



BBC NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE **TENTH DOCTOR**

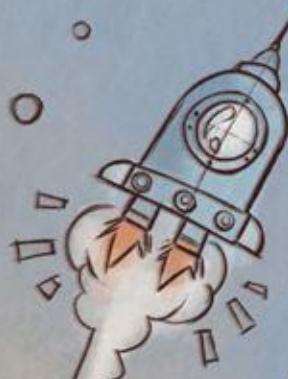
**DOCTOR
WHO**

NICK ABADZIS
ELENA CASAGRANDE
ARIANNA FLOREAN

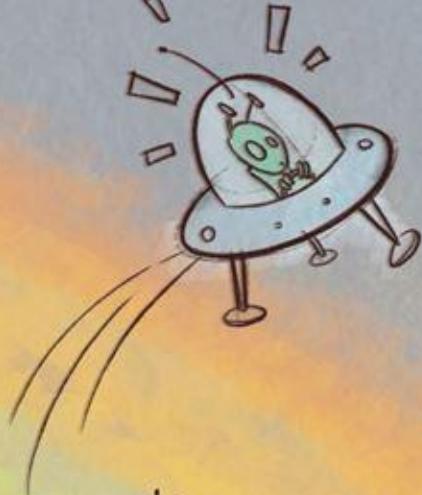
DOCTOR WHO



Ok. I'm perfectly serious.
No cheese intended.
(Unless there's a planet called Cheeseworld,
which there probably is -.-)



Hey, it's possible -
I am getting a sense here of
how the universe is BIG -



He said he'd
take me to
an alien world.
- HOW? -





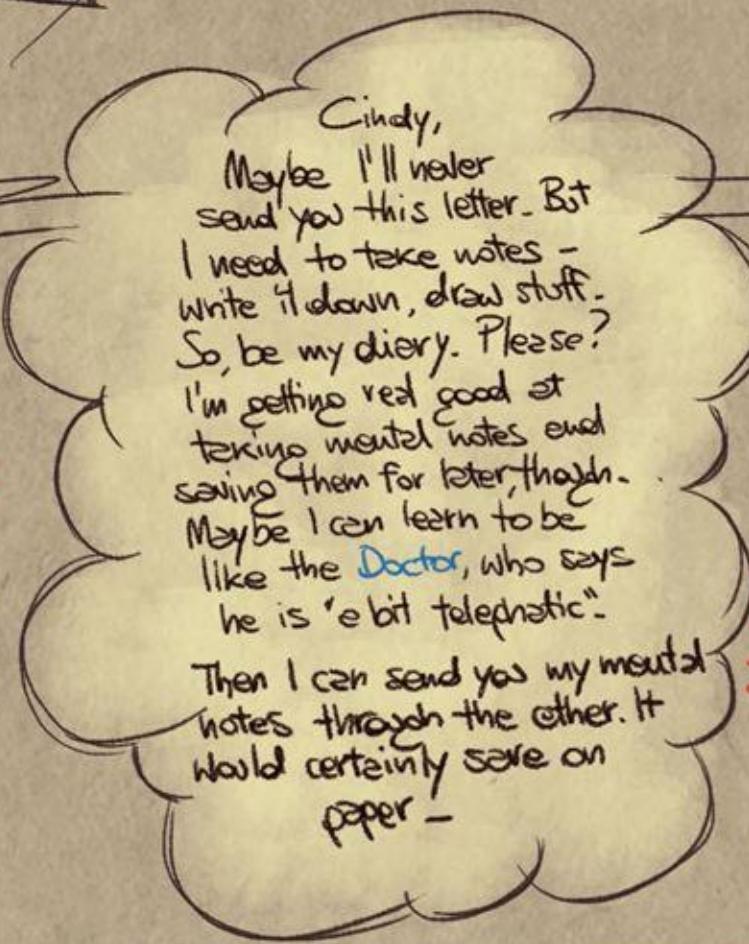
THE TARDIS

which stands for

"THRESHOLD and RIDICULOUS DOMAIN of INSANITY AND SUPER COOL"

(Maybe... Ok, just. I guess I will have to ask him again what it **REALLY** stands for)

- * I'm told that the outside is a "disguise" based on a British police phone booth, though he hasn't explained why British cops don't just use cellphones. I'm guessing there's a story.
- * When the TARDIS "blasts off", it makes a noise like a elephant and a piano bringing sexy back -



So, this guy ↗ My friend the **DOCTOR**

talks a lot, very fast. @_@ Knows a lot.

He gives me more information than I can possibly absorb right now, but... it's deliberate. Maybe he wants to see how much I'll remember...

"LOUVRE III ON PARIS IV? NO-GALLERY OF OULOUOMOS?"

YEAH LET'S GO THERE!

"PARASMIC UMBRELLA PROTECTING YOU SO YOU WILL NEVER CATCH AN ALIEN LURGY... well unless

"WHICH IT WON'T, BECAUSE IN OVER NINE HUNDRED YEARS...

Nine hundred years?

Joke, right? That has to be a joke. o_o

Sonic space pen Screwdriver gizmo.

He kinda overwrites everything machines with this thing. Locks, sometimes. Multi-Purpose: as in, like I have no idea what it can actually do.



Stylish. Not sure if those and the suits are also of alien origin. Comforting if they are, I guess.

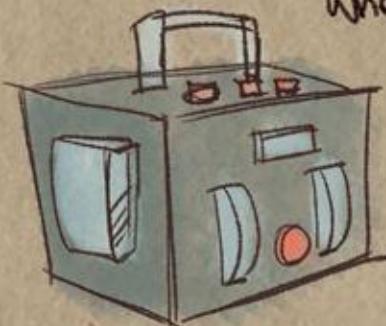
Psychic paper!

Ok, this came later. Getting ahead of myself.



Skinny. (Heavier than he looks. CAUTION!!!)

When trying to drag or lift)



TARDIS toolbox - When he is messing about with any of these contraptions, **DO NOT BOTHER HIM**

U_U"

Like, y'know, Weather. The first thing that hit me was the wind.

PULL TO OPEN

It blew differently.

Smells different.

Air's different.

It's...



Cindy, I wish I could tell you right now what this moment is like...

... even though I don't know the words for some of the stuff I'm seeing. Even though I don't know when "now" is.

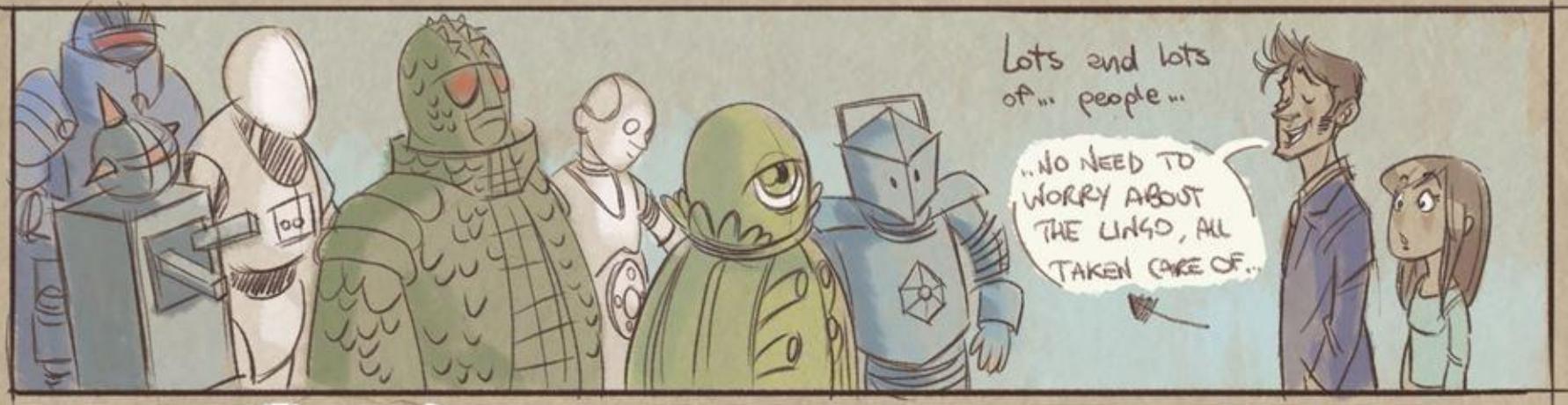
Logic, rules... trash 'em...

GABBY...?

Only thing that matters here are instincts - Senses.







So. This guy, the Doctor.
Is he even a guy? Do you call
alien space dudes guys? Dudes?
Whatever. I guess this is what
he does when he's not saving
planets.



He shows me wonders.
Sometimes I feel like a chimp trying to make
sense of an IKEA catalog.

There are things that look
like ancient Chinese paintings,
but they whisper to themselves.



There are things that look like moving smoke
on canvases. When you get close to them,
they start to mimic your face.



There are original Picassos,
synched sequential continuum
comics, pen and ink sketches,
paintings made from molten
heavy metals mined from
a giant gas planet's core
and held in stasis by a...
a gizmo. I dunno,
I couldn't keep up.



And finally, we get to what
the Doctor calls the "most
mind-blowing room" of all...



BLOCK TRANSFER COMPUTATION IS A METHOD OF CREATING SOLID OBJECTS FROM PURE MATHEMATICS, USUALLY BY CHANTING...

FIGURATIVE SCULPTURE, MOSTLY, BUT ABSTRACT STUFF, TOO. LOVELY SENSE OF AESTHETICS...

... SHE'S AN ADEPT TRAINED ON LOGOPOLIS CENTURIES AGO. SHE SINGS THINGS INTO EXISTENCE.

$$\begin{aligned} (x^2 - 2)(x - 1) &= 0 \\ x^3 - x^2 - 2x + 2 &= 0 \\ x(x^2 - x - 2) + 2 &= 0 \\ x(x - 2)(x + 1) + 2 &= 0 \\ x = 1 &\vee x = -2 \end{aligned}$$

Something more
about block transfer
processes, something
else about
structure/matter...

OKAY, SO SHE'S MOVED ONTO CONCEPTUAL STUFF NOW, RIGHT? 'CAUSE THIS LOOKS LIKE AN EMPTY ROOM.

WHAT?

It was the first time I saw the Doctor get really agitated. Outraged. We ended up going to see the curator of the gallery...

... who explained that this mysterious Zhe had withdrawn all her block-whatsit-thingies and vanished about a hundred years ago to her private retreat.

WHY? COUPLE OF BAD REVIEWS, AS I RECALL, TOOK A SABBATICAL.

THAT'S RIDICULOUS!

YOU KNOW WHAT ARTISTS CAN BE LIKE. ZHE WAS THE MOST MERCURIAL AND SENSITIVE OF THE LOT.

HER PRIVATE SPACE ELEVATOR STILL WORK?

PUSHY ART DEALER TRIED VISITING ABOUT SEVENTY YEARS AGO. CAME DOWN AGAIN IN QUITE A HURRY.

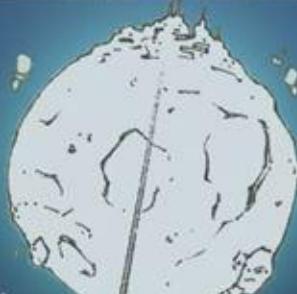
WE RESPECT ZHE'S PRIVACY.

ZHE'S PRIVATE MOON.

USED TO BE A CREATIVE RETREAT. SHE'D INVITE OTHER ARTISTS, WRITERS, STUDENTS...

AND THE PARTIES SHE'D HOST... HOO-HOO!

A VERY LONG PIECE OF STRING, BASICALLY, ONE END OF WHICH IS HELD IN GEOSYNCHRONOUS ORBIT BY A COUNTERWEIGHT, IN THIS CASE...



So, space elevator.

VERNON! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME!

DNA IDENTIFIED,
VERIFIED -- THE
DOCTOR, PLUS
ONE.

IT HAS
INDEED, SIR.
PLEASSED TO
SEE YOU.

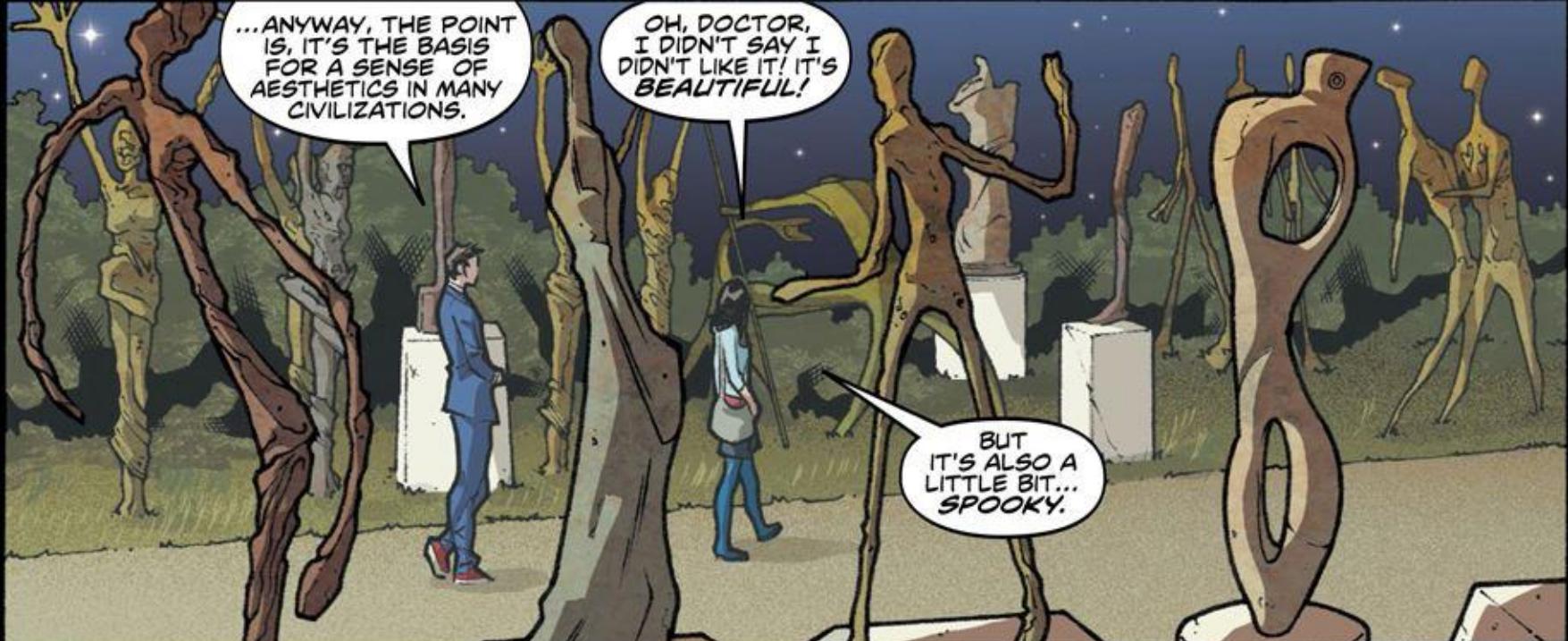
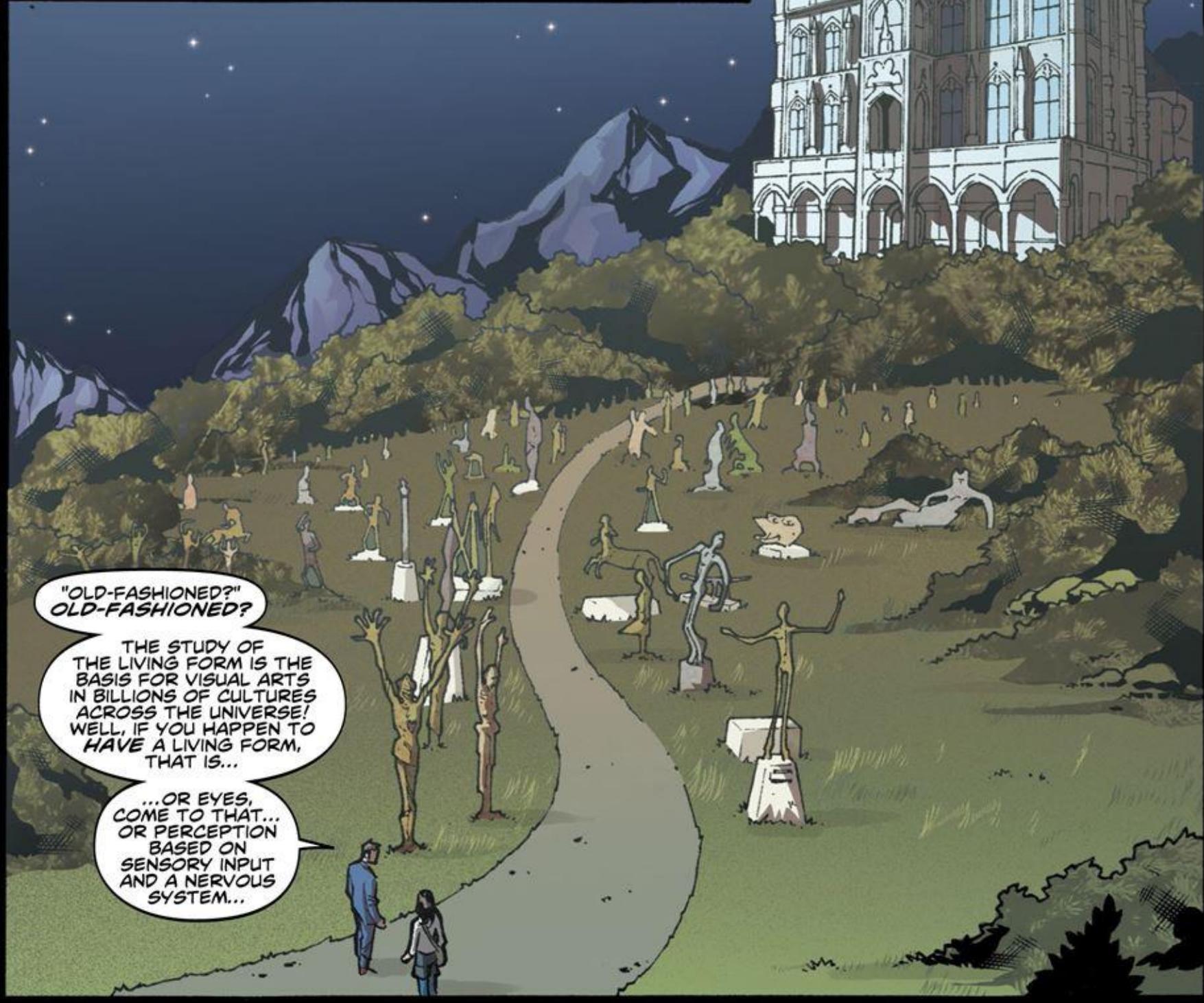
INERTIAL
COMPENSATOR
BUFFERS
ENGAGED.

GOING
UUUUUUUUUP!

It's a private express capsule
to the highest luxury penthouse
you ever saw. The view of the
landscape below is incredible.
Leave your stomach on the ground.

The second part of the trip,
when the capsule flips around,
feels like you're falling out of
the sky. Which you kind of are.

The Doctor says we're much
nearer the galactic core here,
protected from hard radiation
by Zigma-shields and all
sorts of gravity-harnessing
gizmos. He does like his gizmos.







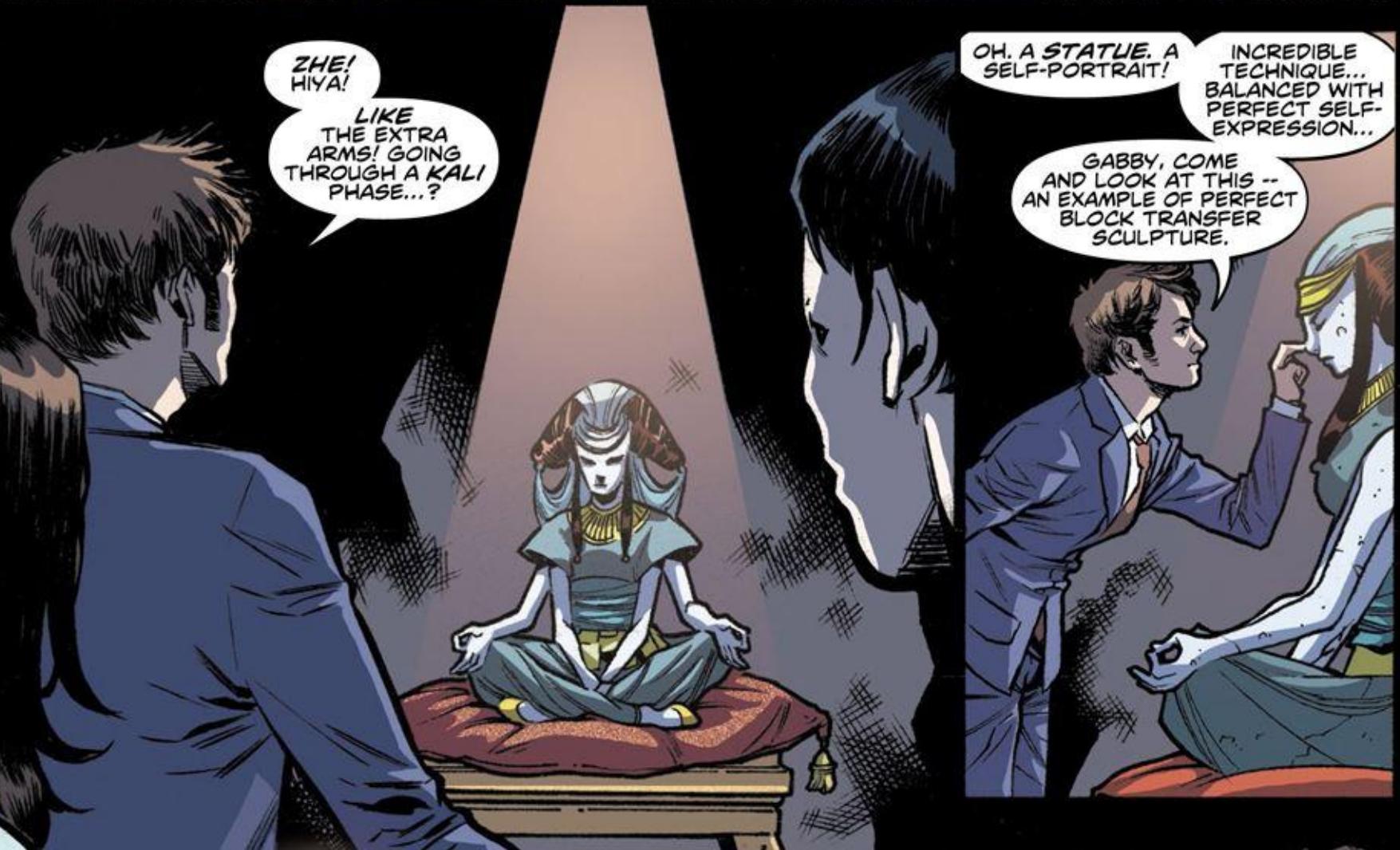
Special snowflakes we all might be, but there really are giants of art.

You don't want to get in their way -

The Doctor - yeah, Mr. Skinny (much stranger than he looks) practically picked me up and threw me so I hit the ground running ...







I was busy experiencing separation anxiety -
That happens a lot around the Doctor...

YOU WANT TO BE AN APPRENTICE, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE APPRENTICE -- AND THAT'S ME.

I AM THE ULTIMATE APPRENTICE.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE DOCTOR?

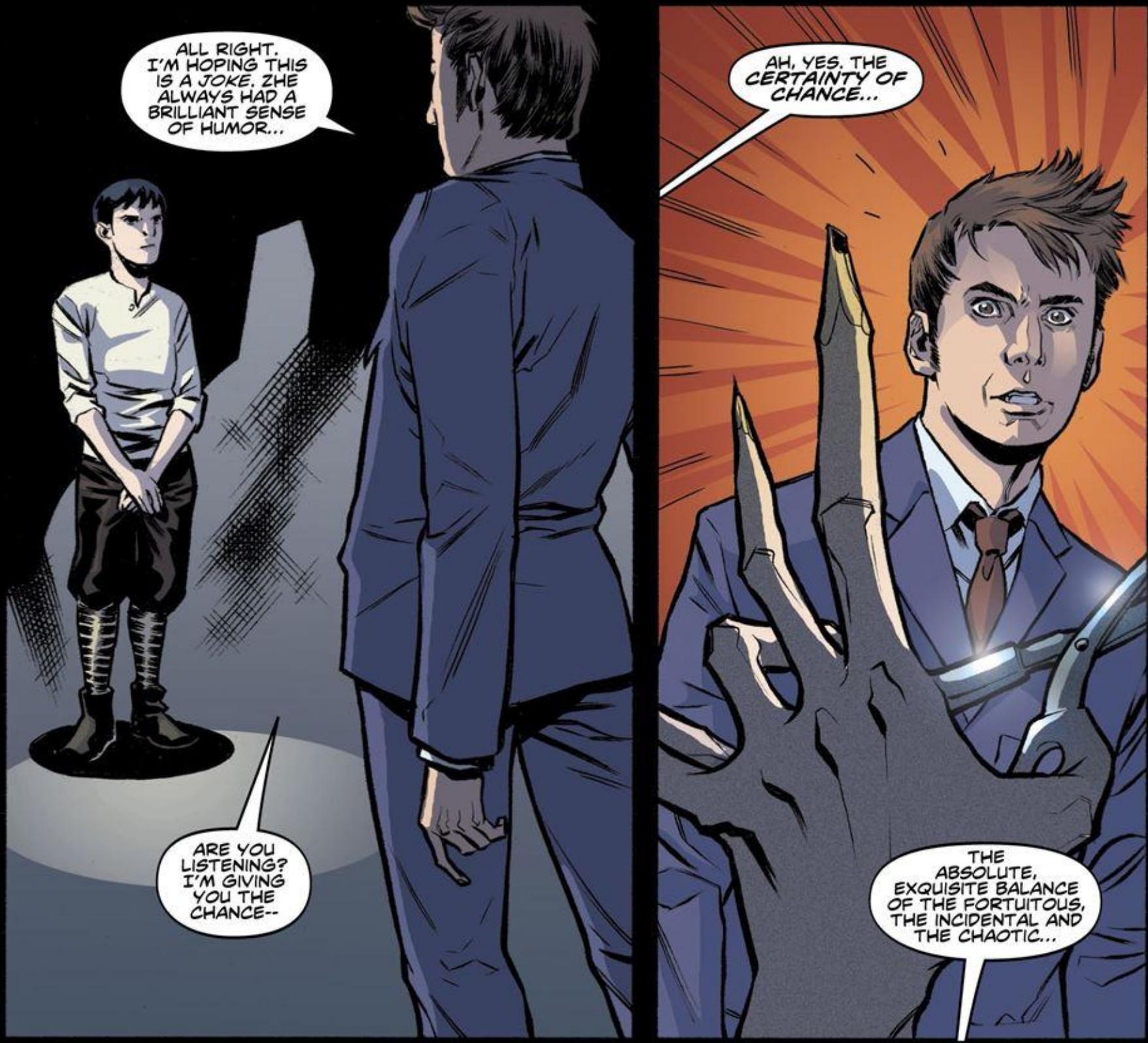
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME.

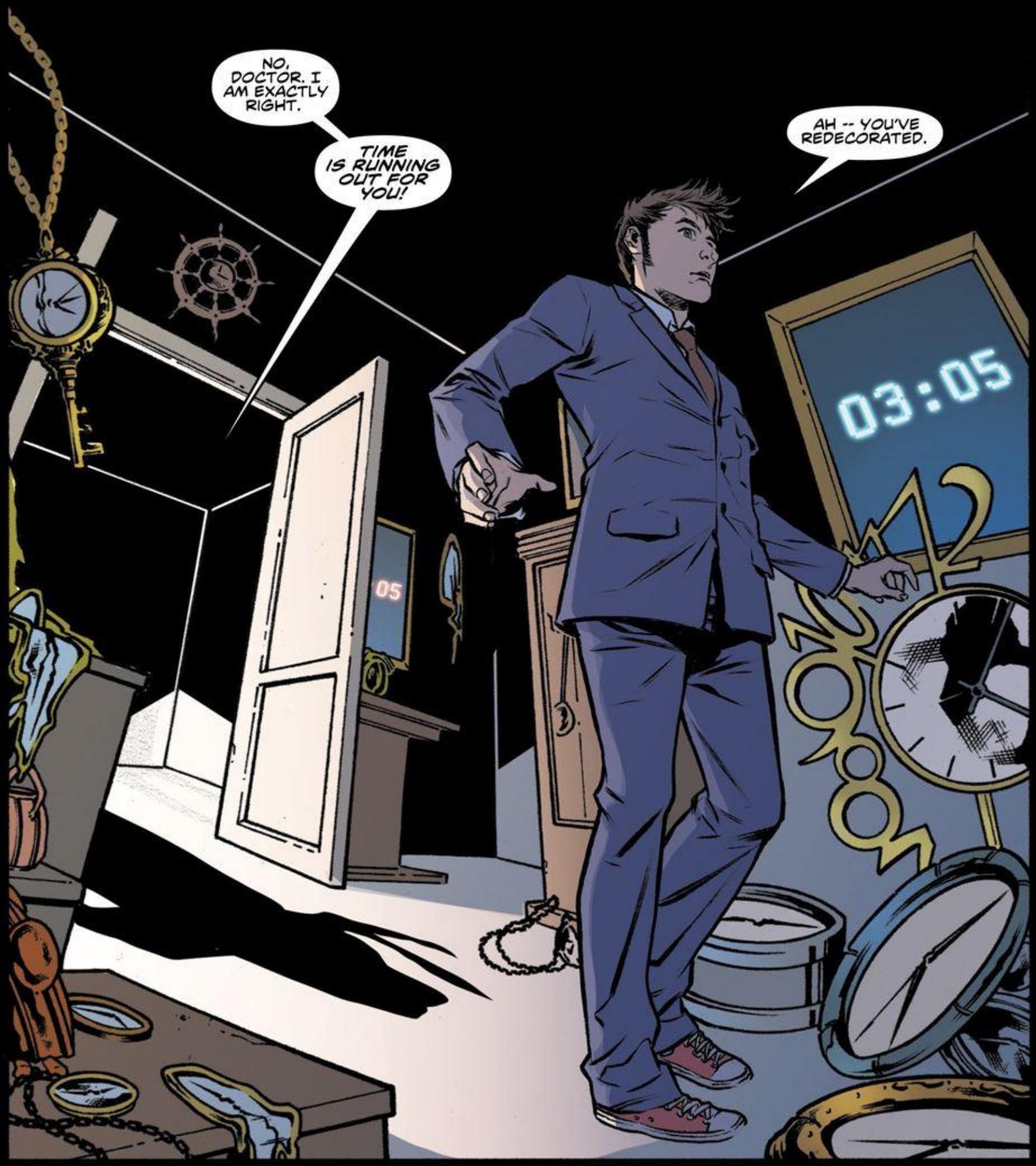
WAIT -- WEREN'T YOU -- ER, A BOY A MOMENT AGO?

YES. I AM ALL ASPECTS.

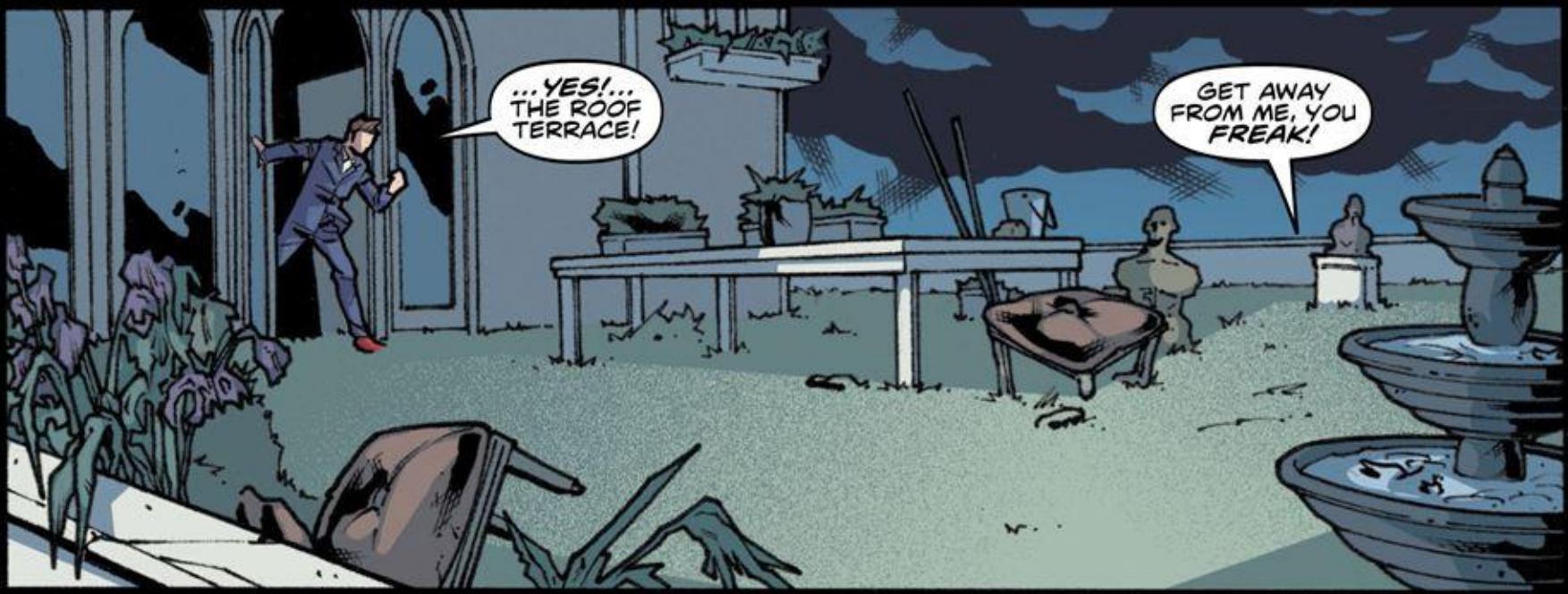
EWWWW!

OKAY.
DOCTOOOOOR!









I guess my life could end at any time, at any moment. But the truth is, I've seen and experienced more in this one, single day than many people experience in a lifetime.

I wonder how many days like this the Doctor has run through...?

That makes me lucky, right?

guess I'm a glass half-full kind of girl.

RUN, DOCTOR. FLEE!

THERE WILL BE NO MORE CRITIQUES... NO FURTHER WITTICISMS.

I'M SURE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE MAIN STAIRWELL THAT USED TO BE ACCESSIBLE THROUGH THAT DOOR...

I'VE REDECORATED HERE TOO -- AND REJIGGED IT TO A CONFIGURATION MUCH MORE TO MY LIKING.

AN INFINITE
STAIRWELL,
DOCTOR...

ENDLESS,
BOTTOMLESS...
FAREWELL
FOREVER!

TO BE CONTINUED!

