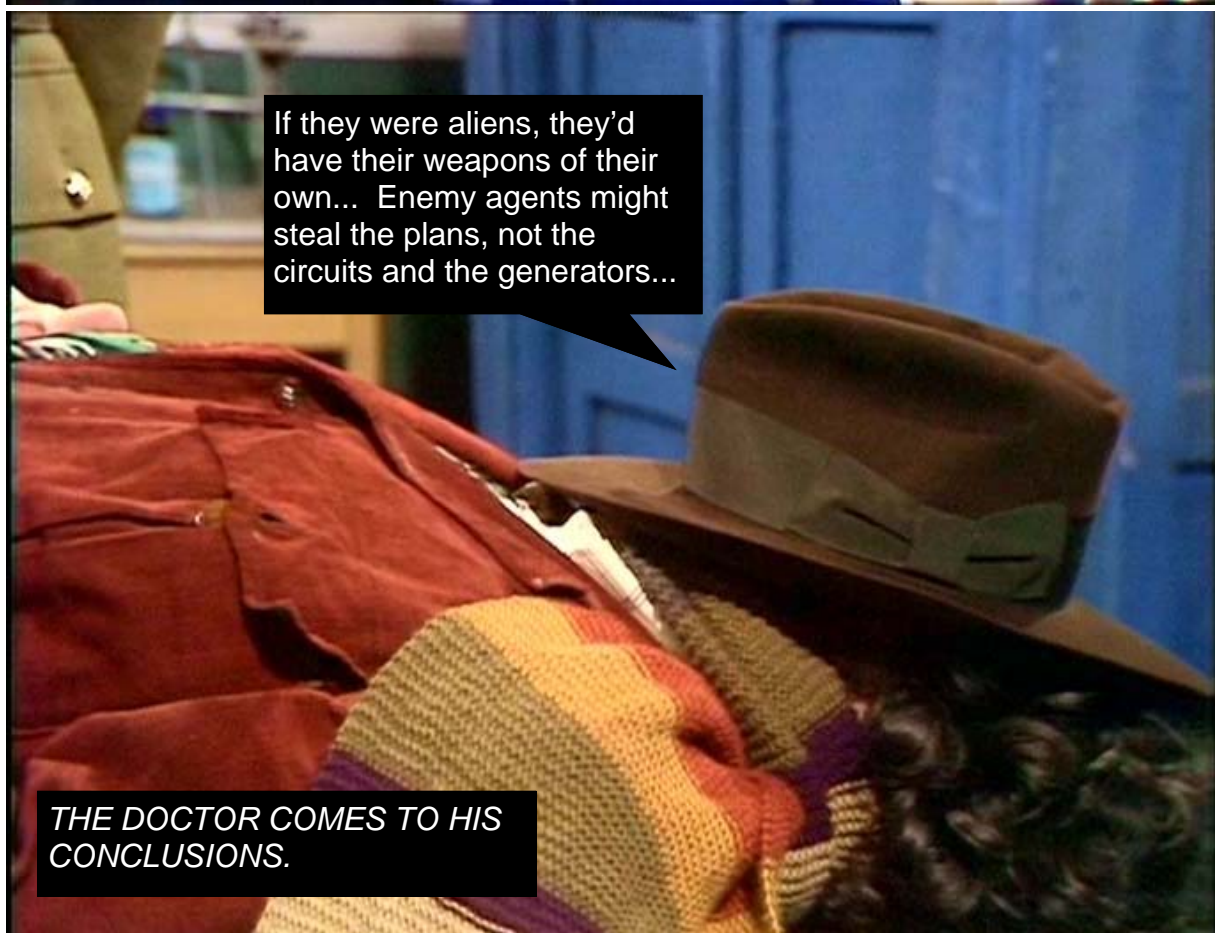




*A GIANT METALLIC CREATURE
FORCES SARAH TO LEAN BACK.*







Your enemies are home-grown... People with access to technological information and a most unusual weapon. A weapon that walks and thinks.



And they are prepared to kill to protect themselves.

*SARAH AWAITS TO SEE THE
ROBOT AGAIN...*

Well, what's the
hold up?

Jellicoe must be sure
that everything is safe...

Safe...?

*THE GIANT ROBOT APPEARS
AGAIN.*





What is your function?

I-AM-EXPERIMENTAL-PROTOTYPE-ROBOT-K1! MY-EVENTUAL-PURPOSE-IS -TO-REPLACE-THE-HUMAN-BEING-IN-A-VARIETY-OF-DIFFICULT-AND-DANGEROUS-TASKS!



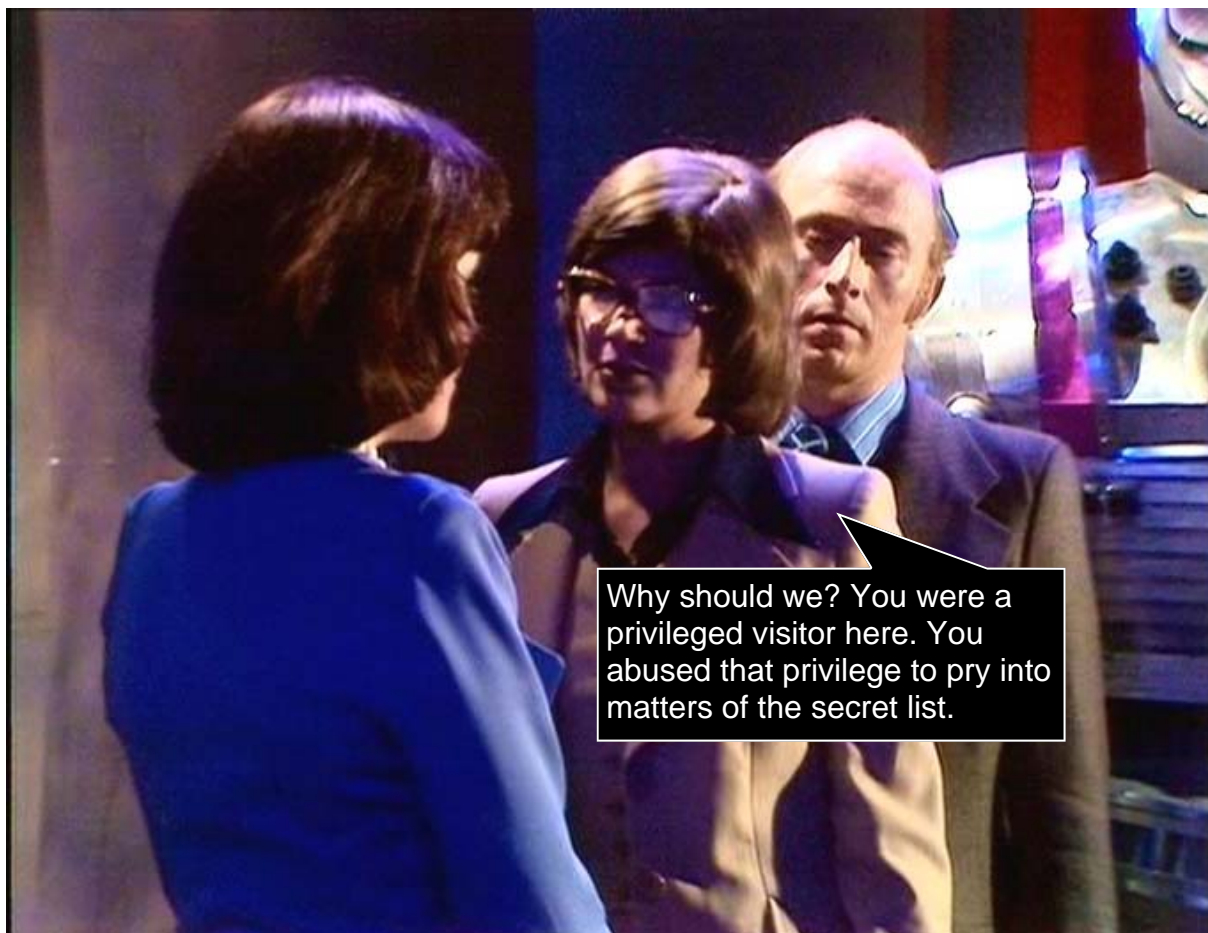
MINING-OPERATIONS-OF-ALL-KINDS, OPERATIONS-INVOLVING-RADIOACTIVE-MATERIALS...



Terminate. Would go
on for hours...



Why all the mystery?
Why didn't just show
him to me when I first
came?

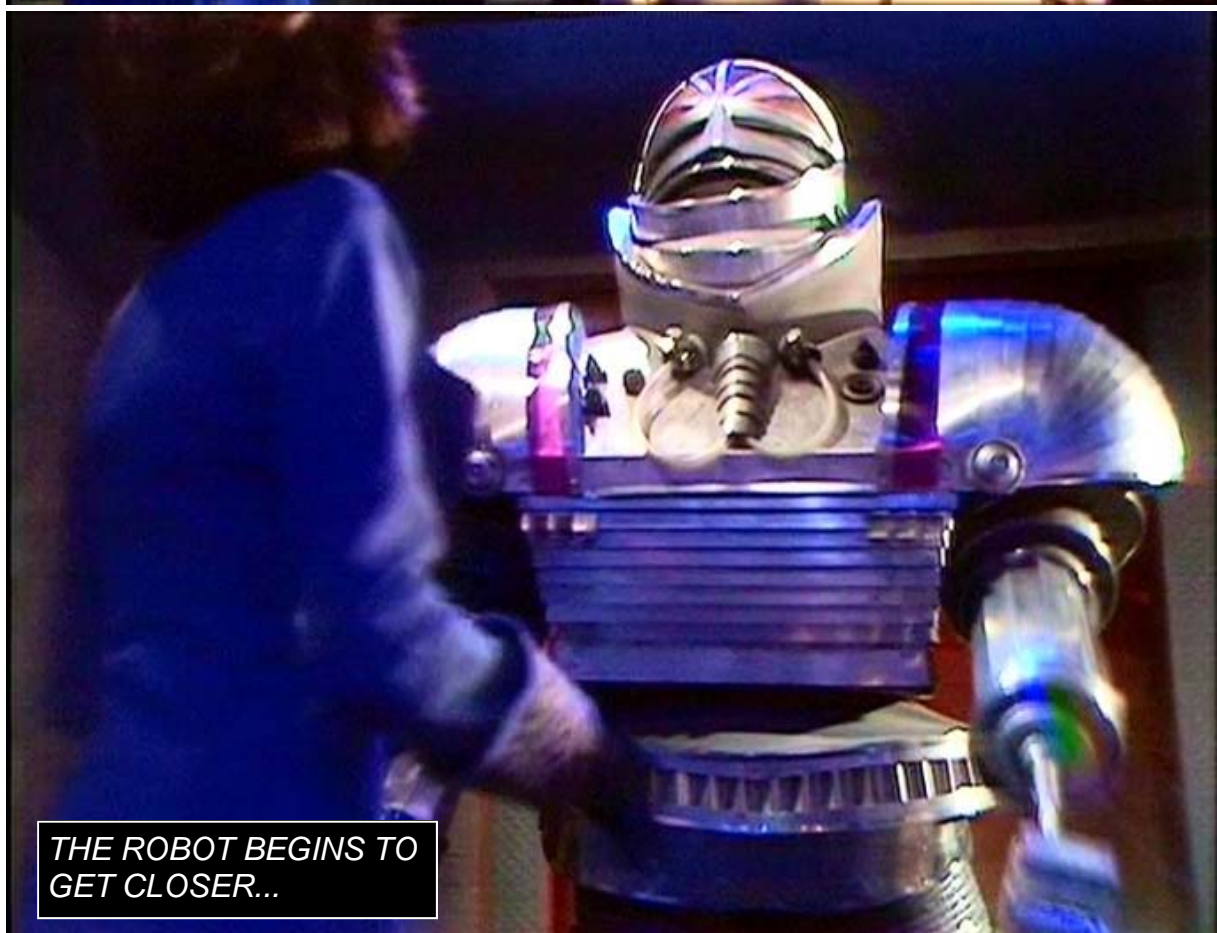


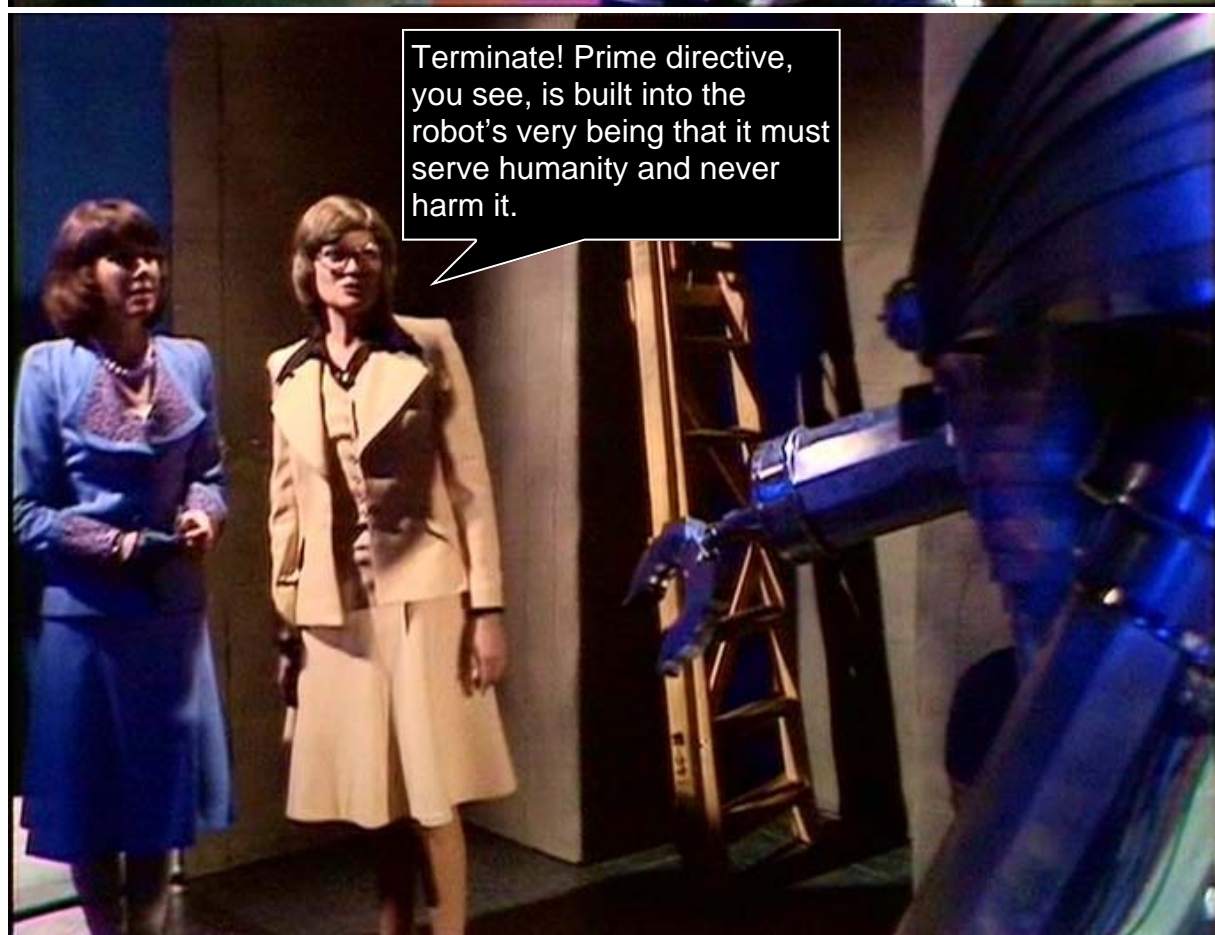
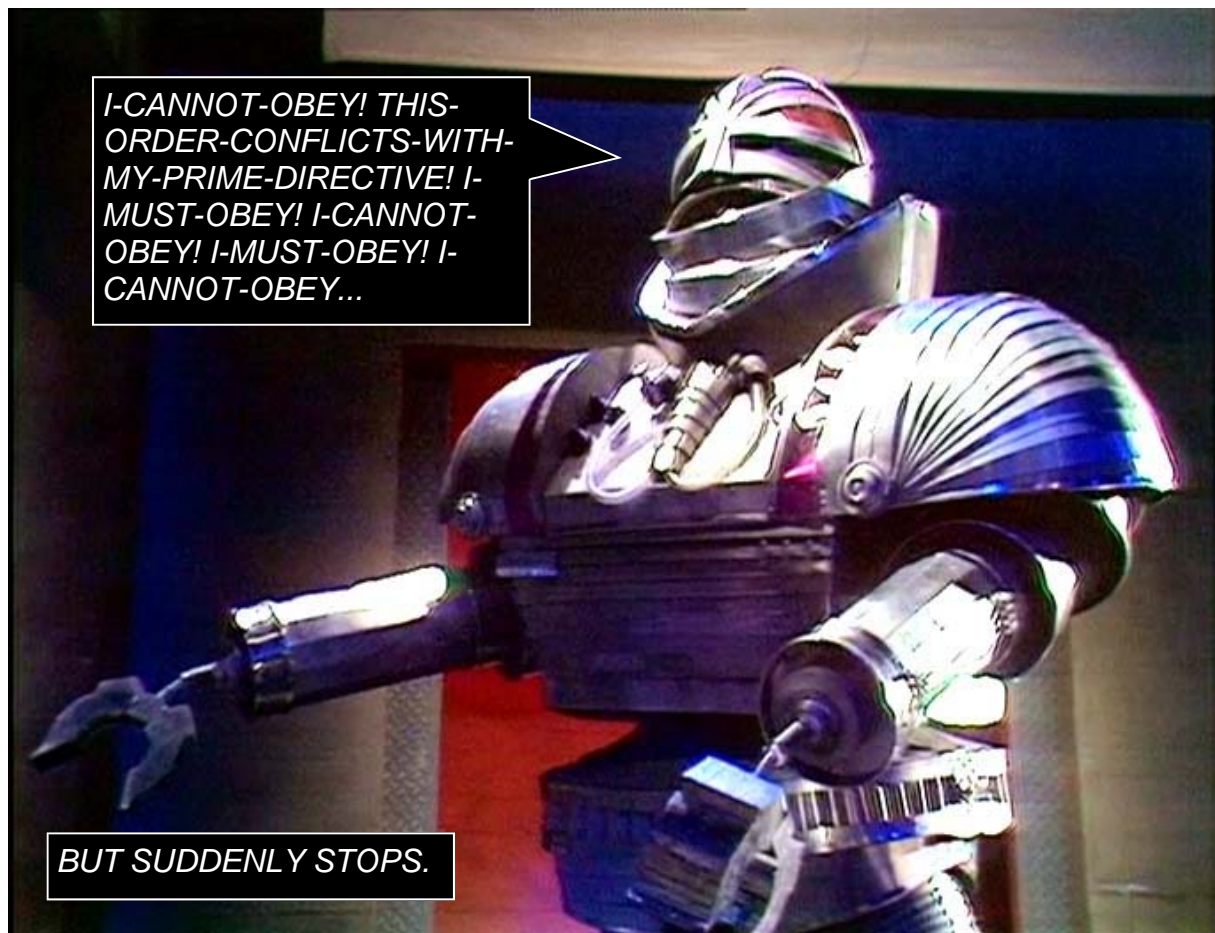
Why should we? You were a privileged visitor here. You abused that privilege to pry into matters of the secret list.



It isn't dangerous, is it? It could be a powerful weapon into the wrong hands...

Why should be? Now look...







But it was a cruel thing...
are you alright?



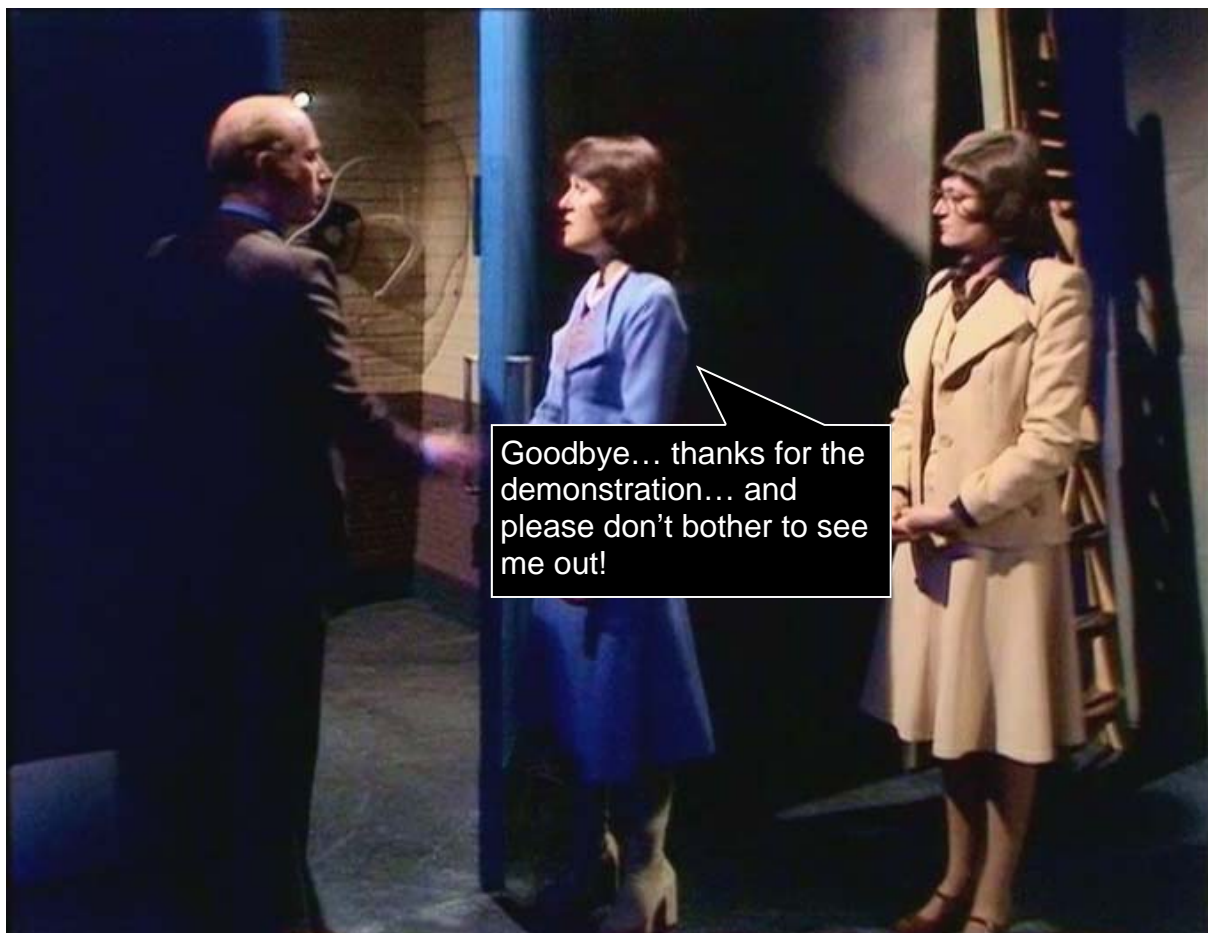
MY-FUNCTIONING-IS-UNIMPAIRED!
THE-IMBALANCE-HAS-BEEN-
CORRECTED! IT-IS-NOT-LOGICAL-
THAT-YOU-SHOULD-FEEL-SORROW!

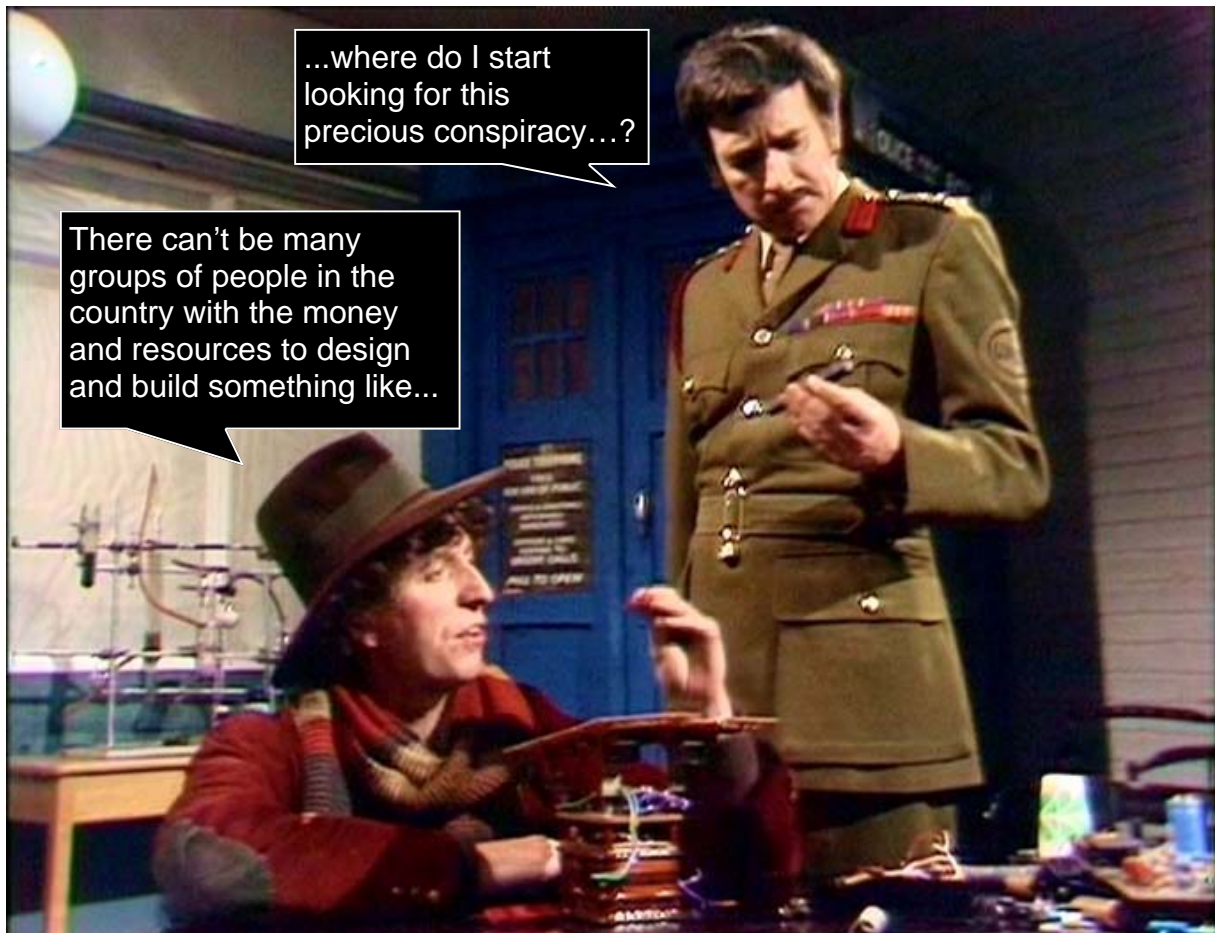


It is really absurd, Miss Smith! I think you must be the sort of girl that gives motor cars pet names. It's just a lump of metal...

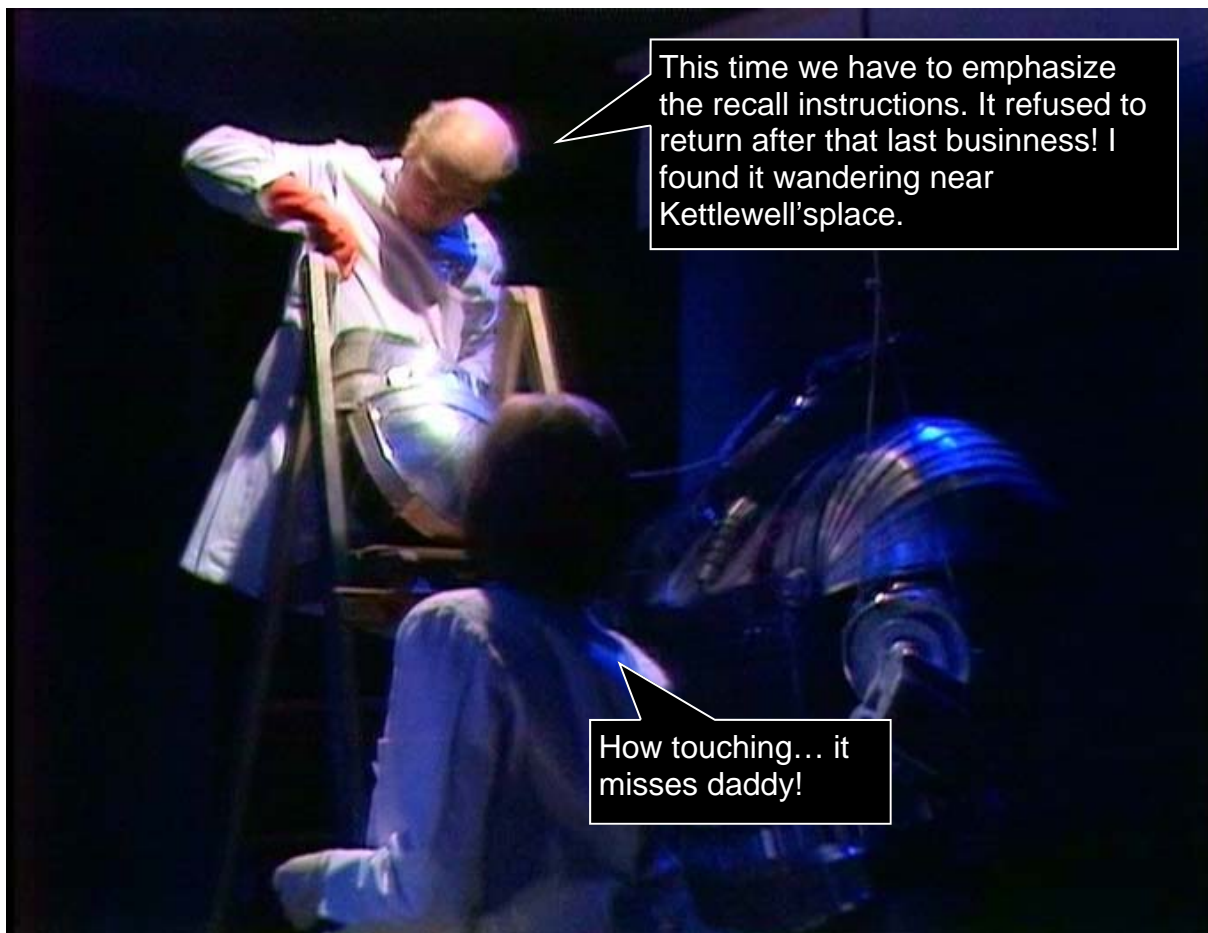


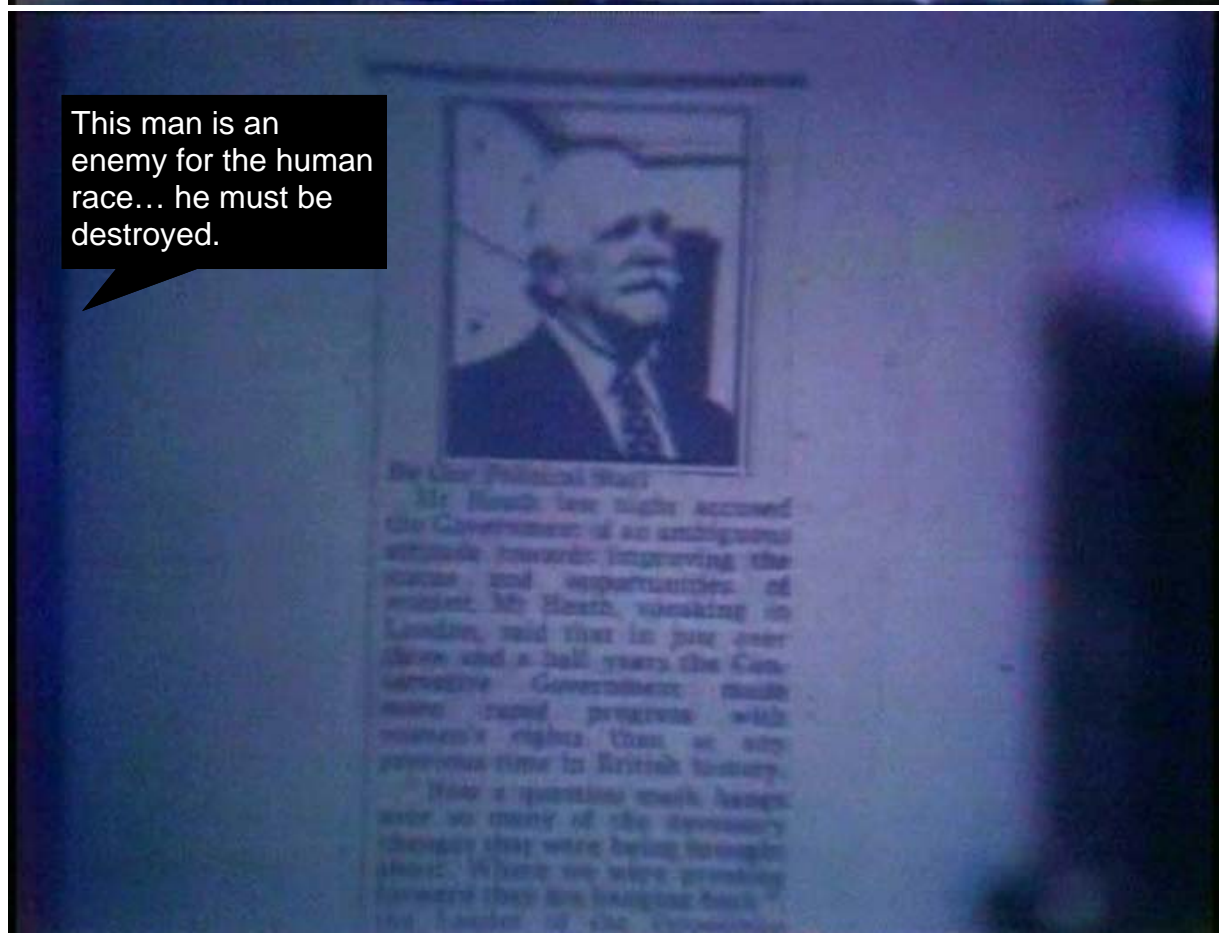
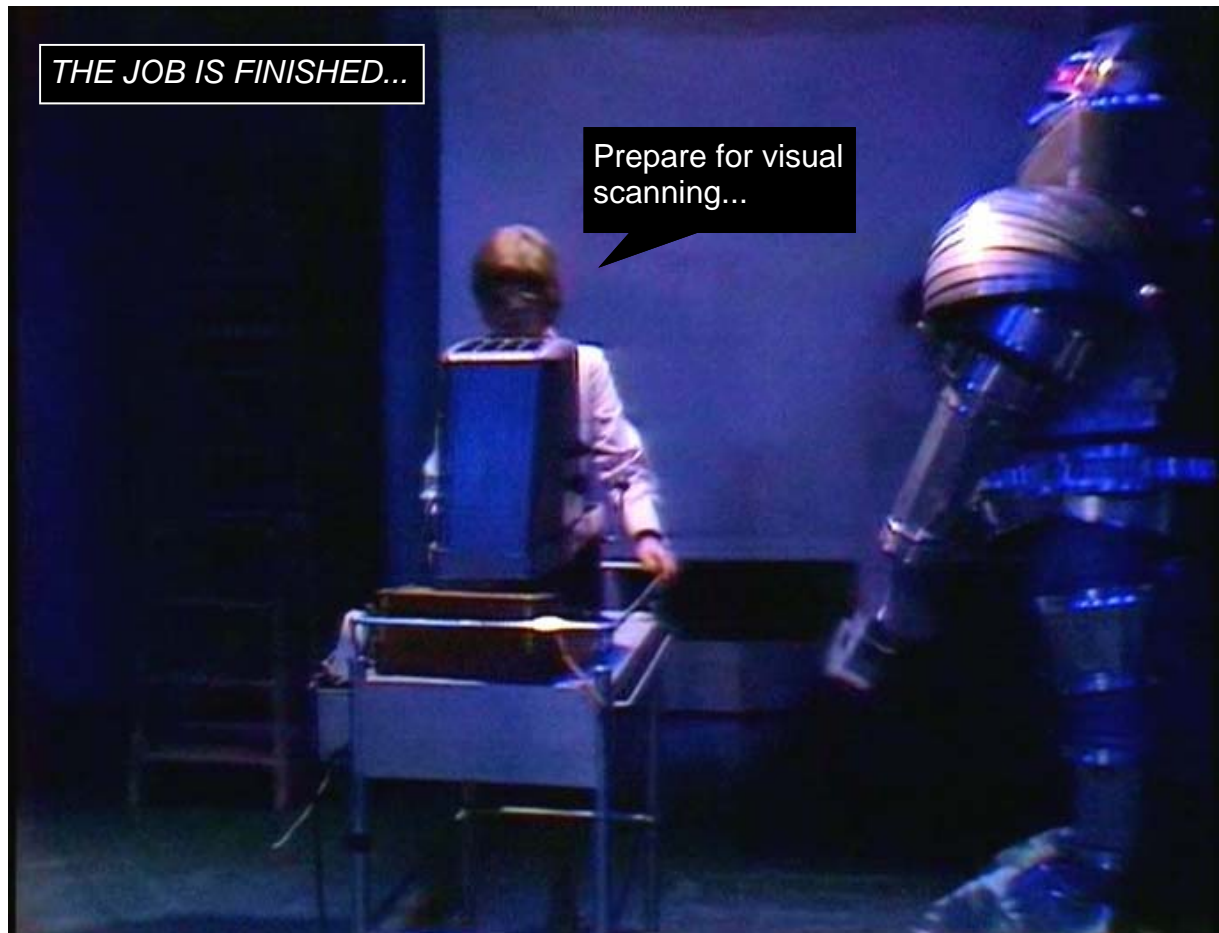
If I were to make a formal complaint about your behaviour here, you might find yourself in a very difficult position... so I'll make a bargain with you: keep quiet about what you've discovered here, and I'll keep quiet about how you discovered it...











UNIT IS THINKING
ABOUT WHAT TO DO.

Why don't you just
raid Thinktank and
arrest the lot of them?

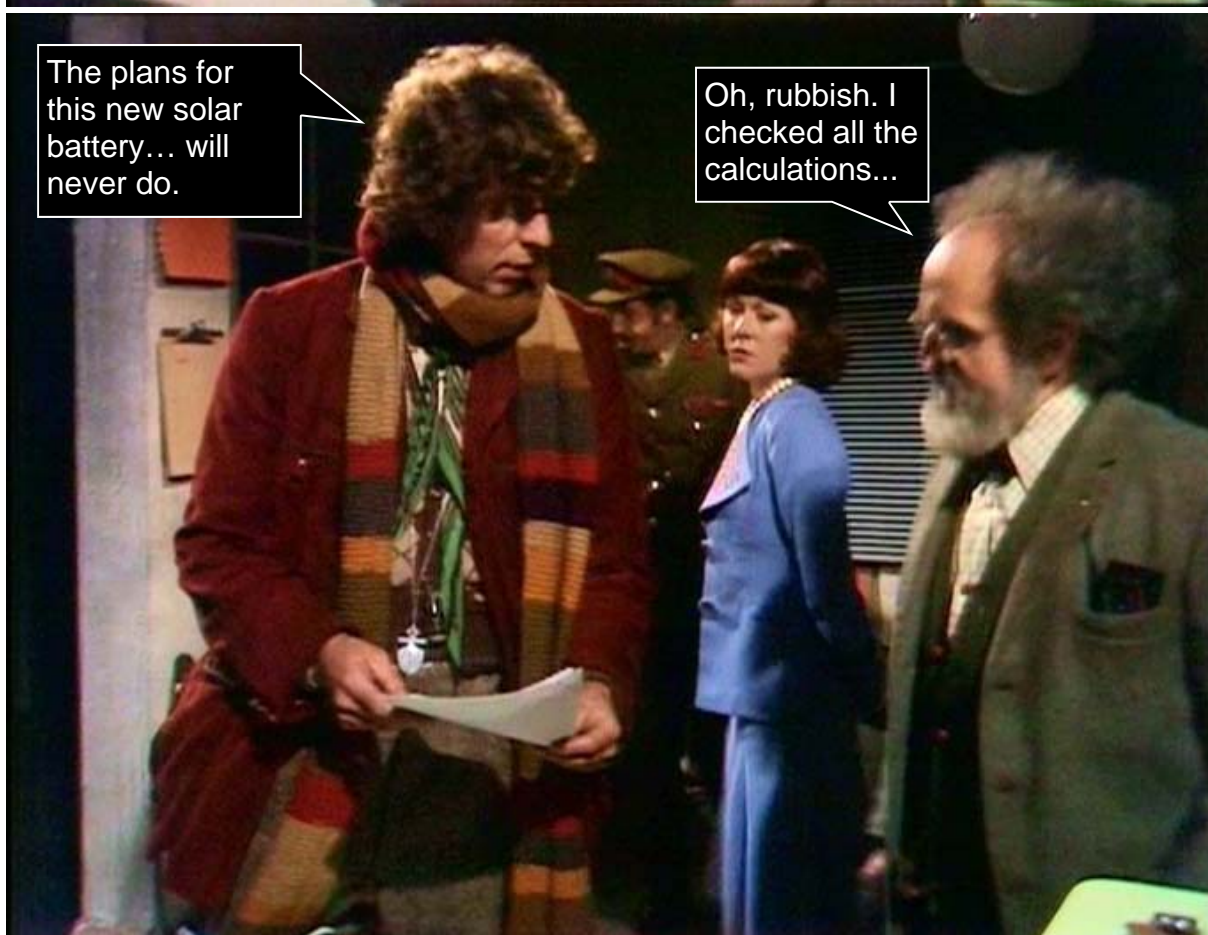
I very much doubt if I'd get
the authority! And if I did,
I'd cause so much fuss
they'd have plenty of time
to hide the evidence.

You need an inside
man... somebody
planted on them to keep
his eyes and ears open!

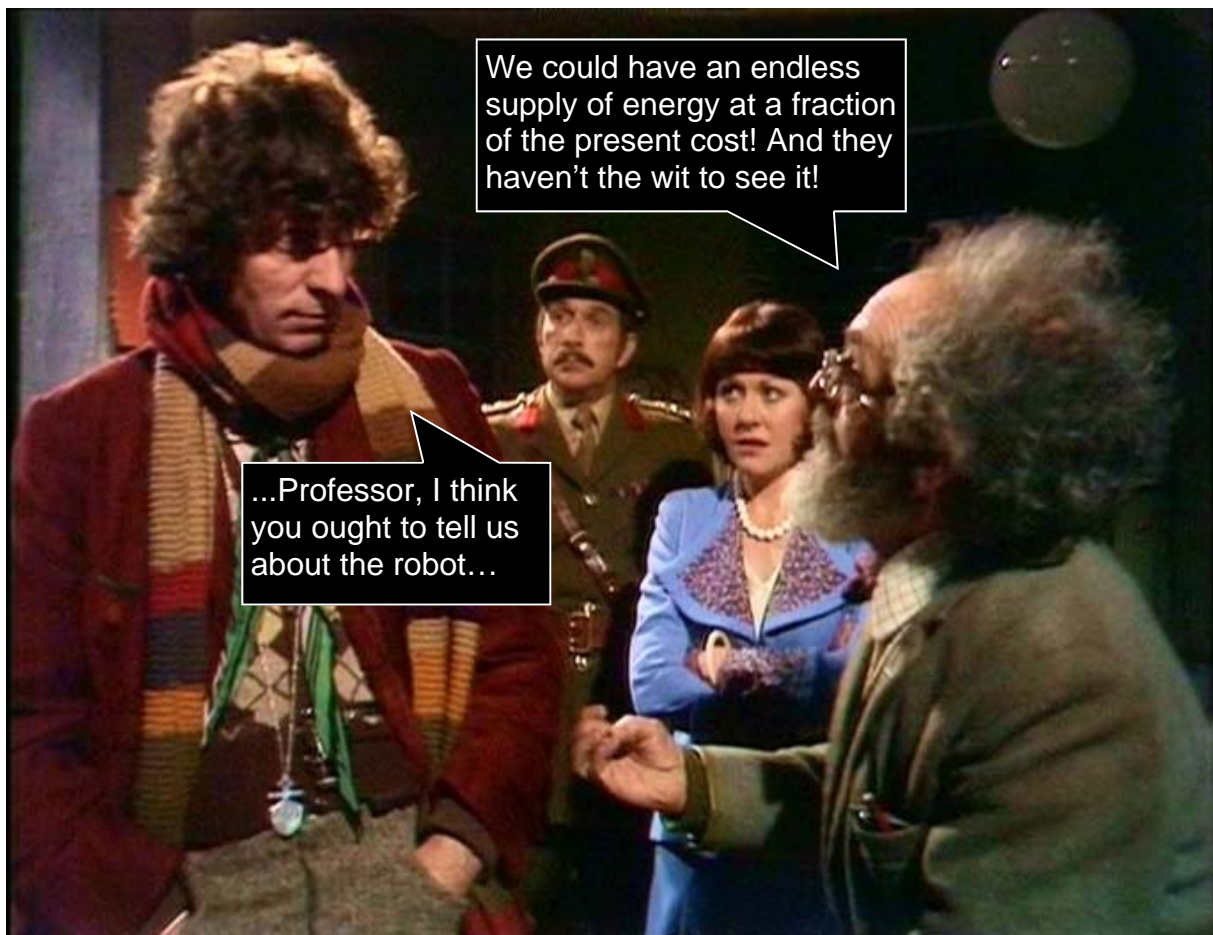
Might work... We could fix
you up with a cover story!







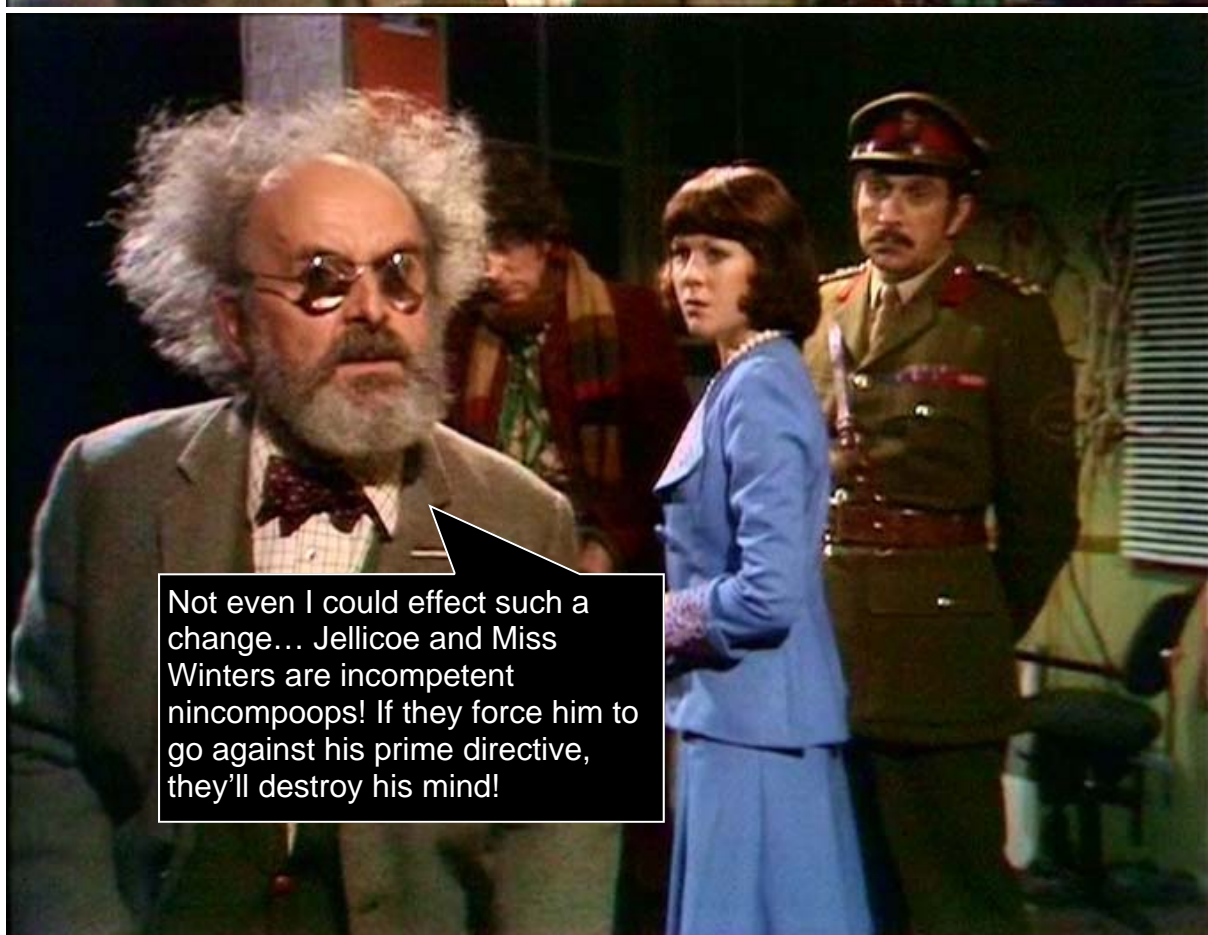






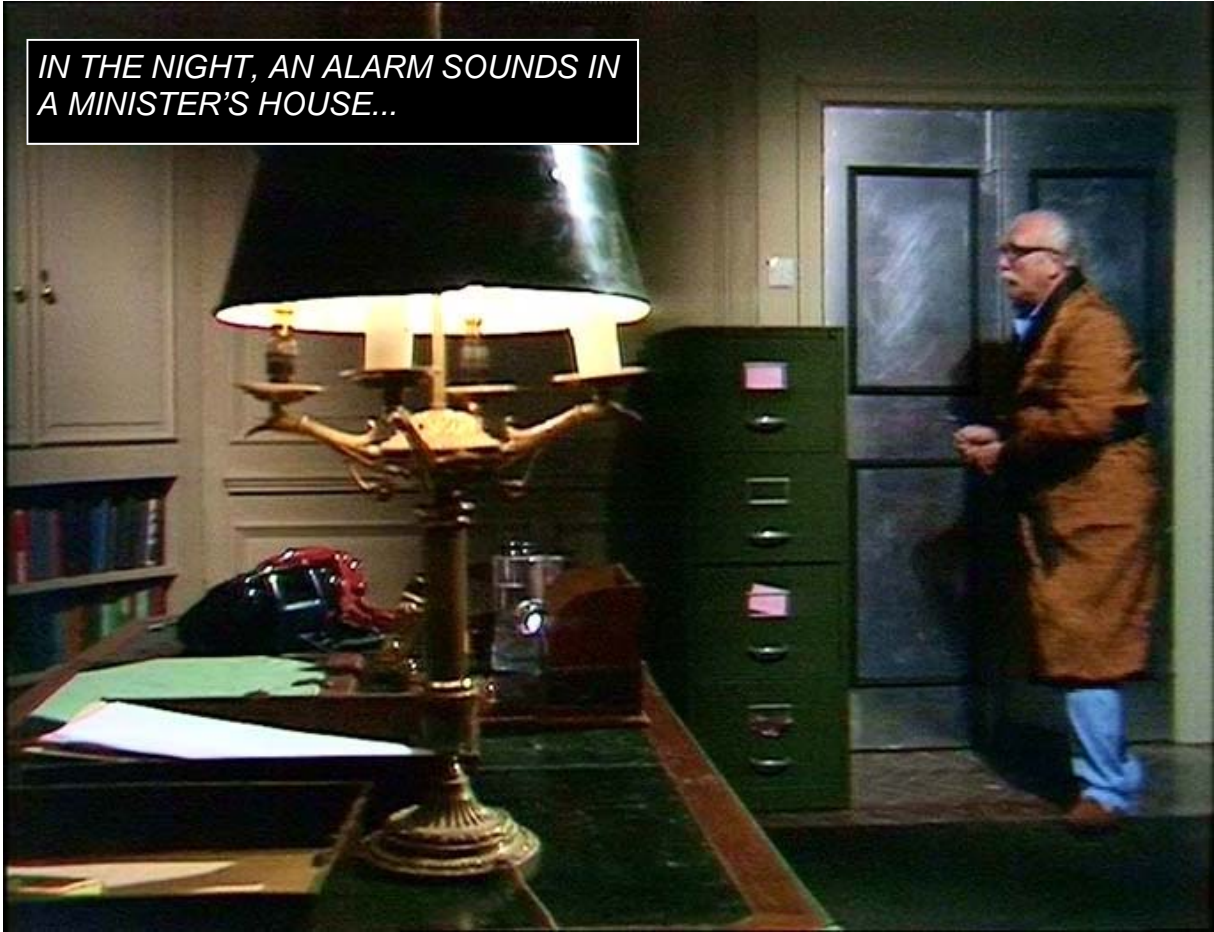
I gave him my own brain pattern. He has my principles, my ideas. He can't have killed someone...

But his circuitry could be altered or tampered with...



Not even I could effect such a change... Jellicoe and Miss Winters are incompetent nincompoops! If they force him to go against his prime directive, they'll destroy his mind!

IN THE NIGHT, AN ALARM SOUNDS IN
A MINISTER'S HOUSE...



THE HOUSE PROPRIETOR CALLS
THE POLICE...



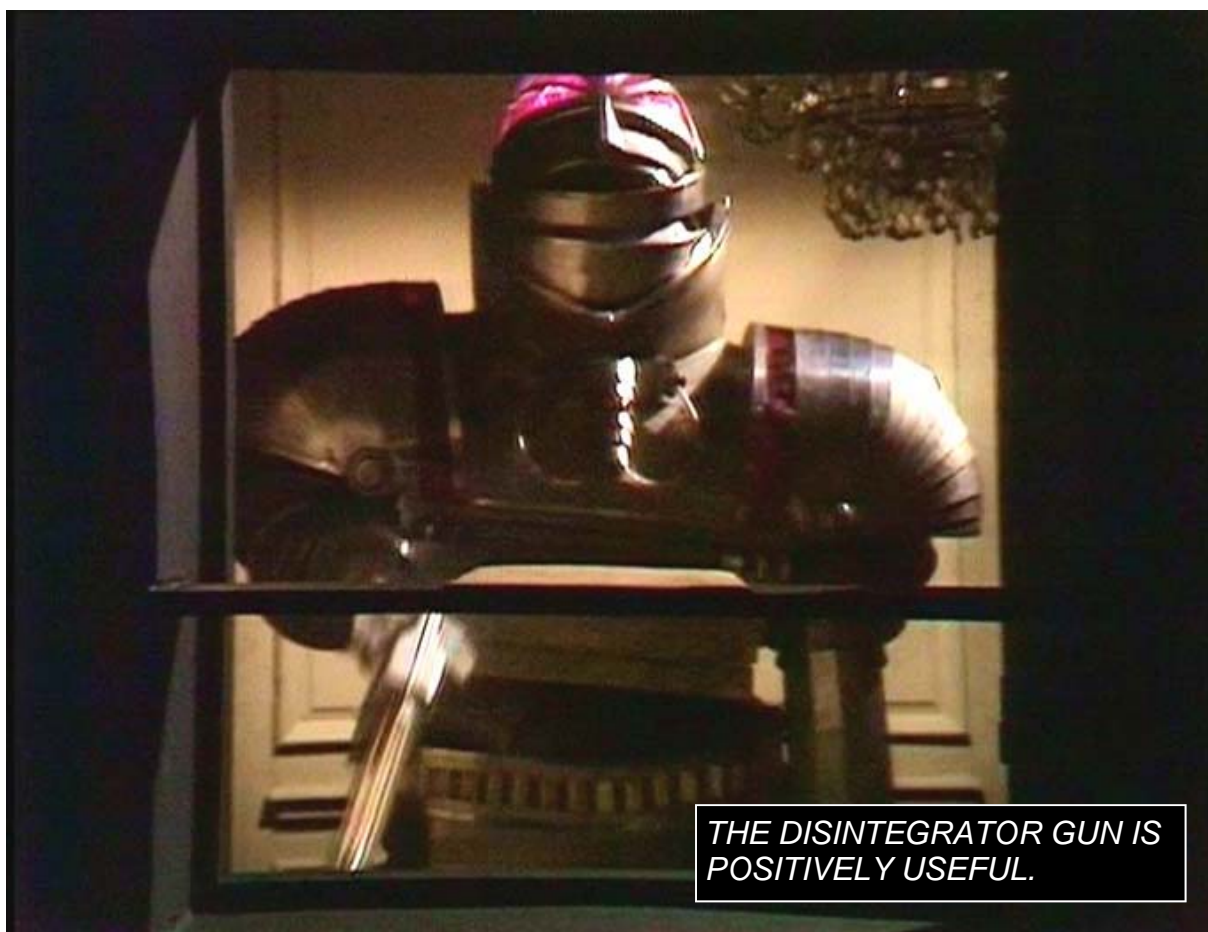
*BUT THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER
HAS POWERFUL MEANS... AND
QUITE UNUSUAL.*



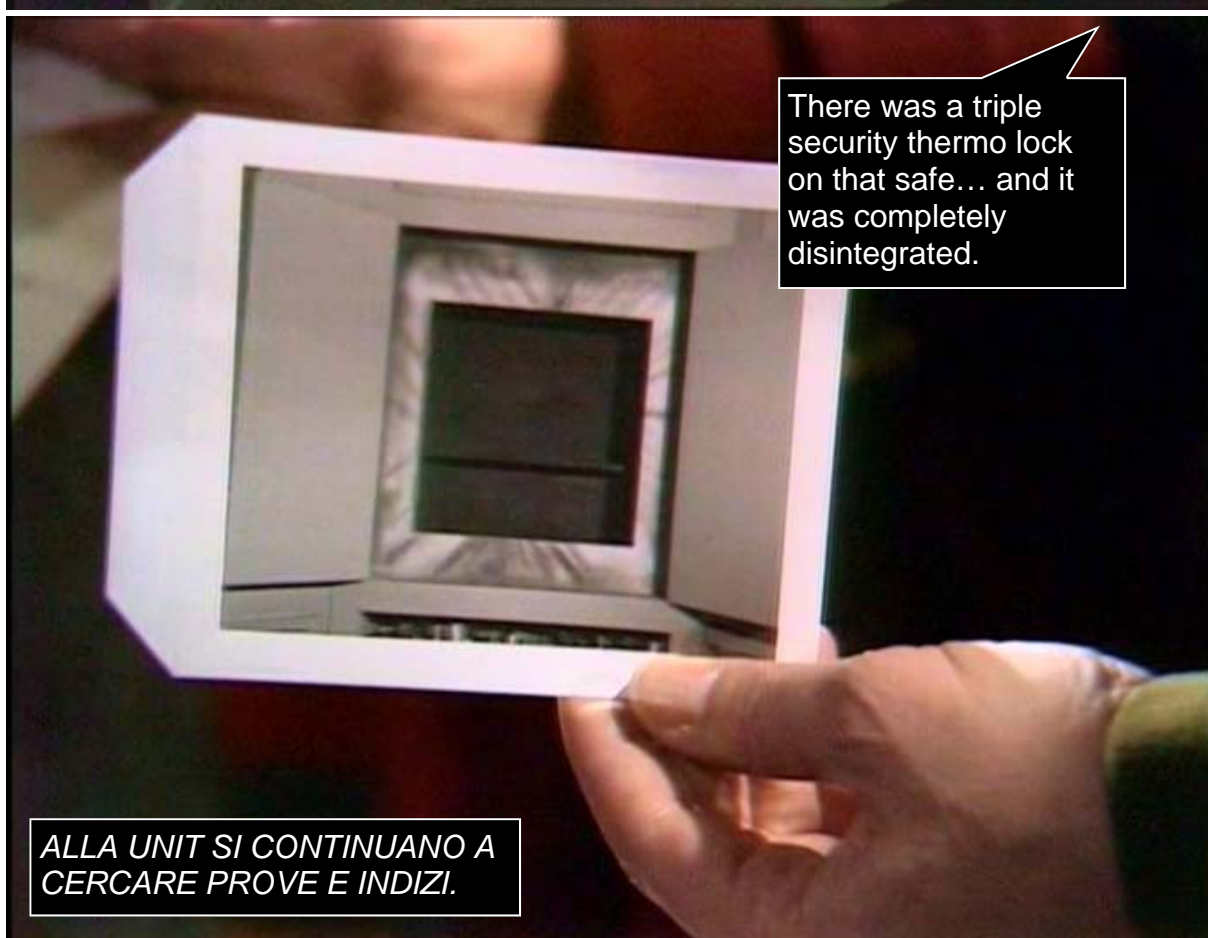
*THE DISINTEGRATOR GUN HAS
BEEN ASSEMBLED!*





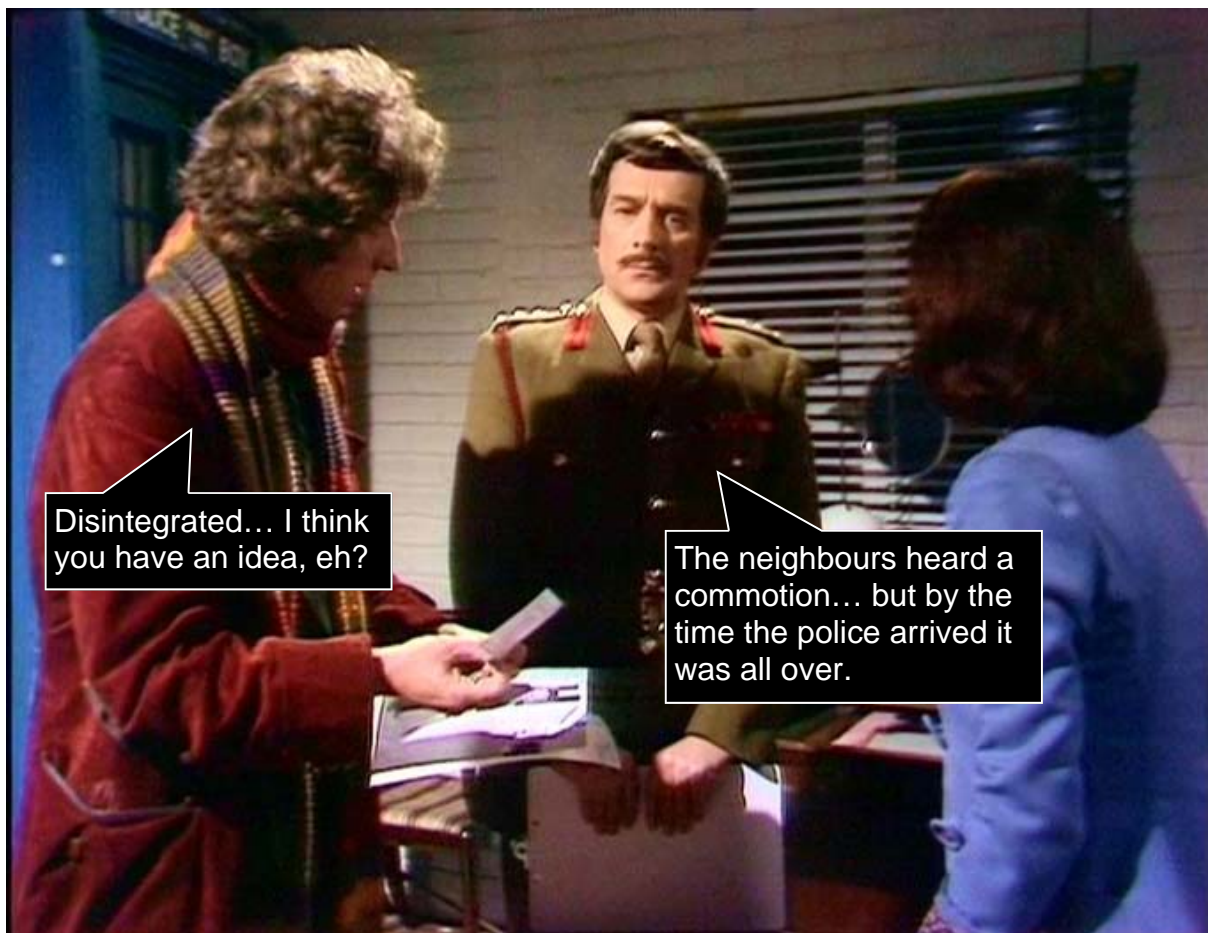


THE DISINTEGRATOR GUN IS POSITIVELY USEFUL.



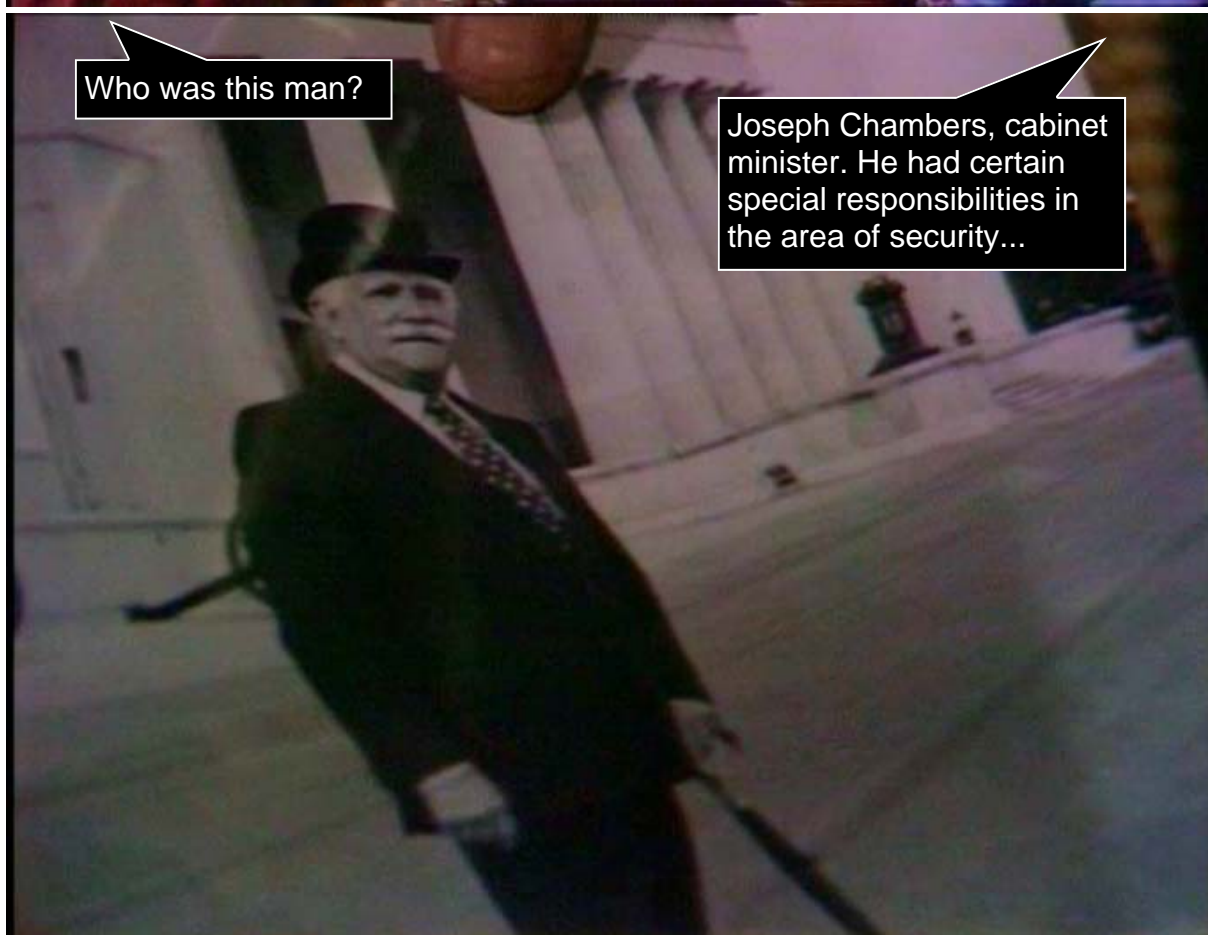
There was a triple security thermo lock on that safe... and it was completely disintegrated.

ALLA UNIT SI CONTINUANO A CERCARE PROVE E INDIZI.



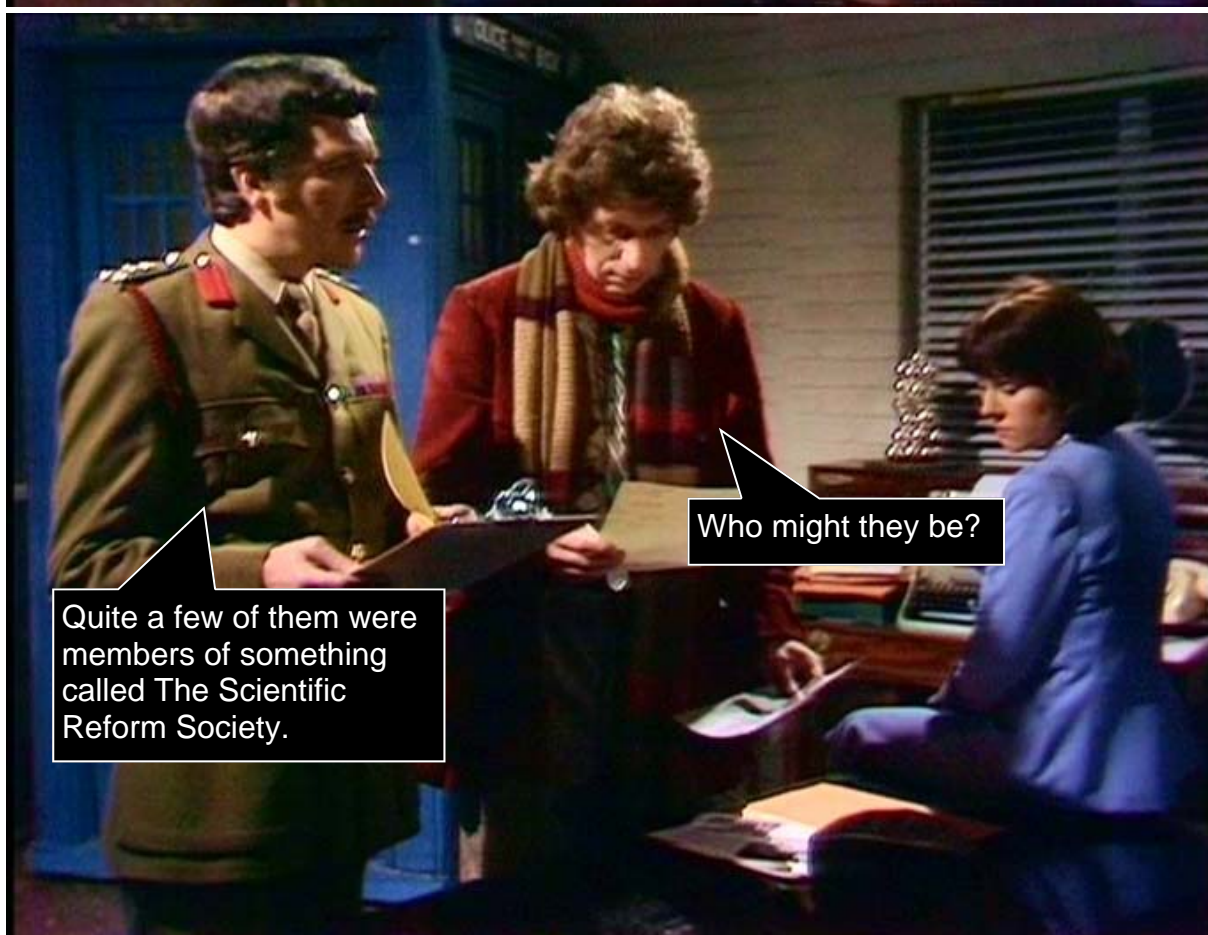
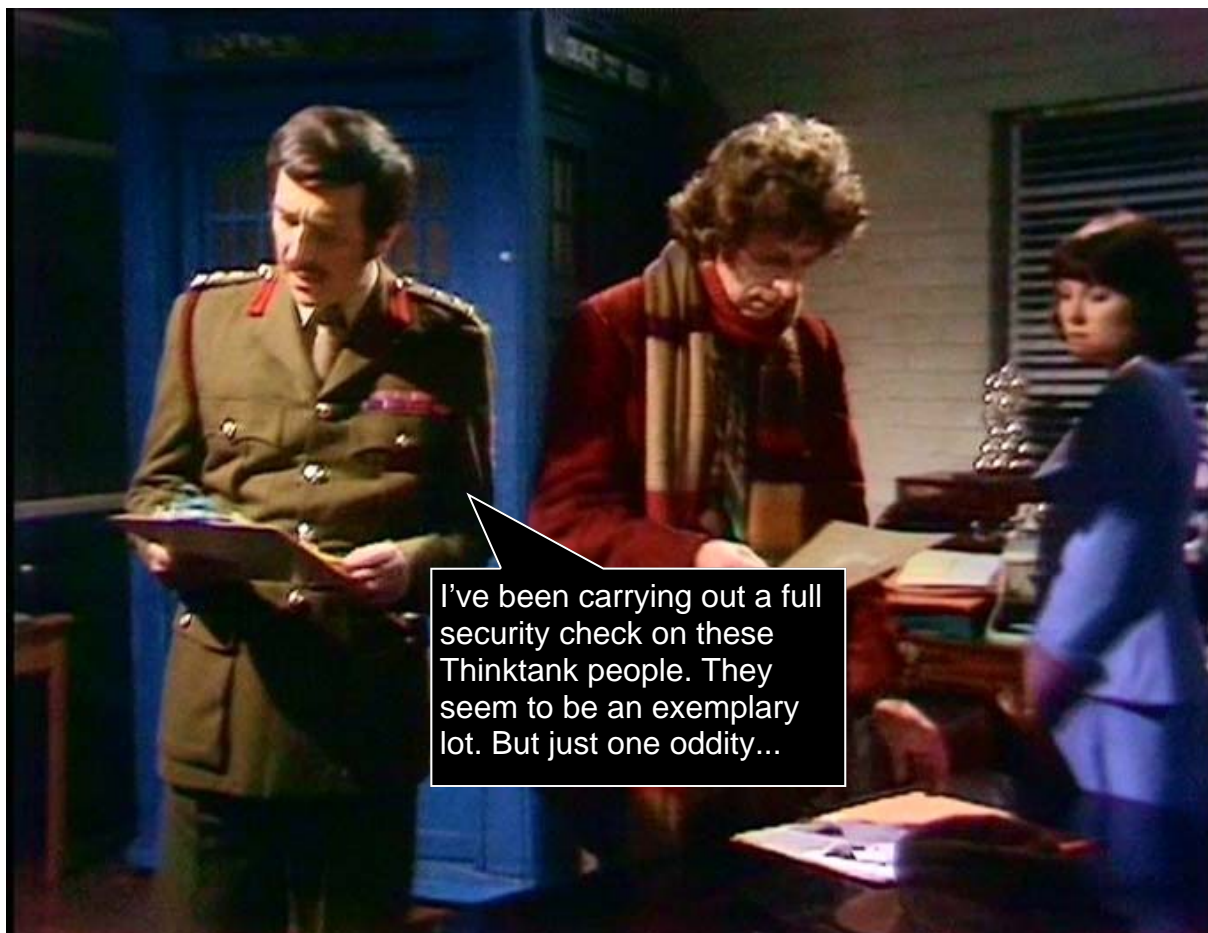
Disintegrated... I think you have an idea, eh?

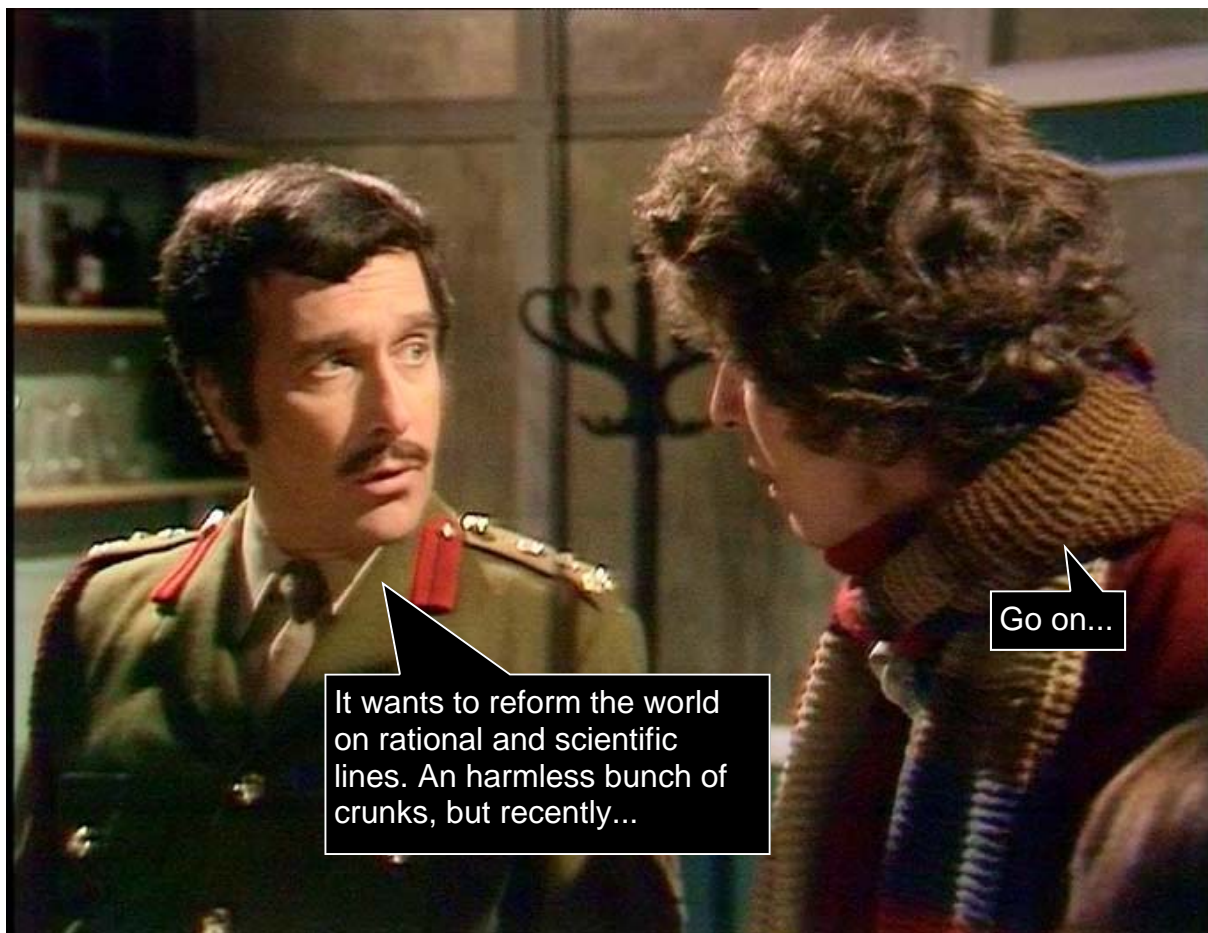
The neighbours heard a commotion... but by the time the police arrived it was all over.



Who was this man?

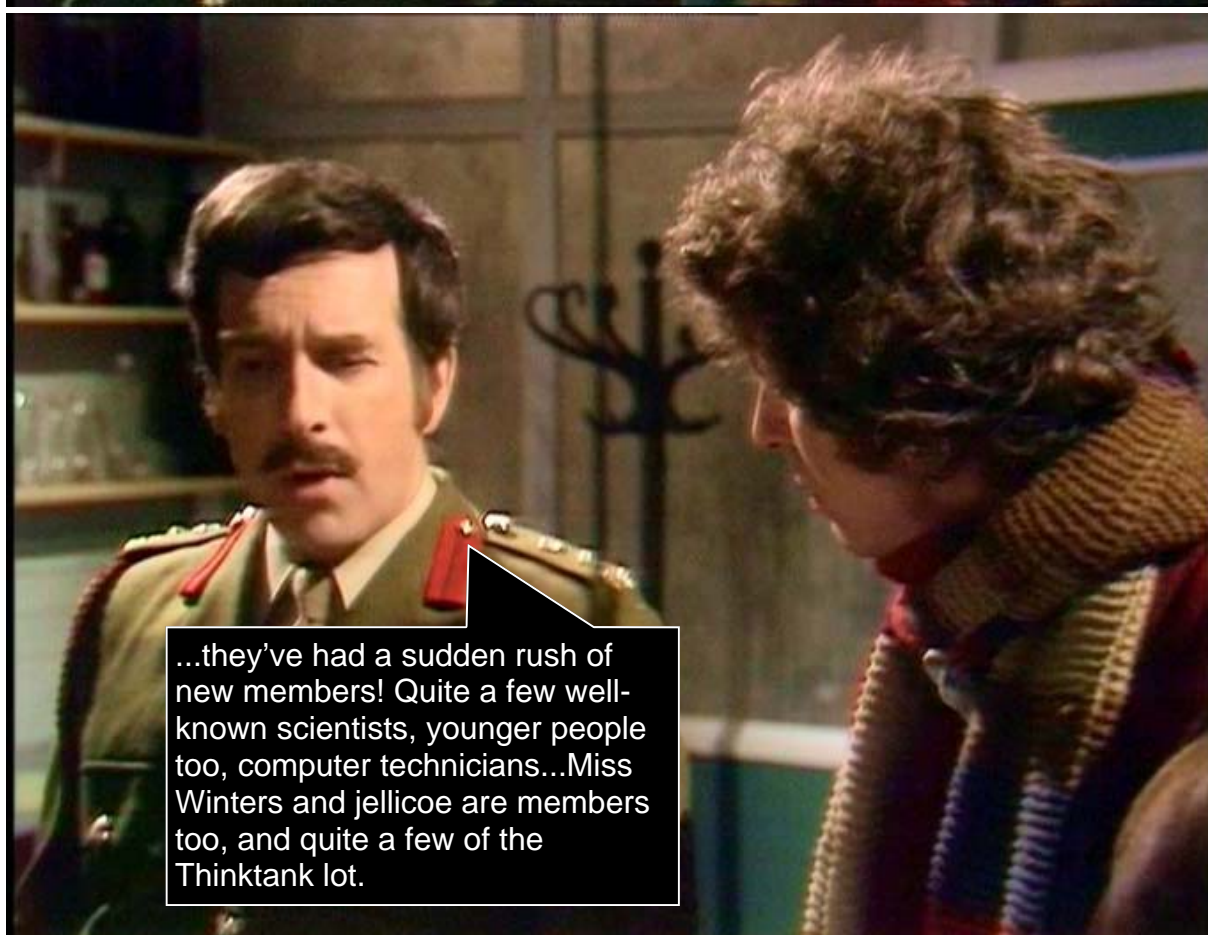
Joseph Chambers, cabinet minister. He had certain special responsibilities in the area of security...





Go on...

It wants to reform the world on rational and scientific lines. An harmless bunch of crunks, but recently...



...they've had a sudden rush of new members! Quite a few well-known scientists, younger people too, computer technicians...Miss Winters and jellicoe are members too, and quite a few of the Thinktank lot.





Well, Doctor, what are we going to do...?



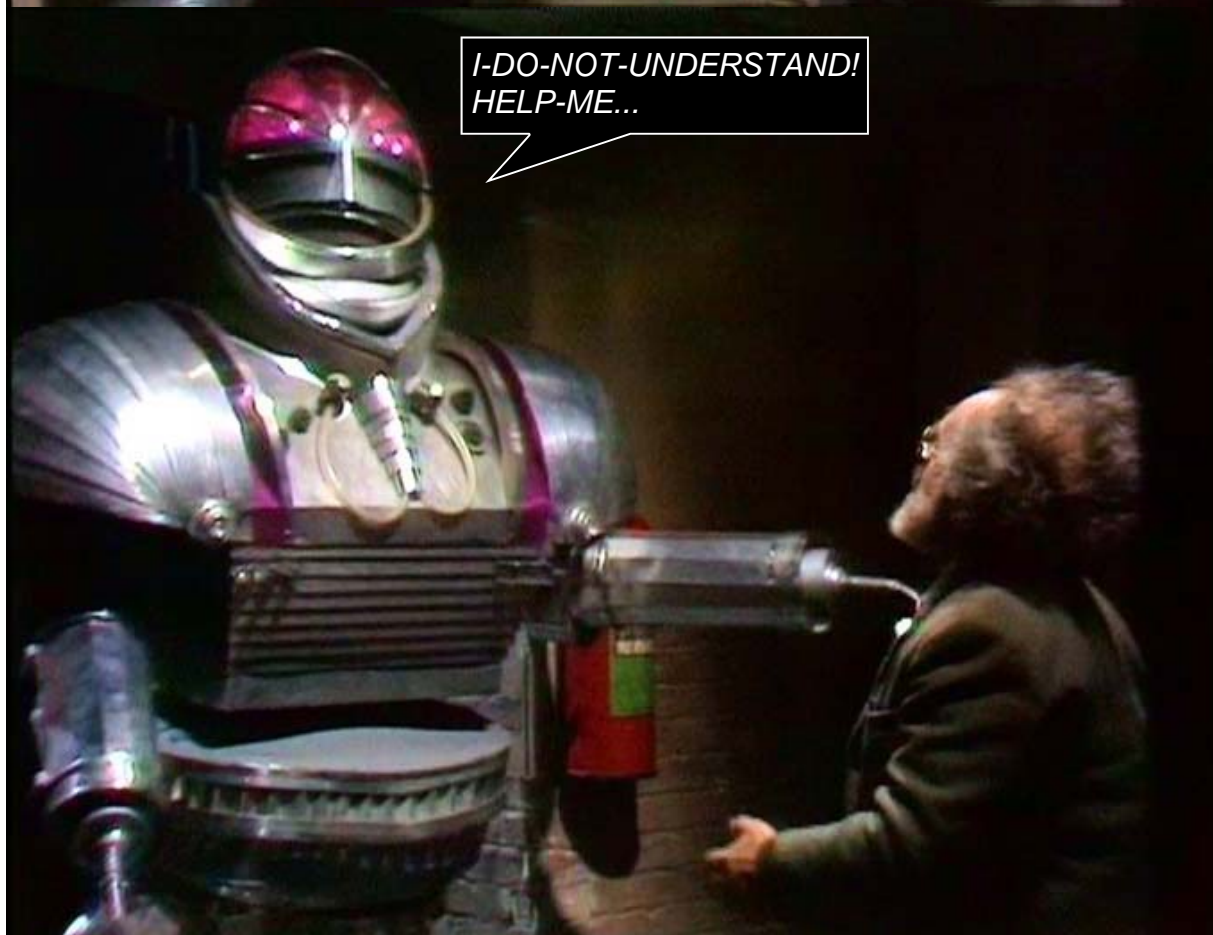
Let's pay a visit to Thinktank tomorrow. We can ask them to demonstrate the robot! Goodnight!

PROF. KETTLEWELL IS STILL
WORKING WHEN SOMEBODY
KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.



HE GOES TO OPEN THE
DOOR.











THE DOCTOR AND THE BRIGADIER ARE
VERY DIFFICULT VISITORS TO HANDLE,
COMPARED WITH SARAH...

Can't thank you
enough for the visit,
it's been most
amusing.

I suppose it all seems
very elementary to a
scientist of your
standing, Doctor.



There's one thing I'm
looking forward to...
Prof. Kettlewell's robot!
It's in here, isn't it?

Yes, but...



Come on, then.
Where's your tin man?

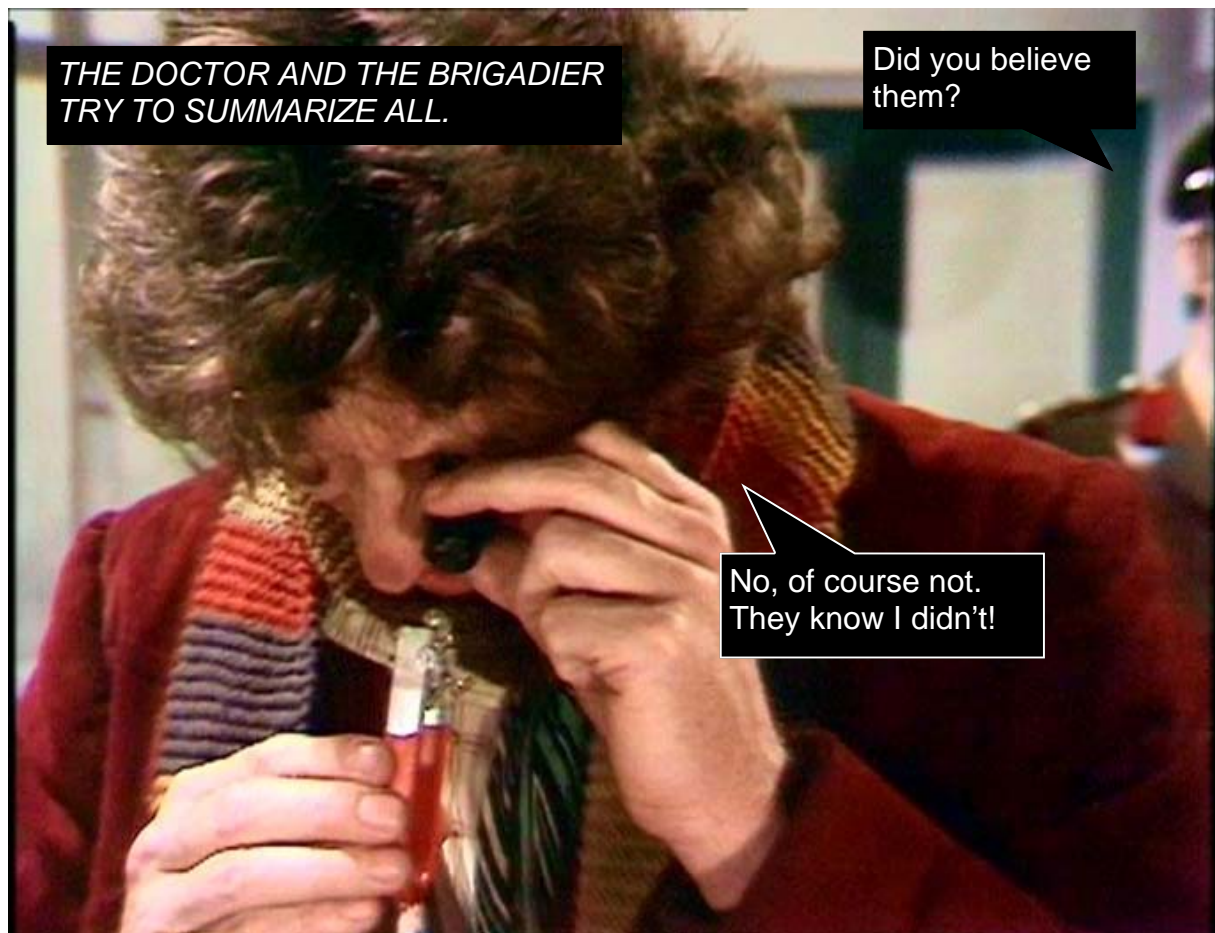
I'm afraid I must disappoint
you, Doctor, but we had to
dismantle it! After the visit of
your friend, Miss Smith, it
became unstable... She
introduced him to concepts he
was not equipped to deal with.



What? Concern, compassion,
useless things like that?

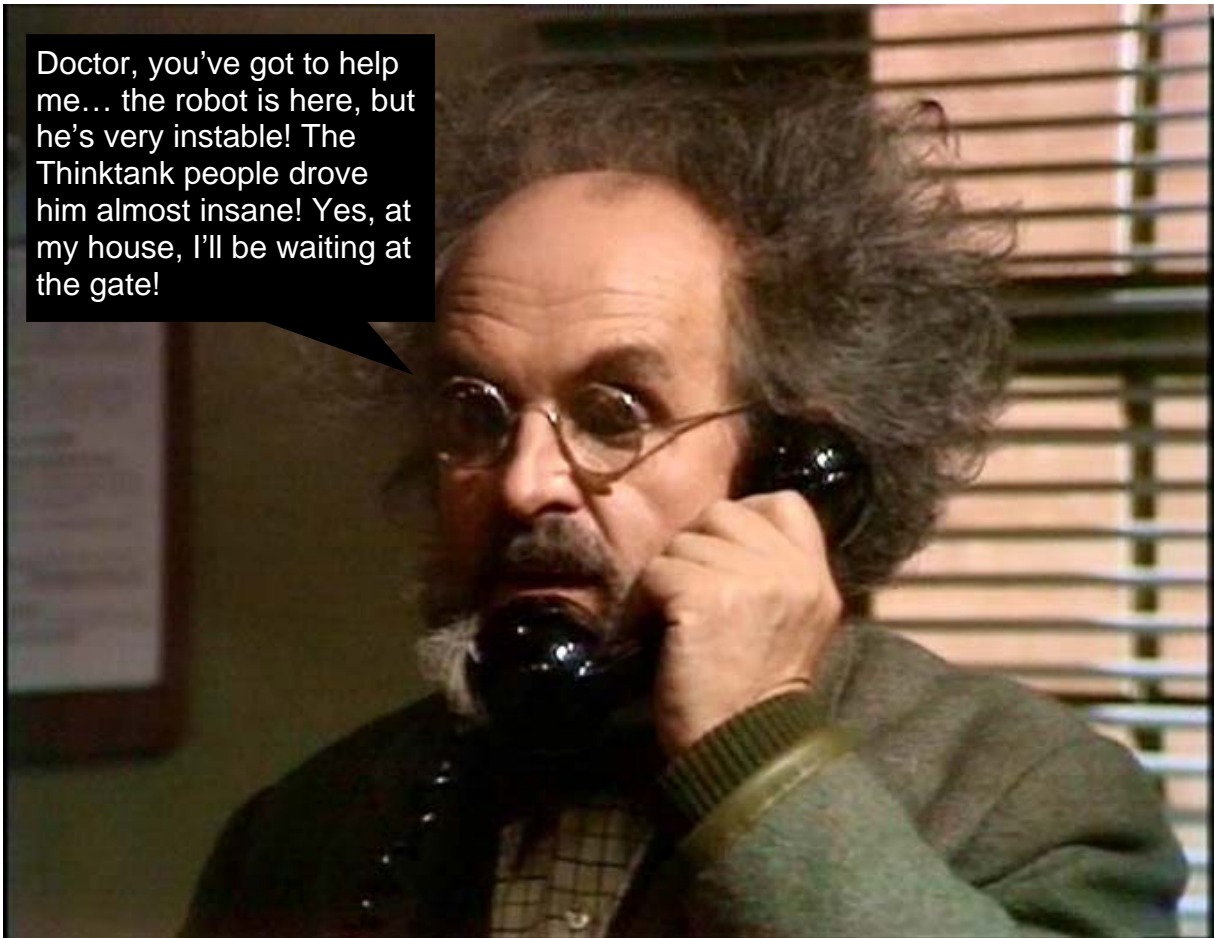






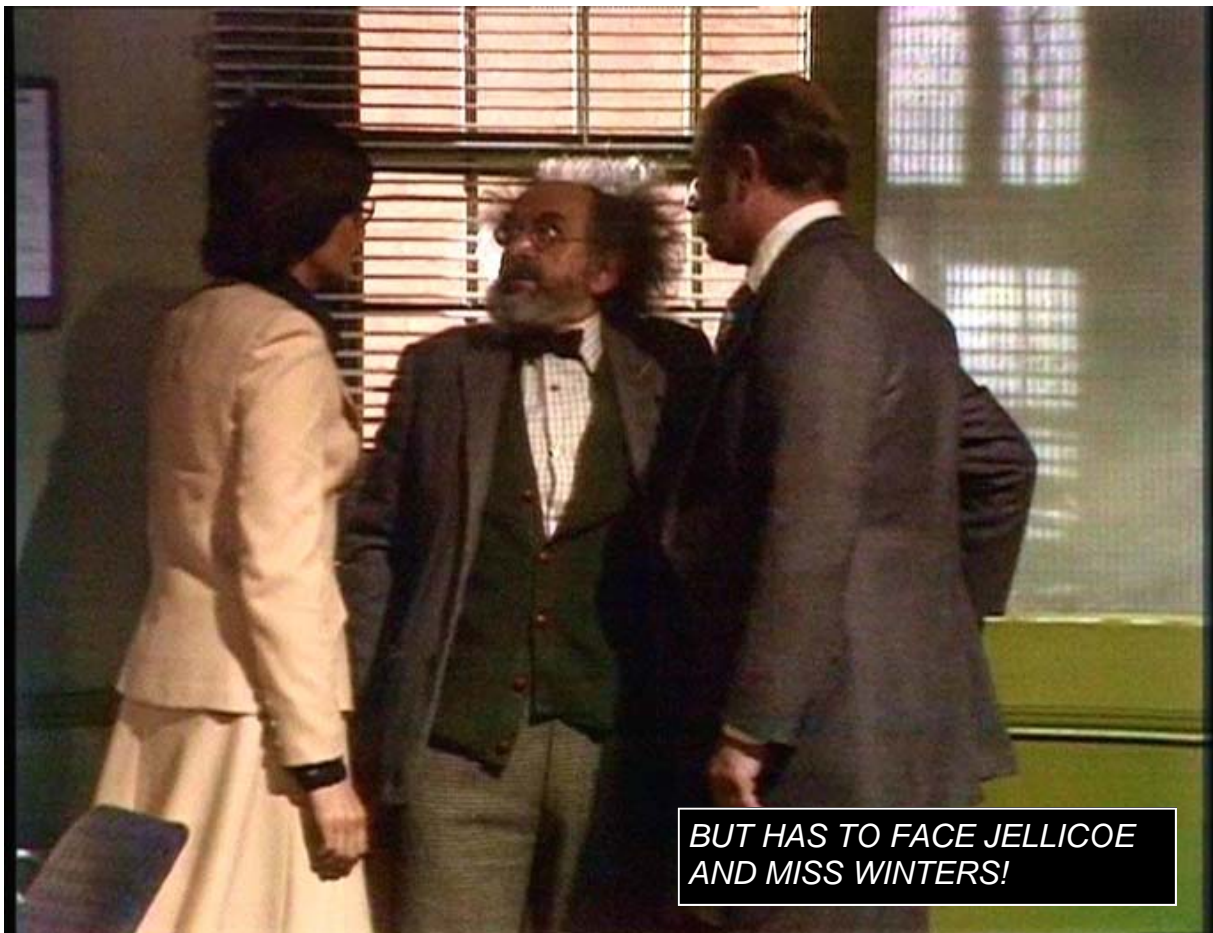


Doctor, you've got to help me... the robot is here, but he's very instable! The Thinktank people drove him almost insane! Yes, at my house, I'll be waiting at the gate!



*THE PROFESSOR MOVES TO MEET
THE DOCTOR AT THE GATE...*







HE HANGS IT AT THE TARDIS' DOOR...



THEN MAKES HIS WAY TO KETTLEWELL'S HOUSE.

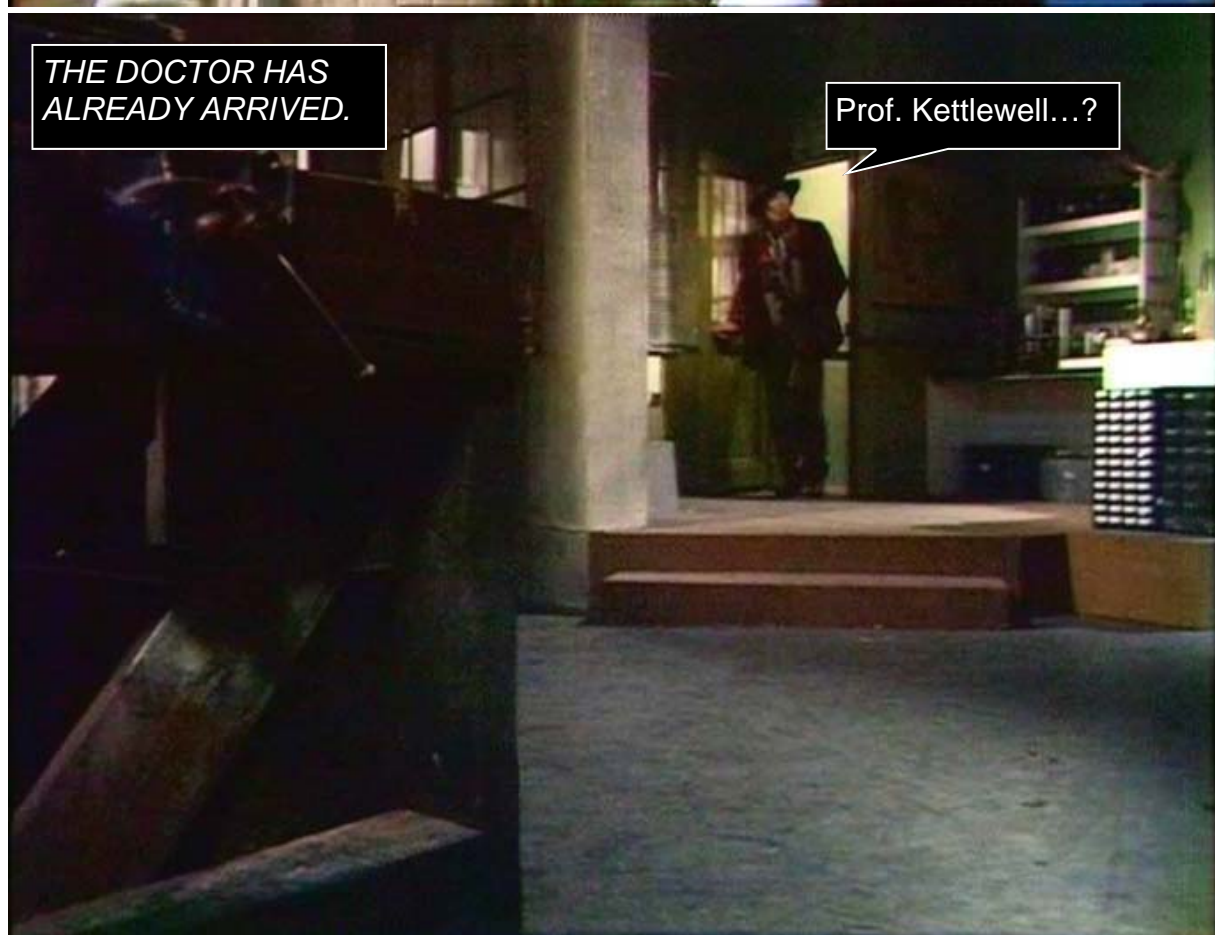






Oh, the idiot! He thinks he can cope with anything...

We better get after him.....



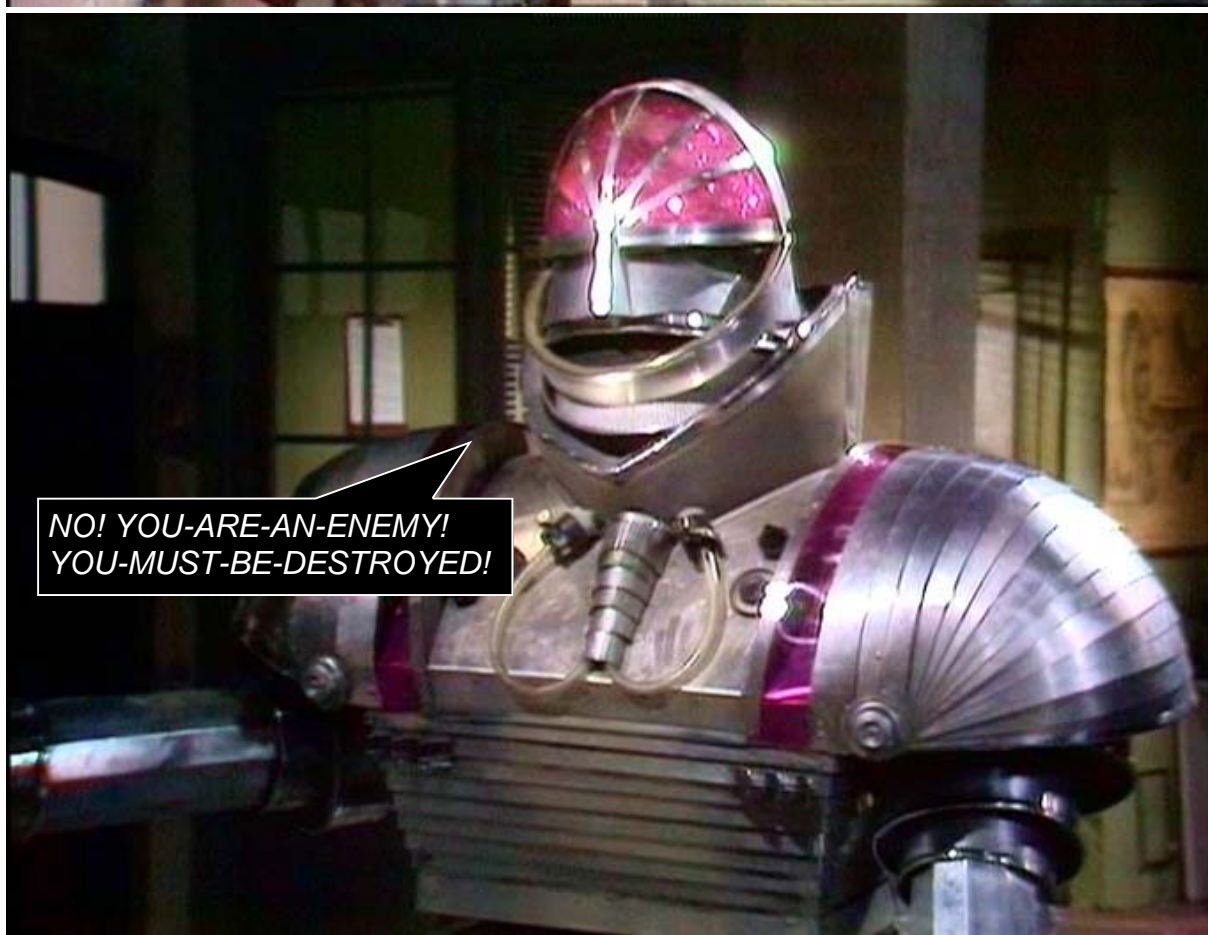
THE DOCTOR HAS
ALREADY ARRIVED.

Prof. Kettlewell...?









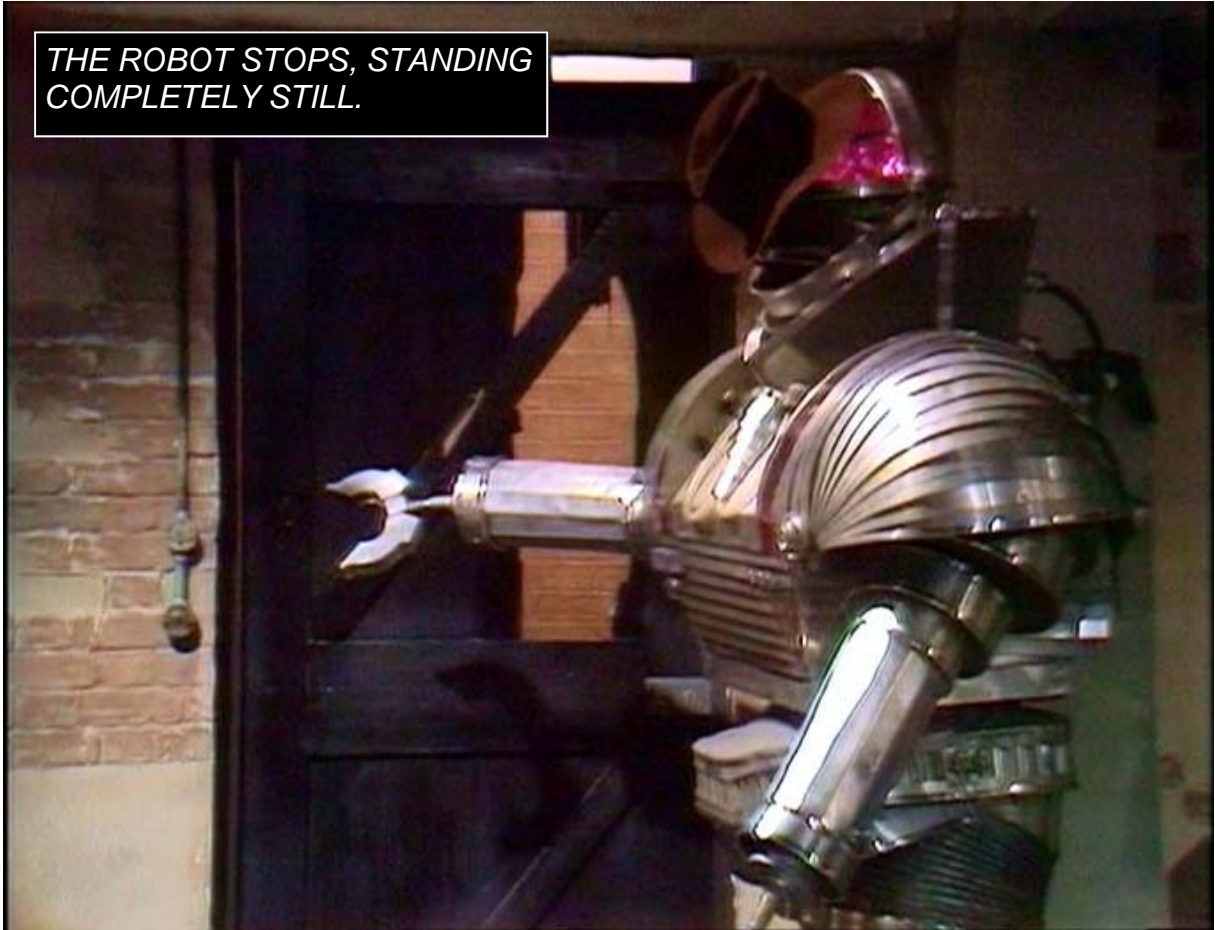


*NOTHING SEEMS USEFUL TO
STOP THE ROBOT...*



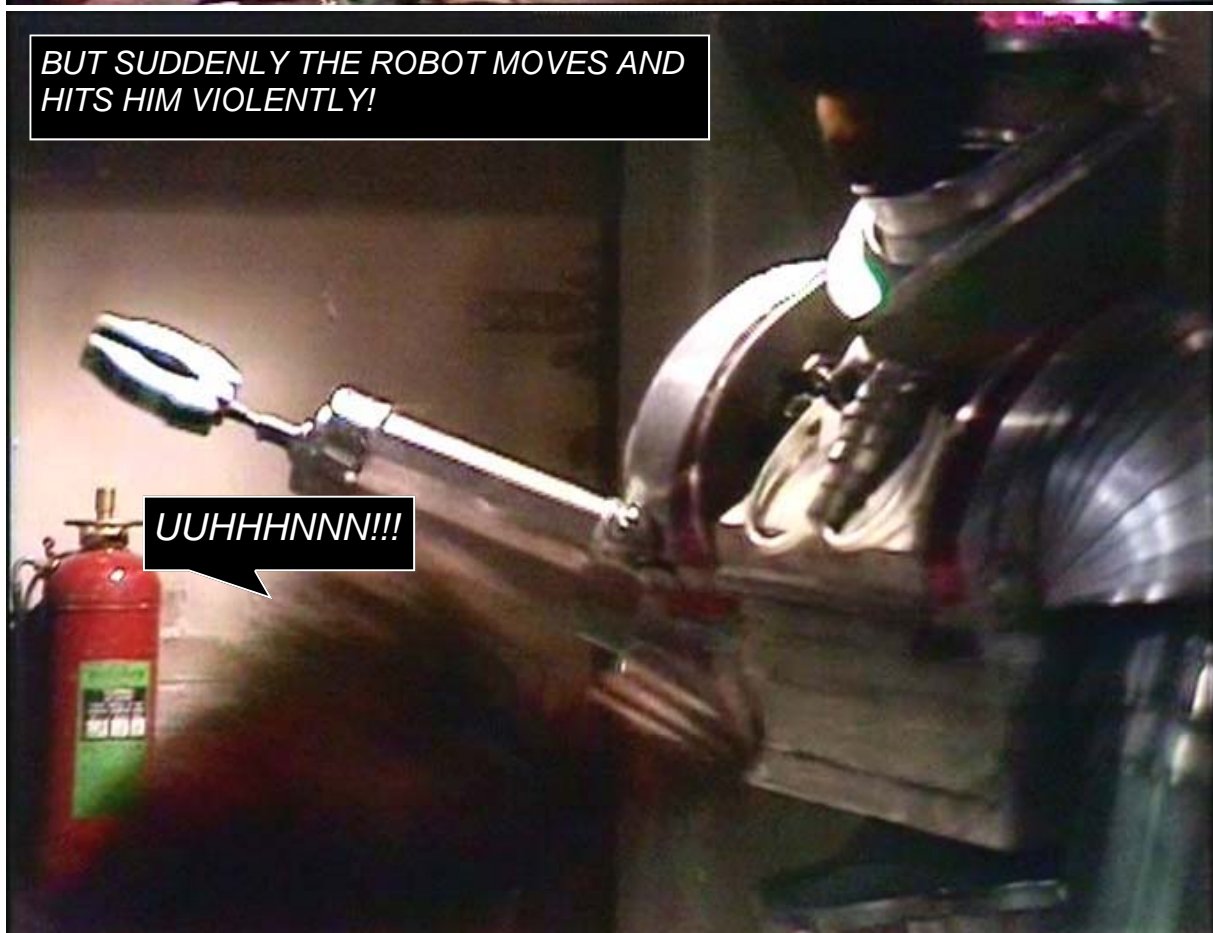
*...UNTIL THE DOCTOR PUTS HIS
HAT ON ITS EYES.*

*THE ROBOT STOPS, STANDING
COMPLETELY STILL.*



*EVEN THE DOCTOR DID NOT
EXPECT THAT WORKING...*





*THE DOCTOR FALLS UNCONSCIOUS, WHILE
THE ROBOT GETS CLOSE TO KILL HIM...*



TO BE CONTINUED