "tetchy.")

The First Doctor had barged into the TARDIS. "Now look, young lady," he said to Tegan. "This young fellow looks as though he needs some refreshment, and I know that Susan and I do too."

Tegan protested. "Hang on a minute!"

"Tegan!" the Fifth Doctor said. "Humor him. I used to get a little tetchy. Uh, Turlough will help."

Turlough followed Tegan out of the control room. "An airline stewardess knows how to serve revenge with coffee, tea or milk," Tegan said darkly.

"What do you mean?" Turlough asked.

Tegan smirked. "Let me introduce you to my friend Mickey Finn."
Lethbridge-Stewart had left his cottage near the Brendon Public School to pick up a special delivery item at the post office.

The postmaster handed a large postcard to Lethbridge-Stewart. "International delivery, sir," he said.

Lethbridge-Stewart smiled to see that the postcard was from the Doctor. *More like inter-stellar delivery*, he thought.

"I used to work with the fellow who sent it," Lethbridge-Stewart said out loud. "He was our 'scientific advisor'. Splendid chap. He never let us down in a pinch."

"Sounds like you were lucky to know him," said the postmaster.

Lethbridge-Stewart frowned. "I don't know if I'd say that."
The Fourth Doctor, Sarah and Harry stepped out of the TARDIS, and found themselves at the edge of a small creek, with low hills and pine trees in the distance.

"This should be South Dakota," the Doctor said, as he looked around. "There's Wounded Knee creek, site of the last armed conflict with Native Americans, in 1890."

"How did it get the name 'Wounded Knee'?” Sarah asked.

"OUCH!!" Harry hobbled up, rubbing his leg. "I wish you hadn't landed so close to the creek, Doctor. I lost my footing and fell back against the TARDIS, and I hurt my... what!?"
The Sixth Doctor and Peri found themselves prisoners in a dank prison cell on an alien world.

Peri shivered, partly from the cold clammy air, and partly in fear. "Duh-- Doctor?" she stammered. "Will we be alright?"

The Doctor held an arm around her shoulders and tried to assuage her fears. "Of course, Peri. We've got at least a few days to escape, before you die a horrible death from dehydration. But then, *I* can survive for much longer, since I'm a Time Lord."

Peri sighed. "No offense, Doctor, but your previous incarnation was much better at the 'hurt/comfort' thing."
Say What You Mean

Chapter Summary

Published 11-Aug-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the wordoftheday100 "circumlocution" prompt.

The Third Doctor stormed into the UNIT laboratory, cursing fluently in Venusian.

Jo looked up. "Is something wrong, Doctor?"

"The Brigadier is a good man," the Doctor said, "but he can be deliberately obtuse. Why, just now, I was trying to explain something, and he accused me of engaging in circumlocution!"

Jo blinked. "Sorry?"

"Unnecessarily wordy language, Jo, like a roundabout expression."

Jo smiled. "Oh! Why didn't you just say so, Doctor? When you use big words like that, it's..."

As the Doctor glared at her, Jo cut herself off, and giggled. "Sorry, Doctor. But I agree with the Brigadier."
Or Are You Just Glad To See Me?

Chapter Summary

Published 16-Aug-2005; humor/parody; 100 words.

For the dw100 #81 "Robin Hood" prompt.

This is a very silly out-take from *The Invasion Of Time*. If you don't know the Robin Hood joke, please see this link.

This contains "suspect" humor. Reader discretion is advised.

After the Doctor received the Sash of Rassilon, an usher presented him with a small black rod.

The Doctor examined the Rod of Rassilon. "It's a bit... inadequate."

"You're interrupting the induction ceremony!" the usher hissed.

Ignoring the usher, the Doctor hefted the Rod in one hand. "I suppose it could be used like a truncheon..."

He brandished the Rod like a weapon, and shouted his moves. "Ho! Ha ha! Guard! Turn! Parry! Dodge! Spin! Ha! THRUST!!"

The Doctor thrust the Rod into Borusa's face and beeped his nose with it.

Borusa sighed. "You shouldn't play with your Rod, Doctor."
A dashing young male human wearing a white T-shirt and dark vest was chatting up a bodacious female Eternal in Caribbean clothing.

"Captain Wrack," the woman said. "Last seen in 'Enlightenment'. I enjoy threatening prisoners with knives, and laughing directly into the camera at the end of episodes."

"Jack Harkness," the man said. "First seen in the new TV series. I kiss anything that moves, and occasionally go naked on camera."

Wrack raised an eyebrow. "You are a most intriguing Ephemeral."

Jack grinned. "Not to be full of myself, but all the squee'ing fan-girls on LiveJournal would agree with you."
You Ain't Nothin' But A K-9

Chapter Summary

Published 25-Aug-2005; humor/parody; 100 words.

For the dw100 #82 "Elvis" prompt.

See also "Hound Dog" by Elvis Presley.

The Fourth Doctor materialized the TARDIS in an alien wilderness. He encouraged Leela to take K9 hunting, and then he took a nap at the edge of a lake while pretending to fish.

The Doctor awoke as an angry Leela returned with a sheepish K9. "This machine is an awful hunting dog!" Leela said. "It is far too slow!"

The Doctor patted K9. "He may not be a hunting dog, but he's still a Time Lord's Best Friend."

Leela scowled at the small robot. "You have never caught a rabbit," she said haughtily, "and you are no friend of mine."
Emma found the CoFD-Ninth Doctor sulking in the TARDIS console room. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"The TARDIS refuses to leave the Earth's Moon," the Doctor said.

Emma blinked. "'Refuses'? Why?"

The Doctor explained. "She's established a telepathic data link with the lunar colony's sentient computer— a chap called 'Mike', after Sherlock Holmes' brother Mycroft. And she refuses to break the link."

"But why?" Emma asked.

"Mike and the TARDIS are... getting to know each other."

Emma suddenly realized that the TARDIS' console column was rising and falling much more quickly than usual. And the background hum was louder, like... moaning...
The Doctor lay on the floor of the TARDIS console room.

He opened his eyes, blinked, and gently shook his head to clear it. And then, he held up his open hands, and stared at them.

*It's happened again,* he thought. *Regeneration. The end of one incarnation, and the beginning of another one.*

He suddenly noticed that his coat sleeves were too short. *Hmm,* he thought. *This body is taller than the last one. Well, I'd better get up and—OUCH!!*

Not knowing how tall he was, he had whacked his head against the TARDIS console.

The Doctor staggered to his feet, rubbing his poor head. But he winced in pain again, and danced in place until he could pull his too-small shoes off.

He turned to open the console room inner door, and nearly broke his wrist when the door didn't open. *Ah,* he thought. *It opens from the other side. I must be left-handed now.*

He carefully made his way to the wardrobe room. He came to the nearest wardrobe, opened it—and whacked his too-tall forehead against it.

The Doctor whimpered. *If this continues,* he thought, *I'll hurt myself so badly that I'll have to regenerate again.*
Music To Her Ears

Chapter Summary

Published 6-Sep-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the wordoftheday100 "bagatelle" prompt.

From The Diary Of Zoe Herriot:

I don't mind it when the Doctor plays his recorder. I rather enjoy the occasional improvised bagatelle.

And I don't mind it when Jamie plays the bagpipes. A majestic hymn on the pipes can move me to tears.

But now, they're 'jamming' together. They've been tooting and honking for hours.

An odd thing about the TARDIS— no matter where I go, within its corridors, it sounds like they're playing in the next room.

Either I'll have to set their instruments on fire, or else I'll have to take up the trombone and join them.
The Sixth Doctor and Peri had taken rooms at a rural inn, for a change of pace. They stayed for the next morning's breakfast.

The elderly inn-keeper poured their tea. "I didn't get your name, Ma'am," Peri said politely.

The inn-keeper winked. "My friends call me... 'Mrs. Tea'.'"

The Doctor rolled his eyes. "This is pathetic! Let's end this charade now."

To Peri's horror, he reached forwards, and pulled off the woman's face— to reveal the Master.

The Master snarled. "How did you know!?"

The Doctor smirked. "You shouldn't use anagrams of 'Master' for aliases. It's only six letters long."
The Eighth Doctor and Grace took their seats in a large theater. "I'm sorry, Grace," the Doctor whispered. "I wanted to take you to 'Madame Butterfly', since you had missed it on my account."

"That's alright, Doctor. Lloyd-Webber makes for a change of pace."

"'Phantom' is rather tenebrous, but then, so is the TARDIS—"

The theater building suddenly shook violently. "Earthquake!!" Grace shouted.

"Is there a Doctor in the house!?" a musician in the orchestra called out.

Grace and the Doctor both answered. "Is somebody hurt?"

"Yes!! I'm the pianist!! The piano lid came down and broke my fucking fingers!!"
The Fourth Doctor held a small bag out to Sarah. "Jelly baby?"

"Thanks." Sarah ate one, and choked. "ACK!! Pocket lint!!"

The Doctor looked closely at his soiled candy. "Good heavens! They're practically hirsute!"

He produced a small bottle, opened it, and handed it to Sarah. "A quaff of this will put you right."

Sarah drank deeply, and did a spit-take. "UGH!! Ginger beer!! I HATE ginger beer!! And it's flat, and warm!!"

The Doctor mopped Sarah's chin with his scarf. "Can I get you something else?"

Sarah sighed. "Glass of water, please. And keep your hands in your pockets."
"I know you, Doctor," the Shadow said. "I have been waiting for you. I have watched you and your jackdaw meanderings."

"Oh, drat!" the Doctor said. "I've been Shadowed!"

The villain ignored this pun. "I have also learned of some of the places you visited alone, before you met the Time Lady and began your quest for the Key To Time. Frankly, Doctor, you should be ashamed of yourself."

The Doctor's eyes widened. "You haven't told her about those places, have you!?... I mean, it's only once every few hundred years when I don't have a young woman watching me!"
The Sixth Doctor landed the TARDIS and opened its doors.

Peri grimaced. "What's that awful smell?"

The Doctor explained. "During this planet's autumnal season, most of the plants deliquesce into sticky black fetid slime."

"Oh, that's disgusting!" Peri said.

The Doctor frowned. "Why, Peri! Such xenophobia is unbecoming of an intelligent woman and a botanist. The slime is perfectly harmless. In fact, it does wonders for humanoid skin."

Peri smiled weakly. "I'm sorry, Doctor. I'll just put on some galoshes."

"You'll need this too." The Doctor handed her a snorkel. "The slime is two meters deep in places."

Peri whimpered.
The Arch Enemy Within

Chapter Summary

Published 29-Sep-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #87 "archenemy" prompt.

This follows the similar scene from Rose.

The TARDIS materialized near the banks of the Mississippi River. The Ninth Doctor and Rose stepped out, looking around.

"Are we looking for something big and round again?" Rose asked.

The Doctor held another vial of anti-plastic. "Not necessarily. The Nestene may have improved their technology. The transmitter should still be something very large, made of metal, facing this city..."

Rose looked up, and then silently pointed.

"What?" the Doctor said impatiently. "WHAT!?" He finally turned around— and saw the St. Louis Arch behind him.

"I should try to be more aware of my surroundings," the Doctor muttered to himself.
Charley walked up to the Eighth Doctor, holding a tangle of yarn. "Doctor? What is this?"

"That," the Doctor said sadly, "'was' some clothing that I wore four regenerations ago. I'm afraid that the segue between my incarnations is hard on my clothing."

Charley raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"My next incarnation was rather stout," the Doctor explained, "and I nearly split the seams of my clothing. The incarnation after that was much shorter, and my clothes nearly fell off."

Charley gulped. "Oh... really?"

"And after my latest regeneration," an embarrassed Doctor said, "I practically woke up naked."

Charley blushed furiously.
The Sixth Doctor and Mel stood on a race-track. Mel wore sweats, but the Doctor stubbornly wore his usual garish clothing.

"There is nothing," the Doctor announced, "that will make me jog around this race-track."

Mel suddenly put a head-band with a stick around the Doctor's head. A carrot hung from the stick in his face.

The Doctor stumbled backwards. "Is this some kind of a trick!?" he gasped.

"Wait," Mel said. "It's on backwards." She pushed the carrot behind the Doctor's head. He suddenly sprinted away, trying to run away from the carrot.

*That worked a treat*, Mel thought.
The Seventh Doctor and Ace respectfully approached a fresh grave in the north-east corner of a rural cemetery surrounded by trees.

Ace regarded the grave with little interest. "Who was he?"

"Edward Adcock," the Doctor said. "Died August 7th, 1885." He sketched a rough map of the unmarked yet fresh grave. "There... we'll leave this sketch to be found by his distant descendents, so that they can find and mark his grave."

Ace raised an eyebrow. "Meddling with history, Professor?"

"Not actually changing history, no," the Doctor said. "Just helping to make sure that a bit of history isn't forgotten."
The Third Doctor stood with arms crossed, in a detention room on a space station, glaring at its administrator. The tension in the room was palpable.

"What do you have to say for yourself?" the administrator asked.

"I have much to say for myself!" the Doctor shouted. "However, you, sir, are an officious panjandrum!"

The administrator turned to leave. "As soon as I consult the station lexicon, and learn what those words mean, you shall regret them!"

The Doctor sighed, and idly wondered where the Master had got to. At least he was an enemy intelligent enough to insult properly.
The Seventh Doctor found Ace moping in a corner of the TARDIS. "You shouldn't brood, Ace," the Doctor said. "You need a good cheering up!"

Ace shot him a baleful look.

"Perhaps a presentation of prestidigitation?" the Doctor asked, rolling his 'R's magnificently. He pushed a red rubber ball up Ace's nose, and then he pulled a gold coin from her ear.

Ace sighed. "Professor, please."

"Or some light music!" the ebullient Time Lord exclaimed, as he held out his beloved spoons.

"If you 'play' those spoons against any part of my body," Ace growled, "I'll shove 'em up your—"
Jamie was visiting with Zoe, in Zoe’s private room in the TARDIS.

Jamie noticed a gold star-shaped badge. "What's that?" he asked.

"I won that award while I was working on my mathematics degree," Zoe said. "But I don't like to wear it. It seems so adolescent to show off an award for maths."

"You should be proud of your achievements, Zoe," said Jamie.

"Alright." Zoe stood at attention. "Pin it on me, please."

Jamie eyed Zoe's tight body-suit, realized exactly where he'd have to pin Zoe's badge, and gulped.

Zoe giggled. It was so easy to tease poor Jamie.
As The Brigadier and the Third Doctor watched, Sergeant Benton brought a squad of UNIT soldiers to attention. "Now we'll see some precision military drilling," the Brigadier whispered.

Benton shouted. "Squad! Commence training for your roles as unnamed 'red-shirt' extras who get killed in the first episode!" He held up a bathroom plunger, and shrieked. "EX-TER-MIN-ATE!!"

He pointed at the soldiers, making zappy noises with his mouth. Each soldier groaned comically and threw himself to the ground.

"STOP that!!" the Brigadier shouted. "This drabble was supposed to be a 'Monty Python' 'military drill' sketch parody, but it's just got SILLY!!"
"EX-TER-MIN-ATE!! EX-TER-MIN-ATE!!" A Dalek slowly advanced on an unarmed man in a mostly-deserted open lot on a war-torn world. But the man was frozen with fear, and unable to flee. He closed his eyes and waited for death.

A blast was fired— and the Dalek was destroyed.

The man opened his eyes, and found a young woman standing over him, wearing mirrored glasses and a skin-tight black body-suit, and holding a heavy smoking weapon across her shoulder.

The man remained motionless. He was completely overwhelmed.

"C'mon, mate," Ace said dryly. "Let's find cover, before you're run over by a glacier."
"Doctor?" said Peri. "I know you just said that you're... you, whether I like it or not. But are you finally... alright?..."

"Of course!" the Doctor said. "My post-regeneration instability is a thing of the past! Truly, I am now the Doctor redivivus!"

With a triumphant flourish, he tweaked a single TARDIS console control— and threw the console room into violent turbulence. After the TARDIS stabilized, Peri was shocked to find a small dark-haired stranger was wearing the Doctor's garish clothing.

"Oh dear," the Doctor said, with a vaguely Scottish accent. "That regeneration apparently wasn't meant to last for long."
Sarah Jane Smith had begun her travels in space and time with the Third Doctor.

"I enjoyed the Middle Ages," she said. "Too bad we couldn't have met Robin Hood while we were there."

"Actually," the Doctor said, "another Time Lord infiltrated the band of Merry Men. He pretended to be Friar Tuck, and he tried to wed Robin Hood's betrothed to another outlaw who already had a wife. But the other outlaw was too smart for him."

Sarah sighed. "In other words?..."

"The Meddling Monk Made Maid Marion Marry Nary A Wary Married Merry Man," the Doctor said proudly.
The Horns Of A Dilemma

Chapter Summary

Published 19-Dec-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the 31 Days "the anatomy of a Minotaur" prompt.

This is an out-take from episode 3 of The Horns Of Nimon.

The Doctor, Romana, and the others heard the Nimon approach. The Doctor hid behind some machinery, but held his leg out, around a corner.

Unable to watch its feet because of its large immobile head, the Nimon tripped over the Doctor's foot and fell to the floor, face (and horns) down. It made pathetic 'moo' noises as it struggled helplessly to right itself.

"It's a clumsy creature in the gravity of a terrestrial planet," Romana noted.

A grinning Doctor agreed. "The moral of the story— never let yourself get a big head."

Romana sighed. "You should take your own advice."
I Came In With The Comet

Chapter Summary

Published 22-Dec-2005; humor; 100 words.

For the wordoftheday100 "hale" prompt.

I kinda cheated on this one..

The Eighth Doctor and Charley gazed up at a brilliant comet. "It's beautiful," Charley said. "Is it Halley's comet?"

"It's called Hale-Bopp," the Doctor said. "We can go back to the 1910 approach of Halley's comet later. But its 1986 approach was disappointing. The Great Comet Of 1997 was more impressive.

"There were persistent rumors that an alien spacecraft followed Hale-Bopp during this approach. It even inspired a death cult. It was all quite sad..."

Charley raised an eyebrow, cleared her throat, and pointed back at the TARDIS.

The Doctor chuckled. "Ah. Well, I'm half-human, so the TARDIS doesn't count."
The Tenth Doctor hooked a seat-belt on the TARDIS console around Rose's waist. "What's this?"

she asked.

"Spring cleaning," the Doctor said. "Regeneration put me in the mood for it."

"So soon after Christmas?" Rose asked.

The Doctor held up a handful of small springs. "Bits and pieces fall out of the TARDIS console, now and then. Hang on!!"

The Doctor briefly opened the TARDIS doors— in deep space. Everything that wasn't strapped down or attached was sucked out the doors.

"When you do 'vacuum cleaning', you mean it!" Rose gasped.

The Doctor grinned. "I'm that sort of a man."
"Shall I put on the tea today?" the Seventh Doctor asked.

Ace narrowed her eyes. "What are you on about, then?"

"The tea," the Doctor said. "And some nice sandwiches."

Benny crossed her arms and frowned. "You're up to something, aren't you?"

"Ace! Benny!" the Doctor cried in a hurt voice. "Do you truly think I'm that manipulative? Do you imagine ulterior motives in every act of kindness, every benefaction, every good deed I do!?"

"Yes," Ace and Benny said in perfect unison.

—

"Dear Diary," a troubled Doctor wrote. "They've sussed me out. I'll have to revise my 'tea stratagem'."
The Sixth Doctor flicked a TARDIS console switch, and frowned. "The Hostile Action Displacement System is down," he said.

"Can I help?" Mel asked.

"I doubt it," the Doctor said smugly.

"Let me try!" Mel whined. "I am a computer programmer."

"Oh, alright," the Doctor said. "I'll dump the firmware source code to the monitor. Let's see if Earth's finest digerati can debug it."

Mel tried to read the source code. "This code is badly written. It's full of GOTO statements."

The Doctor groaned. "Mel, it's a displacement system. It's supposed to make things GOTO."

Mel giggled. "Right. Sorry."
The Great Big Threatening Button

Chapter Summary

Published 7-Jan-2006; humor; 100 words.

For the wordoftheday100 "quiddity" prompt.

Ian pointed at the TARDIS console. "Doctor? What does that big red button do? I've never seen you push it."

"What's that, my boy?" The First Doctor glanced at the console. "Er, yes. Well, as you know, the TARDIS is a complicated piece of machinery, and it was constructed by an alien civilization. The quiddity of a single function can't be easily explained in simple terms, without extensive knowledge of highly advanced theoretical principles.

"Do you understand what I'm saying, Chesterton?"

"Yes," Ian said. "You don't know what the button does, either."

The Doctor whacked Ian with his walking stick.
The Fifth Doctor looked up from the TARDIS console as Nyssa came into the console room—wearing Tegan's stewardess uniform.

"Good heavens!" a smiling Doctor said.

"Tegan and I are nearly the same size," Nyssa said. "I suggested we try on each other's clothes."

"It rather suits you, Nyssa," the Doctor said.

Nyssa tugged at her sleeves. "This uniform would be apposite for my biochemistry experiments. If my clothing suits Tegan, perhaps we could trade clothes permanently."

Tegan walked up, wearing Nyssa's frilly fairy-princess dress.

"We'll change back right away," Nyssa said quietly.

"Yes, please," a tearfully embarrassed Tegan said.
"Is something wrong, Jamie?" the Second Doctor asked.

"I've been travelin' wi' you for more than a year," Jamie said. I must have missed this year's Hogmanay."

"Is that an end-of-year ceremony from your time?" Zoe asked.

Instead of answering, a nostalgic Jamie suddenly burst into song. "We twa hae run about the braes / An' pou'd the gowans fine / But we've wander'd monie a weary fit / Sin auld lang syne."

"I didn't understand any of that," Zoe said.

"It's not your fault, Zoe," the Doctor said. "The telepathic functions of the TARDIS can't handle Scottish drinking songs."
Until The Stars Fall From The Sky

Chapter Summary

Published 7-Jan-2006; humor; 100 words.

For the wordoftheday100 "firmament" prompt.

The Third Doctor and the Brigadier had stepped out for a breath of fresh air. They gazed up at a night sky full of stars.

"I fear I may be exiled from the firmament forever," the Doctor said. "It's literally been a lifetime since I was out there."

"Don't worry," the Brigadier said. "You'll put the TARDIS right, sooner or later. And the stars will still be there for you, no matter how long it takes."

"Will they still be there, Brigadier?... Will they?..."

The Brigadier shuddered. "If anyone else said that, I'd put it down to delusions of grandeur."
Sarah found the Fourth Doctor at the TARDIS console. "Where are we?" she asked.

The Doctor gestured to a yellow super-giant star on the monitor. "Polaris. The North Star. The Cynosure of the Ancients. Many worlds besides Earth have used it as a beacon."

"Oh," Sarah said. "So, what is there to see here?"

"Nothing," the Doctor said. "Everyone who comes this way is on their way somewhere else. No one actually stays here."

"Ah," Sarah said.

They both stared at the monitor for a long silent awkward pause.

"Shall we go, then?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, alright," the Doctor said.
The Eighth Doctor had gone "back" to visit Lethbridge-Stewart.

"What ever happened to the Master?" Lethbridge-Stewart asked.

"Quite a lot, actually," the Doctor said. "He was burned to a crisp, trapped in the Rani's sabotaged TARDIS, frozen in the Matrix, and stranded on the dying world of the Cheetah People. After that, the Daleks executed him, and then, my TARDIS ate him."

"Is he dead now?" Lethbridge-Stewart asked.

"Difficult to tell," the Doctor said.

"Not much on conflict resolution, the two of you," Lethbridge-Stewart noted.

"Can't be helped," the Doctor said. "The Master is almost as tenacious as I am."
Chapter Summary

I Don't Want To Hear It

Published 26-Jan-2006; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #102 "silence" prompt.

This might contain mild adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

The Fifth Doctor silently worked over the TARDIS console. Tegan silently watched him.

"Doctor?" she finally asked. "Can't you do something about that background hum?"

"Actually, I can," the Doctor said. "The problem is, it acts as 'white noise'. If you turn it off, you can hear other things."

He tapped a few buttons, and the TARDIS suddenly fell silent.

"Hear that?" the Doctor said. "That'll be Adric. He must be—"

"Please turn the hum back on," Tegan suddenly said.

The Doctor smiled. "I can hear Nyssa, too! She must also be—"

Tegan whimpered. "PLEASE turn the hum back on!!"
The Brigadier, Yates and Benton watched as the Third Doctor built a strange machine, using parts from a seismograph, a carburetor, a military walkie-talkie, a toaster, a teaspoon and an open mind.

The Doctor explained. "The aliens are cloaking themselves with a simple four-dimensional shield. But this device will plot their movements for us."

"Trust the Doctor to come up with a Deus Ex Machina," Yates said.

"Actually, it's more of a 'plot device'," the Brigadier said.

"And it even 'breaks the fourth wall'," Benton noted.

"Well," the Doctor said, "these things happen when most stories are six episodes long."
Two Space Fleet Irregular Auxiliaries found themselves in hiding, pinned down by heavy Dalek fire.

"It don't look good, Ace," said the first soldier.

"Chin up," Ace said. "Someone I used to know once said: 'Where there's life, there's hope.'"

"So," the soldier asked, "if we get out of this alive, can I buy you a beer?"

Ace smiled slyly. "You can do better than that. What say we get a room and..." She whispered the rest in his ear.

"I'll destroy every Dalek on this planet," the soldier declared, "if I have to do it with my bare hands!!"
"Doctor?" Peri asked. "Why do we argue so much?"

"We don't argue, Peri," the Sixth Doctor said. "When you fail to grasp my cogent explanations, you merely require some additional gentle persuasion."

"In other words," Peri said, "you start arguments with me."

"I most certainly do not!" the Doctor said arrogantly.

"You do!" Peri said. "You've just started another argument!"

"No, I haven't!"

"Yes you have! Oh, you turn everything into an argument!!"

"No, I don't!"

"ARRGH!!" said Peri.

The Doctor smirked to himself. He wished that, in this sixth incarnation, he could have another chance to argue with Tegan.
Come In Number 51, Your Time Is Up

Chapter Summary

Published 7-Mar-2006; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #106 "springtime" prompt.

"The End Of The World," up close and personal! (Bonus points if you recognize the title.)

The Second Doctor, Jamie and Zoe stood on a low grassy hill near the TARDIS, and admired a beautiful alien woodland in springtime.

"Look at the trees!" Zoe said. "And the flowers!"

"An' smell the air!" Jamie said. "It's so fresh!"

The Doctor agreed. "It's simply lovely. I wanted to see it all one last time."

"'One last time'?' Zoe asked.

"In twenty minutes," the Doctor said, "this planet's sun will go super-nova. Every living thing will be destroyed..."

He double-checked a pocket-watch. "Oh, dear. My best watch has stopped!"

Jamie and Zoe glanced at each other, very, very nervously.
Wrestling With A Challenge

Chapter Summary

Published 14-Mar-2006; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #107 "[naked jelly] wrestling" prompt.

"This Time Round" concept by Tyler Dion et al.

This contains nudity and adult humor (DUH!). Reader discretion is advised.

The Ninth Doctor was as eager as Rose and Jack for "Naked Jelly Wrestling" at the Round— but he lost his enthusiasm when he saw "who" was already in the pit.

"If I want to 'play with myself'," the Doctor said, "I don't have to get naked with this lot to do it!!"

"Isn't Nine going to play?" the Eighth Doctor asked, through long jelly-soaked hair.

A naked Fifth Doctor tackled him. "Well, if he won't, *I* will!"

A jelly-covered Tenth Doctor smirked. "Nine must be chicken."

"Right!!" The Ninth Doctor tore off his jacket. "Your arse is mine, 'Barcelona'!!"
Tegan walked up to a TARDIS bathroom hot-tub, wearing a towel. "A jelly bath, Nyssa?" she asked.

Nyssa was already in the tub. "Warm jelly baths were common at Traken spas. Please, try it, Tegan."

Tegan nervously dropped her towel and climbed in.

Nyssa smiled sweetly. "Doesn't it feel wonderful?"

"It is nice," Tegan said. "But, on Earth, women usually, um, wrestle in this stuff—"

The naive Nyssa misunderstood Tegan. "Alright." She suddenly put Tegan in a head-lock.

"YEEEK!!" said Tegan. "THAT WASN'T A REQUEST!!"

Nyssa instantly released her. "I'm sorry!!"

"But since you've started it— TWO OUT OF THREE!!"
The Tenth Doctor caught up with Rose at the bar. She was sitting next to a very large potted cactus balanced on a barstool.

"I see you've met Meglos," the Doctor said.

"He's actually a lovely, um, succulent," Rose said.

"You should take care if he's drinking," the Doctor said. As if on cue, Adric (the bartender) reached over the bar, and poured a drink out into Meglos' pot.

"Is he a bad-tempered drunk?" Rose asked nervously.

"Quite the opposite," the Doctor said. "He gets affectionate. Lots of HUGS."

Rose stood to scoot her barstool away from her drinking buddy.
The Seventh Doctor and Ace were enjoying a leisurely visit to a rural and picturesque part of the British Isles.

"One of the locals told me an interesting story, earlier today," Ace said.

"Oh?" the Doctor said. "It must have been wonderfully violent."

"It happened several centuries ago," Ace said. "Monsters fell from the sky, but were destroyed with the help of a mysterious wanderer."

"Ah," the Doctor said. "Such legends are a curious amalgam of folklore, myth, and word of mouth."

Ace wasn't finished. "The wanderer came out of a big blue box, and he had a Scottish accent."
Adric walked around a wooded pond, and found the Fifth Doctor half-asleep with a fishing rod. "'Camping' is boring," Adric whined.

"Why don't you go swimming with Nyssa and Tegan on the other side of the pond?" the Doctor suggested.

"Because," Adric said, "Nyssa and Tegan are— Tegan called it 'skinny-dipping'."

"Ah," the Doctor said.

"I'm tempted to steal their clothing."

"Oh? Well, Nyssa would forgive you, if you didn't tease her too badly— but Tegan? If you're lucky, she'd kill you quickly."

Adric grinned mischievously. "It certainly wouldn't be boring."

The Doctor sighed. "So much for peace and quiet."
Nyssa returned to the TARDIS crew's campsite, where the Fifth Doctor was still fishing. She was wearing a modest two-piece outfit made entirely from leaves and vines.

"Oh dear," the Doctor said. "Did Adric actually steal your clothes?"

Before Nyssa could reply, a terrified Adric ran past them, clutching her and Tegan's clothing. A naked Tegan was close behind him, swearing like a sailor and waving a short tree branch over her head like a club.

"That was quite foolish of Adric," the Doctor noted.

"Yes," Nyssa said. "Tegan can outrun him, and the TARDIS is in the other direction."
"So," Jo said to the Third Doctor, "your previous incarnation met you in your own future, learned that you'd been exiled on Earth, and came back in time to visit you again now? Is he here to help you recover your memory of the science of time travel?"

"No," the Doctor said. "That's what I thought, at first. But he apparently came back to indulge in some invidious chicanery instead."

As if on cue, the Second Doctor danced past, playing a childish taunting song on his recorder between verses of a half-sung improvised song. "*I* know something you don't know!..."
Ace and another Space Fleet Irregular Auxiliary walked up to the smoking armored casing of a dead Dalek.

"This was your first kill, right?" Ace said. "'Grats'. So, you wanna see what the insides of these things look like?"

"Not really," the rookie said nervously. He gingerly reached out, pulled up the top of the casing, and peeked inside.

"Careful, mate!" Ace shouted.

"What!?" the rookie said. "Are the casings booby-trapped?—" CLANG!! "EEYOWTCH!!"

Ace smirked. "No—but they're balanced to fall shut, and they'll mash up your fingers but good."

The rookie whimpered. "I might never play the piano again."
Ace stormed out of the TARDIS control room after another argument with the Seventh Doctor. She stomped past Benny in a hallway.

Benny found a pensive Doctor gazing at a star-field on the control room monitor. "The malcontent strikes again, eh?" she said.

"In some ways," the Doctor said, "Ace reminds me of myself. She's set a hard path for herself, but she's determined to go her own way."

"But she's still so young," Benny said. "And she can be so immature."

"True," the Doctor said. "I was well over two hundred years old when *I* ran away from home."
Liz was showing a senior government official around UNIT HQ. She opened the door to the Third Doctor's work-room. "...and this is our scientific advisor's laboratory. As you can see, he's hard at work on... some..."

The Doctor was asleep in a precariously balanced chair.

"Looks like the poor chap's had an all-nighter," the official said. He turned off the overhead lights, and walked away, leaving Liz behind.

The Doctor suddenly woke up, and almost fell over backwards in his chair. "Good heavens!! Is it night-time already!? My time experiments must have gone horribly awry!!"

Liz sighed. "Good night, Doctor."
Sleep Is For Tortoises

Chapter Summary

Published 22-Jun-2006; humor/parody; 100 words.

For the dw100 #121 "ooh, shiny!" prompt.

This is a parody of an infamous scene from Azumanga Daioh.

The Fourth Doctor had asked Leela to rouse him when the TARDIS landed.

Leela stood at the open doorway of a room deep within the TARDIS. As she entered the dark and unfamiliar room, she unsheathed her knife, by force of habit. "Doctor?..." she called out softly. "Doctor?..."

—

A half-asleep Doctor fully woke up to find a back-lit Leela silently standing over him. Her unsheathed knife gleamed in the bright light of the TARDIS corridors.

"Oh!" Leela said sadly. "You are already awake. I have FAILED."

The Doctor silently resolved never to sleep again while Leela still traveled with him.
The Ninth Doctor, Rose and Jack stepped out of the TARDIS, and found themselves in a spacecraft landing area, next to a sleek battle cruiser.

"Now that's a space-ship!" Rose exclaimed. Jack whistled in agreement.

The Doctor smirked. "The TARDIS may not stand out in juxtaposition, but it's far more powerful than— OI!!"

Rose and Jack weren't listening. They were both eyeing the cruiser's pilot, a tall, dark and handsome man in an elegant military-dress uniform.

The Doctor crossed his arms, leaned against the TARDIS, and sighed sadly. "Well, old girl," he said, "it seems we've both been found lacking."
The Tenth Doctor and Rose were walking along an alien beach as the tide came in.

"This place reminds me of a book I once read," Rose said distantly. "A child was warned about the 'undertow', but misunderstood it as 'under-TOAD'. He imagined a giant toad that pulled swimmers under the sea."

"This planet is lifeless," the Doctor said, "but there is a planet, not far from here, with a giant ocean-side amphibian."

"Really," Rose said.

"He's a perfect gentle-being. Wouldn't harm a flea, let alone a swimmer."

"Oh. That's... nice."

"But he does play a vicious game of chess."
Tegan met up with an old friend in a tavern. "Well, here I am," Tegan said, "back on the dating scene. How do I look?"

"Sharp," her friend said. "But I didn't know you were still a flight attendant."

"I'm not," Tegan said, "but this uniform still fits... and the boys like a girl in uniform."

Her friend raised an eyebrow. "Do you know what kind of freaks are attracted to uniforms?"

A dreamy look came to Tegan's face. "Maybe... one who would dress up as a cricketer... for me..."

"Okay," Tegan's friend said, "you're seriously weirding me out now."
Time After Time

Chapter Summary

Published 6-Jul-2006; humor; 100 words.

For the Writer's Choice #158 "chronic" prompt.

This is an "out of context" out-take from between Meglos and Full Circle.

This contains adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

After returning Meglos' human victim to Earth, the Fourth Doctor and Romana-II reflected on their latest adventure.

"So," the Doctor said, "now we know how to free ourselves from a chronic hysteresis."

"Mmm," Romana said. "Shall we start a time loop that's more... interesting?"

"How so?" the Doctor asked.

Instead of answering out loud, Romana whispered in the Doctor's ear.

The Doctor's eyes widened. "You want to do THAT in a TIME LOOP?"

"Over and over, and over again," Romana said breathlessly, "unable to stop... even if we wanted to..."

The Doctor grinned. "You only have to ask me once."
"Doctor?" an annoyed Charlie asked. "Can't you do something about all the clutter in the TARDIS? I can barely walk through some rooms!"

"Clutter?" the Eighth Doctor said. "I prefer to think of it as a copious assortment of artifacts and souvenirs from my extensive... travels..." He trailed off under Charlie's unrelenting stern gaze.

"Well, then!" the Doctor suddenly said enthusiastically. "I'll just take some energy from the Eye Of Harmony, and materialize some more storage rooms... and..." He awkwardly trailed off again.

An uncomfortable silence fell over the room.

"Rummage sale?" the Doctor asked meekly.

"Rummage sale," Charlie said.
The Tenth Doctor and Rose were enjoying a Sunday-afternoon walk through a picturesque city park.

"This is one of my favorite neighborhoods on Earth," the Tenth Doctor said. "I'll have to come here more often."

"Isn't that dangerous?" Rose asked. "I mean, if you time-travel to a place frequently, you could 'meet yourself'."

"I always take precautions," the Doctor said. "See that clock-tower? It's almost two o'clock. I'll remember not to return to today at this time."

The Doctor and Rose turned a corner— and found another Tenth Doctor and Rose.

The future Tenth Doctor suddenly slapped his forehead. "D'OH!!"
Romana was trying to keep up with the Doctor as he strode through the swamps of Delta Three.

"Have you noticed," Romana said breathlessly, "that there don't seem to be any female natives here?"

"It's not surprising," the Doctor said, "if you think about it."

"What do you mean?" Romana asked.

"Kroll is essentially a tentacle monster," the Doctor said. "I hope you're old enough to know what tentacle monsters do to female humanoids."

Romana fell silent. She was repulsed by the Doctor's creepy mental picture— and yet, she found herself strangely intrigued. (It was purely scientific curiosity, of course.)
Chapter Summary

Published 8-Nov-2006; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #141 "opulence" prompt.

This contains drinking humor. Reader discretion is advised.

The Seventh Doctor and an unusually well-dressed Benny took a table in an elegant alien restaurant.

"Just remember," the Doctor said, "you can have anything on the menu. The owner and I go way back."

"What do you recommend?" Benny asked.

"The seafood is quite good." The Doctor gestured to a tank of remarkably disgusting live mollusks.


The Doctor was undeterred. "You'll like the wine list," he said, handing the table menu to her.

Benny's eyes lit up. "S'il vous plait!" she called to a waiter. "Bring me one of each of these!"
The Brigadier was reviewing some reports with the Third Doctor. He tried to open a drawer of his wooden desk, but it came half-open and jammed.

"Drat," said the Brigadier. "This drawer is sticking again." He whacked the drawer face, and then he whacked it harder.

"Hold on," the Doctor said. "The military doctrine of 'overwhelming force' won't fix it. I'll fetch a planing tool and some wax."

"Ah. Thank you." The Brigadier watched the Doctor leave his office. And then, he angrily kicked the drawer.

"LETHBRIDGE-STEWART!!" the Doctor shouted from the hallway.

"Couldn't help myself," the Brigadier said sheepishly.
The Tenth Doctor whispered to Rose. "This planet has some customs that might seem foreign to you. Just remember to follow my lead."

"Got it," Rose said.

The Doctor turned to a male alien and a female alien— and tripped. "WHOOPS!!"

Rose carefully tripped too. "WHOOPS!!"

"That's not what I meant!" the Doctor said.

"That's not what I meant!" Rose said.

"STOP that!!" the Doctor shouted.

"STOP that!!" Rose shouted.

"Do not be angry," the male alien said. "Your companion has learned our customs well."

"Do not be angry," the female alien said. "Your companion has learned our customs well."
The First Doctor led his new companions through the TARDIS' corridors. "I suppose we shall have to find some rooms for you," he said irritably.

Ian glanced around him. "Are you sure the bedrooms are in this area?"

"Yes, quite sure," the Doctor snapped. "I am the pilot of this craft—"

"Um, Grandfather?" said Susan. "The bedrooms are that way." She guided Ian and Barbara away.

The Doctor walked on. "I might have used this ship only for a short time, but I've learned... hello?"

He stopped, looked around, and found himself alone.

"...help?" the completely lost Doctor said timidly.
They Come From The Land Of The Ice And Snow

Chapter Summary

Published 9-Jan-2007; humor/parody; 100 words.

For the <a>dw100</a> #147 "ice and snow" prompt.

See also "Immigrant Song" by Led Zeppelin.

This contains extreme silliness. Reader discretion is advised.

Once again, the Second Doctor, Jamie and Zoe found themselves trapped by an unseen horror.

"What ARE they?" Jamie asked.

"They come from the land of the ice and snow," the Doctor said cryptically.

As Jamie impatiently sneaked a peak, Zoe tried again. "Are they Yeti? Or Ice Warriors from Mars?"

"Oh, fer cryin' out loud!" Jamie said. "They're kittens in Viking helmets!"

"The Hammer Of The Gods drove their ships to new lands!" the Doctor cried.

"Tha' may be so," Jamie said, "but they're still only KITTENS!!"

"This is the worst 'base under siege' story ever," Zoe said sadly.
Two men struck up a conversation as they leisurely strolled along a quiet street somewhere in west London.

The first man gestured to a junkyard across the street. "There's old Foreman's Yard," he said. "It's a local urban legend. People say an old police box mysteriously appears there at random. And some folks even claim to have seen aliens there."

The second man tugged at his scarf. "How fascinating," he said with a toothy grin.

"It's complete nonsense, of course," the first man said. "Don't believe a word of it."

The second man's face fell. "I see," he said sadly.
Benton walked up to the Brigadier, holding an armful of mail. "Sir? Did the Doctor leave a forwarding address? The BFPO is still receiving his UNIT mail."

"Don't think so," the Brigadier said. "What is that?"

"Mostly scientific newsletters and equipment catalogues," Benton said, "but there's also... this." He held up a plastic-wrapped "Play-Thing" men's magazine.

"Good heavens," the Brigadier said. "Well, he was a bachelor, and it's not my place to judge. But that sort of magazine isn't for me. Do you want it, Benton?"

"No offense to the Doctor," Benton said nervously, "but I like my girls human."
The Sixth Doctor materialized the TARDIS. "Welcome to the Sirius system," he said to Peri, "known on Earth as the 'Dog Star'."

Peri raised a hand after the Doctor as he opened the TARDIS doors. "Um," she stammered, "are you going to wear your—"

The Doctor impatiently cut her off. "There's nothing to fear, child. The native race is quite friendly."

He stepped out of the TARDIS. Moments later, Peri overheard angry canine growling and barking.

A disheveled Doctor stepped back into the TARDIS, shot a dirty look at an amused Peri, and removed the cat pin from his collar.
The Tenth Doctor and Rose were leisurely looking through the TARDIS' now-huge wardrobe.

Rose held up a short sleeveless party dress. "This looks like a bridesmaid's dress," she said.

"Well done," the Doctor said. "Although, it came from the planet Gemasses. A Gemasses marriage is entirely different from Earth. The entire wedding party gets, uh, involved."

"Oh?" Rose said. "What happens, exactly?"

The Doctor whispered in Rose's ear. He continued to whisper in her ear for about forty-five seconds.

Rose carefully returned the dress to its rack, and then left for her room, to lie down for a few hours.
Chapter Summary

Published 28-Apr-2007; humor/romance?; 100 words.

For the dw100 #160 "twitterpated" prompt.

This contains mild adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

Tegan dragged Nyssa into her room for a girl-to-girl talk.

"I've seen you bouncing around and giggling to yourself," Tegan said smugly. "You've got a crush, haven't you?"

Nyssa looked down and blushed modestly.

"The Doctor's a nice guy," Tegan said, "but be careful, because he—"

The teenaged Trakenite shook her head.

"Adric?" said Tegan. "Well, he's about your age, and he is a good boy, but—"

Nyssa shook her head again.

"If it isn't the Doctor, and it isn't Adric," said Tegan, "then..."

Nyssa looked up at Tegan with a sad shy little smile.

"...oh," Tegan said. "Well... rabbits."
Mel found the Sixth Doctor re-reading his 500-year diary.

"I used to keep a diary," Mel said. "But I wouldn't want to re-read it. It was full of awful teenaged poetry."

"Actually," the Doctor said, "I was just re-reading a poem that I wrote myself. Would you like to hear it?"

"Certainly," Mel said.

The Doctor read his poem.

"There once was a Time Lord named Koschei
And as Time Lords go, he was okay.
But after he Mastered
At being a bastard,
I really wished he would just go 'way."

"Oy vey," said Mel.
The Tenth Doctor walked up to the TARDIS console, wearing a strangely familiar brown fedora.

"Looking sharp!" Rose said sincerely.

"Thanks. Does this suit you?" The Doctor tossed a soft bucket hat at her.

"Well, sure," Rose said. "But why?..."

As if on cue, the TARDIS materialized. "On this planet," the Doctor said, "people always wear hats, that's all."

"I see," Rose said. "Now, tell me why you're taking off your clothes."

"I just told you," the Doctor said, as he stripped with surprising speed. "On this planet, people wear hats. That's ALL."

Rose gulped. "I... see," she noted accurately.
Ace and the Seventh Doctor crept along a darkened corridor. They happened to find an abandoned laser rifle.

Ace inspected the weapon. "It isn't damaged... ah, the battery pack is drained. Whad'ya think, Professor?"

"Mmm," the Doctor said. "It's of no use to us— ACE!!"

Ace enthusiastically charged ahead, dead rifle in hand. Moments later, the Doctor overheard a brief scuffle, ending with a male shriek.

Ace returned, clapping her hands as if to clean them. "It was his rifle," she announced, "so I shoved it up his ahhhh... his 'anatomy'."

The Doctor sighed. "Weapons... always useless in the END."
Benny and an assistant archaeologist surveyed an open excavation site with dismay. Empty cans and bottles were scattered across the site, and some pits had partly caved in.

"Well," the assistant said, "the damage from this drinking party isn't irreparable, but it'll take awhile to clean up— Oh, Professor Summerfield!?"

An uncharacteristically emotional Benny was softly crying. "I'm sorry!" the assistant said. "Is this excavation especially important to you?"

"Nuh- not ruh- really," Benny sniffed.

The assistant frowned. "Well, I'm sorry, but why are you so upset?"

"Somebody had a drinking party," Benny suddenly wailed, "and they didn't invite ME!!"
"I know you're a renegade Time Lord on the run," Mel said to the Sixth Doctor. "But did you steal the TARDIS?"

The Doctor frowned. "What does it matter?"

Mel persisted. "You just took it, didn't you?"

The Doctor blinked. "Well, I—"

"You took it, didn't you?"

"Erm—"

"You took it, didn't you?"

"Uhm—"

"Give it back!!" Mel suddenly shouted.

"What!?" the Doctor said.

"Give it back!!"

"But I can't—"

"Give it back!!"

"But I—"

"Please give it back!!"

"But—"

"Give it back!!"

The Doctor suddenly wished that, regardless of taking the TARDIS, he had never left Gallifrey at all.
Trick Or Treacle

Chapter Summary

Published 8-Sep-2007; humor; 100 words.

For the [dw100](http://example.com/dw100) #163 "treacle" prompt.

This contains possible mild adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

Jamie walked up to the TARDIS console, munching on a large pastry dripping with syrupy frosting.

"Good mornin'," Jamie said to the Second Doctor, spraying crumbs and syrup.

"Jamie!" The Doctor dabbed at the console with a handkerchief. "Please be more careful."

Jamie laughed, and made a bigger mess. "Ach, surely a spot o' food won' damage the TARDIS!"

And then, Zoe walked up. "What's going on?" she asked.

"Jamie's been messing about," the Doctor said petulantly, "and he's got the console all STICKY!!"

*I don't know, Zoe thought to herself, and I'm reasonably sure I don't want to know.*
"Good evening," the Master said to several other villains seated at a table in a darkened room. "You're probably wondering why I've asked you here—"

"Anotherrr plan to kill the Doctorrr, naturrally," Sil said.

The Master was taken aback. "Ah. Well, yes—"

"I would be surprised," a Krall said, "if you should devise a plan that did not involve killing the Doctor."

The Master was rapidly losing control of the meeting agenda. "That's not important! The important thing is—"

"Killing the Doctor, yes?" an Ice Warrior asked mockingly.

"The next being who says that gets the TCE," the Master growled.
Two Japanese high-school girls walked along a row of vending machines. They stopped at a large blue cabinet.

"I wonder what this vending machine sells," one girl said.

"Are you sure it's a vending machine?" the other girl asked.

"What else would it be?" The first girl pushed a ¥500 coin into the TARDIS' key slot.

A bemused Tenth Doctor stepped out. "Excuse me," he asked, "but what are you—"

"EEEEEE!!" The first girl squealed and glomped the Doctor. "It sells handsome male foreigners!!"

The second girl fished for another coin. "I hope it isn't sold out," she said eagerly.
The Morning After The Night Before

Chapter Summary

Published 25-Oct-2007; humor; 100 words.

For the **dw100** #169 "morning" prompt.

This contains possible adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

Tegan was snoozing in her private room in the TARDIS, not wanting to wake up.

*I like traveling with the Doctor*, Tegan sleepily thought to herself, *but I hate waking up in the TARDIS. There are no windows and no sounds... If the Doctor forgets to turn down the lights, I have no way of knowing if it's morning, noon or night. It's so... disorienting...*

Tegan suddenly awoke with a start, and peeked under her blanket. Nyssa was snuggled up against her, purring like a contented kitten.

Tegan whimpered. *I really, REALLY hate waking up in the TARDIS*, she thought.
Separated from the TARDIS and trapped on a damaged spacecraft, the Sixth Doctor and Peri found a single escape pod.

"That thing isn't very large," Peri said, as the Doctor climbed into it.

"It's designed for one person," the Doctor said, "but we both should just fit."

"You mean," Peri said, "we'll be squeezed together, face to face, for hours? Or DAYS?"

"I'm afraid so." The Doctor primed the pod for ejection.

"And my only other choice is dying on this ship?"

"Yes!" the Doctor said impatiently. "What are you waiting for!?"

"I have to think about this," Peri said.
Chapter Summary

Published 13-Nov-2007; humor; 100 words.

A failed attempt at the **dw100** "familiar" prompt. It just went goofy instead.

Romana-II handed a book to the Fourth Doctor. "I found this under my bed," she said.

The Doctor opened the book. "...Ah. It's the last surviving copy of the works of the Norwegian poet Murgatroyd McGillicuddy."

Romana blinked. "The Norwegian poet?... Oh, never mind. The last copy, you say?"

"Indeed," the Doctor said. "All the other copies of his works were destroyed in a toboggan mishap in 1857."

"Oh," Romana said. "That's, um, a shame..."

"Not really," the Doctor said, as he skimmed through the book. "Dreadful writer, McGillicuddy. No one would want to read this."

"...I see," Romana lied.
"Thanks to your contraptions," the Brigadier said to the Third Doctor, "UNIT's conventional weapons haven't been needed, and now the ordnance budget has been slashed!"

"My dear Brigadier," the Doctor said. "Surely unused weapons are a good thing."

"Well, yes," the Brigadier said, "but our standing among other military organizations is affected as well."

"Don't you still have enough firepower to command respect?" the Doctor asked.

"This is UNIT standard issue now." The Brigadier held up a pea shooter, and pinged the Doctor with a pea.

"Mmm," the Doctor said. "Yes, I am finding it difficult to take you seriously."
Checkmate

Chapter Summary

Published 13-Dec-2007; a humor; 100 words.

For the **dw100** #174 "First Doctor titles" prompt.

The Seventh Doctor stared at an end-game chessboard, and fidgeted nervously. Though he prided himself as the ultimate manipulator, he now found himself facing the most formidable opponent of his regeneration— and losing. Never before had he confronted an opponent so cunning, so cruel, and so determined to survive at all costs.

Finally, the Doctor forced himself to admit the awful truth: He had failed. He reached out and pushed over his king. "The game... is over," he said to his opponent.

"Don't take it too hard, my boy," the First Doctor said. "It happens to the best of me."
Tegan found Nyssa working at her chemistry set. "Whatcha making?" Tegan asked.

"Cyanoacrylate," Nyssa said. She handed a small squeeze-tube sample to Tegan, who apparently assumed it was lip-gloss, and squeezed it over her lips.

"Tegan!! STOP!!" Nyssa reached out towards Tegan. "It isn't cosmetics!! It's adhesive!! It bonds skin instantly!!"

"MMMMM!?" said Tegan. She startled, collided with Nyssa, and sent them both crashing into Nyssa's equipment.

A moment later, Nyssa spoke. "Are you alright?"

"Mm-hmm."

"I can't move. We're completely glued together."

"Mm-hmm."

"What are we going to do?... Don't move your head!! Your lips are brushing—"

"Mmmmm?"

"MMMMM!!"
The Eighth Doctor and Charley peered into a deep alien lake.

"This is the home of the Humongous Jeweled Bigmouth," the Doctor said. "It's one of the 699 Wonders Of The Universe."

"Do you think we'll see it?" Charley said.

"I hope so," the Doctor said. He held out a jelly-baby over the water. "Here, fish! Here, fish! Where's my girl??"

A giant multicolored monster suddenly reared up, swallowed the Doctor head-first to the waist, and submerged.

A moment later, the dissatisfied fish reappeared, and spat out a thoroughly bedraggled Doctor at Charley's feet.

"There it is," Charley said helpfully.
The Fourth Doctor and Romana-II returned to the TARDIS with several boxes of used electronic equipment from a star-system-wide rummage sale.

"And now, the fun part." The Doctor plugged a memory chip into the TARDIS' console. "Let's see if the previous owner remembered to erase these."

"Voyeur," an amused Romana said.

The Doctor sent the chip's recorded video to the TARDIS' monitor— and froze in surprise. "You're right," he said. "I am."

"Are they doing that in zero gravity?" Romana asked.

"I hope so," the Doctor said. "...good heavens! We should try THAT part sometime, ourselves."

"Oh, absolutely," Romana agreed.
"That isn't our usual tea set," Rose said to the Tenth Doctor.

"I felt like green tea today," the Doctor said, as he carefully poured tea from a tiny ceramic pot. "You know, the Japanese tea ceremony is a tradition that dates back to— what's so funny!"

"You," Rose said with an amused smirk, "an alien Time Lord with an Estuary English accent, nattering on about Japanese stuff. You're just as ridiculous as some anime fan-boys I once knew."

"Are you mocking my exhaustive first-hand knowledge of Japanese culture!?" an indignant Doctor asked. "ああ、神様！私の頭に斧があります！"

"FAN-BOY!!" Rose said gleefully. "FAN-BOY!! FAN-BOY!!"
Ace followed the Seventh Doctor out of the TARDIS, but turned back and frowned at the craft's exterior. "Professor?" she asked. "Have you ever thought about changing the police box to something else?"

"I tried that, last regeneration. It didn't work out," the Doctor said. "Don't you like it? The police public call box is a cultural icon from your own country, after all."

"It suits the former British Empire: obsolete and mostly forgotten." Ace said dismissively. "And didn't you say you first used that shape in a junkyard?"

"You'll certainly never be accused of jingoistic sentimentality," the Doctor noted.
"Doctor?" asked Charley. "What's Gallifrey like? I know you must not have liked it, or else you wouldn't have left. But still, you don't talk about it very much."

"It is an ancient world," the Eighth Doctor said dramatically, "thoroughly steeped in history and bureaucracy. Dusty old men endlessly shuffle along dusty old corridors. The ennui of the eons hangs heavy over the entire planet like a... well, like a big heavy hanging thing."

Charley made a face. "No offense, but it sounds perfectly dreadful."

"Hence, I left," a grinning Doctor said, "and I don't talk about it very much."
"I've noticed that you seem to perform well under pressure," Romana-II said to the Fourth Doctor.

"Mmm," said the Doctor, without looking away from his work.

"You have a real knack for solving difficult problems in short order," Romana said.

"Mmm," said the Doctor.

"That," Romana babbled nervously, "is why I'm sure you'll be able to defuse that massive bomb before the last thirty seconds on its timer run out."

"Mmm," said the Doctor. Romana's commentary was somewhat distracting, but he wasn't worried at all. In fact, the situation wouldn't merit his complete attention for at least another twenty-eight seconds.
"Some people are coming from the office of the Auditor General to investigate UNIT," the Brigadier said to the Third Doctor.

"Does that concern me?" the Doctor asked. "My laboratory operates on a minimal budget."

"I'm more concerned about the block of warehouse buildings that recently disappeared," the Brigadier said, "thanks to your uncontrolled experiments in time and space!"

"Oh, very well," the Doctor said. "I'll put them back as soon as I can."

"THANK you," the Brigadier said.

"That is," the Doctor said sheepishly, "if *I* can find them."

The Brigadier held his face in his hands and groaned.
Ace found the Seventh Doctor in one of the TARDIS' workshops, assembling bits of junk into a pile of junk.

"Turning lead into gold, Professor?" asked an amused Ace.

"Actually," the Doctor said, "I once built a device that transmutated lead into gold."

"And you didn't keep it?" Ace asked. "Even with your disdain for money, it would have been handy."

"I had to scrap it," the Doctor said, "because it kept ruining all of my pencils."

Ace face-palmed. "Professor, the lead in a pencil isn't actually made of lead."

"Tricky thing, transmutation," the Doctor said. "It isn't particularly selective."
"Tinkering with the TARDIS again?" Rose asked the Tenth Doctor, who was working over a console panel.

"That's right." The Doctor punched a new console button, and a small circular waffle popped up from a wide slot set into another panel.

"Oh," said Rose. "Thanks very much." She took the waffle from its slot, and took a big bite.

The Doctor grimaced. "Rose, that isn't a toaster pastry! It's an organic-media removable data storage disk. You're just bitten off several exabytes of TARDIS backup data."

Rose took another bite of bytes. "Knowledge is warm and golden brown," she said happily.
Chapter Summary

Published 3-Jul-2008; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #204 "nuts" prompt.

The Third Doctor was crouched over a flat tire on Bessie, straining against a tire tool with all his Time Lord strength and cursing fluently in Venusian.

Liz walked up. "Problem?" she asked unnecessarily.

"Even my sonic screwdriver won't budge these confounded lug nuts!" the Doctor said angrily.

"Um, Doctor?" said Liz. "If you want to LOOSEN those lug nuts, you need to, um, 'reverse the polarity of the neutron flow'."

The Doctor blinked. Then he pushed the tire tool the other way, and the top nut easily came loose.

"I knew that," the Doctor said, not at all convincingly.
I Hath A Path

Chapter Summary

Published 13-Jul-2008; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #205 "footwear" prompt.

Charlie was following the Eighth Doctor through an interior TARDIS corridor when she suddenly stumbled. "Doctor?" she asked. "What's this groove in the floor of the TARDIS?"

"Oh! I see what that is," the Doctor said. "That's the path between my bedroom and the nearest bathroom. The layout of this part of the TARDIS hasn't changed in several hundred years, and so I've worn a path in the floor."

"No offense," Charlie said, "but that's... kinda weird."

"Think of it this way," the Doctor said kindly. "I also wore out a few pairs of feet in those hundreds of years."
The Brigadier walked up to the Fourth Doctor (who was paying one of his increasingly rare visits), and dropped a stack of green-bar print-outs in front of him. "What's this?" the Doctor asked.

"Criminal records from a new world-wide law-enforcement computer system," the Brigadier said. "Some chap has been causing trouble all over the world in recent years. Trespassing, petty theft, that sort of thing."

"Would I know him?" the Doctor asked.

"Possibly," the Brigadier said dryly. "Tall fellow with curly grey hair and a penchant for fancy dress and gadgetry?"

"I haven't seen him," a grinning Doctor said truthfully.
Peri strolled past two beach-bums, wearing her skimpy pink bikini, and completely covered in sunscreen lotion that glistened in the sun.

"She's gorgeous!" one beach-bum whispered to the other.

"And look who she's with," the other beach-bum said.

The Sixth Doctor walked past them, behind Peri. The portly Time Lord was wearing a 1920s tank suit in familiar garish patch-work colors, carrying a blow-up horsie water toy, and messily munching on fish and chips.

"Why do girls like her end up with guys like him?" the first beach-bum asked.

"It's a mystery of the Universe," the second beach-bum noted accurately.
Kirakishou Up

Chapter Summary

Published 24-Jul-2008; crossover/humor; 100 words.

For the **dw100** #208 "**bananas**" prompt.

See also *Rozen Maiden*. (Apologies for the **obscure fanon** crossover.)

A doll walked up to the Third Doctor and Jo, silently staring at them with one yellow eye. It wore an otherworldly off-white dress and a tiny rose over its other eye.

"Where did THAT come from!?” Jo asked.

"Perhaps the Nestene Consciousness has returned," the Doctor said.

The doll licked its lips, as if it were... hungry.

"I don't think so," Jo said. "The Nestene Autons weren't THAT creepy."

The doll tied a napkin around its neck, held up a tiny fork and knife, and smiled evilly.

"Run?" Jo asked hopefully.

"When I say run," the Doctor agreed. "RUN!!"
"Look what I found in your wardrobe, you pervert," Rose said to the Tenth Doctor. She was wearing a French maid outfit.

"Oh, no," the Doctor said. "That's from the 'maid and butler' planet. All of their women dress like that."

"A planet of domestic servants?" Rose asked. "It must be clean and tidy."

"Oh, no," the Doctor said again. "It's a frightful mess, due to their endless gratuitously destructive battles with evil-doers."

Rose blinked. "Wait— what?"

"All maids are secretly aliens or robots with super-powers," the Doctor said smugly. "If you watched your Japanese animation, you'd know these things."
Susan walked into the TARDIS console room, and found the First Doctor scowling at the monitor. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

"We have a trespasser," the Doctor said, pointing out a young man who was loitering on Totter's Lane. "I don't like the look of that miscreant."

"Why, Grandfather!" said Susan. "I think he's rather cute."

The Doctor ignored Susan's hormones. "When *I* was his age," he declared, "I had better things to do than waste time in a junkyard!"

"And yet," Susan noted dryly, "here you are now."

The Doctor cupped an ear. "Pardon?"

"Oh, nothing," Susan said innocently.
The Fifth Doctor was preoccupied with something, in a small room deep within the TARDIS, when he heard a faint but familiar susurration. "Doctor... Doctor... Doctor..."

"Oh, not NOW," the Doctor said out loud.

"Danger... danger... danger..." a disembodied White Guardian whispered.

"Well," the Doctor cried, "that's no reason to hassle me on the TOILET!!"

"Sorry... sorry... sorry..."

And then, the Doctor heard Turlough outside the door. "Uh, Doctor? Are you alright? Who are you talking to in there?"

*When one roams the entire Universe*, the Doctor thought bitterly, *is it too much to hope for a modicum of PRIVACY!*?
Nyssa knocked at the open door of Tegan's room in the TARDIS. "Tegan? Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Thank you! It's a pleasure to be served tea for a change," Tegan the former stewardess said. "I see I've trained you well."

Nyssa paused. "You have?"

Tegan giggled. "Sorry, hon. That was only a joke."

Nyssa set out the tea, stood back and fidgeted. "Um, Tegan? Would you like to, um, train me?"

"To do what, hon?" Tegan asked.

"...anything," Nyssa said, softly and submissively.

Tegan blinked a few times. And then, she slowly smiled. "...yeah, alright," she said.
The Third Doctor had accepted delivery of several large crates to his UNIT laboratory. He was reviewing the shipping list as Jo walked up.

"Is this equipment for your space-time research?" Jo asked.

"No," the Doctor said, "it's materiel for assisting UNIT in battle. We must be prepared for anything."

Jo's eyes widened. "Is it dangerous?"

"Not really." The Doctor read from the shipping list. "A pair of jet skis... a portable ice-maker... fifty gallons of glue... three dozen bowling balls..."

"Um, Doctor?" asked Jo. "Are we preparing to fight alien invasions, or are we trying to catch a road-runner?"
Diary Dear

Chapter Summary

Published 15-Dec-2008; humor; 100 words.

For the 31 days "only the curious have, if they live, a tale worth telling at all" prompt.

"Doctor?" said Romana-II. "I found your old 500-year diary in the TARDIS library. You might have misfiled it on the top shelf."

"Ah! Thank you," the Doctor said as he accepted the diary. "So, have you read any of it?"

"Of course not!" a slightly offended Romana said. "I wouldn't pry into your private thoughts and your personal experiences, no matter how fascinating or 'juicy' they might be."

"That's a most commendable attitude, Romana," an impressed Doctor said.

"That," Romana said, "and the lock on its cover strap appears to be 'sonic screwdriver proof'."

"That, too," a grinning Doctor agreed.
Zoe leaned into the TARDIS console room, from the interior doorway, wearing a fuzzy bathrobe. "Doctor?" she asked. "Where's the soap?"

"Next to the towels," the Doctor said, without looking up from the console.

"Thank you." Zoe said politely. She left for the distant TARDIS bathroom.

But then, twenty minutes later, she returned. "Doctor?" she asked. "Where are the towels?"

"Next to the soap," the Doctor said.

Zoe sighed. "Doctor..."

The Doctor looked up. "I'm sorry, Zoe. I'm afraid I'm not much of a housekeeper. In fact, I can't remember the last time I cleaned the bathroom."

"I just cleaned it myself," Zoe said. "That's why *I* need to take a bath now."

"I see," the Doctor said, turning back to the console again. "Shall we just pop down to the chemist for some bath supplies? I believe the nearest shops are only forty light-years from here."

"No, that's alright," Zoe said. "Jamie has been travelling with you longer than I have. Maybe I could just borrow soap and towels from his room."

"I'm afraid that's unlikely," the Doctor said. "Remember, Jamie is from 1746."

"You mean," Zoe asked, "he's never even taken a..."

The Doctor nodded.

"Eww," said Zoe.
Shortly after arriving on an alien world, the Sixth Doctor and Peri encountered two aliens— an older male and a young female, much like themselves.

Before the Sixth Doctor could introduce himself, the female alien shrieked, slapped his face, and ran away in tears. "What was THAT for!?” the Doctor shouted indignantly.

"Your garments, sir," the male alien said. "Our written language consists of combinations of colors and patterns. I take it you are not familiar with the language?"

The Doctor nodded. "Apparently, the telepathy of the Time Lords doesn't interpret 'fashion statements'."

"Then this was a simple misunderstanding," the alien said. "But I must warn you, sir— your clothes are remarkably offensive."

"I've been saying that ever since he started wearing them," Peri said.

The Doctor ignored Peri. "Just what, exactly, do they say?" he asked.

An embarrassed alien whispered in the Doctor's ear. "Good heavens!" the Doctor said. "I must find that poor girl and apologize to her at once!"

"What DO your clothes say?" Peri asked. "I don't know how it could be any worse than your usual arrogance."

The Doctor whispered in Peri's ear, in turn. Peri shrieked, slapped his face, and ran away in tears.
The Eighth Doctor and another scientist were carefully examining the gruesome remains of the biological component of a dead Dalek.

"...Fascinating," the Eighth Doctor said. "You say this particular specimen was unexpectedly weak and easily destroyed in combat?"

"Indeed," the scientist said. "And I believe I've discovered the reason why. Take a look at these test results, Doctor."

The Doctor accepted a report from the scientist, and read through it at super-human speed. "Is this the genetic make-up of that Dalek?" he asked in surprise. "It's been manipulated beyond all recognition!"

"I suspect," the scientist said, "that Davros, the some-time master of the Daleks, has been re-engineering the Daleks' genetic material over and over again, in a futile effort to make them even more ruthless and inhuman."

"The fool," the Doctor said sadly.

"And take a look at this chromosome." The scientist pointed it out. "These two sections have apparently been manipulated so often that they're entirely devoid of their original genetic content."

"I see!" the Doctor said. "Davros must have 'worn out his favorite pair of genes'!"

The scientist glared at the Doctor.

"I beg your pardon," the Doctor said. "I have some half-human genetic issues of my own."
The Fourth Doctor was hobbling around the TARDIS console as Romana-II walked into the console room. "Are you hurt?" Romana asked.

The Doctor awkwardly held up one foot in response. "I've worn out my boots!" he said dramatically. "Do you realize what this means?"

Romana frowned. "Um... you need a new pair of boots?"

The Doctor swept out his arms in a grand gesture. "It means I've walked many a mile, far more than any other Time Lord! How many worn-out boots did you see in the Citadel on Gallifrey?"

"Very few," Romana admitted.

"I've strolled through flat fields of alien grass, and climbed the tallest mountains of black granite," the Doctor said distantly. "I've left footprints in soft sands and snow that were lost in five minutes... and prints in the wet clay of primitive worlds that will be preserved for millenia. I've been places! I've done things!"

"You've rushed in," Romana asked, "where wise men fear to tread?"

"Yes!!" the Doctor cried. "I've done what had to be done, one step at a time!!"

"...but," Romana added, "you'll still have to buy a new pair of boots."

"Or the services of a cobbler," the Doctor said.
The Left-Handed Hummingbird

Chapter Summary

Published 19-Feb-2009; humor/parody; 200 words.

For the 31_days_exchange "A left-handed batsman" prompt.

See also The Left-Handed Hummingbird and The Princess Bride.

This contains Fourth Wall breaking. Reader discretion is advised.

The Fifth Doctor, wearing full batsman gear, stood on the pitch and faced down a bowler incongruously dressed all in black.

"I admit it," the Doctor said. "You are better than I am."

"Then why are you smiling?" the Bowler In Black asked.

"Because I know something you don't know."

"And what is that?"

"I am not left-handed." The Doctor turned his cricket bat in his hands, and turned to face the batsman from the other direction.

"Oh," the Bowler In Black said. "There's something *I* ought to tell YOU."

"Tell me," the Doctor said.

"I am not left-handed either." The Bowler In Black shifted the ball to his other hand, and shifted his stance to his other side.

"Who are you?" the Doctor cried.

"No one of consequence," the Bowler In Black said casually.

"I must know!" the Doctor declared.

"Get used to disappointment," the Bowler In Black said.

—

Tegan and Nyssa watched this exchange from the edge of the field.

"That bowler has got to be the Master," Tegan whispered. "Why doesn't the Doctor recognize him?"

"Contractual obligation," Nyssa whispered back. "He can't recognize the Master right away, or else it'll spoil the plot."
"...I see," Tegan lied.
Benny watched the Seventh Doctor fit the final pieces into a bulky device he'd been assembling in one corner of the TARDIS workshop.

"OK, you've finally finished working on that thing," Benny said. "Now, are you going to tell me what it does?"

"Very well," the Doctor said as he rubbed his hands with a handkerchief. "This, my dear Professor Summerfield, is a trouble detector."

"...I see," Benny said. "Permit me one question?"

"Certainly," the Doctor said.

"What is it, really?"

"I take it you don't believe me," a disappointed Doctor said.

"For one thing," Benny said, "it isn't nearly big enough to measure the trouble you cause! For once, why can't you just give a straight answer—"

The machine began to beep and flash. "There!" the Doctor said triumphantly. "You see? It works! All it needed was the trouble of an argument!"

Benny sighed. "Fine. It's a trouble detector... but why is it still going off, now that I've agreed with you?"

"I don't know." The Doctor leaned over it. "Perhaps it has a spot of trouble."

"How can we be sure?" Benny asked. "Does that thing work against itself?"

"This is a troubling problem," a troubled Doctor said.
The Brigadier was paying a visit to the Doctor's UNIT laboratory. "Any luck with repairing that time machine of yours?" he asked the Doctor and Jo.

"None at all, I'm afraid," the Doctor said. "Tell me, did you notice anything unusual, this morning?"

"Quite the opposite," the Brigadier said. "I was in a budget meeting with the staff accountants all morning. It was only two hours, but it felt like twenty."

"It might have been twenty hours in your own time-line," the Doctor said apologetically. "I was conducting some time-shift experiments. But instead of shifting myself in time, I ended up shifting time itself. Great chunks of time were scattered all about the place. It was a frightful mess. It took me months to clean it up."

"But if you caused the problem just this morning," the Brigadier asked, "and if the TARDIS is broken, where did you find several months of time to fix it?"

The Doctor waited for the coin to drop.

"...oh," the Brigadier said. "Well, as long as it's sorted now. Were you caught up in it as well, Miss Grant?"

"I slept in past noon, and still got to work by eight," Jo said happily.
As Rose and the Tenth Doctor were enjoying an alien carnival, a young fortune-teller called out from a booth. "Permit me to tell your fortune, good sir?" she asked the Doctor.

"Do you have time?" the Doctor asked pleasantly. "After all, you're going on break in ten minutes."

"Um... how did you know that?" the fortune-teller asked.

"And you've having dinner with your boyfriend after work," the Doctor added, "so don't be late."

"Sir?" the fortune-teller said. "I think I'm supposed to—"

"I think I should warn you," the Doctor said kindly, "that he's planning to ask you to marry him."

The fortune-teller's mouth fell open.

"You should accept, love," the Doctor said. "He's a good man."

"OK," the fortune-teller squeaked.

—

"That was awfully sweet of you," Rose said after she and the Doctor walked away. "But you have to admit, you have an unfair advantage in predictions."

"I once considered going into fortune-telling, myself," the Doctor said.

Rose pulled a face. "Oh, really?"

"But I quickly realized," the Doctor said, "that it was a poor career choice."

Rose decided to play along. "Why's that?"

"With no opportunity for advancement," the Doctor said, "there's simply no future in it—OUCH!!"
Trash Talk

Chapter Summary

Published 19-Feb-2009; humor; 200 words.

For the 31_days_exchnge "Am I your advocate?" prompt.

The First Doctor was walking down the street, enjoying a quiet evening which was suddenly interrupted by an irate old woman.

The woman blocked the Doctor's path and poked him with an accusing finger. "Well, ain't you a fine one," she asked rhetorically.

"I like to think so," the Doctor agreed.

"Here you are," the woman said, "walkin' down the street in yer fancy clothes, with yer head held high, after what you done!"

"Might I inquire," the Doctor asked, "as to the nature of the offense which I have committed?"

"Yer the 76 Totters Lane rag-and-bone man, aintcha!?!" the woman shouted.

"I have temporarily taken up residence in that particular place of business, yes," the Doctor said.

"Then tell me what reason you got to raise yer rates!" the woman demanded.

"A finite supply of raw materials in this planet's crust?!" the Doctor said. "And the excessive waste of rampant consumerism, perhaps?!"

"Never mind that!!" the woman said. "I can't afford ta pay fer those fancy clothes! What'm I supposed to do with the tins?!?"

"If I were not a gentleman," the Doctor said dryly, "I would make a suggestion as to exactly what you could do with them."
"You stupid ape!!" the Ninth Doctor shouted, after Ace committed some minor blunder the Eighth Doctor wouldn't have even noticed.

"Don't call me stupid," Ace said.

"...I mean, stupid girl!" the Doctor yelled.

"Don't call me stupid," Ace said again.

The Doctor ignored her. "To call you stupid would be an insult to stupid people! I've known sheep who could outwit you! I've worn scarves with higher IQs! But you think you're an intellectual, don't you, ape— AAUGH!!"

—

"All right, all right," the Doctor said. "I apologise."

"You're really sorry?" Ace asked.

"I'm really really sorry," the Doctor repeated. "I apologise unreservedly."

"You take it back?" Ace asked, just to be sure.

"I do," the Doctor said. "I offer a complete and utter retraction. The imputation was totally without basis in fact, and was in no way fair comment, and was motivated purely by malice, and I deeply regret any distress that my comments may have caused you, or your family, and I hereby undertake not to repeat any such slander at any time in the future."

"OK," Ace said, as she effortlessly pulled the Doctor back through the high window from which she'd been dangling him by his ankles.
"We've got another report of 'crop circles' in the area," the Brigadier said to the Third Doctor. He held up an eight-by-ten color glossy photograph with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back.

"Oh no, not again!" The Doctor scowled like an angry old man chasing kids off his damn lawn. "I simply don't see the point of aliens damaging private property with their craft—"

"Like how you've 'done donuts' on the UNIT HQ grounds in 'Bessie'?" the Brigadier asked smugly.

"I've told you, the accelerator stuck!!" the Doctor snapped.

"Of course it did," the Brigadier said condescendingly.
Littered Time Lords

Chapter Summary

Published 8-Jul-2010; humor; 100 words.

For the 31 days "here we are now in containers" prompt.

During a leisurely walk through a city park, the First Doctor bought ice cream cones for Susan and himself.

"This is such a lovely little planet," Susan said happily. "Do you think any others from our world are here now?"

"That seems unlikely," the Doctor said. "I doubt a second TARDIS could be, er, 'borrowed' so quickly after ours."

"What if its chameleon circuit were working?" Susan asked as she dropped her ice-cream wrapper into a litter bin.

"OI!!" said someone inside the litter bin. The wrapper flew back out at Susan.

"...you might have a point," the Doctor noted.
Sir Henry Morton Stanley, exhausted from thousands of miles of hard travel in darkest Africa, walked up to the first apparently English man he'd seen in weeks.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume?" he asked hopefully.

The Fifth Doctor greeted Stanley with a handshake and an apologetic smile. "Well," he said, "you're half right."

Adric ran past them, screaming in terror and waving his arms in the air. A moment later, a rather large gorilla ambled past in playful pursuit.

"I presume that neither one of those two is Livingstone either," Stanley said sadly.

"That presumption," the Doctor said, "is entirely correct."
Jamie and Zoe followed the Second Doctor into the hive of an alien race of bee people.

"Is this place safe?" Zoe asked timidly.

"Quite," the Doctor said. "In fact, I was previously made an honorary leader of this hive."

"How did that happen?" Zoe asked.

"That, my dear Zoe, " the Doctor said, "is none of your beeswax."

Zoe sighed. "I had to ask."

"Jamie!!" the Doctor suddenly shouted. "Don't touch that!!" He slapped Jamie's hand away from a honey-dripping hexagon.

Jamie comically nursed his hand. "Wha— why not?"

"THAT," the Doctor said sternly, "is none of YOUR beeswax."
While fleeing the Master on motorcycle, the Doctor and Grace narrowly avoided a car as it pulled out in front of them.

"That person is going to cause an accident someday," the Doctor shouted back to Grace.

"No kidding..." Grace paused. "Wait— you know that first-hand, don't you?"

The Doctor quickly did the date math. "In three years, one month and four days from today, to be precise."

"The insurance companies must love you," Grace said.

They almost collided with a second car which swerved out of control and bent its fender against a railing.

"Or maybe not," Grace added.
Bathroom For Argument

Chapter Summary

Published 22-Jul-2010; humor; 100 words.

For the 31 days "There's a bathroom on the right" prompt.

This contains toilet humor. Reader discretion is advised.

The Fourth Doctor nearly ran past Romana in a TARDIS hallway. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" Romana asked.

"Bathroom 17B," the Doctor said as he opened a nearby door. "Nature calls."

"But that bathroom has only a counter-top basin," Romana said.

The Doctor looked away sheepishly.

"...oh, Doctor!" said Romana. "How could you!??"

"It's easy, in male humanoid form," said the Doctor. "You just undo your trousers, and—"

"Well," Romana said quickly, "you won't be doing that while I'm aboard!"

"But I really have to go!!" the Doctor whined.

"You'll just have to contain yourself!!" Romana snapped.
Ace walked past the Seventh Doctor and Benny, wearing a rather modest one-piece swimsuit, and carrying a super-soaker water-gun that was almost as large as she was.

"What's that about?" Benny asked.

"We're headed for a tropical planet covered in shallow water," the Doctor said. "Its natives invite all races to take out their aggression and settle their differences in water fights."

"Sounds silly to me," Benny said. "More likely, they're just looking for an excuse to watch alien women run around in swimsuits."

"Regardless of ulterior motive," the Doctor said, "water is better than bullets."

"That's true," Benny agreed.
Regeneration Denigration

Chapter Summary

Published 31-Jul-2010; humor; 100 words.

For the **31 days** "You've been outright offensive for so long now" prompt.

The Sixth Doctor and Peri walked up to a seemingly mild-mannered alien. "Excuse me—" the Doctor began.

"Oh, it's you," the alien said. "What do you want, you smug insufferable jerk!?"

"I think he knows you, Doctor," an amused Peri said.

"Not personally," the alien said, "but our world has long known of the Doctor's current incarnation. His admittedly admirable accomplishments are surpassed only by his own ego."

"Tell me about it," Peri said. "You should try traveling with him."

"Oh, you poor thing!" the alien said in genuine sympathy.

"You know," an irked Doctor said, "I am still here!!"
Sarah and the Fourth Doctor were gazing at a view of the Milky Way galaxy from above galactic center on the TARDIS console room monitor.

"It's amazing," Sarah said. "I've only seen the edge of it from Earth."

"It has at least a hundred billion stars," the Doctor said, "and every one holds the promise of adventure. Even with a time machine, we could never hope to visit more than a tiny fraction of them."

"Which one are we going to next?" Sarah asked.

"...I can't decide," the Doctor admitted. "Why don't you choose?"

"Nuh uh," Sarah said nervously. "You."
The Seventh Doctor and Ace were watching some classic comedy films from Earth in a lounge area deep within the TARDIS.

After awhile, the Doctor sighed sadly. "What's wrong, Professor?" asked Ace. "I thought you liked vaudeville routines, what with the spoons and such."

"Ah, but it's all so predictable," the Doctor said distantly. "Plans gone wrong... childish recriminations... and then, pain and suffering. I fear we shall never escape the endless cycle of violence."

"It might be predictable," Ace said, "but when Moe tells Curly to 'pick two', it wouldn't be funny if Curly didn't get his eyes poked."
Mel found the Sixth Doctor sitting in a pile of TARDIS parts beneath the console. "More maintenance work, Doctor?" she asked.

"After several hundred years of quick-and-dirty repairs," the Doctor said, "this poor old TARDIS has far too much 'technical debt'."

Mel the computer programmer understood the Doctor's terminology perfectly. "You could say you 'owe it to yourself'— or rather, your past selves— to redo the repairs."

"Well said!" the Doctor said. "Although, it's more like my past selves owe it to ME. After all, I'm far more talented than they were."

"...I see," Mel said carefully without actually agreeing.
The Fourth Doctor and Harry were exploring another abandoned control room. "Don't touch anything," the Doctor said.

"Understood," Harry said.

"Are you sure?" the Doctor said. "In the past seventy-two hours, you've crashed the Matrix, nearly sent the TARDIS into a black hole, and burned the toast!—"

The Doctor's scarf suddenly snagged a control lever. Warning klaxons sounded, and the room was bathed in ominous red light.

"Harry?" the Doctor said sadly. "It seems you're no longer the only imbecile in our party."

"It's entirely due to my influence, of course," a self-deprecating Harry said. "You mustn't take any credit."
The Second Doctor drew Zoe's attention to an alien spaceship that was slowly crossing the TARDIS monitor. "Oh look, Zoe. There's a Plaimobyl battle cruiser."

"It looks more like a plastic child's toy with a sparkle firework duct-taped behind it," Zoe noted.

"Looks can be deceiving, my dear," the Doctor said. "It's actually one of the most powerful and effective military ships in the galaxy. One of those defeated an entire Dalek war fleet."

"How?" a disbelieving Zoe asked.

"The Daleks are famously humorless creatures," the Doctor said, "but they took one look at that flimsy battleship and died laughing."
The Master had captured the Fifth Doctor and Tegan, and he had begun the obligatory gloating.

"You're not the man you used to be," the Master said. "Your Earth-bound persona wouldn't have been caught so easily... and he would never have been caught in a cricket sweater and Panama hat."

"I've come to expect your vicious personal invective," the Doctor said in a hurt Fifth Doctor voice, "but the comments on my clothing really aren't necessary."

"He might be a murderous sociopath," Tegan noted, "but he does have an elegant sense of fashion."

"Not helpful, Tegan," the Doctor said patiently.
Ian found a subdued First Doctor fondly watching Susan as she reviewed an impromptu history lesson with Barbara.

"Susan is very dear to you, isn't she," Ian said quietly.

"Quite so," the Doctor said. "And I'm grateful that Barbara is traveling with us for Susan's sake."

"It seems that my presence has the lowest priority," Ian said wryly.

"Nonsense, my dear Chatterton!" said the Doctor. "We might not always agree on the best course of action, but you've proven yourself to be a steadfast and trustworthy companion, and I treasure our friendship as well."

"Er, that's 'Chesterton','" Ian said sadly.
The Twelfth Doctor and Clara were investigating a seedy interstellar side-show.

"What are we looking for?" Clara asked.

"You'll know it when you see it," the Doctor said enigmatically.

"EEUGH!!" said Clara.

"...and you've seen it," the Doctor said unnecessarily.

Clara pointed. "It's the scariest 'Bearded Lady' ever!"

"So it is," the Doctor said. "Hello, Missy. Tell me, why did you grow a beard?"

Missy smiled seductively while stroking her newly hirsute chin. "I was feeling nostalgic for my old 'look'. Do you like it?"

"NO!!" Clara yelled.

The 'Greatest Show In The Galaxy' this is NOT," the Doctor declared.
The Sixth Doctor and Peri left an alien all-you-can-eat buffet. The Doctor was happily rubbing his belly, but Peri was troubled.

"It seems like we were eating for an awfully long time," Peri said.

"Ah," a suddenly guilty Doctor said. "Well, to be honest..."

"Doctor!" said Peri. "You shouldn't manipulate time to take advantage of paid services."

"Oh?" the Doctor said smugly. "This planet also has a renowned health spa for humanoid species, and they offer the most pleasurable therapeutic massages in the galaxy. But if you wouldn't want me to extend your massage..."

"...this conversation never happened," Peri said.
Charley overheard the Eighth Doctor cursing in Old High Gallifreyan from under the TARDIS console. "Trouble?" she asked.

"Yes, and I can't fix it. We'll have to wait for help." The Doctor jumped to his feet and activated a distress signal.

After only a few seconds, the Doctor impatiently checked his pocket watch. "Taking their TIME, aren't they," he grumbled.

"Unlike certain people I could name," an amused Charley said, "most folks don't come running at the first sign of trouble."

"Well, they SHOULD," a pouting Doctor said. "I'm already bored."

"Travel Scrabble?" Charley suggested.

The Doctor sighed. "...yeah, alright."
The Twelfth Doctor and Clara stood at the edge of an alien sea, gazing out across the gently lapping waves.

"It's very beautiful," Clara said.

"There's a lost civilization under that sea," the Doctor said distantly. "Like your fabled Atlantis, and so many other sunken continents across the galaxy. An entire population, lost within hours... and I briefly knew some of those lost souls personally."

"Oh," said Clara. "I'm sorry."

But the Doctor wasn't finished. "The IDIOTS! I TOLD them that they had built their stupid civilization over a tectonic fault!"

"I'm less sorry than a moment ago," Clara said.
The Third Doctor was chasing an alien craft with Bessie, with the Brigadier riding shotgun and Benton cowering behind them.

Unfortunately, the craft pulled away. The Doctor braked hard and pulled off the road. "Well, we've lost it," he said angrily.

The Brigadier turned in his seat. "Are you still with us, Benton?"

Benton's face had gone as green as his uniform. He dived behind a road-side bush.

"Addendum," the Brigadier said. "We've lost both the alien and Benton's breakfast."

"Terribly sorry," the Doctor said. "But you seem alright, Brigadier."

"A bit shaken, Doctor," the Brigadier admitted, "but not stirred."
Soul Full Eyes

Chapter Summary

Published 31-Mar-2016; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #593 "window" prompt.

The Fourth Doctor was spending a leisurely afternoon at a quiet coffeehouse.

The barista returned to his table. "How's your coffee, sir?" she asked.

The Doctor gave her his best wide-eyed smile. "Delightful, thank you."

"Oh my," the bohemian barista said. "Pardon my saying, but if 'the eyes are the window to the soul', then you might be one of the most soulful men that I've ever met."

"What a lovely thought," the Doctor said. "I should introduce you to an old friend of mine named Alpha Centauri. By your measure, Alpha Centauri had more soul than four of me."
The Second Doctor and Jamie watched Zoe restore a damaged computer that she had salvaged during a recent adventure for her own enjoyment.

"Are you completely rewriting its software?" an impressed Doctor asked.

"More or less," Zoe said. "I think my 'version 2.0' will be a huge improvement."

"I quite prefer my own 'version 2.0' over my original release," the Doctor said.

"I dinna understand any of this," Jamie complained.

"Don't worry," Zoe said wryly. "If the Doctor is a 'version 2.0', then you're an 'alpha'."

"Is that good?" Jamie asked the Doctor.

"Yes and no," the Doctor said carefully.
A Nod Is As Good As A Wink To A Blind Bat

Chapter Summary

Published 7-Apr-2016; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #597 "wink" prompt.

See also a certain Monty Python sketch.

Benny found the Seventh Doctor working at the TARDIS console. "What are you doing?" Benny asked.

"Tuning the translation circuit," the Doctor said. "Could I ask for your help?"

"Certainly," Benny said.

The Doctor made an adjustment. "Can you understand this translation?"

"Yes," Benny said.

"How about now? Can you understand this?"

"Yes."

"Know what I mean nudge nudge wink wink?"

"I didn't quite follow that," Benny said nervously.

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind bat," the Doctor added.

"That's even more confusing," Benny said, "and yet, it sounds exactly like something you would say."
Sergeant Benton and Captain Yates watched an armed soldier patrol the UNIT grounds. "Is that man new, sir?" Benton asked.

"Yes, that's right," Yates said. "The Brigadier assigned him to guard the first of the two footbridges near the Brigadier's own quarters."

Benton blinked. "You mean?..."

"That's right, Benton," said a smiling Yates. "He's Lethbridge-Stewart's left-bridge steward."

"With all due respect, sir," Benton said nervously, "if you make jokes like that around the Brigadier, you'll be taken away by Lethbridge-Stewart's locked-brig steward."

"Not to worry," Yates said. "I'm not sure I could say that again even if I wanted to."
The Tenth Doctor and Donna were chasing a small but dangerous alien through a derelict mansion. It darted into the kitchen and hid in the cabinets under a large metal sink.

The Doctor held a finger to his lips, kneeled and opened the cabinet, and crawled halfway in. Donna suddenly heard a heavy thump.

"ARRGH!!" the Doctor said.

"What!?" said Donna.

"IT'S A TRAP!!"

"WHAT!?"

The Doctor crawled back out and rubbed his head. "You know," he said, "the bendy part of the drain under the sink. Banged my head against it something fierce."

"My head hurts too," Donna whimpered.
The Eighth Doctor had taken Sam back to Gallifrey's distant past. They sat in a crowded hall deep in the Citatel and watched a solemn convocation.

"Isn't crossing your own path a violation of the laws of time?" Sam whispered, as a familiar young man accepted his doctorate.

"Yes," the Doctor said with an impish grin, "and it's even MORE dangerous to do something like THIS."

He produced a peashooter, and proceeded to ping a newly-degreed First Doctor with a pea.

"Oh, Doctor!" said a disappointed Sam.

"I've wanted to do that to 'him' for centuries," the Doctor said happily.
Chapter Summary

Published 27-Apr-2016; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #376 "compass" prompt. (Originally written for the "magnet" prompt, but then I saw this more specific older prompt.)

See also "You Spin Me Round" by Dead Or Alive.

As the Fourth Doctor and Leela explored an alien forest, the Doctor reached into a pocket and held up an old-fashioned compass.

"What is that?" Leela asked.

"It's a magnet on a pin," the Doctor explained. "During the day, we can't see the stars, and so we can use this to find... north..."

As Leela and the Doctor watched, the compass smoothly spun round one-hundred eighty degrees.

"Is that supposed to happen?" Leela asked innocently.

"Yes," the Doctor said, "but a planet's magnetic field reverses only once every few million years."

"Your timing is as unfortunate as ever," Leela noted.
Ace found the Seventh Doctor grumbling over a TARDIS workbench. "What's wrong, Professor?" she asked.

The Doctor held up his beloved spoons. "They're stuck together. It's as if someone passed an extremely strong magnet over them."

"Goodness," Ace said with a straight face. "How could THAT have happened?"

The Doctor pulled out a heavy electromagnet, briefly switched it on and off again, and easily pulled the spoons apart. "Good as new!" he said as he began to play them.

"That's... nice," Ace lied.

—

Later that night, Ace opened a tube of metal-bonding superglue. *This isn't over yet, Doctor,* she thought.
The Tenth Doctor and Martha reclined on an alien knoll and looked up at a night sky as bright as day.

"I know you said we're near the center of this galaxy," Martha asked, "but why is the sky THIS bright?"

"Another galaxy is colliding with this one," the Doctor explained. "Suns tearing each other apart... black holes swallowing each other... primal energies rending space-time itself asunder. It's quite the spectacle."

"I didn't think you were the 'demolition derby' type," Martha said.

The Doctor grinned. "There isn't a man alive, human OR alien, who doesn't enjoy a stonking great smash-up."
The Eleventh Doctor had gone to another doctor for a physical. Like most doctors, human or alien, the Doctor's doctor was unfamiliar with dual cardiovascular systems.

The Doctor's doctor held a stethoscope over the Doctor's chest, heard the Doctor's apparent double heartbeat, and paused in surprise. "Problem?" an amused Doctor asked.

"Your heartbeat," the Doctor's doctor said. "It has an echo."

The Doctor pulled a face. "From all the conclusions to which you could jump," he said incredulously. "you jump to THAT conclusion!?"

"You're awfully smug," the Doctor's doctor said, "for someone with a great echoing space in his body."
After witnessing the destruction of large parts of two galaxies, the Tenth Doctor and Martha had gone for milkshakes.

"How are we going to top your galactic 'demolition derby'?" Martha asked. "Like you said, it was quite the spectacle."

The Doctor scanned an alien tourism pamphlet. "Here's some local attractions... Perhaps the Great Chartreuse CVE?"

Martha shook her head while sipping at her shake. "Mmm."

"The Biggest Ball Of Twine In NGC-7840?"

"Mmm."

"The All-Male Nude Oil Wrestlers Of Jargon Nth?"

Martha suddenly choked on her shake.

"Oh! Does that interest you?" a genuinely clueless Doctor asked.

"...maybe," Martha squeaked.
The Sixth Doctor had finally returned to the Eye of Orion with Mel. He and Mel stepped out of the TARDIS, expecting a pristine locale, but instead encountered a roadside dump.

"How awful!" Mel picked up a Twinkie wrapper and regarded it with disgust. "Do people have no shame!?"

"Apparently not," the Doctor said. "Still, one can expect to find the occasional 'sty' in any 'Eye'."

Mel glared at the Doctor.

"...litter pick-up?" the Doctor asked sadly.

Mel handed the Twinkie wrapper to him. "Litter pick-up," she declared.

"I'd have preferred this wrapper with the original contents," the Doctor grumbled.
Liz sat down with a cup of tea next to a sulking Third Doctor. "Research not going well?" she asked gently.

The Doctor rubbed his neck. "To be honest... I'm stumped."

"Have you tried reversing the polarity of the neutron flow?"

"That's just it, you see. They're neutrons. They DON'T flow."

"Ah," said Liz.

The Doctor watched Liz stir her tea. "LIZ!!" he suddenly cried. "You're a GENIUS!!"

"I am?" Liz asked.

"Brownian motion must be induced first!" the Doctor declared.

Liz smiled to herself. Her breakthrough was luck, but it was nice to hear a man acknowledge her intelligence.
The Twelfth Doctor and Clara ran into an old alien acquaintance of the Doctor, whom the Doctor enthusiastically insulted to its face.

"Your momma is SO FAT," the Doctor said in his best angry Scots accent, "that she makes a red dwarf look like an actual dwarf!!"

"Don't worry," the Doctor whispered to Clara. "This particular species considers it polite to be rude to others."

"...I see," Clara said. "Only STUPID IDIOTS would greet each other like that!"

"Very good, Clara!" the Doctor said proudly. "You've learned to adapt quickly."

"Thanks, you smug insufferable jerk."

"...let's not get carried away."
The Fourth Doctor and Sarah stood on a seemingly barren world.

"I thought you said this planet had some of the largest life forms in the galaxy," Sarah said. "Where are they, then?"

"You're standing on one," the Doctor said. "The tectonic plates themselves are alive."

"Oh," Sarah said nervously. She looked down. "Um... hello."

"The organisms are layered down to the planet's core," the Doctor said, "but only the elite tectonics rise above the mantle."

"You mean?..." Sarah asked.

"Yes. This is the 'upper crust'."

Sarah sighed and looked down again. "At least no one takes you for granite."
The Doctor had returned to an alien cricket field after a lengthy rain delay. A weather-worn android referee greeted him.

The referee presented the Doctor with a trophy. "You've won the match by default, sir. You're the only player still living."

The Doctor nervously tugged at his bowtie. "To be honest, I've actually died half a dozen times in the meantime myself."

"In retrospect," the umpire said, "it was ill-advised to host cricket matches on a planet with a six-century rainy season."

The Doctor agreed. "It'll take some extensive groundskeeping to clear the rainforest that's grown over the playing field."
Low Hanging Fruitless

Chapter Summary

Published 30-Jun-2016; general/humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #609 "low hanging fruit" prompt.

The Seventh Doctor and Ace were enjoying the cool shade and delicious fruit of an alien forest.

"Pity all this fruit is going to waste," Ace said thoughtfully.

"An alien race once lived here," the Doctor said sadly, "but they perished from hunger."

"Here!?" Ace asked. "Why!?"

"They were less than a meter tall," the Doctor said.

"Couldn't they have used ladders? Or stood on each others' shoulders?"

"I'm afraid not. They were also deathly afraid of heights."

"Oh," said Ace. "The poor little buggers."

"Some problems," the Doctor noted, "are much more difficult for some people than for others."
The Second Doctor, Jamie, and Zoe had found themselves trapped in an unusually large "base under siege." They met up after having split up to search for an escape route.

Jamie seemed unusually tense. "Did we na' pass this way before?"

"I don't think so," Zoe said.

"We've landed in some maze-like places," Jamie declared, "but this labyrinth puts the TARDIS corridors to shame! Why, it's enough ta drive a man MAD."

"I've never seen Jamie act like this before," Zoe said to the Doctor.

"It would seem," the Doctor said sadly, "that Jamie has developed a 'complex complex complex.'"
The Linguini Incident

Chapter Summary

Published 14-Jul-2016; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #611 "incident" prompt.

See also The Linguini Incident.

This contains nudity (sort of). Reader discretion is advised.

With some difficulty, Nyssa and Tegan made their way to the Fifth Doctor's side in the TARDIS kitchen.

"Doctor?" said Tegan. "The TARDIS is full of linguini."

"I had noticed, Tegan," the Doctor said dryly as he worked on a malfunctioning food-replicator.

"Can you stop it soon?" Tegan asked.

"I could," the Doctor said, "if all this LINGUINI weren't in the way."

"Well, do SOMETHING," Tegan said. "Poor Nyssa is chin-deep in pasta."

"It's not so bad," Nyssa said. "I didn't have to put on any clothing today."

The Doctor and Tegan both stared at Nyssa.

"What?" Nyssa asked innocently.
The Twelfth Doctor held out a wax-paper bag to Clara. "Jelly baby? Fresh from the confectionary."

"I AM peckish. Thanks very much." Clara picked out a strawberry candy from the bag.

She looked at it, and then she looked in the bag. "Doctor? These look just like you and me."

"You can custom-order ANYTHING these days." The Doctor popped a Doctor into his mouth.

Clara looked at the Clara in her hand. "I'm not sure how I feel about this," she said nervously.

"Oh?" an amused Doctor said. "At least some of your species are quite into things like this."
The Tenth Doctor and Rose were in hiding. They watched the Ninth Doctor and an earlier Rose have an earlier adventure.

"Oh, I remember enjoying this runabout!" the Doctor said with childish enthusiasm. "It's such great fun seeing it again."

"Is it possible to get vicarious enjoyment from watching another person when the other person was you?" Rose asked.

As if on cue, the Ninth Doctor slipped on a inconveniently-placed banana peel and fell flat on his face.

"Ooh," the Tenth Doctor said with a wince. "I didn't enjoy THAT bit."

"I did and did again," a giggling Rose said.
The Brigadier barged into the Auderly House study, past a startled Third Doctor, and poured himself a glass of wine.

"I take it you're no longer on duty," the Doctor said dryly.

"I made the mistake of engaging Styles in conversation," the Brigadier growled. "We had a full and frank exchange of political views—in a 'manner' of speaking."

"Styles is under tremendous stress," the Doctor said. "Trying to prevent World War Three isn't easy."

"Diplomats have helped prevented countless hostilities," the Brigadier admitted, "and yet, talking to those deceptive double-crossers always inspires in me a desire to START shooting."
The Eighth Doctor had returned to Earth in the late 2010s. Just as he opened the TARDIS doors, a college student barged in with his eyes glued to his mobile.

"Excuse me?" the Doctor asked. "Where do you think you're going?"

"There's a Wartortle in here," the student said without looking up.

"While I am not familiar with that particular alien species," the Doctor said, "I can assure you that it is not indigenous to my TARDIS."

The student finally looked up. "Aw, man. I lost it."

"I fear you might have 'lost it' some time ago," the Doctor noted.
An instrument on the TARDIS console caught Romana-II's eye. "Doctor? We seem to have drifted into an unusually 'hard' vacuum."

"Interesting." The Fourth Doctor checked some other instruments, and then opened the monitor to reveal pitch black deep space.

"It's an inverse marvel," the Doctor said. "This might be as close as we can get to 'empty' within the known universe."

"Or rather, it WAS," Romana said, "until we put a TARDIS in it."

"The 'observer effect'," the Doctor agreed.

"Still, it gives one something to think about."

"Or rather," the Doctor said, "it gives us nothing to think about."
Rose and the Tenth Doctor were stargazing from back on Earth.

"It's nice to see the Big Dipper again," Rose thought out loud.

"Ursa Major was always one of my favorites," the Doctor agreed.

"So," Rose asked, "are there any actual 'space bears' within that constellation?"

The Tenth Doctor was thoughtful. "If there are, Gallifrey didn't know anything about them. Ursine aliens are quite rare in general. But it's such a large constellation that we can't rule that out entirely."

"In other words?..." Rose asked reluctantly.

The Doctor grinned. "It's bear-ly possible."

Rose held her face in her (bare) hands.
Ace was demonstrating a new anti-Dalek weapon to another Space Fleet Irregular Auxiliary.

"Just fire this projectile clamp at the front of the casing, opposite the hinge, so that the Dalek can't escape." Ace fired it at an empty Dalek casing.

"And then?" the rookie asked.

"Cover your ears." Ace flicked a switch, and the electro-magnetic clamp vibrated violently.

Ace turned off the switch. "No need to penetrate their casing. This'll shake them to death!"

"Is it a guaranteed kill?" the rookie asked.

"Two words," Ace said. "Protein smoothie."

The rookie turned green.

Ace smirked. "You a vegetarian, mate?"
"Do you have a sharpening stone that I could borrow?" Leela asked the Fourth Doctor. "I wish to whet my blade."

"Yes, I believe so..." The Doctor rummaged through his bottomless pockets and produced a small stone. "You can have it if you like."

"Thank you," Leela said modestly, "but do you not need your stone? A warrior must take care of their weapons."

"This is the only 'weapon' I need," the Doctor said as he held up his beloved sonic screwdriver.

"I shall prepare my weapon," Leela said dryly, "for all enemies that cannot be slain by high-pitched noises."
An alien family had asked the Seventh Doctor and Ace to take a group picture of them in front of a distant planet's landmark.

"Don't move..." the Doctor said. "Don't MOVE!... JUST STAY STILL, YOU IDIOTS!!"

"Doctor?" said Ace. "You shouldn't get THIS angry—"

"NO, Ace!!" the Doctor turned back to the family. "STAY STILL!! WILL YOU FUCKING STAY STILL, YOU IDIOTS!!? I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU NOT TO MOVE!!...

"YOU MOVED!!" The Doctor threw himself on the ground from sheer anger. "YOU MOVED!!"

_And I thought the Cheetah Planet changed ME_, Ace thought.
Demoted

Chapter Summary

Published 22-Sep-2016; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #621 "mote" prompt.

The Fifth Doctor had answered a distress signal. He and Peri were helping a marooned pilot repair major damage to the pilot's craft.

"When one's shields are faulty," the Doctor thought out loud, "it's astounding how much damage a mote of debris can do to a craft."

"I'm afraid I was also careless," the pilot confessed. "I was doing 0.75c in a 0.45c zone."

"It happens to the best of us," the Doctor said kindly. "Once when I was careless with MY craft, I caused a temporal paradox and became my own grandfather."

*Space travel is dangerous*, Peri thought nervously.
"I've caught the canny criminal who's been stealing our Jammie Dodgers," the Eleventh Doctor said to Amy as he dragged the Sixth Doctor into view.

"There's a criminal sociopath," Amy said, "if ever I saw one."

"As you humans say," the Sixth Doctor sniffed, "'it takes one to know one'."

"If you were wanting biscuits," the Eleventh Doctor asked, "why did you go to the trouble of time-shifting yourself into a future self's TARDIS?"

"I didn't feel like going out," an unrepentant Sixth Doctor said.

"We LIVE in a TARDIS!" the Eleventh Doctor said. "GOING OUT is what we DO!!"
While making an escape, the Fourth Doctor, Harry, and Sarah ran down a hallway that ended in three closed doors.

The Doctor set to work on the first door with his sonic screwdriver. "I'll unlock this door in no time," he said.

"Doctor! Harry!" said Sarah.

"No time for that!" Harry said. He repeatedly threw himself against the second door to force it open.

"DOCTOR! HARRY! HERE!" Sarah said as she opened the unlocked third door.

"...after you, Doctor," said Harry.

"No, no. After YOU," the Doctor said.

Sarah rolled her eyes and ran through her door. "After ME, then!!"
Charley handed a large sealed bottle containing a rolled-up paper to the Eighth Doctor. "I found this floating in the river," Charley said eagerly. "Maybe it's the final words of a shipwrecked sailor, or correspondence from a long-lost lover."

"Well, let's see what it says." The Doctor produced a corkscrew and opened the bottle.

"HEY!!" said the paper. "Whadya think yer doin', breakin' inta my ship!?"

"I beg your pardon," the Doctor said to the tiny alien. "We thought you were a message."

The paper extruded a limb and made a rude gesture. "I got yer message right here, pal!"
Chapter Summary

Published 20-Oct-2016; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #625 "Sixth Doctor episode title" (The Twin Dilemma) prompt.

My original inspiration was even more fan-servicey (i.e. Peri's "twins" dilemma).

This contains partial nudity (good and bad) and cheesy adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

The Sixth Doctor walked up to Peri, wearing a dress shirt that was much too tight. A few of its buttons suddenly popped open from the waist up.

The Doctor sighed. "This shirt fit perfectly for centuries!"

Peri couldn't help but laugh. "Well, you HAVE changed—"

Peri's giggles (and jiggles) were too much for her own tight blouse, which suddenly popped open from the neck down. Peri yelped and gave herself a handbra.

The bare-bellied Doctor and the bare-breasted Peri stared at each other.

"Perhaps," the Doctor suggested, "BOTH of us should wear larger sizes."

"P-p-please," an embarrassed Peri stammered.
The Third Doctor and Jo stood in an alien field of soybean-like plants that clicked together in a breeze. "Are these plants magnetic?" Jo asked.

"This planet has unusually high levels of neodymium." The Doctor plucked and shelled a plant, and handed several spherical magnetic seeds to Jo.

"Why aren't these seeds harvested?" Jo asked.

"Two reasons," the Doctor said. "They've been banned from several planets because they're dangerous to animals and small children. But also, no one can harvest more than a few without playing with them."

"I could believe that," Jo said as she made a perfect hexagon.
"What shall we have for tea?" the Second Doctor asked Jamie.

"I'll have whatever you and Zoe are having," Jamie said.

"Alright." The Doctor turned away. "I'll just see what tickles her fancy—"

"Oh, Doctor!" said Jamie. "You should never do that to a lady!"

"No, Jamie," said the Doctor. "It's only a figure of speech—"

Zoe walked up. "Is something wrong?" she asked innocently.

"Do YOU think it would be proper," Jamie said angrily, "if *I* tickled the Doctor without warning?"

*I have GOT to stop walking in on the middle of their conversations*, poor Zoe thought to herself.
After hiking through an alien forest, the Fifth Doctor, Tegan, and Nyssa had made camp and built a cozy fire.

"Got any scary campfire stories?" Tegan asked Nyssa.

"Certainly." Nyssa lowered her voice. "Once upon a time, an unsuspecting maiden was attacked by a campfire——"

"No, silly!" Tegan giggled. "Stories told BY campfire, not ABOUT campfires!"

Nyssa crossed her arms and pouted. "I knew that," she lied.

Tegan gave her friend a hug. "You are SO CUTE!!" she cried.

"DOCTOR!! Tell Tegan that I can be scary too!" Nyssa whined.

"Sometimes," the Doctor noted, "you're so cute that it's scary."
Clara found the Twelfth Doctor skimming through his 2000 Year Diary with a frown. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I've just realized that I've made a terrible mistake," the Doctor said sadly.

Clara gulped. "If YOU made 'a terrible mistake'... well, what did you do?"

"The first two pages of this diary were stuck together," the Doctor said. "Every one of these entries is a day off."

Clara burst out laughing.

"This is serious, Clara!" the Doctor cried. "When will I find the time to recopy two thousand years of entries?"

"You're a Time Lord," Clara noted. "You'll figure it out."
The Allure Of Alliteration

Chapter Summary

Published 17-Nov-2016; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #629 "recipe" prompt.

The Fourth Doctor and Sarah were trying to talk the alien Villain Of The Week out of its villainy.

"You've got to stop this foolishness!" the Doctor cried. "Can't you see that it's a recipe for ruin?"

"It's a program for peril," Sarah added.

"A tactic of tragedy," the Doctor added.

"A strategy of sorrow," Sarah declared.

"Are you done yet?" the alien villain said.

"A contrivance of calamity," the Doctor added.

"A dastardly design for death and destruction!" Sarah said proudly.

"Well done Sarah!" the Doctor said approvingly.

"I'll just wait until you're done," an annoyed alien villain said.
Rose was watching the Tenth Doctor install a circuit board in the TARDIS console.

"Why are you being so careful?" Rose asked. "It's just a circuit board. Either the connectors line up or they don't."

"The TARDIS is like a living thing," the Doctor said as he pushed the circuit board into place. "She'll reject a badly-installed circuit, like an organ transplant gone wrong."

He stood back. "But it looks like she's accepted this circuit—"

The circuit board suddenly self-ejected, missed the Doctor's scalp by millimeters, and landed in a far corner.

"Rose?" the Doctor said. "Please fetch the mallet."
"Thank you for saving my people," an alien leader said to the Twelfth Doctor and Clara.

"Yes, yes," the Doctor said impatiently. "You're welcome, all in a day's work, et cetera."

"We have little material wealth," the leader said, "but we must reward your valor."

"Virtue is its own reward," the Doctor noted. "Can we get ON with it, please."

The leader produced a strangely familiar hat. "As is our custom, I award you—"

"A FEZ!?" the Doctor cried in disbelief. "Your highest 'medal of honor' is a FEZ!?"

*They're a thousand years and one regeneration too late,* Clara thought.
"Right," the Fifth Doctor said to Tegan and Nyssa during a lull in an adventure. "I'm going to need a kettle and some string."

"WHAT!?" said Tegan. "Are you really going to save the universe using a KETTLE and some STRING!?"

"No, no," the Doctor said. "I've broken a shoelace, and I was wanting a cup of tea while I replace it."

"...oh," Tegan said.

"No," the Doctor continued, "to save the universe, we'll cobble together a weed-eater, a live chicken, and some Cool Whip."

"...oh," Tegan said again.

"Don't forget the paper clips and the duct tape," Nyssa added.
The Third Doctor had gone to a certain department store for a new smoking jacket. The gents' floorwalker approached him. "Are you being served, sir?" he asked.

"Well," the Doctor said, "I was wondering if you—"

"Mr. Grainger, are you free?" said the floorwalker.

"Certainly, Captain Peacock," said Mr. Grainger. "How may I assist you, sir?"

The Doctor tried again. "I was wondering if you—"

"Mr. Humphries, are you free?" said Mr. Grainger.

"Certainly, Mr. Grainger," said Mr. Humphries. "What can I do for you, sir?"

*If the TARDIS were working,* the Doctor thought, *I could time-skip past this routine.*
Nostradamus returned to his house in Salon-de-Provence, walked up to his wife as she was knitting by the fire, and dumped several skeins of yarn by her side.

"...thank you," Madame Nostradamus said, "but you might have bought too much."

"No," Nostradamus said solemnly, "you will need all of this yarn. It is prophesized that a man will come to us from a great distance, and he will request of you a remarkably lengthy garment—"

Madame Nostradamus interrupted him. "Michel? I've asked you not to get carried away with your 'work'."

Nostradamus hung his head. "Yes dear," he said sadly.
Captain Jack was enjoying coffee and a slice of pie following a meal in a family restaurant, late one holiday-season evening.

A waitress walked up. "Was everything OK for you, hon?"

Jack incongruously recited a nursery rhyme in response:

"Captain Jack Harkness sat in the darkness
Eating a Christmas Pie.
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum
And said 'What a good boy am I!'"

The waitress rolled her eyes. "OK... number one, it's not THAT dark in here. Number two, that's peach cobbler. And number three, no offense, but you are obviously NOT a good boy."
"Do we have a list of qualifications for a replacement for Dr. Shaw?" the Brigadier asked Benton and Yates.

Benton read notes from a clipboard. "The successful candidate must be in excellent physical condition... must work well under pressure in dangerous environments with unsafe equipment... knowledge of escapology is desirable..."

"Good heavens!" the Brigadier said. "I thought we were hiring a scientific assistant, not a circus performer!"

"...or a bondage fetish model," Yates added.

An uncomfortable silence fell over the room.

"This new man is a bit suspect, I think," the Brigadier said to Benton.

"Yes sir," Benton said nervously.
After successfully stealing a deregistered Type 40 TARDIS, escaping the Citadel of Gallifrey, and then hurtling through all of time and space, the First Doctor and Susan gazed at the TARDIS monitor.

"Where are we?" Susan asked.

"Mutter's Spiral... third quadrant... Sector 8023... Sol system... third planet," the Doctor said. "Hardly an auspicious beginning for our exploration of the Universe, is it."

"This planet was covered in my spatial cartography lessons," Susan said eagerly. "It's actually a lovely little world. Why don't we take a look while we're here?"

"Alright," the Doctor said with a smile. "Just one quick visit."
The Eighth Doctor had returned to the lake of the Humongous Jeweled Bigmouth, this time with Sam.

"Didn't you say that, the last time you looked for this thing, it almost swallowed you alive?" Sam asked.

"Well, yes," the Doctor said, "but we just have to be careful not to come too close to the water's edge—"

As if on cue, the behemoth crested from the lake and spat out a time-shifted Eighth Doctor at their feet.

"Wait— WHAT!?" Sam said. "I thought it already spat you out!"

"So did I," the Doctor said.

"So did *I*!" the Doctor said.
Ten Most Wanted

Chapter Summary

Published 19-Jan-2017; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #637 "rogue" prompt.

The Tenth Doctor and Rose were studying an electronic "Most Wanted" bulletin board in an alien post office.

"I'm not one to judge aliens by appearance," Rose said, "but it's quite the intergalactic rogue's gallery."

"Well, that suspect should be more familiar," an amused Doctor said as he pointed at a humanoid mug-shot.

"It's you!" Rose said. "I mean, the OLD you. You were a bad boy, weren't you."

"And there I am again... and AGAIN," the Doctor said, pointing out other previous regenerations.

"You're not just IN the Ten Most Wanted," Rose noted. "You ARE the Ten Most Wanted."
The Second Doctor handed what looked like a Yale key to Jamie as they both returned to the TARDIS.

"Try not to lose THIS one, Jamie," the Doctor said. "Try to use it now, to make sure it's a good duplicate."

Jamie inserted it into the TARDIS doorlock, and then tried to turn it. "It's nae workin', Doctor."

"Oh dear. Well, let me..." The Doctor patted his pockets, searching for his own key. "...hmm."

"You've lost the original too!?!" Jamie asked. "What will we do NOW!?!"

"First," the Doctor declared, "let's go back to the locksmith and demand a refund."
The Sixth Doctor and Peri looked at a desolate moonscape on the TARDIS monitor. "Where are we?" Peri asked.

"An unnamed moon of a gas-giant planet," the Doctor said. "It's a dark icy world with a barely breathable atmosphere. Even I wouldn't survive for long out there."

"It sounds hellish," Peri said. "Why are we here?"

"The gas-giant's atmospheric pressures compress carbon into diamonds," the Doctor said. "This moon is covered in them."

"That's amazing," Peri said, "but why would YOU want diamonds?"

"I'm going to bejewel my clothing!" the Doctor said. "Why settle for rhinestones?"

"Oh GOD," Peri whimpered.
The Bowling Green Inferno

Chapter Summary

Published 3-Feb-2017; humor?/parody/WTF!?: 100 words.

For the dw100 #531 "alternate" prompt.

Not usually a political satirist but GEEZ. This is an alternate fact out-take from Inferno.

As the Brigadier watched, Liz tended to a recovering Doctor after he had returned to his workshop from the doomed Earth.

"Where did you go?" Liz asked. "Where did the TARDIS console take you?"

"Same time, same place, but a different dimension. It was a parallel world," the Doctor said. "Terrible things are happening there."

"What terrible things?" Liz asked.

"Frederick Douglass did an amazing job fighting potential grizzlies while three to five million aliens cast illegal votes for the other candidate."

"It's either the darkest timeline," Liz said to the Brigadier, "or the DUMBEST timeline."

"Sad!" the Brigadier agreed.
The Seventh Doctor had dragged an uninterested Ace to a stone ruins on an uninhabited world.

"Oh look! Rocks!" Ace snarked.

"Not just any rocks, Ace," the Doctor said. "This was once the central statehouse of the capital city of the most advanced kingdom on this planet. It was the apex of their civilization, their greatest architectural accomplishment, the best their society had to offer."

"Underachievers, were they?" Ace asked.

The Doctor sighed and held a paternal arm around Ace's shoulders. "Well, not all of us can hope to meet YOUR lofty standards."

"That's true," Ace agreed with false immodesty.
You Can't Go Home Again

Chapter Summary

Published 16-Feb-2017; humor; 100 words.
For the dw100 #641 "submerged" prompt.

The Twelfth Doctor found a young child huddled in a doorway in a bustling alien city.

"On your own, are you?" the Doctor asked gently.

The child nodded.

The Doctor held out his hand. "Let me take you home."

"I can't go back," the child said.

"Of course you can," the Doctor said. "You can't have done anything that bad."

"It's not that," the child said. "My home was destroyed by a massive earthquake, submerged in a worldwide flood, and then atomized by a nearby supernova."

"And I thought Gallifrey had a bad millennium," an impressed Doctor thought out loud.
Pumped Up Kicks

Chapter Summary

Published 23-Feb-2017; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #642 "foster" prompt.

See also "Pumped Up Kicks" by Foster The People.

This contains sudden weird adult humor at the end. Reader discretion is advised.

Tegan found a melancholy Nyssa in the TARDIS' secondary control room, absently staring at its dusty monitor.

"Feeling lonely?" Tegan asked quietly.

"I am the last Trakenite," Nyssa said. "I try not to dwell on it, but..."

Tegan gave her friend a hug. "You've got a foster home with the Doctor," Tegan said, "and you have also me."

"Thank you, Tegan," a touched Nyssa said.

"Let's do something fun together," Tegan asked, "and take your mind off it."

"Could we synthesize some enzymes?" Nyssa the biochemist asked eagerly.

"Wait a minute," Tegan said nervously. "Is that Trakenite slang for sex?"
Romana-II found the Fourth Doctor standing next to the TARDIS and staring at it thoughtfully. "Is something wrong?" Romana asked.

"The chameleon circuit has overloaded the dimensional stabiliser," the Doctor said. "Try to touch the door."

Romana did so— and her hand disappeared into it. "I can't feel anything," she said.

"The TARDIS is bigger on the inside than the outside," the Doctor declared, "and now, it's bigger on the OUTSIDE than on the outside."

"That's one way to innovate in color space," Romana noted.

"It would be more useful," the Doctor said, "if we could reach the door handle."
The Eleventh Doctor was facing an alien bureaucrat. "Do you have identification?" it asked.

"Certainly." The Doctor handed his psychic paper to the bureaucrat.

"Thank you." The bureaucrat dropped the paper into a shredder and turned it into confetti.

"Why did you do THAT!?" the Doctor cried.

"Our identification is strictly single-use," the bureaucrat said. "Didn't you know that, sir?"

"I'm a visitor here," the Doctor confessed.

"In that case, please fill out these forms," the bureaucrat said.

An hour later, the Doctor returned the filled-out forms. "Done."

"Thank you." The bureaucrat immediately shredded the forms.

The Doctor sighed sadly.
"...and so I pulled the sword from the stone," Arturia explained to a sympathetic stranger.

"What will you do?" the Doctor asked gently.

"I don't know," Arturia said. "I'm only a girl. How can I become a knight, let alone a king?"

"You can be anything you want," the Doctor reassured her, "but you won't get credit for it."

"What do you mean?" Arturia said. "I gathered you are a seer. Have you seen the future?"

"I have," the Doctor said. "And I fear your gender was misrepresented until the Japanese did an animated version."

"...you lost me," Arturia said.
The Twelfth Doctor and Clara were watching a spaceship's beacon tracing maneuvers on the TARDIS monitor.

"He really shouldn't be doing that," the Doctor growled.

"Too fast for you?" Clara said smugly.

"No," the Doctor said, "but there's a small black hole near that area—"

As if on cue, the beacon fell into a tight curve and then abruptly disappeared.

A horrified Clara gasped and held a hand to her mouth, but the Doctor was unmoved. "Don't worry, Clara. His body was torn apart before he was crushed into a singularity."

"Not reassured by that OR by YOU," Clara said.
The Sixth Doctor was catching up with an alien acquaintance. "Are you traveling with another human companion?" the alien asked.

"Indeed I am," the Doctor said. "I enjoy their joie de vivre, their zeal for excitement and adventure, and their indomitable spirit!"

As if on cue, Peri walked past, wearing a day-glo (and extremely tight) spandex top and an equally colorful short and skimpy skirt.

The alien eyed the Doctor's coat. "Apparently," it said, "you also share their unfortunate fashion sense."

"Well," the Doctor said, "I've never worn skin-tight spandex."

"The entire Universe is grateful for that," the alien noted.
The First Doctor stumbled out of a malfunctioning and heavily-smoking TARDIS. "Confounded machine," he growled.

"*ahem* Might I be of assistance?"

The Doctor turned to find a young man standing behind him, sporting a bow-tie and an eager smile.

"Surely you jest!" the Doctor said. "What could a young fellow like you know of the mechanisms of dimensionally-transcendental time travel!?!"

"Everything you know," the Eleventh Doctor said smugly, "plus an additional millennium of experience... if you see what I mean."

"Ah," the First Doctor said. "Well, if you've just arrived, that means I WAS able to leave at SOME point."
After helping the First Doctor with TARDIS repairs, the Eleventh Doctor was seeing him off.

"Before we part," the First Doctor asked, "might I ask which 'one' of me you are?"

"It's complicated," the Eleventh Doctor said, "but long story short, I'm the last one."

"Ah," the First Doctor said. "Well, I won't keep you. Good luck to you... and to me."

The Eleventh Doctor shook his hand. "Good luck to us."

After the First Doctor left, the Eleventh Doctor sighed. *I had forgot what an old soul I was*, he thought. *I suppose I'll never be that old again...*
Desertion

Chapter Summary

Published 13-Apr-2017; humor; 100 words.
For the dw100 #648 "desert/dessert" prompt.
See also one of my all-time favorite comic strips.
This contains predictable puns. Reader discretion is advised.

The Second Doctor, Jamie, and Zoe were exploring an abandoned water station in the middle of an alien wasteland.

"This machinery looks large enough, and powerful enough, to irrigate the entire continent," Jamie said.

"Yes," the Doctor said sadly, "but this civilization's leaders ignored its scientists and cut all funding for this station."

Zoe gasped. "You mean—"

"Yes," the Doctor said again. "They 'got their just deserts'."

"Well," Jamie added, "as least they 'had room for desert'."

"Keep this up," a pained Zoe said, "and the next time we have meringue, I'll 'desert' BOTH of you right in the FACE."
"Is the TARDIS kitchen food-replicator on the blink again?" Tegan asked the Fifth Doctor.

"Yes," the Doctor said dryly, "unless you're in the mood for golf-ball pizza."

"I like unusual toppings," Tegan said, "but I'm not THAT omnivorous."

"I have two questions," Nyssa said. "What are 'golf balls'?"

"Small white balls made of resin and rubber," the Doctor said.

"They sound awful," Nyssa agreed. "My other question is, what is 'pizza'?"

Tegan turned to the Doctor. 'Oh, we have GOT to take her to a Chicago-style restaurant!'

"American deep-dish it is," the Doctor declared.

"Without golf balls, please," Nyssa added.
Stolen Ten-Cent Words

Chapter Summary

Published 27-Apr-2017; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #650 "audacity" prompt.

An angry Third Doctor sat down next to Liz in a UNIT laboratory. "Of all the unmitigated audacity!" he cried.

Liz had become used to the Doctor's frequent DRAMA, but she was still concerned. "What happened?" she asked.

The Doctor wasn't done venting. "I cannot comprehend the sheer temerity of such a shameless reprobate!"

"Doctor, please calm down," Liz said patiently. "What happened?"

"Some larcenist brazenly barged into my private quarters," the Doctor said, "and the miscreant absconded with my thesaurus!"

"Is that all?" an amused Liz asked. "I wouldn't worry too much. I don't think YOU need a thesaurus."
Censor Space Ship

Chapter Summary

Published 4-May-2017; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #651 "censor" prompt (posted to AO3 only).

This might be somewhat OOC for Donna, but she's the only companion sassy enough to make this joke work.

This contains adult language (sort of) and adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

Donna found the Tenth Doctor working over the TARDIS console. "What are you up to?" Donna asked.

"I've just discovered a new-to-me function of the telepathic circuitry," the Doctor said.

Donna frowned. "What the CENSORED are you— wait, WHAT the CENSORED!?!"

"Real-time censoring," the Doctor said with a grin. "Go on. Give it a proper go."

"Alright," Donna said. "Why don't you CENSORED yourself with a CENSORED, you CENSORED CENSORED!?!"

The smile fell from the Doctor's face. "DONNA! Do you EAT with that mouth!?!"

"Yeah," Donna said smugly, "and I also CENSORED and CENSORED with it."

"Eww," said the Doctor.
Room Check Mate

Chapter Summary

Published 11-May-2017; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #652 "court" prompt (posted to AO3 only).

This is a sort-of sequel to Deep Blue Something. (It's that darned dimensional stabiliser again.)

Romana-II walked into the TARDIS console room in her pajamas. "Doctor?" she asked. "I woke up lying in a tennis court instead of my room. And I had to find my way through a garden hedge maze, and then climb a fire escape, to get here."

"Oh? I'm sorry," the Fourth Doctor said. "I'll have another go at repairing the dimensional stabiliser."

"In the meantime," Romana asked, "where's the nearest bathroom? I mean, right now?"

The Doctor checked a console monitor. "Down that hallway... about four light-years down."

Romana gulped. "I don't think I can 'hold it' for that long."
After landing on Earth, the Twelfth Doctor opened the TARDIS doors to find a baby duck.

"Oh, how cute!" Clara cried.

"I don't do 'cute'," the Doctor declared. "Go away! Shoo!"

The ducking waddled towards the Doctor instead. "It's imprinted on you!" Clara giggled.

The Doctor slammed the doors shut, ran to the console and dematerialized the TARDIS.

"Oh Doctor!" Clara cried. "How could you abandon a BABY DUCK?"

"Like THIS!" the Doctor said. "Andromeda Galaxy, here we come!"

After landing again, the Doctor reopened the doors— and found the duckling waiting for him.

"Well," Clara said, "that's inexplicably terrifying."
His Star Is Fading

The Seventh Doctor and an astronomer were observing an unusual star.

"What do you suppose is causing those irregular fluctuations?" the astronomer said.

"The Time Lords might have broken that star," the Doctor said. "I'll go have a look."

The Doctor left in the TARDIS, and then returned a few minutes later. "Better?" he asked.

"Well, yes, the fluctuations have stopped," the astronomer said, "but I still don't understand what happened."

"Omega was the greatest stellar engineer in Time Lord history," the Doctor said, "but even the best mechanic can rebuild an engine and find a few bits left over."
Mel had found herself buried up to her neck in a vegetable patch behind a picturesque farm house. She was strangely OK with this.

She noticed that she had been 'planted' in a row of carrots. *I must learn the ways of the carrot,* Mel thought. *I must BE the carrot.*

But then, a rabbit hopped up and looked at her. "Shoo!" Mel said helplessly. "Go away!"

The rabbit began to nibble at her face. "OW OW OW OW OW OW!!" said Mel.

Mel awoke from her dream with a gasp. *I've been drinking too much carrot juice,* she thought.
Chapter Summary

Published 8-Jun-2017; humor/parody; 100 words.

For the 31 days "there's always a choice" and the dw100 #656 "appropriate" prompts (posted to AO3 only).

This contains somewhat OOC humor (Jo could be flighty, but I don't think she was THIS flighty). Reader discretion is advised.

The Third Doctor knocked at the open door of the Brigadier's office. "A moment, Brigadier? I know there must be many demands upon the UNIT budget, and I know that money is always tight. But you haven't approved any of my expenses for weeks."

"Not since Jo started preparing your expense reports." The Brigadier read from a typewritten form:

"Darling fascist bully boy: Give me some more money, you bastard. May the seed of your loin be fruitful in the belly of your woman."

"Ah," an embarrassed Doctor said. "I'll ask Jo to request appropriations in a more appropriate manner."
The Sixth Doctor and Peri found themselves under attack from a Yeti. But then, one of its hands fell off like a loose glove.

The Doctor sighed. "Not one of your best disguises, is it?"

The Yeti took off its head to reveal the Master. "Oh dear," he said. "It seems I've committed a 'faux paw' faux pas."

Peri held her face in her hands and whimpered.

"Do take off the rest of that silly thing!" the Doctor said.

"I cannot," the Master said smugly. "I'm wearing nothing underneath it."

"Eww," said a grimacing Peri.

"Eww indeed," the Doctor agreed.
Monitor Monitor

Chapter Summary

Published 22-Jun-2017; humor; 100 words.

For the dw100 #658 "mistaken identity" prompt (posted to AO3 only).

Working title: "The Mote In The Doctor's Eye."

Zoe found the Second Doctor working in the TARDIS console room, frequently pausing to stare at the monitor.

"Ah, Zoe! A second pair of eyes is just what I need," the Doctor said. "Do you see that speck on the monitor?"

"Er, yes?" Zoe said.

"It visually appears to be merely a meteor," the Doctor said, "but it's maintained a perfectly fixed position relative to the TARDIS for HOURS! And I can't detect it with any other sensors—"

An amused Zoe wiped a speck of dust from the monitor screen.

"...ah," the Doctor said. "You WERE just what I needed."
Borusa had asked the Fourth Doctor to return to Gallifrey to assist with another difficult problem with the Matrix.

"Access to the Matrix has been denied to us by a extremely sophisticated computer program," Borusa explained. "The alien makers of this program have demanded a hefty ransom to unlock it."

"How did the program infect the Matrix?" the Doctor asked.

An embarrassed Borusa looked away and cleared his throat.

"Oh dear," the Doctor said smugly. "You really shouldn't request questionable 'data' like that."

"YOU are the LAST person from whom I wish to hear warnings about questionable activities," Borusa sniffed.
The First Doctor was enjoying a bit of light rose gardening when a bee in flight came a bit too close for comfort.

The Doctor angrily waved at the bee. "Go on! Leave me, bee!"

The bee decided it wanted a fight instead.

"GAH!!" said the Doctor.

Two full-time gardeners looked up from their work in another part of the garden to see the Doctor apparently running for his life.

"Sakes," one gardener said. "I didn't know the old bird could still move that fast."

"He's runnin' as if there were a Time Scoop after him," the other gardener noted.
The TARDIS landed on a certain Canadian island in the late 1700s— next to an outhouse.
The Eighth Doctor stepped out and studied the outhouse. "So THAT'S what it was," he said.
Charley stepped out behind him. "Wait— what!? The Oak Island 'Money Pit' was a latrine!?!"
"Looks like it," the Doctor said, "and smells like it."
"So," Charley said, "when they dug for treasure, they were actually digging up?..."
"I'm afraid so," the Doctor said.
"I still have a question," Charley asked. "Why would an outhouse be built way out HERE?"
"Apparently," the Doctor said, "somebody needed to 'go'."

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