

FW

A CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES THAT FRAGMENT THE LAW THAT HOLDS THE UNIVERSE TOGETHER...

When the TARDIS leaves Traken, the Doctor decides that he must delay no longer his proposed repairs to the ship.

Unknown to the Doctor, though, the Master is in pursuit - and when he does find out, he and Adric are on their way to the city of mathematics, Logopolis, with other matters on their minds...

Who is the Distant Stranger, watching from the distance? What is the secret work that the Logopolitans are engaged in? And how will the Doctor become involved in an ancient battle that reaches beyond the Universe?

LOGOPOLIS

PETER ANGHELIDES & PETER G. LOVELADY

DOCTOR WHO

LOGOPOLIS

PETER ANGHELIDES & PETER G. LOVELADY



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LOGOPOLIS - 2
FRONTIER WORLDS
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DEATH IN ENGLAND...

"I JUST WONDERED how you'd come to be here," Inspector Talby asked.

"Well," agreed the Doctor, "it isn't easy to explain."

"Well, while you're trying to work that one out, perhaps you'd like to explain this..."

The inspector indicated the front seat of the little red sports car, and the Doctor moved nearer and peered through the windscreen. "So he did escape from Traken," said the Doctor, mostly to himself.

"I think you'd better come along with us, sir."

"But he's still about, somewhere."

Talby looked at the Doctor even more warily. "He, sir?"

"Yes," returned the Doctor, "the Master." He indicated what the inspector had taken to be two dolls.

They were the shrunken remains of the missing policeman and Vanessa, and both quite dead.

Thus the Doctor discovers that his deadliest enemy is still alive, and embarks on the most dangerous of his many adventures. The race is on to protect himself from the Master, but at the same time to evade him.

What the Doctor cannot realise is that the Master is playing for higher stakes, and the fate of the universe will be determined by the result of their next encounter.

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logopolis

A novel based on the
original television script
by CHRISTOPHER H. RIDMEAD

BY

**PETER ANGHÉLIDES
& PETER G. LOVELADY**

FW
Frontier Worlds
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FRONTIER WORLDS PUBLICATIONS,
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Prologue

A U T H O R S · N O T E

A novel can never fully capture the effect of a television programme because, by definition, it is not televisual. The skilful use of direction, the talents of the actors and the many other contributions to a televised story are devised especially for that one medium, and any attempt to recapture it in words would be doomed from the start.

Nevertheless, a novel can set out in prose an interpretation of a television story, if the author takes an omniscient overview and commands the characters in the way he wishes them to act and think. For this reason, our version of LOGOPOLIS will not be a faithful imitation of Christopher H. Bidmead's script but one way of reading it and presenting it.

You will find that the editing is slightly different, characters may speak lines in a different manner - or not speak the televised lines at all! And in that the novel is only really capable of producing 'pictures in the imagination', the part of it we might call 'direction' will be very changed from Peter Grimwade's celebrated work.

Nevertheless, LOGOPOLIS is based very soundly on the story-line and script of Christopher H. Bidmead's televised story, and the novel was produced from the dialogue and direction of the version seen on television.

In this way, we hope that we have been able to produce our own interpretation of one of our favourite Doctor Who stories, though not an infallible one, without falling into the trap of attempting a definitive version or a transcription of script into dialogue.

PA & RGL, May 1982

The rain was just beginning to drizzle down on George Totter as he pedaled slowly away from the busy by-pass and into the Jay-by. By the battered old police box he slowed his trusty steed to a halt with a squeal of brakes as they penetrated the water on the wheel rim; he glanced up at the grey-bluness above him, tilting his policeman's helmet back at the same time and scratching his forehead meditatively. Perhaps the rain would ease off and give him a pleasant round for a change; despite the present rain, the rays from the sun still penetrated the thin cloud layer, and he watched the scudding grey marks steering east. Turning back towards the busy roadway, he reflected that all it needed apart from a little more sun to make it a more cheerful day was the sound of birdsong, but above the noise of the passing traffic that would be rather a lot to hope for. Well, standing around thinking about how he could better his lot was not what he was being paid for - he had better report in. Setting his bicycle against the side of the police box, he opened the little box in the front.

As he did so, he thought he could hear another noise above the roar of the traffic behind him, and it seemed to be emanating from the police box. The grating, wheezing, growling noise became steadily more audible, and George blinked hard as he saw the whole box - well - wobble. With a crash, his bicycle slowly lopped onto the grassy verge nearby.

He shook his head. He was obviously too tired - perhaps they'd put him on a later round soon, seeing as getting up this early in the morning wasn't doing him any good. He looked away from his bike and took hold of the telephone in the box again - hadn't he already opened the door? To top it all, the wretched thing didn't seem to be working. He tapped the switch-hooks irritably several times - still nothing. Glancing towards the door, he saw it opening slowly - but too late. Before he knew it he had been choked and struggling vainly in the inescapable grip, George could barely hear an evil, manic laugh ringing around him. There was an evil amusement too in the act of forcing him into the police box; as the door closed on the world outside, George felt the grip relax, and then a frighteningly cold sensation. The laughing increased, and a powered whine could be made out in the quiet of the box; George sensed that his whole body was being slowly squeezed...

! breakdown

Corinthian columns linked to low, marble arches dripped ivy. The little grove was awash in a variety of greenery, and the only relief to the vertiginous sea of green and ivory was the burgundy red of the Doctor's long coat. His long red scarf dangled carelessly over his shoulders and onto the central, stoney centre area of the circular grove, which the Doctor now glanced around pensively. Elsewhere he would have been able to enjoy the pretty view, but this was inside his space and time vessel, the TARDIS, and from his disapproving look there was something definitely amiss. Or perhaps he was thinking more deeply, and came here for a time of meditative planning. Whatever was the case, he was interrupted by the arrival of a young boy.

Adric stopped suddenly as he entered the grove and flicked an unruly strand of hair from his eyes and back into his unbidly mop with a casual movement of the head. He was still wearing the colourful but functional jacket and trousers of the *Starliner*, the ship on Alzarius in the E-Space universe, and his former home. Unbeknown to the Doctor and his erstwhile companion Romana, Adric had stowed away on board the TARDIS and had been discovered only when it was too late. It was now impossible to return home, as the TARDIS had only entered E-Space by a freak collision with one of the few entrances to the alternative, negative universe which was called a Charged Vacuum Embolism. When the TARDIS had re-entered N-Space, Romana, a fellow Time Lord of the Doctor, had decided to defy a call from their people to return to Gallifrey. Instead of a life of routine and boredom she had decided to use her not unremarkable talents to help a race from E-Space. The Doctor admitted her courage in defying the Time Lords, but couldn't help feeling a certain loss for his missing companion; the presence of an unwanted extra on board the TARDIS was at least an irritant, if not a wearisome annoyance. Although he attempted to disguise this, the Doctor did sometimes leave Adric for hours on end, wandering the corridors of the ship alone. If Adric had not begun to suspect his sentiments, then he had at least worried about his travelling friend's melancholy and occasional abruptness. He now stepped further into the leafy grove and broke the Doctor's reverie as he peered across the room, trailing his scarf.

"Doctor?"
The Doctor looked across at him absently. "Chameleon circuit," he said distantly.

"What?" There was no reply, only a long pause. Adric tried again in a lighter tone, "Doctor."
"Look," said the Doctor briskly, almost cutting in, "whenever you see me in this part of the TARDIS peaking up and down like this, be a good chap and don't interrupt me will you. Unless it's terribly urgent." He looked directly at the boy with a piercing look. "It's not terribly urgent, is it?"

"Well," Adric shrugged. "No."
"Good," said the Doctor brightly, "so now you know. In fact," he went on, perhaps a little resentfully, "there's no need for you to come barging in here at all. And if it is terribly urgent, you can always ring the cloister bell." He resumed his earlier pacing as if to end the conversation.

Adric lingered, puzzled. "The cloister bell?"
"Yes," said the Doctor as if it explained everything. He didn't want to ask specifically that Adric leave, but hoped that the heavy hints he was giving the boy would strike home.

Adric was persistent, though. "What's that?"
The Doctor stopped pacing, and looked up. He took a certain satisfaction in explaining things anyway, and had been instructing the youngster on how to fly the TARDIS. And since he was so interested... "Well, it's a sort of communications device reserved for wild catastrophes and calls to man the battle stations."

Adric scratched his head. "But the TARDIS doesn't have battle stations."

"No, no, no," said the Doctor. Sometimes Adric could be very literal. "Nothing along those lines." He sat down on a stone bench in the centre of the grove. "I sometimes think I should be running a lighter ship," he added reflectively.

"A lighter ship?" Thinking back to the *Starliner* didn't help much.
"Yes. The Second Law of Thermodynamics is taking its toll of the old thing. Entropy increases." He shook his head.

Adric frowned. Sometimes the Doctor's train of thought wandered alarmingly. "Entropy increases?"

"Yes, daily," confirmed the Doctor, now talking to Adric rather than to himself. "The more you put things together, the more they keep falling apart; and that's the essence of the Second Law of Thermodynamics. And I never heard a truer word spoken." A sudden thought spurred him into renewed action, and he stood up and made for a nearby archway. "Come on." But he stopped at the exit to look at the crumbling arch; then he turned back to Adric. "Have you seen the state of the Time Column recently? Wherezing like a grammps."

"But it will get us to Gallifrey, won't it?"

"Gallifrey?" The Doctor remembered how he had spoken to Adric of his home planet, but somehow the prospect of returning there seemed as appalling as it had done to Romana earlier. "Oh yes. Are you really set on going to Gallifrey?"

"Yes," said Adric. He had been looking forward to the visit - after all, the Doctor had seen his home planet.

"Oh."

"That is where we're going, isn't it?" Adric eyed the Doctor suspiciously. The Doctor threw out a hand disparagingly. "Well, all the questions I was just pondering. There's bound to be an awful lot of fuss about Romana - why she stayed in E-Space, official investigations, that sort of thing."

He tried to paint a glomier picture of his home world than before.

"The Time Lords won't approve?" asked Adric doubtfully.

"What?" said the Doctor, warning to his theme. "She has broken the cardinal rule of Gallifrey - she has become involved, and in a pretty permanent sort of way. I think you and I should let a few oceans flow under a few bridges before we head back home."

There was something about the way the Doctor had spoken of home that had made Adric want to visit the place, but he was obviously going to be disappointed. "So we don't get to go to Gallifrey," he said, half annoyed.

"Yes," said the Doctor, studying the boy's face. Perhaps he could make amends somehow, arrange a particularly pleasant alternative. "Let me put another question to you. I have a place in mind. It's on the way - well, more or less, give a parsec or two..." He had chosen an ideal alternative. "It's my home from home," he said with affection, a distant sensation per-

meeting his voice. Yes, it was much more interesting, and fitted into the plan of things perfectly. "It's called...Earth."

Tegan Jovanka began to close the door of the house in order to leave for the airport. The earlier drizzle had gone, and while the sky was still not completely clear of clouds, the light breeze in the air was not unpleasant on her face. In the bright light of outside, her crisp lilac uniform looked new and spotless, a tribute to her aunt's attentions to it the day before. It was long-sleeved, with a fold over to the left and a pocket on the right. A belt was fastened around Tegan's slim waist, and the outfit was completed with an air hostess cap placed at a jaunty angle to the left over the curls of red-brown hair. Unfortunately, her composure didn't match her uniform, and her near-panic was emphasized by her forgetfulness over the past few minutes. Suddenly realising she had forgotten something else, she made an impatient little gesture. "Passport," she muttered, re-entering the house.

Outside in the car, her middle-aged aunt sat, resplendent in her warm coat with a large fur collar and white hat. She cursed quietly to herself as she tried in vain to start the little red sports car which was to take her and Tegan to the airport, where Tegan would take up her first assignment as an air hostess with a large airline. As if a reminder to her, an aeroplane roared overhead. Suddenly, Tegan was getting into the car on the passenger side, ready to set off and more composed now. Her initial haste was now excitement and nerves in anticipation of her first flight.

"Right," said her aunt, attempting a nonchalance that she did not possess, "here we go." She reached for the keys as if for the first time.

"Okay, Auntie Vanessa," agreed Tegan, "let's go." Unfortunately the little car didn't seem to agree, and wheezed alarmingly as its driver tried to start it. Tegan looked across encouragingly. "More choke. Easy on the throttle as you turn her over." Her Australian accent seemed more strident in the confined space of the car. Her aunt, who had been living in England for rather longer than Tegan, had only the traces of the accent of her homeland, though in moments of crisis such as this she seemed to take on again her more antipodean diction.

"While I do that, dear," said Vanessa aggrievedly. "I wonder if you'd mind shutting the front door." An extended finger directed Tegan's gaze towards the still-open entrance. "And don't forget your bag - you may need it."

Tegan smiled. "Right. I promise I'll get organised one day." Vanessa was calmer outwardly than inwardly. After all, it didn't do to show your niece that you were excited just as she was about her first flight. "Now calm down Tegan. Look, we've got plenty of time. You get yourself so excited." The last statement made her smile, almost at herself.

Tegan leaped from the car again, and looked up as an aeroplane flew almost directly overhead. That'll be me soon, she thought. She set off up the steps to the house.

"I wish I had half her energy, though," mused Vanessa in the privacy of the car. Within moments, Tegan was back beside the car, the task completed. "Sorry auntie. First flight nerves, I guess." She watched an her aunt continued to struggle in starting the small car. "Here, let me have a go."

"That's a good idea," replied Vanessa, sliding over to the passenger seat as Tegan got out to move round the vehicle. "I'm not having any luck here at all with it this morning. It can only be very cold."

Tegan looked apprehensively at the fresh indentation down the nearside of the car, and pondered anew on her decision to drive. She slid into the driving seat, and adjusted the seat and mirror; checking the handbrake and gearstick she said, "Where we are. Got all your things." She hardly needed to check that again. "Right." She flicked the keys in the dashboard once, and the car started with no hesitation. "I've got the knack!" she said half-teasingly to her aunt.

"You sure have," laughed Vanessa.

Tegan's voice took on a firm and official tone, perhaps even more anglicised, as she sat up in her seat. "Ladies and gentlemen, although the 'fasten seatbelts' sign is now off, we suggest you keep your seatbelts fastened when seated. If necessary, you may move about the cabin..."

And her announcement continued as she moved the car slowly away from the pavement and in the direction of Heathrow.

"Earth's the place with all the oceans isn't it?" asked Adric, thinking back to his studies of the TARDIS log. He and the Doctor looked at a view of the planet on the scanner screen in the TARDIS control room. The place seemed large by comparison to the grove, perhaps because it was less cluttered and more functional.

The Doctor nodded at the screen. "That's the chap," he said, trying to install a little enthusiasm into the youngster.

"Met," said Adric sourly.

"Britain is," returned the Doctor, thinking back to his time of exile on the planet. This reminded him of the purpose of his visit. "It's the one place where we can find these blue boxes."

"TARDISes?" asked Adric, suddenly more interested. He turned inquisitively to the Doctor.

"Yes, but they're not," said the Doctor, enjoying the contradiction. "Even no space for accommodation, no viewer screens, not even time travel." Each comment was accompanied by an appropriate pause in an extravagant gesture around the control room itself. "Just elementary Earth communication devices, and more or less obsolete by the time we'll be arriving there." He paused in thought. "There's some in the North which are still in use."

Adric was beginning to lose track of the Doctor's train of thought already. "But we've got a communications device." That much he'd learnt already about the TARDIS control console, and more - a feat that impressed the Doctor. The young boy was the owner of no mean intelligence, which he applied with admirable success to the new tasks which were found to keep him amused whilst on board. If he had one fault, the Doctor had thought, it was that he didn't apply his knowledge widely enough. But after some exploration and a number of educational visits around the universe, he would come to learn that. Here was another gap in his knowledge that could be filled.

"But not a police box."

"A police box?" It was at times like this that Adric suspected the Doctor to enjoyed keeping him in suspense.

"Yes. What the mathematical model of the TARDIS exterior was based upon." Adric was fascinated. His naturally enquiring mind had earned him the blue star for mathematical excellence, which he now sported on his jacket, another thing that reminded him of Alzarius. "I'd like to see Earth, but why go all that way just to see something that looks like the TARDIS?"

The Doctor smiled - at last he'd caught Adric's interest. "Because I want to measure it."

Adric stared in amazement. "Whatever for?"

"Block transfer computation," said the Doctor simply, moving to the other side of the central console and looking from the Time Column's regular rise and fall to the complex of instruments on the panel before him.

In all Adric's experience, he had not encountered this. "Never heard of that."

"I'm not surprised," said the Doctor, annoyingly cryptic. "Logopolis is a quiet planet."

"Logopolis? But I thought we were going to Earth."

The Doctor glanced over the six-sided console. "No, that's the other place. We go to Logopolis afterwards."

"You mean we're going to measure Logopolis too."

"No no no," snapped the Doctor. Surely Adric could wait and see. "It's all to do with the chameleon circuit problem. We measure the police box on Earth, then we take the measurements afterwards to Logopolis." He looked up at Adric's puzzled face. "Come on, I'll show you..."

His words were cut short by the sudden low tones of a large bell in the distance. The sound echoed through the open door leading from the control room to the rest of the TARDIS, a sad, sonorous tolling which resounded through all parts of the ship. Adric broke the silence that otherwise pervaded the control room. Even the control hum seemed diminished. "What is it?"

The Doctor's voice was as profound as the repeating note. "The cloister bell." He set off through the door, followed closely by Adric. As they hastened down a brightly-lit corridor, there was sudden silence again.

"It's stopped," said Adric.

"Yes," confirmed the Doctor brightly.

"Well," insisted Adric, "what does it mean?"

"Well, nothing," said the Doctor, "when it's not ringing."

Adric realised that the Doctor was indulging in one of his favourite tricks - avoiding a direct answer. "It did ring. Is there a wild cat-astrophe?"

The Doctor was stubbornly unhelpful. "Apparently not."

"Something must have made it ring."

"Yes." The Doctor pondered the alternatives. "Or else our old friend entropy nibbling away at the system circuitry." He was spurred into action at the thought. "Let's take a look."

Adric had another thought. As they set off down the corridor again, he began, "But you were saying about the chameleon circuit."

The Doctor started to explain about the long-neglected device in the TARDIS.

By the police box near the busy by-pass, Tegan and her aunt had stopped in the car. They studied each other worriedly. Then Tegan stepped from the little red car and looked at the front nearside wheel. "Hell's teeth, Auntie Vanessa, it is a flat."

Vanessa looked towards her with a knowing glance. "I thought there was something funny about that steering. But you wouldn't listen to me." Vanessa was never one to miss a chance of advice by hindsight.

Tegan stood up from her examination of the offending wheel. "Come on, Auntie, we've got to do something."

"Yes," said her aunt matter-of-factly. "Telephone for help."

Tegan studied her with indignation. "Absolutely not," she stated; she wasn't going to give in so easily. "Cars," she pronounced firmly, "I hate 'em."

Vanessa looked at her niece, a little hurt at her words. "That's not what you said when I offered you a lift." She looked back hopefully in the general direction of the by-pass, but the cars were all still whizzing past at speed.

Tegan relented. "Sorry, Auntie. But you just don't get this sort of silly aggravation with aircraft." Thus justified, she strode to the rear of the car and opened up the boot.

"Perhaps if we sit here and look helpless," pondered Vanessa aloud, "someone might offer us a lift." She glanced past the open boot again.

"Pathetic," Tegan muttered as she hunted through the compartment. "We'll crack this ourselves. Now then..." She rummaged through the tools in the bag before her. "Where's the wheel spanner?"

The Doctor was concluding his explanation to Adric, saying, "...whereas it's only the exterior of the TARDIS that exists as a real space-time event." They moved on through the corridor.

"But mapped onto one of the interior continua."

The Doctor looked at him, surprised and pleased. "Precisely. That's very good." He was demonstrating a remarkable grasp of four-dimensional mechanics.

Adric continued, encouraged: "So you can change it into anything you like."

The Doctor scratched his head. "Ah, well that's a sore point. According to the handbook yes, because the outer plasmic shell of a TARDIS is driven by the chameleon circuit. Or so the theory runs. In practice, however, I always meant to ask Romana to help me fix it one day." He turned to one side and opened a door which they were just passing. It swung open effortlessly to reveal a room like others in the TARDIS; the walls featured the same large roundels, but there was a softer, more golden lighting to the place and the decoration had a distinctively feminine touch - Romana's room. "Ah," said the Doctor, suddenly melancholic. "I suppose we're going to miss Romana." "And K-9 too," added Adric, thinking of the use they had made of the Doctor's mobile talking computer before the Doctor had given it away on an impulse as a parting gift for Romana.

The Doctor attempted a brave smile. "Still, the future lies this way," he said, moving off in the direction of the TARDIS control room.

They made their way into the large room, and the doors leading out of the ship. He spoke as he worked, and Adric was curious to hear more of the history of the TARDIS, to supplement what he already knew of the Doctor's earlier travels in the ship.

"So the chameleon circuit's stuck."

"Exactly."

"In Tollyer's Yard."

"In a tother's yard. Anyway it was ages ago, it doesn't matter. She was in on Gallifrey for repair when I borrowed her." Under cover of the console, he smiled at his euphemism. Adric still didn't know of the circumstances of his appropriation of the ship that time with Susan...

"But I thought she was yours."

"Well, on a sort of finders-keepers basis, yes," answered the Doctor lamely. "I should have waited till they'd done the chameleon conversion, but there were other pressing reasons at the time." He changed tack swiftly. "Anything happening up there?"

"No," said Adric, temporarily distracted.

"What?" The Doctor made another adjustment. Suddenly, a flat green device lifted itself vertically from a trapdoor in the console above his head and rose into the air on a telescopic arm. It paused momentarily before flipping over to reveal an array of buttons.

Adric took a sudden interest in this new turn of events. "Yes."

The Doctor rose from the floor, for all the world like a strange mechanic after servicing a car. He dusted his coat down and looked in a pleased manner at the device now above the console. "Good," he said. "Ah."

Adric studied the machine. "What do these numbers and letters mean?"

The Doctor leapt to the defensive. "Well, it's an early version. The instructions have to be punched in by machine code."

Adric turned up his nose. "Oh how boring." He was used to more sophisticated devices on the Starliner.

"Boring?" shouted the Doctor indignantly. He decided to demonstrate the capabilities of his beloved TARDIS. "That would show him." "In theory, we should be able to do things like this..." He keyed in a few numbers on the device, and the scanner opposite leant into life on the wall. A pyramid was slowly traced out. "We'll have a door there," he went on, studiously

punching in more figures.

"I suppose that's useful."

"Yes," said Adric, mollified. "The Doctor, ironically. Well we've got to be able to get in and out," said the Doctor, natively.

"No, I meant being able to change like that," said Adric patiently. The Doctor was thoughtful again. "It's how the Master hid from us on Traken," Adric thought back on their last adventure on the peaceful world of Traken. Adric thought of the Doctor's arch-enemy, a fellow renegade from Gallifrey calling himself the Master, had engineered an audacious plan. Using the Traken secret of the power of the Source - the means by which Traken was ruled, powered and maintained - the Master had been able to prolong his life beyond his twelfth regeneration. This was the mysterious process by which a damaged Time Lord's body rearranged its very molecular arrangement, changing into a more youthful and more healthy body than the wreck of the previous one. After the twelfth regeneration, there are no more - but the Master, a creature of evil and machiavellian cunning, was not prepared to die, planning to live on by means of the Source and literally hijacking another humanoid body in which to deposit his evil soul and mind. The secrecy of the operation had meant that the Master used his TARDIS to gain access to the Source, disguising it as a statue so that the Doctor was unaware of his true enemy until it was almost too late. Fortunately, the Doctor had been able to destroy the Master's TARDIS with the help of the Traken scientist Tremas and his daughter Nyssa, and the evil Time Lord had been left to die in the destroyed timeship with no hope of escape for his frail, emaciated body, the last vestiges of his final, decrepit regeneration. Adric had good reason to remember the events, for he had struck up quite a friendship with Nyssa, feeling a need to protect her; and he had been quite sad to leave her on Traken and travel on with the Doctor. He was drawn from his thoughts by the Doctor, who was explaining the new console device in greater detail. "Anyway, if this worked I'd just have to punch a few buttons, like this..." He tapped a sequence of keys before him. "...and we'd be a pyramid." As they looked at the screen, a box was traced out, tall and rectangular with six-sectioned windows in each of the two blue doors. Adric smiled at the familiar contours. "It's very distinctive."

"Yes," admitted the Doctor - the shape on the screen was unmistakably that of a police box. "I'm not sure we should be distinctive."

"Why? Who's looking for us now? You've disposed of the Master."

"Yes," admitted the Doctor. "But since we left Traken, and then the cloister bell..."

"Wild catastrophe?" hazarded Adric.

The Doctor merely made an "mm" sound.

"When the battle stations?" asked Adric, a little worried.

"Yes," said the Doctor. He scanned the instrumentation before him with a rapid, practised eye. "Ah, Earth. Nearly there."

ii the watcher

In the dampness of the late morning, Tegan was working on the little red sports car. As she endeavoured to make the repairs necessary by herself, Vanessa had decided to stay in the car and read the instructions as appropriate from the owner's handbook. "Completely remove the wheel nut. Remove the hub trim. Exchange the road wheels and replace the hub trim and wheel nut," she read, and gave a laugh. She was tempted to add, "That's all there is to it," but satisfied herself with the observation, "Oh dear, now that's what I call rubbish. You and your aeroplanes. I sometimes think you should have been born with wings." Tegan had always displayed an interest in the air, and had set her heart on taking flight as soon as possible when she had been young. Vanessa's thoughts were shattered by the sound of the wheel's hub cap falling to thearmac of the lay-by with a resounding metallic clatter. Tegan gave a quiet curse, and moved to retrieve it from where it had rolled.

As she did so, a strange, even unearthly wheezing sound made itself faintly audible as a second police box appeared from nowhere next to the first one further along the lay-by, its top light flashing away furiously. But with the noise of the passing traffic and her preoccupation with replacing the tyre, Tegan was unaware of the new arrival. Vanessa was engrossed in the repair job too. "By the way, dear, don't you think we should put a..." She ratched her brains for the correct term. "...a jack under there before you take that wheel off?"

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor was surveying the companion notice box on the scanner screen. "We've missed," he said, almost incredulously, measuring an empty space next to the console with his hands.

"What's supposed to happen?" asked Adric, still puzzling over the Doctor's actions.

"I usually suppose we're going to miss," admitted the Doctor. "I thought just for once we might materialise on the right co-ordinates." He studied the screen more carefully. "Two point six metres off target." He confirmed it on the instrumentation. "What a landing."

"It's not bad for the TARDIS," admitted Adric, encouragingly.

"That's what I said," replied the Doctor levelly. "What a landing. No no no," he said, moving to restrain Adric's hand from touching a nearby lever, "don't open the door."

"Aren't we going out there to measure it?"

"Well, there's no need to draw attention to ourselves." The Doctor smiled. "As I said, there's a way if I can just organise it. The TARDIS and I are getting rather better at these short hops." Since first encountering Adric, the Doctor had been trying to travel short distances in the ship with greater success than previously.

Outside the TARDIS, the scene was much the same as before. But then, slowly, the new police box's contours began to become less opaque, becoming first translucent and then transparent before vanishing completely. The strange trumpeting noise continued unabated, however, and the original police box shimmered and then stabilised, its top light flashing suddenly and then ceasing.

Back inside the TARDIS, as the sound of materialisation faded away, the original police box was standing to one side of the console room. "It's just like the TARDIS," said Adric, looking at the old yet new object more closely.

"I hope not," said the Doctor sharply, "that could give some unpleasant dimensional anomalies." He moved towards the box from the other side of the console. "No, it's just an ordinary police box, around which we materialised with considerable finesse, I hope you noticed." He threw Adric a smug look. Adric read the sign on the left hand door of the box: "Police telephone, free for use of -".

"No no no," interrupted the Doctor briskly, "Leave it alone." He took the telephone receiver, still dangling from the box in the front, and replaced it on its cradle, closing the little door as he did so. "Communications device," he explained to the puzzled Adric. He took out a tape measure from one of his many voluminous pockets. "Adric, take down these dimensions. I've been meaning to do this for centuries."

Tegan was struggling bravely with the wheel, and Vanessa had decided that she would let her get on with it, though she did throw her occasional encouraging remark. "Nearly done?" she enquired at last.

Tegan had already resorted to feeble excuses, though she was determined to have a good try at the repair herself before giving in. "I don't really belong on ground level," she stated, thinking longingly of her aerolane. She thought back to what she had said earlier. "I didn't mean to be rude about your car. It's very nice of you to give me a lift to the airport." Her exertions were tiring her quite quickly.

The two women were unaware that opposite them, leaning on a fence across a field which bordered on the other side of the by-pass, a figure was observing their every movement. The clothes were all white, and even the face seemed unnaturally pallid, with no hair to speak of visible on the head. It was almost as if a ghost was staring at them, watching their struggles.

Vanessa was being generous after silently moping for so long. "My little runabout's used to being insulted by now." She studied the dent guiltily. "Gears are okay, I suppose," Tegan admitted reluctantly. "There's more open spaces back home." Her thoughts were interrupted by a new discovery; having left the flat tyre, she had gone around to the boot again for the spare. "What kind of maker's schedule are you running here, Auntie Vanessa? This tyre's flat too."

The figure watching observed that the elder of the two women was becoming rather more frantic. Vanessa was worried that a long wait would mean Tegan missing her plane.

"Please dear, do let's get a man from the garage."

Tegan was adamant. "No way. The stories I've heard about the way they exploit helpless women. If you want a job doing well, do it yourself - that's what Dad used to say." She thought of her father back in Australia, and was filled with new resolve.

"Perhaps some knight errant will stop for us," Vanessa thought aloud, gazing hopefully in the direction of the by-pass for the umpteenth time. "You've got to learn to fend for yourself in the Outback, you know," said Tegan primly.

"Your father's farm," said Vanessa reprovingly, "is hardly the Outback, my dear. And neither is this." She scanned the horizon, and spoke up again.

"You know, I can see a garage not even a quarter of a mile away."

"Industry and application, Aunt Vanessa. Air stewardesses are supposed to be resourceful."

"You're not an air stewardess yet, dear."

"I will be after today."

"If we ever get to the airport."

"We will, just as soon as we get this wheel off." Tegan's struggles continued. Her aunt gave what she assumed was an exasperated moan. Then, as she looked across the by-pass for help again, she spotted the figure in the distance studying them. He did not move.

"You know, I thought I saw a man hovering over there. Perhaps," she mused, "he needs a wave of encouragement." She contemplated the action slyly, and studied her niece.

"It's the nineteen-eighties, Aunt Vanessa," said Tegan practically. "No knight errants."

And as her aunt looked up again in the direction of the fence, the figure was nowhere to be seen.

The Doctor was still measuring the police box, calling out the figures for Adric to write down.

"Three point six seven metres normal to the back surface."

"How much more of this is there?" asked Adric wearily.

"It was to be measured in every dimension," said the Doctor, preparing to take another such measurement.

Adric looked at him sceptically. "But it can't have thirty-seven dimensions. You said it was an ordinary Earth object."

"In every dimension and in every detail," explained the Doctor, qualifying his statement. He dangled the tape by his side as he went on, "The Logopolitans convert that into a very precise mathematical model."

"Why?" asked Adric. Explanations were more interesting than measurements.

"No overlay it on the TARDIS."

"And that's block transfer computation."

"Well," said the Doctor, attempting a brief explanation of what would take centuries to describe in detail, "it's a way of modelling space-time events through pure calculation."

Adric was fascinated by the concept. "Really?"

"No," said the Doctor, misunderstanding, "transcendentally. It's quite hard to explain in a word."

"Creating solid objects through pure mathematics," said Adric, amazed.

The Doctor smiled. Perhaps they could get on with the measuring now.

"Yes, I went and did all the courses when they first offered to do the cham-eleon conversion for me." He thought back to his previous visit to Logopolis with affection. "It's highly specialised. But they say it will work." He nodded towards the police box. "Leg up."

Adric was assisted to the top of the box, though not without the assistance of a pair of step ladders, and made the final measurements.

"So why do we have to go to Logopolis if the theory's as simple as you say?"

"Because the actual working is incredibly tedious," said the Doctor. "Lots of fiddly computations. Much better to leave it to the Logopolitans - they do it standing on their heads."

Adric goggled. "Not with a computer?"

The Doctor looked up at him in disdain. "Standing on their heads" is an expression."

"Oh," said Adric, unsure.

"As a matter of fact," said the Doctor, "they don't use computers. They use word of mouth."

Adric glanced down suspiciously. "Is that another expression?"

"No."

"They speak it?" This seemed even more unbelievable.

"Mutter," said the Doctor. "Inlonge."

"Inlonge the computations?"

"Yes."

"Why?" As a mathematician, Adric found the puzzle compelling.

After a pause, the Doctor looked up at his young companion again, and

exclaimed, "I've wondered that myself. Never quite had the nerve to ask them."

He thought of the Logopolitans and their rather austere lives, particularly

his old friend Thero. But his reverie was broken suddenly by the develop-

ment of a strange noise in the usually placid TARDIS machinery noises. He

looked to the console sharply. "Another instrumentation failure."

"A gravity bubble?" suggested Adric from the police box before leaping

agilely down to the console room floor.

"No," said the Doctor, then reconsidered. "Definitely a gravity bubble,"

he conceded as another alarm began to sound above the first, "and pretty

local too by the look of it."

Adric remained by the police box. "Is that dangerous?"

The Doctor stroked his chin between finger and thumb. "Well, we'd better

not dematerialise until I've investigated." He flicked a switch, and the

large TARDIS doors swung open with a hum. "I've a feeling I'm overlooking

the obvious again." He stepped outside with a final, "Back in two shakes."

The TARDIS outer door swung open, and the Doctor stepped onto the tarmac

of the lay-by, scanning his surrounding with wide-open eyes. As he did so,

he caught a glimpse of the watching figure across the by-pass, still leaning

on the fence. He turned again and re-entered the TARDIS, only to see Adric

attempting to pick the lock of the police box with his star. It was unfor-

lunate in some ways, he reflected, that Adric displayed so many of the char-

acteristics of a young criminal. He had hoped, once that he had resigned

himself to the fact that he would never be able to return the youngsters' home

to Alzarius, that with a little persuasion and education he might be turned

into a more respectable young man. It had to be admitted, on the other hand,

that a little skill in picking locks could be useful on occasions. Adric

didn't hear him re-enter the console room.

"What are you doing, Adric?"

Adric turned, almost guiltily. "I thought it might have something to do

with the gravity bubble."

"What?" But the Doctor's protests were halted as the door of the box

creaked uncertainly open. Adric started to move forwards into the darkness

within as the Doctor said, "I'm afraid you're right." But he went on, "No!

leave this to me." As Adric moved obediently aside, the Doctor pushed the

door more fully open and stepped through the portal. Adric followed quietly.

Inside, to his amazement, was a large room, familiar and yet unfamiliar.

Although the lighting was more yellow, darker, the room they had just entered

was still unmistakable. They were in another TARDIS.

iii

a brush with the law

The Doctor turned to see that Adric had followed him in. "Get back to the TARDIS."

"But this is the TARDIS," Adric protested. He looked around the darker

room, and recognised the familiar console, control rack, even the police box

to one side of the large room.

The Doctor was shaking his head. "A TARDIS perhaps."

Adric pointed to the console now. "But it's just like yours."

The Doctor frowned and moved up to the police box. "Yes," he admitted,

"down to the last detail." Adric studied the box more closely, but the

Doctor noticed the telephone dangling from the small cupboard at the front,

and was more apprehensive. "No wait," he said urgently, "wait. This could

be terribly dangerous. You'd better stay with me."

Despite the wetness of the ground, Vanessa had decided that if Tegan was going to insist on her self-help plan and if they were to get to the airport on time, then she had better lend a hand. Overhead a number of planes had roared past - had one of them been Tegan's? Vanessa sat back, and pointed to the wheel which was now removed in minor triumph. "There you are, Tegan dear - I've got the knack too."

Tegan threw her a tired look. "I wish there was a knack to blowing up a

snare tyre with a hole in it." She continued in gentle reproach, "Really, Aunt Vanessa, what's the point in driving around with a dud snare tyre?"

Her aunt's solution was the same as ever: "It's the garage, dear," she

said, adding as an ironic afterthought, "tooks and swindlers."

Tegan gave a large sigh. Resourceful as she was, she had to admit defeat.

"Well, I suppose we've got no choice."

"Unless we wait for a knight errant," said her aunt, smiling.

Tegan laughed. "No thank you. You stay here and get your breath back,

and I'll go." And with a determined step, she started to walk off.

Her aunt had a sudden thought: "Take your bag, dear. You might have to

pay for it."

"Ah," said Tegan, retracing her steps to retrieve her bag.

"There you go," said her aunt, watching her take a renewed grip of the

flat tyre. "Good girl." Then she sat down for a rest after her exertions

removing the tyre.

Tegan wheeled the tyre by rolling it along in a hoop-and-stick fashion,

occasionally giving it a little extra impetus with her hand. However, the

tyre veered off suddenly and came to a halt on its side in a puddle. She

moved towards it, and then noticed the tall blue shave next to her. She

examined the notice on the left hand door. "Police telephone, free for use

of public. Advice and assistance obtainable immediately. Officers and cars

respond to urgent calls. Pull to open." She studied the box. Well, it

would save her a long walk to the garage, wouldn't it. She gave the door handle an experimental pull, but it wouldn't open until she gave it a push instead, whereupon it creaked ajar slowly. From within, she could hear the faint humming of machinery. "Rimny," she said to herself. What was happening? Very peculiar indeed.

In the console room of the Doctor's TARDIS, the police box shone to one side of the hexagonal control console itself faded away with a familiar wheezing, and by the time Tegan had entered by the large doors, it had gone completely.

Tegan's surprise knew no bounds. She was at a loss to explain the apparent size of the interior compared to the exterior. Moving to the large console in the centre, she leaned heavily on one panel of instruments. She realised that there was only one course of action. "Hello," she said loudly. "There was a long pause. "Anybody there?" she tried. There was silence again. "Well," she thought aloud, "there must be intelligent life at the end of this lot." She tried pressing one of the many buttons before her - an air hostess had to be resourceful. "Hello?" she stammered. "Anyone receiving me? Hello? Come in anybody. My name is Tegan Jovanka. I'd like to speak to the pilot."

There was no immediate response, but the sudden and unexpected resurgence of the cloister bell in the distance made her jump with fright. The tolling seemed to be coming from the door opposite the large ones she had entered through. Fearfully, she moved across to the new door and opened it slowly; it led on to a corridor, and so she stepped through. "Is that the crewmen there?" Still with no reply forthcoming, she began to walk along the corridor.

Inside the second TARDIS, the Doctor had taken the telephone receiver from the police box in his hand, and replaced it on the switch hooks where it belonged. Adric's voice broke the silence, which was otherwise filled only with the almost inaudible humming of the machinery next to them. "So it is another TARDIS."

The Doctor looked at the phone uncertainly, then closed the little door on it. "Too early to tell. There are other things that can cause this sort of dimensional anomaly." Years of time travel had taught the Doctor not to make unnecessary snap decisions or diagnoses. Now he indicated the police box lock. "Just see if you can do that again." Within a minute, the door was swinging open inwards, and the two stepped through the doorway.

They were in another TARDIS console room. "How many more of these are there?" asked Adric, studying their new surroundings - exactly the same as their old ones, but darker still. The Doctor however had moved over to the police box beside the console. Fervently he studied the telephone receiver dangling from the front of the box. He picked it up and placed it on the cradle in the box again, shutting the little door. "It couldn't be an infinite regression, could it?" asked Adric. The Doctor turned and gave him an anxious glance. "I hope not." He motioned Adric nearer. "Because if it is, we'll never get out of it. Here," he went on, indicating the lock of the police box, "you do it."

And as Adric started on the lock a third time, the distorted sound of the cloister bell made itself heard around them.

Vanessa sat in the car in the driving seat, and looked towards the police box. She had recovered from her maintenance efforts, and was awaiting Tegan's return from the garage. The gentle wind which had earlier made work on the puncture so much more pleasant now ruffled the fur on the collar of her coat. Her impatience was growing, however, and she stepped from the car, intent on

discovering where Tegan had got to.

As she passed the police box, though, she noticed the door swinging open inwards. "Tegan?" she asked quizzically. Her puzzlement grew, and she moved nearer to the opening doorway. But it was not her niece she saw as the door drew back. "Goodness me."

She backed away, menaced by the unseen terror. She felt that she could not turn and run, but could only raise her hands to ward off the evil. An overwhelming sense of helplessness combined with a horror engendered within her by the sinister, mocking laughter which was gradually surrounding her, which turned into another sensation. She heard a powered whine, and felt as though she was being squeezed by a giant fist...

The Doctor and Adric listened in puzzlement to the distorted noises of the distant cloister bell. Adric turned away from the lock he was working on. "Someone's trying to get in touch with us."

The Doctor pointed back to the police box. "We can't turn back now." Adric shrugged, and returned to his task. Within moments, he had once more opened the door, which creaked as it moved away from them. "Phone it."

The Doctor looked pensively at the newly-opened door. "We must be getting nearer the nucleus of the bubble," he said, pondering the possibilities of what lay beyond the doorway.

Adric had the same feeling, and looked for an answer. "What's causing it?" The Doctor looked steadily at him; the reason seemed obvious. "Another TARDIS."

"What?" whispered Adric. "Materialising around the police box just as we planned to do."

"Yes," replied the Doctor darkly, "someone's been here before us." He came to a decision. "Stay here, Adric." Then he stepped through the door.

He was outside the police box, on the grassy verge behind it and the other side to the lay-by. He strolled out curiously from behind the box and onto the tarmac of the lay-by itself. By the side of the red sports car stood a police inspector and two constables, beyond it their police car. "Ah," said the Doctor, realising that the trio had spooked him. "Good morning."

"Good morning," said the inspector. He studied the newcomer with caution. Why was he wearing such strange clothing, and why had he been hiding behind the police box? Settling his suspicions aside, the inspector proceeded to business. Who was he to criticise people's clothing? He had seen worse. Now he pointed back to the little red car: "This your vehicle?"

"Which vehicle?" asked the Doctor, playing for time. The inspector pointed again, and the Doctor followed his outstretched finger. "The sports car."

"No." "If they hadn't had to come and look for the missing constable, recalled Inspector Talby, he Davis and Murray would have been cruising happily along the by-pass on patrol and looking forward to lunch. But they had spotted Constable Potter's bicycle and another vehicle, apparently in trouble, and stomped to investigate. For their pains they were rewarded with an abandoned car, no sign of Potter, an eccentric and...

Adric was listening to the conversation from the TARDIS, and could plainly hear the stranger and the Doctor talking.

"I just wondered how you'd come to be here," the strange newcomer was saying. "There is only the road, after all."

"Well, the Doctor was agreeing, "it isn't easy to explain."

"Well, while you're trying to work that one out, perhaps you'd like to explain this..."

The inspector indicated the front seat of the car, and the Doctor moved nearer and peered through the windscreen. "So he did escape from Traken," said the Doctor, mostly to himself.

Tegan was running through the TARDIS corridors. She could make neither head nor tail of the direction she should have been taking, and seemed now to be irretrievably lost in the labyrinthine corridors of the strange craft. What would her aunt say when she didn't hurry back? Perhaps she would reach the room she entered by, or find someone who could tell her the way out...

By the red car, the Doctor and the inspector were weighing each other up. Across from them, on the other side of the by-pass, the Watcher continued a silent vigil, surveying the proceeding without words and without movement.

"I think you'd better come along with us, sir," said Inspector Talby suspiciously.

The Doctor looked back as if it were the police officer who was mad. "But he's still about, somewhere."

Talby looked at the Doctor even more warily. "He, sir?"

"Yes," returned the Doctor, "the Master." He pointed to the driving seat of the red sports car, and indicated what the inspector had taken to be two dolls. There was one on the left in a blue policeman's uniform, and a second on the right wearing a thick ladies' coat with a fur collar and a white hat.

They were the shrunken remains of Constable Potter and Vanessa, and both quite dead.

two

iv

a message

The Doctor had recognised at once the effects of a molecular imlosion, and it was one of the Master's 'party pieces' identifying him as the perpetrator of the two people's murder. But how could he make the inspector understand this, a man who dealt with bullets and bludgeonings at worst? And he was beginning to lose his patience.

"If you'd like to get in the car sir..." He indicated the patrol car further down the lay-by, and moved as if to steer the Doctor towards it.

The Doctor held up both hands to pacify the policeman. "Now just a minute officer. You don't realise what's going on here."

"No sir," replied Talby rapidly, wondering whether the stranger was going to need restraining. "And I don't want to have to go into details. You want to think yourself lucky that I don't have to be the judge."

The Doctor looked at him again. "Me lucky? You don't think that I - You do think." He became slowly aware that the inspector might have hazarded a guess at the two people's fate, or perhaps he thought the Doctor knew of their whereabouts and was playing a weird practical joke.

"I'm not paid to have opinions, sir," said Talby, using the speech he often employed when faced with the argumentative Lyte. "I'm paid to do my duty."

"Well I do have opinions," snapped the Doctor indignantly, realising that he was going to be taken from where he needed to stay most. "This is the calling card of the most evil genius in the universe, and I have to tell you gentlemen that I've got to get after him." He raised his voice for the benefit of Adric, who he fervently hoped was able to hear the proceedings. "Now if you'll just help me to create a diversion."

"Mum?" said Talby. He resorted to the patient approach again - it was evident that the man was completely insane. "I think you'd just better come along to the station with us, sir."

The Doctor beamed at him. "I'd love to."

"Just to assist us in our enquiries," went on the inspector nervously. Together, he and the Doctor made their way to the waiting patrol car. Before stepping inside, the Doctor stomped by the door and looked over the roof at the inspector.

"Would you mind awfully if I stopped to telephone my solicitor?"

The inspector breathed out heavily. "You can do that back at the station," he stated, dropping the polite 'sir'.

"Well, it seems to me as if we're going to be awfully busy at this station of yours," continued the Doctor, "I mean..." He turned to look at the blue shape further down the lay-by.

"That's a police box," observed the inspector.

"Oh, that'll do fine, don't you agree?"

Talby finally lost his temper. "If you want a formal arrest..." he blathered.

At this moment in the proceedings, Adric had decided that it was time to create the diversion. He stepped from the TARDIS, emerging from the rear of the police box into the open air. Looking around, he spotted the bicycle that Constable Potter had been riding earlier, lying forlornly on its side to the left of the blue box. Adric studied the machine curiously, attempting to discern what use it could be put to. He eventually decided just to wheel it across the lay-by and onto the grass between the side road and the by-pass. There, he lay the machine across his legs and began to thrash about in simulated agony.

"Help! Help me please!" There was further agonised movement. "Help! Help!"

The three policemen turned to see the extraordinary sight of a youngster dressed in brightly-coloured clothing apparently trapped beneath Potter's bicycle, which he had apparently been attempting to steal. The Doctor grinned as he snatched his chance, leapt from the car along with the astonished policemen and started to hafe off in the direction of the TARDIS.

Talby had seen him, however, and shouted to his nearest colleague: "Davis! Get him, Davis!" He gave a little groan of despair as the constable diverted to reach Adric's side. "Not him you fool, the other one."

Before Davis could react, however, Adric had suddenly sprung up, throwing off the bicycle and knocking down the unsuspecting policeman. He then clamoured to his feet, and sprinted off away from the flattened Davis towards the police box, hurrying in through the narrow door after the Doctor. The two began to recover from their sudden efforts, and in the absence of traffic noise within the comparatively peaceful console room, they became aware of the cloister bell's distant but insistent tolling again.

Adric had noticed something else as well. "The box has gone."

The Doctor nodded. "It can be anywhere in the TARDIS." There was a note of disappointment in his voice. Now he moved around the console and closed the doors of the TARDIS.

Adric looked across at the Doctor, breathless but exultant after their escape. "Battle stations?"

"Absolutely," replied the Doctor. Meanwhile, outside the TARDIS, the inspector had reached the police box door only to find that it was firmly shut in his face. "Come along now, sir," he said, putting on his persuasive tone again.

He was joined at the door by Davis, who was looking crumpled and sheepish, and brushing himself down to remove what grass stains he could from his uniform.

Talby looked at him patiently: "Get the key."

Inside, Adric was becoming worried about the resounding noise still echoing deep from within the TARDIS. "The cloister bell," he insisted.

"A choice of emergencies," observed the Doctor. "We'd better dematerialise first." He activated the appropriate controls, but the familiar dematerialisation sound was ragged and fragmented, the time column uncertain.

Adric noticed the change: "What's the matter?"

The Doctor stared at the panel before him despairingly. "The TARDIS is very sluggish. We've no choice at all." He continued to try switches and controls, and eventually began to realise the extent of the difficulty. "It's dragging us back." After further thought he added, "We'll have to find some more power from somewhere."

Adric was still preoccupied by the tolling far off. "The cloister bell." "Close the door, then," said the Doctor, misunderstandingly; he returned to his work. "There must be some way of getting out of this." He scanned the console and discovered a switch. "Architectural configuration - that's the one." He had the solution.

"What's that?"

"Interior allocation of space," said the Doctor. The decision had been difficult, but it was time to let go of the past. "Adric, I'm going to

Jettison Romana's room."

"Are you sure?" asked Adric, worriedly.

The Doctor was philosophical: "This is life. Nothing's sure."

Adric sensed that he felt slighted. "I'm sorry. I was -"

"Look," snarled the Doctor furiously, "do you want a quick decision or a debate?"

"Sorry!" Adric shouted back.

Perhaps the release of pent-up nervous energy did them both good. The decision had been difficult enough to reach anyway; the Doctor stemmed the control into position and jettisoned the room. Suddenly, the TARDIS was in flight.

"Simple," said the Doctor, pleased with the result. "You see - there's no need to shout."

Davis had returned with the key to the police box. Talby snatched it from him, and slotted it home in the lock. The door swung inwards to reveal, not surprisingly, the inside of a police box. It was completely empty, save for the things one expects to find there. Talby scratched his head absentmindedly. "There's got to be a trick to this, Davis."

Tegan's wanderings around the corridors of the strange ship had led her nowhere useful. She had managed - although she did not know by which route - to arrive in a leafy grove, rich in vines and creepers and surrounded by fluted columns, rising to meet low arches, from which hung the loose cascades of greenery; ivy dangled in places almost to the floor - or was it ground? Tegan could hardly believe her eyes. Was she out of the police box now? And if so, where was she? "This place is unreal," she observed aloud.

A weird groaning sound began to filter into the grove, and as it grew louder still a familiar blue shape materialised from nowhere in the centre of the room. As the police box solidified, Tegan decided that she had seen enough in the day to persuade her that she wasn't entirely sane any more. She had entered the police box and wandered through a vast interior to an area of vegetation, and then the police box appeared again - it was all rather too much for her. As she walked around the blue box, one of the doors creaked ajar slowly.

Adric had calmed down now that the ship had escaped at last. "We're moving."

"Yes."

The youngster sighed. "So that other TARDIS really has gone."

The Doctor looked across the console once more. "Somehow I rather doubt that." He was ready to continue his journey. "Come on, Adric."

Adric looked at him in surprise. "Well, aren't you going to answer the cloister bell?" The ringing was still continuing as they listened.

"Why don't you answer it?" The Doctor indicated the door. "Go on."

Adric moved off, but hesitated at the doorway. "Go on," the Doctor insisted. Adric stepped outside, and the Doctor activated a switch on the TARDIS console. Then he put his head close to another device on the same panel, one ear placed close to the surface.

Adric had only managed to cover a short distance along the first corridor when the sound of the cloister bell stopped abruptly, the final sound fading away to nothing. He stopped, puzzled, and then turned to go back into the console room; the Doctor was still standing next to the same panel.

"Doctor, it's stopped."

"Yes," said the Doctor solemnly. "So now we know."

"Know what?"

"The message was very faint," replied the Doctor, tapping the device he had been listening to. "It was from Traken."
"Traken?" asked Adric, pleased. He had a sudden thought. "How's Nyssa?"
"Nyssa's all right," said the Doctor in a strange way.
"Yemas?"
"Vanished," said the Doctor darkly. "The Master must have had a second TARDIS hidden away somewhere."
Adric was horrified. "The Master's escaped from Traken. But why take Nyssa's father?"
"To renew himself," said the Doctor. He was aware of the process, but was still appalled. "He was very near the end of his twelfth regeneration."
Adric suddenly realised what the Doctor was saying. He could scarcely bring himself to confirm his fears. "He's taken over Yemas?"
"Yes," said the Doctor.

U a dip into the future

Adric shuddered. The thought was almost too much to take in - the Master was alive and living on in the body of the Traken scientist, his evil soul controlling the helpless cadaver of their gentle friend the consul. "Can a Time Lord do that?" From what the Doctor had told him, the Time Lords were a powerful race, but just how far did their powers extend?
"Well, he's not just a Time Lord by himself," said the Doctor. "But with some of the powers of the Keepership still lingering - huh!" Adric remembered how the Keeper of Traken had drawn on the power of the Source, and how the Master had attempted to misuse it to capture to Doctor for his replacement body. The Doctor was shaking his head. "And I was so sure. I was so sure." Then realisation dawned on him. "He must have known I was going to fix the chameleon circuit."

Adric stared. "He read your mind?"
"Well, he's a Time Lord," said the Doctor, annoyed. "In many ways we have the same mind."

This was not a new face on matters. "Are we still going to Logopolis?" asked Adric.

"No," snapped the Doctor dismissively, "how can we with the Master in the TARDIS?" He thought again of the Logopolitans. "They're a retiring people; they like a quiet life. There's no telling what a creature like that would do on Logopolis."

Adric was visibly shocked. Never in his travels with the Doctor had he heard him speak of anybody with the hatred that he spoke now. It just wasn't like the Doctor. "So how do we flush him out?" he said at last.

"Well there's no telling what that might do to the TARDIS systems." The Doctor suddenly seemed to have an idea. "Can you swim?"

"Yes," Adric had often been swimming with his brother on Alzarius.
"Good," the Doctor grinned. "Materialise the TARDIS underwater and open the door..."

Adric gave the Doctor a straight look. Could he be serious? If the TARDIS was as large as the Doctor had told him, then the amount of water flooding in would drown them and destroy the TARDIS. Perhaps the Doctor was hoping that the Master would sense his plan and leave the ship of his own accord. If this were not the case, then surely the plan was madness itself?

The Doctor gave no clue, but had located a suitable spot for a dunking. He indicated the scanner. "That's the river Thames," he said of a serpentine line that meandered over an aerial view of the city of London. "We'll put down there."

"And water sluices in and floods out the whole TARDIS," said Adric with no noticeable enthusiasm.

"Yes." The Doctor waved a hand towards the console. "Adric, shut down

everything." Adric slid beneath the console's overhanging edge and studied the underside, moving from panel to panel as the Doctor's instructions reached him; section by section, the TARDIS was deactivated as the major systems were taken out.

"Fold back the omega configuration," commanded the Doctor.

"Folded back."

"Good. Exponential cross field?"

"Halted. Pathways to conditional states seven to seventeen?"

"Closed."

"Excellent. Main and auxiliary drive."

"Ended."

"Good." The Doctor smiled broadly in satisfaction. The ship was now almost completely dematerialised, with just enough control manually to finish the plan. "Now, we'll partially materialise - there'll be a slight jolt." He looked at Adric, who had risen from beneath the console and was studying him a rehesively. "Are you ready?"

"If you are," said Adric.

"What?" The Doctor raised over the controls. "Well I'd feel more confident if you just said yes."

"Yes," said Adric.

"Good. Here we go then." The Doctor depressed a series of buttons on the panel before him.

Tegan had been surveying the police box in the grove with growing suspicion, not least because the last time she had entered one she had become inextricably lost. As she was pondering the wisdom of re-entering the box, a sudden jolt caught her off balance and threw her indecorously to the floor. So, she was in some sort of ship still, and it was moving. "This is too much," she declared, surveying her surroundings again and getting to her feet.

In the console room, the Doctor was looking pleased with himself as he surveyed the TARDIS controls. "Ha," he said as if there had been nothing to it. "A gentle splashdown." A violent jerk followed his words almost immediately.

"We must have touched bottom," observed Adric.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "good thing the water was there to break our fall." He smiled encouragingly at his young companion.

Someone who could better have done with a reassuring smile was Tegan. She was silently complaining to herself about her crumpled uniform when another unexpected jolt threw her off balance again.

"Crazy idiot of a pilot," she cried aloud, her Australian accent strangely accentuated by her predicament. "Wait till I have a word with him."

A sinister laughing began to penetrate the leafy grove, echoing out from the police box that stood so inconspicuously in its centre until it filled the whole area.

Tegan glanced around fearfully. Perhaps it was the crew. "Who's that?"

Back in the console room, the Doctor and Adric were about to effect the final stages of the plan. Adric was standing with his back against the TARDIS doors leading out to the murky waters of the river Thames; the Doctor was making final preparations at the console itself.

"Careful now," he called across to Adric, "the water pressure could send us both flying." He prepared to dash over to the doors. "Ready?" He moved as close to the doors as he could while still holding onto the control switch.

"Yes."

The Doctor sprang into action with a "Now!" The control was activated, and he rushed to the doors and helped Adric to hold them back against the enormous pressure of water outside. But their combined weight seemed to ensure that the doors stayed shut.

The two gradually released their grip on the doors and stood away from them. "That's odd," puzzled the Doctor. "There's no pressure on those doors at all."

"Perhaps we aren't down very deep," said Adric helpfully.

Slowly, the great doors swung open, and the two stepped out into bright sunshine. As they looked around them, realisation dawned.

"Ah," said the Doctor, "I thought there would be a perfectly simple explanation."

They were situated at the stern of a boat moored at the side of the Thames.

"Nearly got it right," said Adric, suspiciously.

"Nearly," agreed the Doctor. "But not quite. There's something not quite right about all of this," he went on pensively.

Adric glanced up at the bridge nearby spanning the river. The Doctor followed his curious gaze, and saw a figure that seemed, even at this distance, to be completely white; even the skin was snowy white and without darker colouring. "The Master," said Adric.

The Doctor stared at the mysterious distant stranger. "Nothing like this has ever happened before."

The sinister laughter in the grove had grown to an unbearable intensity, and Tegan had fled through the nearest exit. But she had only found herself in the complex of corridors again, and ran and ran until she chanced upon a junction. Which way now? She chose one at random and hurried off down its brightly-lit length.

The Doctor had been looking at the Watcher for some time, when he noticed that the figure had begun to beckon to him with a slow, unhurried gesture of one arm. He didn't look at Adric, fearful that should he do so the mysterious figures would vanish from view again. Retaining the Watcher as the object of his viewing, he merely spoke to his companion. "I've got to get to the bottom of this. You stay here."

Then he set off up the quay with a determined stride, and slowly climbed up the camber of the bridge to its half-way stage, where the Watcher awaited his arrival. After a few minutes walking, watched all the time by Adric, the Doctor reached the distant stranger and seemed to begin to talk with him. Adric awaited the Doctor's return with trepidation.

Tegan was reasoning logically as to the correct exit from the labyrinth of corridors. "I definitely came in..." She pondered the alternatives. "...this way. So this must be the way out." With a little hesitation, she hurried off down the appropriate corridor, her heeled shoes sounding loudly on the smooth floors. She fully expected to reappear in the console room she had entered by, but merely came to a skidding halt after hurtling through an arched entranceway and finding herself back in the green bedecked grove, complete with police box. She stood stock still in bemusement.

"Round and round like a hamster in a cage," she bemoaned aloud. However, she still clung to her rational belief that there was a crew somewhere.

"Somebody must be in charge here!" She buried her head in her hands, despairing of ever finding an exit. Unnoticed, the police box dematerialised in front of her. But now she was filled with new resolve, and straightened her hat and uniform. "We'll just have to give it one more go," she said with a bravery she didn't really feel. Then she ran off through the arched exit again.

In the grove, now silent after her departure, a familiar groaning, wheezing sound echoed around as a tall shrub in a pot appeared from nowhere at the rear of the room.

The Doctor had returned from his meeting, and re-entered the TARDIS followed by the puzzled Adric. The Doctor had not spoken a word to him since he had left to see the Watcher. Until now: "Door."

Adric complied, and the large exit doors swung closed. "Who was that?" The Doctor, however, ignored the question, and busied himself with settling controls on the TARDIS console. Adric persisted: "Doctor, who was that?"

"Set," said the Doctor, aloud and to himself.

"Where are we going?" Something told Adric that the Doctor was so preoccupied that he might as well not be there.

"Logopolis," said the Doctor simply.

After the mystery of the past few minutes, Adric couldn't have thought of a less likely destination. "What?"

The Doctor gave him a level look, and there was worry and uncertainty in his eyes. He remembered his conversation with Tennyson, all those years ago. "I've just 'dip't into the future'," he said. "We must be prepared for the worst."

vi

Logopolis

The TARDIS slowly materialised in mid-air before a huge radio telescope bowl, hovering uncertainly as its outlines filled in. Below, and in the shadow of the great hemispherical dish, stood monolithic blocks of stone, arranged in a plateau shape with almost-parallel gaps between them and radiating away from the telescope. Further gaps spread outwards from the direction of the dish, and one passage in particular. The massive blocks were of a squat shape, and stood six or seven times higher than the ground-level cave-like openings at the base of each of them, wherein could be seen only blackness. The blocks tapered away the further they reached from the dish, merging with the sandy surface of the planet, one way vanishing as if into the ground, another way rising proudly in the reddish light of the planet, displaying their sturdy sandstone structures to the sight of the visitors to the city of mathematics. The silence of mutters which seemed to possess an eternal, sibilant secret in its whisperings. This was Logopolis.

Inside the TARDIS, Adric was still unsure as to what was happening, although he fully intended finding out, if only to satisfy his curiosity.

"So that was the Master."

"Hm?" The Doctor looked up from his work at the console. "How do you deduce that?"

"I just guessed," Adric admitted.

"Never guess," admonished the Doctor, "unless you have to. There's enough uncertainty in the universe as it is." He seemed to remember joking with Werner Heisenberg about that.

Adric merely reflected that it was a fine thing to say if you knew what was going on. "But I can help you, can't I?"

"In the ordinary way, yes," the Doctor confirmed. He changed the tone of his voice. "This is something far too serious."

Another nuzzle. "What sort of 'something'?" asked Adric.

The Doctor looked away into nothingness, seeming to be concentrating on another time, another place. "A chain of circumstances that fragments the law that holds the universe together," he stated distantly.

Adric looked at the scanner, and saw their destination below them.

"Logopolis."

The Doctor returned as if from a dream. "Yes," he said briskly, looking at the scanner too. He spat out something he didn't recognise: "That aerial's a recent addition."

Adric seemed to look forward to the visit. "Are we going to be slaying
long?"

"You are."

"What?" This was something unexpected.

"You and I have to part company." There was sadness in the Doctor's

voice, but determination too.

"Look," said Adric, somewhat annoyed at the rather peremptory manner of this latest revelation, "if you're going after Nyssa, I'm coming with you." He still felt proleclive towards the young Traken girl.

The Doctor cut in brusquely. "Look, don't argue."

Then he himself was interrupted by the precipitous and completely unexpected arrival of a purple object through the door that led to the rest of the TARDIS. After a long and tiring race through the various corridors in the ship, Tegan had at last chosen the correct one for re-entering the console room. She looked around the half-familiar room in startled amazement, and then her eyes settled on the Doctor and Adric, who were standing on the opposite side of the console to her. She took a deep breath.

"I demand to see whoever's in charge of this ship."

In a clearing beyond the main structure of the city of mathematics on Logopolis, the TARDIS began to fade into existence amid the mutterings of the populace of the planet. The unearthly noise accompanying its appearance firstly drowned out all noise around it, and then faded to be replaced by the ever-present intonations.

In the console room, there were a number of explanations to be made. The Doctor made 'who is she?' gestures to Adric, while the young air hostess reflected that the explanations were rather one sided - she was doing all the talking.

"Tegan Jovanka," she said fiercely, using the modern pronunciation rather than the germanic version of her ancestors. "And I'm not answering any more of your questions until you tell me exactly who you are." She fixed the strangers with a stern look.

The younger of the two - the boy wearing the green and yellow pyjamas and sporting a blue star on a red pocket - spoke up first. "I'm Adric," he said pointing in turn to himself and then the other stranger wearing the incredible red coat and scarf, "that's the Doctor."

The Doctor took Adric to one side and whispered hurriedly to him, pointing secretly towards Tegan. Tegan moved nearer to listen.

"Who's she? Where does she come from? What are we going to do with her?" Yet another problem had arisen, and at the very moment he needed as few distractions as possible.

Tegan had overheard him, though. "You can take me right back where you found me, Doctor whoever-you-are. My aunt's waiting in the car to take me to the airport." She wondered privately what her aunt thought she was doing all this time. This was the strangest excuse for missing her flight.

"Your aunt?" said the Doctor aghast. "Woman in the white hat, red sports car?"

"You've seen her?" asked Tegan, unsure whether to be surprised or worried. The Doctor was dismissive. "Well, a little of her." He whirled to face Adric again. "That settles it. She's got to come with us."

"Settles what?" Tegan was outraged. "Now wait a minute Doctor." But the Doctor was already striding out of the main TARDIS doors, and Tegan hastened after him. Adric shrugged, and walked out after her.

Towards the edge of the clearing where the TARDIS had landed, a tall potted plant appeared from nowhere, unnoticed by the many people who were gathered around the Doctor's ship. They were busy waiting for the appearance of a previous visitor to their planet.

The Doctor stepped out through the blue doors to see the ten or so people expecting him. The Logopolitans: they were old, yet had an air of agelessness about them too; they dressed alike in coloured gowns which reached to their feet, with a black loggon covering one arm and the opposite shoulder in a sort of toga. The group all had white hair, and many sported white beards too - indeed, the similarities between them would have made the casual

observer believe that they were brothers. To those who knew better, they were more than brothers.

One of the group moved forward and stepped up to the Doctor; of all those present, he had an air of superiority and command, and it was he who formally greeted visitors to the planet. He bowed, and crossed his arms over his chest before displaying two open palms in friendship to the newcomer.

"My dear Doctor, Logopolis is honoured by your visit." The voice was surprisingly strong and resonant in the still air, and the vowels in his speech rolled with the authority and distinction of the speaker.

The Doctor smiled at his old friend. "Well, it's very nice of you to put it like that, Monitor."

Tegan had hurried out of the TARDIS, almost colliding with the Doctor, and decided to continue her conversation of earlier: "I demand to know what-"

The Doctor hushed her hurriedly, and smiled at the Monitor of Logopolis. "We're all very honoured to be here."

"Where's here?" whispered Tegan, suddenly aware that she hadn't stepped out of the notice box and back into the Jay-by.

"Logopolis," said the Doctor, as if it explained everything. "Welcome," continued the Monitor exxanxiously. "Time has changed little for either of us, Doctor."

Together, they set off down the main thoroughway between the huge sandstone-like blocks, a causeway that might more conventionally have been deemed a street. The conversation continued, while Tegan and Adric followed, gazing around at their surrounding with curiosity and not a little awe.

"You continue to roam the universe," the Monitor was saying, "while we persist in our simple existence on this planet."

The Doctor smiled at the thought of what constituted 'simplicity' for the Logopolitans. "Yes," he agreed, then indicated the radio telescope towards which they were now moving. "The antenna's new, Monitor."

The Logopolitan smiled. "Occasionally our researchers require what is sometimes called 'technology'; but for the most part, our computations are enough."

The Doctor sensed something else, but didn't press the point further. He turned to the matter in hand: "If your computations can help solve a problem in my TARDIS, I'd be eternally grateful, Monitor."

They wound their way through the various passageways that lead ever upwards and in deeper and deeper valleys between the monolithic blocks of stone that look them towards the telescope. Adric could see beneath each of the blocks, in a hole hewn from the very stone itself, a single Logopolitan mumbling calculations to himself, some perhaps using a simple abacus, others holding earthenware pots in their hands; and each of them sat on bare stools in the most rudimentary of living environments. They did not smile, nor did they look up, and but for the colour of their inner robes they did not show any signs of brightness, or indeed interest in the group passing them. Recorded by their Logopolitan companions, the TARDIS crew made their way towards their objective.

They had reached the base of the radio telescope. A rush bar opened the main doors, and the little group entered the building. They had stepped into a computer room, a control room of sorts, filled with modern equipment all shining as if new. The Doctor pondered on a half-familiar symbol on the wall, but dismissed it as unimportant.

"You have recorded the dimensions we need as data." The Monitor's tone was brisk.

"Yes," all noted down Monitor, "reviled the Doctor, rummaging through his outer pockets and then moving on to the many inside pockets in his voluminous burgundy-coloured coat. "I don't want to press you, but my problem is extremely urgent."

"It will only take a moment," said the Monitor, waiting politely for the dimensions. "Why don't we proceed to business immediately."

But the Doctor's interest, once he had found the rather grubby piece of paper where he had written down Adric's measurements earlier, was taken by the hardware around him, and his mind was only half on what the Monitor was saying. "Yes yes," he agreed, not paying very much attention at all. "But all this is new, Monitor, and vaguely familiar."

"This is merely for our advanced researches," said the Monitor swiftly. Adric approached the Doctor's side. "I thought you said they didn't use computers."

"That's right," frowned the Doctor.

"May I have the dimensions?" asked the Monitor.

"Yes," went on the Doctor, "historically the Logopolitans did everything--"

"The dimensions, Doctor," insisted the Monitor.

The Doctor turned, and smiled in apology before handing over the paper to the Logopolitan.

"This will only take a moment," he smiled, and sat down at a nearby console stretching across one side of the room. He studied the sheet, and began to make complex and instantaneous mental calculations before moving nearer to a microphone on the desk top. Then he began to speak a string of alien words, strangely guttural and quite unlike anything else in the universe's many languages, carrying the message of the measurements to the waiting people of the planet to recreate the TARDIS in numbers.

The Logopolitans' mutterings became audible within the computer room, which the Monitor indicated with a raised hand. "The code is being compiled," he explained, opening his eyes, which had been closed in concentration.

The Doctor smiled gratefully. "Thank you, Monitor. I'm certainly looking forward to having a properly functioning TARDIS."

Adric's knowledge of mathematics was by no means limited, but the method of calculation employed by the Logopolitans amazed him. "You mean those people we saw in the streets were working it out for themselves?"

The Monitor was sympathetic to the problems of worlds faced when attempting to comprehend Logopolitan methods of mathematics. "Yes," he said simply.

Adric goggled: "What, without technology?"

The Monitor attempted to explain the difficulties non-Logopolitans would have in this type of calculation. "Block Transfer Computation is a complex discipline - way beyond the capabilities of simple machines. It requires all the subtleties of the living mind." He touched his temple with a finger as if to emphasise his point. Adric recognised the movement from when he had seen the Monitor speaking the strange language earlier. Now he turned to Adric's neighbour. "Is this not so, Doctor?"

"Indeed, Monitor, indeed."

By the blue police box that looked so incongruous in the sandy clearing outside the main city, a tall potted plant waved slightly as if in a light breeze. The curious thing was that there was no wind at the time. The plant shook further, and began to fade away, until another shape began to fill its contours and then to replace them. A tall, yellow-brown corinthian column had taken share in its place as the Master's TARDIS adopted a form similar to the columns of the grove in the Doctor's ship. Then, the work of the chameleon circuit completed, the TARDIS began its familiar dematerialisation process and faded from view completely.

And the Logopolitans continued their mutterings unaware as an invader entered their midst. Within each cave, a Logopolitan sat with his legs neatly crossed, sitting on his stool and calculating his part of the programme submitted by the Monitor. At one of the addresses, though, if you had been sitting there long enough for your eyes to have accustomed themselves to the gloom of the poor lighting, you might just have discerned a corinthian

column situated in the slightly higher rear portion of the cave where the Logopolitan kept his meagre belongings. Without warning, the pot that the Logopolitan had been holding fell to the floor with a crash, and split asunder. On the stool at the front of the cave, a doll-like figure lay sprawled, for all the world like a child's toy dressed in a toga. In the confined space, the accompanying whine had seemed particularly loud, and now it was replaced by a sinister, evil laughing.

In the Central Registry of Logopolis, where the group from the TARDIS were awaiting the next step in the Monitor's programme, Tegan was becoming disinterested in the proceedings. Her main worry was her absence from Earth, and she pondered on whether she would ever understand what was happening. "When am I going to get an explanation for all this?"

The Doctor turned from surveying the Monitor's work at the console. "Hmm? Do you really feel up to an explanation?" He turned back to the console to await results.

Tegan considered; to have the puzzle solved, no matter how confusing, would be a help. "I'll try," she said.

The Doctor turned his attention away again. "Well," he said, as if he were about to launch into a complicated explanation. "Adric, you explain."

He returned to the console.

Adric was immediately defensive. "It's not the Doctor's fault you wandered aboard."

Tegan was outraged: "Wandered?" she cried indignantly. "Listen, that ship was deliberately disguised as a police box." She became more plaintive. "I just want to know who you are and where I am."

Adric sighed. This would be difficult, so he took her to one side for a long and over-simplified explanation. "Look," he began, "I'd better explain about the TARDIS."

As he went on, the results suddenly came through on the teletext before the Monitor. He turned and handed a piece of printed paper to the Doctor.

"This will restore your chameleon circuit," Doctor.

"Splendid, Monitor," said the Doctor, evidently delighted. "I've really been looking forward to this." He started off towards the exit, but spotted the symbol on the door; sudden realisation dawned on him. "Of course!"

The Pharos Project. But this is a near replica of the Pharos computer room."

The Monitor looked up. "It is a perfectly logical copy," he said simply.

"What?" The Doctor was baffled.

The Monitor turned his chair round to face the Doctor. "I always thought you underestimated the possibilities of Block Transfer Computation, Doctor."

he said, a little reprovingly. "You see, structure is the essence of matter. And the essence of structure is mathematics."

The Doctor stood at the door and pondered the logic of what the Monitor was saying. "What?" he asked. "You can model the Pharos Project mathematically?"

"Of course," said the Monitor, as if it was obvious. "And supply the raw energy."

"What?" The Doctor amazement redoubled. "You can model any space-time event in the universe?"

The Monitor gestured towards the door, the streets, the TARDIS. "That is true," he said briskly, "now shall we implement the solution to your little problem, Doctor?" At his suggestion, the Doctor followed him from the Central Registry.

Tegan and Adric wandered out as well. "What's a Pharos, Doctor?" Adric called after them.

"Ancient Greek for 'lighthouse'," said Tegan, remembering the Seven Wonders of the World from schoolgirl days.

"What's a lighthouse?" asked Adric as they set off down the steps of the

Central Registry and after the Doctor and the Monitor.

The Doctor was discussing the Pharos Project, although the Monitor didn't seem to be showing any great signs of interest in the subject.

"Famous Earth project to transmit signals to remote planets," said the Doctor.

The Monitor nodded. "I understand they're trying to get intelligent life to respond."

"Ah..."

They wandered on through the streets, past the various caves, wherein sat the Logopolitans, mumbling away on further calculations. The Doctor sneaked a look over his shoulder as they continued towards the TARDIS, and then spoke confidentially to his friend.

"Monitor, I must ask you a very special favour."

"My dear Doctor," said the Monitor expansively, "of course."

"Adric and the girl - would you look after them for me?"

The Monitor was puzzled. "You don't want them with you in the TARDIS?"

The Doctor's voice was grave. "What lies ahead is for me," he said solemnly, "not for them."

They had reached the clearing, and before them stood the TARDIS. The Doctor stepped ahead to the doors while the Monitor slowed to a halt several paces from the machine. The Doctor turned from opening the doors to see that Adric and Tegan had reached the Monitor's side.

"I hate goodbyes," he said simply, and disappeared inside the blue box.

Adric motioned as if to follow him, but the Monitor restrained him, catching his elbow gently. "There is a chance the computation may produce an instability," he said.

"The Doctor's in danger?" asked Adric, instinctively.

The Monitor raised a reassuring hand. "A simple precaution. There is very little that can go wrong. In fact," he hesitated, "nothing at all."

Adric was still unsure. "But he said he was expecting danger."

"I must confess," said the Monitor, remembering the Doctor's request, "I misled the Doctor in order to have the pleasure of your company."

He gestured grandiosely around, turning so that he, Adric and Tegan were facing back towards the Central Registry and away from the TARDIS. "While he engages in this mundane task. Now, perhaps you'd like to see more of Logopolis."

"I'd prefer to see a lot less of it," admitted Tegan frankly as they moved away from the clearing. "Can you give me some idea how long we're going to be delayed here?"

The practicality of Tegan's airline terminology made Adric worry that she might offend the Monitor. "I'm sorry," he said, "she's unwell."

"Too right I'm unwell," snapped Tegan, her voice rising. "Wouldn't you be?"

Adric could hear something above her complaints, however; he was sure that someone had just called his name.

Tegan's tirade ended with "I've got a job to do." Then Adric heard the voice calling again. "Adric..."

He turned and moved from the Monitor's side to look. In the half-distance he saw a petite figure with curly brown hair, in which nestled a small tiara.

A fur-lined velvet jacket with beagery sleeves was worn above a delicate, wispy short dress which gave the girl a resemblance to a fairy. A golden brooch sparkled at her neck. Adric had not seen the girl since leaving Traken, but recognised her immediately.

"Nyssa!" He raced to her side, clasping her arms in his hands affectionately, delighted to see her. "How did you get here?"

"A friend of the Doctor's brought me," she explained, also delighted to see him. "He's here somewhere," she added, looking around her.

Tegan had moved across to join them, and studied the newcomer with mild surprise before asking Adric "Who's Nyssa?"

Adric was pleased to explain: "She's the friend who helped me on Traken." Together they had helped turn the Source against the Master.

Nyssa had a sudden thought. "Is the Doctor here?"

"In the TARDIS," explained Adric, indicating the box where the Doctor was busy making repairs to the chameleon circuit.

Nyssa smiled at the older girl in the purple uniform, who smiled back.

"Hi, I'm Tegan," she announced. "They hijacked you too."

By now, Adric had moved across to the Monitor, who had returned to the TARDIS and was showing signs of alarm at what he saw. There was an unexpected glow, making the blue box even more conspicuous than before; and a steady hum was becoming more audible by the second. "What's the matter?" asked Adric.

"The transfer instability," explained the Monitor, frowning. "It may only be temporary."

But the humming and glowing did not decrease, and if anything they began to increase. Adric's concern mounted: "Something's wrong."

"Yes, you're right." The Monitor stared at the police box, perplexed.

Then, to their astonishment, the glowing shade of the TARDIS began to shrink slowly, dwindling continuously from its original size until soon it was no higher than the seven or so Logopolitans around it.

"It's getting smaller," said Tegan, who had realised what was happening and had walked over with Nyssa.

Adric spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness, and pleaded with the Monitor. "Can't you do something?"

"I don't understand," moaned the Monitor, confused. He put his forefinger to his temple and concentrated, but could only shake his head in despair.

"I don't understand."

"But the Doctor's in there!" insisted Adric. The TARDIS merely continued to shrink, growing smaller and smaller by the second before their eyes.

Behind them all, a silent white figure walked by unnoticed.

Three

vii

The most dangerous crime in the universe

Just when they thought that the TARDIS was going to continue shrinking indefinitely, its decrease in size seemed to slow up suddenly, and the glowing and humming faded abruptly as the police box exosheath reached a height of two feet. The Logopolitans and the Doctor's friends crowded round the shrunken ship and looked curiously and worriedly at it.

Adric turned on the Monitor angrily. "It's your codes that are doing this," he snapped.

The Monitor, though relieved that the shrinking had stopped, was still rather shocked. Nothing like this had ever happened before - miscalculation was never considered possible. "This is unheard of," he stated numbly.

Tegan thought it was time to be practical: "Well, how do we get him out of this?"

The Monitor was still preoccupied with the impossible. "A fault in the computation..." He shook his head again in disbelief, his brow furrowing in puzzlement.

"Well, there must be something you can do to put him right."

Adric's words seemed to snap the Monitor from his trance. He gestured to the nearby Logopolitans. "Take the machine to the Central Registry."

Four of them moved forward obediently, and carefully lifted the TARDIS a few inches above ground level, attempting to keep it upright and steady as they bore it away.

Nyssa looked on anxiously. "What are you going to do with it?"

The Monitor, however, was moving off after the box. "The Central Registry, quickly," he said, beckoning for the three youngsters to follow him. "There may still be time. The honour of Logopolis is at stake."

Through narrow passageways and on a winding path, the little group moved as swiftly as they dared to the radio telescope. Despite all the efforts of the four Logopolitans, however, the blue box was being jostled somewhat, and Tegan could not help thinking anxiously about the effects on the Doctor inside. "Will he be all right, Monitor?"

"If we can trace the error in time," said the Monitor, leading the others into another sidestreet in an attempt at a short cut.

They hurried on passed innumerable addresses, and in each sat a lone Logopolitan, deep in calculation and unaware of those others passing by only feet in front. But in one particular cave that they passed, bathed in the reddish light that penetrated this far on Logopolis, sat a non-Logopolitan, the face seemingly lit by an untraceable, mephistophelian illumination. The features were younger, the hair jet black and slicked back neatly on the head. The lids were heavy, and the eyes both mischievous and evil. A thin, cruel mouth and a neat black beard and moustache completed the face, and the laughter in it would have instilled a sense of menace in

his hearers rather than of pleasure.

"At last, Doctor," chuckled the Master, and then threw his head back in renewed laughter. "At last I've cut you down to size."

Inside the small TARDIS, the Doctor had fallen to the floor of the console room, and now looked up dizzily. He seemed to be held down by an invisible, oppressive force, and despite his struggles he could not summon up enough strength to rise to his feet again.

"Most dematerialise," he mumbled. "Dematerialise." He raised an arm weakly over his head, and strained to reach the console panel above him. But he could not manage to make contact with the controls, and he felt powerless. As his tired fingers finally touched the nearest of the arrays of switches and levers, he realised that his efforts were fruitless. "Nothing works," he moaned. "Nothing."

He gazed up at the scanner desperately. The view was one as if through a fish-eye lens. Bodies momentarily blacked out the view, and then faces loomed almost menacingly towards him, nothing words which he could not hear. Their attempts to communicate with him were merely making his predicament more obvious - he could not communicate with them, and they could not talk to him. Outside, the group were nearing the Central Registry, and Nyssa was still trying to contact the helpless occupant of the box. "Hold on Doctor," she said in an attempt at encouragement, "the Monitor is going to help you."

The TARDIS was carried up the small flight of steps and into the computer room, where it was soon placed between two three-paneled shields on castors which were wheeled in from an adjacent room. They formed a sort of octagonal shape around the TARDIS, and seemed to be keeping the machine stable should it start to shrink again. The Monitor had returned to his controls again, and was examining possibilities of undoing the damage that had already been done without the danger of inflicting any further, unnecessary mishaps. "The fault is in the dimensioning routine," he decided, speaking to no-one in particular as he scanned the instruments before him. "We can trace it, if there's time." There was always the danger that the shields around the TARDIS would prove insufficient protection.

Adric had overheard him, and moved across to the console. "Can I help." The Monitor looked at him gratefully. "Perhaps you can." He straightened his stooped back and stepped across to a printer on the other side of the room. Taking a fresh printout, he showed it to Adric. "This is the machine code for the section that contains the error. I must check the external registers. Read it to me as we go. It is a copy of an Earth machine, so I'm afraid we have to make do with their clumsy symbols."

Adric took the sheet. "The Doctor taught me to read Earth numbering." Tegan had overheard the last part of their conversation, and turned to speak to Adric. "Where are you off to. There's work to be done."

"We're doing it," he replied, and followed the Monitor through two large double doors at the rear of the computer room.

They were in a long corridor-like room, with an identical pair of double doors at the other end of it. Lining the walls, though, in two rows were almost-identical Logopolitans, unaware of any activity around them and hard at work on calculations at consoles similar to the one at which the Monitor had earlier been seated.

At the Monitor's beckoning, Adric began to read off the hexadecimal numbers on the printout. "A0...4A...92...2C..." The Monitor moved from console to console, moving diagonally across the room and checking each of the figures against the values registered there, looking for the vital clue to the error in the programming. "...A0...30..." The Monitor stopped abruptly, and so did Adric.

The old man shook his white head apologetically. "I'm sorry. I thought we'd found something. It's somewhere in the subroutine." He sighed. "Somewhere."

Adric took this opportunity to try to satisfy his curiosity about a few items. "Monitor, I still don't see why you need all these people. Why can't it be done on machinery?"

"For many uses, machinery is unsurpassed," agreed the Monitor. "But Logopolis is not interested in such uses. Block Transfer Computation cannot be done with computers." The Doctor had not fully grasped the complexities of the subject, so how could his young friend be expected to?

"Why not?" pressed Adric.
"Our manipulation of numbers directly changes the physical world, said the Monitor, adding with a little pride, "there is no other mathematics like ours. Adric was fascinated. "You mean the computations themselves would affect a computer?"

The Monitor was impressed by his understanding. "Of course. Change its nature, cause it to malfunction." He tapped his temple with his forefinger. "Only the living brain is immune." Then he moved on to further registers.

"You had a computer up there," Adric indicated back to the room where the TARDIS was. "You were using it."

"To record the codes, yes," admitted the Monitor, "to prepare new algorithms, yes." He hesitated, wondering how best to explain. "But we must not use it to run our programs. Now, we had reached 04 07 40 30 38." Adric was surprised to see that the Monitor had been working along the lines outlined by the printout and also along adjacent ones at the same time, and all mentally. "There are no errors in the registers." The Monitor threw open two more large doors. "We must search the streets." Together, they both set off into Logopolis itself.

Tegan had been feeling rather at a loss while she and Nyssa waited for Adric and the Monitor to finish their investigations; she did not dare to touch anything, and anyway she did not know what she could do to help further. Eventually she asked Nyssa to explain what was happening, and what the Logopolitans had done to remedy the situation. Now she was even more confused.

"Sonic projectors? What are they for?"
Nyssa moved over to join Tegan by the miniaturised TARDIS and studied the shields which seemed to hold the ship as a cricketer holds a catch. "They must be creating a temporary zone of stasis around the TARDIS. I don't really understand their science."

"That goes double for me," said Tegan. She wandered over to the double doors at the back of the room, and threw them open to see whether Adric and the Monitor were still there, but could only see the double row of Logopolitans, who continued their calculations oblivious of her presence. She watched them in silence for a few moments before she realised that Nyssa was standing by her side.

"You can tell they're exploited," she said with faint disgust.
Nyssa looked at her, surprised. "These people are scientists."

"So?" As far as Tegan was concerned, scientists could be slaves too.
Nyssa tried to explain. "I've seen that look of dedication on my father's face..." Her father. She wondered whether she would ever see him again. Her thoughts were interrupted by Tegan who remained unconvinced.

"Well, it doesn't seem to be doing any good, does it." She looked back to the TARDIS, and then wandered across to stand beside it. Nyssa closed the double doors on the Logopolitan registers, and joined her.

"At least the dimensions have stabilised."
"The TARDIS isn't much use to anybody that size," objected Tegan, "stable or not." That much she had learned from Adric, and what she could work out for herself.

"It gives us time," said Nyssa.
"Time to do what?" complained her companion despairingly. "We don't even know if he's alive in there..."

In fact, the Doctor was very much alive in the TARDIS. The temporary zone of stasis which the sonic projectors had set up within and around the ship now enabled him to move around, and the oppressive feeling had now left him. He looked around the console room, his head somewhat clearer than it had been earlier. "They've arrested the dimension spiral," he observed. "Things are looking up." He contemplated his predicament. "An error in the subroutine," he realised, standing up and studying the console. "Somewhere here, I will not be beaten," he stated to nobody in particular, but with an increasing determination. "I simply will not be beaten. But I could certainly do with a little more help from outside."

Adric and the Monitor were continuing to check the streets of Logopolis in an attempt to isolate the error. As Adric read off the values on the printout, the Monitor continued to check them off, peering into each of the cave-like openings where the Logopolitans sat calculating.

"Fourth block begins," read Adric. "A3...P8..."
The Monitor turned from the address he was checking. "E8," he snapped. Adric looked embarrassed. "Sorry, E8."

The Monitor looked at him earnestly. "It is difficult, I know, but accuracy is of a vital importance." He resumed his checking, and Adric continued reading out the values.

"33...89...9A...E7..."
"E9," said the Monitor clearly.
"Sorry," said Adric. "E9...2..." He stopped suddenly. "Wait, wait." He checked the numbers again. "Did you say E9? Look, it says E7 there." He pointed to the appropriate value on the printout, and the Monitor looked at it carefully.

"You're right," he confirmed. "And the next three numbers are wrong." Looking towards one of the streets leading off from their direction of travel, he pointed to their next place of investigation. "This way."

They checked further incorrect values, and soon came to one of the smaller sidestreets, a narrow, twisting passage between the blocks of stone.

"This is the street," said the Monitor firmly. "The errors should be somewhere here." Together, they searched several addresses. At the third they came to, they were horrified to discover the "error".

Where they might have expected to find a Logopolitan they discovered a tiny, shrunken corpse, about nine inches in length. They moved on hastily, and discovered that the same fate had befallen the next two Logopolitans.

"Saboteurs," said the Monitor, appalled.
"Murder," clarified Adric.

The Monitor had become even whiter than was normal for him. "Interfering with Logopolis," he said very quietly. "The most dangerous crime in the universe."

Adric looked up the street, and just where it joined another he thought he could see the Watcher surveying them, but the figure had slipped beyond the junction and could not be seen any longer.

The Monitor rose to his feet, and started off towards the radio telescope. "We must return to the Central Register," he said. "Quickly."

viii imposter

Moments later, Adric and the Monitor were back in the Central Registry again, and Adric was able to announce the results of their search to Nyssa and Tegan. "The Monitor's done it - he's found the error."

The Monitor moved towards the TARDIS clatching the vital printout. "The Doctor must reprogram block four of the dimensioning routine."

Adric took the paper and circled in pencil the figures that were wrong. "These numbers are the ones that have to be changed."

Tegan studied the sheet, and realised that at last she could do something positive to help. "If I show this to him, will he know what to do?"

"Yes," confirmed Adric.

Tegan took the printout from him. "Leave this to me."

As she moved towards the TARDIS, Adric gazed beyond it through the venetian blinds that covered the window looking out onto Logopolis. At a thought, he wandered across to the exit, and looked down the steps at the blocks below. At last the Doctor would be free again - if he was still alive. But what of the Master? He was broken from his reverie by Nyssa, who had come out to join him. "Adric?"

Adric smiled affectionately at the young girl, but turned again to the city of mathematics, serious once more. "The Master's out here somewhere."

"I came here to find the Master," said Nyssa.

"No." The Doctor had thought it too dangerous even for him to help. Nyssa was insistent. "I must know what's happened to my father."

Last she had heard from him was his plaintive cry for help, and then... "This could be very dangerous," said Adric sternly.

"I'm coming with you." She stared him down. Adric gave a sigh. Perhaps the Doctor could have persuaded her.

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor was waiting. He sat on the console room floor, meditating on his situation to pass the time, thinking of the task that lay ahead of him when he was free - if he ever was.

"The cheeseboard is the world, and the pieces the phenomena of the universe," as my old friend Huxley used to say. "He had enjoyed his long conversations with Thomas Huxley, and his statements often seemed to be unusually apposite... he reflected on what he had just quoted. "Cheeseboard? Chessboard... and the opponent makes no allowance for mistakes, nor makes the smallest concession to ignorance." Yes, unusually apposite. "I'm an ignorant old Doctor, and I've made a mistake. There's only one direction help can come from now. I'll just have to sit here and wait."

He glanced up at the scanner screen hopefully, and was rewarded by the sight of Tegan holding up the printout uncertainly. "Ah yes," he said delightedly, rising to his feet again. "Something along those lines." He set to work on the TARDIS console, studying the figures wavering on the screen.

Adric and Nyssa had moved through the streets of Logopolis, and reached the spot where the Logopolitans had been murdered. Together, they looked down at one of the tiny corpses.

"The mark of the Master," said Adric.

"He must have added his own voice to the numbers and corrupted the Doctor's codes," Nyssa realised.

"And he's still here somewhere," warned Adric. He thought back to when he had seen the Watcher shadowing the Monitor and himself. "I saw him; he's been following us."

Nyssa gasped. "The Master?"

"I think so," said Adric uncertainly. "Come on." As they hurried off, they failed to spot the Watcher slipping quietly across the street and round a corner. They passed along many causeways, numerous junctions, traversing corridors of monolithic red stones lowering above them. At one junction they paused to consider which way to go.

"This street," said Adric, and rushed off down the direction he had indicated. Nyssa did not follow, however, as she heard a familiar voice calling out to her. "Nyssa... Nyssa..." She listened again: "Nyssa... Nyssa..." She moved towards one of the nearby caves, and peered into its darkness. She heard the voice more clearly as her eyes accustomed themselves to the faint red light of the small address. "Nyssa, my dear," it said, soft and persuasive.

There, in a black suit with tight black trousers, matching tailcoat and a high, silver winged collar, sat the Master. Despite the change of hair from light brown to black, and the cutting back of the long, soft locks and full beard, Nyssa did not see the cadaver as commanded by the evil Time Lord, but instead the object of her search - Tremas.

"Father!" she cried.

And the Master threw back his head, illuminated eerily in the light, and laughed. Then he clutched Nyssa to him, and together they walked from the cave, the Master listening to Nyssa's words and explaining several details of his own. They came at last to a small clearing away from the city, where Nyssa continued her enquiries.

"But what is this mission of yours, father? You're so changed by it. You look younger but... so cold."

The Master looked at her through Tremas' dead eyes. He could feel no love for the girl, though he might imitate affection. He could feel no love.

"Logopolis is a cold place," he said. "A cold, high place overlooking the universe. It holds a single great secret, Nyssa, which you and I must discover together."

"And the Doctor," said Nyssa eagerly, remembering how Tremas had helped the Doctor against the Melkur on Traken. "The Doctor can help us."

The Master smiled cynically. "Oh yes, the Doctor can certainly help us." His tone became brisk. "You must return to him."

"Father," Nyssa pleaded. She had gone through so much to find him again. "I don't want to be parted from you." There were fresh tears in her wetly eyes.

The Master was almost touched. "No need to, my dear," he said with Tremas' voice. He produced a bulky bracelet from his tailcoat pocket, and clipped it on Nyssa's right forearm. "Here. Wear this. It will keep us in mind of one another." He moved away, but turned before he left and added, as an afterthought: "Remember to tell no-one that you've seen me here." Then he was gone.

Tegan moved away from the TARDIS and placed the printout on the nearby computer console. She had been holding the paper up for several long minutes now, and her arms were beginning to ache. "I hope he's seen it."

"I'm sure he has," said the Monitor, although he wasn't. How could he be

certain that the Doctor was in a position to do anything. Still, there was no need to alarm his young companion. "And with those figures he will be able to restore the TARDIS. It won't take long." Mentally he crossed his fingers. The events recently seemed to defy logic.

Thus reassured, Tegan turned to the second matter in hand. She threw open the double doors that dominated the rear of the room, revealing the Logopolitans still hant at work. She threw the Monitor a stern look. "Back home in Brisbane we call that a sweat shop." She went on to make a number of further angry objections to what she saw as barbarous working conditions: "They don't smile, she observed. "They don't talk to anybody...." "explained the Monitor calmly, "and they have no need to smile."

"No need to smile?" Tegan was shocked, and showed it. The Monitor sighed, and tried again. "We are a people driven by a mathematical necessity. The language of the numbers is as much as we need. Now it is important that we do not disturb them." He closed the doors, obviously determined that their work necessitated complete seclusion.

"But if they don't talk to each other..." Tegan objected. However, at that moment she was interrupted by a noise from the other side of the room. They both turned to look.

The TARDIS had returned to full size abruptly and unexpectedly, and the sonic projectors had been brushed aside by its sudden restoration.

"You've done it," breathed Tegan, her wrath averted.

"Yes," said the Monitor, relieved. "There does seem to be some positive development."

The TARDIS door opened slowly, and the Doctor stepped out, a little uncertain but nonetheless not showing any other signs of his recent ordeal.

"Monitor?" he asked. "My dear Doctor," said the Monitor, making the sign of welcome anew.

"I can't thank you enough," said the Doctor.

The Monitor smiled. "There is no need," he said bashfully.

"You too, Tegan," said the Doctor encouragingly. He shut the TARDIS door to. "You too." He looked around the room curiously. "Where are the others?"

"Adric and Nyssa went to look for the Master," said Tegan in a rather offhand manner.

The Doctor's jaw dropped. "What? They should know better than that. There have been enough unnecessary deaths as it is."

Tegan started. "What deaths?"

"The murder of innocent Logopolitans," said the Monitor angrily.

"And the murder of innocent Earth people," said the Doctor, angry at the news of further murders.

"Earth people?" quavered Tegan, suddenly fearful.

The Doctor realised what he had said. "Yes."

Tegan's lip quivered, and she hardly dared to ask her question, "Auntie Vanessa?"

The Doctor looked at his feet uncomfortably, and said quietly, "Yes." Tegan started to cry gently at first and then more freely. The Doctor held her uncertainly in one arm. "I'm so sorry, Tegan," he said awkwardly. "I'm so sorry." They moved towards the exit, but the Doctor turned at the door to face the Monitor again, filled with a new resolve. "The Master's already at work on Logopolis. I'm going to stop him if it's the last thing I do." He ruefully considered the possibility that it might very well prove to be true.

Adric had become concerned when he had lost Nyssa - he had noticed when he had reached the first junction, but by that time she was out of sight. Reasoning that in the labyrinthine passageways it was easy to become separated, he had begun to retrace his steps as best as he could remember; but his con-

cern grew the longer she did not appear again. Then suddenly, as he was about to turn away from a shorter corridor of rock, he spotted her at the next junction, apparently lost.

"Nyssa!"

She did not seem so enthusiastic when he rushed up to her, however, turning slowly and showing no signs of welcome. "Did you find him?" she enquired finally.

"No," said Adric, hardly aware of her sullenness so great was his relief at finding her safe. "We'd better get back to the Doctor."

They started to move off, but Nyssa suddenly clutched her right forearm as the bracelet seemed to sting her. Adric studied the new object with surprise. "Where did you get that?"

"It's too small for me," winced Nyssa, avoiding an answer.

Adric was intrigued. "What is it?"

"It's a present. I've been trying to get it off."

"Who from?" He tried to get the bracelet off her arm for her, as it was obviously causing her considerable discomfort. A fierce crackle was given off by the ornament, and Adric snatched his hand away as Nyssa screamed.

Almost as quickly, she regained her composure.

"I hope you haven't broken it," she said menacingly, her hand nearing his throat.

Adric looked at her in amazement. "Nyssa?"

But at this moment, a familiar red shape hastened right past them and shouted "Come on!" before vanishing around the nearest corner.

"Doctor!" shouted Adric and Nyssa, and hurried after him at once.

In the long corridor of the external registers, two Logopolitans, the hoods on the back of their outer clothing pulled above their heads so that their faces were invisible in the dark cowls, wheeled the sonic projectors away from the main computer room and back to where they were stored. A third Logopolitan behind them threw back his hood and revealed his face. The Master dropped back slightly, and removed a strange gun from the folds of his Logopolitan garb, aiming it at the two others. They both seemed suddenly to vanish - but at the base of the sonic projectors there were now two tiny Logopolitan corpses.

The Master gave a small chuckle, and wheeled the projectors back to the computer room. There he faced them out towards the city through the window with the venetian blinds, and concocted a lash un of improvised design from equipment around him. As he was positioning the final projector, he saw the Monitor returning with Tegan, the latter more composed after the old man's concern.

"Please remain exactly where you are," said the Master levelly. "I have it my power to bring Logopolis to a complete halt."

Adric and Nyssa had joined the Doctor, and now the trio were walking slowly along the streets of Logopolis and back towards the Central Registry. The Doctor was delivering a stern admonition to his young friends. "I don't want you two chasing after the Master independently." He wagged a reproving finger. "You, Adric, should know how dangerous he is."

At this point they stopped and looked ahead of them towards the end of the message. In the clearing they could see the Watcher, his white form a bold image against the red of the rock around him. He moved into the light, and his form was a silhouette against it, until he moved in front of the rock again, and the little group could see illuminated once again the unearthly pallor of his complexion and the whiteness of his clothes.

"That's the man who brought me from Traken," said Nyssa.

"Yes," said the Doctor.

"He said he was a friend of yours."

Adric was confused. "But he's the man on the bridge."

in the killing silence

"Yes."

"You said to be prepared for the worst," the Doctor looked at the Watcher, and then back to Adric. "Indeed I did. And I am prepared for the worst."

Adric looked at where the Watcher stood. "But why are you prepared for the worst, Doctor?"

The Doctor followed his gaze again. "Because he's here."

The Doctor moved on out of sight behind a screen of rock, and the trio moved on again until they reached a clearing. "There's much more to this Block Transfer Computation than we thought," said the Doctor pensively.

Adric recalled his baffling conversation with the Monitor. "Yes," he agreed. "That's how they built a replica of the Pharos Project."

"Yes, yes," went on the Doctor. "But why?" He looked at his friends as though he expected them to provide the answer. "Why build a replica of the Pharos Project?" He thought for a moment, and then said decisively, "Central Register."

Nyssa however had become aware of something else. "Listen."

They listened, and Adric said, "But I don't -"

"Shh!" hissed the Doctor across his speech. The group listened to the sound of silence, until Adric looked at the other two, baffled.

"But I can't hear anything," he whispered.

"Quite," observed the Doctor.

"Logopolis has stopped," said Nyssa, awed and a little frightened. The variety of eye mutterings and mummings which had become what amounted to a backdrop to the city had vanished, and the silence itself was becoming oppressive.

The Doctor gave his forehead a sound slap. "And I was vain enough to think it was me he was after." He thought of the trouble the Master had gone to in tracking him across the universe. The Doctor had just realised what had made him so persistent.

"Logopolis is his target."

The Master continued to put the finishing touches to his last work in the Central Register, watched in puzzlement by Tegan and displeasure by the Monitor.

The old Logopolitan did not move nearer to the figure in black, but he continued his pleading. "Turn that machine off. You have no idea what you are doing."

The Master was obviously of a different opinion. "Merely emitting a round-cancelling wave, Monitor." He stepped back to survey his work.

"Logopolis is now temporarily suspended," satisfied with the machine's efficiency, he turned to face his audience. "The silence gives us an opportunity to discuss its future."

"There will be no future," said the Monitor bleakly. "You are eroding structure, generating entropy."

"An absurd assertion," said the Master with a dismissive wave of one gloved hand. "I know the power of this device down to the last decimal." He held up his other hand, in which he held a small control device with a row of buttons running down it.

"But you do not know Logopolis," stated the Monitor assuredly.

The Master smiled. "But I shall, shan't I - when you've told me of the secret work you're doing here."

The Monitor's eyes registered his surprise that the stranger knew of this. "I cannot tell you," was all he said.

The Master was in no mood for evasiveness. "Why have you created a copy of the Pharos Project? The time has come for you to share your secret with me." He gazed expectantly across at the ageless face.

"No," said the Monitor, his voice rising, his determination showing.

"No one must know. That has been our firm decision." "Very well," the Master had half expected such reluctance - initially. "Very well," he said calmly. "We'll wait until you change it." He leant against a nearby console and smiled ingratiatingly. "Patience is a particular virtue of mine."

The Doctor, Adric and Nyssa chose this moment to enter the Central Register, and they looked around in surprise at the unexpected newcomer. Nyssa saw a familiar face, and moved towards the Master.

"Father!"

The Doctor laid a restraining hand on the young girl's shoulder. "That's not your father. Tremas is dead - murdered by him, the Master."

Nyssa's half-realised fears had become a reality. She peered again at the half-familiar, half-wanted faced of her father, so different to the face she had loved. "Nyssa," it said gently, and the Master stretched out his hand to her.

"You killed my father?" asked Nyssa uncertainly.

The Master realised at that moment that he had lost her confidence forever; he abandoned all pretence. "But his body remains useful," he said, standing up again. "Without it I could not have conquered Logopolis." The claim pleased him, but Nyssa was shattered.

"This is not conquest," spat the Doctor, "it's devastation."
"It's nothing more than a blanket of silence," said the Master, as though he was explaining to children.

"Which is killing the Logopolitans and turning them to dust."
The Master looked at the Doctor with laughter in his eyes. "If you expect me to believe -"

"Yes!" The simple claim was almost a command. The Doctor had been seeing the effects of the Master's device as he had made his way back to the Central Register.

"You are destroying everything," said the Monitor. "It may be too late."
The Master was indignant. "You exaggerate, Monitor," he said with contempt. "Logopolis is not the universe."

The Monitor's voice rose to a shout. "But it is. Logopolis is the keystone. If you destroy Logopolis, you unravel the entire causal nexus."
The Master threw back his head and gave a short harsh laugh. "Causal nexus?" he said incredulously. "You insult my intelligence!"

"You're interfering with the law of cause and effect," said the Doctor quietly.

Tegan couldn't see what good argument was going to do. It looked as though the Master was using the sonic projectors to harm the Logopolitans, and so she slipped across to the nearest one, hoping that she was unnoticed. By the time she had seized it, however, the Master spotted her plan. He raised his hand control up and jabbed down on a button.

Involuntarily, Nyssa's arm stiffened, and then reached out for Adric's throat. Slowly, and to the amazement of both of them, she brought him choking and gasping to his knees.

"Nyssa, let go," he said, struggling to relieve the pressure of the grip. Nyssa, despite all her efforts, could not prevent her hand from choking Adric.

"That is a demonstration of the causal nexus," said the Master contemptuously, watching with a little satisfaction.

Tegan was appalled, determined to stop what she saw had been precipitated by her earlier actions. "You horrible man," she cried, and threw herself angrily at the black figure in an attempt to deprive him of the hand control. The Master gave her an almost dismissive push with his free arm, but the effect was that Tegan was sent spinning across the room to be caught by the Doctor.

The Master continued speaking as if nothing had happened. "The electro-muscular constrictor," he said, waving the hand control higher, "gives me complete control over that hand." He laughed at his minor display of power. He gazed at the ruffled Tegan and said distantly, "Please replace the screen. I wouldn't take orders from you if you were the last man in the universe, the spat back.

The Master seemed unconcerned. "Very well," he said with a mock sigh. "One of your young friends will eliminate the other." He pressed further buttons with evident delight, and Nyssa's grip tightened until Adric was deprived of air completely.

Tegan gave Adric an agonised look, and then hurried across to the screen and repositioned it as she had seen it earlier. The Master immediately pressed appropriate buttons on his hand control, and Nyssa was able to snatch her hand from Adric's throat. The boy began to take whooping gasps of air as Nyssa looked on anxiously.

"Don't you understand?" the Doctor asked the Master, his tone urgent. "Logopolis is crucial to the whole of creation. This could mean the end

of the universe."

The Master looked away, and said carelessly, "I've never been persuaded by hyperbole, Doctor."
"Then come into the streets," challenged the Doctor, "and see what's happening."

"No need for that," said the Master wearily, holding up his control device once more. "I can demonstrate the continued functioning of Logopolis from here. This device only creates temporary silence, and can be switched off." On the final word, he flicked a switch on the handset and waited expectantly to hear the renewed and familiar chatter of the Logopolitans at work on their calculations at their addresses throughout the city of mathematics. To his surprise, and the Monitor's evident anguish, there was nothing but continued silence in the room and indeed throughout the city.

The Master rushed for the exit, and hurried down the steps into the nearest passageway. There was still no noise, only the sound of the Monitor's mournful tones behind him. "You will hear nothing," he was saying, surveying the silent city from the top of the steps. "Local disruption of structure is now irreversible." He could hardly believe it himself. "Logopolis is dead!"

Nearby, one of the monolithic structures of red rock seemed to shiver, waver, and then it started to crumble before their eyes, completely filling one of the narrower streets nearby.

The Master wandered off down another passageway, glaring around wildly at the crumbling stones around him and barely aware that the others were hesitantly following him. "You've done this deliberately," he cried. "You've done this deliberately to deprive me of my prize!"

The Doctor and Adric peered in at one or two of the nearby addresses, and were horrified to discover a Logopolitan, quite dead, decaying before their eyes in every cave. One of the corpses fell over with a sickening crunch and dissolved into dust.

The Monitor's voice was taking on an increasingly funeral tone, and he hardly looked at the falling rocks and dead Logopolitans. "Nothing is solid now. Entropy has taken over." Around him, the main-frame that was the computer Logopolis was falling to pieces bit by bit.

Tegan looked around her, frightened by the devastation. "What's he done?" she gasped, shielding her face from falling stones.

"Everything began to waste away when he interfered," said Adric. "But why?"

"The numbers were supporting the whole system," explained the Doctor, keeping a wary eye on the black figure before him.

The Master was moving from block to block, glaring around himself in disbelief. "I don't believe it." He waved his hand control above his head defiantly. "My biomechanisms are untouched."

"The degradation is random," roared the Monitor, his word literally falling apart around him.

"No, Monitor." The Master was defiant, desperate for an excuse. "This is some crude defence mechanism - a device to elude me!" He studied the others suspiciously, before stabbing a button on his electro-muscular constrictor. "Come Nyssa."

Nyssa felt the bracelet beginning to exert its influence over her arm again. "No," she pleaded. The Master pressed another button, but Nyssa could feel the influence waning even as her hand reached for the Monitor's neck. "The entropy you released is eroding your systems too," observed the Doctor cuttingly.

"Entropy?" asked the Master, defying it to effect the device. "Absurd. The power is weak. Some freak interference. Increase the power."

"More power would simply speed the collapse," volunteered the Monitor. As the Master activated more controls, the bracelet fell with a splinter-

ing sound to the ground, disturbing the thin film of dust that had developed over the bedrock of the planet over the last few minutes. Nyssa rubbed some life back into her blood-starved forearm. The Doctor stooped to pick up one half of it, and squeezed it between forefinger and thumb to crumble it away to nothing before the Master's eyes.

The Monitor was concerned but helpless about what he saw as inevitable, irrevocable disaster. "From this point," he warned, "the unraveling will spread out until the whole universe is reduced to nothing."

The Master stood stock still, little cascades of sandy stone trickling down and marking his black falconet. He had resigned himself to the facts. "So it's true."

The Monitor looked at the Doctor with an infinite sadness, speaking with certainty and resignation. "Yes Doctor, you were right. Our numbers were holding the fabric of the universe together." The Master was able to reflect with little amusement on the irony that he was learning the secret of Logopolis, and it was of no use to him now. For the first time in his many unsuccessful attempts at power, he felt utter despair. He raised his heavy-lidded eyes to see Nyssa speaking to the Monitor.

"But how? Surely in a closed system like the universe entropy is bound to increase."

"Certainly," agreed the Monitor. "The universe long ago passed the point of total collapse."

The Doctor looked at him, surprised at this unexpected revelation. "Passed the point?"

"If it had remained closed," continued the Monitor. "But we had the means to postpone the time."

"So that's why you adapted the Pharos Project," realised the Master. "Yes," admitted the Monitor. He seemed lost in thought. "We opened the system by creating voids into other universes."

Adric was beginning to understand. "Charged Vacuum Emboliments."

"We passed through one of your voids, Monitor," observed the Doctor, thinking about Romana and K-9 who were still on the other side of it.

"It all depended on our continual endeavours," the Monitor went on. "A temporary solution while the advanced research unit worked on a more permanent plan. But nothing will come of that now," he added, looking up as the rumble of masonry in the distance grew ever nearer, echoing around them. "The voids will be closing."

A large piece of stonework fell heavily to the ground nearby, scattering dust over the group. Even in the seemingly hopeless situation, Tegan still clung to an optimism born of desperation. "There must be something we can do," she said, her accent cutting through the dust.

They all continued on their journey away from the Central Register, attempting to move out of the danger of falling rock and into the safety of a clearing. They picked a careful route through the dying city as decaying monoliths shed sheets of stone around them. Optimism was not instilled in the others, and Tegan resorted to shouting at the Master. "This teach you to meddle in things you don't understand." "This"

"We are beyond reclamation now," the Monitor pronounced gloomily. "Beyond everything..."

"Not quite," shivered the Doctor as they hurried forward out of the final street and into a familiar clearing.

They all started to brush the dust from their clothing. Meanwhile, the Doctor had come to a decision. "We must pool our resources." He looked to the Master, who was beating debris and dirt from his falconet.

Nyssa spotted this movement of the Doctor's, and was horrified at the suggestion of collaboration with the enemy. "The creature that killed my father," she stated bitterly.

"I can't choose the company I keep," said the Doctor coldly.

The Master looked up, coolly appraising the new possibilities of the situation. "An alliance with you, Doctor?" he asked, a note of interest entering his previously disconsolate voice.

"In the circumstances," said the Doctor unpleasantly, "yes."

"If we do co-operate, there will be no question of you ever returning to Gallifrey," continued the Master with some satisfaction.

"If we don't co-operate," snapped back the Doctor, "there'll be no question of Gallifrey."

"Doctor, what are you doing?" Tegan had just begun to grasp the implications of the situation, and as another victim of the Master's callous scheming, she too was horrified.

The Doctor motioned her to be quiet, and continued his discussion with the Master. "As Time Lords, you and I have special responsibilities."

"Together then," said the Master.

"But Doctor..." It was Tegan again.

The Doctor turned, and started to address his companions. "I've never chosen my own company," he snapped. He studied each of them in turn, speaking with an unusual harshness: "Nyssa - it was you who contacted me and begged me to help find your father. And Tegan - it was your own curiosity that got you into this. And Adric - a stowaway."

As his words ended, a familiar wheezing sound filled the little clearing, and the reassuring blue shape of the TARDIS materialised nearby.

Tegan recognised the ship for the safety it represented: "The TARDIS!" "It's followed us from the Central Register," said Nyssa, amazed.

Adric was unsure. "But how can it get here when there's no-one in it?" "Did I say there was no-one in it?" The Doctor ushered the trio towards the TARDIS door.

Nyssa realised: "It must be the man who brought me to Logopolis."

"Come on," urged the Doctor. "I don't want any further arguments."

He pushed them through the doorway. "One, two, three of you into the TARDIS. Quickly, come on."

Adric stood framed in the open doorway. "Look, we want to help you." The Doctor shook his head defiantly. "Impossible. My friend in here will look after you." He threw a glance over his shoulder. "I'm collaborating with the Master. Now, go on. Battle stations," he reminded him.

Nyssa tried one last desperate plea. "The man's a murderer!"

Adric was convinced that they had to obey the Doctor, however. "Come on Nyssa, he means it." The TARDIS door closed on the three youngsters.

The Doctor turned sadly, and looked at the Master who was standing a pace away from him. The Master's face was alive with new hope. "Together?"

He extended a hand. "One last hope," replied the Doctor.

And he looked away in distaste as he accepted the offer, clasping the hand and clinching the deal.

four

X

the deal

The most difficult of tasks now faced the unlikely alliance, but their first move would be to examine the situation fully with the informed assistance available to them. The Doctor looked around curiously. "Monitor?" There was no sign of the Logopolitan. "He's gone."

The Master was indignant. "Doesn't he realise he's no chance of survival without our help?"

The Doctor looked at him disapprovingly. "The Monitor wouldn't abandon us." Logic was the basis of Logopolitan life, and Logic would dictate the Monitor's first move.

"Then he's trying to salvage the research team's work," realised the Master. He looked to the Doctor for a reassuring agreement. "He must have gone to the Central Register, yes?"

"Yes, maybe. It was the last addition to Logopolis - it might be the last one to survive. We need its knowledge," he added, starting off down the nearest street. "Come on."

The Master ran after him, stepping carefully to avoid the fallen rocks and debris that littered the ground. Above and surrounding the two disappearing figures, the decay of Logopolis continued with an almost ceaseless rumbling, as though the whole planet were emitting its death throes.

In the clearing that they had just left, the TARDIS door was suddenly thrown open, and a purple figure stepped out into the dust-filled air. Tegan started to move off, still arguing with someone inside the ship. Then Adric appeared framed in the doorway of the blue box, remonstrating with her. "We all want to help the Doctor, but we've got to do as he says."

Tegan turned briefly. "Listen," she said firmly, "the Doctor's my ticket back to London airport." She turned away again, and started off down the nearest street. "I'm going after him."

"Tegan," pleaded Adric, watching her vanish behind one of the large blocks of red rock. But all he could hear was her voice carrying across to him from the distance. "Have a nice trip!" Exasperated, Adric slammed the TARDIS door, and within seconds the ship was fading away to nothing.

At some distance in front of the young air hostess, the Doctor and the Master were continuing their perilous journey towards the Central Register. "The rot is spilling out into the universe from this point," observed the Doctor, indicating the increasingly large piles of rubble all around them and thinking anxiously of the damage that was being done even now elsewhere in the universe. "And after aeons of constraint." He cast a glance at the Master, whose present considerations were obviously not so broad. "Come on, let's collect the Monitor and get out."

He looked back to see that the Master had stopped, considering what he had just said. "My TARDIS?" he asked uncertainly, balancing on a large block of fallen stone as it wobbled, pivoted by a smaller rock beneath it. The Doctor had started up the steps to the Central Register. "There's no other way," he stated sharply.

"You're assuming a lot aren't you, Doctor?" said the Master, moving to join him at the top of the steps.

"Yes," shouted the Doctor, whirling around angrily. "Aren't I?" Then he moved into the Haros replica and gazed around the room inquisitively. "Monitor?" he said softly.

On the other side of the room, surrounded by dust and bits of fallen masonry, sat the white-haired Logopolitan. The Master moved into the Register and studied the Monitor curiously, as the old man read figures from a terminal printout. "Logopolitan maths on a computer?"

The Monitor looked up from his work to see the two newcomers, but showed no signs of welcome. "Monitor," began the Doctor, "the stability of -"

"This is the program we were developing," cut in the other, "to take the burden from our own shoulders." He moved to one side to study the printout again, and the Doctor could see that behind him there was a gaping hole in the wall of the building, beyond and through which the decaying remains of the streets could be seen clearly. But the Monitor was explaining the program still. "A series of data statements to keep the charged vacuum embolisms open of their own accord."

"What?" said the Doctor, his interest now on the printout. "You mean the advanced research project?" This could be the solution, he thought, looking with concern at the Monitor, who seemed to be shaking a little.

"The computer holds a complete log of the research," said the Logopolitan, uncertainty quavering in his voice.

The Master stepped forwards and tapped the computer with a gloved finger. "Then the answer's here." He studied the system thoughtfully before going over to a printer and tapping in a sequence of numbers on the keys. The machine clattered into life, and the Master watched it print out a line as he leant on the console.

"Take care," called the Monitor. "The research is far from complete." "What?" The Doctor seemed disappointed. "Were you on the right track?" He gazed hopefully at the Logopolitan's ageing face. "You must tell us all about the project in every detail."

"There is nothing to tell," said the Monitor. He put one hand to his head in a half-familiar sign, before continuing. "It is all there for you to read. Now, I must get on with my work." He returned to his console and went on punching codes into the terminal. Then he stood up, and wandered across to a wall-mounted machine next to the huge gap in the opposite side of the room. The Doctor watched him go, and then looked at the hole worriedly. Had it been that large when they had come in? The machine that the Monitor was operating was now fixed to the only part of the wall that supported the roof. "I've done what I can, with the Registry in ruins," the old man was mumbling. "We must now realign the aerial, beam the program out into space." He peered uncertainly at the control system. "There is a CWF close by we might still be able to reopen."

There was a sudden scurrying at the doors which led out to the streets, and Tegan pushed open one of them and stepped in. "Doctor," she said as she recognised the burgundy figure in the centre of the room. She had been running through the dusty streets for what seemed like hours, calling in vain and thinking that she would never find him, before she had recognised the huge radio dish as the obvious location.

The Doctor had turned to study her in disapproval. "Yes."

Tegan was a little disappointed by this cold welcome. "Doctor." He became a little more reproachful. "Tegan I told you to get out of here."

"No thanks, Doctor," said Tegan resolutely. "I'm staying with you. You're the only insurance policy I've got."

Her explanations were cut short by the Master, who broke in urgently. "Doctor, we must form a plan," he said, waving a printout in his hand. "I propose: one - we withdraw to a position of temporary security. Two - we reconfigure our two TARDISES into time cone inverters. Three - we create a stable safe zone by applying temporal inversion isometry to as much of space-time as we can isolate." He studied the Doctor's face for a reaction, but it was Tegan's that made him turn.

"Look!" She was indicating something by the far wall.

The Monitor had half-burned from his work on the aerial controls, but was now crying out in agony and surprise. As he turned fully, they could see that there were holes forming in his clothes and body as they began to decay; dust trickled slowly from the growing holes, which eventually joined to become larger and larger. At one stage it was possible to see right through the old Logopolitan's frail torso. And with a final, horrible scream of pain which faded away at last, his whole body disintegrated completely, dust pouring from his unconnected limbs as they dropped to the floor before crumbling away into nothingness.

The Master was repulsed by the sight. "Horrible."

"Hardly more horrible than shrinking people," said Tegan quietly, unable despite the sight to avoid thinking of the irony of his statement.

But now the Master was at the exit doors again. The Monitor's death had unnerved him, and the Doctor was quite capable of finishing the task on his own. "No, do what you like, Doctor," he sneered. "Logopolis is yours." He stepped from the room in the sure knowledge that the Doctor's unsurpassable benevolence to sentient life would mean that he would finish the job alone or die in the attempt.

"Doctor, stop him!" cried Tegan, suddenly aware that they were being abandoned, "he's getting away!"

The Doctor had been pondering on the Monitor's death and the Master's earlier proposals. "No, no, no," he said insistently. "Listen. Reconfigure the two TARDISES into time cone inverters - it would work." He breathed a sigh of relief and admiration. "What a brilliant mind."

"And what a waste of two more brilliant minds if we don't do something," added Tegan.

"No no no," repeated the Doctor, indicating the computer terminal nearby. "The Monitor's program." He moved across to the large machine in the centre of the room. "You can help me."

Tegan was poised at the exit. "I can?"

"Yes, I want this in pieces." He studied the dilapidated Central Register. With the death of the Monitor, the whole place - terminals, computers and everything - was slowly falling to pieces. Even the power to the room had died. Worriedly, the two of them began to take the nearest computer apart.

The Master was picking his way carefully and instinctively through the mounds of rubble which littered what remained of the streets of Logopolis. To either side of him, entire monolithic structures had crumbled away to shapeless lumps, allowing the harsh red light of the Logopolitan sun to glare down in slanting rays on the devastation, making the once-proud towers of rock look like squashed sand pies on an enormous beach.

Avoiding the trickles of rock as the decay continued, the Master moved into a street where the blocks had not felt the full impact of the entropy; it would only be a matter of time, however, and he reflected wryly on his good fortune. With a satisfied smile, he recognised one particular Logopolitan cave and hurried inside. At the back was a corinthian column, covered with a thin film of dust. The Master prepared to step into his TARDIS, but a rumbling

sound from above his head made him look up in alarm - he was only able to see a large part of the cave's low roof falling towards him before it had covered him, pinning him senseless to the ground.

The Doctor and Tegan rummaged among the disassembled remains of the computer, and although Tegan did not know what she was looking for, she felt that she could help anyway by arranging the parts neatly in sections. She was holding on to a board of some kind when the Doctor noticed to it with interest. "What?" she asked.

"Bubble memory," he said knowledgeably.

"Bubble memory," she said blankly.

"Yes," said the Doctor, taking it from her and obviously pleased with the discovery. "You realise what this means?"

Tegan gave him a despairing look. "No. As a matter of fact I don't, Doctor."

"Bubble memory is non-volatile. Remove the power and the bit patterns are still retained in tiny magnetic domains in these chips. The research team's final project," he said, his eyes lighting up with delight, "is still here."

"Tegan didn't understand the workings, although she knew what they now needed. "Which would be great - if we had a computer to run it on."

"I've an idea where we could find one," said the Doctor. "On Earth."

He stood up and dusted himself down, flicking stones from his long red scarf.

"Earth," said Tegan, watching the Doctor move towards the door. "Then she realised what he had said. "Earth!"

"Yes," said the Doctor, beckoning with one hand. "The Master's TARDIS - come on." They hurried from the dying Registry and towards their means of escape.

Outside, they could see which way the Master had gone earlier by the disturbances his feet had made in the thin layer of red dust that was now covering everything on the planet surface as the huge red stones continued their irrevocable crumbling and disintegration. They hurried through the littered streets and into a smaller side street where the little caves were only now starting to feel the effects of the entropy. In one of the dark openings, by peering in closely, they could see familiar black clothing trapped beneath a large piece of rock. Moving into the cave, the Doctor seized one end of the slab and, being able to lever it, pushed it aside. The Master, who was beginning to come to his senses again, blinked rapidly several times and started to dust off his coat.

"One good lift deserves another, don't you think?" said the Doctor.

The Master sat up painfully. "Very grateful," he said gruffly.

"Earth, please," said the Doctor, indicating the column behind them which seemed so out of place in the little cave. The trio stepped into the Master's TARDIS.

In the Doctor's own TARDIS, Adric was peering around the door in the control room and watching the white figure anxiously. The Watcher had proved to be just as pale as Adric had suspected he was from a distance, and he had been able to study him briefly on first entering the TARDIS. The Watcher's face seemed rough, the white complexion being flakey and loose, suggesting somehow that it belonged to a half-finished model. The eyes were dull and lifeless, and the lids heavy with matted white eyelashes above them. The figure wore a simple white top which ended above honey wrists, and the trousers stopped just below the knees, exposing pale legs as far as the slippers on shoes. What was unnerving about the apparition, though, was that it did

not speak to them at all, and so Adric and Nyssa had retreated to the corridor outside the main console room in order to spy on the Watcher. As they looked, they could see the bald white head bowed over the controls in some complicated operation.

"He's unsettling the co-ordinates," said Adric, puzzled, as he recognised the controls that the Watcher was operating. "He's disconnecting the entire co-ordinate subsystem. But you can't do that." He suddenly realised what was going to happen. "No!" he cried out, involuntarily loudly.

"What's the matter?" Nyssa demanded anxiously.

"Down," ordered Adric, and they moved back into the corridor and sat on the floor, their backs to the wall.

There was a strange whirling feeling which started gradually and then built up until it became almost unbearable. Nyssa felt as though the pressure was building up inside her head. "What's happening?"

"We're being taken right out of time and space," came Adric's faint reply. He looked at the rounded in the wall opposite - and as he stared, the circular design seemed to shrink, diminish, recede to an indefinitely distant point...

...and reappear again just as it had vanished. The two youngsters stood up, uncertain after their strange passage. Adric peered into the console room again, and looked at the hexagonal console itself before reporting back to Nyssa. "We're hovering."

"Outside time and space," added Nyssa.

Adric frowned. "But the TARDIS isn't supposed to do that."

Nyssa gazed at the door that led to the console room. "We seem to be safe." But she was more worried about other things.

"Safe," repeated Adric. "Yes. The Doctor told the Watcher to look after us."

Nyssa was still apprehensive, and shivered despite herself. "I'd rather be with the Doctor."

xi a demonstration of trust

Dusk fell over the English countryside, and the red-gold light spilling from just over the horizon silhouetted the radio telescope dish in all its detail, a black network of girders and stanchions standing above the verdant splendour of its surroundings. As the sun lowered in the dying evening, the grey framework darkened to black finally against the final splash of colour that the sky provided behind it.

Inside the Pharos computer room within the complex, Anthony Reynolds was hunched out in his swivel chair listening with rapt attention to a classical cassette on his portable tape recorder. It made a change from studying the project throughout the long hours of the evening, and he was able to close his eyes and imagine he was conducting the Philharmonic with a baton, not his grubby HB pencil. But it was thirsty work being Sir Charles Groves, and as he reached out for his plastic coffee cup he registered with minor annoyance that it was empty. In a swift motion, he scrunched up the offending container and tossed it with practised ease into a nearby waste bin. Then he took off his headphones and placed them on the console in front of him, standing up and hunting through his pocket for some change for the coffee machine. He left the room through the double doors at the rear, and the music from the tape recorder filtered softly into the empty place.

Gradually, however, a more discordant sound began to fill the room, and it eventually drowned out the tiny sound of the headphones before reaching a crescendo and finally stopping. As it did so, a corinthian column appeared from nowhere, solidifying in one of the dark corners of the room. Two figures, dressed extravagantly in black and red, poked their heads around one side of the column.

"The Pharos computer room," said the Master.

"Yes," said the Doctor, impressed by the accuracy with which their pilot had guided them to their chosen destination. "I envy you your TARDIS, Master."

"Excellent," said the Master briskly, watching the Doctor move into the room and peer through the double doors. "Envy is the beginning of all true greatness."

The Doctor could see the technician bringing a cup of steaming coffee from the machine in the corridor outside towards the double doors, and he hurried to hide behind the Master's TARDIS again.

Reynolds moved back to his chair, took up the headphones and sat back again to recommence his conducting, with an imperious tap of his pencil on the chair arm. He was oblivious to what was happening in the gloom of the corner behind him. The Doctor was rather more alert, and saw that the Master had removed a small hand-held object from his tailcoat and was apparently pointing it towards the technician. "No," he hissed, seizing the offending device.

The Master gave him an amazed look. "It's the light speed overdrive, Doctor. You'll need that to accelerate the signal from the transmitter."

The Doctor put a hand to his mouth. "I'm so sorry," he said contritely. "I thought you meant to shoot him."

"Oh Doctor," said the Master reprovingly, smiling and adding: "You can explain."

"Yes." The Doctor moved out from behind the column again, and stepped to a position behind the technician, who could still hear nothing. The Doctor hopped from foot to foot, wondering how to introduce himself. "Ahem. Good morning," he said, peering uncertainly out of the window. "Good evening."

He looked up towards the Master, only to realise with horror that the figure in black was aiming a weapon of some kind at the unsuspecting technician. As the device was activated, the Doctor seized the back of the swivel chair and pulled it with all his might so that it slid backwards on its wheels at great speed and crashed behind the Doctor against a table. Reynolds had time only to register that he was being propelled backwards at speed before he was flung heavily against a hard surface and blacked out, unconscious but still alive thanks to the Doctor's prompt action.

The Master stooped and picked up the headphones from where they had fallen, listening to the music briefly before placing them on the console beside the overturned plastic cup of coffee. The Doctor, however, was examining the unfortunate technician where he lay sprawled on the floor. "He's unconscious," he said at last, relieved and annoyed at the same time.

"Never mind," said the Master smoothly. "I feel we've been spared a very difficult conversation."

Adric had retreated to the TARDIS grove with Nyssa. It seemed as if it was a good time to reflect calmly on what was happening, and to try to find solutions for the problems they were posed with. Instinctively, Adric had chosen the leafy silence of this room.

"When all this began," he was saying, "the Doctor wanted to reconfigure the TARDIS so that it would work like the Master's."

Nyssa looked around the arched enclosure at the greenery surrounding them, and thought fondly that it reminded her of Traken. "What's wrong with it?"

"It's getting old," said Adric, unkindly.

"Entropy again. You can't get away from it..." Her voice trailed off as her study of the grove revealed that on the far side of the enclosure the Watcher had appeared, and was looking across at them. Adric had noticed him too, standing by the archway that led out towards the console room. As they watched, the white figure beckoned slowly in a familiar gesture.

Adric remembered the apparition on the bridge in London. "He wants to talk to us."

Nyssa shook her head, indicating that the white figure was pointing at Adric. "To you."

Adric looked at her, and then at the Watcher. Without thinking further, he started across the grove. Nyssa watched as he reached the side of the white stranger and began to talk with him.

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The Doctor and the Master had been working on the computer for some time now, and during the hours of darkness had begun the difficult task of using and adapting the research team's program. The work was tedious and mentally exhausting, with no visible signs of advancement as an encouragement to them as they continued the operation. "What makes you think this program of the Monitor's is going to work, Doctor?" asked the Master wearily.

"Ah," came the Doctor's voice from beneath a console. "I don't know. A sort of vague faith in the nature of things, I suppose."

"It's in the very nature of things for entropy to win," said the Master with sarcastic logic.

"Yes," admitted the Doctor, "but it's the age-old battle isn't it? Entropy versus structure. Still, while there's life there's six of one and half a dozen of the other," he rambled on as he continued the programming. "Woolly thinking, Doctor," said the Master, not so naturally optimistic. "Yes," smiled the Doctor, "but very comforting when worn next to the skin." And he continued the work in silence.

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Adric's conversation with the Watcher had not been very long, and when he returned to his young friend on the other side of the grove, she was bursting with questions for him. "Well, what did he want? What did he say to you?" She looked back towards the Watcher, but he was no longer there.

Adric seemed lost in thought. "It's as though he knows what's going to happen."

Nyssa was still curious. "But what did he say to you, Adric?" she persisted.

But Adric was already moving across the grove and towards the exit. "Come on," he said, extending a hand for Nyssa to join him. "We've got work to do."

Nyssa went with him from the grove. "But where are we going?" They moved through the corridors to the console room again, Adric explaining as they went. "The Pharos Project on Earth." When they reached the door, Adric stepped into the console room boldly and went directly to one of the sides of the hexagonal console itself. "Now I've got to set the exact co-ordinates. Earth is in sector 8023 of the third quadrant. The temporal settings are laid in on the panel." He scanned the panel rapidly, pressing the appropriate buttons and pondering carefully which ones were correct. Once or twice he hesitated, worried that he might be wrong. "It always looks so easy when the Doctor does it."

Nyssa's attention had wandered, however, and she was hardly listening. She was looking with quiet amazement at the scanner screen, on which she could see a whole array of different galaxies, some close enough to make out an outline, some so far off that they seemed only to be pinpoints of light.

There were so many colours, shapes, arrangements... the view was indescribably beautiful. "Adric - the scanner," she barely mouthed. "Adric."

He looked up briefly from the controls, and his jaw dropped at the sight. He edged his way around the console to join Nyssa, hardly daring to take his eyes off the scanner in case the sight should vanish when he looked up again.

"The whole universe," he said, awe-struck. "Of course. We are beyond time and space." It was the most incredible view he would ever have - the whole of the universe at every point in its existence seen in an instant. But even as they looked, the scanner began to display an ugly, greenish black film that seeped in and over the picture from one side, blotting out the nearest lights and smearing an unpleasant bluish onto the colours. "That must be the entropy field," he said worriedly, and looked back at last to the TARDIS console for the scanner controls. "But where's the barth?" He activated a number of controls and the image on the screen faded and resolved into a closer view of a particular sector at a particular time. "I can't see it."

"It's there," indicated Nyssa suddenly.

Adric was no so happy. "Earth's galaxy has a few more hours left," he pronounced solemnly. He turned away from the screen, but was called back by a plaintive statement from his young friend, who had seen another area fall to the destructive entropy field.

"Adric," said Nyssa quietly. "I can't see Traken."

Adric stared more closely at the image, frowning with concentration. "Traken should be..." His voice tailed away as he realised he was looking at the green-black bluish again.

Nyssa could scarcely hear him. "I can't even see Meluja Orionsis," she

whispered, looking in vain for her home system. Her voice was choked as she thought how Kassia and Tremas had died recently at the hands of Melkor on Traken. "The Master killed my step-mother, then my father, and now the world that I grew up in. Moted out forever." She put her face into her hands and began to weep gently. Adric moved across to comfort her awkwardly.

Light was beginning to filter into the Pharos computer room, and Tegan moved over to the main window and lifted a blind slat slightly in order to peer out. After the electric illumination which had sufficed for most of the night, the early morning sunshine was a little harsh. As her eyes adjusted, she could make out uniformed figures around the grounds of the radio telescope. "The damn's coming up," she called back to the two Time Lords, who were still working. "There are security guards outside."

The Doctor and the Master were engrossed in their work, however. "Any good?" asked the Doctor, looking up from a tangle of wires at the Master, who was sitting by a console. Perhaps this time they would have success.

The Master scanned a VDU. "It's still not running." He slapped the top of the unit with the flat of his hand. "The program is useless. It's time to abandon this line of reasoning."

The Doctor was about to comment on the Master's lack of patience when he suddenly realised what they had been overlooking. "Of course. The program's not been fed into the core." Such a simple error, he reflected.

"Well?" The Master was also less than pleased at the elementary mistake. "We start again," said the Doctor simply.

Adric had been able to calm Nyssa, and was now in the process of continuing his original endeavours to take the ship back to Earth. "Right, hold on," he said at last. "We're going back."

As the appropriate controls were activated, the TARDIS began its journey and re-entered time and space. Adric and Nyssa looked at each other apprehensively, and both seemed to see the other begin to grow smaller, shrink, vanish to a point...

... and reappear again from the same point. The blue police box shape began to form from nothing in a richly-foliated glade in the shadow of the Pharos transmitter. As the unearthly noise of materialisation faded away, the early morning sun dappled the now-solid exterior of the TARDIS in an ever-changing pattern as a light breeze wafted the branches of the glade's small trees.

Inside the ship, the scanner was registering the presence of the radio telescope dish itself, and Nyssa recognised it immediately. "Just like Logopolis."

"The Earth people use it to beam messages to the stars," said Adric, wondering why anyone should wish to do such a thing. He remembered an earlier explanation: "The Doctor calls it Re-Iterated Invitation To Alien Intelligences in Deep Space." He operated the door control, and then they walked together out of the console room and onto the soft grass of the glade, their faces warmed by the morning sun and the soft breeze.

Nyssa smiled at Adric's definition. "And that's us!" She was obviously delighted by the thought.

"They'll be very pleased to see us," said Adric with a grin.

There was the chatter of operating terminals within the Pharos computer room as the Doctor and the Master moved from console to console examining the various printouts and screens. "It's running," said the Master with an air

of disdain. "If you call this alien jibberish a program." He studied the numbers and letters on the VDU screen before him and thought of their limitations.

The Doctor was less concerned by the crudity of the method and more interested in the effectiveness of the solution. "We'll just have to wait until the data reaches the CVE."

"First," the Master reminded him, moving around the console and towards the exit, "we must reach the transmitter and connect up the Light speed overdrive."

The Doctor took out the device he had snatched from the Master earlier and studied it. "Yes," he said, popping it back in his pocket.

"What about the guards?" asked Tegan, suddenly alarmed.

"I suggest we use your TARDIS," said the Doctor to the Master. "Impossible," he replied swiftly, pointing to the Doctor's pocket. "The Light speed overdrive is disconnected."

The Doctor scratched his chin thoughtfully. "We've still got to get across to the antenna control room."

"I agree," said the Master.

"I agree too," added Tegan, "for what it's worth."

"Good." The Doctor was by the window, peering cautiously through the gap between two slats of the blind. He was just too late to see Adric and Nyssa running through the grounds of the Pharos Project, for they had dropped out of sight to avoid the security guards. But he saw the Watcher emerging from the bushes of the glade where the TARDIS had landed. He paused momentarily before moving away from the window and towards the exit with Tegan and the Master.

Together, the trio moved away from the main computer room, hugging the walls near to junctions between buildings until they were quite sure that the space beyond was free of guards. Eventually, they reached the grass which surrounded the Project, across which could be seen the steps which led up to the dish itself. After a brief check for guards, the three of them set off at a run across the open space. Half way across, they took refuge behind a log for another check and a swift breather, unaware that Adric and Nyssa had spotted them and were making towards them. But as the Doctor stood up to start on the final run to the radio telescope, a security guard spotted him, and then saw the rest of the motley group. "Hey!" he cried to his men nearby. "Intruders. After them."

The trio fled, heading towards the cover of some nearer buildings. The Doctor's coat flapped in the wind, flowing out behind him like a heavy cape and tangling his scarf. The Master too was having some difficulty in running, his tailcoat and thin trousers hardly designed for sprinting. The three of them were in full flight when the Master suddenly turned around and pointed a strange, squat gun at the oncoming guards. Realising what he was going to do, the Doctor jashed out at the Master's gun arm and then dragged him on towards the cover of a small outhouse. The guards rushed forwards past the gun, which lay unnoticed on the grass.

The Doctor and the Master sat slumped against the far wall of the outhouse while Tegan peered cautiously around it to see where the guards were. "Gentlemental fool," cursed the Master breathlessly. "Thanks to you we're now weaponless!"

Tegan was not listening to their argument, but had spotted Adric and Nyssa moving forwards to intercept the guards. The security men looked in bemusement at the two newcomers, wondering what to make of them - a boy in pyjamas and a girl in a frilly skirt.

"Nyssa and I have heard your message across the universe," said the boy in pyjamas, "and have come to answer your call. The message was -"

"Now who are you?" asked the security guard who was in charge, his temper getting the better of him. To her horror, Tegan saw another guard begin to move towards where she and the two Time Lords were concealed, so she stepped into the open and moved towards her two friends.

Nyssa was still trying to pacify her captor. "Well, we are the alien beings who -"

"We didn't hear you both," interrupted Tegan as she joined the group with the other guard, and adding to his superior's confusion - here was an air hostess now.

The Doctor took the opportunity of this distraction by sprinting to the foot of the antenna and starting to climb up the metal ladder which stretched into the sky alongside the main telescope framework. The Master did not follow him, however, but moved instead to retrieve his condenser gun as the Doctor's companions led the guards away from the outhouse. This done, he hastened off back towards the computer room, chuckling to himself.

In the distance, unseen by all the other participants, the Watcher surveyed the scene silently before turning away and re-entering the TARDIS. The Master had reached the computer room again, and noticed that the unfortunate technician had still to be discovered. For the moment, however, he would not be needing his portable tape recorder, and the Master picked the machine up with one gloved hand before slipping behind the Corinthian column which stood so inconspicuously in one dark corner.

The Doctor peered down at the ground with a little trepidation. The wind was a little stronger at this height, and the ladder wasn't really the best way to reach the antenna control room - however, it was the only one available to him, so he looked up again and completed the ascent.

He heaved a relieved sigh after climbing so far, and stepped into the control cabin itself - only to recognise a familiar column standing quite out of place on the far side of the small room. An equally familiar laughing made him turn to see the Master at work by a complex panel of controls. "From here," said the dark figure, "the charged vacuum embolvement is in line with the constellation Cassiopeia."

The Doctor moved across to join him. "Yghoi," he said helpfully, yet eyeing the lash-up with uncertainty.

"I decided to use my TARDIS after all," said the Master craftily, punching in further codes on the panel before him. "Yghoiyohi," he concluded with delight.

Above, below, around them they could hear the noise of the machinery moving the huge dish, directing the radio telescope correctly for the ensuing operation.

"You see, Doctor, I overlook nothing."

"You overlooked the light speed overdrive," said the Doctor, producing the small device once more from his pocket.

The Master took the instrument from him in amusement. "I gave you this to demonstrate my trust..." And with a casual flick of the wrist, he tossed it through the cabin door, which the Doctor had left open.

The Doctor dashed to the doorway in a futile attempt to prevent it dropping to the ground far below. "What?"

"...but I don't take foolish risks. The real light speed overdrive is here."

"What?" repeated the Doctor, moving back to the Master's control panel and looking at the central portion of it. "And powered up I see."

"We have only to connect this cable from the computer room," explained the Master with an air of triumph, "and the job is done." He indicated a thick line of wiring in front of him, and as his words finished the motors rotating the antenna outside stopped. The dish was now facing directly upwards, aimed at the heart of the CVE. The Master swung around to look directly at the Doctor. "As you devised the plan," he said to the uncertain face in front of him, "I think the..." He paused for an appropriate word, feigning generosity. "...honour should be yours, Doctor." He stood up and allowed the Doctor access to the cable. As the Doctor moved forwards to take the two ends and join them, the Master moved to one side and opened a door leading out onto the axial girder of the radio telescope, then stepped

out into the chill morning air many tens of feet from the ground. He produced the little tape recorder and began to speak into it with authority and brevity. "Peoples of the universe, please attend carefully. The message that follows is vital to the security of you all..." And soon the speech had been completely recorded.

Far below, a siren was sounding. The alarm had been set off when two strangely-dressed men had been spotted earlier, but not been traced, and now it was suspected that they had locked themselves into the antenna control room of the telescope. With the alarm under way, the stranger in black had been spotted on the axial girder.

The Master cast a cursory glance down at the tiny figures below, and then stepped back into the antenna control room to see how the Doctor was managing with the cable. "Well?"

The Doctor looked up, apparently unaware that the Master had been away. "The data's reaching the CVE. It's stabilising."

"So it works," said the Master, evidently delighted, as though he had suspected the whole program of being an elaborate charade. "Congratulations Doctor." He extended a gloved hand. "I always knew you'd do it."

"You did most of this," said the Doctor coldly, putting his hands in his deep coat pockets.

"No," said the Master, looking away modestly. "I was no more than a humble assistant, but I have learned a great deal. And now," he added as an afterthought, "I think it's time for you to go and explain the presence of your friends. There's quite a hubbub outside."

"Quite right," said the Doctor, relieved that their task seemed to be at an end. All that remained was to ensure that there was no further interference from the security men. "One mistake now could ruin everything."

"I know that, Doctor," said the Master silkily. "And it could happen so easily."

The Doctor turned at the exit door, a horrible feeling suddenly clawing at him. He scanned the other's face with suspicion. "What do you mean?"

"The universe is hanging on a thread," gloated the Master, peeling off his black gloves casually. "A single recursive pulse down that cable and the CVE would close forever." He ran a finger slowly across the top of his improvised lash-up. "Even a humble assistant could do it."

The Doctor saw in an instant how the Master had planned for this moment from the moment of the Monitor's death. It seemed that at last he had attained the ultimate goal - the universe at his feet. "You're mad."

The Master did not answer, but merely made a connection from his equipment to the portable recorder. At the touch of a button, the pre-recorded message was boosted by the light speed overdrive and launched towards the CVE and the whole of space, his own voice echoing out the ultimatum.

"Peoples of the universe, please attend carefully. The message that follows is vital to the future of you all. The choice for you is simple - a continued existence under my guidance, or total annihilation. At the time of speaking, the universe is hanging on a thread..."

The Doctor listened in horror to the fateful message.

iii The final problem

"You're mad," repeated the Doctor.

The Master regarded him smugly. "No Doctor, I'm merely reporting the state of affairs. I have it in my power to save them..." He raised his hand dramatically. "...or destroy them." His hand clenched into a fist.

"Utterly mad," muttered the Doctor, almost to himself. How could he have overlooked the possibility for such treachery. He had only himself to blame for falling for his enemy's insidious charms...and then he acted instinctively.

The Master had spotted the Doctor's move towards the equipment, and suddenly the Doctor found himself facing the matter condenser. "Back Doctor!" shouted the Master in mixed warning and exultation. "The proceedings must not be interrupted." He threw back his head in sinister laughter. "It's mine," he cackled. "The CWE is all mine!"

"Only while that cable holds," said the Doctor distinctly, and made a dash for the door opposite which led out to the axial girder.

The Master's pleasure changed abruptly to blackest anger. His celebrations cut short as he realised what the Doctor was about to do. Aware that the disconnection of the cable would undo everything, he rushed to the small door and flung himself through onto the girder itself. Before he knew it, he was sprawling precariously on the metal of the girder as his feet caught in the Doctor's long red scarf, stretched across the framework of wires at the side. He could feel a weight on him as he lay supine, and rolled desperately to avoid tipping over the edge, losing his condenser gun in the process. Realising that the Doctor was in a stronger position and had the advantage over him in any struggle, the Master finally managed to escape from his opponent's grip and scuttle back into the antenna control room. He had thought of an infinitely more subtle way of solving the problem. Once back in the safety of the little cabin, he looked around for the elevation engines.

On the axial girder, the Doctor steadied himself again and looked towards where he would have to disconnect the cable. He fumbled in his capacious pockets, and extracted a spanner he had appropriated whilst in the Pharos computer room earlier. Then he started to edge towards the antenna feed, but as he did so he felt the whole huge dish beginning to vibrate as the elevation engines started up, tilting the whole telescope on its axis. The Doctor struck out with the spanner at the cable, but he seemed to be having little effect. By now the gantry was at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, and the Doctor was forced to hold onto the door which led to the opposite exit from the girder in order to lean precariously into space and continue his assault on the antenna feed. With a clang, the spanner dropped from his grasp, bounced once on the framework and then vanished towards the ground far below. With a snort of annoyance, the Doctor reached out further

in order to seize the cable with his free hand. His hand connected, and with the gantry now at an even more crazy angle, he lugged shakily at the thick bunch of wires - overbalanced and fell, sparks showering over him as the antenna feed gave way under his weight.

Part of the earlier hubbub had been caused by the unexpected escape of the three youngsters from the custody of the guards, but the Little Group's flight had been abruptly halted by the sight of the red figure struggling high up on the radio telescope dish as it tilted slowly to the vertical position. To their dismay and horror, they saw the Doctor slip off the girder and then jerk to a sudden halt beneath it.

The Master was peering out from the safety of the antenna control room, a fixed smile on his face as he watched the Doctor dangling, dazed and badly shaken, holding desperately onto the swinging cable. With a painfully final groaning sound, the telescope dish ground to a halt as the power was cut off by the Doctor's interference.

The Doctor himself hung painfully to the cable, his arms awkwardly stretched over his head. If only he could climb up the cable...with the elevation engines having cut out, perhaps he could gain the safety of the girder once more. As he hung precariously to his only lifeline, his thoughts ran through previous dangerous encounters. He remembered how he had encountered the Master and believed he would die a horrible death in his twelfth regeneration, visualising the decayed mouth forming the words of menace over again: "Predictable as ever, Doctor." And then a whole series of memories flooded back, swamping his mind and dulling his senses. He could see so many of his old enemies, all calling out, menacing him, cajoling, threatening... "Doctor... Doctor... Doctor..." The Daleks... the Cybermen... the Sontarans... "Doctor... Doctor..." The foes he had feared and fought appeared again before his eyes to taunt him in his struggle... Davros... Sutekh... Meglos... "Doctor... Doctor..." And the races he had defeated, they too mocked him as he battled to remain conscious... the Kralls... the Zygons... the Wirrn... "Doctor... Doctor..." And finally, most frightening of all, the most powerful enemy he had faced appeared again to wreak his promised revenge - the Black Guardian, warning prophetically, "Doctor, you shall die for this!"

And then the images faded to leave him with the reality of his predicament. In a brief period of lucidity, he dared not gaze towards the ground, but looked up desperately at the girder. Willing dead muscles into renewed life, he hauled himself upwards by a supreme effort of will, clutched at the metal and took a hold. But the exertion was too much, his body too battered, his energies too drained... the hold loosened, and with a glance towards earth he let go and fell...

The Master watched with satisfaction as his old enemy vanished from sight. It gave him a certain satisfaction to know that if the universe had once more slipped from his grasp then the Doctor's slip had probably been far more fatal. With a laugh of evil pleasure, he slipped behind the Corinthian column. Within seconds, the strangely inappropriate shape had faded away into nowhere with a weird whining, grating noise which also grew fainter until it could be heard no more. At once, the security guards made their entrance into the room, having made the long climb up the ladder. But to their bemusement, the cabin was empty save for the scattered, disassembled equipment.

On the grass between two of the stanchions leading way up towards that very room, the Doctor lay on his back, his red clothes rumpled and his usually cheerful face a deathly pale under his straggly mop of curly brown hair. He had fallen onto his side, but rolled back with his arms still by his side. There was no sign of life.

Horried by the sight of the enormous fall, Adric, Tegan and Nyssa had rushed up to the crumpled body and knelt beside it anxiously, Adric to the left and the girls to the right.

Nyssa studied the damaged face for signs of life. "Doctor?" she said softly.

Tegan looked down too; her face registering her concern. "Doctor?"

The Doctor was not dead, but he remembered... he remembered so many times when he might have been, and his companions had grieved for him then. His companions... they loomed again from memory like the sudden recognition of half-forgotten fragrances. Yes, he remembered them all... the brave Sarah-Jane and her gallant Harry... the Brigadier, Alistair, and his trusty NSM, Benton... they all called to him again... "Doctor... Doctor..." They seemed so real, so concerned... Leela, the warrior girl... his computer friend K-9... "Doctor... Doctor..." And of course Romana... "Doctor?"... his unwelcome assistant who had become his dearest friend... "Doctor!" Yes he remembered them all... "Doctor!" But there was an intruding voice, somehow familiar. The Doctor opened his eyes painfully against the bright morning light, and recognised a youthful face framed by a mop of dark hair. Adric looked back at the Doctor, whose face appeared to have aged many years suddenly. Was it weariness or injury, or was it something else? He could hear the Doctor trying to speak feebly, and put his head nearer. "It's the end. But the moment has been prepared for." A weak gesture with his left hand indicated somewhere behind him, and Adric realised that the Doctor was beckoning... to a figure waiting in white.

"The Watcher!" breathed Adric. As he spoke, the pale figure started to move across towards the fallen figure, and as it drew near to the still form, his eyes now closed again, a blurring and coalescing took place before the eyes of the young trio. The Doctor and the Watcher combined as the white stranger sank slowly into the blur now surrounding the motionless hunched form.

Nyssa suddenly realised what was happening. "He was the Doctor all the time."

Tegan frowned, trying to rationalise what was happening. She remembered how the Logopolitans had been driven 'by mathematical necessity'; could it be that the Watcher had been brought into existence by the cataclysm he had helped to prevent? Or was it as the Doctor had spoken, that the cause and effect had been reversed by the Master's interference, bringing the effect of the generation into being before the cause? Tegan looked more closely into the blur of the Doctor/Watcher, and noticed that the Doctor's features seemed to have the Watcher's superimposed over them... no, they were the Watcher's... and then they were changing again. The lifeless eyes blinked and widened, appearing bright in the white, flakey face. Then a smile spread out onto the lips, and colour returned to the cheeks.

Where the Doctor had been lying as still as death there now lay a younger man with clear blue eyes and shorter, lighter hair, who looked rather lost in the voluminous red coat and enormously long scarf. The infectious smile broadened into a toothy grin, and the three youngsters could only look on in amazement.

Suddenly, the figure sat up, an alert stare fixing each of the companions in turn. And the blue eyes twinkled mischievously as the new Doctor surveyed his surroundings.

Part One (Chapters: Prologue to 3)

Starring TOM BAKER as the Doctor
introducing JANET FIELDING as Tegan
with MATTHEW WATERHOUSE as Adric
DOLORE WHITEMAN as Aunt Vanessa
ANTHONY AINLEY as the Master
TOM GEORGESON as the Detective Inspector
and ADRICIAN GIBBS as the Watcher

First scheduled transmission:
BBC1 5.10pm Sat, 28 Feb 1981

Part Two (Chapters: 4 to 6)

Introducing SARAH SUTTON as Nyssa
with JOHN FRASER as the Monk
and GEORGE BALLANTYNE
COLIN THOMAS
BILL WHITHEAD
as the Logopolitans

First scheduled transmission:
BBC1 5.10pm Sat, 7 Mar 1981

Part Three (Chapters: 7 to 9)

Part Four (Chapters: 10 to 12)
with ROBIN SQUIRE as the Technician
CHRISTOPHER HURST as the Leading
Security Guard

First scheduled transmission:
BBC1 5.10pm Sat, 14 Mar 1981

RICHARD BONEHILL
SIMON RAMIREZ
as the other guards
featuring PETER PRATT as the Master
CY TOWN as the Dalek
ROY SKELTON as the Dalek Voice
BRUCE PURCHASE as the Captain
MICHAEL WISHER as Davros
CHRISTOPHER ROBBIE as the Cyberleader
DEREK DEALMAN as Stor
JOHN WOODNUTT as Broton
VALENTINE DYALL as the Guardian
ELISABETH SLADEN as Sarah-Jane
IAN MARTER as Harry
NICHOLAS COURTNEY as the Brigadier
LOUISE JAMESON as Leela
JOHN IRESON as the Voice of K-9
MARY TAMM as Romana
LAILA WARD as Romana
and introducing PETER DAVISON as the Doctor

First scheduled transmission:
BBC1 5.10pm Sat, 21 Mar 1981

P R O D U C T I O N T E A M

Title music by RON GRAIMER and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop
Incidental music...PADDY KINGSLAND
Special sound...DICK MILLS
Studio sound...JOHN HOLMES
Film sound...JIM MCALISTER
Studio lighting...HENRY BARBER
Senior cameraman...REG FOULTER
Film cameraman...PETER HALL
Film editor...PAUL HUMPHRESS
Videotape editor...ROD WALDRON
Vision mixer...CAROL JOHNSON
Designer...MALCOLM THORNTON
Designer & assistant...JO DAY
Visual effects designer...JOHN HORTON
Video effects...DAVE CHATMAN
Title sequence...SID SUTTON
Costume designer...JUNE HUDSON
Make-up artist...DORCA NIERADZIK
Technical manager...TERRY BRETT
Production associate...ANGELA SMITH
Assistant floor manager...VAL MCGRIMMON
Production manager...MARGOT HEHNE
Production assistant...PATRICIA GREENLAND
Script editor...CHRISTOPHER H BIDMEAD
Executive producer...BARRY LETTS
Producer...JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Director...PETER GRIMWADE
Writer...CHRISTOPHER H BIDMEAD

L O C A T I O N F I L M I N G

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