

Beyond Science

A man wildly shook around a consol wrapped around a tall transparent cylinder with a ball of light shifting quite rapidly up and down it.

He quickly grasped a lever to maintain his balance. Looking sharply down, he realized the object he just gripped was the vortex loop: an item which controls the violently shaking 'spaceship' and shifts it stably through a red vortex... as crazy as this may seem, a time vortex.

The man, who is known only as The Doctor, lost his grip on the Vortex Loop and cascaded into a young 19 year old woman. She fell back into a chair, grasping tightly onto the arms and raised her lightly colored head.

"Watch it then!" she wildly exclaimed as her deep brown eyes stared into the Doctors. She screamed, losing almost all of her breath as the spaceship – the TARDIS – flew even more strongly. The Doctor screaming out with anger as he flew threw the air.

"WHAT THE HECK IS DRAWING US IN!!!!???" His eyes closed. He tried to think, what was going on? Something was pulling the TARDIS in and hard. His trance of thought was suddenly broken as Martha crashed into him.

"As amazing as you humans are you do tend to fall a lot," He said as he brushed his companion's fine black hair off of his face. "Timelords were a lot better at balancing, well, when they regenerated in the form of a human anyway." He continued.

"Stop reminiscing and stop this TARDIS!!!"

"I would, but something's got complete control over it. It's as strong as a type 361 TARDIS!!! And only one was grown, and it will have been destroyed, along with my race!" He exclaimed, trying to hide the severe pain he felt.

Martha could easily see him fight back a slight tear from his eyes. The Doctor slowly stood up as the TARDIS reached calm; he slowly walked to the doors of the TARDIS and opened them. He stared, what he saw was impossible, unimaginable. The vortex he saw was white, pure white. They had traveled past the end of time and before it even started...



Chapter One

There's something In the White...

“What?” asked Martha, staring at The Doctor, who was just, just standing, staring out of the TARDIS. Martha kneeled up and asked again, knowing she wouldn't get an awnser. She raised up onto her feet and walked over.

“So we're still in the portal, what's the big deal?”

“There's no such thing as a white vortex...” Suddenly the TARDIS jerkily stopped, hurling Martha outside, she clung onto the blue police box doors. You see, the TARDIS is bigger on the inside; outside it's disguised as a police box from the 1960's. The reason for this is as the TARDIS has something known as a chameleon circuit which broke once when traveling to the 1960's.

“HOLD ON!” shouted The Doctor, trying to reach out for Martha. His arm shot out attempting to grab Martha's hand, as soon as he did, she slipped. He leapt out of the TARDIS making sure he had a tight grip on the door. He grabbed the sleeves of Martha's jacket and threw her in the TARDIS. She lay down, forgetting about the Doctor.

“A BIT OF HELP, MAYBE!?” he bellowed out as he attempted to pull himself in.

“SORRY!” she exclaimed as she ran to the edge of the TARDIS, reaching for The Doctor she fell, knocking The Doctor and her out of the TARDIS, which kept flying.

Martha questioned how they will move, as she tried swimming through the white.

“Stop...” said the Doctor as he stopped moving entirely, and stopped floating uncontrollably through the air, “and walk.” He told as he started walking. Martha done as told and started walking slowly with The Doctor. She started talking, which was suddenly interrupted by the loud roar of an unnamable beast. Flames soared high into the air,

burning the white into a blood red colour which was dripping onto the Doctor and Martha. Sparks of all colours flew wildly in every direction, spears of black struck at all things in sight...

“RUN!!!” the Doctor roared into the air as he pounced away, agilely swerving between the black spears which were now hurtling down at break neck speed. Martha sharply followed, carefully avoiding the dark rainfall from above.

Suddenly a bright wave of colour crashed into all that had just been created, the wave continued hurling, somehow rising. Something then faded around the Doctor and Martha, who had now stopped running and were staring around in amazement. What was going on? This question surrounded Martha’s mind, but she daren’t ask. For once The Doctor didn’t seem to know what was happening, which in itself was scary.

Instead of asking she just stared, it seemed as though the past, present and future were being formed. But how? What? It’ impossible! What happens in the space time continuem, which was unexplainably created, so... was that happening now? There must be a reason. These questions and thoughts clouded the Doctors mind, acting like an unstoppable plague. Yet intruige had also grabbed him. Something was happening, forming time itself.

Then a bad thought popped into his head. There was no decent explanation of why there was existence. Something was happening, and it was happening for a reason...