

## Sounds of the Past

A black BMW parked in front of an abandoned factory on the outskirts of town. The man inside looked at the clock which read 3:45 am, he was early. He nervously opened the glove compartment containing the gun and quickly closed it, then pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and lit one with a trembling hand. The minutes dragged on like hours, and his anxiety grew with each passing minute. He rolled down the window just enough to let in some fresh air, then saw the lights of another car approaching in the distance. He threw the cigarette out the window and took the gun out of the compartment, putting it in his jacket, then took the folder from the passenger seat and got out of the car. A black SUV parked not far from his car, from which two men got out and approached him with a rather relaxed step.

"This is everything I have" he passed the folder to one of the men

He took the folder without a word and just passed it to the other man who immediately opened it

"It's all here" he said closing it

"Now about our agreement..." the man nervously said but before he even finished the sentence the other man pulled a weapon out shooting him point blank. His body fell on the ground and the two men turned around waking away.

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"Oi...Step back...you're stepping over my evidence!" the young woman walked out of the car and rushed across the gravel

"Who are they?" police officer commented to his colleague seeing four black SUV-s parking up not far from them

"Oh fuck..." he rolled his eyes "We didn't touch it" he said as the woman approached them

"Morning Dave" she smiled passing them by and wiped out a silver sharpie looking contraption out of her leather jacket zooming with it around the area then looked at the readings on it

"What is she doing?" one of the police officers asked his colleague confused and the other one just shrugged his shoulders

"Hmmm...that's odd" she walked around the body then crouched down zooming the contraption over the body and looked at the readings again "Who found it?"

"A security"

"Not much of a security" she commented

In a mean time the rest of the people who came with her secured the whole area closing it down.

"Did you take a statement?"

"Yes" he passed her the notes "...He didn't see anything till the morning when he saw the car. Thought some kids are messing around"

The woman poked her finger into a green glowing residue on a man's body smelling it and rubbing it between her fingers

"That looks alien" Dave said

"Don't be stupid, there's no aliens in Sheffield" the other one responded

"You sure about that?" the woman raised her eyebrow smiling and got up "Well, thank you...we will take it from here" she said getting up

"Right...well...we're off" Dave said "...I've seen enough for this morning I need a coffee"

"See ya" she waived

"Who's she? You know her?" the policemen asked his colleague as they were leaving

"Yasmin Khan...formal PC Yasmin Khan...we used to work together now she works for them" he pointed to the cars

"And who are they?"

"UNIT"

"What's UNIT?"

"Trouble" he said shortly

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"Soo?" a man approached

"Anatrox" she said "Poor thing...stood no chance. At least his family is safe" she said

"His husband said they threatened them for months"

"Anatrox are not violent...They are pacifist " she said "He had a gun but he was never gonna use it...it has no bullets"

"Shit"

"But we have a bigger problem. They have all the data. I need to get back to the office" she said taking a phone out

"Alright, we're gonna pack it all up"

"See ya" she said walking away

"Hey Yaz"

"Yes?" she turned around

"What about that drink?"

"Told ya about that...come oon" she frowned

"You're wasting your life Khan" he yelled smiling

She walked off rolling her eyes laughing.

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Yaz grabbed the phone shutting off morning alarm leisurely before moving a woman's arm that was draped across her waist and got up. She dressed quickly and left the flat after a fast shower. The car was already parked in front of the building waiting for her

"Morning" the woman smiled from the car

"Morning" Yaz smiled back opening the door

"Got you coffee" she lifted the Costa cup smiling

"Oh, that's brilliant...thanks for that" she smiled sitting down

"Soooo?" the woman grinned

"Whaaaa?" Yaz frowned taking the sip of coffee

The woman nodded towards the building

"Noo" Yaz shook her head

"Yaaaaz!" she frowned deflated

"Don't"

"Come oon..."

"Sandy...Please don't"

"Look...none of my business if one night stands make you happy...go for it...But I know you for three years now...This is not making you happy honey"

"I am happy"

"Right" she made a face sipping her coffee "If you say so...You're worth more than just a quick shag...just saying"

"Can I drive?" Yaz asked

"Go ahead...I still need to wake up...I'm dying"

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"There was a residue on him that my sonic picked up" Yaz said "...it indicates he was travelling back to Doongoon. The minerals on his shoes and his clothes can only be found there" she said standing next to autopsy table reading the report

"Maybe it has something to do with all the information his was gathering" Martha said

"Maybe...he was a wanted man I can't see him going back home unless he was forced to do it"

"There's something else I found...look" she turned his head to the side and showing her a tiny tattoo at the back of man's neck in a shape of several circles' different sizes and a line which went right through them "It was hidden underneath his hair I had to shave this bit"

"It reminds me of something I've seen...just can't place in my brain" Yaz frowned confused "Do you have a photo of that?...I wanna run it through the database"

"Yeah...I'll send it to you...looks like planets...You know how they draw solar system sometimes?" Martha said

"Yees!!! You might be right...oh well, I'm sure it's something...I mean it definitely is...Everything is something" Yaz said

Martha laughed "Yeah everything is something Yaz" she shook her head chuckling "You still up for the drink tonight?"

"Definitely...I'll need it cause I can just see myself working over the weekend...We have to find that train"

"I mean how hard can it be to find a train" Martha shook her head bending over the man examining every inch of his body "You'd think with all the resources we have...."

"Hard when you're looking for one that looks exactly like any other passenger train accept this one can destroy the whole hemisphere" Yaz said leaning her hip on the table "Sometimes I wish I could just..." her eyes wondered off, fixing on some random point in a room

Martha looked up at her for a moment, she restrained herself from commenting and just picked up a camera to take photos of the body

"Anyways..." Yaz snapped out "thanks for that...I'm gonna get on with stuff...so seven?"

"Yeah...want me to pick you up?"

"Alright...thanks babe...see ya"

"See ya...I'll send you the photos"

"Can't wait" Yaz winked from the door laughing

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She was going through the numerous images resembling the tattoo on a man's neck. The program was running for hours now, and she was getting bored eating leftover of her sandwich picking the tomatoes out of it throwing them on a paper wrapping on her desk.

"You should really go home you know" a familiar voice calmly said behind her back

"Heey..." she smiled turning around "I will..."

The woman sat next to her "You're doing well Yaz.... you don't need to sleep here"

She chuckled "Maybe I like it...it's prettier than my apartment"

"Should I just have them move your things...we've got a spare room at the back"

"That's a good idea" she giggled

"Seriously Yaz...go..."

"What about this?" She pointed to the computer

"Let it run...you're gonna know when it's done anyway" she got up and put her hand on her shoulder "I'm off" she said leaving the room

"Hey Kate...wanna go for a drink with Martha and me?"

"Thank you, but I'm gonna pass it this time. I haven't been home in three days"

"I think you need a room here more than I do" she laughed

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"This was a good choice" Martha said looking around the cozy wine bar

Their table was right by the window, and she loved the cozy industrial atmosphere. Some pipes on the ceiling, the oval shape of the bar randomly decorated with valves and bolts and nuts accompanied with dimmed lights above the bar reminded her of Tardis for a second.

"You alright?" Yaz asked seeing her drifting

"Yeah...just sometimes...little things I see you know..."

"Yeah...I know" Yaz said squeezing a glass "Hey...you were right you know...it is solar system...just not ours..."

"Really? Cool...where?"

"It's strange really.... it's not his either...it's a constellation of Halifax 357. It's starting to make sense"

"How so?"

"Well did little bit more digging just before I left the office. It's connected to Halifax 359. Its the moon where they've built massive facilities producing sonic bombs and chemicals forbidden in most of civilized universe. And that tattoo is...well...ID card for the workers...And I'm not just talking about low level factory floor workers I'm talking about high level security sector"

"Little bit more digging?" Martha laughed "Bloody hell Yaz...when did you manage to do all that?"

"Might have used few tricks..." she giggled sipping on her drink

"Did you sonic UNIT?" she laughed

"Maybe" she pissed herself laughing

"Yaaaaz!!!.... Kate will kill you...You know what she said about that.."

"Well...she wants us to find that train.... right?"

"She does...without us hacking into UNIT" she laughed "I still can't believe you managed to make that thing"

"Neither do I" she laughed

"But what's really bugging me" Martha said "...and it's really bugging me.....why would Anatrox work at the weapons factory....Makes no sense...."

"Exactly....they're pacifist...So many questions..."

Martha sank into her chair. She enjoyed working with Yaz more than anyone else she had ever met. They got along not only as colleagues, but also as friends, and there wasn't much they didn't know about each

other after three years together. But there was something familiar about Yaz underneath her energy and eagerness, she couldn't help but feel despair and loneliness, which echoed with a familiar tone.

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Yaz unlocked the door and threw the keys on the small dresser by the door, threw her boots in the corner and then went into the bedroom. She took off her clothes and took a quick shower, put on a clean pair of knickers, and lazily pulled the duvet slipping underneath it. She lay in the darkness of her room and ran her fingers over her upper arm, then squeezed it lightly.

"Don't say anything" she said quietly

A familiar hand brushed lightly over her shoulder, image glitching as usual, impalpable as usual. Scent she could only strive to recall as it faded from her memory. She could recall what it was like to feel her touch if she closed her eyes, but she was grateful with what she had.

"Just hold me" Yaz said and rolled around.

Hazel eyes looking back at her softly and glitching hand wrapping around her face "Always" she said softly

Yaz moved snuggling into nothing as she hummed some Gallifreyan song in her ear until she fell asleep.

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