

SPECIAL #2

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BBC

THE LOST DIMENSION

DOCTOR WHO



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BBC

THE LOST DIMENSION EVENT

DOCTOR WHO

PART SEVEN OF EIGHT

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The Doctor is an immortal time traveler who champions the oppressed across time and space.

As a Gallifreyan Time Lord, when mortally-wounded, he can regenerate into an entirely new body.

When the fabric of the universe is threatened, when the laws of time, space, and all of reality start to break down... on those dire days, different incarnations of the Doctor can meet.

It should never happen. Not all of them will remember it properly.

But this is one of those days...

PREVIOUSLY...

An unknown force is striking from the depths of space, emerging as impossibly-large white holes over civilized planets, absorbing or annihilating everything that lives.

This force has spread throughout all of time, challenging the Doctor in all of his incarnations.

Last time we saw River Song, she was battling for her life against a lost space colony of Silurians, who seem to be tied to the white holes that have been plaguing the Doctor! And just how did Jenny manage to track down her elusive father?

Special thanks to : Steven Moffat, Brian Minchin, Mandy Thwaites, James Dudley, Edward Russell, Sally De St Croix, Sarah Bold, Phillip Raperport, Kate Bush, and Ed Casey for their invaluable assistance for their invaluable assistance.



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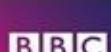


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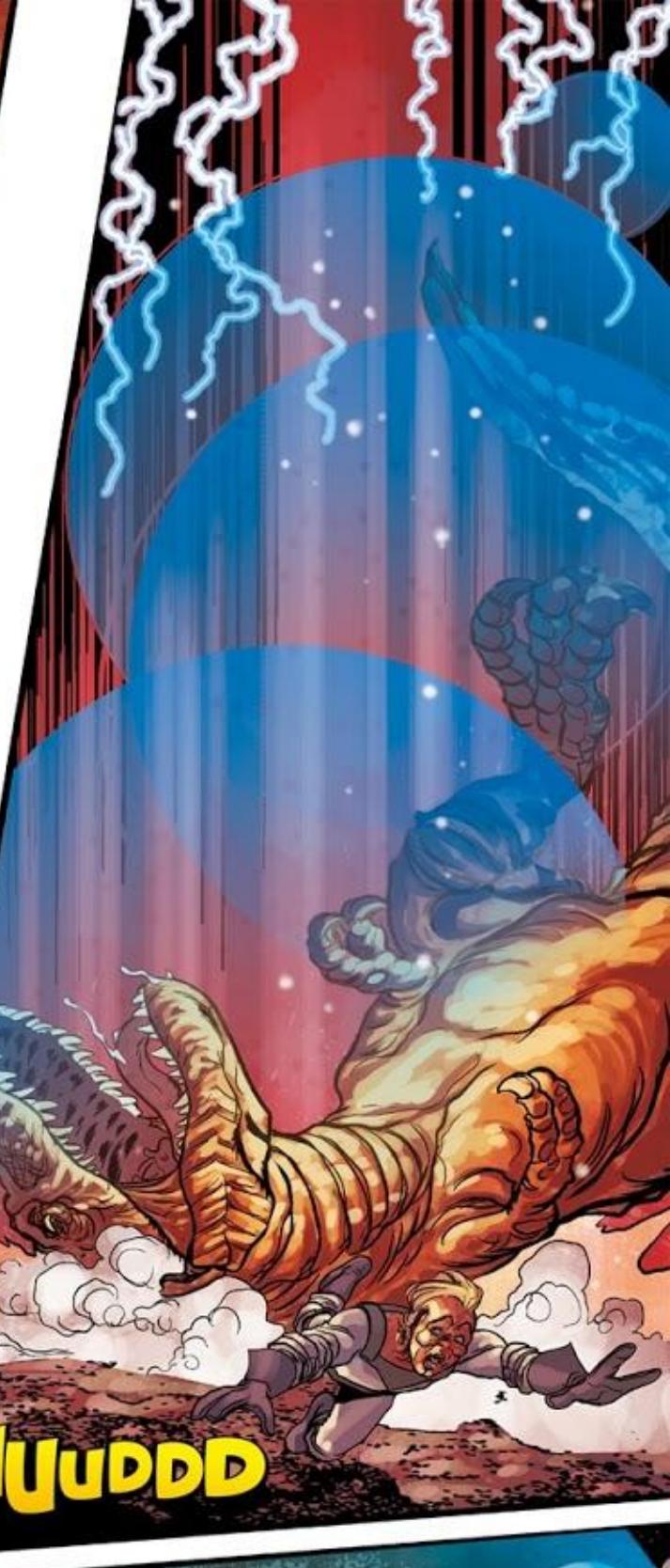
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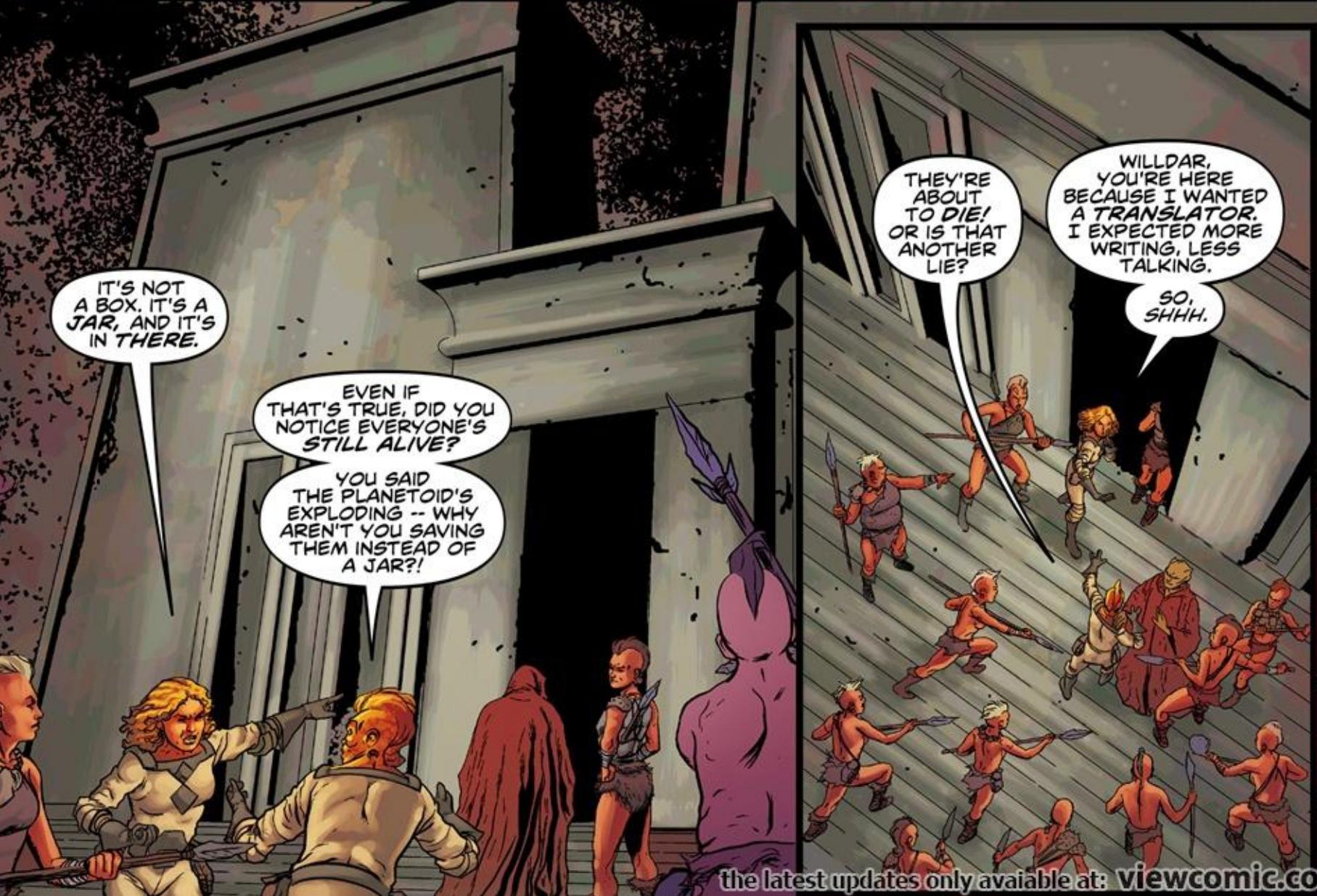
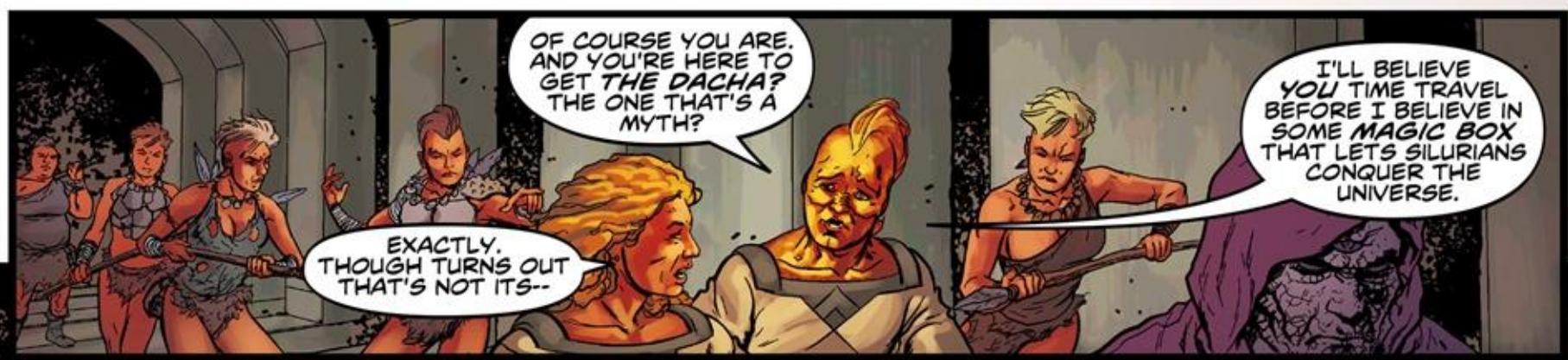


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3 DAYS LATER...





















JENNY



ART BY
IOLANDA ZANFARDINO

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MESSALINE, THEN.

"BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!"

OH, I'VE GOT THE WHOLE UNIVERSE.

PLANETS TO SAVE, CIVILIZATIONS TO RESCUE, CREATURES TO DEFEAT...

...AND AN AWFUL LOT OF RUNNING TO DO.

THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.
NOT THAT LONG AFTER.

THIS ISN'T QUITE WORKING OUT LIKE IT WAS SUPPOSED TO.

I KNOW I WAS DEAD JUST A FEW HOURS AGO, SO SWINGS AND ROUNDABOUTS -- BUT YOU THINK THEY'D HAVE THE DECENCY TO LEAVE AN ESCAPE SHUTTLE FUELED FOR INTERSTELLAR FLIGHT.

RAMSCOOPS ARE YAWNINGLY EMPTY. FUSION CELLS TOTALLY DEPLETED, TOO, EVEN AFTER I SWEAR AT THEM IN HATH...

:SIGH:

THERE'S RATIONS ENOUGH FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, AND IF I TURN DOWN LIFE SUPPORT ALLLLLLL THE WAY DOWN, I THINK I CAN KEEP THE VID-DISPLAY UNIT RUNNING TO KEEP AWAY THE QUIET.

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO SHIVER IN THE COLD, FLICKING BETWEEN RIFLE DISASSEMBLY AND CLUTE SUGAR-GLIDER VIDS UNTIL THE OXYGEN RUNS OUT.

NO WAY.

PING
PANG
PING

I'M RUNNING COMBAT DRILLS UPSIDE DOWN IN A CORRIDOR, THINKING OF MY OPTIONS, WHEN THE FIRST MICRO-METEOR PINGS THE HULL.

NORMALLY I'D BE WORRIED ABOUT PUNCTURES, BUT THIS SHUTTLE'S PLATING SEEMS INCREDIBLY THICK.

IT'S ONLY WHEN I CHECK THE PLATING READOUTS THAT I REALIZE I'M INCREDIBLY THICK, TOO. THE PLATING IS NOTHING SPECIAL.

THE SHIELDS ON THE OTHER HAND... STILL FULLY POWERED.

SUCH AN IDIOT.

A BEAUTIFUL SECONDARY SHIELD GENERATOR, BURIED ASTERN... PUMPING OUT LOVELY, LOVELY ENERGY, MAKING SURE THE SPACE DEBRIS DOES NOTHING WORSE THAN REPLICATE THE GENTLE THRUM OF RAIN ON A TIN ROOF.

OHHHH,
YES. YES YES
YES.

SOMEONE WITH MORE TIME ON THEIR HANDS MIGHT HAVE SPENT A WEEK RE-ROUTING POWER FROM THE SHIELDS BACK TO THE ENGINES, AND THAT WOULD BE JUST GREAT...

...BUT I'M YOUNG AND I'M BORED AND I DIED ONCE THIS WEEK ALREADY.

PLUS, I'VE GOT BRAINS POURING OUT OF MY EARS, AND AN IMMEASURABLE AMOUNT OF MODESTY.

SO I SPEND SIX HOURS REWIRING THE SHIELDS TO MAKE AN EINSTEIN-ROSEN BRIDGE GENERATOR INSTEAD.

HA!

I GIVE MYSELF 30 SECONDS
TO BE PLEASED WITH
MYSELF, 10 SECONDS TO
WONDER IF I'M ABOUT TO
TURN MYSELF INSIDE OUT...

THEN I CLICK THE
DRIVE ACTIVATOR, AND...

AWAY.

WE.

GO.

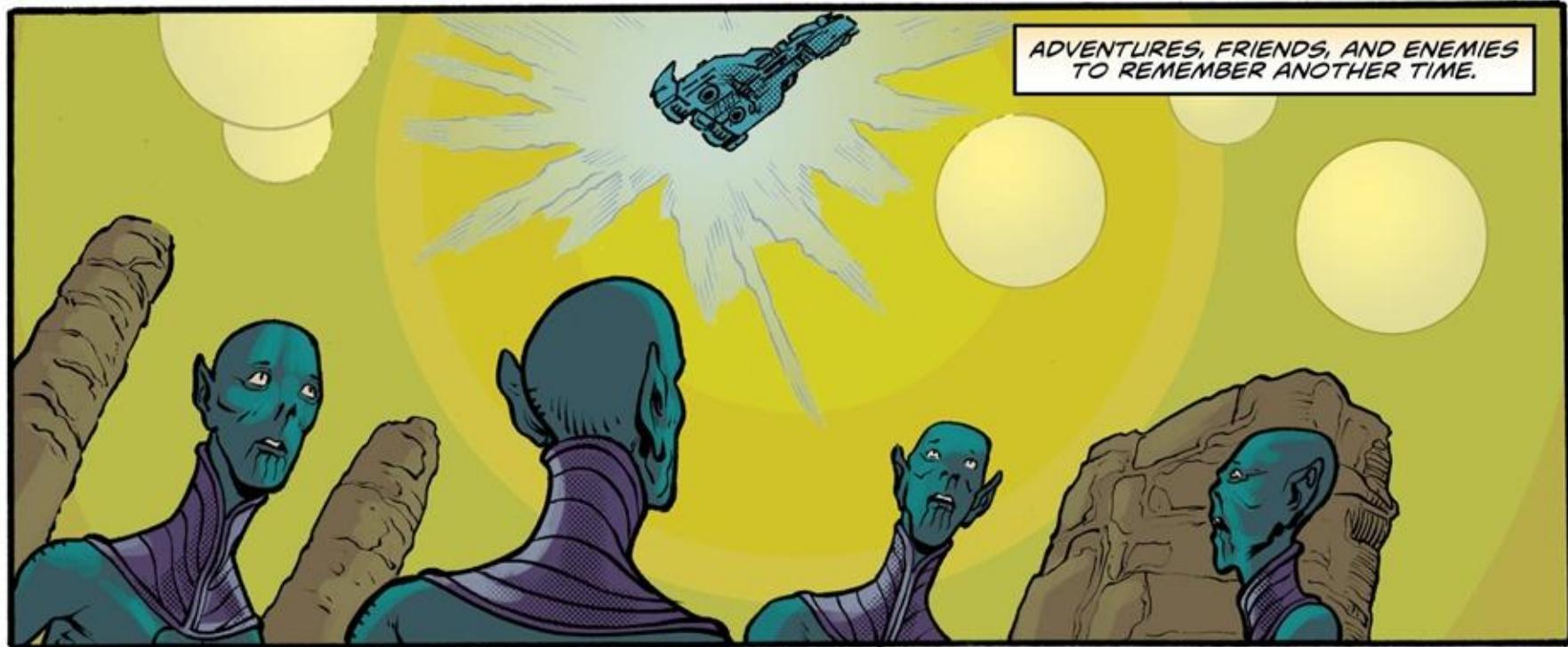
IT TAKES SIX JUMPS.

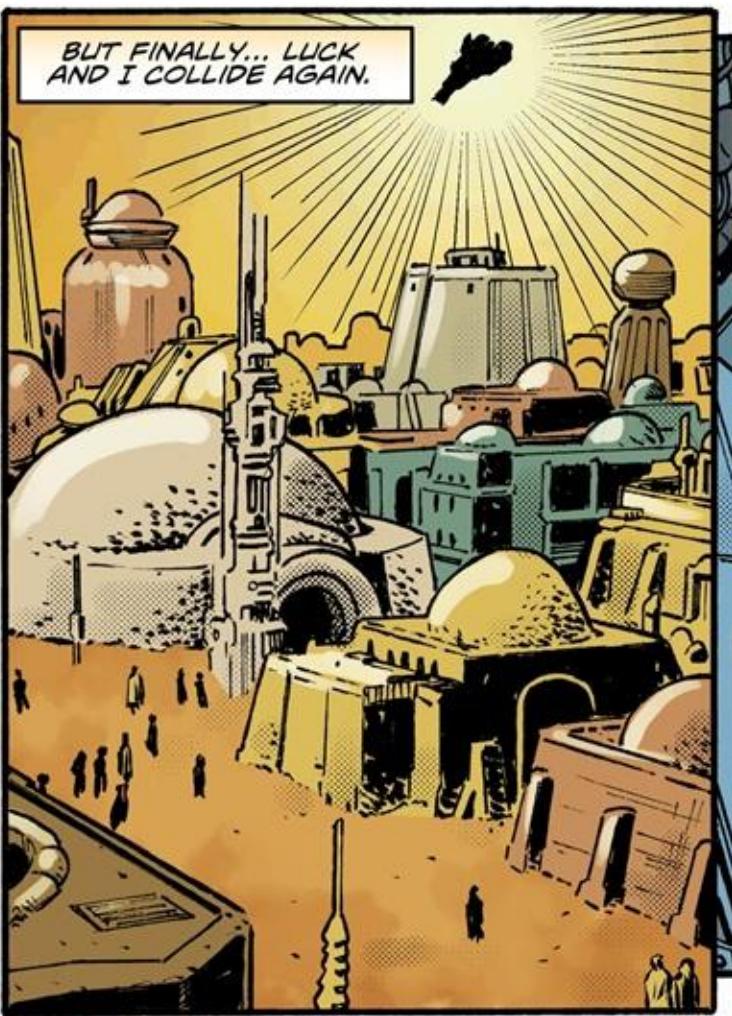
THROUGH DEAD SPACE
AND BLOOMING NEBULAE.



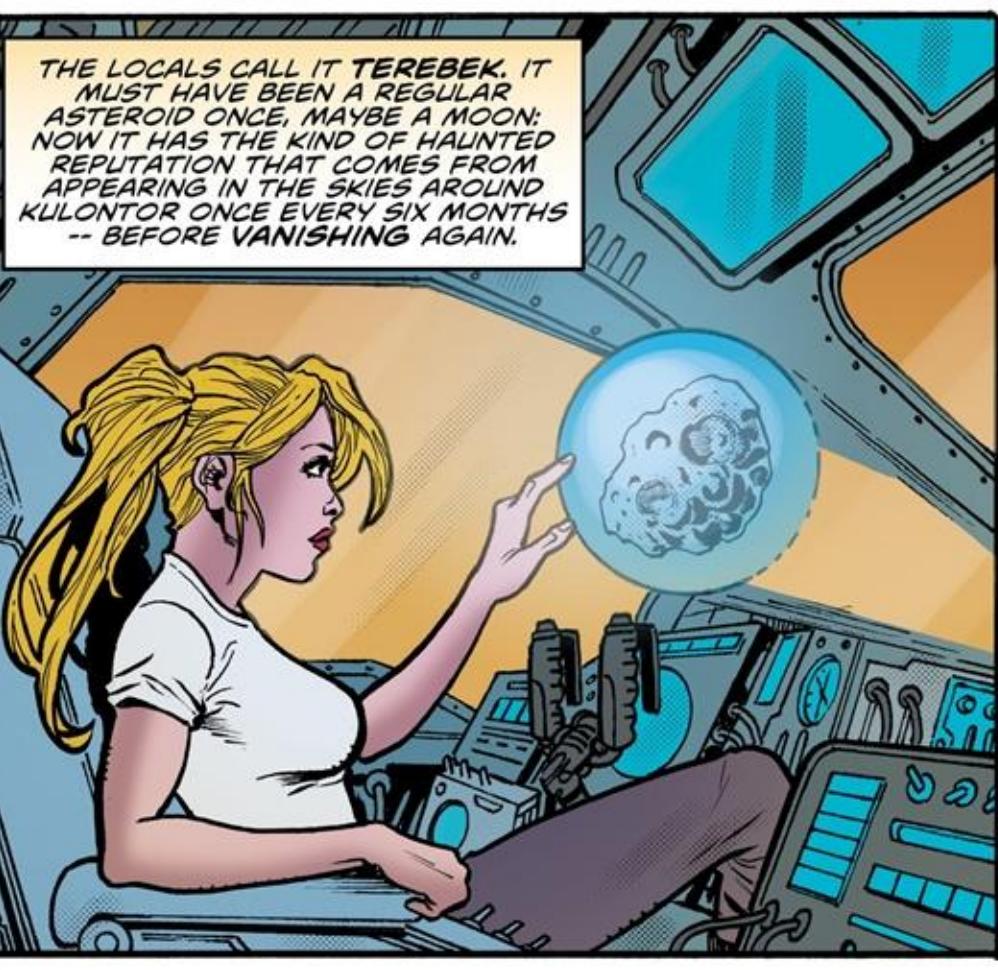
SPACEPORTS AND
BOLT-HOLES.

ADVENTURES, FRIENDS, AND ENEMIES
TO REMEMBER ANOTHER TIME.

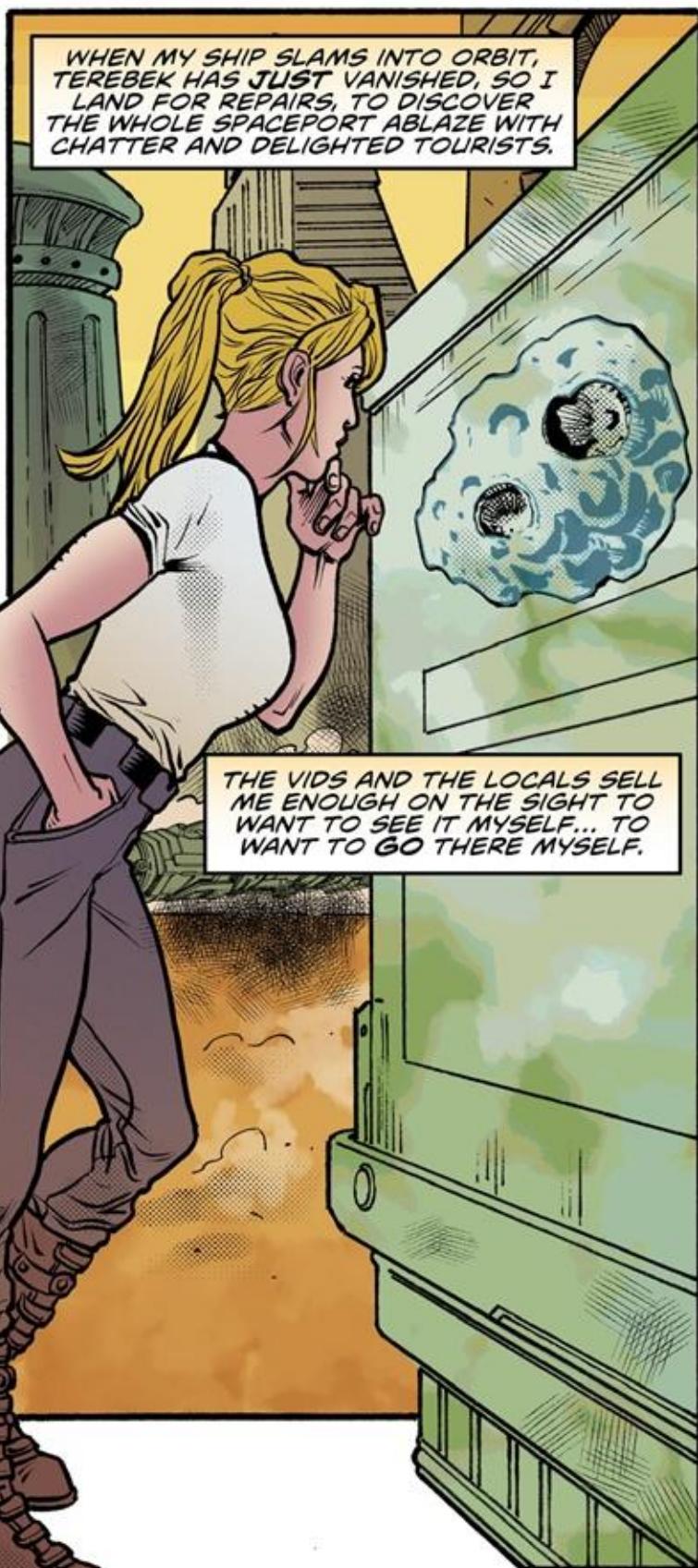




BUT FINALLY... LUCK AND I COLLIDE AGAIN.



THE LOCALS CALL IT TEREBEK. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A REGULAR ASTEROID ONCE, MAYBE A MOON: NOW IT HAS THE KIND OF HAUNTED REPUTATION THAT COMES FROM APPEARING IN THE SKIES AROUND KULONTOR ONCE EVERY SIX MONTHS -- BEFORE VANISHING AGAIN.



WHEN MY SHIP SLAMS INTO ORBIT, TEREBEK HAS JUST VANISHED, SO I LAND FOR REPAIRS, TO DISCOVER THE WHOLE SPACEPORT ABLAZE WITH CHATTER AND DELIGHTED TOURISTS.



FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, I MAKE KULONTOR MY HOME.

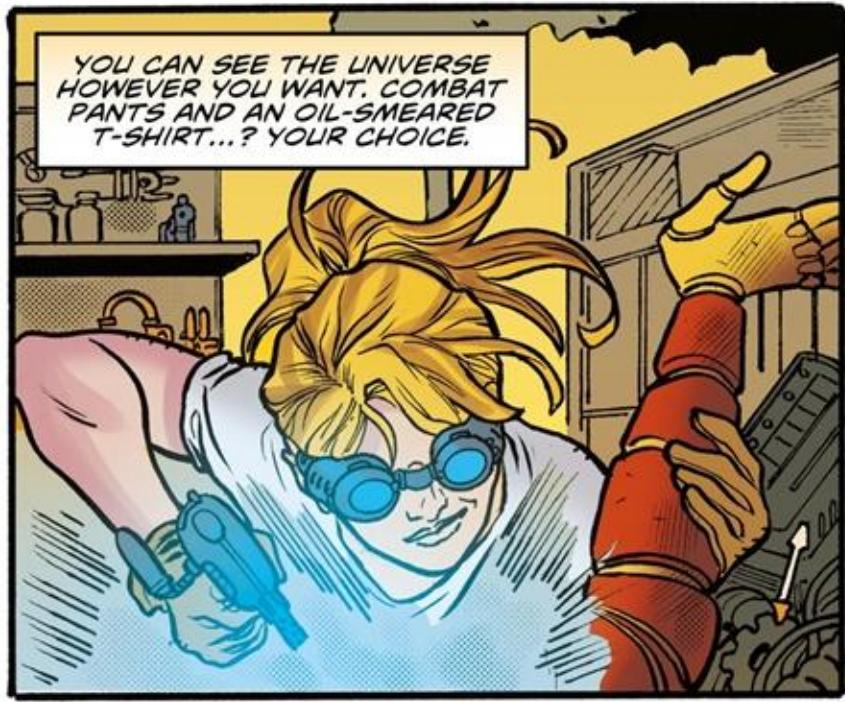
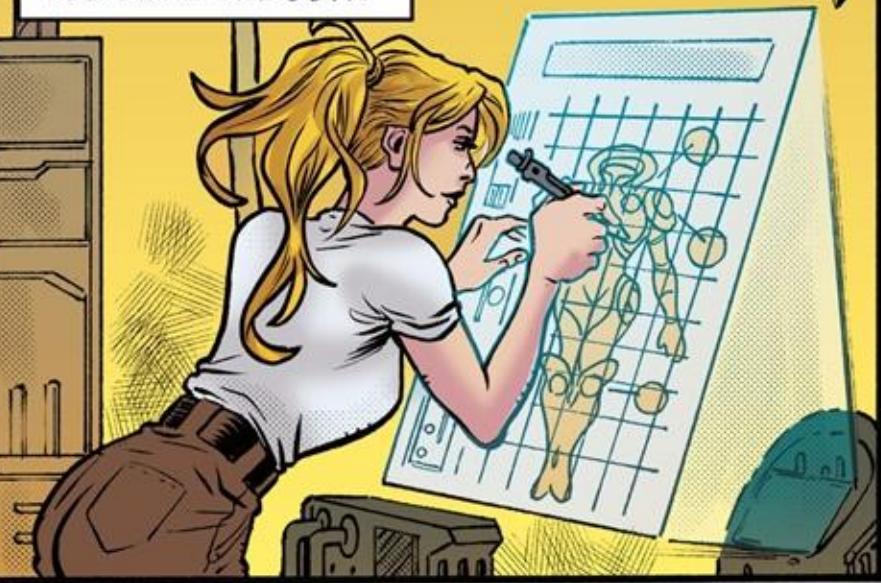


AMAZING HOW WELL YOU CAN GET BY WHEN YOU CAN FIX BROKEN TECH ALMOST JUST BY LOOKING AT IT.

(AND BREAK HEARTS JUST BY WINKING AT THEM... BUT AGAIN... STORIES FOR ANOTHER TIME).

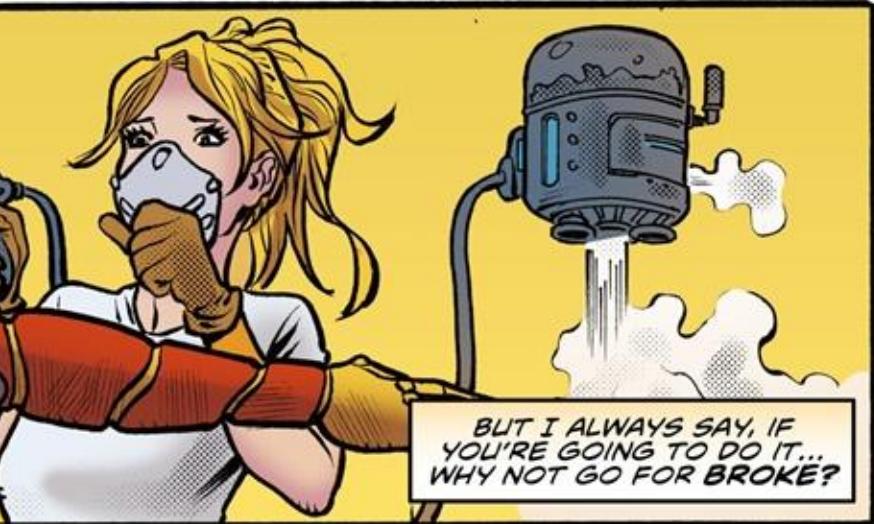
IT'S THREE MONTHS IN
WHEN I START
DESIGNING THE SUIT.

YOU CAN SEE THE UNIVERSE
HOWEVER YOU WANT. COMBAT
PANTS AND AN OIL-SMEARED
T-SHIRT...? YOUR CHOICE.

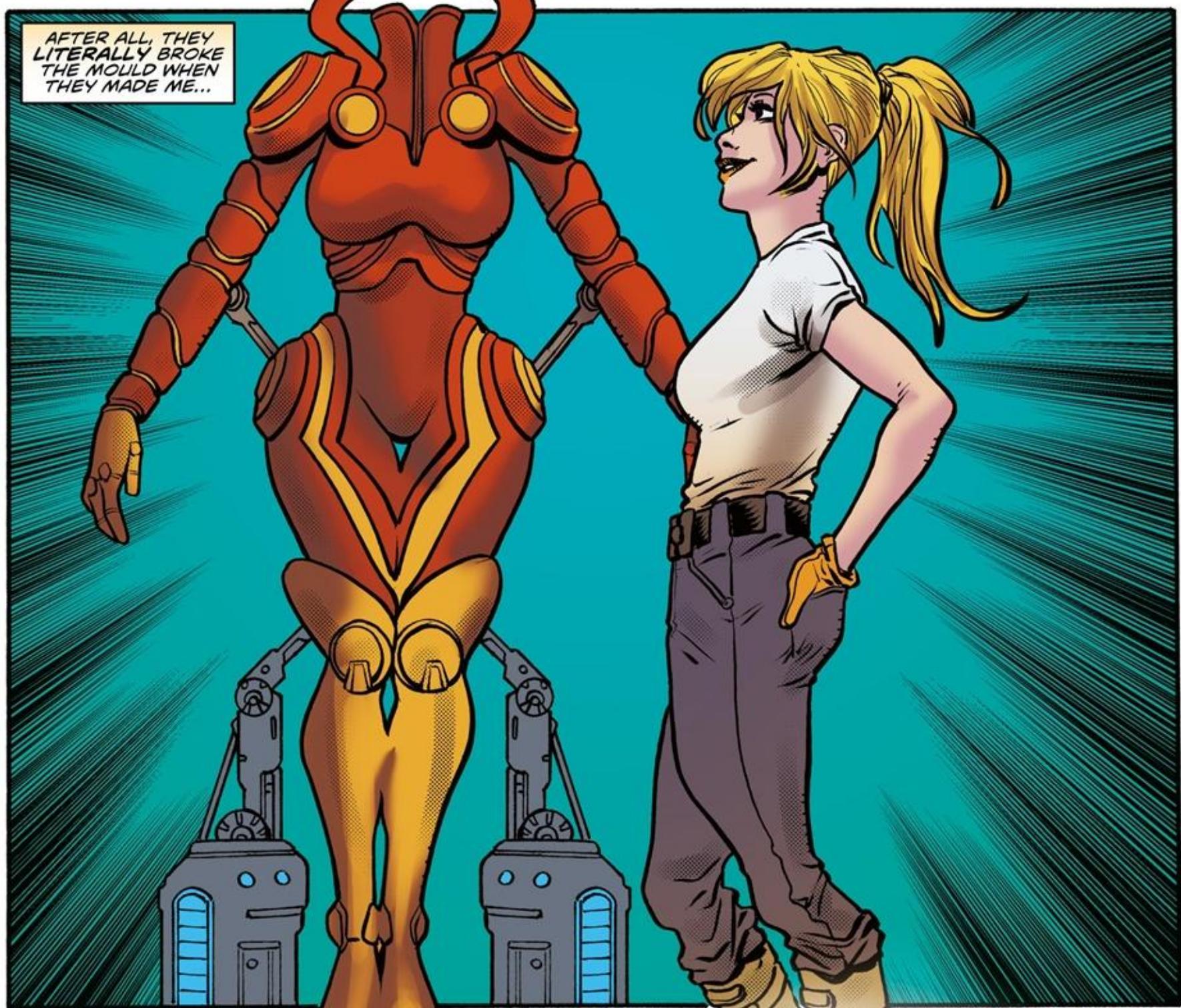


YOU CAN RACE AROUND IN RATTY
TRAINERS, STYLE IT OUT WITH A
BEATEN LEATHER JACKET...
WHATEVER FLOATS YOUR BOAT.

BUT I ALWAYS SAY, IF
YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT...
WHY NOT GO FOR BROKE?



AFTER ALL, THEY
LITERALLY BROKE
THE MOULD WHEN
THEY MADE ME...



BY THE TIME TEREBEK REAPPEARS, I'M MORE THAN READY FOR THE TRIP. VACUUM-READY SUIT, GO-FASTER STRIPES ON THE SHUTTLE, AND A NICE TAKEAWAY.



A FLASH OF RED AND BLUE: FRACTALS OUT OF EMPTINESS. TEREBEK. AT LAST.



I FALL INTO ORBIT... THE SUNS OF KULONTOR RISE OVER THE ASTEROID HORIZON...



...AND THERE, BATHED IN STARLIGHT, DRIVEN INTO THE ROCKY WALL AT THE BASE OF THE DEEPEST CRATER... I SEE MY DESTINY.

SHE'S SHINY AND CHROME, AND I FALL IN LOVE.

WE'RE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER.



TIME ON TEREBEK IS SHORT, BUT ALSO UNPREDICTABLE.

I WASTE NONE OF IT, BUT IT FEELS LIKE EVERY HEARTBEAT IN MY EARS TAKES FOREVER.

I'M OUT OF THE SHUTTLE, DESCENDING TO THIS... STAR-BOOMERANG. THIS SPACE-SWAN. IT'S ALIEN AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE FASTEST THING IN THE UNIVERSE AND IT'S ALREADY MINE.

I PAUSE, BREATH IN MY EARS, FINGERS TREMBLING IN THE SUIT. I TOUCH THE SILVER. IT'S HOT, THROUGH THE GLOVE. BUT IT FEELS LIKE IT KNOWS ME.

THE LIGHTEST TOUCH, AND THE COCKPIT SWINGS UP. THERE'S A MAN INSIDE, HIS ARMOR COLD AND BLUE, THE SAME AS HIS SKIN.

I ROLL HIM OUT OF THE SEAT AS GENTLY AS I CAN. TEREBEK'S PALE GRAVITY HELPS HIM THE REST OF THE WAY.



THERE'S A SEAL CARVED INTO THE CONTROL COLUMN, A ROLLED CIRCLE OF LINES THAT'S REPEATED THROUGHOUT THE SHIP.



IT FEELS... SO FAMILIAR. I JUST KNOW THAT IT'S SOMETHING DAD HAS CARRIED WITH HIM ALL HIS LIFE.

IT FEELS LIKE THE MISSING PIECE... SO I GET THE SCRIMSHAW SUBROUTINES IN THE SUIT CARVING IT INTO THE SHOULDERPADS.



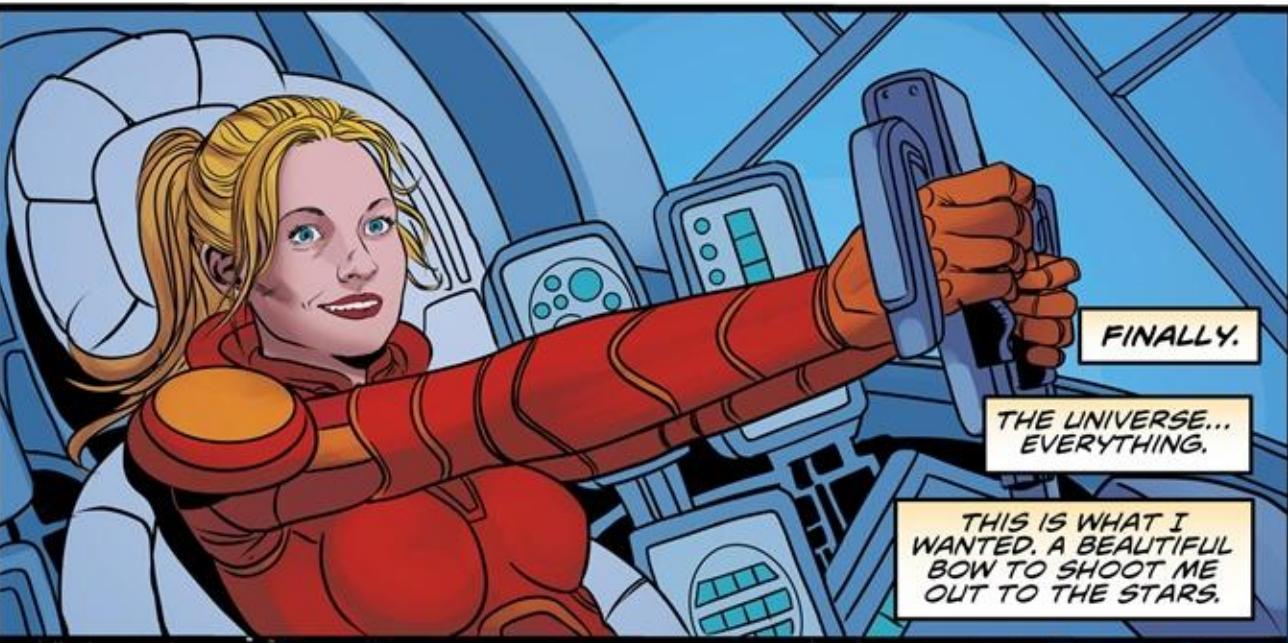
AS THEY GET TO WORK, I REALIZE THE TRUTH OF TEREBEK. THIS IS A TIME SHIP. A TIME SHIP THAT HAS TIME-CRASHED.



ENGINES SPUTTERING, DRIVES WHIRRING, A DEAD PILOT UNABLE TO FIX THEIR ANOMALIES, IT'S BEEN MAKING MICRO-JUMPS FORWARD THROUGH TIME IN SEARCH OF RESCUE, AND DRAGGING THE ENORMOUS ROCK WITH IT.

JUMPS SIX MONTHS APART FROM THE OUTSIDE, MINUTES APART ON THE INSIDE.





I BANK OUT OF THE KULONTOR SYSTEM AND OFF INTO THE MILKY NIGHT.

