



Sorry, checking all the water in this area; there's an escaped fish.

You've swallowed a planet! You've swallowed a planet! *Insistently* Bow ties are cool! Come on Amy, I'm a normal bloke, tell me what normal blokes do! I am the Doctor, and you are the Daleks!

It's art! A statement on modern society, 'Oh Ain't Modern Society Awful?! *You know how I sometimes have really brilliant ideas?* I'm nobody's taxi service; I'm not gonna be there to catch you every time you feel like jumping out of a spaceship.

***Insistently* Bow ties are cool! Come on Amy, I'm a normal bloke, tell me what normal blokes do!**

You've swallowed a planet! All I've got to do is pass as an ordinary human being. Simple. What could possibly go wrong? I am the last of my species, and I know how that weighs on the heart so don't lie to me!

1. I am the last of my species, and I know how that weighs on the heart so don't lie to me!
2. I'm the Doctor. Well, they call me the Doctor. I don't know why. I call me the Doctor too. I still don't know why.
3. You know when grown-ups tell you 'everything's going to be fine' and you think they're probably lying to make you feel better?

Stop talking, brain thinking. Hush.

It's art! A statement on modern society, 'Oh Ain't Modern Society Awful?! You hit me with a cricket bat. I am the Doctor, and you are the Daleks! I'm the Doctor. Well, they call me the Doctor. I don't know why. I call me the Doctor too. I still don't know why.

- Sorry, checking all the water in this area; there's an escaped fish.
- Annihilate? No. No violence. I won't stand for it. Not now, not ever, do you understand me?! I'm the Doctor, the Oncoming Storm - and you basically meant beat them in a football match, didn't you?
- You hate me; you want to kill me! Well, go on! Kill me! KILL ME!

Sorry, checking all the water in this area; there's an escaped fish. You hate me; you want to kill me! Well, go on! Kill me! KILL ME! All I've got to do is pass as an ordinary human being. Simple. What could possibly go wrong?

You've swallowed a planet! Father Christmas. Santa Claus. Or as I've always known him: Jeff. I'm the Doctor. Well, they call me the Doctor. I don't know why. I call me the Doctor too. I still don't know why.

You hate me; you want to kill me! Well, go on! Kill me! KILL ME! No, I'll fix it. I'm good at fixing



rot. Call me the Rotmeister. No, I'm the Doctor. Don't call me the Rotmeister. Sorry, checking all the water in this area; there's an escaped fish.

You know when grown-ups tell you 'everything's going to be fine' and you think they're probably lying to make you feel better? *Insistently* Bow ties are cool! Come on Amy, I'm a normal bloke, tell me what normal blokes do!

Annihilate? No. No violence. I won't stand for it. Not now, not ever, do you understand me?! I'm the Doctor, the Oncoming Storm - and you basically meant beat them in a football match, didn't you? The way I see it, every life is a pile of good things and bad things....hey....the good things don't always soften the bad things; but vice-versa the bad things don't necessarily spoil the good things and make them unimportant.

No... It's a thing; it's like a plan, but with more greatness. Aw, you're all Mr. Grumpy Face today. Sorry, checking all the water in this area; there's an escaped fish. Stop talking, brain thinking. Hush.

Annihilate? No. No violence. I won't stand for it. Not now, not ever, do you understand me?! I'm the Doctor, the Oncoming Storm - and you basically meant beat them in a football match, didn't you? Did I mention we have comfy chairs?

Aw, you're all Mr. Grumpy Face today. I'm nobody's taxi service; I'm not gonna be there to catch you every time you feel like jumping out of a spaceship. You've swallowed a planet! You've swallowed a planet!

No, I'll fix it. I'm good at fixing rot. Call me the Rotmeister. No, I'm the Doctor. Don't call me the Rotmeister. You hit me with a cricket bat. Saving the world with meals on wheels. The way I see it, every life is a pile of good things and bad things....hey....the good things don't always soften the bad things; but vice-versa the bad things don't necessarily spoil the good things and make them unimportant.

I'm the Doctor. Well, they call me the Doctor. I don't know why. I call me the Doctor too. I still don't know why. You know when grown-ups tell you 'everything's going to be fine' and you think they're probably lying to make you feel better?

Did I mention we have comfy chairs? You hate me; you want to kill me! Well, go on! Kill me! KILL ME! It's art! A statement on modern society, 'Oh Ain't Modern Society Awful?!' Stop talking, brain thinking. Hush.