

Congratulations

By Padfoot_Lover

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One shot. 766 words. Sort of fluff. Something's happening to Rose...

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1 - Congratulations

Rose Smith, née Tyler, had been happily married to Mickey for 7 months when she found out. She had awoken very suddenly, as though someone had poured a bucket of cold water over her head. She sat up, and found she had tears in her eyes. She wiped them away, and remembered. She had been dreaming about The Doctor, something she hadn't done for nearly a year, something she was desperately trying to avoid. It had been both of her Doctors: One tall and dark and threatening, the other young, foolish and smiley. Neither looked too delighted to see her. In the dream something was wrong. In the dream The Doctor was hurt...dying. It was at this point she had woken up. She looked around the room, and was about to lie back down next to her husband, when she felt something else. A squeezing her stomach, a burning in her throat. She jumped up and ran to the bathroom, her eyes watering. She threw back the toilet lid and was horribly sick, choking and gagging and weeping.

"Rose?"

Jackie Tyler was stood in the doorway, one year old Jason Tyler on her hip. She detached her son's arms from round her and placed him gently on the floor, where he happily began to unravel a roll of toilet paper.

"Rose darling," Jackie soothed, wiping her daughter's face and brushing her hair out of her. "Have you got a nasty bug, sweetheart?" Rose sniffed.

"I don't know... I was just suddenly..." She began to cry again as she thought about the dream. Jackie put her arms around her.

"It'll get better soon darling. Don't worry"

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It didn't get better. Rose was sick every morning for a week, and dreaming the dream every night. Finally, on Monday morning, it was all too much for her. Rose collapsed into a sobbing heap at the breakfast table, crying furiously into the embroidered tablecloth. Her mother seized her by the shoulders, pulled her out of her chair and marched her up to Pete and Jackie's bedroom. She sat her down on the bed; but didn't take her hands off her daughter's shoulders.

"Rose, sweetheart," She said firmly, tightening her grip, "What is the matter with you?"

"I keep dreamin' of him..." Rose mumbled, "It's so horrible...he just stares at me, but he's hurt, I know he is..."

"No, not your dreams! Rose...this sick business..." Jackie took a deep breath and looked her daughter straight in the eye "It's not morning sickness is it?" Rose passed out.

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That afternoon Pete, Jackie, Jason, Mickey and Rose went to visit a doctor. Rose sniffled hard when she heard the receptionist say, "The Doctor will see you now." and Mickey squeezed her hand sympathetically. They found out that it very much was Morning Sickness, and Rose was pregnant...with twins. It wasn't Rose who fainted upon this news, but Mickey, and then Jason scratched his finger on his Mother's earring and began to shriek and Pete got a call from Torchwood and had to find a place in which he was allowed to use his Mobile, and soon there was so much commotion in the room that Rose quite forgot her dream.

It was remembered as she lay down though, and in head all the time whilst Mickey kissed her and held her, and when the light had been turned out and Mickey had fallen asleep. It was nearly morning before Rose did likewise. The dream came again, but it was different. It was just the younger-looking Doctor this time: he was closer to death, so close he had begun to glow, about to change. Light engulfed him and the dream ended, but Rose slept through the night, feeling incredibly and extraordinarily peaceful.

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Rose did not have a dream about the Doctor again for ten months, by which time her children were born. Two little girls. Mickey tactfully suggested names that were in no way connected with the doctor, and eventually they chose Faith and Hope, for that is what they were thought to be by their parents. Rose's chance of a new, normal life. A life of love and care.

Then, on the night the Twins were taken home, she dreamed of him again. He was different, he had changed...but she knew it was him. His body build was similar, he was slim, but slightly taller than his past self had been. He had startling green eyes and, much to his delight, she guessed, a head full of ginger hair. He smiled, his eyes shining.
"Congratulations, Rose." He whispered.

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