

To the end of the Universe

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A short story I wrote for a creative writing section for my English HSC exam.

It mixes HG2G and Doctor Who.

Hilarious.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/vonny/47628/To-end-of-Universe>

Chapter 1 - To the end of the Universe

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1 - To the end of the Universe

She stared at the exam paper, reading the same question over and over again, trying to compute what it was asking her to do. "Creative writing. I'm sitting in a huge boring room with a hundred other people coughing and sneezing, no inspiration at all, and they expect me to be creative" she thought. She turned her head and stared out the window, looking for any form of inspiration that was out of the stuffy exam room. "Nothing" she thought, "I can see absolutely nothing that would relate to journeys". She sighed and turned her head back to her paper, as she did her peripheral vision saw somebody dash by the window. Somebody with two heads. She quickly turned her head back to the window, doubting what she thought she had just seen. The window showed nothing interesting. "See, it's all in your head" she told herself. She turned to read the question she was meant to be doing. But again, she saw a two headed figure out of the corner of her eye. She whipped her head back around but alas; there was nothing out the window but trees, birds and a few students making their way to class. "I am going insane" she thought, resting her head on her hand, still staring out the window. Then, as if somebody had pulled an imaginary curtain away from the window she saw the figure again, but not via peripheral vision this time. This time she saw it with both eyes. Her eyes opened wider as she registered that the figure, which was a tall man with very broad shoulders, had two heads.

Before she could comprehend what she was seeing, the two headed figure was striding towards her. "Come on, you frood! We're late" he said as he reached her. "Z-Zaphod?" she stuttered, looking up at the tall character from her seat. "Yeah yeah, that's right" Zaphod said.

"Zaphod Beeblebrox? From the book, Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy?" she asked.

"Yes. Zaphod. Zee bee" he said annoyed, "But I don't work for the Guide. Ford does"

"But, you're just a fictional character. You're from a book. You're not real" she said, frowning her brow.

"That's what they'll have you believe" he said, nudging his left head in the direction of the rest of the people in the exam room.

"Is that why they can't see you?" she said, looking around the room. Everybody was looking down at their desks, furiously pouring the contents of their brains onto paper. The teachers were walking up and down the aisles. Everybody was completely oblivious to the fact that there was a two headed man standing in the middle of the room.

"They can't see us, because of the S.E.P field that the Doctor put up" he said, grabbing her arm, pulling her out of her seat towards the door.

"S.E.P. Somebody Else's Problem?" she asked, curiously.

"You got it, frood. If it's Somebody Else's Problem, they're not going to notice it." he said, dragging her outside.

"But, what about my exam?" she said, resisting a little.

"Trust me. It'll work itself out in the end"

They stood outside in the sunlight. Zaphod walked around in circles, mumbling to himself. "Where are they? They're meant to be here"

"Who's they?" she asked timidly.

"You'll find out soon enough" he replied. However, half of what he said wasn't heard, as a shrill, rising and falling, somewhat tidal noise entered the air. Then, right before their feet materialised, out of thin air it seemed, a navy blue British police box.

"The TARDIS?" she said, her mouth hanging open.

"You betcha" said Zaphod's upbeat voice.

The door of the telephone box opened, and out walked an average looking man with scruffy brown hair wearing a trench coat over a bluish pin-striped suit, on his feet, a pair of red Chuck Taylors.

"Ready to go then?" the man said, happily, looking at the girl.

"The Doctor?" she asked, even though she already knew the answer.

"course" he replied, opening the door to the TARDIS, and walking in, beckoning for Zaphod and the girl to follow him.

They both did, follow the Doctor into the TARDIS that is. It was much bigger on the inside. It was a huge room, with a control panel in the middle.

"Whoa" murmured the girl.

"So, where do you want to go?" asked the Doctor.

"What do you mean?" the girl asked, "I should be getting back to my exam"

"It'll sort itself out in the end" replied the Doctor, "we're here to help you with it. I think. Take you on a journey I believe I was told"

He walked up to the control panel. "So, where to?"

"Uh, Milliways?" the girl answered, watching Zaphod walk around the room and sit down on a comfy looking sofa that had suddenly appeared in the corner.

"Ahh yes, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe" the Doctor said, pressing some buttons on the control panel.

"Or, we could possibly go to Squornshellous Zeta..." the girl opted.

"You don't want to go there" Zaphod piped in, "All that's there is a whole lot of mattresses called Zem. They don't even know they're zarking mattresses"

"Milliways it is then" said the Doctor, we'll have to journey to the end of time of course, but it shouldn't take long with the TARDIS"

He pressed a few more buttons then in an instant, they were there.

"Aaaand, we're here" the Doctor said, opening the door to the TARDIS. As they stepped out the girl looked around. They were obviously in the car park, or, space ship park, as there were no cars to be seen. They walked up to the front of the restaurant. From the outside, though it was hard to see from their point of view, the restaurant was in the shape of a starfish, with five arms coming off of it. As they walked inside the restaurant they were instantly greeted by the waiter at the front desk, who was a blue colour, had no distinctive shape and, quite oddly enough, had what sounded like a French accent.

"Allo, and welcome to Milliways, ze restaurant at ze end of ze Universe. 'Ave you a reservation?"

"Yes. Yes we should have" said the Doctor.

An hour later they had been seated, eaten and seen the end of the universe happen before their eyes.

"That was awesome" the girl said, in awe.

"course it was. Nothing like the end of the universe to inspire you for creative writing" said the Doctor.

"I'm not going to have time to write it" the girl replied.

"Time is an illusion" said the Doctor, "you need not worry about it"

"Uh, we should be getting you back now" said Zaphod, looking at his Sub-Etha wristband.

"Really? Oh, yes" said the Doctor.

"I thought you said time wasn't important" the girl said.

"Oh, it isn't when you're living in it." Zaphod said "It's a different story, though, when you're travelling through it"

The girl gave him a look as though she was trying to figure out what he was saying.

"Never mind," Zaphod said, "If we leave now it'll allow us to travel slower, so, you'll be able to have a

good look at the Universe”

“He’s right about that one” said the Doctor, and hurried over to his TARDIS. He stood in front of it, reached into his pocket and pulled out his sonic screw driver to open the door with. Once the door was open the three of them filed in. The Doctor fiddled around with the controls again, and they were off. About a minute later Zaphod walked over to the door. He slowly opened it a smidgen, and beckoned for the girl to come over to look out. She obliged, walked over to the door, and looked out. They were floating in space. It was all black around them, with distant stars shining, dressing the abyss around them with diamonds. She could tell they were moving. Random planets unknown to human life were moving past them, or rather, they were moving past the planets. They were travelling through space. They were on a journey through space and time.

She looked to her left. There was a large yellow looking space ship hovering a few hundred metres away from them. “What is that?” asked the girl.

Zaphod came over to look. “Uh oh, Vogons” he said.

Next thing they knew, the Vogons were firing at them. The TARDIS was shaking as each fire came closer and closer to hitting them.

“Times up” said a voice, “Pens down”

“Huh?” she thought, looking around. She was back in the exam room. The examiner was standing at the front of the room, informing the students of what order to put their papers in on their desks. The girls heart dropped. “I haven’t written anything” she thought, “I haven’t written anything for creative writing”

She looked down at her paper and was pleasantly surprised to see it was filled with writing. Writings of the journey she just had. Her journey through time and space. Her journey to the end of the Universe and back again. All written in the convenient time slot of forty-two minutes.