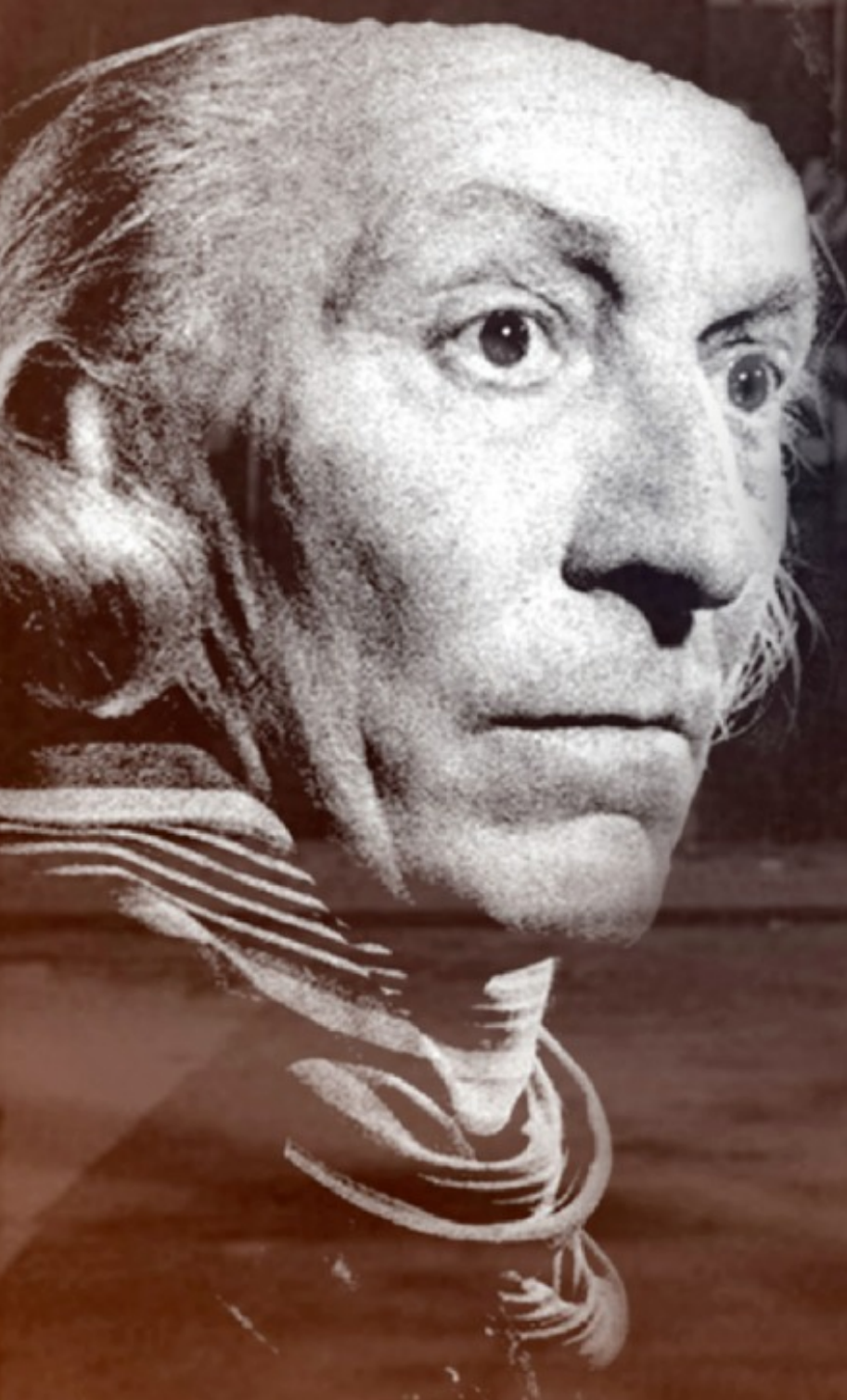


COSMIC



MASQUE



DOCTOR
WHO
I
APPRECIATION
SOCIETY



EDITORIAL

Granted

by Grant Bull

Welcome all and welcome back **Cosmic Masque!**

Yes the Doctor Who team are bringing back some old favourites in the Tenth Doctor and the Zygons for the 50th, so we thought we would do the same and welcome back **Cosmic Masque** to the DWAS fold.

Spread on the virtual pages before you is a mix of fiction, reviews, art and more for you to enjoy.

I would love to hear your thoughts and feedback with a view to whether there should be more editions of **Cosmic Masque** in the future. Please get in touch at ct@dwasonline.co.uk

Oh and Happy Birthday Doctor!

Until next time,

Grant

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REVIEW

THE DALEK PROJECT

by ALED WILLIAMS

"I'm sorry, that probably wasn't very sensitive, was it?"

– *The Doctor, Hellcombe Hall, 1917.*

BBC Books' second Doctor Who graphic novel certainly feels nice. It's got a hefty weight to it, what with being hardback and all. The slip-cover's a colourful mix of gloss and matt with a glossy Matt Smith portrait showing the Doctor running from the triple threat of explosions, something that looks like it should be called a 'tri-plane' and Daleks!

The story starts in North-Eastern France of the future where, to paraphrase Charles Fort, an archaeological dig is uncovering some damned, odd things. The Doctor arrives, seemingly suffering from a bang on the head which we'll return to in the next paragraph but one, and then all hell breaks loose. The Doctor drags the companionable Doctor Angela Todd into the TARDIS and leaves for a mystery destination. As they travel, the Doctor helps the journey go faster by telling Doctor Angela all about the Dalek Project.

The Dalek's project entitled 'The Dalek Project' turns out to be similar but different to the Dalek's project entitled 'Victory of the Daleks' for reasons that we'll get to in the next paragraph. Along the way we encounter some nifty ideas courtesy of Mr Richards: a muddy, bloody trench in North-Eastern France of the past contains a mysterious door leading directly to a corridor that passes through a remix of Evil of the Daleks via a glimpse of Raiders of the Lost Ark followed by some glorious steampunkery, a nod to The Daleks' Master Plan and then back into the genuine brutal hell of the First World War.

The BBC Book entitled The Dalek Project turns out to resemble the BBC programme entitled Victory of the Daleks for the simple reason that sometimes, to once again paraphrase Charles Fort, it just happens to be 'Steampunk-Dalek time'. Originally scheduled for publication back in 2009, when it would have been the first Doctor Who graphic novel released under the BBC Books imprint, someone in Branding noticed the similarity between the two storylines: essentially both turned Power of the Daleks into Boy's Own War Tales. It was decided to shelve the sequentially graphic work in favour of the revolutionary televisual feast that was sure to usher in a new paradigm of toy revenue. In fairness, The Dalek Project is the more successful of the two, although it does suffer from having started life as a Tenth Doctor vehicle – hence the Doctor running through catchphrases on his arrival in France acting as a shorthand replacement for characterisation. This isn't Mr Richards' fault, but it does make our favourite Time Lord sound a little concussed.

At 128 shiny pages, the artwork has obviously been a marathon undertaking for the dependable Mike Collins. Unfortunately this marathon seems to have been a bit of a cross-country in the rain and when the copy and pasting really starts to become apparent toward the end, you can't help but feel he's had enough. Mr Collins is a safe pair of hands, as near to an official artist for the Doctor as you're likely to find and at his most comfortable when he's handling layouts and pencils. His usual solid fluidity is scratchy and rushed here which might be an intentional decision for a strip that would be more at home in Battle than Doctor Who Magazine. It's a change that doesn't do him justice. Of course, having had to redraw the main character throughout the entire story can't have helped. That's not to say that there aren't some lovely moments. You can tell which bits Mr Collins is pleased with because he's signed them. The CGI colouring certainly does its best to enhance the artwork and add drama but the ersatz letratone is unsympathetic and little clunky.

The story, like the art, cracks along at quite a lick, which, unfortunately, turns characterisation and emotion into hurdles to be vaulted as swiftly as possible – twice the whole messy business of heart-ripping grief are dealt with in the space of a few panels via remarkably swift-drying tears. The Dalek Project obviously has some interesting things it wants to say about the industrialisation of war and how it affects and changes people, which make it a shame that the story moves too fast to shoehorn them in. The Doctor has a game stab at a couple of emotional speeches but he's still suffering from that blow to the head so he just... sort of... trails...



Published by: BBC Books
 Author: Justin Richards
 Artist: Mike Collins

Some of the pseudo-historical elements of The Dalek Project sail a little close to the wind, but it definitely comes out on top of Victory of the Daleks as a more mature and considered piece of work. Laced with ideas and themes that would work marvellously in a standard novel, as a graphic novel they end up flailing around desperately. Page 68, along with every one of the inconsistently-formatted text boxes, could be removed without the story suffering at all. The remaining construction lines of what this used to be add to the air of slightly shell-shocked confusion that run throughout. Somehow, this is a work outside of its comfort zone. One dramatic panel is written to show a Dalek holding an injured body draped between gun and sucker stalks - rain lashes the Dalekanium surface and lightning flashes behind the eternal nemesis. It looks amazing. Of course, in a novel the reader wouldn't start wondering how the Dalek managed to lift the person in the first place, which really spoils the desired effect.

The Dalek Project is a tractor disguised, and priced, as a sportscar. It'll do a fine job of ploughing the mindfields of anyone looking for a transmat tunnel that runs between the less-challenging Doctor Who Magazine strips and the more-sophisticated Doctor Who Adventures ones. In the end, everyone involved – Justin Richards, Mike Collins, the Doctor, the Daleks and the reader – all deserve better.



END

FICTION
SHADOWS
IN THE FOREST
by **Robin Bell**

Dalark was out in the gorgeous morning sun. He lived on Montouth, which was covered in the densest forest. People who lived there were at one with their surroundings. Nature living harmoniously, it was an idyllic setting. Dalark was looking at the big oak tree ahead of him, his favourite tree, he swore it had a personality all the shapes that could be seen in it and the deep texture, but it wasn't the same as he looked at it on this morning. It wasn't the same for the tree had two shadows.

Dalark rushed home to his parents. They weren't his real parents, but since the crash and the malfunction these were the only two inhabitants that overcome their fear to take him into their home. It helped that they'd had previous experience of housing a robot after they had found one discarded whose name was Klikbrain. He was brought back to the tree house on Montouth and cared for there, and only shut down for agreed periods of rest.

Dalark hovered up the length of one of the many trees which covered Montouth and entered the tree house at the top. Dalark glided in and didn't know what to do with himself. He had to warn his parents about the shadows but they weren't there. It was just him and Klikbrain again. Saying he felt something was an exaggeration, all he actually felt was an intangible lack, filled only by constantly playing chess with Klikbrain. Dalark used his sucker to push pieces around the board. Every time they were left alone they could discuss what they now called 'the secret', something they had developed over chess called Robot Solidarity, for Klikbrain knew what Dalark was, and where he came from. It would be nice to say they loved each other like brothers, but neither of them knew the concept of love. Dalark took great delight in taking Klikbrain's chess pieces and was about to call checkmate when their parents burst into the tree house.

"Quick we must hide high up in the constant sunlight. The monsters of shadow are back, the Vashta Nerada have returned to Montouth."

Dalark and Klikbrain had no idea who or what the Vashta Nerada were but Dalark could guess it had something to do with the shadows. They could both see the panic it brought

on in their adopted parents. Dalark sidled over to his parents and asked them to hold on to his frame, they did so and Dalark hovered out of the house and up above the trees, his parents then pointed him to a flat flooring where the inhabitants of Montouth gathered when struck by an attack by the Vashta Nerada. It was like a reverse of bomb shelters, this time safety was located high up in plain sight above the shadows of the forest.

Dalark hovered back into the cabin to see Klikbrain sat by the chess table, inviting him to carry on their game throughout the panic surrounding them.

"We're safe they're not after us."

The light in Dalark's eye stalk glowed brighter for a second.

"If they saw you they'd run a mile." Klikbrain continued. "I know what you are, and I can sense it returning to you. You want to go down there and..."

"EX-TER-MIN-ATE"

Klikbrain took a step back in fear. Dalark shuddered.

"I AM SOR-RY"

"I know the struggle to conceal the evil within, and I also know of your evil. All through one man, Abslom Daak. He came long and rescued my master from a Dalek invasion, but he discarded me, until I sought my revenge. I was thwarted and realised that revenge and evil have no place in my circuitry, but they are the basis of yours. You see they didn't hear your name properly when you landed here, you are a Dalek. The most feared name in all the galaxy."

Just then a huge whooping cheer went up from above, it was all the inhabitants of Montouth and they seemed to be cheering at a whooshing noise that faded in and out. Dalark whirled around and stared across Montouth, he recognised the noise and even more so he recognised a blue box that had landed in the forest. Dalark whirled around again to face Klikbrain.

"DOC-TOR"

Klikbrain cowered as Dalark approached him.

*

"Sun is shining, we're in a lovely forest on a beautiful and peaceful planet and all you can do is say that it's cold in the shade, stay out of the shade then. Quite simple. Don't like something, make sure you're not doing it, that's what I always told myself. Move on, move on, or onwards. Or something else, what was it now? Anyway, just avoid the shadows."



The Doctor paused, and whirled around looking at the shadows.

"Oh. Oh, very dear me. Really now Amy, Rory, do stay out of the shadows, I've seen these before, they're very not good at all."

"Doctor?" said Amy, questioning him.

"The Vashta Nerada."

"The what?" chimed in Rory.

"The shadows, they are the shadows, they will devour you it's not pretty it's..."

The Doctor was perturbed at Rory not paying attention to what he had to say, especially considering it's importance.

"Rory, pay attention dear fellow."

Rory was looking up at the sky at something that was hovering down out of the sun.

The Doctor whirled around at this.

"That's just a Dalek, but what you've got to be aware of is the shadows. Within them are the Vashta Nerada and..."

"A Dalek!" shrieked Amy.

"Yes I said that but you're not listening. Oh my, you're right, yes, a Dalek, that's worse isn't it. Run, but don't run into any shadow. Actually don't run it's too late."

The Dalek had landed and it was facing the Doctor.

The Doctor took a moment, straightened his bow tie and took a step forward bravely confronting the Dalek.

"Well done, you scared them all off, one lonely Dalek enough to scare off a whole army of the Vashta Nerada. One lonely Dalek on Montouth, and why? Why? Why haven't you killed us all? I heard people cheering. You haven't killed anyone. Why aren't you saying anything, why aren't you killing?"

The Doctor peered down the Dalek's eyestalk, and looked to Amy and Rory. He shrugged and stepped back, but still Dalark didn't move or do anything.

"I suggest backing away. The Vashta Nerada have gone, this thing isn't killing so let's get in the TARDIS and go." Rory said. The Doctor nodded and Amy didn't have to be told twice. Amy and Rory entered the TARDIS, and the Doctor waited a second on the cusp.

"Wonder what it is doing?" he said before entering the TARDIS and closing the door, which he never got to close fully.

"HELP ME" Dalark blurted out pathetically.

The Doctor whipped open the TARDIS door and strode out towards Dalark.

"What was that? I didn't hear you, well, I say I didn't hear you but I did. I just want to hear you say it again. Go on. Say it."



“HELP ME.”

“A Dalek asking for help, well I never. Why should I?”

Amy and Rory exited the TARDIS wondering what was going on.

“Doctor, are you going to help it?” Amy inquired.

“A Dalek, asking for help, it’s almost, positively, certainly a trap.” said the Doctor, pacing up and down.

Dalark’s eye stalk motioned sadly downwards.

“Awwww” said Amy patting it on the head.

“Don’t Awww a Dalek.” said the Doctor, angrily. This anger quickly vanished though.

“Ok, I’ll help, but if we end up in some chamber on Skaro I’m leaving you two there.”

“Maybe we shouldn’t help.” whimpered Rory, but Amy and The Doctor were already off climbing the tree as Dalark hovered upwards.

“Too late, again.” Muttered Rory before following.

As he looked up Rory tutted.

“Amy, skirt!”

“Sorry.” Amy shouted down to her husband.

As they reached the tree house the Dalek was already waiting for them, standing over another robot who was in a heap in the corner.

The Doctor looked down at the pathetic crumpled robot and reeled back, turning into a twirl.

“Oh me oh my, is this a home for recuperating robots. I have been attacked by both of these before. My days, this is odd. Enemies turning to me for help. You live long enough even your enemies become friends.”

The Doctor got out his sonic screwdriver and went to work on Klikbrain, who had just run away and straight into a wall when trying to get away from Dalark.

As Klikbrain came to he couldn’t thank the Doctor enough, and strangely neither could Dalark who held out his plunger for the most awkward shake of hands.

“Keep your friends close but your enemies closer.” The Doctor said smiling.

“What happens to your friends then Doctor?” enquired Amy.

The Doctor smiled but avoided the question, and turned back to Dalark and Klikbrain.

“So, who would run a place like this? Saving you two and making you, well, nice.”

“I would Doctor” said the woman who entered the tree house, older than when he last saw her, and settled down with a husband now, but still with that same spirit bubbling away inside of her.

“Ace.” The Doctor said a huge smile spreading across his face.

FICTION

THE CHOICES WE MADE

by Gladys Spume

Part I

A swirling howl pierced the air and a vortex of colour burst onto the screen.

'Classic Pertwee', sighed Lisa, glancing at the remote control and pressing eject. It was a cool Saturday afternoon, and Mark and Lisa were only one 'Inferno' into another Saturday night's marathon.

'What now?' asked Mark, his brief attempt at eye contact failing him by the end of the sentence. They had been best friends since they met at Chris Denton's, 'Go as your childhood hero' party three years ago. Mark was dressed as Sylvester McCoy (brown jacket, naturally) and Lisa as Ace, complete with grenade earrings. She had noticed him first, hitting him in the back much harder than she had intended with her baseball bat. From that unintentionally violent beginning, they had become inseparable friends, although for some time now, Mark had begun to see Lisa as perhaps more than a friend.

'Evil of the Daleks?' Lisa asked with a knowing smile.

'If only,' laughed Mark, thumbing his way through the DVD shelf. How about 'The Invasion?' he asked, holding up the cover.

'Yeah, sounds good', replied Lisa, smiling, 'I love the animations.' Lisa didn't really mind what they watched during their Saturday marathons, it was always fun to spend time with Mark, although for some time now, she had begun to see Mark as perhaps more than a friend. As Mark inserted the disc into the DVD player, and returned to his place on the sofa, he caught a whimpering sound coming from the corridor outside.

'Quiet Digby!' called Lisa to the small ginger Pomeranian. But the whimpering quickly became a fierce bark, at least as fierce as a small Pomeranian can get.

'Sssh, Digby,' yelled Mark, his eyes pinned to the disintegrating black and white patterns on the screen. 'It's probably that leaf again.'

As Digby's howls began to drown out the theme music, Lisa rose from her seat to calm down the poor annoying dog. As she turned the corner, Lisa gasped as she saw what Digby had been trying to tell them.

'Mark? Mark! Get in here now!' she shouted.

'What's wrong', Mark asked, getting up from his seat. On turning the corner, Mark let out a tiny scream and clutched Lisa's arm, her eyes momentarily leaving the sight before them to join his, as their bodies connected. The entire wall in front of them had become a dazzling myriad of colours, shifting constantly to create new complex patterns. The whirling fluid chaos was like nothing they had ever seen, certainly not on a cool Saturday afternoon.

'What the hell do you think it is?' asked Mark.

'I have two theories,' Lisa replied as calmly as possible. 'Either a portal to another dimension has materialised in my flat.'

'Or?', swallowed Mark.

'Or there's something wrong with that cider we had.'

Digby suddenly stopped barking, and with wagging tail, ran straight towards the glowing colours.

'No, Digby!', cried Lisa and Mark in unison, rushing to catch him. As the small dog disappeared into the portal, Mark turned to Lisa.

'We have to go after him,' he said, reaching to clutch Lisa's shoulders.

'Alright,' breathed Lisa, 'let's go for it.'

As the two friends held hands for the first long anticipated time, they hesitantly stepped forward, and entered the unknown.

Part II

As two orange, furry blurs ran past their legs, Lisa and Mark steadied themselves and opened their eyes. As far as they could tell, they were in exactly the same place, only now facing the opposite direction.

'Okaaay,' Mark said softly, letting out a deep breath.

'What the hell's going on?' asked Lisa, gazing around the corridor.

Digby's barking was now coming from the living room, but was now joined with that of a distinctly feline hiss. Mark and Lisa, slowly walked back to the living room, and turned the corner to see two familiar faces on the sofa. The man, although with a slightly shorter haircut and a slightly larger tummy, was undeniably Mark. The lady, although with a slightly longer haircut, and holding a frightened ginger cat in her arms, was undeniably Lisa. His target now unobtainable, Digby trotted back to Lisa's feet, and laid down panting.

'Well, this is unexpected', said both of the Lisas.

'What the hell's happening?' asked the new Mark with a baffled expression on his face.

'OK, this is going to take a little explaining.' sighed Mark, his eyes scarcely taking in what was before him. 'We were just at home watching telly, when some kind of interdimensional portal, I guess it was, opened up in the corridor, and it seems to have led us here. I, er, hope we're not intruding.'

'This is all a bit mad to take in.', said the new Lisa. 'But I guess it's a bit hard not to believe with the evidence right in front of us.'

'This is just too weird.' said Mark, looking around the room. It was largely the same as Lisa's living room in his dimension, although with some clear differences. Namely, a number of his own things; his antique telephone, the plastic dinosaurs, and a good number of his DVD's amongst others. Quite surprisingly, the large framed photo of Lisa with Colin Baker was now a picture of Lisa and Mark in what was quite possibly Wales.

'Hang on, are you married?' asked Mark in puzzlement.

'Aren't you?' asked the other Mark with equal interest.

'Well, no, we're just friends, aren't we Mark?' answered Lisa with an obviously unsure air.

'Now that is a shame.' said the second Lisa, twisting her wedding ring. 'We felt the same, until that night at Charlie's.' The happy couple laughed, and looked at the two singles.

'That must have been that New Year's I missed because I did that overtime. I knew I shouldn't have signed up for that.' said Mark in exasperation.

'So, it looks as though we've got a parallel dimension on our hands. Well, let's get some info together. What's your reality like. Are there Zeppelins tethered everywhere and brutal dictatorships running the place? Did Hitler win?' asked the second Lisa like a true sci-fi fan.



'No, none of that. It looks like it's basically the same, apart from, well us. And Digby.' said Mark, as the two animals eyed each other stealthily. 'I was expecting "Unity through Strength" posters everywhere'.

'What's that refer to?' as the second Lisa with a puzzled expression.

'From 'Inferno'. Don't tell me you don't have Doctor Who in your universe?!' quizzed Lisa.

'Oh no, of course we do, we're huge fans, as you can see', the second Mark indicated by pointing to the DVD shelf. 'It's just we haven't seen it, it's one of the missing stories.'

'Now that's interesting.' said Lisa with excitement. 'Do you guys still have Third Doctor stories missing?'

'Of course we do.', replied the second Lisa. 'What is it, 106 episodes from the seventies are lost? Because of the junking they did in the eighties.'

'That's crazy!' spluttered Mark, 'We've got basically the entire Third Doctor on DVD! It's the sixties stuff that we're missing!'

With a surprised look, the second Lisa said, 'Well we've got all of the sixties! All of those were kept safely in Australia!'

'Are you thinking what I'm thinking?' asked Lisa with a raised eyebrow. And indeed they were.

Part III

Back in their respective original realities, the Lisas were loading a stack of DVD's into two large green bags. Suddenly, from either side of the corridor gateway, the two Marks called out to them.

'Lisa! Quick, the portal's closing!' called the original Mark to his Lisa. Throwing the last DVD into the heavy bag, Lisa ran towards the corridor. The edges of the portal were fading, and Lisa hesitantly plunged her torso into the spiralling colours, to see her parallel self running towards her.

'Here you go!' shouted the two Lisas, raising their voices over the roar of the vortex. 'Thanks!' they both responded, laughing. As the portal reduced to roughly a metre in diameter, Lisa ducked and jumped backwards, just in time to see the swirling colours shrink and disappear with a brief flash of light, leaving the smooth wall, unblemished and solid behind it. On the other side of the corridor, the married couple looked at each other, smiled and opened the bag. Their excited expressions however, quickly dissolved.

'Who the hell is Jon Pertwee?' said a puzzled Mark.

'Well,' said Mark, rubbing his hands together, 'we've got some work to do. I think it's our duty as fans to get these to the BBC somehow without people knowing how we got them.'

'We've got plenty of time for that,' smiled Lisa, reaching to clasp Mark's hand. 'I think Ian Levine's going to be happy.'

'I think a lot of people are,' laughed Mark. Grabbing the DVD at the top of the pile, he excitedly poured over the cover. 'The Myth Makers' starring Leslie French?! 'The Web of Fear' starring Michael Horden?! Oh come on!!! No-one's going to believe us if we show these to anyone!'

'Oh well,' said Lisa. 'At least we have each other.'

As the two friends finally kissed, the small ginger Pomeranian's tail began to wag. It was time to put on the next DVD.

END

INBOX

DEAR DWAS... **by Yourselfes**



So Peter Capaldi IS the Doctor and here is what you have been saying about the casting...

Dear DWAS

A fantastic actor and a wise choice for the next incarnation!

Capaldi has got the gravitas, the command and the other-worldliness that will see the beloved Doctor develop in ever more interesting directions.

Can't wait to see him in action now (even though Matt Smith's wackiness and eccentricity will be equally missed!)

James French

Dear DWAS

I think Peter Capaldi is a fantastic choice. Nice to have an older Doctor after David and Matt. I'm really, really looking forwards to see where the show goes with him.

Kate Griffiths

Dear DWAS

I must admit I assumed that Peter Capaldi was a clever red herring to throw people off the scent. I mean he was in the Fires of Pompeii (okay so Colin B also appeared in the show before becoming Doctor) AND in Torchwood. But, I'm excited that he fits a different demographic to Matt and David, and have no doubt he is a fine actor who loves the show and will bring something special to the role.

I also expect we are in for several years of video mash-ups using 'Thick of It' clips!!!!

Geoff Baillie



Hi there,

Delighted at the news of the new Doctor. A well needed shake up to the show, hopefully the more mature casting will be reflected in the script writing... Here's to the next 50 years!

Stephen Wallace

Dear DWAS

Peter Capaldi had an impressively otherworldly quality when he played The Angel Islington in Neil Gaiman's 'Neverwhere' on BBC2 in 1996. I thought he'd be good as Doctor Who then and I'm very pleased that time has caught up with me now. At fifty-five, he's also the oldest actor to take on the role since the first (and in my subjective opinion, the best) William Hartnell. It's time for the TARDIS to spin in a very different direction and I now believe it's going to!

Timothy Farr

To DWAS

Looking forward to seeing what Peter brings to the role, as he is a big fan hopefully the role is in safe hands.

Tracy Gill

Hello

I am very heartened to hear the news that Peter Capaldi is the new Doctor Who. From what I've seen of his work, he is a strong and adaptable character actor. He was brilliant as the put on MP in 'Torchwood: Children of the Earth' and 'The Fires of Pompeii' episode of Doctor Who.

Garry Hole

Dear DWAS

Writing to welcome Peter Capaldi as Doctor number 12. I've had the good fortune to work with Peter - he was my Morris Dancing companion in an afternoon play for the BBC a few years back (long story!!), and a splendid chap he was too, on and off screen. I think the show is in good hands with him as the lead, and it will be really interesting to see just what sort of persona the next incarnation of our favourite Time Lord has. Less physical? More cerebral? We'll all have to wait and see!

The Doctor is (nearly) dead - long live The Doctor!!

Stephen Aintree

Oh dear

Yet again, the new Doctor is announced and already the 'fans' are not happy with the choice.

But within a few episodes Peter Capaldi will be and always will be for all eternity 'the Doctor' and will be to some fans 'my Doctor' as Jon Pertwee is 'my Doctor' to me.

To hear 'too old' at 55 is nonsense. I am sure Peter will give an energy to the part, no under 55 can give, he has experience and has lived through all the Doctor's generations and been a life long fan. How can being 55 be bad for the part? I think that his age can only be good for the programme and take it in a complete different direction that will contrast all the younger Doctors that have gone before.

So, to the 'fans' who believe that Peter is too old, think again.

Mike Griffiths



Dear DWAS

How nice for us old 'uns, a Doctor our own age. And a cracking good actor to boot. What more could we ask. Ever since I settled on the floor in front of the 425 lines black & white telly to watch William Hartnell back in '63 I have been enthralled and I cannot see any let up in that enthrallment with this wonderful choice. Good luck Peter and we all, young and old, look forward to a fantastic time traveling the vortex with you.

Joe Turner

Hello DWAS

I think Peter Capaldi is an excellent choice - an established character actor with real presence and experience in a huge variety of styles and genres. He also seems very enthusiastic about it and that speech thanking the fans shows he has the people skills - we like to be liked! The fact that he is almost the oldest Doctor shows how society's expectations have changed - 50 years ago to be in your 50s was well into middle age. Many people only made it to their 60s. Now it is middle aged, just, but with every expectation that you will continue an active life for decades. Nevertheless it will be interesting to see if he is a somewhat less physical Doctor than

the recent ones, perhaps reviving the function of a male companion to do the rough stuff - or maybe a Leela or a Sara Kingdom.

Alison Jacobs

Dear DWAS

Peter Capaldi! To me, this is surprise choice but likely to be brilliant. His performance in Torchwood: Children of Earth was totally convincing and totally chilling. I hope that Capaldi's health is up to it, and he certainly looks years younger for his age that William Hartnell did. Has anyone else noticed how much like Matt Smith he looks: tall, longlimbed, long slender face? Also they both had the same short hairstyle for the announcement programme. Scotland seems a fertile area for Time Lords. McCoy, Tennant and now Capaldi. Let's hope each one is even more successful than the one before.

Jane Evans

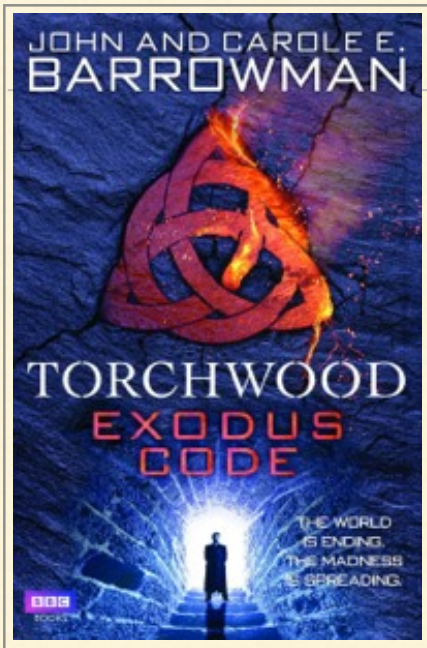
Please keep your letters coming into the usual address – ct@dwasonline.co.uk

END

REVIEW

TORCHWOOD: EXODUS CODE

by Dean Hempstead



Torchwood: EXODUS CODE

Publishers: BBC Books

Authors: John and Carole E. Barrowman

ISBN: 978-1-846-07909-8

Torchwood has had a hard time of it over the last few years. I don't think it ever recovered from the Children of Earth series because it was just so good. As a result I think Miracle Day suffered because it was so far removed from what had gone before. Miracle Day continued that journey that Children Of Earth started, taking it out of its cosy little setting in an underground hub in Cardiff and out onto a huge international platform.

Events after both series has left Torchwood a little unsure of where home is. It has in some stories felt a little lost, with characters spread out all over the globe after huge losses have been suffered, first with Ianto Jones, and later Esther Drummond. The subsequent audio plays have left the listener with a feeling that the characters are trying to pick up their lives in between the bigger stories. With the TV series on hold leaving no format for these stories to pick up on it feels as if Torchwood has lost its focus. Great stories, nonetheless, and the writers have done an amazing job to keep Torchwood alive, but it does feel as if it has lost its way.

So, it was with great excitement when I heard that Captain Jack Harkness himself, John Barrowman was going to write a story alongside his frequent co-writer and sister Carole E Barrowman. I was hoping that they would get Torchwood back on track.

The story begins where Miracle Day left off with Torchwood still very much on the international stage, off of the southern coast of Peru in the 1930's. Because of the excellent descriptive writing of the opening scene, the writers make it very easy to imagine the stunning and exciting pre-credit visuals if this had this been a TV story. Jack is there to investigate 3 large glowing rings that appear to be deep within the heart of the mountain accompanied by his pilot, and lover Renso. The sound of a deep rhythmic heartbeat within the mountain also adds to the tense atmosphere at the beginning of the story. By opening the book with Jack, it quickly enables the reader to get right into the centre of the action and the dialogue between Jack and Renso makes you feel like you are back on familiar territory. The relationship between them really shines through and the way in which Jack switches so effortlessly between the flirting Jack, and the cold calculating Jack who is always ready to make the tough decisions is very true to the character.

Gwen's story in this book is a predictably contrasting, however, as she is out of action for most of the story. Now that Gwen and Rhys have their daughter Anwen, it seems that for the most part Gwen is written into a corner that many writers can't seem to get out of. This often leaves Rhys redundant too and back to all the domestic duties which do fit in with his character from the first two series of Torchwood. It's a shame because



with all the revelations that he experienced when he discovered Torchwood, his character has received quite a bit of development up to Miracle Day.

The book contains plenty of science, which in essence seems plausible for the universe in which it is set, however I do wonder how many more threats the planet Earth can feasibly have contained within itself. There is a wonderful exploration of ideas as the investigation gets underway on board the survey ship Ice Maiden, and the characters of Cash, Vlad, Eva, Hollis and even Shelley are fleshed out just enough for the reader to feel as if we have readymade new additions to the Torchwood team. It was great to see Rex Matheson again too; however I don't think we really saw enough of the character in this book. I suspect that it was difficult to include him in any depth within the story after the revelation of his now immortal status at the conclusion of Miracle Day. The fact that he appeared to have never ending life is a storyline in itself that we have not yet been exposed to.

The book flows along nicely, is very easy to read and does achieve a satisfactory conclusion. What I really enjoyed about this book was that unlike other Torchwood stories I have read, the authors seems to have free reign on making references to other characters, villains and events within the Doctor Who universe. Most of the stories that I have read or listened to, especially the later ones are caged firmly within the Torchwood framework.

To sum the book up, I would say that Torchwood Exodus Code builds upon what was achieved in Miracle Day. It is another epic storyline where the world is facing another threat from within. It's an enjoyable read. It's not going to make any drastic changes to the ongoing Torchwood story, but the story moves along at a cracking pace with plenty of action and science. Just what you would expect from Torchwood. John Barrowman clearly knows the character that he has inhabited so very well, and I suspect that he wrote most if not all of Jack's dialogue. I would certainly like to read more from them.

END

FICTION

DRABBLE WHO

by Patrick White

The large ship drifted through the blackness that is space as it would continue to do for many centuries. The automatic functions carried out their tasks silently; the only sound in the ship was the sound of raised voices. In an opulent chamber stood eight people, seven of whom were directing their anger towards the eighth.

"You promised that the machine would give us eternal life."

"I promised nothing." came the sharp retort. "How could I know that the machine could not be modified without this..." he paused and looked at his disfigured companions, "...effect on us."

"But are we now eternal?" another asked.

"Yes, my brothers. I fear that we are, and we must live out eternity in perpetual torment unless it can be finished. The ship must guide us. Come, we must sleep. Preparations have been made."

Mawdryn left the chamber and his companions followed as the ship carried on with its long journey.



END

REVIEW

THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD

by Tony Jordan

For me episodes 1 & 4 are the most delightful of The Enemy of the World. The filmic quality of the opening reminds me of Tomb of the Cybermen. Innes Lloyd was never afraid to aim big. Episode 3 has, indeed, long been completely misleading with respect to the rest of the story, though I'm always sorry that Denes is killed off as he is. There is some cracking humour, particularly in the early episodes.



Part 4 moves the story on delightfully, the whole lift sequence down to the bunker underneath Kanowa is brilliantly realised. Perhaps the absence of Jamie and Victoria is of benefit to the plot at this juncture. The scientists are, to a man and woman, brilliant in their use of clipboards. This whole plot must surely have had some influence over Barry Letts and Invasion of the Dinosaurs; it was the first Operation Golden Age in many ways.

Both Patrick Troughton & Milton Johns chew the scenery delightfully, Colin Douglas is as good as ever and, as has been mentioned elsewhere, Mary Peach's posterior is lovely. The ending, unfortunately, is rushed which is a shame as the episode under ran - but there were problems I believe, when trying to shoot The Doctor and Salamander in the TARDIS together.

Overall though, this exceeded my expectations. 8 year old me was unhappy with the lack of monsters. Now I can appreciate the many good things in The Enemy of the World.

7/10 and thanks to Philip Morris.

END

FICTION

A BRIEF ADVENTURE

by Patrick White

"Well where to now then?" Bernice demanded as the Doctor strolled into the console room his nose deep in a large book. Receiving no reply she watched as he sat down on the floor and placed the book in front of his crossed legs. Idly he flicked through the pages until he came to one he was obviously looking for. Oblivious to her presence he pulled a large safety pin from his jacket pocket and straightened it out. Screwing up his eyes the Doctor waved his hand in a vague circle three times in the air before bringing the pin down sharply into his left calf. Benny winced as the Doctor cried out and began to roll up his trouser leg. Once that was done he pulled a large spotted handkerchief from his trouser pocket, which he proceeded to wrap around the wound which was rapidly spreading blood on his leg.



"That's not supposed to happen." He muttered sulkily.

Bernice wasn't sure if he was talking to her or not. So she decided to make her presence known.

"What's not?"

"What's not what?" Bernice sighed, it was obviously going to be one of those days.

"What's not supposed to happen?"

"This." He pointed to his improvised bandage.

"Well, what is supposed to happen?" She watched as he took a battered paperback book from yet another pocket and thumbed through it. He came to a certain page and read aloud.

"Whenever I wanted to go on a voyage, and I couldn't make up my mind where to go. I would take the atlas and open it with my eyes shut. Next, I'd wave a pencil, still without looking, and stick it down on whatever page had fallen open. Then I'd open my eyes and look. It's a very exciting game, is Blind Travel." He stood up and limped over to her and gave her the book. "In this account of his journeys he ends up going just where he wants to by using this method. Fate or coincidence?"



"A co-incidental Fortean Flicker?"

"No, no. I don't think, but it is curious." He grinned at her. "You are supposed to use a pencil." She pointed at the relevant page.

He pulled the book from her hands and said petulantly, "I couldn't find one." She reached out and pulled a chewed length of an HB pencil from behind his ear.

"Will this do?"

"Excellent. Try again." He sat back on the floor by the atlas. Eyes closed tight, he waved his arm in the air and stabbed the pencil in the book.

There was a snapping sound as the pencil hit the page and broke in two. One half skittered across the floor and came to rest against the console. The Doctor opened his eyes and looked at the star chart. There was a large black pencil mark in the centre of the page. He sighed. "Not again. I've been there already."

"That means you don't have to go there again. Or so I read before you took the book. Anyway where did it land?"

"The centre of the Universe." was the bored reply. "I've been at the beginning, the middle and probably the end as well."

"So you've seen the history of the Universe." She stopped; a curious expression had appeared on his face.

"The history of the Universe." He repeated, and to her surprise, leapt up off the floor going straight for the console. He began to work, fingers flying across the controls.

"What are you doing?"

"You've reminded me of something I want to pick up. Now be quiet, this needs a tricky bit of temporal manoeuvring. I don't want to bump into ..." he looked at her puzzled expression and added hastily, "anyone I wouldn't want to meet."

The man in combat uniform lowered himself down the shaft where the girl had fallen. On the way down he heard a strange noise coming from the room above. It sounded as if the drilling was coming from above this time. Abruptly the sound ceased and he concentrated on climbing down the rope to rescue the girl before they found her.

The Doctor opened the TARDIS door and looked around the wreckage-strewn room. There was no-one there. "Excellent." He crossed to a pillar that was lying amongst the rubble. Clambering over the pillar he noticed the rope leading down what he knew to be a ventilation shaft. "More haste." He muttered to himself as he looked at the floor by the fallen pillar, his eyes came to rest on the black book lying amongst the rubble. Picking it up, he flicked through the pages laughing to himself. "It doesn't improve with age. Never mind." He stopped reading aware of noises coming from the shaft. "Time to go." The Doctor climbed over the pillar and went back into the TARDIS, activating the dematerialisation controls.



The police box faded into nothingness as a hand appeared at the shaft and the man pulled himself out and looked around him warily, sure that he had heard the drilling in here. He gathered the rope and went out onto the surface of the planet. He must find the man who was with the girl earlier and tell him where she was, there was no more that he could do on his own, maybe together they could ... Tyssan shook his head. He knew there was no real possibility of rescue; the girl would die in the mines. The Daleks always made sure of that.

 **END**

REVIEW

DARK HORIZONS

by Patrick White



DOCTOR WHO:

DARK HORIZONS

Publishers: BBC Books

Author: J.T. Colgan

ISBN: 978-1-84990-456-8

The Doctor is travelling alone, wanting to play chess with someone other than himself and finds himself in the Scottish Islands in the 12th century slap bang in the middle of a Viking attack which quickly turns into something else as a mysterious fire erupts from the sea to attack the Vikings. Forced to abandon ship and get to land the attackers soon find themselves at loggerheads with the Islanders with the Doctor coming in the middle and trying to deal with an alien menace as well.

Over the past couple of years there has been an interesting range of well established authors writing for the Doctor Who range, some of whom have managed to capture the flavour of the era they are writing particularly well (Alistair Reynolds, Stephen Baxter) and some who have not managed it quite so well (Michael Moorcock, Eoin Colfer). Into the former category I am going to include J T Colgan, or Jenny Colgan writer of such chick-lit as “The good, the bad & the dumped” and “Meet me at the cupcake café”... Gasp!! yes a female chick-lit writer taking on the Doctor, well yes and very well she does it too.

J T has taken the Who staple of the “Base under siege” and turned out a windswept Viking story that evokes a strong image of a primitive, but not stupid, people struggling to survive in a harsh world. Coupled with that her writing of more character based stories in her day job has enabled her to focus, much as the series does now, on human emotions as much as aliens in Tooting Bec, such as the relationships between the Amy and Rory stand-ins feisty Freydis and Viking Henrik. That is not to say that there are not scenes of fiery death and exciting encounters under the sea, but JT intersperses these with a narrative that deals with the real relationships that develop between the protagonists.



The novel really evokes the 11th Doctor well, characterizing him as an ancient but almost child-like being. Indeed he is likened to Loki – the Trickster God from Norse mythology, on more than one occasion and it fits this incarnation well to think of him as such. From the first scene of the Doctor in the TARDIS you get the feeling that that JT really “gets” the Smith incarnation and she writes him beautifully.

The novel sits well in with the modern television era, indeed one can almost see it as the celebrity historical of a season... without the celebrity unless you count the Lewis Chessmen as such! Putting the Sci-Fi bits aside, it's very obvious that JT has done her research on the history without it coming across as heavy handed info dumps, indeed it informs, educates and entertains as the BBC maxim goes and that is surely what we want our Who books to do.

END

THE FRIEND OF THE WORLD

by Dean Hempstead

Well, how amazing was that? The discovery of 9 missing episodes of classic Doctor Who returned to the BBC archives. After months of rumours, discussions and fandom dreaming of magical things, the identity of the recovered episodes was finally revealed to the world. These were not just any 9 episodes however. This find is more important to Doctor Who than just getting to see a few more episodes that were previously thought lost. Yes, it's simply amazing that there are more episodes starring Patrick Troughton in existence now. I don't think I am alone in the wish that if any episodes could ever have been found, then we would all have liked to see more of his wonderfully eccentric performance as The Doctor.



This discovery is important because *The Enemy of the World* and *The Web of Fear* complete a part of the overall picture of Doctor Who history. *The Enemy of the World*, directed by Barry Letts is a fast paced story with helicopters, fight scenes, a superb villain, brilliantly played by Patrick Troughton and an underground base. What we are seeing in both of these stories is the genesis of the UNIT years. You can see from this story that Barry Letts excels at directing action scenes, and ensuring that the narrative of the story rattles along leaving the audience thrilled.

On the Thursday evening of the announcement and for much of Friday, my enthusiasm and excitement was dulled because

of the very nasty cold that I was suffering from. I had awoken early on the Friday morning and took advantage of the fact that I could download both of these newly released stories on I-tunes, whilst everyone else was asleep. I had envisaged I-Tunes collapsing into itself on Friday as fandom all tried to download the episodes at the same time. I didn't watch them until sometime later. *The Enemy of the World* was exceptional from the start. The Doctor's enthusiasm at having landed on the beach had me childishly grinning through my runny nose and countless sneezes. They were very soon being shot at and rescued in a helicopter, scenes that would become standard during the Pertwee era. A true Barry Letts classic. It was nice to put the already existing kitchen and corridor scenes of episode 3 into some kind of perspective.



Patrick Troughton's performance as both the Doctor and Salamander show us (as if we didn't know already) what a true genius he was. To play those levels of light and dark in a story is not easy to do, and he really did make it work. It was great to see more of this TARDIS team, with Frazer Hines and Deborah Watling on fine form as Jamie and Victoria. We have, in previous existing 2nd Doctor releases become very familiar with the character of Jamie, but Victoria is less well represented, as we only had 1 complete story featuring Victoria in *Tomb of The Cybermen*. I expected to find her irritating with shrill screams aplenty but I did not. I thought they made a great team.

I have discovered that watching recently recovered Doctor Who stories is a superb remedy for when you are feeling under the weather. Watching this story from a long ago era really warmed me inside, and it left me really excited about watching *The Web of Fear*. I decided however, to make this jolly occasion last a bit longer, by not watching it straight away, leaving me something to look forward to on the Saturday.

So it was the next day, over a cup of tea and my biscuit of choice (you have to feed a cold, they say) that I decided to watch *The Web of Fear*. Of course, I had seen episode 1 before, but that just made the anticipation of what was to come all the more exciting. I mean, I can watch episodes of *Doctor Who* again and again. I can even watch the same episode several times in a row, especially if it is *The Pyramids Of Mars*. But to watch the 1st episode, knowing what was to come was truly mouthwatering and that had nothing to do with the biscuits.



The Web of Fear was directed by Douglas Camfield, another legendary director of *Doctor Who*, who can always be relied upon to give the story a touch of class. A genius of his time, or many times on the show. Jam packed full of atmosphere, this sometimes claustrophobic story of Yeti's in the London Underground is another superb specimen of this golden era of *Doctor Who*. Although the Yeti may seem basic in its design, at the time of broadcast I'm sure these frighteningly tall furry creatures terrified the children in the 1960's. Yes, you can see the zips on their backs but who cares? These stories are from a much simpler time, where the ambitious people making this show would not let a visible zip get in the way of a good story. And quite right too.

Of course we see more of the beginnings of what was to come. The UNIT era of *Doctor Who* was beginning, not just with the arrival of Colonel Lethbridge Stewart, reliably played by Nicholas Courtney. It was like seeing a long lost friend again. Another quite emotional moment. Not even the lack of episode 3 could spoil it. The telesnap episode 3 was superbly done, because episodes 1 and 2 were so well packed with atmosphere and suspense, they set the viewer up nicely for the 3rd episode. Also, continuing the theme of the genesis of UNIT, it amused me no end to know that Sergeant Benton aka John Levene was menacing the cast of this fabulous

story lumbering around inside one of these giant Yeti costumes. The UNIT family was beginning to come together.

How nice also, for Deborah Watling to have recovered a story I which she features with her father. Such a lovely thing for her to have recovered after all the years that have passed.

It is also quite fitting, that in the last series of *Doctor Who* to air, we found the Doctor once again battling the Great Intelligence in the lead up to *The Name of the Doctor*. It's like we were always meant to get these episodes back this year.



So thank you Phillip Morris. The friend of the world - well *Doctor Who* fandom at least. I don't think I could have asked for a better couple of episodes to be returned to the BBC archives for all of fandom to enjoy. The discovery these episodes has really made this 50th anniversary year something special. His sheer enthusiasm that there could be more out there is infectious, and really hope that there is. What I would really love to see next, is the return of *The Tenth Planet* episodes 4 (yes, I will buy the DVD again if and when it is discovered), but I would dearly love to see *Marco Polo*. A story, right at the beginning of the adventure, which I would give almost anything to see.

One day, it shall come back. Yes, one day...

END

FICTION

LET ME RUN THIS BY YOU

by Gary Merchant

1963



"So, tell me about this programme idea of yours, Gerry."

"Well, it's all down to this Canadian chap. He calls it Doctor Who."

"Hmm. Another medical drama. Still, one more won't hurt."

"No, no, Sir Desmond. It's science fiction. The idea is that this grumpy old professor type figure travels around in time and space machine, except that he doesn't know how to fly it properly."

"I see. So, how does he get to wherever he wants to go to?"

"Well, that's where the drama comes in. He finds himself in all sorts of trouble each week, battling injustice and helping the oppressed. That'll keep the audience watching each week. It'll be ideal for all the family."

"Ri-ight. So, not a medical series, but he's called Doctor Who."

"Or not."

"Doctor Knott?"

"No, I mean he'll just be known as the Doctor."

"I'm finding this all very confusing. And it's just him, is it – this Doctor?"

"Oh, no. He has a granddaughter, who gets followed into a junkyard by two schoolteachers in the first episode."

"Gerry, correct me if I'm wrong, but are you sure this is a family show?"

"Of course, Sir Desmond."

"Hmm. Very well, you can go ahead with this. But I hope you know what you're doing."

"Trust me, it'll work. And we've got the ideal producer for it."

"Good – just so long as he doesn't introduce any weird monsters."

"Um... I'll get back to you on that."

1966



"Well, it's had a good run. Three years isn't bad for a show like this. So, what are you planning now, Gerry. Something different?"

"Oh, didn't you know, Sir Desmond? The show is continuing, but with another actor as the Doctor."

"Really? Oh, well, as long as he looks more or less the same as the other chap..."

"No, nothing like him. He'll play the part completely differently."

"Gerry, you have got to be joking. You can't possibly introduce another actor into the series and expect the audience to accept him as the same lead character. The series would lose all its credibility."

"Look, it's science fiction. There's nothing to say that we can't change the lead actor."

"Oh, well, have it your way if you think it'll work. And another thing; those aliens in the last story – the ones with the metal handles on their heads and the cloth faces. Rather naff-looking, weren't they?"

"They'll be the next big thing. They might even be as popular as those pepper-pot shaped machine-type things."

"Hmm..."

1976



"She's really made her mind up about this?"

"I'm afraid so, sir. Still, she's had a good run – and with two Doctors. There's not many can say that. Erm, you don't think we went too far with the Andy Pandy outfit?"

"What, the straw that broke the camel's back, you mean? No, no, no. That'll probably be one of the most remembered outfits for a long time. So, who's taking over from her?"

"Well, we do have someone in mind. But first there's going to be a story without a companion."



"Gerry, I thought you'd managed to put him off that idea!"

"You know what he's like. He's been chasing after this for the last three months. The only way to get him off our backs was to get the story written and into production. From what I can see, the writer has based it on that film *The Manchurian Candidate*."

"Sounds a bit too political for my tastes. Still, it probably won't amount to much. Now, you were saying about the new companion."

"Yes, I wanted to talk to you about that. Do you remember that film with the actress in the animal skins and those dinosaurs...?"

1970



"Well, that was a superb season. And I think the longer seven-part stories really helped. Presumably it'll be continuing in that vein?"

"Ah, well, no. It seems the Writers Guild kicked up a bit of a fuss. They said if we carry on like that, we'll have less variety in story, less employment for actors, writers and directors, and we'd also have a strike on our hands. So it's been agreed that we should revert back to mainly four-part stories, with an occasional six-parter thrown in."

"Ah, I take your point, Gerry. Still, that Doctor Shaw character – very good. I take it she'll be back?"

"Well, there's been a rethink there too. We're bringing in a younger, less experienced assistant for the Doctor. Her background is that her uncle pulls a few strings to get her a job in this military outfit. And we're also bringing in a resident villain, and he's generally known as the Master."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, universally, Sir Desmond."

"All these changes - I really can't see the point. Still, you've been right so far, so I shouldn't complain."

"Would I ever let you down?"

1981



"No! No, this time you've gone too far."

"Nothing to do with me, Sir Desmond. The producer chose him."

"But he's a vet!"

"Who, the producer?"

"No, the new Doctor. And he's too well known."

"True, but that might work in the programme's favour. Remember, the last one was in it for seven years. He's now so identified with the part that we'd need someone known to the viewers who would be more acceptable. Unless you wanted that idiot who sticks ferrets down his trousers?"

"Don't remind me. All right, Gerry, you've convinced me. There is just one fly in the ointment – that irritating boy who does the sums."

"All taken care of. In a few stories' time, we'll have him blown up on a space freighter."

"Thank heaven for that!"



1985

"An eighteen-month break? It's unheard of!"

"It's all the fault of that jumped-up Controller. He hates the programme, so he thinks everyone else should hate it too. If it hadn't been for the fans, the programme might have been cancelled altogether. And we had such plans for the new season."

"I did hear that some of the old monsters and villains would have been returning."

"Yes, those green fellows from Mars and the one in the Mandarin costume from the sixties. And what do they want in its place? A blasted trial, to run the whole length of the season."

"Yes, for a whole twenty-six weeks!"

"Ah. That was something else I was going to talk to you about."

"Hmm. Still, once the programme starts up again, the current fellow's bound to have a long run in the part. I'm sure of it."

1988



"It was only matter of time, Gerry. We've had a formal letter of complaint."

"Not from the National Viewers' and Listeners' Association? I thought we'd taken out all the violence and swear words."

"What swear words?"

"Hmm? Oh, sorry, Sir Desmond. I was daydreaming again."

"Well, this letter's not from the NVLA. It's from some confectionery firm, accusing us of breaching copyright laws, something or other."

"Really? That's a new one on me."

"Well, sort it out, there's a good chap. We can't have any little tin-pot organisation trying to make a name for themselves at our expense."

"Quite right too. Still, apart from that, it's good to have the programme back where it belongs, with the Doctor battling those motorised dustbins again, and the ones with the handle-bars."

"Absolutely. A prime-time series back on our screens, and as secure as it ever was."

1995



"So Gerry, run this by me again. You're saying it's not a BBC production?"

"Not completely. As I understand it, this TV Movie is a joint venture with Universal and, um..."

"Fox?"

"Yes, that's what I thought too. But at least we have a good actor in the lead role."

"True. Even if he is American."

"Sir Desmond?"

"The fellow who's playing the Master."

"I was talking about the actor playing the Doctor."

"Oh, him! Doesn't he have a brother?"

"Several, from what I hear. Anyway, filming's already started in Vancouver..."

"Even though it's set in San Francisco?"

"And the supporting cast seem ideal."

"Yes, I like the look of the female companion. She'll help to keep this Doctor in line. No danger of any 'hanky-panky' in the TARDIS."

"Ahh, yes. There was one thing I wanted to run past you, Sir Desmond..."

1999



"Doctor Who on the radio? It'll never work."

"Not strictly radio, Sir Desmond. This audio company are going to be producing new adventures for the existing Doctors, to be sold on Compact Disc."

"What, even the one with the scarf?"

"Well, not so far. He's been approached, but he'll only do it if he can write the scripts himself."

"Good Lord, we had enough trouble when he tried doing that in the series. So, do you think there'll be a market for this, Gerry?"

"It looks promising. They're bringing back most of the companions too, as well as the one who ran that military organisation."

"Oh, well, he'll be a definite asset. He'll help to keep the unit working."

2005

"Bless my soul, it's really happening. It's back on our tv screens!"

"I can hardly believe it myself, Sir Desmond. Higher production values, strong stories, and what a superb cast for the new season."

"Though I don't mind admitting, I'm not too sure about this slip of a girl – the one who used to be a pop star."



"The new producer assures me she'll be fine. And it was either her or some no-hoper from a reality show."

"Oh, I can't stand those things, Gerry. Still, there's as much chance of one of those shows infiltrating the programme as the lead actor leaving after one series."

"Ah, yes. I'm not sure if you've heard the latest news..."

2005 (December)



"A Christmas special, eh? Why this was never thought of before, I can't imagine."

"Well, there was that Christmas Day episode back in the sixties with the first one."

"The original, you might say. Yes, I remember now. Wishing everyone at home a Merry Christmas, the cheeky so-and-so. How he got away with it..."

"Well, the producer assures me there won't be anything like that happening, Sir Desmond."

"Good, good."

"Just the new Doctor in his pyjamas."

"What?! We can't have him saving the world in his pyjamas – not every week!"

"No need to worry. By the end of the story he'll be in his new clothes, ready to set off with the girl."

"Well, that's a relief. I must say, Gerry, that girl's rather grown on me. Yes, she's a game little thing. Hmm... where was I? Oh, yes – are the next batch of episodes ready for delivery?"

"Yes, Sir Desmond. All labelled under their regular code name."

"Clever idea, that. Using an anagram of the programme title."

"There have been talks about producing a spin-off programme under that anagram. What do you think?"

"Door Wotch? No, can't see it myself..."

2008

"What the blazes did he think he was doing? Publicly announcing he was leaving – and on live television too!"

"It's his decision, Sir Desmond. And at least we've got him for a few specials across next year."

"I suppose so. Any of the old enemies coming back?"

"Only the Master."

"What, that fellow from the '70s police show? I have to say, he's not what I'd expected. Why couldn't they have kept that older chap on – the one who thought he was a dotty old Professor? Now he was much more convincing."

"Unfortunately, he was busy with a twelve month theatre tour, followed by a lucrative advertising campaign for holidays in Cromer."

"Typical. Absolutely typical. So, are auditions underway for the next Doctor?"

"Oh, very good, Sir Desmond. Very funny."

"I wasn't aware I'd made a joke."

"No? Oh. Well, yes, the auditions will be starting tomorrow. I daresay it'll be a while before they find someone."

"Well, it's not as if they'll find the right man on the first day..."

2010

"I'm appalled. That's the only word for it. Appalled."

"I just can't believe it. How did they think they'd get away with it?"



"To drastically change an iconic image to such an extent, it just beggars belief, Gerry."

"From metal to plastic – what a come down. And as for that bump at the back... it's a blatant shot at the toy market. That's the only explanation – Sir Desmond, what are you doing?"

"I've just had an idea for a story. Suppose – just suppose we brought all the Daleks together in one place. The old ones and the new?"

"And when the viewers see how much better the old ones are, they'll have nothing to do with those awful plastic versions."

"Exactly. Now, hurry along and slip this sheet of paper into that showrunner's pile of scripts. With a bit of luck, he'll think it was his own idea."

2013

"Well, well. Fifty years. You know, Gerry, I always had faith in the series, but to reach a milestone like this."

"Yes, Sir Desmond – and still as popular as ever."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"I meant the series."

"Ah, yes of course. Well, this Doctor with the floppy hair has proved to be really popular. But do I hear right – that he's moving on?"

"There's been a lot of publicity about it, Sir Desmond. And there was that live programme introducing the new chap."

"Oh yes. I must have been busy that evening. Still, damned odd name – sounds like a biscuit."

"Well, this fellow Moppet seems to know what he's doing. And the anniversary story is all ready for broadcast."

"Good, good. Well, Gerry, I think after fifty years we've earned ourselves a small toast. Shall I top you up?"

"Thank you, Sir Desmond."

"Cheers then, to this Garibaldi fellow, and to everyone involved with the programme over the last fifty years."

"And us, Sir Desmond."

"Quite right, Gerry. They'd never have got this far without us."

END



