

The Romantic Adventures of
Sleeping Sarah
... and her journey through time

by Ruth D. Kerce



EPISODE GUIDE

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PREQUEL - Before It All Began

Setting: The Prom

"Hey, D.K., how'd you get roped into chaperoning? You're the last one I expected to see here."

D.K. turned to greet the high school coach. "Hey, Carl. Suzanne lassoed me after I spoke to her health class last week." His gaze travelled over the man's tight suit. "You look about as uncomfortable as I feel. When are you gonna lose those ten pounds?"

"Quit nagging me. You sound like my wife. Besides, it's not fat; it's muscle. Coaches aren't allowed fat."

D.K. chuckled. He took a sip of his punch and gazed around the gym, filled with high school seniors, attending their prom. The room was dim, decorated in red and white hearts and flowers, which reminded him more of valentine's day than a graduation dance.

His gaze settled on a blonde-haired young woman, slow dancing with her date -- she'd caught his eye several times tonight. Something about her drew him. Maybe the gold highlights in her hair. Her soft, pink lips. The swell of her breasts.

"That's Sarah Corday."

D.K. choked on his punch. He coughed and sputtered. Had he been that obvious? He glanced around nervously, wondering who else might have noticed. "What?" he croaked

out.

"That's her name," Carl answered with a smile.

"Whose name?" Maybe he could bluff his way out of the embarrassing situation.

"The girl you've been undressing with your eyes all night."

"I don't know what you're talking about," he lied, feeling his face flush. "Besides ... jail bait is not my style." And it wasn't ... usually. Sarah -- a lovely name. He liked it.

"Then you're in luck. She just turned 18 last month from what I understand. The boyfriend's a real boozier. Better keep an eye on him. I'll bet my last dollar he's got a bottle on him."

Panic struck D.K. He didn't know why it hit so hard, but it did. Cold fear ... for Sarah. He felt it creeping up his spine.

He knew he shouldn't stare, but he couldn't help it. She was so beautiful. Her blonde hair was swept up off her neck. The pale orchid dress she wore made her look like a delicate flower, ready to be picked. When her date kissed her neck, he stiffened, and a surge of jealousy rushed through him. This was crazy. He didn't even know her.

Even so ... he did know that touching her would be heaven.

Sarah's date pulled her toward the door. She struggled against him, but then relaxed and let him lead her out. D.K. had to follow. His gut instinct demanded it. "I've got to go, Carl. Give my apologies to Suzanne." He didn't even wait for Carl's answer, too intent was he on following Sarah. Protecting

Sarah.

The night breeze hit him in the face as he stepped out into the parking lot. "Where'd they go?" Squealing tires drew his attention. A Pinto sped past with Sarah in the passenger seat.

D.K. rushed to his car and sped after them, his fear for Sarah's safety increasing with each passing minute. Would he be doing this for any other girl who had been at the prom? He wondered.

"Slow down!" he shouted, looking at the speedometer. They were travelling way too fast. D.K. slowed to take a curve, hoping he wouldn't lose them. Another narrow turn approached ahead.

He lost sight of the Pinto as it careened around the curve. A sickening crash ripped through the air. Then silence.

EPISODE 1 - Wake Me When It's Over

Setting: The Old West (Cowboys)

Something mushy pressed against Sarah's cheek. She could feel the wetness from the ground seeping through her clothing. Where was she?

Memories began to filter back to her. That *dink!* She'd told him he was driving too fast. She'd been so excited about attending the senior prom, then HE had to go and ruin it by drinking. She'd insisted he either slow down or let her out of the car. That's when the hairpin curve sent the Pinto spinning out of control.

She eased her eyes open, and pushed herself into a sitting position. Darkness surrounded her. "Eric?" Where was he? She couldn't see the car. They'd wound up in the woods somewhere.

Sarah wiped at the dirt staining her dress. As she touched the material, she froze. Her prom dress! She wasn't wearing it. "What's going on?" Her head began to throb. She had on a dress, but it was made of some rough kind of material, certainly not the shimmering silk she'd had on earlier.

"Jesse, through here!" a man's voice shouted.

Sarah exhaled in relief, forgetting about her dress for the moment. She'd figure it out later. The important thing was that help had arrived. Probably the fire department. "I'm over here!" she called out to attract attention.

Two men pushed their way through the trees to the clearing where she sat. They both led horses and were dressed as if they'd just come off a ranch. Sarah smiled slightly. Not a sight she saw too often in New Jersey. But then, it took all kinds. They weren't firemen, but she wasn't about to complain. "I'm glad you found me. There should be a Pinto crashed around here somewhere ... and my boyfriend, Eric. We went off the road."

"Who the heck are you, lady? And what are you doing way out here?" one of the men asked, a surprised look on his face.

"Socialize later, Frank. We gotta get goin'. The sheriff's right behind us." He eyed Sarah. "Wait. Maybe we got ourselves a bargaining chip here." He grabbed Sarah's arm and pulled her up.

"Hey, take it easy. I've just been in a car accident, you know."

"There ain't no cart around here. No Pinto neither; not that I can see. This one's touched in the head, Jesse. What are you plannin' on doin' with her?"

A third man crashed through the trees, brandishing a pistol. "Hold it right there, boys. It's over. I'm taking you back."

Sarah gaped at the man with the silver star on his vest. He looked like he just stepped out of a t.v. western. His brown hat hooded his eyes, but the grim set of his lips conveyed his anger. His stance was one of a man expecting trouble. Her gaze travelled down his muscular form, from his collar-length chestnut hair, to the tattoo of a snake on the back of one hand, all the way down to his well-worn brown boots. And spurs! Why

did the theme to *Rawhide* suddenly start playing inside her head?

"Stay back, D.K., unless you want to see the little lady hurt." Jesse pointed his pistol at Sarah's head.

"Uh ..." She shifted uneasily. Her gaze darted to the man who had a hold of her. This was just too weird. Who were these people? "You're not here to rescue me, I take it."

"Let her go, Jesse. Talk some sense into your brother, Frank. You two are going to get caught eventually. Every lawman in the territory is looking for you. Why don't we all go back peaceably? Make things easy on everyone."

"Not a chance, D.K.," Jesse responded, a confident smile on his face. "Now back away. You don't want this filly hurt. And drop that gun. Now."

"All right. Take it easy." D.K. let the pistol slip from his hand, and stepped back. "No one needs to get hurt here."

Frank stepped up to confiscate the gun. "Let's go, Jesse!" He backed toward the trees.

Jesse's smile widened--an evil smile if there ever was one. He whacked Sarah on the head with the butt of his six-shooter and took off into the forest.

Pain seared through Sarah, and she crumpled to the ground. The last thing she remembered before losing consciousness was a pair of deep green eyes staring down at her in concern. "D.K.," she whispered, recognizing the lawman.

She raised a hand to touch his face. "If this is a dream, wake me when it's over."

EPISODE 2 - A Cure For What "Ale's" Me

Setting: Historical Scotland

"Here now, lass. Ye can't be lying in the alley. Off with yerself."

Sarah's eyes fluttered open. She glanced up into the face of an elderly man with the biggest red nose she'd ever seen. Not D.K., definitely. She sat up, glancing around. Where was she? She rubbed her sore head.

She'd been in a car accident; she remembered that much. Then some cowboys had assaulted her. Now she was in an alley--somewhere. What was going on? Had D.K. left her here? "Where am I?"

"Behind the Crow's Nest Tavern. Ye best be off 'fore the owner shows up. He'd like nothin' better'an to get his hands on another wench for his establishment."

Sarah pushed herself to her feet. Dang, it was cold! She looked down at her attire. What in the world was she wearing? The skirt covered enough skin, she supposed. But the top! It hung off her shoulders, barely covering her breasts. She tried to tug it up, but it wouldn't budge.

"This is the back of a tavern?" she asked the man standing beside her. Amnesia. Maybe that's what she had. But if she had amnesia, she wouldn't know who she was. Selective amnesia, that was it! Well, she'd find a phone, and call her father. He'd come get her.

"Aye, lass."

"Thank you." She started around the building with a purposeful stride. Where the heck was she? Everything looked so *old*. Raucous laughter caught her attention as she neared the front of the tavern. The door was open, so she stepped inside.

Goodness! The place looked right out of history.

The women serving drinks were dressed similar to herself. Several men grabbed for her as she headed toward the bar, but she side-stepped their outreached arms. "Excuse me?" she called to the bartender. "Where's your phone?"

The tall, muscular man turned at the sound of her voice. "Phone?"

Sarah gulped. The snake on the back of his hand drew her attention. Her gaze snapped up. The man's green eyes bored into her. "D.K.," she whispered.

"Aye." He cocked his head. "Do I know ye, lass?"

"I was the one in the woods ... from the car accident. You brought me here, didn't you?" She glanced around, her nerves stretched tight. Had this man abducted her? Her hands trembled as she pushed a stray lock of hair from her face.

D.K. walked around the bar. He grabbed her arm and led her over to a table. "Better sit down before ye fall. Feelin' ill?" He snapped his fingers and a woman rushed over with two tankards of ale. "Here, drink this. Are ye in trouble, lass?"

Sarah took a large swig of the dark ale. She coughed and spurted as the liquid burned her throat. Tears filled her eyes. "I want to go home. Please." Her bottom lip trembled. How had this happened to her?

"I'll help ye, lass?" He patted her hand. "Where do ye live? I'll get ye a carriage."

A carriage? The concern in his eyes touched her. But why was he speaking so strangely, and with an accent? She took another drink.

He lightly touched her cheek. "I can't help ye, if ye don't tell me how."

His touch felt so good against her skin, and she almost believed his words. He'd spoken in such a soft and understanding tone. What should she do? Should she trust D.K., or was he the source of her problems?

Her gaze fell upon a piece of paper on the table. It looked like an announcement printed on some sort of parchment. She took another drink and pulled the paper over to her, feigning interest, while she gathered her thoughts. Her eyes widened at the words she read--**Mary, Queen of Scots Beheaded**. She glanced around the room again. "What ... what year is this?" she asked hesitantly, a slight quiver in her voice. Her hand tightened around the tankard.

Laughter greeted her in response. "If ye need to know what year it is, ye've had enough to drink."

"Please, D.K.--tell me."

"1587. What year was ye thinkin' it was?"

Sarah jumped to her feet. Dizziness hit her full and hard. From what he'd told her? From the ale? She didn't know. Strong arms enveloped her as she fell. Then everything went dark and silent.

EPISODE 3 - It's A Bad Hair Day

Setting: Prehistoric Age

"Ye-ow!!" Sarah screeched, coming awake with a jolt. Her back thumped against the hard ground as she slid along in the dirt. Someone was dragging her by her hair! She tried to turn her head but couldn't. "Let go of me, you idiot! I'm not a sack of feed."

Whoever was dragging her stopped and let go. Her head banged to the ground. She cringed, but she managed to roll over and push herself to her feet. Her eyes widened. "D.K., what in the heck do you think you're doing?"

He simply stood staring at her, a strange look on his face.

Her eyes narrowed. "What are you dressed up as?" He had on a kind of furry covering -- like some caveman. She chuckled at the sight. He did have awfully nice legs though -- firm and powerful looking. Was that a wooden spear in his hand?

Dang! What was that smell? She looked down. It was her! She was dressed, like D.K., in some sort of fur thingy. And it had obviously not been washed in eons, if ever. "All right. What's going on? I ..." Wait. She remembered. She was somewhere else. The parchment! And D.K. was a bartender. He'd told her it was 1587. What the heck ...?

An ear-piercing screech ripped through the air, and a large shadow passed over them.

Sarah glanced up. Her mouth gaped, and terror filled her. A

gigantic flying monster!

D.K. grabbed her arm and pulled her inside a nearby cave. He pushed her down by a small pile of rocks.

Okay, she didn't really see what she saw. She didn't know *what* she saw, but whatever it was, she didn't see it. It was impossible. It took a few moments before her eyes adjusted to the darkness. That's when she noticed other men and women in the cave ... and children too. They were all dressed like her. Her head began to throb, and everything became hazy. No! She had to focus!

She'd been in a car accident. She remembered that. Then she'd come across a couple of brothers--Frank and Jesse--dressed in old western-type clothing. Frank and Jesse James? Then she'd been in either England or Scotland in 1587. She wasn't sure which. She was terrible at accents, and her knowledge of history was even worse. Now where was she? Some prehistoric nightmare.

That must be it, a nightmare. She was dreaming. But everything seemed so real. She could feel and smell--definitely smell, and what awful smells, too!

A man approached her. Geez! He was caked in dirt and who knows what else. He grunted something at her.

"Excuse me?" she asked, crinkling her nose and wishing he'd go as far away from her as possible.

He grunted again and snatched her up by the arm. He pulled her toward a small group of children on the other side of the cave.

Sarah kicked out at him. "Let me go!"

Out of nowhere, D.K. appeared. He shoved the man backwards, grunting angrily at him at the same time. He then turned and pulled Sarah back where she'd been. He plopped down on the ground, taking her with him.

He still had the same beautiful green eyes. Her gaze drifted down. The snake! It was on the back of his hand just like in her other two experiences--somewhat more primitive looking, but there nevertheless. Whatever was happening to her, *he* must be the key. Maybe she was dead, and this was some sort of trial period before getting into heaven. Maybe she had to relive her past lives.

"Do you remember me?" she asked him.

He reached out and fingered the delicate chain hanging around her neck.

Sarah touched it. Had she had it on throughout this whole ordeal? She couldn't remember. An idea struck her. She unclasped the small, silver heart and leaned forward to attach it around D.K.'s neck. "Keep it to remember me by." She'd probably see him again, so she wasn't worried about losing it.

D.K. lightly touched the heart. He laid down and pulled Sarah down beside him.

She stiffened when he gathered her into his arms and guided her head to his chest. She soon relaxed though, for the gentle strokes of his hand along her back soothed her troubled nerves.

Tomorrow. She'd figure all this out tomorrow. For now, she had to sleep.

EPISODE 4 - E.T., This Ain't

Setting: Alien Worlds

Geez, her back hurt. It felt like she was lying on a block of steel! Sarah opened her eyes. A glare of light assaulted her. She quickly squeezed her eyes shut again. Wherever the light had come from, it wasn't the sun. It had been artificial. She could tell that. She almost hated to see where she'd ended up this time.

Something metallic clanged, and her eyes popped back open. She squinted, searching the room for the odd sound. It looked like she was in a hospital, but it seemed more sterile than she'd ever remembered seeing one. She sighed in relief, though. All of this had indeed been a dream, and she'd finally woken up. It must have been one heck of a car accident. Where was the doctor?

She turned her head and came eyeball to eyeball with a small gray creature. "Ack!" She pushed away from it and tumbled off the opposite side of the table.

Two more Grays came up on either side of her. They helped her to her feet. For their size, they were extremely strong. Their large black eyes seemed to bore right through her. Sarah shivered.

"Steven Spielberg better be hiding around here somewhere, or I'm in real trouble," she muttered, glancing around the room. This definitely wasn't a hospital. She was still in whatever fantasy world she'd tumbled into after her accident. Her brow furrowed. Where was D.K.? At least his had always

been a familiar face in all this craziness.

The Grays pulled her out of the room and down a long corridor. Chambers with see-through doors lined each side. Sarah's eyes widened as they passed each one. Two "creatures" inhabited a chamber. Different creatures occupied each chamber. It reminded her of a zoo.

They stopped before an empty chamber, or at least it looked empty from her vantage point. One of the Grays punched in something on a control panel, and the light surrounding the portal faded. The other Gray shoved her inside. "Hey!" She protested the rough behavior. The light appeared around the door again, then the Grays disappeared from her sight. "Why did you put me in here?" she shouted after them.

"To mate with me," a deep voice answered. "Welcome to the menagerie."

Sarah spun toward the male sound. "D.K.!" She hesitated a moment, then flung herself into his arms. "I'm so glad to see you."

"Whoa, honey." He pushed her back. "You know me? How?"

Sighing, Sarah shook her head. "You don't remember." A glint around his neck caught her eye. Her necklace! He was wearing it! She grabbed onto the small silver heart. "Where did you get this?"

His hand closed over hers, and his brow furrowed. "I--I'm not sure."

The warmth of his skin against hers felt so comforting. The ever-present tattoo, his deep green eyes, his mere presence--all made her feel safer. "Think, D.K., you have to remember. Someone gave it to you. Do you remember that?"

"Yeah. A woman, I think."

"That's right!" Sarah exclaimed with excitement. "Who was the woman?"

He shook his head. "It's fuzzy. It was someone I cared about, I think. Someone special to me."

Sarah's heart pounded at his words, and her face flushed. She could tell him it was her, but maybe if he remembered on his own, he'd know her the next time they met. "Look at the inscription on the back." It had her name on it. But had she ever told him her name? She couldn't remember.

Before he could look, the light around the chamber door faded, drawing their attention. Two Grays entered. The same ones? No. These were taller.

She scooted closer to D.K., uneasiness building inside her. The Grays grabbed her arms and dragged her away from him.

"No! Let me go. D.K., don't let them take me! Please." She struggled against them, but it was useless. They were too strong for her.

D.K. moved forward. "Hey! Let her go." He lunged for one of the Grays, but then froze in his tracks, unable to move.

What had they done to him? He looked paralyzed. Sarah screeched as they dragged her from the chamber and back down to the sterile room she'd been in earlier. They strapped her to the table. "What are you going to do to me? What did you do to D.K.?" Her eyes widened as the longest needle she'd ever seen came at her. "Nooooo!!!!!!!"

EPISODE 5 - A Knight To Remember

Setting: Medieval Times

A clash of metal brought Sarah to her feet. She looked around for the Grays. They were gone. In fact, she wasn't in a spaceship, or an alien world, or wherever she'd been. She was in a glade.

Metal clashing drew her attention again. It sounded close.

She grabbed her cumbersome skirt--another strange outfit, she vaguely noted--and trudged up a small rise to look down into the valley below. Two men, in what looked a lot like tights, were sword fighting. Was it for real? She couldn't tell.

The man on the left drew her attention, and her eyes widened. "D.K.!"

At the sound of her voice, his head snapped in her direction. The distraction gave the other man the advantage, and he knocked D.K.'s sword away.

"No!" Sarah screamed. Fear gripped her for his safety. She raced toward him.

The other man tripped D.K., sending him sprawling to the ground with a hard thud. D.K. raised his hands in defeat, and his opponent backed off.

Both men turned to watch Sarah as she skidded to a halt. She lost her footing on the damp grass and plowed right into D.K.'s prone body.

He grunted. "What are you doing, woman?" He sat up and grabbed her arms, plopping her into a sitting position.

Sarah pulled away from him. "Saving you!"

Both men roared with laughter at the absurdity.

"Another village wench you've enchanted, my friend? What is your secret?"

"I have never seen this crazy woman before, Moran. This I swear. She is quite comely. I would remember."

Sarah sighed. If she had the courage, she'd check to see if he was wearing her necklace, but with the other man there ...

Her gaze was drawn to a tall castle in the distance. Some medieval time period? Knights in shining armor? She didn't see any armor, but they *had* been sword fighting.

"Leave us, Moran."

Moran cocked an eyebrow, then smiled. "Of course. I shall see you back at the castle. I will tell the others you have been ...," he stole a glance at Sarah, "... detained by more pressing matters." He chuckled.

"Yes," D.K. answered absently, staring at Sarah. "Much more pressing. Do not wait for me. Go on your quest. I will follow when I can."

"As you wish." Moran mounted his steed and rode off toward the castle.

Sarah worried about the look on D.K.'s face. It was more intense than she'd ever seen from him before. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking ... what took you so long to get here, Sarah?"

Her mouth gaped open. "You remember me?"

He reached out and stroked her cheek. "I remember you."

Relief washed through her, and tears brimmed over in her eyes. She clutched his hand in hers. "What's happening to me? Us?" Her eyes narrowed. "What do you mean, so long to get here? It was just a while--certainly no more than a few hours."

"It's been days, Sarah."

"Days? Oh, D.K., what's this all about? Are you following me through time, or am I following you? If you know, you have to tell me before I go completely insane. And how is it that you know people in all these different places?"

A loud roar caught their attention. A fully-armored man, astride a giant black horse, emerged from the trees. He charged right for them. "Death to all Normans!"

D.K. lunged for his sword, which was still lying on the ground.

Sarah scrambled to her feet. Without thinking, she rushed out in front of the horse, stopping it from trampling D.K. under its hooves. She heard D.K. yell her name. Then everything went black.

EPISODE 6 - Where The Buffalo Roam

Setting: The Old West (Indians)

The beating drums woke Sarah. Or was it her head that was pounding? How could she have been so stupid as to run out in front of a charging horse? But she hadn't been thinking. She'd just reacted.

Sensing someone standing over her, she eased her eyes open, afraid of what she would see. Her gaze travelled up a pair of thick, bare legs. A breechclout! Her gaze moved upward over a muscular, bare chest. Long, black hair hid the man's face in the darkness of wherever she was. The only light was from a fire burning low. An Indian. A warrior! "D.K.?" she asked hopefully.

He brought his hands to his chest, and Sarah gasped. No tattoo! "Uh ... where am I? Who are you? Do you know D.K.?"

"Strange white woman, you do nothing but sleep. Who is this D.K. you speak of? Dancing Knife?"

"I don't know." Sarah bit her bottom lip. "Maybe."

"I will get him. He visits from a camp not far from here. Perhaps he will understand your strangeness."

As the Indian left, Sarah sat up. She wrung her hands as she examined her surroundings ... and waited. She must be inside a tepee. What if Dancing Knife wasn't D.K.? He must be around here somewhere, though. Of course, she could always

just go back to sleep. A nervous giggle escaped her. "Am I destined to simply sleep my life away?"

"I do not know, Sarah. Are you?"

She turned abruptly. "D.K.! Goodness, look at you." He was dressed in leggings and a buckskin shirt. He appeared quite fierce with his piercing green eyes. His hair fell long and loose about his shoulders.

He crouched down next to her. "We have to leave this place. There is going to be a raid on the village. The soldiers are on their way. Scouts have reported back to the camp."

Sarah's eyes widened. "Oh, no." She scrambled to her feet. "Let's go!"

D.K. stood. "You belong to Winter Bear. I do not think he is just going to let you leave."

"Is he the one who was in here earlier? And why are you talking so stilted?"

"I do not know what you mean. And, yes, it was Winter Bear. He brought you into camp two days ago. You were unconscious. I will check the camp. Once everyone is busy preparing for the battle, I will come back for you. Do not go anywhere, and do not go to sleep."

"Okay." She grabbed his arm. "Just don't leave without me."

He stroked her cheek. "I will not leave you." He stepped away from her. "I will be back soon."

Sarah nodded as she watched him leave. Her nerves were stretched tight. What if they couldn't get away? She paced the tepee. Every sound made her jump. She hoped D.K. would return soon.

As time passed, Sarah became more and more fearful. Where was D.K.? Why hadn't he returned, like he said? Maybe he did leave her? Well, she couldn't stay there. She peeked out the flap of the tepee. The camp was bustling with activity. Now would be a good time to escape.

She slipped outside and circled around, hoping to stay out of sight. She glanced over her shoulder to make sure no one was following her. Distracted, she slammed into something tall and hard. Fear gripped her so strong, she couldn't even cry out.

"I told you to wait for me."

Relief washed through her as she turned toward the man. "D.K., where have you been?"

"It does not matter. We must go." He grabbed her hand and pulled her into the forest.

They walked for what seemed an eternity. "Stop," Sarah finally implored. "I can't go any further. Can't we stop for the night? It's well after dark."

"We can rest. But I am not building a fire. I do not want the soldiers to see it."

"But it's so cold," Sarah complained.

D.K. sat on the ground and leaned back against a log. "Come here." Sarah sat beside him, and he pulled her against his chest. "I will keep you warm."

She gazed up at him, her eyes pleading. "Don't fall asleep, all right? With you holding me, if I fall asleep, certainly we can't go anywhere if you're not asleep, too. Then when you get sleepy, wake me up. I'll stay awake while you sleep."

"All right." He pulled her head against his chest.

Sarah smiled, remembering how he'd done much the same thing when she'd found herself with him in her prehistoric journey. She relaxed against his body. She would be safe with him. Nothing would happen this time.

EPISODE 7 - Avoid A Void

Setting: Alternate Dimension

Sarah eased her eyes open. Blackness greeted her. Not blackness like the dark night, but complete nothingness, as thick as storm clouds on a rainy day. She felt a pair of strong arms around her. "D.K., is that you?" she whispered. It had better be or she intended to let out a scream that would be heard throughout all time.

"Yeah. Where the heck are we?"

She relaxed at the sound of his voice. "I don't know." She slapped his arm. "You fell asleep! I told you not to do that."

"I didn't! You were snoring, and --"

"Snoring! I don't snore!"

He chuckled. "Well, whatever ... I started feeling dizzy, and then we were here." He sighed. "I think we'd have been better off if I had fallen asleep. Maybe we'd have ended up someplace *real*." He glanced around. "Geez, it's dark." Pulling away from Sarah, he sat up.

She clutched at his arm. "Don't let go of me. We'll never find each other."

D.K. clasped her hand in his. "Don't worry. I've got you."

A strange sound broke the thick tension hanging in the air. It reminded Sarah of an empty balloon being stretched. In the

pitch surrounding them, it seemed particularly eerie, making her feel as if she was in the middle of a Stephen King movie. "What was that?" she whispered.

"I don't know." D.K.'s grip tightened on Sarah's hand. He pulled her to her feet. "Let's get out of here."

"How? We can't even see."

"Then let's just move away from that noise." He pulled her deeper into the darkness, hoping they'd find a way out of this ... void. "I've got a bad feeling about this place. Who knows what's lurking in the shadows."

"Don't say that! You're scaring me. Where in time do you think we are?"

"I don't think we are in time." His voice sounded strained, even to his own ears. "I think we're between time. Lost in a dimension that doesn't exist."

"Is that possible?"

"None of what's been happening to us is possible. But it's been happening anyway."

"Sarrrrrrahhhhh ..." A voice called from a distance.

D.K. and Sarah stopped in their tracks. D.K. couldn't see Sarah, but he felt her hand tighten around his.

"Sarrrrrrahhhhh ..."

Sarah's heart began to pound. "That voice! I know it!" She

pulled away from D.K.. "Daddy?" She rushed forward. "Daddy! Where are you? I'm here! I'm right here."

D.K. reached out for her. "No, Sarah!" Panic filled his voice. "Wait!" He rushed forward, but couldn't see her. He couldn't see anything. "Sarah, where are you?"

"Over here! That was my father! He's close by." Her voice faded as she moved further into the darkness.

"Sarah, stop. Wait for me."

"Hurry, D.K., before--"

A shrill scream rent the blackness. D.K. froze, then raced toward the sound, unmindful of any obstacles that might be lurking in his way. "Sarah!"

Her scream echoed in the vastness surrounding him, then faded away like she'd fallen into an abyss. "Sarah! Answer me!" He stopped in his tracks, not knowing where to turn. "Sarah!"

D.K. plopped down. He'd lost her. "Oh, Sarah." He buried his head in his hands. What was he supposed to do now?

EPISODE 8 - The West -- Revisited

Setting: The Old West (Cowboys)

Sarah awoke to a strange, crackling sound close by. She sat up with a jolt, her memory of *the void* returning. "Daddy?" Pain exploded through her head and, with a groan, she fell back to the ground. Something had happened. She'd fallen into an abyss of some sort. Where was she now? Home? Oh, how she wished it to be true.

"Take it easy. You got walloped pretty hard."

Vaguely, through the throbbing in her head, Sarah realized that wasn't her father's voice. She looked to the side, across the campfire that burned steadily, not far from her. "D.K." She relaxed upon seeing him. She was safe. "Where are we?"

"How do you know me, gal? I don't recall us meetin'."

Sarah sat up, slowly this time. "What?" She looked around. She recognized this place. It was where she'd been the first time she awoke after her car accident. She looked over at D.K., and immediately noticed the tin star pinned on his chest. Yes. She knew where she was ... sort of. Her hand flew to her throat. Her necklace! She had it on, which meant D.K. didn't know who she was. "Not again." She groaned in despair.

"Again?"

She shook her head. "Nothing." She recalled the James brothers, and glanced around for them. "Did they get away?"

"The two I was chasin'? Yeah," D.K. answered, his voice tight. "I almost had them, until you decided to get in the way. Where did you come from, gal? You called out for your pa. Did he leave you out here?"

"No." She rubbed the back of her head. She had quite a bump there from where Jesse had hit her. At least D.K. hadn't left her here alone and gone chasing after them.

"What's your name?"

"Sarah. Sarah Corday."

"Well, Miss Corday. You've caused me a heap of trouble. In the mornin', I'll take you to town. You can wire a relative, and decide what to do from there. I ain't got no use for a troublesome female. I could of had them two, you know."

A tear trickled down Sarah's cheek. She felt so alone. She'd thought for sure she'd found her father when she heard his voice. And now D.K. didn't remember her. Well, at least that was temporary. He'd never get the chance to take her to town. By morning, she'd be someplace else. *They'd* be someplace else.

D.K. rose and walked over to her. He crouched down and, with the back of his hand, wiped the tears from her face. "Why are you cryin'? Never could stand to see a woman's tears. Rips me up inside somethin' fierce."

"I'm sorry." Sarah sniffled. "I'm just ..."

"Scared?" He sat beside her. "There's no need. Them two won't be back. They're probably in the next territory by now."

"Not of them."

A look of concern crossed D.K.'s face. "You're not scared of me, are you? I don't mean you no harm. Pay no heed to what I said about you being troublesome. I was just being ornery. I'll take care of you. And I'll get Jesse for hurtin' you," he blurted out, then looked uncomfortable at having said it.

Sarah touch his cheek. "I could never be frightened of you. I trust you, D.K. ... with my life." A strange look crossed his face, and she thought for a moment that perhaps he'd remembered her. But then the look was gone.

He cleared his throat and bolted to his feet. "You best get some rest. I think that blow to your head is affectin' your reasoning. I'll be wakin' you early, so don't be surprised if it's still dark. It's a long ride back to town."

Sarah watched him pace before the fire. What had gotten him so nervous? She laid down. Well, it didn't matter, she supposed. She fingered her necklace. Tomorrow he'd remember her. She was sure of it.

EPISODE 9 - I'll NEVER Drink Again

Setting: Historical Scotland

Sarah snuggled into the soft mattress, enjoying the cushioned feel beneath her body. It had been a long time since she'd felt this comfortable. Mattress? She opened her eyes. A small, dimly-lit room greeted her. A fire blazed in the hearth at the far end. She sat up, and a wave of nausea hit her.

"Take it slow, lass. That ale didn't agree with ye."

She looked toward the corner of the room. D.K. sat in a chair, his feet propped on a stool. Ale? Oh, no. She must be back in England. Or was it Scotland? Was this some eternal circle she was destined to live over and over again? Oh, drats! This meant that D.K. didn't know her. She sighed wearily, and glanced around the room. "Where am I?"

"My bed." D.K.'s eyes burned intently, as he stared at her. He cleared his throat. "I, uh, have me a room here over the tavern. That's where ye are."

His bedroom. Sarah blushed. She sat back against the headboard. "So ... uh, what do we do now?" she asked nervously, then realized how awkward a question that was.

"Would ye like to send a message to yer da?" he asked softly, as he stood and walked to the bed.

Sarah hugged her knees to her chest. She chided herself. Why did she feel so nervous? There wasn't any reason to be. The man coming toward her was D.K., and he'd never hurt her.

"Well, lass?" He sat beside her, right on the edge of the bed.

She gulped at the intensity of his stare. She'd never seen that particular look in D.K.'s eyes. She couldn't even really describe it. "Well, what?"

"Your da?"

"Oh, my father. Uh, no. I can't contact him. He's ... out of the country."

D.K. reached out and twirled a lock of her blonde hair around his finger. "What are yer plans then?"

"I--I don't know."

D.K.'s hand shifted to cup her cheek. "Perhaps ye should stay right where ye are. You're quite a bonny lass."

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as D.K. leaned forward. He was going to--

A sudden knock disturbed the tension surrounding them.

D.K. frowned. "Go away!" he called out. "I'm busy."

"I must speak with ye, sir," a male voice called out from the other side of the door. "Tis urgent business."

Sarah thought she heard a growl from deep in D.K.'s throat as he shot to his feet. She let out the tight breath she'd been holding. Conflicting emotions raged inside her. She felt relieved

at the interruption, but disappointed, at the same time.

"Wait here," he told her, impatience lacing his voice. He stalked to the door and slipped outside.

Sarah jumped off the bed. It might be better if she got out of here. D.K. didn't know her in this time period, and she wasn't really sure if she could trust him. She bit her bottom lip. She probably could trust him, but should she take the chance?

She shook her head. No, it was best to leave. She'd wake up again, and he'd know her--maybe. Then they could try to figure out how to stop this craziness.

After a few moments, she opened the door a crack and peered out. Nobody. Good. She slipped into the hall. How could she make it outside unnoticed?

Quietly, she approached the top of the stairs. Loud chatter and roars of laughter from downstairs drifted up to her. The tavern sounded crowded. No one would probably even notice her.

She tip-toed down the stairs, glancing around for D.K.. He was nowhere to be seen. Three-fourths of the way down the stairs, a hand shot through the bannister posts and grabbed her ankle.

"Where do ye think yer going?" a male voice demanded.

Sarah screamed as she tumbled head first the rest of the way down the steps.

EPISODE 10 - If Only It Didn't Smell So Bad

Setting: Prehistoric Age

A rough shake woke Sarah. "What?" she asked groggily. "Go away. Let me sleep." As she was yanked to her feet, she came fully awake. D.K. stood before her, looking scruffy and dressed in pelts. Sarah staggered slightly, but maintained her footing. She wiped the sleep from her eyes. "Jurassic Park revisited," she mumbled.

D.K. pulled her from the cave.

"Where are we going?" None of the others had followed, so she suspected they weren't relocating or going too far.

He ushered her across the rough terrain to a small pond. With a small smile, he pointed at the water and grunted.

Sarah smiled back. "Oh, thank you. Just what I need. A bath." She planted a quick, grateful kiss on D.K.'s cheek, then hurried toward the water. At the pond's edge, she glanced over her shoulder. "Turn around."

Cocking his head, D.K. simply stood there, looking confused.

She twirled her finger in the air. "Turn around. I want to get out of these smelly pelts. They need a good dunk, and I want some relief from them. They itch something fierce. Must be fleas ... or something worse." She shuddered to speculate as to what.

He didn't move.

Sarah sighed. She trudged back over to him, and turned him around so his back was to the water. "Stay just like that. Okay?"

She dashed back to the water. As she started to disrobe, she glanced over her shoulder. D.K. stood watching her. Sarah groaned. She walked back over to him and turned him around again. "Don't watch."

He smiled slightly and reached out to caress her cheek. He touched his own, where she had kissed him.

"You KNEW what you were doing, didn't you?" When he simply smiled at her, she shook her head. "Okay, now that we understand each other. Stay turned around, all right?" She touched the delicate chain hanging around his neck, and it made her feel safe somehow. He hadn't taken it off. Maybe somehow he did know her, but because of the time period couldn't speak. He always seemed more affected by where they were in time than she was.

D.K. pushed her toward the water, then turned back around. He grabbed the spear he'd stuck in the ground, and searching the area--on guard.

Sarah smiled. Her hero.

She rushed to the pond's edge. She glanced over her shoulder. Assured this time that D.K. wasn't watching her, she quickly removed her pelts and plunged into the water. It felt so refreshing--cool as a Spring morning. She vigorously scrubbed her body and hair. She'd give anything for a bar of soap and

some shampoo!

As she reached for the smelly pelts on the bank, something nudged her leg. She laughed slightly at the small tickle. Fish, she assumed. Prehistoric fish. She peered at the water, trying to catch a glimpse of one.

Suddenly, something wrapped itself around her calf. Panic filled her. A serpent? Certainly in this time period it had to be some monstrous creature.

No. Wait. She relaxed. It was probably just seaweed or algae or whatever grew in ponds. She reached down to pull it off her. Her hand connected with a hard, round, throbbing tentacle. "D.K.!" she screeched. "Help! Something's got me!"

Whatever it was pulled her under the water.

She couldn't breathe! Oh, please--help. Where was D.K.? Would he save her, or was she destined to die in this strange land, never to see her home again, never to see her father again, never to see D.K. again? She struggled, but felt as if she had no energy.

Something grabbed her hair, and yanked hard. Blackness enveloped her. She felt herself drifting, then she felt nothing.

EPISODE 11 - One For The X-Files

Setting: Alien Worlds

Sarah came awake as the long needle approached her. She must have fainted. How could she travel through time so fast--as if she'd only been gone a few seconds? The needle came precariously close to her nose. "No, please!" she screamed, her voice echoing inside the stark room. She tried to move off the table, but two grays held her down.

The door whooshed open, and someone rushed in. She couldn't see who from her position on the table, but she pleaded with the stranger anyway. "Help me!"

The grays released her and turned around. They scurried to the other side of the room, as if surprised by the intrusion.

"Sarah, get off the table!"

It was D.K.! Thank goodness. Sarah rolled off the table. She staggered slightly, still shaken from the idea of what they may have been about to do to her, but she kept her footing. "How'd you get out of the cell?"

D.K. stood between her and the grays. "I jumped the guard when he brought my food. Guess he wasn't expecting it. It was easy." His brow furrowed. "Almost too easy."

"I'm glad you're here." Sarah warily watched the grays, who now moved slowly toward them. "Be careful. They might paralyze you again."

He grabbed her hand. "No, they won't. We're getting out of here." He pulled her across the room. The door whooshed open, and they ran into the corridor. "This way!" D.K. led her around the corner, toward another door at the far end.

"Do you know where you're going?"

"Not really. But anyplace has to be better than here. There's got to be a way out ... somewhere." He skidded to a halt when the door before them didn't slide open. "It's locked." He smashed his fist against it.

"I don't think that will help. Let's go back."

When they turned, they saw two tall, silvery creatures coming toward them. Sarah gripped D.K.'s hand. "Who are *they*?"

D.K. shook his head. "I don't know. And I'm not much in the mood for introductions. They don't look none too friendly anyway. Come on!"

"Where?" Sarah glanced around them. There didn't seem to be anywhere to go. She couldn't face being taken back to that table again. No telling *what* they would do to her. "Make a decision, D.K.. Hurry!"

He pulled her down a side corridor that looked to be a dead end.

"D.K., this doesn't lead anywhere." She glanced over her shoulder, expecting the creatures to be at their heels. She didn't see them, but knew they couldn't be far behind. A strange vision of the old black and white "Mummy" movies

came into her mind, and how the mummy always moved so slowly, but somehow always managed to catch up with its victims.

They reached the end of the corridor. A large portal revealed the outside world. Sarah gasped. "We're in space!"

"Where did you think we were?"

"I--I don't know. What do we do?"

"There must be a shuttle on board somewhere ... if only we could get to it. I could fly us out of here. I don't think they'd shoot us down. We're not *that* valuable."

"You can pilot a shuttle?" she asked in astonishment. A sound drew her attention to the other end of the corridor. The silvery creatures rounded the corner. "They're coming!"

D.K. pushed Sarah behind him. "Stay back."

The creatures moved slowly forward. One of them glided--almost as if floating on a cushion of air--over to the side of the corridor. Sarah watched as it reached out and touched something against the wall. A button?

The floor opened up. She and D.K. plummeted downward. Her scream rent the air, then faded into oblivion.

EPISODE 12 - Dungeons & Well, Uh...Dungeons

Setting: Medieval Times

Something tickled Sarah's nose. She lazily swatted at it, barely able to move. She felt so groggy. It seemed a chore to even open her eyes. But when that same something tickled her nose again, she forced her eyes open. Something was in front of her. She couldn't make it out in the darkness.

After a few moments, her eyes began to adjust to the lack of light. The thing in front of her moved close again. A rat! She shrieked and scooted backwards, coming fully awake. Where was she?

She glanced around the small, damp room. A faint light came through a tiny opening in the door. High-pitched squeaks reached her ears, and panic filled her. Rats! Everywhere! She scooted into one corner of the room. "D.K.! Are you near?"

Nothing.

A tear rolled down her cheek. "He'll come. He'll get me out of here." She remembered a knight charging D.K.. Then something happened, but she couldn't quite remember what. What if D.K. was dead? She shivered from heartache, fear, and cold.

The door of her prison rattled, and she realized someone was coming in. She jumped to her feet. "D.K.?" It had to be him.

Two men dressed entirely in black entered. They even had on black hoods! She tried to see their faces, but couldn't. "Where am I?" she asked, her voice shaky.

One of the men dropped his hood. "You have been declared a traitor of Lord Durwin."

Sarah gulped. "I--I don't understand."

"Sir Chadwick captured you. He has declared you a traitor of our Lord. An enemy of our people. You, along with the others, will pay for your treachery."

"Others?"

He grabbed her arm and dragged her from the room. The other guard silently followed them.

Sarah tried to glance back at the second guard. It had to be D.K. It just had to be. The first guard yanked her forward. Soon they joined a procession of people. Prisoners. And guards--lots of them, leading the line of poor souls outside. Her included.

Outside wasn't much brighter than inside had been. The wet, dreary day seemed to mirror the sadness of the prisoners plight.

Sarah's throat went dry when she saw the gallows. No! This couldn't be happening. Where was D.K.? She looked around frantically. A crowd of people had gathered, pushing their way closer, but she didn't see D.K. among them.

A line of prisoners was led onto the wooden blocks. She tried to pull away from the hooded guard tugging her to certain

death, but his iron grip couldn't be broken. "D.K., is that you?" she whispered to him, hoping--praying--it was, and that he had a plan.

"Silence!" the guard ordered.

Sarah's heart sank. It wasn't D.K.. She knew his voice, and that wasn't it. She was going to die. But maybe she was already dead. Can you be killed if you're already dead? She didn't know what to believe anymore, or what was happening to her. Too bad she couldn't just fall asleep at will, then she'd wake up someplace else--safe. If she died here, would she still live in the other time periods?

The guard--the executioner--placed the noose over her head. Sarah glanced at the other prisoners, and saw her own fear mirrored in their eyes.

Shouting from beyond the castle walls drew the crowd's attention. Before Sarah could discern what was happening, she was whisked off the gallows by the hooded guard. It wasn't D.K.. Why was he saving her? Or was he?

She struggled against him, just wanting to get away--wanting to find D.K.. The man's hood fell away from his face as he dragged her into the woods. Sarah gasped. "I know you! Where's D.K.?"

"We don't have time. We must leave this place now."

Sarah followed him to a horse he had tethered nearby. "Where's D.K.? You must tell me!"

"He was trampled by Sir Chadwick's horse."

The image of the charging horse exploded in Sarah's memory. "No!" Her head pounded. Trampled? Dead? She felt herself falling--falling into a familiar darkness, where she felt nothing.

EPIISODE 13 - Ten Little Indians

Setting: The Old West (Indians)

"Sarah, wake up. We must leave. The soldiers are near."

"What?" she asked, only coming half awake. "Where am I?"

"We must go ... now."

Hearing the familiar voice, her eyes popped open. "D.K.!" She hugged him tightly. "Oh, thank goodness. I thought you were dead." Tears streamed down her face.

D.K. pushed her away slightly. He chuckled and wiped the tears from her face. "No. I am not dead." He smiled indulgently. "We must go ... quickly, before they find us."

Sarah nodded. "All right. I'm ready."

He pulled her to her feet, and led her deeper into the forest. "There is a hidden Indian campsite in the mountains. We will go there."

"Is it safe?"

"Safer than down here." He guided her through the trees and over the rough terrain. "Hurry. The soldiers cannot be far behind."

Men shouting nearby caught their attention. "They have found us!" D.K. whispered harshly. "Come. This way." He pulled her behind some bushes.

Something tugged at Sarah's back and she squealed in panic.

D.K. spun around, ready for a fight. His gaze was drawn down to their attacker.

A small, Indian boy stood before them. "This way. Hurry," he whispered. "I will help you hide. There is a place nearby."

D.K. hesitated to trust a mere boy, but they needed help. He reluctantly nodded, and grabbed a hold of Sarah's hand.

They approached what looked to be a thicket of bushes with no way through. The boy whistled, then waited.

D.K. glanced over his shoulder. The soldiers could not be far behind. If they caught up with them, he and the boy would certainly be killed. And Sarah ... he did not know what they would do to her.

The bushes suddenly parted and a little face appeared--the face of a young Indian girl. "Who are they?" she asked, looking with wide-eyes at Sarah and D.K.

"They need help," the boy answered. "Let us in."

The bushes parted further to reveal a cave. The little boy led D.K. and Sarah inside. They were immediately surrounded by small children.

Sarah turned in a slow circle. "There's ten of them," she whispered to D.K. "And they're all so young."

"Where did you children come from?" he asked.

"Our parents told us to hide from the soldiers here," one little boy answered. "We have food and water and--"

"Protection," a deep voice rumbled from the back of the cave.

D.K. recognized that voice. It sent a chill down his spine. He stepped in front of Sarah, hiding her behind his body.

She peered around him. "Who is it?"

"Winter Bear."

Sarah gasped. The warrior who'd brought her to the Indian camp--the one who *owned* her, according to D.K.

"You take my property, Dancing Knife?"

D.K. stepped forward. "She is not yours."

Winter Bear drew his knife. "We shall see." With a loud roar, he rushed forward.

Sarah pushed in front of D.K. "No! Stop this craziness!"

"Sarah!" Before D.K. could shove her out of the way, Winter Bear's knife met soft flesh, and Sarah collapsed in his arms.

EPISODE 14 - Voids 'R Us

Setting: Alternate Dimension

"Sarah!" D.K.'s troubled voice echoed through the dark void. "Where are you?" He rubbed his jaw in nervous reflex. He didn't know where to look for her. Heck, he could barely even see, and what he could see didn't make up much--the floor; an occasional wall--nothing else.

What would he do if he couldn't find her? How had she come to mean so much to him? He didn't know, but he did know that his heart ached at the thought of losing her.

The weird stretching sound that he and Sarah had heard earlier returned. Louder this time. Was that a good or a bad sign? "Sarah?" he whispered desperately, moving cautiously toward the sound.

He had the eerie and irrational feeling that some horrible monster was about to jump out at him. "Get a grip, man. This isn't a Wes Craven movie."

A small light appeared in the distance. Maybe that's where Sarah was. As he moved toward it, he saw that the light came from an opening. It looked like a doorway. He carefully approached and stepped through it.

The brightness of the light blinded him momentarily, until his eyes adjusted. "Sarah, are you in here?"

Slam!

D.K. jumped. He spun around. The door had closed behind him. He searched for a handle or knob. There was none. He was trapped. "Perfect."

He turned to examine his surroundings. The room was all white, bright and ... completely empty. No windows, no other doors. Nothing. He frowned. "This can't be good."

A whirring noise started. "What now?" A panel in the floor eased open. He stepped back, not wanting to tumble into another type of void.

Something rose from the depths of the hole. A long, clear, coffin-like structure. His eyes widened at its contents.

"D.K.! Help me." Sarah pounded on the inside walls of the glass prison. Panic and fear were etched on her face.

"Sarah." D.K. jumped onto the platform where the coffin sat. He pushed at the top of the box. "It won't budge. Can you breathe all right in there?"

"Yes, but I'm scared."

"Don't worry. I'll get you out. Somehow," he mumbled as he searched for a control panel. "I found some buttons here."

He hesitated. Four brightly-colored buttons lined one outside corner of the enclosure--blue, red, yellow, black. *Please, let me choose the right one.* He pressed the blue one. Blue had always been lucky for him.

Nothing happened. Nothing that he could see, anyway. He frowned and pressed the red one. NOT one of his favorite

colors, but choosing favorites was silly, right?

A fine cloud rose inside the coffin, slowly obscuring Sarah as it grew thicker. D.K.'s pulse raced, and trepidation filled him. "What the--"

Sarah blinked at the misty cloud surrounding her. She began to cough fitfully. "Turn it off, D.K. I--I ... can't ... breathe."

D.K. punched each button, trying to turn off the vapor. Dang it! He shouldn't have touched any of the buttons to being with. "It's not working, Sarah."

Panic assailed him. He didn't know what to do. He pounded each button. Maybe if he could break the darn thing, it would stop.

A whirring noise began, and the platform started to descend. D.K. jumped off. After the platform cleared the opening, the panel in the floor began to close. "No!"

"D.K.," Sarah weakly called out to him. "Don't leave me." She sobbed. "Please ... don't ... leave ... me ... here ... alone."

Her cries tore at his heart. In a split second, he made his decision. He jumped into the hole, and landed on top of the coffin. The panel over his head closed with a resounding clang, and he was plunged into darkness.

EPISODE 15 - My Bellybutton's Showing

Setting: Harem Days

"Wake up, girl! Make yourself presentable. It is almost time for the choosing."

Sarah groaned at the sound of the harsh female voice. Her head hurt. It hurt a lot lately. Her memory returned with a jolt. The coffin! She jerked awake.

She wasn't inside the glass enclosure any longer. Her rapid breathing eased. Thank goodness.

Where was she? She looked around in confusion. She thought she'd be back in the old west now, but she could see that she definitely wasn't.

What she did see were scantily clad women everywhere. They sat around a large sunken tub, which looked almost big enough to be a swimming pool.

She glanced down at herself, and her eyes widened. She was wearing a costume right out of *I Dream of Jeannie*. She didn't figure she'd turned into a genie though. By the way she and the others were dressed, she speculated she was in some sort of harem.

She noticed two large men guarding the double-doored entrance. Neither of them was D.K. She wondered where he was.

The woman who had roused Sarah clapped her hands.

"Line up, girls. He will be here any minute."

At that moment, the double-doors opened. Two large men entered, followed by a tall, authoritative-looking man. He was followed by two more large men.

Was one of them D.K.? Sarah hoped so. He had to be the one in the middle--the authoritative-looking one. The others looked like professional wrestlers by their brawn. If only he'd look her way ...

The tall man strolled down the line of women, looking and smiling at each one. When he got to the end of the line, Sarah saw him frown.

Slowly, he turned and searched the room until his gaze fell upon her. Sarah's heart skipped a beat. It was D.K. A bit darker than usual, as if he'd been born in the Middle East somewhere, but it was D.K. nevertheless.

He strode purposefully toward her. He'd recognized her. She could see it in his eyes. She breathed a sigh of relief.

D.K. stopped in front of her. He glided his hand down her arm and winked, then turned to the woman who'd hustled the girls into a line. "This one." He indicated Sarah.

"She is new, Your Highness. Perhaps it would be better--"

"This one," he repeated, sterner this time.

The woman lowered her eyes. "As you wish."

D.K. led Sarah from the room. The four guards flanked

them as they proceeded down the hall. They all stopped before another set of doors, and the two guards in front pulled them open.

Sarah entered behind D.K. "Thank goodness we're--"

He turned quickly and placed a finger to her lips. "Shhh ..."
He led her farther into the room.

Only when the doors closed behind her and she turned to see two of the guards standing inside did she understand why D.K. had hushed her. She gave him a look that clearly said, *What now?*

He pulled her over to the large bed, positioned atop a sort of platform. She tugged against his hold. "It's all right," he whispered in her ear. "Climb on up."

She climbed the two steps and sat down on the bed. At D.K.'s urging, she scooted over to the middle of the plush mattress.

He pulled the curtains around the bed closed, then slipped inside the shelter. "This is the only place we can talk freely," he whispered. "Supposedly there's some assassin after me, and I'm to be kept guarded at all times. I'm glad I found you. I thought maybe--"

A thud drew their attention. The curtain around the bed whipped open. One of the guards lay crumpled on the floor, the other stood before them, evil etched on his face. Before D.K. could react, the burly guard wrapped his hands around D.K.'s neck and squeezed.

"No!" Sarah screamed, pounding at the man's arms. "Let him go!"

The guard removed one hand-hold and shoved Sarah against the headboard. "Quiet! He must die."

She collided against the hard, thick wood with a thud and sank into unconsciousness.

EPISODE 16 - Back In The Saddle

Setting: The Old West (Cowboys)

"Miss Corday. It's time to leave."

Sarah's eyes opened a slit. She saw D.K. crouched beside her, the tin star glistening on his chest. Shades of the old west. Well, at least she was someplace familiar. "What time is it?" she asked groggily.

"Late. Half past seven. We should have been on our way an hour ago, but I thought you could use the rest. How do you feel?"

She sat up. "All right. I guess." She scratched her neck and frowned when she felt the necklace there--her reminder that D.K. didn't really know her in this time.

He stood and stretched out his hand to her. She grabbed it, and he pulled her up. When she staggered, his free hand locked around her waist to steady her. Their eyes met briefly. He cleared his throat and released her.

What had he been thinking? Thankfully, she didn't crumple to the ground when he released her. Her head felt much better today. But she felt so antsy--like she could run a marathon. She must be getting too *much* sleep.

D.K. led his horse over to her. "Mount up. It's a ways to town. Too far to walk, especially since I still don't think you're completely recovered."

Sarah glanced at the horse, glanced at D.K., glanced at the horse. "Uh ... I don't know if I can. I've never ridden before."

"Excuse me?"

"I've never ridden a horse." At his incredulous look, her temper flared. "So sue me! I'm not from around here." She heard him mumble something about Eastern-born ladies, before he wiped the impatient look from his face.

He gripped her arm, and pulled her closer to his mount. "Grab a hold of the saddlehorn, put your foot in the stirrup, and pull yourself up."

"All right." Sarah did as instructed--well, almost. She managed to pull herself halfway up, but wasn't getting any further. A hand on her bottom pushed her the rest of the way. "Hey!" She settled into the saddle. "Watch where you put your hands."

"Sorry." D.K. mounted behind her. "I didn't figure you'd make it up any other way." His arms encircled her as he urged the horse forward.

Sarah felt strangely uncomfortable by his nearness, but shook off the feeling. It was probably just because she knew he didn't remember her from the other time periods. She wasn't sure what to expect from him or how much she could really trust him. "What town are we headed for?"

D.K. didn't answer immediately. When he finally did answer, his voice was filled with concern. "You really are lost, aren't you?"

"Worse than that. I don't even know what State I'm in." She felt D.K. stiffened. He probably thought she was lying now. Her statement sounded odd even to her own ears.

"You're in Missouri," he told her, his tone wary. "You mentioned something earlier about having trouble with your horse. But now you say you've never ridden. Care to explain that?"

"I never said anything about having a horse."

"Your pinto?"

"My--" Her car. Actually, her dink-of-a-date's car. "It's hard to explain." How was she supposed to describe a car crash to someone who didn't even know what a car was? Maybe he'd just let the subject drop.

"Explain."

Sarah scowled. *I guess not.* And he wasn't asking any longer. From the deep rumbling sound of his voice, she recognized his statement as not a mere statement, but a demand.

A rattling sound broke the tension that had built between them. Momentarily ...

A snake slithered out in front of them. The horse reared up in panic. Sarah screeched. D.K. swore. And they both tumbled to the ground.

EPISODE 17 - A Twisted Tale

Setting: Historical Scotland

Pain shot through Sarah's leg. She winced and sat up. What happened? She looked around. Oh, yes ... She recognized where she was. Back in Scotland ... in D.K.'s bed.

He wasn't in the room. That was probably best for now, though. He acted so differently in this time period. She wasn't quite sure what to make of him.

She swung her legs off the mattress and stood up. "Oh!" Her ankle gave out and she collapsed to the floor. Now she knew where the pain had come from. She remembered ... Someone had grabbed her ankle and she'd fallen down the stairs.

The bedroom door opened and D.K. entered. When he saw Sarah on the floor, he set the tray he was carrying down on the dresser and rushed over to her. "What happened? Ye shouldna be up." He scooped her into his arms and set her back on the bed. "Ye have a bad sprain, lass." He sat beside her and tested the tender flesh.

Sarah winced. "Ouch!" She pulled her leg away from him. "Did you grab me and make me fall? If you did--"

"No, I dinna grab ye. It was one of the customers." He studied her closely. "Why did ye try to run? Did I frighten ye earlier?"

She blushed. "A little."

He reached out to stroke her cheek, but let his hand drop before touching her. "I'm sorry, lass. I wouldna hurt ye."

She bit her bottom lip. "I know. I mean, I guess I know that."

D.K. did touch her this time. He lightly stroked her hair. "Sarah, I will take care of ye." A knock sounded at the door. With a frown on his face, he turned. "Come in."

A buxom woman entered. From the way she was dressed, Sarah assumed she was one of the barmaids.

"Yer needed downstairs, D.K." She gave Sarah a hard look, distrust clearly evident in her piercing green eyes.

"All right." He turned back to Sarah and smiled gently. "I won't be long. Stay in bed. I wouldna want ye to injure yerself even more."

Sarah nodded.

With an irritated grunt, D.K. brushed past the barmaid and closed the door behind him.

Sarah cocked an eyebrow at the woman, who hadn't moved an inch. Why did she look so hostile? She felt very uncomfortable and suddenly wished D.K. would return. At least he seemed genuinely concerned about her.

The barmaid approached slowly. "So ... It dinna take ye long to find yer way into his bed."

"Excuse me?"

"Ye heard what I said." The woman's eyes burned with barely contained rage. "Yer lookin' quite comfy, like yer here ta stay."

"I hurt my ankle."

"Of course ye did," she replied, her voice full of sarcasm. She grabbed Sarah's arm. "If ye truly be hurt, I would advise ye ta recover quickly. D.K. is mine, and I won't have some slip of a girl stealin' him away from me." Her fingers dug into Sarah's flesh.

A sudden, unexpected anger flashed through Sarah. "Back off, lady." She wrenched her arm free. "I think D.K.'s man enough to make his own decisions as to whom he wants to be with." As soon as the words were out of her mouth, she regretted them. Goodness! It wasn't like her to say such a thing. She certainly had no claim on D.K. But she didn't like this woman and couldn't help trying to take her down a peg.

"He did. Six months ago."

Sarah's brow furrowed. "He did what?"

"He did make his decision, six months ago ...," a smug look crossed the woman's face, "... when he went and married me."

EPISODE 18 - Wet 'n' Wild

Setting: Prehistoric Age

Sarah awoke, shivering and coughing. She was soaked to the bone ... and naked. She looked up to see D.K. towering over her, holding her fur dress.

"Goodness!" She sat up and snatched the garment out of his hands.

As she covered herself, the memory of being dragged underwater returned in full force. She hugged herself, trying to calm her frazzled nerves. She could have drowned.

D.K. crouched beside her and touched her hand.

Embarrassed and still frightened, she glanced at him from beneath lowered lashes. His look of concern warmed her heart. She faced him and stroked his cheek. "You really do care, don't you? You saved me." She tried to smile, but didn't quite succeed. "I prayed you would."

He helped her to her feet, but her legs didn't want to support her. As she was about to crumple to the ground, D.K. swept her into his arms.

She laid her head against his shoulder, not even minding his smelly pelt, for she felt safe--even though she knew he was taking her back to the cave. She dreaded facing the rest of the clan. They didn't like her. She could sense it.

Funny, if this had been any other time period, she'd have

been mortified to have been caught naked, but here ... It was embarrassing, but somehow didn't seem to matter as much. Maybe the fact that she couldn't really communicate with D.K. provided a sort of barrier for her.

He couldn't tease her about it, or make remarks of any kind, couldn't bring it up in order to embarrass her further--though she doubted he'd do that anyway.

When D.K. passed the cave without stopping, Sarah's brow furrowed. Where was he taking her? He ducked inside a small opening, and sat her down.

Sarah examined her surroundings. It looked similar to the other cave on the inside--pelts, crude weapons and pottery--only smaller. Like a cave apartment. The absurdity of that thought made her smile.

D.K. sat beside her, watching her intently. He examined the bruises on her leg.

At his touch, Sarah winced slightly, but the pain wasn't too bad--not when she considered what could have happened to her. She touched his shoulder to get his attention.

"You." She pointed to him. "Me." She pointed to herself. "Big cave?" She pointed toward the entrance and crooked her hand in the direction of the other shelter.

D.K. shook his head.

Sarah didn't know whether to be relieved or not. She was glad not to be around all those other primitive people, but she didn't know what D.K. had in mind. She eyed him warily.

He touched the delicate chain still hanging from his neck and attempted a smile. Sarah wondered if he had ever smiled. Did cavemen smile?

An odd look came over D.K.'s face, and he stilled. He lifted his nose and sniffed the air. With a grunt, he jumped to his feet.

"What is it?" Sarah asked in concern.

D.K. grabbed a spear leaning against the cave wall. He pressed down hard on Sarah's shoulder, his gaze fixated out the cave's entrance.

Sarah's heart pounded. She understood. Someone or something must be lurking nearby, and D.K. wanted her to stay put while he checked it out.

He stepped outside the cave and glanced around, then promptly disappeared.

Tense moments passed. Sarah chewed her bottom lip. What was taking him so long? She inched closer to the cave's entrance.

Peeking outside, she didn't see anything. She stepped out into the sunlight. Where was he? A noise above the cave caught her attention.

She glanced up. "Oh, no!"

Rocks showered down on top of her. She tried to protect herself, tried to run, but it was too late. She was trapped.

EPISODE 19 - Danger, Will Robinson!!

Setting: Alien Worlds

"Sarah, wake up!"

The urgency in D.K.'s voice brought Sarah around. She was lying on the floor, and D.K. sat beside her. She looked up and saw the panel they had fallen through. Geez! The first thought that entered her mind was *Lost in Space* ... aliens, a spaceship, all they needed was a robot.

"The Grays will be here soon. We have to go. Can you run?"

"I think so." With D.K.'s help, she struggled to her feet. "But we can't get away, can we? Where do we go?"

D.K. rubbed his chin. "There's only one way. We're going to have to try for the shuttle. It's the only way off the ship. Are you game?"

She hesitated, then nodded. "Okay. Let's do it. I'm NOT going back to that examination table."

"That a girl. Come on." He grabbed her hand and pulled her along behind him. "It's not far, but it will be guarded."

"How do you know where it's at?"

"That's how I arrived."

"What--"

"Not now." He pressed her up against the wall as two Grays passed nearby. "Keep your voice down," he whispered in her ear.

Once the area was clear, D.K. led the way down a side corridor. "It's just ahead. I'm going to have to come up with a diversion. When the Grays move away from the shuttle entrance, you slip inside."

"What about you?"

"I'll be along." He smiled gently at her agitated look. "Don't look so worried. It's a piece of cake."

Sarah chewed at her bottom lip. "If you say so. How are you going to distract them?"

D.K. looked around. "I'm not sure. Uh ..." His gaze halted on a small box attached to the opposite wall. "Hmm... Maybe ... A little change of plans, I think. I have an idea."

"I don't think I like the sound of your voice."

"This will work. Don't worry." D.K. led her over to the box. "This is one of their gas panels. They use it sometimes on escaped prisoners. There's a switch inside which releases a paralyzing gas. If I flip it, the guards will become paralyzed, and we can slip right past them."

"But the gas will paralyze us, too."

With a tug, D.K. opened the front panel. He pulled out two masks. "Not if we wear these. They're here for the guards." He

tested one mask. Finding that it worked, he handed it to Sarah. He tested the second one. "Dang."

"What?"

"It's not working."

"What'll we do?"

After a moment, D.K. pulled Sarah close, as if wanting to protect her against what he was about to say. "You're going to have to breathe the gas." He spoke low, but firmly.

"What?"

"It will paralyze you. I'll carry you to the shuttle. You'll wake up. It's not deadly."

Sarah clutched the front of his shirt. "You swear?"

"I swear."

She released the tight breath she'd been holding. "Okay, do it."

D.K. covered his face with the mask, then pulled the lever. An alarm sounded and a white cloud of gas filtered up from the floor.

Sarah held onto D.K. for dear life. As long as she looked into his soft, caring eyes, she wouldn't panic--too much. Her muscles gradually stiffened, and she couldn't move, but ... something more was wrong, too. What ... no! Had D.K. lied to her? She couldn't breathe! She was choking to death!

EPISODE 20 - A Bleak Knight

Setting: Medieval Times

"Miss ..."

The sound seemed to come from far away at first, but gradually became louder, as if emerging from a tunnel. Sarah felt something against her cheek. Again, and then again. Was someone slapping her?

Geez!

She'd love to have at least one peaceful sleep without being shaken, prodded, or pulled awake. Her eyes fluttered open.

She stared up into the face of a man. It wasn't D.K., but she did know him. Was he the man who had rescued her?

Yes, that's whom it was. And she also recognized him from way before that--from her first trip to this time period.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

Good question. She wasn't quite sure. She wanted D.K. He could always make her feel all right. "You're the one D.K. was sword fighting with. I remember you. He called you Moran, I think. Isn't that right?"

"Yes." He nodded. "I am Moran."

Tears filled Sarah's eyes, and she turned her head away from him. "D.K.'s dead," she choked out, remembering Moran's words from before. "I can't believe it."

All the physical pain she'd felt was nothing compared to the emotional pain she was now feeling. D.K. was gone, and she was left to travel through time all alone.

But wait ... would D.K. be dead in the other time periods? Maybe not.

"He's not dead."

Sarah's head snapped around, and she bolted up. Pain shot through her entire body from all she'd been through. She ignored it. "But you said--"

"I said he got trampled. He's hurt bad, but he's not dead ... not yet."

Though elated at the news that D.K. still lived, the sound of Moran's troubled voice worried Sarah. "What do you mean, not yet?" She almost dreaded to hear the answer. She'd felt such hope at his words, before he dashed that hope again. "How bad is he hurt?"

"He has a head injury. He lost a lot of blood. I went looking for him when he never returned to the castle. I found him in the glen. He managed to tell me what happened, and made me promise to come after you."

Moran studied her closely, looking her up and down. "You must mean a lot to him. He sounded so desperate. He passed out after that, then became delirious. He kept calling out your

name, over and over again."

Sarah's heart wrenched. She scrambled to her feet. "You must take me to him. Now!" D.K. needed her.

"Of course. Let us go. This place is filled with enemies." He helped Sarah onto his steed, then mounted behind her.

Sarah was too concerned about D.K. to waste her thoughts on her captors or any other enemies who might be lurking about. "How far to the castle?"

"Three days ride."

"Three days!" Sarah tangled her fingers in the horse's mane. What if they didn't make it in time? She choked back a sob, thinking of D.K. possibly dying ... and dying alone, among strangers. It was more than her heart could bear. "Hurry."

"If we do not sleep much, we can probably make it in two days," Moran informed her. "My horse is strong."

Sarah cringed. Sleep ...

That was quickly turning into a dirty word to her. It was the last thing she wanted to do, but she knew she would, and then she would be gone.

But ... she'd be back, and she'd help D.K.--somehow.

EPISODE 21 - A Knife In My Heart

Setting: The Old West (Indians)

Sarah drifted in and out of consciousness. Thank goodness she was never out long enough to time travel.

Or had she been? It was more than a bit confusing jumping from place to place and trying to keep everything straight in her head.

All she knew for sure at the moment was that her chest burned, she couldn't focus on her surroundings, she heard scuffling sounds, and angry voices. She couldn't discern what they were saying or how many people were talking, but whatever was going on, it was serious.

After a while though, everything became eerily quiet. "D.K.?" she croaked. Her mouth felt so dry, like she hadn't had a drink in days.

When she didn't receive a response, she tried to sit up, but couldn't--the pain in her chest was too great. It literally took her breath away. What was wrong with her?

Everything was so hazy. She must have just returned here from another time after all. She always had a hard time remembering things after the travel.

Where was D.K.? Had he left her? Or was he lying somewhere hurt, too? She had to find him. She couldn't seem to find her voice this time, so she simply reached out in a plea for help, hoping someone would notice.

A shadow suddenly hovered over her. Then he was sitting beside her, holding her hand. "I am here, Sarah. Do not be afraid."

At the sound of D.K.'s voice, Sarah relaxed. "What happened?" She looked him over, searching for wounds. "Are you all right?"

"I am fine." He released the tight breath he was holding. "You were stabbed in the chest." D.K.'s voice caught in his throat. "But do not despair. I will not let you die." He checked the bandages he'd put on her to stop the bleeding.

Sarah swallowed repeatedly, until she could finally at least whisper her concerns. "Winter Bear?" She remembered now what had happened and fear raced through her for their safety. "Where is he? We can't let him hurt the children."

D.K.'s hand tightened around hers. "He cannot hurt you any more. He cannot hurt anyone any more. I have seen to it. I give you my promise."

"What did you do?"

The muscle in D.K.'s jaw tightened. "Do not be concerned with that."

Sarah's brow furrowed. From the look on D.K.'s face, she knew not to push the issue. "The children? Are they all right?"

"You are in so much pain, yet you still ask about the children." He smiled slightly and brushed the tendrils of hair from her face. "I do not know where they are. They ran when

the fighting began. They have probably found another cave to hide in."

"Will they be safe from the soldiers?"

"They will be safe. The soldiers do not know of our camps in these hills. Many families are no doubt hiding here."

"But they were following us. They may have found some of your people's hiding places."

"Sarah, it is safe here. Trust me in this." He kissed her lightly on the forehead, frowning at the intense heat emanating from her. He patted her shoulder. "You must rest now. Do not weary yourself by speaking."

Sarah's eyes fluttered closed. She felt so weak. Was this what it felt like to be close to death? If she relaxed too much, let herself drift, would she die and disappear from this time period--from this world all together?

It helped to have D.K.'s fingers entwined with her own. It gave her strength, and she feared she'd need all the strength she could get if she was to survive.

And then, like a bolt of lightning, pain exploded inside her, and she cried out. It felt as if she was being stabbed in the chest again! What was happening?

Her eyes shot open, and she saw D.K.'s panicked face hovering before her own, felt his hands moving across her wound, saw the tears well-up in his eyes. Then she saw nothing, felt nothing, knew nothing ... and she was gone.

EPISODE 22 - Up In Smoke

Setting: Alternate Dimension

"Sarah! Sarah!" D.K. pounded against the glass coffin. The mist inside had grown so thick that he could no longer see her. "Answer me!" She had to be all right. She just had to be. Panic like he'd never known filled him.

He listened intently, his ear pressed against the top of the enclosure. Nothing. He tugged at the lid, but it wouldn't budge. Desperate, he looked around for something to smash the glass with. Where had the coffin descended to anyway? Another strange place ...

Around him, colors swirled. The bright multi-colored lights made him dizzy. He didn't see any walls, just the lights.

He turned back to the coffin. It looked like the mist was disappearing. His eyes narrowed, trying to see inside, through the haze. The white cloud slowly dissipated. D.K.'s eyes grew wide, and his heart pounded against his ribs.

"Sarah," he breathed in a barely audible voice. She had disappeared.

D.K. leaned back against the coffin, then slid down to sit on the floor. He buried his face in his hands. What was he going to do now? How was he going to find her?

Without her, would he be stuck in this void forever? Not that he cared. Without Sarah, it didn't matter where he was. Geez, when had he started to care for her so much?

A scream ...

His head snapped up. "Sarah!" He scrambled to his feet and ran toward the sound. Her terrified voice cut through his heart. "Where are you?"

"Here!"

Her voice echoed all around him. Colors swirled all around him. "Where?" he called. "I can't see anything."

"D.K.!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

He covered his ears as the sound turned piercing. That couldn't be Sarah. Someone was controlling what was happening. Someone was controlling *them*.

"Who are you? You're not Sarah." The screeching continued. D.K. whirled around, searching for movement. "Answer me! You can't take her away from me. Do you hear me, whoever you are? You can't!"

Everything fell quiet.

D.K. lowered his hands. The lights had stopped swirling. Blackness surrounded him. He looked around for anything at all, but found nothing. "Now what?"

When the ringing in his ears stopped, he heard a low whirring. It sounded off in the distance, somewhere ahead of him. He started forward. Maybe it would lead him to Sarah, or at least to someone who would know where Sarah might be.

The sound got louder as he approached, but was far from deafening, like the screeching had been. A panel slid up and light flooded the area.

D.K. raised his hand, shielding his eyes until they adjusted to the change. He cautiously stepped closer and peeked inside the room. Nothing. Well, someone had opened the panel. "I know you're around here somewhere," he mumbled to himself.

A low moan reached his ears.

He stepped inside the room. When he did, the panel slid closed behind him. He whirled around, but it was too late. He was stuck in here now.

Again ... the moan wafted through the air.

D.K. turned. The sound was coming from the back of the room, from behind what he had thought was a wall, but now saw was only a divider.

Hesitantly, he moved forward. What would he find? The moaning stopped just as he stepped around the wall-like structure.

His eyes widened, and a gasp escaped him at what he saw. "Sarah ..." He stood rooted to the spot, unable to move. "What have they done to you?"

EPISODE 23 - The Sheik And I

Setting: Harem Days

Sarah's head throbbed. She couldn't seem to move. Her eyes fluttered open. She was lying on a rug of some sort. When she tried to sit up, she realized that her hands and feet were bound. A gag covered her mouth.

She glanced around the room. Where was she? She looked at her outfit. Oh ... she must be back in the harem, but she didn't recognize these surrounding. She vaguely remembered following D.K. to his room. What happened after that was a blank.

Behind her, someone moved. "I thought I may have killed you." The man stepped around in front of her and crouched down.

Him! She recognized him ... and remembered. Pain shot through her head. He was the guard who had shoved her against the headboard, the one who said D.K. had to die. She frantically searched the room.

"The sheik is not here."

She tried to speak, but her voice was muffled by the gag.

The guard pulled the cloth away from her mouth. "If you scream, I will kill you this time. If you do as I say, I will let you go."

"Where's the sheik?" she asked, her voice barely above a

whisper. "Did you kill him?" Tears swam in her eyes.

He reached out and stroked her cheek. "How touching. You cry for the sheik." His voice tightened. "He is not worth your tears."

Sarah struggled to sit up and finally managed to do so with his help. She had to find out where D.K. was. She wouldn't allow herself to believe he was dead--not unless she personally saw his lifeless body. "Answer my question."

"About the sheik?"

"Yes."

He smiled an evil smile. "He is not dead. But he will be soon. He has been taken somewhere secure until the time of his death arrives."

"Where? And why must he die? Tell me."

"You are quite insistent for a slave girl. You must be his favorite. No matter." He stood and paced the room, watching her out of the corner of his eye. "The sheik has committed great atrocities against my family."

"What atrocities?" Was it possible? D.K. did take on certain characteristics of each time period in which they landed. Maybe he *had* done terrible things. She had no real way of knowing. No! D.K. could never be cruel.

A shadow passed by the open, french-styled doors behind the guard. Sarah's eyes widened. Was someone there, or had she imagined it?

The guard's eyes narrowed, and he turned toward the doors. "Did you see something?"

He slowly inched forward, glancing out onto the veranda. When he didn't see anyone, he breathed a sigh of relief and turned back toward Sarah. Before he took even two steps, he went tumbling to the floor and laid there unmoving.

Sarah gasped.

D.K. stood where the guard had been, having appeared as if out of nowhere. "Are you all right?" he asked her.

"I'm fine. Untie me. What did you do to him? How did you get here?"

"Later. We have to get out of the palace before the other guards get back." D.K. knelt down and untied Sarah's hands and feet. "How's your head? I heard you hit the wood before I blacked out."

"I'm okay."

He pulled her up. "Hurry. I have two camels waiting for us."

"Camels!

The room's double-doors burst open, and four burly guards appeared, each one holding a machete. D.K. groaned, and Sarah fainted dead away.

EPISODE 24 - To Groom A Lake

Setting: Area 52

A sharp stinging in Sarah's nostrils woke her. Had someone placed smelling salts under her nose? She brushed her hand across her face, but the smell didn't go away. Her eyelids fluttered open, and she glanced around, trying to get her bearings.

She was lying alone behind several black, metal barrels. "D.K.?" Where was he? She sat up, rubbing her nose. Why the heck did it sting so bad? And her eyes were watering terribly. She wiped away the moisture with the palms of her hands.

Sarah scrambled to her feet. Where was she? She hadn't been to this time period before, she didn't think. A new place always made her uncomfortable, especially when D.K. wasn't around to protect her.

In the distance, she saw a large open trench. Smoke rose from its depths. Maybe that's what was irritating her eyes and nose.

Buildings dotted the horizon. She was in the desert. She could tell that much. She turned and saw a large hangar several yards away. A high, wire fence enclosed the entire area. It looked like she was on some sort of military installation.

She headed toward the hangar, glancing about the entire time. No one seemed to be around. She hoped some war hadn't wiped everyone off the face of the Earth. Or turned them into zombies or something equally gruesome. Goodness!

There went her wild imagination again.

As she started around the corner, someone grabbed her from behind. Sarah tried to scream, but her mouth was covered by a strong, large hand.

"Shh ..."

She was dragged into the shadow of the building's overhang. A man in a uniform, carrying a rifle, passed by.

So much for thinking the place was deserted. Should she try to gain his attention? She kicked at her abductor.

"Sarah, stop it."

Her mouth was released, and she immediately spun around. Her eyes widened. "D.K.!" She threw herself into his arms and hugged him tightly. "I'm so glad to see you. I hate it when I wake up, and you're not there. I get so scared. I thought a monster got me."

He chuckled. "Don't be scared. I'm here now." D.K. pulled her against his chest. "But we have to be careful, Sarah," he whispered in her ear.

She pulled back. "Why? Where are we? What year is this?"

"Well ... I'm not sure what year it is, but I think I might know where we are." He led her over to the fence enclosing the compound. "Look." He pointed at a large, white sign with red and black lettering on it.

Sarah read the warning sign, but then shook her head. "I

don't understand, D.K. It's a military warning, but what's it mean?"

"We're in Area 51, Sarah."

Her eyes widened. "Area 51 ... No." She cocked her head. "Are you sure? It could just be any base located in the desert, couldn't it?"

"I don't think so. I've seen pictures. And see the mountains there. That range is--"

"Hold it!" a harsh voice demanded from behind them. "Turn around and get your hands in the air where I can see them."

Sarah and D.K. turned to face a guard. Sarah gasped at the sight of a rifle pointed at them.

D.K. pushed her behind him. "Don't get trigger happy, pal. We mean no harm," he told the guard, as he raised his hands in compliance. "We're not armed."

"You expect me to believe that? How'd you two get in here." The guard swung his rifle around. "Hey, stop!"

Confusion filled D.K.'s face. Then a loud crackling filled the air. He spun toward the sound. His heart stopped. "Sarah!" She had backed up too far ... right up against the electrical fence.

Sarah was being electrocuted.

EPISODE 25 - Bite Me!

Setting: The Old West (Cowboys)

A loud moan brought Sarah to her senses. Geez! Her whole body hurt. Had someone beat her up? It wouldn't surprise her. She'd been through every other horror.

She opened her eyes and saw that she was sprawled in the dirt.

Another moan attracted her attention, and she turned her head. D.K. was lying on the ground near her, holding his leg. "The dang thing bit me!"

She remembered. The rattlesnake! They were back in the Old West. She glanced around frantically but didn't see the reptile. She also didn't see the horse. He must have gotten spooked and ran off after he threw them to the ground.

Sarah dragged herself over to D.K. She winced in pain. It felt as if she'd sprained her arm and possibly one of her legs, too. "Where'd he get you?"

"Here." Blood flowed between his fingers, as he gripped the outside of his left thigh. "You have to go for help. There's a doctor in town. If you ride fast, you can make it there and back by tomorrow morning."

"The horse is gone."

D.K. cringed as he searched the area. "Hell-fire!"

"What'll we do?"

"Maybe there's some shelter nearby. A cabin or something." He struggled to stand. "I'm going to need to get this wound cleaned out."

"No!" Sarah tugged on his arm, until he settled back down. "Don't move any more than you have to. You'll spread the poison. I'll see if I can find someplace, then I'll come back and get you." She pushed herself to her feet, wincing as she tried to step down on her right leg.

"Are you all right?"

"Better than you. Now don't move. I'll be back."

"Don't go too far. You don't know the area. You're liable to get lost." D.K. laid back down, watching Sarah hobble off into the brush.

As a sheriff, he'd faced every type of low-life criminal there was, been in numerous gunfights, and more fist fights than he could count. Now he was going to die from a stupid snake bite.

Where was the justice?

Time slipped by as he waited for Sarah to return. He should have given her his pistol. Who knows what she might encounter out there on her own.

Rustling sounds filtered through the trees. He stiffened. "Sarah?" He drew his pistol, expecting trouble.

Sarah burst from between the trees. She stopped cold at

the sight of the gun pointed at her.

"Dang, woman. Answer me when I call out. I could have shot you."

"Sorry. I found a lean-to. It's not much, but there's a creek nearby." She limped forward and helped D.K. to his feet. "It's not far." She wrapped her arm around his waist, and they both struggled awkwardly forward.

"This way." Sarah guided him through the brush and between the trees. When they reached the lean-to, they both collapsed to the ground.

D.K. took the canteen hanging from his shoulder and handed it to Sarah. "Fill this up. And don't dawdle."

As Sarah made her way to the creek, D.K. flipped out his knife and tried to cut away the material around his wound.

A scream rent the air, and the sound of pistol fire reached D.K.'s ears. Panic filled him, for he recognized the voice. "Sarah!"

He struggled to his feet, but collapsed as soon as he tried to move forward. Pain shot through his body. He couldn't help her. He couldn't even help himself.

This time Sarah was on her own.

EPISODE 26 - An Old Wives Tale

Setting: Historical Scotland

A patting on Sarah's hand brought her awake. She opened her eyes to see D.K. staring down at her, concern in his eyes.

"Are ye all right, lass?" Before she had a chance to answer, he turned to speak to someone else in the room. "What happened?"

"I don't know. She just swooned."

Sarah saw the buxom woman peering past D.K., staring right at her, no concern at all on her face. She knew what had happened ... and so did the woman, she could see it in her eyes. Sarah groaned at the memory. Was it true?

"Leave us," D.K. ordered the woman.

"But--

"Leave us!"

"As you wish." The woman turned with a huff and stormed from the room, slamming the door shut behind her.

Sarah struggled to sit up. With D.K.'s help, she leaned against the pillows propped up in front of the headboard. "Is she your wife?" she tentatively asked, afraid he would confirm what the woman had told her.

D.K.'s eyes narrowed. "Why?"

"Is she your wife? Just answer the question, please. It's important."

D.K. rubbed a hand across his chin. "Aye, lass. She is my wife. Why do ye ask?"

Sarah felt like swooning again, but fought the urge. "I see." She avoided looking at him. She didn't want him to see the tears that had formed her eyes. "I don't think she wants me here. It's understandable. I'm really well enough to go now. I don't want to trouble you any longer than necessary."

"Yer not going anywhere yet, lass. Yer ankle is still sore." He reached down to gingerly test the tender flesh.

Sarah winced at the pain.

"As I thought."

A pounding sounded at the door, like someone was trying to break in. D.K. turned, a frown on his face. "What is it now?"

Three men burst in. Sarah shrank back against the headboard. The men looked to be soldiers of some sort. This wasn't a social call.

"What do ye want?" D.K. demanded.

"We're looking for a spy," one of the officers announced. "A female. We received word that she is hiding out at a tavern. How many women have ye here?"

"Four. This one here. My wife. And two serving girls, but

they are hardly more than children."

"Aye, we saw your wife and the girls downstairs." The officer approached the bed. "This one is too young," he said to the other soldiers. He turned his attention to D.K. "The woman we seek is about the same age as yer wife." His eyes narrowed. "How long have ye two been married?"

D.K. stood. "Let's talk downstairs." He turned to Sarah. "I'll be right back."

Sarah watched D.K. usher the soldiers out. What was going on? Tears trickled down her face. Her thoughts turned to the woman downstairs. How could D.K. marry such a person? There must be a reason. He couldn't possibly love someone so cold, could he?

She heard shouting from downstairs. What was going on now? She gingerly rose from the bed, careful not to put too much weight on her sore ankle.

Sarah opened the door and crept down the hall, trying to discern what was going on below. Something was wrong.

Darkness suddenly surrounded her. "Hey!" Someone had thrown a blanket over her head. The air left her lungs, as she was lifted into the air. Her foggy mind screamed for help.

No one heard her.

EPISODE 27 - Sticks And Stones...

Setting: Prehistoric Age

A foul odor and grunting brought Sarah awake. Geez! Was a bear sniffing around her? Then she remembered the rocks showering down on her during the time of the caveman. She forced her eyes open, afraid of what she would see, but she had to know.

A bear didn't come into her line of vision. It was D.K. His pelt was filthy from digging her out, his hair had tangled around his face, and he was moving around her, poking her and grunting.

"What *are* you doing?" She tried to sit up, but a sharp pain shot through her head--probably from the rocks. At the concerned look in D.K.'s eyes, her attitude softened. "I'm fine. Don't look so worried."

D.K. whisked her into his arms and carried her back to the cave that the clan inhabited. She didn't want to face the others, but there was no where else for them to go for shelter--not now that the smaller cave was blocked by the rocks.

They entered the cave, and D.K. carried her to a half-way secluded area, somewhat away from the others. He set her down and smoothed her hair back. Sarah smiled up at him.

Her smile faded quickly when he thrust a stick into her hand. "What?" She glanced at the piece of wood. "Does this mean something?"

He turned to leave.

Panic struck Sarah. He was headed out of the cave! She didn't want to be left alone with all these strangers, who stared at her like she had some sort of disease or something. "D.K.," she called out to him, but he had already disappeared.

Not long after D.K. had gone, a male approached Sarah. She clung to the stick in her hand, holding it against her chest. "What do you want?" she asked when he just stood there staring down at her.

Suddenly, he reached down and yanked her to her feet.

"Let me go! Why are all of you always grabbing at me?" When he reached for her hair, she slapped his arm with the stick.

His eyes widened and he backed off.

Sarah cocked her head. Was that why D.K. had given her the stick? It certainly wasn't enough to actually fight the man off, but maybe it had some significance.

She raised the stick in the air, and the man backed away to his own corner. She smiled slightly, feeling much better about her situation. She sat back down and rubbed her head. It still hurt, but not as bad as she thought it would.

When she looked up, D.K. loomed in front of her. She let out a little squeal of surprise, but then smiled. He sat beside her and put a wooden bowl of water next to her knee.

Sarah raised the bowl to her lips and drank heartily. She

set the bowl down and glanced around her. Her gaze settled on some large, flat leaves nearby. She grabbed one and dipped it into the water. She lifted the leaf to D.K.'s face.

He pulled back warily.

"No. It's all right." Sarah moved closer to him. She lightly wiped the wet leaf over his cheeks, washing away the dirt. "You're going to look so much better once you're clean," she crooned in a soft voice.

D.K. covered her hand with his. He gently took the leaf from her and dipped it into the water. Then he glided it across her cheeks as she had done to him.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. His gesture was oddly touching. Like he was trying to tell her that he understood she was doing more than just cleaning him.

Loud noises from outside caught her attention. The entire clan jumped to their feet. "What's going on?" Sarah asked automatically, though she knew she wouldn't get a verbal answer.

D.K. pushed her behind him as a mass of bodies filled the cave.

Sarah gasped as she realized what was happening. They were being attacked by another clan! She clung to D.K.'s arm.

He turned to push her further back into the cave, back into the shadows. Suddenly he dropped to his knees and a stunned look crossed his face.

Sarah screamed. A caveman stood before her, behind D.K., with a large club in his hands. He brought it down on D.K.'s head.

"No!" She lunged forward. She had to protect D.K.

She didn't succeed.

EPISODE 28 - One Sweet Breath

Setting: Alien Worlds

Sarah gasped as sweet, fresh air filled her burning lungs. Nothing had ever felt so good as to be able to breathe again.

"Are you all right?" D.K.'s voice echoed.

She heard him, but she couldn't quite answer--not yet. She needed more precious air before she dared to test her voice.

"Sarah, answer me!" He reached out and roughly shook her shoulder. "I need your help. Get it together ... fast."

Sarah straightened up as her energy returned. "Give me a second, will you. I almost died!" Vertigo momentarily assailed her. Blackness swirled before her eyes. Then she realized the blackness was the vastness of space.

She looked around and saw that she was seated in the cockpit of a space shuttle. She heaved a sigh of relief. "We made it."

"Almost."

At that moment, another shuttle came into view, heading right for them. An orange streak of light shot out from the side of it.

"Are they firing at us?" Sarah asked in panic. This wasn't happening. It couldn't be. It was like something from a sci-fi movie.

"They're doing their best."

Sarah dove under the console. "Tell me when it's over." If she didn't look, it wasn't real ... sorta. She felt the shuttle shake and knew they'd been hit by the way D.K. cursed. "Is it bad? Please tell me it's not bad."

"Get back up here," he yelled. "I need your help."

She slowly pulled herself back into the chair. "What can I possibly do to help?" D.K. did a loop, and Sarah shrieked. "Can you NOT do that? I'm going to toss my lunch."

"Quit complaining and engage the auxiliary power."

The panel of lighted controls before Sarah were indecipherable. "How do I do that? None of this stuff is labeled."

"It's the green switch on your right."

Sarah flipped the switch, expecting some great surge of power. She didn't get it. "Nothing happened." She frowned.

"Yes, it did." D.K. pushed a lever, and their shuttle shot past the other one and zoomed out toward a system of planets not too far in the distance.

"That's not Earth," Sarah whispered as she studied the stars in front of them. Her mother had been an astronomer. The system ahead was not recognizable to her.

"Earth? What do you mean?" D.K. banked quickly left to

avoid a blast from the pursuing shuttle. "Dang persistent Grays," he muttered under his breath.

"The planet Earth."

"Never heard of it. I'm gonna try for Tichner 3. It's not the safest place for us, but it's the closest, and we need to refuel."

"Refuel?!" Sarah's heart practically stopped beating. "Are we out of gas ... or whatever it is that propels this thing?"

"Running on fumes, I'm afraid."

Another shot rocked the shuttle. D.K. flew from his chair and hit the side of the cockpit. He groaned and slid to the floor, slipping into unconsciousness.

"D.K.!" Sarah didn't know whether to rush to his aid or to grab the controls. She grabbed the controls, holding on for dear life. "D.K., wake up!"

The shuttle dipped. "Ack!" She pulled back on the lever she'd seen him use. The shuttle suddenly stopped in mid-air. "Uh, oh."

Then it plummeted ... straight down.

EPISODE 29 - Medieval Medicine?

Setting: Medieval Times

"Miss, wake up. We are here."

Sarah's eyes fluttered open. A castle, larger than any she'd ever seen in pictures, loomed before her. It took her so much by surprise that she would have fallen off the horse if Moran hadn't had his arm around her.

A young boy ran up to take the reins of the horse as Moran dismounted. He reached up and helped Sarah down.

She fidgeted from foot to foot. "Please. I need to see D.K."

Moran grabbed her arm. "This way." He pushed open a large door and led her into the castle. It was dark inside, lit only by a few sconces on the walls.

An older woman rushed up to greet them. "Is she the one?"

"Yes," he answered. "How is he?" Concern laced his voice. "We are not too late, are we?"

"No. He still lives."

Sarah exhaled in relief. "Please, take me to him."

The woman nodded and led Sarah up a flight of stone steps, then down a long hallway. She pulled open a door and gestured for Sarah to enter.

She rushed inside and over to the bed. "D.K.," she whispered, as she sat beside him. She glanced around briefly and saw that they were alone. The room was dark and cold, and smelled of death.

Sarah brushed the hair from his forehead, her fingers lingering over the bandages there. He felt so hot. "I'm here, D.K."

"Sarah?" he croaked, his voice barely audible.

"Yes, it's me."

"They won't listen to me." He coughed. "Think I'm delirious. I'm not ... yet. Find my clothes."

"Your clothes?" Sarah's voice rose in alarm. "Are you crazy? You can't go anywhere in your condition."

"No. In the pocket, there's a pouch. Please."

Sarah looked around the room. She spotted his clothing draped over a chair. "I see them." She hurried over and searched the pockets. Her hand closed over a pouch, and she pulled it out.

She sat back down beside D.K. "Is this it?"

He nodded. "Open it. There's a bottle."

She opened the pouch and after shifting through it, she pulled out a bottle. Her eyes widened as she examined it. She looked from D.K., to the bottle, and back to D.K. again. "This is penicillin. What are you doing with penicillin? Where did you

get it? *How* did you get it?"

"Just give me one."

Sarah opened the bottle and removed a pill. She filled a cup with some water from a pitcher on a table beside the bed. "Here."

D.K. swallowed the medicine. "Now unwrap this danged bandage and clean out the wound. They did one hell of a lousy job."

She did as instructed, doing her best to ignore D.K.'s groans, for it had to be done. "Where'd you get the medicine, D.K.?"

Shouting and scuffling drew their attention. The door flew open, and a man wielding a sword burst inside the room.

Sarah screeched. She rushed to grab D.K.'s sword, but couldn't lift it. The weight was enormous.

D.K. struggled to get up. "Run, Sarah!"

"I won't leave you!" As the attacker turned on D.K. and raised his sword, Sarah jumped on the man's back. "Get away from him!" She pummeled his head.

The man grunted. "Get off me, wench." He tossed her against the wall. "The traitor must die!"

Sarah slid down the wall and into blackness.

EPISODE 30 - Sacrifice For Love

Setting: The Old West (Indians)

Sarah let out a little squeal when she opened her eyes and found herself nose to nose with a strange man.

"Stay calm, miss." The man raised up. He turned and spoke briefly to another man. After the second man rushed out of the tent, the first turned back to her. "Looks like you're going to be all right."

He was dressed in a uniform--an old army type, it looked like. Where was she? She tried to sit up, but searing pain shot through her body.

The officer put a hand on her shoulder, and he pushed her flat. "Don't try to move yet. You took a pretty deep stab to the chest."

Stabbed? Sarah groaned as she settled back down. She remembered. She'd thought for sure she was dying. How did she get here from the cave?

Realization suddenly hit her. If she were in what looked like an army camp, where was D.K? Had they captured him? An Indian was the enemy.

"How did I get here?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Blame the thing. Injun brought you in. We got him under guard though, so you don't have to worry about him hurting you

again. Guess he figured we were about ready to find your hideout and thought it would go easier on him if he surrendered."

"He didn't hurt me," Sarah protested, her voice getting stronger. "He saved me. He hasn't been hurt, has he?" Tears welled in her eyes. Why would D.K. walk right into an Army camp where he could be killed? Did he do it to save her life?

"Saved you? How'd you get stabbed then?" he asked as if he thought she was crazy.

"Another Indian did that. A bad one." She winced at the memory. "I think D.K. may have killed him, but I'm not sure."

"Well, they're all murdering savages far as I can tell," he spat out. "You can take it up with the Commander. I'm just the doctor."

"Is that our guest I hear?" a booming voice asked from behind the doctor. "Lieutenant Parker said she was awake."

The doctor turned, and Sarah saw an imposing man looming before her. He smiled, but she saw a coldness in his eyes.

He sat in a chair beside her bed. "I'm glad to see you're awake. I'm Colonel Remmington. And you are?"

"Sarah--Sarah Corday."

"We thought the Indian did you in, Miss Corday. How'd he manage to capture you?" His gaze flickered down her body. "There aren't that many settlements around here, and we

haven't heard of a white woman being missing."

Sarah shivered at his perusal. "He didn't capture me. He's my friend."

The man's eyes darkened, and Sarah realized she'd made a mistake. She'd answered automatically--stupidly. She knew how hostile the attitude toward Indians was during this time period. Well, it was too late now. She couldn't take it back.

"You were with him of your own free will?"

When she didn't answer, Remmington shot to his feet and turned on the doctor. "Is she well enough to be moved? I'm taking both of them to the fort."

"Not yet."

"Get her ready anyway," he growled. "We leave in an hour. If she doesn't make it, it'll be one less Injun-lover to worry about."

Sarah gasped at his words. "Where's D.K.?" she blurted out in panic. The commander obviously hated Indians. Visions of soldiers beating and torturing D.K. suddenly came to mind. Certainly they wouldn't be that cruel. "You haven't hurt him, have you?"

Remmington stormed out of the tent without answering.

Pain shot through Sarah--physical and emotional. She didn't think she or D.K. would ever see the walls of the fort--not if the Colonel had anything to say about it.

EPISODE 31 - I've Been Slimed!

Setting: Alternate Dimension

D.K. took a step forward, then stopped. It was Sarah who was strung up before him on the wall, wasn't it? The green slime all over her body made it hard for him to tell for sure. "Sarah? Is that really you?"

When he didn't receive an answer, he approached her and stepped up on a small platform, which brought him up to her face level. "Sarah?" He reached out to touch her, but pulled back at the feel of the sticky slime.

Her eyes popped up.

He gave a small yelp of surprise. "Geez! Don't scare me like that. Are you all right? Who did this? Did they hurt you?" He looked for injuries, but didn't see any. He wondered what purpose the slime served. Whoever did this must have been preparing her for *something*. And it certainly wasn't anything good, he was willing to bet.

Sarah stared past him. Her lips moved, but no sound came out.

"Don't try to talk. Save your strength." He braved the slime and pulled at the ropes that bound her to the filigree-type board attached to the wall. "Don't worry. I'll get you out of this, then we'll get that slime off you."

Sarah's eyes widened.

D.K. stopped when he saw the look of terror on her face. "What is it?" He put his ear close enough to her mouth to feel her breath, hoping he'd be able to hear her.

Her lips continued to move, but still no sound came out.

A strange feeling overcame him--like he was being watched. He slowly turned, and his heart slammed against his ribs. "What the hell?"

Five grotesque, deformed heads with three orange eyes, large red fangs, and black tufts of hair popped out of the floor, disappeared, then popped up again--each time moving a little closer. Their fangs chomped up and down and yellowish-green drool rolled down their faces, as if they were savoring the thought of a good meal.

D.K. turned back to Sarah and pulled frantically at the ropes. "It's all right." He had to get her out of there! He kept glancing over his shoulder, watching the strange creatures as they got nearer and nearer. "I'll have you free in a minute."

One rope fell from Sarah's wrists, then the other. She crouched down to help D.K. with the ropes binding her ankles.

"They're only heads, Sarah. How dangerous can they be?" Nevertheless, he worked quickly, not about to take any chances.

"We'll be fine. You'll see. I promise to keep you safe. You can trust me." He laughed unconvincingly, trying to lighten the load for Sarah's sake. "We'll have a good story to tell our children, if nothing else."

Then with a grunt, D.K. fell to the floor.

Sarah reached for him. She barely managed to touch his shoulder before they were upon her. What had they done to D.K.?

The horror heads bit at her ankles, working their way up her legs. She tried to scream, but no sound came from her throat.

They pulled her down with their fangs and dragged her across the cold floor. She tried to kick them, but her strength was gone. She couldn't fight. All she could do was submit to whatever they had planned for her.

Hopefully D.K. would be able to escape once he regained consciousness. Someone had to make it out of here. He'd never be able to find her ... probably.

D.K. had said 'our children.' Did that mean he loved her and wanted to spend his life with her-- build a future, a family? Or had he meant their separate children, not theirs together?

Life could be so cruel with its timing.

She felt doomed--her fate determined by three cannibal heads. She'd need a miracle to get out of this one.

EPISODE 32 - To Spit On A Camel

Setting: Harem Days

Something wet and slimy slid down Sarah's cheek. She opened her eyes and came face to face with some *creature*.

"Ack!" Was she back in "the void"? She couldn't be. It wasn't the right time. She wiped the glob from her skin.

Sarah scooted away from the alien. Only after she'd put some distance between herself and the whatever-it-was did she recognize it. "A camel!"

She glanced around. "D.K.!" It was night, and she looked to be out on the dunes all alone. "D.K.! Where are you?"

A shadow appeared out the darkness. "I'm here, Sarah. Don't be scared. Are you all right?" He sat down beside her and took her hand in his. "I'm sorry I left you. I wanted to make sure no one was following us."

"What happened?" She rubbed her head. She must have bumped it when she fainted, for it throbbed terribly. "Last thing I remember was two giants coming at us with machetes. Then I guess I blacked-out."

D.K. chuckled. "Well, actually, they weren't coming at us. They were there to rescue us. They're standing guard for us now until we can make it to my other palace."

Sarah breathed a sigh of relief.

A wet glob landed on top of her head. She turned abruptly. The camel had maneuvered itself behind her. "What is his problem?" she screeched.

"It's a *she*." D.K. glanced up at the camel. "I think she's jealous of all the attention I've been giving you." He released Sarah's hand and started to rise. "I'll take her to the other side of the camp."

"No!" Sarah's eyes widened, and she grabbed his hand back. "I don't want you to leave." Her face flushed. "I mean ... It's okay if she stays. I don't mind."

Sarah glared at the bothersome camel, as she wiped her head. "But if she spits on me again, I'm going to spit back!"

D.K. smiled. But then, he squeezed her hand, and the smile left his face. "Sarah, I think there's something we should talk about."

She squirmed. He looked so serious. "What?"

"Us." He released her hand and raked his fingers through his hair. "We're always in a lot of danger, it seems and ..."

"Yes." She'd never seen him look so nervous--not when there wasn't some eminent threat facing them. Was there a new problem about to befall them?

"Well, one of these times, something may happen to one of us."

"Oh, don't say that, D.K.!"

"It's true, Sarah. Anything can happen, and I just want you to know how I feel about you, in case something does."

She gulped. "How you feel? Okay." She held her breath. "How do you feel?"

D.K. cupped her cheek and leaned forward. His lips brushed hers with the lightest of touches-- agonizingly light.

"Sarah ..." As he opened his mouth to say more, a loud cry filled the air, and several men rushed into the camp.

Sarah screamed in surprise. D.K. leapt to his feet.

There were too many to fight off. Sarah fought as best she could as two men dragged her into the darkness, kicking and screaming. She was no match for them, but continued to fight nevertheless. She had to try.

D.K. followed, but fell to the sand when a beefy fist made contact with his jaw. Pain shot through his body, then darkness claimed him. His last thoughts were of Sarah. Sweet Sarah. He never got the chance to tell her ...

EPISODE 33 - Conspiracy And Lies

Setting: Area 52

"Is she going to be all right?" D.K. demanded of the man in the room. He glanced at Sarah lying unconscious on the bed. He reached out to touch her, but pulled his hand back before he made contact.

"Hold your temper, D.K. She's going to be fine. The doctor said she'd probably be out for another few hours, but there's no permanent damage."

D.K. raked his fingers through his hair. "I told you to keep the guards out of sight, Colonel. When will she be able to travel? I want to get her out of here before anything else happens. We'll need supplies and transportation."

"She's not going anywhere, D.K. She's seen too much. You never should have told her she was in Area 51. That sealed her fate."

"I had to tell her something. At the time, the truth seemed easiest. She hasn't seen anything but a couple of guards and a fence." He paced back and forth, becoming highly agitated. His gaze flickered between Sarah and the Colonel, and his face darkened with worry. "The only other thing she might have seen was--"

"The trench ..."

D.K. collapsed into a chair beside the bed. "She doesn't know what that was. She's just interested in surviving, that's

all."

"It's a matter of national security now. She's going to be too dangerous. If she does figure it out, and she goes to the press-
_"

"She won't," D.K. assured. "I'll see to it. She'll do what I say. And if I can get her out of here, she probably won't even give it a second thought."

"Sorry, D.K. We can't take that chance." He stared down at Sarah. "Too bad. She's such a pretty little thing. You two have anything going?" He shot D.K. a sly look, then reached out to stroke Sarah's hair.

"Don't touch her." D.K.'s voice was low, but threatening. He leaned forward in the chair. "What do you intend to do with her?"

The Colonel pulled his hand back. "There's only one thing we can do ... eliminate her. You'll have to do it. Since you've already killed before, it shouldn't be difficult. Of course, I could probably convince the doctor to do it, if you'd rather?"

"No," D.K. pushed himself out of the chair. He stared at Sarah lying there so helpless. "She trusts me. I'll do it."

"Find out what she knows first. From what you've told me, if we can harness this thing, it would be a great weapon." The Colonel's gaze rose from Sarah to study D.K. "Can you make her talk? If not, I can assign Connor to her."

"I can make her talk."

"Mmm."

D.K. cocked an eyebrow at the Colonel's response. "Do you doubt me?"

"No." The Colonel chuckled. "I suppose not. I've seen you in action." He patted D.K. on the back. "Come on. I'm off duty. I'll buy you a drink."

D.K. followed the Colonel from the room.

A tear slid down Sarah's cheek. She'd heard everything. She hadn't been unconscious as they'd thought.

Eliminate.

The word echoed in her brain until it hurt. D.K. was one of them. He was supposed to make her talk, the Colonel ordered. But about what? She didn't have information about anything that could be used as a weapon.

Agony ripped through her soul as she recalled the conversation. D.K. had killed? She had a hard time believing that. But he hadn't denied it. He hadn't even argued with the Colonel over his orders.

D.K. was going to betray her. D.K. was going to kill her!

EPISODE 34 - Gas Pedal Fetish

Setting: The Recent Past

"What's wrong?" D.K. pleaded for the fifth time, as he stomped after Sarah. "You haven't said a word to me in hours. Did I commit some unspeakable crime?"

Sarah stopped and glanced around, for the first time noticing her surroundings. She'd been in a fog. They weren't in Area 51 anymore. Where were they? She didn't remember going to sleep.

She stole a glance at D.K. He looked visibly upset. How could she trust him after what happened in the last time jump?

She sighed heavily. D.K. was different in each time period, so perhaps she was safe from him here. Wherever here was.

They were walking on the side of a road--a highway. They couldn't be too far back in time, not with a paved road. It was dark, so she couldn't really see the surroundings, and there weren't any signs.

"What did I do?" D.K. asked, grabbing her arm. "Answer me, will you?"

Sarah wrenched free. "Nothing." She looked into his troubled face and melted. Reaching out, she stroked his cheek. "I'm sorry. It's nothing. I'm just tired."

He enfolded her in an embrace. "I know. Me, too. Where do you think we are?"

"I don't know." Sarah pulled away and took his hand. "Let's just try to find some shelter. Maybe a car will come by and we can hitch a ride."

As if by magic, the sound of a car echoed in the distance. D.K. glanced down at Sarah and smiled. "How did you do that?"

She chuckled. "I'm talented that way. Let's go see." She pulled him to the edge of the road.

Two bright lights neared them. She hoped the driver would see them in the darkness. The moon was full, so that should help.

Sarah waved her arm as the car drove past. The driver braked quickly, making the tires squeal in protest. "He saw us!" Sarah exclaimed. "Come on."

The driver leaned over and rolled down the passenger side window. "You two stranded? Need a ride?" he shouted.

"Yes." Sarah smiled. "To the next town, if possible."

"Get in. But you'll have to ride in the back. I've got books stacked in front."

D.K. opened the back door, and Sarah slid inside. D.K. followed. "Thank you," she acknowledged and relaxed against the seat. "We're grateful."

"No problem. My name's Eric Crane, Sr. I'm just heading home. Overtime, you know how that is. But can't get around it.

Had to tutor a student. I can take you a few miles before my turnoff. There's a gas station up ahead. You can call someone or get a tow."

"Sarah?" D.K. touched Sarah's cheek. "You're pale as a ghost. Are you ill?"

She slowly, almost imperceptibly, shook her head. Eric Crane, Sr.--teacher. This man was her boyfriend's father. Or maybe the name was a coincidence. She'd never seen his picture, so she didn't recognize him.

The car picked up speed as they careened around the corner. The terrible night of the car crash that sent her travelling through time returned. "Slow down, please."

"Ah, this car handles like a dream. Don't worry about it."

Something tugged at Sarah's memory. Mr. Crane had been deceased since his son was a little boy. He'd died in a car crash! Speeding, like his son did so many years later. And Crane's oldest son had also died in a car crash as a result of speeding. Did the entire male Crane clan have some kind of gas pedal fetish? They couldn't stop themselves from indulging?

"I think you better slow down, Mr. Crane," D.K. suggested. "These turns are getting pretty sharp, and the road's a bit wet."

"Where's your adventure? Gotta have some excitement in life. Love the feel of pressing in on a gas pedal. It's such a high!"

The car swerved into the other lane. Sarah screamed. *No, please. Not again!*

EPISODE 35 - Grubby Hands

Setting: The Old West (Cowboys)

Sarah awoke with a start when someone slapped her face. She stared into the beady eyes of a strange man. Her heart slammed against her ribs. He wasn't a strange man. She recognized him. He was one of the three men who had approached her on horseback. They'd fired at her to frighten her, then knocked her out and kidnapped her!

The man pulled her to her feet and chuckled. "Looky, boys. The little gal's finally woke up." He looked at Sarah. "We thought you was gonna sleep till Winter, the way you was snorin' away." His hand tightened around her arm.

Sarah staggered a moment, but then gained her equilibrium. She had to get back to D.K. He'd die if she didn't tend to his snakebite. "Please, let me go."

The yellow-toothed man--the one who had pulled her up--smiled, but an evil intent shone in his eyes. "Yer too purty to let go." He turned to his companions. "I betcha we could get a right good price for this one up at the minin' camps."

Terror shot through Sarah. "Mining camps? You're going to *sell* me? You can't do that! My friend needs help. He's hurt."

"Yer friend's gonna have ta fend for hisself," Yellow-teeth barked out. He grabbed Sarah around the waist and pulled her against him. "'Course we can't take you up to them miners without tryin' you out first ourselves."

The other two men shot to their feet. "Me first, Jeb," one of them pleaded.

"No way," the second one protested. "I'm goin' afore you."

Hysteria claimed Sarah, and she struggled with all her might. "Get your grubby hands off me!" Her meager strength was no match for the bear of a man holding her.

Jeb's fetid breath fanned her cheeks. She thought for sure she'd faint at any moment. That might be a good thing. She'd travel off to another time.

Would they rape her while she was unconscious? She wasn't quite sure what happened to herself in one time period when she travelled to another. After one time jump, D.K. said it had taken her days to catch up with him. But it seemed like only moments to her.

Sarah pushed against Jeb's chest as she warily watched the other two men out of the corner of her eye. "No!" she screeched as Jeb slid his mouth down her neck. His saliva left a wet, sticky path along her skin.

She reached down and felt the handle of his pistol. With renewed determination, she pulled the weapon from the holster and jabbed it into his stomach. "Back off or I'll blow a hole in you." Her voice sounded strangely calm. She hoped it would carry weight though, and convince the men to let her go. She couldn't shoot all three of them before they returned fire, but maybe she could surprise them enough so she could get away.

Jeb released her and took a couple of steps back. He held up his hand when the other two men reached for their guns.

"Hold on, fellas. She ain't gonna shoot me. Come on, sweetheart, give ole Jeb the gun. You know you can't get all three of us."

"I can get YOU," she hissed, her voice coming out much more confident than she actually felt. She hoped her legs wouldn't buckle beneath her, they shook so badly.

"My boy's will shoot you dead before I hit the ground." Jeb took a step forward.

Sarah backed up. "Stay back. I'm taking one of your horses, and I'm getting out of here. Don't follow me."

Before she knew what was happening, Jeb charged her. She didn't even get a chance to fire a shot. He grabbed her arm, struggling for the pistol. They both fell to the ground.

Trapped between them, the six-shooter fired. The explosion, though muffled by their bodies, still rang in the air. Sarah and Jeb both stopped struggling and lay immobile.

One of the other men stepped up to them and crouched down. He pulled them apart and visibly cringed at the sight of blood. He wiped a shaky hand down his long beard.

The third man towered over the scene. "Which one of 'em got it, Zeke?" He fidgeted back and forth, looking for movement.

Zeke stood and moved aside. He pointed down at the bloody mess. "See for yerself."

EPISODE 36 - A Change Of Sex

Setting: Historical Scotland

Sarah awoke to the sound of angry voices. They had accents, and none of them sounded like D.K. She opened her eyes a slit and glanced around, trying not to move her head in case she might be in danger. When she saw the uniforms on the men, she remembered. Scotland.

"She's not the spy, ye idiot! Ye grabbed the wrong one."

Sarah's heart leapt in her chest. She'd been arrested-- actually, kidnapped was more like it. They thought she was the spy. And the worst part was that D.K. would never suspect. He'd just figure that she left and returned home.

She hated being in this time period where D.K. didn't really know her. She couldn't rely on him. He was like a stranger. Well, she probably wasn't in danger. The man in charge seemed to know that she wasn't the spy they sought.

"She matches the description ye gave me!" the man protested.

"She's just a serving wench. Ye was supposed to snatch the wife."

Sarah cringed at the reminder that D.K. was married. She still didn't believe it. The woman probably *was* the spy, and maybe D.K. was just trying to protect her by pretending to be her husband.

A knock at the door interrupted the men's argument.

"See who it is," the one in charge ordered. "Then get rid of them. I'll figure out what to do with the lass."

Moments later, scuffling was heard, then a shout from the other room. The inside door flew open and banged against the wall. In reflex, Sarah bolted upright in the bed and pressed back against the wall. "D.K.!" she whispered breathlessly, when she recognized the intruder.

He pointed at her, but spoke to the man in charge. "Release her! One of my serving girls saw her being carried away. She is not the spy ye seek."

D.K. didn't wait for the man to respond. His fist slammed into the soldier's jaw, sending him sprawling to the floor.

He rushed over to Sarah and hauled her from the bed and into his arms. "Are ye all right?" he whispered against her hair.

"I-I'm fine," she stuttered, in near shock from D.K.'s actions. Her arms automatically went around him, and she held on tight. It felt so good to press against his warmth.

"I was afraid they had taken ye to the gallows." D.K. pushed her away just enough to look into her eyes. "They dinna hurt ye, did they?"

Sarah shook her head. "I'm all right. I can't believe you came after me. Why did you do that?"

He grabbed her hand. "Come. We must leave before they wake up. I knocked the other one out, too. I have a place

where we can hide."

Confusion crossed Sarah's face. "I don't understand. They know I'm not the spy. I don't need to hide." A flash of regret passed through her. "You should go back to your wife. They'll be looking for her. She's the one they were really after."

"She has been hidden away, lass. She will be safe. She is not the spy. When the soldiers return to the tavern for her and she's not there, they will search the establishment. I know how they work. Then they will discover the true spy."

"One of your serving girls?"

"No, lass. *I* am the spy."

Sarah almost laughed at the absurdity. "You! They're looking for a woman."

"Aye."

She shook her head. "What are you saying? You're not making any sense, D.K. The soldiers are looking for a woman. You're NOT a woman."

"I know." He stroked her cheek. "I was a woman, Sarah."

The room spun before Sarah's eyes, and she felt herself falling--fainting. D.K. caught her in his arms. He said something to her, but she didn't know what. She only knew she couldn't accept what he'd just told her. Somewhere in the back of her mind she realized, in this time period, it was impossible. Or was it?

EPISODE 37 - To Mate A Caveman

Setting: Prehistoric Age

Sarah kicked and screamed in fear and frustration. She hung over the shoulder of a clansman--the one who had clobbered D.K. The rest of the cavemen who had participated in the raid loped along side, many with prisoners of their own.

"Put me down!"

Immediately, Sarah noted that these cavemen were different. They had blond hair like she did. Maybe that would afford her some protection since she looked like one of them. She wondered if they'd left D.K. for dead at the cave. She wondered if he *was* dead.

She didn't know how long she'd been asleep, but she didn't recognize where they were at. Though it was hard to recognize anything being bounced around on this caveman's shoulder. Geez! He smelled worse than D.K. ever had!

She'd never be able to find her way back to D.K. She prayed he wasn't hurt. She prayed he'd come looking for her. Otherwise, she'd be stuck with these primitives forever. The thought made her shudder.

Blond Guy lowered her to the ground. He grunted and pointed off in the distance.

Sarah turned. She saw more blond cavemen and cave women coming toward them. That must be their dwelling grounds up ahead.

Blond Guy tugged her forward. Her gaze flickered over the other dark-haired captives, hoping that somehow D.K. might be among them, but he wasn't. Her heart sank.

A short blonde woman approached them. She spat at Sarah, then clawed at Blond Guy's arm. He tossed her aside and pulled Sarah against him.

Sarah cringed and tried to push away, but his hold was too tight. She studied the woman scrambling to her feet from where she had landed in the dirt. She wondered who she was. Someone who obviously felt Blond Guy was hers and didn't like the idea of some strange female coming between them, no doubt.

An old, toothless man approached. He prodded and poked at Sarah, then grunted something to Blond Guy. She felt like she was being inspected for the auction block or something.

Before she could wonder who the old man might be, BG pulled her forward and dragged her into the clan's cave. He pushed her down on some animal pelts. This must be his "area" of the cave, she surmised.

A bowl of sorts, with gray contents, was deposited into her lap. Food. Though the chunky mess looked like it had already been eaten at least once already and redeposited. Ugh! Her stomach churned at the thought of eating it.

BG sat beside her and dipped his fingers into the bowl, then shoved them in his mouth. The slop ran down his chin and dripped between his legs. He dipped his fingers into the bowl again and held them up to Sarah's lips.

"Forget it!" Sarah pushed his hand away.

Suddenly, he swiped the bowl from her lap and finished off the contents like a starving man. Just as well, Sarah thought. She couldn't have stomached whatever that crud might have been.

The empty bowl skidded across the dirt as BG tossed it aside. He stared at Sarah so intensely she feared to speculate what he was thinking.

With the speed and force of a locomotive, BG lunged at her and flipped her over on her stomach.

"What are you doing?" Sarah screeched.

When she felt him fumbling with her pelt, she kicked out and twisted onto her back. "Get away from me!" She glanced around, but nobody seemed to be paying any attention. The others simply sat eating their meal.

BG flipped her over again and pushed at the back of her pelt, trying to raise it over her hips.

"No!" Sarah tried to pull away, but she was trapped by the cave wall in front of her and BG behind her.

An agonized roar erupted from the front of the cave.

Sarah's heart lurched in her chest at the sight of the man standing at the entry. He shook a staff in the air, and again his voice roared threateningly throughout the dwelling. "D.K.," she whispered. "I knew you'd come."

EPISODE 38 - A Time To Die

Setting: Alien Worlds

Sarah slapped D.K.'s face. "Wake up! We're plummeting through space!!" She grabbed the front of his shirt and shook him hard.

He was out cold. He must have really walloped his head. She hoped jarring him hadn't made it worse, but she was desperate.

She slid into the pilot's seat and studied the controls. The ship was descending so fast that she felt her stomach in her throat. She plunged her fingers into her hair in frustration and fear. "Where's the STOP button?"

A red disc caught her eye. She reached out, but then hesitated. It wasn't marked. What if it did something to put them in a worse position than they were in now? "I can't just sit here, though. I have to do something."

She reached out, but again pulled her hand back. "What do I do?" After all she and D.K. had been through, surely fate wouldn't desert her now. Taking a deep breath, she slapped her palm down on the button.

Nothing happened. Minutes passed as she stared at the instruments.

Still nothing happened--nothing she could tell anyway. She hoped she hadn't just dumped their fuel or something.

A groan filtered up from the floor. Sarah glanced down. "D.K.?" She slid from the pilot's seat onto the floor to kneel beside him. She raised his hand to her cheek. "Wake up ... please. I know you can save us."

His eyes fluttered open just as the shuttle jolted wildly. "What happened?" He cringed and rubbed the bruise on his forehead.

"You hit your head. We're plummeting out of control."

D.K.'s eyes widened. He struggled to his feet. With Sarah's help, he managed to settle himself into the control chair.

He studied the instrument panel. "The control system's shot. There's no maneuvering capabilities. I can't disengage the engines, and they're overheating. We're going to have to evacuate." He flipped a switch. "Damn!"

"What?"

"I don't understand this." He flipped several more switches located just under the red disc. "What happened to it?"

"What happened to *what*? It wouldn't have anything to do with the red button, would it?" Sarah asked timidly. She chewed at her bottom lip.

D.K. turned toward her, and his eyes narrowed. "What did you do?" he asked, his voice almost too calm considering the situation.

"I was trying to stop us. Red means stop, so I hit the button."

I had to try something." The ship jolted again as if to accentuate her point.

D.K. lowered his head. "Oh, Sarah ..."

"What?" She slid into the seat next to him. "What's the red button for? It can't be too bad. I mean, we haven't blown up or anything."

"You released the escape pod. There's no way we can get out of here now. And ..." He studied his instruments. "In 7 minutes, the atmospheric pressure will crush this ship like a can of soda ... if we don't burn up first."

"No!" Tears slid down Sarah's face. "I'm sorry. I--I didn't know. Can't you radio someone for help?" she asked hopefully.

"Who? The Grays? They're not going to help us." He let out a heavy breath and grabbed her hand. D.K. gently squeezed her icy fingers. "We're going to die, Sarah." He pulled her into his lap. "There's no way I can save us this time."

Sarah sobbed. "I killed us."

D.K. wiped the tears streaming down her face. "Like you said, you didn't know. We can't change what's happened." He stroked her face with the back of his hand. "But if this is the end, I'm not going to die without telling you, Sarah ... I love you."

EPISODE 39 - Chain Of Love

Setting: Medieval Times

Sarah's head throbbed. She shook away the cobwebs and pushed herself to her feet. What happened? She studied her surroundings.

Ah ... she was in the castle. She glanced around frantically. What happened to D.K.? Then she remembered the man with the sword, who had burst into the room. Her head throbbed even harder. Had he taken D.K.?

Moran rushed into the room. He grabbed Sarah's arm. "Are you all right?" His face reflected genuine concern.

Sarah barely noticed. "Someone broke in! The scumbag must have captured D.K. I can't find him anywhere."

"Scumbag?" He shook his head at the foreign word. "I don't think D.K. was captured," Moran assured her. "We caught the intruder on his way down the stairs." He searched the room. "D.K. is not here?"

"No! Haven't you been listening? I just said he wasn't." Sarah quieted. She chewed at her bottom lip. "What happened to him? He couldn't have gone far. He was hurt too bad. I can't believe he would just leave the room--leave me here alone."

A tremor of fear travelled down Sarah's spine. Something was very wrong here.

"Come." Moran led her from the room. "We will search the

castle. He cannot have gone far. Maybe the intruder did try to capture him, but D.K. got away."

A wave of relief surged through Sarah. "Yes. That must be it. But we have to hurry. He could reinjure himself. He's very weak."

Moran, Sarah, and all the servants searched for D.K. After an hour, it was apparent he was not inside the castle.

Sarah sat down before the hearth in the main room. She looked up at Moran in desperation. "Could he be outside?"

"I do not believe so." Moran scratched his chin. "The intruder was captured inside the castle. There would be no reason for D.K. to have ventured outside."

"Well, maybe he did, trying to get away from the man."

Considering her words, Moran nodded. "It is possible. We will search." He squeezed Sarah's hand. "Try not to worry."

Moran left Sarah's side to organize a new search. Tears flowed down Sarah's cheeks. What had happened to D.K.? How could he just disappear?

Maybe he jumped to a new time period without her. If she went to sleep, she'd certainly find him again. But what if he had disappeared from the other time periods, too. What would she do? Life wouldn't be worth living without him.

And worst of all ... what if D.K. had crawled into some hole somewhere and died, and that's why they couldn't find him. A shudder wracked her body.

A young boy rushed up to Sarah and tugged on her arm. "Sir Moran says you must come! Hurry! He has found something."

Sarah jumped up and rushed after the boy. Her heart pounded erratically. "Please, Lord, let D.K. be all right," she whispered.

Outside the castle, near a ditch, Moran stood looking down at the ground. Sarah's footsteps faltered. She slowly approached.

Moran lifted his head as she neared. He pointed down.

Sarah's heart stopped, and she fell to her knees. Her fingers dug into the dirt. She lifted her hands, and a chain dangled from between her fingers--the gold chain she had given D.K. to wear so he'd remember her. Blood coated the links.

Throwing her head back, she screamed out her despair. "*No!* He's *not* dead! I know it." Her voice cracked. "I won't let him go!" Between sobs, she gulped in air, trying to stay composed, but failed miserably.

"I'll never give up on you D.K.! Wherever you are, I'll find you. I swear it!"

EPIISODE 40 - Sweat And Blood

Setting: The Old West (Indians)

"Ow!" Pain shot through Sarah's chest like a burning arrow-a most unpleasant way to be awakened, for sure. She groaned when she saw the soldiers and desert landscape.

This was one time jump she wished she could have bypassed. She swore the wagon driver was purposely hitting every hole he could find, just to make her hurt more.

The men hadn't spoken anymore than was necessary to her, except to issue an order or to make some lewd comment about her, or about her and D.K. There didn't seem to be a compassionate man among them.

She looked over toward the other wagon, where D.K. sat. The soldiers had refused to let them ride together.

The look of concern on D.K.'s face, touched her heart. 'I'm all right,' she mouthed to him, even though pain ripped through her with each passing moment.

D.K. looked terrible. She could see he had been badly beaten. Maybe the soldiers at the fort wouldn't be so cruel, though she doubted it. If D.K. didn't get away, he would probably end up being beaten to death or even hanged.

She could tell by the way he kept looking around, that he was searching for a way of escape. His feelings of desperation practically filled the air.

The day was so hot, and her chest felt moist. Oh, what she'd give for an air conditioner. She shifted uncomfortably.

Her fingers wiped across her neck and down to soothe her sore chest. It throbbed like crazy. She pulled her hand back and glanced down.

Blood!

The wound had re-opened. What should she do? She could ask the soldiers for help, but she knew she wouldn't get any. Colonel Remington had hoped this trip would kill her. And it just might, depending on how much farther they had to go.

She turned concerned eyes to D.K. She didn't want to worry him, but she needed help. Though what he could do, she didn't know.

He cocked an eyebrow.

She raised her hand slightly, just enough for him to see the blood. Panic gripped his features. He sat up straight and studied both wagons, along with their surroundings. But Sarah knew it was useless. There was no way for them to get away.

"Whoa!"

Both wagons came to a stop. "We rest here," one of the soldiers ordered. "Fifteen minutes." The men piled from the wagons.

A young soldier locked gazes with Sarah. "Lieutenant!" he called. "The woman's bleeding. Don't look like she's gonna make it to the fort."

"Bleeding?" The Lieutenant walked to the back of the wagon. His look of disgust made Sarah shudder. You'd think she'd murdered someone by the way they were treating her. How could they be so cruel?

He glanced toward the blinding sun. Perspiration dotted his forehead. "Haul her out of there. We'll let the vultures have her. Good people won't want to associate with her anymore, and she's stinking up my wagon besides. Good riddance."

The soldier pulled her from the wagon, and Sarah stumbled to the ground. "Please don't leave me out here alone."

The Lieutenant spat in her face. "You don't deserve to be around decent folk after messing with *his* kind." He jerked his head toward D.K.

Sarah's gaze found D.K. He didn't even look upset. Was that a small smile on his face?

He'd gone crazy. That was it. The sun had fried his brain, and he was loony. She was dying, was just spit on, and insulted ... and he sat there like he hadn't a concern in the world.

Fine. The pain was too much to bear anyway. She'd just give in to it, and let it take her where it would. At least she'd be free.

EPISODE 41 - 3 Heads Are Worse Than 1

Setting: Alternate Dimension

Sarah drifted in and out of consciousness. Her legs hurts, and she couldn't remember why. "D.K.," she whispered. Her voice was so low she wasn't sure if she actually said it aloud or only imagined that she did.

"I'm here, sweetheart."

Strangely, the sound of his voice failed to calm the nervous flutter in her stomach. She felt him stretch out beside her.

He stroked her cheek--his fingers cool against her skin. Usually when he was near she felt safe, but at the moment an odd sensation of danger assailed her.

"Where are we?" she managed in a low voice. Why couldn't she speak any louder? Why was she so out of it? It felt like she'd been drugged.

"You're home."

"Home?" That was an odd thing for D.K. to say. What did he mean by *home*? He didn't know where her home was. He must mean they were safe.

What time jump had she made this time? She couldn't think, and it was so dark she couldn't see where she was.

D.K.'s fingers trailed down her arm. "I'm right here, Sarah. I won't leave you. You must trust me and do as I say."

His words sounded almost eerie in the darkness. She felt a feather-light touch on her forehead and realized that D.K. had kissed her. She felt so tired, but she didn't want to sleep. If she slept, she'd time jump again.

She snuggled next to D.K. Maybe that would make her feel safer.

Goodness, he felt strange. She didn't quite know why. It was like he was ... disconnected ... or something. "Why is it so dark? I want to see you."

"Don't worry." He pressed his lips against hers.

Sarah shuddered--and not with delight. She shrank away from him.

She shook her head. It must be the stress of the past few weeks. She loved D.K. She'd fantasized about kissing him over and over again. Why now would she feel afraid of him? It didn't make sense. Guilt ate away at her.

"What's wrong, Sarah?"

"Uh ... nothing." She certainly couldn't tell him that, at the moment, he was making her skin crawl. "I'm just tired, I guess. It's nothing for you to be concerned over."

"Let me make you feel better. Let me touch you. We should be together. I know it's what you want. I want it, too. It's time, sweetheart."

Apprehension filled Sarah--no, stark terror was more like it.

"Time?" She scooted away from him. "I--I don't want to. Not now. It's not right."

"Please, Sarah. Let me show you."

"Show me?"

Light surrounded her, its brilliance blinding, but her eyes quickly adjusted. She didn't see D.K. Where had he gone? She was alone.

What was going on here? She hadn't been dreaming. She knew she hadn't. "This place ... it looks familiar." She turned her head.

"Ahhhh!"

The *Three Heads*! Their glowing eyes and long fangs hovered near her--poised to attack. D.K. must have never been there at all. But it *had* been his voice. Hadn't it?

She almost gagged at the realization that it was *the heads* that had touched her--kissed her. But how? She'd felt fingers--or at least she thought she'd felt fingers. She shuddered.

Now she knew why she hadn't felt safe. She was back in the void!

EPISODE 42 - A Prince's Kiss

Setting: Harem Days

Something tickled Sarah's nose. She swiped at it and rolled over onto her side. When she felt hot breath fanning her cheek, her eyes popped open.

"Oh!" She was nose to nose with a white, long-haired cat. "Hello?" The cat scampered away and disappeared under the bed.

Sarah sat up. Her whole body hurt. No wonder. She had been lying on the floor. "Where am I?" She spotted legs protruding from the other side of the bed. Her pulse raced. Friend or foe?

She crawled over to the body, surveying her surroundings as she went. Another desert palace it looked like from the decor.

Getting closer to the stranger, she realized it wasn't a stranger at all. "D.K.!" She scurried over to him and gently patted his cheeks. "Wake up."

He groaned, and his eyes fluttered open. "Sarah? Is that you?"

"Are you all right?"

He slowly sat up, rubbing the bump on the side of his head. "I will live." He glanced around. "Where are we?"

"My best guess would be ... your enemy's palace." She slipped her arm around his waist. "Let me help you up."

D.K. struggled to his feet. Seeing curtains billowing in the breeze, he made his way over to the balcony. "Let us get out of here ... quickly."

Sarah came up beside him. "Can we escape?"

"I thought so, but no." He sighed. "Not from this high up. Look."

"Goodness!" Sarah's eyes widened as she peered down. "We must be three stories up. And there are guards everywhere." She turned to D.K. "You have a lot of enemies. Are you really a prince?" He remained silent for so long, she wondered if he intended to answer her at all.

"I am sorry for getting you involved in my troubles."

The despondent look on his face touched her heart. She wrapped her arms around his waist and hugged him tightly. "It's not your fault."

D.K. laced his fingers through her hair and breathed in the scent of her. "You feel good in my arms, Sarah."

She snuggled into him, revelling in the feel of his body pressed to hers. His heart beat a heavy rhythm against her cheek, matching the rhythm of her own rapidly beating heart. "I wish we could stay this way forever."

"Do you?" He tilted her chin, so he could look into her eyes.

"Oh, yes," she answered with a sigh. She reached up and caressed his cheek. The smoothness of his skin felt cool against her palm. "Promise me you'll never leave me."

He lowered his head and grazed her lips with his. "I promise." When she leaned into him, he covered her mouth in a searing kiss.

The door burst open. Startled, D.K. and Sarah jumped apart.

A guard strode over to them. "How cozy." He grabbed Sarah's arm in his beefy fingers. "The Sultan will see you now."

D.K. grabbed her other arm. "She is not going. Not without me."

Another guard rushed in and grabbed D.K. from behind, braking his hold on Sarah. D.K. struggled, but the massive guard outweighed him by too much.

The first guard pulled Sarah from the room. "No!" she screamed. "Let me go!"

"Sarah!" D.K. called after her, still trying to disengage himself from his captor. "Sarah!" The door slammed with an ominous finality.

"Relax," the guard instructed. "You have seen the last of that one."

EPISODE 43 - Murder My Love

Setting: Area 52

Sarah crept down the hall. She had to find a way out of here before D.K. decided to follow his orders and kill her. She still couldn't believe he'd betrayed her. How could he have spent so much time watching over her just to kill her now?

An officer passed by, and she pressed herself against the wall. Her heart beat so hard, she was surprised he couldn't hear it. But his stride never faltered.

Where was the stupid exit? She started around a corner, but quickly backed up when she saw D.K. and the colonel headed her way.

Sweat broke out on Sarah's forehead. Had they seen her? No. They were talking in what sounded like normal tones.

They stopped before turning into the corridor. Sarah exhaled in relief. She glanced over her shoulder, looking for an alternate escape, but their conversation caught her attention.

"I won't do it here in the hospital room," D.K. complained. "She deserves better than that. Let me take her to my place."

The colonel laughed. "You *have* gone soft. Or maybe you just want to bed the girl one last time, hmm? Wouldn't blame you. It's what I would do."

Sarah listened for D.K.'s response, but he remained silent. She heard the colonel clear his throat and shuffle his feet as if

uncomfortable.

"It's too dangerous to take her off the compound," he told D.K. "She could get away from you. You'll have to do it here. Just don't forget to question her for the information first. This could be invaluable to us."

"Let me take her away, Colonel. There's no reason for her to run. She trusts me."

Tears welled in Sarah's eyes. *I used to trust you, my love.* She would rather have endured any torture than to die at his hands.

She backed up and slipped through a stairwell doorway. If she made her way down to the ground floor, surely there'd be a way out. The trick was not to let anyone see her. She wished she had a uniform to use as a disguise.

Wiping the tears from her face, her thoughts returned to D.K. "It has to be just this time jump." She took in a big gulp of air.

Sarah skidded across one of the landings, but quickly regained her footing and continued down. "I can still trust him in the other times. No problem."

The words sounded hollow to her. She realized her doubts would keep her from ever completely trusting him again, and her heart ached at the loss.

She felt so foolish. D.K. must have gotten quite a thrill out of tricking her into trusting him, into falling in love with him.

Tears threatened to consume her once again, but she fought against them. She couldn't afford to break down. Not now. "Save it for later."

She reached the bottom floor. Was it the basement or the first floor? It wasn't marked anywhere. She slowly pushed open the door. "Must be the basement." The light was subdued, and a musty smell reached her nose.

Should she go back up to the first floor, or should she see if there was an exit down here? She'd be less likely to be spotted down here. "I'll look here first."

She entered the basement, pausing a moment to allow her eyes to adjust to the dim lighting. Nothing unusual. Heating and electrical stuff. Dust. A brighter light glowed from the far end. Maybe it was a way out.

The light grew even brighter as she approached. It looked like it was coming from a room. Darn! Probably just the maintenance men's office.

The door was ajar and she peered inside. No. It was not an office. It looked like a laboratory. Why would it be in the basement?

From behind, an arm slid around her waist, and a hand clamped tightly over her mouth. "Snooping, Sarah?" a voice whispered in her ear.

D.K.! He'd found her.

EPISODE 44 - Double Vision

Setting: The Recent Past

Sarah shivered. Why was she so cold? She turned over and sucked in a mouthful of leaves. "Arghh ..." She immediately spit them out and bolted to a sitting position.

Darkness surrounded her. Where was she? She saw a car flipped over on the road. An accident. They'd been in a car accident. "D.K.?" He was nowhere to be seen.

She scrambled to her feet. Her muscles were sore, but she didn't seem to be hurt.

A man lay on the shoulder of the road. Sarah's heart twisted. She stumbled over to him and fell to her knees. It wasn't D.K., but the driver--her former boyfriend's father. She hung her head. He was dead.

D.K. must have gone for help.

Sarah's head snapped up when a realization hit her. She was very close to home. She glanced at the surroundings. Yes. Not far at all. Fifteen years in the past, but still ...

Her mother! Her mother would be alive. She shot to her feet, but then hesitated. What about D.K.? She shook her head. No. She had to get home.

Sarah ran until her side hurt and she could barely breathe. But finally, there it was. Her house. Nestled in the center of a middle-class neighborhood. A car pulled up in the driveway. It

was dark, but she was still able to see her parents emerge.

She tentatively stepped forward. What should she say to them?

Her mother spied her by the front gate and stopped, shifting a little girl she held protectively in her arms.

Her father paused briefly, then approached. "Can I help you?"

Sarah couldn't find her voice.

Her mother stepped closer. "Are you lost, child?"

Sarah smiled slightly at her mother's familiar endearment. She nodded mutely, not knowing what to say.

The little girl her mother held stirred awake and asked to be put down. When her feet touched the ground, she turned to Sarah, cocked her head, then with wide eyes, reached out her little hand.

"Don't bother the lady, Sarah," her mother admonished.

It took a moment for Sarah to realize her mother was talking to the little girl, not to her. But the little girl *was* her. She reached out to take the child's hand.

An arm slipped around her waist, and she was drawn backwards. "We're sorry," a male voice apologized. "We didn't mean to bother you."

Sarah struggled free. She spun around. "D.K.?" He

grabbed her arm and dragged her toward a car down the street. "No. Wait." Sarah watched her parents ... and herself ... disappear inside the house. They glanced back at her in concern, but then shut the door.

She pulled against D.K.'s hold. "No!" Tears streamed down her face. "I want to go home!"

D.K. pushed her inside the car from the driver's side and slid in beside her. "You can't, Sarah. It's not your home."

"Yes, it is. Let me go." She turned on him. "How'd you find me?"

"I went for help. On my way back, I saw you running down the road. I called out to you, but I guess you didn't hear me, so I followed you. That's not your home, Sarah. Not the way you are now. You know that."

"But I want my mother, my father. I want my life back," she cried. "I'm all alone. I'm scared, D.K."

D.K. smoothed her hair. "You're not alone, Sarah." He kissed her lightly on the lips. "You're not alone." His mouth covered hers in total possession.

Sarah clung to him, pressing her body against his. He was the only constant in her life now. She needed his warmth, his compassion, his love. She threaded her fingers through his hair and opened her mouth to him.

D.K. gently pushed her away. "Sarah," he breathed heavily. "We can't. We have to get out of here."

"Why?" she asked, equally breathless. "We have no where to go." She settled back against the seat and wrapped her arms around herself. "Where'd you get the car, by the way?"

"I stole it."

Sarah's eyes widened, then she exhaled loudly. "Lovely." Her head fell back against the headrest, and she drifted into a fitful sleep.

EPISODE 45 - A Lover's Nibble

Setting: Transylvania

"Ack!" Sarah crashed down atop a pile of rubble. "What the--" She cringed as pain shot through her body.

She carefully sat up and tossed some of the refuse aside. "What a way to travel." After determining that she wasn't severely injured, she climbed over the remaining smelly mound of trash until she found secure footing.

Sarah glanced skyward. "I've never fallen out of the sky before. I hope that's not a new trend." She rubbed her hip. "It hurts."

She studied her surroundings. Dark as usual. It seemed that most all of her time jumps occurred at night, but then that's when she slept, so she supposed it wasn't too unusual. Where had she landed this time?

It looked like she was back in that alley in Scotland, but ... she didn't think so. The time cycle wasn't right.

She flicked a moldy piece of *something* off her cape. She'd almost gotten used to appearing in strange clothing all the time ... almost.

Well, her first order of business was to find D.K. She knew that he couldn't be far. He never was. Then they could figure out where they were and what dangers faced them this time ... if any.

Sarah yelled as a rat scurried across her foot. "Lovely."

She took a deep breath, daring to hope that they might have some peace in their lives for once. It would be a nice change from always fighting for their lives.

"D.K.," she whispered harshly, wrapping the cape tightly around her shoulders. The season felt like winter; or maybe she was just shaking from fear.

Wherever she was, it gave her the creeps. Shadows danced all around her, and she couldn't locate their source.

She stopped in her tracks. Someone was down at the far end of the alley, crouching over something. Was it D.K.? A bum? Some crazed killer? She shuddered. Geez! Her life had become such fun of late.

"D.K.?"

The person stood. A man. A tall man. It *could* be D.K.

Sarah warily stepped closer. Please let it be him. Storm clouds drifted away from the moon, and the light revealed the man's face.

Relief washed through her. "D.K.!" She threw herself into his arms.

He didn't say anything, but his arms tightened around her. She relished in the feeling of his strong body pressed against hers.

D.K. always made her feel safe. Together they could defeat

any enemy. "I'm glad I found you so quickly. Where are we?"

His fingers tangled in her hair, and he pulled her head back to look down at her.

Silently, hungrily, he took her mouth with his. His lips consumed hers with a passion that threatened to consume her very soul.

Sarah willingly submitted to the intoxicating kisses, never wanting them to end. Her hand slipped inside his collar to caress his heated flesh. Her fingers traced erotic patterns back and forth along his skin.

Suddenly, she pulled away. It took a moment for her to catch her breath, but once she was able to speak, she asked, "What happened to my necklace, D.K.?" She felt inside his collar, searching for the chain. "You're not wearing it."

He pulled her back into his embrace and lowered his head to nuzzle her neck. His tongue licked lightly at the throbbing vein under her skin.

A jolt of intense pleasure shot through her body.

Somehow she found the strength to push him away again. "Stop." She cocked her head. "What's wrong? You're acting ... different." She tried to pull completely out of his arms, but he wouldn't release her.

"Answer me." A tremor travelled down her body. He was acting very strangely, and his eyes had taken on an unnatural glow.

His lips parted as if he had decided to finally answer her. But instead ... two long, blood-covered fangs slid down from inside his mouth.

"No!" Sarah screeched, pulling against his hold. D.K. had turned into a vampire!

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

1. What kind of stories are the *Sleeping Sarah* episodes? Are they for all ages?

The stories can be compared to a movie rating of PG-13 or a television rating of TV-14. Each story contains adventure and romance, targeted toward mid-aged teenagers up to adults. Select stories contain some slight sexual tension, but nothing graphic that goes beyond the ratings stated above.

2. I really like the stories. Can I reproduce them on my website or elsewhere?

Sorry, no. The stories cannot be reproduced in any format at this time. However, if you'd like to link to our website, we would appreciate that greatly.

3. *Sleeping Sarah* looks familiar. Haven't I seen these stories on the internet before?

Sleeping Sarah has been on the web since 1997. The episodes

were originally posted on the author's AOL webspace, then moved to Addicted-to-Romance in 1999. Now Sarah has her own place on the web.

**4. Why are you only posting a new story every month?
That's a long time to wait in-between episodes.**

Yes, it is a long time, but the webserial will last longer this way. Between stories, we hope that you'll return to re-read old episodes, check-in on the on-going polls, shop with our sponsors, and see what new and interesting links we've added.

5. I have more questions. Who do I contact?

You can write Ruth D. Kerce at <mailto:SleepingSarah@aol.com?subject=Question> or at <mailto:webmaster@sleepingsarah.com?subject=Question>