

The Doctor's Daughter

Von abgemeldet

Sound of Silence

She woke up, her forehead covered in sweat, her chest rose up and down in heavily breathing, when she stared through the dark. Her hands where clamped into the bedcovers, formed into fists, she could feel her own nails digging into her skin through the white fabric. The room felt hot and smelled of sweat, which was soaked into the sheets. She sat there, her lower lip trembling, before suddenly a sob escaped her throat. Her nose curled, when her head fell forward that her chin touched her chest, while she pulled her knees up, hugging herself, that she was curled into a little ball, her shoulders twitching, when she continued to sob, a quiet, little noise in the deep darkness of the room.

The young lady leaned against the wall, her shoulders moving up and down quickly, her eyes where growing warmer with every tear she shred and every one of them was followed by, at least, two more. Everything in her vision was blurred, but not just because of the tears. Her mind was shattered with flashbacks of her nightmare.

He was standing there on a lonely street, snow was falling down everywhere around him. Hiding his face in the shadows, he spoke up to a young woman with blonde hair. "What year is this?" The young blonde scoffed. "Blimey, how much have you had? 2005, January the first" The man looked at the woman for a moment. "2005" he repeated, and the woman nodded, smiling lightly. "Tell you what." He nodded, pressing his lips together for a second. "I bet you're going to have a great year!" The woman smiled brightly, then turned her back on him and left. He smiled for another moment, before he suddenly flinched, and groaned in pain.

Her head was rested against the wall, which cooled down her skin, but the tears running down, made her cheeks heat up, the drops tickling on her jaw, while they flooded down slowly. She was tempted to just wipe them away and just forget about everything, all what she had seen, but she couldn't move a single muscle. Her body seemed to be blocked, frozen in the state of incredulity, when she gasped, breathing out, and her whole body shaking in heavily spasm. Has that been real? Cause it felt real, much more real than a normal dream. Like a thing she could actually touch...

The held onto the wall, when his body was flinching from another cramp, which went through it like a bullet, painful and pungent, making him groan again. The pain went down from his chest into the center of his stomach, where it seemed to explode, spreading out over his whole body, making him feel it in every single cell. He closed his eyes for a moment, breathing in deeply, exhaling slowly into the cold air of the winter's

night, leaving little clouds in the bleak breeze. He looked past a corner, blinking, when his vision blurred up again, his eyes unintentionally trying to shred tears, dealing bare the agony inside of him. His glance went over to the blue box, the windows lit up brightly, glowing in the dark, alongside with the letters and the light on top. That was his destination. His home...

Her pupils dilated in der dark, she closed her eyes, when suddenly a beam of light gleamed into her room, when someone opened her door quietly, making sure not to wake her up, while doing it. The beam went bigger, when the door was opened further, a brown-haired man peeking in, his eyebrows rose up when he saw her, sitting on her bed. "Hey..." he said softly. "I thought you were sleepin'..." She lifted her head up a bit, just enough for him to see her face. Her frowned, while he quickly went over to her. "Oh no, you're crying. That's not good. No no no! Stop crying..." he spoke softly, trying to comfort her, sitting down on the ledge of her bed, waving her over to him with one hand, an offer she immediately followed. The girl moved over and sat down on his lap sideways, her legs still close to her own body, while the older one put an arm around her, his one hand holding her back, gently stroking her skin through her shirt with his thumb, while he smoothly messed up her hair, letting his fingers slide along the short, reddish strands.

Pushing himself away from the bricks, he clenched his teeth together, his whole body strained, his face showing the fight going on inside him. He slowly went over to the police box, limping, his left leg stiff, strained up, trying to fight against the waves of pain rolling through flesh and bones. Just a few meters, then he could open the door of his TARDIS, just a few more steps. But every second seemed to be longer than the second before, stretching the time, into minutes, hours, days, creating the impression of whole seasons passing by. His head raised up, his eyes just half shut he kept on walking, not even feeling the flakes of snow hitting his cheeks. Another step, with caused another wave of pain, going through his body, leaving aftershocks. Two steps, another wave, then suddenly a burning, sharp ache flashing in his chest. A stifled, cramped scream passed his lips, when his knees went weak underneath his body, and he broke down into the snow, his hands clenched into fists. His eyes closed in agony, he wanted to push himself back up, yet the slightest bit of tension in his shoulders, made him cry out even more, his voice getting lost in the night.

She buried her nose in the light blue shirt on his shoulder, while the fingers of her left hand dug into the fabric on the side of his body, near his waist. Her other warm was wrapped around him, her hand flat on his back. Her shoulders still jerking slightly, the girl held onto the Time Lord, pressing her body against his. The brown eyes of the Gallifreyan were filled with concern, when he looked down at the human woman, the earth girl, he adopted all this time ago. He had chosen her as his companion, to raise her up, and give her what she needed most: A family, who didn't judge her, a father, who was always there for her. He had chosen to be her dad. And he was worried, worried very much, since the nightmares started to come to her. At first, just a few, but suddenly more and more, every night, every time she closed her eyes. Dreams full of fire, war and death. Dreams of the great Time War, which had been lost such a long time ago, thousands, millions of years before she had been born. His fingers gently moved through her red hair, while he looked down at her. "The nightmares again, my love?", he asked softly, not really waiting for an answer, when he gently kissed her

head, breathing in her scent for a moment, before he whispered: "What did you see, Cathy...?"

He slowly looked up, when a light appeared in the corner of his eye, just a few meters away. An Ood was standing there, the ball of light he spoke through, in his hand. "We will sing to you, Doctor." it said in a calm, comforting tone. "The universe will sing you to your sleep." The brunet raised up his head slowly, looking at the creature, his eyes slightly widened. But there was something inside of them, a part of him, which finally understood and accepted, what was going to come. The man kept looking at the Ood, when a soft melody hovered through the air, a song so familiar, and at the same moment so new, like he never heard that song before. It filled his ears, his mind and head with new energy, new strength to fight against the pain. Taking deep breaths, he slowly stood up, his eyes still focused onto the TARDIS, looking at the blue door. Just a few more steps. One...two...the pain was still there, but his focus was back on, he fought against the burning heat inside of him, wanting to achieve his aim. The Time Lord kept on walking, when the Ood took his ball into its hand again, its head slightly tilted to the right. The voice of the alien vibrated through the air. "This song is ending, but the story never ends."

Cathy blinked slowly, when she heard the smooth sound of his voice, feeling his breath near the skin of her ear, the scent of him surrounding her, like a cushion she just could fall and cry into. Her eyes have turned red, and hurt, no longer able to shed tears. He was here, here with her. His hand slowly moved along the back of her head, gently messing up the hair, lightly scratching her nape. "The war again?" he muttered, his voice spoke of his concern. Her breath was shaking, when she slowly turned her head, turning onto her back on the man's lap, while he was still holding her, one arm around her waist, the other on the back of her head. The remaining tears made her blue eyes look watery, similar to two little blue lakes, looking up into the mild brown of the Time Lord's. "N-no..." she stuttered softly, her lip still slightly trembling. The Doctor moved his hand along her head, and placed his palm on her lower cheek, his fingers on her neck, while the thumb slowly moved along the skin of her cheek, brushing it softly. The short girl swallowed, when she looked up to him. A word left her lips, when she breathed out. "Snow..." The brunet looked at her, when he furrowed his brow for a moment. "Snow?" he repeated her word slowly, in a questioning manner. There has been no snow in the Time War. She must have seen something different, not the war this time. But it had to be something frightening, frightening enough to make her wake up, trembling in fear and after all they had been through, she wasn't afraid of many things. "What else did you see?" His voice was still soft, but suddenly way tenser. Cathy looked up to him. "It was night..." The look in her eyes turned into an absent glance, while she looked up onto the ceiling. "You...you were there...in the streets..." Her lips moved slowly, as she spoke. "Stumbling...falling down...like...like something was torturing you..." The Time Lord sighed, when he bowed down his head, and kissed the forehead of the human girl. "It was just a normal dream...just a nightmare..." he softly breathed, the whiff brushing her skin. His daughter placed her hand on his cheek. "No...a normal dream doesn't...doesn't feel like...this...I-I felt the cold, I felt the wind...I swear...please Daddy...believe me..." The man blinked slowly, when he looked down to her. Her eyes have always been the window to her soul, and he saw that something was bothering her, something she was more afraid of, than all the other nightmares before. "I

believe you", he said softly, a serious, yet soft expression on his face. His thumb stroked over her cheek, while his other hand slightly grabbed into the back of the shirt she was wearing for the night. "Tell me...", the Time Lord said gently. "What happened next?"

It was so close. His TARDIS. His home. Every step brought him closer to the old, blue telephone box. The walking made the pain more worse than ever, but with his teeth clenched together, he fought against the will of his body. Giving up, was not an option. Not anymore. His right hand slowly slid down into the pocket of his suit, his fingers slid along the cold metal of the key, before he pulled it out, his body still stiffed in agony. The Time Lord supported himself against the blue door with his free hand, while his other rose up the key and shove it into the lock. A slight turn to the right, a click. A soft press with his hand was enough to open the door. He slid in sideways, his hand still on the wood from the inside, when he closed it. A heavy, but silent breath left his lips, when he leaned against the left side of the gate, his eyes blinked slowly. He seemed tired, but over all, a sadness he'd never known before took a hold of his hearts, clenching around them like a fist. The man rose up his head, his eyes slowly moving from left to right, taking a deep, and intense look into his TARDIS. He would miss her. So much. The heat was banging in his chest, an unbearable sharp heat, burning him from the inside.

"We...you...you went into the T-TARDIS" she stuttered, her breath shaking uncontrollably, while her tears went down her cheeks and chin, running over the fingers of the Doctor, and into her own hair. The tender touch of her dad calmed her down, but the images in her head were too fresh and too genuine for a normal dream. The coldness of the street still sent shivers over her body. She could nearly see her own breath, surrounding her in little, transparent, white clouds, every time her breath left her lungs. "You opened the door...s-slowly...you looked...weak...tired and...exhausted..." Cathys eyelids fluttered, when she remembered the look in his eyes. "...afraid..." She looked back up to him, as her vision cleared, and the girl was able to see his real face again, the way her looked at her right now. His brown eyes were almost black in concern, but over all of this was still the tender- and calmness of a father, trying to soothe his child. He moved his arm up under her back, helping her to sit up, resting her head against his shoulder, while his arm was still supporting her on her waist, the other hand slid down from her face, along her arm, down to her hand. "Just a bad dream, honey..." he whispered, his breath faintly getting caught at her neck, caressing her skin, while his thumb slowly slid over her knuckles, in an attempt to comfort her. "Just a bad dream..." he repeated.

Her body was still shaking, when she closed her eyes for a moment, the scenario flashing back into her mind, hitting her like a punch with a fist. "You clung yourself onto the railing...holding yourself up...all the way up t-to the console..." Her voice slowly calmed down, her breath still trembling from time to time, as she spoke. "You throw away your coat...onto the pillar...to the right..." A little smile was shown on her face, when she said it. "Never using the coat-stand...as always..." Her breath pattern sped up for a few seconds, but she fought down another crying fit. "Your hand...it...its starts to glow...shimmery...golden..." Her voice trailed off, and silence surrounded them both, as the Time Lord gently rocked his daughter in his arms. He knew what she was talking about, he knew what she was going to tell him. And he also understood, why she was so scared suddenly. The slow, shaken breath of her was the only thing audible in the twilight of the room, the light through the door seemed

much more dimmed and less intense, than the time he went in. "You stagger over..." All of the sudden the whispered words sounded like a scream in the deep stillness, her breath loud enough to hush the meaning of them.

"Start the TARDIS...the look in your eyes...just like...like...it was the last time you're going to see her fly..." Her body started to shake again. "You...you slowly walk around...you're afraid...and sad...so so sad..." A little whimper escaped her throat, when the brunet buried his nose in her hair, pressing her body against his, showing her that he was there. "And you say something..." Her breath pattern starting to become unrhythmly, the whimper in her throat got stuck in the hard up and down of her chest. The man rested his forehead against hers, holding her tight, his brownish eyes staring deeply into her watery blue. Her hand moved up and her nails dug into the fabric of the shirt on his shoulder, while his hand was placed on her cheek again. Cathy held back her sobbing as good as she was able too, but she knew that she was about to lose herself again. *"I don't want to go"*

The girl looked up to him, her lip trembling again, her eyes already turned red from crying, when another sob left her throat. Her eyes slid shut, when she buried her nose in the skin of the Time Lord neck and started to cry heavily, her whole body shaking, her hands clinging onto the Gallifreyan. The hand of the Doctor moved up into her hair, letting his fingers slide through the reddish strands, holding her, sharing his warmth with her. That was everything he could do. He promised to her, that he would never lie to her, even if they were going to die, he promised to stay honest. But sometimes, to say nothing is a bigger lie, then to say something which isn't true.

He stayed quite, just sitting on the bed, the crying girl, his daughter, in his arms. The lights outside went out, and there was nothing more, then him, her and the dark. A cold, frightening darkness. In the TARDIS and in his hearts.