

" Typical. Just typical," thought Tegan. " We land somewhere, it looks nice, and then everything that could possibly go wrong does. The Doctor goes off to fix something and Turlough goes off to — do whatever he does. Meanwhile, I'm left to get caught or deal with the consequences."

The TARDIS landed on Dina-7, a humanoid colony ravaged by toxic storms. Thankfully, the original settlers thought ahead and had escape pods ready, in case anyone needed to leave. This , however, proved to not be as simple as expected; the pods barely contained the fuel necessary or proper landing gear to depart. While the Doctor worked on a solution, Tegan was put in charge of checking each pod for any emergency supplies. Only one more left to check, which unfortunately had a malfunctioning door and a defective cooling system. She felt the sweat already starting to form.

"Doctor, if I ever get out of this," she thought, looking around for any kind of clue. "I'm going to murder you."

Several minutes of searching only came up with the packet of food and supplies she'd found already, and an array of buttons on one wall she'd initially missed.

" Rabbits! Please let one of these be a call button" She prayed, hitting each one as hard as she could. Until she saw it: the last button with large letter underneath declaring it "Emergency Comm."

Pressing it once yielded silence, twice yielded a snowstorm of static noise. The third time, something unexpected happened.

" Professor, I've got this one--- are you?" came a voice that sounded somewhere between a woman and a teenage boy.

Tegan gave a small sigh, pressing the button again. " I'm in this broken down pod. You don't know how glad I am to hear you."

" -- on the fritz. Only getting half of that, but the Professor says -- co-ordinates. Could be a little while till-- stay on the comm."

Tegan frowned. " Fine. And if you see a particular Time Lord or ginger alien, tell them thanks for leaving me here!"

The comm crackled and buzzed for a minute.

" Alright, the Professor thinks he knows where you are now. I'm coming. I'm Ace , by the way."

"Tegan Jovanka."

Fifteen minutes, or what felt like it, passed. Tegan held down the comm button just in case anything changed. She let go only to let her hand rest and mop the sweat before--

BOOM!

Tegan watched, mouth open , as the door to the pod collapsed into a pile of rubble. As the smoke cleared,

Tegan looked over to see a teenage girl dressed in a leather jacket, holding a backpack.

"Sorry it took a bit longer, the Professor ran into someone he knew. Blond guy dressed for cricket. They're still arguing."

Tegan in that moment wasn't sure if she wanted to laugh or roll her eyes. "You're Ace?" she asked, trying hard to hide any disbelief in her voice. "And how did you do that?"

Ace grinned. "Simple, a bit of Nitro-Nine. Works on almost anything." She motioned for Tegan to follow her. "Want to see if those two have blown each other up yet?"

Tegan laughed. "Anything's better than being trapped in there all day."