

The Silence have spoken.

The war has begun.

The Doctor will never reach Trenzalore.

Silence. Will. Fall.

Funny name, Demons Run. They say it comes from a very old saying: “Demons run when a good man goes to war.” That good man? The Doctor.

The Doctor is a time lord, current age estimated to be anywhere between 900 and 1100 years old, but nobody can be exact. It’s possible that even the Doctor doesn’t know his own age. Time lords regenerate instead of dying, and we believe he’s on his eleventh body.

It’ll be his last.

How We Killed a God

by Steve Fiori

It has been a long and arduous task, trying to devise ways of ending his life forever. A recent attempt came when his TARDIS was detonated, deleting most of the universe – bar one planet. By some kind of luck, he managed to restore everything. But he had signed his own death warrant doing that. It created this reality. This reality, where a particular person was conceived near the Time Vortex, and thus becoming a Time Lord during her time in her mother’s womb.

This child, this girl, will be the one to bring the end. Let’s send her to do her job.

A Bit of Background Information on our Bitter, Endless, War...

My name is Kovarian. Madame Kovarian to you. Part of the movement following 'The Silence', the very beings that have saved the universe from the Doctor. The Silence has kept their time craft underneath Florida, on Earth. It has been there for millennia now, shaping the very course of the planet's history. One small step at a time.

They've done a very good job with young Melody Pond. She has been kept in an appropriate environment for her training. Something the people of Earth call an orphanage. An orphanage is where they place their parentless infants. Only this child has parents. Parents so far away, but so near at the same time.

The mother is called Amy Pond. She and her husband, Rory, had been travelling with the Doctor for some time. Eventually, on their wedding night, Melody was conceived. Then after the honeymoon, he dropped them back on Earth. To enjoy married life? Who knows. All the Silence and I know is that this was the perfect time to pounce.

It was quite an early stage of the pregnancy that we took Amy. In an almost seamless process she was replaced by a flesh duplicate, even Amy herself unaware of any swap. We had an avatar, and could begin to build our weapon. Masterful.

Soon after, the Ponds received an invitation, to head to a place called Utah in The United States Of America, a rather large country on the planet. To our surprise, the Doctor had brought them there to watch him die.

And die he did.

This was a bit into our relative future. At that point, to us, there wasn't even a child born.

Several months later in our own lives, Melody Pond was born on Demon's Run. Weeks after her birth, and after meetings with Mister Maldovar and just about half of the galaxy, we were ready to count a victory. Until the Doctor arrived.

This was my first meeting with him. He arrived with all the usual mix of trickery, whimsy, and craziness we've come to expect of him. This one is rather young looking, but older and more universe weary than any that have come before him.

He completely fooled and outwitted Colonel Manton (a man now forever saddled with the 'Colonel Runaway' jibe) and started threatening me with his 'You don't want to make me angry' spiel.

After a heated, but brief, discussion, I left, lost the baby to the father, and departed Demons Run. I say 'lost': I mean we replaced her with a flesh duplicate. So simple.

1969 A.D.

It was time to head to Earth to collect Melody, to see if she was ready yet. We had a cleric, Rico, there to assist with the training. Rico met me outside Greystark Hall, the orphanage Melody has been receiving her training. Like myself, Rico has an eyedrive, a little something that help us remember the Silents.

"Ma'am!" he says, saluting.

"Cleric Rico", I reply, sensing a look of anxiety on his face.

"Come on then! What is it, Cleric?"

"It's Renfrew, Ma'am."

"The doctor assigned to look after her?"

"Yeah. Well, she tried to kill him."

Oh dear, Melody. Nearly killing your guardian.

"How did this happen?" I ask Rico, not entirely sure I'd like the answer.

"Well, see she's been hypnotised by the Silence to kill the Doctor..."

"Yes?"

"Well, Doctor Renfrew... Is a Doctor." He paused for a moment, then went on to explain the attack. "Basically, when I was contacting base, she snuck around to his office, whipped his shoelace straight out of his shoes, and tried garrotting him to death!"

I should have been annoyed. But I was pleased, truth be told. Little Melody was actually a killing machine.

"He was a bit mad anyway", Rico continued. "A few years of having the Silents about, the man's brain is half fried."

I sighed. Cracks in the plan.

“Oh, well, he’s been doing his job, I’ll give him that.”

And he had. Aside from this hiccup, Melody had been well fed, and well taught. She would prove to be a worthy warrior, a well sharpened and accurate weapon. If she can nearly strangle her guardian to death, then surely she can take down one man who would never expect her to kill him.

Our little saviour.

Rico took me into the orphanage. Being that there has only been a couple of Silents, Doctor Renfrew, Rico and Melody in the big old place, it wasn’t well kept. Dusty, dark, it looked abandoned aside from the corner of the building where Melody’s room and Renfrew’s office was.

I walked into the girls room. She was sitting on the bed, leafing through a book.

“Hello Melody” I said, putting on my best ‘Mother hen’ smile and voice.

“Hi” She replied.

She had an American accent. Strange the things you’ll forget will happen if you put them somewhere. Still, her accent matters not. It’s her aim, precision, and killer instinct we’re hoping will hold up when she meets the Time Lord.

“Are you Mrs Kovarian?” She asked. *Mrs, ha! I had to laugh.*

“Madame Kovarian, yes” I replied.

I guess I can’t blame her. Madame is a rank rather than title, and a pretty damned high one. Dame of the Silence. Oh well, these stupid semantics aren’t important.

Rico and I took her to the Silents’ craft. There was sufficient room in there to get her to show us what she could do. Scattered around, Clerics had put up dummies, all roughly made up to look like the Doctor. There was also a table, with rope, a sword and a gun.

She looked between them and the dummies then to me. I smiled and nodded. She nodded in reply, then swiftly took the gun.

What happened next amazed me. She quickly blasted the furthest three ‘Doctors’ clean off of their feet, then the one behind her. She put the gun down, picked up the sword, and proceeded to cut down two more, then beheaded the last!

Yes, a seven year old beheading something (even just a training dummy) must be the most vulgar thing ever. In fact, I think she was half disgusted with that last one. But there

was a slight hint that she was impressed with her own ability. It must be confusing, but you've got to teach them young!

Then it came. Illness. She stumbled to a seat and took a deep breath.

"I think that took it out of me..." she sighed.

Rico beckoned a young female cleric, Aurora, who patted Melody on her head, comforting her... then gave her the injection. We walk such a dark path, but I'm pleased that they're actually looking after her, despite her being captive.

"Another thing, Madame" Rico began. "We've been building something with the Silents, for when the time comes for the Doctor to die. It's up here..."

We ascended the ladder, back into the main room of the warehouse. Rico turned the light on to reveal an astronaut's suit on the table.

"What exactly is this?" I asked, staring at the odd contraption.

"A weapon. It has highly concentrated lasers built in, and also, and this is the most important part, it's life support for Melody without the need for injections."

"One less discomfort. Well, aside from the fact it's difficult to walk in," I added.

"Nope" he continued "It's automatic, it moves with her."

Excellent. I smiled as I looked it over.

"When is the Doctor due to arrive here?"

"Matter of weeks. According to reports he's here for months, even around for the moon landing," he answered.

"Then we take Melody back to the orphanage, get her rested."

A space suit to kill the Doctor when the humans land on the moon. How poetic. The Silence and our clerics are deliciously cruel!

2011 A.D.

Back in 1969, Melody had failed when Amy Pond intervened and shot at her space suit. The Doctor and his friends, including a much older Melody, stuck around for a few months – but ultimately he left. It wasn't time, and the Doctor was too young, according to info stolen from the Tesselecta crew.

We had lost track of Melody for so long. Forty-two years to be precise. Then finally, an interesting twist. She called the TARDIS. Yes, it's an odd thing to notice, but this was the only time someone other than Amy Pond called.

Initially, we thought it was Amy calling from a new home nearby. We were surveying the area for new activity of the Doctor's when we saw the home it came from didn't contain the Ponds. It contained someone else. One young woman referring to herself simply as 'Mels'.

Then came the day the Doctor would return to Leadworth, to a couple waiting to be reunited with their girl. Such a disappointment, Doctor.

That sunny afternoon we visited Melody. She was certainly astonished to see us as well.

"Madame bloody Kovarian!" she smiled as we entered the house. "Been a very long time."

"Yet you don't look a day over twenty-three!" I replied.

"Amazing what forty-two years playing about with my DNA can do!"

"Okay, Melody... how have you survived without medication? You wouldn't last a year without it before: how are you okay now?"

This was important. How could she survive so long?

"Amazing what an actual regeneration can do. Permanent health, better than the temporary rubbish your clerics and nurses used to inject me with!"

So she can regenerate. Even handier if any Doctor sympathisers want to go vigilante. And my god, there will be some of them out there.

"Indeed!" I said. "Though even we wouldn't actually kill a seven year-old, so that was the way it went."

She smiled and nodded, then sat down.

"So why now? Why have you turned up today?"

"Well, Melody, we only found out where you were recently. Been calling the Doctor?"

"Well, I do have a mission!" she laughed. "And Amy has seen him recently. She's not long, lost me... well, baby me."

Despite knowing the importance of her mission, I could hear the contempt in her voice just then. It is understandable, she never had a mother. The only females she knew as a child were the clerics who used to visit to provide her with medication, to ensure she stayed alive.

Yes, she lost a childhood. But such is this war against the Doctor.

"Look, I need a promise before I kill the Doctor." She was serious. I guess we could compromise, to get what we want.

"You don't touch my parents. They're not just my parents, see. I came here and found them... and they became my best friends. Bloody hell, they're only together because of me!"

It didn't take much consideration. The Ponds were never actually my target. They had just made the perfect weapon for us, this child we had to take.

I smiled at Melody and nodded.

"As long as I have no reason to retaliate, then yes, they are safe"

"Though I guess how long we're friends for is questionable... I am going to kill their other best friend, after all..."

"Speaking of which..."

Rico pulled his gun from its holster, and placed it in Melody's hand.

"In a few minutes, Amy and Rory are going to be doing this..." I said, as I put the paper on the table. On the front page was a picture of a word in crops, crops outside Leadworth. That word was 'Doctor'.

"Okay..." she said as she looked at it. "That field's about twenty minute's run away, at least!"

I rolled my eyes.

"You have a gun in your hand. I'm sure that will help you find transport!"

She looked at it and smiled. Then off she went, bolting out of the door.

One step closer...

5:02, April 22nd 2011 A.D.

A curious thing, our universe. In case you weren't aware, through time travel you learn that some points in time are fixed. Major disasters, the death of a very important person in

society, hell, even a the death of someone insignificant, unless the Weeping Angels displace them.

The average person cannot defeat time.

And Melody Pond isn't your average person.

I don't know how she did it, but with the Silence, and some of the Universe watching, she refused to kill the Doctor, overrode the controls on her Space Suit and spared him. Time shattered and froze, and all of history happened at once. Cavemen walked amongst Cyborgs, Genghis Khan fought The Nazis, and the Dodo roamed once more.

"Oh Madame, you've hardly aged!"

We were in one of the Pyramids in Giza, now claimed as Area 52. The Silents, dozens of them, had been captured, and then they came for me. I was sitting there in the middle, bound to a silly little chair, surrounded by a whole load of people who also had Eye Drives.

I am such a trendsetter.

"Oh Melody, of course not. Can't waste even more of my life after finding you. I took the slow route."

I looked around: no sign of him.

"Oh, he's not here, yet," she continued. "Mother's gone off to free him from Winston Churchill. Hmm, not often you get to say that sentence!

"And It's River Song to you now. Doctor River Song. Of course, you'd know that after grabbing me from Luna."

"Of course. You do know that Time is not supposed to do this, don't you? You're going to have to kill him still!"

She stared right at me. She tried being all hard but I can tell this hurts. Her precious Doctor. He took our weapon, and turned her into someone who loved him. She wasn't just our creation. She was also his. All of this. The disgusting whimsical idiot, flying through time and space, hiding the bloodshed with a face. A stupid face that absolutely cannot let his little friends know that he's a sociopathic kidnapper, a trickster, a liar, a weirdo.

He did so much, hurt so many. We did the universe a service.

As time went on (or not) in that alternate world, he arrived. Curiously, he had given up running. The key to restarting the universe was for the two people at the eye of the storm to touch, thus restarting time, and fixing everything. The Doctor even ordered her to kill him.

I didn't get to witness them restarting time. Shockingly, I got killed. At the time, I thought I'd never get to see the Doctor thanks to Amy. I can understand, really. I took her child. She wasn't going to let me survive. I was killed by my own plan.

I never did get revenge for that, never did kill her. Maybe somehow Karma will get her...

Eventually, when everything went back to normal, we returned to where we were. To witness his death. It happened swiftly, truth be told. River obeyed him and killed him. He was, to my disgust, given a hero's funeral: a pyre, on a boat, on the lake.

Our mission was complete. The Time Lord dead.

5150 A.D.

All that... Demons Run, Luna University, the alternate frozen timeline. So, so long ago.

I'm old now. So old, I'm weeks, maybe even days from death. I sit at a table by a window, high above the city below. Being a Madame in the Church Of The Silence has its advantages. When there's nothing left to do, when our Doctor killing mission was over, what was there left? We retired, to nice abodes afforded from centuries of recruiting and planning to kill the Time Lord.

I'm here to die in peace. There's a man in the building who lets guests in: normally for me it's a young cleric telling me there hasn't been any further developments in the Doctor's timeline. Of course there wouldn't be. After centuries building up an attack, we killed him.

Only, the Doctor has no need for a doorman or manners. He turns up on my Balcony on his blue box. Oh, he has a hint of a smile and strides in. He'll be dead soon. He's even wearing that stupid hat. Is that a habit with him?

"Madame Kovarian," he says, smiling with a swagger.

"Doctor. To what do I owe this pleasure?" I reply. This should be good.

"May I?" he asks, pointing at a pitcher of water on my table.

"Of course."

He pours a glass and gulps it down. A last drink before death, perhaps? That makes two of us, if I go today.

"Just thought I'd drop in before you pop off. After all, you created my killer!"

"Oh, so you know who it is?"

He smiles.

"Who else could it have been? My bespoke psychopath. You know, I'd be angry if she wasn't my fault in the first place."

"So you accept why we're doing this?"

"Of course. I've been loud. I've been dangerous. Someone was bound to catch up with me someday. Now they have."

I study him. He's really just here killing time.

"Oh well, I better be off!" he announces, striding away.

"So soon? Was there any point in your visit?!"

"A point! A thing! Yes! There's always a reason, Kovarian!" he laughs.

"And that is?"

He walks over to me again, leans over, his smile gone. He has a stern, angry look.

"Next time you kill someone who will probably, given previous, survive a murder attempt, make sure it's not on a beach."

No...

He smiles again. Of course he would. We didn't kill him. He won.

"Took forever getting the sand out of my boots..." he sighs.

As he straightens up and walks away, my chest tightens, everything darkens. He practically skips off outside, and before I can call them... darkness.

