

THE  
**DOCTOR-WHO**  
PROJECT

# THE PAX PROCESS

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### PLEASE NOTE

**The following story was originally published in 1999 and therefore may not reflect the quality of subsequent stories published by The Doctor Who Project in later seasons.  
Please bear this in mind while reading this story.**

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The Doctor ran into the TARDIS. After saying goodbye to Karen he could not leave quick enough. He did not care where the TARDIS took him as long it was far away from where he was at the moment. He set the TARDIS controls. The TARDIS finally made its leave and he began to relax. “Finally.” He thought. “A chance for some peace and relaxation. Even Skaro couldn’t be this bad this time of year. My shoes even have a slight stain on them. A quick touch of that Covcoor powder I was given on Teron should do the trick.” The Doctor proceeded to apply the powder until the stain was invisible. “Much better.” He said to himself.

He then walked over to the TARDIS console to have a look where he had sent the old girl. Just as he reached the console the TARDIS landed at its new destination. Quickly checking the destination wasn’t actually Skaro, he discovered that he was on PAX 00765, in the year 3009 Date 18th of the 5th Month Earth time. He turned on the TARDIS scanner to look outside. A metal wall greeted his eyes. He looked further around his arrived destination and observed there was a door. Checking there was a suitable atmosphere and nothing for his shoes to get dirty on, he opened the TARDIS doors. As the light was rather bright the Doctor placed his sunglasses on. He was getting rather attached to these pair but felt that he should buy a new pair as soon as he could.

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Matt was becoming rather bored. All this parading up and down the corridors looking for the creature that had murdered some of his fellow workers and some of the occupants of this place. “Of all the places the SPA could have sent me,” he said. “They had to send me to this place. Why am I the lucky one who is sent halfway around the galaxy looking after some crazy people when they just could have left me on Earth. Next thing you know they’ll be a confounded troop of Prison Junkies; I’ll have to contend with.”

The Doctor opened the door, that he had spotted from the TARDIS to find a corridor with the same features of the room he was in. Dull, Metallic and Gray. “What this place needs is some flowered wallpaper and some green shrubbery. When I see the leader of this facility, I’ll give him some of my suggestions.” Thought the Doctor. He then spied someone down the end of the

corridor. He was tall about 6,2 in a gray uniform with three blue stars on each shoulder. He was also wearing a headset and had a gun holstered. He went further down to investigate.

Matt saw there was a person coming towards him. Couldn't have been a surprise inspection. His friends on the board would have told him so. He couldn't have been a prisoner; they all had the same clothing. The Matt spotted something the person was wearing. Sunglasses. This person walking towards him was wearing sunglasses. 'Prison Junkie.' Thought Matt.

"Stop or I'll shoot." Matt cried out. He didn't really want to. There was too much paperwork to fill out and he most likely would have to clean up the body as well. "My dear sir, I am..." The Doctor began before Matt cut him off. "A Prison Junkie, yes I know what you are. What you are, are a group of idiotic people who just want to annoy me." He unholstered the gun ready to fire. The Doctor took off his sunglasses, his bright blue eyes, penetrating gaze looked at Matt. "You will hand the gun over to me." The Doctor ordered in his most hypnotic voice. Matt's eyes glazed over, and he stepped forward and handed over the gun. He then walked back to his original position. The Doctor then told him on the count of three he would break out of the trance. "One...Two...Three..." Matt opened his eyes. Before him was this Prison Junkie and he held his gun!

"Nasty things guns." The Doctor commented looking down at the gun. "Have a nasty habit of going of going off. They also have a nasty habit of ending lives." The Doctor looked up and saw the person's face. It was a mix of anger and surprise. "As I was trying to say before I am the Doctor. You might have noticed that I have not killed you yet. You see if I was one of these Prison Junkies of whom you speak, I might have tried to kill you. Well after your warm welcome I'm going now." He handed the gun back to Matt and simply wandered off down the corridor.

Matt was stunned. He simply could not believe it. "This Doctor character must not be a Prison Junkie after all." He thought. He turned to follow the Doctor. He walked briskly to catch up. "I'm terribly sorry Sir, I mistook you for a..."

"Prison Junkie. Yes I know." The Doctor cut in. "I only have one question...What is a Prison Junkie?" The Doctor asked.

"A Prison Junkie," Matt replied. "Is a person who dresses normal, almost dull like, but has one distinguishing characteristic. They wear sunglasses. Some people think this is to hide their substance abuse, but others think it's a metaphor for outside it isn't as bright as it is inside. I am incredibly sorry that I mistook you for one before."

"Never mind." Replied the Doctor smiling. "It happens all the time. By the way who are you?"

"I'm Matt." Matt replied.

"Well, now that's sorted out. Can I ask why you tried to kill me?"

"Well as I've told you we've had some problems with Prison Junkies; however we get that all the time. More recent however we've had something more... How do I put it... sinister. People, guards, and prisoners a like, have been disappearing, then a couple of days later returning without their skeletons. Folded up neatly and compacted with their faces on top so we can identify them. We try to move them, but without their skeletons they just fall down like a pile of jelly."

"To think," mumbled the Doctor. "I used to like jelly babies. It makes me glad I kicked the habit. Apart from them being bad for my teeth and face, they were making me rather overweight. I don't think I'll ever be able to look at one ever again.

So," The Doctor said brightening "How has your investigation been going?"

"Ahh," Matt began sheepishly. "Not to good I'm afraid. The problem is that I just have too much to do with looking after the prisoners and running an investigation at the same time."

“So how far have you gotten?” Asked the Doctor.

“So far I’ve written down the list of people that were abducted to see if there was a pattern. Unfortunately, there isn’t one.”

“Sounds like you need a hand.” Said the Doctor.

“If you could. That would be much appreciated.” Matt replied.

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“Okay then. I’ll need to see all of the information you have gathered so far. Also is there a chance that one of the prisoners or guards saw anything that happened?” The Doctor stated.

“Prisoner 0068952 saw what happened. Her cell is on the way to my quarters. We can pay her a visit first, then go fetch my notes on the case.” Matt replied. He walked over to a data tablet and plugged in his headset into it. “ Computer, fetch data records for prisoner number 0068952. Then print out.” Matt then unplugged his headset, took the information the computer had printed out for him, gave it to the Doctor and walked off down the corridor towards the prisoner’s quarters.

As the two walked down the corridor, the Doctor began to read the information to himself.

First name: Jill.

Last name: Unknown.

Current Age: 25.

Height: 5,4.

Hair Color: Blond.

Eye Color: Bright Blue.

Reason for admittance: Tried to ‘hack’ Rorak sector’s database. While deep in the database, the AVRT (Anti Virtual Reality Taskforce) removed her Virtual Reality helmet. The also removed her ‘Cyball’ implants.

Year for release: 3010

“She is quite a good looker isn’t she, Doctor?” Matt asked.

“Yes, I suppose so. Doesn’t appeal to me though. Love is overrated.” The Doctor replied. The eventually reached Jill’s cell. Matt plugged his Headset into a socket near the door and opened the door. They both went inside.

\* \* \* \* \*

The cell was about five meters by four meters wide. In the center of the room there was a table and two chairs. One of the far lights was flickering then went out casting a dark shadow against the back wall. Jill was sitting on the table. Her head was bobbing rhythmically up and down. She was facing away from the door.

“RAM is random access memory. SCSI is small computer systems interface. ESDI is enhanced small device interface. ROM is read only memory” Jill muttered.

“Jill?” The Doctor asked quietly. Jill turned to face them. She was no longer the beautiful blond shown in the photo. She now had her hair cropped short, hacked by scissors. Her eyes may have once been bright blue, were now a dark bluey gray. Her fingernails were caked with dirt. She also had burns scars on her forehead and hands.

She still continued to mutter. The Doctor and Matt sat down.

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“What were you doing yesterday Jill?” The Doctor asked.

“C full colon backslash ramada backslash trash backslash tilde two five one” Jill smiled insanely.

“What have you been doing today, Jill?” The Doctor asked.

“Http colon slash slash w w w dot payless dot com slash multi slash apps dot co.” Jill replied.

“This is pointless, Doctor.” Matt got up to leave.

“I’ve got one last thing to try.” The Doctor replied. He pulled his fob watch out of his pocket. He began to swing the watch backwards and forwards trying to hypnotize Jill. Slowly her mumbling stopped. The Doctor put away his watch and smiled. He asked what Jill she was doing yesterday.

\* \* \* \* \*

Without warning, Jill let out a horrifying scream and lashed out at both the Doctor and Matt. The pair backed away quickly. Matt reached for his gun. “No!” The Doctor cried above Jill’s screaming. “On the count of three you will break out of your trance and remember nothing. One... Two... Three...” Then as suddenly as Jill began to scream, she stopped. Her mouth was still open, but no sound was coming out. It was if someone had pressed the mute button on a television remote. She then closed her mouth. She turned around, looked at both the Doctor and Matt, sat on the table and began to mutter and cry. Matt holstered his gun. The Doctor looked disgustedly at Matt. “How could you pull a gun on an innocent woman?” He demanded.

“I thought...” Matt began.

“Yes, you thought with your trigger finger not your brain. Come on let’s go.”

“Beware of the shadows for it lives in them. It feeds off fear, anger, and hatred. Beware! Beware!” Jill cried out.

“What lives in the shadows, Jill?” The Doctor asked quietly.

“VCPI is virtual control program interface. WYSWIG is...”

“Yes, Yes I know what you see is what you get. But that’s not always the case is it Jill?” The Doctor replied cutting in.

“Come on Doctor, this is getting us nowhere.” Matt said in a bored tone.

“Yes, I’m afraid your right.” The Doctor admitted. “Well, goodbye Jill.” The Doctor stood up turned around and waved goodbye.

\* \* \* \* \*

The pair left Jill behind in her cell and went down the corridor towards Matt’s room. Matt went inside and fetched his notes on the case. “Is there anywhere I can go and sort over the notes?” The Doctor asked.

“We can go to the mess hall. I wouldn’t mind some lunch, how about you, Doctor?”

“Yes, lunch sounds good. I haven’t had anything to eat for ages.”

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The Mess hall was a large area with tables, chairs, a large serving area, a pool table, a television, and a radio. It was the recreation and cafeteria mixed into one. While Matt went to get something to eat, the Doctor sat down, went through the notes Matt had given him. He also thought over of his interview with Jill. Matt came back with a strawberry milkshake, a packet of chips and an apple for himself. The Doctor was given some plain milk, a ham sandwich, and a chocolate chip cookie. "Prisoner number 0056874, Guard number 4567843, Prisoner number 0098645." The Doctor read to himself off the list. He began to nibble on the chocolate chip cookie absentmindedly. Matt finished his milkshake with a large slurping sound. The Doctor looked up from the notes disgustedly. Matt sighed apologetically and began to eat his apple. Then, someone screamed.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a horrifying scream. One of hatred, disgust, and pure horror. Both Matt and the Doctor looked up. "Jill." They said in unison. The Doctor jumped up and knocked his chair sliding across the floor to back against the wall. He ran out of the room back to Jill's cell. Matt stood up slowly and plugged in his headset into a wall socket and called for backup. He then walked briskly down the corridor, after the Doctor.

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Inside Jill's cell, the shadow was moving. It was moving from against the back wall of the cell from where the light had gone out, oozing slowly across to Jill. Its hideous form was constantly moving like a swirling mist. Its two green-orange eyes glowed evilly. The Doctor arrived at Jill's cell to see the door wide open. He rounded the corner at great speed. At too greater speed. He ran into the room and instantly became the center of attention. For five seconds. For those five seconds Jill stopped screaming and the creature turned and looked. However, it was at five point zero, zero, one seconds the Doctor tripped over the chair the creature had upturned and fell to the floor. Unconscious, with a mysterious crunching and breaking sound. Jill returned to screaming and the creature continued to advance. The creature then grew arms and grabbed Jill, pulling her into its body. The screaming became a muffled cry and stopped. The creature and Jill left out through the open door.

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"Doctor, Doctor." Matt called as the Doctor regained his consciousness.

"What happened?" Asked the Doctor groggily.

"It appears," Matt said, "that you ran into the room, tripped over that chair, and landed rather heavily on the ground."

"Ahh." Said the Doctor. "But how do you know that I didn't tangle with the creature that was in here?"

"A simple matter of deduction." One, the chair that was near the table is now against the far wall. Two, a part of your shirt is caught in it and three, there's no sign of any extra damage to the chair apart from what is caused by your falling over it." The Doctor stood up wobbly and shook his clothes. Matt pulled the chair over, straightened the leg out and told the Doctor to take a seat.

"Don't worry Matt, I have the entire situation under control. I'll go over the crime scene with a fine-toothed comb. How does that sound?" The Doctor asked. The Doctor then got up,

ished in one of his pockets and found a... fine toothed comb. He began to go over the situation with this comb pulling hair out of the comb and finding it again every five seconds or so and saying "Ahh, I must be losing my hair in my old age."

"Doctor, why don't you come and sit down? That fall was rather nasty, and you need to get your strength back. I'll go and get your plain milk."

"There's no need and no time for that." The Doctor retorted. "We have a case to solve." He sat down on the chair and began to comb his hair. "Tell me Matt, what do you smell?" Matt sniffed loudly. The Doctor offered his handkerchief. "Must be a nasty cold, to sniff that loudly." The Doctor said. Matt sighed.

"What I smell is like... is like I'm in a hospital." Matt said to the Doctor.

"Yes. Ammonia and Phosphoric Acid. Or to put it in more scientific terms,  $H_3PO_4$  and  $NH_4$ . I should have recognised it earlier. All those clues. Jelly like state. Lives in the shadows. It was so obvious. Now I've let Jill get harmed because of me. It's the Tacgarat. Look at the table." Matt walked over to the table. He looked down. He saw the floor through a large hole in the Table.

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"You see, a long time ago when the universe was incredibly young, a civilization of people lived in harmony. They were well advanced. Perhaps too well advanced. One year, an asteroid shower past their planet between their sun and the planet. It blocked all the sunlight going to the planet. Most of the life on the planet died. Birds, plant life, sea creatures all died from the lack of sunlight. It spread up the food chain. The civilisation almost turned cannibalistic. Then as suddenly as the shower came it went away. However, the damage done to the planet was irreversible. With the sunlight gone for a year and then returning, it had the same effect on the Planet that happened the sun first went. Devastating. The creatures that managed to evolve from no sunlight died when sunlight returned. Even the civilisation almost died out. But it didn't. A group of chemists turned their research to keeping alive. They managed to do so only requiring the ammonia and the phosphoric acid to survive. They also required a food source. Collagen. This was easy to come across on their home planet. As most of the plant and animal life was collagen based. There was one main problem. To keep up their body mass, they need a continuous supply. As they soon discovered, they needed more than their planet could supply." The Doctor sighed. "So there research once again shifted. To transportation. They discovered that the human body had ample amounts of collagen in bones. So, they began to raid space stations and other space colonies in their unsatisfiable hunger for collagen. They became like a galaxy pest. Feeding of other species so they might live. Because of their chemical structure they can take any form or shape, but they need to be in dark places as not to dry out. That is why Jill said they live in the shadows. There's no reasoning with them. They need collagen to survive and they'll take it by any means possible. The only way they can extract it is by a sucker in the forehead. That's why there is a red mark around the centre of their forehead."

"So, we need to find Jill." Matt said.

"Yes, and quickly indeed or Jill will be turned into a jelly woman." The Doctor replied.

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"What we need is a bright light." The Doctor said to Matt. The only way we are going to destroy them is by bright light."

“Is there any way we can boost up the power to the lights and burn them that way?” Matt asked.

“That won’t work.” The Doctor replied. “We need to get light into the areas where there isn’t any. Unfortunately, your idea won’t work.”

“How about a solar beacon?” Matt suggested. “That should work. It’s relatively light and gives out a very bright light to spaceships.”

“Matt, you’re a genius!” The Doctor exclaimed. “That should work perfectly. All we need is the solar beacon and some protection for our eyes.”

“Wait here Doctor and I’ll go and fetch the equipment.”

“Okay but be quick. Jill’s life hangs in the balance.”

Matt walked quickly down the corridor. “Run, man!” The Doctor cried.

Matt turned and looked at The Doctor with a penetrating stare. “I don’t run” He said, his voice chipped. He turned and continued to walk quickly down the corridor.

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The Doctor leaned against the wall, whistled a tune, and fiddled with the buttons on his shirt wondering how to deal with the Tacgarat. He hoped it wasn’t already too late for Jill.

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Matt arrived back to the Doctor with the solar beacon. It was about the size of a beer keg but had a satellite dish on the end for the light to be emitted from. “Do you have your sunglasses still, Doctor?” Matt asked. The Doctor smiled and reached into his top pocket. He reached in and found his broken sunglasses. The Doctor looked miserable like a little boy who just had his favourite toy broken. Matt reached in his side pockets and pulled out two pairs of ‘Chateaux’ sunglasses. “Chateaux sunglasses.” The Doctor breathed. Those are the most expensive pair of sunglasses this side of the universe. How did you come to find yourself in possession of a pair?”

“One of the last groups of prison junkies had them on them and they accidentally...” He coughed. “Left them behind when they left.”

“Oh well, finders’ keepers!” The Doctor cried. Smiling and putting on the sunglasses. “How do I look?” He asked.

“Ahh... very stylish Doctor.”

“Okay,” the Doctor said, “let’s go find Jill.”

The Doctor reached into his bottom left pocket. He pulled out a little black box with three lights on it. They were red, green, and yellow. “This box is a Chemical Tracker. This will help us find the Tacgarat’s headquarters. The Yellow light is to register when the chemical element has been added to its sensor. The green light is to say when it is picking up the trail and the red is to...”

“The red is to say that it has lost the trail.” Matt finished off.

“Yes, precisely.” The Doctor said. “Okay let’s head back to Jill’s room, pick up the scent so to speak, and find Jill.”

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The pair made it to the room and managed to get some of the chemical remains into the chemical tracker. The device flashed its yellow light and they headed off.

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“You know, Matt all these corridors look the same to me.” The Doctor said. “How do you manage to tell them apart?” “It’s a matter of practise, Doctor:” Matt said. “However, when I first came here, I was using a map for ages. I used to become lost all the time. They rounded another corner. The green light went out. Matt looked puzzled; The Doctor was annoyed. “I thought I recharged those batteries.” He muttered to himself. He opened the battery compartment. He pulled out a group of Triangular looking batteries. He looked at them for a moment then threw them on the floor. Matt looked horrified. “Obviously the ‘Keep the universe clean.’ Or the ‘Do the right thing, throw it in the universal recycle bin.’ Campaigns were wasted on you.”

“Sorry.” The Doctor picked up the batteries and shoved them in his back pocket. He fished in his fob pocket and managed to find some replacements. “I hope these have enough power in them.” He said. He placed them in the compartment and closed the cover. All three lights flashed, and a beep sounded as the device regained power. Fortunately, it had remembered the chemical and the search continued. The rounded another corner. Left after right, right after left. Left after left and even right after right they continued towards Jill, hoping they were not too late.

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They reached a dead-end corridor. With no doors and no portholes. However, as the Doctor reached the back wall the device beeped again. “That means we must be getting close. There must be some sort of switch to open the door so the Tacgarat can get in. It will most likely be low as to avoid the heat from the lights. Let’s have a look.” Matt put the beacon down and the pair split up and began to search the floor. Matt began at the entrance to the corridor and the Doctor began at the back wall. After meeting each other again by accidentally running into one another, Matt decided to sit down. “This is getting us nowhere.” He said. He sat down. The back wall slightly moved. “That’s it!” The Doctor cried. “That must be the spot! Quick, jump and down on it so we can achieve the required weight to get it open. Hopefully, I can get it open far enough so we can lever it open ourselves.” Matt looked at the Doctor. “I won’t jump up and down for anybody.” He said.

“But Jill will die if we don’t get this door open.” The Doctor sighed. “Okay then. I’ll jump on the spot and you can lever the door open.” The two switched positions. The Doctor jumped up and down at fever pitch to get the door open. The door swung open enough for Matt to get a good hand hold. A pungent smell entered their nostrils and Matt almost let go of the door in abhorrence. Matt heaved with all his strength and managed to get the door open far enough so that the Doctor could enter inside. The Doctor snuck inside, bringing the Solar beacon behind him to help wedge the door open. Matt followed suit. As he entered, he accidentally knocked the solar beacon towards him and the Doctor. The door-slid shut behind them, Matt fished out his torch, so they could see around the room. He soon wished he hadn’t. The sight before them was as bad if not worse than the smell. Skeletal remains, excess body tissue and the overwhelming smell of the ammonia and phosphoric acid, was making Matt’s stomach turn in circles.

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“Sorry, Doctor. I didn’t mean to do that.”

“Well it’s not too bad at least as it could have been at least you knocked the beacon this side of the door.” You could have knocked it the other side and we would have spent the next ten minutes or so looking for the opening compartment on this side.” The Doctor replied. They continued to walk through the room looking for Jill. Then they reached the back of that room. As Matt swung the torch around the room, they discovered Jill tied on the back wall with a look of horror on her face. Matt and the Doctor rushed over to her. As the Doctor got closer to Jill, he noticed that something wasn’t quite right. Her hair seemed cleaner, her hands didn’t have the scarring on them, that they did before. “Matt.” The Doctor said slowly. “I don’t think this is Jill.”

“Well, who else could it be?” Matt enquired, fed up.

“Let’s find out, shall we? What’s the square root of 98654327?” Asked the Doctor.

“9932.48845959561132980347151611070.” Jill replied automatically.

“Ahh your wrong!” Exclaimed the Doctor. “The answer is 9932.488459595611329803471516110 *seventy-one*! Not 9932.488459595611329803471516110 seventy. I tell you Matt she is an impostor.”

“Let me try. Let’s see I’ll think back to our conversation before. Jill, what does RAM stand for?”

“RAM stands for recycled ammunitions machine. Wait, wait that isn’t right. RAM stands for really allergic monster.”

“RAM stands for random access memory, Jill.” He turned and walked back to the Doctor. “Your right this isn’t Jill.”

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The creature masquerading as Jill let out a guttural scream. Her face twisted into a ‘O’ shape and her body and began to swirl into a mist. It lunged at both the Doctor and Matt. The Doctor moved out of the way. Matt didn’t. The Tacgarat launched itself at Matt and the sucker like protrusion came out of its forehead. The Doctor grabbed the solar beacon, put on his sunglasses, yelled at Matt to close his eyes, and turned the beacon on. The Tacgarat cried out in pain. It retracted the sucker and leaped off Matt and scurried into the shadows. Matt collapsed to the floor exhausted. The Doctor rushed over to see if he was okay. Matt fortunately was still breathing. The Doctor helped to move Matt over to one of the walls to help him get his breath back. “It... it was horrible.” Matt managed to gasp. “The ammonia was starting to gag me, and the acid was starting to burn through my clothes.”

“Take it easy.” The Doctor said soothingly. “As soon as you get your breath back, we will go and try and find Jill again. I just hope seeing we just had that projection of her we are not already too late.”

\* \* \* \* \*

After about ten minutes, or there about by the Doctor’s fluorescent fob watch, they set off again. Using the back wall as a guide, they reached the far-left corner of the room. They heard a person sobbing. They followed the sound and found Jill, against the wall suspended about the ground in chains. Matt and the Doctor went over to question her.

“What does WYSIWYG stand for Jill?”

“What you see is what you get.” Jill replied.

“That’s her.” Matt and the Doctor said in unison. They walked over to get Jill out. Solar

beacon in tow. Without warning, the Tacgarat ran and knocked both the Doctor and Matt down, unconscious.

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When they came too, both Matt and the Doctor were chained up to the wall. Jill on the left, Matt on the right and the Doctor in the centre. The Doctor was pulling frantically on the chain on his right arm. "If I can get this chain off, I can reach into my pocket and pull out my sonic screwdriver, which will release the locks and we can all get out of here." The Doctor said to no one in particular. The right arm chain had the most phosphoric acid on it. Finally, the chain snapped. The Doctor reached into his pocket to fetch his sonic screwdriver. He reached in and pulled it out and tried it on his leg iron chains. It didn't work. He tried a higher frequency. It still didn't work. "Doctor," Matt called. "In my left-hand pocket there is my pocketknife. I've just had it upgraded so there is a gas-powered miniature chainsaw. With tungsten teeth, it should have no difficulty in cutting through the chains." The Doctor reached over to Matt's pockets and found his knife. He pulled out the chainsaw blade and almost cut himself. "How do I start it?" The Doctor asked.

"Pull the key chain" was his reply. The Doctor pulled the key chain and the chainsaw spluttered into life. The Doctor cut his left leg chain, then left arm chain and finally his right leg chain so that he was free. He began to continue the same process on Matt. Right arm chain, left leg chain, left arm chain just when he was  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way through the right leg chain he was knocked sprawling against the left-hand wall. The Tacgarat came closer and closer to Jill. Its sucker extrusion emerged out of its forehead like shape. Matt finally broke free of the chain. He walked fast over to the solar beacon. The Doctor pulled out his sunglasses and put them on. Jill screamed. Matt walked faster. Jill screamed again, louder this time. Matt walked faster, broke into a jog. Jill broke into a prolonged high-pitched scream. Matt ran. He ran like he had never had before. He scooped up the beacon. "Close your eyes Jill!" The Doctor yelled. Matt pushed a couple of buttons on the beacon and turned it on. The Tacgarat retracted its extrusion and tried to escape. But couldn't. Matt had increased the width of the beam of light from the beacon. He moved the beacon over so that the Tacgarat was in the centre of the beam. The Tacgarat started disintegrating. Sending Ammonia and Phosphoric acid around the room. A part of it landed on the Doctor's shoe. "Not again!" He cried. "Matt," he called out. "Can you make that beam any brighter as to speed up the disintegrating process?" Matt looked on the beacon and pushed another couple of buttons. The beam of light went out. Jill screamed. The Tacgarat stopped disintegrating. The parts of the Tacgarat that had begun to disintegrate began to reform to launch at Matt. Matt frantically pushed buttons left, right and centre to get the beacon to work again. He finally managed to get the beacon to work again. Again, the Tacgarat began its guttural scream. The Tacgarat finally disintegrated with a howl of pain. Matt turned the beacon off and went over to unchain Jill. As Matt walked closer to Jill, he noticed something different about her. Her eyes were not clouded over she was not crying, and she was not mumbling. Instead she had a confused and puzzled look on her face. "Where am I?" She asked Matt.

"You don't know?" Matt said. You're on PAX 00765 a prison and mental institute. You were sent here after your Virtual reality suit was ripped off your head by the AVRT. Don't you remember?"

"The last thing I remember is being in the Database, then this."

"Well," The Doctor stood up and shook off his coat. "I'm the Doctor and this is Matt. You owe your life to this person. He ran over and turned on a solar beacon which killed the Tacgarat."

“Doctor?” Jill asked.

“Yes, Jill.”

“What does this Tacgarat look like?”

“A grey swirling mist, with orange eyes. They don’t look pretty, and they want human bones.” The Doctor replied.

“Oh, so that is one behind you then.” The Doctor and Matt turned. The Tacgarat had reformed and was looming down on them. Jill screamed again.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor and Matt put on their sunglasses again. The Doctor managed to dodge the Tacgarat. He raced around behind the creature and turned the beacon on. Jill shielded her eyes. The Tacgarat began to disintegrate. “We can’t keep doing this!” Matt cried to the Doctor.

“I agree. He looked around the room for a clear container with a lid. The Doctor found a container and a scoop. The Doctor scooped up the remains of the Tacgarat and placed it in the container. The Doctor took out his sonic screwdriver and made a slight hole in the container. He placed it in front of the beacon then quickly scooped the rest on top. He then sealed in with the sonic screwdriver. He reached over and turned the beacon off. “Okay, what I’ve done is placed a beam of light in the container with the light surrounded by the Tacgarat mass, it should stay in the container, but it really should be sent into a sun or a star. Do you have a garbage disposal unit that gets sent into a sun, Matt?”

“Yes we do Doctor.”

“Okay, show me where it is and let’s put it in there. Come on let’s go.” The Doctor said.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor, Matt and Jill walked back to the Mess hall. And placed the container in the shoot. Matt sent the container into space. Jill asked Matt if there was somewhere, she could go and take a shower. He told her where and where she could find some clothes. The Doctor went and sat down at the table and finished his ham sandwich. Matt went over to the pool table and racked up the balls. “Like a game, Doctor?” Matt asked. “The Doctor smiled. “Sure why not.”

Matt broke and sent the balls flying across the table wildly. The Doctor took his cue and lined the white ball up with the number six ball. He stuck the white ball dead in the center and the ball went in. He then lined up the Number one then three then, seven then, five then, two then, he lined up the number eight. He still had the number four ball on the table. He looked along the cue pulled his arm back and gracefully made the shot. He sunk the eight ball. The Doctor then looked at Matt as he realized his mistake. “I’m supposed to sink all my balls then the eight ball aren’t I?” He said sheepishly. “Yes that’s right. Unfortunately for you you’ve just lost the game.”

“Oh well,” the Doctor smiled resignedly. He put the cue back on the rack. “I much prefer chess anyway...”

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doors swung open and the pair of them turned around to look. Jill had entered the room looking better. She had cut her hair, cleaned her fingernails and wearing fresh prison clothes. “Do you have any other clothes?” she asked Matt. The Doctor answered for him.

“If you follow me Jill, I might have something to your fancy.” The Doctor open the Mess Hall doors and walked down the corridor followed by Jill and Matt.

\* \* \* \* \*

They opened the door where the TARDIS was. “Police Box?” Matt and Jill asked in unison. The Doctor smiled knowingly and beckoned for them to come inside.

\* \* \* \* \*

Matt and Jill stood inside in amazement. “It’s bigger on the inside then the outside.” Matt said.

“It’s dimensionally transcendent. This way Jill.” The Doctor said. He opened one of the doors and went down a corridor. He opened another door and went through that. He opened yet another door and ushered Jill inside. Matt followed. The room held numerous amounts of clothes and mirrors. “Choose what you like from in here. When you’re done, go out the door turn left past two doors then in that door left again and open the door at the end of the corridor. We will wait for you there.” With that, the Matt left, and the Doctor closed the door behind him.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor and Matt walked back to the console room. “So what do you think will happen to Jill now, Doctor?” Matt asked. “Well, she will most likely undergo a psychiatric assessment to assess her mental state. Then depending on how much longer she has to go on her prison sentence will determine how much longer she has to spend here. Matt walked over to the console. “So this is your spaceship Doctor.” He said.

“Yes, this is her the TARDIS.” He said with pride. “Her and me have been through a lot of scrapes together but we’ve managed to keep going. Just then, Jill came back into the console room looking stunning. She was wearing black knee-high boots, black mini skirt and a flowered shirt loosely buttoned up she also had applied makeup “I never did really get the chance to say thank you from rescuing me from that creature.” Jill said and she walked up to Matt and planted a kiss on his right cheek. Matt blushed. The Doctor smiled. “Well it’s good to see you’ve regained your sanity, Jill. The three walked out of the TARDIS. When they were outside the Doctor turned. “I have unfortunately have to go now. Take care you two. You shouldn’t have any more difficulty now we’ve sent that Tacgarat towards that sun. Well goodbye Jill.” He gave her a warm hug. The Doctor walked over to Matt and said, “You take care of her now.” He reluctantly placed his hand in his pocket and pulled out the sunglasses. “I suppose these belong to you.” The Doctor said. Matt just smiled and said that the Doctor could keep them. He was overjoyed. He pumped Matt’s hand up and down beaming brilliantly. With that, he turned walked over to the TARDIS opened the door turned around waved goodbye walked in and closed the Door.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor placed the sunglasses on the console and programmed the TARDIS to take him to a new and exciting destination....

\* \* \* \* \*

The Tacgarat was trapped in the container in the capsule. It knew that unless it got out soon it would die. All of a sudden, the capsule turned direction. The salvage ship ‘Communiqué’ had captured the capsule. Once inside the craft, one of the crew opened it up to see what was inside. Most of the rubbish was left over food scraps and junk material. However one piece caught his eye. A small, clear, container with a swirling mist inside. The crewmember took out his switchblade from his hip pocket and levered the container open. A bright light blinded him, and he dropped the container. He fell to the ground writhing in agony. The pain became more and more intense. Suddenly he blacked out, glad to be relieved of the pain. The creature slithered out and away into the darkness of the ship to reform....

\* \* \* \* \*

The crewmember woke up to find himself on his back in the sick bay. Or at least in sounded and smelt like the sick bay. He couldn’t see anything he had eye patches over both eyes. “Nurse, Nurse!” He called out. Footsteps. “Yes Cruller, I see you’ve awoken. So what happened?”

“I was opening a container I found when all of a sudden a bright light came out and blinded me. Why do I have these furry balls on my eyes?”

“Well, you see Cruller, that’s the problem. That light blinded you so much you can no longer see out of them. They cauterized your eyeballs and they exploded. You no longer have eyes just eye sockets.”

“You... you... mean I can never see again?”

“I’m afraid that’s correct.”

“Well, what am I supposed to do now!” Cruller cried. “I may as well be dead.”

“That’s not true.” The nurse replied. “People who are blind go on to live normal lives.”

“Oh that’s right I forgot about that I can have artificial eyeballs implanted to simulate sight.”

“Well you see there’s the other problem. The explosion was so intense that it burnt your veins that pump blood to your eyes. They were turned to cinders. You lost a lot of blood you are lucky to be alive at all.”

“You call this alive!” Cruller cried jumping to his feet. “I can’t live this is just *existing!*”

“Sit down Cruller!” The nurse cried. As Cruller sat down the power went out.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Tacgarat slithered out of the power box and towards the nearest life source.

\* \* \* \* \*

“What’s going on.” Cruller demanded.

“The lights and power have gone out that’s all. They’ll come back online any minute.”

“Oh well that doesn’t matter to me. I can’t see!” Cruller shouted.

The Tacgarat entered the room. It launched what little of its self-left at the nurse. The nurse screamed and fell to the floor. The Tacgarat’s sucker extrusion came out and applied it to the forehead. It began to digest the collagen.

“What’s going on nurse? Nurse?” Cruller called.

The Tacgarat finished its meal with a large sucking noise. The Tacgarat stood up and felt the collagen running through its system. It was still hungry. It wanted more. It spotted Cruller. It launched at Cruller. Cruller fell against the bed and smelt the ammonia and felt the phosphoric acid burning him. He cried out in pain. The pain became strangled and became fainter and fainter till finally it stopped. Cruller no longer existed just his skin was all that remained. The Tacgarat now fully reformed felt satisfied but still hungry. It would need more food. More collagen. It would wait till it was dark again on the ship and go in search of more food. It slithered under the bed and waited...





PAX 00765 is a prison and mental institute with a problem. People have been mysteriously disappearing and reappearing without their skeletons.

Matt has had enough. With Prison Junkies and the mysterious disappearances, Matt is almost cracking under the pressure. Then the Doctor arrives and the two pair up.

When Matt and the Doctor meet Jill, they make progress with their case. Then without warning, Jill is kidnapped. It's up to the Doctor and Matt to save Jill and rid the space station of the problem.

Can Matt and the Doctor do this, or is the entire space station, the Doctor included, going to be turned into giant sized jelly babies?

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

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