

Lights are flashing and small bangs occur. Status in the middle of time and space. The doctor sashayed into my room with a big smile painted on his face.

"Lara I think you know what day it is," the doctor said. I give him an excited glance. "It's your birthday and for that I will give you one thing. You can pick where we go next."

"Really?"

"Of course."

"Well I do not have everything planned out yet but I have always wanted to go to 1915."

"Weird choice but I guess it is your birthday."

I smiled and he winked at me. Sparks flew from keyboards and metal and brass objects clashed. The pull of gravity pushed me to the ground. With a sense of excitement I leapt of my feet and pounced onto the heavy door.

Here I am London 1915.

2.03pm Baker street. The building looked the same even when squinting. I pulled out my phone and gasped. A great sadness appeared in my heart. It was something I never seen before or something I would have thought I would never see, no wifi.

"Lara, where have you wandered off too this time?." The doctor exclaimed. "Oh here you are." As soon as I saw him I

wished that I had not. He was wearing the most hideous bow tie and suit.

"Do you like it? I have an outfit for you if you..." And that was all I needed him to say.

"As much as I am loving the 1915 trend I would prefer to just stick with what I am wearing, so how have we got to look around before we go back to 2015?"

"I'll just go check give me a minute and whatever you do not run off."

As the doctor hopped back into the tardis my eyes examined the dirty alleyways. These streets were not London 2015 these roads were full of Victorian women and their pastel white dresses and blue parasols.

"I am back and unfortunately with a problem. The tardis needs to refuel so we are trapped here for a week." The doctor said.

"But how am I going to do school....and how are we going to live here..and, and.." I muttered.

"Do not worry we've been in worse situations but we are going to have to set you up at school here for a few days." The doctor exclaimed. "Somewhere easy to get to...ah how about Francis Hollas?"

"Doctor I think it is Francis Holland!"

"No I am pretty sure that it is Francis Hollas!"

"Fine, have it your way." I said under my breath.

The next day somehow the doctor had managed to pull some strings and got me a place in Francis Holland. But they had such a repulsive uniform.

A long, miserable, black skirt with a plain white boring blouse. I had never seen worse in my life. Unfortunately the headmaster supply stock did not have it in my size so I looked as if I were shopping at a store called baggy and gross.

I entered the big school gates and my eyes widened at the long grey hallways of doom full of black and white photos. Pitch black rooms and mysterious doors leading off to large classrooms filled with nervous eyes. As soon as I opened the door I knew it was a mistake. The door made a large creak and one pair of eyes after another followed too me.

A woman in a grey skirt and a white shirt with a plain face that stared through my soul. She looked at me and paced herself around the room.

"Hi nice to meet you I am.."

"Larissa Isaacs. Student from New Zealand. This is class 3J I am your form Miss Lalavondue." Her grey eyes met mine and I suddenly looked away avoiding anymore contact with her.

"You may sit here now."

"Okay thank you."

"We do not say such ordinary words to a teacher you will say thank you and that is all."

"Okay."

"I said no ordinary." Her eyes went black and shone in the bright white light from the windows. Her eyes follow the light like a fly to a lamp but mine squint at the sun's rays.

As I sat down I ran my fingers across my hair finding it in a low, tight bun. My highlighter nail polish scrubbed away and was replaced with plain boring nails, while my blue American Apparel scrunchy had been replaced with string.

The lessons were boring and had nothing to do with what we are learning about in 2015. We are actually learning about world war 2 and the 1990s so I guess they cannot help that but still.

As soon as we got let out for lunch I burst for the lunch hall for food. As soon as I got there I regretted coming to 1915 forever. Stale bread, lumpy soup and no cake or sugary delicacies. This was what I was so worried about.

This place was something I would find in a horror movie no sugar. This was not something a child would want to hear.

May I just say that next time the doctor asks me where I want to go, I pick my sofa with a large bowl of Doritos and cola.

At the end of the day the doctor turns to me with a big grin painted across his face.

"I think you are going to be happy." He exclaimed triumphantly.

"Why? We are stuck in 1915!"

"The tardis is back on full power and we are going home!"

"Really? We are going back home!" I screamed.

"Yes now quickly before someone spots the tardis."

I jumped inside and with a blink of an eye I was back home. I ran outside in the sparkling sunshine.

"Oh wifi signal I have missed you ever so much I never should have left you in the first place I love you."