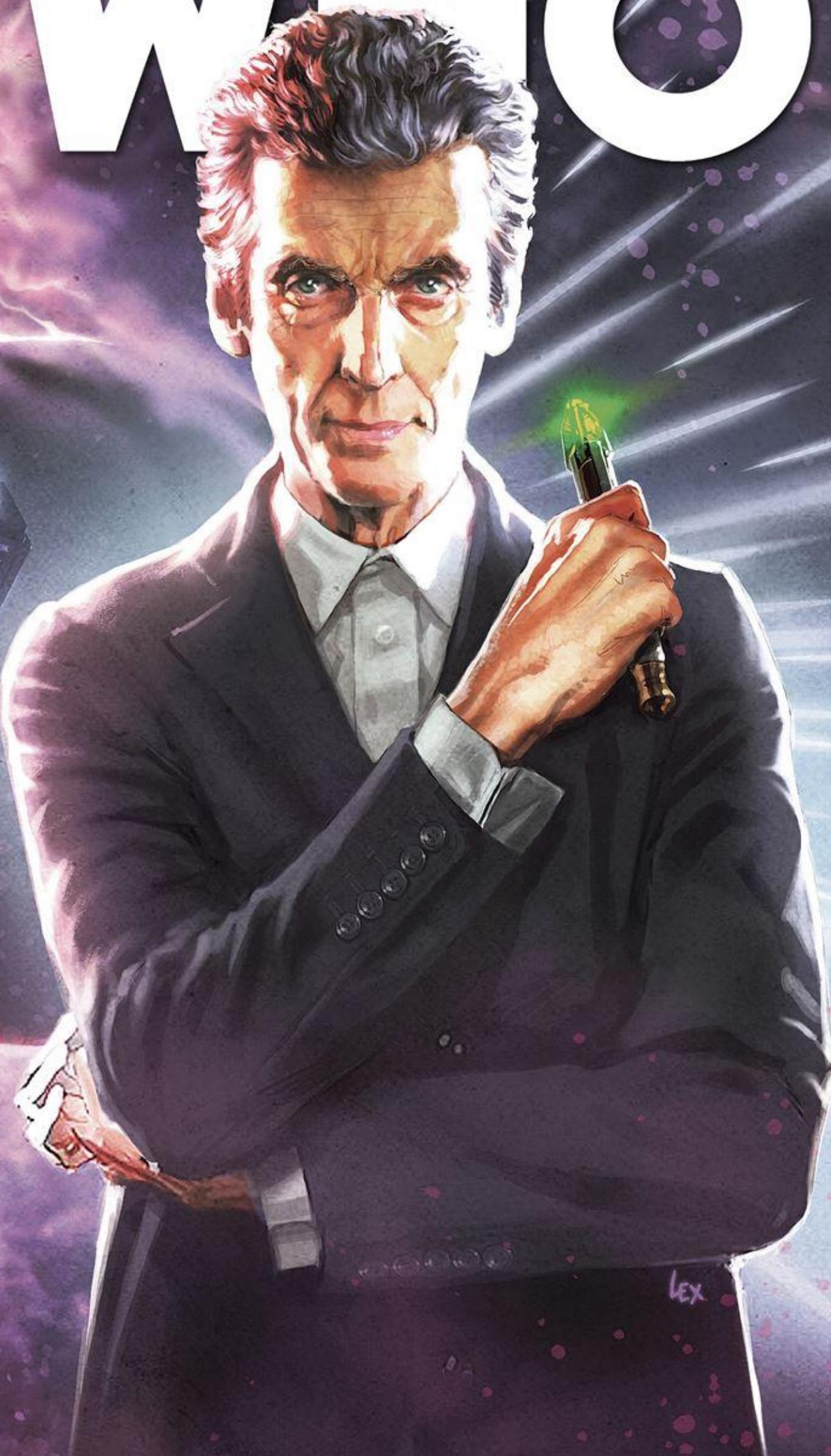


BBC NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE TWELFTH DOCTOR

DOCTOR  
WHO

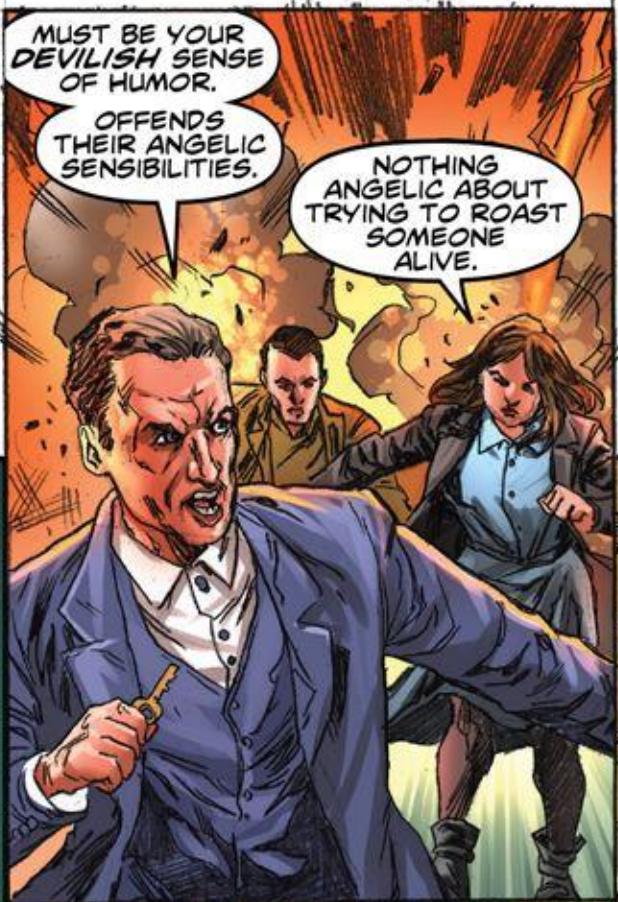
# DOCTOR WHO

ROBBIE MORRISON  
RONILSON FREIRE  
SLAMET MUJIONO

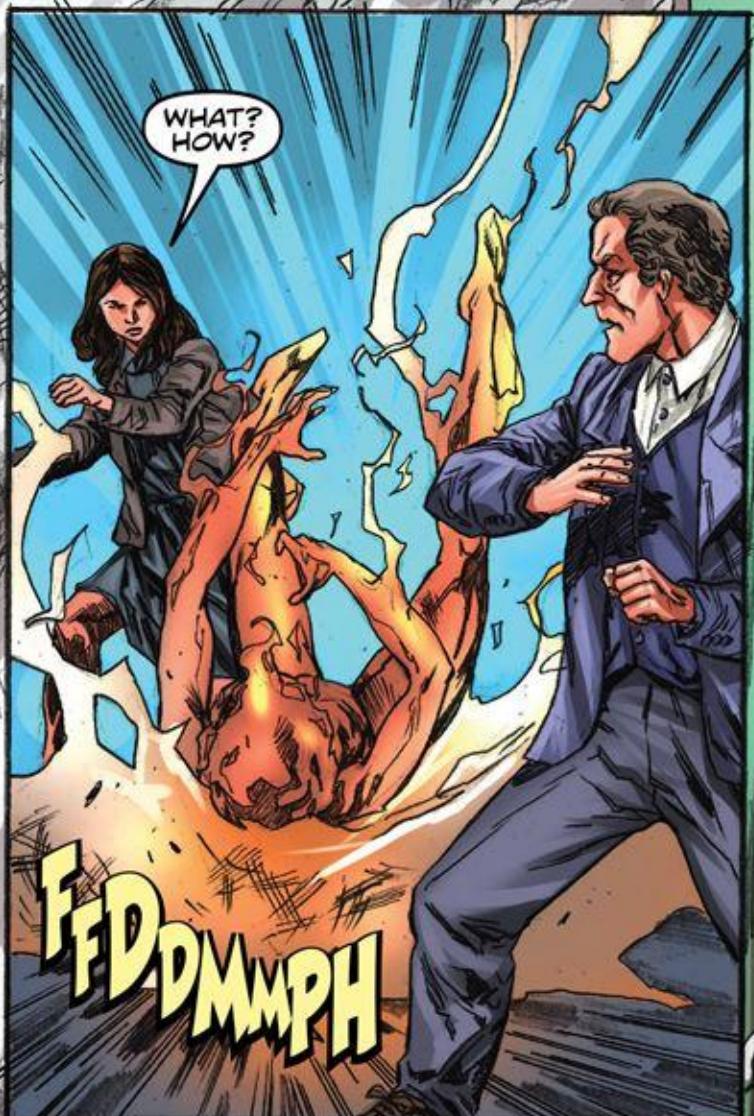


LEX

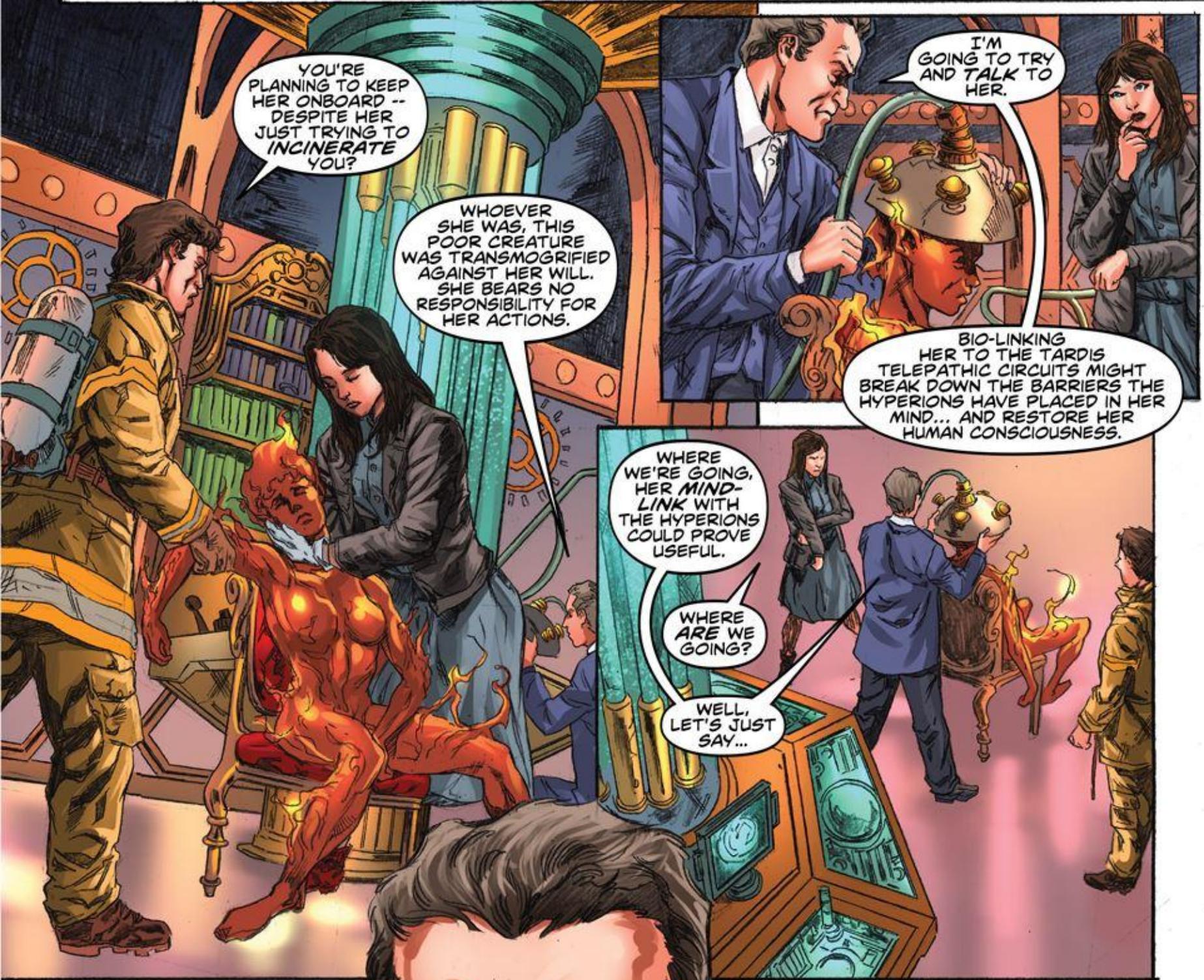




EEEAARRRGH!



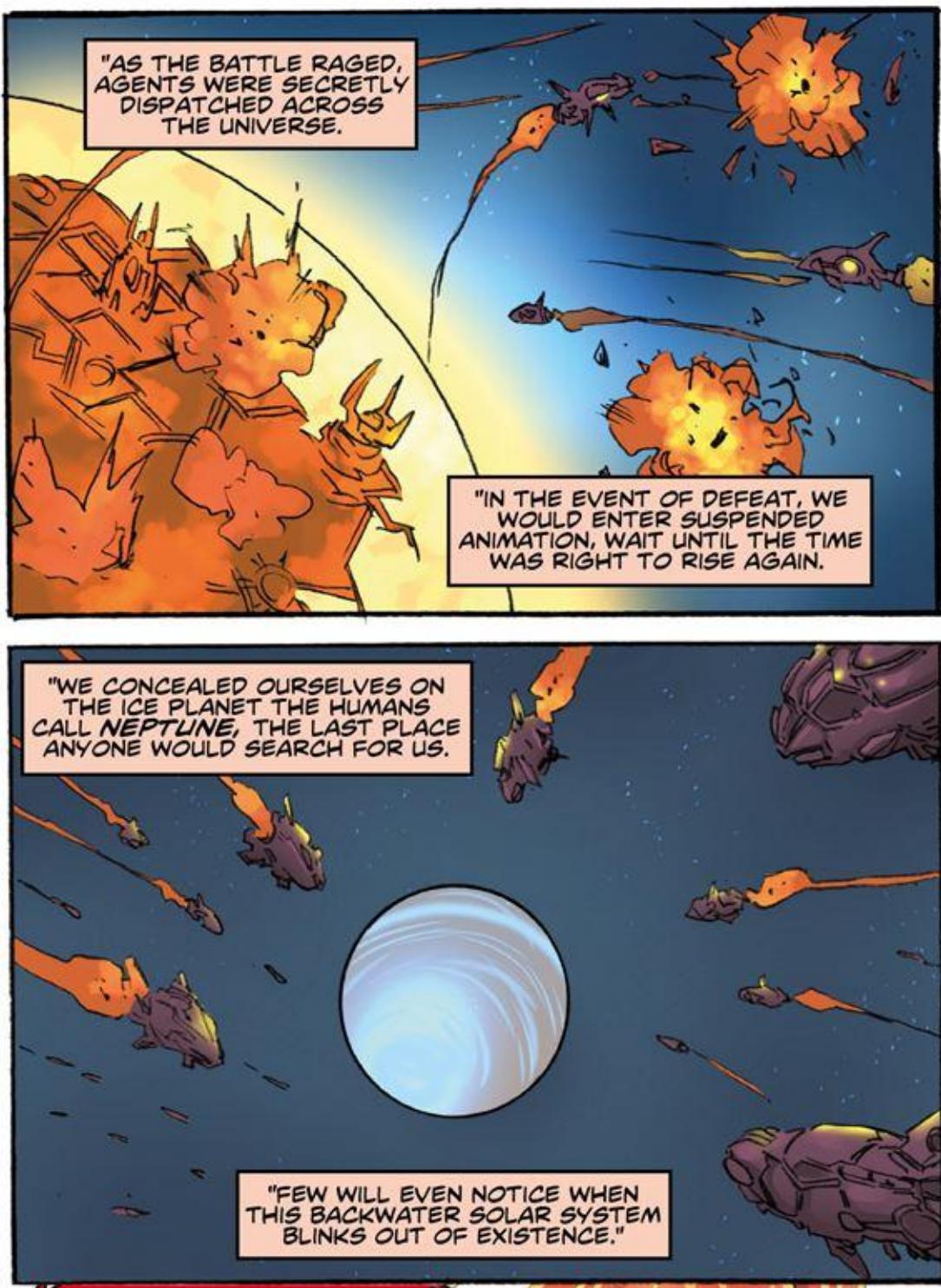
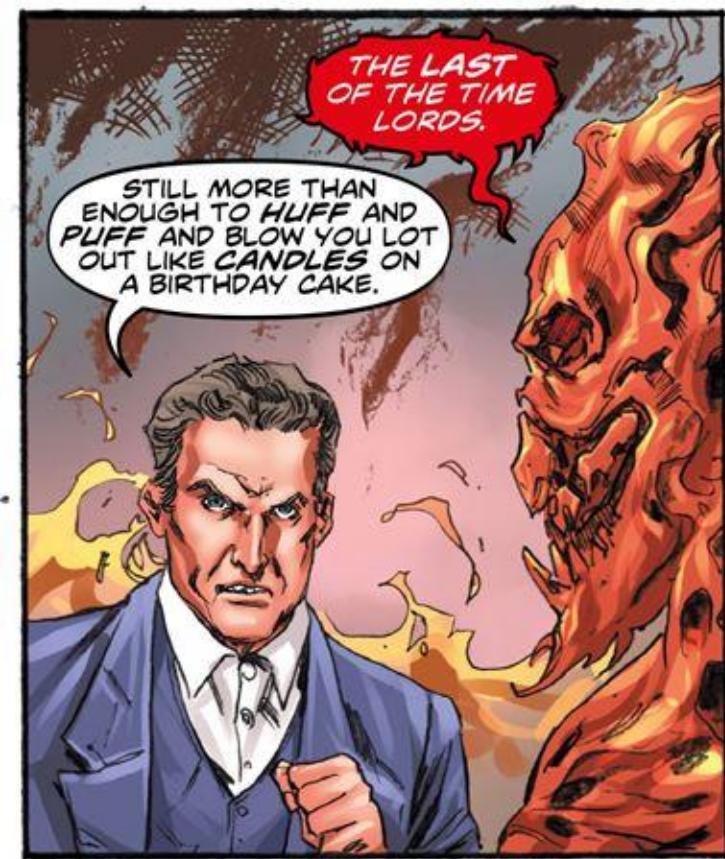


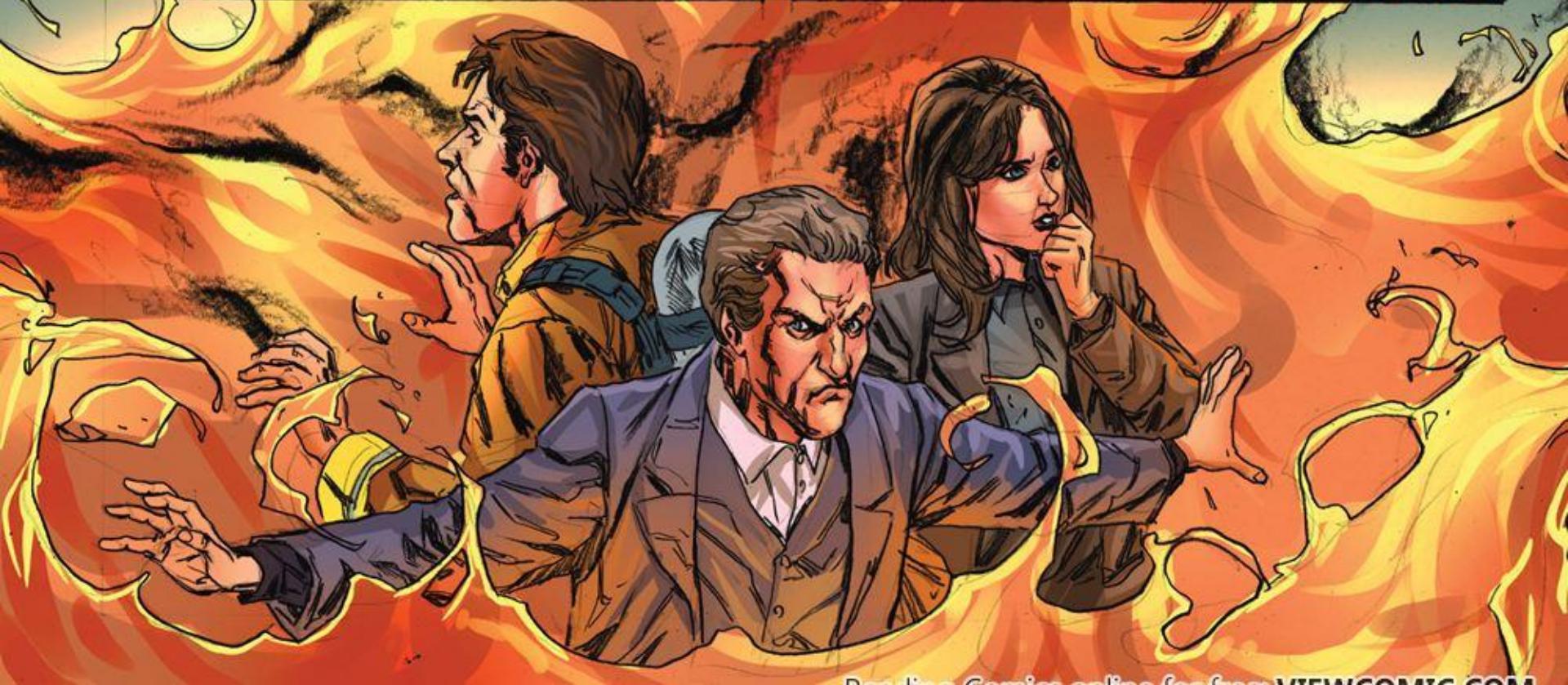














TELL  
MY FAMILY  
I --

PERHAPS  
THESE HUMANS  
HAVE EVOLVED INTO A  
HARDIER SPECIES THAN  
WE EXPECTED.

DESPITE WHAT  
SHE HAS ENDURED, THIS  
FEMALE SHOWS SIGNS  
OF AWARENESS...

AN  
INCONSEQUENTIAL  
OBSERVATION.  
PREPARE TO  
TRANSMUTE  
HER.

NO!

NOTHING  
MORE TO SAY,  
DOCTOR?

WHERE IS  
THAT GALLIFREYAN  
ARROGANCE  
NOW?

NO... WHAT...  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE  
TO ME...?

SPEAK ONLY  
WHEN YOU ARE  
SPOKEN TO,  
THRALL.  
YOUR  
PUNISHMENT FOR  
ALLOWING YOURSELF  
TO BE CAPTURED IS  
FORTHCOMING.

I'M COLONEL  
JANE WEIR OF THE  
UNITED STATES AIRFORCE,  
COMMANDER OF THE  
INTERNATIONAL SPACE  
STATION.

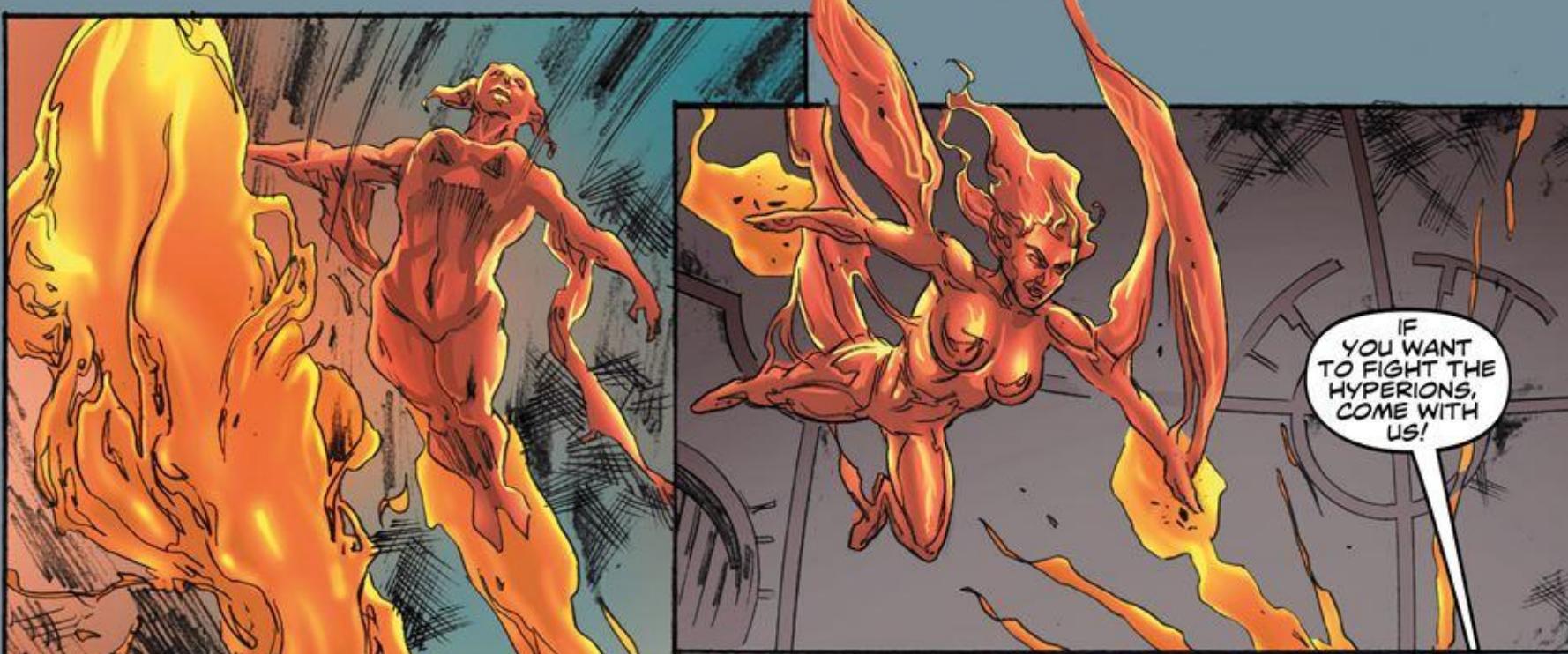
YOU  
DON'T GIVE ME  
ORDERS!

AAARRGH!

WRONG,  
THRALL.

YOU ARE  
OURS NOW.  
YOUR WORLD IS  
OURS. YOU LIVE  
OR DIE AS WE  
SEE FIT.  
AND  
I SAY,  
DIE!





## TRAFFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

IF WE WANT TO BE LEADERS IN THE NEW WORLD ORDER, WE MUST BE BOLD, SHAPE EVENTS TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

THERE ISN'T A NEW WORLD ORDER, SIR, JUST THE OLD ONE. AND THAT'S, WELL, A BIT OF A MESS AT --

S-SIR, I REALLY DON'T THINK THIS IS ADVISABLE...

WHO DARES WINS, TRISTRAM, AS OUR LADS IN THE S.A.S. SAY.

AS MINISTER OF PUBLIC HYGIENE, IT'S MY JOB TO CLEAN UP MESSES, TO LEAD HUMANITY IN A PHOENIX-LIKE RISE FROM THE --

AAAEEEEEE!

-- ASHES...

ULP! DON'T BE HASTY! I -- I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE, THAT YOU'RE LISTENING...

PLEASE, I CAN HELP.

DO YOU HEAR ME?  
THE DOCTOR!

I HAVE INFORMATION ABOUT THE MAN THEY CALL THE DOCTOR.

YOU'RE SAYING THOSE THINGS DID ALL THIS?  
ALTERED MY DNA...

...TURNED ME INTO A CREATURE OF FUSION, MADE ME HUNT MY FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS?

YOU'RE TAKING IT VERY WELL.  
MUST BE YOUR 'ASTRONAUT MENTALITY'. NOT EVERYONE'S HAPPY TO SIT ON TOP OF A ROCKET AND BE BLASTED INTO SPACE.

I...  
I HAVE A FAMILY... A HUSBAND, CHILDREN...

HAD.  
TECHNICALLY, YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY ALIVE ANY MORE, YOU'RE A REANIMATED CORPSE, FUELLED BY THE FIRES OF HYPERIOS.

DOCTOR!

WHAT? TOO BLUNT?

YOU HUMANS ARE SO SENSITIVE, IT'S A WONDER YOU EVER VENTURE OUTSIDE YOUR FRONT DOOR FOR FEAR OF BEING OFFENDED BY SOMETHING OR OTHER.

NO, YOU'RE JUST INSENSITIVE ON AN EPIC SCALE.

YOU'RE A BLACK HOLE FOR SENSITIVITY.



DAMN IT, DOCTOR,  
YOU JUST RAN OFF  
AND LEFT US.

'COURSE  
I DID.

LAST TIME  
YOU MADE ME  
PRESIDENT OF THE  
WORLD, YOU ALSO  
TRIED TO LOCK ME UP  
FOR NOTORIOUS  
UNRELIABILITY.

I'M A FREE  
SPIRIT, I CAN'T BE  
CHAINED. AND I'M  
NOT UNRELIABLE, I'M  
UNPREDICTABLY  
RELIABLE.

HALT!  
STAY  
WHERE YOU ARE!  
ONE MOVE AND  
WE FIRE!

OH, PUT YOUR  
GUNS AWAY, YOU  
TRIGGER-HAPPY  
CLODS. THAT'S A  
PRESIDENTIAL  
ORDER.

DESPITE  
HER APPEARANCE,  
COLONEL WEIR IS ON  
OUR SIDE. WITH A  
VENGEANCE.

LISTEN  
CAREFULLY,  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
MUCH TIME.  
COLONEL...

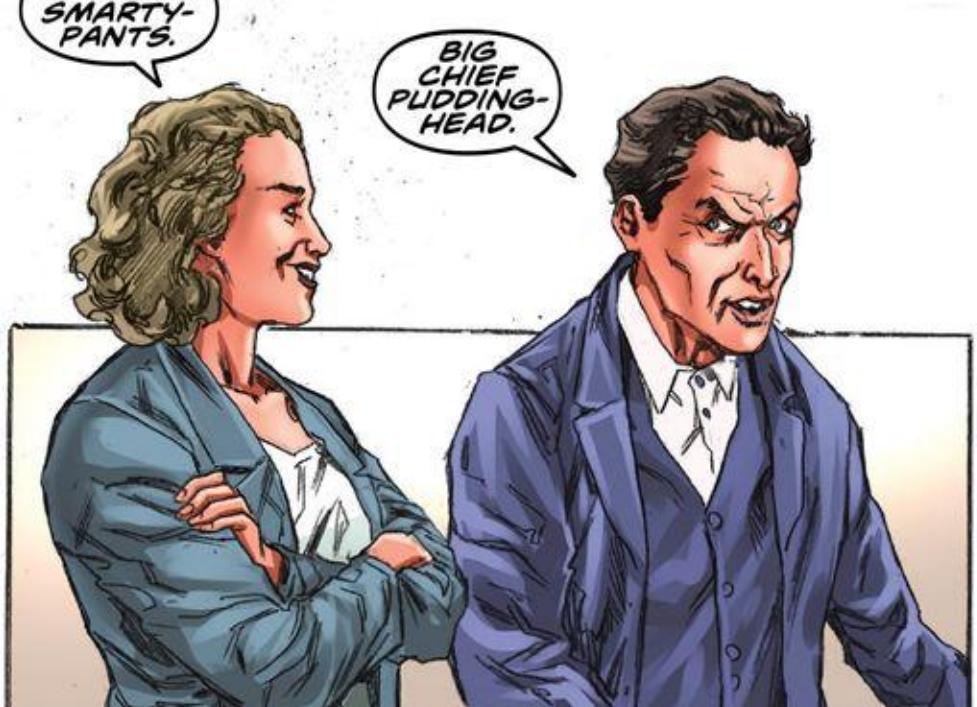
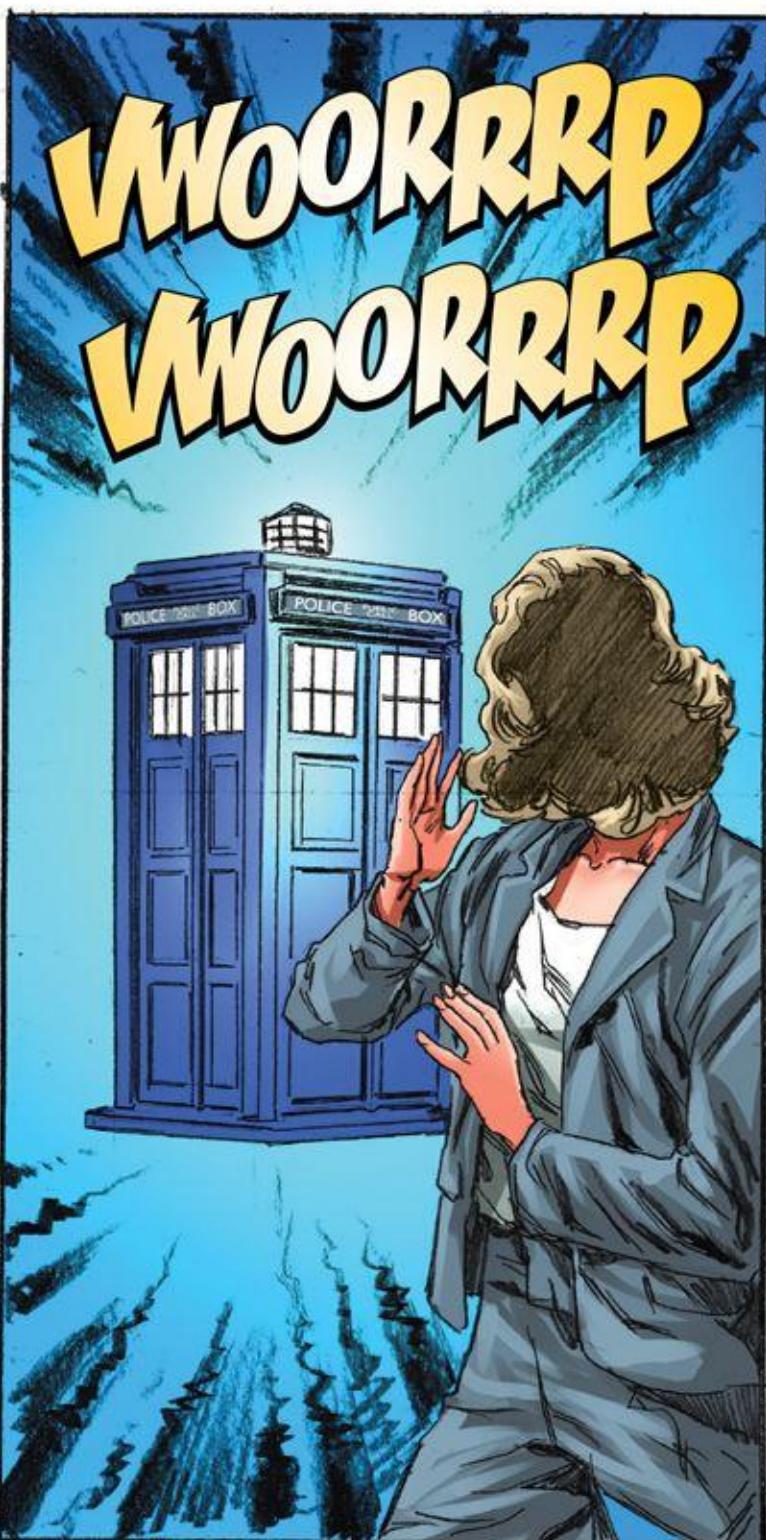
THE FINAL  
SEGMENT OF THE  
HYPERION FUSION-WEB  
IS ALMOST COMPLETE,  
DUE TO BE TELEPORTED  
INTO PLACE BY  
NIGHTFALL.

IF WE DON'T  
INFILTRATE THE  
SUSSEX FIREWALL  
AND DESTROY  
IT...

BBRRRRR!  
INTERGALACTIC  
ICE AGE, HERE WE  
COME!

IT WON'T  
BE EASY. ✓ WE'LL NEED  
VULKAN FIRE-  
SHIELDS FOR  
PROTECTION,  
ELEMENT-GUNS  
TO COMBAT THE  
FUSION ANGELS,  
A NEURAL-WAVE  
MACHINE TO  
FREE THE HUMAN  
WORKERS AND AN  
ICE-9 REACTOR,  
WHICH --

-- WITH A  
FEW DELICATE  
ADJUSTMENTS -- I  
CAN FASHION INTO A  
COLD-BOMB. ANY  
QUESTIONS?





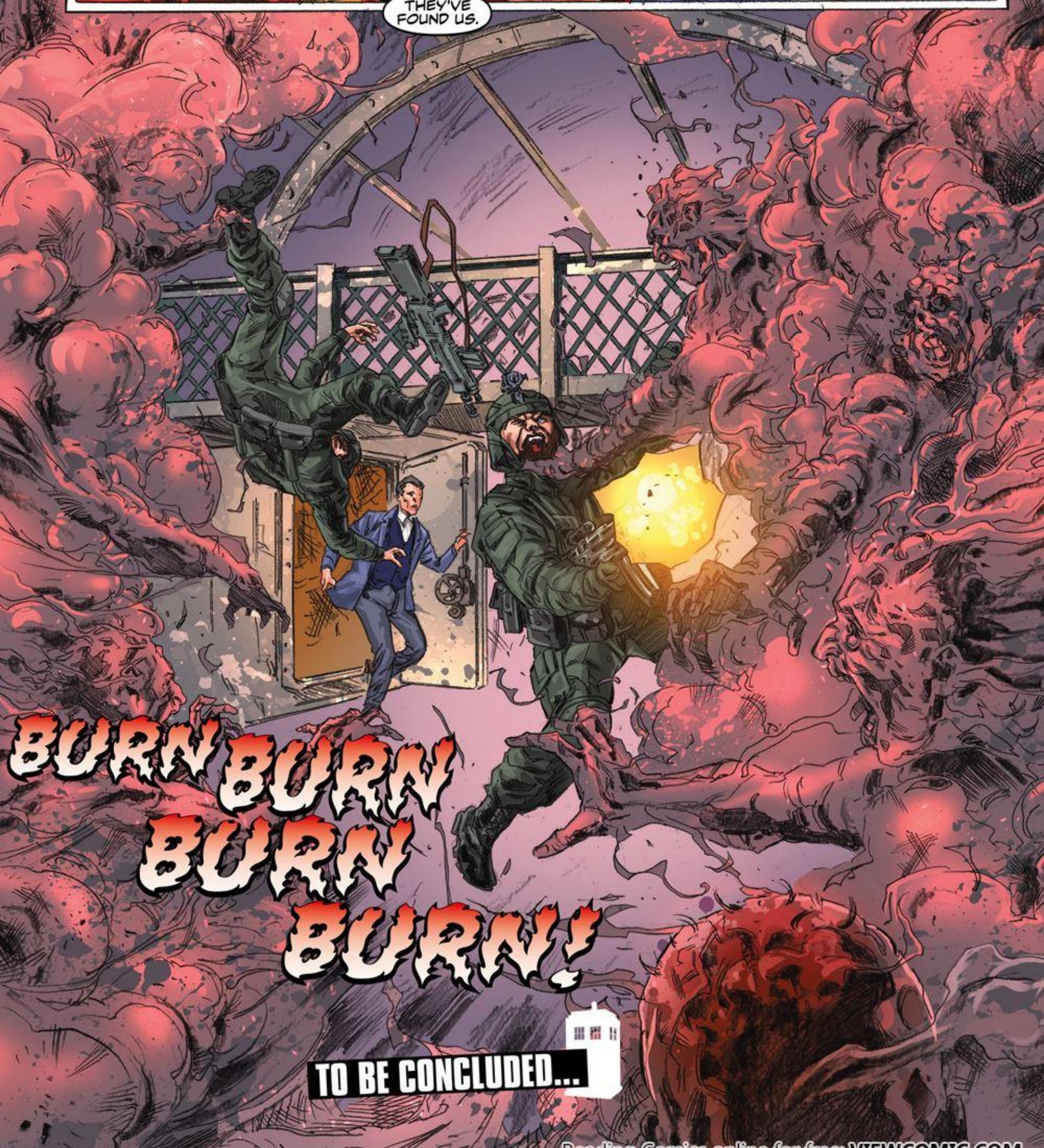
**BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA**



AAAGH-KKK!

EEEAARRRGH!

THE SCORCHED!  
THEY'VE FOUND US.



**BURN BURN  
BURN  
BURN  
BURN!**

**TO BE CONCLUDED...**