

BBC THE TENTH DOCTOR ADVENTURES YEAR TWO

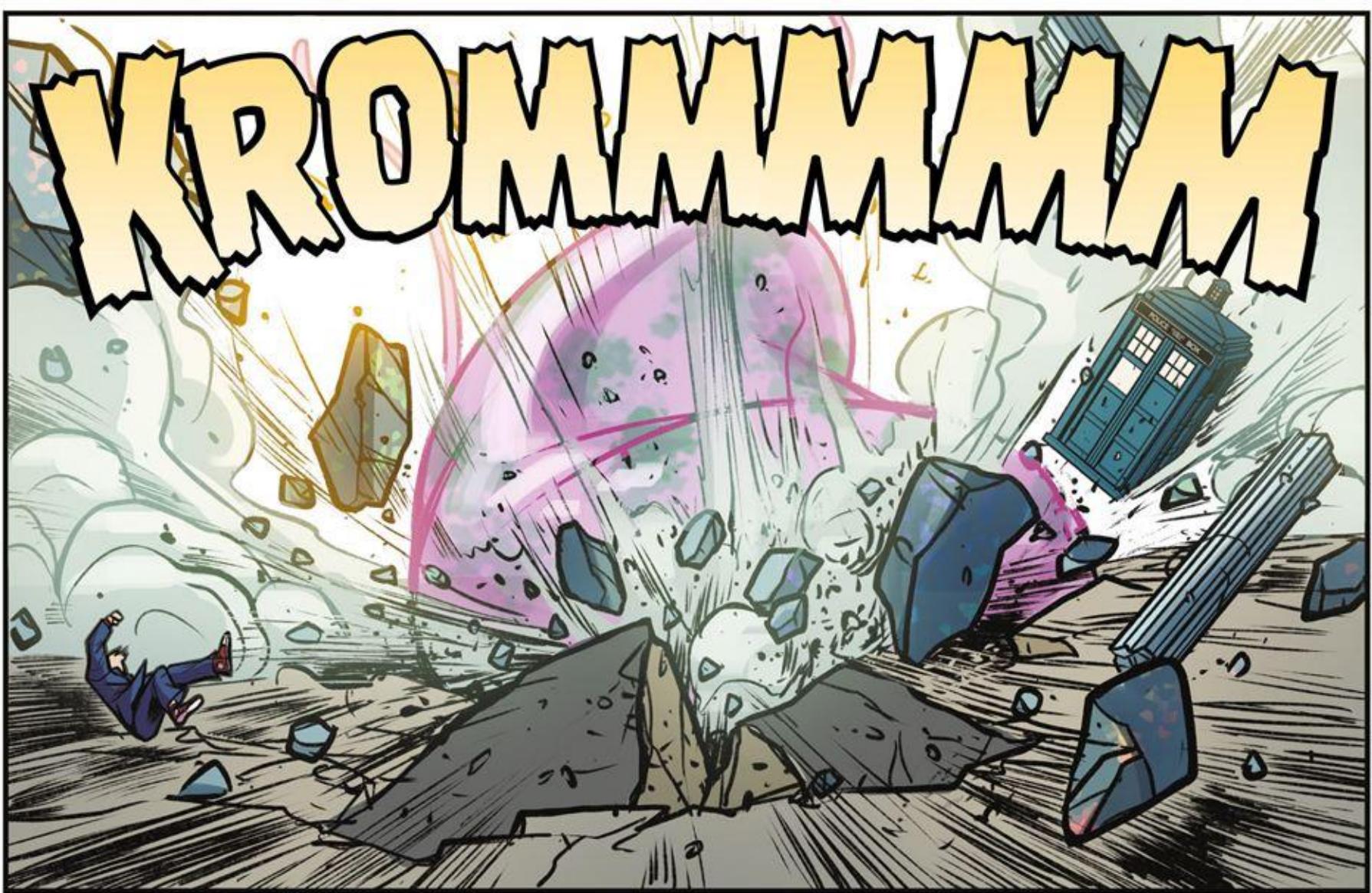
DOCTOR  
WHO

NICK ABADZIS  
ELEONORA CARLINI  
CLAUDIA IANNICIELLO

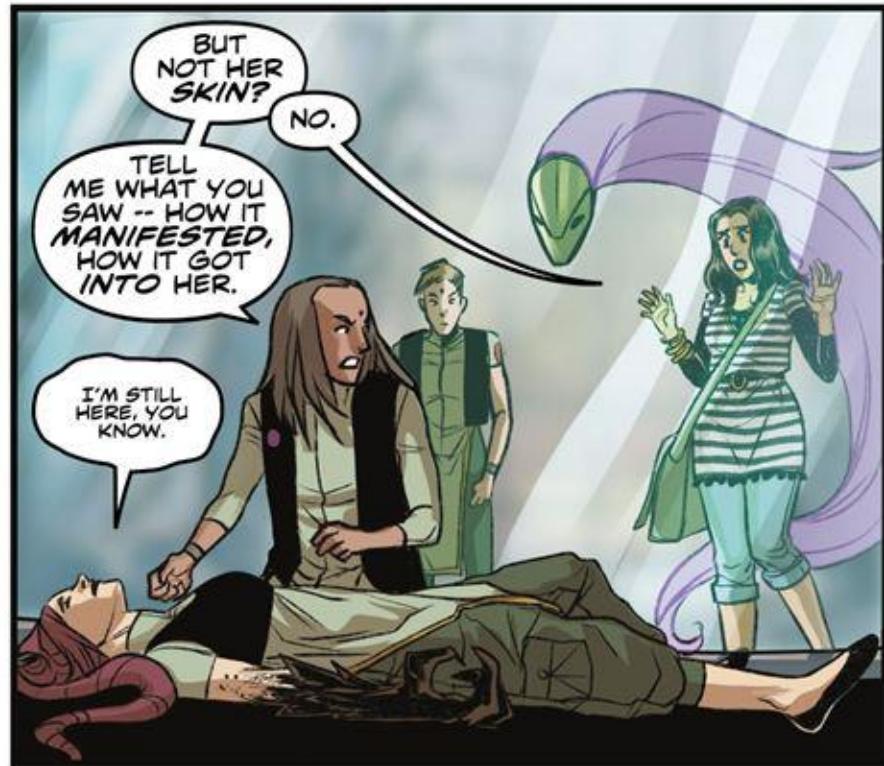
# DOCTOR WHO



LEX

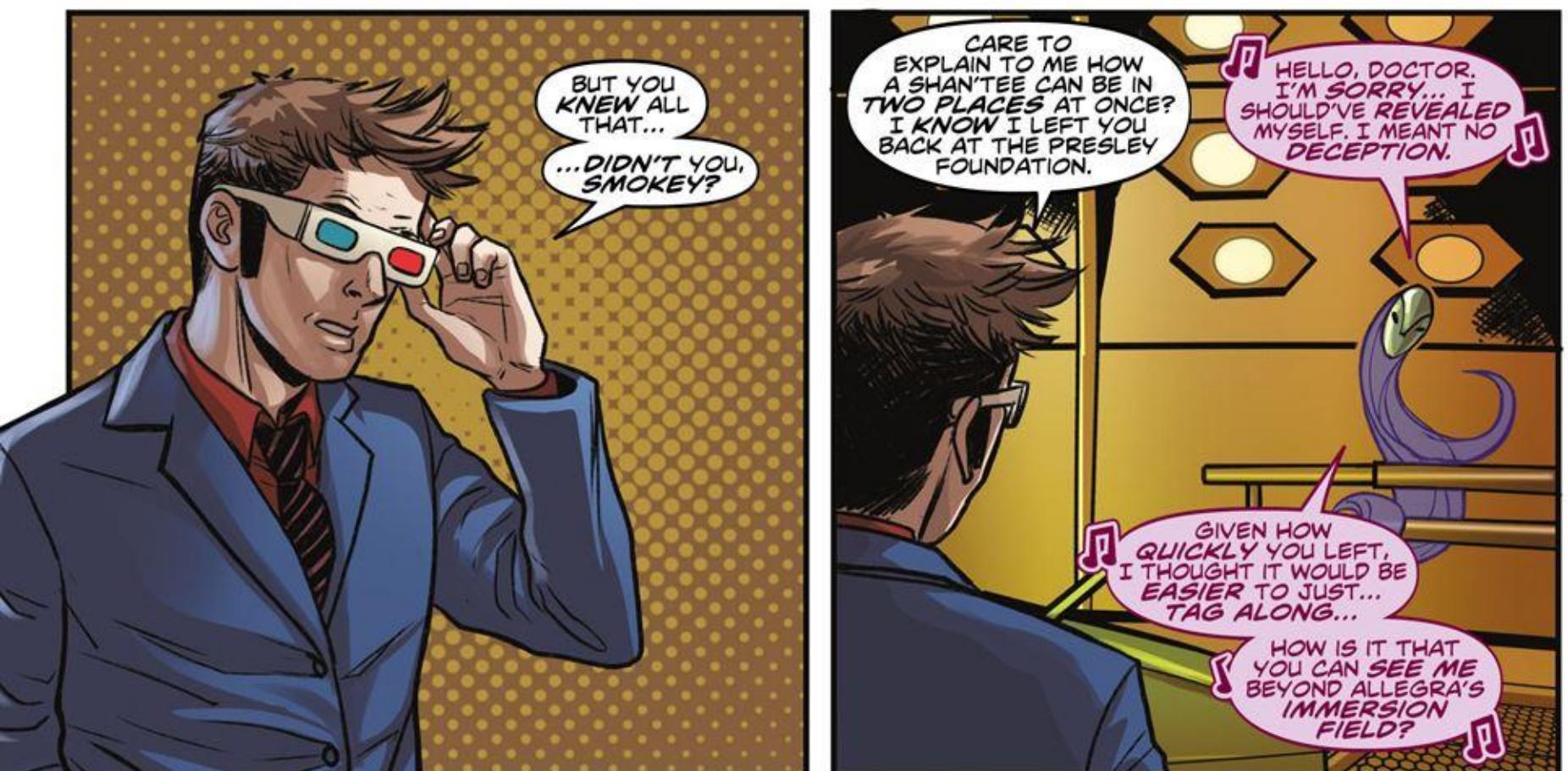
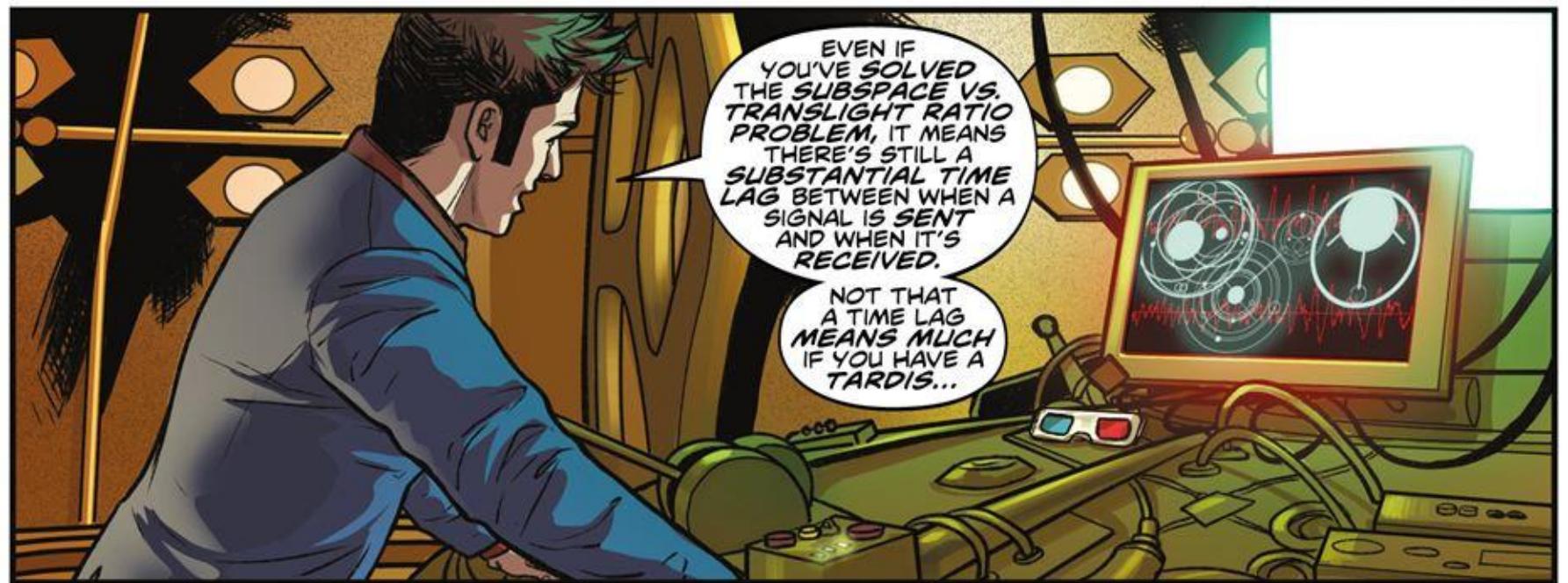








GOOD  
THING SPACE IS  
SO BIG...



I CAN ADJUST MY SENSES TO PERCEIVE YOU IN A SIMILAR WAY TO ALLEGRA'S NATURAL ABILITY.

WELL, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY TARDIS' TELEPATHIC CIRCUITS.

BESIDES, THE TINKLING BACKGROUND CHIMES ARE A DEAD GIVEAWAY. I HAVE A CLOISTER BELL, BUT IT'S MORE OF A -- A BIG GONGING RED ALERT THING.

SO, HOW'S IT DONE -- TWO OF YOU?

IT IS A FORM OF META-PROCREATION THAT FEW OF US ARE SCHOoled IN. IT'S EVEN MORE RARELY PRACTICED, EXCEPT IN TIMES OF TRAUMA.

I AM NOT PRECISELY THE SHAN'TEE YOU KNOW AS SMOKEY... I AM, IF YOU LIKE, A VARIATION ON A THEME -- AN ECHO.

YOU CONCEPTUAL BEINGS! SO VERSATILE...

WHY DID YOU COME? YOU MIGHT BE EXPOSING YOURSELF TO POTENTIAL INFECTION...

DOCTOR, MY PARENT SHAN'TEE TRUSTS YOU IMPLICITLY. I WISH TO HELP. I CANNOT STAND IDLY BY--

YOU'VE GOT NO LEGS. 'STANDING' ISN'T REALLY GOING TO WORK, EH?

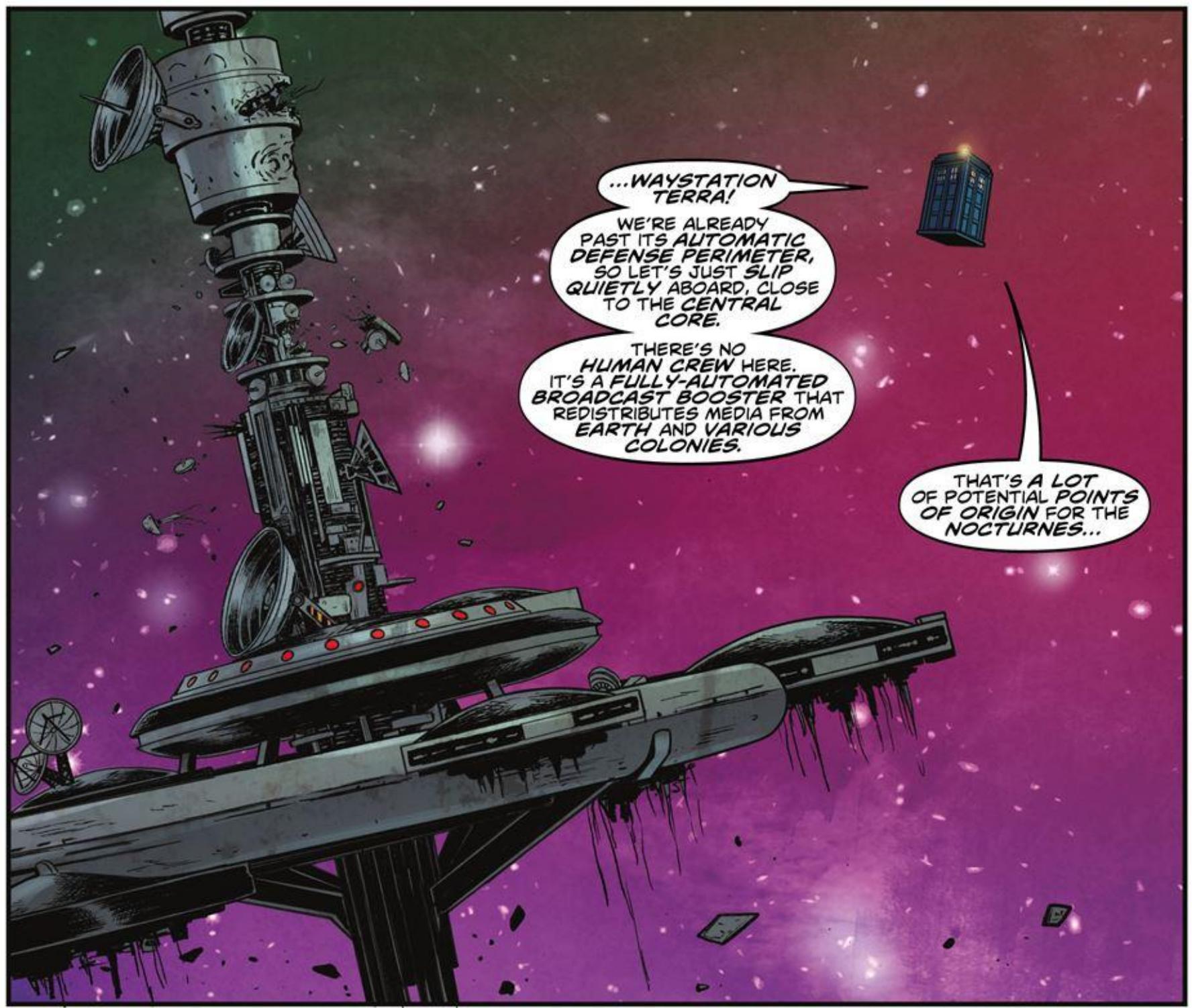
LOOK -- I CAN'T STOP YOU. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE, WHAT WE'LL FIND.

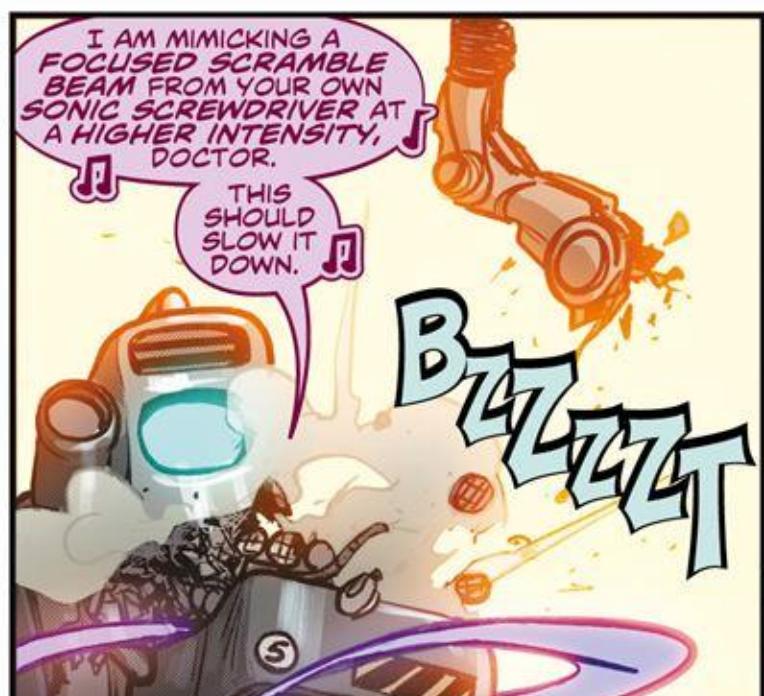
I'M NOT SURE I CAN PROTECT YOU. THAT BOTHERS ME.

DOCTOR, PLEASE. LET ME HELP. THIS MIGHT BE MY ONLY SONG -- MY FINAL SONG.

CAN WE SHUT UP ABOUT SONGS ENDING? I DON'T LIKE THAT METAPHOR!

ALL RIGHT THEN...





HARRIS.  
BROUGHT YOU  
WATER.

HOW IS  
SHE? HOW ARE  
YOU?

SHE'S  
UNCONSCIOUS,  
WHICH IS GOOD.

COULDN'T  
TAKE HER  
BEGGING US  
TO KILL  
HER.

THE INFECTION  
IS SPREADING...  
SLOWLY. I'M NOT  
INFECTED YET,  
FAR AS I CAN  
TELL...

...BUT  
I'M NOT A  
SYNAESTHETIC,  
SO I'M HOPING  
IT'LL TAKE  
LONGER TO  
GET ME.

OUCH.  
ANOTHER BOVODRINE  
RAMMED US.

# BROMMAM

HEADS UP,  
PEOPLE!

THIS  
IS IT. THE  
END.

THERE'S  
ANOTHER WAVE OF  
BOVODRINES COMING  
IN. BIG HERD. THEY'RE  
BEING DRIVEN CRAZY BY  
THE NOCTURNES.

EITHER THE  
BOVODRINES  
WILL SMASH US  
TO PIECES, OR  
THE NOCTURNES  
WILL GET US!

LOOK AT IT.  
IT'S GOT OUR  
SCENT. IT KNOWS  
IT'S GOING TO WIN...  
IT JUST HAS TO  
WAIT.

COME AWAY,  
MUBADEE. TRYING  
TO STARE OUT THIS  
THING ISN'T DOING  
YOU ANY GOOD.

COME ON,  
DOCTOR!





