

Dearest Beth,

It occurs to me that, despite all my adventures with the Doctor, I have never described for you this stranger who's had your sister running across the universe. The fact is, it's not easy.

If you ever saw her, you'd almost certainly raise an eyebrow. You'd hate her dress sense for one - mostly because she has none! Her style, at best, would be described as "practical." It changes from location to location and from whim to whim (and there are lots of both). Generally, she seems to favor a set of knit fingerless gloves, a pair of chunky boots ("positively made for adventuring", she says), and an oversized field jacket with pockets that are nearly as implausible in depth as they are in number. I have the sneaking suspicion she's incorporated some TARDIS technology there but she just smiles and walks away when I ask.

You see, the Doctor is an adventurer of the old school: a real explorer, outdoorsy. She loves nothing more than stepping into the unknown - There is forever dirt from a million worlds on her boots, her hair always windswept and unkempt from being on the move. There is also a look she has sometimes too, if only just for a moment, just behind the eyes. It's a chilling distant look that says, beyond the wonders, she has seen (done???) some horrible, horrifying things. I've never asked about this, but I'm pretty sure she wouldn't respond to those questions either.

I have been meaning to take a picture of the Doctor for you, Beth, but I am finding that to be a losing prospect. She is absolutely incapable of being still enough to sit for a photograph, so I'm afraid some sketches will have to do...



ADVENTURES