

Adric

REFLECTIONS



Castro-Alvarado - Adric

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ADRIC

by Deborah M. Walsh

An Elite.

Born of the mutated inhabitants of the Starliner,
Destined never to travel to Terradon.
Headstrong, petulant, childish,
But with a mind that rivalled even my own;
Surpassed it on occasion, and the Master saw its uses readily enough.
A prize, a gem, a rare and wonderful find.

A friend.

Stowed away while I wasn't looking,
More trouble than you were worth those first few days.
Loyal, quick, sometimes too much so,
But you were always there when I needed you.
Nyssa and Tegan will miss you.
Romana liked you, K-9 too.
I wonder how they're doing now?

A rascal.

I should have cuffed you,
Sent you to your room.
Toadying, conjuring, always with another card up your sleeve.
But that last card trumped, didn't it, Adric?
Never should have taken you out of the TARDIS, never left you on the bridge of
the freighter;
But even I have rules I must follow,
Laws I cannot break.
Even I cannot change the past.

A fool.

Those logic codes weren't so difficult, not for you,
But you missed the point, failed to see the correlation.
You needn't have stayed behind,
Needn't have risked everything, needn't have died.
It was all prearranged.
Just as the Marshmen must learn to read the logs,
Learn to stand as men, learn to pilot the Starliner.
Like your brother, you died trying to help people.
Varsh would have been proud of you, Adric.

So am I.