

A Case of Jo

by Declan Lynn

Hello, My name is Josephine Jones – my married name, that is – and I am currently 72 years old. Everything that happens in this book is based on the brief time I had a diary and the adventure that I talked about in it. All this stuff in it really actually happened! the story starts on the 19th of January 1973. Enjoy.

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DIARY ENTRY 19th January 1973

Hello, my name is Josephine Grant (but you can call me Jo). I work for an organization called UNIT and we are a part of the army. UNIT (always in capitals) stands for United, Nations, Intelligence, Taskforce. See: UNIT. What we deal with is all things alien. Now you may scoff at this but it's true. I have met aliens, I've even saved the Earth from quite a few of them. In fact one of my best friends is an alien and his name is the Doctor. Well, I say friend but what I mean is more a father figure. He's mad as a box of frogs, charming, weird, irritable and actually, despite surely being in his late sixties, surprisingly handsome. He has a time-machine called the

TARDIS (also in capitals) which doesn't really work so he's marooned here with the rest of us.

Today (Thursday) he and I were in the laboratory, doing the usual stuff which would consist of him trying to fix his TARDIS and me fetching him some tools (seriously, this is no job for a young women like me). This usually ended up with the TARDIS blowing up and him coming out looking like he'd just fallen out of a chimney, but before this had a chance to happen the Brigadier wandered in. (He's a nice man the Brigadier, if a little officious.) He stopped in front of me and said in his incredibly posh British accent, "Good morning Miss Grant. Are you well?"

"Yes, fine Brigadier. You?"

"Well, I would feel much better if the Doctor would acknowledge my existence," he replied in a slightly frustrated tone.

"Quite frankly, I'm too busy to acknowledge anybody!" came the reply from inside the TARDIS. (He has such cheek sometimes, the Doctor!)

"Yes, well, you might be interested to read this report," said the Brigadier.

"What does it say?" the Doctor asked.

"There's been a body found. A Mr Andrew Wexley. The chairman of the health and safety commission in London, apparently," said the Brigadier.

"Can't the Police deal with it," the Doctor asked. "I mean, it's terribly sad that the fella's dead and all that, but this sort of thing happens everyday. Why are we being asked to deal with it?"

"Ah Doctor, I haven't told you the best bit yet," said the Brig. It seemed to me like he was enjoying this.

"Oh, and that bit is?" the Doctor asked.

"The man was found with six fingers on each hand!" the Brig said, obviously relishing the response he knew he would get from the Doctor. And right enough! What a response it was! From inside the TARDIS I could hear the clanging of a metal object dropping to the floor and the Doctor's footsteps racing to the doors.

"He had what?" asked a now extremely interested Doctor.



DIARY ENTRY 19th January 1973

It's now roughly three o'clock on this typically wet afternoon. We have just come from the gory scene of the crime down in Rosleton Avenue. We all went in one big UNIT jeep. (Sorry – when I say we I mean me, the Doctor, the Brig, the lovely Sergeant Benton and the absolute dolly that is Captain Mike Yates.) When we got there the body was being guarded by two wet, miserable, and decidedly pale looking UNIT soldiers. When we saw the body we all recoiled in horror. It was disgusting: it had no eyes, six fingers on each hand and frankly it stank.

Everybody flinched when they saw it, and tried every way possible to avoid looking at it. Everybody that is except the Doctor. He waded in with his Sonic Screwdriver and immediately began prodding around the body, muttering to himself. Eventually he poked his head up and said, "Brigadier, my Sonic Screwdriver acts as a Geiger Counter – and let me tell you, this body is swimming in radiation. And that's no good thing, for him or the people around him. I would suggest him being buried somewhere secure and radiation proof. Poor fella, can't even get a proper burial."

"Did you say radiation?" demanded the Brig

"Yes, I did," the Doctor said in a grave tone.

"Doctor, how do you think this happened to him?" I asked.

"Hmm, good question Jo," he answered thoughtfully. "Brigadier, can you get one of your men to investigate all possible links that this man may have had?"

"What do you mean Doctor?" asked the Brig.

"Well, for a start, the man was a health and safety official. Find out the names of a few places he was checking out," the Doctor said, totally in his element.

"Okay Doctor, I'll get some men onto it now. In the meantime, I'll personally escort this body away to get a post-mortem. To check if your right about the cause of death," said the Brig. "Sgt Benton and Captain Yates, I would like you both to go and find out as much as you can about where this man worked and details about his life

and possible enemies he might have had.”

“Are we getting paid extra for this sir?” asked Mike rather hilariously.

“I do hope you’re joking captain,” came the Brig’s reply. “Right then. You two,” he continued, pointing to the two soldiers guarding the body “Take the Doctor and Miss Grant back to their houses. You do know where they live?”

The two men nodded and looked slightly relieved to be getting away from the body. “Take my jeep,” said the Brigadier, tossing one of the UNIT men his keys which the soldier ably caught. “Good-night all,” said the Brigadier before walking off to his car.

Me and the Doctor were then driven to our homes (well if you can call a UNIT science lab a home) and said good-night. I’d doubt that he slept a wink though. He was probably investigating the murder on a thing from the future he calls a laptop. Apparently one day we’ll all have them. I don’t think I will, you know what a UNIT salary’s like!



DIARY ENTRY 22nd January 1973

Well, these past two days have been full of revelations. So many things have happened and I can’t wait to get them all written down to make sense of them. First of all me and the Doctor were carrying out yet more “experiments,” on that blasted machine of his when the Brig marched in.

“Good morning Miss Grant,” he said in his usual dapper manner

“Good morning Brigadier,” I replied

“Good morning Doctor,” the Brig said.

“Yes, enough of the pleasantries,” the Doctor shot at him “Do you have any news about the murder?”

“Actually, I do,” replied the Brig whilst taking out a big notepad with loads of notes written down on it. “Apparently the man had recently been investigating a

company that deals with various scientific experiments. Very top secret stuff but he was allowed access to the place and then next thing you know he's dead!"

"What was this place's name," asked a very intrigued Doctor.

"The Corella Research facility," replied the Brig.

"Corella Research Facility," muttered the Doctor quietly, deep in thought.

"Hmm, Corella. Where do I know that name...?"

"Ah!" he said with sudden realisation. "Yes of course. The Corella Research Facilities, run by a Miss Roberta Corella. Yes, I was reading about this place the other week. They're doing various research on the scientific possibilities of teleportation. It's very secretive indeed," he said.

"Do you think that she had something to do with killing Mr Yalton?" I asked.

"Yes I would say so," said the Brig. "Her company has dealings with radiation as far as my men can gather."

"Right, so can you get a permit to search the place then?" asked the Doctor.

The Brigadier seemed very hesitant to say what he had to say next and rightly so as it was quite shocking. "Well... you see Doctor, I was coming to that," said the Brigadier with a worried look, "You see, um, thanks to the current recession the government are issuing cut-backs to various sections of the army that they deem least important and UNIT happen to be on that list."

"WHAT!!!" came the reply from the Doctor. "You mean to say that we won't get any more money for me to be able to fix my TARDIS?!"

"Fraid not, Doctor," said the Brig.

"Dashed government! Always the same!" said the Doctor. "I mean, can they not see that we are one of the most valuable sections of the entire army?" Me and the Brig just rolled our eyes at each other knowing that this rant might go on for quite some time.

"Does this mean that you won't be able to search Corella Industries?" I asked hoping to divert the subject.

"Yes, I'm afraid it does," the Brigadier replied, looking quite relieved that I'd managed to change it. "So that means that we'll have to revert to the old-fashioned method of sending a spy into the organization."

“Right, then get to it,” I said. (On hindsight that was rather foolish of me!)

“Miss Grant, if you could refrain from giving me orders. Please remember that I am your superior,” he replied.

All I could manage was a pathetic little “Sorry Brigadier.”

He continued, “You see, our main problem here is the fact that she is a very strict feminist and she only lets women work for her. As you know UNIT is a very male run organisation and we have no female spies. So that means that we are very stuck here and we can’t have another body on our hands so we’ll have to get someone in to spy on her, but the question is who?” There was a very long pause after this as everybody in the room was busy thinking. I was about to open my mouth to suggest that I could do it when the Doctor said, “Don’t even think about it Jo.”

“But Doctor, I could do it. You know I could,” I complained.

“No Jo, it’s too risky. Just think about what happened to Mr Yalton,” he replied.

There was another silence, which was eventually broken by the Brig. “Jo, could you leave me and the Doctor alone for a minute? I’d just like to have a few words with him.”

“Sure Brigadier,” I said with a smile. With that I walked out of the room shutting the door behind me. Then I leaned against the door to hear what they were saying.

“Doctor. I hate to admit this, but Jo infiltrating that company is our best option,” I heard the Brig say.

“No. Absolutely not,” the Doctor replied. “I will not see Jo go in there and die! She is my responsibility Brigadier!”

Before I could listen to more though, Sergeant Benton came round the corner and saw what I was doing. “All right miss? Doing a bit of spying now are we?” he asked.

I should have been ashamed but he had a big goofy smile on his face as he said and that completely disarmed me. “Yes guilty as charged,” I replied, beaming back.

“So, um, what are they talking about?” he asked.

“Well, as you probably know, they’ve got no women spies, and so I’ve volunteered to go into that company,” I said

“Whoa, hey miss, that is not a good idea!” he said.

“Well, they’ve got no-one else,” I replied. “So, I suppose it’s got to be me, hasn’t it?”

“Hmm, well. I wouldn’t advise it,” he said in his gentle way.

Just as he had said that though, the Brig and the Doctor came out. “Sgt Benton, don’t you have some work to be getting on with?” the Brig asked, giving the Sgt a piercing glare.

“Umm, yes sir. I’ll get to it now,” said Sgt Benton with a salute. And with that he traipsed off down the corridor.

“Now, Miss Grant. The Doctor and I have been talking about whether we should let you do this or not. The Doctor was very insistent that you don’t do it and normally I would be too, but right now, we have no other option,” he said.

“Jo, are you sure you want to do this? You can pull out if you want,” the Doctor asked, quite obviously exasperated. He looked like he had been arguing with the Brigadier for quite some time. I then thought about what he had said, yet it was hard to do with both of them staring at me. With a little sigh I said, “No, I’ll do it.”

“Splendid, splendid. I’ll get a cover story arranged for you. Would you like to be a secretary Jo?” the Brig asked.

“I don’t mind,” I replied.

“Right. Secretary it is then. I’ll get everything arranged!” And with that he wandered off. The Doctor gave me a look and then proceeded to storm off to his laboratory where he locked the door. Well, let him huff then, I thought.



DIARY ENTRY 23rd January 1973

The next day (today) I walked into the UNIT building, saying my usual hellos when one of the guards stopped me saying that the Brig wanted to see me in his office immediately. I nearly ran up the stairs to his office, I was so curious. I knocked on his door and he told me to come in. He and the Doctor were in the office, the Brig sitting in his chair and the Doctor standing beside him. I sat across from the Brigadier. After we'd exchanged the usual pleasantries he got right down to business.

"Miss Grant, I called you to ask whether you are still up for the spying job. Are you?"

"Yes, Brigadier, I'll do it," I replied.

"Right then, we've got you a job as a secretary in her main offices. We can't get you in as her personal secretary but still, we did try and that's all we can really do with the remaining funds we have," he said.

"That's fine Brigadier," I replied.

"Well, that's okay then. Your transport is ready so you can leave any time."

"Can I have a moment alone with Jo please?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes of course. You have two minutes Doctor," said the Brig. He then left his office. When he heard him walk away the Doctor spoke.

"Are you sure you want to do this Jo?" he asked.

"Well, I've got no real choice now have I Doctor?" I replied. The Doctor stroked his chin and mulled this over.

"Hmm, well I suppose not. You'll look after yourself though, won't you Jo?"

"Of course, Doctor," I replied.

After nearly a full thirty seconds the Doctor said to me "Listen... I'm sorry for storming off like that yesterday."

"It's all right Doctor," I said. We shared a smile and then I pulled him into a hug. He hugged me back. After that the Brig came back in.

"Right, Miss Grant. Are you ready?" he asked me.

"Yes, Brigadier," I replied.

"Then you should get to the car. One of our men will drive you."

“Thanks Brigadier,” I said. With a little wave to the Doctor I walked out. I got into the car and that’s about it. We’re now nearly at the Corella office building now – it’s massive, by the way! – so I’ll write again soon.

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a large, stylized 'J' followed by a smaller 'o' and a horizontal line extending to the right.

DIARY ENTRY 23rd January 1973 - later

Hello again. I need to once again make sense of today. It was ridiculous. After the car journey, I arrived at the Corella offices and was shown up to my post by a very high ranking secretary. We went by lift to my new office and when we got to my floor we walked past a massive row of desks with lots of women working at them. It was weird. I mean, you would expect there to be a lot of chat going on but there was none. Absolutely none. Everybody was silent and had their heads down. They were nearly robotic. You’d almost expect them to look identical but they all wore different types of clothes that were all extremely modern. My thoughts about how odd this whole thing looked were expelled when I was shown to my office.

It was beautiful – if you could call an office beautiful. Everything was clean and tidy, there were loads of drawers (all empty) and a black telephone in the middle of my desk. I got a massive chair, one of the spinning ones. If you sit on one of those chairs and aren’t at least a little bit tempted to spin on it, you must be a very sad person. Anyway the very blank woman who showed me in then told me all about what to do in all kinds of different work situations. I was very bored. But my interest was sparked when she warned me that if I got out of my seat without permission or talked to any of the other girls I would be fired. I was visibly shocked at this. It was like being back at bloody school. Anyway. The woman promptly strutted out of the room as if she owned the place. After she had gone I sat down in my new

chair and fought off the urge to spin around in it while thinking about how the hell I was going to get messages out to the Doctor and the Brigadier without being caught.

Later on, after getting absolutely no calls and sitting in that chair bored out of my tree, I got a very strange call. I picked up the phone.

“Hello. Corella offices,” I said.

“I know what you’ve done,” came the rather ominous reply. It was quite a deep voice and the caller seemed to be breathing very loudly. He sounded like he was holding the phone too close to his mouth.

“Who is this?” I demanded. I was contemplating going and getting one of the girls.

“I know what you’ve done,” he repeated.

“What have I done?” I asked. He was thoroughly creepy.

“Your company has been killing people, and I will make sure every one of you will hang for it.”

“What? I’m hanging up!” I replied, about to put the phone down.

“I’ve not talked to you before. Are you new?” the man asked.

“I am. It’s my first day,” I said.

“Do you know what the company’s doing?” the man asked

“What’s it doing?” I asked.

“You really don’t know?”

“No,” I replied, frowning.

“They’re killing people.”

I was getting slightly worried. “How do you know?” I asked.

There was a long pause on the end of the line. Then: “I watched them. I was walking home one night and I saw them: three girls all in a company van. I saw this bright green light coming from inside it, and then the girls then dumped a man onto the road and just drove off at what must have been ninety miles per hour.”

The man on the end of the line went quiet for a few seconds. I asked him if he was still there and he said yes. Then I asked him why he was calling up the company to tell them he knows what they did. I mean, surely he would have wanted to keep them as far away from him as possible.

He laughed at this and, sounding rather ashamed, replied, "I'm trying to blackmail them: five thousand pounds to keep quiet." He paused. "I don't think it's working," he said.

I had to laugh at this. Of all the things this man could do, he was trying to blackmail people he had seen commit a murder. "What did they say when you phoned them before?" I asked him.

"They denied it – until yesterday, when the girl on the phone cracked and burst out crying. Which proves they're guilty, in my book."

"I see," I said, writing everything that had happened so far into a little note-pad that I had brought with me.

"What's your name," I asked him politely.

He hesitated for a moment and then replied. "Edward. Edward Holmes."

"I see, Edward. Well, my name's Jo," I told him. "Edward. Listen, I work for a part of the government called UNIT. UNIT can help you and put Corella industries in jail. But to do that we'd need to meet you somewhere. Can we?"

This was a real stab in the dark but I was pretty stuck otherwise. He paused again before answering.

"You're sure you can help me?" he asked.

"Yes. We can help," I said.

"Meet me at my house tonight 7:15. I live in 44 Woodcore Avenue."

"44 Woodcore Avenue," I replied writing it down. "Is that in London?" But he had hung up. Well, that was odd I thought to my self. Still it might help.

About forty-five minutes later, I was sitting in my new office taking the occasional call or complaint when someone familiar called.

"Hello. Corella offices, this is Jo speaking. How can I help you?"

"Um yes, this is UNIT speaking. My name's the Doctor."

A big, broad grin spread across my face when I heard his voice. "Hello Doctor, how are you?" I asked rather excitedly.

"I'm fine, but don't worry about me," came the reply. "How are you?"

"I'm all right. I'm very bored though," I said.

"Hmm, I can imagine. Have you found anything?" the Doctor replied.

“Yes, actually, I have.”

“Oh!”

“What happened was that I was sitting here taking calls when a man rang up. He said he witnessed the murder of Andrew Yalton and says it’s the Corella people who did it. He’s willing to meet us.”

“Excellent Jo,” came the reply. “Hopefully he can tell us more about this whole thing and you can get out of that office. How is it, by the way?”

“It’s not bad. Very strange place though,” I told him.

“How so.”

“Well, it’s all girls working here and there’s no chat. They’re all like zombies. They just sit there working. Also, everything’s really clean. No mess, no clutter anywhere. It just looks weird.”

The Doctor paused for a moment. “I see,” He finally said. “That really isn’t a good sign, is it? Have you met Miss Corella yet?”

“No,” I answered. “I think she’s in the building but no-one ever mentions her.”

“Hmm, quite the recluse,” the Doctor said.

“Seems that way.” I replied.

Suddenly the secretary that showed me to my office walked in to the room. I had to think of something to try and get her to think I was working.

“Um, yes Mr Chesterton. Okay, thanks for calling. I’m glad I could be of help. Okay, thanks. Okay, yeah bye!” I had to say all that to the Doctor and then hang up on him. How embarrassing. But I would rather embarrass myself than get into trouble. The secretary eyed me suspiciously.

“Jo,” she said. “Are you working hard?”

“Yes. I suppose I am,” I replied, quite relieved that she hadn’t noticed anything really wrong.

“Hmm,” She said. “Okay. Well, I was just checking on you. Here at Corella industries we like to keep up with what our employees are doing.”

I just nodded. What a jobs-worth. She then walked out and back down the corridor. I let out a huge breath that I didn’t even know I’d been holding. The day

went in all right after that but I was still struck at how odd the place was. Now it's time for me to meet Edward.



DIARY ENTRY 23rd January 1973 – later still

I've just come back from the meeting. It was a disaster.

Me, the Doctor, the Brig and two other UNIT soldiers were all packed into the Brig's personal jeep on our way to meet Mr Holmes. We got to his house at Woodcore Avenue at about twenty past seven. It was a nice house. Quite small, yet expensive looking. It was painted a dark green and looked very well kept. There were no lights on in the house which seemed odd at the time saying it was such a dark night. We got out of the jeep and walked to the front door.

"OK men, I'll knock the door and you two stand beside it. Any trouble, shoot to kill." said the Brig, looking at the two UNIT soldiers.

"Yes sir," came the reply from the men.

"Okay. We all ready?" he asked a moment later. Everybody nodded their heads in a "yes" gesture. The Brig knocked the door three times.

No reply. He looked at me and the Doctor and shrugged. He rapped on the door once again. Louder this time. Still nothing. "Mr Holmes, are you in there?" he asked. Nothing "Mr Holmes. This is UNIT. We think you have information that could be of great value to us," Nothing once again. We all waited a moment. Then the Brigadier spoke up. "Right, we're going in."

"My dear Brigadier, you can't go breaking into a house without a search warrant," complained the Doctor.

"Ah, but what my superiors know won't hurt them, will it?" he said with a

rare little wink. He walked over to the nearest window and put his hand right through it. The rest of us just winced. "Okay, everybody. In we go," he said.

"What, through a window?" the Doctor asked. "I don't know about you, but I much prefer entering through a front door, Brigadier! I really think we should at least try it!" Gently, he pushed at the door – and it swung open! The Doctor walked in to the house and looked at the chain behind the front door. It had been cut right through. He touched it but pulled his hand away as soon as he did so.

"What's wrong? Is it hot, Doctor?" I asked.

"Yes," He said rubbing his hand. "It's been burnt straight through. Which rather worryingly means that we're not the only visitors Mr Holmes has had tonight. Brigadier!" he shouted. "Come here please."

The Brigadier walked into the room. "What is it?" he asked.

"I think we may have visitors," the Doctor said keeping his voice down. "Take your men upstairs and check all the rooms. Do it now."

"Right, you are Doctor. Wilkinson, Hopkins."

"Yes sir," they said simultaneously.

The three of them, led by the Brigadier, walked up the stairs slowly. They stopped outside the bathroom door. "Mr Holmes, are you in there?" the Brigadier asked. No reply. He then opened the door and stepped inside with his gun at the ready. There was nothing in the room. He then moved onto the bedroom and did the same thing. Nothing. He tried that with all the rooms in the house and there was no-one there. He came down-stairs to me and the Doctor. "Doesn't look like anyone's here. If there were someone in this house tonight, they're long gone by now."

The Doctor looked grave. "Jo, I think that your Edward has maybe been kidnapped."

I was shocked at this. "Do you think?"

"Yes. But... assuming just for a second that Corella Industries is behind this, how would they have found out that Holmes knew something about the murder?"

We all paused and thought about this for a second. I then spoke up. "Doctor, you don't think that they were listening into my calls at work do you?"

The Doctor was in deep thought “I really hope not. But before we jump to any conclusions I think we need to find Mr Holmes first.”

The Brigadier then spoke. “Right, we’re going to need to check everywhere and we’re going to need to do it fast. I don’t particularly like the idea of police stepping in here. It could turn very messy. Especially with these budget cuts. So start looking,” With that everyone set off to see if they could find any clues. It didn’t take long: after two minutes Wilkinson screamed out. Everybody then went over to see what had happened. Wilkinson was in the shed, ghostly white.

Then we saw what he was looking at. A dead man was lying in the shed with ragged clothes and very thin skin. He had six fingers.

“Brigadier,” I said. “Do you think that’s Edward?”

“I’m not sure Miss Grant,” he responded gravely. “But I’m not sure who else it could be.” He turned to Wilkinson and Hopkins. “You two had better call a stretcher party. Also arrange for a post mortem.”

“Yes sir,” they replied in unison.

“Doctor, if this was Corella Industries, what might happen to me?” I asked

“Nothing. Because you won’t be going back there,” he said.

“But how are we going to solve this case if I don’t go into work?” I asked him.

“I don’t know. I’ll figure something out though. I always do.”

The Brigadier walked over. “I wonder what we’re going to do next,” he said.

“Well, Jo’s not going to be a part of it!” the Doctor replied firmly.

The Brigadier turned to me. “Jo, can you give me and the Doctor a moment?”

“Fine!” I replied. I was very cross at this – and who wouldn’t be? I really don’t get a say in these things!

The Brig and the Doctor then started arguing very loudly. This went on about me for about two minutes until I decided I’d have to step in. So I marched over to the pair of them. The Doctor and the Brig were shouting at each other and the word ‘incompetent’ was being thrown around quite a bit. “Shut up the pair of you,” I shouted (I had to get their attention some-how!)

“Jo. May I kindly remind you. That I AM YOUR SUPERIOR!!!” the Brigadier yelled at me. But I wasn’t ready to back down just yet.

“I DON’T CARE!!!” I screamed back.

There was silence after this and the general feeling that I had gone too far.

“Listen. I’ll do it,” I said. “It’ll be fine and anyway, so what if it isn’t? If it isn’t then you can always prove that it’s them that killed me. Now I know, that this sounds suicidal but I might as well do it. Because if I don’t you’ll never find out anything and if you don’t find out anything you’ll never prove that it was Corella Industries that killed these people.”

“But Jo. You’ll...” the Doctor tried to say but I cut him off.

“No Doctor, you can’t change my mind. I won’t let you.”

Everything went quiet after that as the Doctor was contemplating what he should say next.

“Okay,” He said eventually. “I see I can’t change your mind so you might as well do this tomorrow if you’re so set on it. It’d be admirable – if I didn’t think you’d get yourself killed. Oh and Brigadier, don’t run me home. A brisk walk will do me good.” And with that he was off with his hands in his pockets.

“Do you want me to run you home Jo?” the Brigadier asked kindly.

I smiled at him. “You might as well Brigadier.”

We then jumped into his jeep and didn’t speak a word until he dropped me off again. As we drove off we could see the Doctor walking by slowly with his head down. He looked quite sad.



DIARY ENTRY 24th January 1973

Hi Diary, I’m off to work now. Between me and you I’m really worried about how today will go, it’s one of those grey days where everything feels tense. I’ve received

no word from the Doctor so far. But the Brig's been nice to me. Last night seems to have been forgotten.



DIARY ENTRY 24th January 1973 - later

Phew, well that's it over. Here's what happened today.

After I got out of the car I went inside the building and took the lift to my floor. Unfortunately though, as soon as the lift doors opened the secretary who welcomed me yesterday was standing outside, waiting for me to arrive. And worse still, she was flanked by two girls with guns. The girls looked like robots and both had their hair tied back in a bun. I was extremely nervous but I kept my cool. "Good morning," I said rather warily.

"Miss Grant, Miss Corella would like to see you," the secretary said. "Okay girls, get into the lift."

Before I had a chance to argue, she and the two girls got into the lift with me and all three of them stood behind me. Their guns were pointing right at my back. I thought it wise not to say anything. The secretary lifted up a section of the wall on the lift behind me and pushed a blue button that was underneath it. Suddenly the lift started going faster. Downwards!

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I've told you, we are going to see Miss Corella!" the secretary snapped.

I kept completely quiet after this.

We went on down for a while and after a while the lift started slowing down.

"Miss Grant. When we get out of here you are to walk at a controlled pace. If you try to run or avoid us the two girls standing behind you will not hesitate to shoot you down. Is that clear?"

I didn't say or do anything.

The secretary then grabbed me by the hair and pulled me round to face her. She slapped me. "IS THAT CLEAR!" she repeated, her eyes filled with hate.

I stared back at her. "Crystal," I replied.

She let go of me and spun me round so that I was facing the lift doors. They pinged open.

We were in a cool and bland white corridor. As soon as I got out I was thrust ahead of the guards who cocked their guns so as to make it clear that I was not to make a false move. We walked out.

As we turned a corner we passed a few similar guards. All were women, every one of them stood completely still with their hair tied in a bun but all wearing different types of clothes. They were all cradling large machine guns and had blank, uncaring eyes. I walked straight ahead trying not to stare at any of the guards. Occasionally one of the guards behind me poked me on the back to make me move faster. After going through what must have been six corridors we stopped in front of a door. The secretary walked in front of me.

"Wait here," she said to the guards. "If she moves, shoot her left hand off."

She took a card out of one of her pockets and swiped it across a slot beside the door. The door opened. She walked on, to what looked like a blank wall. She moved her hand gently across the wall until she got to a panel, which she opened up. Inside were what looked like numbers. She pressed four or five of them, and the wall opened. She walked inside. "Miss Corella!" she shouted. "Miss Grant is here to see you."

"Bring her in," a raspy voice said. I was then thrust inside by the guards who stood guard at the wall/door.

I was pushed in and the wall shut behind me. We were in what looked like a large hall. It had drab walls that were painted purple. It was very dark and I could barely see a thing. "Bring her closer, I must see her," the rasping voice said. The secretary pushed me forward. As my eyes adjusted I could see a large throne. There was a woman seated in it. The woman rose from her throne and then I saw what she looked like. She had aging, almost withered skin, and her hair was unnaturally white

and thick. Her hands were incredibly thin, so thin that I could even see her bones through the skin. She was a freak – and she was also flanked by two guards who stood beside the throne. I was frightened of her but I tried to hide my fear.

“You’re Miss Corella. I assume,” I said.

“The very same,” she replied in her raspy voice. She got out of her throne slowly and began to walk towards me. The second she got out of her throne her guards cocked their guns.

“Stand down ladies,” Corella said. “She wouldn’t dare harm me.”

The guards lowered their guns but still kept a watchful eye on me. Corella walked towards me, slowly. As she came closer I noticed how old and frail she really was. She looked to be in her late seventies, but I thought that impossible considering what her company was doing. She came closer and stopped in front of me. She motioned behind me, and the secretary stepped back. Corella walked all around me, sniffing as she was going. After a while of unnerving sniffing she stopped, turned on her heel and walked back to her throne. “So. Miss Josephine Grant. What shall I do with you?”

“You can let me go and help me to find a police station,” I said trying and failing to sound more confident.

Miss Corella stared at me for a moment before she burst out laughing. “Dear child. Why would you need a Police Station when you work for UNIT?” she asked, looking reasonably smug.

“But how did you...?” I started.

“You are so stupid Jo. I can call you Jo can’t I? You are really careless and stupid. We put a listening device on your jacket yesterday. It’s routine really. But we are able to listen into whatever it is that you’re saying and that’s also how we got to poor Edward. Through you. Really dear girl, you are thick and normally I’d kill someone like you without a second thought but I don’t think I will this time because you know someone that I’d really rather like to meet. I believe you call him the Doctor,” she then laughed very loudly. “I heard your little fight last night. It made for great entertainment.”

I had to restrain myself from running over and hitting her in the face. But

instead of getting angry and giving her the reaction she wanted I decided to ask her some questions. "Okay Miss Corella if you've finally stopped insulting me I'd like to ask you something."

"Go on," she replied.

"It says in your official report that you were born in 1942 which would make you thirty-one years old. How come you look about seventy?"

"Excellent Jo," she said clapping her hands. "Now we're getting somewhere. How strong is your stomach Jo?" she bizarrely asked me.

"Pretty strong," I replied.

"Is it strong enough to hold what I have to show you?" she asked ominously.

"Should be," I replied steadily.

"Be prepared child!" she said. And with that she grabbed her face. There was a stretching sound as she grabbed it. She then moved her hand up to her hair. She pulled at her hair and suddenly her face started to come off! After a few seconds she had completely torn her face off. What was underneath was incredibly unpleasant. She had reddish, purplish, and large sickening yellow eyes. There was a large vein on her forehead that dribbled out orange fluid occasionally. Some hairs were growing out the sides of her mouth.

"I am Rastal and I am the last of the Destolians," she proclaimed, holding her arms aloft. After that there was silence.

"I've seen more impressive aliens than you," I bravely replied.

"How dare you child!" she screamed. Before she started ranting on however I butted in.

"So how come you were born in 1942?" I asked.

"Don't be stupid child. I was born in 1763. But I needed to take the guise of someone younger. For business purposes of course. So I lied and said I was born in 1942. It's easy when you've got a whole organization of girls to hide behind."

"I see. So what planet are you from?" I asked attempting to stall for time.

"The now extinct Destastal 3. I teleported here after I destroyed everyone on that planet."

"You destroyed your own planet?!" I asked, shocked.

“Yes, there were too many men there. All the women were enslaved. It was disgusting. I became a freedom fighter and tried to push the women into revolting against the men but they were too scared. So I planned my last resort and created a virus that would destroy all the men in the world. Sadly, it didn’t work as every woman was killed too. I survived and teleported here. But now I’ve isolated the chemicals and am convinced that I can use a certain type of radiation which will wipe all the men from this world and will leave only women. I will then take control of this planet forever.”

“I see. So what are you going to do with me? Am I going to be controlled by you?” I asked

“No. You’re a spy. You are therefore my enemy and need wiped out.”

I suddenly wished I hadn’t asked what was going to happen to me.

Corella/Rastal pulled a gun from under her cloak. She cocked it and pointed it at me. It was some kind of laser gun.

Just before she fired though, the secretary burst into the room. “Miss Corella! Miss Corella!” She shouted. “UNIT are here and they’re being led by the Doctor! They’ve managed to un-hypnotise all the guards and they’re heading straight for us!”

“WHAT!!!” exclaimed Rastal.

“Oh my God! Your face!” exclaimed the Secretary, pointing at Rastal.

“Never mind about that you idiot! We need to defend this room,” screamed Rastal.

“No! You can defend yourself!” cried the Secretary. “I want out!” And with that the secretary tried to race out of the room. But before she got anywhere near the door Rastal blasted her in the back with her laser: she was reduced to ashes in seconds.

“Fool,” said Rastal, and then turned to her guards. “When this door is opened shoot to kill.”

The guards cocked their guns.

“Jo. If you make a sound I will not hesitate to do to you what I did to the secretary. Do you understand?”

I nodded.

After a few seconds of waiting we heard footsteps coming down the corridor and lots of them.

The first wall slid away, then the people got to the second and stopped. Suddenly the distinctive sound of the Sonic Screwdriver rang out and the two girls guarding the throne cried out in pain and fell to the ground unconscious

“What the hell!” said an incredibly worried Rastal.

“Jo, are you in there?” I heard the Doctor ask.

“If you make a sound I will kill you,” whispered Rastal threateningly.

“Jo? Jo? Jo are you in there?” the Doctor was shouting.

I wanted to shout out to him but I couldn't.

“Jo? Jo?”

“Is she in there?” I heard the Brig asked quietly

“I'm not sure,” replied the Doctor. “Let's find out. If there's anyone there, I'm coming in!” He started to sonic open the door. As he was opening it Rastal was aiming her gun at the door.

I was terrified as to what was going to happen next. But when I saw Rastal point the gun my instincts kicked in. I put all the pressure in my body onto my left foot and I slammed it down with all my force onto Rastal's own toes. “AH!!!” she cried out.

I then swung my elbow back and managed to hit her hard on the jaw. She screamed in pain and I took the opportunity to steal the gun out of her hand. I pointed it at her. “You move and your dead,” I told her.

The door then and the Doctor walked in. When he saw that I had managed to overpower Rastal he was delighted. “Well done Jo. Very well done!” He was grinning away. “I'm sorry Jo,” he said and wrapped me in a huge hug.

“It's all right,” I said grinning back. “How did you find me?”

“Basic bugging device,” he replied. “Same kind as what Rastal here's been using but mine's better. Anyway speaking of Rastal, what are we going to do with you, hmm?”

“Kill yourself Doctor! You're worthless,” she snarled.

“Well, I can't help you if you're being like that now can I?” he said.

"If you want to help me you will kill me," she replied sulkily.

"I see. I'll come back to you when you're in a better mood. Anyway. Jo. Are you all right?"

"I'm a bit shaken but otherwise fine," I replied smiling.

"Hmm, yes. It's going to take a lot to clear this whole mess up you know," the Doctor said.

Suddenly the Brigadier who had previously been talking on his communicator came over to us. "Good news. I've talked this whole thing over with the minister of defence and have managed to convince him not to axe UNIT."

"As simple as that?" I asked.

"Yes. Well the Doctor might have had a few words over the phone," the Brigadier said.

"Yes, and I know how persuasive the Doctor can be when he wants," I said and all three of us had a good laugh.

Yet our good moods were broken when suddenly Rastal took a massive lunge at me. She grabbed me and threw me to the ground. Her claws were everywhere. I tried to defend myself but it was no use against her. There was a lot of struggling as the Doctor tried to get her off me. I thought I was done for but suddenly I heard a gunshot and Rastal tensed. Then there was another and she sighed. The Brig walked over, pushed her out of the way and helped me up.

"Are you all right Miss Grant?" the Brig asked me

"Yes, a few bruises but nothing permanent," I replied brushing myself off. We all spent a few moments after that just staring at the dead body in front of us and it was easy to tell that we were all thinking that it was for the best that she had died, In fact thinking about it now, part of me thinks that's why she attacked me. Because there was nowhere else she could go.

That's it now. I never wrote another word in that diary and I'm not sure why. I hope you enjoyed reading about my little adventure. Take care.

Jo Jones

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