

A promotional poster for the Doctor Who Christmas special 'The Daughter of Time'. The central focus is a blue police box (TARDIS) set against a dark, starry space background. A large, glowing green planet or moon is visible in the upper half. A red, tentacle-like alien creature is seen in the upper left corner. The text 'DOCTOR WHO' is written in a large, ornate, red font at the top. Below it, the title 'The Daughter of Time' is written in a smaller, ornate, gold font. The words 'POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX' are visible on the top of the police box. A sign on the door of the police box reads: 'POLICE TELEPHONE FREE FOR THE USE OF PUBLIC' and 'PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE THIS SIGN'. At the bottom, the text 'Merry Christmas!' is written in a white, serif font. The entire poster is framed by a colorful, iridescent border.

# DOCTOR WHO

## The Daughter of Time

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

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FREE  
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Merry Christmas !

# *Doctor Who*

The Daughter Claus

*A Very Short  
Christmas Story*

Christmas Eve, 20205. 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the Tardis, not a creature was stirring, no Daleks, no Sentories, no Ice Warriors, or Cybermen. Not even a mouse.

Inside of the Tardis, a red light flashed on the center console as a thumping noise was heard from outside. Two thumps, then three as the sound of objects hitting the outside of the Tardis had intensified. Lying unconscious on the floor was the Doctor, wearing red pants, a red trench coat and red shoes. He looked a bit like a starving Santa Clause in those clothes. The Doctor had started to awaken and stand up when he realized that the Tardis was traveling out of control through space and hurling towards the edge of the known Universe. As the Tardis spun in circles, the stars became fewer and fewer. The Doctor's eyes opened wide, he took his right hand, slid it under his hair (which was covering his face) and flipped it backwards so that he could see a little better. Then, he swiftly started pushing the Tardis stabilizer control buttons and pulling on the time matter lever to gain control of the Tardis's flight path. Kaboom! A flash of light and smoke emitted from the Tardis's flight console. Blue flames shot out

from the side walls as the Tardis made a hard landing. The Doctor fell backwards, but caught himself by grabbing at the edge of the console. Debris flew through the air from the main Tardis doors as white dust filled the room. The Doctor covered his mouth with his forearm as he choked on the white dust.

Doctor Who talked to his first love, that big bad, sexy blue telephone box, the Tardis. “Idris, sorry my Love for the hard landing.”

Idris responded **by** turning off the red flashing lights, turning on the normal operating lights, and venting the white dust from the room. It looked like a genie’s smoke being sucked back into a bottle as the dust disappeared into a sky vent.

“Fantastic job, Idris. Now, let us see what’s out that door,” stated the Doctor as he brushed the dust off his red trench coat and glared at the Tardis’s main door.

The Doctor looked down at the navigation panel. The date read December 24, 20205 on the digital date tracking display. A big change from Belgium 1879 where the he had just disguised himself as a fellow missionary from one of his favorite friends in time, Vincent Van Gogh. At the time Vincent had

not yet met the Doctor, not as the Doctor anyways. Vincent's early work was rough, but even for a man over 1000 years old like the Doctor, sneaking a peek was wondrous.

The Doctor hurriedly walked up to the Tardis door, opened it quickly, and stepped outside to explore.

Raising his arms wide and high above his head, the Doctor took a deep breath and yelled, "Magnificent! Any landing I can walk away from is a good one. Especially when you're landing on a planet like Elflunas".

On the horizon, the purple sun peaked over the distant grey mountains of the planet, a place the Doctor had not been to in nearly 20,000 years. Elflunas was planet populated primarily by Elfanians. Yes, the same elf-like creatures that Earth fables were based on. Most Elfanians were a medium shade of green, with pointed ears, green hair, sharp white teeth, and long finger nails. But like every intelligent being in the universe, they came in all sizes and shapes. Tall, fat, short, strong, weak smart, dumb, good and evil. The planet was also occupied by bright yellow, red, purple, green, blue and orange florescent-colored

birds and reptiles. The landscape on Elflunas was generally barren with scattered plant life over a grey desert terrain and only a few forests. If you landed in the barren deserts of Elflunas, it was not all that striking. Over 2 million years before Earth started to build civilizations, the Elfanians had already built self-contained cities under their planet's surface.

The Doctor smiled as he drew his sonic screwdriver from his coat pocket. He extended his arm and the screwdriver outward. The screwdriver's bright white lit tip flashed from a slow, blinking light to a solid light. He was able to zero in on a signal.

"Cunning hiding spot. There you are," he had bellowed as he approached a 20 foot high grey boulder that sat alone in the desert sand.

When he approached the boulder, the Doctor pointed his sonic screwdriver once again at the rock's outer surface and pressed a button as it made a buzzing noise. The Doctor knocked with his fist on the outside of the boulder and, in his zany way, jumped in the air, yelling, "Open up! The Doctor's in the house!"

Seconds later, the ground shook and a large silver cylinder about 10 feet around and 20 feet high

rose up from below the ground. As it stopped, it made a slight clunking sound and a door opened on the side to reveal a female Elfanain. She had a light green complexion, cute pointy ears, and fluorescent deep blue eyes. She was striking, calm and cool as she motioned with her hand for the Doctor to enter. She was wearing a mirror reflective type jumpsuit that sparkled in the afternoon light and was blinding at a distance.

The Doctor approached and said, “Very ingenious”.

“Ingenious?” she questioned.

“Yes, the last time I was here the cities were above ground and the pollution was horrible.”

“I don’t know when that was, but the Elfanians haven’t lived on the surface for 20 thousand years.”

“Oh! Time flies. You’re right. Where we headed?” Asked the Doctor as they the cylinder door closed and they started to descend deep underground.

Blink, blink, blink, as a yellow light indicated 100 feet of descent at a time. Crack! Swoosh! The

cylinder started to race out of control down into the depths of the planet. The Doctor jumped into action and pulled the plate off the control panel. He grabbed and yanked the wires out from the panel and began fiddle with the exposed wires. He pushed and twisted a red and yellow wire together. The wires sparked, flashed, popped and then the panel lights went dead. The cylinder stopped cold in its tracks.

“Yep, got it,” shouted the Doctor.

“Good. Good for you. A little slow though,” answered the Elfanain woman.

“Oh, so you could have done better?”

“Yes, I always do.”

“Really! Why do you think so?”

The Elfanain woman reached below her chin and started to pull at her face. The Doctor had thought, is this woman about to transform into some horrific space monster? The woman removed a latex mask to reveal her true identity.

The Doctor starred intensely as a girl with blonde hair and a pretty, wide smile as she starred back at him.

She stated in a chipper voice, “Hello Father!”

The Doctor ecstatically grinned, “Daughter, is that you?”

“Yep! Now, what took you so long? I sent you a message days ago.”

“You didn’t say it was from you and I was a tad busy.”

“Silly old man. Help! J. didn’t that ring the bells in that noggin of yours?”

“Oh, J. Help Jenny. Ahhh, got it. Now I got it.”

“E, you cheeky monkey. We have work to do. Let’s go, old man.”

Jenny grabbed the Doctors right hand and pulled him into the chamber hallway. They both energetically ran off into and down the dark, connected corridor.

The walls in the corridor began to crack and crumble as the Elfians pulled themselves from the walls. They groaned and moaned as they freed themselves and dropped to the floor from the ceilings above. One, then five, then ten more Elfians stood

up. They growled; their florescent white teeth glowed in the darkness as they looked angry and hungry.

The Doctor looked back from where they had come. It was now filled with advancing Elfanians.

The Doctor questioned, “J! Friends of yours?”

“Nope! We better run!”

Jenny and the Doctor were a little out of breath, so took deep breaths and kept running.

Bang! The Doctor slammed a heavy metal door behind them. Jenny quickly turned the metal wheel mounted in the center of the door to lock the door tightly. The Elfanians couldn’t get in. Inside the small control room were a couple of workstations and monitors.

The Doctor sat down in a chair, turned on the monitors, and said, “What was that? Elfanians? They seem to be mad, literally bonkers.”

“Not mad, father.”

“Not mad. Then what?”

“Not sure. That’s why I called for you. Something has changed them.”

Jenny turned on a monitor and pointed her pink tipped sonic screw driver at the screen. The screen displayed cities located inside the planet from a few days prior. The Elfanians were calm, working, playing and life was normal.

“See, father? Just a few days ago, they weren’t cracked,” Jenny stated.

Jenny pushed the button on her sonic screw driver a second time and the screen displayed the current state of the cities: pandemonium. Elfanians running wild in the streets, hitting, clawing at each other. A furious scene.

The Doctor leaned over Jenny’s shoulder to view the monitor and said, “Beaunezz disease? Tricoplopse syndrome? Zombitutus?”

Jenny turned around and looked back up at the Doctor.

“Zombitutus? Maybe! But that’s not the only reason I called for you.”

“No? Zombitutus acting like complete loons. There’s more?”

“Yes. The Elfanians are what make Christmas happen. They have old Saint Nick trapped in

the lower level of the City and if we don't get him out, that's it. No Christmas this year. Well, not unless you can fix this mess."

"Oh... Well certainly I can't let that happen," stated the Doctor.

The Doctor paced the room, circling around Jenny. He started waving his hands in the air as he thought aloud to himself, "Elfanians, Santa, Christmas. Wait! The Elfanians make the toys?"

The Doctor proclaimed, "Jenny dear, I've got it."

Jenny looked at the Doctor, "Got what?"

"The answer. Well, at least the answer to how to get out of this room."

The Doctor went to a small door hatch located on the floor and opened it. The Doctor started to climb down the ladder inside the hatch and looked up at Jenny.

"Coming?" he asked.

Jenny laughed and replied, "And miss all the fun?"

Jenny and the Doctor descended below ground another 50 meters and surfaced in the toy factory near the ceiling. The factory was enormous. From ceiling to floor, it was one thousand kilometers and you couldn't see the end as it went on beyond where the eye could see. Peeking over the gangway platform from high above, Jenny saw the possibilities. It was a toy factory filled with toy drones, electronics, bicycles, games and tons of exciting gadgets and gizmos.

“Very clever, father. All these toys. We should certainly be able to make something from them.”

“Yes, yes. That we will.”

Jenny pointed down below, “There. That area seems to be isolated.”

Swarming around the floor like rabid zombies, the Elfanians moved on the factory floor below. There was a work area with high walls that appeared to be isolated. The Doctor and Jenny walked for several hundred meters on the gangways and down ten floors of steel ladders until they reached the work area.

The isolated area was an assembly room filled with large toy Coldstream soldiers. They kind you might see guarding special location in England in the twentieth century. You know, the guys that cannot smile. Dressed with black high fur hats about two and half heads high, red coats and black pants, they were dazzling. Today in 20205, they are used more as decorations, to stand guard outside UK facilities. In England to the far reaches of the UK embassy on the planet of Nog, they still represent symbols of pride.

Jenny and the Doctor looked around the room at the soldiers in their various stages of assembly. Some were complete, standing upright and others were still unassembled. Heads, arms, legs and other parts were scattered on top of the work tables in the room.

Jenny grabbed a soldier's head and pointed the face at the Doctor. She joked, "He seems light headed".

They both laughed as the Doctor grabbed a leg and said, "Your soldier seems like he could use a leg up".

Working quickly and furiously, the toy soldiers were assembled into an army. Lined up in

rows of five by twenty, they managed to scrap together one hundred guards in total.

The Doctor looked at a monitor on the wall. A man dressed in a red suit with a white furry collar was there, staring at the doctor. Crackling and static noise could be heard as the image faded in and out.

The man looked directly at the camera on his side and tried to communicate, “You there? Hello. Hello.”

The Doctor pressed the blue button on the panel, “Yes, my friend. We’re here.”

“Doctor? Doctor Who!” exclaimed the man in a broken voice.

The screen stabilized and the image of the man displayed to the Doctor and the image of the Doctor displayed the man came into focus.

“Ho, ho, ho,” laughed the man in a jolly voice. “Thank you for coming, Doctor.”

“It’s that you, Fat Man?” joked the Doctor.

“Ho, ho, ho! You know it is, rail man,” he answered.

Jenny looked at the man on the screen and her father and asked, “Rail man? Fat man?”

The Doctor looked at Jenny and exclaimed, “Inside joke. Tell yah later, honey,” then turned back to the screen and asked, “Now, what’s your standing?”

“I’m trapped down here and I’m tied to a chair. Not sure how much longer I can hold out. Been days down here with no food or water, mate.”

Jenny tapped on the screen to get the man’s attention.

“Santa? Santa! That is you! Isn’t it? You jolly old bugger. Just hang on.”

The Doctor chimed in, “Just keep yourself locked in. We’re on our way!”

Jenny looked at the Doctor and said, “You knew?”

The Doctor answered, “That Christmas was jimmied up this year? Yes, just didn’t know you would be here.”

“Well, you silly old man. I, too, have friends, foes, and fans. People who constantly ask for my help in saving the Universes. When I got here, I saw the Elfanians and figured this might be a father and daughter job. There is about a million Elfanians going berserk. I sent word for you through Idris. So, of course I figured she would have told you I was the one asking for help.”

“Think she might have, but something attacked her on the trip here and sent her hurling out of control. I’m guessing the same force or entity that has affected the Elfanians.”

Jenny and the Doctor lined up the human-sized toy soldiers, creating a box formation around them. As the soldiers stood proudly at attention, the Doctor stated orders to make sure all of them were responding to their programming.

“Attention, soldiers,” commanded the Doctor.

Clank, clank, clank, could be heard as the metal toy soldiers feet slapped firmly on the concrete floor of the manufacturing plant.

Jenny asked, “You ready?”

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