

"Gallifrey Isn't Real"

An essay based on the investigations of Agent Morgan, Department of Mary-Sues, Freelance Division

Allow me to introduce myself (again): I am Agent Morgan. I'm a Time Lord (or Lady – I'm not picky), I'm four hundred years old (give or take), and I've been a member of the Protectors of the Plot Continuum for... well, that's rather a tricky question, since I have my own time machine. About two decades in HST, but significantly more in my own timeline.

From time to time, as I go about my work at the PPC, my TARDIS picks up hints that Something Is Wrong. On occasion, this has been life-saving – she warned me about the Crashing Down invasion (although on reflection, that actually didn't save my life...). A lot of the time, though, it's things not just outside my immediate concern, but outside the PPC itself. When that happens, she files them away and waits for me to get round to fixing them (time machine, remember).

The Folder

One hallmark of her oft-changing and frankly Byzantine filing system is a folder called 'Gallifrey Isn't Real'. You see, my TARDIS has an unhealthy fascination with World One, where... well, what she said. Fortunately for that Earth, most of the aliens and villains who attack the planet in the Whoniverse are also fictional, otherwise she would have been conquered a hundred times over. Seriously, can you imagine what would happen if the Doctor stopped thwarting invasions? It would be a massacre.

My GIR folder is for data which seems to belie the fictional nature of my people. It is all the data from World One which suggests that Gallifrey *is* real – and has a presence on Earth.

Clearly, investigation was needed. Just as clearly, I was the only one who would bother to do it.

The Gwynedd Dalek

In Tywyn and Aberdyfi, two towns in Wales, Daleks were sighted lurking in shop windows. Were they scouts for an oncoming invasion fleet? Was this a sign of dark days to come for that mountained nation?



Terrorising innocent passers-by?

Well... no. *Doctor Who* being a TV show really throws off the data collection. The Daleks were simply models, of the sort that fans have been building for decades. Yes, I'm *absolutely* certain – I know what a Dalek looks like after you hit it with an armor-piercing anti-tank round, and this was completely different.

The Bermuda Triangle

The Bermuda Triangle is a triangle (obviously) of sea noted for the large number of inexplicable disappearances taking place there. Given my experience with the Avon Rift, I was naturally rather cautious about encountering another one. Would I discover a portal to some alien planet populated by the missing of Earth? A ravenous alien maw sucking in all who pass?

Well... no. I scanned the whole thing up, down and sideways, and found no evidence of scientific foul play. I did track down a few of the wrecks, though. Then I got a little... distracted, and ended up on the far side of the planet. I managed to do *one* worthwhile thing there, at least: rescuing the crew of a crashing plane. They were a lovely pair called Amelia and Fred, and of course, once they realised what sort of ship they were in... well, suffice to say we had a fantastic couple of years before Amelia decided to stay behind somewhere out in Andromeda (there are at least *some* inhabited planets out there). I dropped Fred off back on Earth within, oh, about twenty years of his departure. I must go and check up on them sometime...



I try out period clothing.

The Slimbridge Academy



They remind me of the Patrex Chapter, actually...

Slimbridge is a... well, I'm not sure, really. They keep birds there? Only they don't really keep them, they let them come and go as they please. So it's more of a collection of ponds which sometimes have birds in, which they claim to be a worthwhile thing to have. I don't really get it.

Anyhow, whatever it is, they also claimed to be training Time Lords. No, not avian ones, though I agree that would be kind of fantastic. Human ones. Clearly, this needed investigating.

Clearly, it didn't. Turns out it was just an advertising gimmick – get the kiddies to pretend they enjoy your ponds by promising them certificates afterwards. The funny thing is, this was during the period when *Doctor Who* wasn't even on... maybe I should take another look.

Earl's Court

The less said about this, the better.

Chameleon Arch?

My TARDIS picked up internet traffic which suggested there were a lot of people who *thought* they were Time Lords (perhaps they'd been to Slimbridge?). Since they had by that time heard of the Chameleon Arch, they were all convinced they'd been changed to human, or had changed themselves.

This led to a rather predictable trade in pocket-watches, locket, pill-boxes, and anything else which could be opened and had swirly designs on the front. The idea was that you'd buy up as many as you could find and open them; if one of them



Not the TARDIS.

turned out to be an Arch storage capsule (in your sole estimation – a code phrase for 'make it up, that's cool'), you then sent it to as many of your fellow wannabes as possible, to find out whose it was.



The fruit of my labours.

It hardly needs saying that there wasn't a single genuine Time Lord among them. Most of them had just had nightmares about Daleks, Cybermen and the like after watching too much *Doctor Who*. Still, I had to make sure, so yes, I checked every last one of them.

The funny thing was, while the people were ordinary humans, one of the *objects* was a genuine Arch storage capsule. There's no way it's Earth-native technology, and I have no idea how it got there, so I brought it with me. I keep it in my memorabilia cabinet. It seems to be empty... but then again, Time Lords can be devious sometimes...