

*You're going on the District Line, Mickey? Ah... Nothing... Well, I'll tell ya. Can't believe I actually haven't told you this before. That REALLY weird night back in 2007, the night I believed my premonition of dying of anger/rage/despair on the tube probably wasn't that far off?*

*(Remind me to never go out for a few drinks with Tish again. In fact, you should never go out for drinks with Tish. Unless you want to meet the phantom probably-Alien Ninjas... And that's before we even get to drink).*

*But anyway...*

## **Distri**cked

by Steve Fiori

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So, there's me chatting to Tish trapped on a district line tube... one of the little problems with having an older sister, is that if you tell her certain things, she'll try to give you advice. I made the mistake of telling her I've been travelling in a time machine while she's been back in London these last few days. Where does she tell me to go?

*"Shakespeare..."*

*Done...*

*"New York in the future?"*

*Done...*

*"New York in the past?"*

*Done!*

*"Somewhere far away and sunny in the Universe?"*

*DONE!!*

“Alright, how about this one: I reckon you could do worse than grab Mister Saxon and take him a few years back to fix stuff!” said Tish, the cogs in her funny head obviously turning and coming up with uses for time travel. “That or have him win past wars faster with his satellites and knowledge and stuff.”

“Saxon’s a politician, he’d probably wanna commandeer it or something!” I replied. I knew then it was going to be a long night. That night was my night off from travelling the universe, and I was spending it with Tish. It was the night before the big event - the election, too, and I think Tish had a bit of a crush on ol’ Harry Saxon. Before, of course, all that ‘year that never happened’ stuff. Before we found out our wonderful new ‘saviour’ would have killed us all. Anyway, I’m getting ahead of myself here!

The TARDIS had a little tantrum after that stuff with the Weeping Angels. The Doctor decided to give her a rest and tinker about in there before heading off to Cardiff for a refuel in the morning. Believe it or not there’s a big important rift in space and time on the Bay. Yes, I’m still talking about Cardiff.

As I said, it was a night out with Tish. And Tish loves to babble on. First it was about Annalise and Dad’s tiff at Leo’s 21<sup>st</sup> (“*You could go back in time and push Annalise in another direction so her and Dad never meet!*”), then she was on about how she needs a new job now, after Lazarus. And that a job wasn’t likely to suddenly turn up (well, well, mister Saxon...) since the news was talking about recessions and how there might be one soon. Not that she really watches the news; this was stuff Mum was telling her, in between worrying about the Doctor and I.

Her next subject was the night out we’re having and wondering whether we should plan the bars or just go wherever, and went on from there.

But while Tish was babbling away, my head started to feel fuzzy. Like someone had shoved the back of my head, or like I got that acid reflux-y pressure thing where a bit of indigestion got stuck in the wrong part of the body, and you need rub your head to burp (I should know the proper medical term for that, I’m a bloody Doctor).

Except - I didn’t need to burp, or anything like that. It was the beginning of summer and the train was a bit stuffy so I thought that might be why, and got up and pulled the little window open, inhaling the nice little sudden gust of cold air that flew in, but that didn’t help all that much except refresh me a little bit.

Next try, I reach into my handbag and pull out a little bottle of water, taking a couple of mouthfuls.

“Oi, we’re drinking properly tonight!” Tish said, slightly offended!

“We’re only on our way, Tish! This carriage is bloody hot too!” I replied, concerned that she was becoming like a few of her friends who like to get so drunk that they can only talk in gibberish and innuendo.

Then I noticed she was a bit huddled and frowning at me.

“No it isn’t, and it’s a bit chilly now you’ve opened that thing!” she groaned. “It’s only early May, not the middle of flippin’ July!”

She got up and shoved the window shut, and sat down again. The little old lady opposite us agreed with Tish as she got off the tube.

“Yep, ain’t bikini weather yet, loves!” she said.

Tish smirked and raised her right hand in a proper ‘I told you so!’ manner.

“See? Maybe being in a time machine had messed with your body’s thermometer thingy! Oh my god, you’re not pre...”

“NO, I’m not!”

Weirdly, for a Saturday night, the tube was quite empty. Getting off with the old lady were a couple of teens, and a Muslim lady and her kids, then we were left with just some guy up in front of us, facing the other way. He had his hood up, and bowed like he was sleeping, or just meditating, or just praying. Then he stood up, turning to look at us, and I realised he wasn’t wearing a hoodie, it was like a proper monk robe, but all roped and belted up so he was like some sort of ninja-monk.

*Martha Jones...*

What was that? He clearly hadn’t actually spoken so I was a bit spooked out. His face was really pale and sort of young but old at the same time. And he had a proper great big chin. It looked like a face that should have been a far happier one, far kinder, but he was pretty much grimacing, as if he was trying not to scream.

*No More...*

He walked straight over and shoved his hand round my throat, lifting me up off the ground, then it all started to go dark, and leave me...

And bang, I was back a few minutes earlier. The old woman, the Muslim lady and kids, but the guy wasn't anywhere to be seen. I looked up and saw the window was still closed and still feeling flustered and hot, opened it.

Differently, this time, I didn't have any water, must have been too distracted by remembering my really weird dream.

"You sure about that?" Tish said, looking up at the window. "It isn't that warm anyway!"

Then I told her about feeling a bit weird and sick, and that I must have drifted off for a few seconds to have a nightmare about the guy in the robes attacking me

*There's nobody there in robes...*

"You're stressed, love," said the old lady as she and the family got off the tube. This time the mum of the family nodded in agreement as they went.

And this scruffy ninja guy was back again. But this time, he was bracing himself for combat. I stood up, and walked down the carriage, hearing Tish mumble "And where are you going?" as I did.

*No More...*

...he said again. He lifted his hand and as quick as I could, I grabbed his forearm and shoved it away, stopping him from strangling me this time.

"What the f..." was all I could hear from Tish as I started to wrestle back.

"What the hell is going on?" I noticed she was looking straight at me and not paying any attention to the robed nutter attacking me.

"You can't see him?" I yelled at her as I kicked him in the gut and tried shoving him away, not realising he was too strong for that.

"No, I just see you going mental!"

*You reek of Artron energy!*

He hissed telepathically as I managed to climb over him, put him in an arm lock, and hold him there. I have no idea what Artron energy is (probably something TARDISy) so thought of the first insult I could.

"You smell like a fish's arse!" I yelled back (it was kinda true), feeling slightly foolish, even more so as he threw me over his shoulder. I'd managed to stop my back and head hitting ground by landing my feet first, and getting out of his grasp and spinning around.

To any onlooker, if there were any apart from Tish, it must have looked like I was breakdancing. And quite rubbish at that.

I managed to pull myself free of his grasp and back down the train. I must have kicked him in the gut as I did because I looked round and saw him clutching at his abdomen/chest area. It seemed that he hadn't even noticed Tish so I'd kinda guessed (*slash* hope) she was safe.

I'd gone to the end of the carriage to try and open a door but when I looked through the window, it wasn't another District Line carriage at all, it was...

...an older train. With cabins. Like the ones you see in old movies and Harry Potter. After a moment of wondering whether Dementors are real (and whether I should start hiding my happy memories too), I looked to see what was going on in there.

There was a girl. She was young, blonde and pretty, and rocking quite a cool 60s outfit. I'd totally have loved to have that style if I'd been about in the 60s. Hang on, wait, I was just stranded there. Yeah, no going back to the 60s yet. But if I do, I'm copying that girl in the other carriage.

Anyway, away from that quite worryingly girly train (ugh) of thought, I watched what she was doing. She was standing outside one of the cabins. She was talking to someone but through the glass I couldn't tell what she was saying. She went into the cabin. I could just about see her in there, and she was talking to someone, I couldn't see who.

They were chatting for something like twenty or thirty seconds, then I saw her looking very much frightened, but couldn't see what. Then I saw her fiddling for the door. I wanted to go help her but my door at the end of this carriage was completely locked (despite all those times I've seen blokes go between carriages on the way to work!)

She had managed to get out of the door, thankfully. But what was chasing her? A three-headed lion. Yep. You heard me. Like the dog in Harry Potter (weren't far off with the Dementor talk then, was I?) And Thankfully, from the last thing I saw, she had managed to escape it. I guess her story wasn't short either, so I'll cling on to the hope that she escaped. Once again, in light of what I'd just seen I had to ask myself "*What the BLOODY HELL is going on?*"

Of course now I realised we weren't on a real tube, and that although Tish couldn't see the man, it was as if all some kind of odd simulator, or another reality. I decided I should

cling on to that thought. Maybe there was a way to defeat this thing. I wondered that if there was a different type of train on the next carriage, then if I could shove him through the door, he'd be gone.

I didn't want to kill him, and although I wasn't completely sure my actions wouldn't kill him, I had to give it a try.

And apart from all this, I really wasn't certain that I was awake! It all seemed like it was an odd dream. Like when you dream of a memory but it's a bit different to what really happened. Like changed memories of school, Uni, Med School. Like being back at the hospital and Morgenstern doing something instead of Julia, or a memory of being on holiday as a kid where Tish jumped off some rocks into water but it was actually Leo that did it.

Nothing was right, I could feel that.

He finally recovered and found his footing. Before I was going to try shoving him through a tiny sliding window, I wanted to do what the Doctor would – talk to him.

“Who are you? And what do you want? Do you need something?” I asked him. “I know a man who could help you”.

*You're all mine.*

He hadn't noticed Tish, so he couldn't have been including her in that 'all'. Who was this 'all' referring to? The people on the other carriages?

“Them? Through those end doors?”

I could see Tish by the side of him. She looked freaked out but calm at the same time, like she understood I was trying to end a bad situation. After Lazarus she knew that the universe and reality were far madder than she thought. I guess it, maybe she didn't know she was possibly safe? Anyway. Maybe she'd already decided in her head that I'd fix everything, but I'm not as good as the Doctor at this. I can help, but do I know for sure that I would win?

The man nodded, confirming I was right about who apparently 'belonged' to him. I didn't know who these people are that he was targeting. I guess they were people who were travelling with the Doctor in the past (and future). *Was one of them this Rose?* I wondered.

Then he threw himself at me: it was time to fight again. I was tired and my brain was all fuzzy, but I needed to react. I used all my force to swing him behind me and shove him

against the window to try and see if my plan had worked. When I threw him against it, this massive force blew us halfway down the carriage and my hearing pretty much went, replaced by that high pitched bloody noise that comes with deafening. I was confused, disorientated, and was struggling to get up. He looked like he had steam coming off him, throwing him against that door must have worked.

But he had recovered faster than me. He was bearing down on me, and was about to grab me, when I saw a bare foot slam right into his chest making him double up in pain. Then, right on the back of his head, a hand slamming a high-heeled shoe down.

I looked up and there was Tish, raging.

“Attack my little sister, and you have me to deal with, tramp boy!”

She could see him! Maybe my little idea was right – We were in some distorted reality, and me trying to push him out of it had messed with it made him visible to Tish. That’s my guess anyway and it’s as good as any theory my head could or can come up with!

Tish grabbed me by the arms and hauled me up. I was still disoriented but my hearing was making its way back and that horrible squealing sound was gone from my head. He had got up and was threw a random punch which connected with Tish’s shoulder sending her onto the seat behind her. She landed upright though and grabbed the hand rail pulling herself up, and she put her arm round his neck, trying a headlock.

“What do we do with him?!” she growled, struggling to control. “Oh my god, you were right, he stinks of rotting fish!”

“We throw him out!”

I grabbed him by the legs. He was kinda heavy for a man that wasn’t very wide. Tish wrapped her other arm around and started to pull, and with all our strength carried him to the door and started to push him through the window.

The train shook like mad. It was working but I didn’t know how long we could hold on. As we made that final push, he slammed his boot right into my head.

And then everything went dark.

When I woke up, I was in a familiar place. That low rumbling sound, the coral walls... Sitting next to me on the TARDIS floor was Tish. And walking up to me, there he was...

“Ello!” The Doctor said with that big grin. It was so nice to see him

“Hi” I replied, really groggy.

I sat up, and pulled myself up on the TARDIS rails and over to the chair next to the console, Tish standing right next to me.

“How are you?” asked the Doctor as he leant on the console. “Tish here says you had a bit of a rumble on the tube.”

I rubbed my head, the grogginess going a bit.

“Alright I 'spose. So glad to be here,” I replied. “What happened?” I asked Tish, who sort of shrugged.

“I can't even remember properly myself, it all went really dark, I couldn't tell where we were. You were out cold and it was so quiet, I don't even think we were on the tube anymore.” She stopped to smile. “But then mister here seems to land this thing right around us!”

The Doctor grinned at this.

“Good ol' multi-dimensional transport” he said patting the console, while Tish raised her eyebrows. “Can land on something without killing it. Well, unless it physically lands on someone – never going to Oz again, that's for sure...”

“So Tish told you about the man. Who was he?”

“No idea. But you seemed to have dealt with him!”

“Is he dead?”

The Doctor shook his head. “Don't think so. If the tube disappears without him, he'll probably be with it out there, somewhere, wounded!”

“And if he comes back?”

He smiled again.

“Then he has me to deal with!”.

When I woke up, not everything had come back to me at first. I'd forgotten. About those on the other carriages. I hadn't seen any others aside from the blonde girl and the lion.

I hope their stories were solved like mine.

*Oh, I rambled on a bit didn't I? Have a good night. Ianto's frowning at me. Love ya, bye!*

*Oh! Watch out for stinky Ninjas.*

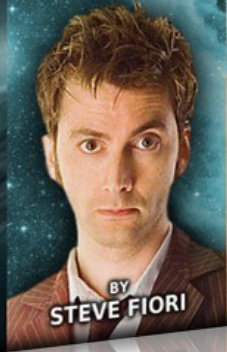


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# DOCTOR WHO

CLASSIC DOCTORS · 50 YEARS OF ADVENTURE

## DISTRICKED



BY  
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