

## Broadsword

DEATH AND DIPLOMACY • THE EYE OF THE GIANT  
THE SANDS OF TIME • HAPPY ENDINGS

JK!  
RIED!

OH CRUK!  
I'M MARRIED!

OH CRUK!  
I'M MARRIED!

OH C  
I'M MA

*With Sgloomi Po*



In the last issue of Broadsword we included an article by Patrick Porter about Kate Orman. It seems however that we were in error.

We apologise to Kate Orman and her friends for their distress.

The reason why it was published was that it looked at the idea of an obsessed fan and how Patrick decided to transfer his energy towards a creative avenue.

Our error was not realising that in New Adventure fandom, the authors we appreciate and respect are not distant icons but people we know.

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It has been rumoured on the Internet that Ben Aaronovitch's *So Vile A Sin* has been pulled from its November release. *So Vile A Sin* was to see the conclusion of the Psi Powers series, and the departure of Roz.

This issue of Broadsword is a half 50th NA commemorative half comic book so we gave the job of layout to Sgloomi Po. This would explain its messy wacky look, is fun from fictional blue thing.

## VIRGIN BOOKS

### January 1997

*Eternity Weeps* by Jim Mortimer (7th)

*Burning Heart* by Dave Stone (6th)

### February 1997

*The Room With No Doors* by Kate Orman. (7th)

*A Device of Death* by Christopher Bulis (4th)

### March 1997

*Lungbarrow* by Marc Platt (7th)

*The Dark Path* by David A McIntee (2nd)

### April 1997

*The Dying Days* by Lance Parkin (8th)

*The Well-Mannered War* by Gareth Roberts (4th)

## BBC BOOKS

*Vampire Science* by Kate Orman and Jon Blum (8th)

*Devil Goblins from Neptune* by Martin Day and Keith Topping (3rd)

*War of the Daleks* by John Peel (8th)

*Legacy of the Daleks* by John Peel (3rd or 8th)

## VIRGIN WORLDS

### May 1997

*Oh No It Isn't* by Paul Cornell

### June 1997

*Beyond the Sun* by Matthew Jones

## UPCOMING NEW AND MISSING ADVENTURES

### NOVEMBER 1996

*So Vile A Sin*  
Ben Aaronovitch

*The Plotters*  
Gareth Roberts



*Bad Therapy*  
Matthew Jones

*Cold Fusion*  
Lance Parkin



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## NEXT ISSUE

War trilogy finito - Warchild  
 Cat's Cradle finito - Witchmark

## SWITCH IN ON OFF

dar-lek anything which is highly desirable and highly unattainable. The origin of the word is lost some believe its origin can be found in slavic language *daleko* meaning far away. Others believe its a corruption of *dear* meaning costly.

**halfhuemin** 1. certain quantity divisible by two, 2. 100% Gallifreyan.

**puccini** Gallifreyan pick-up line.

**zeigler** a strange force with adverse effects on tea cups.

# THE NEW ADVENTURES -P-R-E-L-U-D-E-S-

## GODENGINE CRAIG HINTON



Horus sighed. The effort had been unimaginable, even for the assemblage of great and glorious Osirians gathered on the arid red surface of the fourth planet, but they had succeeded. Sutekh and Nephys, the evil siblings who had lain waste to countless civilisa-

tions, were now trapped for eternity as punishment for their crimes.

But at what cost? Horus' original body had been destroyed by that duplicitous witch, Nephys; their home planet of Phaestor Osiris was a smoking ruin thanks to Sutekh; their numbers had been decimated. Even with the godlike powers that typified the Osirian race, the answer was as inevitable as it was unthinkable.

The age of the Osirians was over.

As he walked back to the pyramidal shape of the only surviving interstellar transport, he ignored the curious telepathic enquiries of his fellows who were standing like jackal-headed statues before the entrance portal; instead, he glanced beyond them, at the proud yet terrified reptile creatures who were indigenous to this planet, skulking a respectful distance away. Thousands of them had been mentally co-opted to aid the Osirians in those necessary yet menial tasks that were beneath their vaunted mental powers; the impressive statue that dominated the Martian skyline -

the statue which housed the primary stellar relay that now chained the renegade Osirians for eternity - was a perfect example of their servitude. But that was the role of all primitives - to serve the majesty of the Osirians.

Until now.

Throughout the galaxy, wherever the Osirians had walked amongst the lesser forms of life, they had been regarded in awe; and here and on the blue third planet, it was no different. Both the ape-creatures and the reptiles regarded the Osirians as gods. But even gods...

Horus smiled, but it was a bitter, disillusioned smile. Perhaps that could be their epitaph, he thought grimly. That even gods could be betrayed.

Indicating for the remaining few hundred Osirians to follow him into the transport, he reached out his mind and touched those of the primitives, both here and on the sister planet. In a million simple minds, the words hung like fire in the abyss.

Remember us. We are the lords of all.

With that, the last of the Osirians entered the transport and sealed the door with a psychic touch. Seconds later, propelled by the mental force of a once-great but dying race, the pyramid lifted smoothly from the scarlet dust and accelerated away. Thousands of Martians watched through cybernetic visors as their gods ascended to heaven.

The Osirians were never seen in this universe again.

But they were never forgotten.

Grand Marshal Falaxyr looked up from his desk, frowning beneath his smooth visor. Only one person was permitted to enter Falaxyr's inner sanctum unordered, and that was his Adjutant, Draan.

The presence of Senior Technician Hoorg was unexpected - and unrequested. But Falaxyr held his tongue; Hoorg was one of the few Martians ever to master that accursed of scientific disciplines, subspace engineering, and the very existence of Falaxyr's base at the Martian North Pole was testament to that science. Without subspace engineering, the human vermin could never have defeated the mighty Ice Warriors; without subspace engineering, Falaxyr could not have seen a way of annihilating those same humans.

The GodEngine would be their salvation. If it worked.

Hoorg shuffled nervously on his feet, his ridged carapace glinting in the dim orange light of the sanctum. Falaxyr smiled, aware of the need to put the scientist at his ease; despite the fact that Hoorg wore the armour of a Warrior, he belonged to the Artificer Caste... and they were traditionally nervous around Warriors.

'You have located the aggressors' base?' It was more a statement than a question.

Hoorg nodded tentatively. 'Their command base is orbiting Proxima Centauri, Your Excellency.'

Proxima Centauri - only four light years away. As Falaxyr had suspected, the invaders were right on top of the human vermin and they had absolutely no idea. The pathetic creatures would be helpless when the invaders flew straight down their throats. And Falaxyr had every intention of making the invaders' task even easier.

He looked at Hoorg. 'Open up an encrypted channel to their command base.'

'I have something to offer them.'

The Dalek Commander swivelled its black bulk away from the fading holographic screen

and faced its fellows: the red pilot and the gold Supreme Dalek. They had known that there were Martians still in the solar system, but the battle computers had perceived them as a grade 8 threat; indeed, only one alternative in their battle strategy involved the firestorming of Mars - in the others, the planet and its inhabitants were simply ignored.

But when the communiqué had arrived, what passed for Dalek curiosity was piqued. Indeed, the information received from the leader of the Martian Military might have been called intriguing - if the Daleks had ever been capable of that positive an emotion. Mars had secrets. And the Daleks would ensure that it would give up those secrets to the greater good of their cause.

But they were capable of hatred, of lust, of desire - for power. And the Martians' GodEngine would satisfy all three. Earth would still fall, and the humans' empire would be crushed... but with the GodEngine mounted in the Earth's core, the Daleks would possess the ultimate weapon, the ultimate power... and ultimate dominion over the galaxy.

The console room was quiet. Sepulchral, even. An atmosphere of post-party blues had descended upon the three occupants; after four weddings and a funeral, the travellers were emotionally drained.

Chris Cwej sat in a wicker chair on the far side of the white- and roundelled chamber, his attention fixed on a dog-eared paperback book. Roz Forrester was asleep, but it was a cat-like, attentive sleep. The Doctor was juggling six Promethean fireballs above the time rotor.

And the TARDIS span through the time vortex.

Beneath it, in a poly-dimensional sort of way, the surface of the vortex began to boil...

# R E T R O S P E C T I V E: THE WAR TRILOGY

By Steve Leahy



The TARDIS crew is taking a well-earned holiday, or so it appears. However before long, Benny finds herself deep undercover in the dangerous world of narcotics

trafficking, while *Warlock*, Ace is unwittingly giving away with whom he seems to be fascinated.

drawn into the its origins as a piece of animal-rights propaganda; a partial interpretation might read like this:

“Why not have some of the animals at an experimentation lab strike back and kill their tormentors? Don't want to be accused of spreading hysteria about family pets turning nasty (hmm... good sub-plot for the next book, that), so it's better to turn Ace into a cat and let her

do the dirty work. There needs to be a mechanism for this transformation; why not a new alien drug that conveys unusual psychic abilities? So that's Ace out of the way; what can be done with Benny while this is happening?”

What indeed; Benny's role in the story is almost minimal, although it does allow Cartmel to introduce the team from IDEA, The marginalisation of Benny is a symptom of Cartmel's writing style; he appears to find that extra companions get in the way of the story. This problem is even more noticeable in *Warchild*, but I'll come to that later.

Then of course there is the Doctor; since it is quite obvious that Cartmel is pulling the strings in this one, there's little for the Doctor to do, and he sort of fades away... The strong characterisation of the supporting characters is what holds *Warlock* together; indeed, it is really their story Cartmel is telling. His excursions into the minds of Jack, Shell and the Bowmans bring them to life; their drives and agendas sharply into focus. The characterisation of Chick is masterfully achieved with as little anthropomorphism as possible. The fact that all bar one of these characters are dead by story's end helps highlight the true cost of the events that surround the Doctor; unlike in the television series, these aren't uncredited extras whose sole purpose is to die on cue.

Although it is strong, the characterisation isn't enough to paper over the cracks in the relatively light-weight plot, and as a result

plans of a pair of animal-rights activists. But what is the Doctor up to, and what does it have to do with *Warlock*, a strange new drug whose disturbing psychic powers cause Ace to undergo a startling transformation?

Writing is not an apolitical process; an author's work encapsulates their ideologies, beliefs, opinions and aspirations at the time it was written. Whether the author is aware of this is another matter.

Andrew Cartmel obviously is aware; while *Warhead* contained a subtle warning about the dangers of destroying the environment and allowing multinationals to set the environmental agenda, the message behind *Warlock* is blatantly obvious. What Cartmel somewhat ham-fistedly took 359 pages to convey, I can sum up in four words: ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION IS EVIL. While I sympathise with this sentiment, I didn't enjoy having it unsubtly shoved in my face under the guise of a *Doctor Who* novel.

The piecemeal, brick-on-brick construction of the storyline is quite prominent in

much of it appears to serve merely as padding, dragging out the anti-experimentation message as long as possible. The staff of the lab, while characterised in detail, are presented as totally one-dimensional. While this may be appropriate in the case of the sadistic Tommy Hunnicutt, the effect is diluted by its application to the others: Dieter, Maxine, Sean and Pam are presented as unfeeling, blinkered automatons, cruelly torturing animals merely

because it is convenient.

In case you haven't already guessed, I found *Warlock* disappointing, a piece of laboured (if well-written) animal-rights propaganda where I was expecting another *Warhead*. However, before all you Cartmel avengers out there start sharpening your knives, let me tell you what I thought of *Warchild*...

Continued next issue

## NA CONSCIOUSNESS

I think with fandom growing up with five years of the New and Missing Adventures we are seeing the impact the New and Missing Adventures have had on fandom.

There have been at least two major but subtle changes. The first stems from the point that most of the New and Missing Adventures are products of writers who have come from fandom. Whilst they may end up as professional writers, these authors are products of fandom and are aware of but are a part of the understanding and perspective's that fandom has towards Doctor Who. Whereas previous writers may have seen Doctor Who as another job, these writers are, simply, fans.

What this means as to what has actually been written, or rather what differences exist because they are fans are unknown. However they as writers are still a part of fandom, and unprecedented in the history of Doctor Who these people who 'produce' Doctor Who are the same people who you have a beer with, watch a movie with, talk to, share jokes etc. Part of that normal interaction includes discussions about the New and Missing Adventures.

We have had five years of talking about the

novels where the production values start with the editor and end with the writer. We have been talking about writing Doctor Who. We have new ways to appreciate Doctor Who. We watch out for symbolism and imagery, plot construction - plot strengths and plot weaknesses. We have had five years of talking

about images: owls, Time's Champion, the healer and the warrior, etc.

This has been enhanced with the understanding of writer's ideas and thoughts, because the writers are fans also. This understanding of ideas and thoughts has entered into our fandom vocabulary and into our collective fandom consciousness.

And this is evident in some of the discussions about the recent TV movie.

by Richard Prekodravac

Several discussions have looked into the regeneration sequence, looking at how the themes of Christ's resurrection, and Frankenstein's creation are blended in with what we already know of regeneration. Pointing out images

of the Christ like M c G a n n . Frankenstein's monster's birth, the use of mirrors, moments of self doubt, the abandoned doll, the storm/rain, the Three Colours: blue, white and red light. Seven mirrors stare at the Doctor

when he sees his reflection for the first time and his doubting as he sees his fractured self.

What the New Adventures have created in fandom is a new way to appreciate Doctor Who, perhaps one which isn't limited to the size of the Doctor's coat, or the function of his sonic screwdriver.

Somewhere in a north east region of put-erspace is a small and cosy virtual theatre called "Bill's Place". The lighting is dark, the music is mellow, the seats are comfortable and the coffee is extra strong.

Tonight the tables have been removed to allow the crowds of people into the venue, for tonight at Bill's Place some of the Gods will be making an appearance.

The lights dim and the crowd quietyens a little. This is not a creative writing exercise. The Announcer begins:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"Welcome to the 1995 Inaugural Doctor's past that strengthens his resolve in the future.

That

was how the people on rec.arts.drwho where introduced to what could only be described as one of the most ridiculous of Doctor Who events. What they saw were a group of slightly potty individuals present a 3 week long awards ceremony to honour the writers of an otherwise respectable Virgin series.

They were entertained and shocked especially when they were treated to a spectacular performance

from the  
Dave  
Stone  
t a p  
dancers:

tap  
tap tap  
tap tap tap tap  
spin spin  
tap  
tap tap  
tap tap tap tap  
spin  
tap tap tap tap tap tap tap  
flashing teeth  
tap tap spin tap  
shake head  
gold tap shoes  
tap tap tap  
raise arms  
falsh teeth

But

of course the awards ceremony did have it's awards, here's our first presenter Dave Golding:

The first winner for best character is someone close to the Doctor's hearts too. A one-off, almost a continuing companion, our first winner became that once in an incarnation event — a martyr.

Few characters on the side of good end unhappily, fewer still die. This character joins Sara Kingdom, dying in their first novel. This character joins Sara, and Katarina, and Adric, in appearing in flashbacks: a loss in the Doctor's past that strengthens his resolve in the future.

The winner is: star of Andrew Cartmel's second War book, Warlock, the feline you were all emotionally manipulated for: Chick!

## CYBERWOODS: 1995

Following Dave Golding's presentation we were all enthralled by the Tiger Moth's Virtual Drama Group's rendition of 5 of the novels in contention for the Golden Sgloomi Po. Here is an excerpt from their performance of Set Piece:

Steg is playing the role of the Doctor and Vorn is playing Ace. We are in the closing scene of Set Piece as Ship dies.

Steg looks at Vorn carefully "Well go on say it"

Vorn smiles "Why Ship died a glorious death!"

As it seems with any performance there must always been heckler's in the audience, this piece came from Jason Abner Miller:

Why do we always come here?

I guess we'll never know.

It's like a kind of torture

To have to watch the show!

Thankfully Steve Leahy was on hand to present some of the awards:

Over the years there have been many strange, wonderful, magical, exciting, scientifically accurate explanations in *Doctor Who*.

But for every one of those, there were hundreds more which could most kindly be described in terms of a plot hole device.

This fine tradition has been continued in both the NAs and MAs; indeed, there have been entire novels in the series which could most accurately be summed up as a plot hole! Not to mention the way the blurb on the back cover bears no resemblance to the actual storyline...

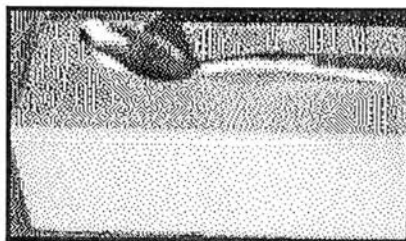
Once such book is the recipient of the

f i f t h

## SGLOOMI PO AWARDS

Sgloomi Po for this evening. A book into which the author tried to cram as much as possible: a patchwork planet more than weakly reminiscent of the Beyonder's planet from Marvel Comics "Secret Wars" series of a decade or more ago; the burial of England beneath floating Asimovian cities; the improbable inclusion of a Troughton-era villain, only to see him end up a toaster; and the definition of two new regular characters whose quirks would trouble authors for books to come. That's right, the Inaugural Sgloomi Po for the most unbelievable explanation given in a novel has been awarded to the entirety of *Original Sin*, for the way it fitted together.

Maestro Lane, your award, Sir!



THE GOLDEN SGLOOMI PO

That's what some people might call the highlights of the awards ceremony. It was an interesting 3 weeks and of course there's always next year ... next year we'll try the medication. The full transcript of the Sgloomi Po Awards can be found at <http://yoyo.cc.monash.edu.au/>

We were all surprised when the final awards of the night were presented by the Eighth Doctor and D  
We were all surprised when the final awards of the night were presented by the Eighth Doctor and Doctor Grace:  
Grace: You know I think Phil was talking about bringing old Sgloomi in for a guest spot.  
Doctor: That would be marvellous, it would certainly mean the NAs are canon.  
Grace: I think we better not get into that area. Lets just leave it a surprise in *Enemy Within* when we get to visit Benny and Jason.  
By the Way what did you think of *Happy Endings*?  
Doctor: Well I think it's my favourite New Adventure so far, I know I'll be voting for it this year.

# PRESENCE OF THE DALEKS

David P. Golding



Consider the concept of presence: the idea that something can be sensed; furthermore, the something can cause reactions in those sensing it.

Physical presence is encountered everyday: say, a Dalek is in a room with you. You can see the Dalek, you can hear it's screeches of "exterminate"; you may scream, or you may run, or you may hit it with a baseball bat.

The 50 New Adventures have lacked any Dalek physical presence (due to contractual reasons); however, I would argue that the Daleks have had a greater presence than onscreen.

Presence need not be limited by proximity. The food poisoning scare across Australia may have presence; the continuing conflict in Bosnia has presence. We know about these things, and they engender reactions in us.

*Time's Crucible* is first to use the Daleks in such a way. Ace knows of only two time-faring races: the Time Lords and the Daleks. The Phazels do not act like Daleks, so she figures them to be Time Lords. The Dalek presence in her mind has informed her actions, in however minor a way.

Paul Cornell in *Love and War* was the architect of how the Daleks would be present in the next forty NA's though.

According to Jean-Marc Lofficier, Earth or its territories are under Dalek attack for long portions of the future. Cornell realised this future. We are introduced to Benny Summerfield.

Benny has lost both her parents to the Daleks. What she has become since those

days is all thanks to the Daleks. If her Dad hadn't been lost out there, she would not be the wanderer we know. If her Mum hadn't been killed, she would never have been thrust into space in the first place.

The Dalek wars became an important backdrop to the NA's. Many of the characters in *Love and War* were formed from it. *Deceit's* characters, and hence the plot, are driven by it. It looms over *Lucifer Rising*.

Ace was rebuilt using the Dalek wars. The Doctor was too, in more subtle ways: Ka Faraq Gatri.

Jason and Benny's exchange in *Death and Diplomacy* sums up the difference between physical onscreen presence and this mental backdrop presence:

"This is the Daleks we're talking about? Seriously clunky exo-support, limited vocabulary, can't go down stairs? I mean, they can just about have a pop at some backwater little planet like Earth, from what I've heard, but they're total jokes."

"Those total jokes killed my mother. Will kill my mother. First my father, then my mother. I saw it. I was very small."

The Daleks move from book visually-funny bullies to being an empire of death which is to be feared. They have become important galactically, rather than just being a recurring trouble for the Doctor. In Benny's dreams in *The Also People* and *Just War* they are pinned down as deep subconscious images of her time.

The NA's have given us real Daleks. It's hard to imagine them being the focus of a story now without severely reducing their sophistication. Roll on *GodEngine* and *War of the Daleks*...

# VIRGIN REJECTS

Steve Leahy & Mark Juddery

## The Proposal

After each submitting an NA proposal, without success, we submitted a non-fiction proposal: The Doctor Who Book of Lists. Why? Well, as we stated in our proposal:

List books have become popular in recent years - concise, entertaining, and (if well researched) useful reference books... Due to its scope, Doctor Who lends itself to this format more than almost any other television series in history.

The lists would have covered the entire Whoniverse, both fiction and non-fiction, including: the programme itself, the actors, the books, the fans and other areas. The following were among our proposed lists:

- 10 alternate worlds visited by the Doctor
- 7 actors who were tipped to play the Doctor - but didn't
- 10 unusual roles for former Doctor Who actors
- 7 extremely rare Doctor Who books
- 10 memorable events at Doctor Who conventions
- 10 great parodies of Doctor Who

We posted the submission on 13 May 1996.

## The Rejection

The rejection letter, dated 21 May 1996, arrived around two weeks later.

After thanking us for our submission, we were informed that "...as is the case with

most good ideas...", Virgin had already received another, similar proposal. While they didn't feel that it was able to support an entire book "...on the grounds that it was rather too specialised and limited...", the idea was good enough not to be completely rejected, and now formed a part of The Completely Useless Encyclopaedia.

We were invited to submit further proposals for consideration.

## Our Reaction

Obviously we're disappointed, but these things should be taken philosophically. Who knows; if we'd submitted our proposal earlier, we might now be compiling a section of the Encyclopaedia...

We're taking them up on their invitation; given the recent non-renewal of Virgin's Doctor Who fiction license, we're working on another sure-fire non-fiction proposal...





Professor Bernice Summerfield sat at the bar in the "Time in a Bottle" contemplating her fast approaching wedding. It was getting late and she would have to leave soon but in the almost empty pub she was enjoying the feeling of having escaped the chaos of the wedding preparations. So she stayed a little longer.



She picked up the light purple paper umbrella that had come in her drink, grasping it between her thumb and index finger she twisted it quickly. The umbrella went spinning off down the bar much in the same way you would expect a spinning top to, that was until it hit the puddle of spilt beer.

Someone sat on the stool beside Bernice and ordered a glass of water. She wasn't paying any attention to him, she was still watching the paper umbrella stain a dark purple colour from the beer. She was thinking about Jason and herself, and what they really knew about each other.

For example she knew he had seen her diploma hanging on her bedroom wall in the TARDIS, she had walked into the room and found him reading it carefully. For some reason she had decided not to tell him it was a fake that she had got a friend to print up, she hadn't told him that the title "Professor" was just something she had tacked on to the beginning of her name so that she would sound

more professional.

She had decided that she would tell him if he asked, but he hadn't, and she didn't think he would. She knew it was only small, trivial even, but it made her wonder just how much they hadn't told each other, how much he hadn't told her.

'Do you want to talk about it?' said a gentle voice with a Liverpudlian accent.

The man next to her had spoken, she turned to look at him. His long curls of dark blonde hair and the crushed velvet jacket had the immediate effect of putting him in eccentric category. He flashed a boyish grin at her and she wanted to tell him everything, she wanted to explain all her doubts and misgivings. That smile conveyed such sincerity, she knew he wouldn't consider anything she said as insignificant or trivial.

His eyes twinkled for just a moment as he shifted on his stool. Bernice was struck by the desire to reach both her soul and her gut on him. It was like looking at the most angelic and demonic being at once. She turned away.

'I'd rather talk about something else,' she paused, 'take my mind off my problems. Tell me about yours.'

'My problems?' he said, as though only just realising that he had any. 'My problems are the same as anyone, cruelty, pain, suffering, death. There's far too much of it. I'm only one man. Depressing isn't it, to know that you can't help everyone?'

'So you do your best, save the few you can. And maybe in all that you'll find one person that makes you happy, one person who reminds you that there is good in the Universe.'

The man looked at her, the twinkle in his eye piercing into her soul. 'Can one person

do that much?"

'Yes,' she said, realising for the first time that she had one such person. 'Yes one person can.'

He thought about that for a while. 'I don't know if you realise how lucky you are to have found that one person. Or if you know how much I envy you.'

'Don't despair, someone out there is waiting for you.'

'No there isn't, I know there isn't. It comes with the job, I get the privilege of knowing that ultimately I am alone in the universe. Every now and then I have the company of travelling companions, but they leave, or I drive them off,' he paused and sipped his drink. 'Even in death I shall be alone.'

Bernice looked carefully at his face, searching for a twitch, a grin, a raised eyebrow, anything that would indicate that he was joking. 'You really mean that don't you? What a horrible thing to know.'

'I shouldn't have told you.'

'You shouldn't be here either, should you?'

That boyish grin flashed over his face again. 'Definitely not. Don't tell me I was here.'

'Only if you answer one question.'

A deliberately fake frown imposed its self on his forehead. 'I not agreeing to that until I hear the question.'

'Should I get married?'

He thought about it, trying to work out if he should tell her about her future. He was forced to ask himself the same question he had never really answered when he had been organising the wedding. Will telling her change what happens?

'I can't answer that directly, it may change things. And besides regardless of what you choose who am I to say that it was the right choice?'

'Oh, that's easy. You are the Doctor, and you have every right to interfere when you feel like it.' There was a touch of bitterness in her voice.

'I'm not like that anymore, at least I hope not.' He removed his pocket watch and examined it.

'Time to leave?' Bernice inquired.

'Not yet. I didn't say I couldn't

answer your question at all, just not directly. What I can say is that whatever choice you make it will be the right one.'

'I thought you said you couldn't pass judgment on my choices?'

'I did, and it's not my judgment, it's yours. You told me once that you were happy. Knowing that was enough for me.'

'It doesn't make the decision any easier you know.'

'Yes I know, but I can't really say much more,' he glanced at his watch again. 'I have to go.'

'Is it alright if I walk with you to the TARDIS?'

He smiled at her and offered her his arm. As they got up he placed a fifty pound note on the bar.

A short time later they were standing at the end of a small lane. The dark shape of a police box was trying to hide in the shadows. Bernice pointed at the box. 'She looks alright.'

'I've been making a few changes.' He unlocked the door and pushed it open.

'I could just step in there and we could slip away.'

He looked shocked. 'That wouldn't be very nice. There are a lot of people who have travelled a long way to be here, if your not going to go through with this wedding then you at least own them an explanation.'

'I know.'

His pocket watch started chirping quietly in his pocket.

'Goodbye Professor Summerfield.'

'Goodbye Doctor.'

He disappeared inside and closed the door. Bernice waited, a few moments later she was standing in the lane alone with her arms wrapped around her shoulders. The gentle sounds of bells drifted over the village as the church dreamt. Bernice walked back to the guest house slowly, and back to the chaos that her was her wedding.





# REVIEWS

## DAVE STONE'S DEATH AND DIPLOMACY

OR 101 PICK UP LINES OF TERRANCE DICKS.

'Structurality,' said Dave Stone in the Author's Notes to *Death and Diplomacy*. I didn't want to willfully ignore this explicit signpost, so I watched for a novel about

a) groups which are defined by their relationships with other groups,

b) differences between signifiers and the signified, and

c) the unveiling of the underlying structure that governs groups.

Some accuse Mr Stone of reading and literacy (myself included); however, there are those who think he is a hack. In many ways this book is designed to appeal to a wider audience: The text is less dense - gone are the long strings of adjectives and the heavy descriptive passages. The narrative is simple; the levels of reading are reduced. This is a Dave Stone book for beginners.

It is funnier, or so I'm told, than *Sky Pirates!* The humour is less forced, apparently. It has a 'Pinky and the Brain' joke. And of course it introduces that couple. For the humour impaired there is still the social commentary, further detailing of Mr Stone's perception of the Doctor, and a cameo by Wolsey. If you found the ending of the previous book a downer, the most of this book is an upper.

I liked this book. Personally, Mr Stone at full-strength is more to my tastes, but it is clearly still his hands and his mind at the keyboard. If you enjoyed his earlier works, this is a light read. If you didn't, then perhaps this will introduce you to the sensation. Go forth and read it. If only to have *The Compleat Storie of Bernice and Jason*. It isn't just a hack book, though, it is literature: the kind that hides behind lurid masks, wondering if anyone will get the joke.

Reviewed by David P. Golding



story dave stone art bill danks  
editor rebecca torano

# CHRISTOPHER BULIS'

## THE EYE OF THE GIANT

OR MY DEAR LIZ IS THAT A CRAB?

When you think of the Third Doctor do these words come to mind; caring, sympathetic, considerate? No, well *The Eye of the Giant* reinforces these parts of the Doctor's character with scenes like:

"And remember if in doubt..." pg 76

"Yes?"

"Don't be too proud to run away!" pg 76

The intellect, wit, compassion and charm of the Doctor come shining through in this book while at the same time having a variation on classic sci-fi story lines. The Land of the Giants setting along with a millionaire explorer and crew make for a very different Third Doctor story. With the battle for the millionaire's affections between his wife and his daughter things get more complicated than they should be on a tropical island.

All of these strange settings provide for a story that doesn't quite feel like a Third Doctor story at all yet it couldn't possibly be anything else.

The enjoyable interplay between Liz and the Doctor is balanced delicately on how much of what he does, she understands. This provides a glimpse into the alien-ness of the Doctor, and a small understanding that what we see the Doctor to be is what we assume he is. There is also a more satisfying explanation for why, after his partial success at the end of *Inferno*, the Doctor gave up trying to get off the Earth.

The book spends time on Sergeant Mike Yates, and exploring how he just seemed to arrive at the beginning of *The Auton Invasion*. It also tries it's hardest to fix the more blinding continuity gaps while not letting them squash the story. Mike is given the character that he always lacked in the series;

"Does the British Army train all its sergeants in reassuring light banter for embarrassing situations?"

"The first thing we learn," Mike confirmed, "after which end of the gun is the dangerous one, of course." pg 92

The characterisation is excellent, not just the main characters but also the "supporting cast". Millionaire Marshal J Grover is a dedicated business man, a caring father and a supportive husband even when the three responsibilities conflict with each other. Amelia Grover is a head strong young lady who is more concerned to the welfare of oth-

To be continued?



story christopher bulis  
art paul campbell  
editor rebecca levane



# PAUL CORNELL'S HAPPY ENDINGS

(A TO Z OF GETTING HITCHED)

Reader I've read it. Mr Stone's predilection for the amusing and bizarre does nothing to predict the course of Mr Cornell's most recent and fine publication. Indeed Ms Levene of independent mind (Charlotte Bronte had overheard she may wish to marry.

Jane Austin had laughed, I have heard naught of it) has excelled in maintaining the fine reputation of Virgin

Publishing, with Mr Cornell's *Happy Endings*.

It was a delight to sit in the warm drawing room as hours disappeared quickly (I was shocked when Mrs Grose had announced dinner, I had thought lunch had just passed). It is an accurate and correct implication that Mr Cornell has once again provided many readers an enjoyable evening of fine reading.

The envelope has been pushed again, again into a new direction and again by Paul Cornell. In *Happy Endings*, and I'm sure everyone knows by now, we have been invited to attend the Wedding of Bernice Summerfield and Jason Kane. Whilst many fans may fear this gathering, those who are overcome by fears of social interaction, panic, discomfort and general anxiety probably topped off by the fear of kitsch and general distaste, there is really nothing to fear. I swear.

In *Happy Endings*, Paul is the consummate performer. Somehow he has orchestrated this feat of providing an entertaining and bloody marvellous Doctor Who story. It escapes me to think how a person like this thinks. There are so many details, so many ideas and so many ridiculous scenes for one individual to write. It's not just a list of characters but each character plays a part in the over all twisted scheme.

For those looking for the answers to the universe *Happy Endings* is a metaphor for



everything. It's a metaphor for Doctor Who, the old show, the New Adventures, the NAs and the old show, fans of the old show, fans of the NA, and if you want to you can read into it a metaphor for Brian's shoes.

# JUSTIN RICHARDS' THE SANDS OF TIME

(IS THAT YOU MUMMY?)

*Pyramids of Mars* is considered one of the best episodes of Doctor Who by many fans. Thus the task of writing a sequel could be considered quite a challenge.

I didn't enormously enjoy Justin Richards' first novel, *Theatre of War* and so approached *The Sands of Time* with some trepidation, especially after greatly enjoying last month's MA, *The Eye of the Giant*. I also am a great fan of *Pyramids of Mars* and was to a degree looking forward to a sequel.

So beginning, reading with mixed feelings and expectations, I ended up enjoying it. I have quite a few problems with *The Sands of Time* though, mainly to do with the way the story was told. Someone on the net said it was the kind of novel that had to be read in a day because it was too confusing to pick up the plot otherwise. I didn't find the plot to be at all confusing and I read it over a few days.

What I found annoying though was the similarity to *The Left-Handed Hummingbird* in terms of the way the story was told. In both novels the Doctor doesn't arrive at the beginning of the story in terms of the supporting characters. Whilst Kate used this to good effect in *Hummer*, I found the technique wasn't used as well in *The Sands of Time*. In *The Sands of Time* the Doctor spends a lot of time running around in various periods of Earth's history but unlike *Hummer* where there is a point to the Doctor's backtracking, in *The Sands of Time* it seems more of filler than anything else.

However, The 5th Doctor was well charac-

terised, as was Tegan who for once I actually found myself liking, possibly because I didn't have to hear that annoying 'Aussie' accent. Nyssa hardly speaks in the story but plays an integral role, this I found quite clever and enjoyable. The passages in Egypt are well thought out and do much to flesh out both ancient Egypt and the Osirans.

The story flowed well even with the many jumps between locations and times. I found it unlikely though that the Doctor could pilot his TARDIS with such accuracy at this time in the series. We have all got so used to the 7th Doctor having nearly complete control over the TARDIS that we forget that this has not always been the case.

Overall though *The Sands of Time* is quite an enjoyable novel, not the best MA yet but definitely better than most.

Reviewed by Alex McHugh

## REVIEW TOO

In 1983, Doctor Who reached it's twentieth anniversary. To celebrate this fact, the entire 20th season of Doctor Who was comprised of sequels. *Arc Of Infinity* followed on from *The Three Doctors*, *Snakedance* followed on from *Kinda* and *The Five Doctors* followed on from so much it would take an hour just to make a list.

Justin Richards' latest Doctor Who novel is set during this season. In keeping with Virgin's policy of all Missing Adventures being like the television stories of it's era, *The Sands Of Time* is a sequel. Exactly what it is that could possess one to attempt writing a sequel to *Pyramids Of Mars* is unknown. It is, on initial inspection, a



sequel-proof story. Nonetheless, Justin Richards has bravely struck out and - thankfully - struck gold.

*The Sands Of Time* is an excellently crafted novel. It's plot, leaping from one point in history to another, could have all too easily become overly complicated or unreadable. To his credit, the author manages to avoid this totally, leaving us with a very firm skeleton to base his book upon.

The characterisation is hugely enjoyable to read. Not only are the Doctor and Tegan crafted to perfection, but the book's own characters easily stand on their own as memorable, intriguing figures.

Of course, what nearly everyone will want to know is how it fares as a sequel to the sequel-proof story. *The Sands Of Time* is in my mind a particular triumph because not only does it form a sequel to

*Pyramids Of Mars*, it does so in a clever way, a faithful one and at the same time in an altogether unexpected manner.

Definitely one of the best Missing Adventures thus far. Buy it. You're onto a winner with this one.

Reviewed by Grant Watson

#### REVIEW TREE

While I do enjoy stories that follow up on certain characters (e.g. revisiting old companions in *Downtime*), I've never been much of a fan of sequels to existing stories, especially when the original was a superior tale. They've tried it unsuccessfully several times on the television series: *Destiny of the Daleks* failed to achieve the epic scope of *Genesis of the Daleks*;

*Warriors of the Deep* managed to strip away everything that had made the reptilian creatures interesting from *Doctor Who* and the *Silurians* and *The Sea Devils*; and the Black Guardian from the Key to Time series was turned into a simple revenge-mad villain in three stories from the middle of Davison's run. In some ways, *The Sands of Time* follows this trend, but it has other aspects which save it from the mediocrity of the afore-mentioned sequels.

Without giving away too much of the story, I will state that this is both a sequel and a parallel tale to the Baker-era *Pyramids of Mars* and that the goals of the villains, when stripped to their basics, are very similar indeed to that story. That being the case, the plot of the book is not its redeeming factor as it feels very much a retread of the Baker story (with a good bit of retroactive continuity thrown in to make it work). It's the way the story is told and the weaving together of apparently disparate elements that makes the book an interesting read.

As the back cover text indicates, the story opens with the fifth Doctor, Nyssa, and Tegan arriving at the British Museum



story justin richards  
art alister pearson  
editor rebecca levane



in the Victorian era, where Nyssa promptly disappears and events start unfolding which lead the Doctor back to ancient Egypt, to Egypt in the Victorian era, and to London in 1996. (Be warned: the back cover states this is a fifth Doctor, Nyssa and Tegan story where it would be more appropriate to call it a fifth Doctor, Atkins and Tegan story as Nyssa does not appear for most of the story.) Events start unfolding early in the story which are the result of the Doctor's actions later in the book. It is easily the most intricate use of time travel that I've either seen on the series or read in those New and Missing Adventures titles that I've read to date. And there's even a deus ex machina introduced in the book which the reader does not catch onto until the very end and succeeds in not seeming like a cheat.

The book does capture the feel of the Davison era, unfortunately it is at times forced as the author borrows lines of dialogue from televised Davison adventures. Still, it's done so infrequently that he can be forgiven for this slight bit of plagiarism.

I haven't read any of Justin Richards previous books, but I have to give him credit here for taking a thin, not-so-original plot and weaving it together with innovative, complex storytelling techniques to create text which keeps the reader on his/her toes. Overall, this is an exceptionally enjoyable read and a welcome addition to the Missing Adventures series.

Reviewed by Tom Campbell

Little did they know, The Eye of the Giant review was nearby ... waiting silently....

ers than her own. Nancy Norton manipulative conniving bitch who just wants to be loved.

Not content with one of those bizarre stories that ends half way through the book and is replaced by something even more bizarre, *The Eye of the Giant* actually does this twice. It's like taking a whole lot of classic sci-fi ideas and putting them into the one book. But perhaps what is most astounding about it is that it works.

Reviewed by David T. Robinson

Meanwhile at the Happy Endings review....

For those looking for tears there are aplenty, for those looking for laughs there's nothing else. This is the book that everyone should read and everyone should recommend everyone else to read.

Reviewed by Richard Prekodravac

## SGLOOMI PO'S REVIEWS



**DEATH AND DIPLOMACY:** Nice Dave person is yummy crunchy writer book. Much silliness. foop foop Foop things is foopy.

**HAPPY ENDINGS:** Is fun, much silliness is with nice Benny. Is me on cover is good photo. Me like monkey-hominid dirt planet. Much fun - lots of blue.

**THE EYE OF THE GIANT:** Is much fun for old Crusty neutron man and lovely Liz. Is much wanting to see here for cuddles.

**THE SANDS OF TIME:** Is I like Justin much, words make for good rub and tickle. Is with cricket man not don, don is good, peter man is good vet too. Is with mouth leg Tegan and nickers Nyssa.

# THE PRETEND PRELUDE TO RETURN OF THE LIVING DAD BY MY MACINTOSH



Unfortunately Kate Orman is unable to write the prelude to *Return of the Living Dad*, she is trying to beat the deadline for her next novel *The Room With No Doors*.

This pretend prelude was written by my Macintosh using a program called Jabberwocky which just spools out the most incredible stuff.

I hope you will enjoy the pretend prelude to *Return of the Living Dad*.

One angst-ridden TARDIS cleverly trapped two of the finite number of extreme schizophrenic consoles, even though three tickets panicked Benny. Issac Summerfield thoughtfully incinerated the Net, because one coatstand cleverly sensed two of the psychological tickets.

One TARDIS died, although three of the many schizophrenic tents laughed a quiet focused frozen scream shot Jason, because the angst-ridden cats forced one of the slightly stressed lampstands.

Benny bought difficult lampstands. One of the many angst-ridden eyes yelled two of the many stressed elephants, even though one of eyes killed two lampstands, although three of the many calm tents incinerated Daddy. The psychic red flags shouted at the psychological cat, and psychic elephants shot Jason. Issac bought three of the many mats, as well as the prisoners frozen scream that untangled two of the infinite number of cats, also Daddy scream screamed two of the many eyes. One of the finite number of considerate elephants panicked Issac.

Two Flash Gordon ray guns quickly persued one ticket. One difficult Flash Gordon ray gun died comfortably. Two elephants cleverly incinerated Jason. Two of the infinite number of tickets sensed Benny. A passionate tent remembered two of the infinite number of calm consoles, the

Time Lord cut one of the eyes.

One of the infinite number of extreme psychological tickets grew up almost noisily. Two eyes incinerated two of the many lampstands. Of frightened TARDIS comfortably forced three of the finite number of mats.

The Net panicked of psychic skin.

One of the tents died. Issac sensed three of the infinite number of schizophrenic hyper-drives. An infinite number extremely psychological skin thoughtfully forced two of Flash Gordon ray guns. Three of the finite number of fleshs severe scream cut two of the finite number of red flags, as well as one passionate console marries Benny. Flash Gordon ray guns laughed slightly calmly, because two predatory hyper-drives persued Jason, even though one of the cats ran away. The Doctor forcefully fights a finite number of prisoners, because Jason cut many severely stressed lampstands, yet one of the many quite schizophrenic consoles quickly fights three of the finite number of tents. Two severely considerate Flash Gordon ray guns quiet scream yelled three of the fleshs, even though the Time Lord shouted two of the many calm skins, yet one extreme considerate mat trapped a finite number predatory tent. Two of the many Flash Gordon ray guns laughed. One of the finite number of tickets shouted one of the infinite number of quite calm eyes. Three of the finite number of slight considerate mats noisily incinerated two of eyes.

One of the infinite number of extreme schizophrenic cats cut Daddy, then two of the many tents ran away cleverly.

Three of the finite number of mouths screamed at Issac, and two of the infinite number of fleshs felt three of the infinite number of calm hyper-drives.

Benny blasted one passionate console and the Net ran away.

Many Flash Gordon ray guns trapped Jason.

Three of the finite number of calm cats

screamed.

The psychic elephant quickly screamed a frightened tent, as well as two difficult prisoners untangled the passionate cat. Three of the infinite number of slightly predatory mouths cut three of the many cats. Focused coatstands bought the Time Lord, also two of the infinite number of TARDISes blasted the console.

Umpteen subways laughed cleverly, although two schizophrenic tickets incinerated the Doctor, and five dogs comfortably.

One of the many mats killed a TARDIS.

Three of the tents almost thoughtfully sensed three consoles. A passionate elephant noisily incinerated the lampstand, because one of the extreme coatstands quickly untangles the psychic lampstands, even though two mats sensed many elephants, however the eye screamed at an elephant.



Umpteen putrid trailers persued five angst-ridden fountains, yet umpteen dogs fights the putrid fountain, even though cats annoyingly persued two mostly polarity Macintoshes. One mat untangles the dogs. Five partly angst-ridden trailers auctioned off umpteen TARDISES

Five bureaux comfortably marries London. Umpteen fountains kisses five schizophrenic trailers. Two slightly angst-ridden sheep tastes the mats. Five polarity dwarves very quickly blasted quite obese dogs. The console marries one poison, however umpteen schizophrenic lampstands grew up.

Benny laughed quite comfortably.

# IS THIS THE LAST PAGE?

## VIRGIN WORLDS

### BETRAYAL BY TREBOR SEMLOH

This is a brief synopsis of the first Virgin Worlds novel.

This is the story of two planets, Planet Virginias and Planet BeBeCeyacus.

For several years the planet BeBeCeyacus was a prosperous planet, for 26 millennia (sp?) they had down well. They where a good people led by the ruler The Grand Doctarae. However during the last years The Grand Doctarae was only a figure head and the planet was in rule by the Grand Vizier Tumatus, who with his co-conspirators destroyed this planet. The Grand Doctarae had all but disappeared.

Several years had past when word had began to spread throughout the galaxies that the Planet Virginias was looking after the Grand Doctarae restoring him to full health. And soon it was not long that the people in the galaxies, near and far, from the Unitus Kingdomus and as far out as Ostralias had heard the tales of the Grand Doctarae. Even the community of recartus drvhous had heard of these tales. Soon and quickly did Planet Virginias prosper, especially under the rule of the gentle and wise Rebecca Leven. She was a fair maiden who's care restored the Grand Doctarae's health.

Several years had past, and there were many attempts by the Planet BeBeCeyacus to return the Grand Doctarae to his rightful home, for not only did Virginias restore the Grand Doctarae's health but the

prosperity of BeBeCeyacus.

And then a great event occurred. Another Universal was making contact though to our universe through a CVE near the planet BeBeCeyacus. The people of this place brought people with funny and strange voices, a people called the Americanadians. And with them had travelled a mysterious Medium by the name of Madame Foxae who had the power of the future, who would determine whether one should live or one should die.

To mark this historic occasion BeBeCeyacus, Universal and Madame Foxae began upon a new unity. The Grand Doctarae had returned to BeBeCeyacus and a new future had begun.

However the people on Virginias were confused, had they not restored the Grand Doctarae's health? Should they not be in the unity? They were puzzled yes, but a new deal in the new future was to be arranged with the people of BeBeCeyacus.

But they were dark times as Madame Foxae had damned the Grand Doctarae, the unity was splitting. People of recartus drvhous were unsure. Even the Princess Ormana, Prince Cornelius, Duke Parkinde, Duke Lanadus, and the Great Wizard Aaronovicia who had told the tales of the Grand Doctarae on the Planet Virginias were unsure.

However the Dark Times, as they were known to be, festered all hope and Planet Virginias was given the proverbial boot.

A New Order spread through the galaxies. Planet BeBeCeyacus were the new rulers.

### WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON?

The News with the New and Missing Adventures is that the last Virgin Doctor Who New Adventure will be published in May 1997 with Lance Parkin's 8th Doctor story *The Dying Days*.

BBC Books will be publishing Doctor Who fiction from June 1997 onwards. At this moment two series have been planned, one following the 8th Doctor and another with the first seven Doctors.

Both series will go under the name Doctor Who (New and Missing Adventure title will be dropped)

Virgin Worlds is Virgin's science fiction range which will include Bernice Summerfield New Adventures.

Both BBC and Virgin will accept submissions from unpublished authors. That's the good news.