

Episode 2

The Feast Below

Prologue

Ben stood in the darkest corner of the room staring out the first window he had seen in six months.

'Who are you?' a voice asked from behind his back.

The far too distant stars barely shed light on Ben's face, but soon orange glow appeared in front of him, indicating that a centuries-old lighter was spitting fire.

'John Smith,' Ben replied.

Jenny, in the other corner of the room, just bowed her head down disappointedly. She really started to doubt this plan would work, mostly because the owner of the voice started to doubt the Captain was called John Smith.

'Is that your real name?'

White smoke clouds surrounded Ben's head. From that moment on, a silent rumble could be heard, but the interrogator didn't seem to care about it.

'Of course, it's a fake name!' Ben raised his voice with the cigar still in his mouth. 'Don't expect me to reveal my real identity.'

'Why? What's the point in hiding on a ship like this?'

It seemed, the roar of an angry crowd came closer. The voice behind Ben kept ignoring it, but Jenny looked up excitedly. Maybe this was going somewhere after all. Then Ben turned around and slowly paced ahead.

'On the other hand, you already know someone called John Smith. Someone with that alias to be precise. The guy even worked for you lot in the 20th century.'

'Do you know of his whereabouts?'

'Would I be here if I did?'

'Are you him?'

Ben just had to laugh at that.

'Of course not. His fake name is John Smith. But I preferred to be called John Hannibal Smith.'

'Why is that?'

That moment, Ben reached the bars keeping him and Jenny in the room and blew the cigar smoke into their interrogator's face, who was escorted by two guards, armed to the teeth. Then he gave them an answer with a victorious grin on his face.

'Because I love it when a plan comes together.'

Chapter 1 - A Pub Called Green Roof

A week passed since Amy joined the crew of the Hammerhead-Shark, but she still couldn't sleep in her new room. She was tossing and tumbling in her bed all night long, despite it was more comfortable than what she had in the blue box. When she thought it was hopeless to fall asleep, she got up, put her clothes on and started wandering the Cellar corridors. Finally, she ended up in the control room.

It made her feel even weirder. The console looked so similar to the Doctor's but everything else was completely different. When you felt a place like home, but you couldn't be further from it.

Suddenly, she heard whistling. It was Sam coming from a corridor with a book and a crystal in his hand. He was quite surprised to see the girl in there.

'Hello, Amy! It's two in the morning. What are you doing up so late?'

'I can't sleep.'

'So the others were wrong.'

'About what?'

'That you are doing better. I hear they put you on duty today.'

'Yes. They took me exploring the Cellar. Is that what you do?'

'When we are stuck between galaxies, in the great void... hold on... the meaning of the void changed since last week. So when we are in the middle of the big, fat nothing, yes, that's what we do. We've got to keep ourselves busy, or we would go crazy.'

'And what were you doing the past few days?'

'Erm... building some stuff. But I couldn't really manage. I had to ask Pjotr's help, but since we are in no man's land he simply gave me this book, about digital circuits.'

Amy was confused.

'What? What is the connection between these?'

'Well, when we are stranded between the star cities he is bored. So, he goes to the pub and gets wasted and usually he doesn't care about anything else.'

'He goes where?' Amy asked astounded.

'The pub.'

'Don't tell me, you have a pub!'

'Amy! We are in a TARDIS. As far as we know, the space in here could be infinite. Of course, there is a room for a pub. Come on I take you there. As I see you need a drink.'

A minute later they were walking along a corridor.

'Why do you think I need a drink?'

'For the same reason, you can't sleep. You're still freaked out about last week.'

'Yeah. I still am a bit.'

'I just can't understand why.'

'You need to ask? My best friend got lost, and I'm in the middle of nowhere cut off from home.'

'Really? How often did you visit home while you were with the Doctor?' Amy's silence was more than enough answer. Sam drew the conclusion. 'There must be something else here.'

'Now that you say it, there is. But I couldn't tell you what. How is that possible?'

'No idea. But there is an old saying.' Sam stopped in front of a door. 'Alcohol is never an answer, but, at least, you forget the question.'

Amy chuckled, and Sam opened the door.

'Welcome to the Green Roof!'

Amy was a bit disappointed. In there was a big room with some tables and chairs. At the end, there was a counter with Pjotr smoking behind it. When the Armenian noticed them, he waved then he continued talking to thin air. Well, cigarette smoke.

'What is this?' Amy asked.

'It is our pub. Technically it's a Star Trek-like holodeck, but we need an additional gadget. Put this on.' Sam handed something that look like safety goggles upgraded with buttons.

As they activated the devices, a crowded pub appeared in front of their eyes. People were drinking, eating, chatting and dancing for rock music, everywhere she looked. Amy's eyes widened.

'Wow! You've actually got a pub.'

'Everyone needs to get out of the treadmill sometimes.'

They went to the bar. Now Amy could see Pjotr was so drunk he could barely stand on his feet.

'Hi! What can I get for you?'

'A free table and drinks.'

Pjotr pressed a button on a remote control then people from a table simply vanished.

'What drinks?'

'Real ones. We are here for...'

'...real. I know. Amy's not among the holograms yet.'

'My God, how bored can you get that you've even got hologram copies of each other?!' The girl freaked out.

'Amy, we are still in the middle of the biggest nowhere possible. So beer and whisky for me and for the lady here...'

'Glass of wine. Red.'

Pjotr served the drinks and offered a cigarette for Sam. He took it and put it in his pocket for later. Then he sat down with Amy at the free table.

'So why do you call this place the Green Roof? It hasn't got any roof.'

'The name and the interior come from our favourite pub on the Starship Ireland.'

'Starship Ireland? Cool! The Doctor took me to Starship UK.'

'Great! Then you know its background story. If you wish, I can tell you how we are related to it. It was some mess what we got ourselves into there. We spent half a year aboard that wreck. We managed to get loads of booze, that jukebox in the corner and Jenny.'

'Jenny? How? She said you sprang her from a UNIT prison.'

'Yes, we did. The prison was on Starship Ireland.'

Then Sam started to tell the story.

Ireland, just like every other nation of the Earth, fled to the stars from the roasting solar flares, except they were one of the last to leave. The flares hit the ship while it was entering hyperspace. It drifted away a couple of galaxies. The Sun settled and the Earth had been re-terraformed for a long time when they were still floating in no man's land. Still, on our whole journey, this was the closest to something we can call home.

Of course, like everything good, this also had a bad part. Drifting in space is not a way to live for a country in a long term. Not finding the way home eventually leads to desperation and people start rebelling. In order to maintain order, the UNIT forces stranded on that vehicle took control over. Everything was under military dictatorship, which just increased the common depression. So the workers began to visit the pubs in the lower decks.

One of them was the Green Roof. The only building within light years that had an actual roof. That was our regular place. We often visited it for a pint after a hard day of work.

That night Ben and I were playing darts and the Captain was about to throw when a guy stepped in front of the jukebox. He dropped in a coin, pushed a button and [a violin fugue started](#).

'Ben! We've got to nick it.'

'No!' he said strictly and threw the dart.

'Who put that crap in?!' an angry shout reacted to the fast-paced violin tune.

'Seriously. We have to nick it.'

When the distorted guitar and the foreign language singer joined the fiddler a bottle flew across the pub.

'Just consider it. We can't go to the library, we don't have enough money to download books, illegal download is impossible. That's our only possible information source about humanity's future. We've got to nick it.'

Meanwhile, a fully fledged brawl broke out over the song but we didn't get disturbed. Ben threw three more darts. Double 20, triple 20 and a 1, he won. Then he turned to me.

'Look! It was made in 2015. That's only 9 years after our present. Not exactly a history encyclopaedia. And you don't want information about the future; you just want to refresh your music storage. So we don't nick the jukebox. Besides, what do you mean we can't go to the library? You work at a library!'

'I thought it worth to try.' Sam shrugged his shoulders.

Ben turned back to the darts board.

'Why are the Doctor's seven incarnations on every single board in every single pub on this ship?'

'He is the scapegoat. The people need someone to blame for not finding the way home and these are his faces UNIT have met.'

'What are you talking about?'

We made our way through the fighters to the counter.

'They have been sending out an SOS signal to the TARDIS for about twelve generations.'

'How do you know this stuff? Did your little girlfriend from the college tell you that?'

We got another pint.

'From one part, yes, from another, she is not my girlfriend.'

'You are so into each other. Why don't you make your move already?'

'Making moves is not my thing for a while.' I sighed. 'Besides, we will leave in a fortnight. What shall I do with her? Take her with us? She would be even more lost than now. Shot?'

'Jäger please.'

I ordered a Jäger and a whisky. At least something resembling those. We drank it and Ben continued.

'Of course, we wouldn't take her with us. But if you shagged her goodbye it would do wonders for you.' We turned away from the bar and looked at the people punching each other. 'Wonder how the other match is going.'

The basement of the Green Roof gave place for organised fights as well. Duels, to be precise. Despite his short stature, Pjotr made a quite good living out of this, thanks to his military training. That night, he was beating up his third opponent, in a circle surrounded by the roaring crowd, when the [Rocky Road to Dublin of Dropkick Murphys](#) started to sound from the speakers.

'Who's winning?' Ben asked when we joined Frank and Gladys in the audience.

'Who do you think?' Gladys said.

'Come on! Who's next?' the Armenian shouted.

A shot of brandy came next. But as soon as his lips touched the glass, a new fighter stepped into the ring. He sent down the shot, but his mouth remained open, as the blond girl appeared in front of him.

'Look at that!' Ben said, stunned. 'Who would that be?'

It looked like Pjotr had similar thoughts. He suddenly found himself having doubts if he could stay undefeated. He can't beat up a fragile girl, especially when she looks so hot. *"This mustn't register at an emotional level,"* he thought, but in the very next moment, Jenny kicked him in the balls so hard, Pjotr fell to his knees in agony. *"Sod it! Registers!"*

The rest of the crew watched the fight, first, with widened eyes, later, with horror. The two of them beat each other up so badly, they both ended up in the hospital.

Chapter 2 - An Unearthly Girl

We all sat in the corridor at the ER. We tried to understand how that fight turned so wrong.

'Have you ever seen a match this rough?' Gladys asked.

'No, not really,' Ben said. 'Who was that girl?'

'No idea.'

'Really? I thought you gathered the gossips about everyone in the pub.'

'Probably she's not a regular.'

Pretty soon, we found out who she really was as a doctor and a nurse walked past by us. The doctor was looking at an X-ray, and he looked completely baffled.

'This is impossible. You must have screwed up something, and this must be a double exposure.'

'We did the scan four times.'

'Can't be. No human being has two hearts...'

Everyone's eyes widened when we heard that.

'...this means an alien managed to sneak aboard the ship. Get UNIT.'

For a moment, we all sat stunned, then Ben stated, 'The Doctor is here.'

We jumped up and ran after the physician. Unfortunately, he was leaving the ER, so we turned back and went looking for the Jenny. We looked behind every curtain, in every ward.

'Do you think she is him?' Frank asked.

'How should I know?' Ben replied. 'He is a Time Lord. He can change his appearance. Maybe he can change gender as well.'

'So he could be her?' Gladys still wasn't convinced.

'Yeah. Could be.'

Then we saw something disturbing. Something red was trickling from a room, under the door. Ben carefully opened the door; he looked worried of what we might find in the ward. Inside, Jenny was lying in the bed, totally bruised, barely alive, and apparently, she pulled out the needle of the IV and cut her wrists. Gladys almost fainted, and even I had trouble just watching the horrible sight of her in this awful shape and her blood covering the floor.

'Oh, no!'

I don't know why the captain said that; we were talking about regeneration five minutes ago, which started immediately. Orange-coloured glow and small particles surrounded her. A couple seconds later, bright, blinding light filled the room and a big blast hit us and ruined all the equipment nearby. By the time our eyesight recovered, Jenny was standing next to her bed, completely healthy and getting rid of every attached medical gizmo.

'Hi, guys!' She was smiling like nothing had happened. 'Thanks for visiting me. Sorry, but I've got to go and find my opponent and his friends. Bye!'

We were so surprised, we didn't realise she was talking about us. Jenny went past us, out to the corridor, and turned to left.

'Maybe later,' she said and finally ran off to the right.

We all stood dumbfounded for a couple seconds when Ben finally poked it out.

'What are we waiting for? Af...'

'After her!' Ben wanted to say that, but the leader of the platoon of UNIT soldiers gave this order who were rushing after Jenny behind us.

Jenny was caught in a few minutes and taken away. She didn't stand the chance to escape from the surrounded hospital. Since we couldn't help her, we visited Piotr. He was also badly injured, but he was doing all right, standing on the bed under the air-vent and smoking.

'Where the hell have you been?' he asked when he saw us coming.

'Good to see you're fine,' Ben said but based on his tone I was not sure he meant it. 'The better question is, what the hell are you doing?'

'Waiting for treatment.'

Frank checked Piotr's charts. 'You were released an hour ago,' he said.

'I asked for some morphine shots five minutes ago. You know, for the pain.'

'I think the doctors would be worried about the cross-reaction with the brandy shots you kept taking all night.'

'The nurse said she'll get it in a minute.'

'Great! Or she might raise the cops!' Ben shouted. 'Get out of here, you bloody junky.'

In an hour, we were sitting again in the Green Roof, near closing time, interrogating Piotr.

'Okay! Now if you could please tell us, why the hell that blond wanted to meet with you?' Ben ordered the Armenian.

'In a moment, let me just...'

'No, no, no.' Gladys stopped his hand and took the glass out of it. 'You can drink yourself to sleep after you talked.'

'Well, I guess you've seen the match.'

'Yeah! You beat the crap out of each other.'

'And had a little chat.'

Let's get back to the fight for a bit.

"This mustn't register at an emotional level." Piotr thought, but right in that moment, Jenny kned him in the balls.

'You are gonna get me out of this ship,' she said and stepped away from the Armenian, who fell on his knees.

"Sod it! Registers."

Piotr jumped up and kept Jenny under constant attack. But she knew how to block every hit, as if she had military training just like the Armenian. Of course, Piotr noticed this and adjusted his strategy. He grabbed onto her blocking arm and with a quick move he was behind Jenny keeping her in a strangling grip.

'What makes you think I can?'

'Because you and your gang have a ship hidden somewhere.'

She kicked back at Piotr's leg. He lost balance and fell to his knees again.

'Now you have to beat me to death.'

Piotr just stood still. He couldn't move a muscle of the surprise. He came around when he took two big slaps from Jenny.

'What are you waiting for?' she mocked the Armenian.

The reaction was two other punches coming from Piotr, then he stopped again.

'You really want me to kill you?'

'Yes!' Jenny grinned.

The reward of Piotr's idle stun was a few more strikes. Then he had enough. After some struggle, he managed to get again behind Jenny's back and hold her stranded.

'Why the hell would you want that for?'

'I need to regenerate.'

'Regenerate? Like a Time Lord, you mean?'

This much chatter was quite enough for Jenny. She ducked, dragging down Piotr with her, pushing him out of balance again. Then, I still don't know how, she threw Piotr away over her shoulder.

'Something like that,' she finally answered the question cheerfully. 'I'm the Doctor's daughter, you know.'

Back at the near-closing-time-pub, Gladys ended up drinking the brandy before Piotr could even react. This kind of news shocked everyone of us.

'Repeat it!' Ben said strictly.

'The girl is the Doctor's daughter.'

Ben sat back dumbfounded.

'Blimey! If she's the Doctor's daughter, she's a Time Lord. She can fly the TARDIS and we can go home!'

'Exactly!' Piotr nodded. 'That's why we need to get her out of that prison.'

After almost six months, suddenly Ben became the Captain again and started to give orders.

'Everyone to work! I want to know everything about that prison! How to get in? How to get out? How heavily guarded? Possible ways to pass the guards. We've got only 13 days to break her out! Go!'

'What? Now?' Gladys freaked out.

'Well, after a good night sleep. We had a long day,' Ben took back a little.

'We've still got 13 days to break her out after all,' Frank said cheerfully.

'OK then. Get some sleep and get to work!' Ben gave the final order.

We left the place, and in 24 hours, we sat at the very same table but being a lot more devastated. As it turned out, the UNIT prison was an impenetrable fortress. It had only one entrance, with two guards. That's all. No other gap on the whole structure. We were thinking of getting in through sewers, but it was connected to the main line. Breaking it would jeopardize the water supply of the whole ship. We could also take down the guards, but we could risk facing an army inside. So, the situation wasn't remotely ideal.

'What now?' Frank asked.

'I don't know,' Ben replied sorrowfully, 'maybe tomorrow we will find something. We still have 12 days,' he said, drank his beer and stood up. 'See you tomorrow.'

Then he left. The others followed him one by one until only I was sitting at the table. I wasn't sleepy yet because of the double coffee at the start of the evening. An old Irish folk song called [Lanigan's ball](#) sounded from the jukebox. I went to the machine to put something in, which suited my mood better, and then I saw it. Another song, just below the currently played in the list. That inspired a master plan.

Chapter 3 - Torchwood's Master Plan

'And that's when he disappeared for a whole day,' Piotr said back at the Cellar bar.

In the meantime, Amy and Sam went to get another round. By that time, Sam was also having wine, despite remembering the consequences of drinking that swill, which hadn't really met any kind of grapes.

'Disappeared where?' Amy asked enthusiastically. As she had more booze, the more the story interested her.

'I was practising,' Sam said proudly.

'Somehow, I doubt that. At least, we also worked out a plan while he was nerding somewhere.'

'Why don't you believe me? How else could I do, what I did? That day was the first I even touched that instrument.'

'Now, I've really got to know where this is heading,' Amy tried to make them hurry to continue with the story.

'We found Sam in the end where we didn't expect it.'

'Where?'

'On top of the pub, with a violin in his hand, playing the song [Shut up and dance](#).'

'What the hell are you doing up there?' Ben shouted at me.

'I'm playing,' I still kept the bow on the strings.

'Sorry?'

After this, I stopped and climbed down.

'Fiddler's Green on the Roof, or Fiddler on the Green Roof. It's good both ways,' I told them from the ladder.

Finally, I managed to get down and faced the others. Based on their questioning look they didn't understand my joke.

'Seriously, did you know there were movies before the turn of our century as well?'

'Whatever. But now, you come with us. We came up with a plan.'

'Great! So have I.'

'Can't wait to hear it.'

We all went inside the pub and sat down at our usual table. After the beers arrived, Ben presented his version of the prison break.

'We got word, that lawyers allowed to visit their clients.'

'Really? When martial law is in place?' This surprised me a bit.

'Twisted times call for twisted measures,' Frank quoted the old saying. But I'm not sure that's the original one.

'Okay, so what good does that do to us?'

'I will visit her regularly. After a week, we will know enough of the inner structure to get that girl out.'

'Is that the great plan? Get enough information to come up with a plan? You realise you're gonna be checked, right?'

'I would be surprised if I wasn't. That's why you and Gladys will insert me into the national database as a lawyer.' As it turned out later, Gladys understood this as I will insert him into the database. 'You two still work at the university library as system admins, right?'

'Well, we could do this. The university is connecting to the mainframe, so we can hack into the state documents. Still, we need a backup plan.'

'Ok, let's hear your version then.'

'What can take down an army?' I asked smiling.

'To the point please,' Frank said. I interpreted this as they didn't know the answer.

'An even bigger army, desperate for freedom.'

'I still don't get it,' Gladys said.

'I think I do,' Ben sighed. 'You want a revolution! Are you nuts?'

'Not a revolution. Just a riot. It makes sense. Just think of it. Here we've got a whole nation, which has got bloody enough of the military strictness. This is a gunpowder barrel, we just have to drop a match onto it. ... And of course, shepherd the flames towards the prison.'

'It would never work.'

'Even if we pour some spirit onto the fire? Come on, we're looking at a country under the tyranny of UNIT. They hate UNIT.'

'Yes, and they are shitting their pants the second you mention a rebellion against UNIT because they still remember the Great Massacre of UNIT 30 years ago.'

'Guess you could be right.'

'Just leave it and get me into that prison,' Ben emptied his glass and stood up. 'Have a pint or two then go home. Tomorrow's gonna be a long day. Bye!'

I was a bit disappointed, because he was right. Fear can easily overcome the wish for freedom thanks to the survival instinct. And even if the people managed to get rid of UNIT that wouldn't change the fact that they were still lost in the middle of nowhere without any hope of finding the way home. The chances were big that without the military strictness this society would have fallen apart and descended into anarchy. Unfortunately, this same military strictness held captive our hope of getting home.

Anyhow. Despite the captain's orders Piotr and I stayed in the Green Roof until two o'clock. On our way home, Piotr already needed some support, because unlike me he also had shots, and, as he walked, he followed a rather distorted sinus curve. But as we were tottering home, Piotr stopped in front of a noisy pub and refused to take another step.

'Come on mate!' I said. 'We've got to get home.'

'It'l only b a sec.'

'You had enough for today.'

'I'm won't drink. Just wayt here.'

His speech was a bit fuzzy.

'Fine, but if you're not here in five minutes I go in and kick your arse out of there.'

'Wha'Never,' he said and marched into the pub.

I sighed and waited outside. It really didn't take him that long to return. Pretty soon, the noise in the bar got a lot louder and Piotr was running out (and falling a few times).

'Run!' he shouted at me.

The situation didn't look good. I waited for the Armenian, ready to jump. When he reached me, we rushed away while I was holding him straight. For a while, I didn't even know what were we fleeing from until I heard angry shouts from behind.

'Get out of here you traitor!'

'We've got just enough problems without rebels like you.'

When we got far enough, we stopped, and, after a few seconds of wheezing, I had got to ask.

'What the hell was all that about?'

'I tested your theory.'

'So Ben was right. They're too scared, even drunk.'

'Yes, they are...'

'Damn. But it was such a good idea.'

'...so we need something stronger than alcohol.'

When I was ready to bury my plan, the Armenian's blurry mind seemed to come up a saving notion.

The next day was horrible. Working with a hangover is a nightmare. Gladys and I had a job at the university as system administrators. First, when we applied, we thought we don't stand a chance and we will be forced to work in a factory, but the environments were surprisingly similar to the ones we knew, so we were hired.

Usually, there wasn't much to do, but that day I wasn't able to complete even those few tasks. Gladys was complaining about me the whole day. At about 3 PM, I started to feel some recovery, so I said.

'Okay! Let's make Ben a lawyer.'

'Finally!' Gladys sighed. 'You know I can't do this on my own. You're the bloody genius.'

'I'm really far from being a genius. Anyway. Let the hacking begin.'

I didn't hit two buttons when someone was knocking on the door. I answered it.

'Lyla?' I asked surprised. 'What are you doing here?'

Just to clarify, she's the one to whom Ben referred as my girlfriend.

'Hi! Me and the others will go to the Green Roof tonight. Would you like to come?'

Drink to a hangover? It's the absolute killer of me, so I said smiling, 'Sure!'

Fifth night in a row in the pub. Started to remind me of the college years. Before I could say another word, someone else appeared at the doorstep, namely Piotr.

'Hi, guys! Hello, Lyla! How are you? Sam you've got to come with me.'

'Why?'

'I might have found something. Something about last night's experiment.'

'Sorry, got to go,' I told the girls.

'You can't leave me now!' Gladys said outraged.

'Ah, you can do it. It's easy, Starship SQL.'

'Are you kidding me?'

'Oh, for frak's sake!' I sighed. 'Lyla, could you help us out?'

'Yeah. I'm not busy now. What do you need help with?'

'Gladys will tell you the details,' I said and went out with Piotr, but I turned back. 'See you back at the pub.' As I looked back at the girls a weird feeling came over me. 'Why do I feel awkward?'

'Can't think of a reason.'

I seriously didn't know the reason, but I discovered some irony in Piotr's voice. Again, for unknown reasons.

After we left the university, we got across half of the ship to the lower decks. Not far from the Green Roof, we took a seat on the pavement next to an old homeless man. At the moment, I didn't really understand what we were doing. Then after a while, Piotr asked.

'Well?'

The bum held out his hand and Piotr put some money into it. In return, he handed over a piece of paper to the Armenian.

'This is the stuff you are looking for. It could do the trick. It is used for animals.'

'Can you get some?'

'Possible. But it will have a prize.'

'How much?'

'50 thousand quid.'

'Wow! That's quite an amount.'

'Want it or not?'

'Of course! Let me or him know if you have it,' he pointed at me.

'Fine.'

Not much after we left him, we stopped to discuss the situation.

'That was Sir James,' Piotr said then started swearing. 'Damn it! Where the hell will we get fifty thousand from?'

'We won't,' I said.

'Why?'

'Come on. Let's get back to the university.'

'What are you up to?'

'We break into the college pharmacy.'

'Have you seen the movie Hangover?' Amy asked.

'No,' Piotr said and after a small burp he added, 'but I feel I'm gonna live it.'

'Not quite. The characters ended up doing the craziest things when they had some drug with alcohol, and in the end, they didn't remember a thing.'

'When was this film released?' Sam asked.

'2009.'

'That's why it doesn't ring any bells. We ran away in 2006, remember?'

'Oh, sorry. I forgot it. By the way, they found Earth.'

'Who did?' Sam asked.

'Certainly not us,' Piotr lit a cigarette.

'The Colonial Fleet,' Amy replied, 'you said for frak's sake.'

'Oh! Guess I did,' Sam recalled his story. 'You're a fan too?'

'It was OK.'

'OK? It was awesome. Shame I had to stop watching it at the best part. Cylons appear above New Caprica and we disappear.'

'Very sad story,' Amy mocked him, 'let's get back to yours.'

'I think Piotr should continue the telling. The next two days was a bit fuzzy.'

'How so?'

'You will see,' the Armenian said and carried on with revealing the events.

'Where the hell are those two?' Ben asked angrily back in the pub.

'They will be here soon,' Frank said to him. 'Stop worrying. Have a beer instead.'

Ben had a few sips but it didn't have any use.

'I can't shake the thought out of my head that Sam screwed up something. He and Piotr got home in the morning. That idiot must have had so strong hangover, I doubt he even went to work.'

'Don't worry,' Frank glanced back, 'here they come.'

Ben also turned back.

'Almost. Only Gladys is here.'

'With Lyla!' Frank stared a bit surprised. 'Wonder, how that happened?'

'Let's ask.'

They went to the girls.

'Hi, Gladys. Where's the hell is that bloody nerd?'

'Before you start shouting,' Gladys raised her arms as a feeble protection from Ben's wrath, 'we did it.'

'Finally, good news,' the captain sighed.

'You're officially a lawyer now,' Lyla said unexpectedly.

'And a not so good one,' Frank added.

'Do you seriously try to break someone out from UNIT?' Lyla asked admiringly.

'And a quite bad one,' Ben said, desperately scratching his cheek. 'I knew that idiot screwed up something.'

'I'm not stupid to tell anyone,' Lyla protested.

Ben was about to say something really nasty when they heard something much nastier. They all turned to the direction of the noise. Frank usually has a clever comment, but this time he could only say:

'Oh, my goodness!'

Chapter 4 - State of Delirium

'Hang on a minute,' Amy interrupted. 'How do you know all of this if you weren't even there?'

'Ben told us of these happenings,' Piotr replied.

'Actually Frank did that,' Sam corrected, 'Ben just told us off. At, about, 120 decibels.'

'Fine, I tell you about the things what happened to us,' Piotr offered a correction.

'Wait! Now you should tell me what the others saw.'

'You stopped me, so I shall return to that later.'

So, we returned to the campus deck. The medical university had a quite big store of drugs, and luckily with Sam's hacked university passkey we didn't even need to break anything, just step through the threshold.

'Animal tranquillizer,' Sam said as we strode into the dark storage room. 'Why is there animal tranquillizer on a spaceship, where there aren't any animals?'

'You think? Do you imagine the whole ship lives on processed protein?'

'What do you mean?'

'There's a secret deck on the ship. An agricultural deck. They gather starlight, somehow amplify it, and with it, they grow vegetables, fruits, crops, hold animals.'

'How do you know this stuff?'

'People talk. Especially, drunk people.'

'And of course, you know all of the drunk people.'

'You bet, I do. Of course, even a whole ranch can not sustain all the people of the ship. Decent food is the privilege of the rich. ... And the army.'

'Naturally. In this great void, richness isn't defined by great cars, swimming pools, expensive holidays, and palace-like houses. It's the normal food.'

'Only the waste grain gets to the poor in the beer barrels, fuelling their desperation.'

For minutes, we were silently looking for the drugs required for our plans. Once Sam just said:

'Found it!'

But as he touched the stuff, he felt something was not right. He felt a hand under his.

'Sorry, but that's ours.'

We directed our flashlights towards the voice. A girl and a boy stood in front of us. Given by their age, they must have been college students.

'Okay. Now, who the hell are you?'

'The ones who're taking this stuff,' the girl said.

'No, I can definitely say that's us.' Sam stuck to his idea.

'You too are after the treasure, huh?' the guy said.

'Like hell we are.' Sam laughed, then he realised what the student said. 'What treasure?'

'Nice try,' the boy replied and took the drugs from the shelf from under Sam's hand.

'Hey! That's ours,' Sam shouted and grabbed it out of the others one's grasp.

'Okay! I had enough of this.' The girl raised her voice. She took a small ampoule of the shelf and broke off the top of the glass.

Half of the liquid was spilt on the floor the rest ended up in Sam's eyes. While he was swearing out loud and rubbing his face, the other two picked up the drugs and ran away.

'Oi! Come back you bastards!' I yelled and careered after them.

I ran as fast as I could to catch them, and I almost did, but after three or four turns they disappeared in the labyrinth of the campus. When I realised, I won't ever find them, I slowly walked back to the pharmacy. There I witnessed something troubling.

Sam was walking out from the storage room, but he could barely stand on his feet and his face was quite distorted. He raised his fist as if he would start a majestic, encouraging speech, but I had to wait a few seconds until he said his words.

'We need a drink!'

'So that was what Frank saw,' Piotr said to Amy. 'It kind of shocked him to see Sam rambling into the pub singing out loud.'

'So what? I keep hearing him singing all the time when he's sober,' she said.

'Just wait for it,' Sam said.

'Yes, you can hear him sing. But not the Ride of the Valkyries on some totally unknown alien language.'

'Oh!' It was a bit hard for Amy to imagine this weird phenomenon.

'Good evening, my dear fellas!' Sam said cheerfully when he stepped in front of the others. He seemed to be loving and hugging everyone, then he saw Lyla. 'Hey there! Didn't realise you will be here too.'

'I invited you,' she said smiling.

'Yes, I recall that.' He looked up, wondering, then he didn't care about that. 'So, how about a drink and a dance?'

'Love to.'

When the two of them went to party, I walked to the others, humiliated. Frank greeted me a bit sarcastically.

'Hey, Sam. Where did you find a body-swapping machine?'

'Sorry. We didn't,' I sighed and grabbed the beer out of Ben's hand.

'But what happened to him?' Gladys asked.

'This,' I pulled a phial out of my pockets.

'What's this?' Ben asked.

'Some kind of anaesthetic. Two jerks spilt this into Sam's eyes. I'm guarding him to keep him off doing something really stupid.'

Gladys didn't seem to believe her ears.

'You. Guarding him.'

'Got to admit, it's usually the other way around.'

'All that time we spent in space, and yet, this is the weirdest thing of all.'

'Yes, so I apologise, but I need to run some further tests on this thing.'

I was about to drink all the content of the flask, but in the last second Ben got it away from me.

'No, no, no, no, no. I've got just enough trouble with one idiot. Go home while you're still sober. We will keep an eye on him.'

'OK. Bye!'

The rest of the night was told us by Frank. As he remembered it, there were some scandalous events. Hell broke loose not much after I left when Ben took a closer look at the phial.

'Why would Piotr test an anaesthetic?'

'I don't know.' Frank shrugged his shoulder. 'Maybe he and Sam still didn't give up the riot plan to break the Time Lady out.'

'Despite I specifically told them to.'

'Tomorrow you will take a good look at that facility and decide if we need a plan B in stash.'

That moment Sam swung by, while Lyla was in the queue for a beer.

'Hey, guys. Oh, you've ordered me another round? How nice of you.'

They didn't understand what could he possibly mean until he took the small glass from Ben and before anyone could react he drank up all of its content.

'Thanks!' he said and went back to find Lyla.

The others couldn't even move of fright.

'Bollocks! What now?' Ben asked.

'Well,' Frank started, 'either Sam's heart will blow up or he will remain idiot even for tomorrow.'

'Which will give him and Piotr the test results they desired,' Gladys stated.

'I'm rather worried about the here and now,' Ben said and his voice was rather scared. 'What the hell is this nutter doing?'

That was the umpteenth time the gang froze of fear. This time Sam was heading outside to a pair of patrolling UNIT soldiers.

'Hey, you two!' he shouted at them.

The two guard turned back while the others stood breath-taken at the door, ready to jump to stop the catastrophic outcome.

'You can't oppress us.'

Everyone moved, but the surprise Sam's monologue caused stopped all of them.

'We are an anarcho-syndicalist commune. We take turns to act as, but all the decisions of that officer are ratified at a bi-weekly meeting, by majority in the case of internal affairs, by a two-thirds majority in the case of... something very cool stuff.'

'Is he quoting Mothy Python?' Frank asked carefully.

'I think he does.'

'What's that?' Gladys wondered.

I don't think I have to describe the look the guys gave the girl.

'We can forgive her,' Amy waved, 'she's half French.'

Anyway. When the soldiers took only one step towards Sam, the crew rushed to defend him.

'He's just talking gibberish. He had too much to drink this night,' Ben explained.

The soldiers saw that they are, in fact, dealing with a complete idiot...

'Oi!' Sam shouted but Piotr just ignored and continued.

...so they calmly said:

'Go home and get him some rest.'

'All right. Will do.'

The two groups slowly turned their backs to each other and strode to opposite directions. The others sighed relieved. But then, all of the sudden, Sam swung back and leapt after the soldiers shouting:

'Down with UNIT! Viva la resolution!'

Amy looked at Sam, as if he would have escaped from the loony bin, while he slowly disappeared behind the bar.

'Viva la resolution?' she questioned Sam.

'Don't ask,' Sam muttered.

'Frank swore, he used these exact words. It never turned out why.'

'Maybe it was a reference to my blurry eyesight during that period,' Sam said from his hideout.

'We shall never know,' Piotr responded, 'however...'

What happened next wasn't so funny. Both soldiers turned back and one of them hit Sam in his belly with his gun.

'Drag him home! Sober him up! Or there will be consequences.'

'Won't happen again.'

They picked Sam up from the floor and left as fast as possible. When they got home he was seemingly speaking an alien language. I had to knock him out to put him to sleep.

'And you got away just like that?' I asked after the hit.

'We did,' Frank said, 'I also found it odd.'

'Why? They didn't want any trouble because of one drunken nutjob,' Ben said calmly.

'Given the events of the past,' Frank protested, 'it is lucky we didn't all get shot. In fact...' It looked like Frank froze.

'What is it?' I asked.

'Gladys?'

'Yes?' she asked suspecting something bad coming.

'You work at the university library.'

'I so knew, you were gonna say that,' she sighed disappointedly.

The next morning, Ben stepped through the threshold of the infamous prison of the Starship Ireland with his heart in his throat. Right at the gate, he was stopped by the guards.

'State your name and intention,' one of them said strictly.

'Ben Foreman. I'm a lawyer. I'm here to represent the woman who was brought in two days ago.'

'I'm not aware of anyone arrested that day.'

'Okay. Let's say the alien.'

'This is classified information. How do you know that?'

'I was sent from the top.'

'A moment, please. We need to verify that.'

The soldier went behind the desk and pressed a few buttons on a computer console. Presumably, he was querying the data on Ben. Those few moments were nerve killing for the captain. When the guard returned with two other, his heart skipped a beat. But the soldier only said:

'My men will escort you to the interview room.'

Applause for Gladys and Lyla. Ben tried to force a very calm expression on his face and said, 'Thank you. The brigadier wants me to investigate the legal circumstances of this alien incident in full detail so probably I will visit every day.'

'Understood. This way please.'

Ben had to wait about 15 minutes before Jenny was escorted in the room in cuffs.

'That won't be necessary.' Ben pointed at her wrist.

One of the two guards unlocked the chains and they left.

'Who are you?' she asked strictly.

'Ben Foreman. Your lawyer.'

'Lawyer? I didn't know there are any kinds of lawyers here.'

'Although we live under military dictatorship, we've got to keep the illusion that people have rights.'

'And how would you tend to protect my rights?'

'Well, I've defended many people. I believe you might have heard of my most known case. A boxing champion. An Armenian who sent every man to the floor in the Green Roof, until he got badly beaten up by a girl.'

Jenny's eyes widened.

'Really? How many times did you defend him?'

'Quite a lot. He often needs to be kept safe from his own stupidity.'

'How long have you known him?'

'For years.'

Jenny got more and more excited.

'Is that so? He started boxing in the Green Roof half a year ago. People are gossiping that he appeared out of nowhere.'

'Exactly.' Ben smiled. 'I really would like it if you two could meet.'

Jenny finally understood who was she standing in front of. The thought made her smile as well.

Considering Sam's state the situation wasn't any better. When he regained consciousness he wasn't conscious at all. And since the others forgot to mention that one certain shot, which continued to cause trouble we went to the bank. Given the outcome, it would have been wiser if I had gone alone, but I couldn't leave Sam unguarded. However it turned out, I know I shouldn't have let him go forth.

'Two beers and a pack of cigarettes please.' Sam said as he stepped to the bank clerk.

She couldn't decide if she should laugh or call for security, but before she decided what to do I managed to catch up with him.

'Sorry, he's just kidding. We would like to speak to Mr Adams please.'

When Frank appeared at the desk he instantly saw we were in trouble.

'I see situation barely changed,' he said as he saw Sam's ridiculous grin.

'Don't worry. Just as bad as usual,' Sam said cheerfully, 'so it is vital that we immediately go to the pub.'

Frank just ignored him.

'So, what do you need?'

'Well, the thing is. For our plan, we still need that drug. But, since it was nicked from before our nose, we have to buy it.'

'How much does it cost?'

'Fifty thousand.'

'Fifty?!' he almost yelled, but turned it down to whisper. 'Fifty thousand? Are you nuts? I can't make that much disappear. Sorry, I can't help you with that.'

'I thought you might say that.'

'Are you sure that phial was the last of it?'

'What phial? The one I brought last night? That's a different stuff. And thanks to the captain I couldn't test it if it's efficient when swallowed.'

'Did you take a look at this moron?' Frank pointed at Sam, who was having a friendly chat with a water machine.

'Don't tell me he is still like this because he drank that crap.'

'He did, and as far as I know this is exactly the effect you're after.'

'You could have mentioned that before. Anyway, at least we don't have to pay.'

In that moment, someone walked into the lobby of the bank and started shouting.

'Everyone on the floor, this is a robbery!'

His statement was supported by a big fat gun in his hand. Slowly, everyone descended to the floor even me and Frank.

'Just what we needed,' I murmured.

'You there.' The gunmen pointed at a shaking lady. 'Open the cashier and give me 50000 pounds.'

Frank and I looked at each other suspiciously when we heard the amount. The woman slowly stood up and stepped to her desk. The speed wasn't fast enough for the robber. He raised his gun and started to strode towards her. She got more frightened with every step until, in a sudden moment, Sam's face was 2 inches from the barrel.

'Hello!'

The sudden appearance of a stupid grin right in front of his gun made the thief pace a few steps back. Frank just bowed down his head and kept hitting his temple to the floor.

'Not... this... again.'

The gunman's surprise soon passed and he decided to deal with this joker.

'Out of my way,' he said.

'Why should I?'

'Because I shoot your head off if you don't.'

'Somehow, I doubt that.'

'What?'

'You don't know this but I have special abilities.'

I assume, in his mind, Frank decided he never knew this lunatic. So much he didn't even notice I left his side.

'I can snatch this gun out of your hand and beat you into the ground.'

'Yeah. Sure you will.'

'Of course, I will. Look me in the eye and you can see I can do this.'

We were lucky. The bank robber was dumb enough to do so.

'Look deep in my eyeeee... Deeeep...'

That was the point when he began to understand, he was facing a total idiot. But it was too late. He fell on the ground unconscious like a puppet without its puppeteer. Sam simply picked up his gun and said, 'Told you.'

Well, to be fair, this event might have got to do something with me hitting the robber from behind. After the punch, the customers of the bank realised what just happened and the sound of applause filled the lobby. Only Frank knew that the danger didn't pass. He jumped up and took the gun from Sam. When he ejected the magazine he saw there wasn't any trouble at all. It was empty.

'Great!' I said. 'Then we go and rob the pharmacy again.'

'Okay. Take care.'

Since the people in the bank didn't hear what I had just told Frank, loud clapping escorted us to the exit. But just before we reached it Sam shouted.

'Oi, stop that! You making me deaf.'

Stunned silence followed his statement.

After two hours, Gladys stepped through the threshold of the bank, also looking for Frank Adams. Since this was a scheduled meeting, one of the clerks escorted her to Frank's office.

'Hi, Gladys!' Frank greeted the girl with a smile. 'Success?'

'Never again,' she said. 'You know, I already hated sitting in the library and digging through tonnes of boring books in school.'

'It's not that bad. Anyway, could you do it?'

Gladys took a small plastic card from her pocket and throw it onto Frank's desk.

'Here. The exaggeratedly detailed history of the last one hundred years.'

'Thank you very much. Let see what's in it.'

He picked up the card and put it in a book reader. The content of the chip and an interface for paging appeared as a hologram in front of them. He quickly swept through the first few pages and said.

'That's it. Excellent job. Thank you again.'

'Don't count on me next time for tasks like this.'

'You know I would have asked Sam, but given his current idiocy, I wouldn't risk it.'

That moment, the sound of screams and angry shouting came from the lobby.

'What is that?' Gladys asked a bit frightened. 'Robbery?'

'Again? No way.'

They silently went to the door and peeked out. Indeed another man stood in the lobby forcing people onto the ground with a pistol.

'Unbelievable,' Frank sighed.

He swiftly went back to the book and started pushing buttons.

'Why are you quick searching the word "*shoot*"?' Gladys asked a bit confused.

'To do quick-check if my theory at least some ground.'

After checking the results, his mouth curved into a smile.

'Despite the fact they are robbed for the second time in one day, this bank is lucky.'

'How so?'

'Because one of their accountants is, in fact, a Torchwood employee.'

Then he took his gun from his drawer.

By the time he stepped out to the lobby pointing the pistol at the robber, everyone was lying on the floor, except for the clerk – chosen by the previous thief also – who was putting banknotes in front of her with a gun to her head.

'Ok, you can stop that now,' Frank interrupted the transaction and turned to the robber. 'You get the hell out of here, now.'

'Sure! I just want to take this 50k here and I'm gone. Not a big loss for a big bank like this.' 50k! What the hell is it with this 50k again? 'But if you'd like, I can shoot your head off first.'

'See, somehow I doubt that,' Frank said calmly, 'because your gun is empty.'

The robber ejected the magazine and showed it is full of bullets.

'Oops!' Frank said and raised his hands.

'What are you doing?' Gladys asked. 'You're the best sharpshooter, I've ever known.'

'Yes. Armed with blanks.'

'But you've never...'

'Now, I do. Raise your hands.'

She finally did so, but her expression told she could not understand why did Frank carry blanks. The robber showed a victorious grin, grabbed the money and quickly left. Soon, the people in the lobby got

over the shock and started to stand up carefully. But before they could fully recover, Frank grabbed Gladys's arm and dragged her towards the exit.

'What now?'

'Now, we follow him.'

That made Piotr so cheerful, he had another shot and passed out behind the counter. Amy stared after him with her eyes widened.

'Don't worry,' Sam whisked, 'he does that.'

Amy herself was too drunk to get excited over it.

'So what happened next?' she asked.

'I'm not sure what Frank and Gladys did. The next thing I remember was waking up the next morning.'

Chapter 5 - The Treasurehunt Plot

When I regained consciousness I felt every single muscle in my body aching, but somehow it felt good. I couldn't tell the reason why. The fact is when I opened my mouth to say good morning something more tuneful came out of my throat.

'I.....I...I have become, [comfortably numb](#).'

The reaction for that was a very colourful Armenian swearing.

'What's wrong Piotr? Don't you like my voice?'

'No, when you are completely stoned and waking me up.'

'What do you mean? Sure, I've got a bit of a hangover, but I'm not drunk.'

'What? Really?' Piotr jumped up excitedly from the bunk bed. I also sit up.

'Of course. I'm almost sober. Only my head aches a bit.'

'That's great! Finally, I can go and get wasted.'

'Wait just a minute. Could you tell me what happened last night?'

'Last night? What is the last thing you remember?'

'That idiot threw some chemical in my eye, and then we were walking to the pub. From that point, everything is blurry and messed up.'

'Blimey! Sam, you missed two days.'

'What?' I was shocked to hear that. 'What the bloody hell happened?'

Piotr told me the story of the past days. Suddenly, I didn't know where to hide away from my shame. I desperately buried my face into my hands.

'Oh my goodness! I can't believe this.'

'Don't worry about it. Everyone's got to be stupid sometimes.'

'Piotr,' I said strictly. 'Don't ever let me go that crazy again. If I'm... what am I talking about? You're always crazier than me. I've got to talk to Frank.'

'Not now, though. We've got to plan how to spread the drug.'

Actually, that was quite easy. We just had to smuggle the stuff into the barrels in the brewery and get them to the pubs. But before we could reach the liquor factory, Sir James appeared in front of us with a gun in his hand.

'Now I remember what Frank and Gladys did after leaving the bank!' Sam shouted hitting his forehead.

'Seriously?' Amy asked a bit insulted. 'You come up with this now?'

'Sorry, what happened to us next made me remember what had happened before. The events were linked.'

'You're like a lame dramatist telling the story like this.'

'Yeah, probably I am. Anyway...'

They were following the robber through the endless streets and corridors of the ship, right to the lower decks to Sir James himself. The thief was bringing the money to him and in return, he got something that looked like a data chip.

After that, the unnoticeable chase continued. They just had to follow the guy home or wait for an even better opportunity, which eventually came. He turned into a narrow dark alley. Perfect for robbing a robber.

'Okay, you might want to stop for a bit!' Frank shouted pointing his gun at the guy.

The man turned back surprised, but upon recognising who were after him, he also got his gun and gave them a cynical smile.

'Oh, look who's here. The brave bank clerk with the blanks and his sidekick.'

'That's us,' Frank stepped in front of his opponent, 'except I use live rounds.'

He turned the weapon away and put a bullet in the wall. The second surprise gave Frank just enough time to give the gun to Gladys and disarm the thug. Just to be sure, he shot the wall again with the pistol he took, but the concrete remained intact.

'Who would have thought? It was the other way around with the blanks all along.'

'What do you want?' the man asked beaten.

'Whatever you got from that homeless guy.'

For this request, the robber's expression turned sour.

'I should have known.'

'Know what?'

He unwillingly tossed the data chip in Frank's hands.

'That you're after the treasure as well.'

'Treasure you say?' Ben asked doubtfully.

'He used these exact words,' Gladys said.

'Hey! Didn't you jump a bit too ahead?' Amy stopped Sam.

'Do you want to get to the bum-pointing-a-gun-at-us part or not?'

'Carry on,' she sighed.

'So what's on it?'

'Come and see?' Frank said and placed the chip into the reader.

A holographic map appeared in the air.

'These are the lower decks,' Ben stated.

'Yes.'

'And what shall I look at?'

'We don't know. I think part of it is missing.'

'Yes, the whereabouts of the treasure. Assuming there's a large-scale treasure hunt is going on aboard the ship.'

'Looks like it. How are you with the prison?'

'Tough case. Apparently, she was moved yesterday to another section. Hopefully, she ends up somewhere fix. But I'm still dragged through a bloody maze every time. I'm not sure about the layout of that place.'

'So we are still getting closer to Sam's idea.'

'Come on! You too?'

'Me too!' Gladys raised her hand.

'What is this? Mutiny on Starship Ireland?'

'Ben, it makes sense. A drunken, totally stoned riot could flush everyone out of that complex.'

'Or they would get massacred.'

'They won't,' Gladys said. 'They don't have a single bullet.'

'Or only a few,' Frank corrected.

'What? How?'

'We checked the history books,' Gladys explained. 'Did you know there wasn't a gun fired on this ship since the Great Massacre 30 years ago?'

'So what? Folks learned their lesson.'

'Not exactly,' Frank started to clarify it. 'Before the Great Massacre, the soldiers were shooting people even if they looked offensively at the system. But there were atrocities later as well, and the most severe punishment was a beat up or short imprisonment, but no shoot on sight.'

'Interesting theory,' Ben digested the heard things for a few moments, then he gave a surrendering sigh. 'Fine! Let's find Piotr and Sam. They left recently to the brewery.'

So now we get to the part where the bum was pointing a gun at Piotr and me. Since we didn't know about Frank's discovery we raised our hands. For almost a minute, we just stood silently facing the barrel.

'Yes?' I asked finally.

'I've got your drug. You pay and you shall have it.'

'Erm... actually, we've found a good substitute,' Piotr said carefully.

'That's not how it works. We had a deal.'

'We didn't sign anything.'

'Oh don't star...'

'Hey, you bastard!' the boy from the pharmacy theft turned Sir James away from us, but when he saw the gun, he immediately tottered a few steps back. 'What I meant is how are you, sir?'

'Get in the line,' the hobo waved with the barrel towards us. The guy joined us putting his hand in the air.

'Hi! Nice to meet you again,' he said.

'Shut up, you bloody git,' I muttered. 'Thanks to you and your girlfriend's stupid idea, we met four hours ago.'

'Let me guess!' Piotr said. 'You got *"our stuff"* from this geezer.'

'Okay! Now, I finally have... What now?'

Many unsatisfied customers. That's what he had, but this time it was Frank who interrupted Sir James.

'One more idiot, scaring people with blanks.'

Sir James didn't even have the time to get surprised, Frank twisted the pistol out of his hand. He and the rest of the crew turned up. That stupid college boy thought of this that he was allowed to leave.

'Well, I'll be off then,' he said with a nervous smile and was about to step off.

'You are not going anywhere,' Piotr pulled him back. 'What did you want from this man?'

'Like you don't know,' he shook Piotr's hand off his shoulders, 'part of the treasure map is missing.'

'What are you on about with this treasure again?'

'Yes, we know the map is incomplete,' Ben said.

'What?!' the Armenian and I yelled.

'Is there an actual map?' I asked dumbfounded.

'Yes, there is, and indeed, part of it is missing.'

'Parts of it,' the bum interrupted. 'The map consists of three parts. By selling only one I couldn't achieve my goals, and no one would buy one if it would be more expensive.'

'What goals?' Frank asked.

'To buy my ticket to the agricultural deck.'

'Right then,' I said to our thief. 'Give me your part then.'

He started to go through his pockets.

'Hang on..., just a minute..., where did I...'

He didn't finish the final sentence, just ran off. I wanted to go after him, but Piotr stopped me.

'Just leave it. Seriously, what kind of treasure do you expect to find here?'

'Yes you're probably right,' I sighed and turned to Frank. 'What do you mean blanks?'

'We looked through the history of the ship and got to the conclusion. It is out of ammo.'

As a proof, he shot the floor three times. The result wasn't exactly what he expected. There were three sounds. Two of them were metallic clinks, just like when a bullet is compressed of the impact on the floor. The other sound was a bit crunchy. When something is crashing through bone.

'You bastard!' Sir James squeaked and fell like a sack.

'How did you do that research exactly?' Ben asked accusingly.

'Not thoroughly enough apparently.'

'Never mind that, you idiots,' the hobo groaned on the floor. 'Get me to the hospital, and I will tell you everything you want to know.'

'About what?' Ben asked with a doubtful voice.

'About the ammunition issue on the ship.'

Ben's eyes widened.

'Gladys, go with Sam to the brewery. Set up our plan B. We'll take this man to the ER.'

Gladys and I went to check out the factory. The circumstances were ideal for our plans. It doesn't worth mentioning another word.

On the other hand, the others managed to get valuable intel. Sir James was treated and placed in a ward. When he woke up, the first he saw was Frank, Piotr, and Ben standing around his bed.

'I guess you're here to make me keep my promise.'

'Kind'a,' Frank said.

'What would you like to know?'

'Are there any live bullets on this ship?'

'Yes, there are.'

Frank's face turned disappointed. This wasn't the answer he expected. But as he continued was significantly better.

'A minimal amount for defending the parliament.'

'Oh. That's good to hear. But how could you possibly know that?'

'Do you know about the Great Massacre?'

'Who doesn't?' Piotr shrugged his shoulders.

'I led it.'

The question "*what?*" could be read in the others' eyes. The old man continued.

'I used to be a UNIT major. When the rebellion broke out 30 years ago, I was ordered subdue it. It was a horrible blood bath. The rebels fought desperately. We won, but we also used up all our ammunition on the ship. That was our only option, but I was punished for it. In fact, I got away with it quite easily. I was simply dishonourably discharged. I tried to get a job, but my name was too familiar for the employers. So I have been living on the streets of the lower decks ever since. That's my story to cut it short.'

The guys sat silently around the bed. Finally, Ben broke the silence with a totally irrelevant question.

'Why didn't you make more bullets? You've got enough factories and material.'

'For the special ammo, which doesn't shoot holes in the hull, we don't have any.'

'Luckily,' Frank noted. 'The better question is, how can we know you're telling the truth?'

'How else do you think I could get into this position?'

'By being incredibly lazy and stupid?' Frank took an ironic guess.

For this, the old man laughed sorely.

'There are many lazy and stupid people aboard this country, but let me ask you something. Apart from me, how many homeless people did you see?'

This time, the man had a point. True, there were always drunken hobos lurking around the pubs of the lower decks, but no one slept on the streets. While the others were thinking about that, Sir James spoke along.

'Why do you think I came up with the treasure hunt plan? 150 thousand quid would be enough to buy my way back to agricultural level and have luxury meals for the short time what's left of my life.'

'There isn't any treasure, is there?' Ben asked.

'Well, our friend, Piotr had a just question. What could possibly be a treasure on a godforsaken place like this?'

Chapter 6 - Five to Doomsday

T-7 days until jump

One week was left of our visit aboard the flying country. It passed quite quickly and strange things happened. For example, from one of the factories which manufactured all kinds of computer parts from scrap to replace the broken ones got robbed. All the loudspeakers simply vanished overnight.

Strangely, we were in the neighbourhood just when it happened. And that was the time when Gladys decided to give a voice to her doubt.

'I don't buy it.'

'Well, no. We don't,' I said. 'We just take it.'

'That's not what I meant.'

'Then what?'

'How could Sir James's plan work?'

'Are you kidding me? People have always liked treasure hunts.'

'Yes, but there is still something with this, what I don't understand.'

'I would be shocked if you did.'

'Would you two shut up?!' Ben shouted at us silently. 'I don't want anyone to hear us.'

T-6 days

A day later, the people of the lower decks experienced that the stolen speakers magically appeared on the walls of their houses. They knew where those were from, but they didn't report anything to anyone. I don't know how the devices got there, but I recall some hammering and screwing in screws. Gladys kept giving me the tools... and a headache by talking.

'Seriously. Why would anyone give that enormous amount of money, for something, which is possibly not even real?'

'Well, the answer is quite easy. People are stupid.'

'But not that much. The money they spent on that map could make them rich.'

'First, people are greedy. They always want more than they have, even if they don't need it. Second, yes, people are that stupid. Otherwise, the casinos and the lottery games would have gone bankrupt a long time ago.'

'Something is still not right.'

'Just ignore it. Whatever it is. It's not our business anyway.'

T-5 days

The next day during our usual meeting in the pub, Ben started to whine. The more often he visited Jenny, the more desperate he got.

'I can't believe this. Every day someone else tests or interrogates that poor girl. The idiots can't accept that she's not the Doctor. Even if our little movement can beat the soldiers, we're never gonna find her in that bloody maze. It's hopeless.' He sighed, then he stood up to go to the bar. 'I need a drink.'

'Actually, I know a way to locate her.' Piotr said when the captain left. 'But Ben wouldn't like it.'

'So, what's your plan then?' Frank asked.

'Come closer.'

Frank and I leant forward to hear Piotr's whisper. Gladys just sat on the other side of the table and kept staring into the nothing and unusually for her, she was thinking about her idea. Quite soon, Frank and I sat back.

'Hm...' Frank hummed. 'Can you really do it?'

'Sure!' Piotr said confidently. 'I know the people with the necessary equipment. Question is, how do we get him inside?'

'Trust it to me!' I stood up suddenly, but Frank dragged me back down.

'Wait just a minute. Or a day at least. We can't risk him to get stuck in there. Especially when we have only five days left. We must make sure our plan works. So until I'm not a lawyer myself and Piotr doesn't say the drugs are on their way, just wait. If everything is in its place, then you can do your thing.'

'Okay. I'll wait, then I'll kill two birds with one stone. All will work as clockwork,' I said smiling and glanced back at the jukebox.

T-4 days

The next day went on calmly. Ben visited Jenny, Frank worked at the bank, I worked at the university, Gladys stared into nothing at the university and Piotr worked at the brewery. Strangely, neither of the managers remembered hiring an Armenian, but the other workers vouched for him. Of course, no one noticed that all of those people were regulars of the Green Roof.

At night, we made the pub again the Torchwood base. It started as before, with Ben whining. To stop him cursing, we sent him to get a round.

'So, how are things?' Frank asked us when the captain left.

'Infected barrels will be served in two days,' Piotr reported.

'You're a lawyer,' I reported.

'You wouldn't pay a load of cash unless you have a guarantee, you will get what you pay for,' has Gladys just reported?

'What?' Piotr snorted.

'Don't worry,' I said. 'She does that these days.'

Then Frank saw Ben coming back with a tray of beer. 'Okay, Sam!' Frank said. 'Onto stage!'

'With pleasure.'

As soon as Ben arrived, I told him off.

'Oh, you forgot to bring shots.'

'You didn't say...'

'Don't worry, I'll get it.'

I stood up and went to the bar. Behind it, the fat bartender was calmly washing glasses when I stepped in front of him wheezing.

'Oh, my goodness. What a crazy man?!' I pretended to be shocked.

'What is it, Sam?' Joe asked. He was called Nasty Joe. Good name for a bartender but absolutely not fair. He got alarmed for the smallest sign of trouble. 'Is something wrong?'

'Wrong?!' I cried out. 'That's an understatement. Give me five whisky!'

'What's the matter?'

'Can't tell. Too dangerous.'

'Come on. You can trust me.'

"Sure I can," I thought. When it starts to snow on the ship.

'All right. But you mustn't tell anyone or we're screwed.' I leant on the bar and whispered. 'Ben plans a rebellion.'

'What?! In my pub?'

'Silence, you moron. Just calm down. Trust it to me, I can talk him out of it.' I grabbed the tray of whiskies without paying and headed back to our table.

We didn't have to wait long. In half an hour, soldiers marched in and went straight to the bar. Every eye in the pub stared at them. They exchanged some words with Nasty Joe who soon pointed right at Ben.

'What?' The captain asked with surprise, which increased when the soldiers stepped in front of him.

'Ben Foreman?' Their leader asked.

'Yes?' Ben replied uncertainly.

'You are under arrest on the suspicion of treason.'

'Treason? Are you sure?'

The trooper already saw where this was going. He tried to prevent it with an evergreen line.

'Resistance is futile. If you don't come willingly we will bring you by force.'

'Okay. I've got nothing to hide. I will come,' Ben tried to pretend calmness. Even a bit of delight. Then he turned to us. 'Guys, I don't know how this happened, but if you don't get me out soon I will break out and airlock the lot of you.'

'Thank you for your kindness,' Frank smiled. 'Don't worry. You will be out in no time, along with the girl.'

The UNIT grunts escorted Ben out of the pub, then to the prison.

'Tick,' I said and drew a pipe in the air. 'Frank, now it's your turn. To stage.'

T-3 days

'What the hell are you doing here?'

Seeing Frank in a battered suit with a small briefcase in the interview room of the UNIT prison was more surprising for Ben than the events of last night.

'I'm your lawyer.'

'What? I'm the lawyer.'

'Yes. Jenny's. And I'm yours.'

'You bunch of idiots!' Ben suddenly realised what just happened the other night. 'You set me up.'

'We would never do that,' Frank said innocently. 'You shouldn't have organised rebellions.'

It looked like Ben was about blow up in his anger. Frank noticed it and quickly continued to avoid the possibly lethal explosion.

'But, we know how to get you out of here. Just keep this, until the time is right.' Frank handed over a cigar. Ben took it with widened eyes. 'Don't worry. The guards said you can keep it.'

'Where did you get this?'

'You shall ask the box champion.'

'So, I don't want to know. What else?'

'Here are the instructions.' Frank gave him a piece of paper this time. 'You will have to learn a few lines.'

Ben quickly ran through the writing then he looked up as he felt like slowly going crazy.

'Okay! So, tell me something. After how many beers did those two nutters come up with this madness?'

'I lost count around midnight. Anyway, that's our plan. Tomorrow night, it's on.'

'Can't wait for it!' Ben sighed. 'See you tomorrow.'

Chapter 7 - The Feast Below

T-2 day until jump

The Big Day. All was set to light the fire. In the afternoon, the four of us stood in front of the Green Roof looking at the arriving barrels. Each and every one of them seemed like silver coloured poisoning wells.

'Are we sure about this?' Frank asked.

'Now that we are standing here, I have doubts, to tell the truth,' I said.

'The infection is about to spread. Ben is in prison. Your fire will rise! There's no turning back now,' Piotr tried to encourage me. 'The speakers all around the lower decks are waiting for you to turn them on.'

'Seriously. Why would people pay..., not even pay, steal loads of money for something, if for a bit more they could get to the agricultural deck, which means the absolute rich of this place?'

'Gladys! You still can't get rid of that notion?' I snapped at her.

'It's always you lot who solve the problems. Finally, I want to figure out this riddle.'

'What riddle? There is no riddle.'

'I don't know why, but I feel that something is going on here.'

'Even if it's so, it doesn't concern us. So just leave it and focus on our original task.'

'Oh no!' That moment Frank realised what Gladys were thinking about the past week.

'What is it?' Piotr asked.

'The riddle. It very much needs our attention.'

'What? Why?' I asked.

'And Sam you should pay more attention to the people, how they work, not just technical and scientific details.'

'Will you finally poke out what's bugging you?' I said impatiently.

'Think of it. Gladys is right. People wouldn't risk unless they have some insurance. Why would they steal a fortune, if with a bit more money they could get the most valuable thing on the ship? Just think of it. If you are stuck on a wreck in the middle of nowhere, under military dictatorship, and barely subsisting on protein, what would worth more than a comfortable life?'

'Oh no!' Piotr started also. For me, it still wasn't clear where this was going. 'Sir James never said, there isn't any treasure. He always asked what could be a treasure on this ship.'

'A way out!' Gladys shouted enthusiastically. She cracked it after all, and now I understood it too.

'Which we have at the bottom of this country. Sir James could have easily taken pictures of the Shark as proof. Oh no! But did anyone managed to get the whole map?'

'We only know the college students were close.' Piotr said.

'Okay. Gladys and I pay a visit to Sir James,' Frank said. 'You two, let there be fire. As small as possible. Good luck.'

'You too. Hopefully, you won't have much to do.'

Frank and Gladys left in a hurry. Piotr and I stood there in front of the pub. I sighed anxiously when I thought of the task ahead of us.

'Right. Let's do this!' I said.

'One whisky before?'

'Not one. I wouldn't dare start a rebellion sober.'

Frank and Gladys stepped out from the speed lift on the campus deck. They couldn't find the bum anywhere on the lower decks. Frank instantly had a good idea to find him, which Gladys obviously didn't like that much.

'Can't you understand I'm not capable of that?' she protested. 'I just push around users in a system. I'm not a hacker. Sam is.'

'Well, he is playing revolutioner at the moment, so you have to do it.'

'I can't. Would you finally understand?!'

'You have already put something into the national database, now you have to get something. It couldn't be that difficult for you.'

'That wasn't me. Lyla helped me.'

'Let's ask her then.'

Soon they were knocking on Lyla's dorm room door. The girl got quite surprised when she saw who were waiting on the threshold.

'Hi!' she greeted them.

'Hi! Could you help us out please?' Frank asked trustingly.

When she looked at Gladys's shy and embarrassed expression, she instantly understood what it is all about.

'Hacking?'

'Yes. This time we need some information to find.'

'And Sam is busy again, I guess.'

'You're right. He's in the Green Roof taking car...'

Frank couldn't finish the sentence because Lyla became unreasonably frightened.

'What?! We've got to get him out of there. It's all over the network, a riot has broken out on the lower decks.'

After this frightened outburst, she was out of the room and ready to go anywhere in a flash.

'Already? They work fast,' Gladys asked surprised.

'What do you mean already?'

'Don't worry about Sam,' Frank explained, 'he and Piotr incited the riot.'

Hearing this Lyla just froze down.

It was indeed a fact that the rebellion started remarkably fast, but despite our efforts, we didn't have much to do with it. In fact, our efforts basically consisted of sitting down at a table with a large glass of whisky. We couldn't risk drinking beer that night.

'So, what do you think we should do now?' I asked.

'I'm not really sure. You should know, after all, it's your plan.'

'Well, I've got in the planning this far.'

'Great.'

We sat silently at the table for a while and in that silence, we slowly started to realise there is no silence at all. Actually...

'Isn't the Green Roof a bit noisy tonight?' I asked.

'It is. Do you think it's got to something with the drug?'

'Possibly. We shall see soon. Look over there,' I pointed out of the window.

A UNIT patrol went past the pub. As I glanced at the drinkers, they were all staring at the soldiers, like they were trying to stab the guards with just a look. But besides that nothing special happened. Piotr and I turned back to our drinks disappointedly. After a few minutes of sipping whisky, I finally asked.

'Now, what will we do?'

Before the Armenian could answer, we heard a glass shattering and an upset shout.

'I've had enough!'

'Maybe we don't really have to do anything,' Piotr said.

'I don't accept the tyranny of UNIT. We shall govern our ship.'

No one clarified who are actually the "we".

'It's amazing how much this drug reveals the real thoughts in your head.'

'Yeah. Better than mind-reading.'

In half an hour, everything turned upside down. Nasty Joe was tied to the bar, everyone shouted selected vituperations, and wannabe rhetoricians used the biggest chair as designated pedestal to give majestic speeches about the Evil of UNIT. While the whole place was boiling, we sat calmly at our table and finally we had a cause to smile.

'So, do we spring into action?'

'Oh, yes.'

Now that we had enough to drink we started to know what to do. Our intentions were that Piotr joins the orators in the right moment to invite people to the fight, then I put in some music to increase the battle mood. It would be broadcast on the speakers across the lower decks and the other, presumably similarly intoxicated, people would join the riot.

That was the plan at least. But as soon as I stepped to the jukebox a big old guy tossed me away.

'Oi! I was about to put in some music.'

'You won't. Now we gonna play the battle song.'

'What battle song?' I asked suspiciously.

'The same one that was sung before the Great Revolution 30 years ago.' Revolution? I mean I knew the event he was referring to but never heard this title before. 'We're gonna play the song of the [Brotherhood](#).'

Something I've never heard before. Piotr looked at me inquiringly from the pedestal-chair, but I could only shrug my shoulders. Then the drums began to thunder. Its effect on the people was incredible. As soon as the bagpipe joined the drums the drunken lot started to chant.

'Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey...'

They were indeed ready for battle. Piotr and I looked at them astonished, then I just realised what an opportunity I missed. It was too late for broadcast the music. It just wouldn't result in the same reaction.

But I've managed to come up with a slightly dangerous plan. I simply went to the plug of the jukebox and pulled it out from its socket.

I've never heard that much amount of silence in that place like in that moment. If a look could kill I would have definitely died on the spot.

'We can not listen this.' Piotr started looking for a place to hide when hearing this statement from me. 'At least not alone.' I plugged the jukebox back in. 'I just do a little magic trick on my communicator and everyone will join to our noble cause.'

I connected the music machine to the deployed speakers and restarted the song. A big hurray was the reply to my actions, especially when they heard the song was coming from outside as well. We all stormed out from the pub. It looked like the party was about the start on the streets. People were flooding the lower decks and the pub doors played the part of the water tap. All was ready turn the whole place upside down.

'My goodness, what have we done? Is it a bad time to say I have a mass phobia?' I asked.

'Very, because we've got a job to do,' Piotr said to me, then he shouted at the roaring crowd. 'Let's got to the prison. Free our incarcerated brethren.'

'A'right!' The crowd hauled.

The problems started when we arrived to the military complex, when our drunken lot, who thought they are an army, faced an actual army. Aiming at us, ready to fire.

Frank and Gladys went back to our office with Lyla and student immediately got to the point. As it turned out, she should have started with this when they left her room.

'So what do you need to get?'

'We need access to the CCTV records.'

Lyla didn't seem believe her ears.

'How long period exactly do you wish to see?' she asked uncertainly.

'I don't know. A day hopefully would be enough?'

'Seriously? Is that why you've brought me here?'

Now Frank began to hesitate.

'Is there a problem with that?'

'Why don't you just simply download it?'

'What? How?'

'Don't tell me you don't know. The last 48 hours is accessible for the public.'

'Are joking? Just like that? For everyone?'

'Come on, everyone knows that. Have you been living on a different ship?'

She had no idea how right she was. That's why she thought Frank was kidding when he said:

'Yes. Now, please, show us how.'

It seemed that the UNIT forces were too busy keeping the fragile system in place, so they didn't have time for their policing tasks. They left that to the people and even gave them the tools to solve their own small crimes. The soldiers only intervened when two days weren't enough for this. It was even possible to track individual people.

With the help of this system, they located Sir James easily. He was last seen by a camera in front of the hostel for medical students. He talked to an old friend of ours. Well, a lousy git to be precise, the guy from the pharmacy theft. They exchanged a few words then went into the building. That was an hour earlier and there weren't any sign of them coming out.

'Well? Do we go after him?' Gladys asked.

'As fast as possible. They must still be there.'

Frank and Gladys stood up and quickly left the office. Lyla sat in front of the screen for a minute, but it didn't tell her what the hell was going on.

'Hey! Wait for me!' she shouted and hurried after the others.

The soldiers and the rebels kept staring at each other for nerve killing minutes. The soldiers didn't want to shoot, the rebels didn't want to leave. Stalemate. Then I suddenly realised Piotr was gone from my side. He was making his way through the crowd and stopped in front of everyone. Numerous clicks said that the guards turned the safety off on their guns. Finally, he started to run towards the prison gate with a loud battle cry. A red-hat opposite him almost immediately fired his weapon. The shot hit the Armenian in the chest and tossed him to the ground.

I felt like my heart was stopping. No way! Impossible! It couldn't be that the cornerstone theory of our plan was false and that cost Piotr's life. It just can't. I tried to cut a path into the mass of people but as I reached the first line (which seemed to step back a few feet) I was forced to stop as Piotr was getting up. So, yes. It indeed couldn't be. It seemed he was looking for something on his chest. When he found it he held it up in the air, so everyone could see. It looked like a chewing gum chewed for hours. Piotr was showing it to the people, but he talked to the soldiers.

'Seriously? Rubber bullet?'

The Armenian's sudden resurrection got my courage back. I finally pressed play on my special [song](#) for the occasion of rebellion. That was just enough. The crowd lost even its last spark of fear and stormed the soldiers with a thundering roar.

When the square cleared out and the battle went into the prison complex, Piotr and I were left alone. He had a few ironic words for me as well.

'Seriously? Flannigan's ball?'

'Of course. It was my plan after all. Now let's get to work.'

Frank and Gladys, along with Lyla easily found guy's dorm room, but it looked rather odd. The door was wide open, so were all the cupboards and drawers. Some clothes and other small objects were lying all over the floor. The computer sat comfortably on the table turned on. Typical case of...

'Looks like someone was looking for something,' Gladys said.

'Looks like they've found it,' Frank looked at the computer screen.

'What's that?' Lyla asked.

'The map from the first data chip,' Gladys recognised it.

'Mixed with a route, probably from the second data chip.'

'Leading right to the Hammerhead Shark,' Gladys sighed and suddenly she became very cheerful. 'I was right! Finally, it was my turn.'

'What are you two on about?' Lyla asked with a bit elevated voice. 'What is that map? And what's that shark thing? There are no sharks on this ship. Wild animals were evacuated separately from the people.'

'Lyla, look,' Frank started an unexplanation. 'This is something to do with the very unusual story of our little gang. And it's very long, so I won't tell you now. Let it be enough, that someone knows the way to the Hammerhead Shark, and if they get there we are screwed, our story ends for good. Now, how do we find out who stole it from this guy?'

'You can always check the computer,' Lyla suggested the obvious then she sat down to the laptop. As soon she touched the controls an error message appeared.

"The file is not available anymore."

Of course, it was read from the data chip which was removed. Lyla quit the image viewer and the last read email thread became visible instantly.

"I've got the 3rd one."

"Great! We will be there immediately."

"Pack a bag. There's a chance we've got to leave quickly. I'm getting ready."

'Oh that's brilliant!' Frank started pacing around nervously.

Suddenly, the state of the room made sense. It wasn't robbed. It's occupiers simply left in hurry. Frank checked the date on the email thread.

'No way, they could get there!' Gladys deluded herself. 'They need the code to pass the last door.'

'And I think I know what's on the third chip.'

Then she quickly realised that there was a significant possibility that we would spend the rest of our life as Irish citizens.

'We better go,' she said and quickly left with Frank.

Lyla followed them in hope of finally getting a clearer picture.

Jenny was sitting alone in yet another prison cell. At least, this one had a small window in the dark corner. She was told that there would be a new interrogation but for at least an hour no one came. Then finally, her lawyer appeared on the corridor. That made her excited because the last time they've met he told her that she would get freed after next meeting. That fact was promising. What wasn't that he was escorted by two heavily armed guards and an interrogating officer. When they reached their destination the soldiers opened the cell door and tossed Ben inside. The captain curtly nodded to Jenny and turned to their captors.

'It's incredible with such advanced technology you're still using cages as holding cells.' Ben drummed on the bars.

'Using force fields would drain too much power.'

'I see,' Ben said and turned around, 'and of course, you keep the prison on the most vulnerable part of the ship.'

He pointed at the window. As he slowly paced towards it, he took the cigar he got from Frank. Meanwhile, Jenny just sat silently in the corner not understanding what weird kind of rescue was going on.

'Naturally. If the ship gets into trouble, the damage is less if those are lost who committed felonies against society. However, we are not here to discuss architecture. You told that you are willing to tell us everything if you are questioned at this time, with her. So speak.'

'What would you like to know?'

By this time, Ben stood in the darkest corner of the room staring out the first window he saw in six months.

'Who are you?' the interrogator asked.

The far too distant stars barely shed light on Ben's face. But soon orange glow appeared in front of him, indicating that a centuries-old lighter was spitting fire.

'John Smith,' Ben replied.

Jenny, in the other corner of the room, just bowed her head down disappointedly. She really started to doubt this plan would work, mostly because the owner of the voice started to doubt the Captain was called John Smith.

'Is that your real name?'

White smoke clouds began to surround Ben's head. From that moment, a silent rumble could be heard, but the soldiers didn't seem to care about it.

'Of course, it's a fake name!' Ben raised his voice with the cigar still in his mouth. 'Don't expect me to reveal my real identity.'

'Why? What's the point in hiding on a ship like this?'

It seemed, the roar of an angry crowd became closer. The people behind Ben kept ignoring it, but Jenny looked up excitedly. Maybe this was going somewhere after all. Then Ben turned around and was slowly paced ahead.

'On the other hand, you already know someone called John Smith. Someone with that alias to be precise. The guy even worked for you lot in the 20th century.'

'Do you know of his whereabouts?'

'Would I be here if I did?'

'Are you him?'

Ben just had to laugh at that.

'Of course not. His fake name is John Smith. But I preferred to be called John Hannibal Smith.'

'Why is that?'

That moment Ben reached the bars and blew the cigar smoke into their interrogator's face. Then he gave them an answer with a victorious grin on his face.

'Because I love it when a plan comes together.'

And BANG! The guards got a pretty big hit on their head from Piotr and I, and they collapsed to the floor. We took their guns and pointed at the officer.

'Now, give me the key and run along,' Piotr instructed and he didn't have to say it twice.

When he was gone I announced the joyful news.

'The prison is ours.'

'Great! Thank you! Finally, something goes as planned,' in that few moments Ben gave us enough praising for the next two years. Then he started to frown and showed up the cigar, 'but tell me. What was all that theatrics for? Why did I have to light this stink rod?'

'Because I wouldn't have the time for it,' Piotr unlocked the cell and took the cigar. 'Now, come on.'

'You've got to be kidding me!'

'He is,' I said. 'It, in fact, contains a material which emits a kind of radiation, which we can trace. But only if it's heated, otherwise the guards wouldn't let it in. Brilliant, don't you think?'

'Brilliant?! How can you say that? Radiation? Are you trying to poison me?'

'Why are people so scared of this word?'

'I don't know! Maybe the first word people associate to is Chernobyl.'

'For God sake, pure white light is radiation. Now let's go.'

'I agree,' Piotr said and looked at Jenny. 'Shall we?'

'Okay, let's go,' the girl said smiling. 'It's nice not to fight you this time.'

'Yes. Side by side this time, we shall fight off an entire revolution.'

Then we all ran away to get through an enormous, angry, and very intoxicated crowd.

Our two teams met not far from the huge engines of the flying country. We were only a few corridors away from home. If it was still in place.

'Hey, guys!' Frank greeted us. 'I see you had success with the rescue mission.'

'Yes,' I said proudly, 'my plan worked like a charm. Meet the Doctor's daughter herself, erm...'

'Hi! I'm Jenny!' she said smiling.

'Hi, I'm Frank, but before we do proper introductions, I think we need to go...'

'The Doctor?' Lyla interrupted. 'Is she an alien?'

'Okay, what's she doing here?' Ben pointed at Lyla.

'She helped us find the treasure hunters,' Gladys said.

'You still didn't give that up?' Ben asked disappointedly.

'No. Since we found out the treasure is the Shark. And if we don't go immediately...'

'Oh, my goodness!!' Sam grabbed his head all of a sudden with a loud cry.

'Come on! What is it now?' Amy asked angrily. 'What's got in your head at the end?'

'Sorry. I thought ahead in the story and... It's you! It always has been you. In my subconsciousness, I knew the moment I saw you, I just couldn't remember,' Sam was looking at Amy as she was the eighth wonder of the world. 'This is incredible.'

'What is? Wait. No. Finish the story first. You can tell me what do you remember about me later.'

'Okay, I'll get back to that later. So, the Hammerhead Shark was still in a big hangar near the main engine. Where we left it. Obviously! We made it here.'

Of course, there was no way to get there in time to find our ship unoccupied. But we kept the guns of the guards so we caused some unpleasant moments for that cheeky little bastard who poisoned me.

'Guys! I've found something incredible,' he said as he was coming down from the cockpit playing on his communicator, 'it looks like there's a full book of instructions. What the hell?'

When he saw his girlfriend and his three more accomplices kept at gunpoint by us, he just shut up. When he came around from the first shock he turned specifically to me.

'So how is that part that you're not after the treasure?'

'How should I've known that you were referring to this ship?'

'What else could be worthy on a stranded wreck?'

'Told you!' a voice whispered in my ear.

'Shut up, Gladys!'

'Don't be a fool son.'

This voice also came from behind, but it was sore and rusty. It could not have come from the throat of a college student but someone much older. We all turned back and saw Sir James holding a dagger against Lyla's neck, who was shaking with fright.

'They couldn't know this is the treasure,' the bum spoke along, 'because this is their home. Am I right?' He didn't even wait for us to come up with carefully selected lies. 'Of course, I'm right. Now, drop your rubber guns and let the kids go or I slit the lady's throat.'

There was no point in resisting with useless weapons. We released the students, who jumped up got lined up behind Sir James.

'What do you want?' Ben asked.

'Let me see. Sam and his friend ruined my plans, my little treasure map business, so I want you off the ship. Now! You took my retirement, I take your transport.'

'What makes you think this is transport? We only live here, but look at this ship! It's ages old, it has probably been here since Ireland left Earth. We just found it like this and acquired it.'

'Oh, don't try to give me that crap. You just appeared on the lower decks sixth month ago, with no sign of Irish accent in your voice and no clue about the life there.'

'And you think that's the only possible reason for our sudden appearance? Guess what? Our story is quite similar to yours. We had a company. A very successful company. So successful that UNIT analysts showed that we can endanger their power. So with made up charges they took everything from us. Every single penny.'

'Really? Then why did you spring that girl from a UNIT prison?' Sir James nodded towards Jenny.

'You still ask?' Ben laughed. 'She was our accountant. She has proof that our business was completely legal. We were planning her escape for six months.'

Now, this was the hardest part. Keeping a straight face when hearing Ben coming up with utter bullshit. I tried to glance around, and it seemed the same three letters was on the others' mind as well, WTF?

'Rubbish. Don't expect me to believe this nonsense. I still think you came here on this ship and now I intend to leave with it along with my newly recruited crew.'

'Then get ready for slowly starving to death.'

It seemed Piotr still had got an ace in his sleeve. He carefully strode towards Sir James and Lyla with his arms in the air.

'Why don't we just go to the engine room? You can even point that knife at me and stick it in my back if you suspect anything wrong.' The dagger was immediately on Piotr's chest, and the grasp on Lyla eased. She ran into my arms right away at the edge of crying.

'What are you planning this time?' the bum asked suspiciously.

'Sir James, you have trusted me in the past six months. And you had a good reason for it. Now, trust me once more to prevent the biggest mistake of your life.'

'Go ahead,' he nodded towards the corridor behind him.

'Just one moment! Is there an engineer among you?' Piotr asked the college students.

One of the girls raised her hand timidly.

'Come along.'

The trio went to see the motor. The silly girl ahead, followed by Piotr, a pointy piece of metal, and Sir James. When they were inside, Piotr threw in our last card in the deck.

'And now tell me, can an engine this small fly a ship this big FTL? Will an engine of that size ever open a hyperspace window?'

'No,' the would-be engineer admitted.

'What?' Sir James gasped.

'I'm sorry, but if we leave on this ship, we will be in light years distance from any kind of food source.'

'Except for this country of course,' Piotr quickly added.

'Well then, fix it! Fix it and get me out of this moving hell!'

The ex-major suspected there was no way out of this, and that made him furious. But his anger made the college girl agitated.

'I can't tell you anything else!' she said with an elevated tone. 'It is impossible to make this ship capable of interstellar travel. We are going back to the hostel.'

The girl left and hysteria slowly took over Sir James.

'No! Come back and make this ship...'

'Shut it already!'

In his wrath, the failed soldier forgot to pay attention to Piotr, which gave the Armenian the opportunity to punch him in the face and kick the dagger out of his hand.

'Put that down before you cut someone,' he said and pushed the beaten enemy towards the exit.

After defeating the major, we got rid of the lousy bunch quite easily. They even apologised and left willingly. They even took the pathetic crying hobo, who had lost his last hope for a comfortable retirement. There was only one thing left to sort out.

'So this was your secret after all,' Lyla said to me in the hangar door, 'the rich who became the poor.' It seemed Ben's performance was a tad more convincing than we thought.

'Well, to tell the truth...' and in that moment something got me thinking. We had some good times together, and I've got to admit we got close to each other. Could it be that it is her? Was she the seventh? As I was wondering, I noticed a card stuck behind the door close button. I took it and read it. The message couldn't be any simpler:

"She's not."

That decided it.

'What is it?' Lyla asked.

'Nothing. So, to tell the truth, yes. That's our secret. We are a bunch of broke businessmen. I was the company's system administrator.'

'Wouldn't ever think of it.'

'Well, that's truth. I think you better catch up with the other college guys. Things are pretty messed up around the lower decks.'

This wasn't exactly the answer she expected.

'Don't you come?'

'No, I can't. I still have things to do here.'

She didn't even say goodbye. She just slowly turned around and walked away, with a surprised disappointment on her face. She looked back a few times and when she was far enough I closed the gate. When I turned back to the others it seemed they also weren't expecting this kind of last farewell.

'What was that all about?' Ben asked.

'I was wondering the same. Did she really fell for your stupid story? I thought she was smarter than that.'

Ben cast a pitying look at me.

'That's not what I meant. For a moment, I thought you ask her to come with us.'

'For a moment, me too.'

'What happened?'

'She's not on the passenger's list.'

'About that,' Jenny interrupted. 'I'm getting a bit confused about your background story myself. Am I really a passenger or you've just freed me to be your flatmate?'

'Of course! you're definitely a passenger.' Ben said confidently. 'But I was rather hoping for crew member. Piotr, care to show our real engine?'

'With pleasure,' he smiled and opened the Cellar.

First Jenny gave him a weird look, but when she looked down in the hole for a moment it seemed like she was shining. She ran down the stairs excitedly and we slowly followed her. When we caught up with her she was staring at the console enthusiastically. And although she hadn't seen one before in her life she said:

'You've got a living TARDIS.'

'Indeed we do,' Ben said and asked the big question. 'Do you know how to control it?'

'I have no idea,' Jenny said but she kept smiling.

'What?' that was all Ben could say in his disappointment. 'How so? You're a Time Lord, you're the Doctor's daughter. You're supposed to know how to fly this thing.'

'Yes I am, but my birth wasn't exactly the usual type.'

'Oh, bollocks! And I thought I will drink beer on my comfortable sofa tonight.'

'Don't give up just yet,' Frank said, 'as you can see a lot more gadgets has turned on than before and look. Everything seems to be brighter in here. So the real question is,' he turned to Jenny, 'do you still want to come with us?'

'Wouldn't miss it for the world!'

'Welcome to the crew!'

'In the end, we told her about our humble life in space and time and surprisingly she still wanted to come along and offered her help.'

And that was the end of Sam's speech on Jenny's rescue as he and Amy stepped into the Cellar control room with bottles of wine in their hands.

'And I guess that's the end of the story.'

'Not quite,' Sam said and stepped to the console.

'Something is still not right,' Ben said frowning.

'What is?' I asked hoping.

'That bastard Nasty Joe. Hit set me up.'

'And?' I just couldn't wait for him to say it.

'We still got a day till the jump. Sod it! Let's nick the jukebox!'

'And, just as collateral damage, everything with high enough alcohol percentage,' Piotr added.

'That's just natural.'

I happily whispered to Piotr and Frank.

'I told you. Two birds with one shot.'

'When we got back to the Green Roof we only found Nasty Joe, tied to the counter. We've totally emptied the place,' Sam was smiling as he recalled the events. 'So, there we were. [Six rat rovers](#).'

He hit a button on the console and the room got filled with a song, which by chance had the same title. As soon as the music started, Sam grabbed Amy and danced with her around the column. But when the violin solo started Amy stopped.

'Wait, wait!'

'What?'

'We're going to need a new song.'

'Do we?'

'It's seven of us now,' she smiled

'Good answer!'

After that, they kept on dancing all along the night. And they were so drunk they didn't even notice the counter reached zero and the Shark left no man's land so its crew can head for new adventures.

And the worst hangover of their life.

Epilogue

When the gang went back to the Green Roof they found Nasty Joe tied to the counter and with tape on his mouth. He tried to indicate that he would leave now, but Torchwood-4 just ignored him and started to fully pack a cart with all the booze they've found and stood the jukebox on another cart. Only when they were leaving, they noticed that there was one guest left, standing at a high table, drinking a glass of wine.

The team was in such a hurry that they didn't even notice it was a genuine bottle, filled with actual wine made of actual grapes, in front of the girl who had hair like flames. Sam was the last to leave the pub. He turned back once more to say farewell to their beloved place when the girl accosted him.

'You've made quite a mess!' she said.

'Excuse me?' Sam slowly walked to her table.

'Nothing will ever be the same on this ship. Thanks to your brilliant plan.'

'What do you mean? Who are you?'

'Doesn't matter. What matters is that UNIT will never be strong enough to keep this society together. This country will fall apart long before it can reach its destination.'

Sam was smiling as he listened to this prophecy but in fact, he was totally confused.

'What makes you think these would happen? And mostly, how do you know I've got anything to do with this riot out there?'

'Let's not go into that. You shall go before you miss your flight.'

Sam slowly backed out from the pub and kept staring at the girl with that wondering half-smile on his face. He felt so bewitched he accidentally bumped into a guy entering the room.

'Sorry!' he muttered to the man in a hat and the big collar covering his face.

Finally, Sam swung out the door saying farewell to the ginger girl.

'Goodbye, number seven!'

When he was gone the arriving man took off his hat and bowed down his collar. He was also Sam. He strode to the table picked up the bottle and drank half of its content.

'It's done. I've delivered your card, so you could gloat for a younger me. After all these years, meeting myself is still the creepiest thing about time travel.'

'You deserved it. Look around what you've done.'

'Yes. And without it this country would never get home,' Sam replied annoyed. 'Guess what. I've checked the history books at the Lunar University. And what have I found? This ship will reach Earth tomorrow.'

If we don't screw up the system in place here, the Doctor would have never come here. By the way, where is he?

'Around here somewhere.'

Suddenly, strong and vivid drumbeat filled the room then clapping of shoes on the plastic-wooden floor, but it wasn't really in sync with the drums. The Doctor danced in from behind the bar.

'You're a Time Lord already. Don't try to be the [Lord of Dance](#) as well.' Amy said when he saw the alien's irregular steps.

'I wanted to say something similar, but I think you would have found a clever insult for me. And I prefer [this version](#).'

Sam took a device from his pocket and pointed at the loudspeaker. When he activated it, a sound could be heard exactly like a sonic screwdriver's, then the folk instruments got changed to distorted guitars.

'If you carry on like this, I've got worse than just empty insults for you.'

'I can imagine. But we listen to this version. If you wouldn't have shout out loud that the map is worthless, we wouldn't have found Sir James and his minions aboard our ship.'

'Oi, boys don't start bickering again,' Amy tried to stop them.

'Right. Good point,' the Doctor said. 'We should rather bring these people home.'

'Fair enough. We shall give them a lift before your face gets onto that board.'

Sam agreed and threw a dart at the board. Right in the middle of the Doctor's current face.

'What the hell?'

'Did you put that there?' the Doctor asked Sam looking at the board.

'I swear I didn't.'

'Are you sure?'

'No! While I was climbing through the engineering deck in the middle of the riot, I had time to pull pranks,' Sam retorted with sarcasm. 'Of course, I'm sure.'

'Then how did it get there?' Amy wondered.

'This could mean one thing,' the Doctor became a bit more cheerful. 'Our little changes are finally taking effect.'