

I don't sleep much anymore. It's hard to tell when it's day and when it's night in this cell. Time means nothing to me now. The cold and the dark affect me all the same. And he still comes to me in my dreams, laughing at me, regardless of the day or the month or the season.

When I close my eyes I see his face. Always.

Sometimes I hear his voice. He calls to me from so far away. Out of reach. He can't do anything anymore. I know that. And when he calls, he doesn't mock and his words don't hurt me like they used to.

A man appears at the door of my cell. I have a visitor, apparently. I'm told little else, only that it is for an interview. An official one, for UNIT. I have no choice in the matter, and am led through the familiar, dirty hallways.

The guards tell me it has been a year now, though I don't entirely trust them. A year in this prison cell. I would never have imagined that when I was growing up. I wonder what Daddy would think if he could see me now. He always wanted so much for me. A nice life with a nice man. I wanted that too. Isn't it funny how things work out?

I see the guards watching me, sometimes. Through the peephole in my door. They smile and laugh. Maybe they know what I did. Of course they do, it was all over the news. Everybody knows. Lucy Saxon killed the Prime Minister.

But they don't know the whole story. Not even the Doctor knows. I thought he would help me, keep me safe. But when the nightmare came to an end, as soon as I pulled the trigger and was carried away by the police, the Doctor was gone. Sometimes I think of him. I dare to hope that he might come to save me. But he will never come. I am alone.

So someone has come to speak to me, have they? Someone wants to hear my side of the story. Why would they want that? I am locked away, in the dark. Forgotten. If I talk, who will listen?

Will you?

I'm taken to an empty room. There's a table, and two chairs. I do as I am told and sit, and wait. I'm good at waiting.

The door opens, and a woman enters. I recognise her immediately. Not just from her face, but from the feeling I get in my stomach. It is the feeling of hope, and the death of hope.

This is Martha Jones.

She says nothing. She sits opposite me, avoiding eye contact, perhaps deliberately, as she opens up her briefcase and unpacks her things. She must think she's so important, with her notebooks and files. Inwardly, I laugh at her.

She formally introduces herself, perhaps thinking I have truly gone mad and have forgotten, and says she's come to interview me. UNIT wants my account of everything that happened with Harry, both before and after the First Contact incident. "Is that all right, Lucy?"

As with everything else, I have no choice. I nod.

"To start us off, shall we try some word association?" Martha asks.

I shrug. She can try it, yes.

"Just say the first thing that comes into your head," she explains, like I don't know. Like I'm stupid. "Doctor."

"Disappointment." Everything he did for everyone else, and he leaves me to rot in here. Some days I think he will come for me, but some days I do not think straight. He is just like her. They would've suited each other, I think. Both are selfish.

That seems to hurt Martha, and she looks down at her notes. She wasn't expecting me to say that about the man she loves. I want to respond, to remind her that's how I feel every time people talk about Harry as though he was evil. But I bite my tongue and stay silent, because I have to.

"Gun."

I allow myself a smile. "Win." That's what I think at first, but it's not true, not really. He still haunts me, when I close my eyes. He may be dead, but I am hardly alive. Nobody won.

"Master."

"Evil." There's no other word for him.

We continue to pointless exercise for a while longer, until Martha seems to grow as tired of it as I am. She checks my mental faculties, makes sure my head is still on straight. She desperately wants to me go mad, I can tell. They all want me to crumble. But I won't. I'll show them all how strong I can be.

"That'll do," says Martha, packing up her things. "I'll take this back to UNIT and—"

“Don’t you want to know about Harry?” I ask. I must have sat forward quickly, perhaps aggressively, as the guard takes a step closer. As if I am a threat to anyone! What could I do?

“We’ve talked about the Master already.” She pitches it like she is talking to a child, not a woman in her thirties. I know so much more than her. She is the child.

“Yes, we have. But he is not Harry,” I say. Martha looks confused, so I sigh and elaborate. Does no one else see it like I do? “He wasn’t a megalomaniac when we met. I didn’t marry a madman. He was... different. He was my Harry. Don’t you want the whole story?”

Martha begins to unpack her things, readies her pen, turns to a clean page in her notebook, and prepares to write down my statement.

Finally, I can tell my side of the story.

## When Harry Met Lucy

by Samuel Marks

---

*March 2007*

*It was Diana Montague’s birthday. All of us – all the girls – went for drinks at Sparklers. It was a quaint little cocktail bar in Soho. Modern. Classy. We would often go there, all of us together, when it was a special occasion. The drinks were pricey but we didn’t care. Money didn’t matter to us. Back then, nothing did.*

*“Lucy, darling!” Diana called out, as I entered the bar. Late again. “Come join us. Come, come!”*

*I went over to the table, sat down between Raine and Claudia Clarke. I had been friends with those two for as long as I can remember. My daddy used to play golf with their daddy, and we would have to pass the time in the clubhouse.*

*Claudia was drunk already, as usual. Raine was moaning about it, as usual.*

*“How are you, Lucy?” asked Willie Wellington. She and I had boarded together. She was the sensible one. I trusted her with everything. Apart from my family, she was the only other person who knew about Daddy. About the diagnosis.*

*I nodded and said I was okay. I couldn’t let myself worry about all that, not tonight. It would be a much-needed break from all the tears and the worry. I was about to order a drink when the waiter came over and set an expensive-looking cocktail down in front of me.*

*I thanked Willie, but she said it wasn’t her. None of the other girls bought it for me either. The waiter told me that the man at the bar had sent it over. I felt myself blushing, going bright red in an instant. The girls’ teasing didn’t help.*

*I glanced over my shoulder, looking to the bar, where a handsome man smiled back at me. I returned the smile shyly, and sipped at the cocktail. Looking back, maybe I should’ve thrown the drink in his face. Or smashed the glass over his head. But I didn’t know then what I know now.*

*I didn’t go over to the man for a while. I would make him wait. That was what the girls told me to do, and they were always so much better than me at that sort of thing. I was never much good with men, much to my friends’ amusement. Some were kind and complimented my looks, but I never knew what to say. It didn’t happen that often, either. No one had ever sent me a drink before. Despite my age, I lived young. I felt young. I was so naïve, so inexperienced.*

*Though I had only glimpsed the man’s face across the darkened room, I saw it clear as day in my mind’s eye. He was all I could think of. There was something about him. He was intriguing, alluring. Animal magnetism, I called it then. Now I call it post-hypnotic suggestion. His fingers were tapping out a rhythm on the bar. I just thought he was tapping along to the music. Well, how was I supposed to know what he was really doing?*

*The place was beginning to empty, and I was drunk enough to actually consider speaking to the man. He was alone. The moment seemed perfect, the opportunity too good to pass up. Raine touched up my make-up, Willie wished me luck, and Claudia slapped me on the backside as I got up and went over to the man.*

*"Hi," I said shyly.*

*"Did you enjoy the drink?" he asked, shouting to be heard over the music.*

*I nodded. "Thank you. I'm Lucy."*

*"Harry," he said. "Harry Saxon."*

*I knew the name from somewhere. He told me he had written a book, though I had to admit I had never heard of it. I didn't read much, only romance novels. Mills and Boon, that sort of thing. And suddenly I found myself living out one of the plots. A handsome stranger in a bar. Is it so hard to believe that we were kissing a few minutes later?*

*"But you did know him, didn't you?" Martha interrupts. "You worked for the publishing house that dealt with his book." She passes a file across the table but I don't look at it.*

*"Yes," I reply. "But we never met. Do you know the names of everyone who works at UNIT?"*

*"Well, no," she concedes. "Continue."*

*I do.*

*June 2007*

*Harry and I saw each other regularly after that first encounter, sometimes several times a week. We grew close in such a short time. I felt like I could tell him anything. So when Daddy was taken into hospital, it was Harry whom I confided in, not Willie. In fact, looking back, I can see that the distance between she and all my friends increased as I grew to love Harry. Yes, it was love. So quickly, you think? I thought so too. But I couldn't help how my heart felt. I couldn't help being manipulated by him.*

*"You love him?" Daddy asked.*

*I was sat beside his bed in the Royal Hope hospital. Daddy had been admitted a few days earlier after taking a fall at home. He couldn't cope with his illness any longer. It was taking him into the darkness, and there was nothing anyone could do. As I held his hand, he just wanted to know that I would be safe. That I would be looked after.*

*"Yes," I said. "Harry is kind and caring and he means the world to me."*

*"I see. And he feels the same way about you, Yana?"*

*Daddy always called me that. Yana. His funny little name for me. I should explain. He used to go away on business a lot. When I was about four or five I went with him to Moscow, Russia. Everyone over there started calling me Tatyana. I was never sure why, and I was too young to question it, I suppose. Maybe they didn't like my name. Eventually someone explained to me that Russian girls called Tatyana were sometimes called Lucy as a nickname, and it seemed like it was sort of applied in reverse to me. I was never sure, but I didn't mind. When Daddy heard, he started calling me by that name too. Over time, Tatyana became Yana, and it just stuck. I always felt like it suited me somehow. Like it just worked. Like it somehow belonged to me.*

*But Daddy had asked if Harry loved me. Was I wandering in my memories to avoid answering the question? "I think he feels the same way, yes. I hope so." I checked my watch. I had told Harry that if he could get away from work early (which I knew wasn't easy at the Ministry of Defence) he should come and see Daddy. I knew he would appreciate that. There was still time, I told myself. He would be here, I just knew it.*

*So I waited for as long as I could, until the doctors had to forcefully ask me to leave. If they extended visiting hours for me, they would have to do the same for everyone else, and they would never be able to do that. It was fair. I understood. I headed out of the hospital, down the long and winding corridors, packed full of other visitors all leaving the building.*

*But in the crowd I saw a face. His face. He was pushing his way through the mass of people, heading into the hospital, towards us.*

*"Harry!" I cried out. He came running over to me, and I hugged him tight. "I knew you'd come."*

*"I'm so sorry I'm late." He kissed me passionately. "I tried to get away, I really did. But the meeting just went on and on, and I've left so much work unfinished as it is."*

*"But you're here. That's all that matters. You still came."*

*He flashed that winning smile of his. "Of course. I promised, didn't I?"*

*That meant so much to me then. That even if we hadn't run into each other, even if I had already gone home, Harry would still have come to see Daddy in hospital. He kept his promise, and I knew he would always keep his promises. I trusted him implicitly. I think, after that, even without his hypnotism and manipulation of me, I would have stayed by his side forever. No matter what.*

Martha cuts me off again. "He knew your parents, then? And your father liked him immediately?"

Mother had died when I was younger, so long ago now. Daddy raised me all alone. Looked after me. But Daddy did like Harry immediately, yes. I nod, unsure of what Martha could be getting at.

"Do you think he was exerting some sort of psychic influence on your father too?"

I shake my head. "Daddy just wanted me to be looked after. When I told him about Harry's work with the Archangel Network – what a success it was, right across the world – he thought I would never want for anything."

I see Martha draw a line under the notes she is making. But this is not the end of Daddy's story.

*July 2007*

*Daddy held on for as long as he could. He wasn't going to go without a fight. But he could only fight back so much. Never mind the spheres, or even Harry. Cancer was the biggest monster of them all. When he slipped away, it was just me left. All alone, I had to organise the funeral. I just couldn't. I was too distraught to even think about it. Harry volunteered to take care of it all. I didn't even have to ask.*

*The ceremony was beautiful. We all cried, even Harry. He held my hand as I stood at the altar and read out a poem in Daddy's memory. When I was overwhelmed and couldn't speak, he finished it for me. He was at my side as Daddy was laid to rest. I couldn't have asked for anyone better.*

*That night, as I sat with Harry in his country house, the fire roaring and casting its warm glow onto our bodies, I told him how much I loved him.*

*"I would do anything for you," I said. "I would go to the ends of the earth."*

*"Would you go to the ends of the universe?"*

*I didn't know what to say, so I just laughed. But he was so serious. He took me by the hand and led me to the garage outside. The air was cold and I was wearing just a thin nightgown, but Harry kept me warm. Inside, there was only a big blue box.*

*"Harry, what is this?" I asked.*

*He smiled and opened the doors, inviting me to step through. I did, and found myself in a place unlike anything I had ever dreamed of. It was like something out of a dream. Harry followed behind and began manipulating some buttons on what appeared to be the controls.*

*“This is the TARDIS,” he said. “And it wants to show you something.”*

*The impossible room shook and tipped, and I nearly hit my head on the railings as I was thrown about like a ragdoll. But Harry held me steady, and a few moments later the chaos came to an end. He led me by the hand to the doors, and told me that we had travelled. In space and time! Ridiculous! But I believed him, because I always would.*

*He opened the doors, and I looked out. It is impossible to articulate what I saw. It was the worst horror imaginable. It was like I had always imagined Hell to be, but a thousand times worse. There was fire and death and screaming.*

*And then there were the spheres.*

*They seemed to know Harry. They called to him with their sing-song voices. Harry told me they were trapped. Helpless. They were at the edge of a collapsing world, and they needed to be saved. He asked me if I would help him to help them. How could I refuse? I couldn't save Daddy. I had to try to save the spheres.*

*They made my heart ache. I instantly cared for them. Maybe it was because Harry did, and he was forcing me to comply. But I think it was the childlike nature of them. So young and innocent. That was how they appeared to me. I always wanted children, but the doctors had told me otherwise. It was not meant to be. But maybe this was. The spheres could be my children. Harry would be a wonderful father.*

*September 2007*

*And he was to be a wonderful husband, too. It was autumn when he finally proposed. I started to doubt whether the proposal was ever going to come. Would I be one of those women who never got married, and was traded in for a younger model as soon as I was too old? I knew Harry would never be like that, but the fears started to creep in. So when he produced the ring, as we sat beneath a tree in the park, the crisp brown leaves dancing in the wind around us, I couldn't say yes fast enough.*

*I knew Daddy would have been delighted. Mother too. They would tell me it was the right thing to do. I agreed, of course. I knew I was right to love him.*



*We decided it would be a small wedding, and soon. Harry was busy at the MOD, putting the finishing touches to what would be known as the Valiant, and he wanted to get married while he could dedicate the time to it. I remember crying as he drew up the guest list. I so wanted my parents to see me marry him. As I wept, Harry told me that his parents had died many years ago (which wasn't wholly a lie) and we pressed on with the preparations. Harry took charge of everything, but he knew what was best. He knew what I wanted.*

*I was able to mention Daddy's name and arrange at short notice to get married at St. Andrew's church in the village where I had grown up. Harry and I said our vows and declared our love for one another, exchanged rings and kissed in front of a select few. Everyone was so happy for me. Harry seemed perfect. It was all like a fairy-tale. Almost too good to be true.*

*After that I became more curious about him and his life before he had met me. I asked about to hear more about the machine that he had called the TARDIS and, though he was reluctant to talk about it, I managed to wrangle some answers out of him. He talked briefly of his home, Gallifrey. Of his race, the Time Lords. Of his enemy, the Doctor. But whenever we talked of it he grew violent, so I stopped asking.*

"You weren't suspicious then?" asks Martha. She thinks I'm stupid, I can tell. "You knew he was keeping secrets."

What did she expect me to do? Accuse him there and then of being an intergalactic criminal? Maybe I was naïve. Blinded by love. But I *did* love him, and that was all that mattered to me.

Everything seemed so perfect for so long. But all things must end, especially good things.

*December 2007*

*It was as Christmas approached, when we had been living together for a few months, that the cracks began to show. I learned how strongly he desired to become Prime Minister, and how much work he had been doing in secret to ascend through the ranks of the Conservative Party. Daddy had been a life-long supporter, so I stood beside Harry and encouraged his ambition.*

*But I barely saw Harry at all over Christmas. He phoned me on Christmas Eve, when it was almost midnight, and told me that he would be working late for a few more days. When I called him back he didn't pick up. Not once.*

*I spent Christmas Day at home alone, though I can't remember much about the day itself. I think of the night the most. Did you hear the story of the Christmas Star in the sky? The star that came to kill? I watched it on the news. I wished that Harry had been there to hold my hand and comfort me. If this was the end, I wanted to be at his side. That was where I felt safe. I knew he would save me from the pain and the fire and the death... So much death...*

*I was so scared. Harry finally called late that night, and told me how he had been the one who gave the order to shoot down the star. I was just so happy that he was alive and well. I feared for the worst, that something had happened to him in the destruction. He apologised for not calling, but he had been saving the world. What could I say? Nothing. I said nothing.*

*January 2008*

*He was gone from home for days – sometimes weeks – at a time after that. He became like a stranger, drifting away from me. I tried to hold on but he was flying too far away, too high. I knew I would only weigh him down.*

*If I wanted to know what Harry was doing, I watched the news. It was clear that he was the favourite to win the upcoming election. Harriet Jones' abrupt departure had left a huge gap in British politics, and Harry was going to fill it. Everyone thought he was so different to her – that the Tories would be a huge departure from Labour – but Harry had ordered the destruction of the Christmas Star just as Harriet Jones had done the same to the Sycorax spaceship the year before. They were all the same.*

*April 2008*

*Politics became Harry's life. As Election Day grew nearer, I was dragged along on the campaign trail with him. I tried to keep my head down and stay quiet, but there were journalists hounding me at all times. I couldn't pick up a newspaper without seeing my face*

*on the front pages, the tabloids analysing every outfit I wore, every movement I made. I was under scrutiny from them. And Harry.*

*I began to realise how controlling he could be. He told me what to wear, what to say, how to say it. He ruled me, like I was a dog and he was my... Well, like he was my master. I hate to think of him like that but it's true. He had changed so much. I wondered if there was much of Harry left. But there was enough for me to love.*

*And then came Election Day. Harry won, of course, as everyone knew he was going to. Harry was so jittery that night, as the votes were counted. He barely said a word. When I tried to touch him he lashed out. But the dress he had picked out for me hid the bruises well.*

*He paraded me in front of the cameras as he made the speech. "What this country really needs, right now, is a doctor." I remember him saying that. I thought the same of him. Someone needed to bring my Harry back.*

*We spent our first night together in Downing Street then, and we were so close. He loved me like never before. I held him close, and he whispered that he loved me over and over again. I squeezed his hand tight and he did the same to mine, and I thought he would never let go.*

*On that night it seemed like everything would get better. Things only got worse. So much worse. Since then I have not once slept so soundly and peacefully.*

"But do you know the absolute worst thing, Martha?" I break off from telling the story. I feel I am on the brink of tears and try to fight them back. "Through it all, I loved him. Because I thought he trusted me. I thought I was special. After all, he could've had anyone. But it was me at his side."

I take a deep breath, wipe a tear away as it breaks free and rolls down my cheek. "One day on the *Valiant*, he told me the truth. That night at the bar. He bought twenty-seven drinks. For twenty-seven girls. Everyone in that place who he liked the look of, he tried to lure them into his web. I just happened to be the only one to bite, to take the bait. That's what haunts me, Martha. What hurts the most. It was my fault. In the end, I've only got myself to blame."

Martha reaches out to take my hand, but I pull it away. No, she can't touch me. Why should I let her? She mumbles an apology but she doesn't mean it. She can't feel sorry for me. Why would she?

“Lucy,” she says, “what have I done to you?”

I shake my head. I said I would not talk much of that Lost Year, but there are some details Martha must know. One story in particular she needs to hear. Of how she made a promise, and broke it. And let me down and left me to rot.

### *The Year That Never Was*

*After the sky ripped open and the spheres poured through, I don't remember much. It is mostly a blur, for which I am grateful. But there are a few things that I still see in my mind's eye.*

*He was laughing when he hit me. His laughter grew louder the bluer the bruise became. It would be there to remind me, he said, never to challenge him. I should bite my tongue in future. I did that. I stayed silent. I waited. I was patient. I only challenged him once more, when I knew I could win, as I held the gun in my hand.*

*But how could I forget the other girls? I could list all their names right now. One from each nation, like a trophy. Somehow I let it go for a while. (It was this subject that I eventually challenged him on, resulting in my black eye.) But I think I managed to convince myself, for a time, that he still loved me the most. He hadn't held the other girls' hands while their fathers died. He hadn't stood at the altar with them and declared his undying love for them like he had with me. But it was all lies. I know that now.*

*For most of the time on the Valiant, he kept me locked away. Though he called the Doctor and the Captain his prisoners, he may as well have included me in that. I wasn't allowed to go to the toilet without asking. Perhaps he thought I was going to run, that I wanted to be far away from him. Oh, how wrong you were, Harry. I only wanted to stand with you. Why did you push me away?*

*But for my birthday that year, Harry gave me a present. An island. Australia.*

*This was about a week after he had last struck me. My eye was badly bruised, still. He wanted me out of the way for a while, and I wanted to be gone too. I could barely look at him without feeling sick, though I still found myself thinking of him often. Longing for him.*

*Maybe, even then, I thought I could change him. Save him. To this day I regret that I couldn't.*

“You don’t blame yourself, do you?” Martha asks. “It is *not* your fault.”

I don’t answer that.

After a moment I say, “Just let me finish the story. I was in Australia...”

*I was sat reading by the fire in a big, beautiful old mansion. It was completely silent. Not just the house, but the whole city. It was perfect to curl up with a book.*

*I did a lot of reading in that year. The books always talked of the old world, before Harry came to power. Before the Master came to rule. Everything in those stories seemed so simple. Those writers, with their silly little stories and characters whining about little problems, never believed that it would all end so quickly, so totally.*

*I was coming to the end of Jane Eyre (oh, how I loved all those old romances!) when one of the spheres came gliding into the room. It was so swift and silent that I didn’t notice its presence until it was just inches from my face.*

*I jumped, startled, and dropped the book. It nearly fell into the fire. I could see my frightened reflection in its blades. They were killing machines, not children. I had to remember that, always.*

*The spheres rarely came to me – we hadn’t communicated at all, one-to-one, I don’t think – so it was quite the surprise. At first I wondered whether Harry had sent one of them to kill me, as I occasionally, in my darker moments of contemplation, suspected he wanted to. But instead, the sphere had a message.*

“Do you remember what it said?” I ask knowingly.

Martha nods. “Of course. The Toclafane had caught *me*.”

“They said they found you in a hut in the outback, telling stories to a band of rebels.”

“I ran—”

“But not fast enough. You were brought before me.”

*Martha was bound in handcuffs and looked defeated when she entered the study of that mansion, escorted by two spheres. I could tell they were staring at her, ready to kill on my command.*

*I looked at Martha, unsure of what I should say. Was I supposed to hate her as Harry did? Was I expected to order her execution?*

*I dismissed the spheres – their presence made me feel uneasy – but Martha wouldn't even look at me.*

*"You've got me, then," she spat. "Well done. You've doomed the Earth, and all the worlds in the whole universe."*

*"This isn't my fault! I was... It's my birthday. I was just sat here reading when those... things found you, not me."*

*I knew that she didn't believe me. To her, I was just an extension of Harry. Like we were one and the same. If only it were that simple.*

*"They'll be contacting Harry now," I went on. "The Valiant is on its way—"*

*"To kill me."*

*"Maybe," I shrugged. "If that's what Harry wants."*

*"And the Master always gets what he wants, doesn't he?"*

*Those other wives of his popped into my head. No – they were always in my head. I imagined him now. With them and not me.*

*"He needs to be put down,"*

*"No! No, Martha, he needs help."*

*"I can help him," Martha said. That was what I wanted to hear. Of course it was – that was why she said it. Now I can see that.*

*"Really?" It sounded too good to be true, I could hardly believe it. She could help?*

*"You can bring my old Harry back? How?"*

*"The Doctor has a way. But there's no hope – for anyone – if I die now. You have to let me go, Lucy."*

*"So... you can save Harry? And me? We'll be all right again?"*

*Martha nodded, holding up her shackled hands and said, "Please, Lucy."*

*I freed her. She ran. When the spheres returned, I said she had overpowered me and escaped. They didn't argue. Instead, they headed off to find Martha again. They never did, of course.*

*When Harry arrived, he was furious. Martha had been in his grasp, and I had loosened the grip, letting her slip away. He took his rage out on me that night. We didn't speak for days. All I knew about him for a long while was what I heard the other girls whispering.*

"I'm still thankful for what you did," Martha says. "The whole world is."

"Do you remember what you said to me, Martha? As I was freeing you, before you slipped away?"

She didn't answer. Of course she had forgotten.

"You said, 'I won't forget you.' "

"So you resent me for not helping you?" Martha asks.

"I'm rotting in prison, and I never got my Harry back. You lied!"

"You shot him," Martha counters, seemingly unmoved. She takes a deep breath and continues, "Lucy, I'm sorry. For you ending up in prison. For your marriage. For everything. I hadn't forgotten you, or my promise. I will help you. I'm always trying. I promise that, I really—"

"Get out." I can't deal with this. It's all too much. Too many memories. "Just go."

She does. I am all alone again.

I am led back to my cell, and I fall into a dreamless sleep.

You already know what happens next. It is not long before Miss Trefusis begins the resurrection. The Master returns. There is nothing of my old Harry left in him. It is only his body. But is it wrong that I still lust after it? That I'm still attracted to the shape and form of Harry, even though the man I loved is no longer inside?

Maybe it is, but I don't have time to consider it. My insiders do as they were paid to and try to stop the process. There is a huge explosion. The entire prison goes up in flames, reduced to rubble.

But it does not kill me.

I feel my head spinning. The world is little more than a blur as I fall to the ground. I look around, cry out, but there is no one to help me. I might have been knocked unconscious by the blast, as it is daytime when I wake. But I can see no one else alive, only bodies.

My hands grow bloodied as I crawl through the rubble, the ruin of the prison. The cuts are deep and painful. I will be scarred on the outside now too. Unable to go any further, I collapse onto the ground. The last thing I see before I pass out is my reflection in a shard of broken glass. But it is not my own face looking back at me. It is Harry. It is the Master. He has finally overwhelmed me.

I can take no more of this. I see only darkness.

I wake up in a bed, in a strange house. It is unfamiliar, but I instinctively feel safe. Someone I do not recognise passes me a glass of water. I drink it down without question. The man is kind and encouraging, and tells me to drink it all. He will get more.

I watch him get up from the chair beside the bed and leave the room. It hurts even to turn my head and watch him walk to the door. He passes a woman who stands in the doorway. She whispers something in his ear. I think I know her face.

“You’re awake, then,” she says to me. “How do you feel? Okay?”

I can only nod. She tells the man – Mickey, she calls him – to get more water. He obeys. The woman sits down in the chair beside me. It really is her. I can see it for sure now.

“Martha,” I say. I can’t hide the relief in my voice that it is a familiar face beside me. “What... What happened?”

“It’s a long story. Maybe when you’re feeling better.”

“Tell me.” I wriggle to get comfortable in the bed. Every bone in my body aches, but I try not to let on. “Please.”

“When Mickey and I heard about the explosion at Broadfell, we headed down there. Tried to beat the authorities to the scene. We never expected to find anyone alive, maybe just some old Saxon relics in the ruin. But then we found you.”

Just the one Saxon relic, then, I think. “Did *he* survive?”

Martha’s gaze drops to the floor and she shakes her head. I don’t know what to say about that. Instead, I ask how long I have been sleeping for.

“A while. It’s New Year’s Day.”

A new start, I dare to hope. I’m still alive but he is gone. For good this time, I think. I’m the winner.

“We brought you home with us,” Martha goes on. “The police would only have locked you up again. Everyone thinks you died in the fire.”

I am dead. I repeat it over and over in my head. Dead. Dead, dead, dead—

But no, Martha spared me from death, from prison. I owe her everything for that. For her kindness, despite everything. A promise fulfilled.

“You can live in secret,” she says.

“That doesn’t sound very official,” I say.



“It isn’t. Neither is this.” The man – Mickey – returns to the bedroom, with a fresh glass of water in one hand and a document wallet in the other. He hands the drink to me, and the file to Martha. As I sip, Martha empties the wallet’s contents onto the bed.

“What is all this?” I ask. There is a passport with my face on it, but that is not my name with it. There are various letters and certificates with it too.

“It’s the new you,” Martha says, with a smile.

“UNIT did this?”

“Just us.” Martha shakes her head. “We’re sort of freelance now.” Her smile grows as Mickey puts his arm around her.

I smile, happy for her. And, selfishly, for myself. I look down at the new me. I hope that it really can be a new beginning for me. Free from him.

Lucy Saxon, the Master’s wife, is dead.

And I have never felt more alive.

# DOCTOR WHO

CLASSIC DOCTORS - BRAND NEW ADVENTURES

## WHEN HARRY MET LUCY



by Samuel Marks



THE CCPS VOL III - LOGORRHOEA OF THE LOOKERS-ON

by Samuel Marks

THE CCPS VOL III - LOGORRHOEA OF THE LOOKERS-ON