

# Gallifrey Stands

A reaction to recent events by Agent Morgan, Department of Mary-Sues, Freelance Division

This essay contains spoilers for *Doctor Who*

It's a hard life, being from fiction.



*Daleks over Gallifrey. We call that 'not good'.*

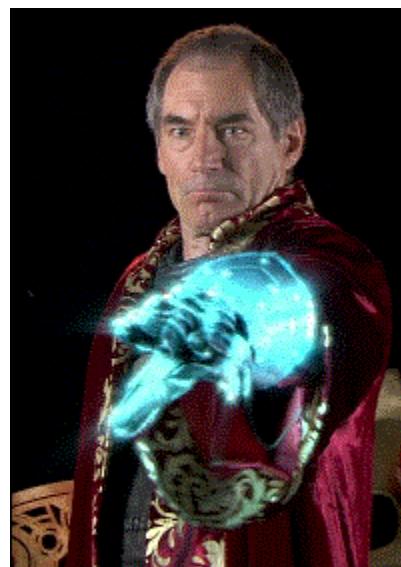
Nearly ten years ago (as best I can tell in HQ), *Doctor Who* came back on the air, and I discovered that Gallifrey - my world, my people, my whole society - had been destroyed in the Last Great Time War. I learnt that the whole war - the very existence of Gallifrey - was time-locked. And I found out that the Doctor - that most famous Time Lord of them all - was responsible for it.

And the memories started coming back, the way they do when your past has been rewritten. Over the next few years, I recalled more and more about that terrible War - about the horrors the Daleks had unleashed, the nightmares we had responded with. I remembered

Rassilon, legendary founder of Time Lord society, risen from his age-long tomb. I remembered standing with my parents in Arcadia, watching as he was unanimously proclaimed Lord President.

I remembered the darkness. I remembered the fear. I remembered fleeing for the last time, just taking my TARDIS and *running* until I was back in Headquarters, worlds and universes away from Rassilon's insane plans. All these things, which had happened to me, but which hadn't yet been written, fell into place as my history completed itself.

I got angry. I got upset. And, eventually, I got over it. I told myself that I'd never visited anyway. I convinced myself that Mister Last-Of-The-Time-Lords (ha! The Disentangler had a good laugh about that one) had meant it for the best. That, in the end, the only difference between Rassilon's Gallifrey and Davros' Skaro had been the quality of their suits.



*Lord President Rassilon  
is not a nice man*

And when the Doctor himself landed in HQ, very quietly, I forgave him.

But now? Now I discover that he never destroyed it at all. That even Arcadia - beautiful, lost Arcadia, place of childhood dreams and memories - didn't entirely fall. That because of the Doctor, Gallifrey is not dead.



*The Citadel of the Time Lords*

*Gallifrey stands.*

And I... I don't know what to think.

My home still exists. That little house out in the wilderness, where my parents would take us to see 'how things used to be' - that's still there, and probably untouched by the war. The silver trees still gleam under the burnt orange sky, catching the light of the sunset and throwing it back as waves of warm fire.

Or... they will. They could. The Doctor - the *Doctors* - froze my world in a single moment, locked in a parallel universe. And in doing so - during their insanely reckless act of bringing *thirteen* copies of the same TARDIS into the same point in time and space - they neatly time-locked the rest of the War. The Daleks are (mostly) dead. Gallifrey endures.

And I want to go home.