

In the past week, Donna had gone to a natural history museum, a science museum, and the zoo. She hadn't been to any of them since she was a kid, and hadn't had any desire to go to them since. However, the two of them had recently discovered that the Doctor could leave the house as long as he was tagging along with Donna. Ever since, he'd been begging her to take him to all sorts of places she'd never go on her own. She'd made a fuss about it, but the poor sod was dead (probably) and good company (when he wasn't getting her into trouble.) It seemed like the least she could do.

She had to admit, it was slightly more interesting than the school trips she'd gone on as a kid. For reasons neither of them knew, the Doctor had a vast and random collection of knowledge, some of which Donna knew to be true, some of which sounded like it was probably true, and some of which was completely bonkers.

"They don't mention the witches."

"What?" replied Donna.

It was the first museum they'd gone to. The discovery that he had a strange amount of trivia in his brain, and then the information itself, had been interesting at first. However, they were getting close to hour three of walking around (or floating for him). She'd been zoning out a bit, considering offering to get him something at the gift shop in an effort to get him closer to the exit.

"Nothing in here," said the Doctor, gesturing around the Shakespeare exhibit they'd found themselves in, "says anything about the witches."

"What do you mean witches?"

"Well they gave him some trouble, didn't they?" he said, looking perplexed.

What ensued was a ten minute debate in which the Doctor absolutely *insisted* that he remembered hearing somewhere or reading somewhere that Shakespeare had a spot of trouble with witches, but that it was all resolved in the end except for the fact he never did get a chance to finish that play. Donna, convinced he was messing with her, allowed the argument to reach a volume at which people started staring. She sometimes got weird looks while she surreptitiously tried to whisper responses to the Doctor, but she'd forgotten herself to the point it looked like she was gesturing angrily at thin air.

In an effort to avoid getting kicked out, they decided to agree to disagree. Or the Doctor had decided that, and Donna had decided it was a lost cause. She was able to persuade him out of the museum by letting him pick out a snow globe. At that point, he had a working theory that he used to be some sort of historian. But then everywhere they ended up going he seemed to be an expert in some sort of field, barring some outrageous historical claims and his seeming inability to separate whatever sci-fi he'd watched on telly from actual facts. He'd given up the

theory, but seemed pleased by the fact that whoever he was had been very clever, and even more pleased about being able to show off.

A few days later they'd gone to a planetarium, and the Doctor started spouting off facts as soon as they walked in the door. Donna had mostly stopped reading information where they went, just listening to the Doctor ramble instead. He went on about the formation of the moon and the planets, relative ages of things and what compounds they were made of. They'd made their way to the theater, where you could sit back and they'd put on a projector to make it look like you were in space. Donna had actually been the one to suggest the idea for their latest outing. Her grandad loved stargazing, and he'd taken her to the planetarium all the time as a kid. It'd been a while, and it looked like the technology had gotten a bit of an upgrade since the 80s.

The Doctor had been grinning madly, still going on about supernovas, but when the projector turned on he stopped mid-sentence. Donna looked over to see him unnaturally still, gazing at the stars.

He looked absolutely lost.

She tried to whisper his name, get his attention, but it was like he was somewhere else. She suddenly wanted nothing more than to be able to reach out and hold his hand. When the lights finally came back on, he flinched like someone had hit him, but still didn't break his gaze from the ceiling. She waited for the theater to clear out before trying to talk to him.

"Doctor?" she asked. "Are you ok?"

"I don't know, I-"

He still wasn't looking at her, just staring up at where the stars had disappeared. Eventually, he turned to face her again. She couldn't be sure with the soft glow coming off of him, but she thought there might've been tears in his eyes.

"Donna," he said quietly. "I think I lost something."