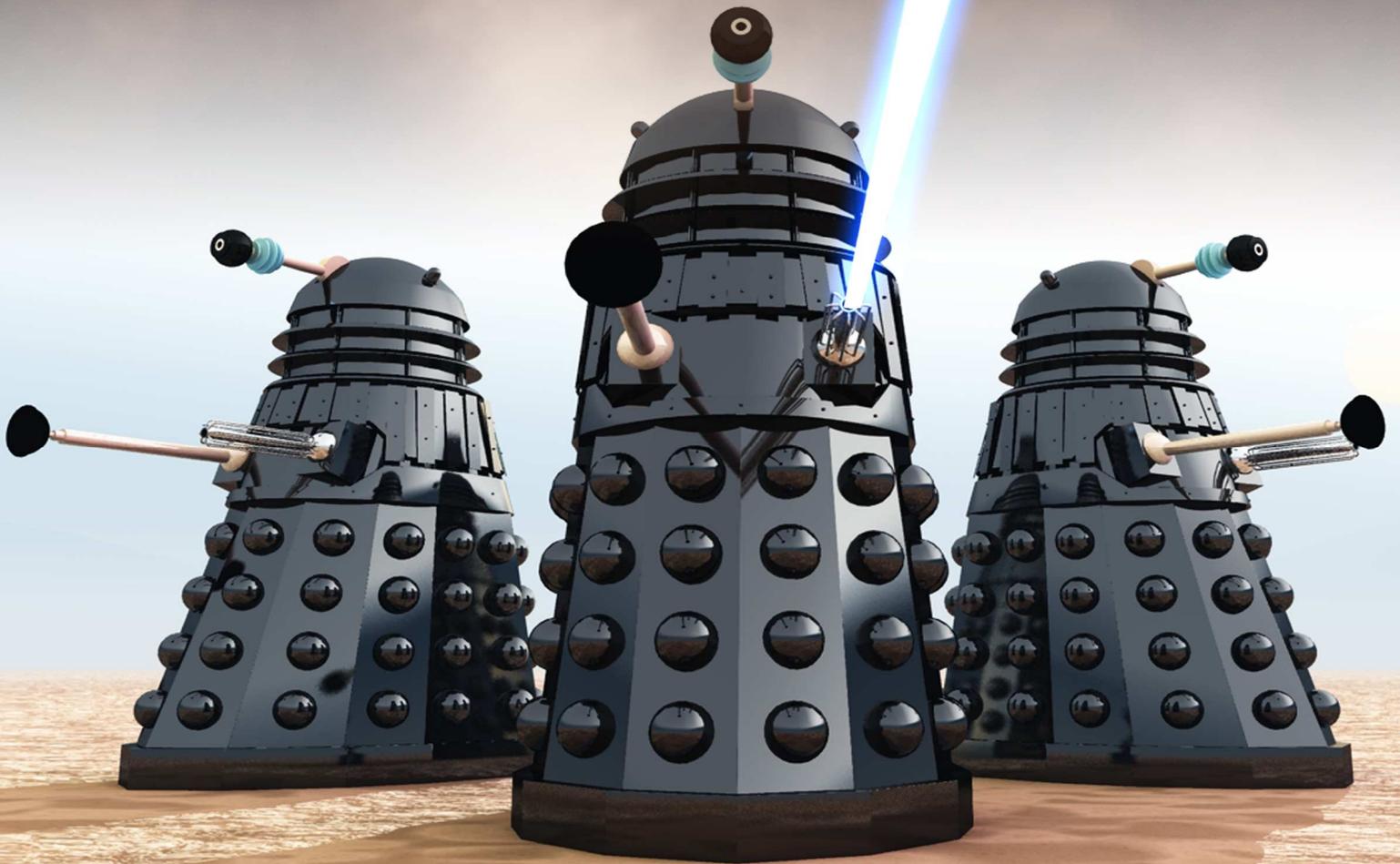


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PLAN 8 OF THE DALEKS



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Davros Cutaway

When last we left the Doctor and his friend Tamara they were surrounded by numerous clones of Davros, an old enemy that the Doctor thought he had killed. With this one act of showing the Doctor numerous clones of himself, Davros had said to the Doctor that he could never be killed. Who knew if the original or the clone had been killed, and, if these clones were anything to go by, whether it really mattered if the original was killed? Davros obviously had the ability to imbue each of his clones with his own mind. Killing the original would make no difference.

As the Doctor's TARDIS rose up from the ground, surrounded by the blue light of a tractor beam, the Doctor said, "All right, Davros. That's enough. You've got us surrounded. You've got my TARDIS. Tell us what you want."

"Oh, I don't have your TARDIS, Doctor," said Davros, looking up into the sky. "They've got your TARDIS."

The Doctor and Tamara looked up to see that the space ship that was the source of the tractor beam was hovering only a few hundred meters from the ground. And it was not alone. There were hundreds of identical ships in the sky, with more approaching from above.

"Oh, good," said the Doctor sarcastically. "Daleks."

"It sounds bad when you say it that way," said Tamara.

"Oh, it is bad," he said. "Have you got anything to do with this Davros?"

The Doctor lowered his head to find that all of the Davros' were gone but one, who was descending into a trap door set into the ground.

"Of course not, Doctor," he said, pausing for a few seconds. "I'm from their future. If they encounter me, there would be a risk of changing the time line."

"You were willing to do it before," said the Doctor.

"That was when it was the Daleks' time line," answered Davros. "This time, it's my own, and I'm not about to do anything that will upset that. As far as these Daleks know, I am

entombed beneath the Dalek City on Skaro, and they will release me from that prison in a few hundred years' time."

Davros continued his descent. "Goodbye, Doctor. And good luck with the Daleks."

And with that, Davros disappeared into the ground and the trapdoor snapped shut, leaving Tamara and the Doctor alone on a strange planet to handle a Dalek invasion.

Phase One

As the ground began to shake with the approach of the mighty Dalek mother ship, the Doctor handed Tamara his blaster. She tucked it into her belt. An immensely loud cracking noise caused them to whirl around in time to see the earth beginning to split open about east half a kilometre away. It was as if a mighty doorway were opening up. The rumbling stopped and for a moment, all was quiet. Then, one by one, the Dalek space ships began to enter the hole in the ground.

The Doctor looked up. There were hundreds of ships. And it looked like they were each intending to land in the fissure.

The Doctor ran towards the opening and Tamara followed him at full speed. Two minutes later, as they approached the edge of the fissure, they could see that it was not a simple tear in the earth. The edges of the fissure were metallic. The entire opening was a massive doorway that had been constructed to open up when the Dalek fleet arrived.

Tamara followed the Doctor's lead as he slid down the smooth gully created by the meeting of two massive steel hatches. They slid all the way to the floor of the vast underground chamber.

"I think this explains why Davros' escape pod landed here," whispered the Doctor as he led Tamara behind a supporting pillar.

"It must have been programmed to home in on a specific signal: to seek out the nearest Dalek installation."

As they crept around the edges of the cavern, moving stealthily closer to the centre of activity, Tamara and the Doctor could see hundreds of Daleks whizzing around on the main floor, performing various duties.

In the centre of the floor was a massive structure.

"It looks like a carnival ride," said Tamara.

The device had a massive center pole with twenty hinged arms attached at the top. The arms were hanging down and at the end of each was an ovoid shape, not metallic like the rest of the structure, but looking like a large chunk of unpolished stone.

One of the twenty arms was raised above the top of the structure and the stone looked like it was split in two. As the Doctor and Tamara watched, the Dalek battle cruisers that were flying in through the fissure were entering the stone and disappearing inside it.

"Those stone things are only about twice the size of one of those space ships," said Tamara. "How can they fit so many inside them?"

"They must be dimensionally transcendental like my TARDIS," said the Doctor. "I have encountered Dalek time machines before that had that property."

"Is that what those metal things are on the floor?" asked Tamara. "Daleks?"

"Yes," said the Doctor. "If they catch us they will probably kill us immediately. The Daleks are a race of xenophobic conquerors, created by your friend Davros, I might add, who have terrorized this galaxy and its neighbours for a very long time."

The Doctor led Tamara around to the other side of the structure, where there weren't nearly so many Daleks.

"I'd like to get inside one of those rock-pods," said the Doctor.

As they crept closer, the sound of Dalek blaster fire echoed through the chamber.

"It's the Dav-bots," said Tamara.

Sure enough, a dozen or so of Davros' Dav-bots were battling it out with the Daleks on the main floor. By the looks of things, the Dav-bots' weapons were superior to the Dalek weapons, and their armour able to withstand more firepower.

"That's just the distraction we need," said the Doctor. He and Tamara ran towards the nearest rock-pod.

"They've made it look like a meteor," said the Doctor. "I think they intend to launch all twenty of these at once as some kind of invasion fleet. They'll likely drift innocently into some solar system and then when they're close enough an entire Dalek battle fleet will suddenly surround an unsuspecting planet. It's diabolical."

"Look out," said Tamara. She had spotted a Dalek coming towards them from around the other side of the next rock-pod.

The Doctor ducked behind the pod and peeked out from behind it. The Dalek had not seen them, and it would be coming right past them in a moment.

"Can we take it out?" asked Tamara.

"The armour is quite impenetrable, even to this," he said as he pulled the blaster out of her belt and handed it to her. "But if we can get the top open, we might be able to surprise the mutant creature inside."

"My first mutant creature," said Tamara exuberantly.

The Doctor smiled.

"I'll pop the top and you fire the blaster inside," instructed the Doctor.

"Why do you get to do the fun stuff?" Tamara pouted playfully.

The Dalek came past them without noticing the pair. The Doctor crept up behind it and jumped onto it, his feet barely able to hold on to the bumps on the lower half of its casing. He grabbed one of the lights on the top for support and reached around to release the lever that held the top in place. As he flipped the lid back, Tamara ran up to the Dalek, and before the Dalek could even speak, she had fired into the opening and it was vaporised, along with half of the controls inside.

"I'm going to get inside," said the Doctor. "I need to find out what's going on."

The Doctor and Tamara rolled the Dalek back behind the cover of the rock-pod and cleaned out the mess inside. The Doctor got in and tested the controls. He figured out how to make it move, but he could see that the weapons would not work. The power coupling to the battery pack was melted through.

The Doctor tried the microphone.

"YOU-WAIT-HERE!" he said.

The Doctor made his way slowly to the centre of the action. The Dav-bots had been defeated by sheer force of numbers, but there were several dozen destroyed Daleks on the floor.

"WHY-DID-YOU-NOT-ASSIST?" came the voice beside him. The Doctor swivelled his eyestalk and saw another Dalek had approached him from the side. He was trying desperately to work out how the radar screen worked so that the other Daleks couldn't sneak up on him.

"MY-WEAPONS-HAVE-CEASED-TO-FUNCTION," said the Doctor.

"YOU-WILL-HELP-TO-REMOVE-THE-DESTROYED-DALEK-UNITS!"

"I-OBEY."

The Doctor joined a team of Daleks that was busy pushing the burned-out casings towards a transmat pad.

After five or six Daleks had been pushed onto each pad, they dematerialized. The Doctor wondered if they would be repaired, or simply melted down at their destination.

During his work, the Doctor could hear the conversations between other Daleks going on around him, some from externally, but some from an internal speaker system. All of the Daleks were privy to the main communication between the pod base and the mother ship.

"PHASE-TWO-SEVENTY-PERCENT-COMPLETE," the Dalek overseer was reporting.

"CONTINUE," said the Dalek Supreme.

"CASUALTIES-SUSTAINED-DUE-TO-ATTACK-BY-UNIDENTIFIED-ROBOTIC-UNITS," reported the Dalek. "SOME-OF-THE-UNITS-WERE-ASSIGNED-TO-THE-PODS-AS-MAINTENANCE-PERSONELL."

"PLAN-8-OF-THE-DALEKS-WILL-SUCCEED," shrieked the Dalek Supreme. "REPLACE-THE-UNITS-WITH-DALEKS-FROM-THE-SKELETON-CREW"

"I-OBEY"

The Doctor directed his travel unit towards the overseer Dalek. "MY-WEAPONS-HAVE-MALFUNCTIONED," he said to the overseer. "I-SHOULD-BE-RE-ASSIGNED-TO-A-MAINTENANCE-CREW."

"AGREED," responded the overseer Dalek. "REPORT-TO-POD-TWENTY-AT-ONCE."

"I-OBEY," said the Doctor and made his way to the twentieth and final asteroid-shaped pod. The Doctor took a longer route to get to pod twenty. When he passed near the pod that Tamara had been hiding near, he spotted her hiding behind a support beam. Pod ten had already been raised, loaded and lowered again to the floor of the chamber.

"GET-OUT-TAMARA," shouted the Doctor as he wheeled past.

"WHAT-DID-YOU-SAY," asked another Dalek, who was headed in the same direction.

"GET-OUT-OF-MY-WAY," said the Doctor. "I-HAVE-HAD-A-WEAPONS-MALFUNCTION. IT-IS-BETTER-THAT-YOU-DO-NOT-TRAVEL-IN-FRONT-OF-ME."

"AGREED," said the other Dalek.

The Doctor and the others assigned to the maintenance crew of pod twenty waited by the pod. Eventually it cracked open and a path appeared. The Doctor followed the others inside. The interior was as massive as that of the chamber that contained the pod launcher. Around the outside were pathways for the maintenance Daleks to travel along, and inside were dozens of little landing pads?

Once the maintenance Daleks were aboard the pod wasted no time in zooming up towards the sky. The remaining three dozen Dalek Battle Cruisers whooshed through the opening of the pod and each settled on one of the landing pads jutting from the side of the pod.

Tamara was inching her way back to the gully down which she and the Doctor had slid to gain entrance to the launch base. If she could make it to the city, someone there would be able to contact Earth and hopefully they would be able to send a ship that was powerful enough to do something about the Dalek threat.

As she started to climb the steep, somewhat slippery slope, the voice she dreaded most came from behind her, "STAY-WHERE-YOU-ARE! YOU-ARE-A-PRISONER-OF-THE-DALEKS. DO-NOT-MOVE-OR-YOU-WILL-BE-EXTERMINATED!"

The Doctor could hear the Dalek communications. No time was being wasted. As soon as pod twenty was loaded, the giant pod launcher extended itself above the ground and the other nineteen arms swung upwards. The twenty arms extended, the launcher began to spin and finally took off into the air like a helicopter. The launcher flew higher and higher until it was out of Roratua's atmosphere, and then, one by one, the Dalek pods were launched into space, each towards a different Solar System in the Federation.

"PHASE-TWO-COMPLETE," the Doctor heard the Dalek Supreme broadcasting to all Daleks aboard the twenty pods, the mother ship and the few remaining at the launch base on Roratua.

"PLAN-8-OF-THE-DALEKS-WILL-SUCCEED!" the Dalek Supreme announced.

Like a millions voices inside his head, the Doctor could hear the entire invasion force of Daleks repeat the mantra:

"PLAN-8-OF-THE-DALEKS-WILL-SUCCEED!"

"PLAN-8-OF-THE-DALEKS-WILL-SUCCEED!"

Phase Two

"Madame President," began Earth's Trade Minister Justin Ayotte as he walked into President Singh's office without knocking.

"Oh, Madame, I beg your pardon." He left the room immediately.

A few minutes later the president's husband came out of the room, glaring at Ayotte.

"Ayotte," he said curtly.

"Teasdale," came the equally curt response.

"Come in, Justin," said the President wearily.

"Madame," he began again as he entered, avoiding any mention of what he had witnessed earlier. "It's the planet Tik Tik. They're refusing the Soy Bean shipment."

"On what grounds," she said, rising from her chair.

"They claim to have discovered some genetic manipulation in some of the shipment."

"What," began the president, "you mean other than what was in the sample they approved?"

"Apparently so, Madame," replied the Minister.

"Well, that's preposterous," she said, raising her voice. "This is nothing more than a ploy to gain some leverage in the battle-ship discussions."

"Of course, Madame President," agreed the Minister.

"If they think we'll agree to their demands just because they reject a shipment of beans, they've got another thing coming."

"Uh," began the Minister cautiously. "It's not just the one shipment. They've already contacted nearly three dozen of our trading partners, and they've all agreed to reject this particular crop of soy beans."

"But that doesn't make any sense if they've made the whole thing up themselves," said the President. She looked at Ayotte warily. "They HAVE just made the whole thing up, haven't they Justin?"

"Not exactly," said the Minister, contritely.

"Not. Exactly?" asked the president in a clipped voice.

"On average twenty percent of the beans have been un-useable after a long-haul freighter journey," explained Ayotte.

"We found a way to increase the yield to over ninety-nine percent."

"And how did you do that," asked President Singh.

"We found a plant on the planet Vira that had a knack for space travel. An affinity almost. The plant would come out hardier than ever after a long space flight at sub-zero temperatures."

"And so you crossed the planet with the soy beans?"

"Yes," admitted Ayotte. "It was just one or two genes. Fairly benign. No possible side effects. Very safe. No problems. Nothing could go wrong."

"But it's in direct violation of our trade agreement, Ayotte," shouted the President. "I cannot believe you approved this without even discussing it with me."

"But you would have said no," said Ayotte.

"Of course I would have," shouted the President. "Don't signed agreements mean anything to you? I put my name on those trade documents as a representative of every man, woman and child on the planet Earth. You are one of the people in whose name I signed that document. It is your duty to live up to the agreement. Our agreement!"

"Some of these planets, Ixin, they're afraid of everything," sputtered Ayotte. "It's a completely harmless modification."

"That," spat the president, "is not the point!"

"We are now in violation of a treaty that it took almost thirty years to sign. Someone is going to take the fall for this, Justin, and it won't be me."

"Yes, Madame President."

"Get Jennifer in here. We need to get a statement ready before the press get wind of this."

"Right away, Madame." He left the room, backing out as if he were in the presence of royalty. Ixin Singh was not impressed.

Tamara managed to conceal the blaster from the Dalek as it prodded her into the centre of the complex. She gulped as she found herself surrounded by the metallic killing machines. When they spun around to look at her, she could feel their hate as if it was being fired at her from their little gun sticks.

"I-HAVE-FOUND-THIS-ALIEN-TRYING-TO-ESCAPE," announced the Dalek that had captured her. The overseer Dalek came forward and waggled its eyestalk in her face.

"THE-DALEK-SUPREME-HAS-BEEN-EXPECTING-YOU," said the Dalek.

Tamara was confused. Had they spotted her earlier?

"WE-HAVE-YOUR-TARDIS, DOCTOR," continued the Dalek.

"YOU-WILL-REVEAL-ITS-SECRETS-TO-THE-DALEKS-OR-YOU-WILL-BE-EXTERMINATED!"

"Oh, no," thought the Doctor. "I think the environmental controls are damaged." The Dalek was still sitting inside the Dalek travel machine. He could feel the moisture that had build up after several hours inside the airtight vehicle. He also suspected that the oxygen level was not being replenished at a normal rate. He found a way to reflect some of the light off of the instrument panel in order to examine the burnt circuitry and wiring.

After an hour of stripping the wires with his fingernails, and a couple of good-sized electric shocks, the Doctor had succeeded in re-starting the air conditioning. The fresh oxygen felt good and the moisture began to leave the air. He was soaked, however, and getting quite cold. After some more fumbling, he realized that the heat had worked the entire time, but that he just had it switched off.

His next problem was going to be hunger. He hadn't eaten since breakfast, and he didn't want his growling stomach to alert the Daleks around him. Suddenly, it dawned on him what the purpose of the little plastic tube jutting from the side of the casing was. There was a thick, green liquid in the tube. When he had smelled it earlier, it nearly made him vomit. He had taken it to be a ruptured coolant line, or some kind of lubricant, but now he realized that it was the Dalek's food.

"Well," he said to himself. "I've eaten veal. I can eat this." He took a small glob of the substance on the end of his finger, held his nose, and licked his finger. Disgusting. A little like the green goop that the Atlantians ate, he thought. The aftertaste was really worse than the initial flavour, he decided, as he took another dollop in his mouth.

He found another little tube with water and took a sip to wash the taste of the food out of his mouth. It was just as disgusting as the food had been.

"No wonder they're always in such a foul mood," thought the Doctor. "I just hope I don't get Mad Dalek disease."

"Queen Ak Djjerri," began the Minister of War and Space. "There is an object entering our Solar System."

"A Space Ship," she asked.

"No, your Majesty," answered the Minister. "It is a large meteor. I don't know why we haven't detected it before."

"Is it dangerous?"

"It doesn't seem to be dangerously large, your Majesty. But it is heading directly for Tik Tik."

"What can we do about it?"

"Well, there is the Earth ship."

"Are you mad, Ak Grimlish? We've just spent three months complaining to the Earth government that We don't want their war ships anywhere near Tik Tik, and now you want Us to crawl on Our hands and knees to President Singh?"

"It might be the wisest option, your Majesty."

"I am quite aware of your desire to ingratiate yourself to the Earth government by allowing them to use Tik Tik as a Military Base, weapons testing range, or anything else they

want. Our family has ruled this planet for twelve thousand years without the aid of a foreign power, and if We have anything to say about it, it will stay that way for the next twelve thousand years. Understood?"

"Yes, your Majesty," grovelled Ak Grimlish. "Begging your most humble pardon."

Even though she was being captured by Daleks, Tamara didn't miss the opportunity to take some pleasure in her first teleportation.

"That was fun," she said as she and her captor materialized on the bridge of the Dalek mother ship. She found herself face to face with the Dalek Supreme.

"WE-HAVE-YOUR-TARDIS-DOCTOR," said the Dalek Supreme. "YOU-WILL-SURRENDER-THE-KEY."

Tamara wondered if it would be bad or good to let them think she was the Doctor. Of course, the Doctor was their mortal enemy, and would probably be quite high up on their list of people to kill, but there was also a chance that they might want to keep him alive for some reason: interrogation, what have you. A nobody like her, on the other hand, might just be completely expendable.

She took the chain with the TARDIS key the Doctor had given her from around her neck. "You won't be able to use it," she said. "It will only work for me."

"YOU-WILL-OPEN-YOUR-TARDIS-FOR-US," screeched the Dalek Supreme.

"I will not," said Tamara.

"TAKE-THE-DOCTOR-TO-THE-INTERROGATION-CHAMBER," ordered the Dalek Supreme.

"I-OBEY," said one of the other Daleks on the bridge. It came forward and wiggled its plunger at Tamara. "OBEY-OR-YOU-WILL-BE-EXTERMINATED."

"You won't get much from me if I'm dead," said Tamara.

"SILENCE," ordered the interrogation Dalek.

The pod on which the Doctor was stationed slowed as it came into orbit around Tik Tik. "CONTACT-WITH-THE-TRAITOR-HAS-BEEN-MADE," announced the Gold Dalek in charge of the Doctor's ship. "SHE-REPORTS-THAT-THE-ATTACK-SHOULD-BE-MADE-IMMEDIATELY."

The Gold Dalek ordered the opening of the pod. The Doctor made doubly certain that the hatch of his travel unit was sealed tight. He did not want to suffocate when the air rushed out into the vacuum of space. Half of the Dalek ships released their docking clamps and flew off into space, heading for the unprotected planet Tik Tik.

Each ship picked a large city and began firing at will, destroying the tallest buildings and any bridges or power stations it could find.

"Madame President," said Minister Ayotte, after he had been given permission to enter President Singh's office. "We've gotten reports of alien invasion from twenty different Federation planets. They're all requesting Federation ships to come to their aid!"

"Twenty different planets," said President Singh in horror. "At the same time?"

"Yes," said Ayotte. "In twenty distinctly different directions from Earth."

"We don't have enough ships for that," said the president. "DO we?"

"We could send one or two ships," said the President. "We have twenty-three ships altogether, five of which are currently in orbit around the Earth."

"We can't send them," said the President. "The Earth would be defenceless."

"It's part of our treaty, Madame President," said Ayotte. "We HAVE to send them."

"That would leave the Earth vulnerable," protested the President.

"Without any direct threat to the Earth, Madame President, we are obligated to send all but one of our ships to the aid of our Federation partners!"

"How many are ready to go," asked the President.

"Two are in orbit and ready to leave."

"And the other three?"

"Basically docked, and waiting for crews to return from shore leave."

"Put them down as being in for maintenance," said the President. "Get the crews on board and make sure they're fully armed. Send the other two."

"Yes, Madame President," said Ayotte.

"Earth is sending help," said Ak Grimlish to Queen Ak Djerri.

"If this is a trick to us to accept their battleships stationed in orbit around Tik Tik," began the Queen, not finishing her threat.

"It would be quite some trick, your Majesty. We are getting reports from all around the planet. Cities are being attacked and buildings are being destroyed."

"How many casualties?"

"Tens of thousands already," answered Ayotte.

"When will the ships arrive?"

"Just one ship, your Majesty?"

"What?"

"Apparently we're not the only planet under attack."

"Oh Goddess," said Queen Ak Djerri in horror.

Everywhere the situation was the same: the Dalek pods had expelled half of their invasion force and razed the cities of a dozen Federation planets without space ships of their own.

The Daleks swarmed into the Imperial Palace on Tik Tik. They exterminated guards and bystanders alike. Once inside the throne room, they surrounded Queen Ak Djerri.

“YOU-ARE-OUR-PRISONER,” proclaimed the Gold Dalek. “THIS-PLANET-IS-NOW-UNDER-DALEK-CONTROL.”

Phase Three

Princess Ak Sauvy came rushing into the throne room.

The Princess had married the queen's elder son five years earlier, and since his unfortunate death two years later had spent her days trying to work her way into the power structure of the planet Tik Tik.

"You promised that no one would be killed," she shouted at the Gold Dalek.

"IT-IS-THE-TRAITOR," said the Gold Dalek. It whirled to look at the Princess. "BE-SILENT. YOU-WILL-BE-INSTALLED-AS-THE-RULER-OF-THIS-PLANET-AS-YOU-REQUESTED. YOUR-SUBJECTS-WILL-OBEY-YOUR-ORDERS-OR-THEY-WILL-BE-EXTERMINATED.YOU-WILL-OBEY-THE-WILL-OF-THE-DALEKS-OR-YOU-WILL-BE-EXTERMINATED."

"But," began the Princess.

"THERE-WILL-BE-NO-FURTHER-DISCUSSION. SHALL-WE-EXECUTE-THE-QUEEN?"

"No," said the Princess frantically.

"PUT-HER-IN-THE-DUNGEON," ordered the Dalek. The queen shot her daughter-in-law a look of pure hatred.

"THE-CORONATION-WILL-BE-BROADCAST-TO-THE-CITIZENS-AT-SUNSET."

Tamara had been place up against a wall, her ankles and wrists clamped into metal restraints. The Dalek that had captured her was in charge of her interrogation. She recognized the scratch marks on his casing. She decided to call it Tommy.

"WHAT-IS-THE-SECRET-TO-OPENIING-THE-TARDIS?" asked Tommy.

Tamara remained silent.

The Dalek fired an electric charge at her arm. Tamara screamed. The material in her clothes started to smoulder. The pain was excruciating. For the next twenty minutes Tamara writhed and screamed as her clothes melted off of her, starting at her upper left shoulder and ending at her lower right foot.

A couple of times, the clothing had stopped smouldering. Tommy had asked her again about the secret of the TARDIS. Tamara had held her ground and Tommy simply shot her again, causing her clothes to catch fire once more.

Tamara soon realized that the Dalek she was dealing with was not simply torturing her for information. It was torturing her for fun. She wondered if they were all like this or if this one was just a little bit crazy.

During her years of training, Tamara had been taught how to resist torture. Tamara was able to take herself out of the room on the Dalek mother ship. She focused her mind on a single point and tried to blot out the agony. At one point, Tommy had realized that she was not feeling the pain and shot her in the arm with a bullet. She screamed in pain and this seemed to satisfy Tommy for a while as it went on with its questioning and electric shocks.

Tommy particularly delighted in firing the electrical shocks at the TARDIS key hanging around Tamara's neck because the entire chain became electrified and the skin underneath was becoming black from repeated high-voltage contact.

Tamara wondered how long she could hold out against this inhuman machine that did not seem to eat or sleep or do anything but hate.

The Doctor had been busily working his way around the interior of the pod, slowly but surely, he was welding the Dalek ships to their docking clamps. When he had welded all but one of the ships in place, he began carefully to reprogram the self-destruct subroutines of the ship's control programs.

Tamara had fallen asleep, but when she awoke she realized that Tommy had left her at last.

Tamara managed to slip her left hand out of the metal restraint. It was sore and bruised, but she would be able to use it. She quickly released the restraints on her other hand and on her feet. She opened the door and peeked outside. The coast was clear. She ran to the room in which she had seen the TARDIS, the metal floor feeling very cold on her bare feet. She shivered, half from the cold and half from the fact that she was running naked through a Dalek spaceship.

She got to the TARDIS and took the key from around her neck. She put the key in the lock and turned. The door did not open. She tried again and again. She turned the key and kicked at the door with her foot and it swung open. She tumbled inside, only to find that there was nothing behind the door. This was not the TARDIS, but simply a false front.

"GIVE-US-THE-KEY," said the Dalek that appeared in front of her. She slipped the key over its plunger. "WE-HAVE-RECORDED-YOUR-METHOD-OF-OPENING-THE-DOOR. THE-SECRETS-OF-THE-TARDIS-WILL-BE-OURS."

The Dalek wheeled away. Tamara came out from behind the fake TARDIS façade to find Tommy waiting for her.

"COME-DOCTOR," it said. "WE-HAVE-NOT-FINISHED-OUR-GAME."

"Madame President," said Minister Ayotte. "Several of the ships have arrived at their destinations. They began to attack the alien ships, but a second wave of alien vessels appeared out of nowhere, attacking from behind. They've all been destroyed."

"Warn the other vessels," said the President.

"We can't. The communications are being jammed in all of the remaining locations. Nothing is getting in or out!"

As if to prove Ayotte wrong, the President's monitor screen came alive with a transmission from Tik Tik. President Singh recognized the face of Princess Ak Sauv , a minor entity in the court of Queen Ak Djerri, whom the President had had the misfortune of being cornered by at a state dinner once.

"Attention Federation allies," began the Princess. "I am the newly crowned Queen of Tik Tik. I am proud to announce that Tik Tik will be the first planet to welcome as its new allies, the race known as Daleks."

The camera pulled back to reveal a dozen Daleks in a semi-circle around the Tik Tik throne room.

The President of Earth spat a mouthful of coffee onto her desk. "Daleks? Is that girl insane?"

Tamara was once again locked into her restraints, but this time the Dalek she called Tommy had injected her with something. It must have been something like sodium penathol because she was suddenly finding it very difficult to keep from talking.

To her surprise, however, Tommy's methodology had changed. It was no longer asking her questions. It was now talking to her. It was telling her that the Daleks were the supreme masters of the universe. It was trying to brainwash her!

"The Daleks are the supreme masters of the universe," she found herself saying.

"No they're not," she said.

Tommy zapped her with a powerful electrical charge. Her belly burned. She hoped she would still be able to have children after all this was over.

"REPEAT. THE-DALEKS-ARE-THE-SUPREME-MASTERS-OF-THE-UNIVERSE."

"Four and twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie," she said aloud, repeating the poem in her head as a way to distract herself from the pain.

Tommy fired another charge, this time at her upper left thigh. Tamara gasped.

"REPEAT. THE-DALEKS-ARE-THE-SUPREME-MASTERS-OF-THE-UNIVERSE."

The drugs began to make her head swim.

"REPEAT. THE-DALEKS-ARE-THE-SUPREME-MASTERS-OF-THE-UNIVERSE."

"The Daleks are the supreme masters of the universe."

Who had said that? Was it her? She didn't remember saying it, but it sounded like her voice. Damn these drugs.

"Twenty blackbirds," she said, her speech slurring.
"THE-DALEKS-ARE-THE-SUPREME-MASTERS-OF-THE-UNIVERSE."
"The blackbirds are the supreme masters of the pie."
"THE-DALEKS-ARE-THE-SUPREME-MASTERS-OF-THE-UNIVERSE."
"The blackbirds are the supreme masters of the universe."
"THE-DALEKS-ARE-THE-SUPREME-MASTERS-OF-THE-UNIVERSE."
"The Daleks are the supreme masters of the universe."

The Doctor had boarded the Dalek ship under false pretences and had immediately wheeled his way towards the transmat pad. When he was sure that no one was looking he programmed the co-ordinates for his destination. He would have to time things perfectly. He watched as the Federation vessel approached Tik Tik. One by one some of the Dalek ships from the surface of the planet began to attack it, each one being disabled by the more powerful Federation vessel, but each one doing some amount of damage to the shields.

Suddenly, the order was given and the pod opened up. The ship on which the Doctor was hiding sped out of the opening, but the ships behind could not detach themselves from the docking clamps. The Doctor's ship swooped in on the Federation vessel, shooting and the Federation vessel turned to fire back.

The Doctor set the timer for three or four seconds and wheeled himself onto the transmat pad. As the Federation vessel fired at the Dalek ship, the self-destruct mechanism of the pod exploded, taking the trapped Dalek ships with it. The Doctor dematerialized and landed in the throne room of the newly installed Queen of Tik Tik.

"THE-FEDERATION-SHIP-APPEARS-TO-BE-WINNING," said the Doctor to the Gold Dalek. "THE-POD-SELF-DESTRUCTED-DESTROYING-HALF-THE-FLEET."

"HOW-DID-THIS-HAPPEN?" demanded the Gold Dalek.

"UNKNOWN," answered the Doctor.

"IT-DOES-NOT-MATTER," said the Gold Dalek. "PHASE-THREE-IS-UNIMPORTANT. PHASE-FOUR-HAS-BEEN-COMPLETED."

"Call the ships back," shouted the President. "There's no point in them all being destroyed."

"As I said," whined Ayotte. "We cannot reach them."

"Just broadcast the message," said Singh. "They might be able to hear us."

"Yes, Madame President."

As Ayotte opened the door to leave, he was thrust back into the President's office by the force of sheer terror.

One by one, twelve Daleks entered the President's office. They formed two half-circles around the President. The Dalek Supreme entered the office and fired at the President of Earth, killing her.

“PHASE-FOUR-IS-COMPLETE,” said the Dalek Supreme, broadcasting to the Gold Daleks stationed at each of the twenty decoy planets around the Galaxy. “PLAN-8-OF-THE-DALEKS-HAS-SUCCEEDED! THE-PLANET-EARTH-IS-NOW-UNDER-DALEK-CONTROL!”

Phase Four

A gloved hand. A darkened room. A scramble phone. A telephone number that didn't even exist. A whispered word. **CENSORED CENSORED** A moment's silence. **CENSORED** And then it was done.

Andy Teasdale, husband of the recently deceased president of Earth, walked into his wife's office to discover a dozen Daleks surrounding his wife's dead body.

"IDENTIFY-YOURSELF!" ordered the Gold Dalek.

"What have you done to my wife," he exclaimed, rushing to her and feeling for a pulse.

"YOU-ARE-THE-CONSORT-OF-THE-EARTH-PRESIDENT?" asked the Gold Dalek.

"Yes, you terrible creatures. Why have you done this?"

"YOU-WILL-REMAIN-CONSORT-IN-ORDER-TO-GIVE-THE-EARTHLINGS-SOME-CONTINUITY. YOU-WILL-BECOME-THE-CONSORT-OF-THE-NEW-PRESIDENT-OF-EARTH."

"New President of Earth? What are you talking about?"

"BRING-THE-HUMAN," said the Gold Dalek.

In walked Tamara Scott wearing a robe that the Daleks had found for her. She was obviously under heavy medication.

"THIS-IS-THE-DOCTOR, THE-NEW-PRESIDENT-OF-EARTH."

"Who are you," he asked Tamara.

"SILENCE," said the Gold Dalek. "THE-OFFICE-OF-THE-PRESIDENT-IS-NOW-UNDER-DALEK-CONTROL."

The Doctor glided into the throne room. Apparently, the earth ship had managed to destroy almost all of the remaining Dalek ships before succumbing to the sheer number of weapons aimed at it.

Aside from the Doctor's ship, there were only two other Dalek ships remaining. All three had landed in the capitol and most of the Daleks aboard had been assigned to key locations around the city. The Doctor had managed to get himself assigned to the palace.

Princess Ak Sauvvy and Minister Ak Grimlish, in the company of a half dozen Daleks, found themselves watching the broadcast from Earth on the large view screen that Queen Ak Djerri had had installed in the throne room.

"People of the Federation," began Tamara. The camera pulled back to show her standing side by side with Andy Teasdale. "My name is Doctor, and I am the newly installed President of Earth. As you can imagine, Andy and I have a lot to do here at Number Ten. Rest assured, however, that during the transition, the workings of the Federation will continue to run as smoothly as before.

As many of you no doubt know, twenty of the Federation's provinces and protectorates have recently allied themselves with the Dalek race of the planet Skaro. It is my pleasure to announce that Earth, too, has made such an important and strategic alliance."

The camera pulled back further to reveal two Daleks standing off to one side. They moved their eyestalks from side to side, as if waving to the people of the galaxy.

"Many of you no doubt remember the Daleks from their numerous invasions of the Earth and other planets. It is important to remember in times such as this, that racism and xenophobia are NOT conducive to a good working relationship with our new allies. The mistakes of the past are long forgotten, and the time has come for an era of friendship and peace with our friends, the Daleks.

Thank you, and good afternoon."

The screen went blank. The Doctor felt helpless. The situation was at least as bad on nineteen other worlds as it was on Tik Tik, and on top of that, the Earth was under Dalek control. At least Tamara was all right, apparently masquerading as him!

He had to get in touch with Tamara somehow. If she had access to the TARDIS...

The Doctor made sure that he was in Tamara's line of sight. He began flashing his lights in Morse code, hoping that even if she was a drugged up as she appeared to be, she would be able to recognize his message.

It was the middle of the night. The Doctor had discovered during his days aboard the Dalek pod that Daleks did require sleep. Being inside one of the Dalek capsules, he had the distinct advantage of knowing when the Dalek occupation force was at its most quiet. The Doctor rolled through the eerily quiet corridors of the palace and made his way to the throne room at the pre-arranged time. There, he took the opportunity to get out of the Dalek casing for the first time in almost a week. He hid the casing behind some curtains and placed the call to Earth.

He hoped not only that Tamara had been able to decipher the message, but that she would have found a way to make it to the video terminal unaccompanied.

The Doctor waited anxiously for a few seconds after sending the appropriate call signal. Suddenly, the screen came alive with static, and then Tamara's familiar face filled the giant screen.

"I'm alone," said Tamara.

"Good," said the Doctor. "Do you know where the TARDIS is?"

"Yes," answered Tamara.

"Can you get to it?"

"I think so."

Good," said the Doctor. "Now here's what I need you to do."

Tamara followed the Doctor's first set of instructions and stepped onto the Dalek transmat pad. A little worried that she was about to beam herself into airless space, she closed her eyes and held her breath. Seconds later, she was aboard the Dalek Mother Ship.

Tamara let out her breath silently and slowly and then made her way quickly through the corridors of the nearly deserted ship.

She found the room with the TARDIS and nearly laughed when she saw what the Daleks had done. Sitting on a chair in front of the TARDIS was a crude dummy of Tamara, a mechanical arm attached to the puppet's wrist causing it to turn the TARDIS key in the lock. With each failed attempt, the machine would try turning the key at a slightly different rate, or at a different angle, or with a different vibrational frequency buzzing through it.

Tamara laughed and kicked the dummy away.

"DON'T-GO-SO-SOON, TAMARA," said the Dalek known as Tommy.

"You know my name," said Tamara, astonished.

"YOU-TOLD-IT-TO-ME," said the sadistic Dalek.

"Why didn't you give me away," asked Tamara.

"BECAUSE-THEN-THEY-WOULD-NOT-HAVE-LET-ME-PLAY-WITH-YOU."

Tamara shivered. She twisted the key in the TARDIS lock and Tommy fired its guns causing her to leap away from the TARDIS door and land seated on the floor.

Tommy came rolling towards her quickly and she pushed back with her legs, trying to get behind the cover of the TARDIS.

"DON'T-LEAVE-ME-TAMARA," said the Dalek in a mocking voice. "WE-HAVE-SO-MUCH-FUN-TOGETHER."

Tamara scrambled to her feet and ran around the TARDIS, finding to her horror that Tommy had anticipated her actions and was now sitting squarely in front of the TARDIS' doors.

"FIRST-I-AM-GOING-TO-REMOVE-YOUR-LEGS," said Tommy, "SO-YOU-CANNOT-LEAVE-ME-AGAIN."

Tamara leaped forward and down out of the range of Tommy's guns. She rolled and turned, finding herself behind the Dalek as it started to turn. She leaped onto its back and climbed quickly onto the upper part of the Dalek's casing. Tommy began to spin in place. Tommy was aware that Tamara was trying to push open the TARDIS door so she could leap

inside so it rolled towards the door, used its caterpillar wheels to mount the lip of the TARDIS and forced her to duck as it wheeled her into the TARDIS.

With more room to manoeuvre, Tommy started to spin faster and Tamara found it difficult to keep her balance. Tamara grabbed onto the eyestalk with one hand and with the other reached for the catch that would open the top of the Dalek's casing.

The latch gave and with her right hand she pulled open the top, nearly losing her balance. The Dalek stopped spinning as it saw the light shining in from above. It saw the object of its sick desires reaching in and it opened its pitiful mouth in an attempt to bite Tamara's hand.

As Tommy scrambled up to try and bite Tamara's neck, Tamara got a grip on the slippery orange body held it against the side of the Dalek casing while she wrapped her other hand around its throat. The Dalek began to gurgle as Tamara's death grip tightened around its windpipe. Tommy looked into Tamara's eyes with hatred and she looked back at him with the same sentiment.

Tamara waited a good three minutes after Tommy had died, just to make sure it was not faking.

Even then, she kept a tight grip around its neck as she jumped down from the Dalek. Tamara's legs were numb from sitting on the edge of the Dalek casing for so long. As she walked to try to get circulation back into her legs, she looked for something to put the Dalek's body into. Something tiny that she could lock, just in case Daleks were more resilient than she thought.

Finally, she simply threw Tommy's body as hard as she could out the open door of the TARDIS and pulled the doors shut.

Then, following the Doctor's instructions, Tamara set the controls and set off to rescue the Doctor.

The Doctor turned the Dalek casing so that its gun stick was pointing away from the console. On the scanner, the Doctor was examining the Dalek Mother Ship that hung in geosynchronous orbit above London.

"I've learned quite a bit about the Dalek self-destruct devices," said the Doctor calmly. "I think the best course of action might be to try to infiltrate each of the Dalek ships one by one and set their self-destruct mechanisms."

He looked over at the empty casing left by Tommy. "I guess I'll have to get used to spending a few more hours in one of those things," he said.

"Don't worry, Doctor," said Tamara. "We'll get it all fitted out for you so that it's nice and comfy. We can probably even wire it so that you can plug in a tea kettle while you're on your missions."

Tamara grinned.

"Oh, that's quite amusing, Ms. Scott," said the Doctor. "Maybe we'll train you to operate the Dalek self-destruct devices and send you in to do the jobs."

"Fine by me," said Tamara.

Both of them looked at the scanner as a huge ship suddenly appeared behind the Dalek Mother Ship.

"What's that," asked the Doctor and Tamara simultaneously. They looked at each other and then back at the scanner.

The massive ship seemed to wobble, as if they were seeing it on a really hot day, and from the centre of the wobble a pulse of energy came wobbling through space like a giant hula-hoop that expanded as it floated through space. By the time the hoop got to the Dalek Mother Ship it was big enough to surround the ship. And once it did, the Dalek ship simply imploded, as did the hoop. Within one second there was no evidence that a Dalek ship had ever existed.

"I left my best shoes on that ship," said Tamara.

"I've never seen anything that could do that to a Dalek ship," said the Doctor, quickly pressing a button on the console to start recording the image on the scanner.

And then, just as suddenly as it had come, the giant ship disappeared.

"It's the same story everywhere," said Ak Grimlish to the re-installed Queen of Tik Tik. "The massive ship simply appeared and wiped out the Dalek ships around all of the other threatened planets. And then, one by one, the Daleks on the surface of the planet were wiped out as well. It's astounding, your Majesty."

"And what of that shipment of soy beans?" asked the Queen. "Did I hear correctly that it was allowed to land on Tik Tik, and the cargo has already been unloaded?"

Without looking up from her floor-polishing duties, Princess Ak Sauvy said, "I'm afraid that would be my doing, your Highness. I authorized the landing while I was the Queen."

"You were never the Queen," snapped Ak Djerri.

"Of course not, your Highness."

"Nonetheless, your Highness," said Ak Grimlish. "The acceptance of the soy beans shipment was an implied prerequisite for the sending of the Earth ship."

"But their ship was wiped out in the attack. In the end, it was useless."

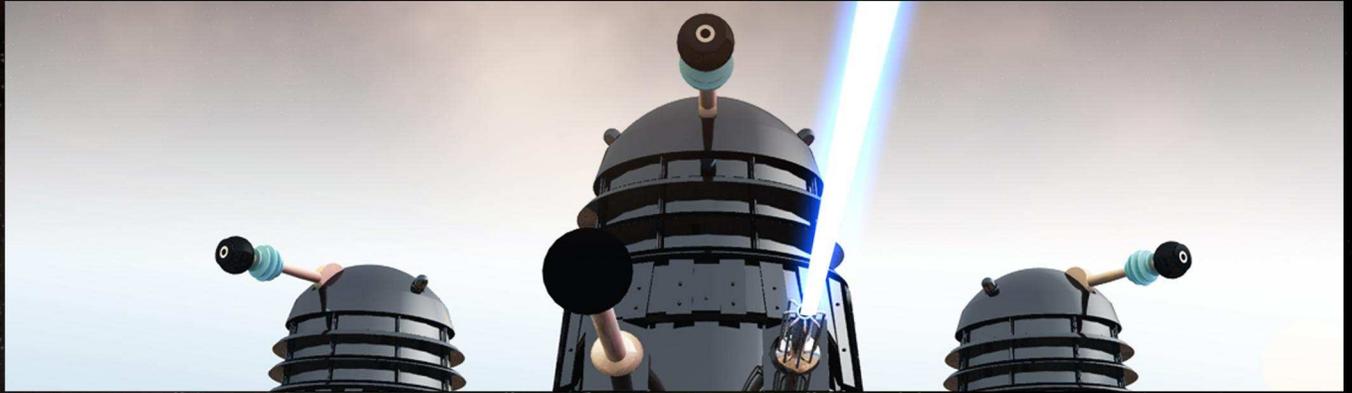
"Be that as it may, your Highness, the Earth will not send a ship to retrieve the cargo."

"No luck?" asked Tamara.

"None," said the Doctor. "There isn't a trace of anything."

"Well, they're obviously on the good side if they destroyed the Daleks, right?"

"I hope so, Tamara," answered the Doctor. "Because after seeing them destroy a Dalek Mother Ship in less than a second, I would hate to have them on my bad side."



PLAN-8-OF-THE-DALEKS-WILL-SUCCEED.

When last we saw the Doctor and Tamara,
the Daleks had just stolen the TARDIS,
and a massive invasion fleet was approaching the hapless pair.
Spanning the known galaxy, Plan 8 of the Daleks takes the Doctor and Tamara
on a wild journey as they discover
the most sinister plan of the Daleks yet: Plan 8.

Though separated by trillions of miles, the dynamic duo must face dangers
at every turn as they avoid being cremated by the literally
thousands of full-scale Daleks prancing around every corner.
The Doctor and Tamara are not certain that even they
can foil the Daleks most insipid scheme.
But the Daleks themselves are certain of one thing:
PLAN-8-OF-THE-DALEKS-WILL-SUCCEED.

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