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THE CONTROL OF THE CO



DALEK

ISSUE 48



The Doctor and Peri answer a distress call, but it is a trap set by Davros.



Davros awakes from cryosleep to discover he is on trial.



A two-part roller, with motor holder and fixing screws.

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Published by Hachette Partworks Ltd 4th Floor, Jordan House, 47 Brunswick Place, London N1 6EB

General Manager – Isabelle Coudero Editorial Director – Helen Nally Marketing Director – Elise Windmill Production Director – Sema Sant Anna Managing Editor – Sarah Gale Distribution Manager – Paul Smith Product Manager – Rhys Myner

Packaged by Panini Publishing, a division of Panini UK Limited.

Publishing Director Europe – Marco M. Lupoi Managing Director – Chris Clover Managing Editor – Alan O'Keefe Senior Editor – Ed Hammond Editor – John Ainsworth Designer – Barry Spiers Features Writer – Stuart Ashley

Distributed in the UK and Republic of Ireland by Marketforce.

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Printed in the UK.

ISSN 2977-5574

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REVELATION OF THE DALEKS

PARTI

On Necros, Davros has created a new race of Daleks and has set a trap for the Doctor.

Season 22 Episode 12 First Broadcast: 23 March 1985

he TARDIS sets down in a snow-covered woodland on the planet Necros. Peri and the Doctor emerge. The Doctor is wearing a blue cloak. Peri dislikes her own blue clothing, but the Doctor insists that she keep wearing it. "Blue is the official colour



of mourning on Necros," he says. He has come to Necros to pay his respects to an old friend, Professor Arthur Stengos. They note the presence of a creature in a lake, which worries Peri. They move off, unaware that they are being followed by some strange, mutated creature.





Within the cold, clinical halls of Tranquil Repose, one of the workers, Mr Takis, puts the finishing touches on a mask covering the face of a dead woman. His work is praised by Mr Jobel, the facility's arrogant chief embalmer. Tranquil Repose is a funeral home, and an important ceremony is taking place today. Jobel is being followed by Tasambeker, a woman who is infatuated with him. She tells him that the presidential spacecraft is approaching. Jobel orders all the workers to be in fresh uniforms and make-up when the president arrives.



Peri takes a sample of a plant called "the Staff of Life". The Doctor comments that it's similar in food value to the soya bean on Earth. They are attacked by a savage, mutated man. The Doctor tries to calm him with hypnosis but fails. Peri saves the Doctor from strangulation by striking the mutant with a stick.

At Tranquil Repose, an eccentrically dressed man called the DJ watches Peri on a monitor screen. He is broadcasting to the residents in suspended animation. Inside a stone chamber, the DJ is in turn being watched by Davros. He now seems to be only a head inside a complex hub of machinery. Davros tells a Dalek, "Shut the fool up!" The screen image changes to the Doctor. Davros is happy to see his old enemy. "Excellent," he says. "My lure has worked!"

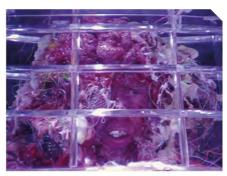
The Doctor cradles the dying mutant who is now lucid. He tells them of the Great Healer: "I am a product of his experimentation." Peri is deeply upset by the mutant's death.

Davros speaks with Kara, a wealthy woman who owns a nearby factory. They have a business relationship. "I create the product you manufacture," Davros says. He wants more money. Kara assures him that her secretary, Vogel, will supply it. The call ends. Kara's polite smile fades.

A young woman named Natasha and her accomplice, Grigory, infiltrate the Tranquil Repose catacombs. They kill a guard and open a casket, but it does not contain the man they are looking for: Natasha's



father. Takis and his associate Lilt find them and give chase. Natasha and Grigory lose them in the maze of corridors and stumble across an eerie laboratory lit by a red light. They find a transparent Dalek with a horribly mutated man inside. It is Arthur Stengos. A horrified Natasha recognises him. "He's my father..." she whispers. Stengos struggles to speak. "My mind has been conditioned to serve a new master," he says. "I am... to become a Dalek." Stengos' voice grows harsher as his conditioning reasserts its control. "The seeds of the Daleks must be supreme!" Regaining his mind momentarily, Stengos begs Natasha for help. "Kill me, child!" he cries. An



ELEANOR BRON

Eleanor Bron played Kara. "I remember suggesting that it would be rather nice if Kara wasn't seen to be such an unpleasant character immediately," she recalled in 2001. "If she had seemed nicer to start with, that would have made her appear even blacker later on. I think that would have been a little subtler... but subtlety was not what they were



ALEXEI THE DJ

This was Graeme Harper's second *Doctor Who* story as director after The Caves of Androzani. "I really loved [Alexei Sayle]," he said in 2024. "On the Friday [rehearsal] we had the producer's run, and when we came to Alexei's moments, he just did them flat. There was no energy; there was just this Liverpudlian voice. No performance whatsoever. The artists went for a cup of tea for half an hour and I sat with producer John Nathan-Turner and went through his notes. He said, 'I'm terribly worried. What are we gonna do about Alexei? He's not gonna play it like that, is he? I'm really concerned, Graeme, I think we're gonna have to recast.' I said, 'I don't think we're gonna get that. I think we're gonna get something wonderful.' So we went into the studio, and Alexei played this fantastic, mad, over-the-top, wonderful character. Which was needed. I think it balances out the programme. Cos they're all a bit mad in the [story]: I mean Kara and her sidekick, Don Quixote [Orcini] and his sidekick [Bostock]. I think Alexei's performance is just stunning."







anguished Natasha shoots her father. She and Grigory run out of the laboratory but are captured by Takis and Lilt.

Kara and Vogel meet with Orcini and his squire Bostock. Orcini was a Knight of the Grand Order of Oberon, but he is past his prime and has an artificial leg. Orcini is now an assassin for hire but he gives his fees to charity. Kara tells him that her factories produce a high-protein concentrate. "I am aware that this product has eliminated famine from the galaxy." Orcini comments. Vogel projects an image of Davros for Orcini and Bostock to see. "He bleeds my factories dry with his constant demands for money," Kara says.



Orcini and Bostock are excited to learn his identity. "What a kill Davros would be, master!" Bostock exclaims. "Like the old davs. Bostock, a crusade against evil." Orcini replies. The two men agree to assassinate Davros.

Davros gurgles with laughter as he observes the Doctor and Peri approaching Tranquil Repose. The Doctor is suspicious. "Arthur Stengos wasn't the type to artificially extend his life," he says. When he adds. "I want to slip in unnoticed." Davros begins to cackle maniacally.

Kara presents Orcini and Bostock with a device she describes as a one-way transmitter. Kara says that when they find Davros, they are to type in a five-digit sequence that will alert her. She will then order the deaths of Davros' followers. They are given maps and transport to Tranquil Repose.

Tasambeker is summoned to Davros' chamber. He offers her a position on his personal staff. "Please me and I can offer you the universe," Davros says. He asks Tasambeker to remain with him and observe the functions of Tranguil Repose.

Peri sees a Dalek moving behind her but it goes behind a building before the Doctor can spot it. Peri describes it as "some sort of machinery". Peri points out something else in the distance that leaves the Doctor stunned...

Takis and Lilt have been interrogating Natasha and Grigory. Takis admits that nobody ever leaves Tranquil Repose - the



people in suspended animation would be a political threat to the ones currently holding power.

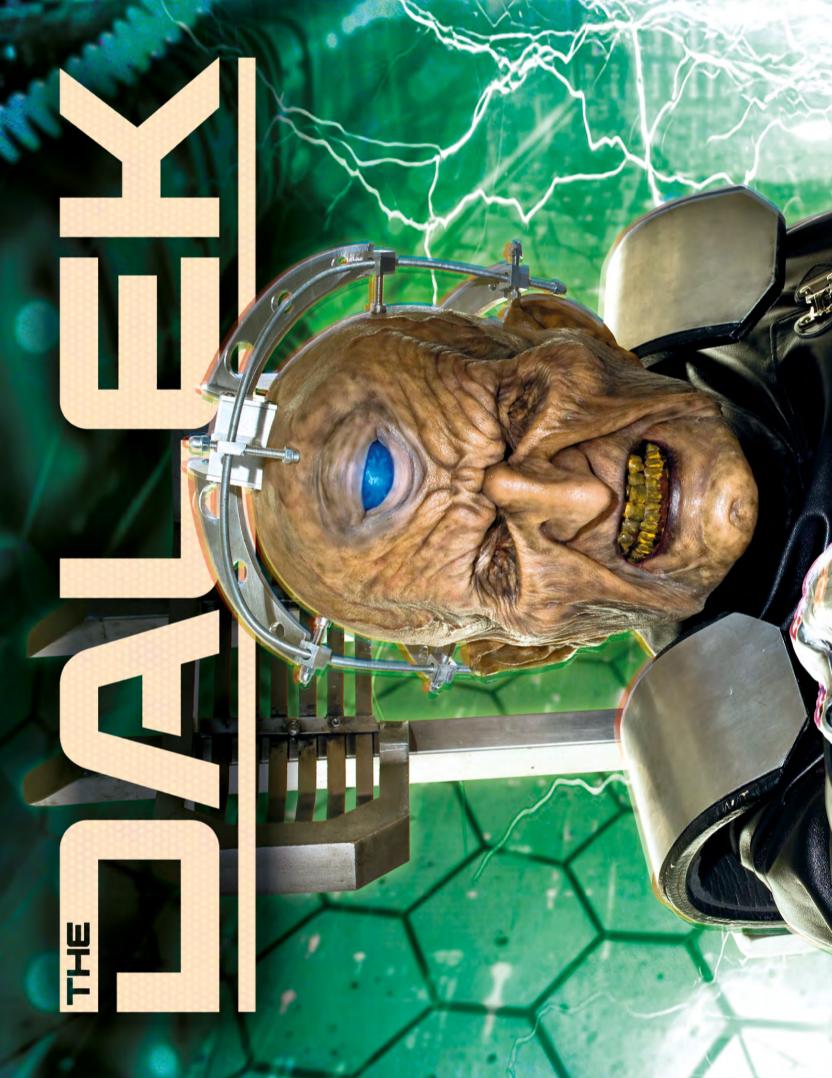
The Doctor walks up to a large statue and discovers, to his concern, that it is of himself. Peri doesn't understand why he is so upset. "This is the Garden of Fond Memories!" he says. "I've somehow managed to arrive after my own death." Peri wonders if she is also buried here. She goes off to look for her gravestone. The Doctor's statue suddenly topples over. He has no chance to escape as it comes crashing down on him...



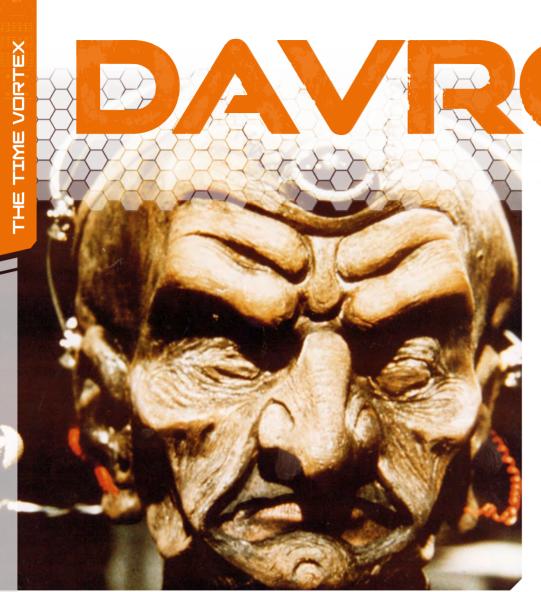


Colin Baker was happy to be working with Doctor Who's iconic villains. "Along with the Cybermen, they're the classic enemies, aren't they?" he commented in 2002. "In rehearsals, you work with a bloke sitting in his Dalek skirt – but nothing can prepare you for the thrill of meeting a Dalek in studio. Actually, in Revelation we filmed some scenes on location, so a disproportionate amount of time was spent trying to get a shot in which the Daleks didn't look like bloody armchairs being pulled across cobbles. The most powerful, unscrupulous beings in the universe - but they're still running about on crap casters!" Baker wasn't happy with the story's plotline which kept the Doctor out of the action for its first half: "You can't have a programme in which the central character is peripheral, but it's very tempting for writers to offer that as a notion, because they want to write about the wonderful new characters they've invented. It's up to a disciplined script editor - which Eric Saward was not, especially as he wrote Revelation himself - to make sure the writers involve the central character heavily in the plot, rather than building up newer characters at his expense. That was a mistake."









nce again, Davros found himself in a half-remembered dream state, swirling in blackness. When his senses fully returned to him, he was no longer aboard the Movellan spaceship where he had been imprisoned by the Doctor.

A large chamber stretched out before him, lit only by a green glow coming from the floor. Davros focussed his optic receptor and realised that he was on a stage inside a massive auditorium. Hundreds of figures were encircling him, all draped in shadow. They were of a wide variety of shapes and sizes: some had tall necks and tentacles, others were feathered or scaly. This was Davros' first glimpse of the myriad intelligent lifeforms that populated the universe. He found them all equally repellent.

A restless muttering swept across the crowd as everyone began to realise Davros had awakened. Two creatures

emerged from opposite sides of the stage and approached him. One was tall and thin, with skin like alabaster. She almost seemed to be glowing white in the darkness. The other was squat and heavy, with an orange hide that resembled molten rock. His face was a portrait of grim determination. Davros tried to turn his chair towards him but discovered it had been immobilised. He fought back a rising tide of anger within his chest. This was an indignity he would not forget. The two creatures stopped on either side of Davros and faced the audience.

The orange creature spoke first in a voice that sounded like bone breaking: "I am Kroka of the Crimson Depths. I speak for the prosecution. The defendant has been charged with the most heinous crime in our law: galactic genocide. We shall show that his sins are without end, his evil without parallel. Death is the only acceptable justice."

Davros watched the audience react. There were fists slammed against tables, feet stomping on the floor, and chanting of war cries. It was cut short by a deep sonic boom reverberating through the auditorium, bringing everyone to silence.

PART 5

"I am R'lath of Kandra Flest. I speak for the defence," the female creature said in a gentle voice. "The defendant's identity has been confirmed, and his place in history is undeniable. But a vital question remains: what was his true intent in creating the Daleks?"

At the mention of the Daleks, the audience, whom Davros now realised were his jury, erupted once more. There was more furious shouting. The sonic boom silenced them again.

R'lath continued. "The defence will show that Davros of Skaro had no understanding of what his mutated children would one day become. We shall demonstrate that he was merely a scientist struggling to help his people, scarred by a thousand-year war, and give them a new future."

Davros was incensed. Hatred he understood, but this pathetic attempt to present him as a fool was disgusting. He tried to open his mouth to interrupt. He found he could not. His speaker unit had been deactivated and his vocal cords were paralysed. He was like a frozen statue: motionless and voiceless.

Kroka began to submit his evidence. Footage of Dalek battles was broadcast in large holospheres above the audience. Davros watched as his Daleks crushed cities. He witnessed them flying on anti-gravity discs, cutting down massive crowds in their thousands. He saw their mighty battleships disintegrating space fleets in brilliant balls of energy. The footage became a montage of fiery images:

rubble and smoke, aliens screaming and fleeing, and again and again and again, the chant, "Exterminate! Exterminate! Exterminate!"

Every sight lifted Davros' spirits higher. He had only heard descriptions of Dalek conquests before; now, he was experiencing them. His creations were magnificent. They were like the beautiful death angels he had read about as a child.

R'lath launched her counter-argument, citing evidence of Davros' achievements on Skaro, including all the life-sustaining medical advancements he had pioneered. As she spoke, her voice grew more impassioned. "Is this a man who would deliberately create the universe's deadliest monsters?" she asked. "A man. I would remind this court, whom the Daleks immediately tried to kill as soon as they gained autonomy!"

R'lath looked at Davros with a pitying expression. "No. He is as much a victim of the Daleks as anyone in this courtroom."

Davros's body trembled with raw fury, but he could not even turn his head. Kroka stared directly into his ancient face. "The prosecution still maintains that the defendant should be allowed to speak!" Kroka shouted.

"That is not possible," R'lath replied. "The defence has already submitted a detailed analysis of the defendant's





brain conducted by experts. His cerebral cortex is severely damaged and can no longer distinguish fact from fiction. He has been judged incompetent to testify on his own behalf."

R'lath paused and looked down at Davros once again. "The simple truth is that the defendant is insane." she said.

Davros was engulfed by a rage unlike any he had ever experienced. To be made helpless was a gross indignity, but to also be judged a simpleton by these non-entities? A madman?

Kroka and R'lath both made their closing statements. Kroka called for the death penalty. R'lath asked for leniency. She proposed cryogenic suspension with a revival period of one thousand years, in the hope that surgical technology would have advanced enough by then to repair Davros' mind.

The jury began to vote. Small holospheres flicked on above each member: red for death; blue for sleep. Davros counted them one by one. There were many more red lights. When the final count was completed, the call for death had been made by 73% of the jury. "Judgement has passed," Kroka stated flatly. There was no triumph in his voice. "A three-quarters result must be achieved for execution to be carried out. The defendant will be frozen." "Weaklings," Davros thought to himself.

A day later, Davros was moved to a cryogenic chamber and prepared for suspension. He was surprised to find R'lath waiting for him. "I wish some time alone with my client," she told the technician, who quickly departed.

R'lath regarded Davros for a moment and then smiled. She pulled out a long, silver hypodermic needle from within her robes. "Did you find yesterday infuriating, Davros?" she asked. "To be unable to speak or move? To be as helpless as a child?" R'lath stared into his unmoving face. She could see the answer in his eyes. "Yes, I am certain you did."

R'lath aimed the needle at Davros' neck. "I have seen so many atrocities caused by your monstrous ambition. I have listened to the screams so often they echo in my dreams. Death would have been a mercy for you. I couldn't allow that." She plunged the needle in. "This is a vial of coraltretamine. It will keep your mind active even in total suspension. There will be no sleep for you, Davros. No dreaming. No rest. You will be awake for one thousand years, screaming in agony within your own diseased mind."

R'lath leaned in close to Davros' face. "I know you are quite sane, Davros," she whispered. "But I wonder for how much longer?"

R'lath withdrew the needle and placed it back within her robes and departed without a backwards glance.

As the cryo-mists rose around Davros, he considered his situation. He had triumphed again. Once more, pure hatred had preserved his existence: how ironic that it had not been his own. Whether he was frozen for a thousand years or a billion, it mattered not at all.

He was not defeated. His destiny would keep him warm.

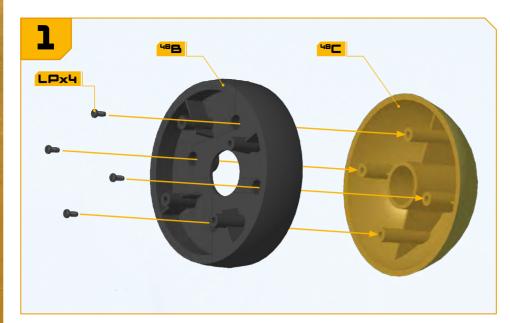
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