

# Broadworld

FOR LEASE

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## NA INTERVIEW WITH REBECCA LEVENE

BY DAVID  
GOLDING

You answered an ad to become an editor at Virgin - do you have a particular interest in Doctor Who? Are you a fan?

Yes, I'd always enjoyed Doctor Who when I was younger, and had collected the Target books as a teenager. On the other hand, I'd never been involved in fandom - wasn't really aware that it existed - so I suppose you could describe me as a semi-fan.

Could you give us a quick summary of what an editor does?

A quick summary? Hmm . . . Well, taking it in vague production order of the book, I: read those submissions which have been picked out by Simon [the editor who assists me] as worth a look; get the prospective author to rework the submission until I

think it's up to scratch; negotiate a contract with the author or her/his agent; get the cover blurb written and commission a cover painting; desk edit the manuscript as it's sent to me [i.e. tell the author where the plot might be going wrong, which characters aren't convincing, if the writing is clumsy in places, etc]; read the finished manuscript to check it's OK then send it off to a freelance copy-editor. It's a common misconception that the copy-editing - checking the manuscript through word by word and correcting spelling grammar and punctuation - is what an editor such as myself does. In fact, it's always handled by freelancers, as is all the proofreading. I'm also involved in planning marketing campaigns for my book series, talking to bookshop buyers to make sure that they like what we're doing, costing new book proposals to see if they're worth doing . . . And then there are the intra-company meetings I have to attend: cover meetings, agenda meetings, acquisition meetings,

marketing meetings . . . Very little of the time is left, in fact, for me actually to sit down and read books.

Do you receive any feedback from the fans? i.e., letters, newsgroups, *Doctor Who Magazine*. If so, how do you react to this?

We get some feedback, largely positive, by post. I always pay attention to what people say, and it's enormously cheering to get a nice letter about our books; recently someone sent in a fan letter to Chris Cwej which made mine and Simon's day. I also glance at [rec.arts.drwho](http://rec.arts.drwho) regularly - mainly to keep an eye on what our authors are saying about us when they think our backs are turned!

Do you have a lot of problems with authors meeting their deadlines? I'm aware of a handful of authors having problems getting their work in on time.

With the one famous exception - who will remain nameless - not really. People are sometimes a few weeks late, but it's generally manageable. And authors usually have a

good reason for not delivering on time - not that this is an invitation to any of my authors reading *Broadsword* to fail to meet their deadlines.

Fans debate over whether continuity is a help or hindrance in the NAs but they agree that it will make BBC's books very different. Do you encourage continuity between books in the NAs?

I have always encouraged continuity between the NAs - I think one of the attractions of the series is the sense of an ongoing storyline. However, the new NAs will be slightly less linked than previously - there's unlikely to be something as complex as the Psi Powers Series in the new books. The intention is that people who keep up with all the books in the series will get more out of them because they'll spot the connections, but less regular readers won't even know that there's something they're missing. I'd





## FUTURE BOOK RELEASES

### May:

*Virgin* Oh No It Isn't! by Paul Cornell (The New Adventures)

*Virgin* Decalog 4 - Re:Generations edited by Andy Lane and Justin Richards

### June:

*BBC* The Eight Doctors by Terrance Dicks (Eighth Doctor and Sam)

*BBC* The Devil Goblins from Neptune by Martin Day and Keith Topping (Third Doctor, Liz and the Brigadier)

*Virgin* Dragons' Wrath by Justin Richards (The New Adventures)

### July:

*BBC* Vampire Science by Jonathan Blum and Kate Orman (Eighth Doctor and Sam)

*BBC* The Murder Game by Steve Lyons (Second Doctor, Ben and Polly)

*Virgin* Beyond the Sun by Matthew Jones (The New Adventures)

### August:

*BBC* The Bodysnatchers by Mark Morris (Eighth Doctor and Sam)

*BBC* Business Unusual by Gary Russell (Sixth Doctor and Mel)

*Virgin* Ship of Fools by Dave Stone (The New Adventures)

### September:

*BBC* Genocide by Paul Leonard (Eighth Doctor, Sam and Jo Grant)

*BBC* The Ultimate Treasure by Christopher Bulis (Fifth Doctor and Peri)

*BBC* Book of Monsters by David Howe (hardback non-fiction)

*Virgin* Down by Lawrence Miles (The New Adventures)

like a newcomer to be able to pick up any book in the new NAs and read it without confusion.

Do you have any comment on the BBC's non-renewal of the book license and their subsequent taking up of your book lines?

Obviously, we were disappointed that our license wasn't renewed - we [or our predecessor companies] have been the official Doctor Who publisher for longer than many of our readers have been alive, and it will be very odd to see the mantle pass to someone else. However, I quite understand the reasons the BBC made the decision - it makes commercial sense for them to publish the books themselves - and I take it as a compliment that they're carrying on the series pretty much as we set them up. They must think we've been doing something right.

The BBC require Paul McGann's permission to use his likeness on their covers - something his agent, Janet Fielding, has denied. How is

it that he appears on *The Dying Days*?

As I understand it, the BBC has an arrangement with Equity [the actors' union] requiring them to seek an actor's permission for use of a cover likeness. This doesn't apply to us.

Could you give us any news about the Benny line of books?

Well, they'll be launching in May with Paul Cornell's *On No It Isn't!*, as you probably know. After that, we're commissioned through to the end of the year, with books due from Terrance Dicks, Kate Orman and Dave Stone, among others. Jason will be appearing in the July book, and will become a semi-regular character in the series; likewise Chris, who's returning in October. There'll be quite a few other familiar faces, too. I know people tend to refer to them as the Benny books, but they're actually intended to showcase the entire NA cast

and universe - Bernice won't be the central character in every book.

Also, what do you think of that horrible backlit "NA" logo? Many have suggested a faux Benny signature or something - how did the range end up with such an uninspiring header, especially when the design and covers have started looking so great lately?

No, no - don't mince your words. Give it to me straight! Well, I'm afraid I really like the new NA logo - it works within the context of the design and gives the books a really distinctive look. The booktrade have responded positively to it, too. A faux Benny signature sounds dangerously reminiscent of that awful 'handwriting-style' font which is just so eighties.

Virgin have a stable of authors - is it hard to get new talent in the face of that?

Not at all. It reflects the fact that we like to encourage first-time authors, and - I think - actually gives others the confidence to have

a go. If you look at last year's books, five of them were written by newcomers to the range.

Could you tell us a bit about the Virgin Worlds line of books?

Virgin Worlds is an imprint of stand-alone, author-led imaginative fiction. It's due to be launched some time around the spring of next year, and it's intended to promote fresh young talent as well as showcasing the best in modern SF and fantasy. I'm currently negotiating a contract for one of the launch titles. Contrary to what I've occasionally read, Virgin Worlds has absolutely nothing to do with the New Adventures - although I hope that some NA authors might eventually end up contributing to the imprint.

**[ED: We did attempt to get an interview with Nuala Buffini, but the BBC declined the opportunity, oh well...]**



Virgin Decalog 5: Wonders edited by Paul Leonard and Jim Mortimore

## October:

**BBC** War of the Daleks by John Peel (Eighth Doctor and Sam)

**BBC** Illegal Alien by Mike Tucker and Robert Perry (Seventh Doctor and Ace)

**BBC** Book of Lists by Justin Richards and Andrew Martin (Non-fiction)

Virgin Deadfall by Gary Russell (The New Adventures)

## November:

**BBC** Alien Bodies by Lawrence Miles (Eighth Doctor and Sam)

**BBC** Eye of Heaven by Jim Mortimore (Fourth Doctor and Leela)

Virgin Ghost Devices by Simon Bucher-Jones (The New Adventures)

Virgin The Second Doctor Handbook by David J. Howe and Stephen James Walker (Non-fiction)

## DETAILS

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# THE DEATH OF SHADOWS BY RICHARD PREKODRAVAC

"Everyone suffers."

"True"

"But I wanted to suffer less."

*Three Colours White*

The darkness of golden candle light was covered by a hand. And then with one breath the last candle was out.

Sam had been sitting watching the Doctor walk to each candle, watching the light in the room dim as he blew each flame out, with a air of great sadness. It was, he said, a remembrance for someone he knew.

There was a small picture frame of an african woman, her face gave away no expression, but Sam knew the Doctor saw something different. There was some sadness behind her eyes. There was silence from her tightly closed lips. The light and half shadows across her face were sombre. He

an anxious grandmother waiting to see the next child in the line of the future Xhosa ancestry.

But it was more, it had to be. Her mother hardly ever visited unannounced. When Roz had asked her trying to work out why she was there, all that she saw her mother do was sit, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, smiling towards Roz.

All that she said was that for mothers somethings are felt to be strange, or different and that was enough for a mother to be concerned.

In Roz's mind shadows crept, dark, crying, silent.

It wasn't right.

Just

*28th of December 2022*

There were streets, he supposed in other parts of the world that looked exactly the same as any other. Houses down both sides of the street. Gardens. Trees. Shops.

put the picture face down and held his hand against the back as if trying to reach out for something that was left forgotten.

25 years later this is what Samantha Jones wrote:

*The Death of Shadows*, the eighth and final anthology of short fiction of Samantha Jones.

One Life

*27th of December 2022*

Roz stared into her cup of ikofu, she stared into the black almost thick liquid reflecting her own face back at her. Her mother had come to visit her that day. It was a pleasant surprise for her and her husband. The woman had always been kind to Roz, gentle, patient. She was everything Roz had wanted in a mother, she was something she knew she would become in a months time.

Perhaps thought Roz, that was why she visited today, a month before the baby ... Perhaps beneath the calm gentle face was

Buildings. Towers. It didn't matter what was there or somewhere or everywhere. But not here.

This was something different, unique the Doctor thought. There weren't any corridors worth running down. He laughed. He hadn't done that in a long time. If he did run, Benny would have laughed at the stupidity of it, Roz would have probably cut off his legs and Chris would have just bounded along running for a few hundred metres before realising the others weren't following. Corridors weren't something he had done in a long time. But Benny was now gone and so was Chris. and Roz.

Here was somewhere. Somewhere were he hadn't been in a long time.

cold thoughts

*29th of December 2022*

Chris had this one image in his mind that terrified him. He saw himself running, growing tired, falling to his knees, collapsing, giving up. Sometimes he fell into mud, rain falling through high unreachable

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**Oh NO IT ISN'T!**  
PAUL CORNELL

ISBN 0 426 20507 3

Bernice Summerfield, erstwhile companion of the Doctor, has found a new life and a new job at St Oscar's University on the eclectic world of Dellah. However, Benny is no staid academic, and St Oscar's is no ordinary seat of learning. It is the twenty-sixth century, a time of great

upheaval, where everything is up for grabs, allegiances are fluid, and no-one is quite what they seem.

Benny takes a party of academics on a field trip to Perfection, a world which has exhibited no signs of life for five thousand years. As they near the planet, their vessel is attacked by a most unusual missile, which appears to warp reality to the extent that Benny finds herself in a world strangely reminiscent of twentieth-century British pantomime. Meanwhile, other scientists on the planet are discovering signs that rumours of the Perfection's demise have been greatly exaggerated.

What links a long-dead civilisation and a rather unpleasant form of children's entertainment? Who is manipulating the expedition for their own ends? And why has Benny's cat started wearing clothes? Something very odd is happening on this supposedly dead world, and Benny is just the girl to find out what it is.

**INTERVIEW WITH TONY MASERO**  
BY DAVID ROBINSON

What process do you use to get from the idea that the Author would like to the final image?

The way it works is like this: The Art Editor of the Publishing House commissions me to do the artwork, in the case of Virgin Books they usually have a good idea of the area of storyline they want illustrated and direct me along those lines. Sometimes they supply relevant picture reference but whereas other Publishers quite often leave artists to determine their illustration source from a synopsis or m.s., Virgin prefer to have a controlling influence [at least that's been my experience]. The author, I'm afraid to say, has very little involvement in the

of Publishers their interest rather depends on the size of their booklist for the upcoming quarter and whether they can meet their publishing deadlines or not, although it's amazing how often they manage to find time to tell you if they are not happy with a job but oh so rarely tell you when they think it's good. Now though, with the arrival of the computer less and less illustration is being commissioned in the traditional sense and much of the work is being done in-house with photography and type ... we are a dying breed I'm afraid.



process unless that is, they are a big name.

Do you find cover artwork rewarding, or does it feel more like people forget about your efforts?

Well, I just love to illustrate. I've been at it since the early Seventies and by now am rather immune to the lack of interest one receives from commissioning agents here in the UK. To be fair, it has to be remembered that this is a business we're involved in and to the Art Director or Editor any job is just one of many others. In the case

What do you think of the continuous criticisms from Doctor Who fans about your work?

Actually, I've never received any criticism from Doctor Who fans. God! I hope that doesn't open the flood gates! More often than not though it's the fans who generate the most 'good feel' factor, as their bottom line is not just a monetary one, their interest is heartfelt and genuine. When I illustrated the Edge and Steele western series there was often a well received lively response from many fans supported by fanzines and an avid attention to all that went on with the characters in the novels.

How did you come to be doing Doctor Who covers?

I first started doing Doctor Who covers for W.H.Allen in the mid-eighties. This

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*Virgin*  
**DRAGONS' WRATH**  
**JUSTIN RICHARDS**

ISBN 0 426 20508 1

The Knights of Geneve were an enigmatic, secret order, whose dragon standard was apparently captured by their conqueror Gamaliel. That was all hundreds of years ago, and, to Benny, little more than an obscure historical sideshow.

However, events soon conspire to arouse her curiosity about this minor conflict. The region's power brokers are vying for control of Quadricale, site of the Knights' last stand. One of their number, the psychopath Nusek, wants to use Benny's archeological skills to validate his claim to the planet. Meanwhile, someone is committing murders on the generally peaceful university campus, and the last actions of a dying man leave Benny with a rather ornate, obviously important statuette of a dragon.

Are the Knights of Geneve more than a legend? Why is the warlord Nusek so desperate to secure Benny's services? And what does this all have to do with a mysterious alien obsessed with knowledge? In a world of secret societies, concealed motives and overly elaborate executions, Benny must divine the truth behind the propaganda - or become a footnote in the chronicles of a maniac's rise to power.

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CONTINUES FROM PAGE 7

trees; sometimes there were snow covered mountains, he'd scrape himself against jagged rocks, blood trailing into the snow. These things scared him.

Chris felt the heat from the cyberman's gun burn into the rock just next to him, just missing him. The snow melted causing him to slip and fall, scraping the rock. Chris grabbed a hand full of snow, compacting it he threw it into the cyberman's chest plate. It stumbled for a moment but it continued in pursuit.

Chris finally reached the hut that he saw in the middle distance, he crashed through the door, jamming it shut after him. He grabbed a piece of cloth which was hanging in the kitchen wrapping it around his arm quickly. They had reached him, attempting to break down the door. Chris stopped everything he was doing and the thought came to him. He saw himself running, growing tired, falling to his knees, collapsing, giving up ... snow blanketed mountain ranges, scraping himself against jagged rocks, blood trailing into the snow.

He felt the cold image slice through him, its pain far more powerful than... Death. Roz. Not now. not. giving. up. not. now.

Just (II)  
30th of December 2022

Here was somewhere. Somewhere where he hadn't been in a long time.

Was it home he thought? The were rooms, and doors, and corridors. He took a deep breath feeling the alien air fill his lungs. These were things worth doing worth remembering. Like meteor showings crashing through burning in a night sky. Cold thoughts crashing after death.

Memories of causes worth fighting for after disappointment. Maybe even alcohol at a nice pub, he smiled when he thought of Bernice. He could do that. Relax try to be that person they wanted him to be. Someone who said it was alright, they would be some place where they feel good to be themselves. Someone who would smile, let out a jolly laugh, shout out to the world to the universe his joy for living. It was something that he had promised himself. When everything was done.

There was one more thing to do.

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was part of a string of jacket illustrations that I and other illustrators were doing for them at the time. One of whom was my good buddy, Dave McAllister who also did many Doctor Who covers during that period. As an illustrator one is always on the lookout for new clients so I approached Virgin Books and away we went.

What other work do you do?

Many and various. Right now I'm working on computer generated illustrations for promotional material for a company that manufactures 'screws'. Another set for an office furniture manufacturer. A childrens puzzle for Boots the Chemist. Last month it was a whole stack of illos for for a Themed Festivals brochure. A press ad for a staff recruitment agency. Three 2nd World War book covers, and so on and so on ... Quite a variety, much of it advertising orientated.

You have a unique perspective of

the authors, what is your opinion of the authors?

In reality I have very little contact with authors, over the years I have of course met a few but in the main as I explained earlier my dealings are with Editors. The ones I have met have all have been rather unassuming characters working just like me, to earn a buck.

What is your impression of fandom and Doctor Who?

I think I really explained my feelings on fans in my answer to question three but I'm old enough to remember the very first Doctor Who on black and white tv. I loved it then - somehow though it'd never been the same since - guess you'd better put that down to age!

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**BEYOND THE SUN**  
MATTHEW JONES  
ISBN 0 426 20511 1

Bernice Summerfield has drawn the short straw. Instead of enjoying the pleasures of intergalactic conferences and highbrow lecture tours, she's been forced to take two over-looked freshers on their very first dig. To make matters worse, her no-good

ex-husband, Jason, turns up claiming that he is in deadly danger. Unfortunately, Benny starts to believe him only after he has already been kidnapped from his hotel room.

Feeling guilty, she sets out to rescue him. After all, she knows no one else is going to. Her only clue is a dusty artefact that Jason claimed was part of an ancient and powerful weapon. But Professor Bernice Summerfield Ph. D. knows that's obviously nonsense. She's been an archaeologist long enough to know that lost alien civilisations do not go around leaving their powerful weapons lying around for any old nutter to find.

Once again Benny finds herself all that stands between Jason and his own mistakes. She must try to prevent a terrible and somewhat unlikely weapon from falling into the wrong hands - a weapon rumoured to have powers beyond the sun.



BY DAVID  
GOLDING

We're interested in how authors got their books accepted into the NAs. What's your story?

I saw the advert in *The Frame* and submitted two stories for the first *Decalog* collection, both of which were rejected. One was a solo adventure for Bernice called "Bernice's Excruciating Adventure" and the other was a Seventh Doctor story about a satellite weapons system which turned on the inhabitants of the planet it orbited. The *Decalog* editors wrote to everyone who had been rejected for the first collection inviting them to have another go for the second. Shortly afterwards I was in my home town of Leicester and I took my boyfriend to Bradgate Park, Lady Jane Grey's estate, for the day and got the idea of setting a Doctor Who story there. My family used to go for

picnics at Bradgate Park on hot summer days. I submitted the *Nine Day Queen* which was accepted. When people said that they liked it I thought again about doing a New Adventure. I'd had hundreds of ideas for Doctor Who novels - all of them were dreadful. I went back to one of them and developed it into *Bad Therapy* which Rebecca Levene initially rejected, although she invited me to resubmit it if I changed the premise which was way too similar to *The English Way of Death* and because it didn't have big enough set pieces. In my original version the Toys came from the future and had travelled to the past in order to escape persecution. Moriah wasn't in this draft. The only villains were an agent from the

future [Birdie], Gordy Scraton and the taxi. I was going to abandon the story all together because I couldn't find a way of replacing the premise, but Mark Gatiss spent an afternoon going through it with me helping me see the wood from the trees. And after that I invented Moriah and Petrushka as the real reason for the Toys. Shortly afterwards Iain and I went on holiday to Turkey and after reading an article in *Hello! Magazine* about Princess Di, I started to make up a story about a queen running away from her husband and somehow all this got melded together. We stayed in a small town on the coast, and used to walk past some old ruins on our ways back from the beach, and these became Petrushka's Palace. The temperature in Turkey was so high that I couldn't sit out in the sun until it was practically setting. This meant that I spent a lot of the holiday under a beach umbrella, quietly rewriting the synopsis and enviously watching Iain lying flat out in the sun with no sun tan getting darker by the minute. [Incidentally this is why all the people on

Krontep have Turkish names.]

**Was Peri part of the original outline for *Bad Therapy*?**

Peri wasn't in the original storyline. I included her in the resubmission because I heard a rumour that Bantam Books were trying to negotiate a license with the BBC

to do companion novels. I thought Virgin might look more favourably on a book which included an old assistant. I later found out that it wouldn't have made any difference at all.

**How did following *So Vile A Sin* affect the book? How did *So Vile A Sin* non-appearance affect the book?**

The major impact *So Vile A Sin* had on my book was





**Ship of Fools**  
**DAVE STONE**

ISBN 0 426 20510 3

When Krytell, head of a hugely powerful interplanetary corporation, asks Benny to do an unofficial but somewhat shady job, the benefits are immediately apparent. She has an unlimited expense account, an entirely new wardrobe and more jewels and

pearls than she could ever need. And she's a passenger on the famed luxurious space cruise-liner, the Titanian Queen. It's the answer to a poor girl's dreams. But such things always have their price.

her fabulously wealthy and thoroughly undeserving fellow travellers are dropping like flies - there's a ruthless and cunning murderer on board. Is it the enigmatic and fiendishly clever criminal known only as the Cat's Paw? Or is the super-rich Krytell himself somehow involved?

Fortunately, as well as the killer, there's also a famous champion of justice on the stricken vessel. But will the great detective, Emil Dupont, eventually stop getting things completely and utterly wrong and solve the case in time for tea and muffins? Will anyone be left alive when he finally discovers the truth? Amid this chaos, Benny soon realises that if you want a job doing, you'd better do it yourself.

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to include the Doctor and Chris's reaction to Roz's death. I already knew that Roz was leaving so she wasn't in the first submission, but Rebecca Levene informed me in my rejection letter about her dying so I was able to include it in the second. It actually fitted well into the story and helped the plot along. I'd just finished the first draft when I heard that *So Vile A Sin* wasn't going to be published in November. Rebecca asked me if I wanted to include some inserts or interludes to explain Roz's death. I decided against it as I thought the plot was complicated enough and there was already the Gillian interludes competing with the main narrative. In the end I was pleased I didn't because Roz's final adventure was going to be out in April and anything I would have revealed about it could well have diminished its impact.

Apart from the obvious scene where Chris dreams of the Seventh Doctor's death, did the Doctor Who movie affect the writing of your book? Scenes such as the Doctor

kissing Jack or the Doctor speaking about death not giving anyone second chances seem like reactions to the movie.

The Movie didn't have much impact on my story at all really, because my deadline was the First of May. All I did was rewrite Chris's dream so that it featured the Eighth Doctor. Originally it was set in the many sided room from Revelation, with a faceless Eighth Doctor stumbling from one of the bays muttering, 'It is time!' Kate Orman went on to use this room for *The Room With No Doors*. You make an interesting connection between the Doctor's sexuality and also his speech to Moriah, but I wasn't thinking about the Movie at the time. The Doctor isn't really kissing Jack at all, just saving his life. Unfortunately. In the epilogue, the Doctor wonders if he might have a physical relationship with someone and isn't sure. This was a response to the

Movie.

*Bad Therapy* has many gay and lesbian characters portrayed in a forthright and realist manner. Many people question the need for gay and lesbian Doctor Who fanzines, or the inclusion of gay and lesbian characters in Doctor Who. (Whereas they wouldn't question, say, a fanzine devoted to a New Adventures special interest group.) What are your feelings on this?

I wrote a piece for *Doctor Who Magazine* not so long ago which mentioned my boyfriend and they got a few letters about it, some even cancelled their subscription. A well known Doctor Who factual books [who shall remain nameless and brainless no doubt] emailed Gary Gillatt to tell him that this sort of thing wasn't on. However, I just try to write that kind of Doctor Who books that I'd like to read. I would have loved to have come across a gay character in Doctor Who novelization when I was a teenager. Actually I love coming across them now! I

think people who say that including a gay and lesbian perspectives in Doctor Who is unnecessary are really saying that they don't like it or are uncomfortable with it.

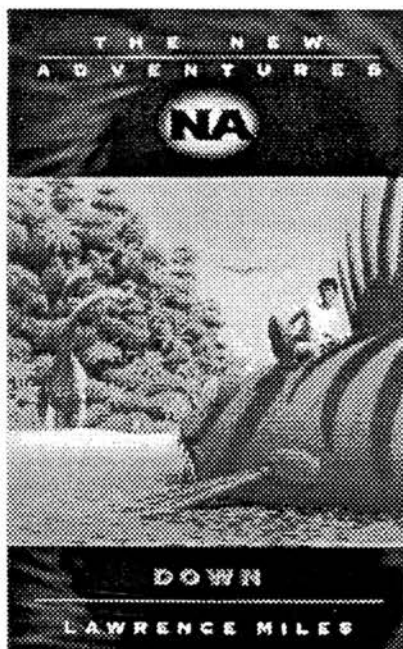
You've now got a Benny NA commissioned. How did that come about?

After I had finished *Bad Therapy* I asked Rebecca if she had any other writing work and she suggested I have to go at one of the Doctorless New Adventures which they were really just planning then. I attended a couple of planning meetings with Rebecca Levene, Peter Darvill-Evans, Gareth Roberts, Paul Cornell and a few other New Adventures writers and got involved in sketching out Bernice's new life and home. This was enormous fun, although there were lots of disagreements, particularly about the future of Bernice's marriage and her relationship with Jason. A couple of weeks later Rebecca Levene contacted me to ask if I was going to submit a synopsis.

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**DOWN**  
**LAWRENCE**  
**MILES**

ISBN 0 426 20512 X

Tyler's Folly: a colony world on the unattractive side of Earthspace, a planet wracked by earthquakes and crawling with off-world bodysnatchers. Not really the sort of place

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Professor Bernice Summerfield would expect to find herself. So the local authorities are similarly surprised to pull her out of the ocean in a forbidden 'quake zone.

However, Benny's explanations only serve to confuse matters. According to her, the planet is hollow – its interior inhabited by warring tribes of cavemen and strangely unconvincing prehistoric monsters. What's more, this bizarrely improbable land is ruled by a dark and ancient god with a penchant for thirties pulp adventures and Saturday morning action serials. Clearly something very odd has happened to our favourite rational archaeologist.

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But what could have stolen Benny's reason? Or could Tyler's Folly be the sole exception to the universal laws of physics? One thing is certain: at the heart of the mystery is the utterly amoral alien known only as IX.

Which I did and was accepted.

Can you tell us how writing a Benny NA is different to writing a Doctor Who NA?

Writing a Benny book is very different to writing a Doctor Who one. I found it much harder. Benny can't wield magic like the Doctor can. Nor does she use a gun. She is actually completely without the traditional resources heroes usually have in action/adventure fiction. In *Beyond the Sun* she has to struggle through with only her wits and her friends to help her.

Can you tell us anything about *Beyond the Sun*? And how did the title come about?

*Beyond the Sun* is quite a simple story. Jason is kidnapped and Bernice sets out to rescue him, after all, who else is going to? There is a science fiction plot involving ancient devices and terrible aliens and sequinned frocks, but the story is really about two of Bernice's students who both fall in love with the same boy. Just to make

things more interesting [or at least more complicated] the boy is an alien with green scales who comes from a culture where people have very different relationships indeed.

As for the title, it is a little cheeky. It's meant to be a dig at all those pedants who insist that we refer to *An Unearthly Child* as *100,000 BC*. If they insist that *Inside the Spaceship* is the real name for story C, then here's no reason for me not to nick *Beyond the Sun* for my book, is there? And ... well I just liked the name.

Do you have a specific audience in mind when you write your books?

The only audience I have in mind is a younger version of myself. I think I'm just trying to entertain the boy inside of me who loves being told adventure stories. My Dad used to read stories to me when I was a child and I think I'm trying to capture that feeling now. Although I didn't consciously

plan it this way, much of the narrative of both *Bad Therapy* and *Beyond the Sun* is told from the perspective of awkward teenage gay boys. I guess that's who I'm writing for: Me at fifteen. When I try to write for someone else I clam up and think that I'm not good enough, so I try to write for myself and hope that some other people might like it too.

Different authors write in different ways. Could you give us an insight into your writing process? How many hours a day would you typically write? How much of this is staring at a blank screen? Do you make extensive notes before hand, or crystallise scenes in your head? What sort of music do you listen to?

I wrote *Beyond the Sun* in about five months. For *Bad Therapy* I had a very detailed forty page synopsis, with each scene sketched out and with examples of dialogue. I only wrote an eighteen page synopsis for *Beyond the Sun*, which was much more

general and didn't describe each individual scene. In retrospect this was a real mistake. I stared at a line in the synopsis which read 'They break in to the building of the New Administration during the celebrations' for an entire morning having no idea how they were actually going to do it. I'm not very disciplined. I wish I was, but I'm not. I mess about for weeks and then only when the deadline begins to loom do I sit down and start typing in earnest. I do listen to music when I write. Writing *Bad Therapy* I listened to a lot of Morrissey [of course], Mama Cass, and Nanci Griffith's *The Flyer* and oodles of McAlmont and Butler. For *Beyond the Sun* I listened to Mozart, Elgar, The Cure's *Wild Mood Swings*, Gene [which I'm completely in love with at the moment] and Erasure's greatest hits, Pop. If I'm really pushing a deadline I play dance music because I type quicker to music with a really fast beat!





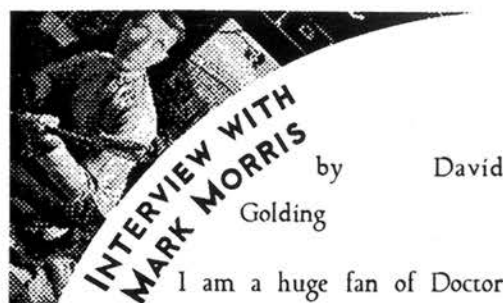
**DECALOG 4**  
**RE:GENERATIONS**  
 EDITED BY  
**ANDY LANE &  
 JUSTIN RICHARDS**

ISBN 0 426 20505 7

The Decalog series was initially an experiment in Doctor Who fiction –

an experiment that met with praise and excellent sales. Decalog 4 carries on the tradition, but looks beyond the world of Doctor Who and towards new realms of imaginative fiction in this fourth showcase of new and established writing talent.

Ten stories, a thousand years, one family. The New Adventures featured the popular companion Roz Forrester and gave us brief glimpses of the rich history of her family; here, for the first time, is the complete story. Each tale chronicles a different episode in the life of the Forresters – from humble roots in the new South Africa to control of the galaxy-spanning Earth Empire a millennium later. And each of the ten authors brings their own unique talents and insight to this testament to the diversity of human life through the ages.



by David Golding

I am a huge fan of Doctor Who, and always have been. I brought my first Target novelisation [The Auton Invasion] back in 1975 when I was eleven, I started reading Doctor Who Weekly when it first came out and have stayed with it through all its various transformations ever since, and I've watched the programme religiously since I was four - my first clear memories of the series are various scenes from The Abominable Snowmen in 1967. I still buy tons of Doctor Who merchandise, and have a fairly encyclopaedic knowledge of the programme. When Gavin Fuller chose Doctor Who as his specialist subject on Mastermind a few years ago, I actually

got the same number of points as he did.

The only things I don't do much of is attend conventions and fan gatherings, though I did turn up briefly at Panopticon a few years ago to sign copies of David Howe's charity hardback, Drabble Who, and have been to a one-day Vortex event in Leeds, where I interviewed Sylvester McCoy and the gorgeous Sophie Aldred for a piece in SFX that ended up not getting used.

If you read my horror novels, you'll come across various Doctor Who references, some blatant, some subtle and some fairly self-deprecatory. For instance, in The Secret of Anatomy, one of the characters is a Doctor Who fan who is psychically implanted with the belief that the Cybermen are coming to get him. There's also a scene which is intended as a homage to Spearhead From Space, in which a bunch of shop window

dummies come to life.

When Virgin first started out with the New Adventures, I did write to Peter Darvill-Evans expressing my interest in writing an NA. However, the pressure of my other work prevented me from doing so, and the thing never got done.

What happened with The Bodysnatchers was that David Howe, who I've known for quite a few years, rang me up to say that the BBC had contacted him to ask for a list of writers who might be interested in contributing to their forthcoming list of Doctor Who novels. He asked me if I'd be interested and I said yes.

Fortunately his phone call came at exactly the right time for me. I'd just finished a novel, and for the first time in ages didn't have to launch straight into something else. Furthermore, his call came just a few weeks after the Paul McGann movie had been

released, and so my enthusiasm for the programme was sky-high. I loved McGann's portrayal of the Doctor, and was really buzzing at the prospect of a new series - which of course, a year down the line, now looks as unlikely a prospect as it ever did.

Anyway, almost immediately I wrote a synopsis for a story I'd had banding around in my head for a while and submitted it to Nuala Buffini. She loved it and bought it, and that was that.

As for reading the previous books, I read and re-read the Target novelisations when I was younger. Some of those books I must have read ten or twelve times. I'm working my way intermittently through the NA's in order [so far I've read 24 of them]. As for the MA's, up to now I've only read a couple, though I'm actually reading Gareth Roberts' The English Way of Death at the moment,







**DECALOG 5  
WONDERS**  
EDITED BY  
**PAUL LEONARD &  
JIM MORTIMORE**  
ISBN 0 426 20535 4  
Explore the Chamber of Whispers,  
where the voices of the past haunt  
the living; see the epic journey of a

young Native American travelling  
along a river of stars to find out why  
the immortals abandoned the  
universe; and marvel at the solar  
system that defies the Laws of  
Physics - where, as the ancients  
believed, a planet is orbited by its sun.

Following in the tradition of four  
previous highly successful and  
acclaimed short story collections,  
**DECALOG 5** reveals all the strange-  
ness and variety of human experience  
from the near future all the way to  
the end of time itself, in ten stories  
about the Wonders of the Universe.

From big to small, beautiful to evil:  
a river that spans the universe - and  
is slowly destroying it; a fungus that  
allows people to change the nature of  
reality; an eighth-century robot that  
answers all questions; and an artist  
whose final work is death.

As with previous Decalogs, the  
editors have sought out some of the  
best writing around, from established  
giants of SF to brilliant newcomers.

PAGE 20

which I'm thoroughly enjoying. I think to keep up with all the Doctor Who stuff that comes out, you'd have to read it to the exclusion of everything else. My problem is that I'm enthusiastic about many different types of fiction, so I'm always in the situation where I have hundreds of books I want to read, which in some ways is extremely frustrating, but in other ways rather nice, because it means I will always have a choice.

I honestly don't think of myself as being the first 'name' author to write a Doctor Who novel. In fact, in some ways I feel like a bit of an upstart, as I'm sure that 99% of Doctor Who fans won't have heard of me. I don't think writing a Who novel will affect my image as a 'serious' writer in the slightest. I've loved the programme for so many years that I consider it a real joy and an honour to be contributing in my own small way to the mythos [I hesitate to say

canon because it's debatable whether anything except the TV episodes is canonical or not]. In fact, when I've mentioned to people that I'm writing a Doctor Who novel, their eyes light up and their general reaction is that it's a really cool thing to do. My only hope is that the fans like the book. I feel a real sense of responsibility to them and to the programme, and desperately hope that I don't let anyone down.

I'm not sure what I'm allowed to tell you about *The Bodysnatchers*. I guess I shouldn't release any more information that the BBC have done. Basically it's set in Victorian London, six years after *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, Professor Litefoot's in it, plus an alien species which the Doctor has encountered once before. All I can say about them at this point is that-

[ED: Strangely enough it is at the point that something went wrong, we didn't get on of the pages of the interview, either that or Mark did this deliberately...]

I really admire David Lynch's work, but no, you're right - my usual approach is to create a situation in which ordinary people encounter extraordinary circumstances. This, for me, makes the story far more immediate and accessible to the reader. He or she can identify emotionally with the character or characters in the book and thus be drawn more readily into the plot.

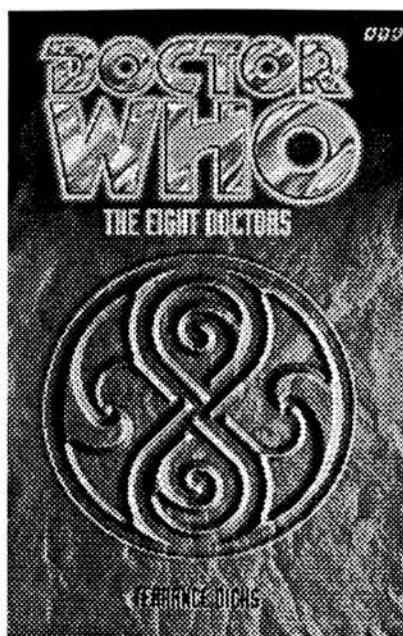
I'm not sure that something like *Blue Velvet* or *Twin Peaks* would work that well in book form. Lynch's work is all to do with imagery and undercurrents, of things happening below the surface. It's difficult to achieve that effect in fiction, or to be more precise, it's difficult to achieve that effect plus sustain the reader's emotional involvement.

It's a bit of a myth that BBC Books are not interested in character-driven stories. As far as I'm concerned, all stories are character-driven. If we didn't care about the characters, then we wouldn't care about the story.

Having said that, Doctor Who by its nature is action-orientated, but I don't think action and characterisation are mutually exclusive. Every scene that a writer writes should move the plot along, but characterisation is an inevitable component of plot progression. We move that plot along by having the characters interact with each other, by having them talk and walk and move and express their opinions and question one another. I certainly haven't had to drastically alter my methods to write *The Bodysnatchers*. Obviously Doctor Who has

CONTINUES ON PAGE 38





**DOCTOR WHO**  
THE EIGHT DOCTORS  
TERRANCE DICKS

ISBN 0 563 49563 5

Trust the TARDIS...

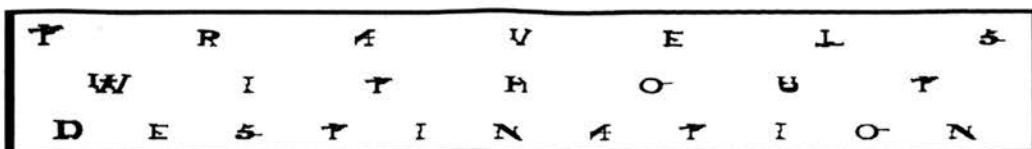
Recuperating after the trauma of his recent regeneration, the Doctor falls foul of a final booby-trap set by his arch-enemy, the Master.

When he recovers, the disorientated Doctor looks in a mirror and sees the face of a stranger. He knows only that he is called "the Doctor" — nothing more. But something deep inside tells him to trust the TARDIS, and his hands move over the controls of their own accord.

The TARDIS takes him to a strangely familiar junkyard in late-nineties London, where he is flung into a confrontation between local drug-dealers and Samantha Jones, a rebellious teenager from Coal Hill School.

But the Doctor soon finds the TARDIS transporting him to various other places in order to recover all his memories — and that involves seeing seven strangely-familiar faces...

This novel is the first in a new series of adventures featuring the Eighth Doctor.



## SCHRÖDINGER'S BOTANIST BY IAN MCINTIRE

"Hello. I'm the Doctor and this is my friend, Grant."

I wake up to the sound of the Doctor singing. The tune is Rossini, but I can't place the lyrics. "How about a nice, close shave/Teach your whiskers to behave/Lots of lather, lots of soap/Please hold still, don't be a dope/Now we're ready for the scraping/There's no use to try escaping/Yell, and scream, and rant, and rave/It's no use, you need a sha-Ave!" I recognize the drill almost instantly.

I hop out of bed, and slip into my robe and a pair of sandals. The lights have come up by now, reacting to the different brain-waves emanating from my now-awake brain. I pat the endtable, feeling for my glasses. My hands come across them, and I pull them to my face. My vision improves almost instantly.

"Ooh!/Ow!/Ooh!/Ouch!/Ouch!/Ooh!/Ow!/Ouch!" comes the Doctor's voice. This is the first time I've heard this particular song, although his singing always echoes through the TARDIS corridors. I glance at my watch. It reads 6:30 A.M., an hour earlier than last time the Doctor did this. Thinking back, I can't say I didn't expect this. I almost died back in 21st century Cleveland, not ten hours ago, and that kind of ordeal almost always produces this kind of reaction from the Doctor.

"The-e-e-re!/You're nice and clean!/Although your face looks like it might have gone through-a-ma-chine." I cinch the robe. It's pretty unnecessary, really. The TARDIS is never too cold, and I've never known the Doctor to be excessively prudish [just uninterested]. I guess it's more for my state of mind than anything else. Couldn't hurt.

"Oooooh!/Wait 'til I get that wabbit!" I can't really tell where the Doctor's voice is coming from. It's a bizarre function of the

TARDIS. Sound carries through the corridors, but not from any discernible source. There's no echo, or distortion of any kind. In fact, normally, I wouldn't be able to hear anything from inside my room, but whenever something like this happens, I can hear perfectly. It's not always singing. Sometimes, it's some odd banging as he tries futilely to repair some long-broken TARDIS function, or another of his experimentations at the piano.

"What would you want with a wabbit?" Thoughts of breakfast fill my head, but I head for the console room. Food can wait — my first priority is getting the Doctor to stop his singing, and there's only one way to do that.

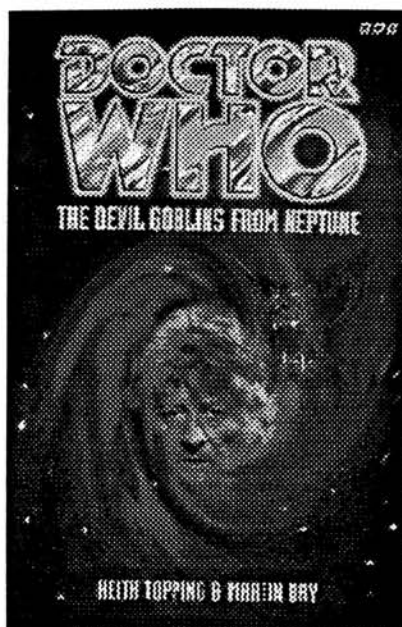
I push the door to the control room open, and am greeted with that ubiquitous humming that always seems to emanate from the console. It's kind of comforting, in

a way, like a mother's heartbeat is to a baby in the womb. The central pillar of the console is motionless, indicating that we've either landed in the real world or are hovering in the vortex. From experience, I know that we're still in the vortex. The drills always happen like this. Over the course of a few months, I've been gathering data. This morning, I'm ready to test a theory.

What I've been able to figure out so far is the following: whenever something dangerous happens to me, the Doctor stays up at night, possibly thinking about it. Sometime during the night, he sets the TARDIS to land at a specific set of coordinates, but never initiates the landing sequence. He wakes me up, usually fairly early, and asks me if there's anywhere I'd like to go, "Anywhere at all," he'll say. In the past, I've asked him to take me to 16th Century Japan, an Abbott and Costello performance, the end of the Universe, and a place where I can get a really good steak.







**BBC** **The DEVIL  
GOBLINS FROM  
NEPTUNE**  
**MARTIN DAY &  
KEITH TOPPING**

ISBN 0 563 40564 4

From the outer reaches of the Solar System, alien eyes are surveying the Earth. Eyes as cold and cruel as the methane ice that shrouds their distant world...

The Doctor is perturbed when a spate of deaths follows the break-up of an alien mass in the atmosphere. But this is merely the latest incident in a sinister conspiracy that threatens the entire planet, and the Doctor himself is embroiled in the plans of all the players.

The Brigadier's concern is heightened by the possibility of traitors at the very heart of UNIT. Leaving for Geneva to discover the truth, he little realises the deadly motives of an enemy agent on his own doorstep. The Doctor and Liz, meanwhile, discover that London doesn't have a monopoly on alien invasions.

What are the gargyle-like creatures that kill without mercy? What do they want from our planet - and how do they figure in top-secret governmental plans?

As the lines between allies and enemies begin to blur, the Doctor finds himself fighting to save Earth once again. But who will he be saving it for?

Featuring the third Doctor, Liz Shaw and UNIT, this adventure takes place between the TV stories *INFERNO* and *TERROR OF THE AUTONS*.

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Even if I don't have an answer for him, my presence alone will remind of someplace that he wants to take me, like the Eye of Orion, or to meet Puccini, or whatever. This morning, however, I'm ready to test my theory.

I wander over to the console and check the materialization settings. Same coordinates as always. Bring on the Doctor.

The interior doors practically explode inward, disgorging a man in a sartorial nightmare. His head is held erect, and his chest is pulsing in time with the music he sings. "Can't you see that I'm much - Oh, good morning Grant. I see you've finally decided to rejoin the land of the living." As if he doesn't know. As if he didn't intend to wake me up.

"Morning, Doctor" I say, following the ritual to the letter. "So, any plans for our next destination?" I ask.

"Well," he says, beaming. "I was thinking that we might allow our course to be dictated by the gentle eddies of the time vortex, and allow whatever wind we come across to continue unabated until we finally reached an interesting point of time/space.

Then I thought for a few moments, and realized that it might then take us months or years to find a destination." Here's where all the research pays off. I've spent hours in the TARDIS libraries, cross-referencing coordinate logs with galactic atlases, accounting for millennia of galactic drift, and studying the invention of local calendars and geography. I plan to suggest a trip to the very destination that the Doctor always has the console set to before he has me sidetrack him. "So, is there anywhere in particular you'd like to go?" he finishes.

Here we go. The empirical method at work. "Yes," I say. "I'd like you to take me to Thoros Beta, July 5, 2379." I turn toward the console, my finger descending upon the switch that will remove the TARDIS from its hovering pattern, and begin the landing procedure for the coordinates now entered into the system. A hand grabs my shoulder and spins me around. The Doctor punches me across my jaw, and I drop into unconsciousness.

So much for empiricism.

I awoke a few moments later, with my head cradled in strong hands. The Doctor's face swam into focus, his jaw moving up and down like a goldfish's. "Dear Rassilon, I'm so sorry, Grant. I didn't realize I was capable of that. Tell me you're all right." I pushed myself away from him, making sure he wasn't going to hit me again. I guessed that I must have triggered some painful memory or something. If I didn't find out what it was, he could react like this again. He seemed pretty shamed, actually, like this was something that he thought he'd never have to deal with again.

"I'm ... I'm okay" I said, moving a hand to my jaw and feeling it tenderly. "Probably just a bruise." I shrugged off his attempts to examine my face in more detail. "I'm going to the infirmary" I informed him, avoiding eye contact and opening the interior doors. As the door shut behind me, I heard the familiar trumpeting of the TARDIS in flight. The Doctor had decided on a destination.

The medical computer agreed with my diagnosis, and gave me something to help me heal. I went to my room, showered, shaved, and dressed. Then I went back to the console room.

The Doctor was standing next to the console, a look of almost infinite sadness fixed on his face. He'd removed his technicolor nightmare coat and hung it on the hatstand. The central pillar of the console was rising and falling, but it was quickly slowing, a sign that we were coming in for a landing.

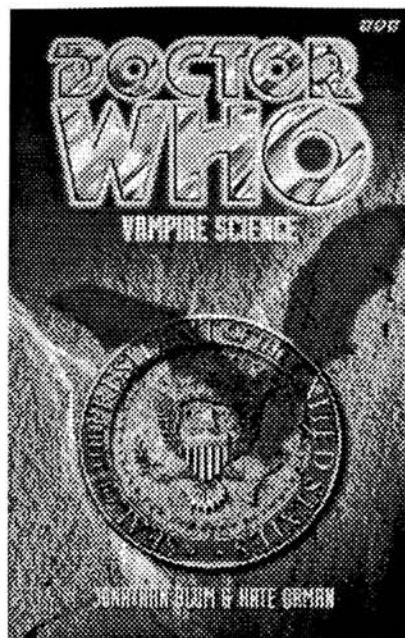
"Where?" I asked. The Doctor jumped, as if he hadn't noticed me enter the room. He was seriously preoccupied with something.

"Hmm?" His exuberant and extroverted manner quickly slotted back into place.

"Where did you finally set the coordinates for?" I considered adding "Thoros Beta?" but I figured that would be pushing it a little.

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**DOCTOR WHO**  
**VAMPIRE SCIENCE**  
**JONATHAN BLUM & KATE ORMAN**  
ISBN 0 563 40566 X

In the days when the Time Lords were young, their war with the Vampires cost trillions of lives on countless worlds. Now the Vampires

have been sighted again, in San Francisco.

Some want to coexist with humans, using genetic engineering in a macabre experiment to find a new source of blood. But some would rather go out in a blaze of glory – and UNIT's attempts to contain them could provoke another devastating war.

The Doctor strikes a dangerous bargain, but even he might not be able to keep the city from getting caught in the crossfire. While he finds himself caught in a web of old feuds and high-tech schemes, his new companion Sam finds out just how deadly travelling with the Doctor can be.

This novel is another in the series of adventures featuring the Eighth Doctor.

"The Bi-Al Foundation. Sort of a hospital. I want to make sure that there's no damage to your jaw. Grant, again, I'm very sorry. I don't know what came over me. Let me try to make some amends."

"Don't worry about it." At least for right now I added silently. The central pillar shuddered to a halt, and the Doctor opened the scanner. "In fact, the medcomputer says it's completely fine. We don't have to go to a hospital or anything."

"Well, we've already arrived. We may as well get out and take a look."

My stomach growled, reminding me I hadn't eaten since that hamburger from Rally's fifteen hours ago. "Well, okay. As long as we get some breakfast while we're here."

He smiled faintly, opened the exterior doors and walked [practically ran] out the doors. A little reluctantly, I followed. He was already asking the hospital receptionist directions to the cafeteria.

His tray held a bowl of oatmeal, a bowl of cold cereal, home-fried potatoes, a stack of pancakes, a large apple, a huge glass of

orange juice, and a mug of coffee. He found a seat across from me, set down his tray gently, and sat down. Then he theatrically shook his napkin out in front of him and gingerly placed it on his lap. Stooping his head, he leaned over his pile of food and inhaled deeply, sucking the warm vapors laden with breakfast aroma into his lungs. [That is, if he has lungs. Despite looking like a human, he's definitely an alien, so I can't be sure he has lungs to begin with.] I took a sip of my cocoa, and asked him, "So, do you want to tell me about Thoros Beta now?"

His face fell, but he didn't snap this time. He heaved a deep sigh and said, "I suppose I owe that much to you. About three months before we met, I was captured by a race called the Time Lords. They put me on trial for interfering in the affairs of the universe."

"Sounds kind of hypocritical." The Doctor looked at me, confused, and I continued "Well, isn't putting you on trial

interfering with you?"

The Doctor waved a dismissive hand. "In any event, they presented evidence of my past actions to support their point. Their final piece of evidence was my exploits on Thoros Beta, where I'd landed on July 3, 2379 with my companion Peri immediately before they snatched me away."

"Peri?"

"Short for Perpugilliam. There might be some photos in the TARDIS. Remind me when we get back." He took a sip of coffee. "I arrived in their courtroom suffering from partial amnesia, and so I couldn't remember exactly what happened. The evidence they presented ended with Peri's death."

"Whoa." In retrospect, it would have been better to say something better, more sympathetic, but we can't change time.

"Whoa' indeed. The trial progressed, and my last clear memory of the event was of them telling me that I could use events from my subjective future in my defense. After that, it's all sort of a blur. I recall a female computer programmer with an eidetic memory, and thinking what a raving

egomaniac the prosecuting attorney was. I remember someone named Popplewick, and an old friend ... or was it enemy?... of mine testifying. The next clear memory I had was being back in the TARDIS, and going on my merry way as if they'd never caught me. But Peri was still gone. She was still dead." He paused, possibly waiting for me to say something. I didn't want to interrupt.

"Or not" he finished. I didn't understand. "One of the fragmentary memories I have is someone telling me that the evidence was falsified, that Peri was alive. When I recalled this, I was overjoyed, and immediately set the TARDIS to land and pick her up. But then I recalled the source of this information. It was someone that I didn't trust, someone whose word should be taken with several grains of salt."

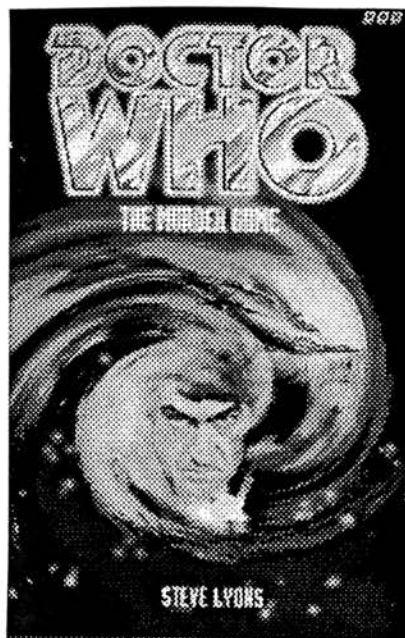
"Now I'm confused" I said. "Is she alive, or dead?"

"That's just it. I don't know. She could be either. When I was told she was alive, someone said that she was safe and secure,

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**BBC The MURDER GAME**  
**STEVE LYONS**

ISBN 0 563 40565 1

The faded glamour of a hotel in space, spinning in an all-but-forgotten orbit round the Earth, is host to some unusual visitors this weekend including a party that claim to travel in a battered blue police box

It is the year 2146. Answering a distress call from the dilapidated hotel Galaxian, the TARDIS crew discover a games enthusiast is using the hotel to host a murder-mystery weekend. But it seems someone from his motley group of guests is taking things a little too seriously.

While the Doctor, Ben and Polly find themselves joining in the shadowplay, it becomes clear that a real-life murderer is stalking the dark, disused corridors of the Galaxian. But worse than this: there's a sinister force waiting for events to unfold. A terrible secret is hidden on board the Galaxian, and if it is discovered, nothing — least of all murder — will ever be the same again. If this is a game, the stakes just got higher.

Featuring the second Doctor, Ben and Polly, this adventure takes place between the TV stories *THE POWER OF THE DALEKS* and *THE HIGHLANDERS*.

PAGE 26

and had started a new life without me, so I wouldn't be able to change anything in either case. To me, she's not dead or alive. She's just hovering in that huge expanse known as probability, and she'll be there until I go back to Thoros Beta and find out what really happened. She's like Schrödinger's cat. She only exists as a probability. As long as I don't know, she could still be alive. Going there and finding out what happened might kill her."

"What? Doctor, knowing what her condition is isn't going to change it. That's a ..."

"I know what it is. I know that if she's dead, my knowing about it isn't going to bring her back, and if she's alive, knowing that won't kill her. But it will change what I think. As long as there's still doubt, I don't have to face the fact that I ... left her to fend for herself in a situation that I shouldn't have. Finding out that she's dead would hurt too much."

"What do you think this uncertainty is doing to you?" I asked rhetorically. "Not knowing one way or the other can't be much of a picnic." He grudgingly agreed

with me. "Even if she's dead, you can't blame yourself for that. The Time Lords captured you before you could do anything."

"But that's just it!" This new track of thought seemed to galvanize him. He leaned over the table staring madly into my eyes. "Another of those memories I have is that somehow, I was the one who orchestrated the whole trial! I can't explain it, and certainly I'd have no reason to, but I can't shake that feeling!"

We sat in silence for a while, and I took the opportunity to take a few bites of my toast. I thought about the problem, and finally said "How did this trial end? Did they find you guilty or innocent?"

"I can't remember" he said glumly. "I'm still alive, so that would tend to suggest innocence, but some of my memories are gone, and that might indicate the opposite."

"Maybe some sort of suspended sentence?" I offered.

"The Time Lords don't give suspended

sentences." I shivered. These Time Lords didn't sound like the kind of people I'd like to get to know.

"Did you ever find out how your memory was altered? I mean, by who, or what?"

"Well, they probably used the Matrix somehow. There's no way they can actually erase the memories, just suppress them. They must still be in here somewhere." He tapped his forehead.

"Could you get them back somehow? That may not answer the question about Peri's fate, but it's a place to start if you don't want to go to Thoros Beta."

"I'd probably have to use the Matrix, too."

"Well, never mind. It was just an idea...."

"Nonono, it might work...."

"Well, I'm assuming that this Matrix is some Time Lord device, right? If so, they're hardly likely to let you just stroll in and use it, especially since they just finished putting you on trial."

"I might have a way around that." He

stood up, a look of thoughtfulness crossing his face. "I'm going back to the TARDIS," he said. "Join me as soon as you're finished here." He strode off, a new sense of purpose in his step. He'd left his tray of food, untouched, in front of his now empty chair.

Time passed

I was impressed. When the TARDIS had first landed on the Chelonian cruiser, the crew had looked upon us only as animals; "Parasites" they called us. I tried to convince the Doctor that we should leave, but he was determined to stay aboard and find the source of the odd readings that we'd observed from inside the TARDIS. Almost as soon as we left the time/space capsule, we'd embroiled ourselves in a slave revolt, an attack by an Ylyryth warship, and feedback from a Fortean Flicker [whatever that was]. At all turns, the Doctor had done his best to safeguard the lives of everyone; not just the slaves [who were now in the

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## THE 1996 SGLOOMI PO AWARDS

The Sgloomi Po for the best  
character in a novel

The Doctor

Bad Therapy by Matthew Jones

The Sgloomi Po for the best  
returning character in a  
novel

Brigadier Alistair Lethbridge  
Stewart

happy Endings by Paul Cornell

The Sgloomi Po for the best  
cover

The Death of Art by Jon Sullivan

The Sgloomi Po for the  
most incredible/ridiculous  
technobabble

GodEngine by Craig Hinton

The Sgloomi Po for the best  
author biography

Sleepy by Kate Orman

Kate Orman is (drums fingers) still  
the only New Adventures writer who  
isn't (a) male, and (b) British. Her  
previous books, *The Left-handed-  
Hummingbird* and *Set Piece*, also  
have pyramids in them.

The Sgloomi Po for the  
strangest thing the Doctor  
has done this year in a New  
or Missing Adventure:

arranging a wedding

happy Endings by Paul Cornell

The Sgloomi Po for the best  
line in a novel

Sleepy by Kate Orman

&

Death and Diplomacy by Dave Stone

Special Innerher Category:

The Sgloomi Po for the best

detached forward section of the ship, getting  
as far away from the Chelonians as possible] and the Ylyryth [either waiting outside the  
Flicker, or - having become bored - heading  
back home] but even the Chelonian soldiers  
themselves [arranged in a rough circle  
around Hekzor and Dekwal, who each held  
one of the Doctor's arms as he hung  
suspended a foot off the floor]. Big Mother  
walked forward, his tri-pupillary eyes  
constantly refocusing themselves on the  
Doctor's limp form. Leaning forward, I  
listened more intently from my hiding place  
behind a box labelled "Antrion seeds."

"I have to admit, Doctor. I underesti-  
mated you." Big Mother boomed, his voice  
filling the cargo hold as if the ship had been  
designed to transport declarative statements  
and not weapons. The Doctor rolled his  
head toward the source of the voice, his eyes  
flickering open. "You rob me of my slaves,  
lure a Ylyryth ship to attack me, make me  
split my ship in half to escape them, and  
then strand us inside this -" He waved a  
claw, looking for a description. "-Whatever  
it is. But then, just when you have an  
opportunity to escape, and leave us to the

elements of this anomaly, you stay and  
decide to help us. I never realized that a  
parasite could be capable of compassion, or  
mercy." Big Mother looked contemplative.  
Well, I assumed he was contemplating some-  
thing, otherwise there'd be no real reason  
for his pause at this point. After a suitably  
awe-inspiring moment of silence, he said  
"It's given me an opportunity I don't intend  
to pass up. Hekzor! Dekwal! Tear his arms  
off!"

Oh, great I thought to myself. He  
needs rescuing again.

I rescued him.

Time passed.

The Doctor, standing in the Matrix, turned  
his eyes skyward. "I think someone's been  
feeding you far too much Dickens lately" he  
said.

In front of him stood three figures.  
The Ghost of Christmas Past held a poin-  
settia and spoke with an American accent.

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come was a  
petite figure with masses of red curls,  
wearing an aerobics outfit. The Ghost of  
Christmas Present was me.

"You really have forgotten it all, haven't  
you?" the man in the black skullcap said.

"Who's this?" I asked the Doctor. The  
man had simply materialized in the Matrix  
and addressed us directly, something none of  
the other Matrix projections had done. He  
was a medium-sized man, dressed in flowing  
black robes. Atop his hawkish nose rested a  
pair of wire-rimmed glasses. Something told  
me that this was a lawyer - "learned court  
prosecutor," the Matrix seemed to whisper  
in my ear.

"Grant!" the man exclaimed. "It's good  
to see you again!"

"What are you talking about?" asked  
the Doctor indignantly. "You've never met  
Grant." The man smiled knowingly. I  
certainly couldn't remember ever meeting  
the man, so I said nothing. "This" the  
Doctor continued, indicating the man, "is  
the Valeyard. He was the prosecutor at my  
trial. What he's doing in here, I have no

idea."

"I don't believe this!" said the  
Valeyard. He thought for a moment, and  
then said "Ah, yes. Now I recall. You've  
come back here looking for your past. In  
that case, I'll let you pass, but I must warn  
you; you won't like what you find. I guar-  
antee it." He raised his Complete Works of  
Shakespeare and strolled off into the  
distance. The Doctor, looking slightly unset-  
tled, gestured in the opposite direction and  
told me "After you." When I looked back to  
make sure he was following, I found him  
staring back at the prosecutor. The Valeyard,  
in turn, was staring back at us.

"Happy hunting!" he yelled, waving.  
At this point, I didn't know what the  
Valeyard was, or what he had been. In retro-  
spect, we shouldn't have just let him walk  
off without questioning him more.

The Doctor plucked the apple from the tree,  
and bit into it, hesitating only for an  
instant. He chewed, swallowed, screamed,





rec. art 2. d r w h o  
identity/person in a New  
Adventure or Missing  
Adventure:

Susannah Tiller (The Organist)  
in happy Endings by Paul Cornell



The Silver  
Sgloom po  
for the New  
Adventure you  
would like to  
see win a  
Silver Sgloom  
po:

Just War by Lance Parkin



The Silver  
Sgloom po  
for the  
Missing  
Adventure you  
would like to  
see win a  
Silver Sgloom

po:

Cold Fusion by Lance Parkin



The Golden  
Sgloom po  
for the novel  
you wish you  
had written:  
Just War by Lance  
Parkin

Special Achievement award  
for contributions to  
fandom:

Rebecca Dowglert

Special Achievement award  
for contributions to  
Doctor Who:

Rebecca Levene

and passed out. I rushed up to him, trying to find out what was the matter. Had he found what he was looking for? Did he find out what happened to Peri? For a moment, I could have sworn I heard laughter from the Matrix itself, but I must have been mistaken.

Later - much later - the Doctor would tell me what he'd gleaned from the apple. The Valeyad was his future. He'd been found innocent at his trial, but only by the skin of his teeth. He was destined to meet Mel, a female computer programmer with an eidetic memory. He still didn't know if Peri was alive or not. The new knowledge hadn't answered any of his questions, just given him more.

At least, that's what he told me that he discovered.

Time passed.

"Ah, fair Kapteyn City/Town of darkness, town of light,/No matter my crimes, no matter how far I stray/Kapteyn welcomes me like a mother." I couldn't say I was too impressed by the Doctor's singing, but

Kapteyn itself seemed to measure up to the lyrics. The two of us strolled down the city's main boulevard, examining the stalls that were a tradition of the Kapteynian marketplace. A trader from Ganghre haggled with a Draconian in one corner, while a pair of Kapteynians - large, fluorescent butterflies - alighted down to a business lunch with a J'gren. The only real problem I had with the place was the temperature. It was a bit on the chilly side, and I was glad that I'd brought my jacket.

The Doctor's eyes scanned across the marketplace as his song came to an end. This was the most relaxed I'd seen him in a long time. "Just a simple holiday" he'd promised. "No invasions to stop, no wrongs in need of righting, no damsels in distress. Just somewhere to relax." I had said that I could stomach a few damsels in distress, but the Doctor would have nothing of it, completely missing the point. Ah well, so it goes.

Suddenly, he thrust a hand into one of

my jacket pockets, the one that contained my wallet. "Not so fast!" he yelled, sticking his arm in up to his elbow. Completely confused, I simply stood by as we quickly attracted attention from around the marketplace. By now the Doctor was pulling his arm out. He quickly transferred my wallet to his opposite hand, and proceeded to pull a three-foot-long tentacle out my pocket. I was stunned, to say the least.

From across the boulevard, a deep voice boomed. "Alright! Alright! I'm sorry! Please let me go!" The Doctor released his grip on the tentacle, and it snapped back into my pocket. I looked inside to see nothing but the normal, five-inch-deep lining. The source of the voice had been a man-sized, black, hairy, three-legged spider, but it was rapidly shrinking, and soon disappeared. It was replaced by five blue fleshy globes hovering about ten feet in the air. "Please don't call the judiciaries" the globes said in unison, like a chorus of thousands of different voices.

The Doctor eyed the pickpocket.

"Hello. I'm the Doctor, and these are my

friends Grant and Legion."

Time passed.

"Caution: Extremely Fragile" read Legion from the plaque next to the display. "I'm surprised they don't keep these things behind glass." Its body, now in the shape of a pale blue spiral, hung suspended in the air next to me.

"I'm not sure," I replied, reading the information brochure the Zarbi had handed us "but I think that might defeat the purpose. What do you think of these things?" I pointed toward the hand-sized sculptures arranged on grub-leather pillows. They were supposed to be Optera tactile art. I made sure my hands were clean, and picked one of the objects up carefully.

"I don't know art, but I know what bores me." Legion said. "This-" He pointed with a tentacle. "- bores me." I had to admit, the sculpture didn't look too impressive. It was a uniform grey, with a



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few protrusions here and there.

"You're missing the point. It's tactile art. How it looks doesn't matter. What matters is how it feels." I ran a hand over the surface of the object, sensing the interplay of textures and temperatures. A moment later, a brown cloud of dust appeared around one of the other objects. The enshrouded statue lifted a few inches off its leather pillow. After a few more moments, it sank back to its resting place, and the dust disappeared.

"Neat" Legion agreed.

We continued walking through the art museum, proceeding into the modern art section. The brochure informed us that you could see a great deal of Rhumon influence in this section. "So where's the Doctor?" asked Legion. "I thought this would be his sort of thing."

"He doesn't like to be around fragile things" I answered.

"Whoa!" Legion yelled, jumping back about six feet. I looked around the museum, a little confused, until a body sailed through the space where Legion had been and crashed straight into me. It was a

Menoptera, his body bleeding from several wounds and his flight veins torn open.

"Take this!" the insect-humanoid whispered in his reedy voice. He held out a metal object to me. I was about to take it from his hands, when it simply disappeared. The Menoptera slumped, dead, to the ground. A few moments later, we heard two more pairs of wingbeats. A pair of judiciaries were approaching probably to see what had happened.

"Don't worry. Whatever it was, I've got it now" Legion whispered in my ears as the peacekeepers drew close.

Time passed.

"Legion!" I screamed, breaking into a run. The snow of Ruta 3 crunched under my boots. Legion's body [well, at least the visible part of it - a huge pink, doughnut shaped object] lie on the ground, leaking a pale green fluid onto the bluish snow. Larsen - the Rutan simulacrum of Larsen, I

corrected myself - stood ten feet away, a needler in its right hand.

"Grant," came Legion's voice, barely a whisper. What am I going to do? I thought. I don't know anything about Legion first aid! I couldn't find a wound to tend anywhere on the doughnut. A tentacle sprouted from the air next to my hand. Legion grabbed me, and the tentacle disappeared, taking my arm up to the elbow with it. For a moment, I panicked, but I trusted Legion. I could still feel everything, even though my forearm was in a completely different dimension. The tentacle placed my hand on a flat, wet, sticky surface. "Pressure" came Legion's voice, pleading with me. I pushed. "Good" it said, relaxing. I imagined it was now unconscious.

Larsen was melting like a candle, Rutan protoplasm piling up at his feet. It extended a pseudopod, and reached out to a section of ice. The end of the pseudopod curled into a fist approximation, and smashed through the ice. I felt the cracks shudder through the ice, and suppressed an urge to run further ashore. A Rutan

surfaced, icy water streaming off its shapeless bulk. Larsen was completely liquified now, and as I watched, it streamed into the larger Rutan. I searched for the needler that Larsen had dropped, but the larger Rutan had knocked it away.

"We know you" said the Rutan's shrill voice. "You are the Doctor." I didn't pay any attention, since I was concentrating on keeping Legion alive, and hopefully conscious.

"Legion? Come on, Legion, you've got to stay awake, at least until we can get you back to the TARDIS." I stared down at the stump of my arm, wondering if a cross-section of bone, muscle and blood vessels was visible where it came to an abrupt end.

"You will be absorbed."

"Legion! You've got to get us out of here!" A deep humming came from inside Legion's doughnut. I grabbed it and shook, trying to wake it up. The green fluid had stopped leaking, so either I'd managed to stop the bleeding, or Legion had bled to





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death.

The Rutan reached out for us.

Time passed.

"So what exactly seems to be the problem, Trorbak?" The Doctor sipped his tea from the chitin cup he'd been offered by the Trinit's domestic staff. Trorbak looked a bit uncomfortable, his third eye flashing slightly.

I'd never met a Silurian before today, and the experience was not what I'd expected. When I was a kid, older children would tell me scary stories about them, like how sometimes even seeing one was enough to make some people crazy. Imagine my surprise when the Doctor had told me that this was true. "Oh, yes" he'd said. "Before the beginning of the twenty-first century, human beings had an instinctual fear of all Earth Reptiles. Just the sight of one of them could be enough to drive a slightly unbalanced individual completely mad." I'd asked "What happened in the twenty-first century?" but we were interrupted by another of Legion's non-sequiturs. At the

moment, it was enjoying a production of "Klichrit and Thetrek" at a theatre in downtown Obsidian. I had chosen to accompany the Doctor to see his old friend Trorbak, now one of the Silurians' leaders.

"Well, Doctor, I'm afraid it's a bit more complicated than it was last time. We've had several outbreaks of an extremely dangerous disease. The symptoms resemble those of Altrecha, but none of the treatments work. The incubation period is a matter of days, and we've managed to trace the virus back to its sources."

"Sources? Plural?" I asked.

"Indeed" Trorbak responded. "The virus first appeared simultaneously, mind you - in four different sites across the world. We've only been able to come to one conclusion -"

"It's artificial" finished the Doctor. "Someone has been releasing this virus deliberately."

Time passed.

"I don't think I'll ever understand humanoids" Legion said sardonically.

"Me neither" said the Doctor.

Time passed.

"Time to go, Legion." The volcanic hill sloped gently, letting a small stream of water trickle down its side. The snow at the top was already melting, and I hoped that the drift would still be stable enough to support the TARDIS. I turned, and strode toward it, where the Doctor was probably waiting for us.

"Grant?" Legion seemed hesitant. "I'm not going with you."

I was stunned. "What?"

"I'm staying here. These humans need me. How long do you really think they'll survive without any help?" It was right. These humans might not be in any more danger from the Wirrn, but in all probability, they wouldn't last the winter without some outside help. Without someone who'd be able to lead them to more of the geothermal vents. Without someone like Legion.

"Yes, but -"

"Grant, please. I've made up my mind." I could see that it had.

"Yeah, I guess so. I'll miss you, Legion." It extruded a pair of tentacles and gripped my torso in a clumsy hug.

"I'll miss you too, human." A third tentacle ruffled my hair playfully. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

I laughed. "Most of the stuff you wouldn't do I couldn't do, even if I tried. Good luck."

"Keep an eye on the Doctor. Make sure he's okay."

"I will."

"I mean it, Grant. He once told me that looked upon you as his conscience. Someone to make sure he didn't..."

"I know. I'll make sure he's okay."

"Goodbye, Grant."

"Goodbye, Legion." I trudged up the hill, alone.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE  
OF BROADSWORD



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certain conventions which have to be adhered to, but I haven't found this restrictive in any way.

I've actually finished and delivered *The Bodysnatchers* now, and no, the word limit was not a hindrance in the slightest. I knew how many pages I had to write before I started and so tailored the plot accordingly. Having said that, I felt at one point that I'd end up with about 100,000 words [the BBC wanted 75-85,000] and so would either have to persuade the BBC to accept a longer novel or trim it down a bit. However, when I finished, I did a word count and was delighted to find that the manuscript came to around 82,000 words.

It is a daunting task trying to shape and develop the Eighth Doctor whilst at the same time keeping him consistent with what we saw on TV. I know this is stating the

obvious, but the problem with the TV movie is that it is a regeneration story, which presumably means that if and when McGann dons the old frock coat again, the Doctor will become less vulnerable and erratic and more authoritative than we saw on the TV movie.

Bearing this in mind, I've watched and re-watched McGann's performance in the movie in order to pick up on as many of his mannerisms and speech patterns as possible. Additionally a bunch of us - primarily Jon Blum, Kate Orman, Paul Leonard and myself - have been tossing ideas and observations back and forth via e-mail and even sending each other little bits of text to try and ensure that the characters of the Eighth Doctor and his new companion, Sam, are as consistent as we can make them.

The acid test, however, is to write a piece

of text, read it back and ask yourself, 'Can you picture McGann saying this or doing this?' The thing is, writing an Eighth Doctor book, you're on a bit of a hiding to nothing. On the strength of one regeneration story, no one can say with any real authority, 'Oh yes, he's hot McGann's character down pat'. However, I'm sure there will be plenty of people out there ready to criticise if the Eighth Doctor begins to veer away from their own personal vision of him.

See my previous answer re: Doctor Who books. Other authors I admire include Ramsey Campbell, Peter Straub, Jonathan Carroll, James Ellroy, Stephen King, Christopher Priest, Dennis Etchison, Joe Lansdale, Robert Aickman, Ray Bradbury, Ian McEwan, Iain Banks, Dennis Potter, Philip Ridley, Thomas Harris, Stephen Gregory... I could go on ad nauseum. There are far too many bloody good writers out

there.

Clive Barker's quote doesn't out me under any pressure whatsoever. If he's said I was a steaming pile of crap then I'd feel pressure. But no, an accolade from someone you really admire, and especially from someone who is a real giant in the genre, is nothing but a massive boost to one's confidence. Like most writers, I'm beset by anxiety and self-doubt and to be able to refer back to a comment like that from someone like Clive Barker can only make you feel that you must be doing something right.

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Issue Eight

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