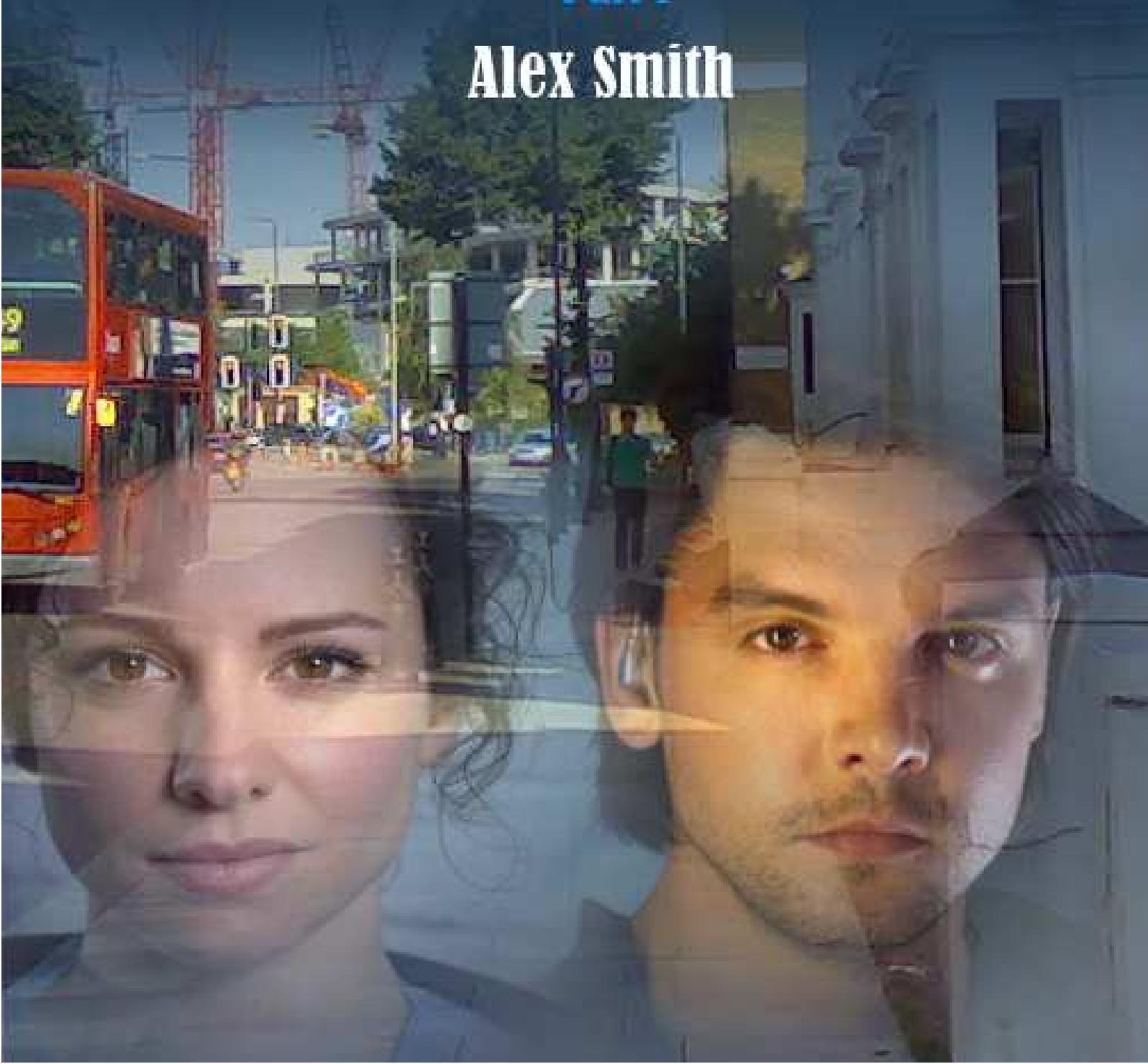


# DOCTOR WHO

*Re-Incarnated*

## The Blue Box Part 1

Alex Smith



DOCTOR WHO: RE-INCARNATED PRESENTS

# The Blue Box

---

An original Doctor Who story

By Alex Smith

DOCTOR WHO: RE-INCARNATED

Published by Doctor Who Re-Incarnated Publications and Yolasite

First Published January 1<sup>st</sup> 2012 at [www.doctorwho-reincarnated.yolasite.com](http://www.doctorwho-reincarnated.yolasite.com)

The Blue Box

© 2010 by Alex Smith

The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Doctor Who © 1963, 2010 by BBC Worldwide

Doctor Who: Re-Incarnated © & ™ 2010 by Doctor Who: Re-Incarnated Productions

This publication is a Doctor Who: Re-Incarnated e-book

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced  
by any means without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

All images and pre-existing concepts used in this publication are © their respective owners.  
Doctor Who: Re-Incarnated is a fan-written, non-profit publication made for entertainment  
purposes only.

Doctor Who: Re-Incarnated Publications is run by Alex Smith and Mark Lee

Logo © 2010 BBC Worldwide

Cover © 2011 Mark Lee

A high-pitched whine was emanating from something on the TARDIS console, and it was starting to give the Doctor a headache.

He moved swiftly around the messy control panel, running his hands over the levers and buttons and dials, searching for the source of the problem. He was tall, and he dressed in a sharp black suit covered in folds and creases. He had a trilby hat on his head, covering over his messy dark hair. The scarf wrapped around his neck was bright red, and it hung loosely. He had pale skin, and glittering dark eyes that scanned over the complex array of controls as they searched for the elusive faulty part.

Eventually he found it, a bleeping LED light nestled between a heavy iron clock and a sleek, rectangular keyboard. The light was pulsing dimly, giving off a very faint green glow that accompanied the high sound it emitted. Out of curiosity, the Doctor pushed down on the light and found that it wasn't a faulty piece of equipment after all; it was an *incoming message* alert. The whine stopped and was replaced by harsh static, which only made the Doctor's ears hurt more. Then, after a few moments, the white noise resolved itself into a decipherable, albeit faint, murmur of speech.

*'Development is complete. Requesting permission to initiate hostile takeover.'*

Clearly, the message was not meant for him. He was intercepting one half of a conversation from somewhere nearby. He flicked a switch and a wide computer screen embedded in the console flickered into life. It showed the location of the TARDIS in space; the Doctor chuckled as he glanced over the co-ordinates.

'Typical,' he laughed to himself. Then he twisted a dial on the computer screen's side, and planet Earth blurred into view on the display. He was hovering in orbit above the blue-green sphere, the TARDIS slowly circling round it, unnoticed by the multitude of intently observing scientists and astronomers below. Whoever was on the receiving end of the message must have finished speaking, because the broadcaster began to talk again.

*'Message received and understood. Initiating hostile takeover.'*

Then the voice cut off, leaving only blank static in its place. The Doctor mulled over what he had heard. Someone or something on Earth was broadcasting a message out into the planet's orbit – and, apparently, receiving a reply. That was definitely enough to warrant an investigation in his books. He began to manipulate the controls of his great ship, following the strange signal back to its origin. The TARDIS engines groaned as it eased itself back into regular space, and with a dull thud the TARDIS settled itself onto the planet's surface. He glanced at the computer screen again, and found that he had landed somewhere in London, England.

'Oh so typical,' he laughed again, stretching his arms. The TARDIS had tracked down the source of the broadcast to within a mile's radius, so he at least had a place to start his search.

He clicked the small, green LED light off as he was running a few final scans with the console, and the static cut off, leaving the room silent. For a moment, the Doctor was thrown; without the noise, the ship felt suddenly empty. Not so long ago, the console room had been packed with people, all chattering and talking amongst themselves. But those people hadn't been real; they had been projections of his own memories, created following an accidental encounter with a race known as the Venturi. Now he was once again alone in his ship, and the room now felt bare in comparison.

He tilted his head to one side to clear the feeling, and tightened the scarf around his neck. Then he skipped down the metal grille floor of the console room and out of the TARDIS doors. The cold London air hit him immediately. He glanced around; from the architecture of the buildings, he guessed he was somewhere in the first half of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. He nodded, then set off in a random direction, wandering aimlessly into the London night. It was a dark night, in the early hours of the morning, and he felt certain that a day of adventure lay ahead. He left the TARDIS behind him, parked on a dark city corner.

After the Doctor had left, early that morning, nobody had paid much attention to the TARDIS. As the streets began to fill with joggers and early birds, the box remained unobserved. People passed by, not stopping to give the ship a second look, even as the pavements became crowded with rush hour commuters. This was nothing unusual; the TARDIS was quite used to being ignored. The chameleon circuit may have broken down a long time ago, but she still knew how to blend in, and to almost every passerby the TARDIS was just another speck of detail that blurred across their peripheral vision for just a moment. But then something very unusual happened; someone noticed.

Her name was Tracy Blaid. She was twenty one years old. She had dark hair that fell down to her shoulders and hazel brown eyes set into a heart shaped face. She lived on the fifth floor of an apartment complex in central London. She worked at the Wells Museum as a night museum guard, and she was walking to the Coin restaurant to eat lunch with her brother Anthony. None of these things made her particularly special or out of the ordinary. She was a normal girl leading a normal life; right up until the precise moment when, at thirty five minutes past the twelfth hour on Saturday the 19<sup>th</sup> of January, 2012, she stopped on a street corner, in front of a blue box, and noticed.

\*\*\*

She didn't know why the box bothered her, but it did.

It stood there, on the corner of a bustling London street, inconspicuous and mostly unseen. People just seemed to walk right by it, their eyes slipping from the tiny cafe on its left, to the jewellers on the right. But Tracy, she had noticed it, and it was bothering her.

It was a phone box, deep blue, and it stood a good three meters in height. The colour was starting to fade slightly, tiny cracks could be seen here and there in the paintwork. It had two small, square windows indented near the top, the glass of which was unclear or deformed or misted up - whichever it was, she couldn't see through them. Apart from that, it was constructed entirely of wood; an outdated building material, certainly, especially for a public phone box. Tracy was surprised to find it hadn't been covered in graffiti, or even torn down entirely. There was a lantern bolted onto the top, with some kind of metal cage secured around it. Perhaps to stop vandals making off with it? She didn't know. On the front, a rectangular sign had been embedded into the wood, which read:

*Police Telephone*  
*FREE*  
*For use of*  
*PUBLIC*  
*Advice & Assistance*  
*Obtainable Immediately*  
*Officers & Cars*  
*Respond to all calls*  
*Pull to Open*

She frowned at that. She'd never heard of a police telephone before. Following the instruction at the bottom, she gently tugged on the door handle, but it stuck. The door was locked. So much for use of public then. There was nothing more she could observe, or discern, or ascertain from the police phone box apart from that. Impossible to open, unexplained, and still unnoticed, there was nothing she could do but walk off and leave it be. She was late anyway. Absolutely no point in staying. Not at all.

But she was still there.

The box bothered her. It was like an itch she couldn't find the source of, scrabbling impolitely at the corners of her mind. Something about the paint, and the windows, and the sign, and the lock, didn't quite fit together in her head. Every so often, she glanced around at the people walking past her. Tourists, come to see the sights of London, or shoppers going about their routine. None of them seemed to give the box a second thought, and most of them didn't even look at it. It was like it was camouflaged, and nobody could see how odd it was except for her.

She took a quick look at her watch again. If she hadn't been late before, then she certainly was now. Anthony would be at the table at this very moment, checking his own watch, asking the waiter to come back in five minutes and sighing melodramatically to himself. She didn't have the time to stand about, examining a phone box that had caught her eye on a street corner. It was definitely time to go. Right now. She turned to leave.

Then she turned back again.

'Argh,' she said, which was quite an unusual noise as incoherent mumbblings go, and several passersby gave her odd looks. The box was almost taunting her now, holding its mystery just out of reach. There was nothing to imply that it was in any way strange, or odd, or unusual, and yet she felt with absolute certainty that something wasn't right with it.

Her phone was ringing.

She became aware of it suddenly, and as soon as she noticed the noise she realised it had been ringing for several seconds. She had phased out the sound, too focused on her task. A little sheepishly, she answered with a click.

'Tracy? Hello...?'

'Anthony! Hi,' she said, leaning on the wall of the cafe the box stood next to. 'How's it going?'

'Well you know,' replied her brother, with just the faintest inflection of sarcasm in his voice, 'It's the strangest thing. I was sitting, staring at the wall, minding my own business, when all of a sudden, you still aren't here.'

'Oh.' She cringed. 'Sorry about that.'

'It's fine, it's fine. It's just that I've already downed two glasses of fanta, and the man at the bar is starting to give me funny looks. If you could just pop in and reassure him that the sister I'm supposed to be eating lunch with isn't just a figment of my imagination, I'd be quite grateful.'

'I'll be right there, I promise.'

'I don't hear footsteps...'

'Alright, alright!' she said exasperatedly, as she began to quickly stride away from the box.

'Excellent!' Anthony cried triumphantly. 'Be here in ten minutes. Scratch that, five minutes. You can manage four if you sprint!'

There was a click as he hung up, and she strode away down the busy London street. She pulled her grey jacket tighter around her shoulders, brushing off the mild chill. As she reached the end of the

street and turned the corner, she glanced back over her shoulder, just for a moment. The box stood there, silent. She shook her head, slowly, and turned back and walked away.

\*\*\*

The stone was small enough to fit inside the palm of your hand, and a shade of the deepest, harshest black. Its surface was covered in pockmarks and tiny cracks, bumps and dents and crevices in its skin. It was propped up by a thin glass stand, and was stood proudly inside a small glass container set upon a podium. A gold plaque was embedded into the podium just below the rock's rectangular container, and in the plaque a message had been scribed in tiny, elegantly cut letters.

*On the tenth of September, 1979, east of Palmyra, somewhere in the Syrian desert, Ben Kensington witnessed something one in a million; a shooting star. It fell within a hundred yards of the dirt path he had been hiking down, and when he went to investigate he found at the center of the impact crater, a tiny fragment of rock – the remains of an asteroid, once miles across in size, burned away to nothing by the Earth's atmosphere. Kensington kept the rock with him as a lucky charm for the remainder of his university gap year, and when he returned to England he found himself fascinated by the study of outer space in all its forms. This miniscule shard of space rock was the spark that ignited Kensington laboratories. Now, this private research corporation owns facilities in seventeen countries and has strong governmental relationships in five of them. Professor Kensington, now retired, was reluctant to pass over his lucky charm, but eventually gave permission for it to be placed here, at the heart of his first ever laboratory in London. Let this monument be inspiration to all who pass, and know that one day, you too will find your spark of inspiration.*

'...Well, that is fascinating,' droned the official, leaning up and away from the plaque. Professor Garson rolled her eyes, beamed a fake smile and replied cheerily, 'Well, we do like to think of our workers here as our "bright sparks", so to speak.'

'How clever of you.'

The government official turned and paced briskly out of the corridor, heading through a set of double doors at the opposite end. Garson sighed; she loathed her superiors for giving the task of guiding round this extremely irksome man, but his approval was vital if the project was to succeed. All of her work, of her colleagues' work, for the last six years would come to nought if she couldn't convince him that every aspect of the new system was perfect and organised to within an inch of its life. She adjusted her coat and followed him down the narrow corridor, her heels tapping on the floor.

The room they walked into was very white, almost blindingly so after the tastefully dim lighting of the corridor. Every surface was gleaming, except for the monitors of the computers, with flashed and blurred all sorts of different colours as streams of data flowed across them. Men and women in shirts and jeans bent forwards, their noses almost touching their screens, as they typed furiously. One man looked up from the mass and smiled queasily; Doctor Rowland, her subordinate, who had been acting essentially as her personal assistant during the final days of preparation for the project to take some of the workload away from her. She was very grateful for the help he gave her – she just wished he'd be a bit less clumsy with it.

'Professor!' Rowland said, stumbling across to them. He was a gangly man, tall and thin, all elbows and knees. His face was pale, and his eyes looked slightly out of focus. He was holding a clipboard, and he began to scramble through it, pulling hastily at the pages.

'Just checking I have your script for your presentation, professor,' he assured her. She hoped to god he did, because she was terrible at improvising and there was no time to print a spare now that the official was here. Fortunately, after a few moments Rowland punched the air (a little too energetically for Garson's liking) and handing her a neatly folded piece of A4 paper.

'Thank you, Doctor Rowland,' she smiled at him, and he nodded. He glanced at the government official, who stared witheringly, and after an awkward pause Rowland hurried away.

'Bright sparks indeed, professor,' the official remarked, before wandering over to a large computer screen that was mounted on the far wall. Garson frowned, then resignedly followed after him. This was where the presentation would take place.

The room fell eerily silent as the official took his seat. This was the moment of truth. Doctor Rowland typed a few commands in on a keyboard, and the computer screen on the wall flickered into life. Everyone looked up from their own screens, focusing on Professor Garson. She stood awkwardly in front of the screen. Someone near the back of the room dimmed the lights, adding to the tense atmosphere. She cleared her throat, and began to speak, her eyes skimming across the script she held in hands that shook slightly.

'Here at Kensington labs, our goal has always been to reach out to the stars,' she began, forcing her gaze upwards to meet that of the government official. He looked bored, but then, he had looked bored from the moment he arrived. 'For the last six years, this London branch has been striving for that goal, and now we are less than two days away from taking a huge step towards that dream. Deep space is an area of science which has fascinated and frustrated in equal measure. Scientists long to observe and study the mysteries that lie there, in the far reaches of space, but that hasn't ever been possible.' Her voice was slowly becoming stronger and more commanding, as she fell into rhythm with her script. 'Our most recent project has been a studied attempt to solve this problem.' On the large monitor on the wall behind her, graphic of the solar system appeared, slightly blocky and blurred, but recognisable.

'In 2005, we began research into long-form radio wave projection,' she said. 'In 2008, practical work on incorporating this theory into a satellite began. And in late 2011, we launched our finished long-form radio satellite from our sister facility in Virginia. Now all that remains is to remotely activate the radio wave projector and allow the satellite to fulfil its intended purpose.'

On the screen, a grey blip representing the satellite began to circle around in Earth's orbit.

'Long-form radio wave projection is exactly what it says on the tin. It allows us to broadcast signals and messages further out into space than we have ever done before.'

On the screen, red radio waves began to curve out of the satellite, spreading across the graphic of the solar system and out into the beyond.

'There are multiple advantages to this technology – not only can we continue to broadcast audio messages into space, in the hope of contacting extraterrestrial life, we can also use the radio waves to help generate new images of deep space, using a type of advanced visual sonar-'

A voice coughed, throwing her out of her rhythm and causing her to stumble over her words. She looked up to see the government official, his hand raised slightly to attract attention.

‘With all due respect, professor, I didn’t come here to learn about the project. I have already been fully briefed by my superiors. I am here,’ – he stood from his seat – ‘to inspect your operating and monitoring systems, to ensure that the satellite will work as planned.’

Professor Garson cursed under her breath. She had another page and a half of script left to cover, but that was useless if the official didn’t care to listen to them.

‘Of course. My apologies,’ she said to him, faking another grin. She handed the paper back to Rowland, who hastily shut down the graphic, and all of the various workers who had been watching anxiously returned to their own computer screens.

‘If you’ll follow me, our base of operations – our Houston, if you will – is just down this way...’ she said, and the official sighed resignedly in response, as if following her down another corridor was a great disruption that he would have to suffer through. Then he sloped after her as she guided him out of the room, leaving Rowland and the others to watch after them. Rowland crossed his fingers, and hoped that the official would find nothing to nitpick.

As Professor Garson and the government official walked on through the Kensington labs facility, back in a dimly lit corridor something unusual was happening. The fragment of rock, stood on its podium, was starting to smoke. Thick, choking gas was slowly seeping from the multitude of pores and holes in the skin of the asteroid, and the glass case that held it began to darken as it filled with smoke. Tiny cracks started to appear in the glass case, as the pressure of the smog built up inside it, pressing against the transparent sides and turning them opaque. Ever since that day, years ago, when the rock had crashed into a desert and been picked up by a young man with big dreams, the rock had been waiting for this moment. For years the man, Kensington, had carried the rock in his pocket, or on a chain around his neck, and all that time it had influenced him, pressed him, pushed his mind in the right direction, nudging him towards a final goal. For more than thirty years the rock had been preparing for this, and now the time was right. In the early hours of the morning, the rock had sent out a signal, and had received a response – the first contact with its friends and fellows since it had arrived on this planet. Now the rock was implementing their plan, and all of those years of waiting were at an end.

The glass shattered as the smoke curled out, spreading through the corridor, pouring from the rock. And then, quite suddenly, the rock did something rather spectacular. It hatched.

The Wells museum was a huge building, built during the Victorian era, a monument to the industrial revolution. It was several stories high, an amalgam of stone and brick, with an impressive set of stairs leading up to the colossal front doors. Tracy burst through them, jogging, checking her watch as she did so. It was exactly four O'clock. She dashed through crowds of tourists and families on days out, and sprinted over to the reception desk.

The old woman at the desk didn't even glance upwards. 'Yes?' she crooned.

'Tracy Blaid,' Tracy managed to gasp, as she caught her breath. The woman's eyes flickered upwards, and she scowled slightly.

'You're late. Your shift started three minutes ago.'

'But my watch says,' Tracy pointed at her wrist, 'that I'm bang on time.'

'Well, your watch is lying to you,' the old woman scowled again. 'Now get to your post. Quickly, please, Miss Blaid.'

Tracy groaned as she hurried away from the desk. She hadn't meant to stay so long at the Coin restaurant. She had just gotten carried away talking to Anthony. They rarely saw each other, except when they occasionally met up for coffee or a meal. Anthony worked in real estate (she had never been sure what he did exactly, but he assured her it was very important), and he spent most of his time driving around London presenting houses and apartments to potential buyers. As a result, he didn't really have much time for socialising, and when the two of them did meet up they would end up chattering and laughing for hours, like a brother and sister comedy double act. She had only noticed at half past three – long after their meal had finished – that she was going to be late for work, and had dashed out of the Coin and sprinted over to the Wells.

She found a familiar looking corridor on the ground floor, which housed an exhibit on the gunpowder plot, and leaned against a wall. She looked left, then right; people mullied about, a few of them reading the info boards with genuine interest, most of them just feigning knowledgeable expressions and looking at the pictures. She blinked slowly. Museum guard; it wasn't the most entertaining of jobs, and today would most likely be no different; things were never fun at the museum. She had the deal with all sorts of problems and annoyances; tourists who wanted more information usually decided to ask her – a security guard with no extra knowledge – rather than one of the many experts dotted around the museum, simply because she was closer. And it wasn't like her post was even a necessary one. No-one had ever actually tried to break in before, so her job was pretty much a waste of time; she only kept it because she needed the money. All she did, from four till midnight, was stand in a corner watching people pass her by.

She tightened her security belt around her waist (a feeble combination of a radio and a torch hung from it, both of which would be pretty useless in the event of an actual robbery) and pulled her grey jacket more warmly around her. It was going to be another long day.

\*\*\*

Doctor Rowland coughed.

He looked up from his desk, a foul taste in his mouth. All of the other scientists and technicians were at their desks, typing, collaborating results or looking at data; no proper experiments had been

scheduled over the next few days, so that everyone could focus on getting the satellite running smoothly. He looked back to his own screen, and tried not to think about what would happen if the government official told Professor Garson that the project could not go ahead.

He coughed again. His eyes flicked away from the screen, and he turned round, looking for the source of the odd taste in the air. To his surprise, he found that a faint cloud of smoke was drifting into the room from behind a set of heavy double doors, one of which had been left slightly ajar. He glanced around, then got to his feet – what if the building was on fire? He almost tripped over his own chair as he stood, but managed to regain his balance, and stumbled across to the doors. Nobody else had noticed the smoke. He considered sounding the fire alarm, but immediately decided against it. If it was a false alarm and there was no fire, Garson would kill him. He opened the door a little further and hesitantly stepped into the corridor beyond.

The room was almost pitch black. He slipped over his own feet, and wobbled uncontrollably for a few moments. He could barely see a few feet in front of him. Against his own better judgement, he began to walk down the corridor; this was too thick to be fire smoke, he was almost certain of that. ‘Hello?’ he said, wondering if there was anybody further down the corridor, trapped in the smog. He walked down the corridor a little more, taking small steps to ensure he didn’t walk into anything. After a few more steps, he came across a hazy shape in his peripheral vision; he walked towards it and found it was a podium. There was a pile of broken glass on the floor around it, and stood upon it was a cracked rock, the size of a fist, that had split into two halves. Doctor Rowland gasped as he realised what it was, then coughed violently as the smoke filled his lungs.

He heard a noise behind him, and turned. A tall, shadowy figure stood behind him. ‘What on earth happened?!’ Rowland cried. ‘This is – this is Professor Kensington’s most prized possession! When he finds out it’s been damaged... What were you doing? What caused all of this smoke? Some sort of unsanctioned experiment? I hope not for your sake, because when Professor Garson sees all of this-’

The figure jabbed forward with one arm, and Doctor Rowland cut off mid tirade. He looked down, and was mildly surprised to find a long, jagged spike had impaled him through the chest. ‘Oh,’ he said, and collapsed.

The figure took a step forward, and in one fluid movement crushed Rowland’s skull under its foot. Then it looked forwards, with eyes as dark as coals, and walked towards the open double doors, its scythe-like arms swinging as it went. The smoke curled around it as it moved. The rock had hatched, and now the hatchling was loose.

\*\*\*

*‘Tracy Blaid, come in Tracy Blaid, Tracy Blaid to reception please....’* the sound of the intercom rang out through the museum, the shrill voice of the receptionist shattering the eardrums of anyone who heard it. Well, it didn’t literally shatter their eardrums, but that was what it felt like. Tracy jerked awake; she had nodded off on the job, her head leaned back against the wall. She checked her watch; five to seven. She had just over five hours left of her shift.  
*‘Could Tracy Blaid report to reception please...’*

‘Alright, alright,’ Tracy mumbled, walking quickly downstairs, heading to where the old woman sat, pruning in her chair like a wizened hawk. Even though it meant a break from the dull routine she had grudgingly endured for the past three and a half hours, it could still be nothing short of boring, whatever it was she was being summoned for. She arrived in front of the receptionist desk with a clatter.

‘What?’ Tracy said, making no attempt to be civil. The day had been too dull to waste time with civility. The receptionist gave her an icy stare.

‘An artefact has arrived at the storage room back door. Someone needs to open the door from the inside,’ the crone said, regarding her for a moment. ‘You can do it.’

*Because everyone else is just sooo busy,* Tracy thought to herself, and as she stalked away to the back of the museum she made a mental note to get revenge on the snarky hag that sat behind the receptionist desk.

The door that led to the storage area was perhaps twenty paces left of the receptionist’s desk. It was heavy and wooden, and had ‘staff only’ etched on in permanent marker. The lock had long since broken and rusted; not that it mattered, since there had never been a break in. Tracy wearily pushed open the door – it swung back with a creak of its hinges – and headed down the rickety wooden staircase that lay behind it. Each step groaned as she put her weight on it, and she half-expected the whole thing to come crashing down. But she reached the bottom without incident, and shoved open a second (equally ancient) door to find herself inside the storage bay.

It was a massive room, stretching out underneath the museum like a labyrinthine burrow for a giant rabbit, with artefacts, relics and other tiresome pieces of history piled high in every direction. Vases and clay pots were bubble-wrapped or stored in wooden crates, and what looked suspiciously like a pirate cutlass hung from one wall, the metal rusted away. There was a thick panel of glass to one side of the room, behind which lay empty space; it was used for storing larger objects, and the museum possessed very few of those at the moment.

The sound of rattling metal reached her ears, and she turned to face the opposite corner of the room. As well as the staircase, there was also a back entrance to the storage area through which delivery vans could unload their cargo. It was a thick, metal barrier, directly in contrast with the staff entrance, more modern and secure. Tracy crossed briskly to the door and hit a conspicuous button that protruded from the wall beside it; the metal barrier instantly began to lift with a shuddering clang. Tracy wasn’t sure what she had been expecting when she had headed down to collect a delivery, but it certainly wasn’t what she saw before her now.

‘The police box?’ she asked, raising an eyebrow as a heavysset fellow with a low forehead heaved the heavy block into the storage room. It was just as she had seen it before; the same tall, blue box she had passed on her way to lunch that morning. She had forgotten all about it, but now it appeared before her again, and the uneasy feeling – like an itch at the back of her mind that she couldn’t quite shake off – returned.

‘Yeah, yeah. Some old lady called in about it, round about half three,’ said the man, a typical layman; large, with bulgy eyes and a flat nose. ‘Said she’d seen a police box from the sixties, just sittin’ there on the roadside.’ He then took an opportunity to catch his breath, and leant against the carrier that the box had been wheeled in on. He pulled a grimy handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow whilst Tracy examined the box. It was tall; taller than she was by a long shot, and on closer

inspection she saw that the blue paint was cracked and flaky in places. Atop it was what looked like a lamp, engaged inside a criss-cross of metal bars.

‘What is it for, exactly?’ she asked, though she doubted he would actually know. ‘I mean, why did they have them? In the sixties?’

The man shrugged. ‘Coppers used them back before they had radios. See a mugger or somethin’, run to the nearest box, call for help. Simple.’

Tracy nodded – that made a sort of sense. But there was something else, the itch in her mind; she felt certain this wasn’t just a police box. It had almost an aura about it, something she couldn’t put her finger on. She’d felt it on the street that morning, and she could feel it now.

‘...No idea what it was doin’ there, Mick reckons it was one of them artsy graffiti types that put it up.’

‘What? Oh, uh – yeah. Probably, yeah,’ Tracy started, only just realising that the man had been talking. She pondered for a moment what he had said, though she had only caught the last few words; it *was* unusual, finding a police box from decades ago just sitting unattended in the street. She’d thought that when she had first seen it, too. But she didn’t have any explanation for it, and it was clear that this guy didn’t either. She cast around her thoughts, trying to think of something else to ask, to inquire. There was something about this box, the blue box, something different, unique.

‘Anyway, if you could just give us a hand with this,’ the man said. Tracy nodded, and helped heave the box towards the panel of glass that guarded large artefacts.

‘Sorry it took so long to bring it in, by the way,’ the man said when they were finished. ‘Some idiot arrived just as we were loading it up, started trying to stall us. Kept saying it was his property – wasn’t, of course, or it wouldn’t have been stood in the street.’

‘Hang on...’ Tracy paused. ‘You got called up to bring it in at half past three... And it’s almost half seven now. He stalled you for four hours?’

‘Yeah, right pain in the backside he was. Kept pointing out problems with our paperwork, calling up our superiors, health and safety, you name it. Mick thinks he was one of them collectors, you know, the types who go around snatching up old paintings and stuff like that, then selling them on to people with more money than sense.’

The man slid the back doors of his van shut, then jumped up into the driver’s seat.

‘He was a proper headcase, and all,’ the man added as an afterthought. ‘Wouldn’t even give us his name. He just kept calling himself the Doctor.’

\*\*\*

High above Tracy and the storage area, the museum’s assistant manager, Stephanie, was enjoying a brief break from work in her office; a small, nondescript compartment taken up mostly by the heavy wooden desk in the centre of the room, which Steph had to squeeze around every morning so she could reach her seat. She glanced idly at the clock on the far wall and noted that she had ten minutes left until closing time, when she could leave the museum in the hands of the night shift. A small computer screen beeped at her from her desk, but she ignored it. It probably wasn’t urgent, so it could wait. She had precious little time for rests these days, as the weight of managing the museum usually fell to her. When she had first started working there, she hadn’t understood how

she rose through the ranks so quickly; how she found herself working as deputy manager so soon. Now she was so close to the top, though, she knew why climbing up the ladder was so easy; no one in their right mind would want this job.

The museum's head manager, Mr. Herring, was completely useless. He was almost always shut away in his dank office, and whatever he got up to in there clearly wasn't benefiting the museum in any way. It fell on her shoulders, then, to make sure that everything ran smoothly, from the acquisition of artefacts to the condition of the gift shop. It was a hellish job, and with her boss seemingly locked away in his own little world, it was only a matter of time before Steph raced to get out of it, too. And then another plucky young worker would rise through the ranks with an unexpected promotion, and the cycle would continue. Just thinking about it made her head sink to the desk in depression.

The beeping screen became more insistent, the tone higher, as if whoever was sending the message was trying to irritate her. She clicked a button and a reedy voice replaced the beeping as the receptionist, floors below her, began to speak down the phone line.

'Excuse me, deputy manager? Hello?'

'Yes, god, what is it and why isn't Mr. Herring doing it?'

'I'm afraid,' the receptionist said, her voice not completely different to the sound of a vulture cawing, 'that Mr. Herring is occupied with personal matters.' He was always occupied with this and that, Steph noted to herself.

'Anyway, we have a visitor at the desk, a rather *irritating* young man who needs to speak to a figure of authority. I trust you will accommodate him?'

'Yes, just send him up, doesn't he know we close in ten minutes?!' Steph replied, shouting the last part to no one in particular. The clock on the wall said seven twenty; ten more minutes, that was all she had needed. Ten more minutes of peace and then away to the comfort of home. But now it seemed some hooligan was mucking up her day, at the last possible minute.

Without warning or so much as a knock, the door swung open with a bang that made Steph give a small shriek of surprise. However, not one to be easily fluttered she quickly regained her composure and glared angrily at the intruder, who must have been the young man the receptionist sent up only moments ago. He must have sprinted all the way to get there so quickly.

'I would appreciate it if you didn't slam the door next time,' she said, with gritted teeth.

'I'm sure you would,' he said, giving her a sincere grin. Perhaps it was a little too sincere.

Nonetheless, it was Steph's job, her responsibility, to make sure that visitors to the museum were happy and content, and unfortunately this man counted as a visitor. So she couldn't slap him right off the bat, as she probably would have otherwise.

'You asked to speak to a figure of authority?' she said, changing tactics and going for the sickly sweet, too-happy-to-help look.

'Yes, but I suppose you'll have to do.' He leaned forward as he spoke, and continued with a conspiratorial manner. 'Now, you wouldn't happen to know where my TARDIS is, would you? Because I think you might be hiding it in your museum.'

'Well, this all *seems* to be in order,' the government official said. He glared at one bank of computers suspiciously, but relented and moved on to another row of technical machinery. Professor Garson felt like she had been holding her breath for hours. Every time the official stopped to closely observe a readout or test the failsafe on a piece of equipment, she felt horrifyingly sure that something would go wrong. But it didn't, and now almost every piece of machinery had been cleared.

The official looked up from the monitor he was reading and glanced over Garson's shoulder. She turned round, confusedly following his gaze, and found to her horror that thick black smoke was rolling into the room through an open door.

The official seemed almost speechless for a moment. Then he said, 'Professor Garson, is your laboratory on fire?'

She froze. This would be catastrophic for the project. Even if the smoke was completely unrelated to the satellite equipment, it would be more than enough for the government to shut down the project for health and safety reasons. Six years of hard work, research and development, gone, due to what was probably just a overheating computer.

'It's probably nothing,' she stammered, as more and more thick smoke poured into the room. The official did not seem convinced.

'We should sound the alarm,' he said. 'Evacuate the building. And it was all going so well...'

'I said, it's probably nothing,' she replied quickly, asserting herself. Perhaps she could still salvage the situation. 'I'll just go and see what's happening in the presentation room.'

She hurried through the door, down a passageway (where the smoke had settled, and was drifting across the floor, considerably heavier than the air that surrounded it), into the room where she had unsuccessfully shown the official the presentation a few hours earlier. She pushed the door open, shouting as she did so.

'Would somebody mind telling me what the hell is going on here?! I was just talking to the man who decided whether all of our work lives or dies, and then *smoke* starts pouring through the door! Can somebody explain to me...'

She paused, and looked around the room she had walked into. The bright white walls were obscured by the heavy smog that filled the room, and the lights were flickering. It took her eyes a few seconds to adjust to the low level of lighting.

'Oh, god,' she whispered.

Everyone in the room was dead. There were people slumped against their desks, with ragged holes torn into their backs and chests. The computer monitors were either smashed, or flecked with blood. Several of the desks had been overturned, knocked over, and one had been torn in half, splinters of wood covering the floor. One man lay beneath a upturned desk, his eyes gazing unseeingly at the ceiling. There were corpses strewn across the room like rag dolls, limbs and necks bent at unnatural angles. The large computer screen on the wall had been cracked, and the body of a young woman lay beneath it.

Professor Garson stumbled back a step, her mind numb. Then her instincts kicked in, and she ran. She hurtled down the passage she had come through. There was no point looking for survivors – anything that could do *that* to a room full of people would not have left a single person alive. She

stumbled halfway down and retched, almost throwing up on the floor. The smoke swirled gently around her, and she pulled herself up and carried on running.

She burst through the door to find the official standing impassively in one corner, apparently unperturbed by the thick smog that was still filling up the room.

'You were right, we need to sound the alarm,' she panted. 'We need to get out.'

He stared calmly at her, his smirk resolute.

'They're dead. Everyone is dead. We have to run, or we're going to be killed.'

The official said nothing.

'Are you listening to me? We're going to be killed!'

Slowly, the official head tilted forwards. For a moment she thought he was nodding; then she noticed for the first time the huge gash in his neck, which had been almost completely severed. The official's body quietly crumpled to the ground, and the tall, dark figure stood behind it stepped forward. It was tall and thin, with long spiked claws for hands and smooth, black skin. It looked almost insubstantial, as if it was made of the smoke that surrounded it. Its eyes were round and dark as coal. It hissed, and raised one arm, and Professor Garson bolted as the creature lunged for her. But she moved too slowly, and a jagged claw sheared through her shoulder, hurling her limp form from the room.

The creature, satisfied that the lab was empty, closed its eyes and concentrated deeply. It focused its thoughts, and began to send out a signal.

*'Hostile takeover complete. Requesting further instructions.'*

Then it listened. Carefully, silently. A voice began to echo back inside its mind.

*'Seal off the area of operation to prevent interruptions.'*

*'Understood. Proceeding now.'* The creature replied, and its contact, somewhere high above in Earth's orbit, cut off, leaving it to its mission.

\*\*\*

Tracy gazed absent-mindedly at the police box. It had been carefully manoeuvred into position onto a small raised area that ran along the left wall of the bay, and was surrounded by a sheet of thick glass designed to protect the artefacts from everything from bullets to UV radiation. *Well, probably not bullets*, Tracy mused to herself. The man who had delivered it, whose name she had never caught, had left in his dirty white van still mumbling about this strange 'Doctor' fellow. From what Tracy could gather, he had been just a mischief maker, albeit an intellectual one. At least he couldn't get to the box now; she hated the thought of some vandal getting their hands on this particular artefact. Despite her general disinterest in history, this particular fragment of the past fascinated her. It was beautiful, unusual, completely ordinary and yet undeniably unique. Her interest only grew the longer she stood there, observing it, staring through the glass. It had a strange colour to it – it was the deepest shade of blue, but it seemed to change as you looked at it. The paint shone like new, even though it was cracked and flaking in places.

Her eyes unfocused and she was suddenly staring at her own reflection in the glass; her long dark hair drooping down, obscuring her face. She frowned; she had bags under her eyes. No matter how long she worked the late shifts, guarding the corridors until twelve O'clock when the real night shift started, she would never get used to the disjointed patterns of sleep that came with the job. Only

getting home at half twelve, maybe later, falling asleep exhausted and waking to the high sun of late morning. Just another con of working as a museum guard.

Suddenly her radio began to vibrate, and a crackling voice stuttered out of it; Steph, sounding more agitated than usual. Tracy frowned as she plucked it from her lapel, and glanced at her watch; five minutes to closing time, it was seven twenty-five. What could Steph need to say to her five minutes before the museum shut for the night?

'Steph?'

'Tracy, listen, are you still in the storage room?'

'What? Yeah – I put the police box behind the glass sheet, it should be fine-'

'Tracy, there's this guy coming down there now, he needs to speak to you,' Steph said, speaking hurriedly as if time was of the essence, 'he's nuts, he's claiming the box is his property.'

Tracy frowned, as her conversation with the deliverer came back to her. 'Did he give his name?' she asked.

'Yeah, yeah, he said his name was Doctor something or other. Seemed like an idiot. I've got to go, Tracy. Keep him off that box!' And with a click and a second of static, Steph signed off, presumably to deal with other problems. Tracy's eyes widened as she realised that this must be the same man. He was either deranged, or incredibly bored. She suddenly found herself anxious, wondering if this clearly-obsessed 'Doctor' would become angry or even violent if she denied him the box. She steeled herself for whoever would step through the small, rickety door.

A polite knock came from the other side. Then a voice, a man; 'I was wondering if I could come in?'

Tracy hadn't been expecting that. For a few seconds she stumbled over her words, then managed to blurt out, 'Um, no. Sorry – I mean, er, I'm afraid I can't do that. Uh, sir.' She inwardly slapped herself even as she spoke – *sorry?* Why was she apologizing to an intruder? It didn't matter how polite he was, it was her job to keep him out. The knocking came more insistently a second time, and the door handle snapped back and forth against the brittle lock.

'I feel obligated to tell you, I'm probably going to be coming in whether you open the door or not.'

'I doubt that, sir. That's the only way in,' she lied, though it didn't really matter as the back entrance was almost impenetrable, as the door was a thick metal shutter that locked down unless someone opened it from within. There was an audible silence on the other side of the door as the man, the 'Doctor', seemed to consider what she had said. Then, somewhat predictably at this point, the Doctor knocked on the door a third time, hammering the cracked wood so that the frame shook. 'I'd appreciate it if you opened the door, *right now*,' he said, in a somewhat more irritated tone. His voice was smooth and even, with a sort of melodic spin that Tracy couldn't quite place; it didn't belong to any region she could think of, and seemed to flit from accent to accent in a subtle blur of dialect.

'Look, sir, you aren't getting in,' Tracy said, her composure slipping. 'Just go away, will you? We close in five minutes!'

'Sorry, but I'm afraid I can't "*just go away*". Right, I'm coming in.'

Tracy backed away instinctively, even though she doubted he had the strength to knock the door down. A high pitched buzzing began to reverberate from beyond the wooden door, an odd whirring sound. Tracy opened her mouth to ask the man about the noise, but was cut short when the door flew from its hinges with the force of a bomb.

Tracy jumped out of her skin in shock as a huge bang echoed through the room. The door had been blown clean off, and steam was slowly rising from the frame. Past the now empty doorway, Tracy could see a flickering orange light, and the whirring noise was now even more high-pitched than it had been before.

‘Hello?’ Tracy took a tentative step towards the door.

‘Hello!’ A voice shouted back, and a figure hopped through the empty doorway. He was surrounded in an orangey glow, and the shrill sound of buzzing followed him into the room, so that the sound echoed around the storage bay and bounced off the walls. She could only make out an indistinct outline through the thick steam which seemed to radiate from the charred remains of the door.

‘So sorry about the door – think I had the settings upside down,’ said the man, the ‘Doctor’ who Tracy had been warned of. He walked casually towards her through the steam, slipping something slim and pencil-like into the pocket of his jacket as he did so. At the same time, the buzzing stopped, the orange light dimmed and died. Then he took one last step, so that he was only a few yards away from her, and she was finally able to get a proper look at him. Her eyes widened.

He was an odd figure. Atop his head was a small hat; she didn’t know the name for it, but it had a thin brim and an indented top – like a cowboy hat in miniature, though it was the shade of deepest blue. It sat at a lopsided angle, jutting off to the left and leaving his dark hair exposed on one side. He wore a thick black jacket with huge pockets, beneath which was a messy blue waistcoat. The buttons of the waistcoat were mismatched and odd, and several of them were fitted into the wrong hole. His trousers were sharply creased and his shoes were gleamingly clean. Around his neck was a tight red scarf, despite the warmth of the museum. His eyes were wide and deep and his mouth curved upwards.

He smiled.

‘Pleasure to meet you at last, voice from behind the door. I’m the Doctor,’ he said jovially, extending his hand. When she didn’t take it, his smile dimmed a little as he took in that she was gaping at him, her face a mixture of shock and confusion.

‘You just... Um, you blew up the door,’ she said stupidly. She hated people who asked obvious questions, and now she was one of them. The Doctor didn’t seem to take in what she had said, and was already striding past her to the police box.

‘Hey, you can’t go near that!’ she said, running round to stand between him and the box. ‘This is the museum’s property now.’

‘Why is it behind a sheet of glass?’ he replied. He clearly wasn’t listening to her.

‘It’s to protect it. From, I don’t know, UV light and stuff.’

He laughed at that. ‘Well, I’m sure she appreciates it.’

Tracy frowned at him. He was a strange man – though she was thankful he hadn’t turned violent so far, at least.

‘Right. Listen, Mister-’

‘That’s *Doctor*.’

‘Whatever. Look, you can’t just go round, barging into places and... And blowing stuff up!’

‘I really am terribly sorry about the door, but I’m afraid I have more important things on my mind.’

'Like what?'

'Like figuring out a way to distract you so I can get my TARDIS back.' Suddenly his eyes widened.

'Look out! There's a robber behind you!'

Tracy remained still, staring at the Doctor, one eyebrow arched.

'Okay, so this may be harder than I thought,' he admitted, sighing.

Overhead, a reedy voice came across the intercom.

*'Ladies and gentlemen, the Wells museum is now closing up for the night. Please follow the yellow arrows to the nearest exit. Thank you for visiting Wells museum. Have a nice evening.'* The receptionist's words were polite, but her voice was a bored drawl.

'The museum is closing. Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave, right now,' Tracy said. The Doctor thrust his hands deep into his pockets, considering the situation.

'Miss Blaid,' he said, reading from the nametag on her lapel. 'Would you believe me if I told you this isn't really a police box?'

Now he was just being ridiculous. *No*, Tracy thought.

'Yes,' Tracy said. She didn't mean to say it; it just slipped out, all of her uncertainty surrounding the box spilling out in a single syllable.

'I thought you might,' he grinned at her. 'That's because it's not. It isn't a police box at all.'

'Then what is it?' she asked.

'My ship.' He replied.

Then, without warning, the glass shattered.

Tracy shrieked and jumped away as the heavy protective glass fell to pieces. An alarm went off as the pane of glass cracked away, leaving the phone box exposed. The Doctor chuckled to himself, and Tracy saw that he was holding a thin tube in one hand, the tip of which was glowing orange. The buzzing sound filled the air once more as the glass broke apart; then it stopped, and the Doctor slipped the tube back into his pocket. Then he jumped forward and, before Tracy could do anything except watch blankly, brandished a set of keys from inside his jacket and slotted one of them neatly into the phone box door.

'You have the keys?' she asked, confused.

'I do indeed have the keys!' he cried happily. 'Goodbye, Miss Blaid, it's been excellent talking to you.' And with that he stepped through the doors and vanished from sight, leaving Tracy to wonder what on earth had just happened. After a couple of moments, her head was spinning, and she couldn't take the curiosity building in her any longer.

'Get back out here, Doctor!' she yelled, pushing through the phone box doors after him, expecting to find him in the cramped space and drag him back out so he could explain himself.

What she found upon opening the door was something entirely different. The door swung slowly shut behind her, and after a couple of moments the police box just faded away.

\*\*\*

It hadn't been an easy day for the Doctor. Ever since he had intercepted that broadcasted message from somewhere in London, he had been out and about, wandering the streets, trying to hunt down the source. He had gotten a lot of strange looks, usually from people who he had been trying to scan

with his sonic screwdriver. After several hours of tracking the faint signal, he had managed to narrow it down to one building – worryingly, a cutting edge scientific laboratory known as Kensington labs. He had intended to break in and track the signal back to its creator, but his progress had been obstructed by the building's security. The whole complex had been built out of solid concrete, and the only entrance had been blocked by a two-fold security system – a scanner that simultaneously checked the user's retinas and fingerprints. He could have gotten past either one individually with his screwdriver, but both had to be cleared at once to open the heavy steel door; and unfortunately, he only had one sonic screwdriver. He had considered waiting for a member of staff to enter or exit the building, so he could charm his way in, but his patience had worn thin and he had returned to the TARDIS, so he could land inside the building and bypass the security.

Unfortunately, he had returned to the street corner, around half past three, to find two heavysset men (who introduced themselves as Mick and Dave) carting his TARDIS off to a local museum. He had reasoned with them rather brilliantly, but in the end they had driven off, consigning the TARDIS to spend the rest of its days standing in a dusty exhibit on life in the sixties. Agitated, the Doctor had followed them, using shortcuts and backstreets to keep up with the van until it eventually arrived at a large building known as Wells museum. Once there, he had been forced to argue with an elderly, crow-like receptionist, then a surprisingly short-tempered manager, before finally finding his ship hidden in storage room below ground level. After a bit more arguing (this time with a young museum guard named Tracy Blaid), he had managed to get back to his ship, at last.

He leaned against the console, resting his head for a moment. It had been a long day, and without anyone to talk to it had become rather tedious for the Doctor. He wondered what that feeling was, and considered for a moment that he might have been feeling lonely.

'Oh my *god*,' came a voice from behind him.

He turned around to see Tracy Blaid walking through the TARDIS doors behind him, following him out of the museum and into an entirely different world. Her eyes were wide with shock.

'No rest for the weary,' he murmured under his breath.

\*\*\*

It was bigger on the inside.

The box Tracy had walked into had been about two metres high, maybe a little taller, and was about the size of a large public payphone. The room she had entered was a massive cavernous space, easily ten or twenty times the size of the police box. It had a metal grille floor, which clanked noisily under Tracy's feet as she slowly walked across the room, to where the Doctor was standing at the centre. The walls were tall and curved, radiating a soft glow as they arched forwards towards the middle of the room. The room was dominated by a massive translucent pillar at the centre, which was filled by some sort of surreal liquid, giving off an eerie blue luminance. Surrounding the pillar was a rounded console of some sort, which was covered in buttons, levers, and odd knick-knacks which were seemingly assembled at random. She spotted a typewriter, an old-fashioned telephone, and what appeared to be a wet-floor sign jutting out from the many panels that made up the console. On the other side of the room, a small metal staircase spiralled upwards and downwards, leading to a lower

room beneath the metal grille of the floor, and a higher room above the ceiling. This wasn't a room; this was a machine.

'Miss Blaid,' the Doctor said, smiling wearily. 'Do you mind if I call you Tracy?'

She felt faint, and after a moment she realised she was collapsing.

*This is embarrassing*, she thought to herself as she blacked out.

\*\*\*

The tall, shadowy creature loomed over the bank of controls, its eyes wandering over each button and screen intently. Suddenly, it paused, as a voice echoed through its head.

*'Is the perimeter sealed?'* asked the creature's friends, their words as clear as if they were standing beside it, even though they were high above.

*'The primitive human controls were simple to manipulate. The building's main entrance has been cut off. All security systems have been locked down. No one will be able to enter or exit the operating area.'* The creature replied. It continued to look over the controls, manipulating them with some difficulty due to its long, spindly fingers. Eventually, it pulled down one final lever, and closed its eyes.

*'The satellite requires one full Earth rotation to synchronise with the controls before broadcast begins. There is no way of bypassing this process.'* The creature said.

A moment passed.

*'Very well.'*

The creature stood back. It had done all it could do. It would take one Earth day before the creature could broadcast using the hijacked satellite, and until then there was nothing to do but wait. Slowly, the creature's skin began to blur into the smoke, and its figure became hazy. After a few moments, there was nothing but an extra layer of heavy smoke that drifted through the room, as the dark figure dissolved into smoke and waited. Everything was in place; after all these years of living inside a cold, rock shell, using telepathy to influence the man Kensington, the creature had finally fulfilled its purpose. All those years of gently nudging his mind in the right direction, making him want to reach into the stars, ensuring that one day his corporation would develop the long-form radio wave projection satellite. Just as the creature and its friends had planned it. With the satellite in their hands and ready to broadcast their message across the stars, the mission was almost over. Soon, a black cloud of would descend upon Earth, and the planet would be theirs forever.

To  
Be  
Continued

Come back to Doctor Who: Re-Incarnated next month for the  
exciting conclusion!

Coming next month to  
Doctor Who: Re-Incarnated...

# Smoke

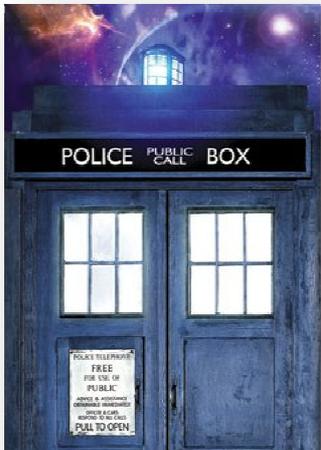
## By Alex Smith

'They'll choke the Earth until there's nothing left..'

Life just got pretty exciting for Tracy Blaid. She's been swept out of the museum where she works, into an impossible blue box that's bigger on the inside, by a madman who calls himself the Doctor. But while she struggles to comprehend this impossible turn of events, a dark alien force has infiltrated Earth...

## February 1<sup>st</sup> 2012

---



### About The Author

**Alex Smith** lives in Merseyside, England. He spends most of his time procrastinating, unless he can think of something better to do. When he does eventually put pen to paper, he writes short stories, Doctor Who fanfiction, and bad poetry. He enjoys writing about himself in the third person.

You can follow Alex on twitter @KingOrokos, or visit his blog at [NotEntirelyIncoherent.blogspot.com](http://NotEntirelyIncoherent.blogspot.com).



'Would you believe me if I told you this isn't really a police box?'

When Tracy Blaid, an ordinary London girl, stops in the street to examine an unusual looking phone box, it will be the start of the greatest adventure of her life. A cheerful museum thief, a high-security research lab, and a swarm of living smoke - they're all waiting for her, through the doors of the blue box.

