

I was the man who lived through the Time War.

I am the Master – but I won't be much longer.

I need to record my thoughts so that I know who I was once I'm someone else.

Are you confused yet?

## You Are Not Alone

### by the Badger in the Tardis

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I am leaving Gallifrey. Again. I cannot face the fact that my friend is dead. At least I think he's dead. I'm not sure. But I'm not going back to find out.

The Doctor was a good man. He never got mad at me – even when I tried to kill him. He was funny. He liked grilled cheese sandwiches – just like me.

Are you still confused? You should be.

The last time I saw the Doctor he had a companion named Tam. Tam was fourteen. I suppose he's dead, too. The Doctor always had companions. He was never alone. That's not fair! I never did. Why?

When we were kids I was at the Doctor's house. He lived on the mountain above my father's estate. The house was old. I didn't like going there. I think it was haunted. We went to the attic to find a doll that belonged to the Doctor's mother.

"Why are *we* looking for a *doll*?" I asked him. I was distracted by other things in the

attic. The Doctor ignored me then asked for the candle that I was holding. It was dark and spooky in the west end of the attic. I liked that it was spooky until I saw a giant spider. I put it on the Doctor's back.

"Did you just put something on my back?"

"Uhm... no, no, nothing at all," I lied.

He turned and saw the long-legged spider on his shoulder. He put out his hand and the spider crawled onto it, then he bent down and let it go. It should have scared him, but it didn't.

I opened a small trunk to see what was inside. I picked up a two-headed alien plush toy and made it dance.

"Awww, is this your little *wubby-wubby*?" I threw it across the room at him.

"Careful! You'll hurt it!"

The Doctor set it next to the trunk and slapped my hand when I tried to grab it again.

"Don't touch it. It's mine."

I grabbed it again and made it dance as I ran across the cobwebbed room. The Doctor ran after me. He wasn't paying any attention to what he was jumping over and he fell. Hard. His nose was bleeding. And he wasn't moving. I began to laugh.

"Get up! You're just playing around," I told him.

But he didn't get up.

I had wanted him dead my whole childhood but now I was really scared. I was shaking. I tried to wake him up. He didn't wake up. So I ran down the stairs looking for his mother. No one was there but it smelled like fresh blueberries. I ran out the door, into the grass. I was halfway down the path to my father's house when I turned around. I felt guilty. No one thinks I feel guilty about the things I've done – but I do. I went back to the attic and sat down to wait. I didn't want him to be alone. I sat there for hours until he finally woke up and saw the blood on his hand.

"Oh. My nose is bleeding?"

"You... tripped. I was playing with your... *wubby-wubby*. Here." I gave it to him.

"Oh. Thank you," he smiled. "Where'd you find that?"

He didn't remember. I didn't know if I should be happy or sad about that.

Now I am very, very sad.

I have been staring at this watch for hours. I can hear the pounding of drums in my

head. I think it might go away when I become human. I don't want to die in this Time War. I don't care where I end up but I wish I had a companion so I wouldn't be alone.

I open the watch. I can hear the Doctor's voice. He speaks softly to me.

*Are you there? Are you really, really there?*

I have something in my eyes.

Tears.

