

Hello. The following is only a suggestion: if it doesn't look right - or doesn't fit, or anything like that - feel free to change it. There used to be - a long time ago now - a comic strip on the back page of DWM with the Cybermen in it: a sort of Genesis of the Cybermen thing. The pictures were very stylised, black and white. [The artist's name](#) didn't stay with me, I'm afraid, and neither did my DWM back issues. But if this could be done something like that, I'd be very impressed. A blocky, cartoon colour. Not too many shades. You know the kind of thing. I'm assuming 8 panels to a page. If you need more, or less, let me know. You can decide how to lay them out.

Right, characters:

ED: is a young man, about 20. Reasonably tall. He has a shaved head, but coming down the back of his shoulders are lank greasy hairs, dark: a sort of mullet, only without any hair on top of the head. He usually wears a leather jacket, but is stripped to the waist here. He is quite muscular, and he is CHRISTA's boyfriend, so she will appreciate this.

CHRISTA is a cute little Goth, same age as Ed. Exactly. Think Death from The Sandman. She has big round eyes with dark lashes, and a scar under the right eye: a tiny dot of red. She is also a psychopath. She dresses in black, lacy tops, long skirts. Her head is level with ED's shoulders. They both like it like that. She has the kind of cute little girl looks that really disconcert you when she stabs you.

BERNARD is a dolphin, in a walker. Two legs, with knees bent backwards like an ostrich. There's a thin dark mesh over his front flippers, and two guns under his belly. The legs are a sort of platform he sits on, with thinner wires and supports snaking over his body but leaving most of it free to move. He also smokes, thin cigarettes stuck into his blowhole. The flesh is dry and yellowed there.

Panel 1.

Long thin panel across the top of the page, unless you disagree. A landscape, from far above the ground. Skewed perspective so there's not much sky (although what little can be seen is dark). A desert planet with red dust - a little like Mars. Tiny figures can be seen huddling around a light source in the bottom right corner: one woman, one dolphin, but everything is too small to make out any details. It's an establishing long shot, and as such, the figures are little more than black splodges. They are stood by a grave in the dust. A third figure is in the grave, but you probably can't see him from this distance.

Caption: 4 September, 6042 CE

Caption: 20:01

Panel 2.

We've moved in closer now. We can see the man (ED) in the grave, working with a shovel to make it deeper, wider. The woman (CHRISTA) is stood by the side of the grave, looking down. There is a slight smirk on her face. Her hands are in front of her. Something's in them, but we can't see it. The dolphin (BERNARD) is watching both of them, but as we're coming in from above and behind him, his expression can't be seen. His tail is flicking, perhaps. Little else. A burning lantern nearby gives the scene its only light.

No dialogue.

Panel 3.

Closer again. Now we can't see BERNARD, and CHRISTA is only a pair of legs. ED strains to lift his shovel full of dust and sand out of the grave. He is sweating and his teeth are clenched. The grave swallows him almost up to his torso.

ED: Uh.

ED: That's it. I'm done.

Panel 4.

Close up on BERNARD. His teeth are sharp, and his eyes beady. He looks threatening - this is not your friendly tame dolphin: he is a hunter, a killer. When he speaks, his speech bubble has a jagged edge, a different colour: his voice is an electronic simulation, a translations of his natural clicking.

BERNARD: He wanted it burying deeply.

Panel 5.

Close up on ED, waist deep in a hole. The expression on his face suggests that perhaps waist deep qualifies as "burying deeply". Behind him, we can see CHRISTA's legs and her waist. Her hands are clasped in front of her, holding a golden instrument. It's a sort of a cross between an old fashioned microscope and an Oscar. Patches of it glisten with blood.

No dialogue.

Panel 6.

We've swung round so we're looking up at CHRISTA from ED's point of view. She has stepped forward and held her arms out. Her fingers are slick with blood. The device is falling from her hands, into the grave.

CHRISTA: Heads up, lover.

Panel 7.

Split panel. Three or four shattered panels showing the golden device's progress through the air as it falls into the grave. It twists as it falls.

No dialogue.

Panel 8.

We've moved back again. CHRISTA is still looking down into the grave where the device has vanished. ED has leapt back, out of the way, and is looking down to where the device fell. BERNARD is swishing his tail, unconcerned. In an unobtrusive place, there is a small robot watching the events: it is the size and shape of a brick, and a dull red colour, and has antennae and glowing eyes.

BERNARD: Now fill it in.

And that's that. Anything I can do to help . . .