

1979 ~ 2009: Celebrating 30 years of Doctor Who Club of Victoria!

DOCTOR · WHO

CLUB OF VICTORIA

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May 2009

30th ANNIVERSARY EDITION

SPECIAL:
Double Issue
celebrating our
30th Birthday & the
Peter Davison
fan event!



SONIC · SCREWDRIVER
MAGAZINE

What a brilliant day it was!

“Hey Mark, look ... they did a comic about me ... Wow!”

*“Well Peter, I don’t remember you ever being quite that thin
... never imagined you as a centrefold either!”*

Original Fan Fiction! News! Reviews! Spoilers! Previews! Info! Original Fan Comic!



CLUB OF VICTORIA

Incorporated 1981: A0050412P

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CLUB OF VICTORIA

Member Bios

My name is Kerry Hughes and I am the Treasurer of the DWCV. I am married with two children and am studying for an accounting degree at Deakin University at Geelong. I am a member of the Australian Discworld Convention, DWCV, SFFiG, MSFC, and the Dubh Linn Brand of the New Varangian Guard. I am also a Costume Dressmaker with what time I have left. My motto is

"I may be getting older, but I refuse to grow up!!"

Newbie Who

Annett Alafaic
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Audley Albrecht
Dean Anthony
James Castos
Aron Challinger
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Miranda Smith
Samantha Smith
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Pay Online!

Dear Readers,

If you or an associate holds an expiring membership, feel free to renew it online. This process also is available for new members as long as they provide all the information on the membership forms, or at least a postal address.

You can now pay online through PayPal!
Go to: www.paypal.com.au

Contact Kerry Hughes on 0438 099617 for any other details (e.g. Family Rates).

Otherwise go to our website at:
www.dwcv.org.au

Membership with Our Club

As a member of the club, you will receive six issues of the club magazine, Sonic Screwdriver, plus a Membership Card. Family Membership is available through our club for two to six people. This entitles the family to six issues of Sonic Screwdriver (one nominated address) plus Membership Cards for each person. Each Membership Card entitles you to discounts on Doctor Who merchandise at several stores, see page 22.

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Insert Two:	Colouring Competition	<i>Prizes up for Grabs, Any Age Welcome</i>
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FULL COLOUR

Copies of SONIC SCREWDRIVER now available!

As I announced on Michael's behalf, Michael shall be more than delighted to double his workload by releasing the colour versions of Sonic at the same time as the black and white ones. Currently fifteen members subscribe to the colour editions, but the more that do should hopefully bring the cost down somewhat. There exist three tiers of membership, so chose which level best suits you.

Traditional Single Membership - Six Issues of Sonic - One Discount Card - \$20
Traditional Family Membership - Six Issues of Sonic - Multiple Discount Cards - \$30
Gold Glass Membership - Six Colour Issues of Sonic - Multiple Discount Cards
Two Free Regular Hall Meeting Vouchers - Club Goodies - \$80

*As we reached a bulk renewal period (most memberships expired last issue) there should be no further delays in mailing out membership cards. If you want to have your card before the following issue of Sonic, then please include a 55c stamp. If you would like some post cards, magnets, or other goodies I found on Michael's desk while he was making me a lovely apple green tea, then include two 55c stamps. Do not worry about a self addressed envelope. Thanks, Ian A. Chapman
For further details contact Treasurer ~ Kerry Hughes as per Page 23 of this issue!*



The Long, Long, Long Game ...

Stained red, my juice covered fingers tap the keys and begin the writing of Sonic 172. Life, overwhelmed with tasks and chores, chews relentlessly at my club time. If not chores among the usual cooking and cleaning, something different such as sewing buttons or assembling bookcases eat into my domestic time. Getting into life, work occupies most of living time, but other events continually crop up; last night I crushed wine grapes with some work mates, next week I shall see Cirque de Soleil's Dralion. An event, activity, or challenge always materialises when attempt to lie on the couch and watch a Sync movie. (www.syncmovies.com)



Between all this, I edit Sonic, administer the database, and carry the burden of being the secretary. Each job holds a different challenge, but I particularly enjoy how they intertwine so smoothly to make three roles into one. I believe that the committee now stands strong in our focus and drive, and once some administrative hurdles pass under us, we can race into the finish line of the 2008/2009 year. As a united force, I can only feel excitement at how the club shall sprint forth if the current committee gains a second term.

Please take note though, if you do plan to run for the committee for the 2009/2010 year, then this issue shall be the last with the forms and details. The next issue shall contain statements from all who nominated; it also shall boast proxy forms and postal ballots. I feel proud that this election shall be well ordered with the vote available openly to all of our club's members.

Ian A. Chapman • sonic_screwdriver@me.com • editor • secretary • administrator • fan



So, here we are again, another issue of the ever improving Sonic Screwdriver ...

This one has nearly killed us ... no, not really ... we made the decision that we needed to split this one up into two issues as we just had FAR too much that needed to be released now. So you will find that this issue has all the usual Sonic bits and pieces while 173 has the extra stuff without the things that don't need to be repeated, like the meeting details, for example.

In 172 we have the return of "Wotan's Mailbag" by popular demand, the arrival of our new series of Big Finish reviews by the always fabulous Adam Richard (who some will remember from the Peter Davison event and also from his regular appearances on Channel 10's "9am with David & Kim" and Fox FM). It is a great thrill for me to have him onboard! Also we have the next gripping instalment of "The Blank Page" giving us a brilliant view of the genesis of the Cybermen, the final part of "The Master Plan" comic, the Planet Of The Dead reviewed and a fantastic, racy new fiction from the Torchwood fan club ... Rated M ... so keep it away from the children!

With all that we had no room for the photos from our wonderful 30th Anniversary Party or the stuff from the Peter Davison event so we started an extra insert ... but by the time the insert reached 12 pages and Karen Gillan was announced as the 11th Doctor's companion we had to bite the bullet and push our sanity well beyond its limits to do a second full issue now to release at the same time as 172 ... so 173 was born! Packed with Anniversary photos, transcript of the Peter Davison part of the event question session, a new and improved comic from our genius Manuel Bouw, as well as info on the new companion, news and other great information features ... and with a DOUBLE COVER ... Amazing!

I honestly think we leave the competition for dead these days ... Don't you? See you all again soon ...

Michael Young ~ Sonic Editor • Artistic Director • Annoying Perfectionist • ... etc ...

Editor's Master Plan

Every member who reads this magazine and thinks that they have an article, story, review, or artwork that they could write and would like published should feel free to submit their work. If in the years past you have submitted something that was not used, those editors never passed it on to us, so please submit it again. We would like nothing more than to have Sonic Screwdriver chock-full of original articles written by our members or even some non-members!

Any member who submits an article will be entered into a draw for a big prize to be awarded this Christmas. The more people who enter, the bigger the prize - so encourage fellow members to submit.

Can I briefly mention in this squeeze space that we have a shiny new editor, a third one, who will focus on the website. We shall give him a proper introduction next issue, but for now you can just call say "Hello Duggan"! Thanks.

sonicscrewdriver@dwcv.org.au



The past two months have been frantic, with more activity than the Club has seen for some time. On March 21, we welcomed Peter Davison and Mark Strickson, at a convention which we will never forget. In April, we participated in the Inter-Club Mini-Con, an annual PR event where all the sci-fi clubs in Melbourne unite for a day. It was my first time at one of these functions, and I appreciate the help given by the numerous members who manned our stall during the day.

On Anzac Day, we had our 30th anniversary meeting, on the rooftop at Northcote. It must rank amongst the most successful meeting we've ever had. Attendance was just over 60, and the atmosphere was noisy and happy the whole day. It was wonderful to see so many early members who returned for the occasion - as well as our founder, Adrienne Losin, there was a total of 6 Presidents in attendance. So many reminiscences, merchandise stalls, visual entertainment, "cocktails" at the Bad Wolf Bar (thanks to David Ross and Natalie Scharley) and a record number of quality raffle prizes. It was a demonstration of our club at its best, and I was proud of the good impression it gave to our newer members, and to the many prior members who chose to rejoin on the day. A big welcome back to you all.

After all that, the next few months will be an anticlimax, but we'll continue to focus on putting quality into our meetings. Good news - we're now in a position to have two rooms for some of our Northcote meetings. This will depend on your continuing support, but there is a definite need for a separate "watchers" room, and a room where everyone else can hang out, sell stuff, play board games etc., and the kids can dress up, and race their Daleks. The first of these meetings was held on May 30, and what a difference it made having the extra elbow room. We will also be trialling some long-overdue Sunday meetings... we are aware that a number of members have work or sporting commitments on Saturdays, and have indicated a willingness to attend meetings on Sunday. The Robots Picnics will be in cryogenics for the colder months, and will be substituted with "away missions". A new member, Miriam, is starting a local group in Bentleigh, named Satellite Alpha. The first meeting will be on July 18.

Two days after the First Contact convention, I went off to the US for two weeks to attend Quantum Leap's 20th anniversary convention. Immediately after the con ended, I made a First Contact of a different kind - an historic meeting with the local Los Angeles Doctor Who Club, the Time Meddlers, with whom I spent a very happy and productive evening. The result is that we are now reciprocating magazines and information between the two clubs. They are similar in operation to ourselves, meeting monthly and doing almost exactly what we do at meetings. My thanks to President Aaron Cistrelli for organising the opportunity to meet up. The Time Meddlers are at an envious geographical advantage to ourselves when it comes to conventions - they are involved each February in a con at an LA airport hotel, where they host a number of guests that we could only dream about under one roof. A few hours before, I had been speaking to Vaughan Armstrong (of the various Star Trek series) who was very encouraging about these annual cons. Apparently other sci-fi celebrities have a habit of dropping in as well. So at this stage I'll aim for 2011, as I wish to focus on England for next year's trip, but two years is not that far away.

Time to think about elections - a nomination form will be included with this issue. All committee positions will be vacated as per tradition, for those who are willing to commit to monthly committee meetings and a lot of hard work. If the record number of speedy renewals (and numerous upgrades to Gold Class) is any indication. I hope you will enjoy this month's cover - it looks even more spectacular in colour.

Judith McGinness

President of the Doctor Who Club of Victoria





WOTAN's Mail Bag

As I am the secretary, I do tend to receive a bit of mail. Usually the contents are purely administrative and seeking information, but lately they featured some points interesting enough to relaunch the Sonic letter's page. Talking to some of the previous Presidents of the club, it hit me just how the Sonics of old allowed this letter's page as a sort of forum, long before the inter-web made arguments and insults more efficient and direct. Now, please do write into us, be it damning with faint praise or overwhelming with adoration. This page shall continue as long as you write, doodle, or threaten us with letters cut out of magazines. Contact us through sonic-screwdriver@dwcvc.org.au - Ian

G'day Again,

I was taking a rare look at the new website, and noticed you were looking for a Web Editor, or something like that! I don't mind trying my hand at it if the offer is still on the table. Let me know if you still need help!

Andrew Saunders - All around Nice Guy!

With us all working together to be joint Web Editors and Forum Moderators, the online face of the DWCV shall run both smoothly and efficiently. - Ian

Hi Ian,

I have a bunch of old and new Sonics which I am happy to donate if you're still interested.

Tony.

Wow, as always we are desperate to fill the holes in the club archives - even a slice Swiss Cheese holds fewer holes! I will organise collection of the black scrolls. - Ian

Hi Ian,

It would be great to have a full digital archive, but a huge job! We had a paper archive when I was on the committee, I can't remember what happened to it, I presume that it would have got passed to the next committee as the one I was in all kind of stepped down at the same time. Have no idea what would have happened to it if it was scattered.

I'll ask around some friends for photos and vids from the late 80's early 90's. I know some exist. Does the club have copies of the Free Entertainment in the Park Mark Strickson/Katy Manning/Peter Daicos thing? I have a copy of that somewhere. I also have a copy of the Mark Strickson Q&A with the club the next day.

I've included a scan of an old newspaper article that should actually be called - 'Does collecting Sci-Fi make you lose your hair and put on weight - findings reported in 20 years!' It's a little embarrassing but funny all the same.

The club has (or did have) a letter from JNT basically giving it permission. It should be in the paper archive and would be a 'get out of jail free' if anything legal ever came up. I actually have a photocopy of it somewhere I made when I was on the committee, as I thought it was cool and wanted a copy.

All the best, Aron Challenger.

Currently the DWCV holds no archive of documents before my time with the committee (2005); however, Greg King kindly lent us a huge folder of original documents, which will be scanned and uploaded to our website. He also gave us an archival CD which originally was created for the club back in 1996.

The Club holds no copies of any videos, so anything for our archives will be greatly appreciated. Your article will feature in the next issue of Sonic, due out in late July... Okay, would you believe the middle of August! - Ian

Hi Ian,

Thanks for the email. Austin and I had a great day at the 30th anniversary meeting. Please pass on my congratulations to Judith as well. Keep up the fine work - your efforts are appreciated by so many.

Regards Graeme Marks and the Marks Family.

Hearing positive feedback makes it all worthwhile. - Ian

Hi Ian,

I'm a past member of the DWCV. I just had your email about the 30th Anniversary ANZAC Day forwarded to me by a friend. I would love to attend, but unfortunately due to the late notice I will be unable to do so. :(But I thought I'd email you with a couple of things.

Firstly, in response to your request for old issues of Sonic: I still have my old copies. I've located issues 3 to 39 if you're interested in scanning any of them.

Secondly, in response to wanting statements to be read at the meeting... Here's something:

I joined the DWCV as a kid, way back in 1980 (Yes, I'm old!). I remained a member for many years and have a lot of fond memories of the club. To this day, I'm still a huge fan of Doctor Who, both old and new. And my bookshelves overflow with DVDs, videos and books. These days I make my living as a writer — mostly children's books. Despite having had over 30 books published, I find myself being drawn to one particular short story as a publishing highlight. The story is called "Machine Time" was it published last year in the Doctor Who Short Trips anthology Defining Patterns. It was a fan boy's dream come true. I'm very pleased to see that the DWCV is still going strong. May it continue for at least another 30 years.

Hope this is useful to you. Cheers, George.

Thanks for the offer for scannable documents. As soon as we have time, we will borrow them for scanning. I think we need to appoint someone to archive. - Ian

Dear Ian

Rats! I have a professional engagement on the 25th and cannot come! Please accept my very best wishes and convey them to anyone who would care to have them.

Cordially, Kerry Greenwood.

Sorry to hear you missed it. Feel free to attend any of our regular meetings, but do look forwards to the Christmas party this year - it will be fantastic.

Hi. I am considering joining the club, but as the clubhouse is an unfeasible distance from my location, I am uncertain about being able to attend any meetings. Could you please tell me where the local groups are, and how regularly they meet?

Thanks, Miriam.

Check page 23 for details, or host one in your area. - Ian



We have received a few interesting questions from members and have chosen two of the best to answer in this issue. The authors of any questions we choose to answer in Sonic will be each receiving in the mail a free oversized full-colour glossy post card / calendar. Almost any question will be welcome, except if you ask to borrow Michael's copy of *Web of Fear* - episode two. It currently is propping up the leg of his desk and the tin is just the right size.

~

Question one paraphrased from Past President Richard Freeland (Thai Restaurant in Northcote): Why don't you bring back the letters page? It used to be a great means from eliciting a reaction from members, gaining interest in becoming more active within the club.

IAC: To answer a different question, as I am the secretary I do tend to receive a bit of mail. Usually the contents are purely administrative and seeking information, but lately they featured some points interesting enough to relaunch the Sonic letter's page. Listening to your advice and recollections, I feel that more direct member input should only be encouraged. In the past year, I have added so many entries in the database and corresponded with a large number of people. Right now, I feel so connected with this club, it actually warms me thinking of how far we travelled. Now, I am terrible with names, but I recognise all the entries in the database and all the faces I see at the meetings. Being able to further this connection through Sonic simply makes sense.

For all those reading Sonic, please do write into us and pass on your thoughts. Sure the forum works well in this regard, but I think the letters do hold that personal touch, usually with better spelling and grammar. If the Sonic inbox does not glow with message overload (I had about 160 after the Sonic Laser mail out, though 150 of which were expired addresses), then I will include the pick of the forum. While I think of it, make sure the club does have your current eMail address (for Sonic Laser) and phone numbers (emergency contact).

Mickey Blue Eyes: Send us e-mails and letters with lots of questions and we WILL bring back the letters page! Oh, look We already did! It is really simple, we don't want to have to keep listening to the sounds of our own typing so ... If the members do their part ... We will do ours and keep the letters page here ... It is ALL up to you!

Even if you decide you hate one of my brilliant covers, or any article or comment or opinion or just have anything you want to say, whether rational or not, we will print it and answer it ... unless it is too rude or defamatory, of course ... So TYPE you buggers, TYPE! [Dear Michael, I wish you would stop writing with all those dots and capitals - Ian]

~

Question two paraphrased from Past President with Richard Noland (Thai Restaurant in Northcote): Why don't we do a panel at the Christmas Party looking back at the programs that appeared before and after the original broadcast of Doctor Who on the ABC?

IAC: I plan to take your suggestion and run along with it as an ongoing meeting feature, which shall be launched this Christmas. The idea to pop-on some rose tinted glasses and look back at the catalogue of programs surrounding the original, and also repeats, of Doctor Who would make for an interesting talk. I also liked your idea of the rare and impossible to find sixties and seventies episodes of forgotten series featuring tenuous links to actors from Doctor Who. Obviously we can discuss this at meetings, reliving these gems which nobody knows exists.

If anyone holds archival material of any "bumper" programs, please get in contact with us. Even if its just something you remember having seen, please send in your thoughts so we can place together the Christmas event. I keep saying it will be bigger and better than the 30th Anniversary Party, so I need your help to make it a reality!

Oh, also those holding near-impossible to find copies of lost programs, we would like to talk. You know how to find us, or simply eMail sonic_screwdriver@me.com or talk to the committee at a meeting.

Mike-o-Matic: Yeah, whatever he said!

To answer a completely different question ... Ian often asks why I keep making promo material for the club which has 2009 calendars on the back instead of 2010 calendars??? Well, first of all it is only half way through 2009 ... and secondly I am constantly told that it is bad luck to have 2010 calendars around when it is still 2009 so I am refusing to make anything with 2010 until the last month of this year ... [Dear Michael, For each 2009 calendar your dump on me, I shall give you a single paper-cut so small that it will sting painfully, but unseeable so nobody gives you sympathy - Ian]

~

Question three from the back of my dark and devious mind: What are we going to do without OUTPOST GALLIFREY?

Mad Mike: Yes, it is tragically true that the long running Doctor Who news and information site Outpost Gallifrey will be going off-line for good in a month or so! This will be an enormous loss to the Doctor Who community! Outpost Gallifrey was for me by far the best source of up to date Doctor Who information, news, and so on ... far better than the BBC official site ... and it was even a favourite of the Doctor Who production team for sourcing fan opinion. It has even been written up in recent published books as having caused drama among the Doctor Who writers and team as a result of strong fan criticism (which I totally agree with by the way) ... I think it is fantastic that they have actually listened and been influenced by the opinions of today's fans, after all, they are the fans of yesterday who have the unmatched privilege of working on the show now ... there but for circumstance go us!

The forum will be a huge loss to the Doctor Who Fan community ... but there are other alternatives that can rise to the occasion now ... See if you can guess which one I will choose???? [Maybe <http://forum.dwcv.org.au> - Ian]

Future Mike 2023: The winner was definitely DOCTOR WHO NEWS ~ <https://www.DoctorWhoNews.net/> ;-)





My Favourite Big Finish Audio Adventures

by Adam Richard

Hello Chickens, In March, I attended the Peter Davison (5th Doctor) mini-con, and helped out on stage for a bit talking nonsense about upcoming sci-fi releases. I chatted to the editors of Sonic, who managed to talk me into contributing to this delightful tome. I thought to myself "what on earth can I bring to Sonic that will be informative for new and old fans alike?" I also thought, "what do I like to read in Doctor Who newsletters, magazines and other publications?" I like reading reviews – and I like writing them too. Then, moments later, while asking Peter Davison to autograph the sleeve to my Spare Parts CD, I thought "more people should hear this, it's really a very good story."

Big Finish have been producing original Doctor Who plays on CD since 1999, featuring original Doctors Peter Davison, Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy as well as Paul McGann, the American TV movie Doctor. Some of the original series companions are along for the ride, and many of the writers from the original television series. Before Doctor Who returned to the BBC in 2005, the Big Finish stories were the closest thing we had to new Doctor Who. The stories are released monthly, and are generally three or four 25 minute episodes, like the original series.

So here I am, self-confessed media whore, Doctor Who fan of some 30 years, with a truckload of Big Finish audio plays to tell you about. They aren't all good, some of them are abominably incoherent, so here, for your edification (and to stop you spending money on stuff that you may hate) are my top ten best Big Finish audios, in order of release. (I'm not counting them down, I'm not Bert Newton).

You can download episode one of all these stories from the Big Finish website for AUD\$1.50 – and if you like it, the rest of the story is \$12 – CDs cost around \$20 + postage. (If you don't like it, you've had half an hour of Doctor Who for less than the cost of a Mars Bar).

The Marian Conspiracy by Jacqueline Rayner

In this historical tale, the 6th Doctor (Colin Baker) meets a new travelling companion, 55 year old history professor Evelyn Smythe (Maggie Stables). All the intrigue of the Tudor court, set amidst the Tower of London. Funny, thrilling and the introduction of the best companion never seen on television.

Chimes of Midnight by Robert Shearman

The whole of this top ten could feature the writing of Robert Shearman, his audio plays are incredible experiences. From the second season of 8th Doctor (Paul McGann) stories, what at first appears to be an Agatha Christie pastiche, soon devolves into a terrifying experience. Incredibly atmospheric, although it does have some annoying continuity ties to previous stories featuring the 8th Doctor and Charley (India Fisher).

Spare Parts by Marc Platt

The writer of the television story Ghost Light takes on the origin of the Cybermen in this bleak tale of a world that has long gone past the end of days. The 5th Doctor (Peter Davison) and Nyssa (Sarah Sutton) become involved with the doomed Yvonne Hartley and her tragic family. (Rise of the Cybermen / Age of Steel from the new series were very loosely based on this story at one stage)

The Church and the Crown by Cavan Scott and Mark Wright

This is an absolute romp of a story set in 17th century Paris featuring Kings, Cardinals and Musketeers, and an unexpected identical twin (a silly conceit in an audio drama, but it works!) The 5th Doctor and Peri (Nicola Bryant), run riot with new companion, Egyptian Pharaoh Erimem (Caroline Morris).

Jubilee by Robert Shearman

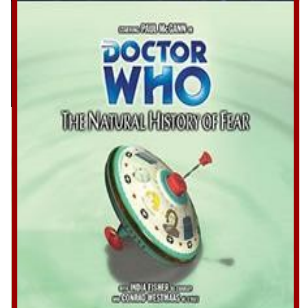
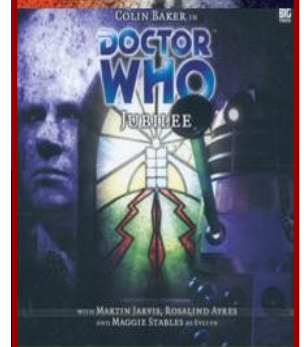
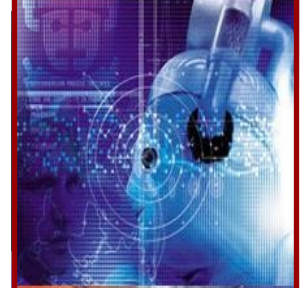
The story that the 9th Doctor story Dalek is based on, but this is a much more richly textured and layered story. The 6th Doctor and Evelyn come up against a human society that make the Daleks look tame, in a story that features brilliant performances not only from Baker and Stables, but frequent Doctor Who guest star Martin Jarvis and his wife Rosalind Ayres.

The Natural History of Fear by Jim Mortimore

Part of the third season of 8th Doctor stories, after the Doctor and Charley have hooked up with new companion C'rizz (Conrad Westmass), this is one of the most peculiar audios you will listen to, but it is compelling and atmospheric, and has an ending that will blow your mind. To tell you any more would spoil the experience.

Arrangements for War by Paul Sutton

On the planet Világ, the 6th Doctor and Evelyn become embroiled in a war between two countries, an arranged marriage and a whole big bucket of political intrigue. It's Shakespeare in space, with the Doctor and Evelyn at odds over the body count of their recent adventures, and Evelyn falling for Governor Rossiter (played by the voice of Sutekh and the Devil, Gabriel Woolf). The sequel, Thicker than Water, is also sublime.



My Favourite Big Finish Audio Adventures



by Adam Richard



The Harvest by Dan Abnett

We meet Hex (Philip Olivier), new companion for the 7th Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) and Ace (Sophie Aldred) who works at St Gart's Hospital in London, 2021, where people are going missing and dangerous experiments are being undertaken on the 31st floor. This story has a surprise in one of the later episodes that I don't want to spoil (it made me squeal out loud on a tram).

The Year of the Pig by Matthew Sweet

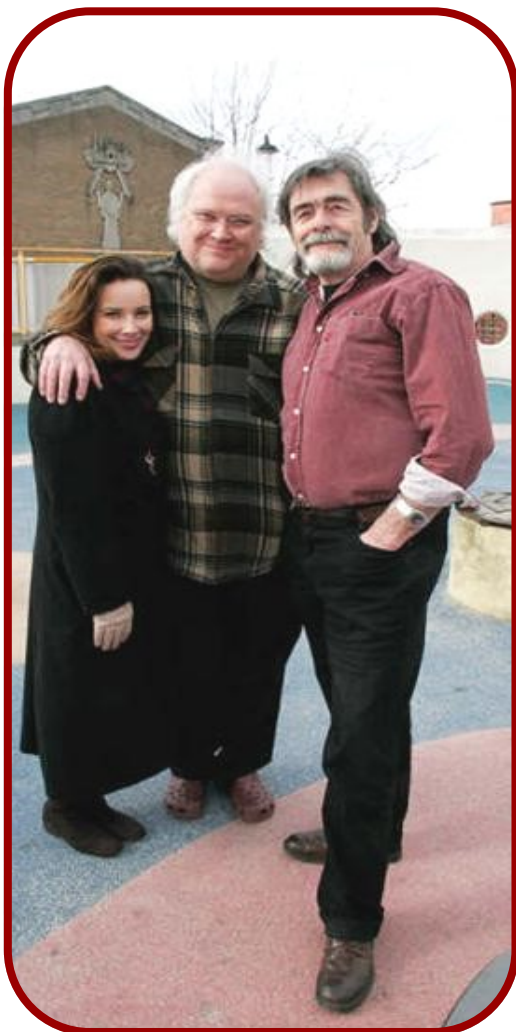
Told in the style of Season 22, in two 45 minute episodes, the 6th Doctor and Peri meet Toby the Sapient Pig in an outrageously hilarious story featuring talking pigs, exploding cows, and an all-star cast including Adjoa Andoh (Martha Jones' mother), Michael Keating (Vila from Blake's 7), Maureen O'Brien (originally Vicki alongside William Hartnell) and Paul Brooke (the Rancor keeper from Return of the Jedi – look at me and my stack of useless info!)

The Bride of Peladon by Barnaby Edwards

The 5th Doctor, Peri and Erimem return to the kingdom that became so familiar to fans of the 3rd Doctor (Jon Pertwee). The Ice Warriors, an Arcturan and the hermaphroditic hexapod Alpha Centauri, as well as a surprise villain played by Logan's Run star Jenny Agutter. Fun, nostalgia and drama all tied up with a thrilling climax and bittersweet dénouement.

Coming to issue 174 this August: Adam Richard on Colin Baker's Big Finish audios. Without his migraine-inducing costume flapping about all over the place, and Baker delivers a far more mellow performance, especially when coupled Evelyn Smythe (Maggie Stables).

Coming Soon to Your Ears



Big Finish Productions continue to develop new and interesting off-shoots of classic Doctor Who, and coming in November is one of their most fascinating and ambitious projects. Most of the output from Big Finish has been, as it says on the CD cases "classic doctors, new adventures," but they have once or twice gone back to "old adventures." They were responsible for completing Douglas Adams' unfinished Tom Baker tale, *Shada* (slightly re-jigged for Paul McGann's Doctor, but with Lalla Ward's Romana along for the ride); and more recently they have adapted three Doctor Who stage plays for audio format. Now, they are tackling the *Lost Stories*, scripts which, like *Shada*, lost their way to the screen for some reason or another. The series begins with *The Nightmare Fair* and *Mission to Magnus*, originally planned for Season 23 in 1986, and subsequently novelised by Target. Other stories will follow monthly, featuring Sixth Doctor Colin Baker and Peri (Nicola Bryant). Other lost stories to be adapted include *The Space Whale* by Pat Mills (Judge Dredd), *Paradise 5* by PJ Hammond (Sapphire and Steele, *Torchwood*), and *The Hollows of Time* by former script editor Christopher H Bidmead, which returns the *Tractators* (Frontios) to the series.

Meanwhile, the regular Big Finish line continues monthly, although in short 2 or 3 story 'seasons' which began with the *Key 2 Time* stories earlier this year. Three stories featuring the 7th Doctor, Ace and Hex will take up the next few months, followed by an 8th Doctor special, three 6th Doctor and Charley tales, and then a set of 5th Doctor and Nyssa stories wind up the year.

The *Companion Chronicles* stories continue with readings from the actors behind such memorable characters as Mike Yates, Romana I & II, Jamie, Turlough, Sara Kingdom and the unforgettable double act from *Talons of Weng-Chiang*, Jago and Litefoot.

The third season of new 8th Doctor adventures starring Paul McGann and Sheridan Smith as Lucie continues, very much inspired by the modern television series in their 45 minute format, and bringing back favourite monsters like the Krynoid and the Wirrn. The current season winds up in October, but in the tradition established by the new series, a Christmas Special is planned for December.



The Blank Page

by The Doctor

By rights, the ink should now turn a burnt red to symbolise the spilling of my blood. I died before, will do again. Each time feels as though a begrudging pavement greets a lengthy plummet. Dodging the ground, a trick I seem to possess, appears increasingly gruelling as my wrinkles start to show. Initially the traps and attacks, the daggers buried in threats, keep me young. My energy materialises through surges of adrenalin; I dart both in body and mind. Eventually, my reactions slow. Warning signs slip past as I stumble or tumble into something younger eyes would see.

My pen, still stubbornly brown, implies with my words that the fall fell short of fatal. Live and learn. Bare foot wearing a floral dress, a silent lady pushed me. She should not exist in the aged world of the first generation of Cybermen. Does that make Ip'Ton second generation? Now devoid of emotion he honestly stepped over the line to stand shoulder with the Cybermen, leaving behind the self-labelled Emotes. But I skip ahead, the grey line still needs drawing.

Sporting a rich stain of blood flowing from where a rib tore through his skin, the Doctor sped towards the brilliant white of the ground. No noise broke the hush in the air, save for the flapping of a brown jacket. Looking almost pensive, the Doctor slowly spun towards the inevitable impact. His eyes decided to focus on his landing, in doing so a faint smile tweaked the corner of his lips. White ground, broken only by a grid, beckoned. The dense foam garden of the art gallery deserved a second viewing; the Doctor willingly obliged as his body sank into the deep caresses of the intensely frothing structure.

Lying motionless, his hearts beat furiously as blood oozed from the gaping wound into the fizzing lather. Ensnared by nothing other than tight bubbles, fingers slowly twitched, testing the resistance of the foam; solid, to all intents. Not trying to sit knowing full well the pain it guaranteed, he let his hands push impossibly deep into the left pocket of his coat, removing the bandages borrowed earlier. Avoiding detectable movement, his eyelids fell to attempt a regenerative sleep as his hand pressed the bandages over the wound.

In his mind, dreams raged. A guillotine dropped in eighteenth century France, severing a pumpkin in half. A rat, sprung free and darted towards Barbara, who knelt down to lift the rodent from the cobblestones. Whispering something into the creature's ear, she then released it into an open sewer. Suddenly, the Doctor could see through the rat's eyes. Water splashed off its fur, as the rat dived upwards doubling, then tripling its size. Suddenly Leela broke into sight as he lunged towards her screaming form, only to crash into the bars of a cage. Through them, he could see himself, looking down forlornly as a destroyed sonic screwdriver sparked on a hay covered floor.

Entering the tunnels, the work crew headed deep into darkness illuminated only through phosphorescent stones. Contrasting to the smoothness of the city, the glorified hole pushed into the ground boasted jagged surfaces and uneven footing. This underworld invited not the eyes of the Mondasian city. Echoes of harsh clatter reverberated and grew louder as cold light eventually shone from a vent. Lowering themselves down an embedded ladder, the crew from So'Ulan's department prepared to inspect the buried engine.

Stepping off the last rung, their footsteps clanked loudly on the flat stone ground. The crystal-lined vortex sparkled as green surges reflected off the polished mirrors, focusing the energy towards a ferociously unstable engine. Shards of metal, span furiously, spurring on the colossal device. Thinking aloud, the man grimacing behind his faceplate contemplated:

"This is one of sixty-four buried chambers. The surface of the planet mined. The contraption's existence stabilise orbit. Theoretically it could move the planet. Space travels this scale unprecedented. Inspection of the generator should begin. Collect the relevant tools. Look at those working here. I think they are like Ip'Ton. Do you think they ever leave here? Why do they call us down here? They cannot think of repair techniques."

Collecting tools, the men carefully circumvented the engine to access the back panels. Unable to cut the power, the violent quake of the engine made repairs slow and dangerous. Clinging on with the metal tubes of his legs looping around bolts, the modified man balanced precariously over the spinning coolant fans and timed each blade rotation with a delicate half-step of this deadly service. Lying underneath, his partner removed an access hatch to install new filters and to coat the belts with a strengthening paste. Both men breathed in deeply together and thrust their limbs into the heart of the throbbing mechanism.

So'Ulan watched as Ip'Ton focused deep into the static, he stood ridged. Without warning he turned and crossed to the base of the elevator sphere, he stared unseeingly at So'Ulan waiting for his ride. So'Ulan rubbed her aching leg as the ball spun down, collecting the fully converted Ip'Ton. Failing to focus on her monitor, she sighed. Stepping over the flowing water, she closed her eyes and gently collapsed into the flowerbed. Cataloguing files stored in her neural chip, she entered rest mode. Her mind instantly filled with static and work orders organised themselves in a static field, upon which she could almost see Ip'Ton tracing his fingers down an Ice Warrior helmet. Awaking, So'Ulan noticed an folder containing outsourced work orders requiring today's attention.

Stretching, her remaining limbs and tightening her bandages, So'Ulan stood and headed towards the elevator, passing by Ip'Ton's terminal. Curiosity getting the better of her, she reached into her colleague's terminal - only to discover it encrypted.

"Never before we held passwords," her mouth opened to muse. "Whose orders keep him solitary? My colleague not a friend. Emotion upgrade is downgrade. Perhaps the old fools knew. First align the theatre grid. Then for some recreation."

Streets passed and corners turned without registering; before her thoughts found order So'Ulan arrived at the Anniversary Theatre. So old nobody remembered just what the anniversary once entailed, the building of wood and stone somehow suited the gleaming eclectic skyline of modern Mondas. The work order, straightforward wiring, took little effort, and when a husky voice flowed down the auditorium her ears tuned in while her grey fingered twisted cables into sockets.

The Blank Page

by The Doctor



"Fusion organised justice, I may have said this before. Now changes flow instead of trickle, emotion voided and encrypted networks go wireless. Now the Cybermen need no terminals, not for orders nor communication. Their actions come swiftly, bypassing our anticipation. We Emotes will do so until death, but the control we seek remains distant. Our members cross governments, cities, and ranks, but fail to breach the Cybermen world.

"Our fight, therefore, must be indirect. Destruction of the engine generators should do; delay them for orbit decay, Mondas' trajectory will falter. It would not be hard. Unstable nature of those monstrous vortexes; Cybermen cannot compute the delicate and creative solutions to malfunctions. This will be their downfall, for we will strike them with technicians. I have a couple in mind, So'Ulan, your associates will become collaborators. It's time I think you join me, tonight walk beyond the meadow. Bring along your left and right hands, for I cannot be seen reaching them again.

Faintly glowing, the comatose Doctor breathed twirling light. Suddenly eyes opened followed by a gasp fighting through his dry throat; sitting up, the Doctor turned his head and laughed with a beaming smile.

"What a landing, oh my; fine lady took a shining to me, I like the giggle. Not enough people giggle any more. Sure there are chuckles and laughs, but they just miss that – personal embellishment. Oh no. No no no. My suit, poor pin striped blue. Wait, my ribs, gotta feel my ribs. Gently does it, oh yeah, still tender. Skin healed, thank you Time Lord regenerative goodness, though ribs still need work. Least I am still me, could not ask for more. Now, to climb out of this foam grave; should probably count to three. One, two; wait for it and grimace, three."

Heaving himself onto the surface of the white wall, the Doctor stood proud and scanned the city. Heading right as he suddenly disliked left, the Doctor ambled along his raised pavement of suds. Eventually lowering to the real ground, he continued the stroll until he spied a moving walkway, scrolling straight to somewhere.

"Never could resist a level escalator, always takes you somewhere official. Ah, I am talking to myself again. Not mad, just an external monologue to catalogue thoughts and to verbally confirm observations. A perfectly reasonable outlet, for the turbulence thumping my mind; that said, maybe I shall give it a rest."

Releasing the muscles forming his grin, the man strode along anticipating the destination. Tightening his overcoat and flattening his hair, he remained silent as he watched a series of leaning towers support themselves against a stone pyramid. The walkway continued, past a series of bronze statues featuring unmodified people, over a valley covered with flowers, towards an empty meadow. The path stopped at nowhere.

With the dome glistening behind them, So'Ulan and her cohorts deposited their footsteps into fresh snow as they covered the frosty surface, their shadows casting towards their destination. Dug into the side of a sheer rock wall, a man made cave shielded the trio from the city. A temple to a forgotten god, the walls themselves hollowed around intricate carvings of people and animals working in fields, swimming in rivers, and dancing on snow. Some of the images still retained paint, but most of the outer ones suffered from the elements. An unreadable language covered the roof, carved deep into the stone.

Illuminated by a modest fire, the trio looked into the tired eyes of dissenters. None of the faces, or at least what remained, looked familiar. A tall man without any augmentations, threw a log in the fire and squinted at the trio.

"Good," he croaked, "now we can coordinate our only action."

Shrugging, the Doctor chose stubbornness and despite seeing nothing ahead, continued full pace. Slamming into the clear sky, the world flickered as he fell back into the grass. Jutting out his jaw and cracking his neck once left, once right, the Doctor moved forwards again and tried to touch what looked like an open meadow. Coldness of a wall met his fingers and his eyes looked for something more. Lining himself up with the end of the road, he paced towards the sky wall and reached for a circling red insect. Spinning quickly into a circle, the Doctor reached into the bug's path and a tear opened to another sky – the real one outside the dome.

Snow tumbled over a series of footsteps, which just begged to be followed. Digging his hands into warm pockets, the Doctor braced himself against the wind, which blew through bare branches of dead trees and mounds of snow glinted in the near distance. A circle of stone, surrounding a large emerald orb, stood just ahead of him. Jabbing the orb with his elbow, it crackled to life and a park map with various markers of possible interest flashed over the sphere. A nearby sanctuary, towards those mounds of snow, must lie at the end of the foot prints. Looking over the other images, the Doctor realised it may be the last time that anyone views them. Pausing for a moment to remember, the photos finished their cycle and the orb reset to its natural emerald memorial.

Placing his feet where others already tread, the path and destination already set. Once breeze, then wind, now gale, snow flew wildly through the air. Glints from within the mounds ahead became shines, before patches of metal and bandage slowly broke cover to stand tall. Three Cybermen, holding boxes containing beams of concentrated light, marched away from the Doctor - towards the cave ahead. Freezing mid stride, the Doctor's eyes lingered on orb, before he clutched his ribs and ran towards the three, apparently, fully converted Cybermen. Breaking into pace along side the advancing trio, the Cybermen all turned to face him; the middle one opened his mouth to talk.

"You are the friend of So'Ulan. A visitor to this city. Follow me to the old temple. It is a place of memories. There we will face the Emotes. An upgrade will be offered. I saw fifteen enter. Eight more than expected. My old colleagues joined them. Soon they will be like me. Let us walk there together."

"When we enter," the Doctor spoke carefully as he walked alongside the armed Cybermen, "the Emotes will either flee into tunnels or surrender to you. Logically, in a fight they will overpower you with their number. Do not fire your weapons, let some escape and capture those who surrender. Least, that would be my way. Follow your logic."

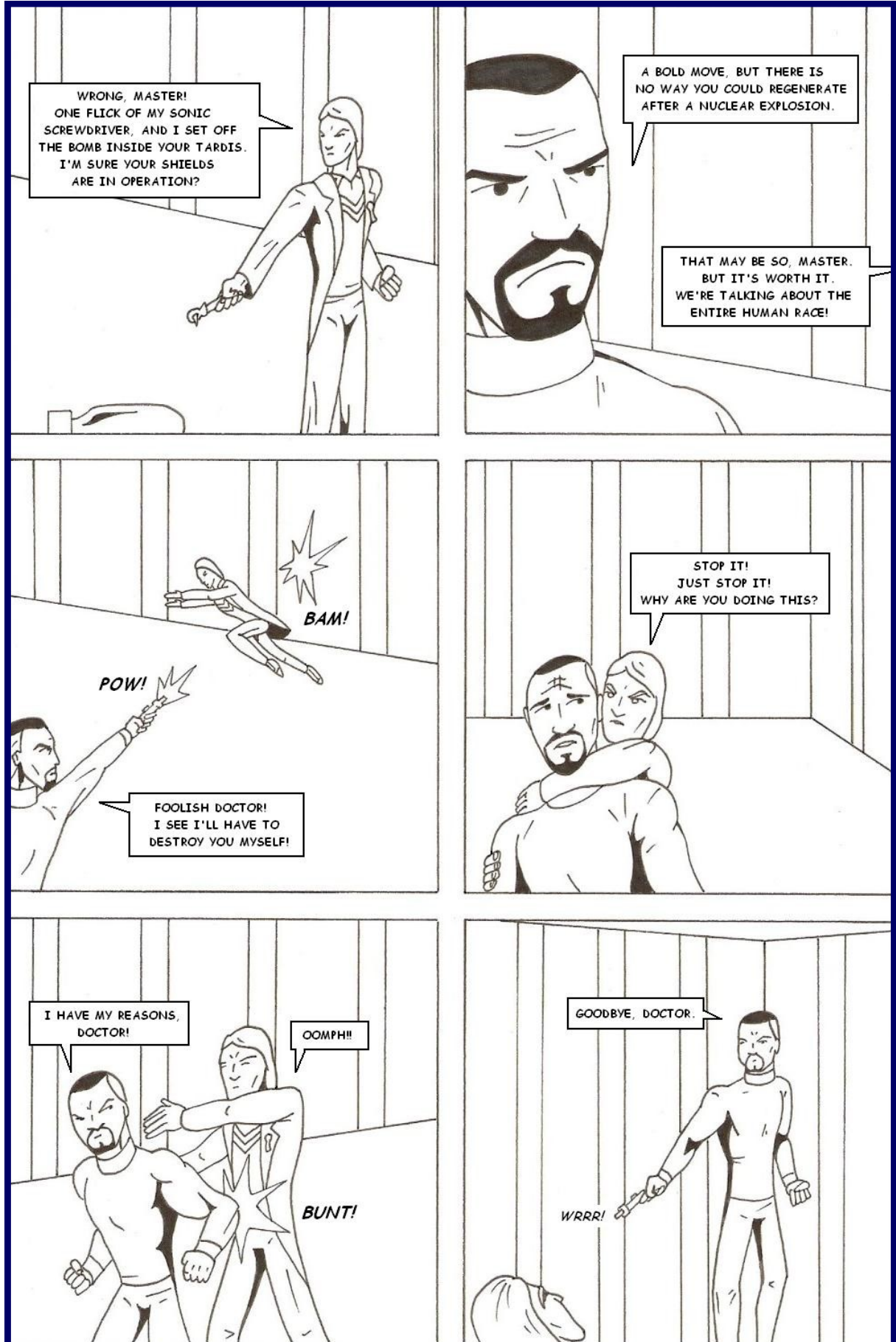
Abruptly halting at the cave entrance, the Cybermen faced the Emotes. Suddenly, the tall man grabbed a flaming log and hurled it at Ip'Ton; his bandages ignited. The other Cybermen raised their weapons and, without a word, fired.





Master Plan: Part Two

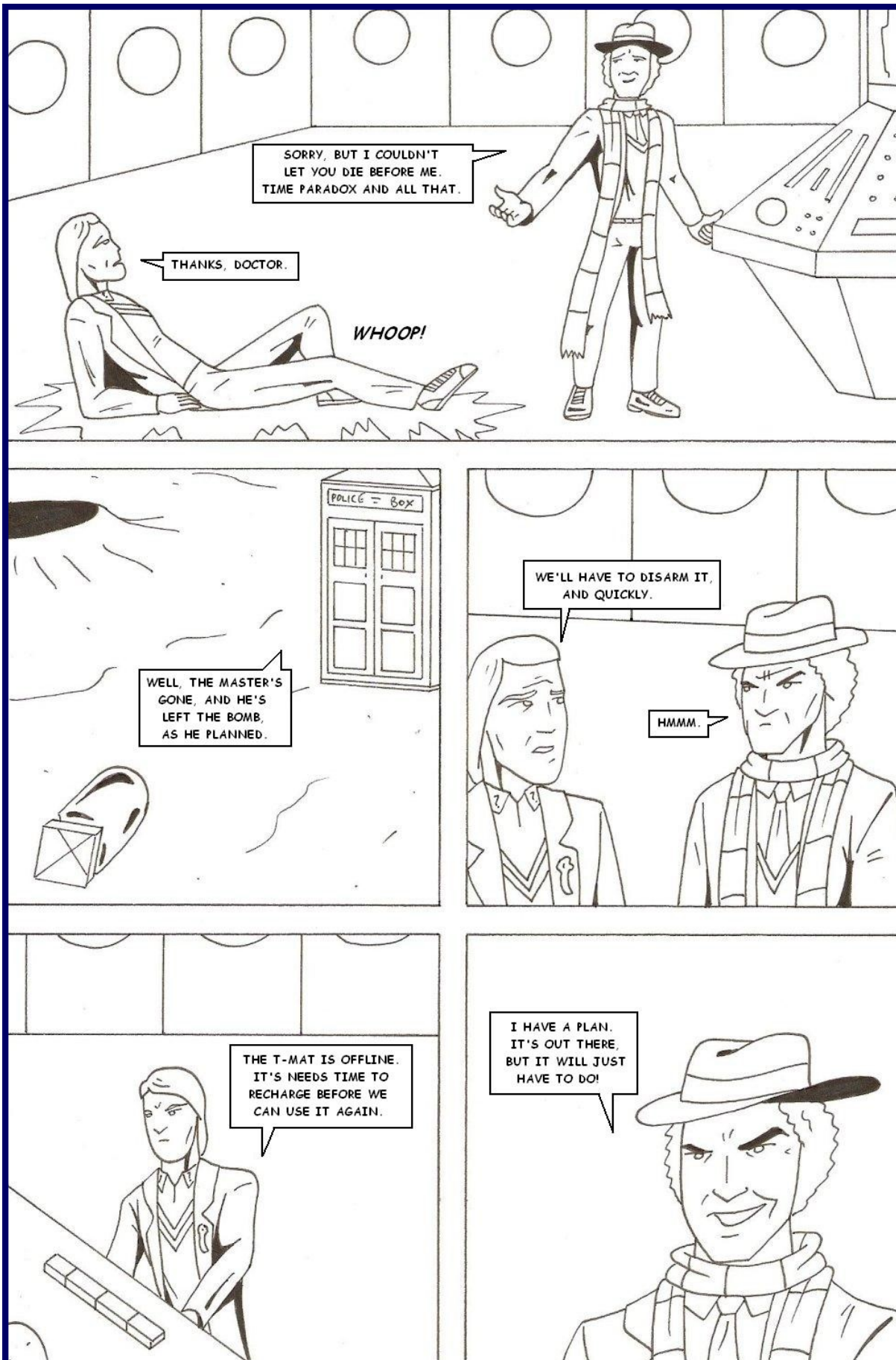
by Manuel Bouw



Original Graphic Novel

Master Plan: Part Two

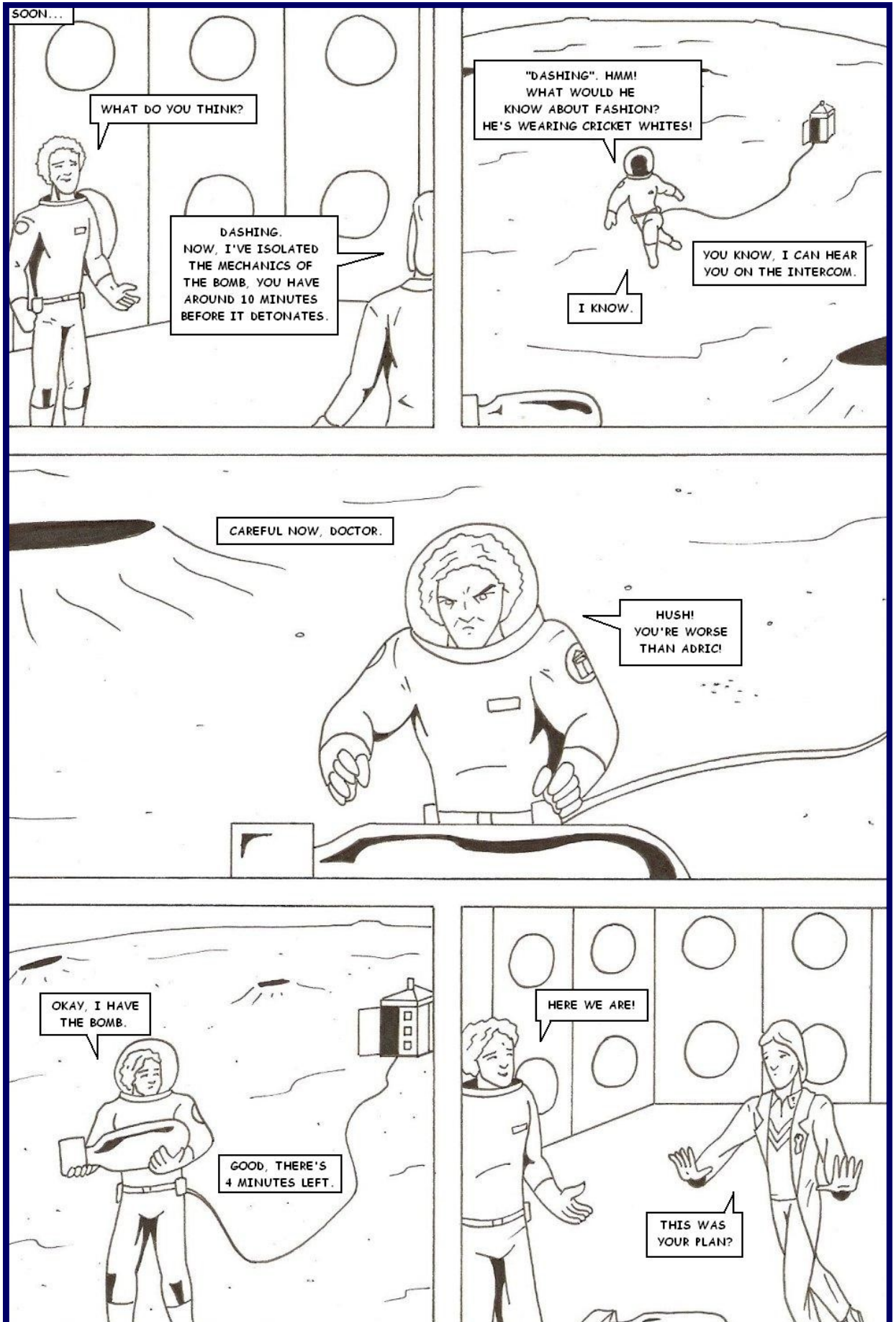
by Manuel Bouw





Master Plan: Part Two

by Manuel Bouw

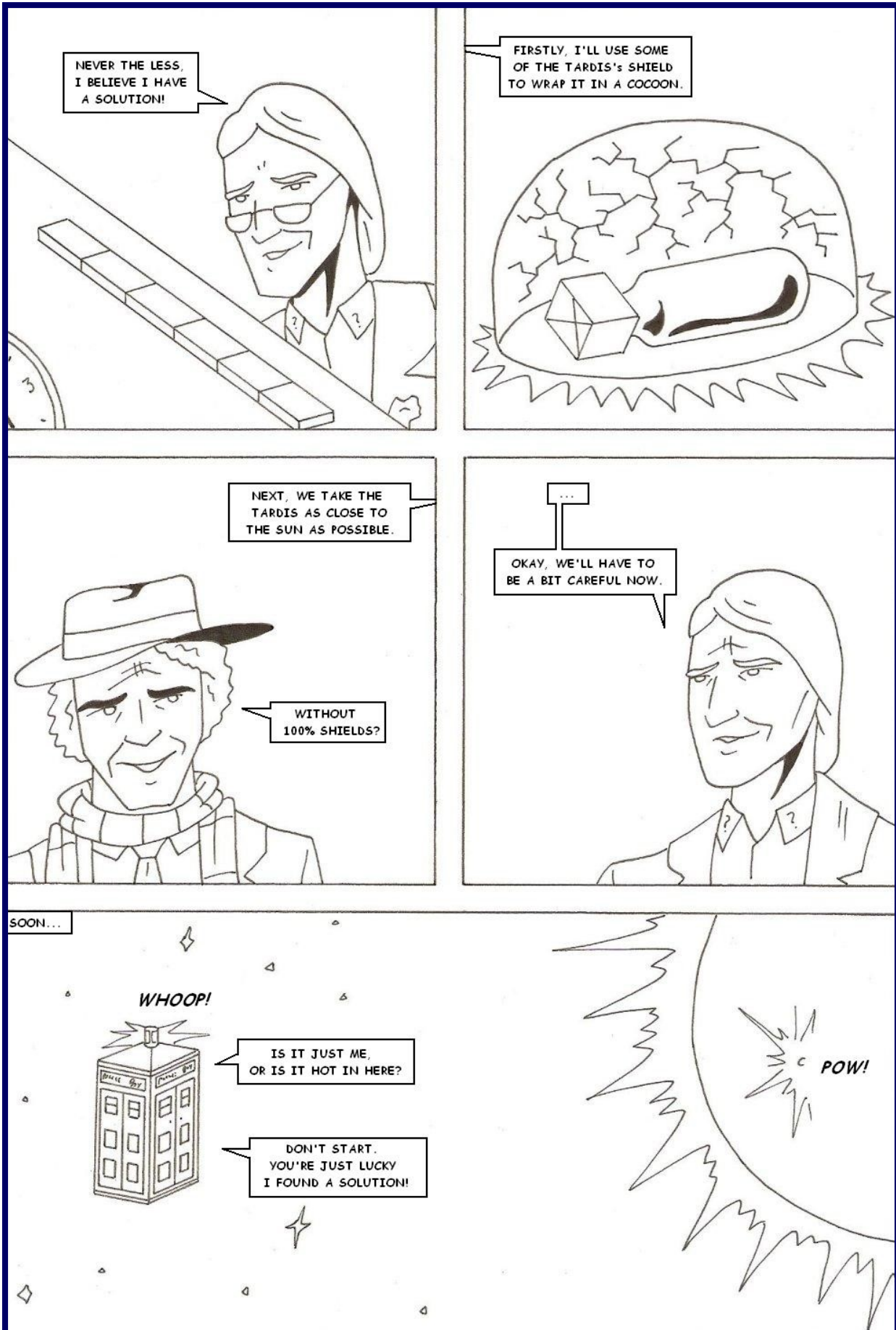


Original Graphic Novel

Master Plan: Part Two



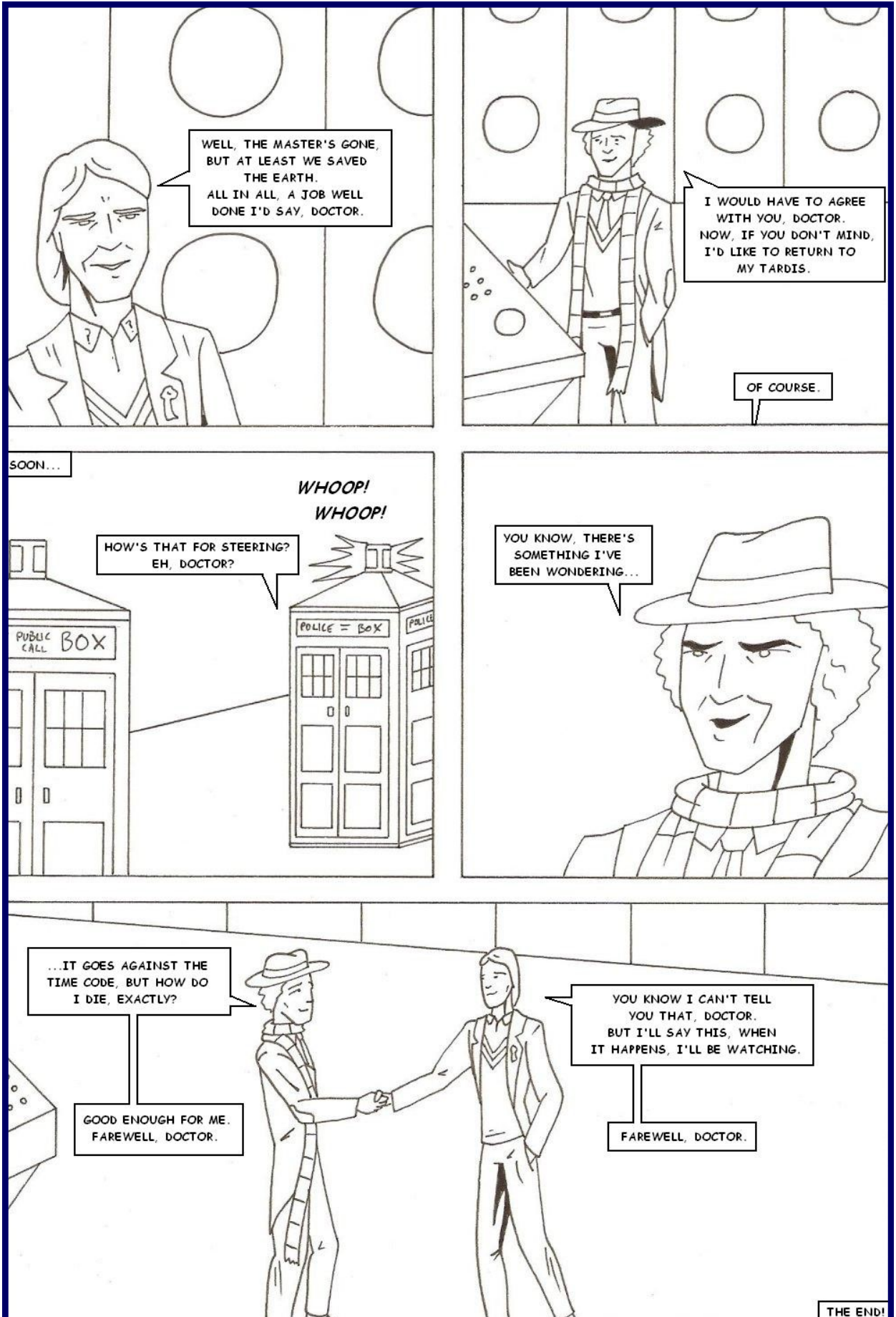
by Manuel Bouw





Master Plan: Part Two

by Manuel Bouw



Original Graphic Novel



Hey there again ... Captain Jack 🤪

(the Alternate DWCV Universe version) here again!

Well it is becoming a long time between drinks for a fix of Doctor Who this year ... finally the Easter Special has arrived and it is, overall, very impressive. Now we go back into "desperately seeking more Doctor Who" mode as we wait with great antic-c-c-c-ipation for the next special, rumoured to be around November, which looks really amazing ...

Planet Of The Dead

A fun adventure, beautifully filmed. David Tennant is at his excited best and Michelle Ryan is superb as Kristina who would make a fantastic ongoing companion and a real strength to support the Doctor, particularly the next Doctor. She is so matter-of-fact about it all.

The psychic is a great addition to build the suspense. UNIT is called in with a full display of over-the-top force led by the now regular Captain Magambo. Doctor Malcolm Taylor, the Doctor's latest replacement as UNIT's scientific advisor, who sees the Doctor as a hero, is a great addition ... A bit mad scientist, a bit fan-boy, and the Doctor's new "best friend". The alien flies are cool and the devourers are also brilliantly realised.

Once they are back on Earth, the focus is clearly on the potential of Captain Magambo and Malcolm having their own spin-off series which has the potential to be interesting, but I seriously doubt that it is necessary to divide the resources up further than they already are. I would far prefer the Doctor's Daughter get her own series ... a much better idea than even the initially planned Rose spin off, though I would prefer even the UNIT spin-off to that one. The end is also about setting up the suspense for the final three episodes of David Tennant's era... "...He will knock four times...".

The kiss between the Doctor and Kristina was predictable and unnecessary, I really hope that we have none of this rubbish with the 11th Doctor as it is really not appropriate or in any way needed or productive to the stories or the character and legend of the Doctor ... just knock it off!!! Malcolm was also a little too over-the-top at the end.

Overall it was a really good Special and a great result for their first time filming Doctor Who in full HD. The trailer that followed for "The Waters Of Mars" was also amazing and it looks like it will be one of the best Doctor Who episodes ever!

Rating: 9 out of 10 ... Great flying busses, Batman!

Desert Storm Confidential 48mins

The battered bus, filming in Dubai, the Dubai resonance in 2008, the big red bus catches a long boat to Dubai. Filming in "the gallery", in the streets, with UNIT, and the end. Lady Kristina, desert sand storms, extremely difficult conditions in the desert, effects, the flies and the stingrays, the prophecy, and the perfect companion who had to go! Also some snippets of outtakes. [These are not even sentences - Ed]

Features interviews and comments from David Tennant, Russell T Davies, Michelle Ryan (Kristina), James Strong (Director), Julie Gardner (Executive Producer), Ed Thomas (Production Designer), Lee Evans (Malcolm), Adam James (D.I. McMillan), Tracie Simpson (Producer), Stephen Nicholas (Chief Supervising Art Director), Julian Luxton (Set Director), Debbie Slater (Production manager), Danny Hargreaves (FX Supervisor), Gareth Skelding (Location Manager), Julian Howarth (Sound Recorder), and Neill Gorton (Prosthetics Designer). Rating: 8 out of 10

Next up in issue 174 will be a review of the third series of TORCHWOOD called "Children Of Earth" and then, hopefully some of the third series of the Sarah Jane Adventures which will include a double episode featuring David Tennant as the tenth Doctor! Then, of course will come The Waters Of Mars and the final two episodes of David Tennant's Doctor ... Noooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!! It is great to hear that Donna's grandfather, Wilfred will be a companion of the Doctor for his last two episodes, a great idea! Until then, I'm out of here ...

Cheers dears ... Jack! 🤪

As he ran hard along the coastline of the bay, Ianto was glad for the rivalry that existed between himself and Owen. When Jack had disappeared they'd found themselves in a leadership struggle and soon they had begun to challenge each other. One of these repeated challenges was a race along the bay side - loser buying drinks for the rest of the team, although they never told Tosh and Gwen why they were buying the drinks. He and Owen would put everything into the race; flying down the concrete, wood and eventually sand, far enough away from the Hub they could no longer see the Millennium Centre. Each race would go longer, the distance travelled more as they put everything into besting each other. Secretly Ianto had relished the feeling of adrenaline, the feeling of freedom as the wind raced past him, feeling the rhythmic feel of his feet hitting the ground as his body burned, hearing Owen just to the side of him trying hard to keep up. And they'd gotten faster and faster, the challenge soon becoming no longer about the leadership than the sheer enjoyment of the competition, the two allowing Gwen to take command of the team without dispute. They still came out here, he and Owen, and they still raced. They'd run until they'd passed the place they'd ended it last time, then they'd collapse onto the ground laughing, a tangle of limbs as they yanked at each others clothing, all hot kisses and lust as they started the new battle for control. Eventually, as it grew late, they'd pick themselves up and straighten their apparel before racing back.

It felt like one of those days now. He could hear Owen off to the side, he could feel the adrenaline and the burn, his feet pounding on the ground in time to the waves lapping the shore. They were a long way from Cardiff now, but they weren't running as they always did. The pounding of the feet behind him was a firm reminder. The cold bite to the air burned him, the moonlight barely bright enough to light the path in front of them. This wasn't their running territory, meaning they didn't know the terrain and couldn't easily navigate it in the dim light. They'd both already tripped once or twice, the other slowing to yank the first to his feet before they started again, determined to stay one step ahead. A while ago now Jack's voice had crackled over a fading signal in their ears, telling them to try to lead the beast further up the beach where the others would be waiting. Ianto silently cursed his boss, unsure about how much further he would be able to run. His head was already swimming, the corners of his vision slowly turning grey as his lungs burned, the taste of blood on his breath as he gasped. Owen sounded no better off, the other man stumbling slightly before catching himself, sweat pouring down his face. His shirt was already drenched, his pants seeming to cling to him with each step. Owen shot him a quick look, so many messages in his eyes in that one glance: 'what is that thing?', 'how far back is it?', 'why did we get stuck doing this?', 'I can't hold out for much longer', 'where the hell is Jack?'

Ianto returned his attention forward, spotting the dark shape of a piece of driftwood emerging from the dark and avoiding it, stumbling slightly on the loose sand and barely able to recover as his knees threatened to give way, feeling like water as they trembled. He heard the half roar behind him, so deep and rough that it caused a jolt in his spine with its sound. He could hear the hard breaths as it pounded along behind them, having the advantage of four legs over their unstable two. He could barely hear its pounding stride over the thundering of his own heartbeat as the blood rushed in his ears. They rounded another bend, Ianto feeling his panic rising as once again they could not see any signs of rescue as the beach stretched into the dark. A bird gave a squawk of protest as they raced past, shooting out of its tree with a whistling of wings and taking flight into the night.

He gasped as his foot slipped into a hole, throwing him forward abruptly and sending him tumbling onto the beach, pain shooting through his leg. He lay there, briefly stunned before scrambling in the sand, willing his protesting body to get back to its feet. Hands caught him under the armpits, yanking him back up and across and throwing him hard back against a tree. Owen's body pressed heavily against his, Ianto feeling the pounding of Owen's heart against his own chest, Owen's harsh gasping breaths so loud in his ear as Owen leaned against him. He turned his head and followed Owen's gaze, spotting the dark shape slowing as it reached the spot where he had fallen. Ianto rested a steadying hand on Owen's hip as he watched it, Owen glancing at him quickly before refocusing his attention out toward the creature.

They watched as it explored the area, seeming to take in the scuff marks on the sand and gazing in the direction of the far end of the beach. Its large eyes shone in the moonlight, a mixture of scales and fur rippling as it shifted, turning its head into the bush. It let out a grunt, moving up the beach at a slower pace before disappearing into the trees. They waited until they could no longer hear it, Ianto closing his eyes and resting his head back against the tree trunk, fighting to regain his breath as the pain in his leg faded. He heard Owen let out a heavy sigh and looked to see Owen gazing around.

"We can't keep running up the beach," Owen said. "It's got four legs. It's got the advantage."

"We've got no choice," Ianto reminded him. "Jack says he's got a trap-"

"Then where the hell is he." Owen scowled. "We've run miles since he told us that."

"He couldn't have been sure of our exact location."

"Exactly. He could be in the other direction for all we know." Owen raised a hand to his earpiece, scowl deepening. "Comms are out. Brilliant. Absolutely downright brilliant."

Ianto scanned their surroundings, noting the stillness to the night and feeling a sensation of remoteness sweep over him. They'd both lost their weapons a while ago, leaving them defenseless and he knew they couldn't keep this up for much longer. "What do you think we should do?"

"Trees." Owen gestured behind him. "We'd have the advantage. Two legs mean we can navigate the turns quicker." Ianto shook his head. "No good. Tosh did an assessment earlier. She said that given its structure and claws it's most likely a forest predator who hunts in the top layer. It would be quicker in the trees." Owen swore, forehead dropping onto Ianto's shoulder as he gripped the trunk tighter on either side of Ianto's hips.

"She said it isn't designed for long periods of land running. That's why Jack wanted to get it out into the fields."

"Yeah, and didn't that just work. Instead of taking the bait it went in the other direction and ended up here."

Ianto frowned, remembering how the creature had turned down the offered sheep and ran for the beach, directly toward himself and Owen. He glanced up. "I wonder if it eats birds."

"Right now, I don't give a rat's arse what it eats, just so long as it isn't me." Owen raised his head, looking at him before glancing back over his shoulder. "We better get a move on."

Ianto nodded, scanning their surroundings and seeing no sign of the creature, although the silence of the night still unnerved him. "Keep going along the beach?"

"Like you said: no choice."

Owen stepped back, patting Ianto once on the chest and stepping around him. Ianto followed, falling into step beside him as they moved to the edge of the tree line and scanned around. Seeing no sign, they started off at a jog, Ianto's body protesting about the movement and a dull throb in his leg telling him he'd probably hurt it when he fell.

"We need to find it," Ianto said, finding himself already starting to run out of breath. "If we lose it-"

"I know, I know." Owen glanced around. "It'll show up. I just want a bit of a head start when it does, that's all."

A fair enough point, given how long they'd been running and how exhausted Ianto himself felt. Ianto scanned their surroundings, feeling his protesting muscles slowly loosen again as he kept one ear out, hearing only their own breath and their footfalls on the sand over the gentle lapping of waves and the soft breeze. He gasped at the blur of movement, the silence of the night broken by a cry of pain. He swung around, eyes widening as he found Owen pinned beneath the beast, struggling to keep those glittering fangs from his neck. Ianto reached for his weapon, swearing as he remembered how it lay miles back on the sand, bullet-less after their first confrontation.

Ianto spun around, searching the ground, stomach churning at Owen's panicked cries for his help. Spotting a sturdy piece of driftwood he scooped it up, rushing at the beast and swinging, connecting the wood to the side of the creature's head. It let out a sound that sounded suspiciously like the yelp of a dog, stumbling to the side, pawing and shaking its head where the wood had connected. Ianto didn't stop to watch it, reaching out and grabbing the front of Owen's shirt and dragging the stunned man to his feet. In the dim light he could see the tears on Owen's shirt, the edges slowly darkening as blood seeped into the fabric. Owen gripped his elbows, gasping and closing his eyes for a moment, regaining some semblance of control over himself as the shock faded.

"You alright?" Ianto asked. "Will be once we get out of here." Owen glanced quickly at the still wavering creature before he turned, grabbing Ianto's hand and tugging hard. "Come on."

He pulled Ianto along with him for several long steps, only dropping his hand once they began picking up speed. They fell back into their sprint, putting as much distance between themselves and the creature as they could. Behind them there came a baying roar that Ianto could only link to anger, and knew that it was after them again. He set his eyes on the distance, focusing everything into each step and ignoring the jarring pain every time his injured leg touched the ground. He forced himself to think about the races, and in the back of his mind the old joke about what to do when running from a dangerous animal: 'just make sure you stay in front of the other guy'.

He was quicker than Owen. He was the quickest of all of them. Sure Owen was still faster than the average guy, especially since they'd started their races, but Ianto was still faster. Back when it had been an honest race he'd win every time, but eventually it had been more about who could go further and how fast they could both get there. And if he won this race, the loser would lose more than money for buying those drinks. He started as he realised that he could no longer just hear his and Owen's steps and breath, and glancing quickly back his eyes widened. "It's gaining on us!"

Owen didn't seem to react, but with every step Ianto could hear a breathed curse coming from the other man. Ianto pushed himself, widening his steps and trying to lean into the run, cursing the breeze that had picked up off the water that was pushing them back and to the side toward the trees. The sound of the beast's raged breathing grew ever closer, Ianto feeling a sense of panic begin to rush over him as the realisation he was about to die swept through him. He thought he could feel the beast's heated breaths on the back of his neck and couldn't be sure if they were real or a figment of his imagination. There was no way he was going to check, because he knew that if it were real he'd be dead before he could even make out that dark shape in the moonlight. There was an abrupt snap, splitting the night as a rush of heat and light hit his back and caused him to stumble. He glanced to the side, spotting Owen's sharp look as they spun at the beast's yelp to find it suspended in the air, surrounded by the glowing outline of an alien confinement cell. - "Gotcha!"

They looked around, spotting Jack slipping out of the darkness with a huge grin on his face, Tosh and Gwen just behind as they moved to take in the creature. Ianto let out a shuddering gasp, closing his eyes and giving into the need to collapse. The sand stuck into him as he rolled onto his back, fighting to regain his breath and thankful that it was finally over. Hearing the crunch of sand to his left, he turned his head to find Owen flopped out beside him, eyes squeezed closed and still quietly swearing to himself. Ianto closed his own eyes again, noting for the first time that he was trembling with exhaustion. Feeling a touch he cracked his eyes open, finding a hand resting on his chest. Owen had rolled onto his side, fingers curling into the sweat-damp fabric of Ianto's shirt, eyes still squeezed closed but no longer cursing. Ianto let out a long breath, allowing himself to take in the area and spotting the team SUV on the edge of the tree line, blue glow from the many monitors throwing long shadows over its surroundings. He rolled onto his side, Owen's hand dropping from his person. He saw Owen's gaze follow him as Ianto crawled toward the SUV, shifting so he could lean back against it.

He watched as Jack, Tosh and Gwen moved around the creature, taking scans and making notes. It didn't look so big now they had it under control. Rather, it looked somewhat pathetic with the way it had curled itself up into the back corner, eyes wide as it stared out at them. He looked to the side as Owen joined him, the other man inspecting his wounds in the blue light. Ianto noted that they weren't all that deep and therefore wouldn't require stitches, Owen seeming to come to the same assessment as he sighed, taking in his ruined shirt. Ianto smiled faintly, Owen glancing at him and returning it. The other man leaned toward him, Ianto letting his eyes close as their lips came together in a kiss of relief and lingering adrenaline, Owen's fingers finding their way up behind his neck and gently caressing the fine hairs, causing a hot tingle to shoot through him, countering the fatigue.

Ianto went to rest a hand against Owen's chest, then thought better of it and set it on his knee instead, bringing it to Owen's face when Owen pressed in harder, a promise of things to come silently being communicated. They drew back slowly, Ianto making a mental note that Owen had never kissed him like that before and to ask him about it later. He probably wouldn't get an answer. With one last stolen kiss they let their hands drop, returning to their positions of leaning back against the SUV. Feeling eyes on him Ianto glanced up. Gwen was gaping at them, the look on Tosh's face one of amusement. It was Jack's reaction that got to him. Ianto frowned slightly. It was like there were a thousand different thoughts and emotions sweeping over Jack's face, Jack's gaze boring into him and him alone. Ianto raised a slight eyebrow in question, Jack frowning and turning away with one last look Ianto could almost put down to disapproval and annoyance mixed with jealousy and a faint touch of loss. Shrugging it off, Ianto closed his eyes and rested his head back, sighing. He'd figure it out later. Right now, he was just too exhausted to care.





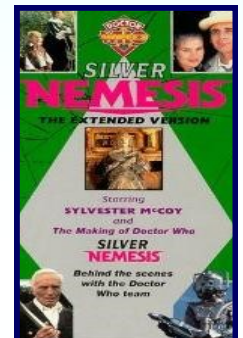
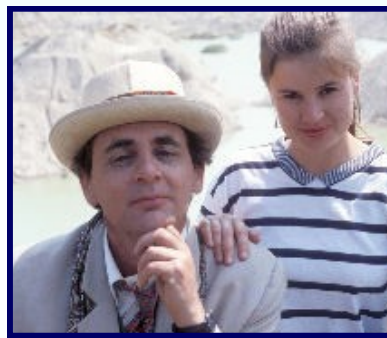
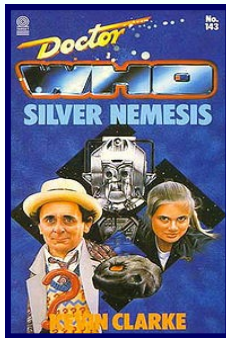
Silence in the DVD Library

Silver Nemesis by Michael Samarin

Story 145	Written by Kevin Clarke	23 rd of November ~ 7 th Dec1988
Production Code: 7K	Classic Series: Season 25	Three x 25 Minute Episodes
Directed by Chris Clough	Produced by John Nathan-Turner	Script editor: Andrew Cartmel

The Doctor: Sylvester McCoy	Ace : Sophie Aldred	De Flores: Anton Diffring
Karl: Metin Yenil	Lady Peinforte: Fiona Walker	Richard: Gerald Murphy
Mathematician: Leslie French	Ms Remington :Dolores Gray	Security Guard: Martyn Read
Cyberleader: David Banks	Cyber Lieutenant: Mark Hardy	Cyberman: Bryan Orrel

Episode	Date broadcast	Length of episode	Viewing number
Part One	23 November 1988	24:31 minutes	6.1 million
Part Two	30 November 1988	24:12 minutes	5.2 million
Part Three	7 December 1988	24:36 minutes	5.2 million



Video Releases: 3 rd of May 1993 with extended footage and extras.	Target Novel: 16 th of November 1989
Doctor Who Magazine #244 had a celebration on the Cybermen in the issue.	Written by Kevin Clarke 143 rd Cover Art by Alister Pearson

Story Synopsis: The Doctor and Ace arrive in England in 1988, where the Cybermen, a group of Nazis and a 17th century Sorceress named 'Lady Peinforte are trying to gain control of a statue made of living metal, validium, that was used by Rassilon as an ultimate defence for Gallifrey. The statue has three components, a bow, an arrow and the figure itself, they must be brought together to be activated. They have been separated since 1638 when, in order to foil the first attempt by Lady Peinforte to seize it the Doctor launched the figure in orbit by a power asteroid. The asteroid now has crash-landed near Windsor castle. The Doctor plays the three factions off against one other and eventually appears to concede defeat to the Cyber Leader. This is just part of a carefully-laid trap, and the Cybermen's fleet is totally wiped out by the statue.

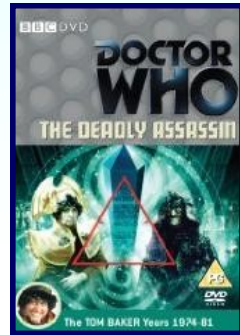
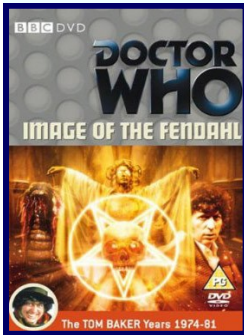
Locations: 1:	The scenes at the Gas Works where The Doctor and Ace meet and combat the Cybermen were filmed on the site that later became The O ₂ (formerly the Millennium Dome)
Locations: 2:	Permission was refused for filming at Windsor Castle, scenes set there were shot at Arundel Castle.
Guest Trivia:	The first episode of this serial features a brief guest appearance by the British jazz musician Courtney Pine as himself.
Anniversary:	25 years ago on the 23 rd of November 1963 An unearthly child was broadcast
Working Titles:	The Harbinger and Nemesis
Next issue:	The last Patrick Troughton episode is reviewed and the first Colour Doctor who episode is reviewed.

Releases from the Tower of Rassilon



Classic Series 1963 - 1989 / New Series 2005 - 2010

Title	Australia	England	News
The Deadly Assassin	2nd of July	<i>Planet of the Dead</i> also 2nd July in Australia	
Delta and the Bannermen	6th of August	22nd June	<i>(I like this one - IAC)</i>
The War Games	September	6th of July	
Remembrance of the Daleks	September	20th of July	<i>Special Edition</i>
Black Guardian Trilogy	October	10th of August	Mawdryn/Terminus/Enlight
Twin Dilemma	November	7th of September	
The Keys of Marinus	November	21st of September	
Dalek War Box Set	Expected later this year	Frontier in Space and Planet of the Daleks	



Lost Stories on Big Finish

1: **The Nightmare Fair** - Out: November 2009 - *Written by Graham Williams*

The Story: The Doctor and Peri battle the Celestial Toymaker among the rides and games of Blackpool Pleasure Beach.

2: **Mission to Magnus** - Out: December 2009 - *Written by Philip Martin*

The Story: The female rulers of the planet Magnus want time travel technology from the Time Lords; meanwhile Sil and the Ice Warriors are on the planet for their own ends.

3: **Leviathan** - Out: January 2010 - *Written by Brian Finch, adapted by Paul Finch*

The Story: The Doctor and Peri arrive in a medieval village terrorised by the local Baron. But is everything alright?

4: **The Hollows of Time** - Out: February 2010 - *Written by Christopher H Bidmead*

The Story: The TARDIS arrives in the sleepy town of Hollowdean, where the Doctor meets an old friend, while there are sightings of mysterious sand creatures out on the dunes...

5: **TBA** - Out: March 2010

Producer's Notes: "The one story we can't quite announce yet, as we're in the process of negotiating the delivery date on the script."

6: **Point of Entry** - Out: April 2010 - *Written by Barbara Clegg and Marc Platt*

The Story: The TARDIS lands in England in 1589, where the travellers meet Kit Marlowe and the Doctor and Peri must foil an attempt by the Omnim to escape their ancient prison.

7: **Paradise 5** - Out: May 2010 - *Written by PJ Hammond and Andy Lane*

The Story: The Doctor and Peri investigate mysterious disappearances on the holiday planet Paradise 5.

8: **The Space Whale** - Out: June 2010 - *Written by Pat Mills*

The Story: The TARDIS is sucked into a factory spaceship, where Captain Greeg and his crew are luring the Ghaleen – the only creatures capable of living in the vacuum of space – to their doom.

Galaxy 4

MUSIC PLAY GAMES/DVDs

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They stock an interesting range of all the obscure DVDs and boxed sets we like, new and used, that are harder to get elsewhere. They have offered us 5% off their already favourable prices (floor stock only). Show your membership card to Rex, and he'll look after you.

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111 Ryrie Street, Geelong, 3220
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They are especially good for 12" radio-controlled Daleks, and often have "not quite right" models at a fraction of the price, if you're prepared to have a fault that is usually simple and repairable. They have offered us a generous 15% on all full-price stock for your FIRST purchase then 10% ongoing, and have given us an online code DRWHOCLUB.

Website is www.popcultcha.com

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166 Ryrie Street, Geelong (next to KFC)

[Gifts for the Geek: I like it like that - Ed]

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Minotaur: The Pop Culture Megastore

121 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, 3000
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Our long serving sponsor who offer 5% to 10% discount on a range of Doctor Who merchandise.. In addition to the obvious, they also stock a huge range of other sci-fi, fantasy, manga, anime, books, comics and figurines. Take a look at their website www.minotaur.com.au to see their full range.

Congratulations to the latest Prize Winners!

Anniversary Raffles

Philip Nichols - Multi-Faced Watch
Liam South - Voyage of the Damned Gift Set
Natalie Scharley - Doomsday Print
Austin Marks - Wallpaper Roll
Stewart Cassel - Oven Mitt
Past Presidential Gifts - Wallpaper Panels!

Sonic Giveaway

The winners of the Sonic Competition are Frank Zaffiro and Adrian Molina. They each shall receive a lovely A3 poster featuring a hand designed Doomsday image of a Destroyed Big Ben with flying Daleks and marching Cybermen all in a gold shade. Expect your respective prizes as soon as I remember to post them!

Van Stratton's Dealership - For Sale

Sonic Bundle 1: 58, 65, 69, 78, 80, 81, 83, 87, 89, 90, 91, and 92. Three packs available. Only \$20, valued at \$36
Sonic Bundle 2: 125, 126, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 137, 138, and 139. Three packs available. Only \$20
Sonic Bundle 3: 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 153, 154, 155, 163. Two packs available. Only \$20.

Contact secretary@dwcv.org.au for purchase queries. Individual Sonics \$3 each, less for multiple buys.

Membership Cards

Now the majority of memberships expire with last issue. For those who rejoined (and you will know it passed our financial check if you can read this issue) and have yet to receive your membership card, please contact the secretary as your membership card should already be in your possession. For those yet to rejoin but "borrowed" someone else's copy of Sonic to read, hands off! That's right. Go and rejoin now through PayPal or at our next meeting. You can rejoin at either this or the next issue. For this one, you can pick it up on the spot and receive any Sonic goodies I still have left (yes, Michael still keeps creating 2009 calendars; I am in no short supply of them! Seriously Michael, no more 2009 calendars.

Traditional Single Membership - Six Issues of Sonic - One Discount Card - \$20
Traditional Family Membership - Six Issues of Sonic - Multiple Discount Cards - \$30
Gold Glass Membership - Six Colour Issues of Sonic - Multiple Discount Cards
Two Free Regular Town Hall Meeting Vouchers - Club Goodies - \$80

Remember lapsed members shall be shunned, conform and rejoin now!



Mission to the Unknown



Meeting Details

All **Northcote Town Hall** meetings will include entertainment for children. Soft drinks will be available to purchase and nibbles should usually be available free of charge. Hall meetings cost \$5 for members, a gold coin donation for children under 16, \$8 for non-members, and \$30 for anyone who sings the theme from The Gunfighters. No exceptions, no singing.

Sunday June 28	UNIT Through the Ages	Sunday meeting for those who work Saturdays! - 12 to 5 PM Northcote Town Hall, High Street, Northcote, Melways 30 E9
Sunday July 5	Outside the HUB	Away Mission - Star Wars Exhibit - Meet at Front Entrance 11 AM - Scienceworks - Spotswood - Melways 56 B1
Saturday July 18	SE Suburbs Local Group	6 Poet Road, East Bentleigh - 1 to 4 PM - Melways 69 C10 RSVP: 0409 137 824 - Nibbles Appreciated
Saturday July 25	Joint SFFiG Meeting	Guide Hall, 33 Myers Street, Geelong - Melways 401 F6 Tribute to Christopher Eccleston - 12 to 5 PM
Saturday August 29	AGM and Elections	"Monsters of the New Series" - 12 to 5 PM Northcote Town Hall, High Street, Northcote, Melways 30 E9
Sunday September 27	Quarries Rock!	"Quarries We have Known and Loved" - 12 to 5 PM Northcote Town Hall, High Street, Northcote, Melways 30 E9
Saturday October 31	Torchwood Terrors	Guide Hall, 33 Myers Street, Geelong - Melways 401 F6 Fear and Loathing in the Hub - 12 to 5 PM
Future Dates	Not Confirmed, Just Suspected	Sunday November 22 - 46th Anniversary Lunch Sunday December 20 - Massive Christmas Party

<http://torchwoodaustralia.com>



TORCHWOOD AUSTRALIA

02nd May
2009

General announcements

Hi everyone,

Just a few things to mention to bring you "up to speed".

Firstly, the rumours that are going around about Children of Earth UK airing date, seem to indicate that it may occur week commencing 15th June - nothing confirmed at this stage though.....UKTV in Australia will be airing the 5 episodes I believe the same day or

RSS 

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Please contact us if you are interested in scanning Greg King's archives.

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River Song's Photo Diary ~ Spoilers!

