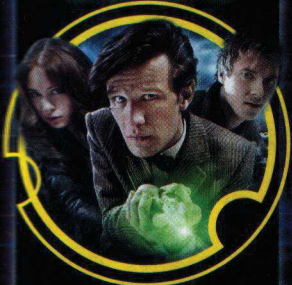


GHOSTS OF THE NEVER-WERE



WORDS STEVE LYONS
ART JOHN ROSS
COLOURING ALAN CRADDOCK

THE TARDIS
HURTLES
THROUGH THE
TIME VORTEX...

... FOR ONCE,
NOT ALONE!

INSIDE, A
SLEEPING AMY
IS DREAMING.

Wh-what?
Where am
I? How did
I get here?

Don't worry,
Amy Pond. You are
safe in your bed. We
have *taken over
your dreams*, to
show you this...

... Our home.
The most *advanced*
and *peaceful* world in
all the galaxies. It is
here that, one day, we
shall be born.

Unless our
enemies have
their way.

Where am I now?
And where did those
insect creatures
come from?

I must... must
save your...
world...

This is what
our world looks like
now, Amy Pond.
That is why we need
your *help*.

ZZZZZZZ

SOON...

I woke up and she was *gone*. I found her here. What's she *doing*, Doctor? It looks like she's *sleepwalking*.

It's even *worse* than that, Rory.

She's *sleep-flying*. Flying the TARDIS, that is.

No, don't try to stop her! Amy's in a *deep trance*. It could be *dangerous* to wake her.

THE TARDIS LANDS ON AN ALIEN PLANET.

It looks like she knows *exactly* where she's going. But we've never *been* to this world before, so how?



Come on, Doctor, we can't let Amy out of our *sight*!

No, Rory, wait. *Look!*

VRREEEEEE

Giant insects! I reckon they're more *curious* about us than anything. I can *hold them back* with the sonic screwdriver.

Doctor, Amy's *gone*! I didn't see which way she went!



AMY IS STILL HEARING VOICES.

Look, Amy Pond, there she is - the *Insect Queen*!

She's *harmless* now, but over the next 10,000 years, her species will *evolve* into the *evil monsters* you saw!

You can *stop the monsters*, Amy. You can stop them *before* they are even *born*!

And if you stop them *now*, a new race - a *better* race - will evolve here in their place. *Our* people.

Yes... yes, *destroy* the *Insect Queen* and... stop the monsters!

Amy, no!





You *recognise* us, don't you? Then you *must* remember who you are. You're Amy Pond - and you are *not a killer!*

Don't *listen* to them, Amy! Let our world *live!*

Put the rock down, Amy. *Please.*

Put... put the rock down... Can't...



You will *suffer* for this. We shall have our *revenge* on you and your friends!

No! I *won't* kill an innocent creature, for any reason. *Get out of my head!*

SOON...

I keep thinking about the world the *ghosts* showed me. It really did look *amazing*, and now...

... It'll *never exist*. I know. But you did the *right* thing, Amy.

What they showed you *wasn't real*. It was an *echo* of a history never realised, a *trick* of the Vortex.

Those *ghosts* were of a race that was *never meant to be*. And, in the end, I think that might be *just as well*.



DON'T MISS ANOTHER **NEW ADVENTURE** NEXT TIME!