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Now I've thrilled you with my meteoric rise to the top of Infragilis Incorporated – the building of my fortune from nothing to billions, through daring and shrewd acquisition; the international plaudits I won for opening the first holiday resort on the moon; the way I met John Lennon's ghost, channelled through a medium, and signed him to my record label – it gives me great sadness to have to recount to you my fall...

The Rise and Fall of Richard Knight

by David Hogan

...and the reason I'm here in this prison cell rather than a three storey mansion as I should be. It's a story you may find hard to believe, that is if that blasted UNIT doesn't censor it. Yes, this may sound crazy, but I can assure you it happened!

Chapter 12: The Fall

It all started innocently enough. I got to my office, 8am on the dot of course, and my assistant... Greg? Garry? Oh, who cares anyway! ...my assistant briefed me on the day's schedule, and said first up was a meeting with a "Mr Mat Ethers". I'd never heard of him! Why was he suddenly in my schedule? I said it was ridiculous! Nevertheless, Assistant was pretty insistent (ha!) that it was been planned in advance, and so begrudgingly I agreed to meet him.

Let me tell you, a stranger man you've never seen! Big wide eyes, a goatee that was greying around the edges, and... I don't know how to describe it, I had a strange sense of foreboding as I shook his hand. Still, he was wearing a fine grey suit, the picture of professionalism, the sign of a great businessman. He was representing a group of "ship builders" that wanted to use our unbreakable glass for their craft. You'll see the need for quote marks later. He talked well, but when it came to cost we disagreed.

"I can assure you that money will be paid into your account at some point in the near future, Mr Knight," he said with confidence.

I replied, stating that we only accepted payment upfront. But he didn't seem to be in the mood for negotiations.

"I appreciate you're a great businessman, Mr Knight" he said with a smile. "You have all the attributes I appreciate in a human, but I will have to insist on future payment."

Looking back, "attributes I appreciate in a human" should have rung bells, but oh well. It's not like any sane man would take those to mean... well... anyway, we'll get to that later. I once again insisted that he pays first, which caused him to smirk, then look angry...

Then... something happened. I can't remember... I honestly can't, but after he left the meeting I had agreed to his paying later, as well as giving him and his friends one of my warehouses... and thought it was a brilliant idea! The strangest thing. Well, actually the strangest thing is yet to come.

I didn't give it much thought for a few days, I just went about my usual business. Making money, being loved, the whole normal routine. It wasn't until I got a phone call from a Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart of UNIT one day that things started to unravel.

"Sorry to call you out of the blue, Mr Knight," he said, "but we seem to be having some trouble finding something, and we think you might be able to help us."

I didn't understand. I barely even knew of UNIT's existence, I didn't pretend to know what they were doing.

"It's a matter of national security, I can assure you," he said. "I can't tell you much more over the phone, but my scientific advisor and I would like to take a tour of your premises."

"You have no right!" I replied. I mean, thinking they could just walk in and snoop around like that! Honestly!

“Actually, I think you’ll find that my position does give me the right to search your location if it’s a matter of national security, and as I’ve already told you, this is one. We’ll be there in under an hour. Thank you.”

He then hung up the phone. The sheer audacity of the man! Well, I had no choice, so I told Assistant to let them in to my office when they arrived. Sure enough, half an hour later I heard the odd noise of what turned out to be a canary-yellow roadster pulling up. What a shambles of an organisation! I mean, does that scream professionalism to you? Ha! Military organisation indeed!

The two were led into my office. The Brigadier looked the part all right, military dress, revolver in its holster, stupid little moustache. His scientific advisor, on the other hand, was a loon! An old man only referring to himself as “the Doctor”, dressed as a fancy boy: ruffled shirt, green velvet suit, and a cape for the love of God! A cape! How was I supposed to take them seriously?

“I’ll get straight to the point” the Brigadier said. “We have reason to believe that an extraterrestrial threat is using one of your warehouses to build weapons and craft.”

I bust out laughing! I couldn’t believe it, they really were insane!

“I can assure you this is no laughing matter, Mr Knight,” the Doctor said, seemingly insulted.

“Come on!” I said. “Do you really think it’s odd that I don’t believe your theory that a group of aliens are hiding out one of my warehouses?”

“Yes,” the Doctor said, bluntly, and then grabbed my register off my desk.

“You have no right to take that!” I shouted, but the Doctor ignored me and started reading. The Brigadier just looked at me with a slight smirk, and then asked the Doctor if he saw anything suspicious.

“Yes I do, Brigadier,” he said. “There’s a client who signed up a couple of days ago, goes under the name Mat Ethers.”

“Mat Ethers? What’s so strange about... oh wait, I see...” the Brigadier replied.

I was dumbfounded. “Can you please tell me what you’re on about?”

“Mat Ethers is an anagram of The Master,” the Doctor said, “Yes, slightly different, he normally just uses Master as the anagram. – but I still think it’s too big a coincidence.” The Doctor continued, ignoring my request, before finally turning to me.

“Yes?” I said. “What is it?”

“You probably don’t think anything is strange because the Master is adept at hypnotism,” he said.

“Poppycock! I can vouch for Mr Ethers credentials.” I said... again, why I don’t know... but I refused to believe that crack pot Doctor!

“Yes...” the Doctor said, almost with a smile. “Let me ask you this Mr Knight. Have you ever gone down to Warehouse 5 in the last few days?”

“Of course! I walk around the warehouses every day to get status reports,” I replied.

“Then can you tell me what Mr Ethers is building in there?” he said.

I couldn’t remember. I just ... couldn’t.

“Right, that’s all the evidence I need. I’ll call for back up and we’ll head into the warehouse,” the Brigadier said.

“Now hang on a minute here!” I said! “This is ludicrous!”

“Why don’t you sit down and be quiet Mr Knight? We’ll handle things from here,” the Brigadier said, before turning to the Doctor. “Are you coming?”

“No, I think I’ll have a quick peek in the warehouse. I’m sure that’s where they must have taken Jo,” he replied.

Jo? Taken? They were clearly holding something back! “Damn it man! I demand to know everything!” I shouted.

“Mr Knight,” the Doctor said, “there is nothing I dislike more than a greedy corporate windbag. Now, may I recommend that you sit down and stay there until you get the all-clear.”

And he walked out of the office, followed by the Brigadier. That arrogant bastard! Who did he think he was, talking to me like that? It took a few minutes but I decided to put this whole stupid incident behind me and revel in the Doctor’s humiliation, so I left my office and went down to Warehouse 5.

Thankfully the Brigadier was on his car phone, calling in orders, so I managed to sneak past him. As I got closer to the warehouse I noticed how quiet it was, then closer, and closer, finally opening the door and what do I see? The Doctor, surrounded by bizarre yellow figures, short, tubby... and clearly not of this world. The scene got even more weird as the Doctor dodged an attempted attack from one of the yellow things, chopping it and flipping it over his shoulder with ease. Think about that! An old man in a green velvet suit using martial arts moves on a short yellow alien! Insanity!

Suddenly the aliens stopped, and Mr Ethers walked out.

“Ah Doctor, I knew you would arrive here sooner rather than later,” he said. “That’s why it was so inconvenient that the glass we needed was being made in London.”

“So, what is the plan this time?” the Doctor asked. “It’s not like you to keep company.”

“On the contrary, Doctor,” Ethers, or I suppose I should say the Master, replied. “These are the Eywoll, a warfaring race that have eyes on Earth. Sadly for them, they had no vehicles to tackle the Terran technology, so I’ve been my usual friendly self and offered my help.”

“Yes...” the Doctor said with a smile, surprisingly, given the situation. “Let me guess, they don’t talk, they barely had any civilization... you just grabbed them and used your hypnotism to recruit them to help you conquer Earth.”

“Oh Doctor, you know me so well,” the Master replied, also with a smile. “What gave me away?”

“Several things,” the Doctor replied. “For a start, I know you like you were my brother. Secondly, Eywoll? It’s an anagram of yellow. A anagram of an Earth word describing their colour, something that would be a bit too much of a coincidence if it actually were their name.”

“Ah, very good Doctor. Sometimes, I’m my own worst enemy.” The Master turned around to walk away. “Of course, every other time it’s you. Take him!”

Suddenly the Eywoll, or whatever, started pulling out guns that were strapped on their backs. The Doctor backed off – and then, with a quick kick, he hit a gun out of one of their hands and ducked behind some crates as the others started to fire. I panicked! I started to run towards the backroom as I heard the Master laugh.

“Run, Doctor! Run!” he called. “But for the record I have the lovely Jo Grant tied up in the backroom. Maybe I should go and see how she’s doing, hmm?”

“Very well!” the Doctor shouted as he slowly walked out with his hands up.

I froze! I was about to run into the same room the Master was heading towards. Where should I go? I then saw several of my employees guarding the backroom! Maybe the Doctor’s hypnotism claim was true? Nah, I refuse to give him the credit.

Suddenly a loud bang rang out and a large platoon of soldiers entered the warehouse, led by the Brigadier. The Doctor chopped a small device in the Master’s hand and the two

began to fight as the UNIT troops and the Eywoll began a full scale fire fight in the middle of the warehouse! I noticed my three employees were shaking and holding their heads. I saw my opportunity and ran towards the door as gun fire rang out around me.

I swung it open and in front of me was another one of my employees. I grabbed him and threw him out of the door, locking it behind me.

“Nooo! He was hypnotised!” I suddenly heard a woman shout. In front of me was a woman tied to a chair, Ms Grant I presumed.

Several fists started banging on the doors. Frantically.

“Let them in!” she shouted. “For the love of God, let them in!”

But I couldn't. I wouldn't! What if there were some of those aliens with them? What if it was a trap? No way was I risking my neck. The banging continued, they started shouting... things. I just sat down in front of the door, burring my head in my legs.

“They're crying for help! Let them in!” she shouted, now getting teary herself.

Then... a few screams...

The banging and shouting... stopped.

Jo started crying.

I was safe!

A few more minutes pass and everything become quiet. I got to my feet and was about to peek out of the door when Jo suddenly shouted for the Doctor.

“Jo?” I heard him say from the other side of the door. I opened it and walked past the Doctor, who was obviously surprised to see me. As I passed, I heard Ms Grant say that it “was awful.” She continued talking as I walked away in somewhat of a daze. I turned around to see the Doctor give me a look of pure hatred and disgust.

Did I really do anything wrong? They seemed to think so. I started walking out of the building when a rather tall soldier grabbed my shoulder.

“Are you Mr Knight?” he asked in a rather soft, pleasant tone.

“Yes...” I eventually replied.

“I'm placing you under arrest. You'll wait by the jeeps here until the police come.”

“What did I do?” I asked this man, who I would later learn is a Sergeant of all things! This joker?

“According to Ms Grant you let several of your employees die when you could have easily saved them,” he replied.

“What? It’s not like I killed them! It’s not like I knew what that Master fellow was doing! I’m not at fault!” I pleaded. As I said that the Doctor and Ms Grant walked from behind the Sergeant.

“You sir are the worst kind of coward.” the Doctor said, “Four people lie dead and it’s all on your hands. Watch him closely, Benton.” He then put his arm around Ms Grant and the two started to walk away.

And that was that. A quick and blatantly unfair trial and here I am in a prison cell. I mean, you’d think I pulled out a gun and killed those people myself! Plus, I don’t see how embezzlement is that serious of a crime along with it. Damn that Doctor... how he saw that with just a quick read through of my register I’ll never know. What’s worse is that Assistant is now running Infragilis Inc! Who made that decision? Ha! He won’t last another month. They need me there! They’re nothing without me!

So, that was it. It took aliens, a strange man and a stupid Doctor with his stupid troops to bring me down. Any normal man would have been flustered by these experiences, but not me!

Rest assured, this may be the last line in my autobiography, but it will not be the last you’ve heard of Richard Knight!

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