

THE  
**DOCTOR WHO**  
PROJECT

**CONVERGENCE**



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Based on an original idea by Kyle Bastian

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**Episode 1**

Grae looked at her reflection in the mirror; the bruise was beginning to swell. She gently touched the thin cut that shot across the left side of her forehead, the bleeding had stopped, but the painful memory had remained.

A small shiver went down her spine every time the event resurfaced and replayed inside her head. She remembered it all.

The guards smiling.

The insulting shouts.

The Doctor being kicked to the ground.

The terrifying hits the guards delivered.

The vile comments roared in her ear by the muscular apes that patrolled the prison.

She remembered it all.

Grae turned from the mirror and slowly limped alongside the wall, her fingers bouncing off each of the cool metal bars that prevented any escape. She repeated the lap several times until she heard the footsteps. The footsteps of the guards. She quickly backed away to the rusting sink and gripped the rim tight with fear.

She had wanted to see the universe. She did not want see this place.

Grae shut her eyes tight and heard the cell door slide open. ‘Don’t look them in the eye’, she thought to herself, wishing for the presence of the guard to go away. She heard something fall to the floor before the footsteps marched off and the door slammed shut.

She opened her eyes and saw the Doctor laying there, the marks of interrogation could be seen on his bleeding face.

\* \* \* \* \*

All sixteen of the books were stacked into a pyramid; she’d read all of them. The Doctor sighed; Grae’s boredom seemed to be rubbing off onto him.

He amused himself by tinkering with the controls on the console, flicking a switch there, pulling a lever here. It didn’t make any difference, but he had to do something.

He’d spent the previous day losing himself in the corridors of the ship, his home. It had taken seven hours exactly to reach an area that even he hadn’t visited before, and only three minutes to get back to the console room. That was architectural configuration for you.

A light flashed. The boredom was over. The call was here.

The Doctor rushed to panel three on the console and examined the controls where the light was hooked up to. He twisted a small dial next to it and was greeted by a small electronic bleep. They were on their way.

Grae entered sporting her long grey overcoat with a plain white t-shirt and knee torn jeans. She could see the excitement on the Doctor’s face as he did several laps around the console, pulling every lever insight with almost melodramatic style. This was not a Time Lord controlling his ship; it was a conductor controlling his orchestra.

Grae smiled with glee and approached the overexcited Doctor who had not noticed her entrance. She stepped up onto the raised dais where the console sat before standing in the way of the Doctor’s next lap, causing him to take notice of her.

“You’re in a good mood,” said Grae while leaning back against the console’s metal panels.

“Why shouldn’t I be?”

“You’ve received the call haven’t you?”

“Indeed I have,” he said before moving her out of the way and continuing with his tinkering.

“Well where is she? Where’s Tamara?” she said impatiently. The Doctor raised his finger to Grae’s lips while pulling down a large black lever. As he did so, the familiar wheezing sound of the TARDIS engines groaned into her ears. After a few seconds, the noise ceased with a thud and the Doctor removed his finger from her lips.

“She is exactly where we are my dear Grae; Decema 7.”

He pulled the door control.

“After you.”

Grae marched out through the threshold that separated the wondrous dimensions of the TARDIS from the infinite universe.

As they both entered the ‘real’ world, the two Time Lords were greeted by gunpoint.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Interrogation number 2. Subject species: Time lord. Name: The Doctor.*

Governor Gadlei looked into the Doctor’s deep blue eyes and saw tiredness, while on his face he saw violence. He was aware of the inhuman treatment of prisoners by the guards, but this did not concern him, he did his job and they did theirs.

Gadlei looked up at the guard by the door; he knew that as soon as the prisoner was out of the room, he’d be tortured. But sympathy was not a priority, discovering the truth over ceded that emotion.

“Citizen Doctor, you are charged of the murders of former Lieutenant Governor Ralei and his staff. You and your companion Citizen Grae shall be questioned until the truth is discovered. This interrogation is now underway,” said the Governor trying to avoid eye contact with the prisoner.

“If I am not yet guilty would you kindly explain to me why your guards treated myself and my companion like some kind of filth out of the sewers of Graxis 9? Has no one in this place have any manners!?” demanded the Doctor before quickly disposing of his anger. “Where is Grae anyway? I must know if she is safe.”

“Your companion is in cell 8 where you shall join her later; after the questioning is over.”

The governor watched as the Doctor produced a silk handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed the bleeding cut on his upper lip.

“Citizen Doctor-”

“It’s just the Doctor.”

“Well, Doctor, do you have any evidence you wish to put forward that you see the need to be taken into account?”

“Well of course Governor, of course! I have evidence that is hard solid fact,” he said with a certain tone of authority. Playing the lawyer was a guilty pleasure of his.

“Your praised Lieutenant-Governor was the leader of an organisation known as the Deci Underground.” The Doctor watched as this caught the full attention of his interrogator.

“A serious accusation. Do you have any evidence to back up such a claim?”

“Well, er no, but I assure you that this is solid fact. I remember the events as though it were tomorrow.”

The Doctor proceeded to tell him everything, about the battle cruiser, the Time Lords, Bramahl, not forgetting Section 13, their presence still haunting him in the back of his mind, the same place where he had hidden the pain of his arrival with Grae.

He replayed it in his mind; locking the police box doors behind him, Grae standing near, rain pouring down, so much rain. The Governor's guards appeared out of nowhere. He remembered their insults as both Time Lords were kicked to the ground, being punched and spat at. It wasn't meant to be like this, it *shouldn't* be like this.

Governor Gadlei sat in disbelief as the lies flowed out of the prisoner's mouth; he began to see him like filth as the guards did for a split second, but quickly reverted. He must not show or feel any emotion when dealing with matters such as this, don't let them see that you care for one second, otherwise they might manipulate you for their own needs.

"Do you really expect me to believe such wild allegations Doctor?" said the Governor, still avoiding eye contact with the prisoner.

"Yes, yes I do," said the Doctor calmly.

"You seem to be unaware that the battle cruiser you claim to have been built for Bramahl was in fact constructed as a defence against possible invasion by the Fetch. It is no secret, half of Decema 7 knows of its purpose."

The Doctor let out a sigh, how many times had he been in a situation such as this? Too often, which was unhealthy for a Time Lord of his age.

"Governor," he said plainly, "the Fetch are a lie. They don't exist. I know; I've checked. Bramahl inserted them into your history solely to give you a reason to build the battle cruiser in the first place! Like the Deci underground's hatred of the Terran Colony Alliance - based in untruths and manipulations!"

"Nonsense – excuses; the ranting of a deranged mind." The Governor pushed a pad on his chair and his guards were called. "I now find you guilty of the murder of former Lieutenant Governor Rolei and his staff, the innocence of your companion Graekatziasa'asterus shall be determined next. For now you shall be placed in cell 8 and await execution."

This time, Gadlei couldn't help looking the prisoner in the eyes.

"You do know what will happen the moment I walk out that door?" sighed the Doctor. "You know that I'll be beaten to the floor, tortured, kicked, abused, you know but you don't want to worry yourself over a simple prisoner do you?"

He knew, he could see right through him.

"That's right, don't get involved, don't feel, don't care, just get on with your job and everything will be all right. Goodbye Governor Gadlei."

On that note, the Doctor stood up from his seat and was greeted by the guard at the door. The guard took his arm and led him out.

Gadlei listened to the groans of the Doctor as he fell to the floor; he let out a long sigh. He suddenly felt very old, and very helpless.

\* \* \* \* \*

Grae threw herself back on the bed, she felt so weak, and so very very tired. Their trip to Decema 7 was meant to be child's play, just pick up Tamara and they'd be off again, off into the stars, fight the monsters, help the innocent, save the day. But it was never like that, the fairy tale was over.

She just wanted her friends back; the Doctor, Tamara and Grae, as it should be. Together.

Her interrogation had been a waste of time; her hypnotism skills were useless against the Governor. He knew the rules, he knew the game.

Her wristcomm – if only she still had her wristcomm...

"Ouch," said the Doctor alarmingly as he awakened from his meditation.

Grae looked up and saw him remove a pair of sunglasses from his trouser pocket; they were bent and cracked with shards of glass missing. She saw the sadness in his eyes, she wanted to take it away, make him better. Her friend shouldn't be allowed to go through this; he shouldn't have to face the violent guards that continually ridiculed and beat him.

"We really need to get out of here," she said casually before getting off the bed. She made her way to the cross-legged Doctor and put a hand on his shoulder. He looked like an infant who had just discovered a rip in his favourite teddy bear.

"You know, I'm beginning to think that those guards don't like us," said the Doctor innocently while rubbing the bruise on his cheek.

Grae smiled, as did the Doctor. They had each other; together they wouldn't lose this battle.

"Your intelligence has not pervaded you, Time Lord," said an all too familiar voice.

The Doctor and Grae turned towards to the cell door, behind the bars stood a familiar face. It sent a chill up Grae's spine.

The newcomer smiled to reveal a set of rank yellow teeth.

"Rikko Gavay." Grae muttered. The Agency had set Rikko up as her contact on Decema 7, but their last meeting wasn't pleasant by any means. In fact, she ended up pretty much in the same condition as she was currently, with him seemingly enjoying punching her in the face. Repeatedly.

"Ah, Rikko," beamed the Doctor ecstatically, "I never knew you were the tea lady here! Seems as though one of us has gone down in the world."

"I am here on business. And how could I resist when such a beautiful prize awaits me in open arms." Rikko gazed at Grae while licking his sore red lips.

"Open arms? You seem to be blind to the fact that one hand will be holding a mark four plasma rifle," said Grae, failing to destroy Rikko's smirk.

"You said you were here on business, who sent you?"

"Let us say, a 'friend', of yours and mine."

Grae's face lit up, it was Tamara, it had to be. She glanced at the Doctor and saw that he felt the same way.

"I will take you to her, if the price is right, Time Lord."

"Price? Unfortunately I seem to be a bit short at the moment," said the Doctor while rummaging around in his empty pockets.

"I'm sure we can come to some arrangement." Rikko glanced at Grae again in his same perverse manner. The Doctor interjected and stood in front of Grae; he held her wrist in a protective way. Grae felt safe, he was here, he wouldn't hurt her.

"Whatever you're thinking Rikko you can just forget it. Keep your filthy hands away from Grae."

"You spoil my fun Doctor, when she would make such a good slave girl, obeying my every word in whatever task I wish."

"That seems reasonable," said Grae to the shock of both the Doctor and Rikko.

"You can't be serious Grae; I will not have you ripped of your dignity just so we can be free of this place. I will not allow it."

Grae looked into the Doctor's angered eyes, he was so protective over her, she felt honoured.

"Doctor, we must get out of here and find Tamara. Its simple, I become Rikko's *temporary\_servant*, and in return he bails us out."

Rikko watched with deep satisfaction.

"Grae this is simply unacceptable, I will not let this animal control you."

“Relax,” whispered Grae, “I can handle him once I heal. I haven’t spent all this time with Tamara without picking up some tips. Doctor we must get out of here, I can’t face another day of insults and beatings.”

He sighed and saw the truth in his friend’s words. She had outwitted him, again.

“Alright, let us out Rikko.”

“Excellent,” he said with a perverse smile. The cell door swung open.

\* \* \* \* \*

*“Having a bad day? Want a change in your lifestyle? Wish you were someone different? Then sign up today with Memories Incorporated to begin a new life. With our memory alteration units you can be whatever you want to be, without the memories of your current existence. Attention, not yet medically safe, we will hold no responsibility over any brain trauma or medical and psychological problems.”*

The Doctor sighed as the hologramatic advertisement ended and whizzed off in its portable unit to attract another person’s attention. His gaze followed the device’s route out of the open window of the hover bus. An elderly lady with a walking stick was its next victim as the advert restarted.

He looked down at Grae’s handcuffs that Rikko had locked her into. He knew that while she wore them, Rikko owned her. But he would put an end to that, he had to, it was what he did. He glanced at Rikko sitting behind Grae; he was too close for comfort. The con man became aware of the Doctor’s stare and sat back in his seat.

Grae had been aware of Rikko breathing down her neck. She had distracted herself by listening to the tour guide droid’s informative speech about Decema 7.

She looked up at the computer screen above the droid where in glowing orange text it read out their destination; Mount Orcle. Rikko had assured them that Tamara was awaiting them there.

The Doctor glanced out of the open window again, gazing at passers by. In the near distance he saw Mount Orcle; many settlements could be seen scattered up to the top.

The tour bus gained speed making it harder to make out the people, he quickly saw a young woman sitting on a park bench, in an instant she was gone. The Doctor felt something stir in the back of his mind, he was sure that the woman was familiar to him. He dismissed it quickly and shut the bus window.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara looked up from her magazine; the taxi driver was gazing at her with annoyance. She ignored him and returned to the reading item, it was entitled ‘The Daily Decema’. There was an interesting article describing some celebrity sportsman who had cheated on his pregnant wife, same old same old.

The taxi driver beeped the horn. He was a muscular bald man in his late forties; it was obvious that he didn’t believe Tamara would pay her fare. She had ordered him to drop her off here and wait, the bill going up by the second.

A tour bus went past, hovering above the ground at a quick pace. A face stared out at her. He was here.

The driver beeped again. Tamara leapt into the back of the taxi to the relief of the driver.

“Thank you, now how about you start paying up,” he said unpleasantly.

“Follow that tour bus, now,” she ordered.

“You owe me a fortune lady, now you ain’t going nowhere till you pay up.”

Something stirred inside Tamara: a raw power, and it was escaping.

“Follow that tour bus,” said the inhuman force within her.

“Yes ma’am,” replied the hypnotised driver.

“At a discreet distance.”

“Of course ma’am.”

The car started.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor, Rikko and the handcuffed Grae stepped off of the bus along with a small group of tourists. They were in a preserved nature spot known as Bamboo Gardens; well that was what the droid tourist guide had told Grae.

As the bus sped away behind them, Grae looked around impatiently to catch sight of Tamara. There was nothing, only the flash of tourist’s cameras.

“Come,” said Rikko, not so perversely this time, “she is this way.”

The two of them followed him, his rank odour wafting into their nostrils. Grae guessed that he was taking them to a small pagoda she could see in the distance. Underneath it stood a table where a hooded figure sat. She guessed it to be a woman by her shape.

The pagoda drew nearer while Grae attempted to free herself from the handcuffs, only succeeding in hurting her wrists. She quickly gave up as they arrived under the canvas ceiling where the figure sat.

Grae was overcome with joy. Tamara had been away too long. She pushed forward to embrace her friend, even if she was still handcuffed.

The figure stood up and lifted her hood. Grae’s face fell in horror; she fell back against one of the poles holding up the canvas.

Bramahl smiled back at her.

## Episode 2

Grae’s body froze with shock as Bramahl’s gaze fixed upon her. She had no idea on how to react; with her hands cuffed she became as useless as her hypnotism was against Gadlei. She sighed with relief as The Doctor stepped in to protect her. He stood strong and bold in front of his friend to face the surprising arrival of an unwelcome face.

Rikko gazed upon the occurrence with great pleasure. His main focus was upon his new girl slave, Grae.

“Where is Tamara?” demanded the Doctor firmly.

Bramahl began to laugh menacingly at the Doctor’s words. Grae watched as a large scar running down the right side of her face was exposed as she cackled. She smiled with satisfaction knowing Tamara had given her that mark. At least her enemy would be reminded of the ex-secret agent every time she glanced in the mirror.

“Ah, the precious Tamara, now I’m sure I left her somewhere,” said Bramahl with deep pleasure.

“Don’t play games with me.”

“Now if I remember correctly, she took my position within Section 13. Leaving me to go freely wherever I wish.”

“I see, you were ‘let go’, just like Lon Maral. You are familiar with Lon Maral? The agent whose parting gift was an addiction to Gunpowder?”

Grae watched in horror as Bramahl leapt forward and clasped her hands around the Doctor’s neck. He began to choke and gasp for air, but before Grae could do anything, Rikko intervened. The yellow-toothed man grabbed her shoulders from behind and held her still.

“Don’t struggle little one, Rikko will take care of you,” he whispered into her ear.

Bramahl swung the Doctor’s body to the floor as he hopelessly resisted.

“You go too far Time Lord! Lon Maral is- was my brother!” she screamed.

Grae tried to break free from Rikko’s grasp but his strength overpowered her. She looked around trying to find anything that might help her or the Doctor. She saw a couple walking past trying to ignore the disturbance that took place in the pagoda. They seemed to be walking very slowly she thought. That can’t be right. The couple seemed to be slowing down by the second, but she could tell it was not deliberate. She glanced around again; everyone outside of the pagoda seemed to be moving at super slow speed, what was the cause?

Her attention on the present situation had been distracted by the strange occurrence around her, when she returned to the matter at hand she found that she was no longer in the grip of Rikko. She turned around in confusion and found her attacker on his knees, behind him stood the one woman she *did* want to see: Tamara.

The ex-secret agent stood behind Rikko, her fingers performing a strange yet complicated pinch to his neck causing him great pain.

“I leave you for one second and look what you get yourselves into,” she said with a large grin across her face.

“Tamara!” yelled Grae before leaping forward to greet her friend who immediately let go of the rank smelling con man.

“Your sense of timing is as sharp as ever,” said the Doctor who still lay in the grass.

Bramahl stumbled back in horror at the woman’s arrival. She hit one of the poles holding up the pagoda’s ceiling unaware that the Doctor had now got to his feet and was standing behind her. He quickly gripped her arms leaving her with no escape from Tamara’s presence.

“How’s the shoulder Rikko,” she sneered at the curled up figure. He instinctively grasped at the scar left from the staser wound she had given him during their last meeting.

“It’s so good to see you,” said an ecstatic Grae.

Tamara glanced down at her cuffed hands and frowned.

“Well we can’t have that,” she said before grasping the metal. Grae watched with amazement as they unlocked at the touch of Tamara’s slender hands. The cuffs then fell to the ground next to the recovering body of Rikko. With Grae now free, she embraced her friend with excitement.

“You know Bramahl; if I didn’t know better I’d say you were actually afraid of Tamara here.”

“You don’t understand Doctor; you must take me away from here. I’ll do anything, anything as long as you don’t take me back *there*, if I go back to the Section I don’t know what’ll happen.”

“That’s enough Bramahl; I’ll deal with you later.”

The Time Lord turned towards Tamara as she let go of her ecstatic friend.

“I take it that all this is your handy work,” said the Doctor while gesturing towards the slow moving tourists.

“Of course, with the powers I gained in the section I was able to slow down local time making it far easier to find you.”

“Please Doctor; I beg you, protect me. Let me into the TARDIS, I’ll be safe there,” pleaded the terrified Bramahl, “you can have Rikko, anything you want, just don’t take me back to Section 13.”

Rikko looked up in shock.

“I have a better idea,” said Tamara.

Grae watched in amazement as two separate energy fields surrounded Bramahl and Rikko. Their trapped bodies ceased to move while trapped behind the blue halo.

“There, their time streams have been frozen,” said Tamara unemotionally.

“This won’t do at all,” said an angered Doctor, “Bramahl’s presence is one thing I didn’t need. But thank you Tamara for removing the problem, temporarily that is.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“No Tamara, I will simply not allow it!” roared the Doctor as his face burned red with anger.

Grae had never seen him this annoyed before. She stepped away from the argument that took place in the gentle humming console room. The Doctor and Tamara were locked in each other’s gaze, neither blinking for a second.

Bramahl and Rikko were positioned by the rarely used hat stand, still encased in their energy fields and frozen in a split second of time.

“There is so much information we can gain from her Doctor, you may not like it but she’s staying for now,” ordered Tamara.

“I will not have her set loose in my TARDIS, she and Rikko must be shipped back to the Section immediately.”

“She is of no danger whatsoever; any psychic abilities gained from her time with Section 13 have been removed.”

The Doctor sighed and leaned onto the TARDIS console. Grae could see his age showing; he was old, too old in fact.

“What do you think Grae?” asked the weary Time Lord. “You know the amount of Gallifreyan blood that is on her hands.”

She hesitated.

“I agree with Tamara, there is important information to be gained from Bramahl. We can’t let her go yet.”

There was a long silent pause with only the familiar TARDIS hum to fill the gap.

“As you wish, but I shall have no part in it,” said the Doctor before striding towards the interior door.

“The information will be worth a price in return,” said Tamara before the Doctor slammed the door behind him angrily.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a small crowded market, sellers, tradesmen and buyers carried out their duties at super slow speed. The exchange of goods and money took what seemed like a lifetime.

One nearby tourist slipped on a puddle of previously spilt Venusian ale. He had tripped on it ten minutes ago; he still hadn’t hit the ground.

But then, with a satisfying click, time returned to normal, and the tourist fell to the road with a painful thud.

Naked to the vision spectrum of any human, Kraal or Slime Beast, a large blue police box dematerialized into the realms of time and space.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara smiled as she watched the time rotor gently rise and fall, the grating in-flight noise of the TARDIS echoed throughout the corridors of the ship.

Her eyes scanned over all the gleaming lights and reflective surfaces of switches and levers. The readings of dials began to change as the capsule entered the time vortex. Tamara placed her hands on the surface of the console and felt the energy flooding throughout its circuitry.

The pawns were in place. The game had begun.

She glanced up and saw Bramahl and Rikko still frozen within a split second. "Show time," she thought to herself.

The ex-secret agent side stepped round to the next panel and fixed her gaze upon a small red box with a small knob and switch on its surface. Above it were the words: Dimensional Interface Lock, in felt tip. The Doctor had a nasty habit of labelling switches on the console in this manner.

Tamara pressed down the button causing the entire control unit to spring up a centimetre away from the console. She then took hold of the 'DIL' and removed it completely.

Her eyes gazed upon the frozen Bramahl.

The ex-Section 13 agent stood entrapped in her energy field with Rikko by her side. Within a split second, she was free and back in real time. She looked around in fear; she was in the Doctor's TARDIS. Safe. Wait, Tamara was there; her powerful stare was fixed upon her. She stepped back in terror.

"Leave me alone, you won't get me!" she roared.

"Shut up," ordered Tamara calmly.

Bramahl waited to obey her next orders.

"You will follow my instructions and if you even think of trying to escape, well, I'm sure you're aware of what my newly gained powers can do."

The doors to the ship flung open to reveal a black empty void.

"Now move."

Bramahl hesitantly stepped out into the exterior; in the distance she saw a pair of blue wooden doors. Each one had a window at the top and wooden panels trailing down to the base. Behind her she could only see the outline of the zigzagged shape the doors formed. Beyond that was nothing but void.

Tamara joined her in the strange landscape, her head was aching slightly. The power she now contained was becoming hard to control; she needed to regain her strength before she used it again.

"W-where are we?" asked Bramahl nervously.

"Tut tut, questions, questions. It's of no consequence, but I feel you should be aware of why I bought you here. Welcome to the Dimensional Cross-Section of the Doctor's TARDIS. This is the junction between the inner TARDIS dimension and the Police Box exterior."

Tamara dug into her pocket and produced the 'DIL' she had extracted from the console earlier.

“You usually pass through this section as quickly as you enter or leave the TARDIS, but without this little device,” she held out the Dimensional Interface Lock, “the outer doors of the ship do not match with the doors leading out of the console room.”

“And your point is?” sighed Bramahl, her attention slipping.

“All I need to do is operate the lock control and the outer doors will realign and fling us both out into the vortex.”

Tamara now had Bramahl’s undivided attention.

\* \* \* \* \*

Grae’s breathing grew faster as did her pace. She was sure the Doctor had gone this way. But the corridors of the ancient time vessel did tend to fold back on themselves to create a claustrophobic maze. She had experienced it before and it was never pleasant.

A daunting realisation came over her; she’d been this way twice before.

“I’m in no mood to play games,” she said angrily.

Grae stopped her aimless wandering and sat down cross-legged on the warm TARDIS floor with her arms crossed.

“I’m not moving you know,” she called out.

Her vision gazed down the corridor and watched with satisfaction as its dimensions shrank, and whatever room lay at the end was brought closer towards her. She made it out to be one of the TARDIS cloisters. She could see the Doctor pacing up and down through its vine infested, crumbling stone architecture.

Within a moment she was sitting in the doorway to cloister. She looked up at her friend; he was muttering to himself, something was wrong.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Don’t be foolish; I know you won’t do it. And you won’t get any information out of me,” said Bramahl defiantly. “I can see right through you, the Doctor would never let you make such a sacrifice. I’m sure he’s watching this right now, witnessing his grand scheme play out. Well I won’t fall for it!”

“You think so,” said Tamara calmly.

She raised the Dimensional Interface Lock and placed her thumb and forefinger on the dial; she smiled one last time at her nemesis and twisted the control.

“NO!” screamed Bramahl as the walls of the void around them began to twist, turn and shift like a giant Rubik’s Cube.

The police box doors in the distance grew closer towards them, a few moments later they swung open to reveal the swirling colours of the time vortex.

Bramahl screamed in pain as the time winds began to burn away at her body.

### **Episode 3**

Tamara watched as the environment around them shifted violently. She saw Bramahl screaming in pain as her right arm was being scorched away by the howling winds that echoed through the vortex.

“Make it stop!” she begged.

Tamara laughed at her pleas and witnessed a tear drip down from her tightly shut eyes. She then proceeded to twist the dial on the Dimensional Interface Lock back into its

original position. The ever-approaching police box doors slammed shut and sped back into the distance. The void stabilized and all was calm again.

Bramahl clutched her right arm, which had now been chaffed raw; she glanced up at the left side of Tamara's face, which was in the same condition. She didn't seem to even notice the wound and remembered how she had once been able to dismiss pain. But that power had now gone.

"I take it that you won't test me again?" Tamara asked as her face healed.

"Yes," whimpered Bramahl as the tears leaked down her cheeks.

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Grae rose from her cross-legged position on the TARDIS floor and entered the crumbling cloister, pushing a group of vines out of the way. She watched as the Doctor paced up and down muttering to himself, it seemed as though a thousand different thoughts were flooding in and out of his mind. Same as always, thought Grae.

She took another step forward and was about to speak when the Doctor interrupted.

"I know what you're going to say and it's out of the question," snapped the ancient Time Lord.

The Doctor had taken no notice of her entrance and did not even look her in the face. He seemed confused and worried; he then let out a deep sigh and ceased his aimless pacing up and down. He stood facing his companion straight in the eye, trying to avoid the decay that surrounded him.

"Throughout my long life I've fought evil wherever I found it. But, the Thirteen are unlike anything I've ever encountered. They're more callous and ruthless and for that I fear them. I fear what they can do. They knew my perceived weakness lies in the love I feel for my friends, and they knew how to exploit it. They created the "One" I couldn't possibly save in Jessica Benton. Paradoxes aside, the memory of her face and the torment that goes along with it will haunt me until the day I die. Then Bramahl kills Leela and, not to mention making several attempts at killing you. If I were to lose you on top of all this, Grae, I wouldn't be able to go on. Can you see why I can't trust her?"

Grae moved in and held the Doctor in her arms.

Her hero was weeping.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bramahl felt the pressure of the velvet choker around her neck. It had a small metal disk with an attached bulb which shone red every few seconds. It was extremely uncomfortable, causing her to raise her hand to loosen it a little. She withdrew it immediately as a small electrical shock surged through her arm and spread throughout her body.

"What is this thing?" she demanded while recovering from the shock.

"Ah, it's a new toy of mine, and no, it isn't just for fashion. It is a location slip device, if ever I feel you're going somewhere you shouldn't be, you will be dematerialized and sent to whatever location I am presently in. I'm sure you're aware of the consequences of trying to remove the device. Neat, don't you think?"

"Well it sure is uncomfortable."

"Good. Come on," said Tamara before ushering her towards the doorway leading to the inner dimension of the TARDIS.

Bramahl stood patiently as Tamara leapt up to the console and refitted the dimensional interface lock back into its socket. Behind her, Bramahl saw the police box

doors fling towards them while the walls of the void moved in the same Rubik's cube fashion. Before the time winds could penetrate the vessel, the inner doors swung close and all was silent.

Bramahl glanced towards the frozen Rikko, for a second she was sure that he moved, this was quickly dismissed with the knowledge that Tamara's powers could not be broken, unless...

"Come on, stop daydreaming. I think it's time we found the Doctor, don't you?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor released himself from Grae's embrace; he fixed his eyes on the eroded stone bench and took his place on its edge. He patted the space next to him and Grae joined him.

"Catastrophe is on our doorstep Grae; I can see terrible things that are to come, we can't escape it."

The Doctor could hear the screams of the innocent calling out to him from the future; an evil laughter took pleasure in their deaths. If this truly was to take place, the Time Lord didn't know if he did want to face it.

"I know. I can feel it too, so can Tamara, I've seen it in her eyes. But we can face it, together."

The Doctor glanced at his companion; she had such a young mind brimming with intelligence. He had been here before. The last time had caused many terrible events to occur; he must make sure it didn't happen again.

"Don't you see, Doctor? Tamara and I look out for you as much as you do for us. That's what makes us work so well together, we have the ability to watch each others backs."

He gave her a smile, trying to ignore the fact that her voice was among the screaming innocents.

"You said catastrophe is on our doorstep, and Section 13 is at the heart of it. But I have no fear in dying to stop them. I only have one life, and I can't think of a more honourable way to end it."

"You're beginning to sound like Leela."

He reached forward to kiss her on the cheek.

"You're a survivor, you'll be okay."

Grae knew this precious moment would stay with her for the rest of her lives. Life. She was rather annoyed when it was interrupted by the arrival of Tamara and Bramahl who seemed to be sporting some sort of choker around her neck.

"Ah, I see you two have been having fun," said the Doctor lightly. He glanced at the device around Bramahl's neck. "I have agreed that you may have sanctuary aboard my TARDIS in exchange for information regarding Section 13. However, if you so much as look at my companions with threatening intentions, I will return you to your former employers on a silver platter. Agreed?"

Bramahl was silent and simply shook the Doctor's outstretched hand. Now he definitely knew that history was repeating itself.

While their hands were still clasped, Bramahl, the Doctor, Grae and Tamara were all knocked to the floor by a violent jolt. Grae received a painful blow to the head when falling off the crumbling bench

The Doctor rose to his feet immediately looking furious. He grabbed Bramahl from off of the floor and gripped her by the shoulders angrily.

“We had an agreement! What have you done to my home!?” he demanded with a face red with anger.

“Rikko!” shouted Tamara in sudden realisation.

\* \* \* \* \*

The quartet made their way through the maze like corridors; the floor was vibrating violently which did not bode well for their journey.

Grae leapt at the interior TARDIS door, the Doctor, Tamara and Bramahl close behind. She pushed the handle forward only to be disappointed and rather annoyed.

“It’s locked!”

“Bloody hell!” shouted Tamara angrily before kicking the door straight off its hinges.

The quartet made their way into the console chamber and saw Rikko standing over the controls; his perverse smile was wide across his face.

“How did you escape the time field!?” roared Tamara.

Grae glanced back at Bramahl just to check she wasn’t up to something.

“It’s rather simple when you’re a Section 13 operative.”

“What!?” said the Doctor, genuinely shocked.

“I’m delighted you could join me here Time Lord. Now I have Grae, the two Section traitors and you, all nicely wrapped up for the taking.”

“What have you done to my ship!?”

Rikko responded by slamming the scanner control forward. The shutters that covered the screen rose to reveal a giant purple scar in the fabric of space that grew ever closer.

“The dimensional scar,” whispered Grae under her breath. The memories of its creation flooded back. Its birth had coincided with her meeting the Doctor for the first time; it had all seemed so very long ago.

“You’re insane! You must stop this now!” roared the Time Lord.

“Hold tight,” said Rikko while shutting his eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice watched with awe as the time capsule entered the dimensional scar, the moment of impact occurred and the very fabric of the vessel began to stretch and distort.

“The Type 40 capsule has breached the threshold madam,” said the pilot unemotionally.

“I can see that,” replied Alice while turning away from the scanner.

She glanced around the flight deck. The Chancellery guards were busying themselves by tinkering with the controls at their stations. Her fellow council members were seated at the front of the deck, giving out instructions and generally bossing people around.

“When will the break up occur?” asked one of the council, Alice knew he was a new member; this caused him to be uninformed on much of the present situation.

“Just about now I think,” she said casually.

She glanced back at the distorted police box that hung in the scar, within a flash, its dimensions stretched and split into two. Each segment spun off in a different direction inside the tear.

“Why must we delay? The Doctor and his companions are in danger,” said Fey. She was the eldest of the council but by no means the wisest; if she was it would have been her wearing the sash of leadership, not Alice.

“Everything must be correct; we can’t afford to make mistakes when journeying back into the past like this.”

Alice felt her impatience also, especially when her life was at risk as well.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bramahl gripped tight onto the one half of the console as the Doctor attempted to operate the now useless controls.

“Is there nothing you can do!?”

“I’m trying. The TARDIS wasn’t built to handle these sorts of situations.”

“Sorry old girl,” he murmured to the console.

Bramahl looked out onto the glowing purple scar, distorted shapes twirled across the space while a howling wind blew her hair in every direction. In the distance she saw the other half of the police box tilt violently.

“Look!” She pointed at the other segment of the time capsule.

The Doctor glanced briefly and returned to his work.

“If only I could materialize our section onto the other.”

“Well what’s stopping you?!”

“The dematerialisation controls are in the other segment!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara hit the roundel-covered wall with agonizing pain. Their section of the TARDIS was now almost on its side. The half of the bookcase that had remained in their area was now spilling out into the dimensional scar. Hundreds of priceless originals just wasting away into dust.

Tamara stretched out her arms and caught the falling Grae who joined her on the wall.

“Where’s the Doctor!?” roared the Time Lord over the howls that echoed throughout the scar.

“I don’t know! In the other section along with Bramahl I think!”

Grae glanced up at the half of the console that Rikko hung onto, beyond that was the bright violet halo of the dimensional scar.

“We have to do something!” shouted Grae, stuck for ideas.

The two of them quickly gripped the edges of the roundels as the room jolted again. Tamara’s fingers went red with pressure as they desperately clung on in fear of falling.

Rikko held the controls tightly, his whole body was swung over the console and he was at risk of plummeting into the scar. A book flew out from the case and hit him off the cheek causing an unwelcome bruise.

Another jolt rocked the segment of the TARDIS, this time it was turned completely on its side. Grae and Tamara were now able to stand up on the wall, leaving Rikko dangling off of the console. He reluctantly let go and landed next to the Doctor’s companions.

“Hello precious one,” he said before leaping onto Grae. “You’ve humiliated me for the last time.”

They both landed together, he had the advantage and began to thrash at her with his filthy hands, striking several blows to her jaw.

Grae attempted to free herself from the grasp of Rikko, his rank breath seeped into her nose causing the experience to get even more uncomfortable. The roundels of the once TARDIS wall dug into her back with a sharp pain.

Tamara came to her aid and kicked him satisfactorily in the ribs and he was flung off of the Time Lord. Grae got to her feet and witnessed the con man violently cough up blood. He then looked up at the two of them; his face was bruised and seething with anger. He quickly leapt to his feet and pounced onto Grae, knocking them both off into the dimensional tear...

## Episode 4

“I can’t hold on for much longer!” screamed Bramahl as the lever she held onto began to bend back slightly.

“You must, at least until I figure something out,” said the Doctor, reacting to the situation with extreme calm.

“Don’t hurry on my account!”

Bramahl was tempted to throw a punch at the Doctor, but resisted on the grounds that she might lose her grip and tumble away into the burning purple storm of the dimensional scar. But then, a familiar sound began to beat onto her eardrums. She was sure she’d heard it before, and was positive that it was getting louder. It sounded like a TARDIS materializing.

“Can you hear that?”

Before he could concentrate on the newly arrived noise, both he and Bramahl were shocked by the violent appearance of several grey slate walls that sealed themselves over the gaps that led into the oblivion of the scar.

All was silent.

“Doctor, you tricked me. You promised that you wouldn’t take me back to Section 13. Now they’ve got both of us,” she said in sheer panic.

“Calm down, this is the work of someone equally corrupt – the Time Lords.’

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice examined the deformed police box doors. The dimensional instability had done havoc to its structure but she was sure it would be fixed once the two sections were connected.

She and her fellow council members watched as one of the Chancellery Guards opened the distorted doors with the specified key. With a long creak they opened and all eight of the guards marched through in single file. The clatter of their armour never ceased to annoy Alice.

The head of the council smartened herself up and straightened her sashes of office before following the guards into the Type 40 time capsule. Alice surveyed its interior with awe; it had been a long time since she had been in the old girl.

Either side of her were the guards, standing straight with impeccable uniform. At the half console she saw the Doctor and ex-Section 13 agent Bramahl.

“Greetings Doctor, it seems we arrived just in time,” said Alice while delivering her irresistible smile to the Time Lord. Her fellow council members began to clutter in through the doorway.

“Yes, thank you, I was beginning to get worried.”

“Always glad to help you out.”

“Alice, you probably remember Bramahl.”

Alice walked around the woman slowly, sizing her up. Her long, thick braid of chocolate-brown hair bouncing behind her with each step

Bramahl caught a glint in the Time Lady’s eye that seemed strangely familiar to her.

“Do I know you?” She asked cautiously.

“Undoubtedly.” Alice smiled and the familiar glint grew. “I have my own score to settle with you.”

“Doctor,” Bramahl turned to her captor looking for an answer, “surely she’s –”

“Right then,” the Doctor interrupted. “It’s time we got down to business, I don’t suppose that you happened to –”

“Yes Doctor, we have discovered your companions and they are in safe hands. We also took the liberty of stabilizing the TARDIS by merging it with our own system.”

Alice glanced back as she saw the elderly Fey step forward.

“Guards, take Lon Bramahl to the specified area if you please,” said the frail woman.

The nearest two Chancellery Guards marched from their positions and took Bramahl by the arms. The Doctor watched with concern as she was escorted out of his ship.

“You’ll have offered her sanctuary by now, right?” asked Alice.

The Doctor nodded.

“Don’t worry; we’ll respect that as long as she lives up to her part of the bargain.”

“It’s good to see you again my dear,” the Doctor said as he hugged the young woman warmly. “I’m happy to see you’ve done so well for yourself.”

“It’s tough sometimes, but rewarding all the same.”

“Don’t you ever get the itch to scarper?”

“More often than I’d admit to anyone else.”

The Doctor paused, looking the young woman in the eyes and grabbing her gently by the shoulders. “You know you’re always welcome with me.”

Alice smiled and offered her arm. Together they left to attend to business.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara turned a corner while following her escort. He was a well-built and rather handsome man who she’d definitely look at twice.

The corridors all seemed identical and dull, the definite signs that it was a Gallifreyan Time vessel.

After a few seconds they reached the conference room. It was large and dominated by a long narrow table with dozens of oddly shaped chairs. On one side of the table was Grae, munching hungrily at a large plate of sandwiches. It was no surprise considering the muck they’d been feeding them in the prison on Decema 7.

“I see you’ve managed to keep yourself out of trouble for a few minutes at least,” said Tamara while grinning.

“A world record for me don’t you think?”

Grae’s eyes fixed upon Tamara’s handsome escort. Within a second she was on her feet and hugging the man so tightly he may have had trouble breathing.

“Jonnas, is it really you,” she said with glee while releasing him. She had last seen him during her graduation at Prydonian Academy; his youthful good looks had not faded yet.

Tamara stepped back away from the scene, knowing it was none of her business.

“What are you doing here?”

“I should be asking you the same thing,” said Jonnas in disbelief. “You shouldn’t be here at all; this could cause all sorts of problems.”

“What are you talking about,” said Grae, slightly hurt by her old friend’s words.

“I-you-I have to go,” he said hastily before rushing out into the corridor.

Before Grae could follow him, Tamara gripped her shoulder to hold her back.

“Leave it Grae; this must be the work of Alice.”

“Alice?”

“The Time Lord who brought us here, she seems to be running the operation.”

“Is this the same ‘Alice’ that helped you out on Earth?”

“Yep.” Tamara answered. “And on Talachia as well.”

“I don’t remember any Time Lord official by the name of ‘Alice.’ I wonder why I keep missing her.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor rubbed his bruised shoulder before being lifted off of the floor by a young male Time Lord, the same person who had knocked him to the floor.

“I’m really sorry, I wasn’t looking where I was going,” said Jonnas nervously.

“It’s quite alright, no damage done.”

“Jonnas, what’s wrong?” asked Alice, annoyed.

“I’m sorry ma’am, I was looking for you. I escorted Tamara to the conference room and was rather shocked to find, well, Grae there.”

“Ah, yes. I was meaning to tell you about that,” said Alice uncomfortably.

“What’s going on?” the Doctor asked. “You did say this wouldn’t be a problem.”

Alice sighed deeply.

“I might as well get it over with. If Grae is to help with Section 13, she best know the truth. What do you think, Doctor?”

“I think it may be for the best.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The door to the conference room slid open and Grae, along with Tamara, watched as the Doctor, Alice and several of the Council members entered. The Council, all sporting grey uniforms with navy blue sashes slanting in one direction or the other, took their seats first.

Grae immediately guessed who Alice was and noticed that she had two sashes on her uniform indicating authority. The woman seemed to be avoiding eye contact with Grae, even when she went over to greet her.

“You must be Alice.” Grae announced friendly. “Delighted to meet you at last!”

The Doctor ushered Tamara towards the conference table where they sat down.

“Yeah, um, pleased to meet you,” said Alice, still avoiding eye contact.

Grae shook her hand, finally their eyes met and all was clear to her now. Energy seemed to surge between the two of them.

Grae recognized her – as herself.

The red-haired Time Lord quickly embraced the brunette and together they became one. Tears began to stream down her cheeks as she realized that regeneration was still possible. Somehow. Someway. It happens. This cat had got her nine lives back.

Suddenly there was hope.

Grae ceased the embrace but still clung onto Alice’s- her hands.

“Is it really true?”

Alice smiled widely.

“Yes Grae, you *will* regenerate. I’m your second incarnation.”

“Oh Grae, that’s great!” Tamara embraced her friend and they cried mutual tears of joy.

The Doctor slowly approached his companion and mussed her fiery locks.

“Surprise.” He said with a smile.

Grae wiped the tears from her eyes and sniffed, smiling an elated grin.

“Last time I felt this good was when Graxis scored 5 nil against-,” Grae quickly stopped and turned red as everyone looked at her bewildered.

“Don’t mention I said that to anyone.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara sighed as the Doctor took the last of the sandwiches. The meeting had been going for two hours straight, and with an empty stomach it did tend to bring out Tamara’s nastier side.

She glanced over towards Grae and Alice. Grae and Grae. Number one and number two. They sat together and had not yet let go of each other’s hand yet. So far they had examined Bramahl’s information regarding the whereabouts of the Thirteen and listened to Tamara’s inside knowledge of Section 13’s headquarters, along with operations in the information needed to launch their offensive.

“So it is decided,” concluded Alice, “my troops can move against the Section while the Doctor, Tamara and Grae seek out the Thirteen.” “Uh, I do have something that may assist you,” interrupted the Doctor. He then proceeded to remove a small metal communicator from his trouser pocket.

“You can come in now,” he said into the device.

The inhabitants of the conference room looked up as the entrance door slid open and in walked a tall, dark haired woman wearing a military uniform.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the Doctor announced proudly, “may I present to you Commander Kathryn Poole of the Terran Colony Alliance ship the *Cheyenne II*.”

Poole bowed towards Alice.

“Greetings Lady Grae, um.” Poole paused as she saw not only the Grae who was in charge, but the Grae who had served as her Science Officer for several months sitting before her.

“Well, I certainly wasn’t expecting to see *both* of you. One of you was enough of a handful aboard my ship!” She laughed hardily. “On behalf of the Terran Colony Alliance, I offer you *both* the help of the *Cheyenne II*, as well as half of the TCA fleet.”

“Your aid is most welcome, it is an honour to have you present my old friend,” said Alice. “This meeting is now adjourned.”

The council members, along with the Doctor, Alice, Grae and Tamara rose from their seats and piled out through the exit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Grae hesitated when being forced to let go of Alice’s hand. She hated farewells, and this was no exception.

“Goodbye Alice... Grae, whoever you are. It was... interesting, I suppose,” said Tamara as the Doctor inserted the TARDIS key into the police box.

“Come on you two, we’ve got important business to attend to,” said the time traveller.

It was then time jumped a groove. Grae, Alice and Tamara watched as the police box doors shut in an instant, within a flash the Doctor was back at the doors inserting the key. The police box doors opened and history repeated itself.

“Come on you two, we’ve got important business to attend to.”

The event recurred again, and again, and again, all to the confusion of the bystanders.

“Doctor, what’s wrong!?” asked a worried yet confused Tamara.

“It’s some sort of time loop,” said Alice.

“Round and round Doctor, for all eternity,” said Rikko menacingly as he marched out of the shadows with a staser in one hand.

“Rikko! I should have guessed,” said a furious Grae.

Like a flash of lightning, Tamara drew her weapon from the holster on her belt. The barrel aimed itself at Rikko but before she could squeeze the trigger, the weapon fell from her hand. She glanced down and saw that her once slender and smooth skin had now become creased and ancient from the fingertips down to her wrist. Tamara fell to her knees in horror at their premature aging.

“The powers the Section granted me have proved to be of some use after all. Now let’s see what my own powers of seduction can do to you my dear Grae.”

Rikko lashed out and grasped the Time Lord tight with the staser pressed severely against the side of her forehead.

Alice became helpless, with the Doctor in a time loop, and Tamara’s gifted hands rendered useless, the enemy now had all the cards.

“Now this is interesting, two Time Lords it seems, more importantly, the same Time Lord. Well, well, well, who knows what kind of temporal instability could be caused if something were to happen to poor Grae here.”

“What do you want,” demanded Alice.

“Your beaten Rikko, there’s nowhere for you to go,’ reasoned Grae.

“I escaped from your pitiful time cell Alice, I can escape from here. I shall crush this place like a rotten egg and then you shall see the power of the Thirteen.’

“Now, down to business. I’m sure my precious Grae here will be more than willing to take me back to the Section. Won’t you my dear,” he said while pressing his cheek against hers.

“Drop dead,” she said defiantly.

“Very well, the Doctor shall remain in the time loop, and this pathetic human shall witness her hands age yet another few years.”

Alice seemed all too familiar to this type of situation, she remembered back to Bamboo Gardens, only Tamara had solved that situation, but she was on her knees in shock. It was obvious that the Doctor had no tricks up his sleeves; it was up to her now.

“OK, just let them go, let them all go and I’ll take you back,” said a reluctant Grae.

“I knew you’d see reason pretty one.’

Rikko gave her an unwanted kiss on the cheek. Grae screamed out loud as her body fumed with anger, she managed to get one of her arms free, and with the energy that burned inside, she flew it into Rikko’s face.

There was an extremely loud crack as the con man’s nose broke along with Grae’s hand. Rikko was catapulted across the room and hit the floor. The gun swirled out of his hand and was caught by Alice who had it aimed on him in an instant.

Grae clutched her broken knuckles as the blood flowed out from the wound freely.

“Release them you scum or I’ll tear your limbs off, one by one,” snarled Alice.

“Come on you two, we’ve got important business to attend to,” this time the Doctor did not repeat himself. He looked around in bewilderment; Tamara seemed to be on the floor looking at her completely normal hands in confusion.

“Did I miss something?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Grae pushed forward the activation lever with her bandaged hand and the console roared into life. The chamber was now spotless, thanks to the Time Lord’s handy work. The bookcase was full again, and the console was whole.

And Tamara was there.

As it should be.

“Ready for another trip?” asked Grae.

“You bet.”

She felt so happy, the team was back together again and her future seemed in good hands.

“All the systems are ready; they just needed the Doctor to pilot them.”

“What’s taking him so long? And why did Poole insist on speaking to him?” asked an annoyed Tamara.

Both were distracted as the main doors swung open and in marched the Doctor, who was not alone. Beside him was a small woman with tied up blonde hair and sporting a white doctor’s coat.

“I’d like to introduce you all to Dr. Taryn Fischer, the *Cheyenne II*’s medical officer. It seems that Poole, having felt that she’s the worst medic she’s ever seen, and having only agreed to take her in so Ralvac Wells, her uncle, would let her off the hook for the ‘gunpowder’ fiasco.”

“Hi,” said Fischer weakly in a very shy manner.

“Your uncle is the President of the Terran Colony Alliance?” Grae asked, suddenly uncomfortable about the stranger’s presence.

“Yep.”

“Will Dr. Fischer be staying permanently?” asked Tamara. There goes her quality bonding time with Grae.

“No, we will drop Taryn off at the Medical University of Maltosh, far outside the TCA’s sphere of influence.”

“Well, that’s that sorted then. Come on Tamara, there’s a drink out there with our names on it,” said Grae before ushering her friend into the corridor.

The Doctor stepped up to the console and began his usual dematerialization procedure, just flick a switch here, push a lever there, and they were off.

“This is a very... unusual ship Doctor,” said Fischer, now feeling less shy after Tamara and Grae had left. She then joined the Time Lord at the console and gazed around at all the wondrous controls. Her eyes then fixed upon a flashing dial in the corner of one of the panels.

“What’s that?” she asked curiously.

“Oh, just the randomizer, I haven’t had much use for it lately.”

Fischer took a risk, quickly; she shot out her hand and spun the dial. It whizzed round like a spinning top at super speed.

“Don’t touch it!” roared the Doctor, but it was too late. He sighed. “Do you realize what you’ve done!? You’ve sent the TARDIS off to heaven knows where; it could be any planet, any time, perhaps any universe for that matter.”

“Well what better way to spend my time aboard the TARDIS, after all, I never did want to go to Maltosh.”

Suddenly, the ship lurched sharply and a scream came from deep within the ship’s labyrinth. Grae had just poured Tamara a drink and was now drenched.

“If that was the new girl!” Grae shouted down the hall. “She’s toast!”

### ***Epilogue***

The taxi driver sighed as the company towed his cab away. He’d spent most of his life in it, taking life forms of all kinds to every place on Decema 7. But now he’d lost it all, including his job.

If he ever found that ‘Tamara’ girl he’d kill her. It was her fault. That brat had cost him a fortune and she’d cost him his job.

He’d searched every inch of Bamboo Gardens and still hadn’t found her. He had to explain it to the boss, he only replied with two words: *You’re* and *Fired*

The woman owed the company 78 credits, since she didn’t pay, he had had to.

It had been a strange day. While he was waiting outside the Gardens, he seemed to have lost track of time. It was almost as if time itself had slowed down.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

### KYLE BASTIAN



Kyle Bastian is happy to return yet again to the pages of TDWP, making this the fourth volume to feature his work having previously written *Blossom Core*, *Fallout* (with Elizabeth Gold), *Tears of Rassilon*, *Lokahi*, and *Gunpowder* (with Julio Angel Ortiz). He is also the proud creator of the recurring characters of Grae, Alice, Dr. Taryn Fischer, Bramahl, Cmmdr. Kathryn Poole and the crew of the Cheyenne II. An avid scriptwriter, Kyle has bridged the gap to audio dramas through Dream Realm and has co-authored the Doctor Who story "War Torn" with Julio Angel Ortiz. Which premiered in late September 2005. It will be third in Dream Realm's first season of original Doctor Who audios and will introduce

Grae as a new companion. For Dream Realm, Kyle also has authored "Soleil" a modern vampire tale and the "Bot-Opera" episode of "Robotz of the Company," an ongoing comedy series currently broadcast in syndication on "The Sonic Society" radio program. (Kyle also provides the voice of Brisco, the Zippity-doo cleaner bot!)

### JACKSON REES

Jackson (Jack) Bradley Rees, is a 16 year old student from the UK, Birmingham and winner of the Young Writer's Award 2005; for which he had his short story *Beyond the Fortress* published. He has written two stories for TDWP, the first was co-writing *Convergence* with Kyle Bastian and more recently writing his own original short story entitled *The Caged Angel*. He has one other story to be published by TDWP in the near future, which is entitled *Moonlight*. He has had some involvement with the fan made audio group Dream Realm Enterprises for which he co-wrote two scripts. He hopes to pursue a career in scriptwriting, failing that, he's happy sleeping on the sofa, eating crisps and watching Doctor Who.