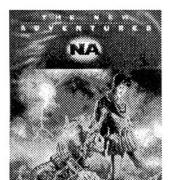


D

The Dying Days

#### UPCOMING BOOKS





DOCTOR WHO MISSING ADVENTURES

The Room With No Doors Kate Orman

A Device of Death Christopher Buls

Lungbarrow Marc Platt

The Dark Path David A McIntee

The Dying Days Lance Parkin

The Well Mannered War Gareth Roberts

So Vile A Sin Ben Aaronovitch & Kate Orman



Oh No it Isn't! Paul Cornell

Dragons Wrath Justin Richards Beyond the Sun Matt Jones

Ship of Fools Dave Stone

Down Lawrence Miles Deadfall Gary Russell

Ghost Devices Simon Bucher-Jones Walking to Babylon Kate Orman (Feb 98) PECALOGS

Deaclog 4 Andy Lane 8 Justin Richards Decalog 5 Jim Mortimore 8 Paul Leonard

PAST DOCTOR ADVENTURES

The Eight Doctors Terrance Dicks

The Devil Goblins from Neptune Kieth Topping & Martin Day

Vampire Science Kate Orman & Jonathon Blum

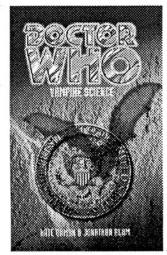
Murder Games Steve Lyons

The Bodysnatchers Mark Morris

The Ultimate Treasure Christopher Bulis

Genocide Paul Leonard

War of The Daleks John Peel



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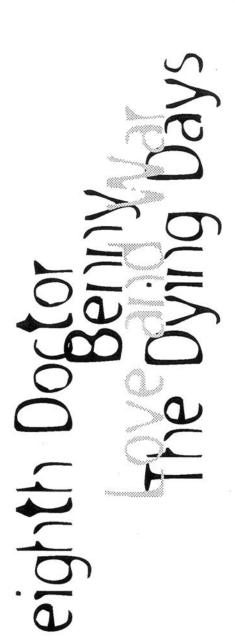
### C O Montents M T

extract from the diary of Bernice Summerfield	2-3
from The Dying Days by Lance Parkin.	
pp 8 & 9 of The Dying Days by Lance Parkin	8.9
The eighth Doctors first meeting with Benny	
X-over	10
The X-Files scene that was cut.	
Writing The Dying Days	11
Lance Parkin writes about the origin of The Dying	
Days, the telemovie and Virgin's last days.	
Interview	15
Lance Parkin	
david golding and richard prekodravac interview	
Lance about his work for Doctor Who	
reviews	
The Speed of Flight by paul Leonard	20
reviewed by alex nichugh	
The Plotters by gareth roberts	-21
reviewed by david robinson	
Burning Heart by dave stone	22
reviewed by david golding	
Eternity Weeps by jim mortimore	23_
reviewed by richard prekodravac	
quick review	
The Devil Goblins form Neptune interlude 6	
by kieth topping and martin day	-20
reviewed by richard prekodravac	
The Room with No Doors by kate orman	23
reviewed by david colding	

This issue is focussed on The Dying Days, or rather presents the final Doctor Who novel of Virgin publishing. Lance provided us with lots of stuff, thanks very muchly, and we hope that we've used it to provide some interest in the novel and the event.

upcoming books	_6
details about books from Virgin Publishing and BBC	
Books,	
contact details	
address for submissions and writers guidelines	
Obfuscate	19
photographed by barbara robinson	
fiction	
The Agents by tichard prekodravar	24
This story continues the arc which began in issue	
10 with Six Weeks Before, and continued in issue	
11 isithunzi intsomi	
graphics	
richard prekodravac	1
Virgin years. Images from 6 years of the most unique Doctor	
Who series- Andrew Skilleter (Genesys), Fred Gambino (The	
Dying Days), Tony Masero (Fist Frontier, Original Sin), Jeff Cummins (Wardhild) Peter Elson (Transit)	
mark jones	13
Xznaal - Ice Warrior sketch	
richard prekodravac	
The Dying Days - movie poster	14
the bying bays - movie poster	14
barbara robinson	14 19

next issue – issue 13 interviews – Tony Masero, Mark Morris, Rebecca Levene(?)/fiction Schrödinger's Botanist (6th Doctor and Grant)/sgloomi po awards announced



the garden table. Benny hurried out through the kitchen door, leaving a trail of wet footprints.

The TARDIS stood there as if it had never gone away. The light on the top was still flashing, and the grounds of the house were echoing with the sound of its arrival. Benny stood, looking up at it for a couple of seconds, soapy water dripping from her fringe.

The door opened.

'Sorry I'm late. You wouldn't believe the state of the traffic around the Horsehead Nebula.' The man who was framed in the doorway looked about her age, in his midthirties, perhaps a little bit older. He was about her height. He wore a velvet frock coat that was probably a very dark green, but might have been a plain-chocolate brown. Either way, it came down to his knees and underneath it was a wing-collar shirt, complete with grey cravat and a shiny patterned waistcoat. He was wearing baggy trousers, tan ones that had never even considered the idea of having a seam. His long face was angular, with a jutting chin and aristocratic nose, but it was softened by a mass of dark brown hair that swept back and down all the way from his high forehead to his broad shoulders. He had a full mouth and sad blue eyes.

'Doctor?' she asked, unsure why.

'Bernice!' he jumped forward, a broad open-mouthed grin on his face, and tried to hug her.

Benny took a step back, almost tripping over one of the garden chairs. The stranger pulled himself back. 'What's the matter?' he asked. His voice had a hint of the Doctor's Celtic lilt, but only a trace.

'What do you mean "what's the matter?"? What do you think?'

The man paused, stroking his top lip as he considered the question. 'I've changed my appearance since we last met,' he concluded, with a faraway look on his face.

'Well spotted. You've also started to go in for hugging. You know I don't like that.'

He fixed her with those eyes of his. 'We were alone in your tent, on a planet called Heaven. The Hoothi had been destroyed. You were packing, ready to leave. There was a Japanese fan in your hand. I asked if we could be friends and put my hand on your shoulder. You asked me not to touch you. You said that I was very tactile, but you weren't and that you'd prefer it if I didn't.'

The Doctor put a hand on Benny's shoulder.

'I am the Doctor, Bernice. Your friend.'

She hugged him.

'You're wet,' he whispered softly.

'I was in the shower. Where's Chris?'

'Gallifrey. He stayed behind, but he said he might pop around to see you. A lot has happened to me since then.'

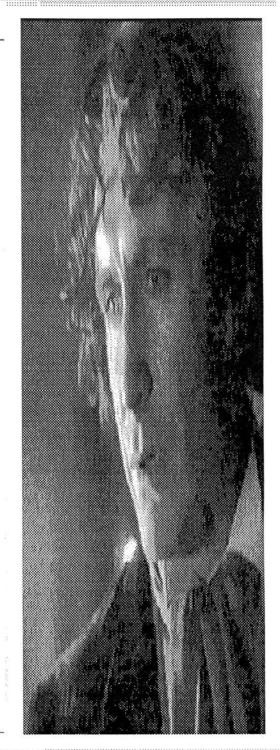
Benny yawned. 'It's been pretty damn action-packed here, too, I can tell you. I'll get dressed and tell you about it.'

The helicopter maintained a steady 230 k.p.h. at an altitude of 1,750 metres. From the ground it was a tiny black dot, making its way silently across the clear blue sky.

Inside, the guards didn't know who their prisoner was, not for certain, but they knew that he was a convicted multiple murderer and that he was to be considered dangerous at all times. They had been briefed about that before they had left, and given orders to shoot him if he even looked like he was trying to escape. There were four guards in all. The prisoner was handcuffed to one guard, with another, armed, opposite. The prisoner wore dark blue coveralls, a uniform without pockets, belts or buttons, fastened by a single strip of Velcro down the front. They'd searched him twice, once in his cell and again at the helipad.

The prisoner wasn't allowed to speak, but the noise of the rotor blades and the engines would have drowned out anything he said anyway. Everyone in the helicopter was wearing bright orange ear-protectors. Not a word had been spoken since the start of the flight, over an hour and a half ago.

The prisoner was in his early fifties, and was still in good shape. He had the square jaw and bearing of a military officer. His face was striking, with a chiselled profile and distinctive eyebrows that darted up over his temple. It was one of those faces you were sure you'd seen before, in a colour supplement, perhaps, or on television. He sat in his









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Two scenes were edited out of The Dying Days, well, OK, two scenes and a cameo appearance by Tom Baker. I was also keen for a joke sequence in which the Daleks wheel on after an absence of sixty books and 'finally catch up with' the Doctor. I thought that the first draft (a James Bond style chase sequence which wasn't entitled Valeyard of the Daleks in which the Daleks' "WAR-DIS" attacks the Doctor's TARDIS under the orders of their mysterious new Emperor) was great, but unfortunately everyone else thought I'd gone mad. The second draft Eulogy of the Daleks (which is reprinted in the current issue of UK fanzine Matrix) was also rejected by my editor Rebecca Levene, her exact words being "I imagine you already realise that there's no way in God's Earth I'll print this".

That sequence wasn't the first thing to go. The first thing to go was a short scene in Chapter Nine, which featured an unnamed pair of FBI agents, one a pouting redhead woman, the other an expressionless man in his thirties. He had evidence of Martian invasions dating back centuries, she was sceptical. Rebecca felt that some people might confuse this pair with the main characters in the popular American television series The X Files and that Virgin 'might have our arses sued off'. The scene was removed. Here it is, in a slightly edited - spoiler free - form.

He'd just finished setting the digital clock on his desk to the time in London when it flipped over to 11.21. Outside it was just getting light. He held up the printout of the PCL message.

'It'll soon be time for a spot of dinner.' His partner was sitting tapping some report into her laptop.

'Luncheon,' he corrected, deadpan. 'So this message is in code?'

She saved her work and stepped over. 'Not a code as such. It's a simple system based on key phrases. It's been in use for years. My father taught it to me when I was a kid.'

'It's comic books stuff. I don't understand why they didn't just use a secure line or encryption.'

She pursed her lips. 'That's the scary thing. UNIT clearly no longer have access to the equipment, or they have been compromised. They'd only use this method as a last resort. It's meant to look like an ordinary business letter to any censor or monitor. A system for Third World countries, not Europe.'

He'd been a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, fifteen years ago he'd stood on the steps of the National Space Museum where the BBC cameras had been yesterday evening.

'So what does the message mean? I've worked out that PCL is UNIT, Abe's the ... President?'

'That's right. "Power Commission" is the United Nations, strictly speaking. "Server" is the local government, "engineer" means soldier, "manufacturer" mean foreign power. It's really hokey.'

He was reading back the message. 'So what they're saying, this bit here, about the engineers already being in contact with the manufacturers, is that the British military were in league with the aliens?'

'That's one interpretation,' she conceded. 'I'd like to see their evidence.'

'I take it you're not arguing that we are dealing here with an EBE?'

'This week I'll admit it,' she smiled, 'but you won't convince me you knew this was going to happen all along. You'd be in London, using up some of that holiday allowance you've been hoarding.'

'Well, if you remember, last week I did tell you that the Martian atmosphere was breathable.'

'Sure, just before you told be that Elvis died in November 1995 of diabetes.'

'I played you his last CD,' he laughed, 'what more do you want?'

His suit jacket was hanging over his chair. He reached into the pocket and pulled out a brown envelope. 'This was sent to me a couple of weeks ago by a source in London calling himself Oswald.'

'Hey, the FBI want to talk to him, don't they? Since he faked his own death in '63?' Her Southern accent only really emerged when she was being sarcastic.

'Very funny. This guy is a regular contributor to the Fortean Times and Who's Who and What's That?'

She rolled her eyes. 'I knew there was a JFK connection. He's the Brit that says his friend went back in time and -'

'That's David Bishop,' he explained patiently, as he opened the envelope. 'Dave's not a Brit, he's from New Zealand. Anyway, I debunked that book even before it came out. Check his file: his full name is David James Stephen Bishop and he claims his co-author is a "James Stevens". Freud had a word for it.'

'Transference. Very witty.'

'Bishop hasn't talked to me for over a year. Look at these, though.'

He held out the photographs, the first was sepia, the second was black and white, the third was in full colour. All three were fairly standard UFO shots, indistinguishable from a thousand others in the FBI files.

'These look a little like the ship over London,' his partner admitted. 'Except for that one - that looks like a black blob.'

'They are the same,' he insisted, slapping the photographs in turn. 'Horsell Common in 1897, Clarkesville in 1938, southern California in 1952. Now we know that all these incidents were the same race of aliens visiting Earth. Every time, they had hostile intentions.'

She leant over him. 'How do we fit the Martian Sphinx into all this?'

'I'm sure it's implicated somewhere,' he chuckled.

He scrutinised the printout again, for theatrical effect more than anything else. 'Reading into it, the two guys who went into the saucer were in on the deal, and those that weren't have been rounded up and put in prison.'

'That's the "in the dark bit', yes. That much in undeniable.'

'You know, two days ago, even I would have thought twice before I walked into the office upstairs and said that the British government were in league with Martians.'

'Thought twice then done it.'

He grinned. 'Yeah, but this time, I guess they'll be more inclined to believe me.'

## writing the dying days

After six years, it all happened very suddenly...

There were very mixed feelings at Virgin when the new TV movie was announced. All the writers and the editorial team are big fans of the series, but the Doctor Who fiction licence was up for renewal, and it had been known for some time that the BBC were interested in getting more money for the franchise. Virgin had turned a four-book deal for the rights to a dead series into a phenomenon accounting for five precent of the UK science fiction market. Rumours were flying that Boxtree, or even Harper Collins, were interested in the bidding. This uncertainty affected the commissioning of books - it was unclear at first from the terms of the contract whether all New Adventures would have to be removed from the shelves on the last day Virgin owned the rights or whether they would be allowed to sell existing stocks for a limited time. Until the future was a little cleared, the legal and sales departments at Virgin insisted that no books beyond Cold Fusion and Bad Therapy were commissioned. Contingency plans were drawn up, just in case these were to be the last two books - plot threads and other important information to round off the series would have to be inserted into the last books particularly So Vile A Sin and Cold Fusion.

The situation stayed the same for a few months. As the author of Cold Fusion, I was in the front line at this point. My light-hearted science fiction romp, which was already far too complicated for its own good, might also have to bear the burden of being the last Missing Adventure. As we learnt more and more about the TV movie, it became clear that Doctor Who was going to have a great future. But what about Virgin, the people who, along with Marvel UK, had kept the torch burning for six years as BBC executive after BBC executive queued up to announce that the concept had no life or money left in it? Would Virgin reap their reward? The signals were decided mixed - one day everything would look rosy, the next it looked as though no-one would be publishing Who books after May 97. I attended Manopticon at this time, and shamelessly joined Paul Cornell in cornering Phillip Segal and pitching ideas at him. Rebecca Levene, editor of the range since *Tragedy Day*, was there, and was feeling gloomy about the licence negotiations.

I got married on the 21st of April, following which I had an idyllic two-week honeymoon in Cornwall. I returned to finish Cold Fusion, and discovered that events had moved on in the last two weeks: all the slots were filled to March. It looked like I had missed the chance to write one of what could well be the last of the books, as series stalwarts Jim Mortimore, Kate Orman, Chris Bulis, Dave McIntee, Gareth Roberts and Dave Stone had beaten me to it - and all of them were having to write at breakneck speed to meet their deadlines. At this point, thought, Virgin were more optimistic perhaps their licence would be renewed after all, in some form. Negotiations were continuing and ... the very next day most of the NA authors received letters from BBC Books inviting submissions to their new range. The first Virgin knew for certain that they had lost the licence was when their authors began to phone and fax in to tell them about the letter. The next few weeks were hectic -Jon Pertwee died, the video release was delayed in the UK. Reports and first impressions filtered in from America and the preview screening (attended by a strong Virgin contingent, but alas not me). And then a new slot emerged as Virgin drew up plans for their last two books - Lungbarrow by Marc Platt that would tie up all the 'Ancient Gallifrey' plotlines and solve the mystery of the Other. And one and only one McGann New Adventure, which would end the series with a bang - or rather launch it off in a new direction with Benny as the main character.

Most of the authors were now committed to books earlier in the year, and a few of the others (Andy Lane among them) would be writing nonfiction. Although I hadn't seen the movie, I knew that there was a story I wanted to tell. Back in 1993, while I was waiting to hear from Virgin about *Just War*, I had toyed with the idea of a First Contact story featuring an Ice Warrior attack on contemporary Earth. At that stage it had been a Pertwee MA called *Cold War*, and I'd only got as far as writing the first couple of hundred words. A

couple of times since then I'd thought about variations on the idea (including an Ice Warrior War of the Worlds' set in the 1890s). I dusted off the proposal and saw that - although it was a very traditional story - it still hadn't been done in the New Adventures. Incredibly, The Dying Days is the first New Adventure set entirely on Earth in the year the book was published! Although the straightforward 'aliens invade Earth' story had been done loads of times on TV, it had never appeared in the 'broader and deeper' form of a novel. With Independence Day and The X Files hot property, the story was as relevant as ever.

The movie was released and shown, and it was clear that there was a new surge of interest in the programme - A History of the Universe, The Sands of Time and Happy Endings all sold very well indeed (A History of the Universe was number 4 in the HMV Book chart the week it was released although I suspect that has more to do with advance orders than actual sales). Doctor Who was on the front of every magazine. I loved the movie, every minute of it, even the ending. Rebecca was a little more sceptical - where were the monsters? Why set so much in the TARDIS? Why such an atypical story when the idea was to introduce the concept of the show to the American audience? Her main objection was with McGann himself - where was the 'steel' of the other Doctors, the ability to stand his ground as the monsters advanced towards him, the resolve to save lives whatever the cost? With the last NA she had a unique chance to oversee a 'second pilot'. I began pitching Cold War to her, submitting a two-page plot synopsis, and we discussed how we could make this book 'special', using the loss of licence to make it an 'event'. There was one other proposal under consideration as the McGann New Adventure - I don't know anything about it, or how far it got, although I can make a fair guess as to the identity of the author. For whatever reason, Rebecca chose my book, which was going under the provisional titles Virginity Lost, Licence Revoked, Murder Eight and Morte D'Octor. A second plot synopsis beefed up the story, but this was still only three sides of A4 long - it didn't matter, we both had a very good idea of what the book would be 'like' (and, just as importantly, not very long to write it!).

A summit conference at Virgin took place in mid-July: the NA editorial team of Peter Darvill-Evans, Rebecca Levene and Simon Winstone were joined by Paul Cornell, Gareth Roberts, Andy Lane, Justin Richards, Matt Jones and myself. Our mission was to thrash out the basics of the Benny Books. The idea for spinning Benny off into her own novels had come up a couple of times over the years - it was felt that she was a strong character able to sustain her own range of books, but that with Virgin already publishing three Who books most moths they might not be viable. Now Virgin felt that there was much about the New Adventures that didn't rely on *Doctor Who* - a 'tone', the commitment to new authors, a strong cast of characters (note that in *Happy Endings* virtually all the guests are from the books, not the TV series). The decision was made that the NAs would continue until the end of 1997, and a new writers' guide was drawn up. The authors were very keen to sever the links with Doctor Who' - the Benny NAs can retain a lot of the 'Englishness' and 'Whimsy' of the TV series, but under no circumstances should they be *Doctor Who* stories without the Doctor. Immediately after that meeting had finished, The Dying Days was formerly commissioned. I had total freedom to do what I liked to the Doctor and his universe, the only stipulation being that now I somehow had to get Benny from 1997 to 2593 during the course of the

The rest happened very quickly indeed. I signed the contract on July 19th, and had the first draft finished by the end of August. I started on a Monday morning, wrote the first chapter, 8500 words, in five hours, and by Wednesday I was able to report that the first quarter of the book was done. It's very difficult to judge the standard of your work when you write as fast as that - it's so intense a process that you lose all perspective. To top it all, I was working from a 1500 word proposal, not a fifteen page summary I'd had for my previous books. In short, I was making it all up as I went along. But I had a very clear idea of what had to be in there. First of all: Benny. I had a very clear

image of the start of the book: I pictured Benny waiting at the house on Allen Road for the Doctor, rushing down to greet him, only to find that the Doctor is a stranger. This was going to be the only chance for the Eighth Doctor and Benny to meet. There was actually a little resistance from Virgin at first - they wanted the Benny NAs to be a clean break with the past. I wanted Benny on the cover (my first idea was that The Dying Days cover would be a mirror image of the Timewyrm: Genesys, with Benny instead of Gilgamesh, McGann instead of McCoy and an Ice Warrior instead of Ishtar) but this was vetoed on the grounds that Benny should be kept back until the following month. I convinced them that the two characters had to meet. But would the two be friends now so much had changed? The Doctor is literally a different person - and Benny has also grown up a lot.

Second: I wanted to have the Brigadier. Not only is he a major part of the Who TV mythology, but he's also played a central role in a number of the best New Adventures and he's continued to develop in print. If this was to be the last *Doctor Who* story, then it was only proper that Lethbridge-Stewart would be there, fighting alongside his oldest friend.

The Ice Warriors are back, and like the TARDIS control room and the Master in the movie, they are bigger and better then ever. I've tried to remain true to the continuity established for them both in the TV series and in the New Adventures, but at the same time I've used the opportunity to 'revamp' them. If the New Adventures have lacked anything, it's MONSTERS. The TV series gave us a memorable monster every week (even if it wasn't always memorable for the right reasons). The New Adventures have managed ... the Chelonians. In many ways, I've brought the Ice Warriors up to date by taking them back to basics - Varga in 'The Ice Warriors' is almost a tragic figure. And while I really quite liked GodEngine, I', not sure that Doctor Who is the place where we explore 'alien cultures'. The Ice Warriors aren't the Minbari or

Bajorans, and there's something a bit too cosy about the way 'Trek' constantly comes up with stories that say "this is what the Klingon wedding ritual is called, see, even aliens are just like us deep down" - the only thing we learn about humanity from that is that we're capable of producing trite TV. There's nothing immature or unsophisticated about the *Doctor Who* approach of having big, scary monsters that represent some archetypal fear - insects, spiders, machines, reptiles, war, death, greed.

As you might expect from the author of A History of the Universe, I've tried to tie the book down into the established history of the show and the novels, particularly the latter. There are links to most of the novels, from the incredibly obscure to the blindingly obvious. In terms of the TV series, it takes place about a month after Battlefield, but it foreshadows Lucifer Rising and Transit. At the same time, I wanted to expand the history of the show - a number of things happen that have ramifications for Earth history and the history of the major characters.

And I wanted to set the book the very day that Virgin's licence expired.

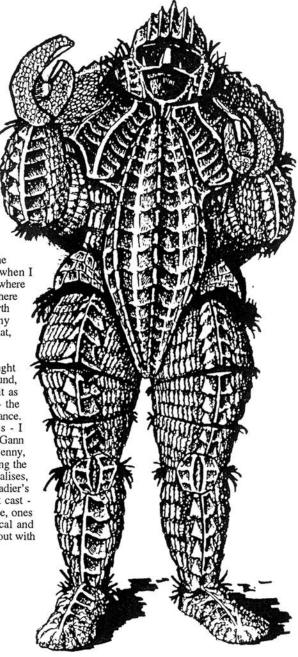
But this isn't just a family reunion, this is Virgin's one and only chance to show you what we could have done with the new Doctor. All my books have had a sense of the 'lost future' - the idea that by the late 1990s we should be flying around in jetpacks while robots do the housework. When the licence was taken away from Virgin, all the plans for the range, all those potential stories were snatched away. With a new Doctor, we could have told new types of stories - no more manipulation and 'dark Doctoring'. There was the 'half-human' mystery to explore, we could have developed the character of this new Doctor, one capable of love. It's clear now that the BBC range will owe more than a little to Virgin's - two books a month, many of the same authors (myself included at some point, I hope). But without the same editorial team - Peter Darvill-Evans who established the range against all expectations during a huge recession in the publishing industry, and Rebecca Levene, the only person to have overseen over a hundred original *Doctor Who* stories - they won't be the same. Whatever their faults, the NAs are distinctive, influential and have acted as a focus for fan activity during six years that often looked very bleak for *Doctor Who*. They proved, perhaps better than the TV series itself did in the late eighties, that *Doctor Who* stories can be fresh, modern and forward-looking. *Doctor Who* had a glorious past, but there's an even more glorious future there ripe for the taking. Virgin won't be a part of that future now.

When I announced on rec.arts.drwho that I'd be writing the McGann novel, a number of people - including at least one who should have know better - declared that this was a 'spoiling' operation, designed to spike the BBC range before it started. When a number of plot details were leaked some people felt that Virgin were going to 'trash the place before they leave'. Nothing could be further from the truth. The torch will soon be passed on to the BBC Books range. If - no, dammit, when - there's a new TV series the sales of the BBC Books will soar. Many of the Virgin authors will be writing for the new series - many of the books announced so far started life as submissions to Virgin. The future is still glorious. I don't think that anyone at Virgin feels any particular ill will towards BBC Books, and in turn the BBC Books team have issued a number of assurances that they won't contradict the NAs or 'pretend they never happened'. But for the moment, Virgin still have the torch. Even if I could have done, I feel no urge to conform to the BBC Books continuity. Likewise, why would the BBC want me to? My book won't wilfully contradict the new range, and with a little bit of imagination and retconning it will slot into its appropriate slot. In fact, I wanted to contact the author of the first BBC McGann book and try to link the two books somehow - have the Doctor find an item in his pocket from one book that he's picked up in the other. A tiny little touch, nothing obvious, but something that the fans would

recognise. Alas, I'd already finished The Dying Days by the time the BBC had announced that Terrance Dicks would be writing their first, so this gesture of reconciliation wasn't possible. But I have a unique opportunity to tell a last Doctor Who story, one where he might be called on to make the ultimate sacrifice in the name of what he believes in. I'm not one to give away the endings of my books before they've even come back from the printers, but I'm giving nothing away when I reveal that this is certainly the first story where the Doctor could die, it's the first story where the monsters might win, where the Earth may be destroyed. We know that Benny and Wolsey will survive, but other than that, all bets are off.

I've written The Dying Days as thought it is a movie. A big-budget, Dolby Surround, widescreen bastard of a film. Think of it as the novelisation of the 'Virgin Movie' - the show we would have made given the chance. I've tried to fill it with strong images - I wanted you to be able to picture Paul McGann as the Doctor and Emma Thompson as Benny, I wanted you to see the TARDIS scattering the pigeons in Trafalgar Square as it materialises, and hear Nick Courtney saying the Brigadier's lines. I want you to marvel as the guest cast real and fictional. Major events take place, ones with lasting consequences, both historical and personal. The New Adventures are going out with a bang ...

Mark Jone's original sketch of the segalfied Ice Warrior Xznaal -



PAUL McGANN EMMA THOMPSON NICHOLAS COURTNEY



A DAVID LYNCH FILM

## THE DYING DAYS

FIRGAY PILMS PRESENTS A SALL ZAENTZ PROBLETION DUCTOR WHO THE DYING DAYS
PALL MCGIAN ENNIA THOMPSON NICHOLAS COURTNEY OF STABBURG DAVID BUCHOVNE
GILLIAN ANDERSON LALLA WARD WALLACE & GROWIT AND EDVICO AS WOLSELTHE CAT
SCREENPLAY BY DEN AARONOVITCH RANGE ON THE NOVELTHE DYING DAYNBY LANCE PARKET
BREXTED BY DAVID LYNCH PROBLECO BY SALL ZAENTZ







J U S T W A R

For me personally I think Just War is one of the three most important Doctor Who stories. The other two being Transit and Human Nature. It's suggested that Just War defines everything about Doctor Who. Do you think Just War does that? (It takes the simple black and white perspective then twists it untill all we see is grey).

I'm not sure that Just War is as groundbreaking as the other two, and I'm by no means the first person to question the Doctor. I certainly wanted the Doctor to central, and engaging the Nazis on every level from the intellectual to the physical. It's easy to fight Daleks and Cybermen, but when the threat is closer to home we begin to see the cracks in the armour. The Nazis didn't think that they were evil, they didn't wake up in the morning and say 'Today I vill do something evil'. The Doctor knows that, and he also knows that by his standards they are utterly evil. So he wonders if he is right.

#### Is the Doctor good? Why?

Absolutely. Because whatever else happens, whatever comes along, however we might behave, he's there for us, protecting us. This is actually a pretty big theme in *The Dying Days*.

Why did you write Just War? Is War just? Why did you write a War story? Considering that there have only been 4 DW stories set in WWII, all McCoy: The Curse of Fenric, Timewyrm: Exodus, White Darkness and Just War. Why do you think that has happened? Is McCoy more accessable for a WWII story?

I think that the TV series was a little wary of a WWII story - even Fenric barely mentions the Germans. In a book, you can be more 'realistic', you can engage the subject using a little more complexity. It's difficult to imagine

Tom and K9 versus the Nazis story.

Is war just? Yes - and the textbook example of that is 'if we hadn't fought them, the Nazis would have won'. At the same time, I think we all have something of a Marxist perspective now - we can see that the soldiers are usually working class lads sent to their deaths by fat middle-aged, middle class men ('war is a bayonet with a worker at each end').

Did we fight the Nazis because they were evil or because our economic interests were threatened? The 'defining horror' of Nazism, the Holocaust, wasn't even known about in 1939, and not generally known until the camps were liberated. The Allies used some very dubious tactics and weapons.

How did you get the chance to do a multi-doc story?

I had three ideas for my second novel. The first was a Gunpowder Plot Hartnell pure historical. This was actually weighed up against Gareth's book and his was felt to be better for a number of reasons - one being that of my books Rebecca preferred Cold Fusion. Bonfire Night was dropped at the 'idea' stage - I only plotted out the first two scenes or so. It was going to be completely different to The Plotters - it was set in the aftermath of the plot going wrong, as all the conspirators meet up and accuse each other. Reservoir Dogs in ruffs basically. The Plotters is much better. I didn't get as far as my third idea, which remains highly classified, for possible future use!

Did Roz also nut Tegan, Nyssa & Adric so that they also wouldn't remember their adventures with the 7th Doc, Roz and Cwej?

Nyssa and Tegan don't meet the seventh Doctor, and Adric ... er ...

What can you tell us about how your Cold Fusion theories fit into Lungbarrow?



#### JUST WAR



# A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE

I was halfway through Cold Fusion when Lungbarrow was commissioned, and some things had to be adjusted. You'll spot a few references, a couple of the flashback scenes will make a little more sense. I was working from the CARTMEL MASTER PLAN document, so everything ought to be consistent. Not all the questions raised in Cold Fusion are answered by Lungbarrow, though, and I doubt that we've managed to be totally consistent...

Do you think that NA/MA authors can be a bit too clever-clever sometimes? Keeping mind that the plot of Cold Fusion is based around fixing a continuity error in the Telemovie, and that the most interesting material is based on Brain of Morbius Lives Before the Hartnell and background from proposed telemovies?

Cold Fusion was commissioned in December 1995, before the TV Movie! You can see the exact point I saw the movie, it's when the Fifth Doctor says 'Humanian Era', (page 227-8). I put that in as a little 'bookmark'. I slipped in a few references, but the plot itself was pretty much unchanged. But to answer your question - yes, this sort of thing can rapidly become very irritating, and I'm not planning to make a habit of it. It's difficult to see how a 'two Doctors' story can be anything but fanwank, really. It's perhaps a shame that a book that casual readers might have been tempted to pick up was so impenetrable.

You have an oar in with all the new mythology surrounding the Doctor from the Cartmel era. You use images associated with the 'new Doctor' in *Just War* (owls, ravens, wolves). You also actively subverted that Doctor in that book. In *Cold Fusion* you play with background to this new Doctor. How important is this new mythology? Is it writers playing with someone else's creation, or is it

really adding to the Doctor?

The owls, wolves and ravens come from Norse myth - it ties in with the Aryan supremacy stuff, but, yes, it does also tie in with the Cartmel Ragnorok/Fenric themes. 'Subverting the Doctor' ... I didn't just want to write another 'the Doctor knows what's really going on book', so it's a double-bluff 'the Doctor thinks he knows what's going on and manages to convince everyone else that he knows'. I do want to 'subvert' the cosy notion that we know absolutely everything about the Doctor. 'Doctor Who' isn't the creation of one person, it's this wonderful mish-mash, and if I'm wanking over it then it just, er, adds to the mix, I suppose!

T H E D Y I N G

You have written the first eighth Doctor stories, and unlike other NAs and MAs the character of the eighth Doctor is a largely unwritten character. How do you see the character of the eighth Doctor, that you will be shaping the direction this Doctor will take? Do you see that as a daunting task?

I'm incredibly lucky - not only do I get the first stab at McGann in print', but I also don't have to worry about the book that follows. It leaves me a totally free hand. The Dying Days was written so quickly I didn't really get to consult with anyone else about 'direction' or 'character', although I've had some useful

LA

discussions with Kate and Jon. It's daunting, but also great fun - I found McGann very easy to write for. As for 'how I see him' - it's in the book, really.

Paul McGann's likeness is featured on the cover. The BBC aren't allowed to do so without permission, and Virgin have previously sought permission from actors for reproducing their likeness (at least in the NAs). Do you know anything about this?

The simple answer is no. The issue with likenesses is a very grey area in Britain. In America the situation is a lot clearer - you pay to use anyone's likeness. In Britain it depends on the agent and so on. Virgin wouldn't put McGann on the cover if they weren't allowed to, but as far as I know Paul McGann himself wasn't approached. I would imagine that his contract had something to say about merchandising rights.

G E N E R A

How did you get into Doctor Who?

I don't know - I've been watching it since before I can remember, and the very first book I bought with my own money was 'The Cave Monsters'. It's safe to say that I've always been a fan.

How did you start writing?

By wanting to write a *Doctor Who* story. I must be the only writer in the world who has never had a rejection slip and whose every word has been published! Now, with the Virgin Worlds imprint, the Decalogs and the success of *A History* I've got a marvellous opportunity to write non-*Doctor Who* stuff, and Virgin are really supporting me.



#### COLD FUSION



#### THE DYING DAYS

Could you tell us about your writing process?

This is always a tricky one to answer ... I think that Rebecca would agree that I don't rely overmuch on plotting my books beforehand - Chris Bulis and Andrew Cartmel write these great thirty page plans of their books and stick rigidly to them, I just sort of make it up as I go along. I type everything straight on to Word for Windows, filling in sections that look like

BENNY JOKE LANDSCAPE GLIMPSE OF ZARGOIDS

until I've built up a scene I'm happy with. It tends to appear in the form you see it, I don't write drafts and drafts. I can write between 2-6000 words a day, depending how fully-formed it is when it springs onto the page.

#### What are your influences as a writer?

This is going to merge into a 'authors I like' answer. Being a Doctor Who fan, who else can I mention first but Terrance Dicks? His style is lovely and simple, but it's clear, expressive, unpretentious. He really is a big influence, as are Paul and Kate. Outside 'Who', I love Jorge Luis Borges - again a simple style, with a poetical economy to the writing - he writes two page short stories that a lesser writer would have turned into a 120 page novel. The Dying Days is heavily influenced by H G Wells - re-reading War of the Worlds I was amazed how modern it is: SF is still learning from Wells. Alan Moore those intricately structured plots, the sense of little people walking around monumental landscapes.

You're doing an MA (Master of Arts, in post-war lit). Could you tell us a bit about

that? How has a background in arts affected you as a writer?

Been there, done that - I was awarded my MA about the time Just War was published. The MA broadened my horizons, and it's a hoary old cliche, but the best thing a prospective writer can do is read, and read things they wouldn't normally go near. If you don't like it, then work out why, and what you'd do different. It also gives a sense of context to books - Just War was an attempt to write a book in the same postwar/post-colonial genre as The English Patient and The Swimming Pool Library - a fool's errand, of course, but so what? I'm prepared to admit that SF can learn a lot from literary fiction, but I doubt there are many 'real' novelists who realise that the reverse is also true. The other thing I learnt is that I'm woefully ignorant about science and the scientific method. In Cold Fusion you have a book written by someone trying to expose how little 'science fiction' has to do with 'real science'.

Who are your favourite/least favourite writers in the NA/MA ranges? Which are your favourite/least favourite books?

You'll appreciate that I'm more likely to rave about the ones I like than slag off those I don't! Paul Cornell, Kate Orman and Ben Aaronovitch are - no surprises - the THREE WHO RULE. I think Justin Richards is perhaps Most Under-rated, although I could have done without the Cranleighs in Sands of Time. As for

most/least favourite books - the Internet poll is pretty damn close to my rankings, actually. *Transit* should be in the top ten, and there are worse books than *The Pit*. And *Cold Fusion* isn't that good.

How important is continuity to you? What is continuity's role?

I'm not, despite being the author of A History, obsessed by continuity. As an author, it's great being able to pick up characters that the reader already knows - it makes sympathising with them easier, and it also allows you to explore (or 'subvert', I suppose) them. My next Who book, I think (early stages yet!) might well be continuity free. It's a game with the readers - people seem to like the little jokes I put in like the Roz/Seventh Doctor reprise of the scene from The Five Doctors. I'd never put a reference in unless I felt it was there for a reason.

On the whole, though, continuity can be ignored - but if you're going to play the game, at least get it *right*.

How important is canonicity to you? Are the NA/MA canon?

Totally unimportant - I'd rather watch/read a good uncanonical story than a bad canonical one. It's a phony debate. The NA/MAs are 'less canon' than the TV, as far as I'm concerned, but I don't care - Human Nature and The Also People are among the very best Who stories

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every made.

As a writer of DW, you become somewhat of an authority on that subject, to people's minds. You are also a public figure, in that you take part in the RADW discussion group. How do you see your position? Do you always tell the truth when talking about DW (for instance, various provocative posts about Cold Fusion)? Do you feel you must always defend DW?

I always tell the truth, I hope. To pique people's interest, I might not reveal the *whole* truth, and I certainly won't give away important details about the books.

I am conscious that if I come up with an opinion then (because I write NAs and A History) some people will assume that I Know Everything. I never encourage this, and when I'm wrong, I'll always try to admit it.

I'm not sure what my 'provocative posts' were, but I did mention that the Camfield Doctor was in the book ... well, he \*is\*! 'Who' needs no defending, but I do feel that I have some sort of duty to protect the NAs - if someone is labouring under a misapprehension, then I will set them straight. It is odd being a (very minor) public figure - seeing someone pick up your book in a shop or refer to 'authors such as Parkin' on the Net.

What are you plans for the future? Do you plan on writing any more DW for the BBC? Do you plan on writing for Benny? Do you have a "real" book that you're working on, like so many of the other NA/MA authors?

Well, I've been asked to submit ideas for Virgin Worlds books, and I've got a synopsis in with Rebecca at the moment. It's called Creator and could be rather fun. I want a break from Who for at least one book, and I'd love to write a Star Wars book at some point quite soon. At the moment, I'm planning Virgin World - BBC

McGann Book - Benny Book, but all that might change.

#### RETROSPECTIVE

One criticism of the NAs have been that they are TOO angsty? Was that a necessity, a product of the era, or should Doctor Who remain cleanly black and white?

I think it's down to the difference in medium - in 25 minute TV episodes for a family audience, there's no room for psychology, questioning the basics of the series or exploring feelings - in books you have to, really. I would much rather have my heroes question what they do, and be able to justify it. I think once New Ace went she took the angst with her. There are nearly 100 books -the vast majority weren't angstfests. It isn't so easy to make generalisations about the NAs.

#### Is McCoy the Doctor of the nineties? Is he the GEN X Doctor?

He's a bit 80s, really - all that brooding introspection is what the DC superheroes went through then. Latterly, he has become a bit more postmodern and the books are becoming more playful. I think the ultimate expression of this will be a) the new Doctor and b) the Benny books. Fun and lots of it.

#### Have the NAs been successful? What have they achieved?

Yes. They have moved 'Who' forward, proving that you can tell contemporary stories, not just wallow in the past. They've introduced a couple of dozen new authors, almost any one of whom could be a Big Name in the future. They've proved that the fans of the series are suitable Keepers of the Flame.

They've proved a source of news and

interest for fanzines that otherwise might have folded - or never come into being. They took a joke of a TV series, a cheapo show that had been abandoned by the BBC as 'a property with no life in it' (to quote a BBC executive in 1991) and carved out 5% of the UK science fiction book market. One in every two hundred novels sold in Britain is now a *Doctor Who* book.

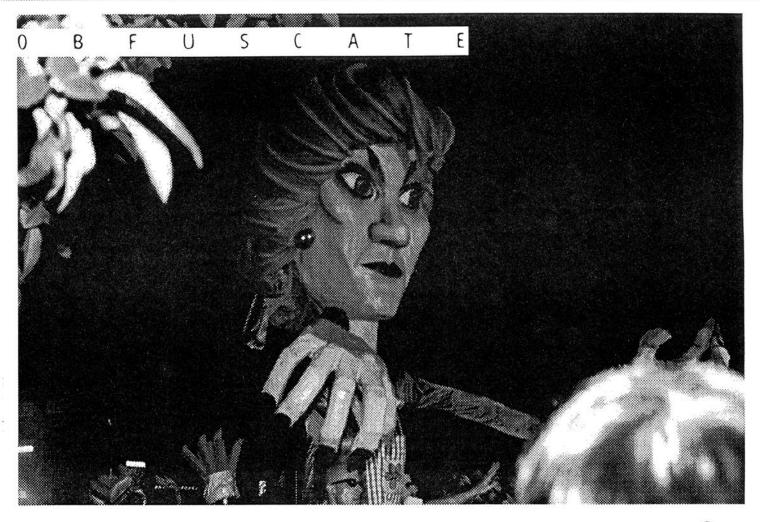
If Virgin had continued the *Doctor Who* line where do you think we would have seen the series? What would you have liked to seen?

I'd like to see an older Doctor - I'd cast Ian Richardson. There was actually going to be a 'future Doctor' in *The Dying Days* - see the next issue of *Matrix* for the full story.

Virgin would have had great fun with this new Doctor, and I think we'd have ended up with quite a distinctive character: one who has regained his innocence, but hasn't lost an ounce of wisdom. 'A thousand year old eyes and a child-like smile'. I think it's the process that the NAs went through, actually - in adolescence, you tend to think that guns, tits and swearing are 'grown up', but then you develop a taste for the finer things. I think that, had we regenerated the Doctor, we'd have ended up with someone like McGann. I'm not sure that McGann and Benny could have kept their hands off each other for very long.

Perhaps it's just as well the range ended

when it did!



photograpy Barbara Robinson © 1997

The edifice of Pauline Hanson loomed at the people who lined Oxford Street at the 1997 Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras.

This Mardi Gras, saw as they say a return to the political side of the parade, with Hanson and education Vanstone as prime targets.

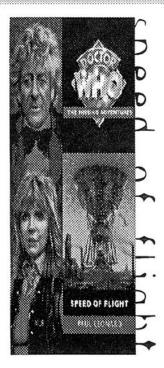
But why?

Why are people so outraged at Ms Hanson's politics?

Does anyone know what was actually said?

Or is it as satorised by The D-Generation's'

Frontline, a product of the mainstream media
and talkback hosts? That what people equally
support or raly against is a practice by the media
organisation in obfuscation.





# Speed of Flight by Paul Leonard reviewed by Alex McHugh

Paul Leonard seems at his Forté in the Missing Adventures; his singular New Adventure, Toy Soldiers is almost woeful yet every one of his Missing Adventures has been superb. I was honestly knocked off my feet when reading his first Missing Adventure Venusian Lullaby.

My expectations were raised even higher after my flatmate praised *Speed of Flight* and continuously harassed me to read it. I wasn't dissapointed, in fact I got pretty much what I'd expected, a good well written novel with solid characterisation, a bit of fun but most of all the Paul Leonard trademark, a meticiculously detailed and very alien society.

It is this detailed society which Paul excels at creating, all of his novels have made a strong attempt to remind the reader that the characters in each novel are truly alien. Sometimes however he gets a bit carried away by this, letting other aspects of the novel slip. To a degree Speed of Flight suffers from this tendacy but only slightly.

The plot is fun and engaging, not anything spectatularly new or innovative, but this isn't a New Adventure I guess.

The characterisation of the Doctor is good, capturing many of Pertwee's quirks well. The other characters are also pretty well captured but overall I found them sometimes just not quite right. Regardless, this is a very enjoyable and well written story. An excellent example of what a good Pertwee Missing Adventure should be like.

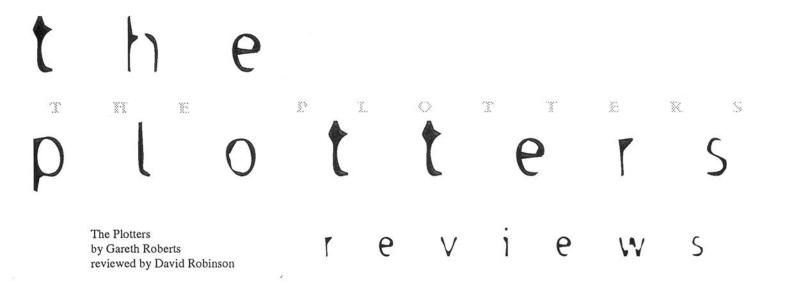
Preview: Interlude 6 of *Devil Goblins from* Neptune

by Kieth Topping and Martin Day previewed by Richard Prekodravac

Cards on the table, what the BBC did to Virgin, was entirely spineless buts lets keep an open mind. Interlude 6 of *Devil Goblins from Neptune* the first past Doctor novel from BBC Books is thoroughly captivating.

This interlude is set in the Australian desert wonderfully captured invoking that beauty that many Australians are proud of. David Boyd is an anthropologist interested in the Aboriginal community there. Thankfully these Brits haven't stereotyped Maurice Fisher a member from the community, guess what, shock horror he is an ordinary person.

What this interlude captures is a sense of mystery and wonder in *Doctor Who*, there is something deep and dangerous. When the books finally get released I'm sure that Martin and Kieth will prove to be excellent storytellers of *Doctor Who*.



One of the most fascinating things about the Missing Adventures is the capturing of the feel of the period they are set in. Why, because that is exactly what the Missing Adventures try to do. It's not that they shouldn't, but its interesting to read it either way.

The Plotters fits in well with it's period of Doctor Who that the next time your in the ABC shop you look to see if they released the video. Yet despite the feel of being an old black and white Hartnell episode the book has a story complex enough to engage the reader.

The perspectives of the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki provide a *modern day* view point on the events as they unfold, as each character realises that history is more complicated than the popular view of history. The reader also comes to a similar

realisation. The story revolves around the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, this is no secret, it almost says as much on the cover blurb. I found it fascinating because I don't know anything about the Gunpowder yet the book seems to take that into account. By giving us a wide complex variety of perspectives we can understand the full textured history.

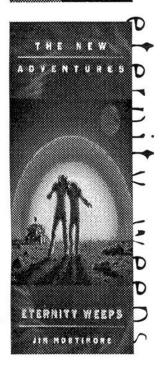
One very noticeable aspect of this novel is the city of London, or rather the way the story deals with the city. Imagine the size of London, even in 1605 it was huge, and you put four people in it, they split up (well, it is a First Doctor story), the rest is not what you would expect.

The Doctor and Vicki are entangled in the court of King James, Ian and Barbara are just wanting to see a play, but somehow things aren't that simple. As the plot gets more twisted the chance of the travellers getting back together becomes even more remote.

Gareth uses of story telling is intriguing; it creates the feel of a William Hartnell story. For example as with any novel the author has the benefit to simply tell the reader what a character is thinking. For television this can't be done, so the technique that is normally employed for TV is to have the character talk to someone, or even to themselves (all those scenes where the Doctor mutters something to himself). Gareth actually has such scenes in his book, despite them being unnecessary for the medium, the result of this, and other tricks, is an overwhelming feeling that your enjoying a visual experience rather a textual one.

Like a lot of *Doctor Who* stories, it takes a little while to get into the think of the story. Give it a chance, it's on the same pedestal as *Transit, Hummer, Sky Pirates!, The Also People, Venusian Lullaby, The Romance of Crime* and all the other really good *New* and *Missing Adventures*.





## burning heart

Burning Heart by Dave Stone reviewed by David Golding

This is the Judge Dredd book we had to have. You may have thought you picked up a Doctor Who book, but you picked up a Judge Dredd book. See - that's him there on the cover. Quite smashing in the new armour don't you think? Oh, okay, this is Doctor Who in a Judge Dredd book. References to Silurians and rec.arts.drwho people don't stop the setting from being Dredd's world. Being Dredd's world doesn't stop the Doctor and Peri from visiting it, of course. And I'm glad they did.

This is Dave Stone's most mature Dredd book. The themes of conspiracy and madness have been honed nicely over the years, and this book portrays them better than ever. But it's more restrained in many ways, and the ending is less destructive to the reader. Dave also handles Dredd with a lot more respect than he has ever before - though still not with the true respect I believe the character deserves.

The Doctor and Peri on the other hand get major

respect. This Doctor is shown to be manipulative in his own way, alien and human at the same time. This Doctor feels so right, and makes you wish that the TeeVee writers could have given him stories like this. Peri also comes into her own, and, in a rare occurrence for the Missing Adventures, is given development without betraying her characterisation. Yes, Peri picks up a gun in this book ... read for yourself what happens.

The writing is Dave Stone as you'd expect. He's the same chappy that wrote Sky Pirates! and Death and Diplomacy, but there's a balance between the huge description of the former and the reductiveness of the second. This is a great book, one of the five or so Missing Adventures worth reading, and Dave's best yet. Read it for the ultra-yukky TVM tie-in. Read it for the penguins.

#### Where next?

Paul Leonard

Paul's eighth Doctor novel *Genocide* will be released by the BBC for September and he will co-edit Decalog 5 with Jim Mortimore.

Dave Stone

Dave's Benny New Adventure Ship of Fools is due in August, and Dave's currently at work on Oblivion which sees the return of Sgloomi Po.



Eternity Weeps by Jim Mortimore reviewed by Richard Prekodravac (warning very big spoilers)

Jim Mortimore has an intense dedication to the genre of science fiction, which is why we have seen in his previous novels, *Parasite* in particular, the development and exploration of the ideas set by the more *respected* hard-core science fiction writers. Of course Jim's point is to take those half developed concepts further.

Jim Mortimore has as a primary objective to maintain interest by the use of psychological experience... it's probably why he's attracted to such vicious story lines... Lucifer Rising, Blood Heat, Parasite or his Cracker novelisation The Mad Woman in the Attic, or his Babylon 5 novel Clarke's Law... Jim's intentions is to explode human experience: live it fuck it die.

Here science and religion come to a head, of sorts. Both beliefs lead the two teams to find their Ark, but belief is only a tool; the only thing of importance is power, whether it's the brute force of the Iraqi or Iranian armies or, consequentially, the soft power of the President of the United States; so the humans think...

However borders, sovereignty, armed forces, Presidential seals... any pretentious symbol of division and power all become meaningless losing out to this novel's unknowable artefact. Jim "subvert it if you can't shag it" Mortimore makes sure this Artefact isn't unknowable... the humans with their arrogance and obstinance they naturally assume they know.

With the Artefact we get, of sorts... this is an odd concept for Virgin to choose; perhaps Eternity Weep's Ark arc is a reflection of the New Adventures' beginnings with John Peel's Genesys. Perhaps it's also this reader's melancholic sadness reading the last of the Virgin Doctor Who New Adventures.

With our two protagonists Benny and Jason are never defined by religion or science or power, but by their own lives - now matter how shity it becomes. If religion talks about man moulded from the mud (the tale shares the same barren region as this novel), Bernice and Jason come from the piles of sheep dung that we are always reminded of.

Eternity Weeps is a hard book to get into; the story is told from first person narrative, we get both Benny's and Jason's points of view. Benny begins this story, much of the style is brief and dry, the humour is dry. Something has happened to her.

The first person narrative allows the

tragedies on one hand to be more personal and more intense. However it also allows Jim to create a distance when used is a cold cruel detachment. Jason presents the story of Liz's - Jason can't offer us the full emotional event to reach us. We are left hanging, confused and isolated.

The use of humour doesn't really offer any comfort, but only reminds us that humour has to be cruel to be funny. The humour does seem a little forced, most likely because its from a first person narrative.

The landscape created is harsh: dry, large, desperate, lonely.

This is Jim's only Earth New Adventure (Blood Heat was on an alternate Earth), perhaps can I suggest cynically this curtails a possibility of an absolute death count. But that's what you would expect him to do. People die, but not everyone.

The Room With No Doors by Kate Orman

reviewed by David Golding major spoilers):

"When most writers take us to the point where only death can ensue, and backs down, we feel cheated. When Kate Orman takes us to the point where only death can ensue, and backs down, we feel fulfilled."

## the agents

... birds are a miracle because they prove to us there is a finer, simpler state of being which we may strive to attain.

I myself often have dreams in which I am flying...

Life after God Douglas Coupland

They were The Agents. Nobody knew that. Nobody knew anything.

Because of this and other things they were nothing like the men in black. They were better. They were more powerful. They were there. The concerns of government organisations, armed forces, and paranoid big brother multinational groups weren't important. They had something else to do. They were there to employ.

Fancine flashforward The Angel Francine realtime sat beside an old tree giant, the soil was firmly packed around the trunk. She knew it from her childhood. There were memories here - Fuck it...She heaved the axe and began tearing into the wood.

The stump left behind was jagged and coarse, splintering wood and white sap. She stared at a small black hole that was burrowed through its centre, there was no hole. It was black and smooth like obsidian, rough white sap, she placed her hand inside the hole, there was no hole, she felt around for something around for something she thought she lost, there was no hole, when she pulled out her hand she took out one of the little men that lived there, there was no hole, there were no little men, something was wrong with Francine's head, the little men were screwing things up. They told her about how to be an Angel.

Their last advertisement had read:

Once in a life time opportunity, travel, become educated all for a high reward. Only male applicants need apply. Call 231-1631.

They were pleased with that position. Their employee Mr [name deleted] had been their best. Things were done, things had happened. The universe changed because of him and so then ultimately because of The Agents. But things change, he got shafted in a San Francisco alley. Simple gang shooting nothing surprising. It was a little odd, for the Compass, that he was lost so easily.

The Angel Francine flashback Francine realtime sat at the bar of her club. The joyboy who had few offers all night was wiping the bar down, eager to leave with a few of his new friends. He kept looking up at The Angel Francine to see if she would let him go early, but she had been brooding in her drink all night, he could have easily clubbed her to death with one of the antique bourban bottles on the back wall.

"I need to get out of here."

The Angel Francine said nothing, she threw a key on to the table, that slide across the bar top into the joyboy's hand. She held up three fingers

"Right see ya at three."

Time again for the next recruitment. However before that began their last position had a few discrepencies that needed to be explained. Something was happening they couldn't account for. A report of two unexplained disappearances in a Parisian Bar, rows of houses in East London burnt to the ground, reports of rat infestation on the increase, extinct species reappering. This was telling them something, someone else was around changing things. They were deceptive and hidden and The Agents could only see the half shadows moving.

4:00 am the joyboy got out of the bed walking straight to the shower in the next room. He looked at his naked body in the full length mirror admiring his the curve of his chest, thinking of the reflections of himself in other joyboys. He looked down at the cabinet, a bowl contained a few kola nuts. He turned on the shower setting the temperature at 38-C. He knew that this was sex, the showers and the kola nuts. He also knew this was just another prelude for another performance, The Angel Francine would want more. He got in closing the glass shower door behind him.

The door of the appartment openned silently. Three people. One woman.

"Hello my little Angel" there had been someone in the room... she felt her arms being held down and she felt a rope tie around her neck and she felt the rope being pulled tight.

"I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge... and I speak with the tongues of angels."

The joyboy stepped into the room wiping down the remaining drops of water off his chest. Throwing the towel back into the bathroom he saw the naked Angel lying frozen on the bed.

The Angel Francine face was in pain, in a scream like terror, in a time stopped frozen scream. The bed sheets were torn, her fingernails were pressed firmly into the matress, she was

dead.

Little men grew out from all the trees, and they were coming towards her, covering her face, her mouth, her hair, her hands her chest, her legs. They started to crawl into her skin piercing with a hot pain. It was an appointemnt for sometime later. The Agents wanted to see her.

Joyboy looked at her body, he saw for the first time that there were pierced points of flesh as if seared by something metal, hot, sharp.

Somewhere inside there were little men looking for information. The Agents wanted to know.

Though I speak with the tongues of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass.

Though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not love ... I am nothing.

Love never faileth, but prophecies shall fail, tongues shall cease, knowledge shall vanish away

Three Colours Blue. (The Letter to The Corinthians)