



*A STRANGE FEELING... AS IF ONE OF
THE DUMMIES COULD MOVE.*



NOT ONLY A FEELING!!!



*THE DUMMY'S HAND HIDES
A WEAPON.*

A NEAR HIT FOR RANSOME.



HE SUCCEEDS TO ESCAPE OUT.



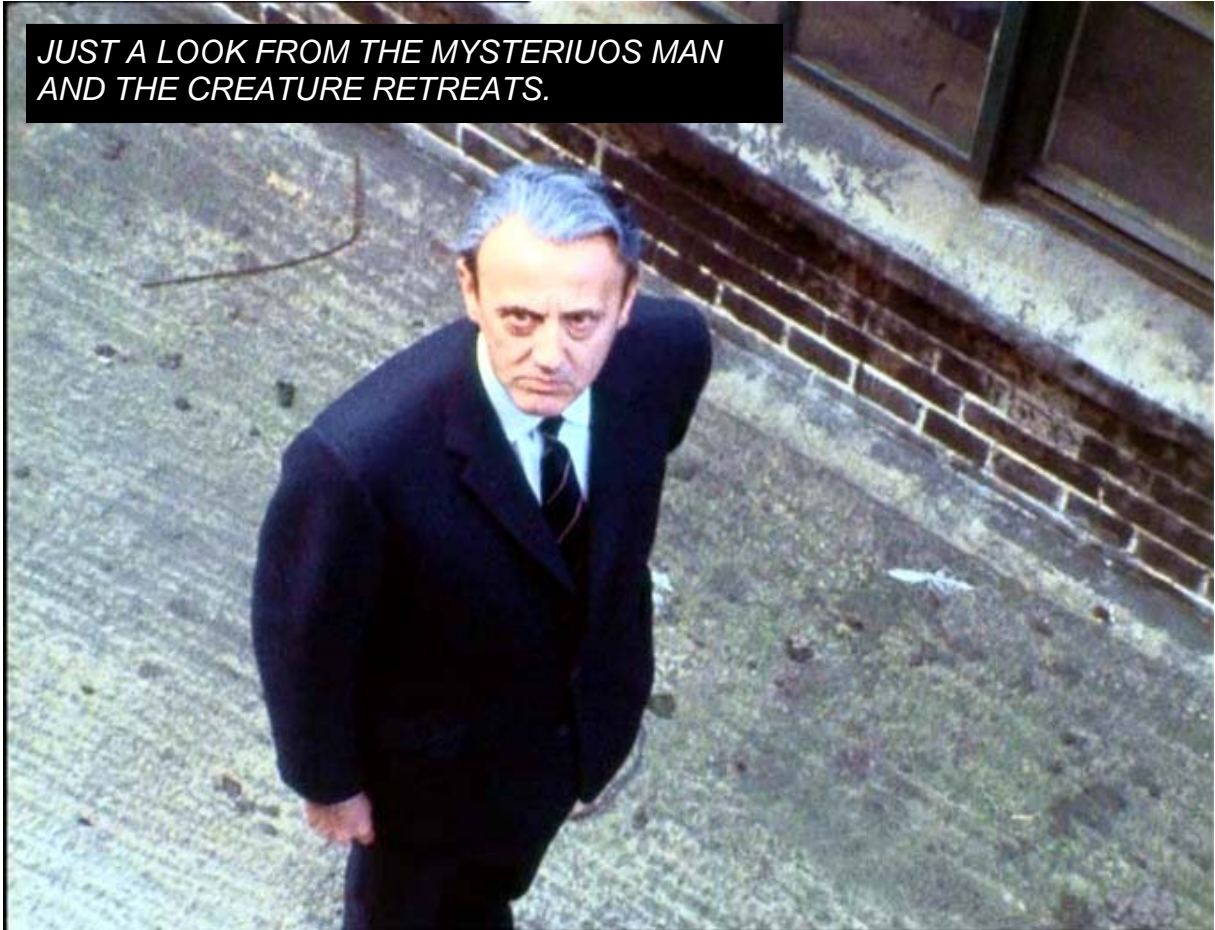


THE CREATURE IS STILL
AFTER HIM.



BUT IT'S FORCED TO STOP BY SOME
PEOPLE'S ARRIVAL.

JUST A LOOK FROM THE MYSTERIOUS MAN
AND THE CREATURE RETREATS.



RANSOME IS SAFE.

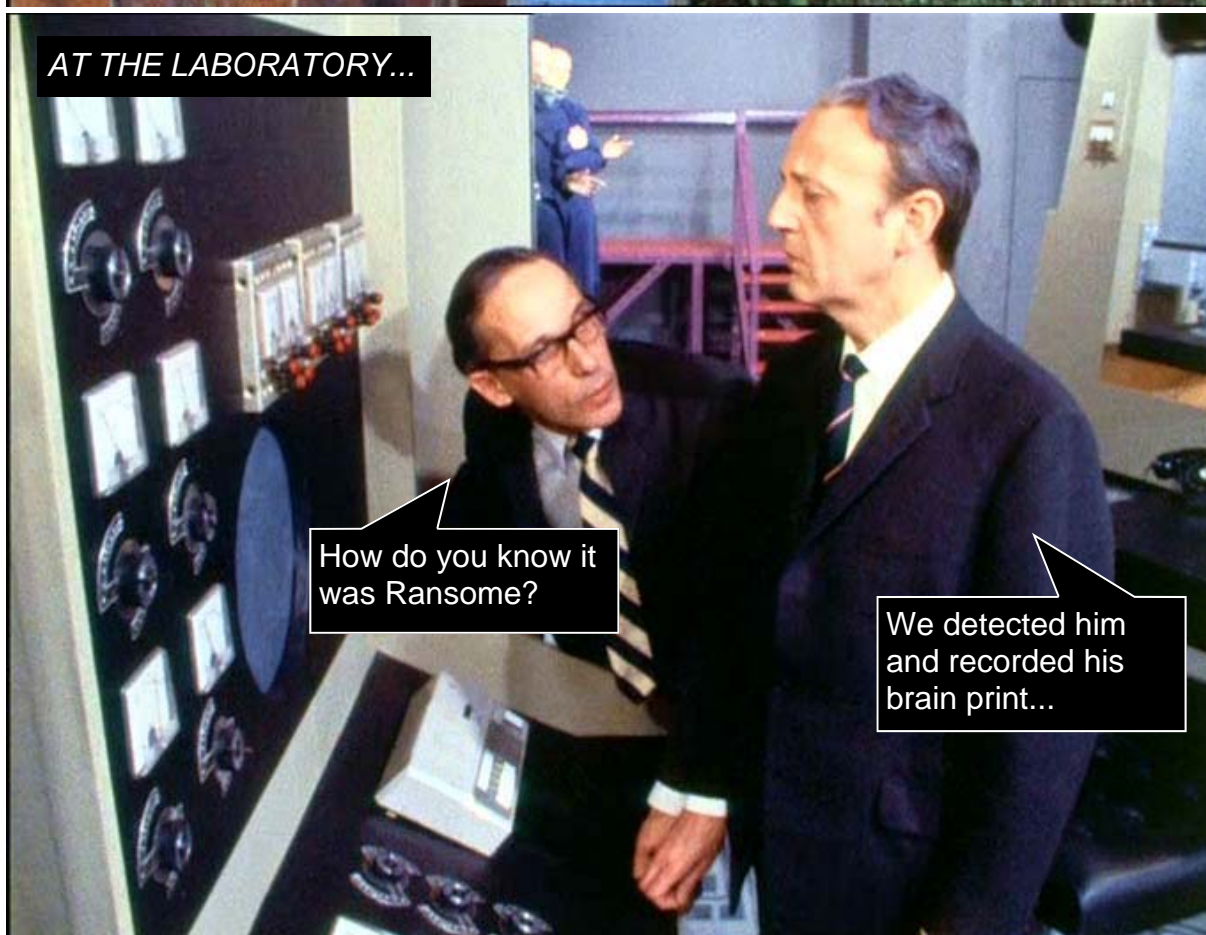




RANSOME GETS OUT.

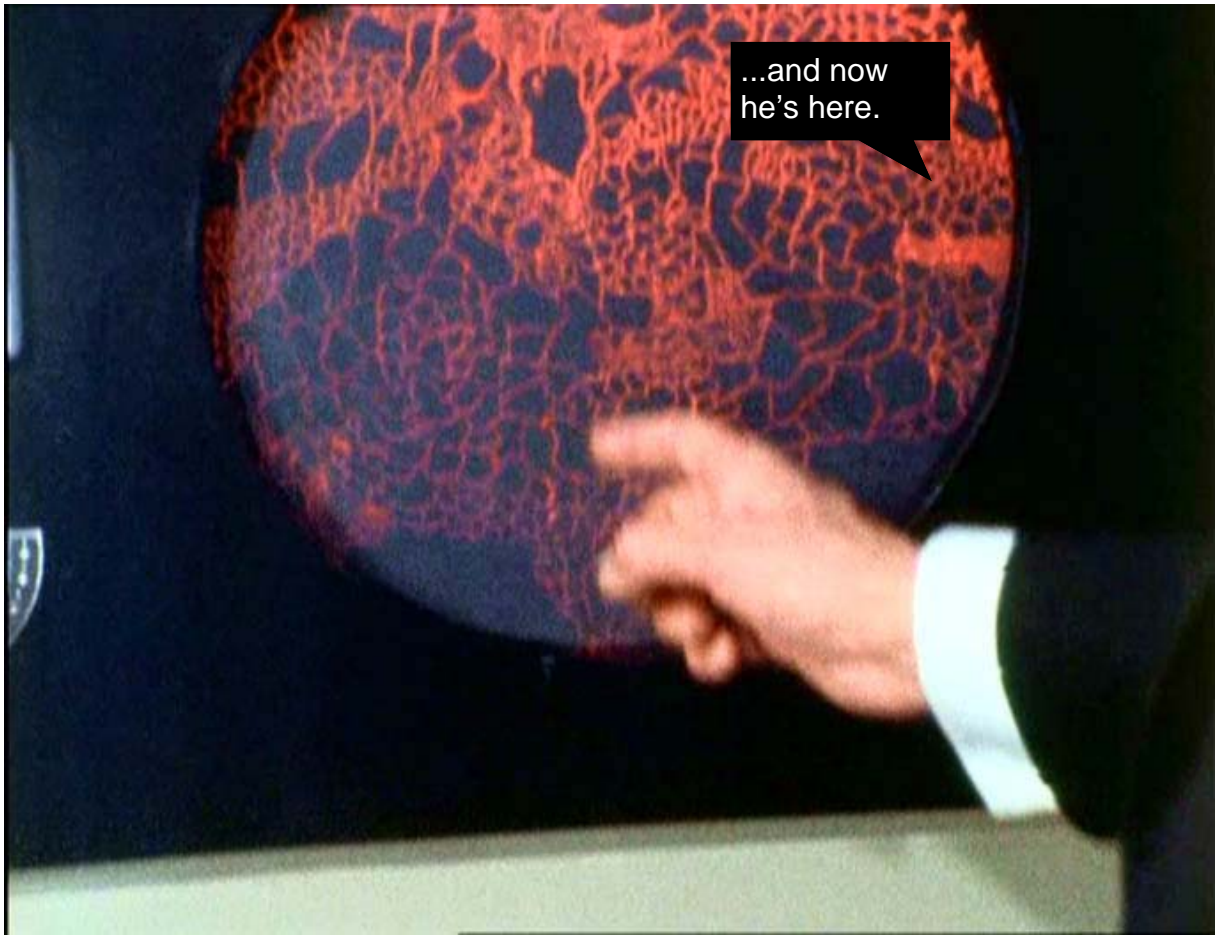


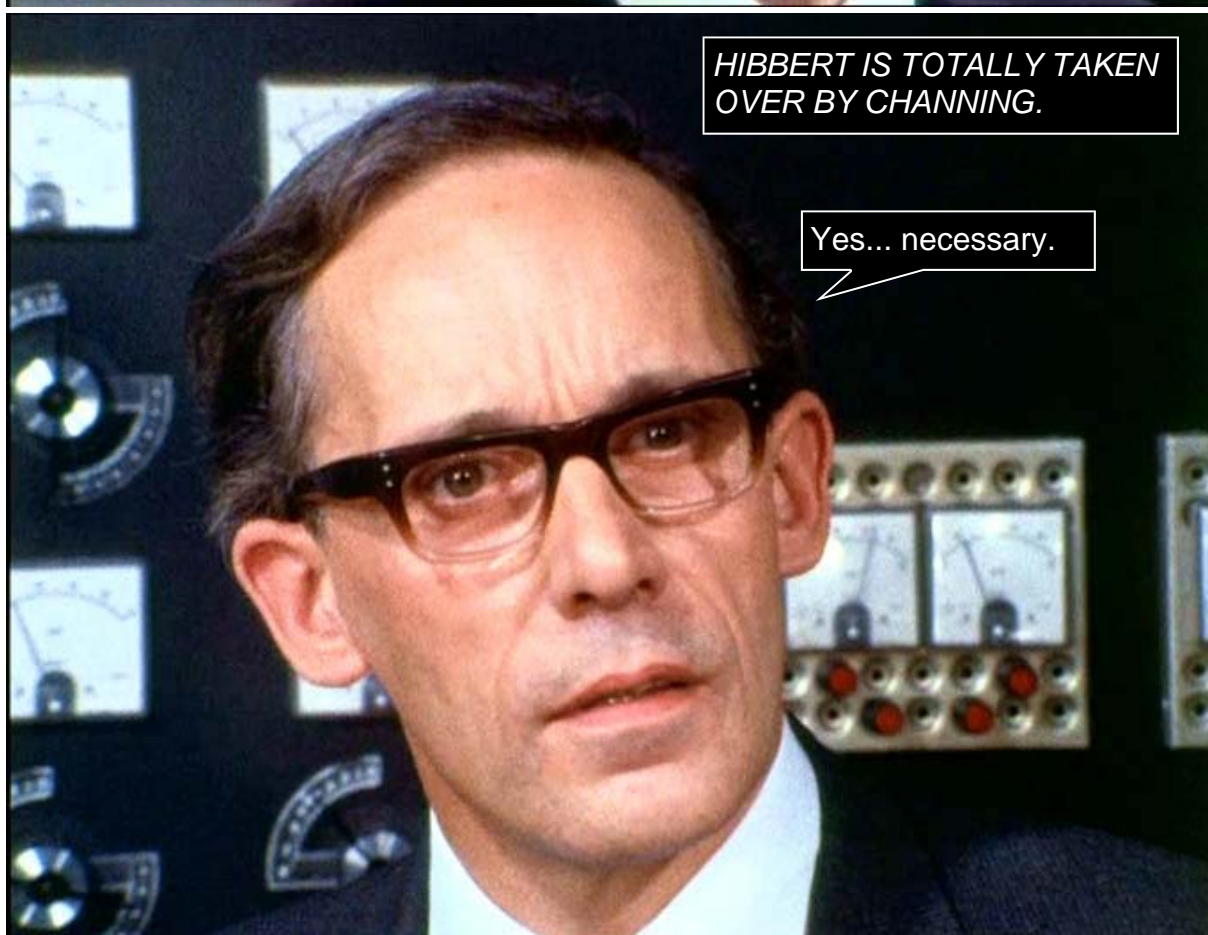
AT THE LABORATORY...



How do you know it was Ransome?

We detected him and recorded his brain print...







*THE POACHER'S WIFE IS
WORRIED.*

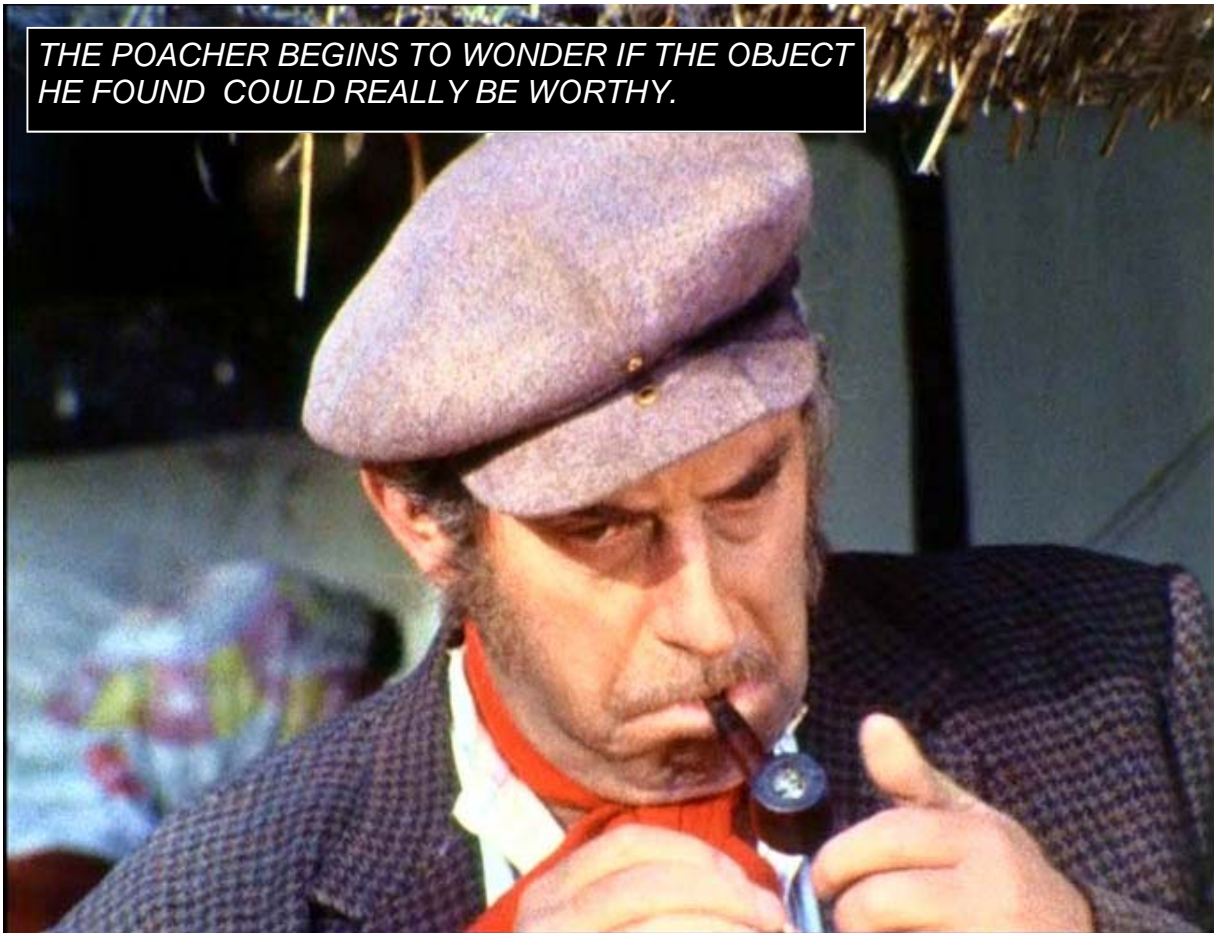
Just seen soldiers...
They said they found
one. That's how that
poor fellow got killed.

Just a car
accident...

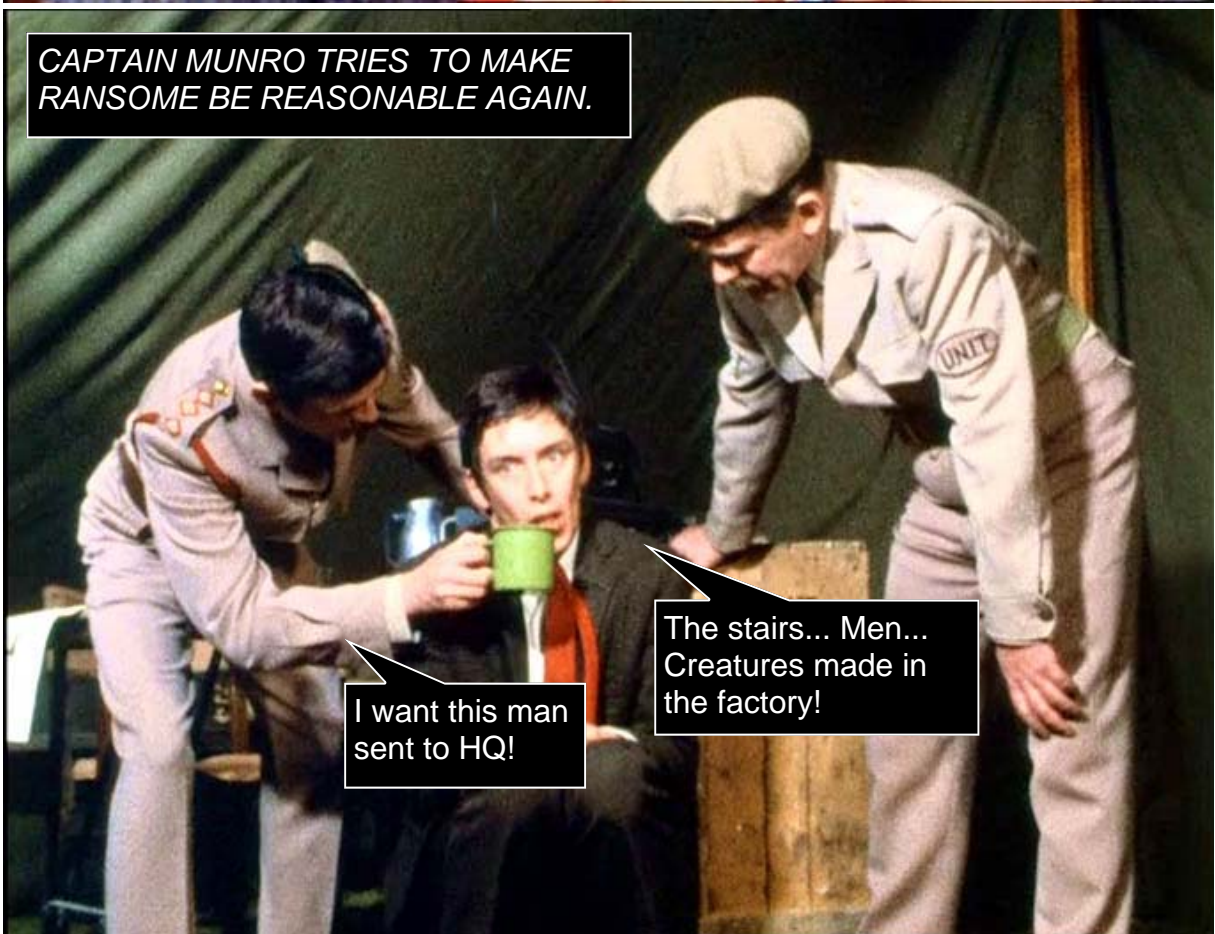
The constable said the
boy's face was terrible.
Something must have
frightened him...

You're very
fanciful, Meg...

THE POACHER BEGINS TO WONDER IF THE OBJECT HE FOUND COULD REALLY BE WORTHY.

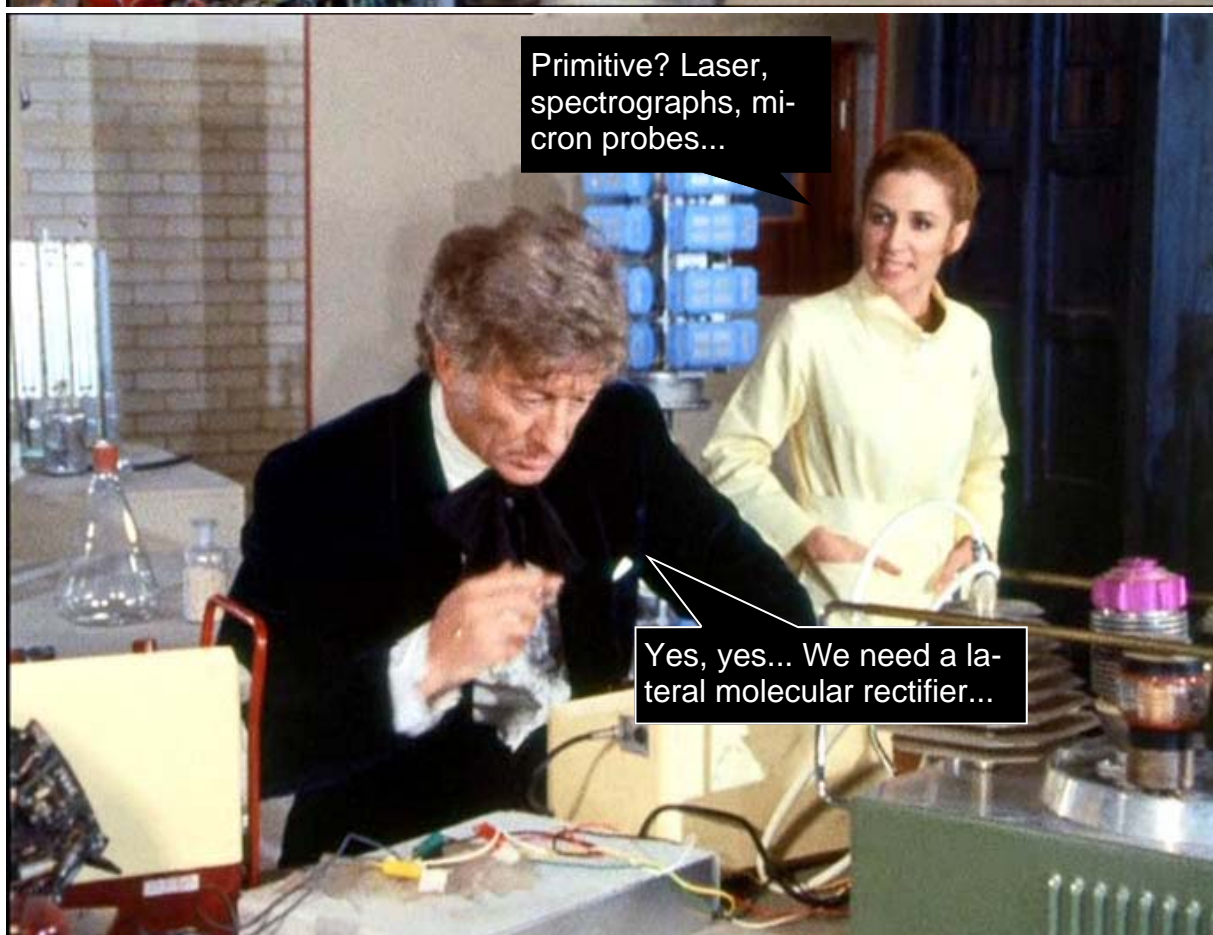
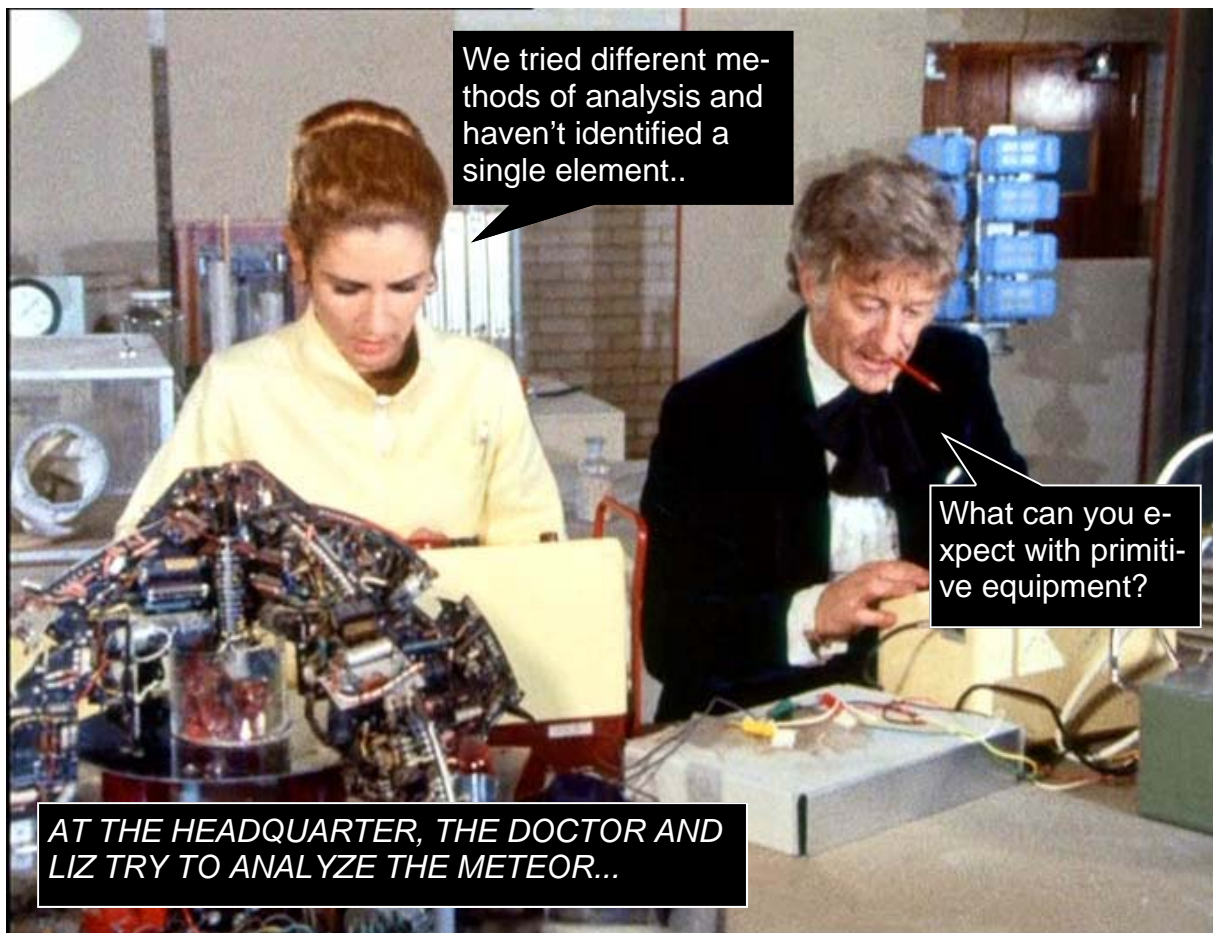


CAPTAIN MUNRO TRIES TO MAKE RANSOME BE REASONABLE AGAIN.

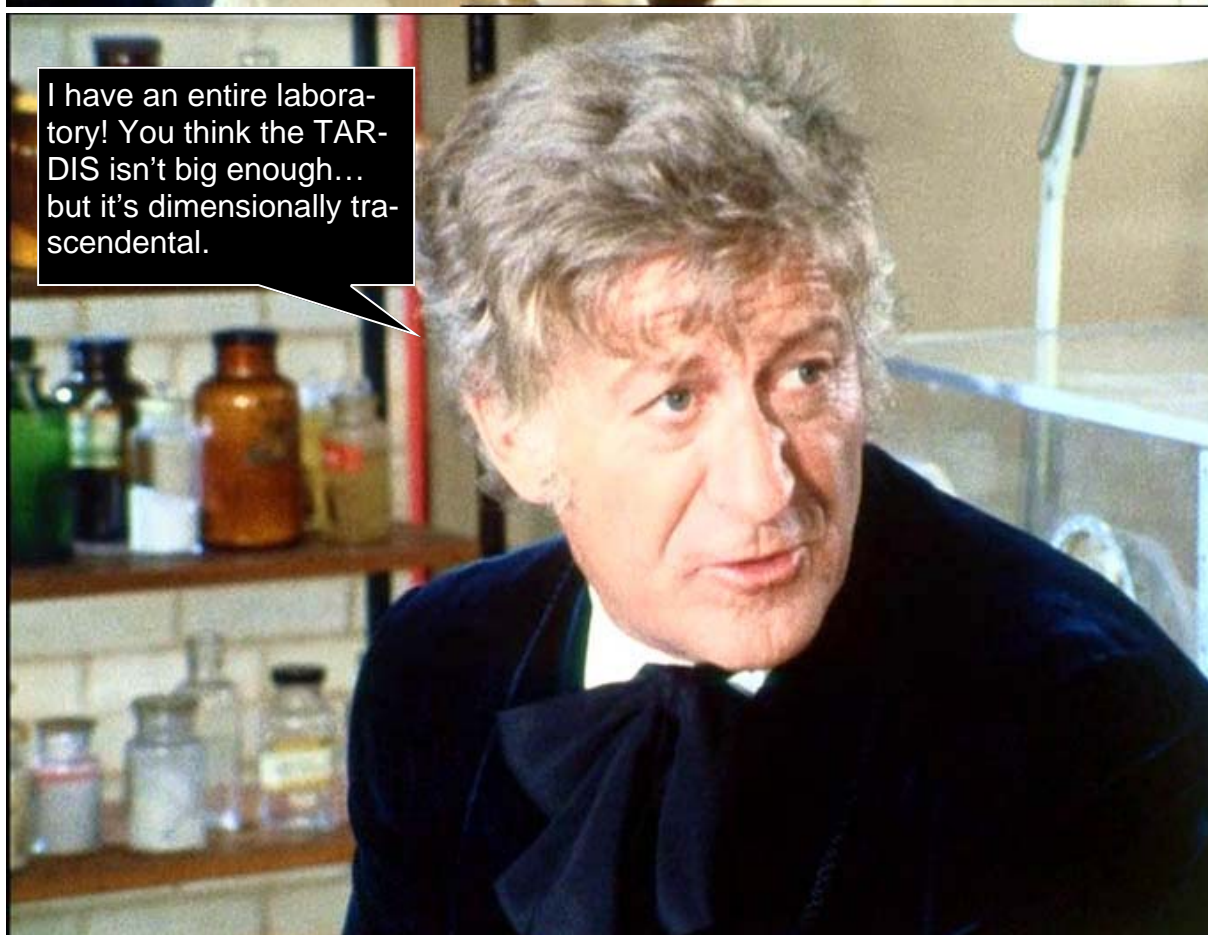


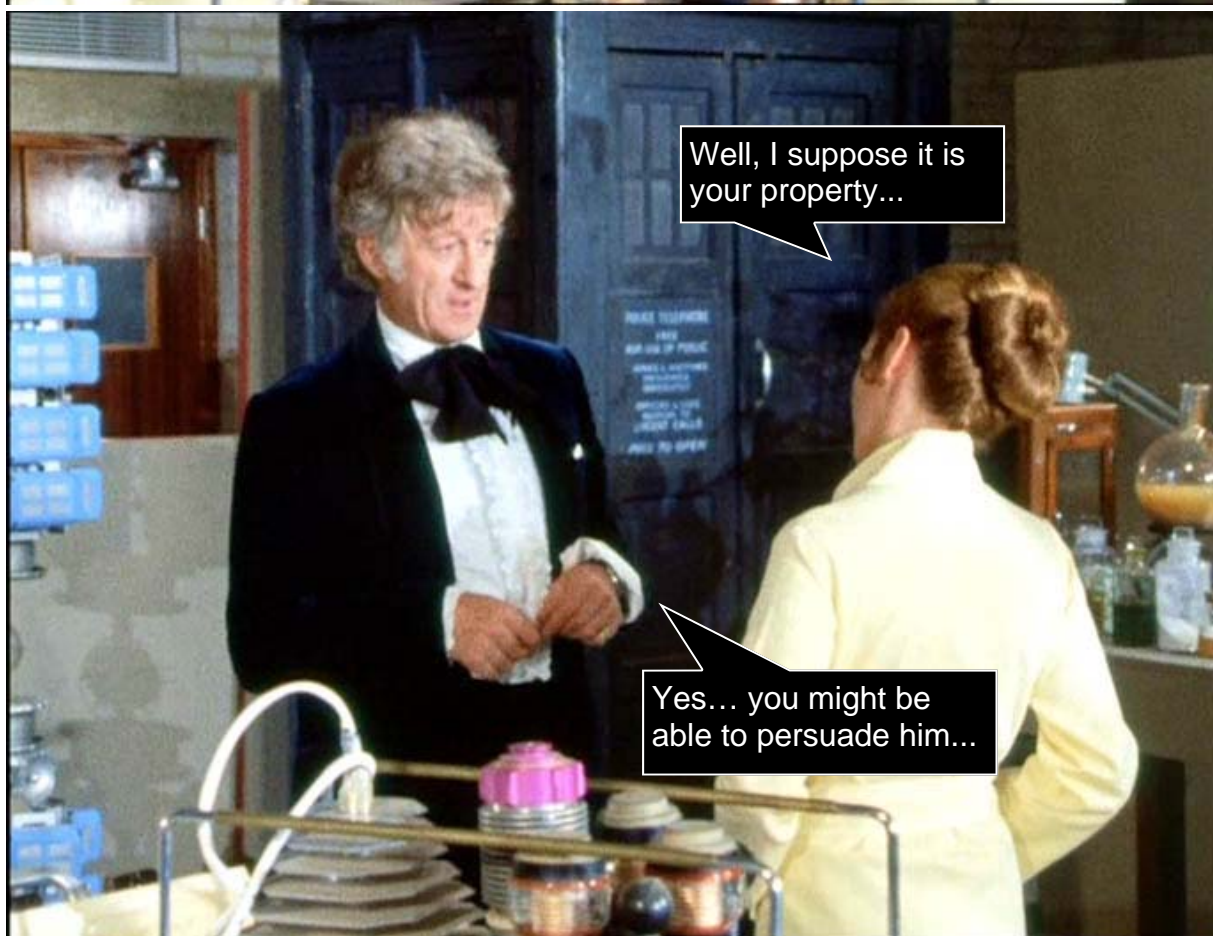
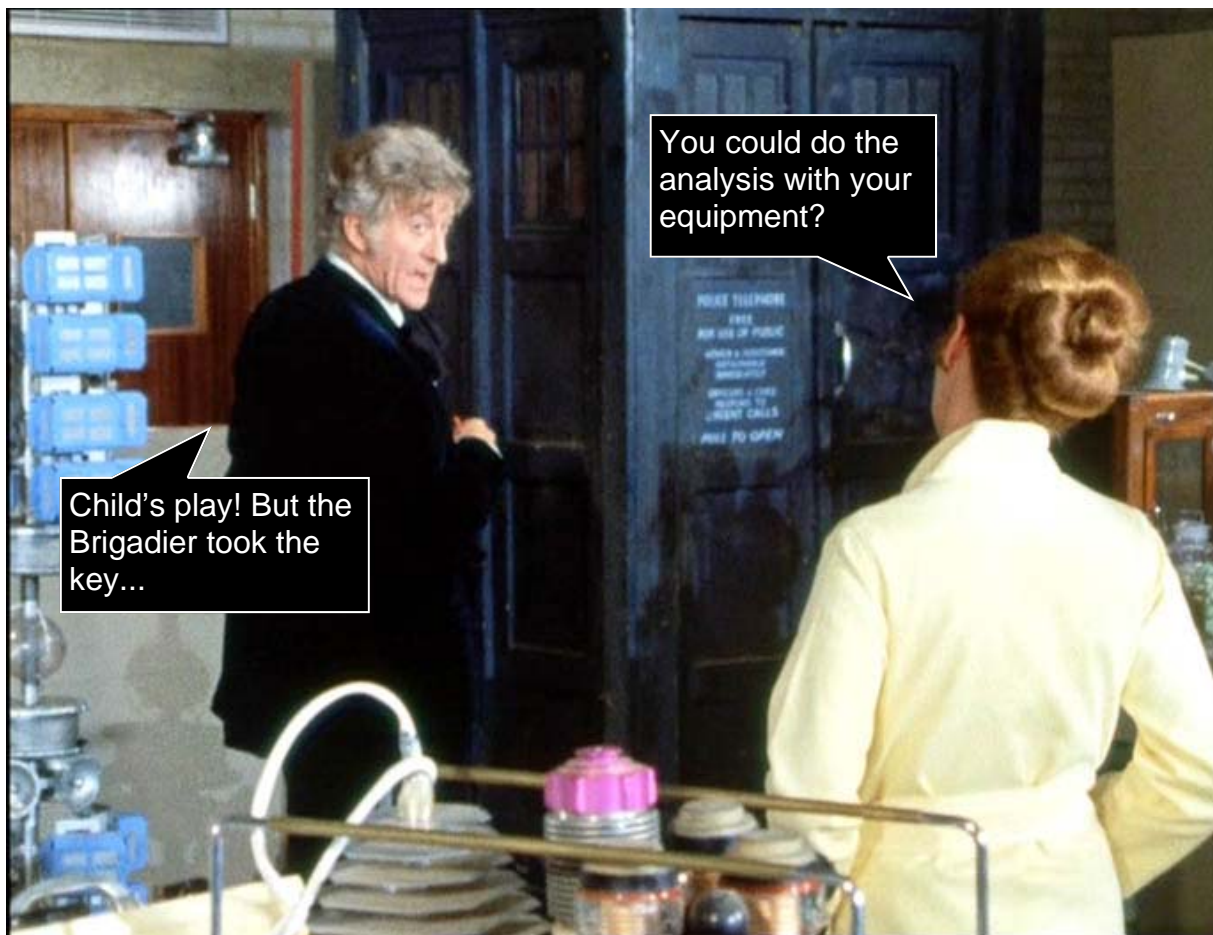
I want this man sent to HQ!

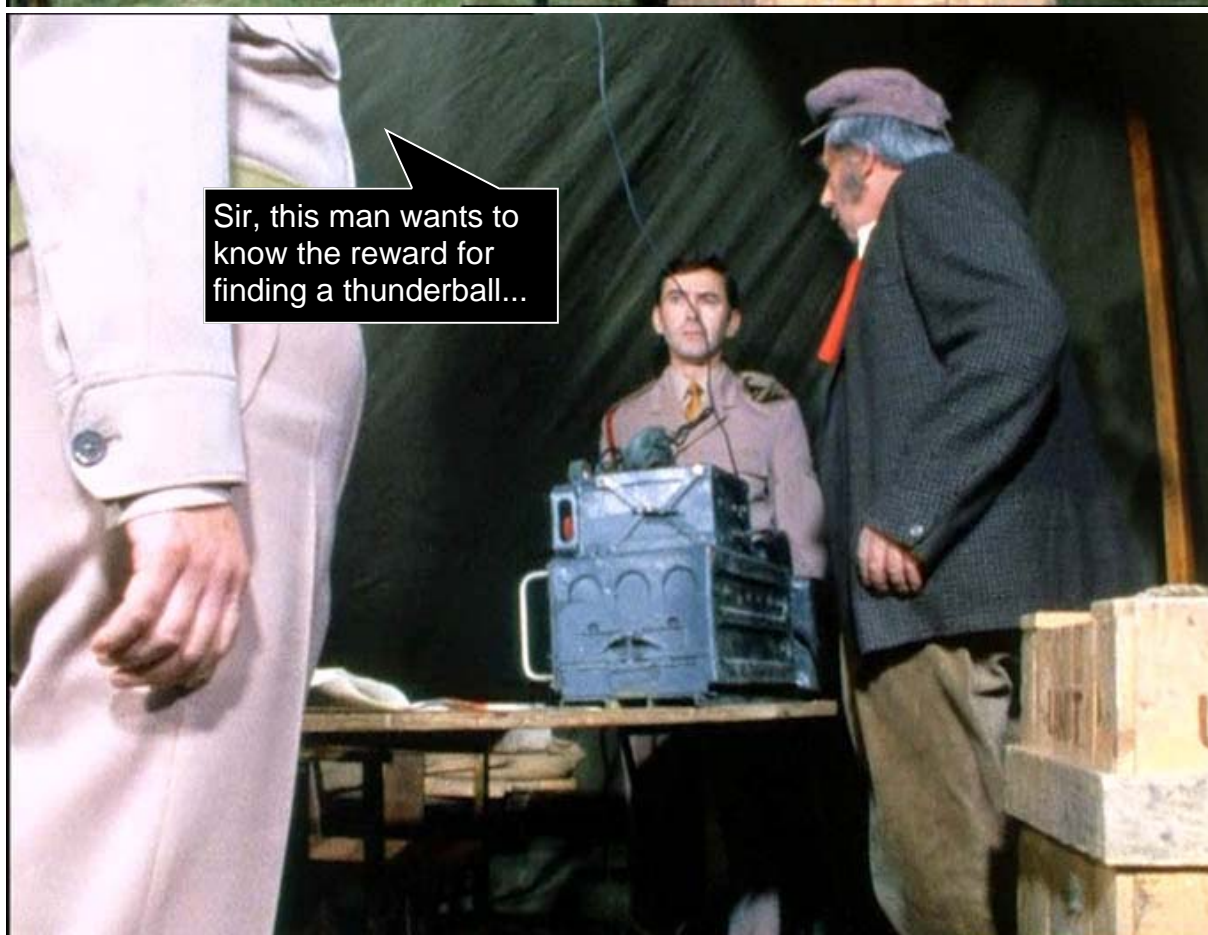
The stairs... Men... Creatures made in the factory!

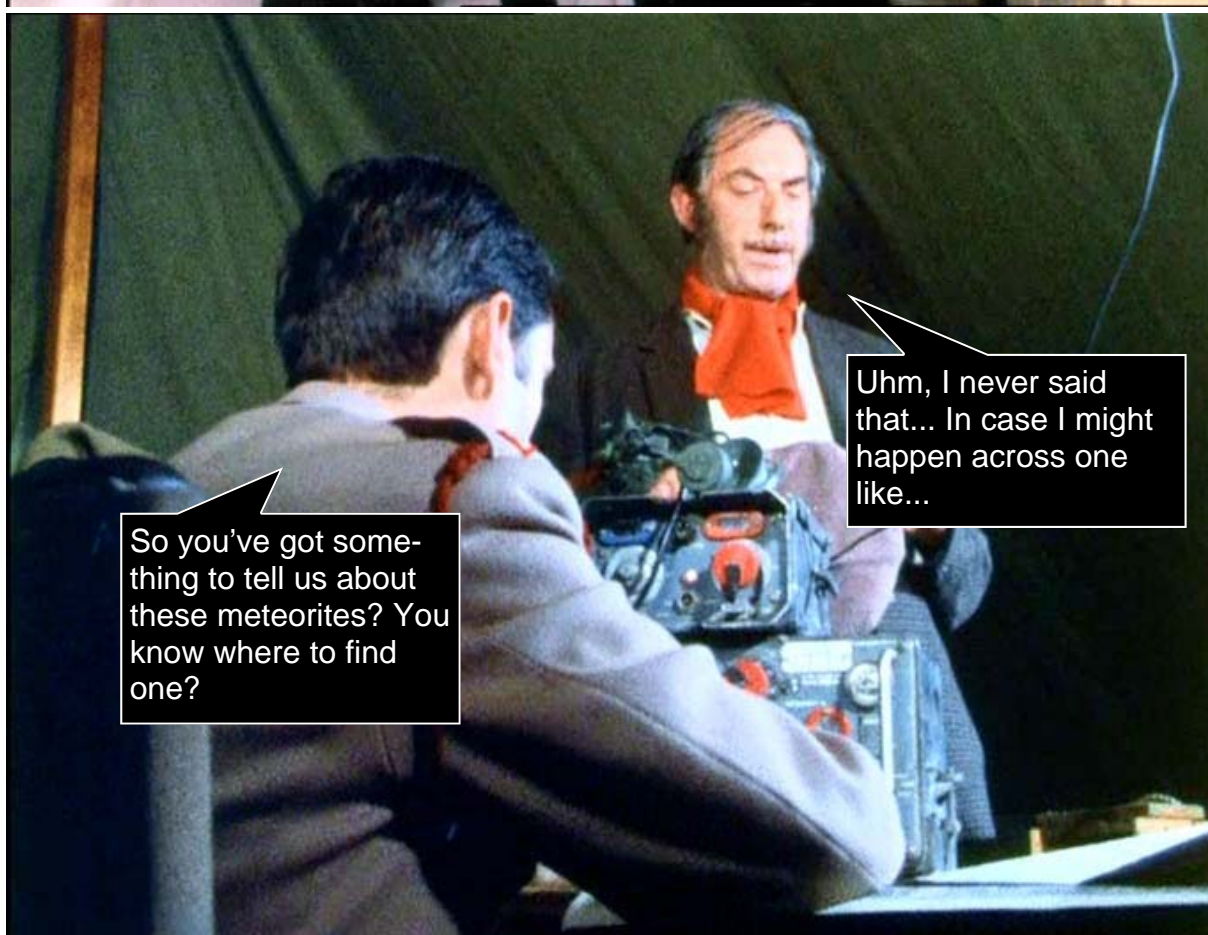






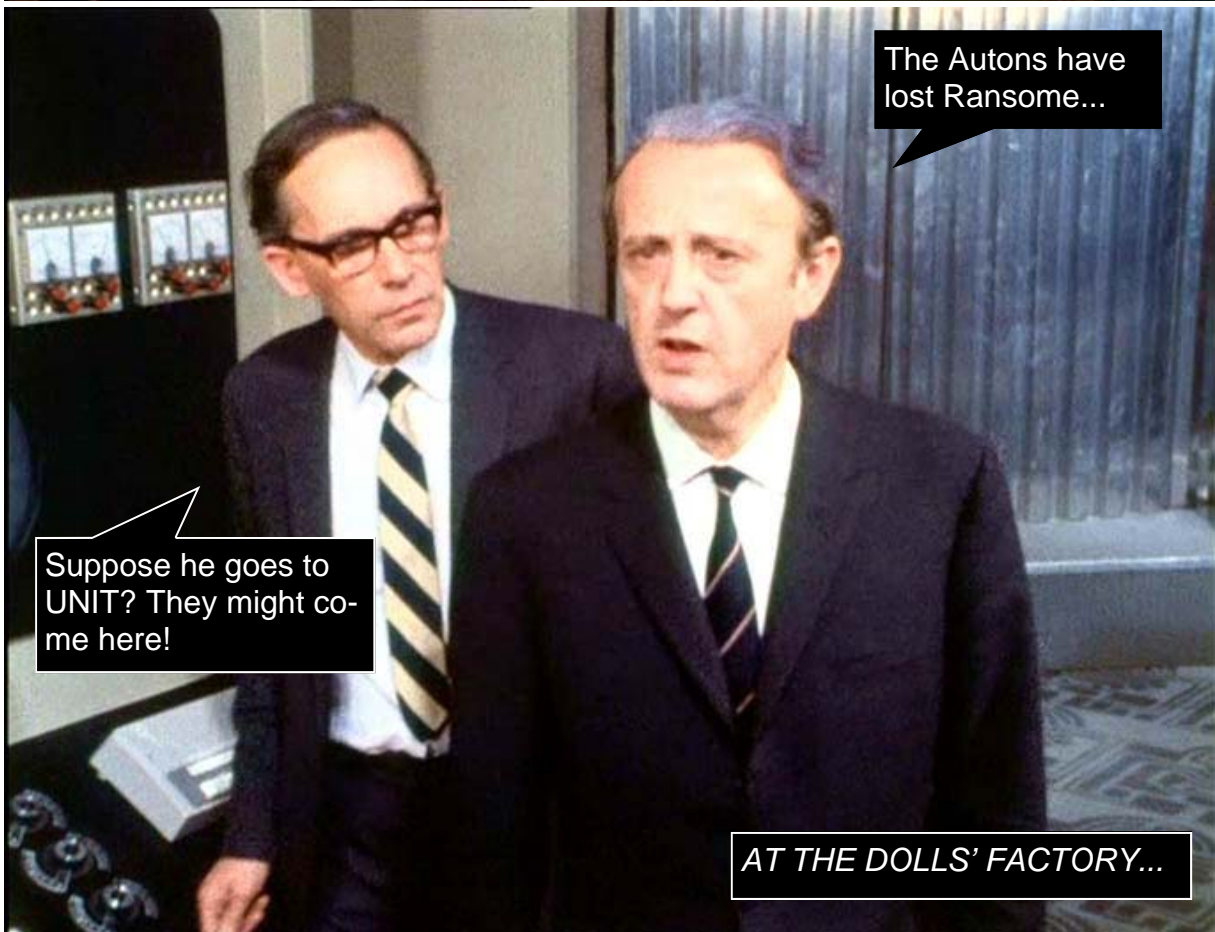








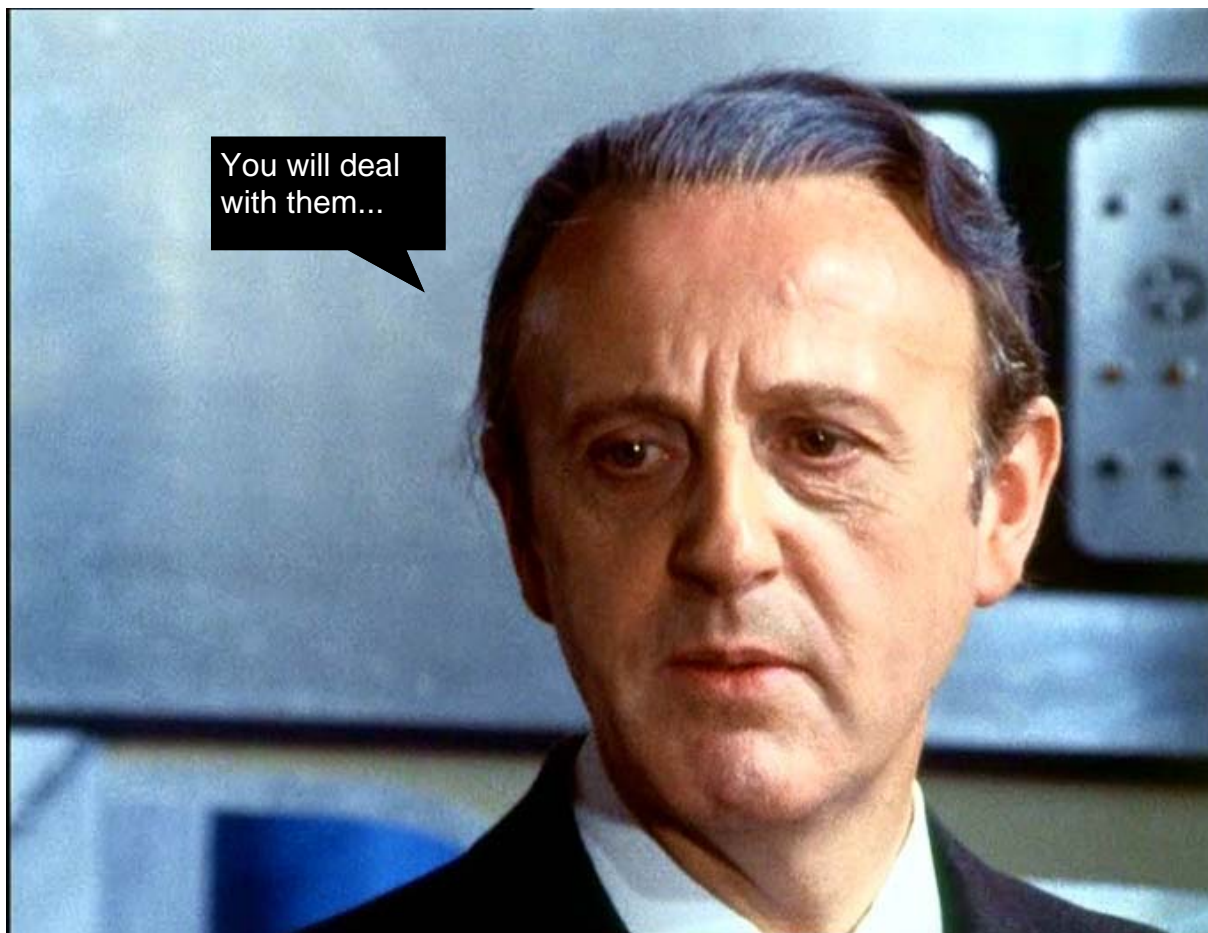
Did you see any of them land? Mr Seeley, I want the truth!



The Autons have lost Ransome...

Suppose he goes to UNIT? They might come here!

AT THE DOLLS' FACTORY...





If he returns, the Autons will track him down and destroy him...



RANSOME IS TELLING HIS HISTORY TO AN ASTONISHED BRIGADIER...

...the face was made of plastic! Made in the factory...

Why do you say that...?



There was a whole line of them. They were exactly all the same.



Can I have a word with you? It is rather important...

Miss Shaw, I'm busy now... Your work here is part of one big exercise. You have to be patient.

LIZ ENTERS THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE...



WHILE THE BRIGADIER IS DISTRACTED,
LIZ PICKS UP THE KEY...

...you should see
the hole it blasted
in the wall!

This didn't attract
anybody's attenti-
no?

... AND GETS OUT.

There was no one in that
part of the factory... they
seemde to have sacked
alla the workers. It's com-
pletely automated now.



I agree with you, sir but it's happened!

You have been six months in America... Similar steps do not occur overnight, do they?



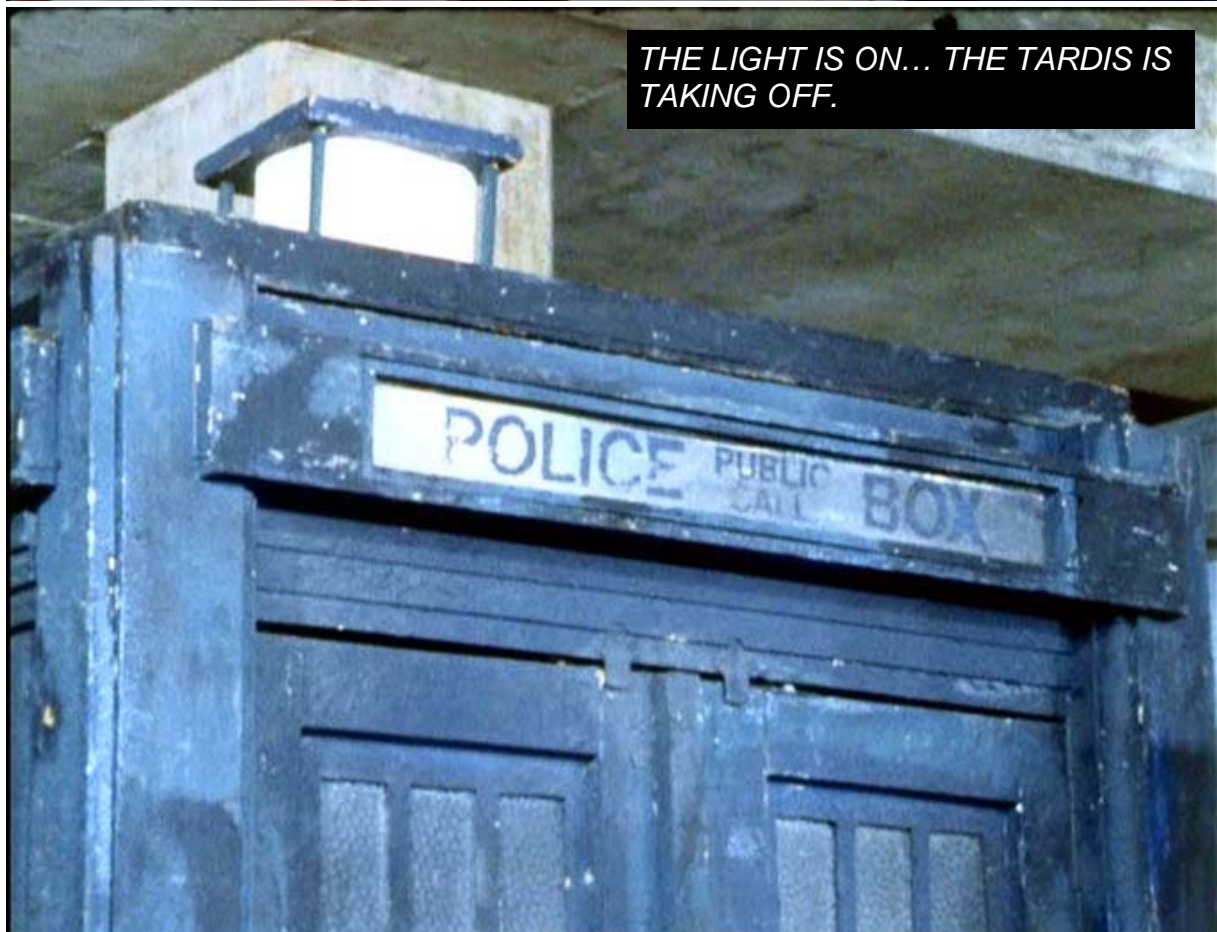
He's going to be awfully cross with you...

LIZ HAS GIVEN THE KEY BACK TO THE DOCTOR.

If you're quick, he might not even miss it...



THE DOCTOR OPENS AND LOCKS HIMSELF IN THE TARDIS. SOON AFTER COMES THE BRIGADIER.



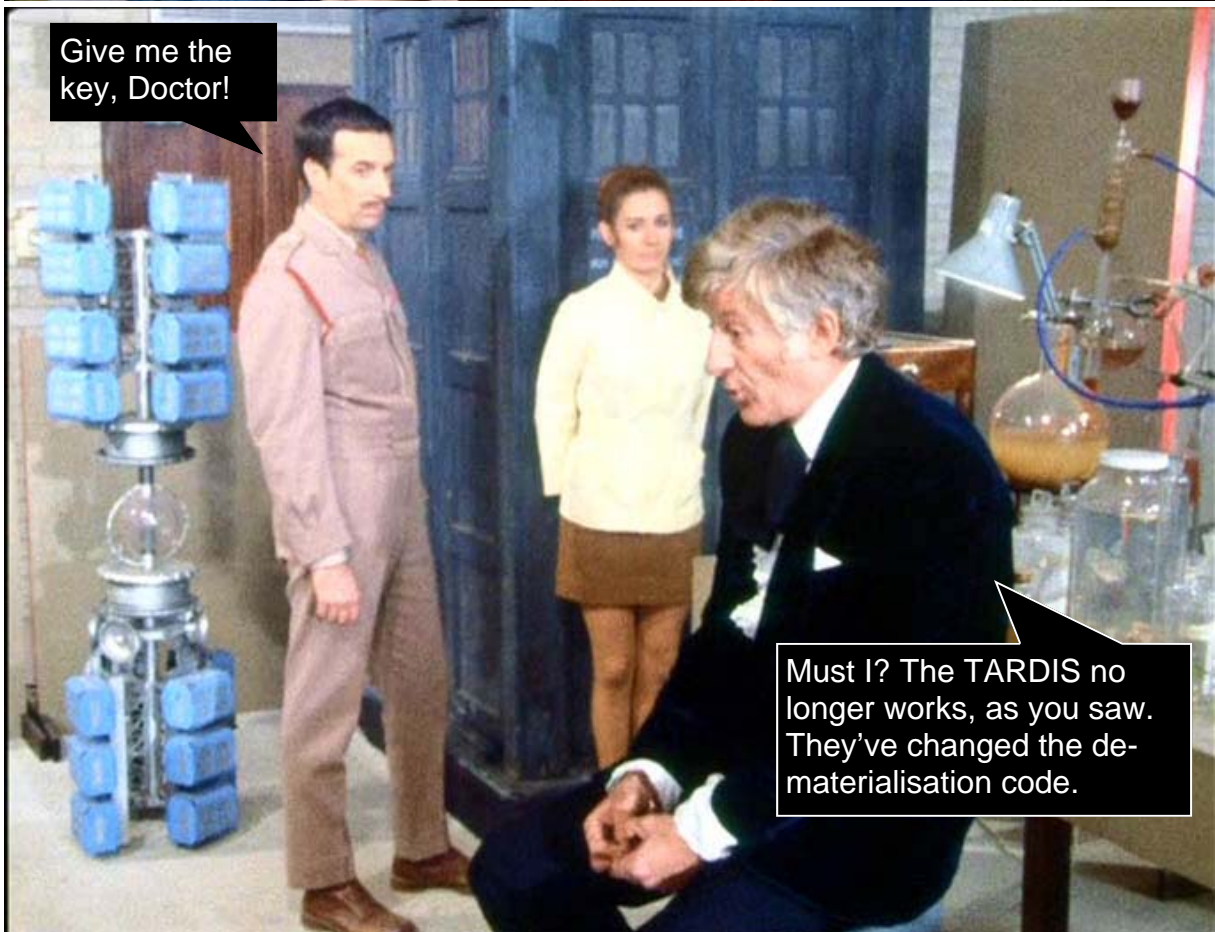
BUT THE ENGINES MAKE A STRANGE NOISE AND SMOKE COMES OUT... THE DOCTOR IS FORCED TO GIVE UP.

Ehmmmm... Just testing the engines...

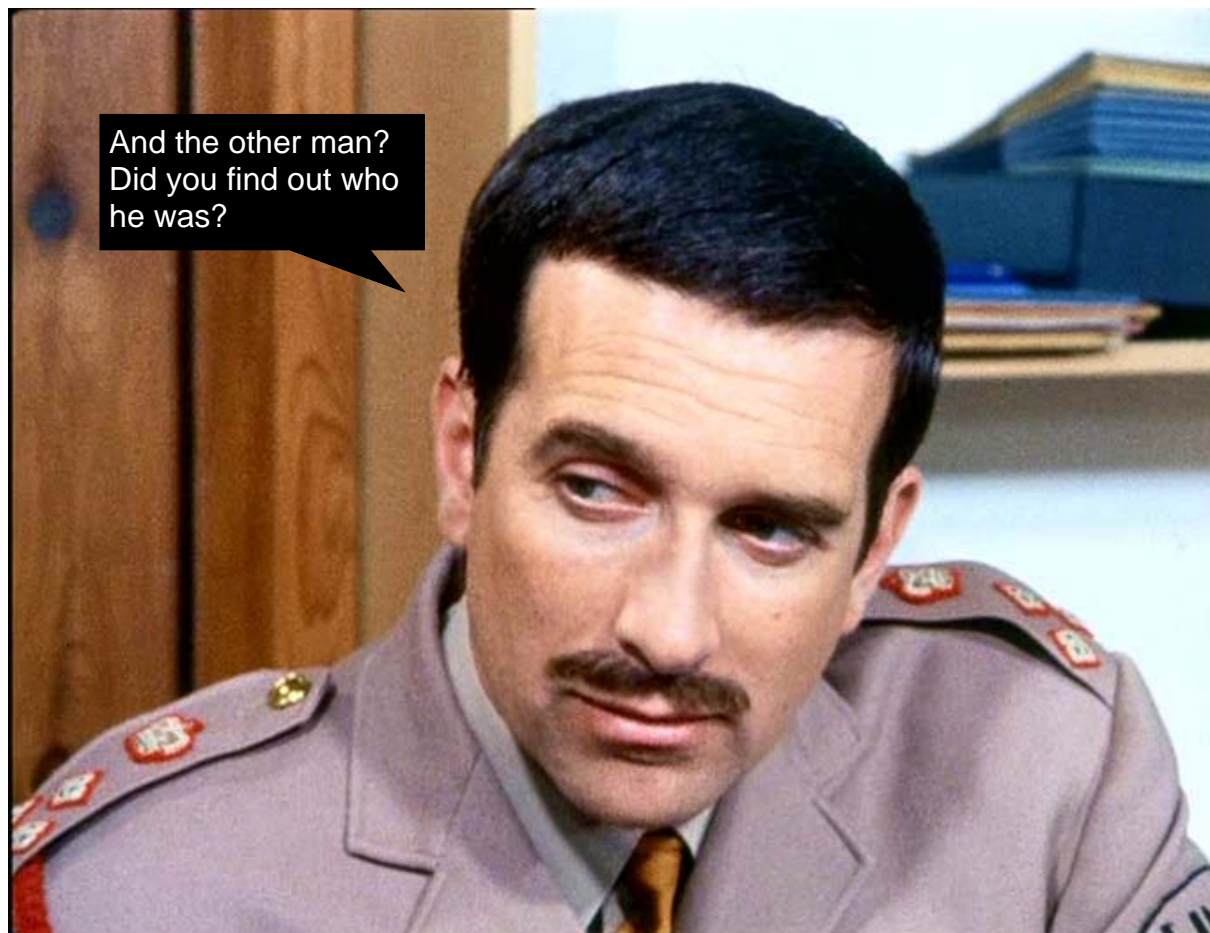


Doctor, you tricked me...









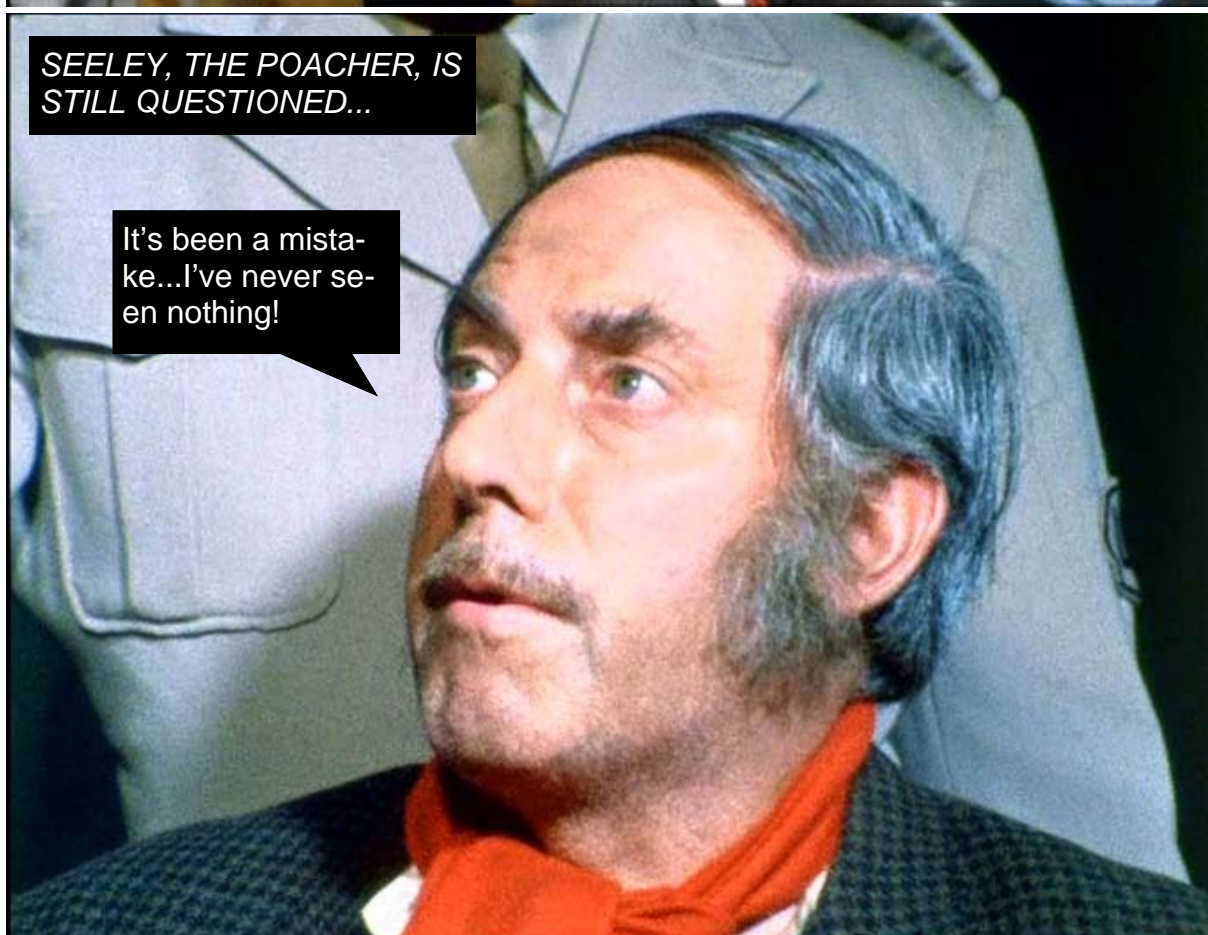
And the other man?
Did you find out who
he was?



His name is Channing...
He seemed to have so-
me sort of mental hold
on George... almost as
he was hypnotised.



Brigadier, a visit to that plastic factory would be in order, don't you think?



SEELEY, THE POACHER, IS STILL QUESTIONED...

It's been a mistake...I've never seen nothing!



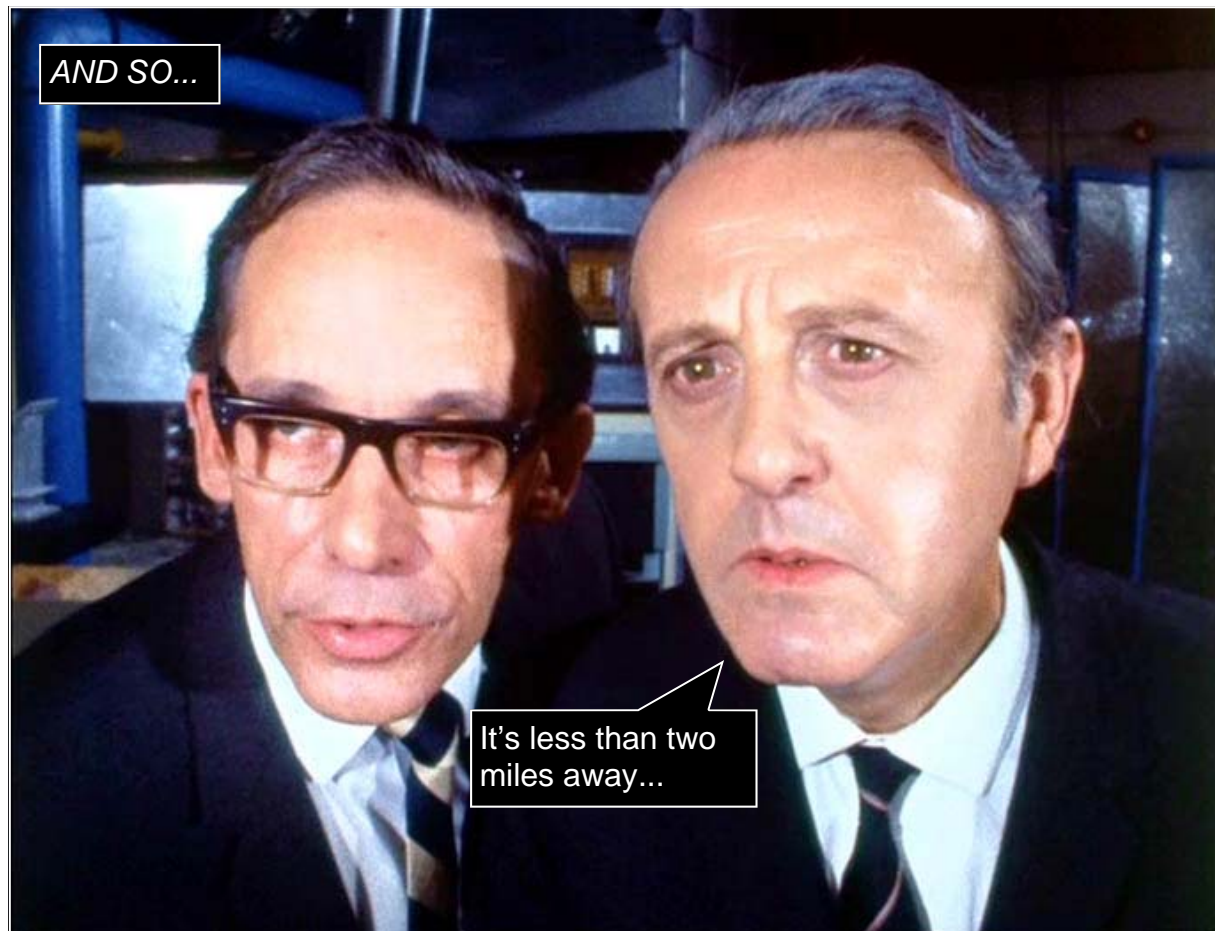


WHAT COULD BE SO WORTHY?



SHE DID NOT EXPECT A THING
LIKE THAT...

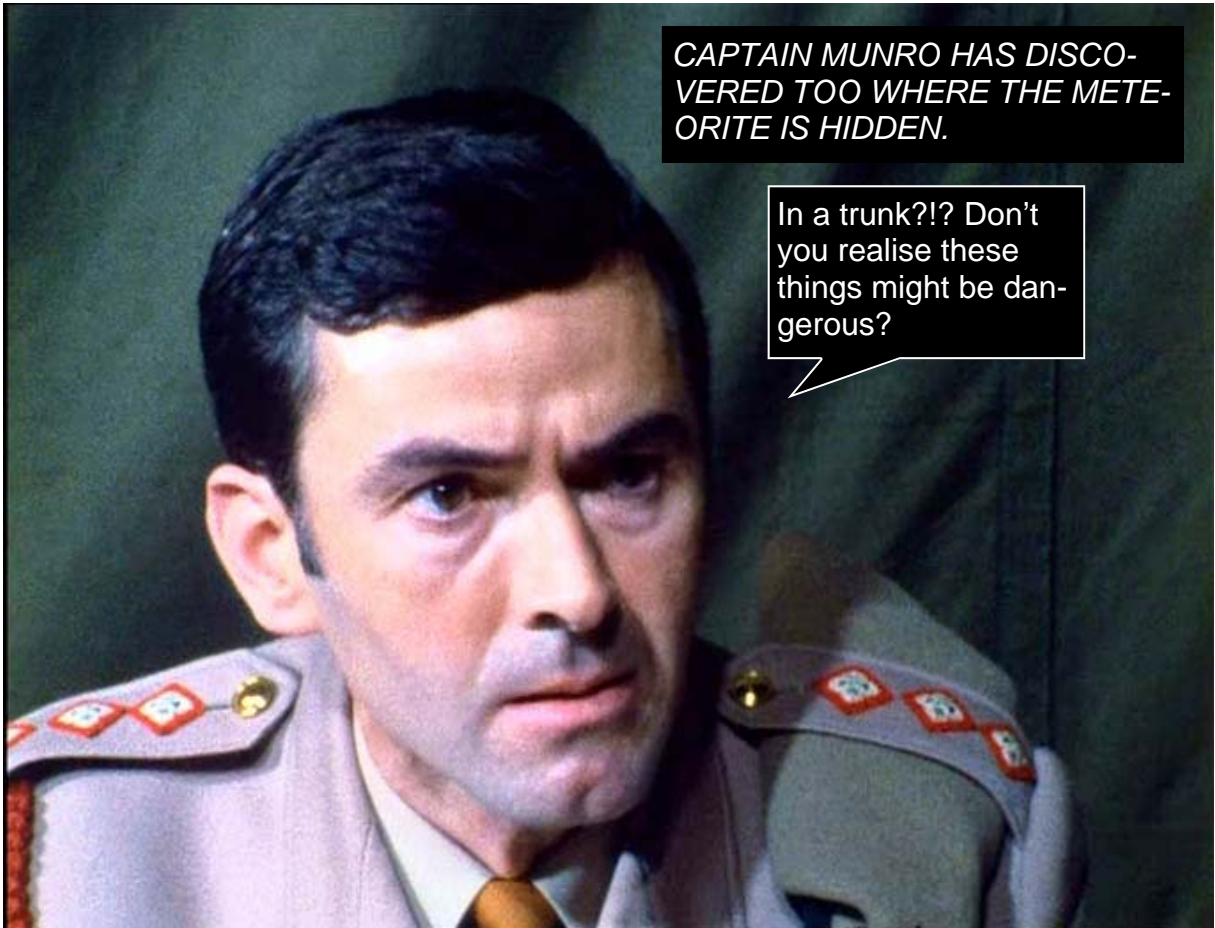




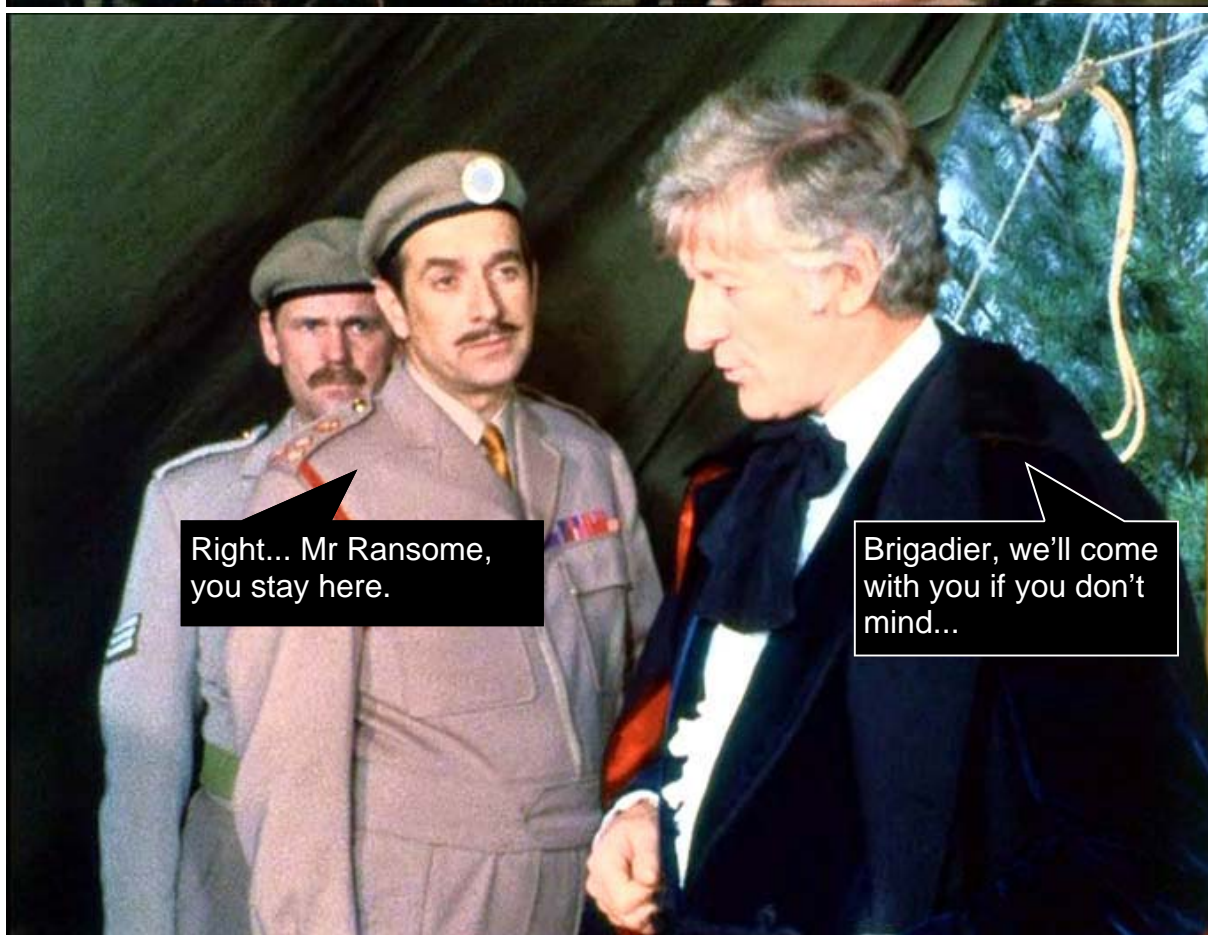
*THE METEORITE'S SIGNAL LEADS TO
A COUNTRY COTTAGE.*



CAPTAIN MUNRO HAS DISCOVERED TOO WHERE THE METEORITE IS HIDDEN.



In a trunk?!? Don't you realise these things might be dangerous?



THE OLD LADY PUTS BACK THE BOX...



SHE SUDDENLY HEARS A BIG NOISE COMING FROM THE HOUSE...





WORDS ARE USELESS.



OOOOHHH!!!



THE OLD LADY RUNS, AND THE
AUTON IS AFTER HER.



IN THE WAREHOUSE THERE'S NOT
ONLY THAT BOX...

Get out of here or I'll
blow a hole in you!



*OBVIOUSLY TWO SHOTS ARE
FIRED...*



*BUT IT'S DIFFICULT TO
HURT A PLASTIC BEING...*





The signal is muffled...
Search!!!



IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO GET
RID OF THE OLD LADY...

*THERE'S ONLY THE METEORITE
TO PICK UP.*



*BUT THE BRIGADIER AND THE
OTHERS ARE THERE.*





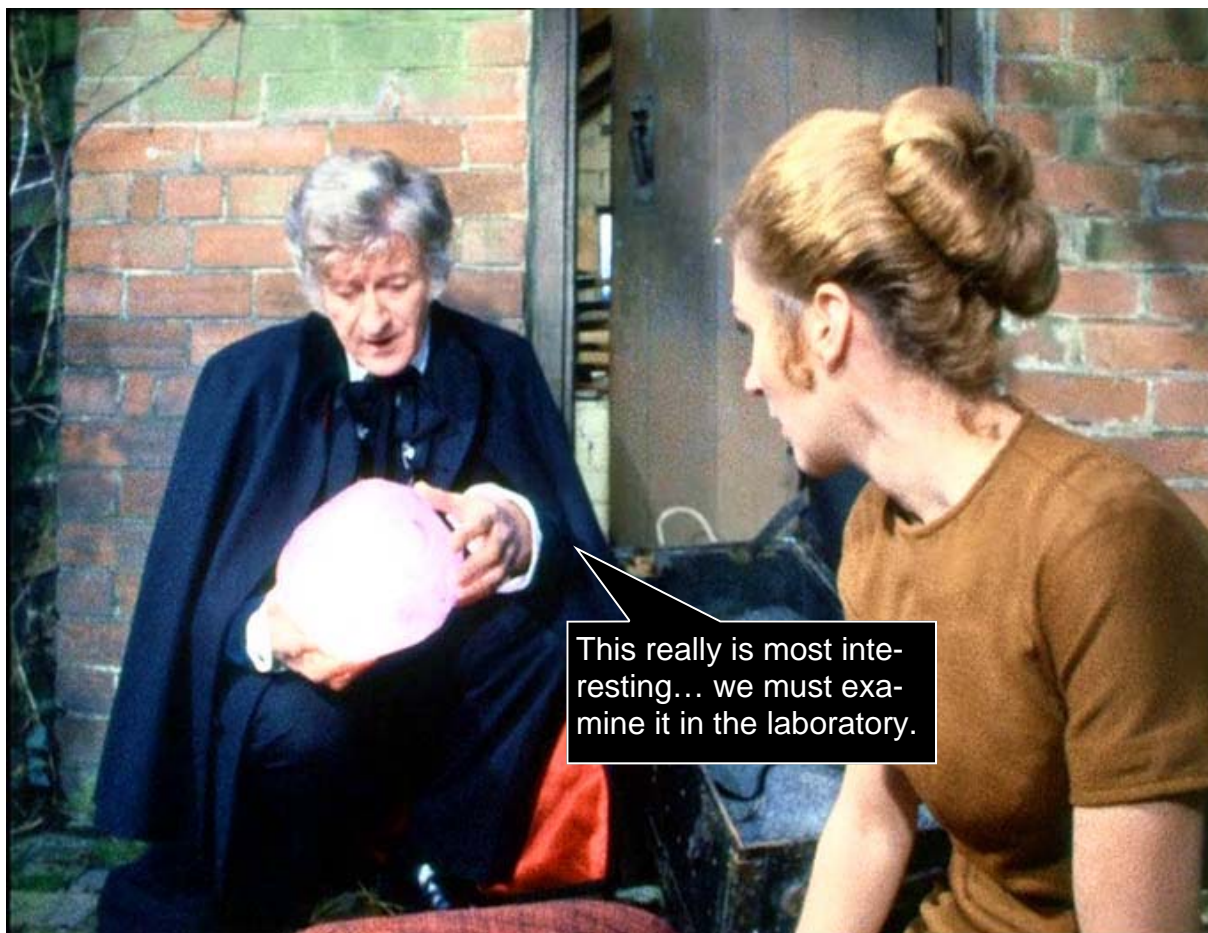
THE AUTON RUNS AWAY.



THE BRIGADIER CAN'T INSIST.





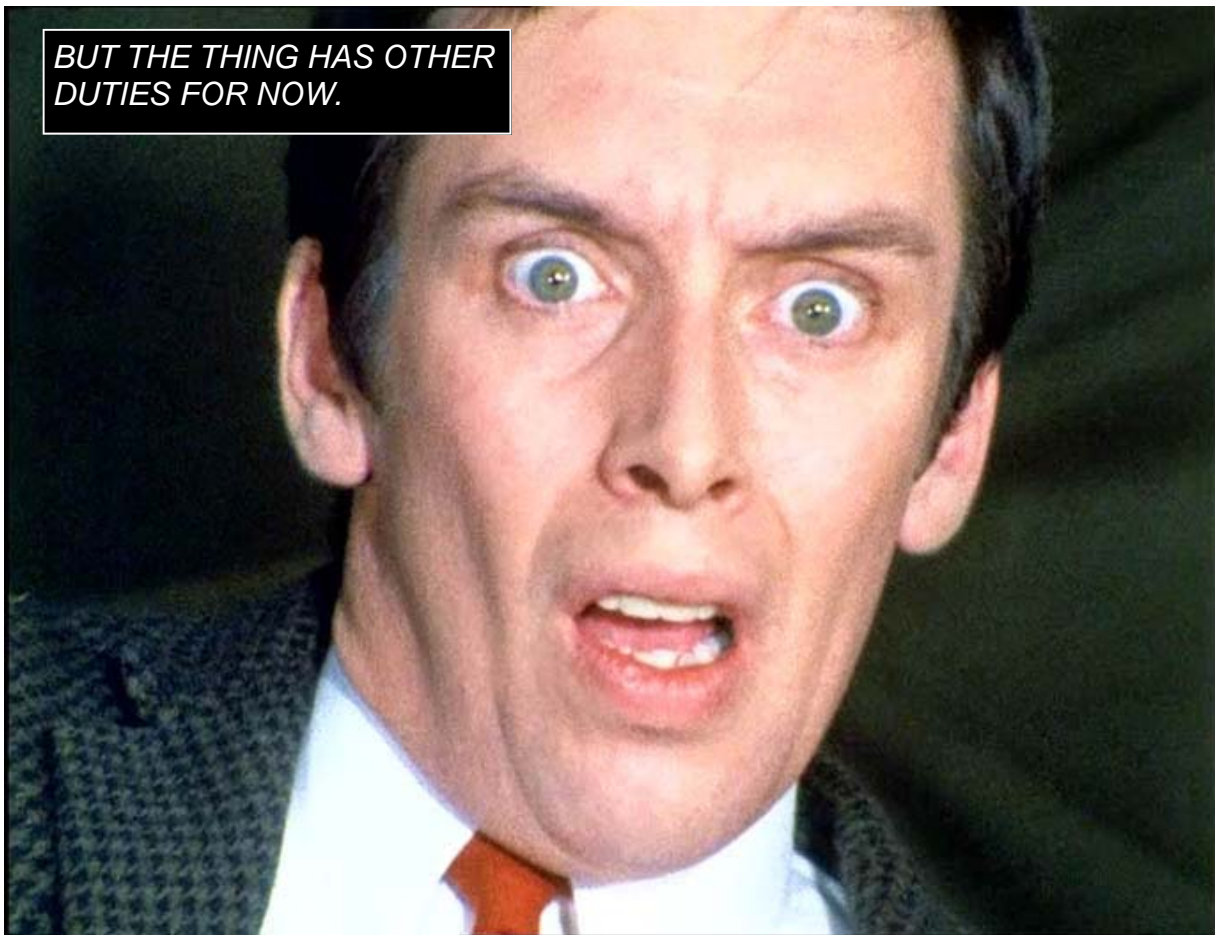


This really is most interesting... we must examine it in the laboratory.

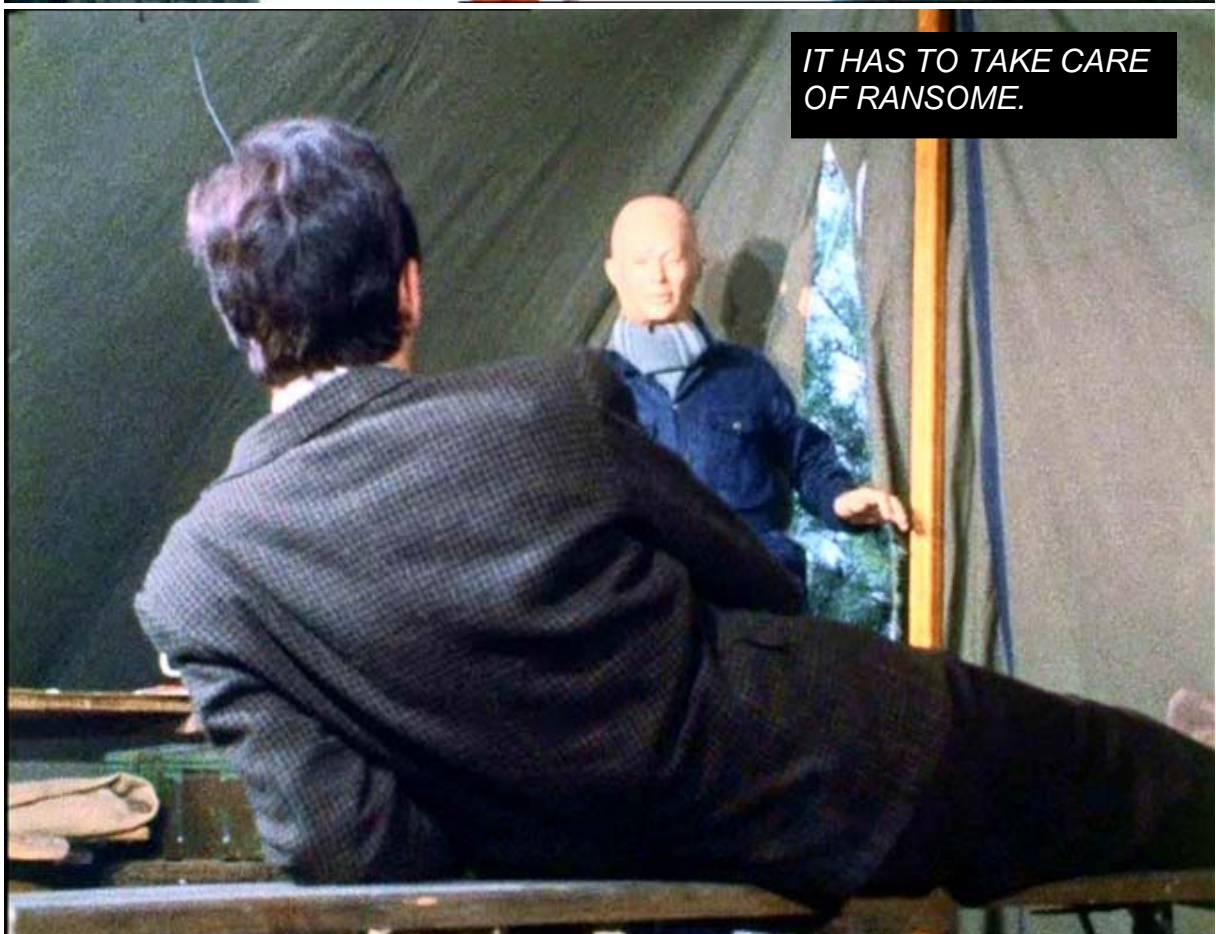


Doctor, suppose that... thing comes back for it?

*BUT THE THING HAS OTHER
DUTIES FOR NOW.*



*IT HAS TO TAKE CARE
OF RANSOME.*





A SINGLE HIT IS ENOUGH...



*...AND RANSOME LITERALLY
DISINTEGRATES!*



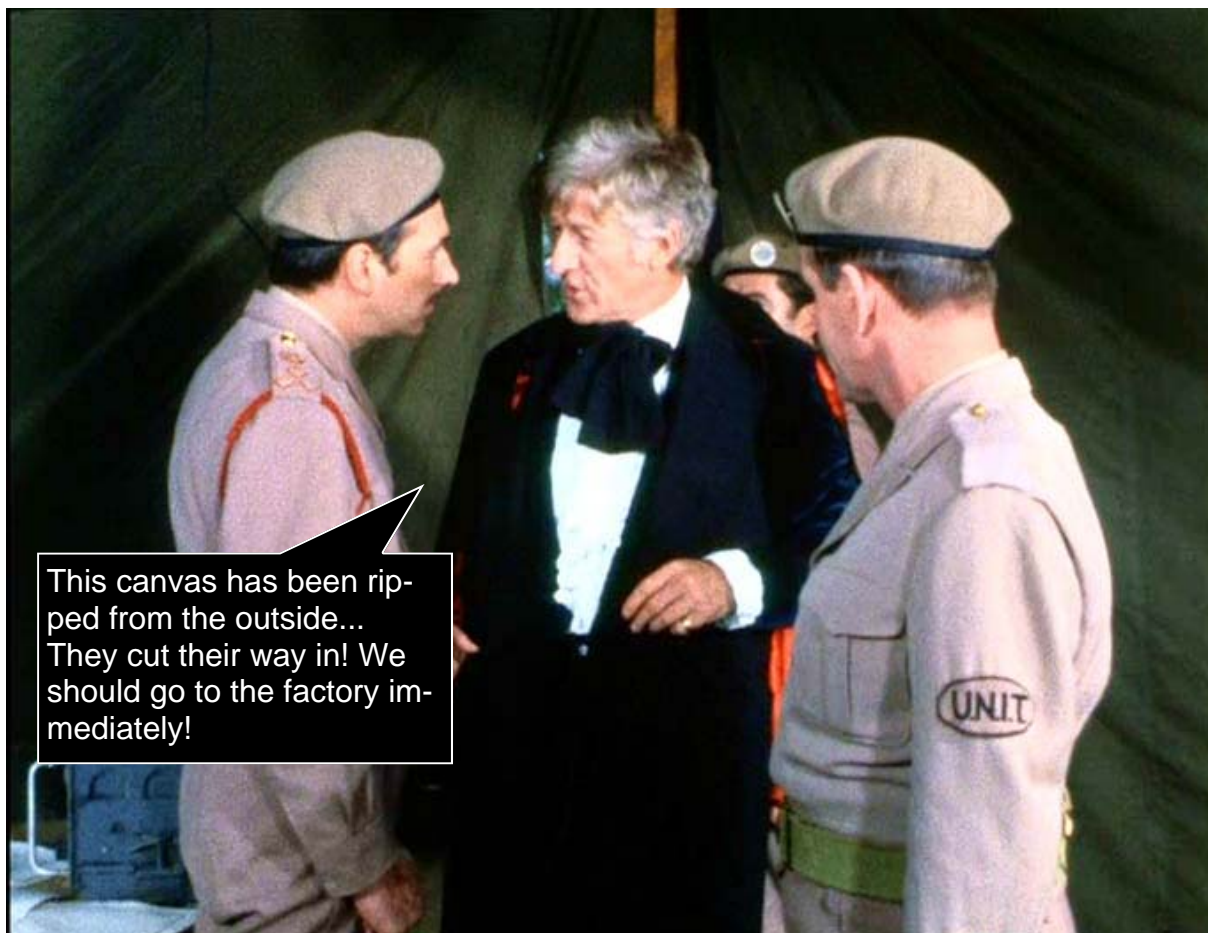
I want a cordon around that plastic factory... that creature came from it!



...what about the back?
That's how he got away...

...a guard was on the front all the time...

THE BRIGADIER IS VERY IRRITATED FOR RANSOME'S DISAPPEARANCE.

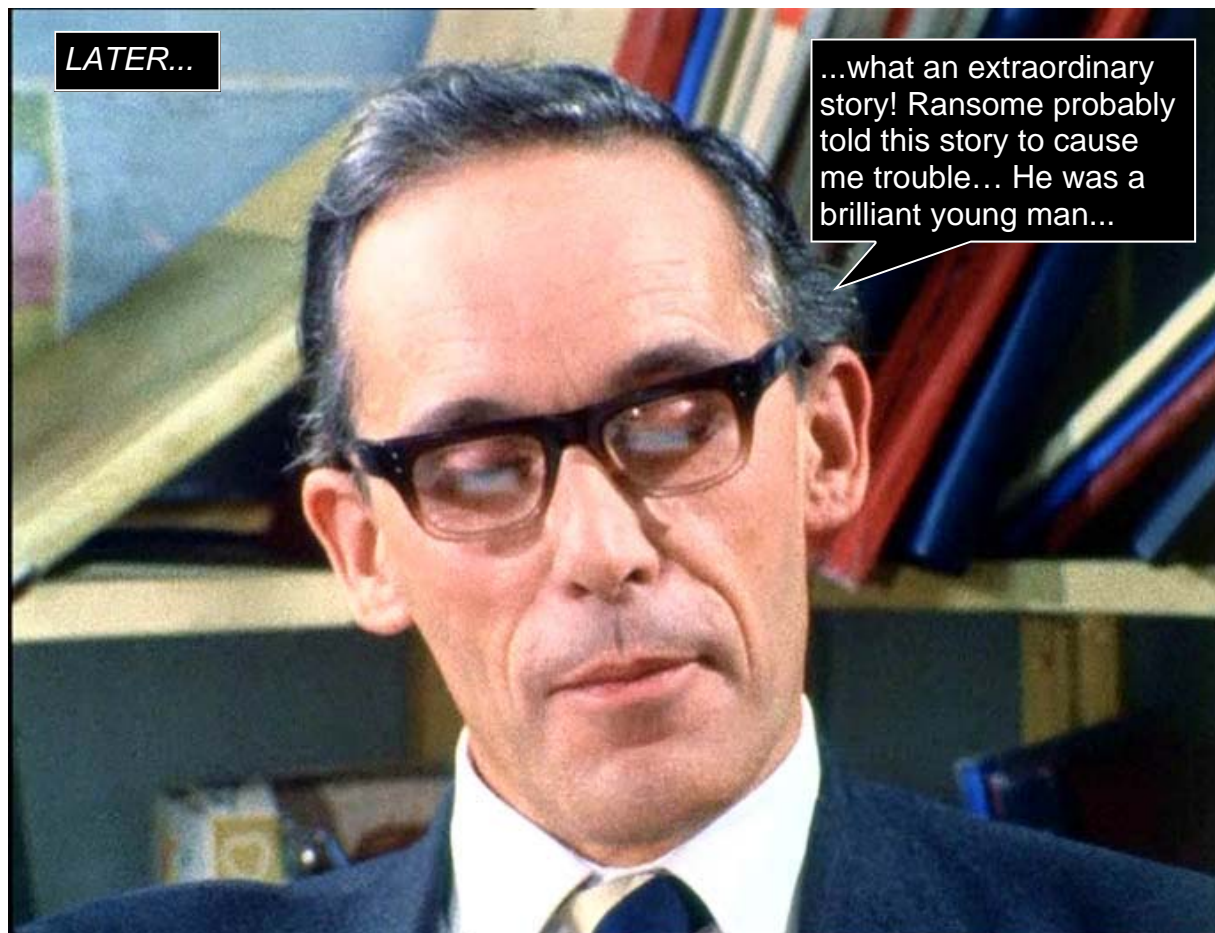


This canvas has been ripped from the outside... They cut their way in! We should go to the factory immediately!



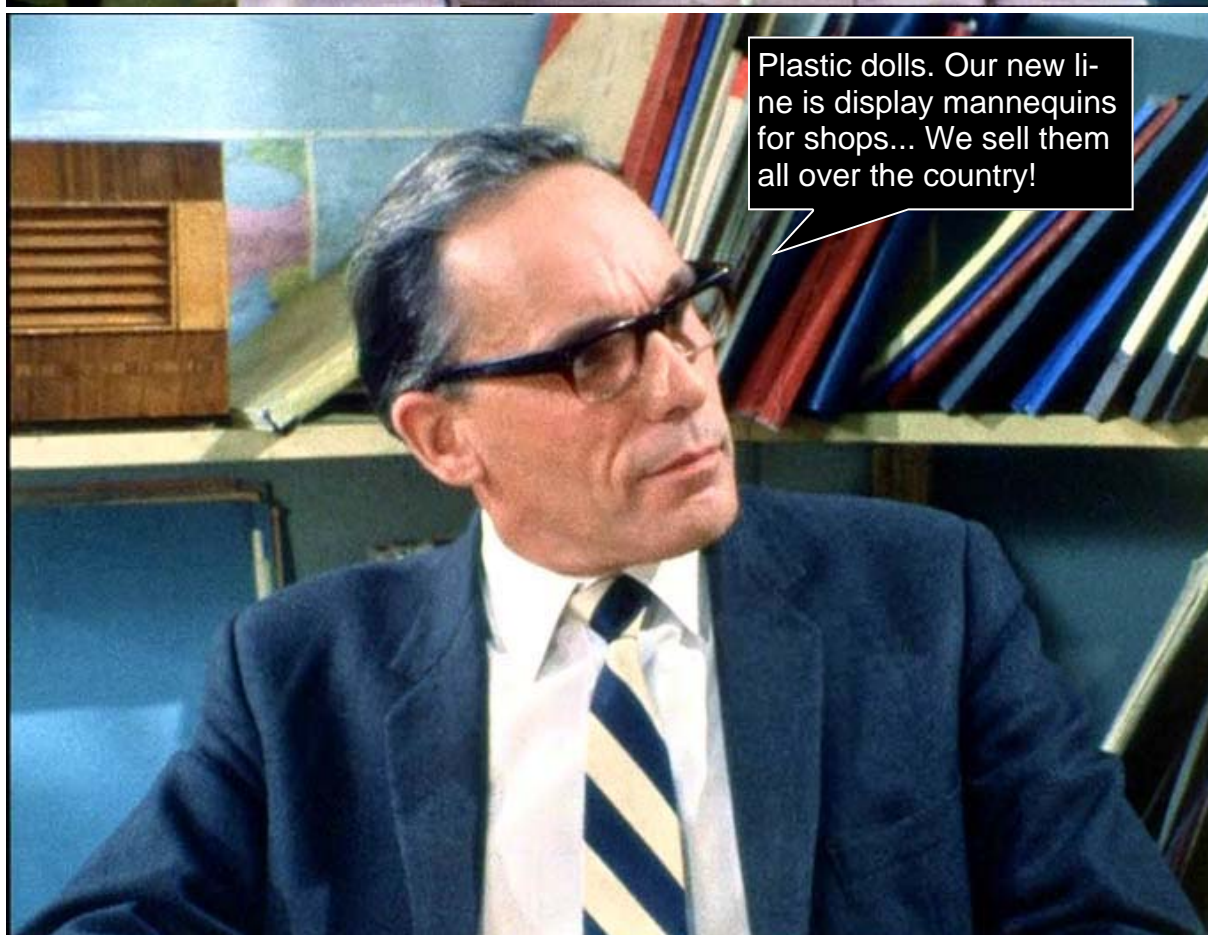
AT LAST UNIT CAN VISIT THE FACTORY.



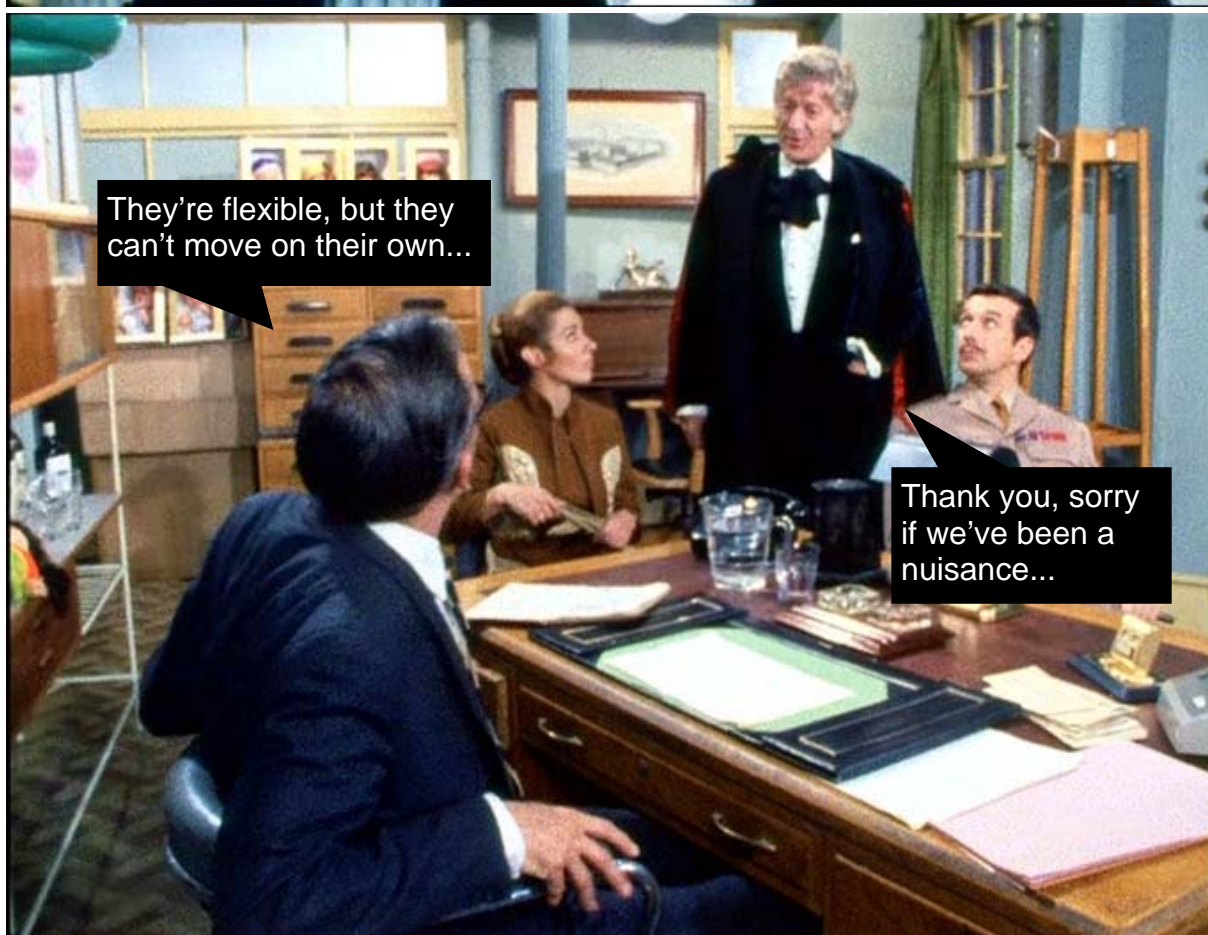


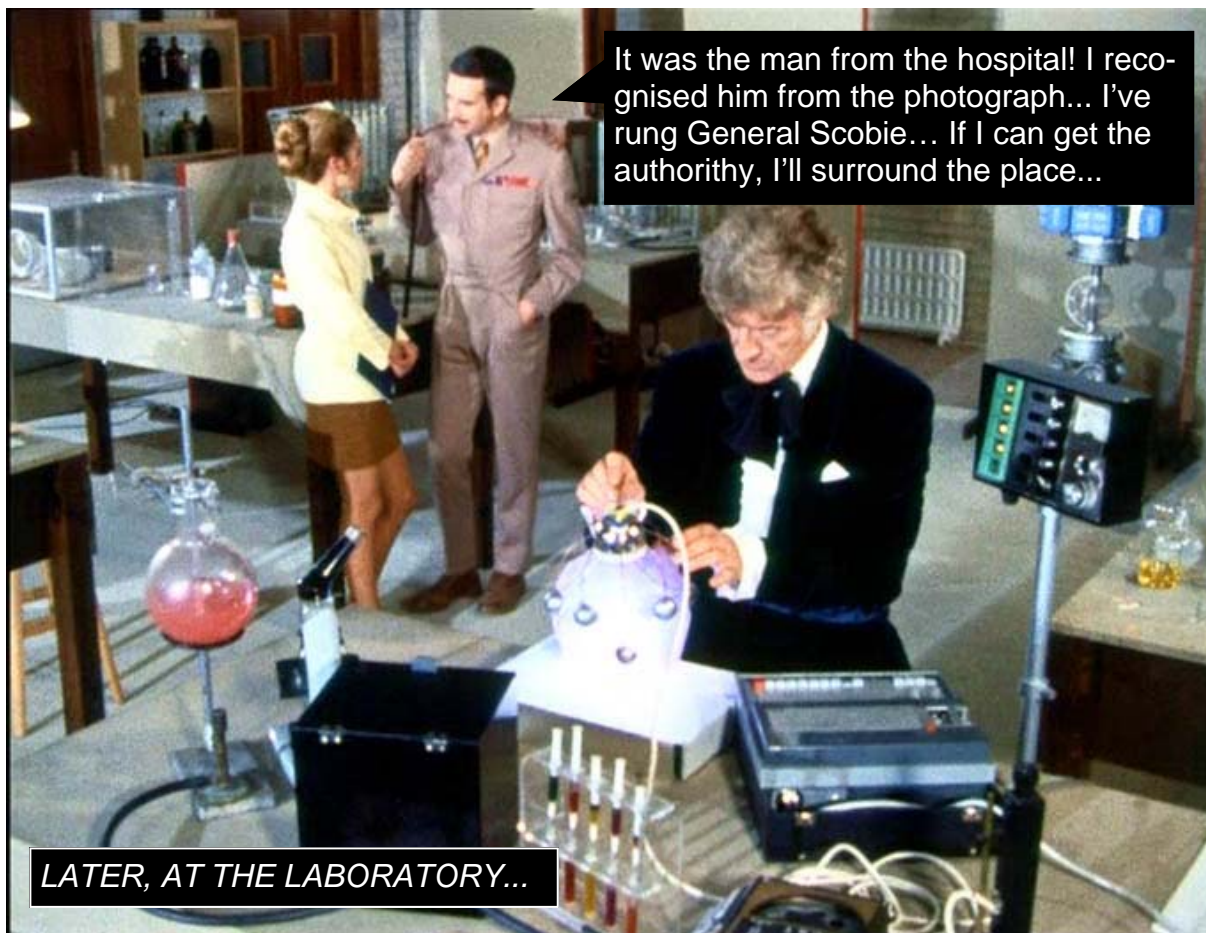


What exactly are you making here?



Plastic dolls. Our new line is display mannequins for shops... We sell them all over the country!









Nothing at all. Perfectly normal. Pleasant couple of fellows, I thought.



I see, that sounds pretty serious... I'll give you all the support you need.



*THE GENERAL WANTED
TO SEE HIS DOUBLE...*



TO BE CONTINUED

