

(Well, here's an attempt at one of the things I had mentioned. Apologies in advance if Martha or anyone is a little off, I've actually not written Martha that much.

Anyway, this picks up at the end of the episode. After Lazaus is defeated and Martha is about to leave.

"Well, you were never really just a passenger, were you?" The Doctor asked, breaking the embrace as the two of them headed back into the TARDIS.

Feeling the now all too familiar sensation of dematerializing, Martha felt a rush of emotions flood over her: on one hand, She'd get to travel more with the Doctor; however, she couldn't help but feel she'd forgotten something.

Checking her mobile, the only message was from her mum. What else could she want? Probably just wanting to find out exactly where she and the Doctor had gone off to === it could wait.

She watched as the Doctor pushed and turned several buttons on the TARDIS console; his fingers practically dancing in excitement.

"So , where are we going?" Martha asked. " Just long as it 's not New York. I've seen enough of New New York or old New York."

The Doctor gave an enthusiastic grin. " Martha Jones, how would you like to go where no one has gone before?"

"Oooh, a bit Captain Kirk" she teased, eyes sparkling a little.

The Doctor scoffed. " Kirk, really? Nah! Patrick Stewart , maybe. " And back to the console. " Anyway! I was thinking, I know a fantastic place! The Eye of Orion. Very relaxing, great time to just--- oh!"

Martha watched on as, with a sudden crash, the Doctor collapsed to the floor.

"Doctor?" she asked, bending down to inspect him.

No answer.

All right, Martha thought, I know what to do. Had to do CPR on him already, maybe this time he won't need it.

Pushing back his jacket to check his pulse, Martha stared wide eyed. There, among a pile of clothes, sat a baby.

"Are you?..." she began, piecing things together in her mind. The baby before her had the same eyes as the Doctor and a few wisps of fuzzy brown hair.

"Doctor" she breathed, only to get a gurgle and fair bit of drool in response.

This seemed impossible. Then again, if you'd asked Martha Jones yesterday if talking rhinos existed, she would've said the same thing.

"I can't just leave you like this" Martha commented, wrapping the baby in the Doctor's brown jacket as she carried him. "Wonder if he's got any nappies or talcum powder."

As if on cue, Martha heard a series of small, welcoming beeps and whirs. Turning around, she saw a room appear. A quaint, powder blue colored room that resembled a nursery. Fully stocked with enough supplies for at least a few days. Even an old fashioned- looking cot in one corner!

"Thanks?" she said, not quite sure if it would be correct to thank the TARDIS, The Doctor had once mentioned "her" being alive, so there was that.

Baby in arms, Martha headed for the nursery.

"Okay, Doctor" she spoke softly, fearing a louder tone might frighten him. She'd helped with a handful of babies at Royal Hope even if pediatrics wasn't exactly her field. "Let's get you dressed. And " she added quickly, feeling the baby struggle in her arms. "Then maybe down for a nap, yeah?"

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"Stop squirming!" Martha pleaded, trying to dress the tiny Time Lord in a rather adorable onesie she'd found. All the while, mentally going through the day's events to get some sort of clue as to how this could have happened.

Let's see: there was Tish on the news, and the party, and Mum, and that bloke Lazarus. OH! When he'd reversed the capsule, could it have done this?

"There" she said at last, pleased that he stayed still long enough for her to snap him into the onesie. "Better?"

A bit more squirming, followed by several whimpers.

Sighing, Martha wrinkled her nose. If what just happened was what she thought this could turn into a long day.

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"Well there's that one. Did you like it?" Martha closed the book, placing it back on the tiny shelf in the nursery room. That had been book number three. And the Doctor still fought sleep.

Reaching for another one, Martha turned the first page of a new book. " Oh I remember this one" she mused. " And I think Leo reads it to Keisha sometimes."

She began to read, making sure to show each picture. " In the light of the moon a little egg lay on a leaf... one Sunday morning the warm sun came up and pop!" She emphasised the sound. " Out came a tiny and very hungry caterpillar..."

By around the mention of the caterpillar eating three plums, Martha paused. Looking down, she saw the baby Doctor sleeping away. A part of her wished she'd had her mobile to get a picture.

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