

Transcript begins.

Trial Patient: Nyder

Beginning Role: Primary Assistant In Creation of the Dalek Race

I turned, scared to see what lay ahead. Maybe it was a Thal, or perhaps a Muto. Whatever awaited me was sure to kill me on a regular day. But not today. Today was the day that we had perfected our machines. They moved so elegantly and gracefully. The longer of the two arm-like attachments moved up and down. The half globe on the end of it was made out of a new substance which Davros had recently developed earlier in the month. He called it plastic. A firearm had been attached to the other joint socket. It rotated. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. It spun in every direction – and then, it would fire a beam of the most perfect cobalt blue.

A Dream of Horror

by Andrew Jero

I completed my turn but I saw nothing. Absolutely nothing. Strange, I had thought at the time.

I felt a sudden intense painful sensation in my ears. I clenched my fists in agony as I sank to the ground, tears forming at the edges of my eyes. What was it? Was I going insane?

No. The excruciating noise I heard was the infuriating sound of the alarm. Davros was always crazy for thinking that damned loud alarms would help anything. This was the third time this week that the alarms had gone off and we had come up with nothing. Davros had one of the guards killed at my command. I had told Davros that the guard had sounded the alarm, and when we had found out that he sounded the alarm all three times this week, Davros finally believed that it was just the guard. Davros, creator of the Daleks believed me, Nyder, a Thal spy! The very thought made me roar with laughter. Some would call me insane in this state. What do they know, low life Kaleds thinking that everything that comes out of the mouth of Davros is the law? They treat him like a god. What does he know about god? He still lives in the dark. Twelve years ago my people found out that there are, in fact, other planets capable of supporting life – contrary to the thoughts of *'his majesty'* Davros. I'd be a fool to believe that he wants to do anything to help restore Skaro. My people have a rocket. We're secretly planning to travel into space, find a planet and start anew.

A scream. I rushed forward to see what had happened. When I arrived at the source of the scream, I found the body of a Thal. He was surrounded by Mutos. I called for a Dalek on my wrist communicator.

The Mutos heard me as I spoke called for help. They slowly advanced on me, surrounding me in a complete circle.

“This is Nyder. Priority One. I repeat, Priority One. I think I've found a Thal spy: he's being ambushed by a group of Mutos. Request a Dalek Task Force be sent to me – use the locator chip in my wrist communicator. There may be valuable information we can obtain from him.” There was no escape. “I need a Dalek force over here now! Hurry, they are advancing on me!”

I drew a gun from my holster and fired one beam into one of the Mutos. The Muto

instantly became encased in a blue field of energy. He subsequently fell to the ground. I turned, almost too scared to move as the hoard of Mutos advanced. Again and again I fired the most spectacular beams of blue light, knocking the Mutos down. I fired at one on my left hand side, instantly killing him after the most horrifying scream I'd ever heard. I continued my onslaught. A slow smile tugged at the corner of my mouth. My confidence grew with each kill. Soon, the Mutos were crawling over each other to get to me. I turned, and slew three with a mighty blast from my gun. I spun on my heels to annihilate three additional Mutos. My finger gripped the trigger and I squeezed. My smile grew as I furthered the efforts of my killing.

The smile vanished from my face instantly. My rampage had ended, as my weapon had run out of energy. Now it was useless. I had only one option, to fight. I pulled at my pants pocket and pulled out a dagger. I held the blade in my hand and attacked one of the Mutos. My blade penetrated his flesh as he gasped for air. I pulled my blade out and turned on my heels to face another of the hoard. I swung my dagger at it and missed. It was when the one of the Mutos knocked my dagger out of my hand that I realized that I had no hope. The Mutos rushed towards me at once. I closed my eyes and prepared for death.

I was glad that I had activated my mental recording device when I went into the bunker. Every thought and action was recorded and then transmitted to the Thal Council. They would know the end of the story of me. One of the Mutos had plunged his blade into me. I fell to the ground covered in my own blood. I heard this before I faded away from existence. "Very good my children, the spy has been eliminated. The Daleks shall rule the entire universe! Prepare the duplicate of Nyder. The Kaled people cannot ever know that he was killed. Now destroy the Mutos who assisted in this accident! You will obey me! You will obey me! I, Davros, creator of the Daleks, command you! Exterminate! Exterminate!

EXTERMINATE!"

Click!

Transcript Ends.

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Beginning Role: Primary Assistant In Creation of the Dalek Race

Positive Progress Percentage: 100%

Test Result: Success

Dream Simulation Complete

DOCTOR WHO

CLASSIC DOCTORS - BRAND NEW ADVENTURES

A DREAM
OF
HORROR



by Andrew Jero



THE CCPS VOL III - LOGORRHOEA OF THE LOOKERS-ON

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