



BBC NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR

DOCTOR  
WHO

AL EWING  
BOO COOK  
HI-FI

DOCTOR WHO

SERVE  
WELL

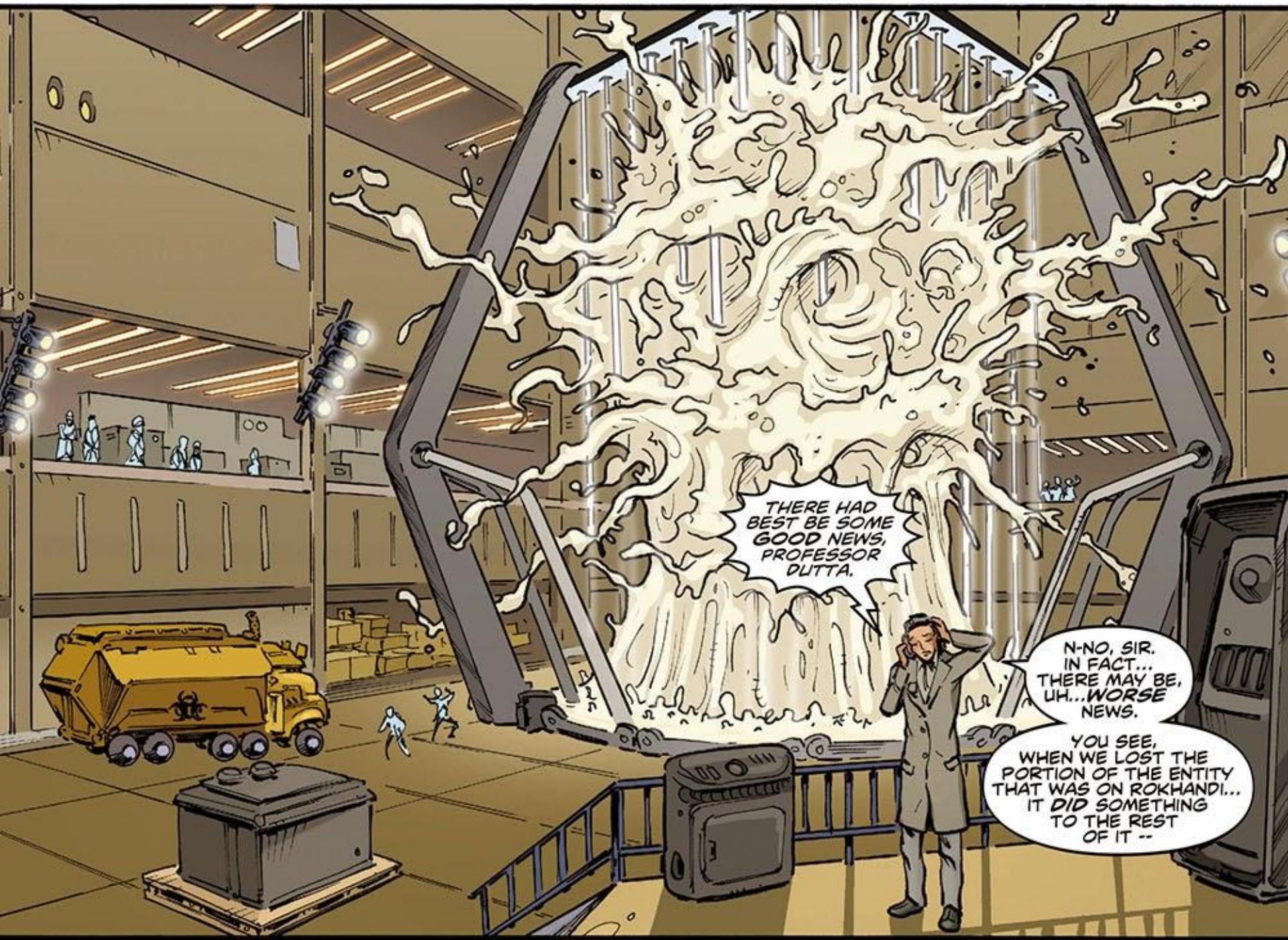


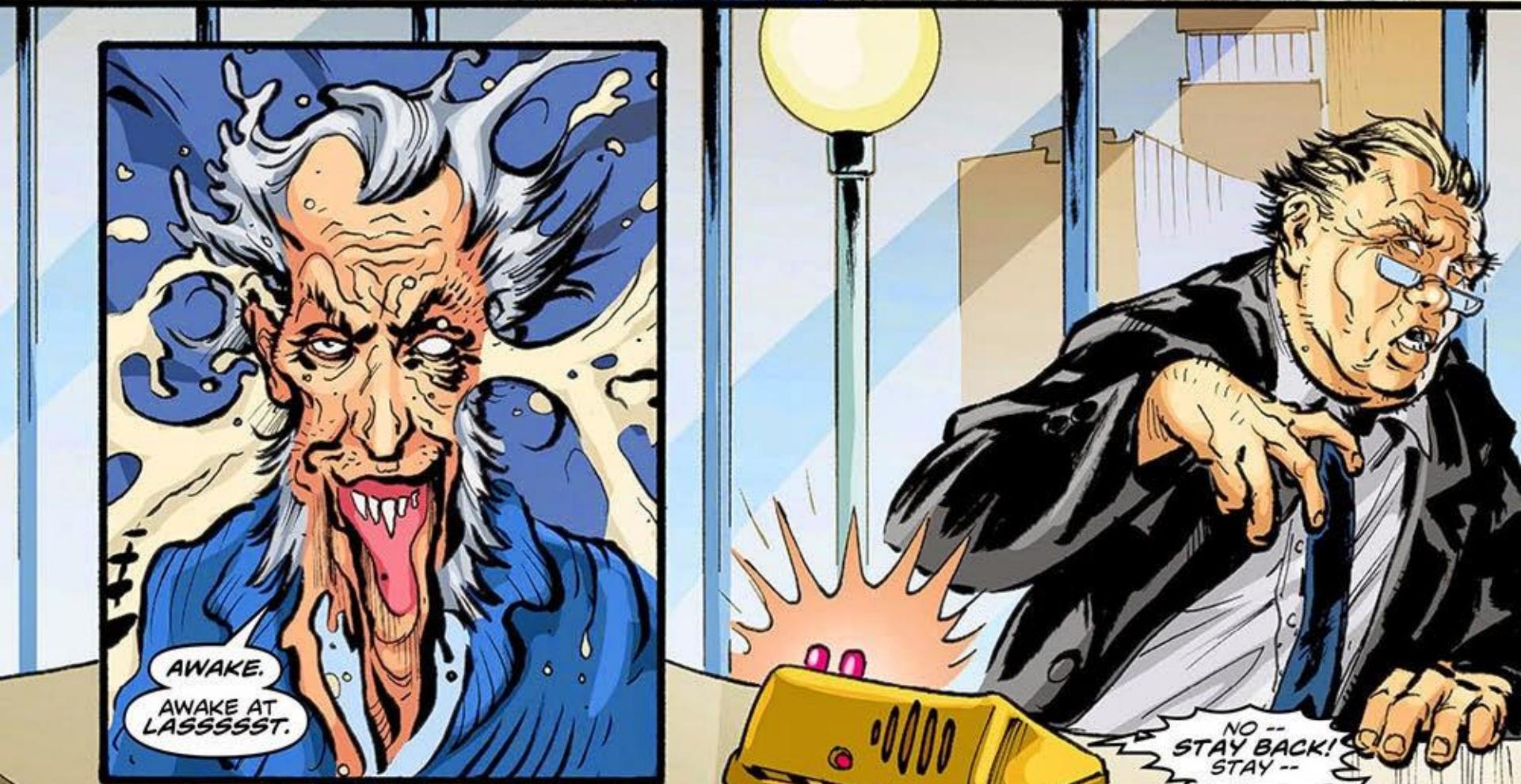
**PROLOGUE:**

...SO ROKHANDI IS A DISASTER AREA. THE PARK IS A DEAD LOSS, THE MINE WORKERS ARE STRIKING...

...AND THERE'S EVEN TALK OF A FULL-SCALE REVOLUTION AGAINST OUR FRIENDS IN SYSTEM GOVERNMENT.

ALL THANKS TO THE SAME MYSTERIOUS "DOCTOR" WHO COST US THE ARC EXPERIMENT TEN YEARS AGO.





The sky was a cold grey when Alice Obiefune buried her mother.

Nothing was grey in the TARDIS. Everything was vibrant, alive -- pulsing with color and light and life.

Grey might have been better.

Grey and numb and dead inside, all the pain inside her buried and calloused over.

Not this raw, open wound that didn't seem to close.

The sheer cruelty of it. That's what she couldn't get past.

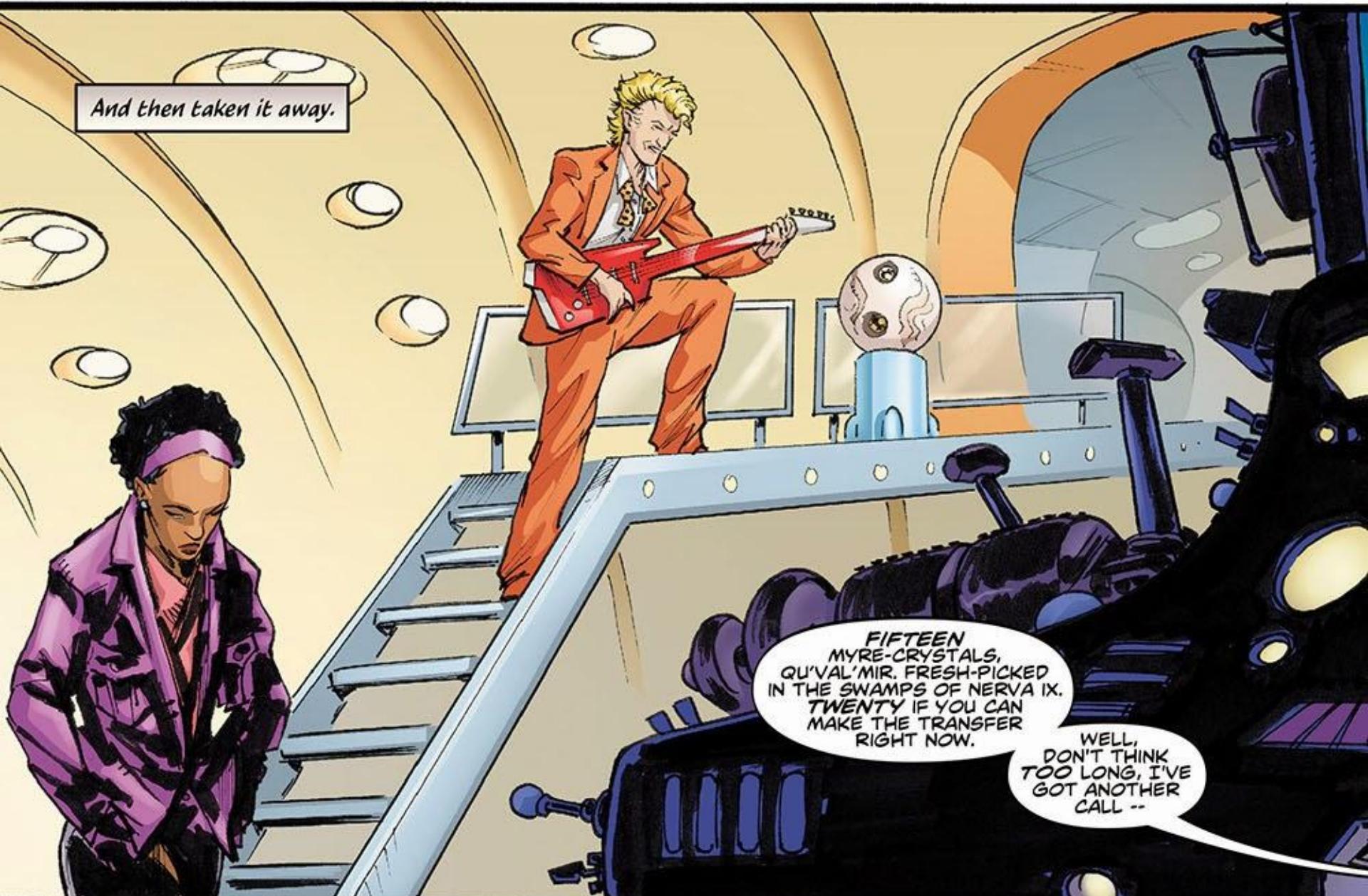
That's what kept cutting through whatever healing she'd managed. What made all the pain fresh.

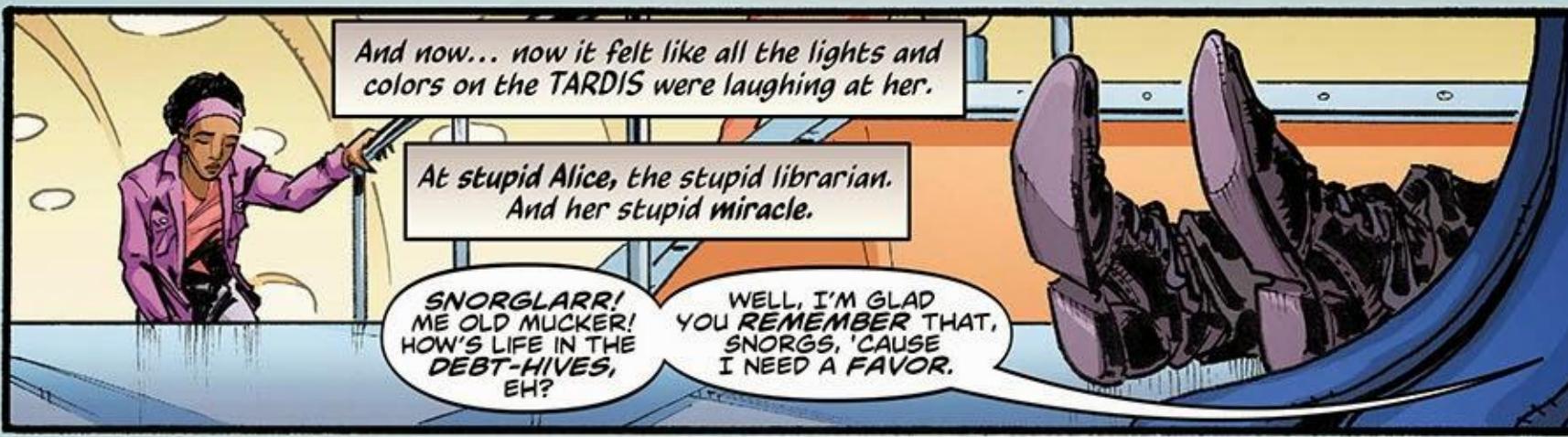
ServeYouINC's Talent Scout had made her think her mother was alive. Taken all the wonder she'd seen and used it against her.

Made her believe in a miracle.



And then taken it away.





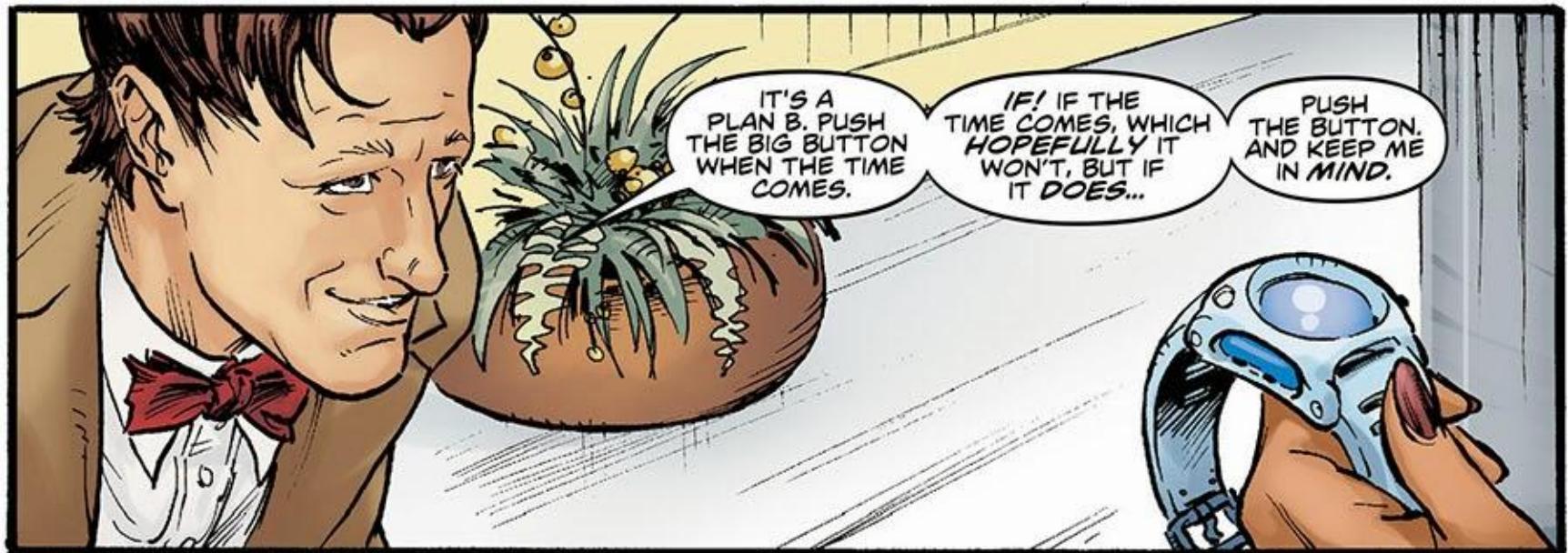
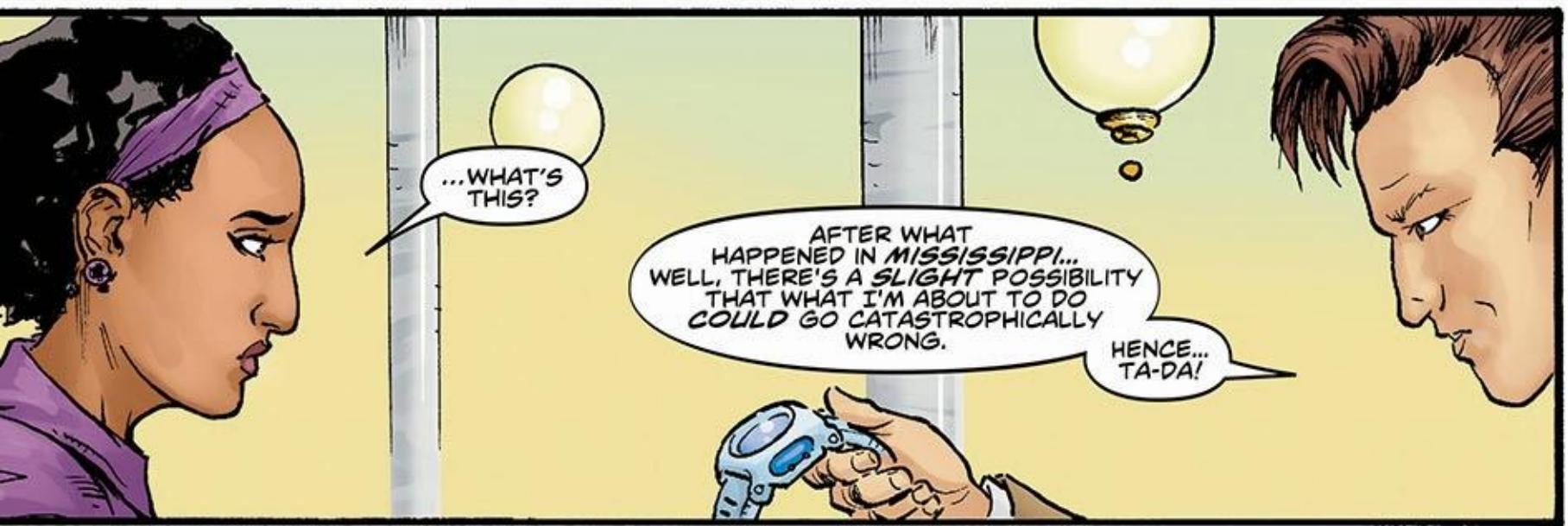




...  
WHAT A CRIMINAL WORLD.







SIR, THAT'S --  
THE SHEER AMOUNT  
OF MONEY THAT  
WOULD TAKE --

I'VE SPENT  
A THOUSAND YEARS  
LIVING IN A BOX AND  
STEALING MOST OF  
MY CLOTHES.  
I'VE SAVED UP.

PLUS I  
CALLED IN A FEW  
FAVORS.

GOT SOME  
INVESTORS ON  
BOARD -- CROESUS,  
MIDAS OF PHRYGIA,  
GOOD OLD  
CARNEGIE...

ANYWAY.  
ME AND MY BULGING  
STOCK PORTFOLIO  
HAVE SOME CHANGES  
TO MAKE, SO IF YOU  
COULD --

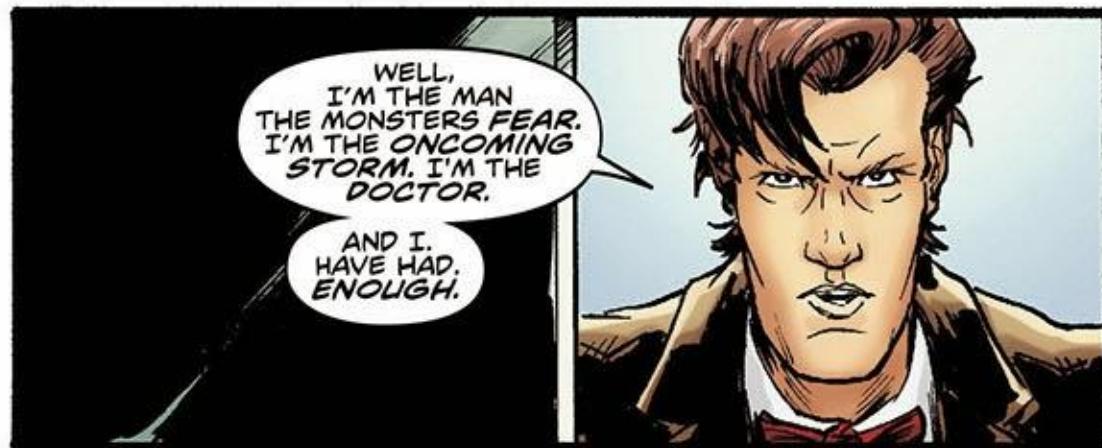
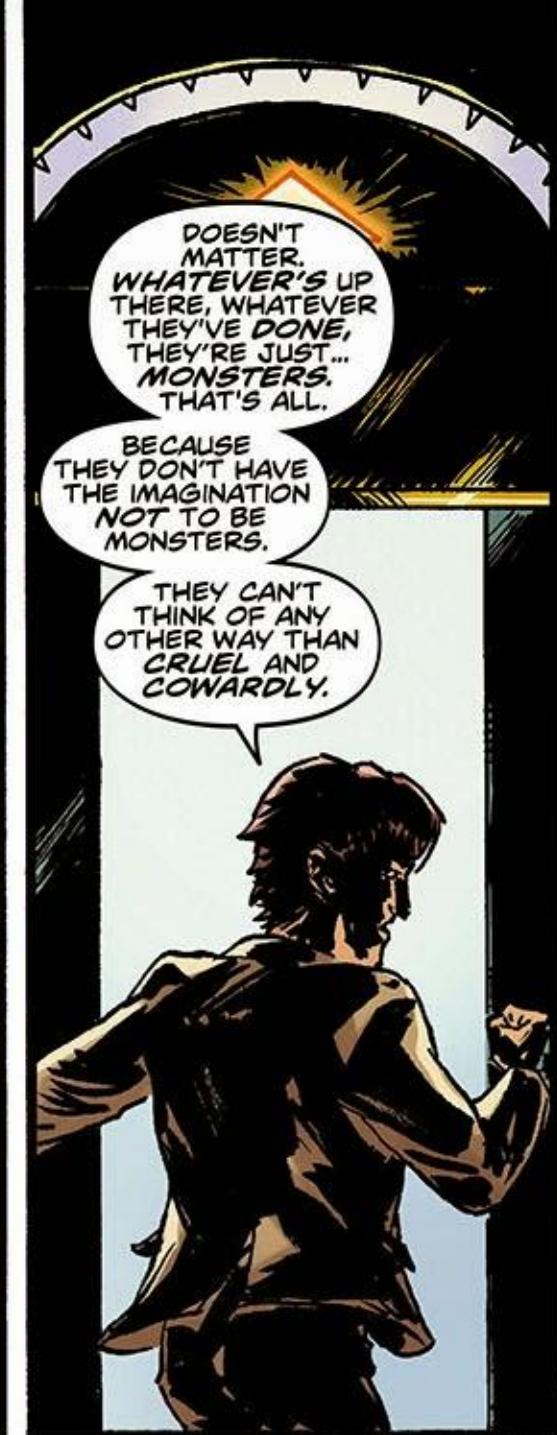
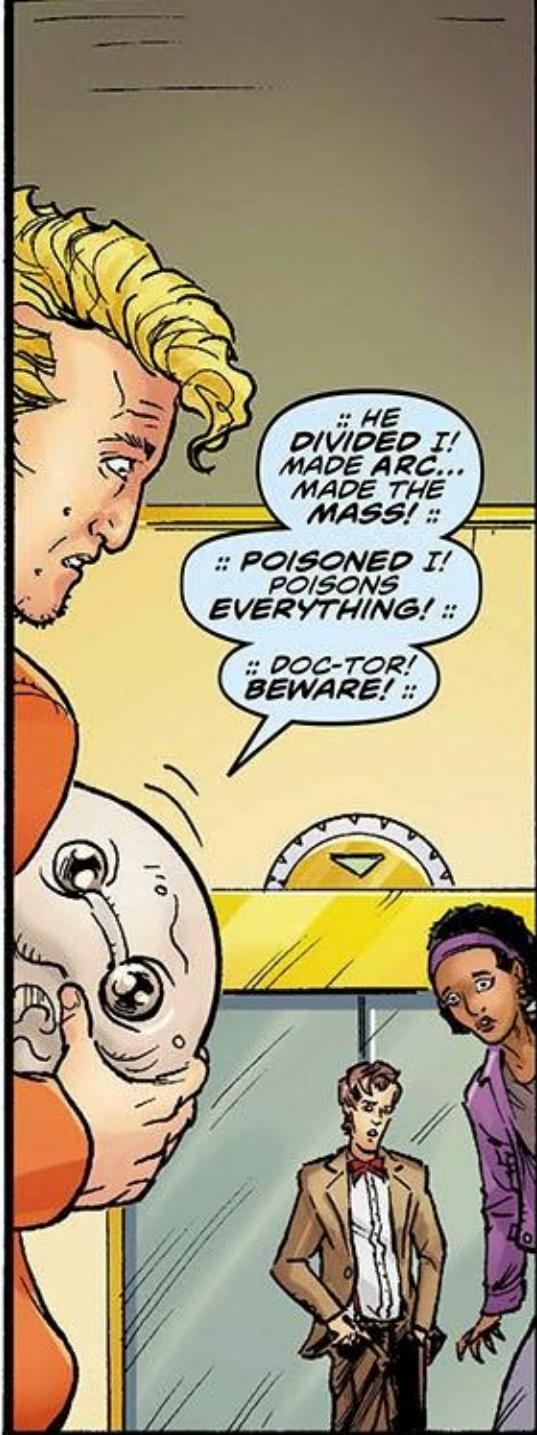
SIR,  
I CAN'T  
JUST --

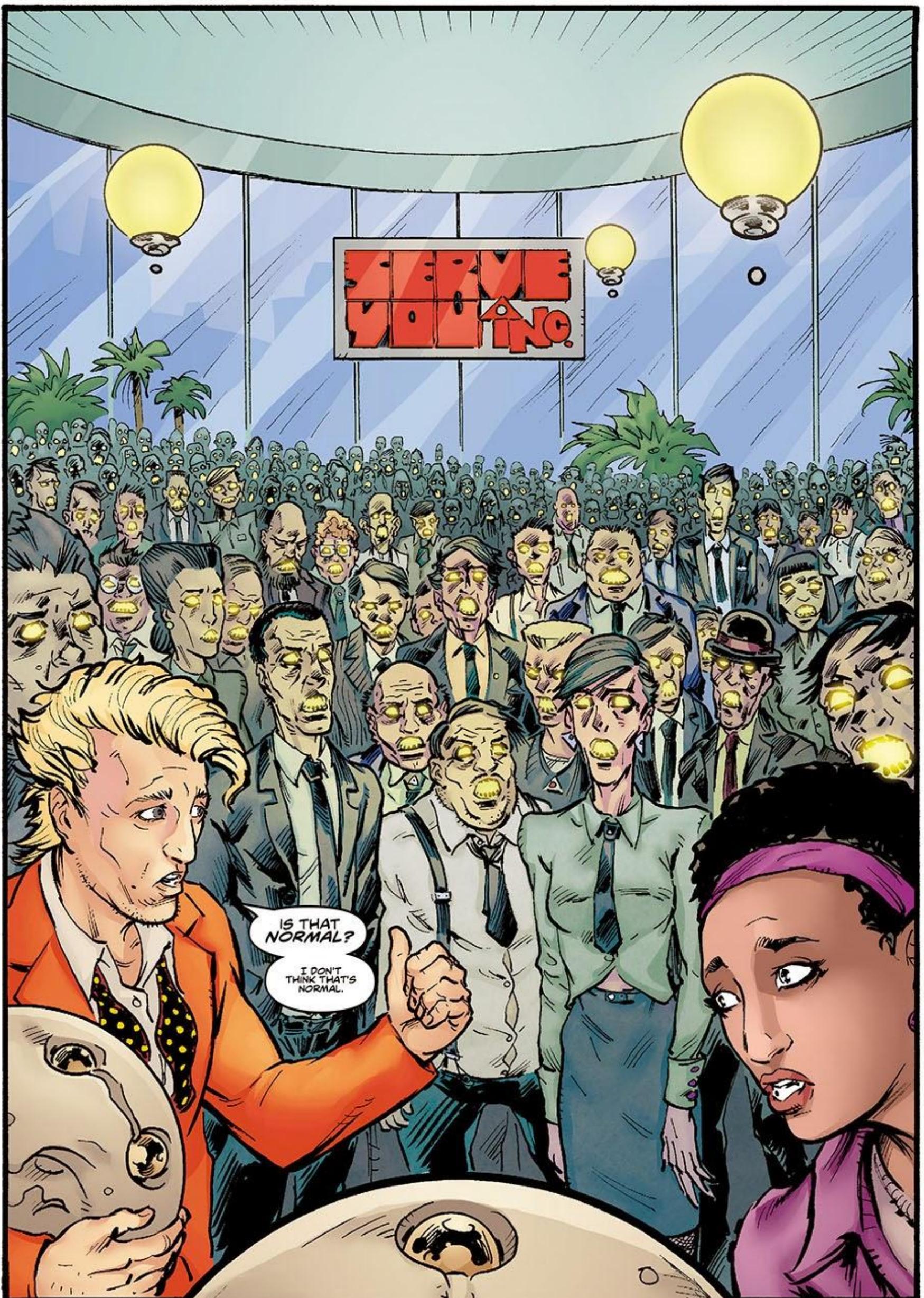
IT'S ALL  
RIGHT, MISS  
WITHERS.

IT'S QUITE  
ALL RIGHT.

SEND HIM  
TO ME.









# BRRRWUMMM

WHAT WAS THAT?

:: FEAR! ::

SOUNDED LIKE THUNDER.

LIKE THUNDER...  
LIKE GOLD... LIKE  
THE DEVIL BROKE  
HIS PAROLE...

JONES!  
STOP WRITING  
BLOODY  
SONGS --

GOLD  
EYES. I'VE  
SEEN THAT.

I FELL  
OUT OF THE  
WORLD AND I  
SAW GOLD  
EYES...

YEAH, THE  
TALENT SCOUT.  
THIS IS WHAT HE DOES,  
REMEMBER? BEIDES  
TURNING INTO  
MY MUM.

:: FEAR! ::

BUT IF  
THESE WERE  
ALREADY  
EMPLOYEES...  
THEN WHY  
WOULD HE --

:: FEAR! ::

:: FEAR  
HIM! ::

OH NO.

I THINK  
I KNOW.





