

We stand face-to-face, the mammal and I, sizing each other up. I lash my tongue at him and he recoils. A tear seeps out of his misty eyes, rolling down his flushed cheek. The trepidation too high in him to wipe it away, he just looks at me. So helpless.

Hunger rages inside of me, and grows with the music, until I am almost overcome with longing. Soon... soon, I shall taste his flesh on my lips. Soon I shall consume his meat!

Cold Fusion

by Samuel Marks

Moments earlier...

The doors were thrown open, and I stepped through, swathed in the blood-red ceremonial robes of my people. The crowd, divided into two factions, one on my side and one on his, turned to face me.

Some were crying. Others remained in stunned silence. A youngling began to laugh, but its worried mother, who knew that this was not the time or the place for such emotion, swiftly silenced it.

The loud, booming, ritualistic music began to play, echoing around the ancient walls that enclosed us all. Andon, the leader of my tribe, took hold of my hand and prepared to march with me. It did nothing to steady my nerves, though. The fear was growing inside of me.

The deed had to be done. It was necessary, so it was said, in order for the tribes to grow and prosper. So much was resting on me, in that moment, with the assembled horde staring and the music striving towards its inevitable crescendo.

I was nervous at the thought of what must yet be done, though my body managed to hide it well from my audience. My blood ran cold and my scales knew no colour but green, concealing my anxiety.

The same could not be said, however, for the ape that stood before me. His species was so primitive, unable to mask their emotions. He should have been compelled to hide his feelings from a female, but he was overwhelmed. His fear was obvious – and also understandable, given what was about to happen.

Andon wished me luck before stepping away, leaving me facing the cowering mammal. The reason I was here. It was what both tribes had gathered to see: the ceremonial sacrifice that would, forever, demonstrate how we ruled this Earth.

I licked my lips before reaching out to take hold of the ape. I held him firmly. I wasn't going to loosen my grip, not ever. I would hold him till his death. He was mine for the taking. And no one was going to stop me.

Only then did an all too familiar sound fill the air, slicing through the tension and drowning out the climactic notes of the ritual music. Knowing what this meant, I released the ape from my grasp - for the moment - and watched in horror as the faint outline of a big blue police box faded into view beside us, slowly but surely becoming more tangible, more real.

The TARDIS had arrived.

A silence borne out of both respect and terror descended upon the onlookers and participants of the ritual, as the man known only as the Doctor strode out, slamming the door shut behind him.

The ape jumped in fright at the sudden noise.

I hissed at this latest arrival.

The Doctor stared at me with ancient eyes.

I had seen that look of intensity just once before, on a day that felt so very long ago, when this great ritual was nothing more than a distant hope and dream for the future.

As the Doctor's eyes looked into mine, I found myself recollecting the days that had led up to this moment...

I had been in a dreamless sleep that simultaneously felt like a lifetime and a split second. One minute I had been put into hibernation, as a planet-sized object hurtled towards the Earth, and the next I woke up, millions of years later, and everything had changed so much.

The end of the world never happened as we expected. Planet Earth lost us and gained a moon. Our miscalculation allowed the apes to take advantage of the abandoned world and make it their own. They grew and evolved and became dominant, all while we slept. None of that was supposed to happen.

So my people, who had become known as the Silurians by the ignorant apes who blundered about above us, decided to come up with a new plan. The Earth was ours and we knew it, but reclaiming it would not be that simple. We would lose any fights against the apes, as previous attempts by other tribes had demonstrated.

We would have to be quiet, careful and, above all else, patient. Our time would come.

That was what Andon, the leader of our tribe, explained when he woke me up from hibernation. While everyone else had slept, he had remained awake, watching the apes build their world in the ruins of ours.

Andon had created a sonar device from scavenged equipment, which would allow him to monitor communication channels between the apes' factions. Keeping track of their alliances and rivalries, their thoughts and actions, would allow us to consider the best time to make our move, to return to the world that once was ours.

As I had always been skilled with technical equipment, he asked me to travel to the surface and establish the device. The apes had built a small settlement up above where we slept, and Tribe Leader Andon had identified an abandoned lighthouse that he believed would be the ideal place to set up the sonar.

I agreed, and was delighted that I had been given the chance to go back up to what was once our home. I longed to taste the fresh air, to walk upon the Earth rather than beneath it, to gaze up at the skies at the great wide universe, for the first time in far, far too long.

I was going home.

I ventured up to the surface while the apes were tucked away in their shelters. As they slept beneath the starry sky that I missed so much, I was able to avoid unwanted contact with them. I made my way up to the top of the lighthouse, and established the sonar

and its connection to our underground city. I concealed it as best as I could to ensure that the apes did not disrupt our plans, and then headed back underground.

Andon thanked me for my speed and efficiency, and returned me to the chambers, where I was forced back into hibernation.

The following years passed me by in a heartbeat. When I opened my eyes again, it was two decades later. Andon woke me up, and I could see that age was beginning to catch up with him. His scales were darker in colour, and his eyes were tired. I smiled warmly to greet him, but he seemed plagued by worry.

"Come with me, Yanta," he said. "Something has gone wrong."

Andon led me through the silent corridors, past all my sleeping brothers and sisters, until he stopped by the pod that could take us to the surface. I was overjoyed at the thought of returning. My last visit to the surface had been far too brief, and I was looking forward to gazing upon the stolen Earth once more.

But I hid my excitement when I saw how angry Andon seemed.

For some reason that he could not deduce, the sonar equipment had failed. He assumed that I had made an error when setting up the device those twenty short years ago, and demanded that I return to make the necessary corrections. He acted like it was a punishment for me to return to the surface, but I was delighted to walk upon the Earth once more.

He didn't need to tell me twice, and I headed skywards. But not before he gave me some solemn advice.

"Beware, Yanta," he said to me. "If it is not a simple malfunction, and someone has interfered with our equipment, then they may be able to fold back the signal and track it to us, here, in our new home."

"It would take a genius to do that."

"I know," Andon replied gravely. "And there is one genius who is well known to our species, isn't there?"

I nodded. "The Doctor."

We had heard stories of this man who sought to destroy the Silurians, thwarting our attempts to reclaim our planet from the apes that he loved so much. We feared him, though he did not fear us. We hated him, almost as much as he hated us.

None of our wisest tribesmen could understand what the Doctor had against our species, or why he despised us so much. I prayed that I would not encounter him on my trip to the surface, as I knew he could not be reasoned with. He was a brutal, fearsome warrior: he would kill me without a moment's hesitation, without ever looking back, without feeling an ounce of remorse in his two cold hearts.

With Andon's warning in my mind, I headed towards the surface.

The apes had christened the seaside town that had risen up above our underground city as Ackton-on-the-Water. Twenty years ago, when I had last visited, it had been the dead of night in the coldest part of winter. On this second trip, things were very different.

It was a hot summer's day, and the streets were filled with apes both large and small who all seemed to be enjoying the warm weather. I was not as happy: daylight was not helpful when you had a face full of green scales that you needed to hide, if you didn't want to be locked up and stared at through glass, or dissected in a sterile lab somewhere.

Thankfully, the robes that I was wearing had a hood that concealed most of my face in shadow, though it wasn't the best outfit to wear in such suffocating heat. I would need to be swift.

As much as I could, I kept to the back alleys and side roads, free from the hordes of people that filled most of the town. The lighthouse had seemed so much closer last time, and it was only now that I realised it was on the opposite side of town to where the capsule connected me to our underground city.

On my way, I stopped several times as I felt a chill run down my spine. I could feel that someone was watching me, and I knew immediately, without turning around to check, who was there.

The Doctor.

Determined to avoid the same terrible fate that had befallen every other Silurian that the cold-hearted killer had ever met, I kept walking, never looking back. I didn't have the time. Neither did I have the courage to look into his eyes. I thought I would be overwhelmed by fear, having heard all the dreadful stories of his life. He was like a demon to us, and now he was personally haunting me.

I broke into a run as I neared the lighthouse, and was delighted to find that I had seemingly outrun the Doctor. It seemed too good to be true.

And it was.

At the other end of the alleyway, a figure stood in my way. He cast his long, terrifying shadow over me, as I froze, rooted to the spot by fear. I could see the lighthouse, my destination, behind him. I had come so close, but I was yet so far.

"I refuse to fear you," I said. "I will not lie down and let you kill me."

"Kill you?" said the figure. "Gosh, I think there's been a bit of a misunderstanding. I just want to talk."

I looked up, able to see the man clearly for the first time. I realised, to my relief, that it was not the Doctor. It wasn't any of the Doctors.

After realising who *wasn't* stood before me, I started to think about who *was*. He didn't seem shocked or surprised by my appearance, neither did he seem to show any signs of panic when I lashed my tongue at him to try to make him flee. He stood his ground and stayed strong.

"Talk?" I asked. "What do you want to talk about?"

"You," he said. "Your people, your way of life. I want to learn more about the Silurians."

My eyes widened in surprise. If my tribe's branch of evolution had not decided that a third eye was unnecessary, it too would have been staring at him. How did he know the name of my species? No one knew about my people...

"My name's Hugh," he said. "I know a little but not much, and I would very much like to learn more. Come to my house and talk with me. It isn't very far from here. Please?"

Something compelled me to agree. Instinctively, I recognised that travelling to a remote, hidden location would allow me to question this ape on his knowledge of my species, and would then give me the opportunity to feast on his flesh - I yearned for that.

But something felt different. My heart was beating faster than ever. I couldn't quite work out what it was. It was similar to the insatiable hunger that I recognised, yet also brand new.

Disconcerted, I put it these feelings the back of my mind, and followed the ape to his dwelling.

Once inside the shelter, I stood before him - refusing to sit and put myself at his mercy - and began questioning him. After I had gotten the answers I required, I would devour him. I wanted that more than anything else.

"You know what I am," I said. "Nobody else does. Explain yourself."

"Yes, of course," he said. He cleared his throat. "It was about nineteen, maybe twenty years ago now. I was only a young boy. It was the middle of the night, and I couldn't sleep. I heard a noise coming from outside, so I clambered out of bed and looked out of the window. And that's when I saw you."

"Me?" I asked. He was talking, of course, about the last time I had come to the surface, when I had initially established the sonar device.

"Yes," he said. "You were running along the beach, at quite some speed, towards the old lighthouse. I only caught a glimpse - you were little more than a blur, I can tell you - but I never forgot it. That moment became etched in my memory. I was fascinated by you. Well, what little I saw of you... So I started researching, and I've been doing that for my whole life. It seems, my friend, that your people have not remained such a closely guarded secret as you believe."

My eyes widened. The very existence of my species was at risk. I had to do something about it, warn Andon that we needed to be more careful on future excursions, and take action towards removing any and all traces of our subterranean presence.

But for some reason, I was entranced by this ape, and couldn't drag myself away from him.

"There's a place, called UNIT, where they deal with strange goings-on. It's jolly difficult to research, because it's so top-secret. But I went to school with a chap called Jasper, who works there now, and he smuggled out some files for me. Look, here they are..."

He handed me some documents, which I snatched out of his hands.

"I also," he continued, "went through the database of somewhere called Torchwood, but I found some of the things in there rather too shocking for my taste, so I left it well alone. Sounds like a terribly unsavoury organisation."

I flicked through the files, not really understanding much, but knowing enough. I had to destroy them, for the good of the tribe.

"I will obliterate these traces of my kind, when I return to my city," I said.

"Oh. Yes, of course. Whatever you want." He paused. "Does that mean you're going back, then? You're not staying?"

"As soon as my task is complete, I must return. Visits to the land that once was ours are rare and infrequent, unfortunately for me..."

The ape looked away, seemingly saddened by this, though I failed to see why it mattered to him that I would have to leave the Earth in the apes' care, while I waited with my kind down below.

I looked down at the documents he had given to me, and only then did I realise what the mass of papers I held in my hands represented. If this place called UNIT was as dangerous as the ape had implied, then he had put himself at great risk simply to get them. And he had done it all for me.

Confused, I asked him why.

"Because I... I love..." He seemed to be getting all panicked. It amused me. "Because I love all this mystery, I suppose. And because you intrigue me..."

He wanted to know what I was called, and I decided that I could tell him. It seemed only right that he should know my name when I was devouring him, and he could know who to beg for mercy when he could take no more.

"I've waited a long time to see you again, Yanta," he said. "So when I caught sight of you last week, I made sure that I'd find you."

"What?" I asked. "I have only just returned to the surface, not a few moments ago. I have certainly not been here for a week! Tell me - what did you see?"

Sensing my anger, he quickly recoiled and shuffled away from me.

"I'm not sure," he said. "I saw nothing, really. There were whispers of a lizard the size of a man, rising from the sea and wandering around the harbour. Like a demon or a phantom! I assumed it was you, if you'll pardon the implied insult. But going by your surprised reaction, it seems I was mistaken..."

"Yes, you were," I said.

"And there was something else in those documents that I found boggling," he replied. "There was a man, whose name cropped up again and again. It was something like... the Doctor."

I hissed. I couldn't help it. It was a natural reaction when I heard his name.

"You've heard of this fellow?" he asked.

"Oh, so many times," I said.

I told him what little I knew of the Doctor, how he was a legend and a myth and a curse placed upon the Silurians by the gods. He was destined to thwart us, so it seemed, at

every turn. The ape listened intently, enraptured by the tale of this mysterious, impossible man.

There was silence.

Then there was a voice from behind us.

"Well, now. Look at that - I'm blushing!"

I turned around to see the face of the intruder. Instantly I recognised him. Though I had not seen pictures of this particular incarnation before, I knew it to be him. This one's clothes were just as ridiculous as the others'. He wore a velvet jacket, waistcoat and cravat, and his brown curly hair framed his youthful face. He was smiling brightly, but his eyes seemed tired and weary. He was alone.

"Doctor!" I cried out.

"How did you get in?" asked the ape.

"Front door," said the Doctor, holding up the strange device that I would come to know as his sonic screwdriver.

"I will not let you kill me," I cried, "as you have thoughtlessly killed so many others of my kind!"

Without thinking, I dived at the Doctor, knocking him to the ground. I clambered onto him, sitting astride him as he lay flat out on the floor, ready to kill him. I was about to reach for his throat and destroy him there and then. Something, however, stopped me from doing it.

At the time, I thought that the demonic Doctor must have been practicing some of his black magic on me to control my actions. But my feelings were confused. The hunger was still raging inside me, yet was different somehow. I didn't know what to do. The Doctor, however, said that he could help me. He begged with me to spare his life, and in the confusion, I found myself obliging.

In the safety of the ape's shelter, the Doctor explained to me his history with my people. He told me of how he did not intend to become the killer that he had. Instead, he had simply been forced to stop the Silurians from ruining the planet for everyone. If anything, it was the fault of my people, though the Doctor didn't seem to want to punish me for their ways. I was grateful to him for that.

He did, however, apologise for *his* actions. From my point of view, he understood how he could be seen to hate the Silurians. Which, he assured me, could not have been

further from the truth. He wanted to help us in any way possible, and said that he would help my people and me today, for the good of planet Earth.

I wanted to ask him so much more, to get him to answer all the questions that I had. But the Doctor refused, insisting that there were more important matters to take care of. He would answer my questions - eventually - but first, as he explained, I had to help him.

"There's a creature roaming the town," he said. "I call them the Sea Devils, but they're probably not too pleased about that. They're up to something, and I need to find out what it is."

"Sea Devils!" I cried out. I did indeed recognise them, even by the offensive label that other races had attached to them. They were a great threat to the Earth, and would take it for themselves if given the chance, leaving my people to rot underground, having their home snatched away once again. The Doctor was right: they needed to be stopped.

"I could really use your help, Yanta," the Doctor continued. "They're from your era. You might have an insight into their behaviour, their actions, that I do not. Will you help me?"

I didn't react. I didn't know what I should do.

The Doctor smiled warmly at me. "I can see that you're confused. This world that you've returned to after so long - it's affecting you emotionally, confusing you. You don't know what to think, do you? I can help you make sense of those emotions, Yanta. But I need you to help me first. So, will you?"

I thought about it for a long while, before finally realising that I could only agree.

"And it all revolves around that modified sonar device that you set up twenty years ago," the Doctor continued. "It's no longer the same as when you placed it there. The Sea Devils have changed it again, I think, and I may need your technical expertise to reverse whatever they've done."

"That all sounds jolly complicated!" laughed the ape.

"It is," replied the Doctor. "Yanta, we have to stop this."

"Of course I'll help you, Doctor," I said.

"Can I come too?" asked the ape. "I haven't the faintest idea what we're doing, but it's nice to be involved, isn't it? And now that I've found you again, Yanta, after all this time, I don't want to let you go again."

"No," I said immediately. "I do not want the ape with us. His kind defiled our planet, as if it were their own. And it was not. It belonged to us. Planet Earth is not theirs to rule. He should stay, and he is lucky to survive this day."

The Doctor looked at me, disappointed. He thought for a moment, and then turned to the ape.

"Hugh, take your shirt off."

The ape seemed confused, but did as he was told. The Doctor took hold of my hand and pressed it against the ape's chest. I could feel his heart pounding. I immediately recoiled.

"No, it's okay," said the Doctor. "Feel it. His heart beats just the same as yours. You share the same shape, and form, and even the same eyes. There are so many similarities between your two species, and yet you continue to fight over this planet. If you share so many other things, why can't you share the Earth?"

I had never considered that before. It was always Us And Them when it came to my people and the apes, but the Doctor made a good point.

"Very well," I said. "He can accompany us, for the time being."

The Doctor and the ape both smiled, and I found myself doing the same. I was willing to give the ape a chance - which I had never done before - and the Doctor made me promise not to try to eat him. Somewhat reluctantly, I agreed, and we ran across the harbour to the lighthouse.

But as we ran, the ape and I, as I looked at him... there was still that feeling in my stomach. That yearning, that hunger: it burned stronger than ever before. The feeling left me scared and confused. Despite his claims to be able to help, the Doctor had offered no explanations so far.

What *was* it?

We hurried up the spiral staircase that led to the top of the towering structure. The Sea Devil was waiting for us, standing guard over the device, which was now exposed and clear to see.

"Doctor!" it said.

"Oh, hello!" the Doctor said confidently. "Shall we get straight down to business? That gizmo down there looks interesting. Been busy, have you? What's it all for? Something nasty, I'll bet."

"I have found a way to reclaim planet Earth in the name of the Sea Devils! This sonar device has been manipulated to send a signal out to the oceans, to all my sleeping brothers and sisters, waking them from their slumber and letting them retake what they've lost. Humanity will be purged from the planet, and the Sea Devils will reign supreme!"

"Ah, but not all the Sea Devils are power mad like you," said the Doctor. "Some are peace-loving and wouldn't dream of going to war! You're just one of the few bad apples - how are you poisoning the others?"

The Sea Devil made a noise that was as close to a laugh as it could manage. It raised its gun and prepared to fire.

Instinctively, almost without thinking, the Doctor raised his sonic screwdriver and buzzed it at the Sea Devil. The gun that it was holding exploded in its hand with such considerable force that the creature was thrown backwards, crashing to the ground in a heap, completely unconscious.

"Oh!" he said, surprised. "I didn't know I could do that!"

The Doctor hurried up to the sonar device, stepping over the body of the Sea Devil. It had been altered so much that I barely recognised the technology. I feared that I would be of no use, even though the Doctor was relying on me.

He studied it intently. I was amazed that he could understand the mass of wires and cables and computer panels that had been added by the creature when it had sabotaged our equipment. I assumed that he would be able to easily fix it, and then everything would return to normal.

But I was mistaken.

"This technology," he said, "it's completely wrong. It's scavenged and twisted and cannibalised to fit the Sea Devils' purpose. And I can't stop it!"

"Why not?"

"Because I don't understand how it works!" he yelled. "It's like the mechanism that controls it feeds on an emotion, and it will force that upon all the others when they wake up! That's how this one was planning to invade, by deciding how the others Sea Devils feel, by manipulating their emotions. It's powered by a particularly strong and powerful feeling that generates enough energy to be converted and send out the signal."

"Which emotion?" I asked.

"Hate. This Sea Devil hates the humans. He wants the planet back! And it's that want, that need, that desire, which is bringing the whole species back to the surface. It's quite neat, really, when you think about it..."

"Yes," the ape said, "and also horrible and terrifying."

The Doctor nodded. He understood. The pressure was on him to stop the end of the world, and there seemed to be nothing we could do to help.

"We need to counteract it with something," he said. "I mean, the energy created by the Sea Devils' rage needs to be replaced with something else, like an opposing force.

What's the opposite of hate?"

"Love?" asked Hugh, somewhat uncertainly.

The Doctor nodded. "Yes, that's right. We need to fill the air with love. So, Hugh, step up. Save the planet. Show everyone that you deserve to walk upon its surface."

The ape suddenly became flustered. "What? What can I do?"

"Exactly what you want to do," said the Doctor. "Tell Yanta how you're feeling, right now. Come on - be brave! Do it!"

I assumed that the ape must have had some technical expertise. But he didn't turn his attention to the sonar device. Instead, he looked straight at me.

"Yanta," he said, as his voice trembled along with his hands, "I know that you think you have to return to your people, beneath the Earth, but I don't want you to. I want you to stay here, on the surface, with me. And I think that's what you want, too. I could learn more about you. We could get to know each other, and become friends. And maybe, one day, we could get... *closer*. What do you say?"

I froze. I opened my mouth, but no words came out. I literally didn't know what to say. I had never been in this situation before. I knew little of this - so little, in fact, that I couldn't even recognise it when it burned inside of me. It wasn't hunger that I had been feeling all this time. Well, not exactly... I was so confused.

"I don't know!" I said. "This is all new to me!"

"Follow your heart, Yanta!" urged the Doctor. "What's it telling you to do?"

I closed my eyes, and concentrated hard. I tried to block out everything else that was going on and clear my mind. I forgot all about the threat to the Earth, about the army that was about to rise up from beneath the waves and wreak havoc upon the planet. I put aside the long history between the apes and the Silurians, and tried to ignore every instinct that

had forced its way into my body that told me to hate them. I could only trust my own thoughts and feelings, and the evidence that I had gathered on this trip the surface, where this one single ape had been nothing but nice and had done whatever he could to help, even risking his own safety to find out more about me.

I thought only about Hugh.

And I wanted him.

"Yes!" I said, breaking into a huge smile. "I would like that."

Hugh ran over to me and hugged me. I embraced him, too.

The Doctor watched us, smiling, until a beeping from the sonar device interrupted the beautiful moment, demanding everyone's attention.

"That's it!" said the Doctor. "It's working! The Sea Devils are returning to hibernation - they won't wake up for a long while yet, and when they do, they won't be driven by the desire to kill. Oh, well done! You cancelled out the hate that powered the device with the beginnings of love. Positive beats negative! The bonds between just two people could dispel the hatred driving an entire race. Isn't that magical? Eh?"

No reply came. Hugh and I were holding each other so tightly, bound together by the strongest emotion of them all.

Yes, it was a little early to talk of love, but we were at the beginning of what the Doctor assured us would be a beautiful relationship. He stayed with us for a while, and on the night of our first date, he departed in his TARDIS, saying that he would return when the next stage of our journey was about to begin.

Back in the here and now, the Doctor was still staring into my eyes, as if he could gaze right into my soul. His intensity unnerved me. Hugh stood beside me, watching closely with bated breath, as was everyone else inside the church.

And then, quite suddenly, the Doctor broke into the biggest grin that I had ever seen.

"Yanta, hello!" he said, pulling me in for a great big hug. "Oh, look at you - you're glowing! I think these last few months on the surface have done you good."

He was right: it had been the best time of my life.

"And my old buddy Hugh!" The Doctor shook his hand vigorously. "How are you both?"

"Getting married!" I said.

"Oh, I know," the Doctor replied. "That's why I'm here - I needed to make sure that everything went to plan."

That seemed somewhat ironic. Everything had been going exactly as planned, right up until the moment that the Doctor had arrived.

Though I was grateful for the part that the Doctor had played in bringing Hugh and I together, I had hoped with all my heart that he could manage to not interfere for just one day - for this day - the most important day of my life.

As if sensing my unease, the Doctor smiled reassuringly and began to explain himself.

"This isn't just a big day for you two. It's an historic moment - the union of two races, bringing the two factions that little big closer together. Time is literally hanging in the balance."

Hugh and I looked worriedly at each other. As if today wasn't already nerve-wracking enough...

"So," said the Doctor, clapping his hands together decisively, "let's get you married!"

"Yes, Doctor, that all sounds marvellous," said Hugh, "but I have a question - why on Earth are you dressed like that?"

I looked the Doctor up and down, and immediately started laughing. Somehow, with the stress of it all, I hadn't noticed that he had abandoned his usual clothes in favour of another outfit. Unfortunately, it wasn't much of an improvement, and still looked just as much like fancy dress.

"I wanted to look the part," said the Doctor, twirling on the altar.

He seemed surprised not to get a round of applause.

"Those robes," I pointed out, "belong to an ap.. a human. I have seen pictures. The Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"Oh, she doesn't mind," the Doctor replied, with a dismissive wave of his hand. "Now, shall we get on with it? I've got three other weddings booked today - and one of them is my own!"

I looked over at Hugh, and for the first time that day he didn't seem afraid or embarrassed. He just looked happy - so very happy.

And I felt the same way.

"Dearly beloved," began the Doctor, "we are gathered here today to join, in holy matrimony, this man and this - err - lizard person..."

He trailed off uncertainly.

"You mean," I said, "Silurian."

"Do I? Really? Let's not go there, eh?"

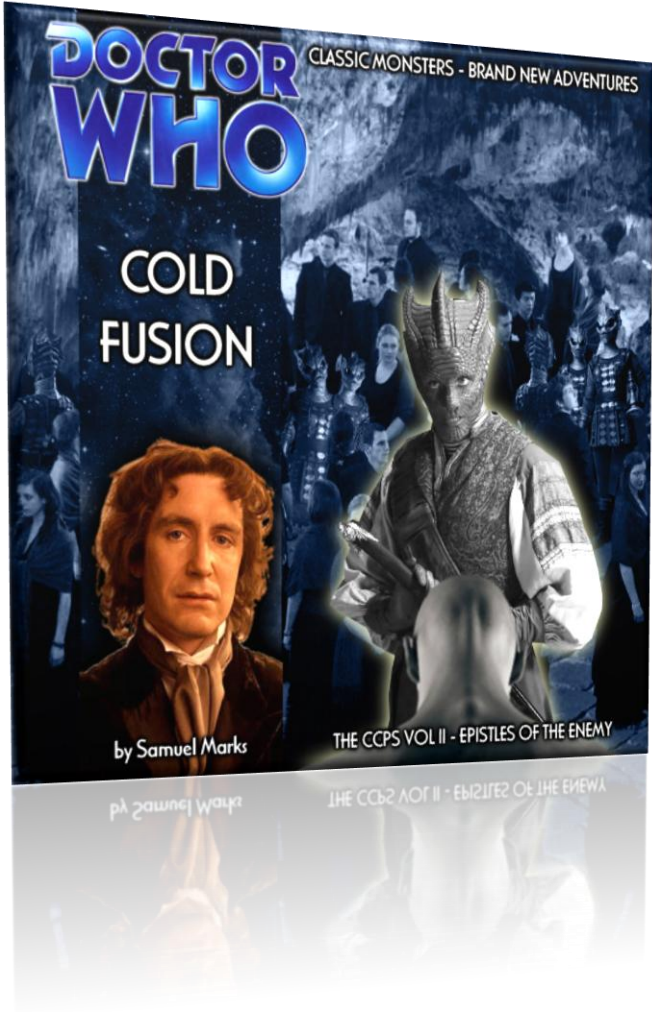
After that, everything went as planned. Well, as much as anything can with the Doctor involved. Hugh and I declared our undying love for each other, and everyone cheered for us.

Later, at the reception, humans and Silurians laughed and drank and danced together, as the two opposing tribes of this world collided magnificently and beautifully, creating something brand new and wonderful.

The Doctor stayed for a while too, dominating the dance floor and demonstrating his remarkable and literally unbelievable moves. But more importantly - once he had tired himself out - he sat with Hugh and I and thanked us from the bottom of his hearts, for ensuring that the future of the planet was now brighter than ever.

That, you see, was how we were going to rule this Earth.

Together.



DOCTOR
WHO

CLASSIC MONSTERS - BRAND NEW ADVENTURES

COLD
FUSION



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THE CCPS VOL II - EPISTLES OF THE ENEMY

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