Once Upon a Time Traveler’s Daughter

by AcesOfSpade

Summary

When Angela Swan got home from her birthday party to find a kid claiming to be her son she put up for adoption ten years prior, she expected nothing of it. Just return the kid to his mother and return back to her lonely Hamilton apartment. Instead, she uprooted her life right then and there to move to Tempus, Ontario, where the boy claiming to be her son has another claim: all the people in Tempus are actually characters from a novel series his teacher gave him called Doctor Who.

The poor orphan girl slowly develops a bond with her son, Andrew, and slowly starts to believe his crazy theory. That is, until the boy’s father, the mysterious and sexy John Letterman reappears in her life to shake things up.

Is he part of the science fiction fantasy, or would he think she’s mad?

Read and find out how life as the daughter of a school teacher and a librarian works out for Angela, and how she overestimated her ability to keep a level head in all situations.

Notes

Whelp, here I go. This is my biggest project yet. I have so many characters to keep IC it isn’t even funny. So, here’s a warning: if my characters are OOC, I’m sorry. There. That’s dealt with.

Now, on to my next request: Don’t kill me for being slow. I’m a busy, dyslexic person, so updates may be sporadic, especially once school starts back up.
Now, sit back, prop up your feet and read my story!

The Doctor, an age-old being of intellect and peace, was pacing back and forth outside the door of the TARDIS' infirmary. He and his best friend had been out exploring a new planet and she had been injured fatally by one of the native species. He had immediately returned to Earth and sought out the help of his friend, Dr. Martha Jones. She had agreed wholeheartedly to help the Doctor and friend, no matter the cost.

Martha pushed open the door of the infirmary with a relieved smile. "It was touch and go for a while, but she'll be fine, Doctor." she told him. A small spread across his face.

"May I see her, or does she need rest?" he asked.

"Oh, go and see her." Martha laughed. She could tell the Doctor was head over heels for his best friend, and totally oblivious to it.

The Doctor grinned, pushing past Martha excitedly to go check on his Sarah Jane.

Sarah Jane heard someone enter the infirmary and looked up from the book she was reading and saw the Doctor. "Hello." she grinned.

"Hello." the Doctor grinned back, moving to sit on the edge of the bed. Without warning, or really much thought, he leaned forward and placed a hand on the side of Sarah's head, thumb resting under her eye. He ran his thumb under her eye and smiled at her in a loving, reassuring way. Sarah Jane gasped slightly at the cold touch of his hand, but relaxed into the touch after a moment.

"You had me scared for a while there." he told her, his voice soft. "I thought I was going to lose my best friend."

"Oh, I wouldn't have let that happen." Sarah Jane said. "I would never leave you."

The Doctor smiled. Something in his hearts caused him to lean forward and place a soft kiss on Sarah Jane's lips. It wasn't an overly sexual or romantic kiss, just a kiss.

When the Doctor pulled away, he kept his hand on Sarah's face. "I will never leave you either." he promised.

Flash forward a few years, maybe three, and the Doctor is waiting at an altar that he and a few friends had set up. He was bouncing on the balls of his feet, waiting for Sarah Jane.

It was the moment most of the Doctor's friends across the Universe had been waiting for: the day the Doctor got married.

The Doctor wasn't nervous at all, but Sarah Jane was. She was adjusting the sweetheart neckline of her white dress even after her father had come to retrieve her.

"Quit worrying, sweetheart." Eddie Smith told his daughter. "You look beautiful, and the Doctor loves you for more than your appearance."
"Are you sure, Daddy?" Sarah Jane asked.

"I'm sure. You look so much like your mother." Eddie smiled. "I'm positive he loves you."

Sarah Jane stopped adjusting her top and let her father guide her towards the altar.

When the Doctor saw her, he let out a sharp breath from his nose. She looked... perfect. Her dress, with the aforementioned sweetheart neckline was a corset top with silver bead work on white fabric. The skirt was long and simple, coming to rest just above her ankles. Her hair was done up in loose ringlets, falling just past her shoulders. From what the Doctor could tell, she wasn’t wearing any make up either.

As Eddie lead Sarah Jane to the altar, he took stock of the people around them. He hadn't met very many of his daughter's friends, but some of them looked quite nice. There was the naval doctor, Harry Sullivan, the Brigadier, Dr. Sullivan's closest friend, and even sweet Miss Romana, the Lady President elect of Gallifrey.

When they reached the alter, Eddie gave his daughter a quick hug and went to stand with the rest of the crowd.

Benton, the chosen wedding officiate, smiled warmly at the couple and proceeded with the ceremony.

Near the end, the doors of the room burst open with a loud crack, and heavy footsteps could be heard. The Doctor's head snapped towards the door. The person that had entered had slightly teased brown-blonde hair, electric blue eyes dancing with evil intent and was clad in a red leather jacket and black leather pants.

"Sorry I'm late." the Rani smirked. The Doctor stepped forward, keeping Sarah Jane behind him with Benton.

"Rani." the Doctor said, his tone heavy. He was slowly slipping into Oncoming Storm mode.

Sarah Jane broke away from Benton and went to stand with the Doctor. She had heard about the Rani.

"What do you want, Ushas?" the Doctor asked, calling the Rani by her old nickname. "If you want to ruin this wedding, you're too late."

"Oh, I haven't come to ruin anything, Theta Sigma." the Rani taunted. "I have come bearing a gift for an old friend."

"I think I speak for the Doctor when I say we want nothing from you." Sarah Jane said, eyeing the Rani.

"But you shall have it, none-the-less. My gift to you is this happy day. But tomorrow, my real work begins. You've made your vows, now I make mine. Soon, everything you love, everything all of you love, will be taken from you. Forever. And out of your suffering will rise my victory. I shall destroy your happiness, if it is the last thing I do." the Rani said. With that, she turned and left with scarcely another word.

The Doctor turns to Sarah Jane, hugging her close to his chest and kissing her hair. Everyone was on edge now, even the Brigadier, who didn't let much affect him mentally.

28 years later, a little boy with messy black-brown hair sits on a city bus clutching a backpack to
his chest. The backpack was full of paperback books he had gotten from his school teacher, Miss Metge. The books were all part of a series. He took the first book out of the backpack and started reading, waiting out the ride from his home town to Hamilton.

"That a good book?" a woman sitting next to him asked.

The little boy nodded, grinning. "Its more than just a book." he said, turning back to it and continuing to read. This one was called 'The Time Warrior'.

The woman raised an eyebrow, but said nothing. A while later, the announcement system on the bus called out 'Hamilton, Bold Street Stop'. The boy placed the book back in his bag and left the bus, checking the address he had found one more time.

A young ginger woman in a tight-fitting green dress stepped into a restaurant cautiously. She was looking for a blonde man who said he'd be waiting there for her.

She spotted the man and walked over, quickly adjusting her braid so it lay flat on her shoulder.

"Angela." the blonde smiled, spotting her.

"Ryan." Angela nodded. "You look relieved." she noted, sitting down.

"Well, its the internet. Pictures can be..." Ryan trailed off, offering Angela a glass of wine.

"Fake. Outdated. Stolen from a Victoria's Secret catalog. So.." Angela said, turning down the wine.

"Uh, why not tell me something about yourself?" Ryan requested, looking anywhere but at Angela.

"Today's my birthday." Angela said. She hadn't really wanted to say it, but she did.

"Why are you spending it with a tosser like me?" Ryan asked. "You could be out with your friends."

"Ah, loner." Angela said with a shrug.

"What about family?" Ryan asked.

"Don't have any." Angela said offhandedly.

"Everyone has family." Ryan insisted.

"Technically, yeah. I've just never met mine." Angela said. "Ready to run away yet?"

"Not a chance. Angela, you are the sexiest friendless orphan I have ever met." Ryan said with a shake of his head.

"Alright, well, your turn." Angela said. "Wait, let me try. You're a handsome, charming guy.."

"Go on." Ryan smirked.

"The kind of guy who, now stop me if I get this wrong, embezzled from your employer, got arrested and skipped town before they could throw your ass in jail." Angela said, leaning back and smirking to herself.
"What?" Ryan spluttered.

"And the worst part in all of this is your wife. Your wife loves you so much that she bailed you out. How you repay her is by going on a date. Asshole." Angela said, rolling her eyes at him.

"Who are you?" Ryan asked, trying to get up and run.

"I'm the girl who helped your wife bail you out." Angela said, preparing to run after him.

"Bail bond people." Ryan muttered under his breath, getting up and running.

"They always run." Angela muttered, chasing after him.

Angela caught up with Ryan in the middle of the street, seizing him by the collar and shoving him against a car.

"You don't have to do this!" he screeched. "I can pay you! I have money!"

"No. You don't. And if you did, you should be paying your wife so she can support your family." Angela spat.

"The hell you know about family? You're an orphan!" Ryan said darkly.

"Absolutely fucking nothing." Angela said fiercely, cuffing Ryan.

Angela pushed open the door to her Bold Street apartment holding a cupcake in a little box. She sighed miserably when she placed the cupcake on the table and went to search for her lighter.

Once she found it, she returned to the cupcake and stuck her little yellow star candle in the cupcake and lit it.

'I wish I wasn't alone.' she thought, blowing out the candle.

She took the candle out of the cupcake and went to take a bite, but was interrupted by her doorbell.

Angela sighed, going to answer the door. When she did, her 5'9" height paired with her 2" heels prevented her from getting a glimpse at the person ringing her bell. She was only alerted to the presence when it tapped her on the arm. She looked down and saw a little boy of about 10 or 11 years old with messy black-brown hair and a backpack. His eyes were a familiar blue colour that made her heart twinge.

"Are you Angie Swan?" the boy asked.

"Yeah. Who's asking?" Angela asked, looking down at the boy.

"My name is Andy. I'm your son." he said. He gave Angela a small, timid smile that looked out of place with his angular, sharp features.

"I don't have a son, buddy." Angela told him, her voice soft.

"Yes you do. And I'm him." Andy said. "If you let me in, I can explain."

Angela sighed, giving the little boy the benefit of the doubt and let him in. Andy immediately went over to the couch and sat down, placing his backpack of books on his lap.
Angela slipped off her heels and went to sit next to the boy.

"So, an explanation?" Angela requested, placing her elbows on her knees and placing her chin on her palms.

Andy nodded. "My name is Andrew Joseph Hiller. I was adopted ten years ago. My Mum told me that my birth mother was someone named Angela Swan. I only found you now." Andy said.

"And who's your Mum?" Angela asked.

"Kate Hiller. She's the mayor of a small town about two hours from here." Andy said. He hugged his backpack to his chest.

"Hey, bud. What's in the bag?" Angela asked, noticing the boy's protectiveness of the bag.

"Books from my teacher." Andy said. "Books about people in my town."

"Are they biographies?" Angela asked curiously.

"Sort of. They're fictional books, though." Andy said.

"Let me see one of them." Angela requested, her innate sense of 'ooh, new stuff' going off.

"Sure." Andy smiled. He was glad Angela hadn't called him crazy. His Mum called him crazy when he brought up his theory. He dug into his bag and handed her the last book in the series, published 28 years prior. It was called 'Ushas Returns', and depicted a scene of a man with messy brown hair clutching a ginger child to his chest and a woman with wispy brown hair laying on a bed, asleep.

Angela gave Andy a gracious nod and flipped to the back of the book, where the summary was.

The Doctor and his wife have welcomed a new life into the world, but an old enemy has returned to wreak havoc on their little (Universally-sized) family. What will become of Team TARDIS? Does good prevail like always, or will the evil make a surprise comeback?

She raised an eyebrow, but searched for the author's name, finding nothing except a faded yellow box where letters used to be.

"Do you know who wrote this?" Angela asked curiously.

"No, sorry." Andy said. "That's the condition I got them in."

"Oh, okay." Angela sighed. "Anyway, I should be getting you home. It's getting late, and you said you live about two hours from here."

Andy sighed. "I guess I should be getting home." he agreed. "Are you going to drive me, or am I stuck on a bus?"

"Oh, the least I can do is drive you." Angela said with a small smile.

"Thank you!" Andy grinned, his blue eyes twinkling.

"Where's home, exactly? For GPS-purposes." Angela asked.

"Tempus, Ontario." Andy said.

"Tempus it is." Angela smiled.
Many years ago, in an alternate Universe, Sarah Jane Smith stood, leaning against the railing in the TARDIS' console room. She was staring off into space, thinking.

"What's wrong?" the Doctor asked, moving to stand next to Sarah Jane.

"Hm, nothing." Sarah Jane said, breaking away from her thoughts.

"You're thinking about what the Rani said again, aren't you?" the Doctor guessed. "Sarah, forget about her for now. We're going to be parents." he said, placing a hand on her growing stomach.

"I haven't slept properly since our wedding." Sarah Jane admitted.

"Sarah, that's just what she wants. She wants to get in your head, move around some furniture. But she's just one person. She can't do anything as long as we're together." the Doctor said.

"She tried to kill you, Doctor. I don't want to know what she's capable of." Sarah Jane said.

"What can I do to help you realize you're being silly?" the Doctor asked.

"Let me talk to him." Sarah Jane said.

"Him? No, you don't mean?..." the Doctor trailed off.

Sarah Jane nodded wordlessly.

"That's too dangerous, Sarah. He's more dangerous than Ushas!" the Doctor said.

"He knows things, Doctor. Things most people don't." Sarah Jane said.

"That was why they locked him up!" the Doctor said.

Sarah Jane took a deep breath. "I need to know if our baby will be safe, Doctor. It seems the kind of thing he will know." she whispered.

"For the baby. No longer than needed." the Doctor conceded.

Andy sat peacefully in the passenger seat of Angela's candy red 1972 Chevrolet Impala. He was reading one of the books, called 'Hand of Fear', and munching on some chips he'd brought with him. He had gotten to the part that always made him close the book, for fear he would start crying.

"Hey, what's wrong, bud?" Angela asked, noticing that he closed the book rather quickly.

"Sad part." Andy said quickly.

"Read it out to me. Sometimes, that helps make something less sad." Angela suggested.

Andy took a deep breath, opening the book again. "As the TARDIS disappeared, making a noise akin to dying elephants, Sarah Jane took survey of her surroundings, giggling to herself. 'This isn't Hillview road' she said 'I bet it isn't even Croydon!' she added. 'Oh, he blew it!' she remarked to a golden retriever lying on the sidewalk. She continued laughing, wandering away from her mystery location and started whistling.' he read, trying not to cry. He wanted to go find the person in his town who was supposed to be Sarah Jane and hug her. Tightly.

Angela kept a side glance trained on Andy. Something about that one scene made him overly
emotional, and she wanted to know why. "Hey, Andy? What's so sad about that scene?" she asked curiously.

"Sarah Jane was a companion to an alien called the Doctor. Their meeting is the start of the books. They're best friends, really more. In this book, the Doctor gets called back to his home planet, where humans aren't allowed. He has to leave Sarah Jane behind, back at her home on Hillview road in South Croydon, but he blows it and lands her in Aberdeen. He ends up taking her on as a companion again a few books later, in the Three Doctors, where his third self, the next one, meets her again and takes her on more adventures." Andy explained.

"So, this Doctor and Sarah Jane, they're the main characters?" Angela asked.

Andy nodded. "There's a few others, but they don't last very long." he said.

The rest of the drive was made in silence.

Back with the Doctor and Sarah Jane, they were in a prison. Stormcage Prison, to be exact. The guards led them to a solitary confinement cell, just past the cell of a woman with immeasurably curly hair. The man in the cell had neatly cut black hair and an elegant beard. His blue eyes were twinkled with evil and he wore the standard prisoner's uniform.

"Master." the guard called. "You have visitors.

The Master came to the front of his cell, allowing the viewing plate to be slid away. "Ah, my dear Doctor. And you have brought your little wife." he commented with a sly smirk.

"Master, we just have a question." the Doctor said, eyeing the imprisoned Time Lord warily.

"Oh, let me assume this question is about our mutual old friend, Ushas?" the Master wagered.

The Doctor nodded wordlessly.

"Oh, my dear Doctor. I would love to tell you, but I cannot tell you for free." the Master smirked.

"What is your price, Koschei?" the Doctor asked. Somehow, whenever he was talking to a fellow Gallifreyan, he called them not by their chosen title, but their Academy nickname.

"Getting sentimental now are we, Theta?" the Master taunted. "My price is simple. I only request the name of your unborn child."

The Doctor made a face like he was about to protest, but Sarah Jane cut him off and agreed. "We'll do it." she told the Master.

"Ah, wonderful." the Master grinned. "And as for Ushas, she plans on destroying everyone. Imprisoning all of the Doctor's friends. You will be trapped in a prison greater than my own, and more powerful. Your friends, Doctor, in space and time, will be your enemies."

"Is there any way to stop it?" Sarah Jane couldn't help but ask.

The Master grinned evilly. "The child." is all he said.

"What about the child?" the Doctor asked, eyes narrowed.

"If you can get your child to safety before everything goes wrong, it will save the imprisoned. It will return on its 28th birthday, and help save you all." the Master said devilishly.
"I'm done here." the Doctor said. Obviously, the Master was in on the Rani's plan, and he was not okay with that.

"I will come with you." Sarah Jane said.

"Ah, ah, ah." the Master said. "I need the name."

"Angela. Angela Laura." Sarah Jane said before turning to leave with the Doctor.

"Angela Laura." the Master muttered.

After an hour and forty-five minute drive, Angela and Andrew arrived in Tempus. Angela parked her car on the curb next to a clock tower.

"An address, so I can return you to your mother?" Angela requested.

"44...... Oh, I forget the street." Andy sighed in defeat.

"Oh, is there anyone around who would know?" Angela asked.

"Dr. Chesterton!" Andy said, brightening up slightly. "His office is just up the road. He'd have my address."

"Lead the way." Angela said.

Dr. Chesterton was the town psychiatrist. He had a silver greyhound named K9. Andy was sure he was the Ian Chesterton from the books who kept being mentioned. He had to be!

When they reached Dr. Chesterton's office, Angela looked back at the clock tower to check the time. "8:15?" she muttered. "It was 8 when we left Hamilton."

"Oh, the clock here never worked." Andy said. And it was true. The clock on the tower had always been frozen at 8:15. "It was part of the Rani's plan. Time stopped."

Angela nodded. "I see." she said, pushing open to door to Dr. Chesterton's office.

Inside the office, K9 the greyhound was curled up on a dog bed in the corner, chewing on a rawhide bone. A man with curly brown hair and sideburns wearing what looked to be a naval uniform without the jacket was sitting at a desk writing paperwork.

"Hello, sir." Angela said, clearing her throat.

The doctor looked up from the paperwork he was filling out, slipping off his reading glasses.

"Hello, and you might be?" Dr. Chesterton asked, holding out his hand.

"Angela Laura Swan." Angela said, shaking the doctor's hand. "Andy brought me here, to bring him home. He said he forgets his address, though."

"Angela Swan, its nice to meet you. I'm Doctor Ian Chesterton." Ian said. "And Andy has a habit of doing that. Give me a minute to find the address." he smiled.

Ian quickly shuffled over to his filing cabinet and grabbed Andy's file. "Here it is. 44 Queen Street." he read off. "Now, you get home before Kate starts to worry."

Andy nodded with a smile. "Of course, Doc. I'll see you tomorrow, then."
"See you tomorrow, Andy." Ian said, waving the pair out of his office.

"So, which character is he?" Angela asked once they were out of the office.

"I'm sure he's Ian Chesterton, the science teacher from Coal Hill, but that would be too obvious." Andy told her.

Angela gave a small nod. "Too obvious would be bad. Any other options?"


The Brigadier, Harry Sullivan, the Doctor, Martha Jones, Romana, and Sarah Jane were all gathered in a disused conference room at UNIT headquarters in Geneva. They were holding a serious conversation about the Rani.

"I say we fight!" the Brigadier declared.

"No, Alistair. We can't fight. Fighting doesn't solve things, it only makes them worse." the Doctor said, shaking his head.

"I agree with the Doctor, Brigadier. Giving in to one's dark side is never a good idea." Harry said.

"How many wars has a clean conference won?" Alistair asked, voice sharp. "I say we take out the Rani before she hurts anyone."

"There's no point, Sir Alistair. The future is written." Sarah Jane said.

"Dear Brigadier, I have spoken to some of Ushas' more shady cohorts on Gallifrey, and they all say the same thing: she has not breathed a dual hearted word of her plan to any of them." Romana said. "This means she is being very serious about her plan to hurt us all. If we take her out, something major may occur."

Alistair sighed in resentment. "You people never let me shoot things." he mumbled.

"With due cause, Brigadier." Martha piped in. "You shoot first and ask questions never."

"We still need to protect the child. If what the Master says is true, than she needs to be protected." Harry said.

"I can give someone a crash-course in TARDIS flight." Romana offered. "Take her somewhere safe, but far away. It may end up having to be a parallel reality."

The Doctor and Sarah Jane shared a look. They both knew what Romana meant by that. They would be staying here to fight.

"I would like to make a suggestion: my daughter, Kate." Alistair said. "I don't want her in the middle of a war. She's only eleven."

The other people in the room agreed. A war was no place for an eleven year old. "I will begin her training lessons tomorrow." Romana said.

Angela and Andy arrived at the address Ian had given them. Andy opened the gate and went to go inside. "Bye, Angela." he called.
A woman with wispy brown hair and twinkly blue eyes noticed Andy coming up the front walk and ran to him. "Oh Andy, you're back. Where did you go?" she asked, worried.

"It's fine, Mum. I went into town." Andy said.

"You need to tell me these things. I was worried sick about you." Kate said, hugging her son. She noticed Angela, who gave her a little wave.

"Hi." Angela said.

"Andy, did you bring home a friend?" Kate asked her son.

Andy nodded. "This is Angela. She's my birth mum." he said.

Kate let go of Andy and went to inspect Angela. She saw the similarities in the shapes of their jaws, noses and ears.

"Hello, Angela. I hope you have no intentions of taking my son from me." Kate said, a hidden layer of threat veiled in her voice. "Legally, he is mine. Your wish was for a closed adoption."

"Of course not, ma'am. He simply showed up at my home and I felt duty to return him to his." Angela told her, head held high.

A young woman, maybe in her mid-twenties, wearing a pair of skinny jeans and a brown leather jacket, poked her head out the door of Kate's house.

"Ah, Louise." Kate said, beckoning the woman over. "You don't need to worry about Andy anymore, he came back."

"That is wonderful, ma'am." Louise nodded. She had an accent from a place Angela couldn't place. "And who is Andrew's female companion?"

"Uh, my name is Angela. I gave him a ride home." Angela told her, holding out her hand. Instead of shaking it, Louise just tilted her head to the side. Angela let her hand fall lamely to her side.

"Hello, Angela. I am Sheriff Louise." Louise said with a nod.

"Well, I should be getting home now." Angela said, turning to head for her car.

"Wait, Angela!" Andy called, running over to her. "Stay in Tempus."

"Well, I can't, buddy. I'm needed back in Hamilton for work." Angela said apologetically.

Andy sighed, giving Angela a goodbye hug. Unbeknownst to Angela or Kate, Andy sipped something in Angela's back pocket.

Angela hugged Andy back, finally turning and heading for her car. When she climbed into the driver seat, she felt something bend in her back pocket. She quickly retrieved what looked to be an index card.

Angela, I need you to help me free everybody from what the Rani has done. Please stay in Tempus.

Angela flicked the card between her left palm and her knee, contemplating. After ten minutes of just sitting in her car thinking, she gave in. She got back out of her car and walked three or so blocks to a place called Papa's Bed and Breakfast.
She walked in the front door, a little bell chiming as she did.

She went up to the counter and rang the bell. A young-looking ginger woman heard the bell and ran in from what appeared to be a common room.

"Hello, doll. My name's Cat. How may I help you?" the woman said with a wide grin.

"I'm looking for a room." Angela told her.

"For how long?" Cat asked, pulling out a notebook and pen.

"A week, for now." Angela said. She could always extend the stay later.

"Alright. All I need is a name, firelocks." Cat requested.

"Ah, Angela Swan." she responded. Cat scribbled something down in the notebook and handed Angela an old, rusting skeleton key.

"Second floor, room 6B." Cat said. Angela gave her a nod and went up.

Romana sighed audibly. How hard did she expect it to be, teaching an eleven year old girl to fly a TARDIS trans-dimensionally? She honestly ever expected this.

She threw herself into an over-stuffed armchair in the UNIT break room, picking up her previously discarded copy of The Amazing Spiderman #12. She needed some form of distraction.

Across the room, the Doctor and Sarah Jane sat on a couch, Sarah Jane leaning against her husband's shoulder.

"Are we sure Kate's ready?" she asked.

"I should think she is, Sarah. Romana is one of the best TARDIS pilots I know." the Doctor reassured her.

"If we miss out on the first twenty-eight years of her life because of the Rani.." Sarah Jane trailed off. She felt an odd sensation, one Harry had been teaching her to look for. "Doctor, no more second guessing. Time to take action."

The Doctor's eyes immediately widened. He figured that meant what he thought it meant.

Angela cracked open the eyes that got her sent to different foster homes over the years. It wasn't really because of the constant glinting of superiority or mischief she always had, but because her eyes with the same shade of purple as a thistle plant.

Yawning, she threw back on the jeans and leather jacket she had discarded on the floor the night before and went to go search out palatable food.

She found herself making the walk to Papa's, the diner associated with the bed and breakfast. She plopped herself down on a bar stool at the counter and grabbed a menu.

In some of the booths, she noticed the sheriff, Louise, an older gentleman with graying hair and a mustache and Dr. Chesterton.

The ginger woman, Cat, from the bed and breakfast was behind the counter. She was wearing rather tight jeans, a nice blouse and an apron.
"Heya, firelocks." she grinned. "What can I get for ya? Papa's been cooking all mornin'.'"

"I'll have the French toast and a coffee, please." Angela requested.

"'course." Cat grinned, writing the order down and bringing it over to the window. "Hey, Papa, French toast!"

She went back over to Angela and poured her a mug of coffee. Handing it to Angela, she went to take the order of a darker skinned woman in a white lab coat.

Angela put three sugars in her coffee and took a sip. "Perfect." she muttered.

A figure plopped itself down beside her. It was Kate.

"I heard you were a bail bonds person." Kate said casually. "Any god at finding people?"

"Depends." Angela said. "Who's missing?"

"Andy. He up and left last night, and I'm worried. I've already asked Louise, but she said she'd need help. So I'm coming to you." Kate said.

"Of course I'll help. He have any friends?" Angela nodded.

Kate shook her head. "The kids at school think he's crazy."

"He have a computer?" Angel asked.

Kate nodded. "In his room at home. Finish your breakfast and meet Louise and I there."

Angela nodded. While they were talking, Cat had brought her the French toast she'd ordered. She finished it in record time. Her son was missing. She needed to help.

She got up, going to find the sheriff and leaving for Kate's. Louise sat uncomfortably in the passenger seat of Angela's car. She wasn't much for driving, she preferred her bike.

When they arrived, they stepped out and headed for the door. Louise knocked. Kate quickly answered and let them in. She led them to the living room and handed Angela Andy's laptop. She made quick work of getting into his email account.

"Smart kid. Cleared his inbox. Lucky I know how to bypass that." Angela muttered as she typed. "Hey, Andy have a credit card?"

"He's 10. Of course not." Kate shook her head. "Why?"

"Receipt for a website that you can use to find people on. I've used it a few times to try and find my pa- suspects." Angela said. Both Louise and Kate heard the slip up. So she was an orphan.

Angela shook off the slip up and pulled up a transcription record. "Any idea who Elisabeth Metge is?" she asked.

"The elementary school teacher here in Tempus." Louise piped in. She had a peculiar way of speaking. Never in contractions. "We do not have enough students for more than one class, so she teaches all of them."

Angela cleared her history, closed the laptop and gave it back to Kate. "We should go talk to the teacher," she suggested, standing up.
"Good idea." Kate nodded. She stood up with Angela. Louise was already standing.

Twenty minutes later, the trio was standing in Miss Metge's classroom. The children were all on break, so it was just the brunette teacher. She looked to be about 26, with shoulder-length soft brown hair and green-brown eyes. She was wearing a pair of light blue skinny jeans and a strapless floral top.

"Miss Hiller, Sheriff? What are you doing here?" Miss Metge asked.

"Where's my son?" Kate asked blankly.

"Andy... he didn't come in today. I thought he was sick." Elisabeth said, worried.

"Do you think I'd show up at the school with the sheriff if he was?" Kate said flatly. "Now, did you give him your credit card so he could find his birth mother?"

"No. I didn't. I may be a bit young, Madame Mayor, but I don't share my credit card with anyone," Elisabeth said.

Kate glared at Elisabeth. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'm positive I didn't lend a ten year old boy my credit card." Elisabeth said, taking her wallet out of her pocket to check. "Oh, that clever boy." she muttered.

"Let me guess. Missing credit card?" Angela piped in.

Elisabeth nodded. "Must've stolen it. Elisabeth Metge, by the way."

"Angela Swan, Andy's birth mother.." Angela said. "Are you the one who gave him the books?"

"Books? What books?" Kate asked.

"Yeah, I gave them to him. I wasn't going to read them anyway." Elisabeth nodded. "And its an old book series, maybe close to a hundred consecutive books."

"A hundred? And he keeps them all in a backpack?" Angela whistled. "Strong boy."

"What books?" Kate asked again.

"A series of old paperbacks I had in my classroom called Doctor Who. I gave them to Andy because I figured he'd enjoy them." Elisabeth said.

"Were these books, by any chance, sci-fi novels about space travel and featured a villain called the Rani?" Kate asked calmly.

"Yes, in fact. Why?" Elisabeth nodded.

Kate glared at the teacher. "You have him believing everyone in this town is a character from those books, then."

"I don't understand. How?" Elisabeth asked.

"I don't know. Ask him yourself." Kate huffed. She turned on her heel and left the classroom.

Elisabeth sighed, turning to Angela. "I feel responsible now." she told her.

"Don't." Angela shook her head.
"No, I should. I gave him those books because he was struggling, like any adopted kid, wondering who would give him up or why." Elisabeth said, not realizing she was talking to Andy's mother, the one who gave him up.

"Oh, I know the feeling. All too well." Angela muttered.

Elisabeth's eyes softened. "You were adopted too?"

Angela shook her head. "No. I was bounced from foster home to foster home down in Lambton county." she said. "I always wondered why."

"Oh, Angela..." Elisabeth muttered. She had no idea where it came from, as she had only known Angela for an hour or so.

Angela shook her head. "No, its okay. But what isn't okay is that Andy is missing."

"I would check the play structure by the school. He and the town's mechanic, Nicholas, built it." Elisabeth suggested. "It looks like a blue box, but there's some stuff attached to it."

"Thanks, Miss Metge." Angela nodded, turning to leave.

"Please, call me Elisabeth." Elisabeth said.

A loud scream of pain tore its way from the lips of Sarah Jane Smith. With as much coaching as she's had from various mothers, none of their descriptions of labour pains aptly described the feeling. It hurt like a son of a bitch.

The Doctor sat by her side, letting her squeeze his hand. He couldn't feel it by this point, but he didn't care. He had more important things to worry about than his hand.

Martha had stepped up to help with the delivery. She may not be trained in this formally, but she knew what she was doing.

Elsewhere, the Rani and a few human grunts she had acquired were laying in wait. The band of 'heroes' had taken up base at UNIT, and that was where they were headed now.

Back at UNIT, Romana entered the infirmary, hands tucked behind her back. Kate was about as ready as any eleven year old could be to fly a TARDIS trans-dimensionally. She now just wanted to be there for her friends.

Kate slipped into the room behind Romana, hiding behind the blonde Time Lady's legs.

It took another twenty minutes for the little girl to be born, and she was born with a killer set of lungs. Kate had to cover her ears, she was screaming so loud.

Martha made quick work of cleaning up the baby and wrapping her up in the multicoloured blanket that Sarah Jane had knitted for her baby girl, with her name embroidered on the side in white cursive letters.

After both parents had a chance to hold the baby, the Doctor took her over to Kate, kneeling down in front of the Brigadier's and gently placing his daughter in her arms. "Romana taught you everything to do?" he asked, making sure she knew what she was doing. Kate nodded, hugging the baby to her chest.
Romana gave the Doctor and Sarah Jane a solemn nod, leading Kate out of the room. The TARDIS she would be piloting was an older one that Romana had nicked from Gallifrey. I was programmed to the mental signature of the baby and her parents. Until whatever the Rani did was reversed, the TARDIS would become a silver locket with a broken clasp.

"Goodbye, Angela." Sarah Jane whispered, hugging the Doctor. The Doctor was trying his hardest not to cry.

"Find us." the Doctor whispered.

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Andy sat on the very top of his play structure, legs crossed and reading one of his books. He needed to get out of the house and think, so he'd snuck out and gone to the structure him and Nicholas had built. The book he was reading was called 'The Three Doctors', where Sarah Jane Smith met the Third Doctor, along with the First and Second, and resumed her travels. It took place a few months (relatively) after Sarah Jane was left in Croydon, and the First, Second and Third Doctors, along with their companions, Sarah Jane, Leela, Romana, Adric, Nyssa, Tegan and Turlough are transported to Gallifrey and have to stop the Lord President from gaining immortality. It was a wonderful novel, full of action and fun. Its also the first novel where the Doctor realizes he may have feelings for Sarah Jane.

As he kept reading, he tried to figure out which characters are which citizens of the town. He knew that his adoptive mother was the Rani, the evil Time Lady who sent everyone here in the first place, and that Dr. Chesterton was either Ian Chesterton, someone who knew the Doctor before he met Sarah Jane, or Harry Sullivan, the Brigadier's best friend. He still wasn't sure. He also had Cat, Papa's granddaughter figured out. She was Donna Noble, someone who traveled with Sarah Jane and the Eighth Doctor. By that logic, Papa was Wilfred Mott, Donna's granddad. He wasn't really sure who anyone else was.

Angela had left the school just before the recces bell rang for the kids to go back inside, and tried to find the play structure that Elisabeth was talking about. It was a few blocks west of the school, and she found Andy on top of it. She climbed up there with him and sat on the crossbar for the swing set, handing him back his copy of 'The Hand of Fear'.

"You left this in my car." she told him. "What are you reading?"

Andy accepted the book with a nod. "The Three Doctors." he said, showing her the cover.

Angela nodded. "Cool." she said, inspecting the cover art. The art depicted a man with silvering hair wearing an opera cape, a man with ridiculous brown curls wearing a ridiculous scarf and a younger looking blonde man wearing some sort of uniform with a celery stick on his lapel.

Andy nodded. "Its a better one. Not sad, just happy." he said. Angela handed him back the book, gazing up at the town's clock tower.

"Still frozen." she commented.

"Yeah." Andy sighed. "I hoped that bringing you here would make it work again, but there's been nothing so far."

"We can only sit in wait." Angela said with a shrug. "It'll move when it needs to."

"You know, I think I know why you gave me up." Andy said after a while. "The same reason Sarah Jane gave you up. To give me my best chance."

Angela nodded. She could feel tears coming to the backs of her eyes. "Yeah." she nodded. "I
couldn't raise you, not in my situation."

Andy hugged her. "Don't cry. You gave me my best chance, and I guess I had it. I mean, my life kinda sucks, but I found you again and we're gonna save everyone."

Angela hugged him back, half-smiling. "We could start a club. My life sucked too. No one wanted the purple-eyed freak that was left at a truck stop in Tennessee by some eleven year old girl."

"An eleven year old girl?" Henry murmured, fishing around for his copy of 'Ushas Returns', flipping to near the end, speed reading. "Aha," he cried. "Kate Stewart. She's the eleven year old girl." he said.

"Kate Stewart?" Angela asked curious.

"Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart's daughter. She was supposed to be the one who brought you here." Andy answered.

"Ah, I see." Angela nodded.

Sarah Jane and the Doctor, hand in hand, approached the UNIT fields where they knew the Rani would be. They were prepared for battle, whatever that may entail.

The Rani appears in a flash of white light, a Vortex Manipulator strapped to her wrist. "Hello, Theta." she grinned.

"Ushas." the Doctor spat.

"Where is your halfling?" the Rani asked coldly.

"Safe." Sarah Jane said.

"Oh, the human speaks."

"No matter, in a few moments, you won't remember who you are, let along your stupid halfling."

The Rani advanced, knocking the pair out and implanting small silver microchips under their ears. She went around doing that to everybody before returning to her original spot and taking a small device from her pocket, activating it. This was only a small number of the people should would affect, but she had time.

Elisabeth Metge was sitting in the library, reading over the course notes she had for her high school-aged students. She had a mug of coffee next to her and she was taking notes. The librarian, David Liekar, was sitting a few tables away in his jeans and bedazzled Storm Trooper t-shirt, organizing books. He would occasionally sneak a glance at Elisabeth. If one was acquainted with Andy Hiller, they would say that Mr. Liekar looked an awful lot like the eighth incarnation of the Doctor, with his messy brown hair and soulful brown eyes. He just needed the pinstripes and Chucks, and he was good to go.
Angela reluctantly returned Andy back to Kate. Andy immediately ran upstairs with his backpack of books.

"Thanks." Kate smiled.

"No problem." Angela nodded, uneasily. Andy had told her about his home life, and it hadn't sounded very pretty.

"He seems to really like you." Kate commented.

"Yeah. Seems like it." Angela nodded.

"Make no mistake. Andy is my son." Kate said threateningly. "You wanted a closed adoption, so I hope you abide by that."

"Of course." Angela said, but she was lying through her teeth.

"Good. Good day, Miss Swan." Kate waved, turning on her heel and entering the house.

Angela left, returning to her room at Papa's.

She ran into a man in the street accidentally.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry." she apologized. The man had black hair and a neatly trimmed beard with two streaks of grey in it, and was wearing what looked to be a three piece suit made out of black velvet.

"Oh, no mind." the man said. "My name is Mr. Agalon."

"Angela Swan." Angela introduced.

"Angela.. lovely name." Mr. Agalon said with an odd smile on his face. He nodded to Angela and left.

Angela shook her head and headed back to Papa's. When she got there, she flopped down on the bed in her room.

Andy was staring out his window, watching the clock tower. At the precise moment Angela flopped down on her bed, the clock started moving. Andy grinned.

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