

In between

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Kapitel 1: The story so far

Born on the 6th of novembre, little Calvin Cat looked at the bright light of the sun and screamed. The sun was too bright for newborn-eyes and he was ripped out of a total comfortable environment. No wonder, that he screamed in pain and protest.

Granted, he immediately fell silent, when he saw his parents, but the already six years old brother of his, Richard Nathaniel Cat II. made him scream again, because he looked at him pretty distasteful. The middlechild brother, Bradley, smiled at him, so the newborn giggled and cuddled against his mother.

Well, his eldest brother, Rick 2, like he liked to call him, didn't like him, as much as the rest of the family did

Well, things changed, when little Cal was six years old and found himself being surrounded by a gang of Teenagers, who wanted to have some fun with him – meaning they wanted nothing more and nothing less but beat poor Cal up pretty badley. But the soon to be journalist had luck. He survived the beating with only a black eye, because Rick 2 and Severus appeared to the rescue.

When the teenagers were gone, Severus and Rick turned around to Cal and then they told him, that he had to defend himself.

"Defend?", asked the little boy and his bigger brothers nodded seriously, "We are gonna train you."

Oh boy, that was a training. He was really put to the test – endurance, persistance, fighting techniques, who were taught by his father, but then again and being caring – that was taught by his mother.

Riding, getting some muscle to his arm, gentleman behaviour – all this was also part of his training to become an officer. And when his training was completed, his father told him: "Go to San Francisco. Make us proud."

Weeping tears, he and his mother parted, he waved good bye to his father and his brothers, who smiled at him and mouthed "Good luck.". Then, he entered the train and went to San Francisco.

Put to a hard test, if he was ever allowed to enroll at the academy, was one thing for him, learning, that he didn't pass the test, was another. He became so frustrated, that he went to a bar, in the hope, to get really, really drunk.

Instead he met a reporter – a young woman, who he was talking to the whole evening. And after they parted, he had a new dream. Becoming a journalist.

This girl was named "Agatha Silverbird", and if you compare Cal to Clark, she was his Lois – investigative, a tough cookie, and a festival for sore eyes. But on one day, they both investigated a bit too much.

It was that day, when the Daleks and the Cyberman invaded Earth. Agatha and Cal were on the road and – well, there was that Dalek. This made Cal and Agatha curious and immediately-knowing, that this thing was not a good one, they hid behind a trash barrel.

That was their first encounter with alien species – the other one was, when the 456 arrived.

Remember? All children screaming at first and then exclaiming “We are coming”? Yes, Cal and Agatha were investigating this one, too. And they got a pretty big lead – essentially, that one, that was given the entire world. And so, they travelled to Great Britain – again.

Living in their old apartment from the Dalek Experience, they tried to uncover, what was to uncover – but some sinister beings didn’t want them to, so they tried to silence them.

While they were driving, a black SUV pulled over, and a sedating arrow hit Agatha’s neck. She slumped against the steering wheel, crashing the car into the Thames.

Agatha survived the crash, Cal didn’t. Not that he died, no – his template broke. He activated the fob-watch, he had been carrying all around since years without a good reason why and – ceased to exist.

His real personality, the “Captain” took over. He resurfaced, as his body and the body of his girlfriend resurfaced the waters of the Thames.

As Agatha opened her eyes, she saw a person who was looking at her, smiling a bit like in love, but acting completely different than Cal once did.

So, she asked him, what was wrong and Cal started to explain.

“I was born on a planet called Gallifrey – at least 900 years into your past, dear Agatha. Oh, I hate to say that to you, but – erm – Cal is dead. Don’t look at me that shocked, I am not an alien, who took over his body, I am just an extraterrestrial, who needed to create a different personality, to – well, don’t ask me, why. I have no idea. As a matter of fact, I don’t remember this much at all. I just remember, that I am a time lord – that is some sort of time traveller, and that I am normally travelling with another person, who should have taken care of me, but – this person seemed to have disappeared.

Agatha smiled at him, gave him a kiss and said: “No, you big dumbo – I am your companion.”

“You are?”

“Yes.”, she answered and explained the things, he told her.

He was born on Gallifrey, that was correct. But as he was a very secretive person, he just told her that. And that he was a time traveller in his nice black car. He used to call it “better than the blue box of that doctor”, then he was smiling, but she never got the punch line of that joke. Just as she wanted to explain things further, that black SUV reappeared, and this time the people inside were not out there for playing. Emptying two full magazines into the captain’s body, the man fell to ground, dead.

Agatha took a bullet into her shoulder, falling back into the Thames, and as she resurfaced, the people, who tried to kill her, had vanished.

Then she went to the corpse of her beloved boyfriend, shaking her head and waited.

Kapitel 2: Now

From the bridge, shots were yelling. He heard the painful moans of Agatha, his heart beating and pumping like it was a lokomotive from hell. Calvin Nathan Cat felt, that he was hit - not just in the shoulder, like his girlfriend, the beautiful Agatha Silverbird, who stumbled back into the water of the river Thames - no, he felt the bullets piercing his complete body. Whoever shot there, was thoroughly, that was for sure. Then a bullet entered his heart, he sensed that immediately and didn't have the time to stumble, he just fell on his back. His heart – wait a second, he could feel that he had a second one.

What was...

Like he said, whoever shot there, was thouroughly – he could just see a red dot (a laser pointing device, as he thought) that wandered over his body and reached the position of his second heart. Again he felt the pain – a silver-white, blinding pain took over his body and he sceamed.

Or he would like to scream, but he couldn't. He was unable to gasp, just producing funny sounding noises, then, he blacked out.

Or died – how ever you want to put it.

But, the funny thing was – he didn't feel like he was dying. He just felt, that something was completed. A certain chapter of his life just ended, but not his life in its complete glory.

Or unglory – but that is however you want to see it.

He opened his eyes, feeling that his body was tingling with energy.

What was that?

A certain part of his mind – the "Captain", as he brought himself to mind – was calming the template Calvin Nathan Cat, that everything would turn out fine.

He looked at his left hand – it was glowing in a calming yellow.

What was that?

And without any warning, he erupted out of himself. Energy – pure energy – shot out of his body, in light speed. He felt the pain of every cell in his body dying and regenerating, gritted his teeth and felt like his body was burning and his bones melting.

It was like hell. The pain was unbearable – his senses whitened out.

But then, it was over.

Breathing heavily, he blinked and saw hypnotizing green eyes in front of himself.

Now he became aware of the warm sensousness that engulfed him – Agathas presence.

He looked at her, exclaiming: "I just got shot – for real!"

His girlfriend stayed matter of factly: "you just regenerated."

Saying that, smilingly, she started a conversation, that was stuff for a good old screwball comedy out of the thirties, he liked to watch:

"Regenerated?"

"You told me about it – when your body dies, you can activate certain cells, so that..."

"I got it, I got it – I tricked the death."
She smirked: "You could say that."
"But I still can't remember."
"It will come, in time."

So, it would come in time.
Of course.

Cal looked at her, shaking his head in slight disbelief and mild disapproval of his situation.

"I think, I just look like John Steed in the intro of 'The Avengers', when Emma shoots the cork of the champagne bottle just away.", he thought smilingly.

With sparkling eyes, he rose, looked down at his body. "Oh my god. I look like a zombie.", he moaned, "I think, we have to buy new clothes."

Agatha shook her head, giving him a long kiss. The Captain and Cal – both personalities – sighed and gave in. He pressed himself at her, feeling her body against his, tongue duelling, and they let go, just before he thought he would pass out of anoxia – or just plain "oxygen deficit".

Smiling, Cal looked at her: "What exactly was this for?"

Agatha tilted her head.

"Well", she said, "Now that I am back to 'companion'-status, I just wanted to do that, before you became aware, that I was not supposed to do so."

Yes of course – the doctor, whoever he was, did not involve with his companions, he was traveling with. Obviously, timelords didn't do something like that.

But, as he looked at Agatha, remembered this kiss, the feeling of their bodies pressed against each other and the nice nights his template and Agatha spent with each other, he smirked: "You know what – screw that rule!"

He took her by her hand, gave her another kiss and pointed at the streets: "Well, I remember a black sports-car. What would that be?"

She smiled: "Your TARDIS."

"What is a Tardis?"

"You called it 'Time and relative dimension in space'.", his companion-lover said and Cal/Captain tilted his head: "My time-and-space-ship?"

Noddingly she said: "You could call it like that, Captain."

"Honey, call me Cal.", he offered and she nodded, blushing.

They looked around at the streets – were looking for his black sports car and after a few hours of searching, they found it.

The sports car was really black, had a red light bar in front of the hood, that made swooshing sounds, and a blue registration number, spelling T.A.R.D.I.S.

"Captain" Cal rose his left eyebrow and Agatha looked at him, a hearty laugh, making her body wriggle. He turned at her and rose the other eyebrow: "What is so funny, dear?"

"You just look like – you."

Confused, Cal furrowed his brows: "I most certainly hope so, honey!"

"No, I meant, you look like the Captain, when he tinks about something."

"Darling, I am 'The Captain', I just don't remember anything about me.", he pointed out and she rolled her eyes, amused, annoyed.

"I know, I am your companion, remember?"

"And my bedmate!", Cal added and she smirked: "We'll see about that. Perhaps, you don't want me after you are returned yourself back to silly old Captain."

The Captain / Cal tilted his head: "Why would I do something that stupid?"

"Because of the rules."

"Screw the rules.", he said and wanted to say something else, as his TARDIS-Car started to honk.

"What is now?"

Agatha shrugged: "I don't know. Let's have a look."

She ran to the car door, opened it and Cal opened the passenger door.

When he entered, he was flabbergasted.

Outside, it was a Transam sports car, looking like – like K.I.T.T. from the old Knight Rider Series, but inside it was – much bigger.

Agatha came through another door: "Ah, there you are. I had to go through the whole ship, left at the church, the swimming pool and the bedroom."

She looked at him: "Are you okay, Captain?"

"It – it's bigger on the inside...", he stuttered and she smiled: "Yes, I remember to utter that line, too."

Then, her facial expression changed. It had been an expression out of love, but now it changed to worry.

"Oh, just – when we are at this point, I have to tell you something important.", she started out of the blue and then – he felt dizzy.

He had no idea, what she would be talking about, or why he felt dizzy, but suddenly his vision blurred and he stared at someones back.

Kapitel 3: the future

O tempora, o mores.

He was really into some problems, here.

How exactly did he turn out to land here, in this strange machine?

The only thing, Cal just wanted to do, was to adjust some annoying, beeping alarm in his strange sports car, that looked bigger on the inside, then on the outside. That was every thing, he just wanted to do, but as he pushed that stupid button, he - well, he must have passed out, that was the only reasonal explanation for those things happening around him.

Suddenly the alert was much more annoying and he saw a beautiful woman, who was everybody but not his Agatha.

Somehow, in his deepest thoughts, a voice warned him about that sensual person, tried to scream, that he was in danger, but - as he looked at her, he couldn`t imagine being into any sorts of trouble.

He cleaned his throat, approached her and said: "Excuse me, could you please help me? I seem to have lost my original ... thing I was travelling with. It is like a sports car from the company Trans-am, but way bigger on the inside, than on the outside. I don?t suppose, you know, where I could find it?"

Curiously he looked around, smirking: "Oh, and when we are just at the topic - where am I? And who are you?"

Than his smiling vanished and he rolled with his eyes: "Oh, my manners, my manners - I am Calvin Nathan Cat, but anyone calls me Cal."

With that he stretched his hand out - just to shake hers, to greet her and to see, what she was up to, how she got here, how he got here, and where here was.