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UNITED WHOVIANS OF TUCSON

present

TARDIS  
TIME  
LORE

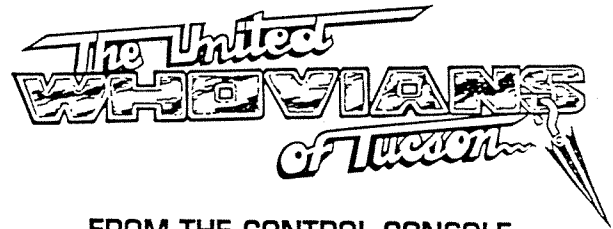




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FROM THE CONTROL CONSOLE  
 a column by Tracy Ann Murray

Welcome to the premier issue of The United Whovians of Tucson's TARDIS Time Lore. For interested readers, the following is a brief history of UWOT and this 'zine:

December 1988: KUAT aired the *Key To Time* episodes with Tom Baker. I was so upset at missing the first two that we had to tape the remaining episodes. Warning: watching episodes more than three times in a 48 hour period can cause permanent damage to your common sense. Fortunately I already had some immunity from Star Trek mania, so we held out for a little more than a year.

January 1990: I and my sister (Co-conspirator and Vice President) gave in. We cleverly covered up our desire to start a fan club by putting out a flyer that said (in essence) "we would like contributions for a fanzine. By the way, does anyone want a fan club?" Nobody fell for it. Everyone who responded wanted a fan club.

February 1990: We had our first meeting. Before the second meeting rolled around we had, thanks to the quick action of our KUAT Liaison, Dimitra Catsaros, signed the club up to answer phones for the local PBS fund drive. Only two of our members were able to attend the first week, but the second week we had an enthusiastic but as yet nameless group gathered to answer the phones. Minutes before air time we decided on a name, which accounts for its stunning originality.

March 1990: We began this newsletter/fanzine. With such arguments as "you have a computer," and "you know how to spell and punctuate," we persuaded Karen Funk Blocher to accept the position of Editor.

April 1990: We wrote stuff for the 'zine. Well, some of us did, others provided artwork, and still others had better come up with something next time. The result of all our hard labor was the 'zine you are now holding in your hands. It's bursting with information, very entertaining, and has at least one really splendid piece of fiction.

And that's the brief and not entirely accurate history of

(continued on page 2)

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the United Whovians of Tucson. We are a young and enthusiastic club looking for members/subscribers, not necessarily from Tucson. Minutes of the meetings are recorded, so it's not necessary to commute for them, although you do miss the traditional bowl of jelly babies. Interested readers will find a form at the end of the zine.

As for the name TARDIS Time Lore, it's a compromise between TARDIS Times and Renegade Time Lore and means absolutely nothing.

Until next time, that's all from the Control Console!

Tracy Ann Murray  
Lord President  
United Whovians of Tucson

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## TWO EDITORIALS

by Karen Funk Blocher

### CONTRADICTING THE PRES: NOTES ON "FROM THE CONSOLE" AND SOME MINOR EGO-BOO:

My Doctor Who "how it came to be" story is not all that different from Tracy's. Many years ago, I was also a Trekkie/Trekker/Trekfan, and Edirof (sic) of a Star Trek 'zine in Syracuse NY. But then I grew up—or so I thought. A year ago, in late April 1989, I happened to turn on *Doctor Who* when *Saturday Night Live* closed up shop for the night. I'd seen bits and pieces of various Tom Baker episodes over the years without ever caring enough to watch it on purpose, but what I saw on the screen that night was different. The Doctor was involved with the Master in an uneasy truce which suddenly ended dramatically, with the Doctor about to fall to his death. Thwarting my expectation of a miracle escape, the Doctor fell—and turned into Tristan Farnan! Left hanging myself, I gave up *Saturday Night Live* the following week to see what would happen next. By the time *Castrovalva* was over, I was well and truly hooked. Unfortunately, I didn't invite my VCR to participate in my Saturday night ritual until the end of Sylvester McCoy's run last fall. Once that started, I went downhill fast. For example, I bought my first Doctor Who novel (*The Ultimate Evil*) in December. my Doctor Who books; I now have 133 books, plus two accidental duplicates, one waiting for me at The Book Mark, and four on order, two of them directly from England.

February or March 1990: I called in a miniscule pledge to KUAT, acting out of mixed guilt and greed (for information), and happened to reach a Whovian instead of a clown (literally; most of the volunteers that night were in clown white). My first meeting was the next Saturday, and on Sunday afternoon we did the pledge breaks as a group. I left the room for a minute to get a can of soda or something, and when I came back I was told I'd been elected editor! The

other time I was separated from the Murrays, Trevor, Dimitra *et al.* that day, they named the club in my absence! Not surprisingly, KUAT carried on calling us "The Doctor Who Club" throughout the afternoon.

April 1990: Yes, we do need more contributors, as a passing glance at the Table of Contents will readily tell you. On the other hand, I have seen some promising works-in-progress. Expect to see fiction on all seven Doctors (one or more at a time) before the year is out, and, I hope, more non fiction as well. P.S. I hate writing the minutes.




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### Editorial #2: Saving the Planet

Even the Doctor (all of them!) would admit it was a remarkable day. Twenty years after the first Earth Day, people all over the US and beyond gathered in public places to consider the state of the planet we all inhabit, while millions more stayed home and watched Earth Day programming on tv. When it was over, in Tucson and elsewhere, cleanup crews had to deal with mountains of unrecycled mess which the Earth Day celebrants left behind.

Look, we're not likely to go interstellar anytime soon, and there aren't any other planets nearby that are hospitable enough for us. So let's take care of this one, okay? Conserve water and electricity, particularly CFC-producing refrigerators and air conditioners. Plan your route when you drive to save gas. Don't take a plastic bag at Smith's just because they don't offer you a choice between paper and plastic; better yet, don't take a bag at all. Some grocery stores will credit you for bringing your own bags. Avoid using CFC-producing styrofoam, and reuse styrofoam cups—I've been using the same one at work for at least a month, taking it to lunch with me. Recycle everything you can. You won't be the only one doing it, and together we can make a difference.

What each of us does affects all of us. No TARDIS is likely to carry any of us away from our warming, polluted, ozone-depleted, toxic Earth, so we all have a stake in keeping it habitable. If the Doctor can save the Earth every few years, surely we can do it the one time it really matters.



March 27, 1990

DR. WHO FAN CLUB  
c/o Dimitra Catsaros  
2754 N. Tyndall  
Tucson, AZ 85719

Dear Dimitra,

THANK YOU for all your hard work in getting a wonderful group together to answer phones during our March fundraising campaign! I hope you and all your folks had a good time as well as a busy time.

ALL GOALS WERE SHATTERED by a record-breaking \$131,201 in on-air dollars pledged! Other records were broken as well, including the total number of pledges and the average amount pledged!

Please extend my sincere thanks to all the folks in your group and a special thanks to you for all your time and effort. I know how difficult it can be to get a number of people together at one place and time! Your gift of time is truly appreciated and I hope to see you again.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads 'Gennie'.

Gennie Stiller  
Volunteer Coordinator  
621-7637

The University of Arizona  
Tucson, Arizona 85721

**NOT NECESSARILY THE DOCTOR:  
A COLUMN OF NEWS AND  
INFORMATION, MOSTLY STOLEN**

by the TARDIS Crew

**NOT NECESSARILY THE FIRST DOCTOR:**

William Hartnell is still dead, and thus has not been doing much these last few years. However, the early episodes have been shown recently on both sides of the Atlantic: in Denver (at least) in the US, and on British Satellite Broadcasting's wildly unsuccessful Galaxy Channel. We have yet to hear whether it's possible to pick up the Galaxy Channel with a satellite dish in the US.

**NOT NECESSARILY THE SECOND DOCTOR:**

Patrick Troughton is also still dead, a fact perhaps less well known than that of Hartnell's not-so-recent demise. However, we keep hearing of various odd appearances he made over the years. A non-Whovian friend reports that there was an episode of the tv series *Fame* in which Troughton played himself; the plot concerned a student who wanted to talk about Doctor Who all the time, much to Troughton's annoyance. Does anybody have this on tape? Can we see it?

Something we can see soon, at least here in Tucson, is Patrick Troughton as the Second Doctor himself! KUAT has decided to run the seven available Troughton episodes. Based on *Doctor Who Monthly's* missing episodes list, these would appear to include *The Dominators*, *The Mind Robber*, *The Krotons*, *The Seeds of Death*, and *The War Games*. We realize that's only five; presumably two more episodes aren't so "missing" that they can't be shown. *Web of Fear* and/or *The Invasion* would be particularly welcome!

Meanwhile, back in the UK, Frazer Hines (Jamie) has been hosting a game show (we think that's what it is) in Yorkshire called *Country Challenge*.

**NOT NECESSARILY THE THIRD DOCTOR:**

Jon Pertwee is the guest of honor at Gallifrey One, the LA Doctor Who Convention taking place over Memorial Day Weekend. See "Hot Times in Mutter's Spiral" article elsewhere in this issue. We'll have a report on the con—and Pertwee's recent activities—for next issue.

We do know that his projects over the last few years have included *Worzel Gummage*, a scarecrow character for children's tv; the UK voice of the cartoon teddybear *SuperTed*, and a science fiction pilot called *Starwatch*, also in the UK. But his most significant role of 1989 was that of none other than Doctor Who! Pertwee appeared as the Doctor in Terrance Dicks' play *The Ultimate Adventure*

from 23 March to 3 June, after which he was replaced in the role by the Sixth Doctor (see below)!

**THE FABULOUS BAKER BOYS, PART 1:  
NOT NECESSARILY THE FOURTH DOCTOR:**

Aside from occasional commercials on British radio and television, Tom Baker had a part in a television production called *Hyperworld*, written by *Hitchhiker's Guide* creator and former *Doctor Who* script editor Douglas Adams and described in one source as a "documentary drama."

In another project of special interest to sf/fantasy fans, Baker is scheduled to appear as the Marvinesque character Puddleglum in "The Silver Chair" when the BBC's adaptation of C. S. Lewis' *The Chronicles of Narnia* continues. The series should appear on PBS's *Wonderworks* any year now.

Although Tom Baker hasn't been on stage recently, he is working on a project for sometime this year: a one-man play about the life and works of Charles Dickens. An odder, but equally high-minded project was a children's interactive video on road safety the the UK Department of Transport.

Finally, and least interesting of all, Baker has recently been co-hosting a BBC magazine series called *Boom!*

**NOT NECESSARILY THE FIFTH DOCTOR:**

Peter Davison has made four more episodes of the BBC series *Campion* in addition to the four which aired in the US last year on the PBS series *Mystery*. The series has now been cancelled.

Meanwhile, having made a guest appearance as Tristan Farnam in the sixth season of *All Creatures Great And Small* (attending Colin's wedding with a hangover), Davison has decided to return to the role on a regular basis for the seventh series, to air in the UK this summer. The series currently airs on weekends on the cable station A&E (Arts and Entertainment) in the States, where they are currently (at this writing) rerunning older episodes in which both Tris and Colin are both hanging around Skeldale House.

**THE FABULOUS BAKER BOYS, PART 1:  
NOT NECESSARILY THE FOURTH DOCTOR:**

Colin Baker has been very active on the British stage in recent months since the *Who* play *The Ultimate Adventure* closed on 19 August. After playing Captain Hook in *Peter Pan* at the Dome Theatre in Brighton, he embarked on a tour in the play *Born in the Gardens* by actor-turned-writer/director Peter Nichols. Colin's character is "Mo" and the part of his twin sister will be played by Peter Davison's wife, Sandra Dickenson. The play is scheduled to tour through June 18th.

**HOPEFULLY STILL THE SEVENTH DOCTOR:**

The most current word we have on Season 27 is that Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred will probably not be in it, despite their massive popularity with UK fans. Delays in deciding whether to make *Doctor Who* one of the series BBC is to farm out to independent producers (in obedience to a new British law) have resulted in McCoy's and Aldred's contracts running out. In a form letter we received from John Nathan-Turner on 14May, the BBC does not expect to make a decision until late spring, whenever that is. McCoy himself, not surprisingly, has yet to respond to a letter sent to him over a month ago.

With *Doctor Who* on hiatus while the BBC decides what to do with the series and with Whom, Sylvester McCoy has returned to stage work. Last fall he played a prisoner in *I Miss My War*, an adult play by Iranian poet Jannat Aiaie. In December through February he was in *Aladdin*, appearing alongside frequent Cyberleader David Banks.

McCoy has done at least two book-signing appearances and at least one convention in the UK in recent months, but no, *Starlog* readers, he was not at a recent *Doctor Who* convention in Rochester, NY, for the simple reason that the convention never took place. Apparently the problems surrounding Timelord '89, a financial/legal fiasco of a convention in Columbus OH last year, where guests never received promised plane tickets or expense money (and so did not attend), has made potential backers wary of any East Coast *Doctor Who* cons for the foreseeable future.

**CONTEST: IDENTIFY THE DOCTORS!**

This issue's cover, by the talented artist known only as Sherlock, features plants and animals which are part of what makes Tucson, Arizona a special place to live. We're so pleased with it that we've decided to make a contest out of identifying not only the Doctors but the flora and fauna they portray.

Since Tucsonans have an obvious advantage in identifying desert wildlife, the standards for this contest are different for Arizona residents. The postmark on your response will determine which standard we apply to your entry. One Arizona and one non-Arizonan will each win a hand-colored copy of the cover art, individually signed by the artist. In case of a tie, the decision of the artist and the editor will be final.

The Rules: Match the number (First Doctor, etc.) of each Doctor with the plant of animal bearing his likeness. Be reasonably specific; an answer of "cactus" will not be considered acceptable, but we're not looking for Latin names or subspecies, either. You can call an *Opuntia* by its common name and receive full points.

Then answer these tiebreaker questions:

1. What is the name of the kind of desert depicted where these species can be found?
  2. What is the name of the plant in which the bird is sitting?
  3. What kind of rabbit is that?  
Arizona residents must also answer the following:
  4. What is the name of the variation in the growth of a certain famous cactus which forms a certain famous Doctor's hair?
  5. Which mountain range is depicted? As seen from where?
  6. Is there a teddy bear cholla in the picture?
- All entries should be mailed to:

Doctor Who Cover Contest  
c/o Storyteller Productions  
P.O. Box 77513  
Tucson, AZ 85703



**HOT TIMES IN MUTTER'S SPIRAL:  
GALLIFREY ONE - THE LOS ANGELES  
DOCTOR WHO CONVENTION,  
MAY 25TH - 28TH 1990**

by Tracy Ann Murray

This promises to be a very interesting convention. So far guests include: Jon Pertwee, producer John Nathan-Turner, John Levene (Sgt. Benton), Jean Airey (co-author of *Travel Without the TARDIS*, tentative), Gerry Davis (surviving Cybermen creator), and Fan Guest of Honor, Larry Stewart.

The video room will be showing some tapes which we aren't allowed to mention, but which most US fans are desperate to see. In addition to this, plus the usual films, masquerade, art show, game room and Con suite, there will be a display of *Doctor Who* props and memorabilia parading under the title "The Space Museum," two dances (The Time Meddler Cotillion and The Delta and the Bannermen Sock Hop) and a Cabaret featuring Jon Pertwee. And let's not forget the Banquet and a large Dealer's room.

Membership is limited, so get yours as soon as possible!

(Editor's note: A Gallifrey One membership form is provided for you on the next page, but don't tear it out; photocopy it, okay? We wouldn't want you to ruin your first issue collector's item!)

The First L.A. DOCTOR WHO Con in a Decade

# GALLIFREY ONE

MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND, MAY 25-28, 1990

At the Los Angeles Airport Hilton & Towers

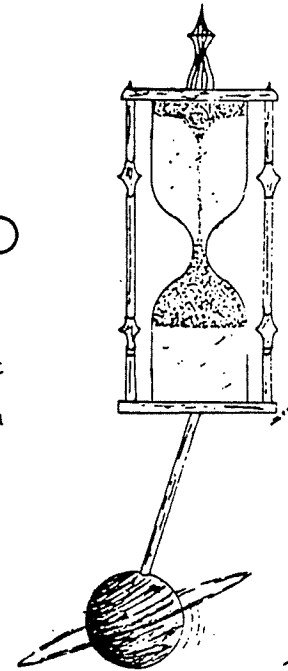
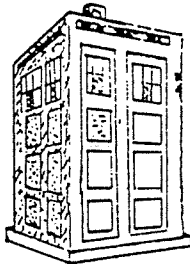
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With Special Guest

## JON PERTWEE\*

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Checks payable to SCIFI/Gallifrey One

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# of Memberships \_\_\_\_\_ # of Cabaret Tickets \_\_\_\_\_ Amount Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

# of Banquet Tickets \_\_\_\_\_ (\$25 ea)

Check here for information about  Dealers Tables  Art Show  
 Banquet  ConOps/Security  Volunteering  Handicapped Services

\*(Pertwee's appearance subject to professional commitment)

## THE LAST JOKE OF RASSILON

by Tracy Ann Murray

"Humans have no sense of humor," the Doctor stated.

"Oh?" said Sarah Jane indignantly.

"Don't take it personally. Most intelligent species are incapable of telling a good joke, or taking one for that matter."

The Doctor's tall figure was bent over the TARDIS console. Seriously at work on a relay that Sarah didn't even try to comprehend, nevertheless he found time to lecture her on another supposed deficiency of human nature. The Doctor's coat was off and hanging on the hat rack. His battered brown hat resided on the top of the central column of the console, and his unbelievably long scarf lay in a multicolored pool at his feet. Sarah, dressed simply in jeans and a T-shirt, had been sitting cross-legged on the floor by the other side of the console.

"Nonsense," she said. "Humans have a very good sense of humor."

"Hmm, you wouldn't know it from their politics. All right; you tell me a joke."

For a moment Sarah Jane was at a loss. Remembering jokes was not her long suit, but then she rose gamely to the challenge. "Er...right; here goes. A man goes into a movie theater and sits behind a woman who is petting a dog in the seat next to her. The dog is obviously watching the movie and understanding it; he growls at the bad guys and hangs his head at the sad parts. The man leans over and whispers to the woman, 'I'm amazed at the way your dog is behaving.' The woman turns around and says, 'It was a surprise to me too. He hated the book.'"

The Doctor stared at her.

Sarah blushed. "Well, what sort of jokes do Time Lords have?"

The Doctor picked up his scarf and used the edge of it to dust off the thingumbob he had just removed from a panel. "You wouldn't get them. Most of them have obscure references to time anomalies." He fitted the doohickey back into the console. "Though legend has it that Rassilon had thought up a real topper of a joke before he died."

Sarah perked up. "Tell that one to me."

The Doctor regarded her patiently. "If I knew what it was it wouldn't be a legend. If it hadn't been lost the Time Lords would probably have made a stuffy law out of it by now."

Sarah grinned at him. "I don't believe there is such a joke. Admit it. You don't know any good jokes, either."

"The Last Joke of Rassilon happens to be a well documented fact," said the Doctor.

"Prove it," Sarah challenged.

The Doctor scowled and moved over to another panel. He pushed several buttons, causing the console to chatter and spit out a length of paper. His expression changed from petulance to delight as he studied the document.

"What a stroke of luck. It says here the Last Joke of Rassilon was stolen by three renegade Time Lords. They were apprehended on Sol III in Mutter's spiral, but the joke itself was never recovered."

"On Earth?" Sarah said with disbelief. "Let me see that."

The Doctor crumpled the paper into a ball and tossed it up into the air where it mysteriously disappeared. "What about it, Sarah? Would you like to have a go at finding the Last Joke of Rassilon?" His blue eyes sparkled with mischief.

Sarah was not overwhelmingly enthusiastic. "I suppose there are a lot more unpleasant things we could look for."

The Doctor set the coordinates for Earth.



On the London street, even the Doctor's eccentric appearance almost blended in.

"But why the 1990s, Doctor?" Sarah persisted. "Wouldn't the Time Lords have left it here a long time ago?"

"Not necessarily. It could be anywhen, but the record had a very late twentieth century flavor to it."

"What?" Sarah said, confused. "I don't understand, Doctor. How do you find a joke?"

"You don't. It'll be in disguise."

Sarah closed her eyes and counted to ten. "How do you disguise a joke?"

"With satire, usually, but I imagine Rassilon used something more concrete."

"Like?"

"He was rather fond of art objects and musical instruments. It would be something like that."

"Come on, Doctor; you must have some idea what it is."

"Now that you mention it, I do have a fair idea. If I'm not mistaken it's a statuette of an Argolian Fripp done in bronze. An Argolian Fripp, by the way, looks very much like a pig with wings. I believe I saw it very soon in a little shop here in the West End."

Sarah Jane wondered whether he was making this up,

or, more likely, whether the Doctor had planned the whole humor conversation in the TARDIS so that he'd have an excuse to come to England and buy a pig with wings. Not so graciously she went along with it. "Where is this shop?"

"I'm not sure. I can't remember the exact street. We'll have to ask someone for directions."

They were passing a dreary little park, accented by broken wooden benches and dead grass. Two women, shopping bags at their feet, sat on the one intact bench. The Doctor approached them, gallantly swept his hat off and bowed to them. "Excuse me, ladies, but could you tell me how to find Jacob's Pawn Shop?"

The women looked him over suspiciously. "Don't live around here, do you?" asked the older woman.

"No, I—" he began.

The other woman interrupted him. "Down on your luck, dearie? Pawning the family silver?" she asked with an amazing mixture of curiosity and spitefulness.

Grossed in the conversation, the Doctor did not notice that Sarah Jane had disappeared from his side. He smiled charmingly. "Actually, I was—"

"East End!" the first woman declared. The Doctor was perplexed. He was sure the shop was on this side of London.

"No, no," said the other woman. "I'd say it was Liverpool gone posh."

He realized that they were discussing his origins and it was likely they would never stumble on the correct answer. "Yes, that's right. If you could just tell me which street it's—"

"Oh, you don't want to go there. Dishonest isn't the half of it." She leaned forward confidentially. "They say it's a betting parlor."

"Do they?" said the Doctor politely.

"Nothing wrong with that," said the second woman, "but he doesn't know watches. My aunt took in a watch given to her by my great grandmother. Swiss."

"Your great grandmother was from Chelsea," said the first woman.

"Not my great grandmother! The watch, of course. He only gave her a quarter of what it was worth, the robber."

"Knowing your aunt she probably got twice as much as it was worth."

"Oooh, what a thing to say. Aunt Doris was the sweetest creature. You're thinking of Aunt Agnes. Nasty disposition. No one cared to argue with her."

"Except your uncle. They never did anything but."

This type of conversation looked to be going on indefinitely, without an answer to his question forthcoming. He was trying to think of a courteous way of extricating himself when tug on his sleeve startled him. He turned to find Sarah Jane by his side again. She handed him a slip of paper.

"What's this?" he asked.

"The address of the pawn shop. I went over to the booth on the corner and looked it up in the phone book.



Jacob's Pawn Shop was the usual mixture of treasures, trash and semi-legal activities. The Doctor imperiously waved away the proprietor, who happily went back to his racing form.

Sarah's professional interest was piqued by an ancient manual typewriter. She occupied herself trying to make the "t" work while the Doctor searched through the shelves.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor.

Sarah Jane looked up. "Did you find it?"

"No, but I recognize this teapot. There was this Earl in Cornwall. Now what year was that?" he asked himself.

"And you had tea with him," Sarah put in.

"No. He threw the teapot at me."

Sarah Jane looked over the Doctor's shoulder. "Is that what we came for?" She pointed at a small statuette, some six inches high, and none too clean. It did not look like a receptacle of secret alien knowledge. The Doctor took it off the shelf, his manner reverent.

"This is it, Sarah." Eagerly the Doctor turned the pig's snout and then twisted its tail. Sarah looked nervously over at the proprietor to see if he noticed the mutilation of his merchandise. The winged pig had split in two halves lengthwise. Nestled inside was a clear blue marble, the size aficionados called a boulder. The Doctor plucked it out and cradled it with his scarf.

They both gaped at the marble as it began to glow. Fiery letters started to form within it. Sarah was unable to read them.

"Ancient High Gallifreyan," the Doctor informed her. "This is it, Sarah Jane; the Last Joke of Rassilon. It says, 'A Time Lord walked into the Panopticon where a newly-elected Lord President was giving his first speech. The Time Lord took his place beside a Time Lady who was petting the Argolian Fripp sitting beside her. The Fripp was flapping its wings in delighted approval every time the new Lord President made a point in his speech. The Time Lord stared at the Fripp in amazement. "Madam, I can't believe your Fripp's behavior!" he said.

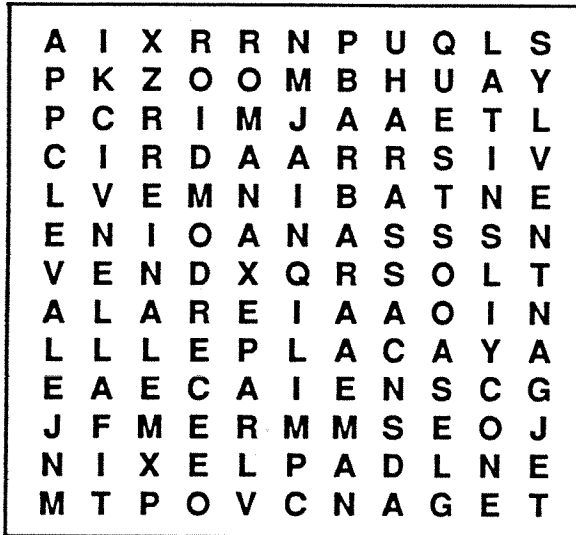
"She shrugged. "I can't understand it either. He voted against him.""

Sarah began to giggle. The Doctor looked up with a dazed expression on his face. "Brilliant fellow, Rassilon, but he couldn't tell a good joke to save his life."

Sarah Jane was quietly trying not to choke, but she was determined to have the last word. "Dying is easy," she said. "Comedy is hard."

**WORD SEARCH #1:  
SOME COMPANIONS**

by Tracy Ann Murray



Look for these 16 words:

Susan	Ian	Barbara	Vicki
Jamie	Zoe	Jo (twice)	Sarah
Leela	Romana	Adric	Nyssa
Tegan	Peri	Melanie	Ace

**A Matter of Memory #1:**

**Old Writers and Recent Doctors**

a trivia quiz by Karen Funk Blocher

- Which episode marks Colin Baker's first appearance?
  - The Two Doctors*
  - The Caves of Androzani*
  - The Twin Dilemma*
  - Arc of Infinity*
- What does the Sixth Doctor wear on his lapel?
  - a sprig of celery
  - a cat pin
  - an umbrella pin
  - a Star of Mathematical Excellence
- What do Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy have in common?
  - They're both Tom Baker's cousins.
  - Both of their Doctors use the same brolly (umbrella to us).
  - Both are known for putting ferrets down their pants.
  - Both actors had their tenures interrupted by the BBC putting the series on hiatus.
- For which of these is Sylvester McCoy not known?
  - an appearance in some versions of *The Secret Policemen's Other Ball*
  - a secret marriage to Sophie Aldred which the British press revealed last December
  - He once studied for the priesthood.
  - shoving ferrets down his pants
- How many Sylvester McCoy episodes have yet to appear on KUAT?
  - none—they showed the most recent ones to date before going back to Jon Pertwee
  - one—they accidentally showed *Revelation of the Daleks* instead of *Remembrance of the Daleks*
  - four—the whole 26th season
  - six—all from 1989-90
- Which of these *Doctor Who* scriptwriters never wrote for *The Avengers*?
  - John Lydecker
  - Christopher Bailey
  - Malcolm Hulke
  - Terrance Dicks
- Which of these was not a real Target book title?
  - Doctor Who Discovers Strange and Mysterious Creatures*
  - Doctor Who Discovers The Four Food Groups*
  - Doctor Who Discovers The Story of Early Man*
  - Doctor Who Discovers Space Travel*
- Which of these episodes is available as a book?
  - Shada*
  - Remembrance of the Daleks*
  - Revelation of the Daleks*
  - Resurrection of the Daleks*
- Which of these was not a real Doctor Who-related play?
  - The Final Adventure*
  - Recall U.N.I.T.: The Great Tea Bag Mystery*
  - Curse of the Daleks*
  - Doctor Who and the Daleks: Seven Keys To Doomsday*
- Other than Terrance Dicks, who has written the most Doctor Who-related novels?
  - Ian Marter
  - Malcolm Hulke
  - Gerry Davis
  - Eric Saward

—Answers on last page of this issue—

## THE WEB OF DARKNESS

a serial by Teresa Murray

*Alpha Centauri IV was a beautiful planet. The velvet green sphere tumbled around its sun every thirty-six hours. The nights were cool and the days were fair. The air was pure, and its high oxygen content supported an ample variety of animal and plant life. Predominant among these species were humanoids. Clever, bold, ambitious and egocentric, these creatures soon became masters of their planetary domain. Their unchecked desire for dominance at first threatened to destroy the delicate ecological balance of a fragile world, but they recognized their folly in time. The humanoids devoted their rapidly developing technology to preserving and enjoying their planet. Once they did achieve space travel, they carried their altruistic spirit with them into the stars. Centaurians served with distinction in the Galactic Congress, conspicuous for their common sense and gentle nature. The planet had many visitors. Other races in the galaxy, beset with environmental problems of their own, were eager to see the success of Alpha Centauri IV. Sparkling cities nestled in undisturbed natural surroundings. The dark blue of the night sky was bursting with stars as bright as they had looked a millennium before. And the Centaurians delighted in displaying their culture to aliens. Entertainment was highly valued, as was art. Their scientific advances, especially in the area of agricultural renewal, had benefitted many planets. In the Galactic Congress vicious talk had circulated of exploiting Alpha Centauri IV's abundant, but largely untapped, fuel resources. More enlightened races had quickly squelched such ideas. The progressive yet prudent civilization of the Centaurians had taken a billion years to develop. Its utter destruction took only moments.*

### CHAPTER ONE: THE CAT WHO WALKS BY HIMSELF

The Doctor stood in his TARDIS—alone. His usually penetrating eyes were glazed with melancholy. His shoulders sagged as if in defeat. Nothing about him suggested that he had just won a great victory over the evil Valeyard.

He had left Mel at her proper position in time and was now prepared to return to his own. Many years had passed since he'd been without a companion, but he wouldn't think about Mel in his future or Peri in his past. He would probably forget about them very soon, he thought—very soon.

He hesitated by the control console, for the moment confused: an aftereffect of his matrix battle with the Valeyard? The multicolored lights on the panels came in and out of focus. He shook his head and brushed back the curls from his face. Only fatigue, he told himself. "Nothing to worry about," he said aloud. His face fell into a frown.

He realized he had to one to reassure.

He leaned over the navigational controls, but before he could press a button the TARDIS began to dematerialize without the customary noise and effort. Exasperated, the Doctor tapped his fingers on the console and fumed as the process reached its apex. "I can do it myself," he grumbled.

The Time Lords had apparently become impatient with his delay and initiated the flight themselves. That's gratitude for you, he thought. He tried the switch for the override systems, but like everything else it was frozen and would remain so until they were ready to relinquish control of the TARDIS back to him.

Adrift in the space/time continuum, left with only the company of his own introspective thoughts, the Doctor heaved a sigh which would have been most effective had there been anyone else to hear it. His head was beginning to swim again and he had a slightly giddy feeling, as if he had spent all day on a carnival ride. Unwilling to leave the console room, and having no appearances to keep up, he spread his brightly colored coat on the floor, curled up on it and gave in to sleep.

He dozed fitfully, disturbed by dreams. In them, the accusing voices of his fellow Time Lords mingled with the vicious laughter of the Master, the terrified cries of his companions and the sneering face of the Valeyard. The trial never ended. The inquisition was interminable and his crimes innumerable.

The Doctor awoke, damp with perspiration, his head ringing. He jumped up, wiped a sleeve across his brow and pushed aside his unsettling dreams. He had to concentrate on the more pressing issue of his present location. The TARDIS had landed.

The instruments indicated he was nowhere near Thoros Beta as he had expected to be. According to the coordinates, he was in Mutter's Spiral. Not Earth, but close: Alpha Centauri IV. A nice place to visit, he thought. The inhabitants were peaceful and technologically advanced—he glanced at the chronometer—at this point in time. If memory served, Centaurians had some fascinating forms of entertainment, especially their mime (or was that Alpha Centauri II?). Impulsively, he decided to have a look around. He opened the TARDIS door and stepped out into...nothing.

Where there should have been the tall white spires and gleaming silver walkways of a busy Centaurian city, there was only dust and rubble and the wail of the wind. For a fleeting moment, the Doctor felt as if he had stumbled back into the nightmare world of the Matrix, where reality slipped like an adder from the mind's grasp. He hastily retreated to the shelter of the TARDIS, but not before the chilling comparison had settled into his brain. Could he still be in the Matrix? Nonsense! He quelled the wild speculation as he slammed down the door lever. He had been so sure of what he would find and so relieved to be in familiar territory that he hadn't bothered to check the scanners before venturing out. He regained a tentative grip on his

nerve and activated the viewscreen. The scene had not altered. A desolate landscape of devastation stretched out in all directions. This was Alpha Centauri IV in what should have been the beginning of their intergalactic era. The scanners showed widespread destruction at a time when the planet should have been flourishing.

The Doctor remembered having visited Alpha Centauri IV in its prime: his second regeneration, wasn't it? What had happened? A natural disaster was out of the question. Nothing natural could cause the timeline deviation which must have occurred. He immediately thought of the Time Lords, an ungracious thought. Of course the High Council might not be behind the devastation; many other races, including the irrepressible Daleks, had achieved time travel. The Centaurians themselves might have devised a scheme which had somehow led to their own demise. He doubted it. Not quite their style. They were an extremely cautious people.

Previously, the renegade Time Lord would not have believed his own kind capable of such an atrocity. But now, having seen the High Council's perfidy in the Ravalox cover-up, he wasn't so sure.... No! They had brought him here. Whatever else they might be guilty of, he did not suppose them to be *that* stupid. The Time Lords, whose arrogance was surpassed only by their indolence, had once again sent the Doctor to investigate some chrono-cosmic trouble spot. But the Doctor resented being Gallifrey's unofficial one man police force, as he had repeatedly pointed out to them in the course of his many trials. There was little he could do here anyway, he reflected bitterly. The damage had already been done. His involvement would only complicate the issue. It was better to clear out now before—

The Doctor's thoughts were interrupted by a high-pitched tone from the console. He recognized it as a distress signal. From where? Intrigued despite himself, he traced the signal to its source. It hadn't come far, about fifty kilometers and easy to pinpoint. Nothing interfered with the signal in this wasteland which had once been the garden spot of the galaxy. Still not sure that he had regained control of the TARDIS, the Doctor wondered whether he ought to attempt the distance indicated by the signal location. At the best of times the old girl was shaky on short trips. He shrugged and decided to have a go at it. It didn't occur to him that he should not answer at all.

Moments before the Doctor's rude awakening, and fifty kilometers east of the TARDIS, a small space vessel lay glittering under the cool light of the Centaurian sun, like a broken toy forgotten on a deserted beach. The ground around it was littered with tools and a scattered array of personal items, all of which belonged to the ship's solitary occupant. He emerged from the wreckage as the gale force winds began to subside.

He appeared to be a human male of average size. His fine brown hair fell to his shoulders. A three day growth of beard indicated how long he had gone without water to spare. He gazed with dark, sullen eyes at the featureless horizon. The wind tore at the long leather cloak he wore. The chalky dust of the CN plains stung his face and drifted over his high black boots. He spat the dust from his mouth and turned to reenter his craft.

The ship gave an excellent external impression of a derelict vessel from Earth's late twenty-fourth century, but inside it was unlike any Earth design ever conceived. A smooth, white circular bulkhead curved to form a dome over a rotating central column. It would have resembled a twentieth century barber pole more closely if not for the eerie, pulsating glow it emitted. There was no visible piloting equipment except for one large black panel set into the wall on which red, yellow and green lights flashed intermittently. The only furnishings appeared to be many large, brightly colored pillows piled in one corner. The man threw his cloak on these and approached the central column. He placed his hand on it. The rotation ceased and the light within became constant.

"Identify." The soft syllables emanated from the iridescent column, but they seemed to mingle with the very molecules of the atmosphere. They were as much felt as they were heard.

"Doyle." The man's rasping voice was a harsh contrast to the soft, white surroundings. "Who else would it be?" he muttered.

"Doyle, Mercer," the computer responded. "Clearance granted. Query?"

"Have the Council replied to my message?"

"No reply."

Mercer Doyle's face was grim and stony, but his eyes sparkled with subdued anger. "How are your repairs progressing?"

"Repairs halted, Doyle."

"Explain."

"Unable to comply. Previous program still engaged."

"Override."

"Proper authorization, please."

Doyle's ensuing stream of obscenities did not constitute authorization.

"Do you require further information, Doyle?" the computer inquired pleasantly.

"Yes. Why? Tell me why."

"Specify, please."

"Why have they abandoned me? Left me here to die? We had a deal!" Doyle didn't expect an answer, but it was a question he had asked himself repeatedly over the last three days. The computer, however, was equal to the occasion.

"Upon completion of clause seven, contained in contract five-fourteen B, pertaining to the hiring of mercenaries or assassins, the second party shall become ineligible for

future employment opportunities," the computer quoted.

"And I'm the second party?"

"Correct."

"And the Council's method of discharge is death?"

"Correct."

"Not much of a pension plan."

"Correct."

"Oh, shut up," he said wearily.

So that was it. He might have guessed. The Council had hired him to do their dirty work and figured out a surefire way of avoiding payment and eliminating a witness. He had been an idiot to accept such a shady agreement. His only contact had been with a young, female creature who claimed to be a member of the Council. He didn't know what planet she represented, if indeed it was a planet at all. It could have been a corporation or even an alliance. The hefty advance fee was all the credentials he had wanted at the time. Now he didn't think he'd live to spend it. The alien agent had provided the ship, the weapon, and, it seemed, a booby trap for him. After the planet's destruction, he had discovered the vessel was unable to leave orbit. He had been forced to make a landing; now he knew why.

Another thought occurred to him. "Computer, why didn't you simply blow up this ship with me on board?"

The light in the column faded for a moment and a soft humming suffused the air. After a short pause the computer revived itself and replied, "Malfunction."

"I'll bet. Computer...." Doyle hesitated as he decided upon his next course of action.

"Yes, Doyle?"

"Can you generate a distress signal?"

"Yes, Doyle."

"What range?"

"Ten thousand kilometers."

Doyle spluttered in anger. "Ten thousand! That's all?"

"Yes. The communications relays are weakening."

Oh, great, he mused. He was trapped in his own snare on a dead planet without even a hope of flagging down a casual passerby. Unless, of course, it was the cops. The Council had probably figured on him dying here, but if he were arrested the same fate awaited him on Earth. He had to get off Alpha Centauri IV. No one would hear the signal. It was impossible. It was his only chance.

"Computer, begin sending the distress call now and repeat at quarter hour intervals."

"Yes, Doyle."

"Tell me if you receive a response."

"I shall."

"That's all for right now."

The light in the column dimmed to a faint pulse beat. Mercer Doyle went to the hatch and peered out at the blighted scenery. He thought it was the ugliest place he'd ever seen. It did not occur to him that he should regret his role as the instrument of the planet's destruction.

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\*



The Doctor was pleased. The TARDIS had materialized when and where he wanted it for a change. He conscientiously checked the scanners. Outside was a dusty, derelict Earth vessel and behind it the sun, Alpha Centauri itself, was slowly setting, wrapping itself in the coming night like a mother in mourning. The Time Lord felt a slight chill pass through his body. "That's odd," he muttered. What was the Earth expression? As if somebody had stepped on his grave. Unwisely, he ignored it.

He pulled down the door lever and ventured out into the wind to survey the wreckage. He examined some of the tools left in the dust. They were not from Earth as the ship appeared to be. They were not even from the same time period. He drew closer to the vessel. "Hello!" he called loudly, and then, a little more lamely, "Anyone home?"

He heard a clatter from inside the ship and seconds later a figure emerged from the hatchway. An astonished young man gazed at him in disbelief. "How did you get here?"

The Doctor balked at the long explanation necessary to answer the question literally. He took the indirect approach. "I picked up your distress signal."

The castaway was incredulous. "I've only just sent it."

"Well, I was in the neighborhood."

The man's dark glasses darted past the chagrined Time Lord, alighted on the TARDIS, and moved on as if to seek further for an explanation. "Who are you?"

"I'm known as the Doctor." He reflected on the situation for a moment before he asked the obvious question: "Do you need rescuing?"

The distrustful young man stuttered a little, as if performing a mental somersault. "I...I'm sorry. I...of course, I'm delighted you're here. You've come just in time. I don't know how much longer I would have lasted. My name's Smith. John Smith."

The name sounded strangely familiar. "You're from Earth?" the Doctor inquired innocently.

"That's right." Mr. Smith rushed out an explanation. "I was supposed to drop off some vital medical supplies. My ship's engine malfunctioned as I was entering orbit. I was forced to land here. When I did, I discovered this." He waved a hand at the bleak surroundings.

The Time Lord was enough of a telepath to know that he was being told a lie, and not a very good one at that. "So you weren't here when it happened?"

"No, thank heavens." Smith paused warily. "It's horrible, isn't it?"

"Quite," the Doctor said drily. He was trying to pinpoint exactly what it was about this human and his ship that made him so apprehensive. "Perhaps I could have a look at your engines?" I'm very good with that sort of thing."

"No!" The young man scrambled for a reason. "It's hopeless, really. I've already tried everything."

The Doctor got the distinct impression that Mr. John Smith didn't want him on the ship.

"Actually, the fuel mixture's unstable." Smith warmed a little to his theme. "She could blow at any time. We'll take your ship." He regarded the humble-looking TARDIS doubtfully. "Is that it?"

The Doctor nodded, a little taken aback. Most humans he knew displayed a modicum of manners.

"Not much room," Smith observed. "Is it all right if I take along a few little things?"

"Whatever you like." The Time Lord's tone was bleak.

"I'll be just a minute." The young man headed for his ship.

"Do you think that's wise?" the Doctor asked.

"It won't take long." Smith shot him a crooked little grin that might have been intended as a reassuring smile and disappeared into the vessel.

The Doctor was in a quandary. He knew Smith was hiding something, but did it have anything to do with the untimely demise of Alpha Centauri IV? He didn't want to take a possibly dangerous miscreant on board the TARDIS, but he also couldn't abandon a possibly innocent man on a dead planet. He needed to know what was in that ship.



Inside it, John Smith (or Mercer Doyle, as he was known in contract five-fourteen B) was rummaging through the pillows. He quickly uncovered the object of his search: a small, gleaming black cube. It was his only solid clue to finding the treacherous Council. He wrapped it in his cloak and turned to leave. He passed the computer column, accidentally brushing against it. The light brightened.

"You are leaving, Doyle?" came the soft query.

"That's right. Disengage."

"The malfunction has been corrected."

"What malfunction would that be?" Doyle asked impatiently.

The computer was silent.

"Fine. Be seeing you. Enjoy your planet." Doyle strode toward the exit. A shrieking whine pierced the air. He clapped his hands over his ears and came face to face with a curious Time Lord as he disembarked. Doyle slammed the hatch shut behind him.

"Anything I can do?" the Doctor asked. He had been unable to catch a glimpse of the interior.

"I think we should leave right now."

"Is something wrong?"

"I told you. The ship could explode at any moment."

The Doctor caught the sudden sense of urgency in the man's rough voice, and guessed that for once he was telling the truth.

The stranded pilot was already trotting over to the TARDIS, the bundle clutched tightly in his arms. The Doctor followed, puzzled and more than a little annoyed.

(Behind them the abandoned vessel began to glow a pale, sickly green in the deepening twilight. Inside, the computer was counting backwards softly: "...Ten, nine, eight...")

The young man had plunged in through the open door of the TARDIS. The shock of seeing the time vessel's true dimensions made him skid to a stop. The Doctor pushed past him to the control console. "You might have waited," he said peevishly.

The man appeared to recover his equilibrium with difficulty. "Please, hurry," he urged as the Doctor set the controls.

The Time Lord made an effort to concentrate as his anger reached an uncontrollable level. The TARDIS began to dematerialize, but before the process could be completed they were rocked by an enormous explosion. The lights dimmed and the Doctor, unprepared for such an eventuality, was hurled against the console. He couldn't be entirely sure what happened next. Perhaps he had pressed the wrong button in his fall, or the effects of the blast had been severe enough to penetrate the TARDIS' force field. Whatever the cause, the panel he had been working over burst into flames. He tried to push away. It was no good. His keen time perception failed him; the universe slowed to a lethargic crawl. He had breathed out, but he felt as if he would never inhale again. His hearts were beating double double time, but he seemed to hear each beat echo into infinity. A searing pain shot through his head. With the last vestige of his will to survive he forced himself to roll out of the flames. He clung to consciousness for only a second. He slid to the floor, and darkness overcame him.

--to be continued next issue--

**A NEARLY COMPLETE LIST OF STARLOG  
DOCTOR WHO ARTICLES**  
by the TARDIS Crew

(Note: there are no Doctor Who articles in Starlog #1-17. Really.)

#18 December 1978

p. 14: *Log Entries: US Invaded by Doctor Who* (Baker pictured)

*Starlog Science Fiction Yearbook Vol. 1* (1979)

p. 49: *The Year in Television (Doctor Who* pictured and mentioned)

#23 June 1979

p. 34: *Doctor Who: Britain's Time Traveler Arrives in the Colonies*

by Ellen M. Mortimer

p. 39: *Doctor Who Episode Guide: 1974-75 Season*  
by Ellen M. Mortimer

#24 July 1979

small cover photo (Fourth Doctor and Zygons), part of a Dalek pictured inside, no mention inside at all

#25 August 1979

p. 14: *Log Entries: Dr. Who Takes L.A. By Storm*

#30 January 1980

p. 13: *Log Entries: British TV-SF (Destiny of the Daleks* mentioned in one line)

#34 May 1980

p. 37: *A Visit With the Doctor (Who): Tom Baker*  
by Karen E. Wilson

p. 40: *America Loves the Doctor: A Report From the First Doctor Who Con*  
by Alan Brender

#36 July 1980

p. 37: *Doctor Who: TV Review*  
by Samuel J. Maronie

#39 October 1980

p. 30: *The British Report*  
by Mike Conroy, James Buck, David Hirsch

#41 December 1980

p. 14: *Log Entries: "Who" Invasion Continues*

#42 January 1981

p. ?: *Who?*

#43 February 1981

p. 12: *Log Entries: Baker Departs, K9 Gets Fired*  
by Mike Conroy, Aldo G. Rabaiotti

#44 March 1981

p. 11: *Log Entries: Wedding Bells Aboard the TARDIS*

#46 May 1981

p. 7: *Letters: The Doctor's Out* (Davison pictured)

#47 June 1981

p. 53: *The Return of Doctor Who*  
by David Hirsch

#50 September 1981

p. 48: *Who's Who: A History of the Six Doctors Who* by David Hirsch

#62 September 1982

p. 40: *A New Doctor Who*  
by David Hirsch

#64 November 1982

p. 32: *The Doctor Who Episode Guide 1982 Season*  
by David Hirsch

*Starlog Special:*

*BBC Doctor Who 20th Anniversary Special*  
(published in UK, but was offered by Starlog US during that period)

#76 November 1983

p. 10: *Log Entries: After Davison's Doctor—Who's Next?*

p. 11: *Log Entries: Third Doctor Hits American Screens*

#77 December 1983

p. 27: *Tom Baker: The Doctor is an Actor*  
by Patrick O'Neill

#78 January 1984

p. 13: *Log Entries: The Doctor's Prescription: A New Who!*

#79 February 1984

p. 24: *Jon Pertwee: The Gallant Doctor*  
by Patrick O'Neill

#80 March 1984

p. 54: *Anthony Ainley*  
by Patrick Daniel O'Neill

#82 May 1984

p. 12: *Log Entries: It's Colin Baker, That's Who*  
p. 30: *John Nathan-Turner: Producing Doctor Who*  
by Patrick O'Neill

#83 June 1984

p. 32: *On the Set of Resurrection of the Daleks*  
by Adam Pirani

#88 November 1984

p. 96: *Log Entries: For Who Fans*

#89 December 1984

p. 40: *Patrick Troughton: The Character Actor Who Brought Character to Doctor Who*  
by Ben Landsman and Patrick O'Neill

#93 April 1985

p. 26: *Janet Fielding: Lucy Van Pelt in Space*  
by Patrick O'Neill

#95 June 1985

p. 9: *Log Entries: The Doctor in Distress*  
by David McDonnell and Adam Pirani  
p. 49: *Mary Tamm: A Noble Romana*  
by Patrick O'Neill

#96 July 1985

p. 10: *Log Entries: The Doctor on Hold*

#101 December 1985

p. 8: *Medialog: Doctor Who in '86* by Patrick O'Neill  
p. 49: *In Brief: John Nathan-Turner's Who Confessions*  
by Jean Airey & Laurie Haldeman

#102 January 1986

p. 24: *Peter Davison: It Never Occurred to Me I Could BE the Doctor*  
by Ben Lansman

#104 March 1986

p. 73: *Fan Network: Daleks Down Under*  
Edited by Carr D'Angelo & Eddie Berganza (a Dalek appearance at an exhibit)

#105 April 1986

p. 23: *Colin Baker: The Cat Who Walks By Himself*  
by Patrick Daniel O'Neill

#106 May 1986

inside front cover: ad for FASA Doctor Who games and miniatures  
p. 34: *Terry Nation: Of Tin Cans and Rebels*  
by Patrick Daniel O'Neill

#111 October 1986

p. 34: *Dr. Who's Brigadier: Nicholas Courtney*  
by Patrick Daniel O'Neill

#114 January 1987

p. ? : Interview with Mark Strickson

p. ? : Interview with Sarah Sutton

#115 February 1987

p. ? : Interview with Tom Baker

#118 May 1987

p. 9: *Medialog: Doctor Who Renewed Without Baker*  
by Patrick Daniel O'Neill

#120 July 1987

p. 12: *Sylvester McCoy: The New Doctor Who*  
by Jean Airey  
p. 97 : *Patrick Troughton 1920-1987*  
by Patrick Daniel O'Neill

#127 February 1988

p. 18: *Peter Davison: Unlikely Hero*  
by Juanita Elefante-Gordon

#132 July 1988

p. 41 *Colin Baker: The Doctor Is Out*  
by Jean Airey & Laurie Haldeman

#134 September 1988

p. ? : Sylvester McCoy

#135 October 1988

p. 86: *Companion in Punk Leather: Sophie Aldred*  
by Juanita Elefante-Gordon

#137 December 1988

p. 9: *Medialog: John Cleese Who?*  
by Kim Howard Johnson

#150 January 1990

p. 66: *Dalek Man, London* (Terry Nation)  
by Jean Airey & Laurie Haldeman  
p. 74: *Liner Notes: (Doctor Who—The Programme Guide* pictured and mentioned)

#151 February 1990

p. 8: *Medialog: Doctors and Devils on the Darkside*



**A MATTER OF MEMORY #2:  
COMPANIONS AND ACTORS**

a trivia quiz by Karen Funk Blocher

1. Which Doctor is the only one with whom Nicholas Courtney (aka the Brigadier) has not appeared?
  - a) The First Doctor
  - b) The Seventh Doctor
  - c) The Sixth Doctor
  - d) It's a trick question: he never appeared with either a) or c)
2. What was the title of the Brigadier's most recent appearance?
  - a) *Mawdrin Undead*
  - b) *The Five Doctors*
  - c) *The Great Tea Bag Mystery*
  - d) *Battlefield*
3. How many times did the Second Doctor meet Alistair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart?
  - a) twice
  - b) three times
  - c) four times
  - d) six times—but the Brig slept through three of them
4. *The Five Doctors* marked the Brigadier's first appearance in
  - a) about 9 months
  - b) about 7 years
  - c) about 8 years
  - d) about 9 years
5. In which episode does H. G. Wells appear?
  - a) *Timelash*
  - b) *Time-Flight*
  - c) *Time After Time*
  - d) *The Invasion Of Time*
6. Which episode marked the first appearance of Benton (John Levene) of UNIT?
  - a) *The Web of Fear*
  - b) *The Invasion*
  - c) *Spearhead From Space*
  - d) *The Ambassadors of Death*
7. Which of these is not true of any of the K-9 computers?
  - a) One was destroyed by seawater during the search for the Key to Time.
  - b) One stayed with Romana in E-Space.
  - c) One stayed with Leela on Gallifrey.
  - d) One was last seen at Sarah Jane's house.
8. Which of these Doctor Who actors was never

involved in writing a play or screenplay?

- a) Anthony Ainley
  - b) Tom Baker
  - c) Ian Marter
  - d) Richard Franklin
9. Here's a question from *Beeb-Space*: which of these roles has Peter Davison never played on television, BBC or otherwise?
- a) An Arcturan Megacow
  - b) Albert Campion
  - c) Sherlock Holmes
  - d) Elmer the Man-Boy
10. What is the significance of celery to the Doctor?
- a) It tastes better than carrot juice
  - b) It's an effective antidote against several types of poisons.
  - c) It's an excellent restorative in case of regeneration crisis.
  - d) It helps to detect certain gases—and it's good for the teeth.

- Answers on last page of this issue -

**WORD SEARCH 2: THE FIVE DOCTORS**

by Trevor Heddon And K. C. King

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E Q J V C N U I M M O R T A L I T Y K F
A P G O F M F S E B W R K Z N U T S S L
N A S U S D K S N P J U S O R A I L S A
Y E K O G E N I N K R K L L A L D T J V
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Look for these 20 words:

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|-----------|-------------|------------|
| Bessie    | Game        | Sarah Jane |
| Borusa    | Harp        | Susan      |
| Brigadier | Immortality | Tegan      |
| Castellan | Master      | Tower      |
| Cybermen  | Obelisk     | Turlough   |
| Dalek     | Rassilon    | Yeti       |
| Flavia    | Romana      |            |

## PLAID NEMESIS

a short story by Trevor MacHeddon

A mild wind blew through the trees on the hill. Water rippled softly through a nearby brook. Quiet, rhythmic sounds came from the insects and animals in the area. All blended together in a peaceful harmony until it was rudely shattered by the wheezing, groaning sound of bagpipes. Nearby the brook, a tall, plaid Police Box faded into existence under a tall elm, the box's light flashing in sync with its grindings. Soon the noise cut out and the light shut off accordingly.

Inside the box was a far larger space than the casual observer would have thought possible, harboring, near the door, a six-sided console with a tall, brawny youth standing beside it. The boy was dressed in Highland garb, complete with kilt, and seemed to be impatiently waiting for someone.

"Doctor!" the Scot called. He waited. He waited again. He took a glance at what he knew of the control console (which wasn't much). He then gave up and set off down one of the ship's many corridors. Minutes later he approached an open door and went in.

Inside the room, the Doctor sat comfortably in a plush chair, watching his television. He wore his usual outfit: a pair of plaid trousers and a mostly yellow sweater patterned with red question marks, covering a white shirt and paisley tie. Nearby, draped over his bed were his familiar white coat, paisley scarf and panama hat.

The Doctor had a small control box in his hand which he aimed at the television.

"...MacAdder, the most dangerous man ever to wear a skirt..." click! "...I canna do it, cap'n! I need more time!..." cClick! "...and it comes complete with a built-in steak kni..." cClick!

The last click turned the television set off. The Doctor got up from his chair and turned to his companion. "Have we landed then, Jamie?"

"Aye, we have. I called you from the control room, but you were too busy listening to yuir magic box."

"Well, yes...sorry. Let's go have a look and see if the TARDIS brought us in as set." The Doctor strolled at an even pace, Jamie following, and they soon arrived together in the control room. The Doctor turned a knob on the console clockwise and the scanner screen rose to reveal a wooded clearing. "Mmm-hmm, good. Right on target; Scotland, the town of Lairg, 1968. Perfect spot for a vacation."

"It's all verra fine on the screen, Doctor, but I'll believe it when I see it."

The Doctor sighed and opened the main doors. He grabbed his umbrella, and the two of them stepped out onto the clearing. Jamie waited while the Doctor got his bearings. "Ahh. We're not that far off, Jamie. The cabin I built out here a while back should be *that* way." The Doctor

pointed, and then set off towards some invisible (to Jamie at least) marker. Jamie paused, hearing...*something* not too far away. "Come on, Jamie. We're not into the woods yet."

Jamie gave up and followed the Time Lord. "Aye, coming."

They went over hills and through woodland areas, and soon arrived in the cabin. It looked small from the outside, but once the Doctor had unlocked the door and let Jamie in, the young companion noticed two beds, a fireplace, several chests and many locked cabinets. For decoration, there were a few paintings and macrame designs, a stuffed macaw, and a few books lying about: MacArthur, MacDonald, Macbeth and so on. Jamie looked around, unbelieving. "And it's all yuir's?" he asked. He saw a dusty but neat interior, organized, and without any magic boxes or devices of any kind.

"Aye. Nice, isn't it?" The Doctor smiled. He cast his gaze over to the fireplace hearth and frowned at the absence of logs. Jamie matched his gaze and sighed.

"I'll go and get wood for later; I expect ye'll want to get yuir cabin set up."

The Doctor nodded his agreement. He was going to suggest the same thing. He went through the cabinets, undoing locks that weren't to be designed for another century to come, and shuffled through the contents within. Cupboards full of technical equipment drew only a cursory glance before the Doctor went on to a food larder and gave it his full attention. He became so absorbed in this that he didn't notice when his companion returned moments later.

"Macaroni...macadamia nuts...still fresh, good... Macintosh apples...mackerels...macaroons—"

"Doctor?" Jamie called, interrupting. "We've got a problem."

The Time Lord looked up from his sorting. "Aye?"

"Ye'd best have a look." He pointed outside. The Doctor narrowed his eyes in confusion and went out.

"Where?" the Doctor asked.

"All around. Watch yuir step," the Scot cautioned, motioning for him to walk forward. The Doctor did, hand outstretched for unseen dangers, eyes roving the ground for unseen traps. Seconds later he stopped, feeling an invisible wall in front of him.

"A force field?" He felt around further, tracing the field's boundaries. "In 1968? I smell trouble, lad."

"Well that you should, Doctor," someone chuckled. A figure stepped into view.

The Doctor instantly recognized him. The figure was tall, male, sported a black "devil's beard" or goatee, and wore his customary outfit of a black shirt with matching black and gray tartan kilt. The Doctor pointed an accusing finger at the figure. "You! The MacMaster! What are you doing here in 1968 Scotland? Something horrrrrible as usual? And what do ye mean by this force field?"

"Something horrrrrible?" the villain began, ignoring for the moment the Doctor's other questions. "No' this time;

sorry to disappoint ye. I come merely for supplies, and then I'll be off this mudball world. Have you any byillian by chance? Liquid state?"

"Nae, no' on me," the Doctor told him. "No' that I'd give you some if I had. No good asking around, either; yuir a few years to early. Hasna even been discovered yet."

The MacMaster snarled. "I'll be looking around yuir TARDIS meself then. The force field should keep you out of my way long enough. If ye should be wanting out in the meantime, the toll will be five units of byillian." He chuckled, turned around and disappeared into the woods. Jamie turned to the Doctor.

"What's yon loon gangin' on aboot? He wants us to pay a fee to get out?"

The Doctor sighed. "Aye. Well, nae, not as such. He just wants some chemical, but why byillian? If only I could remember!"

"Well, standing around here's not goin' to get anything done."

"Aye," the Doctor agreed, and they bean to search the area. The two followed the invisible wall and came to a tall oak standing a scant two meters away. "There's an idea. Jamie, here; go up and see if there's a way over." The Doctor put his shoulder against the tree trunk and put his hands together to give Jamie a leg up.

Jamie did as directed and soon called down that the force field extended up past the branches as well. The Doctor cursed silently and waited for Jamie to come down. They continued following the wall and came to a small creek that crossed the field. Jamie, spying a possible way out, unbuttoned his shirt, threw it aside, and began to remove his kilt.

"Jamie!" the Doctor hissed. The young Scot paused. "This is a respectable magazine, lad. Keep yuir kilt on!" Jamie reluctantly stopped trying to strip down for swimming and went instead to the creek bed, feeling by hand for a point below the invisible wall.

"Nae good, Doctor. Yon wall's a thorough beastie."

The Doctor nodded. Suddenly his eyes lit up and a smile burst upon his face. "Aha! Jamie, me lad, genius has stuck again. Back to the cabin!" Jamie shook his head, but grabbed his shirt and followed the Doctor.

The cabin door opened again an hour later. Jamie came out first, and then the Doctor, carrying a familiar object—but with unfamiliar part and wiring attached. The Doctor paused to lock the door of the cabin.

"Now what's this again, Doctor? You said you remember a sonic screwdriver could get us though yon wall, but—"

"That I did, Jamie, and this is much the same." He went out, hand outstretched, to the force field wall, quickly finding it. "Now's the test."

Jamie gestured at the instrument in the Time Lord's

hands. "Ye don't mean—"

"Aye—the Sonic Bagpipes!" The Doctor began to play, adjusting the mechanical parts as he did so. To Jamie it was every bit the same lovely music he had heard growing up. Well, maybe it was a little different. As the Doctor played, a shimmer formed in the air, and blue light swirled in front of them. A hole was opening. The blue turned into other, lighter colors, all bordering an increasing hole in front of the TARDIS crew. Soon the hole was big enough to step through, and they did so. Having no further need of the bagpipes, the Doctor stopped playing. They ran to the TARDIS just as the MacMaster arrived from somewhere nearby, alerted by the same bagpipe music.

"No! You can't do this! I need that byillian! You can't get away Scot free!..."

The Doctor awoke in his TARDIS quarters with a short scream.

"My room!...all a bad dream...," he mumbled. He was breathing heavily, but soon regained control. As he reached for his bedside light, his door flew open suddenly and a brown-haired girl of about sixteen burst in. She wore blue boy's pajamas under a navy blue robe which flapped behind her as she ran to the Doctor's side.

"Professor! What's wrong!"

The Doctor looked at her with a weak smile. "Nothing, Ace; just a bad dream. Sorry to wake you."

Ace yawned. "That's all right. Good night, then." She left, shutting the door behind her.

The Doctor looked to his bedside table and stared accusingly at the empty dish that sat there. He reached for his light and turned it off.

"I've just got to stop these midnight snacks of haggis," he said.



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by the Fiends of Who

*(sung to the tune of the Monkees' hit song Valerie by Boyce and Hart)*

Gallifrey

I come from Gallifrey

There's a world I know  
Where Time Lords hang about  
But I couldn't stay around there  
Never had a doubt

They call it Gallifrey  
I come from Gallifrey

Oh yes!  
TARDIS!  
Wow!

It's the same every time I drop  
My laundry off for Mum  
They make me Lord President  
I make them feel so dumb

They call it Gallifrey  
I come from Gallifrey

Gallifrey  
I come from Gallifrey  
I come from Gallifrey  
I hate it, Gallifrey

## TWO DOCTORS IN TIME

a novelette by Karen Funk Blocher

### CHAPTER ONE: THE WRESTLER'S WIFE

One moment Sam Beckett was kissing his wife—not really his own wife, of course, but that of the man into whose life he had leaped a few days before. He now knew that he didn't have a wife of his own. Sam felt guilty about the kiss, knowing that he was taking advantage of Katy's belief that he was someone else. But these temporary associations with the families and friends of other people were all he had, other than Al. Sam really did care. Besides which, he knew he would be leaping soon. The kiss was his way of saying goodbye.

So he kissed her—and the next moment he was in what appeared to be a hotel room, a posh one, but strewn with the belongings of a particularly disorganized traveler. A huge, bearded man with vaguely Oriental features and a ponytail stood glaring at him. The man wore white satin boxing trunks, a stylized kimono which reminded Sam of John Belushi's Samurai character, and a crownlike, pointed Oriental helmet made of black plastic.

A wrestler, Sam thought. He must be a wrestler.

"Well?" The wrestler roared.

"Well, what?" Sam asked, hoping the wrestler would refrain from bashing him long enough to tell him what the question was.

"Are you going to help me or not?" the wrestler asked impatiently.

It didn't do much to explain the situation, but at least it provided Sam with a response, however feeble. "Yes" and "No" both offered infinite possibilities for trouble, so Sam took a middle path. "I'm not sure that I can," he said.

The wrestler raised his fist, but thought better of it and lowered it again. "Weakling scum!" he hissed. "Peri said you were a man of sensitivity, but you're just a duplicitous coward! Vroomnik! I should never have hired such a spineless slug! You're no worthy manager for the mighty King Yrcanos!"

Sam said nothing, but stood up straighter, doing his best not to look too cowed.

The King considered. "Still, she does seem to listen to you—so talk to her! You have until tomorrow night in London. Either return Peri to my side or get out of my way. If you succeed, you may stay on until your contract expires—as Peri's assistant. Fail—or betray me, and you will feel my wrath."

"I'll talk to her," Sam managed to say. "I can't promise she'll agree, but I'll talk to her."

Yrcanos—if that was his name—looked piercingly into Sam's eyes as if gauging his truthfulness—or possibly

his chances of success. Then the wrestler whistled, one sustained descending tone with a strangely alien buzzing quality to it. "Perhaps I am wrong about you. There may be the makings of a man under all that toadying cowardice. Very well. Until tomorrow night!"

The King stormed out, and Sam collapsed onto a small couch. "Oh, boy," he murmured. What had he gotten into now?

"What a jerk. Who would want to marry a man like that?" came a voice from behind the couch. Sam turned, and was not surprised to see a middle-aged man in a loud suit standing there, gesturing at the door with a particularly large black cigar. For once Sam was grateful the man was a hologram. It meant he wouldn't have to smell the cigar smoke.

"Hi, Al. Who am I this time?" said Dr. Beckett.

The TARDIS materialized, and Ace checked their destination on the scanner. The lights of Piccadilly Circus glared back at her. "Oh, No!" she groaned. "London again, Doctor?"

The Doctor looked at her quizzically. "I thought you liked London."

Strictly speaking, this was true. Ace had always liked London—until she started her travels, and had the whole of Space/Time to choose from. "Well, it's a bit boring, isn't it?"

"I've never found it so," said the Doctor. "What's the matter, Ace? Not enough excitement in your life? Only Daleks, Cybermen, killer clowns, Nemesis—"

"All right, all right, Doctor. If you want to stay, we'll stay." Ace looked at Piccadilly again, and abruptly found something to be cheerful about. "Hey! At least I can stop in at Tower Records for some new tapes! All right, Professor?"

The Doctor sighed at the name "Professor," but all he said was, "All right, Ace. See if you can find something else by that jazz band we saw. Do you have enough money?"

Uh-oh. Ace hadn't thought of that. She rummaged in her pockets, and came up with £1.10. "No, I don't. Not even enough for a cassette single," she said sadly.

The Doctor looked at her in sympathy for a moment, and then smiled. "Never mind, Ace; we'll get you some." He went over to a small cupboard, where his beloved juggling balls had been rolling back and forth for some weeks now, adding substantially to the noise level of the TARDIS control room. "Now, all we need is a park," he said. "Do you remember where the nearest one is from here?"

"So I'm a failed wrestling manager in 1991," Sam said. "Four years from home—"

"Five years, really," said Al. "You've been leaping

around for a year now, my time.”

“All right then, five years. It’s as close as I’ve been to my own time since this business started. Microwaves, fax machines, CDs—they’re all available in this time, all the things I used to take for granted.”

“So? What’s your point, Sam? Have you a burning desire to send a fax, or perhaps eat some Lean Cuisine?”

Sam glared at him. “Are you being intentionally difficult? I mean I’m almost home. One five year Leap and I could *be* home.”

Al shook his head. “Sam, you know you’re just setting yourself up for disappointment if you think of it that way. Theoretically your range is 1953 to 1996; it was inevitable that you’d hit the early ’90s sometime. But it doesn’t mean anything. Next time you could as easily be in 1957 as 1996.”

“Yes, I know. But it’s not just the date. I have this feeling that I’m on the verge of a breakthrough; that somehow I’m going to get home soon.” Uncomfortably aware of Al’s disbelieving (and disapproving) look, Sam flashed him a sheepish smile. “Not very scientific, is it?”

“Not very. Sam, why don’t you just concentrate on who you are now, and what you’re supposed to be doing here?”

Sam sighed. How could he hope to convince Al of something he hardly dared to take seriously himself? It was statistically unlikely that his next Leap would be forward rather than back. And either way, it wouldn’t affect what Sam needed to do here and now. Al was right. He owed it to his host to learn what he could about his present situation, before whatever was about to happen happened. “All right,” he said. “I’m Rick Butler, right? Thirty years old, divorced, and employed by a very large wrestler with marital problems. Is he the one I’m supposed to help? Maybe help him reconcile with his wife?”

“No,” Al said. “Ziggy says there is an 88.9 percent chance that you’re here to help the wife. We’re not sure yet just what that involves, but we do know she’s in danger. Maybe you’re supposed to help Peri get away from him.”

“Terrific. If I do that, he’s going to want to practice his act on me. Who is he, anyway?”

“His name is Yrcanos,” Al said, looking at the little electronic box that was his link with Ziggy. “—As far as we can tell, that is,” he added.

“What do you mean?”

“Ziggy’s not sure just who he is, or where he comes from,” Al said. “The man’s history only seems to go back about eighteen months.” He hit the side of the box again, going to the next screen of data. “Sure made it big in a hurry, though. The man has fans all over the world.”

“Hence the trip to London he mentioned,” Sam said

“Exactly. Yrcanos has a bout there tomorrow night. Now, his wife, Peri; she does have a history, though there’s something strange about that, too. She’s just left him, by the way.”

“I’d gathered that,” Sam said. “What’s strange about her?”

“Ziggy’s not making any sense,” Al complained. “He says that seven years ago she was starting on her master’s degree in botany at Syracuse University, under the name of Perpugillium Brown...and then she was in Greece with her mother and father—no, stepfather. He’s an archaeologist—shipwrecks, that sort of thing. Then she was carried off in a police box.” He hit the box again, more in frustration than to operate the controls. The nonsensical claim remained.

“You mean she was arrested?” Sam said.

“No,” Al said definitely. “Ziggy says that a young man was seen rescuing her from drowning in the Aegean sea. He carried her into a police box—one of those phone booths the British bobbies used to use to call in for help. Then the box itself disappeared.”

“A British phone booth? I thought you said it was the Aegean Sea!”

“I did,” confirmed Al. “It shouldn’t have been in Greece—and it didn’t stay there. Two witnesses, one of them Peri’s stepfather—reported that the police box just vanished, making groaning noises as it did so. That was in May of ’84. Peri wasn’t heard from again until eighteen months ago, when she turned up in California, apparently married to this Yrcanos. ‘King of the Krontep,’ they call him.”

“King of the what?”

“Krontep. I’m not making this up, Sam, I’m just telling you what Ziggy says.”

“And Ziggy says that Peri’s in danger. How?”

“We only know that she disappears, in London, tomorrow afternoon, by a statue of Queen Victoria. This time she doesn’t come back.”

“So I have to keep her from going to London.”

“You can try. Or you can just keep her away from statues.”

“All right. And what do I do in the meantime?”

There was a knock on the hotel room door.

“You could start by answering the door,” Al said.

It was a sunny May afternoon in London, and St. James Park was filled with tourists and London natives, all out enjoying the unexpectedly nice weather. The Doctor did some juggling—not too badly, Ace, thought, if you like that sort of thing—and some stage magic, which went over rather better. By five o’ clock, the Doctor’s hat was filled with change, and even a few two pound notes.

“There you are, Ace,” the Doctor said, and handed her the hat. “Will that be enough for your purchases, or should I do an encore?”

“No, better not, Professor. I’d rather do without a tape that watch another hour of rope tricks.” She upturned the hat and began counting the change.

“Ungrateful wretch!” snapped the Doctor. He grabbed

the hat, its crown now sadly disfigured from the weight of the coins, and did his best to mold it back into shape. Then he jammed it back on to his head, sat down on a park bench, leaned his chin on his umbrella and glared at her. Ace grinned back at him and kept counting.

"There's over thirty pounds here, Professor!" she said finally. "I wasn't expecting that much. I could get, well, at least three tapes, depending on inflation, and have enough left to buy us dinner. This was a brill idea of yours after all—Doctor!"

Ace knew that the name and the flattery would get him over his annoyance with her, and she was not disappointed. "Fish and chips?" he said wistfully.

"Sure! Anything you like, Professor!" she said gaily. She gathered up the cash again, and stowed it safely in her pockets.

The Doctor shot another look at her, and Ace decided to stop teasing him with the hated nickname—for a while, at least. He stood up. "All right, then. Let's go find this record shop of yours. Maybe there will be a fish restaurant nearby!"



Sam opened the door. A slim woman with short brown hair stood there, clad in a Star Trek T-shirt and lime colored shorts. "I know he was here, Rick. What did he say to you?" The woman pushed into the room and then stopped in surprise. "Good grief! You're miles away from being packed, and you're not even dressed yet! Don't you know the plane to London leaves two hours from now?"

Sam looked down at himself, and was embarrassed to see striped pajamas. "Well, uh, it's hard to get ready with all these interruptions," he improvised.

"That's, her, Sam," came Al's voice from behind him. "That's Peri Brown."

Not Peri Yrcanos? Sam wondered. She looked about the right age to be recently married, maybe thirty years old, honest but hardly innocent. Perhaps she was too independent to take her husband's name. She was certainly assertive. "What time is it, anyway?" Sam asked her.

"Nearly eight o' clock. The limo leaves for LAX in fifteen minutes."

The little box whined in Al's hand. "Thirteen minutes, Sam," Al said. "You'd better hurry."

Sam didn't look at him, but he did answer, after a fashion. "Fifteen minutes? I'd better hurry." He dashed to the dresser, and started jamming toiletries into the kit that lay there. "What do you care about the limo, Peri? I thought you weren't going to London with us."

"Sure I'm going to London," Peri said. "I've still got my ticket, haven't I?"

"It would be better if she didn't go, Sam," Al said. "No London, no Queen Victoria, no disappearance."

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" Sam asked, mentally addressing both of them.

"Sure I'm sure," Peri said. "I want to go to London. I'm just not going with *him*, that's all."

Sam was done with the shaving kit, but there was more packing to do, and he still had to get dressed. "Look, Peri," he said. "I'm a little busy here. What do you want?"

"I want to know what Yrcanos said to you, and what you said back! Look, I'll help you pack while you get dressed, and we can talk through the door. All right?"

"Fine." Sam grabbed some underwear out of the open suitcase, ran to the closet, selected the least garish of the suits that hung there, and hurried toward the bathroom. Peri was already picking up some dirty clothes off the floor.

"Honestly, Rick, you never seem to know whether you're coming or going. You're worse than the Doctor!"

Sam already had the bathroom door closed, and was pulling off the pajama top. "Who?"

"Never mind," Peri said. "Just tell me about Yrcanos. What did he say about me?"

Sam had no idea. "Not much. Just that he wants me to get you to go back to him." He finished undressing, and tugged the slacks off the hanger he'd brought in with him, grimacing at the color.

"Oh, really? And how does he expect you to do that? Hit me over the head? No, he'd do that himself. Drug me? Buy out my contract? No, the only contract I had was with him, and I ripped it up."

"You ripped up your marriage contract?"

"No, silly, my contract to manage him. That's how you got here, remember?"

"Uh-huh," Sam said noncommittally. He should have realized what she meant on the basis of what Yrcanos had said, but he was still feeling a little disoriented as he hurried into Rick's clothes. Just once I'd like to get a full night's sleep before leaping, he thought grumpily.

Al appeared through the closed door, surprising Sam not at all. "She's managed him ever since he first appeared," Al said. "Strange job for a botanist, but she's done well at it." He whistled at the outfit Sam was assembling, whether in disbelief or admiration Sam wasn't sure.

"Why didn't you tell me I had a plane to catch?" Sam whispered fiercely.

"Ziggy didn't mention it," Al replied. "Don't forget

your shampoo."

"So now what are you going to do, huh?" Peri said through the door. "To get me back, I mean?"

"I don't know," Sam said honestly. His tone of voice unintentionally showed his mounting frustration. He grabbed a bottle of dandruff shampoo off the bathtub shelf and opened the door, still tucking his pink floral shirt into the electric blue pants. "I think he just wants me to talk to you. If I don't convince you, I'm fired. He's not too impressed with me as his manager."

"Naturally," Peri said, looking at the floral shirt. "You're not macho enough for him. But then, nobody else on the planet is, either, so I wouldn't worry about it too much if I were you. Are you ready?"

Sam looked at the three suitcases which Peri had now set neatly by the door. He wondered how he was going to manage the third one. There wasn't time to call for a bellhop. Al couldn't help, being a hologram, and Sam didn't want to ask Peri. "I guess so."

Peri followed his gaze, and guessed immediately what the problem was. She picked up the second largest bag. "I'll carry this as far as the lobby, and then I'm off to find a cab, all right? I have to share a plane with him, but I'd rather not share the limo. His tiny mind would only misinterpret it."

"What about your things?" Sam asked.

Peri indicated a pink flight bag she'd set down just inside the door, and picked that up, too. "I've gotten used to traveling light," she said.

"I'll say," Al said admiringly. "I'll see you on the plane, Sam."

Sam stuffed the shampoo in a suitcase pocket, picked up the remaining bags and followed Peri out the hotel room door.

"Look, Professor! Wrestling!" Ace said, indicating one of the fresher posters on the wall near the record shop.

The Doctor found Ace's enthusiasm curiously annoying. "Let me see if I understand you," he said. "You don't like juggling, you don't like magic, or clowns, or circuses, but you do like overweight men in gold lamé trunks pretending to beat each other up?"

"Oh, don't be a killjoy, Professor," she said wickedly. "Look, it's tomorrow night. Can we go?"

The Doctor considered. It meant more hours in the park, raising the price of two tickets. But if Ace wanted it so badly....

Something about the poster looked familiar. "Yrcanos!" he exclaimed. "That's King Yrcanos!"

"That's right, Doctor. It says Yrcanos, King of the Krontep! Do you know him?"

"Yes, I'm sure I do. But what's he doing here?"

"Does this mean we can go?"

The Doctor looked at his latest companion, but his mind was drawn irresistibly to the memory of another one,

one he thought he'd lost forever. If Yrcanos was on Earth, of all places, did that mean that Peri was as well? Everything had been so misleading at the trial, with the Valeyard tampering with the Matrix, that the Doctor still had little idea what had actually been Peri's fate.

The Doctor had been silent for so long that Ace was growing concerned. "Doctor, is something wrong? We can go, can't we?"

The Doctor forced himself to smile. "My dear Ace, I wouldn't miss it for the Universe!"

For once in his long, ambitious life, the Master was at loose ends. He'd been in the Matrix for several months now, recovering from injuries sustained in the Doctor's showdown with the Valeyard. At first the Valeyard's influence in the Matrix had persisted, preventing the Master from using its power to heal himself. But the Valeyard's stronghold, the Fantasy Factory had gradually lost cohesion, as its creator lost interest in maintaining it. The Valeyard—or the Doctor, as his earlier incarnations had been known—was still alive, the Master was certain, but absent, leaving the Master to do as he liked within the vast extension of Time Lord collective memory that was the Matrix.

What he liked, at the moment, was to sift through the Matrix's records of past, present and future, looking for opportunities. He saw Daleks, metaphorically licking their wounds after some failed plot, and a Cyberleader reporting on the disastrous results of an expedition to recover Nemesis, a sentient Time Lord weapon which the Doctor had somehow managed to send against the Cyber fleet.

"Fools!" the Master thought, and flicked the dial again.

Now this was interesting. The Matrix now showed him an image of the Doctor, the newest one in the sweater and silly hat, staring at a poster. Boosting the resolution, the Master read the poster himself. A slow smile spread across his face as he considered the possibilities.

"So," the Master said to himself. "King Yrcanos is on Earth, not his own planet as I was led to believe. With that young woman, Perpugillium Brown, no doubt. Yes, that definitely has possibilities."

He turned off the little monitor, and went to find Sabalom Glitz.

With his usual aversion to explanations, the Doctor had not mentioned his hopes for the next day. But that didn't stop him from brooding over the situation over his second plate of fish and chips. "Unfinished business again," he muttered.

"What's that? What's the matter, Doctor?" Ace looked concerned. The Doctor suddenly realized how preoccupied he had become in the last few hours.

"Sorry Ace. I didn't mean to be such poor company. There's nothing wrong, really; I'm just moping about the past. Did I ever tell you about Peri?"

Ace nodded. "She was the American, wasn't she? The girl you met just before Mel?"

"Yes, that's right," the Doctor confirmed. "Two regenerations ago."

Ace flinched. "Yes, well, I'm not sure I want to know about that. I like you the way you are, Doctor."

The Doctor beamed. "Yes, of course. I must confess I do, too."

Ace ignored the burst of egotism. "But this girl Peri. Didn't you say she was dead, Doctor?"

"Not quite. I was told she was dead. I was even shown her death—in excruciating detail. But the Matrix of the Time Lords had been tampered with, and I was later told that she hadn't died at all. But what is she doing on Earth?"

A look of confusion crossed Ace's face. "Why shouldn't she be on Earth? She's from here."

"Yes, but from what I was told, she married King Yrcanos and was made a queen of Thordon. And that's nowhere near Earth."

"King Yrcanos? Isn't he the bloke on that wrestling poster?"

"Exactly. Why would a barbarian king from Thordon be here on this planet, unless he was still in the company of the native of Earth with whom he was last seen?"

"You mean Peri?"

"Yes, Peri. She's back on Earth, and, considering the circumstances under which we parted, I'm determined to see her, one last time. I usually don't like to look up former companions, but this is one bridge I'd rather not leave burned behind me!"

The situation on the plane had been tense, and Peri was glad that it was nearly over. She'd spent the whole time talking to Rick, partly for the company and partly to show her independence of her erstwhile "husband." Two rows away, Yrcanos had watched, hardly taking his eyes off Peri and Rick as he boasted to the stewardesses about wrestling matches past and future (at least he wasn't talking about his battles as King of Thordon, Peri thought gratefully) or bellowed his demands for more wine and ale. Peri had ignored him as best she could, choosing instead to tell Rick all about Yrcanos—not the full truth, of course, but about the last few months. The conversation was helping Peri to clarify her own thoughts and feelings. Strangely enough, she had found she wasn't quite ready to leave Yrcanos behind, not completely. What would the Doctor say, if he knew she'd abandoned the innocent, if annoying, king in the middle of a strange culture? Would the Doctor care? But then the Doctor didn't care about her at all, not any more. He'd proved that on Thoros-Beta.

Rick did seem to care. He had listened to her for the

better part of six hours, showing more sympathy than Peri would have credited the man as having. Up until the previous afternoon, he'd been mostly a pain in the neck, simultaneously fumbling though his duties as Yrcanos' interim manager and trying to keep her away from the rest of the entourage, lest she reconcile with Yrcanos and put Rick out of a job. She had long since decided that Rick was more a sycophant than a friend; now she was not so sure. His sympathies now seemed to lie entirely with her, whatever she really wanted, regardless of the consequences to himself. Was he still just being opportunistic, trying to win her favor—and Yrcanos'? Or was she being too suspicious? He did seem awfully sincere, except for that annoying tendency to stare distractedly at an empty seat across the aisle instead of paying attention to her.

Now now, Peri, she scolded herself. Mustn't be jealous of an empty airline seat!

They were finally over London, and the stewardess had just collected the last of the trays and cups. Yrcanos was already looking eagerly out the window, Peri forgotten for the moment. What a big baby he was! Sometimes she couldn't help being fond of him.

Peri looked over at Rick, and caught him looking at the empty seat again. When he saw she was watching him, he smiled guiltily at her. "I was, uh, thinking about going to look out the window over there," he said lamely.

"Good thing those seats are empty, huh, so you can go do it. Go on! I can amuse myself for a few minutes."

Rick moved away, taking a long time, Peri thought, to move past the first empty seat to the one by the window. She gave up trying to figure out what he was up to, and decided to join in the general preoccupation and look out her own window. London! Peri hadn't been back here since her travels with the Doctor, and those trips had not been especially pleasant. She looked forward to finally exploring it properly, in her own century, without Cybermen or others of the Doctor's many enemies chasing after her.

Ace was tired of sitting in the hotel lobby. "Come on, Doctor," she said. "You've already left a message at the desk. There's not much else you can do until she gets here."

"But how will she contact me?" the Doctor fretted. "I don't exactly have an address, you know. She doesn't even know what I look like now!"

"You've changed that much?"

The Doctor nodded sadly.

"All right. But we can't just sit here all morning. Can't we go to the park now, and come back this afternoon? I'll even help with your magic act, if you like." Anything to get out of this lobby! she thought.

"You, Ace?" the Doctor said, amused despite himself. "You couldn't pull a rabbit from a hutch, much less a hat. But all right. I suppose we can come back later."

He allowed Ace to lead him away, stopping only to

leave one more message at the hotel desk.

Al had left him some hours before, so Sam was able to give his full attention to Peri as they walked through London, browsing their way down Oxford Street toward Tottenham Court Road. Sam was half-looking for a pair of pants to replace the pink denims he was wearing, but all Oxford Street seemed to have was shoe stores, and most of Sam's attention was devoted to Peri anyway. Al had said that whatever was to happen to her would happen in London, today, unless Sam stopped it. But without more data on what was the situation, there was little Sam could do but follow her around and try to be ready for anything. That, and try to get her to confide in him before it was too late. As it happened, Peri had no objection to his walking around London with her. But that was the extent of her compliance with his plans. Whatever secret of her past kept Peri from abandoning Yrcanos completely, she seemed no closer to divulging it.

"I take it you've been to London before," he said, as Peri cast an expert eye over the Underground map.

"A few times," she said evasively. "But never long enough to see anything. I suppose you want to get back?"

"Hadn't we better?" Sam said. "They want him over at the arena by three, don't they?"

"Two-thirty," Peri corrected. "Three o'clock is when the press conference starts."

Sam looked at his watch, grimacing again at the biceps-shaped minute and hour hands. "It's twelve-thirty now. What's the fastest way back?"

Peri laughed. "Whoa, cowboy! We're not in that big a rush. Look. There's a subway entrance at the next corner. We can get off at St. James Station, and walk across the park. All right?"

"Are you sure we have time for all that? It doesn't look like a very direct route to me."

"There's plenty of time. These subways—tubes, I mean—are pretty fast. What's the matter, Richard Butler? Don't you want to take a pretty girl for a walk in the park?"

Sam smiled at her. "Is that a proposition?"

Peri smiled back, but all she said was, "Come on! It's this way!"

"There she is!" Sabalom Glitz said, pointing at the steps leading up from St. James Station. "But who's the gent with her? Not the Doctor, is it? This bloke's too ordinary looking."

The Master looked in annoyance at the man with Perpuillium Brown. The clothes were garish enough—pink trousers and a pink and blue-striped shirt—but otherwise he didn't resemble the Doctor at all. "Of course not, cretin. I imagine that's just one of King Yrcanos' entourage. The Doctor is just over there, turning handkerchiefs

into pigeons."

Glitz started to rise from his hunter's crouch. "Really? Where?"

The Master put his hand on the mercenary's head, pushing it back down with rather more force than was strictly necessary. "Get down, you fool!" he hissed. "Have some patience! The Doctor's not our quarry just yet. Miss Brown is. I want you to go over there and lure her over this way, alone if possible."

"What, you want me to just snatch her for you?"

"Glitz," the Master said, "I'm disappointed in you! Surely you can do better than that. Talk to her. Tell her you're with the Doctor. Now go—and don't botch it up!"

The Master watched as Glitz got up and started across the park, on an interception course with his old acquaintance. On the way, he moved to avoid a man balancing an umbrella on his nose. The Doctor, apparently preoccupied with the umbrella on his nose, did not see Glitz, and the mercenary passed on.

Even in London, nearly five years later, Peri immediately recognized the spacefaring mercenary. "Sabalom Glitz! What are you doing here?"

"Well, you know. Me and the Doctor are just moving around, you know, trying to make a few grotzits...."

Peri frowned. "The Doctor? You're with the Doctor?"

"He's just over there," Glitz said. "He's just sent me to fetch you."

That did it. Any sympathy Peri might have felt for the Doctor was lost in the rising tide of her anger. "He did, did he? Supposing I don't want to be 'fetched'?"

"But Peri, it's the Doctor. You do want to see him, don't you?"

"No, Glitz. I particularly don't want to be 'fetched' the see the Doctor! If he cares about me, let him come to me himself!"

Glitz stared at her. "You always did have a temper, Peri. I know you care about him. You two were thick as thieves the last time we met."

"Oh, and you'd know all about that. You're a thief, and you're at least as treacherous as he is."

"Peri, who is this man?" Rick demanded. "What's going on?"

"This is a man who would blow up a planet if it made him enough money. And he's what's going on, without me. Go away, Glitz. Tell the Doctor I'm not interested in seeing him."

Now Glitz and Rick were both staring at her. Peri could almost see pieces of her past with the Doctor sorting themselves into place in Rick's mind. She saw sudden understanding in Rick's eyes as he looked from Peri to Glitz and back again. But Peri didn't have time to deal with Rick and his suspicions. She turned back to Sabalom Glitz.

All Peri expected to see in Glitz's eyes was his usual

bumbling craftiness, but in fact he looked genuinely hurt. "Now, darlin', don't be like that. The Doctor didn't really desert you, you know. If you'd just give him a chance to explain—"

Peri felt her control collapsing. "How would you know, huh? You weren't there when he—when he—" Tears choked off the rest of her sentence. Rick hurried to comfort her.

"It's all right, Peri," Rick murmured with a fair show of sincerity. "Whatever it is, it's going to be all right." He looked up, then, and glared at Glitz. "You heard the lady. She doesn't want to go with you. I think you had better leave her alone."

Peri cried all the harder.

"Peri, please. Be sensible," Glitz said. "The Doctor's your friend. I know you had one bad incident, but it could have been a lot worse."

Peri spat. "Some friend! I was almost killed!"

Rick took a step forward. "I said, leave her alone!"

Peri stared at her would-be rescuer. Rick weighed at least a third less than Glitz did, and was unarmed, but no fear showed in his eyes. Glitz flashed Rick one of his most dangerous smiles. "And who might you be, little man? Does King Yrcanos know you're out with his wife?"

Peri interceded. "All right, Glitz. We'll come with you. Might as well get it over with, and tell the Doctor what I think of him!"

"We, little lady?" Glitz said. "I don't recall the Doctor inviting this gentlemen."

Peri looked at her companion, and seemed to make a decision. "I don't care. It's both of us or neither, Glitz. Take it or leave it!"

"I'll take it," Glitz said quickly.

Not far away, Ace was counting up the take from the Doctor's latest turn as a street performer. "How much were those tickets, Doctor?"

"Eight pounds each. Do we have it yet?"

"Easily. Twice over, in fact."

"Good. Then it's fish and chips again for me, and more tapes for you. All right?"

"More tapes? Wicked!" she agreed with enthusiasm. "But let's try a different fish shop, all right? That one last night was too greasy."

"Ah, but that's what I like about them. The TARDIS food dispensers haven't managed to produce any high-cholesterol foods since the last time Mel fixed them. Shall we go?"

"Back to that hotel?"

"Yes. I told the desk clerk we'd be back at one-thirty, and it's nearly that now."

Ace scooped up two handfuls of change into her backpack, and put the rest in her pockets. "Oh, all right, Professor. I'm ready."

"I do wish you'd stop calling me that," the Doctor said.



"All right, where is he?" Peri demanded. She seemed to Sam to be poised for verbal battle with the Doctor, whoever he turned out to be.

"Right here, Miss Brown." A man in a black suit stepped out from behind a tree. The suit was very odd and old-fashioned, from some era that Sam could not begin to place. His skin was pale, his hair and goatee were black, and Sam didn't like his smile.

"The Master! What have you done with the Doctor?" Sam was bewildered by her changing attitude. Despite her sentiments of a moment before, and everything he had presumably done to her, Peri seemed genuinely worried about the Doctor.

"Why, nothing, my dear, nothing—yet. I've come looking for you."

"Why?" Peri demanded. "I'm nothing to you now. I have no power, no TARDIS, nothing that you could possibly want!"

"On the contrary, Miss Brown. You do have power—power over Yrcanos' affections—and the Doctor's."

"Ha!" Peri said finally. "He chained me up, and left me for dead. I don't think even you would call that affection."

Sam saw Al appear, standing behind the man Peri had called the Master. He looked worried. "Uh, Sam, I don't know how to tell you this, but this man's not human. Ziggy's accessed some top-secret U.N. records, and according to them, he has two hearts!"

To Sam's utter astonishment, not to mention Al's, the Master swung to face the new arrival. "Correct, sir. But on the other hand, you don't seem to be here at all. A hologram, I assume, linked to the neural pathways of a predetermined subject?" Al could only nod in reply.

Sam saw that Peri was beginning to edge away. If only they could keep the Master's attention on Al, Sam thought, the distraction might buy Peri some time to get away. "That's right," Sam told the Master. "So how is it that you can see him?"

"As your holographic friend pointed out, I'm not human. My synapses are quite different. You're the subject, I take it? And not quite here yourself, from the look of you."

The Master raised his hand. In it was a metal tube about six inches long, pointed directly at Sam. "Allow me to introduce to you my Tissue Compression Eliminator," the Master said pleasantly. "It should be quite interesting to see what will become of you when your host body is destroyed."

Who is this madman? Sam wondered. The others seemed to take him seriously enough; Sam could hear the familiar bleeps and whines of the Ziggy box as Al checked frantically for data, and Peri was edging slowly to one side as if to work her way around the Master. Sam was still having trouble believing that this overage Iago and his little tube were much of a threat, but clearly a diversion was called for. "What does this Tissue Compression Eliminator do?" Sam asked. "Eliminate tissue compression?"

"No, it will use the technique of tissue compression to eliminate you. Or at least the body you inhabit."

"You'd kill an innocent man just to see what happens?"

"Certainly, if it will accomplish my purpose," the Master confirmed.

"He would, Sam," Al reported. "Someone calling himself the Master is wanted in England for the murders of a policeman and an old lady, among others."

Sam made his decision in a split second. Hewhirled and delivered a solid roundhouse kick to the the Master's hand, knocking the Tissue Compression whatchamacallit into the bushes. "Run, Peri! Go!" he shouted.

The Master cursed as Peri sprinted past him and down the path. Sam looked around warily for the second man, Glitz, but he was nowhere to be seen. Apparently he could move quickly enough when trouble popped up.

"Come on, Rick!" Peri called over her shoulder. "Run!"

"I'd follow her example, Sam," said Al. Sam ran.

Al started running, too, and Sam wondered how far he would get before he reached the wall of the room he was in. Some distance ahead, Peri was running headlong toward a shortish man with an umbrella who happened to be coming up the path, accompanied by a punked-out girl (a little out of date, wasn't she?) with a leather jacket and a large boombox. The little man stopped suddenly to stare at the girl who was coming toward him. "Peri?" he called tentatively, and then in alarm, "Peri!" He reached toward her.

Peri swerved to avoid her new pursuer. "Leave me alone, can't you?" she shouted.

"Peri, it's me!" the little man called out desperately.

It must have been something in the man's voice that stopped Peri's flight. Twenty feet off the path, Peri turned to stare at the man with the umbrella. "Who are you? Another one of the Master's friends?" But she sounded uncertain.

Halfway between Sam and Peri, Al was again punch-

ing buttons on the Ziggy box.

"No," said the man. "One of yours. I've regenerated again, Peri. Remember Androzani Minor?" The man stepped toward Peri, a wistful, puppy dog expression on his face which somehow elicited Sam's trust and sympathy.

Whoever he was, it was evident that Peri didn't trust him. She backed away toward a large statue which stood on the path to the duck pond.

"Sure I remember," Peri said. "I also remember Thoros Beta!"

"Can't we continue this discussion later?" Sam said. "Aren't we supposed to be escaping from the Master?"

"The Master?" the newcomer said sharply. "Is that why—Peri! Behind you!" The little man sped toward her, followed by the girl in the leather jacket.

"Holy cow, Sam! It's Queen Victoria!" Al shouted.

It took a moment for Sam to see what Al meant. Peri had retreated until her back was against the base of a stone likeness of the elderly queen.

Peri just had time to turn—and Sabalom Glitz darted out from behind the statue and caught her around the throat with his forearm. "Thanks, Doc!" Glitz said with a cheeky grin. "I couldn't have done it without you!"

Peri's eyes widened at Glitz's words, and she collapsed into her captor's arms in an apparent faint.

"Get off her, Bilgebag!" yelled the girl in the leather jacket. She yanked on Glitz's arm as he began to wrap a cord around Peri's wrists.

The little man brandished his oddly-shaped umbrella handle like a vaudeville hook and caught Glitz around the other arm. "Let her go, Glitz," he agreed.

This bizarre tug of war shook Peri to her senses, and she strained to free herself. Her would-be rescuers, if that was what they were, only seemed to increase the determination of the mercenary's grip on Peri as they tried to pry her away from him. The quartet's struggle looked like something out of a bad sitcom, and Sam hesitated to join in. He wondered whether he couldn't help Peri more effectively by getting a closer look behind that statue.

Al waved him off. "Watch your back, Sam!"

The man with the umbrella looked up from his efforts, startled. Behind Sam, a man laughed. Sam spun to see the Master striding unhurriedly toward them. He reached Sam—and ignored him.

The Master stood a few feet from Sam, apparently at ease, an amused smile on his face. "What a touching reunion!" he said. He raised the strange cylindrical weapon he had recovered and pointed it casually in Peri's direction. "Step away from Miss Brown, please, everyone," the Master said politely, "or I shall kill her right now." The man and the girl reluctantly let go of Glitz. Sam saw the man flash Peri an apologetic smile before turning his attention back to the Master.

"What do you want? Hasn't Peri suffered enough at your hands?" the little man demanded.

"Yours and mine, it seems, but that's beside the point," the Master told the little man. Sam began to edge forward, his only plan to once again knock the weapon from the Master's hand—if he ever got the chance. The Master's full attention was on the man with the umbrella, but that could change at any moment, and he was moving toward the statue as he spoke. Sam quietly paced him. "As for what I want, you'll find that out soon enough. "Good day, gentlemen."

The Master nodded to Glitz, and Glitz dragged Peri out of sight behind the statue. But now Sam had caught up with the Master. Using a karate blow he didn't remember knowing, Sam once again knocked the cylinder from the Master's hands. This time Sam reached down to pluck it from the dry grass. The alien weapon thrummed with power, and Sam picked it up carefully. When he straightened up again he was just in time to see the Master disappear behind the statue, just a split second behind Glitz and the screaming and struggling Peri.

Sam ran after them, the alien weapon heavy in his hands. Al was right. The statue was of Victoria. Sam ran to the other side of it, the little man and the teenaged girl just ahead of him. Al pressed a button and reappeared at Sam's side.

There was no sign of Peri or Glitz.

"They're gone!" Sam exclaimed.

"Not quite," said the man Glitz had called "Doc." "Look!"

With a peculiar groaning sound which reminded Sam vaguely of the days of his time travel experiments, the statue of Queen Victoria vanished.

"Too late!" the little man said angrily. "Poor Peri! She mentioned the Master, but I wasn't listening!" He threw his panama hat on the ground in a fit of anger, but the leather-jacketed teenager picked it up and gave it back to him. Sam now noticed with surprised approval that the jacket was covered with NASA patches.

"Was that another TARDIS?" the girl asked her companion.

"Yes, Ace," the "Doc" said, "and a newer one than mine. The Master's chameleon circuit actually works."

"Cheer up, Professor! We'll find them. We can still follow him in your TARDIS, can't we?" Ace asked.

The little man sighed. "We can try," he said. "But it's a big Universe. If the Master goes far, we'll never find him. We'll just have to hope he wants us to catch up, and will make it easily for us."

Al was still frowning over his pocket Ziggy box. "Sam, Ziggy says this guy is the center of all the anomalies surrounding Peri Brown. He's not human, either."

"Oh? And I suppose you are?" The "Doc" snapped.

Caught out for the second time in ten minutes, Al shrugged, embarrassed. "I try," he said.

Ace was obviously confused. "Who are you talking to, Professor?"

"You mean you can't see him? No, no, of course you can't. Never mind, Ace, I'll explain later."

"That's what you always say, and you never do it," Ace said rebelliously.

Sam approached the little man. "Excuse me, are you the person Peri calls the Doctor?"

"I am. And who might you be?"

"You might as well tell him the truth, Sam," Al advised. "He'll never believe you're Rick Butler, anyway. Not if he can see me."

"Well, it's going to sound impossible—"

"Try me," the Doctor said quietly. "I've found that far fewer things are actually impossible than most people believe. Particularly most people from this planet."

Sam began to wonder whether this man actually had a stranger life story than his own.

"My name is Sam Beckett," he told the Doctor. "I'm a quantum physicist—and a time traveller."

"Doctor Sam Beckett? Author of the string theory of chronometric injection?" The Doctor seemed only mildly surprised—and rather pleased. "My dear fellow, I'd rather hoped I'd run into you one day. But this time travel of yours. Going about it rather the hard way, aren't you?"

Sam stared. He hadn't known what response to expect, but this clearly wasn't it. "You know of a better way?"

The Doctor smiled. "Come and see."

Ace tugged at the Doctor's sleeve. "Doctor, you're not going to show him the TARDIS, are you?"

"Why not?"

"But can you trust him?"

"Oh, I think so. Peri did. Otherwise she wouldn't have mentioned my name to him."

"She didn't mention your name," Sam said, realizing he still had not heard it. "She just called you the Doctor."

"That's right," the Doctor said, as if no further explanation was necessary. "What did she say about me, by the way?"

"She said you abandoned her," Sam said. He tried not to sound accusing, but it came out that way anyway.

"That's a lie!" Ace said. "The Doctor wouldn't do that to her!"

"Oh, but I did," the Doctor said sadly. "As far as Peri knows, anyway. I wasn't quite myself at the time. Shall we go?"

"Go where?" Al asked.

"To my TARDIS, of course. We've got to rescue Peri."

"I'm game," Sam said grimly. "That's what I'm probably here for, and I've blown it already. If you can help her, I'm coming with you."

"Wait a minute, Sam," Al said. "What about Yrcanos and the press conference?"

"King Yrcanos will just have to look after himself for a few hours," the Doctor snapped. "If we don't leave now, he won't get Peri back at all! Now, are you coming or not?"

"We're coming. Come on, Al."

"I, uh—I'll catch up with you later."

"I doubt it," the Doctor said without turning around. "Even you won't be able to find us where we're going."

"Oh. Then wait someplace where I can find you. I won't be long."

"We don't have time to wait!" snapped the Doctor. "Peri's life is in danger!"

"I know that. That's the point. I think I can find Peri for you."

"How?" the Doctor asked. "You're not tuned to her brain pattern as well, are you?"

"No, but that's not necessary. Ziggy should have all the data we need for this." Without waiting for an answer, Al used the Ziggy box to speak to the lab technician. "Gushie, get ready to center me on Peri. I want to be five feet from the outside of whatever structure she's in. Got that? Good. Stand by. What am I looking for, Doctor? A statue of Queen Victoria?"

"No, probably not. The Master's TARDIS could be anything—a Greek column, a statue, a rock, a calliope—anything."

"Anything, huh? New directions, Gushie. Center me five feet from whatever structure or object Peri is in— but make sure I arrive facing it. Ready—now!"

Al disappeared.

"What's happening, Doctor?" Ace asked.

"The man you can't see thinks he can home in on Peri better than the TARDIS could. He may be right at that. Anyway, he's gone off to try it." The Doctor turned back to Sam. "But in case he can't, I still think we should be moving toward my TARDIS. Agreed?"

Sam wasn't sure what a TARDIS was, or what good it would do, but neither did he have any reason to think the Doctor was wrong in his estimation of its importance. "Fine." They started hurrying across the park. Sam noticed that Ace jingled as she moved, as if she were carrying large quantities of change.

The sun was out, and its light made the water of the duck pond sparkle as they rushed past. They passed a pair of black swans being cautiously fed by a small child and her father, while large white geese tried to nip at the bag of bread the father carried. Pigeons feathered in an astonishing variety of colors moved reluctantly out of the path as the time travelers bore down on them. The idyllic scene through which they were passing only added to the sense of unreality which had descended on Sam Beckett. Beside Sam, the Doctor's eyes moved restlessly across the horizon as if inspecting every tree or statue for signs of being something else. Disconcertingly, the Doctor was speaking about something else entirely.

Sam shook his head. "As far as they know, I'm Rick Butler. I'm supposed to be managing Yrcanos' wrestling career until he either reconciles with Peri or finds someone better. Yrcanos isn't too impressed with me so far."

"You know, Dr. Beckett," the Doctor was saying, "I'd be quite interested to know what led you to develop these techniques. They're really quite clever for this century. Highly impractical, of course, but brilliant all the same. Quite stunningly original!"

Sam hadn't heard his work praised in such a way since college. He found it embarrassing, and also remote. He no longer had the time to develop his theories; he was too busy living them.

"Well, you might say it was a college paper that got out of hand."

"You're too modest, Dr. Beckett. You're working along lines which no one else has ever thoroughly explored, before or since that I know of."

"Before—or since?"

"Yes, that's right. There was one creature I met, mind you, who lived in several times at once, and was seeking a way to rejoin himself at the dawn of your Earth's prehistory. But that was quite unlike your situation, really. The cause was accidental, and and he had someone else doing the research to correct it."

"And did he succeed?"

"No, he didn't, fortunately. You know, Dr. Beckett—or shall I call you Sam?"

"Sam. No one has called me Dr. Beckett since I left 1995."

"You know, Sam," the Doctor said, "One aspect of your research was never adequately explored in your papers, and it's always puzzled me. What is the mechanism that determines the course and timing of your movement between time zones?"

Somehow, this alien Doctor had cut right to the heart of Sam's problem. Seeing the friendly interest in the little man's eyes, Sam tried to explain. "We don't really know. I leap into someone else's life, fix something that went wrong before—and then I leap. I don't always know what the key thing is I have to do, and until I find it all the good deeds in the world won't get me out of whenever and wherever I am. But once I find whatever it is and do it—zap! I'm someplace else—as someone else."

"You sound like a time-traveling Lone Ranger, solving people's problems and going away again," said Ace. "Who was that masked man!"

Sam smiled at the comparison. "I feel like that sometimes myself. Instead of a mask, I wear someone else's face. No one but Al ever knows who I am."

"But what do you do it for?" said Ace.

"I don't do it out of choice," Sam said. "Not entirely, anyway. The experiment went wrong. I can't get back. All I can do is try to help the people into whose lives I leap. Save a life, or a radio station, or someone's self-respect. When I succeed, I leap again involuntarily."

The Doctor frowned. "Are you saying that you are forced, over and over, to tamper with time? And that all of your travels are based upon some predetermined act of

kindness?"

"That's right."

"But who determines which action is the one that will leap you out?"

"We don't know. It's not us—me or Al or anyone with the Project. It's not the computer, Ziggy; he's just guessing, estimating my most likely course of action from known data. It's not any known formula or mechanism. But it's always something that benefits the people around me in a substantial way. We've come to the reluctant conclusion that God is doing it."

"Yes, I can see how you might," the Doctor said. His tone was skeptical. Sam thought he heard a touch of anger in the calm voice.

"You don't agree? It seems to be the only explanation that fits the facts."

"I'm sure it seems so to you. I, on the other hand, can think of at least one other likely theory."

"Really? What is it?"

The Doctor smiled. "Never mind. It wouldn't help you. And it's just possible that I'm wrong."

"But what is it?"

"I'm sorry. I'd really rather not say."

"Doctor, you don't think—"

"Hush, Ace," the Doctor said, pointing his umbrella at her warningly.

They were at the edge of the park now, looking up Regent Street toward Piccadilly Circus. Without waiting for the traffic light, the Doctor hurried them across the street between two slow-moving cars. In a moment they reached the opposing sidewalk, and continued to walk briskly through the relatively benign pedestrian traffic. Then the Doctor asked, "What is the range of your travels to date?"

"My own lifetime, my own country. I'm only in London now because I got on a plane with Peri and Yrcanos yesterday."

"Fascinating! And do Peri and Yrcanos know who you are?"

Sam shook his head. "As far as they know, I'm Rick Butler. I'm supposed to be managing Yrcanos' wrestling career until he either reconciles with Peri or finds someone better. Yrcanos isn't too impressed with me so far."

"I can't imagine why not," the Doctor said judiciously. "Your clothing sense recommends you, at the very least. Very appropriate for a wrestler's manager."

Sam didn't bother to mention how much he hated Rick's wardrobe. "Well, I'm not doing a great job for him so far. He's supposed to be at a press conference right now, and I haven't even called to tell him to go without me. And that's trivial compared to the way I've failed Peri."

"You haven't failed Peri," the Doctor said. "Not if your friend Al was right about being able to find her."

Sam heard the metallic clang of the holo room door, and Al appeared just ahead of them. "I was right, Sam!" he cried. "I've found her! She's in what appears to be a police

box in Piccadilly Circus!"

"What!" said the Doctor, sounding truly astonished for the first time.

If Sam had thought they were hurrying before, he soon found he was mistaken.

—to be continued next issue—

### A MATTER OF MEMORY #1: ANSWERS

Score one point for each correct answer.

- d. Colin Baker played Commander Maxil in *Arc of Infinity*.
- b. 3. d. 4. b.
- c. Of course, if you don't live in Tucson, you can hardly be expected to know this.
- b. 7. b.
- b. supposedly out in the U. K., April '90.
- a. The correct title of the recent play is *The Ultimate Adventure*.
- a. Ian Marter, with ten titles (including *Harry Sullivan's War*)

Add total correct answers from both quizzes and then see chart below. Or don't. Se if I care.

### A MATTER OF MEMORY #2: ANSWERS

Score one point for each correct answer.

- c. the Sixth Doctor. Courtney appeared with the First Doctor as Bret Vyon in *The Daleks' Masterplan*.
- d. *Battlefield* (with the Seventh Doctor, Season 26, 1989).
- c. four times—*Web of Fear*, *The Invasion*, *The Three Doctors* and *The Five Doctors*.
- a. *Mawdrim Undead* was aired in February '83, *The Five Doctors* in November 1983.
- a. 6. b. 7. a. 8. a.
- c. The Megacow is the Dish of the Day in Douglas Adams' *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, his portrayals of Marjory Allingham's Albert Campion appear in the US as part of the PBS series *Mystery!*, and Elmer was a pathetically foolish character in *The Tomorrow People*.
- d.

Scoring: Add total correct responses from both charts and see below for no particular reason:

0-4 right: Are you sure you're a Doctor Who fan?

5-10 right: Chances are you're still a novice, or you're holding out against buying the books.

11-15 right: You're getting there. Another hundred dollars worth of books and/or videotape should clear up the gaps.

16-20 right: You know this stuff better than I do. Now, how are you at writing fanzine articles?

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