

The Doctor walked to his computer. He touched the screen and brought back some earlier pictures from the scanner.

'The painting in the other flat,' he said. 'That wasn't dry earth at all. It was a large picture of a small piece of someone's skin.'

'What?' said Clara. 'Why?'

'I don't know who or what the aliens are,' the Doctor said. 'But they're testing us. They're – they're cutting us up. They're trying to understand us.' He thought for a few seconds. 'Yes! They're trying to understand three dimensions.'

Just then they heard the soft sound of the door shutting. Rigsy reached for the handle, then pulled his hand back.

'Ow! The handle's hot,' he said.

'Doctor,' Clara said. 'The handle – they've flattened it.'

And it *was* flat, like a picture of a handle. The Doctor saw it on his screen. 'Interesting,' he said – then, more urgently. 'Clara, they're in the walls!'

Clara and Rigsy looked around. The walls were moving.

'Keep away from them,' the Doctor said. 'If they touch you, you're finished.'

The sofa went flat and lay on the floor like a picture. The Doctor watched on his screen. He was shaking his head and trying to understand.

'What will happen if they touch us?' Rigsy said.

An armchair went flat.

'I really don't want to find out,' Clara said.

They moved to the centre of the room. Rigsy looked at the round chair hanging from the ceiling. He jumped into it and Clara followed him. She stood up in the chair.

'They can't jump, can they?' Rigsy asked.

Then Clara's phone rang. She took it out of her bag and looked at the screen. Oh, no! It was her boyfriend. This was not the best time for a phone call. She shook her head and thought for a few seconds, then answered it.

'Hey, you,' she said, smiling.

'I'm on our seat in the park,' Danny said. 'Are you going to be *very* late?'



'They can't jump, can they?' Rigsy asked.