

The Elevator

A tale for the elevator-meme

Von konpaku

The Elevator

Sheldon had been asked to attend a meeting where his skills were needed. They had been quite secretive as to about what it really were, but they were government officials so he didn't question them and was rather flattered by the invitation. The meeting would be in one of the highest levels, so he made sure to get a spot in the corner away from the console station as every other person that would enter would most likely leave before him. Before he entered he had seen an old man with a cane making his way to the elevator as well. For a second there he thought of just closing the door and let him take the next one, but he felt generous today. So he pushed the button to open the doors again for the man to enter. The man muttered a "Thanks" and leaned against the side opposite of him. The physicist tried grinning at the other replying "My pleasure" in a mocking tone, only gaining a suspicious look for that. When he was about to ask the man if he didn't want to pick out a level the doors were stopped from closing again. For a moment Sheldon stared at the well-dressed foot, before the doors opened to reveal a man around his age in a coat that looked far to warm for this time of the year. The new arrival apologized with a wide grin and a "Sorry" that didn't feel at all sincere. The man glanced at the control station and the other passengers. With a small grin he then positioned himself in front of Sheldon facing the doors.

A loud yell emerged from the hall in front of the elevator when another man was fast approaching the machine: "Please hold that!"

The man in the coat stepped forward like he had done to enter. It would have been a waste of time to let another member of the meeting wait for the next elevator.

"Thanks." He said to the coat-guy before he added to the one that had followed him: "After you." The man wearing a blue Star Trek uniform entered before him. A cautious look in his eyes and a small courtesy smile on his lips. He stopped in the center of the small room while the other positioned himself in front of the console.

"Apparently we all have the same destination. That's convenient." He commented with a smug grin, but did not get a reaction as he had hoped to get.

Bored with the other passengers he started to type away on a gadget.

For a moment there was silence in the room and the vehicle started to make its way upwards. Without any warning the latest arrival bluntly asked the Star Trek guy: "Are they real or did you have surgery to look more like Spock?"

He gained a snort from both the coat-guy and the one with the cane and a nod from the skinny boy in the back. The one in question just looked at him as if he didn't get

the reference. But before the gadget-guy could get an answer the elevator stopped abruptly and went down again. Quite faster than the passengers would have liked. When the doors opened they revealed two guys that looked like they had just robbed a costume store: One had decided to dress up as pirate, while the other pretended to be his own grandfather.

"Hello everyone, sorry for that. But I needed to take the lift. They didn't allow me to enter the meeting with my own transport." He started babbling.

He shoved the other guy in front of him mumbling "Get in mate. Ha. Mate."

"I'm The Doctor by the way and this is Jack Sparrow." He introduced himself and the other man that was just staring at the strange room.

"Captain Jack Sparrow" Jack corrected and proceeded to knock on the metal walls.

"You know I once traveled with a Captain Jack. Nice fella. Became a fixed point in time though. Oh, and of course Sally Sparrow. Lovely Sally Sparrow. Had a run in with the Weeping Angels, but defeated them most brilliantly. You don't happen to be related to her do you? No, that wouldn't be possible. Would it? Hmm..." The Doctor mused with his usual demeanor of running about and using his hands, only to stop and look at the Captain. When he noticed the others stared at them he added: "Oh don't mind him. He's a pirate from the 18th century. Doesn't know what a lift is."

Soon The Doctor noticed that the others were staring at him and not the pirate.

"Ooooh. I see. It's me you are wondering about, not him. Some of the most brilliant minds of the universes and they are puzzled by me. Ha. Isn't that something?" He concluded clapping his hands together in delight.

"Oh please. We're not puzzled. You clearly are just a lunatic babbling about pirates, that has the fashion sense of an old man." The man in the coat countered with distaste.

"Lunatic?" The Doctor pondered this for a moment, before he replied with a wide grin:

"No. I might be a mad man with a blue box, but I'm clearly not a lunatic. And: Bow Ties. Are. Cool." He declared, straightening the accessory and started to look more closely at the other one. Something was odd about him.

"Yes. That's it. All of you listen up. Something is odd here. I don't know what so far but I will figure it out soon. So now, everyone state their name, species and qualification." He ordered.

"And why would we do that?" The coat-guy retorted in a superficial tone.

"Because if you hadn't noticed: The lift stopped moving and it won't start moving again until you tell me what I need to know and we will all miss the meeting."

"You can't do that." Coat stated unconvinced.

"Apparently he can. I just checked the elevator software. It's deadlocked. Heck, it's that locked, I can't even get through it and that says something." The man with the gadget admitted awed. "You're brilliant. You have to teach me how to do that."

"Awww...thank you. Maybe later. First introductions. You there in the corner. You go first." He pointed at Sheldon.

Nervous and unsure he fidgeted with his fingers. This man claimed to be The Doctor and if he wasn't just an insane lookalike than he was really stuck in an elevator with one of the most incredible people he had ever heard about. Taking a deep breath he let it out in one go saying: "Sheldon Cooper, Human, theoretical physicist"

"Hello, Sheldon Cooper nice to meet you." The Doctor took his hand and shook it.

"N-nice to meet you too...Doctor" He replied still shaking a little.

The Doctor then turned to the man with the cane and moved his hands into a "go-on"

gesture. "Gregory House, Human, doctor" he simply replied.

"Ha. A doctor. Hello." The Doctor greeting him as well through shaking his hand.

When he turned around the man with the gadget had a wide grin on his face when he answered: "Tony Stark, Human, Genius"

"But not smart enough to break my deadlock." The Doctor mocked him before he took the offered hand.

"I am working on that and you have to teach me how to do that."

"I will, later. Now you." He then started to circle the guy with the pointy ears. "You are not human. Maybe half-human."

"That is true." He affirmed. "I AM Spock" He started and stared at Tony for a moment "and I am half-human, half-vulcan and a scientist."

"That is impossible." The remaining passenger commented, while they all were staring at Spock.

"Why would that be...oh...yes...your fiction...or at least you're supposed to be fiction. Yet you are here. Oh, that is brilliant." The Doctor concluded in excitement.

"Fiction?" Spock repeated when The Doctor went on to the last one.

"And you are?" He prodded again.

With a sigh he complied. "Sherlock Holmes. Human. Consulting Detective" This time all eyes were on him. Ignoring them he confronted the other man with the same question.

Straightening his bow tie again he answered "I am The Doctor. I'm a Timelord. I know how universes work."

He grinned again pulling a metal stick out of his pocket and pointed it at the console

"And now: Geronimo!" The Doctor yelled and the elevator started to move again, but not without throwing out sparks and making an abrupt start. When the machine had settled on a normal speed The Doctor grinned at the passengers.

"Sherlock Holmes. The great detective. Mr. Spock and other brilliant people. Oh this will be fun."

Tony was just about to ask what a Timelord is and what that strange stick was when an eighth passenger arrived out of nowhere.

"Hello? Did you call for an angel?" He asked slightly unsure.

"Why would anybody call for an angel?" Sherlock remarked.

"People do that. If they need help." The angel replied.

"You are a real, proper angel?" The Doctor asked, staring at the man with slight distrust.

"Yes. Of course." The other replied.

"Does anybody know anything about angels existing?" The Doctor asked the rest, when no one said anything he added: "Thought so. That makes...5 different universes and a different time line at least."

"Six." Came a quiet correction.

"Six? Why six? What makes you think six?" The Doctor started questioning Sheldon and tried to figure out what was different about him that he would think of a sixth universe.

With recovered confidence he cleared his throat and said: "I am fairly certain that Mr. Tony Stark aka Iron Man is not a part of my universe. Even though it'd be great if he was. You are quite incredible Mr. Stark."

"Oh, thank you. I know." Stark replied to the flattery.

"Iron Man? You're not made of metal." The Doctor wondered, poking Tony in the chest. "And luckily you're not a Cyberman either. Uuuh that would be bad. Oh that

would be really bad. Let's just hope neither the Cybermen nor the Daleks have noticed that there are several universes to destroy. And hopefully not the Sontarans either...." He then went into another rant before he turned to Spock. "Did you know that the vulcan greeting is perfect for opening the doors in Sontaran battle fleets space ships? Probably not...poor Donna...But that's not the point. Anyone else not having an 'Iron Man'?"

"Only in the movies." House replied.

"Yeah. I think there was one of those awful and loud obnoxious films called like that." Sherlock added with distaste.

"There's a movie about me?" Tony wanted to know.

"Three, by now. Plus an appearance in The Avengers. Several comic book series and cartoons." Listed Sheldon.

"Well, that's awesome."

"Wait a minute." Interrupted The Doctor and turned to Sherlock again. "A LOUD film?"

"Yes. Loud, as in: The volume of the film in the cinema is always turned up far too loud. Are you retarded?"

"Of course not. What year do you live in?"

"2013, why would that be of relevance?"

"Really?" Asked Tony this time.

"Yes of course. What is this nonsense about?"

"Interesting. Your supposed to be from the 19th century..." The Doctor told him, while observing him again.

"Apparently I'm not." Sherlock and emphasized his comment through rolling his eyes.

"Apparently you're not. And that is really interesting. Angel man!" The Doctor moved up front again to talk properly to the man that was just standing there.

"Cas. That's what...people call me."

"Cas. Hello Cas. I'm The Doctor. Nice to meet you." He greeted him properly and shook his hand.

"So, Cas. Do you need to be anywhere. I think it'd be most interesting to have someone from your universe as well to be able to revert this whole mess back to normal."

"Unless I'm called I don't really need to leave."

"Good. Very good. You stay. Jack stays. Jack stop pressing buttons. They make us stop every time." The Doctor then proceeded to scold the pirate.

"Sorry mate." He apologized and held up his hands in defense.

Finally the elevator had reached its destination. Pushing his way through the others Sherlock hurriedly exited the machine.

"Mycroft!" He addressed his brother that was already awaiting him.

"What took you so long, brother mine?" The older Holmes calmly retorted with he hinge of menace in his voice.

"That lunatic with the bow tie, babbling about time travel, space ships and different universes. How am I supposed to work with them? They're useless. Why wasn't I allowed to bring John? He would have been better company than those people."

" Oh dear. They were asked to come here just as we were. Just bear with them for a while." Mycroft tried to stop his brothers tirade, but he only got a snort.

"Hello. I'm The Doctor and you are?" The 'lunatic with the bow tie' interrupted their conversation, holding out his hand.

"Mycroft Holmes. I'm with the British Government." He introduced himself and

accepted the hand.

"You are the British Government" Sherlock mumbled and got one of his brother's famous smiles in return.

"Lovely, the older brother and the British Government. They like me there. Mostly. I was knighted by Queen Victoria...and then exiled. And don't get me started on Elizabeth I....Still mad I never took her on a honeymoon. Anyway, British Government! I saved London a couple of times from alien invasions. Usually around Christmas." The Doctor rattled down, still shaking the hand, before he added: "Do I know you? You look familiar..."

"I can assure you that we have never met before." Mycroft replied taking back his hand.

"You saved London from alien invasions? Than you can't be from my universe or you probably would have helped Thor." Stark interjected.

"Thor as in the Norse god of Thunder?" Spock joined the conversation.

"Yes. In my universe he is a demigod traveling through different realms with the help of an Einstein-Rosen bridge. He recently stopped some Dark Elves from taking over the world. In London." Tony explained and showed the others pictures of Thor, Malekith and the destruction of London through his gadget.

In the back Sherlock gestured to his brother that these people were clearly insane.

"That is interesting. He looks a bit like me don't you think?" The Doctor held up the gadget that showed a picture of Malekith beside his face.

"Nope."

"Really? Oh, yes...old face, not this face. Had different faces before. My mistake." He amended his statement and gave back the gadget.

Sheldon and House had already found themselves a seat at the long table that stood in the room, while Cas and Jack stared out of the window. As it was too ridiculous for him, Sherlock made his way to the far end of the table away from the others. His brother following him suit.

"They either are completely insane or they truly believe what they are saying." Mycroft concluded.

After a moment The Doctor turned to the ones responsible for the meeting.

"Can I bring up my TARDIS it'll be helpful for figuring this out." As he was allowed he send a signal with the Screwdriver and the blue telephone box appeared beside him.

"That is one cool trick." Tony remarked.

"That is not a trick. That is technology I thought you'd know better than that." The Doctor retorted slightly offended.

"How can a wooden blue box help us?" Did Spock want to know.

"Because it's bigger on the inside." Sheldon answered before The Doctor could even open his mouth.

"Yes. How do you know that?"

"You are fiction in my universe too."

"Oh. I am fiction. Haha." The Doctor clapped his hands in delight.

"Your show is called 'Doctor Who' and it's the longest running Sci-Fi show. Closely followed my Mr. Spock's show 'Star Trek'" Sheldon explained.

"'Doctor Who'. I like that. Doctor who. Doctor who." The Doctor couldn't help but repeat it in a sing-song.

"'The oldest question. The question that must never be answered. Hidden in plain sight.'"

"What did you say?" The Doctor now void of all delight and utterly serious.

"It was just a quote from the show!" Sheldon replied in defense.

"You have my life in a show and even that made it into it. Not good. Really not good." He contemplated this for a moment before pointing a finger at the physicist and saying: "You might know things about my future. About everyone's future that are fiction in your universe. You must be really careful of what you say. But first I need to set up some things."

He then proceeded to go inside the TARDIS and pull out some cables that he then connected to screens on the far end of the room. Tony and Spock had provided him with their help to see more of that strange technology, while the others examined the box in suspicion.

"That is impossible." Sherlock concluded after he had rounded the box for the third time.

"'Once you've ruled out the impossible, whatever remains must be the truth.' This box is a spaceship capable of flying through time and space and has bigger-on-the-inside technology." Spock told him with a hint of admiration in his voice.

"What did you say?" Sherlock demanded to know.

"You clearly heard what I said."

"How can you know that? I haven't said it here. Ah, right 'fiction'." Sherlock concluded raising his eyebrows in annoyance.

"You are fiction in the Star Trek and probably all the other universes. Though an alternative time line of Star Trek suggests you also related to Spock as one of his ancestors." Sheldon explained.

"Anc..?" Sherlock started and stopped himself from letting his mind wander into that direction, while Mycroft burst out laughing.

The awkward moment of silence after this was then interrupted by the yelling of The Doctor: "Lazarus!" As he turned to look at Mycroft.

"I hope you don't turn into a giant spider thingy that sucks out the life force of other people." The Timelord mumbled and then proceeded to push a button he was holding: "Hello Kate! How is UNIT coping?" He turned around in a swift motion to greet the blond woman that had just appeared on one of the screens.

"Not well Doctor. We have all kind of strange reports floating in. We have to find out what caused this and how we can reverse it before any severe damage is done." The head of UNIT Kate Steward reported.

"Working on that. Just let me add a couple of others to the conference. You ready Tony?"

"Yup." Stark answered and pushed another button.

"Stark what is the meaning of this?" Nick Fury of SHIELD answered right away.

"We just need a bit more information that's all."

"Spock! Your turn!" The Doctor yelled again, making a turn to point at the scientist; earning confused looks by both Steward and Fury.

"On it." The other replied and pressed the third button that held a connection to his starship.

"Now that we are all together. We need to combine our knowledge about everything unusual. Everything strange. Everything that can help us to get out of this mess." The Doctor stated their plan.

"You mean aside from the fact that there are several supposedly fictional people meeting up in the same conference room discussing matters of high importance for their respective universes?" Sherlock summarized their situation with a smug grin.

"Yes. Aside from that." The Doctor acknowledged dryly pointing at him.

