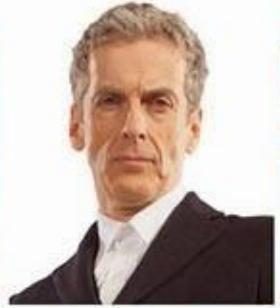


NEW STORYLINE BEGINS THIS ISSUE!



**DOCTOR
WHO**

BBC

NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE TWELFTH DOCTOR

DOCTOR WHO



• ROBBIE MORRISON
• BRIAN WILLIAMSON
• HI-FI

Reading Comics online: VIEWCOMIC.COM

COAL HILL,
EAST LONDON,
2014.

HE USED TO PUSH
HER ON THAT
SWING FOR HOURS
WHEN SHE WAS
YOUNGER.

I WAS AMAZED
HE HAD THE PATIENCE
WITH ALL THE BIG
SCIENTIFIC STUFF GOING
ON IN HIS HEAD, BUT HE
SAID, 'IT MAKES HER
HAPPY, SO IT
MAKES ME
HAPPY.'

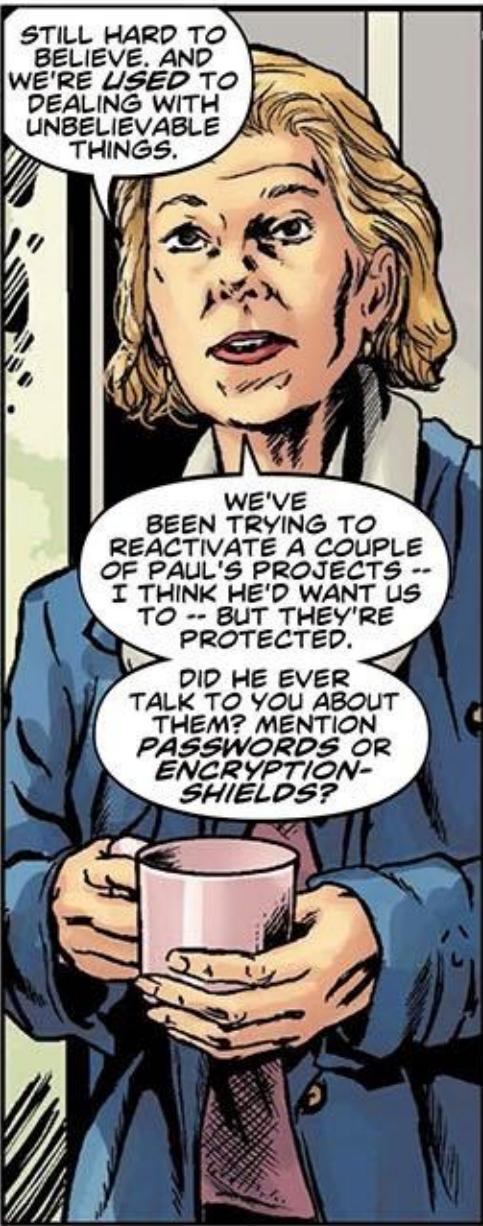
HE
LOVED YOU
BOTH VERY
MUCH.

SHE
LOOKS WELL, ALL
THINGS CONSIDERED.
AND SHE'S STILL
YOUNG. MAYBE SHE
DOESN'T FULLY
UNDERSTAND.

SHE WAS IN
THE CAR WITH
US, KATE.

WE HELD
HIS HAND UNTIL
THE PARAMEDICS
ARRIVED.

"SHE KNOWS
HER DAD'S
NEVER COMING
BACK."







YOU SHOULD
NOT HAVE
INTERFERED,
DOCTOR.

OF
COURSE
NOT.
BAD
DOCTOR!

I SHOULD JUST
LET YOU AND YOUR
BLOODTHIRSTY MOB RUN
AMOK ON A PERFECTLY NICE
WORLD, STEAL EVERYTHING
OF VALUE AND SELL THE
ENTIRE POPULATION
INTO SLAVERY.

AT LEAST
YOU WOULD
BE ALIVE, TIME
LORD.

FUNNY, I WAS
ABOUT TO TELL YOU MUCH
THE SAME THING, IF YOU DON'T
DROP YOUR GUNS AND HOP IT OFF
THIS WORLD AS FAST AS YOU CAN.

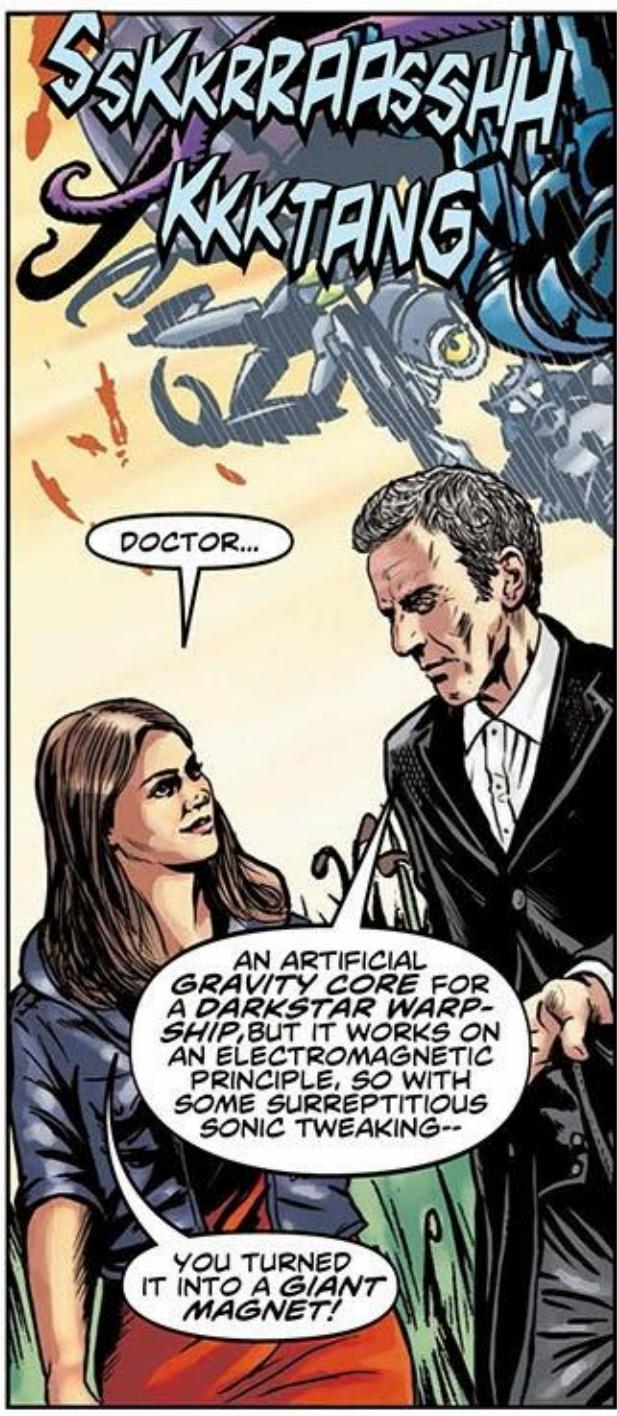
CLARA, PASS ME
THE ULTIMATE
WEAPON.

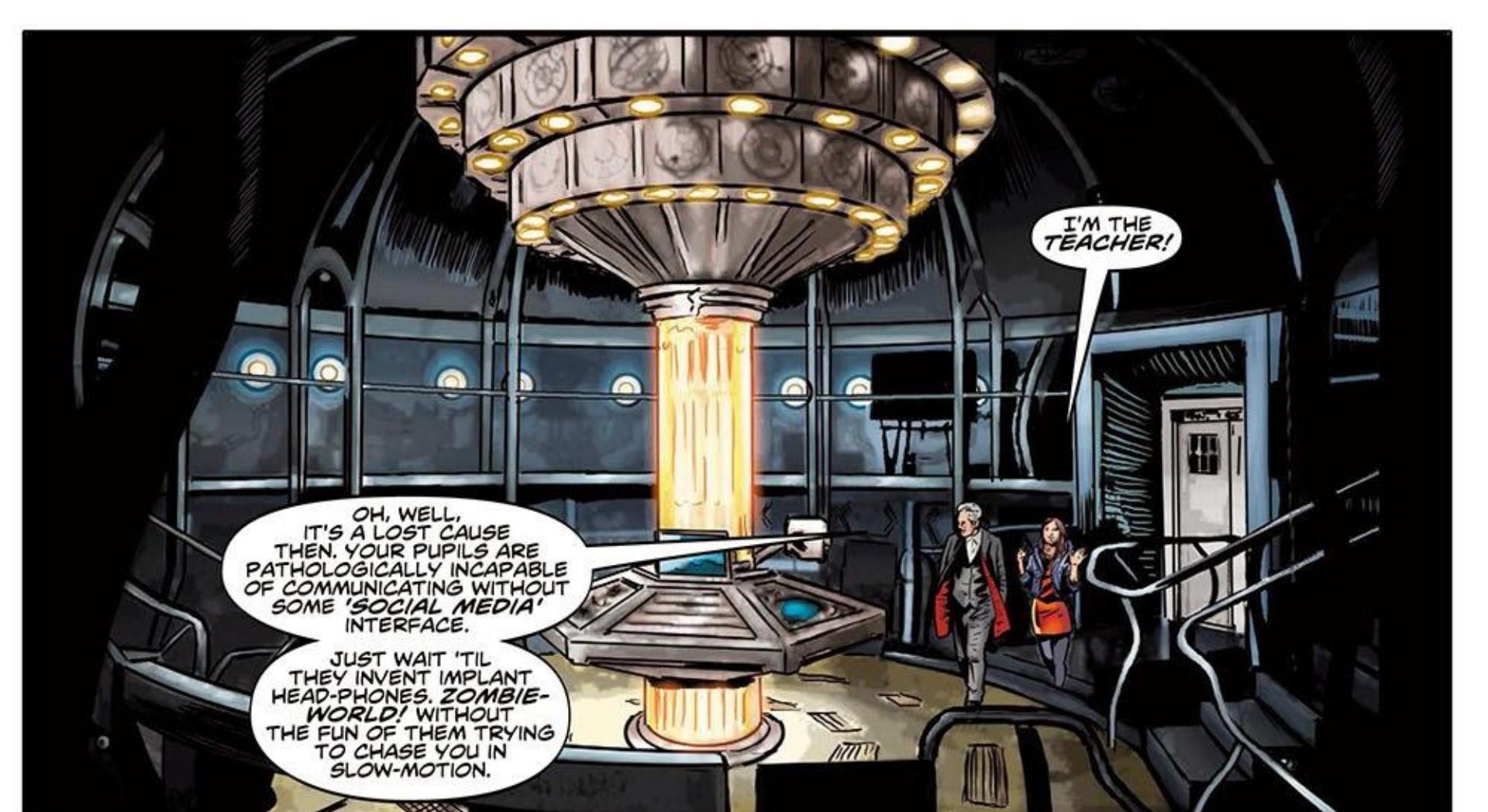
EH? WHAT
ULTIMATE
WEAPON?

PLEASE,
THIS IS NO TIME
FOR PRANKS, THE
MAN'S BUSY, HE
WANTS TO MURDER
US. THE DEVICE
I GAVE YOU
EARLIER.

OH,
BRILLIANT.







OH, WELL,
IT'S A LOST CAUSE
THEN. YOUR PUPILS ARE
PATHOLOGICALLY INCAPABLE
OF COMMUNICATING WITHOUT
SOME 'SOCIAL MEDIA'
INTERFACE.

JUST WAIT 'TIL
THEY INVENT IMPLANT
HEAD-PHONES. ZOMBIE-
WORLD! WITHOUT
THE FUN OF THEM TRYING
TO CHASE YOU IN
SLOW-MOTION.

I'M THE
TEACHER!



HOW ABOUT
WE GIVE THEM A
REPRIEVE?

SHOOT
CHEEKILY BACK IN
TIME TO A GALAXY
FAR, FAR --

ENGLISH
CLASS!
NOW!

I TOOK A
15-MINUTE BREAK
TWO WEEKS AGO.
AT THIS RATE, I'LL BE
GREY-HAIRED BY
THE TIME I GET
BACK.



WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
GREY HAIR?
GREY HAIR'S
GREAT.

GIVES YOU
GRAVITAS.
YOU CAN NEVER
HAVE TOO MUCH
GRAVITAS.



VWEEE VWEEE VWEEE

WHAT'S
THAT?

WHAT'S
WHAT?

THAT
ALARM. I'VE
NEVER HEARD
IT BEFORE.

OH,
THAT.



THE USUAL,
Y'KNOW.

SOMEONE
TRYING TO
TEAR DOWN THE
WALLS OF THE
MULTIVERSE
AND EXTINGUISH
ALL LIFE IN
EVERY UNIVERSE
EVERWHERE.

NOTHING
FOR YOU TO
WORRY ABOUT.
YOU'VE GOT
ENGLISH
NEXT.

PLODDING PROSE
TO PERK UP, COMATOSE
COMMAS TO BRING BACK TO
LINGUISTIC LIFE, PERIFIDIOUS
PUNCTUATION TO PUNCTURE,
PREFIXES TO PREDICT,
SURLY SUFFIXES
TO SUFFER...



EAST LONDON.

BUT...

DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE MUM? OR LISA?

OF COURSE I DO, MORE THAN ANYTHING.

IT'S JUST THAT GROWN-UPS SOMETIMES FIND IT HARD TO ACCEPT THINGS THAT ARE OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

THEY HAVE TROUBLE BELIEVING IN THINGS THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND, NO MATTER HOW MUCH THEY MIGHT WANT TO BELIEVE IN THEM.

BEST WE MAKE IT OUR LITTLE SECRET FOR NOW, WAIT 'TIL THE TIME'S RIGHT, YEAH?

MOLLY! MOLLY, WHERE ARE YOU?!

YOU THINK SHE'LL THINK YOU'RE A GHOST AND BE SCARED? YOU'RE NOT SEE-THROUGH OR ANYTHING.

MUM!

DON'T BE SILLY, MUM.
AND IT'S ALRIGHT.

WHAT?

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

HEADQUARTERS OF U.N.I.T. - UNIFIED INTELLIGENCE TASK-FORCE.

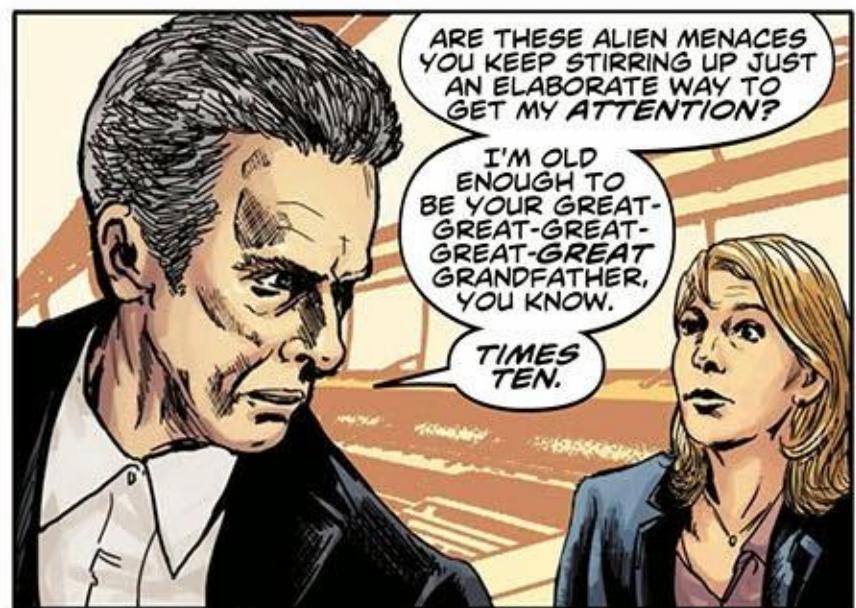
THE SITUATION'S OUT OF CONTROL! WE HAVE TO CONTAIN IT!

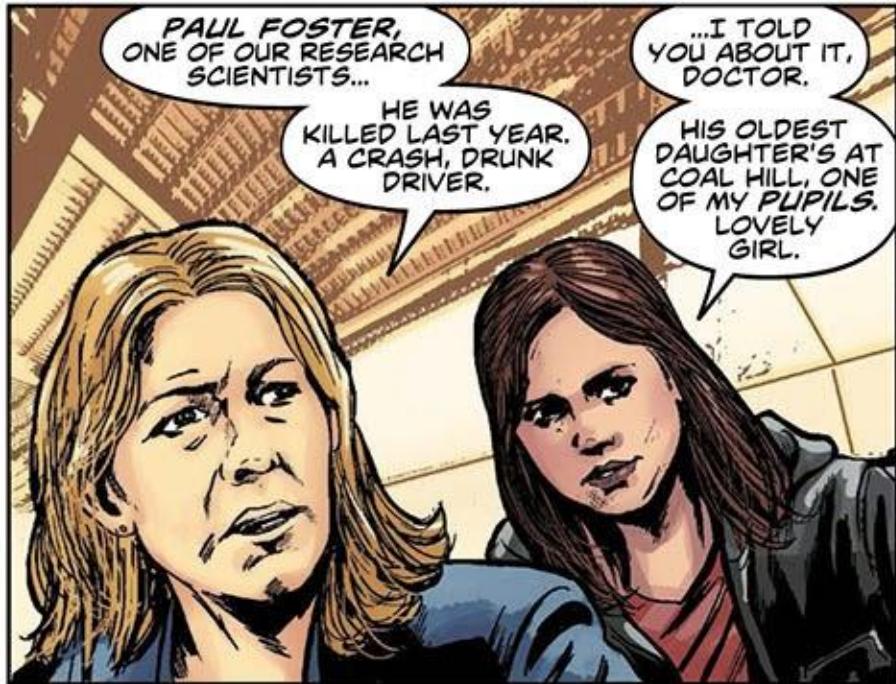
SEAL THE TOWER FROM LEVEL 7 DOWN!

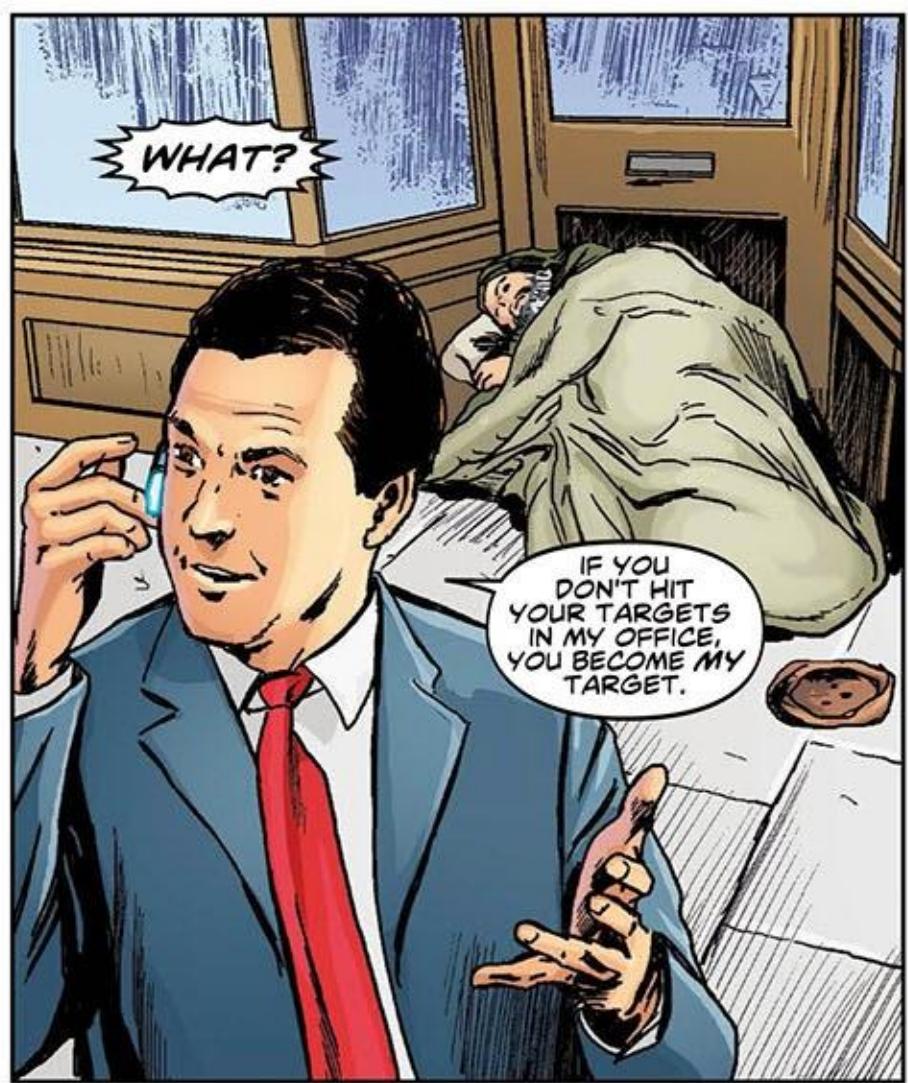
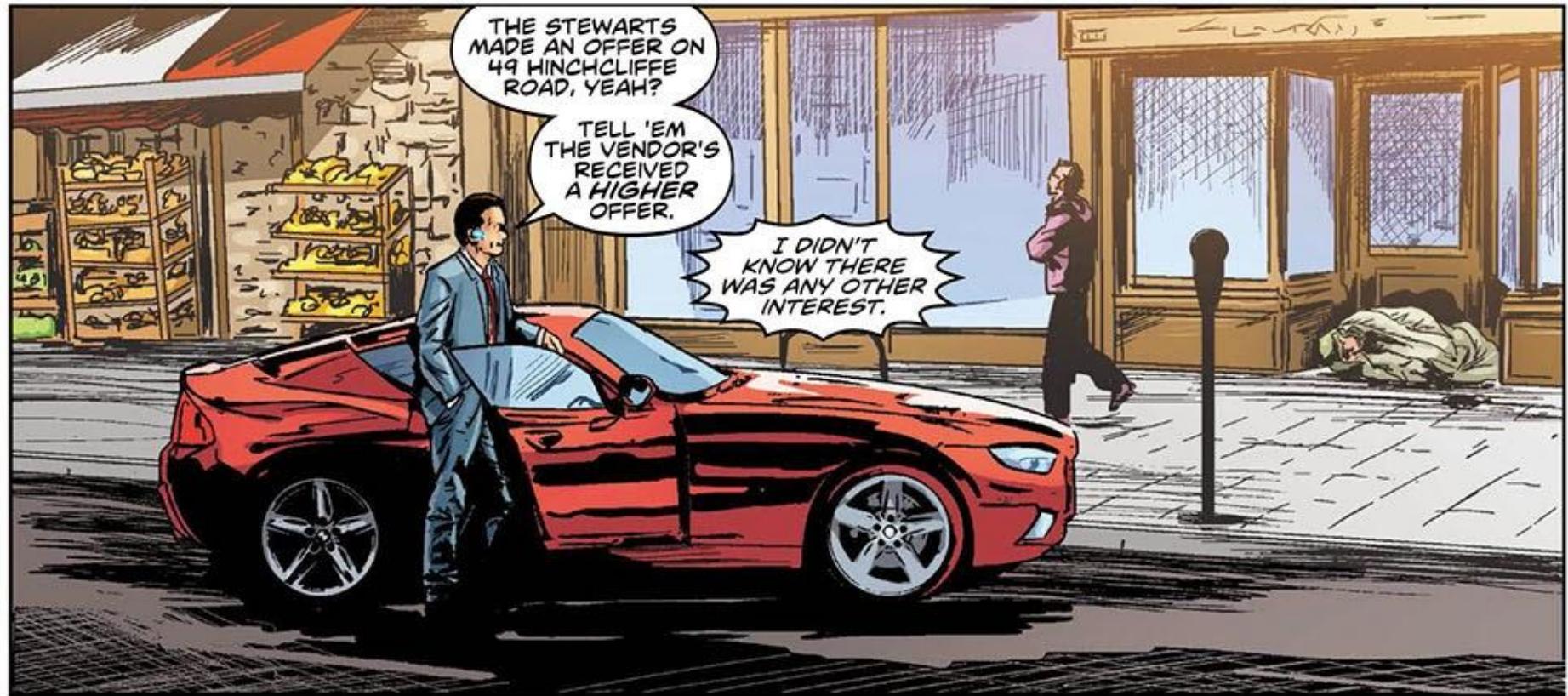
BUT, MA'AM, YOU'LL BE TRAPPED!

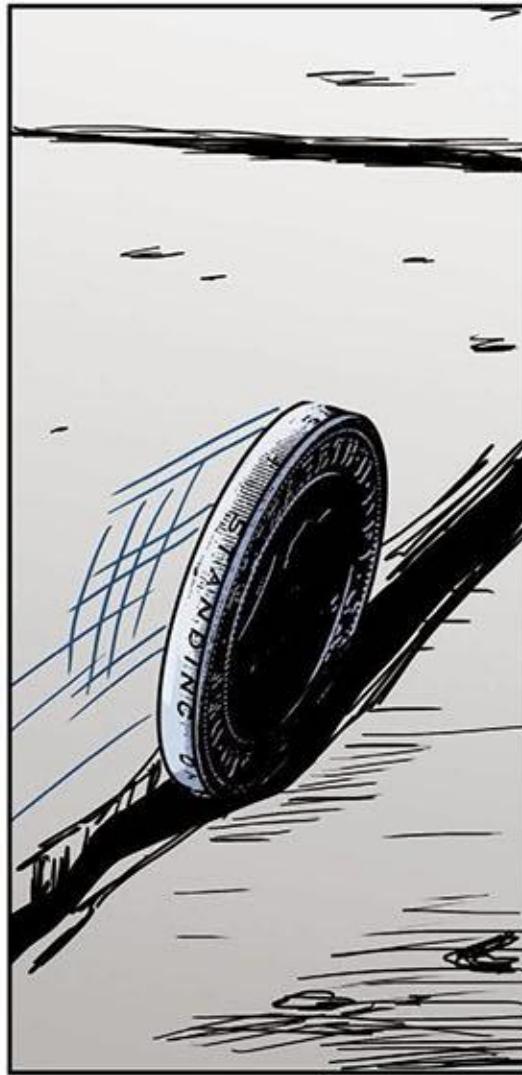
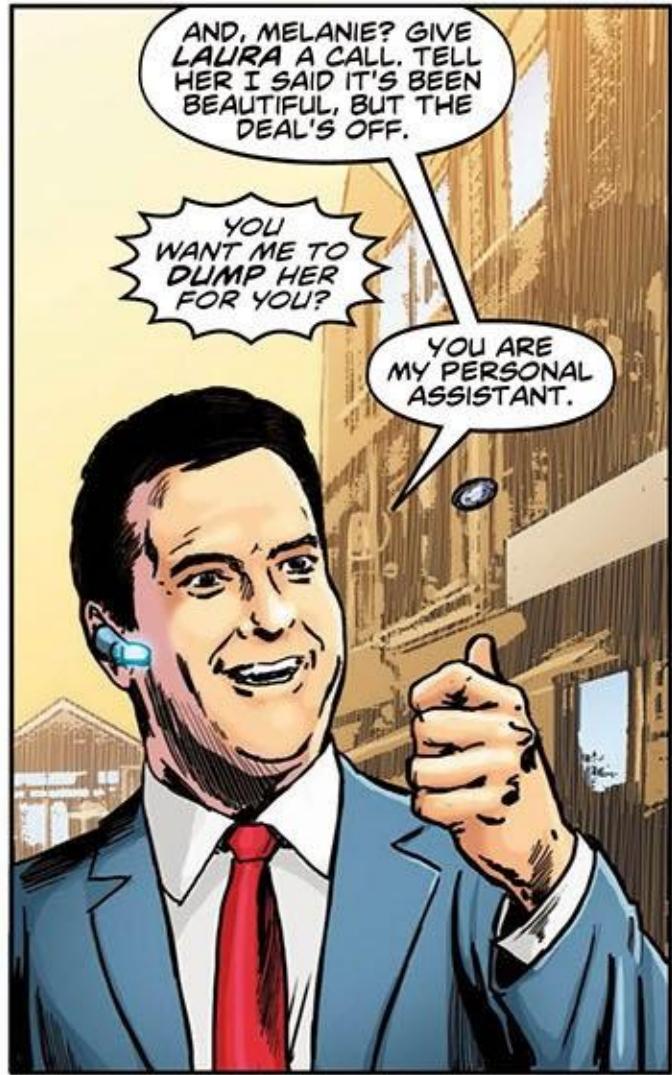
AAAAAAHHH!
HELP!

HERE WE GO AGAIN...





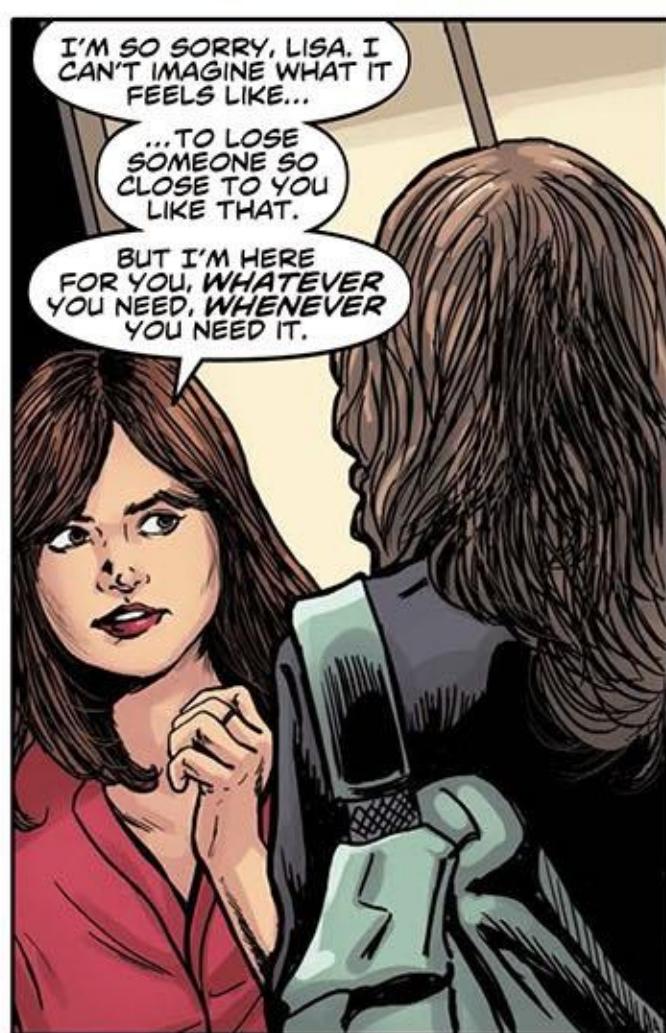
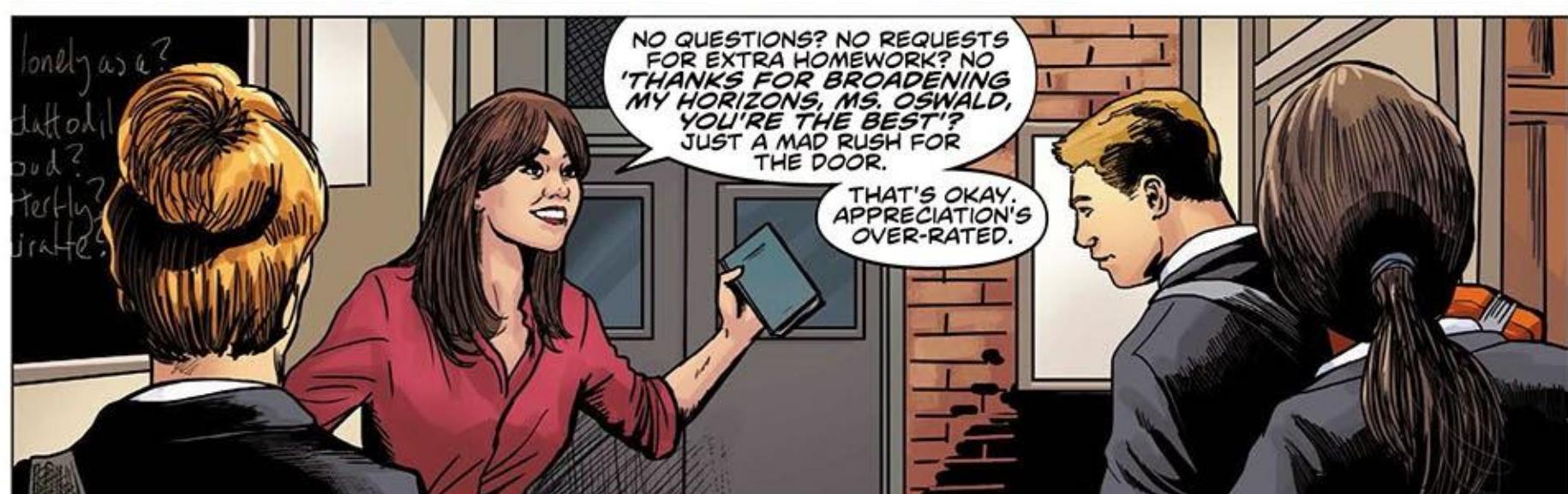






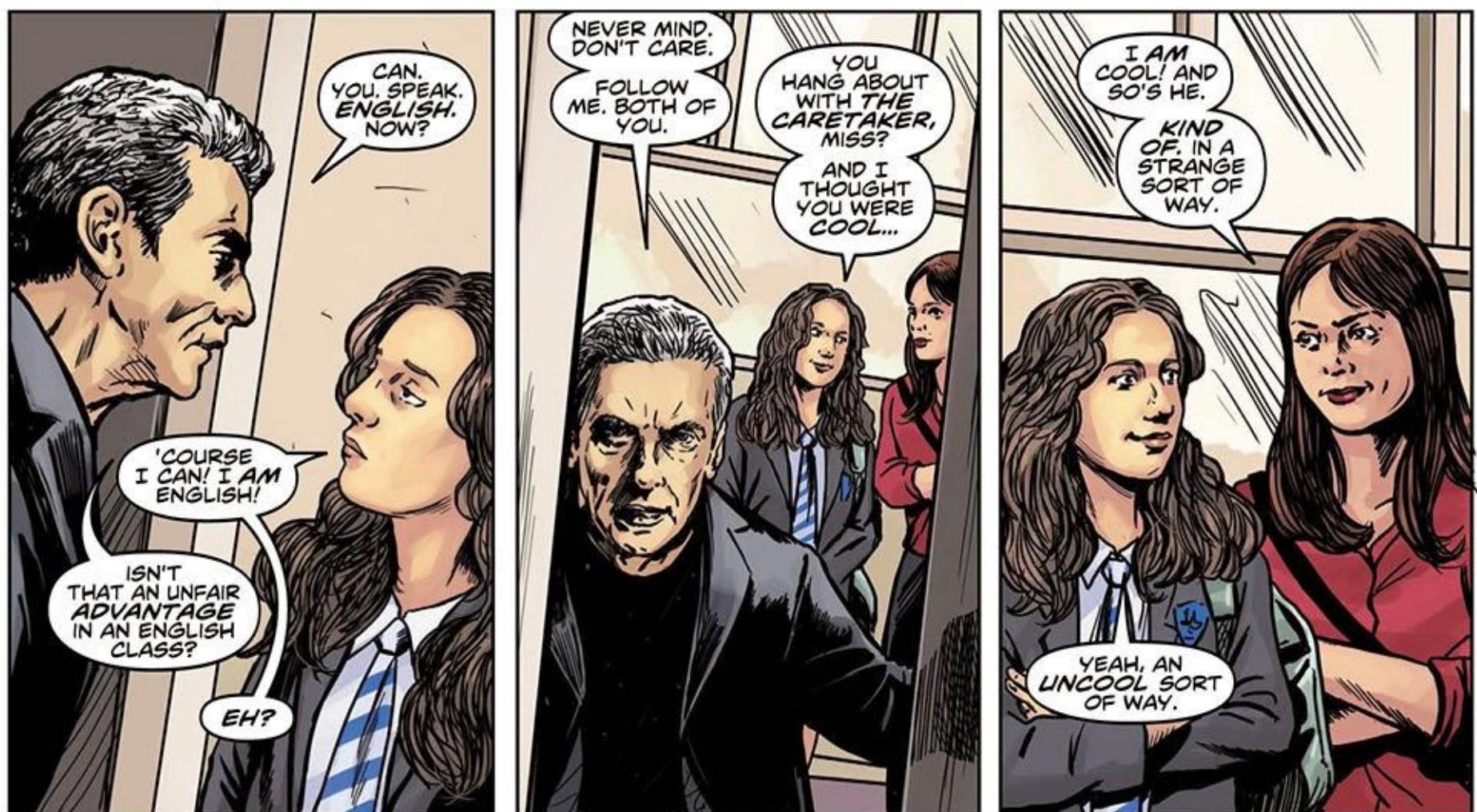
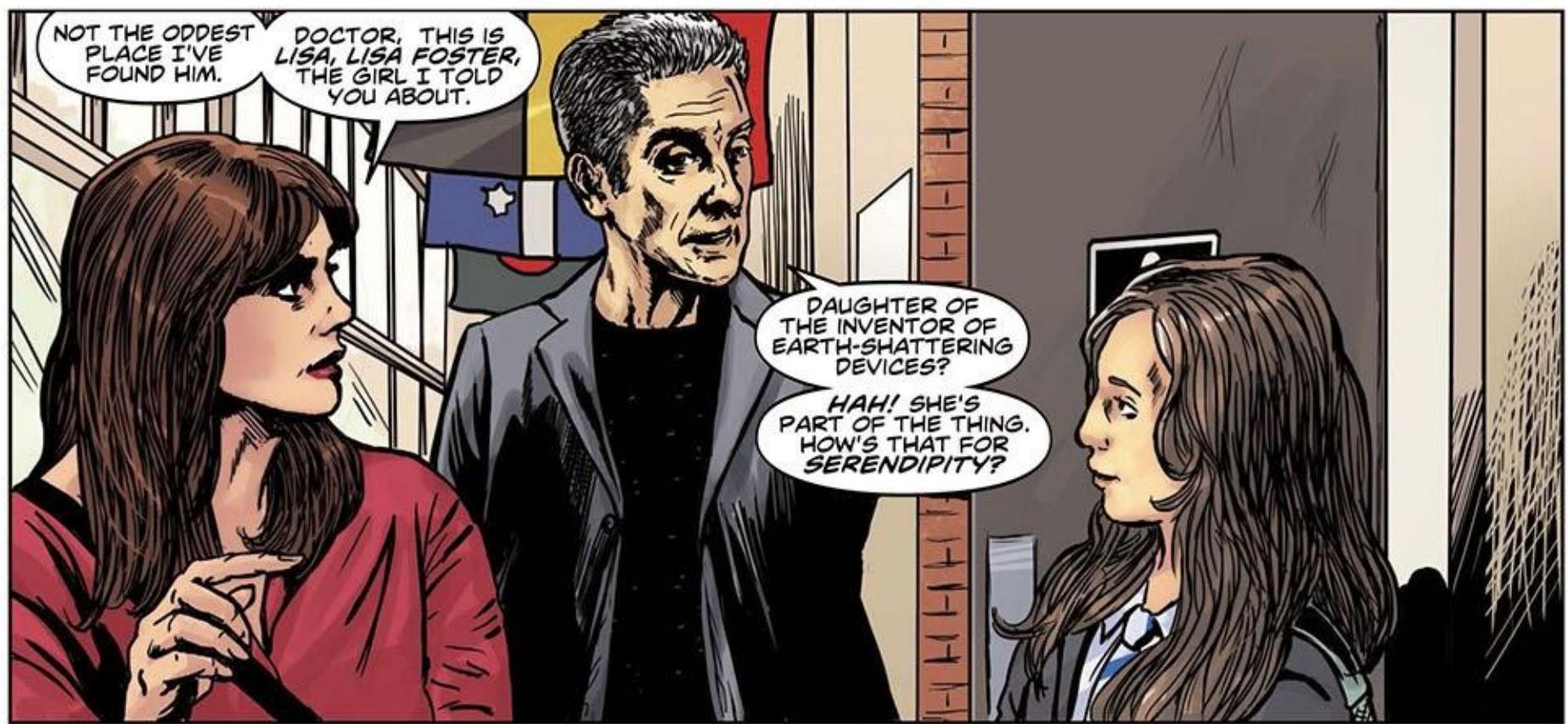
COAL HILL SECONDARY SCHOOL

RRRRRRRRRRRR!











PHWOARGH!
LOVELY PROPERTY!
I COULD GET
YOU TOP WHACK
FOR IT IN THIS
MARKET.

THE NAME'S
HACKETT, DARRYL
HACK-HACK-HACK--
SORRY,
MOMENTARY LAPSE
OF CONTROL. HOST
RE-ASSERTION.

WE ARE THE
FRACTURES.

IN CASE
YOU DIDN'T REALIZE,
THIS HOUSEHOLD HAS
BROKEN THE LAWS
OF REALITY.

TUT-TUT.

SERIOUS,
SERIOUS, VERY,
VERY SERIOUS.

THIS MEANS
YOU'VE FORFEITED
YOUR RIGHT
TO EXIST.

YOUR LIFE
IS NOW NULL
AND VOID.

TO BE CONTINUED!