

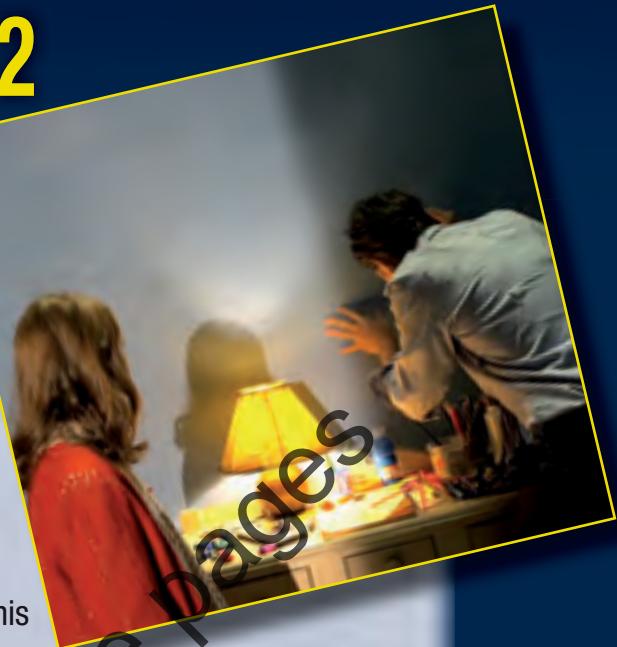
# CHAPTER 2

The Doctor examined the crack in the wall very carefully. Amelia watched as he traced the long, crooked smile with his fingertips.

"It doesn't go all the way through the wall," he said thoughtfully. He rummaged in his pocket and pulled something out. It looked like a silver pen with a blue bulb at one end. The Doctor pointed it at the wall. The tip of the device glowed, and a shrill whine filled the air.

"What's that?" Amelia asked.

"Sonic screwdriver. This is a very special crack, Amelia. If you knocked this wall down, the crack would still be there." The Doctor switched off the screwdriver. "This crack is *not* in the wall. It's in everything. Two parts of space and time that should never have touched."



The Doctor leaned closer to the wall and listened carefully.

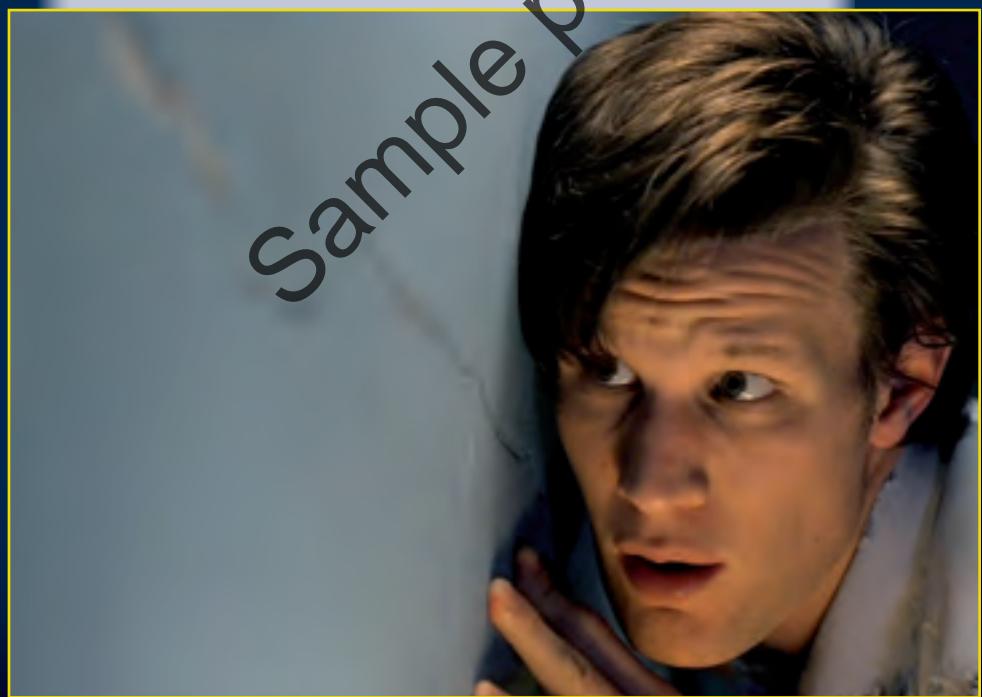
*“Prisoner Zero has escaped!”* boomed a voice from the far side. The Doctor jumped back.

“What does that mean?” wondered Amelia nervously.

“It means that there’s a prison on the other side of this wall,” replied the Doctor. “One of the prisoners has run away.”

The crack suddenly yawned wide open.

The Doctor peered into it. “Hello? Hello?”





Suddenly, a giant eyeball appeared in the crack, staring out at the Doctor and Amelia. It was as if it was looking for something.

*“Where is Prisoner Zero? Prisoner Zero has escaped!”* boomed the voice again.

The Doctor was fascinated. “Prisoner Zero has escaped,” he repeated thoughtfully.

A bell started to clang outside. It sounded like some kind of alarm. Amelia had never heard anything like it before, but the Doctor obviously had.

A look of horror crossed his face, and then he sprinted out of Amelia’s room, downstairs, through the kitchen and out into the backyard.



Amelia raced after him. He was heading for the old box that had landed in the backyard.

“Oh no!” the Doctor wailed. “The engines are going to burn!”

“It’s just an old police box,” protested Amelia. “How can a box have engines?”

“It’s not a box. It’s a time machine!”

Amelia looked at the police box again. A time machine? She so wanted to believe him. Why else would this funny man be so worried about an old box?

The Doctor was already climbing back into it. “Just a five-minute hop into the future should fix it. I’ll be right back.” He turned back to look at Amelia and smiled warmly. “Trust me – I’m the Doctor!”

The police box doors snapped shut behind him and then, with a great wheezing and groaning noise, the Doctor’s time machine disappeared into thin air.