

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR

PART 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

BBC

THE LOST DIMENSION

DOCTOR WHO



NICK ABADZIS • LEANDRO CASCO • JB BASTOS
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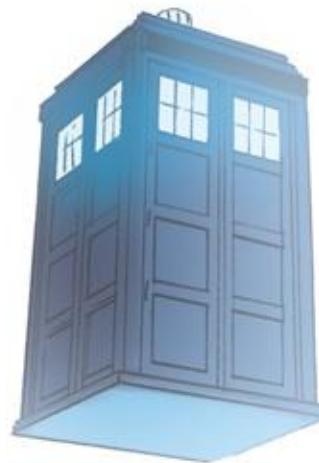
BBC

THE LOST DIMENSION EVENT

DOCTOR WHO

PART FOUR OF EIGHT

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The Doctor is an immortal time traveler who champions the oppressed across time and space.

As a Gallifreyan Time Lord, when mortally-wounded, he can regenerate into an entirely new body.

When the fabric of the universe is threatened, when the laws of time, space, and all of reality start to break down... on those dire days, different incarnations of the Doctor can meet.

It should never happen. Not all of them will remember it properly.

But this is one of those days...

PREVIOUSLY...

An unknown force is striking from the depths of space, emerging as impossibly-large white holes over civilized planets, absorbing or annihilating everything that lives.

The Eleventh Doctor and his companion, Alice Obiefune, were travelling through space when a mysterious signal grabbed their attention – that and the fact that they suddenly *ran out of space!* Now trapped inside an endless white Void, the pair are trying to get their bearings in a part of space where matter itself has ceased to... matter.

Investigating the cause of the Void will take the pair further than they have ever gone before...

Special thanks to Steven Moffat, Brian Minchin, Mandy Thwaites, Matt Nicholls, James Dudley, Edward Russell, Derek Ritchie, Scott Handcock, Kirsty Mullan, Kate Bush, and Ed Casey for their invaluable assistance.



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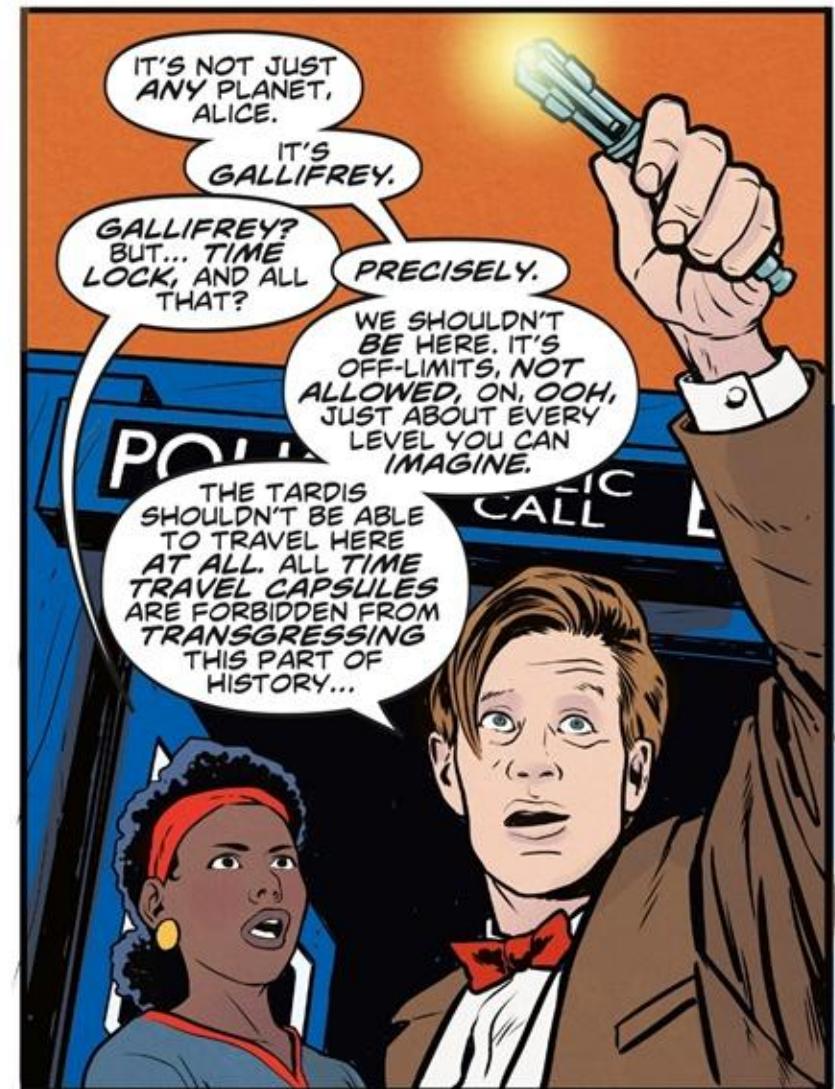
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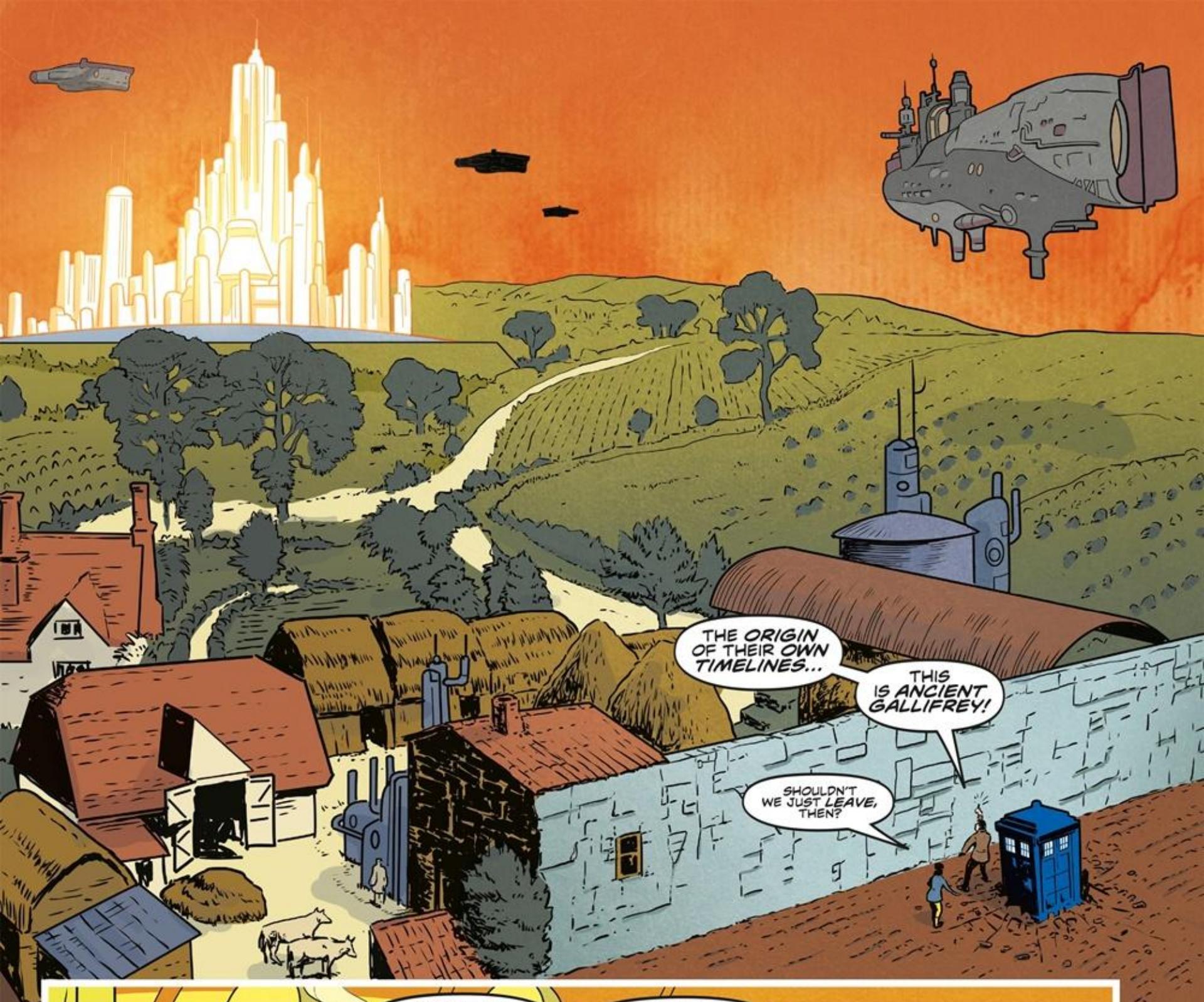


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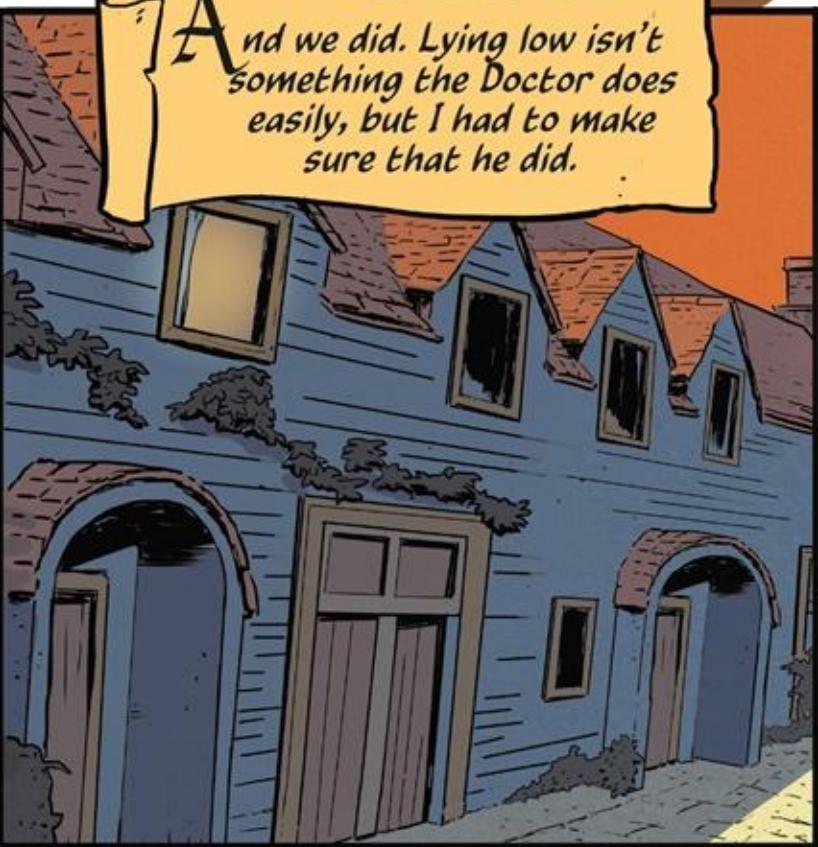




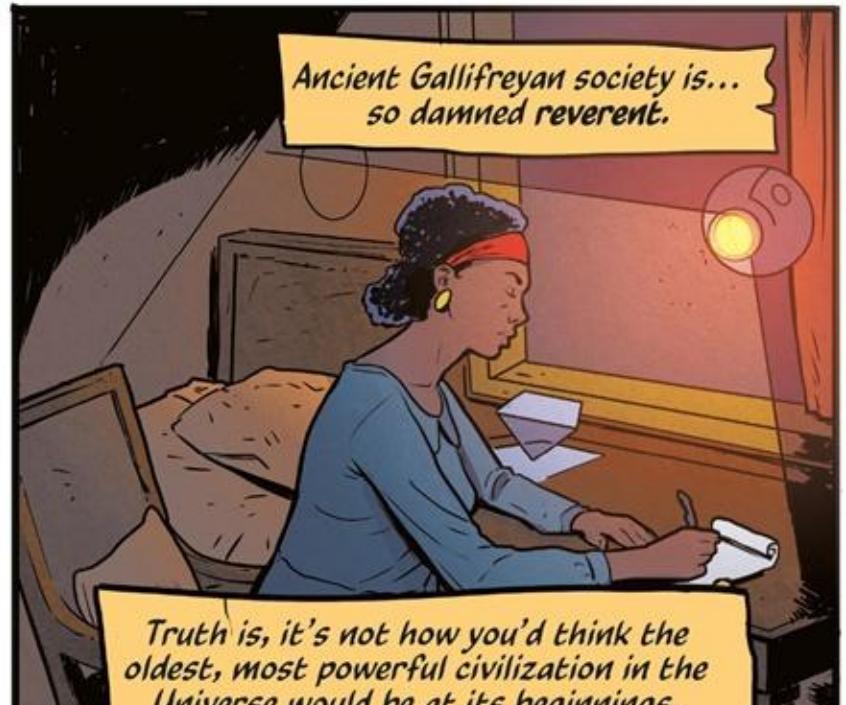






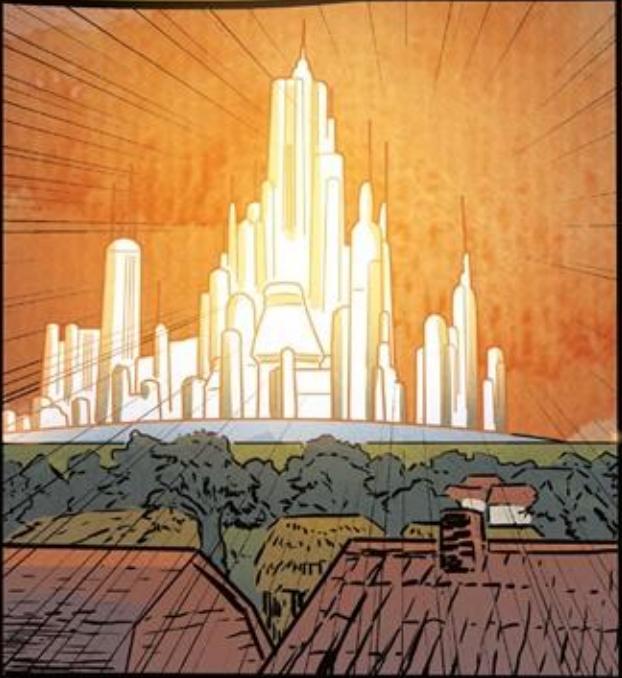


The problem was, the Doctor couldn't procure the parts he needed to repair the TARDIS. He set up a dampening field around her -- we didn't want to set off any alarms, have any awkward questions asked.



Then again, I'm not sure how I expected it to be.

Getting the Doctor to pull back on every instinct he's ever had - to not get involved - is a very difficult thing.



I suppose it's impossible, really.

Which is a third impossible thing, and Alice's maxim is fulfilled.



But then, around here, you're knee-deep in the impossible.

We are waaaay beyond the looking glass here.

THE JOURNEY
THROUGH THE
MICRO-CONDUIT
WAS UNUSUALLY
EXHAUSTING FOR
THE TARDIS.

SHE'S
EXHIBITING SOME
STRANGE
POST-CRASH
BEHAVIORS...

I'M SURE
YOU'LL FIND
OUT WHY. YOU
ALWAYS DO.

DOCTOR, PLEASE
EAT SOMETHING. EVEN
YOU NEED TO EAT
OCCASIONALLY.



And the Doctor
not getting
involved? I knew
it couldn't last.

It was the day that the Doctor decided to sniff around a trader post in the Higher City that he'd heard dealt with secondhand scientific equipment.

WE'RE ACTUALLY
VERY CLOSE TO THE
SITE OF THE ANCIENT
TIME TRAVEL
CAPSULE GROWTH
FOUNDRY.

THE-- ER...
WHAT?

TARDIS
SHIPIARDS.

TARDISES ARE
GROWN, Y'SEE,
NOT BUILT.

HOPING
THIS PLACE
MIGHT HAVE
SOME STUFF I
CAN USE.

HENCE
'GROWTH
FOUNDRY.'
ALSO, THEY'RE
NOT CALLED
'TARDISES'
YET.

I
SEE.

NO, YOU
DON'T, BUT IT'S
KIND OF YOU
TO TRY.

WE'RE ACTUALLY
VERY CLOSE TO THE
SITE OF THE ANCIENT
TIME TRAVEL
CAPSULE GROWTH
FOUNDRY.

HANG ON...
DIDN'T WE
JUST SAY
THAT?

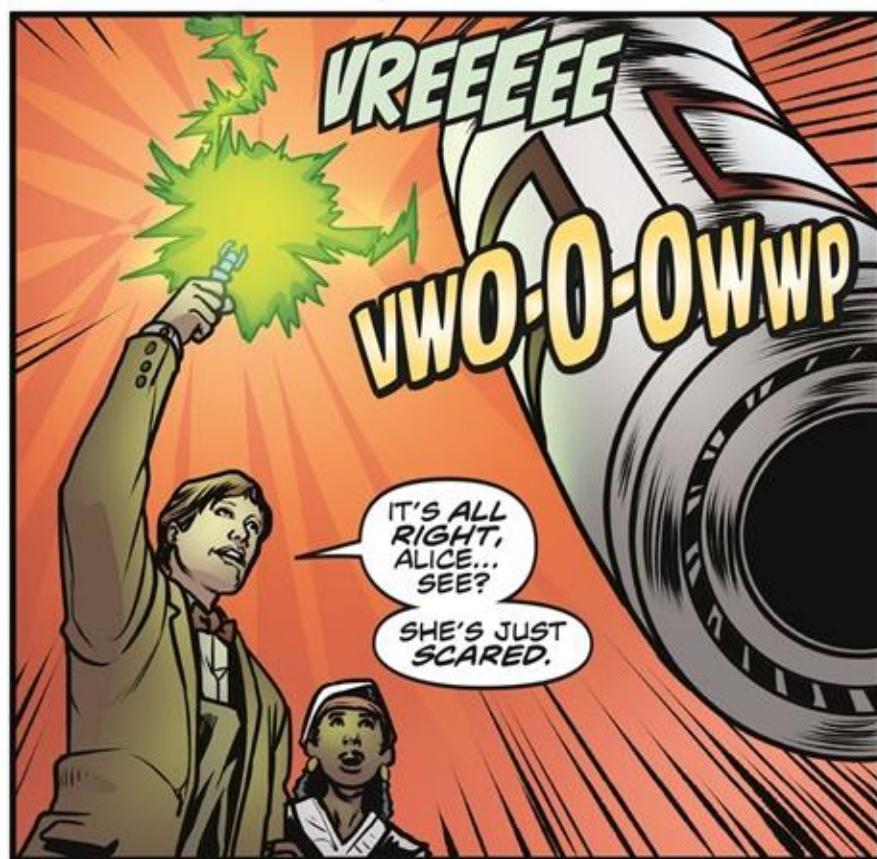
YEAH. LOCAL
HYSTERESIS.
A TIME LOOP,
NOT YET FULLY RIPE.
STILL, THAT'S NOT
GOOD.

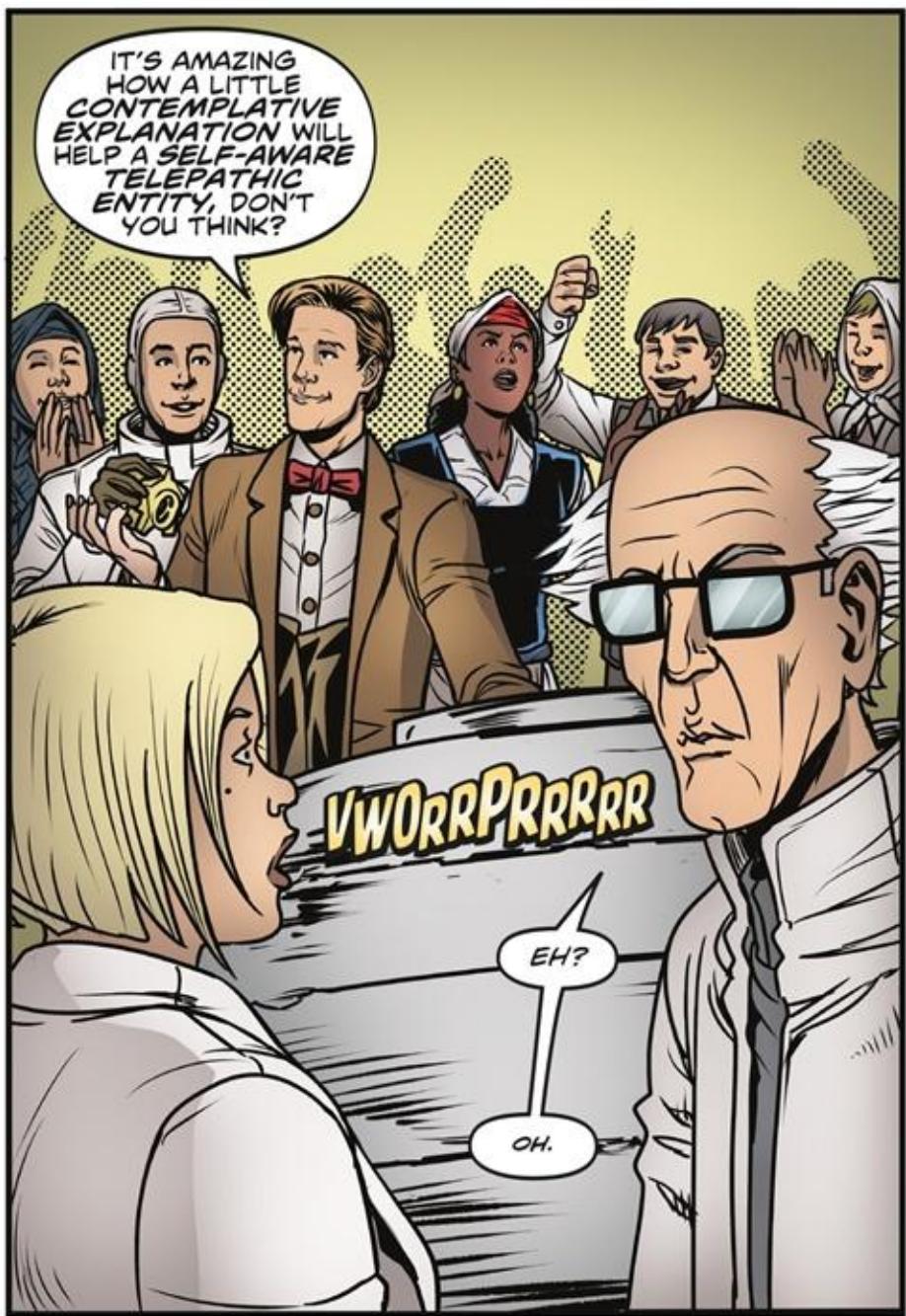
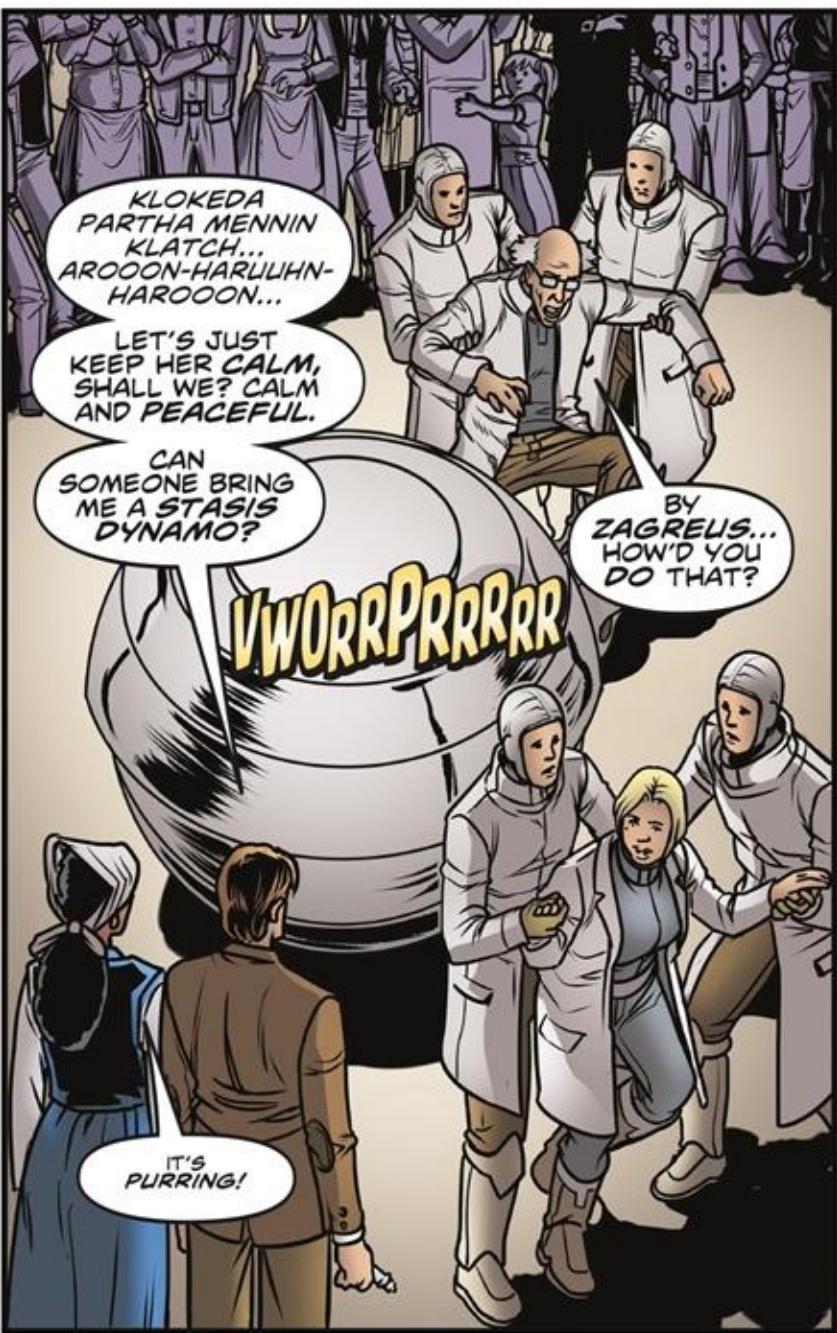
DOCTOR...
WHAT IS
IT?

THE-- ER...
WHAT?

WELL,
I'LL BE!
THAT, ALICE,
IS WHAT ANCIENT
GALLIFREYANS USED
TO SEED EARLY
TARDISES WITH THEIR
OWN INTERNAL
DIMENSIONS!









Rassilon.

For some reason, even now, my brain struggles to focus on him properly.

Am I remembering him right? His face...

I'm left with impressions of strength, power. Like the Doctor, he contains multitudes.

THIS IS A VERY SOPHISTICATED TOOL, THETA-SIGMA.

ER... THANK YOU, YOUR GRANDNESS. MY OWN INVENTION.

I KNOW YOU, DON'T I? YOU'RE... YOU'RE THE BIG CHEESE.

LORD RASSILON.

ALL GALLIFREYANS 'KNOW' ME.

BUT I GET THE DISTINCT FEELING YOU AND I HAVE MET BEFORE, SOMEHOW.

ME? NO, NOT ME.

VRREE

I'M A HUMBLE INVENTOR, FROM THE CHEESE-MAKING QUARTER IN THE LOWER CITY.

I DABBLE. I MAKE THINGS.

YOU ARE AN EVOLVED TIME-SENSITIVE. AT LEAST A LEVEL SEVEN...

LIKE MYSELF.

HOW IS IT THAT YOU WERE MISSED IN THE CENSUS? WE HAVE NEED OF TIME SENSITIVES HERE IN THE CAPITOL, THETA-SIGMA.

WELL, I DID PUT DOWN MAKING CHEESE AS MY PRIMARY SKILL.

ASK ALICE...

LADY ALICE, YOUR WIFE, AS WISE AND BEAUTIFUL AS SHE SURELY IS LOYAL.

I -- I ER... IT'S OPEN KNOWLEDGE ON THE GALLIFREY GRAPEVINE THAT YOU MIGHT BE USING VALIDIUM IN THEM...

WHICH COULD BE DANGEROUS.

MERCURY OR RUBIDIUM WOULD BE SAFER ALTERNATIVES.

MERCURY.

COMMON MERCURY.

YOU'RE VERY MODEST, THETA-SIGMA.

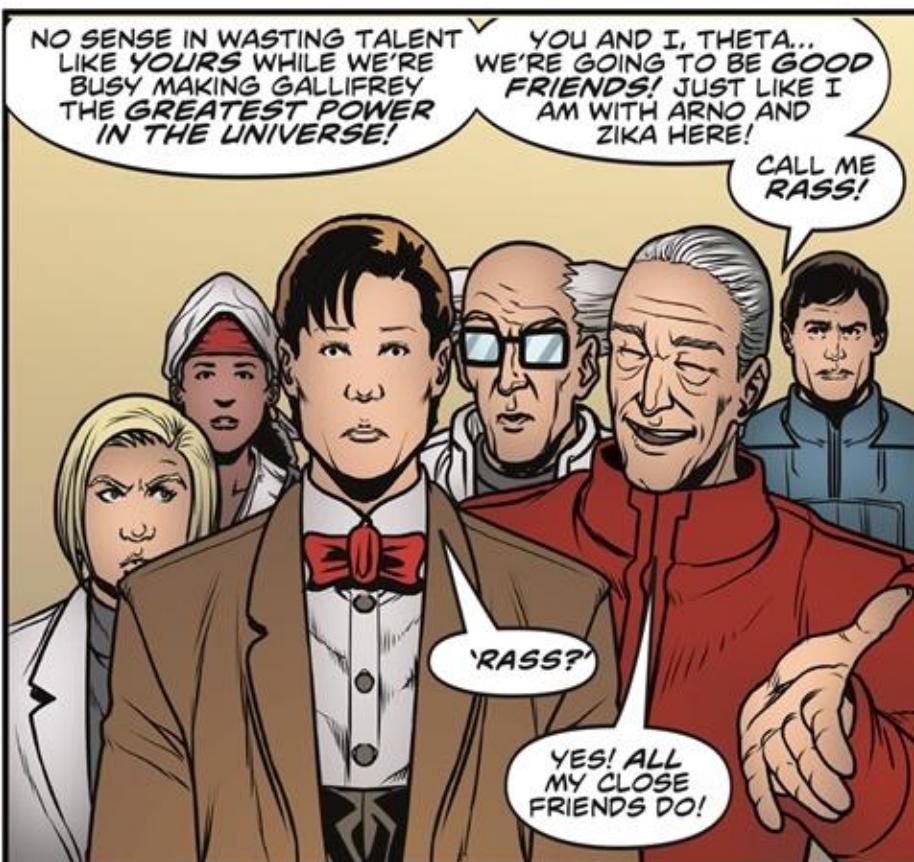
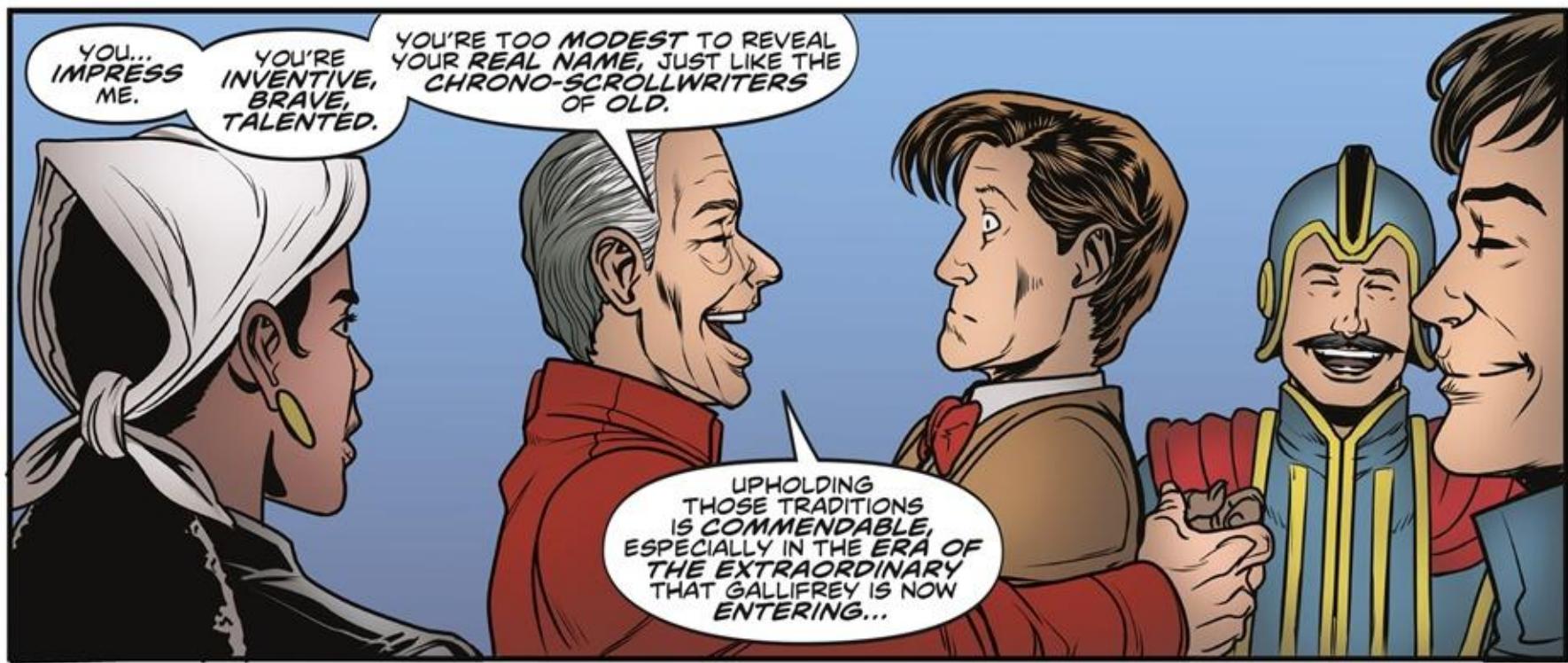
WHY DID YOU ASK FOR THE FLUID LINKS?

SUCH ITEMS ARE NOT FOR MERE CHEESEMAKERS TO HANDLE.

THETA-SIGMA...

THE "OTHER."

YESSIR, LORD RASSILON?



And that was how the Doctor was inducted into the ranks of the TT-Capsule Test Pilot Scheme.

What we should've done was got out of there, right then.

But ever since the Doctor asked for them, we couldn't get near any fluid links. Suddenly, mercury and rubidium were unobtainable everywhere. Validium was kept somewhere in a distant secret vault.

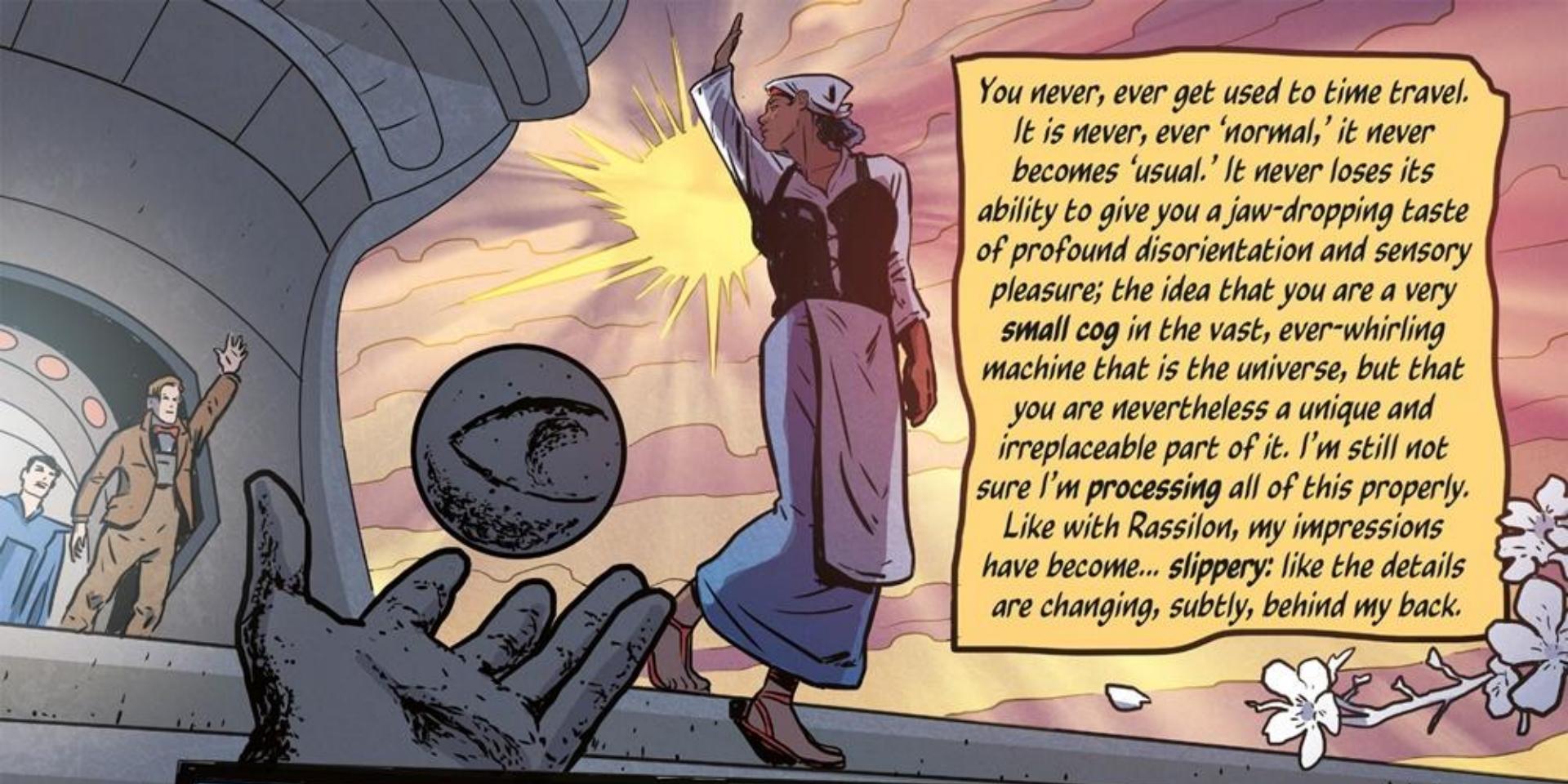
It was as if Rassilon knew.

He, or his aides, did not let the Doctor out of their sight.

We watched some early TT Capsule test flights, just short-range spatial hops, a couple of microspans into the past or future. And Rassilon was there with us, now robed in his finery.

The Doctor helped, in ways that he told me were unobtrusive, or would have as little effect as possible upon future developments.

Trying to comprehend quite how this might be contravening the as-yet-unwritten laws of Time -- at least, as dictated by the ancient Time Lords -- is beyond me.



You never, ever get used to time travel. It is never, ever 'normal,' it never becomes 'usual.' It never loses its ability to give you a jaw-dropping taste of profound disorientation and sensory pleasure; the idea that you are a very small cog in the vast, ever-whirling machine that is the universe, but that you are nevertheless a unique and irreplaceable part of it. I'm still not sure I'm processing all of this properly. Like with Rassilon, my impressions have become... slippery: like the details are changing, subtly, behind my back.



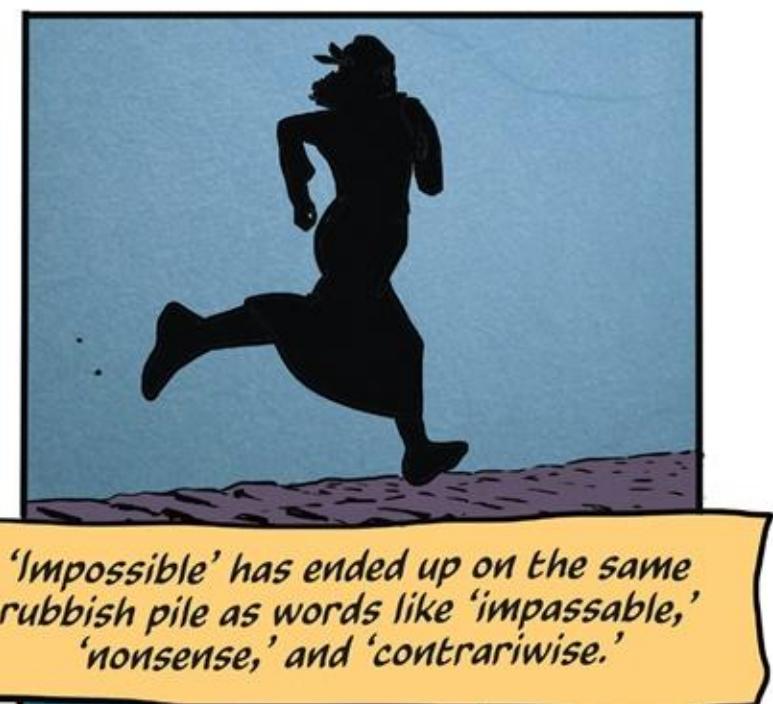
Watching him, my Gallifreyan friend, here on his homeworld (albeit in the ancient past), getting caught up the very invention of it, is totally absurd.



'Absurd' is my new daily word, that is rapidly edging out 'impossible'. Why stress the details when everything else is so... grand, so terrifying? I'm being swept away by history's weight.







I've tried to give myself good advice. I try to give him good advice, but he never follows it.



Something always gets in the way.







TO BE CONTINUED!

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