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THE DOCTOR'S NEW CLOTHES



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The Doctor's New Clothes
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Later, as Liz lay sleeping on the pull-out bed in the console room, the Eighth Doctor stood in front of his massive wardrobe. He pensively stroked his chin as he stood looking at the row upon row of clothes from a hundred thousand eras on a hundred thousand planets. "Now," he said aloud. "What shall I wear tomorrow?"

* * * * *

The Doctor's mind wandered momentarily as he stood before the mirror. The past few days had been quite an ordeal for both him and Liz. No wonder she was asleep. Humans always seemed to need more sleep than Time Lords.

But then again, the Doctor wasn't exactly wide-eyed and bushy-tailed himself. After the recent ordeal with the Master, he had gained a new body.

The Doctor removed the sunglasses he was wearing and stared at himself in the mirror. "My but this body is quite a contrast to my seventh persona," he thought. A few days ago he was a small man, slightly rotund, with dark curly hair and with a slight Scottish brogue.

He considered his face, which seemed vastly different too. Now he appeared to be quite youthful looking - not quite as youthful as his fifth self, but appearing to be somewhere in this late thirties. His face was what humans would call handsome, maybe even somewhat aristocratic. But as he stared at it, he noticed something odd just below his nose, surrounding his mouth and chin.

"Oh dear," he thought. "That's never happened before. Definitely a new look, though."

What was so unusual for the Doctor was that his face possessed a short-cropped moustache and goatee. Odd that; it reminded him that he looked a bit like that human actor on that science fiction show set on a space station. "What was it again?" he asked himself. "Hmmm. Oh yes. I think I remember now. Bruce Baumgartner."

The Doctor suddenly felt a chill and realized that he was still naked. "Oh dear, what if Liz came in?" he thought to himself. "Can't have that happening again," he said as he walked over to the row of clothes hanging from a metal railing. The Doctor grabbed the first thing he saw, which luckily was a fuzzy blue bathrobe. He slipped his right arm into the right sleeve. Then his left, and wrapped the bathrobe around himself.

The Doctor's feet were still bare. He needed something to put on them. He looked down at the TARDIS floor and there were a pair of worn beige slippers. Odd how the Doctor hadn't noticed the slippers there before. It was funny, but sometimes he got the distinct impression that the TARDIS could read his mind. He put on the slippers and strolled back in front of the mirror and gazed at himself. He chuckled - it looked as if he had just come out of the bath. All he needed was a plastic shower cap.

He padded back over to where the racks of clothes hung in the wardrobe. Hundreds upon hundreds of different outfits stretched before him. Some were from Earth's history, some from its future. There even were clothes from other planets.

The Doctor reached out and started to slide the clothes along the first rail. He stared at each item as it passed his eyes, trying to find something that was exactly right for him. But what could that be? He was still unused to his new body. He didn't have a clue what this regeneration's personality would be like. But somehow he knew he wanted something

different. He knew he wasn't into velour smoking jackets and frilly shirts, and definitely not stripy pajama pants either. And, he knew for sure that he didn't want to wear anything with a question mark in sight - especially that pullover sweater. "Yuck!" How could he have ever worn such a hideously obvious item as that? It must have been a moment of insanity. All he knew was that he wanted to wear something fashionable. Different. *Unique*.

By now the Doctor had gone onto inspecting a second rack of clothing. A bright, purplely outfit with pink trim in some sort of shiny material caught his eye. "Oh, this looks interesting," he said to no one in particular as he pulled the outfit off its hanger and began to try it on.

The Doctor pulled on the pants and zipped them up. Well, at least *tried* to zip them up. He drew in a deep breath, and pulled on the zipper. The zipper slowly began to move. He tugged harder; that seemed to do the job.

He then tried on the shirt-like jacket that went with the pants. He turned back to where the suit had been hanging and noticed that there was a pair of purple platform boots sitting just below, as well as a very large brimmed purple hat. He pulled on the boots and hat and went back over to the mirror.

The Doctor smoothed down the material and took a good look at himself. "Ah, a fetching sight if I do say so myself. Maybe a tad bit too much purple, but very trendy indeed. Just the sort of outfit this persona needs." The Doctor twisted and turned, staring at his reflection as he assessed the outfit.

He stared at himself for sometime, yet all the while something bothered him about his attire. There was something vaguely familiar about it.

All of a sudden the hat was flung across the room. "Oh no. No, no, no, no, *no!*" The Doctor began to strip down in crazed rush. He couldn't get out of the outfit fast enough.

"I don't think I'll be wearing this anytime soon. It's definitely not my style after all. Funny, but it suited Romana much better when she wore it when we were visiting Tara."

The Doctor picked up the clothes from where he'd flung them on the floor and placed them back on the hanger on the rack. He did a quick scan through the rest of the outfits on the rack when he realized that all of the outfits were of feminine attire. "Oh dear," he thought. No wonder he couldn't wear that suit. All of these clothes had belonged to some of his former female travelling companions.

The Doctor walked over to a third rack of clothing; this time making sure they were men's outfits. After quickly skimming over most of the items, he came across a brightly multi-colored patchwork jacket. He pulled it from the rack and stared at it for a few seconds. Suddenly the Doctor looked as if he was going to throw up. "This thing. I remember this. Good god. I don't believe this is still here. I thought I'd thrown it out ages ago." The jacket was placed back on the rack and quickly forgotten about.

The Doctor was starting to feel a bit discouraged. He'd looked through three racks of clothing so far and still hadn't found anything that remotely suited his tastes.

He looked around the room.

Over in the far corner was a large battered old trunk, with clothing hanging out of it. The Doctor quickly walked over to it and pulled open its lid and began to rummage through the

clothes. "Ooh, this looks interesting," he thought to himself as he came across a pair of grey pants. He held them up and took a look a look in the mirror. "Oh, I *do* like these."

The Doctor pulled the grey pants on, zipped and buttoned them up. "Now for a shirt."

He returned his attention back to the trunk. Rummaging amongst a few more items, he came across a plain white collarless dress shirt. He liked that and put it on. Tucking the shirt into his pants, he took a look in the mirror once again. "Oh yes. That's looks quite fetching if I do say so myself. Very nice. Now for some shoes."

The Doctor returned to the old trunk once more and sorted through the clothes for a third time. He dug his right arm deep inside the trunk and hit something that felt like a pair of shoes. He tried to grab at the object once more, but it was just out of his reach.

He leaned over more and still couldn't reach the object. Still no good. He leaned over further, when suddenly he lost his balance and fell into the trunk and disappeared. The room went silent. The Doctor had gone!

Suddenly the clothes began to move about. Shirts, socks, coats began to fly out of the trunk in all directions. Out of nowhere, the Doctor popped up and yelled, "Eureka." There in his left hand was a pair of brown Buster Brown dress shoes, whilst in his right hand was a pair of black socks. The Doctor climbed out of the trunk and sat on the floor. He put the sock and shoes on, and laced them up.

The Doctor stood up and smoothed down his slacks and shirt and reviewed his reflection in the mirror. "Lovely. Yes, lovely," he said aloud. "Perfect. Smart, elegant, and inconspicuous. Not at all like my former selves." The Doctor was pleased with his new look, but as she stared at himself a while longer, he realized that something was missing. What could it be? He thought for a bit, when a sudden idea struck him. He needed a waistcoat and jacket.

Heading over to another rack of clothes, the Doctor had a quick look at the items that were hanging on it. Suddenly, right before his eyes was a midnight-blue waistcoat with sliver stars on it. It caught his fancy and he put it on. He rummaged further through the clothing and came across a black jacket, which he put on and buttoned up as he walked back over to the wardrobe mirror.

He stared at his reflection, turning left and right, viewing himself from a variety of angles. He stood still for a moment and realized something wasn't quite right. He stared deeper into the mirror. That was it. It was that jacket. He took it off and tossed it aside. That jacket was all wrong. "No, I don't think I'll wear a jacket this time around."

Still standing in front of the mirror, something caught the Doctor's eye. He blinked and then rubbed his eyes. There it was again. The Doctor chuckled to himself when he realized that the stars on the waistcoat were re-arranging themselves in various intricate patterns. First the stars appeared to line up horizontally. Then they seemed to re-arrange themselves in the shape of rose petals. The stars re-aligned for a third time, this time taking the shape of arrows pointing in an upward direction. How odd, yet how cool. The Doctor smiled. He'd never seen a waistcoat that could do that before, and he couldn't remember how he'd acquired the waistcoat in the first place. Oh well; it didn't really matter. All that mattered was that the Doctor was quickly becoming attached to the little midnight blue waistcoat.

Now fully dressed, the Doctor took one last look at himself in the mirror and appraised his new outfit. "Yes, lovely. Just right. Just what the Doctor ordered." Pleased with his new look, he turned and exited the TARDIS wardrobe.

"There you are Doctor," said a female voice, as he was closing the door. It was Liz. "I think we've landed, and I've been looking all over for you."

"No need to worry, Liz. I was just trying on some new clothes. So, what do you think?"

Liz stared at him, her eyes taking in his form from head to toe. "Very nice. Suits you."

"You think so?" he asked.

"Yes I do," responded Liz. "Very contemporary. And the waistcoat is..." Liz had a puzzled look on her face. This worried the Doctor.

"What's wrong?"

Liz rubbed her eyes lightly. "I could have sworn the stars on your waistcoat were in the shape of butterflies, but now they seem to be small Silurian figures."

The Doctor chuckled. "Oh that. It appears that the star pattern seems to re-arrange itself into different shapes to suit the mood of the wearer. Neat isn't it?"

"Oh, I see," was all Liz could manage.

The Doctor felt a bit hurt. "Oh well. I like it, and that all that matters. Anyway, didn't you say the TARDIS had landed? We better see where we are. I imagine it's time I got you home too." The Doctor turned and headed towards the console room leaving Liz behind.

"Wait up Doctor," called Liz. But the Doctor had already got well ahead of her. Liz sighed. It seemed she was forever chasing after the Doctor. Nothing had changed since their time together.

Liz decided she'd better catch up with the Doctor when she heard his voice call in the distance.

"Come along, Liz. Things to do."

Liz chuckled and ran down the corridor.



A new personae deserves a new look.

The Doctor has good rummage 'round the TARDIS' wardrobe and decides on an outer appearance radically different than his previous incarnations.

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This is another in a series of original fan authored Doctor Who fiction published by The Doctor Who Project featuring the Eighth Doctor as played by Jeremy Banks-Walker

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