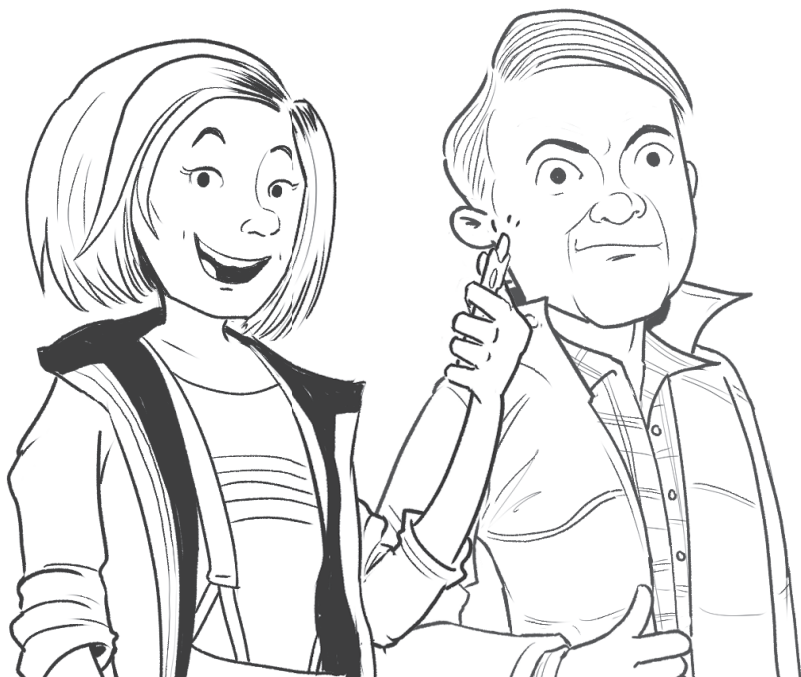


**T**he Doctor is a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey. For more than a thousand years she has wandered space and time in her astonishing ship the TARDIS—having adventures, uncovering mysteries, making friends and sometimes saving the world.

The Doctor and her friends Yaz, Ryan and Graham visited the moon of Boda, where the Producers – a peaceful race of aliens – tend the trees of a psychic forest. The forest is the source of psychic paper – an amazing and highly useful material that can read minds, and which has got



the Doctor out of more than one sticky situation.

The Producers gave the Doctor a diary made of psychic paper, which records the adventures of anyone holding it. After a run-in with a gang of space pirates, hired by a shadowy figure known only as the Red Admiral, Graham noticed something strange – the dates in the diary stubbornly refused to move on, as if time were somehow . . . stuck. The Doctor realised that something is terribly wrong, and decides to investigate.





NEW USER LOGGING ON . . .

**WELCOME, YASMIN KHAN.**





# DOWNLOADING MEMORIES . . .

**DATELINE:**

THURSDAY 31 OCTOBER, 2019

EARTH

**Y**ou know what I like best about time travel?  
It makes you notice.

Every incredible thing I've seen, of course. The moonrise over the lava lakes on Prem. How small it was inside the Trojan Horse. This psychic diary, recording everything that happens to me while I'm holding it.

But it's not just the big stuff. Spending three days at home with my family – that's time travel, too. Dad cooking to feed an army 'just in case'. Sonya crying mascara everywhere over Big Sanjay one day and kissing him the next. My hair, growing out of my head.



The Earth spinning through space. The clock ticking. Time travel is happening to all of us, every day.

Or . . . it was. **UNTIL NOW.**

Last night was Halloween. We had six trick-or-treaters: two witches, a whole family of Harry Potters and one Spider-Man. Dad loved it.

Then I got the call from Graham this morning: ‘Come round, Yaz, come round right now.’ He sounded spooked.

When I got to Graham’s house, Ryan and the Doctor were already there. There were fake cobwebs sprayed all over the windows and miniature carved pumpkins placed along the top of the TARDIS, which stood awkwardly in the middle of Graham’s living room. Graham shoved the diary into my hands.

And there it was. The date on the page.

Thursday 31 October.

**AGAIN.**

‘But that was yesterday . . .’ I said slowly.



'I know!' said Ryan, with a beaming smile. 'Double Halloween. How good is that?' His T-shirt had a skeleton on it.

'No, Mr Pumpkin-head,' said Graham. 'It's not good!'





I looked at the Doctor and saw the worry in her eyes. 'Are we stuck in time, Doctor? How can it be the same day twice?'

'It can't be,' she said firmly, slapping the side of the TARDIS. 'This is a timeship. TARDIS. "T" for time. I know time. And time never just stops.'

'Except it has,' said Ryan. 'It's there in black and white.'

'Everything's normal outside,' I said. 'Well, for this time of year, anyway. Maybe the diary's broken?'

**THE PAPER WENT**  
**SCRUNCHY**  
**MY THOUGHTS COMING OUT**  
**SMALL**  
**AND**  
**STRANGE.**

*Psychic paper's  
easily offended.  
Best be nice to  
it, Yaz.*

‘It is definitely *not* because the diary’s broken,’ I said very honestly and sincerely and only a little bit louder than normal. ‘It’s a great diary, isn’t it? I love it. We all do.’

‘So clever,’ said Graham quickly.

‘Best diary ever,’ added Ryan. ‘But, well, if the diary’s working fine, then . . .’

**‘NO!’** The Doctor held up her palm. ‘We are not stuck in time.’

‘All right,’ said Graham. ‘Let’s prove it, yeah? In that timeship of yours.’

The Doctor grinned. **‘BRILLIANT!’**

I love it when she does that.

The minute we stepped into the TARDIS, I felt safe.

The Doctor leaped to the console, her hands quick on the controls. ‘I’ll just go forward one day. Get ahead of the temporal anomaly. Then, we’ll figure out where it came from.’

It sounded good to me – till she threw forward the controls.