

SUNDAY TV 15 January



Breaking the ice... The Doctor and Fayette find themselves caught up in their own little Cold War
Doctor Who, BBC1 7.30pm



7.00pm Vogan

Terry talks to Loreena McKennitt about her latest album, entitled *Crystals, Crystals Everywhere!*

7.30pm Doctor Who

starring **Edward Peel-Smith** in *Storm on the Island* part one of a two-part adventure by **JAMES BOW**

The ice-locked inlets of Canada's Baffin Island hide a terrible secret, and enemies from the Doctor's past.
 The Doctor **EDWARD PEEL-SMITH**
 Fayette Calonne **WINONA RIDER**
 Colonel Bacher **KEIFFER SUTHERLAND**
 Merbler **PETER MILES**
 Captain Shawn **SEAN CONNERY**
 General Veiber **YUL BRENNER**
 Amanda **MICHELLE FORBES**
 Corporal Levesque **ROBERT JAREK**
 Private O'Reilly **COLM MEANEY**
 The Aliens **JOHN SCOTT-MARTIN**

JOHN PEEL, **RAYMOND CUSICK**
DAVE ROSS
 Nazi Soldiers **PRESTON NAMMING**
RONALD GETTY, **BILL VANDERZALM**
JAMES COOTES, **HOWARD PAWLEY**
BART SIMPSON, **JOHN CRISPO**
 Canadian Soldiers **STAN WATERS**
JOSEPH CLARK, **BILL BENNETT**
FRANK McKENNA, **RAY ROMANOW**
 Alien Voices **MICHAEL WISHER**

Stunt Arranger **TIP TIPPING**
 Incidental Music **ENYA**
 Visual Effects **GRAHAM BREUN**
 Special Sound **YORK MILLS**
 Costume Designer **KEN TRUE**
 Script Editor **PATRICIA SMITH** *
 Designer **MARTIN F. PROCTOR** *
 Producers
GERRY NATION and **TERRY DAVIS**
 Director **BILL FRIEDKIN**

- * True Credit
- FEATURE page 10
- CEEFAX SUBTITLES

LETTERS

Trenchcoat is poised to take off. The writing has improved substantially, though I expect it will continue to grow deeper for another few years, the plots are growing more intricate and the characterization is sound
 Andrew Flint
 Mississauga, ON

I finished **Trenchcoat 2** a few weeks ago and overall I was quite impressed. All the stories were well crafted and the characterizations were excellent.
 Chris Kocher
 Dallas, PA, U.S.A.

8.20pm Looney Toons

A cutting edge BBC documentary sneaks a peak inside the BBC itself. Here, we follow Michael Grade and Jonathan Powell between 1985 and 1989 as they both look at **Doctor Who** and try to say "th-th-that's all folks!"

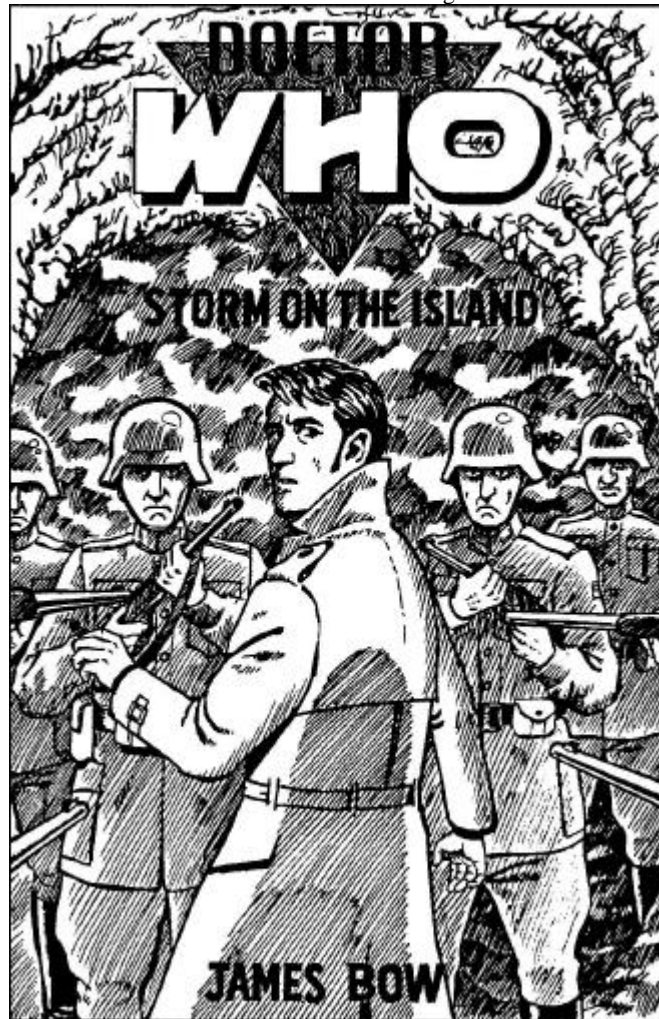
Serial 8L

Storm on the Island was the second story filmed by the co-producers, though it was shown last in the season. It was an expensive showpiece like **The Locust Method**, with a cast of more than fifty actors and a high special effects budget. Location filming was arranged on Baffin Island, the setting of the story. Although the filming site looked isolated on camera, it was only a ten minute drive by snowmobile from Iqaluit. Filming took place in July when the weather was relatively mild.

Little was revealed about the storyline, and rumours abounded that an old enemy was returning. The production team agreed it carried on a plotline started in the previous season and it would build up to a climax that wouldn't be seen until a year or two later.

Enya provided the incidental music for this story, having previously handled the season premiere, **The Howling of the Wolves**. In the earlier story, her music helped to give the production a mystic atmosphere; for **Storm on the Island**, her music helped convey power and a sense of impending doom. Her work was nominated for a British Television award. At the time of this printing, the award winner had not been announced.

Filming was completed in a month with few problems, although actors complained of the cold. The first episode was broadcast as scheduled, on Sunday, January 15, 1995, 7:30 p.m. on BBC-1. For the three previous weeks, the BBC showed a repeat of Season 29's **The Abbey by the Sea**. The second and final episode of **Storm on the Island** broke the season record with ratings of 9.7 million.



STORM ON THE ISLAND

By James Bow

The pack ice formed a shell over the murky waters of this cold sea. It was the dead season, when the whales and the fish chose not to inhabit the place. No living eyes saw the great beast hurtle through.

It was built for combat. Two rotating propellers pushed the immense mass along at great speed. Two torpedo bays were prominent on either side of the war machine. There was no surveillance sonar in these waters, so the intruder could pursue its purpose with impunity.

Its course held straight and true as it passed beneath the pack ice. Within seconds the great steel beast was gone.

???

At the edge of an escarpment, a lone soldier peered through a pair of binoculars at the coastal plain below. He had been lying on watch for some time now, and the snow under his body was beginning to radiate cold through his thick clothes and nibble away at his sense of well-being. The young man ignored the feeling as best he could. It wasn't easy. What was he doing on this windswept, Godforsaken coast? When he'd joined the army, he thought they'd send him to Korea, where there was a real war on. Here on Baffin Island, where was the enemy?

Two shadows in the twilight loomed over him. Looking up and recognizing his superior officer and the guest, he scrambled to his feet and saluted.

"Don't stand on formality here, Corporal." The tall, burly captain looked out across the plain. "If what the professor says is true, we may not have time for any of that. Seen anything yet?"

Corporal Marcel Levesque shook his head. "Nothing yet, sir. It has been very quiet." His accent betrayed a Quebec origin.

Captain Shawn turned to Professor Amanda Watkins. The attractive middle-aged woman seemed out of place here, dwarfed by the many tall soldiers in the troop, but she had handled herself with admirable strength. Her Spartan cold-weather clothing and her harsh but handsome features matched her steely personality. Only a woman like this, the Captain reflected, could have survived the experience she had faced.

"Is this the place where you lost your group?" he asked her.

She shook her head. "I remember this piece of coastline, but we were sheltering in the escarpment over there." She pointed to a steep ridge, jutting out toward the ice-covered sea, dotted with caves. "I ran from there and across this plain in my escape."

The Captain stared sceptically across the tundra. "How can you be so certain after six months?"

Amanda grit her teeth. She hated dealing with soldiers: they were

armed bureaucrats who would believe nothing without a barrage of facts. "I don't forget when my archaeological party is shot at by machine guns. I don't forget the sight of my partners dying all around me although God knows I try! I don't forget it when I abandon my friends! It's hard to forget things you constantly see in your nightmares!"

Realizing she was shouting, she took a few deep breaths and bit back the tears. "Anyway, I do remember."

The Captain touched her arm. "Sorry. Go back into camp and get some rest. We'll move out tomorrow."

Amanda sighed and nodded. She trudged back to the circle of tents. Marcel looked at Captain Shawn inquisitively.

"Don't you believe her, sir?"

"I'm inclined to." The Captain was grim. "That's what worries me."

"Sir?"

"I don't like what we're being ordered to do: checking out this story. If she's lying, she'll have hell to pay for leading us out here; she'll probably even face charges of murdering her co-workers. If she's telling the truth, and I think she is... We're ill equipped to go turning over hornets' nests out here."

"We've come very far to think of turning back," Marcel observed.

"I know, lad. Keep watching." With a nod, the Captain trudged back to the circle of tents.

Shivering as the wind picked up, Marcel sighed. His breath hung in the air as frozen fog. He lay down and raised his binoculars.

He started. Had the cold eaten away at his sanity? He peered through his binoculars again. It wasn't a hallucination. A strange blue hut was standing in the middle of the coastal plain. It hadn't been there last time he'd looked. Marcel held his breath as he stared.

???

The London Police Box stood incongruously on the windswept tundra. After a few minutes the door opened and an attractive young woman stepped out, bundled up in a parka, thick snow pants and winter gloves. Fayette had resisted the Doctor's order to change out of her usual white dress into these bulky things, but now was thankful she'd given in. She felt attacked by the cold, even with these many layers on, and her muslin dress simply would not have sufficed. Pulling the fur-lined hood closer around her cheeks, she tried to ignore the chill. The air was sharp and fresh, the scenery beautiful.

The northern lights were dancing in the twilight sky. They were faded but still impressive, the shimmering oranges and reds vivid against the deep blue. She frowned, remembering something from one of the books she'd



read. Didn't a red display mean something special to the Inuit?

Frozen snow crunched underfoot as the Doctor stepped from his time machine and locked the door. Fayette tore her gaze from the aurora to give her adopted father an affectionate smile.

His grim expression told her something was wrong. He was holding a small device that beeped as he pointed it at a distant escarpment. She had seen the device before, and it filled her with dread.

Hearing Fayette's groan, the Doctor looked at her in concern. "What's the matter?"

"It is that thing! I am certain it is cursed!"

He raised a puzzled eyebrow. "Why do you think so?"

"Each time you use it, something terrible happens." Fayette shivered. "First it was crazed aliens, the second time a group of Daleks. Sometimes I think you court disaster!"

The Doctor pocketed his device and hugged her. "Perhaps I do, but that's my job. I'm sorry to get you involved in these things. Despite the fact you take remarkably good care of yourself, I still worry about you. You'd make it easier for me if you'd stay in the TARDIS sometimes."

She looked at him sharply. "Non. You are obliged to help others, I am obliged to keep an eye on you, even though it does little to reassure me."

He squeezed her and planted a kiss on her forehead. Then he took the device from his pocket and resumed his work.

She eyed him curiously. "What do you look for, Papa?"

"I don't know. It doesn't seem dangerous, just odd. Very odd indeed." His voice faded off. Fayette knew from experience that this was all she would get out of him for the time being.

With a sigh that left fog in the air, Fayette turned away and watched the shimmering red display. She marvelled over the bleak isolation of this place, feeling herself to be almost alone.

???

Marcel had seen enough. Looking back at the circle of tents, he saw the Captain striding towards him.

"Your relief's arrived, Corporal."

"Sir," said Marcel urgently. "Look at this."

The Captain snatched the binoculars and scanned the coast below. He started and grew still. Lowering the lenses, he stared at his junior in disbelief. "A girl, a man and a blue box?"

Marcel nodded.

Captain Shawn called for the professor. She stepped out of a tent and strode up inquisitively. Most of the group followed, wondering what the fuss was about.

The Captain handed the binoculars to Amanda, telling her to look at the coastline below. The others stared down at the scene and exclamations of disbelief shivered through the crowd.

"Do you recognize those two, or that thing, professor?"

Amanda shook her head. "I'm sorry. I didn't see any of my attackers during my escape. But the presence of these two in this area is too much of a—"

"I'm way ahead of you, professor. Those two have some explaining to do." The Captain rounded on his men. "Get ready, everyone, we're moving out!"

The soldiers scrambled into action.

???

Another figure watched the barren vista below. His vantage point overlooked both the campsite and the coastal plain. Hidden from view by an outcrop of rock, he was protected from the cold by a black leather overcoat that was closely buttoned at the front. A broad brimmed black hat shadowed most of his face.

His spectacled eyes peered through a pair of binoculars. The activity in the camp made him frown. Why the commotion?

Then the blue shape on the tundra caught his attention.

Instinctively, he put the binoculars aside. He had to see this with his own eyes. His heavyside features furrowed in astonishment. Another look through the field glasses proved this was no illusion. Two strangers, and one of them pointing some small machine at this spot on the escarpment—at him!

He eyed the couple incredulously. After a minute, he shook his head. He had seen what he had seen. Now it was his duty to report it to his superiors, despite risking ridicule. He stepped back into the shadows.

???

Fayette tired after watching the northern lights for a while. She looked behind her to see how Papa was doing. He continued to scan a particular escarpment, trying to pinpoint something.

She sighed and shivered. Soothing at first, the silence was now making her nervous. She looked down at the crusty snow under her boots and smiled mischievously. She knelt, scooped up a handful and shaped it into a fluffy sphere. As a child growing up in Paris, she'd been the terror of all her friends' snowball fights. Nobody challenged her without regretting it.

Missile in hand, she glanced devilishly at the Doctor's back. A perfect target. She lobbed the snowball and watched as it arced through the air and exploded on the back of his neck.

The Doctor stood still a moment, surrounded by a snowy cloud. Then he pocketed the device and turned to face the chuckling Fayette. "I wouldn't have done that if I were you."

Fayette laughed cockily. "Pourquoi pas?"

Before she could move, two light, fluffy snowballs hurtled at her and burst in her face. Spluttering, she wiped her eyes. The Doctor was laughing. "Because," he replied, "I'm very good."

She rose to the challenge. "Why, you!" She grabbed a handful of snow, charging at him. They began pelting each other.

Lunging away from a shot, Fayette dove forward and sank into a snowdrift. Her outstretched hand struck something that was neither stone nor snow. It felt slick and cold, like nylon. What had she found? She got a good grip on it and pulled.

An arm jerked up at her. The hand poking from the sleeve was little more than bone. A dead man rolled free and into full view.

Fayette's stomach churned and she covered her mouth in revulsion. She didn't hear herself scream but she must have since the Doctor was at her side instantly. He held and hushed her. When she had calmed he examined the body.

The remains wore a parka, nylon snow-pants and a backpack, all of which had scarcely weathered. The Doctor studied two small holes in the back of the parka. "He was shot. He's been dead for at least six months."

"Who was he?" Fayette couldn't bear to look.

"We'll see." The Doctor

rummaged inside the backpack. He found several rusted tools, including a pickaxe and chisels. "A prospector? Perhaps an archaeologist." Then he pulled out a piece of metal that had scarcely tarnished. He stared at it incredulously. "What is this?"

"Papa." Fayette tugged at his sleeve. The Doctor turned to see several grim-faced soldiers surrounding them, armed with rifles. He immediately raised his hands in surrender. Fayette quickly followed his lead.

Marcel lowered his weapon. He felt foolish pointing a gun at these two. Neither looked threatening, especially the girl. The other soldiers began to squirm uncomfortably.

The Captain didn't seem to care. "That's good." Grimly, he motioned them to one side with his revolver.



Amanda scurried from behind the soldiers and rushed to the body. She sorted through the backpack. "Captain," she croaked. "This was Jim. He managed to escape with me before they sho-" Her voice cracked and she buried her face in her hands.

The Doctor coughed gently. "Perhaps I can help?"

The Captain had been moved by the professor's distress, though he didn't know how to reach out to the tormented woman. At the sound of the Doctor's voice, he whirled around in fury and shoved him against the blue hut's exterior. Fayette stepped forward to intervene but was held back by two soldiers.

The Doctor faced the Captain calmly. There was compassion in his eyes. Showing no resentment at this rough treatment, he waited till the Captain had let go of him and then shrugged his coat back into position.

"Tell me about it," he said.

???

The overlooking escarpment was a flurry of activity. Led by the man in the overcoat, another group of soldiers knelt behind outcrops of rock and readied their guns. Their uniforms showed signs of years of wear.

Their superior barked, "Beeilen sie sich! Schnell!"

Kneeling behind a large rock, he levelled his own rifle and peered through an attached magnifying sight. The cross hairs centred on the Doctor. The group tensed, waiting for the signal.

???

"What are you and the girl doing here?" the Captain growled.

"I'm Doctor Calonne." The Doctor's calm tone infuriated the old soldier. "The girl is my daughter Fayette. As to what I'm doing here, I could ask you the same question, Captain!"

The authority radiating from the man awed Marcel. Amanda marvelled at it too and the rest of the soldiers lowered their weapons as they watched the struggle of personalities.

"We're supposed to be here," the Captain snapped. "You're not."

The Doctor grinned. "Really? I wasn't aware this territory was off limits, except when secret operations were in progress. Why are you here?"

Marcel and the others started, some levelled their weapons. How did he guess? Was he a spy? The Colonel glanced at Fayette, who was wringing her hands. Why was she so nervous?

Amanda blinked. "Wait a minute, what secret operation? These men are a search party from the NATO base in Goose Bay. There's nothing secret about this."

The Doctor's hypnotic blue stare focused on her and the professor felt a little faint. She could almost imagine he was reading her mind, sifting her memories.

"You were here with an archaeological group," he said rather than asked. "How long ago was it?"

"Six months. It was that long before I had recovered enough to travel and the weather allowed us to return." She tore free of his gaze and cried

out accusingly, "Did you kill my friends?"

"No!" The Doctor's expression was urgent. "What were you--"

The Captain thrust the Doctor against the TARDIS again. "I ask the questions, not you! Now, what are you two doing here?"

"The same as you: looking for something. Whatever it is, you know considerably more about it than this professor does."

"Be quiet!" the Captain fumed.

The Doctor's words got Amanda's attention. "What do you mean?"

"Come now, haven't you thought about it? To have almost an entire archaeological expedition gunned down is a terrible event, but why send a military party way out here to investigate? Why not the police? You were given strict instructions by the army not to talk to anyone about your experiences, isn't that true?"

Amanda frowned. He was right. The day after the rescue plane brought her to Goose Bay, she had been put into isolation and interrogated by NATO personnel. "But what does this--"

The Doctor cut her off, staring hard at the Captain as he spoke. "My guess is your story tied in with some odd things NATO had been monitoring lately. They picked up power emissions and coded radio signals coming from near here; I monitored them too. They probably figured your archaeological party had stumbled upon an illegal Soviet base. That's why I'm here, so is this any way to treat an ally?"

Fayette felt the tension tightening like a violin string. "Please believe us!" she cried. "It is the truth!"

Everyone glanced at Fayette. The Doctor felt the atmosphere lighten a little. His adopted daughter's innocence and attractiveness always seemed to help when dealing with angry but well-meaning humans. The Captain glanced back at the Doctor with grudging respect. "How do you know all this?"

The Doctor smiled. "If you're willing to discuss things rationally, I'll tell you everything I know so far."

The Captain nodded, and holstered his revolver.

???

The man in the overcoat smiled fiercely. His target had stepped into the clear. This execution would be easy. Peering through the sight, his finger tightened around the trigger.

The hidden soldiers tensed, ready to attack.

???

The Doctor was trying to explain things to the Captain without mentioning he was an alien who travelled through time in a Police Box. This was proving hard to do.

"But you still haven't told me what this blue box is!" Captain Shawn was beginning to get angry once again. He knew when somebody wasn't telling him the whole truth.

"It's a little hard to explain-" The Doctor broke off, then whirled around to stare at the escarpment. Next moment he lunged forward and shoved the Captain to the ground. A shot rang out and a bullet ricocheted off the wall of the TARDIS.

The soldiers dove for whatever cover they could find. The air was



filled with the rattle of gunfire as the attackers opened up. The soldiers retaliated, aiming for the pinpricks of light sparkling on the escarpment.

Fayette scrambled along the ground, keeping as low as possible. She reached the Doctor who was sitting with his back against the TARDIS, next to the Captain. A few seconds later, Amanda stumbled over.

"Who are they, Papa?" Fayette shouted over the din.

"They must be the ones who ambushed my group," the professor cut in. "They attacked us just this way."

"Do you know why?" the Doctor asked.

"No," said Amanda with a frown. "There wasn't a reason."

She flinched as a bullet ricocheted off the TARDIS. Fayette grimaced as a nearby soldier screamed. The Doctor peered at the escarpment. "They - whoever they are - seem to think there's a reason."

???

The long, sleek, steel machine neared the end of its journey. It pointed its nose at the surface, drifting forward and upward until it met the brittle crust. The pack ice gave way with a roar, and the steel beast rose to the surface.

???

The rumbling from the pack ice was heard above the din of battle. Some of the Canadians stopped firing to look. Fayette and Amanda watched in awe as a giant grey submarine rose from under the churning ice-strewn waters, a hundred metres offshore. The Captain recognized the sub immediately.

"I-I don't believe it," he stammered.

"Believe it," muttered the Doctor in quiet amazement.

"B-but that's a U-boat!"

"Then those are Nazis you're fighting." The Doctor watched grimly as the submarine glided forward on the surface of the sea. Above the water line, faded but still clear, was a swastika.

A renewed flurry of gunfire brought everyone's attention back to the battle. Another soldier fell. "We're making no progress," said Amanda. "We're sure to run out of ammunition soon!"

"I know," muttered the Captain, "but what can we do?"

"I know someplace where your men will be safe," said the Doctor. "Tell them to come over here."

Fayette stared at the Doctor in shock. He acknowledged her look with a nod, but reached into his pocket and took out his TARDIS key. He unlocked the door while the Captain shouted orders to his men.

One by one, each of the soldiers scrambled along the ground, leaving his friends to provide covering fire. Each man jumped behind the cover of the TARDIS. Finally, only Marcel was left. He stopped firing and lunged for safety.

He hit the ground behind the police box but slipped on the snow. Enemy fire continued around them. Fayette and Amanda reached out and stopped the young man's skid.

"Okay," said Captain Shawn. "We're all here. Now what?"

The Doctor pushed open the door, "In you go!"

The Captain's jaw dropped. "All of us? In there?"

"Yes."

"You're serious?"

"Yes!"

Though this was obviously crazy, the Captain felt compelled to do as directed. There would at least be cover for one or two in the hut. He stood up and stepped in, motioning for the nearest man to follow.

Amanda's eyes widened as she watched the men step inside, one after another. This was impossible! Impatient, the Doctor nudged her in. He was about to follow when Fayette stopped him.

"May I say something, Papa?" Her eyes narrowed.

"Not now, Fayette."

"Yes, now! What did you used to tell me? 'Never tell anyone your adopted father travels in a time machine bigger inside than out. Never let anyone see you enter the TARDIS, if you can help it.' Why are you breaking your own rules?"

"I'm offering them sanctuary." He tugged Fayette towards the door, but she resisted.

"You are threatening the course of time for what you would call an historical matter," said Fayette. "I know these Nazis were a brutal people that had to be stamped out, but their presence here does not warrant our inter-" She stopped, realizing what the Doctor was getting at. "They are not supposed to be here, are they, Papa?"

The Doctor nodded. "Definitely not. There are no records of a German base holding out this long. World War Two has been over for six years.

The Canadians might know little of what goes on in their Arctic regions, but they couldn't have missed this!"

They flinched as bullets ricocheted off the TARDIS. Grabbing Fayette by the arm, the Doctor lunged inside. The door slammed shut after them.

???

The Gestapo officer lowered his rifle. His quarry had gone inside the box. "Verdammen!"

The captain approached his superior cautiously. "Mein Herr," he said in German. "The enemy is grouped together in that blue hut. If we concentrate our fire-"

"You would accomplish nothing. In that box, they might as well not be there at all."

"But mein Herr-"

The Gestapo officer silenced him with a glare. "There is nothing more we can do here. Except wait and watch."

???

The submarine skirted the coast for half a mile, unaware of the battle it passed. Then it turned and glided into a large inlet, dwarfed by towering cliffs on either side. Five hundred meters from the sea, a complex of piers and girders choked the end of the fjord. The base burrowed into the cliff.

The submarine slowed to a snail's pace and drifted alongside a metal pier, beside two other U-Boats. A hatchway opened and several Nazi soldiers clambered out to stand on the outer deck. Another group of soldiers marched onto the pier and stood to attention, weapons displayed proudly.

The great vessel finally stopped, and the rumbling of the engine ceased. A moment later an ageing man, his uniform well kept, climbed from the hatchway and crossed onto the pier. The General acknowledged the salutes with a nod of his head.

A colonel clicked to attention before him. The younger man's palm-up salute was returned; then the General removed his hat and eyed his junior seriously. "At ease, Bacher," he said in German.

Colonel Bacher relaxed. They walked along the pier toward the base. "How was your expedition, mein Herr?"

"Uneventful. The Northwest Passage is clear with no submarine activity north of Iceland. The Russians and Americans continue to bicker. It is as though we never existed. Tensions are high enough to give the operation a good chance of success."

"The men are ready and most projects are complete," the Colonel replied. "The operation can begin in a day, if required."

The General glanced at his junior with interest. "How were our house guests?"

Bacher smiled sardonically. "They can be demanding."

"They always are, but we need them. We would not have come this far without their assistance. For that we must put up with some inconvenience."

"Even when they countermand security procedures?"

The General rounded on him. "What do you mean?"

"A group of Canadian soldiers were patrolling the area. They were well away from our base. Established security procedures required that we leave them alone and not give away our position. Our allies demanded we destroy them, however. There was something about the group they didn't like. A force was sent to remove the enemy soldiers."

The General scowled. "Why didn't you countermand it?"

"Because Gestapo officer Merbler agreed to their demands and overruled me. He led the squad himself."

The General's anger intensified. "Merbler. He's always been troublesome. He's got to learn who runs this base!"

"He's Gestapo," the Colonel cautioned. "I think he knows who is in charge."

The General glanced at the Colonel in disgust. "You have a lot to learn. Merbler must never know you're feeling weak or he'll think I'm weak too!" With renewed vigour, he strode into the base. His junior followed close behind.

???

When Fayette stepped into the TARDIS console room, she couldn't help giggling at everyone's expression. The soldiers stared around at the room in amazement. Their weapons, drawn when they'd entered, now dangled limply at their sides.

The Doctor chuckled. "It is a little startling the first time, isn't it?"

"A little," gasped the stunned Captain.

"It's impossible," said Amanda firmly. She closed her eyes, willing the illusion away. She opened them again but the sight was still there. "It defies all laws of physics!"

"It only defies the laws of physics you happen to know, professor," the Doctor replied. He turned to Fayette. "Why don't you take the soldiers to the kitchen?" I think they'll appreciate a hot meal after being out in the cold so long."

She looked at him sourly. "You'll be having me answer all their questions about the TARDIS that way. Why not just ask me to count all the flagstones in Paris?"

He smiled. "You'll manage." He gave her a gentle push.

Soon the console room was much less crowded, showing Amanda and the Captain more plainly just how large it was. The Doctor manipulated some controls and a panel high up in one wall slid away revealing a large scanner screen. A moment later the screen showed an aerial view of the area. Geometric shapes were highlighted in yellow and grafted onto the terrain.

"Is that what you were looking for?" he asked.

The Captain stared at the yellow shapes. "Yes, that was what we were expecting to find when NATO picked up radio signals."

"Is that the German base?" asked Amanda.

"It's a military base," Captain Shawn replied. "I find it incredible that it's run by Nazis, but it's not one of ours."

The Doctor glanced at a computer readout. "Sensors show three large vessels docked. They're probably all U-Boats."

"And my party came upon that just by chance." Amanda shuddered. "What rotten luck." She recalled the race across the snow, screaming as bullets flew past her, co-workers dying around her. Curbing these thoughts with an effort, she saw the Doctor gazing at her in concern.

"I think both of you should join the men in the kitchen and get yourselves a warm meal. We'll consider our next moves later." The Doctor pointed them out of the console room.

The Captain nodded and strode through the doorway to the interior. As he entered the long corridor, he muttered, "How big is this thing, anyway?" Hearing this, the Doctor smiled.

Amanda stopped at the door. She gazed around the impossible room once more, then stared at the Doctor. "Dr. Calonne, forgive me for asking, but- you're not from Earth, are you?"

The Doctor looked up in surprise. The professor did not seem at all frightened by the idea. "No, I'm not."

Amanda blinked, but seemed to accept this. "And your daughter-"

"She's from France. I adopted her."

"Ah." The professor seemed to marvel. "But if you're not from Earth, where are you from?"

He sighed. These questions could go on indefinitely if he didn't put a stop to them. "None of your business, I'm afraid," he replied semi-seriously.

Amanda smiled. "I understand; I'll get out of your hair."

???

The Nazi General strode grim-faced through the dim, humming corridors of the base, for the most part ignoring the salutes of the men he passed. Arriving at a metal door, he knocked briskly and stepped in. Gestapo officer Merbler was sitting behind his Spartan metal desk, writing a report. He looked up irritably.

"What do you want, Veiber?" he growled. "I'm busy!"

The General winced as though slapped in the face. He didn't like people using his name without putting the word General before it. It was a mistake to make these secret policemen so powerful, he thought. He wasn't sure how many men Merbler controlled but the number was considerable.

Show strength, he reminded himself. Act as though you're in control at all times. He leaned forward on Merbler's desk and stared hard at the Gestapo officer. "Colonel Bacher informs me you ordered an attack on a group of Canadian soldiers."

Merbler stopped in his writing and looked at the General patiently. "Ja, that is true."

"You directly disobeyed established security procedure!"

"Ja, and so?"

"Why?" barked the General.

"Because our guests ordered it, Feldherr Veiber."

"And you jump at their every whim?"

"They had an important reason."

"And what may that be?"

From under a neat stack of papers, Merbler pulled out a photograph. He handed it to the General who peered at it. The picture centred on a man dressed in a beige trenchcoat. A girl was standing next to him. They were standing beside what appeared to be a blue hut. He shrugged and flipped the picture back onto Merbler's desk. "So?"

"Our allies recognized the man I photographed," Merbler replied. "They became quite agitated when I showed this to them. That means he is a potential threat to their plan and, by extension, our plan as well. They ordered me to send a few men to finish him and the snooping Canadians off."

"Stupid beasts," the General spat. "Because of that, you've alerted the Canadians to our presence."

Merbler shook his head. "Our allies informed me this man probably already knew we were here. He and the soldiers are now under cover, out of range. Although they do not explain how, our guests are certain he and the soldiers will try to infiltrate our base." He straightened his already neat desktop. "That is

why I have put the base on alert."

The General's head snapped up. "Without asking my authority?"

"I didn't need your authority," Merbler hissed, losing his patience. "I have my own. Remember that, Veiber! Guten tag!" He took a report from a stack of papers and flipped through it, ignoring the General ostentatiously. The General turned on his heel and left the office, slamming the door behind him.

Merbler eyed the door with grim satisfaction. Then he peered at the picture of the Doctor standing beside the TARDIS. The blue box puzzled him greatly.

???

The Doctor stood at the TARDIS controls, deep in thought. He looked up as the Captain walked in.

"I've talked the situation over with my men," said the old soldier, "and if you know a way into the Nazi base, take us there. We want more information. The Germans will have hidden themselves within two months if we were to go for reinforcements."

The Doctor nodded. "As you wish."

"Now, how do we get into the base?" The Captain glanced around uneasily at the unfamiliar controls.

"Trust me." The Doctor smiled. His hands went to the console.



???

High up on the southern escarpment, two Nazi soldiers stared down at the TARDIS below. The private shivered and blew into his gloved hands. He shook his head in disgust. "He's crazy."

The corporal shot him a glance. "Vorsicht! He's Gestapo. One wrong word and you're worse than dishonourably discharged."

"We're alone here."

"There might be listening devices. Remember the security cameras in the caves? Be careful!"

The private shook his head. "But I just don't get it. Watch that blue box but don't shoot at it. You heard his answer when I asked him for how long: 'Until it disappears!'"

The corporal shrugged. "Perhaps he was being sarcastic?"

"I suppose." The two peered at the box through binoculars. When the beacon began flashing and the object disappeared before their eyes, it took a little while for the soldiers to react.

"Will I tell him or will you?" the private asked.

???

With its cacophony amplified by the stone walls, the TARDIS rematerialized in a shadowy cave. The noise stopped and the battered device seemed to recede into the darkness.

Deep inside the Nazi base, a lone figure watched many camera screens at once. The screens lined one wall and provided the room's blue-grey light. The information flicked by faster than human eyes could follow.

The eyestalk grew very still as it focused on the blue shape of the TARDIS, hidden in the shadows of a cave.

???

The TARDIS console room was crowded again. Amanda noticed that Fayette had changed out of her Arctic clothing into what was probably her everyday wear. The professor stared at the low cut, ankle length dress, her eyebrows raised. The fashion looked strangely out of date. She began to wonder where this girl had come from, and just what the Doctor's ship could do.

The Doctor manipulated a few controls. Suddenly a part of the console whirled and extruded a sheet of paper. The Time Lord tore it free and examined it, then handed it to the Captain.

"This is a map of the tunnel system. The escarpment is honeycombed with them between the coastal plain and the base. If you want, I'll accompany you on a quick recon with a few of your men, then lead you back here and transport you to your camp where you can depart for home. But you'll tell your superiors nothing about me, agreed?"

The Captain nodded. "We have to be discreet, so only a few men will do. My superiors are going to have a hard time believing our story, much less you and your ship; I'm with you."

The Doctor smiled. "Good. Pick your men and let's go."

"Right." The Captain turned. "Stan, O'Reilly, Cameron, Llewellyn, come with me. Levesque, you're in charge of the rest of the group. Stay here as back up."

Professor Watkins stepped forward indignantly. "Why can't I come? I've got a right-"

"You're under my orders!" said Captain Shawn fiercely. "The group has to be small or we'll attract attention. Whether or not you can go with the second group is up to Corporal Levesque."

"That reminds me." The Doctor rounded the console. "Fayette?"

She stepped forward eagerly. "Oui, Papa?" Her heart sank as the Doctor pulled her to one side.

"Fayette, I want you to stay here in the TARDIS."

"Sapristi!" she hissed. "How often have I heard that before? It is becoming cliché!"

"Don't worry." He reached into his trenchcoat pocket and pulled out two identical pieces of equipment, handing one to Fayette. "With these

we'll always be in contact with each other. Only, don't use it too often and risk detection. You're with the second group. You'll be their guide back to the TARDIS if they go out. So if we don't come back in half an hour..."

"Oui?"

"I want you and the rest of the group to stay in the TARDIS."

"Mais, Papa!"

"Pas de mais!" said the Doctor, so fiercely that Fayette jumped. "This is only going to be a quick recon. If we're lucky and discreet nothing will go wrong, but the more people tramping around out there, the worse our chances are."

Fayette sighed. "I always lose these arguments."

The Doctor grinned. "You should always listen to your father, even if he's only adopted."

She stared at him defiantly. "I'll stay with the second group, Papa, but if you're not back soon, I will not promise that we will stay here much long after."

"I suppose that's the best I can hope for." They kissed and Fayette gave him a hug.

He handed his radio to the Captain as he walked to the console. Then he operated the door mechanism and motioned

the Captain and four of the soldiers to follow him out. The doors closed.

"So, what do we do?" Amanda leaned glumly against a wall.

"We wait." Fayette gazed up with worry at the figures on the scanner as they faded into the darkness. "Wait and pray."

???

The Doctor led the way with a small but powerful flashlight. Dripping water echoed loudly in the silence. The Captain was nervous. He stopped and motioned for private O'Reilly to hang back and guard the rear. This, and the fact that no-one had confronted them yet, gave the Captain some solace.

The Doctor walked forward confidently. The Captain picked up his pace and strode beside him, hoping to share some of that confidence. "Where are we in relation to the base?"

"This passage carries on for about two hundred metres before opening out onto a ledge wall above the inlet. You can see the base plainly from there. Other tunnels lead directly to the base, but I doubt you want to take them."

In the grottoes and shadowed crevices, Nazi soldiers pressed themselves against the rocky walls. Merbler, camouflaged in the shadows by his dark overcoat, listened tensely for the intruders.

The hairs on the back of the Captain's neck rose. He felt something he hadn't felt in seven years. Last time was in the forests of Luxembourg, just before a Nazi ambush. During the attack only he and a sergeant, plus a handful of other Canadian soldiers, had managed to fight their way back to safety.

The feeling was unmistakable and the Captain grabbed the Doctor's shoulder. The Time Lord looked past him, at the cave wall.

"We've got to go back," he said urgently. "There's a security camera! We're walking into an ambush!"

They didn't have time. The Nazis stepped from the shadows and blocked both ways, aiming their rifles. The Captain and his men were outnumbered, and they knew it. Reluctantly they dropped their guns.

An officer shouldered his way through the group. "Time Lord Doctor?" His English was overlaid with a thick German accent.

The Doctor tried to remember where he had met this man before. He was sure he hadn't. "How do you know me?"





Merbler smiled faintly. "Our house guests know who you are." He gestured for the Doctor to watch as the line of soldiers parted. An alien shape pushed through. The Doctor recognized it immediately.

The Dalek trundled forward, backing the stunned Time Lord against the cave wall.

???

Colonel Bacher was startled to find General Veiber slumped in his chair, staring at a framed photograph on his desk. He seemed not to have noticed his junior's arrival. Bacher glanced at the picture.

It showed Veiber as a young officer fresh out of the academy, resplendent in dress uniform, polished sword in hand and an eager expression on his face.

"Mein Herr?" The Colonel stared down at him with concern.

The General sighed. "How long have we been fighting?"

"What do you mean?"

"How long have we been out in this waste, away from the fatherland?"

It has been eight years since I last saw my home in Munich, thought Bacher. He tried to strike away the memory of his fiancée kissing him goodbye. "Mein Herr, what is wrong?"

General Veiber snapped out of his reverie and glared at Bacher. "What do you want, Colonel?"

The Colonel gulped and snapped to attention. "I've been sent to inform you that Gestapo officer Merbler has taken a small troop with him to capture a squad of Canadians and that stranger. One of the house guests went with them."

The General exhaled through his teeth. "Again he didn't ask for my authority. I'm beginning to think I'm useless here. Why were you sent, Bacher?"

The Colonel shrugged. "He wanted you to oversee the capture of the rest of the infiltrators; they are still at large."

"Why should I waste my time? You go and see if you can keep him in line. I'll attend to things later. Dismissed."

The Colonel clicked his heels and marched out of the office. As he left, he noticed the General again pick up the photograph of that hopeful young officer. Bacher's mind filled with other pictures as he strode through the grey corridors. Images of the green Bavarian countryside, of faces lost long ago: of home.

???

Private O'Reilly watched the scene before him from the darkest shadow he could find. He readied his rifle. The men were outnumbered and that strange creature lessened their chances even more but perhaps a surprise attack might get results.

The Dalek had pushed the Doctor to one side while the Nazis covered the Canadian soldiers. Then the creature's eyestalk focused on the prisoners, assessing them. A nasty feeling grew in the pit of the Doctor's stomach.

The Dalek decided and focused on Merbler. "Verlichten sie!"

The Doctor's eyes widened in horror. "No!"

O'Reilly lunged from his hiding place and began firing. The attack caught the Nazis unprepared, forcing them to turn and retaliate, allowing the Canadians to lunge for their weapons. Bullets ricocheted off the cave walls.

The Doctor winced as a wave of bullets sent a young German flying.

A Canadian, fighting beside the Captain, fell next.

Shouting orders that could barely be heard over the din, the Captain motioned for his three remaining men to run for escape. Keeping low and moving quickly, they made for O'Reilly's position. Hoping the Dalek was distracted, the Doctor lunged for freedom, but a low grade bolt of radiation sent him to the floor. His cry of pain went unheard through the battle.

The Captain saw the Doctor fall and two Nazis rush to cover him. He swore. Outnumbered and outgunned, he had to retreat.

???

The Doctor was lying semi-conscious under the guns of two soldiers and the Dalek. A little bit of overkill, wasn't it? Merbler strode over and gazed down at the pathetic looking man.

"What do we do with this?"

The Dalek eyestalk remained focused on the Time Lord. "Kaiser Davros standing order 002 states that, whenever possible, Time Lord Doctor will be brought back to the seat of the Empire and executed for his crimes! He must be held under guard!" The metallic voice echoed through the tunnel for a few seconds after it stopped speaking.

"Shall I send my men to deal with the escaped soldiers?"

The Dalek focused on Merbler. Despite himself, the Gestapo officer felt disquieted, confronted with a face he couldn't read. "Nein!" the creature grated. "Your soldiers are inefficient! Daleks are resistant to projectile weapons and can see the radiation spectrum from infrared to ultra violet. Twelve units are available. Nothing must threaten the current operation!"

"As you wish," Merbler nodded respectfully. "May some of my men supervise the operation?"

The Dalek considered for a second. "Acceptable, but only one soldier per group of three Daleks. Your soldiers must keep out of our way!"

"I will make sure some of the highest officers supervise you." Superior officers would be more able to restrain these difficult creatures. Besides, if any senior officers were killed during this operation, it would mean fewer annoyances for him in his running of the base. "When does the search begin?"

"Immediately!" The Dalek turned and trundled away. "Bring the Doctor and have him secured!"

???

Fayette had carried a collapsible table from the interior of the TARDIS and Marcel helped her set it up. The four other soldiers had brought in chairs and they gathered around. One was shuffling a deck of cards.

Fayette watched this activity with a smile, then glanced at Amanda with concern. She had been pacing up and down the console room for more than twenty minutes. As the woman passed, Fayette touched her arm.

"Please do not do that. You are making me nervous as well."

Amanda sighed, then threw up her hands in frustration. "Oh! I wish we didn't have to wait!"

Fayette gripped the professor's shoulder soothingly. "We must not go out yet. We would only be a distraction."

"They could be in danger for all we know!"

Fayette glanced at the scanner. No activity could be seen outside. "We could walk blindly into a trap by following them. Try not to worry so. Papa usually knows what he is doing. Every time I followed him, he ended up having to save me."

Amanda gazed at Fayette with admiration. "You look so calm. Aren't you the least bit worried?"

"Oui, I am. But it does me no good to show it." The two-way radio on the console beeped and Fayette pounced on it. She took a second to compose herself before turning it on.

"Allo? This is Fayette."

"Captain Shawn, here," came a whispered reply. "There are cameras watching these caves. We walked right into an ambush."

Amanda gasped; Fayette silenced her with a glance. "Are you all right?"

"We fought our way out, but Llewellyn was gunned down. They took the Doctor prisoner. And there was some creature with them."

Amanda saw Fayette's knuckles whiten as she gripped the console. The professor reached out and gently took the radio from her. "Captain, what creature?" she asked.

"It was like a machine. Built like a tank. It had a gun and two sticks poking from its frame. It seemed to be using one of the sticks like an eye. I've never seen anything like it."

Fayette gasped in horror. "A Dalek!"

The soldiers had forgotten about the game. Their grim expressions mirrored Amanda's thoughts. "Where are you?" she asked. "Can we come to bring you back?"

"No!" replied the Captain fiercely. "Don't endanger yourselves. We'll make it back on our own."

"Captain, non!" Fayette grabbed the radio back. "We need to get Papa back!"

"I know, but what can we d-"

"We must try! That creature you saw was a Dalek. Papa and I have

met them before. If they are here helping the Nazis, we must do something about it! But first we must rescue Papa. Can we not come out and meet you? Make a stronger force?"

After a long moment the Captain said, "I think I'm going to regret this, but all right. We're going to head back your way. Over and out."

Fayette calmed herself with an effort. Setting the radio down, she worked some of the controls. With a whirr, a slip of paper spat from the console, printed with a map of the cave system.

Amanda watched with interest. "How does this ship know the layout of these caves?"

Fayette shrugged. "It just does. Papa says the TARDIS has sensors that can see anything."

Amanda thought for a minute. "Anything? Can it see body heat, for example? That would tell us if there's anyone around."

Fayette manipulated the controls again. "Papa did try to teach me how to work some parts of his machine, but I do not think he did very well. This button might be the one."

A map of the layout of the caves replaced the scanner's view. Other functions followed, of which the professor recognized half. This TARDIS could see ultraviolet and infrared, employ sonar and...

"Stop!" Amanda grabbed Fayette's wrist. The view on the scanner stabilized to show the layout of the caves bathed in a hazy blue. Part of the base was solid with the colour. Amanda checked the setting.

"That's radiation," she said grimly.

Fayette shivered. "How intense is it? Is it dangerous?"

"It's dangerous enough. Can you think of why a Nazi base would be exuding so much radiation?"

"Non."

"Then I think we should find out. First decide where we can meet the Captain, then plan a route to that part of the base. We need to see what's going on."

The soldiers exchanged glances. Marcel stepped forward. "Professor..." He braced himself against her withering glare. "You're not thinking of coming out with us!"

"I certainly am, and so is Fayette. Those people have her adopted father and they killed my friends. If you think you're going to leave us here because we're supposed to be weak, defenceless females, then you've got another think coming!"

"Madame, please! You will be two extra targets and neither can join in the fighting!" Marcel relaxed when Amanda hesitated.

Fayette turned on Marcel. "I think I can fix that. Please wait a moment." She strode around the console, then paused in the interior doorway. "Oh, and if any of you leave this ship before I am back, I'll go out on my own and get myself killed. Those of you who do not want my



death on your hands will stay here, merci!" With a bright smile and a swish of her skirt, she was gone.

Marcel looked appealingly to heaven and toyed with the idea of tying both women up for their own safety.

Fayette returned a moment later, lugging a canvas sack. She set it down with a clatter at Marcel's feet. The corporal stared at the bag in amazement. "What is this?"

"My defence." Reaching into the sack, she pulled out a sleek metal canister the length of her forearm. She handed the object to Marcel who examined it carefully.

"I found these during a trip I took to explore the interior of this ship," she explained. "I showed them to Papa and before he told me to put them back, he said these belonged to another jeune fille who traveled with him a little while before me. The mixture inside is called nitro-something."

Marcel recognized the crude detonator at the lid of the can and paled. Everyone backed away from him. He fought down the urge to throw the bomb away. "Nitro-glycerine?" he gasped.

"Something like that." Fayette grinned at the soldier's reaction, then became serious. "Look, you said we are outgunned and outnumbered. With the professor, and me, we add two to your side. With these explosives, we have something else to fight with. It is what you wanted, non?"

She gently took Ace's canister of Nitro-nine from the corporal's hand and chucked it back into the sack with the rest. Marcel tensed, then relaxed. He found this young woman's determination difficult to handle, but likable nonetheless.

"All right," he said. "I may regret this but you and the professor can come with us and bring your bag of tricks along. I'll arrange for a place to meet the Captain."

Fayette smiled, and everyone set to work.

???

General Veiber strode through the steel corridors, feeling useless and tired. Most of his top men, including Colonel Bacher, had been assigned to observe the Dalek patrols. The General guessed that Merbler was hoping to consolidate his power via a few accidents.

He reached the corridors servicing the detention cells. They were not often used but meticulous discipline kept this place as well maintained as the rest of the base. The guards saluted as he passed. He acknowledged them with a curt nod.

He stopped and stared at a minor commotion in the corridor ahead. Supervised by Merbler himself, two guards were dragging the dazed form of the Doctor to an open cell. The General recognized the face from the photo he'd been shown. So this was the enemy of the Daleks! He didn't look as formidable as the General had expected.

The Doctor raised his head and looked around groggily. The General immediately changed his assessment of the man. He sensed him already scheming to find a way out of this situation.

The two guards dragged the Doctor to the cell and pulled him to his feet. They gave him a second to stand on his own before shoving him forward into the bare room. The door was locked and the guards glanced at Merbler for approval.

Merbler nodded curtly and instructed them in a low voice. Then he turned on his heel and strode away. Curious, the General stepped toward the cell door. Ignoring the guards as they saluted, he opened the viewing port and stared through.

The Doctor was on his feet and pacing the room. It was obvious that a busy mind was ticking away.

"Let me in," ordered the General. "I will speak with him."

Both guards raised their eyebrows. One soldier stuttered nervously. "Mein Herr, do you think that is wise?"

The General leaned toward the young soldier. "How much of a difference," he murmured, "is there between me, a General, and you, a private?"

The soldier was about to point out that he was a corporal when he saw the real point of the question. He snatched the keys from his

pocket and hastily unlocked the cell door. The General took the keys and stepped inside.

The Doctor stopped his pacing and looked to see who his visitor was. He blinked in surprise. A General, no less!

The two stared at each other. Finally the officer took the lead. "Who are you?" he asked in heavily accented English.

The Doctor cocked his head, unsure what to make of this man. "Ich heisse der Doktor, ich spreche Deutsch," he said in perfect German. Continuing in that tongue, he asked, "Didn't you know?"

"What are you doing here?" asked the General in German. "Our allies know of you, and actually seem afraid of you. Why?"

The Doctor chuckled. "The Daleks are your allies? I suppose that's in their character. I'm flattered they consider me a threat. I've thwarted many of their plans but they usually downplay that. Are you sure they didn't call me a mere obstacle?"

"How much do you know of them?"

"The Daleks and I go way back. I'm alien, as you've probably guessed, and I know them to be creatures of hate, who reacted to their hideous mutation by taking it out on all other species in the galaxy. They're much like your former leaders, in fact. I've made it my

business to fight them wherever I meet them."

The General frowned. He was starting to admire this character, though he didn't know why. He was the enemy, after all. "Why do you care?"

The Doctor blinked with astonishment. "I just do," he said finally. "All life interests me. I seek to protect all things, because they have as much right as I do to live in peace. 'Why do I care?' Why do you ask? Don't you care?"

The General felt more unsure of himself than ever. He struggled not to show this weakness. "Of course I care! I shall sacrifice my life for the fatherland if--"

"Don't give me that!" the Doctor cut him off. "I've heard it before. Ein Reich, ein Volk, ein Fuehrer! You don't believe that, do you? I can see you don't. You're a soldier, not a Nazi. You fight out of loyalty to your



country but you've started to question orders given by a failed housepainter and his lackeys, especially now they've lost control. They knew how to get in the way, didn't they? During the war, one couldn't move a soldier from a window to the door without the Fuehrer's permission."

The General laughed, for the first time in a while. How true those words were, and how aptly they applied to Merbler! Then he frowned, feeling uneasy.

"Actually, you've done quite well," the Doctor said. "The war ended six years ago and you're still driven to fight. It must be sheer pride that keeps you going."

The Doctor's words bombarded the General. He wondered why he had tried to speak with this strange man. Suddenly all of his beliefs were in question. Or had he ever really believed there was a chance to reopen the war? Had pride obscured his view of reality all along?

"One thing puzzles me still," the Doctor mused. "How can you, with three ageing U-Boats and some war-weary men, hold the slightest hope of winning another war? What have the Daleks promised you?" He peered at Veiber then went on, "I must warn you, the Daleks don't keep their promises. I can guess they're here to somehow alter history. Why else would they concern themselves with backing the losing side in a war? Why now, though? Surely the war itself was the crucial time."

The General didn't want to hear any more. He strode toward the cell door. Desperately the Time Lord tried to call him back. "No, wait! What have the Daleks promised you?"

The General was too deep in thought to hear. He stepped outside. The Doctor lunged after him but was punched and pushed back by one of the guards. He lay on the floor as the steel door slammed shut and the bolt slid home.

In the darkness, the Doctor rubbed his bruises and tried to think. Why were the Daleks here? What had they promised these holdouts? How effective had his attempt been to sway the General?

???

"It's very quiet, isn't it, sir?"

The Captain sighed, wishing he was somewhere else other than these dark evil caves. "O'Reilly, don't say that. You're making all of us nervous."

"But Captain," persisted the private. "I don't like it. I've got this feeling—"

"It doesn't matter if you like it or not, private. Right now we've got to make our way to the meeting place without catching sight of a camera." He lowered his voice. "Besides, I know what you mean. I can feel it too."

The next few minutes were very tense. The troop moved slowly but steadily closer to the meeting point. Everyone eyed the shadowy nooks and crannies, alert for hidden cameras or soldiers. The Captain wondered what the Doctor's game plan had been when he had led them all out here.

The hairs on the Captain's neck rose. Movement caught his eye in the dim cave. He recognized the alien shadows under cover ahead of them. He sensed they were waiting.

"Daleks!" he shouted. "Take cover!"

The soldiers ducked behind rocky outcrops. Three Daleks, their ambush sprung, trundled out and began firing. Bolts of radiation lit the cave to glaring brilliance before exploding against the cave walls. Behind the aliens, four Nazis took cover and sprayed the tunnel with bullets.

The Captain gritted his teeth against the deafening roar. Things did not look good. These creatures appeared resistant to bullets, and the four Nazi soldiers behind would have been trouble enough alone. He and his men were pinned down, and vulnerable to attack from behind.

Whirling around, the Captain saw his worst fears confirmed. Alien shadows were gliding up the tunnel towards them. All escape had been blocked. He shouted a warning to his men before turning and firing behind. The battle was lost, but it would be better to die fighting.

A tremendous blast shook the cave and sent dust everywhere. Shouts of confusion erupted from the enemy line as the Daleks and Nazis turned to face the new attackers. More gunfire rattled, and another powerful explosion enveloped the enemy line in a fireball. When the smoke cleared, the three Daleks were shattered wrecks.

Fayette rushed forward and, despite her encumbering Arctic wear, hurled a metal cylinder with all her might. It sailed past the astonished Captain and exploded far down the tunnel. Amanda hurled another at an advancing line of Daleks. She smiled as she heard shrill cries and orders of retreat. A stunned silence settled upon the cave.

Fayette stood up and brushed herself off. She stared at the Dalek husks with a satisfied smile that vanished when she saw the twisted bodies of four German soldiers lying beside them. She turned away in horror and crossed herself.

Captain Shawn emerged coughing from cover, followed by the rest of the men. "What was that you threw?" he asked Amanda between wheezes.

The professor grinned. "An explosive Miss Calonne found in the TARDIS. It makes an excellent equalizer, doesn't it?"

"As long as it doesn't bring the roof down on our heads! Right, we'd better get back to the Doctor's ship on the double."

Amanda stepped in front of him and shook her head firmly. "No, we must continue our search."

The Captain glowered. "Look, professor, I know what this means to you but we don't stand a chance. Even with the Doctor's grenades—"

She cut him off. "Look!" She unfolded the map and pointed to a special area. "We have to get to this part of the base. It appears to be set apart, in a large open cavern. The ship's instruments detected traces of radiation. It's low level, but higher than natural for this area. Now can you guess why these Dalek creatures are here?"

The Captain shuddered. "Nazis, with Atomic bombs?"

???

Merbler faced the command Dalek, hiding his nervousness behind a serious frown. This creature could blast him in an instant if it felt like it. It stood inert as it assessed his report and all other data it had gathered about the failed attack. Finally it decided.

"The planned ambush failed due to insufficient intelligence concerning the enemy's weapons capability," the Dalek rasped. "The data has now been assimilated and our tactics corrected."

Merbler relaxed, then faced the creature with interest. "What are the plans for attacking the armed intruders now?"

"We have ascertained their objectives. Sensors indicate the base was probed by the time machine for radioactivity. It is estimated the intruders will attempt to reach the launching bay. They will be ambushed there!"

Merbler frowned. "How will another ambush be different?"

"More soldiers and more Dalek units will attack."

Crude, Merbler thought. "Are you sure that will be wise?"

"Do not question!"

"Adding more men will not improve the chances—"

"Do not question! You have been given an order! All orders shall be followed at all times! Obey!"



Merbler clicked his heels instinctively. These creatures were fierce killing machines. For the most part that made them superior, but sometimes... At least he had his men, and he could use them in more imaginative ways to deal with these intruders. "Agreed. How long do we have?"

"Prepare for ambush in thirty minutes! Dismissed!"

Merbler saluted and strode from the room.

???

The group had met no resistance so far and experience told Captain Shawn to worry. The tunnel became better lit as they neared their objective. Then on one side a gap appeared, widening to become an enclosed shelf. Far below lay an immense pit.

The pit was open to the sky; floor and slopes seemed artificially smoothed. Soldiers scurried among stacked wooden crates. Two disturbing objects dominated the scene.

Fayette recognized the Dalek ship, tucked away in the section of the depression farthest from her position. It was larger than the one she'd seen in the cavern under Morland Abbey a year before. She shivered as she saw one of the creatures emerge from the ship, glide down the ramp and along the pit floor.

The others shivered when they saw the scene's centrepiece. Towering from the floor of the pit was a giant metal obelisk. The nose cone was level with the ledge. The Captain swore quietly.

"A V-2 rocket?" asked Amanda.

"If it is, the Daleks have made several changes," the Captain replied. "This is all we need!"

"What's a V-2 rocket?" Fayette could already guess it wasn't anything good.

"A missile designed by the Nazis during the last two years of the War," Marcel explained. "From Germany, it could destroy parts of London. But if these Daleks have tampered with the design, God only knows what it can do now."

"Are you sure this is the place where the TARDIS detected radioactivity?" the Captain asked. He frowned when Amanda nodded.

"Damn! It doesn't take too much thought to guess who gave the Nazis that as well!"

Fayette was tiring of all this whispering. "The question is, what are we going to do about this?"

"I'll go down and look around," muttered the Captain. "It's not a steep slope and we're not far from those crates. There are many places to hide. Anyone got any better ideas? No? Fine, O'Reilly and I will go down while the rest stay here and watch. You'll all return to the TARDIS if we don't get back in, say, fifteen minutes. Fayette, give me a couple of cans of explosive!"

Mutely, Fayette reached into her sack and handed him two canisters. He nodded in satisfaction. "Right, O'Reilly, let's go. Corporal Levesque, you're in charge."

With Private O'Reilly at his heels, the Captain slipped through the gap and wormed his way down the steep slope. The others watched nervously until the two reached cover.

"What now?" Amanda wondered.

"We wait," Fayette replied tensely.

"Shh!" hissed Marcel, whirling around. A movement had caught the corner of his eye. He peered up and down along the tunnel. The other soldiers fingered their weapons.

"How many cans of this explosive do you have left?" asked Amanda nervously. "I have two."

"I have three," Fayette was watching Marcel. "I think we are going to be needing all of them soon."

Marcel suddenly made a palm-down gesture. "Cover!" he screamed, and everyone scrambled to get down.

Gunfire ripped through the cave. Fayette couldn't see her attackers, but she sensed they were firing from both sides of her position. Then the Daleks joined the barrage, and bolts of radiation lit the rocks to glaring brilliance.

Marcel knew their position was desperate. They were trapped with their backs to an open ledge, with little cover to hide behind. You'd think this mission had been doomed from the start!

Amanda and Fayette were not about to give up, however. The professor grabbed a canister, primed the fuse and hurled the explosive down the tunnel. Fayette hurled another the other way. There were explosions in both directions. Pieces of white Dalek casing flew into view. Amanda shrieked with joy. "I got one!" Incautiously she stood up to throw again.

To Fayette's horror, Amanda was caught in a volley of gunfire. She convulsed, red holes appearing all over her body, then stumbled back and fell to the ground. Too shocked to scream, Fayette scrambled to help her. No use: Amanda Watkins was dead.

Fayette's mouth hardened. This was no time to scream, faint or be sick. She was in danger; her friends were in danger. She had to keep fighting.

She grabbed Amanda's primed canister and hurled it down the cave. She grabbed another canister, primed it and threw it in the other direction, then dove for cover. Stone and casing went flying. Screams of shock and pain rang out. Then with a shocking abruptness the attack stopped. A ringing silence settled upon the tunnel.

Fayette glanced around in confusion, not yet sure the danger was over. Looking at the cloth sack in her hands, she saw that all the ammunition had been used.

Marcel stood up, stunned. A glance around told him that all his men had fallen. It was a massacre. But had they won? He saw Fayette and shakily stepped toward her.

Fayette saw movement and realized the cease-fire was a trick. The enemy had drawn them into the open. "Marcel, gare!" The corporal whipped around and brought up his rifle but the Dalek fired first. The bolt picked Marcel up and hurled him into the wall. He slumped to the ground, dead.

Fayette stood up, numbed with horror.

???

Behind the shelter of a stack of crates, Captain Shawn held O'Reilly back. "There's nothing you can do, son!" he hissed.

"But we can't let them-"

"No, keep down!"

They heard Fayette scream out at her attackers. "Meurtriers! Pourquoi l'avez vous fait?"

Captain Shawn lowered his head sadly. "I'm sorry."

???

Fayette lay on the floor, bruised and cut, staring up as four soldiers covered her with rifles. She was vaguely aware of the Dalek voice, passing sentence.

"Verlichten Sie die Weibchen!" it grated.

Colonel Bacher had been watching the scene with growing anxiety. Now he stepped out in front of the soldiers. "Nein!"

The Dalek whirled and focused on him. "Why do you interfere? Get back and let us continue!"

You mustn't, he wanted to shout. She's only a girl! I've fought in the war, helped to sink ships and am party to a plan that would devastate the major cities of the world if successful but I can not, will not, see a girl shot to bits! He searched for an argument these beasts would understand.

"She can be useful," he said forcefully. "Look at her, she's not a soldier! She must be with the man you captured, perhaps his daughter. She may give you a hold on him!"

The commanding Dalek unfocused from the Colonel as it radioed central control to assess the proposal. It refocused on him a few seconds later and voiced the decision.

"She can be of use. Calculations show high probability of Time Lord Doctor suffering more should he see his companion killed first. Your proposal is accepted. Secure her!"

Colonel Bacher blew an imperceptible sigh of relief and signalled to the men covering her. They hauled her roughly to her feet, but there was nothing he could do to moderate them while these creatures were present. Semi-conscious, Fayette was dragged towards the base.

???

The Colonel escorted the prisoner to a detention cell, where the soldiers roughly tossed her in and left her lying in a heap on the floor. The Colonel took the keys, then glanced meaningfully at the two remaining guards.

"Nein, mein Herr," said one. "We stay to guard prisoners until we're relieved. Merbler's orders."

"Let me at least make the prisoner more comfortable."

"As you wish, mein Herr."

As Bacher stepped into the cell, he thought he heard one soldier mutter "Schwachling" in a tone of contempt, but he didn't comment. Kneeling down beside the girl, he gently rolled her over onto her stomach and propped her head on her arm. Then he stood up and turned to leave.

"Why did you save me?"

The young woman's voice, hoarse and weak, stopped Bacher in mid stride. He turned and saw Fayette propping herself on her elbows and staring at him curiously. A dark bruise was developing on her cheek below her left eye. For some reason, she made Bacher feel unsure of himself. Perhaps it was because she seemed so much in command of herself, even in these circumstances. He tried to sound equally full of conviction.

"You are to be used against your father." His words sounded hollow to him, not just because of his accented English.

Fayette stood up shakily. "Non. That is not true and you know it."

Bacher had no answer to that.

"But why?" She was eyeing him in puzzlement. "I have read stories about you Nazis; the kind of people you were. I suppose that you could want me alive for a few more hours to satisfy your selfish desires." She clasped her arms about herself fearfully.

"No!" said Bacher with conviction. He only knew that he couldn't stand by and see her killed. But by saving this enemy, he had acted against all his training as a soldier. Still, he had to make one thing clear. "I am not a Nazi, I am a German." His face clouded in confusion. This was something he would not have said a year ago.

Fayette stepped closer. "What is wrong?"

"I do not know," the Colonel muttered. "I don't know anything anymore. I don't even know why I am here."

Fayette cocked her head. "Why are you here?"

"I'm here to fight," replied the Colonel immediately. "I battle for the glory of the fatherland. To win the war."

"The war is over."

The girl was right. Even so, something inside him demanded he not listen. He started for the cell door.

"Do you hear me?" Fayette raised her voice. "The war is over. It does not matter anymore! Why do you want to start it again? Have not enough people died already?"

The Colonel left the cell. The guards slammed the door shut as he strode away. Then he stopped in mid stride.

"The war is over," he repeated, and the part of him that wanted to fight on, died. He faced the two men guarding the cell. "Let me back in."

The two Nazis stared at him curiously. He outranked them, but they had their orders. "Why, mein Herr?" The taller, heavier one narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"I'm going to set her free," Bacher replied.

"But sir, Gestapo officer Merbler."

"I don't care! The operation is over! The war is over! It's time to go home, back to our families."

It was treason, and all three knew it. But after a thoughtful moment, the taller soldier unlocked the door. With a tight smile, he saluted as the Colonel passed.

Fayette nervously stood up as Bacher approached. He gripped her hand. "You are right," he said in broken English. "I am going to end this."

Fayette looked past him and her eyes widened. She shouted a warning.

Gunfire rattled through the cell. Bacher threw Fayette to the floor, shielding her with his body. The gunfire stopped as suddenly as it had started. They scrambled up, uninjured, then looked around, wondering what happened.

The tall sergeant lay dead on the floor. The smaller private lowered his rifle and crossed the cell to help the two to their feet.

He nodded down at the body. "He was about to kill you, mein Herr. Besides, I want to go home too."

???

The Doctor sat against the wall of his cell. He could do little else but think, so he used the time to his advantage. Hearing heavy footsteps outside and the clatter of keys in a lock, he stood up quickly.

The door to his cell opened and a petite figure stood silhouetted on the threshold. The Doctor didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Fayette was here, but that meant she was a prisoner. She ran straight into his arms. He held her close a moment, then held her out and inspected her. His face darkened when he saw the bruise underneath her left eye.

A tall, young soldier in Colonel's uniform strode towards them. Thinking of Fayette's bruise, the Doctor took a swing at Colonel Bacher.

Fayette grabbed his arm. "Papa, non! He is helping us!"

The Doctor lowered his fist. "Helping us? How?"

"He is going to help us escape!"

Suspiciously, the Doctor studied the nervous Colonel. "Why?"

Colonel Bacher took a deep breath. "The war is over," he said in English. "It is foolish for us to fight on."

"Good attitude," said the Doctor. "But I'd be willing to bet your superiors would call this treason."

Bacher pointed to the three soldiers behind him. "I am second in command of this base. I know which men are loyal to me and which are loyal to Gestapo officer Merbler. These three and many others will follow me if I call for us to return home."

"But the Gestapo has the backing of the Daleks."

Bacher shrugged. "All we have to do is take over a U-Boat. With that we can escape to the nearest base. NATO will send forces to crush those who remain."

"That will take time." The Doctor began to pace the room. "Time enough, perhaps, for the Daleks and the remaining Nazis to finish what they started." He rounded on the Colonel. "What is their plan, anyway?"

Bacher gazed down guiltily. "To trigger a war between the Americans and the Russians."

The Doctor's eyes widened. "How?"



"They have a great rocket, Papa," explained Fayette. "And atomic warheads."

"Which the Daleks supplied, no doubt! So the Daleks are trying to alter history. Weaken the Earth, take it over."

"We were supposed to take it over," Bacher cut in.

"Daleks don't keep their promises, surely you've guessed that!" He muttered to himself: "Get a firmer hold on Earth and the lynchpin against Dalek conquest of the galaxy is removed. It's horrible. How long before this operation concludes?"

"They can launch the rocket at any time," Bacher replied.

The Doctor turned away in disgust. "And you think escaping will solve your problems! I'm afraid not. Until this operation is stopped, nobody is safe!"

"But how can we stop it? The rocket bay is next to the Dalek ship. All the men there are loyal to Merbler."

"Then someone has to infiltrate and destroy." The Doctor turned to Fayette. "How many of Shawn's men are with you?" His face fell as he saw her expression. He glowered at Bacher. "Your men are very efficient, aren't they?"

"I am sorry," the Colonel stammered. "I didn't order that."

"Papa, what would we need to stop this operation?"

"A delay, just for a few days, so Bacher's men can escape and alert the authorities. We could damage the rocket, a small explosive would do, but things become harder if more than one rocket is ready."

"Papa, Captain Shawn and one other were not in the caves when the Daleks attacked. They could still be hiding in the rocket bay. The Captain has a canister of Nitrogen explosive."

The Doctor looked at her sharply. "I told you not to touch them. Well, I suppose it worked out for the best. Can you contact the Captain?"

Fayette pulled the small two-way radio from under her sash. "I hope this was not damaged in the fight." She pressed a button and brought the radio near her lips.

???

Captain Shawn peered through a gap in a stack of crates. The rocket towered over everything. That and the many soldiers running past their hiding place made him very nervous.

He jumped as the two-way radio beeped. He pounced on it, wondering who could be left alive to call him. "Who is this?"

"It is Fayette. Captain, is that you?"

Shawn and O'Reilly exchanged shocked looks. The Captain spoke into the radio again. "Fayette? Are you all right?"

"I am fine. Captain, listen. Papa is here."

There was a pause and the Doctor's voice floated from the speaker. "Captain Shawn?"

"Yes, Doctor?" Hope began to light up the officer's eyes. "What is your condition?"

"Well, I was a prisoner until a few minutes ago. I'm with a German Colonel who's going to help me escape."

The Captain frowned. "Are you sure you can trust him?"

"One moment." There was a pause and Shawn could picture the Doctor looking that soldier up and down. "Yes, I believe I can."

"So what is the plan?"

"Do you see the Nazi rocket anywhere near you?"

The Captain glanced above the crates at the towering obelisk and smiled sardonically. "Yes, quite clearly."

"Now you've probably guessed the Daleks have armed it with an atomic warhead. The thing is ready to launch, so it is imperative that it be sabotaged. Tell me, is there only one?"

"There is, Doctor."

"Good! All that's necessary now is to delay them a while so we can alert NATO. Can you sabotage the rocket?"

The Captain squared his shoulders. "I'll see."

"Fine, then meet us at the U-Boat docks. If not, make for my ship. The Colonel and his men are going to try and fight their way out. That will distract the enemy. Take care, Captain."

"You too, Doctor. And Fayette. Over and out." The Captain switched the radio off and glanced at Private O'Reilly. The young man looked nervous but ready. Shawn picked up one of the cans of Nitro-nine.

???

As the Doctor pocketed the radio, Bacher eyed him nervously. "How do you know the transmission was not monitored?"

The Doctor was calm. "It uses a frequency your radios can't pick up. None of you Germans could have overheard." He grimaced suddenly. "But the Daleks could have!"

???

Merbler stepped into the commanding Dalek's holding room. The metallic creature turned from its equipment and focused on him. It seemed more agitated than ever.

"You summoned me?" he asked.

"There is a break in security! A mutiny is brewing with a faction of your soldiers. The Doctor leads it!"

Merbler was taken aback. "But how?"

"Gather the men who remain loyal to us. Defend this base against these rebellious elements. See to it that the operation is carried out at once!"

"But the schedule says—"

"The rocket and warhead are ready! There is no reason for any delay! Do it! Do not question!"

Merbler clicked to attention and saluted palms-up. "I obey."

The Dalek trundled to the door. "Where are you going?" asked Merbler.

"When the rocket is launched, there exists no reason for us to remain. We will observe the missile strike from orbit."

"But we never discussed terms of payment—"

The Dalek paused and focused on Merbler. "When the time comes for payment, we will return." It glided out.

Merbler stared after the creature, its last words echoing ominously in his head. He pushed the doubt to the back of his mind. Doubt was a sign of weakness.

???

The Doctor and Fayette strode through the corridors with the Colonel and almost twenty soldiers in tow. It had taken a half hour of cautious stealth to accumulate that number of loyal men, but now the group had become so large that secrecy was impossible. They had no choice but to march along confidently.

"You're sure you can count on these men?" asked the Doctor in German.

"I'm certain," replied Bacher. "Many have been on the General's staff and none have been influenced by Merbler."

"How many men run this base?"





"Just over 100. Merbler commands the loyalty of forty. Other than my twenty, the rest are uncertain. I used to have more, but over the past two years a number of my men were killed in accidents."

"Merbler's been tightening his grip, has he?"

"He started when the Daleks arrived, a year ago."

They turned a corner and stopped. At the far end of the tunnel a mass of soldiers blocked the way, weapons raised. They tensed as they saw Bacher's men. The Doctor pulled Fayette back behind the corner.

There was a commotion in the blocking group as one man shouldered his way through. General Veiber stepped out and advanced on Colonel Bacher. The two officers faced each other.

"Where do you think you're going, Colonel?"

"On an inspection, mein Herr," Bacher replied innocently.

The General smiled briefly. "What for? The way out? Colonel, I have been informed that you are seeking to surrender to the Allies. Why? If you try to leave, you become a traitor!"

"If you stay, you become a fool."

"Why have you lost your nerve? Why are you giving up?"

"Because it is over!" Bacher hissed. "Why fight on?"

"We can win. With the plan of the Daleks."

"You don't believe that, surely! Haven't you wondered why they are helping us? Merbler has fallen for their plan, but he is an evil fool. Pride is driving you on, mein Herr, so you are a proud fool."

The General pressed his hand to his temples. "What do you intend to do if you escape?"

"See my family and tell them I am alive."

The General's head lowered in defeat. Had the past six years of his life been wasted? What could he have become if he had retired when the fatherland surrendered? He stared at Bacher, the young officer with most of his life ahead of him, and decided.

He turned to the blocking soldiers. "You are dismissed! These men are free to pass!"

His men stared at each other, confused. A Nazi Captain stood up. "Feldherr, this goes against strict orders given by Merbler."

"I control this base!" the General exploded. "I give the orders!"

"We cannot obey orders to commit treason!" the officer shot back.

"You have shown yourself unwilling to lead us to victory! You must be executed with the others!"

The Nazi Captain was caught in a flurry of gunfire from some of Bacher's men. Both sides scrambled for cover. The Colonel pulled the General to safety.

Bacher's men had taken the loyalists by surprise. There were also a small number on the opposing side that thought it better to follow the General's orders and they fought for Bacher behind enemy lines. In the confusion, the loyalists managed to retreat.

When the gunfire had ceased, Bacher stood up and stared at the bullet-ridden bodies littering the floor. "Stupid!" he hissed. "Stupid, inhumane and wasteful!"

The Doctor was on his feet. "Our cover's blown, they'll be sending reinforcements soon. We must get out now!"

"You're right." Bacher turned to his men. "We make for the U-Boats now! *Gehen wir!*"

The General cleared his throat. "Colonel, I'm staying here."

Bacher rounded on him. "What for?"

"Go along this corridor to the docking area. I can stay behind and delay Merbler's men from attacking."

"No—" the Colonel began.

"That is an order, Bacher! You will follow it!"

The Doctor pulled at Bacher's arm. "We have no time to argue! This is his decision."

Bacher gazed at his superior in anguish. Reluctantly he turned away, ordering his men to move. The Doctor took Fayette's hand and they ran with the soldiers down the corridor.

General Veiber watched the men go. They were like children eager to go home, he reflected. He knew how much he wanted to go with them, but he also knew he could not. He had been responsible for bringing them here, for implementing this crazed plan, all because he didn't know when to stop fighting the war. Pride had driven him too far. And though he now saw the futility of what he'd done, he still couldn't stop fighting. There was only one release for him.

The General picked up a discarded rifle. He stood in the middle of the corridor, waiting for Merbler's men. At the far end he saw movement. With a marksman's quick gesture, he swung up the gun and began firing.

???

Merbler took his seat in a control room overlooking the cavern. The nose of the rocket still rose above him, fifty feet away; but he could look down at his loyal men scurrying about like ants, carrying out their duties.

He surveyed the controls before him. The Daleks had installed these and he had taken a lot of time to learn them. As he flipped a few switches, checked gauges and a readout, he saw with satisfaction that everything was in order.

Leaning forward, he spoke into a microphone. His voice blared from the P.A. system and echoed across the cavern. "Attention all personnel! Initiate prelaunching procedures. Fifteen minutes to ignition. Repeat, fifteen minutes to ignition."

He stared out the window and smiled as the level of activity increased. His men were working like a well-oiled machine. Nothing could go wrong, he thought.

???

The Captain was examining the canister of Nitro-nine when he heard Merbler's announcement echo around the open cavern. He knew little German, but enough to get the drift of the message. Peering through the gap in the crates, he saw the soldiers moving away from the rocket.

"Damn! They're getting ready to launch."

"Then we're going to have to move quickly, sir."

"Right." The Captain looked at the explosive again, then at the rocket. It was well in the open, directly in view of the observation booth on the cavern wall. This would be hard, and it probably would be suicide, but he saw only one route open to them.

"O'Reilly," said the Captain grimly. "Go to the other end of the cavern and create a diversion. Anything to give me time."

O'Reilly stared up at the rocket. He too knew this was a suicide mission, but many more lives than their own counted on its success. He faced the Captain and saluted snappily. The Captain returned the salute. Then, carrying the second canister and keeping behind the cover of the crates, O'Reilly crept through the launching bay.

???

Fayette had to stop and blink. The twilight on the dock was bright compared to the dimness inside the base. The troop crouched behind canvas covered equipment and waited.

The docks alongside the U-Boats were well patrolled. More men would be in the subs, Bacher remembered. As he gave the signal, the Doctor closed his eyes.

Fayette covered her ears against the cries of surprise and pain. Then more bullets ricocheted off their cover. Several of Bacher's men stood up and sent deadly volleys that cleared the docks of soldiers. A few more men ran for a U-Boat.

At the turret, one soldier reached up from inside the sub to close the hatch. A spray of gunfire sent him shrinking back. Bacher's men ran over the dock and jumped onto the top-deck. One man pulled out a grenade. He was about to throw it in when another soldier stopped him.

"Ergeben Sie sich!" he shouted to the people inside.

A few seconds of tense silence, then a faint call from below, and Bacher's men signalled victory. Other soldiers swung over the hatch and jumped into the U-Boat, their guns ready to marshal the prisoners. Bacher's men cheered and they all rushed for the commandeered sub.

"We've done it!" said Bacher joyously. "We can make our escape! Come on, Doctor!"

The Doctor held back. "Nein, we can't go with you."

"Why not? This base is crawling with Merbler's men!"

"I have my own means of escape," the Doctor explained. "And I must go back and see if the rocket has been disabled!"

The three ducked as gunfire rattled and bullets shot over their heads. Some distance away, at another entrance to the base, several soldiers had massed and were starting to fire.

"No time, we have to go!" shouted Bacher. He charged for the U-Boat, firing as he ran. He clambered up the gangway and onto the top-deck. Suddenly he realized that neither the Doctor nor Fayette had followed him. They were running away from the base, along the towering escarpment towards a line of caves high above. He shook his head in dismay.

He moved to jump off the submarine and run after them but the vessel underneath shuddered, then began to glide out of dock, picking up speed as it sailed into the inlet. He could do nothing but watch the two running figures and pray for their safety.

???

The timer counted off the seconds, now less than five minutes to zero. Merbler pressed a red button. This was the point of no return. Dalek-added functions set in automatically, ensuring a perfect launch.

Suddenly he heard an explosion below. He stared out the viewing window. Across the launching bay, a figure was ducking around crates, firing wildly each chance it got. Pursuing troops were keeping near cover and slowly flushing him out. Merbler cursed, leaned to a two-way radio and ordered more men. Nothing must threaten the launch.

Hearing the explosion, the Captain knew his opportunity had come. The soldiers were heading for the far corner of the launching bay and the ground between him and the rocket was clear. Muttering a quick prayer, he took the canister and sprinted across the fifty feet of open space. He reached the rocket and stood behind it, out of sight of the viewing booth.

His mind raced. The Nitro in his hand would do little damage outside the casing. It had to be placed inside- but how? Hatches? Switch boxes? At his level there were none.

Scanning up, the Captain saw a hatch about fifteen feet above the ground. Metal footholds ran up to it. This was a Godsend. He heard the sounds of gunfire intensify as the Nazis moved in on O'Reilly. Time was running out. Shawn began climbing.

He reached the hatch, but it was bolted shut. He grimaced, then reached into his pocket for his regulation knife. Feverishly he began to remove the screws.

???

All Daleks gathered in the spaceship in the far corner of the cavern. The engines hummed.

One Dalek trundled to the centre of the bridge to report to the commander in its own language. "We were unable to retrieve Time Lord Doctor. He has escaped with the rebels."

"Has the reason for the revolt been analyzed and added to data banks?" asked the commander.

"Yes, psychological profiles of all rebels show similar characteristics. We shall be alerted to the presence of potential failures the next time. The search for the Doctor has ceased."

A light began flashing on another console. The Dalek manning the station turned to the commander. "Sensors indicate someone is tampering with the rocket. Visual reports confirm enemy soldier gaining entry and an explosive in his possession. Shall I relay the information to the Gestapo Officer's instruments?"

The commander paused in thought. All objectives had been achieved, why bother? "No, do not inform him! Continue to monitor events here. The results of time alteration rehearsal will be logged in preparation for the actual attempt." Its voice rasped out over the bridge. "Activate all engines, prepare time corridor. We shall depart!"

???

A Nazi sergeant stood over the huddled body. A lot of people had died today, he reflected, including the turncoat General, but this death made no sense. Why did this lone Canadian go wild? The answer came to him and he stared around at the launching bay. The reason was clinging to the side of their rocket.

Captain Shawn was relieved they hadn't noticed him until now. He had deposited the explosive and removed the pin. Unprimed, the nitrogen grenade would only explode when jostled. When the rocket took off, it would be jostled considerably. He had replaced the hatch and was climbing higher, acting as though he had just arrived, having no time to do any sabotage.

A shot whistled past him as the soldiers came running. Suddenly the launching bay was filled with a deafening roar as the ship's engines fired up. The pitch rose to intolerable levels as the house-sized structure rose into the air with gathering speed. The soldiers covered their ears in pain.

Protected by the enclosure of the booth, Merbler could still hear the intense noise. He saw the soldiers incapacitated on the floor below and he saw the Captain on the rocket. He glanced nervously at the displays before him and then at the timer. He smiled. No evidence of sabotage, and thirty seconds to go. This soldier would be an easy pest to get rid of.

He leaned over the console and fired the initial rockets.

The rocket shuddered. Captain Shawn lost his grip and fell twenty feet to the floor. He heard his left leg crack as he landed. Dazed and in pain, he waited for the soldiers to grab him. Suddenly he realized they were running away from the site. The rocket was about to launch.

The timer ticked: five, four, three, two, one. Merbler pressed the ignition switch.

The Captain screamed as he was caught in the fire of the rocket's launch. His last thought was a prayer for the Doctor, Fayette, the professor and all of his men.

The rocket rose slowly at first, battling gravity. Its nose rose level to the lip of the basin. Then a hatchway exploded.

Merbler stood up, stunned. None of his instruments had registered sabotage. What had happened?

One of the four thrusters ceased. Unbalanced, the rocket slanted and slowly fell back into the basin. Merbler watched in horror as it tipped towards him.

The rocket smashed into the control booth, shattering it and sending the pieces to the floor, fifty feet below. The rocket followed it down, crashing to the ground and exploding. A fireball belched through the cavern and shook the entire base.

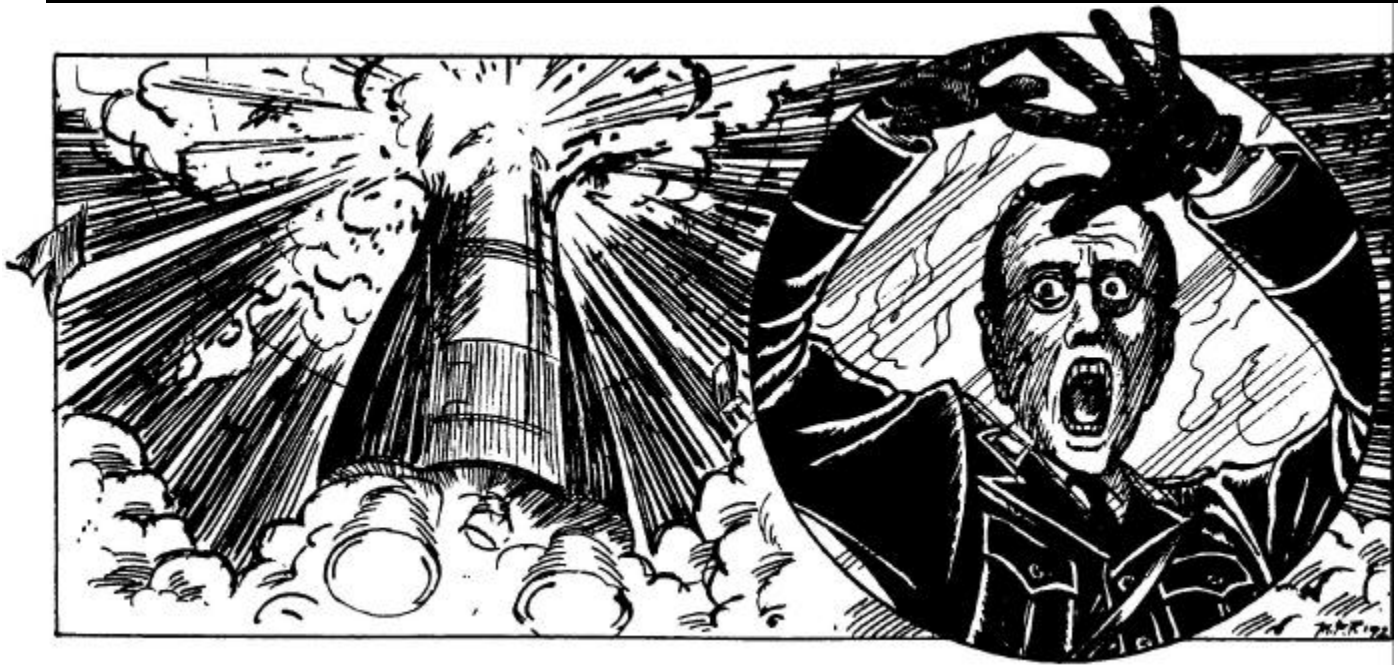
???

The Doctor ran through the pitch-dark tunnels, dragging Fayette behind. She was thankful he seemed to know where he was going for she certainly didn't. She held his hand tight and tried not to careen into the cave walls.

Suddenly the ground shook and the air was filled with the sounds of a distant explosion. The pair tripped and stumbled, then fell to the floor in a tangled heap.

The Doctor stood up immediately and pulled Fayette to her feet. "Come on! We haven't much time!"

"Did they fire the rocket?" gasped Fayette in horror.



"No, it must have blown up on the pad. We've got to get to the TARDIS before the caves start to collapse on us!"

He charged off again, dragging her along. Fayette stumbled and managed to keep pace. She prayed for the ordeal to end.

Suddenly the Doctor stopped. Before them stood the battered shape of the TARDIS. She hugged her adopted father, tears of relief and pain running down her cheeks. The Doctor fumbled through his pockets for the keys.

???

On the rising Dalek ship, one turned from its station and gave its last report. "The rocket has exploded and destroyed much of the base. Nuclear/Dalekanium warhead still intact."

The Commander considered options for a second. It would be best to clean up all evidence of their part in the operation. The warhead had better not be allowed to fall into human hands. Besides, the off chance that the Doctor might be caught in the explosion made this action so much more desirable.

"Detonate the device, then return to home time period."

"I obey!" grated the monitoring Dalek. It turned and reached out with its manipulator arm to press a button on the panel.

???

The Doctor inserted the key into the TARDIS door. Suddenly he stopped. His eyes went wide as he sensed the imminence of something horrible. Desperately he shoved the door open, grabbed Fayette and rushed her inside. The door slammed behind him.

Seconds later, the TARDIS disappeared from the caves with its usual cacophony. Seconds after that, the base and the caves disintegrated as a mushroom cloud bloomed on Baffin Island.

???

The escarpment and the plain were a mess of twisted metal and piles of rubble. Everything lay under a layer of snow, glistening in the twilight. The silence was broken as a blue Police Box materialized out of nowhere.

The door opened and the Doctor stepped out. He surveyed the wreckage and shook his head sadly. He panned his trusty device across the landscape. It emitted only a few clicks.

"You can come out," he called. "It's been a year since the warhead exploded, the radiation level's back to normal."

Fayette stepped from the TARDIS, zipping up her parka against the cold. They had taken a day to rest and recover before Papa had decided to return. She winced at the devastation.

The Doctor glanced at his device. "The readings confirm it. The Daleks used a Dalekanium warhead instead of a nuclear one. The explosion had the same intensity as an atomic blast, but less radioactive effects. It would have convinced the Russians that the Americans had fired the first shot of World War Three, if the rocket had reached its target."

Pocketing his device, he felt something else. He pulled out the plate of shiny metal he had found earlier and looked at it in bemusement. "I should

have recognized this Dalek alloy, but I never expected them to be here. If they wanted to change history, this isn't the best era to aim for."

Fayette sighed morosely, then glanced at her adopted father. "What happened to Bacher and his men? Did they escape?"

The Doctor smiled briefly. "I checked the history books this morning. They sailed to Goose Bay and surrendered to NATO forces. They were released to Germany as ex-POW's and reunited with their families. Today's the very day. It isn't long before Colonel Bacher marries his pre-war girlfriend." His face clouded. "An explanation was concocted about the loss of Professor Watkins and the Canadian soldiers. Each received commendations posthumously."

Fayette lowered her head and tried to forget the image of Amanda's body being riddled with bullets, or Marcel blown away by Dalek fire. She drew herself closer to the Doctor and leaned against him. He put an arm around her shoulder.

"I know what you're thinking," he said. "You want to know all this was worth it. But I can't lie to you, *ma fille*."

Fayette looked up at him. "What do you mean?"

The Doctor pointed at the wreckage before them. "This wasn't a serious Dalek attempt to alter history. They picked a remote spot from which to operate and a very stable year, and allied themselves with a group who had no chance of winning. This was an experiment, a rehearsal for the real thing, I know it."

Fayette groaned. "Non."

"I'm sorry. But when they really come, they'll come in force, against an unstable point in Earth's history, letting nothing stand in their way. I'll have to be there. I can't let this horrible thing continue. It must be stopped."

"Not now, please Papa?"

The Doctor squeezed her shoulder affectionately. "No, not for a while. Neither of us is ready to take them on." He led her back to the TARDIS.

They stopped to look up at the sky. The northern lights spread their shimmering green banners in the twilight. They watched in silence.

"Fitting, wasn't it?" asked the Doctor finally.

"What was?"

The Doctor pointed at the aurora. "When we were last here, before all the shooting started, the lights were red. To the Inuit, that's a sure sign bloodshed is imminent."

Fayette shivered. So that was what it meant! She felt a little hope rise in her. "There is no red now. Perhaps no bloodshed is imminent?"

The Doctor gave her a bittersweet smile. "I hope you're right, *ma fille*, I hope you're right." With his arm around her shoulder, he led her back inside the TARDIS. Soon it vanished, wheezing and grinding, into the time streams.

As the northern lights continued to shimmer and dance, a streak of red cut across the display.

END.