



The Audio Dramas

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## **Halcyon Putrefaction**

by John Parr

# Regeneration Scene

The Tardis shuddered violently once again, flames licking the multiple walls surrounding the two petrified occupants. The Doctor sprinted from panel to panel of the Tardis console, desperately trying to regain control of his beloved ship. The attack continued.

‘Save us, Doctor. Doctor!’ screamed Christine, directing all her fear and frustration at the Time Lord she had entrusted herself with.

‘Just hold on, Chris,’ replied the Doctor, trying his utmost to hide the sheer panic that’d been haunting him for some time now.

The Tardis doors suddenly swung open; the vortex revealing itself to the time travellers. Christine, standing adjacent to the doors, was viciously thrown from her own two feet, out into the vortex. Screaming.

‘You failed me! You failed me when I needed you the most and you let me die!’

The Doctor could do nothing but watch as Christine plummeted through the vortex, the gravitational pull of the recently departed planet sucking her into the deep void of space. Barely clinging onto the console, the Time Lord knew she spoke the truth. He had failed her. It was all over too quickly.

‘I’m sorry, Christine. I’m so sorry.’

Another violent shudder, only this time more devastating, ripped through the Tardis, quickly encored by a terrific explosion. The Tardis shattered, segmenting the structure into several different pieces. The Doctor began speeding through the vortex himself, as would a Ferrari down a racetrack. With Christine no longer in his sight, he only had the belief that somewhere, somehow, she was still alive.

As the Gallifreyan continued to hurtle through the vortex, the multicoloured energy surrounding the walls of the tunnel began to close in and engulf him, interfering with biological cells and thus corrupting DNA. He began to shout incoherently in fear, as the energy continued to swarm around him. Covering his bloodstained face with his scorched hands in despair, every bone in his noble body clicked and adopted a new physique. He felt the hairs of his moustache regressing into his skin, facial features changing as was the rest of his physicality. However, blood still stained his forehead. What could this mean? Regeneration hadn’t fully completed? Was he in the same incarnation but with a new appearance?

A bright, shining white light illuminated at the end of the long and treacherous tunnel. The Doctor squinted his newborn eyes as it grew closer and closer, brighter and brighter. Upon contact with the light, the distant sound of an explosion invaded the Time Lord’s eardrums, and the vortex became empty once again.

*Things change...*

THE END



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