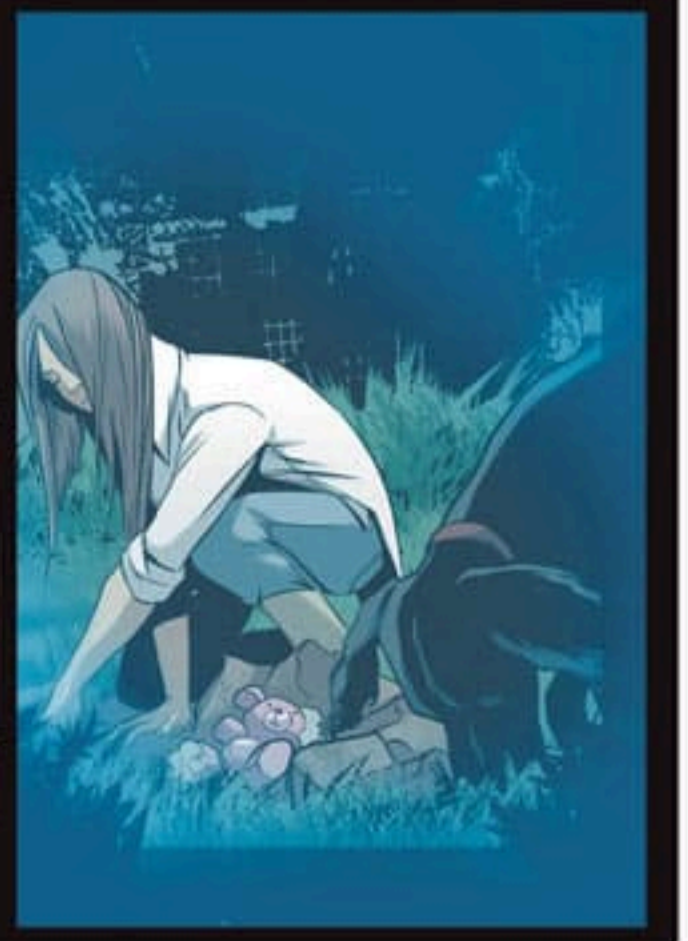


TORCHWOOD HOUSE
THE DAY AFTER
THE MURDER

LET'S HOPE SOMEONE'S LISTENING, LEWIS. OR WE'RE SCREWED WHEN THE LADY DISCOVERS WHAT WE'VE DONE...

GILLY
LOYAL BUTLER TO SIR JAMES; NOT SO FOND OF THE LADY.





TORCHWOOD
HOUSE
IN THE OBSERVATORY



ICE
MAIDEN,
HUB



ISN'T SHE
AN ANDROID AN'
THE AVATAR FOR
THE SHIP'S AI?
WHY'S SHE NEED
SMELLING
SALTS?



SHHH! IF
SHE HEARS
YOU WE'LL ALL
PAY FOR IT.

WHAT?

SHE'S
SENSITIVE TO
HER... ERM...
NATURE.




IS THIS WHY
I'M HERE INSTEAD
OF ENJOYING MY
HUBBIE'S COMPANY
IN A CARAVAN?

THIS IS
THE PART WHERE
YOU EXPLAIN WHY
YOU ACTUALLY
DRAGGED ME OUT
HERE, BY THE
WAY.



NOW
THAT'S GOT
TO BE AN
ALIEN!

WHY IS
SHE STILL
HERE?



FOR
WEEKS, WE'VE BEEN
MONITORING A SERIES
OF STRANGE OCEANIC
EVENTS, INCLUDING
ATTACKS ON FISHING
VESSELS -- LIKE THIS
ONE YESTERDAY...



CAN'T DO
ANYTHING UNTIL
SHELLEY IS FULLY
CONSCIOUS.