

BBC NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE TWELFTH DOCTOR



DOCTOR
WHO

DOCTOR WHO

RIPPIE
KIPPIE SON
MAK KIP

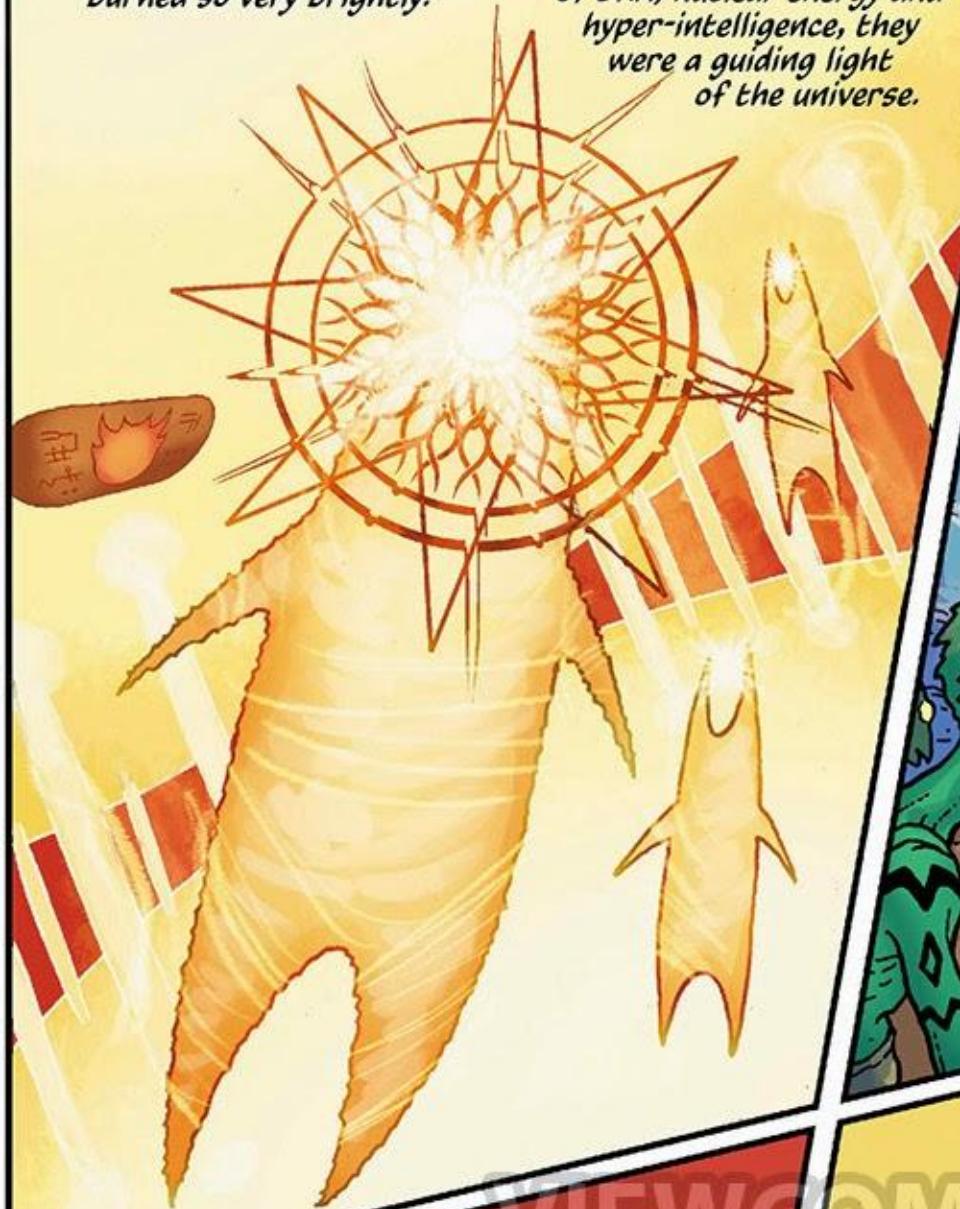
DAVE
TRUCK

VIEWCOMIC.COM



Once upon a time, the Hyperions burned so very brightly.

A race of sentient suns, a unique physiological fusion of DNA, nuclear energy and hyper-intelligence, they were a guiding light of the universe.



They were a benevolent race, noble, compassionate and idealistic.

From their homeworld of Hyperios, they embarked on a quest to advance and enlighten lesser races, to make the universe a finer place.



Like the stellar suns they resembled, however, their light could not shine forever.



As the Hyperions entered the final stage of their evolution, they began to burn up, warping and mutating, the energies within them out of control -- an entire race on the verge of supernova.

Benevolence became malevolence.



They began to prey upon the universe, galaxy after galaxy, crushing and enslaving the very civilizations they had helped create.

After subjugating the indigenous species of the surrounding worlds, the Hyperions encircled their sun with a fusion-web.

The web absorbed the energy of the sun, which the Hyperions transfused into their own bodies to prolong their existence.

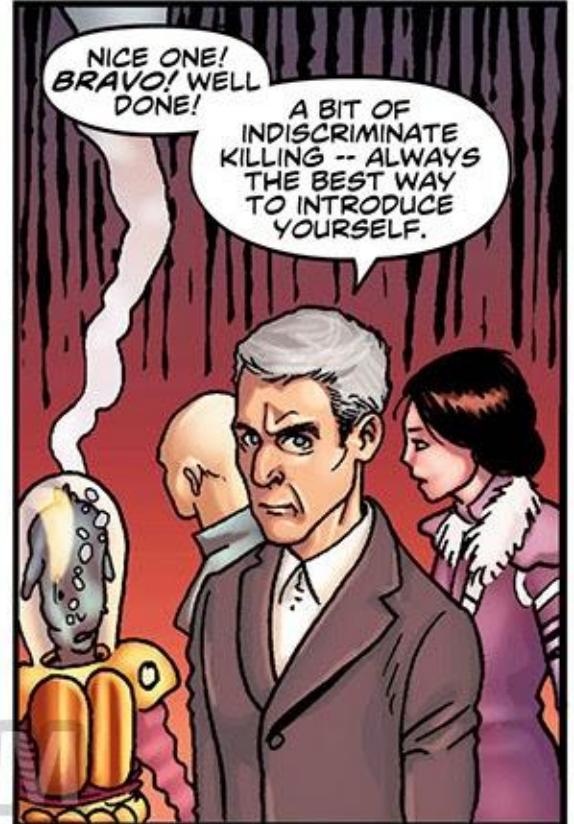
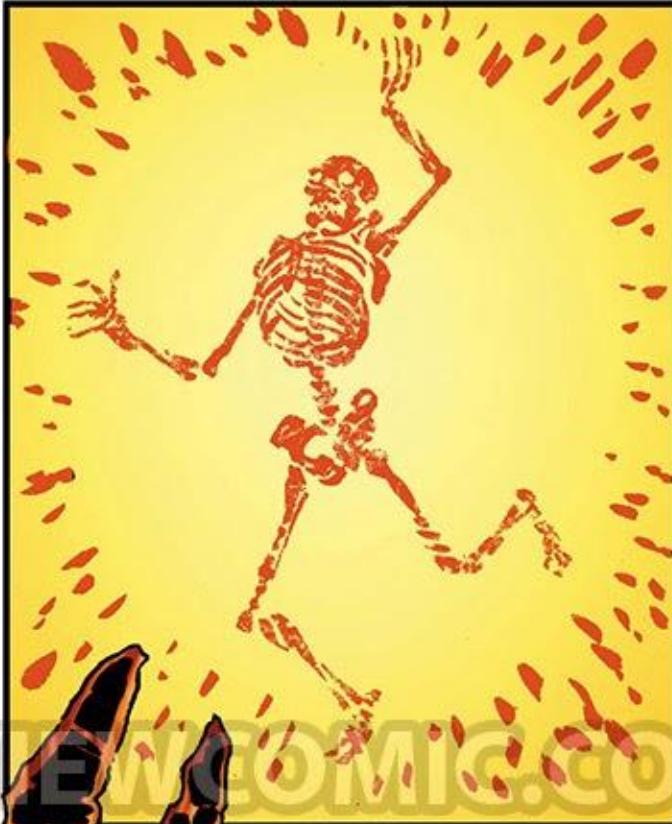
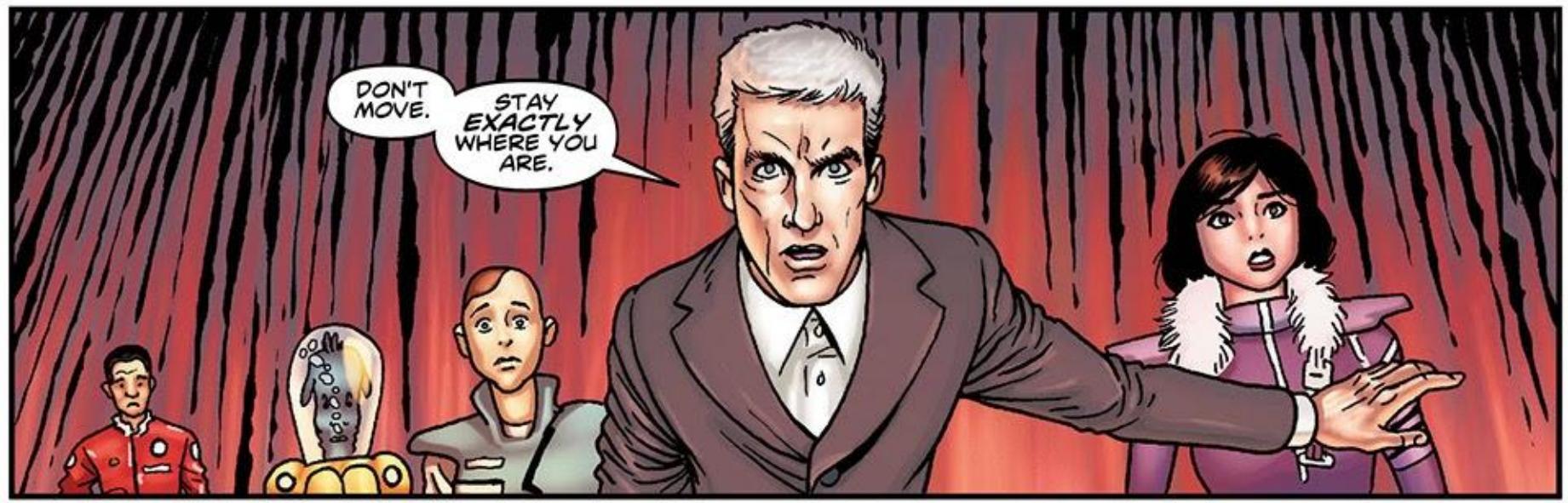
Once the sun had been drained of sustenance, the Hyperions simply moved on to another solar system -

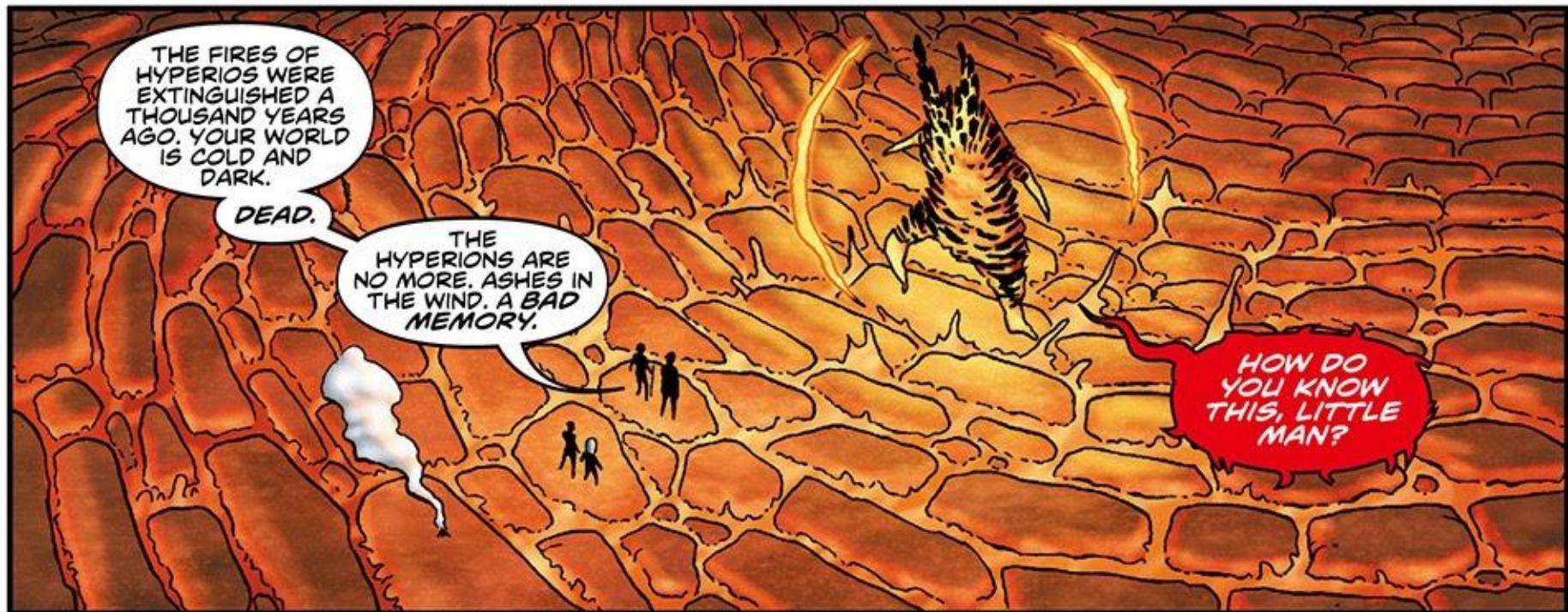
- leaving the worlds that depended on it for life and light as frozen husks, entire populations disappearing into darkness.

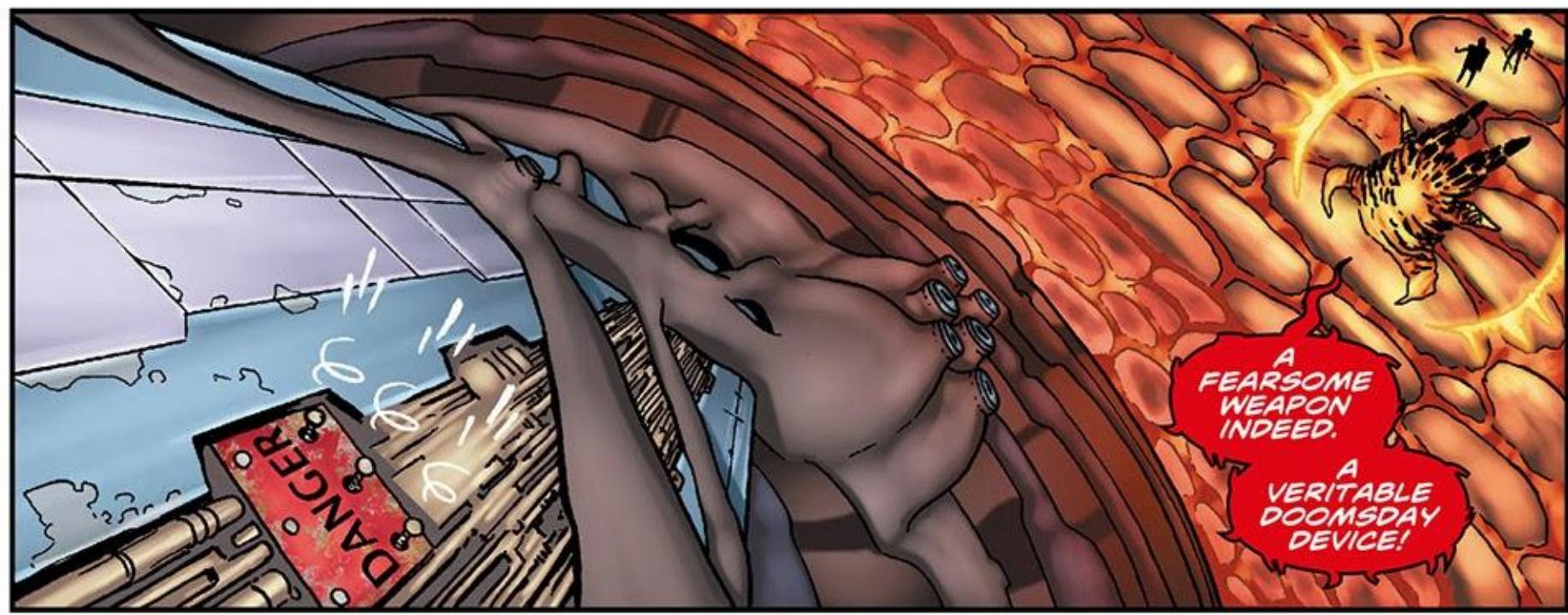
Appalled by what the Hyperions had become, fearing that their worlds could be targeted next, the most powerful races in the universe formed an alliance.

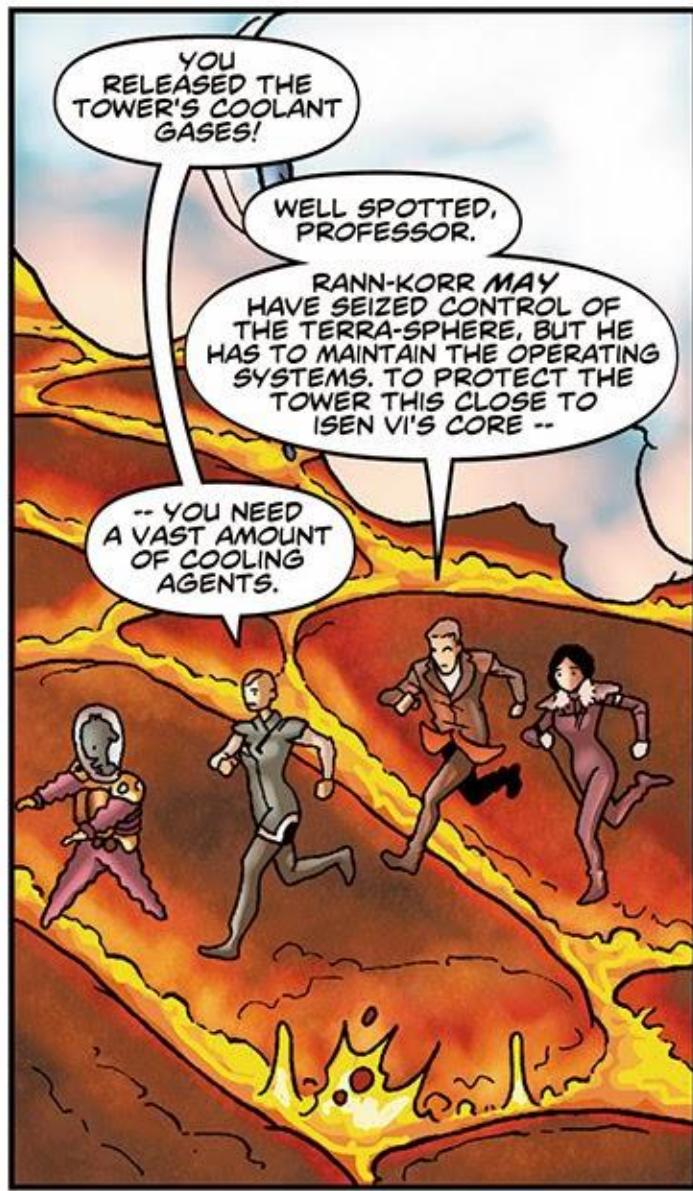
Led by Rassilon, Lord President of the Time Lords of Gallifrey, they declared war.

A war that would extinguish the fires of Hyperios forever...













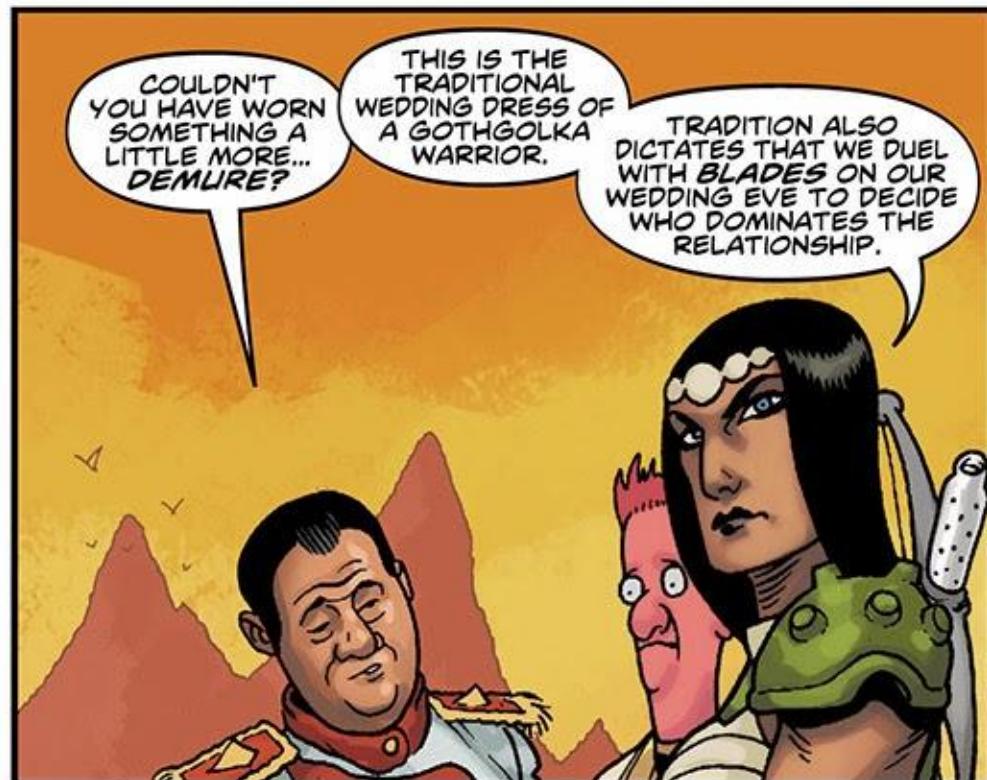
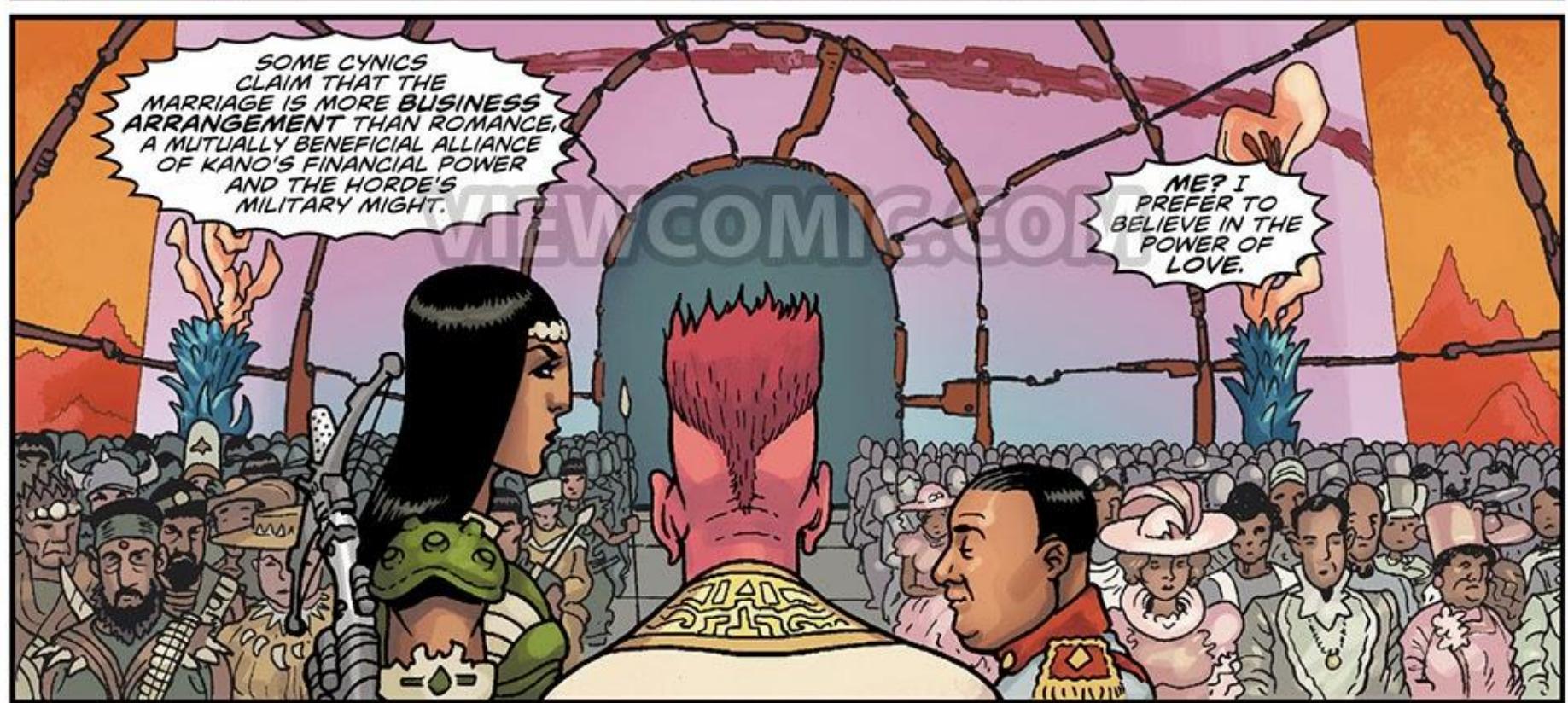
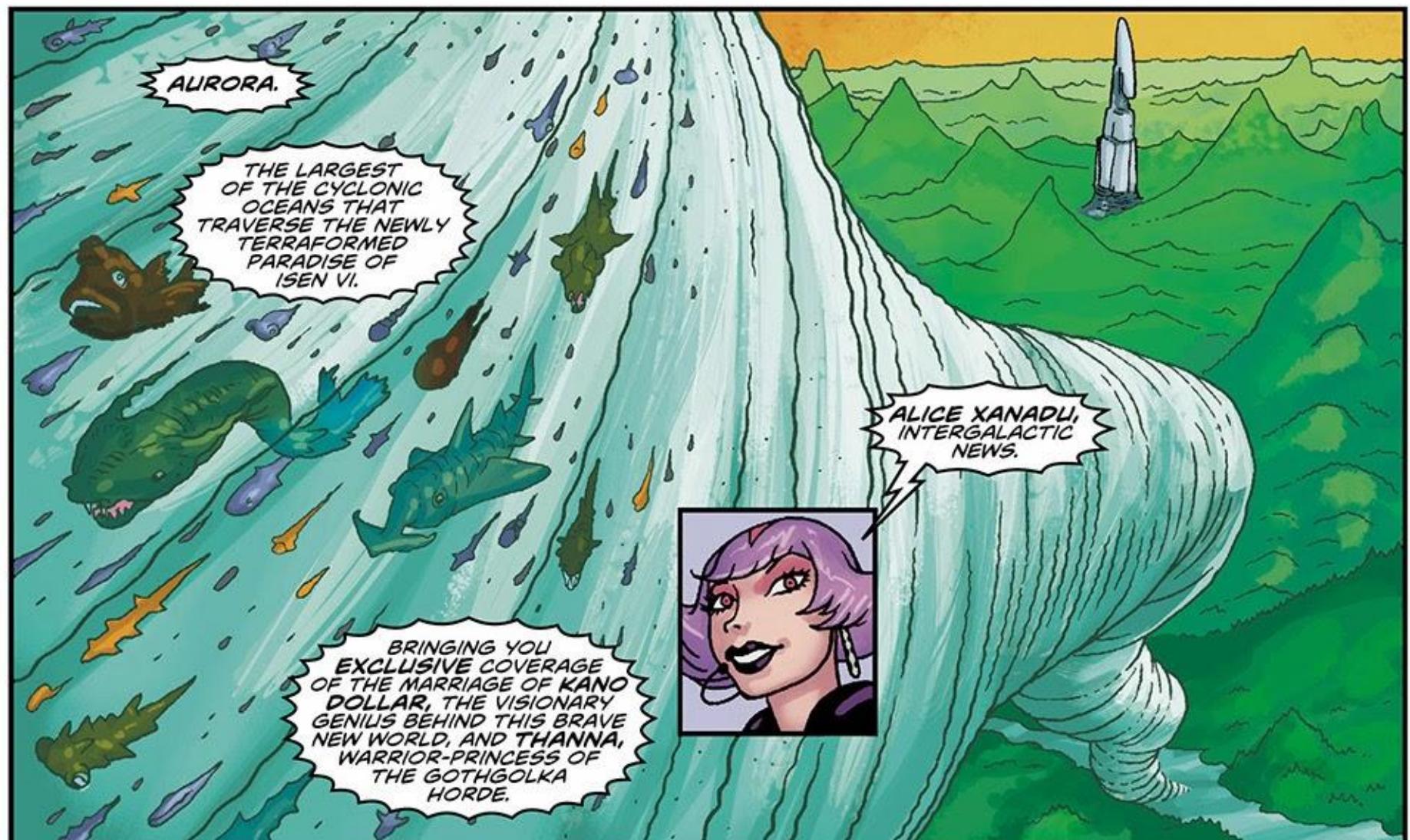
NO
ONE ESCAPES
THE FIRES OF
HYPERIOS.

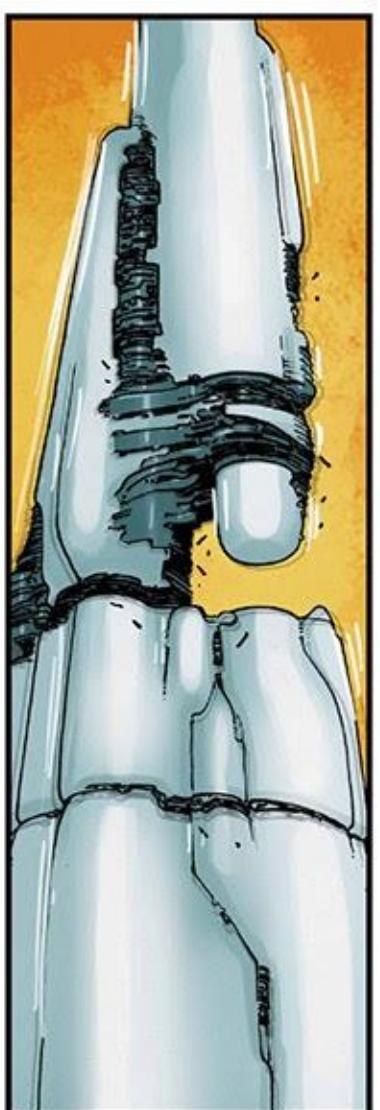
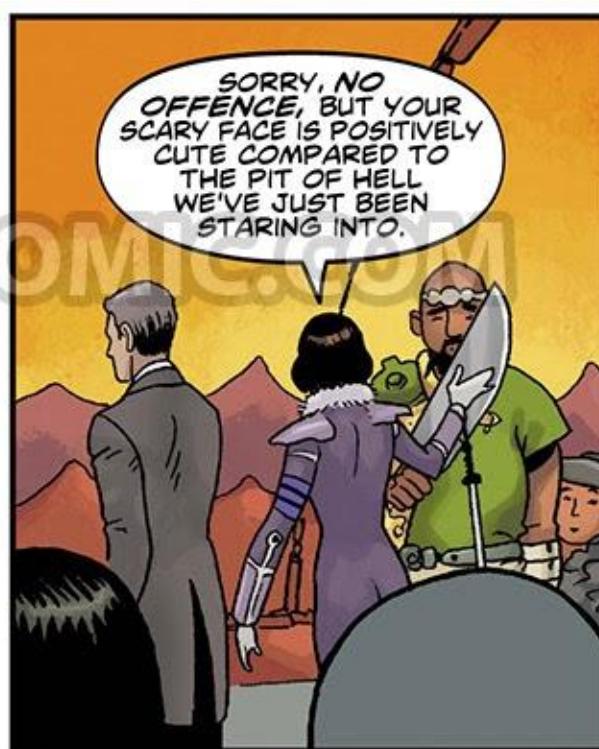
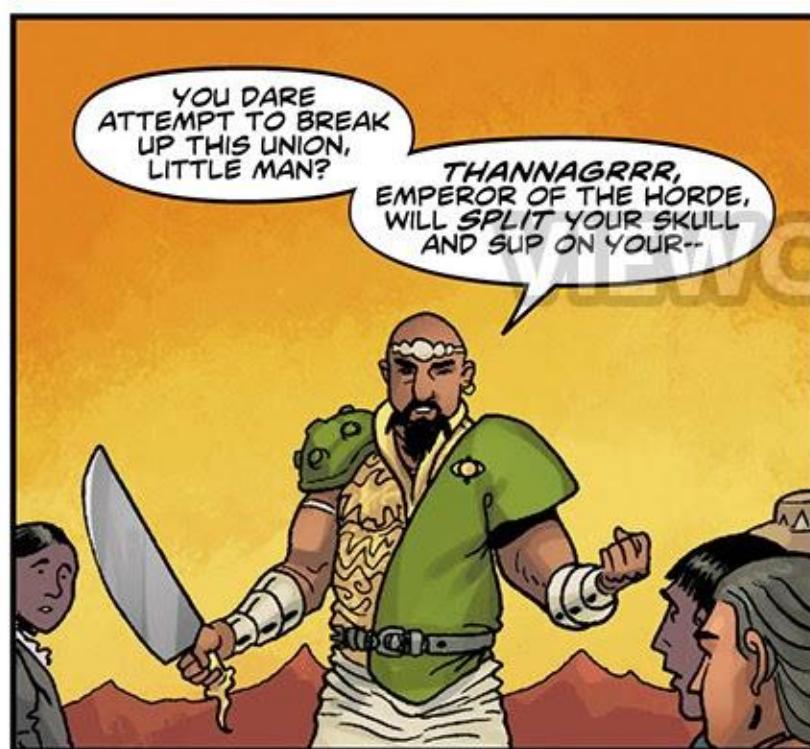
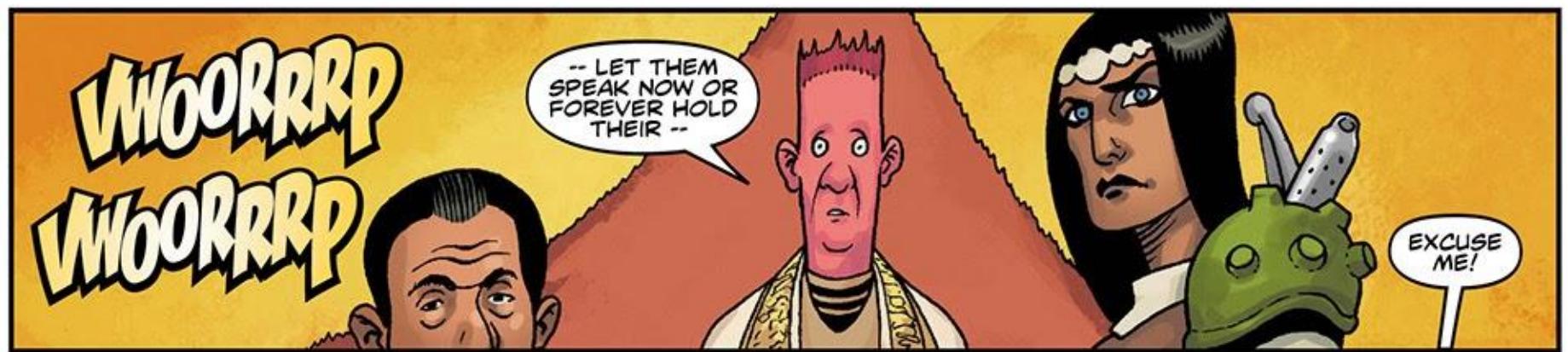
WHOA!

WOOORRRP WOOORRRP









DAMN IT!
RANN-KORR'S PUT
TERRA-SPHERE CONTROL
INTO LOCK-DOWN -- THE
ESCAPE PODS AREN'T
RESPONDING!

WE'LL HAVE
TO EVACUATE
USING SHIPS THAT
HAVE INDEPENDENT
NAVIGATION
SYSTEMS.

KANO, HOW
MANY CAN YOUR
PRIVATE SHIP
HOLD?

VVVRRRM MM

THE
CLUE'S IN THE
WORD 'PRIVATE',
PROFESSOR.

IN BUSINESS,
IT PAYS TO
RECOGNISE WHEN
A DEAL'S ABOUT
TO TURN
SOUR.

SORRY,
THANNA, DARLING --
SUDDENLY, GETTING
INTO BED WITH THE
GOTHGOLKA HORDE
DOESN'T SEEM LIKE
AN ATTRACTIVE
PROSPECT.

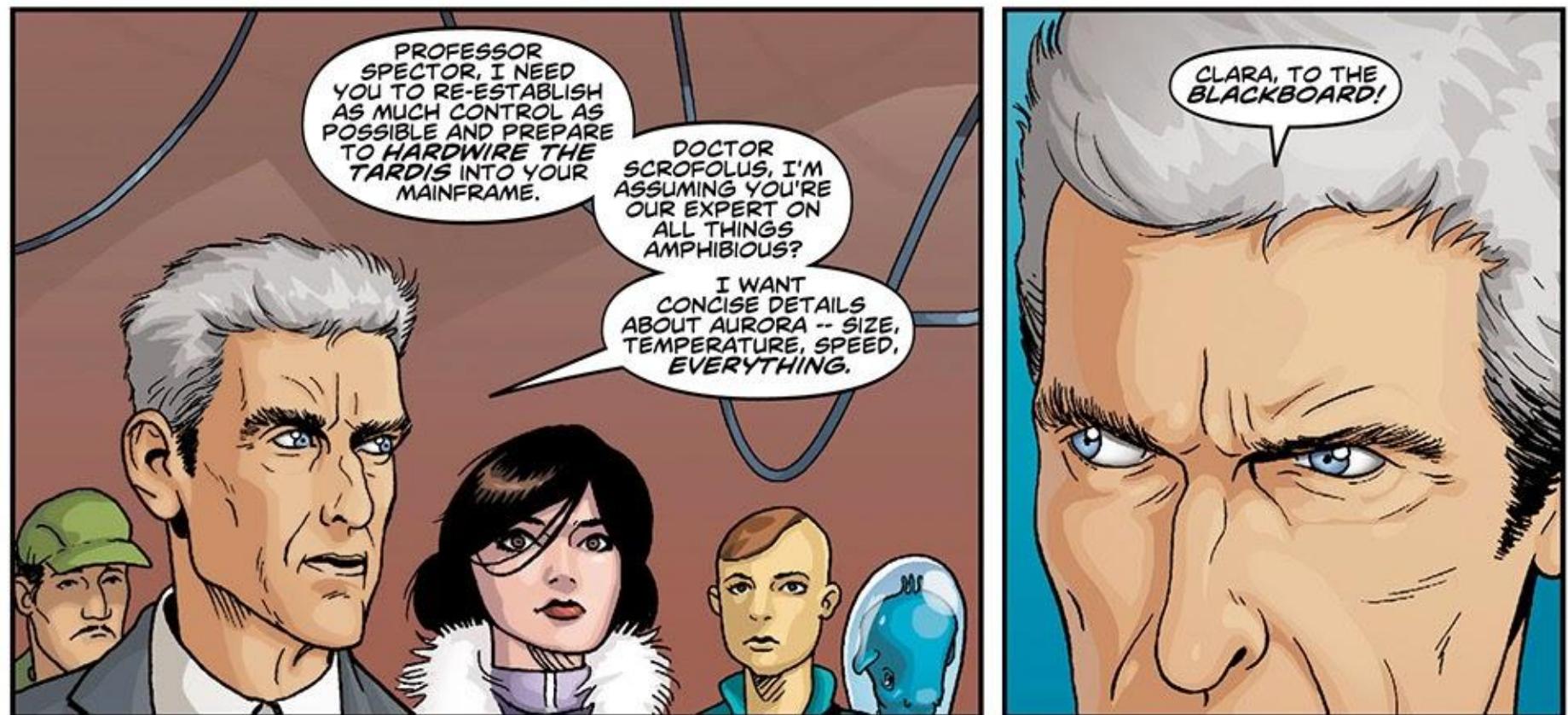
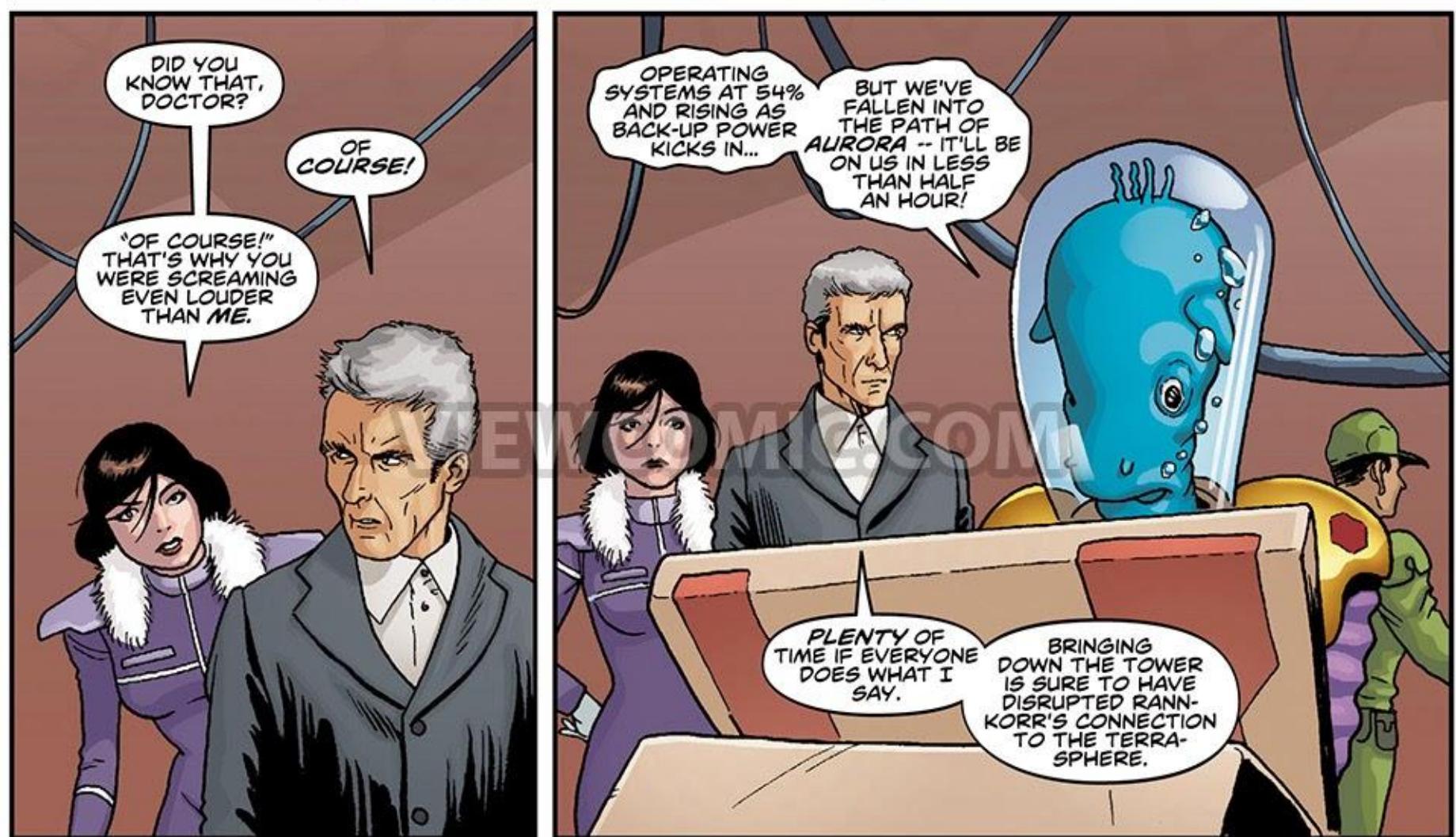
AND
CRAMMING MY
SHIP WITH DEAD
WEIGHT WOULD
ONLY BE A DRAG
ON MY ESCAPE
VELOCITY.

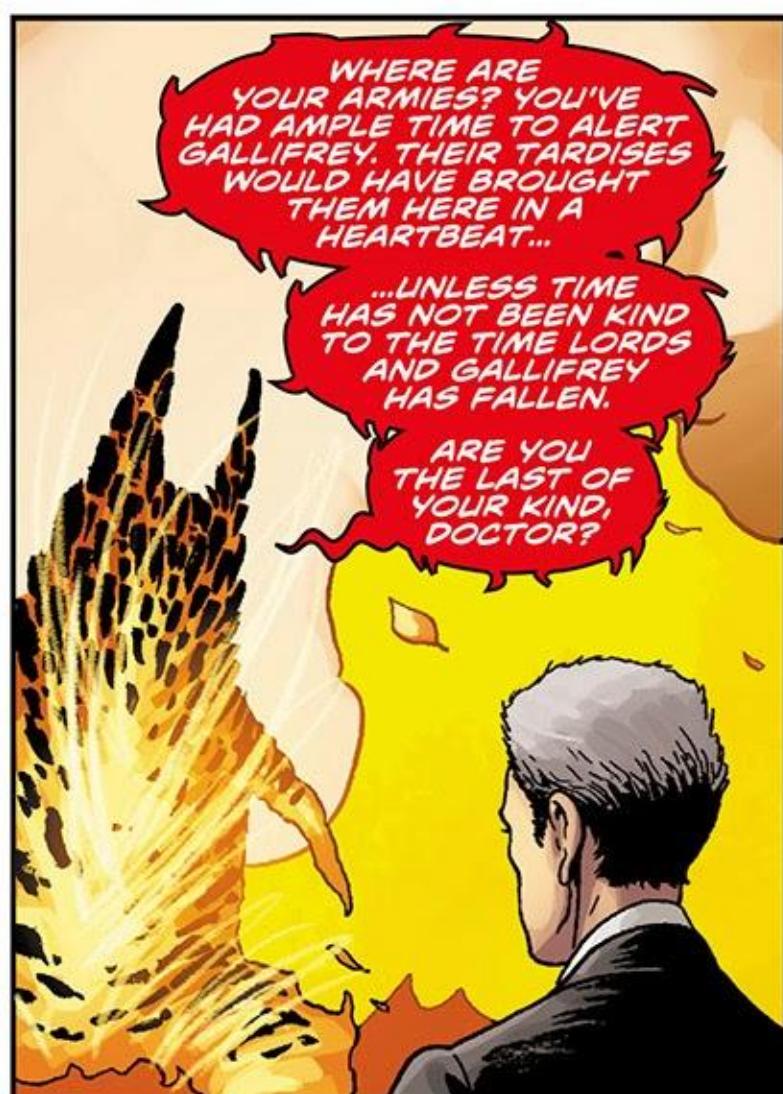
HAH! SO OUR
HONEYMOON'S
OVER BEFORE
IT EVEN
BEGAN?

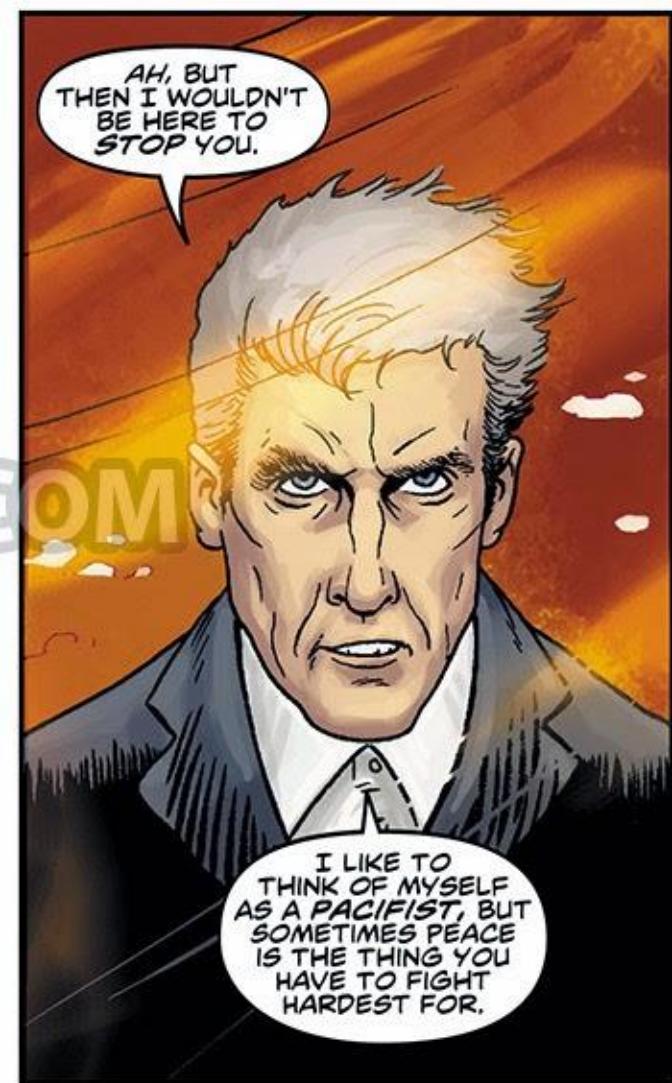
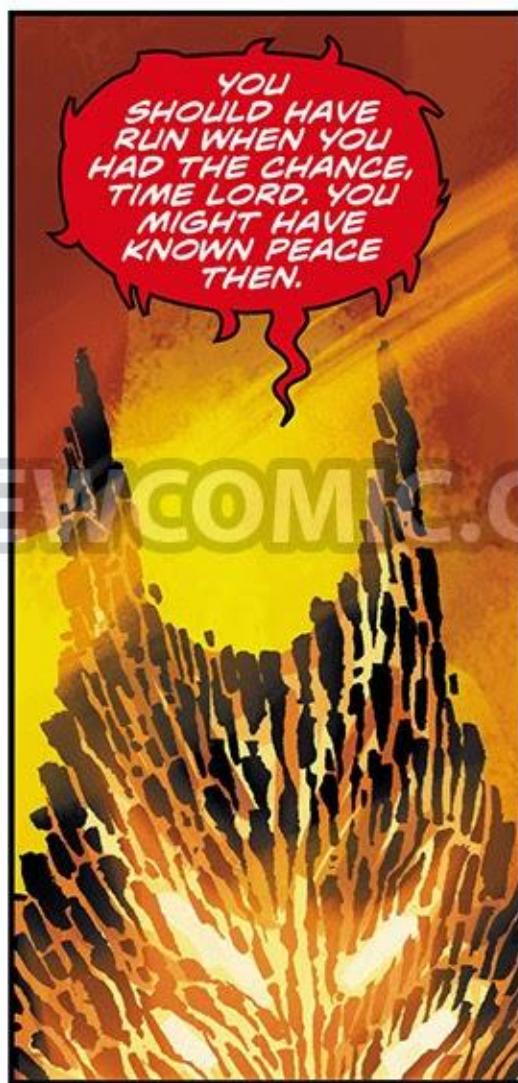
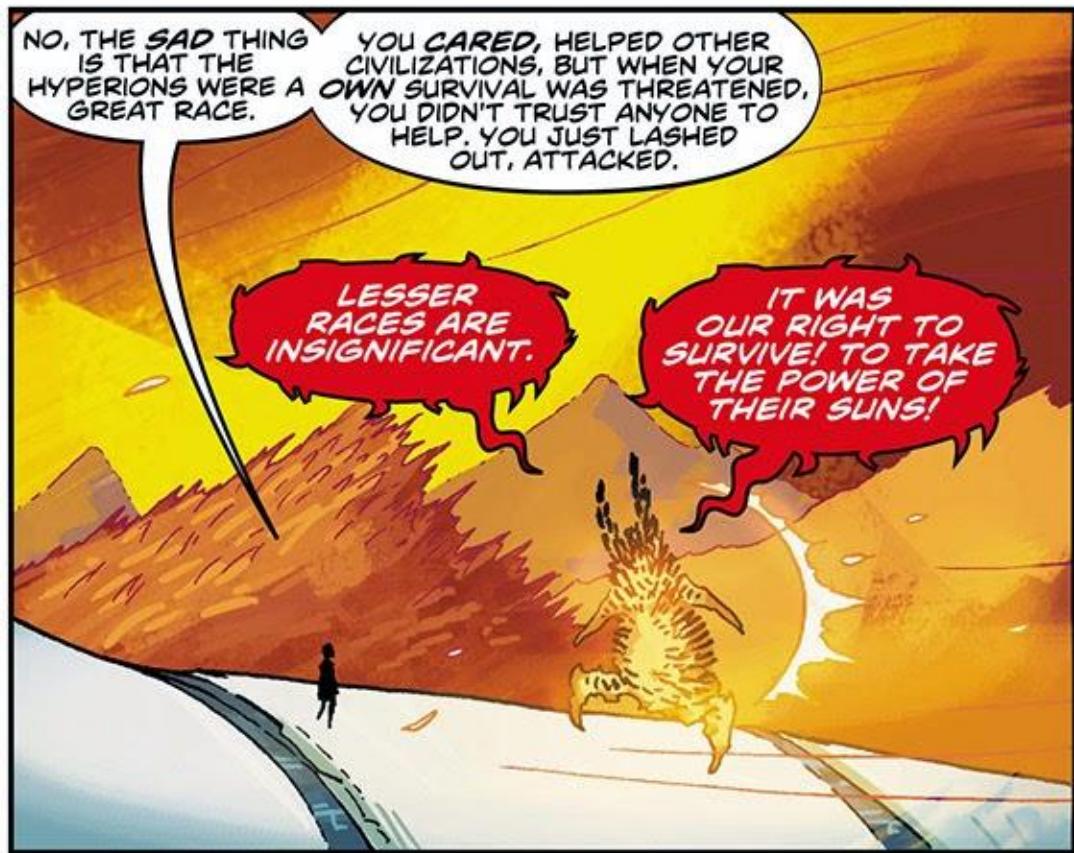
GOOD!

NO!





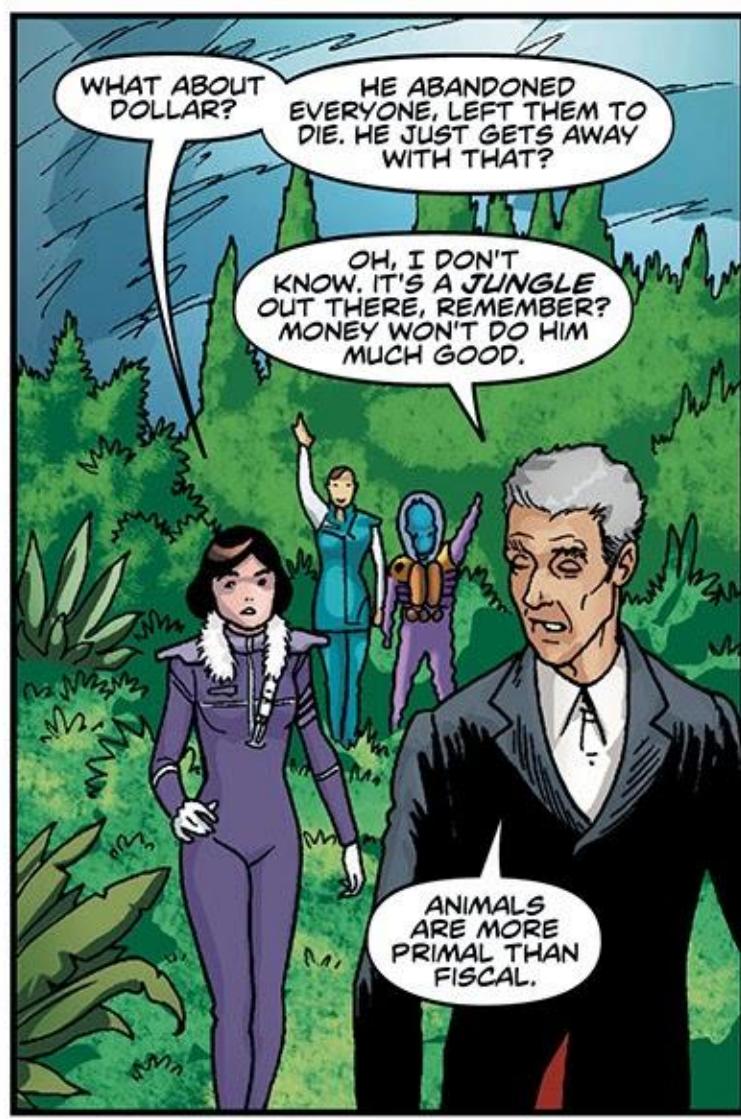
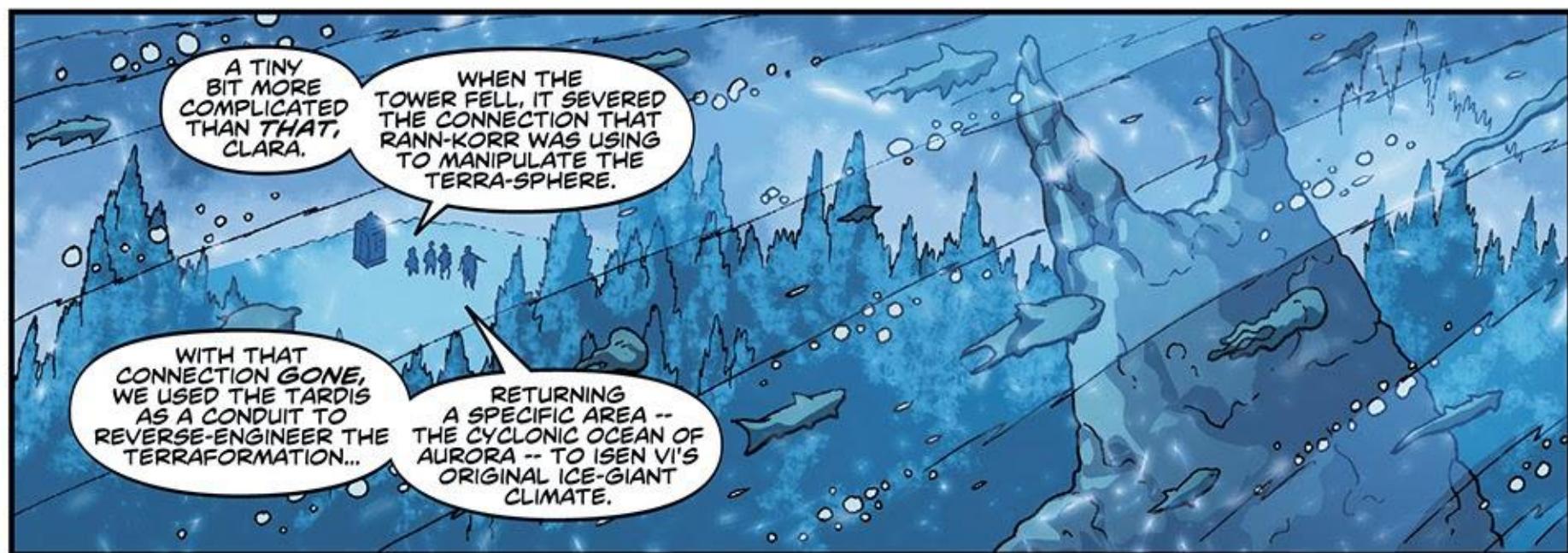












REPEAT.
THIS IS A DISTRESS
CALL FROM KANO
DOLLAR. YEAH,
THAT KANO
DOLLAR.

I'LL MAKE
WHOEVER PICKS ME UP
AT THESE CO-ORDINATES
A MILLIONAIRE IN THE
CURRENCY OF THEIR
CHOOSING -- A MULTI-
MILLIONAIRE.

IS THERE
ANYBODY OUT
THERE?

CHAKKA
CHAKKA
CHAKKA

OH, YOU
LOT.

YEAH, CUTE,
I KNOW, I APPROVED
YOUR DESIGN. BUT I'VE
HAD A BAD DAY, I'M NOT
IN THE MOOD, SO BEAT
IT, Y'HEAR ME?

GO ON,
GET OUT OF
HERE!

I OWN YOU.
I MADE YOU. YOU
HAVE TO DO WHAT
I SAY. IT'S IN YOUR
GENES.

SO,
BEAT IT!

SHAKKA
SHAKKA
SHAKKA

AAAAAAUIIIIEEEEEEEE!

2114 AD.

Neptune.

4.5 billion kilometers
from the Sun.

4.3 billion kilometers
from Earth.

Wind-speed 2100
kilometers an hour.

Surface temperature
-218 degrees centigrade.

Hyperion Rises.

TO BE CONTINUED!