

Penguin



Readers

BBC

DOCTOR WHO



BORROWED TIME

A DOCTOR WHO NOVEL

NAOMI A.

ALDERMAN

THE BESTSELLING AUTHOR
OF THE POWER



Contents

Note about the story	4
Before-reading questions	5
Chapter One – All the time you want	7
Chapter Two – Strange things happen at Lexington International Bank	13
Chapter Three – The watches that lend time	20
Chapter Four – Amy tries a watch	25
Chapter Five – Chocolate cake and interest rates	31
Chapter Six – Run! Sharks!	38
Chapter Seven – Where do aliens store things?	44
Chapter Eight – Under the Millennium Dome	51
Chapter Nine – Earth is losing its future!	58
Chapter Ten – Amy has a plan	63
Chapter Eleven – The Doctor saves everyone except himself	68
Chapter Twelve – The Time Market	77
During-reading questions	86
After-reading questions	88
Exercises	88
Project work	91
Glossary	92

CHAPTER ONE

All the time you want

Mr Symington and Mr Blenkinsop entered Andrew Brown's life on possibly his worst morning at Lexington International Bank. He had spent ten years trying to climb the **career ladder**. Most days, he sat in front of a computer for twelve hours and made guesses about other people's money. Did he really want to get to the top of the ladder? Well, everyone at the bank was climbing it, so he hoped that he would like the top when he arrived there.

And now there was a chance of a **promotion**, which would mean more important meetings, with more important people. Then, one day, he might get another promotion, and then . . . one day he would be the **boss** of the whole office. Andrew could not remember why he wanted to be the boss, but, anyway, it was important to have a dream.

Today's meeting was very important. The new boss of the London office, Vanessa Laing-Randall, would be there. If he **impressed** her, then that promotion was one step closer. But he had competition for the promotion: the always well-**prepared** Sameera Jenkins. She always knew more than Andrew and had always worked just one extra hour on a **presentation**. But, this time, no one could be better prepared than Andrew Brown.

He woke up on the morning of the meeting feeling well rested and calm . . . "Wait a minute," he thought.

“Why am I well rested? Why am I calm?” He was suddenly very afraid. He had slept for too long! It was 6:45 a.m. He jumped out of bed, ran to the bathroom and washed his face quickly. Then he picked up his suit from the chair and knocked a glass of water over the trousers.

“Oh no!” he shouted at no one. Then he put the suit on anyway, and he ran for the train. From the station, he ran all the way to the office. When he saw that the lifts were full, he ran up the stairs to the seventh floor. He arrived, hot and breathing hard, with just enough time to see perfect Sameera Jenkins finish her presentation. He was too late; the meeting was finished. He heard clapping from his boss, and his boss’s boss and Vanessa Laing-Randall herself.

Andrew Brown tried not to cry. He had lost his chance to impress Vanessa. He walked back to his office, where he sat and laid his head on his desk.

And then, suddenly, two white men, dressed in the same black suits and white shirts, were in his office. They had the kind of boring faces that you would forget the moment they left the room.

“Good morning,” said one. “I’m Mr Symington. This is Mr Blenkinsop.”

“Good morning to you, Mr Andrew Brown,” said the other man. “Although, in fact, we hear you’ve had a bad morning.”

“Everyone has a bad morning sometimes,” said Mr Symington. “Luckily for you, we’re here to help.”

“Help?” Andrew asked.

“We have something very special for you, Mr Brown,” said Mr Blenkinsop. “Something that will help you with your bad morning and every bad morning you will ever have in the future.”

Mr Symington continued, “How would you feel if you could get an extra hour any time you liked? An extra hour for that report for your boss, or to spend time with your loved ones or just to sleep late?”

“Just think of it,” said Mr Blenkinsop. “Everyone knows that an hour before breakfast **is worth** three hours in the afternoon. Think about today, for example. Wouldn’t you happily give me the rest of the day if I could give you two extra hours this morning? There would be no stopping you from climbing up the career ladder then, would there, Mr Brown?”

Mr Symington spoke again. “Mr Brown, we can lend you enough time to prepare for this morning’s meeting. The time to spend with friends and family. The time to get ahead of Sameera Jenkins. But, of course, Mr Brown, that time will have to be paid back.”

“At a very fair **interest rate**,” said Mr Blenkinsop, so fast that Andrew did not hear him.

And, suddenly, Andrew Brown felt very angry. Here he was, on the worst day of his life, and these men were making stupid jokes. “Lend me . . . what on earth are you talking about? Look, how did you get in here? Who are you?” he shouted.

“He doesn’t believe us,” said Mr Blenkinsop.

“They never do,” replied Mr Symington.

“I think we should show him, Mr Symington,” said Mr Blenkinsop. He took something from his pocket. And then Andrew Brown understood everything.

Fifty-first-century Earth was definitely a beautiful place to spend a holiday, Amy thought. She was inside a large Special Time **Bubble** on a beach covered with white sand, and she was watching the sun go down. For three hours, the sky had been filled with gold and orange. Out at sea, a big fish jumped in the air, happy to be alive. Amy silently thanked the Doctor for agreeing to her three-week holiday from work and walked over to the edge of the Bubble. The Bubble shook, and the orange sky seemed to shake, too.

She looked down at her new, pink Special Lucky Holiday Camera: Catch the Moment!TM It had a **cosmic radiation battery** that took **energy** from the **universe**, so the battery never needed **recharging**. Every time she used the camera, it made a Time Bubble around her. Time inside the Time Bubble went faster, while things outside the Time Bubble seemed slower. Thanks to the Time Bubble, she already felt like she had been on holiday for weeks.

But then she heard a loud noise.

Vworp, vworp, vworp.

The **TARDIS** suddenly appeared inside the Time Bubble, and the door opened. “Did you have a good three weeks?” asked the Doctor.

“It hasn’t been three weeks!” said Amy.



The Doctor pulled an enormous watch from his pocket. He looked at it. “Not three weeks?” he said. “Time goes quickly when you’re having fun, but, yes, it’s three weeks . . . now! Time to get back to work!”

“Doctor!” shouted Amy. “It’s only been six days! Look, I’m using this camera to make Time Bubbles.”

She gave him the camera, and he looked at it quickly.

“Well, it’s only been six days in Earth time, but inside the Time Bubble it’s been three weeks.” The Doctor pushed a button, and the Time Bubble disappeared. Then he threw the camera back to Amy. “Keep that. It could be useful. Right! Come with me!”

Amy followed the Doctor into the TARDIS with the camera in her hand.

“We are going to Lexington International Bank,” he continued, “to save the future of this beautiful Earth!” He pointed outside the doors. Then he turned around in a circle, pushed two buttons and the TARDIS disappeared again.