



DOCTOR WHO

THE MISSING ADVENTURES



CAN YOU BEST THE DEVIL?

Matthew Chambers



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By
Matthew Chambers

A short story involving The Doctor as played by Jeffrey Coburn

If God is the creator of the universe and capable of infinite miracles and goodness; then surely the Devil is capable of infinite equal and opposite. And did God banish Lucifer because they were more alike than God had always admitted to himself?

That's how the Doctor had always reasoned it.

The Doctor sat alone in his vast cathedral-like library alone. And he wasn't actually reading anything, he was simply sat quietly.

“Dara, would you excuse me,” he said. “I just need some time to myself. I'll be in the library so please don't disturb me.”

This kind of odd statement had in recent weeks proved to be not quite so odd coming from the Doctor. Dara held the Doctor in so high a regard that she was assured that he didn't even have a tenth of a clue as to how deeply she cared for him.

She loved him, she completely adored him. Now there's a statement that could raise a few eyebrows, so just to establish a context here, she loved him as she would her idol, her role model. The Doctor was very much her favourite uncle. There's never any “romance”. They were close travelling companions, comrades in arms and the best of friends. And that kind of love was special, deep. Her faith in him was unshakable, and above all he made her laugh. The funny oldish man (not ancient by any means but certainly older than his looks would suggest) was never short of a rabbit up his sleeve, and when she told people this she would literally mean it. What a magician he was! Whenever they had been on some madcap adventure to save the universe, there were occasions when events and circumstances had hit home very hard for her.

“Nil desperandum fair Dara, for I shall show the wonders of prestidigitation, never fear your smile will be clear,” the Doctor would say, his face beaming with such radiance. Then, with a few flicks of a switch he would whisk her off to every form of magic show and wonder all in a bid to get her to crack a smile, and he was never without a smile himself. That was the Doctor she knew.

But recently he has become darker almost. They had been through a lot. It was true, the warlords of Apshai had taken a lot out of him, but he had faced gods before. What was so different now? And she knew exactly who to lay the blame on:

The Master - an evil twisted man who this time had gotten away three times over. This boiled her blood to the core. He had invaded her mind, he had invaded the Doctor, he done untold damage. But

she always wondered....

“How does he survive?” the Doctor would ask himself constantly. “How is it that where ever and when they go, he's there, with that dark bearded face pulsing with unceasing evil. A face that had haunted my dreams in the few times that I do sleep,” he wondered to himself.

These thoughts would constantly revolve again and again in his head. And the more he thought, the more angry he became, and he didn't want Dara to see that. He had long held the conviction that, since he regenerated right in-front of Dara's eyes, the dominant factors of his new persona had formed an image, and he didn't want to shatter that image. But all this constant skulking in secret was probably doing him no good either, but it was the lesser of two evils.

That last thought sent a shiver through him as if someone had just walked over his grave, twelve times over. The lesser of two evils... more thoughts and memories bobbed to the surface of his mind. There were a lot of things that the Master had said on Delta Pison 5 in the games of the Apshai, about his plans and schemes being not so far grandiose as those of the Doctor. And what frightened the Doctor more was that it was all true; he had even said to himself that he could almost forget...almost that is. But he shrugged it off, that was another problem. The point was when would their next encounter to be? Oh there would be one, there's always a fight between them. Wherever you find the Doctor, you will find the Master. But it had always confounded him as to *how* he had survived.

At one point he would always just see the Master escape to safety, laughing in knowledge that he had confounded the Doctor and UNIT. But those were younger and far more innocent days. The next they would meet, the Master was a crippled emaciated creature living beyond the limits of his 12th regeneration. But how did he do it? And ever since then, the Doctor has seen him fall into chasms, trapped in collapsing worlds that no one else survived, sent him coursing through time and space, and at one point at even seen him burn to death before his very eyes. Other defeats were usually outside of his site and vision, but the Master had always survived. And the revolving question was how?

As he sat musing over this in the library, his eyes wondered across the majestic architecture, glancing at paintings, statues, the gargoyles he completely forgot why he put them there because they were so utterly atrocious. He repeatedly cast his gaze looking for some sort of inspiration, a clue, anything. Nothing...except....

He looked at one of the many desks which contained many books about religious icons and such. He pondered for a second, then went over and looked at the desk. Why such an array of books was heaped together was beyond him, but he admitted it was probably one of him that made the mess in the first place. He rummaged through the books, and it was a varied selection. Bibles and sacred texts from numerous peoples and cultures across the universe. As he speed read most of the texts, he began to feel something deep inside him welling up. It wasn't fear, it wasn't trepidation...it was just the frightening creeping sense that he might have finally found the answer.

Now the Doctor in any incarnation was not a religious man, he was a scientist. “To devote all yourself into an omnipresent being that wasn't there was a waste of valuable time”, or something like that he would say. Well, he would often paraphrase himself because it was so long since he had said it originally that he had forgotten how he worded it. He loved the sound of his own voice but never carried a pen and paper to quote – unquote himself. However he did find the belief structures of other peoples and planets very useful. He found that megalomaniacs would often twist the belief structure of others to suit their own diabolical aims. Well, the Doctor wasn't going to stand for that, now was he? And so over aeons of time and parsecs of space he would pick up the gospel according

to whatever saint or deity was popular at the time and put those sacred words to good use, but secretly didn't believe a word of it.

As he peered through the pages, he sank silently into another chair and he became lost in his own thoughts.

What if...?

Throughout the universe there always had to be a balancing force, Yin and Yang, Positive and Negative, Good Idea/Bad Idea, and so on and thus forth. But the primal essence of the universe is that there must be Good and Evil. A popular theory is that good will always triumph against evil in whatever form it might take. Evil might get a foothold, but good will always triumph absolutely in the universe. At least that was the theory. The Doctor found it kept an awful lot of people happy, and it was always a good start off point for him if...no, actually *when* he got into a bad situation. So he pondered his dark theory. If he himself, the Doctor, was always doing good, is it possible that the Master or indeed any of his adversaries had often thought the very same things he was pondering at that very moment? "How can he do it", "He has a charmed life", or even more frighteningly "Doctor, you have someone watching over you"?

Every religious text always talks about a benevolent deity that in times of great crisis will step in and perform a miracle that would defy any logical scientific explanation. And the Doctor himself on Very Rare Occasions will concede that in whatever situation he was in, there should have been no way for him to escape certain death, but by some fluke of good fortune his companions would turn up and save him, or the power to the death ray would fail. And to this point that's all he had pinned it down to: pure random fluke. This would confound his enemies and so in turn he would save the day again.

But what if there was some kind of force, being, Guardian angel, omnipresent toddler that was looking out for the Doctor, which at certain points would waltz in and save the Doctor from the clutches of death. He refused to believe it was the Time Lords; they only interfere when it suits them and even then it would never be for the Doctor's sake. This thought frightened him that there might be some kind force manipulating him, using him, guiding him, in a life he had decreed as his own, free from interference and... He stopped dead in his tracks. Another alarming thought sprung forth. What if the Master had the same equal and opposite help? Was that why he planned schemes on such a grand scale that few could be believed? Did he honestly think that he was privy to the same kind of luck? And more importantly, was he?

The Doctor shook, trying to wash away the thought. This kind of thinking could keep him here for years as the questions would eventually snowball, but as a working theory it was better than none at all.

Was it true that the Master survived because there was some force watching out for him? Therefore, would this battle ever end, and if it did, where...and how? And did the Doctor have the same or opposite Guardian angel to look after him?

He had not spoken these thoughts, but a voice broke the silence and the Doctor's train of thought.

"I have often wondered that myself old friend" said the voice.

The Master was standing in the library with the Doctor. The Doctor felt a swell of panic and moved swiftly, but the Master raised a leather gloved hand as to say silently to the Doctor to halt his advance.

“What are you doing here?” asked the Doctor briskly.

“Merely a final *au revoir*, my dear Doctor. This only a temporary visit, and then I shall be on my way” the Master said calmly while holding what looked to be a time ring. In all this time it was hard for the Doctor not to admire the cool sleekness of his best enemy.

“Very well, you've said it. Now you can go” the Doctor said, turning his back on the Master.

“Allow me just a few more moments” the Master asked calmly as he walked towards the desk that the Doctor was standing at. Looking at the books, he turned his head slightly towards the Doctor and laughed quietly, finding all this very amusing.

“I had often wondered, as you do now, how is it that we both survive against impossible odds?” the Master said.

The Doctor huffed at the Master. “Because one of us has always had the superior advantage” the Doctor said bravely.

“Ah yes, but if that were true, then one of us should be dead” the Master retorted. “I am speaking as to how both of us can survive despite our best attempts to destroy each other.” He then closed the distance between the Doctor and himself, coming almost nose to nose with him. “Could it possibly be that we owe our lives to the whims of another?”

The Doctor went silent, he didn't have the answer. He looked at the Master, prompting for a theory, but one did not come forth. The Master, sensing his victory, just raised both his eyebrows, smiled, and walked away from the Doctor.

“Exactly my dear Doctor. I had often toyed with this theory that we are the playing things of the gods or some other such beings,” said the Master. “I too should have died long ago, I thought it was through my sheer force of will that kept me alive. But recently I do have my doubts, and the prospect of an eternal battle with you frankly fills me with dread. Which one of us will ultimately win?” He added.

The Doctor frowned. “Perhaps we will just never know for now” he said calmly.

“So the question is not 'How do we survive today,' but ‘How will we die tomorrow?’” The Master asked cryptically.

“Death has always been the most uncertain of fates for us both, it seems” The Doctor said darkly

“Indeed. Fear not Doctor, we shall meet again” And with that, The Master faded away.

The Doctor shivered as a cold chill filled the room. Was it just the atmosphere he brings, or did the Doctor secretly believe that the Master was right? The Doctor was man enough to admit to himself that he had always had the luck of the devil.

If The Doctor was capable of infinite miracles and goodness in the universe, then surely the Master is capable of infinite equal and opposite. And could the Doctor not ultimately defeat the Master because they were more alike than the Doctor had always admitted to himself?

That's how the Doctor reasoned it now.

THE END



Can you best The Devil?

Doctor Who
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The Master
“Anthony Ainley”

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CAN YOU BEST THE DEVIL?

An original short story Featuring The Doctor
as played by Jeffrey Coburn

“If God is the creator of the universe and capable of infinite miracles and ”
goodness in the universe; then surely The Devil is capable of infinite equal
and opposite. And did God Banish Lucifer because they were more alike
than God had always admitted to himself?

The Doctor finds himself pondering deep and dark thoughts, seeking an
answer to an age old mystery that has plagued him across time and space
How does the Master...his oldest foe....How does he ALWAYS survive and
return time and time again.

And soon the doctor finds himself questioning the very believe structure
that has safe guarded him all these years



This story takes place between “The Warlords of Apschai” and
“DEVINAURA IV” and features The Master as played by Anthony Ainley
and Dara Hamilton played by Sheri Devine

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