

THE

DOCTOR WHO

PROJECT

BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY



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Published by Jigsaw Publications/The Doctor Who Project
Vancouver, BC, Canada

First Printing April 2001
Second Printing June 2006
Third Printing September 2010

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A TDWP/Jigsaw Publications E-Book

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Typeset in Palatino Linotype

Logo © 2005 by Jack Drewell & The Doctor Who Project
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ONE - Earth

Thunder Bay, Ontario - August, 2001

The coffin lowered itself into the ground with a whirring sound. The priest threw a handful of dirt onto it once the descent was complete. One by one, the mourners each threw a handful of dirt into the grave, most stopping to say a brief prayer and then moving on so the next in line could have their turn.

The tall man in the black clothes held his fist over the grave for a second and then extended his fingers, causing the dusty handful of sand to scatter on the wind. The man froze in that position as he gazed at the headstone next to the grave. On it was chiselled in German the phrase: "Here lies my best friend." No name. No dates. Pulling himself out of his contemplative trance, the man clapped his hands together to rid them of the dust.

The next person in line, a woman, perhaps eighty years old, grabbed hold of the man's arm unexpectedly as she tossed the dirt into the hole.

"I'm so sorry, young man," said the woman. "I lost my balance for a moment." She pronounced balance as 'balunks'. German.

"That's quite alright," said the Doctor.

The woman noticed that the Doctor's waistcoat had a small white flower pinned to the pocket. If she had better eyesight, she would have seen that the flower was not pinned to the waistcoat, but rather part of the material itself. The flower was unnaturally white, as if a whole lot of white had clustered and packed itself so close together that the amount of whiteness in one spot was almost impossibly dense.

The Doctor led the woman away from the other mourners. "How did you know Herr Bezel," he asked.

"Oh, Doctor," began the woman. "I've known him since I was a girl. He was a good friend of my grand-father."

"What's your name?" asked the Doctor.

"Herta Märtens," said the woman.

"And you kept in touch with Mister Bezel over the years?"

"Oh, from time to time. Both of our families moved to Canada after the war. My husband and I would visit Johann and Edith maybe once a year."

"Where did you live in Germany?"

"Hanover," said Herta. She fumbled in her handbag and pulled out a business card. "This was my shop in Hanover." She handed the card to the Doctor. On it was a cartoon drawing of a barber cutting the hair of a crying little boy. My husband was a barber. His shop was next to my beauty salon."

The Doctor memorized the address on the card and handed it back to her.

"Oh, keep it," said Herta. "We had five-hundred of them made, and I still have most of them."

The Doctor laughed and took the card back. On the back Herta and Hermann Märtens had pasted a sticker with their current address.

"Is your husband here?" asked the Doctor.

"No," she answered. "He died in 1985."

"Oh," said the Doctor, laying a comforting hand on her shoulder. "And your grandfather? He worked with Mister Bezel?"

"No," said Herta. "My grand-father ran a print shop. He used to print the union newsletters for Mister Bezel. That's how they met. They always had some plan together."

The Doctor smiled.

"Do you know the meaning of Mr. Bezel's tattoo," the Doctor asked.

Herta looked confused.

"On his arm, just above the elbow. I noticed he had a small tattoo. A circle of dots with a line. Almost like a clock."

"Oh," she said. "Yes, I remember. I think it was from the gemeinschaft. I don't know it in English. Secret. Yes? Some of the businessmen had their secret meetings. I think maybe it was their mark."

"Oh," said the Doctor. "Do you know if their secret club had a name?"

"I don't know," she said. "It was all such a long time ago."

The group had started to move. "Komm," said Herta. "Coffee and cake."

The Doctor took Herta's arm and walked at her slow pace. The graves were on the Bezel grounds, a few hundred metres from the main house. He looked over the beautifully kept lawn and into the upstairs window of the house. He tried to make out movement behind the glass, but he saw nothing.

Tamara was good at her job.

* * * * *

Tamara Scott had searched the desk, filing cabinet and several dozen boxes filled with old papers. She had photographed numerous items, and was now rifling through the contents of the safe. She noted that the mourners were starting to return to the house. She glanced quickly

at the papers in the safe. Financial, mostly. Nothing strange, except for a piece of torn fabric. It looked like a patch from a flight suit, but instead of the soldier's name, there were strange shapes embroidered onto the patch. The material was strange, like a metallic-plastic alloy. How odd. She took a photo and closed the safe. She took a quick glance to make sure she had left the room as it had been and let herself out, re-locking the door. She packed the miniature camera into her purse and practically flew down the stairs, rounding the corner just as the front door opened.

"Are you feeling better, Tamara?" asked Mrs. Bezel.

"Yes, thank you," said Tamara. "The aspirin helped."

"In that case, you can join us for coffee and cake," she said, and within twenty minutes, the Doctor and Tamara were eating black forest cake and drinking coffee with twenty-five complete strangers. They stayed until sundown and then walked back across the grounds to the TARDIS.

"Anything?" asked the Doctor, now that he finally had a chance to talk to her.

"Maybe," she said. "I'll have to develop the photos, but I think I got us some addresses. Will we be going to Hanover as we planned?"

"Oh, yes," said the Doctor. "Definitely."

Hanover, Germany - May, 1936

The Doctor looked at the card to double-check the address. Schützenwiese 29. It was a hair salon, and next to it was a barber shop. The Doctor and Tamara went into the shop. The hairdresser and her apprentice turned when they heard the door. They both opened their eyes wide. They took turns looking back and forth between the crazily clad man wearing darkened glasses indoors and the Negro woman wearing trousers. They were both speechless.

Herta regained her composure first and asked, "Do you have an appointment?"

The Doctor pocketed her card and smiled. "No," he said. "I'm the Doctor and this is my friend Tamara. We're looking for a Mister Heinz Karstens." The Doctor had learned Herta's grandfather's name after the funeral.

"He's my grandfather," said Herta. "He doesn't live here."

"Do you know where we might find him?" asked Tamara, bemused at the effect she had.

"You speak German?" asked the hairdresser's apprentice with surprise.

"So do you," said Tamara and smiled at her.

The girl looked absolutely scandalized. Flustered, she turned to her master for guidance, and, in her agitation, decided to turn back to the head of hair on which she had been working. Both she and her customer kept their eyes on the Doctor and Tamara's reflections in the mirror.

"He has a print shop," said Herta. She gave the address and directions. The Doctor and Tamara thanked her and left.

"Is that the woman you met in Canada?" asked Tamara.

"Yes," said the Doctor. "And at the time, she called me Doctor without having been introduced to me, so I think we must have made quite an impression on her just now."

The Doctor and Tamara got to the print shop and entered. A man in his sixties was sitting at a printing press, running something off onto newsprint. He looked up and nodded at the pair and continued with his work. The Doctor and Tamara looked around the small storefront while they waited. The place was cluttered with paper and inkbottles and little trays of letters.

When the man finished the stack of paper he was using he looked at them. He did not seem perturbed in the slightest by their appearance.

He came forward and offered his hand to the Doctor, oblivious to the fact that it was covered in ink. The Doctor shook it, oblivious to the fact that it was covered in ink.

After introductions have been made, the Doctor told Heinz that they were looking for Johann Bezel.

"What do you want him for?" asked Heinz.

"We're interested in contacting some people that he might know," said the Doctor. "I'm afraid I can't say any more than that because it's a bit of a secret."

"Secrets are dangerous right now," said Heinz.

"I suppose you're right," said the Doctor, "But perhaps you could arrange a meeting?"

"Where can I contact you?" asked Heinz.

"We just got into town," said the Doctor. "We haven't got a hotel yet."

"My son has a room for rent," said Heinz. He took a clean sheet of paper from one of the many stacks and wrote in precise, neat handwriting, the address of Herta Mårtens.

"If you go into the barber shop," he said, "they can help you."

The Doctor smiled. "Thank you."

"I'll be around to visit you later this evening."

"That would be just fine," said the Doctor. A strange look appeared on Heinz' face. "Get into the back," he said urgently. He went to the front door to shield the Doctor and Tamara as they hurried into the tiny office in the back. A few seconds later the front doorbell tinkled and two men dressed in SS uniforms entered.

"Can I help you?" the Doctor and Tamara could hear Heinz asking.

"Heinz Karstens," said one of the officers. His nametag identified him as Jensen.

"Yes," said Heinz.

"We would like you to come with us for questioning?"

"Regarding what?" asked Heinz.

The other Nazi, Heinz could see his name was Hermann, picked up one of the sheets that Heinz had been printing. "This," he said.

Tamara, meanwhile, had started looking around Heinz Karstens' desk. He spotted an address book and flipped through it. She found Johann Bezel's address and memorized it.

"I'm not doing anything illegal," protested Karstens.

"This is a communist newspaper," accused Officer Hermann.

"It is a union newsletter," corrected Karstens.

"What's the difference?" asked Officer Jensen rhetorically, grabbing Karstens' arms and handcuffing them behind his back a little more roughly than the situation called for.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Karstens. "My family..."

"Your family will be informed of your whereabouts," said Officer Hermann, who had started sifting through some of Karstens' papers. He noticed the door to the back.

"What's in there?" he asked.

"My office," answered Karstens.

Hermann went to the door and pushed it open. The office appeared to be empty. He went to the desk and sifted through some of the papers. "We'll take these papers," he called to the front room. "We need a box."

Hermann went back into the front room and dumped a box full of newspapers onto the floor. The Doctor and Tamara, who had been wedged under the desk, took the opportunity to climb through the window, which they had managed to open earlier, but had not climbed through for fear of making a noise. Now, Tamara slipped through quickly and the Doctor was half-way through when Hermann came back into the room.

"Halt!" he shouted, getting a good look at the face of the man with the ridiculous sunglasses. The Doctor pushed frantically through the little space, his waistcoat buttons getting caught on the window frame.

Hermann drew his pistol and with a popping of buttons and a wild look on his face, the Doctor disappeared through the window.

Hermann ran to the window and put his head through the opening and saw the Doctor and Tamara running down the narrow alley. He put his pistol through the opening, but his elbow was stuck and by the time he got his arm out the Doctor and Tamara had rounded a corner.

* * * *

"I don't think he saw what you look like," said the Doctor, removing his sunglasses and pocketing them. "I'll definitely need some other clothes, I think."

"They'll be looking for you. How fast will the word spread," asked Tamara. "Do they have telephones yet?"

The Doctor blinked at her as if she had asked a stupid question. "Of course. It's 1936."

"Right. Oh. Right," said Tamara, feeling like an idiot. She had laughed at tales of previous companions' ignorance, and now had shown the Doctor that she was just a silly little human after all. And she KNEW the telephone was invented in the 19th century! Damn it. She decided to try to regain some points.

"I got Bezel's address," she said.

"Brilliant," shouted the Doctor. He got some stares from people in the streets.

"You'd better keep quiet," warned Tamara. "People are going to remember seeing me with you, and then we'll both be wanted."

The pair kept to streets that were unpopulated, except to ask a blind man where to find Bezel's street. They made it to the man's home un-accosted and knocked on the door.

A woman answered. It was Mrs. Bezel. They asked to speak to her husband and moments later he came to the door with an inquisitive look on his face. As soon as they'd mentioned the name of Heinz Karstens, however, he immediately ushered them into his car and drove them to the Märtens home.

Herta Vieteer could not have been more surprised to see the strange pair from earlier in the day arrive with her grandfather's good friend. Her surprise was changed to sadness, however, when Bezel told her about her grandfather's arrest. Herta's mother came from the back and was told the news about her father.

The hairdresser's apprentice came rushing into the back room. "Nazis," she whispered. "Coming down the street."

Bezel, the Doctor and Tamara sneaked out the back door and found their way to the car without being spotted, Tamara having suggested that Bezel Park on a side street.

The trio returned to Bezel's home, and found that Mrs. Bezel had cake and coffee waiting for them when they arrived. The Doctor, Tamara and Johann Bezel sat down at a small coffee table in the living room. Tamara leaned back in her chair with her coffee and savoured the real, thick cream she had poured in it. No guilt. She was in a time before soy milk. What could she do? She had no choice! Right? She listened to the tick-tick tick-tick of the two clocks, each competing with the other. She breathed deeply the wonderful smell of the coffee and cake and whatever Mrs. Bezel had baking in the kitchen. And another smell too, which she remembered vaguely but couldn't quite put her finger on.

After the Doctor had finished his piece of sugar cake and gulped down an entire cup of coffee without taking a breath, he settled into his chair and began to talk.

"The reason we've found you," said the Doctor, "is... Well... Let me put it this way. You have a tattoo on your right arm"

Bezel looked at his wrist. The lower half of his tattoo was visible below the sleeve of his shirt. Bezel looked up at them. He shrugged and unbuttoned his shirtsleeve and displayed the tattoo. It was a circle of twelve dots with a line going from the centre to one of the outer dots. The Doctor had spotted the tattoo in a picture of Johann Bezel in the year 2001, but when they had tracked him down, he had recently died. Now, they had a chance to ask the man first-hand about the tattoo.

"I'm not allowed to speak of such things," said the man mysteriously.

"Oh," asked Tamara mockingly.

Bezel smiled. "There are people," he nodded his head, "who know things. Do you think your life is your own?"

Neither Tamara nor the Doctor answered.

"Do you?" prodded Bezel.

"Yes," said Tamara tentatively.

"Ha," laughed Bezel. "That's what they want you to think. There are men who are like puppeteers, pulling your strings. They are everywhere. You do not see them. You do not feel them. They are subtle. But you are not the one controlling your life. They have a greater purpose than you could possibly dream."

Running into this guy was a dream, thought Tamara. Man could this guy talk. If this tattoo was the symbol of a secret society of some kind, then they had picked the wrong guy as a member. He was practically begging them to ask him more questions. He wanted nothing more than to impress them by talking about his top secret boys club.

For the next half hour Bezel rambled on about secret societies and Freemasons and Rosicrucians and the Holy Grail. He was obviously obsessed with the idea of belonging to some secret elite that made decisions that affected the world.

"My name is not Bezel," Bezel said conspiratorially. "It is Maccabees."

"One of the apocryphal books of the Protestant religion," said Tamara.

"I was going to say that," said the Doctor looking hurt.

"That is it. Exactly. We are the Apocrypha. I go by the name Maccabees. Another is Esdras. There is also Baruch and Sirach. We do not know each other's real names, only the Apocryphal names, so to speak." He smiled at his inadvertent joke.

"And you each wear this tattoo as a sign to one another?" asked the Doctor, uncharacteristically impatient.

"This," said Bezel, indicating the tattoo. "Oh, no. This I got from a society so powerful, so secret, that one dares not speak their name."

Tamara and the Doctor remained silent, knowing full well that Bezel was dying to tell them the name. They both leaned forward.

"The Thirteen," whispered Bezel. He showed them the tattoo. "It is a clock. The hand is pointing to thirteen o'clock."

Tamara looked intuitively at the room's lone clock, sitting on the mantelpiece above the fireplace. It too was approaching one o'clock in the afternoon.

"And the Thirteen is not the same as the Apocrypha?" asked Tamara, just to be sure.

"Oh no," said Bezel. "The Apocrypha has been around for maybe thirty years, since we broke off from The Canon. But the Thirteen! There is talk that they go back to the time of Christ. That perhaps the number thirteen represents the twelve disciples and Christ himself. Or that perhaps Christ was a member of The Thirteen."

"And you're a member of The Thirteen as well?" asked Tamara.

"Several weeks ago," began Bezel, "I made contact with a member of the Thirteen. Of course there had been rumours of such a society, but to be contacted by them all of a sudden. I couldn't believe my luck. They wanted to form an alliance with The Apocrypha!"

"Why?" asked the Doctor, coming to the conclusion that The Apocrypha was a group of businessmen who wanted to play at being in a secret society.

"That I cannot say," said Bezel.

"Can't, or won't?" asked Tamara.

Bezel smiled. "You would never believe it."

"What's that smell?" asked Tamara.

"Coffee?" suggested Bezel.

"No," said Tamara. She got up and walked around the room for a moment and then her eyes widened. The ticking. There was only one clock in the room.

"It's a bomb," she said. "Everybody out."

Bezel grabbed his wife as they raced out the back door and into the small alley behind the house. The four of them rushed to a side alley and ran down it.

Behind them, the Bezel house exploded into a million pieces.

"Whoever did this will have been watching the house," said Tamara. "If they didn't see us go out the back then they'll think we're dead and they won't come after us."

The quartet approached an intersection.

"Go to your sister," Bezel commanded his wife.

"Come," she said, taking Tamara's hand.

"Doctor," said Tamara.

"We'll catch you up later," said the Doctor. He and Bezel went one way and Tamara and Mrs. Bezel went the other.

"Who wants you dead?" asked the Doctor.

"I don't know," answered Bezel.

"The Nazis," asked the Doctor.

"Doctor," said Bezel, stunned. "The government would never attack its own citizens."

"Oh," said the Doctor. "You obviously don't have as much experience with governments as I have."

"Talk like that is going to get you arrested," said Bezel, incapable of realizing the irony of his statement.

"Halt!" demanded a voice behind them. The Doctor turned to see a pair of officers running towards them, guns drawn. The Doctor looked ahead to see how far it was to the next corner. Four more officers rounded the corner and drew their pistols.

The Doctor and Bezel raised their hands above their heads.

* * * *

Tamara and Mrs. Bezel, Edith, were busy in the basement of Edith's sister's house. They had pulled a couple of cots out of storage and were making them fit for human occupancy.

"It's not bad," said Edith. "We slept on worse during the war."

Tamara was confused for a second. "Oh," she thought. "The first World War. 1918. Less than twenty years ago."

As the women came back up the steep stone stairs, they heard some whispered talking, which quickly went silent. Tamara peered around the corner of the door. Everything was quiet. She took a cautious step out. "Anneliese," she called.

Edith came out of the cellar and closed the door. She too called her sister's name. But her sister was too ashamed to face her. Instead, the five Nazi's came out of the kitchen and arrested the pair of them.

* * * *

"Oh no," said the Doctor when he saw them bring Tamara and Edith Bezel into the police station. They were kept separated, and the Doctor expected that the women would be imprisoned in a different building. He tried to find a way to talk to Tamara, but it was impossible.

Later that night, when everyone was asleep, he spent his time trying the bars to see how firmly attached they were. He checked out the lock: he figured he could pick it with just a small piece of metal. When he heard the door open he quickly crept back to his bunk and pretended to be asleep.

"Maccabees," came a whispered voice. "Maccabees," the voice said louder.

"Tobit," said Bezel. Bezel couldn't believe his eyes. His fellow members of the Apocrypha were breaking him out of gaol. "Esdras, Judith," he said, seeing the other two men, one with a flashlight, one with a ring of keys, and all three of them heavily armed.

They unlocked Bezel's door. "Let's go," said Esdras, the one with the flashlight.

"We must take the Doctor with us," said Bezel.

"Oh, yes," said Judith. "The Doctor." He unlocked the door that Bezel had indicated.

"You must wear this," Tobit said to the Doctor, handing him a black hood.

"Now," he asked.

"We'll guide you," said Tobit.

The Doctor put the cotton bag over his head. It smelled terrible inside. He let himself be lead across the stone floors. "We need to get Tamara and Mrs. Bezel too," he said.

"Don't worry," said Judith. "We've already taken care of them."

"Good," said the Doctor, his voice slurring a little. "I like them." And with that, the fumes overcame him and he fell.

* * * *

When the Doctor and Tamara awakened, the hoods had been removed from their heads, but they found themselves tied to two wooden chairs surrounded by Bezel, referred to only as Maccabees by The Thirteen, as well as Judith, Tobit and Esdras.

"Who are you?" demanded Tobit.

"I'm the Doctor and this is my friend Tamara."

"Where are you from?"

"England," said Tamara.

"What is your purpose here?"

"To find out about The Thirteen."

Tobit frowned. "How do you know about them?"

"Oh, they're quite famous where we come from," said the Doctor, hoping not to get Maccabees in trouble. "We heard you might know how we can get in touch with them."

The Doctor smiled.

"I believe them," said Maccabees.

"I don't," said Tobit.

"They saved my life," said Maccabees.

"It could be a trick," countered Tobit.

"There is a way," began Tobit.

"No," said Maccabees. "They'll never survive!"

"Do it," shouted Tobit. Esdras and Judith opened the door to the next room and slid the chairs on which the Doctor and Tamara were bound into the centre of the other room. Then they left and closed the door. The Doctor and Tamara were alone in an empty room.

* * * *

As Doctor and Tamara worked to loosen their ropes, another door in the room swung open. Behind it was a dark corridor from which they could hear growling sounds. The sounds got louder and louder until suddenly a huge dog-creature, bigger than a man came through the door.

It looked at its helpless prey, its canine teeth glistening with the saliva that dripped to the floor.

TWO – Air

The dog creature growled low in its throat as it circled the captured pair. “Three weeks without food and they put two humans in a room with me,” it said.

The Doctor blinked. The dog had spoken. Tamara too was dumbfounded.

“Shh!” the Doctor said to Tamara to keep her from saying anything.

“I am starving in here, humans,” it shouted. “Do you expect me to eat these beings? It’s bad enough that you throw me only raw meat. Now you want me to eat sentient beings. Great Eight! I am a vegetarian!”

“You can’t imagine how happy we are to hear that,” said the Doctor.

The dog-creature stopped dead in its tracks. It padded up to the Doctor and looked him straight in the eye.

“What did you say?” it growled.

“I said we’re very happy that you’re a vegetarian,” said the Doctor and gave the dog a huge smile.

“Great Eight! You speak V’au!”

“Not exactly,” said the Doctor. “My planet’s people are slightly telepathic. A part of my brain is dedicated to autonomic translation. These Germans will be able to understand you too, while I’m around.”

“Oh, Sir. Thank you so much. I’ve been trying to communicate with these humans since my ship crashed, but it seems I resemble a beast on this planet that is used for hunting. They have been trying to train me to track and kill other beasts. And, as you probably heard, they have given me nothing to eat but raw meat.”

“I’m so sorry,” said the Doctor. “I don’t suppose you could untie us?”

"Oh, certainly," said the V'au. Its nimble paw began to work on the knots. The door opened and the four Apocrypha entered.

"*Was ist hier los?*" Tobit demanded.

"Not much," said the Doctor. "I was just chatting with your friend here. Did you know that he's a vegetarian?"

"*Mein Gott!*" exclaimed Maccabees. "It is true. I thought he was trying to speak to me, but the others thought I was imagining it."

"Maccabees," said the V'au, as the bonds dropped to the floor. "I knew you could feel the meaning of my words."

"It speaks," said Judith. "The beast speaks."

"It's a miracle," said Maccabees.

"No," said the Doctor. "It's a gift I have. You'll be able to understand each other while I'm around."

"It must be a trick," said Tobit.

"I think it's about time we were given some explanations," said the Doctor, taking control of the situation. "Why have you been keeping this being captive?"

"It is a dog," said Tobit.

"Correction," said the Doctor. "It looks like a dog. It is a member of an intelligent species far more advanced than you mere humans. You owe this V'au an apology."

"I am so sorry, V'au" said Maccabees, going over to the V'au and wrapping his arms around its neck, as if it were a big puppy.

"How do you know he doesn't mind you doing that?" asked Tamara.

"It's okay," said the V'au. "I do like this, actually. It's one of the things I do have in common with the dogs of this planet."

"How is it that you came to be here?" asked Tamara.

"My ship crashed about three years ago," said the V'au. "A party of humans came to rescue me, thinking it was one of their airships. They found me and assumed I was a dog and nursed me back to health."

"One of the Apocrypha was in that group," said Maccabees, never one to pass up the chance to tell a good story, "and he realized that the V'au was not a normal dog. So he was brought here to be our guard dog. And for study. We have several Doctors in our group."

"Oh, yes," said V'au. "I wouldn't mind five minutes alone with Baruch."

Maccabees gave him another big hug. "I am so sorry, *Mein Freund.*"

For the next several hours, the Doctor and Tamara were interrogated by the Apocrypha, sometimes together, and sometimes separately. After the earlier events, however, it was a not unfriendly interrogation. There was coffee and cake. It was apparent from the beginning that everyone but Tobit trusted them. It was he who insisted on interrogating them, just to make sure.

"So you are saying that we will no longer be able to communicate with V'au when you leave?" asked Maccabees after bringing a fresh cup of coffee to the Doctor.

"Well," he answered coyly. "I am able to bestow this gift on certain people, if I am inclined." He put his hand on Maccabees forehead, and another on the V'au's forehead. "Close your eyes," he instructed. He smiled when he saw that they had done so. "Contact. My mind to

your mind. My thoughts to your thoughts." He nearly giggled. After some more incantations, enough to satisfy the kind of mind that he was sure that Maccabees possessed, the Doctor took his hands off of the two foreheads with a flourish.

"It is a powerful gift I have given you," he intoned sombrely. "Do not misuse it."

The human and the V'au agreed to the Doctor's demand.

"So this is why The Thirteen are so friendly," said the Doctor. "They want access to the V'au."

Maccabees seemed taken aback by this statement. "The Thirteen are not interested in us only for the V'au," Maccabees spluttered. "The Apocrypha is a well-respected Secret Society, with many powerful members!"

"Of course they are," said the Doctor placatingly. "But The Thirteen, if they are as old as you say they are, must be very powerful indeed. I was wondering why they would bother with a, uh, lesser organization."

"They simply want to reduce competition," said Maccabees.

"By having you join them? Not very secret," pointed out the Doctor. "Tell me. When did The Thirteen first approach your group for a merger?"

"A couple of years ago," said Maccabees.

"After the V'au was rescued?"

"Yes," said Maccabees. "But months later. I don't see a connection."

"No offense Maccabees," said the Doctor, "but I think The Thirteen are only after one thing. They want to make contact with an alien being."

"Alien?" asked Maccabees.

"Well what do you think the V'au is?" asked the Doctor.

"Some kind of genetic experiment. A dog-man bred to fly fighter planes!"

The Doctor looked at the V'au and gave him the same look that the V'au was giving him.

"Right," said the Doctor. "Well, let's try and figure out who's trying to kill you them. Do you think it could be the Thirteen?"

"I doubt it," said Maccabees. "I have a meeting with The Thirteen tonight! Oh, no! There is no way I can make it!"

"Why?" asked the Doctor.

"I am supposed to meet one of their men tonight," said Maccabees. "My wife and I were to fly to New York this evening. We were to make contact on the flight. I was going to give him a list of Nazi officials that are members of The Apocrypha, and he was going to give me a similar list of Thirteen members. With more and more intellectuals being imprisoned, we are finding that our members need friends in high places. He needs this information or the merger plan cannot continue. Doctor. Will you meet the contact for me?"

"I don't know," said the Doctor. "I usually like to stay out of other peoples' business."

"He is one of the Thirteen," whispered Maccabees. "You may be able to persuade him to answer some of your questions."

This excited the Doctor.

"And we've got to get out of Germany anyway, Doctor," said Tamara. "We're on the run. We might as well do this."

"You're right," said the Doctor. "We'll do it. What do I need to do?"

"Just wear this ring," said Bezel, taking his ring off and putting it on the Doctor's finger. "Your contact will be wearing a ring just like it. He will ask, 'Weren't we at school together?' and you will say, 'I think I was a year behind you.'"

"That's all?" asked the Doctor.

Maccabees nodded.

"When do we leave?" he asked.

"Immediately," answered Maccabees. "We have a taxi driver. He is one of us. He will take you there and keep quiet about it." He reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope. "Here are your tickets. The ship leaves at 19:15."

"Our man will pick you up at the Hotel Blaupunkt at 18:30."

"What about our clothes?" Tamara asked.

"Clothing is already being prepared for you," said Tobit. "And your identification will be ready as well, but we will need to take your photographs."

He ushered them into the next room and after a whirlwind two hours, the Doctor and Tamara found themselves getting into a cab in front of the Hotel Blaupunkt.

As the cab pulled away from the hotel, the Doctor looked out the back window. The doorman was looking at the cab as it sped away. The Doctor did not like the look on the doorman's face. Sure enough, moments later, the cab's radio crackled. It was a warning that the police were looking for a longhaired Englishman and a Negro woman dressed as a lesbian.

"Dressed as a lesbian?" Tamara asked the Doctor.

"Because you're wearing trousers," he whispered.

"I can't take you all the way to the airfield," interrupted the cab driver. "They'll know that I heard this warning. If I don't turn you in to the police, they'll know I helped you."

"You're not going to turn us in, are you?" asked Tamara.

"No," assured the cab driver. "I'll tell them that you jumped out of the cab as soon as you heard the bulletin. I'll drive a little closer to the airfield. Then you'll have to run about ten or twelve blocks. We'll be closer to the train station than the airfield, so hopefully they'll think you went there. That should give you some extra time."

"Thanks," said the Doctor. They sat in silence as the cab driver raced through the streets and then stopped at a traffic light.

"There's no one on the street, so you should be safe. If anyone's watching from a window, it'll be good for my alibi later.

The Doctor and Tamara grabbed their cases and left the cab at a run, to make it look good for the nosy neighbours. Hopefully none of them would call the police.

The cab driver got out and closed the doors of his cab. He got in, as the light was green and started heading towards the police station. A moment later, he switched on his radio and called in to headquarters.

* * * *

Twenty minutes later, out of breath and trying to look composed, the Doctor and Tamara handed their cases to the steward, who heaved them up the ladder to the other steward standing at the door to the gondola.

“Any matches or lighters?” asked the steward.

“No,” responded the Doctor and Tamara simultaneously.

Once their bags were up, Tamara was escorted up. “It’s amazing,” Tamara had said as they had approached the airship. She had spotted the huge swastika on its tail and looked around at the others. No one else seemed to notice. The Olympic rings on the front of the ship were much less off-putting.

“When are the Olympics?” she asked the Doctor. “Did we miss them?”

“August,” the Doctor had said.

Tamara knew that they would have to return to Germany to get the TARDIS. Perhaps she could convince the Doctor to stay until the Olympics, she thought as she let the steward help her onto the ship.

When it was his turn on the ladder, the Doctor took the opportunity to take a sweeping look around the airfield. Two familiar figures in Nazi uniforms were marching across the field towards the Zeppelin. Jensen and Hermann.

* * * *

Bezel sat in the booth at the rear of the Baruch’s Gasthaus, contented that all would be well as long as he layed low. As he ate his Bratwurst and Sauerkraut, he heard a commotion at the front of the establishment. He took a quick look around the corner of his bench. Nazis had entered the restaurant. Were they looking for him? If he got up now they would spot him immediately. If they were behind the bombing, however, and they captured him, then he was unlikely to live until tomorrow.

But that was silly. The German government would not take such actions against its own citizens. The only reason they might be looking for him is if he had been seen with the Doctor. No problem. Yes, he had seen the strangers, but no, he didn’t know where they went.

A man stopped next to Bezel’s table. He could see, out of the corner of his eye, that the man was wearing a Nazi uniform. Bezel did not look away from his plate. Then Bezel felt a hand on his shoulder.

* * * *

Tamara’s coffee had arrived. She made sure there was cream. Of course there was cream. This was Germany. She looked out the window of the zeppelin. It was getting dark outside, and there was little to see now. She turned back to take a sip of her coffee and took a look around, marveling at the elegance of the dining room. The china was of the finest quality and each dish and cup was emblazoned with the ship’s logo. She thought to herself that this must be a little bit like it must have been to be a passenger on the Titanic.

She laughed when she realized how bad a thing that would actually be. She picked up the small cake plate that had been placed next to her coffee and looked at the ship's logo. Her smile faded.

Luckily, the Doctor's autonomic brain did not translate the F word. She followed it up, hoarsely, with, "This is the Hindenburg."

* * * *

Bezel swallowed, put down his fork, and looked up into the Nazi's eyes. They were in shadow from the brim of his hat, which was pulled down over his face. But Bezel could tell. This was no Nazi.

"We've got trouble," said the Doctor.

THREE – Water

The Doctor waited as Tamara was helped up the ladder of the gigantic airship. When it was his turn on the ladder, the Doctor took the opportunity to taking a sweeping look around the airfield. Two familiar figures in Nazi uniforms were marching across the field towards the Zeppelin. Jensen and Hermann. He clambered up the ladder and, taking of the ring Bezel had given to him, slipped it into Tamara’s hand.

“In case I don’t come back,” he whispered, “you’ll have to make contact.”

“What if you don’t come back,” she said aloud, as he was already climbing down the ladder.

“I’ll meet you in New York,” he shouted up to her.

“Where in New York?”

He thought for a moment. “The top of the Empire State Building. You can’t miss it.”

And with that, he was gone. Tamara was shown to her cabin and set about unpacking her bag.

* * * *

Meanwhile, the Doctor raced off across the airfield, noting that Jensen and Hermann were indeed following him. He led them through some streets and down some narrow alleys and they managed to keep up with him. He tried to lose them, as he was running out of breath, but they were in very good shape. He realized that they would catch up with him soon.

Jensen and Hermann saw the Doctor put on a burst of speed as he raced up a steep hill. They lost a lot of ground, and when they reached the top of the hill the Doctor was nowhere to

be seen. As they ran past the entrance to an alley, Hermann spotted the Doctor, out of breath, panting, trying to hide in a doorway set in to the alley. The alley was crisscrossed with laundry strung up on lines, but the Doctor could find a way to hide amongst the clothes.

"*Hier,*" shouted Hermann, and the two men ran into the alley. The Doctor left the safety of doorway and ran to the end of the alley. A dead end.

The men advanced and the Doctor stood panting.

"Come with us!" they said.

The Doctor stepped forward and let go of the rope in his hand. From above, one of the laundry-lines came loose and a large piece of firewood the Doctor had tied to it came crashing into Hermann's head. It knocked him out cold and sent him colliding with Jensen, who dropped his pistol as the Doctor's foot connected with his head.

Moments later, the Doctor had tied up the two unconscious men and gagged them with several pairs of socks. He had put on Jensen's uniform, which was a better fit than Hermann's and made his way through the streets, trying not to look too embarrassed wearing the Nazi outfit. He'd been inside a Dalek, after all. This was no worse.

Two hours later, after a quick detour, he was able to track down Bezel in the restaurant.

"We've got trouble," said the Doctor.

Bezel nearly choked on his food.

"Doctor, what are you doing here?"

"Don't panic," said the Doctor quietly. "Tamara's on the flight, but the Nazis followed us. They're going to be looking for me quite seriously, now."

"If you got that uniform the way I think you did," said Bezel, "you are quite right."

* * * *

On the airship, Tamara had settled into her cabin and unpacked her things, finding a number of dresses in the suitcase. She changed into a pale-pink silk dress with lace on the hem and at the sleeves. She put up her hair, but did not put on make-up. She wasn't sure what the current fashion was, and she didn't want to cause a stir. She ventured out onto the main deck. She was the object of everyone's attention. She found a table at dinner and began writing in her journal. She was told by the waiter that they would be served dinner in half an hour, and so she ordered a coffee and some biscuits to tide her over and listened to the piano being played by a young woman.

It was at some point after the coffee had arrived that she had realized she was on the Hindenburg.

She looked around in a panic. Everyone was enjoying themselves, chatting. Most had even stopped staring at her.

She turned to look out of the window. They were still over land. If she could get out now...

Two Nazi's suddenly appeared in the dining room. They were not the ones that the Doctor had spotted crossing the airfield.

"Lieutenant Fiedler, Private Klempler" said the Maitre d'. "How nice to have you flying with us again so soon."

He showed the Nazis to their table. They noticed Tamara immediately and began whispering amongst themselves. She ignored them.

After a moment, they got up and came to Tamara's table.

"What is your name?" demanded Fiedler.

Tamara had given her real name when she was arrested earlier that day. She wondered if her name would be known to these two soldiers, who, it appeared, just happened to be on this flight with her. She decided not to risk it.

"I am Princess Emma of Tardisia," she said imperiously, holding out her hand as if she expected them to kiss it.

Klempner looked at the officer for guidance. Fiedler was not amused.

"Show me your papers," he said to Tamara.

"I don't have them with me," she said. "They're in my stateroom."

"We will go there now," said Fiedler.

"I'm just about to have dinner," said Tamara, outraged.

"Immediately," said Fiedler.

"We have plenty of time, Private Fiedler," she said, looking at his nametag.

"Lieutenant," he snapped.

"Lieutenant," she said smiling in that way she had seen Princess Beatrice do on television.

"We have very little patience," said Fiedler.

"Oh," said Tamara in her most impertinent voice. "Is it because we are flying out of Germany and you don't have any jurisdiction anywhere else?"

Fiedler's face was seething with anger.

"Is there a problem?"

It was the Captain, Ernst Lehmann.

"As a Princess," began Tamara immediately, "I am not accustomed to being spoken to in this manner."

The Captain was unsure. He had not been told there would be a Princess aboard.

"She is refusing to show her papers."

Tamara realized that the papers she had shown to get on board would not bear out her story about being a Princess.

"Of course I will be more than happy to get these gentlemen my papers," she began, "if they would just learn some manners."

"You see?" said the Captain. "There is no reason for raised voices. Why don't you sit down, and I will go with the Princess to get her papers."

"We will come," said Fiedler.

"You are forgetting who is in charge of this ship," said the Captain in a short, clipped tone. "Now sit!"

Klempner took a step back immediately and sat at his table. Fiedler clenched his jaw as Tamara took the Captain's offered arm and walked with him towards the staterooms. He sat down and looked at Klempner. "I think Captain Lehmann is overestimating his power."

"Ja, Lieutenant Fiedler," agreed Klempner.

"Thank you, Captain," said Tamara graciously as she opened the door to her cabin. I shan't be a few minutes. There's no need to wait."

"If you need anything at all during our journey, your highness," said the Captain with a little bow, "please don't hesitate to ask."

"In that case," said Tamara, "how about a brief stop in London?"

"Ha ha," chuckled the Captain. "Very amusing. Won't you dine at my table tonight?"

"I'd love to," said Tamara. She smiled and entered the cabin closing the door behind her. She quickly unpacked a small black case that she had brought with her and took out the false passport that the Apocrypha had supplied her with. When she had been asked what name she would like, she had said, "Emma Peel." The Doctor had laughed, but the joke could only be shared between them. Television was just in its infancy in nineteen thirty-six.

She quickly set about changing the British passport. She decided to pretend that Tardisia was a British colony, so her changes were minimal. She took out an ink pen and some black ink. Unfortunately, she was not completely finished when there was a loud knock on the door. She ignored it and completed her work.

"Open this door immediately!" demanded the voice of Lieutenant Fiedler.

"Yes, immediately!" said Klempner.

Tamara waved the passport a little. The special ink dried quickly and was designed to look as if it had been dry for a long time. She put away her things and opened the door.

"What is all this racket?" she asked indignantly.

Fiedler stepped into her room, followed by Klempner.

"How dare you step into a lady's bedchamber?" she intoned loudly. Klempner closed the door.

Fiedler slapped her. "You will be silent and do as you are told."

Tamara was indignant.

"In my country I could have you shot for this," she said, keeping up her air of royalty.

Fiedler snatched the passport from her hand and examined it. The fact that everything appeared to be in order seemed to annoy him greatly. He handed the book back to her.

"In the future you would do well not to question the authority of the Nazi party," said Fiedler as if that brought their dealings to an end.

"In the future," said Tamara, "you would do well to treat others with respect." And with that, she slapped him in the face with as much force as she could muster. If she had punched him, the man would have lost consciousness. As it was, the slap reverberated around the room and Fiedler lost his balance and fell against Klempner and onto the floor.

Klempner drew his pistol and Tamara took it from him so quickly he didn't have time to utter a syllable. She stepped back to the open window and tossed the gun out onto a farmer's field below.

Fiedler got up and pulled out his pistol. Tamara took a step forward as Klempner was still in between her and Fiedler. Klempner pushed Fiedler out of the line of fire and Tamara leaped into the air, her boot connecting with Fiedler's face, slamming him back against the door to her stateroom. Sidestepping Klempner, she grabbed Fiedler's gun-hand, spun him around and twisted his arm behind his back, breaking it. She trained the gun on Klempner who had been looking around for something to attack her with.

"Down!" she ordered.

Klempner lay on the floor.

"Hands behind your head," she shouted, dragging Fiedler onto the floor beside him. She expertly tied their hands behind their backs and ordered them to get up and exit her room. She tossed Fiedler's gun out of the window as well and followed behind them as she marched them into the dining room.

As Captain Lehmann came into view, Fiedler began shouting orders.

"Captain!" he bellowed. "Put this woman into the brig!"

The Captain looked from one to the other.

"Captain," said Tamara. "These men broke into my stateroom and assaulted me."

"Is this true?" asked the Captain.

"She would not open the door," said Fiedler.

"So you enter a lady's chamber?" asked the Captain, astonished.

"She would not produce her papers!" exclaimed Klempner.

"He's lying," said Tamara. "I gave him my papers. When he saw they were in order, he struck me."

"Would you untie me?" bellowed Fiedler. "My arm is broken!"

"I will untie you when I am satisfied as to the events that took place," said the Captain.

"This is outrageous!" said Klempner. "We are -"

"I am in charge of this vessel," interrupted the Captain. "And since we are flying over France, you have no jurisdiction of any kind. You will be confined to quarters for the duration of our journey."

From out of nowhere, another Nazi approached. "Major Klönsch," he introduced himself.

Both men tried to salute, but with their arms tied behind their backs, they just looked silly. Fiedler looked like he hurt himself.

"The Captain is the highest authority on this vessel," said the man. "You will do as he says. Turn in your pistols."

"She threw them out of the window," said Klempner, staring accusingly at Tamara.

"I don't like guns," she stated simply.

Captain Lehmann had them locked in their stateroom with an armed guard. Doctor Rüdiger medic tended to Fiedler's arm, while one of the off-duty mechanics who had been given guard duty, stood over them warily.

Tamara took a seat and ordered dinner. A couple at the next table kept looking at her. She smiled at them.

The woman leaned over. "We saw Ella Fitzgerald when she was touring in Germany," she said.

"Oh, that's nice," said Tamara.

"Do you know her?"

"Uh, no," said Tamara. "I'm from Africa. She's from the United States."

"Ach so," said the woman.

* * * *

As the evening wore on, various people stopped by to chat with the African Princess. Tamara was hoping to spot someone wearing the same ring as her, but not one of the people that approached her was wearing one. She had decided to try to leap out of the airship while they were still over France. She would try to find a way to use one of the ropes that were used to tie down the ship and slide down it. Perhaps if they crossed over a low mountain or a tall building. As it got darker, however, she realized that the Captain was flying a little higher than he had during the daylight.

Her hopes for an early escape were dashed when Captain Lehmann announced that they were now flying over the Atlantic Ocean. She went to the window and looked outside. The coast of France was rapidly receding. They would be over open water for the next three days, flying as high as 300 metres above the surface of the water and at speeds of up to 50 kilometres per hour.

Tamara decided she would have to leap out of the doomed airship while they were flying over New York City. If they flew over a tall building, she could slide down one of the ropes and onto a rooftop. She had a couple of days to plan things out. She could do this. She was a trained professional. She could get off the Hindenburg before it exploded.

A man sat at the table next to her and casually hung his arm over the table. She spotted the ring instantly.

"Nice day isn't it," said the man.

What was this, she thought. The man did not give the correct code phrase. He could see her ring, so why didn't he give it. It was almost as if he were trying to guess the correct phrase. She decided to test him.

"But it was much nicer yesterday," she said. The man smiled, as if she had said what he wanted to hear. This was not her contact, but rather an imposter. She looked around. People were starting to turn in for the evening. At the other end of the dining room sat the other Nazi officer: Klönsch. He was pretending not to be watching her, but she knew from years of surveillance training that he was.

"Have you got something for me," asked the imposter with the ring.

"I don't have it here," she said. "Do you have something for me?"

The man paused for a second. Uncertain.

"Perhaps," he said, finally.

"Why don't we talk again tomorrow?" suggested Tamara. This was not the contact. She was sure of it. She would need time to investigate things a little.

The man seemed relieved to have some more time to plan his next move.

"Ja," he agreed.

Tamara got up and made her way back to her stateroom.

She opened the door and turned on the light. What she saw made her close the door immediately. Lying on the floor of her room was a man in his early forties. Dead.

Tamara bent to examine the man. His face was blue. He looked like he had been strangled.

The door to Tamara's stateroom opened. In stepped Major Klönsch with his pistol drawn. He aimed it straight at Tamara.

FOUR - Fire

Tamara looked at Major Klönsch. He closed the door behind him, keeping his gun trained on her.

“Weren’t we at school together,” he said to her.

She was silent for a moment.

“I think I was a year behind you,” she replied.

Klönsch holstered his pistol and came to her. “Sorry about the body,” he said. “I didn’t know where else to put it when I found it.”

“Who is he?” asked Tamara, noting the small Thirteen tattoo on Klönsch’s wrist.

“Your contact,” he answered. “I was the backup. I noticed he was missing and found him dead in his stateroom. His ring had been taken. Then I noticed you and that other man had the rings, so I knew one of you must have killed him. From your conversation with him, I thought it more likely that he was the killer.”

“He didn’t know the password,” said Tamara. “Do you have any idea who he might be?”

“I think he might be a member of the group known as The Canon,” said Klönsch.

“They mentioned something about The Canon. The Apocrypha are an off-shoot of The Canon.”

“I take it you are not one of the Apocrypha.”

"No. There was some trouble at the last minute and my friend and I agreed to meet the contact. Then my friend spotted some Nazis at the airfield and I ended up coming aboard alone. Are you a real Nazi?"

"Yes," responded Klönsch. "Are you a real African Princess?"

Tamara laughed. "I'm from England."

Klönsch smiled. "Let us meet in the morning to decide what to do with our imposter. Have you got the papers for me?"

"Yes," said Tamara, reaching into her bag and handing Klönsch an envelope. Klönsch reached into his jacket and pulled out a similar envelope. They made the switch and Klönsch said goodnight and left her room. Tamara locked the door and got a small device from her case. It was about the size of a cassette tape and had a small thin attachment, which she slipped under her door, leaving the device lying on the floor. She flicked a switch and the device projected an image onto the wall. It was an image of the corridor. The device beeped as a steward walked by and his entire body was projected onto the wall. Satisfied, Tamara readied herself for bed and lay down to plan out her escape.

* * * *

She was awakened by a beep from the device. She looked and saw that the imposter from The Canon was outside her door. She moved swiftly to the door, ready to take him out if he should come through. However, he listened at the door for a few seconds and then continued walking. Tamara saw that he had a package in his hand, and he was dressed in boots and a jacket, as well as gloves and a hat. She quickly pulled on her boots and a coat and slipped into the corridor.

She went in the same direction as the suspect and turned at the end of the corridor. There was a dead end. She walked the length of the short corridor and found a doorway marked Crew Only.

She tried it and found that it led to a ladder. She could hear the sound of the wind whistling by. As she climbed up she saw that she was entering the space between the gondola and the airship itself. The Canon agent was nowhere to be seen. In the dim moonlight, Tamara saw a movement over the top of the gondola. It was a rope, jiggling back and forth. She climbed onto the gondola and crawled swiftly but silently to the edge, grabbing the rope for safety when she got near it. It had been tied securely to one of the beams that held the giant hydrogen-filled gas balloon in place.

She peered over the edge and saw the imposter climbing down the rope. It was much longer than the ropes that were used to tie down the ship. In the water below was a boat, matching the speed of the Hindenburg. The Canon agent slid gently onto the deck of the boat and let go of the rope. The boat immediately made a U-turn in the water, heading back towards Europe.

As Tamara wound the rope around her arm, she realized that she could use this rope to make her escape in New York. As she coiled the rope, however, she wondered why the Canon agent would escape from the ship.

Unless he knew that it was going to blow up!

She tried to remember what facts she could about the Hindenburg explosion. She was sure it exploded while landing in New Jersey.

Some of the theories were that a charge of static electricity caused the explosion.

Another was that a bomb had been placed aboard the vessel by anti-Nazi saboteurs.

Tamara also remembered something about a rope touching the ground and a static charge running up the rope into the ship.

However, the only one of those theories that would require jumping ship was the bomb theory. Tamara was sure of it. Somewhere aboard this ship was a bomb, and she had two days to find it.

* * * *

"I stopped at the prison," the Doctor told Bezel as they drove to the secret meeting place of the Apocrypha.

"Since I had a Nazi uniform, I decided to try and see Heinz Karstens, and maybe get him out of there."

"And?" asked Bezel.

"He has been moved to another prison for 'questioning'."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Bezel.

"I assume they're going to torture him," said the Doctor matter-of-factly.

"What are you talking about?" said Bezel as he made a left turn. "He is a printer."

"Johann," began the Doctor. "You cannot imagine what this government is capable of. People are being arrested, threatened, tortured and killed. And it's just going to get worse. There are so many people like you who think that the government can do nothing wrong. Oh, you would prefer that the Nazis weren't in power, and you think they might be a little bit obsessed with their own importance, but you don't see the evil that is building all around you. In ten years this country will be in ruins and the people who are left alive will be emotionally shattered."

"I have heard others say the same things, Doctor, but..."

"Your best friend is being tortured by the Nazis for printing a newspaper, Johann. What more has to happen for you to accept the truth?"

They rode in silence for a while as Bezel struggled to make sense of what was becoming of his beloved country.

"Another thing," said the Doctor after a few moments. "When I was at the prison, I looked at the paperwork for Heinz Karstens. Beside his name it said the word Manasseh."

"The Prayer of Manasseh," said Bezel.

"One of the books of the Old Testament Apocrypha. Heinz Karstens was a member of the Apocrypha. And the Nazis know it."

"We have a spy," whispered Bezel.

"You have a spy," agreed the Doctor.

* * * *

"There's a bomb on board," Tamara whispered to Klönsch. Within minutes, the two of them had scoured the Canon agent's cabin. He had been listed on the passenger manifest as Daniel Mark.

"Daniel: Old Testament Canon. Mark: New Testament Canon," said Klönsch.

Tamara wished she had learned a little more about ancient religions in school.

They searched their own cabins and when there were no crewmembers around, they made thorough searches of the saloon, the dining room, the reading room and the smoking room, which was pressurized and featured an electric lighter affixed to the wall.

* * * *

In the smoking room, they encountered Wilhelm Balla, a steward and Raphael Schäler and Alois Riesacher, a couple of the mechanics who had just come off shift.

All the while scanning the room for the signs of a bomb, Tamara and Klönsch chatted briefly with the trio, Klönsch having a cigarette and Tamara declining. The mechanics apparently worked in two hour shifts, since each of them had to sit in a cramped space behind each engine.

Tamara was finding it difficult to breath in the room with four cigarettes and was happy when Klönsch excused himself as soon as he had finished.

"I think the outside of the gondola is a more likely spot," said Tamara. "Somewhere near the gas balloon."

"I have a torch," Klönsch said. They went to their staterooms to change into warm clothes and met two minutes later at the ladder. Since they had only one torch, they decided to search together and made a plane for thoroughly searching the top of the gondola and the beams.

Thirty-five minutes later, they had found the bomb. Klönsch was amazed at how expertly Tamara defused the device. She threw the dynamite into the water and brought the timer into her room for examination.

"It's set to go off in ten hours," exclaimed Tamara. "I was sure it would be set to go off once the ship arrived in New York!"

"Why?" Klönsch asked.

"More media coverage," she said.

"I suppose," said Klönsch. "But then there would be a greater chance of the bomb being found. He knew that we were both suspicious of him."

* * * *

Later that night, as she lay in her bed, Tamara couldn't help wondering if she had changed history. Was the bomb supposed to go off in New Jersey? Had the agent accelerated the timer because of Tamara's suspicious actions? Would the Hindenburg not blow up when it got to New Jersey? Would the Zeppelin Company continue to make airships? Would the outcome of the war change? Would the future of the planet Earth change? Should she try to blow up the ship herself when they got to New Jersey? Tamara fell asleep at last, but it was a fitful sleep as

she had nightmares of returning to the twenty-first century to find swastikas flying over Number Ten.

* * * *

As the Doctor and Bezel approached the secret headquarters of the Apocrypha, they realized something was wrong. The streets were quiet, yet there were a large number of people milling about. There were cars parked in the streets and soldiers everywhere pretending to be walking, but not going anywhere. It was an ambush.

"There is another way in," said Bezel. They parked several blocks away and walked back towards their building. When they were less than a block from the surrounded building, they followed Bezel up a flight of steps and entered what appeared to be a normal apartment building. They walked down the steps into the cellar. Bezel opened the door to the coal room and flicked a switch set into the low ceiling. A secret door opened and he and the Doctor entered a secret passage. Bezel lit a lamp and they walked quickly through the narrow brick passageway.

The Doctor could tell that it had been constructed from various little rooms, corridors and just plain dug out of the dirt where necessary as they passed under house after house.

Eventually they came to a door. Bezel looked through a peephole and, satisfied that everything was safe, he and the Doctor entered the Apocrypha's secret lair.

The V'au came bounding to greet them instantly, licking both of their faces in greeting. Bezel gave the alien a hug and rubbed him behind the ears. The Doctor couldn't help but laugh at the sight. The Doctor noticed that the V'au had been given back his space-suit. The Doctor saw that the V'au had what appeared to be a name badge sewn? No not sewn. But somehow embossed onto his suit. This was the name badge that Tamara had told him she had found in Bezel's safe in the year 2001.

When Bezel, the Doctor and the V'au entered the main meeting room, a room with rich wooden paneling and a large wooden table around which sat luxurious leather-bound chairs, several of the Apocrypha were playing cards. The Doctor recognized Tobit, Judith and Esdras. A couple of others he had not met before.

"We have trouble," said Maccabees. "This place is surrounded by Nazis."

"What," said Tobit, standing at once.

"And you've got a spy working for you," said the Doctor. "I was at the gaol today," said the Doctor. "They know your Apocrypha names for each other."

The small group immediately started looking at one another with suspicion. Everyone drew a pistol from a drawer built into the table in front of each of the chairs.

"There's going to be an assault on this building any minute now," said the Doctor. Before he could say any more, there was an explosion above them.

"They're trying to get down here," shouted Esdras in a panic. "They can't find the secret entrance so they're just going to blast their way in."

"If they don't bring this whole building down on us," shouted Tobit. "We've got to abandon the base."

"Set up the self-destruct mechanism," said Maccabees. It had been his idea to build a self-destruct mechanism into the building and he was quite keen to be able to use it at last.

Maccabees went over to a radio sitting at one end of the room and opened the lid. He slid a lever on the inside until they could hear a click in the cabinet.

"Armed," he said. He then took the tuning dial of the radio and turned it until the needle that displayed the frequency was all the way to the right. When he let go, he said, "We now have five minutes to get as far away from here as possible."

The Doctor could see that as soon as Maccabees let go of the dial, it began to move to the left, clicking over a half of a centimetre or so with each second.

The seven humans and two aliens raced into the tunnel from which the Doctor and Maccabees had come, but he could see that they were not returning the same way they had come. Four of the men grabbed lamps and lit them on the run. Apparently, the Apocrypha had constructed a complex system of tunnels beneath the city of Hanover. When they got to what the Doctor guessed must be the end of the city block, Tobit waited from the group to get through and then shut the heavy iron door and pulled a lever. They could hear the tunnel through which they had just run collapsing.

"We don't want them finding the tunnel network if they excavate the collapsed building," explained Tobit. "Hopefully it will look like the end of the tunnel system if they dig this far."

The group ran for several more minutes, managing to get at least three more blocks away from the building they had evacuated. Without warning, the tunnel they were in shook and a second later the sound of the explosion shook the group. Dust began to fall from the ceiling of the tunnel, covering them all with a fine powder.

The V'au began to whimper, his sensitive ears causing him to hear the sound several times louder than the humans.

Esdras, one of the men with a lamp, grabbed the V'au by the paw and started running to the next junction. When he got through the huge iron door he turned, twisting his body so that the V'au was in front of him and his pistol was aimed at the seven men still in the corridor.

"Stop!" he ordered.

"Esdras," shouted Tobit. "You're the Nazi spy?"

"Not just a Nazi spy," sneered Esdras. "A Canon spy. I just called in the Nazis to create a diversion."

"It's the V'au you're after, isn't it?" asked the Doctor calmly.

The V'au began to whimper louder.

"Drop your pistols!" ordered Esdras.

Most of the men had already slid their pistols into their belts during their run down the corridor. Two of the men without lamps still had their pistols drawn and, after a few seconds of deliberation, they dropped their weapons.

Esdras began to close the heavy iron door.

"You're not going to lock us in here," said Maccabees with dismay.

"Not just that," said the Doctor, looking Esdras in the eyes. "He's going to collapse the tunnel on us."

The Doctor could see the V'au fumbling with his belt. "He must have some kind of weapon to use in case of an emergency," thought the Doctor.

From behind his back, Tobit drew his pistol slowly, his actions hidden by the fact that the light of the lanterns flickered wildly as the lanterns swung back and forth in shaking hands.

"You can keep the dog," said Esdras, slowly stepping forward. "Just let us out of here, man. Are you inhuman?"

"You think your group is up to the same level as The Canon," asked Esdras with a mocking tone in his voice. "If I don't get rid of you, the Nazis will infiltrate you in no time, and the next thing you know, The Canon will be in a shambles too. You know too many of our secrets."

Tobit moved his hand slowly, but Esdras caught a glimpse of the dark object in his hand. Esdras fired his gun at Tobit's arm causing him to drop the gun and clutch his bicep in pain.

The V'au winced at the sound of the gunshot.

Maccabees lunged forward in an attempt to grab the gun before Esdras could once more point it at his friend V'au.

Esdras turned the gun towards Maccabees.

V'au used its fingernail to pull a small pin set into the buckle of his space-suit and forty-thousand volts of electricity discharged into Esdras, killing him instantly.

He crumpled to the floor.

Grabbing the traitor in his maw, V'au dragged him away from the half-closed door. Meanwhile, the Doctor had rushed forward and pushed on the door, opening it wide enough for the seven of them to slip through.

They dragged Esdras' corpse into the previous tunnel, sealed the door, and pulled the lever that triggered the cave-in, burying the Canon-Nazi spy under tonnes of rubble.

* * * *

The next morning, the Doctor was having breakfast with Maccabees, Tobit and one of the other Apocrypha, Azariah. They were on a train headed for Paris. The Doctor's TARDIS would be loaded onto the train at the next station, thanks to the Apocrypha's network of conspirators.

"What are you going to do now?" asked the Doctor.

"I wish we knew how many of our names have been given to the Nazis," said Maccabees. "We'll have to shut down the entire network everyone will have to go into hiding."

"And where will you go?" asked the Doctor.

"Edith has a cousin in Canada," said Maccabees, grabbing hold of his wife's hand. "We can stay with her until things cool down a bit in Germany."

The Doctor smiled. "It's nice of them to let V'au stay in the compartment with us."

V'au reached for a slice of bread with one paw while with the other scraping some butter onto his butter knife. "Yes," said V'au. "I was worried that I would be riding in a cage in the baggage car."

They all laughed.

"And you, Doctor?" asked V'au.

"I've got to meet Tamara in New York, but there's no hurry. She won't even get there for another two days."

Bezel looked at the Doctor strangely. He handed him a card. "Here is the name of a friend in New York. Please give him the papers from the Thirteen contact. He will see to it that I get them."

"Of course," said the Doctor. "Hanover, Paris and New York, all in the space of a couple of days. It looks like I'm becoming a regular world traveler."

"And so is Miss Tamara," said Edith Bezel. "I wonder how she is enjoying her flight."

* * * *

Tamara slipped her foot into the loop she had tied on the end of the rope. With one last tug on the rope she had strapped to the rudder, the Hindenburg lurched again, edging a little bit closer to the Empire State Building.

"Well," she thought. "It's now or never."

Tamara Scott, MI6 agent, launched herself off the gondola of the Hindenburg, Luftschiff Zeppelin No. 129.

She fell forward and down, the rope loose in her hands until it reached its full length. Then, it whipped her around and under the gondola and propelled her directly at the spire of the Empire State buildings. Hundreds of people were watching the famous airship from the observation deck of the tall building. The high-winds pushed the zeppelin dangerously close to the side of the building. As the rope reached the apex of its swing, Tamara took her foot out of the loop and let go of the rope, flying at first gracefully towards the sloped roof of the building, and then being flung down hard by the wind. She flew down, extending her legs for the landing, smashed through the roof and landed hard on the floor, breaking both of her legs and knocking herself unconscious when her head hit the stone floor.

* * * *

"Tamara?" said the voice.

Tamara opened her eyes. Where was she? In the TARDIS? On the Hindenburg? Oh yes, the hospital. She saw Major Klönsch standing by her bed with a bouquet of flowers in his hand.

"Hi," she managed. She reached for a glass of water and took a drink.

"Why did you jump out of the Hindenburg?" he asked.

"Because..." she stopped. He was not dead. Had he escaped the explosion?

"I got scared that there might be another bomb."

He looked at her strangely. "I guess there wasn't," he said.

"Oh," she said sheepishly. What had happened? Had she changed history?

"Ah, you're awake," said the voice at the door. It was the Doctor.

"Doctor," said Tamara.

"When I heard that a woman had jumped from the Hindenburg, for some reason I thought of you."

"Very funny," she said.

He leaned over and whispered in her ear. "The Hindenburg doesn't blow up until May of next year."

Tamara suddenly got very angry. "Well thanks for telling me," she shouted, smacking him in the face.

The Doctor stepped back.

"It's a good thing your legs are in casts," said the Doctor.

"I have a long memory," said Tamara.

"Six weeks, the Doctor tells me," said Klönsh, offering his hand to the Doctor and introducing himself.

"Nice to meet you, I'm the Doctor."

"Ah," said Klönsh. "Tamara's friend."

"Yes," said the Doctor. "Well, Tamara. Six weeks in depression-era America. What do you think?"

"Will there be jazz?"

"I expect so."

"And what about the Olympics? Can we make it back to Germany in time to see them?"

"See them?" said the Doctor. "I've entered you in the 200 metres."

Author's Note: Some weeks later, the Karstens family was told that my great-great-grandfather, Heinz Karstens, had died while in prison.



In Nazi Germany, the Doctor and Tamara find themselves embroiled in the rivalries of two secret societies, The Canon and The Apocrypha.

While both vie for a mysterious prize, the Doctor guesses that there is more at work than meets the eye.

While the Doctor tries to sort out just who's who in pre-war Germany, Tamara concentrates on ferreting out some information about the mysterious Thirteen, an organization whose power is just beginning to grow at this time in Earth's history.

The quest for answers takes the time travelers on an exciting journey on one of Germany's renowned airships.

Unfortunately, with so many secrets and so many enemies, will they be able to survive the voyage to New York unscathed?

This story was originally featured in the Season 29 Omnibus

This is another in a series of original fan authored Doctor Who fiction published by The Doctor Who Project featuring the eighth Doctor as played by Jeremy Banks-Walker

ISBN 0-918894-28-X

