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Death of a Brigadier

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Prologue

Paris, France

For the first time in over a week it had quit raining, and as the sun was setting over the Parisian skyline, the clouds began to break and give way to a clear sky. But this didn't seem to matter to the man who was crossing the Rue de la Mortainne to the three storey car park. The man was tall, dark haired and distinguished looking and walked with an air of confidence. Anyone who saw him that day would have thought he was one of thousands of office workers returning home for the day. But this man wasn't just an ordinary office worker. In truth, he was Commander Alain Desreaux, head of France's division of the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce, or UNIT for short.

The majority of Commander Desreaux's day had been spent in a variety of departmental meetings and while many of his co-workers at UNIT France had gone home for the day, his day was far from over. It was 7:00 pm and Desreaux was scheduled to speak at an official function for high ranking French government officials later that evening. Normally he would have had his official driver take him to the function, but he wanted to have some time to himself before the evening's event. So instead he thought he'd drive himself.

Desreaux had crossed the street and entered the small room that housed the car park elevator. He pressed the button to request the elevator. The elevator door opened and he entered the lift. Desreaux had parked his car on the top floor of the car park and pressed the button to take him to the third floor. After a few moments the elevator arrived at his requested floor and the door opened. Desreaux stepped out, and looked down across the parkade to where he had parked his classic 1975 Blue Citroen. It looked as if there was someone standing by his car.

Desreaux's day had been long and tiring and he rubbed his eyes. When he glanced back over to his car, there was no one there.

Desreaux chuckled to himself. He obviously imagined seeing someone. After all, he was tired and he just wanted to get to this meeting and get it over with. Desreaux walked over to his car and as he did took a quick look around the car park. It was better to be safe he thought, and when he was satisfied that all was fine, he put the key in the car's lock, unlocked the car and got in.

Desreaux swung his briefcase on to the backseat of the Citroen and put the key in the ignition and started the car. He put the car into gear and slowly backed it out from the parking space. He brought the car even with the parkade exit and headed towards it.

However, as Commander Desreaux's Citroen passed by one of the pillars in the parkade, a man stepped out from its shadow. The man was dressed all in black, with a mask covering his face. The man reached into his pocket and pulled out a small device which contained a small single button on top and small antenna at one end. The man pulled out the antenna an inch or so and poised his finger over the button. He hesitated for a brief second and then pressed his thumb down onto the button.

It took less than a second and Desreaux's Citroen exploded in a massive explosion as bits of molten metal were flung across the car park.

The man pocketed the device and disappeared into the shadows.

Chapter 1

It was a beautiful spring day. The sun seemed to be shining brighter than normal for this time of year. It wasn't exactly the sort of day that one would spend indoors doing grocery shopping. Instead, it was the sort of day where you should be outside enjoying the sunshine - and this was exactly what the man who exited the Sainsbury's supermarket thought.

The man appeared to be in his mid-sixties and rather distinguished looking, sporting a brown checked sports jacket, grey flannel trousers and shoes that were polished so well that you could see your reflection in them. To the normal everyday person, this man would seem like any other British pensioner out doing his or her weekly shopping. But unbeknownst to those who paid him any attention as he carried several bags of groceries over to a car; this man was in fact very well known in military circles. This man was Brigadier Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart: former commander and chief of the British division of the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce.

The Brigadier had fought all sorts of alien invasions in his time, but like many older British citizens, he had played his part in the welfare of his country. The Brigadier had put this all behind him years ago. He was retired.

The Brigadier opened the trunk of the car and put in the groceries. Slamming the trunk shut, the Brigadier walked over to the driver side of the car and put a key into a lock, unlocking the door.

The Brigadier got into his car, put the key into the ignition and started the car up. He put the car into gear and slowly drove out of the supermarket parking lot. He slowed the car to

a complete stop as he reached the parking lot exit, looking for any oncoming traffic before turning the vehicle onto the street. Satisfied that the direction was clear, the Brigadier put the vehicle into gear and turned right, heading along his usual route home. He drove along not really paying attention to the route, which he had driven hundreds of times before. If he *had* been paying close attention, he would have noticed the black sedan that turned the corner and pulled up behind him as he drove through the intersection.

The Brigadier's car drew to a stop as he approached the red light at the intersection. He looked into his rear-view mirror and noticed the car pull up behind him. Signalling that he was turning left, the Brigadier entered the intersection turned right on to Rosalie Street. Looking again into his rear-view window, he noticed that the black sedan had turned left too.

The black sedan continued to follow the Brigadier's car.

Several blocks later, the Brigadier looked into his rear-view mirror again and noticed that the black sedan was still behind him. "Odd," he thought to himself, as this route home usually didn't have much traffic on it. The Brigadier approached another intersection and decided to turn right, mostly to test out a theory. The black sedan followed. His theory panned out.

The Brigadier increased his car's speed. The black sedan did the same. Again the Brigadier increased his speed. The black sedan followed. Now the Brigadier was beginning to get worried.

The Brig's car approached another intersection. He swerved the car into a right turn and sped off into the distance. The black sedan followed.

The Brigadier could see the driver of the black sedan in his rear-view mirror. The man appeared to be rather scraggly looking, with a beard, dark features and a black leather coat. If the situation didn't seem serious, the Brigadier would have laughed to himself as the sedan's driver looked like a stereotypical TV series thug.

The black sedan approached the Brig's car and rammed its front bumper into the back of the car. The sudden jolt surprised the Brigadier.

The Brigadier increased his speed.

The black sedan caught him up and rammed the Brigadier's car once more, causing the Brigadier's car to swerve slightly.

The black sedan increased its speed and tried to draw alongside the Brig's car. The Brig wasn't about to let this hoodlum try such an action and began to swerve his car from left to right. The black sedan's driver didn't seem to let this bother him and continued to edge his car around side.

The Brigadier quickly glanced at his speedometer as he again increased his car's speed. He was doing 75 mph already and the black sedan continued to follow.

The black sedan drew alongside the Brig's car and rammed the sedan into the side once again.

The two cars, neck and neck, were speeding recklessly along the roadway. The black sedan slammed violently into the Brigadier's car again, this time scraping a good deal of paint off the Brigadier's vehicle.

The Brigadier yelled at the man driving the black sedan. "You idiot! What the bloody hell do you think you're doing?"

This only seemed to infuriate the driver of the sedan even more, who this time rammed the sedan with all the force he could muster.

The black sedan crashed into the Brigadier's car, causing the Brigadier to lose control. The Brigadier grabbed hold of the steering wheel, trying to regain control of his car. It was no use. The Brigadier's car swung left. Then right. The car swerved, careened across the roadway and headed into a park, whilst all the while the Brigadier was frantically trying to regain control of his vehicle. There was a deafening crash as the car rammed into a tree slamming the Brigadier forward against the car's dashboard, knocking him out.

The driver of the black sedan screeched his car to a halt, and watched as the Brigadier's car slammed into the tree. He glanced over at the wreck, and saw the Brigadier slump back. Happy that his job was complete, the driver of the black sedan revved his engine and sped away into the distance.

The Brigadier stirred. He could feel something warm running down his forehead. He put his hand to his head and then looked at his hand. It was blood. The Brigadier felt dizzy and disoriented. His head swam. The last thing the Brigadier could remember thinking before he passed out was that Doris was going to kill him for wrecking her new car.

* * * * *

The Brigadier awoke. He had no idea where he was and the last thing he could remember was... He couldn't remember for the life of him. He *did* know that he had a headache the size of Kentucky. He turned his head to take in his surroundings. He looked around and realized he was in a hospital room. "What on Earth am I doing in a hospital room?" he asked himself. He had no idea. He continued to look around the room and noticed that a woman was sitting in a chair across from the bed. The woman was dressed in a white silk blouse and gray tweed slacks; brown hair combed back with a few streaks of gray in it. The woman was looking down at the floor and looked up when she realized that the Brigadier was awake. She rushed towards the bed and grabbed the Brigadier's hand.

"Oh Alastair", she sighed. "Are you all right dear?"

The Brigadier wasn't quite sure who this woman was at first. He stared at her quite inquisitively as if he'd never seen her in his life. His reaction must have been fairly obvious as the woman moved her free hand to the Brigadier's face and started to stroke it.

She asked again. "Are you all right dear? You gave us all quite a shock."

The Brigadier pulled his hand from hers and asked, "Excuse me, but do I know you madam?"

The woman had a puzzled look on her face that revealed the concern she was feeling. "Alastair!" she cried. "It's me. Doris."

The Brigadier shook his head to clear the fuzziness that lingered. Something clicked in his mind. "Doris!" he shouted as he suddenly realized that this woman was his wife of many years.

"Sorry dear," the Brigadier replied. "I've got this pounding headache and I can't seem to think clearly."

"I shouldn't imagine you could," replied Doris. "What with that nasty bump on your head. And you had a terrible cut there too. The doctors had to give you seventeen stitches."

The Brigadier automatically put his hand to his head to feel the stitches. "What happened to me?" asked the Brigadier. "I can't seem to remember a thing. All I can remember is going to the supermarket to pick up some groceries. After that..."

"Well dear, it seems you were in a terrible accident. The police found the car up against a tree in Maysley Park, with you slumped over the dash."

"I was?" replied the Brigadier.

Doris reached for the Brigadier's hand and squeezed it tightly.

"Alaistair," asked Doris. "What's going on?"

"What do you mean?" questioned the Brigadier.

"Well this is the third accident in the past ten days. And to top it off Alaistair, there's a Commander Compton from UNIT Special Services waiting outside to speak to you."

"UNIT?" questioned the Brigadier. "Special Services? Hmm... What would they be doing here?"

"Well, that's what I was wondering, dear."

The Brigadier had no idea why someone from UNIT Special Services would be here to speak to him about some silly car accident. Obviously it must be really important if someone of such a high ranking - and, to boot, a semi-secret department within UNIT - was here.

"Well, you might as well send him in, Doris."

"Are you sure?" asked Doris.

"Hmm," replied the Brigadier.

Doris kissed her husband on his cheek and squeezed his hand before turning to go to the door. She opened it and called to Commander Compton, who was waiting in a chair outside the Brigadier's room.

"He'll see you now," called Doris.

"Thank you, Mrs. Lethbridge-Stewart," replied Commander Compton.

Commander Compton entered the Brigadier's room. He was a tall man: about six foot two, with blond wavy hair, a neatly trimmed moustache, and American movie star looks. He was wearing a black designer suit, which was immaculately tidy. He had an air about him of someone who was very sure of himself and followed everything by the book.

Commander Compton turned to the Brigadier's wife as he entered the room. "Oh, and by the way, Mrs. Lethbridge-Stewart; could you wait outside?"

Doris was about to object, when the Brigadier gave her a look that said he would be all right. Doris turned to Compton. "Fine. I'll leave the two of you alone. But you go easy on him mister. He's just been in a serious accident and doesn't need to be upset."

"Don't worry ma'am", Compton replied. "I'll treat the Brigadier with the respect he deserves." And with that, Doris left the room.

The Brigadier slid up in his bed and looked the Commander straight in the eye. "Well it must be pretty serious if I'm getting a visit from UNIT after all these years. And Special Services at that. You do realize I'm retired?"

"Yes sir I do," replied Compton. "And yes sir, it is deadly serious."

"Oh," replied the Brigadier.

"Well sir..." Compton paused as if unsure how to explain the reason for his visit.

"Hmm, yes," replied the Brigadier. He had no time for these new UNIT upstarts, especially those from these newly created departments. In his day, things had been much simpler; but now, UNIT was like a major multi-national firm with a department for this and a department for that. "And..."

Compton decided that it would be best to start from the beginning. "Well. Six months ago, Special Services realized that information regarding former key UNIT personnel was somehow going missing. After a few days research, we discovered that apparently someone had been able to hack into our highly secured computerized personnel files, siphoning off information. At the time, we weren't sure why or what for. But, a few weeks after we had refortified our computer security systems, one of our informants provided us with information that a terrorist group in Liverpool was responsible for hacking into our systems and was about to sell the stolen information to an Eastern European government."

"Fine Commander. But, what has this got to do with me, and why would someone want old outdated personnel records", asked the Brigadier.

"That's what we thought," replied Compton. "We raided the terrorist group's HQ in Liverpool before they could sell the information. Brought the culprits in for questioning, and afterwards soon realized that the theft was of no consequence."

"So?" asked the Brigadier.

"Well, we didn't think anything of it either Sir - until three weeks afterwards, when Captain Williams of UNIT Canada was gunned down in a restaurant. No more than a week following that, Colonel Tasmin of UNIT Operations in Romania was found dead in his office, having been poisoned. This was followed ten days later when Commander Desreaux in our France office was killed when a bomb went off in his car."

The Brigadier shook his head. "My god. They killed Desreaux. I only just saw him a few months ago." He sighed. He had had dealings with Desreaux numerous times during his time as Britain's representative for UNIT. "Why would someone want to kill him?" he wondered. These killings didn't make any sense to the Brigadier - and he still couldn't see what they had to do with him.

Commander Compton stared at the Brigadier, sensing his next question. "Well Brigadier, it appears that your accident today was not just an accident. Apparently someone, somewhere, for some reason, wants you dead!"

"Me!" the Brigadier balked.

"It appears so," replied Compton. "And from the information Special Services has supplied me, this accident today was not the first attempt recently made on your life, was it now Brigadier?"

"What do you mean?" asked the Brig.

"To date, there have been two other attacks made on you. The first was two weeks ago this past Monday, when you were out jogging. An unknown assailant tried to run you down with his lorry. And the other was just four days ago, when you were at the golf course when someone shot an arrow at you from the bushes."

"How do you know about those attacks?" queried the Brigadier. "Have you been spying on me?"

"We have our ways Brigadier", hissed Compton. "Shall we say that you may be retired from UNIT, but that doesn't mean we don't keep an eye on all our former operatives."

The Brigadier laughed. "You just won't let me retire in peace, will you? There's always some reason for why I continually get called back into service."

"True enough Brigadier, but you have valuable skills we can still utilize."

"Utilize my foot." The Brigadier was getting annoyed with this man.

"Well nonetheless Brigadier: the threat against you is real and we need to find out who and why, these people are after you. We are treating this with utmost priority and seriousness."

The Brigadier laughed again. "Likely story, lad. More like you want to protect the fatted cow from the slaughter. No matter what advances UNIT has made technologically since my day, you still can't admit, you need the skills of an old dolt like me!"

Compton smirked. Perhaps the Brigadier was right in his opinion, but Compton wasn't about to admit it. "Nonetheless sir. We consider these threats so serious, we felt there was only one man who could help us with this."

"And who with that be?" queried the Brigadier.

"I believe you know who I mean."

The Brigadier looked puzzled. "I do?"

"Yes. I believe the last time you saw him he was going by the name of...." Compton paused for dramatic effect. "Dr. John Smith."

The Brigadier really laughed this time. "You mean the Doctor? Now I know you must be joking!"

"Far from it," replied Compton. "The only thing is we haven't been able to contact him. He seems to have disappeared."

"Well that sounds just like the Doctor."

"The thing is Brigadier; Special Services knows that only *you* have a way of contacting him."

"Bloody hell," replied Lethbridge-Stewart. "Is nothing secret from your bunch? Compton did not reply, but just smiled at the Brigadier.

"Yes Commander. I do have a way of contacting the Doctor. But you've got to be nuts if you think I'll tell you how."

Compton looked frustrated. "Well then, Brigadier. Whatever way you decide to reach this Doctor person; I suggest you do it straight away." With that, Compton turned and left the room.

Doris entered the Brigadier's room and went straight to her husband's bedside. "What was all that all about Alastair?"

The Brigadier was momentarily lost in thought, remembering the last time he saw the Doctor, when he realized Doris had asked him something. "Hmm. Oh, sorry dear. I was lost in thought for a moment."

"Yes. I did notice," replied Doris.

The Brigadier grabbed hold of his wife's hands and looked her straight in the eye. "Doris, I need you to go home and bring me that device the Doctor left me."

The Brigadier's wife had a worried look on her face.

"Don't ask me to explain dear. Just bring me the device."

Doris knew better than to quiz her husband about what was going on. She quickly kissed the Brigadier on the cheek and left the room.

"So, Doctor. It looks like we'll be working together once more," sighed the Brigadier as he lay back in his hospital bed.

Chapter 2

Somewhere in the great reaches of space, a blue blur in the shape of a twentieth-century police public call box whizzed through the stars.

Despite its rather small outward appearance, the blue box was much larger inside. In fact, you might say it was bigger inside than on the out - something to do with trans-dimensionalism. In actuality, the blue box was known as a TARDIS, a time-travel capsule produced by a race of beings known as Time Lords. The owner of this TARDIS was at one time a member of that race. Eons ago, he had left his home with his granddaughter Susan - but that's another story. This Time Lord was known as "the Doctor". On the surface, the Doctor appeared to look like any human male. He looked to be in his early forties, of medium height, with long brown shoulder-length hair, and a closely trimmed moustache and goatee. His face was what humans would call handsome, maybe even aristocratic. His eyes were blue, despite being concealed behind a pair of exotic gray and green sunglasses trimmed with Eluxian gold webbing. This Doctor had a weakness for sunglasses: he'd picked this latest pair up at a traders' market on the planet Rigel IV.

The Doctor was fiddling with a circuit that he had pulled out of the console that was situated in front of him. Deeply engrossed with the task at hand, the Doctor didn't realize that his latest traveling companion, Tamara Scott, had entered the console room. Tamara had recently joined the Doctor when they had both found themselves prisoners of one of the Doctor's oldest and most powerful enemies: the Celestial Toymaker. Together they had managed to defeat the Toymaker and rescue many of his other victims. Tamara was a human

female, roughly in her early thirties, with short black hair. She was wearing a dark blue PVC catsuit that clung to her shapely figure, making it appear as if she were wearing a second skin.

"Doctor. How can you see what you're doing with those sunglasses on?" asked Tamara.

"Hmm," replied the Doctor.

Tamara asked the question a second time as she removed the sunglasses from the Doctor's face.

The Doctor was so engrossed in tinkering with the circuit that he didn't really realize that Tamara had removed his sunglasses.

Tamara coughed. "Ah, Doctor?"

"Hmm," he replied once more. Suddenly the Doctor snapped out of his intense concentration. "Sorry, Tamara. I didn't notice you come in. Did you want something?" The Doctor hadn't even heard what she'd said.

Tamara decided it wasn't worth pursuing the question further. "Oh, it doesn't matter now. Anyway, what are you doing with that circuit?"

"This circuit?" the Doctor questioned as he held it up for both of them to see.

"Well that's the only circuit I see at the moment", Tamara replied cheekily.

The Doctor seemed to have this hurt look on his face, but his answer didn't betray the fact if he was. "Well... this circuit just happens to be an Exterior Recognition Circuit, which is part of the TARDIS' Chameleon Circuit."

"Oh, how nice," replied Tamara. She had no idea what the Doctor was talking about. "And what does it do on its day off?"

"Well Tamara. If you'd quit questioning me for a moment, I'd tell you."

"Oh boy," thought Tamara. The Doctor seemed to be in his University Professor mode at the moment, and she realized that when the Doctor got like that, it wasn't worth badgering him. Tamara decided to change tack. "So what's it for?" she asked.

The Doctor drew in a deep breath and began his lecture. "In theory, each time the TARDIS lands on a new planet, it's supposed to blend in with its surroundings. For example, if we landed on an ocean, the TARDIS should materialize disguised as a ship of some sort. However, on my first visit to Earth, the circuit jammed and has remained in the shape of a police box ever since. Anyway, when the Chameleon Circuit is working properly, the Exterior Recognition Circuit is a vital component in determining what object the TARDIS should disguise itself in. In short..."

"In short, it decides what it should be," Tamara said finishing off the Doctor's explanation.

"Precisely," replied the Doctor. "And now that I've repaired it, the next time we materialize somewhere, the Chameleon Circuit should finally work correctly."

No sooner had the Doctor finished his explanation, there came a loud, urgent-sounding bleeping noise from the TARDIS console.

Tamara covered her ears. "What is that?"

"Oh dear," replied the Doctor. "It's the emergency recall device I installed in my last incarnation. It seems someone, somewhere, has activated one of the devices many recall units." The Doctor moved towards the console and began flicking several switches and dials. Tamara joined him at the console.

"Ah ha," yelped the Doctor.

"Have you discovered who's using the recall unit?" asked Tamara

"Yes I have," the Doctor replied. "Just a few more flicks of the switch... There. I have it!"

Tamara wished that the Doctor would say whatever it was he had to say. Her curiosity was beginning to get the better of her. "Well?"

"The call is coming from Earth. From a small city in England, in fact." The Doctor paused for a moment and then began to laugh.

"Doctor?"

"Sorry Tamara. The distress call is coming from my old friend, Brigadier Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart. Seems he's in a spot of bother at the moment and needs my assistance."

"Really" replied Tamara. "And who is this 'Brigadier Gordon Stewart'?"

"Lethbridge-Stewart," the Doctor corrected her.

"Sorry."

"Yeti, Cybermen, Autons, Zygons", the Doctor started as he began to remember some of the foes he and the Brigadier had faced in the past.

"Doctor, what are you talking about?" questioned Tamara.

"My dear Tamara, have I never told you about the Yeti's in the underground, Cybermen on the steps of St. Paul's, or the terrible Zygon gambit?" asked the Doctor.

"Not that I can recall" replied Tamara.

"Well, have I a story for you." replied the Doctor as he began entering the co-ordinates for Earth.

Chapter 3

It was mid-afternoon. The Brigadier was safe and fast asleep in his hospital bed, while a UNIT guard sat outside for his protection. In another part of the hospital, several floors down, in a dark corner of the maintenance area, a strange object began to materialize out of thin air. The object made a horrendous groaning and wheezing sound as it became more and more solid. It was the TARDIS. On top, there was a bright light flashing in synch with the sound. The sound stopped as suddenly as it had started. The TARDIS was now completely solid.

A door swung open and out stepped Tamara now dressed in a dark green Lycra catsuit, black high-heeled boots and a black leather belt around her waist. "Who are we here to see again, Doctor?" she asked.

Out stepped the Doctor, wearing a collarless white dress shirt buttoned up to the collar, waistcoat, black slacks, black brogue shoes, and a simple pair of Rayban sunglasses. The unusual part of the Doctor's attire was his waistcoat, which kept changing the pattern on it, to suit the mood of the wearer. "His name is Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart. Commander and Chief of UNIT Operations in the UK now retired."

"Oh right," Tamara responded. She was staring at the Doctor's attire.

"What?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, I don't know who's been giving you fashion tips, but -"

Tamara never got to finish the statement - the Doctor replied, "Why. What's wrong with the way I look?"

"Well..." Tamara wasn't quite sure how to say this. "The outfit is fine; still can't get use to that waist coat though. But the sunglasses have got to go Doctor."

"You think so?" asked the Doctor. "I kind of like the way they seemed to make my ensemble aesthetically pleasing."

"Not," replied Tamara.

The Doctor looked hurt. "Well. Well. What about your outfit? It makes you look like a cheap Emma Peel imitation."

"Who?" responded Tamara.

"Oh never mind," replied the Doctor. "Let's go find the Brigadier's room."

* * * *

The Doctor and Tamara walked down the hallway towards the nurse's station. Behind the desk sat a middle-aged woman, busily typing away on a computer terminal.

"Excuse me," said the Doctor. "I'm looking for Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart's room."

The nurse looked up from the computer terminal she was working at and stared at the Doctor. She was a bit taken aback by the Doctor's waistcoat. She could have sworn that the yellow daisies on it had now changed to a blue-sky-with-cloud pattern. She rubbed her eyes and shook her head.

The Doctor looked at the woman. "Are you all right?"

"Sorry," replied the nurse. She stared at the waistcoat again. It had changed back to the yellow daisies.

"Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart?" the Doctor queried.

"Ah..." She blinked several times. "Sorry. May I ask who's inquiring?"

"This is my friend Tamara Scott and I am known as the Doctor. I had a message from the Brigadier to come see him as soon as I could."

"Oh Doctor. Yes, I was told to expect you. The Brigadier's in Room 307. Round the corner, down the hall, third door on your left. I'll let the guard know to expect you."

"Thank you," responded the Doctor. The Doctor turned and headed towards the corner. Tamara followed.

"Excuse me," called out the nurse.

Tamara paused and turned back toward the nurse's station. "Yes?"

"That man's waistcoat..."

Tamara knew exactly what the woman was going to ask. "The answer is: yes, it did change." Tamara then turned back and ran off to catch up with the Doctor.

When Tamara reached him, the Doctor was outside the Brigadier's room, talking to the guard.

"Ah... Here's my companion now," he said. "I guess we can go in now?"

The guard nodded his head. The Doctor swung open the door to the Brigadier's room and flung his arms open in an extravagant gesture as he entered. "Brigadier Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart" shouted the Doctor.

The Brigadier was completely taken aback by the stranger who entered the room. "Who the blazes are you, man?"

"Brigadier. I'm hurt. You mean you don't remember your good friend, the Doctor?"

"Doctor?" questioned Lethbridge-Stewart. "Is that you? Don't tell me; you've changed again."

The Doctor was slightly puzzled by the Brigadier's remark and then suddenly realized that the last time the two old friends had met, the Doctor had been a small man who spoke with a slight Scottish brogue and had a penchant for question mark pullovers. "Yes, I suppose I have," the Doctor replied. "So what was so important that you've summoned me from across half the galaxy?"

Before the Brigadier answered the Doctor's question, he indicated the young lady standing behind the Doctor.

"I'm sorry Brigadier. This is my latest traveling companion, Tamara Scott." Tamara stepped forward. "Tamara Scott, this is the Brigadier."

The Brigadier reached out his hand to greet Tamara. "Very nice to meet you, young lady, and such a pretty one at that."

Tamara just smiled and returned the Brigadier's handshake.

"Doctor, get the young lady a chair to sit in," demanded the Brigadier.

"Yes Doctor," Tamara haughtily replied. "Do get the young lady a chair."

The Doctor looked slightly affronted. He wasn't exactly used to getting chairs for anyone. The Doctor glanced about the room and grabbed the only chair in the room and placed it beside the Brigadier's bed. The Doctor looked around the room for a chair for himself, and realized that there were no others; so he chose to stand. "So what's this all about, Brigadier?"

"Well, Doctor. It seems that I have become the target of some insane terrorist group. Over the past month, there have been three attempts on my life. The most recent was just yesterday. Obviously, someone wants me dead. What for, I don't know. But these new cronies at UNIT seem to think there is some serious plot behind these attempts and they insisted that I bring you in to assist with their investigation."

"Ah," was all the Doctor said.

"Is that all you have to say about the situation Doctor?" asked the Brigadier.

"No Brigadier. But ..."

The Brigadier leaned closer to the Doctor and Tamara and began to tell them the events of the past four weeks.

* * * *

In a darkened room, in an unknown location, two mysterious men met in private.

"What do you mean he's still alive?" questioned the first man.

"Obviously, Bergoff failed to complete his mission", replied the second man. "It seems Bergoff had assumed that the target was dead. The car had slammed into a tree and the target was slumped over the dashboard. Bergoff was sure the accident was fatal."

"Obviously he assumed too little," replied the first man. "You know what this means, don't you?"

"Bergoff will have to make another attempt on the target," stated the second man.

"No. It's no longer safe to make another hit. UNIT is aware of what's going on, plus the Brigadier has called in some man and a girl."

"So?" questioned the second man.

"It means that we're going to have to move with more caution," instructed the first man.

"Apparently this guy used to work with the target. According to our informants, this friend of the Brigadier's is known as the Doctor, and he's known for sticking his nose in where it's not wanted."

The first man smiled as he replied. "Yes I'm quite familiar with the Doctor. We're old friends."

"We'll have to get rid of the girl that with him too," added the second man. "Bergoff should be able to finish them off."

"No," demanded the first man. "I have a better plan."

The second man moved closer to the first as he explained the new plan to eliminate the Doctor and Tamara.

* * * *

"Well Brigadier, I'd definitely say you're in a spot of bother," said the Doctor.

"Yes," agreed the Brigadier. "But what I don't understand is who would want to kill me?"

"Or for that matter, why," added Tamara.

"Exactly," stated the Doctor. "I think what's needed here is a spot of covert investigation."

"What do you mean Doctor?" questioned the Brigadier.

"Obviously, we know someone is out to kill you Brigadier, but we don't know who, and why, yet. So, what I need to do is to check out this Commander Compton, while Tamara stays here and makes sure that there isn't a fourth attempt."

"What?" asked Tamara, slightly puzzled. "Oh no. I'm not staying here. I'm coming with you, Doctor."

"Not this time Tamara," he replied.

"But Doctor, I'm the one with experience in this area ,don't forget", instructed Tamara.

"I realize that, Tamara. But, I think - considering that experience - it would be better if you were to stay here with the Brigadier. I'm quite capable of looking after myself."

"But Doctor!" exclaimed Tamara.

"No buts, Tamara."

Tamara realized that the Doctor was right and reluctantly agreed to stay with the Brigadier. "Fine, but don't blame me if you get into trouble."

"Yes, Doctor. You are known for getting into trouble," interjected the Brigadier.

The Doctor looked hurt, but his reply didn't indicate so. "Thank you very much for that vote of confidence, you two; but no, I'll be fine." And with that, the Doctor strode out of the Brigadier's room.

The Brigadier and Tamara momentarily stared at each other, not quite knowing what to say.

"So," stated Tamara.

"Yes, so." replied the Brigadier.

* * * *

Tamara looked at her watch. The Doctor had only been gone for forty minutes. It had seemed longer. Tamara was bored. It wasn't that she minded watching the Brigadier for the Doctor, but she had only just met the man, and really didn't know what to say to him. For the first five or ten minutes, they had sat in silence. Tamara looked at her watch at least five times. After several feeble attempts at conversation, the Brigadier asked if Tamara played cards. Something about 'gin rummy' the Brigadier had said. Tamara wasn't familiar with the game, but decided to give it a try anyway. Anything was better than sitting there in silence. Tamara soon caught on to the rules of the game and they played several rounds. After some time, the Brigadier started to feel tired and had asked if Tamara minded if he caught up on some rest. Tamara had no problem with giving up the card game. In truth, she had found it rather boring.

The Brigadier eventually settled down for some rest. Tamara pulled the chair she had been sitting on previously away from the Brigadier's bedside and placed it in the corner of the room. She picked up a magazine from the table beside the chair's new position and started to thumb through it. After five minutes of doing that she looked at her watch again. She was still bored.

By now the Brigadier had fallen fast asleep.

* * * *

"Is everything in place?"

"Yes," replied a second voice. "All is in place for the Doctor's visit to Compton's office."

"Good," replied the first. "Once we get rid of the Doctor, then we can get rid of his assistant, Tamara Scott."

* * * *

The Brigadier had been asleep for a good fifteen minutes by now. Tamara was getting sick of sitting in the chair. She'd thumb through at least three or four magazines but didn't find anything of interest to read in them.

Tamara looked at her watch once more and then glanced around the Brigadier's room. "This is so boring," she thought to herself. She glanced over at the Brigadier. He was obviously worn out by the day's experience and was in a deep sleep. "Now what to do?" she wondered.

Tamara's stomach grumbled. It was then that she suddenly realized she hadn't had anything to eat or drink since breakfast in the TARDIS earlier today, and she was actually quite famished. Tamara needed to get something to eat before her stomach started to growl.

She got up from the chair she was sitting in and opened the door of the Brigadier's room and stepped out in to the hallway. Standing to the left of the door was a young male guard. He was slightly relaxing against the wall, and suddenly jerked to attention when he realized that Tamara had come out of the room. Tamara chuckled to herself at the young guard.

"Can I help you ma'am?" the young guard inquired.

"Actually yes, you can," replied Tamara. "I haven't had anything to eat for some time and wondered if you could keep an eye on the Brigadier while I search out the cafeteria?"

"No problem Miss," replied the guard. "I'd be happy to."

"Thanks," replied Tamara as she set off in search of the hospital cafeteria.

Unbeknownst to either of them, just off to the left of the Brigadier's room, there stood alone figure in the shadows, watching as Tamara left the guard alone by the door. The figure was dressed as a hospital resident and reached a gloved hand into one of his jacket pockets and picked out a small speaker device, and spoke into it in a hushed tone. "The coast is clear. The woman's left the guard alone. I'm going in now." And with that he put the device back into his pocket.

The figure pulled off his gloves, pocketing them as he left the safety of the shadows. He approached the young guard outside the Brigadier's room.

The young guard looked up and stared directly at the figure that was approaching him. "I'm sorry doctor. This is a restricted area. No one is allowed access without a pass."

"Oh I'm sorry. I didn't realize. I hadn't been told. It's just that Dr. Caruso asked me to check in on the Brigadier."

"That's fine sir, but I'm not allowed to give anyone access to the Brigadier's room without prior authorization."

"Oh I see. Well I do have a pass back at my office, but I guess I must have forgotten it, but my office is way back on the other side of the hospital. You don't expect me to have to go all the way back to my office now do you?"

"Sorry sir," replied the guard. "I must see the proper identification."

"That's all right. I'll go back and get it." The figure turned back the way he had come.

But as the young guard turned his attention away from the retreating figure, he didn't see the man pull out a syringe from his smock. He quickly turned back to him, forcefully jabbing the syringe into the young guard's neck.

"What the..."

The young guard slumped to the floor, unconscious.

The figure looked around to see that no one had spotted him. All was clear. He picked up the young guard and dragged him into the Brigadier's room, bundling him up in the corner. The figure approached the Brigadier's bed and pulled out another syringe from his coat pocket.

He looked down at the Brigadier as he lay peacefully sleeping in his hospital bed. "It's time to die, Brigadier." And with that, the figure raised the syringe into the air poised to slam it into the Brigadier's neck.

At that moment, Tamara was coming back from the cafeteria and noticed that the guard was missing from outside the room. Something was up. All her instincts told her something was wrong.

Tamara dropped the tea that she had in her hand and bounded in to the Brigadier's room. There before her lay the unconscious guard. A strange man, who appeared to be a doctor, was standing over the Brigadier, his hand gripping a syringe that was raised in the air. This did not look good.

"What the hell is going on?" yelled Tamara, as she moved to grab the syringe out of the stranger's hand.

The figure was suddenly startled and reacted quickly, lunging with the syringe, and trying to jab the Brigadier.

Tamara's reflexes jumped in. She lunged for the syringe.

The two began to struggle with one another, falling on top of the Brigadier awakening him with a start.

The stranger forcefully pushed Tamara away and she fell to the floor. The stranger raised the syringe in the air once more and tried again to jab the Brigadier. This time, his arm was met with the arms of the confused Brigadier, as he grabbed hold of the stranger and held him back. These two were now in a desperate struggle as Tamara jumped back up and tried to subdue the man.

Tamara gave the figure a quick karate chop to the neck and he fell to the floor. The Brigadier fell back, while the syringe went flying across the ground.

As Tamara dived to grab the syringe from the floor, the stranger reached out and grabbed her by the leg. Once again, Tamara fell. The stranger jumped on top of Tamara and gave her a right hook to the jaw. She blocked the blow with her fist and threw the man aside, kicking him from her prone position.

The man fell forcefully against the wall behind him. He was knocked unconscious.

Tamara jumped back up and ran to the Brigadier's bed. "Are you all right?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so," replied the Brigadier, still a bit dazed and confused. "What the blazes are going on here? I wake up to find some strange man bending over me, about to stab me with a syringe, and you bouncing into the room like all hell has breaking loose."

"From what I could tell from my position, I think you could say it was about to Brigadier," replied Tamara.

"Who was that man anyway?" asked the Brigadier.

Glancing at the man on the floor, Tamara replied, "Well, he obviously wasn't a doctor."

"No, I don't think so either," replied the Brigadier, with a drop of sarcasm in his voice.

Tamara bent down towards the stranger slumped unconscious on the floor. There was a slow trickle of blood seeping from a wound in the man's head. Tamara reached out and put a finger to his throat to test for a pulse. There wasn't one. With that, she searched his body for identification even though it was unlikely she'd find any.

Tamara also went over to the prone figure of the young guard. There he lay with a syringe sticking out from the back of his neck. Tamara felt for a pulse. Nothing.

Tamara looked back towards the Brigadier. "They're both dead."

"Damn!" said the Brigadier. "What about that syringe?"

"Umm, I'm not sure," replied Tamara. "It's obviously lethal."

"Yes, I'd agree by the fate of that young guard. I think you'd better call for a nurse and I think it's time I got out of here."

"I agree," stated Tamara, as she stuck her head outside the door and called for a nurse. "You're obviously in very serious danger Brigadier, and it's obvious someone's out to kill you."

"Umm..." replied the Brigadier. "Help me get out of this bed. I'm getting dressed."

* * * *

"Sir. Farraguaght's failed in his mission.

"So the Brigadier is still alive?"

"Yes, and Miss Scott as well."

"This will not do. Why can't our operatives handle such simple tasks?"

"Miss Scott is quite a formidable foe."

"That is no excuse."

"She came back before we could deal with the Brigadier."

"She is only a woman."

"But - "

"No excuses. Obviously the only way for us to succeed is to remove interference of the Doctor."

Chapter 4

The Doctor walked up the steps and in through the entrance of the elegant Edwardian office block in the Whitehall area of London. To any other person walking by, the building offered no clues that it housed the recently relocated offices for the UNIT headquarters. The Doctor strode up to a large, walnut console desk that took up most of the foyer of the office block. Behind the desk, sat a thirty-something young woman dressed in an immaculate gray business suit, busily typing away.

She looked up from her typing. "Can I help you sir?" she inquired.

"I think so," replied the Doctor. "I'm the Doctor and I would like to speak with Commander Compton."

The receptionist consulted the directory to her left and turned back to face the Doctor. "I'm sorry sir, we don't have a Commander Compton here."

"Oh really?" replied the Doctor. "I was sure it was here he worked."

"Perhaps you have the wrong address sir," the woman suggested.

"Oh I don't think so," replied the Doctor. "I mean, I know that on the surface this building has been designed to offer no hint as to what's really inside. But, no matter how hard your designers have tried, I do know that this building houses UNIT HQ."

"Oh really," the woman replied.

"You see," said the Doctor, "it has that certain military smell about it."

"I'm sorry sir, you must have the wrong address. Perhaps you could consult the phone directory in the phone box on the corner."

"Oh I don't think so," said the Doctor. "How about you just call Commander Compton for me and let him know I'm on my way up. I presume the elevators are just through there?"

The receptionist had now come around from her side of the desk and faced the Doctor. "Sir, I'm sorry, but you do have the wrong address. I must ask you to leave, or I will be forced to call security."

"Please don't bother them on my account," replied the Doctor. "As I said, I can let myself up." And with that, the Doctor pulled a pair of eye-glasses out of his waistcoat and placed them on his face.

"Sir!" shouted the receptionist.

The Doctor looked straight into the receptionist's eyes and said, "You will go back to your desk, sit, and go back to typing. You will forget I was here."

The receptionist returned to her desk while the Doctor pocketed his glasses and headed off towards the elevators.

* * * *

The Doctor crept quietly down the hall towards the set of double doors at the end that housed Commander Compton's office. He silently turned the door handle and peered around the edge of the door, into the room. It was empty.

The Doctor entered Commander Compton's office and closed the door behind him. He headed towards the large desk in the center of the room. There he glanced at the papers that sat on the desktop. Finding nothing, the Doctor decided to search the desk drawers.

It was while the Doctor was engrossed with looking for clues in the desk drawers that a male figure silently entered the room.

"Did you find what you were looking for, Doctor?"

The Doctor looked up from his investigations. "Actually no I didn't, Commander Compton. It *is* Commander Compton I presume?"

"Yes, you're correct, Doctor. And if you wouldn't mind closing that drawer and moving away from my desk, I'd appreciate it."

"Oh. Yes. How rude of me. Of course," replied the Doctor, as was requested. The Doctor came from behind the desk and pointed to the chair sitting in front. "May I sit down?"

"Of course you may Doctor," replied Commander Compton, as he moved to sit in his chair behind the desk.

The Doctor sat.

"May I ask what you were looking for, Doctor?"

"Oh, this and that," he replied.

"Really. Did you find any of 'this and that'?" asked the Commander.

"Actually no. But I really didn't expect to."

"Ah..." replied Compton. "So now that we've got that out of the way, Doctor, what did you really come here for?"

"Well, I was wondering what you could tell me about these attempts that have been made on the Brigadier's life?"

"Not much Doctor. There have been three attempts to date. End of story."

"And that's it?" questioned the Doctor. "That's all you can tell me?"

"Sorry, yes."

"Odd."

"How do you mean 'odd', Doctor?" asked Compton.

"Well, for someone who has been put in charge of an investigation into the threats against a very important member of UNIT, you don't seem very concerned."

"First off Doctor, the Brigadier is retired and therefore no longer part of UNIT. Secondly, of course I'm concerned. Although the Brigadier is no longer part of UNIT, we are treating this investigation with all due respect."

"Of course you are Commander. My apologies."

"No offense taken Doctor," replied Compton. "But unless you have any other questions, I am a busy man."

"Oh, I'm sorry," replied the Doctor, as he got up out of his chair. "Thank you for answering my questions. I'll let you get on with your work."

And with that, the Doctor left Compton's office.

* * * *

As soon as the Doctor had left his office, Commander Compton went straight to the telephone.

"Compton here. The Doctor's just left my office."

"Yes," replied the voice on the other end of the receiver.

"He's asking questions."

"So? Let him."

"But I think he suspects something," informed Compton nervously.

"Never. Let the Doctor think what he wants to think. He has no proof of anything."

"Are you sure?" asked Compton.

"Yes," replied the voice. "You worry too much, Compton. There's really no need."

* * * *

After the incident at the hospital, Tamara realized that it wasn't safe for the Brigadier to remain there any longer. She had to find somewhere safer. But where? She could take him back to the TARDIS and wait there until the Doctor returned, but Tamara had no idea how long he'd be and she didn't relish the thought of entertaining the Brigadier for the rest of the afternoon. She'd much rather be out, getting to the bottom of who was behind the attack. In the end, Tamara decided that it would be best if she and the Brigadier tried to catch up with the Doctor at Commander Compton's office.

* * * *

Tamara and the Brigadier intercepted the Doctor as he was leaving UNIT headquarters.

“Ah Tamara, there you are,” the Doctor called out. “Been having fun, have we?”

Tamara shot her companion a rude look and said, “Fun' is not the word for it, Doctor”.

“No Doctor - attempted murder isn't exactly my idea of having fun either,” interjected the Brigadier.

“Murder?” questioned the Doctor.

“Yes that's right,” replied Tamara. “Some nut tried - ”

“- to skewer me with a syringe,” finished the Brigadier.

“Are you all right Brigadier, Tamara?” asked the Doctor.

“Yes, I'm fine,” replied Tamara and the Brigadier in unison.

“If it wasn't for Miss Scott here, I would very likely have met the same fate as that young guard outside my room.”

“Did you get the substance in the syringe analyzed?” inquired the Doctor.

“Yes,” replied Tamara. “I had one of the nurses send it to the lab to be analyzed. I'm supposed to drop by Pathology later today to get the results. By the way Doctor, how did things turn out with Commander Compton?”

“Not very positive, I'm afraid,” replied the Doctor. “There's something about that man I can't put my finger on exactly. I'm sure he's hiding something.”

“Commander Compton?” questioned the Brigadier. “I mean, I may not like the man, and he's too much of the career-type soldier for me, but I don't think Compton would be tied up in anything like this. He's very well respected in UNIT circles.”

“He may well be, Brigadier, but something isn't right.”

“What do you think it is, Doctor?” asked Tamara.

“Oh, it could be anything, and it could just be me trying to find a mystery where there isn't one. It doesn't matter right now. The important thing is that you're both safe and sound. All we have to do now is find out what was in that syringe.”

“Yes, I agree,” interjected the Brigadier, “but...”

“No buts, Brigadier. One thing at a time. And besides – it's time for a cup of tea. I'm dying of thirst.” And with that, the Doctor pulled out his sunglasses from his waistcoat pocket and plopped them on his face as he quickly ran down the entry staircase, leaving Tamara and the Brigadier standing on the steps.

Chapter 5

The Doctor, Tamara and the Brigadier were sitting in a small café, enjoying a relaxing moment and a good, strong cup of Earl Grey tea.

"...and could we order four cheese scones too please?" the Doctor called after the departing waitress.

"Doctor, why are we sitting here having a cup of tea and scones when we should be getting to the bottom of who's attacking the Brigadier?" demanded Tamara.

"Yes, I agree, Doctor," added the Brigadier.

"Now, you two. We've got nothing to worry about for the time being. We're quite safe where we are. No one would ever suspect to search for us in a small east-end café."

Tamara was getting frustrated with the Doctor and banged her fist hard on the tabletop. The other customers in the café looked up with startled faces. "Damn it, Doctor!"

Tamara's outburst seemed to have little effect on the Doctor, who quietly turned to her and replied in his best placating voice, "Relax, Tamara. I know what I'm doing. Besides, we can't leave yet. Our scones haven't arrived. After all, Mrs. Prickett makes the best cheese scones in all of East London."

Tamara and the Brigadier both looked at each other deciding that it was best to humour the Doctor for now.

At this point, the waitress brought a very large pot of tea accompanied by several china cups, three plates and another larger china plate with the scones on it and placed all of the items on the table.

"Ah, the tea," replied the Doctor, as he turned towards the Brigadier and indicated the teapot. "Would you be so kind as to be Mother, Brigadier? And I'll have two lumps, please."

The Brigadier sighed and picked up the teapot, before pouring the steaming brown beverage into the china cups.

The Doctor picked up one of the cheese scones, placed it on his plate and cut it in half and began to butter it. He then spread some raspberry jam on the scone, picked it up and took a large bite out of it. "Heavenly."

It was at that precise moment that the door to the café shattered inwards in an unexpected explosion and six large thugs wearing black ski masks and carrying machine guns stormed the café. The customers in the restaurant screamed and quickly dropped under their tables.

Tamara quickly jumped to her feet. It was of no use, as one of the thugs ran up behind her and slammed the butt of his machine gun into the back of her neck. She fell to the floor.

A second thug ran up behind the Brigadier and pointed his machine gun at him. The Doctor tried to stand up to protest, but was roughly shoved back into his seat by a third thug while the three remaining thugs took up various positions around the café. When all the invaders were in place, a tall figure dressed all in black leather entered the café and strolled up to where the Doctor and Brigadier were sitting. He too was wearing a black ski mask, with only his eyes visible. He looked down upon the Doctor.

The Doctor attempted to protest but was shoved back into his seat again.

"If I were you Doctor," began the leather clad man, "I'd stay where I was." The man turned towards the Brigadier. "Lethbridge-Stewart, you're to come with us."

"What!" exclaimed the Brigadier.

"I don't want any problems, Brigadier. So if you'd say your goodbye's to the Doctor, we'll be on our way."

"I'll do no such thing," replied the Brigadier.

The man motioned to the thug covering the Doctor, who cocked his machine gun and pointed it directly at the Doctor's head. "Just do what I ask Brigadier," the man stated, "or I'll be forced to have Max here kill the Doctor."

The Brigadier didn't know what to do. He turned towards the Doctor, searching his face for an answer.

Realizing there was no easy way out of their predicament, the Doctor shook his head and replied, "I think it'd be best if you did what they ask, Brigadier."

"Very good, Doctor," replied the man in leather. "And very wise." The man motioned at the Brigadier with his hand toward the door. "After you, Brigadier."

The Brigadier got up to leave.

The leather clad man nodded quickly toward one of the thugs, who smashed the butt of his machine gun at the base of the Brigadier's skull. The Brigadier collapsed to the floor.

Now the Doctor was mad. "You didn't have to do that you know. He wouldn't have caused you any problem."

"Oh I'm sure he wouldn't have Doctor, but you know our type. We must always be true to form." The man snapped his fingers and two thugs came forward and picked the Brigadier up off the floor. "Take him to the van. And Doctor..."

"Yes?" replied the Doctor.

"Don't try to follow us either, or the Brigadier dies." With that he picked up the scone that was lying on the plate in front of the Doctor and took a bite. "Not bad, but I've had better." The man threw the scone back onto the plate and left with the remaining thugs, who quickly backed out of the café.

Once the invaders had gone, the Doctor quickly ran over to where Tamara had fallen unconscious. She was just coming to and the Doctor picked her up.

"Wha.. wha.. what happened?" she asked, stumbling a bit as she tried to hold on to the Doctor. Tamara reached at the large lump that was coming up on the back of her head. "Ouch."

The Doctor carefully guided Tamara over to their table and picked up one of the chairs that had been overturned in the raid. "Take it easy Tamara," he said. "You're going to have a nasty bump on your head after that idiot struck you."

Tamara felt the bump again. "Y-yes. Ouch." Tamara took a seat at the table. "Who were those goons anyway?"

"I'm not sure," replied the Doctor, "but I think Commander Compton had something to do with it."

"Compton?" asked Tamara. "You really think so, Doctor?"

"Yes, I'm pretty sure of it. I told you there was something about him that I didn't trust." The Doctor was now crouched beside Tamara and put his hand on her shoulder. "Do you think you're well enough to move?"

Tamara felt the bump once again; winced. "I think so."

The Doctor stood up and reached over to help Tamara stand. "Good. I think it's time to pay Commander Compton another visit."

They turned to leave, but it was at this point that the waitress that had brought over their tea and scones approached the table.

"Excuse me sir."

The Doctor and Tamara turned towards her.

"Your bill." The waitress turned and quickly returned to the kitchen.

The Doctor turned over the bill and took a look. His face dropped when he saw it.

Tamara turned towards the Doctor, a look of concern on her face. "What's wrong?" she asked.

The Doctor handed her the bill. Tamara's face fell in absolute surprise. The bill was for £15,000.

* * * *

The van carrying the Brigadier turned a corner and pulled up in front of a large warehouse. One of the thugs jumped out from the back of the van and went to open the warehouse doors. The van pulled in and jerked to a sudden stop. The others jumped, while the one holding the warehouse doors pulled them shut. The leather clad man had been sitting all the while on the trip to the warehouse beside the Brigadier. He undid the blindfold that had been covering the Brigadier's eyes and pulled out a small gun from his pocket, pointing it at the Brigadier as he

motioned for him to get out of the van. "We've arrived at your new home Brigadier," he stated matter-of-factly.

The Brigadier had no idea where they were. The whole trip he had tried to peer from under his blindfold, but to no avail, and every time his captors felt he was able to see where they were going, they'd pull the blindfold all that much tighter. The Brigadier started to feel a bit concerned. Would the Doctor be able to find him? And what did these thugs want with him? He gave the leather-clad man a dirty look as he jumped out of the van.

The Brigadier quickly took in his surroundings. By the state of the building, the Brigadier could tell he was in an old rundown warehouse. Bits of broken skylight and scaffolding lay about the ground. The Brigadier glanced to his left and saw the six thugs who had invaded the café. They were changing out of their overalls. The Brigadier felt faint when he saw what the thugs were wearing underneath. They were wearing UNIT uniforms.

The leather-clad man jumped from the van and came up behind the Brigadier, pointing the gun in the his back. "Move." he demanded. "Down that hallway to your left."

"Where are you taking me?" asked the Brigadier.

"Never you mind," the leather-clad man replied, as he shoved the gun harder into the Brigadier's back.

The Brigadier moved and turned down indicated hallway. The two men walked down the hall for some time, when the leather clad man spoke once again. "Through the door on your right."

The Brigadier went in. The door was slammed shut behind him. The leather-clad man turned the key in the lock and retreated the way they had just come. The Brigadier was alone.

* * * *

By the time the Doctor and Tamara had returned to UNIT HQ, day had already begun to turn into night. They approached the UNIT office tower but instead of going in through the front door, they turned down the alleyway alongside the building. The Doctor had suggested that it would be better to sneak in through the back door. The Doctor and Tamara reached the rear entrance. The Doctor reached out and turned the door handle, only to find it locked.

"Oh dear." The Doctor sounded surprised. "They don't usually lock the door when I enter through the back entrance."

Tamara chuckled at the Doctor's obvious surprise.

"Would you mind?" asked the Doctor as he pointed towards the locked door.

Tamara looked straight at the Doctor and asked rather cheekily, "So, do expect all your companions to pick locks for you?"

"Of course not!" replied the Doctor, smiling broadly. "Only those with superior espionage skills."

Tamara laughed as she reached into her blue catsuit and pulled out a small lock-picking device. She reached down and picked the lock while the Doctor kept watch.

The door opened easily.

Tamara closed the door behind them as the Doctor ran off down the hallway. The two of them ended up by the building elevators. The Doctor peered around the corner. There was a

guard standing by the elevators. "I think we'd better take the stairs." The Doctor grabbed Tamara by the hand, dragging her along as he quickly bounded up the stairs that were a few paces back the way they had come.

* * * *

Commander Compton was sitting at his desk in his office when the phone rang. He picked up the receiver. "Hello."

A voice on the other end of the receiver spoke. "You're about to receive a visitor. You know what to do."

"Understood," replied Compton.

The line went dead.

Compton placed the receiver of his telephone back on its cradle. He moved his desk chair back a few paces to allow him to reach down into the bottom drawer of the desk. He did so and pulled out a revolver. Checking to see that the gun was loaded, he got up from his desk, pushed in the chair and left his office.

* * * *

The Doctor and Tamara had reached the floor that Commander Compton's office was on. The Doctor peered down the hallway in both directions to make sure there were no guards around. When he was satisfied that the path to Compton's office was safe, he indicated to Tamara to move in. The Doctor reached to turn the handle on the office door. Again he encountered another locked door. Before the Doctor could request Tamara to use her skill on this door, she had moved in and was picking the lock. It made a small clicking sound and Tamara slowly turned the handle, opening the door to Compton's office. She stepped in his office and quickly looked around. It was empty. She indicated to the Doctor that it was safe to come in.

"Compton's not here, Doctor."

"Damn," was the Doctor's response. He and Tamara moved towards Compton's desk and began to look through the paperwork sitting on top. "This is frustrating. I was sure he'd be here."

Unbeknownst to either the Doctor or Tamara, a small panel in the wall slid silently aside and Compton stepped out. "But I am," he replied.

The Doctor and Tamara spun around to face Compton. He was standing in front of them, revolver in hand. They froze where they were, not daring to move.

"Ah, there you are, Compton," replied the Doctor mockingly. "I don't think you've met my friend, Miss Tamara Scott."

Compton did not reply, but asked, "What do you want, Doctor?"

"I think you know why I'm here, Commander. I want to know who you're working for, and I want to know who's kidnapped the Brigadier and has been trying to kill him?"

Compton laughed. "Do you think I'd tell you just like that?"

"Oh well," sighed the Doctor. "I thought it was worth a try."

Compton laughed again. "I have heard all about you Doctor, but I never realized you were so stupid."

"Excuse me?" asked the Doctor.

"Only a fool would have come back here unarmed, not knowing what to expect."

"What makes you think I'm unarmed?" replied the Doctor.

Compton roared with laughter. "It's time for the pair of you to say bye-bye." Compton pulled back the trigger and aimed the revolver straight at the Doctor and Tamara.

"Now!" shouted the Doctor.

Tamara sprang into action, picking up the chair from behind Compton's desk and throwing it at Compton. The Doctor dived for cover. The chair slammed against Compton, taking him by complete surprise. He fell against the wall, dropping the revolver to the floor. Tamara pounced and the two of them were locked in a struggle. They rolled against the office wall. Compton tried to shove Tamara away, but instead she held on tightly as the two of them tripped over the discarded chair.

The pair fell to separate spots on the floor. Compton jumped on top of Tamara and smacked her face. Tamara yelped at the stinging blow, but managed to kick with both feet, throwing Compton back across the floor. Compton rolled and ended up landing beside where his revolver had fallen earlier. He quickly picked it up, turned, and backed towards the large picture window behind his desk.

Tamara was back up and tried to run at Compton. She didn't get a chance when Compton raised the revolver and fired. The bullet from the gun just missed Tamara and whizzed by her, embedding itself in the wall.

"That's far enough, Miss Scott," shouted Compton. "Doctor, you can come out now."

The Doctor got up from behind the planter he had gone for cover under. He went and stood next to Tamara.

Compton raised the revolver towards the Doctor and Tamara again.

He pulled back the trigger.

A shot rang out.

There was a loud crack, like glass breaking.

Compton staggered backwards.

The Doctor and Tamara looked at each other with utter shock and surprise. They moved towards Compton.

A second shot rang out.

Compton fell back, screamed and crashed through what glass remained around the picture window.

The Doctor and Tamara ran to the window, only to see Compton hit the ground hard, five stories below.

The Doctor grabbed Tamara. "C'mon!"

They ran out of Compton's office and back down the stairs and out to the street below, where Compton's body lay in a growing puddle of blood.

They rushed to him, the Doctor bending down to see if he was still alive. Just barely. There was blood flowing from a large split in his skull. The Doctor cradled Compton's head. His eyes flickered opened.

“Call an ambulance, Tamara!” screamed the Doctor, even though he knew it was no good.

Compton tried to speak, but could only cough up blood.

The Doctor tried to comfort him as best he could. “Don’t speak.”

Compton coughed up more blood as they tried to speak once more. His voice came out in a croaking whisper. “Pock... pocket,” he spluttered.

The Doctor reached into Compton’s pocket and pulled out a key.

Another cough.

“What’s the key for?” asked the Doctor.

Compton coughed again. “Safe,” he tried to say. “Office.” And with another cough, Compton’s head slumped to his chest as he died.

Tamara had rejoined the Doctor but it was too late.

The Doctor got up and faced Tamara. “Stay here ‘till the ambulance gets here. I’ve got to go back up to Compton’s office.” The Doctor ran off, leaving Tamara with Compton’s dead body.

* * * *

The Doctor raced up the stairs, back to Compton’s office. When the Doctor reached the floor that Compton’s office was on, he looked around to make sure the coast was clear. “Darn,” he thought to himself. The office was crawling with UNIT security officers. How on earth was he going to get in to search the office? The Doctor turned back into the shadows of the alcove behind him and tried to think of a plan. He looked up and down the alcove. There it was - a quick solution to his problem. There, a few feet behind, was a fire alarm set into the wall. The Doctor chuckled slightly as he pulled the alarm, feeling like a mischievous schoolboy pulling a bad prank. Suddenly the alarm was blaring and UNIT personnel were racing out the exits to safety below.

The Doctor leaned back out of view until he felt it was safe to go into Compton’s office. Once he was sure that it was, he snuck into the office, closing the door behind him. He went over to the desk and turned on the lamp that sat on top and began to search around the room. He looked for several minutes and couldn’t find any clue to the whereabouts of a safe in the office. Suddenly remembering how Compton had snuck up on him and Tamara earlier, the Doctor searched the office for a hidden wall panel. After a few more minutes searching, the Doctor found the hidden wall panel and pressed a small switch that was located on the bottom of a desk lamp. The wall beside it began to slide back.

A small alcove was revealed, and there, on one of the alcove walls, was a small office safe. The Doctor reached into his waistcoat pocket and pulled out the key that Compton had given him moments ago. The Doctor inserted the key and turned it to the left. To the Doctor’s surprise, a small florescent panel slid out and a female computer voice spoke. “Preparing for retinal scan. Please stand back one meter.

A worried look crossed the Doctor’s face. The scan had obviously been tuned to Compton’s retinal pattern. The Doctor knew that there was no way he could fool the computer into believing he was Compton.

"Scanning now." A small beam shot out from the panel. The Doctor ducked. The beam bounced off the wall opposite him.

The panel spoke, "Retinal scan invalid. Preparing for retinal scan. Please stand back one meter. Failure to match retinal scan on second attempt will result in security alert."

The Doctor panicked. In desperation, the Doctor reached down and pulled off one of his brown brogue shoes and slammed the heel of it against the panel. Nothing. "Damn!" he shouted.

"Scanning now," said the computer panel. The beam shot out.

The Doctor pulled back and slammed his shoe against the panel with all the force he could muster. The glass shattered and the panel exploded in a shower of sparks. The Doctor turned the handle on the safe, which opened easily. He peered inside. It was empty, except for a small CD inside a jewel case. The Doctor picked up the jewel case, closed the safe door and walked back over the computer sitting on Compton's desk. The Doctor logged on to Compton's computer, pulled the CD out from its case and inserted it into the CD-Rom drive once the computer was active. The Doctor's fingers played across the keyboard as he hacked into the files contained on the CD-Rom.

When the Doctor had broken all the security codes, he discovered the CD contained a single electronic video file. The Doctor clicked the mouse on the file. A small video window popped up on the computer screen in front of him. He clicked the mouse to play the file.

It was Commander Compton. He was sitting at his desk, talking to another man. The Doctor couldn't tell who it was, as the man had his back to the camera. It appeared the two were in the midst of a very heated discussion. The Doctor turned up the volume on the computer speakers.

"It's only a small request, Compton."

"I'm sorry, but I won't do it," stated Compton adamantly.

"Ah, but you will, Commander Compton. You will if you want a future in UNIT. I would hate for your superiors to find out about your little escapade in Somalia in '96."

"How do you know about that?" demanded Compton.

"Tut, tut, Commander. I have ways of finding these things out. Besides, I don't think UNIT would want to have someone who killed innocent women and children on their payroll."

"You bastard! You wouldn't?" shouted Compton. "It was an accident. I'd be ruined if they found out about that."

"Exactly Commander. So we have a deal then?"

Compton lunged at the other man, grabbing him by the jacket collar, drawing back his fist to slug the stranger in the face.

It was at that moment the Doctor was able to see who Commander Compton had been talking to.

The Doctor gasped! It couldn't be.

The man that Compton had in his grips was Mike Yates!

The Doctor paused the playback and stared at the screen and the figure before him. Sure enough it was Mike – obviously now several years older than when they had last met, with graying hair, slightly heavier and sporting a mustache. The Doctor thought back all those years, to when he was in his third incarnation and Mike – then Captain Yates - had misguidedly got

involved in that silly Operation Golden Age to return Britain to a less technological era. He had felt sorry for Yates, who had been acting as he'd thought was best. But what was Mike doing in Commander Compton's office? Hadn't Yates quietly retired and left active UNIT service?

The Doctor clicked on the play button.

Compton angrily shoved Yates back into the chair and sat back behind his desk.

"So, I'll take that as a yes?" stated Yates, as he smoothed down the suit jacket he was wearing.

"What choice do I have?" replied Compton.

"Exactly," replied Yates as he stood up. "You will kill Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart on Tuesday the 18th. I'll let myself out." Yates retreated out through Compton's office.

The Doctor turned off the computer and pocketed the CD-Rom. The Doctor shook his head in disbelief. Mike was behind all the attempts on the Brigadier. He wanted him dead. But why? It didn't make any sense. The Doctor had remembered Yates as someone who had looked up to the Brigadier, who'd had great respect for him. So why would him want the man dead?

The Doctor looked up from his thoughts as he heard voices in the hallway. Obviously the UNIT Security had figured out that the fire was a false alarm. It was time the Doctor left and joined Tamara. He turned out the desk lamp and quietly left Compton's office.

Chapter 6

The Brigadier sat in his cell. He'd been there at least twenty-four hours and no sooner than he had been locked away, had begun to find a way to escape.

The cell was dimly lit. It was slightly damp and smelled of rotting garbage. The only sign that it had ever been used was the small cot in the right hand corner. There was no window. The only means out was through the cell door. The Brigadier had tried to jimmy the lock from his side of the cell, but after a few minutes given up after making no progress. The Brigadier hadn't eaten for quite some time and his stomach had started growling several hours ago. By now, he was beginning to feel sick from lack of food.

All of a sudden, it sounded as if someone was sliding a key into the lock. The door to the cell swung open and there stood a young UNIT soldier with a tray of food.

"The boss says you should have something to eat," stated the young soldier as he came into the cell proper, handing the tray of food to the Brigadier.

The Brigadier took the tray and said, "Thanks".

"Would you like something to drink as well?" asked the soldier, who was directly facing the Brigadier.

"A cup of tea would be nice."

"Sure thing," replied the young soldier. But before he had barely even turned away, the Brigadier flung the tray of food at the young man's face. The young man's hands instinctively went up to protect his eyes. Momentarily startled, it was at this point the Brigadier ran with all his might straight into his captor, knocking him to the floor. The guard realized what the Brigadier was trying to do and stuck out his leg in front of him. The Brigadier tripped, swirled around and quickly regained his balance. The young soldier was beginning to get back up off

the floor, but before the Brigadier could knock him over again, the Brigadier was struck from behind. He fell to the floor.

The Brigadier was stunned. He felt as if he was going to pass out. His vision blurred slightly. All he could recall before he passed out was the face of Mike Yates staring down at him.

* * * *

By the time the Doctor had returned to the crime scene, the police had arrived and Compton's body had been taken to the morgue. The scene was filled with several police cars and a couple of paddy wagons. The Doctor glanced over to where Compton's body had fallen and noticed that there was a chalk outline on the pavement. The Doctor looked up from the pavement and scanned the scene to spot Tamara. He couldn't see her anywhere. "Now where had she got to?" he asked himself. The Doctor discretely walked around the scene trying not to be spotted. He walked past one of the paddy wagons.

There was a loud thump.

The Doctor stopped and looked around.

This time, there was an even louder thump.

The Doctor turned around and there, banging from the inside on the glass panel in the door of the paddy wagon, was Tamara. The Doctor ran up to the door and hissed loudly at Tamara. "For heaven's sake. What are you doing in there?"

Tamara thumped against the glass again and mouthed something.

"What?" whispered the Doctor, pressing his ear up against the door.

Tamara shouted this time. "Gebbe dwee oousta hiyarh!"

The Doctor pulled his ear away and shrugged his shoulders, indicating he didn't understand what Tamara had said. The Doctor spoke towards the glass. "Move away from the glass. I'm going to try and break it.

"Ished wan brak," shouted Tamara.

The Doctor swung at the glass. It didn't break. The Doctor tried again. Nothing. The Doctor only succeeded in giving himself a bruised arm. "Blast!" he shouted.

Tamara was back at the panel, staring out.

"Stay there. I'll be right back." The Doctor jumped down from the paddy wagon. He had to get Tamara out, but how was he going to do that? Just then a police officer strode by. The Doctor smiled. He was getting an idea. The Doctor ran up to the policeman.

"You there!" shouted the Doctor. "Why is that young woman locked up?"

The young policeman turned to address the Doctor. "...'cuse me?"

"What don't you understand about the question, Constable?"

"Constable McNabb," replied the young man.

The Doctor stood before the young policeman, pulled himself up to his full height, trying to muster all the authority he could. "Why is that young woman locked up?" the Doctor repeated again.

"And you would be?" inquired Constable McNabb.

The Doctor pulled a small billfold out of his pocket and flashed it quickly before Constable McNabb. "Detective Inspective Smith. John Smith from Special Branch Scotland Yard."

Constable McNabb jumped to attention. "Sorry Sir. We weren't expecting anyone from Scotland Yard."

"Nonetheless Constable," replied the Doctor, "I'm here to take the young lady in the wagon to Scotland Yard for investigation."

"I don't know about that Sir," replied McNabb. "I'd have to speak to my superior."

"Come now, Constable. We don't want to bother him. I'm sure he's too busy with the investigation." The Doctor put his arm around the Constable's shoulders.

"Well....."

The Doctor reached out with his other free arm, grabbed something from McNabb's pocket, spun around and ran like crazy.

McNabb had been taken by complete surprise. "Stop!" he shouted as he ran after the Doctor.

The Doctor quickly pocketed the keys that he had grabbed out of McNabb's pocket. He ran this way and that desperate to have McNabb his trail. The Doctor turned left and ran down an alley. He paused for a moment and looked behind him. The coast was clear. Now it was time to get Tamara out of the paddy wagon.

* * * *

The Doctor carefully snuck back to where Tamara had been imprisoned. He peered around to make sure the scene was deserted. No one was around. The Doctor ran up to the paddy wagon, inserted the keys he'd stolen from Constable McNabb and pulled open the door.

"'Bout time you got me out of here, Doctor."

"Sorry," replied the Doctor. "I thought you were supposed to be waiting for the ambulance?"

"I was," replied Tamara. "But the police showed up. I tried to explain to them what had happened, but they wouldn't listen to me. They asked me all sorts of questions, and when they didn't believe me, they locked me up in the paddy wagon."

Just then Constable McNabb and several other policemen came around the corner. "There he is!" shouted McNabb. They started to run over to where the Doctor and Tamara were standing.

The Doctor grabbed Tamara's hand and pulled her down the steps of the paddy wagon. "C'mon Tamara. We've got to go!"

And off they ran.

* * * *

The Doctor and Tamara took a sharp right down a side street. They had been running for quite some time now.

"Doctor! Slow down," shouted Tamara, as the Doctor kept running along. "I've got to take a rest. We've been running for miles now."

The Doctor stopped and walked back to where Tamara had leaned up against a wall to catch her breath. "We can't."

"Why?" asked Tamara. "Besides, we lost the police ages ago."

"It's not *that* I'm bothered about."

"Then what?" asked Tamara.

The Doctor didn't reply. His face was creased in worry and he just stood there fidgeting, as if he were a jack rabbit poised to dart off at any second. He looked down.

Tamara realized something must be terribly wrong. She'd never seen the Doctor like this before. She reached out to the Doctor and took his hand in hers. "Doctor, something's obviously bothering you. What is it?"

The Doctor still didn't reply.

"Is it the Brigadier?" asked Tamara.

"Yes," replied the Doctor in what was almost like a whisper. "I'm worried about him, Tamara. He's a very dear old friend and he's in terrible danger. I've got to find him before they kill him."

Although Tamara had only just recently met the Brigadier and didn't really know him too well, she was concerned and wanted to help. "What! Who's going to kill the Brigadier?"

The Doctor didn't say anything.

Tamara looked straight into the Doctor's eyes. "Look Doctor, I want to help. Tell me what's going on!"

The Doctor sighed and took his hands out of Tamara's. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the CD Rom he had found in Commander Compton's office. He gave it to Tamara, and looked down as he began to speak. "I found this in Compton's office. It has a video file on it of Commander Compton and Mike Yates."

"Mike who?" interjected Tamara.

The Doctor ignored Tamara's questions and continued speaking. "Many years ago, while I was exiled here on Earth during my third incarnation, I worked for UNIT and the Brigadier as their scientific advisor. Mike Yates was a Captain under the Brigadier's command. He was a very good soldier, very dedicated to his duties and thought the world of the Brigadier. Sadly, Mike got involved with the wrong people and, much to the Brigadier's dismay, he had to leave UNIT in disgrace."

"But why was he talking to Commander Compton?" asked Tamara.

"Apparently Mike was blackmailing Compton," replied the Doctor. "Mike threatened to tell the UNIT authorities about a mistake Compton had made while he was in Somalia."

"Really?" questioned Tamara. "So Compton had no choice but to help this Mike guy?"

"Exactly," replied the Doctor.

"But Doctor. That still doesn't explain why Yates would be behind the attempts on the Brigadier?" Tamara questioned.

"No, that's true. Something obviously must have happened to Mike to make him behave like that."

"Like what?" asked Tamara.

"I'm not sure," replied the Doctor. "I'll know more when you get the results of what was in the syringe. Plus I want to go back to the TARDIS and pick up that tracking device to locate the Brigadier."

The Doctor and Tamara's discussion was suddenly interrupted with a shout. "Over here. They're down here."

Tamara and the Doctor were startled out of the moment.

"Doctor, it's a soldier. I think they've found us again."

"Yes, it looks like it. We'd better go."

They started to quickly move from their resting-place.

The alley was beginning to fill with soldiers.

The Doctor turned to Tamara. "I think it'd be better if we split up."

"Yes", Tamara agreed. "I'll go get those results..."

"...And we'll meet back at the TARDIS in half an hour," finished the Doctor.

* * * *

The Brigadier's prone body was lying on the cot in his cell. The Brigadier stirred slightly and tried to open his eyes. His head swam. He could feel one hell of a headache coming on. Trying to regain his balance, the Brigadier put his hand to the back of his head to check for a bump. Thankfully there wasn't one. He gripped the side of the cot and pulled himself up. He looked up and there stood Mike Yates.

"Good morning Brigadier," Mike said.

The Brigadier shook his head. He must be dreaming. What was Yates doing here?

Mike spoke again. "Oh, it's me Brigadier. You're not dreaming."

The Brigadier was completely surprised. It must have been at least fifteen years since he had last seen Mike. "Mike, what's going on? Where am I?" asked the Brigadier. "What are you doing here?"

Mike grinned. "Why, I'm here to rescue you Brigadier."

"You?" asked the Brigadier. "I thought you'd retired years ago?"

"Oh I had Brigadier, but Commander Compton called me and asked me to help them find you."

"Compton called you?" asked the Brigadier.

"Yes," replied Mike. "They were desperate. They needed help and I was glad to be of service. I'd do anything for my old friend Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart."

The Brigadier smiled and slapped Mike on the back. "Thank you Mike."

Mike smiled. "I think it's time we got you out of here, Brigadier."

"Yes," agreed the Brigadier. "Do you know the way out?"

Mike nodded and turned to leave. "This way, Brigadier."

The two old 'friends' left the cell and quietly ran down the hallway. The two men stopped suddenly and leaned in close against a wall. There in front of them stood two UNIT guards.

The Brigadier tapped Mike on the shoulder and asked, "So how are we going to get pass these two?"

Mike turned towards the Brigadier. "I've got a gun."

The Brigadier shook his head. "I don't think you should use it. I think it'd be best if we just jumped them and knocked them out."

Mike turned around to face the Brigadier. "You think so?" he said with a sneer.

The Brigadier was surprised by Mike's reaction. He was even more surprised when Mike got up from behind the corner and walked straight towards the two UNIT soldiers.

"What do you think you're doing?" whispered the Brigadier at Yates, who had now joined the two soldiers. The Brigadier was completely confused, as the two soldiers seemed to recognize Yates.

Mike spoke out loud and clear and pointed directly back at the Brigadier. "We have an escaped prisoner, gentlemen. Grab him!"

The Brigadier jumped quickly out of cover and tried to run back the way he'd come, but the two soldiers were quickly upon him and grabbed him. They brought the Brigadier back to where Mike was standing and came to a complete standstill.

The Brigadier looked straight into Mike's eyes. "What the hell is going on?" he demanded.

Mike laughed.

The Brigadier was baffled. "What's so funny, Mike? I don't understand."

Mike smiled and said, "You really have no idea, do you Brigadier?"

"No!" shouted the Brigadier.

Mike roared with laughter. "I'm going to kill you."

Chapter 7

The Doctor and Tamara quietly approached the rickety old warn down warehouse that the Brigadier was being kept prisoner in. They did a quick reccee around the building to find the safest way to get inside. They eventually found a large open window looking over a back alley. The Doctor and Tamara placed a few crates in front of the window. Being as quiet as they could, the two climbed into the warehouse.

Tamara landed softly on the floor inside. The Doctor climbed in next. Unfortunately, he lost his balance slightly and fell on top of a small pile of cardboard boxes with a loud crash.

“Doctor!” shushed Tamara. “Somebody’s going to hear us. Be a bit more careful, will you.”

The Doctor rudely stuck his tongue out at her.

Tamara didn’t pay attention to the Doctor’s rudeness. Instead, she continued on her path through the warehouse. The Doctor got up and brushed off his clothes and followed Tamara. The pair walked on for a few minutes in silence. They came upon a pile of crates and crouched down behind them. “Where do you think they’ll be keeping the Brigadier?” Tamara whispered.

“I’m not sure,” replied Doctor. He looked around. “How about through that door over there?” he said, pointing to his left. They got up from behind the crates and went over towards the door. The Doctor reached out and began to pull it open. Once opened, there stood two UNIT soldiers.

The Doctor quickly slammed the door shut, grabbed Tamara and tried to escape. They turned to run, but their way was blocked by another two UNIT soldiers, their guns pointing

directly at the two of them. The closed door swung open and in marched the other two UNIT soldiers. They were trapped. There was no escape.

"I suppose you'd like us to raise our hands?" inquired the Doctor. "That's what usually happens when I'm captured."

One of the soldiers nodded and indicated that the Doctor and Tamara were to follow them.

* * * *

The Doctor and Tamara had been ushered into a large storage part of the warehouse. As they entered, Tamara coughed and nodded her head in the direction that she wanted the Doctor to look. There, tied to a support beam, was the Brigadier. As the Doctor and Tamara were pushed ahead by the four soldiers, they could see that the Brigadier had been beaten up. There was a small cut on his forehead with dried blood down the side of his face.

The Brigadier groggily looked up. "Doctor. Miss Scott."

"Hello Brigadier," said the Doctor.

"Are you all right?" asked Tamara.

"Yes, fine Miss Scott," replied the Brigadier. "Doctor, its Yates. He says he's going to kill me."

"Yes, I know," replied the Doctor.

"But I don't understand why?" asked the Brigadier.

"Quiet!" snapped one of the soldiers.

It was at that moment a door on the other side of the storage area opened and out walked Mike Yates. He crossed over to where the Doctor, Tamara and the Brigadier were standing. Mike looked directly at the Doctor. "Doctor, I presume?"

The Doctor stared at Mike.

"How lovely to see you again, though you've changed since I last saw you."

"I suppose I have," replied the Doctor.

"And I gather this lovely young lady is your latest traveling companion?" Mike inquired, indicating Tamara.

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "Tamara Scott."

Mike leaned in to kiss Tamara's hand. She quickly snatched it away and instead slapped him across the face.

The soldier guarding Tamara raised his gun to strike her down.

Though Mike had been momentarily embarrassed, he chose not to show it. Instead he indicated to the soldier to put his gun down.

"Well, this is like old times," Mike snidely remarked.

"Hardly," the Brigadier snorted. "What the blazes are you up to Yates?"

"Yes, I was wondering that myself," added the Doctor.

Yates laughed. It wasn't a joyous laugh, but more of the maniacal screech from some crazed lunatic.

"You really have no idea do you, Brigadier," spat Mike.

The Brigadier shook his head. "What happened to you Yates? You use to be such an exemplary soldier."

"For years I've suffered because of you Brigadier."

The Brigadier was confused. "Because of me?"

Yates shook his head and waved the gun towards the Brigadier. "Yes you!" spat Mike. "Because of you, I had to leave UNIT. You disgraced me. You never treated me the same after that, even though I helped you and the Doctor with that Lupton affair."

The Brigadier couldn't believe what he was hearing. "My god man, that was over twenty-five years ago!"

Mike ignored the Brigadier and continued. "I've been in and out of analysis for years because I felt guilty about what happened with Operation Golden Age. I thought I was doing the right thing. I thought you'd be proud of me."

The Doctor interjected. "But Mike, you were pardoned."

"Maybe in your eyes Doctor, but not in his", said Mike as he pointed at the Brigadier. "All I wanted to do was make him proud of me."

The Brigadier didn't know what to say or how to respond. But when he finally did speak, his words were tinged with anger. "But Yates, you killed people."

"I had to," responded Mike.

The Doctor just shook his head in response to the Mike's reply. "You killed innocent people Mike. Why?"

Mike turned to the Doctor. "They tried to stop me reaching my goal."

"What about Commander Desreaux?" interjected Tamara.

"Desreaux was becoming a liability," spat Mike. "He was about to blow the lid off my whole plan. I couldn't let him reveal my plans to you."

The Brigadier turned his look away from Mike with disgust.

It was at this moment the Doctor realized that there wasn't a way to deal with Mike anymore. He was beyond listening to reason. The Doctor had no choice but to implement his plan.

"Now!" yelled the Doctor.

Tamara jumped into action, while the Doctor ran over to where the Brigadier was restrained.

Tamara rapidly spun around and karate chopped the soldier who was directly behind her. She dropped suddenly, rolled across the floor and came up quick on the far side of the room.

The soldiers were momentarily taken by surprise and didn't know what to do. Mike dived for cover and began to fire his gun.

Tamara took this opportunity to jump up on top of some crates. A soldier nearby jumped up and reached to grab at her ankles. Tamara kicked out and knocked the soldier to the ground. Two more soldiers quickly jumped up on the crates from behind and grabbed her by her arms. Tamara jumped up and did a somersault spin which released her from the soldier's grip. She kicked at one the one on the left, and karate chopped the one on the right. Both soldiers lost their balance. The soldier to her left fell off the crates, but the other held on to Tamara, pulling her down with him as he fell. Tamara twisted her body as the two fell, making

sure she landed on top of the soldier. This she did and used his body to roll off to the side, quickly jumping up.

As Tamara was busy fending off the UNIT soldiers, the Doctor was trying to reach the Brigadier. A soldier had come up behind the Doctor and moved to knock him down. The soldier reached out to grab him. Instead the Doctor grabbed the soldiers' outreached arm and yanked it down sharply. With his other hand he quickly chopped it into the soldiers' neck.

"Hai!" yelled the Doctor.

The soldier fell to the ground. A smile broke across the Doctor's face. "Oh my god, it worked!" he shouted out loud.

The Brigadier's voice interrupted the Doctor's reverie. "Doctor, would you quit clowning around and untie me!"

"On my way," shouted the Doctor as he chuckled to himself. "I guess one never forgets Venusian karate."

On the other side of the room, Tamara continued to grapple with the soldier that had fallen off the crates with her. Tamara slammed into the soldier and he lost his balance. The soldier tried to right himself, but before he had a chance to do so, Tamara spun round and karate kicked him under his chin. The soldier fell to the ground unconscious.

The Doctor had, by now, reached the Brigadier and busied himself to free him.

A bullet whizzed past Tamara's head. She quickly glanced over to where the shot had come from. She couldn't tell.

"Miss Scott, to your left," shouted the Brigadier.

The shot had come from another pile of crates. Behind the crates was Mike. He had his gun aimed directly at Tamara.

The Brigadier had been freed. He grabbed hold of the Doctor. "Doctor, do something!" the Brigadier shouted.

The Doctor glanced over at Tamara, and where Mike crouched behind the crates. Mike had her directly in his line of fire and there was no way Tamara could escape.

It looked as if it was all over.

The Doctor quickly reached into his pocket and pulled out the tracking device. He yanked off the top and began to fiddle with the circuiting inside.

Mike raised his gun.

The Doctor quickly continued to change the circuiting.

"Hurry, Doctor", shouted the Brigadier.

Mike aimed directly at Tamara.

The Doctor hooked up the last circuit and slammed the lid back onto the device.

Mike pulled the trigger.

The Doctor raised the device in the air and went to press a button.

A shot rang out.

The Doctor doubled over, clutching at his shoulder as blood gushed out. The tracking device fell out of the Doctor's hand.

Mike had suddenly turned his attention from Tamara and had shot the Doctor. Yates turned back towards Tamara and took aim once more.

With the Doctor slumped on the floor and bleeding, the Brigadier jumped into action and ran straight towards Mike.

The Doctor reached toward where the tracking device had fallen, picked it up and pressed a button. A high-pitched, ear-piercing bleep sounded.

Yates screeched. He lost his balance and clutched his ears as he tried to block out the sound.

Tamara and the Brigadier put their hands over their ears.

The wailing continued.

Tamara and the Brigadier doubled over.

Yates swung around, stumbled and lost grip of his gun. It crashed and slid across the floor, ending up near the Brigadier.

Somehow Yates had dived after the gun as the Brigadier went to grab for it. The two men grappled with one another as both tried to overpower the other.

The Brigadier punched at Yates. The punch was returned. The Brigadier punched Yates again. But this time Mike back-kicked the Brigadier.

The Brigadier stumbled slightly, which unfortunately gave Mike enough of a chance to grab the gun.

The two men stood up and faced one another. There wasn't more than 10 feet between them. Mike raised the gun directly between the Brigadiers eyes.

The Brigadier looked calmly at Mike. He knew there was no way out of this. He knew he was going to die.

Mike gripped the gun and took aim. "Say goodbye, Brigadier."

A shot.

Time had suddenly gone into slow motion.

Blood splashed everywhere as the bullet struck the middle of Mike's forehead.

The Doctor screamed, "No!".

Mike fell back and toppled towards the ground.

The Brigadier slowly looked over to where the shot had come from.

Mike's body made a loud thump as it hit the floor.

The Doctor shook his head in total disbelief.

There stood Tamara with gun in hand. The shot had come from her.

Epilogue

The Doctor and Tamara were finally back inside the TARDIS, after having made sure the Brigadier had got safely back home to Doris.

UNIT reinforcements had arrived at the scene of the tragedy. Investigations would be done to clear UNIT of any wrong doings.

Mike Yates had been pronounced dead before an ambulance had arrived.

The Doctor and Tamara had hardly said two words to one another since Yates was shot. Neither was really quite sure of what to say. The Doctor had chosen to help UNIT with their investigation, while Tamara stayed with some friends for a few days to try and forget the recent events.

The Doctor was in the console room, crouched under the center console. He still hadn't got the Exterior Recognition Circuit fixed.

The door from the interior of the ship opened and Tamara hesitantly came in. She glanced over toward where the Doctor was working.

Tamara hadn't slept very well since Mike's death. She'd been having nightmares and trouble coming to terms with the fact that *she* had pulled the trigger on the gun that killed Mike. For several days now, she had wanted to talk to the Doctor about what had happened. Tamara knew the Doctor wasn't human like her. She wasn't even sure if what had happened even had any effect on him. He certainly hadn't shown any signs of it affecting of him. But it still didn't stop her from wanting to talk to him.

"Doctor?"

The Doctor slid out from where he was working under the console. He sat up and looked over at Tamara.

Neither spoke a word at first.

Tamara came and sat down on the floor beside him. She turned to him. "Doctor. I'm really sorry about what happened."

"Whatever for, child?"

"He was a friend of yours and I killed him." Tamara looked away as tears began to well up in her eyes.

The Doctor reached over and put his arm around Tamara and comforted her. "It's OK. I understand what you did. Sometimes we are not given many options in a tense situation like that. You had to do what you thought was right. And given the situation we were in, you had no other choice. It was a time for quick thinking."

"But that still doesn't excuse what I did."

"Perhaps not. It's not for me to say. As a rule I abhor violence. In a situation like that, I always try to find another way. But in this case, I really don't think there was. Mike had lost all capability for rational thought. I might not agree with what you did, but it was that or Mike would have killed the Brigadier."

Tamara looked directly at the Doctor. "I understand that. It's..It's..."

"What?" asked the Doctor.

"I just can't get out of my mind the look on Mike's face as I shot him." And with that Tamara broke down and cried.

"Oh Tamara." The Doctor squeezed his arm around Tamara tighter. "Give it time. I know it's a terrible thing to have to do what you did. Eventually the nightmares will fade and you will come to terms with it in your way. Just don't forget about it and use it as a lesson to realize that you must always try to find another way to violence."

The Doctor gave Tamara a tissue and she dried her eyes. The Doctor jumped up and grabbed her, pulling her from her spot on the console room. He dashed about the console and began to flick various switches.

"Doctor, what on Earth are you doing?" asked Tamara.

"We need a holiday."

"A holiday?" questioned Tamara.

"Exactly. I've set the TARDIS co-ordinates to take us to Earth. Egypt, to be precise." Tamara just stood there, not really sure if the Doctor was serious or not.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Go get changed. We'll be there in ten minutes."



UNIT Commanders across the globe are being murdered one by one, when the culprit aims their sight on Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart. After several unsuccessful threats on Brigadier's life, he calls in his old friend 'The Doctor', who discovers that there is more going on than meets the eye.

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