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BEST ENEMY



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Best Enemy
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Episode One

"Doctor," shouted Liz. She burst into the Doctor's darkened room. She flicked on the lights. The Doctor was lying in bed sound asleep. His eyes slowly opened as he came awake.

"Morning, Liz," he grumbled.

"The Master's TARDIS," she said. "They've found it."

The Doctor sat upright and looked her straight in the eyes. "Give me twenty seconds."

Liz closed the door and made her way down the stairs to the mess hall. The Doctor was already there, completely dressed. There was no way he could have got past her on the stairs. "I bet he hypnotized me," thought Liz. "I'll have to have a word with him about that."

* * * * *

"Private Dhaliwal, Sir," said the young soldier who came to greet the Doctor and Liz as they stepped out of the Doctor's TARDIS. The TARDIS had landed part-way up a mountain on one of the islands between Vancouver and Vancouver Island. A large construction crane had been installed somehow and several U.N.I.T. soldiers were performing various duties. The crane was pulling something heavy out of a chasm in the rocks. As the Doctor and Liz were led to their vantage point the Master's TARDIS, in the shape of a Redwood Tree trunk was extracted from the chasm and deposited onto the ground.

A man in his early fifties approached. "Captain Spring," he introduced himself shaking the Doctor and Liz's hands. "You're the expert," he said to the Doctor. "What do we do now?"

"Have you got the TARDIS locator?" asked the Doctor. Captain Spring handed him the small device with blinking lights on it. The Doctor stepped right up to the giant tree trunk and walked all around it keeping an eye on the lights. "This is the Master's TARDIS alright," said the Doctor. "I'm getting some odd readings from it, but I think this is definitely it."

"Well, we can get a helicopter in here in twenty minutes," said the Captain. He motioned to his adjutant who hurried off towards the communications centre. "What say we have ourselves a cup of coffee and you can fill me in on just what's so special about an old tree trunk."

As the Doctor was regaling the soldiers with stories about Lethbridge-Stewart in London of the nineteen-seventies, he noticed a movement out of the corner of his eye. Private Dhaliwal was making his way towards the Master's TARDIS. As he got near it, he reached into his pocket. A small spot on the surface TARDIS began to shimmer, exposing the lock. "No," shouted the Doctor. "It's the Master. Stop him"

Everyone looked as Dhaliwal's features blurred and rearranged themselves into the chubby bearded image that they had all been told to keep on the lookout for. Captain Spring didn't hesitate for a second before breaking into a run towards the Master. Several other soldiers followed suit. The Master reached into his pocket and pulled out what looked like a water pistol. He aimed it at Spring, who was closest to him and pulled the trigger. Spring was covered with a thick liquid which quickly turned stringy. He screamed and fell back, his face immediately breaking out in large green lumps. He began to gag as the lumps began to multiply on his throat and constrict his breathing.

"Wait," shouted the Doctor, causing the other soldiers to halt their advance.

"Varganic Acid, Doctor," said the Master. "Distilled from the Varga plant. And highly concentrated."

"Be careful," warned the Doctor. "That's a deadly poison."

"Now Doctor," purred the Master, "just let me go in peace and I'll be out of your hair."

Suddenly a soldier appeared behind the Master and kicked the water pistol from the Master's hand. The rest of the unit rushed the Master and in seconds had him face down in the dirt with his hands behind his back.

"You make sure he doesn't get away," shouted the Doctor as he helped Captain Spring to his feet. "I've got to get this man the antidote, and quickly."

The Doctor and Liz helped Spring into the TARDIS. The Doctor activated the pull-out bed and Captain Spring was made comfortable on it by Liz while the Doctor rummaged through his medical kit for the correct syringe. He read the label quickly, snapped off the protective lid and jammed the needle into Spring's arm. He plunged the thick fluid into the man who let out a yell and collapsed into unconsciousness.

"He'll be alright in a little while," said the Doctor. The green lesions were already starting to disappear. "Will..." begin Liz, but she was cut off by the sound of an explosion from outside. The pair rushed through the TARDIS door to see a plume of multi-coloured lights erupting from the top of the Master's TARDIS. The Master was still in custody, although he was now standing, with his arms handcuffed behind his back.

"What are you up to now?" asked the Doctor.

"Nothing," said the Master. "You've discovered my little secret."

The Doctor looked at the TARDIS. "You mean," said the Doctor. "This is a SARDIS?"

"Yes, Doctor," answered the Master. After your Trial, I was imprisoned on Gallifrey, but my TARDIS was sent to Nlaka. I suppose the Time Lords were worried that I could regain control over it if they kept it on Gallifrey. I, of course, found another way to escape my prison, with the help of the Cheetah-people. When I finally found my way back to Nlaka, I discovered that the Time Lords had taken the dematerialization circuit of my TARDIS. They had also fastened my TARDIS to the ground in such a way that I cannot extricate it without the ability to dematerialize."

"So, you did the next best thing," said the Doctor. "You split off a SARDIS."

"What's a SARDIS?" asked Liz.

"It's a splinter TARDIS. Each TARDIS has a secondary control room. What the Master did was shear off a shell of another TARDIS, like peeling the outer layer from an onion. And with it, he took the secondary control room and is using it as the SARDIS' primary control console. Of course, the dematerialization circuit is always linked directly into the primary console, so without a dematerialization circuit, the Master's SARDIS can't enter the time vortex. He can only fly through normal space."

"Yes, Doctor. It took what seemed an eternity to get here to Earth without the ability to travel through time, or even to side-step normal space. Naturally, I assumed that after my scheme with the Silurians succeeded, I could simply take your TARDIS."

"Always planning ahead," said the Doctor. "Well, where you're going you won't have to worry about having a TARDIS for a long time."

Liz felt a touch on her back. She turned to see Captain Spring standing there, looking good as new. "I'm feeling much better now," he said to her. "Thanks."

Liz turned back to the scene between the Doctor and the Master. The helicopter that had been called for earlier had arrived, and the noise prohibited any further banter between the two old enemies. A couple of soldiers hustled the Master into the helicopter.

"Well," said the Doctor. "Let's go and see about Captain Spring." Liz followed him into the TARDIS. "Oh, he's better already. He came out of the TARDIS a while ago while you and the Master were having your little class reunion."

"We were at school together, you know," said the Doctor.

"Oh really?" asked Liz as the Doctor closed the TARDIS doors. "Were you friends?"

The Doctor went to put the kettle on for some tea. "Why don't I tell you all about it on our way to Nlaka?"

"Ah, Doctor," said Liz. "We're not going to Nlaka. We're going to England."

"Oh, of course, Liz," said the Doctor. "But I just need to take a quick side-trip to Nlaka to make sure that the Master's TARDIS is well and truly out of commission. If he should find his way back there..." The Doctor left his thought unfinished.

The U.N.I.T. soldiers watched in amazement as the Doctor's TARDIS faded into nonexistence. "Wow," said Private Armstrong. "So that's why this mission falls under the official secrets act."

"I guess so," said Private Lewis.

"Hey, did they take Captain Spring with them?"

"I think so," said Private Lewis. "Has anyone seen Captain Spring?"

The group of soldiers started shaking their heads to indicate that they hadn't when the Master's SARDIS began to sputter. As the colourful lights spewed out of the SARDIS it began to lose its size, as if all its energy were being depleted. Within the space of a minute there was nothing left.

"Hey," shouted Corporal Reims, the helicopter pilot. The co-pilot followed Reims' gaze and looked at the Master. As the dying splutters of the disappearing SARDIS disappeared, the Master's face began to pulse with colour also. The Master's face began to oscillate and when it settled down the face of the Master was gone, and the man's real face was finally revealed. It was not the Master, and it was not the fictional Private Dhaliwal. Handcuffed in the back of the U.N.I.T. helicopter, still under the hypnotic spell of the Master, sat the real Captain Spring.

* * * * *

The Doctor had an old record player set up in one corner of the console room. "Care for some travelling music, Ms. Shaw?"

"Why not, Doctor Smith?"

The Doctor flicked on the player and the turntable began to spin, even though Liz could see that it was not plugged in anywhere. The Doctor gingerly picked up the needle and placed it gently on the record. The Doctor made his way to a comfortable armchair next to Liz and began to pour them both some tea. From the record player came the crooning voice of Bing Crosby:

Would you like to swing on a star?

Carry moonbeams home in a jar?

* * * * *

Space Traffic Controller Raka kept her eyes on the small white blip that had recently appeared on her radar screen. The four-digit code that had been automatically assigned to it by the computer hovered to the right of the blip and appeared also on the other monitor to Raka's right. Beside the code were listed a number of the blip's attributes: Heading, speed, craft identification number. What had interested Raka was the type of craft that appeared: A TARDIS.

Generally, Gallifrey filed their flight plans well in advance. Or, rather, they arrived well in advance. For all she knew, they may have been filed in the future. This time, however, there had been no flight plan filed, and, even worse, the TARDIS had just crossed into Nlakan Space without asking for permission. Raka transmitted the standard warning to the rogue TARDIS. Not only did she not get a response, but the TARDIS proceeded to materialize in the Space Port. "They must be experiencing a massive systems failure to not only ignore the warning, but also not be sending a distress call," Raka thought. She disabled all landings immediately and made sure that the computer had registered the TARDIS' location in the landing area. It wouldn't do to have a luxury cruiser set down right on top of the intruder. Raka restarted the landing computer and picked up the handset of her telephone. She pressed the speed dial for security. Someone answered immediately.

"Korbal here," said Korbal.

"Raka in S.T.C.," responded Raka. "TARDIS has landed in Bay 272. No flight plan. No response to hails. No distress call either, so send a team. Might want to contact the Gallifreyan Embassy".

"Will do", said Korbal, hanging up the receiver. "Now what?" he thought to himself. Korbal was a man in his early forties, handsome by most standards. His hairline had receded slightly, but not so that anyone would take notice of it. He wore his hair combed straight back. Short in the back. His eyes were dark grey, and almost too small to be considered average sized, yet with a penetrating nature that disconcerted even the most hardened of criminals that had tried to slip through his net of security. His skin was a pale pinkish-white, as was not uncommon on many of the inhabited planets in Mutter's Spiral. Clean-shaven. Good chin.

"Team Alpha", he barked. "Unauthorized vehicle. Bay 272."

The six members of Team Alpha sprang from their seats. Sten was the first to get to the lockers. She slapped the red button on the side of the row of lockers and the doors flew open. Each member grabbed a baton, which they slid into the loop on their belt, and a rifle, which they kept in hand. The squad filed through the door, jumped into a security vehicle, with Sten at the wheel, and raced off towards Bay 272.

The Space Port was laid out something like a giant waffle iron. A grid of intersecting roads delineated a checkerboard of landing bays. A ship would be assigned

a specific landing bay and be guided towards it by a landing beacon. Once within the confines of a specific bay, a ship would be enveloped by an electromagnetic hammock that deposited it gently into the exact centre of the square. The Doctor's TARDIS had forgone the landing beacon portion of the journey, but when it had materialized within the confines of Bay 272, the electromagnetic guidance system had jostled it into the centre of the square, and then it drifted the remaining few inches to the tarmac.

* * * * *

As soon as the TARDIS had landed, the Doctor had slipped something into his pocket, grabbed his hat from the hat stand and plopped it into his head. He hung his question-mark umbrella over his left elbow and picked a small monitoring device from the console where he had been tinkering with it during their flight. He flicked the door controls open with his right elbow and was striding briskly towards the doors even as they were slowly opened. The opening looked not-quite wide enough for his body when he got to it, but he barged through it without balking and somehow slipped through. Liz had no choice but to follow him. She looked back at the door to the Police Box and saw the little blue door swinging shut, and then heard a faint click.

"That interface between the two doors is amazing," she said to the Doctor, jogging a bit to catch up to him. If you look at the inner door while you're walking out it kind of blurs into the outer door, except that the inner door is moving so slowly, and the outer door moves so quickly."

"Yes", said the Doctor, as if this was supposed to be helpful. He decided it hadn't been. "It's currently set so that time moves faster inside the TARDIS. It makes the good-byes faster. More effective. I get in, the TARDIS appears to dematerialize almost immediately. In fact, of course it takes time to walk to the console, set the coordinates, put the tea on, etc. etc. There's a technical reason for it too, of course, but it's not nearly as flamboyant-sounding."

He turned to look at Liz and gave her a huge grin. She grinned back. This Doctor was cool. He held up his right arm and she looped her hand across his elbow. Five paces later the security truck swerved in front of them and a half-dozen armed security officers had them surrounded.

The Doctor tipped his hat at Sten, somehow discerning that she oversaw the squad. No need to worry, Madam. We are not in possession of any prohibited fruits or vegetables. He smiled. She did not.

The Master pushed open the only inner door to the Doctor's primary console room. "Heh, heh, heh." he chuckled in his usual way. "Thanks for the lift, Doctor. And thanks..." he began as he bent under the console, "for the dematerialization circ -"

"Vok!" He swore. "Doctor!" He looked around within the TARDIS and on the consoles surface. Sure enough, the Doctor had taken his dematerialization circuit with him. "You must have suspected that I would find my way here, Doctor. Very clever."

The Master leaned under the console again and reached a gloved hand inside. "Well, just to make sure you don't leave while my back is turned..." He twisted his hand and brought it out holding a small metal and glass tube. He slipped it into his pocket and operated the controls for the doors.

"I have all manner of credentials," the Doctor was just in the process of saying while waving around a number of pieces of paper, passbooks, computer chips and glass beads that he had fished out of his pockets.

The security detail remained silent as they helped The Doctor and Liz onto the rear of the vehicle. Sten pressed the starter and pulled the vehicle across the yellow painted lines that marked the boundaries of the landing bay. She straightened out the wheel and sped down one of the roads that led straight to the terminal building. Liz took the opportunity to look around. She liked the way the tarmac was laid out like a grid. Although there were hundreds of space craft parked there, everything seemed neat and orderly. "Much less chance of a collision," she surmised. The place looked pretty much like any airport she had ever seen back on Earth, except for the lack of runways.

"I take it these ships all take off straight up?" she asked nobody in particular.

"I think you'll find that most deep space vehicles use the vertical take off and landing method," responded the Doctor. She wasn't sure whether he was poking fun at her.

The vehicle came to a stop in one of the spaces allotted for the security forces, and the Doctor and Liz were escorted by all six members of the squad through the glass doors and into the main building. The group did not follow the hordes of passengers that were being funnelled down the corridors towards various queues for Customs and Immigration. Instead, they negotiated a few internal-use only corridors and were taken to an immigrations queue that had recently been opened.

"No waiting," said the Doctor to the Ogron at the front of the queue who was obviously annoyed that his place at the front was being usurped by a pair of little humanoids. "I'll put in a good word for you," the Doctor burred.

The Ogron snarled. "Name?" asked Garn.

"Doctor," said the Doctor. The microphone that recorded the Doctor's answer recorded a phonetic translation onto the computer screen.

"You're the pilot?"

"Yes, in a manner of speaking." Garn gave the Doctor a gaze that could cut through bonded polycarbide. "Yes. I'm the pilot," said the Doctor.

"Planet?"

"Gallifrey." said the Doctor in the same tone of voice that the Sheriff's son might use when pulled over for speeding by one of his father's deputies. Garn chose Gallifrey from the pull-down menu on his computer and continued, unimpressed.

"Intergalactic Identification Number?"

"Uh, I'm not sure that I was ever issued with one of those," the Doctor lied.

"All Gallifreyans are issued with an IIN at birth," said Garn. "Gallifrey was one of the founders of the Intergalactic Standards Commission that developed the IIN."

"Well," the Doctor was stumped, "that was such a long time ago, and I don't really carry that much paperwork with me".

"Never mind. I've got it." The computer had searched Gallifrey and Doctor and had come up with a unique match.

The Doctor's eyes widened. "You've got it?"

"colon-six-two-two-...", began Garn.

"Yes, fine, that's it," The Doctor interrupted. That's just what he needed, half the Spaceport to hear his IIN. Next thing he knew he'd be receiving junk mail in the TARDIS informing him that he had already been pre-approved for an American Express card with a \$5000 limit. He was now extremely uncomfortable. This person was looking at information supplied to him by Gallifrey's master computer. Who knew what was in there? No one else in the Universe knew this much about him all at once. And they wondered why he hated bureaucracy so much.

"You are in violation of Nlakan law and Nlakan-Gallifreyan Treaty #281 pertaining to interplanetary travel. As per said Treaty, all Gallifreyan pilots will transmit, in advance of entering Nlakan space, their intended time of arrival and time and point of origin. Also, landing without the aid of Nlakan Space Traffic control is strictly prohibited and can result in seizure of said vessel, pursuant to Treaty 280 governing seizure of classified technology and weaponry, as well as a fine and/or imprisonment."

The Doctor could see that Officer Garn was quite serious, and whilst he was seriously tempted to make some flippant comment, he correctly assessed that this would not be the most highly recommended avenue down which to travel.

"I'm terribly sorry," began the Doctor in his most repentant tone, "I neglected to consult the necessary documentation. I hadn't originally intended to land here, but it was a last-minute decision."

Being slightly telepathic had its advantages. He could tell that the Immigrations Officer was tending toward lenience, although he gave no external evidence of this. The Doctor continued, "I was so caught up in the excitement of showing my companion your beautiful planet that I completely neglected to follow the correct protocol. I've been travelling in the backwaters for quite some time now, and I've gotten used to doing my own thing, without the paperwork and such that are so important here in the more populated centres of the Galaxy."

The Doctor could feel Garn's heart melting. He gave Garn a doleful frown that his second self had managed to perfect. Garn smiled. "Well, I'm sure if there are no other irregularities we can probably get by with a stiff fine."

The Doctor smiled. "Oh look, a circle," he said playfully, indicating a flat metal disk affixed to the side of Garn's desk. "What's this?"

"That's a hypnosis inhibitor," answered Garn. "It wouldn't due for some wily Gallifreyan to hypnotize me in order to gain access to Nlaka illegally, now would it?"

"Yes," the Doctor agreed slowly, taking a step back. His attempt to divert Garn's attention away from him had the exact opposite effect.

Garn typed a few notes into his computer and then turned to Liz. "And you?" he asked. "What is your position on the crew of this TARDIS?"

"I'm a passenger, I suppose," Liz responded.

"Are you a relative of Doctor?"

"The Doctor," corrected the Doctor. Garn frowned at him.

"Doctor is fine," said the Doctor.

"No," said Liz in response to the earlier question.

"What's your name?" Garn asked her.

"Doctor Elizabeth Shaw."

"Marital Status?"

"Uh, Single." said Liz. She saw Garn smile. "Cheeky bugger," she thought. "He didn't ask the Doctor that." She smiled back at him.

"Planet?"

"Earth", said Liz. The phrase didn't sound familiar to Garn. He let the phonetic translator do its work. He saw the phonemes appear on his screen and then the flashing cursor next to it as it looked up the Galactic coordinates of Earth. The numbers appeared, followed by a two-digit code that made Garn's pink face go white.

"Code Teal", he said, his throat dry.

Sten stepped forward and grabbed hold of the Doctor's right arm. With her left she disarmed the Doctor, unhooking his umbrella deftly from his left arm. "Please step this way, The Doctor," she ordered politely. She steered the Doctor toward a side door. "You're under arrest for transporting a citizen of a restricted planet into Federation space."

"What! Where are you taking me?" asked the Doctor.

Sten replied, "The Spaceport's security chief will want to question you further."

"What about me?" asked Liz.

"We'll finish up with you and then you can wait for the Doctor in our waiting lounge," said Garn.

"We must find The Master's TARDIS, Liz." shouted the Doctor. "Take the tracer and find out where it is. I'll join you when I'm finished here."

Sten looked at him mockingly. "This might take a bit longer than you imagine, The Doctor," she told him.

"Is he going to be all right?" Liz asked Garn when the Doctor and Sten had disappeared through the security door.

"One way or another, he'll be all right," answered Garn. This response rather worried Liz. "But first we must finish up with you," he continued. "Are you aware that your planet has not had an official contact with another planet?" He looked at her and realized the inanity of his question. I mean, you are here but you shouldn't be. You should be on Earth. The Doctor has broken a Federation treaty by kidnapping an inhabitant of an uncontacted planet."

"He didn't kidnap me," said Liz. "He's taking me home. We just ended up taking a short detour, that's all."

"Well he picked the wrong place to take a detour, Elizabeth Shaw. Nlaka is extremely strict with criminals."

Liz was worried. "How strict?" she asked.

"If he is found guilty," answered Garn, "he will be sentenced here on Nlaka. We have a unique treaty with the Federation. We don't consider a being guilty of a crime unless it has been committed here on Nlaka. The Federation accepted our tradition only because we are so strict with lawbreakers here. It is what has kept Nlaka from becoming a haven for the detritus of the galaxy. A criminal may come here to hide, but if his true nature reveals itself, he will be found out and his evil excised".

"What do you mean, excised?" asked Liz.

"His evil will be removed," said Garn. "We have a device. A machine. It removes the evil in the brain of a living being. The resultant individual is a law-abiding citizen."

"That's not going to happen to the Doctor, is it?" asked Liz.

"I don't think his crime generally results in the treatment, however..."

"What?"

"A judge can order the use of the machine on individuals who are being difficult. It is amazing how easy it is to get a confession when all of the evil has been removed from an individual."

"What's the point of the confession if you've already carried out the sentence?" asked Liz.

"Oh, the treatment is not the sentence. It is merely the separating of the good and evil selves. No, the good self testifies against the evil self, and the evil self is put to death."

"Executed?" said Liz.

"Executed." said Garn.

"The Master," said Morgan. "What an honour it is to have you visiting our planet once again."

"Oh, Morgan, you flatter me." Morgan was obviously the one flattered that one so important as the Master had remembered her name. The Master presented Morgan with his papers Morgan ran the edge of The Master's travel card through a scanner. It read the information verifying The Master's identity and put its own stamp onto the magnetic strip. "Have a pleasant time on Nlaka," said Morgan.

"I intend to." said The Master as he headed off towards the customs area.

The customs agent was examining the x-ray quite closely. The Doctor's TARDIS finder appeared on the screen as a hollow box with a few wires running through it and a couple of circuits. Satisfied that it was neither dangerous nor a banned item, the agent returned it to Liz.

"I'm going to leave a bit early today," Garn said to the agent. "See you tomorrow." He turned toward Liz. "Well, why don't we see how your friend The Doctor's doing?" He stepped out from behind his counter at which point Liz realized that he was limping. His body was leaning to one side and she realized that he was afflicted with a palsy of some kind. His left arm hung oddly at his side. Garn extended his right arm towards her. Liz looked at him for a second and took it. This was by far the most surreal day of her life. Liz allowed Garn to lead her through the various corridors to the security offices.

"So, what do you do on, uh, Earf, Elizabeth?" asked Garn.

"Earth," corrected Liz. "I'm a scientist. Mostly physics."

"Oh, that sounds very exciting," said Garn. Liz hadn't known many people to find physics exciting. At least not people who weren't physicists. "Tell me about your work."

By the time they arrived at the security section Garn had learned about the exciting world of physics and Liz had become equally enlightened about the world of customs and immigration. As they approached, Sten, who was sitting at her desk, looked up from the paperwork she had been filling out.

"How's it going with The Doctor?" asked Garn.

Sten shook her head. "This could take a while."

"Let me see your ID card," Garn asked Liz. When she had been at the immigration gate Garn had asked her to put her finger into a little device that took a DNA sample. Moments later a card had popped out of the machine. "This isn't just your identification card," said Garn. "It lists the Nlakan food that you can't eat. You only have one item on here. Gono juice." He pointed at the words on the card. Liz borrowed a pencil from Sten and wrote on the card in English 'Gono juice'. The pencil was a little like a grease pencil. She rubbed the writing with her finger. It did not come off the card.

"Here, try this." Said Garn. He had selected from the drinks machine and handed the tin to Liz. She looked at the characters on the card and the tin. "These words look the same," she said.

"No, see! This line. This is Hoko juice."

"Oh," she said. Liz wrote Hoko juice on the back of the card in English. She popped open the tin and took a tentative sip from the tin.

"Mmm" she said. "I didn't realize how thirsty I was." She finished the juice. "They didn't have any refreshments on the flight." She grinned.

Sten and Garn laughed.

"I don't even think those Gallifreyans eat," said Sten. While Sten and Garn were laughing, Liz took the pencil and put an X on the back of the card next to where she had written the phrase Hoko juice. "Yuck," she thought.

The door to Korbal's office opened and Korbal's head poked through the opening. "The Doctor's going to spend the night in a cell. This is going to take longer than we had anticipated. Have you got accommodations?" he asked Liz.

"There's a spare room at my place," said Garn.

"Oh, that's very kind of you, Garn," said Liz. "What the Hell," she thought." Aloud she said, "I guess I haven't got much of a choice. It sounds a lot better than a cell. Is the Doctor going to be all right?"

"I'm fine, Liz," the Doctor's voice came from inside the office. "Just find The Master's TARDIS. Who knows how long it will take him to escape from Earth? He could show up at any moment."

"All right, Doctor," Liz replied. "Is it all right with you, Garn, if I run a small errand?"

"I'd be delighted to accompany you, Elizabeth Shaw."

She had thought he might be. "Just call me Liz," she said.

A moment later the two of them were walking down an internal corridor to the car park. "Have you had dinner, Liz?" asked Garn.

She thought a moment. "I've had breakfast." She smiled. "It was morning when I left Earth."

"I know a great restaurant," he said. "Oh, here's the machine I was telling you about." He stopped short in front of a nondescript door. Garn knocked twice on the door. It opened a crack and Garn poked his head inside. He whispered a couple of words to whoever had answered the door. Finally, the door opened wide. Garn was grinning. "Come on in and see The Extractor!" He put a comically scary emphasis on the word "Extractor".

Liz looked around the room. It was small and quite sparsely populated. The centrepiece of the room was a device that consisted of two chambers, in adjacent corners at the back of the room, with four thick cables, two from each chamber, running from the chambers to a multiplexing unit set into the ceiling. At the front of the room was a control panel with a couple of large switches and several gauges.

"This is Liz," said Garn, "and this is Nubob. She's in charge of the Extractor."

Liz reached out her hand. Nothing. She put it back down again. "Nice to meet you," she said instead.

"Can you tell Liz how the Extractor works?" Garn asked Nubob.

Nubob explained, "The suspected criminal is put into this chamber. The first lever is pulled and his or her level of evil is measured. If it is above a certain threshold, the second lever is pulled. This makes a copy of the suspect's body in the second chamber. After this has been completed, the third lever is pulled. The Evil thoughts are extracted from the suspects brain and implanted into the duplicate body, along with a copy of the basic personality functions. Enough to allow the trial to continue with the evil body -- or Malreplicant as we call it -- as the accused and the purged body as the witness. Simple, really."

Liz thought that it sounded more than a little bit awful. "So, you just kill the evil body. Doesn't it have feelings? Emotions?"

"Yes, but it's pure evil. The person is still alive in the good body." He reached behind him to a rack on the wall one of the folded sheets of paper from it. "Here," he said, handing it to her, "have a pamphlet. It's all explained in there."

"They're not going to do this to the Doctor, are they?" asked Liz.

"Not unless he does something really stupid," answered Garn.

"That's what I'm afraid of," mumbled Liz to herself.

A short while after an excellent dinner, Garn and Liz were walking along the sidewalk in the heart of the alien city. Liz was keeping her eyes on the directional indicator which had led them to a crowded market area.

"How long has this thing with the Extractor being going on?" asked Liz.

"About twenty years now," answered Garn.

"And you've never had any problems with it?"

"Not with the process, no, but don't get me wrong, not everyone is in favour of the executions." He looked around to see if anyone was listening. "There are those of us who oppose the policy. We would rather the resulting evil entity should be imprisoned rather than executed. We believe that the resulting person has just as much of a right to life as the original being. Perhaps with retraining, therapy, these individuals can have a chance at a proper life."

"Well, why even create another body at all? Why not simply isolate the evil impulses or whatever it is that the Extractor does and remove them from the mind."

"They tried that at first, but there were some problems. A few test subjects ended up as vegetables. The second body is there to keep the extracted brain patterns alive in case there is a problem. If there is a need to undo the procedure, there is no choice but to transfer everything, including the evil, back into the mind of the primary individual."

"Oh." replied Liz.

"I shouldn't really be telling you this, but our group has a plan that we're about to put into action. If the government won't imprison these evil bodies then we will do so ourselves. The next time that there's a planned execution we will storm the building and take custody of the Malreplicant. We have built prison cells in which we can house

them. A few well-respected psychologists are with us. They'll try to reform the criminal minds."

"That certainly sounds preferable to executing." said Liz. "But what happens if you're caught?"

"I'll certainly lose my job. Probably end up in prison." said Garn.

"Will they use the Extractor on you?"

"No. That's strictly for off-worlders. It wouldn't really help though, would it. I mean, I'm not evil. I'm doing the right thing. I wonder what would happen if the Pro-Execution groups were put through the extraction process. Perhaps we'd find that their impulses weren't evil either, simply different."

Liz and Garn walked on in silence for a while, until some heretofore inactive light bulbs on the tracking device began to flash agitatedly.

"I think we're getting close," said Liz. The device led them into a small fruit market. Liz was perplexed. She followed the devices indicators down an aisle with fruits piled up in bins on either side.

"Liz," said Garn. "Hoko fruits. Do you want any?"

"No," said Liz quickly. "Not right now."

The tracer led them up a rickety wooden staircase in the back of the fruit shop. At the top of the steps the pair found a wooden door with a glass pane. On it had been painted carefully, Gallifreyan Embassy. Office Hours 4:00 to 8:50. Ring bell for assistance.

"It looks deserted." commented Liz. The lights were turned off and there was no sign of movement from behind the glass. Liz took another look at the device. She realized that the device was now indicating TARDIS' in three directions, two from behind the office door in front of her, and one down the corridor to her right. The one to her right was indicating in a much brighter colour than the other two. "I think it's this way." She said.

Liz and Garn walked down the corridor and found another flight of steps that led downward and out into the courtyard behind the building. The courtyard was filled with all manner of discarded wood and metal. It looked like a scrap yard. Perhaps even a garbage dump, Liz thought.

Several minutes later, the pair had climbed over a stack of rusting pipes and found what they were looking for. The Master's TARDIS looked like a solid black cylinder about seven feet tall and three feet in diameter. They started to circle it and found an indentation in the other side. It looked to Liz like a revolving door, but the cylinder was only large enough to hold the door and nothing else. The revolving door was black also, and no light escaped from within. The TARDIS was sitting in what looked like a pile of goo that had solidified. "Like some kind of fast-setting cement," commented Liz. "I don't think that's going anywhere. It looks like the Master's stuck here." She laughed at her inadvertent pun.

"The Master?" asked Garn.

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"Dark hair, powerful eyes, fashionable beard?"

"Yes! Is he wanted here as well?"

"Wanted? You mean like a criminal?"

"Yes." Answered Liz.

"No. He's one of our greatest heroes."

Liz was dumbfounded. "The Master?"

"Yes," answered Garn. "He rescued the president from an assassination attempt a couple of years back."

"One that he set up himself most likely," scoffed Liz.

"He's very well respected protested Garn.

"Don't you have a record of his crimes in that computer of yours?"

"He's never committed any crimes on this world," said Garn. "We don't recognize the crimes of any other jurisdictions."

"Your people have one weird system here," said Liz.

"What's the Master done?"

"What hasn't he done? He's enslaved and killed millions of people. He's destroyed planets. His main goal in life is to become Master of the Galaxy. He is pure evil. Why hasn't he been put through the Extractor?"

"He's never given us any trouble at all."

"Well this is one time I wish you'd put him through just for fun. I'm sure there'd be nothing left in the primary chamber."

"I'll take your word for it, but there's nothing we can do. We've got to stop him from getting his TARDIS. The Doctor thinks there's a chance that he might make it back here, even though we left him in the hands of the authorities on Earth."

"Uh, Liz. He's here."

She turned to look over her shoulder. "Where?"

"Not here in the scrap yard. Here on Nlaka. He was at the Space Port this morning!"

"Then he could be on his way here right now. We've got to do something. Have you got a weapon?"

"You want to kill him?"

"No, to protect ourselves. He won't let anything stop him from getting at his TARDIS."

"Well, I have a weapon, but it's at work. I don't usually take it home with me."

"Well, can you go and get it?"

"All right. Come on."

"I think I'll stay here. I've got to make sure that he doesn't get at his TARDIS."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll try piling some of this junk in front of it. Just to delay him."

"Don't put yourself in any danger."

"I won't. I'LL make sure I'm safely out of the way if he shows up." Garn raced off towards the back door of the market. "Be careful," he called over his shoulder.

Liz looked at the huge stack of steel pipes lying near the Master's TARDIS.

"Well, Liz. You're the physicist," she said aloud. Let's see if you can put all that knowledge to practical use."

She looked around the scrap yard for something she could use as a lever. She picked up a short length of a thinner pipe and climbed her way to the top of the stack of heavy pipes. She inserted the end of her lever into a crack between two pipes and pushed down with all her weight. The pipe shifted and rolled over the pipe in front of it. It continued to gather speed as it rolled down the side of the stack and smashed into the front of the Master's TARDIS. Liz looked around the scrap yard. No sign of the Master. Good. She continued prying the large pipes one at a time causing them to clatter. Occasionally she would cause a little avalanche and a few pipes would tumble down. Eventually the entrance to the TARDIS was blocked to such an extent that the Master would not be able to squeeze through the opening that was left.

"And then he took control of the Charged Vacuum Emboitments that keep the Universe from ending and held the Universe hostage. At that time, he also killed me."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment, The Doctor," said Korbal. "I'm going to have to stretch my legs. Would you like some Hoko juice?"

"Yes, please," answered the Doctor. "Have you heard anything from my companion?"

"No, The Doctor," answered Korbal. "What is it she's doing for you again?"

"She's looking for The Master's TARDIS. I'm worried that he'll find a way to come here and attempt to regain control of it."

"He is already here," said Korbal.

"What," shouted the Doctor, leaping to his feet.

"He arrived earlier today," replied Korbal.

"I've got to get out of here, Liz is in danger." He looked imploringly at Korbal.

"I'm afraid that's out of the question, The Doctor. I'm not convinced that you're not a threat to security. As well, there's the problem of the Earthling". He opened the door to his office and went to the drinks machine in the outer room. "Are you sure you don't want something," he called back to the Doctor.

The Doctor didn't respond. "Doctor?"

The Doctor shot past him and threw open the door. Korbal began to give chase. The Doctor raced down the corridor. Or was it up the corridor. He saw an Exit sign at the end of the hall. He headed toward it. He could hear Korbal's feet close behind him. He reached the end of the corridor and rounded the corner expecting to find the exit.

Instead he ran headfirst into Sten, knocking her over. As he scrambled to get to his feet, the Doctor felt a hand on his shoulder.

"The Doctor," said Korbal, "I've changed my mind."

"Oh, excellent," said the Doctor.

"I think you'd make an excellent candidate for extraction."

The pile of pipes was now considerably smaller than when Liz had started. The pipes were not rolling as well as before, as the height of the stack was not much higher than the pile in front of the TARDIS. Liz would have to figure out a way to move a few more of the pipes. She looked around the scrap yard for some other way to help move the pipes. Perhaps a crane of some sort. Nothing. Well, maybe a couple more of these would still roll. She raised the small pipe to bring it down between a couple of pipes, but when she tried to plunge it downwards it wouldn't move. A powerful hand had gripped the middle of the pipe. Liz turned her head and found herself staring into the eyes of The Master. He snarled and his other hand shot out and wrapped itself around her neck. She began to gag. The Master's lips stretched into a grisly smile. Liz could see his fangs. Liz could feel his sharp claws digging into her neck. The Master's cat-like eyes seemed to glow yellow. The Master squeezed harder.

The Doctor's clothes were lying in a pile on a small table in front of the primary extraction chamber. Sten and another of her team each had one of the Doctor's arms and they were lifting him into the primary extraction chamber. As they tried to force him into the chamber he kicked out with both feet, catching each of them in a knee. The Doctor broke free and bolted for the door. Korbal fired his weapon and the Doctor fell to the floor, unconscious. The two security guards lifted the Doctor's body from the floor and placed him back into the extraction chamber. Sten closed the door and the lock clicked into place. Korbal turned to the man that had been chosen to perform the extraction and nodded at him. The man's hand reached for the first lever and grasped the large red knob on the end of it. He pulled it down. Phase one had begun.

Liz lost her balance and tumbled down the side of the pile of pipes. She ignored the pain and rolled off the edge of the stack. She landed on the ground and ducked behind the TARDIS. The Master ran down the stack towards her, the pipe she had been using as a lever held high above his head. She looked around frantically for something to use as a shield. Or a weapon. Liz snatched up a piece of wood. As the Master reached the edge of the pipes, she swung hard and caught him across the shins. He howled in pain and stumbled off the edge of the pipe.

Liz didn't look back and ran around the side of the pipes. She didn't hear the Master behind her. She could see a gate at the side of the scrap yard. It seemed closer than the back of the fruit market and she dashed towards it, avoiding debris that lay all over the place. She looked back for an instant. She couldn't see the Master at all. Where was he.

Liz made it to the gate. She fumbled with the latch. It seemed to take forever. She chanced a glance back and saw the Master running along the roof of a shed that ran along the back of the yard. He was bounding along on all fours and when he got to the closest part of the shed, he didn't slow down. He coiled his legs and sprang from the roof, letting out a feline roar that turned Liz's stomach. As his body arced through the air Liz saw that his trajectory would bring him right on top of her.

The Master's mouth was wide open, his fangs flashing in the sunlight, his eyes were a blazing yellow. His fingers looked like claws. His face did not look at all human. Liz stood frozen as certain death approached from above.

Episode Two

"The Doctor," said Korbal, "I've changed my mind."

"Oh, excellent," said the Doctor.

"I think you'd make an excellent candidate for Extraction."

"I couldn't disagree with you more, Korbal," protested the Doctor. "I come fully extracted." He tried to wriggle free from Sten's grip, but to no avail.

"Into the Extraction Room," ordered Korbal.

Sten directed the Doctor into the Extraction Room. "Sit," she commanded. The Doctor complied.

"It's customary for us to have a representative of the subject's home planet present as a witness, The Doctor."

"Doctor is simply fine, actually. It's more of a title, really."

"All right. Doctor. Fine," said Korbal. "Call the Gallifreyan Embassy, Sten," said Korbal.

She lifted the handset from the side of the control panel. She operated a touchscreen which brought up a computerized phone book. She soon found the number she was looking for and pressed her finger to the screen over it, causing it to autodial.

"This really isn't necessary," said the Doctor. "I've got to stop the Master from regaining control of his TARDIS. I won't be any trouble, it's just vitally important."

Sten hung up the phone. "There are no Gallifreyans in the Embassy," she reported. "It's entirely staffed by robots, apparently."

"Typical," chided the Doctor.

"What about the Master. He's in the city."

"Yes," agreed the Doctor. "Yes! The Master. He can witness my Extraction. Get him over here immediately. Why didn't I think of it?"

The Master coiled his legs and sprang from the roof, letting out a feline roar that turned Liz's stomach. As his body arced through the air Liz saw that his trajectory

would bring him right on top of her. For an instant, Liz was unable to move. The Master's body fell towards her. She hefted the stick in her hand and swung it at the Master's head. It connected with a painfully loud crack. She was certain that she had cracked his skull. The Master fell to the ground stunned. Liz fumbled at the latch again. The gate opened. She started to leave the yard when the Master lunged out with his hand and grabbed her leg. He pulled her off her feet. As she fell, she took another swing at the Master with the stick. The Master caught the end of the stick in his hand. The two of them tugged back and forth at the stick. Liz kicked at the Master's groin. He didn't appear to feel anything.

With a violent tug, the Master wrenched the stick from Liz's hands. She took the opportunity to jump to her feet. She heaved herself towards the gate, but the Master kicked out with his feet causing the gate to swing shut and Liz to slam into it face first. She bounced back, stunned and stumbled away from the Master. The Master pulled himself up in a cat-like fashion. He let out a cheetah-like roar and broke the stick in two over his knee. He brandished the jagged end of the stick and advanced upon Liz. She backed away, around the piles of discarded pottery that dotted the yard. Eventually, Liz found herself backed into a dead end.

With a mighty leap the Master covered the distance between the two of them. Liz thought desperately for a way to overcome him. The Master's fangs were dripping with saliva. His yellow eyes blazed with animal fury. He brought the jagged stick up and pressed it against Liz's neck. He began to push the splintered wood into her throat.

"Master!"

The shout came from the gate. The Master turned. The newcomer was not visible from their present position. "Master," came the voice again.

"Freeze," snarled the Master. Liz was a little confused by this. The Master dropped the stick and turned. Liz could see the glow in his eyes diminishing. "Ah, Morgan," purred the Master. "What brings you here?"

"Help!" Liz shouted. She was surprised at the result. No sound had come from her throat. She tried again and realized that she was completely paralyzed. "Freeze," the Master had said. And she had! He had placed a hypnotic suggestion into her mind, and she was unable to resist his command. This was terrible. Here she was within reach of aid and she couldn't even call out.

"I was sent to look for you," she heard Morgan saying, "and I remembered from your visa application that you had some business to attend to at this location. We're about to perform an Extraction on a Gallifreyan citizen, and we'd like you to act as a witness."

"Does this Gallifreyan citizen have a name," the Master inquired. "Liz could hear the excitement in his voice."

"Apparently he is called The Doctor," said Morgan.

"Oh, how wonderful," said the Master. "I would be delighted to witness the Doctor's execution. I mean Extraction. Absolutely delighted." The Master laughed throatily and accompanied Morgan to the vehicle waiting on the street.

Liz couldn't believe it. She was free but unable to escape. Panic started to build up in her mind. How long was Garn going to take to return. Surely, he should have been back by now. What if the Master returned before Garn? Suddenly she was struck by a thought. What if the Master had encountered Garn already and injured him? Or worse. Liz could feel her breathing accelerate. Her heart was starting to race. The sun was starting to set, and Liz could feel the goose flesh on her skin start as the air got steadily colder.

Suddenly she heard footsteps. Someone was walking around the scrap yard. The footsteps started getting louder. Whoever it was was getting closer. Liz saw a black boot come around the corner. "Liz," shouted Garn when he saw her. "I thought you'd gone. What's wrong?" Garn saw her dishevelled state and the bruises on her face. Liz? Snap out of it, Liz. He took her by the shoulders and shook her. "Liz", he called. Suddenly, Liz felt as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. "Garn," she whispered.

"The Master. Hypnotized me. Couldn't move. It feels like I'm paralyzed"

"Try to move your hand, Liz." Garn grabbed her hand. "Can you feel my hand?"

"Yes," answered Liz.

"Squeeze my hand, Liz," he prodded. Ever so slowly Liz was able to force the muscles in her hand to contract. Then her foot moved. She took a step forward. It felt like she was walking through molasses. She suddenly thought of the tin man in *The Wizard of Oz*. Painfully, she managed to get herself to walk. "Let's get out of here," she said. Garn helped her walk slowly to the Taxi that he had arrived in. Twenty minutes later when they arrived at Garn's house, Liz was feeling her old self again, though quite shaken by her experience.

The Doctor's clothes were lying in a pile on a small table in front of the primary Extraction chamber. Sten and another of her team each had one of the Doctor's arms and they were lifting him into the primary Extraction chamber. As they tried to force him into the chamber he kicked out with both feet, hitting each of them in the knee. The Doctor broke free and bolted for the door. Korbal fired his weapon and the Doctor fell to the floor, unconscious. The two security guards lifted the Doctor's body from the floor and placed him back into the Extraction chamber. Sten closed the door and the lock clicked into place. Korbal turned to the Master, who had volunteered to pull the lever and nodded at him. The Master's hand reached for the first lever and grasped the large red knob on the end of it. He pulled it down. He felt a rush, as if he had just plunged a knife into one of the Doctor's hearts. Phase one was underway. An indicator showed the percentage of the Doctor's brain that had been examined. There were several points in the process when the indicator stopped and wouldn't move for a few

seconds. "Mental blocks," thought the Master. The whole process took only a few minutes, however, no matter what kinds of mental blocks the Doctor had instituted.

Korbal looked at Nubob who had been monitoring the gauges throughout the process. "Looks good," said Nubob. "Looks like the Doctor isn't as devoid of evil as he would have us believe.

"Interesting," said the Master. He had seen firsthand the depths to which some of the Doctor's future incarnations would sink. "Phase Two?" he asked.

"Go ahead," said Korbal. The Master pulled the lever and immediately the secondary chamber started to hum. Through the glass window within they could see a mass beginning to form. This part of the process was happening remarkably quickly. The Master was impressed. Moments later Korbal gave the order for Phase Three to begin. The Master smiled wickedly and pulled the lever. "How long does this usually take?" he asked.

"Sometimes only seconds," answered Nubob. "It depends on the amount of evil, of course, but also on the type of being. We should get an estimated time of completion in a couple of seconds." Nubob looked at a digital display on the console. "There it is," he said. "Wow. Four hours! We might as well turn in for the night. He won't be done until morning."

"Sounds good to me," said Korbal. "It's been a long day. Thank you Master, for all of your assistance."

"It's been my pleasure," said the Master. "Dinner."

Morgan thought that she had heard the Master say something, but she wasn't sure. "I have an idea," she said to the Master. "Why don't you come to our house for dinner this evening?"

"What a splendid idea, Morgan. I'd very much enjoy meeting your husband, and from what you've told me he's a wonderful cook."

"I'll give him a call right now and let him know there'll be three for dinner tonight."

"Splendid," said the Master.

The Doctor slept. He did not dream. His mind was in stasis. Even the background processes he normally had running were dormant. For the first time in centuries, the Doctor truly rested.

"That was an excellent meal, Mr. Gobar," complemented the Master. "I do believe this is the finest meal I've ever had on this planet. And the Hoko salad. Unsurpassed."

"Oh, Master, that's exceedingly kind of you," said Morgan's husband, "and please, call me Shola."

The Master arose from his place and picked up his dishes. "Please let me thank you for this excellent meal by helping with the dishes," the Master said.

"Oh, no, that's perfectly all right," said Shola.

"Oh, I insist," said the Master, with an odd intonation on the end of the word insist.

"Of course," said Shola. "Please help us with the dishes."

The Master walked into the kitchen with Shola and put his dishes into the sink. He turned on the water and turned to Shola. He looked deep into his eyes. "Shola. You will remember none of this. You will stand here until I return." The Master turned off the water, closed the kitchen curtain to avoid intriguing the neighbours and went into the dining room, where Morgan was combining the leftovers into one bowl.

"Morgan," said the Master, looking straight into her eyes, "Sit. You will remember none of this. Do not move until I return. Give me your keys and your security pass."

"Yes, Master," said Morgan. He loved it when people said that.

The sun had set during Liz and Garn's cab ride to Garn's house. Liz met Garn's parents and brothers and sisters as well as several people from the Anti-Executioners League of which Garn was a part. An important part, thanks to his line of work. Garn showed her the cells in the basement where the group planned to keep the Malreplicants imprisoned while working on their rehabilitation. Liz enjoyed herself immensely. The food was fantastic, the group had a few wild characters who regaled the others with tales that seemed almost too unbelievable to be true, and Garn's family welcomed her like a long-lost sibling. By the time Garn led her into the guest room the night was almost half over.

"I had a great time," said Liz.

Garn kissed her rather unexpectedly. Liz kissed him back.

The Master walked up to the employee entrance at the Space Port. He slid Morgan's security card into the slot. The door clicked and the Master entered. At this time of night there were very few people in the building. The Master strode unhurriedly to the Extraction Room, unlocked it with the appropriate key and let himself in. The process was approximately half finished. The Master sat silently for the next few Nlakan hours waiting for the process to complete.

He thought of the last time he had seen the Doctor before the Silurian incident on Earth. It had been years for him. How long for the Doctor, he wondered? The last glimpse he had had of the Doctor was him kneeling over the Master with a rock or a skull in his hands about to bring it down on the Master's head. Or was it the other way around? The planet was breaking up. The blood was boiling in the Master's brain. The animal inside him was in a frenzy. He and the Doctor were trying to kill each other. Suddenly, the Doctor vanished. Where to? Home, not doubt, but where was that? Gallifrey? His TARDIS. Perhaps some place on Earth to which the Doctor had taken a liking?

Now the planet was deserted. The Cheetah-people had teleported themselves to a new home somewhere. The Master could do the same, he believed, but he also had the

choice of teleporting to his old home. Gallifrey? That would be a bad choice. After all, he had escaped from a Gallifreyan prison by using the Cheetah-people to teleport him to their planet in the first place. This reminded him of something odd that had been tickling at the back of his mind. The time on Earth was the 1980s. Yet he was quite sure that the Doctor's trial had been in the future. When he escaped from the prison, he had teleported back in time as well! This was something worth investigating further later, but since he was about to die on an exploding planet, perhaps he had better worry about that instead.

Perhaps his TARDIS could be considered his home now. What had they done with his TARDIS? Had they dismantled it? Removed the contents that had taken years to amass? Whatever they had done to it, it was the most likely place. He concentrated on his control room. He didn't know if that would help, but that's what he did. And the Master vanished as the planet of the Cheetah-people collapsed. In that last picosecond he had had a troublesome thought. This body had been stolen from Tremas. What if he ended up on Traken? And, more importantly, when had he destroyed the part of the Galaxy that Traken occupied? In the future? Or in the past?

Luckily for the Master, he had ended up in his TARDIS. Unfortunately for him, the Time Lords had mired it in glue and removed its dematerialization circuit.

Click. The Master awoke from his daydreams. The process had completed. He got up and walked to the secondary cabinet. He opened the door and looked at the naked body of the seventh Doctor. The Evil Seventh Doctor. The Malreplicant. "Wake up," he shouted. And it did. Its eyes shot open. "Listen to me. I am going to switch your body with the other Doctor. When they release you, pretend to be the Good Doctor. Pretend to be outraged that they are going to execute the Evil Doctor. Understand?"

"Yes," said the Malreplicant.

"Sleep," commanded the Master. He pulled the Malreplicant's body out of the chamber and slung it over his shoulder. He walked to the primary cabinet and opened the door. He swapped the two bodies and then carried the Seventh Doctor's unconscious form to the secondary cabinet, placed it inside and closed the door.

"Easy as pie," he chuckled. He checked the instruments to make sure that everything still looked as it should, left the complex and returned to the home of Morgan. He let the cold water out of the sink and started the hot water running. He entered the dining room, replaced Morgan's keys and security pass and brought her out of her trance. He then returned to the kitchen and brought Shola out of his trance as well. Twenty minutes later the dishes had been cleaned.

"I should be going," said the Master. "I completely forgot to book a hotel. Do you know of one nearby?"

"Nonsense, Master," said Morgan. "You can stay in our guest room tonight."

"Well, if you insist," said the Master.

"We do," replied Shola.

"Agreed," said the Master. A perfect alibi to top off the evening. Tomorrow: the execution of the Doctor. Morgan and Shola heard the Master laughing intermittently over the next half hour or so.

"Wake up, Liz," shouted Garn as he pounded on the door to her room.

"They've scheduled an execution. It's the Doctor!"

That got Liz up in a hurry. Garn filled her in on the details that he had heard from another Anti-Executioner who worked at the Space Port. A team of about thirty people, including Garn and Liz made their way to the Space Port.

"The executions take place in that small outbuilding adjoining the main complex," Garn explained to Liz. "We can take him between the time he comes out the door of the complex while he's on his way to the other building. We may have about two minutes. It should be no problem."

"Good Morning, Doctor," said the Master as the Malreplicant was let out of the primary chamber. The Evil Doctor looked stunned. He realized he was naked and put on the clothes lying on the table in front of the chamber. Then a sudden realization dawned on him. He smiled and said, "Good Morning!" He looked at the secondary chamber. "How is he?"

The door to the second chamber was opened. The Doctor's groggy body was removed, and he was given an orange jumpsuit to put on.

"Are you happy now?" the Doctor asked Korbal. He looked around.

"Why is he wearing my clothes?" he asked, indicating his evil duplicate.

"You won't be needing them, Malreplicant," said the Master. "You're about to be executed."

"What!" said the Doctor. This brought him to his senses. "I'm not the Malreplicant He is." He pointed at the Malreplicant.

"Nice try," said the Malreplicant. "He certainly is evil. Are you sure you must kill him, though? Perhaps with rehabilitation..." The Malreplicant left the sentence unfinished.

"No," responded Korbal. "He is a being of pure evil. Come with us to the execution building."

"May I come as well," asked the Master.

"No," said Korbal. "Only the Good Doctor may come as a witness."

"Oh," said the Master, heartbroken, "then I shall be off. I have many errands to run. Goodbye Doctor. We'll meet again, I suspect." The Master opened the door and left the room.

"It's a trick. Somehow the Master has switched our bodies. I am the Good Doctor. I can prove it. Put me back into the primary chamber and measure my evil impulses."

"No stalling," said Korbal. "Let's go Sten, who was once again in charge of the Doctor led him through the door."

The Master headed for the scrap yard. He was not entirely surprised to find that Liz was gone. No matter. "It's going to take me a while to get those iron pipes out of the way," he muttered.

He looked around for the smaller iron pipe that Liz had used as a lever. Soon he had the doorway cleared enough that he could squeeze through into the gap. He could open the TARDIS door then and get inside. He took the Doctor's dematerialization circuit out of his pocket and examined it. Just in case it was some kind of trick, he didn't want to have to squeeze back OUT from behind those pipes. It looked real enough. He started to climb the pipes when he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was a young police officer with straight red hair jutting out from under her cap.

"Master," said Constable Bizenchick. "You are under arrest."

"Okay," whispered Garn. "Somebody's coming out. It's him!"

The Doctor was being led through the door by Sten. He squinted in the bright sunlight, looking around for someone to come and rescue him. Garn and his group stood up from behind the low bushes that hid them. "Let's go," he whispered.

Suddenly, there was a rush of bodies and they found themselves surrounded by a group of twenty-armed people. Morgan was one of them.

"Morgan," said Garn. "She's with the Pro-Executions group," he explained to Liz.

"You're not going anywhere," said Morgan. "We've got you surrounded." And they had indeed.

Bizenchick led the Master into the Police Chief's office.

"Chief Delah," said the Master. "What's going on here? I've never committed a crime on your planet. What is the meaning of this?"

"Are you quite sure you've never committed a crime on this planet, Master?"

"Yes. Quite. In fact, I've gone out of my way to comply with even the smallest of your statutes. I've not received so much as a jaywalking ticket."

"That may be true, Master, but haven't you forgotten something? Think back. Forty-five years ago. Ring any bells?"

The Master looked confused. "I'd never even been to this planet forty-five years ago."

The Chief of Police was enjoying this immensely. The Master obviously had no idea what she was about to do. She smiled and placed a small tape recorder on her desk. She pressed the Play button and the Master's voice filled the room, "Peoples of the Universe, please attend carefully. The message that follows is vital to the future of you all. The choice for you all is simple: a continued existence under my guidance, or total annihilation. At the time of speaking the fate of the universe hangs in the balance".

The Chief pressed the stop button and smiled at the Master.

"Oh, Vok," said the Master.

"Oh, Sargh indeed," said the Chief.

Episode Three

Morgan stepped forward; her gun still trained on Garn. "You are aware that belonging to subversive groups is grounds for dismissal," she said.

"I have the right to protest," he countered.

"True," she said, "but I think you were planning to do a little more than chant slogans." She indicated the weapons.

A door in the building opened and the Seventh Doctor was being led out by a couple of guards. The guards noticed the group of armed protestors and immediately took the Doctor back into the building. A few moments later some armed guards came out to investigate. After hearing from Garn and Morgan they decided to detain the whole lot of them. Everything ground to a halt until the matter was settled. Korbal had to delay the Doctor's execution for almost two hours while he listened to Morgan's charges. Morgan's people were free to go, but the rest of the bunch were locked up in holding cells until the police could take them off Morgan's hands. He noticed that his man Garn Renn and the Doctor's friend Liz were among the detainees. He decided to leave them in the cell for now.

He had an execution to complete.

The Seventh Doctor was being strapped to a table in the execution building. He was protesting greatly. The Malreplicant was watching with glee. The phone bleeped twice. Korbal picked it up. He listened for a moment and replaced the receiver. "Come with me, Doctor," said Korbal. "We're wanted back in the Extraction Room. We need you as a witness. They're going to use the Extractor on The Master."

"The Master?" asked the Malreplicant. "How could that be? He's always seemed like such a nice man."

"I haven't a clue," said Korbal. "Hold the execution," he instructed his staff. "We'll be back shortly." The two men made their way back to the Extractor room.

When they got there, the Master was struggling against the two police officers that were helping put him into the Primary Extraction Chamber.

"Doctor, please," the Master was saying. "Stop them. Do something."

One of Nubob's staff looked at the Malreplicant, uncertain. He raised his gun slightly in the direction of the Malreplicant, his meaning clear. The Chamber door was closed, and the first lever pulled. Nubob nearly had a heart attack when he saw the levels of evil registering on the machinery. "This is unbelievable," he said. He pulled the second lever. And then the third. The results were astounding. There was so much evil in the Master's mind that the machine had truly little picking and choosing to do. The completion indicator zoomed up to the 100% level in seconds. Nubob checked and rechecked the readings. Everything seemed to have gone well. "It's already finished," he announced. "Open up the door."

The door to the primary chamber was opened. The people in the room were astonished by the sight within. Out of the chamber stepped an old man. His hair was white. He had a long white beard. He stepped gingerly out of the chamber. Someone stepped forward to help him and cover him in a robe. It took the old man a second to get his bearings. Then he raised a bony finger and pointed it at the Malreplicant. "My name is Tremas and he is the Evil Doctor. The Master switched the bodies last night! Stop the execution!"

The Malreplicant snatched a gun from the nearest security officer. He aimed it at the assembled crowd and opened the door to the secondary chamber to release the Master who quickly donned the orange jumpsuit that had been supplied for him while the Malreplicant made the others lie face-down on the floor with their hands behind their heads. Then, the Master and the Malreplicant backed out of the door.

Korbal snatched up the phone and called the execution building and explained the situation. He ordered the Good Doctor released at once. Sten brought him to the Extraction Room.

Korbal sounded the alarm and alerted the entire security staff that the Master and Malreplicant were loose in the building.

Twenty minutes later, the Doctor had convinced Korbal to release Liz and Garn from the cell. Another twenty minutes and he had managed to get the entire group of protestors released, mainly by pointing out the irony of holding people who were against the killings on the same day that an innocent man had almost been killed, thus proving their point. A little while later, a small group sat around a desk in Korbal's office.

"Please accept my deepest apologies, Doctor," said Korbal. The Doctor, Liz, Garn, Tremas, Korbal and Sten were sitting in various chairs that had been brought into Korbal's office. Tremas had changed into the Master's clothes, while the Doctor still wore the garish orange jumpsuit.

"Accepted," said the Doctor. "There was no way you could have known. Now let's focus on finding the Master and my evil Malreplicant. Tremas, do you know whether the Master's got his TARDIS working or not?"

"Not yet," answered Tremas. "He managed to clear the obstruction from around the entrance to his TARDIS, so he may be headed there. And now that the Evil Doctor, the Malreplicant has your clothes, Doctor, he'll have the dematerialization circuit as well!"

The Doctor smiled and put his closed hand onto the table. With a sudden flourish he opened it. In his palm lay the Dematerialization Circuit. Impossibly, it was larger than could possibly have fit into the Doctor's closed hand. "I palmed it before I went into the Extraction chamber.

That's another thank-you I owe Houdini."

"Without that he won't be going anywhere," said Tremas.

"What about his SARDIS?" asked the Doctor. "Where is that?"

"Destroyed back on Earth," answered Tremas. "And that TARDIS only had two control rooms, so he's stuck here."

"Then how did you get here from Earth?" asked Liz.

"Disguised as Captain Spring, I'm afraid." He reached into another of the Master's pockets and removed a thin pen-sized device. "The Master uses this device to alter his physical appearance. Some type of hologram. Quite realistic."

"Yes," said the Doctor. "I've seen it before. Kalid, right?" he asked Tremas.

"Correct, Doctor," answered Tremas.

"The Master's TARDIS is located in the back yard of the Gallifreyan Embassy," pointed out Garn. "I'm sure they would be able to post a guard or something."

"Excellent idea, Renn," said Korbai. He picked up telephone receiver and dialled the Embassy. He relayed the information to the robot on duty. He hung up the phone.

"They will post a number of guards around the Master's TARDIS."

"Then he'll try to take mine," said the Doctor. "The Malreplicant will know I've taken the Dematerialization Circuit, so they'll be coming after me at some point. Or lie in wait in my TARDIS.

"Who's got the key?" asked Liz.

"He does," said the Doctor.

"Then, couldn't they build a SARDIS out of your secondary control room?" asked Liz.

"Not without this," said Tremas. He pulled the Fluid link from his pocket. "This is one of the few items that is mandatory for a TARDIS, or a SARDIS to function. You don't have a spare somewhere, do you Doctor?"

"Somewhere, but I'm sure they won't be able to find it. I don't know if the fluid link in the Master's TARDIS is compatible, but as long as it's being guarded, we should be all right."

"So, we've got to lay a trap for them," concluded Korbal. "We can use the two components as bait. Trouble is, we're severely short-staffed today. With the President dedicating the new bridge, all our security people are working crowd control at the river. In fact, the Gallifreyan president is due to attend. Hopefully, they've got enough security people to keep the TARDIS and President Flavia properly guarded."

"Is this the same President whose life the Master once saved?" asked Liz.

"Yes," said Garn.

"Then from what I know about him," said Liz, "Do you think he might... "

"Try to kill the President," finished Tremas. "Yes, that's exactly the sort of thing he would do to take revenge for being arrested on this world. And he'll probably try to take out Flavia while he's at it."

"Let's go," said the Doctor, jumping up.

"Do you want to change out of that orange jumpsuit?" asked Sten.

"No time," answered the Doctor, yanking open the door.

The Doctor's small group stood in front of the podium where the President was giving her address. Flavia sat in a chair behind the podium. She did not see the Doctor. Security people had been told to be on a lookout for a man in an orange jumpsuit with a goatee. The Doctor now regretted having not changed his clothes. He had been accosted three times by security guards who thought he was the Master.

"So why are you still alive?" the Doctor asked Tremas. "I thought the Master had destroyed your mind when he took over your body."

"For a long time, there was no Tremas, only the Master. And then, during your trial, while the Master was in the Matrix, I started to have conscious thoughts again. The Master must have pushed all that was Tremas aside without destroying it entirely. With the help of the Matrix, all that was Tremas began to find itself again. To become whole. I found myself once again alive. When the Master left the Matrix, I found I was still conscious somewhere in the back of his mind. I think he noticed a trace of me occasionally, but he never pursued it. He was too busy trying to figure out how to escape from the Gallifreyan prison. And then once we were overcome by the Cheetah-planet, his mind had changed so much that he wouldn't have recognized me as an intruder even if I'd started taking over control of his body. I managed to stop him from killing a little boy in Perivale. And now, if I may ask, where is Nyssa?"

"She's no longer travelling with me," the Doctor began, unsure of how to break the news to Tremas that his daughter was most likely dead. "She was doing some work with the sick when I last saw her, trying to find a cure for a terrible disease."

"Can you take me to see her?" he asked.

"I might. But there was a quarantine, you see. It may not be allowed."

"A quarantine," said Tremas. "So, it was a highly contagious disease?"

"Yes," said the Doctor sadly.

"Oh," said Tremas. Tremas was silent. The Doctor took the opportunity to slip away. He had never had to tell one of his companions' fathers that he had left her to her certain doom before.

Tremas felt weak and exhausted. He leaned against the edge of the stage and wondered if Nyssa was still alive. If his beautiful daughter had been ravaged by some terrible disease, when he found the Master, he would see to it that he paid dearly for this.

Tremas' nose started to twitch. He smelled something. A familiar smell. He turned his head slowly in a circle, trying to spot his prey. His eyes began to glow yellow. Then he spotted something that looked like a flash of orange up in a tree on the other side of the new bridge. His mind told him to tell the others, but his instincts told him to begin the hunt. Tremas set off running across the bridge. He covered the 300 metres at an amazing speed. Everyone was too pre-occupied with the search for the Master to notice his disappearance.

Garn and Liz were walking together along the chain-link fence that had been built along the cliff. They looked down over the edge at the river below. A few dozen metres past the bridge, the river turned into a huge waterfall that fell over two hundred metres to the ground below. The spray from the waterfall turned the air damp. Liz and Garn could feel the water collecting on their faces.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" asked Garn.

"Yes," responded Liz. "And powerful. Imagine standing under that waterfall, the force would crush you."

"How much force do you think a single bucket of water would have at that height?" asked Garn.

"Well, that's about two hundred metres. On Earth, the acceleration due to gravity is about 9.8 metres per second squared. I would assume it's quite similar here. I do feel slightly lighter. One litre of water would weigh one kilogram. She did some calculations in her head. "That water would hit you in the head with...."

"Look!" shouted Garn. He pointed to the other end of the bridge. It looked like Tremas, running like a madman across the bridge. When he got to the other side he leaped into a tree. It was an amazing sight. There was a flash of orange in the tree as Tremas appeared to wrestle with someone.

"We've got to tell the Doctor," said Liz.

The Master was not quite prepared for Tremas to leap into the tree. He put his hands out to avoid being clawed in the face by Tremas, but this resulted in him losing his balance.

Tremas grabbed hold of the Master's leg and started pulling the Master higher into the tree. The Master hung upside down, trying to regain control of the situation.

"Listen to me, I am your Master. Obey me! Stop immediately."

Tremas continued to pull at the Master, but something was tugging at his brain. No. After all these years he was finally free of the Master and now he was being taken over so easily. No. No! Tremas let go of the Master and crawled a bit higher in the tree to get some distance between him and the Master. The Master bounced off a few branches and then caught one and managed to steady himself. He looked up at Tremas. He could tell that he was having some effect. "Give me what is mine," intoned the Master. "Give me what is mine." He kept repeating this over and over, looking into Tremas' yellow eyes. Tremas slowly slinked down the tree until he was within reaching distance of the Master. Tremas reached into his pocket and pulled out the Image Projector. He handed it to the Master. "This too," said the Master, slipping the device into the small breast pocket of the jumpsuit, "but I was referring to the Fluid link."

"I no longer have it," said Tremas. "I gave it to the Doctor."

"Is there any of me left in you?" asked the Master, disgusted.

"No," said Tremas. "Just Tremas. You remember me, don't you? You took my daughter; you destroyed my world and you stole my body. And now that I have your scent, I will kill you. And then," he paused and licked his lips, "I will eat you."

Tremas leaped forward, fangs flashing, trying to take a bite of the Master's neck. The Master side-stepped and fell out of the tree. He got to his feet and started to run back across the river. The only thought that came to him is that cats don't like water. Once he was on the bridge, he realized that this might well be a mistake. He turned back and saw Tremas advancing on him slowly, playing with him. This was kind of a sideways logic, thought the Master, but it might work. He looked straight into Tremas' eyes and said, "You will listen to me. I am your Master. You cannot remember my scent. When you try to call it to mind there will be nothing. Nothing. I am not your prey. I am no one."

Tremas stopped walking and looked at the Master. The yellow in his eyes disappeared. His whole-body language changed, and he suddenly looked like an incredibly old man again. The Master turned away from Tremas and saw that someone was coming up from behind him. Someone else in an orange jumpsuit. The Doctor! In his hand, the Doctor was holding his dematerialization circuit.

"Here, Master, Master, Master." The Doctor made cute kitten-calling noises with his mouth. The Master was not amused. The Doctor advanced slowly on the Master.

"You're not even armed, Doctor."

"I am on the side of good," answered the Doctor.

"With your evil extracted, you are weak," taunted the Master. "Perhaps that is why you were able to defeat me from time to time..."

"Every time," the Doctor interjected.

The Master ignored him and continued, "...because you had a component of evil in you that would not let you lose. Now you are nothing but a spineless..." The Master lunged forward and grabbed for the Dematerialization Circuit. The Doctor pulled his

hand away, but the Master was able to wrap his hand around the Doctor's. The Doctor countered by putting a finger to the Master's forehead. The Master took a step back. The Doctor forced him against the railing. The Master grabbed the Doctor's jumpsuit with his free hand and began to lift the Doctor from his feet. He continued to lift, and the Doctor continued to push on his forehead, forcing him to lean backwards over the railing. Then, with a might heave, the Master jerked the Doctor's body over his head. The force of the Doctor's weight pulled the Dematerialization Circuit free of the Master's grasp. The Master twisted his body and saw the Doctor holding onto the railing with his left hand while his right still had hold of the Dematerialization Circuit. His legs hung in mid-air.

Below the Doctor the Master could see the raging rapids that preceded the waterfall below. Oh, how he would love to step on the Doctor's fingers and see him plunge to his death. But he needed that circuit first. The Master climbed over the rail and hooked his legs around the lower bars. Then he leaned down and reached for the Doctor's right hand: the one with the dematerialization circuit. The Doctor slipped the circuit into the breast pocket of the jumpsuit and grasped the Master's wrist with his hand. The Master let go of the railing with his right hand and stretched out to take the circuit out of the Doctor's pocket. The Doctor let go of the railing and grabbed the Master's free hand. Now the Master was hanging onto the railing only by his feet and the Doctor was holding on to both Master's wrists.

"You are aware that the Time Lords gave me a new cycle of regenerations for helping you out in the Death Zone. That means I've got twelve more lives, Doctor. How many more have you got?" The Master could see the Doctor's eyes flick off to the side. The Master looked to see Tremas inching his way towards him from the left. Korbal and Sten were inching their way towards him from the right.

"Do you know what, Doctor?" asked the Master. He didn't wait for an answer. "It's worth it just to see you die." And with that, the Master kicked his legs free of the railing and the two mortal enemies fell towards the raging waters below, locked in each others grip. The two orange-clad bodies hit the river and went under. Everyone on the bridge raced to the edge to see what was happening. Finally, two orange bodies came to the surface. Both appeared to be moving. They were fighting. The Master and the Doctor were wrestling in the rushing waters. The struggle continued even as the two of them went plunging over the waterfall to certain death.

"Come on," shouted Korbal. "We can take a car down the hill to where the waters are calmer." He started running along the bridge. The rest of the group followed.

The Time Lord was falling. A few feet to his left he could see his best enemy falling also. He could see the rocks rushing closer. The rocks that would smash his body to a pulp. And then he would regenerate. And then he would drown. And then he would regenerate again. This was a possibility. Usually the regenerative energy would act as a protective shield around the body for a short time, but under water he might

well drown when the shielding ceased to protect him. There was a way to reduce the trauma of the regeneration, to give him some semblance of control when his new body found itself being dragged along the bottom of a raging river. He could induce the regeneration himself, just before he hit the rocks.

The cells in his body would be bathed in a critical amount of energy and then they would change: mutate from their current physical form into a sort of plasma. Half matter, half energy. This form would bend with the force of the impact. Bread dough. He would also have some choice regarding his new form if he triggered it himself, without the trauma that had accompanied some of his regenerations. Not to mention the pain. He had taken a massive fall once or twice before and the pain had been indescribable.

He flipped over onto his back to try to protect the device in his breast pocket from destruction.

Now what kind of a body should he choose? There was only a quarter of a second or so left. He began to trigger his regeneration. The last thing he thought about before he lost consciousness was Korbal. Now why would he do a thing like that?

The security truck pulled off the road into the grass that grew beside the river. They had come to the first bend in the river after the waterfall. Hopefully, the bodies would be washed up towards the shore. And perhaps they would still be alive. Korbal and Sten led the way to the waters edge. They were astounded to see the Doctor standing waist deep in the water. He was bending over another body in an orange jumpsuit. He suddenly let go of the body and put his hand into his pocket. Turning toward the shore he noticed the group that was starting to collect on the edge.

"He's too heavy," said the Doctor. "Help me get him to the shore."

Sten waded into the water and she and the Doctor dragged the unconscious form to the shore. The unconscious figure started coughing uncontrollably until the water in his lungs was gone. Then the man stopped moving. Korbal was the first to say something about the man's face. "What's going on?"

"It's the Master," said the Doctor. "He's regenerated."

The small group looked at the face of the unconscious man. The resemblance was amazing.

"But why does he look like me?" asked Korbal.

"Maybe he was thinking about you when he regenerated," offered the Doctor.

The face on the ground could have been Korbal's reflection, except for the small goatee that encircled the man's mouth.

The Master's hair was slicked back by the water. "Even unconscious he looks evil," said the Doctor.

"Let's get him to the hospital," said Sten.

"If he's regenerated, maybe he needs some special attention," suggested Liz. "Should we contact the Gallifreyan Embassy?"

"There's no need for that," said the Doctor. "We'll get him into my TARDIS. That should be a help to him."

They loaded the Master's limp body into the security vehicle and drove back to the Spaceport. They parked right in front of the Doctor's TARDIS. The Doctor hopped out and unlocked the door. Sten and Korbak carried the Master into the TARDIS. The Doctor operated the lever that brought forth the bed and the Master was laid onto it. When Sten and Korbak had finished their task, they straightened up and looked around to see what Garn had already been marvelling at.

"Wow," said Korbak. "I'd heard about this, but to actually be inside one. It's absolutely amazing."

"I'm going to change out of these wet clothes," said the Doctor. His orange jumpsuit was still soaked from the waist down. "If he wakes up, don't let him trick you."

The three Nlakans continued to marvel at the TARDIS, wandering around the console room and looking at the control panel.

"Some of this looks quite archaic," commented Garn. "Look! A needle on the radiation meter."

"I think the Doctor has replaced some of the parts from time to time with whatever was handy on the particular planet he was visiting," explained Liz.

"Make do with what you've got," said Garn. This was obviously some kind of saying on Nlaka.

"Master," said the Master. The group surrounded the bed. "Master," he said again and opened his eyes. He blinked frantically in the bright light of the TARDIS. "Aaah," he shouted. "Too much light."

Liz took the sunglasses she'd been issued by U.N.I.T. out of her jacket pocket and handed them to the Master. He put them on and relaxed back onto the bed. Then he sat bolt upright again. "Where's the Master?" he demanded.

"You are the Master," said Tremas.

"Tremas," gasped the goateed man. "I'm the Doctor. Where is the Master?"

"I told you not to let him trick you," said the seventh Doctor as he re-entered the room. He was wearing his traditional clothing, a spare set, no doubt, but he had replaced the jacket with a black one. "Okay, Master's all better. Get out of my TARDIS."

"No," said the goateed man. "He's lying. He's the Master. He took my form when we regenerated."

"If I'm the Master, then how come I have this?" said the seventh Doctor as he revealed the Dematerialization Circuit which he proceeded to install under the console.

"He's right," said Tremas. "I saw the Doctor put the circuit into his pocket just before they fell. And he smells like the Doctor, too."

"What about me?" asked the goateed man. "Do I smell like the Doctor?"

"Not the same," answered Tremas.

"Do I smell anything like the Master?"

"I cannot remember what the Master smells like," said Tremas. "I believe that you hypnotized me to stop me from hunting you."

"That was the Master," said the goateed man, pointing to the seventh Doctor.

"I am the Doctor," asserted the seventh Doctor.

"I am the Doctor," corrected the goateed man.

"No," said a voice from the door.

Everyone turned to see a woman in her mid-thirties with shoulder length brown hair standing in the doorway. Wet shoulder length brown hair. Her clothing was wet too. Her jumpsuit. Her orange jumpsuit.

"I am the Doctor!" she announced.

Episode Four

The three Doctors looked at one another. Liz looked from one to the other. The Seventh Doctor she had met only recently stood at his TARDIS' console. A goateed Doctor lay on the TARDIS' sickbed. A female Doctor stood in the doorway to the TARDIS. Which one was the real Doctor? Of course, the one at the console looked like the Doctor, but she had felt uneasy about him since the beginning.

"Liz," said the woman Doctor. "Liz, it's me. He's quite obviously the Malreplicant." She pointed at the Seventh Doctor. "And he's the Master." She pointed at the goateed Doctor.

"I agree that he's the Malreplicant," said the goateed Doctor from behind his U.N.I.T. sunglasses, "But I'm the Doctor and she's the Master."

"I think that this is the Doctor," said Tremas, going to the console to stand by the Seventh Doctor. He smells right. "The Malreplicant could just as easily have regenerated to trick us. I think she's the Malreplicant and the other one is The Master."

"I agree that the Malreplicant could have regenerated," said Korbal. "But it's most likely this woman. The other two were at the river. Who knows where this woman has suddenly materialized from."

"Where has the Malreplicant been all day?" asked Liz.

"The Master would know," said the goateed Doctor. "They've probably been working together to steal my TARDIS. When the Master failed to get my Dematerialization Circuit, the Evil Doctor decided to get it himself. He pulled me out of the river just so he could get the circuit."

"Do you know, I've just realized what was so strange about this Doctor," said Liz, indicating the Seventh Doctor. "He wasn't soaking wet. He was only wet up to the waist. Because he was never under water. He waded in to fish out the Master. His partner."

"Well, I'm not taking any chances," said Korbal. He grabbed the female Doctor by the wrist and snapped handcuffs around her wrist and his own. He nodded at Sten who did the same with the goateed Doctor.

The Seventh Doctor made an imperceptible motion with his thumb, flicking a switch on the console. Suddenly everyone in the room felt queasy.

"I don't feel at all well," said the goateed Doctor.

Garn fell to his knees. To his surprise, it didn't hurt at all to land on the floor of the TARDIS. He looked down, and his knees had sunk into the floor, which felt soft, like bread dough. He looked up dizzily at Liz. "The floor," he said.

Everyone in the room looked down to see that their feet were already sinking into the doughy floor of the TARDIS. They tried to pull their feet out of the goo, but the sinking began to accelerate. Liz looked around and saw that everyone was sinking quickly, including the three Doctors.

"Hold your breaths, everyone," shouted the female Doctor as their heads came close to sinking into the floor. Liz did just that as her mouth and nose sank below the surface. She felt light-headed and tingly. She closed her eyes and felt her body surrounded by a solid doughy mass. Then she realized that her legs were free and her arms and now her head was covered only from the eyes up, then forehead and then nothing. She flinched, expecting to drop to the floor of the room below the TARDIS console room, but found that she was already standing on solid ground. She opened her eyes. Darkness. Utter darkness.

"Doctor," she called. No one answered. "Garn. Anyone." Nothing.

* * * * *

"Liz," shouted Garn. His voice did not echo in the dark room. He took a few steps, his hands in front of himself to avoid walking into anything. He walked towards where Liz had been standing. He walked. Further. Further. A full minute of walking later, Garn had not encountered a wall, a piece of furniture or another human being. "Hello," he called. No response.

* * * * *

"Are you all right?" said the female Doctor.

"Yes," said Korbal. "My stomach's not queasy anymore either."

"Neither is mine," said the female Doctor. "Is everyone else all right?"

No one answered. "Hello," said the female Doctor.

"They've disappeared," said Korbal.

"I don't think so," said the female Doctor. "There are a couple of possibilities. This room might be extremely large. We could be miles away from the others. We might also

be in completely different rooms. Or different dimensions. Or there might simply be a dampening field to keep sound from travelling, although since we can hear each other, that is probably not the case."

"Well, what should we do, Doctor?" asked Korbal. He could not see it in the dark, but the female Doctor smiled, happy that Korbal had called her Doctor.

"Let's assume we're in a large room and keep calling out for the others. If we hit a wall, then we'll come up with another plan."

"All right," said Korbal. He didn't say so, but the female Doctor could tell that he was a little bit scared. The psychological aspect of total darkness was quite disturbing. She had to hand it to the Malreplicant. He knew what he was doing.

The goateed Doctor had to hand it to the Malreplicant, he knew what he was doing. He had effectively separated everyone and paralyzed them with fear. "Don't panic," he said to Sten.

"I'm not panicking," said Sten. "Come on, let's go."

"No," said the goateed Doctor. "Don't move a muscle. It could be extremely dangerous. We have no idea where we are. There might be a pool of molten lava for us to fall into."

"So, you're suggesting that we just stand here until we starve to death?" asked Sten.

"No, I'm just suggesting that we take some precautions. Get down on your hands and knees. We can crawl slowly and use our hands to feel the floor."

"Fine," said Sten. "Now let's find the others."

* * * * *

"Hello." It was Liz's voice. "Liz," shouted Garn. "Over here." Garn heard some footsteps coming closer. "I can't see anything," said Liz. "Keep talking so I'll know where you are."

"Have you run into anyone else," said Garn. "I've been wandering around for over an hour." He felt a hand grasp his arm. "I think we're the only ones in this room," said Liz.

Garn felt for her hand and was unable to find it. "Well I've been shouting the whole while," said Garn and you didn't hear me until just now, so there must be something about the way sound travels in this crazy place. For all we know the others could be a stone's throw away."

"You're right," said Liz. "But what if we never find them? What if we end up as the only two people left alive on this spaceship?"

"Don't worry Liz, we'll be all right," said Garn, convincing himself as well as Liz.

"Have you got the fluid link?" asked Liz.

"I thought you had it," said Garn. The hand let go of his arm and the warmth he had felt from the nearness of another humanoid vanished. "Liz? Liz. Liz!"

* * * * *

"Hello," shouted Liz again. She had been walking for at least an hour now and hadn't heard another sound.

"Liz," said the third Doctor. "Liz, is that you."

"Who's that," said Liz. She wrinkled her brow. That voice. Who was it that belonged to that voice?"

"Liz, it's me. The Doctor," said the third Doctor.

"Doctor," questioned Liz, recognition dawning on her. "My original Doctor?"

"Yes, of course, Liz. Now would you kindly tell me where on Earth we are?"

"We're not on Earth, Doctor. We're on the planet Nlaka. The Master and a clone of your seventh body are fighting your eighth self for control of the TARDIS."

"Jehoshaphat! So, I am in the future then. I should try to get back immediately, but I can't let the Master take control of the TARDIS, Liz. Quick, we've got to get out of here." Liz felt a hand around hers pulling her in a direction she hadn't been planning to go.

"How did you get here?" she asked as she jogged to keep up with him.

"I was working on the console shortly after you left U.N.I.T. I was trying to get the console to travel through time on its own. Somehow I must have been propelled into the TARDIS's own future."

"Can you get back?"

"It's a Time Machine Liz. I'll just get my Eighth persona to drop me off back at U.N.I.T. H.Q. before I even left. Leave. Will leave."

"I haven't been able to find anything that resembles a wall. There's just floor and nothing else."

"That's because you've been walking around in circles, Liz. This place is a construct of the TARDIS's transdimensional circuits. Take two steps forward and you end up one step to your left, to paraphrase an old expression. I recognized it the moment I saw it. They used to have a room like this at Gallifreyan carnivals when I was a boy."

"Then you know how to get out of here?" Liz asked.

"Well, I never was particularly good at them," the third Doctor confessed, "but today I have one advantage. I can sense the telepathic emanations from the control room. All we have to do is follow them and..."

The third Doctor stopped talking as his head slammed into a curved wall. A fraction of a second later, Liz flattened her nose against the same wall.

"You've done it, Doctor," exclaimed Liz.

"Yes, well, now all we've got to do is find the door."

"If there is one," said Liz. "We just sort of melted through the floor of the console room and would up here."

"Melted through the floor. Yes, of course! That's it! This evil double of mine used telepathy to weaken the atomic structure of the TARDIS. And if he can do it, so can I."

"What are you going to do, Doctor?" She heard her own voice and was mentally transported back thirty years. "What is it, Doctor?" she had asked on more than one occasion She laughed. "Just like old times, Doctor."

"I'm going to try to force my body through the wall by sheer concentration. There. My hand. Oh, yes. I think it's working, Liz." Liz felt the Doctor's body sink into the wall. "It's the control room, Liz. I can see it. I feel like a miner coming out of a mine shaft." The Doctor's hand pulled at Liz's hand. However, when he tried to pull her hand through the wall it wouldn't go. The wall was too solid. Like plastic. It would bend but it wouldn't break. "I can't come through, Doctor," wailed Liz. "It won't let me."

"Your mind's not strong enough to overcome the telepathic barriers," said the third Doctor. "No matter, as soon as I get to the console, I can have you all out in a jiffy." Liz felt the Doctor's hand disappear. She stood there, holding both hands against the jelly-like wall. She didn't hear anything until there came a slurping sound and the Doctor's hand grabbed around aimlessly until it caught a hold of hers. "Liz," said the Doctor. "The fluid link's missing. I can't do anything without it."

"I've got it, Doctor," said Liz. She fished it out of her pocket and squeezed it into the Doctor's fist.

"Good show, Liz. Hang tight for just a few more minutes." The hand disappeared with a squelching sound and then silence descended once more.

* * * * *

Tremas was crawling on all fours, his nose had picked up the scent of the Seventh Doctor. He was coming closer. Closer. Suddenly he heard a noise. He sprang to his feet. Footsteps approached.

"Tremas," whispered the Seventh Doctor. "I've got the fluid link. We can leave in the TARDIS and leave the others sitting on the surface of Nlaka. And then the first thing I'm going to do is take you to Nyssa. Are you with me?"

"Yes," whispered Tremas.

Suddenly a door slid open in the wall. It was located disconcertingly close by. The Seventh Doctor and Tremas stepped out of the pitch-black room into the TARDIS' console room. The Seventh Doctor went to the console and slid the fluid link into place. And that's when he noticed that something else was missing.

"What," he roared. "Someone has taken the navigational unit!"

"Is someone there," came the voice of the female Doctor.

"Doctor," said Liz. "I'm over here." A few seconds later the female Doctor and Korbal had found Liz pressed up against the wall.

"A wall," said Korbal. "It's about time. Now all we have to do is follow it and we'll find the door."

"That may be more easily said than done," said the female Doctor. "We didn't need a door to get in here, after all."

"It'll be all right," said Liz. "The Third Doctor was just here, and he found a way out into the console room. I gave him the fluid link."

"The Third Doctor?" asked the female Doctor. "I don't remember being involved in anything like this when I was the Third Doctor."

"Neither do I," came the voice of the goateed Doctor. Sten and the goateed Doctor had heard the others talking and approached the voices. "I'm sorry to tell you this Liz, but that was the Malreplicant doing an impersonation of my former self."

"As much as I hate to agree with the Master, Liz," said the female Doctor, "I'm afraid that's exactly what must have happened. And now he has the ability to take my TARDIS."

"Unless we can overcome him," said the goateed Doctor.

"Not too likely from in here," said Sten.

"Not necessarily," said the female Doctor. "The Master has a point, other than the one on the end of his beard. There are two Time Lords in here, and we're both in a TARDIS. We can combine our minds and try to overcome the Malreplicant's mind."

"The Master's right," said the goateed Doctor. "But we'd better hurry, we haven't got much time."

The Doctor and the Master concentrated on each other's mental energies. "Contact," they both said simultaneously. "Ah," thought the Master. "The Doctor's mind. I'm certain I can find one or two useful pieces of information in here while he's not paying attention."

"He's trying to peek into my memories," thought the Doctor. He had only just been given this new body and his brain was still a mixture of old and new. Things weren't quite as well organized as they once might have been. That might make it easier for the Master to snatch the odd bit of information, but at least it wouldn't be very orderly. It would make it difficult for the Master to get at certain specific information, and that suited the Doctor simply fine."

"There," shouted the Doctor and the Master simultaneously. They had caught wind of the Malreplicant's mind. A slight touch. Then nothing. There. Lock on. Slipped away again. Now Yes. Got him.

"Ahh," shouted the Malreplicant. He fell to his knees beside the console. Tremas rushed towards him. "What is it?" asked Tremas. "The Master and the... the Malreplicant. They've gotten a hold of my mind."

"Can't you do something to stop them?" asked Tremas.

"No, they're too powerful. And the TARDIS is funnelling their mental energies. In another couple of minutes, I'll lose consciousness and they'll have won."

"Can't we take off and leave them?" asked Tremas.

"We don't have a navigational unit. We could get crushed by the Time Stream instantly if we wandered into the wrong corner of space-time. Even now I wouldn't take that risk."

"So, you just need to be able to navigate the TARDIS," said Tremas. "Well, I can certainly get us to Traken."

"What?" asked the Malreplicant incredulously. He looked at Tremas. Tremas smiled and flashed his fangs. "Of course!" The Malreplicant leaped up and grabbed Tremas. Come. The two of them ran to the secondary control room. As they ran deeper into the TARDIS the hold of the Master and the Doctor started to wane slightly. The Malreplicant grabbed the telepathic interface helmet from a box in the corner of the room, jammed the plug into the appropriate hole and slapped the helmet on Tremas' head." He could feel the other two Time Lords in his mind again. He flipped the appropriate switches on the secondary console and disengaged the locking mechanism that held the secondary control room to the rest of the TARDIS. He 'heard' the Doctor say, "He's trying to splinter off a SARDIS," The two Time Lords began to pummel him mentally. The pain began to build to a crescendo. The Malreplicant froze for a second as the pain of a dozen migraine headaches shot through his skull. He hit the dematerialization button and shouted hoarsely, "Go Home, Tremas!"

And they did.

Using the power of the Cheetah people, Tremas focused on his home, Traken. The TARDIS' telepathic interface translated the mental location of the co-ordinates from Tremas' enhanced brain and allowed his power to take it there. The SARDIS sheared off from the Doctor's TARDIS and flashed instantly out of existence and then back in again in the dark reaches of space. Where the proud planet Traken had once spun was nothing. An utter vacuum. Not even the standard one hydrogen atom per cubic metre that one finds in normal space. Nothing. Utter emptiness.

"It looks like Traken is no more," said the Malreplicant.

Tremas nodded dolefully. "I'm quite looking forward to seeing Nyssa again. Do you think that she's still healthy?"

"We can pick her up at a time before she got sick," said the Malreplicant. He decided to continue to pretend to be the Seventh Doctor.

Tremas smiled a little.

With the main door wide open and the navigational unit missing the TARDIS shuddered so hard that it felt like an earthquake. The gasping, wheezing sound of the TARDIS filled the dark room. Everyone froze at the sound and then the lights suddenly came on again. Everyone blinked madly at the bright light except the goateed Doctor, who still had Liz's shades on.

Liz and the female Doctor and Korbal were standing next to each other against the curved wall of the room. The goateed Doctor and Sten were standing on two different walls, each perpendicular to the other. They looked around and found that the room was positively tiny. It was not much larger than the inside of a moving van. And in the opposite corner of the room, on his hands and knees, on the ceiling, was Garn. Liz started to laugh.

"He's gone and created a SARDIS," said the female Doctor.

"But how," said Garn, getting up and walking towards them. "I pulled this thingy out of the console as we were sinking into the floor."

"The female Doctor took it from Garn. The navigational unit. It's suicide! He'll be pulverized by the Time Stream."

"Our mental assault must have taken its toll on his senses," said the goateed Doctor.

"Yes," agreed the female Doctor.

"Speaking of mental assaults," said Korbal. "Can you get us out of here? I desperately need to make use of the lavatory."

"Everyone lay down on the, uh, wall," said the goateed Doctor. "We'll join hands and form a circle."

The six of them laid down on their backs like some kind of surreal synchronized swimming routine. The two claimants to the title of Doctor concentrated and the six of them sank into the wall/floor/ceiling. Seconds later they were unsinking out of the floor of the console room. The six of them ended up face down in a circle on the floor with the console in the middle. Unfortunately, all was not calm in the console room. Due to the take off with the door open, an unearthly wind was roaring through the TARDIS and out the front door, even though the calm tarmac of the spaceport could be seen through the open doors.

The two Doctors jumped up and began rapidly flipping switches and turning dials and pushing buttons on the console. Finally, the big inner doors started to close, and the winds died down. The female Doctor pressed a button and the power indicator in the centre of the console stopped pumping up and down. Then the goateed Doctor re-opened the doors, and all was calm.

"All right, everyone out," said Korbal. "I've already lost one Malreplicant, I'm not going to lose the Master as well. Everyone into my office!"

Liz locked the door to the TARDIS and Korbal took possession of the Key, the navigational unit and the Dematerialization Circuit for good measure. Then the six of them piled into the transport and drove towards the main terminal building.

"Liz?" asked Korbal. "You worked with the Doctor for over a year, correct?"

"Yes," said Liz.

"Then you know him best. Why don't you formulate a few questions that you can ask each of our pretenders and whichever one answers them correctly gets to be the Doctor."

"Sounds fair to me," said Liz.

"And me," said the female Doctor.

"Bring on the questions," said the goateed Doctor.

"You look quite Masterly with those sunglasses," said the female Doctor to the goateed Doctor. "And the goatee is an obvious touch, of course, but then again, you were never very original."

"My dear Master," said the goateed Doctor, "or should I say Mistress. What's with the sex change? Spent so many years alone in your TARDIS that the only way you could find some companionship is to do it yourself?"

"Very droll, Master." said the female Doctor. "If you are the Master."

"Ah, so you admit that I'm the Doctor."

"No," said the female Doctor. "I was just thinking about all that time we spent in the dark," she said loudly enough for everyone to hear. "The Master is a master of hypnosis. Perhaps this isn't the Master at all, perhaps it's Korbal. There was plenty of time for the Master to switch clothes with him while the lights were out and then hypnotizing him into thinking he's the Master pretending to be the Doctor." She looked back and forth between Korbal and the goateed Doctor.

Sten looked at her boss and then at the goateed Doctor. "No way," she said to the female Doctor. "He was handcuffed to me the entire time."

"But it was dark, and the acoustics of that room were extremely untrustworthy. How can you be sure that nothing extraordinary happened?"

"Because in order for him to take that orange jumpsuit off he would have had to slip it over the handcuffs, which was impossible because they happened to be attached to me at the time"

"Ah, yes," said the female Doctor. "I see your point." The two Doctors were silent for the rest of the journey.

"I need to get that dematerialization circuit," thought the Master. "And I need enough time to get that junk away from my TARDIS. The only trump card I have is that I now have all the Doctor's memories from his time at U.N.I.T. I should be able to answer Ms. Shaw's questions with ease. Unfortunately, it's only a matter of time before they try to put me back into that blasted extraction device and then I shall have no ally to rescue me. I'm quite sure that Malreplicant's not coming back now that he's got a SARDIS."

"The Master's planning something," thought the Doctor. "He's got my memories. He might just pass Liz's little test. He knows that the next step is the Extractor, so he'll make his move either while I'm being quizzed by Liz or immediately after we've both been questioned. Now if only I could think like him. Wait a minute, of course I can

think like him, our minds were in contact for several minutes. Now, where did I store all of those extra memories."

"I wonder how that Mad Cow Disease of mine is coming along."

"Liz and Garn seem to be hitting it off. Perhaps she'd like to stay here when this is all over with."

"'Peoples of the universe', indeed. What was I thinking?"

The goateed Doctor was the first one to be questioned by Liz. Sten kept watch on the female Doctor while Liz, Korbal and Garn went into another office down the hall. Several more security personnel had been stationed in the hallway and in the various offices. Quite some time passed before Korbal and the goateed Doctor returned. The goateed Doctor took a seat and Korbal took the female Doctor down the hall to the questioning room. A few moments later Liz returned alone with a big smile on her face.

"Doctor," she said and ran to hug the goateed Doctor. "I'm so sorry I didn't believe you before. It's just that, well, this is sort of a new look for you, isn't it?"

"Oh, Liz. There's nothing to apologize for. Now let me get my TARDIS parts from Korbal."

"Liz produced the Key, Dematerialization Circuit and the navigational unit. Doctor let's get out of here. Alien planets may be exciting for a while, but I'd really just like to get home."

"As you wish," said the new Doctor. "Oh, that Evil fellow stole my clothes. Well, I suppose this jumpsuit will do."

Liz looked at him. "You're not serious."

"Why not," have you ever seen the outfit my sixth persona wore?

Sten escorted the pair through the maze of interior corridors and out onto the tarmac. She drove them to the TARDIS, said goodbye and then drove off.

The Doctor handed the two parts of his TARDIS to Liz to hold while he unlocked the door. She put them into the pockets of her trousers and pulled out something else. The Doctor got the door open and then looked at Liz. She was holding a gun. She was smiling. She touched the fabric of her blouse above her left breast and the image flickered and disappeared leaving only the image of the Master, his hand manipulating the end of the pen-shaped device in the left breast pocket of his orange jumpsuit.

"This is where I say my goodbyes, Doctor."

"Master! What have you done with Liz?"

"Not to worry, Doctor, I did not harm her. I simply put her and the rest of my bumbling interrogation team into a hypnotic trance. They should stay that way for a few more hours. No doubt you can help speed their recovery." The Master pushed open the door to the TARDIS with his foot and backed in, keeping Korbal's gun trained on the Doctor. "Goodbye, Doctor!"

The Master backed in through the large inner doors. "Hello, Master!" came a voice from behind. "He whirled to see Korbal and a dozen armed security officers crammed into the console room of the Doctor's TARDIS.

"Oh," said the Doctor, plucking the gun from the Master's hand and handing it to Korbal. "Of course, I told them that you would try to hypnotize them and that they should have the anti-hypnotic wave suppressor brought into the interrogation room. And then I suggested they wait for you here. That's all right with you, isn't it?"

As Korbal cuffed the Master's hands behind his back the Doctor reached into the Master's pockets and retrieved the components of his TARDIS.

"Aw, don't be sad, Master. You're still my best enemy." The Eighth Doctor smiled and gave the Master a kiss on the cheek. "Now get out of my TARDIS!" he shouted amiably.

"Are they going to execute him?" asked Liz as the TARDIS doors closed. "I think President Flavia will request otherwise," answered the Doctor. "Why don't you have a rest while I take a shower?"

"Great idea," said Liz. "I'll make a bit of tea first, though."

* * * * *

When the hood was removed from the Master's head, he found himself in a cell. "What kind of jail is this?" asked the Master. "It looks like someone's basement."

"It is," answered Garn. "You are in the custody of the Anti-Executions League."

"I want to see my lawyer," demanded the Master.

"They were going to execute you," answered Garn. "You're better off here. And don't even think about trying to hypnotize any of us." He pointed to the small disks affixed to the wall every metre. The Master let out a resigned sigh and slumped onto his cot.

* * * * *

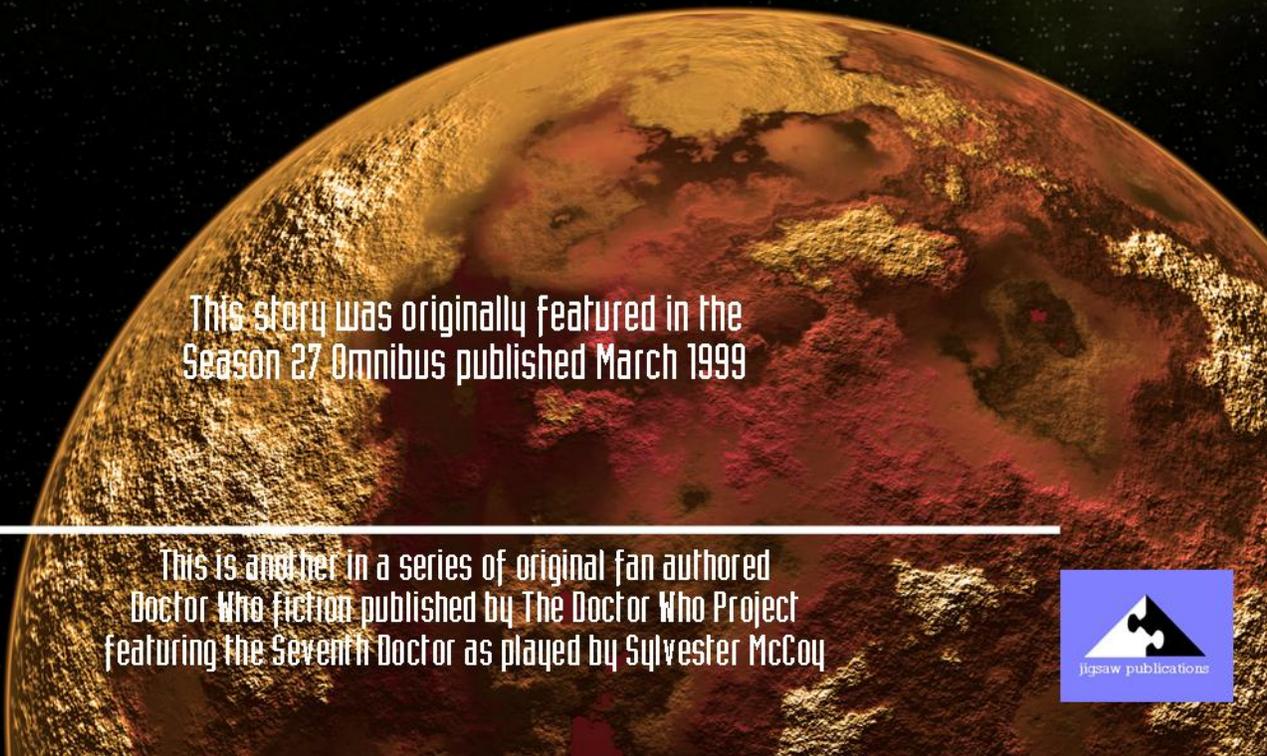
Later, as Liz lay sleeping on the pull-out bed in the console room, the Eighth Doctor stood naked in front of his massive wardrobe. Naked, that is, except for his sunglasses. He pensively stroked his little goatee as he stood looking at the row upon row of clothes from a hundred thousand eras on a hundred thousand planets. "Now," he said aloud. "What shall I wear tomorrow?"



The Doctor and Liz have been staying at UNIT headquarters in Vancouver since the events of Final Sunset when finally, the announcement they've been waiting for comes - UNIT troops have found the Master's TARDIS. Or, have they?

The capsule's discovery leads the Doctor and Liz to the planet Mlaka, where the Time Lords had originally hidden the Master's TARDIS after his arrest.

But, will the seventh Doctor's dark side finally lead to his downfall on a planet where evil is forbidden and the Master is a national hero?



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