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## Prologue

The *TSS Leyland* sat hunched on the platform, an ungainly squat cylinder of gun metal grey. It didn't look like it would fly. The hushed masses of Therans who had come to farewell the last great hope of their race looked at it with incredulity and awe. It was so *ugly*. Trucks darted around its ample base, checking and double checking that everything was ready to go. The nuclear reactor deep in the *Leyland's* belly groaned into life as the first precious fuel rod was lowered lovingly into the core, the ship's engines stuttering into life.

A murmur ran through the crowd, an angry titter building to a roar. A man yelled over the noise of the crowd, "Who chose the colonists?"

The crowd answered him with a roar of encouragement.

"When do the rest of us get a free ride to a new home?"

The crowd roared again, parting like the Red Sea as their spokesman made his way to the barrier fencing off the departure zone.

"When do we get our new lives?"

The crowd screamed, waved banners and placards smuggled past the guards, hurled futile rocks toward the distant *Leyland*. A figure in black faced the man from within the barricade.

"And who might you be?"

"I might be Second Lieutenant Amos Villas, late of the Theran armed forces," he broke off with a bitter laugh, "back when we still had armed forces."

The figure in black was unimpressed. "So now you're unemployed. Your application for colonisation was given as much consideration as everyone else's, *ex-Second Lieutenant*."

"Yes," agreed Villas. "None at all! There'll be trouble on that wretched tub, do you hear me? Their troubles are only starting!"



## Ration One

The warm darkness rolled away from the small woman with a hiss. She opened her eyes, groggy, squinted in the suddenly bright room. She groaned and let her head fall back onto the small hard pillow in the suspended animation tube. She breathed deeply though her nose, felt her lungs fill with the cold, tinny shipboard air. She could feel herself surfacing, her mind creeping closer to consciousness by the minute as the mild sedatives in her system burned themselves out. The gentle regular hisses of the neighbouring tubes continued, the distant thrum of the ship's engines. Her eyes were almost focussing now; she could make out the supine shapes of her fellow sleepers behind the translucent blue plastic of the tubes. Suddenly she jolted upright, realising what was going on. She was awake. *Awake*. The ship was obviously still in deep space, so something was wrong. She fumbled with the metal clips holding the top half of her tube in place; jumped as they seemed to snap open by themselves. Outside her tube a bear-like shape was operating her clips.

There was something of the bear about the man who gently lifted the top half of the tube, clipped it into the 'open' position. He was huge by Theran standards, at least six feet, red haired and muscular. He bent over the still-drowsy woman.

"Suzi - you back with us, girl?"

"Mmmm..." Her eyes opened again, now fully alert as she took in her crewmate.

"Petersen! What's going on? Who woke us up? What's the problem? Why's -"

Petersen held a hand up for quiet. "There's only three of us awake - you me and," his voice dropped, he looked left and right before continuing "His Nibbs." Suzi groaned, rolled her eyes. Petersen continued. "Yes, I know. Apparently there's a bit of navs trouble. Nothing we can't sort out."

\* \* \* \* \*

The floor of the TARDIS lurched slightly. Tamara staggered, toppling a few steps forward, her hands brushing against the surface that wasn't there. She stood there for a few moments, eyes wide with delight, hands pressed against the surface she thought of as a window. Outside galaxies were colliding.

"It's beautiful." Tamara breathed. She stepped back from the view, breathed deep and spun around in a circle, arms flung wide to keep her balance. Her spin gave her a 360° view of deepest space, howling darkness studded with stars, harshly brilliant in the lack of atmosphere.

The four walls and ceiling of this room were 'transparent', although they were deep within the TARDIS. Tamara knew it was all a Timelord trick; that this was just projections rather than an actual view of space, but it was still breathtaking. The collision covered half of the sky, two pale blue swirls of stars meshed at right-angles, glowing pale, milky red along the fusion line. The TARDIS floor gave another small jump. Tamara turned to the Doctor.

"What's with the lurching?"

The Doctor had been standing, silent, near the section of space that was really the door.

"The collision is sending out ripples - radiation, waves of exotic particles. We're at the edge of the safe zone - any closer and we risk being tipped into the action."

"Dangerous?"

"Necessary. There's a signal coming from down there - it could be a ship in trouble. Any further away and we'd lose the signal." The Doctor broke off, stared abstractedly at the darkness, rubbing his beard, "any closer and we'd be in there too, and unable to help."

The floor chose that moment to give a particularly violent jerk as a massive ripple caught the hovering capsule, sending Tamara skittering. It seemed to be settling, but then tipped, sending the Doctor and Tamara flying as the floor became a wall, then a ceiling, then disappeared as the darkness closed in.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ribbed walls rocked gently in the womb dark. The air was thin and tinny, colder than usual. Suzi's breath clouded as she felt her way along the passage, cursing the lighting system. She found the cover of the maintenance hatch, jiggled the stiff clasps. It wouldn't come. She fumbled for the screwdriver tucked into her belt, wedged it under the gap between hatch and wall and broke every rule in the book about vandalising her employers' property as she levered and ripped at the hatch. What did it matter now? Three hours of maintenance had told her the *Leyland* probably wouldn't even get them to their destination, never mind home again for the second batch of colonists. Suzi braced one foot against the wall to give her better leverage, and gave the protesting, rusty metal a violent wrench.

Something large hit the *Leyland*. Suzi was knocked backwards by the force as the battered ship rocked brutally. The floor slanted gently towards the impact site, as though the whatever-it-was was still out there, clinging to the side. Suzi lay on the floor, barely daring to breathe. The hatch cover chose that moment to fall off.



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\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara lay stunned against the wall of the viewing room, dark now. She rolled into a sitting position, rubbed her aching muscles.

"We've stopped. Have we hit something?"

No reply. Tamara squinted through the gloom, finding nothing Doctor-shaped. She heaved herself to her feet and made her way painfully to the console room.

The TARDIS was making gentle little movements, as though it were inching its way around. Tamara frowned, running a hand along the vibrating wall. She'd seen the Doctor use thrusters to move the TARDIS occasionally, if they materialised in space, but it was easier to just dematerialise and set co-ordinates for where he wanted to be, so what was he doing? The door was open, ignored; the Doctor bent over the console making small encouraging noises. He made no sign that he'd noticed Tamara's approach, so it took her a few seconds to realise he was talking to her.

"We've arrived."

"Ask a silly question, but - where?"

The Doctor gestured toward the scanner screen, showing lines of static, snow and garbled figures.

"We're in the heart of the collision zone. There's plenty external interference - radiation, exotic particles, things that only happen when galaxies collide. Not even the Timelords know much about this environment." The Doctor broke off, sensing Tamara's growing alarm. "Don't worry - it's not harmful. The Old Girl has survived worse than this."

"I won't worry, then," Tamara mumbled noncommittally. "So did you track down that signal you were looking for?"

"Yes. An old colony ship from somewhere in the Cardell spiral. Their emergency beacon is signalling - there must be some kind of equipment failure on board."

"Is it far away?"

"No - very close indeed, actually. We've docked to it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain Hevgold of the TSS *Leyland*, aka His Nibbs, paced his office. The tiny room stank of fear and tinny air. The young man in Theran dress uniform, all red with silver buttons, circled the metal table bolted to the floor as Suzi stood very still, watching him. Eventually Hevgold came to rest, the table a shield between him and the small woman.

"Well?" His harsh voice was that of a half-plumed rooster, echoes of immaturity still evident around the edges.

"It's useless. All of it. Now don't start fuming at me, I'm just the slave around here. I can't fix it."

Hevgold slumped at the table. Suzi stood before him, covered in grease and bad temper, her short blonde hair spiked in clumps from sweat and frustration.

"There's nothing I can salvage from the navs gear, and our outer hull's ready to fall to bits. Oh - another bit of debris hit us earlier. I think it's still stuck to the hull near airlock six."

The emergency beacon's still broadcasting, for what that's worth."

Hevgold stared at a wall panel over Suzi's shoulder. She watched his youthful bravado wither, the kick of being in charge dissipating as it all went to hell. "It's hopeless, isn't it."

It wasn't a question.

A sudden bang from the direction of the airlock made the pair jump. An unfamiliar head poked around the door, a bearded man in a star-emblazoned waistcoat, the stars swirling, angry maelstroms mirroring the starscape outside. Hevgold gaped. Suzi stared. The intruder spoke.

"Of course it's not hopeless." The Doctor strode professorially into the room, dusting a scant powdering of metal oxide from his hands. He surveyed the group jovially. "Now then, what seems to be the problem?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hmmm." The Doctor surveyed the screen closely. The bridge was, by Tamara's reckoning, fit for junk metal. She was the first to admit she was no expert on alien technology, but this place looked like Steptoe's yard taken forwards a few millennia. The bits just didn't seem to fit properly: each deck of controls was a slightly different style, a slightly different shade of gunmetal grey. Tamara had enough experience to know that spaceships weren't cars. Cars you could get bits from one and stick it in another and it would generally work after a fashion. Hell, she could remember a bit of her own unofficial mechanics training, in car parks with her brothers, their friends, their cars. Shawn's first 'car', if you could call it that, a tiny red thing with two doors, bought from a bloke in a bar for fifty pounds. It had somehow ended up being powered by a massive truck battery from the tip. Shawn had to hammer one side of the bonnet out of shape just to get it shut far enough to be able to see where he was going. You couldn't do that with a spaceship. The bits *mattered* too much. When Shawn's 'car' finally just fell to bits, he'd walked home. When your spaceship falls to bits, it's too late to worry about how you're getting home.

The Doctor's 'Mmmm' brought Tamara out of her reverie. She crossed over to the bank of controls where he was sitting. He was surveying the ship's pre-programmed route. Tamara leaned over his shoulder, waited a second as the TARDIS telepathic circuits blurred the alien scrawl on the screen before her until it refocused in letters she could read. She scanned it quickly.

"Hmm?"

The Doctor nodded in reply. "Exactly." He turned to Petersen, who was hovering nearby, almost hopping from foot to foot as he waited for these people to stop humming at him.

"Petersen, who programmed this course?"

The big man looked bewildered. "Ground crew, as far as I know. Everything was set up before the ship left planet side - we're not even supposed to be awake."

The Doctor raised an eyebrow. Suzi butted in. "The rest of the crew are in suspended animation - the three of us were woken up by the computer to fix the navigation problem. Petersen and I because we've got some techie experience; Hevgold because he's Captain. The droids are supposed to look after the maintenance work until we hit planet side again."

The Doctor nodded sagely at Tamara's perplexed expression. "Maintenance droids. Robots. Strange we haven't seen any around." He shot Petersen an inquisitive look.

"All down on the lower levels, Doctor. They don't come up here unless they're needed. Now what about this wretched flight path of ours?"

"I was just wondering why the ship was programmed to fly through the collision zone in the first place - you're not here by accident."

"Oh."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor and his blasted tea. He had called the entire meeting to a halt and gone to ferret out the ship's kitchen in search of a cup of tea. Petersen was hunched over the ship's interface, trying to figure out the flight path problem. Suzi was at another console, trying to resurrect the navs gear. The short woman turned to Tamara.

"We've got problems of some sort."

No kidding, Tamara thought. "How so?"

Suzi waved at her screen. "I've been trying to get the navs gear online. There's an equipment failure, apparently. The computer should have set the droids on to that."

Tamara was getting a bit edgy about these 'droids'. Before she could reply, the Doctor wandered in regally, brandishing a mug of lukewarm tea, animatedly describing something to Hevgold, waving his latest sunglasses enthusiastically. Hevgold nearly lost an eye to the Doctor's iridescent wraparounds as the Timelord gave a particularly enthusiastic gesture.

"An absolutely amazing sight. Dangerous, of course, but there's no life without a little... Ah. Tamara. How have things been while we were off on our tea hunt?"

"Navigation gear's failed somewhere, and the droids haven't fixed it automatically. Apparently this is unusual."

The Doctor nodded. "Hmm."

Tamara decided now was the time to make an obvious suggestion.

"So, shouldn't you contact Ground Control, let them know why you're off course?"

Hevgold suddenly came to life, nodding with a comically affected dignity. "Good idea."

Petersen moved over to another piece of console, which had been making quiet pings to itself. The pings didn't change as Petersen waggled dials and pressed buttons. He jerked his head at Suzi to come over and give him a hand. Even with two heads bent over the pinging thing, the noise continued. The pair raised their heads and turned to face each other. Slowly they motioned to Hevgold to come over. He came, looking bewildered. The three of them stood and got pinged at for a while. They all turned back to Tamara and the Doctor.

Hevgold looked embarrassed. Petersen and Suzi exchanged a sidelong glance. Tamara fumed.

"What?"

Suzi laughed slightly hysterically. "Our comms gear's out. The Doctor raised an interested eyebrow as Suzi continued. "It's not working either. Is anything working?"

The Doctor held up his hand. "Why don't we go and have a look? I've had a little experience in these things."

Hevgold looked at the odd interloper with a new note of respect. "Engineering, Doctor?"

"No. Mutiny. Sabotage. Lead the way."

Hevgold nodded with a slightly forced enthusiasm, his confusion clear. "Perfect. Wonderful idea."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Many people - people who were tested and found to have genetic imperfections - resented being left behind. They couldn't understand why those with the most viable genes were given top priority." Hevgold, wrapped up in his argument, missed the look of disgust as it flitted across the Doctor's face. "So there were riots, protests, even futile attempts at stowing away and sabotage..."

"Hmm'. The Doctor stroked his beard, his face hard. Tamara eyed the wreck of circuits and wires hanging from the open hatch with a practiced eye. Hevgold waited for the Doctor to speak. When he didn't, the Captain spoke himself

"Extremists. Non-viables. Jealous fools."

"No." The Doctor shook his head. "Unfortunately, not. This wasn't done by anyone on your home planet. This has been done since you left. This was done by someone on board."

## Ration Two

"This wasn't done by anyone on your home planet. This has been done since you left. This was done by someone on board."

Hevgold, who had been leaning forwards and examining the wreckage, pulled his head back quickly as though the tangled wires had tried to bite his prominent nose.

"Rubbish." Hevgold eyed the Doctor coldly.

"Ah ah ah," the Doctor waved a finger at the fuming young man, "listen first." He grabbed a thin silver wire from the birds' nest hanging from the wall, teased it carefully free. "See how shiny it is? This work couldn't be more than three or four days old." The Doctor saw a range of blank looks present themselves at him. *Humans*. He felt a hot surge of pride as Tamara was the first to work out his riddle.

"It's a fast-rusting metal?"

The Doctor nodded, snapped the glittering wire free from the tangle. He waved it at the group. "See the blackened end? It's already corroding. Another few days and the whole wire will be black."

Suzi gave the Doctor a thoughtful look. Tamara watched Suzi. Hevgold watched the Doctor. The Doctor watched Tamara. Petersen watched Hevgold. Everyone realised they were staring, and discreetly turned their attention back to the mangled wires.

The Doctor was the first to look away, turning his attention to Hevgold. The boy was standing, his mouth hanging slackly open, looking as though he'd just been hit over the back of the head with a prickly fish. The Doctor reached over and tapped Hevgold's jaw upwards. He strode into the centre of the group with a quiet confidence, surveyed the huddled group.

"So - what now?" Hevgold gave the Doctor a blank look. Petersen and Suzi looked as though they weren't expected to answer. Tamara looked around, then piped up.

“Repairs?”

The Doctor snapped his fingers at his companion, flashed her a ravishing grin. “Correct” he said, rolling his r’s, “We have to get this tub spaceworthy as soon as we can.” He realised he was speaking directly to Tamara, snapped away and addressed the group at large. He raised his voice. “Agreed?”

Hevgold’s prickly fish had returned while the Doctor was speaking and danced the fandango in a spangled bikini. The young man’s eyes popped, his face turned an interesting shade of scarlet. His neck bulged alarmingly around the matching red collar of his dress uniform.

“This ship is under *my* command, Doctor, and *I* will give the orders. Agreed?” He gave a nasty smile. The Doctor shrugged jovially. “All right, whatever you say. What are we going to do, then?”

Hevgold deflated. His interesting scarlet turned a sickly grey. His voice was small. “Repairs?”

The Doctor nodded. “Repairs”.

\* \* \* \* \*

Petersen had found a welder, rods and safety gear in one of the storage lockers. Suzi was checking over some alarmingly second-hand looking space suits. Tamara felt left out. The rest of the crew was busily looking for bits and pieces to begin the repairs process, and with the Doctor suddenly in charge of the ship, Tamara was left feeling like the third wheel on the bicycle. The group was now huddled around the welder, keeping their distance. Tamara wandered over, peered over the Doctor’s shoulder at the battered little machine.

“Please tell me it isn’t broken.”

“It isn’t broken.” The Doctor gave her a wry smile. “It just isn’t working.”

Suzi was now bending over the machine, frowning as she waggled a bit of metal that wasn’t supposed to waggle. Hevgold assumed his habitual affronted expression.

“Who was responsible for storing that equipment?”

Suzi shrugged and turned to Petersen.

“Ground crew?”

Petersen shrugged and looked back at Suzi.

“Ground crew.”

Hevgold tuned back to Suzi.

“Can you fix it?”

Suzi waggled the bit of metal again.

“Well, I *could* - but it needs welding.”

The Doctor broke into the conversation before Hevgold could change colour again.

“Well, we still have enough equipment to begin repairs without it. Petersen - you run a diagnostic on the ship computer and keep a running tab on which sections need work. Hevgold...” The Doctor paused, thinking quickly. He brightened, led the young man over to an instrument counter. He indicated a gauge and a button. “Hevgold, this meter will tell you if anything passes dangerously close to the ship. If anything comes, press that button and we’ll

come running." And considering that meter's not connected to anything, we'll all get a bit of peace, the Doctor thought. He continued "Tamara, Suzi - get some droids and have a look at the access hatches in case our saboteur's done any more work." Tamara gave the Doctor a hard look. The Doctor gave her a look that said 'trust me on this'. Tamara didn't look quite convinced.

"What are you going to do?"

The Doctor looked askance. "I will be checking the ship's internal wiring," he said somewhat grandly. "Off you go then, good luck."

Petersen sidled over to the Doctor. "Why did you have to trap me in the bridge with His Nibbs? Every time a speck of dust comes within a mile of us I'll cop it."

The Doctor gave him an understanding smile. "No you won't - the meter's not working. Just make him feel like he's doing something."

Petersen gave a resigned shrug and plodded over to the interface for the ship's mainframe. The diagnostic had to be done in sections, as the ship's computer always needed to have its mind, or a bit of it, on its job. Petersen wearily started up the first section, sat before the screen staring wistfully into space. Hevgold didn't notice, too rapt in searching for debris. The Doctor gave Petersen a concerned look. He'd need to have a talk to him when this was sorted out... The Doctor slipped quietly out of the room, eased the door shut carefully behind him. Suzi and Tamara's retreating backs were returning to the damaged access hatch. The Doctor checked they were too out of earshot, then rifled a hairpin from his waistcoat pocket. He set to undoing the screws holding the wall panel in place with a quiet, practised efficiency. Easier with a sonic screwdriver, of course, but one couldn't always rely on the latest mod cons... The Doctor checked again he was alone, then slipped through the panel into the *Leyland's* walls.

\* \* \* \* \*

The room was filled with bodies. Gleaming silver bodies in bits, limbs hanging in delicate rows from ceiling racks, torsos and heads shelved neatly in padded niches. Tamara gaped at the varied array of spare bits of droids. Suzi had told her that there were twenty service droids, but she hadn't mentioned the various specialised interchangeable limbs, different heads - the room was crammed with bits of bodies.

"Right." Suzi barged over to the lockers, started rummaging for bits.

"There's actually a production line thingo to put these babies together, but we only need two, so it'll be easier to do it by hand."

"R...ight" said Tamara uncertainly. Imagine my CV when I get out of this, she thought. Tamara Scott. Transferable skills include level three espionage, fluent French and Spanish, ballroom dancing, able to assemble robots, avert alien invasions and pilot a space/time machine....

"So, where do we start?"

Suzi had already hauled out two torsos and basic heads while Tamara was musing. She was now picking over the choice of limbs.

"Grab us four basic legs - over a bit, yeah, the ones with the feet. Yep, four of them. Dump them over on the bench with the rest of our bits."

Suzi came over too, lugging four arms. Three were basic arms, with one elbow and four jointed fingers. The other was thinner with several ball and socket joints along its length, terminating in four spindly specialist tools. She waved it playfully at Tamara.

“Maintenance hand. Saves us losing screwdrivers and things.”

Suzi showed Tamara how the limbs slotted easily into the waiting sockets. Tamara tackled the limbs while Suzi fiddled with the more complex head wiring.

\* \* \* \* \*

The roof arched over their heads, dark metal with deep green shadows in the gloom. Tamara and Suzi’s torches were tiny white stars in the yawning dark. The droids padded behind with tinny clacks as their feet hit the metal floor. Tamara forced herself to ignore their constant, regular footsteps a pace behind her own. She peered through the gloom.

“Shouldn’t there be some security lighting?”

“Nobody’s supposed to be awake.”

Tamara nodded. “So the rest of your crew’s in suspended animation?”

“Mmm.” Suzi drew to a halt in an undistinguished alcove in the deeply ribbed walls. She stood back and watched as the droid with two basic arms wrenched the access hatch up with a rusty creak. The wiring inside was intact. Suzi gave Tamara a grin.

“Well, this is going well!”

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor made his way carefully through the narrow space. His mental map of the Leyland told him that he was now between the wall of the bridge and the corridor. There was no lighting in here, the Doctor’s Gallifreyan pupils dilating until the green of his eyes disappeared into pools of black as his eyes shifted from normal light into infrared. All the better to see you with. The Doctor didn’t need to see to tell where he was going, however. The sound was incredible. The myriad of tiny hisses and gurgles of the battling ship were magnified by the long, narrow space the Doctor was sidling through. He could hear the grinding mainframe as Petersen checked off function after function, sedate bleeps for every clean scan, the occasional bzzt as one malfunctioned. It wasn’t as bad as the Doctor had feared. He kept going, walking sideways between the walls. A dull thumping like a heart was getting louder as the Doctor crept away from the bridge. The thump was now joined by a glug, and a gentle hiss. Life support. The Doctor rested his head gently against the wall of the life support chamber, soaking in the comforting womb-noises.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara didn’t need a shiny droid to tell her this was very wrong. The access hatch cover was lying warped on the floor ten feet down the corridor. A tangled mess of wiring gaped from the uncovered hole, spewing down the wall and lying across the floor. The wall was dented, as if the saboteur had a tantrum and kicked it. There was graffiti cut into the metal, various



colourful local expletives, and the word 'Micaro' repeated over and over again. Suzi was walking more slowly, and was only just now approaching the mess. Tamara had marched on ahead, trying to get away from the gently padding droids.

"Hey - you found the hatch!" Suzi was still rounding the bend; she hadn't seen the damage yet. Then she saw it.

Suzi let out a bloodcurdling scream. She dropped to her knees and screamed and screamed and screamed. She brought her head down onto the metal walkway. Tamara ran to the screaming woman, took her firmly by the shoulders to stop her injuring herself. Tamara tried to look Suzi in the eye, tried to get her to calm down, but she was screaming too much, taking long, sobbing gasps between the screams. Tamara pushed her backwards, forced her to lie on the floor. Restraining her with one hand, Tamara used the other to cover Suzi's mouth and nose, not letting her scream. After thirty seconds Suzi was allowed a breath, then Tamara clamped her hand back down again. After three minutes of this, Suzi had stopped screaming, her breathing settled to a ragged gasping. Tamara gave her a look over - physically uninjured, mentally a complete mess.

"Suzi. Suzi, talk to me."

Suzi gave a deep moan.

"Look, the damage really isn't that bad."

"That word. Oh my God that word - they knew. Whoever they were, they knew. That word..."

Suzi passed out. Tamara looked around. The two droids stood expectantly, waiting for orders. Tamara indicated to one.

"Hey - take Suzi back to the bridge." The metal man gave her an inscrutable look.

"Err... Pick her up. Oh, look like this." Tamara showed the droid how to lift Suzi. Then she indicated to the droid. It carefully scooped the unconscious woman into its arms and stood waiting for its next order.

Tamara headed back to the bridge. "Follow me."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor was carefully reversing out of a massive tangle of wires he had inadvertently walked into in the dark. He untangled his hair from the circuitry strand by strand, stepping backwards away from the mess. Shoddy workmanship. Since he couldn't go forwards, the Doctor started sliding back, retracing his steps towards the opened panel. As he approached the suspended animation section, he started to get his familiar feeling of danger, the hairs on the back of his neck rising, ice cubes forming in the pit of his stomach. It wasn't caused by anything he could identify, but he knew something was wrong. He listened more carefully, but everything sounded as it had before. He inched his way forwards. The dull thumping grew louder. So did the hiss and the gurgle. Actually, he couldn't remember a gurgle last time he passed this way. Oh no. The Doctor moved more quickly, fighting his way through the narrow space, struggling past loose wires and pipes as he tried to go faster. Run, run, as fast as you can. He reached the panel he had removed earlier and bolted down the corridor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Petersen leapt to his feet as Tamara and her droid marched into the bridge. The droid stood impassively behind Tamara as she came to a halt near a reasonably flat bit of bench.

"Okay, put her down. On the bench! On the bench! No, put her on the bench. Okay. Thank you."

Tamara gave Petersen a wits-end look.

"There's a damaged hatch about half a click down the corridor. Suzi saw some graffiti on the wall and just went to pieces."

Petersen was focused on Suzi, carefully checking her over. "What did it say?"

"I'm not sure - some kind of political message, I think. The word 'Micaro' was repeated a few..." Tamara stopped talking as Petersen shuddered visibly at the word. Hevgold, rising from his post by the meter, sank into his chair with a squeak. Petersen turned to Tamara, his face grey.

"Do you have any idea what you've just said?"

"Something obscene, by the look of it. I really must apologise."

Petersen was over at the far wall by now, fetching a reflective blanket. He wrapped it carefully around the still-unconscious Suzi and settled her on the bench. He indicated to Tamara to sit down.

"Micaro is a war criminal. Hated. Reviled on our home planet. Lured thousands to their deaths using false codes. The name became synonymous with the futility and destruction of war. Everybody assumed Micaro committed suicide during the closing stages of the war. But this graffiti - someone must think... No, it's unthinkable." He broke off, filled with emotion. He grabbed Tamara by the shoulders, shook her. "*It means Micaro might be on board!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor reached the door to the suspended animation room. He wrenched it open, raced inside. He was met by six droids, who turned stupidly to face him. Blue fluid pooled on the floor around their gleaming metal feet. Two tubes were utterly destroyed. The Doctor punched the emergency button on the wall as hard as he could and prayed that it would work. A reassuring siren started as he tried to shoo the droids away from the tubes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suzi swam groggily back to life. Petersen leapt to her side as she moaned herself awake. He gave her a gentle, loving look. Oh, thought Tamara. Suzi struggled to sit, threw Tamara a vicious look.

"It was her - she's the saboteur!"

Petersen held her gently. "Suzi, I know you've had a serious shock, but you're not thinking rationally..." She shrugged him off.

"She raced off ahead of me down the corridor - by the time I got there the hatch was destroyed, and that, that, that *filth* was all over the walls. It was her!"

Suzi broke off as the emergency siren pierced the air. Hevgold, who had been sitting ignored at his unconnected dial, leapt to his feet. Petersen checked the console.

“It’s the suspended animation room.”

Tamara dashed for the door, Hevgold hot on her heels. Petersen made to follow, but Tamara stopped him.

“Stay here - look after Suzi.”

She dashed out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara was the first one into the room. She stopped at the door in shock. Hevgold pushed past her, then stopped and gaped. The floor was awash with blue life support fluid, two tubes dismantled on the floor. The Doctor was kneeling over one of them, apparently rummaging around in its contents. Its *human* contents. Hevgold took a step back so that Tamara and the Doctor were both standing in front of him. He carefully and slowly unholstered the staser on his belt.

“I think the pair of you has some explaining to do.”

## Ration Three

"I think the pair of you has some explaining to do."

The Doctor heaved himself wearily to his feet.

"I was too late." He didn't seem to notice Hevgold or the stubby black weapon the smug young man was brandishing in his and Tamara's direction. "I heard something from, ah, where I was working, but by the time I made my way here..." He shrugged. "They're dead, of course." He looked up in surprise at Hevgold's staser. "Oh, put that silly thing away - we don't have time for this nonsense now. Someone ordered the droids to kill those people, and waving guns around is not going to help us find them."

Hevgold kept the gun trained on Tamara and the Doctor. Tamara noted his hand was shaking slightly, with nerves or perhaps excitement. His voice had taken on a harder, more mature tone, Tamara wondering what was hiding under that green exterior.

"I came in here, Doctor, to find you bending over a tube containing the murdered remains of one of my crew. Crew under my protection. Now, what am I supposed to think?"

The Doctor grabbed his hair with both hands, tugged in frustration. "You may also have noticed that there happens to be half a dozen droids in this room, covered in far more blood than I am. Who ordered them in here?"

Hevgold fumed quietly. He moved behind them, motioning them both to move towards the door.

"Back to the bridge."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor fidgeted. Tamara looked over her shoulder at the back of his head, all she could see

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from her position tied to a chair. The Doctor was tied to another chair, the backs pushed together. The Doctor reached carefully for the insulated wire around their wrists, inching for the knot, ready to begin the slow process of breaking free. He stopped when he found the loose end of the wire. He felt Tamara shake with repressed laughter. "Beat you," she whispered.

Petersen was sitting at his usual position, hunched over a portion of console. He looked very grey in the face, shocked and stunned. He shook his head. "It's impossible. How could this happen?"

Hevgold didn't shift from his post, closely watching the Doctor and Tamara. Suzi, curled up on the floor and wrapped in the blanket, made a noncommittal noise.

"Could it have been a droid malfunction of some sort?"

Petersen shook his head again. "Those things couldn't have assembled themselves - someone had to put them together and give them instructions. Very specific instructions - you know how limited their comprehension is." He gave the Doctor and Tamara a strained, savage look. "I just can't understand why they did it."

Tamara butted in. "We didn't. I was with Suzi the whole -"

Hevgold intercepted her. "Silence!"

"Silence yourself! I demand the right to a fair trial. Suzi was with me the entire time as a witness, and the Doctor hasn't been shown how to assemble the droids." She gave his hand a squeeze that said *and you couldn't have figured that out for yourself, okay?* The Doctor adopted a suitably vacuous expression.

Suzi sat up, leaning against the wall. "She's right, you know. Even if they figured out how to put the limbs on, that head wiring takes practise. And Tamara was with me the whole time, anyway."

Petersen gave Suzi a close look.

"When you woke up you said Tamara walked ahead of you, out of sight."

Suzi struggled to her feet, made her way over to Petersen. She leaned against his sitting form, circled him carefully with her arms. "I wasn't well, you know that. I think the Doctor's right - threats and accusations aren't going to solve anything." She stroked the side of Petersen's face seductively. "Why can't everyone just get along?"

A single high-pitched ping cut through the air. Hevgold swung around, covering the offending controls with his staser. Petersen bounced over to the panel, started pushing buttons and flicking switches, trying to find the source of the noise. After a few moments pressing and switching, the noise hadn't returned, so Petersen shrugged and returned to his seat. Just before he could sit down, another ping echoed through the bridge. Petersen stood, returned to the controls.

"Whatever it is, it's not registering."

The Doctor cleared his throat.

Hevgold turned back to him, weapon still ready. "I suppose you'd know all about this, too - wouldn't you?"

The Doctor exhibited his blank expression again. "Not a clue. I just wouldn't mind having a look." A third and fourth ping had sounded while they were speaking. Hevgold gave him a close look, deciding whether or not the pings were important enough to warrant releasing his prisoners. His thoughts were interrupted by a click and a beep, then another ping as a red

light came on. The Doctor leapt to his feet.

"That's what I was afraid of!" He raced to the controls, rummaging through the ship's menus, searching for information. Hevgold stood flummoxed, utterly bewildered that his prisoner had just walked away from his bonds.

The Doctor hammered frantically at the 'down' button, madly scanning the screen. Tamara watched the Doctor's face go pale. She joined him at the console, Hevgold dropping his staser as the Houdini act was repeated.

The Doctor turned to Tamara. "How is your bomb defusing?"

"Rusty but useable, why?"

"There's a bomb on board."

The room went very quiet. Petersen looked up, his eyes wild. Suzi peered up vaguely. Hevgold's jaw dropped. "Rubbish. You're just trying to waste our time." Petersen wandered over to the Doctor's side, reading over the Timelord's shoulder. The great, red-haired man's face creased into a frown. "A timer?"

The Doctor nodded. "A timer."

"Built into the mainframe?"

"Built into the mainframe."

"But that means -"

The Doctor spun around to face him.

"It means we have to find it. Now."

Petersen looked bleakly past the Doctor. "It's poetic justice, isn't it?" The Doctor gave Petersen a concerned look, but he wasn't saying anything more. He was staring into space, oblivious to the Doctor's look.

Tamara sidled over to the Doctor. "We're on a loony-bin ship, aren't we? They're all mad!"

The Doctor gave Tamara a serious look. "Be careful what you say." He edged her gently into a corner, their voices lowered as Petersen, Suzi and Hevgold tried to figure out the timer. "I'm right though - they're all barking."

"Probably," the Doctor agreed. "Have you ever heard of hulks?"

"Not as in 'the Incredible'?"

"No. When the British prisons started to get too full, they anchored old, rotting boats in the river, and kept their prisoners on those."

"Did not."

"Oh, this was well before your time. I think someone's trying something similar with this ship."

Tamara gave the three crewmembers a quick look. "They're nuts, Doctor, but criminals?"

The Doctor shrugged. "I'm not sure - but if all this 'superior genes' nonsense of Hevgold's is true, why trust their most precious DNA to such a ramshackle ship? I think someone wanted to get rid of these people for some reason, and that bomb's their way of finishing the job."

The Doctor shooed Petersen and Suzi away from the timer. The red light was still on, the pings now steady, about five seconds apart. So far so good.

"Tamara - you check the corridor with the graffiti. I'll check the lower levels. Petersen and Suzi - you take the upper levels. Hevgold - stay here and watch that red light."

"How long do we have, Doctor."

The Doctor tapped the timer, scrunched up his nose, put his hands in his pockets, examined the ceiling, took his hands out of his pockets, cracked his knuckles and scratched his ear.

"Say two hours."

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara had checked most of the corridor. She wasn't sure what she was looking for, but she hadn't found anything at all. Still, if this bomb was designed as part of the ship, it may not be findable. It could be anywhere. The Doctor's two-hour countdown still had a half-hour left - they could just crawl back through the airlock and go, and leave this ship of nutcases to be blown up. But she couldn't. Her travels with the Doctor hadn't hardened her that much yet. She hoped they never would. She passed the entrance to the droid room, stuck her head in as she passed.

They were waiting.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor clambered down the steel ladder to the lower levels. It was pitch dark, the only feeble illumination came from his torch, bouncing a healthy ray of light over the walls. It didn't look good down there. The walls were rusty, the ladder and some of the girders old and unstable. A few had collapsed. The Doctor shrugged and started searching, panning the torch beam over the ship's understructure.

\* \* \* \* \*

A droid walked calmly up to Tamara as she entered the room. She eyed it carefully. "Hello, droid."

It didn't respond. It kept walking.

"Stop!"

It didn't. Tamara ducked aside as the droid reached for her throat. She edged over to a rack of gleaming limbs, raised an arm in her defence as the droid swung to cover her. It sprung clumsily, Tamara knocking it off balance with a blow to the side. It tottered and fell, but was already clambering to its feet. Tamara edged towards the door, but knew that wasn't the answer. She saw that the production line had been started up, wondered whether it was controlled by the same thing that set the bomb automatically. Limbs and heads sat waiting to be turned into droids. But Tamara's droid was up again now, so she had no more time to think. She edged towards the machinery, as mechanical arms started to whirl, bits of droid to be fed into the production line. Tamara had to get the thing stopped before she had a room full of homicidal droids to contend with. Her droid lunged again as Tamara leapt upwards, grabbed

at the bar across the top of the production line. The droid missed her feet by a hair's breadth. She heaved herself upwards. Again. On her third attempt she made it up, managed to clamber up onto the top of the machine. Getting old, girl. Her droid stood at the bottom of the machine, looking ready to scratch its head.

"Come on then - jump for me -eek!" Tamara yelled, her voice turning to a squeak as the machinery started up beneath her. Tamara hung onto the bar for dear life as droid bits went in, whirring and clicking going on inside. Any minute droids not in bits would be coming out the other end.

"Jump! Work for me, baby!"

The droid leapt. Tamara hurled herself backwards as the heavy droid fell short of its mark, toppling forwards into the workings of the machine. Tamara fell off the back of the production line, crashing to the floor back near the door where she'd started. Tamara lay, winded, the first of the newly assembled droids staring impassively down at her.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor stopped his torch beam as something caught his eye. He was starting to get desperate, knew time was ticking away. He knew the bomb was here - his instincts told him. There. Incongruous against the rusting metal was a neat black box, a little red light flashing in sympathy with the one in the bridge. The box was about twelve feet up the far wall. The sheer walls curved slightly inwards, following the shape of the ship. He Doctor tugged at his hair in frustration. He'd found the bomb - but how was he going to reach it?

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara lay and waited for the droid to move. It didn't. Feeling extremely silly, Tamara stood up, still looking at the droid.

"Are you awake, droid?"

The droid remained impassive. She looked more closely. It was fully assembled, ready to go, but there was no power. The production line had jammed just before the first droid could be powered up. Tamara dusted herself down and went to find the Doctor.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor had assembled a length of rope and a pulley from his pockets. There was a girder level with the bomb, but about six feet away from it. Too far to climb up and reach across. He frowned. He tied one end of the rope around himself, threw the other up and managed to get it through the Y formed by a strut joining the upright metal support. *So what if I was aiming for the one beside it?* thought the Doctor. He retrieved the other end of the rope and started to 'walk' up the girder, abseiling upwards.

\* \* \* \* \*



Tamara stopped climbing as the ladder gave an unholy creak. It was rusty, and wobbled alarmingly under her weight. She could see the Doctor far below, performing some sort of acrobatic routine. Tamara shrugged, then checked her watch. She went cold. During her fight with the droid she'd completely forgotten about the two-hour limit. There were five minutes left. Tamara bolted towards the Doctor.

The Doctor was just about level with the bomb now. He tied the rope off to stop himself falling to the floor as Tamara reached him.

"That's the bomb?"

"Yes."

"What now?"

"I'm going to swing across to it."

"Eee..."

"Now don't be so negative." The Doctor grabbed the rope, and rocked himself back and forwards a few times before launching himself off the girder, across the gap toward the bomb.

## Ration Four

The Doctor grabbed the rope, and rocked himself back and forwards a few times before launching himself off the girder, across the gap toward the bomb. He reached out for a handhold near the bomb, felt the slick surface beneath his fingers as he lost his grip and went flying back the other way. He grabbed at the girder, trying to stop himself swinging before dizziness set in. Four minutes. The Doctor hauled himself back onto his perch. While he did so Tamara scanned the dark edges out of the beam of the Doctor's torch. Something round. Tamara looked more closely. Drums. She ran over to them. Empty drums, probably empty life-support fluid containers. Dented and badly stored, but useable. Tamara hauled one onto its side and rolled it back to the bomb.

The Doctor had righted himself again by now and was preparing himself for another lunge. He saw Tamara rolling the drum into position beneath the bomb.

"Where did that come from?"

Tamara indicated the drums. The Doctor looked, then looked more closely.

"You need glasses, Doctor."

"I think I need a kick in the pants." The Doctor eased himself down the rope and ran to help Tamara build a drum tower to the bomb. Between them they heaved a third drum on top of the two Tamara had already positioned. Two minutes. The Doctor clambered on top of the pile, just able to reach the bomb. He retrieved his hairpin from his pocket, bent it carefully. Then he reconsidered, threw the hairpin to the ground and gave the bomb a punch that shattered the plastic cover and sent a gentle rain of harmless circuit fragments down onto Tamara. Tamara waited at the foot of the drum tower shaking her head, amused by the Doctor's out-of-character response. *Men.*

The Doctor grinned hugely. He checked his watch. "Wonderful! Thirty-two seconds to

spare.”

Tamara burst out laughing. She pushed playfully at the bottom of the drums, making the tower wobble.

“Hey!” The Doctor scrambled, trying to stabilise his perch.

She pushed again, and the drums toppled. The Doctor tumbled unhurt to the floor, landing on top of her with a thud. They were both laughing. Tamara was deliberately not looking at the Doctor’s waistcoat, knowing it could reflect his feelings and thinking *I don’t want to know*. To avoid looking at his waistcoat she focussed on his face. He hadn’t changed in the years since she’d met him, no new lines or creases. Tamara knew she’d aged, tanned by alien sunlight and living by the seat of her pants. She’d suspected the Doctor fancied her since Jupiter, but she didn’t want to know. She didn’t want a romance to damage the wonderful relationship they already had. Now they were lying side by side in the lower levels, alone. She turned to him.

“We’d better get back and tell the others they’re saved.”

She hugged him close so she wouldn’t have to see his disappointment.

\* \* \* \* \*

The room throbbed softly, the ship’s thousand gentle noises whispering through the bridge now that the pinging was gone. Hevgold had almost died of fright when the red light went out, but realised the bomb had obviously been defused. Likewise Petersen and Suzi had returned from the upper levels after the two hours expired and they weren’t dead. Now Suzi was sitting peacefully on the floor, Petersen checking controls for the umpteenth time. Suzi looked up at him.

“Why don’t you relax a bit - we’ve just been saved.”

Petersen looked tense, pale in the face. “Have we? How many other surprises are there in store for us?”

Suzi shrugged. “You know the good thing about this bomb.”

Both men looked at her as if she were mad.

“It hasn’t given us time to accuse each other of being you-know-who. M-word.”

Petersen crossed over to her, reaching her as the Doctor and Tamara walked in. The Doctor was carrying the bomb remains, which he’d ripped from the wall as he fell.

“I have a theory about why this bomb was planted on board, and also why the droids have turned against you. But it isn’t pleasant, and I don’t want to offend any of you.”

Suzi shrugged. “Shoot.”

The Doctor took a careful breath. “Is there any reason why, ah, the authorities on your homeworld would want to get rid of you?”

The response from Suzi and Petersen was immediate. Suzi choked, snorted and then gave a polite little cough as if nothing had happened. He gave a very forced grin. “Oh course not, Doctor. I’m totally inoffensive, as you can see. Why would anyone want to get rid of me?” Her voice was high and strange, with the forced enthusiasm usually reserved for small children and dimwits. Petersen was slumped against the wall, his face grey. The Doctor held his wrist, fumbling for a pulse.

"Petersen, are you okay?"

The man nodded, but his face said *no*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara and Suzi were walking down the corridor again. Not for the sake of checking wiring of finding bombs, but just to get away from the men in the bridge. Suzi plainly needed to talk, and Tamara could tell she wasn't going to talk to the Doctor. But Suzi had prattled about nothing for half an hour now, and Tamara was running out of patience. She thought about lesson one from Introduction to Interrogation.

"It was you." It wasn't a question.

Suzi choked, coughed and floundered in shock. Tamara stopped walking and didn't move.

"It was you. It was you the whole time."

Suzi came very close to Tamara, her face hard, a new coldness behind her eyes. Tamara shuddered, as she realised how much of Suzi's cheerful banter had been an act. An act. Suzi was *an act*.

'Suzi' put an arm around the Tamara's shoulders. She shuddered involuntarily, flinching away from the touch of this woman who wasn't what she was a minute ago. Her voice sounded new, a stranger's voice that Tamara hardly recognised.

"Do you think it was easy?" Suzi turned Tamara to face her, gazed into her eyes. "Do you think a day goes by I don't think about what I did? Do you think I can live with it?"

What does she think I've accused her of? Tamara wondered, but decided to bluff on.

"You could have told us. Not Hevgold - the Doctor and me. The Doctor could have," Tamara shrugged, "helped, somehow, I don't know."

"No," Suzi agreed, "you don't. You can't know. Look at you - you think you're so worldly, travelling with this Doctor character, but in the end what are you?"

Tamara stayed silent, raised an eyebrow quizzically.

"Do you know why I did what I did?"

Okay. Make or break time for Tamara Scott, ace secret agent. Who'd had to repeat Introduction to Interrogation. She shrugged. "A sense of outrage. Injustice. You understandably didn't want to share your new home with this war criminal they think is on board..."

"You think I wrecked the navs? Is that it? You think I'm the bloody saboteur?" Suzi stood in disgust. "And I guess your Doctor is currently interrogating this 'war criminal', yes? That wouldn't happen to be in Petersen, would it? You think you're so inscrutable, don't you, snooping around, guessing at everybody's secrets. Well, I'm very sorry darling, but this time it didn't work. You've guessed the wrong secret."

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara stood alone, the air ringing with Suzi's departure. Trying to work out what she meant. *You've guessed the wrong secret*. Suzi wasn't the saboteur. Then Suzi was... Oh. Tamara raced

away.

The two men sprang apart as Suzi burst back into the bridge. The engineer looked as though he had been crying. The Doctor looked mightily put out.

"Have I interrupted your interrogation, Doctor? Oh, you really must pardon me, but I'm afraid you've made a false judgement. Petersen's not your blessed war criminal." She held up a finger for silence as the Doctor rose to speak. "The worst Petersen's guilty of is trashing a few worthless bits of gear in a half-hearted attempt to wipe out the real criminal." She surveyed the room. Petersen, red-eyed and shaking, was sitting against the wall. The Doctor, standing, seeming to tower over the small woman, Tamara gasping at the doorway, desperately trying to attract her companion's attention.

"You think you're guilty, Petersen. You think you know what guilt is, because you attempted to wipe out one ship. One miserable, poxy ship that survived your own miserable, poxy attempt at sabotage. That was supposed to get blown up anyway, because we're all rejects, according to the Doctor. You don't know the meaning of guilt, Petersen. Trust me, it grows. Every day you'll feel it - it gets worse and worse as time goes on. Not better. Never better, you hear me, Petersen? And what about you, Doctor? Is your soul so clean? But neither of you really know what guilt means." Suzi smiled through her tears as stunned realisation dawned on the Doctor's face.

"You."

"Yes." She was quiet now, serious. "And it won't go away, Doctor. I changed my name, did the tests, was selected to go far, far away and begin again. But it always follows me, Doctor. I can't run from it. It'll follow. But there's one place it can't follow, so that's where I'll run."

Suzi turned, her breath coming fast and ragged, tears streaming down her face. She ran, shoving Tamara from the doorway as she bolted down the corridor, towards the airlock. The Doctor followed, then Tamara.

"Suzi, NO!"

The Doctor never knew whether Suzi heard his cry. The airlock door was already shutting, the red warning lights stuttering to life as the external door opened. Tamara stood very still, shocked. The Doctor reached out very slowly, unsure of what to do. He folded her into a cautious hug. Her voice sounded very weak.

"Is she..."

"Yes." The Doctor's voice was heavy. "It was quick. Maybe she's free now."

\* \* \* \* \*

The suspended animation room had been cleaned from the earlier attack, the two damaged tubes taken away. Suzi's empty tube was still present, and although everybody tried to ignore it, everyone found themselves staring at it. Hevgold and Petersen were preparing to re-enter the sleep that would see them through to their new home. The Doctor had checked the ship for any more unwelcome surprises, but hadn't found any. The repaired ship was capable of reaching its destination. Petersen was lying waiting in his tube, not talking. Hevgold was trying to get information out of the Doctor.

"You're saying this ship was sent up for the express purpose of disposing of everyone

on board.”

“I’m saying it’s a possibility.”

“Why would anyone want to get rid of me?”

The Doctor shrugged. “Perhaps they saw your obvious charisma and leadership skills as a threat.” He became serious. “Now listen. You have a very precious cargo on board, Hevgold. Human lives. Some of these people will be war-damaged, maybe even as badly as Petersen. Establishing your new colony is not going to be easy. But it can be done. And you have to lead them, whether you can or not. Because you’re all these people have. It’s a massive responsibility. Do you understand?”

Hevgold nodded.

“Then go to sleep.”

Tamara and the Doctor gently clicked the largely automatic system into place, stayed until the men were both safely asleep.

The Doctor spoke. “We should go now.”

“Doctor - these people are going to have so much trouble. They need our help.”

The Doctor led her from the room. “We have helped them, Tamara. And if their colony falls apart, we’ll go in and help them again. But we have to let them try on their own first. We should go now.”

“I guess so.”

Tamara took the Doctor’s hand as they walked out.





When the TSS Leyland left Thera, bearing the pride of their race to a new world for a chance to begin again, it left riots and hatred in its wake. The few hand-picked colonists left to pursue their new lives, free of the taint of civil war which scarred their homeworld. When the Doctor and Tamara follow a distress beacon to the TSS Leyland, they find a rusting hulk drifting helplessly in deepest space. Inside they find the crew battling a string of breakdowns, their ship falling to pieces around them. War criminals and droids stalk the gloomy corridors as the colony world becomes a distant dream. Tamara and the Doctor think they know how to help, but everybody on board is nursing secrets, and nobody is what they seem...

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