

Introduction

'Fine, I'll tell you who I am,' Clara said. She moved closer to him and spoke quietly into his ear. 'I'm your only hope of staying alive. That's who I am.'

Clara, the Doctor's companion on his travels through space and time, is talking to Fenton, the unpleasant boss of a small group of men. The group is in danger and Clara is trying to save them, but Fenton doesn't want to listen to her.

Clara and the Doctor are in Bristol, a city in the south-west of England, where people are disappearing. Are aliens killing them? The Doctor can't help because he can't leave the TARDIS. This time Clara has to be the Doctor. With the help of a young graffiti artist, she tries to understand what is happening. Can she save herself and the men from the aliens? Will the Doctor ever be able to leave the TARDIS? And until he can, will Clara be a good Doctor?



Doctor Who first appeared on television in 1963 in black and white. It was a great success, with its new electronic sounds and crazy stories in outer space. The programmes were shown until 1989. Sixteen 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, fighting aliens. The programmes are shown in many countries around the world.

Peter Capaldi played 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!'



Coming Home

A man stood in his sitting-room. He was talking on the phone and he was very frightened.

'Police, please. Hello? Yes. I know who did it. I know who did it all.' His voice was shaking. 'No, no, I *have* to speak quietly. They'll hear me.'

He heard a noise and looked around. The noise got louder.

'Oh, no. Oh, no. Listen. Listen. They're everywhere. All around us. We've been so stupid. *Aargh!*'

Suddenly something pulled him down. He dropped the telephone and went straight into the floor. Only the phone was there, hanging from the wall.

'Hello? Sir?' said the voice on the other end of the phone. 'Are you all right? Are you in trouble? Do you need help? Sir?' But there was no answer.

The man's face was on the wall now. It looked like a strange picture. His eyes were closed but his mouth was open. He was screaming but he made no sound.



Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor stood at the main computer, pressing



switches and keys. Clara walked around, putting things into a bag. This was the end of a journey. She wanted to see her boyfriend – Danny – again, back in London. She wanted to be in *her* city, in *her* time.

'You can leave all those things here, you know,' said the Doctor. 'We've got plenty of room – lots and lots of room.' He liked Clara and didn't really want her to go.

'Oh, no. It's all right,' said Clara. 'Danny's a little bit ... well, he doesn't want me to keep anything here. But he doesn't mind us travelling together, so that's a little strange. He's happy for me to travel in the TARDIS. So why can't I leave even my toothbrush here? But Danny's not ...'

'Sorry,' said the Doctor. 'I stopped listening some time ago.' He was thinking about other things, and looked worried. 'OK. This is the same time that you left. It's also the same place – more or less.'

'More or less?' said Clara. 'What do you mean, "more or less"?''

The Doctor looked at the machine in front of him. 'The computer says "more or less", and that's ... strange,' he said.

Clara heard a noise and turned around.

'Er ... Doctor, come and see this,' she said.

'Uh-huh?' The Doctor left the computer.

'There's something wrong with the TARDIS door,' she said.

The door wasn't its usual size. It was much smaller. The Doctor went down on his knees to open it. He looked out and, with some difficulty, got through. Clara followed.

From the outside the TARDIS still looked like a police box, but now it was much smaller.

'Well, how did this happen?' the Doctor said. 'We haven't grown. Or have we?' He pulled his sonic screwdriver from his pocket and waved it up and down in front of Clara. 'No – we're the same size,' he said.

Clara looked around. They were on open ground. There were some houses, a wall, a railway line and an old station. She noticed a sign next to the line: BRISTOL.

'Bristol?' she said. 'Doctor, we're in Bristol!'

'Hmm – a hundred and ninety kilometres from London,' said the Doctor.



‘Clever.’ He looked at the railway and the sign that said BRISTOL. ‘We’re in the wrong place. That’s a problem. But the TARDIS is smaller – that’s really, really clever. How has it done that?’

But Clara wanted to be with Danny.

‘Yes, I understand – you’re excited,’ she said impatiently. ‘But I live in London. When can I go home?’

‘Your house isn’t going anywhere,’ the Doctor said. ‘And mine isn’t until I understand this. Can’t I just enjoy this for a few minutes? It isn’t often that I don’t know something.’

Clara stepped towards the door of the TARDIS. She wanted to go back inside but the Doctor stopped her.

‘No!’ he said. ‘I don’t think this is dangerous, but Well, I don’t really know. Also, I need your help. We have to find out how this happened.’

‘Fine,’ said Clara. ‘I’ll go and look around.’ She walked towards the railway line.

The Doctor pushed himself back through the door into the TARDIS.



The Doctor pushed himself back through the door into the TARDIS.

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Rigsy

The shopping centre was quite busy. People walked around from one shop to another. On one side was a big wall, covered with graffiti. Some men were there in green work clothes, each with a number on his jacket. They were painting over the graffiti.

Pots of white paint and paint brushes lay on a table. It had a sign on it which said 'Community Payback'.

One of them was a young black man. He was painting with a small brush. An older man walked towards him. His name was Fenton and he was the boss. He was not a very nice man.

'It's *your* art – if you can call it that, Rigsy,' Fenton said. 'Let's start with your signature.'

On the wall was Rigsy's name in big blue letters. It was true that the graffiti on the wall was his work.

Fenton picked up a big brush and put it into the white paint. Rigsy was very unhappy but he took the brush. He got down on one knee and started to paint slowly over his signature.

'Faster!' Fenton ordered. 'This is Community Payback, not a holiday.'

Community Payback (or Community Service): work that some criminals can do for their town or city. This means that they don't go to prison.