

In Egyptian folklore, it was known as the Forgotten Tomb, but everyone remembered it. They were simply too scared to speak of it. The tomb was cursed, so the legends said, and anyone who dared to disturb the lost resting place of the ancients was doomed to live a life tormented by the gods.

"Pile them up, nice and high, that's it..."

Fear kept the local population in line. Inhabitants of the nearby villages undoubtedly knew more about the history of their land than they let on, though they still refused to share their wisdom or enlighten the desperate adventurers who came knocking at their doors. Many went home, reluctantly admitting defeat, forced to respect the wishes of the dead.

"Prepare the fuse, and fetch the matches..."

Some, however, refused to give up so easily. Nothing was ever truly forgotten. Anything could be found if you looked hard enough. There were always traces left throughout history, a trail to follow to your goal, footprints in the sand.

"Strike it, and let the flame burn..."

Not even talk of terrible myths and dreadful curses was enough to deter the most resolute, or perhaps foolhardy, explorers. After all, the threat of gods ruining your life only worked if you had a life worth ruining.

For history professor and part-time adventurer Harold Cartwright, there was nothing left to lose. Everything that the world could take from him had already been stripped away. He did not fear the gods; he challenged them.

"Now... Light it up!"

Harold had recruited a small band of greedy and foolish Egyptian youngsters to accompany him on this expedition to where he believed the Forgotten Tomb was hidden. One of these poor, unfortunate souls had been tasked with blowing a hole in the side of the mountain, creating an entrance. Having been unable to locate the front door, Harold had decided to make his

own way in.

He had placed stacks of dynamite against the rocks, with a single fuse ready and certainly able to detonate them when lit. What little money he had left had been spent on this expedition. For Harold, everything depended on it.

He watched, from a safe distance of course, as the Egyptian man who was being paid to put himself in danger held the lit match in his trembling hand. Harold whipped off his hat and lightly fanned himself, uselessly trying to fight back against the suffocating heat.

He watched with bated breath, knowing that any minute it was about to get a whole lot hotter.

But then, as the match was moved closer to the fuse, the strangest thing happened. Out of nowhere, a mighty gust of wind blew through the valley, extinguishing the flame mere moments before it could explode the mountainside.

The hireling turned to Harold, with fear in his eyes, desperate for guidance.

"Again," Harold said firmly. He knew that a similar breeze could not inexplicably scupper his plans for a second time.

Well, he *thought* he knew...

Once again, at the last minute, the flame died.

"Again, again, again..." said Harold, with increasing desperation, as every single match in the entire box was extinguished one by one by a seemingly supernatural wind.

Harold marched over to the hireling in charge of the explosives, but the man hurried off into the distance at a considerable speed. When Harold looked around, he saw that the other recruited locals had fled, seemingly believing that the curses of the Forgotten Tomb were coming true. It certainly seemed as though higher powers were preventing its discovery, warning off the unwelcome travellers.

Now all alone in the middle of nowhere, he dropped to his knees and began to cry. He had come so close, having battled his way through ancient myths and desolate landscapes and irritating customs, and yet had been thwarted by the wind of all things. Perhaps, he considered, everyone he had ever known had been right to call him a failure, a walking disaster, a fool.

Harold took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. Wiping the tears away, he wondered whether he might be able to use his spectacles to magnify the harsh sunlight and direct it onto the fuse. He had always hoped that his short sightedness might benefit him one day--but no, it seemed there was no way of doing it.

Harold then spent the rest of the day feeling sorry for himself, and he had almost given up hope entirely. It was only as he searched through his rucksack, hoping to find a few drops of water remaining in his flask, that he found his set of tent pegs. He wondered if that just might work, whether they could be enough to start a fire and ignite his dreams. With nothing else to lose, Harold thought it was worth a try.

Had he really been reduced to this, he wondered? Rubbing sticks together like a savage? He bemoaned his dreadful luck and how nothing ever went to plan.

But then, for the first time ever, it did.

Sparks burst forth from between the two writhing sticks, erupting into a magnificent and glorious fire that burned stronger and brighter than the setting sun.

The flames lit up the fuse. Harold was delighted and jumped for joy, and it was only when he realised that he was about to be blown to smithereens did the smile fall away from his face. He ran for his life.

The explosives did their job and detonated with tremendous force, destroying a good chunk of the mountainside. Harold was knocked off his feet

as he fled in the opposite direction, landing in the dirt. He covered his head, shielding himself as rocks and debris from the blast rained down.

Calmness and silence returned to the secluded corner of the Egyptian wasteland. Harold clambered to his feet and gazed in awe at the newly created hole in the mountainside. He caught a glimpse of what looked like something shiny in the darkness, and he allowed himself the biggest smile.

He had found it, finally; he had found the Forgotten Tomb.

Slipping through the crack in the rock, Harold found himself in what appeared to be the burial chamber. He had managed to create a narrow path that took him straight to the diamonds and jewels and treasures of the ancient world, lost for centuries, shrouded in myths and secrecy. Just one of these, Harold knew, would change his life.

Harold brushed the cobwebs aside, wiped dust from the sparkling jewels that had gone untouched for so long. Yes, there was no doubt about that. The place was so clearly undisturbed. He reveled in the knowledge that he had been the first man to stand in this chamber and look upon these treasures for centuries. But regardless of the priceless artefacts surrounding him, it was the sarcophagus in the centre of the chamber that demanded his attention. Overwhelmed by its beauty and magnificence, and by what it meant to him and his life, tears filled his eyes.

He had waited for this moment his whole life. He had shown everyone who ever doubted him that he was not sad or pathetic or mad.

He was definitely *not* mad.

That was what Harold told himself, repeatedly, despite what happened next. A ringing sound filled the air. Not expecting to hear such a noise in the Forgotten Tomb--which had not been disturbed in any way for thousands of years--it took Harold a few moments to realise that it was the ringing of a *telephone* that he could hear.

And it was coming from inside the sarcophagus.

He took hold of the lid, lifted it off and let it fall to the floor of the chamber with a crash that echoed around the ancient halls. Inside the sarcophagus was a mummified body, which Harold had been expecting, and something else that he had not.

It was a telephone, that was for sure, but it didn't seem to be connected to anything. Not that Harold had been expecting wires or anything of the sort in an Egyptian tomb, but neither had he expected to find a telephone. Now that he had, he at least expected it to adhere to common sense. Telephones needed electricity, but this one seemed somehow... *mobile*.

Harold prised the phone out of the grasp of the mummified fingers and looked at it. The ringing continued.

He studied the object, wiping thousands of years' worth of dust off the screen. The words *Unknown Number* flashed up--that was about right. Who would be phoning a corpse? And how would a mobile phone have existed in Ancient Egypt to be buried with a dead man? Harold didn't know the answers, but he was going to find out.

He pressed a green button on the telephone, which seemed to do the trick, and held the contraption to his ear. "H-hello?"

A booming voice assaulted his ear, so he moved the telephone further away.

"How did you get this number?" Harold could barely hear the reply through the static. It was a very bad line. "What? I'm sorry?" He listened intently to find out the identity of the caller. He didn't understand...

"Doctor who?"

# **The Fear of All Sums**

**by Samuel Marks**



**Episode One**

ARCHAEOLOGIST ADMITTED TO PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTION stated the newspaper headline. Romana barely gave it a moment's consideration as she flicked through the pages to pass the time. She set the paper down beside her on the park bench, and squinted up at the midday sun. It shone down on her and she bathed in its warm glow. Romana found herself smiling at the unexpected beauty of planet Earth.

"This is perfect," she said to herself, seconds before a tennis ball hit her square in the face. Rubbing her sore nose, she looked up.

"Sorry, Romana!" The Doctor called from across the park. He smiled apologetically.

Romana picked up the tennis ball from the grass at her feet. Swinging back, she threw the ball out towards the Doctor. It wasn't a bad throw, but nonetheless it didn't reach him.

Instead, the ball was caught in mid-air by a scruffy, brown-haired dog. His teeth snapped around the tennis ball, and he carried it over to the Doctor. Setting it down at the man's feet, the dog barked excitedly, his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"Good boy, K-9!" grinned the Doctor, as he patted the dog on the head.

Watching this from afar, Romana allowed herself a smile. A few days ago, she would never have imagined that K-9 would spontaneously transform into a real, proper dog. It had certainly taken her and the Doctor by surprise when K-9 had seemed to explode with white light inside the TARDIS, becoming a far more traditional dog than he was ever manufactured to be.

Romana put the newspaper under her arm and made her way over to the Doctor and K-9. As she watched the man and dog playing happily, she almost couldn't believe her eyes: the two of them were actually getting on and having a great time together. Never in a million years did she think *that* would happen.

"You're not at all concerned about this?" she asked, indicating the living, breathing, barking version of their old metal dog.

The Doctor laughed. "Of course not, Romana. Don't you remember how K-9 used to behave? Always showing off and correcting me and making me look stupid?"

Romana nodded.

"Well, look at him now." The Doctor picked up the tennis ball and pretended to throw it across the park. When K-9 hurried off in pursuit of nothing at all, the Doctor exploded with laughter.

"You're enjoying this far too much," smirked Romana. "We have to find out *why* he changed like this. It can't just be an accident."

The Doctor shrugged. "Stranger things have happened."

Romana couldn't argue with that. If the Doctor wasn't worried, she decided, then she shouldn't be either. She was having too nice a day to waste it fretting about a dog.

K-9 trotted back over to the two of them, his tail between his legs. He whimpered at the sight of the ball, still in his master's hand. K-9 rolled over, and the Doctor started tickling him.

Romana found her gaze wandering around the rest of the park as the man played with his best friend. She smiled as she saw a young, happy couple sat together, eating from a picnic basket. Elsewhere, a man was teaching his son how to kick a football, and a mother nursed her baby in the shade.

She was enjoying watching people indulging in simple pleasures, and almost found herself longing to join in, when something else caught her eyes. Hanging from the branch of a tree, standing out against the beauty of nature, was a clunky piece of machinery: a security camera.

Romana looked closer, and knew that the lens was looking at her, too. "Preposterous," she muttered under her breath.



"What's wrong?" asked the Doctor casually, as he rubbed K-9's belly.

"Look at this." Romana tapped the Doctor on the shoulder and demanded his attention. But when the two of them turned back to the tree, the security camera was gone.

Confused, Romana said, "But I thought I saw..." Beneath the tree, a shadow stirred. Something was there, and then it was gone.

"Romana?" asked the Doctor. "What did you see?"

"Nothing, I suppose." She shook her head, dismissing it. A trick of the light, it must have been. "But I could've sworn..."

The Doctor put his arm round her. "Whatever it was, it's gone now."

"Yes," said Romana, "but gone where?"

Seemingly uninterested, the Doctor plucked the newspaper from under Romana's arm and flicked through it, reading every page in an instant. "Slow news day," he said to himself. But something must have caught his eye, as he rapidly turned the pages in search of something.

K-9 yapped at his feet, desperate for attention, and Romana scratched the dog behind the ears.

"Look at this," the Doctor said, as Romana peered over his shoulder at the newspaper. "A new art gallery has opened up today, just around the corner. Fancy a look?"

Romana nodded. "Of course." She put her arm through the Doctor's, as they turned to walk out of the park.

They made their way across the town to the art gallery, and left K-9 outside tied to a lamppost. The dog let out a high-pitched whimper, clearly unhappy at being left on his own, but the Doctor already seemed tired of his suddenly furry friend.

Romana followed the Doctor into the gallery, and stood at his side as they studied various paintings. But when the Doctor decided to tell her the story

behind every single one, which usually featured himself in a starring role, she wandered off and explored on her own.

There were paintings from through Earth's long and great history, remarkable compositions of incredible beauty. Romana was enraptured. Humanity really was a grand species, as the Doctor always insisted. She no longer wondered why he loved this planet so much.

As she wandered around the silent, empty halls of the gallery, one painting in particular caught Romana's eye. The sign next to it declared that it was called the *Laughing Cavalier*, and that the man it depicted was something of an enigma. Painted in 1624, the subject was clearly a military man, dressed in elaborate and beautiful clothes. His smile was charming and his eyes were alluring. But it was more than that...

Romana leaned closer to the frame. There was something else about the painting, but she couldn't quite place it. The secret was in the eyes, she knew that, but what was it?

"Recognise him?" asked the Doctor.

Romana jumped in fright. He was stood right behind her, and no doubt had been for some time. "What do you mean?"

The Doctor indicated the painting. "You know him. So do I."

Romana thought hard. That was it: the eyes were *familiar*. "He's a Time Lord!" she realised aloud. "I remember him from Gallifrey. Well, I saw pictures of him. We never actually met."

The Doctor stared straight ahead, as if lost in thought. "We were in the same classes at the academy. Both dreamed of running away someday, to go off and explore the universe. He was something of a history buff, always had his head buried in textbooks, reading about some battle or war."

"Did he succeed in running away from Gallifrey?"

"Of course." The Doctor nodded at the painting. "Stole a TARDIS just like I

did, and ran for the stars. He made it to Earth, to join in the English Civil War. But he must've arrived too early, by about two decades, and got his portrait drawn to pass the time. That's what I heard, anyway. Look at him, smiling out at us from that frame. What a guy!"

Romana was remembering more and more now. "Don't they call him the Cavalier now, back home?"

"That's his identity. Suits him, I think. He always was so confident, always in a hurry, never thinking things through. When the Time Lords found out about this painting, how he had gotten involved in the affairs of this planet, they exiled him. Stripped him of his name, labelled him as the Cavalier to remind him of his crime, and told him never to return."

Romana noticed to wistful look in the Doctor's eyes. "When did you last see him?"

The Doctor shrugged. "Ages ago. Too long, I think. But the universe is a big place, Romana. We're hardly likely to bump into each other. And I never was very good at staying in touch with people."

"That's a shame."

"Yes, it is." The Doctor smiled absent-mindedly, lost in thought. "We were close, back in the day."

Romana was suddenly reminded of the rumours that had circulated the Prydon Academy long after the Doctor's time, of graffiti on the walls, of names scratched into tables. "Some would even say *too close*," she grinned.

The Doctor feigned offence. "Romana, we were youngsters! At school! There was no time for any of that nonsense, was there? What would make you think I wasted my time like that?"

"Well, passing your finals with fifty-one percent on the second attempt might be seen a small clue-"

Harsh, blaring sirens interrupted Romana. Instinctively she grabbed hold

of the Doctor's hand. He was frozen to the spot, looking around frantically, eyes wide. He wasn't scared; it was more like excitement.

All of a sudden the noises stopped the lights went out. The whole gallery descended into total silence and darkness. Romana could see nothing. She squeezed the Doctor's hand tighter. "What's happening?" she whispered.

The Doctor gave an answer that always made Romana feel uneasy: "I don't know."

A few tense moments passed before the lights snapped on again. Romana looked around to see what had happened, but nothing seemed to be wrong. Everything was as it was, except for one thing...

The *Laughing Cavalier* was gone.

"Now why would someone want to steal that?" the Doctor wondered aloud.

Romana could only shake her head; she had no idea. Looking up at the Doctor, she saw that he had broken out into a huge grin. Adventure had found them, it seemed, and he loved it.

Before she knew it, Romana was smiling back. "Shall we go in search of it?" she asked, but the Doctor was already running off down the corridor, his never-ending scarf trailing behind him as he went.

"Come on, K-9," cried the Doctor, as he burst out of the art gallery. "Walkies?"

A few paces back, Romana wasn't sure why he had voiced that last word as more of a question. But when she looked to where the dog was waiting, she understood: K-9 was now back to his old self again.

The Doctor untied the robot dog from the lamppost, and studied his metal companion intently. "You changed back," he said simply. The disappointment in his voice was clear.

"I am well aware of that, Master," replied K-9.

"I liked you before," the Doctor said. "You answered back less. You weren't

so sarcastic and condescending. You were politer and more fun and, you know, *fluffier*. Why couldn't you stay as you were?"

"It was not in my control," said K-9. "All systems have now been restored to their original functionality."

"That's a shame." The Doctor wore a miserable look on his face. "Come on, then," he sighed. "Let's get back to the TARDIS. We've got a painting to find-"

Interrupting him, K-9 barked.

Romana snorted. "K-9, did you just...?"

The robot dog didn't answer for a moment. "Side-effects are to be expected."

The Doctor rubbed his hands together with glee. "Oh, this is going to be fun!"

Hidden in the shadow of the Alps, in the year 218 BC, was a Roman encampment. A dozen tents had been erected on a small perch on the mountainside, protected from the harsh winds and concealed from view by the tundra.

General Lucius Vispanius Titus the Wise, Commander of the Army of the Alps, Recipient of the Golden Eagle and Sigil of Remus, Defender of the Empire, sat alone in his tent. He was deep in thought, contemplating his strategies for the forthcoming battle. On this day, the mighty Empire of Rome was relying on him to command a small band of soldiers to victory. He had ordered them all to get a good night's rest, but he had been unable to follow his own orders.

Warfare didn't usually bother General Titus. His ancestors had been great leaders, and their courage and wisdom were in his blood, but he couldn't help but feel slightly overwhelmed by the pressure he was faced with. He knew what

was coming for Rome, and it was all down to him to stop them.

He was leaving nothing to chance. His battle plans had been meticulously outlined with painstaking precision. He would not allow any silly mistakes to cause their downfall. General Titus could not, however, have predicted what was about to happen.

A fresh-faced Roman soldier came hurrying into his tent, out of breath and clearly panicked by something.

"What is it, soldier?" asked Titus.

"A man, sir. A man's been sighted crossing the Alps!"

General Titus gulped. Was this it? Had the battle begun earlier than expected? Their information had never been wrong before, but perhaps this was a sign that the gods were not on their side.

"Is it... *him*?" he asked. A name was not needed; they were all thinking of the same person. He was the only man they had thought of for days, the same man who haunted their dreams.

"No, sir," said the soldier. "It's a stranger to these lands. And I think he's dying..."

The Alps were a treacherous path, Titus knew, and anyone who dared to traverse their wintry heights was brave indeed. That was why the Empire feared their current foe so much, almost respecting and fearing him in equal measure.

But if someone else had dared to challenge the mountain, they did not deserve to die alone in the terrible silence of these wintry heights. A dignified death was the least that Titus could do for the unknown wanderer. And perhaps, after this act of unprecedented kindness, the gods might smile upon him in the coming conflict.

He ordered the soldier to escort the man off the mountain, out of sight, and to bring him down to the General's tent, which was acting as the official command centre of their field base.

General Titus watched as the man was carried into the safety of the tent, and ordered that he be placed upon his bed to keep him warm. The stranger looked in a bad way. He could not speak; his lips were blue and quivering; his whole body was trembling; the snow and the winds had caused his skin to turn paler than anything that Titus had ever seen before.

Titus knew that the man would not survive for long. He had, at most, a few minutes of life left to cling onto before darkness claimed him forever more. "Be brave, sir," said Titus. "Do not fear death. Embrace it!"

The man's eyelids--previously frozen shut--slowly began to open, as did his mouth. He strained, struggling to speak, before he eventually managed it. "No can do, amigo," he mumbled. "You might want to step back..."

Confused, General Titus did as he was told. Fearing what might happen, he ordered all other soldiers to leave the tent, and watched alone as the most remarkable thing happened. The stranger's body began to glow with a strange, ethereal light. The warmth that seemed to burn from within melted the snow that clung to his skin, and he once again looked healthy.

General Titus suddenly noticed the extravagant clothes that the man was wearing--and the only reason they grabbed his attention was because they too melted away from him as the light that shone from beneath his skin began to burn harsher and brighter. His flesh seemed to be on fire. Titus wondered whether the man's body was simply going to melt away just as his clothes had. The General was forced to shield his eyes as the bizarre, supernatural event became unbearable to watch. He heard the man cry out in pain and could do nothing to help.

Then the light died, and the man didn't.

Slowly, General Titus allowed himself to gaze upon the man again--but it seemed that he was gone, and had been replaced by someone else. This new man leapt up off the bed and started looking himself up and down.

"Let's see what I've got this time," he said. "Twelfth time lucky, I hope..."

General Titus could only watch in horror, and with mild amusement.

"Oh, look at that belly!" said the man. "I'm fat! And already hungry! I can barely see my feet. Oh, and I wish I hadn't looked--they're so small. I reckon about a size four. That'll make shoe shopping a big tricky, but not impossible. I wonder if certain other extremities are similarly undersized... What do you think, General? Not a bad size, eh? And hey, it's what you do with it that counts, am I right?"

Titus leapt to his feet, suddenly realising how absurd the whole situation was, and drew his sword. He held it up to the man's neck, pressing lightly upon him--but he was willing to press harder. "I don't want to spill any more blood than is necessary today," he warned, "so you had better explain yourself, stranger--"

At that moment, another Roman soldier entered, quickly looking away when he noticed the man.

"It's all right," the man said, putting his hands on his hips and standing proud. "You can look. And I'd be interested to hear your opinion on it. Good or bad? Average?"

"Below average," sneered General Titus, much to the man's annoyance.

"Sir, there's a naked man in your tent," said the Roman soldier matter-of-factly.

"Yes there is, so why don't you get him some clothes?"

The man nodded and left, no doubt emotionally scarred by the brief experience.

General Titus lowered his sword and sheathed it, inviting the man to take a seat--on the floor, not on the bed. People would talk, and he had a reputation to think of. "Start at the beginning," he said, "and tell me everything. Who are you?"

"I," said the naked man, "am the Cavalier."



The Cavalier's head was spinning. He could barely remember his own name, let alone that of the man who had helped get him to safety. Was it Titan? No, Titus, that was it. The man--General Something Fancy and Unpronounceable Titus--handed the Cavalier a suit of Roman armour to protect his modesty and to prevent any further awkwardness between the strangers. Their hug a few moments ago had been bad enough. It was only awkward for Titus, of course. The Cavalier had rather enjoyed it.

He could feel regeneration energy dancing around his body and, though it would stay with him for a good few hours yet, it was becoming less effective at combatting the cold. As such, the Cavalier was glad to get dressed and shield himself from the harsh winds. He may not have liked his new body on first impressions, but he had to look after it. He had become rather careless with his bodies of late, and he couldn't afford to be like that anymore, much to his annoyance. Being careful wasn't usually much fun at all.

General Titus took a seat in front of the Cavalier, and smiled reassuringly. He seemed like a good man, the Cavalier thought. Tough and butch and not really his type at all, but a good man nonetheless. A soldier. A man of war. The Cavalier had met plenty of those, the best and the worst. But never had one been so kind to him as Titus had been on this day.

"Thank you," said the Cavalier. "For saving me."

"That's quite all right," replied Titus. "Thank *you* for putting some clothes on."

The Cavalier nodded. Out of the corner of his eye, he thought he noticed something. There was something amiss in this tent. Something *wrong*. He could feel it in his bones. His Time Lord senses were tingling, but he couldn't quite place what it was. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. And then he saw it. In the corner of the tent. A machine. An actual piece of working machinery in Ancient Rome. Something out of time...

"Now, stranger, we have lots to discuss--"

"What is *that*?" asked the Cavalier, pointing in the direction of the anomaly.

General Titus rose up out of his seat and crossed the room, reached the machine before the Cavalier. He threw a large piece of fabric over the machine, concealing it from the Cavalier's view.

"It's a distraction, clearly," said Titus. "Please, sit down, stranger. Tell me how you came to be wandering the Alps, and how you happened to... *not die*."

The Cavalier noticed a determined look in General Titus' eyes. The Roman clearly wasn't going to rest until he knew the truth. As much as the Cavalier wanted to find out about the strange machine, he did as he was told and sat down. The Cavalier took a deep breath, filling his brand new lungs with the cold mountain air, and began to speak.

"I was being followed by someone," said the Cavalier, "through the Time Vortex. Their ship had a trans-dimensional warp drive that meant they could follow me right across the dimensions, through supernovas and black holes and loops in the causality nexus that I thought might cancel out the tracking signal on my TARDIS. But I couldn't shake them.

"So I materialised here," he went on, without stopping for breath, "close to my intended destination, somewhere in the Alps. And as the chameleon circuit was doing its job, my TARDIS suffered a direct hit from their anti-matter cannon. My ship--my home--was completely obliterated. I narrowly escaped the same fate. I was weak; I was hurt. So I ran, luckily found your camp, and managed to regenerate. Completely rewrote my biology and managed to live. Understand?"

"Not completely," said General Titus. "Not much, in fact. Your enemy... Is he the same as ours? Are you facing the wrath of Hannibal of Carthage?"

"Nah," said the Cavalier. "Could be anyone after me. In my travels, I tend to upset a lot of people..." But then he realised that something was amiss. Something *e/se*... "Hang on," he said, "how do you know that Hannibal is coming

for you?"

The Cavalier had intended to come to Ancient Rome at this time to witness the famous point in history where Hannibal, enemy of Rome, lead his forces across the Alps to launch a dangerous surprise attack against the Roman Empire. So, he wondered, how could they possibly know that the attacker was on his way?

"We have the greatest minds in the known world working for us, sir. They have created wondrous technology that gives us the gift of foresight, amongst many others things."

Could that be what the strange machine was for? "Show me now!" the Cavalier demanded.

General Titus unveiled the machine in the corner of the tent. The Cavalier found himself trembling as he approached it, because he knew what it was, and therefore he knew what it meant. "What have you done?" he asked, noticing terror in his own voice. "And, you know, *how*?"

The Cavalier found himself looking at what was unmistakably a computer screen, upon which a map of the surrounding area was displayed. It was covered with tiny dots, each representing one of the forty thousand men that were under the command of Hannibal--along with their accompanying party of elephants--who were coming to attack the Roman Empire.

"Is there a problem?" wondered Titus.

"This is a radar," said the Cavalier. "And this is very, very wrong..."

"Come on, K-9," said the Doctor, stepping out of the TARDIS.

Romana followed, too, as K-9 led the way. His sensors had detected a faint trace of teleport energy around the gallery, and so they followed the perpetrators to this location. Romana looked around to see where exactly they had ended up. She couldn't help but be a little disappointed.

The grey walls and lifeless corridors were frankly a little boring compared to the intellectually stimulating environment of the gallery. Not to mention the heat--it was ridiculously hot in this place. Romana whipped off her jacket and carried it under her arm as she followed the Doctor. Either he didn't notice the heat or simply didn't care, as he continued to wear his scarf and heavy coat and seemed as carefree as usual.

"Where are we, Doctor?" Romana asked eventually.

"Still on Earth," the Doctor replied. "Not sure exactly where. Looks like a factory of some kind. Now where is that painting? It must be close..."

Romana couldn't keep up with the Doctor's huge strides as they wandered through the corridors. This building--whatever its purpose--seemed to grow hotter and hotter the deeper into it they went. A bead of sweat tumbled from Romana's forehead and hit the floor with a hiss.

There was not a single other sound as the trio made their ways through empty corridors and hallways in search of the painting. However, despite the Doctor's assertions, there was no sign of it.

Romana went to put her arm through the Doctor's, but he seemed more concerned with searching out a bag of jelly babies from his pockets. That brought a smile to his face, as he greedily and noisily ate his way through the whole lot. Romana sighed: the last thing she needed was for the Doctor to become even *more* hyper than usual...

Disappointed to find that he had finished the bag rather sooner than he had expected to, the Doctor casually dropped the paper bag on the floor.

Immediately, sirens rang out. The Doctor, Romana and K-9 all froze, looking around to see what was wrong and covering their ears from the blaring, deafening sound.

"An alarm has been triggered, Master."

"Thank you, K-9. How would we ever know that without you?" His voice

was dripping sarcasm, but K-9 didn't seem to notice as he wagged his metal tail happily.

The sirens continued wailing for a while longer, before a voice filled the air, taking its place: "A crime has been committed. Remain where you are. You will be apprehended shortly. Justice will be swift."

Romana realised that the words seemed to be coming from a security camera that was mounted on the ceiling. It seemed to be identical to the one she had glimpsed in the park earlier. Before she could raise the point, the Doctor exploded with laughter.

"Silence! You *will* be apprehended!" the voice repeated.

"Oh, big words from a little camera," said the Doctor, still chuckling. "Who's coming to get me? The police?"

"Camera 4-6-5 will make the arrest."

"Is that *you*?" asked the Doctor. "*You're* going to arrest me? How do you plan on doing that, then? By growing little legs and jumping off the wall?"

The Doctor was, unintentionally, absolutely right; that was exactly what the security camera did. From the side of its bulky body, where the camera itself stared out, two thin mechanical legs unfurled themselves, and the machine detached itself from the ceiling. It landed on the floor, a short distance away from the Doctor, and looked up at him with its one large lens that acted as an all-seeing mechanical eye.

"That's ridiculous!" cried Romana, stifling a laugh. "Totally and utterly ridiculous!"

"Oh, good idea," the Doctor replied sarcastically. "Make it *more* cross!"

The trio began to back away slowly, and the walking, talking security camera's little legs struggled to keep up with them. "Halt! You are under arrest! Justice will be swift!"

"He only dropped some litter. Can't you be a little lenient?" pleaded

Romana. "It's hardly the crime of the century, is it?"

The camera's eye began to glow, as it scanned the Doctor. "Incorrect," it said. "You are the Doctor. Previous offences include seventeen counts of planetary destruction, four counts of kidnap, and three-hundred and ninety-one counts of illegal parking."

"I've got a permit!"

"Resistance will not be tolerated!"

The camera began to spark with electricity, and what looked like bolts of lightning burst out of its lens. They struck a flickering light bulb on the ceiling, and glass shattered at Romana's feet. As absurd as these little cameras were, she thought, they packed a hell of a punch.

"Hang on," said Romana. "I'm sure we can be civil and resolve this without shooting-"

Romana ducked as a second bolt was hurled at her. She had avoided it, just about. But K-9 was not so lucky. The third bolt struck him on his side, and electricity crackled around its whole body before the robot dog froze completely still. Defunct. Broken.

"Hey! That's my dog!" the Doctor cried out.

"Collateral damage is permitted in pursuit of a felon, but surrender is preferable."

"Never!"

"Doctor, we should run," Romana whispered.

The Doctor nodded. "Hey, look!" he said, pointing behind the camera. "It's Mussolini! And Hitler! Robbing a sweet shop!"

As the camera twisted around, the Doctor picked up K-9, and he and Romana ran as fast as possible in the opposite direction. They sped down the long, twisting corridors, which all the while seemed to be growing hotter. But Romana was more concerned with the camera.

"Have we outrun it?" she asked, almost out of breath.

"I think so," replied the Doctor.

They stopped to get their breath back, and as they did, Romana spotted something through a hatch in a nearby door. Calling the Doctor over, they saw the *Laughing Cavalier*, discarded on the floor of an empty room.

"Why would the thief just leave it here?" Romana wondered aloud.

Keen to find out, she and the Doctor heaved the door open and stepped through. The Doctor studied the broken K-9 while Romana examined the painting. It looked in fine condition, as far as she could tell, but she still couldn't understand its abandonment, nor could she find clues to identify the thief.

Romana also found the heat in this room to be almost suffocating. It couldn't just be her, she reasoned. The Doctor must have noticed it, too.

"Are you really not feeling the heat?" she asked him.

The Doctor seemed to think for a moment. "Yes, now that you mention it. Mind you, that's probably because of what this room is for."

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you seen the signs? This is an incinerator."

Romana felt her jaw almost hit the floor, and the Doctor only seemed to realise the impact of the word as it left his mouth.

"Incinerator?" Romana asked, hoping that perhaps she had misheard.

"Yeah," the Doctor replied nervously.

Romana instinctively looked to the door to make a run for it--but it swung shut before she could reach it. She heard a familiar scuttling sound outside.

"It's that little camera. He's shut us in!" She tried to the door, but it wouldn't budge. "It's locked. Well, of course it is."

"Easy," said the Doctor, as he reached for the sonic screwdriver. He tried the device on the locked door, but nothing happened.

"Problem?"

"Not so easy." The Doctor tucked the sonic screwdriver away.

"Deadlocked."

Romana looked at the Doctor, but he simply shrugged. Neither of them had any ideas, it seemed. They were trapped in a room that was getting hotter by the second. Romana thought hard, but could come up with nothing.

"Oh, I know!" cried the Doctor excitedly.

"What is it? A plan?" Romana couldn't hide the joy in her voice.

"I've just realised what this place is. It's a disposal plant!" When Romana glared at him, he added, "I bet you want to hit me, don't you?"

Her clenched fists must have given it away, she decided.

"Affirmative! Affirmative! Affirmative!" cried K-9 frantically, as the robot dog regained his mechanical senses.

"Ah, back with us, K-9?" asked the Doctor warmly, patting the dog on its head. "Good. Just in time to die..."

**Episode Two available 12 January**