

COSMIC



MASQUE



COSMIC MASQUE

2016
TRICK

10th Anniversary
of publication here
and looking over the

EL, TRAVERKING,
SON, SHAWVERGE
THE KORBONK, HEL DE TOG
TRIAL, COON SPINEL,
PRO SCARD, COUS BURT
JAMES, ROBERT SHAWMAN
ED WHIST, MURDER THREE
NICHOLAS PEGG,
NICOLA & THOR

**DOCTOR
WHO**
APPRECIATION
SOCIETY
CM II

Paul Watts
2016

EDITORIAL

by Grant Bull

www.dwasonline.co.uk for membership details!) Editor John Davies who shares his love of the brilliant Red Dwarf.

Welcome back one and all,

Firstly I would like to thank all those that downloaded #1 and said lovely things about it. The stats look good and a wide audience was reached but I'm hoping this issue will surpass those numbers though, so keep downloading please... and not just you Mum!

This issue we have a nice selection of reviews, fiction and art, along with a couple of interviews with people behind Who related projects. We also introduce a new feature called 'Other than Who' the idea being someone is invited to discuss one of their other favourite shows after Doctor Who. The first piece is by the ever-reliable Celestial Toyroom (little plug there, check out

Our cover this time is by the always amazing Paul Watts. As is the norm with Paul I gave him a brief for the commission and he blew my mind with the end product. Nothing I saw in my head looked this good. Incredible art. Check out more of Paul's masterpieces at www.paulwatts-illustration.co.uk

My thanks again to all those involved in this issue, it would have been a blank document without you, so thanks for your willingness to be a part of this project. Submissions for further issues, feedback or virtual take-away menus can be sent to cm@dwasonline.co.uk

Until next time,

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Series Review

THE BLACK ARCHIVE

Launched in March 2016 from Obverse Books, The Black Archive is a series of book-length looks at single Doctor Who stories from 1963 to the present day.

#1: ROSE by Jon Arnold

Review by John Davies

It's a well-known fact that Doctor Who began on 23rd November 1963. It is, however, fair to state that it also started again when it morphed into comic strips, novels, audio dramas, when 1996 arrived (for one night only) and, of course, March 26th 2005 – the date it genuinely did begin for a whole generation of viewers. It is, therefore, rather apt that Obverse books begin their Black Archive range of with an examination of that second television coming, Rose.

This series of books, chronicling one Doctor Who story per edition, has a fluid approach to how it tackles its subject matters, and allows for its writers to employ a variety of styles to provide a unique feel to each fresh edition. In the case of Jon Arnold's Rose, it sets out to be as near an exhaustive look at the adventure as possible, while simultaneously weaving it into the fabric of the series of the time, and the time of the series (a neat trick as he's also looking back at it from now as well).

Penned, or rather keyboard tapped, by the aforementioned Jon Arnold (co-editor of Shooty Dog Thing: 2th and Claw, as well as contributor to various other projects), Rose opens where Doctor Who opened for a plethora of people: Miss Tyler's ordinary life and routine being derailed by something, *someone*, incredibly *extraordinary*. What is even more incredible is that our gate-crashing into Rose's existence occurred 11

years ago this March but and, in what is the first credit to this book, the text manages to fit this still recent living memory of Who-lore in with past and future adventures without making the reader feel that passing decade (plus one) too keenly.

The second major credit to this book is Jon Arnold's writing style. Although you are frequently taken away from it through the abundant footnote notifications that run throughout this book (but never to an observation that is unwarranted or unnecessary), his delivery is crisp, economical and, therefore, just as inclusive as the RTD vision of the show he is chronicling the birth of within its pages. Besides, these books are analytical essay of the story they are representing, and anyone who has ever written such a critique knows how crucial, expected and insightful those side-stepping flips down the page can be.

I have seen Rose more times than is possibly healthy, to the extent that I always order a p-p-p-pizza rather than pizza when out with friends, but I'd be hard pushed to find anything about the episode that Jon hasn't covered here. There is also a wonderful feel of modern day hindsight being used to add extra depth to some of the themes that started in Rose and played throughout the whole of Series One. While some might consider it forcing the point, I did find myself nodding as I read that perhaps, just perhaps, the Doctor's reluctance to use the delta wave in The Parting of the Ways was a lingering repercussion from the time he remembers that he, as the War Doctor, ended the Time War in, and with, the Moment.



This speculation, and there's more of it, is at the heart of what makes Rose such an engaging read. It's not an antiseptic, medical look at the story (which it could so easily have been); it's a run through the tale with a fellow fan pointing at things and asking, "What if...?" and "This also features in..." Going back to Jon Arnold's style, this is done in a way that makes the run feel as inclusive as the key moment in Rose when she and the Doctor sprint across Westminster Bridge, his umpteenth double take at the London Eye fantastically behind him. The Doctor and Rose are united in their quest, and this author is openly inviting you to join him in a similar way as he sprints through this most significant of adventures.

Rose, the character, the episode, this book, is an audience's way to enter the series, that familiar 'known' accepting the 'unknown' so we do, too. Rose, the episode, also encapsulates one of RTD's *raison d'être*s in writing: the focus on, and elevation of, the ordinary individual into the obtainment of greatness, on whatever level (often before it is taken away). And that human doorway was there in 1963, too. If it wasn't for the very human Barbara Wright and Ian Chesterton, there wouldn't have been the Rose by any other name we know from the Powell Estate. Within this book, though, there is an assertion that this audience link was somehow lost as the TARDIS was populated with a rotation of alien companions, or those not from Earth, as the show ran on past the early 70s. As Tegan and Peri are from Earth, just not the UK, perhaps that observation should have said, 'not from Britain'? And then there's Mel and Ace. It's possibly just loose wordage in an otherwise spot on observation because, as the original run of Doctor Who lived through the late 70s and 80s, the companions were frequently alien, from outside the UK, to go back to Mel and Ace, a computer programmers that possibly couldn't work out, "10 print Mel, 20 goto 10. Run" and a teenage tearaway that blew up prize winning pig pottery collections, probably the day after burning down an old house, cursing her mother as it fell. Not really inclusive personas. However wonderful Ace

is, and she is (she's almost the template for Rose in the way we started to see her life beyond simply being 'a companion') it's not as all-encompassing to a family audience, which was the new demographic when Doctor Who came back in 2005, as a bored shop working living in a 'that'll do' life.

And this book is Rose, literally. It is totally inclusive, often immersive, and thoroughly insightful, detailed and the perfect reference point for anyone who wishes to write about Rose in those years ahead.

#2: THE MASSACRE

by James Cooray Smith

Review by Fiona Moore

James Cooray Smith's monograph on the 1966 story "The Massacre", by John Lucarotti (with rewriting by Donald Tosh, of which more later) is a detailed analysis of issues surrounding the narrative, its writing and production, by an author who has clearly done extensive research into all areas surrounding the programme.

The Black Archive is a series of short volumes (published by Obverse Books), whose aim is to produce detailed monographs of 20-40,000 words, each of which analyses a single Doctor Who story. As such, it's aimed at fans and researchers seeking more historical and analytical detail than is usually provided in general-audience guidebooks. The structure of this volume consists of a main essay covering the story in general, followed by detailed discussions of each episode, concluded by appendices on relevant subjects. In the interests of full disclosure, I will state that my name appears the acknowledgements, as I provided some factual information about French language and French customs. However, I did not advise on content otherwise, and this is the first time I have seen the manuscript in full.

The text is well written, full of the dry wit which fans of Smith's info texts on the Doctor Who DVDs have come to appreciate, and

Smith's clear writing style and experience in tackling complicated material is very helpful in terms of understanding the historical background of sixteenth-century France and how it is fictionalised into the events of the story. Despite this, it is still somewhat heavy going, necessitating a can't-tell-the-players-without-a-scorecard tour of the Reformation in France. It is certainly worth persevering with the historical material, though, in order to understand how it influences the story.

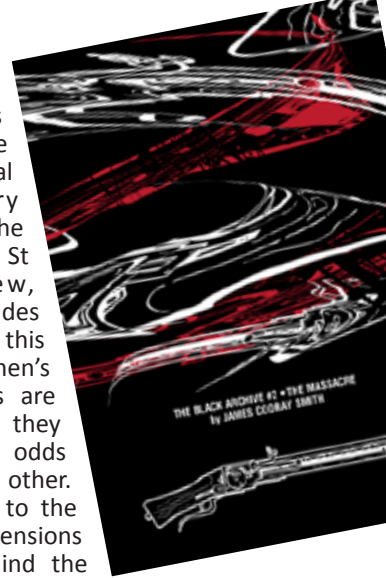
As people who are already fans of Smith's essays and info texts will know, Smith makes something of a stock-in-trade of reassessing classic serials, making him ideal for the Black Archive. In this case, he takes aim at some common ideas surrounding "The Massacre", for instance that the event is sufficiently "obscure" that a literate 1960s audience would not have known what was about to happen to the characters, or that the "straight historicals" can be taken as serious stories rather than fantasies, pointing out that many of them were tacitly based on then-recent films or other popular fictional works, with even "The Romans" taking inspiration from *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* (although "The Aztecs" is harder to explain). Smith makes the point that the events of the Massacre were still a common talking point in 1960s France, and, for the English, at least familiar to audiences through Dumas' novel *La Reine Margot*, which had been the subject of a 1954 film. Although Smith does not make the connection, it is another reminder that 1960s and 1970s-era *Doctor Who* tended to assume a greater degree of literacy than modern audiences are used to, something also tacitly indicated when Smith notes the ways in which Lucarotti draws on Brechtian theatrical techniques to give us brief snippets of contemporary life and politics as the story goes along.

Of particular value is Smith's analysis of John Lucarotti and Donald Tosh's contradictory accounts of the scriptwriting process, culminating in both writer and script editor accusing each other of producing a historically inaccurate narrative. Through

considering both accounts in line with actual contemporary accounts of the Massacre of St Bartholomew, Smith concludes that, in this case, both men's interpretations are valid, even if they are totally at odds with each other. Smith alludes to the troubles and tensions going on behind the scenes of Doctor Who under John Wiles' tenure, particularly as regards the clashes between the series' production team and William Hartnell, without developing these extensively and explicitly, but the intended audience of the book will undoubtedly be familiar with the background. Smith also considers, in this context, Lucarotti's novelisation of his story in the 1980s, in which Lucarotti takes a quite different approach to the 1960s serial.

Somewhat inevitably, Smith also has to tackle the vexed question of what the story's actual title ought to be, though even here there is value in having an outline of which title appears on which document. Finally, I found the appendix on Dodo Chaplet made for fascinating reading, making it clear how little the modern audience really does know the character, given that not very much visual material survives from her tenure, and where the crucial gaps in the information lie. In passing Smith also considers why the pairing of a companion from the far future with one from the present or past (as with Jamie and Zoe) works particularly well.

This volume would be ideal for anyone with a scholarly interest in 1960s television and a good background knowledge of Hartnell-era Doctor Who, and certainly recommended reading for many members of the DWAS.



#3: THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH by LM Myles

#4: DARK WATER / DEATH IN HEAVEN by Philip Purser-Hallard Review by Allan Lear

Dark and Deep

I was talking to a friend today about *The Merchant of Venice*. That doesn't normally happen, by the way; I'm not going all Jonathan Jones on you, trying to pretend that I belong to some imaginary elite of high-minded intellectuals who do nothing all day but pontificate on matters of art. Most of the time we talk about Marvel films, like anyone normal. But a friend of mine asked me which one *The Merchant of Venice* was, and was it the one with the pound of flesh; and I agreed that it was, and said that you don't see it so much these days because some people think of it as anti-Semitic (although I personally think you have to do some cherry-picking to make that argument). And what my friend said – and the reason I mention this at all – was that we're all prisoners of our own culture.

What he meant was that because we're so immersed in, and permeated by, the mores and attitudes of our time and place that it is genuinely difficult to understand an alternative perspective. By his own lights, Shakespeare's treatment of race issues was normal, perhaps even progressive; the fact that five hundred years later it might seem a little *infra dig* would never have occurred. By the same token, what do we do that will set the hackles rising on our morally superior descendants? Many would plump for meat-eating, but I suspect that a hundred years from now people will look back and wonder what the hell we were thinking forcing

women to totter about in crippling heels for hours on end. Just a guess.

The reason I bring all this up is that culture is fluid, but artefacts of culture are not. While our twenty-first century attitudes to race are (or at least should be) more sophisticated than those of Shakespeare's day, *The Merchant of Venice* survives as is, preserving in aspic those elements of another age for us to unpack and, inevitably, misunderstand. And the aspic is spreading; modern data storage techniques have ensured that ever-greater amounts of cultural debris are preserved indefinitely. If these are to be understood, they need to be examined in the greater context of the surrounding culture, otherwise we are liable to leap to foolish conclusions.

All of which is by way of introduction to the Black Archive series from Obverse Books, a series of critical thinkpieces each taking a single Doctor Who story and applying the tools of literary and media criticism to throw light on their context and examine some of their subtler aspects. The series aims to do for *Doctor Who* what the popular American *Philosophy and Popular Culture* series has done for a variety of popular shows and films: to recast them in the light of serious academic evaluation and demonstrate that there are serious questions posed by even this most escapist of TV programmes.

Obviously one of the key elements in the success of an endeavour such as this is the selection of episodes and the matching of expertise to the themes you wish to explore, and *Black Archive #3: The Ambassadors of Death* has made this match wonderfully. The risk that you will always run by indulging in metatextual analysis is that the critique will become detached from anything meaningful to the reader and will disappear into its own navel. Author LM Myles avoids this trap by means of two simple but effective measures. The first is an understanding of pace; evidently a big fan of *Ambassadors*, she matches her analysis neatly to the plot of the serial, avoiding the undisciplined but easy method of moving the chronology round to

match her thoughts. In this way she piggy-backs on the serial's plot to lend a sense of development to her thoughts so that, for example, an early chapter on feminism in the seventies carries a feeling of making progress rather than merely rehashing dead matter.

The second measure is the application of real-world knowledge. In addition to the political theory, Myles proves both knowledgeable and interesting in the field of real-life space travel, and I would recommend this volume for her potted history of British space research alone. In this she fulfils the double function of giving you all the information you need to understand the essentials while also leaving enough intriguing loose ends floating to make you want to look further. A bibliography also helps point you in the direction of further reading if you should be interested in finding out how America "accidentally nuked" Britain's first orbital satellite.

Black Archive #3 is a wholly successful exercise of its type. Skilfully written, engaging, persuasive and knowledgeable, it is precisely the sort of exemplar that would want to make you keep an eye out for the rest of the series. As a consequence, it comes as something of a let-down to move onto *Black Archive #4: Dark Water / Death in Heaven* and see it stumble into all the same traps that Myles so adeptly avoided in her volume.



The first problem with *Black Archive #4* is, let us be frank, the choice of subject matter. Peter Capaldi's brief tenure as the Doctor has undeniably been a roaring success, but really only as far as the Doctor himself goes. Apart from a small

handful of standout episodes, the rest of his tenure has been sadly marred by a combination of ludicrous plotting and abominable characterisation. As Purser-Hallard's exploration of these episodes is not so grounded in the real-world and the factual as its immediate predecessor in the series, it is reliant on our goodwill towards the subject under discussion in order to maintain our interest.

Unfortunately, the subject under discussion is, at least to begin with, Danny Pink. To his credit, Purser-Hallard does discuss the fact that Samuel Anderson's delicate portrayal can only lighten so much of the manipulative behaviour that Pink-the-character indulges in. Unfortunately, the more Purser-Hallard talks about Danny Pink, the more obvious it becomes that he is avoiding drawing the only possible conclusion: that as a character, Pink is a botch job, stapled together from two or three basic character traits and never unified as a believable person. On the way there are some peculiar omissions; although some time is spent on the Doctor's perception of Pink as a PE teacher, and the fact that the point is repeatedly belaboured that he is in fact a maths teacher, there is no mention of the fact that his first heroic moment comes in the form of a ludicrous backflip that came from the repertoire of no maths teacher I ever met. Similarly, Purser-Hallard discusses Pink's aversion to the officer class and, separately, makes a note that his birth name is Rupert without linking these two thoughts together ("Rupert" being, in popular culture at least, British Army slang for a commissioned officer).

That the other companion character under discussion is Clara, the Girl Who Killed Jeopardy, speaks for itself.

Even where the pickings are richer, such as with the discussion of transgender issues surrounding Missy, there's an unfortunate stalling effect as Purser-Hallard disappears up an alley to debate with the opinion of some other "fanalyst" regarding the gender fluidity of the Master's previous incarnations, rather than setting out the argument for

the reader himself; the consequent effect is of reading the argument backwards, with the conclusion argued before the proof is presented. A chapter describing the nature of the cyberpunk subgenre and discussing whether *Dark Water / Death in Heaven* fit the description is good on William Gibson but sadly superficial on the implications of real-world technology where, after all, crawling progress to the human brain communicating directly with computers is still made in fields such as prosthetics.

The final chapter, like a hero from a Shakespearian tragedy, is belatedly cognisant of the problems that have beset it. Purser-Hallard explains to the reader that the second Capaldi series has necessitated a complete re-write of the book in the light of further developments, and I couldn't help wonder whether a complete re-think might have been the better part of valour. In the nineteen sixties, President Nixon is said to have asked Zhou Enlai, then Premier of the People's Republic of China, what the effect on world history of the French Revolution had been. Enlai's supposed response is that it was too early to tell. Until Capaldi steps down from the role of the Doctor, it is impossible to frame any of his episodes in the context of his overall character development, and I'm afraid that any assessment of his character arc through *Dark Water / Death in Heaven* can be summed up in Zhou Enlai's phrase.

These books have been my introduction to the *Black Archive* series and, as you can see, my impressions are somewhat mixed. I will certainly be keeping an eye on future developments and will quite definitely be on the lookout for any further instalments penned by the estimable Ms Myles, whose volume I enjoyed very much. While I can't muster the same enthusiasm for Mr Purser-

Hallard's contribution, I do maintain that the problem lies chiefly with the choice of episodes rather than with the author. As the other volumes of the *Black Archive* – both those already released and those announced for release this year – are sticking to classic *Who* for now, I see no reason why the unqualified success of volume #3 could not be repeated.



The Black Archive books
are available from the
Obverse Books website
www.obversebooks.co.uk





Paul Griffin

Interview

MORE OR LES

by Grant Bull

Saukrates), a rap collective also from Toronto known as Monolith, Indie Toronto rapper Shad, Vancouver rapper Moka Only, my own national crew Backburner - and that's just a few... There are lots more worth a listen!

Cosmic Masque talks to Canadian rap artist More or Les about his love of Doctor Who and his Who inspired mixtape 'Bigger on the Inside'

Firstly, can you introduce yourself and tell us how you got into the hip-hop scene?

My name is Les. I go by More Or Les. I started DJ'ing at age 12 (thanks to my older brother), writing raps at 16, and producing at 18. My first album was released independently in 2003.

Musically or otherwise what artists/people influence you or inspire you?

In terms of writing, I'm constantly influenced by things going on around me - stuff I've overheard from friends, colleagues, social media, news, etc. Sometimes my material is a direct response to current events. In terms of music, I'm currently enjoying a lot of Electro-influenced songs with bass-heavy beats in off-kilter rhythms. One of my favourite Hip-Hop groups at the moment is a duo based in the UK named "Strange U" - great awkward-sounding beats with spacey, comic-book-super-hero tinged, sci-fy raps. Awesome stuff!

Canadian hip-hop seems to be a hive of activity, with a number of highly talented artists emerging. How have you seen this grow over your career?

A person currently considered the most popular "rapper" in the world known as Drake is from Toronto. Before him however, there have been lots of talented rappers truer to the essence of the culture. Just to name a few: Toronto rapper Maestro Fresh Wes came out in the late 80's/early 90's, followed by Vancouver rap group The Rascalz, Toronto Rap crew The Circle (includes Kardinal Offishall, Choclair, &

Now onto the Doctor Who bit! How did your mixtape 'Bigger on the Inside' come about?

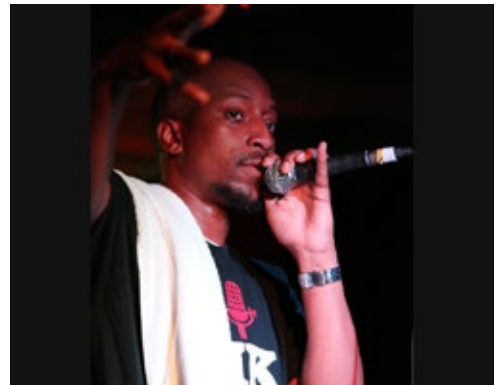
I wanted to make something in honour of the 50th anniversary, but didn't know how to approach it. And then I was inspired by my rap homie Wordburglar - he released the GJoe mixtape "Welcome to Cobra Island"! Seeing how well that was received, I felt that I could make a mixtape that was true to the show and myself.

The subject and sound are so well represented, there seems to be real passion driving this?

Thanks! I guess it has to do with my grand appreciation of the show. I've been watching it since I was a kid.

The sampling on this mixtape is brilliantly crafted, how important is the balance between samples and new sounds in such a project?

For me, that varies from song to song, project to project. If the beats are coming from someone else, I never know what the ratio is of composed music to sampling - and I never ask. There isn't a need to - if I like it, I wanna rap on it, and that's that. If it's a beat made by me, I usually just start with some



musical element that excites/inspires me; sometimes that's a sample, sometimes that's a bassline (or melody played on another type of instrument) I made up myself. It changes with almost every song.

In terms of Doctor Who, who is 'your' Doctor? Favourite era and serial?

Favourite Doctor: the Fourth (Tom Baker), then the Tenth (technically eleventh) David Tennant

Favourite serials/episodes:

- "Genesis of the Daleks"
- "The Fires of Pompeii"
- "The Zygon Inversion"
- "The Ark In Space"
- "The Stolen Earth / Journey's End"
- "Logopolis"
- "Flatline"
- "The Eleventh Hour"
- "The Five Doctors"
- "The Girl Who Waited"

Why do you think Doctor Who inspires such great creativity amongst its fandom?

Doctor Who - primarily before it was revived - was a show that did the best it could with a limited special effects budget that didn't include the easier go-to of CGI. I feel those kind of limitations force a certain level of creativity to come forth. A traveller able to go anywhere and anytime makes for a large number of possibilities, and I think that leads fans to think with large imaginations.

Your rhyming style is that of intelligent word play, it makes the listener sit up and think, along with a nice mix of humour. How do you approach this in terms of writing?

With a project like the Dr. Who Mixtape - one about specific characters - I really wanted to get music that best exemplified their personalities. So it was the mood of the music that made it easy to write the songs - I felt more focussed in my approach than usual as a result - obviously a good thing. And since the show is always a mix of adventure,

drama and humour, writing the songs in such a way was a "no-brainer."

As an artist how you feel about the current state of music distribution? Does it help or hinder artists?

Musicians these days have the Internet as the way to get music out - either selling/distributing &/or promoting the selling of hard copies online - and it's mostly great - mostly. The challenges are standard stuff really - competing with like-minded individuals and competing with the Corporations who can use their larger resources to dominate their chosen market and make up for any perceived "lack of cool." Being online hasn't changed that competition at all IMHO. But something to note: with most things online tied into Social Media, Artists have to be willing to jump into that aspect wholeheartedly, and not all musicians are into that. (But worse to me is when all they're about is Social Media, and don't actually care to make good music)

Can you tell us of your future plans or projects? What can we look forward too?

My next full album, titled "Blow the F—K up But Stay Humble" will be released in the summer time of this year! Things are still the works, but it looks like I'll have some interesting guest rappers on the project. The over-reaching theme is addressing ego, hubris and good ol' fashioned trash-talk! Watch out for that Mid-2016!!

Thank you to More or Les for taking time out to talk to us. Find out more via his website: moreorles.bandcamp.com.



Review

BIGGER ON THE INSIDE A TIME TRAVELLER'S MIXTAPE

by More or Les

Review by Richard Colleran

I will have to commit some mild blasphemy here and prefix this review by saying I am by no means a huge Dr Who fan. But to make up for that I must be a huge fan of the rap genre right? Well....no. To be honest, outside a few of the more mainstream groups I was never much of a fan. Then by chance, on holiday in Canada a few years ago I stumbled across a tavern hosting a 'nerd noise night'. Now as a card carrying nerd, this had my attention.

Amongst the other bands that played that night one artist stood out, 'nerd-core' rapper More or Les. Finally, this was rap I could appreciate. He previewed a song from his latest album, which he called "a love letter to Dr Who." That song was 'Bigger on the inside' the title track from his 'Bigger on the Inside: A time traveller's mixtape' album. It accomplished two tasks: 1) I found a form of rap I could identify with and 2) I wanted to learn more about Dr Who.

Luckily this album does a good job of both. This concept album gives a brief overview of the Dr who mythos, with songs devoted to longtime the Dr's villains the Daleks and the Cybermen as well as an explanation of the Dr's origin and his relationship with both his companions and his 'magic blue box'. The songs sample heavily from the series and the beats compliment the lyrics perfectly. 'The sound of the Drums' has a hypnotic drum beat that empathises The Master telling the listener that 'you will obey me, while on Tenth planet' Les gives his voice a metallic echo to mimic the Cybermen on whom the song is based.

There is a love for the source material that shines through. The album gives a condensed history of a show which has, as Les puts it, "500 years of adventure but feels like 50." The lyrical style focuses more on clever word play that will include nods and references for hardcore fans while also being straightforward enough not to alienate casual fans such as myself. If you are a fan of either Dr Who, rap music or both its well worth the listen. And if you're not a fan, try giving it a listen anyway, you may be pleasantly surprised. After all, I was.



Fiction

A HISTORY OF THE TIME WAR

by William Turner

2: The Dalek and Master plan, By Cardinal Turner, secretary to President Rassilon of the High Council of Gallifrey

The renegade Time Lord known as the Master is a peculiar individual of our history. For many, his eternal struggle with the Doctor forms a part of the central narrative of the Time War, whilst for others it is the Doctor's constant involvement with, and consequent inability to pacify, the Daleks that forms the core narrative, whilst his encounters with the Master serve to illustrate the political backdrop of the Time Lord Citadel in the years leading up to conflict. It is true, then, that the Doctor's adventures can be said to illustrate the building of tensions that have now escalated into maddening war.

On the subject of madness, the Master himself had been struck by insanity from an early age. Despite being playmates on the rolling hills of our homeland, the Master always appeared more promising than the Doctor, who very few believed would make it as a Time Lord. However, the tides turned when the two stared into the untempered schism, and the Master was struck with insanity. For many years this was a mystery, until recently leaked files from the minutes of the final High Council meeting of the Time War suggest that it was our glorious President, Lord Rassilon himself, who did place a never ceasing drum-beat into the mind of the Master as a key to the salvation of his race. Unfortunately, the plans evidently did not succeed. We have been left at the mercy of the Doctor, locked in a pocket universe, awaiting our freedom. However, there are whispers that there is a way of escape, since all traces of the Master (now Mistress) have recently disappeared, despite the efforts of the High Council to reassure us that he remains in captivity.

For much of his life, paradoxically, the Master has been dead. Reaching the end of his thirteenth life, he began to emaciate. Throughout the Doctor's fourth life he made several attempts at restoring himself to life, eventually settling on taking the life of a nobleman of Traken. It was in this body that he spent many years, before a freak accident left him back in his true, decaying form. Again, he tried desperately to regenerate himself, but the Doctor, at this time in his seventh body, managed to prevent him. Eventually, the Master found justice on Skaro which, at this time, was on good terms with Gallifrey, at a time when, it was believed, President Romana had achieved peace in the midst of a Cold War. Returning his remains to Gallifrey, the Doctor soon found himself embroiled in a plot engineered by the Master to take his remaining lives. Regenerating into his Eighth body, the Doctor saw the Master plummet into the depths of the Eye of Harmony. And there he stayed. Sort of. He did manage to find a way out, an unexplained impossibility, after which he began to exploit the corrupt CIA. Endangering the Doctor's lives, the Master ultimately failed, finding himself very near death indeed. Only the Time Lords could help him. And they did.

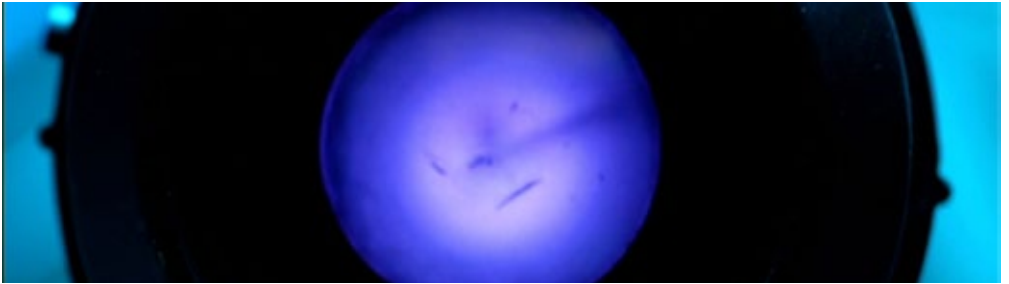


At this time, the Daleks and their time controller were beginning to rebuild, with their threat to the Time Lords now renewed. Romana was no longer President, and it was obvious that the Doctor was incapable of bringing peace between the two races. Something had to be done. Someone more cunning was required. The Master was restored to life.

Difficult to keep a lid on, this Master tried various schemes such as infiltrating UNIT as a supposed future incarnation of the Doctor, before further travelling back along the Doctor's timeline to meet his Fifth, Sixth and Seventh selves before finally performing the duty awarded to him: creating an enemy capable of stopping the Daleks. Sadly, the Eminence were not easy to control, and though they appeared to pose a lesser threat to Gallifrey, their threat to the rest of creation was much greater. Noting their

error, the Time Lords turned to the Doctor once more to put a stop to the Master's madness, which now involved collaboration with the Daleks which was putting major stress on the timelines.

The Doctor succeeded and before too long was embroiled with threats closer to home, such as The Eleven. Despite his best efforts, the Daleks are very difficult to defeat outright, and so they continued to plot and rebuild. When war finally did come, attitudes toward the Doctor were mixed. Many begged for his presence, since he was the only Time Lord capable of engaging with the Daleks at all, whereas others saw his constant meddling as having created the current climate and/or made things worse. For the Doctor, however, such gossip was irrelevant: all of time and space was burning. He wanted no part in this war: he would help where he could, but he would not fight.



Fiction

BOOTS FOR THE WOLF

By Richard Wright

The Doctor held Rose briefly in the TARDIS.

"There is nothing more you could have done."



"I know..." said Rose. "The Reapers. I get it." She pushed away from him and left the orange coral light of the console room. She was probably going to Nyssa's room, it had an air of sanctuary about it.

"Stupid Doctor!" He banged the console and the Trill phone rattled gently in its cradle.

Why had he agreed to take her to her to see her Father. Why has the TARDIS allowed it. Why had he allowed her to try again. Why had the TARDIS allowed that?

He caressed the console where he had banged it.

"We fought the Time War together." He looked up at the arch of the ceiling and at the central light. "What are you doing, what are you allowing?"

Most times you travel into the past and discover you were destined to be there - but Rose had altered her past. The Doctor could feel the queasy ripples affecting all of reality.

It was minor to a Time War offensive, but it still made him feel sick to the core.

Rose had bootstrapped her own memories. Cross lacing had been the exact slang for it at the Prydonian Academy.

The Doctor closed his eyes. Trying to find that relationship with time that had allowed him to walk through the fans on Platform One.

"You alright there." The Doctor jerked his head round sharply, to see Rose had returned. He had lost some time and that was odd.

Rose had fixed her make up she seemed slightly predatory more confident as she moved towards him.

"What we did was right Doctor." She said it like a certain truth.

*"I... I am sure it was Rose. More than that, it was fantastic." But in his mind, there was a sense, not an image not a word, just... **The Moment of the Wolf...***

And just for a second he thought he glimpsed a reflection of the vortex in the eyes of Rose.



Other than Who - Red Dwarf

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MEMORY OF MONDAY NIGHTS

by John Davies

Red Dwarf will always have a special place in my heart. Is this down to the characters, the plots, the actors, the laughs, the occasional – and *very* real - pathos and the, ‘Fish! Fish! FISH!’? Quite frankly, no. Well, yes – and then again, *no*. They all had a part however it’s much more to do with how I watched it, and with whom.

I watched it with mother.

Monday night was the night of the week when my dad went to the local working men’s club for a pint and a game of snooker. This meant that until I reached the age where I, too, wanted to have a pint myself, once a week my mother and I would settle down and watch what we wanted on the television. Now, don’t get me wrong, my dad was never a major television controller (although

he would break short distance running records to cross the room to turn over whenever he heard a soap opera theme tune – yes, there really was a

time without remote controls!) but there’s only so many times he wanted to sit through the same episodes of ‘**Allo! ‘Allo!**’ - whereas my mother and I were quite happy to press play and recite the scripts as they played out with beloved familiarity. It wasn’t just ‘**Allo! ‘Allo!**’ but you get my drift.

I can’t quite remember how we first heard about **Red Dwarf** but I do know we were there on Monday 15th February 1988, sat together on the sofa, tuned into BBC2 with a VHS tape in the machine, recording remote in hand, waiting for it to start. Roughly half an hour later, with, ‘Everybody’s dead, Dave!’ already destined to be a much repeated line between us, we looked at each other and nodded. We had another ‘**Allo! ‘Allo!**’ to watch.

And re-watch.

A lot.

The miss-footing tone caught us from the word go. Now, to this day the opening credits of Seasons One and Two are my favourite (as are the seasons themselves) – always will be. But jump back to 1988. This was billed as a comedy and yet it started with a very sombre theme and a model shot that rivalled a great many others – even cinematically. Frame after frame of this huge... Dwarf... filled the screen, with a plaintive horn, organ heartbeat and piano-twinkle accompaniment. And it was called The End. I remember catching my mother’s eye and raising an eyebrow. Yeah – text book comedy, obviously. But ... it had started with someone painting the hull. That was ... funny? Hang on in? Another eyebrow raise and we did. Thank goodness! The show then cut to two technicians routinely doing their, err, routine, bickering, and the comedy staple of two people who dislike each other being forced to work together made me nod and smile. We were in familiar, almost **Steptoe and Son** territory, be that in space. And then, to start the love affair which lasts to this day, within 5 minutes, I had a new phrase in my vocabulary: Smeg. Like **Porridge** before it, **Red Dwarf** invented a swear word so the characters could swear on the BBC.



Immature or subversively clever? Naffed if I know – but I do know that a number of people, even those in **Cygnus Alpha**, seem to think the show is immature and strewn with fart gags. Now, it has its immature moments – and huzzah for them – and a number of knob gags (I'm looking at you Kryten – and, yes, you Rimmer – put that hammer down!) but fart gags? My saddles are blazed if I can think of a single one. There's a reverse poo gag but.... anyway, going back, what followed that evening (Monday 15th February 1988 - I did my research so I wanna make good use of my Google-Buck) was atypical of the show's early run (i.e. it featured a fully staffed Dwarf] but, by the end (Ouch! Painful pun) with the main crew dead (all of them, Dave) and only one human alive – a human saddled with a bickering hologram of his former bunk mate, a pitch perfect reverse anthropomorphism of a cat and a Universe-weary sounding computer - the scene was set for a character focussed and dialogue driven series. The beginning - as it states on the pre-fun, fun, fun end credits.

And it was, and is, a series that I continue to share primarily with my mother. While she was, and is, a **Doctor Who** fan, that show was really shared between me and my dad. With **Red Dwarf** I had a Science-Fiction series that I could share with my mum. And boy – was it shared! With my dad I had the Brigadier, Tegan, K-9, the TARDIS (the dimensionally transcendental list goes on) and, of course, the Doctor; with my mum there was Lister, Rimmer, Holly, Cat, Kochanski and Kryten. Although it all started on a Monday night, and continued thus for a number of seasons, it spilled like a stasis leak, a white hole – a magic door! - into school lunch breaks then trips home from Uni... to buying her Season Ten for last Christmas. I even bought her the Series VII book at a signing in Manchester and had it signed by Norman Lovett, Doug Naylor and Chloë Annett. Oh, Norman! I still blush when I remember bringing up the story of Poppy, your beloved dog, who wiped her bum across your carpet – and how I missed Chloë's subtle nod to drop the subject. However, I do smile when I recall how you said, in true dead-pan Holly style, 'She's dead

now.' I've replayed that one a few times in my head. Online I believe the hashtag would be #Ooops

Talking of oops, something that is worth keeping in mind is that the characters in **Red Dwarf** are not exactly role models. In fact, you could go so far as to say they all have traces of... well, being rather less than desirable. Cat is the epitome of vanity, Kryten incredibly neurotic (especially for an android), Rimmer is, well, Rimmer and as for Lister... well, if slobby-chique is your thing, fill your boots – before *he* fills them with curry and lager. And yet, despite all this, they are all totally wonderful, too. They are flawed, which is why we can identify with and like them. All of them. Yes, even Rimmer – even the most self-centred hologram (nee human) is so fundamentally broken by his childhood that we can overlook some of his excesses and he genuinely has his moments of not being a total Smeg Head. Not many, but they are there.

The show also has the distinction of being extremely chameleonic. With most Sit-Coms within a few episodes you have a feel for the flavour and, cast changes aside, this rarely differs and familiar territory is re-trodden over the years (yes '**Allo! 'Allo!**

- much as I love you, I am looking at you – you over squeezed orange you). With **Red Dwarf** there are distinct eras. Seasons One and Two, already noted as my favourites, although the cheapest looking of the bunch, had great dialogue and feel like a complete run. From Season Three to Six, with the introduction of a revamped themes and an injection of cash (and



Kryten full time) there was a new dynamic and this worked well and this era features many fan favourite episodes – although, to my taste, it did become a tad formulaic as we wondered which genetically engineered life form the ‘boys from the Dwarf’ would be running away from this week. It also fell foul of the ‘repeated meme’ issue so prevalent in other Sit-Coms as Ace Rimmer and Dwayne Dibley popped up as a quick, sure fire way to get a whoop from the audience. After a gap, Seasons Seven and Eight appeared and, while not exactly popular with fans for a number of reasons (the disappearance of Rimmer, the absence of the spark of previous scripts due to Rob Grant abandoning ship and, of course, ‘the other Kochanski’ – with whom I’ve never had an issue) I admired the attempt to put the many genetically engineered life forms to bed and return to a focus of character based dialogue as seen in Season One and Two. And then, of course, we have the new **Dave** epoch – which, after a well-meaning but not totally successful run in *Back to Earth* (watch if seen as film, not individual episodes – works better) is now back on track with Season Eleven due to start filming in October

after a return to form Season Ten under its belt.

And, even though we live miles apart now, my mother still watches and we can still quote huge chunks of dialogue at each other – much to the eye-rolling bemusement of my dad.

My mother and I do have another show in common, **Star Trek: The Next Generation**, and I still recall my mum calling me at Uni and having a mutual, “Noooo!” moment after Tasha met her end in a tar pit in *Skin of Evil*, but it will always be **Red Dwarf** that holds that number one chart position. There can’t be many people who can look back to a Monday night where they sat with their mother watching her laugh ‘til she was almost crying as Rimmer walked in to catch Lister and Kryten in a compromising position – but I’m heartedly glad that I can.

So, thank you **Red Dwarf**! Whenever I watch you the slime’s truly gone home. And always on a Monday.



Review

YOU AND WHO ELSE

by J R Southall (ed.)

Review by Allan Lear

Science fiction as a genre is a notoriously difficult beast to pin down. Sometimes it seems as though everyone's definition is different, as when a bookselling giant like Waterstone's can find itself in trouble with the fan base for lumping sci-fi in with fantasy. No doubt the chimerical aspect of the genre is part of the reason it has frequently found itself ghettoised by self-appointed doormen of the literary portals; as is implicit even in the dichotomous label of "science fiction", it is not only unruly, but positively self-contradictory. It embraces complex and densely-written series of the hardest SF, inaccessible to the average casual reader; it embraces slick and stylish presentation of genuine scientific theory in a way that can be understood by the relatively unschooled layman. Despite the reams of works which could without undue cruelty be lumped under Steve Aylett's memorable summary heading of "'fantasy', 'escapism' and 'shite'" there are myriad that effect a powerful satire on our existing society or which anticipate technological change with alarming precision. And despite the fact that sci-fi is universally disparaged as poorly written with shoddy characterisation and no workable dialogue, many SF creators insist on producing not only immensely polished material, but material that has a more sustained impact on the public consciousness than all but the most ubiquitous of non-genre practitioners.

Hydra-headed as SF is, it should come as no surprise that it is also the genre which provokes the most intense discussion and analysis amongst its fan base, not to mention the most affectionate imitation. Jeeves and Wooster may be loved and treasured by millions, but very few write them into slash fiction. SF also has the advantage in terms of ideas; "literary" fiction, no matter how piercingly observed, is by its nature shackled

to the presentation and analysis of the mundane, and indeed the acclaim of some of its more successful practitioners – such as Will himSelf – is at least partially based in an apparent reviewers' agreement that they will ignore the fact that the author's work is, by any sensible definition, of a "soft SF" or, at the very least, slipstream nature. With big ideas on tap and a multitude of perspectives from which to analyse them, it should come as no surprise that the secondary industry of SF critique is a huge and thriving behemoth in its own right. Where the analysis and critique of the so-called canon of literary classics is the elitist preserve of a few self-appointed blowhards endlessly recycling their Classics degrees (and occasionally being taken to task by Clive James), debate on the nature of SF lives in the hearts and on the monitors of every sci-fi fan with a Facebook account.

Nowhere is the lively and multifarious nature of "fanalysis" more clearly on display than in *You and Who Else*, a substantial tome presented by JR Southall collecting the memories and impressions that British genre television has left on its generations of fans. Stretching right back to the 1950s and up-to-date as of last year, *You and Who Else* is an impressively broad church which is determinedly undogmatic about what counts as "science fiction" (yes, of course the Clangers count. Don't be silly).

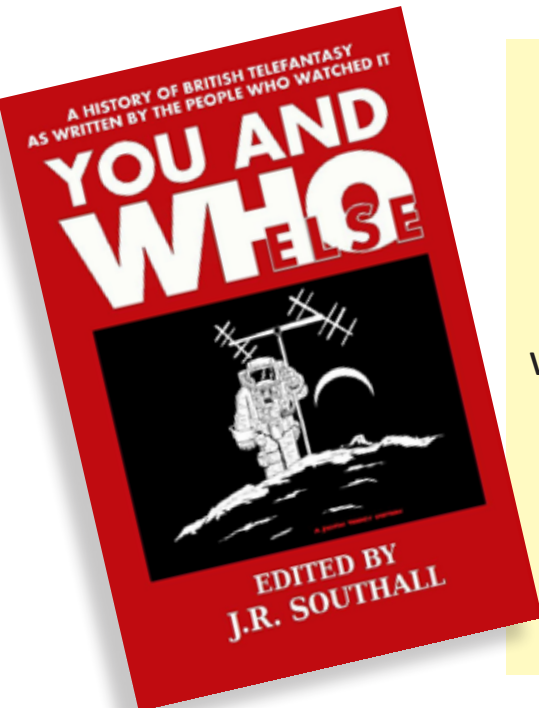
Naturally, the contributions in *You and Who Else* are choppy in quality. In an anthology of this sort it would be unrealistic to expect anything else. Some contributors are interested in the prevailing social context in which the shows were broadcast, while others are more interested in a nostalgic wallow in their days of happy childhood, as reimagined by an author old enough to know better. While this lends the book an uneven feel and can cause some jarring tonal shifts, it also leavens the deeper and drier articles with some human interest which helps to jolly the 800-odd pages along. In this respect the book actually produces an interesting double narrative effect; some articles can be linked together to produce a social history of the development of British SF, while

others introduce (authors-as-) characters to show you what the consumer made of it without the advantage of knowing its wider significance.

JR Southall really has done an exceptional job in bringing together this quantity of participants, some of them noted genre contributors in their own right, and deserves congratulations for the range and extent of support he is obviously able to elicit from the wider SF fandom. Where he cannot be congratulated, unfortunately, is in his editorial diligence in producing this volume. No doubt looming deadlines played a part, as any endeavour reliant on volunteer contributions will inevitably run afoul of the stopwatch, but *You and Who Else* really does suffer from an overabundance of basic errors in English composition. Tautologies and the dreaded dangling participle abound on all sides and, yes, I know I'm being picky, but when the first two articles on Quatermass can't agree on the name of series creator

Nigel (K)Neale, one can't help but wish that another pass through proofing had been possible.

Still, it is churlish to complain excessively about such matters. What is important is the impression left with the reader; and what this reader got from *You and Who Else* was a prevailing happy glow. Too often fans allow themselves to be fragmented along tribal lines and indulge in self-indulgent conflict. *You and Who Else* is a heartwarming reminder that more unites us than divides us. As a paean to some of the great successes of British science fiction history, and as a rhapsody on the benefits such fare has in bringing the intelligent child safely through the world, Y&WE is a valuable testament to the fact that while SF can generate disproportionate contumely from outside, from within it is defended by a plenitude of unregimented but devout disciples.



You and Who Else is available from Watching Books

watchingbooks.weebly.com

Proceeds from the sale of *You and Who Else* go to the Terrence Higgins Trust.

Fiction

CONSIDER HIM GONE

by Ewen Campion-Clarke

(AKA “James Kyle”)

It had taken nine hours and forty-eight minutes of searching, but Adric had finally located the corridor junction where the burgundy overcoat lay discarded on the floor. The new Doctor had used it as a way to find his way through the TARDIS labyrinth to the Zero Room; now the Zero Room was gone and the labyrinth had been completely arranged.

Adric picked up the garment, surprised at how heavy it was. No wonder the new Doctor had shed it like a reptile discarding its skin, it was too much for his slight frame to support. It was a deadweight, holding him back, crushing him.

He fingered the chartreuse-green lining of the coat, noting how cold it was. Of course, it would not have been very warm if the Doctor had just taken it off, given his low body temperature. But it was hard not to think of as the clothes of someone long dead.

Adric cradled the jacket in his arms. He had done this before, he thought. Yet he hadn't. He had been here before, picked up the coat, looked around wildly in a panic for the man his friend had become. But at the same time he'd been skewered in a web of wires and cables, tortured with electric shock and strange voltages.

While his body had been trapped in the Master's TARDIS, his mind had tried to escape in that ghostly reflection he'd been forced to make. Another Adric made out of block transfer computations, a mathematician forged of mathematics. But then the lines had blurred, and he could no longer be certain which was which. Adric's thoughts or Adric's body? He remembered the Master's cruel taunts at the exact second he'd fled

through the grey-yellow corridors of his home, seeking sanctuary.

And then one of them had died, screaming in pain.

Adric hugged the coat tighter. He still remembered that horrible, sparkling nothingness erasing him inch by painful inch as his friends watched on. They'd let him die. Of course, they couldn't have saved him anyway, but a tiny part of him no longer trusted them. They'd let the Master capture him, they'd let him perish, they'd run away to Castrovalva and never lifted a finger to come and rescue him...

Adric closed his eyes, fighting the panic.

He was overwrought. He needed sleep.

It had been a long day.

After the fifth consecutive nightmare woke him up, Adric abandoned attempts to sleep. His head was aching wildly and he unleashed his fury onto his pillows until the tangled bedclothes finally hampered his movement and he had to stop.

He dreamed of being caught in that electrified web, the Doctor – the real Doctor, the old Doctor, the one in the silly scarf – had been reaching out for his help. Adric hadn't been able to move, literally pinned into place. The Doctor's face had twisted with fear and anger and pain as he'd fallen away.

Just like Varsh.

Like everyone else.

Adric tried to get out of bed, but his legs failed him and he fell back. He was facing a chair where a burgundy overcoat sat, arranged like the Doctor himself had been sprawled at the foot of the bed and glaring at him. Adric forced himself not to look away.

Maybe it was right he'd died like that? On a high balcony of the Zero Room, watching three friends so far below before it all ended. It was how the Doctor had died. Adric had stood on the sidelines and watched him plunge to his death. A useless bystander, who hadn't been able to do anything. The Doctor, Varsh, the people of Traken and Logopolis, or even the make-believe world of Castrovalva. Of course he was going to end his life like that, it was only fair.

Adric clamped his hands over his eyes, but he still saw the Doctor falling and even when his eyes were open he saw himself dying. He'd come so close to death, but unlike the Doctor, Adric couldn't come back. He'd feel the fear, the death tearing through his body but this time he would not wake up in the BTC webbing.

For a moment Adric wondered if it would have been better that way.

On Alzarius he had been given mandatory psychological counseling after his parents had died in a forest fire. Varsh had not merited such training due to his standing in the Community, and he'd been driven to abandon society altogether. He dealt with the loss of his family by creating a new one of his rules – Tylos and Kiera and the others. Varsh had left Adric to the Starliner and the Deciders, to the bland anesthetic of routine.

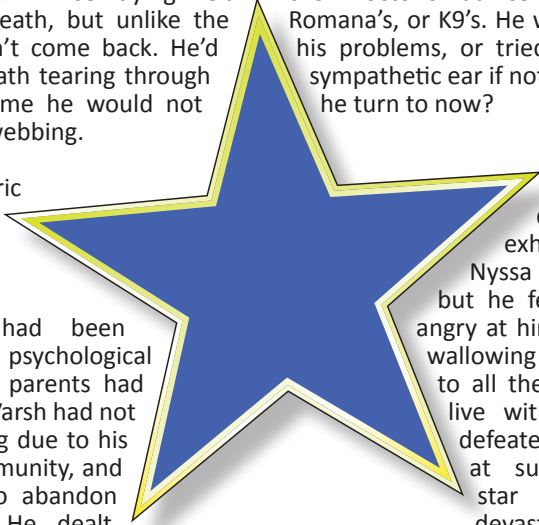
The old Doctor would have barked out something along the lines that pain of loss is the price you pay for the joy of possession, told Adric to stop feeling sorry for himself and flashed one of those incredible grins that made the universe easier to deal with.

Adric had found a new family of course. The Doctor and Romana and K9... but then Romana and K9 had left, and now the Doctor had died. There was a new Doctor, of course, and Nyssa and Tegan, but it was just him left.

Adric, the last one standing.

He missed them and the long jog back to the TARDIS had made him feel like an outsider. He didn't know the girls very well, but they had forged a bond while he was away. They shared private jokes and significant looks, they were used to fending without Adric to help. They knew the Doctor, this Doctor, better than he did and he seemed to know them better. He was a stranger at a party and no one knew there was anything wrong.

A while ago, he would have gone to seek the Doctor's advice and company. Or Romana's, or K9's. He would have explained his problems, or tried to, and received a sympathetic ear if nothing else. Who could he turn to now?



Tegan was fast asleep, still dangerously exhausted after events.

Nyssa might have listened, but he feared she might get angry at him and accuse him of wallowing in self-pity compared to all the horrors she had to live with. The Master was defeated of course, but at such a cost. Whole star systems had been devastated, planets had

been reduced to dust, and the Master had claimed the lives of their loved ones. Nyssa's father, Tegan's aunt and his... well, the Doctor. A high price and they were all still paying it. The Master had escaped into oblivion, and Adric doubted that any afterlife (should one actually exist) would punish him for his sins.

Maybe things would get better. The old Doctor had always bellowed out advice that hope was more important than dull old facts and certainty – but the moment the Watcher had appeared, the old Doctor had walked to his death without even pretending there was a chance he could survive. Yes, that was the problem, Adric realized. He could have easily dealt with the Doctor in a new body, a new face. But not a new man. The Doctor that

Adric had known and respected was quite dead, perished on some grassy knoll beneath a radio telescope. A stranger had taken his place and accepting him as the Doctor would be as obscene as if he'd pretended that K9 was his brother reincarnated in the form of a robot dog.

Was that what life had become? The prayer things wouldn't get worse?

Adric remembered part of him disappearing into darkness as it died in the Zero Room.

If he'd followed it, would he have found all the others he'd lost?

Adric was looking for the Cloister Room, scolding himself for contemplating suicide. For all its appealing oblivion, it was cowardice and weakness of the highest order. It was ungrateful to those who had saved his life, to just throw it away.

Loss was something anyone could come to terms with, he reminded himself. In their own way. In their own time. And Tegan and Nyssa had suffered more than he had. He'd lost his brother, but Varsh had died saving him. Tegan's aunt Vanessa had been used as target practice by the Master without a second thought. Adric had deliberately isolated himself from his people, Alzarian and Terradonian, while Nyssa had had everything torn away from her by blind chance and chaos. And she had seen her father's corpse used as a puppet by his murderer.

The events on Castrovalva had been in the distant past, a time when the universe was still brand-new and all the stars were freshly-ignited by the Big Bang. The Doctor had set the TARDIS to return to the twentieth century slowly, a journey that would take several days so as not to over-tax the old ship. The following days with his new companions had been awkward but the nights were worse. The Master's chuckle drifted down every corridor, the Watcher moved at the corner of his eye. He kept feeling the stab of pain when

the old Doctor had called him a burden and stowaway, abandoning him on Logopolis...

He tried to focus on that last, confident punch to the shoulder and the pained expression in those blue eyes as he'd whispered 'Battle stations!' but somehow it didn't help. The end may have been prepared for, but Adric felt that he'd been left out of the equation.

Had he let the Doctor down? Should he have tried to make his way to the control cabin and helped fight the Master? If he'd managed to escape with Tegan and Nyssa into the TARDIS, before the Master arrived, would things have improved? Did the Doctor blame Adric for failing him, for collaborating with the enemy?

Probably not.

But Adric wasn't willing to ask.

This new Doctor would probably provide plenty of sympathy and understanding, but it would feel forced and condescending. From their brief time together, Adric felt like a child that had been left in the care of a family friend he'd never met before. The new Doctor was polite and friendly, but his enthusiasm was slightly forced and he gave the impression he had absolutely no idea how to deal with Adric. He could almost imagine the Doctor hopefully offering ice cream and balloons, desperate to find some way to relate with this stranger he was now responsible for.

He wished for the more relaxed Doctor, the man who had no demands beyond Adric using his intelligence responsibly – or at least being smart enough to appreciate his wit, which had at times amounted to the same thing. The old Doctor may not have been someone to confide in, but he was definitely more comfortable to be around. They'd entered N-Space, sealing off the grief of what they'd lost somewhere far away where it didn't matter, and immersed themselves in the new and strange.

No distractions this time.

Adric found a fresh set of corridors to prowl, like he had before all this had started. The old Doctor often wandered off to admire some distant part of the TARDIS or brood over memories of Romana. Adric wasn't unused to wandering the ship alone for hours at a time. He could pretend it was all back to normal, that it had all been a nightmare and nothing had happened to make him suffer...

Lost in thought, Adric opened a door and found himself in the console room.

Someone he didn't recognize was standing by the controls and looked up as he entered. It took a surprisingly long moment before Adric realized who he was looking at. Different voice, different accent, different eyes, different skin. How could anything of the old Doctor remain intact in the man he had become?

Adric recalled first seeing this man, remembered the blaze of golden light that left someone else lying in the Doctor's clothes and smiling up at him. The memory made his eyes sting with tears as, with tedious inevitability, his body betrayed him.

'Adric?' asked the new Doctor.

Ignoring the lump of burning coal that had filled his throat or the ache in his chest, Adric forced the most normal nothing-is-wrong smile upon his face.

With a mixture
of relief and

disappointment,
the Doctor fell for
it completely.

Yes, it was probably for
the best the Doctor
had changed his
clothes instead of

wearing a constant reminder of who he'd once been. Even the memory of seeing the blond head poking out of the red and purple outfit hurt for some reason.

'We've all been through a rough time of it of late,' the Time Lord was saying conversationally. 'Even the TARDIS.'

'Oh yes,' Adric sneered. Something about his cheery attitude rubbed the Alzarian up the wrong way. 'We're all the walking wounded.'

The new Doctor shot him a sideways look. 'They say misery loves company.'

'Then I'll spend some time alone,' Adric retorted and set off.

He stalked off down the corridors, embracing the sense of unreality and pretending that nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. 'Carrying on with a stiff upper lip' as the old Doctor would have dubbed it. Or 'going off in a sulk,' as Romana would have said.

Gods, he missed them.

Adric had turned a corner and found himself in the Cloister Room. The rounded walls receded to reveal stone arches and covered walkways that seemed to be in the open air at the top of a mountain peak. He'd only discovered the room's existence a few days ago, when he'd seen the old Doctor stalking between the columns, angry and frustrated and scared. And then the Watcher, pacing the length of the room like a ghost.

But now the new Doctor was there, sitting on the stone bench looking far too creamy and pristine to fit into his surroundings. The old Doctor had fitted the Cloister Room like a glove, while this new one looked as out-of-place as Adric felt.

The Doctor brushed away some of the dust and leaves from the bench beside him and patted it, inviting Adric to sit beside him. It was the exact same gesture the old Doctor



had used, except the furtive worry had gone. The new Doctor was much more relaxed and seemed far more at home. Lucky him.

Adric sat down beside the Time Lord, who seemed more of a stranger than ever before. The bright blue eyes looked through his neat blond fringe at Adric. 'I don't suppose you want to talk about it?' he asked, giving the impression he was only asking the question for politeness' sake rather than any desire to hear an answer.

Of course Adric didn't want to talk about! That would make it real!

'Do you ever have nightmares, Doctor?' he asked eventually.

The Time Lord shrugged. 'Doesn't everyone?'

'I felt him die,' Adric said. 'Me die. The projection of me. I think I almost died with him – if the Master hadn't pulled me back. And now I keep thinking of everyone we've met who's died. It's like there's something wrong with me, that I haven't died as well.'

The Doctor's expression darkened. 'Do you want to have died with them?'

Adric didn't trust himself to reply without bursting into tears.

'It feels like a betrayal, doesn't it?' the Doctor sighed, folding his arms as if cold. 'When they abandon you in the most final way possible. And sometimes, when you survive, it's almost as though you've betrayed them by staying alive. Are you punishing yourself for failing to save them? Or for not dying yourself?'

'Is that what you felt?' Adric burst out. 'When you died and came back?'

The Doctor's eyes seemed very dark all of a sudden. 'I'm not contemplating suicide, if that's what you're asking,' he replied with a jovial, almost sinister smile. 'Tussling with the Master is always dangerous, and I said we had to prepare for the worst. That's

how it works. You always make it through unscathed until the one time you don't.'

'Not that any of us were much help,' Adric reflected bitterly.

'What do you mean?'

'All three of us, we just got in the way. If it had just been you, on your own, the whole thing would have been resolved quicker and cleaner,' Adric explained. It was like he couldn't stop talking, as if the words were being dragged relentlessly from him. 'You'd have lure the Master away from Logopolis, and none of it would have happened.'

'Or I might have failed spectacularly,' the Doctor pointed out.

Adric scowled. 'That's not the impression you gave.'

'You mean you thought I wouldn't lower myself to be concerned with a stowaway, an orphan and a lost air hostess?'

'You shouted at us that we were burdens.'

'Adric, you and the others were the reason the universe is worth fighting for. You were there for me when it mattered. You made sure I wasn't alone when I regenerated. I put my faith in you, Adric. You didn't let me down.'

'Didn't I? I nearly killed you all.'



'The Master nearly killed us all. You warned us, the other you, the projection. None of us would have stood a chance of escaping the inrush without you.' The Doctor leaned closer to Adric. 'And Shardovan, Mergrave and the others saved us and stopped the Master. A world of beautiful, brave, selfless people which you created. You haven't come out of this mess looking particularly bad, you know.'

'I just... wish you hadn't changed,' Adric said.

The Doctor didn't seem offended. 'It's a fact of life, Adric,' he said reasonably. 'Change is inevitable. You just have to live with it, whether it's gradual or instantaneous, because you don't really have any viable alternatives.'

That was all there was to say.

'We've nearly caught up with 1981,' the Doctor reported, breaking the silence. 'The day we all saved the universe – well, most of it, anyway. A quick hop to Heathrow airport and we can drop Tegan on her plane, to pick up where she left off.'

'And what do the rest of us do?' asked Adric idly.

The Doctor smiled. Not one of the old Doctor's toothy megawatt grins, but it was hard not to smile back. 'It's a new beginning, Adric,' he said with a shrug. 'We can do whatever we want, go wherever we want. We saw the creation of the galaxy and nearly witnessed the end of creation, and now we can take a tour of all points in between.'

'Just travel through time and space, just like before?' asked Adric doubtfully.

'It's what we're good at,' the Doctor pointed out.

But was it? He had no idea how well Nyssa would adapt to TARDIS life, and she was as much a stranger as this new Doctor. Would things go wrong again, even with the Master gone? It seemed that every planet in N-Space seemed to have that serpent hiding in the grass, destroying innocent people who wandered too close to the shadows...

The Doctor was looking at him with genuine concern. 'Adric?'

Adric gave an involuntary shudder. He felt like he'd been listing forward into a bottomless pit – but whether that was down to sleep deprivation, his state of despair or something else he didn't know. He focused on the leaf-strewn flagstones, confirming the yawning pit was purely metaphorical. Was it the same one that had swallowed up Varsh and the old Doctor and his other self? Its lure was so very appealing, after all, to fall into it beyond anyone else's reach and finally be free...

'What's the point of going on?' he heard himself ask, hot tears on his cheeks.

The new Doctor said nothing.

True, he might not have actually heard the question.

Then again, he might have been ignoring it.

Adric looked at this stranger and almost pleaded, 'Was there ever a point?'

The old Doctor would have snorted derisively and gone off on a tangent about the subjective nature of meaning in the universe in relation to adult insecurities. But he wouldn't have answered the question, just made a lot of distracting noise.

Beneath his rich brown tones and mad staring eyes, he would have been as still and as silent as this new version sitting on the stone bench. Was all that fiery zeal and lustful purpose just a smokescreen? Was this quiet, still young man more honest than the loud bohemian overflowing with life and magic? Had anything really changed?

And if it hadn't... what was he complaining about?

Adric closed his eyes, unclenched his fists and breathed calmly. He thought of the measurements of the Cloister Room, the tensile strength of the crumbling stone, the length and width of each creeper and vine, the mathematics all around. The rage and misery drained away to the point he could almost cope.

The new Doctor sat beside him, as silent and white as the Watcher.

'When terrible things happen us,' he said at last, 'it seems outrageously unfair. Sometimes the only way to make sense of it all is to assume it's our own fault and we hate ourselves, even when we haven't done anything wrong.'

Adric was reminded of the counseling the Deciders had given him on the Starliner – a blend of comforting encouragement and deliberate provocation, reminding him of everything he needed to remember in order to start picking up the pieces. Except this was less blunt and direct, more roundabout. Not as efficient.

'Do you want to stay with us?' asked the Doctor softly.

Of course he wanted to stay. He had nowhere else to go.

Adric got his feet. 'I think I'll head back to bed,' he said quietly, even though the all-pervasive ache remained just beneath the surface. 'Thanks for listening, Doctor.'

'My pleasure, Adric,' the Doctor replied. 'I do still enjoy your company, you know.'

Again, there was that earnestness: I'm trying so hard to be your friend.

Adric wondered if that was how he'd come across to the old Doctor.

Adric had found himself back in his quarters. The chronometer by his bed suggested it would be five hours before 'dawn' when Nyssa and Tegan might awake. He dragged his weary fingers through his dark hair and debated trying to go back to sleep and run the gauntlet of more nightmares in the company of ghosts.

His parents, his brother, K9, Romana, the old Doctor, all gone and only him left. Once one of the Elite, the boy from another universe, the stowaway in space... but now he was just another face in a crowd of people he didn't really know or completely trust.

Adric remembered the taller man with the wild brown curls getting grey at the edges, but some of the details were hazy. Maybe sometime soon he'd be able to ignore all the things that weren't there and just see the Doctor. Maybe he'd be able to get a good night's sleep, wake up in the morning and finally be free of all the raw pain and bitterness, and he wouldn't be surrounded by strangers he couldn't connect with.

Maybe.





Mark Hyland

Fiction

OLD GOD DREAMS

by Richard Wright

The TARDIS internal lighting was orange, set for night, presumably for her as the Doctor never seemed to sleep.

Ace had got in the habit of exploring at night. Sometimes she just went and reclined by the pool - it's waters rippled with the TARDIS in flight - five dimensions dancing in two. She usually drifted off trying to count dimensions whose definitions, to her, seemed woollier than sheep.

More often still she went to the Doctor's workshop to continue her day time hobby - brewing stronger, more stable nitro 9 and improving timers and fuses. The Doctor never disturbed her.

The Library with the voices in bottles was a beautiful place, but creepy like an old house, she only visited it once.

The Doctor's Power Room Art gallery was well naff and the Cathedral boot cupboard just pretentious.

It had been a week since they had left Iceworld and still they had not landed anywhere.

Ace wandered up to the console room to find the Doctor apparently asleep in a chair. His Panama hat was tipped over his eyes and a cold cup of tea was balanced on the arm of the chair.

She stood in front of him. She had not seen him this vulnerable.

He was not at peace. He was muttering in a language that did not translate.... if she understood correctly that meant it was an ancient language.

"It would be a new language surely, if the TARDIS does not know it Professor?" She had asked.

"New languages are based on old ones, ancient languages are raw.... dangerous."

Ace tried to focus on the present. As the Doctor muttered she felt herself 'lessen'.

The TARDIS was fading too, starting to ghost, but the Doctor seemed hyper-real.

Ace reached out her hand to touch his arm, but it passed through him, or him through her.

"Ragnarok, Omega, Resilience?" She recognized a few words among his mutterings.

She could not touch him, but he seemed to be touching the chair, and the chair held the tea cup.

Ace knocked the tea...

Suddenly he was awake, his eyes burned fiercely into hers, her arm was painfully hooked by the red Question mark of his umbrella.... she had not even noticed he had got his umbrella.

The tea had not spilt, the Doctor had somehow caught the cup and saucer in his other hand.

"Wicked." Whispered Ace.

The Doctor's intense stare took a moment to pass. Ace used that moment to slip free of the umbrella's hook. She would be bruised.

She would not mention it.

"Bad dreams Professor."



The TARDIS lighting was back to over lit day and for once Ace did not mind the, slightly too, whiteness of it.

Ace got the Doctor to meet her on the recliners by the pool and to bring iced tea. He took a sip and frowned. She did not blame him... it was a mental way to drink tea.

“Whilst everything else faded you said ‘Ragnarok and Omega’ Professor.”

“Did I? Yes I expect I did. Do you like chess Ace?”

“About as much as I like old houses and clowns..”

“I think I am playing chess with the Old Gods now.”

“Old Gods Professor?”

“Ancient beings that would be all powerful and immortal if time was recursive”

“But time isn’t looped, is it Professor?”

“Who knows? Dimensional chess involves looping, knotting and cutting time. I maybe on my third move, but I am yet to make my first.”

Ace sucked, an unpleasant sip of tea, up through her spiral straw.

“I became more solid because deep memories are being added to me from the future and past... resources I don’t want - knowledge I am unable to reject - to fight battles in wars as yet undeclared.”

“Let me be part of this Professor.”

“I’m sorry Ace, you are already part of it.”

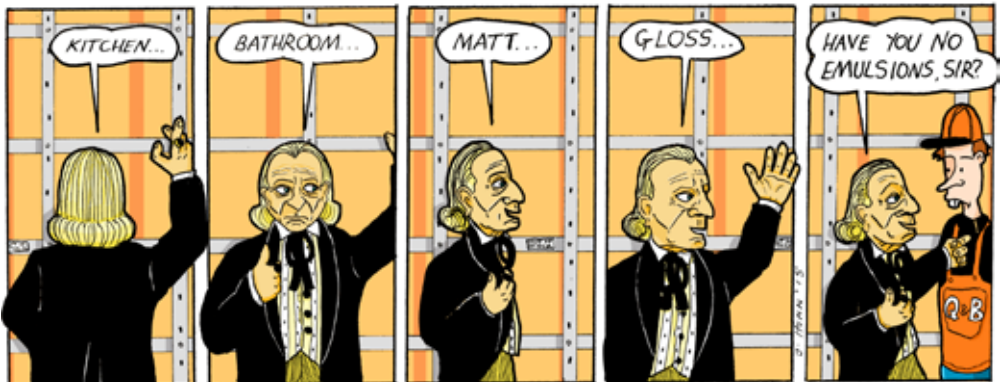
“You don’t understand Professor, I choose to be part of it. I am not involved because of some old God. I am involved because of me and you.”

“Yes...” The Doctor replied thoughtfully, perhaps sadly.

The Doctor sat forward, resting his hands on the top of his umbrella, ever so vaguely Buda like, watching the ripples on the pool.

Ace followed his gaze, certain he could see myriad more dimensions than her, rippling on the water.

‘I should improve my swimming’ she thought.



THE NEW ADVENTURER

By Nick Mellish

The following article contains spoilers for the books.

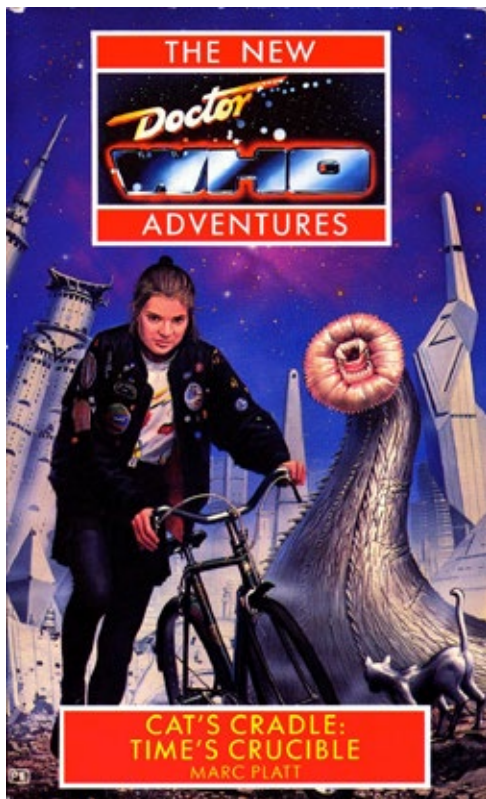
This article is late. We're not just talking "Sorry, missed the bus and has to walk the last five minutes" late; we're into so late it'd show up positive on a pregnancy test late. I can only apologize to everyone involved with the magazine for this, not to mention you readers. Worse still, thanks to a combination of many things far too tedious to really go into here (including a very nasty bout of clinical depression which has rendered me unable to write a word without wanting to crawl under my duvet cover and fight off single-handed oncoming things such as Life and Doing Things and Productivity and Stuff), I have managed to get through (drumroll please) one book.

One. One lousy book. So, this is going to be a quick one on top of being a late one. Well done, me.

Moving away from excuses and self-loathing, the book in question is the first of the Cat's Cradle sequence, the appropriately-titled **CAT'S CRADLE: TIME'S CRUCIBLE** by **MARC PLATT**. It took me a surprisingly long time to work my way through the book. It's not that it's bad, or even that my health was at the under-duvet stage at the point of devouring it. It's that it was so incredibly dense and complex, its prose holding layers of information and plot on each and every line. Platt has written a book here that is no so much ambitious as trying to ape what Cornell did in **TIMEWYRM: REVELATION** ("Oh, you think you wrote a book for adults? Let's see...") and re-write huge swathes of Gallifreyan mythology at the same time: Lungbarrow? Check. Looms? Gotcha. The Other? Present.

Yes, it's sadly very tricky to be able to read these books without prior knowledge

of certain huge NA tropes such as those above, being as steeped in fandom and all sorts of reference books as I have been over the years (and by steeped in fandom, I do not mean that I am in any way a 'super fan', heaven forbid, just that I've read a fair bit and listened to a fair whack more). As such, I nodded at these mentions when they occurred, though even with a modicum of knowledge, a lot of it was still utterly baffling and confusing. Platt doesn't go out of his way to actually really explain a lot of these things, simply putting them out there for us to pore over and wonder about. It's certainly interesting, definitely intriguing, and by painting a Gallifrey where no children are ever born, it puts the Doctor and his folk another step away from us mere mortals, which in some ways is very important and in others feels a bit like it is trying to appease the sort of fans who spy Susan and get very angry about her ("It's okay, guys, don't worry. This way she can still technically be



his granddaughter without the icky sex and kissing part you freak out over”).

I’m not sure where I stand on this yet, and will keep an open mind as the New Adventures continue to develop this storyline further still. As for the overall book itself, it is at times very hard to read due to its complexity and Platt’s insistence of giving us little in the way of explanation until very late in the day, and by then you’ll have forgotten a fair whack of what went before. This isn’t a book you can just dip in and out of, nor one that makes for a light read. This is one that demands concentration throughout, with multiple timelines, co-existing incarnations of the same people and monsters, and silver cats.

By the time I reached the end, I found myself oddly exhausted by it. I’ve read far longer books which have taken me far quicker to get through; this one just left me a bit tired. I cannot fault Platt for trying to write something with such lofty ambitions and myth-making complexities, but I cannot see myself returning to it for fun any time in the near future.

Still, I wonder what that cat is all about? Guess I’ll soon find out...



Interview

DOCTOR WHO PINBALL TABLE

by Grant Bull

Cosmic Masque caught up with the team behind the recent Kickstarter project to digitalise the famous DW pinball machine.

First up can you introduce yourself and tell us about your company?

My name is Mike Lindsey and I’m the Community Manager here at FarSight Studios. We’ve been in the game industry for over 25 years developing games for a wide range of platforms from the earliest Nintendo Entertainment System to the latest next-gen consoles. Our current project is the Pinball Arcade where every month we digitize a real pinball table and release it in videogame form on a wide range of platforms.

For those who aren’t aware what was the Doctor Who Pinball Machine Kickstarter project all about?

We are licensed by the pinball manufacturers to digitize Williams, Stern, Gottlieb or Bally machines. Even though we have the right to reproduce these machines in videogame form, some of the greatest tables included extra licenses based on popular culture of the time. In this case we set our sights on the 1992 Williams/Bally Doctor Who pinball

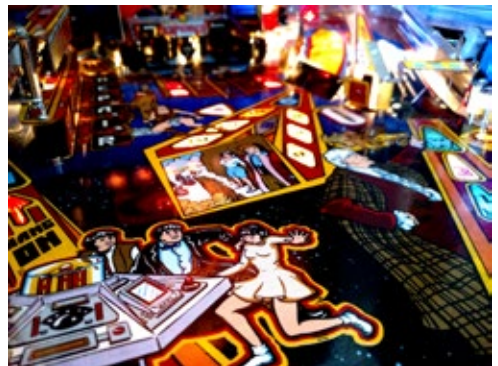


table. It's one of the greatest designed licensed tables in pinball history! There are several licenses involved: in addition to the Williams license, we needed a license for Doctor Who, the actor likenesses of all seven doctors appearing on the backglass and playfield, and the right to use the actor voiceovers during gameplay. When we added up the costs of each required license and calculated what we'd have to charge for the table, we concluded that Doctor Who was not commercially viable. The more we charge for the table the fewer people will be able to buy it- and our goal is to expose as many people as possible to this great table, not just a select few.

Thanks to the overwhelming support of pinball and Doctor Who fans around the world, we were able to raise \$16,565 more than the \$54,364 goal which will be applied to the next big license table.

Now you've achieved that goal what can we expect to see and when?

We will be sharing some of the digitization process with fans on our Kickstarter page as we progress. Our target release date for the Classic and Regenerated table is September 2016.

What can we expect from the Regenerated version?

During the course of our campaign, we announced that BBC would allow us to not only digitize the classic Doctor Who table, but create a digital-only modded version including the latest doctors and new material from the show. We will also update the art style, add new lighting features, and build in a couple new toys. This table is expected to release around the same time as the classic version. We are also in the process of designing new custom Doctor Who Pinballs which can be used on all 65+ tables

How does the process of digitization work?

Our process takes about a month to complete for each pinball table. We first buy a physical

machine and have it shipped to the studio. Once it arrives, our emulation engineer begins making it possible to run the original programming from the chip on all the target devices. We then begin taking all of the ramps, plastics and toys off of the playfield and capture high resolution photos. The Ramps plastics and toys are given to the art team to be modeled in 3D for placement on the virtual playfield. Once we have a playable version, we begin tuning the physics so the table will play as much like the real thing as possible. The table is tested by our beta testers and then we release to the world.

Can you tell us a little history of the original machine?

The Doctor Who table was co-designed by Bill Pfitzenreuter (a well accomplished software engineer at Williams and huge Doctor Who fan) and famed designer Barry Oursler, who designed classics like Gorgar, Space Shuttle, PinBot, Cyclone and many more.

What do you think is so special about this particular pinball machine?

Before launching the ball, the player can choose one of seven doctors who each have a different effect on the gameplay and scoring. The Time Expander starts level with the playfield but will rise as the game progresses to expose the Daleks who are hell bent on extermination.



What other projects do you have planned for the future?

We can't say which tables we are working on, but we can say that the list is very exciting. You can expect to see many more classic tables added to the Pinball Arcade monthly. Another big project we are currently working on is the new 'Stern Pinball Arcade' which we will be showing first playable this July at California Extreme in Santa Clara, California.

Many thanks to Mike for chatting to us, for more information and to get the game head over to:
<http://www.pinballarcade.com/GetItNow/>



Fiction

WHISTLE STOP

by Meg Mac Donald

A story? You want me to tell you a story, just like that, right off the top of my head? What do you mean, "just make something up?" Why should I? Yes, of course I have a story. Doesn't everyone? And it's a whopper, as they used to say. What? They still say that? Well, bless me!

Did you know that between 1854 and 1929, over 200,000 orphaned, homeless, and destitute children in the United States were placed out across the country, many to farming families in the mid-west? Some were adopted. Some were indentured. Some were separated from their brothers and sisters and never saw them again. Yes, that does sound harsh, but it was the beginning of the foster care system and while it wasn't perfect, it was usually better than starving to death on the streets. Believe me, young man, starving to death is no picnic. But you know all about that, don't you? Being hungry. Being lonely. Being abandoned. I thought as much. How can I tell? Your eyes, dear. I can see it in your eyes. You remind of someone I met a long time ago.

Yes, I agree. Never mind that. You asked for my story. You can tell me yours later. Are you writing all this down?

*Where was I? Yes, yes. I remember. I'm not as feeble-minded as all that. You know about the orphans, but what you may not know is this: Not all of those children—or the trains they rode on—can be accounted for. I know the last one I rode on can't be. I tried to tell the authorities years ago, but they didn't believe a word of it. I don't know if that's because I was a girl, or a girl born in the wrong century, but mark my words, the Number Nine, bound for Michigan, rolled out of history and into mystery. For a minute, anyway. Yes, it was a long time ago, but my memory is as sharp today as it was then. Now, do you want to hear a story or not? All right then. Settle down and let me tell you what **really** happened.*

Every podunk town the train had pulled into for the last 3,000 miles since leaving Grand Central Station looked the same: mills, manure, and mud. We were on the return trip from the Indian Territories, having criss-crossed what seemed like the entire country; we were the ones no one seemed to want. I guess they were going to try one more town, then it was back East. By the time we reached the orphan asylum, I was convinced

I'd be the only one left on the train. It would be all mud and tears there, too.

As we drew slowly into the station, I leaned my cheek against the cold glass window and blew softly until a fog formed. In it, I carefully wrote the name inscribed inside my locket--backwards, that it might be read from outside the train: E S O R. Truth told, I was tiring of the routine, but I had my instructions. At every station, at every switch, at every whistle stop, I was to trace those letters on the window. That's what the pretty lady had told me back in New York. *It will make sense later.* Adults always say things like that. But I did as I was told. In those days, at least, I was an obedient child. Usually.

Miss McCrimmon, who had travelled with us since we left St. Luke's and made our way first to the city and then up the Hudson on a crowded ferry, was already in motion: waking the sleepy heads, wiping noses, chastising the mischief makers. Not that there were many of those left. No, we were just a rag tag band of nobodies singing the same sad song. Tired of traveling. Tired of life.

Mr. Sneed, the weasel-faced agent we'd picked up prior to loading onto the first of too many trains, came sniveling into our coach looking more than a little uncomfortable as he patted his red, puckered face with a handkerchief. His neat brown suit was creased after so many miles of travel and his hat didn't look near as crisp as it had at the start of our journey. Not a father, I had decided, or a grandfather either. If he had been, he would at least have spared a smile for the gaggle of tired children. To him, we were little more than cargo--and noisy cargo at that.

"M'am," he tipped his hat at our sponsor. "I'm afraid we shall be parting company. Nurse Pettiford and I are to remain aboard and continue on to New York. You're to take the next train to Michigan which, I understand, has been delayed due to inclement weather to the north. I trust the church has an agent here that can arrange accommodations for those charges remaining with you?"

"Here?" she squawked, drawing a crumpled time table from beneath her lap robe. "But, there's no scheduled stop for another 40 miles!"

"My dear woman, you would do well to control that Irish temper--"

"Scottish, Mr. Sneed," she growled at him, and not for the first time.

"Never the less..."

"Never nothing! Mr. Sneed, might I remind you of the contract you have with St. Luke's? You are to see these children safely delivered to their new homes whether that is in Arkansas, Idaho, or Michigan." Miss McCrimmon flicked a wisp of escaped hair back into her bun. It was of no use. Her red hair was as disheveled as the rest of her. As the rest of us.

The man smiled coolly. "I have no control over either the weather or the train lines and a telegram with the change in plans was waiting for us upon our arrival. Unexpected as that might be, it is the truth of the matter. I can only surmise that another group of children await our arrival. We'll be escorting them back west as we no doubt now have a good number of farming families waiting and you can rest assured not a one has asked for trouble makers, wee babes, the mentally infirm, or," here he cast a glance at me, "girls of questionable intelligence."

I pulled my straw hat down over my eyes and tried to sink out of sight. As much as I longed for a family to call my own, I didn't want to be anywhere I wasn't needed--or wanted.

"You're to proceed to Michigan and anyone that's left will be returned to St. Luke's. I do wish you well, Miss McCrimmon. Good day to you."

"But, Mister Sneed," Miss McCrimmon cried, trailing after him, pleading our case. "We've already *been* to Michigan. Are you

saying additional applications came in? Mr. Sneed? Mr. Sneed, do wait for me--”

It was true. We’d been to Michigan once already. I couldn’t remember how many days ago it was. Twelve? A hundred and twelve? We numbered nearly 90 at the outset, enough to fill two passenger cars, but as the days passed most of the older boys and girls had congregated in the coach ahead of us. Nurse Pettiford followed soon after.

I glanced around our carriage, at Patrick and Colin wrestling in the aisle. The twins were always doing that. Not that they looked anything alike. Mr. Sneed didn’t even think they *were* twins. Twice they had refused to be separated, causing such a ruckus that they’d been sent back just as our train was due to leave the station.

Behind them, looking as sad as I had ever seen him, sat little Kipp. I remembered the summer day he had been brought to the first orphanage I had lived in. St. Christopher’s Day. That’s how he had got his name because the Sisters said they had to call him something. Something terrible must have happened to him because he wouldn’t talk to anyone. The only time he’d ever spoken to me was when it was discovered neither of us were Catholic and we were unloaded on the Society. I can’t repeat what he said, but between you and me, it was awful funny.

Comely, towheaded Piotr sat quietly across the aisle, staring out a window, rolling a red leather ball back and forth between his hands. I asked him about it once, but it took longer to explain the game it was used for than I suspect the game itself took to play. Willie was behind him, scowling, his arms crossed over his chest as he sat hunched and brooding. Whenever Miss McCrimmon started reciting her Second Chances speech, he huffed and puffed like a grumpy old man and pulled his peaked wool hat down over his eyes. I couldn’t see Mac, but I could hear the merry tap of spoons, so I knew he was nearby. Mac had a deck of playing cards that he had kept tucked up under his straw hat since one of the older boys, now gone, had



nabbed it from him. Upon inspection we discovered cards were missing, but Mac said he could get by as long as he still had one Ace to keep up his sleeve.

Jean was nowhere to be seen, but I wasn’t surprised. He had made it his business to explore every inch of our train from the locomotive on back to the caboose. He knew what every switch and lever did and how to make it all operate in reverse order. Paul and Thomas--named after Saints because no one could pronounce the names they had arrived with--were deep in conversation in a language I couldn’t begin to describe. I liked Paul. I was rarely at a loss for words, even as a young girl, but when he was around it felt like butterflies were fluttering around my tummy and I said the stupidest things. Thomas, on the other hand, made me laugh. He was tall and strong and I couldn’t imagine why he hadn’t been placed out yet. I was sort of glad, though, because he had always watched out for me as well as little Taffy and baby Matieu, who just needed a chance to charm someone. I couldn’t believe they were still on the train either, but secretly hoped wherever they went, I could go too.

I slumped a little more in my seat, smearing the spot where I had so carefully written on the fogged glass. It was time to face the music. No one was coming for me. No more second chances. Not here. Not ever.

A tap at the window drew my attention and I looked down. There, on the platform, stood a serious looking man that I hadn't noticed just moments before. I wasn't sure which was stranger, the man's leather coat that made him look like a boat captain without a hat—or a boat for that matter—or the enormous blue telegraph box that stood a short distance away. I could scarcely believe the size of it. Why, you might step *inside* it, it was so large! A proper little hut, better than the dirty coal shed I had slept in for a forgotten number of days back East, before a pair of kind souls had found me and I was taken to the local parish orphanage and from there to St. Luke's.

He pointed at me or, I should say, at the window, pursing his lips slightly to mimic what at first I thought was a whistle. A moment later I understood and blew softly again over the place where I had traced the letters. It reappeared as if by magic and the man lifted his eyebrows in question. I struggled to lower the window and peered out at him. The boys, alerted by this new change in events, clustered around me, snubbed noses pressed against cool glass.

"Hallo!" the man said. His tone was cheerful, but his blue eyes were sad. Sometimes you can just tell that about a person.

"Hello."

"You write that?" the man asked me.

"I... Yes," I replied.

"Well, hurry up. I haven't got all day."

At my insistence, Miss McCrimmon gave up pleading with the quarrelsome Walter P. Sneed and, as the train departed in a cloud of smoke and steam, we flocked around

her like chicks around a mother hen. Soon enough, she turned her attention to the man standing beside the tall, blue telegraph box. She shook his hand vigorously.

"Thank God you made it! We understood that our train was a full day behind and that we were going to be delayed, which is just intolerable after such an emotional journey. As you can imagine, these children are exhausted and hungry and eager to be placed out with their new families and I've studied the time table numerous times, but this, this *pitiful* excuse for a town is *not* on the schedule, nor do we have any agents within 100 miles!" She barely paused for breath before adding. "Where are my manners? I'm Carolyn McCrimmon from St. Luke's."

"St. Luke's?"

"Upstate," she said, as if that explained everything. Maybe it did, because the man didn't ask for any further explanation. Which was probably just as well, because Miss McCrimmon was on again and there was just no stopping her.

The man glanced left and right as she was talking and I had a feeling that he wasn't who she thought he was, but he was too polite to tell her so. That or her barrage of words was taking him by surprise. Or a little of both. After a moment he seemed to get the gist of what she was telling him, though, and he pursed his lips, his brow drawing together.

"You say this Mr. Sneed was just going to leave you here and expect you to make your way to Michigan on your own? I'd have a word with him--"

"Oh, I'd be much obliged if you would Mister...? I'm sorry should I already--?"

"No, I don't imagine you should. And it isn't Mister. Just Doctor."

"I'd be much obliged, Doctor," Miss McCrimmon said, sounding so greatly relieved it made a heart glad.

"Right... but I haven't the time." He looked over the group of us and pointed at me. "You're all welcome to come, but I'm only here for that one."

"That?" Miss McCrimmon turned to look at me, standing just outside the group, Taffy gripping one hand, Matieu riding on my hip.

"Yup," the Doctor said. "That's the one."

"You've put in an application?" Miss McCrimmon asked him.

"For what?" the Doctor asked.

Half of the boys began to snigger. The other half pointed at the water-logged advertisement plastered to the station wall alongside a host of long-outdated schedules and a faded billboard for the carnival that had come into whatever once passed for a town some years before. It seemed to me we were a carnival all by ourselves. All we needed were some fine white horses, a dancing bear, and some clowns. On second thought, forget the clowns. The Doctor turned to look at the array of peeling signs, then turned back, obviously puzzled. The girl on the circus poster--the one with the beard, riding what looked like a two-headed camel--looked an awful lot like me. Aside from the whiskers. I did my best to blend into the background, wishing the rain would start again and I could disappear into the stream presently creasing the dirt and snow between the station platform and the rails.

"What?" he asked.

"Not too bright, is he?" Colin asked the other lads.

"Blind in one eye..."

"Can't see out the other..."

"What? I don't see any... Oooh," the Doctor said after a moment. He read out loud: "*Homes wanted for a company of homeless children, having been thrown friendless into the world...* Well. I know how that is," he

said, then read further. "*Persons wanting these children must make application and be approved by the local committee.*"

"I assume the papers you and your Misses turned in are all in order?"

"Oh, there's no Misses," the Doctor sputtered. "Not anymore. There was someone, for a while. I thought... Anyway, you don't need to listen to my tongue wag. No Misses. Just me."

He mustered a grin right there at the end, but we all saw the truth in his eyes. We all knew what it was like to lose our families. Even if we couldn't remember them. Miss McCrimmon blinked back tears. For all she jabbered like a parrot, she was a sentimental soul. All the boys sort of sighed at the news, too. She could have done her Second Chances speech just then and no one would have minded.

"Forgive me, Doctor. I'm terribly sorry."

The shrill blast of a far-off train whistle sliced the afternoon in twain.

The Doctor consulted his wrist watch. "That, if I'm not mistaken, is the train to Michigan. It won't be the most comfortable trip if you come with me, but it's bound to be more exciting than standing here in the rain."

Paul tugged at the Doctor's sleeve. "Are there homes for all of us in Michigan?"

"Don't know. Maybe."

"Will it be dangerous?" asked Mac, wagging a finger at our new escort.

"Probably."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Patrick as he dragged a hand over his face.

"At last!" clapped Jean. "I could do with an adventure."

"That's the spirit! Well, then, I hope you have your luggage."

"Lost," Piotr explained. "Somewhere in Utah. Or Iowa. Or Indiana." The others murmured in agreement.

"You don't have anything?" asked the Doctor.

"Just what we got in our pockets," Thomas said, pulling out a fistful of marbles, a handkerchief, three smooth knucklebones, and a large apple with a bite taken out of it. "Don't need more than that."

"Is that so?" smiled the Doctor. "Good for you. I like to travel light, too."

"Careful now, you'll scratch the paint!"

I honestly couldn't imagine it looking any more battered, but for the better part of 20 minutes we watched from the shelter of the station's rickety porch as four men wrestled the big telegraph box onto the train in a downpour. The porters had been complaining almost the entire time because nothing of that size was listed in the cargo manifest for this trip, but the Doctor seemed to have his paperwork and credentials in order and, by gum, that box was going where we were.

As soon as the telegraph box was stowed, the boys made a break for it, piling into the freight car the Doctor had commandeered for us like a swarm of ants to a drop of honey. Not for the first time, the smartly dressed conductor breezed by, wringing his hands, insisting that he had no authorization to take on more than a handful of chance passengers, let alone a dozen orphaned children. The Doctor pulled his small leather purse from his pocket, waved it in front of the man's nose, and that was that. How all of his documents fit into that little wallet, I didn't know.

A pair of burly men in dirty blue overalls lifted Miss McCrimmon into the carriage, handed the baby up to her, then tossed her

carpet bag in. It snapped open on impact and a puff of lacey-whiteness popped out for a split second before she put it all in order and took a hesitant seat on a bale of hay. That left me and the Doctor standing motionless on the platform, as if each was waiting for the other one to make the first move. I was still mulling over what he had said. Me. He was here for me. I wasn't sure what that meant. He was here to escort me? He was here to take me with him? Why was he here and why me and...?

"So," he said brightly, "what's your story?"

"My what?"

"Your story," he repeated, jabbing a thumb over his shoulder at the advertisement that had been put up prior to our arrival. That there were no families waiting for us to be trotted out for at the local opera house or church seemed strange. Then again, given the state of disrepair of the buildings, I had a sneaking suspicion that a next meal was as much a concern here as it was for the countless children roaming the streets of New York City. The Doctor and his telegraph box were as out of place here as any of us. Which begged the question how he had arrived here at all. And why. Which brought us back to the first question.

"I don't have a story," I told him. I did, of course. We all do, but I wasn't going to tell him. Not that easily.

"You must have. A story I mean. Everyone does."

"Including you?"

"Oh, I've got lifetimes full of stories. Don't get me started..."

But he didn't elaborate and I knew, in an instant, that he wouldn't.

Not that easily.

“The thing about stories,” he confided, “is that the ones that haven’t been written yet may be the best of all.”

I didn’t want to tell him that the only thing I could write was the name inscribed in my locket.

The boys were whooping and hollering as they climbed over bales of hay bound for some far-off stock yard. I shivered as blowing rain seeped through my wool collar and ran cold as melted snow down my back. Is that what we were now? Cattle? But it looked warm and smelled like summer, and the thought of laying down my head on something other than a hard wooden bench was appealing. Not a one of us had had a good night’s sleep in more days than I could remember.

I was so lost in my thoughts that the sharp whistle of the train made me jump.

“All aboard,” the Doctor said cheerfully, ignoring the gusting wind, the rain pelting down on us, soaking us to the skin. After another long whistle prompted us to leave the platform or be left behind, I took a deep breath and looked up at him.

“Do you think it will ever stop raining?” I asked him.

“Always does,” he told me.

He was so right. Of course he didn’t mention that after the calm, the oncoming storm might be even worse.

As the sun began to shine and the train picked up speed, our spirits began to rise. I cast off my soaking wet coat and Mrs. Mc Crimmon wrapped a dry blanket around me. There were plenty to go around. I could have done with forty winks, but for the first time in days, we were all full of beans. We had a sing song and Mac played the spoons on Colin’s head and we all laughed so hard when the Doctor told us where he was from and Patrick, brimming with inspiration serenaded us with:

“Tra la la boom de ay

We met a man today

He comes from Gallifrey

He took us all away.

He has a big blue box

We tried to pick the locks

We think there’s more inside

than he could ever hide.

We’re on the Number Nine

The weather’s fair and fine

Not much more I can say

Tra la la boom de ay!”

As we rolled along, the Doctor heaved open the cargo doors to let in the fresh air and sunshine, cautioning the boys to keep away from the edge. Some of them even listened. He only had to grab one or two before they fell out.

Miss McCrimmon was all fluttery in the company of the Doctor. Her face turned three shades of crimson when he sat beside her. In the space of a few hours she had told him the entire history of St. Luke’s, the Children’s Aid Society, her previous excursions out west placing children with good Christian families and how she had met Charles Loring Brace personally at a church picnic when she was still a young girl. He seemed to be doing his best to keep smiling and nodding, but every so often I saw him glancing around as if he expected something to happen. More than once he looked at me and I pulled the blanket closer. Eventually, he excused himself to check on the boys at the other end of the carriage. I heard him chastising one of them for the looping chalk art that now adorned the side of the telegraph box.

After he'd walked away, Miss McCrimmon started to breathe again. "A man of few words, isn't he?"

"Well," I told her, "someone has to listen." It seemed to me that the Doctor was right good at listening.

That's exactly what he was doing, only this time it wasn't to her, it was to the boys, who were all talking at once, asking question about the box, about him, about what it was like to travel about with that box of his (as if he took it everywhere he went). Someone asked him if the telegraph box belonged to the coppers as apparently that's what the big white letters at the top said. He laughed at them and said no, it was his, but the way he said it we all knew. He'd nicked it for sure. The boys thought the whole affair was quite a hoot, though. Before you could say "Bob's your uncle," and ignoring his protests, Taffy was on the Doctor's back, Mac was picking his pockets (he had more in them than Thomas did!) and at least four others were pulling him down into the hay. In no time they'd have him shooting marbles and playing Old Sledge or Beggar-My-Neighbor. Even Kipp had been drawn out of his customary solitude and had moved into the rowdy group. By his expression, the Doctor was completely out of his depth.

A loud rumble interrupted our merriment, sending a shudder through the floor and a shiver up every spine. Above us, a kerosene lantern swayed as the freight car shifted side to side.

"Thunder," Miss McCrimmon assured us, settling herself again in as ladylike a position as could be had sitting on a hay bale as the train rushed—clackity, clackity, clackity—over the rails. "Inclement northern weather. We're safe as houses in here. We have all this warm hay, and wool blankets and, oh, children, I was saving it, but we have muffins and a jar of apple butter! Gather closer now--"

Another rumble rolled slowly over us, this one ending with

a splintering crash. The Doctor was on his feet, gently lowering Taffy to the floor, and extricating himself from a tangle of wide-eyed boys. For a full ten count all I could hear was the grating and squealing of iron as if the brakeman felt our very lives depended on the train coming to a timely stop.

I looked at the Doctor and he looked at me.

"We aren't stopping," I said at last, feeling foolish for stating the obvious.

"No, we aren't," he agreed.

More rumbling followed, and popping and shuddering and grating and all manner of distressing sounds that swept over us as if the train was being pulled apart, starting up front at the engine and ending at the tail end in the caboose.

"That's not thunder," Piotr observed.

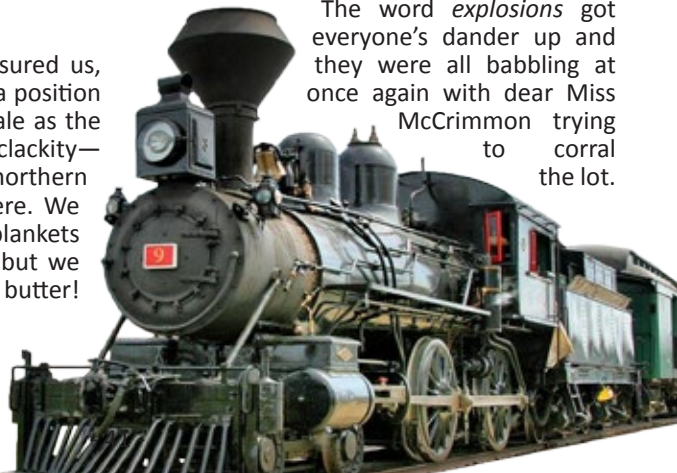
"Sounded like blasting caps!" Jean said, excitedly.

"You say that like it's a good thing," Mac told him.

"Depends on what you're doing, hmmm?" Willie pointed out.

"True enough," the Doctor agreed. "But we aren't in mining country yet and besides, explosions *on* trains are rarely a good thing."

The word *explosions* got everyone's dander up and they were all babbling at once again with dear Miss McCrimmon trying to corral the lot.



Might as well have tried to put a dozen frogs back in a box.

“Oh my giddy aunt--”

“Hmm, I wonder---”

“...popycock!”

“Fantastic!”

The Doctor turned sharply toward the usually silent Kipp. “Hey--”

Paul drew me close to him so he could whisper in my ear. He smelled like sweat and hay and apple butter. “When he says run, be sure to run.”

What?

The next explosion sent the lot of us tumbling to the inside wall of the freight car. A good thing seeing as the cargo door was still open, wind and snow whipping loose hay into a storm around us. The undercarriage creaked and groaned and for a long moment it felt like the train had pitched so far to the side it had lifted from the tracks. I could almost imagine what it might look like, tipped sideways, running along on one side of the track, sparks flying. Taffy buried his head against my shoulder, Kipp clung to the other arm, and somewhere in the maelstrom of hay and snow, little Matieu was crying. Colin scooped him up and put him into my arms and I held them all as close as I could. The smell of smoke and sulfur was suffocating and I felt a sudden dread about those kerosene lamps hanging above us and all that hay.

All eyes were on the Doctor. In his hand, balanced mere inches from the hay, was one of the kerosene lanterns. He reached up and nonchalantly put it back into place as the carriage shuddered right way up again. We all gasped.

“What?” he asked.

Another loud boom made us all jump and the boys, well some of the boys, couldn't help but giggle. They tussled and punched one another and called one another featherbrained nimenogs. No one was looking outside anymore. No one except me.

“Rose?” It took me a moment to realize he was talking to me.

“I think something's wrong,” I whispered, breathless and not half frightened.

“Why's that?” asked the Doctor.

I pointed at the open door. It wasn't snowing anymore. It wasn't daylight anymore. It wasn't anything I'd ever seen with my waking eyes. We were hurtling through what looked like a million shooting stars.

“Is that--?”

“Are we--?”

“Well, that seems highly improbable.”

“We aren't in Michigan anymore.”

“We aren't on *Earth* anymore.”

“Goodness gracious me. That wasn't supposed to happen,” said Miss McCrimmon, and she fainted dead away.

“Well, it's about time,” the Doctor muttered, glancing over at me. “Com'on then, stop playing with the kids. We have work to do.”

Jean was fit to be tied when the Doctor told him to stay put while we investigated the next carriage up. Instead, the Doctor instructed him to help Thomas close the cargo door before someone fell out—Miss McCrimmon in particular, seeing as she was wilted away and not even the smelling salts the Doctor offered up were having any effect. At least not on poor Miss McCrimmon. With a shrug, he extinguished the kerosene lamps, cut away the straps holding the telegraph

box in place, stepped inside and lit the flame at the top of the box.

"If things get too rough," he told the boys, entrusting a key to Paul, "get in the box. And don't touch anything you lot, you hear?"

Next thing I knew, the Doctor told me to put on my coat, grabbed me by the hand and dragged me outside. I clung to him, blinded by ash and soot and swirling starlight. The noise of the train rushing over unseen tracks was deafening. We were racing at a fearsome speed, too fast for us to jump to safety. Even if we could jump to safety. I couldn't bear to look up or down or anywhere except for at the Doctor.

He jumped from one carriage porch to the next like there was nothing to it and held out his hand.

"Come with me," he said, but I couldn't. I couldn't move. I didn't know what I was thinking, following him onto that train, following him out here into something that I couldn't tell was a dream or a flight of fancy or a nightmare. I squeezed my eyes closed and wished for it all to go away. It didn't. I'd as goods go back to the orphan asylum.

"Well, you can't just stand there," the Doctor pointed out, looking more than a little put out. I got the keen sense he was accustomed to getting his way. Colin was like that. They all were, come to think on it. Different as the phases of the moon, but somehow the same.

"Can't I? I mean... you don't need me. I'll just slow you down. You need Jean or Thomas or Mac. They're sharp as pins. They can even *read*. Jean was practically begging you to take him along and, and, and..." I was talking faster than Miss McCrimmon and making about as much sense as a jabbering monkey.

"Are you done now?"

"No!" I cried. I'm nobody, I wanted to tell him. I'm nothing. You don't need me here and I don't want to be here and...

He rolled his eyes and settled back with crossed arms against the door into the next compartment. "Hurry up, then. Get it over with."

"Why are you doing this? Why did you pick me? I don't know what you expect me to do! I'm not smart and I'm not pretty and I'm not even remotely brave, and I don't know why I'm following you! I don't know who you are or where Gallililly is—"

"Gallifrey."

"I don't where that is either!"

"I never said that you did."

"Who the devil *are* you?"

"Seriously? We're going to do this now? The fate of the universe may be hanging in the balance and you're going to stand there asking foolish questions and having a pity party?"

I wasn't entirely sure I understood what he meant by that, but the disapproval in his eyes was enough to tell me that I was disappointing him.

"This isn't what I expected from you—" he began.

"Why would you expect anything of me? We've only just met!"

"You know, that's the trouble with time travel," he said. "And I ought to know better after this long, but it never ceases to amaze me how *stupid* people can be before you've met them properly."

I don't know what sort of a chowderhead he thought I was, but that made no sense at all. At least this time he seemed to understand that I hadn't a clue what he was on about and that every word he said was

laying more track between us. I turned to go back to the boys, the only family I expected to ever have.

“You can’t do that,” the Doctor called after me.

“Why?” I yelled back, gripping the doorframe, my hair twisting around me as we hurled deeper and deeper into my worst nightmare.

“Because you didn’t.”

I stared at him. “How could you possibly know that?”

“I’ll explain later.”

I scowled. Adults always say things like that, but they never explain anything.

“All right. You want to know the real answer? Because you told me. You told me about all of this. Well, you will tell me, from your perspective. Your future. My past. It’s complicated, and, quite frankly, we don’t have time to debate temporal physics right now. Now, are you coming or not? Rose,” the name caught in his throat once again and I turned back to him. “Trust me.”

I must have been completely mad, but there was something about his stern face in the shifting light, cinder and ash and the smell of the night sky and his blue eyes beacons of hope, wide as eternity, offering me the chance of a lifetime. He knew me from a future I could only imagine. A future I had come to doubt I would ever have. Here, now, we were writing the pages of the story of my life. The story I would tell him. *Trust me.*

I jumped the gap between what I understood and what I didn’t, and the Doctor was there on the other side to catch me.

The next freight car up was as dark as a moonless night and filled with hay if I were to trust my nose. The Doctor scrambled through it without any problem, but it was

harder for me without any light, my frock and long coat catching me up. Outside the train, it was as cold as a winter day, but inside, crawling over crates filled with good cloth and bad liquor, squeezing past barrels packed with dry goods I could only guess at, I was growing warm enough to offend myself. Every time I thought I might want to shuck that moth-eaten old coat, we’d emerge from a carriage into the bracing wind and no matter how much I smelled like a basket of dirty stockings, I’d have a powerful change of heart. What I wouldn’t have given for a bottle of Miss McCrimmon’s *Jicky Guerlain*.

We hopped knuckle coupler after knuckle coupler, edging ever closer to the front of the train. At last, the Doctor stopped.

“What’s wrong?” I asked him, steadying myself on the swaying carriage porch.

“Door’s jammed,” the Doctor told me, rattling the brass handle. He pulled with both hands, then put his shoulder into it, all to no avail. With a shrug of resignation, he reached into his coat pocket, then caught himself. Whatever tool he had hidden there remained hidden. Instead, his hand closed around the rung of a ladder that went up to the roof.

“Oh no,” I told him, backing away. Playing leap frog over janney couplers on a hell-bent train was bad enough. By all that was sensible and good, I was not about to climb up *there*, in the dark, on a train hurtling through the heavens.

“Ladies first,” he grinned.

“Doctor, please! My hands are cold, I’ve barked both shins, snagged my frock on a nail, torn my stockings, and this train doesn’t seem to have an end. Please, can’t we go back to the boys and Miss McCrimmon?”

“Well, we could,” the Doctor told me without looking at me. He did that, talked without looking at you. “But if memory serves, they aren’t there anymore. We have to keep going forward to find them again.”

Not there? What sort of balderdash was he expecting me to believe now?

“Come on. You’ll understand soon enough.”

I wanted to understand *now*. Was that really so unreasonable?

“Where are they if they aren’t where we left them? What aren’t you telling me?”

“Plenty,” he stated, ushering me ahead of him up the ladder.

Well that did it. I was tired of being told what to do and when to do it by people I hardly knew. It was about time I spoke up. About time I made a stand. The incongruity of my sudden surge of feminist zeal arriving as I stood on train flying through the night sky with a strange man from Gali—Galifri—Galifriboomdeey—failed to dawn on me at the time, but I had a wealth of things on my mind and was about to express it all to the Doctor. To say I was feeling stubborn would have been an understatement. I planted my hands on my hips, preparing my own version of the *Second Chances* speech.

Just then, a familiar voice called from atop the carriage.

“Come on, then! Quit the shenanigans. Shake a leg!”

Whatever I had been about to say went down with a deep swallow. I blinked hard. “Doctor, did you hear that?”

If he did, he wasn’t saying. Instead, he lifted me onto the ladder and pointed up. “Let’s go Catherine Booth. You can lecture me later.”

We staggered atop the roof, the Doctor gripping my arm that I might not be swept away in the roaring wind and swirl of flickering lights like jack-o-lanterns spinning around us in the starlight. I do declare, I had never been so terrified in all my life, but the view! I could see all the way to eternity.

After that, the dark interior of train cars and jumping knuckle couplers was nothing.

We dropped down into the empty cargo car and proceeded through another car or two when I heard it again. That same voice, calling out to me. The Doctor was busy at the far end of the stock car, bent over a stubborn door latch. I retreated to the back on the carriage, rubbing the grimy glass window with my sleeve.

“Oi!” the Doctor yelled from behind me. He’d sprung the door latch and the wind and roar of the locomotive filled the compartment. “This way, Rose. We have to keep going forward.”

“But someone’s following us,” I insisted, straining to see who was out there. I unlocked the door and stepped out onto the porch. The wind buffeted me again, twisting my hair around my face as I jumped back a carriage. To the one loaded with Bibles and Methodist hymn books and smaller pamphlets printed in what the Doctor had identified as the language of the Potawatomi tribe. He grudgingly agreed to stop long enough to read to me in the strange, clipped syllables of a language so unlike any I had ever heard. Standing outside the car, I could still hear the words. In fact, I could hear many voices, as if the entire company of boys were there behind the closed door. I cupped my hands to my mouth and yelled so the Doctor could hear me over the din of the runaway train. “I’m going to see who it is—”

“Rose, don’t,” he told me, reaching after me. “Don’t look back. You have to keep moving forward—”

Ignoring the Doctor, I twisted the knob and went back the way we had come. The door slammed shut behind me.

At first, the carriage was dark, the rich scent of hay filling me with sleepy thoughts. I never did catch those forty winks earlier and the exertion it was taking to keep up with the Doctor had left me exhausted. I felt around for the nearest bale of hay in the dim

light, lowering myself down. It was after the glow of a kerosene lamp washed over my surroundings that I realized that instead of the car filled with Bibles and hymnals, I was back in the freight car we had started out in.

The compartment in which we had ridden so merrily together earlier was empty save the Doctor's big blue box. It stood in the far corner, tall and solid, casting a dark, deep shadow over the space. Mac's straw hat sat on a hay bale besides Miss McCrimmon's carpet bag. Wherever she was, she was going to be mighty displeased not to have her lap robe and her time tables and those lacy bloomers we'd burned our innocence away with by seeing earlier. Scattered all about were bits and bobs I recognized as belonging to the boys. Marbles and playing cards and tiny tin soldiers. One by one I swept them into Mac's hat as I made my way closer to the telegraph box they must have taken refuge in. The key on the chain that the Doctor had given to Paul earlier had been slid neatly into the lock. I wondered what sort of machine existed inside. A machine to take a man forward and backward in Time.

We met a man today,

He comes from Gallifrey...

My fingers closed on the door handle as I twisted the key, pushed open the door, and promptly fell out of the train.

Wherever I was when I woke up, one thing was for certain: it was as quiet as a church during silent prayer. I found that rather comforting after the affairs of the day. I was sitting on the floor in a vaulted room awash in twisting light and cool, gentle shadows. Peaceful sounds that reminded me of long lost summers I didn't even realize I still remembered reverberated around me. Summer nights. Summer breezes. Summer skies filled with stars. For a moment I was even further transported to the days before I had resorted to sleeping in a coal shed because I no longer had a home. Or a family. My eyes stung with tears, but I wasn't the only one crying.

There, down a long, tunnel that glimmered like the setting sun, I could just make out the outline of one of the older boys, his dark head nodded forward.

Leaving the hat and all manner of boyish treasures behind, I scrambled to my feet, tearing a hole clean through the torn hem on my frock. Miss McCrimmon was going to need more than a needle and thread to repair that before our next introduction to prospective kin.

The boy was crying. He didn't want anyone to know that he was crying. I could tell that from his face, the way he turned away, the way he blinked back the tears. To have a friend, you must first be one, and this poor lad looked like he hadn't a friend in the whole wide world.

"Hello? Are you hurt?"

If he heard me, he made no answer. Instead, he cradled a large leather book in his arms as dearly as I might have held our family Bible. His lips were moving silently, his body rocking to a tune that seemed to rise from the pages themselves. A haunting song, unlike any I had ever heard. All at once, I was crying, too.

DEATH, rock me asleep,

Bring me to quiet rest,

Let pass my weary guiltless ghost

Out of my careful breast.

Toll on, thou passing bell;

Ring out my doleful knell;

Let thy sound my death tell.

Death doth draw nigh;

There is no remedy.

The Doctor's low voice interrupted the song. "There you are! I told you not to—"

The image of the boy shimmered like ripples in a pond until it was just the Doctor and I in the cavernous room. He steered me down a ramp, past a hat stand, to a set of windowed doors.

“Come on, Alice. Time we go back through the looking glass.”

And just like that, we stepped back into the train. I glanced over my shoulder once to get a proper look of where I had just been, then wished I had some of those smelling salts we had tried to wake Miss McCrimmon with.

“Wakey, wakey—” The Doctor patted my cheek with cool fingers.

“Don’t be afraid,” Paul told me, smiling down at me. Smiling that smile that always made my knees weak. His voice was sweet. His face sweeter.

“Paul?” I threw my arms around his neck, breathing in his scent, hoping I wasn’t committing a sin when I had to admit I liked what I smelled.

“You might not want to do that,” the Doctor said, rocking back on his heels.

Aside from the obvious impropriety, I couldn’t imagine why. Nor could I have imagined what transpired next. Paul lifted me to my feet, only it wasn’t Paul anymore. It was Thomas. No. No, it was Piotr, smiling warmly. After that, it wasn’t even a person anymore.

Surprised, I stumbled back and the Doctor caught me and hauled me back to unsteady feet. I was much obliged and felt as foolish as ever for not having listened to him when he warned me before. He said not to go back after all. More than once. I looked up at him, all kinds of sorry on my face, but he was too busy looking this, this *Thing* up and down to pay me much mind.

“You can’t just go around changing your face,” the Doctor scolded.

“Says the Time Lord,” scoffed the Thing that, until a moment before, looked like someone I thought I knew as well as anyone.

I wasn’t sure who or what it looked like now; sort of stretched and slippery like a bowl of noodles, only without the bowl. It had too many glimmering parts, especially eyes, and I felt like every one of them was fixed on me. I was beginning to think masquerading as one of the boys was better. I was also hoping Miss McCrimmon wouldn’t walk in and see it.

Then it hit me. Just before she fainted dead away, what had she said about the explosions and the train wandering between the stars? *That wasn’t supposed to happen.* The Thing reached out a long slippery arm and patted me on the head. It smelled like apple butter. Oh. Oh dear. We were in a bad box now.

“Don’t be afraid,” it said again.

“What *are* you?” I cried, recoiling into the Doctor. “What have you done to Paul and Miss McCrimmon and the boys?” I thought of little Taffy, lost somewhere on the train, his big dark eyes brimming with tears. Of baby Mattieu, who couldn’t look after himself. Of Mac and Willie and the rest.

“They are here,” the Thing said, a dozen arms waving and embracing, and all at once they were. Every familiar face, every happy smile, every uncombed hair on every unwashed face. They surrounded me, whispering, patting my arms, touching my hair, breaking my heart.

I put my hands over my eyes. “Stop it! Stop it! You’ve taken them!”

“There, there,” said Pat.

“Stop crying child,” said Willie.

Taffy slipped his small hand in mine. “We’re so sorry.”

“You’re not helping,” the Doctor told the Thing. “Seriously. You’re terrifying her. Time to tell her the truth and then it’s off with you. Back into the realm you came from before I tell the Shadow Proclamation you’ve been mucking about Earth in this century. Shame on you. These stupid little apes don’t understand a thing about Shifters and whifferdils and multi-forms.”

Tell me the truth about... Wait just one cotton-pickin’ minute. Who was he calling a stupid ape? I peered between my fingers as the Thing continued to change like shadows in a mirror.

“No harm was intended,” the Thing said. “The truth was too painful. The pain saddened me.”

What truth was so painful? But it didn’t have to explain. Seeing their faces now, I admitted what I had known for days in my heart. They were gone. They were all gone and if we didn’t die in a train crash in this impossible place, I was going to end up back at St. Luke’s. Alone.

“No harm was intended,” the Thing stressed the words, noodle arms waving, too many eyes blinking. “The girl did not want them to leave. They were the ones that mattered most. Her memories were enough to create the illusion—”

“That was more than an illusion,” the Doctor said, shaking a finger at the Thing. “Those boys had individual corporeal form. Personalities. They acted independently of one another. To have divided yourself on that scale and maintained it so long—”

“Has been arduous, but necessary. An honor. A gift. The girl could not lose hope. Her journey is not yet over. Please, allow me to take a familiar form so I can explain.”

It looked at me, but I shook my head. *Don’t you dare.*

“Very well, then. A familiar form to you, Time Lord.”

It shimmered, took shape, and now it was the Doctor’s turn to step back.

“The boy with the book,” I whispered, able to see him clearly for the first time. His eyes were deep and dark, his brown hair as unkempt as...

“What do you mean, the boy with the book?” the Doctor asked me. “And I told *you*, you can’t go around changing faces like that.”

“He was crying. I saw him—”

“In the *Tardis*?” the Doctor asked. When I didn’t answer he pointed. “The box there. It’s called the *Tardis*. And this is a face I haven’t seen in there in a long time. You can stop it now. You don’t need to borrow Adric to make your point.”

Adric. I liked the sound of that name. “Who is he?”

“Someone that didn’t get a second chance,” the Doctor said softly.

“Precisely...” answered the Thing as it faded from view.



And quick at you please we were on mortal ground again, the bright sun blinding us as the train barreled on through drifts of snow that sprayed in every direction. For a long moment neither of us said anything, I was about to ask the obvious questions when he Doctor clapped his hands loudly together.

“Well, that’s done and dusted. Just one problem left.” He raised an eyebrow at me.

“The train won’t stop,” I said slowly, still wanting to understand what had just happened and realizing, sadly, that the Doctor was not going to tell me any of his stories. Not today.

“Gold star! The train won’t stop,” he agreed. “Simplest solution is we disconnect from the car in front of us.”

“Shouldn’t the engineer—”

“By now, yes, he should have. I don’t think anyone’s left on board. They might never have really been on board to begin with. Impressive trick. Almost had me fooled. Poor planning, though, requiring so much energy that when it couldn’t keep up it derailed a little bit of reality with it. Leaving with the train in motion like that wasn’t very bright either.”

I did not even try to understand. “How long will the locomotive keep going?”

“Either until it runs out of fuel or reaches the end of the line, I suppose.” I swallowed deeply. “We have to stop it, don’t we?”

“Do we?”

I hesitated. He knew the future, didn’t he? He knew what happened to the train... didn’t he? “D-didn’t I tell you? I mean, won’t I tell you?” I was still mighty unclear about how all that worked.

“Not entirely, no,” he conceded. “More fun this way, don’t you think?”

If this was his idea of fun... “And you wouldn’t tell me if you did.”

He tapped a forefinger against the side of his nose. *That* I understood.

“All right then. What do we need to stop a train?”

“Dunno. What do we have to work with?”

I picked up the hat full of inconsequential items. Tokens from the boys. I remembered now. They’d each given me something before they left with their new families. Marbles, a Jacob’s Ladder, knucklebones, a Bilbo catcher, a deck of cards, some small toy soldiers, a small knife, a handful of seeds, several tangled moonwinders and Miss McCrimmon’s jar of apple butter. Where, I wondered, had *she* gone? “What do you have?”

The Doctor whipped some sort of tool from his pocket. “Screwdriver.”

It was by far the strangest screwdriver I’d ever seen, but the Doctor was the strangest man I’d ever met. It seemed only fitting.

The noise in the locomotive was horrible, but the Doctor was right. No one else seemed to be on board. That left it up to



us to stop the train. The Doctor ignored the noise and smoke and the snow being cast in every direction by the cow catcher up front. On we plowed through winter's grip, chugging deeper and deeper into the Michigan wilderness, the Doctor setting his attention on dismantling what he identified as a broken valve. I asked him how many trains he had worked on and he grinned at me and told me to break the seal on the apple butter.

"What do you need me to do?"

The Doctor tipped the contents of the jar into the exposed cylinder.

"After I seal this up, I need you to open the valve to re-pressurize the system; then we haul on the hand brake, hold on for dear life, and pray. Think you can handle that?"

I wrapped my fingers around the brake handle and the Doctor wrapped his hands around mine. The pressure valve sputtered and I gave it a swift kick, never letting go the brake.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine," I pointed out.

The Doctor grinned. "I can live with that."

I didn't know why he thought it was so funny, but I had every intention of doing exactly what he said. Remember? I really was an obedient child in those days.

"Is this going to work?" I asked, then laughed at myself. "I guess it had to have worked, right? Otherwise we wouldn't be doing it. Right?"

"Dunno," he told me, adjusting his hold on the brake handle. "Things are changing every step of the way. Small things. Should all work out in the end, but you never know. We might crash."

"We might not," I pointed out, knowing that if wishes were fishes, no one would ever go hungry again. "Doctor, tell me one thing. The boys—the real ones, I mean. Are they all

right?" I had to shout to be heard over the squealing as we hauled on the brakes for all we were worth.

"Right as rain," he grinned back at me, pulling the whistle cord to announce our impending arrival. "Always wanted to do that. Your story isn't over yet, and neither is theirs."

Snow whispered to the ground, glistening like starlight across the open fields.

The train crew, no worse for wear after our adventure, stumbled out of the caboose after the great steel behemoth had ground to a trembling halt. Confused, they stumped along the rails in heavy coats and tall boots, inspecting the damage to the Number Nine. All considering, the train looked good and the nervous conductor congratulated the Doctor for his heroism. Another few miles and we would have reached the end of the line, quite literally. The Doctor thanked them as he hopped down, swinging me down to the ground as the porters began the struggle of unloading the *Tardis*. Alerted by the terrific noise, a farmer and his wife had arrived in a mule-drawn sleigh and offered to take us into town where they said an agent from St. Luke's, a Miss Carolyn McCrimmon, waited for me.

It was now or never. I turned to the Doctor. "You ever left anyone behind?"

He laughed a bit. I took that to mean that he had. Often.

"Anyone you wish you hadn't?"

"All the time. Well," he amended, "sometimes. And some people more than other people. Some people a lot more. But I don't beg. I'm not desperate, you know. I like being on my own. Set my own schedule. Go... where I want to."

I kept nodding. I wasn't sure which one of us he was trying to convince.

"Anyway, that was ages ago. She's probably back to working in a shop somewhere, married to that dumb lug by now."

I wasn't sure what a dumb lug was, but it didn't sound very romantic. Not one bit. I lowered my voice. "But didn't you say this was a time machine?"

"Just because it's a time machine doesn't mean I can just pop back and change things. It doesn't work that way. Not always," he said, gazing off into the distance. "There are things we can't change. Not even me."

"Like Adric?"

He didn't answer right away. "Sometimes I can change things. But I don't go back for people who say no. She made her choice and I left her right there in that alley with Mickey the Idiot," the Doctor said, arms folded across his chest. He looked miserable. "Her name was Rose, too. Rose Tyler."

Oh. Oh, my. The woman in the snow. The pretty woman with the man in the long coat who found me in the coal shed and took me to the local parish and gave me the locket and told me that when my turn came to ride the train I was to write that name in the window. Every town. Every station. Every whistle stop. Someone would find me. Someone indeed. But if the Doctor left her standing in an alley, none of this would ever happen. I thought of Miss McCrimmon, the *real* Miss McCrimmon waiting for me—for *me!*--and her speech about Second Chances.

"Maybe you could give her a second chance." He had to. He just had to. I looked at the *Tardis*. "Maybe you should tell her it's a time machine?"

The Doctor's eyebrows drew slowly together as if he were deep in thought. Slowly, a pained expression worked over his soot-stained face.

"She told you, didn't she? Rose Tyler told you to write your name so I'd see it."

"No," I told him, taking the locket from around my neck and handing it to him. "She told me to write this name."

He snapped open the locket. I knew what it said. I'd looked at it so many times. *To Rose*.

"She gave this to you?"

"On the way to the parish," I nodded. "They found me in the--"

The Doctor shushed me. "Not another word. Hasn't happened yet."

I blinked. Hadn't happened? How could it not have happened. "But that was years ago!"

"ehn!" the Doctor put his hands over his ears. It was just then I noticed how big they were. "Not for me!"

"But...?"

The Doctor jerked a thumb at the blue box.

"Oooh. Yes, I see." But I was lying. I didn't understand. I thought about it hard. It didn't help. "Doctor, why do I remember Rose and not you?"

"You wouldn't," he told me, sweeping me up into the sleigh with the nice people who had come to our aid. "You haven't met me yet."

"So you said."

"But you will. A long time from now. And you'll tell me the story of the Number 9 bound for Michigan--but I won't remember it, because for me it wouldn't have happened yet. And I must have told Rose later, which means I went back for her." He said it so matter-of-factly that all I could do was nod. Then he looked crestfallen. "Thing is, she might not come with me. Could change everything. Funny thing, life of a time traveller. Do you understand?"

I nodded, then slowly shook my head. The nice lady had bundled me up in a blanket and given me a proper winter hat. The nice man shook the mule harness and the sleigh began to move.

“All you need to know is—” he furrowed his brow. “Wait. What is your name?”

“Emily,” I told him.

“Emily Rose,” he emphasized the second name, “you’re going to have a *fantastic* life.”

I wanted to tell him the same thing, but why spoil the fun?

And do you know what? I did have a fantastic life. Oh, it wasn’t all wine and song. No sir. But those are stories for another day

and I can see that you’re ready to be on your way. Places to go, people to see? No, you aren’t being rude at all. You asked for a story and I told you one. Well, no, I didn’t tell you everything, but then a girl has to have some secrets, doesn’t she? That’s right. Even at my age. Just know this: it was a good life and one I’m not ready to stop living yet. How’s that for a pearl of wisdom?

Oh, one more thing before you go. You’ll need this. See the lovely inscription inside? Yes, I suppose I will miss it, dear, but I’ve had it long enough, don’t you think? Time it was given to a younger girl.

Go on now. You have so much to do and the Doctor was right. Sometimes the best stories of our lives are the ones we haven’t written yet. But you already knew that, didn’t you?

Review

YEE JEE TSO'S TIME AND SPACES

A Photo Journal of Doctor Who Filming

Review by John Davies

Twenty Years in a Temporal Orbit

Is it really 20 years since I queued up outside HMV on Manchester’s Market Street to grab a copy of the TVM (on VHS) from their midnight opening? (By grab I don’t mean literally; I paid for it!) Sadly it is, as the passing years depicted by the mirror show me every morning, the fact that the release was in 1996 and the liberal use of the term VHS just now goes to show. (VHS? Younger readers, Google is your friend.) But my time in that shivering, excited queue genuinely feels like a heartbeat ago. If the passing of two decades

is so paradoxically ancient and immediately real to me, how must it feel to those who were involved in its production? In Doctor Who Magazine’s 20th Anniversary Tribute Edition to the TVM, Paul McGann states he remembers every moment, believing it feels more like ten years ago rather than the actual twenty. Is this sharp relief something that was afforded to McGann due to his pre-knowledge of what Doctor Who was, that it was something already in his psyche by nature of the show’s cultural heritage? If so, what would those unaware of the ‘homeless traveller in his old police box’ before they got that chance to join in with his trans-dimensional life? In Yee Jee Tso’s Time and Spaces: A Journal of Doctor Who Filming, we get a chance to find out.

Time and Spaces is a fitting glimpse into a shared life experience. It’s a period of time for him just as it was for us, just brought sharply into focus by his rediscovery of a trove of self-taken photos, just like the promotional stuff I snaffled from that cold 00:00 video sale always focus me on that time, that moment, of potential Who-rebirth whenever I stumble

upon them. Through the pages of Yee Jee's book, peppered with before and after shots, script details and other production treasures, we get to see his photos from Chinatown (showing a very secret door), Grace's condo, the TARDIS interior set, Andy Livingstone Park and other key locations as seen throughout the TVM, each entry documented with factual comments about the locale together with personal reflections about the areas captured. It is, as Yee See notes himself, such a shame that he couldn't recover more of his photos from the British Columbian's Children's Hospital, a key location for many iconic sequences, as most of that area is, sadly, no more through redevelopment. Throughout the book, told in a highly informal and personable style, one thing that resonates with the reader is the inescapable realisation that not only does Yee Jee remember his time with moments of utter clarity; he does so with genuine fondness and appreciation. He didn't need pre-Who knowledge for the show to cast its spell on him.

I won't reveal too many of the insights Yee Jee shares with us in *Time and Spaces*, I will leave the majority for you to discover should you decide to make the book one of your 'things', but suffice to say the moment where he reveals how an onset incident while filming shaped his professional outlook to tardy attendance is a heartening one and the reminiscence of getting too close to his personal nadir, cold water, will always focus my mind when watching a particular key scene when I return to the events of December 31st 1999.

Although the key feature of the book are the locations, the 'Spaces' of its title, captured then and now, it's heart rests in the 'Time' aspect. The end family photo says it all, really, mixed in with the sentiments of Yee Jee's final words. Yes, time has moved on, we all have different lives now but for one moment, one significant point in time, we all shared the same journey – and it's one both fans and cast are seemingly willing to run back to without a moment's hesitation. The TVM was failed American Who? Not so when



it spawned so many novels, audios, a new on-screen appearance of the Eighth Doctor and, most significantly, when the creatives involved with its making are just as willing as the fans to return to a project twenty years after its filming. That's pure Doctor Who, the staple of so many UK Conventions, and possibly the true explanation of what a temporal orbit really is: Doctor Who itself! Once you're involved, it never leaves you, you're looped, and from reading Yee Jee's book and memories I feel he's rather happy to have it as part of his life for as we want it to be. Just Tweet him. And buy his photo album from 1996. The Doctor's gold dust won't last forever...

Yee Jee Tso's
Time and Spaces:
A Photo Journal of Doctor
Who Filming
is available to buy from
Miwk Publishing
www.miwkpublishing.com/store



THE CAPITOL

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