

Introduction

'We don't punish criminals with an easy death. He broke the law. He has to face the raven,' Ashildr said coldly.

The Doctor, Clara and Rigsy are on an unknown street in central London. Ordinary British people know nothing about this street and never notice it. The population of this hidden street are aliens. They live peacefully, unseen by ordinary humans. But the Doctor and Clara needed to find the street because Rigsy is in trouble with the aliens there. These aliens have decided that Rigsy is a murderer. Their law says that he must face the raven. He must die.

The Doctor and Clara are sure that their friend, Rigsy, is not guilty of murder. But how can they prove this to the aliens and to their leader, Ashildr? Will any of them leave the street alive? Or will each of them have to face the raven?

Doctor Who first appeared on British television in 1963 in black and white. It was a great success, with its new electronic sounds and crazy stories in space. The programmes were shown until 1989. Years later, *Doctor Who* returned with a new writing team. The stories became funnier and more adult, but the central idea is the same. The Doctor travels through space in the TARDIS, his time machine, helping people in their fights with aliens. These programmes are very popular in many countries around the world.

Peter Capaldi plays the Twelfth Doctor. The Doctor always has the same history, but each actor brings something new to the part. Capaldi has always loved *Doctor Who*. When he went into the TARDIS for the first time, he felt at home. 'I know how to work the TARDIS,' he said. 'I've known for a long time.'



The Mysterious Tattoo

The door to the TARDIS crashed open and the Doctor and Clara hurried inside. They were both laughing so hard that they almost fell over.

'Oh! I'm glad to see the TARDIS!' shouted Clara. She jumped into the air, feeling very pleased with herself. 'That was the best escape ever! My plan worked!'

'That alien nearly ate you for dinner, Clara,' said the Doctor, as he tried to clean something like alien soup from his clothes.

'Our stories are a little different, Doctor,' Clara laughed. 'Think again. Don't you remember? I saved your life.'

'That thing couldn't kill me!' the Doctor shouted.

'I saved you from marriage to a very large plant,' Clara replied. 'And you couldn't believe our luck when we escaped. It was exciting, wasn't it?'

The Doctor smiled. 'You're right. It was wonderful, and I was amused by the possibility of marriage. Imagine that!'

'Ha! I knew you were surprised!' Clara said happily.

The TARDIS phone rang. Clara and the Doctor both looked worried. Nobody ever called them on this phone.

The Doctor told Clara to answer it.

'Hello?' Clara said quietly.

'Clara? Finally. It's Rigsy,' a voice said.

'Oh, Rigsy! Hi! What's wrong?' Clara asked.

Rigsy was phoning from his flat in central London. He was standing in front of the bathroom mirror. He was feeling nervous as he looked carefully at the back of his neck.

'Clara, I don't know what to do. I have this thing on the back of my neck. It looks like a tattoo. But it can't be. I'm not sure what it is.'

'Are you joking?' asked Clara. 'I gave you this number for serious problems. *Very* serious problems.'

'Clara, this is serious, believe me. Come here and look at it. Please!' Rigsy asked.

The Doctor looked unhappy and spoke quietly to Clara. 'Why does someone have my phone number? I told you not to give it to anyone. It's against the rules!'

Clara waved the Doctor away and spoke to Rigsy. 'Listen. We can't take you back in time to stop you getting a tattoo. Can't you live with it?'

'You don't understand,' Rigsy said. 'I didn't *get* a tattoo. I didn't *ask* for it. I woke up this morning and it was there. It's a number. I think that it's



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counting down to zero. The number changes every minute.'

'What are you talking about? That doesn't make any sense,' Clara said.

Rigsy looked at his neck in the mirror. 'I'm watching the tattoo now. The number's just changed from 537 to 536. What does it mean? Can you help me?'

'That sounds serious,' Clara agreed. 'We're on our way.'

'Hurry. Please,' Rigsy said.



Clara and the Doctor knew Rigsy from one of their earlier adventures. When they met him, Rigsy was in trouble because of his art. He liked to paint graffiti on places like walls, bridges and trains. The police caught him, and as a punishment he had to help clean the city streets for a few weeks. While he was doing this, people near his flat began to disappear for no reason. With Rigsy's help, the Doctor and Clara solved the mystery, and the three of them became friends.

After that, the Doctor always called Rigsy 'Local Knowledge', because the young man knew London's back streets, its hidden corners and its men and women so well.



The TARDIS arrived at Rigsy's flat and Clara and the Doctor walked out. Rigsy was waiting there, holding his baby daughter.

'Local Knowledge! What's happening?' the Doctor asked. 'And did you make this little person?' The Doctor was interested in babies. Things were different on Gallifrey, and human babies always surprised him.

'Yes – me and Jen. This is my daughter, Lucy,' Rigsy explained.

Lucy looked at the Doctor and Clara and smiled. She was a happy, healthy baby without a worry in the world.

'Oh, she's beautiful,' Clara said, holding Lucy's little hand.

'She's better than that - she's excellent! Forget about tattoos. Stay at home with this new person,' the Doctor told Rigsy. 'Nothing is more



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important than her.'

'Of course, but listen,' Rigsy began. 'I didn't go out and ask for a tattoo. It was there when I woke up this morning. Jen noticed it before I did.'

'Show me this mysterious tattoo that you didn't ask for,' the Doctor ordered Rigsy.

The young man turned around, and the Doctor looked closely at his neck. The tattoo read 533.

'It's a boring tattoo,' said the Doctor. 'Nothing special.'

'Doctor, please wait. Watch it,' Rigsy said patiently.

'What were you doing last night?' Clara asked Rigsy.

'That's part of my problem,' Rigsy explained. 'I can't remember anything about yesterday. Jen says that I left for work very early. But nobody saw me at work all day. And I didn't come home until after midnight.'

Suddenly, the tattoo changed from 533 to 532. The Doctor was surprised. This was mysterious.

'That's not boring. That's really interesting!' he shouted. He put on his sonic sunglasses and looked at the tattoo more carefully. These glasses