

“So are these bricks where the aliens are keeping the stolen time?” asked Amy. “If we broke all of them, would everyone get their time back?”

“I’m not sure,” said the Doctor.

The Doctor closed his eyes and reached his arms out to the side. He went very quiet and still, and then he opened his eyes again. “No,” he said. “Time is very dangerous to keep in storage. If this room was filled with all the time that they’ve taken from everyone, I’d be able to feel it. These are more like . . . **bank statements**. But there’s something strange about the bricks.”

The Doctor waved his arms at the walls of green glass.

“Why do the bank statements need to look so beautiful? Maybe they are selling the time as watch-**contracts**. But no one has sold time since the Time War; it’s not allowed.”

“If we break them all,” Amy said, “then no one will owe anything any more.”

“Or, if we break them all,” replied the Doctor, “everyone will have to pay back what they owe immediately. Or nothing will happen, or it will be the end of the universe. We don’t know.”

Andrew Brown had been quiet for a long time. He was staring at one brick. On the brick was his name: *Andrew Brown, Lexington Bank*.

“I did it to myself,” he said. He reached out and picked up the brick.

The Doctor inspected it. “Do you see that?” he said. There was a very thin line all the way around the glass

