



*Kathleen:* Do you have any family yourself?

*The Doctor:* I don't know.

*Kathleen:* Oh, I'm sorry. It's the war, isn't it? It must be terrible not knowing.

*The Doctor:* Yes.

“The Curse of Fenric”

Head cupped in his hands, elbows resting on the controls, the Doctor was looking at the central column, mesmerised by its regular movement. The gentle humming of the time machine in motion was comforting. He felt home. This was his home. It had been for centuries and it hadn't occurred to him before that there was a void the TARDIS would never fill. Kathleen's words had reopened a wound that never really healed. He tried to push the memories away, but it was as if a Pandora's box had been opened within him. A feeling of guilt crept outside, followed by pride, joy and concern.

"Where are you, Susan?" He whispered ever so softly to himself.

The memories were starting to become painful. Regrets were trying to fight their way out and the Time Lord closed his eyes.

"Professor! Look what I found!"

Ace burst into the console room, brandishing a plastic Christmas tree, but she froze when she saw the Doctor leaning against the console, eyes closed. His face expressed various emotions and she found herself unable to put a name on them. He didn't look well and that was not a good thing. They were safe in the TARDIS, so why did he look sick? Fear and concern struggled briefly in her mind until the latter won and she rushed to the Doctor's side, discarding the Christmas tree in the process.

"Professor, are you alright?"

She put a comforting hand on the Time Lord's shoulder and he stirred as if he just woke up from a nap. Ace could swear there was water in his eyes, but he greeted her with a bright smile and pointed towards the plastic tree.

"You found it! I think that there is a box of Christmas decoration somewhere too..."

He gazed at her for a moment and she intuitively knew what he was about to say.

"No!" She grunted even before he could speak. "I don't want to spend Christmas in Perivale. It's not my home anymore. This is my new home."

The Doctor didn't argue back. In fact, he looked happy.

"I'm going to look for that box of Christmas decoration while you deal with that thing," Ace decided, pointing towards the Christmas tree.



The Time Lord watched her leave the console room. He then took a picture out of his jacket pocket and gazed at it. The Pandora's box was closed, just like the wound. He knew who his family was. And he was going to enjoy Christmas with her. He put the picture back in his jacket, grabbed his favourite instrument from his other pocket and started to play, while humming a Christmas carol. It didn't take long for Ace to react.

"Oh no, not the spoons again!"

#MyChristmasSpecial

<http://aminoapps.com/page/the-daily-t-a-r-d-i-s/2575589/christmas-special-family>

