

Thank You

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Rating: PG

Spoiler: only if you don't know series one and two

Contents: Nothing in life should be taken for granted.

Disclaimer: If it was mine, I would change timelines...

Author's Note: Just a short piece, because I'm stuck with Letter Nine of my Dear Doctor story and needed to write something else.

He had asked her to come with him. His old self, the bitter and tall guy who seemed to prefer to be alone. He had invited her to accompany him, to travel with him.

She had taken it for granted. She had saved his life, after all.

He had done it again, new face, new new Doctor and all, but still, he had wanted her company, her on board of his ship. And she had taken the chance because she was rather facing danger and death than her daily life on Earth; and because she knew he couldn't be left alone, on his own.

So why not taking the new invitation for granted as well when he couldn't be left alone anyways?

She always got into trouble. She reactivated a Dalek, she saved her father from death and nearly killed humanity, she got possessed by an evil human's consciousness, she got her face sucked off; so many times she had gotten into trouble, and so many times he had saved her, rescued her.

She had taken that for granted, too. He had taken her with him, and while he knew the universe and its traps and troubles, she didn't. So it was his task to look out for her.

He took her wherever she wanted to go; he showed her wonders and stars and magic and impossibilities. He made her stand astonished, made her rejoice and lose herself in enthusiasm. He made her forget the boring and simple life she had had on Earth, at home. What once was home. Because the places he had taken her to were what she referred to as home. The whole universe was *home*; not just one planet.

Another thing she took for granted. He had offered her the universe once - and she liked to get what she was promised. She was a reliable and faithful companion, and he needed that. One could almost call it symbiosis.

There were so many questions and explanations and pictures in her head; what she had seen and what missed, what was different because she was here. The turn of the universe didn't apply to them, to her; and for her, it had become the most normal thing. It was just what her life was like; he might have led her into it, but she was living it by herself.

But now, lying beside him in soft blue grass that smelled of flowers and dreams, with golden leaves above them singing a soothing melody in the light breeze, and with a red and a white moon caressing the planet's surface with their soft glow, she knew that she had long enough taken all this for granted.

And so she turned her head, met the honest dark brown of his eyes with the lively green of hers, and whispered gently "Thank you".

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