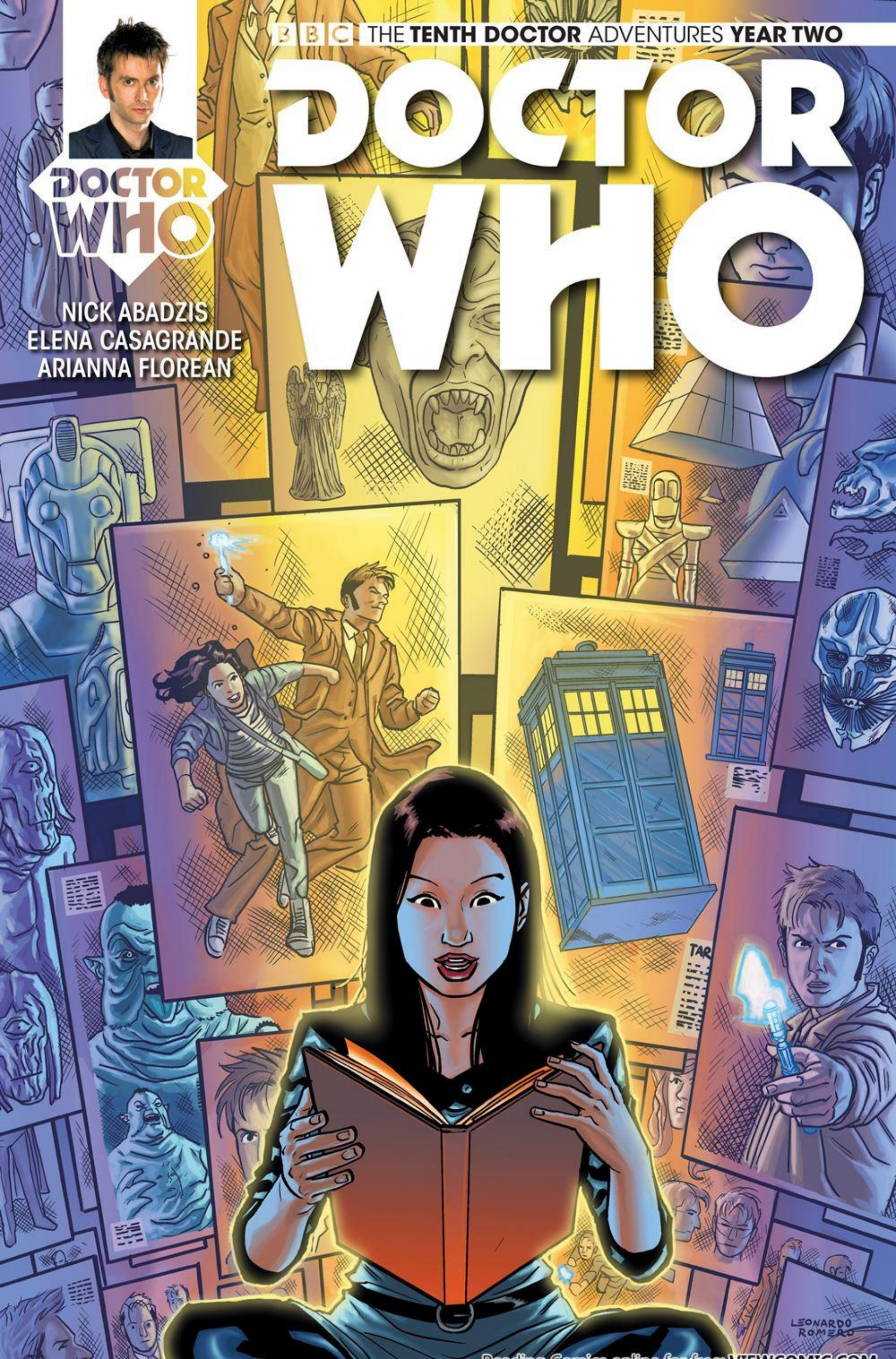
BBC THE **TENTH DOCTOR** ADVENTURES **YEAR TWO**

DOCTOR WHO

DOCTOR WHO

NICK ABADZIS
ELENA CASAGRANDE
ARIANNA FLOREAN



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Cindy, d'you remember when we went to summer camp at Echo Lake?

What were we - ten, eleven?

Do you remember when the counselors told us all the story of the Rabid Raccoon?

Beware, they said, any seemingly **tame raccoon** that strays too close. He's been seen, he **haunts** these woods, the shores by the lake, the lesser-traveled paths around this very campsite...

...and he's not tame. He's insane, diseased, and he's out to **bite** you!

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They meant to scare us, and boy, were we scared. We cuddled together in your camp bed that night, too frightened to be on our own!

We had that flashlight which we used to scan the darkness beyond the mosquito net...

We thought we'd see a crazy, rabid racoon hanging from it, snarling, trying to rip through it to bite us...!

Eventually we fell asleep.

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In the morning we realized it was all a story, a joke! A myth, designed to freak us out.

But I have experienced that feeling again, recently.

It's an emotion somewhere between fear and euphoria...

It's a kind of delicious terror that, somehow, makes me feel more alive.

When I was on Zhe's private moon in orbit around Ouloumos, I was chased...

No – I was hunted by a creature I only ever knew as the Girl Apprentice.

She was an AI being based on one half of Zhe's psyche – Zhe, someone the Doctor calls "one of the greatest artists who ever lived".

But after we got talking, and she stopped wanting to murder me, she taught me a lot. Like Zhe, she could literally sing art into existence.

And, for a time, after I'd connected with her, so could I. Sorta.

It changed me. My awareness expanded somehow; opened up. It's still opening, even now the effects of that link have worn off. Like my sixth sense is working overtime...

...which, I guess, is a helluva lot better than working overtime as a waitress in my Dad's restaurant.

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Anyway, Cin, it's all something to do with the Doctor.
When I'm near him, I feel that sixth sense prickle, warm up.
It's like it aligns my other five senses and gets them working together, properly.
Nothing's blunted by the everyday...
...absolutely everything is in focus.

This is what the Doctor does.

He teaches, he enables. And it's funny, sometimes I think he's terrified of being seen to be kind, helpful, interested...

... so he camouflages it all under a layer of constant fooling about.

He once told me that he was frightened that he fashioned people into weapons, to help him fight evil.

Someone - an enemy - once accused him of that, and I guess it struck a chord.

It's funny to realize that the Doctor actually worries.

But for all the changes in my life, I don't think he's making me into a weapon.

Between all the craziness, he seems to be going out of his way to expose me to the culture of the Universe, past, present, and future. His delight in showing it all to me is thrilling, infectious.

If that doesn't help me become a good artist, I don't know what will.

I know he's very old, he just looks young. Sometimes I catch a sense of how old and I see a faraway look in his eyes - there's something ancient but kind there, and sad, too. He never talks about his homeworld...

Yet he's not aloof but engaged. He's someone who wants to know how I perceive things.

I get a sense of how lonely he can get.

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He has helpers - companions, friends. I know there have been many others before me.

I found some sketchbooks - mostly drawings of landscapes - underneath some potted plants in the arboretum. They were signed by someone called Turlough.

He doesn't talk about them too much, although he's absent-mindedly called me "Donna" a couple of times. I think Donna is my immediate predecessor.

He keeps talking about going to see someone called Sarah - he says I'd like her, she's a writer.

The Doctor roams. He finds the fabulous in the ordinary and the ordinary in the fantastic. And he makes friends with everybody.

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Ok, not everybody -

And he's not a fan of any kind of wrongheaded egotist (plenty of those in the universe, sadly).

Not warmongers, obviously. He'll fight any being that seeks to bully others, to subjugate or destroy.

He doesn't like dogma, bureaucrats, bigots, anyone with a closed, rigid mind.

But he's always interested in scientists, artists, thinkers, philosophers, spiritualists, questioners, weirdos...

...anyone who stretches the envelope of knowledge and perception.

Cin, there's so much you need to see, to be, to encounter.

You know it yourself now, after we met Dorothy Bell...

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WAIT -- WHAT?

GABS, HOW COULD YOU HAVE KNOWN THAT WHEN YOU WROTE THIS, DREW THIS PICTURE...?
I GET THAT YOU'RE INSIDE A TIME MACHINE, BUT WHAT WAS IT THE DOCTOR SAID...?
IT'S RELATIVE.

YOU PUT THIS BOOK IN MY HANDS, LIKE, TEN MINUTES AGO.
I NEVER LET YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT ON THAT GIANT SPACE PYRAMID... EVEN ON THE JOURNEY HOME...
YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY HAVE HAD, LIKE, THE MOMENTS TO PROCESS ALL THAT STUFF THAT HAPPENED WITH DOROTHY...

...LET ALONE WRITE IT DOWN AND DRAW IT.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
TWISTY TIME STUFF?
OH, NO.
OKAY, YOU STOP THAT RIGHT NOW, YOU HEAR?
NO WAY.
The time of Dark Anubis is upon us.

Dark Anubis is the master of all. All creation is his to destroy.

Sutekh called him into being. Sutekh may be dead - or not. It doesn't matter. His influence on his son was all-consuming.

The Beast, the Destroyer, the Vampires, the Early Ones, deities of dust and destruction, the Death Lords - they all come from the same place - somewhere outside this time, outside this universe. They found a way back in.

Anubis tried to stop them. He couldn't. Dorothy tried to stop them. The Doctor tried to stop them.

Cindy, help us.

Help us avert this. Help us stop it from happening.

Don't let the dark one have the book. He is agent of evil. Get

I trust you. Trust you.

NO!

OH MAN... GABS, WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN ME INTO?

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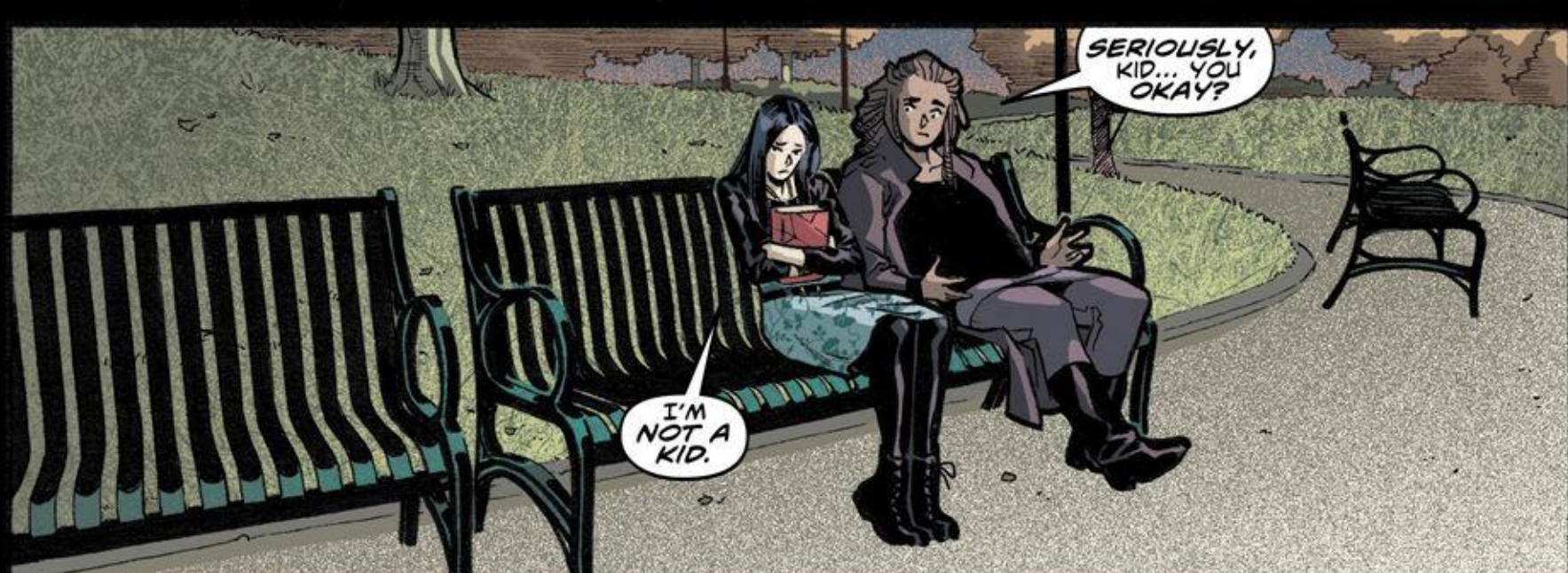

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HEY, 'SCUSE ME FOR ASKING.
JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE ALL RIGHT, AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH...
RIGHT. SORRY.
I-- I'M STILL KINDA IN SHOCK... FOR A LOT OF REASONS...
CLEO.
MISTER EBONITE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
CLEO, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN CONCEALING FROM ME? WE HAD AN AGREEMENT.
HAVEN'T BREACHED THE TERMS OF THAT AGREEMENT, EBONITE. DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
OKAY NICE MEETING YOU GOTTA GO NOW BYE
ANYTHING NOT CLAIMED BY THE CULT OF THE BLACK PYRAMID YOU WERE TO BRING TO ME, FOR AUCTION AT THE EBONITE ROOMS.
AND I'M TELLING YOU I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING NEW.
CINDY--

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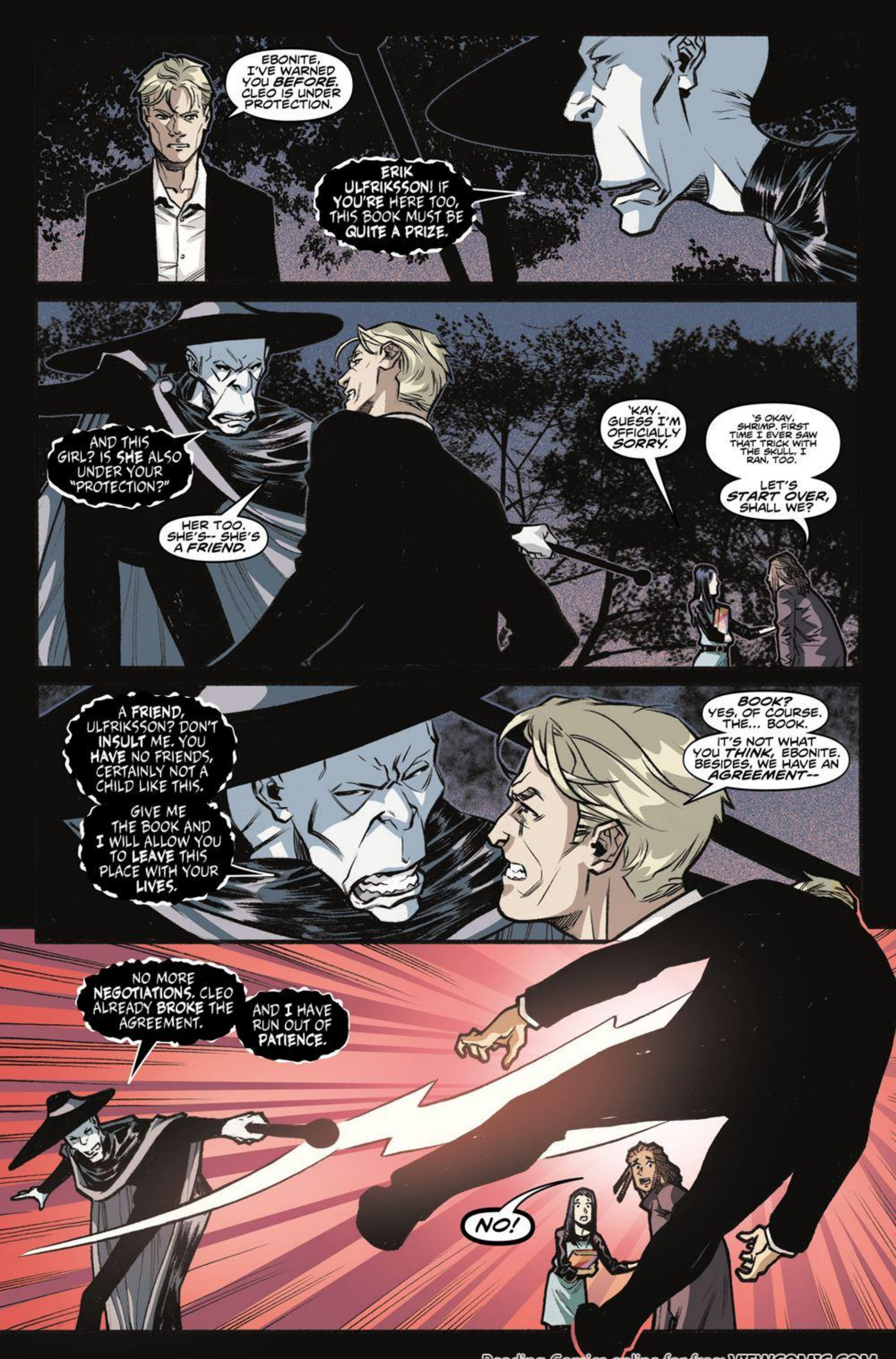
EBONITE--!
WHERE'D HE GO....?

OH FRAG
OH NO

SSSSSS!
NOT CRICKET!
FRZAAAT
AOOOW!

CINDY, SLOW DOWN!

YOU WANT TO STEAL IT! THE DOCTOR TOLD ME-- THAT'S WHAT YOU DO!
WHAT?
NO, SHRIMP... NOT NOW, NOT THIS TIME... I'M ON YOUR SIDE.
YOU HAVETA BELIEVE ME!
TRUST ME, EBONITE IS VERY DANGER--
OOOOOOF
BOWLED OUT!
NOW, CHILD... IF YOU WANT TO LIVE...
GIVE ME THE BOOK.
EBONITE!
WHAT NOW? THIS REALLY IS BEGINNING TO GET TIRESOME.


EBONITE, I'VE WARNED YOU BEFORE. CLEO IS UNDER PROTECTION.
ERIK ULFRIKSSON! IF YOU'RE HERE TOO, THIS BOOK MUST BE QUITE A PRIZE.
AND THIS GIRL? IS SHE ALSO UNDER YOUR "PROTECTION?"
HER TOO. SHE'S-- SHE'S A FRIEND.
'KAY. GUESS I'M OFFICIALLY SORRY.
'S OKAY, SHRIMP. FIRST TIME I EVER SAW THAT TRICK WITH THE SKULL, I RAN, TOO.
LET'S START OVER, SHALL WE?
A FRIEND, ULFRIKSSON? DON'T INSULT ME. YOU HAVE NO FRIENDS, CERTAINLY NOT A CHILD LIKE THIS.
GIVE ME THE BOOK AND I WILL ALLOW YOU TO LEAVE THIS PLACE WITH YOUR LIVES.
BOOK? YES, OF COURSE. THE... BOOK.
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK, EBONITE. BESIDES, WE HAVE AN AGREEMENT--
NO MORE NEGOTIATIONS. CLEO ALREADY BROKE THE AGREEMENT.
AND I HAVE RUN OUT OF PATIENCE.
NO!

MOVE A MUSCLE AND I'LL BURN THE BOOK.

YOU TOO, BONEHEAD. I SWEAR IT--!

ATTAGIRL!

NOW, GIRL... MAYBE WE ALL NEED TO COOL OFF...

IF YOU HURT US, MY FRIEND THE DOCTOR WILL COME LOOKING FOR YOU... HE WILL...

THE DOCTOR...!?

CIN -- THE SKULL, WATCH THE SK--

BACHOOOM

AA--A--

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THE DOCTOR?

JUST SO HAPPENS HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE, TOO.

AND YOU'RE MISTER EBONITE, I PRESUME...? I'VE BEEN TRACKING YOU FOR A LONG TIME.

YOU!

NO, YOU CAN'T BE HERE--- NOT NOW!

I GO ANYWHERE I'M NEEDED... ANYWHEN.

PCHOOOM!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU GESTALT CREATURES...

NO RESPECT FOR ANY KIND OF LIFE BUT YOUR OWN.

YOU'RE MONOMANIACS!

GAH! RETREAT...

REGROUP...

RECHARGE!

RECONNECT...

DID YOU KNOW THEY WERE, LIKE, FROM LILLIPUT?

I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A SMALL-MINDED KINDA GUY...

HUMANS!

YOU WILL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS!

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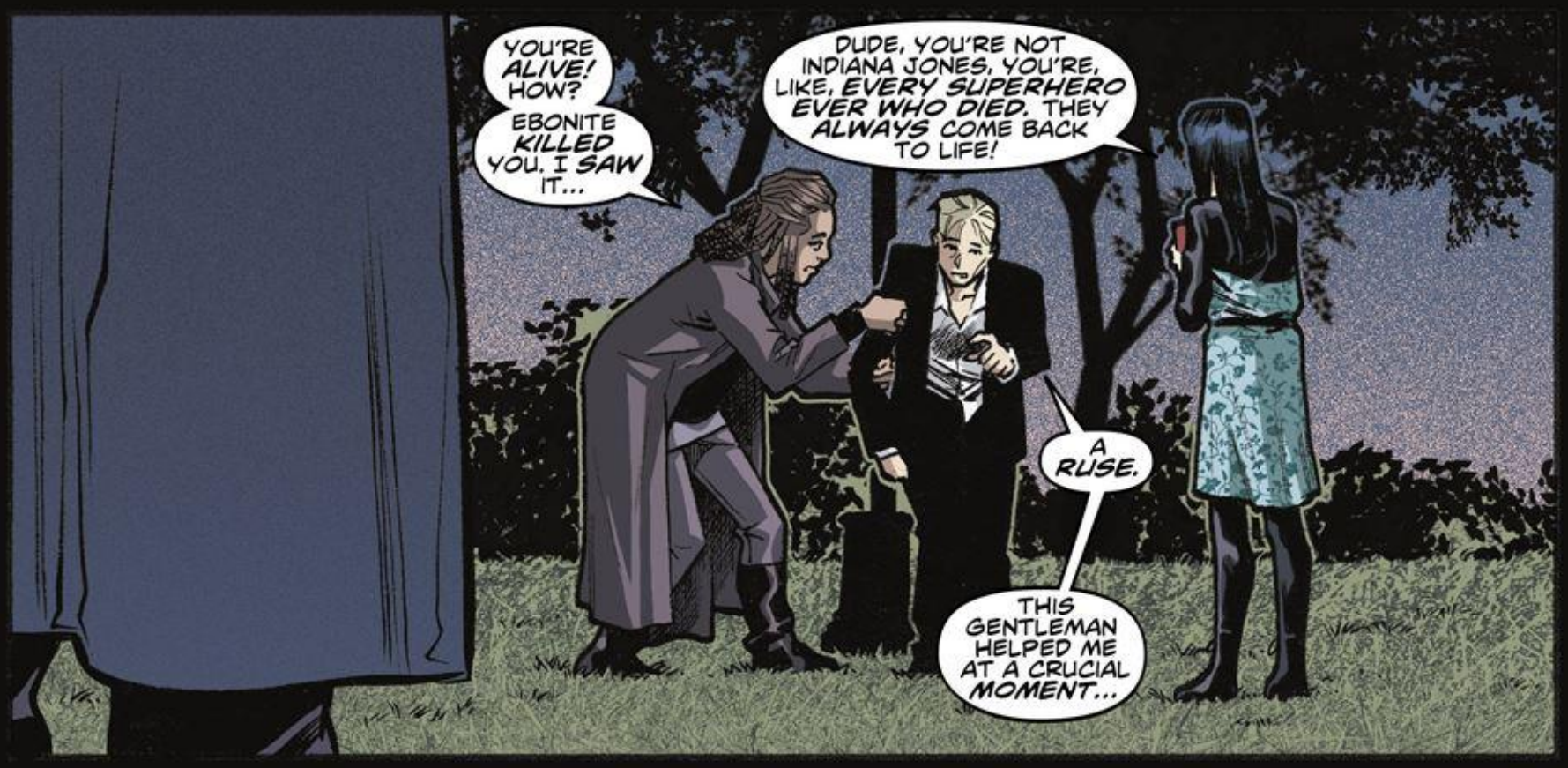

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...CAPTAIN JACK HARKNESS!
TO BE CONTINUED!