

**NEW STORYLINE BEGINS THIS ISSUE!**

BBC **NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE TENTH DOCTOR**



**DOCTOR  
WHO**

ROBBIE MORRISON  
DANIEL INDRO  
SLAMET MUJIONO

# DOCTOR WHO



21st August, 1914.

Dear Jeanie, it's hard to believe that Britain has marched to the brink of war in little more than a month.

I hope you and Mum are well and wish I could see her face when you read this to her.

Three weeks ago, we were in Maryhill Barracks and now we're in Belgium, preparing to defend the town of Mons from advancing German forces.

I'm sorry I haven't written before now and may even have to cut this letter short.

Harry and I have been ordered on a reconnaissance mission tonight and darkness is beginning to fall...

WASTE OF BLOODY TIME, I'M TELLING YOU. HOW ABOUT WE GO BACK, GIVE THE ALL-CLEAR AND GET SOME SLEEP?

COME ON, THE GERMANS ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CANAL.

AYE, BUT THEY COULD'VE SENT SNIPERS OVER...

EVEN MORE REASON TO GO BACK, THEN. IT'LL BE ME THEY'LL SHOOT AT -- I'M A BIGGER TARGET.

GOOD!

MIGHT SHUT YOU UP FOR A WEE MINUTE, GIVE ME SOME PEACE.

WAS THAT YOUR SISTER YOU WERE WRITING TO BEFORE WE LEFT?

HOPE YOU TOLD HER HOW BRAVE I'VE BEEN...



I'VE BEEN THINKING, YOU'RE ALL THE WAY OVER HERE AND YOU DON'T HAVE A SWEETHEART OR ANYTHING BACK HOME.

YOU SHOULD MAYBE START COURTING MY SISTER. OUR MARGARET'S ALWAYS FANCIED YOU...

AYE, MAYBE... OR MAYBE NO'...

PROBABLY BEST I HAVE A THINK ABOUT IT...

LISTEN, YOU STAY ON GUARD HERE, RIGHT? I'LL CHECK INSIDE THE CHURCH.



JEANIE COLQUHOUN, YOU'VE GOT ALL THE RIGHT BITS IN THE RIGHT PLACES AND THAT'LL DO FOR ME. WILL YOU--

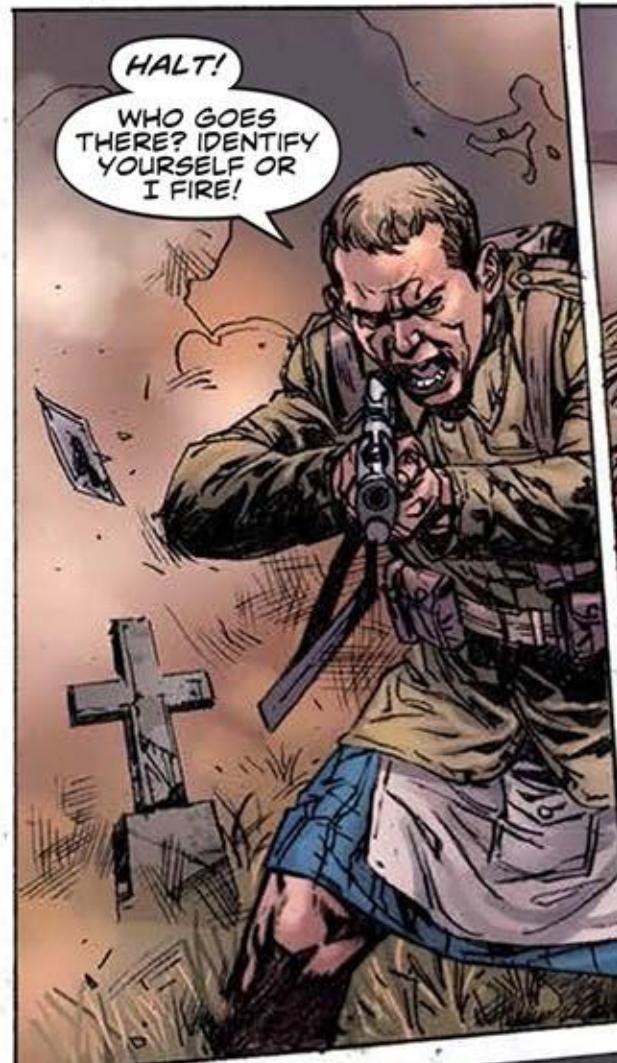
OCH, THAT'S RUBBISH!



JEANIE COLQUHOUN, YOU'RE A WEE SMASHER, YOU'RE THE BONNIEST LASSIE IN THE WHOLE OF SCOTLAND.

WILL YOU MARRY ME?







POLICE TELEPHONE

FREE  
FOR USE OF  
PUBLIC

ADVICE & ASSISTANCE  
OBTAINABLE IMMEDIATELY

OFFICERS & CARS  
RESPOND TO ALL CALLS

PULL TO OPEN

HEY,  
DOCTOR...

WHEN YOU  
SAID YOU WERE  
GOING TO TAKE ME  
BACK IN TIME, I THOUGHT  
MAYBE YOU'D CHOOSE  
SOMEWHERE...

WELL,  
BEAUTIFUL,  
MAYBE?

WHAT? OH,  
I'M SORRY,  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT.

THIS ISN'T  
BEAUTIFUL.  
THIS ISN'T  
BEAUTIFUL  
AT ALL.

NOT UNLESS  
YOU'RE INTO  
APOCALYPTIC  
LANDSCAPES.

THERE  
WAS A SCHOOL  
OF SONTARAN  
PAINTERS THAT DID  
A VERY NICE LINE  
IN APOCALYPTIC  
LANDSCAPES.

BEFORE THEY  
WERE EXECUTED  
FOR ARTISTIC  
TENDENCIES.

SO,  
WHERE ARE  
WE?

WELL,  
UH, WE'RE  
OBVIOUSLY  
IN, UH...

YOU  
DON'T KNOW,  
DO YOU?

'COURSE I DO. I KNOW  
EVERYTHING.

IT'S JUST  
THAT THE RIGHT THING  
SOMETIMES TAKES A  
WHILE TO BUBBLE TO THE  
SURFACE. 900 YEARS OF  
KNOWLEDGE IS A LOT  
TO NAVIGATE.

WHAT  
I'M MORE  
INTERESTED IN  
IS HOW WE  
GOT HERE...

DID YOU  
FIDDLE WITH  
ONE OF MY  
KNOBS?  
PRESS  
A BUTTON?  
PULL A  
LEVER?

NO!

WELL,  
MAYBE...

IT'S A STEAMPUNK  
NIGHTMARE IN THERE!  
YOU CAN'T MOVE  
FOR KNOBS AND  
LEVERS.

AND  
IT'S ALL HELD  
TOGETHER WITH  
ELASTOPLAST  
AND STUFF.

DON'T KNOCK  
ELASTOPLAST.  
I SAVED THE  
UNIVERSE WITH A  
WELL-PLACED STRIP  
OF ELASTOPLAST  
ONCE.

YOU  
HUMANS ARE  
ALL THE  
SAME.

'WET  
PAINT. DO  
NOT TOUCH.'  
**SPLAT!**

'DANGER.  
NUCLEAR  
WEAPONS. DO  
NOT PRESS.'  
**BOOM!**

I WAS  
TRYING TO  
BOIL THE  
KETTLE!

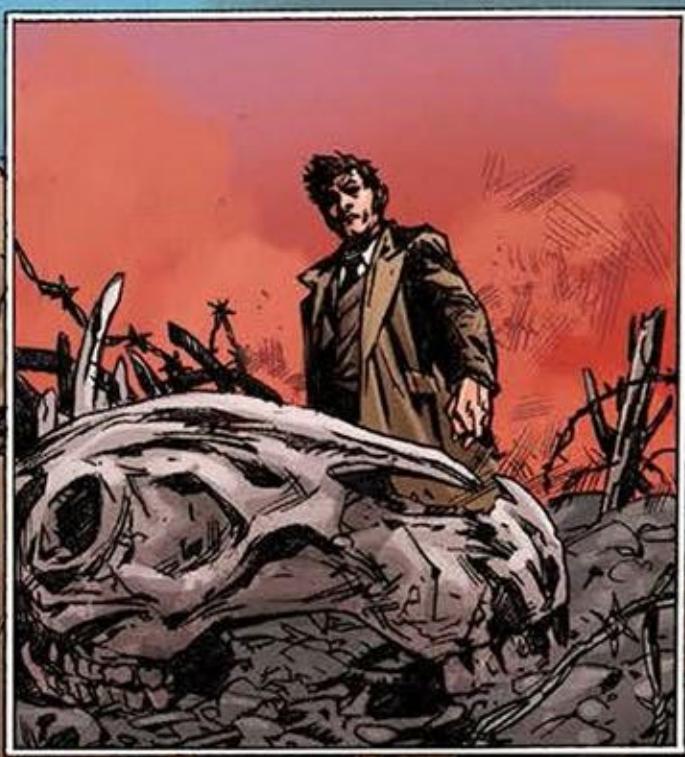
THAT'S  
NOT A  
KETTLE!

IT'S AN  
INGENIOUSLY  
IMPROVISED INTERFACE  
BETWEEN TWO VITALLY  
IMPORTANT TIME/SPACE  
THINGAMAJIGS!

STILL, NOT  
TO WORRY,  
WE'RE HERE  
NOW.

YOU WANT  
TO STAY? BUT,  
'PARADISE AWAITS,'  
REMEMBER?

AND IT CAN  
WAIT A BIT LONGER.  
THAT'S ONE OF THE  
GOOD THINGS ABOUT  
PARADISE. VERY  
LAID-BACK.



EEEEEEEEE-



-EEEEEEEEE!

RUN!



1914: AN  
AUSTRIAN ARCH-  
DUKE IN A FUNNY HAT  
IS ASSASSINATED IN A  
COUNTRY THAT THE VAST  
MAJORITY OF PEOPLE HAD  
NEVER HEARD OF UNTIL  
THAT MOMENT...

...GIVING  
THE BICKERING,  
PREVARICATING, POWER-  
HUNGRY GOVERNMENTS  
OF THE EARTH AN EXCUSE  
TO INVENT SOMETHING  
NEW, SOMETHING TRULY  
MIND-BLOWING...

A  
WORLD  
WAR!  
THE  
FIRST WORLD WAR!





July, 1916.

Dear Jeanie, It was wonderful to receive your last letter. Hearing from you always raises my spirits and I'm proud of the part you played in the rent strikes.

It makes my blood boil to hear people are profiteering while we're trapped over here, but it sounds like you and Mum gave the landlords what for.

I'm a Corporal now, a battlefield promotion for something I don't even remember doing.

They say I'm a fine soldier, but I'm not sure that's a compliment I'm comfortable with.

Another Big Push tomorrow, as we try to take the Somme.

I can already see Captain Fairbairn moving along the trench, offering the men a tot of rum for courage, his words of encouragement drowned out by the artillery bombardment.

The Captain only arrived a few weeks ago.

The veterans pretend they don't see his hand shaking as he pours, and the new recruits are too lost in their own fear to notice.

Afterwards, a succession of whistles will shriek out along miles of trenches, giving the signal for us to go over the top.

This must have been a beautiful country before the war, but all it is now -- to me, at least -- is a wasteland of mud and blood, haunted by the ghosts of the fallen.

Whatever little faith I had is gone.

I've looked into the faces of friends dying a long way from home, and seen no promise of heaven, no life everlasting.

I still believe in Hell, though.

Hell is real--



-- and far closer than any of us ever knew.

At least some of those who arrived with me are still going strong...

John 'Shuggy' McHugh, a house-breaker from Clydebank, given a simple choice -- join up or go to jail.

GUNFIRE'S NO' AS BAD AS I WAS EXPECTING. THIS COULD BE OUR LUCKY DAY.

Manny Simons, the finest boxer I've ever seen, whose parents fled religious persecution in Russia and ended up in the Gorbals.

NICE ONE, SHUGGY! CURSE US WITH GOOD WISHES!

Joe Logue, who says he prefers the sound of mortars to his wife's nagging, but loves her really.

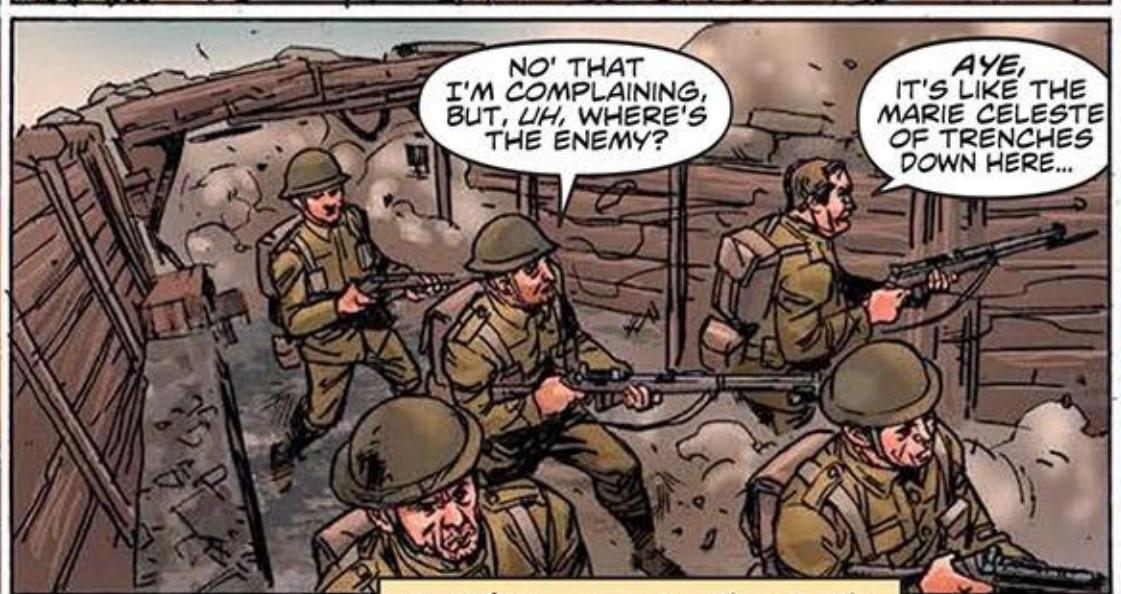
And Big Wullie Cairns from Dundee, whose flatulence could be our greatest weapon if he was pointed in the right direction.

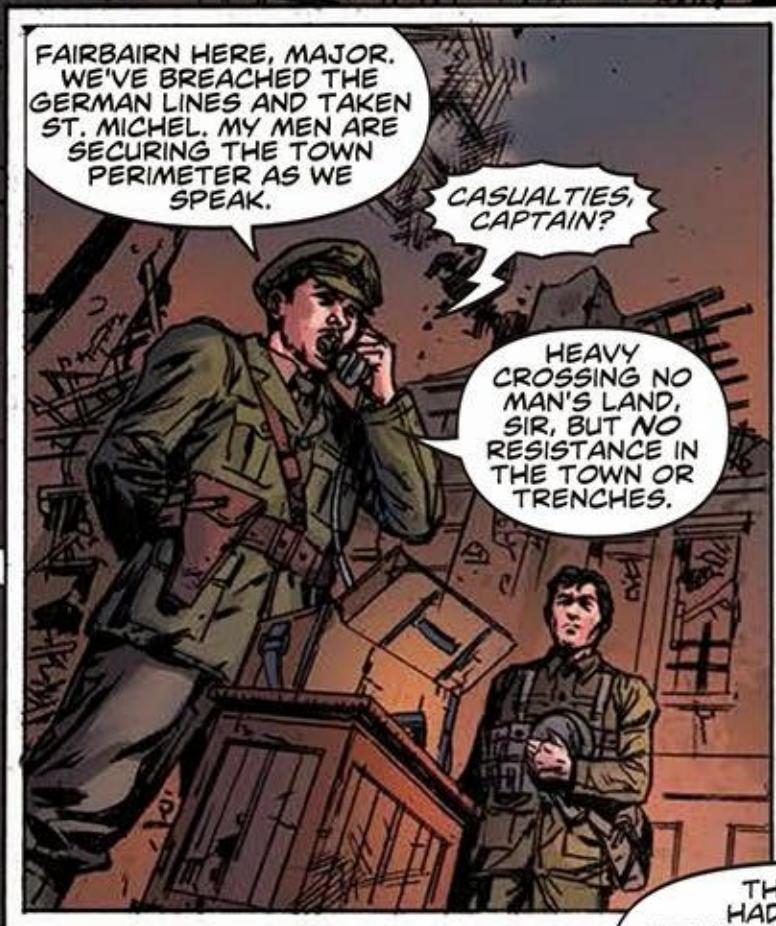
WHERE'S YOUR HELMET, PRIVATE? EVEN THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS ISN'T ENOUGH TO STOP A BULLET.

AYE, KEEP TALKING! YOU MIGHT GET US ALL KILLED!

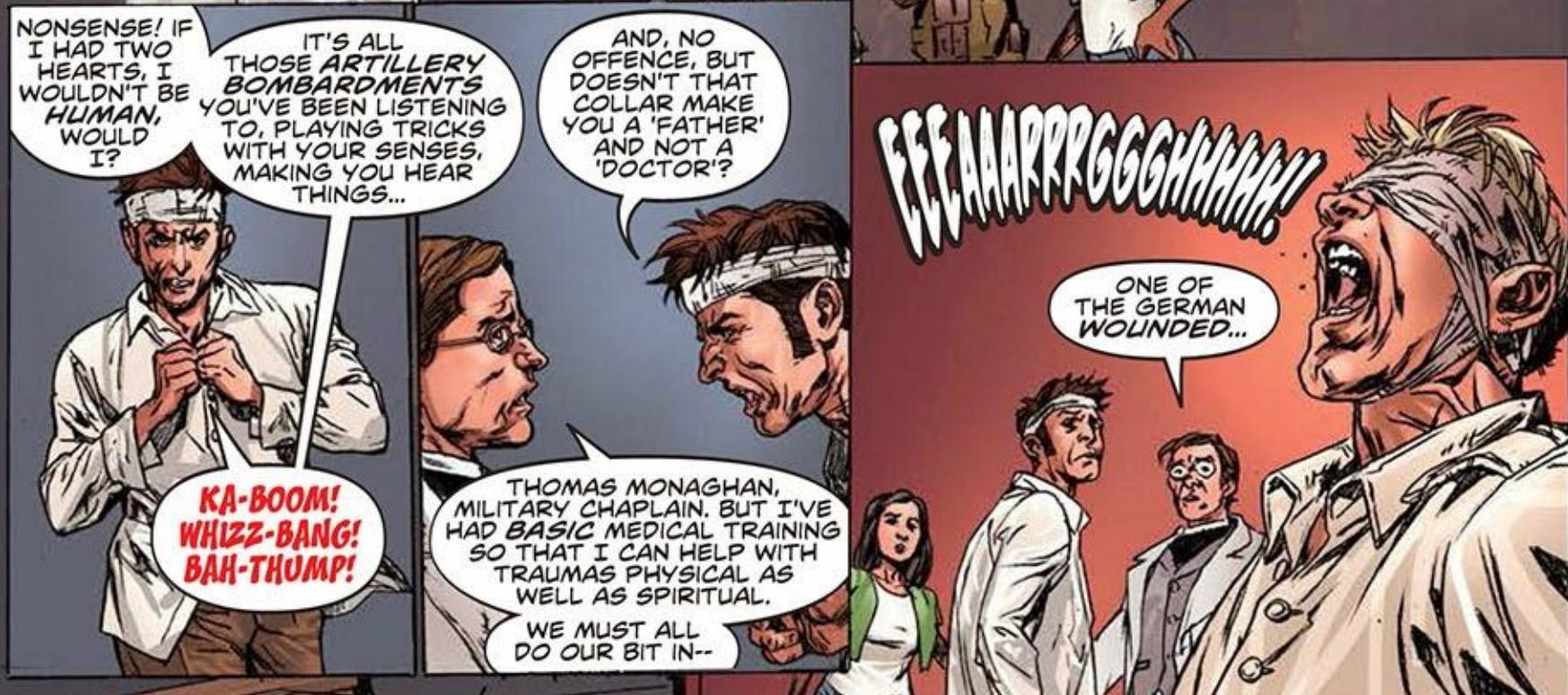
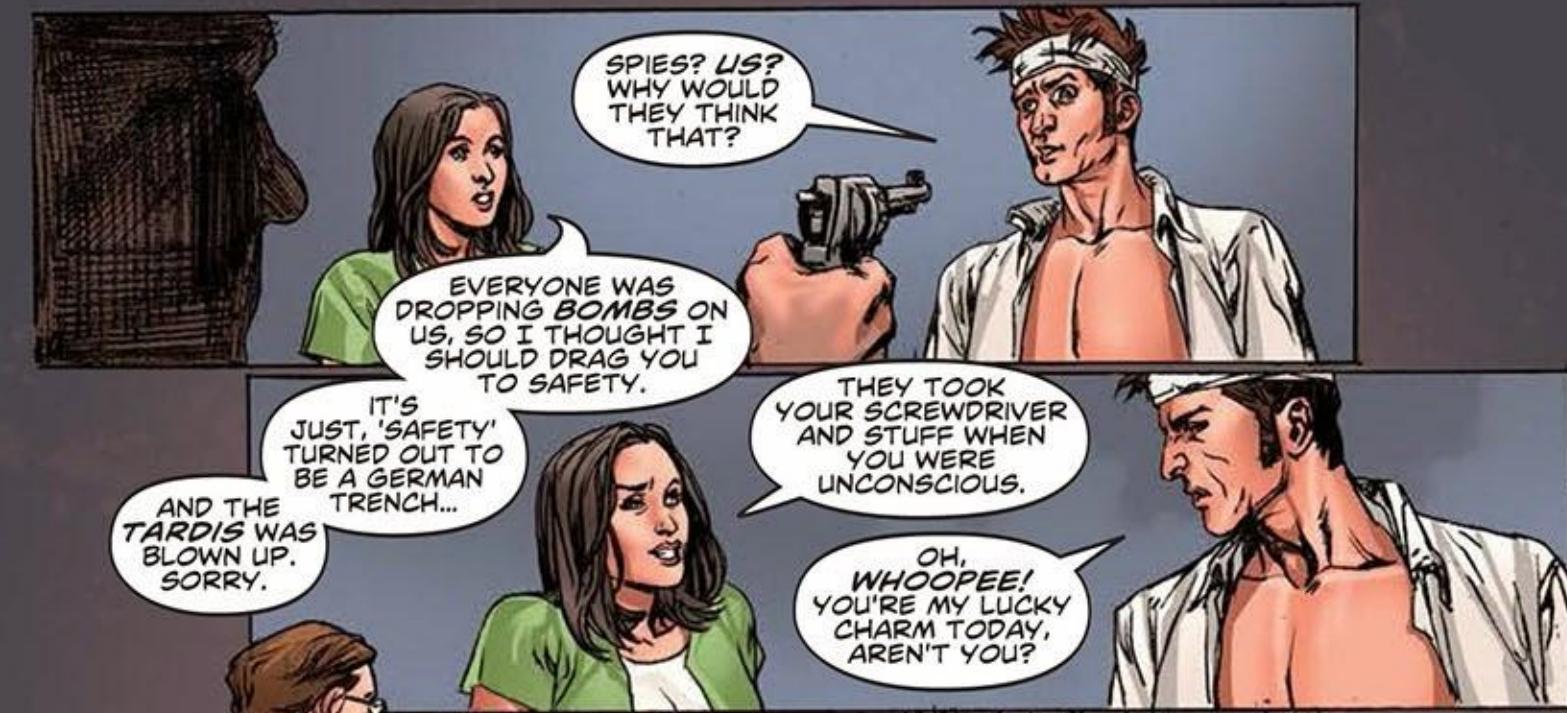
WHO'RE YOU, MY MAMMY? IT'S NO' LIKE I PLANNED IT THIS WAY!

The irony is, the Germans are just like us.











HATE THAT.  
LIKE THEY'RE  
STILL LOOKING AT  
YOU, BUT THERE'S  
NOTHING LEFT  
INSIDE THEM.

HELL'S  
BELLS, WULLIE!  
THERE'S NO' MANY  
OF US LEFT NOW,  
THE ONES THAT  
FIRST CAME  
OVER.

SOMETIMES  
I FIND IT HARD  
TO REMEMBER  
WHAT IT WAS LIKE  
BACK HOME. SEEMS  
LIKE ANOTHER  
WORLD...

KNOW  
WHAT YOU MEAN.  
I'VE GOT A WEE  
BOY, NEVER  
SEEN HIM.

TWO  
YEARS-OLD,  
NAMED AFTER  
ME, AND I'VE  
NEVER EVEN  
SEEN HIM...



THAT'S  
NO' RIGHT,  
IS IT?

THAT A  
MAN DOESN'T  
GET TO SEE  
HIS OWN --



'COURSE IT'S  
NO' RIGHT. THERE'S  
A LOT OF THINGS  
NO' RIGHT.

BY THE WAY,  
DOES THIS NO' SEEM  
LIKE A FUNNY PLACE  
TO BUILD A...



--STATUE...?





