

The cover art features a dramatic scene with a body lying on the floor, a large bloodstain, and two women in the background. The title 'DOCTOR WHO' is at the top in a stylized font, with 'POWER OF THE HEART' below it. The main title 'A VOYAGE TO NOWHERE' is in large, bold letters, followed by 'PART ONE'. The writers' names are at the bottom.

DOCTOR WHO

POWER OF THE HEART

A VOYAGE TO
NOWHERE
PART ONE



WRITTEN BY
EMMA LOUSIE

CO-WRITTEN BY JAMES GRAY

PROFESSOR
Harold Wisher

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Doctor Who: Power Of The Heart 'A Voyage To Nowhere' - Part One

Published: Monday 21st November 2011

Written by Emma Lousie & James Gray

Story by Emma Lousie

Edited by James Gray & PCJonathan

Illustrations & design by James Gray

Produced by Emma Lousie, Rob Christie, Alwyn Ash, PCJ
and James Gray (The DW F.A.N. Project)

The Doctor

(Tenth Incarnation)



Real Name: Unknown

D.O.B: Unknown

Species: Time Lord

Home Planet: Gallifrey

Height: 6ft 2"

Hair Colour: Brown

Eye Colour: Brown

First Appearance: 1.1: 'The Heart'

Description:

The Tenth Doctor first meets Maddy Ramos, in her hometown of Summerwood in New Jersey in the July 2011, whilst searching for a mysterious age-old alien signal pulsating from somewhere in the area.

But someone - or perhaps something - has picked up on the signal before him, and they're on their way. ..

Maddy



Full Name: Maddison Eva Ramos

D.O.B: 8th August 1991

Species: Human

Home Planet: Earth

Height: 5ft 10"

Hair Colour: Dark brown

Eye Colour: Olive green

First Appearance: 1.1: 'The Heart'

Description:

Maddy is a 19-year-old Spanish-American girl who lives in the sleepy town of Summervale set in the US state of New Jersey. She was left with just her father and three brothers at the age of 2 years when her mother disappeared, seemly from the face of the Earth, and left just a small, green-jewelled necklace for Maddy.

It's only until the day of her nineteenth birthday that she discovered exactly why -the day she bumps into a man in a brown suit who changes her life forever.



Series 1 – Story 2:
A Voyage To Nowhere
P A R T O N E

6 Months Ago.

The year is 2200. We're on this glorious planet Paradisia - the planet we colonised. It used to be so beautiful here - the sea was a bright, glistening blue. The clear blue sky, not dissimilar to Earth's, shone overhead. It was like a paradise we had never seen when we arrived on its soil. There was nothing here - no houses, no food, no nothing. Until we colonised it, of course. We brought our own supplies and built the houses and shops from scratch. But then rumours began. People used to say something followed them at night, hiding in the dark, refusing to come out like it was hiding.

But then, one day - it was like any other day - we woke that morning to find rain thundering out of the clouds. Within a single hour the low lands were flooded, a brown, sludgy mud enveloping the once-beautiful green grass of the valleys. We lived on the hilltops so we were fine, but some weren't so lucky.

The day everything changed for us all.

I am Mary Jones and I'm going to show you how the people of the Tin-Vagabond were saved.

People were running and screaming in the streets as it was raining the streets were chaos with people who we're wet and water filling the streets people were falling over each other it was early in the morning as Mary was running with her daughter and granddaughter to the boat that was made of tin and was coloured copper that was awaiting them as they got to the shoreline people were crowding on to the boat the officers were trying to calm the frantic people down and telling them to get on one by one and so they did Mary got on with her daughter and her granddaughter after 5 minutes of Melinda arguing with Eric who wouldn't get on the boat they stand by the entrance watching everyone get on but also watching on as some people don't....

Present day. 2200 A.D.

Today the ships are awaiting the dreary inhabitants of the drowned world of Paradisia, the flood washed away all our happiness and all our optimism. Now we're just lost. As I say this to you, I'm standing here, out on the deck with tears in my eyes, watching as my friends breathe their final breath. My granddaughter is under the false illusion that a man who died valiantly and bravely saving other passengers is her father, but she needn't know. I watch on now as the last man, woman and child climb aboard our saviour ship, the mighty Vagabond. We just call it the Tin-Vagabond, though, and it was beautiful the first time we set our eyes upon it's gleaming brilliant-orange copper-colour tin surface, almost blending with the clay mud.

The officers close the gate for the last time, the increasing number of families remaining on the shoreline cry out for help, as the tide begins to come in. Then the boat starts to leave as the people still on the shoreline cry out uselessly for help that's not going to come. As the boat moves more and more away from the shoreline, I look around on the boat watching people shout out to those who they've left behind in despair. I look at my daughter and then to my granddaughter as we hold hands and watch on as the rain splashes down while the tide takes the shoreline. And they're all gone.

Six Months Later.

One shivering, dark night, the stars hung, glittering, strewn across the sky, the image of the Moon rippling in the currents of the muddy ocean. Families lost mums, dads, sisters, brothers and any other family members. Children who had lost all their family shared with other kids. In a dreary part of the ship, above the engine rooms were the medical bays with the ill, slowly dying painfully. As the boat moved along with the sea the Captain gazed out of the large rounded window with his binoculars searching. One officer stood at the wheel directing the ship. The officer looked out the window as well. Two other officers were stood behind by the doors.

"See any land, sir?" The officer, at the wheel, asked The Captain.

The Captain sighed and glanced at the officer, "No. No land at all".

"We will. One day." The officer looked back out to sea with a sorrowful gleam in his eyes.

"Well, we will need to soon. We are running out of food." The Captain replied without sparing the officer a look.

"Sir, everyday we're doing this!" Another officer swung round and stated frustrated. "We are always looking for land when there isn't any. The planet is just water now. Why don't we just call Earth?" He asked, feeling defeated.

The Captain glared at the outspoken officer, who was slightly taken aback. "We can't go home and if we call them to get us we'll be taking that virus with us. We don't want to infect another planet. Especially not our homeland!"

As soon as The Captain shot this remark at the officer the room fell silent. No one dared speak. After what felt like hours later, when the clock struck 12 am, the Captain decided he needed some rest in his cabin.

"I'm going to leave you in charge with Sutton." The Captain put the binoculars down on the table, "Call me if you find anything," the Captain added. He then promptly saluted to the officer who saluted back and briskly walked out the door, leaving the two officers watching him turn a corner and disappear from view.

Several seconds later the officer turned to Sutton, and tried to start a conversation, "So Sutton. What do you think?" the officer asked.

"About?" Sutton replied.

"Finding land, The Captain seems to think we can," the officer debated. "But I don't think we can," he later added.

"Maybe we will and if we don't, we should find help from someone."

The officer turned back to the wheel, "yes maybe."

Elsewhere on the Tin-Vagabond, four girls shared a room, like the other orphans who slept on the same floor. Three of the girls were: reading a book, looking through their own photo albums, and another was sleeping. A taller, rather big-boned girl - only around 12-years-old - was searching frantically through her belongings and seemed to be fretting over something she had apparently lost.

"Where is it? Where is it?"

Another girl, a dark-haired brunette with a circular pair of spectacles perched on the end of her nose, was sitting on top of the bunk bed deeply ensconced in her book, *'A Universal History of Dinosaurs'*. The

bespectacled girl glanced down to Charlotte, “Charlotte, what are you doing?” Ruby asked, putting her book down.

“I think somebody’s taken my ring,” Charlotte replied, as her eyes scanned the room hopelessly, “you know that one with the butterfly on it that my mum gave me?” Charlotte said standing up

“I know the one,” Ruby said regretfully, “but, sorry, no idea where it is. I didn’t take it anyway.”

“No, it’s fine, I know it wasn’t you. I think I know who took it.” Charlotte flashed an accusing look towards a third girl who was fast asleep on the bunk below Ruby.

“You seriously think it was Molly?” Ruby said of the sleeping girl in the bed beneath her, in a hushed tone, “She’s only ten.”

But they had woken the third girl, “What was me?” Molly asked, rubbing her eyes tiredly.

Charlotte rounded on Molly, “You stole my ring, now give it back!”

“I haven’t stolen anything.”

“Give it back!” Charlotte said grabbing her forcefully by the shoulders.

“Gerroff!” Molly struggled, before finally throwing Charlotte off. Molly ran to the door, turned back to look at her attacker, who was sitting on the bed with a look of surprise on her face. “I didn’t take it” Molly said calmly, then fleeing the room. The door squeaked shut behind her, as the other girls sat in shocked silence. Ruby and Annie looked accusingly to Charlotte.

Elsewhere on the Tin-Vagabond...

In the spacious dining room there were people of all classes huddled together in their groups, usually as families or friends or simply those who had become acquainted on the journey. The room was set on different levels - wide, round mahogany tables were dotted throughout the lowest floor and a wide, curved set of stairs lead to the balcony floor, overlooking the first floor. On the balcony there were elaborate frosted glass patterns, reminiscent of early French Renaissance culture. A crisp-cold, glistening blue moonlight shone through the tall glass windows, glittering on the extravagant chandeliers, which were the only source of warm light.

A lone man was seated on a table on the side of the lower floor, hidden in the shadows of the balcony, the name “Harold Wisher” pinned on a plastic badge to his lapel. He watched families huddled together with desperate jealousy. He caught a mother’s eye from across the other side of the room, and gave his best ‘awkward-hello’ kind of smile. She appeared to misread this, however, as she shot back a dirty look of disdain. Harold knew what they must think of him; he knew what they believed him to be. He stood up to leave, unaware that another set of eyes were watching him from the balcony, and a shadowy figure stalked his footsteps.

Below deck, in the engine room...

Plumes of steam billowed continually from the copper pipes leaving the mechanics. A layer of moist condensation gleamed on the control system monitor, making its frequent updates on the engines appear through a hazy glow.

A grinding noise, sounding much more ancient than any of these engines, echoed gently off the copper machinery. The blue wood emerged from thin air, a light on top gently pulsating to the sound. There in a corner of the vast engines, looking proudly out of place, was the TARDIS.

Maddy Ramos stepped from its doors - she was wearing a purple tank top and an identical white top underneath, with brown boots and blue jeans. She took a few steps forwards, her face showing an expression of pure wonder and joy, and turned to the copper wall beside her which various pipes were fixed to with small lights danced across its surface.

Maddy’s expression broke only to ask the question she was desperate to know, “Where are we then?”

A voice reverberated from the blue box, "The year is 2100," a skinny man in a brown pinstriped suit and long brown overcoat stepped from its gold-lit depths, "and we're on a colonised planet called Paradisia. It was colonised by humans about half a century ago." The Doctor gave a cheeky grin. It was only now he realised the heat radiating from the machinery around him, "On second thoughts..." he took off the over coat and threw it into the open door of the blue box, "Ah! That's better!"

"In a boat, I take it?" Maddy replied in her American tones.

"How can you tell?"

A muffled but still very loud sound of a foghorn echoed through the copper engines from above.

Maddy smiled back at the Doctor, "Okay, so where is this ship? I'm picturing something like... the tropics? Blue sky, blue sea and sun, sun sun!" She paused and The Doctor was just about to open his mouth to reply, then, "No, don't tell me! We have to go see!" She grabbed his hand and pulled him away through the clouds of steamy fog, towards any engine room exit.

They made their way through the steam, soon coming across a battered but equally copper-plated door, the kind you might expect to find on a submarine. Set halfway up its front was a large, gleaming unlocking hand-wheel mechanism. Once through, they raced up a tall flight of spiral stairs which they found directly behind the copper door. They assumed this must have been a secondary entrance/exit into the engine room, as it appeared to be leading them all the way up from the very bottom of the ship to the very top, bypassing any of the middle.

They arrived out on the open air of the deck to find it a cold night - a sight very different to the Hawaiian tropical views Maddy was hoping for. There were few people nearby, who didn't yet seem to notice the pair.

"Brrrrr! It's freezing!" Maddy shivered.

Maddy wandered to the rail of the ship's edge, looking down to see the constant stream of white foam far below erupting from under the ship's prow as it's moved through the brown waters.

"In the middle of the ocean, then. Not quite the tropics, though." Maddy said loud enough for a girl to hear them

"Must be." replied the Doctor, though he was clearly thinking something else.

"What is it?" Maddy sensed his mood, "Something's wrong, isn't it?"

Maddy felt a tug on her arm, and turned around to find a small boy looking at her innocently, "Have you got any food we can have, please? Mummy says ours won't last much longer." A man and a woman were lying asleep further along the deck, whom Maddy assumed to be the child's parents.

Maddy knelt down to the child's eye level, "No, sorry, we don't have any food." The child looked disheartened, and made to turn away, before Maddy added, "You wouldn't know exactly where we are, would you?"

The boy replied, "Nobody knows."

"Sorry, yes," The Doctor butted in, "she's just tired. We should really get back to our room now."

"I've never seen you before. Are you two of the people we picked up yesterday?"

"Why, what happened yesterday?" Maddy asked, concerned.

"Well the boat picked up a few more refugees in the life boats. We're all refugees, you should know that."

Maddy was about to reply again, but was stopped as The Doctor steered her away from the child.

"Thank you, she's just tired, that's all." he said to the boy, as the child wandered back to his parents.

"What are you doing?" Maddy complained in a hushed tone, "We should help them."

They stopped in a dark alcove in the wall. "You think we can help all the refugees on this boat right now?"

The Doctor whispered back, "Besides, we hardly look like refugees ourselves, so we need to keep a low profile. If we want to know what's happening, that's always the best way."

Maddy knew he was right, she just felt wrong leaving the young boy and his parents out in the cold breeze with nothing but a few ragged old blankets. She wondered why they had decided to sleep out in the cold at all, unless they couldn't find any decent space inside to sleep. She hoped the latter wasn't the case.

The door clicked behind Harold Wisher as he arrived in his First Class room. Despite his pay-packet and his employers paying for his First Class accommodation, Harold was not a happy man. Dropping his coat to a nearby chair, he slumped down onto the bed. His eyes weren't focused on anything in particular, only the happy days that had passed. His gaze wandered to the photos on his bedside of a woman and a young girl - his wife and daughter. There wasn't a minute that went by that their faces didn't flash across his mind, the painful memory of the last words they had shared haunted him endlessly.

But then...

Knock. Knock.

He moved to the door and, looking through the peep hole, saw a familiar face. Harold opened the door and wasted no time with small talk, "I've been expecting you," he said firmly, "Listen, I've thought about the offer and I simply cannot agree."

The visitor remained silent.

Harold continued, "We've spent years developing this... this... *thing*," *He spoke the words with an air of disgust, "and what for? It's an abomination what we're being asked to do, Nigel, and you know it! I should have told everyone. I should have told them what caused the virus long ago. I've been hiding yours and the company's filthy secrets for too long!"*

The man at Harold's door reached into his jacket, and spoke for the first time, though quietly, "That's a shame, Harold."

"What are you-?"

Harold only briefly saw the glint of a dagger, before he felt it's deep, sharp pain cutting into his stomach. He felt his own warm blood trickle from the wound as the man twisted the blade deeper, ripping into his flesh. His vision was becoming soft and blurred. The last thing Harold Wisher ever saw was his colleague's cold smile as the dagger was pulled away, and Harold collapsed to the floor.

But he felt no sudden impact with the carpet, and heard no thud - his mind was tumbling into a cold, numb darkness before its end.

The Doctor and Maddy crept down a short flight of varnished wood stairs from a pair of regal double-doors they had found on the deck. The lights were out in here, all they could see was the odd long strip of moonlight on a wide expanse of patterned flooring. The Doctor felt against the wall and found a switch and once clicked, a couple of electric chandelier lights flickered on, though were still dim.

Now the room was visible, it was clear that it would not look out of place in the 1920s. They could now see the floor was a beautiful Art-Deco-patterned black-and-white marble, and a similarly-styled, curved, marble-top reception desk lay empty. The Doctor *DING-DING-ed a small service bell on it, which was followed by the constant eery silence.*

The Doctor broke the silence, commenting awkwardly, "Shame. There's no shop..."

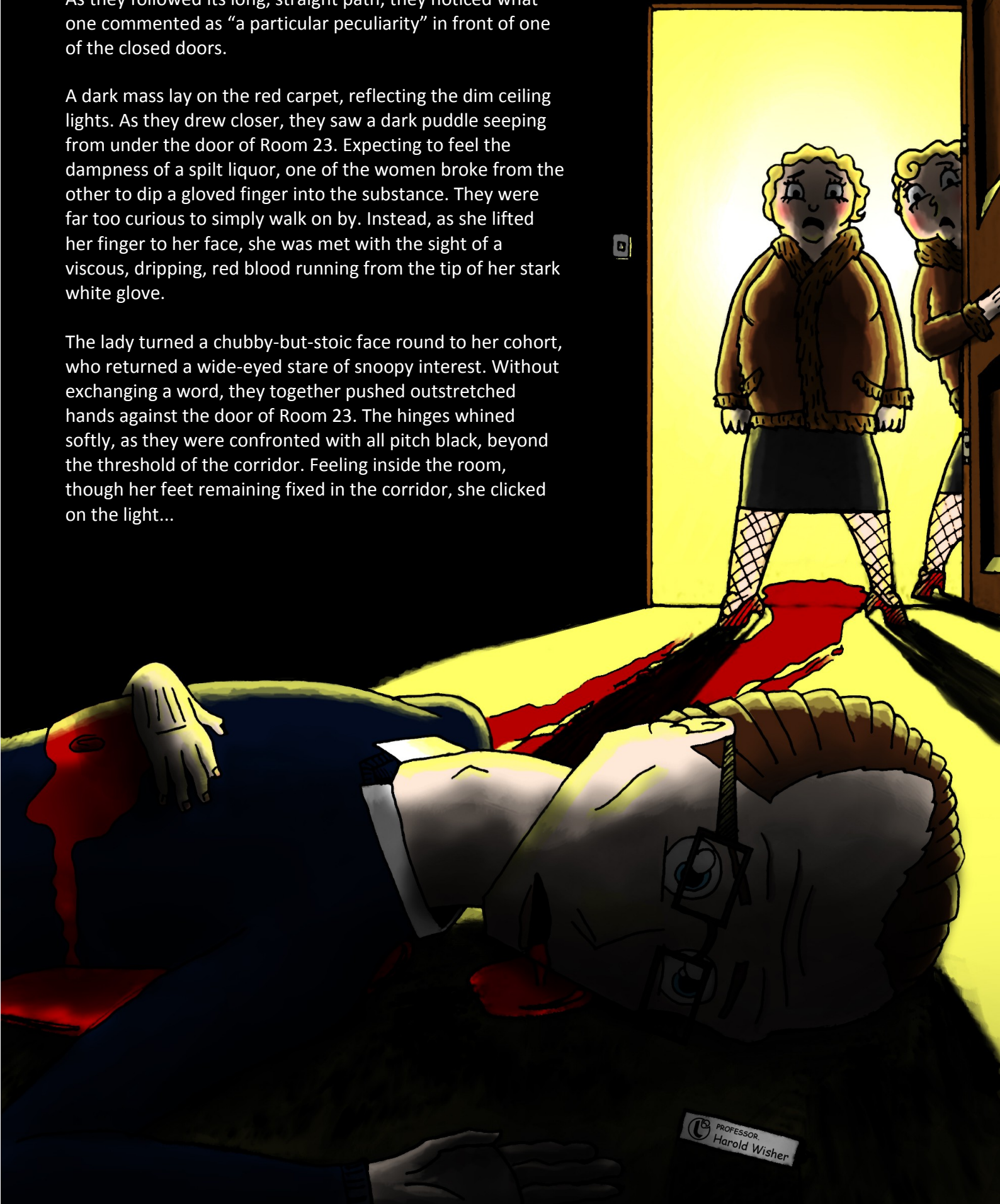
"No service, either." Maddy ran a hand over the dusty marble desk, "Where is everyone?"

Two rather rotund, expensively-dressed, Ermin-coated women were waddling on high-heels along one of the ship's many hotel-like corridors - despite their official status as 'refugee', these ladies clearly did not want to accept it. The metal walls were disguised with vintage wallpaper, small dimly-lit lamps mounted on the ceiling at regular intervals, and the steel floor masked with red carpet.

As they followed its long, straight path, they noticed what one commented as “a particular peculiarity” in front of one of the closed doors.

A dark mass lay on the red carpet, reflecting the dim ceiling lights. As they drew closer, they saw a dark puddle seeping from under the door of Room 23. Expecting to feel the dampness of a spilt liquor, one of the women broke from the other to dip a gloved finger into the substance. They were far too curious to simply walk on by. Instead, as she lifted her finger to her face, she was met with the sight of a viscous, dripping, red blood running from the tip of her stark white glove.

The lady turned a chubby-but-stoic face round to her cohort, who returned a wide-eyed stare of snoopy interest. Without exchanging a word, they together pushed outstretched hands against the door of Room 23. The hinges whined softly, as they were confronted with all pitch black, beyond the threshold of the corridor. Feeling inside the room, though her feet remaining fixed in the corridor, she clicked on the light...



In the reception room, Maddy was fiddling with a broken glass chandelier that was laying still and dusty on the marble floor. The Doctor, however, was behind the reception desk with his sonic screwdriver whirring its blue light into a computer screen.

"Come on, come on." He murmured to himself, "No information? Why is there no information stored on this thing?"

But before Maddy could open her mouth to answer, there echoed a loud, but distant, shrill scream of terror from one of the side-doors on a lower level that was further down a couple of steps.

The Doctor leaped weightlessly over the reception counter and sped across the marble floor and through one of the doors, which lead down a polished wood stairwell passage, headed with a gold plaque reading "First Class". He stopped abruptly as a rotund, fur-coated lady screamed, "MURDER!" over and over again, and almost bumped into him as she lead a kind of hobbled run up the stairs, as though she didn't notice him at all. Further down the corridor, The Doctor could see the lady's identically-dressed twin sister backing out of an open door. Her foot slipped as it made a squelching sound on the glistening blood on the carpet and she fell back against the wall, though the terror in her eyes remained in a screaming stare on what was in the room.

The Doctor felt Maddy arrive beside him, she gasped, "Hey, gimme a warning before you go-" But her voice tailed off as she saw the woman cowering next to the blood-red stain a distance away, "Oh my god..."

The Doctor raced to the woman, and knelt at her side, "What's happened? Are you okay?"

The woman's eyes didn't even glance at The Doctor, instead she lifted a shaky arm and pointed a finger towards what lay within Room 23. The Doctor could guess already what he might see, and was not looking forward to it. His gaze edged to the left, following the path of blood, to find inside the room a motionless body.

Maddy watched on nervously from afar as The Doctor went into the room. She saw the look of utter dread on his face and didn't dare go closer. Suddenly she felt a forceful bump on her shoulder and was knocked to the side of the corridor and looked back just in time to see a tall, dark-suited official-looking man sweep past her - it was one of the ship's stewards. He was followed by the rotund lady who had been screaming "murder" moments before, who paused next to Maddy.

The woman spoke in a broad American accent, which Maddy recognised to be Texan, "You saw him, dear?" She looked surprisingly calm now, though kept a watchful eye on the door of Room 23. Maddy didn't like that look. Her eyes looked like they could turn sly very easily.

"Um, no." Maddy said, before she realised what the woman had said. "Him?"

The lady looked up at Maddy with a wide and friendly smile, though it didn't reassure Maddy. If anything, Maddy felt a horrible sensation in her gut. How could this woman smile in the circumstances? The lady replied, "Well, the body. Did you see it?"

Another lurch of the stomach. "Body? No, I didn't." Maddy looked over to the lady's equally-round twin sister who was now sobbing, mopping at her eyes with a handkerchief as the steward leaned over her with a caring arm around her shoulder. Maddy suspected neither of these people were behaving genuinely.

She heard the stout lady's gentle voice in her ear, "My name is Elsbeth, dear. And you?"

The steward had looked into the room, given an exaggerated jolt of shock, and stood up to enter. Maddy answered Elsbeth hastily, wanting now to join The Doctor again, "I'm Maddy - sorry, I have to..." and went to the door of Room 23.

The Doctor felt a heavy hand clamp down on his shoulder.

"Excuse me, sir. Move away... if you don't mind." The air of false politeness could not hide the sound of

the words spoken through the steward's gritted teeth.

The Doctor was crouched over Harold Wisher's body. There was almost a look of teary regret in his eyes as he closed Harold's eyelids with a gentle hand. No doubt he was imagining what could have happened had he and Maddy arrived sooner. He slipped Harold's plastic name badge into his pocket, and whirled round to find himself standing nose-to-nose with the steward, and The Doctor's usual character had returned. He stepped awkwardly to one side, from the steward, just as Maddy arrived at the scene and took place next to The Doctor, trying to keep her eyes away from the body on the carpet..

"And who might you be?" the steward asked abrasively.

Maddy looked to The Doctor, who replied, "We're... stowaways."

The steward's expression remained still, "How bloody marvellous," he said sarcastically, "two more mouths to feed. Well, being stowaways you must be used to getting second dibs on everything, so it'll stay that way." Like Maddy, The Doctor had also instantly noticed the oddity of the steward's brusk and nonchalant manner.

The Doctor looked down to Harold Wisher's corpse, "This man has been stabbed in the chest."

The steward looked at the body, a look of disgust flashed across his face, "So he has. But you needn't worry yourself with such matters. "Nosiness does not excuse intrusion, I'm afraid, sir." He gestured to the door for them to leave, where there was now stood two other stewards eyeing them up suspiciously.

The Doctor, went for the door, cautiously unsure whether it was the right thing to be doing.

Outside Room 23, the young girl Molly was along the corridor, at the foot of the stairs from the reception. There was crowds of others gathering, all eager to see what was happening. Molly peered round a few people, and saw that further down the corridor two people exited Room 23. A man in a brown, pinstripe suit - probably a businessman, she thought - and a casually-dressed Hispanic girl in a purple tank top, who looked about 20-years-old. The Hispanic girl looked to be saying something to the man in a hushed tone, but the man looked more disturbed by whatever was in the room to notice. The girl glanced towards to crowd of people, as she and the man were ushered away from the room by two stewards. Then, her eyes met Molly's.

Immediately, Molly bolted up the stairs behind her, back into the reception to return to her own room.

Maddy turned back to The Doctor, wondering what could have unsettled the young girl so much for her to run. The two secondary stewards were ushering them along the corridor, in the opposite direction from the stairs the entered through.

A door slammed behind them and they realised they were now alone, cut off from the crime scene. They continued walking a fair way in silence - Maddy could see that The Doctor was deep in thought and she also did not feel like talking after what she had just seen. All the labyrinthine corridors in the First Class section were all equally decorated in the same 1920s fashion. All the doors they passed were closed and not a sound could be heard behind any.

They arrived in an oval-shaped area, where there were three options of direction to take: left, right, or through a pair of double-doors ahead marked with a gold plaque that read, "Observation Room". The Doctor's breaking of the silence startled Maddy slightly,

"I don't know about you, but I'm off to find the Captain" The Doctor said, looking cautiously down either corridors.

"No, I want to see where all the supposed refugees have gone." Maddy replied, "Those people back there *did not look like refugees and they certainly did not look like they were starving.*"

But The Doctor looked unsure about this, "I'm not sure that's such a-"

"I want to know." Maddy maintained firmly.

The Doctor looked into her emerald eyes. He could see she was already an independent person. He knew she wouldn't give in. "Fine. But *be careful.*"

The stars twinkled in the midst of the black sky as Maddy walked slowly into the Observation Room. The room had a wide, shining circular marble floor, but more strikingly had a vast, curved glass wall encasing half of the space, looking out onto the spectacular ocean and sky. The muddy colour of the water wasn't visible in this light, so now it glittered a mesmerising black, like an ocean of dark crystals rippling under Paradisia's two moons and shining stars.

Maddy gazed up at the stars through the dome of glass. She sat down on one of four equally-spaced marble benches, thinking of her mother and family, wondering what her dad and brothers would be doing now, before realising herself.

“Right, yeah,” she murmured to herself, “They're gone now.”

“You've lost family, too?” echoed a light, unsettling voice.

The sound made her jump from where she sat. Maddy whipped round to see a dark figure a foot-or-so in front of the doors. She could only tell the person was wearing a long, dark cloak as it draped slightly onto the gleaming marble under their feet. Other than that Maddy could not see a single feature on the silhouette. Maddy felt an immense urge to jump forward and rip the hood from their head, but terror held her back. She could feel something fantastical about this oddity.

With a movement that was very unlike walking, but more of an unnatural glide, the cloaked silhouette came closer, though only by a few inches. A horrible chill had overcome Maddy, and her eyes could move from the black shape ahead of her. A deep, inhuman breath rattled beneath the hood.

She could see the darkness of the silhouette shifting slightly and within moments a black-gloved hand had produced a glistening, silver knife from within the cloak. The hem of its cloak fluttered gently as it glided slowly forwards, advancing on Maddy. The dark silhouette drew closer and the knife raised. Just a foot away. Maddy was frozen to the floor with horror. The silhouette was so close now that Maddy could feel its deep rattling breath moistening on her face and yet still only saw the deep, dark depths of black within the hood. Moonlight reflecting from the knife into Maddy's eye, wide with horror. A cloak-draped, silhouetted arm raised the needle-sharp knife, ready to strike...

NEXT TIME

In

Doctor Who: Power Of The Heart

‘A Voyage To Nowhere’

Part Two

Saturday 26th November - 4PM