



BBC THE TENTH DOCTOR ADVENTURES YEAR TWO

DOCTOR
WHO

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DOCTOR WHO

BBC

YEAR TWO

DOCTOR WHO

THE TENTH DOCTOR

#6

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THE DOCTOR

The last of the Time Lords of Gallifrey, the Tenth Doctor still hides his post-Time War guilt beneath a happy-go-lucky guise. Never cruel or cowardly, he champions the oppressed across time and space.

GABBY GONZALEZ

Gabriella Gonzalez is a young would-be artist from Sunset Park, Brooklyn, New York, who is traveling the universe at the Tenth Doctor's side. Her youthful spirit and artistic eye are coupled to an adventurous and quick-witted mind!

THE TARDIS

'Time and Relative Dimension in Space'. Bigger on the inside, this unassuming blue box is your ticket to unforgettable adventure! The Doctor likes to think he's in control, but often the TARDIS takes him where and when he needs to be...

PREVIOUSLY...

The Doctor and Gabby arrived in ancient prehistory, only to be attacked by giant, sentient, flying metal discs. The Neanderthal Medicine Man, Munmeth and the time-travelling duo set out in search of these discs, which had been kidnapping groups of humans – Neanderthal and Sapiens alike! Their nefarious purpose; pitting human species against one another in a gladiatorial arena of death! With the help of a gang of intergalactic bounty hunters who have followed the Monaxi discs through space and time, the Doctor, Gabby and Munmeth attempt to put a stop to this cruel sport... But it seems as though they've only succeeded in angering the enemy into creating a temporal tornado! What could be waiting for them on the other side?!



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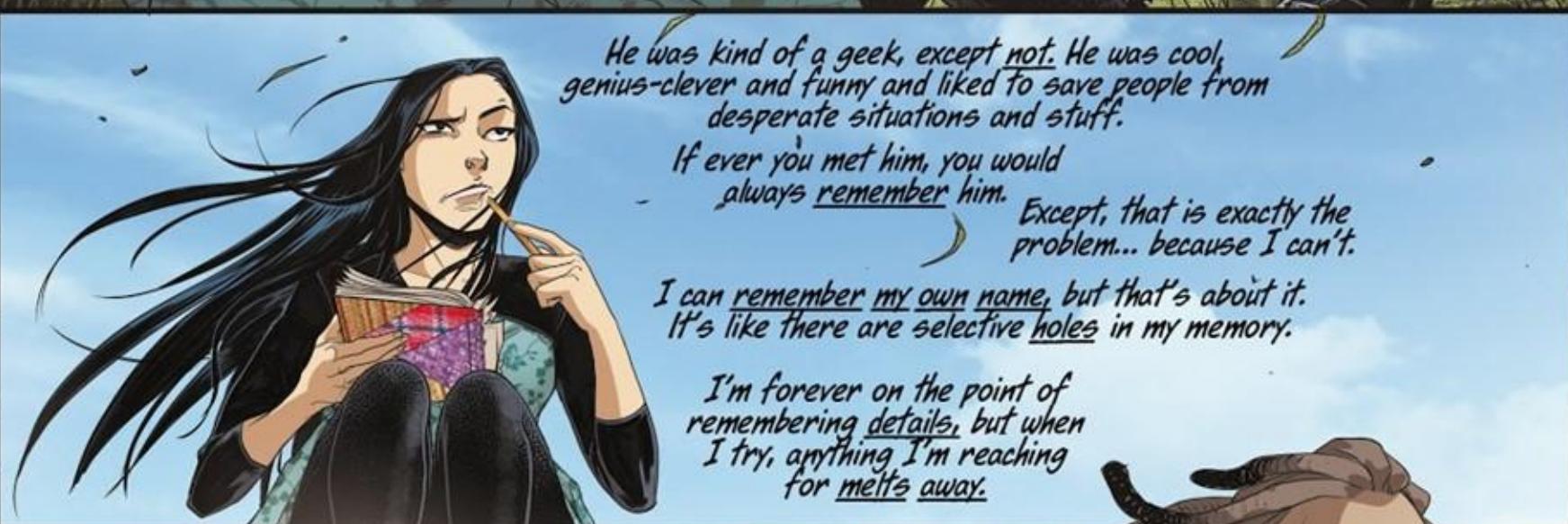
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 TITAN COMICS

Once upon a time,
there was a dude.

He was different from other dudes.
He wasn't the kind with too many
guy hormones that make some of
them all shouty while enjoying violent
sports and fart jokes.



I remember Cleo.
(We're good friends...
I think).

Cleo can be kinda big, tough and scary but she's also sort of nice and cuddly, and quite a good source of heat at nights, but I'm not allowed to get close...



...because of him.

WE'RE
OBVIOUSLY
MADE FOR
EACH OTHER,
Y'KNOW.

MAYBE
WE'VE BEEN
TOGETHER FOR
A LOOOONG
TIME.

SO,
WHERE'S THE
WEDDING
RING?

WE'RE NOT
THAT TYPE. WE'RE
ADVENTURERS.

His name is Captain Jock Hotness.

*(Okay, not really.
But almost.)*

He can't remember anything either. None of us can. It sucks - but at least Jack and Cleo are good bodyguards. Except at night.

We can't even remember how we got here...

Or how long it's been since we arrived.

We don't even know where "here" is...

Erik is the opposite of Jolly Jack Hardness. For one thing, he's boney and does not easily invite snuggling for the purposes of survival in the wild.

Gotta admit, while kinda cold on a personal level - a little sad, even - he does look out for me.

SSHHHH,
YOU GUYS.
ERIK SAYS
HEADS UP!

Here's the thing. The whole time I've been here, I've watched this guy Jack fight, and he goes all out to protect us...

...and yet he is not the dude I was talking about, not the dude I'm trying to remember.

Jack is a great leader, I trust him, but sometimes, in a fight, he takes ridiculous risks. One time, he got really hurt.

He was lucky that it wasn't worse, and that he heals incredibly fast. It still got him in trouble with Cleo.

(This is when I realized she liked him a lot. Cleo does not take orders... except from Jack.)

She said that she and him couldn't go about thinking they're indestructible, 'cause if something happened to them, and Erik, there'd be no-one to look after me and Muthmunna.

I'm still waiting for her to become any more careful, though!

So, yeah, we met Muthmunna, a healer who also now travels with us. Someone called her a Neanderthal nurse, but that sounded weird, so we stopped saying it.

She's a different species of human to the rest of us. I really like her. I feel like we have some kind of connection.

This is our life.
Me, Cleo, Jack, Erik
and Muthmuunna.

We travel.

No matter where we walk, this whole place seems to be filled with people fighting each other, for no reason that I can see.

We try to avoid trouble, but sometimes it finds us.

If any violence spills our way, we fend it off. Or we run.

More often than not, our attackers are angry, deranged. They seem insane, *inhuman*.

Right. About that "human" part...

Not everyone here is.

Sometimes, they are something FAR stranger.

I AM SUNZBERRO, THE RIVER GODDESS.

I WILL ALLOW PASSAGE THROUGH MY DOMAIN IF YOU PAY ME TRIBUTE.

LET'S SEE... I GOT TWO RABBITS HERE.

OOH, I COULD NEVER CATCH THOSE. THEY HOP TOO FAST.

DEPENDS. YOU NEED TO COOK 'EM.

THEY TASTE NICE?

OKAY, BE CAREFUL HERE. IT GETS DEEPER AND THE CURRENT'S QUICK.

YOU'RE NOT REALLY A GODDESS, ARE YOU?

NO, BUT HEY, A GIRL'S GOTTA MAKE A LIVING IN THIS NUTHOUSE OF A WORLD.

YOU'RE A MAVERICK, LIKE US.

WANNA COME WITH?

YOU THINK FOR YOURSELF, O WISE FISH GODDESS.

RIVER GODDESS, WISDOM'S ALL IN THE LISTENING.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

DUNNO. WE JUST KEEP WALKING...

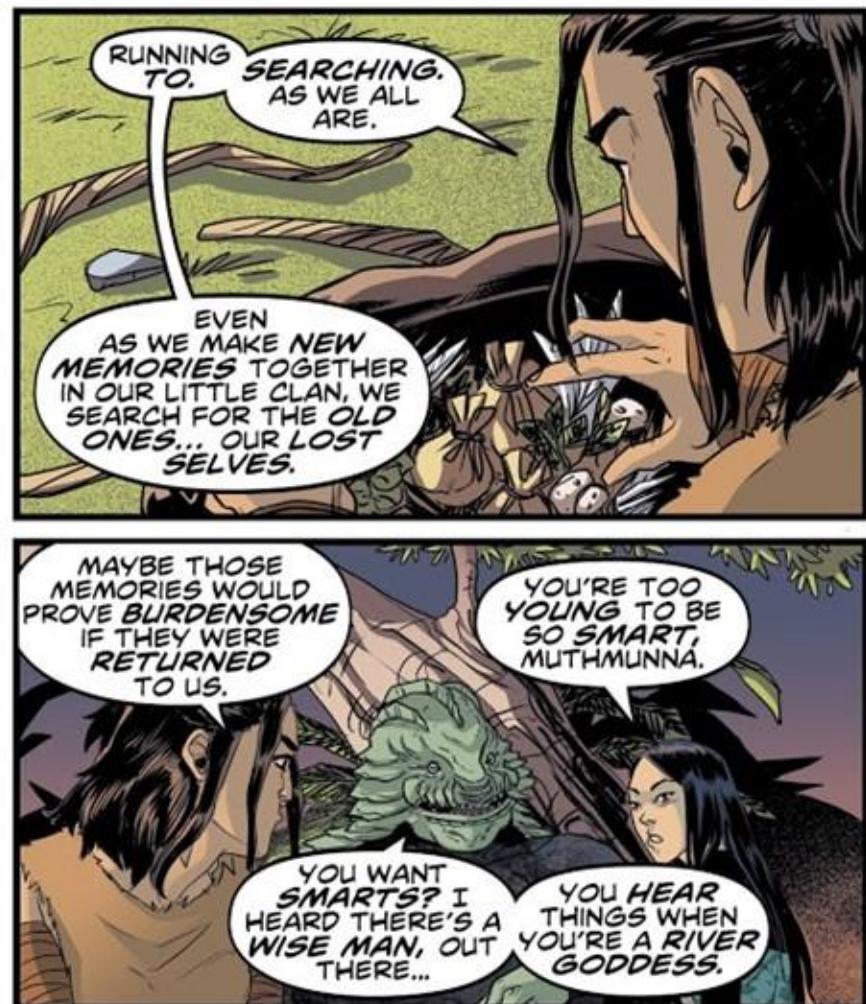
JACK, WHERE ARE WE GOING?

SOMEWHERE SAFE.

FINE BY ME, BIT LONELY HERE.

WE'RE ON A MYSTICAL QUEST.

NO, WE'RE NOT.



...but you can't just erase core beliefs, personality traits. They're stored somewhere deeper, like instincts.

Which, I guess means, if you're fundamentally horrible, even if you lose your memory, you'll still be horrible.

*HELLO?
ANYONE HOME...?
WE'D LIKE TO CROSS
YOUR BRIDGE,
PLEASE.*

*COUPLER
OF RABBITS
SEEMS LIKE
A GOOD
PRICE...?*

Although, there are those stories about people who have accidents and get brain damage, and they're, like, different people.

*THE FEE
IS TWO FOOD
ITEMS PER
INDIVIDUAL.*

*THOSE'LL
GET ONE OF YOU
ACROSS.*

*UH... SEEMS
EXPENSIVE!*

*SORRY.
IT'S NOT ME
THAT SETS THE
PRICE.*

*WOA.
THAT IS ONE BE CAREFUL,
UGLY...*

*LEMMEE
SEE!*

*STAY
BACK, SHRIMP!
NOT 'TIL JACK
SAYS IT'S
SAFE.*







If memories are all that we are, surely there's a purpose to making them, so we can pass the information on. I hate the idea that I couldn't learn from mistakes I make. That's experience, no?

...if memories of those deep, core beliefs are erased, you delete the whole person.

RIGHT. WHOEVER TOOK OURS, WANTS US INTACT ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT WE'RE BEING MANIPULATED.

YEAH. SOMEONE'S OBVIOUSLY TOYING WITH US...

MEM-BRAIN REMEMBERS BEING A GUERRILLA AGENT, PROTECTING WHAT SOUNDS LIKE ANCIENT HUMANS FROM MONAXI SLAVERS.

SUNZBERRO AND ME -- WE'RE OLD COMRADES, EVEN IF SHE CAN'T RECALL IT.

WE FOUGHT THE MONAXI TOGETHER, FOR YEARS.

I RECALL YOU -- BUT NOT THAT.

AND I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE, KID.

WHOEVER ALTERED OUR MEMORIES DIDN'T KNOW MINE WERE ALREADY BROKE. THEY ACCIDENTALLY REVERSED THE BLOCK...

NOW EVERYTHING'S COMING BACK TO ME...

INCLUDING MY TIME AS A MONAXI CIRCUS SLAVE.

WHEN I WOKE UP HERE, I FOUND MY GREATEST FEAR REALIZED -- I WAS A MONAXI SLAVE AGAIN.

IKTRA, THE ONE WHO WENT DOWN THE CHASM, WAS ONE OF THE WORST.

SEE, SHRIMP? MAYBE IT'S BETTER WE DON'T REMEMBER OUR FORMER LIVES...

NO. I WANT TO REMEMBER. I NEED TO KNOW WHY I FEEL SICK WITH SORROW ALL THE TIME.

I WANT TO KNOW WHY I'M HERE... WHAT OUR GOAL IS.

TELL US EVERYTHING YOU CAN. MOST RECENT MEMORIES FIRST.

THEY'S THE MOST VAGUE.

THERE WERE FIVE OF US -- ME, SUNZBERRO, UNTA, TONY AN' EFFRID -- HE WAS OUR LEADER.

WE HIT THE MONAXI HARD AND OFTEN. WE LIBERATED A LOT OF HUMES...

LAST TIME, WE WERE HELPED BY SOME STRANGERS.

WHO?

A GIRL. CAN'T REMEMBER HER NAME.

WE CALLED HER FUTURE GIRL.

AND THERE WAS SOME CLEVER GUY, TALL, SKINNY, ACTED ALL IN CHARGE...

EFFRID LIKED HIM...

THIS IS SO FAMILIAR...

A MEDICINE MAN...?

RIGHT. A SAGE, A HEALER.

HE'S WHO WE HAVE TO FIND?

NO NEED...









CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

EXCELLENT,
DOCTOR. WELL
DONE.

I BEGIN TO
SEE WHY YOUR
REPUTATION
PRECEDES
YOU. YOU'RE
A WORTHY
FOE!

AND A
FINE ADDITION
TO OUR ROSTER OF
PERFORMERS.

YOU!
I KNOW
YOU...

MISTER
EBONITE, IT'S
COMING BACK
TO ME...

HE
TRADES IN ALIEN
TECHNOLOGY...

YUP. SAT
IN ON ONE OF HIS
AUCTIONS.

AND SET
UNIT UPON
ME, EH?

FORTUNATELY,
MY ORGANIZATION IS
WELL-TRAINED AND
ABLE TO CONCEAL
AND ELUDE. WE DIDN'T
LOSE ANYTHING TOO
VALUABLE IN THE
RAID.

AH, CAPTAIN
JACK HARKNESS,
FORMERLY OF
TORCHWOOD.

THAT'S TOO
SIMPLISTIC A
DESCRIPTION OF
WHAT I DO, DEAR
CHAP!

I'M SURE I'VE
GOT SOMETHING
IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU
-- IF ONLY I COULD
REMEMBER IT!

WE'LL GET
YOUR MEMORIES
BACK, CINDY.

BUT HE
DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT'S VALUABLE,
DOES HE...?

I'VE BEEN
TRACKING YOU,
SEARCHING
FOR YOU...
YOU'RE AN
EXTRATERRESTRIAL
ARMS DEALER.

WHEN I
ABDUCTED YOUR
LITTLE CREW FROM
BROOKLYN, I HAD
NO IDEA YOU'D ALL
PROVE TO BE SO
ENTERTAINING.

OR SO USEFUL!

THIS
CRUDE MEMORY
MANIPULATION
DEVICE YOU HAD WITH
YOU HAS COME IN
VERY HANDY!

WHEN MY MONAXI SERVANTS ACTIVATED THE TIME BRIDGE AND BROUGHT THE DOCTOR'S PARTY HERE, TOO, I REALIZED IT WAS MY LUCKY DAY!

THIS IS A PLACE OF LEARNING FOR US, A PLACE OF EXPERIMENTATION...

...AND ENTERTAINMENT!



ENTERTAINMENT? WHERE ARE WE, EBONITE?

WHY, THE ARENA OF FEAR, OF COURSE!

OR ARENA OF FORGETFULNESS, OR PLAIN MISERY... CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE.

WE WATCH THEM FIGHT, SEE WHO IS MOST AGGRESSIVE, WHO MIGHT ONE DAY POSE A THREAT TO US.

THIS IS WHERE WE HIVERS KEEP ALL OUR SPECIMENS OF LESSER SPECIES!

HIVERS? NO WONDER YOU HOOKED UP WITH THE MONAXI. THEY'VE GOT A SIMILAR PARANOID PHILOSOPHY TO YOU.

THIS IS JUST ANOTHER GLADIATOR PIT, ISN'T IT?

IT MAKES THE MONAXI COLISEUM LOOK LIKE A FAIRGROUND.

AND I THOUGHT THE MONAXI WERE DESPICABLE.

COME NOW, DOCTOR. OUR ARENA IS A REAL PLACE.

WHY ARE YOU HARVESTING HUMANITY, EBONITE? AND WHY AT THAT POINT IN THEIR PAST?

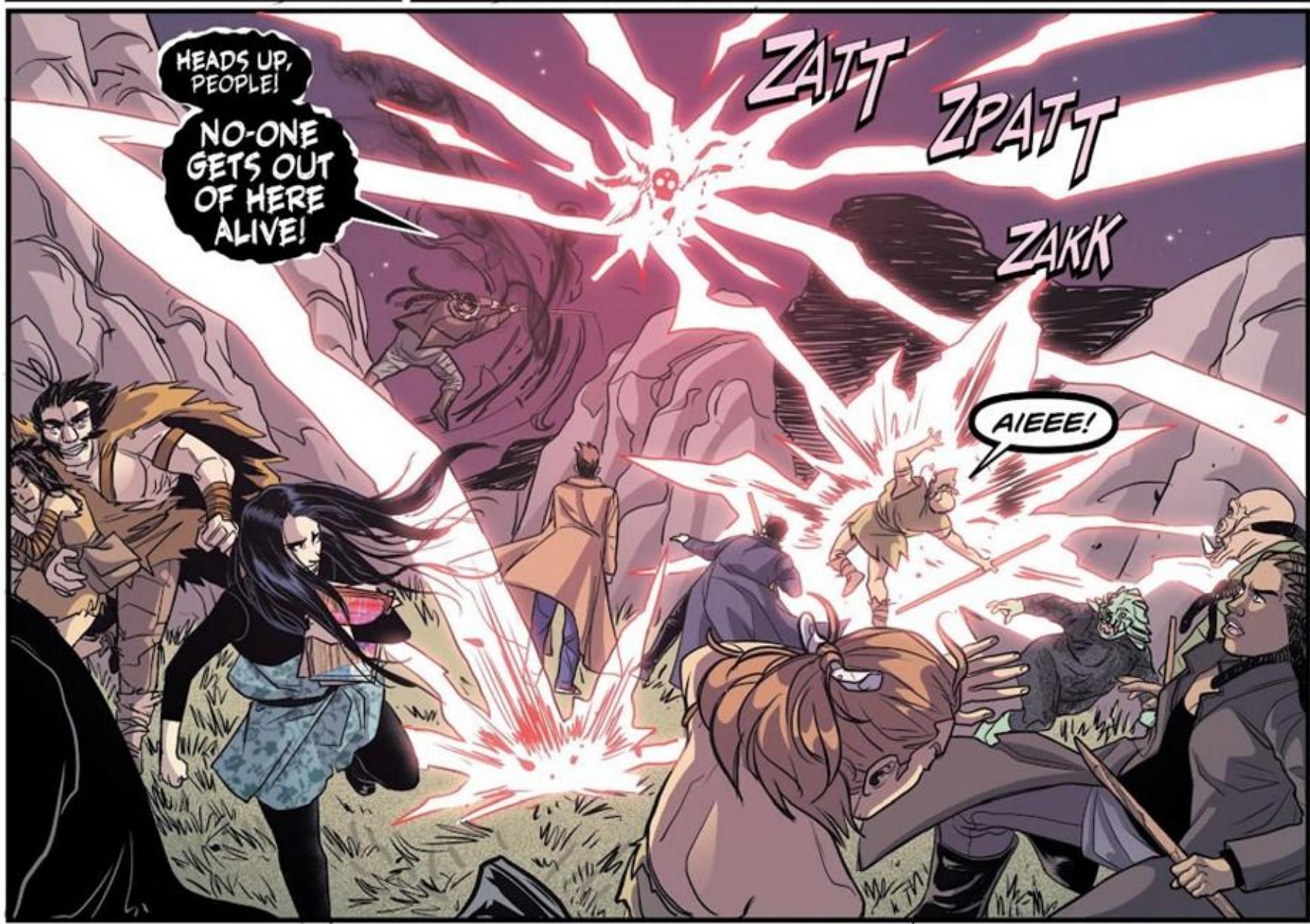
WE COLLECT THE LIFE ENERGIES OF THOSE WE VANQUISH AND USE THEM FOR A GREATER PURPOSE...

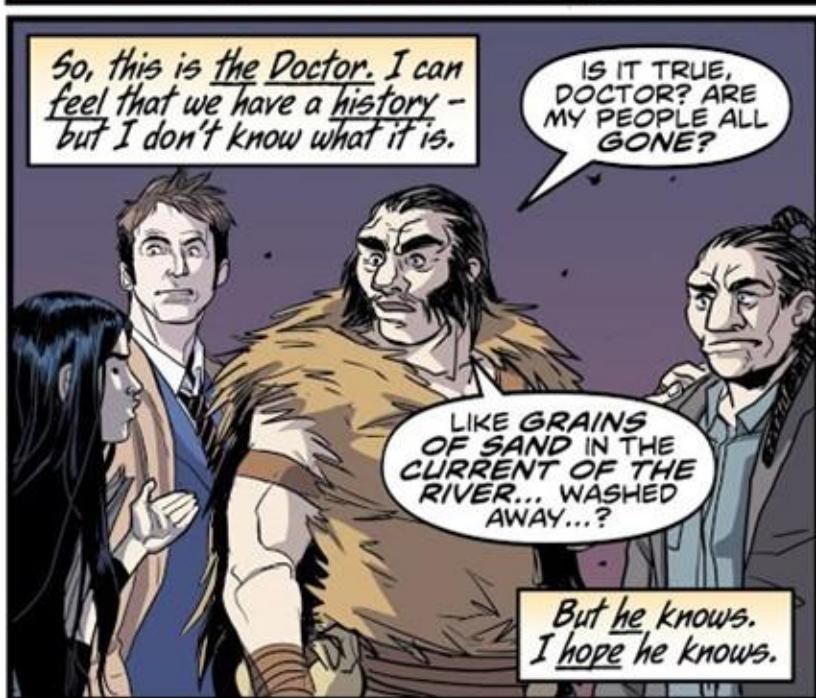
WE'VE FOUND THAT THE HUMAN GENUS YOU'D CLASSIFY AS NEANDERTHAL IS PARTICULARLY POTENT IN THAT REGARD.

NO!

WHAT IS HIS MEANING, DOCTOR?

YOU'VE DRIVEN MY KIND CLOSER TO EXTINCTION...





GOOD. THEY'RE
DEMORALIZED, IN
DISARRAY.

CAN WE
HURT THEM NOW,
GABRIELLA?

NOT YET.
MISTER EBONITE
HIMSELF WANTS TO
TORTURE THEM
SOME MORE,
FIRST.

DON'T WORRY...
OUR MOMENT TO
DESTROY THE
DOCTOR AND HIS
FRIENDS WILL COME
VERY SOON!

TO BE CONTINUED!