A few minutes later the Doctor was kneeling in the snow, his friends stood around him. Millie and her mum now wearing thick gloves, coats and boots. ‘It feels like snow,’ and lowering his face to the cold surface, ‘and it smells like snow.’ He scooped up a tiny amount of fresh looking snow and gently placed a tiny amount on his lips. ‘But it doesn’t taste like snow! Well it does, you wouldn’t be able to tell, but I have a very sensitive tongue. See?’ The Doctor stuck his tongue out wiggled it around slightly as he tried to identify what he could taste. ‘It’s phosidium! Just a trace amount but it’s definitely there.’

‘Phosidium?’ asked Louie, ‘I don’t remember that one from chemistry.’

‘That’s because it doesn’t exist on Earth, or this solar system. The TARDIS is just around the corner, I’ll be able to track down any concentrations of it anywhere on the planet. Well it was good seeing you again,’ said the Doctor cheerily as he made to leave.

To her surprise Rachael found herself speaking out. ‘Oh no you don’t, Doctor. You can’t just waltz into my kitchen, tell us there’s an alien invasion in progress...’

‘I don’t think I said invasion,’ but Rachael cut him off.

‘And just expect us to go indoors, pretend like nothing’s happened, and hope that miraculously the snow vanishes, the power comes back on and everything goes back to normal, while we worry whether you’re dead or alive. We’re coming with you.’

‘Way to go, aunty!’ exclaimed Louie.

Resigned to his new entourage, the Doctor merely grinned. As they set off, the sun caught the clear white snow, and Millie was momentarily blinded. She raised her hands to shield her eyes, unnoticed by the others who continued towards the TARDIS. It was probably just a flash of light thought Millie to herself, but did that snowman’s eyes glow for a fleeting second? She was just about to call out after the others before changing her mind. She’d catch up with them soon enough.

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Louie, his aunt, and the Doctor turned the street corner and at the end of the road was the reassuring sight of the TARDIS. On the other side of the street was a man tying his shoelaces. He was dressed in a pin- striped suit, smart black shoes despite the snow, and a bowler hat...

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Millie marched up to the snowman. It looked like hundreds of others all over town. She was just being silly she told herself. She slowly reached out her hand and touched it. It felt like snow but there was something else; it was very gently vibrating. Without warning the eyes she had mistaken for pieces of coal glowed bright red.

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As the trio walked towards the TARDIS there was a large explosion as a power line broke in two and fell to the ground. Sparks flew everywhere and the line danced on the road in front of them as though it was alive.

‘Keep still, very still,’ commanded the Doctor, ‘one move and we’re dead.’  
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Millie slowly backed away and to her horror the snowman gently rose a few inches and glided towards her. She turned to run, but slipped and fell into the snow. She glanced over her shoulder, trying desperately to scramble to her feet, but it was too late. The snowman moved inexorably towards her and Millie could only scream in terror…

Rachael heard her daughter scream in the distance and instinctively turned to run towards her. Immediately, the electric cable shot out, lashing towards her, but Louie dived at his aunt and brought her crashing to the ground with his best rugby tackle. The lethal-looking cable sliced through the space where she had stood less than a second before…

The Doctor was reaching into his pocket bringing out his sonic screwdriver. Turning at the same time, he aimed it at the live wire and a high pitched screech filled the air. The cable moved towards him at lightning speed, before suddenly stalling, as though fighting some unseen force. Seconds seemed to stretch to minutes as the battle raged. Louie and Rachael looked up in horror as the Doctor stood his ground. The slightest wisp of acrid smoke drifted upward from the end of the cable, but still it tried to reach him. Without warning the cable suddenly exploded, dropping to the ground, lifeless.

Louie and Rachael scrambled to their feet but didn’t have time to worry about their near demise.

‘Millie, I’m coming!’ shouted Rachael as they ran back the way they had come. Unnoticed, the suited man continued on his way.  
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Louie spotted Millie’s footprints and they made their way through the thick snow as quickly as they could. The tracks came to an abrupt halt, and there was large indentation in the snow where she had clearly fallen.

‘Millie! Millie!’ shouted her mother, whose voice echoed around the deserted field. As she looked down at the Doctor who was crouched in the snow, she saw him move ever so slightly as though trying to hide something from her. ‘What is it?’

‘It’s blood, but not much,’ said the Doctor as he stood.

Rachael blanched. ‘I think I’m going to be sick… My baby girl...’

‘We’ll find her aunty,’ Louie said, placing his arm around her. ‘She can’t be far.’

‘But where is she?’ she asked, panic-stricken. ‘What was I thinking? I should never have insisted we come with you Doctor. It’s all my fault...’

‘None of this is your fault, Rachael, and Rachael, look at me. Look at me.’ She raised her eyes to meet the Doctor’s. ‘We will find Millie, I promise you.’ She held his gaze, and knew he meant it.

‘Where do we start, Doctor? There are only Millie’s footprints and ours. Where did she go?’ asked Louie.

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

• what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning

• how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops

• any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

4. Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source from line 35 to the

end.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: “The writer successfully creates suspense, and makes the reader worry about Millie.”

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

• consider your own impressions of the snow

• evaluate how the writer creates suspense

• support your opinions with references to the text.

[20 marks]