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Written by Jacqueline Rayner

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Magic of the Angels

Jacqueline Rayner

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Magic of the Angels

Chapter One

Amy Pond looked at the plastic bowler hat with a Union Jack pattern. 'You're not really going to wear that, are you?' she asked the Doctor.

The Doctor smiled and raised the hat politely. 'Yes. It's cool. So is my T-shirt.'

He was wearing a white T-shirt with the slogan *My companion went to London and all I got was this lousy T-shirt*.

Amy rolled her eyes. 'I can't believe you got them to print that for you!'

'At least he didn't buy the T-shirt that said *I'm with stupid!*,' said Amy's husband, Rory. 'I know he would have made me walk next to him while he was wearing it.'

'Of course I wouldn't,' said the Doctor. 'I don't think you're stupid at all. Now, come on, stupid, we're missing the tour!'

The three friends were on the upper deck of an open-top red London bus. The sun was beating down, but the Doctor still wore a tweed jacket over his T-shirt. He was sitting

at the front next to the tour guide. Amy and Rory sat on the seat behind them.

The tour guide, whose name was Janet, was trying to talk about London landmarks. The Doctor was joining in, but his efforts just seemed to get on Janet's nerves.

'On your left you can see the Tower of London,' Janet began. 'Building started in the year 1066.'

'I've been locked up in there five or six times,' said the Doctor. He pointed towards the castle. 'If you squint, you can see my room. It's that window there.'

Janet's microphone picked up the Doctor's words. The other tourists laughed, but Janet ignored him.

'There's also a top secret base below the tower,' said the Doctor.

Amy tapped him on the shoulder before he could say any more. 'If it's top secret, perhaps you shouldn't mention it,' she said.

The Doctor nodded. 'Good point.' He mimed pulling a zip across his mouth.

He kept quiet until they'd crossed the river and were passing the Globe theatre. 'That's where I fought some witch monsters,' he said. 'In the old theatre, I mean, not this new one. The old one was just a little bit to the

left. Of course, Shakespeare helped me fight the witches. Good old Shakespeare, he was a lovely man. His breath smelt a bit, but that's not his fault. There was no toothpaste back then.'

Everyone on the bus apart from Janet began to giggle. Amy put on large sunglasses and held her hand over her mouth. It didn't hide the fact that she was laughing.

'The London Eye was opened in the year 2000,' Janet tried a bit later. The bus was going along the South Bank.

'Oh yes,' said the Doctor. 'And then the Nestenes used it as part of their plan to conquer Earth. You must remember that. There were shop-window dummies coming to life.'

It was when the Doctor told the tourists about a pig flying a spaceship into Big Ben that Janet snapped.

The bus stopped. The other tourists booed as the Doctor was led off by the driver. Amy and Rory followed. Amy was laughing, but Rory was holding up a hand to hide his face. 'I've never been thrown off a bus before,' he said.

The Doctor looked puzzled. 'I was only trying to make things a bit more fun.'

Amy tucked her hand through the Doctor's

arm and led him towards an ice-cream van. 'Never mind. We can still do the tourist thing like you wanted. We'll just have to walk instead.'

They sat on the bank of the river eating ice-cream cones. Boats sailed along the water in front of them. Children laughed and couples held hands. 'Mmm,' said Amy, licking a blob of melting ice cream off the side of her cornet. 'This is perfect.'

'Better than fighting monsters,' Rory added as he ate the last bite of ice cream. Then he frowned as he spotted a poster on a wall nearby. 'But it's not quite perfect.'

The Doctor and Amy turned round to see what he was looking at.

'MISSING since May the sixth. Katie Henley.'

The photo showed a pretty blonde girl. She didn't seem much younger than Amy.

It wasn't the first 'MISSING' poster they'd seen that day. Most of them also showed young men or women, boys or girls.

The Doctor walked over and put up a hand to touch the face in the picture. 'So much sadness,' he said softly. 'The sadness that made her leave home. The sadness of those left behind.'

Amy joined him. She reached out her hand to touch his. 'We can't solve every problem,' she said gently.

'We should be able to!' The Doctor sounded fierce. 'What's the point of doing what we do if we can't help everyone?'

'I used to think that too, sometimes,' said Rory. 'I used to wonder why I became a nurse. There were so many people I just couldn't help. In the end I had to accept that helping some people was better than helping no one.'

'Wise old Rory,' said Amy, smiling. She linked an arm through his. 'My boys. My boys who help people.' She linked her other arm through the Doctor's. 'Come on. We're on holiday, remember.' The three of them walked off arm in arm. 'What do you want to do now?' she asked the Doctor. 'We've been to St Paul's…'

'And we got thrown out of the Whispering Gallery for shouting,' said Rory.

'They wouldn't let us in to Buckingham Palace to have tea with the Queen,' said Amy.

The Doctor frowned and pulled a crumpled paper bag out of his jacket pocket. 'I'd even brought doughnuts!' he said. 'Her Majesty loves doughnuts.'

'We were thrown out of Madame Tussaud's

when the Doctor drew on the waxwork of Guy Fawkes,' said Rory.

'Well, they'd got his moustache wrong,' said the Doctor. 'Guy was very proud of his moustache.'

'Now we've been chucked off the open-top bus tour,' said Amy. 'There can't be many more things to be thrown out of.'

They were walking along the river as they talked. The Doctor absent-mindedly took a doughnut out of the paper bag and bit into it. Jam squirted all down his chin.

Rory spotted another poster. This one did not show a missing girl. It was an advert for a show. 'We've not got thrown out of a theatre yet,' he pointed out.

'Great idea!' cried the Doctor. 'I love a show.' He looked at the poster too. 'Sammy Star, Master of Magic. Lovely!'

'Sammy Star? He sounds like he should be doing children's parties, not West End shows,' Amy said.

'Nonsense, it'll be great,' the Doctor told her. 'I love a good magic trick.' He wiped his chin with a hankie, looking puzzled. 'In fact, I seem to have made jam magically appear on my face.'

Rory and Amy looked at each other and

laughed. Still with a puzzled frown on his face, the Doctor took another doughnut out of the bag and started to eat it. Rory and Amy laughed even more.

They crossed the river and wandered through the streets. Rory and Amy both spotted several more 'MISSING' notices. Neither of them pointed out the posters to the Doctor.

They came to Trafalgar Square, and stopped to look at Nelson's Column. The Doctor patted the head of one of the huge bronze lions guarding the base. He pointed out the statues that stood on plinths at three corners of the square. The fourth corner also had a plinth, but it was empty. 'They didn't have enough money for the last statue,' he told Amy and Rory.

'I'd heard they were showing works of art on it instead,' said Amy. 'Something new every year or two.'

The Doctor nodded. 'That's right. I think they're now looking for something that can stay on it for good.' He bit into his third doughnut. 'Right. Let's see about getting tickets for the Sammy Star show!'