

5.1 POWER CIRCUITS

By Tyrone Ghaswala

You're alone in the carpark. You run outside and immediately regret the decision. The sky certainly isn't sunny like it was on Monday. Nor is it raining like on Tuesday or windy like on Wednesday. The clouds are bright red today, the sky is a sickly yellow, and great black cracks seem to be spreading from the horizon to the sky above you. You've never seen chaotic tears in the very fabric of the cosmos before, but you're pretty sure that these are chaotic tears in the very fabric of the cosmos. Reality itself seems to be collapsing. Bloody Melbourne weather, you think. Suddenly, Doctor Who comes running up.

"You're the one I was just talking to, right?" he asks.

You nod.

"Oh thank goodness," says Doctor Who, "I've been looking everywhen!"

He looks at the sky.

"Ah good," he says, "I don't need an analogy anymore. You can see what you've done for yourself. You've broken time right up."

"When are we now?" you ask.

"This is Friday," replies Doctor Who, "and, unless you get serious about fixing this mess, there might not be a Saturday. This could be the last day ever."

"Are you sure it's that serious?" you ask, "I mean, how badly could I really break time?"

"Look," says Doctor Who, pointing at an old tenured professor walking towards the library. As you watch, the professor's back straightens, his prejudices begin to drop away, his disdain for students is replaced with a cautious optimism and his suit begins to look cheaper. In seconds, he is an early-career academic. His cynical frown is replaced by a desperately obsequious smile. That, in turn, becomes the dead eyed stare of a PhD student. As you watch, he grows younger still. His fashion becomes more self consciously individualistic. A nose piercing appears. Then an ironic moustache. His casual attire is replaced by the tie-dye shirt he wore for the entirety of O-week.

"What have I done?" you ask.

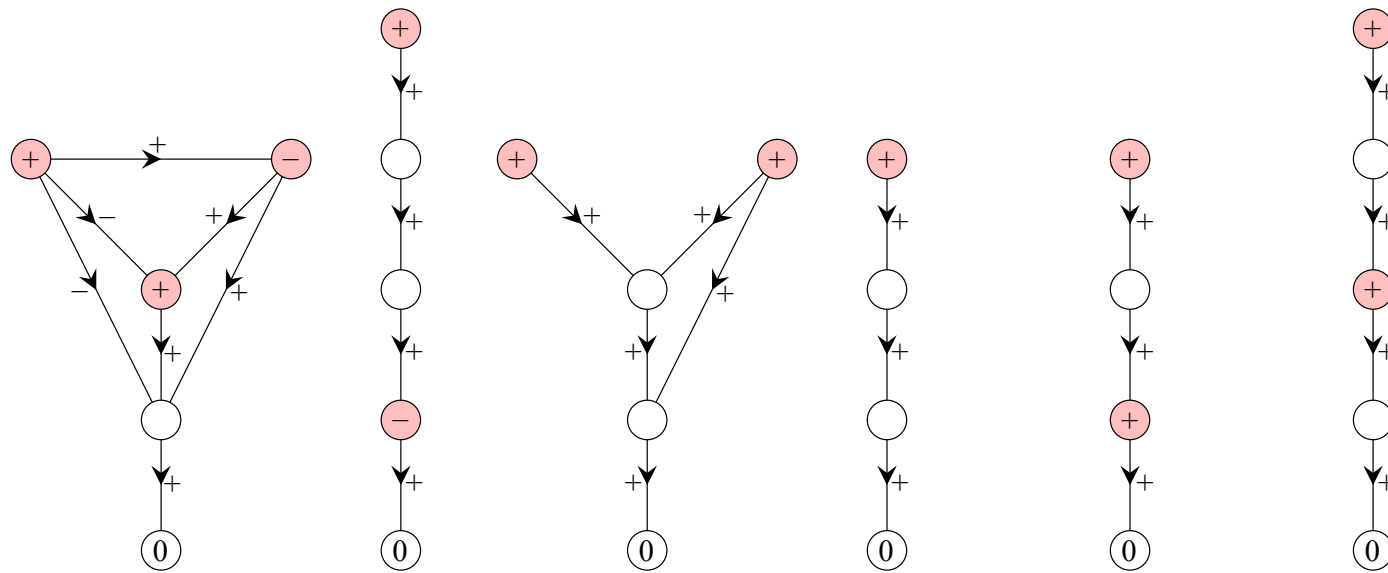
"It can be fixed!" says Doctor Who. "You just need to listen to me. I'm going to tell you something very important."

You rummage in your pocket, looking for something to write down Who's advice on. You find the flyer for the trampoline sale. You turn it over and see that someone has sketched a series of what looks like circuit diagrams on the back.

"Are you listening?" asks Doctor Who.

You nod, but the circuits are holding your attention. The Device starts to shake and Doctor Who grabs your arm tight.

"Listen," he says, "you need to remember. The sixth dial increments



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