

Chip-lek

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Rating: P6

Contents: 100 years later... welcome to the 22nd century...

Disclaimer: Background and characters are Russell T. Davies', Julie Gardner's and BBC's, rest is mine.

Prompted by abzurd in the "You should write..." meme.

"Aw, 22nd century, London, Earth. There we are. Nothing much changed, nothing much new, just good ol' Earth a hundred years later." Smiling contentedly, the Doctor inhaled deeply when he stepped out of the TARDIS, hands in the pockets of his coat, and looked around. Behind him, Rose left the TARDIS, approaching him, linking her arm with his.

"And you're sure it is? The 22nd century, I mean. You know, you tend to... well... miss the target."

"But did I miss in the last few weeks, mhh?"

"Good point."

"See. I think I'm starting to learn it," the Doctor said, grinning proudly, then freed his arm from Rose's and took her hand instead, pulling her with him.

"900 years of living, it's about time...," Rose only murmured when she followed him, with a roll of her eyes and a loving smile on her lips.

Fish and Chips read it in big glowing letters above the huge window they were standing at. Some things just didn't change, Rose thought. They had come here because they both had felt like eating chips, and the Doctor hadn't wanted to go back to her time - *There's always trouble when we're there and I don't want any trouble at the moment*, he had pouted - so the 22nd century had been the compromise. A compromise Rose could very well live with.

Entering the small snack bar, they purchased their chips and then returned outside, claiming one of the high, round tables. There needed no word to be spoken when they both happily munched their chips; they simply ate, smiling at each other from time to time, and looked around, watching 22nd century's life.

Until Rose saw something that let her stop dead in her tracks.

"Doctor?"

"Mhh?"

"There." Rose's voice was filled with panic, though it was deadly calm at the same time, and the Doctor knew instantly that they again were about to have everything, just not the quite, nice, trouble-free day they had come for here. Rose was pointing at something behind him, so he carefully turned around.

"Blimey!" he exclaimed and nearly choked on the chip he had put into his mouth a few seconds ago, when he spotted a Dalek coming towards them. His initial reaction was reaching for his sonic, and he was already prepared to shout "Run!", when he took a closer look and frowned.

This Dalek was carrying a plate on one... arm, and a pile of napkins on the other.

"What the hell is this?!" he heard Rose ask the question that was just crossing his mind. He shook his head and was just about to answer, when a voice sounded from behind them.

"It's a serving Dalek," the voice explained. A woman they recognized as the one who had sold them the chips came into view. Cleaning the tables with a cloth, she continued: "It's just an empty shell, no actual Dalek life form inside anymore. My husband found it, installed a small robot device and programmed it so it would help me here in the shop."

"A serving Dalek?" the Doctor echoed, even his superior brain shut down in disbelief at the situation.

"Yep," the woman said, then grinned and added, "we call him *Chip-lek*." Giggling, the woman vanished inside the snack bar again, leaving Rose and the Doctor looking at the door open-mouthed.

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