



N.E. BODYGUESS

'By George, I think she's Gothic'... *The Doctor and Fayette (Winona Rider) visit an old dark house.*
Doctor Who, BBC1 7.30pm

7.30-8.20pm Doctor Who

Starring **Edward Peel-Smith**

In *The Abbey by the Sea*

Part one of a three-part adventure by **JAMES BOW**

Come and celebrate from behind the sofa as *Doctor Who* celebrates thirty years of being on the air. Tonight, a new adventure begins, the first of a three-part thirtieth anniversary special, set in a Gothic mansion.

The Doctor ... **EDWARD PEEL-SMITH**
Fayette Calonne **WINONA RIDER**
The Housekeeper ... **PAULINE MORAN**
Thorpe **CHRISTOPHER CUSHING**
Aliens **JOHN MARTIN-SCOTT,**
RAYMOND CUSICK, JOHN PEEL, ROY
SKELTON

The Footman **BREN SPINER**
The Maids **KATY GRANT, CAROLYN**
SHAW, ZOE PADBURY
Alien Voices By .. **MICHAEL WISHER**

Stunt Arranger **TIP TOPPED**
Theme Music by **RON GRAINER**
Incidental Music **DUDLEY EATON**
Costume Designer **KEN TRUE**
Make-up Designer **SANDY REID**
Script Editor **EMILY SPRING** *
Designer **MARTIN F. PROCTOR** *
Producer ... **NATHAN TURNER-JOHN**
Director **GEORGE SPENTON-FOSTER**

* true credit

- FEATURE page 15 and
- INTERVIEW page 27
- CEEFAX SUBTITLES

8.25pm The Prisoner

Starring **Patrick McGoochan**

Repeats:

The Village People

By **MARK STEIN**

In this sequel to **A, B and C**, Number 6 must contend with the menace of **Y, M, C and A**.

LETTERS

Where did you get the idea for *Story on a Train*? I thought it had both an original location and original "bad guys." I especially liked the idea of the Doctor as a spy ring as opposed to one person – the government mind is always limited, I suppose.

Chris Kocher,
Dallas, PA (U.S.A)

James has taken every possible cliché of the train and spy genre and weaved them into a serious drama and, in doing so, turned in not only the best story of the issue, but one of the most original *Doctor Who* adventures ever. At least, original in terms of *Doctor Who*; it certainly isn't original in terms of action-adventures! But that's what makes this one work. You look forward to the next cliché, you savour them.

Andrew Flint,
Mississauga, ON
CANADA

9.30pm Gloomwatch

repeats *The Buttery People* by **PET KIDDLER**

Are factory workers being contaminated by their product? Professor Twist finds very little margarine for error.

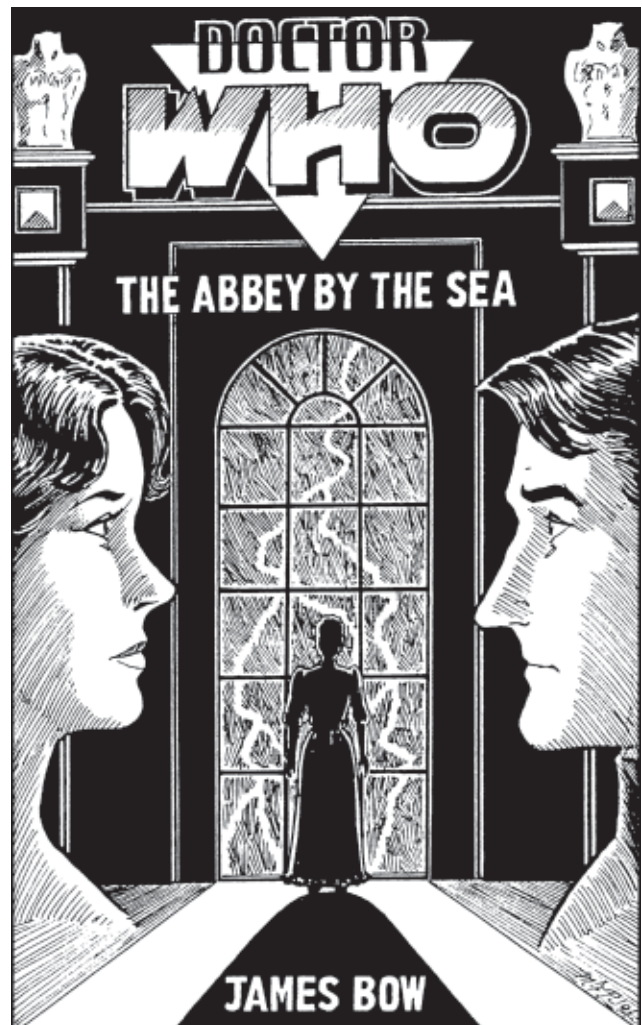
SERIAL 8G

The six-part story celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of *Doctor Who* was produced by the BBC. Unlike previous anniversary stories, *The Abbey by the Sea* did not feature appearances of previous Doctors or companions. The usual anniversary fanfare was there, with *Doctor Who* merchandise appearing everywhere, but the story itself was decidedly low key.

Instead of reviving people or monsters from the Doctor's past, the production team decided to recreate an atmosphere. *The Abbey by the Sea* was to be a salute to the Gothic era of *Doctor Who*. The story was filmed on location on the Yorkshire coast and in a privately-owned castle. Pictures of the sets showed that care had been taken to develop the proper look and feel.

A tight lid was kept on information about the story's script or plotline, especially for the last two episodes. Some fans wondered about the secrecy, since the show was supposed to be so low-key. Like its predecessor, *Story on a Train*, this six-part story was shown in three 45-minute episodes while the BBC continued their search for a mid-season replacement for *Eastenders*.

The Abbey by the Sea premiered on Sunday, November 28, 1993, at 7:30 p.m. as scheduled. With the added publicity, and with the show on a high from the previous story, the first episode garnered ratings of 8.2 million. These ratings made a considerable jump after the cliffhanger in episode two...



THE ABBEY BY THE SEA

Written by James Bow

The sea was restless.

The air was awash with the pulsating roar of the waves as they pulled back, reared up and smashed down on the rugged shoreline, sending spray everywhere. On the cliffs that rose high from the anxious waters, seagulls laughed and shrieked. The wind wailed from offshore and the sky out to sea was darkening ominously. A bolt of lightning jotted the horizon. Distant thunder rumbled.

A new sound added its note to the others. A screeching, grating noise heralded the appearance of a large blue box at the base of the cliffs. The seagulls were startled into frenzy. Once the London Police Box had taken full shape, the sounds stopped and the waves roared on as before, ignoring the new arrival.

Across the bay, atop the cliffs, a woman watched the spectacle with no outward signs of emotion. She seemed not to notice the wind as it pulled a few coarse yellow hairs from her neatly coiled bun. She ignored the cold that should have penetrated her cloak and the long-waisted, full-skirted dress it covered. Her stern eyes remained fixed on the TARDIS.

Thunder rumbled again.

After a while, the door to the police box opened and a young woman stepped out. Fayette hugged herself for warmth. The wind whipped through her cloak and dress. Droplets of spray began to trickle down her cheeks. She surveyed her surroundings nervously, sensing something sinister about this place. Perhaps it was just the setting.

Finally, after what seemed like ages, the Doctor emerged from the TARDIS and locked the door. He buttoned up his cloak for protection against the chill and glanced at Fayette. Their eyes met. The Doctor stared at his adopted daughter with concern, asking without speaking: You're sure you're warm enough?

Understanding the look, Fayette nodded. Nevertheless, the Doctor went to her and wrapped her in the warmer cloak he had brought with him from the TARDIS. He handed her a handkerchief to wipe the spray from her face.

Fayette beamed at the Doctor, then hugged herself tighter. Staring out to sea, she watched the approaching dark clouds with mounting dread. She glanced at her adopted father with worry. Papa had seen something in his TARDIS instruments that he did not like at all. He had muttered vaguely about a "temporal distortion" and had then landed them here. He had dismissed her usual what, where and why questions with his habitual 'I'll explain later' response.

Fayette looked the Doctor up and down. She noticed that he had chosen not to wear his trenchcoat as he usually did, and had chosen the cloak he had worn when she first saw him on the eve of the French Revolution. They were obviously in Earth's past, her present, probably early 19th century. Where they were and why they were there remained a mystery to her, however.

The woman on the clifftop strained to see what the Doctor was doing. He seemed to be pointing a hand-held device to points along the shoreline and out to sea, as though he was trying to pinpoint something. At last she managed to get a clear view of him, and a smile slowly crossed her face.

The Doctor was pointing his furiously beeping device at a point far down the shoreline. Fayette decided then that enough was enough. "Papa, what does it mean when that thing does that?"

"I'm not sure if you'll understand me," replied the Doctor, distracted.

Fayette gazed at him sourly, insulted. "Papa, try me."

"All right. I'm picking up a temporal disturbance in the area. Do you understand?"

"What is a temporal disturbance?"

The Doctor paused for a minute, trying to find words to describe it. "Um...er...a wrinkle in the fabric of time? An eddy in the time stream? Do you know what I'm saying?"

Fayette shook her head.

The Doctor sighed, defeated.

"Is this wrinkle dangerous?"

The Doctor smiled to himself. Fayette might lack a scientific education, but at least she was practical. Then his smile disappeared. "Yes," he replied. "It might be."

"That is all I need to understand. What's causing it?"

"I don't know. It could be from a time machine or it could be an opening into the Time Vortex. It most certainly is not another TARDIS. The important thing is, it's here, 1851, Yorkshire coast, and there is a potential for trouble."

"So what are we doing here?" asked Fayette nervously. "Should we not be getting as far away from this place as possible?"

The Doctor shook his head.

She sighed. "I did not think it would be so easy."

"Fayette, this must be investigated, and I'm the only qualified person around."

"I did not know there were apprenticeships in investigating temporal disturbances."

The Doctor ignored her jab. "I'm going to have to explore the area and see how this is affecting the populace. You may stay in the TARDIS, if you want, but I'll be gone for a while."

Fayette shook her head vehemently. "Non! I am staying with you."

The Doctor smiled and took her hand. "Good. I don't want to explore this area alone. It gives me the creeps."

So the Doctor was feeling the sinister atmosphere too. Fayette shivered. Now she couldn't explain it as a product of her overactive imagination.

The wind picked up and began to howl ominously. The dark clouds were coming closer and the distant rumbling of thunder grew louder.

"Where do we start?" asked Fayette glumly.

"That house up there." The Doctor pointed above him.

Puzzled, Fayette looked up, and wondered how she could have missed such a thing. The 'house' was a castle that towered over them on top of the cliff. Its spires blended with the colour of the rocks so much that it was hard to tell where the cliff ended and the walls began. The windows looking out to sea were small and gave no indication of what might be inside. They were so high and so close to the cliff edge that anyone who stared out of them would be attacked with vertigo, Fayette was sure.

"We'll ask for shelter there. It will be our base for the investigation." The Doctor glanced at the approaching thunderclouds. "We'll be needing shelter soon. Let's get moving!"

They surveyed the cliff before them, searching for a section that they could climb. Behind them, across the bay, the woman watched patiently from the clifftop.

The hairs on the back of the Doctor's neck bristled. He whirled around and stared at the cliffs behind them. There was no one there. The seagulls cackled derisively at him. The sea roared on.

Fayette came to his side, wordlessly asking what was the matter. The Doctor shook his head. It was nothing. Just a product of his overactive imagination.

Turning, they advanced on the cliffs, and began to climb.

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The Doctor reached the clifftop before his human companion. Once there, he turned, knelt and leant a hand to Fayette. They walked away from the edge, gazing around and brushing themselves off.

Yorkshire moorland stretched away as far as the eye could see. They were alone in a craggy, treacherous, heath-covered landscape. The big house was roughly a hundred metres away from them. A rutted track led from its door and into the western horizon, with no other houses nearby.

The wind whistled around them and the landscape offered no protection. The thunderclouds were dangerously close. The Doctor and Fayette glanced at each other, then shrugged. They made their way across the heath towards the track and were at the front door within minutes.

The house loomed over them, bricks meeting firmly, the door sensibly shut. The windows held darkness within. The place looked as though it had stood for centuries, and would stand for centuries more. The seagulls were gone and the silence lay thick over the wood and stone of the place, broken by the caw of a single crow, and the rumble of thunder.

Fayette and the Doctor eyed the door nervously.

"Whatever walks here, walks alone," the Doctor muttered.

He decided to take the brazen approach. Marching up to the door, he took the heavy knocker and he hammered it three times against the wood. The percussions resonated inside. Satisfied, the Doctor stepped back, and waited.

In one of the windows overlooking the front door, the coarse blond woman from the clifftops stared out at the couple.

The Doctor watched as the large door creaked on its hinges and opened. A fair-haired young footman peered out. "Name your business here," he said coldly.

"We are weary travellers seeking shelter," said the Doctor, trying to sound as friendly as possible. "Could we please see the master of this house?"

The footman continued to stare at them coldly. He began to shut the door. "I'm afraid he's unable to see anyone today."

The Doctor rushed forward and leaned against the door with all his weight. "Please!" he said, desperately. "We've come a long way and there is nowhere else to shelter from the coming storm. Please, my friend, grant us that, at least."

The footman thought about this for a minute, glancing at the couple. Then he caught sight of the woman from the clifftops, who nodded her head. "I will return," he said. Then he shoved the door closed against the Doctor's weight and locked it.

The Doctor stepped back to Fayette's side. He took her hand and squeezed it, for his reassurance as well as hers. They glanced nervously at the skies above them as the thunder grew louder. The wind yanked at their cloaks and they felt the first sprinklings of rain.

Much to their relief, the front door opened and the footman motioned them inside. As soon as they were past the threshold, thunder clapped and the skies shattered. Rain poured down in buckets.

The thud of the slamming door echoed through the house like the reverberations inside a drum. The lobby was nearly bare, and quite dark. Cold-looking stairwells and corridors led to other parts of the mansion, all lit inadequately by a few guttering candles. Fayette felt as though the stone walls stared at her and the Doctor, sizing them up and checking their defences. She shivered, wondering if they had traded the malignant storm for something worse, still hidden and unknown.

The cold-faced footman took their cloaks. "It seems that the master of the house will see you," he said dully. "Walk this way, please."

He turned and loped down the hallway. The Doctor followed, imitating his steps until Fayette cuffed him on the shoulder.

The footman led the couple through draughty and dim hallways. The echoes of their footfalls on the stone floors were the only sounds they heard. The Doctor realized that trying to talk to the footman would be futile and kept quiet.

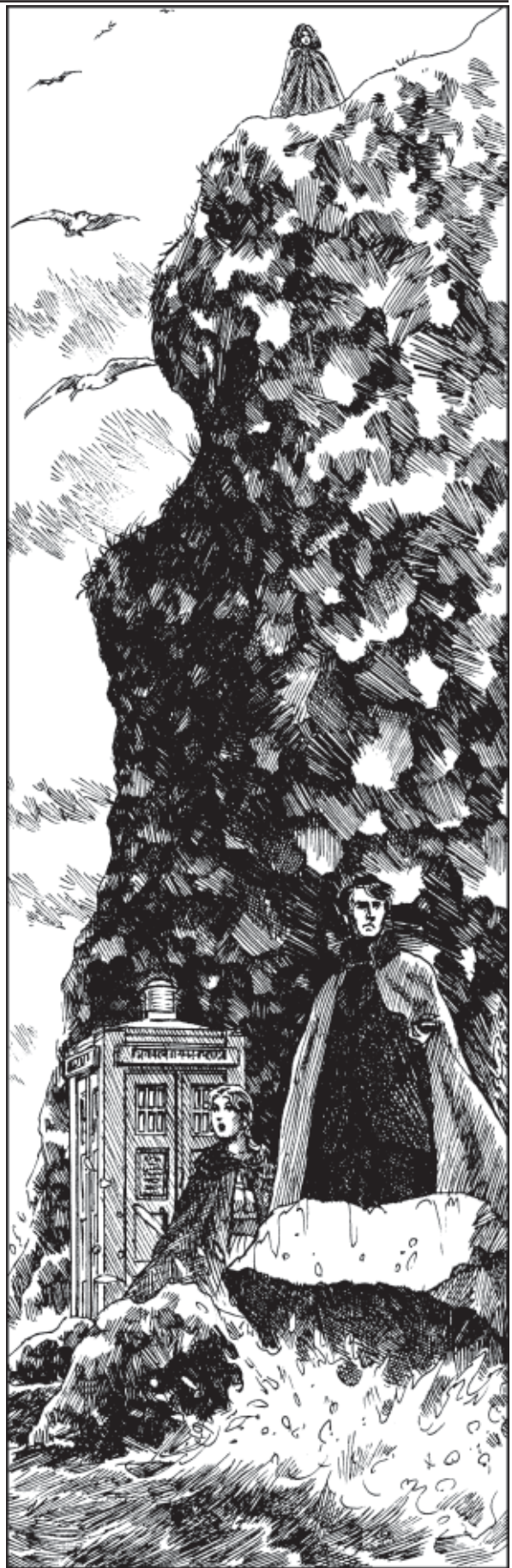
They were led into a spacious library. "Wait here, please," said the footman, closing the doors behind him as he left. When he was gone, the atmosphere lightened, but only slightly. The Doctor and Fayette explored the room.

The library was large and unfriendly. Shelves of thick, dark books rose to the ceiling and stretched the length of the walls. There was no fire in the fireplace and, when the room was not lit to glaring brilliance by flashes of lightning, the few candles provided woefully inadequate illumination. Their nervous breathing was the only sound between the claps of thunder.

Fayette shivered, chilled and on edge. She glanced around nervously, eyeing a miniature statue of some warrior chieftain slaying his enemy and an imposing portrait of some ancestor that stared arrogantly back at her from its place over the main door. Turning slowly, she nearly jumped out of her skin when a shape loomed at her out of the darkness. Upon closer examination, she found it to be the head of a deer that had been stuffed, mounted and was now gazing at her glassily.

"Mon Dieu, I do not like this place," she muttered.

Across the room, the Doctor's hypersensitive hearing caught every word. He glanced at her sympathetically. "I'm sorry, Fayette. I don't like it either."



Fayette turned and fixed the Doctor with a stern look. "I think that we should leave, then."

The Doctor glanced at the storm outside and shook his head. "We can't go back now."

Fayette's temper flared. "Why not? What is so important about this place? You said you wanted to see how the time disturbance or whatever you called it affected the local population. One house hardly qualifies as such!"

The Doctor strode up and placed a firm hand on her shoulder. "It's not the investigation. We can't go back because we'd never make it. Climbing down the cliffs in this weather would be suicide. And imagine what this storm would be like on the beach. The TARDIS will be safe from the waves but we'd be dashed to pieces before we got near the front door. I know I've made a mistake in coming here but we're stuck with the consequences, for now."

Fayette calmed down. Turning away, she shivered again. "Sorry, papa. I'm just afraid. This is a strange place. I feel as though this house knows where I am and wants me gone. I feel as though I am being watched."

The Doctor nodded to himself. That wasn't all, he thought. Was it his imagination or had the footman, in the three minutes he was with them, only blinked twice? He decided not to bother Fayette with that minor detail; the poor girl was frightened enough already.

"A Gothic folly like this?" He shrugged in answer to Fayette. "It's possible."

They monitored every word. The couple were plainly visible on the screen, although the Doctor's back was toward the camera.

The Doctor gazed around the room. "It's quite possible," he chuckled. "Portrait on the wall, mounted deer's head, small statues, lots of things with eyes. All the clichés are here. Our hosts are well-equipped." He turned to Fayette and grinned.

Fayette giggled, shaking her head at herself. "You are right, Papa. I have a wild imagination."

Satisfied, the Doctor turned away and let his grin disappear. "Unfortunately, so do I," he muttered beneath his breath.

Lightning flashed and thunder roared.

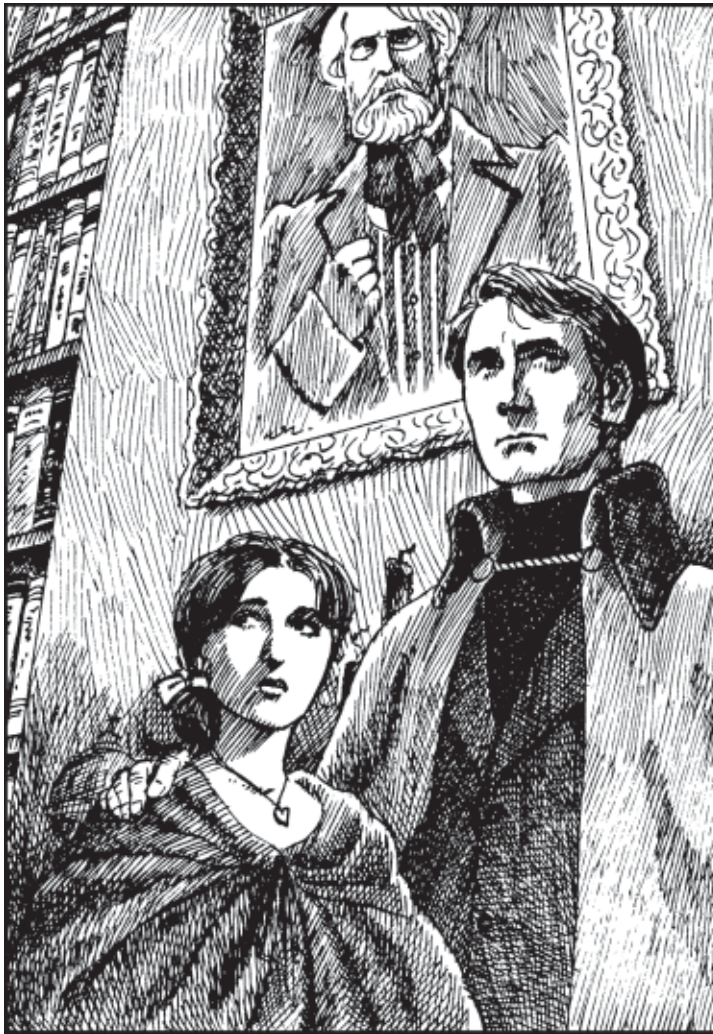
One of the doors to the library opened, groaning loudly for oil. A middle-aged woman, coarsely blond, entered and curtsied. "Good evening, sir." Her voice was grim and level. "I am the housekeeper. Mr. Thorpe will see you now, over dinner. Come this way please."

She escorted them out of the room.

On the monitor screen, the scene changed to a hallway where the Doctor and Fayette were being led.

As they walked, the Doctor realized that there was one major difference between this place and the settings of those creepy ghost stories. Nonchalantly, he asked, "Where's the butler?"

"He died," she said in a matter-of-fact way. Thunder clapped outside, its roar barely muted by the stone walls of the house. "It was about a year ago. I've taken his duties for the time being."



"You don't sound too much affected," the Doctor muttered.

"He was a frail old man, it could not have been averted."

"Hasn't anyone tried to find a replacement?"

The housekeeper moved her shoulders slightly. "Nobody has shown an interest in the position." It was not quite an answer.

Thunder rumbled once more.

The housekeeper pushed open a pair of heavy oak doors and ushered them into a large dining room. Unlike the rest of the house, it was well lit by a roaring fire in the hearth and several candelabra on the long table. A fine dinner had been set for three and the master of the house sat at the head of the table.

"Mr. Thorpe, sir..." the housekeeper's voice trailed off as she realized that she had neglected to ask the guest's names.

"Doctor Calonne and his daughter, Fayette," the Doctor supplied.

"...are here to see you, sir," the housekeeper finished, composed as ever.

"Thank you, Jane," answered the warm voice of a young man. "That will be all for now."

The housekeeper curtsied respectfully and backed out of the large dining room, closing the doors as she left. The young Mr.

Thorpe stood up to greet the couple. He wore fashionable clothes and carried himself with a neat and dignified grace. He smiled at his guests. Fayette was struck by his warmth, so out of place in this house.

"Good afternoon, Miss Calonne," he said, bowing before Fayette and charmingly kissing her hand. Caught off-guard by this show of human kindness, Fayette hastily managed a ladylike smile and said, "Bonjour, monsieur."

"Ah, vous parlez français! I should have guessed, you look so charmingly French." At this, Fayette blushed. Mr. Thorpe turned to the Doctor and warmly shook his hand. "Good afternoon to you, Doctor. Come, both of you, sit down! You must be hungry after your journey."

They took their places at the long table and began to eat.

"So, Doctor," Mr. Thorpe asked amiably. "What brings you to Morland Abbey?"

"So that is what this place is called," the Doctor muttered.

"Yes," Thorpe nodded. "The abbey by the sea. Didn't you know that?"

"No, I didn't," said the Doctor, shaking his head. "We were just in the area and we came upon this place by accident."

A blinding flash of lightning reminded the three of the raging storm outside. Thunder rattled the window a few seconds later. Sheets of rain obscured the view.

"You were very lucky finding this place in time," said Thorpe, glancing at the storm beyond the glass. "Storms like this rush in from the sea without warning. The nearest village is more than ten miles away. You would have been drenched."

Fayette nodded. "Yes. We were very lucky."

Mr. Thorpe was about to continue when a thought struck him. "My housekeeper just told me that you two had some important message to deliver to me. How can you possibly convey a message to me if you

stumbled onto this place by accident? What really brings you to Morland Abbey, Doctor?" He set his fork down and gazed at the Doctor with a hint of suspicion in his eye.

The Doctor shifted uneasily under Thorpe's penetrating stare. "Actually, I did hope to speak with anyone I happened to come across around here," he replied, stammering slightly. "I did not know exactly who lived here but I do have something very important to say to you."

"Out with it then, Doctor."

The Doctor set down his fork and thought for a minute about what to say. He wanted his words to have the greatest impact possible.

"I have reason to believe, Mr. Thorpe," the Doctor began slowly. "That there is a great... evil... at work in this place."

Fayette choked on her wine and stared at the Doctor in shock. She caught his glance: don't interrupt. He watched Thorpe's reaction carefully. Even the thunder and lightning seemed to subside for the moment, as though pausing to listen.

Mr. Thorpe's suspicious stare had softened. He gazed at the Doctor in great amusement. "You do, do you?" he asked, grinning. "You're not the first person to say that. In the village I passed through on my way here, many said the same thing. They all warned me of an evil that stalked this place. Warned me not to set foot in Morland Abbey. This place has always had a reputation, Doctor. It didn't scare my uncle off, and it won't scare me."

The Doctor frowned in irritation. Typical human response, he thought. If you don't understand it, ridicule it! But one of Thorpe's comments caught his interest. "You're not from here, originally, Mr. Thorpe?" he asked.

Thorpe shook his head. "No. Born and raised in Lancashire, a far cry from the Yorkshire moors. My uncle lived here for most of his life. He left it to me after he died, about a year ago, God rest his soul."

"How long have you lived here?" the Doctor asked.

"I arrived a week ago by coach. It's a very lonely place. That's why company is so welcome here." Thorpe smiled warmly at Fayette. The Doctor continued his questioning.

"What reputation does Morland Abbey have, may I ask?"

Mr. Thorpe smiled. "This place was built over two centuries ago by some nondescript order of monks. These religious orders tend to like strange, out of the way places, don't they? It seems they built over some site where ancient pagan rituals were performed, which is the reason why the villagers tend to stay away; superstitious nonsense, of course. My uncle bought the abbey thirty years ago and had it converted into a proper house. He lived here with a few servants until he died a year ago. Really, nothing out of the ordinary has happened, which shows you how little the villagers have to fear. Of course, the shooting star didn't help matters much."

The Doctor leaned forward with interest. "Shooting star?"

"My uncle bought the place, you see, because he loved astronomy and this isolated area is excellent for viewing," Thorpe replied. "My uncle wrote to me about the shooting star about a year ago. It lit up the sky for miles. It was actually the last thing my uncle observed. He died of old age a week later."

Thunder rumbled again, giving Thorpe's statement a dramatic

character he hadn't intended.

"I jumped at the chance to inherit this place," Thorpe continued, "I'm also very interested in astronomy."

"Did your uncle keep careful notes?" the Doctor asked.

"Oh yes, definitely. Many volumes of his are in the library. Why?"

The Doctor smiled. "Astronomy is an interest of mine as well. I'd really like to see your uncle's notes, perhaps your observatory, if you don't mind."

Fayette smiled to herself and rolled her eyes. It was fascinating to watch the Doctor get on friendly terms with the people they met. Already, he'd made fast friends with M. Thorpe, judging by the surprised and eager expression on the man's face.

"Yes, Doctor, certainly!" said Thorpe, excited. "I'll be glad to show you around! You must promise not to leave right after the storm!"

The Doctor nodded amiably. He glanced triumphantly at Fayette. The dinner continued, but the mood of the room had lightened considerably, the raging storm outside was hardly noticed anymore.

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The dinner was finished, the servants cleared away the dishes. As the evening was not very old, Thorpe offered to guide the visitors through some of the house before showing them their

rooms for the night. The Doctor accepted and they left the dining room, Thorpe and the Doctor carrying on most of the conversation with Fayette tagging along.

Fayette sighed. She didn't really enjoy being a silent partner to the Doctor, but she had grown accustomed to it. Besides, with strangers, it was best to let the Doctor's personality carry the day.

The expressionless housekeeper stopped in her work to watch them leave.

They picked them up on the monitor screen. They watched the trio walk down a hallway and up a spiral flight of stairs to other parts of the house.

Thorpe and his guests arrived in the attic. Unlike most attics, this one was neat and well kept, even bare. Also, there were no portraits on the walls, Fayette noted, no statues, nothing to stare at her and raise the hairs on the back of her neck. While they entered the small observatory, Mr. Thorpe gave the Doctor a lecture on its design.

"This tower is directly over the clifftops and is the highest point of the house. Windows look out in all

directions and offer an unobstructed view. It was my uncle's favorite spot and you can see why."

Thorpe motioned to the telescope on a stand, pointed out to sea. A seat had been placed at the near end of the telescope and a small desk was conveniently nearby.

The Doctor took a seat and stared through the telescope out to sea, looking due east. "Is this your favorite view, Mr. Thorpe?"

Thorpe nodded. "That's where my uncle saw the shooting star a year ago. He said so in his letter."

The Doctor stared through the telescope again. His gaze became more and more intense. Fayette saw this, but did not comment.

Still staring through the telescope, the Doctor asked, "Mr. Thorpe,



do you have your uncle's observations on that shooting star?"

Thorpe frowned, shaking his head. "I'm sorry, Doctor. I can't find them anywhere. He would write his observations on loose pieces of paper before transferring them to the bound volumes. I'm afraid they've been lost forever."

The Doctor paused to think.

He was adding this evidence to whatever case he was carefully building in his mind, Fayette thought. These notes were obviously important and their disappearance was just as important.

The Doctor turned to Thorpe, about to suggest that they visit the library. Out of the corner of his eye, however, he saw Fayette trying to stifle a yawn and he decided that the day had been long enough.

"Mr. Thorpe," he said, "perhaps it's time we found our rooms."

Thorpe smiled, remembering the time. He showed them out of the observatory, down the stairs and back to the main corridors of the house. There, the monitors picked up their movements again.

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Fayette lay on top of her guest bed, in the nightdress the housekeeper had found for her. Her mind danced with scenes from *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, *Dracula* and *The Haunting of Hill House*. She stared at the ceiling.

"Curse the day I ever found that section in the TARDIS library," she muttered.

Before she even considered undressing, she had explored every corner and every crevice in her room and make sure all the demons were chased out by candlelight. She'd even looked beneath her bed. She felt a fool, but her candle was still burning in its stand on her bedside table and she had no intention of putting it out.

The wind whistled outside, driving the raindrops at the window panes.

The thunderstorm had passed by, leaving an overcast sky and a light drizzle. In the silence, only Fayette's nervous breathing could be heard.

Fayette sighed again. "Listen, Fayette. You are not a scared little girl. You are seventeen, a young woman. You've faced swordsmen, crazed aliens with big claws, terrorists and drowning. I would like to see Stephen King face the things I have faced for real. What right do you have to be scared of ghosts and hobgoblins?"

No one answered but her own subconscious.

"At least do not cower beneath a nightlight," she muttered in disgust.

Fayette gathered her courage and sat up in bed. She leaned toward her bedside table and was about to blow out the candle when she stopped. She had caught sight of a battered nondescript writing desk sat in the far corner of the room, in a recess next to the window. The heavy drapes helped to hide it from casual sight. Fayette's imagination conjured up 101 reasons why the desk might have been deliberately hidden.

Her curiosity piqued, she climbed out of bed and, taking the candle in its stand, tiptoed across the bedroom to the forlorn desk.

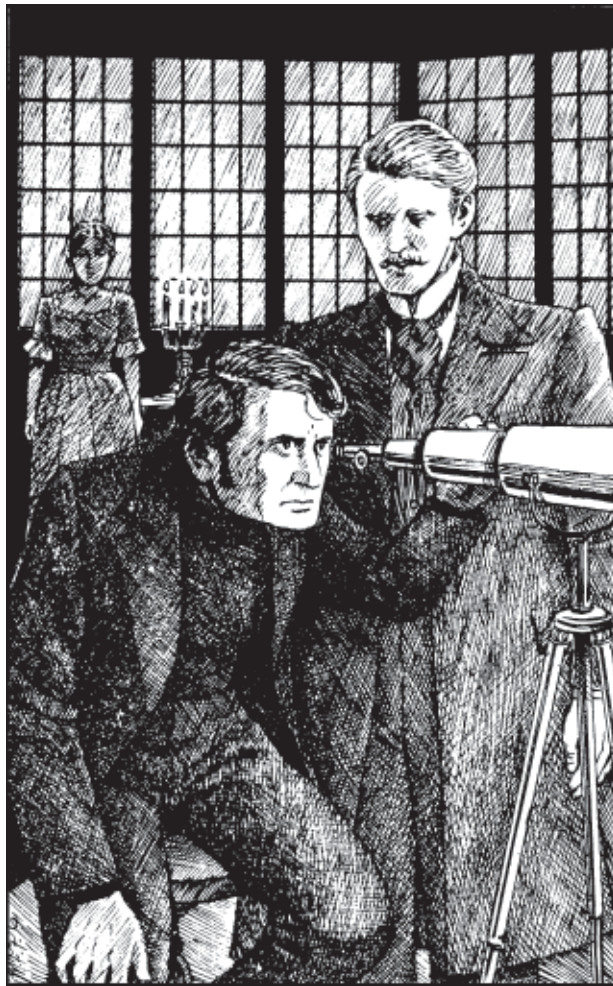
Its ornate painted carvings were faded and the brass drawer handles were green with corrosion. A thin layer of dust covered the surface, showing its disuse. Fayette's curiosity overcame her discretion and she couldn't stop herself from reaching over and jerking the top drawer open for a look inside.

It was empty.

This disappointed her, but only for one moment. She shut the drawer and hopefully pulled open a second, smaller drawer below the first, then

a third, fourth, fifth, and a large one at the bottom. They were all empty.

Now she was thoroughly disappointed. She cursed her imagination for sending her on a wild-geese chase. Before turning back to bed, she gave the desk a contemptuous thump.



Her knuckles struck one of the carvings and the wood caved in slightly. A small, hidden drawer popped open between two of the smaller drawers. Fayette jerked back. Instantly she forgave her imagination and decided that the TARDIS library hadn't been a waste of time after all. She looked inside the secret drawer, wary of any booby-traps, then reached in. Her fingers touched paper; she pulled it out.

It was a handful of writing paper, yellowed and crispy with age. The first sheets looked to her like drawings. She couldn't make them out by candlelight. The last sheet appeared to be the first page of a letter.

"My dear nephew Arthur," it began. Fayette jumped again when her candle flame suddenly dipped low and almost went out. The darkness loomed all around her and threatened to swallow her up. "Oh, please, please," she pleaded to the candle under her breath. "Don't go out. Not here! Not now!"

The candle guttered once more, then rose up as bright as ever, surrounding her with its comforting glow. Fayette heaved a sigh of relief.

She'd better stash these papers somewhere safe before her candle snuck up on her again. Fayette glanced down at her nightdress for pockets and found none. She sighed in frustration. Seeing no alternative, she folded and bosomed the papers, ignoring the way they tickled her skin.

A glance at the drawer told her that there were more papers inside. She reached in to get them.

Without warning, the candle expired, plunging Fayette into blinding darkness. She had no matches or any means to rekindle the light. Outside her window, the wind rose and began to moan, grating on her nerves.

What was that noise? Was someone trying to enter her room? Were the ghosts of this unholy place finally coming to spirit her away? In her fright, Fayette didn't realize that her imagination was playing tricks on her again.

Stifling a scream, she charged across the room, jumped into bed, pulled the covers over her head and trembled.

Fayette stopped shaking after a few minutes of tense silence. No demon with burning eyes had burst into her room and carried her off. No mysterious lurker with murderous intent had chainsawed her to pieces. She poked her head above the covers and peered nervously around her. She was alone.

Fayette breathed a sigh of relief and lay silently in her bed, trying to ponder the day's events rationally.

Now that she thought about it, she saw nothing supernatural about Morland Abbey. All it had was a bad reputation, enough dark corners to hide another house and a few creepy servants. They, like the house, all seemed to be watching her closely, and resenting her presence. It wasn't pleasant, but there was nothing unnatural to worry about.

Her adopted father was distinctly troubled, however. They had come here for a reason she couldn't understand and she could see that he was slowly but surely building his investigation. She remembered how alert he'd grown as he stared through Thorpe's telescope. She remembered his interest in the history of this house and that shooting

star. The Doctor was following his own clear but hidden agenda. It was a pity he wouldn't let her in on it.

Her mind turned to the folded papers under her gown and how she'd found them. They had obviously been hidden in the secret drawer and she had come across them by chance. Why had they been hidden? Who had they been hidden from? The letter had been written to young M. Thorpe by his uncle but it had never been sent. Why? Did Uncle Thorpe never get the chance? Did he die before he could post the letter and did the shooting star have anything to do with it?

Something told Fayette that the papers she had stumbled upon were important in some way. Papa might be interested in seeing them.

The wind began to moan again and Fayette's imagination started to hear things in it. There was no better time than the present, she thought, to find her adopted father and show him the papers. His room was next door and she wanted company.

Fayette silently climbed out of bed and walked softly to the door. Opening it slowly to prevent it from advertising her presence, she stepped into the hallway. It was darker here than in her room and Fayette felt her way along the walls, barking her shins on the decorative paneling in the process. Stifling a gasp of pain, she rubbed her leg, then moved on more carefully.

Without warning, a hand reached out from a dark alcove and stroked her cheek. It was stone cold. Fayette stood paralyzed with terror. She swallowed hard and forced herself to look into the alcove to see what monster was within.

No wonder the hand was so cold. It was made of marble! Fayette had bumped into a statue and the stroking of the hand was caused by her swaying as she almost fainted. She giggled in relief, then broke off as an echo changed her laughter to a mad, eerie sound that reverberated through the halls and finally died away.

Just to make sure it was a statue, she tapped the marble arm. It clinked reassuringly. Much relieved, Fayette grinned and mentally scolded herself for being so easily frightened. She moved slowly onwards, feeling her way along the walls.

The eyes of the marble statue glowed as they watched her depart.

As Fayette approached the Doctor's room, she froze. Something was not right; she sensed danger. The walls of Morland Abbey were watching her again, but no longer seemed passive and silent. This time it wasn't her imagination. She could feel an evil from far off and it was coming closer by the moment.

I am like a small creature swallowed whole by a monster, and the monster feels my tiny little movements inside. The words came unbidden from Fayette's memory and she wondered what book she had read them in. Whatever it was she swore never to have anything to do with that book again.

Eager to get away, she ran the last few yards to the Doctor's door. Fortunately for her, there were no tables or chairs in her way. Desperate not to attract attention, she opened the door as silently as she could and quickly stepped in.

The soft comforting glow of the candle on the Doctor's bedside table

dispelled Fayette's fears. Papa was lying on top of his sheets, not having changed out of his day clothes. His tightly clenched hands indicated that he was locked in intense concentration.

Not wanting to disturb him, Fayette silently shut the door and watched from a corner of the room. She basked in his company, like a cold swimmer being warmed by the sun.

The Doctor's eyes opened and he gazed at her for a moment. Finally he asked, "Can't sleep?"

She shook her head.

A look of concern crossed his face. "You look pale, Fayette. Does this place scare you?"

She cursed herself for her lack of composure, ashamed by this childish weakness. She nodded her head sadly.

The Doctor got up and crossed the room to her. "It scares me a little, too. Here, give me a hug."

They hugged each other, each thankful for the other's presence. After a minute, the Doctor kissed Fayette gently on the forehead and released her, motioning for her to take a seat. Pulling up another chair, he sat next to her and asked, "Tell me what brought you here, ma fille."

"I want to know what is going on." Fayette fixed the Doctor with a stern look. "Do you think you can tell me now?"

The Doctor grinned apologetically. "I leave you in the dark sometimes, don't I?"

Fayette nodded.

The Doctor frowned in thought, saying nothing for a minute. Then he said, "I'm not really sure. There is something going on, but there are several elements involved. The shooting star, Thorpe's uncle's death, this place's reputation. It's hard to find a theory that can put them all together."

"Perhaps the shooting star was a spaceship?" Fayette ventured.

"Nice deduction," said the Doctor. "I thought so too but that's not the only explanation. Very few spaceships cause temporal disturbances and most time machines don't light up the sky like meteors. No species that I know of that have time machines have any reason to be anywhere near here."

Fayette remembered the papers under her gown. "That reminds me, Papa, I have something to show you." She pulled out the folded papers and handed them to the Doctor. He unfolded them and examined them by candlelight. As he read, he became excited.

"This is fascinating!" he exclaimed. "You've found old uncle Thorpe's observations of the shooting star. These must have been made just days before he died! Fayette, look at this. What's wrong with this picture?"

He handed Fayette a sheet of paper. In the dim candlelight, she could barely make out a sketch. The sea and the cliffs had been roughed in and the shooting star was drawn in detail. There was something odd about the picture, but she couldn't put her finger on it. She handed the sheet back to the Doctor, shaking her head.

"Normal meteors don't make course corrections," the Doctor explained, "and this one did. It's heading for a crash landing in this trajectory but its descent is slowing. Here's the trajectory equation. Do you know where this thing landed?"

"Near where you were looking with Thorpe's telescope?"

"Right," answered the Doctor, surprised. "How did you guess?"



"I can tell when something catches your attention. What did you see?"

"A faint glow down along the shore, near where I located the temporal disturbance."

"So it is the spaceship that's causing it?"

"I would guess so, yes."

Then Fayette realized that she hadn't yet seen the last sheet of the papers. She wanted to see what it said. "What is in the letter, Papa? May I see it?"

The Doctor glanced at the letter, frowning. He seemed to have been caught off guard. "It's incomplete. I can't say what it says until I've read the full copy." He folded the papers and put them in his pocket, out of Fayette's view.

She shrugged, quite undaunted. "I know where the others are. I will go and get them." She rose and started for the door.

The Doctor caught her wrist and stopped her. "Do you know what time it is?"

She shook her head.

"It's nearly midnight, the witching hour."

"Please do not say that!"

"Sorry. It's much too late for you to be up. Here, sleep in my bed, I rarely use such things. Keep me company. Please?"

Fayette smiled and kissed him good night. She went to the bed and crawled under the covers. She leaned toward the bedside table and blew out the candle. The darkness enveloped her, but with Papa close by it was much easier not to be afraid. Soon she had drifted off to sleep.

The Doctor sat in the chair beside the bed, watching her while she slept. Running over the contents of the letter in his mind, he shivered. It may have been incomplete, but its point was very clear.

"My dear nephew Arthur, I fear that this may be the last letter from me that you will receive. The shooting star I catalogued last night has unleashed horrors I do not understand and can not relay through quill and paper alone. An evil is creeping over this house. I can no longer trust any of my servants, save for my butler, Mr. Twite. I am writing this to tell you not to come to Morland Abbey. No matter what happens, stay away. I hope that Mr. Twite can deliver this message. For me, I fear it may have been too late—"

Obviously, old uncle Thorpe didn't get a chance to send it.

What had he dragged Fayette into?

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Mr. Thorpe worked eagerly away in his attic observatory. The sky was overcast but chances looked good that it would clear up. To occupy his time, Thorpe sat at a writing desk, comparing his uncle's notes to his own. He shivered slightly, feeling a draft. The nearby candle flickered once, waned, then burned as before.

Soon he lost track of the time and his surroundings as he became engrossed in his research.

In the servants' wing, the housekeeper slowly walked along the dark halls. Dressed in her voluminous linen nightclothes under a woolen shawl and carrying a lit candelabrum, she gazed around her, neither curious nor afraid, alert for anything out of place. Finally she came to her room and opened her door. Glancing around one more time, she blew out the candles, entered the dark room and shut the door.

The clicks of the turning lock echoed through the halls. The sound of the bolt sliding home was the last human sound in Morland Abbey that night. Silence settled on the house like a velvet pall.

A misty drizzle slid down the window panes. The wind had calmed to almost nothing. The moon attempted to make an appearance through the clouds, but only partially succeeded. Inside, the walls seemed to sigh, as though they had been holding their breath until the humans were gone to sleep.

Somewhere in the house, a passageway opened and something emerged. An unseen presence began to search the halls, and a rhythmic heartbeat began resonating through the house.

Morland Abbey had awakened.

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Fayette was never quite sure when her dreams ended and hard reality began. She remembered laying in bed in the Doctor's room, her adopted father sitting close by. She remembered listening to the faint noise resounding through the house with the strange detachment only dreams can bring.

The next moment, she realized that she wasn't dreaming. The nightmare sounds were real; the house was awake and stirring. Despite her thick covers, she felt cold. The surrounding darkness, passive and benign when she'd fallen asleep, now pressed in on her evilly.

She looked for the Doctor and was relieved to see him still in his chair, staring hard at the door to their room, listening to the faint sounds.

"Papa," she mumbled groggily, "what is that noise?"

The Doctor turned and gave her a sharp look. Fayette could see him working through in his mind how he was going to shield her from this. He was frightened for her, as though he feared she'd taken all she could take from Morland Abbey without snapping.

"It's nothing. Go back to sleep, ma fille," he stammered.

"Do not lie to me, Papa. I can hear it too!"

She could hear it. She was fully awake now so there was no chance of it being a dream. The sound was getting closer. It was like a giant heartbeat, a loud, hollow boom pulsing once a second. And wasn't it getting colder? The source of the sound was approaching nearer by the moment, its



rhythmic booming echoing through the hallways and the rooms. Fayette sat up excitedly.

"Papa, what is- mmph!" The Doctor clamped a firm hand over her mouth, preventing all speech. He stared at her commandingly, mouthing "Be quiet!" He hugged her tightly, lest any movement from her should give them away. Fayette got the message. She stayed very still and silent.

The demon approached their room from down the hallway. For one heartpounding moment it stopped outside their door. Fayette was glad of the Doctor's hand over her mouth because without it, she'd have screamed. She tried desperately to slow her breathing. Her agitated heartbeat must surely be audible to the monstrous thing outside.

The thing scraped against the closed door. Its heartbeat resonated through the room. Fayette conjured up wild images of the unknown creature that was trying to get in at them. As though aware of this, the Doctor held Fayette tighter. His eyes willed a message at her: Keep quiet! Keep quiet and it will go away!

Finally the demon, or whatever it was, seemed to lose interest and resumed its course. It continued down the hallway and passed through a door. Its heartbeat became muffled. The feeling of terror went with it. Fayette's own heart lightened.

The Doctor relaxed and gently removed his hand from Fayette's mouth. He breathed a sigh of relief, sure that the worst was over. Fayette made to speak but the Doctor stopped her with a glance.

"Keep your voice down," he whispered. "It's in your room."

Fayette had to know. "What is it, Papa?"

"I don't know." The Doctor was perplexed. "But it's still close. Can't you feel it? We're still cold."

Fayette realized that the oppressive cold still surrounded her. She remembered reading in some novel that a sudden drop in temperature was a sure sign that an evil spirit was near. But this was no novel, this was reality!

"What is it doing?" she asked fearfully.

"It's searching for something," he replied. "I can't tell what it is unless I go and see it, but to do that would be very stupid. Whatever it is, it's out of place, wrong for the time and probably hostile and dangerous."

It scanned Fayette's room using its advanced night vision. It relayed all information back to its masters. It noted the folded clothes, the once slept in bed and the lack of occupant.

Its masters told it that the woman had left the room and was next door with the other visitor. They hadn't been conditioned either. The owner of the habitation had not been found; these two would have to do for now. It was ordered to fetch them.

Obediently, the demon moved back out into the hallway, towards the Doctor's room.

Inside, Fayette clutched at the Doctor. "It's coming back."

The Doctor tried to loosen her grip around his neck. "Keep calm," he squawked. "Let me breathe. Perhaps it's returning to base. Perhaps it will simply pass by our door and leave us alone."

The cold presence stopped outside their door.

"I should keep my mouth shut," the Doctor muttered.

Fayette watched, horrified, as the knob began to quiver and turn. The demon scraped against the door, pushing on it. She turned to the Doctor and mouthed: "Did you lock the door?"

To their horror, the door began to creak open...

The Doctor sprang off the bed and charged across the room. He threw himself against the door, slamming it against the unseen horror without. He heard something heavy bounce off the oak and clatter against the opposite wall. Grasping for the bolt, he shoved it home. Standing back, he stared cautiously at the door, praying that he had done enough.

The demon charged against the solid oak door once, twice, three times. The door withstood each attack. The demon launched itself again, its pounding heartbeat pulsing faster with the effort, yet the door still held. The Doctor crossed his fingers.

Its masters watched. They were getting nowhere. These two humans were not important, the owner was. They would simply have to try again the next night.

The demon stopped its assault on the door. Its heartbeat resumed a steady booming rhythm, which faded away as the beast moved off, back to where it had come from. The oppressive cold dispersed. Fayette stopped shivering, sensing that the ordeal was over.

Relieved, the Doctor slumped against the bedpost.

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The morning dawned clear. Sunlight filtered through the heavy drapes to fill the room with a dim, soft glow. Fayette lay asleep on the bed, clutching the pillow. At the foot of the bed, the Doctor sat on a chair. He had been facing the door all night, guarding his daughter.

After a while, he took his watch from his pocket: in his trips to eras before digital watches, he always found it wise to keep his hidden. Glancing at it, he put it back and stood up. He went to the bedside and nudged Fayette gently. "Fayette, wake up."

She started awake, gasping in fright. The Doctor laid a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"It's all right," he said. "It's morning."

Fayette peered over the edge of the covers to confirm this, then relaxed. Giving the Doctor a weak smile, she slumped back onto the pillows. The Doctor leaned over and kissed her forehead. Standing up, he moved over to a mirror and began to straighten his clothes.

"You'd better start getting dressed," he said. "After last night, you're going back to the TARDIS."

Upon hearing this, Fayette was overjoyed. She flung off the covers, jumped lightly out of bed and skipped over to the door. She was reaching for the knob when a thought struck her. She turned on the Doctor.

"Un moment, Papa, I am going back to the TARDIS? And what of you?"

He didn't turn around from the mirror. His voice became level and commanding. "I'm going to stay and finish the investigation."

It was the last straw! "Stop treating me as though I am breakable!" Fayette exploded. "You can not work on this by yourself! How will I know that you are all right?"

"That's not important, Fayette." The Doctor's voice rose at her outburst. "This place is too dangerous for you. I can't let you be a distraction to me."

"You are a mortal like me, Papa. It is better that we stay close together!"

The Doctor glared at her. "For once, why don't you do as you're told? This is for your own good! You are going back to the TARDIS and you are going to stay there if I have to tie you to the console!"

In a huff, Fayette strode to the window. This place was getting too stuffy for her. She flung open the drapes and found herself in the spotlight of the sun. Once the casement was pushed open, a light, fresh breeze entered the room, bringing with it the sounds of the sea.

Fayette leaned against the sill, drinking in the soft sea air. Slowly, her anger cooled. Papa was just concerned about her, she thought. After last night, she could see why he desperately wanted her out of the way. She'd leave too, but not without him!

Then she looked down at the shoreline. Her eyebrows shot up.

"Papa?"

"What?" The Doctor came to her side and looked down at the sea crashing against the cliff walls.

"Is that not where we put the TARDIS?" she asked innocently.

The Doctor groaned. He had forgotten about the tide. What had been level beach last night was so far under water now that the TARDIS had disappeared.

"Is the TARDIS all right?" asked Fayette, concerned.

"Of course," the Doctor replied. "A little water couldn't hurt it."

"But I am stuck here, aren't I?" asked Fayette.

"Don't sound so smug."

The seagulls laughed at him. The Doctor closed the window and glared at Fayette, who didn't try to stifle her amusement. He cast his eyes heavenward. "All right, I guess I'll let you stay. For a while."

There came a brisk knock at the door. A fraction of a second later the housekeeper entered, bringing breakfast on a tray. She seemed surprised at seeing Fayette in the room, but the expression only lasted a second. She set the tray down on a table near the window and bobbed a brief curtsy. "Good morning, I trust you slept well."

Fayette couldn't believe she heard this. She wanted to say, no we didn't, something knocked on our door with a cannonball and tried to break in and eat us up. A glance from the Doctor stopped her. He stepped forward.

"Madam, did you sleep well last night?"

The housekeeper seemed slightly startled by the question, as though

until now no-one had ever seen fit to ask.

"Yes sir, I did."

"You didn't see or hear anything unusual, did you?"

"No sir."

"Tell me... what's your name?"

"Jane, sir." The answered all questions in the same way: emotionlessly, saying only what was required. Her name struck a chord in the Doctor's mind and released a memory.

"I knew a Jane once," he said to himself. "Charming, rational woman. If I told her I'd stayed at a house straight out of one of those novels she hated, she'd scold me for having more sensibility than sense." He stopped and smiled, finding himself off topic. "How long have you worked here, Jane?"

"I took over the post from my mother, sir, about ten years ago. She served under old Mr. Thorpe ever since he bought the abbey from the monks."

"How many servants are in this house now?"

"Five work here, sir."

"How many when you took service?"

"Ten, sir. Three died a year ago, they were old."

"Why haven't the posts been filled?"

"I told you, sir, no-one has shown any interest in the positions."

The Doctor paced the room, closely watching the housekeeper's expression.

"That shooting star a year ago," he said. "The one old Mr. Thorpe observed. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you remember?"

"It was bright, sir."

"Anything unusual?"

The housekeeper gave the Doctor an uncharacteristically condescending glance. "It was there, sir. That's unusual in itself."

The Doctor sighed. This was getting him nowhere. "Thank you, Jane, that'll be all."

The housekeeper left the room and returned with a tray that had obviously been meant for Fayette. After another brief bob she departed, closing the doors behind her. The Doctor took his watch from his pocket and checked it. In three minutes the woman had only blinked twice. This house was weird, but its occupants were even stranger.

They monitored the conversation with interest. This human was different. He sensed something about this place that the others had not and he was asking too many questions. He would have to be watched more carefully.

Staring at the shut door for a minute, the Doctor shrugged, then pulled chairs up to the table for himself and Fayette. Sitting down, they ate their breakfast.



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Mr. Arthur Thorpe was in the library, inspecting, then lovingly replacing one of the thick volumes on its shelf.

The door to the library opened and the beautiful young Fayette arrived, dressed in her usual long, white dress, sashed with red. These mademoiselles definitely had a style all their own: elegant yet simple. She's far more attractive than the English ladies who

prance around in those wide skirted, tight waisted and probably uncomfortable dresses that are now in fashion, thought Mr. Thorpe. We can learn a thing or two from the French.

Fayette's father followed. Did he look slightly distracted? Mr. Thorpe greeted them amiably. "Good morning, Doctor. I trust you slept well?"

The Doctor frowned, deciding not to answer that question. He studied Thorpe closely. "How well did you sleep, Mr. Thorpe?" he asked.

The Doctor's penetrating stare was disturbing. It seemed to Thorpe that the Doctor was unduly interested in his answer. He grinned sheepishly. "I'm afraid I spent most of the night in my observatory waiting for the sky to clear, occupying myself with my uncle's notes. I actually spend most of my nights up there; I'm beginning to think that I should vacate my bedchambers permanently."

The Doctor gave an obligatory smile. He gazed up at the long wall of bookshelves and the many bound volumes on them. "All these are your uncle's notes?"

Mr. Thorpe turned eagerly to the shelves, happy to show off his prized collection. "Yes. All the observations, the fruit of my uncle's thirty years of astronomy, are catalogued here."

"Every one?" the Doctor nodded appreciatively.

"Would you care to see them?"

"Well..."

Fayette watched the Doctor suspiciously. What made her think that he was planning something that concerned her? Why was he glancing surreptitiously at her from the corner of his eye? She braced herself for whatever trick the Doctor was going to pull.

The Doctor shook his head, turning to Mr. Thorpe. "I'm

afraid I have other business to attend to..."

"That's too bad."

The Doctor glanced at Fayette again, then continued, "But I'm certain that Fayette would be very interested in what your uncle observed."

Fayette's heart sank. She rushed to his side and squeaked, "Papa, I know nothing about astronomy!"

He didn't back down. "Exactly!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Thorpe, I think it's about time somebody taught her, what do you think?"

Thorpe looked eager. "Doctor, I agree! And if I might have the honour?" Fayette glared murderously at the Doctor. "Papa..." she growled. He gently pulled her to one side, out of range of Mr. Thorpe's hearing. "I am going to get you for this," she hissed.

"I'll take that risk."

"How dare you shove me aside so casually! How dare you! I want to help you, Papa!"

"You are helping!" said the Doctor, soothingly. "Let Thorpe show you the observations. Try to find out if other shooting stars have ever occurred here before. If you find any, remember the dates. This morning won't be so bad. Thorpe seems like a very nice man."

Fayette nodded at that, partially mollified.

The Doctor squeezed her shoulder gently. "Please?" he asked. "For me?"

Fayette sighed. "All right."

"Good," said the Doctor, happily. He turned to Thorpe and ushered

Fayette forward. "Your student, Mr. Thorpe."

As the Doctor left the library, he cast one more glance behind him as Thorpe began telling Fayette about the constellations. Fayette's eyes widened in an expression of quiet desperation.

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Outside the library, the Doctor looked around. "Right," he muttered. "Time for a grand tour." He glanced in his pocket at his small hand-held device, tuned to home in on pockets of temporal disturbance. Seeing that this was the only house in the area and judging by the events of the night before, Morland Abbey must have been radically affected by the temporal distortion, he thought. Searching for the pockets of disturbance would rather be like searching for the heart of a haunted house.

On the monitors, they watched as he walked through the labyrinthine hallways.

The device in his shirt pocket remained mute. The Doctor walked on. In the silence of the halls, he let his mind wander over the many unanswered questions in his investigation. Why had Thorpe not heard the sounds last night? What made his observatory a place where Thorpe could work without being found by the "demon"? Were there parts of this house that Thorpe knew about that the demon did not? In most haunted houses, the situation was usually reversed.

That theory explained quite a few things, the Doctor thought. The house was not haunted; it was under the influence of crewmembers from some spaceship that sought to drive everyone away. As the aliens were newcomers, they would not know the location of every room and Thorpe could accidentally have found a hiding place. But why were the aliens here? Was it Mr. Thorpe they were looking for last night and if so, why?

Another question was the servants themselves. Why did they act so strangely? Had the "haunting" unbalanced them in some way? The Doctor didn't trust them at all.

Mr. Thorpe could be trusted, of that much he was certain. He was warm, friendly and blinked at the normal rate – an important difference. Perhaps he simply hadn't been in Morland Abbey long enough to be affected by it. The sooner Fayette was out of here, the better.

The device in his pocket beeped faintly. A small temporal disturbance was nearby. The Doctor quickened his pace and rounded a corner. He immediately slapped his pocket to turn the device off.

Down the hall, a pretty young maid was on her knees, methodically scrubbing the floor. Stopping in her work, she gazed suspiciously at the Doctor as he approached.

The cold, stern stare sent shivers up the Doctor's spine. He slowed his pace and made to walk past her, putting on an unthreatening air as he would if suddenly faced with a watchful predator. What unnerved him so? The servants were normal men and women. They had made no threatening moves toward him so far. Why did they make the hair rise on the back of his neck?

As he gazed levelly into those cold eyes, a memory rose from the depths of the Doctor's subconscious and plucked lightly at his consciousness. He had seen this condition before, but where?

The cold, hard stare of the maid was such that the Doctor felt forced to make up some excuse to explain his trespassing. "Um... I'm afraid I've lost myself in this rambling house. Where am I?"

"You're near the servants' quarters, sir," the maid answered evenly. "Continue along this hallway and turn left at the end and you'll return to the library and Mr. Thorpe. That hallway is the servants' wing, sir."

"Yes, I see. Thank you very much." Smiling broadly to hide his discomfort, he walked in the direction indicated. He could feel the young maid's eyes burn into the back of his head until he finally turned the corner.

The long hallway was frugally decorated, as might be expected in the servants' quarters. Doors to bedrooms lined both walls. The Doctor decided to check one out. Listening and looking to make sure he was unwatched, he opened a door at random and stepped inside.

The occupant was on duty, as the Doctor had hoped, and the room was empty. Silently closing the door behind him, he looked around. A plain but immaculate bed rested against one wall and a small bedside table sat next to it. A small dresser was nearby. The drapes were drawn and the room was dark.

Opening a closet door, the Doctor found some dresses hanging. He recognized them to be what Jane the housekeeper wore. Inside the small dresser were a few changes of off-duty clothing. A heavy Bible rested on the bedside table and a cross had been hung on the wall over the bed. "All very austere. We're close to Scotland, too. Jane must be Presbyterian," the Doctor muttered.

No artwork, the Doctor mused. Nothing with eyes hanging from the walls. Was it just coincidence that his constant feeling of being watched had gone away?

He pointed the device around the room but found nothing of interest. He switched it off and decided against searching the other servants' rooms. Probably they'd yield the same result. If anyone was directly connected to the disturbance here, it had to be the housekeeper; and now she had been vindicated. It seemed unlikely that any of the lesser servants would be involved.

The Doctor let himself out silently. After checking to see that he wasn't being observed, he tried his device again. The "heart" of the house was still far away. He slipped the device into the pocket and crept along the hallway.

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After an hour, Mr. Thorpe realized that tutoring Fayette in the basics of astronomy wasn't as enjoyable as he had hoped. The young woman had a rather bizarre pattern of knowledge on the subject. She knew nothing about the orbits of planets and the mathematics involved yet when he mentioned the names of certain stars, she'd react in a subtle way that suggested they were familiar to her, almost as if she'd been to them herself.

This, of course, was impossible. Wasn't it?

Also, young Fayette seemed rather bored by it all. She had tried to hide it, but he could see it. She followed his lectures dutifully, as though following orders. The poor girl had evidently been dumped on him quite unceremoniously. Why was this?

Mr. Thorpe ran through in his mind what he knew of Doctor Calonne, and realized that it wasn't much. The man must be foreign, judging by his daughter, but he sounded English. He had carefully kept much of his background hidden. He seemed to be driven by some secret agenda and it had something to do with this house.

Dr. Calonne was a well-mannered gentleman who seemed to mean no harm to anybody, but it irked Thorpe that he was hiding so much. Wasn't the Doctor a guest in this house and didn't he have an obligation to be a bit more frank with his host? Thorpe thrived on information, one reason why he so enjoyed astronomy, and the lack of it infuriated him.

He carefully placed an open volume on the table and pointed to an entry. "Here's another shooting star my uncle observed about two years ago." That was another thing, thought Thorpe, why were these two so interested in shooting stars in particular?

Fayette leaned over and glanced at the chart, date and sketch. Thorpe could see that she could make neither head nor tail of the trajectory equation. "Where did this land?" she asked.

"Shooting stars rarely land," explained Thorpe, slipping back into his schoolmaster style. "Most of them expire in the air, or skim across it. According to that trajectory, this star was skimming across and back out into space. Tell me, what part of France are you from?"

"We lived in Paris," Fayette answered, pouring over the notes.

"I see," Thorpe nodded. "What brought you to England?"

This man is asking questions, thought Fayette, is he suspicious of me? She struggled to answer. "Well... my father is a scientist and he wanted me to learn more, so he decided to travel the world and take me along to study what we saw. Papa often says that travel broadens the mind." Fayette congratulated herself on her quick answer. She hoped she had allayed Thorpe's suspicions.

She deliberately kept her eyes away from me, Thorpe noted. She's hiding something too. He dared not press the matter further. It was improper to demand frankness from a lady. From a lady's father, on the other hand...

"Where is your father? He's been gone for some time."

"I do not know," answered Fayette distractedly. "He could be in his room, I suppose."

"Well..." Thorpe reflected on this. "I have to have a word with him. Do you mind if I go? You may have full use of the library."

Fayette nodded agreeably.

"If you need anything, just ring for assistance." Thorpe pointed to a silken cord hanging on the wall.

She looked up and gave Thorpe a warm smile. "Merci, M. Thorpe. I will be fine."

Thorpe smiled back and left the library. When the door clicked shut, Fayette relaxed slightly. M. Thorpe was a nice enough man, but his presence made clear thought a little difficult. Fayette took the time to assimilate the information she had learned.

Astronomy was a disgusting subject, in a way. How dare they translate something so beautiful as the stars in the sky into these dry-as-dust charts and numbers! Fayette had barely understood her hour long lecture, but she had managed to grab a few facts out of the chaos of Thorpe's teaching.

This area had a history of shooting stars. In the uncle's observations, five were described in the last five years, each roughly a year apart. Fayette could guess that these shooting stars, which weren't in a "landing trajectory," were spaceships. Perhaps the one that crashed a year ago was one of these ships.

Making an effort to pursue the Doctor's usual train of thought, Fayette came up with a theory piecing together as many elements of the puzzle as possible. A group of aliens crash-lands on a hostile planet. They are afraid and do anything they can to isolate themselves from curious onlookers; so they haunt a house and scare people, like old uncle Thorpe, to death.

Fayette frowned. Papa used to say that a scared animal was the most dangerous. It wasn't really surprising why her adopted father wanted her out of harm's way. It was understandable, but still frustrating.

She sat down at the table and heaved a bored sigh. Well, that was it. What should she do now, twiddle her thumbs? She did so, but was not entertained.

Rising, she paced the library, glancing at the rows and rows of books, the portrait on the wall, the statue and the mounted deer's head. She paused there, remembering last evening and how sinister it had looked in the dark. In the light, it just stared blankly down at her, as though bemused at where it had ended up. She flicked its nose contemptuously.

The house is much more friendly by daylight, thought Fayette. Perhaps the watchers only walk by night. Perhaps they melt in the sun, or shriek at crucifixes. Perhaps the thing that roamed the halls last night was looking for her in hopes of drinking her blood...

Fayette shuddered. Maybe romantic novels would be better read at bedtime.

Heaving another bored sigh, Fayette decided that she would find some way to make herself useful. So what if her adopted father always kept her from the most exciting adventures? So what if he always seemed to want her just to stand around and look pretty? She could still be of help. If she didn't alleviate her boredom soon, she might do something criminal!

Taking the bound volume from the table, Fayette carefully put it back on the shelf. She shivered. It was drafty near the bookcases.

She scanned the titles, wondering what Thorpe read for fun. The shelves stretched the length of the room and were stacked from floor to ceiling. Most volumes dealt with astronomy (no surprise) but there was a small fiction section in amongst the notes. Looking closer, Fayette could see that they were all Gothic novels. The man had a weakness.

One novel was *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, one of the original *livres horribles*. The Doctor's library had a copy of it, a paperback reprint. This was a first edition. The Doctor would love a copy like this and he'd even take the trouble of going back in time to get Mrs. Ann Radcliffe to sign it. He'd done that with his paperback version.

For some reason, the Doctor preferred a heavy, dusty first edition to a light paperback with a fancy cover. Why, Fayette had no idea.

As she knelt to inspect it, her mind ran over the story. It was rather a silly one. Read in a darkened room, it could frighten you, but its plot devices were so contrived, so cliched, that a rational mind would find it hard to take it seriously. (The book was stuck. Fayette pulled harder). It had a maiden-in-distress (ugh!) fleeing from the clutches of a conniving old

aunt and her sinister husband (pull!) in this overbuilt old castle. *Udolpho* had hidden chambers (*allez votre livre stupide!*), connections with the supernatural, a very dark past (the book finally gave) and secret passages, much like the one that now opened up before Fayette.

Secret passage?

Aghast, Fayette stared at the book in her hand, goggled at the dark space left where a section of shelving had swung inward, then put two and two together.

She strained to see into the passageway but it was too dark. A cool breeze drifted into the room, carrying a faint smell of the sea. Fayette glanced around the library for a lit candle, but saw none.

She sighed. No candles, no trip down the passageway. She would have to wait until Papa came back before she could tell him what she'd found. He would probably tell her then to stay in the library while he explored, perhaps getting himself into trouble. There was no alternative, however. To explore the dark passageway without a candle



was not a smart idea. With her luck, the candle would probably expire anyway. Fayette made to close the secret door.

The dark passageway yawned invitingly at her. Fayette's curiosity began to tug at her, stifling her common sense. Perhaps she could check a few yards of the passageway herself and then quickly come back. Maybe there'd be light a little further on. Tentatively, she stood up and crept into the blackness.

From the door of the library, the housekeeper watched the young woman enter the dark passageway. Foolish girl! Curiosity would be her downfall. Silently she entered and approached one of the shelves to the left of the opening. Finding a specific book, she pulled it out.

Fayette had barely walked six feet into the passageway when, to her horror, the door started to close behind her. Rushing back, she desperately tried to pull it open, but to no avail. Soon, it became clear that, if she wished to continue to write with her right hand, she'd better remove it before it became caught between the door and the wall.

Letting go, she watched in despair as the door closed with a disturbingly final-sounding thud. She hammered against the oak paneling with her fists, making little noise and bruising herself painfully. Finally, she gave up and leaned against the door, loudly cursing her foolishness in the darkness.

She was trapped in here. There was nowhere to go but onward into the black tunnel. The smell of the sea enticed her, promising an exit to the passage. Going forward was much better than staying still in the dark, thought Fayette. After a minute, she gathered her courage and walked boldly down the passageway. Straight into a stone wall.

After reeling for a few seconds, Fayette continued more cautiously, keeping one hand on the rough stone wall and feeling her way along.

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There were parts of Morland Abbey which were not regularly used and the Doctor was in one of them. The stone stairway was bare. The beeping device in the Doctor's pocket guided him up the flight of stairs inside an unused tower. He had walked the length of the house and the steep steps were beginning to tire him out. He stopped to rest near a window that looked out to sea.

Gazing out, he let the sea breeze waft gently across his face. He listened to the sounds of the seabirds and the roar of the waves far down below. A line of dark clouds was slowly approaching from the horizon. Another storm was brewing.

The Doctor sighed. Did the fates like to indulge in these clichés? He took the device out of his pocket and he made a few calculations. The 'heart' of the house, a minor source of temporal disturbance, was on the same side of the house as the library. Another, smaller source, was even closer. He had almost gone in a circle. Remembering that he had left Fayette in the library, he hoped that she wasn't too close to the potential threat.

He shivered, feeling a sudden sense of being watched. He looked out the window again and saw a gargoyle perched near the roof, glaring out to sea. The Doctor chuckled. "Getting a little overwrought myself," he muttered. He pocketed the device and hurried onward.

The watchers followed him on their monitors. What was this man doing with a device obviously not of this time or planet? Who was he? None of the watchers recognized him. Which servants had had contact with him? Their memories had to be checked.

They started with the housekeeper, her memories shown as pictures on the monitor screen, flickering backwards. There was this man at breakfast, this man with Mr. Thorpe after dinner, this man walking down a hallway, this man in the library, this man at the front door, this man leaving the TARDIS on the beach...

They stopped at that picture, focusing on the police box. This was positive identification.

They had found the Doctor.

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The Doctor emerged from the stairwell through a heavy oak door that groaned loudly, as if protesting the effort of moving its hinges.

Closing the door behind him, he decided to look at the nearest source first. He crossed the narrow hallway and entered a nondescript drawing room.

The coldness of the room struck him immediately. The fireplace hadn't been used in ages, but that wasn't the reason. The temperature

seemed to have dropped ten degrees as soon as he crossed the threshold. He sensed that he was near the 'heart' of the house.

Taking the small device out of his pocket, the Doctor pointed it around the room. It beeped most rigorously when pointed at one particular section of paneled wall. Going over, the Doctor tapped it lightly, listening to the distinctly hollow sound.

The secret panel was about the size of a window and located four feet above the floor. The Doctor felt the wall around it, looking for hidden locks or catches but couldn't find any. He sighed in frustration. This was getting him nowhere.

Taking his watch out of his pocket, he checked the time. He muttered a few calculations. "Three in the afternoon, the tide should have gone out. The storm wouldn't arrive for another hour and that should give Fayette enough time to get back to the TARDIS and out of harm's way." He nodded to himself, satisfied. "The question is, how do I explain Fayette's sudden absence and my own continued presence here. Oh, well. I'll leave that for when it comes up."

Pocketing the device, the Doctor re-entered the hallway, making for the library. Then he noticed, to his disquiet, that the cold had followed him out of the room. He shivered. It felt as though the house was watching him again. He could sense an evil will preparing to strike.

A firm hand slapped down on the Doctor's shoulder and he gasped in fright. He relaxed when he saw that the hand belonged to Mr. Thorpe. "Please don't do that again!" he managed to say while catching his breath.

Thorpe was gazing at the Doctor with suspicious animosity. "Sir," he said in a clipped tone, "I don't think you've been perfectly honest with me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you've hidden your true intentions from me. You have a specific reason for being here, but you're not telling me. You're interest in this house is beyond that of some weary traveller who stumbled here by accident. You're asking questions like an investigator. I let you into my house as my guest! Is this a proper way to treat your host?"

The Doctor stared at Thorpe, unsure how to answer.

"You said that there was a great evil at work in this house," Thorpe continued. "Yet you are not like those superstitious villagers who'd mistake a goat for the devil. You look like you're conducting a scientific investigation. I can respect that. I am a man of science. But if there is something wrong here, scientifically wrong, I, as owner of this house, have a right to know!"

"Yes," said the Doctor. "You probably do."

Thorpe cocked his head, obviously puzzled. "Am I in danger?"

"Definitely," said the Doctor forcefully. "I really think you should leave here as soon as possible."

"That's exactly what the villagers say, but I find it easier to believe you. Now then, why?"

"I can't explain it to you."

"Why?" Thorpe frowned again. "This sounds like more superstitious nonsense!"

"Not at all, my conclusions are based entirely on science. It's just that you wouldn't understand them."

"I am a scientist, Doctor, I can understand whatever you may have to tell me."

"No. This deals with things that you haven't dreamt about. It deals with areas of science that mankind has yet to explore. Things you can't comprehend. You'd deny their existence."

"Superstitious poppycock!" snapped Thorpe. "You're saying that science can't explain everything! If you can't explain your fears rationally to me, Doctor, then you must be dealing in superstition."

"I am speaking rationally, and the evidence is on its way. Listen!"

He held up a hand and they both listened. Last night's giant heartbeat was starting up again. The unseen entity was approaching. The sound seemed to come from the drawing room the Doctor had left, moments before. Immediately the Doctor thought of the secret passage.

Thorpe, desperately curious, reached for the doorhandle to open the door to the drawing room. The Doctor stopped him and shook his head. They backed away slowly down the hall.

The doorknob twisted and the door opened. A black shape about twice the size of a soccer ball glided into the hallway and hovered a few feet off the floor. It was shaped like an eye. The round lens of its pupil stared blankly at the Doctor and Mr. Thorpe. Wave after wave of cold rolled over

them in time with the deafening heartbeat. Its engine, the apparent source of the noise, was a glowing panel at the base of the object, also pulsating in time with the heartbeat.

"An optical tracker," the Doctor muttered. "It's absorbing the heat out of the air in order to power itself. No wonder the temperature drops when it's around."

"What?" Thorpe goggled at the hovering cyclops.

"Never mind," the Doctor whispered. "Just don't make any threatening moves. It doesn't seem to have orders to attack, but—"

A panel in the eye opened and a thin, gleaming nozzle poked out, aimed at the two men.

"Run!" The Doctor shoved Thorpe along the hallway and ducked as a bolt of energy sizzled over his head, exploding the wall. They pelted down the hallway, the cyclops not far behind. They rushed through the library doors and slammed them shut, locking and bolting them securely.

"What was that thing?" exclaimed Mr. Thorpe, his composure completely shaken.

"An optical tracker. It's been searching the halls at night." The Doctor muttered this to himself, explanations clicking into place for him. "It's obvious they have cameras on every level and in every room, watching us, but they were looking for someone special their cameras didn't pick up at night. Who... Mr. Thorpe in his observatory. Why? They're afraid of him for some reason. Maybe these aliens have been trying to isolate this place since they arrived a year ago. Something went wrong and Uncle Thorpe and some of his servants died. Mr. Thorpe's only been here a week and he hasn't been conditioned... The servants have all been conditioned!"

Another thought struck him. "Why are they getting so frantic now? I haven't been conditioned but they could have come for me at night. What have I done to attract their attention?"

The device in his pocket beeped softly. He glanced at a section of bookshelves. Going over, he examined them closely. He saw hairline cracks on either side. This must be the facade for another secret passage, the Doctor thought. Unless he did something, the aliens could come through here and get them.

Searching through his pockets, he found a small clamp that belonged to a tool chest back in the TARDIS. He thanked heaven that he had been too messy to put it back. The secret door was such that it opened into the passageway. Placing the clamp over one of the joints, he screwed it tight. He repeated the procedure on the other joint. "There," he muttered. "Let them try to open the secret door against 200 pounds per square inch of pressure." He glanced around the room and a disquieting thought struck him.

"Where's Fayette?" he demanded. Thorpe started, glanced around and gestured helplessly. A wave of despair rushed over the Doctor.

"She's out there, somewhere!"

As if mocking him, the heartbeat of the cyclops resonated through the room. Thorpe stared fearfully at the door, terrified by this real, but inexplicable danger. He reached up beside the door and pulled frantically at a cord, yanking out a simple rhythm.

"What are you doing?" asked the Doctor incredulously.

"I'm summoning my servants, Doctor. They're in danger out there."

"I know that, but they're—"

"If they come by the servants' door, hopefully they'll avoid that... that..."

"But you mustn't summon them, they're—" The Doctor stopped and shook his head. Thorpe was too frightened and confused to listen.

The cyclops hovered outside the library door.

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Fayette had followed the tunnel for some time. It was still pitch dark but fortunately for her, the only bats or dragons she encountered were in her imagination. The sounds of the sea were much louder now and the breeze blew chill through her dress. Fayette tried to push the cold to the back of her mind. There was no

turning back for her.

To her delight, she sensed the tunnel becoming lighter, signalling that the end of her journey was near. Eager to be out, she hurried onward and tripped over a crate. Lying in an undignified heap, she nursed her bruised shins and cursed the day the TARDIS had brought her here. Once the pain subsided, she looked at what had felled her.

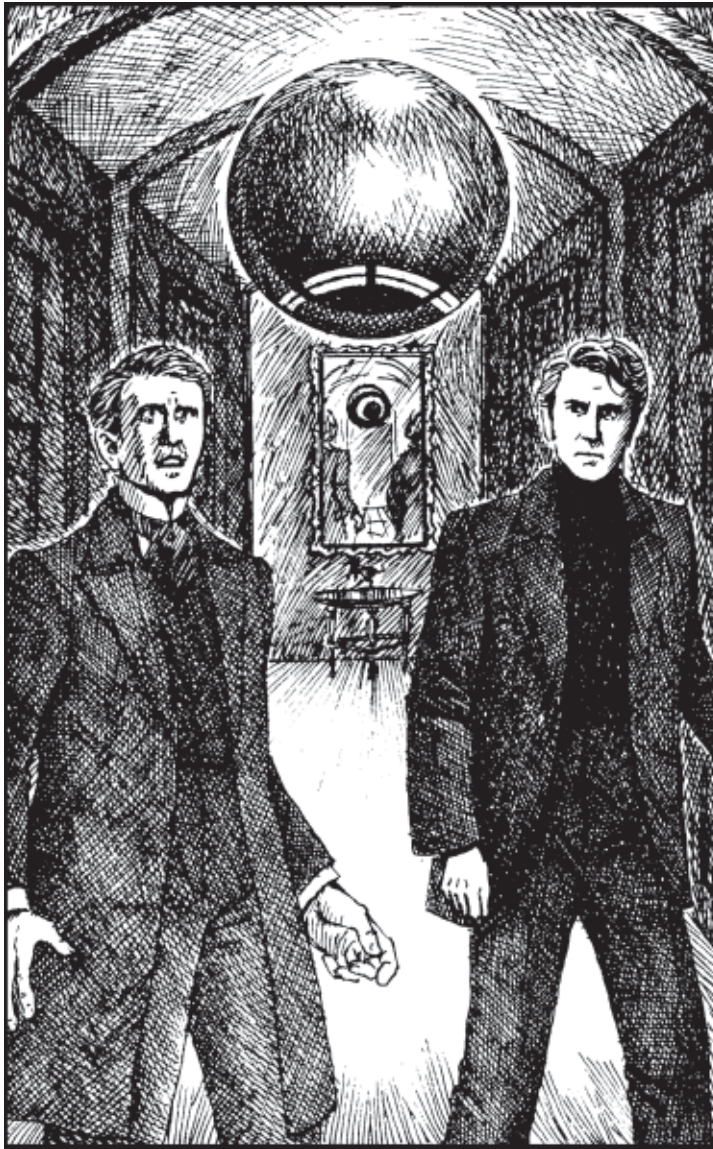
The crates looked new and dust-free, showing that the tunnel had been used recently. The top of one of them opened easily, revealing dozens of thin, metal cylinders. Curious, Fayette picked one up and looked at it closely.

The metal was mostly smooth, except for a small button at one end. The whole thing was technologically out of place in this era, that much Fayette knew, and Papa would be extremely interested in her find. Fayette took two and shoved them under her sash.

Other crates were stacked along the tunnel wall further on. As Fayette walked, she began to hear another noise above the roar of the sea. It was a deep and level hum, increasing as the light grew brighter along the passageway.

Turning a corner, she was out. She was perched atop a wide ledge in a huge cavern. Instinctively, feeling exposed, she lay down on her stomach and peered over the edge.

The deep and level hum came from a squat spaceship, twenty feet below her. Crates and equipment had been set out on the dry, enclosed beach and the sea entered under a wide arch on the other side of the cavern. The ledge she was on followed the cavern walls, gradually sloping downward in a natural ramp to the cavern floor. Smaller tunnels led off from the ledge and Fayette wondered if any others led directly to the house.



There was nobody about and Fayette toyed with the idea of going down to have a look around. Movement below sent her shrinking back. Then she carefully peeped over the edge to see what was going on. A hatchway on the side of the spaceship opened and one of the occupants prepared to leave it. Fayette strained her neck to get a good look at the creature but it wasn't until it was out in the open that she got a clear view.

She recognized the alien immediately.

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Outside Morland Abbey, the storm arrived and the skies opened. The thunder shook the abbey's foundations and the lightning brilliantly illuminated the darkened rooms.

The servants were all in the library now, maintaining an eerie silence. The Doctor ignored them as best he could. He also tried to stop worrying about Fayette, though he had an idea where she might have gone. He had to keep a clear mind to get out of this desperate position.

Mr. Thorpe was not handling the situation very well. He had never faced something like this before and could think of no scientific explanation for it. The man relied upon science as a security blanket, the Doctor thought. Now that it proved unreliable, he was ready to snap. The storm outside was not helping matters.

A brilliant flare of lightning pushed Thorpe closer to the edge. "What are we going to do?" he shrieked, nearly hysterical. "We must leave at once!"

"Calm yourself, Arthur!" the Doctor shouted. "You'd never make it out of this house!"

Be sensible, man! You're a scientist!"

Thorpe calmed slightly, glancing at the Doctor nervously. He was still very much on edge, but he was trying to stay rational.

The cyclops seemed to tire of waiting and launched an attack on the door. It fired at the wood, making the thick oak bulge and buckle inward.

Thorpe snapped. He turned and rushed for the servants' door. The Doctor anticipated this move and met him there, holding the door shut with all his weight. "You can't go out there!" he shouted, desperately trying to reestablish contact with Thorpe's sanity. "You'll be killed!"

"We're as good as dead in here! As good as dead! I'll take my chances out there!"

The housekeeper who, with the others, hadn't moved or spoken since she arrived, placed a hand to her temple and visibly concentrated. The Doctor stared at her in horror. Was she receiving a message?

Watching this, the Doctor was too distracted to see Thorpe's fist coming until the last second. He reeled against the doorframe and by the time he'd recovered, Thorpe was gone.

???

Thorpe raced down the haunted corridors of Morland Abbey, desperate to get away. His turbulent imagination saw a cyclops in every corner; every hallway contained some unspeakable terror. Only some of those horrors were real...

Thorpe ran into their sights and stopped dead. These creatures were like nothing he had ever heard of, or imagined. They glided along the corridor towards him, guns at the ready. Thorpe let out one final scream.

With the Doctor here, there was no need to hide, or worry about

the unconditioned humans in the house. Thorpe was important no longer, and could be disposed of. They fired simultaneously.

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The sound of energy fire and Thorpe's screams brought the Doctor fully alert. "I know that sound!" he exclaimed and everything became crystal clear to him. He had to get away.

"Don't move, Doctor!"

Before the Doctor had moved, the housekeeper was covering him with an advanced laser pistol. Her stern expression was unchanged.

The Doctor desperately tried to think of some way to divert her. "But your master, Mr. Thorpe—" he stammered.

The housekeeper shook her head. "He's been exterminated, Doctor, and you will be too if you try to escape."

Reluctantly, the Doctor raised his hands. He heard the servants' door being pushed open behind him. He turned and watched it with mounting dread. A dark shape could be seen behind it. A flash of lightning illuminated the newcomer.

In the doorway, its gun trained upon the Doctor, stood the squat shape of a Dalek.

???

Fayette remembered the story the Doctor had told her about the Daleks. He was explaining to her why he always got so involved in righting wrongs on every planet they visited, not that she disagreed with such

actions. He had started by saying, "There are corners in this universe that have bred the most terrible things. Things that work against everything that we believe in. They must be fought." Then he told her about his many battles with the Daleks.

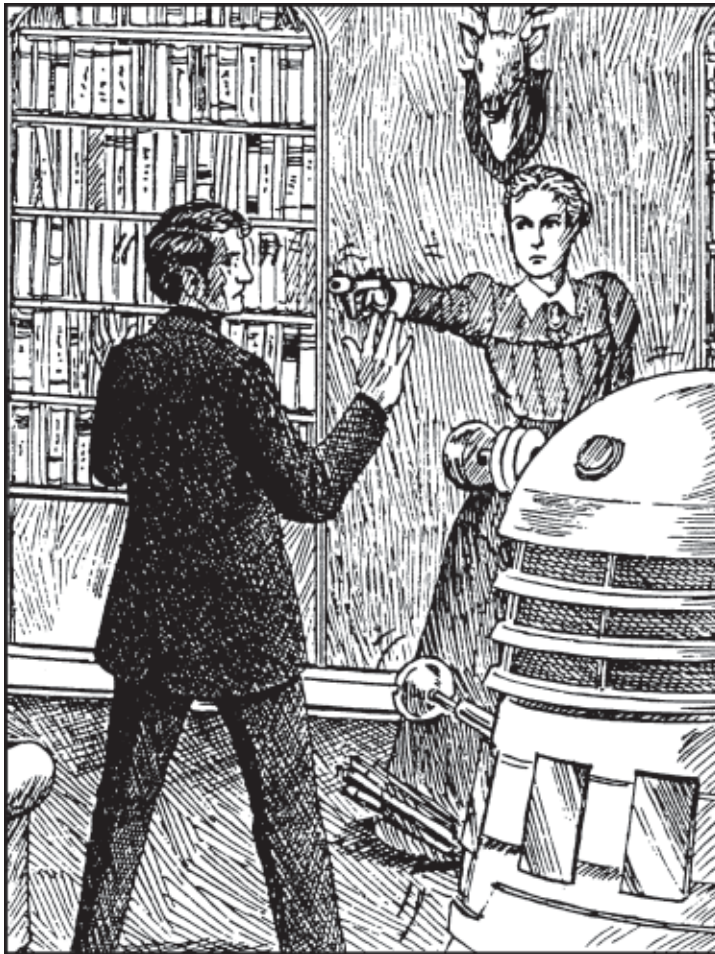
The metal casing of the Daleks was really an armoured carriage, she reminded herself. Inside the casing was a living creature, a shapeless blob of flesh that had mutated from a once-great humanoid race and depended on its covering to survive. The mutation had made them bitter and ruthless creatures that sought to destroy and enslave all lifeforms unlike their own.

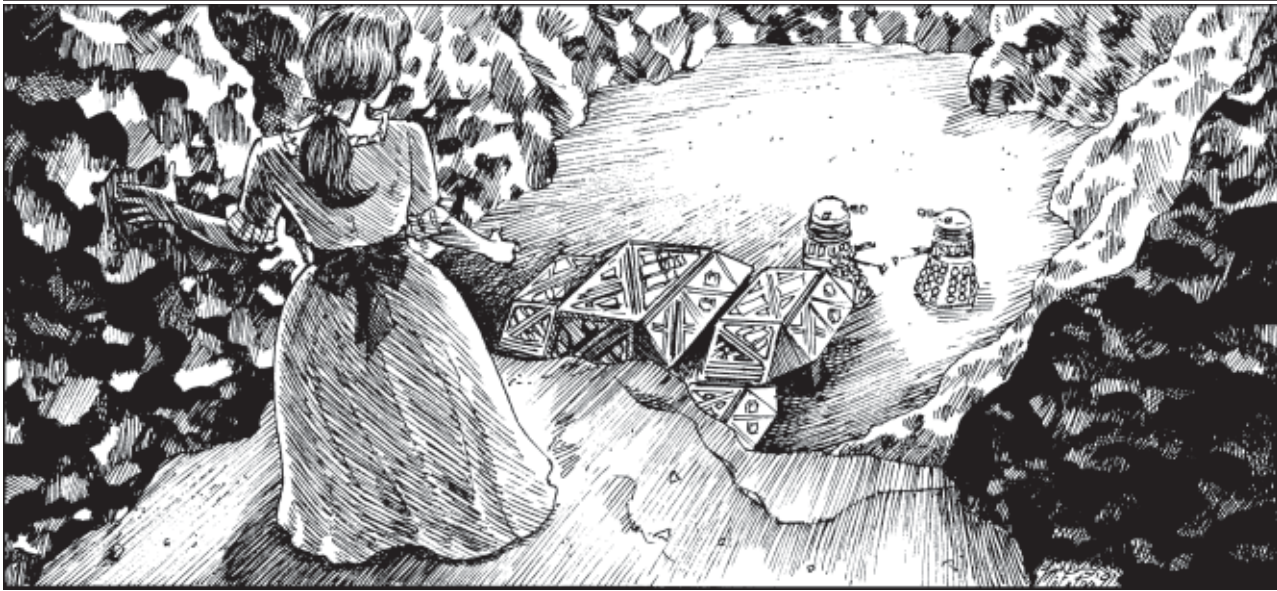
At one point in their history, they had almost conquered the galaxy, but now they were a race in decline. After a series of disastrous defeats, they attempted to revive their creator, Davros, who was still partly humanoid. He wanted to totally rule the Daleks, however, and ended up breaking with the Dalek Supreme and starting a Dalek civil war. Davros won and was crowned Dalek Emperor.

Papa feared Davros. Without him, the Daleks had many weaknesses that could be used to defeat them. With Davros as emperor, those weaknesses were beginning to be phased out and if something wasn't done soon, the Daleks would again be in a position to conquer the galaxy. The Doctor had tried to trick Davros into destroying himself by letting him get hold of a power source he couldn't control. However, the Doctor was never sure if he had done away with Davros permanently.

Davros' Daleks were distinguished by the fact that they were painted white and the sensor hubs that dotted the lower part of their casings were gold. The two Daleks below Fayette fit the description.

Fayette shivered, remembering what the Doctor had told her about





Dalek conquest. That a force of Daleks was on Earth in this era was not good news, but it explained everything. Dalek spaceships had the ability to travel through time, a frightening prospect to say the least, but the Daleks had never used their ability to deliberately alter history. The ship's presence explained the 'temporal distortion'. Once here, the force of Daleks would do the utmost to keep prying eyes away.

What should she do now? Confronting the two Daleks guarding the ship below was out of the question. She couldn't go back into the passageway because she didn't know how to open the secret door. She could follow the three other Daleks that had moved down another passageway but she blanched at that idea. There were other passageways and she hoped that they, too, lead back into the house. The important thing was to find Papa and warn him as soon as possible.

She picked out another passageway near the one she had traveled. To stand up would bring her out in the open but the two Daleks were looking the other way and the distance to the tunnel entrance was short. She decided to chance it.

Fayette got up as silently as she could but in doing so, she accidentally dislodged a small stone. She watched in horror as it rolled off the ledge, pinged off the hull of the spaceship and rapped a Dalek sharply on the eyestalk. It turned and stared at her. She bit her lip fearfully.

"Intruder!" the Dalek grated. "Exterminate!"

Fayette fell to her stomach as a bolt of radiation hit the wall where she had been standing, sending shards of stone in every direction. She felt the heat of the next shot as it missed her by inches. She grimaced in pain as stone shrapnel showered around her.

Fortunately for her, the ledge provided ample cover, but she was pinned there, as she found out when she raised her head to check her position and another bolt of radiation missed her by inches. Covering her head against another wave of stone debris, Fayette decided to lie flat and pray for a miracle.

She heard one Dalek turn to the other and say "Bring the female here!"

"I obey!"

Peering cautiously over the edge, she saw one Dalek glide off the ramp. It moved across the cavern to the beginning of the ledge and began to glide up the gentle incline towards her. The Dalek below covered her position, making it impossible for her to get away. Within a minute, unless she thought of something, she would be captured, or worse!

She ran over what the Doctor had told her about the Daleks. Not only did they have particle beams, which they used themselves as well as on their ships, but they also had an explosive substance known as Dalekanium. Dalekanium was very powerful and versatile. It could be deployed in anything from doomsday bombs to small, but effective grenades.

The thought of the grenade released a memory. She didn't quite grasp the principle of a grenade but she remembered the Doctor telling her that every civilization had them. Their shapes ranged from goose eggs, to spheres, cubes and long, thin cylinders, the latter a lot like the two objects she had found and hidden under her sash!

She pulled out one of the cylinders and examined it closely. The button was there, all right, located at one end. It was probably the detonator. The middle of the cylinder had a hairline joint and both ends could be twisted. There were markings across the joint in a script she could not recognize. This had to be the timer. It looked simple enough for her to handle herself.

She glanced at the Dalek approaching her on the ledge, now fifty metres and a turn away. All she had to do was twist the Dalekanium grenade, press the button, let it roll down the gentle incline of the ledge and boom. There were problems with this idea, but it was her only chance.

The Dalek was thirty metres away. Fayette twisted the cylinder slightly and pressed the button. A small indicator light began flashing and she knew she had to hurry. She set the grenade down and flicked it. The cylinder began to roll.

To distract the Dalek, she picked up a small, round, fist-sized stone. She rolled onto her back and carefully judged the throw. The Dalek was now twenty metres away. Fayette hurled the stone with all her might. It bounced off the Dalek's eyestalk, stopping it while it took time to refocus.

The Dalek turned on the young woman. "Resistance is futile! Stand or be exterminated!" Seeing no alternative, she slowly got up. She watched as the grenade rolled up and silently came to rest at the base of the Dalek. How powerful were those things? She backed away slowly.

The gun was trained on her in an instant. "Do not attempt to escape! Do so and you will be exter-"

The Dalek never finished. It was torn apart by the grenade. Fayette's elation turned to horror when the shockwave picked her up and hurled her backwards. Her mind screamed "The edge! The edge!"

It was too late. With a scream, Fayette was hurled off the ledge and down to the ground, twenty feet below.

???

Three white and gold Daleks surrounded the Doctor. His hands remained raised over his head but he had composed himself, facing his enemies with dignity.

"You are the Doctor!" one Dalek began.

"What, don't you know?"

"Do not try to deceive us!" grated another.

"I wouldn't dream of-"

"Silence! You are the Doctor!"

"If you say so."

"You are an enemy of the Dalek race!"

"Let me guess what happens next," the Doctor muttered.

"You will come with us!"

"What?" This wasn't the normal Dalek response. "You're going to keep me alive?"

"You can be of use to us!"

"You'll find me an uncooperative slave."

"That is irrelevant!"

"If you say so. Tell me, what did you do to this place?"

The Dalek hesitated, considering the Doctor's question. It decided to answer. Maybe then this irritant would shut up.

"Our spaceship entered this time period five Earth years ago. Four years into the survey our engine systems developed malfunctions and we crashed here. Steps were taken to isolate this place from the local inhabitants until help could arrive. We took over this habitation, duplicated the servants and exterminated the originals. We have been repairing our communications system, damaged in the crash, since before you came here."

The Doctor seethed. The Daleks had wantonly murdered the people that used to live here. Controlling himself, he commented dryly, "You made a few mistakes in your duplication process, didn't you?"

"Four people, including the leader of this habitation, were too weak to endure duplication process."

The Doctor's anger intensified. He could imagine the terror of Thorpe's servants as the Daleks invaded. He shuddered at their fate. Dalek duplication was a process of cloning. The victim was strapped to a machine and his memory was scanned by computer, copied, altered to suit the Daleks and then deposited into a clone of the victim. The process was excruciating and, with extermination waiting at the end, it was a needless torture before death.

Then something the Dalek said grabbed the Doctor's attention. "Wait a minute. You were here, in orbit around Earth, for five years?" he asked incredulously. "Why? What is this survey—"

The Dalek, tired of this conversation, shot him.

The low-grade bolt sent the Doctor to the floor, bent over double and gasping in pain. The Dalek looked down at him and grated "Stand!"

"How on earth do you expect me to—"

The Dalek shot him again. The Doctor groaned in agony. The Dalek repeated its order. "Stand or be exterminated here and now!"

The Doctor gazed up at the three Dalek guns pointed at him. Daleks usually meant what they said. Painfully, he stood up, then staggered.

Without being bidden, the housekeeper silently stepped forward and gently propped the Doctor up, staying there and taking most of his weight. The Doctor noted this uncharacteristically compassionate action with surprise. The Daleks didn't seem to care.

"Follow!" grated their leader. Helped along by the housekeeper and flanked by the three Daleks they headed for the bookshelf. The passageway didn't open.

"Your interference, Doctor, is only an inconvenience!" As if to prove a point, the lead Dalek shot at the clamp holding the passageway shut. Paper went flying everywhere and the doorway creaked open.

"More destruction," the Doctor muttered. The housekeeper's face remained stern and emotionless as she helped him along, into the passageway. Before the last Dalek entered, it turned on the other, silently waiting servants and rasped "Continue with your duties!"

The door shut behind them. Outside, the storm raged on.

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Fayette woke with a splitting headache and the bright lights didn't help any. She groaned painfully and wondered where she was.

The memory of the fight came back to her at once. She remembered Dalek fire barely missing her. She remembered using the grenade and blowing a Dalek to pieces. She remembered being blown off the ledge and falling... Now she was here.

She tried to get up but her arms and legs would not respond. For one horrifying moment, she thought she was paralysed. But soon it became clear that this was not the case. She could definitely feel her legs: they ached badly. Something was resisting their attempts to move. Her arms were pinned too.

Opening her eyes, Fayette found herself alone in a small white room. The only door was closed, probably locked. Her arms, chest and legs were shackled to a shelf, holding her taut. Even her neck was held down with a shackle. There was no hope of escape.

She relaxed her aching body as best as she could. Her cuts and bruises were sharp islands of pain in the general ache. She licked the side of her dry mouth and could taste blood on her lip. The Daleks had just shackled her here and left her with no thought to her condition. Was this the way all Daleks treated their prisoners? From what Papa had told her, it was in character.

At least she was alive. But with life came anxiety. What would they do with her?

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They emerged onto the ledge Fayette had been on before. Part of the cavern wall had been blown away and rubble of stone and metal lay everywhere. Miraculously, the ledge had remained intact after the explosion. The Doctor eyed the damage with interest. "Something happened here?" he asked innocently.

"A Dalek unit was destroyed by a Dalekanium grenade!"

"Accident?"

"Your companion!"

"Fayette? She's alive?"

"We are holding her!"

"She had better be all right."

"You will be with her shortly!" the lead Dalek grated.

They continued onward, passing the explosion site. "That's my girl," the Doctor muttered, smiling to himself.

They reached the cavern floor and approached the sleek, metallic spaceship. It was no more than 15 feet high, a small ship by Dalek standards.

The Doctor scanned what he knew about the Dalek military and made a quick calculation. "So there are only five of you now that your comrade's been destroyed, I see."

The lead Dalek resisted the urge to turn and shoot the Doctor once again. Why did this busybody never cease asking questions? "You are wrong!" it said, almost joyfully. "We have four. One Dalek unit was destroyed upon crashlanding! No more questions, Doctor!"

The Doctor wisely decided to shut up.

He could walk without being supported now and he made to take his weight off the housekeeper. The woman immediately stepped back and let him stand on his own. The Doctor gazed at her, puzzled at her show of kindness. "Thank you," he said quietly. The housekeeper curtsied slightly then walked behind him up the ramp.

The Doctor gazed up at the spaceship before he was taken in. He felt like he was entering a hornets' nest.

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Fayette?" The familiar voice woke Fayette from dreams of pain. She looked sideways at the door to her cell and saw her adopted father, flanked by Dalek guards, staring at her in horror. Her heart sank. So he was a prisoner too. There was no hope now. "Papa," she croaked, choking back the tears.

The Doctor strode to her side. Carefully he inspected her cuts and bruises. There was a nasty gash on her forehead and abrasions down her right cheek. The blood hadn't been cleaned away and so made her condition look worse than it actually was, but this was inhuman.

"Why is she like this?" he hissed, turning on the guards.

"She is our prisoner!" a Dalek grated in reply.

"That's no excuse! Have you no compassion?" He checked himself.

"Nope, sorry, forget I asked that."

"Your question is irrelevant! You will cooperate with us!"

"Not if she remains like—"

The Doctor was hit by a low grade shot and he was slammed against the wall. Pain ripped through him. He heard Fayette scream, terrified but unable to interfere. The sound galvanized him. He pulled himself upright.

"Let me put it this way," he managed. "Either you release my companion or you will receive no cooperation. None of your threats, none of your torture, not even killing me will change that. What does it matter if she's restrained or not? We're locked in a cell! How can she be a threat to you?"

The lead Dalek paused, then asked, "You will cooperate if we release her?"

He heard Fayette gasp "Non!" and he motioned for her to be quiet. "Yes. I will do as you say."

The lead Dalek turned to one of its underlings. "Release her." The second Dalek turned to a panel and activated a control. The shackles holding Fayette opened and she breathed more easily. The lead Dalek turned back to the Doctor. "You and your companion will remain here! When the time comes, you will be taken to the control room where you will repair the damaged systems. If you do not cooperate, you will both be exterminated!"

The Daleks glided back. Once they were clear of the cell door, it slid shut behind them, leaving the couple alone.

"Damn them," the Doctor muttered. He saw Fayette struggle to get up but he waved her down. He went to her side and began examining her for broken bones. When he found that there were none, he heaved a sigh of relief and helped her to her feet. They sat on the floor of the cell while the Doctor cleaned Fayette's wounds with his handkerchief.

"Fayette."

"Oui, Papa?"

"When I say never to go anywhere strange on your own, that applies to dark secret passageways as well."

Fayette grinned. "Yes; well, I know that now."

"I was worried about you."

"After Monsieur Thorpe's lectures I could not resist looking into that passage when I found it. If I had known the Daleks were at the other end..." A thought struck her. "Where is Monsieur Thorpe, Papa?"

The Doctor looked at her sadly. He decided to tell her the truth: she would know if he was lying. "He's dead."

Fayette gasped, "Il est mort?" Her eyes began to fill with tears. Things went from bad to worse!

The Doctor thought that he couldn't handle Fayette crying here. He tried desperately to cheer her up. "I liked the way you handled the now-late Dalek," he said approvingly.

She smiled weakly, then winced as the Doctor dabbed at a sore gash. "I remembered your stories about the Daleks and Dalekanium grenades. I picked up a grenade in the passage. There were others. You did not see them?"

"I saw crates in the tunnel but I didn't get the chance to stop and look. Not bad the way you used the grenade. How did you get into this condition?"

Fayette smiled reassuringly. "That was my fault. They did not torture me. Those Dalekanium grenades are very powerful. The explosion blew me off the ledge and I think I landed rather heavily. I cannot remember landing."

The Doctor finished cleaning off her face. He smiled at her thankfully. "I'm just glad you're alive!"

She beamed then leaned forward to kiss him. Something jabbed her in the stomach and she cried out in surprise. The Doctor started. "What is it?"

Fayette reached under her sash and pulled out the second Dalekanium grenade. She glanced around the cell for cameras, but found none. Careful for listening devices, she mouthed, "I thought they would have taken this from me!"

The Doctor took it from her gingerly. Sharing her caution, he said quietly, "Perhaps they didn't have time to search you. Daleks aren't totally rational. Sometimes they run on hate alone." He carefully pocketed the device and kissed her. "You may have given us a chance," was the look Fayette saw in the Doctor's eyes. She smiled triumphantly back.

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The Doctor and Fayette sat against one wall of the cell, holding each other. It was the best way to communicate, they felt, without being heard by any listening device that might or might not be in their cell. It was also very comforting.

"What are you going to do?" whispered Fayette into the Doctor's ear.

"I'll fix the engines and communications systems as they say," The Doctor whispered back. "If I can, I'll wire this in and activate it on a one-hour fuse'. The explosion will cause an overload and the ship will explode.

"The whole ship?" asked Fayette.

"And much of the surrounding area."

"Our chances of survival are dismal, n'est-ce pas?" asked Fayette soberly.

The Doctor gazed at her sadly. "Yes, very."

"What will happen to us?"

"After we cease being of use to them, we'll be shot, if the ship doesn't blow up first."

"Oh." Fayette pressed herself closer to her adopted father. She sobbed, "Papa, I am scared."

He heaved a shaky sigh and squeezed her gently. "Me too. I'm sorry."

Their cell door slid open and a Dalek looked down on them. "Stand!" it grated. The Doctor stood up and helped Fayette to her feet. The Dalek advanced toward the Doctor. "We are ready for you!"

The Doctor stared long and hard at Fayette, taking all of her in as though this would be the last time he would see her alive. She was doing the same. Immediately they embraced. The Doctor tipped her face upward and kissed her softly on the forehead.

"Goodbye, Fayette," he whispered.

"Goodbye, Papa. I love you." She was trying to keep a brave face. They hugged each other one more time.

Impatient, the Dalek trundled forward and prodded the Doctor with its sucker arm. "Move!"

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The Doctor was taken into the control room, round and white like all the others, but lined with equipment. He was promptly surrounded by all four Daleks. "You will repair this panel!" grated one.

The displays on this panel were dead. Kneeling down, the Doctor removed the cover, revealing mangled, broken and burnt-out wiring inside. "You mean to tell me that you couldn't fix this yourself?" he said, trying not to laugh.

"Get to work!" rasped another Dalek.

"I get it, it was your design flaw. You're all thumbs when it comes to finely-tuned electrical equipment."

"The Daleks have no design flaws!"

"Sure, sure." The Doctor eyed the Daleks' sucker arms. "You probably just didn't have the right tools."

"Get to work!"

"All right! All right!" The Doctor stood up and examined the panel itself. The Kaled script caught him off-guard. "This is the communications station! Is this more important to you than your engines?"

"GET TO WORK!" shrilled all four Daleks.

"Of course! I'm starting now!" said the Doctor quickly, desperate to pacify four angry Daleks. "Where are my tools?"

One Dalek turned and crossed the control room and returned with a box of tools. The Doctor inspected them. As he'd anticipated, they were only useful to the Daleks if they were attached directly to a particular Dalek in place of the sucker arm. That would be a time consuming operation, assuming that the operation equipment wasn't faulty. Why couldn't they have asked the servants to do this earlier? Perhaps they weren't considered intelligent enough and the Daleks weren't willing to take the time to tutor them.

The Doctor got down on his back and poked his head into the hatch. Selecting one of the tools, he set to work.

Seeing the Doctor finally working, three of the Daleks departed, leaving the fourth to cover their prisoner.

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A young maid gently set down the pail of water she had been carrying. Kneeling down, she carefully rolled up her sleeves and reached into the bucket, pulling out a wet cloth. Methodically, she began to scrub the floor.

The Dalek that had been approaching from down the hallway saw this. Curious, it glided up to the maid and grated, "What are you doing?"

The maid paused only briefly in her work to acknowledge her master. "I am cleaning the floor, sir," she answered.

The Dalek eyestalk turned 360 degrees as it surveyed the floor around it that the maid had not cleaned. Then it gazed at the area of the floor that she had begun to scrub. "But the surface does not require it!" it rasped incredulously.

"It is my duty, sir," the maid answered evenly as she continued to work. "I have to clean all the floors every day."

"Why must you do it so often?"

"If I miss a day, I'm inviting complacency and the place will turn filthy. Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

The Dalek stared at the maid in puzzlement. Humans were a bizarre species. How could they devote so much effort to such useless activities and then link it all to a belief in a deity? No wonder the Daleks were superior. Then the Dalek remembered what it had come for.

It glided closer to her. "Your work is irrelevant! I have been sent to retrieve you! Follow!"

The maid stopped her work, got up and followed the Dalek down the hallway, towards the library.

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Are you finished?"

The Doctor pulled his head out of the hatch and nodded. "The engine panels are over there!" The Dalek pointed to a row of dead control panels across the room. Wearily, the Doctor picked up the tool case and crossed the bridge. He got down on his knees and pulled out the hatch, revealing more burnt and broken wires. He rolled over onto his back, poked his head inside and prepared to work.

Then he paused for a moment, sensing something wrong. Pulling his head out of the hatch, he gazed at his guard. It wasn't watching him. It had turned to the communications station and activated the panel. It was performing checks and tests without paying any attention to its prisoner. Cautiously, the Doctor reached into his pocket and pulled out the Dalekanium grenade. The Dalek didn't turn on him.

Thanking his lucky stars, and whispering a silent prayer for Fayette, he twisted the grenade to the proper setting, activated it and then wired it in. Glancing at the Dalek, he saw that it had noticed nothing. Sighing in relief, the Doctor continued with his labours.

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All the servants, except for the housekeeper, were hounded into the library by three Daleks. Once they were in the center of the room, the Daleks surrounded them. The servants glanced at each other, confused; their Dalek conditioning, which demanded obedience, conflicting with the human urge to run from impending danger.

The leader of the group turned to its comrades and grated, "Our leader informs us that the mission is almost complete! The servants are now useless! They are to be exterminated!"

The footman's conditioning broke and he ran for the library doors. A bolt of radiation sent him flying. He was dead before he smashed against the bookcases. The three women cowered under the muzzles of the Dalek guns. The leader paused momentarily, then gave the order. "Exterminate!"

Then the library was filled with screams of agony as the maids were bathed in rays of radiation. After a few seconds, the last one was dead.

Off in a corner, the housekeeper stood silently. Her stone cold features quivered as she watched her co-workers die. Her mouth twitched, grimaced, then resumed its stern frown as Dalek conditioning held. The leader of the group approached her. "Return to the ship and await orders there!"

"I obey," the housekeeper muttered as she curtsied. Then she turned and disappeared down the dark tunnel.

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Im finished," murmured the Doctor wearily as he stood up from his work. "It's all fixed." He replaced the hatch and activated the engine panels.

The Dalek turned on the Doctor, covering him with its gun.

Is this it? the Doctor wondered, shot down by a single Dalek after spending the night in a haunted house? It wasn't exactly how he'd envisioned it. But the Dalek didn't fire. It just sat there, covering him. The Doctor frowned.

"Well?" he prompted. "What are you waiting for?"

The white Dalek continued to sit there silently.

To see if it was deactivated, the Doctor stepped forward. The Dalek immediately advanced on him, grating "Halt!"

The Doctor halted, stood where the Dalek covered him, and waited. Soon the housekeeper entered the control room and strode up to her master. "You summoned me?" she asked.

"Accompany us," the Dalek replied. "Move!" it rasped at the Doctor, prodding him sharply. They and another Dalek left the control room and filed along a narrow, bright corridor to a small white room containing equipment. Shackles lay on a shelf and a dangerous-looking machine stood close by. The Daleks' guns remained fixed on the Doctor. "Restrain him!"

The Doctor saw no way out of this and offered no resistance. Soon the housekeeper had him shackled to the bench and was attaching electrodes to his forehead with mechanical efficiency. He gazed up at the Dalek. "You're going to try to duplicate me?"

"No," the Dalek replied. "The duplication process proves fatal to strong minds like yours, Doctor, and a complete memory print cannot be obtained. However, what memories you do yield will prove useful for the Dalek Empire. This is Davros' standing order!"

"We must leave before the electromagnetic radiation from the process damages our systems," the second Dalek intoned.

"So that's why you don't stick around to see me duplicated," the Doctor muttered. His mind raced desperately as the last cold electrodes were applied. "Did you have this all planned from the very beginning? Did you activate your temporal equipment to lure me here?"

"No," the Dalek replied to the Doctor's question. "We crashed here by accident and we activated our temporal equipment to attract anyone capable. Your arrival was not anticipated but was useful to us." The Dalek turned to the housekeeper. "Begin the process after I have gone!" It turned to go.

"What are you doing here?"

The Doctor pressed for time. "What is this survey?"

The Dalek stared at him for a second.

"Tell me! It can't hurt now, can it?"

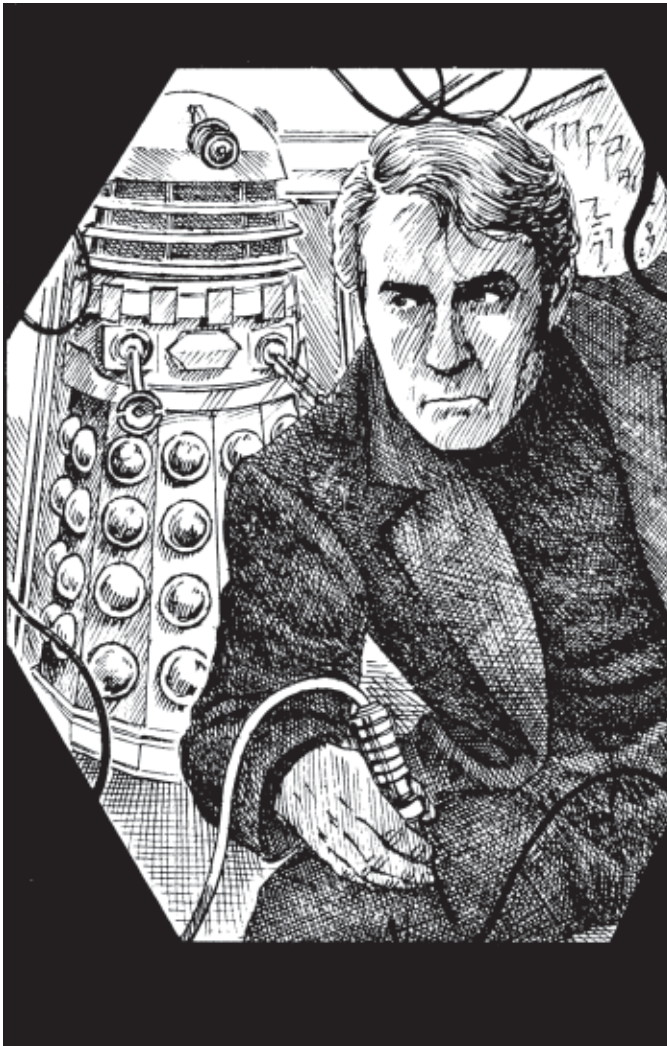
The Dalek turned away without a word. Frustrated, the Doctor slumped against the shelf. He watched the housekeeper make the final connections to the big machine. She glanced at him with concern.

Concern?

The Doctor stared hard at the housekeeper. Uncharacteristic signs of emotion played over her face. His penetrating stare seemed to disturb her. "Please don't worry. It only hurts for a little while, then..." Despite herself, the housekeeper shivered.

The Doctor took a deep breath. Keep the conversation going. "One thing about Dalek duplication," he said. "It's primarily cloning with personality alteration to accommodate Dalek morals and beliefs. But the person beneath remains basically the same. That's why Dalek duplicates are so hard to tell from the real people. But sometimes the person underneath is too strong for Dalek conditioning. That person's morals and ethics rise to the surface, whether the Daleks like it or not. Is that why you helped me down the passageway after they shot me?"

"It was the Christian thing to do," she answered easily. "It's our duty



to help the weak.” She stopped short, clearly troubled. The Doctor saw his opening.

“You’re a devout Christian, Jane?”

“I have faith in the Lord...” She faltered, avoiding his eyes. “Please, don’t distract me. I don’t want to cause you unnecessary pain.”

“Jane.” The Doctor spoke loudly, trying to hold her attention. “Jane, I know you’re a woman of faith. I’ve seen your room, your Bible and your crucifix. How well do you know your commandments?”

“What?” she stammered, looking up..

“Recite for me the commandments!” the Doctor repeated quietly, but with the authority of a preacher.

Without really knowing why, the housekeeper began to recite the Ten Commandments. Each one cost her a great effort. “Thou shalt have no other gods but me.”

“Go on!”

“Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image and bow to it or worship it.”

“Yes!”

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day.”

“Yes!”

“Honour thy father and mother.”

“Yes!”

“Thou shalt not k—“ The words caught in her throat. The housekeeper frowned in puzzlement.

“Say it!” The Doctor was getting desperate. “Say it!”

For a moment, the Dalek conditioning returned. “This is a waste of time,” she said sternly. She moved over and pressed a switch.

Pain whipped through the Doctor and held him paralyzed with pain. His brain felt like it was blazing. Memories rose painfully from the depths into public view. He fought against the agony and tried to reach the human being in the Dalek slave.

“Say it!” he groaned. “Why can’t you say it? Why can’t you say ‘Thou shalt not kill’?” The pain grew until it was too much to bear and he threw his head back and screamed.

The housekeeper watched this with mounting horror. Two sides battled for her mind. When the Doctor screamed again, her human side rose to the surface. “What is happening to me?” she cried. “Why am I so confused?”

“Turn the machine off!” the Doctor gasped.

She ran to the machine and flicked a switch. The pain subsided, leaving him limp. Jane’s hands shook as she undid the shackles. The Doctor sat up and caught her as her conditioning crumbled.

“They came like devils in a ball of flame!” she sobbed. “They tortured all of us, making us think like them! They killed Mr. Thorpe, they killed his nephew, they killed all my friends!” The Doctor held her for a minute, while she cried. He gazed at the room around them, studying all the equipment. His eyes fell on one particular machine.

“Do you still have your laser pistol?” he asked. The housekeeper nodded. “Let’s put an end to all this. Destroy that machine, it holds a copy of my memory.”

She pulled her laser pistol and aimed it at the machine. Her expression changed as she remembered her torment. All of her hatred and anger went into this shot. A bolt of energy blew through the machine and it exploded. The flash blinded them for a moment and the explosion deafened their ears. Alarm klaxons began sounding through the ship. The Doctor knew he didn’t have much time left.

“Jane, listen to me!” He grabbed her by the shoulders. “I’ve planted a bomb on this ship and it will explode in 30 minutes. The ship and perhaps the Abbey will be totally destroyed. I have a ship of my own. I’ll take you with me, but we have to get out now. Do you understand?”

She nodded without hesitation.

“Where is Fayette’s cell? We have to find her!”

“This way!” With Jane in the lead, they ran out of the room. They fled down empty white corridors, knowing they wouldn’t be empty for long. Four Daleks weren’t many, but they were enough to deal with this ill-equipped duo.



The housekeeper led the Doctor to a single white door. “This is it.” Without waiting for the Doctor to try and open the computer lock surreptitiously, she trained her laser on it and blew it out. The door slid open.

Fayette was sitting with her back against a wall. She stared morosely before her and it was evident that she had been crying. She looked at the opening door in fear, thinking that her executioners had arrived. At the sight of the Doctor, she gasped in delight and astonishment, jumped up and flew into his arms. He gave her an affectionate squeeze.

“Hurry up!” Jane shouted over the alarm sirens. “We haven’t got much time!”

The Doctor grabbed Fayette’s hand and pulled her after him. They rushed along the stark white corridor, turned a corner, and stopped dead in their tracks. Two Daleks confronted them.

“Stay where you are!” grated one Dalek. “Do not move!” The trio did as they were told.

“You have caused us enough trouble, Doctor!” the Dalek continued. “The time has come for your extermination!”

The two guns trained on the Doctor.

“You think you have won,” Fayette hissed, “but Papa has tricked you. Your engines, they are—” She stopped suddenly, realizing that she had given everything away. “Sorry, Papa,” she muttered. The Doctor squeezed her hand gently.

“Whatever he has done to the engines does not matter!” the Dalek replied.

This caught the Doctor by surprise. He stared at the Daleks, dumbfounded. “Don’t you want to get back home?” he asked incredulously.

“Our engines are of no importance. Our communications system has been repaired. It works perfectly! We tricked you into thinking our ship’s engines were more important.”

“Why?” asked Fayette, confused. The Dalek ignored her.

“Our situation has been relayed back to the Dalek Empire! Our survey report has been sent! You may have destroyed the copy of your memory in the duplication room, Doctor, but another copy was sent live to Davros! We have won, and now, Doctor, you will die!”

The guns fixed on the Doctor. They prepared to fire. Then, one of the Daleks exploded in flames. The second Dalek turned on the housekeeper, but she shot it first. Viewing the flaming remnants with pride, she holstered her laser pistol.

“Let’s go, then!” the Doctor nudged Fayette along. He was about to follow when Jane held him back and handed him her pistol.

“Take this, Doctor.”

"But why?" The Doctor looked at the thing with distaste. She gave him a grim look, and he saw that her fists were clenched. "I can still feel the Dalek conditioning inside me. It's like a poison. I'm not sure..."

"I trust you, Jane." He hoped he could, anyway.

"No. I feel very unstable. Take this gun before I shoot you."

He sighed. "Very well." He took the gun and waved her ahead of him along the corridor.

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The Doctor and the housekeeper burst out of the ship and ran down the ramp. Fayette was already across the cavern and making her way up the rising ledge. They were about to follow when the two other Daleks appeared from around the corner of the ship.

"Fayette! Look out!" the Doctor shouted. Fayette dove for cover as a bolt of radiation missed her by inches. One of the Daleks turned and headed for the ledge to get her. The other continued to advance on the Doctor and the housekeeper. They ran behind another corner of the spaceship before the Dalek fired.

The ledge was before them, fifteen feet above the cavern floor. The cliff face seemed climbable, but it looked like hard work. There were no alternatives, however; the Dalek was sure to find them soon. They rushed forward and began to scale the rocks.

The Doctor reached the top first. One of the tunnels yawned before him. They were a few feet from escape! Fayette, who had been keeping close to the ground, scrambled up to the opening and waited. The Doctor motioned her inside. He turned and leant a hand to the housekeeper.

Jane was five feet below the ledge and hampered by her heavy skirts, a much slower climber. She began to look desperate. "Come on!" the Doctor shouted frantically. "You can make it! You must!"

She was climbing as fast as she could. She was five feet from the ledge... four feet... three... The Doctor reached down for her hand but they were centimetres apart. He stretched to grab a hold...

Suddenly Jane began to shriek in agony. The Dalek had come around the corner of the spaceship and she was caught in its fire. The Doctor could only watch in horror as she twisted in its beam before falling to the ground like a broken doll.

The Doctor stared at her shattered body in shock. And then all the disgust, all the horror, all his hatred of the Daleks boiled over. Memories of Katarina and Sara Kingdom came unbidden into his mind. Of a ruined Earth and thousands more enslaved planets. His mind recoiled from the memory of the Daleks' atrocities, and a whispering conscience chastising him for abandoning his principles to fight them. He couldn't control himself. He pulled out the housekeeper's laser pistol. "You bastards!" He fired full force. The Dalek exploded.

His fury spent, he dropped the gun in disgust. "Why did I do that?" The one shot had accomplished nothing. It hadn't brought Jane back or the lives of any the servants that had been killed. He was vaguely aware of the last Dalek as it stopped ten feet away from him on the ledge. Temporarily numb, he didn't care.

"Exterminate!" it grated, training its gun on him.

In a flash, Fayette leapt out of the tunnel and lobbed a Dalekanium grenade at it. She grabbed the Doctor by the arm and yanked him to safety. The Dalek was backing away very quickly as the grenade rolled after it.

The Doctor, once he had realized what had happened, turned and ran after Fayette, down the tunnel. He easily caught up with her and, taking her arm, propelled her along faster than before. He braced himself for the distant explosion, but none came.

"I didn't - have time - to set it, - Papa." Fayette explained between breaths. "It won't - explode."

The Doctor wondered how long it would take before the Dalek realized that. Then he heard its shrill voice distantly behind them. "Halt! Stay where you are! Halt or you will be exterminated!"

They turned another corner and the light left them for good. The Doctor didn't slow his pace in the pitch darkness, and soon they both regretted it. They ended up tripping, landing in a tangled heap, scrambling up, running and tripping again. The stone walls were painful things to run into and the tunnel turned and twisted fiendishly, conspiring to block the fugitives. All the while, the Dalek seemed to be equipped with radar. Its progress was uninterrupted and it was gaining on them by the minute.

The Doctor mentally calculated how much time remained. The grenade

in the ship's engine controls would explode in about five minutes. Several larger explosions from the overload could follow a minute later. They had to get out of this bloody tunnel, and soon!

Just then, the Doctor crashed into a wall. Blindly, Fayette ran into him from behind. Taking just a few seconds to get his breath back, he examined the obstruction. It was wood, not stone, and it blocked off the entire passageway. Running his hands along it, he could feel hinges and a crack. They had found the secret doorway! How did they open it?

He couldn't find any hidden catches or levers on this side. Wouldn't the Daleks have damaged them when they blew the door open after he had clamped it shut? The only option left was brute strength. The Doctor worked his fingertips into the crack and pulled. The door gave... a little.

It was all the encouragement he needed. Getting a good grip, he strained against the heavy panel with all his might. In the darkness he heard Fayette gasp, "Vite, Papa!" The Dalek was getting nearer. Any second now...

The Doctor heaved at the door. It moved a little, stuck, moved a little again, then stuck some more. With one final heave, the door creaked open. The Doctor and Fayette scurried through.

They were in the library. It was dim, yet brighter than the tunnel so that they had to stop and shield their eyes. But there was no time to waste.

They were halfway to the library doors when a sound behind them made them whirl around. The Dalek was out of the secret passage and turning on them with its gun. The Doctor's hypersensitive hearing caught the distant sound of an explosion and the rush of an approaching shockwave. The grenade had done its work. They had almost no time left.

Ignoring the consequences, the Doctor jerked open the library doors and hurled Fayette through. As he dove for shelter, a cascade of fire burst out of the secret passageway and hit the Dalek full force. It was slammed against the opposite wall and shattered into fragments.

But there was no chance to stop and celebrate. Hand in hand, they raced through the deserted hallways of Morland Abbey. The house shook like a man possessed, making it hard to keep their balance, but somehow the Doctor and Fayette stumbled on.

The optical tracker lay in a hallway under a pile of rubble, made lifeless by the destruction of its masters. The Doctor and Fayette rushed by without a second thought.

They could hardly stay on their feet by the time they reached the front door. The Doctor yanked it open. Once outside, they ran across the moor like deer before the hunter. The roar of shattering glass and crumbling rubble broke out behind them.

About a hundred metres from the abbey, a craggy boulder jutted from the ground. The Doctor dived behind it, taking Fayette with him. They squirmed down against the rock and held each other tightly, waiting for the cataclysm.

The shaking and roaring climaxed in a deafening explosion. A fireball erupted into the sky. Then came the shockwave, and a hot wind tore through their hair. Rocks began to fall from the air. Peering past the boulder, the Doctor watched the Abbey disintegrate. At last, nothing was left except a burning ruin.

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The next morning dawned clear and bright. The Doctor emerged from the sheltering crag where he and Fayette had spent the night. He observed the blackened ruins grimly. The fires had finally gone out. Fayette came to his side, obviously shaken by her experiences.

"All those people," her voice quivered. "Dead?"

He nodded. "Most of them died a year ago, when the Daleks first came," he muttered sadly. "Death and destruction seems to follow these creatures wherever they go and I still don't understand why."

He turned away from the ruins and gazed around. The wind whistled, the seagulls laughed. Out to sea, dark clouds were forming on the horizon. Nature was ignoring this tragedy. Everything was business as usual.

"I see no reason why we should stay here any longer. Let's get away from this place." He headed for the cliffs. Fayette followed thankfully.

They climbed down the cliff face in silence and walked towards the TARDIS. It was wet with spray but miraculously free of rubble.

Stopping at the door, they gazed downshore at a hole in the cliffs blown out by the explosion. The sea rolled into it, beginning to erode away the evidence of anything having happened there.

"Why were the Daleks here, Papa?" Fayette asked quietly.

"I don't know," the Doctor answered. "Why were they more concerned that their communications system be repaired before their engines? What is this survey? There are many questions here and I have none of the answers."

Fayette thought for a minute. "Perhaps they were surveying Earth for an invasion?"

"Not possible." He shook his head. "The Daleks tried to conquer Earth in the 22nd century, not the 19th."

"The Daleks know how to travel through time, n'est-ce pas? Perhaps they are going further back in time to try again?"

"No," said the Doctor firmly. "The Daleks may have time travel ability, but they have been incredibly responsible with it. They've had thousands of defeats they wanted to rectify but they've only tried to alter history once."

"Once?"

"Once," he assured her.

Fayette turned and stared at him with worry. "Papa, if they tried once, they might try again."

For a minute, the roar of the waves and the cries of the gulls were the only sounds as the Doctor stared out to sea. Suppose Fayette was right. What if the survey was an expedition to discover the weakest point in Earth's timeline that would be the easiest to alter in the Daleks' favour? This group had been orbiting Earth for five years,

at least. What had they found? Were there other groups watching other eras? Was the information sent back being used by the Dalek Empire to formulate an invasion plan?



He had been tricked into repairing the Daleks' communications systems and they had sent a message. A copy of his memory had already been sent to the Empire before he'd had a chance to destroy it. It might contain information that could further the Daleks' already extensive knowledge of time travel. Had he allowed an invasion of time to begin?

What other explanation was there? None, and that was the most frightening thing of all.

The Doctor reached out for Fayette's hand. She gripped his firmly in hers. For some time, they stood silently on the beach, holding hands, staring out to sea at the approaching dark clouds. Finally, with a sigh, the Doctor unlocked the TARDIS door and waved Fayette inside. He glanced around once more, and then followed. The sound of the dematerializing TARDIS startled the seagulls into frenzy, and then it was gone.

The ruins of Morland Abbey loomed over the landscape, shattered brick and wood hiding darkness within. The place had stood for centuries and the ruins would stand for centuries more. The silence lay thick over the heath and the stones of the land and whatever walked there, walked alone.

Off in the distance, a stormfront approached.

END.



Missing Adventures: Trenchcoat 2 *Arise and Follow Charlie, by Chris Kocher*

In 1998, the world's environmental crisis is looming. In England, however, terrorist activity is mounting, from a group of people determined to right a historical wrong which goes back as far as 1746!

This action-oriented story with a strong historical background actually mutated into **Millennium's End**. Along the way, it bore the names of **Druid Hill** and **The First of May Stratagem**. **Millennium's End**, however, bears no resemblance to the story originally mooted for *Trenchcoat 2*. As Chris Kocher wrote, he gradually introduced the Great Intelligence into the plot, wrote out the historical terrorists, and increased the theme of environmental terrorism. Delays pushed his story back into *Trenchcoat 3*.

After the publication of **Millennium's End**, Chris tried again, and succeeded in addressing the historical themes of **Arise and Follow Charlie** in his submission to *Myth Makers 4* entitled **The First of May Stratagem**.