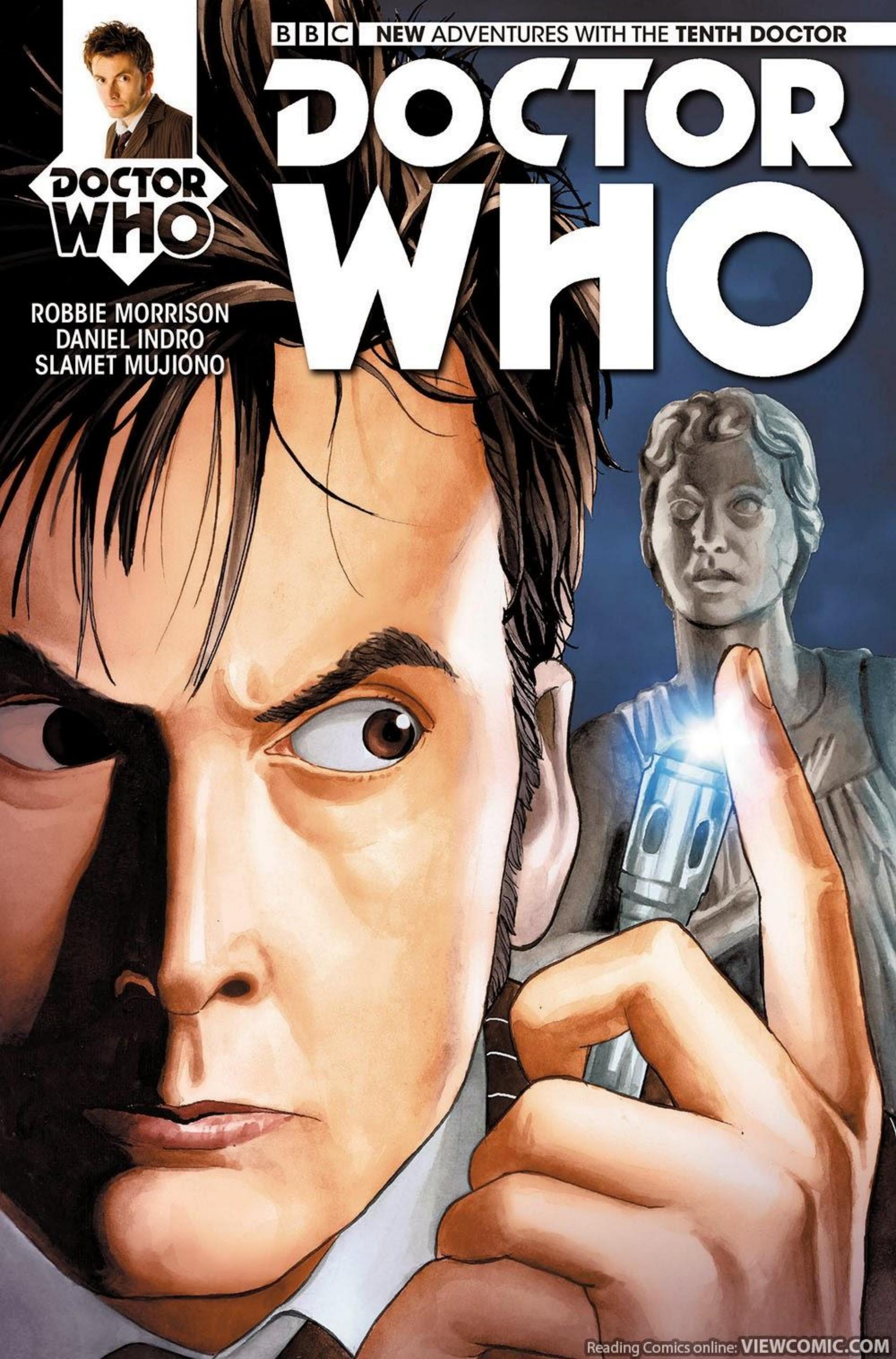


BBC NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE TENTH DOCTOR

DOCTOR  
WHO

ROBBIE MORRISON  
DANIEL INDRO  
SLAMET MUJIONO

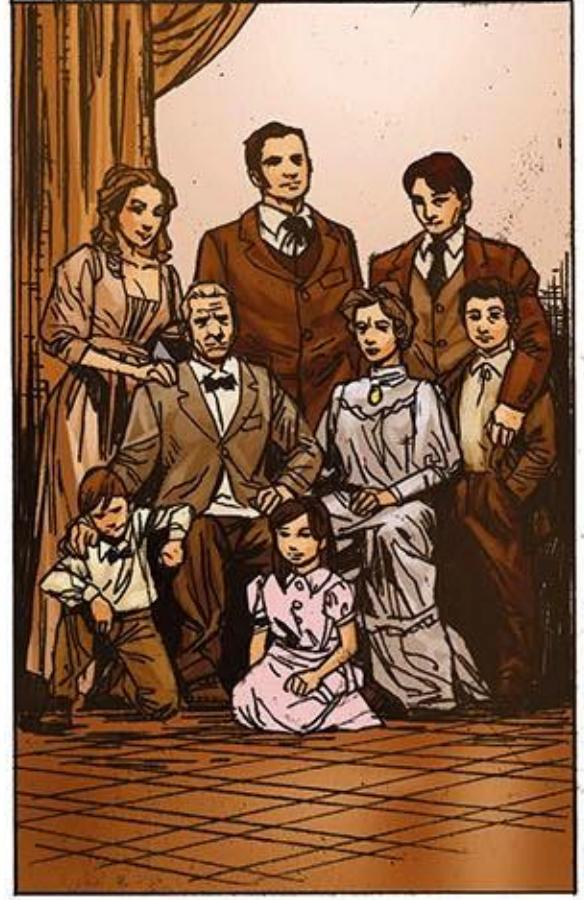
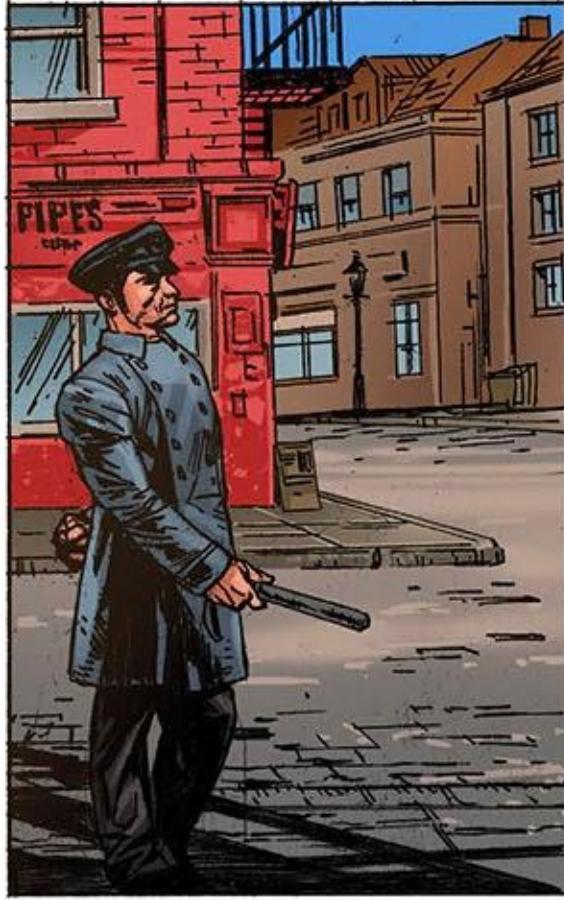
# DOCTOR WHO



FIVE POINTS DISTRICT,  
NEW YORK CITY. 1892.







THE TOWN OF  
ST. MICHEL,  
THE SOMME.  
AUGUST 1916.





GO ON,  
SNARL ALL  
YOU WANT...



YOU DON'T  
SCARE ME, 'CAUSE  
RIGHT NOW YOU  
DON'T EVEN  
EXIST.

YOU'RE  
A STONE COLD  
STATUE.  
YOU CAN'T  
MOVE AS LONG  
AS I'M LOOKING AT  
YOU, THE DOCTOR  
TOLD ME.



AND, Y'KNOW,  
I FIGURE THE  
REASON YOU KEEP  
YOUR FACE COVERED  
IS 'CAUSE YOU'RE  
SO UGLY.

WAITING  
FOR ME TO  
BLINK? NO  
CHANCE.  
MY LITTLE  
BROTHER  
GINO AND ME, WE  
HAVE STARING  
CONTESTS  
ALL THE TIME,  
THEY'RE LIKE  
DUELS.



WHOEVER BLINKS  
FIRST HAS TO CLEAN  
THE TOILETS IN DAD'S  
RESTAURANT -- AND WE  
SERVE SOME FIERY  
CHILLI, KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN?

YEARS OF  
STARING AND  
I HAVEN'T  
LOST ONCE.



I'M  
THE QUEEN OF  
NOT-BLINKING.

WHEN THEY  
MAKE STARING INTO  
AN OLYMPIC SPORT,  
I'LL BE THE GOLD  
MEDALLIST.



'COURSE,  
GINO IS ONLY NINE  
YEARS OLD AND MAY  
HAVE A SLIGHTLY  
SHORTER ATTENTION  
SPAN THAN  
YOU...



BOO!

JAMIE!

THAT'S THE NAME, DON'T WEAR IT OUT. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW -- TWO PAIRS OF EYES ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

HEAD FOR THE STAIRS, I'LL WATCH SMILE-A-WHILE HERE.

WHERE'S MANNY?

I'M SORRY... ONE MINUTE HE WAS RIGHT BESIDE ME, THE NEXT...

THE ANGEL TOOK HIM.

OH, AYE?

HERE YOU GO, A WEE PRESENT.

GABBY! RUN!

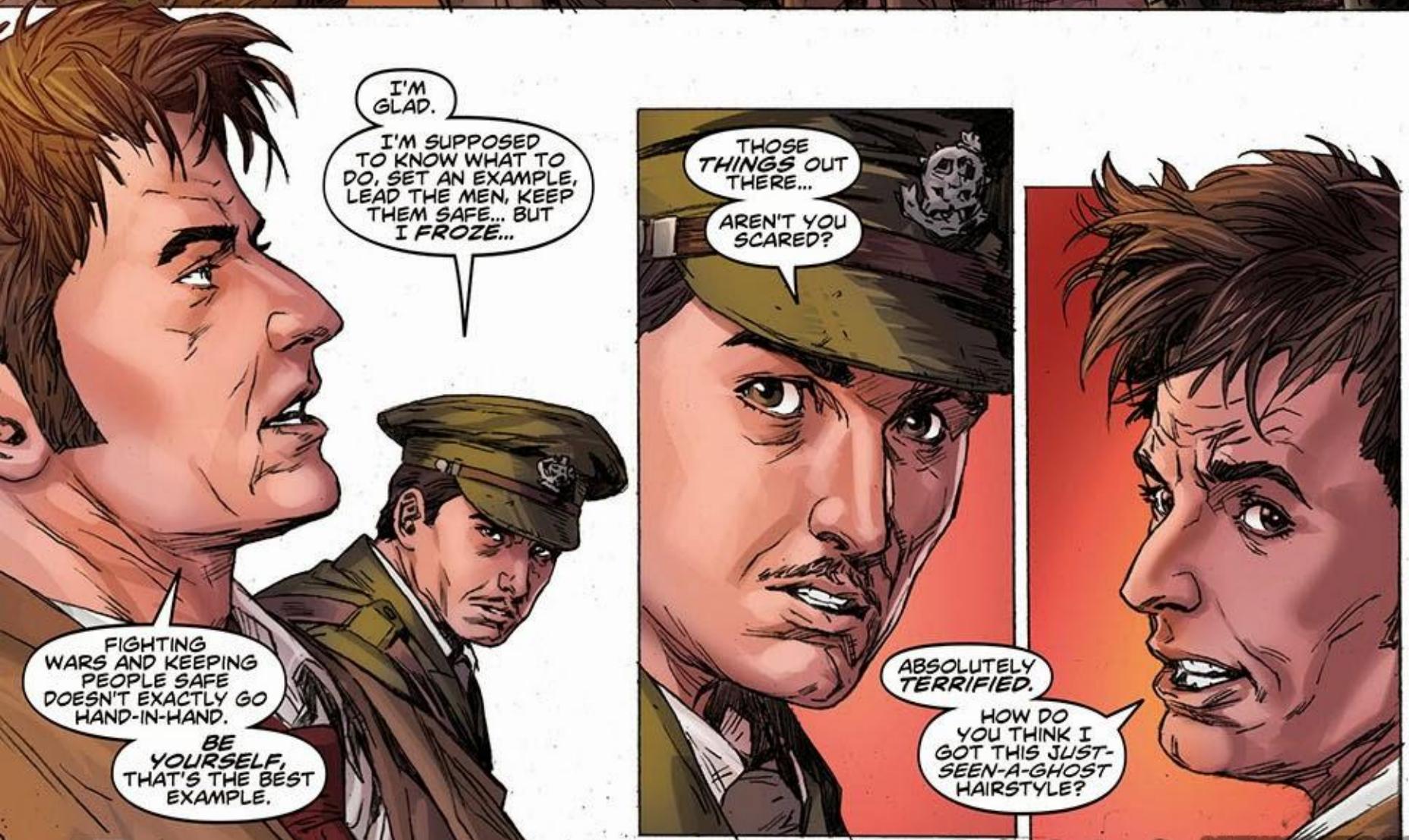
YOU STUCK A GRENADE IN ITS HAND?

YOU'RE AS CRAZY AS THE DOCTOR!

COUGH-COUGH!







ONCE I OPEN THE DOORS, THERE'S NO GOING BACK.

EVERYONE STAY CLOSE AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.

REMEMBER, AS LONG AS YOU KEEP THEM IN SIGHT, THE ANGELS CAN'T--



ARTILLERY BOMBARDMENT!

WHAT? FROM WHICH SIDE?

DOESN'T MATTER.

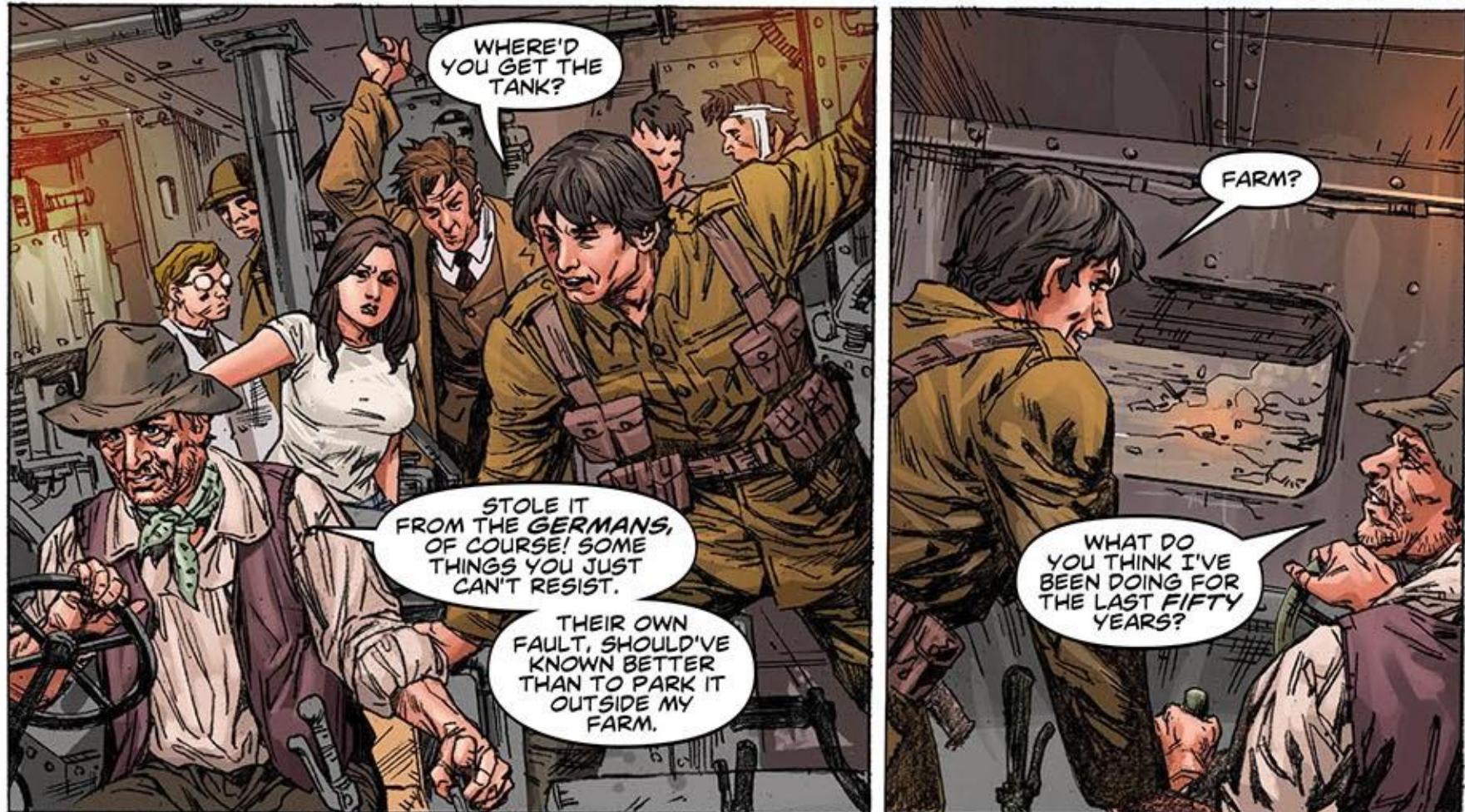
TYPICAL HUMANS! I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOU AND YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER!

KABOOM









"THE ANGELS SENT ME BACK IN TIME,  
BUT ONLY A FEW MILES UP THE ROAD."

"IT WAS  
LOVE AT  
FIRST SIGHT  
BETWEEN  
BRIGITTE  
AND ME..."

"WELL, IT WAS AFTER SHE GOT OVER  
THE SHOCK OF FINDING A FULLY-KITTED  
BRITISH SOLDIER FROM THE FUTURE  
LYING IN BED BESIDE HER."

"THE FARM WAS  
HER FATHER'S, BUT  
HE'D DIED A FEW  
MONTHS EARLIER."

"BRIGITTE AND HER MOTHER  
WERE TRYING TO KEEP THE  
BUSINESS UP AND RUNNING, BUT  
THEY NEEDED HELP, NEEDED  
A MAN ABOUT THE PLACE..."

"AND I WAS  
DEFINITELY THAT."

"WE MARRIED, HAD A  
COUPLE OF WEANS..."

AND LIVED  
HAPPILY EVER  
AFTER?

PRETTY MUCH.  
SHE DIED JUST  
BEFORE WAR  
BROKE OUT.

THE CHILDREN --  
GROWN UP NOW, OBVIOUSLY  
-- BEGGED ME TO LEAVE  
THE FARM, ESPECIALLY  
WHEN THE BATTLEFRONT  
WAS SET UP.

BUT  
BRIGITTE'S BURIED  
THERE. SEEMED  
RIGHT FOR ME  
TO STAY.

AND I COULDN'T  
WAIT TO SEE YOUR  
UGLY MUGS WHEN I  
TURNED UP AS AN OLD  
CODGER!

STOP, WE'RE NEARING THE GERMAN FIRE TRENCH. IT LOOKS LIKE THE BOMBARDMENT'S ENDING.

WHY NOT KEEP GOING ACROSS NO MAN'S LAND 'TIL WE REACH OUR OWN LINES?

DRIVE TOWARDS THE BRITISH TRENCHES IN AN ENEMY TANK?

THAT'D BE A GOOD WAY TO START THE BOMBARDMENT AGAIN -- WITH ALL THE GUNS AIMED AT US.

WAIT... I CAN SEE FIGURES IN THE SMOKE...

IT'S OUR BOYS!

"THEY'RE COMING TO GET US! THEY'RE --

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND, THE ANGELS  
ARE STEALTH PREDATORS,  
THEY DON'T USUALLY HUNT SO  
OPENLY. IT'S LIKE THEY'RE...  
DESPERATE...

OF  
COURSE!

THEY'RE  
STARVING!

THE ANGELS FEED  
ON POTENTIAL ENERGY,  
BUT THESE VICTIMS ARE A LOST  
GENERATION -- THEIR YOUTH AND  
POTENTIAL STOLEN BY THE WAR,  
THEIR LIVES CUT SHORT...

...DEPRIVING THE  
ANGELS OF PROPER  
NOURISHMENT!

DOESN'T  
THAT JUST  
MAKE THEM  
MORE  
DANGEROUS?  
HOW DO WE  
GET AWAY?

OH, SAME  
WAY WE GOT  
HERE.

THE  
TARDIS WAS  
DESTROYED,  
DOCTOR.

GABBY, DO  
I HAVE TO SEND  
YOU BACK TO  
BROOKLYN WITH  
A COULD'VE-  
DONE-  
BETTER  
NOTE?

YESTERDAY,  
YOU LISTENED TO  
A MAN TALKING  
GERMAN -- A  
LANGUAGE YOU  
DON'T SPEAK --  
AND YET YOU  
UNDERSTOOD  
EVERY  
WORD.

THE  
TRANSLATION  
CIRCUITS...

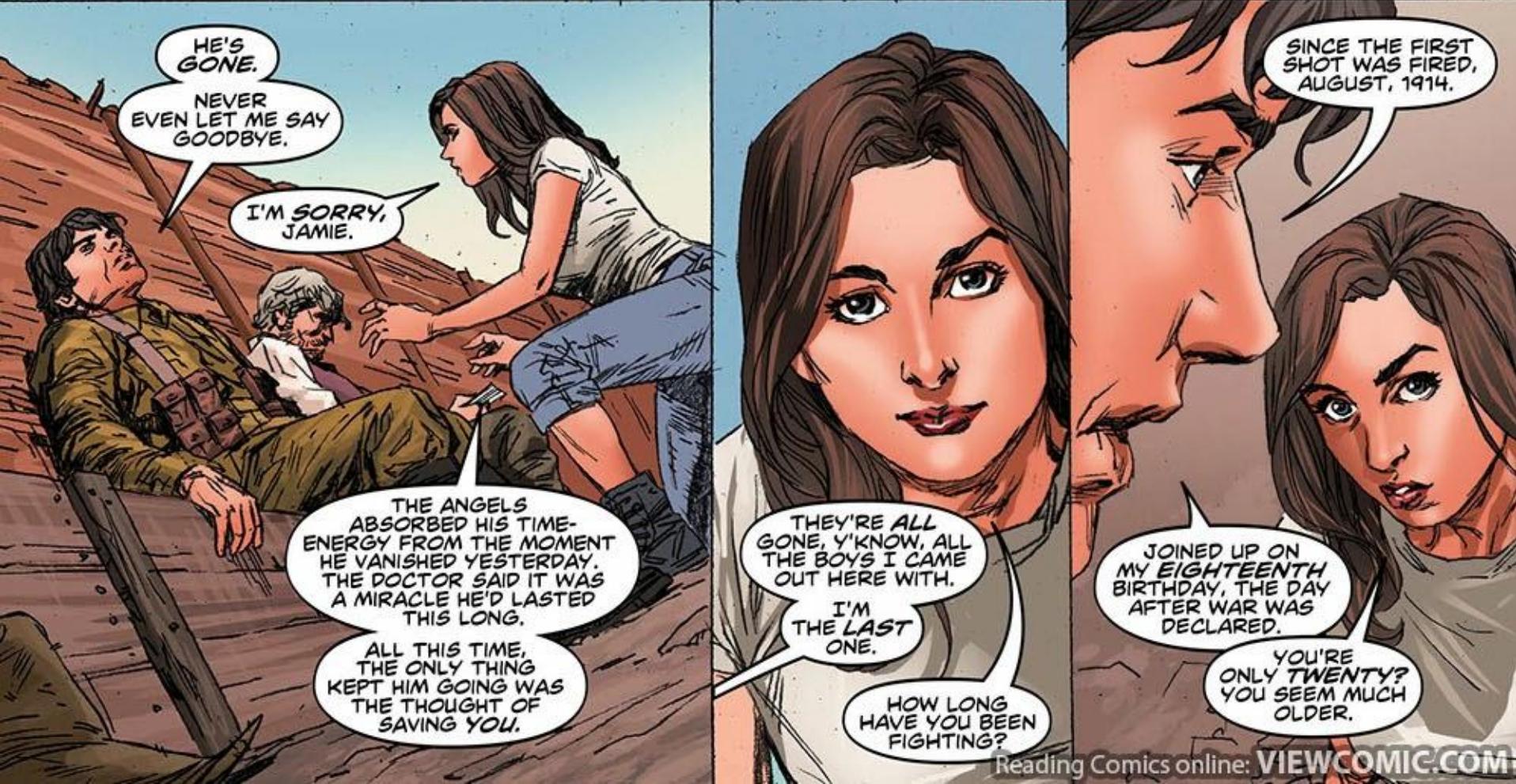
THE  
TARDIS WASN'T  
DESTROYED!

NOT ALWAYS  
THE RIGHT  
ONES, GRANTED,  
BUT NOBODY'S  
PERFECT.

THAT'S THE BIG  
QUESTION...

JUST  
AS WELL I'M  
BRILLIANT  
AT FINDING  
ANSWERS.

WHERE IS  
IT, THEN?



CHEERS!

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I USED TO BE A GOOD-LOOKING LAD, BACK BEFORE THE MUD AND THE BLOOD AND BULLETS.

YOU STILL ARE.

LOOKS NICE, DOESN'T IT? SETTLED DOWN, IN LOVE.

A WORLD AWAY FROM HERE.

DON'T YOU HAVE SOMEONE BACK HOME?  
GIRLFRIEND?

NO, MY MATES ALWAYS USED TO SLAG ME OFF, SAID I WAS TOO FUZZY WHEN IT CAME TO GIRLS.

SUPPOSE I JUST HOPED...



CHEWING GLUM!



HE'S RIGHT,  
DOCTOR. I FOUND  
THESE PLANS IN  
THE OFFICERS'  
BUNKER.

THE GERMANS  
HAVE EXCAVATED A  
NETWORK OF TUNNELS  
AND CAVERNS, ALL  
HEADING TOWARDS THE  
BRITISH LINES.

IT SEEMS THEY  
WERE PLANNING TO  
FILL THE CAVERNS WITH  
EXPLOSIVES -- A MASSIVE  
ATTACK BY THE

ANGELS TOOK THE  
GERMANS BEFORE THEY  
COULD DETONATE  
THE BOMBS...

GREAT.  
SO NOW WE HAVE  
TO CRAWL AROUND  
DYNAMITE-INFESTED  
TUNNELS?

**TO BE CONTINUED!**

