

Just Save Someone

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Summary: What is a lone Time Lord to do when an asteroid the size of Metropolis heads for his favorite planet? Save someone, of course! A Doctor Who/Lois & Clark Crossover.

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Disclaimer: None of the characters are mine. This is a work of fan fiction and no profit will be made from it. Most of the story comes from "The Foundling" written by Dan Levine and Bryce Zabel's "All Shook Up." Credit for the tenth Doctor in this story goes to the BBC, Russell T. Davies, David Tennant and all of the other creative people that worked on Doctor Who between 2005 and 2010.

Happy Birthday, KathyB!

"No! No, no, no, no, no, no!"

The Doctor sprang up from under the console as the TARDIS started to blare an alarm. Pulling off his goggles, he tossed them over a hook under the control panel and sprinted up the stairs to spin around a coral strut and vault over the railing. He grabbed his monitor and rotated it toward him, his eyes flicking across the screen as he read the warning signs it was displaying.

"You want to go where? What?!"

The TARDIS yawed and groaned and then gave the Doctor an impatient hiss in reply. The images on the screen flickered and shifted as new patterns appeared. The Doctor's back straightened in surprise before he pulled his spectacles out of his pocket. He thrust them on his face and bent forward again, reading carefully.

"Impact imminent, no known technology on earth to demolish it, Torchwood unavailable in this dimension's timeline. Oh, this is not good. Donna? Come and take a look at this!"

The Doctor tore his eyes away from the monitor to look at the empty jump seat to his right and felt both of his hearts clench as he remembered where his companion had gone. Fourteen hours, seventeen minutes, and eight seconds, give or take some micro moments, had passed since he and his companions had defeated Davros and returned the earth to its proper place in space. He still wasn't used to the void his companions had left in his hearts.

Rose Tyler, gone. Captain Jack Harkness, gone. Mickey the Idiot, Martha Jones, Sarah-Jane Smith, and Donna Noble – all of them, gone.

It was better this way, though. They were safe, back home where family and friends waited to live with them and offer them love. Rose had her mother ... and the other him, Jack had his team, Sarah-Jane had Luke, Mickey and Martha would have each other, and Donna?

Well, Donna would live.

The Doctor felt a pang of guilt at how he had resolved the complicated event in time and space that resulted in the creation of the Doctor-Donna. She was amazing, but there was no way that Donna's human mind could contain a Time Lord consciousness. He had had no choice but to wipe her memory and tuck her amazing Time-Lady self into a safe box in her mind.

Oh, but he would miss her. Always loud, always griping about one thing or another, always fun, always full of compassion.

His friend, gone.

The TARDIS shimmied and a light on the console blinked to

garner his attention. No time to feel sorry for himself. The Doctor snapped out of his morose thoughts and hopped to the left side of the monitor to spin a dial and prime the pump that would calibrate the engines for a trip through time and space. He stared at the screen again, wondering if he was reading it correctly. The alarm blared again. No time to find another way.

The Doctor pressed his lips firmly together and braced himself before pulling down the lever that would take him where he needed to go.

The TARDIS came to a grinding and uneasy halt, the metal floor grates vibrating as the control room tipped and bounced. The Doctor grabbed the console again and held on until the rumble subsided, eyes wide as he glanced around the room. He patted the console gently.

"Rough landing, eh, girl? Crossing dimensions never is smooth sailing."

The floor grates quivered again as the TARDIS pitched and bounced some more.

The Doctor's eyebrows lifted and his mouth dropped open as he regained his balance. "That wasn't you, was it? That was the ground," he drawled, almost in question. The Doctor touched the top of his mouth with his tongue as he contemplated the landing before grinning widely and dashing for the door.

As the door opened and the Doctor's head peaked around the door-frame, his mouth broadened into a smile of delight as he looked at the foreign landscape. The planet's red sun was huge on the horizon, the bottom rim of the massive orb grazing the mountainous horizon. The Doctor took several steps out onto the plain of red-dusted rocks and sparse gray grasses before spinning to a crouch, his arms outstretched and his palms splayed several inches above the ground.

He held his hands there for a moment, his fingers trembling as he absorbed the waves of radiation that only he could see and feel. He suddenly jumped up and dashed to a moss-covered boulder. He placed both hands on its surface and bent his arms, bringing his face close to the rock. He sniffed and then licked the stone before standing up again.

"Oh, this is not good; definitely in the not good category. Where are the people from here?"

When the TARDIS remained silent, the Doctor stuck his finger into his mouth and then held the moistened digit up into the air. He stared at it a moment and then looked up into the sky. He spun around, running his hands through his hair until he caught sight of a crystalline building reaching toward the sky just above a rise beyond the blue box he called home.

"Okay. So, what do we know? Core disintegration is imminent, a chain-reaction can start at any moment, and I've arrived at a fixed point in time. How exactly is this going to help me sort out an asteroid heading for earth in another dimension almost thirty years from now?"

The Doctor glanced at the TARDIS and waited for an answer. When no response came, he grabbed his sonic screwdriver from his coat pocket, flipped it, and caught it before striking out for the structure in the distance.

"Well, let's go find out, shall we?"

Lara looked up from her working calculations as Jor-El passed through the entry of their laboratory. Lara immediately frowned at his demeanor. The pinched worry line between his eyebrows was deeper than before he'd left for the council meeting, and his stride told Lara that he was both angry and worried. Lara sighed. It was clear that the meeting had not gone well.

As Jor-El stopped at his station and began manipulating his console with the graceful, weaving motions she knew so well, Lara bent back to her own calculations and saved the changes that she had made. She knew that Jor-El would speak to her when he

was ready.

Once her calculations began running, Lara turned to watch Jor-El manipulate and sift through another set of data. There were millennia of data to sort through, and they had yet to find the location that would meet their needs. As she watched, her newest algorithm uploaded and flashed on Jor-El's screen. She watched Jor-El take the modifications and manipulate the program as she walked to join him at his console.

"See here?" Lara asked her husband, pointing at a swirl of light. "The newest iteration of the algorithm has already filtered out another terabyte of incompatible locations. It won't be long before we find what we seek."

The lights on the monitor swirled and pulsed as the algorithm sorted out another terabyte of data. Jor-El shook his head. "I don't know if it will be enough. There is still so much that is unknown." Jor-El looked at his wife and smiled sadly. "You should get some rest."

Lara placed her hand on his arm and shook her head. "I will revise the algorithm again and again until we find a suitable location. His life is more important than sleep. There is so little time left..."

She turned to look at the pedestal topped with the ovoid capsule that held a cargo more precious and loved than even she could have imagined just months before. Jor-El's gaze followed hers and she shared her conviction with him mind-to-mind. <He must live,> she thought fiercely. <It cannot end this way. It will not! Not if I can help it.>

The ground beneath them buckled and shifted and the console rang its alarm. Lara felt Jor-El's comforting arms surround her, even as she felt his worry increase. The pieces of metal instrumentation and synthetic casings strewn about the table bounced and jangled until the ground settled again, but the pedestal stood firm, their baby, Kal-El, safely nestled inside beneath the nourishing mists.

When the shaking subsided and all returned to normal, Lara extricated herself from her husband's embrace and returned to her workstation. Her mind was already on another equation that could boost the examining power of her algorithm when the door chime sounded. Lara looked up in surprise; they had not had a guest visitor since the tremors began a fortnight ago. She looked toward Jor-El, but he was in deep concentration and had not heard the chime. Lara decided to answer the door, as whoever it was must be in dire need of help.

Lara made her way to the door and pressed her palm against the lock. The door slid open to reveal the most peculiar stranger that she had ever seen. A tall, thin man in an unusual suit of brown stood looking at her, a delighted grin on his face. Lara took in his wind-swept hair and his sand shoes and invited him in to rest. The weather must have taken a turn for the worst.

As the stranger accepted her non-verbal invitation to enter, Lara observed that although the stranger was Kryptonoid in form, his features and clothing looked nothing like her kinsmen and kind and bespoke an alien origin. An excitement began to build deep inside of her as she realized that the gods must have sent this stranger to help them. She palmed the door closed and turned to her guest.

"Good evening. I am Lara, wife of Jor-El and you are welcome to our home. I don't know what being you are, sir, or where you've come from, but Krypton is a dying world; you should not be here now. That said, I must admit that I am delighted to meet you ..."

"Doctor."

"Doctor. Please come in and rest yourself while I inform my husband of your arrival. We have many questions to ask."

Lara hurried away, excited. She didn't know how, but she knew without a doubt that this strange meeting would help them find the solution they so desperately needed.

The Doctor rocked up and down on his toes as his hostess rushed through a doorway. The TARDIS had brought him to too many places like this – where disaster seemed moments away and the inhabitants welcomed him as if they had expected his arrival – to be surprised by the woman's welcome.

He looked around the foyer briefly before sensing telepathic communication from the next room. The Doctor didn't know anything about the race of beings that lived on this planet, but both hearts jumped in excitement as the gentle caresses of psychic communion surrounded his mind.

When his hostess didn't immediately return, the Doctor walked toward the arched opening through which Lara had disappeared. He paused at the doorway as he watched them manipulate a helix-shaped object of thinly twisted metal. The man, Jor-El, touched various points on the surface of the object, which responded with a variety of musical tones. Above the physical object, a holographic display of lights danced and coalesced into a replica of the helix below.

"Oh! That is beautiful!" the Doctor exclaimed.

The TARDIS wasn't yet translating the language for him, but he could see enough similarities between this musical light display of equations and geometry and his own circular language to understand that they were working on a faster-than-light propulsion system. The calculations were almost perfect, but as he watched, the Doctor saw a slight error to their calculation. The Doctor studied the patterns for another moment before reaching into his pocket and withdrawing his sonic screwdriver. He pressed a button and twisted the instrument just so until a new pattern emerged within the holographic display.

The Doctor heard the woman gasp and saw the man beam with elation as they recognized the change in the pattern. They continued to manipulate the object, making the modifications to the physical metal object. The Doctor put the sonic screwdriver back into his pocket as Jor-El released the helix and turned to embrace his wife. The Doctor beamed at their shared joy and watched them wipe tears from their eyes.

Lara reached down to take the man, Jor-El he presumed, by the hand and led him over to stand before the Doctor. Jor-El gestured respectfully in welcome.

"Doctor. Be welcome in our home. My wife tells me that you are a visitor to Krypton and that you may be able to help us in our most desperate hour. But before we ask our vital questions, I must tell you, sir, that Krypton is not safe for you now. Our planet's core is unstable and disintegrating. Even I, who predicted this outcome, do not know how much time we have left. Do you have means of escape to your own world?"

The Doctor was touched by Jor-El's consideration. "Thank you. Yes, I have the means to leave."

"Can you take others with you?"

The Doctor paused, his expression falling. "I'm sorry. So sorry..." he began, but couldn't finish when he saw their hope dim. He was at a fixed point in time. Krypton was doomed to destruction and its inhabitants destined to extinction. He was so tired of explaining that although he was a Lord of Time, he was powerless to help them.

The Doctor saw Lara's resolve strengthen as she took her husband's hand in hers. She turned to her husband, the light of conviction shining through her eyes. "Then we will continue as we began. We have the means to save him. Now we just need a location."

The ground shook again, and the Doctor shifted his stance and spread his arms to keep his balance, while the couple steadied each other. When it ended, they both moved back toward their workstations, Jor-El to the view screen and Lara to an egg-shaped pod atop a pedestal. As Lara turned toward the table, another tremor, longer and more violent than the others that the Doctor had

felt since arriving on Krypton, shook the laboratory. Jor-El grabbed the table for support until the shaking subsided. Lara lost her balance and sank to the floor as the console blazed to life and flickered with new light. Jor-El helped Lara up, and all three of them approached the console. Jor-El weaved his hands above it and the console responded with new patterns of light.

Jor-El and the Doctor wore identical worried frowns as they read the display.

“The pattern of core disintegration continues to accelerate.” Joe-El sighed. “Even I cannot predict where it will end.”

“Precision and care, Jor-El. We must not fail,” Lara reminded him.

Both Jor-El and Lara looked toward the pedestal, and the Doctor followed their gaze. He started in surprise as he realized what was inside: a baby boy. The Doctor took in the limited resources and the size of the capsule, and his hearts clenched as he realized what they were planning to do.

Lara turned away from the pedestal and caught the Doctor’s anguished look.

“Alone?” he asked them.

Lara nodded. “It is all we can do. It is what we must do. We have made our choices, but he . . .” Lara’s voice faltered as she turned again to look at the baby. “He is innocent at the beginning of life. We want what all parents want for their child. He *must* live.”

“There is no longer any doubt,” Jor-El answered. “The chain reaction has begun.”

“You told them it would happen. Did they listen?”

Jor-El shook his head. “The population has awakened, too late, to its fate. Our future is inevitable.”

“So, the council remains determined? To send only a few great houses and doom the rest?” Lara asked. At Jor-El’s nod, she turned back to the Doctor. “The few families with means plan to board our short-range vessels are launching into the known universe to try to find a habitable world. I understand the need to try to save our species, but not the prioritization of the wealthy. Even so, it is doubtful that they will find more than a barely habitable moon within their lifetimes. Given the immensity of space, we know there is a place to which we can direct our son’s vessel, to give him the best chance at life.”

Jor-El nodded and turned back to the Doctor. “There is an ancient Kryptonian saying: ‘On a long road, take small steps.’ We still have far to go, and we pray to the gods that you might be able to help us find what we need.”

Jor-El indicated the display that had continued to run Lara’s algorithm, searching the codex for the information they sought. “We search for a place where we can send him, a place that is physically and biologically compatible with Krypton. We refuse to doom our son to a world where he will only live a lingering death, but wish to find him a chance to really live, to love, to have a meaningful existence.”

The three of them endured another tremor. When the shaking subsided, an urgent tone, not unlike the cloister bells, blared through the structure. Jor-El struggled to his feet and did something at the console that turned off the alarm. Lara joined him as another, different sound emitted from the console. They watched the lights blink in sequence with the tone as the coordinates scrolled down the monitor. When he gained his balance, the Doctor used his sonic screwdriver to scan the couple and found them to be an almost perfect match for the humans of Earth.

The Doctor turned to watch the data scroll by and recognized the search pattern. He realized that the information they sought was still days away, too long for them to save their son from destruction. The Doctor’s breathing became ragged through his clenched teeth, and his shoulder’s tensed as he ran his hands through his hair.

What good was he? Why was he here, at a fixed point in time? There was nothing he could do! Again! These good people were doing all they could to save their beloved son, but it wasn’t going to be enough. Their planet was doomed.

Unbidden, the destruction of Gallifrey flashed through his mind. The Doctor growled and pulled his hair, his anger growing at his ineffectual existence. How could he call himself the Doctor when he couldn’t, wouldn’t help? Never give up? Never give in? What good was he? The roar of the flames and the cries of his people grew – along with another jarring tremor, and the Doctor wanted to scream.

‘*Just someone.*’ Donna’s voice whispered through the noise. The fires of Pompeii rained down around them as Gallifrey burned again in his mind. The Doctor stilled as he heard her quiet, tearful plea. ‘*Please? Not the whole town, just save someone.*’

Determined, the Doctor spun around. Pulling his sonic screwdriver out of his pocket, he changed the settings. The Doctor pointed the tool at the console and pressed the button as his screwdriver began to whirl. Lara grabbed Jor-El’s arm as she recognized the change the Doctor had made to her search algorithm. She turned to him with a look of wonder and gratitude on her face.

All three of them watched as the coordinates on the monitor jumped and shifted until they settled on a planet roughly twenty-five light-years away.

“At last the computers have located a suitable destination!” Jor-El exclaimed, hugging his wife. “It is a planet physically and biologically compatible with Krypton whose inhabitants resemble ours, and whose society is based on ethical standards which we, too, embrace in concept, if not always in deed,” Jor-El read. “The inhabitants call it ‘Earth.’”

Another tremor shook the room, and the Doctor sprang into action. “It looks like you’re ready to install the core of the hyperspace drive. No time to lose,” he said as he picked up various components from Jor-El’s worktable.

“We haven’t had a chance to test the helix,” Jor-El protested.

Lara gave the Doctor an assessing look. “Jor-El. We must do as the Doctor says. It was he that fixed both the helix patterns and my search algorithm. If he thinks the drive will get our son to this safe haven, then we must trust him.”

All three had to hold on to the worktable as the building shifted, and the ground rolled beneath their feet. Lara staggered to the pedestal to support the life pod as the Doctor and Jor-El steadied the hyper light drive. When the ground settled again, Jor-El met the Doctor’s gaze across the table.

“Will you help us, Doctor? Will you see Kal-El safe to his new home?”

“I will,” the Doctor vowed.

Tears appeared in Jor-El’s eyes, and he nodded. At the Doctor’s count, they placed their hands at either end and together, they hefted the drive helix and carried it to the life pod. Lara had already opened the hatch to allow them to attach the module to the rear of the ship.

As Jor-El and Lara tightened the fittings, the Doctor stepped away and adjusted his sonic screwdriver again. Pointing it toward the laboratory entrance, the buzzing of the sonic morphed into the wheezing of the TARDIS. When it solidified, the Doctor rushed inside to reappear a moment later, pulling a cable as he went. He quickly pointed the sonic screwdriver at the ends of the cable to adjust the fittings for the hyper light drive. He plugged it in and then dashed back into the TARDIS to run a diagnostic test.

Once the tests were complete, and the Doctor was satisfied with the results, he returned to the laboratory to find Jor-El holding a small, spherical object. He held it up and stared at it as the gentle murmuring of telepathic communication tingled his mind. When Jor-El had finalized his messages to his infant son, the globe glowed with a red map of Krypton. The Doctor watched

as he fit the globe to a mounting designed for it on the life pod. As the computer within engaged, the map face changed to that of Earth.

Lara handed Jor-El a probe, and Jor-El touched the surface of the life-pod with it to disperse the mist. Lara leaned inside to caress their infant son and say her goodbyes, and the Doctor watched in sadness as Kal-El's parents touched him and looked at him for the last time.

Lara stepped back. "All is in readiness. We have selected the ship's exact destination on Earth and programmed it into the computer."

Jor-El gestured toward the pod. "Kal-El, our child."

The Doctor clapped his hand on Jor-El's shoulder. "Under Earth's sun, his Kryptonian cells will give him powers and abilities no one has ever had."

"He will use them well," Jor-El declared. "He is the last son of Krypton."

Jor-El and Lara moved to stand next to each other beside the ship, and they wrapped their arms around each other.

"I try to picture where he will be when he hears our messages. What will he look like? Is he alone? What will he become? Lara and I will never know. But that he should live to experience life... that is enough. We are content."

Jor-El sealed the spaceship door as Lara lightly touched the capsule's surface. The Doctor saw the infant reach for her and had to close his eyes as a memory of the dead children of Gallifrey danced around a pole in celebration. He opened his eyes as he heard the ship's door close. Then, he felt a subtle tremor begin and knew that the end was close. The couple stepped back from the pedestal while a hatch in the ceiling began to open.

"We give you to Earth, to a realm called America, and a place called Kansas. Remember us, but do not regret our passing. All is fate."

The Doctor took one more look at the couple that stood embracing each other as they stared at their son. The pod began to lift, slowly through the roof and then with a streak of light into space.

Anguished, the Doctor knew it was time for him to leave. Jor-El turned to look at him one last time and nodded in gratitude before pulling his grieving wife closer.

The Doctor shut the door to the TARDIS and sprinted to the console amidst another earsplitting alarm. He shifted a gear and threw the lever that started her engines just as the trembling became unbearable. The TARDIS resolved in space outside of the planet in time for the Doctor to see the life pod streak away from Krypton and pass their location toward Earth. As the Doctor watched the planet hang in space for an endless, beautiful moment, a greenish light flared and the planet exploded, reducing it to dust and debris. In another moment, it was as if the planet had never existed.

The Doctor's eyes dropped from the monitor and filled with tears. The TARDIS hummed in consolation, but the Doctor couldn't appreciate her compassion. He reached down and twisted the dial that would take them home.

The TARDIS resolved with a wheeze and a clang as the Doctor continued to clutch the console. The TARDIS whirred again, and the Doctor finally reached up to wipe the tears from his cheeks.

"He won't know, will he?" the Doctor asked the empty space surrounding him. "He'll never know who he is, or why they sent him away."

The TARDIS seemed to understand his real concern. The Doctor had ended the lives of everyone on Gallifrey while only a few in high command knew that he had taken the Moment and understood what he had planned to do with it. Most of the Time Lords had not understood. The TARDIS dinged her answer by

flashing a message on the monitor, and the Doctor smiled weakly. He nodded at her reminder that Jor-El and Lara had foreseen that problem and had provided their son with messages both to console and inform.

"He wasn't abandoned; they saved him," the Doctor affirmed. "Someday he will know it."

The Doctor took a deep breath and circled the console to walk to the front door. He opened it and looked out surprised at where they had landed. He wasn't home yet; he was still in the alternate dimension. He looked around at the huge, bustling, unfamiliar city and wondered why the TARDIS had brought him here.

"Where?" he asked, spinning in a circle, but he stopped short when he saw a massive metal globe on the building behind him. "The Daily Planet?"

Seeing a coffee vendor a few steps away, the Doctor stepped away from the TARDIS to get a closer look at the newspaper rack sitting to the side of the vendor's cart. Small, black letters revealed his current destination as Metropolis, New Troy, USA.

"Why here?" he asked no one in particular.

"Maybe because I'm here, Doctor," an unexpected voice answered.

The Doctor looked up to see a familiar, wide grin on the face of the coffee vendor next to him. The dark skin and the goatee were new, but there was no question as to who was behind the gentle, compassionate twinkle in eyes he hadn't seen since the battle of Arcadia.

"Guardian?"

"Here the people call me 'Mike.'"

Mike opened his arms in welcome, and the Doctor rushed into them. They hugged and rocked and patted each other on the back as they both laughed with joy. After a delighted moment, the Guardian pulled away and asked the question that filled the Doctor with dread.

"Does your crossing mean that the Time War is over?" Mike asked.

The Doctor's smile vanished as the grief and anger rushed back. There was so much his friend didn't know, and the Doctor hesitated to tell him. The Guardian was a Time Lord that had spent his lives shielding, guiding, and succoring the beings around him. The Doctor knew that he had crossed into this dimension to help relieve the pain of a race orphaned after the fall of Arcadia. How could the Doctor wound his friend's compassionate soul by telling him how he had finally ended it?

The Guardian gently squeezed his arm. "Tell me, Doctor."

Instead of answering out loud, the Doctor opened his memories up to the man beside him and allowed him to see his experiences since Arcadia had fallen: The Moment, Rose Tyler, Captain Jack Harkness and the Face of Boe; Bad Wolf, the Cybermen and the Daleks; Martha Jones, The Master and Rassilon; Donna Noble, Sarah Jane, Davros and the Stolen Earth, the Ood, and the Doctor-Donna.

The Guardian absorbed it all and hung his head with grief and pain. The Doctor felt his anguish and wished again that there were something that he could do to change it.

"I'm sorry," the Doctor cried. "I'm so, so sorry..."

The Guardian pulled the Doctor into his embrace once again and consoled him with telepathic absolution. "You did what had to be done. You were right to end the War and the endless devastation."

The Doctor didn't think he'd ever overcome the bitter weight of the choice that he made, but the Guardian's forgiveness was a balm to his soul. The TARDIS interrupted any further conversation with a grinding wheeze. The dimensional retro-closure continued and soon the barriers to the dimensions would be fixed and impenetrable once again.

Mike gave the Doctor a sad smile of understanding. "Time to go, eh?"

“Come with me,” the Doctor pleaded.

Mike shook his head and tipped it toward an approaching couple. “Can’t. There’s too much to do here.”

The Doctor watched as Mike prepared two cups of coffee and then handed one to the woman. “Short non-fat mocha, decaf, no foam, no sugar, no whip.” Mike turned to the man and handed him the other. “Grande latte, full caf, whole milk, three sugars.”

“Still on that health food kick, I see,” the woman quipped to her companion.

“Life’s short, Lois. Order what you want.”

“Life is long, Clark. And you are what you eat.” The Doctor watched in amusement as she did a quick body scan of her companion and then groused under her breath, “most of us anyway.”

The man looked back at Mike and smirked before following the woman away from the cart. Mike turned to look at the Doctor and tipped his head and gestured toward the couple. “Look at them, Doctor. Really look.”

The Doctor peered at them and opened himself up to the passage of time. He saw the swirling possibilities in their pasts and futures and was shocked at the nexus that surrounded these two together. He could see in these two people possibilities that outstripped almost anyone else he’d ever met, save Rose Tyler and Donna Noble.

As a dark shadow fell over their location and the couple turned to look into the sky, the Doctor saw alternate realities coalesce and divide through each trial and struggle. He glanced into the sky and realized that the asteroid that was on a collision course for earth, the one that had prompted his trip into this dimension, was on it’s way.

On a hunch, the Doctor took his sonic screwdriver out and scanned the couple. The woman was human, but the Doctor was delighted to see the readings that he had hoped for in the man – Kryptonian. So, Kal-El and the powers that he received from Earth’s yellow sun would be this world’s salvation.

As the Doctor and Mike watched, they saw Clark rush into the street to stop an out-of-control car with his hands while smoke rose from the friction of his shoes sliding on the pavement. The Doctor stifled a laugh when Clark glanced around as the light returned and then threw his body backward into a pile of garbage.

Kal-El, the last of the Kryptonians.

So this was the much loved and cherished babe Jor-El and Lara had hoped to save. He saw the way Clark had looked at his companion and was pleased to see the careful ministrations of Lois as she checked him over for injury. Jor-El and Lara’s wish, that their son would have a chance to live and love, had been fulfilled. The TARDIS clanged urgently and interrupted his ruminations.

Mike smiled sadly. “It’s time for you to go. Do you understand, Doctor, why I must stay?”

The Doctor embraced his beloved friend once more. “I will come back if I can.”

The TARDIS groaned, and the Doctor finally released Mike and walked backward toward her. His friend flashed him a huge grin and held up his hand. “You worry too much, Doctor. You’re doing just fine. Everything is going to be fine.”

The Doctor smiled sadly and then disappeared inside his blue box. He sprinted to the console and primed the engines for departure. He threw a switch and twisted the dial that would take them home.

“Let’s go somewhere we can do some good, eh girl?”

The Doctor braced himself and then threw the lever. The Ood were calling, a call that the Doctor was not eager to answer. Maybe he would take a quick trip into a simpler past or finally visit Mars along the way.

THE END