

The strange element of finding the truth about my life was how it was identified to me. I was told about my life through dreams; visions and telepathic messages sent to me from the Doctor, who I was soon to make somebody's acquaintance. I visualised the Doctor's different incarnations as his figure changed when it was threatened by death. In his original form, he had the look of a delicate old man, who had a grandfatherly nature. Although was sprightly and devious match for those who would cross him; the second was a clownish, unpredictable figure with a sense of the absurd about him; the third had a mischievous charisma of his second incarnation came right to the forefront and the stranger became an outgoing man of action; the fourth had a quirky dress sense and favoured a wide-brimmed felt hat, a comfortable and voluminous coat with virtually bottomless pockets and an unfeasibly long multi-coloured scarf; the fifth was much younger in appearance than any of his predecessors, and had a boyish charm and endearing air of innocence; the sixth could be abrasive and brash but there was a human side to him also, one which he tended to keep hidden; the seventh could be dark and manipulative, secretive and angst-ridden, keeping his cards very close to his chest and only allowing others to glimpse a fraction of his true motives and aims; the eighth, just like the fifth was much younger in appearance, and held characteristics of his fourth incarnation; the ninth was one who blended in better with humans through the garments he wore. Though like the second incarnation had a clownish, unpredictable figure and outgoing just like his third. The Doctor was someone who had spent his life exiled from his home world for speaking out for what he believed in. He embarked on journeys with different companions, travelling to strange worlds and risking his life to save others. It was this that I was about to exploit on in my life and travels. To travel to others worlds to give my charity aid to those in need. He was also someone who saved my life by sacrificing connections with me until a time came for me to learn about who I really was. Piece by piece like a jigsaw puzzle my life started to come together. I could not believe it at first. It took me time to adapt to who I really was. However when things started happening physically, it was then I quickly established the new life I was about to encounter.

**October 10, 1998 – Earth**

It was nineteen years before I found out about my identity. I could not believe it at first. My life had been kept a secret for all this time. So secret that even I didn't know who I was until now. I soon learned this was a good thing, because despite who I was, my mother helped to bring up a half-alien life form, protecting, nourishing and giving me what I needed to survive. Learning my identity made me feel more distinct to those around me at first, but soon that changed when I went to where my kind had derived. The impact humans made to me and those like me was unbelievable. Especially with all the hard work they had done, making life easier for us over the years, so that we could survive under Earth's atmosphere until we were strong enough to be able to cope ourselves. It was 10 October 1998 when I started to learn of my true identity. I was in my car parked at Warrington Bank Quay Station waiting for my Aunt Marian, who was arriving by train from Halifax. She was down here to watch my nephew, Paul, be christened the following day. I remember looking at my watch. 19:50 it said. I looked over my shoulder and saw my Aunt approaching the station doors. As she approached I got out my car to help get her luggage into the boot. When I attempted to unlock the boot, I had trouble with the key. No matter which direction I turned it, I couldn't get the damn thing to work. My aunt tried and found it was already unlocked.

"How long have you had this car?" she asked, laughing.

"About a year." I replied smiling.

"Yeah, and you can't even open the boot!" she said as she got into the car.

Driving away from the station, I took my Aunt home to drop off her bags, and then took her to St John's Church, where my dad was putting on an American Square Dance evening. When we arrived, my Aunt got out of the car, locked the door behind her, and then went over to the church hall entrance. As I took the car out of gear, I noticed the numbers on the gearstick change to symbols I had not seen before, but somehow knew their meaning. 'Time And Relative, Dimensions, In Space' it said. But what did that mean? Putting this out of my mind for the time being, I got out of the car and took my Aunt to where my Dad was.

Inside the Church Hall, I saw my nephew, Paul, sitting playing with his mum on her knee. I went over and said a quick hello before leaving to go home where some friends were waiting. On the way out, Ron and Vera, a dancing couple stopped me to ask how my health was. I said it was fine, and noticed Vera as her face transformed into that of an evil genius I somehow recognised. I looked at Ron to see if he had noticed anything about his wife's transformation, but he continued as though nothing happened. I was about to say something about this, when his face also transformed into that of a man with empty eye sockets and a blue sphere in the centre of his forehead. Feeling ill by this horrific sight, I managed to say farewell, and then left the room. As I got into the car, I pondered about the evening's events, and then started the car to drive home.

It was a good evening. We watched a science fiction horror film. It was about a team of space cadets going into space, travelling through loopholes to retrieve a space station. It was very jumpy. Something about the film that made me daydream about a blue box flying through space. It was not an image I would normally visualise. It was the sort of image you would see in science fiction films such as the one I was watching. I visualised a man with a look of a slightly down-at-heel bohemian eccentric with a baggy jacket, broad-trimmed hat and a long, trailing scarf walking across some sort of room with what looked like a computer with a cylinder in the centre that rose and fell. The walls were a light grey with a pattern of cream coloured roundels. I started to get random images of different types of beings I had never seen before. One looked like a dustbin with a sink plunger for an arm, with something like a laser coming out of an egg whisk gun and a stalk on the top acting as an eye. When I saw this, the word 'Dalek' came into mind. Another image of these strange creatures looked like a robotic type man - a Cyberman. The word 'gold' came to mind. Gold? What does this rare substance have to do with these Cybermen? Is their planet covered with the stuff? If so, I would not mind meeting up with one of these creatures. A final image that I saw looked like one of those dustbins. This one had the top half missing, and in its place some man. His body from the waist up was the only part of him that was visible. The rest was hidden inside the skirt base. His face was like the one Ron had transformed into. He seemed to be an important element to these dustbin, or Dalek creatures, but what? Could he have been their leader or something? Something inside me told me that the creatures I saw had an evil instinct about them. Invasions and wars spreading enough fear create universal peace so that alleys could join to gain battle against them. Questions were forming in my head, asking what significance these creatures had to do with my life. Who were they? Where did they come from? How were they created?

Later that evening my friends had gone home, and I was helping mum clear away some glasses. I started to tell her about the images I saw knowing she would blame the films I often watched for my strange imagination. However the reaction she gave was quite the opposite.

"I was wondering when you'd start getting telepathic readings from your race." She said as she settled into bed.

“My race?” I replied confused.

She started to tell me that in the early days, she did secretary work for the government, when she was assigned to work for something called U.N.I.T. or United Nations Intelligence Task Force to be exact. She was sent to assist in writing reports about alien beings coming from space and trying to take over the world. At first I could not believe it, but then she left the kitchen and came back with some photographs given to her by a colleague of hers, Sarah Jane Smith, while she was working there. They were pictures of some of the beings I had been visualising.

“There was this scientific adviser who was an expert with these types of creatures.” She said. “His name was Doctor John Smith, but everyone referred to him as the Doctor.”

“Well,” I asked, “What does this Doctor have to do with what I’ve been seeing?”

“It all began when she was working for U.N.I.T.” began my mum. “I had met the Doctor through his assistant, Sarah Jane Smith. Over the years of getting to know the Doctor, I found he was a time traveller who travelled to many places preventing invasions by alien beings that fought only to conquer.

“It was then I found out the Doctor was not of this planet.” Mum replied.

She explained that he was something called a Time Lord who travelled back through time of about 3735 years from a planet called Gallifrey. Like other Time Lords, the Doctor was given the abilities to travel through time and space in something called a Time And Relative Dimensions In Space machine (TARDIS for short).

A couple of years later, when our friendship developed, I found out a close friend of the Doctor’s faced difficulties whilst giving birth to her first and only son. When he found out about this, he tried to contact the father, who was serving in the armed forces, but later found he had been killed in battle. The strain put on the mother during labour ended her life.

The Doctor had no idea how he could help the orphaned child. Although he wanted to adopt the child himself, the dangers the child could face had he stayed with the Doctor meant this wasn’t possible.”

“So what happened?” I asked.

“When it came to choosing the adoptive family, the Doctor asked if we, that is your dad and I, could help.” Mum smiled. “Of course we were delighted and have been so proud bringing you up. Though we did face some difficulties.” She said with a worried look.

“What difficulties were these?” I asked.

She said that to survive the first 20 years of life on Earth, a Time Lord had to take tablet formed nourishments with meals. This was so that the Time Lord would get the diet required as though on his home planet, Gallifrey. This also applied to the lungs, where treatment was used to strengthen them to adapt to planetary atmospheres.

“This applied to all Time Lord children.” began my mother. What she said next was something I just could not believe. “Even you.”

Still not taking in all that was being said, mum continued, “You don’t have a gene disorder. This was a cover story used to protect you. You are in fact a Time Lord!”

For the last nineteen years I had grown up believing that some of my body organs weren’t working properly. I had been living in the belief the people I lived with were my family. This news was something I did not expect to hear. The years I had suffered mentally as well as physically wondering every year if I was going to see the next. Especially when I became seriously ill as I reached my twelfth birthday. During that time I did not believe I was going to reach an age where I would be old enough to drive a car, drink alcohol or get a job.

Primary school was the worse part. I absolutely hated it. Day after day I was constantly bullied because I was different and had to take time off whilst I went to the hospital to check how the treatment for this horrible disorder I had. As well as primary school, I also used to hate my sister because she did not have the disorder and therefore lead a normal healthy life.

As I grew older I got close to her because despite the jealousy I had for her good health, she still loved me and was always there ready to protect me..

The feelings I was going through about being told I did not have the disorder were mixed. Although I was relieved, I was also curious as to why all those years’ people had pretended. What was more curious was that if I was healthy, why was I taking treatments and being ill like I was?

“In that case,” I began, “why the operations to unblock my bowels?” I asked still unsure about what I was being told.

“Every five years, I had to increase the amount of nourishing tablets to be taken as you grew stronger. But the Doctor forgot to tell us how much more, so the Medical Science Team at U.N.I.T. experimented by gradually building up the dosages. It was this that caused the blockage in the bowels – due to over feeding.”

I placed my hand on my stomach where the scarring was left as a memento of a major operation I had undergone at 3 days old to remove a blockage caused by a defective pancreas, which didn’t release enough enzymes to cope with the type of nutrition I was given. The outcome of this made me so ill that my life almost came to an end. Thanks to the mounds of help given to me by my family and consultants, I have lived to tell the tale of my experiences that are hard to believe when you look at how healthy I look. Some people find it hard to come to terms with me having health problems because I look so well.

Still baffled about this, I asked, “How come the Doctor left you and Dad to look after me? Why did he not stay to be the foster father himself, instead of going off in this TARDIS thing?”

“Do you know those images you have been seeing?”

“Yes.” I said.

“Well they are some of the Time Lord’s greatest enemies.”

“What’s that got to do with anything?” I asked in puzzlement.

“If they were to learn that the Doctor had a child, they would probably come looking for you to take as hostage. The only way the Doctor would be able to save you then is by giving his life for yours. By keeping you on a planet where you resemble its occupants, this would make the task more difficult for his enemies to identify you.”

“So he kept away from me for my safety?” I asked.

“Yes,” she replied. “And so U.N.I.T. found that by coming up with a common genetic disease, those who knew about the Time Lords could distinguish between them and a human. It was the Medical Science Team of U.N.I.T. who started to help produce the treatment you had been receiving. So these ideas of you being ill were a worldwide government cover up for your safety.”

“What? Even I thought I had it.”

“Yes,” she said, “it was for your safety that even you and others like you believed you had this disorder too.”

Still not being able to take in what I was told, I asked for some proof of all this. Perhaps photos of the Doctor and his ship for instance. The answer I got for this was: “I’ll show you in the morning.”

The following morning, I got out of bed and prepared myself for what was yet to come. I didn’t know whether I was to be excited or otherwise. What I already learned about my life the night before was a shock. Even after a nights sleep I still could not believe it. Until I saw for myself that what was said was true, I decided to continue to be sceptical about it all. I just couldn’t believe a man had the abilities to travel through time and space in a Police Box. It was absolutely ridiculous. For a machine to actually exist, it would need to be as big as, as big as, well BIG! For such a ship to land on Earth would probably be impossible too. Not only would its size be an issue for landing, but also the weight. To launch itself into space against the pull of Earth’s gravity would require magnificent force that could prove dangerous if it went out of control. Evidence was the key thing that I needed to believe such an incredible tale. In the mean time, I got myself ready for the day, doing my usual physio and taking the tablets required to digest my morning breakfast and then went back up stairs to get ready for the christening.

After the service, the whole family was invited back to the house for the christening party. Food was laid out on the dining room table, and extra chairs were put in the lounge so people could sit. During the party my mother announced out the blue about the Doctor making contact with me the night before. There was silence. Pretending I did not know what she was talking about, I looked at the expressions on the faces of those present. Their expressions were like the one my mother gave to me the other night. Suddenly they all started to clap and cheer. It was explained to me that I was mature enough to be given what the Doctor ordered, what every Time Lord deserves... to be able to travel through time and space to Gallifrey to be taught the laws of travelling in a TARDIS. I was told this was not supposed to happen until my 20th Birthday. So for it to happen ten months early, I must have reached the required level of maturity sooner than expected.

“Is this where the Doctor lands in his ship?” I asked.

“No,” said my mother. “This is where we can finally unlock your TARDIS, which will automatically take you to Gallifrey.”

“Well where is this TARDIS?” I asked.

“Go and get your car keys, and I’ll show you,” replied my Dad.

Taking the keys from the key rack, I opened the front door and walked out to my car, followed by my Dad. He approached me holding what looked like a keypad from a telephone. As he walked towards the car, a hidden panel opened in the side of the passenger door. Inside the panel was where the keypad was inserted. I was told to enter into the panel my date of birth and then the present date. I was told this was the code for unlocking the TARDIS. Reaching forward I started to punch in the dates required to allow the TARDIS come to life.

“2 4 0 8, 1 9 7 9, 1 1 1 0, 1 9 9 8.” I said aloud as I typed in the dates.

What happened next was the most fascinating thing I had ever seen. The car started to vibrate, then its image transformed from an Austin Allegro, to Volkswagen Polo, and then to a Volkswagen Beetle. These were previous cars I had from when I first started driving. Not believing what I witnessed, I put my hand on the car to see if what I saw was real. On touching the car, I quickly withdrew my hand.

“What was that?” I asked with a surprised look.

“What?” asked my Dad.

“The vibrations?” I said.

“Well not seeing this side of the TARDIS before, I don’t really know,” he answered.

Grasping onto the car door key, I inserted it into the lock, opened the door and positioned myself ready for sitting down in the passenger’s seat. To my surprise, instead of sitting comfortably on the seat, I fell and landed on the ground with an echo. It was then I realised I was no longer inside a car, but was inside a large room. I could not believe it; the TARDIS was bigger on the inside than on the out. Slowly I got up and started to look around and just like in my visions, the walls were a light grey with cream coloured roundels embedded in them and there was a six-sided console in the centre of the room. All that was missing was the Doctor himself.

As I turned to walk out of the TARDIS there was a sudden vibration of sound. As quick as a flash, I turned to find a section of a wall at the other end of the room open up revealing a screen. The screen flickered as an image started to appear. As I moved myself closer to the screen, I found myself looking at the Doctor.

“Hello,” he said. “I guess you’ve finally come to an age where you’re ready to receive the knowledge and laws of time travel.”

“Yes.” I said.

“Before I go into detail about the TARDIS, let me first give you a brief history about how the Time Lords first appeared on Earth.” He continued. “During a war on Gallifrey, small colonies of Time Lord Children were evacuated, along with their mothers, to Earth until the war had ceased. Unfortunately for them, their TARDIS got caught up in a meteor storm, resulting with the TARDIS going out of control and crash landing on Earth. It was during the crash that their Galactic

Distress Call System got damaged, resulting in the Galactic Positioning System not being able to locate their position in time and space. While they waited for help to arrive, they decided that as a precaution against them being followed by Time Lord Enemies, that they would blend in with the humans to make the task of them being found more difficult. The only problem though, was that a Time Lord has to take nourishment tablets to make up for the diet a typical Time Lord would have, and treatment for their lungs to adapt them to planetary atmosphere.”

“But,” I said interrupting; “did the humans not notice something odd about the Time Lords when they were taking these treatments?”

“No.” The reply was. “They made sure that this was kept a secret until the humans were able to understand who we were and where we came from.”

He went on to say that he was half human, on his mother’s side, and was brought up on Gallifrey, just like I was on Earth, not really knowing his true past. He said that when he found out he was half-human, even he found it quite a shock, so he decided that he would visit his natural mother, taking his granddaughter Susan with him. He then explained that a few hundred years after the crash, the Time Lords started to run short supply of nourishment tablets, so it was then they had to desperately get help.

“So how did they do this?” I asked.

He replied that in 1938, they came up with a hereditary disease appearing in early childhood, marked by overproduction of mucus and fibrous tissue, with consequent breathing and digestive difficulties. This was so humans could help to come up with treatments and funds for the required appliances to create the nourishing tablets, enabling the Time Lords to live on the planet longer.

“So when did the humans first find out that they were sharing a planet with aliens, who had the abilities to travel through the barriers of time and space?” I asked.

He said, “When I was living in my TARDIS at London, two teachers forced their way in because they were curious as to why Susan was living in a junkyard in Totters Lane. I had no choice but to leave taking the teachers with me.”

“And then they escaped and spread rumours about you being an alien?” I asked interrupting him.

“No,” he said, “when I allowed them to leave, they promised that they would keep their time with me a secret.”

“So when did the humans find out about the Time Lords?” I asked again.

He said when he was in his second incarnation, when he started to help UN.I.T., the Brigadier of the team found out about the Doctor being a Time Lord and learned about the other Time Lords who lived on Earth.

“Then when you told him about the cover up, he agreed to help you.” I said cutting in.

“Yes. You are starting to think boy. Showing signs of some intelligence,” he said showing sarcasm.

He then went on to say that when the government got involved with what was going on, they decided the general public should not know about the Time Lords, unless they were closely related to them. The only other humans who knew about Time Lords however, were the worldwide armies and the consultants.

I could not believe it. All my life I had been taking these medications to help me survive from what I thought was a genetic disorder. Medications that included nebulisers and inhalers to help me keep my lungs clear from infection, vitamins and liquid supplements to keep my nutritional requirements to a suitable level, and enzymes and anti-acids to assist in digesting food and maintaining stomach acids at a reasonable level. Also there were the regular check-ups at a specialist unit in Manchester to record my progress in health. Now it seems that these people were merely helping in keeping a race that had crash landed on their planet.

“What an amazing species humans are.” said the Doctor concluding his tale with this evaluative gesture towards those who helped those like me.

“So what happens now?” I asked.

“I help you to set the co-ordinates for Gallifrey, then off you go to a place where you can concentrate your thoughts as you learn about your life and to become a traveller of time and space.”

“I’ll just go and say goodbye first,” I said making my way to the doors.

Outside the TARDIS, I climbed out of the car and looked at my Dad who was stood in the same position as before. It was as if time had stood still whilst I was in the TARDIS. I looked over to the house and saw members of my family come out, making their way towards the car.

“I never thought I’d see that tatty thing again,” said my mother looking at the rundown Beetle.

“Neither did I.” I said.

“Well what’s it like inside then?” asked my sister, Angela.

“Surprisingly big,” I said.

Telling them what I saw inside, I explained how a screen appear on a wall with the Doctor appearing on it. Giving them a shorter version of what happened to the Time Lords; I told them that I had to leave.

“Leave?” my mother said.

“Yes,” I said. “I have to go to Gallifrey so I can be in an environment where I can concentrate my thoughts as I learn about my life’s origins.”

“How long will this take?” My sister asked.

“I am not sure really. I was not told. I have a feeling it depends on the individual with how strong they are mentally.” Then I quickly added, “Hopefully I wouldn’t have changed much when

I get back, so you could cover up by saying that I have gone to University or something should you need to.”

At this, I said my goodbyes, went into the TARDIS and started off on one of the biggest adventures in my life.

Watching the screen as those who gathered outside the TARDIS faded away; I was not sure what was going to happen next. As I sat down on a chair I found and wondered nervously at what was yet to come. The screen flickered and the Doctor appeared.

“Are you ready now?” He asked in a serious tone.

“Yes,” I said, and then looked over to the doors.

“It’s not easy this is it?” he said noticing that I was nervous.

“No,” I said looking back at him.

“I bet you are feeling exactly the same way as I did when I first entered the TARDIS,” he said trying to make me feel reassured. “All nervous and not sure whether you are going to see the familiar faces of those you love again.”

“Yes,” I said, “will I ever see them again, as they are now?”

“Well being in a time machine, you can travel back as though you did not leave,” he said with a smile.

“Yes, well, how do I operate these controls?” I asked. “The quicker I leave, the quicker I’ll get back.”

Walking to the computer console, the Doctor directed me to a panel with a small monitor on it. He guided me through minor operations, such as how to open the doors, use the scanner and most importantly use the chameleon circuit, which I learned is something that blends the TARDIS to fit its surroundings wherever it lands. After he had done this, he directed me to a keyboard and gave me a code to type in, which instructed the TARDIS to take me to Gallifrey. Making sure that I had typed the code correctly, he instructed me to shut the doors, and then press a red button next to the door control. As I did this, I felt a little excitement build up inside me as for the first time, I was able to control the TARDIS and venture to a new world never seen before by humans.

Outside the TARDIS, the family stood watching as the door closed, then listened to what sounded like a cross between an anchor chain slipping into the sea and a whale wailing out of it. To their surprise, the car started to fade away, along with the noise. Not believing what they saw, some of them took a step forward thinking the car had become invisible and then realising it had gone... vanished into thin air.

Watching the cylinder in the centre of the console rise and fall, and then noticing the noise it was making; I asked what was happening.

“What?” asked the Doctor listening, “oh that.” he said as he remembered the first time he heard it in his own TARDIS. “That would be the TARDIS travelling to the destination point I helped you set. You will get used to it.”

Whilst I watched the lights on the console flicker and the cylinder in the centre rise and fall, I drifted off into a daydream. I thought about how my life had been before it opened up into an unexpected twist of events. I imagined my life as it started back in August 1979 when I was first diagnosed with this awful disorder that was to rule my life. I had believed it to be the UK’s most common life-threatening disease, which affected more than 7500 babies, children and young adults. The effect of which included poor weight gain, troublesome coughs, repeated chest infections, salty sweat and abnormal stools.

Waking out of my day dream I wondered what the rest of the TARDIS was like, and went over to a door I noticed before. I went through to find a corridor leading off into the distance. The walls were patterned like the ones in the control room. As I walked down the corridor, I came to another door and opened it. Inside were racks of clothing. I decided to change out of my suit into something more comfortable. Upon looking at the different styles of clothing, I realised the further into the room I went further back in time the clothing seemed to go. I saw what I thought were clothes dating back to the Vikings right through to sixties and beyond to futuristic times. I was amazed at how styles had changed over the years. It was like looking at my disorder really... until the 1930s, the life expectancy of a baby born with my disorder was only a few months. As the years grew, so did the life expectancy of those who suffered due to the treatments that were available to help combat infection and improve quality of life.

Gazing at the choice of clothing I settled to wearing a pair of jeans with a plain white T-shirt and a black shirt to go over the top. Looking into the distance as I got changed, I could not see the other side of the room it was so deep. As I left the cloak room, I walked to another door and opened it to find a swimming pool inside with some deck chairs and a cocktail bar in the corner. Shutting the door, I went back to the main control room and looked at the scanner to see if the Doctor was still there.

“It’s big isn’t?” he said smiling. Then noticing my clothes he said, “Changed into something more comfortable I see.”

Not hearing what he said, I exclaimed, “I can’t believe it. There’s even a swimming pool in this place.”

Laughing at my reaction, he said, “If you went even further down the corridor, you would’ve come across a garden.”

“What?” I asked surprised, “By heck how big is this TARDIS?”

“How big is big?” he said.

“Well it must have an end to it all surely?” I asked.

“Well if you put it that way, no,” he said. “If an object had no beginning, no middle and no end, then that would conclude that it would go on through infinity. Just like space.”

Not taking it all in, I sat back down on the chair.

Looking up at the Doctor, I asked, "Well how does this TARDIS work then?" Just as I finished my sentence, the console went silent. "What's happening?" I thought. "Has the TARDIS run out of fuel?"

Noticing the panic on my face, the Doctor reassured me that I had arrived on Gallifrey.

"That did not take long," I exclaimed, somewhat relieved.

"You'll soon learn that journeys in a time and space machine don't take long to complete." he said.

### **May 4, 5730 – Gallifrey**

As I went over to the console to operate the scanner, I wondered what I would see when I would step out of the TARDIS. Listening to the vibrating sound from before, the scanner flickered from the Doctor's image, to that of a garden outside with men dressed in red and white uniforms gathering around the TARDIS. Checking the chameleon circuits had blended the TARDIS with its surrounding, I reached over to the controls and opened the doors. Wandering what was yet to come; I made my way to the doors, and then stepped outside.

As I walked away from the TARDIS, I looked back wondering what it had transformed into. Instead of the Volkswagen Beetle from before, I saw a pillar with flowers growing from it. Amazed by this, I continued my way towards the company of Time Lords standing before me. The clothing they wore was magnificent. They all wore a red jacket with white stripes going down along the button, a white cloak that was hanging down from their neck, reaching to the floor, red trousers with white stripes going down the side, red gloves and black boots which reached right up to their knees. On their heads they wore what looked like a red moped helmet with a white stripe going from the forehead right to the back to the neck. The crowd of the Time Lords opened up forming an aisle. Down the aisle walked a man dressed in a red and gold robe reaching down just below his knees, showing the bottom part of his black trousers and black shoes he wore underneath. His hair was combed back. The way he looked was as though he had just come from an important business meeting.

"Hello," He said. "My name is Borusa. I am the Head of Gallifreyan Education and would like to welcome you to Gallifrey's Academy."

Offering his hand to greet me, I took hold and shook it. "Hello," I replied nervously. "It is nice to be here at this magnificent place. If I had known about the formal dressing," I continued, "I would have changed into something more suitable."

"Don't worry about that," he replied. "I will arrange for you to be changed after I have shown you to your room."

As I followed Borusa down the centre of the aisle made by the Time Lords, I looked at the magnificent view of the garden. There were all sorts of different flowers I had never seen before. Some were metallic and stood up straight taking in the sun light. A strange looking insect with characteristics of a bee flew into one of them, crawled around inside the flower, and then flew away to another one. On closer inspection I saw it was some sort of robotic creature maintaining them. We approached a couple of wooden doors; the type you would see at a medieval castle, with silver rings in the centre to open them to a Citadel. Doormen stood to attention on either side of the doors, waiting for visitors to arrive before they would open them.

Catching a glimpse of us approaching, they prepared themselves ready to open the doors. As we got closer, they pulled hard on the rings and the doors swung open. Expecting a hint of a creak from the hinges, the doors opened as silent as a ghost. On the other side of the doors lay an entrance hall of which a fountain stood in the centre. Red and white tiles were laid out on the floor and the walls were a plain white colour with plaques hung up on them. As we walked across the hall, I looked at 3 statues in archways that we were passing. I managed to read who the statues were of – Rassilon, Omega and...I couldn't read the third.

There was something on my mind, which I had not been told yet. "Borusa," I began, "back on Earth, the Time Lords came up with a gene disorder as a way of hiding their identity."

"Yes," he said listening.

"Well how is the Burkholderia Cepacia, the disease-producing agent that makes patients who have it more prone to infection brought into this?" I asked.

"Back on Earth," he began, "there were two types of Time Lords."

"Two types?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "Some of the Time Lords were half human, and the others were the Time Lords who originally crash landed on Earth." he continued, "They came up with Burkholderia Cepacia in the time Earth was in its 1940s as a way of distinguishing between the Time Lords and those that were half human."

"So those who had the Burkholderia Cepacia, were half human?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "By having two blood types, you were also given two illnesses."

"Ok," I said. "Though another question is, why use Burkholderia Cepacia? When I did biology at college, this was something that came from rotting onion bulbs." When I saw the reaction on Borusa's face of disgust when the word 'onion' was mentioned, I had a feeling I already knew what the answer was going to be.

"Onions are one thing that Time Lords have never become accustomed to on Earth." He began. "Until we ventured onto Earth, it is something we never had experience in trying simply because Earth is the only planet that grows the bulb." He continued, "When we started to experience the strange customs of humans, one thing we loved was the food they ate. Apart from onions of course!"

"I like onions." I answered. "It's something I use regularly in my dishes."

"That is one of the differences between a half human and a Time Lord – they like onions." He replied.

"What other differences are there between the Time Lords and a half humans?"

"Not much really. They both lead the same sort of life. It is just that Time Lords cringe at the thought of being in the company of those that are half human after they have eaten an onion. Especially with the effect the bulb spreads." He replied screwing up his nose.

“That would explain why we’re segregated when visiting the consultants at the hospital – fear of catching a whiff!”

From this conversation I started thinking about how old the Time Lords must have looked, living on the Earth for all that time. I asked, “Did the humans not notice something peculiar when the crash victims were growing old?”

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“Living on Earth for over two or three hundred years must have put them in the Guinness Book of Records.” I replied.

He explained that when a Time Lord reached the end of its generation; they regenerate into a new body. He explained that they could do this twelve times, having thirteen lives altogether.

“So when I come to the end of my life,” I asked, “I will physically change form into a new life?”

“Yes,” he began, “And feeling younger every time.” Looking at the expression on my face, he could see there were other questions I wanted to ask. “If there is anything else you would like to ask,” He said, “feel free and don’t hesitate, I mean you are entirely new to this after all.”

“There’s just one more question.” I said.

“And what is that?” he asked.

“Recently, the consultant... I mean the Medical Science Team at U.N.I.T found out a couple of Earth years ago that Time Lords were developing Osteoporosis. Does that have anything to do with a Time Lord’s growing process?”

Thinking about what I was saying, he rubbed his chin. “Hmmm,” he said. “I don’t remember any bone structural problems with growing Time Lords. Perhaps this could be something new. I’ll have to do some research on this.”

We went on through chambers and started climbing some stairs. They went higher and higher into the distance. Remembering how the Doctor described the TARDIS, I hoped the same didn’t apply to stairs! Looking out of the windows we passed, Borusa pointed out the panoptican dome where festival meals took place. At the entrance stood much larger versions of the statues I saw earlier. They were so big that you had to pass underneath their legs to enter the dome. He also pointed out gardens of remembrance on the citadel roofs. In the garden was a shrine to the uncertain soldier, who wiped his own timeline, which resulted in destroying a war before it started.

At last we reached the top where Borusa guided me into the higher chamber, which almost looked like an attic. He described some meditating exercises to strengthen my mind.

“You are to meditate for an hour in the morning and in the evening,” he said.

He explained that all the information I needed to know about the laws of time, were in my subconscious mind, waiting to be transformed into the conscious mind. When the time was right for me to receive the knowledge of time, meditating exercises would be performed to strengthen the conscious mind before the subconscious would start to feed the information into it. He said

that like a psychic receiving spiritual signals for the first time, I was to expect cold shivers, as the mind grew stronger. This was a new sort of treatment to me. A lot better and easier compared to physiotherapy and medication to combat chest infections and help the digestive system, plus the exercises to prevent deterioration of the lungs.

As he left the room, he turned to me and said, "In the mean time, I suggest you get yourself ready for the evening meal. Your clothes are in the wardrobe." He walked out of the room closing the door behind him.

Approaching the wardrobe, I looked out of the window. The view was magnificent. I could just about see the TARDIS standing patiently. People were walking passed the object, not noticing that it was there. I suppose they knew it was there and that it was a TARDIS, but being Time Lords themselves, they would not have bothered about the sudden appearance of the object. Looking away from the window, I went to the wardrobe, opened it and looked for something appropriate to wear.

It was a magnificent meal. An assortment of food was laid out on a long table. There were empty silver plates with utensils lying beside them, waiting patiently to be used. As I entered the room in my black and white robe, which reached down below my knees, showing the bottom part of my black trousers and shoes, other Time Lords in similar dress gathered taking their places. The food on the table was a wonderful sight. There were what looked like grilled cutlets of lamb stuffed with mashed potato, sweet peppers stuffed with what looked like rice, tomatoes and eggs, a shell of a crab stuffed with what looked like prawns and tuna. There were also several glass jugs containing juices of different colours. The smell and taste of these beverages laid out were delicious. The only thing missing from the meal, which was something I had been used to throughout my life, was the fact that I did not have to take tablets. Now that I was on my home planet, I no longer required the medication I depended on back on Earth, as the supplements that I required were already in the food.

A girl of my age and height, with blue eyes and brown hair that reached just past her shoulders, sat next to me and watched as I reached out for tablets that were not there.

Laughing she asked, "You're new to all this aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I only arrived this afternoon."

"Doesn't it seem strange you no longer need the supplements supplied by the humans?" she asked.

"I'm not sure yet because this is the first meal I've had since I arrived here." I replied.

"My name is Lisanaradraxieltrenova by the way, but you can call me Lisa." she said offering her hand for friendship.

"I'm James," I said shaking her hand.

"So how did you find out about being a Time Lord?" she asked.

As I told her about the images I received from the Doctor, then my mother explaining that my life and those like me was a government cover up so that Time Lords could live peacefully on Earth, she listened with interest, and then told me that it was almost the same for her. Except that her

Time Lord mother, who lived on Earth with her, told her about her true identity. She came to Gallifrey when they started to run short of supplies of the nourishing tablets.

“I remember the Doctor telling me about that. In 1964 the government was brought into the secret of the Time Lords living on Earth. Deciding that they would help, they set up a charity trust to raise money for the equipment required to make more of the supplements.” I said.

Although we appeared to be the same age, I knew that she was older than I was because she had come from an earlier time than I had. So I asked what time she came from.

“Well when I left Earth, it was the evening of November 12, 1963.” She replied.

“That would make you about 55 years old in the time I came from, which means you are 35 years older than me.” I said.

Her face dropped. “Good grief.” She said, and then started to laugh.

After the meal, Lisa and I went into the garden where the TARDIS was. As we approached the ship, Lisa noticed the new object standing before us.

“This is new,” she said, “probably another TARDIS.”

“It is.” I said. “I drove it here.”

As we got nearer to the TARDIS, I started to get a tingling feeling in my head followed by cold shivers down the spine. As if it was about to fall off, I quickly held my head and sat down. Getting concerned about what was going on, Lisa knelt down beside me asking if I was all right.

“Yes,” I said, “I was warned about these tingling sensations by Borusa.”

“I guess it is the first time you have had this experience.” She said. “You will get used to it.”

During the experience I could see the aliens I had encountered before. The names to these and other creatures started to appear in my head. Autons, Sea Devils, Silurians, Sontarans, Zygons, were one by one making themselves familiar with me. When the dizziness faded, I stood up feeling myself once more. When I looked at Lisa expecting her to be concerned about my wellbeing, but she continued as though all was normal. Perhaps she was right; these effects would be something that I would have to get used to. Continuing towards the TARDIS, she started asking questions about what things were like in the time from which I came. When I told her about the evolution of technology that took place since the late 1960s, she could not believe how things had changed so quickly in so little time. Suddenly she too started to receive more knowledge from her subconscious resulting with similar effects I experienced. When she recovered, she told me she already had the knowledge of Time Lord enemies, and was starting to receive knowledge about planets. Starting with Earth, she told me that she understood the technologies of my era, and the other eras of past and future. This stage of the process was only the beginning for her.

When we got to the TARDIS I realised I left the key with my clothes back in my room. Even if I had the key, I would have been unsure how I would get in as there was no door. I put my hand on the TARDIS surface to feel the humming vibration once more and watched in amazement as a door from nowhere opened revealing the large control room inside. I found it odd the door

opened without the key. Perhaps I didn't lock it? Even though it was my second visit into the TARDIS, I was still amazed by the functions of it being bigger on the inside than the out. I approached the console and keyed in some commands. The scanner screen appeared on the wall, but instead of the view outside appearing on the screen, the screen went black, and green writing appeared on it. 'TARDIS Log' it said. Lisa pointed to a display screen on the console that viewed what was on the scanner screen. Placing my hand on the screen, it flickered and an index file appeared.

"It is a touch sensitive screen." I thought to myself as I scrolled down the screen reading the different topic titles.

As I looked through the index file, I had another one of those tingling sensations again. It was not as bad as the last one. Like Lisa I too started to receive information about different planets and their history. When the tingling faded away, I looked at the screen to find that I had come across some sort of manual as to how the TARDIS could be navigated. Intrigued by my findings, I started to look through the manual and learned the different functions of the console. Amazed by my unexpected findings, I had the sudden urge to go on a test flight somewhere. Looking over at Lisa, who was also reading the screen, she looked at me as though she was thinking the same thing. At once we both started to read carefully how we could set co-ordinates to dematerialise the TARDIS to another point in time and space. Lisa read aloud the instructions whilst I punched away at the controls. With the settings complete, the familiar sound from before started as the central column in the centre of the console started to rise and fall. For the first time since I learned of my alien background, I started to feel that I belonged to the race that I had only just met. The thought of being able to travel anywhere in the universe and any time also started to excite me as there were things in life that I wanted to know about. It was this first journey that took me to my first answer to a question that I had always asked. It was at this moment I realised the feel of incantation as I travelled between worlds, visiting many with which I brought honourable friendship.

### **August 11, 2925 – Earth**

Not knowing if I landed where I had set the TARDIS co-ordinates, I operated the scanner to see where we were. There was nothing. Looking at the display screen on the console, I found out we had landed on Earth. Puzzled as to why the scanner was not showing us a view of our home world, we assumed that it must have been a fault. Wondering what we would see, I opened the doors and we walked outside. As we approached the doors, my heart was pounding. The experience of walking out of the TARDIS on a world that I knew, but in a totally different time filled me with excitement. Stopping for a rest due to the excitement I was going through, Lisa asked me if I was all right. Giving her a positive answer and exclaiming about the sudden increase of pulse, Lisa pointed out it may be my second heart beating I could feel. Surprised by the fact I had a second heart, I felt around my chest to confirm what Lisa had said and couldn't believe I hadn't noticed before now I had a second heart. Upon discovering the second heartbeat, my eyes widened with surprise and puzzlement. The thought of an extra organ lying in my body without me realising it was there made me feel more distinct to the people I knew. On the other hand I grew up with these people and anything that would happen to me now probably would not surprise them. I continued towards the exterior of the TARDIS and found that we had landed inside a cave.

"Heh, you fool," I said to Lisa in relief, the echo of my voice going around the cave as it bounced off the walls, "it's only a cave."

Searching for the cave's entrance, I had a suspicious feeling that we were being watched, or even followed. Taking quick glances to see if anyone was there, all I could see were our shadows being cast by the light coming from the TARDIS. I looked over to Lisa to find that she was holding some sort of gadget. Asking her what it was and where she found it, she told me that it was some sort of barometer she had found in the TARDIS. Looking at the barometer, I noticed that unlike usual barometers, this one had a countdown on it. Not being able to read what the countdown was, we found our way out of the cave and found ourselves in a desert like environment.

"So what does the countdown on this mean?" I thought as I read the words besides the descending numbers. "Revelations Countdown." it read. "What's revelations countdown?" I asked myself aloud.

"What?" Lisa asked looking at the gadget.

Thinking hard and quick, I soon realised that we were in danger. "What's the reading of the countdown?" I asked Lisa who quickly looked at the Barometer.

"One minute and thirty seconds," she said.

"Then we best get out of here and quick!" I said hesitantly grabbing Lisa's arm and pulling her back to the cave.

Without realising it I accidentally landed the TARDIS on Earth just minutes before its life ended, which was something I did not wish to do. What I was intending was to watch the Earth's life end from a safe distance without being a part of it.

Boarding back into the TARDIS, Lisa helped me to set the controls so that we could dematerialise to a safer place for us to witness the big event that was about to take place. As we set the controls, I felt an increase in temperature as the atmosphere outside started to burn up. Looking at the barometer, I realised we were just seconds away from being obliterated and a mistake with the controls now would mean doom for the both of us. Just as I set the final controls, there was a loud explosion, which shook the cave.

"What was that?" asked Lisa almost falling over.

"It's started," I replied as I continued to set the co-ordinates.

"What's started?" she asked as he pressed some of the controls.

"If I could put it this way, it's the beginning of the end," I said as I had finished setting the co-ordinates.

"You mean, the world is ending and you decided to land us in the middle of it?" she said with discontent.

"Well I didn't mean for the TARDIS to land us on Earth two minutes before its destruction did I?"

Just then, there was another explosion, which rocked the ship and made us fall to the ground. I got up and turned on the scanner. This time I could see what was outside. We both witnessed as the Earth started to burn up. Coming to my senses, I hit one more button so that the TARDIS

would dematerialise. The central column started to rise and fall as the TARDIS made the usual noise. Once more, I looked at the scanner as molten lava came flowing towards the TARDIS. Lisa watched in horror wondering whether we would take-off before the lava would reach us. Just then, the view on the scanner faded from the cave and went to black.

“We’ve had it,” cried Lisa, “we’re going to die!”

She started to wander around the control room in panic. “No we’re not,” I replied. “We’ve still got a chance to escape.”

It was ironic really. Mentioning chances lead me to another thought on what my disorder was like. The chances for being born with my disorder was one out of four. Once diagnosis was confirmed, treatment could be carried out straight away. Without which the outcome would depend on the strain. These were my thoughts as I continued to look at the scanner as tiny white dots appeared on the screen.

“Lisa, look.” I said pointing towards the scanner.

Lisa could see an astonishing vista of stars and planets, dominated by a livid, boiling sun – a halo of vapours expanding from its disc. She felt my hand close to her shoulder as I comforted her.

To comfort Lisa during all this, I said as I watched, “Brave heart.”

Suddenly the sun erupted into molten fire, a dazzling explosion as its mass expanded beyond reason. In the midst of it all, Lisa saw a tiny blue and green planet world vaporise into space. The astonishing fury filled the entire screen until I switched off the scanner. Instead of grief or rage I expected us to feel, we found ourselves overwhelmed by the beauty of the sight. As the hum of the console room once again filled the room, we came to our senses.

“That was beautiful,” said Lisa wiping a tear from her eye.

I smiled, and then turned to the console. “Yes well. Let us see what we can do about co-ordinates for getting us back to Gallifrey, hmmm?” I said punching in the co-ordinates for home.

### **May 4, 5730 – Gallifrey**

Back on Gallifrey, Borusa noticed that two of his new young Time Lord recruits had disappeared. Looking around the garden, he soon found out by the missing TARDIS where it was that they had gone, and who was responsible for the disappearance. As he turned to walk off, the noise of a TARDIS sounded. He turned again and waited for the youths to depart from the TARDIS, which stood looking like the pillar with flowers on it. It landed as though it had not moved.

Coming out of the TARDIS I had hoped that no one would have noticed that we had gone missing, but when we saw Borusa standing before the TARDIS with his arms folded, I guessed that we had been gone for some time.

“And where in the Universe have you two been?” he asked in fury. “Do you realise the danger you could have put yourselves into by trying to navigate such a machine before you even learn how to use it properly?”

"It's my fault," I said, "I came across this TARDIS manual by accident, and I guess the curiosity of a test flight got to me."

"Yes, well," he began, "next time you want to witness the destruction of a planet, do not land on the planet you are studying. Now move along and do not do it again, not until you've complete knowledge of what you're doing." He said watching us go with puzzled looks on our faces, wondering how he knew where it was we went.

It was a glorious evening. I was with Lisa and some other Time Lords in the garden of remembrance watching a meteor shower. We watched as different colours of reds, greens and blues flew across the sky. It was the first time that I had ever seen such an exhibition in all my life. It was magnificent. After the meteor shower passed, I saw Borusa walking towards the doors that lead into the great hall. I caught up to him wondering whether he found anything more about the Time Lords living on Earth developing Osteoporosis.

"Oh yes," he said, "As I said before, this development of Osteoporosis is something that I've never heard of before in a growing Time Lord. Tell me," he began, "is Osteoporosis a common appearance with the Time Lords on Earth?"

"To what I know," I began, "it depended on the diet the Time Lords were eating."

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"Well the Medical Science Team from U.N.I.T tried tests as to why the Time Lords were developing the bone structural problem, and treated it the same way they would treat the humans."

"And that is?" He asked with interest.

"Their usual diet was altered so they had a higher calcium intake by giving them calcium tablets to see if this would put a halt to the problem."

"And did it?" He asked.

"Yes." I said. "There were some cases such as mine, where the problem didn't occur at all. This was due to the fact that I already had a high intake of calcium due to the amount of foods such as milk and bread I ate."

"But what I don't understand is," he began, "why did the problem occur in the first place? What could be the cause? As far as I know," he continued, "there has not been a problem like this on Gallifrey. There must be something on Earth that is causing this."

"Yes but what?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Again I'll have to come up with something to explain this. If you come up with any ideas, you will tell me?"

"Yes," I said, and then bidding farewell to him, I went to my room to meditate.

I was listening to music to help me relax as I lay on my bed, with my eyes closed. I was about fifteen minutes into the process when I started to receive more planetary information from my

subconscious. This time I was relaxed so the side effects that I experienced on the previous occasions did not occur. The information being fed into my conscious amazed me in ways of the amount of different life forms that existed throughout the universe. Even Mars eventually had life forming on it, which surprised me considering that the bacterial life found a few Earth years ago was supposed to be origins of Earth from the Big Bang. Then again I suppose that even humans can make the odd mistake with the primitive computer technology they have compared with that I had seen on Gallifrey. Once the intake of the new information had ceased, I continued with the meditation as though nothing had happened.

I was another twenty-five minutes into my meditation when I started to hear voices. At first I thought the voices I heard were coming from outside, so I ignored them. But when they started to call my name, I sat up and went to the door thinking someone from the corridor was calling me. Opening the door, I found the corridor empty, so I closed the door and went to the window. Looking out into the garden, again I saw no one. It was then I decided to answer whomever it was calling me.

“Who’s there?” I asked looking around the room, expecting someone to jump out.

“It’s me, the Doctor.” The voice came.

“But where are you?” I asked looking round.

“I’m back on Earth dealing with Cybermen.”

“Well how is it I can hear you?” I asked.

“I’ve locked onto your mind so I can communicate via telepathy.” He said.

“Well,” I began, “what’s up Doc?”

“Kindly refrain from calling me ‘Doc’.” He said, then went on to say he had found out some space cadets had drifted into a time tunnel, which had taken them to Skaro, the Daleks home planet.

“Well what can I do about that?” I asked.

“Well seeing that your TARDIS is in better condition than mine, I think it would be easier and quicker if you could go and rescue them, before they get themselves into trouble.”

“But,” I began, “I have already been caught using the TARDIS once when I took it on a test flight, and Borusa wasn’t too happy about it either.”

“Yes I know about that.” He said. “If you can get the cadets off Skaro and back to earth, you could then return to Gallifrey in the same time you left. That way no one will notice you had gone, I hope.”

“How did you know about...?” I began.

“Ah well I am a Time Lord, and we know everything about anything.” He said in a sage tone.

“Well how am I going to find these space cadets?” I asked.

“When you type in the co-ordinates, instead of doing what you did before, go to the search panel. On the display screen type in the code name of the space ship, which is ‘ST2020’, and the planet the ship is supposed to be on, which is ‘Skaro’, and hopefully the TARDIS will take you to the landing destination where the ship is without any problems.”

“What about the date when the ship landed?” I asked thinking he had forgotten to give me that piece of information.

“The TARDIS search panel will give you a time span when the ship landed on that planet, and how long it stayed there. All you have to do is land the TARDIS in the time span the ship arrived, and collect your passengers before they come out of their ship. Whatever you do, do not forget to take the anti-radiation pills if you decide to venture out onto Skaro’s surface. I did that the first time I went there and the effect of it was not pleasant!”

“Oh right.” I said starting to get excited at the thought of going off in my TARDIS again.

“Don’t forget to be careful. If you wish, take someone like Lisa with you for guidance.” He said, “Oh and good luck.” He concluded as his voice faded away.

When I knew for certain that he had gone, I noted down where it was I had to go and the name of the space ship. Feeling excitement build up inside me, I made my way to the door, opened it and left to make my way to Lisa’s room to see if she would join me on another journey through time and space.

Once again I found myself, with Lisa, setting co-ordinates in the console room of the TARDIS. Just like the Doctor had said, I managed to find a search panel on the display screen, and just as the Doctor ordered, I typed in the name of the spaceship and the planet that I was to find it on. Again as the Doctor said, the search panel gave me a time span as to when the ship landed on the planet, and how long it stayed there, so setting the co-ordinates to the time it arrived there, the TARDIS was soon ready to go to its destination.

“Are you sure that we’ll get away with this?” Lisa asked, “I mean although Borusa knew we had gone on that test flight, I’m still wondering where it was he got the knowledge where we’d gone from.”

“Yes I too have been wondering that. Plus the Doctor knew too.” I said pressing the button to dematerialise.

### **July 19, 2020 – ST2020, near Mars**

“What a wonderful sight.” thought John aloud as he looked at the huge volcanoes of Mars.

Looking over his shoulder was Janet Sayers, an Astronomist, who was also admiring the view. “Yes,” she said, “if you look over there,” she began, “you can see Mount Olympus the largest volcano anywhere in the Sun’s family. You can also make out the white patch covering the Martian pole.” She concluded.

Looking at her in amazement, John said, “Hey you’re not just a pretty face are you?”

“Well I guess three years studying Astronomy paid off for missions like this one.” She replied sitting back in her navigator’s chair.

It had been five years since the colonisation of Mars started. The occupants of the planet were construction workers, who had been working on the next project of buildings, and the technicians who had been doing final checks to see whether everything was in working order before the first set of millennium buildings were made ready for its occupants. In the main station were computer technicians monitoring the sky of Mars. They observed as a contact appeared on the radar screen. Assuming the contact was a spaceship; one of the technicians got onto the radio transmitter and tried to make contact with the ship.

“This is Mars Station One, are you reading over,” he said.

“Mars Station One, I am the Captain of ST2020 copying you loud and clear over.” The voice on the radio replied. “Require permission to land over.”

Checking the landing ground was clear, the technician turned back to the radio. “Permission to land granted over and out.”

As the Captain of the ship set about landing procedures to his team, John looked at his navigation monitor to find that they were not alone in the vicinity of space they were in. Pointing out to the Captain something was wrong, the Captain told him it could be just a meteor passing by. As landing procedures continued, John witnessed the ‘meteor’ seen on his screen flare up. Quickly, John looked out of a porthole, and gave an exclamation to a light he saw heading towards the ship. Almost at once, the light, which dazzled its occupants, surrounded the ship, and as quick as the light came, it also disappeared. When the occupants came too, the first to look out the porthole to see what had happened was Janet. Looking back towards the others in shock, it was not long before everyone on the ship were informed that they were in a totally different vicinity of space to that they were in a few seconds before. Not taking everything that happened in, John too looked out of the porthole to confirm what Janet had said.

“Can you tell me what’s happening here?” he said with concern, looking at Janet.

“All I can say,” She began, “is that I don’t know what happened, but we’re nowhere near where we were before.”

“I don’t understand how this can be,” the Captain said.

Not being able to give a clear explanation, John, the Captain and Commander Steve were soon made to realise that Janet was not able to tell them where they were, as the star constellation they were in had not yet been explored by any space traveller on Earth. Even Scientific Advisor Jean could not give an answer. The first thing John tried to do was to get in contact with Earth, or Mars, whom concluded with failure. Not sure what to do next, the Captain decided they were to explore the new vicinity and see if there were any planets safe enough for them to land.

Back on Mars, the technician who gave the ST2020 permission to land looked at the radar screen in confusion wondering why the ship had suddenly disappeared. Thinking it may have been a fault, he tried to see if he could correct, but saw nothing wrong with the equipment. Trying once more to get in contact with ST2020 resulting in failure. When he realised the ST2020 had mysteriously disappeared, he got onto the radio to Earth control to inform them the events that had taken place.

**August 24, 3010 – Skaro**

Checking the radar screen to see if there were any planets which could possibly support life, John found there was a planet which was emitting signals. An attempt to decipher the signals resulted in failure as the symbols used were alien to John. Wandering whether it was safe to land on the red planet they had been observing, the Captain gave orders to take the ship nearer to take a closer look. All that could be seen from the view they were looking at was of trees with no leaves and some hills in the distance. Not far from the hills was a city. Amazed by their findings, the crew tried to get into contact with the beings of the city, but no reply. Again they set work with landing procedures to land the ship so it would be hidden among the trees in case they came across some unsuspected enemies. When landing procedures were complete, the crew of the ST2020 made their way out of the ship and started on their way to the city.

Unknown to the occupants of the ST2020, they were being watched by an evil genius, whose body was encased in a polycarbide armour. Watching the occupants from one of the many monitors stood before him in the control centre of the Dalek City, the evil genius glided across the floor to some doors, which automatically opened revealing a lift. Gliding into the lift, the doors closed behind him and the lift descended levels deep into the city's underground, to a laboratory where work for the latest attempt to cause havoc on Earth took place. Abandoning the lift, the shell of the genius glided across the room to table slabs, which stood in the centre. On the slabs were shrouds covering human shaped moulds. Surrounding the slabs were computers and medical equipment, which stood waiting patiently for work to commence. As the shell of the evil genius approached the slabs, the front upper half of the large dome resting upon the skirt slid silently back. The head of Davros looked at his latest invention to go with his latest scheme. He watched as the shrouds disintegrated, revealing duplicated bodies of the ST2020 crew, who were about to meet their doom. Smiling at his latest plan against Earth, Davros looked at the duplicates, which were waiting to be programmed, before he moved to a monitor by the slabs that revealed the occupants as seen on the monitors in the control centre.

As Davros looked at the duplicates once more, he said in a serious tone, "Stage one complete." before he continued to watch the ST2020 crew walk straight into his trap.

As they walked through the lifeless forest, the ST2020 occupants were astonished by the destruction brought onto the forest. As Jean Hallow, a scientific advisor, looked closely at some of the trees, she made some small comment, not heard by the others, and then continued walking taking in all that was around them.

"What's up?" asked Janet noticing the concerned look.

"Something bad happened here." She said.

"What?" the Captain asked.

"Well I don't know exactly," she said, "I think this was caused by some war. A war that ended in a nuclear attack, making these trees the way they are now. As for the soil, the heat must've been unbearable for the soil to turn to ash."

"But we're safe?" asked John. "I mean from radiation."

“Oh yes,” she replied. “By the look of things, I’d say that this war ended ages ago. Besides,” she continued, “there must be survivors from it all, otherwise we wouldn’t have received the signals we’ve been getting.”

“True.” The Captain said as they continued towards the city.

In the control room of the Dalek City, a small group of Daleks hovered around controls as they kept watch over the five ST2020 occupants. Their domes turned to the vibration sound of a door as it slid open, revealing their Emperor, Davros. Leaving their posts, they glided over to Davros knowing they were to receive orders for the capture of the crew.

“You know what to do?” The voice of their Emperor bellowed.

“Yes.” They all said at once in their mechanical tone.

“It is vital that you bring them back alive.” He said with great importance, “Immobilise them if you have to, but do not exterminate!” He concluded.

“We obey.” They said as they departed the room onto their latest mission.

Pleased that his next stage was about to commence, Davros glided over to the monitors and watched as the ST2020 crew came closer and closer to the walls of the city.

On approaching the city, the crew looked on in awe as they witnessed the magnificent architectural design put into the walls.

“This is magnificent,” said Janet with admiration, “I’ve never seen such a design in all my life.”

As they walked through the entrance of the city walls and into the streets, they looked on at the clean; cut uniform design of the buildings.

“But there’s something missing.” Said John looking around, “where are its occupants? We’ve not seen any people.”

“Yes it does seem a little odd the streets are empty.” The Captain replied.

As they continued down the street, the Captain noticed as a door of one of the buildings that looked like the ‘principal’ of the city silently open. Stopping in his tracks, he pointed the door out to the others. As though they were thinking what he had in mind, they all set off towards the open door to look inside.

Inside the building was an empty entrance hall, which had three doors leading off into other areas of the establishment.

“Even the building’s empty.” John began. “Where is everyone?”

Taking note of what John said, the Captain decided to allocate two small groups to explore the secrets held by the closed doors, to see if there were any signs of life within the building they were in. “Right,” he said, “John and Janet will accompany me through this door,” he said pointing to the door on the right, “and you,” he continued looking at Steve, “shall go with Jean

through that door.” He said pointing to the centre door. “If you don’t find anything within 15 minutes, we shall all meet back here.”

At this the two groups descended to the doors they were destined to go to. As they approached, the doors automatically opened as if to greet them into the new room they were about to venture.

The room that the Captain, John and Janet entered consisted of small corridor leading to a second door. On approaching this door, it opened up to reveal a small room, with a control panel on the inside wall.

“It’s a lift.” Janet said.

“Very well analysed there Janet. What qualification did you use to come up with that conclusion?” The Captain grinned.

Ignoring his sarcastic gesture, Janet stepped into the lift, followed by the others. “Now,” she began, “I wonder where this will take us.” At this she pressed one of the buttons on the control panel, and the door slid shut.

The occupants of the lift felt a slight jolt as it started to move. They listened in silence as the lift made its way to the next floor. A second jolt took place as the lift came to a halt. Wondering what the room on the other side of the door looked like, the occupants of the lift waited as the door slid silently open.

Like before, there was a corridor leading to another door. Not being able to accept they were on a different floor due to similarities between the two, they ventured out of the lift and made their way across the corridor. On approaching the doors, they slid open revealing a room with table slabs in the centre. On the slabs were shrouds, which covered human shaped moulds. Surrounding the slabs were computers and medical equipment, which stood waiting patiently for work to commence.

“I don’t believe it,” began Janet, “it looks as though we’ve come to a mortuary.”

“Yes but look Janet,” said the Captain, “the moulds on the slabs are human shaped.”

“Yes and what are these computers?” asked Janet taking a step into the room to take a closer look.

“Careful Janet I don’t like the look of this.” The Captain warned.

“Don’t worry. What harm can these corpses do to us? They’re not going to jump up and grab us now are they?” She said as she went closer to the slabs.

With curiosity as to what the creature of the planet they were on looked like, she reached out to the shroud of the nearest body and pulled it back. Giving off a shriek at the sight she saw, the Captain and John rushed to her side and were horrified to see that the body on the slab was of that of Janet’s.

“I don’t believe it.” The Captain said shocked, “What’s going on here?” He paused and turned to the door and beckoned the other two to follow him back to the lift. “Come,” he said, “we’d

better go and find the others and get out of here.” At this, all three of the crew made their way to the door.

What the door revealed when it opened made the Captain stop dead in his tracks. His mouth fell open. He tried to speak, but no words came. He sensed that his companions were in the same rigid state of fear that gripped him.

A harsh, grating, mechanical voice ahead of them commanded, “You will move ahead of us and follow my directions. Come this way.” The voice and the creature it belonged to were unbelievable. It was a Dalek, and behind it...three more.

The three-crew members of the ST2020 stood in frozen terror. The first Dalek glided closer. The single lens of its ‘eye’ scanned them carefully for weapons. The Captain felt the prickle of fear run up his spine. The Dalek’s arm telescoped out and pressed against his chest, pushing him back against the wall. The enormous strength of the arm forced the air from his body. He gasped and tried to wriggle free. The pressure increased and the Captain thought his ribs would cave in. He did the only thing he could think of and with one quick movement struck the eyestalk of the Dalek. The powerful strike caused the Dalek to release its pressure on the Captain. In the same instant the Captain yelled to the others to “Run!”

John and Janet did not need telling twice. All three of them turned and ran as they had never run before. Scrambling and stumbling they raced toward the lift at the end of the corridor, pushing past the Daleks. The first Dalek recovered from its blow before they had covered half the distance. Its stubby gun barrel came up and fired. The corridor was lit by the blue-white glare from the neutronic charge. There was the crackle of high-energy discharge and the crew felt the muscle numbing pain as the rays whipped past them at the speed of light. The door to the lift took the full impact of the blast. Its surface instantly glowed white with heat and rivulets of molten metal trickled down. Desperately, the Captain reached for the door, and then snatched his burned fingers away with a cry of pain. The neutron rays had welded the door immovably shut. There was no escape. The crew turned to face the Dalek as it advanced slowly down the corridor, its gun pointed unwaveringly toward them. When it fired there was hardly any sound and the light from it was no more than a gentle glow. The Dalek had fired at minimum power, but even so the three felt the rays jerk through their bodies like a violent electric shock. Their heads ached and their legs buckled under them as the dark blanket of unconsciousness wrapped around them. They slumped to the ground.

Fifteen minutes had gone by since the crew of the ST2020 embarked into the building. Commander Steve and Jean had just got back into the entrance hall and were waiting for the others. They did not find anything of interest; just empty rooms that looked as though they were waiting to be furnished. Neither of them could understand why there was such a big building with nothing in it at all.

“I wonder if the room the Captain and the others went in is as empty as the ones we have seen.” Steve said looking at the centre doors waiting for them to open and the Captain to walk through.

“Hmmm yes,” said Jean, “they must’ve found something or else they would be back by now.”

They waited another few minutes before deciding to see what was taking the others so long. Walking towards the door Steve looked at Jean and said, “Come on, let’s see what they’re up to.”

Wishing that Steve would be more patient rather than going off, Jean just sighed and followed. Like before, the door automatically opened and they saw what the Captain, John and Janet saw, a corridor leading to a door. Just as they were about to enter the room, the door on the other side of the corridor started to open.

“What took you...” began Steve who stopped in mid-sentence as he witnessed a Dalek coming out of the door. “What the?” asked John not knowing what to do next.

“Stay where you are. Do not move or you will be exterminated!” The approaching Dalek said in its usual mechanical tone.

Not wasting any time, Steve quickly turned to Jean and gave the order to run. Both of them ran out of the room, out of the building and carried on running until they were out of the city.

Once outside, they stopped as soon as they felt safe. “I don’t know what that thing was, and I didn’t want to find out either.” Steve said gaining his breath.

“The last time I saw something like that was in my last job at U.N.I.T.” Jean said not believing it herself. “They’re known as Daleks; hideous, machine-like creatures. All I know about them is they were last seen on Earth in 1963, when they were trying to obtain something belonging to someone known as the Doctor.”

“What? Who?” asked Steve with confusion.

“The Doctor,” came the reply, “was a scientific advisor who worked for the now departed Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart. Apparently this Doctor travelled around time and space in a Police Box.”

“What nonsense,” Steve replied, “it’s absurd.”

“Yes that’s what I thought when I first saw him.” Jean said looking round. “Let’s just hope someone has noticed we’ve gone missing and able to do something about it.” She continued with a helpless look on her face.

“I just hope that the Doctor will be able to save us in this Police Box of his.” Steve said in disbelief.

Janet was the last to wake. She felt the touch of solid cold metal against her cheek. She could hear the distant sound of computers humming. She tried to sit up, but was held down by some straps. She stared about her as much as she could as her head was held down. She could just about see the Captain and John.

“Where are we?” Janet asked.

“We’re in a laboratory inside the Dalek City.” The Captain replied.

Janet stared. They were strapped down on operating tables surrounded by computers. Sensors were attached to their heads and plugged into the surrounding computers. She could see her double lying on the slab she saw earlier. “Somebody please tell me what’s going on.” She wailed with confusion. “What are those hideous machines and why are they doing this to us?”

Tears of fear ran from her eyes and down her cheeks. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw something move within the shadows of the room. Looking in the direction of the moving object, a Dalek with a dome on the skirting replacing features that she had seen earlier glided forward. Stopping by the side of Janet, the top half of the dome slid back revealing the hideous humanoid underneath. Ignoring the scream given off by Janet it said. "So you have decided to wake and join our company have you?" With an expression of what looked like a smile it continued, "Have I got plans for you."

"Oh this is great!" said Steve getting a little frustrated at what happened. "We've spent just over 4 months in space, travelling to Mars, and what happens? Just as the mission starts to simplify as we set to land on Mars Station, we get brought to this damn planet."

Jean too felt frustrated with all that happened. It was not easy for either of the crew to live in such a cramped space such as the ST2020. They knew what they were letting themselves in for, and had accepted the exercises they had to do to keep themselves fit throughout the journey. "Well there's no going back now." Jean said trying to calm Steve. "Nothing can undo what has happened."

Steve and Jean had just about given up hope of the Captain's return when in the distance, they could hear rustling. Both of them rose to their feet and anticipated with their next move as they ran to hide.

As they found a hiding place, a familiar voice could be heard coming from the direction of the rustling. "Steve? Jean, are you there?" The voice came. It was the Captain.

Coming out from their hiding places, Steve and Jean went to greet the Captain. Both were relieved that he was still alive. "How did you get away from those hideous machines?" Jean asked.

"Hideous? Machines?" The Captain asked. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I mean the Daleks." Jean replied. "They tried to kill us."

"What?" Asked the Captain confused. "Oh you mean the Mark 3 Travel Machines? They were the guards of the city."

"Hey?" Jean started. "What are you talking about?"

"The machines you talk about, they were guards preventing you from entering secure areas."

"By killing us?" Steve asked in disbelief.

"Well that's not really their intention." The Captain replied.

"It sounded like it to us." Jean said.

"Yes well that's a misunderstanding." The Captain began. "And just because the Doctor took it upon himself to destroy them back in 1963, doesn't mean that they're hideous, machine-like creatures."

“But according to the records I read whilst in U.N.I.T, these Dalek things set out to steal something belonging to the Doctor, but were stopped and destroyed.”

“They were merely taking back what belonged to them in the first place.” The Captain concluded.

“Well where are Janet and your Navigator?” Jean asked changing the subject.

“Oh I left them with Davros, the scientific genius behind the Mark 3 Travel Machines.” replied the Captain. “Come, I’ll introduce you to him.”

Not sure as to whether this was a good idea or not, Steve and Jean discussed amongst themselves what to do next.

“How did he know about the Daleks being on Earth in 1963, and the Doctor? He did not hear it from me?” Jean asked suspiciously.

“Perhaps this Davros person told him.” Steve replied.

“Yes, but I described them as hideous, machine-like creatures. He certainly didn’t get that from Davros or me for that matter.”

“Well the Captain seems to be alright to me, so I see no reason not to go.” Steve said. At this he turned and strolled towards the Captain. “Well I’m ready when you are Captain.” Turning back to Jean he said, “Coming Jean?”

Still not 100% with what was going on, she gave a nod and followed in Steve’s steps.

The three-crew members had reached the Dalek City, and started to make their way back towards the building they had ventured into earlier. Like before the inside of the building consisted of an empty hall, which had three doors leading off into other areas of the establishment.

“Where are Janet and John?” Steve asked.

Pointing towards the door that the Captain had stepped through with John and Janet, he led the way. As they approached, the door automatically opened, revealing the familiar site of the corridor leading to a second door. The Captain entered, leading the others to the door, which opened revealing the lift. As the three occupants of the ST2020 stepped into the lift, Jean began to ponder as to where they were going.

“Where does this take us?” She asked the Captain, who by now activated the lift by pressing one of the buttons on the control panel.

The occupants of the lift felt a slight jolt as it started to move. They listened in silence as the lift made its way to the next floor. A second jolt took place as the lift came to a halt. Wondering what the room on the other side of the door looked like, the occupants of the lift waited as the door slid silently open.

Like before, there was a corridor leading to another door. Not being able to accept that they were on a different floor due to similarities between the two, Jean and Steve ventured out of the

lift, followed by the Captain, and made their way to the door. On approaching the door, it slid open revealing a room with table slabs, which stood in the centre. On the slabs were shrouds, which covered human shaped moulds. Surrounding the slabs were computers and medical equipment, which stood waiting patiently for work to commence.

“Is this some kind of joke?” Jean asked. “Where are we?” As she finished asking her question, she could hear muffling coming from one of the slabs. Wondering what was making the muffling sound; she walked over to the slab, and pulled of the shroud. To her horror, it was the Captain strapped down.

“Run Jean run!” He shouted. “It is a trap. For God’s sake run for your life.”

She turned to the other Captain to see if she was seeing things. He stood staring back at her with an emotionless look on his face. She noticed that he was holding something. On looking down at his hand, she saw what looked like a gun. Then she realised that Steve had not reacted at all by what was going on. When she looked in his direction, she saw he was no longer standing, but lying down on the ground unconscious. Just as she took all she had witnessed in, and about to react, she heard a build-up of energy coming from the gun followed by a blue-white glare of a neutronic charge. There was the crackle of high-energy discharge and Jean felt the muscle numbing pain as the rays whipped at her at the speed of light. The rays jerked through her body like a violent electric shock. Her head ached and legs buckled under her as the dark blanket of unconsciousness wrapped around. She slumped to the ground.

### **July 19, 2020 – Mars Station**

“I don’t understand it. One minute the ST2020 was there, ready to land, then the next minute it was gone.” Technician Mike Snider said to his assistant Stewart as he continued to look at the radar screen, wondering what had happened to the ST2020.

Just as he picked up the radio transmitter to send a message back to Earth about what had happened, the radar screen flared then faded revealing the familiar mark from where the ST2020 was seen. Not believing his eyes, Mike got back onto radio and attempted once more to get in contact with the ST2020 crew.

“This is technician Mike Snider of Mars Station over.” He said bewildered into the radio.

“Technician Mike Snider, this is Captain Scott Myers of the ST2020 reading you over.” The reply was.

“Is everything alright up there over?” Said Mike concerned.

“Everything is fine. Permission to land over?”

“Err, yes, permission granted. I’ll see you when you have docked over and out.”

Mike and Stewart vacated their positions and made their way towards the hatch. They approached as the pressure chamber altered its atmosphere to suit that of the station. The sound coming from the chamber during the decompression had ceased. This was followed by the sound of heavy latches as the hatch unlocked. The hatch opened to reveal the five crew members of the ST2020. Mike stepped forward to the newcomers.

“Welcome,” he said, “I’m technician Mike Snider and this is my assistant Stewart Summers. I trust you had a...” He paused to the sound of grating on the floor behind the crew. “What’s making that sound?” He asked. “It’s coming from behind you.”

No reply came from any of the crew. Instead they stood motionless as though the sound was expected. Then they stood to one side of the hatch as though to let something pass. There was nothing there. The grating sound made its way toward Mike, who felt as a powerful force pushed him back, causing him to fall. Dazed and confused, he watched as out of nowhere, Davros and four Daleks materialised. The sight that stood before Mike made him quickly get up onto his feet and step back a few paces.

“What is this?” He asked looking at the Captain.

“You will be silent and do as I tell you!” Davros barked.

Mike looked at Davros, then at the Daleks and finally at the five crew members who stood motionless as though hypnotised and awaiting orders.

### **August 24, 3010 – Skaro**

As the TARDIS grew nearer and nearer to its destination, I watched the scanner as the home planet of the Daleks grew and grew. I could see a faint beam of light coming from the planet travelling in a straight line, and then disappearing into nowhere. I guessed that this was the time corridor created by the Daleks to lure the ST2020 into its drift. Getting used to the controls of the console, I managed to steer the TARDIS so to avoid the corridor. However at the same time, I wished to land the TARDIS close to where the beam was coming from, as I knew the ST2020 and its crew would be nearby. As the TARDIS entered Skaro’s atmosphere, there was a sudden pull of energy. The impact was like a violent tremor sweeping through the room, causing Lisa and myself to regress to the floor. The TARDIS was thrown away from its course, and towards the corridor. No matter how Lisa and I tried, there was nothing we could do. Before we could do anything, the TARDIS was drawn into the time corridor and was making its way to Mars Station.

Knowing anytime now that the TARDIS was to materialise in an environment occupied by Daleks, I looked in the TARDIS log to see if there was any way I could land the TARDIS without it being seen or heard. In the index file I found a chapter titled ‘The Chameleon Circuitry System’. I opened the chapter and started to read through different modes of materialisation. There was one mode known as a ‘pre-scan’, where the TARDIS could scan the environment before landing and the exterior could be remodelled just prior to materialisation. Setting the controls so that the TARDIS would do this, I waited tensely as the TARDIS grew nearer to the end of the time corridor and into the company of the Daleks.

### **July 19, 2020 – Mars Station**

“At last,” bellowed Davros feeling all excited that for once a plan of his was working, “Earth’s fate is in my hands.” He glided over to his prisoners, and then turned to observe from their point of view as the duplicated crew of the ST2020 and his Daleks carried out their orders. “It is great having enemies you long to destroy.” He said to Mike and Stewart. “The years of patience waiting whilst I find the right moments to destroy the Earth are now paying me back!”

“Why Earth?” Asked Mike scared. “What have we done to you?”

“Too much,” Davros barked as he turned to Mike, “with things you should not meddle.”

“I still don’t understand. What have we done?” Asked Mike puzzled.

“You helped my enemies of course.”

“Your enemies?” Stewart asked.

“The Time Lords.” Davros replied.

“Who?” Mike and Stewart asked in unison.

“They escaped war and hid themselves amongst your kind on Earth. They came up with a clever disguise using a genetic disorder so that you would help them.” He paused. “So clever in fact, I nearly fell for it.” He looked back at his Daleks. “My Daleks searched for what seemed centuries trying to find these Time Lords. You Earth creatures had them all along.”

“How many Time Lords are there supposed to be? How can you tell them from us?” Mike asked curiously.

“Put it this way, how many people do you know who have Cystic Fibrosis? That is how many.”

“There must be thousands.” Mike said who paused to think. “Are you telling me...AND without us knowing it?” He asked astonished.

“I hope you find it is disgusting?” He began. “If my timing is correct, Earth’s scientists are about to open up an evolution of discoveries using the Time Lords gene, so that they will no longer require lung treatment as they go through adolescence. This discovery will of course benefit them, which is something I am to put a stop to. Those who help my enemies are also my enemies.”

“Well how do you suppose you’re going to do that?” Mike asked as he looked on at the mad scientist.

“A comet big enough to cause considerable damage to Earth is heading towards the sun. It was calculated by Earth’s scientists that it would strike the Earth in the year 2019, but unfortunately for me the calculations were wrong and it missed. With my aid and equipment, and your computers, this comet will collide with the sun at such a force, it will turn supernova and destroy all that is in its path.”

“You’re mad. You’ll kill us all.” said Stewart horrified.

“No not us, just you.” Davros said correcting him. “My Daleks and I shall be watching from a safe distance.”

At this Davros and his Daleks set to work. The duplicates of the ST2020 left the station, returned to the ship to get equipment required to upgrade what was already in the station. Upon their return Davros gave the order to commence work.

Unknown to Davros and his Daleks, I was watching and listening to all he was revealing to his prisoners. "So that is his plan." I said. "We will soon see about that."

"What's the plan?" Lisa asked.

"You'll see." I said with a smile on my face.

I couldn't believe how mad Davros really was. To kill a whole race of humans just because they unknowingly aided to keep the Time Lords alive was absolutely ridiculous. It was 1998 when I started to understand what life was really about, and now being in the year 2020, 22 years later; it felt like only a few days ago my life came together. I thought back to the time when I started to learn the truth resulting in my life changing right before my very own eyes. I could not believe how well kept the secret the real reason why I had undergone treatments over the years. The chronicles made to hide and protect others like me was astounding. Especially when I eventually came to realise that not only did the truth affect me, but also everyone I knew, loved and had grown up with. The big secret had left me without words for description from how I felt at the time. Now of course with the truth being exposed has brought me to love those close to me even more knowing that they carried out their task of keeping me safe.

The usual humming noise of the TARDIS could be heard throughout the ship as it manoeuvred through time and space. Preparing for what was yet to come; Lisa and I checked the TARDIS controls. As the Doctor ordered, the ship was taking us to the correct time of the Daleks home planet, so we could dispatch the crew of the ST2020 from Skaro, to their rightful place in time and space.

Ever since the recognition of human beings, Davros set out ways of destroying them only to have fallen short. Although to him the failure of defeating mankind was a strength for his final victory of destroying mankind. As time grew so did his power of knowledge of the human being and their weakness. Over the years he had made attempts to get in mans way for survival. Whether it was in the 22<sup>nd</sup> century when world peace hung in the balance, the 26<sup>th</sup> century when space was divided between the great empires of Earth and Draconia, or when he sent his Daleks to Exxilon to discontinue an expedition from Earth seeking a rare mineral that could cure the virulent space plague that threatened all human life throughout the galaxy. This time he was certain that nothing was overlooked. His plan for the destruction of Earth was at last within his grasp. The experiments he accomplished on Spiridon; the ability to become invisible had finally paid off as part of his plan to invade Mars Station. Even though it cost him 10,000 Daleks in the process, the information he had gained from the experiments carried out on the planet was enough.

"At last, my plan has worked." Davros said feeling happy now things were finally going the way he wanted without a certain meddling Time Lord getting in the way. "I am now going to watch this from a safe distance." He said as he and his Daleks departed from Mars Station and made his way for the ST2020. Turning back to his prisoners and duplicates, he said, "I no longer call for your assistance." He watched as his Daleks turned on them and exterminated them all with one single blast. Smiling he turned and continued on his way.

Inside the ST2020, Davros entered the control room, which he upgraded so the Daleks could access the controls, and made his way to his Captain's post. The Daleks got themselves into position for takeoff, and set the controls to head back into the time corridor. Just as they entered the time corridor, a powerful ray of light pushed its way through space from Mars Station and headed out towards the comet, which was already heading towards the sun. When the ray

struck the comet, the impact caused the comet to gain considerable speed. Davros watched in the distance as the comet collided with the sun causing it to expand as it started to turn supernova, swallowing everything in its path. The ST2020 entered the time tunnel just as the intense heat from the explosion approached Mars. Davros watched as the sun swallowed the Earth before darkness fell once more as the ST2020 made its way back to the home planet of the Daleks.

“At last.” Davros said with a smile. “The Earth and its entire people are dead!”

### **August 24, 3010 – Skaro**

Checking the radar screen to see if there were any planets which could possibly support life, John found there was a planet which was emitting signals. An attempt to decipher the signals resulted in failure as the symbols used were alien to John. Wandering whether it was safe to land on the red planet they had been observing, the Captain gave orders to take the ship nearer to take a closer look. All that could be seen from the view they were looking at was of trees with no leaves and some hills in the distance. Not far from the hills was a city. Amazed by their findings, the crew tried to get into contact with the beings of the city, but no reply. Again they set work with landing procedures to land the ship so it would be hidden among the trees in case they came across some unsuspected enemies. The Captain was just ready to give clearance for the crew to leave the ship, when he noticed a control panel materialise in front of the ship. Amazed by this, he beckoned the others to witness what he was seeing.

“Where did that come from?” asked Janet mesmerised by what she saw.

“I don’t know.” The reply was, “One minute it was just clear ground, then this control panel appeared out of nowhere.” Just as he said that, the crew watched as the control panel metamorphosed into a large rock. “Are we seeing things here? Perhaps it’s the atmosphere?”

“But we’ve not opened the hatch yet, so we’re not affected by the atmosphere.” Janet said. “Do you think it would be wise for us to venture outside?”

“I don’t know.” The Captain said. “Let’s just stay put for now.”

As we monitored the flight of the TARDIS, the central column slowed down to a halt as the TARDIS landed beside the ship. Instantly I switched on the scanners to see the ST2020 outside the ship. The TARDIS had done it. It had got us to where we wanted it to take us. All I had to do now was to stop the crew from stepping outside the ST2020 into the radioactive air. Straight away I got onto the communications system to contact the ST2020.

“Hello, hello do you read me over?” I said speaking into the microphone.

Coming to his senses about what happened outside the ST2020, the Captain was the first to notice the signals being picked up once more by the radio. “Hello, hello do you read me over?” The radio crackled. Settling himself back to the controls, John prepared himself to reply to the call. Picking up his headset, he replied to the incoming call. “This is ST2020 reading you over.”

“Ah thank goodness. Now this is important. Have you opened your hatch over?” The voice said.

“That would be a negative.” John said. “Who is this over?”

"I'm a friend. Do I permission to come aboard over?"

John looked up at the Captain. The Captain looked back with a caution. "Permission granted over." He replied.

At this I set the TARDIS to transport the ST2020 along with its crew to one of the storerooms within the TARDIS. It took me some time to explain who I was and where I had come from.

"So the Daleks brought us here to do all that?" asked Janet with amazement, "and all because of the evolution of discoveries between the Human and Time Lord gene?"

"Yes," I replied, "and I've come to prevent it from happening with a plan of my own as to how I can get you home without Davros noticing."

"How are you going to do that?" asked Lisa, who had wanted to know the answer since we departed from Mars.

"Let's just say that if Davros can duplicate these people for his uses," I said pointing to the crew, "then so can I." I began. "The plan is to duplicate the crew along with a replica of their ship, and to put them back on Skaro where they landed as though we had not intervened. Then I am going to land the TARDIS on the console that controls the time corridor and adjust it a little."

"The question is; is it going to work?" The Captain asked.

"Yes most definitely." I replied with confidence. At this I set the co-ordinates to take the TARDIS to the bowels of the Dalek City, to the control room where they operated the time corridor.

During the flight to the control room, both Lisa and I felt a phenomenal burning sensation ripping through our bodies. The pain caused by this was so sensational that we subsided to the ground rolling in agony. Showing concern the Captain asked if we were all right.

"I don't know." I replied. "Something's happening, but not to us. It's like an intense vision of destruction. The pain we're feeling is coming from the minds of those experiencing it."

At this we both witnessed images of people we knew going about their normal lives. The sky was showing no cloud, the sun was shining its summer glow, and the birds were singing their melodic calls. Suddenly there was a flash of light as the sun started to swell, causing a sudden heat wave across the Earth. People looked up in the sky, their hands partly covering their eyes so they could see clearly as the sun swelled even more before them. Panic-stricken people started running and screaming as they rummaged around for shelter, feeling an increase in the temperature. The heat was so intense that it burned the skin red, causing the population to cry out even more, this time in pain. Birds were falling out of the sky burnt to a crisp. As the sun swelled even more, so did the heat. Those who tried to look became blinded as the heat dried up their eyes. The tarmac in the roads and pavements started to melt, car tyres started to sink, people started to fall under the intense heat. Aeroplanes in flight exploded, the debris declining to the ground. Cars started to explode, the smell of burning flesh started to hit the air. By this time no one was able to witness or smell all that was going on as life on Earth had come to a total stand still. The screams had died and all was silent. All that could be heard was the loud crackling of fire coming from vehicles. The Earth had turned into one big coffin; all that was left was the cremation as the sun swallowed all that remained.

Lisa and I came round after the devastating vision that was put before us. History as we knew it had been changed.

“NO!” I shouted as I came to terms with what happened. The thought of an evil genius changing the course of history in a bid to stop a great find that would help lives disgusted me. It became obvious that he did not care what he had done to his race, the Kaleds, turning them into mutated blobs of hate and wiping them of emotion. The thought of all those people who had suffered so much pain from his toil angered me. Especially when there were some I knew as family and friends. After all the human race had done to preserve the lives of the Time Lords, it was up to me with the aid of my companions to help stop this from happening and resetting history to how it should have been. I could see Lisa’s thought just by looking at her that she was partially scared. Just seeing her like this made me feel angrier and I cried out once more, “NO!” I stood up and slammed the console making everyone jump. “It shall not happen!”

“What?” The Captain asked with concern.

“He’s changed how things are to be.” I replied as I started working on the controls to take us to the one room where all this turmoil had started. “And I’m going to change it back!” I said in anger.

At this Lisa came to her senses and approached the console to help me as I continued to work on the controls to take us to the Daleks’ control room to stop Davros and his immoral schemes. I had a few tricks up my sleeve.

The room was almost silent. All that could be heard was the humming of the electronics inside the vast machines that operated the time corridor. Checking the scanners to see if there were any Daleks about, we found the room was empty. Perhaps Davros thought no one would intrude with his plans. Even if there were Daleks in the room, it did not matter as I had set the co-ordinates to land the TARDIS on the time corridor control panel. This was so I could operate the time corridor without having to leave the TARDIS. There was no way I was going to let myself get caught by stepping outside into the open.

Looking at the panel, it was almost identical to the controls of the TARDIS. “This is going to be easy.” I thought aloud as I reset the time co-ordinates to August 11, 2925 – Mars.

As I set the time corridor to its new destination, the scanners showed two Daleks entering the control room. Hoping that they would not detect the TARDIS, I started setting the controls to dematerialise as quickly as I could. Just as I finished what I was doing, one of the Daleks approached the time corridor control panel.

“Alert! Alert! Sensors detect seismic energy flowing from the time corridor control panel. Energy readings confirm that they are of a TARDIS. There are intruders in the city. Seek and destroy.” It said getting all excited. “The TARDIS is to be destroyed to prevent escape!” At this the Dalek aimed its neutraliser towards the time corridor control panel. Just as it set to charge the high-energy of fire at the TARDIS, there came the sound as the TARDIS dematerialised.

The TARDIS crew watched as the Dalek not only miss the TARDIS by a fraction of a second, but also destroyed the time corridor control panel, thus putting it out of service.

“It’ll take a few hours for that to be mended.” I began. “When they do fix it, they’ll be searching for their master in the wrong time-zone as I don’t think they’ll know what I’ve done.” As I said this, I turned to the others before I continued. “Now to get you five duplicated again. Now follow me.” I said walking out of the control room into the long corridor I had entered before.

“Where are we going now?” Lisa asked.

“We’re off to the food duplicator.” I replied.

When we got there, I got out a first-aid kit and took from it a lancet kit and five sampling tubes. The lancet kit was used to take small blood samples from the finger to test blood sugar levels for diabetes. This was something that Time Lords had to keep check on every now and then just to make sure their bodies were coping with the alternative diet and life style they lived on whilst on Earth. However I had a different use for this. Asking the crew to hold out their hands, I took blood samples from them into the sampling tubes.

“What are you doing?” Lisa asked puzzled.

“When I read the TARDIS log, I found there was a duplicator onboard the TARDIS. It’s use was to make reproductions of samples put into the analyser. I’m hoping that if I got it to analysis the DNA of these people, it will replicate them so I can leave them on Skaro where they landed.”

“The question is; will it work?” Lisa asked. I must admit that I didn’t like the scepticism, but she was only asking what I was thinking. In my mind I had my fingers crossed, as this part of my plan was really important. If it didn’t work, then that was it. I did not have any other idea where it didn’t involve putting innocent lives at risk more than what I had by materialising the TARDIS onto the time corridor control panel.

I’m not sure if it was my face that gave me away, or Lisa just knew what I was thinking, but I could see that she knew that I too was sceptic about this plan. In the end I had to admit it. I looked at her and said, “I’m not sure to be honest. Its main use is to replicate food for the crew of the TARDIS. Whether it will replicate living beings is another matter.”

My hearts were beating like a drum as I went over to the duplicator and inserted the DNA blood samples of the crew. One by one I put the samples into the machine. The machine started to hum as it analysed the DNA. Then it started to vibrate vigorously as though it couldn’t cope. Steam started to flow from the back of the machine.

“It’s not going to work.” Lisa said as she and the others started to back out of the room.

As she said this, there came a glow in front of the machine. Slowly but surely, five figures started to appear one by one. “It’s working.” I said jumping up and down with excitement. “It’s working.” I started dancing. The light faded and the steam cleared revealing five duplicates of the ST2020 crew.

“Now to transport these duplicates to where you lot landed.” I said walking out the room.

Guiding the duplicates into the console room, I started looking quickly through the TARDIS log. When asked what I was looking for, I explained that before I got my TARDIS, it had been disguised as the cars I had owned throughout my driving career. I said that at one point, not only did the TARDIS look like a car from the outside, but also the inside. I queried that if the

TARDIS was able to do this when it was a car; could I get it to do it again, but this time as the ST2020? At this Lisa helped me search through the TARDIS log to find the answer.

“The idea is that if we could make the TARDIS look like the ST2020 from the inside as well as the outside, we could land the TARDIS on the exact spot where the ship landed and leave the duplicates in the reconstructed ST2020 whilst we hide safely in the console room.” I said. “Hopefully when the duplicates are captured by the Daleks, they will believe the duplicates and the ST2020 are for real and carry out their plan of invading Mars.”

Lisa started to get the idea and concluded, “So when the Daleks and their duplicates of our duplicates depart our reconstructed ST2020 on Mars, we can then dematerialise from Mars and leave them stranded?”

“That’s right.” I said. “The only thing is the Daleks may detect the seismic energy coming from the TARDIS. This is a risk we’ll just have to take.”

At this we continued our search, which soon ended in victory. We read through the instructions for setting the TARDIS to carry out the task of morphing it into the ST2020. When this was done, the duplicates were put into their places on the reconstructed ST2020 and we landed on Skaro.

### **August 11, 2925 – Mars**

“At last, my plan has worked.” Davros said feeling happy now things were finally going the way he wanted without a certain meddling Time Lord getting in the way. “I am now going to watch this from a safe distance.”

As he and his Daleks departed from Mars Station to make their way to the ST2020, he turned back to his prisoners and duplicates. “I no longer call for your assistance.” He said as he watched his Daleks turn to them and exterminate them with one single blast. Smiling he turned once more and continued on his way. As they approached the ST2020, Davros and his Daleks watched in disbelief as the ship dematerialised.

“No!” bellowed Davros, “This cannot be!” At this he turned back and headed back into Mars Station.

One Dalek was scanning the screen to give co-ordinates of where the ST2020 had gone. It stood silent as it searched, then after a few seconds, it turned its dome towards Davros and said, “The ST2020 is no where to be found.”

“No!” bellowed Davros, “This cannot be correct! Keep searching.” He ordered.

“I obey.” The Dalek said looking back at the screen. “The ST2020 is nowhere to be found. Also the time corridor to Skaro has gone off course. We are stranded.” It concluded.

“That is not possible!” began Davros in outrage as he watched the screen flicker to a blank as the time corridor disappeared.

“It’s no use Davros.” An unfamiliar voice said across the communications radio. “You’re trapped!”

“What?” A startled Davros said. “Who are you?”

In the TARDIS I switched the communications to visual to reveal myself to Davros. “I’m a Time Lord. You’ve been caught and your plans have been foiled.”

“What? Who? How?” A very startled Davros said.

“You heard me. You’ve been found out, and now I’m here to stop you in your tracks before any real damage is done. Do you really think the Time Lords would let you get away with this?” I asked.

“But my plans have worked,” began Davros, “Earth is about to be destroyed. The genetic evolution will not go ahead. ”

“That’s what you think.” I replied. “Take a look at your controls. What do they tell you?”

There was silence as Davros looked around him. He realised that he was not where he supposed to be. When this sunk in, he yelled out with anger.

“Aw there,” I said as though I was speaking to a crying baby, “never mind hey?”

“Do not rile me!” He said getting really angry. “I shall destroy you!”

“And how do you propose to do that?” Lisa asked. “You’ve no weapons apart from your Daleks. You’re stranded in this time and space with no ship or link to your home planet. You can’t go anywhere.”

“Oh and any second now, you’re about to be destroyed along with your Daleks when the solar flares reach you. Not as bad as what you wanted, but at least Earth will be safe once it’s all ended.” I added “bye bye” as I switched the communications off and set the co-ordinates to take the ST2020 and its crew back to the year 2020.

“There’s one problem though.” Lisa said. “What about those who were taken prisoner on Mars Station?”

“Yes I had thought about that.” I said, “I looked at the TARDIS log to see if there was any activity still going on Mars in the year 2925. I found out the planet had been evacuated just like the Earth. Those left on Earth or Mars were highly dangerous criminals. During the selection process for the beacons sent out in space, it was decided to make the time spent in space safe, any highly dangerous criminals would be left on the planets to prevent any threats to the population whilst in space.”

“Then who did Davros take prisoner when he landed there.” The Captain asked.

“I don’t know,” I said, “but I bet they got a shock when he arrived. Now,” I said changing the subject, “to get you five back to where you belong.” I felt a sigh of relief coming from the crew at the thought that they were now out of danger and going back to normality. “Just one promise though?”

“And what’s that?” The Captain asked.

“You’ve seen what’s to happen in your future. Just please don’t breathe a word about it to anyone. You don’t need to. The future of your race is safe.”

“Who would believe us anyway?” Came the reply followed by a smile.

At this the crew departed into their ship and waited as they were transported back to their rightful place in time and space.

“It is sad in a way that it’s all over.” Lisa said. “I was really beginning to enjoy myself then.”

“Well I’m pretty sure more adventures will follow in our lifetime.” I replied with a smile.

I set the controls to take the ST2020 back to its time on Mars, and then prepared myself for what was yet to come when we got back to Gallifrey.

### **May 5, 5730 – Gallifrey**

The TARDIS made it back to the garden just a day late. Knowing for sure that we would have been caught, I opened the doors and departed with Lisa knowing who was going to be outside waiting for us.

“And where have you been this time?” Borusa asked with arms folded and tapping his foot.

“Well err...” I began.

“For another ride I suppose?” Borusa asked.

“Well yes.” Lisa replied.

“You do know the penalties for breaking the laws of time?” He asked with a frown.

“Well err...” I said again feeling the sweat dripping from my forehead.

“I see Davros is paying for his crime with what you did then?” He said this time with a smile. “Had you not done what you did out there, we would’ve been finished. You two seem to think alike when it comes to taking action against enemies.”

He explained as we walked through the garden to the entrance of the academy that the solar flares were due to happen anyway. It’s just that with my help of altering Davros’ plans by adjust the time corridor’s destination, the event came a little earlier than anticipated, not that it made any difference.

“Oh yes,” began Borusa changing the subject, “you asked about how it was that Time Lords on Earth contracted osteoporosis?”

“Yes?” I replied.

“Well I took a look into that, and it didn’t take me long to find an answer.” Producing what looked like medieval parchment from his pocket, he unravelled it revealing information about Earth and Gallifrey. This is what was contained on the parchment:

**Earth & Gallifrey:**

	<b>Earth</b>	<b>Gallifrey</b>
<b>Distance from Sun in Millions of miles</b>	92.9	313.1
<b>Diameter in miles</b>	7,927	7,297
<b>Time to make one orbit around the Sun</b>	365.26 days	5 years
<b>Time to rotate once around own axis</b>	23 hours, 56 minutes	18 hours
<b>Known Moons</b>	1	2
<b>Surface Gravity #</b>	1	0.9

# Multiply your weight Earth weight by this number to find out how much you would weigh on Gallifrey.

“You see the difference in surface gravity?” He said pointing to it.

“Yes.” I said.

“Well because Earth’s gravitation pull is a little stronger than Gallifrey’s,” he began, “it’s this reason your bones are easily broken. Going on Earth’s surface gravity puts nearly an extra stone onto your body mass.”

Now we found the answer to why osteoporosis occurred in Time Lords living on Earth, I was quite prepared to go back home to reveal the answer that had puzzled others for many years. Taking the parchment from Borusa, I said my goodbyes and headed back to the TARDIS.

“Are you not going to stay?” He asked.

“Oh yes,” I began, “I’m just going to take a quick trip back to Earth to inform U.N.I.T about this new discovery. I’ve learned a lot coming here, and I’ll keep on learning. Thank you for all you have done by bringing me here. It has been much appreciated.” Accompanied by Lisa, I stepped into the TARDIS, turned and said, “We’ll be back, I promise.” At this Borusa watched as the TARDIS dematerialised.

**October 11, 1998 – Earth**

Back on Earth a family stood in the street watching as the door to a rundown Volkswagen Beetle close, and then the car started to fade away. Not believing what they saw, some of them took a step forward thinking the car had become invisible. But no, it had gone, vanished into thin air. As they turned to go into the house, a sudden sound of running water stopped them from taking a step further. One of them exclaimed at the spot from which the car had disappeared. Instead of finding the spot empty, there was a fountain. They watched in amazement as the fountain changed into a 1998 red Ford Fiesta.

“It can’t be,” began one of the bystanders, “He’s only just left.”

They all watched as the driver and passenger side doors opened. Out of the passenger side came a young lady of about 20, who stood about 5 foot, 7 inches, with brown hair that reached just past her shoulders and blue eyes. She wore a white gown, which reached down below her knees, showing the bottom part of her red trousers and black shoes.

“Who has only just left?” She asked smiling.

“My Son, James.” The voice of a confused mother said.

“You mean me?” I said as I stepped from the driver’s door. “Hello Mum.” I said as I went to give her a hug.

“Bleeding hell, that was a quick journey.” My sister said bewildered.

“To you it was, whereas to me it’s been a quite few hectic weeks.” I said. “By the way, this is Lisa, a companion I picked up on my travels.” I concluded.

Now that I have full knowledge to my identity, I am ready to tell others about what life was like for me when I found where Cystic Fibrosis was much more than just a disorder.

## **Epilogue**

### **October 11, 2008 – Earth**

It has been ten years since all this happened. Over the years I have been learning more about my people the Time Lords. During which Lisa and I became close companions after all we had been through. Back in the year 2001, I moved away from my parents home a few miles to a wonderful house in Woolston with Lisa. The house is a semi-detached set in a cul-de-sac. It encloses three bedrooms, a converted loft, double garage which is where we keep the TARDIS, a nice sized back garden and a nice long driveway for when we have visitors. It took about four years for us to get the house and garden to how we wanted them.

Lisa and I married five years after we moved into our home. We continue to travel through time and space whilst using our home on Earth as a base to start a family. Doing this has been difficult for us, but we eventually got there.

When I believed I had Cystic Fibrosis, I was told that although patients were able to become parents, there was some difficulty in doing so. We seem to think on this occasion Earth’s atmosphere wasn’t to blame and the problem originates from Gallifrey’s atmosphere. That is my conclusion anyway, which came from the fact Time Lords live in a Citadel contained inside a rather large Panopticon. Anyway Lisa is due to have our first and only daughter, Susan, who I am looking forward to sharing the adventures I had over the last ten years, including my first encounter with the Daleks. I am hoping that when Susan grows up, she will take up travelling just like her parents, and share her experiences with her loved ones. I just hope she will not feel as isolated as I first did when I found out my genetic origin.

### **September 10, 3010 – Skaro**

“Emperor Dalek has been located!” The mechanical voice of a Dalek said, which had been motionless for the past 18 days scanning the time vortex of Mars for its lost Emperor. “The return of Davros shall be momentary.”

At this a transmat next to the time corridor console started to hum and vibrate. There was a slight aura of a familiar form taking hold on the device as the Emperor and four Daleks materialised.

“How dare that intruding Time Lord make a mockery of me yet again!” Davros bellowed. “I will soon teach him not to thwart my plans!”

A large monitor hanging from the wall behind Davros flickered, as a picture emerged from the blackness that previously showed. White dots formed randomly onto the screen followed by a large blue orb lightly covered with small white mists took place in the centre.

“Wretched planet!” bellowed Davros. “I will soon dispose of the Doctor and his beloved planet!”

From the beginning of the Daleks, during the war on Skaro, where Davros commenced the genetic engineering, which evolved into the creation of the Daleks, the Doctor and his companions had the tendency to interfere with Davros’ plans. However since Davros gained knowledge of time travel, he found something on Earth relating to the Doctor and his home planet. In the wrong hands this something could lead to destruction. This was something the Doctor had taken to Earth for hiding against enemies such as Davros. This something was known as the Hand of Omega.

### **23 November 1963 – Earth**

On the streets of London, inside a small junkyard on Tanners Lane stood a Police Box. Why someone would place such a box in a place where it would not be seen was a question about to be answered by two unsuspected teachers, who were very suspicious over one of their schoolgirls, who showed high intelligence for her age. On one particular foggy evening they followed the schoolgirl home to confirm where she lived and also to see if they could see her grandfather they only knew as Doctor Foreman.

Standing near to the Police Box, the teachers knew there was something strange about the box from the vibration it gave off as whatever it held inside hummed. Whilst examining the box, an old man entered the junkyard. Luckily for the teachers they had the darkness on their side and were able to hide before the old man could see them. They observed as the old man approached the Police Box branding a key to the door. As he was about to open the door, the young schoolgirl could be heard welcoming him from inside. This resulted in the teachers giving themselves away when they gasped that the schoolgirl was kept locked inside the Police Box. After they confronted the old man, who exchanged a few words with them after being accused of keeping a young schoolgirl locked inside, they struggled with him when the doors were opened. The old man called out to the schoolgirl inside to quickly close the doors. However it was too late. Before anything could be done, the teachers pushed their way into the box and were followed by the distressed old man, who was trying desperately hard to hide whatever it was he had inside the Police Box. The doors closed behind them and all could be heard was the humming of the Police Box, and an argument between the old man, and three younger people, one of which the old man was very close to. The argument was followed by a struggle before the Police Box roared into life and vanished like magic.

Not long after the Police Box had vanished, than did it reappear once more, but in the next street from the junkyard. When the door opened, the occupants had changed in numbers and in age. Instead of a grumpy old man accompanied by his granddaughter and two schoolteachers, there were two people this time. One was middle-aged with a manipulative, secretive and angst-ridden look, sporting a Panama hat and umbrella with a red question mark for a handle. A girl in her mid-teens with long dark hair, who looked quite out of place wearing her leather jacket with many badges and holding a ghetto blaster followed him. They had previously shared an adventure on a space station, where not all was as it seemed. Now they had landed back

where the middle-aged man encountered his first companions back when he was in his original incarnation, before heading for one adventure after another, sharing his experiences with the many companions he had picked up along the way. The outcome of the next mission they were about to embark on depended upon him finding a casket, and something that was hidden inside that he left behind. Something that, if placed in the wrong hands, could cause death and destruction.

THE END

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