

A Moment in Time

A UFO Short Story

Written by Matthew R. White

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Based on the Characters and series created by
Gerry Anderson

A look at the end of the episode, *Timelash*, from
Straker's point of view

Timelash was written by Terence Feely



The alien craft reeled from the rocket that had impacted it on the side, and it wobbled like a

child's toy as it struggled to climb away from the studio. The man who had fired the missile looked over the viewfinder and watched the craft climb out of sight.

He lowered his weapon and dashed to the side of his fallen companion as she lay motionless on the rooftop. She wasn't breathing, and he knew that she had either succumbed to the alien force, or, she had been killed by the blow to the back of the head, *Please, God, don't let it be so...*

Strands of her ash blonde locks floated in the wind and he reached out and gently caressed her hair. He looked out over the studio grounds, seeing that everything was still frozen in time. *Forgive me, my friend, my...*, he thought, as he sprang from his crouched position.

As he dashed back to the hidden elevator, and descended into the hidden base, he briefly considered his feelings for his fallen comrade, feelings they had shared on the way to the studio. And suddenly, at a moment of

transition, they were thrust into another crisis. He forced his thoughts away from her and focused on the task at hand.

Stepping off the elevator, he dashed into the shipping and receiving section, finding what he was looking for, a heavy crowbar. Hefting the metal tool, he racked his brain, *where would he have hidden it?* He remembered the radar console that was being worked on when he left for the airport. *That has to be it...*

Running for all he was worth he entered the control room. Everyone was still frozen, like statues in a wax museum. Using both hands, he swung the metal crowbar into the radar display, striking it with two quick blows. Sparks flew from the damaged equipment and the room came to life, but he didn't stop there, instead running to one of the tall tape drive units and tearing into it with the crowbar.

He heard a familiar voice, next to him, but he couldn't stop. Too much was at stake. He

pushed the man aside like a toy doll and pulled one of the heavy cabinets from the wall and upended it. More sparks and flames added to the macabre setting. Two more men tried to stop him but he pushed them aside with ease and dashed down the stairway and into the corridor.

In the office/elevator, he formulated a plan. He had to see for himself if everything is back to normal. When the door opened, he recognized his executive secretary.

“Commander Straker,” she said, obviously surprised to see him. “Where did you come from?”

“Nobody is to come through that door!” he said, in his sharpest command voice. “Nobody! Understand?”

Before she could answer the commander tore out of the office.

Running down the hallway, he pushed two people aside and bolted towards the exit. Once outside, he saw the man on the hovercraft, smoking a cigar. Straker jumped him, knocking the unsuspecting man to the ground. Desperately, he checked the man's watch. It was just after six.

Ed set off for the studio carpentry shop. The two men working seemed surprised to see him.

“Mr. Straker? Can we help you with anything?”

Straker said nothing and dashed off, missing the shrug of the worker. He sets off to one of the sound stages. Ignoring the red light, he barged into the building, knocking over a light stand in the process.

“What's going on,” said the director, angry that the take was ruined. “What the blue...would you please be quiet? We're shooting!”

Straker ignored him and dashed back the way he came. Once outside, he ran towards the back lot.

“There he is, come on,” said a voice that Ed was sure he recognized. But he couldn’t stop, he needed to know.

In the back lot, Straker came across a miniature motor car that was running in a circle. In the vehicle, a SHADO operative was slumped over the side, his body riddled with bullets.

Straker took off in the direction of one of the office buildings and started climbing the ladder. He was halfway up when the group chasing him arrived.

“Ed!”

Straker stopped and looked at the man who had called him. Ed was at his wit’s end and he almost gave in. But, instead, he continued up the ladder. *I have to know if she is all right...*

Straker reached the top of the ladder and spotted Virginia Lake, still motionless on the top of the roof. He quickly dashed to her side, and gently rolled her on her back. He saw her chest rise as she inhaled. *She's alive, thank God,* he thought, as the men pursuing him approached.

The crash came at once, as the effects of the overdose and the mental strain surrounded his consciousness. He was unresisting, when the studio security men lifted him to his feet. His mind faded into itself as he felt himself mentally fall into the abyss. *It's over,* formed his last thoughts before his mind faded to black.

END