

Infinite Whoniverses

2017 EASTER SPECIAL-

THE ONCOMING STORMSLAYER

By Ian Cai Mercer



“SOMEONE WOULD HAVE TAKEN MY PLACE ”-

BUFFY- 'GRAVE'- SEASON 6 EPISODE 22

The Doctor was out of options. She was trapped in some kind-of Trans-Temporal eddy, a storm-vortex that had whipped up out of nowhere.

The DARTIS had somehow slipped sideways-in-Time, drawing her into another Universe.

“Oh swells Bells,” she moaned. Her experience of Alternate Realities was dicey at best. This though was like being stuck like a Genie in a

bottle. She rubbed her nose; this was not good at all.

Then she got that tingling sensation, snaking up her spine, that shiver of dread you experienced walking down a dark path in the black of night and yet you know something is watching you.

She clapped her hands for attention and then whipped out her Sonic Hairdryer.

"All righty then, I'm gonna say this only once. If you don't reveal yourself pretty pronto, then I'll set this to full Exorcism mode, so come out, come out wherever the hell you are." She said, challenging whatever had managed to bypass the shielding of the D.A.R.T.I.S. The Old Boy never really let in anyone who wasn't invited, so this conniving entity must have been especially sneaky to get aboard.

A whispering, shimmering cloud materialised, solidifying into the appearance of a fifteen year-old Human-looking Girl. Prim, smart and tidy in a summer dress with long raven hair tied back in a plait, her brown eyes staring back at The Doctor through black-rimmed prescription glasses and a look of relief upon her sharp, aquiline face. The Doctor was impressed by how much effort this entity had made.

"I never thought I would see anybody ever again." The Entity sighed. "I feel as if I've been stuck here forever, rather than just a few years."

The Doctor sighed, shaking the Sonic Hairdryer.

It still read the Entity as a Teenage Girl. Nothing could disguise itself that well surely?

She turned to the Console and patched in the Internal Sensors, then waved the Sonic again.

The Entity sniggered, stifling a giggle.

"What?" The Doctor asked.

"Oh, sorry. It's just the way you're waving that hairdryer around." The Doctor shrugged. "It's a Sonic Hairdryer, stylish and practical, everything that a Tallifreyonion Timegirl needs."

She shook her head. "Well, whatever you really are, it's reading you as a Human Teenager, but you can't fool me."

The Entity looked confused, then realised what she meant.

"Of course! It was Kazoth's bolthole out of the Deeper Well, so..." She paused and took a breath. "Okay, sorry. Introductions first, and where am I by the way?"

The Doctor played along. "I'm The Doctor, this is the DARTIS and you are?"

The Entity grinned. "I'm Elise, Elise the Vampire Slayer."

"Huh?" The Doctor was clueless, so Elise began to explain from the very beginning...

"Death is your Gift."

As Dawn arose, the rift expanding immeasurably, Buffy understood it all. The words of the First Slayer, the bond of blood between them.

She looked toward the Light.

"Dawn, listen to me, 'cos there's not a lot of time. Listen. I love you, I will always love you.

But this is the work that I have to do. Tell Giles, tell Giles that I figured it out and I'm okay. Give my love to my friends. You have to take care of them now. You have to take care of each other.

The hardest thing in this world is to live in it.

Be brave, live. For me."

She kissed her Sister, turned and ran headlong, diving into the maelstrom, her head held high.

This is what being The Slayer meant, another would be called.

The Energy engulfed her, the Portal was sealed.

Buffy Summers sacrificed her life to save the world.

And then a New Slayer was called forth...

"I was born Elise Alexandria Stillhaven, on the shores of Lake Taupo in New Zealand.

I was one of the Potentials- a group of just under two thousand Girls who could be called to be the next Slayer, one Girl in all the world with the power to fight Demons, Monsters and Vampires.

My Watcher told me that I was fourth in line of my Generation. That there was Buffy, Kendra and Faith before me. Buffy died and Kendra was activated. But then Buffy was brought back to life, creating an instability in the Slayer Line, two Slayers- a paradox.

The Tiberius Manifesto mentioned that a splintering of the Line would have a catastrophic effect, which is coming to pass.

I was activated while I was stood on the Gantry in the Deeper Well, the prison of the immortal Old Ones. Buffy died a second, mystical and magical death, sealing a multi-dimensional portal.

I felt dizzy, falling off the gantry and down the Hole in the World.

All the energy mixed, revealing a gap between dimensions. The Old One Kazothordu'um had begun to create a Bolthole, an escape route before his defeat and interment in the Well. This Storm-vortex is all that is left, like the space down the back of the sofa, forgotten. I fell through and it sealed shut behind me. I have no way home, I am lost in this timeless void, trapped for eternity. I am not just a Slayer, but now a StormSlayer, but powerless to effect anything. I am sorry you became trapped here too Doctor."

Elise finished her tale and sat, exhausted. The Doctor mulled it over. Magical forces were a bit beyond her experience, but something could be done. "You know what Elise," she said as she sat down next to the Slayer. "If you're infused with all this mystical energy, surviving in this void without food, water, air for yonks, then it's possible I might, just might be able to get both of us out of this mess." Elise's eyes widened.

"Really?"

The Doctor stood, offering her hand, which Elise took and got to her feet. "No promises, but I am The Doctor and I think I can help." She moved to the Console at the centre of the machine. Elise joined her. "So what's the plan?"

The Doctor smiled, flicking switches.

"If you could channel your energies through the DARTIS, which stands for Dimension And Relative Temporal Interstitial Ship, then perhaps we can punch a hole outta here!" She flipped switches, turned dials and pointed to a hand scanner. "Hold your hands down on that, it'll reroute your energy to the Temporal buffers, give the old guy a bit more juice."

"You call your time machine an old guy?" The Doctor shrugged. "Just do, like they call me The Oncoming Stormgirl, which'll make you the Oncoming Stormslayer. HOLD ON TIGHT NOW!" They both did as The Doctor pushed the main lever of the console forward and the DARTIS shook. Elise glowed as the energies of the Storm vortex were channelled through the Timeship, which broke free of the bolthole and out into Interdimensional space beyond.

"We did it!" Elise cried, hugging the Doctor, who then punched the air with joy.

"Now that's what I call a rescue baby!" She whooped. Elise held onto the console, feeling faint and woozy.

"Think I'm fully corporeal again." The Doctor waved the Sonic Hairdryer over her.

"Yep and a bit dehydrated too." She fished an apple out of her pocket which Elise gratefully munched on.

"Thanks."

The Doctor scanned the Interdimensional cluster ahead.

"Right then Young Slayer-lady, let's find a pasta palace or Chinese restaurant or something. Come On!"

The Doctor and The Slayer both grinned as the DARTIS went on a quest through eternity for a decent takeaway...

THE END-

OF THE BEGINNING!

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“BOTTOMLINE IS, EVEN IF YOU SEE ‘EM COMING, YOU’RE NOT
REALLY READY FOR THE BIG MOMENTS.
NO-ONE ASKED FOR THEIR LIFE TO CHANGE, NOT REALLY.
BUT IT DOES.

SO WHAT ARE WE HELPLESS? PUPPETS?
NO.

THE BIG MOMENTS ARE GONNA COME, YOU CAN’T HELP THAT.
IT’S WHAT WE DO AFTERWARDS THAT COUNTS.
THAT’S WHEN WE FIND OUT WHO WE ARE.

YOU’LL SEE WHAT I MEAN” –

WHISTLER- ‘BECOMING- PART 1’- SEASON 2