

BBC NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE TWELFTH DOCTOR

DOCTOR WHO

DOCTOR
WHO

ROBBIE MORRISON
DANIEL INDRO
SLAMET MUJIONO



LEX

Reading Comprehension Test

VIEWCOMIC.COM

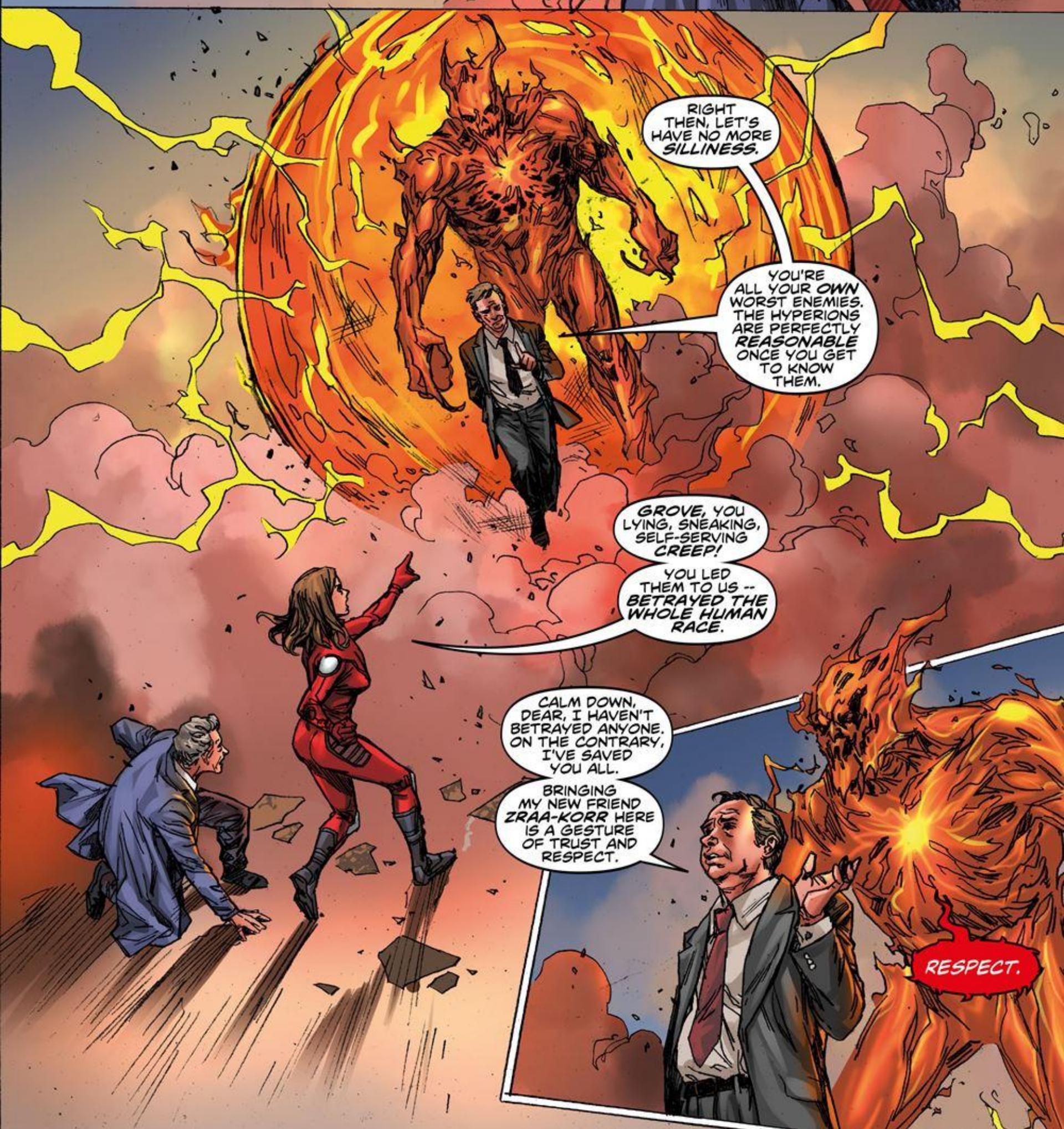


"BUT AS THEY'RE SONIC-DISRUPTERS PROGRAMMED TO NEGATE THE TELEPATHIC FREQUENCY THAT RESURRECTS THE SCORCHED--"



SEE?
GRACE
UNDER PRESSURE,
A COOL, CALM AND
COLLECTED BEDSIDE
MANNER AT ALL
TIMES.





THEY'VE APPOINTED ME TO ACT AS HYPERION/HUMAN LIAISON AND PROMISED TO LET US RETURN TO OUR HOMES... ON ONE CONDITION.

THAT WE HAND OVER THE DOCTOR.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.

A COSMIC WEDGE TO EVIL BEINGS THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE, THAT'S ME.

MARTYN GROVE, PRESIDENT OF EARTH.

I, UH, PREFER PRIME MINISTER, IF THAT'S ALRIGHT WITH -

THEY REALLY DO HAVE THEIR KNICKERS IN A TWIST OVER YOU, I'M AFRAID.

HOWEVER, ALL THAT WILL REMAIN OF EARTH IS ASH AND DUST.

ALL SHALL DIE, EVERY INSIGNIFICANT CREATURE ON THIS FEEBLE LITTLE WORLD.

AS PRESIDENT...

SORRY, PRIME MINISTER, IT'S ONLY FITTING THAT YOU LEAD THE WAY.

AAAHHEEEEEE!

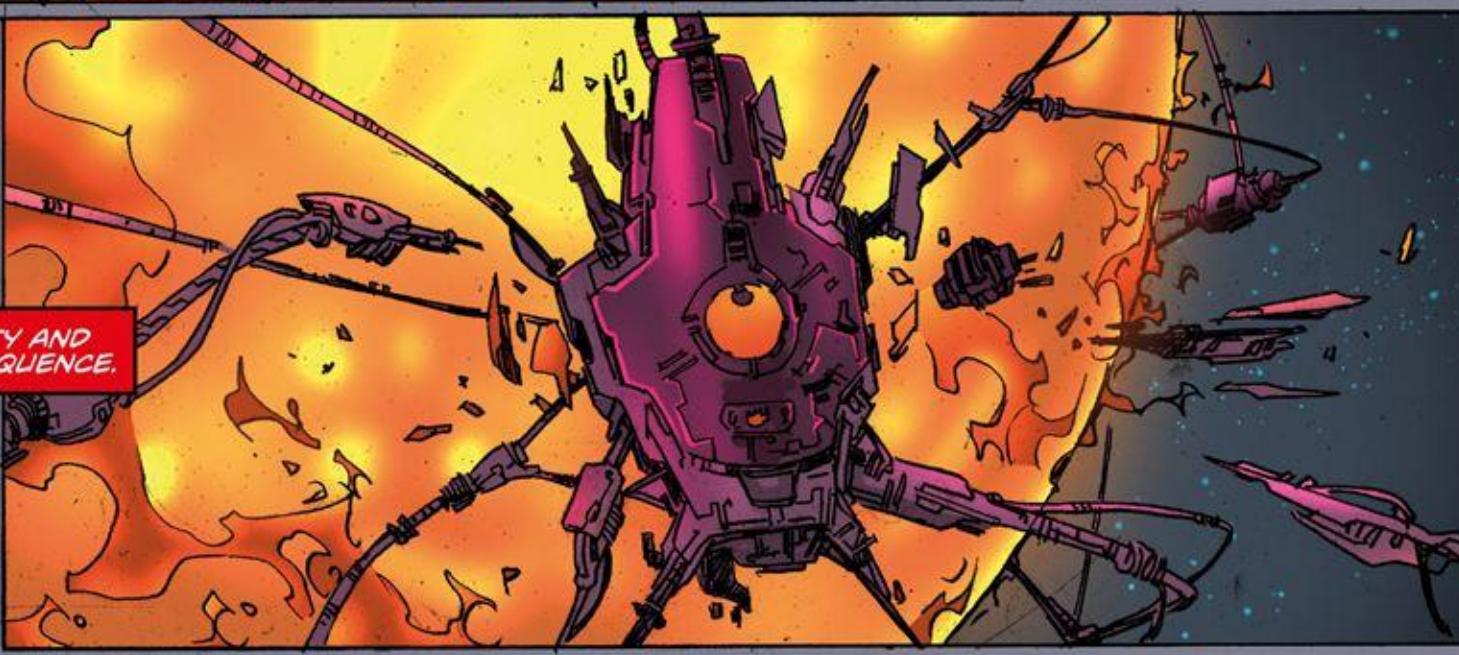


**THE HYPERION FUSION WEB,
ENCIRCLING
EARTH'S SUN.**

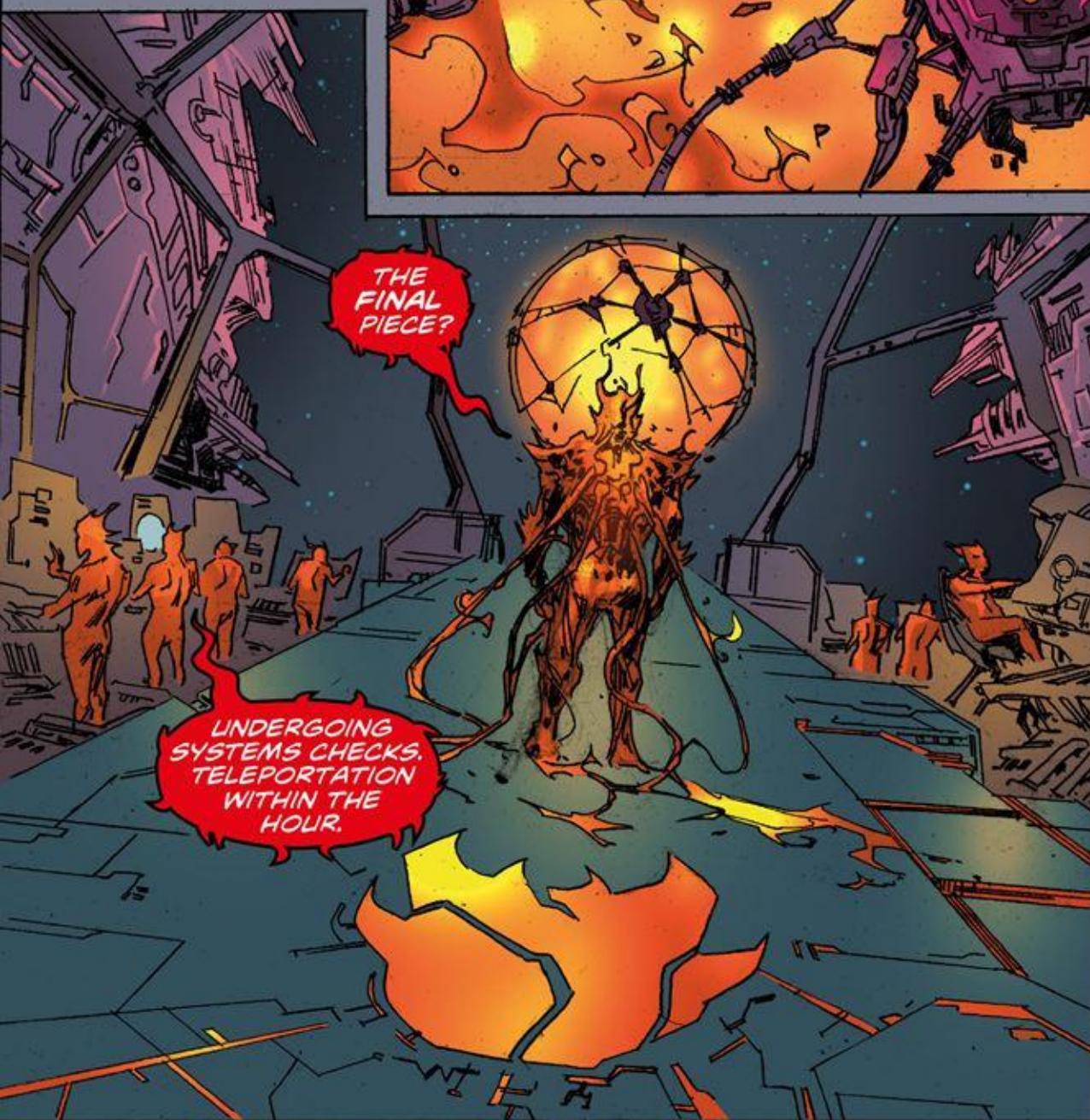
TELEPORTATION
SUCCESSFUL.

THE PENULTIMATE
STRAND OF THE WEB
IS IN PLACE.

TESTING SYNCHRONICITY AND
INITIATING ACTIVATION SEQUENCE.



THE
FINAL
PIECE?



UNDERGOING
SYSTEMS CHECKS.
TELEPORTATION
WITHIN THE
HOUR.

WARLORD
DRA-KHAN!

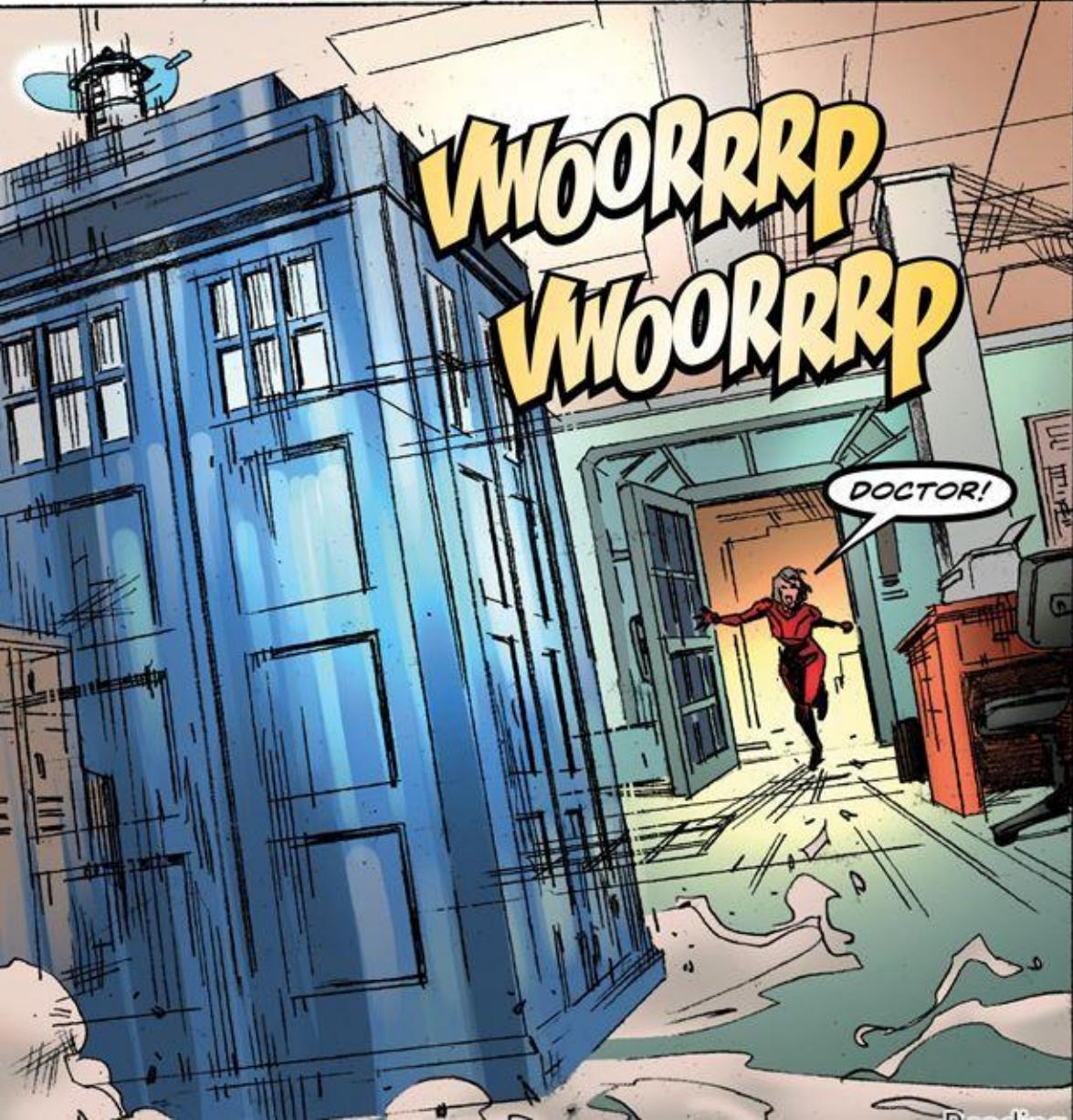
COMMUNICATION
FROM EARTH: ZRAA-KORR
HAS THE GALLIFREYAN
AT HIS MERCY. THE TIME
LORD AND HIS TARDIS
ARE OURS.



**HYPERIOS
RISES.**









THE SUSSEX FIREWALL.

"WHAT?"



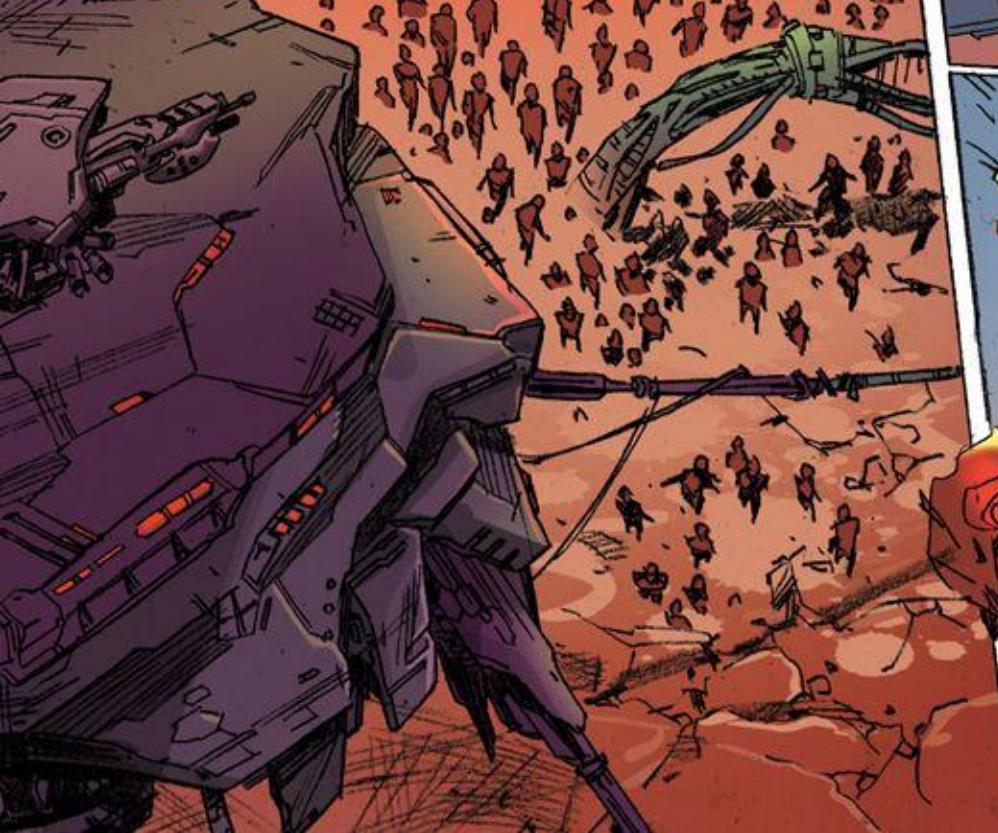
"NO, DOCTOR..."



"DOCTOR, I WASN'T BEING SERIOUS!"



INCINERATE!



TA-DA!



DO YOUR THING, DOCTOR!

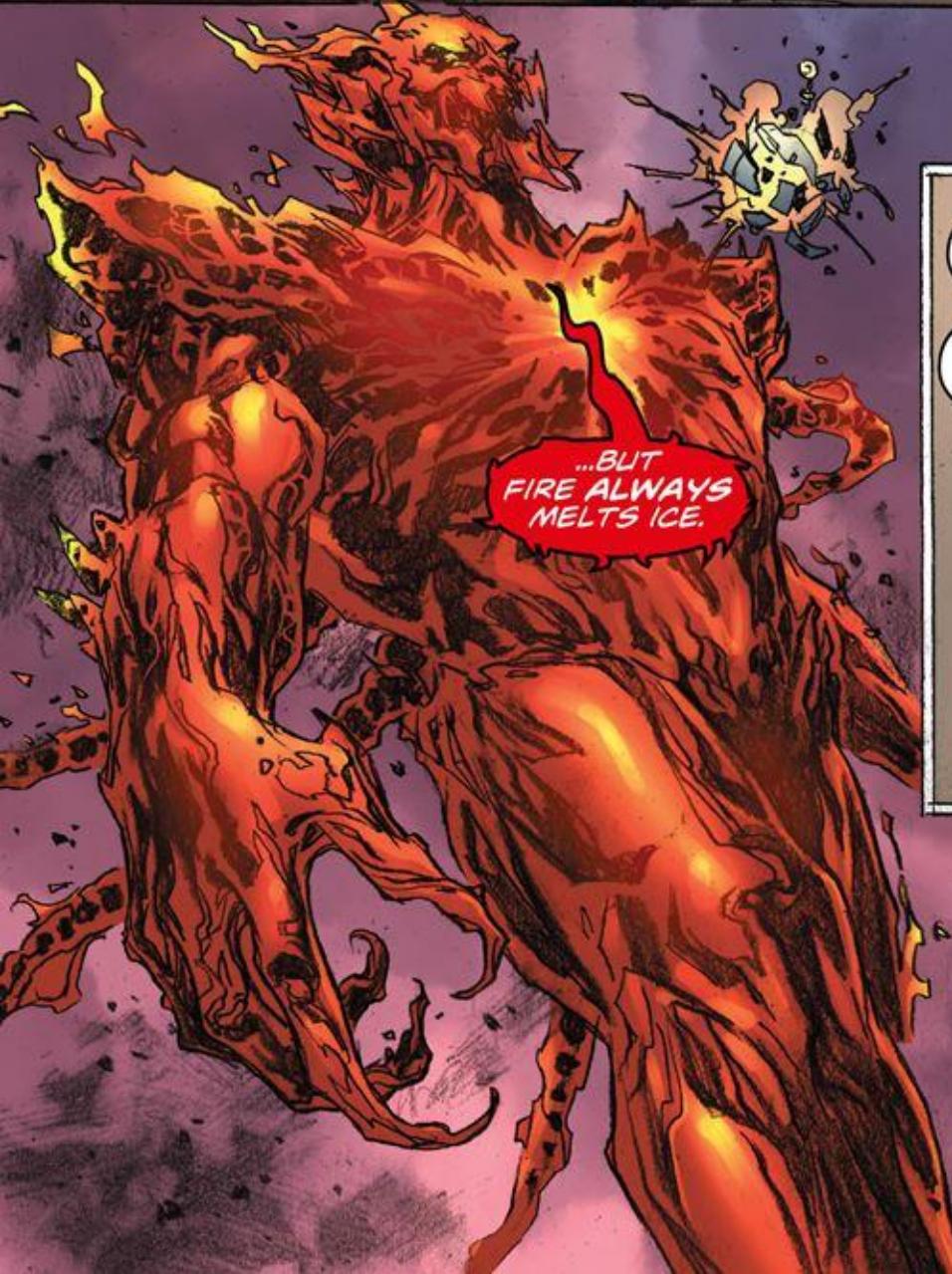
WE'LL HOLD THEM OFF.

MINDLESS ZOMBIES, MEET FREE WILL...

...AND RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



KKK BOOM



TELEPORTATION
SUCCESSFUL.

THE FINAL STRAND
OF THE WEB IS
CONNECTED.

I ALMOST FEEL
SYMPATHY FOR YOU, DOCTOR.
THE LAST OF YOUR RACE, A SAD
LITTLE CREATURE DEFENDING
A SAD LITTLE WORLD.

ONCE YOU'VE
WATCHED EARTH
DIE, ONCE YOU'VE
WATCHED US CLAIM
YOUR TARDIS...



WE'LL MAKE
YOU OUR THRALL,
A FUSION ANGEL...
DESTINED TO HUNT AND
KILL FOR US WITHOUT
QUESTION.

ACTIVATE
THE WEB.

BY YOUR
COMMAND,
WARLORD
DRA-KHAN.



WOORRRP WOORRRP
WOORRRP WOORRRP WOORRRP

WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE,
TIME LORD?

-- AND
SUPERSEDE
YOUR CONTROL
NETWORK.

NO...
DAMN YOU,
DOCTOR! WHERE
ARE YOU TAKING
US?

PLAYED ON YOUR
ARROGANCE.

THE COLD BOMB
WAS NEVER INTENDED TO
DESTROY YOU, BUT IT DID
GET ME CLOSE ENOUGH
TO HACK THE TARDIS
INTO YOUR FUSION WEB --

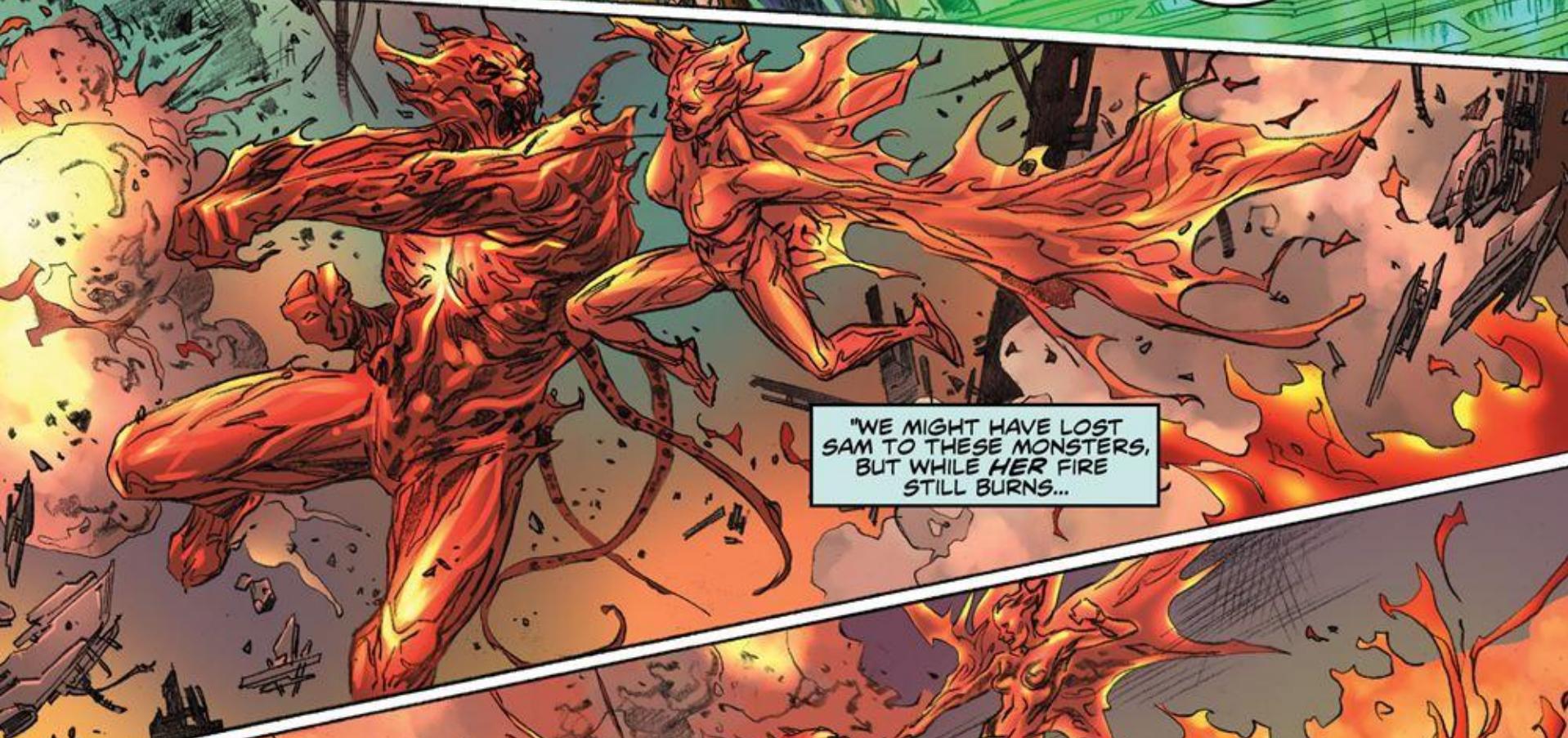
NOT
WHERE.
WHEN.

"FIVE BILLION YEARS INTO
THE FUTURE, TO WHEN THE
INHABITANTS OF THAT SAD
LITTLE WORLD HAVE CROSSED
THE UNIVERSE INTO GREATNESS."

"TO THE POINT
AT WHICH THEIR
SUN BECOMES A
RED GIANT..."

...AND DIES
IN A BLAZE OF
INTERSTELLAR
GLORY.
ONE
NOT EVEN
THE FIRES OF
HYPERIOS CAN
OUTSHINE.







**THE WEIR FAMILY
RESIDENCE,
CAPE COD,
MASSACHUSETTS,
U.S.A.**

**TWO WEEKS AFTER THE FALL
OF THE HYPERION EMPIRE.**



