

The Doctor & Jo 1973

Textualised by Steve Barlow.

Jo screamed. Loudly. "Doctor, it's a wall of water."

The Doctor was already well aware of the situation. He'd arrived with Jo via Tardis in the seaside resort of Newquay, 1973 around 30 minutes ago.

1973 was a particularly popular period of Newquay propensity as it discovered that by placing amusement arcades around the town & distributing slightly larger than legal quantities of vodka to the tourist it would encourage them to come & purchase the local Cornish delicacy of pasties at an exaggerated price. This worked & tourists (mostly british & german) flocked to drink cheap vodka!

As all holiday makers to Newquay were permanently happy via alcohol this caused a sub culture of tourist shops painted bright colors who sold sunglasses, colorful T shirts and a multiple of essentially useless foreign sovereigns to give to those unfortunate enough not to join you on your holiday.

The Doctor looked around taking in everything, the speed of the wave rushing them, the density, the distance to safety. Somewhere his inner mind worked out the calculations that would crush his & Jo's skulls. He ignored that possibility. That wouldn't happen. He was the Doctor. Jo was his charge. There was a chance. But it would hurt. The wave was around 20 feet high & speeding towards the Doctor & Jo at 30 mph. It would hit in 18 seconds.



The Doctor grabbed Jo's hand & yanked her forward. "Come on Jo, run. Run Like we've never run."

Jo instinctively grabbed the Doctor's hand & allowed herself to start running. This happened so often, it had become instinct to her. She'd only known the Doctor a year or so but this life of adventure had engulfed her.

The pair ran on the sands, dark skies overhead, rain drizzled down. The weather wasn't that bad. It was just the 20 foot wave crashing towards the Doctor & Jo that was the problem. 100 yards to go reckoned the Doctor to himself. He stared at the sea walls approaching himself & Jo, large rugged seawalls, made with rough concrete, various iron boat hooks & anchors attached. Notably covered with the jagged shells of sea mussels.

The Dr suppressed a grimace as he ran.

His calculations were exact & correct. If the Doctor & Jo attempted to climb the 12 foot beach ladder to the safety of the road, they wouldn't make it. The pressure from the waves would engulf the pair and slam them into the solid beach wall. Jo would drown in 15 seconds. The Doctor would probably survive but would be unable to fight the flow of the waves for at least 30 seconds.

The only way was to lay against the wall & allow the wave to engulf, pound & crush them.

Not worried about himself, he'd experienced pain many times before, sometimes he even enjoyed it. But Jo...

This isn't right. Silly little thing, thought the Doctor.

“Jo stand there.” The Doctor shoved her towards the grey sea walls shouting above the wind & waves. He flattened his face against the stone wall pressing in.

With his right arm he covered Jo as best he could. “Put your face into the wall,” he shouted. The Doctor felt the roughness of the wall smash into the side of his face as the wave engulfed him. He fought to regain control of his body. Keep his arm on Jo. He couldn’t see her. Couldn’t see anything, water everywhere. Drowning. No not drowning. I’m the Doctor. Just can’t breathe.

The wave forced the Doctor & Jo into the wall & then withdrew their limp bodies with it’s own body. Both out of control, the Doctor kept hold of Jo’s coat, gripping it with everything he had. They were being dragged back, still underwater

Jo. How’s Jo? The Doctor struggled with the waves to move, take control. He couldn’t. His face hurt massively, probably cut to shreds on the sea mussel shells. That didn’t matter, how was Jo?



Jo clung tightly to the Doctors hand as they reached the sea wall, the wave was literally 5 meters behind them but had at least dropped a bit in height, ever the optimist, thought Jo. It was bigger than any of the buildings she’d seen in London. She knew they wouldn’t make it to the ladder & to safety in time.

She flattened her body against the sea wall & attempted a drizzled smile at the Doctor.

He smiled back. “Hold on Jo, this is going to hurt. Cream teas afterwards eh? He winked & Jo lost consciousness as her head smashed into the sea wall.

The wave crashed in & crashed back out, a second followed, then a third & a fourth. The Doctor clung to Jo, doing his best to push both their heads above water when possible. A few seconds of breath would make all the difference for Jo. At last it subsided, at last the Doctor was able to keep his head above water & the pair settled on the sands as the wave evaporated.

Exhausted the Doctor lay on the beach, close to the beach wall, sea rocks & sea weed strewn everywhere, the wave’s still wild slowly subsiding.

Jo next to him on her side. He turned her over & grimaced as he did so. Deep cuts ran into deep slices over her face, clothing & body, her nose & eyes obscured by blood, cuts to her torso & thighs. Blood everywhere.

He noted his own hands, covered in blood. Was that his or Jo’s?

He established it was a mixture of both. Jo was dying. Her breath barely audible. At least she was unconscious, unaware. The Doctor calculated. She had 32 seconds worth of life. He hated his time lord ability at that point. He cradled Jo.

“Brigadier!” he shouted into his ear piece, glad it was still intact. No answer. To be expected. The wave had continued into town, UNIT hadn’t been that far back.

He’d told her not to come, told her to stay back, back in London where it was safe. But no, Jo. She’d insisted on coming & the Doctor had quickly learnt that he thoroughly enjoyed her company. He should have said no. Always say no when the Master is around.

“She’s not dying,” he said out loud. “She’s not dying you know.” He shouted up into the sky, not expecting an answer.

The Doctor fumbled in his soaked pockets looking for something. He pulled out a sleek silver object. Looking at his sonic screwdriver he changed a few settings & listened as he heard a dial tone.

An amused voice answered. "Doctor, hello"

"Jack, about that favour, bring the nanobytes will you, there's a good chap."

The End

Steve Barlow