BBC THE **TENTH DOCTOR** ADVENTURES **YEAR TWO**

DOCTOR WHO

DOCTOR WHO

NICK ABADZIS
ELENA CASAGRANDE
ARIANNA FLOREAN

SAMBA D'ORPHEUS
NEW ORLEANS

FATHER.

FATHER, I HEAR YOU.

I HEAR YOUR VOICE AS CLEARLY AS I HEAR MY OWN.

"THE STARS ARE NOT ISLANDS."

I HAVE A CONSCIENCE NOW... SHE BUZZES IN MY EAR, LIKE A NILE MOSQUITO.

I AM CAUGHT BETWEEN THESE TWO CONVERSATIONS, MY OWN THOUGHTS DISAPPEARING LIKE SO MUCH DUST CAUGHT IN THE SPINNING, VANISHING FUNNEL OF A DOWNWARD SPIRAL.

AND STILL I WAIT.

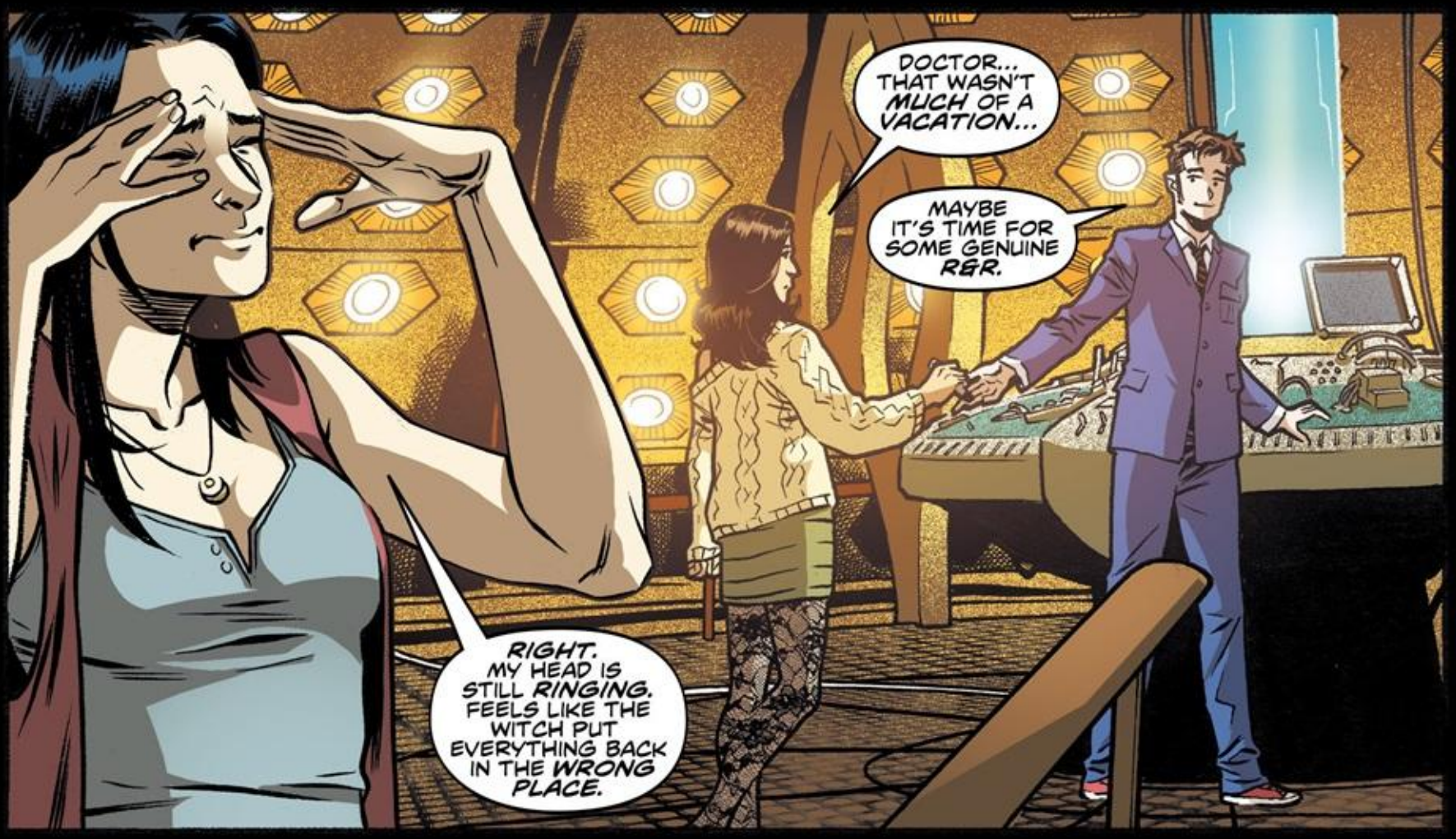
I GROW IMPATIENT.

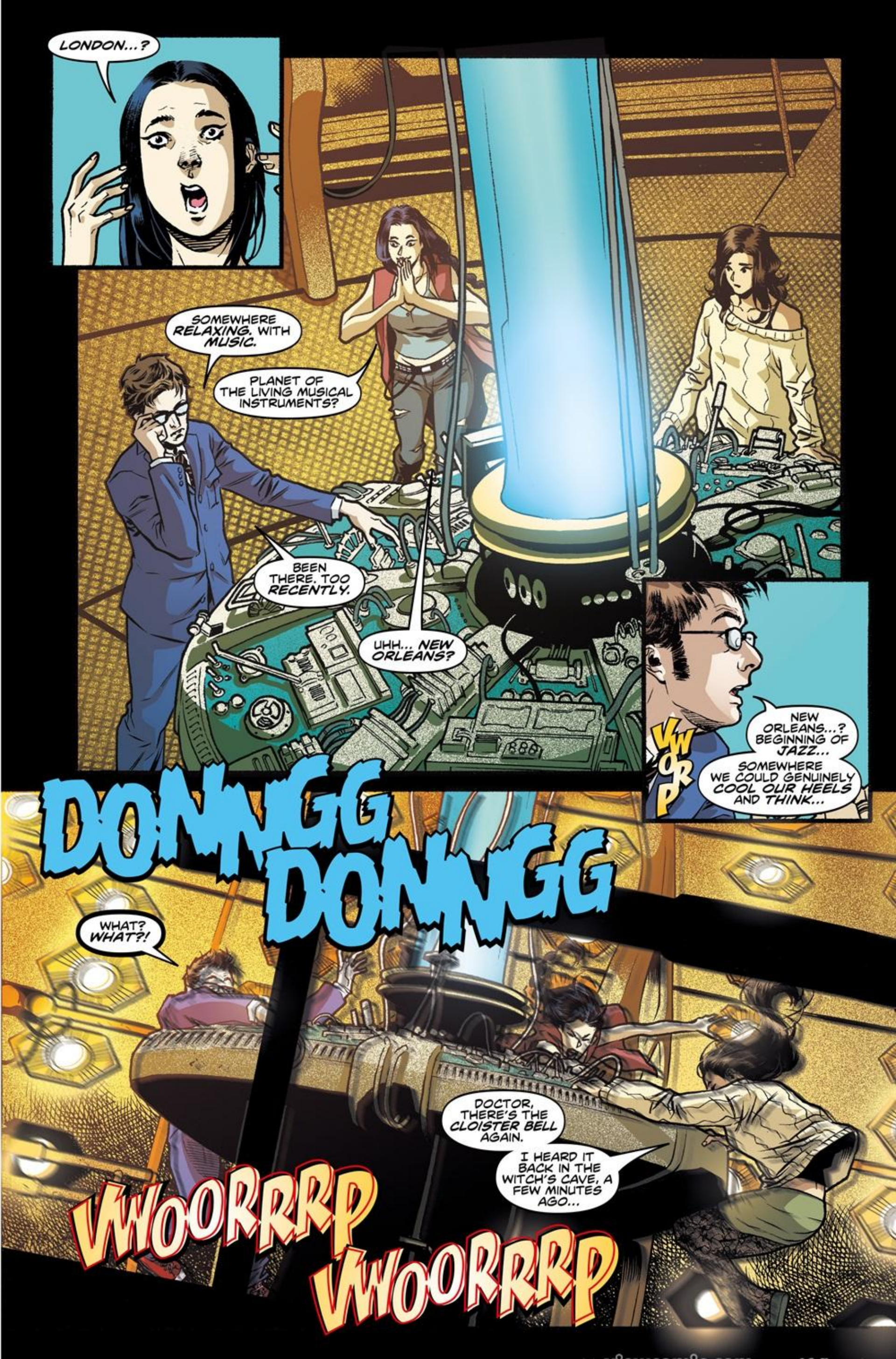
DOCTOR...?

VWOORRRP VWOORRRP

DOCTOR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
...

FINE. I'M FINE.
IT'S NOTHING.
JUST A LITTLE TELEPATHY-INDUCED NAUSEA.


DOCTOR... THAT WASN'T MUCH OF A VACATION...
MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR SOME GENUINE R&R.
RIGHT. MY HEAD IS STILL RINGING. FEELS LIKE THE WITCH PUT EVERYTHING BACK IN THE WRONG PLACE.


LONDON...?
SOMEWHERE RELAXING. WITH MUSIC.
PLANET OF THE LIVING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS?
BEEN THERE. TOO RECENTLY.
UHH... NEW ORLEANS?
VWOOP
NEW ORLEANS...? BEGINNING OF JAZZ...
SOMEWHERE WE COULD GENUINELY COOL OUR HEELS AND THINK...
DONNGG DONNGG
WHAT? WHAT?!
DOCTOR, THERE'S THE CLOISTER BELL AGAIN.
I HEARD IT BACK IN THE WITCH'S CAVE, A FEW MINUTES AGO...
VWOORRRP VWOORRRP

CHWWWWM
WHAT?
MULTIPLE DIMENSIONAL CONVERSION FAILURES...?
POLICE BOX
POLICE BOX
SOMETHING IS INTERFERING WITH THE... RELATIVE CONTINUUM STABILIZER...
THERE ARE INCREDIBLE PRESSURES ON THE OUTER PLASMIC SHELL OF THE TARDIS!

DOCTOOOOOOOR!
HELP!
IT'S HAVING AN EFFECT ON BOTH THE TARDIS' INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL DIMENSIONS!
WOORRRR
OH NO, YOU DON'T.
ENGAGING EMERGENCY MAGNITUDINAL INHIBITORS...!

STUPID! STUPID.

DIDN'T THINK THAT POWERING THE TIME SCOPE FROM THE CONSOLE WOULD PUT THE TARDIS UNDER SUCH STRESS.

YOU MEAN THAT LASH-UP IN THE WITCH'S CAVE?

ZROOOP

FRZZT

ZTTCH

YES. MADE THE OLD GIRL VULNERABLE...

...FOR A VARIETY OF REASONS...

MANAGED TO SEAL ANY POTENTIAL DIMENSIONAL LEAKS.

WAS THAT A MALFUNCTION... OR AN ATTACK?

IT WAS THE PERFECT MOMENT FOR SOMETHING TO ATTEMPT TO BREACH THE TARDIS' DEFENSES...

IF IT WAS AN ATTACK, THEY MAY TRY AGAIN.

WE'VE LOST CINDY.

NO-- NO.

SHE'S STILL HERE IN THE TARDIS... JUST.

SHE'S ALIVE.

ENOUGH ALREADY.

PLEASE STOP.

I'M ON HOLIDAY. VACATION. SUPPOSED TO BE HAVING A DAY OFF.

GUESS I'M STILL IN THE *TARDIS.*

HELLO...? DOCTOR...? *GABBY?*

LOTSA DOORS.

SO, AM I SUPPOSED TO OPEN ONE... OR JUST *KEEP WALKING?*

LONG WAY. CAN'T EVEN SEE THE *END* OF THIS CORRIDOR...

WHAT WAS IT THE DOCTOR *SAID...?*

"THE TARDIS IS VIRTUALLY INFINITE."

EITHER IT *IS* OR IT *ISN'T* DOCTOR.

BUT MAYBE I CAN FIND A *WAY BACK* TO THE *CONSOLE ROOM...*

DOCTOR...?

WEEEEEOOOOW

YOWWWW

CINDY?

DOCTOR?

HELP!

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

DON'T OPEN ANY DOORS!

NOW YOU TELL ME?

HANG ON -- I CAN INFLUENCE THE PLAUSIBILITY OF THE LOCAL VACUUM FOLDS...

SHOULD GIVE YOU A BIT OF LIFT...

NOW SHUT THAT DOOR.

OH

DOCTOR, THERE'S SOMETHING HORRIBLE AND SQUIRMY AND ALIVE IN THERE!
NOPE...
NO OTHER LIFE SIGNS...

YOU NEVER BELIEVE ME!
YOU'RE TRAPPED IN A DIMENSIONAL BUBBLE THAT WAS FORMED WHEN THE TARDIS MOMENTARILY LOST PLASMIC COHESION.

IN ENGLISH?
ACTUALLY, I DON'T CARE. JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE!
POSSIBLY YOU PERCEIVED A PSYCHIC ECHO OF SOME KIND -- A REFLECTION OF YOUR DEEPEST FEARS.
HONESTLY, THERE'S NOTHING ELSE THERE WITH YOU.
BRAVE HEART, CINDY! SOMEONE ELSE HERE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU...

GABBY!
HON? IT'S ME.
STAY WITH IT. HE'S COMING TO GET YOU OUT OF THERE.

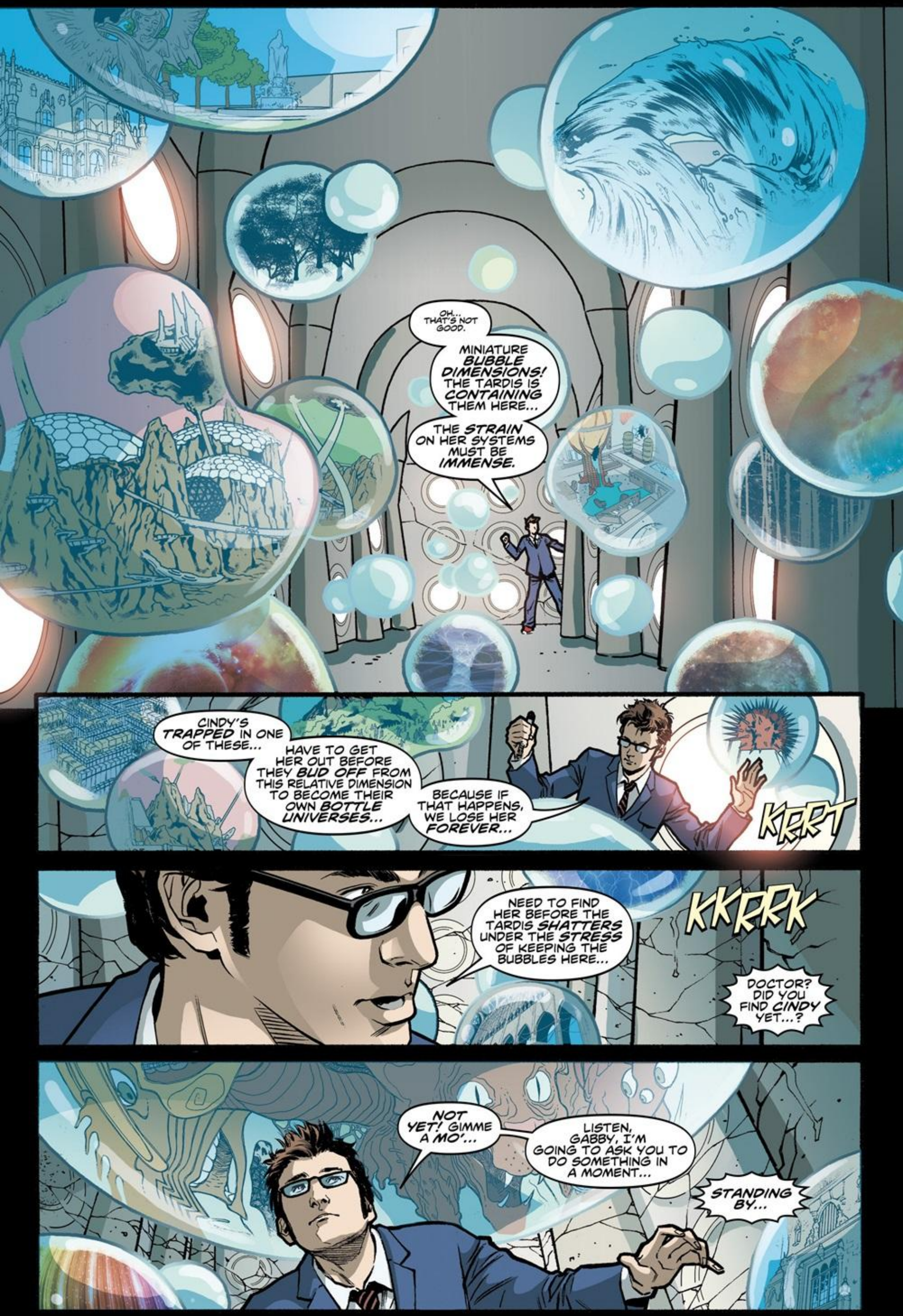
OKAY... TELL HIM TO HURRY.
SOME OF THESE -- UH, FIGMENTS OF MY IMAGINATION SOUND LIKE THEY'RE TRYING TO GET THROUGH THESE DOORS.
SOME OF 'EM SEEM EAGER TO SAY HI...
CRNCH
RATTLE RATTLE

SCRATCH THAT. SOME OF 'EM SOUND REAL ANGRY.
BUT THEY'RE JUST A "PSYCHIC ECHO," RIGHT? CAN'T POSSIBLY HARM ME...
RUN, HON!
OWOO-OOOO-OOO

SIGNAL'S FLUCTUATING.
GABBY, CAN YOU HEAR ME? TELL CINDY TO STAY PUT!

I CAN'T. DOCTOR SHE'S BEING CHASED BY SOMETHING!
CHASED?
CHASED, YEAH.
ARE YOU TALKING TO HIM? TELL HIM, YEAH, CHASED, AS IN PURSUED AND IN FEAR FOR HER LIFE.

DID YOU GET THAT?
YUP.
GOT A READING ON HER, NOW.
TELL HER NOT TO WORRY, I'LL BE THERE IN A JIFFY...


OH... THAT'S NOT GOOD.
MINIATURE BUBBLE DIMENSIONS! THE TARDIS IS CONTAINING THEM HERE...
THE STRAIN ON HER SYSTEMS MUST BE IMMENSE.
CINDY'S TRAPPED IN ONE OF THESE...
HAVE TO GET HER OUT BEFORE THEY BUD OFF FROM THIS RELATIVE DIMENSION TO BECOME THEIR OWN BOTTLE UNIVERSES...
BECAUSE IF THAT HAPPENS, WE LOSE HER FOREVER...
KRRT
NEED TO FIND HER BEFORE THE TARDIS SHATTERS UNDER THE STRESS OF KEEPING THE BUBBLES HERE...
KKRRK
DOCTOR? DID YOU FIND CINDY YET...?
NOT YET! GIMME A MO'...
LISTEN, GABBY, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING IN A MOMENT...
STANDING BY...

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY THAT!
SEE THAT RED LEVER NEXT TO THE SCANNER?
SURE DO.

WHEN I SAY SO -- PULL IT BACK AS HARD AS YOU CAN.
WE WERE IN NORMAL SPACE WHEN THIS MESS OCCURRED.
BY ENTERING THE TIME VORTEX, WE MIGHT BREAK THE CONNECTION BETWEEN US AND THESE BUBBLE DIMENSIONS...

FROM THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE, I'M GUESSING THAT IS DANGEROUS...?
MIGHT BE OUR ONLY CHANCE TO RESCUE CINDY AND GET THE TARDIS BACK TO NORMAL.
WE'LL EITHER BREAK FREE OR THE OLD GIRL WILL TEAR HERSELF APART TRYING.

LIKE I SAID--
STANDING BY.

DOCTOR... LI'L HELP HERE?
I'M ABOUT TO BE EATEN BY SOME MAD GODS...

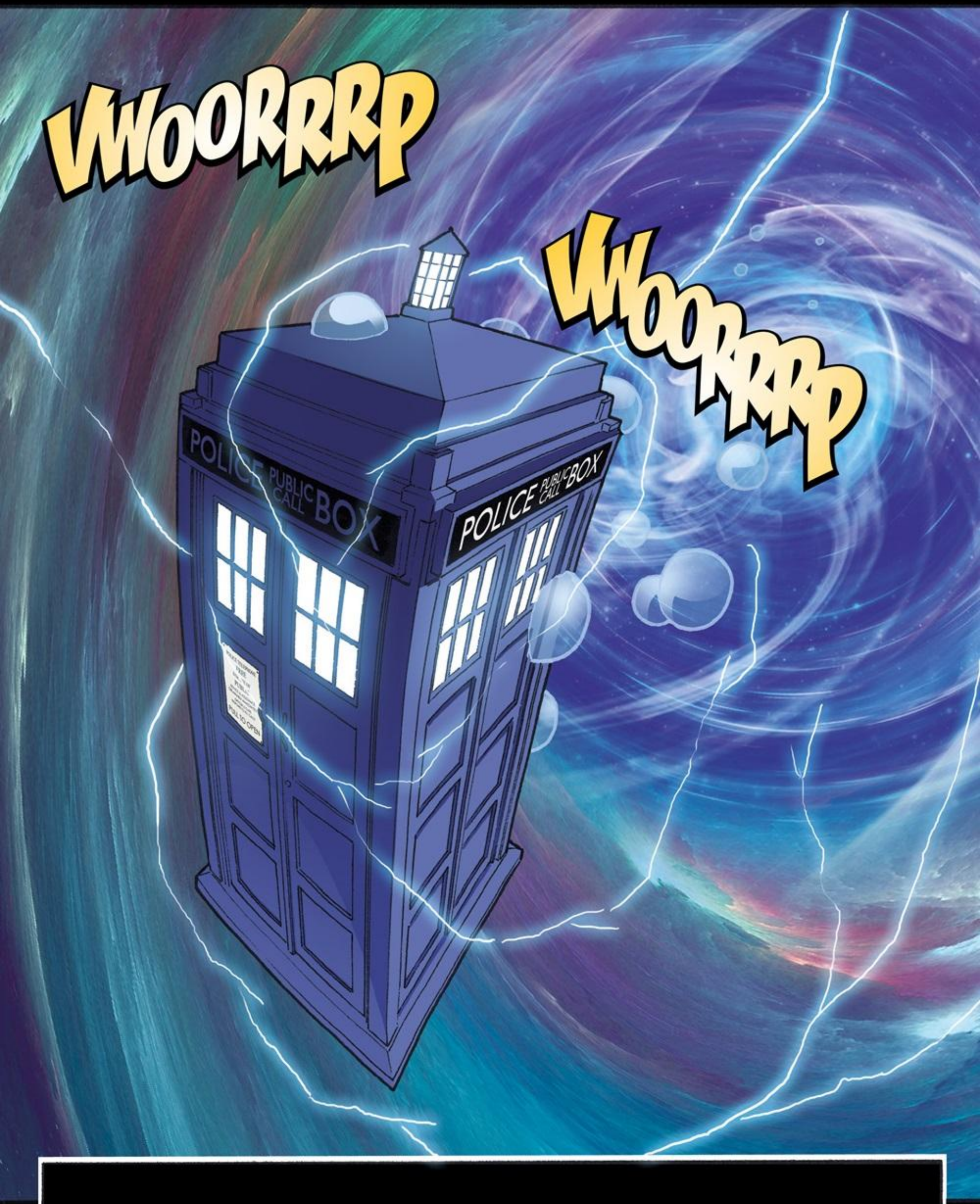
I SEE YOU.
GABBY -- HIT THAT LEVER--

PCHHOO
DOCTOOOOOOOR!
VRRRE
NOW!

CINDY!
GRAB MY HAND!

WHAM

VWOORRRP
VWOORRRP
HOLD ON


VWOORRRP
VWOORRRP
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

THE MONSTERS IN THAT BUBBLE DIMENSION... BEHIND THE DOORS...
THEY REMINDED ME OF THE THINGS I SAW THAT TIME IN GABBY'S SKETCH BOOK.
I DIDN'T IMAGINE THEM THEN AND I DIDN'T IMAGINE THEM THIS TIME, EITHER.
THE BUBBLE'S PHYSICAL REALITY WAS FORMED FROM AN IMPRESSION OF YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS...
BUT NO... YOU DIDN'T IMAGINE ANY OF THEM...

I THINK WE WERE ATTACKED.
DOCTOR, I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE TARDIS WAS INDESTRUCTIBLE.
OR IMPREGNABLE.
OR BOTH...
AND SHE'S OKAY NOW, RIGHT?

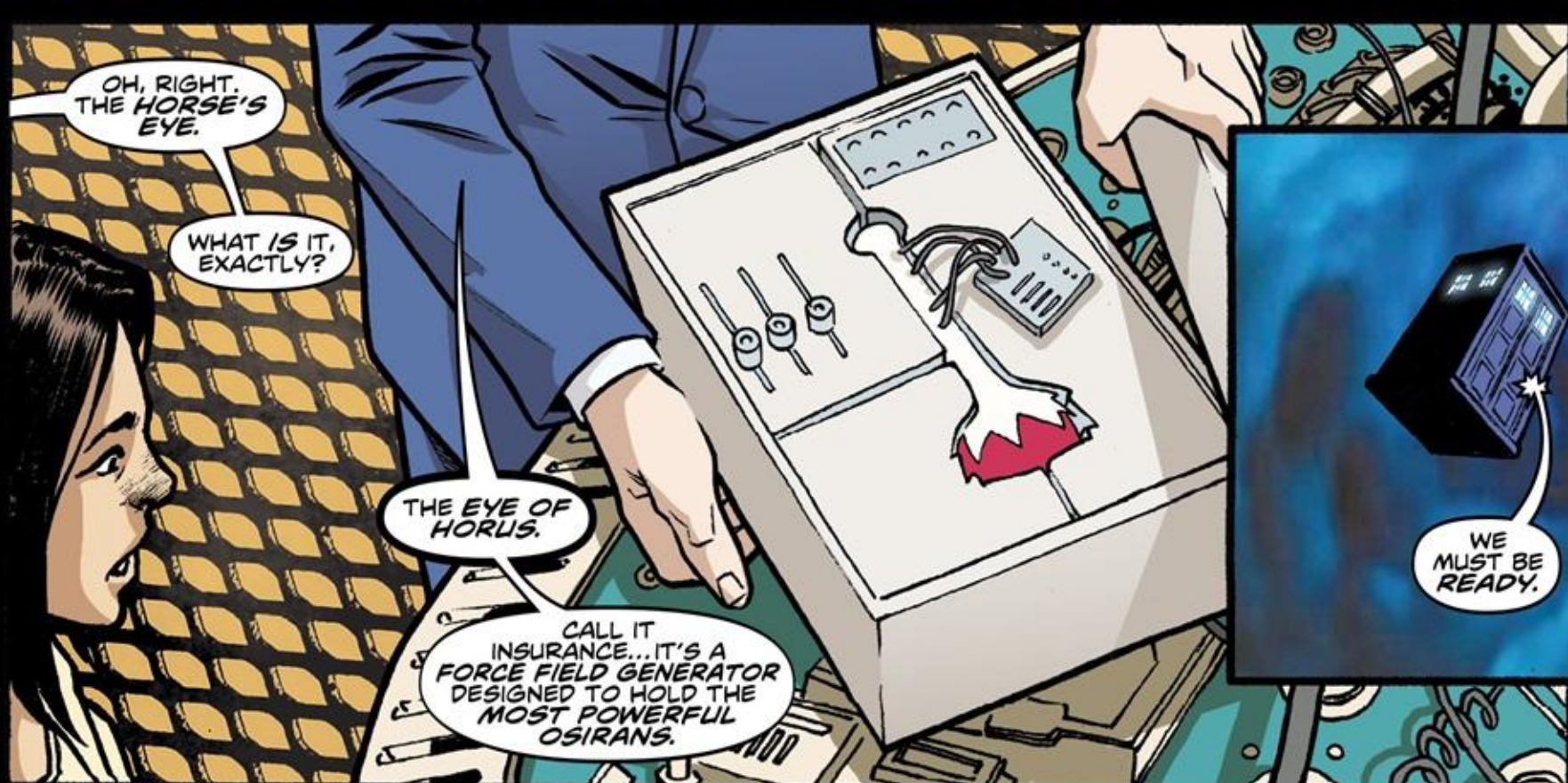
FULLY SEALED AND BACK IN NORMAL OPERATION. WE'RE STILL EN ROUTE TO NEW ORLEANS...
BUT YOU'RE SAYING... SOMETHING GOT INSIDE?

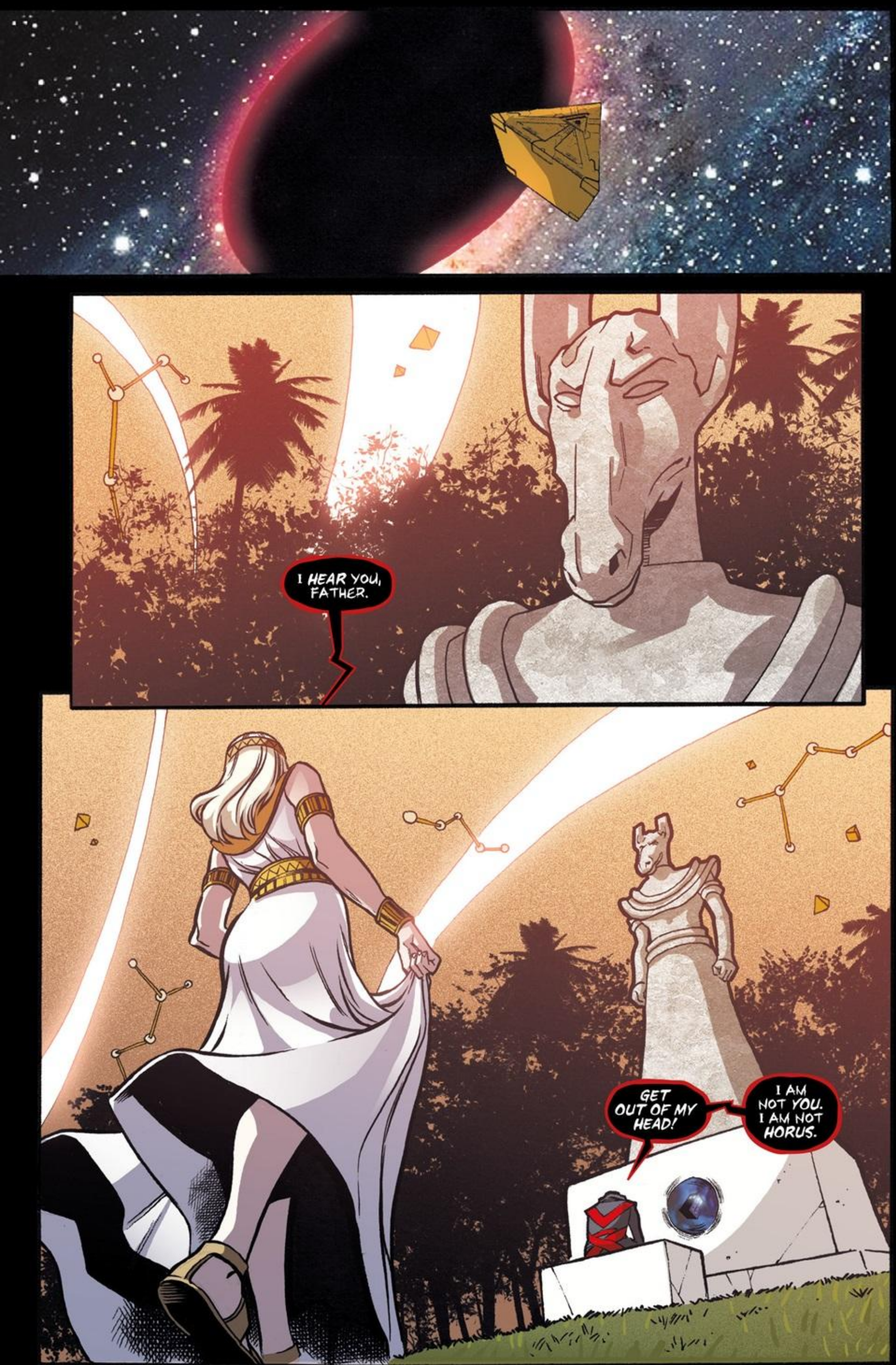
NOTHING CAN GET INSIDE. EXCEPT...
EXCEPT...?
EXCEPT FOR A PSYCHIC PROJECTION.
MENTAL FORCE OF THAT POWER IS... UNIMAGINABLE.
EXCEPT FOR... A BEING OF GODLIKE ABILITIES...?

OUR OLD PAL ANUBIS BEING THE LIKELIEST CANDIDATE...?
RIGHT! ANUBIS...!
I FEEL LIKE I'VE HEARD ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT OLD GODS AND DARKNESS AND, AND -- IT'S ALL A BLUR.
BUT IT FEELS LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TO WARN YOU, DOC.

DOCTOR, YOU THINK ANUBIS IS MESSING WITH US?
EVEN THOUGH WE JUST CHECKED IN WITH HIM AND DOROTHY...? HE SEEMED OKAY THEN...
HE DID... AND ANUBIS IS UNCHARACTERISTICALLY STRAIGHTFORWARD FOR AN OSIRAN...

TOYING WITH US DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HIS STYLE...
ON THE OTHER HAND, YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL...


OH, RIGHT. THE HORSE'S EYE.
WHAT IS IT, EXACTLY?
THE EYE OF HORUS.
CALL IT INSURANCE...IT'S A FORCE FIELD GENERATOR DESIGNED TO HOLD THE MOST POWERFUL OSIRANS.
WE MUST BE READY.


I HEAR YOU, FATHER.
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!
I AM NOT YOU. I AM NOT HORUS.

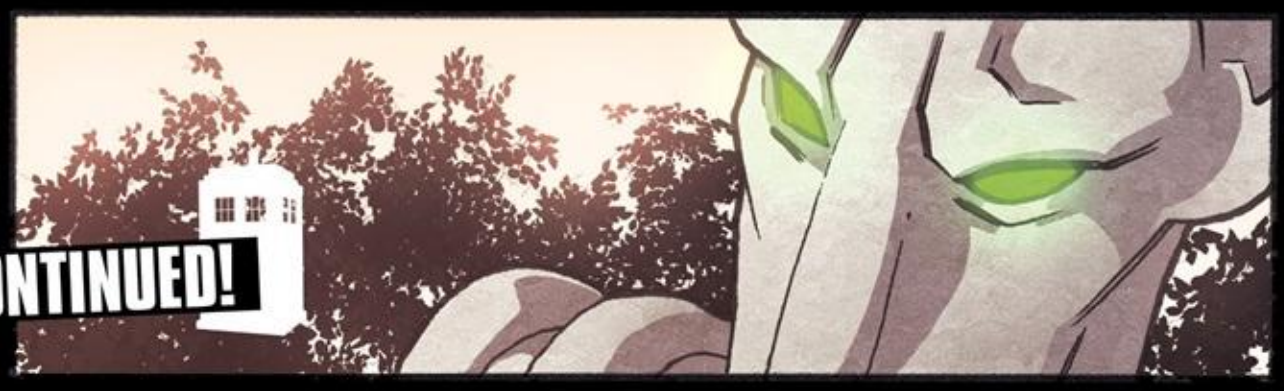
ANUBIS...! HERE YOU ARE AGAIN...!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
...WHAT?
DOROTHY BELL!

WHAT'S GOING ON...?
THAT'S THE DOCTOR. HAVE YOU BEEN SPYING ON HIM AGAIN?
I DO NOT SPY! I HAVE NO NEED TO...!
...WHY DO YOU KEEP COMING TO THIS PLACE, WITH THIS HORRIBLE STATUE OF YOUR FATHER, SUTEKH?

I... DO NOT KNOW. IT'S AS IF IT CALLS ME.
I MAY HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP... HAD WHAT YOU CALL A NIGHTMARE.
PERHAPS GUILT, LIKE A CLOUD UPON MY THOUGHTS, LEADS ME HERE...?

GUILT FOR ALL MY FATHER'S SINS. A SUSPICION THAT HORUS THOUGHT I TOO MIGHT TREAD THE SAME DARK PATH...
HOW CAN YOU EVEN SAY THAT?
SUTEKH WAS THE ULTIMATE NIHILIST. HE WOULDN'T HAVE RESTED UNTIL EVERY LIVING THING IN THE UNIVERSE WAS DEAD.

IN EARTH'S LEGENDS, YOU, ANUBIS, WEIGH EVERYONE'S HEART AND USHER THEM INTO THE AFTERLIFE...
AND I KNOW YOU NOW.
I KNOW WHAT YOU BELIEVE...



TO BE CONTINUED!